Tears and Triumphs

UNSECTIONAL

LOYAL

INTERDENOMINATIONAL

FOR REVIVALS SUNDAY SCHOOLS & THE HOME

Rev. L. L. PICKETT

AND

M. W. KNAPP

THE PICKETT PUBLISHING CO. LOUISVILLE KY.

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E. W. Kennedy.

Alafaya, Fla.,

Feb. 2nd, 1897.

TEARS AND TRIUMPHS.

Bishop J.S. KEY.

Bishop Wm TAYLOR.

Evangelist S.A. KEEN.

Evangelist B. CARRADINE.

Evangelist B. FAY MILLS.

Evangelist JOSEPH H. SMITH.

REV. L. L. PICKETT, LOUISVILLE, KY.

PREFACE.

Why send out another song book? Because—

1. The age moves and so must the song world. Each generation must produce its own books.

2. The people want new books. There is a demand. Why should we not assist in supplying it?

3. We have the songs. What else can we do than publish them? One man was cast into outer darkness for burying his talent.

4. We believe God would have us publish the book. We belong to Him—soul, body and business. We feel that His blessing has been on us in preparing it, and will be on the book.

5. We humbly claim to have a most excellent book. Some of its advantages we name: (*a*) Choice music; (*b*) More beautiful solos than other books, some of which are "The Life-Boat," "The Skeptic's Daughter," "Beautiful Beckoning Hands," "Some Mother's Child," "The Good Mother's Influence," "Evil Influence of a Mother and Sister," "The Christian at the Station," "The Sinner at the Station," "Answered Prayer," "There's a Heaven in the Heart," etc. These single pieces in sheet form would each cost as much as the book; (*c*) A line of awakening, deeply convictive songs; (*d*) Some good temperance songs; (*e*) A fine line of old-time choruses that stir all hearts; (*f*) Splendid, taking, new songs that every one will enjoy; (*g*) The songs have the gospel ring; we expect them, under God, to be a great blessing to many souls; (*h*) It is in both round and shape notes; the character notes have been appropriately styled "music made easy;" (*i*) The book is cheap though it contains 240 songs, making a number one book at a very low price.

Now for these reasons we commit our book to God and to His people. May it bring "Tears" of penitence and joy, and raise shouts of "Triumph." We pray God's blessing on those who use it, and ask the prayers of all.

Your friends in holy song,

L. L. PICKETT.

M. W. KNAPP.

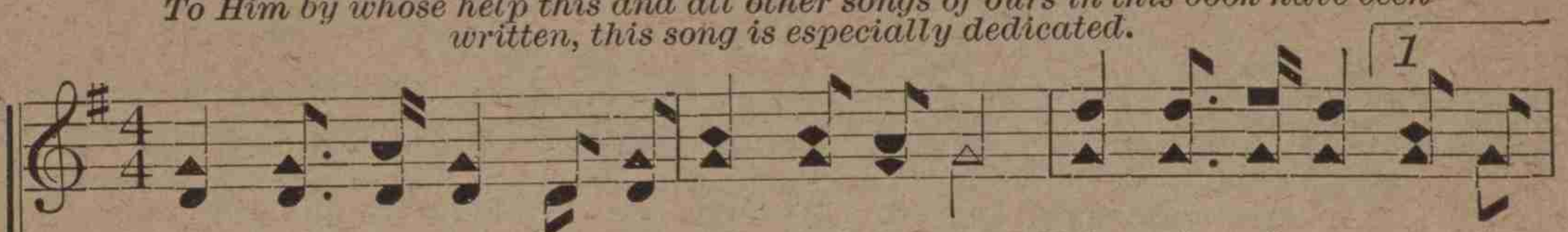
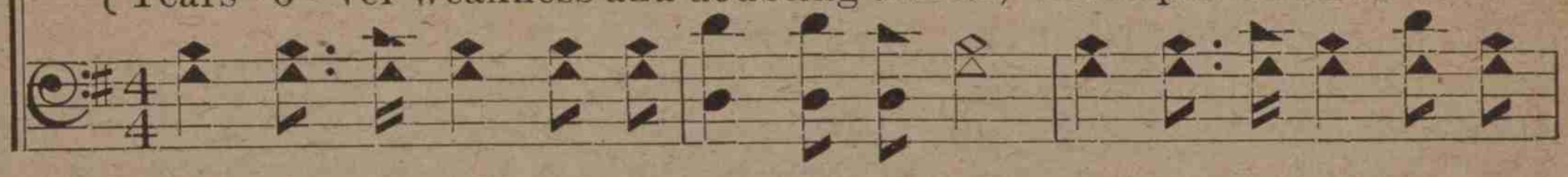
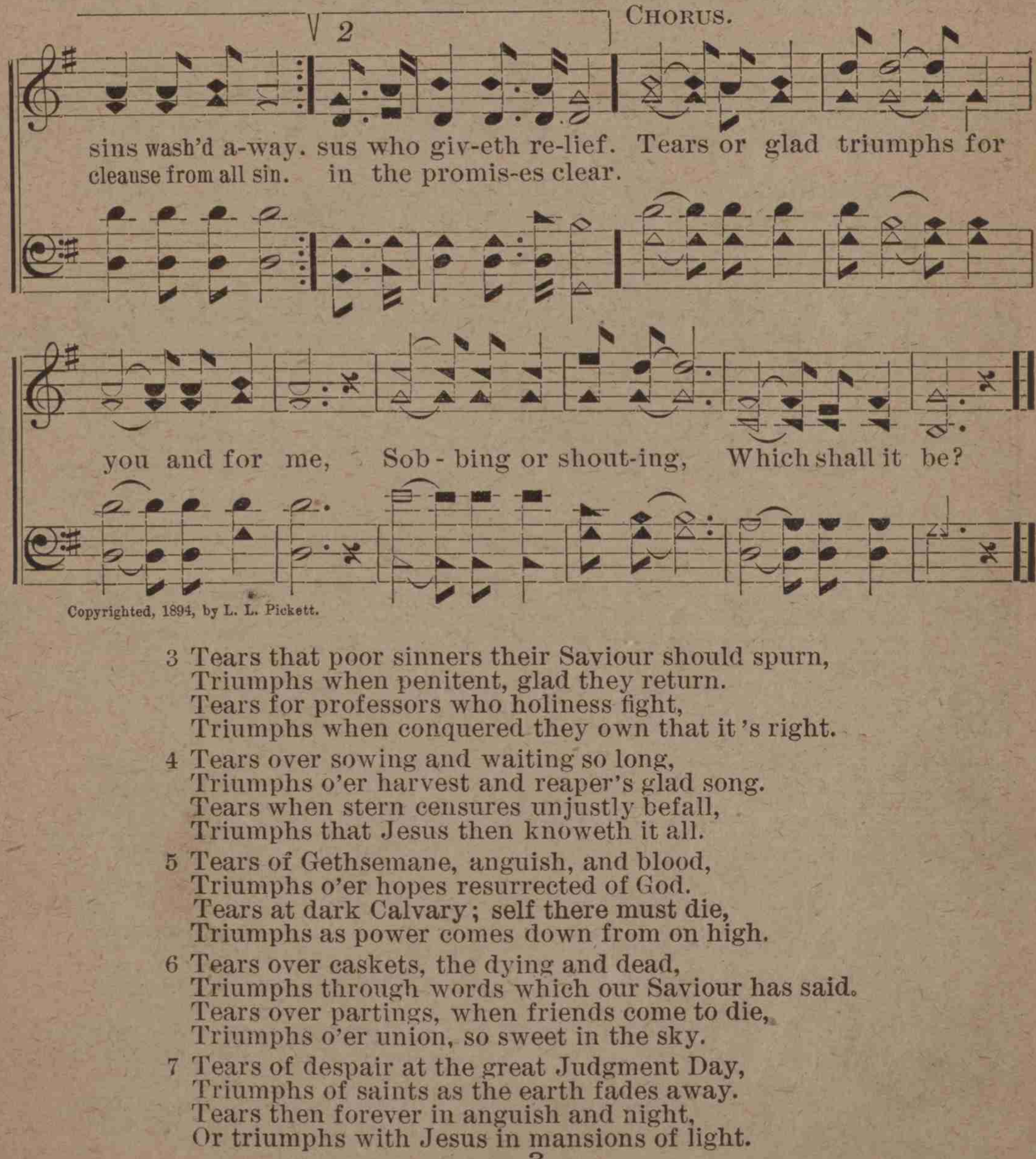
JNO. R. BRYANT.

"Music Made Easy." Shape Note Explanation.

Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si
△	▽	◪	◁	⌀	⌐	▽

No. 1. Tears and Triumphs.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

To Him by whose help this and all other songs of ours in this book have been written, this song is especially dedicated.

1. Tears of con-tri - tion by souls led a - stray, Triumphs of mer - cy o'er
   Tears of de-spon-den -cy, sor-row, and grief, Triumphs thro' Je - -
2. Tears of re - gret o-ver tem-pers with-in, Triumphs that Je-sus can
   Tears o - ver weakness and doubting and fear, Triumphs of faith . .

sins wash'd a-way. sus who giv-eth re-lief. Tears or glad triumphs for
cleanse from all sin. in the promis-es clear.

you and for me, Sob - bing or shout-ing, Which shall it be?

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3 Tears that poor sinners their Saviour should spurn,
Triumphs when penitent, glad they return.
Tears for professors who holiness fight,
Triumphs when conquered they own that it 's right.

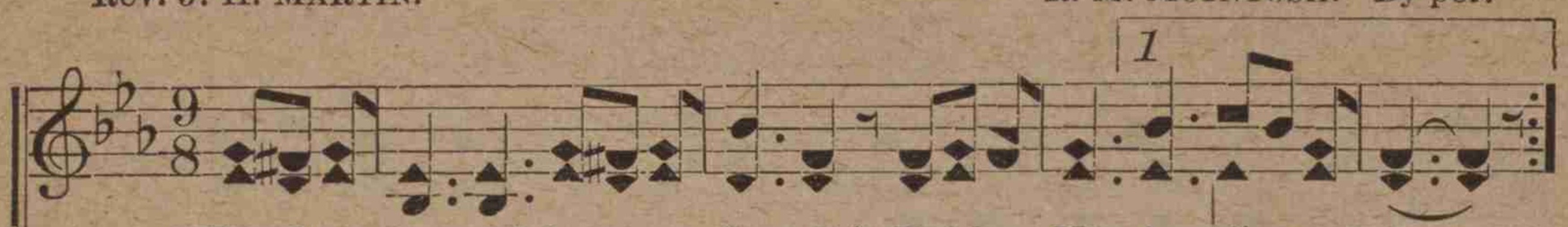
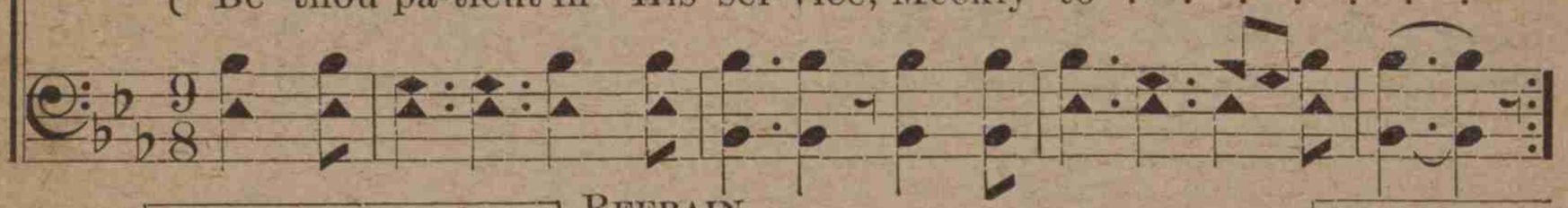
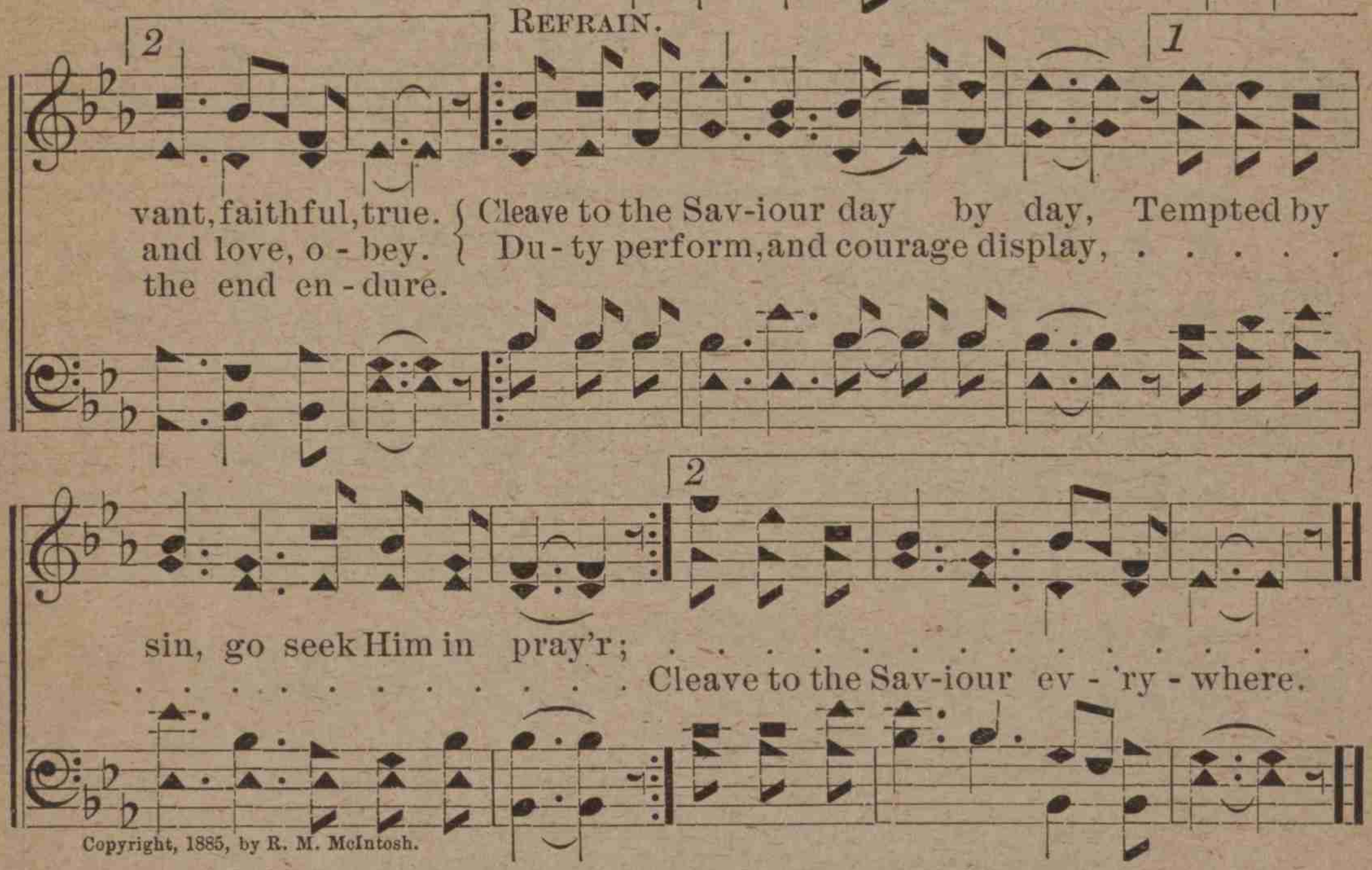
4 Tears over sowing and waiting so long,
Triumphs o'er harvest and reaper's glad song.
Tears when stern censures unjustly befall,
Triumphs that Jesus then knoweth it all.

5 Tears of Gethsemane, anguish, and blood,
Triumphs o'er hopes resurrected of God.
Tears at dark Calvary; self there must die,
Triumphs as power comes down from on high.

6 Tears over caskets, the dying and dead,
Triumphs through words which our Saviour has said.
Tears over partings, when friends come to die,
Triumphs o'er union, so sweet in the sky.

7 Tears of despair at the great Judgment Day,
Triumphs of saints as the earth fades away.
Tears then forever in anguish and night,
Or triumphs with Jesus in mansions of light.

No. 2. Cleave to the Saviour.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

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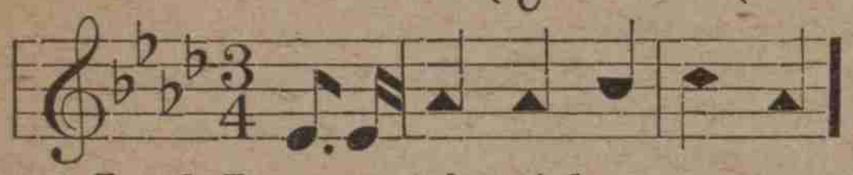
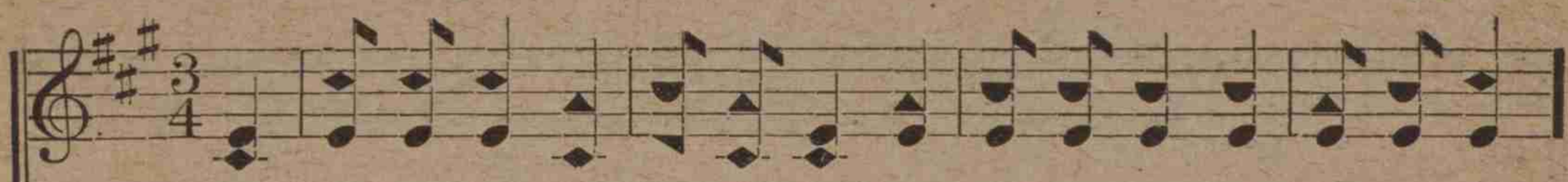
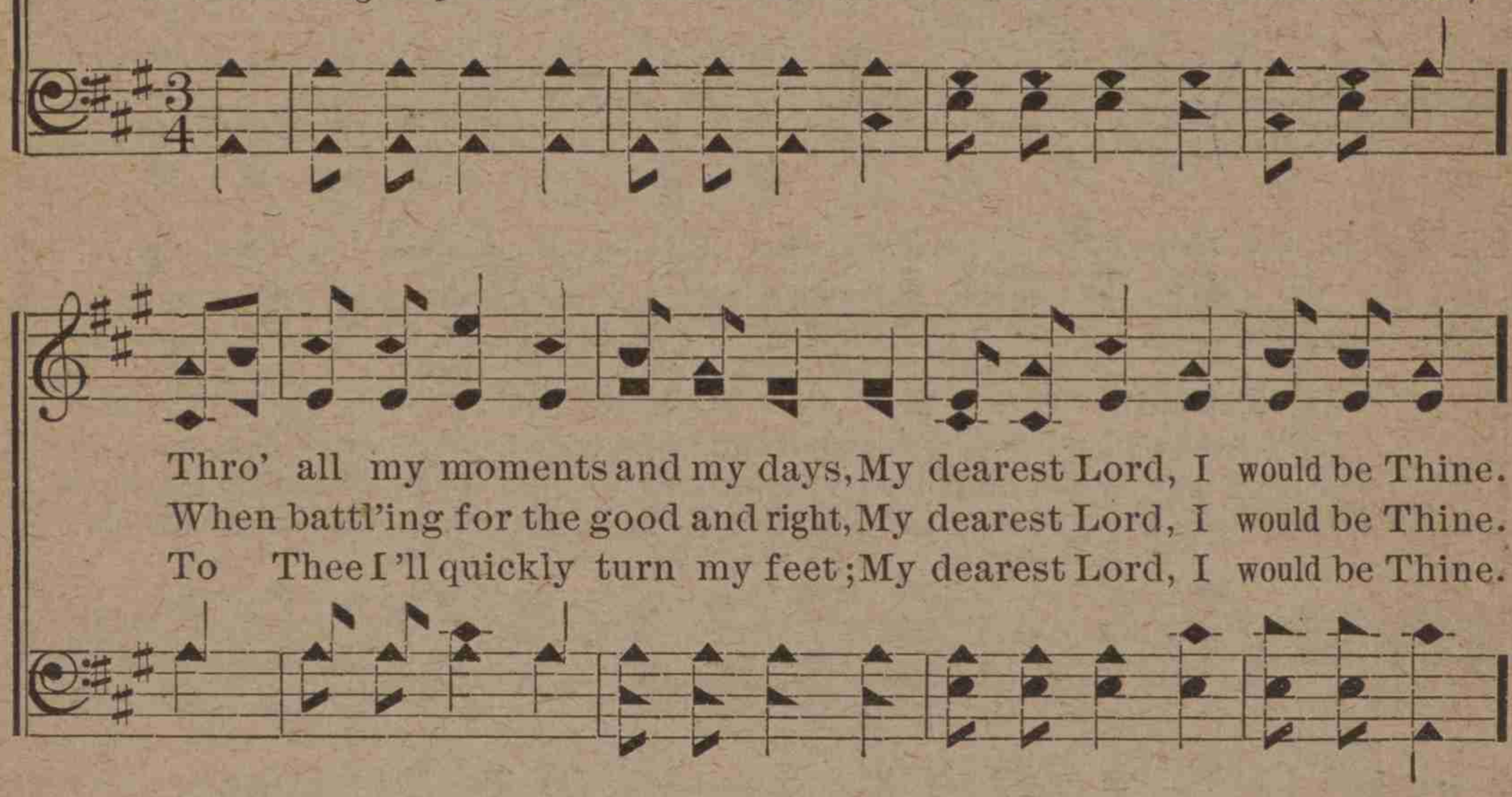
No. 3. Is my Name Written There?

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

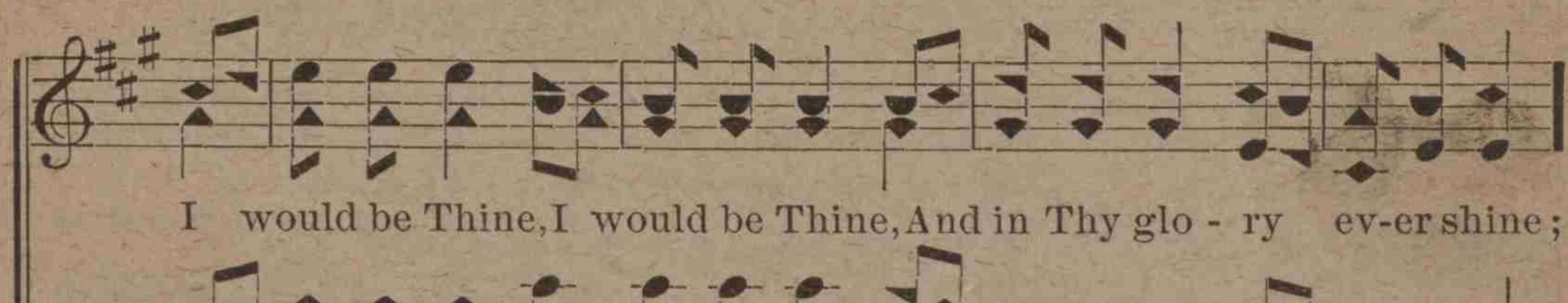
Cho.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

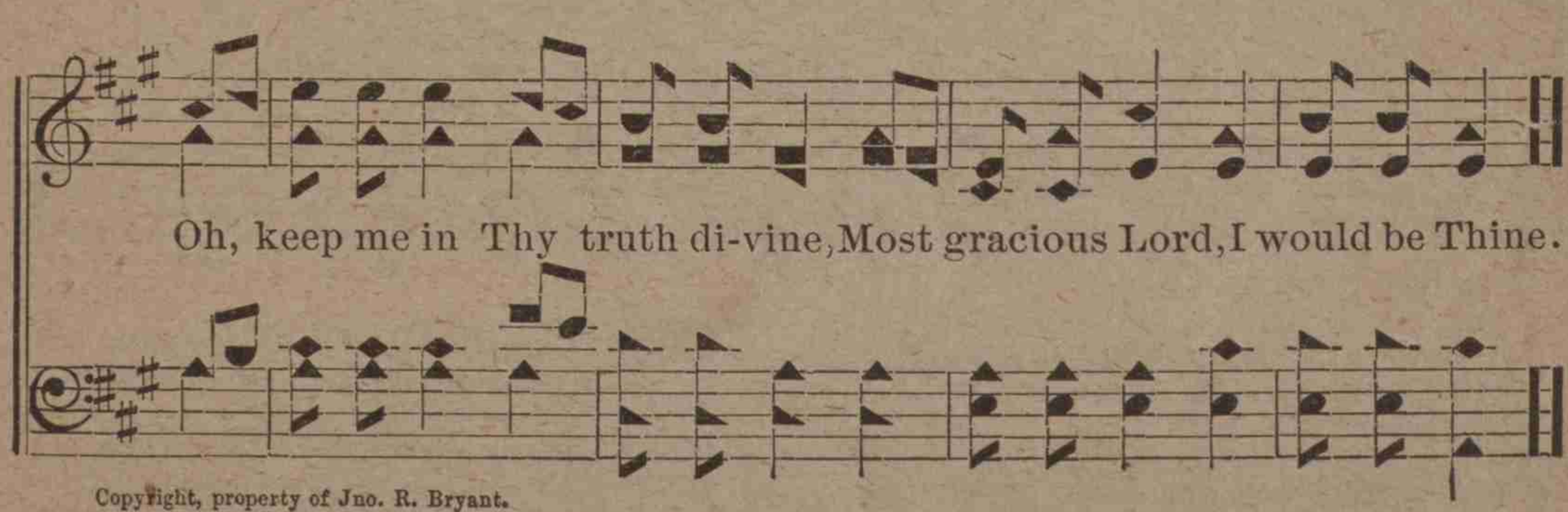
2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Saviour,
Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

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

No. 4. I Would be Thine.

Mrs. Adeline H. Beery. Jno. R. Bryant. By per.

1. In all my tho'ts, in all my ways, In all my deeds, in all my praise;
2. When wand'ring thro' the shades of night, Or sing-ing in the morning bright;
3. Tho' strong temp-ta - tions I should meet, Tho' waves of trou - ble 'round me beat;

Thro' all my moments and my days, My dearest Lord, I would be Thine.
When battl'ing for the good and right, My dearest Lord, I would be Thine.
To Thee I 'll quickly turn my feet; My dearest Lord, I would be Thine.



I would be Thine, I would be Thine, And in Thy glo - ry ev-er shine;

Oh, keep me in Thy truth di-vine, Most gracious Lord, I would be Thine.

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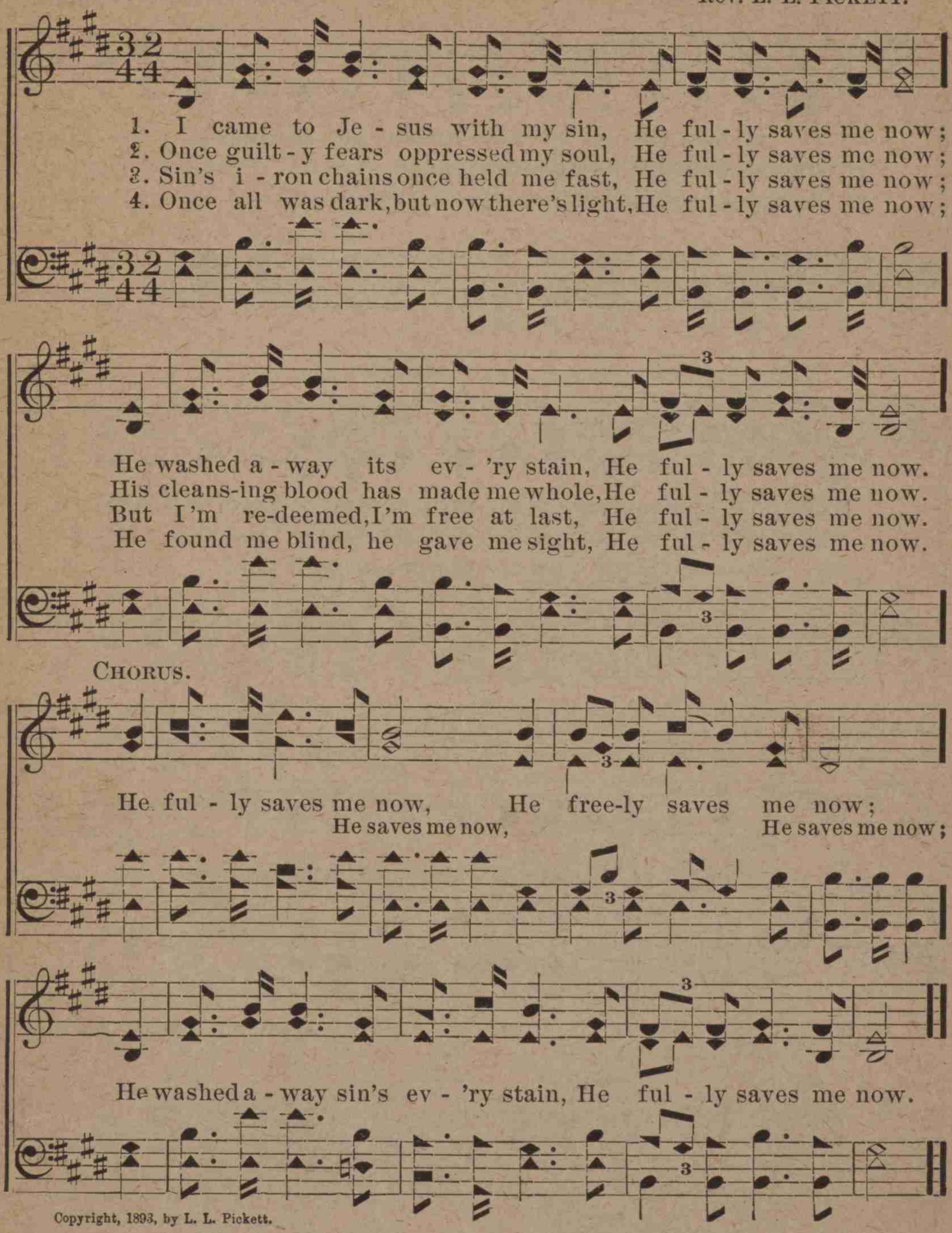
No. 5. He Fully Saves me Now.

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

1. I came to Je - sus with my sin, He ful - ly saves me now;
2. Once guilt - y fears oppressed my soul, He ful - ly saves me now;
3. Sin's i - ron chains once held me fast, He ful - ly saves me now;
4. Once all was dark, but now there's light, He ful - ly saves me now;

He washed a - way its ev - 'ry stain, He ful - ly saves me now.
His cleans-ing blood has made me whole, He ful - ly saves me now.
But I'm re-deemed, I'm free at last, He ful - ly saves me now.
He found me blind, he gave me sight, He ful - ly saves me now.

CHORUS.

He ful - ly saves me now, He free-ly saves me now;
He saves me now, He saves me now;
He washed a - way sin's ev - 'ry stain, He ful - ly saves me now.

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5 The Sun of righteousness has risen,
His beams have turned my hell to heaven.

6 Converted first at Calvary's cross,
My barque on many a wave was tossed.

7 I sought again my Saviour's side,
In the upper room was sanctified.

8 His gracious Spirit dwells within,
His fire consumed indwelling sin.

No. 6. Christ Within.

Rev. B. CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. My heart was once heavy with sad-ness, And struggling with burdens and
2. Once Je-sus would vis-it His dwelling, Then leave thro' my doubt or my
3. The grave was once dark to my vis - ion, A goal that I cared not to
4. I of - ten repined un-der cross-es And knew not re - pin-ing was

sin; But now it is thrill-ing with glad - ness, For
sin; But now I re - joice in the tell - ing My
win; A gate now to coun-tries E - ly - sian! Since
sin; I shout now o'er bur - dens and loss - es, For

CHORUS.

Je-sus is dwelling within. O glo-ry to God! the Saviour has come, He
Saviour a - bid-eth within.
Je-sus is dwelling within.
Je-sus is dwelling within.

dwells in my heart and makes it His home; I hear His sweet voice, I feel His blest blood, And
shout on my way, at home and abroad, O glo-ry, O glo-ry to God.

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5 Gone now is the sighing and sorrow,
The cares and the fears of the day;
I ask not what comes with the morrow,
For Jesus is in me to stay.

6 Let Satan and men now assail me,
Let Death lay me low in the grave!
The Victor within will not fail me
7 What more can I pray for or have.

No. 7. He Shall Feed His Flock.

IDA L. REED. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. He shall feed His flock like a shep-herd, He shall lead them with His hand;
2. He shall feed His flock like a shep-herd, He shall gath - er all His own,
3. He shall feed His flock like a shep-herd, Where the streams of glad-ness flow;

He shall fold the lambs in His bos - om, By His strength they dai-ly stand:
He shall keep them safe in His king-dom, Lead them to His Fa-ther's throne.
He shall lead them ten-der - ly ev - er, And His mer - cy they shall know.

He shall feed . . His flock like a shep - herd, He shall guard
Feed His flock, like a shepherd feed His flock, He shall

. . them day by day; . . . By His side . . no e - vil be -
guard them day by day, day by day. By His side

tide them, ... He will lead . . them day by day.
e - vil e'er be-tide them, He will lead them day by day, day by day.

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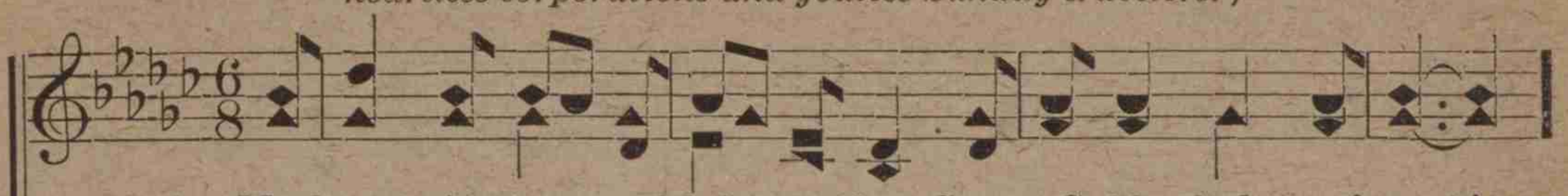
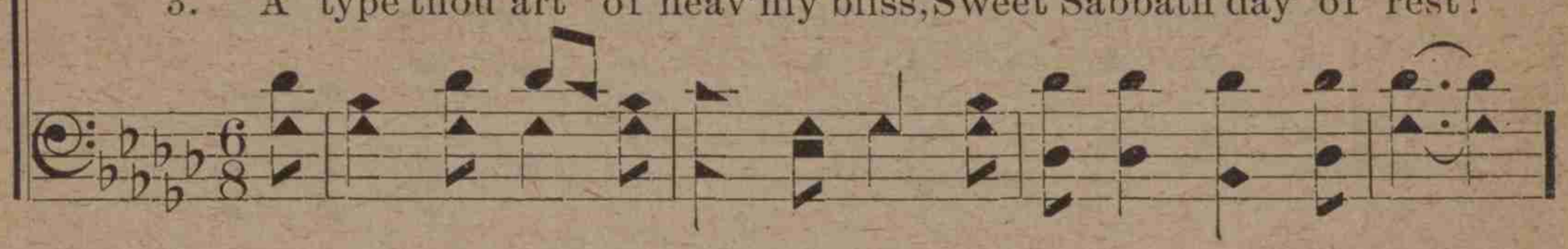
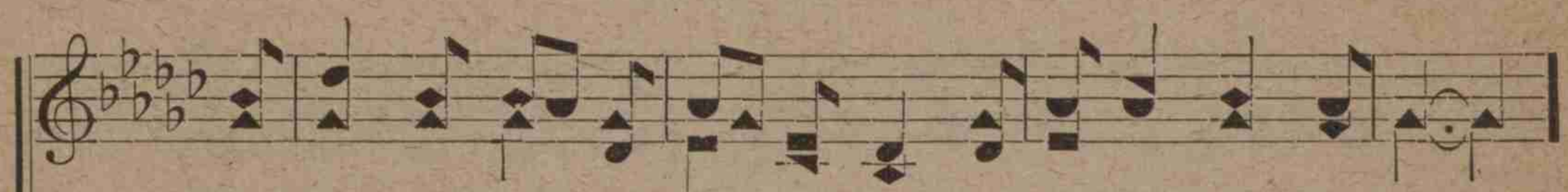
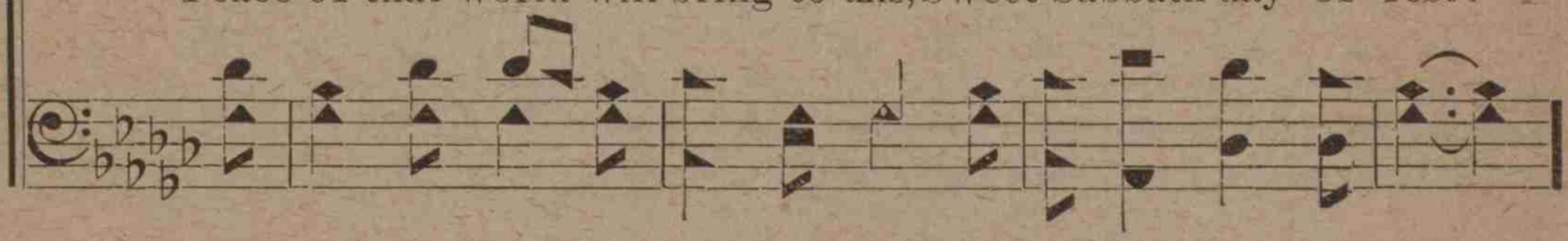
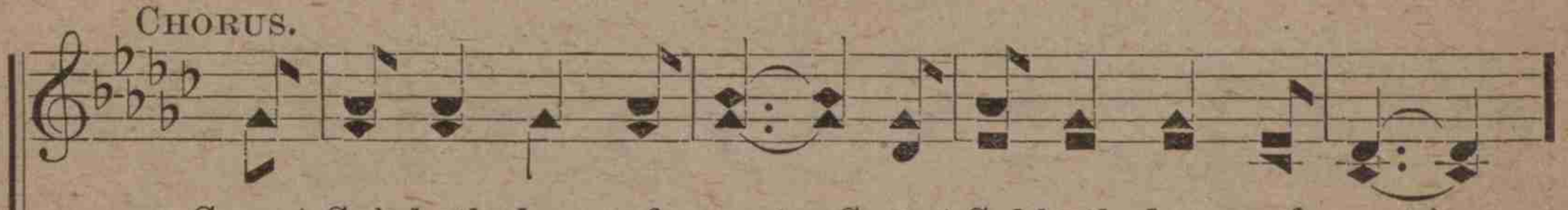
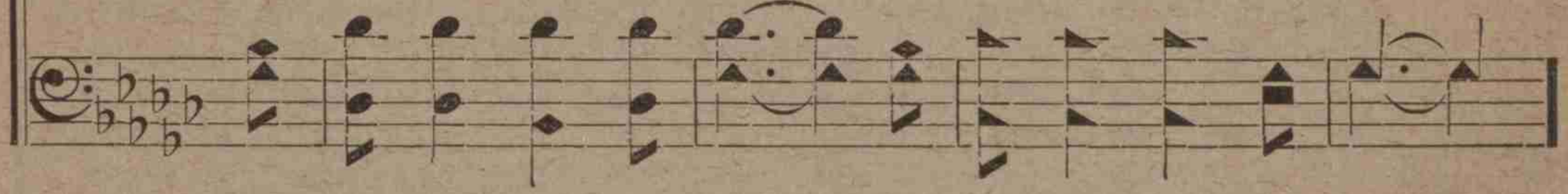
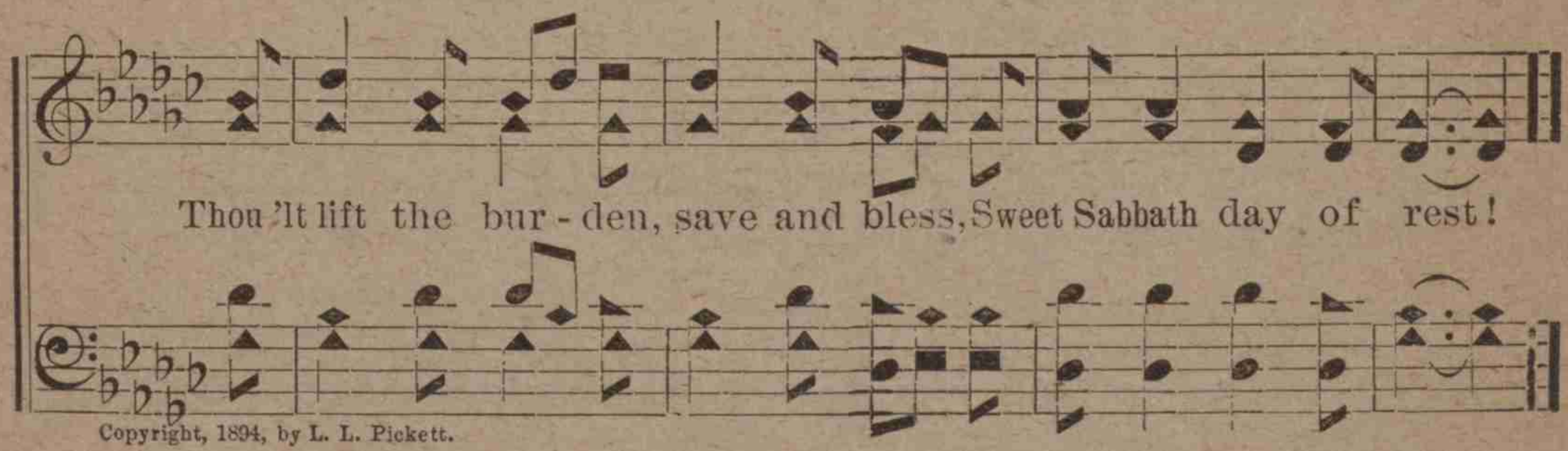
No. 8. Sweet Sabbath Day of Rest.

Words and Music by L. L. PICKETT.

(Dedicated to the Railroad men of the world, who are robbed of their Sabbaths by heartless corporations and godless Sunday travelers.)

1. My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, Sweet Sabbath day of rest!
2. When la - bors tire and toils oppress, Sweet Sabbath day of rest!
3. A type thou art of heav'nly bliss, Sweet Sabbath day of rest!

When from earth's cares and toils I flee, Sweet Sabbath day of rest!
Thy peace shalt calm this ach-ing breast, Sweet Sabbath day of rest!
Peace of that world will bring to this, Sweet Sabbath day of rest!

CHORUS.

Sweet Sab-bath day of rest, Sweet Sabbath day of rest!



Thou 'lt lift the bur - den, save and bless, Sweet Sabbath day of rest!

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4 Refreshing to the mind and soul,
Sweet Sabbath day of rest!
A balm which makes the wounded whole,
Sweet Sabbath day of rest!

5 And when earth's weary race is o'er,
Sweet Sabbath day of rest!
We 'll share thy joys for evermore,
Sweet Sabbath day of rest!

No. 9 Each Day a Little Nearer.

"Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." James iv: 8.

FAITH WILLIAMS. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Each day in sweet com-mun - ion With Je - sus now I rise,
2. And day by day I'm learn- ing That though my earth-ly way
3. So, trust-ing in His mer - cy And love so meas-ure - less,

And find His ser - vice ev - er A glad and sweet sur - prise;
Is oft through shad - ows wind-ing, 'T will lead to per - fect day;
Each day my soul is full - er Of peace and joy - ful - ness;

Though what each day is bring-ing My soul may nev - er guess,
Each day I know I'm rest - ing With - in His shelt-'ring arms,
Each day, while life is giv - en, Still strong-er would I be,

Yet to His cross I'm cling-ing, And on my way I press.
My heart, this thought en - fold-ing, Is safe from earth's a - larms.
Till from on high my Sav-iour Shall say, Come home with Me.

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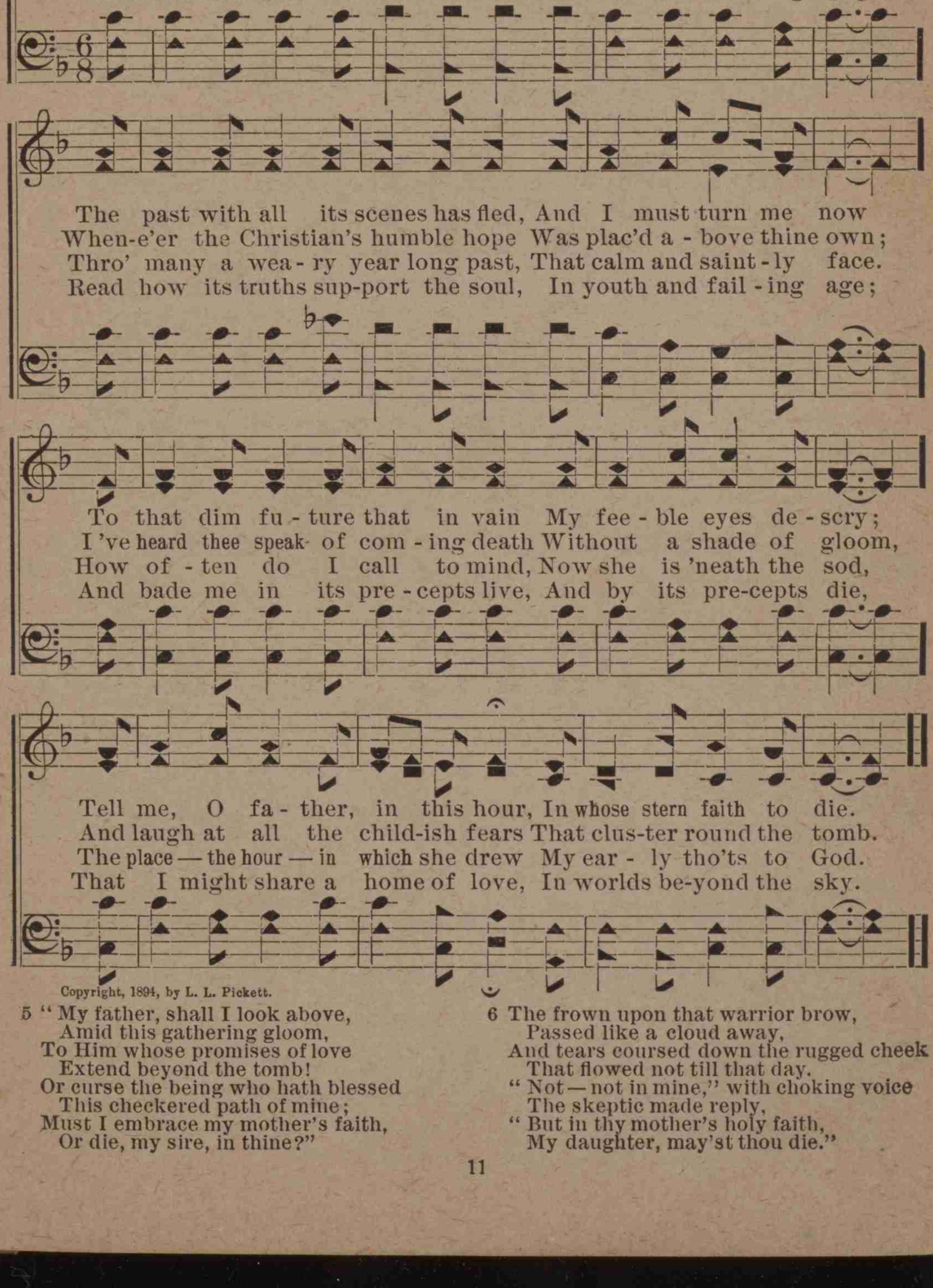
No. 10. The Skeptic's Daughter.

C. C. Cox. L. L. Pickett.

When Ethan Allen's daughter lay dying, she called her father to her bedside, and said, "Dear father, I am about to cross the cold, dark river. Shall I trust to your opinions, or to the teachings of dear mother?" "Trust to your mother!" said the champion of infidelity; and, covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child."—*Harper's Monthly.*

Very effective as a solo.

1. "The damps of death are com-ing fast, My fa - ther, o'er my brow.
2. "In thine? I've watched thy scornful smile, And heard thy with'ring tone,
3. "Or is it in my moth-er's faith? How fond-ly do I trace
4. "'T was then she took this sa - cred book, And from its burn-ing page

The past with all its scenes has fled, And I must turn me now
When-e'er the Christian's humble hope Was plac'd a - bove thine own;
Thro' many a wea - ry year long past, That calm and saint - ly face.
Read how its truths sup-port the soul, In youth and fail - ing age;

To that dim fu - ture that in vain My fee - ble eyes de - scry;
I've heard thee speak of com - ing death Without a shade of gloom,
How of - ten do I call to mind, Now she is 'neath the sod,
And bade me in its pre - cepts live, And by its pre-cepts die,

Tell me, O fa - ther, in this hour, In whose stern faith to die.
And laugh at all the child-ish fears That clus-ter round the tomb.
The place — the hour — in which she drew My ear - ly tho'ts to God.
That I might share a home of love, In worlds be-yond the sky.

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5 "My father, shall I look above,
Amid this gathering gloom,
To Him whose promises of love
Extend beyond the tomb!
Or curse the being who hath blessed
This checkered path of mine;
Must I embrace my mother's faith,
Or die, my sire, in thine?"

6 The frown upon that warrior brow,
Passed like a cloud away,
And tears coursed down the rugged cheek
That flowed not till that day.
"Not—not in mine," with choking voice
The skeptic made reply,
"But in thy mother's holy faith,
My daughter, may'st thou die."

No. 11. Throw Out the Life-Line.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD. Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tar - ry, my
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where
4. Soon will this sea-son of res - cue be o'er, Soon we shall go to the

some one should save; Some-bod - y's broth- er, O who then will dare
broth- er, so long? See, he is sink - ing, O has - ten to - day,
we've nev - er been; Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe,
fair E - den shore; Then in the dark hour of death may it be,

CHORUS.

To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share? Throw out the Life-Line!
And out with the life-boat, a - way, then, a - way.
Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
That Je - sus will throw out the Life-Line to thee.

throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the

Life-Line! throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

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No. 12. Beautiful, Beckoning Hands.

Rev. C. C. Luther. By per. (*To my Choir at Walhalla, S. C.*) Jno. R. Bryant.

Duet.

1. Beau - ti - ful hands at the gate-way to-night, Fa - ces all shin-ing with ra - di - ant light.
2. Beck - on-ing hands of a moth-er whose love Sac - ri-ficed life its de - vo - tion to prove;
3. Beau - ti - ful hands of a lit - tle one, —see, Ba - by voice call-ing, O moth - er, to thee;

Eyes looking down from yon heav-en - ly home,
Hands of a fa - ther to mem - o - ry dear,
Ro - sy-cheek'd darling, the light of our home,

Chorus.

Beau - ti - ful hands that are beck-on - ing come.
Beck'ning up high - er the wait-ing one here.
Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck - on - ing come.

Beck - - on - ing
Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful,

hands, ...
beck - on-ing hands,

Call - ing the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands,

Beck - - on-ing hands, . .
Beau - ti-ful, beauti-ful, beckoning hands,

Beau - ti-ful, beck-on-ing hands. . .
Beau - ti-ful, beck-on-ing, beckoning hands.

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Beau - ti-ful, beck-on-ing hands. . .

4 Beckoning hands of a husband or wife,
Waiting and watching the lov'd ones of life;
Hands of a brother, a sister, a friend,
Out from the gate-way to-night they extend.

5 Brightest and best of that glorious throng,
Center of all, and the theme of our song,
Jesus, our Saviour, the pierced one stands,
Lovingly calling, with beckoning hands.

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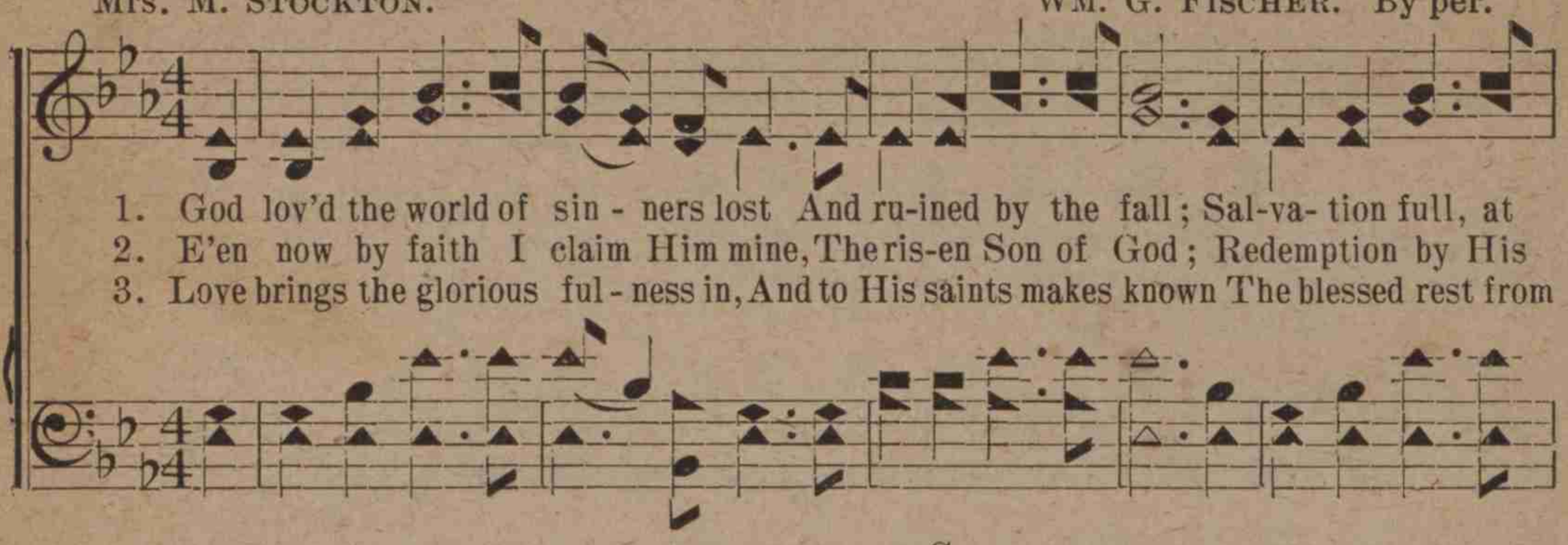
No. 13. Wondrous Love.

"God so loved the world." John iii: 16.

MRS. M. STOCKTON. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.



4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King

No. 14. The Half has Never been Told.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1 I know I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy;
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

CHORUS.

The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood — it cleanseth me.

2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.

3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
Then may I well be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love
I could not but be sad.

4 O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine!
What will Thy presence be
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

No. 15. I am Glad there is Cleansing.

L. H. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. By per.

1. How bright the Hope that Calv-'ry brings, Where Love di-vine with Mer-cy blends:
2. 'T is there! 't is there the soul may go, And wash its sins and stains a - way;
3. Speak, speak to Zi - on's burden'd ones, Lead, lead them up to Calv - 'ry's Mount,
4. Why need we strug-gle on in self, We can - not make one black spot white;
5. I come! I come! and glad I am That Je - sus calls the lost and vile;

How full the joy that all may find, Where flows the blood can save and cleanse.
Who gives up all,— who comes by faith, This cleans-ing finds with-out de - lay.
The want of ach - ing hearts is met, 'T is cleans-ing in Re-demption's fount.
Our Sav-iour's Blood, and that a - lone, Can change and cleanse the heart a - right
There thousands have a cleans-ing found; I 'll heed the Sav-iour's welcome smile.

CHORUS.

I am glad there is cleansing in the Blood, I am
I am glad there is cleansing, there is cleans-ing in the blood, I am
glad there is cleansing in the Blood; Tell the world, All the
glad there is cleansing, there is cleansing in the Blood; Tell the world there is cleansing, All the
world, There is cleans-ing in the Sav-iour's Blood.
world there is cleans-ing,

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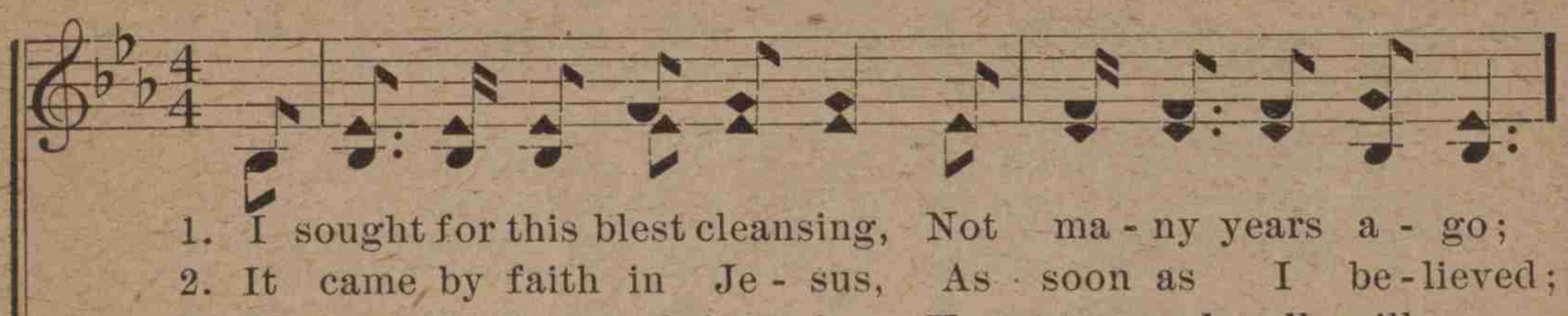
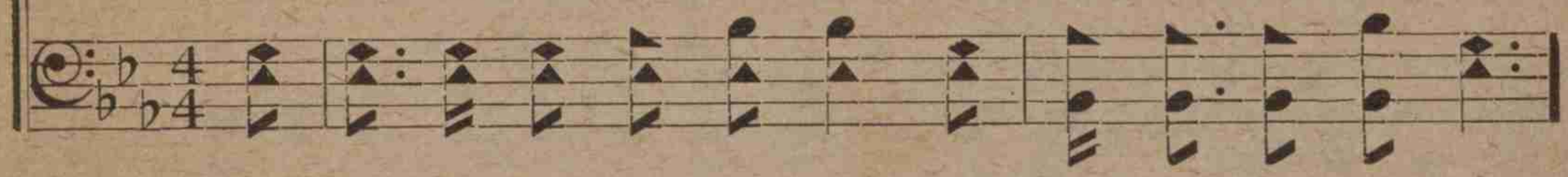
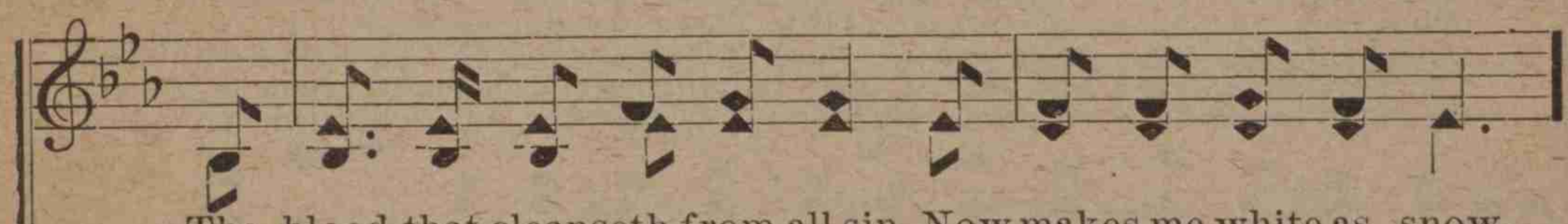
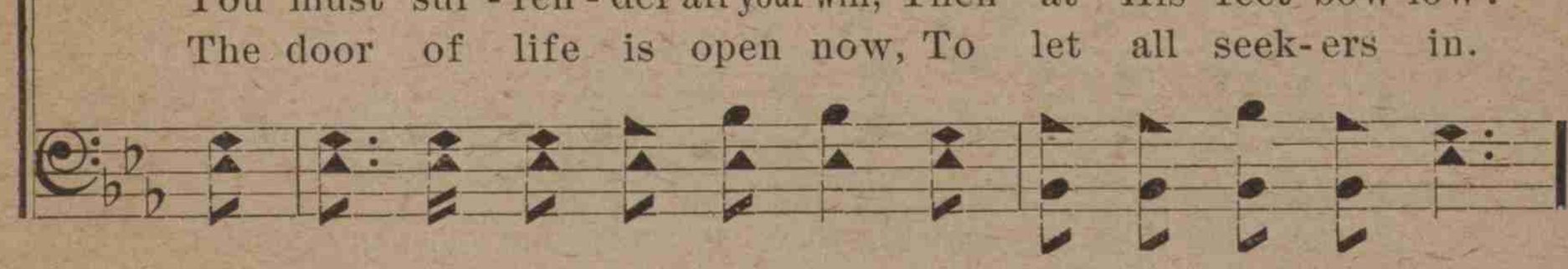
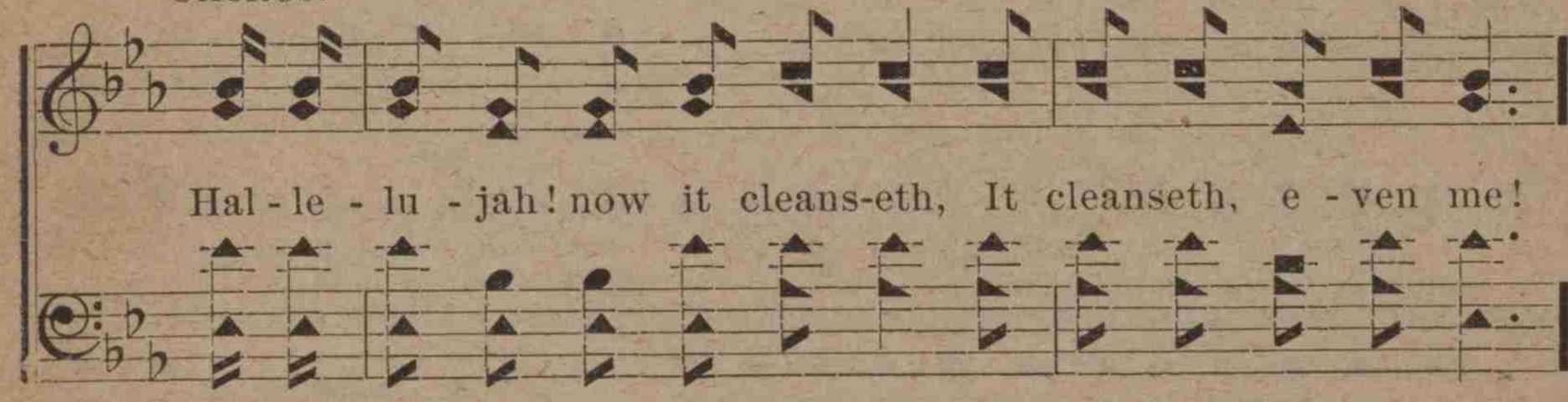
No. 16. He Cleanseth me.

J. H. W. Rev. J. H. WEBER.



1. I sought for this blest cleansing, Not ma - ny years a - go;
2. It came by faith in Je - sus, As soon as I be - lieved;
3. If to this Fount of cleans-ing You, one and all, will go,
4. Oh, come and seek this Sav - iour, To cleanse your heart from sin;

The blood that cleanseth from all sin, Now makes me white as snow.
I took Him at His blessed word, Then joy and grace re-ceived.
You must sur - ren - der all your will, Then at His feet bow low!
The door of life is open now, To let all seek-ers in.

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! now it cleans-eth, It cleanseth, e - ven me!

Hal - le - lu - jah! now it cleanseth, Thro' His blood I am set free!

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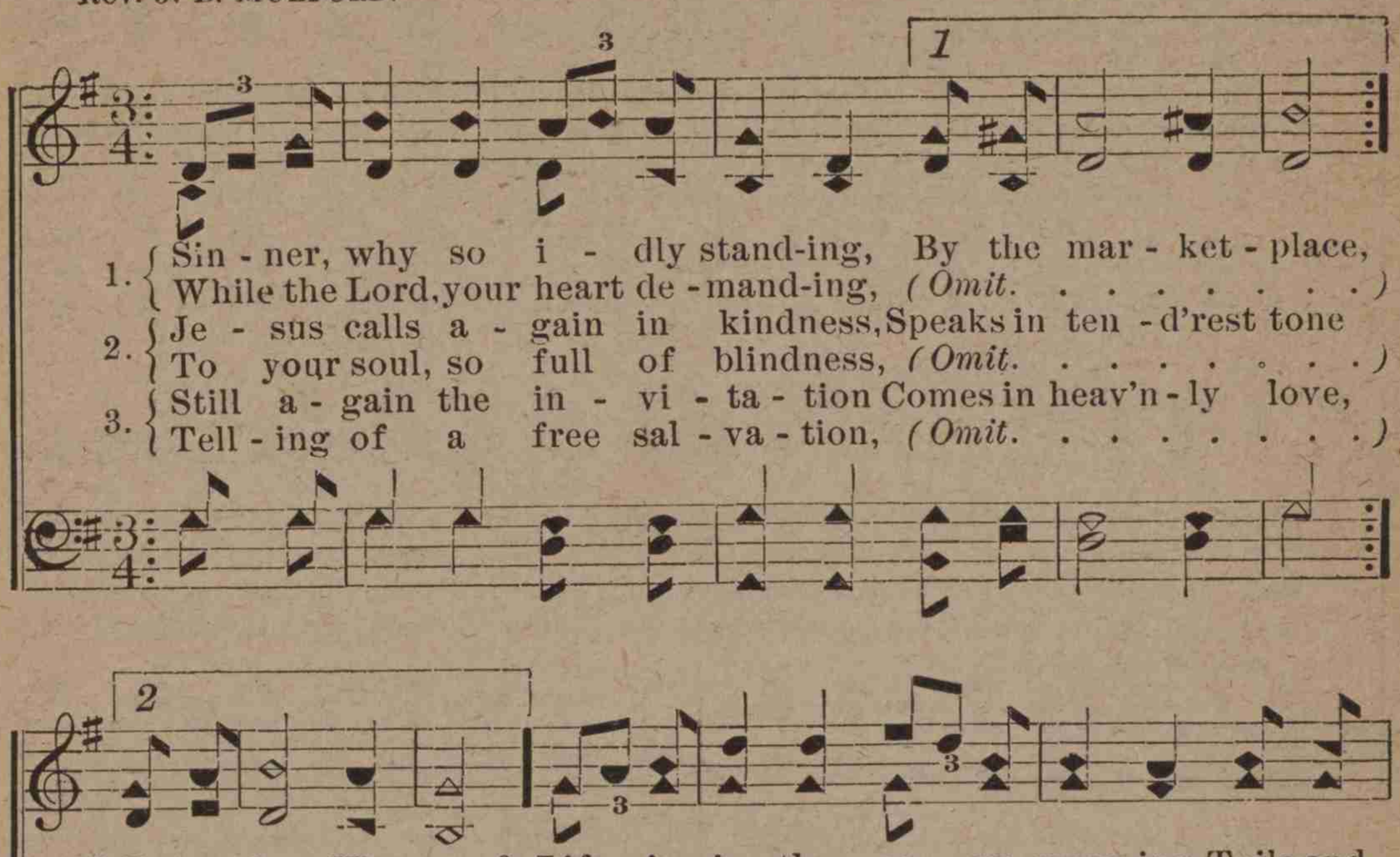
No. 17. The First and Last Call.

Rev. J. B. MULFORD. Rev. W. E. PENN.

1. { Sin - ner, why so i - dly stand-ing, By the mar - ket - place,
   { While the Lord, your heart de - mand-ing, (*Omit.* . . . . .)
2. { Je - sus calls a - gain in kindness, Speaks in ten - d'rest tone
   { To your soul, so full of blindness, (*Omit.* . . . . .)
3. { Still a - gain the in - vi - ta - tion Comes in heav'n - ly love,
   { Tell - ing of a free sal - va - tion, (*Omit.* . . . . .)

Calls you by His grace? Life is in the ro - sy morn-ing, Toils and
Wea-ry, sad, and lone. Life is in the gold-en mid - day, Half your
And a home a - bove. Life is in the crimson twi - light, Cometh

cares are light, Do not wait the message scorning, Turn to Christ this night.
years are sped, Mer - cy can-not warn you al - way, O to peace be led.
fast the gloom, Soon the bells will toll the midnight, Then the changeless doom.

Copyright, 1887, by W. E. Penn. From "Harvest Bells," by per.

4 Now the last sweet message soundeth,
  O so earnestly,
Proving still that grace aboundeth,
  Lost one, come to me.
Life is in the solemn midnight,
  'T is the last appeal, [trite,
Yield your heart, subdued and con-
  Ere remorse you feel.

5 Then, alas, the final parting
  For eternal years,
While from every eyelid starting
  Fall the blinding tears.
Part without a hope of meeting
  Parent, child, and friend,
Never more to hear a greeting,
  Nor a message send.

No. 18. At the Saviour's Right Hand.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. B. HOLSINGER. By per.

1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged, And the
2. But the wick - ed who will not re - pent and be - lieve, And will
3. We are jour - ney - ing on to e - ter - ni - ty, now, On the
4. If our Shep - herd He is, and we fol - low His call, He will

chaff from the wheat shall be thor-ough-ly fanned, Then the right-eous shall shine as the
nev - er live up to the Mas-ter's command, Shall be placed on the left, as un -
bank of death's riv - er we sometime shall stand! Shall we fear to pass o - ver the
lead us safe home, to that beau - ti - ful land; And with crowns on our brows, and with

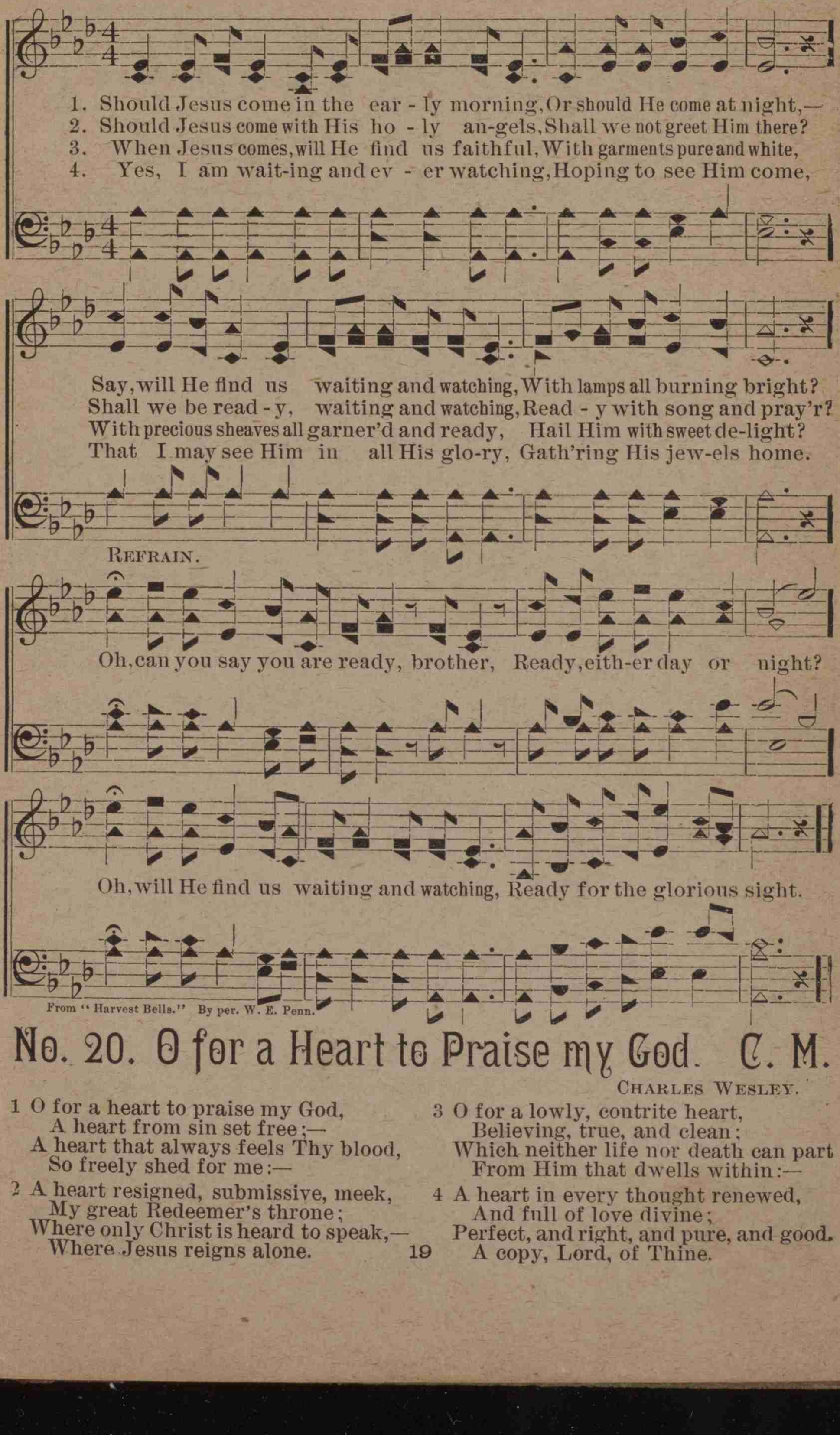
stars in the sky, And their pla-ces shall be at the Saviour's right hand.
wor - thy to be With the children of God at the Saviour's right hand.
dark roll-ing flood, Lest our por-tion be not at the Saviour's right hand.
branch-es of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Saviour's right hand.

REFRAIN.

Let me . . . find a place with that . . hap-py band,
Let me find a place with that hap-py band, Let me find a place with that happy band,

right hand.
Who shall ev - er a - bide, . . At the Sav - iour's right hand.
Who shall ever abide at the Saviour's right hand, abide at the Saviour's right hand.

No. 19. Are you Waiting and Watching?

W. E. P. Rev. W. E. PENN.

From "Harvest Bells." By per. W. E. Penn.

No. 20. O for a Heart to Praise my God. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me:—

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good.
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

No. 21. Abiding and Confiding.

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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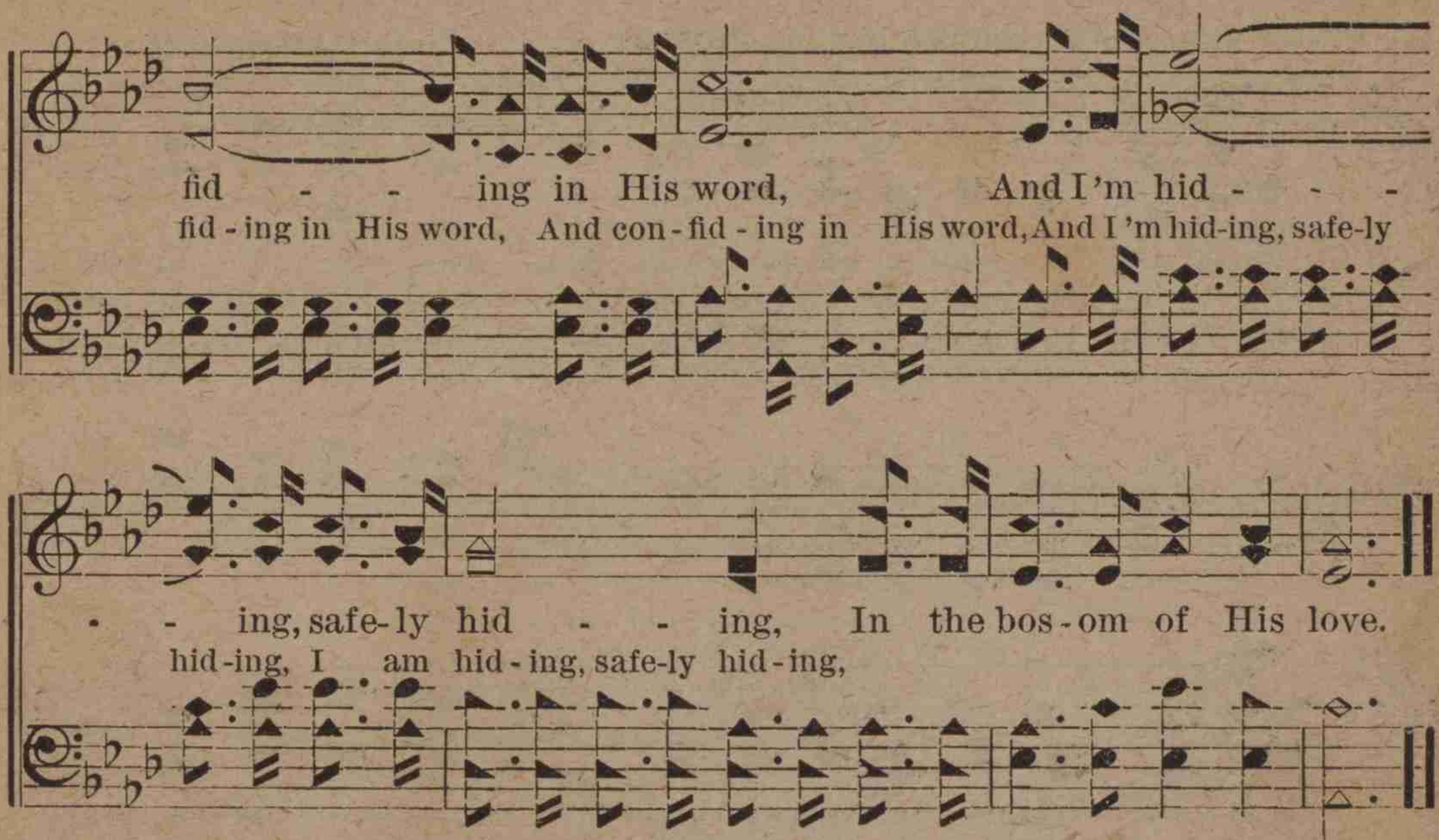
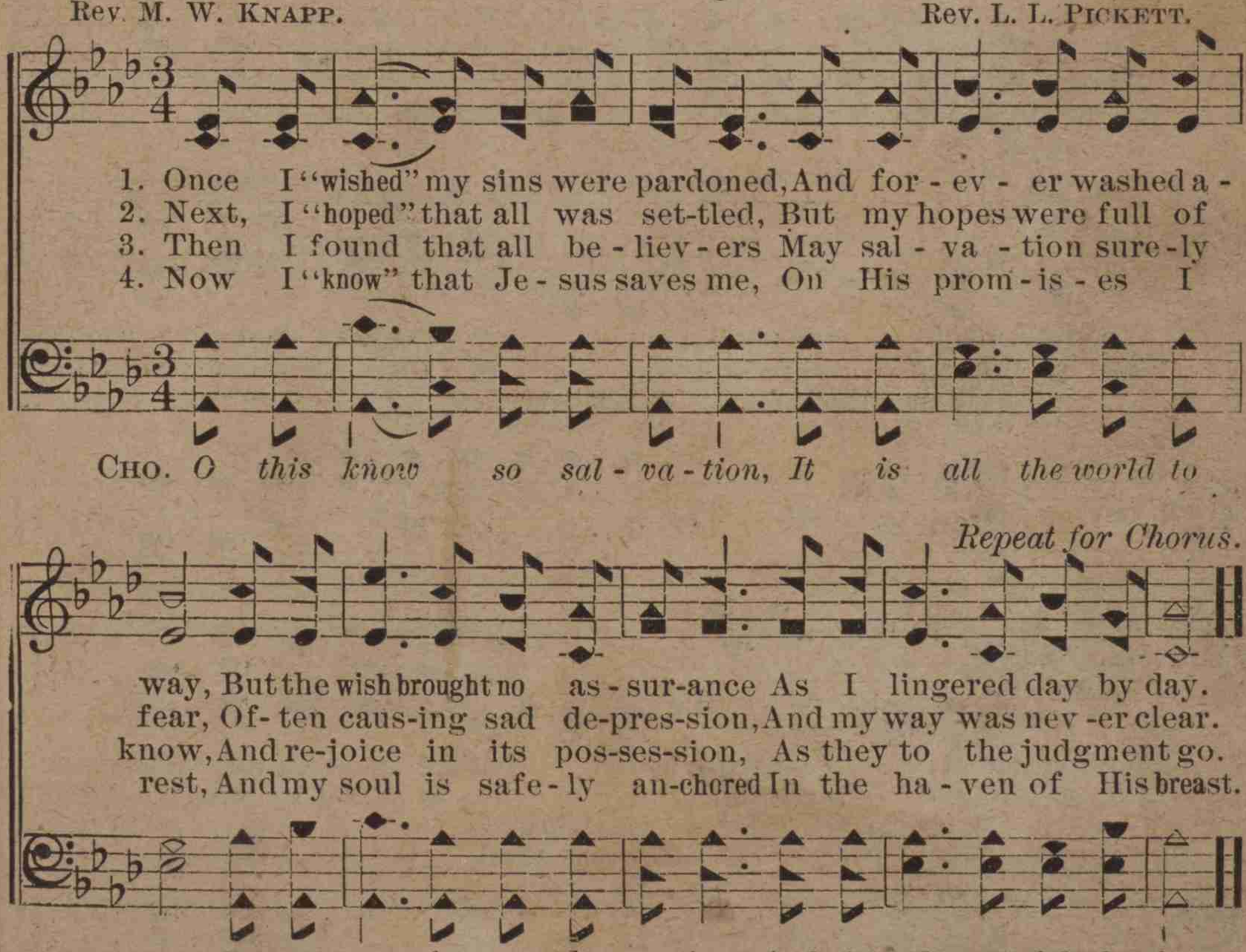
Abiding and Confiding. Concluded.

No. 22. Knowing.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 23. Beyond the Vale.

W. C. H.
Fourth Verse and Second Ref. by L. L. PICKETT. W. C. HAFLEY. By per.

1. Be - yond the gold-en sun-set sky, Be - yond the roll - ing wave,
2. Be - yond the pangs that tri-als bring, Be - yond the cru - el vale,
3. Be - yond the moments passing fleet, Be - yond earth's gloomy night,
4. Be - yond all sick-ness and all care, Be - yond all want and pain,

Be - yond each mor-tal care and sigh, We 'll meet be - yond the grave.
We 'll meet where joys e - ter-nal spring, And love can nev - er fail.
Our lov'd and lost we soon shall meet In glo - rious realms of light.
The ran-som'd ones shall gather there And join the glad re - frain.

REFRAIN.

We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet to part no more,
Safe at home, safe at home, We have met to part no more,
We shall meet, we shall meet,
Safe at home, safe at home,

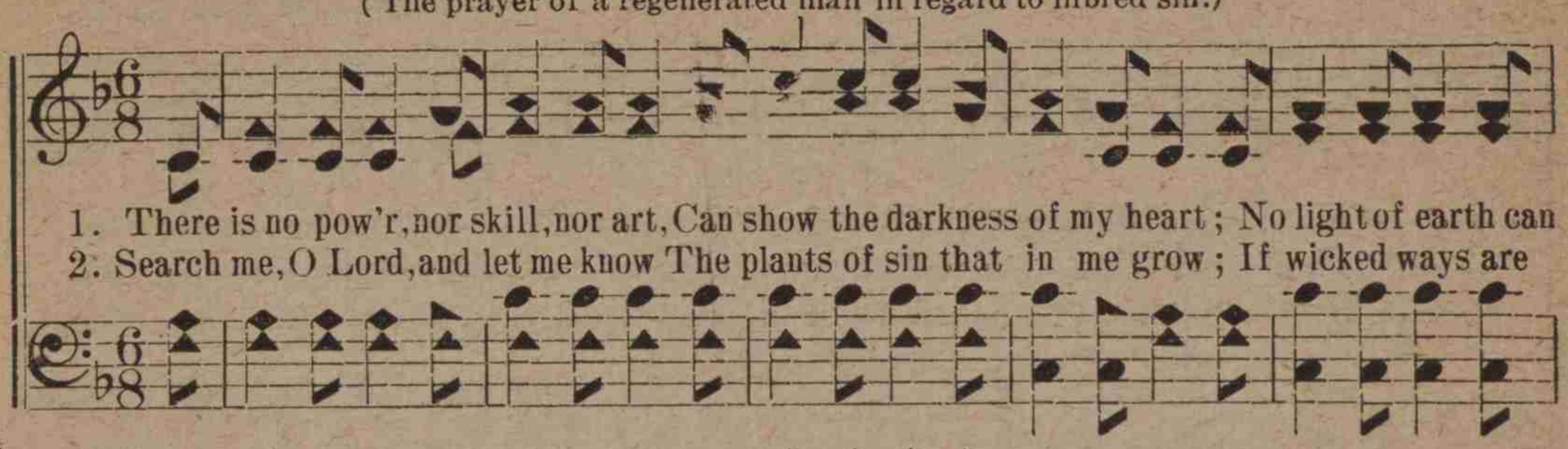
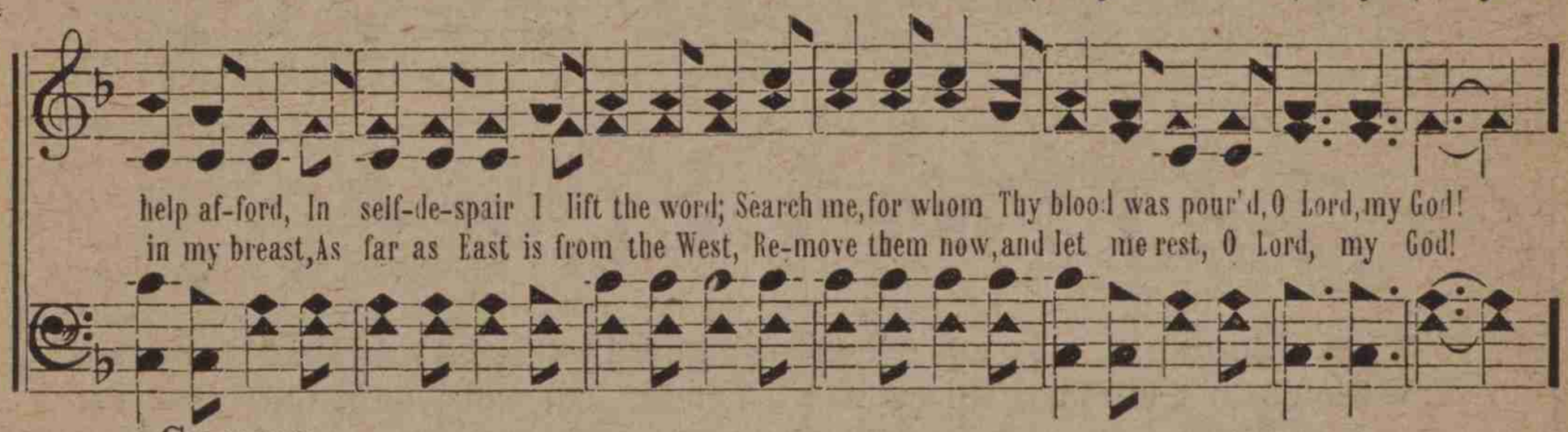
We shall meet, we shall meet, We 'll meet on heaven's shore.
Safe at home, precious home, We 've reach'd our heav'nly home.
We shall meet, we shall meet,
Safe at home, precious home,

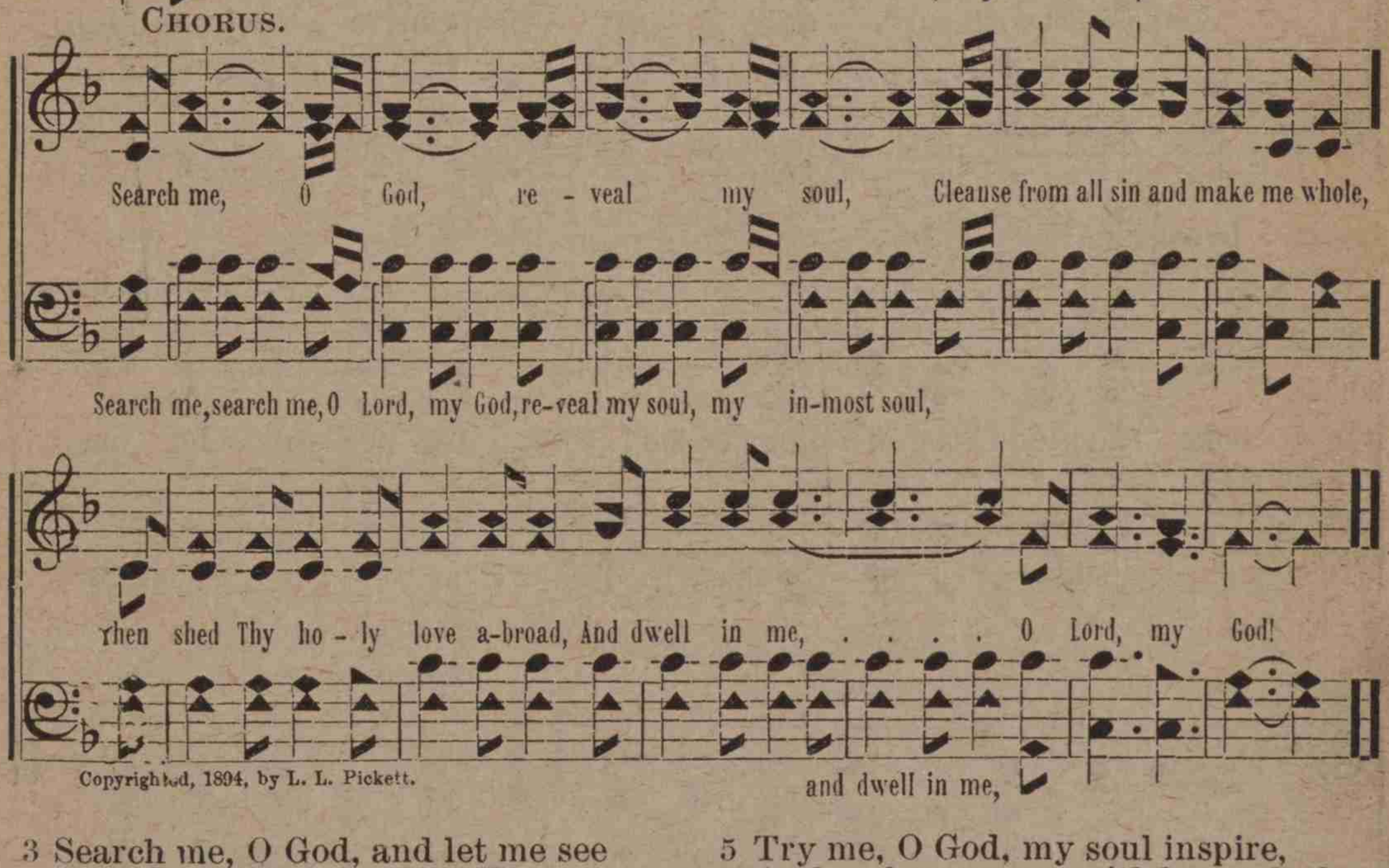
From "Class, Choir, and Congregation."

No. 24. Search me, O God.

Rev. B. CARRADINE. Psalm cxxxix: 23, 24. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

(The prayer of a regenerated man in regard to inbred sin.)



CHORUS.

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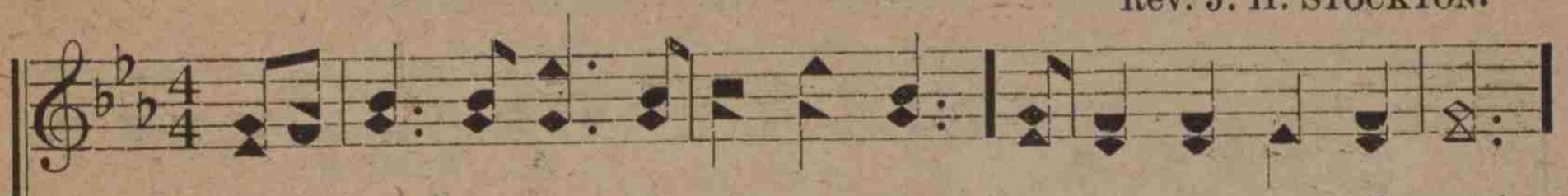
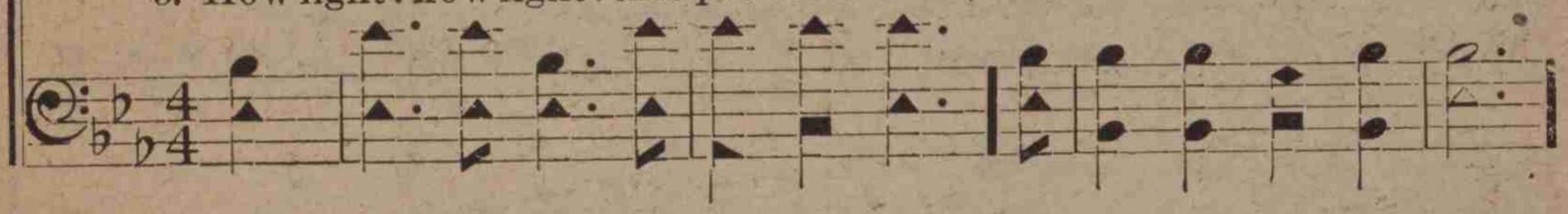
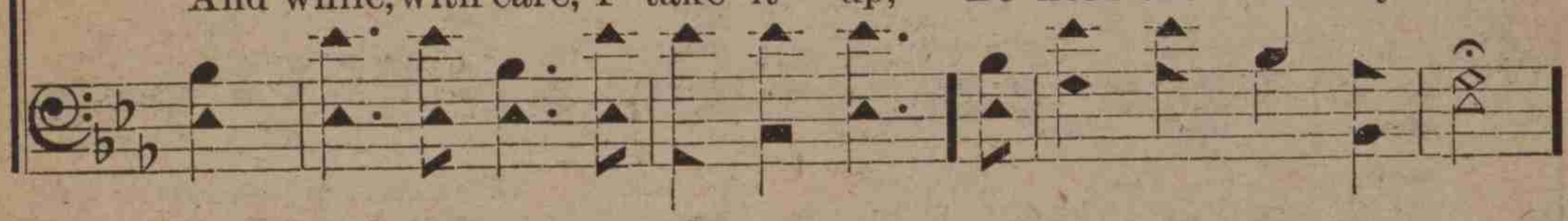
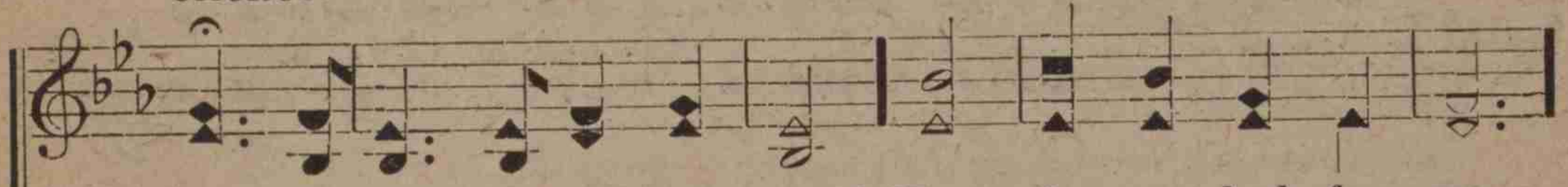
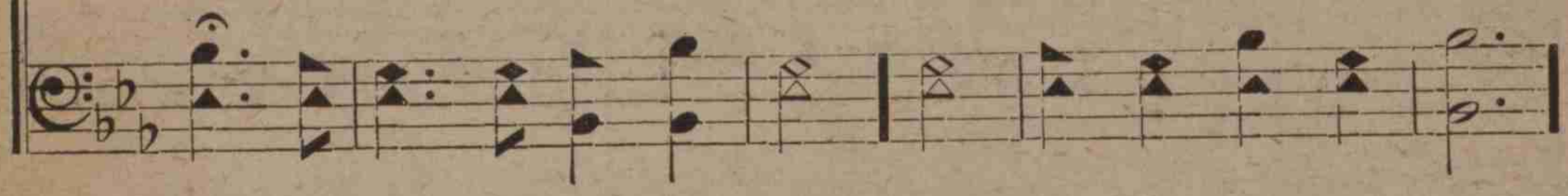
3 Search me, O God, and let me see
That inner life beheld by Thee;
O let Thy Word and Spirit's light
Show all to my repentant sight,
And point to regions pure and bright,
O Lord, my God!

4 Go with me Lord, throughout my heart,
Hold Thou my hand, nor from me part;
Lift high Thy light; let Gospel rays
Illumine Sin's dark winding ways;
Then let me on my Saviour gaze,
O Lord, my God!

5 Try me, O God, my soul inspire,
And make me pure with heav'nly fire;
O let the flame of holy love
The last dark trace of sin remove,
And plant in me the life above,
O Lord, my God!

6 Lead me, O God, I cannot stand
Without the strength of Thy right hand;
O let me in Thy presence stay,
And walk with Thee from day to day
Along the everlasting way,
O Lord, my God!

No. 25. The Hallowed Cross.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hallow'd cross I see!
2. That cross! that cross! that heav-y cross, My Sav-iour bore for me,
3. How light! how light! this pre-cious cross, Pre-sent-ed to my view;

Re - mind-ing me of pre-cious blood, That once was shed for me.
Which bow'd Him to the earth with grief, On sad Mount Cal - va - ry.
And while, with care, I take it up, Be-hold the crown my due.

CHORUS.

Oh, the blood! the pre-cious blood! That Je - sus shed for me,

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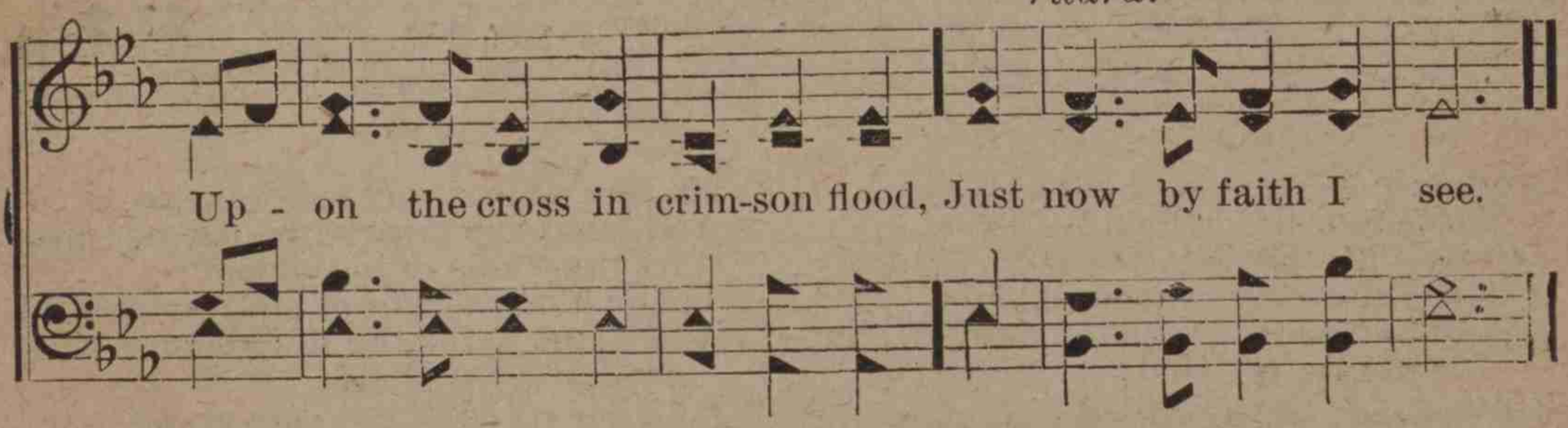

Up - on the cross in crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.

4 The crown! the crown! the glorious crown!
The crown of victory!
The crown of life! it shall be mine,
When I shall Jesus see.
Cho.—Oh, the blood, etc.

5 My tears, unbidden, seem to flow
For love, unbounded love, [woe,
Which guides me thro' this world of
And points to joys above.
Cho.—Oh, the blood, etc.

No. 26. Look and Believe.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Jno. R. Bryant.

1. Oh, seeker for par-don, thou sighest for rest, A-wait-ing re-lief, for thy heart so oppressed, Look up and see, on Cal-va-ry's tree, The Sav-iour who died as a ran-som for thee. Oh, look and be-lieve, Sal-
2. Oh, sorrowful heart, hea-vy la-den with woe, To whom for thy help but to Christ canst thou go? This be thy plea, that tempt-ed as we, The Sav-iour well knows how thy help-er to be.
3. Oh, ye that are wea-ry with sorrow and sin, And trou-bled with sore condem- na-tion with-in; In Christ there is rich pardon and peace, And full-ness of bless-ing, sal-va-tion, and bliss.

Chorus.

va-tion re-ceive, For Je-sus is read-y thy sins to for-give. On Cal-va-ry's tree He suf-fered for thee, Be-lieve and He'll make thee e-ter-nal-ly free.

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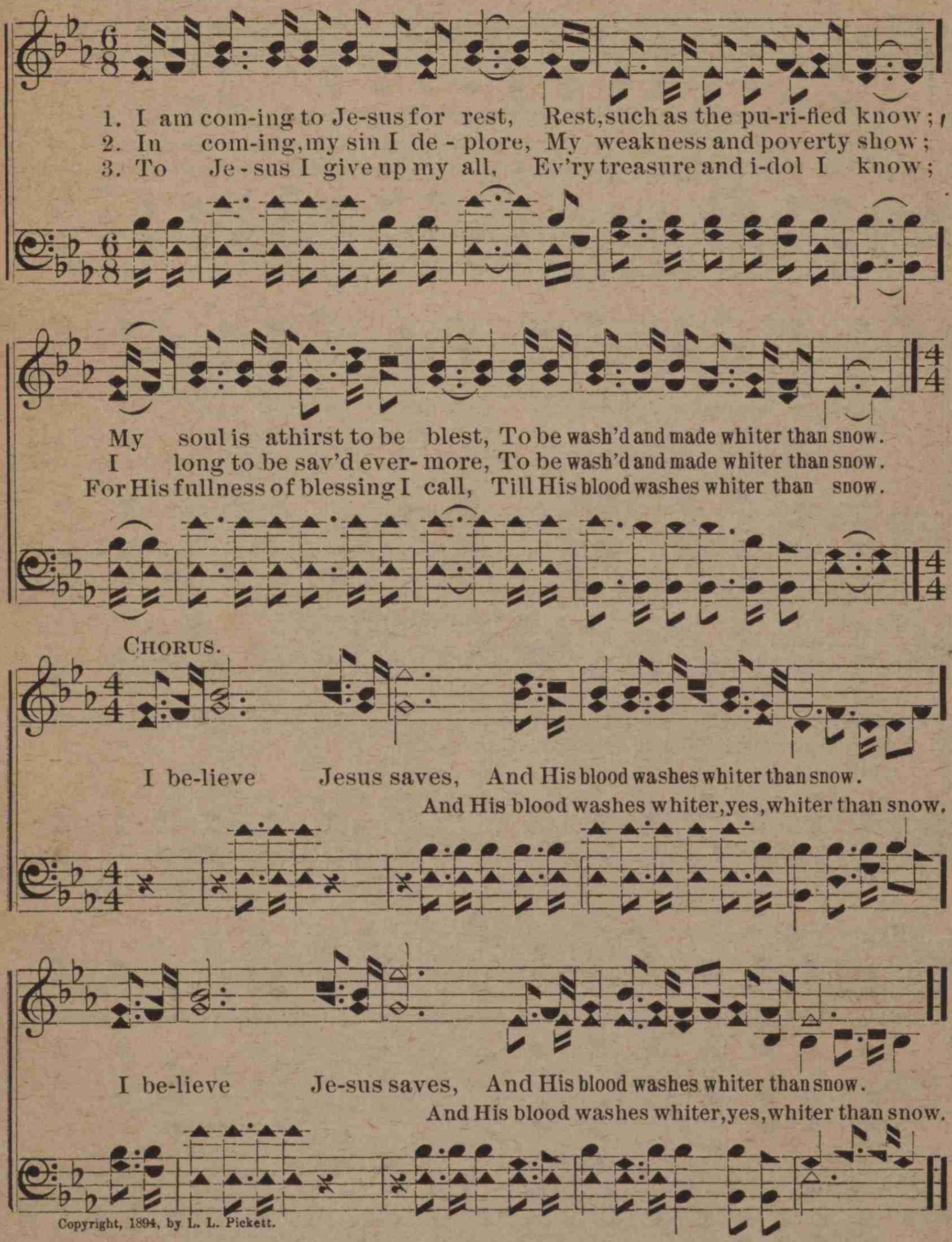
No. 27. I Believe Jesus Saves.

Rev. WM. McDONALD. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



1. I am com-ing to Je-sus for rest, Rest, such as the pu-ri-fied know;
2. In com-ing, my sin I de - plore, My weakness and poverty show;
3. To Je - sus I give up my all, Ev'ry treasure and i-dol I know;

My soul is athirst to be blest, To be wash'd and made whiter than snow.
I long to be sav'd ever- more, To be wash'd and made whiter than snow.
For His fullness of blessing I call, Till His blood washes whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

I be-lieve Jesus saves, And His blood washes whiter than snow.
And His blood washes whiter, yes, whiter than snow.

I be-lieve Je-sus saves, And His blood washes whiter than snow.
And His blood washes whiter, yes, whiter than snow.

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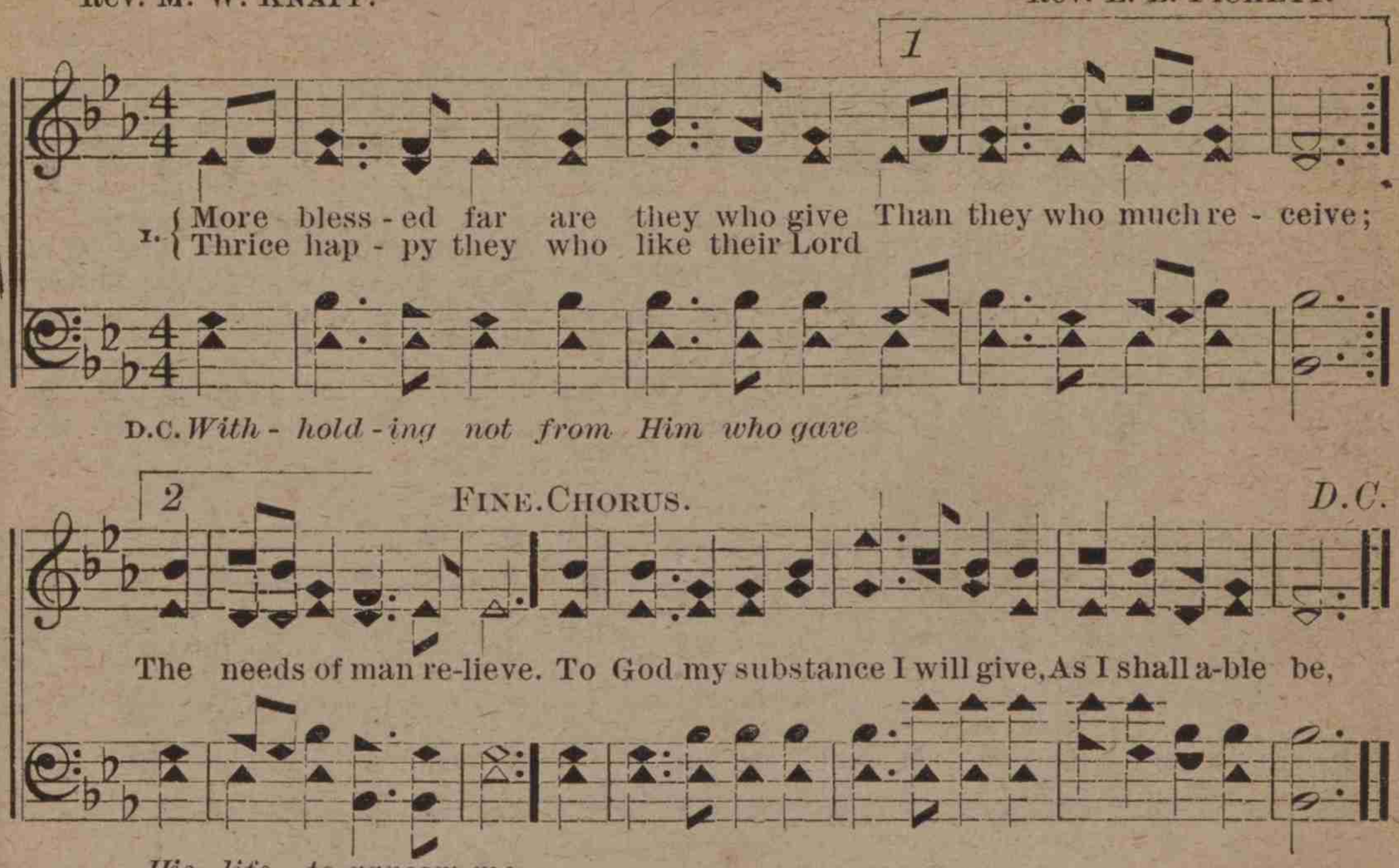
4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

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

No. 28. Giving.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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2 He that withholdeth more than meet
In poverty will be;
While those who give, a rich reward
With joy shall surely see.

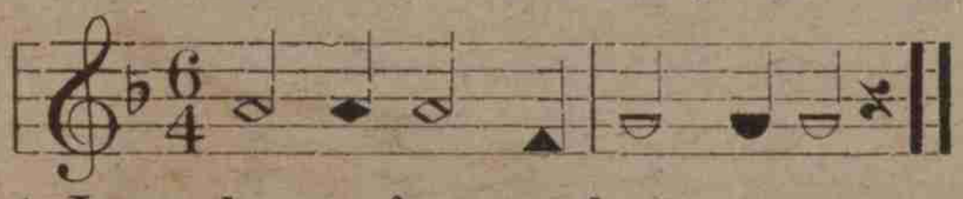
3 That he who giveth to the poor
Thus lendeth to the Lord;
And that a hundredfold the gift
He surely will reward.

4 My tithes to God I'll freely pay,
And thus His promise prove,
That He His blessings rich will pour
And fill me with His love.

5 I know the measure that I meet
Shall unto me be given;
Each willing gift on earth bestowed
A treasure prove in heaven.

6 I know that inasmuch as we
The needy turn away,
That we must meet the cruel deed
Upon the judgment day.

7 I know our Heavenly Father loves
All those who cheerful give
In mansions bright, if true to Him
They evermore shall live.

No. 29. Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

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

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

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

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

No 30. There's Music in my Soul!

Rev. HENRY BURTON JOSHUA GILL. By per.

1. The world is full of sing-ing, I hear it everywhere; The flow'rs their bells are ring-ing Out on the scent-ed air: And up a-bove, a-round me, The
2. My heart was fond of sigh-ing, With just some breaks of song. As self was ev-er try-ing To make its weak-ness strong: But now in Him con-fid-ing, His
3. My life was full of sad-ness, Of o-ver-weighting care; But now the "oil of glad-ness" Has turned to praise the pray'r; And so I keep pur-su-ing, And
4. And so my heart keeps clinging To the dear Master's Word; And it is al-ways sing-ing, Just like a spring-time bird: I know not what the harps be, Where

si-lent anthems roll: The glorious Lord has found me, There's music in my soul!
Word has made me whole, And e'er in Christ a-bid-ing, There's mu-sic in my soul!
pressing t'ward the goal: But praying, waiting, do-ing, There's mu-sic in my soul!
heav'nly anthems roll; I know that heav'n is near me, There's mu-sic in my soul!

CHORUS.

The blood of Christ is flow-ing, Its waves a-round me roll;
My heart with love is glow-ing, There's mu-sic in my soul!

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No. 31. Are you Washed in the Blood?

Words and Music by Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. By per.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His grace this hour? Are you
2. Are you walking dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you
3. When the Bride-groom com-eth will your robes be white, Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the man - sions bright, And be
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stain'd with sin, And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. There's a foun-tain flow-ing for the soul un - clean, O be

CHORUS.

wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

No. 32. Rally Round the Cross.

THE BATTLE SONG OF VICTORY.

E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.

1. A - gain we have come in Je - ho - vah's name, The bat - tle to fight and the vic-t'ry gain, We'll gird on the ar - mor and to the con-flict
2. When Is - rael of old marched a - round the wall, They blew with their trumpets and shouted all; Then down came the walls, and they took the might-y sword and they battled thro'; They're safe now in glo - ry and looking down to -
3. Our fa - thers, we know, to the Lord were true, They took up the Je - sus the glo - ry share; Then let all be true as we in - to bat - tle come from the oth-er shore; And then home to glo - ry re-joic-ing we will
4. We all must en - gage if a crown we 'd wear, And yon - der with go, And in the name of Je - sus we'll con-quer ev - 'ry foe. king; To God they gave the glo - ry, who did sal - va - tion bring. night, They call to you and me to be faith - ful in the fight. go, And res - cue ev - 'ry sin - ner from death and all its woe.
5. The con - flict will soon be for - ev - er o'er, The summons will go, To praise Him for the vic - t'ry He gave us here be - low.

CHORUS.

Then ral- ly! ral-ly! ral - ly round the cross! No one ev - er there will suf-fer

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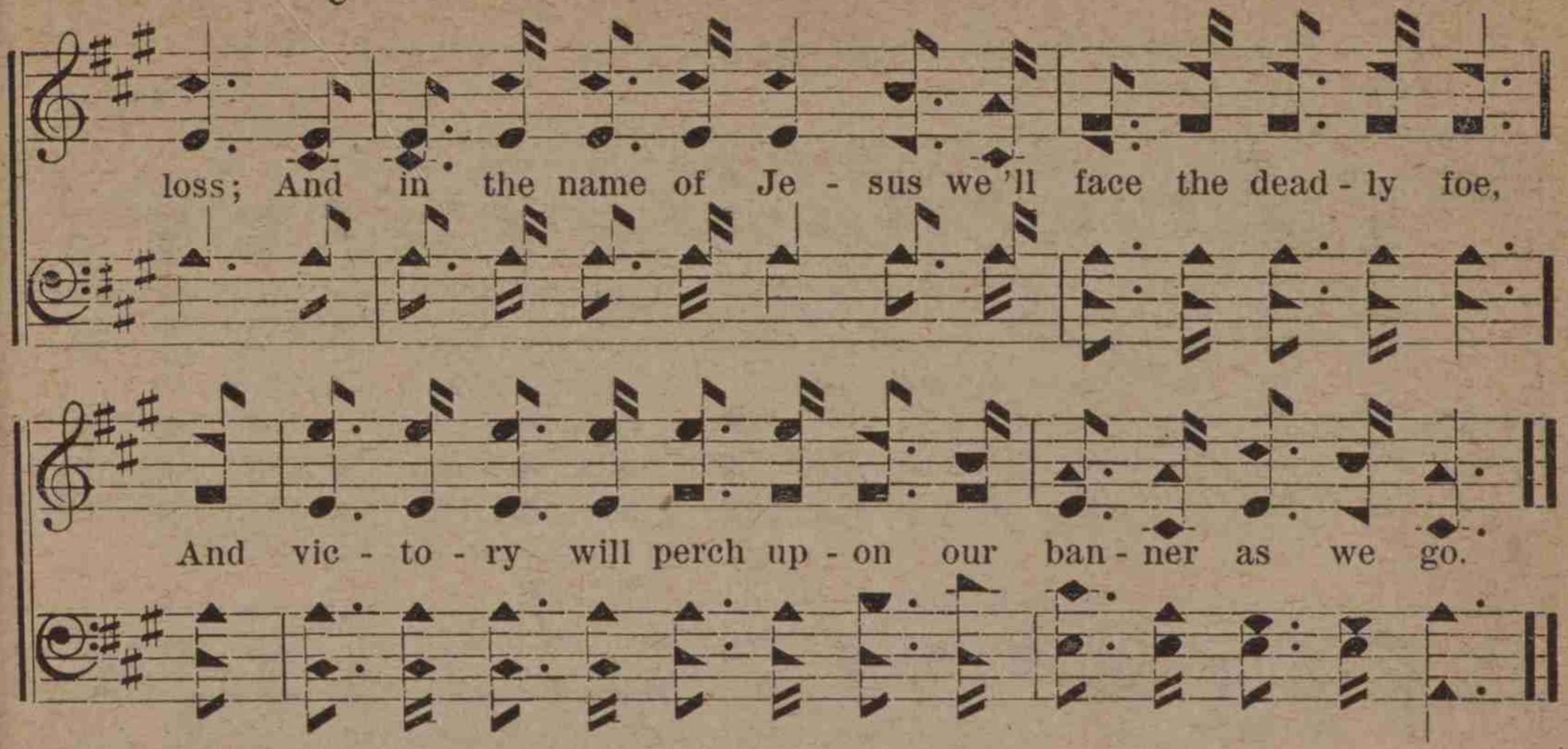
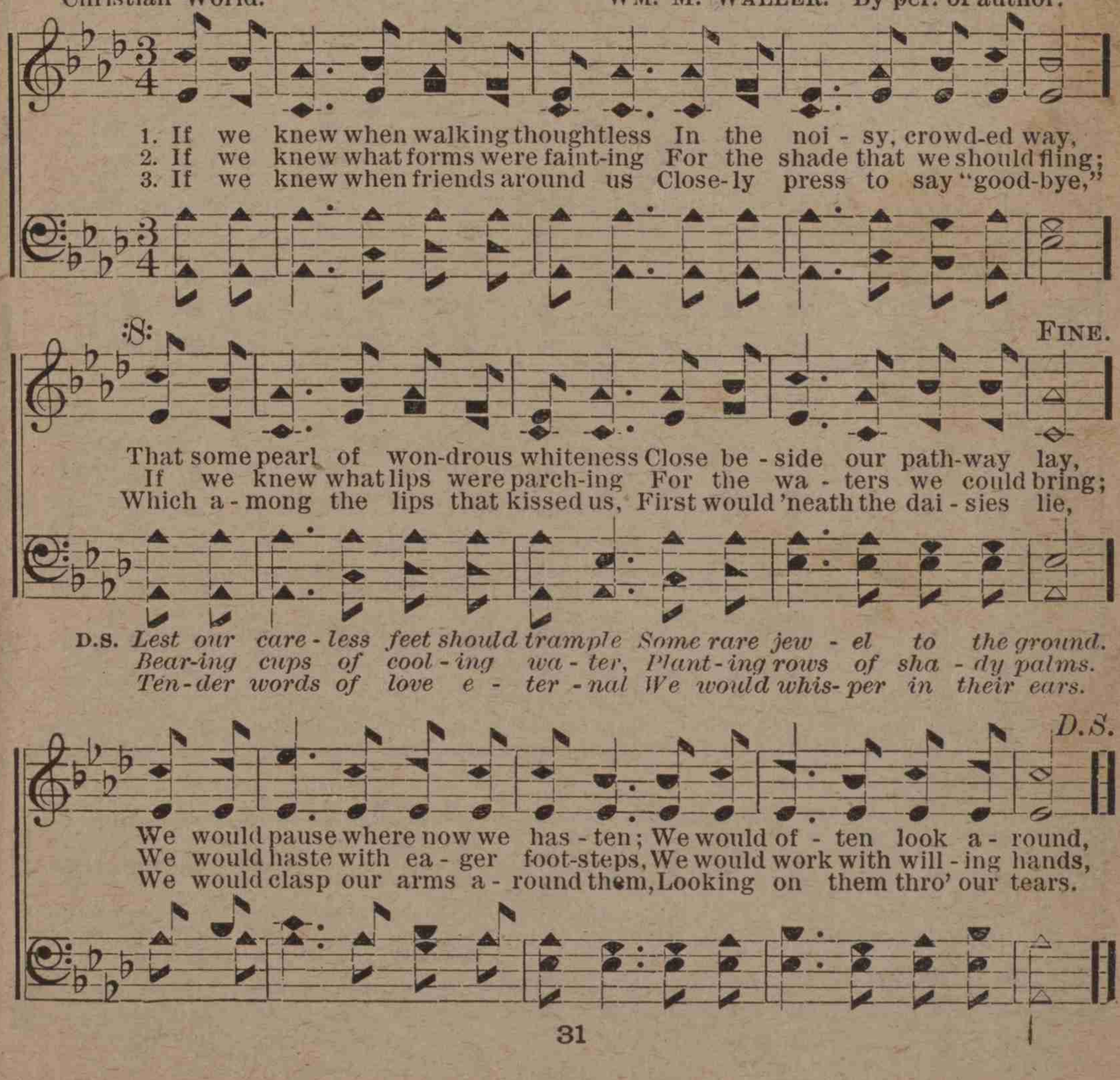
Rally Round the Cross. Concluded.



No. 33. If We Knew?

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

No. 34. Take me to the Living Fountain.

THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK IN A WEARY LAND.

ANON. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Take me to the liv - ing foun-tain, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow;
2. Toil - ing in the track-less des - ert, Oft pur -sued and faint with fear,
3. O, the liv - ing streams of glad-ness! O, the cups of sa - cred cheer!

I am faint - ing in this des - ert, And my steps are weak and slow.
As the hart for ev - er pant - ing For the wa - ters cool and clear.
O, the good - ly palm trees wav - ing! Tell me, are we draw- ing near?

I have heard of springs un - fail - ing, Where the glo - ry cloud a - bides,
I have heard a won-drous sto - ry Of a land of rest and joy,
Now I see the sa - cred shad-ow; Gleams in light the cleans-ing wave.

FINE.

:S: And be - neath its ho - ly shel - ter, Safe from ill the Spir - it hides.
Where the liv - ing walk in glo - ry, Naught can hurt and naught de - stroy.
List! the strains of ho - ly rap - ture: Lives the might - y still to save.

D.S. *I would rest be - neath the shad-ow Where the Rock of A - ges stands.*
I have gain'd the sa - cred shad-ow Where the Rock of A - ges stands.

CHORUS. D.S.

1, 2. Take me to the liv - ing foun-tain, Past the des - ert's burn - ing sands;
3. I have reach'd the heal - ing foun-tain, Past the des - ert's burn - ing sands,

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No. 35. Walking by Faith.

IDA L. REED. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Walking by faith in the Mas - ter's love, Keeping with pa-tience the nar - row way, Lead - ing to heav - en - ly heights a - bove,
2. Walking by faith, we are walking in light, Ev - er we fol - low His guid - ing hand; Hope doth il - lu - mine our path-way so bright,
3. Walking by faith in our Fa-ther's love, Trusting His prom-is - es true and sweet; Soon we shall share in His bliss a - bove,

CHORUS.

Onward we're pressing, yes, day by day. We are walking by faith in the love of our God, We are walk-ing by faith led by ten - der - est care;
Guid-ing the pilgrim to heaven's land.
Ransom'd—we'll kneel at His blessed feet.
Glad-ly we follow the paths He trod, Lifting to Je-sus our hearts in pray'r.

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No. 36. Some Sweet Morn.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. Jno. R. Bryant.

1. Some sweet morn the day shall break, Nev-er-more to sink in night.
2. Some sweet day the end shall come To our part-ing and our pain.
3. Some sweet hour our mor-tal frame Shall His glo-rious im-age wear.
4. Some sweet time we 'll weep no more, O'er these scenes of sin and woe;

Some sweet morn we shall a-wake Mid the ev-er-last-ing light.
Some sweet day we 'll all go home, Nev-er-more to part a-gain.
Some sweet hour our worthless name All His maj-es-ty shall share.
Christ shall reign from shore to shore, Heav'n come down to dwell be-low.

Chorus.

We are wait-ing for the com-ing of the morn-ing, We are watch-ing for the break-ing of the dawn, Morn of morns, oh, haste thy glad ap-pear-ing! Day of days, speed on! speed on!
for the break-ing of the dawn,

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5 Some sweet day our tongue shall tell,
All the story of His love.
Some sweet day our song shall swell,
Loud and sweet as songs above.

6 Some sweet morn we 'll see His face,
And we shall be satisfied.
Some sweet day in His embrace,
We shall evermore abide.

No. 37. Only Remembered.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. Rev. L. L. Pickett.

1. Up and a - way, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its
2 Shall I be missed if an - oth-er succeed me, Reaping the fields I in
3. On - ly the truth that in life I have spoken, On - ly the seed that on
4. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels, When the bright crowns of re-

home in the sun; Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil - ing,
spring-time have sown? No, for the sow - er may pass from his la - bors,
earth I have sown; These shall pass on ward when I am for - got- ten,
joic - ing are won; Then will His faith - ful and wea - ry dis - ci - ples,

Chorus.

On - ly re-membered by what I have done. On - ly re-membered,
On - ly re-membered by what he has done.
Fruits of the har-vest and what I have done.
All be re-membered for what they have done.

On - ly remember'd, On-ly remember'd by what I have done, On-ly re-

member'd, On - ly re-member'd, On-ly remember'd by what I have done.

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No. 38. 'T is with the Righteous Well.

REV. R. LOWRY. By per.

1. On ev -'ry sun-ny mountain, In ev - 'ry gloomy dell, What-e'er the
2. What words of ho - ly comfort! Their sweetness who can tell? With - in the
3. Tho' dripping clouds may gath-er, And grief the bos-om swell, The trust-ing
4. And when the strife is o - ver, And hush'd the solemn knell, With - in the

CHORUS.

robe that wraps the heart, 'T is with the righteous well. 'T is well, 't is well, 't is
vail, and o'er the flood, 'T is with the righteous well.
heart will ev - er sing, 'T is with the righteous well.
gates, a - round the throne, 'T is with the righteous well. 'T is well, 't is well, 't is

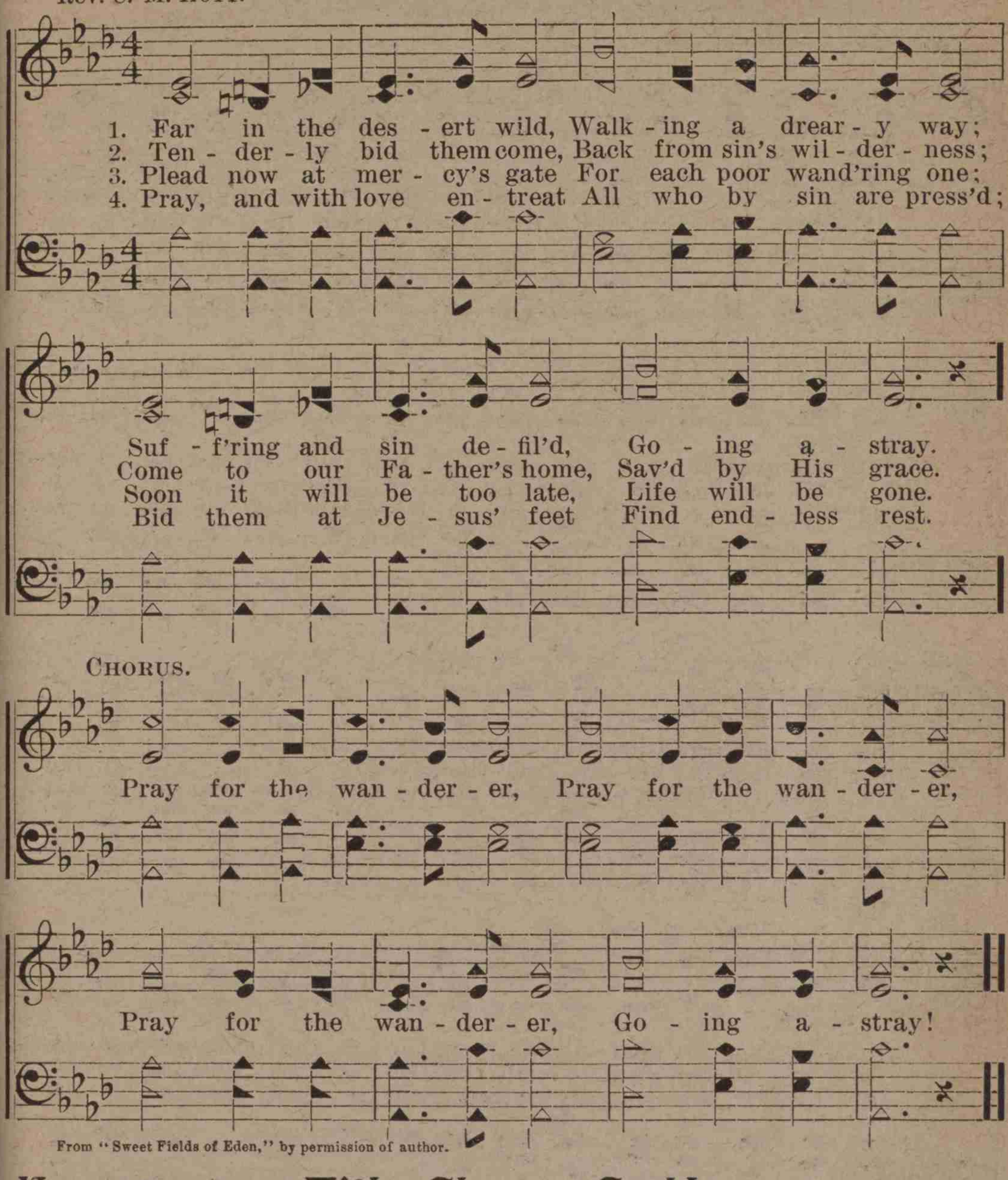
with the right-eous well; In pleasure's light, and sor-row's night, 'T is

1 2 *ritard.*

with the righteous well; and sorrow's night, 'T is with the righteous well.

No. 39. Pray for the Wanderer.

Rev. C. M. Hott. A. S. Kieffer.



From "Sweet Fields of Eden," by permission of author.

No. 40. Title Clear. C. M.

Isaac Watts.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I 'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

No. 41. Just the Same To-day.

"And Jesus went about . . . . preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness." Matt. iv: 23.

Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN. W. A. OGDEN. By per.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Just the Same To-day. Concluded.

just . . . . the same to-day, Seeking those who've gone a-
Just the same to-day, He is just the same to-day,

stray, Sav-ing souls along the way, Thank God! he's just the same to-day!

No. 42. All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! All my be-ing's ransom'd pow'rs;
2. Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His ways,
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je-sus, I've lost sight of all be-side;
4. Oh, what wonder! how a-maz-ing! Je-sus, glorious King of kings,

REFRAIN.

All my tho'ts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours. All for
Let my eyes see Je-sus on-ly, Let my lips speak forth His praise.
So enchain'd my spirit's vision, Looking at the Cru-ci-fied.
Deigns to call me His be-lov-ed, Lets me rest beneath His wings.

Je-sus! All for Je-sus! All my days and all my hours.

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No. 43. Sweeping through the Gates.

Arr. by J. L. M. J. L. MOORE. By per.

1. I am now a child of God, I've been wash'd in Je - sus' blood, I am
2. Oh, the bless ed Lord of light Now up - holds me by His might, And His
3. I am sweep-ing thro' the gate, Where the bless- ed for me wait, Where the
4. Burst are all my pris - on bars, And I soar be -yond the stars, To my

watching and I 'm longing while I wait; Soon on wings of love I 'll fly, To a
arms en- fold and com-fort while I wait; I am lean- ing on His breast; Oh, the
wea - ry work-ers rest for - ev - er-more; Where the strife of earth is done, And the
Fa-ther's house, the bright and blest estate; Lo! the morn e - ter - nal breaks, And the

D.S. *In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb, Wash'd from*

home be - yond the sky, To my wel - come, as I 'm sweeping thro' the
sweet-ness of this rest! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am sweeping thro' the
crown of life is won, Oh, the glo - ry of that cit - y just be -
song im - mor - tal wakes, Wash'd in Je - sus' blood, I 'm sweeping thro' the

ev - 'ry stain I am, Hal - le - lu - jah! I am sweep-ing thro' the

FINE. CHORUS.

gates. Sweep - - - ing thro' the gates,
gates.
fore!
gates. Sweeping thro' the gates; Yes, I 'm sweeping thro' the gates;

gates.

D.S.

Sweep - - - - ing thro' the gates.
Sweep-ing thro' the gates; Yes, I 'm sweep-ing thro' the gates.

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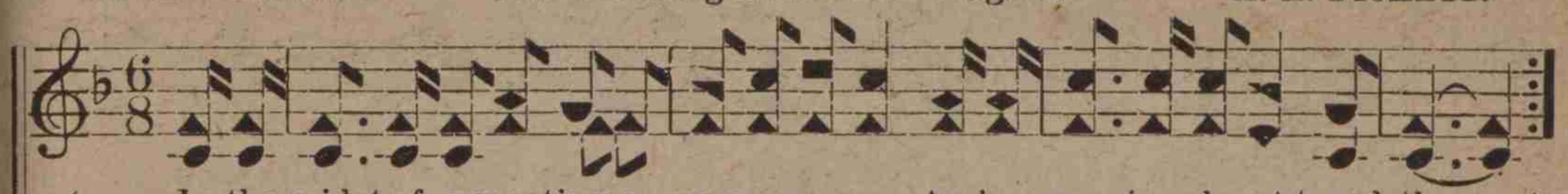
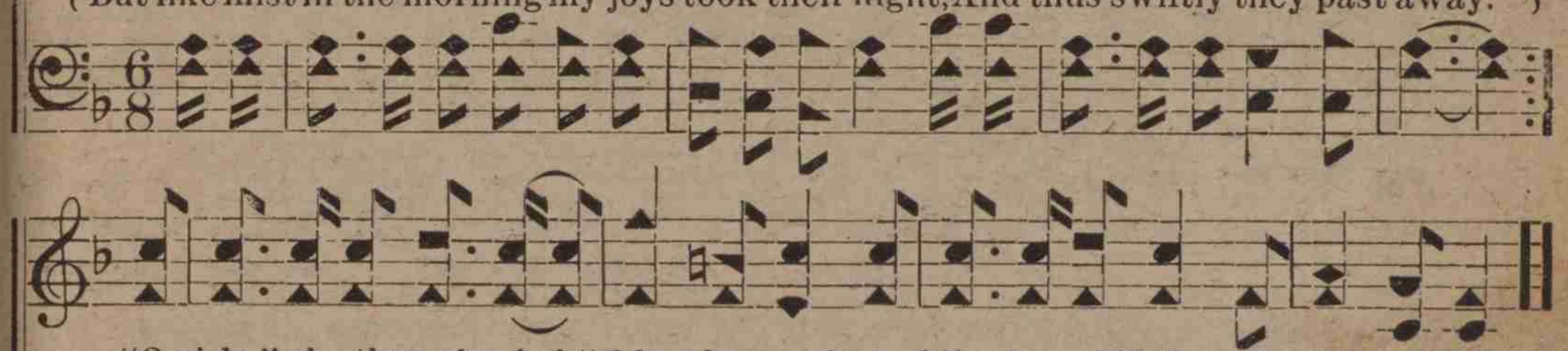
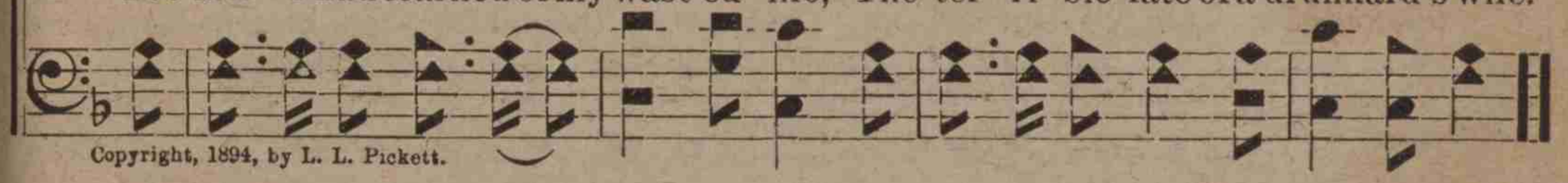
No. 44. The Drunkard's Wife.

M. W. KNAPP.. See Touching Incidents.—Page 62. L. L. PICKETT.

1. In the midst of a meeting a wo-man a-rose, And a warn-ing she ut-tered there,
   For the girls in the bloom of their beautiful youth, Who were happy and free and fair.
2. "O, I married a drunkard, dear girls," she exclaimed, "And was giddy and young and gay,
   But like mist in the morning my joys took their flight, And thus swiftly they past away.

"O girls," she then pleaded, "O heed me well, And lis - ten while I my sto - ry tell.
Too late I had learned of my wast-ed life, The ter - ri - ble fate of a drunkard's wife.

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3 "I have learned that the crown of all sorrow below,
  Which will crush and will blight the heart,
The poor wife of a drunkard is destined to know,
  And to writhe and to suffer the smart.
Though young, yet behold, my hair is white,
Made so by the scenes of one sad night.

4 "O, the sight! O the sight of that terrible night!"
  She exclaimed in an anguished tone,
As the scenes of the past seemed to rush o'er her sight,
  As if reason they would dethrone.
With hands that were pale she hid her face
As if to conceal her deep disgrace.

5 "The delirium tremens! O girls, have you seen?
  May God spare you the fearful sight
Of a husband insane by the demon drink
  As he staggers towards home at night.
'O take them away,' I hear him scream,
It seems like a sad and awful dream.

6 "On that night I was sitting beside my sick boy,
  And my two little girls at rest.
When a feeling of fear that they both were unsafe
  Of a sudden my soul possessed.
I rushed to their room, and on the bed
I found they were mangled, cold and dead.

7 "By the hand of their father they both had been slain,
  And with knife with their blood still red.
In the frenzy of drink and madness of shame
  He still raved with his reason fled.
On me he then glared—his wretched wife—
And then with a thrust he took his life.

8 "Then I fell to the floor and was borne from the room;
  A wreck since that night I've been;
And the boy that was left had a passion for drink,
  The sad mark of his father's sin.
It chained him, though young, a hopeless slave,
And early he filled a drunkard's grave.

9 "I beg of you, girls, as you value your lives,
  From the drinker to turn aside,
And give heed to no plea whatever it be
  Of a drinker to be the bride.
To save from such sorrows as wrecked my life
  O, never become a drinker's wife."

No. 45. Full Salvation.

Rev. J. J. DAVIS. Music and Chorus by Rev. L. L. Pickett.

1. Oh, I 've found a full sal - va - tion, I am ev - 'ry whit made whole. I am
2. Thanks to God for full sal - va - tion, Oh, that all the world might hear How
3. Now the world no long - er charms me, Since I bid it all de-part, And I
4. O help me sing sal - va - tion; Let the an - gels prostrate fall; Bring

free from all un-clean-ness now with-in; I have no doubts and fears, Je - sus
sweet- ly Je - sus saves me day by day; He sanc - ti - fies and keeps me, And
find a rich - er treas- ure in His blood; Since my Sav-iour by His Spir - it Has
forth the roy - al crown for Je - sus' head; O sound the proc- la- ma - tion, That

sat - is - fies my soul, And I 'll praise Him as my Sav - iour and my King.
light - ens ev - 'ry care, And I know He is the true and liv - ing way.
pur - i - fied my heart; In His bos - om now I find a sure a - bode.
sin - ners one and all May know He giv - eth life un - to the dead.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord . . . for full sal - va - tion, I am ev - - 'ry whit made
Praise the Lord I am ev - 'ry
whole, For He pur - - i - fies and keeps me, Saves and sanc - ti- fies my soul.
For He pur- i - fies

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5 Yes, my Saviour reigns within me,
And doth wash my garments white;
There is now no condemnation as before;
My soul is full of raptures,
In His service I delight,
And I 'll trust in Him for life forevermore. 42

6 O Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Keep me ever near Thy side; [within;
May Thy grace and Spirit keep me pure
May the old Adamic nature
Be forever crucified.
And the blood of Jesus keep me ever clean.

No. 46. Fully Persuaded.

Words and Music by JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. I am ful - ly per - suad - ed; On the Lord to be - lieve;
2. I am ful - ly per - suad - ed, And the prom-ise I claim;
3. I am ful - ly per - suad - ed, Sin no more can op - press;

Now I trust in His prom-ise, And the bless-ing re - ceive. Oh, my
For I know He now saves me, I be - lieve on His name. And my
For the Lord bears my bur-dens, While my soul He doth bless. With the

glad heart is thrill-ing, So en - rap-tured I sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! to
soul is o'er - flow-ing With His love, oh, how sweet, And my heart's ad - o -
Spir - it to guide me, I the way can but know; And to glo - ry tri -

CHORUS.

Je - sus My Re-deem-er and King. I am ful - ly per-suad-ed, And His
ra - tion, I will pour at His feet.
umph-ant With my Sav-iour I 'll go.

love now I claim; Hal - le - lu - jah! to Je - sus, I be - lieve in His name.

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No. 47. The Gospel Trumpet's Sounding.

ANON. L. L. PICKETT.

1. The gos - pel trum-pet's sound- ing, The year of ju - bi - lee,
2. For - sake your wretched ser - vice, Your mas-ter's claims are o'er;
3. A bet - ter Mas - ter's call - ing, In ac - cents true and kind;
4. He of - fers you sal - va - tion, And points to joys a - bove;
5. In liv - ing faith ac - cept Him, Give up all else be - side;

And grace is all a - bound-ing, To set the bond-men free.
A - vail yourselves of free - dom, Be Sa - tan's slaves no more.
He asks a lov - ing ser - vice, And claims a will - ing mind.
And, long - ing, waits to make you The ob - jects of His love.
While grace is loud - ly call - ing Look to the Cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.

Re - turn, re - turn, ye cap - tives, Re - turn un - to your home,

The gos - pel trum-pet's sound-ing, The ju - bi - lee is come!

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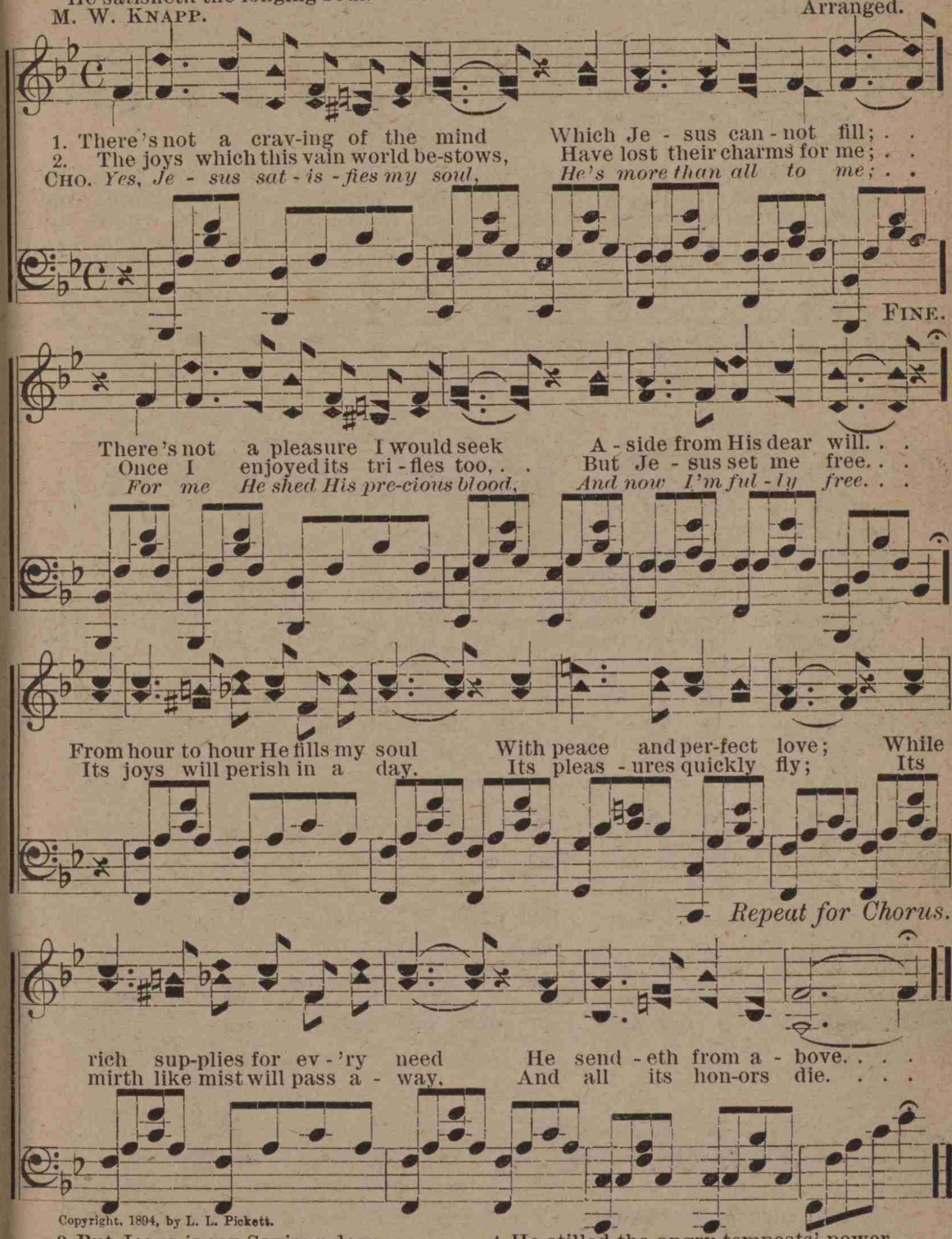
No. 48. I am Satisfied with Jesus Here.

"They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures." Ps. xxxvi: 8.

"He satisfieth the longing soul." Ps. cvii: 9.

M. W. KNAPP. Arranged.

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3 But Jesus is my Saviour dear,
My Rock, my Strength, my Song;
My Wisdom and my Refuge Safe,
To Jesus I belong.
He is my Advocate with God,
My Way, my Life, my Light,
My Great Physician and my Friend,
My Guide by day and night.

4 He stilled the angry tempests' power,
Which raged within my heart;
And bade each sinful passion there,
To speedily depart.
Yes, Jesus is my all in all,
He satisfies my soul.
For me He died on Calvary,
And now He makes me whole.

No. 49. What will you do with Jesus?

"Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do with Jesus that is called Christ?" Matt. xxvii: 22.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. O, what will you do with Je - sus Who knocks for you to - day?
2. O, what will you do with Je - sus When storms your soul ap - pall?
3. O, what will you do with Je - sus When you at last must die?
4. O, what will you do with Je - sus When at His throne you stand?
5. When you come to the fi - nal Judg-ment The ques-tion then will be,

Will you o - pen and bid Him en - ter, Or turn from Him a - way?
Will you then seek an - oth - er ref - uge, Or for His pres-ence call?
Can you call on Him then to aid you, Or will He have passed by?
Will you then be with those re - joic - ing, Or sink at His left hand?
Not how you will dis-pose of Je - sus, But how He will of thee.

CHORUS.

I will o - pen my heart's door glad - ly, And crown Him there to - day;

I will trust in His blood most pre-cious To wash my sins a - way.

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No. 50. The Master Calls for Reapers.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Hark! the Mas - - ter calls for reap - - - - ers; Rich and
I - dle not, ... but quick-ly fly - - - - ing, An-swer,

1. Hark! the Mas-ter calls for reap-ers, calls for reap-ers;
I - dle not, but quick-ly fly - ing, quick-ly fly - ing,

ripe . . . the harvest, see. . . . . .
Lord, . . send me, send me. . . . . .

CHORUS.

Rich and ripe the harvest, see, the harvest, see;
Answer, Lord, send me, send me, O Lord, send me.

Spread the gospel in - vi-

Spread the gos - - pel in - vi-

ta - tion, Speak a warn - ing, breathe a prayer;

ta - tion, Speak a warn - - ing, breathe a prayer, All a-

All around you men are dy- ing, You can find them ev'ry where.

round . . you men are dy - ing, You can find . . . them ev-'ry-where.

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2 Great the harvest, few the toilers,
Work is waiting one and all;
Answer quickly, and rejoicing,
Hear and heed the Master's call.

3 Gather golden sheaves for Jesus,
Ere too late, they ruined be;
Great and precious is the harvest,
And 't is Jesus calleth thee.

4 Rich reward is for thee waiting.
If but faithful thou wilt prove;
Christ will say, "Well done, thou faithful,"
In His kingdom bright above.

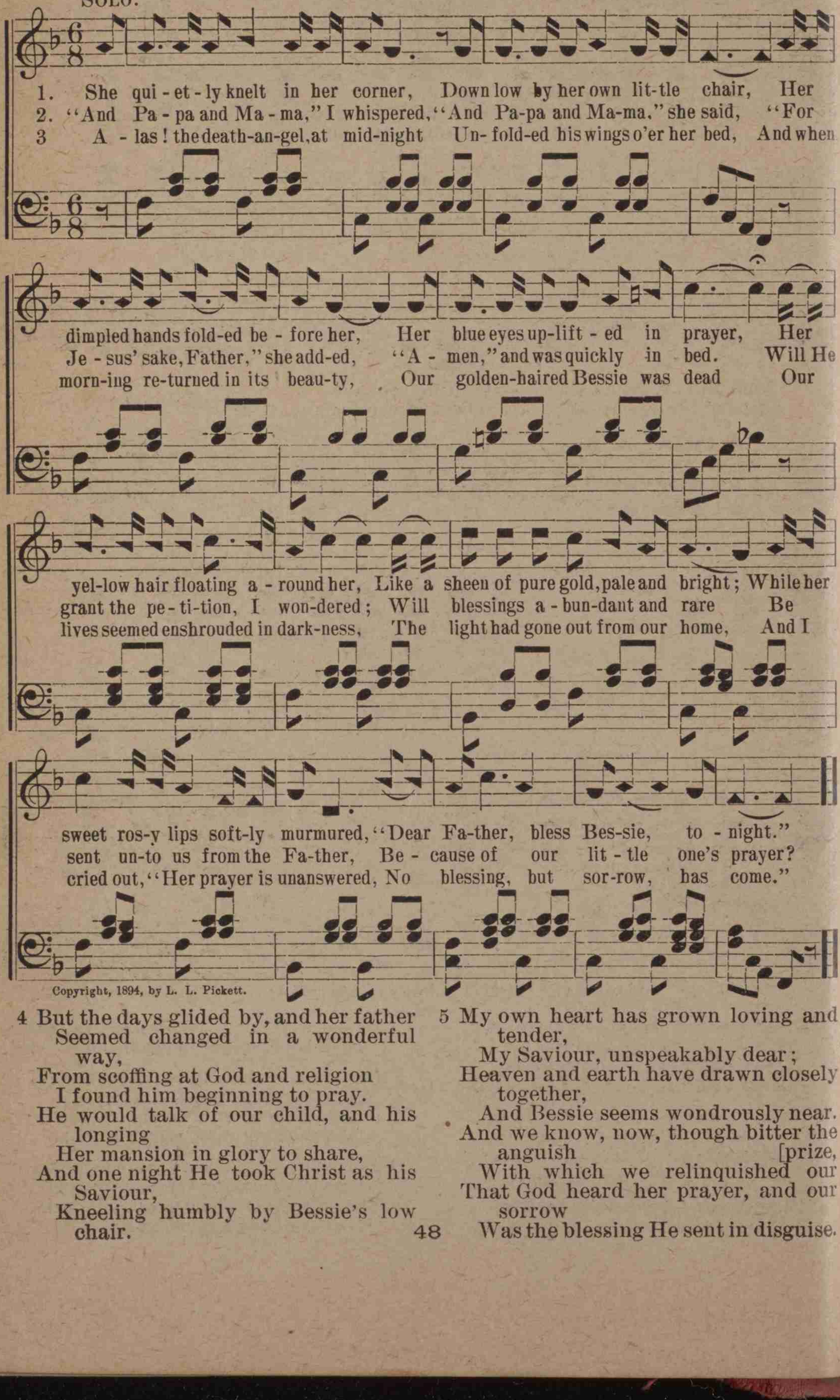
5 But if thou shouldst falsely linger,
Proving thus to Him untrue,
Fearful, then, will be the reckoning
At the Judgment waiting you.

6 Jesus shed His blood so precious,
On the cross for thee didst die;
Therefore heed His call so earnest,
Swiftly to the harvest fly.

No. 51. Answered Prayer.

Mrs. E. E. Williams. Rev. L. L. Pickett.

Solo.



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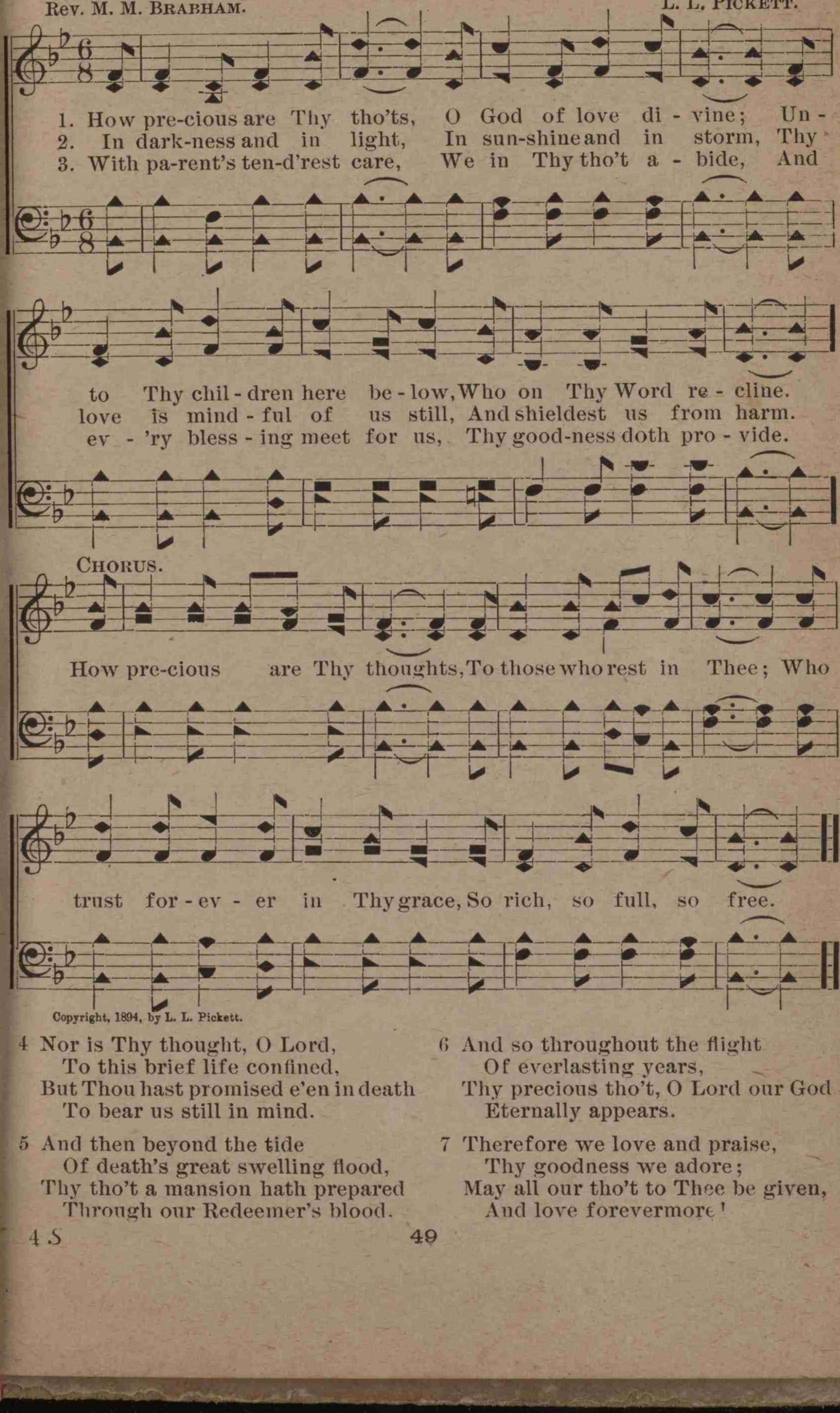
4 But the days glided by, and her father
Seemed changed in a wonderful way,
From scoffing at God and religion
I found him beginning to pray.
He would talk of our child, and his longing
Her mansion in glory to share,
And one night He took Christ as his Saviour,
Kneeling humbly by Bessie's low chair.

5 My own heart has grown loving and tender,
My Saviour, unspeakably dear;
Heaven and earth have drawn closely together,
And Bessie seems wondrously near.
And we know, now, though bitter the anguish
With which we relinquished our prize,
That God heard her prayer, and our sorrow
Was the blessing He sent in disguise.

No. 52. Precious Thoughts.

Rev. M. M. BRABHAM. L. L. PICKETT.

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4 Nor is Thy thought, O Lord,
To this brief life confined,
But Thou hast promised e'en in death
To bear us still in mind.

5 And then beyond the tide
Of death's great swelling flood,
Thy tho't a mansion hath prepared
Through our Redeemer's blood.

6 And so throughout the flight
Of everlasting years,
Thy precious tho't, O Lord our God
Eternally appears.

7 Therefore we love and praise,
Thy goodness we adore;
May all our tho't to Thee be given,
And love forevermore!

No. 53. Sinner, Come!

J. L. M. J. L. Moore. By per.

1. Sin-ner, come to the Lord, He is call-ing now for thee, Oh, be
2. Sin-ner, come, come to - day, oh, why long-er yet de - lay? Hear the
3. Soon the sum-mer will pass, and the har-vest time be o'er, And the

saved from your sins for His grace is full and free, He has suffer'd that you may es-
words of the Saviour, believe Him and obey. He is call-ing for thee, sinner,
sweet pleading voice will be heard again no more. Why in doubt and despair will you

D.S. *Why in doubt and despair will you*

Fine.

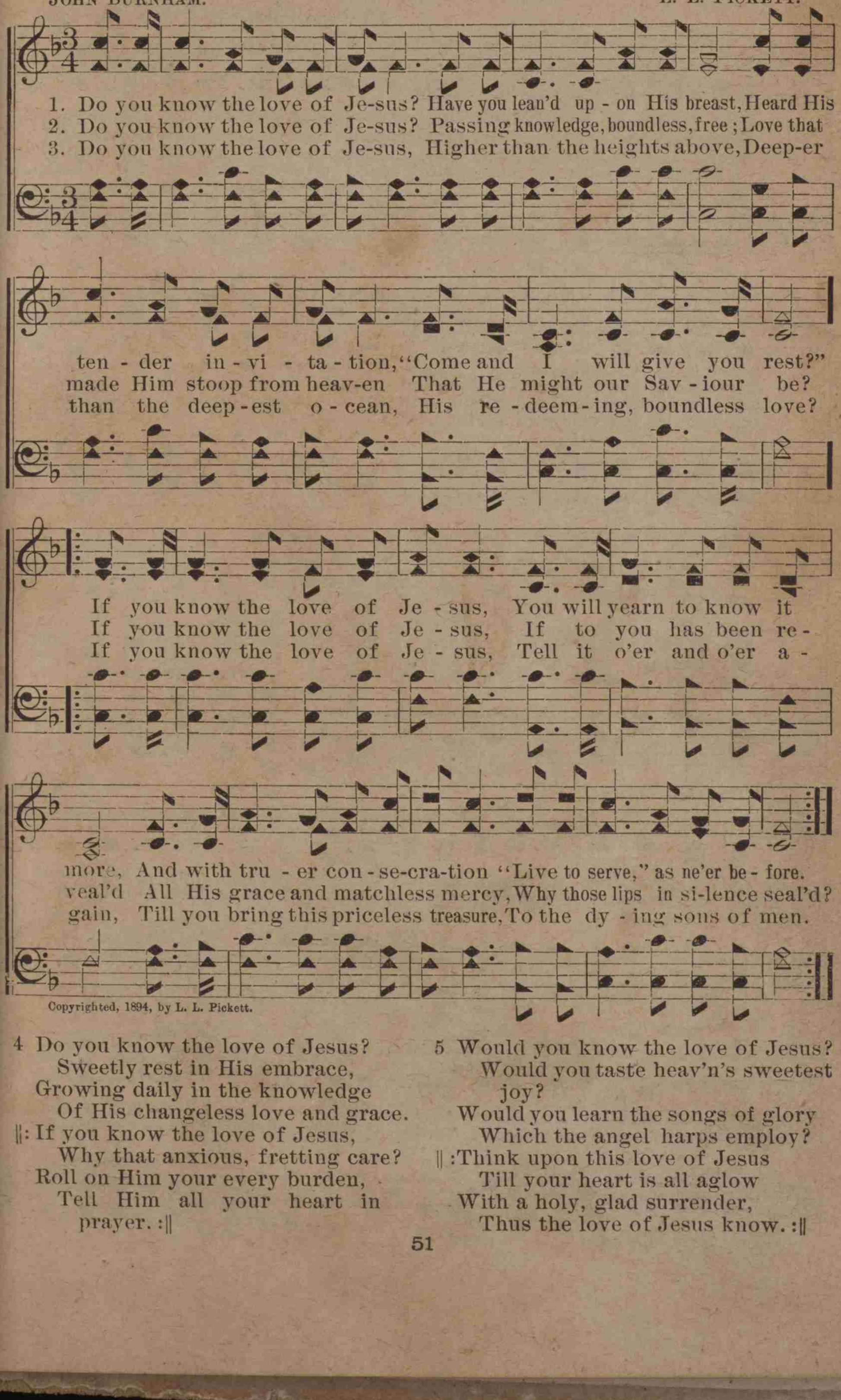
cape the wrath to come, He is wait - ing to wel - come you home.
come no long-er roam, He is wait - ing to wel - come you home.
wan-der on a - lone, He is wait - ing to wel - come you home.

wan - der on a - lone, He is wait - ing to wel - come you home.

Chorus. D.S.

Sinner, come, sinner, come, He is call-ing for thee,
Sinner, come, He calls for thee, sinner, come, He calls for thee,
yes, for thee;

No. 54. Do you Know the Love of Jesus?

JOHN BURNHAM. L. L. PICKETT.

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4 Do you know the love of Jesus?
Sweetly rest in His embrace,
Growing daily in the knowledge
Of His changeless love and grace.
‖: If you know the love of Jesus,
Why that anxious, fretting care?
Roll on Him your every burden,
Tell Him all your heart in prayer. :‖

5 Would you know the love of Jesus?
Would you taste heav'n's sweetest joy?
Would you learn the songs of glory
Which the angel harps employ?
‖ :Think upon this love of Jesus
Till your heart is all aglow
With a holy, glad surrender,
Thus the love of Jesus know. :‖

No. 55. Toiling Now, Resting Then.

(To my class at Stark, Ga., Sept. 20, 1893.)

Words and Music by JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. I have work e - nough to do, In a field that's ev - er new, While I'm toil - ing in the vine-yard of the Lord. I can nev - er wea - ry grow, For His love I on - ly know, While I'm toil - ing in the vine - yard of the Lord.
2. There's a sto - ry to re - peat That is ev - er new and sweet, While I'm toil - ing in the vine-yard of the Lord. 'T is of Je - sus and His love, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove, While I'm toil - ing in the vine - yard of the Lord.
3. Now I walk the liv - ing way, I have Je - sus for my stay, While I'm toil - ing in the vine-yard of the Lord. In this bless-ed gos-pel light, Love my Sav - iour and the right, While I'm toil - ing in the vine - yard of the Lord.
4. I'll have Je - sus by my side, When I cross the storm-y tide, When done toil - ing in the vine-yard of the Lord. There His glo - ry I shall see, In His like - ness I shall be, When done toil - ing in the vine - yard of the Lord.

CHORUS.

1, 2, 3. Toil - ing, toil - ing, toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Ev - 'ry day, Him o - bey. Should the way seem rough and long, I can cheer it with a song, While I'm toiling in the vineyard of the Lord.
4. Rest - ing, rest - ing, resting with the Mas-ter, While the song Rolls a - long, Oh, the joys shall never cease, For His glory shall increase, While I'm resting in the presence of the Lord.

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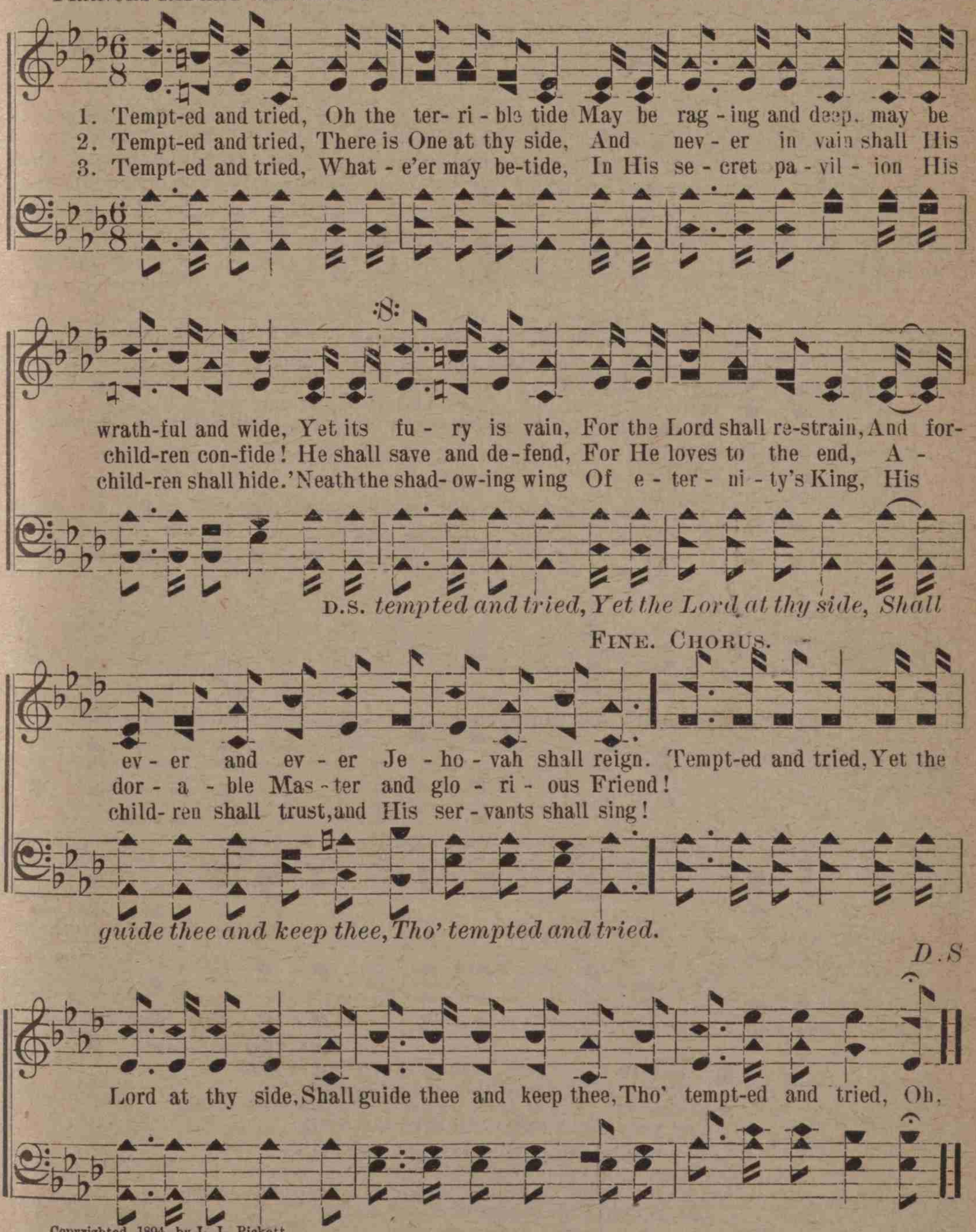
No. 56. Tempted and Tried.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. L. L. PICKETT.

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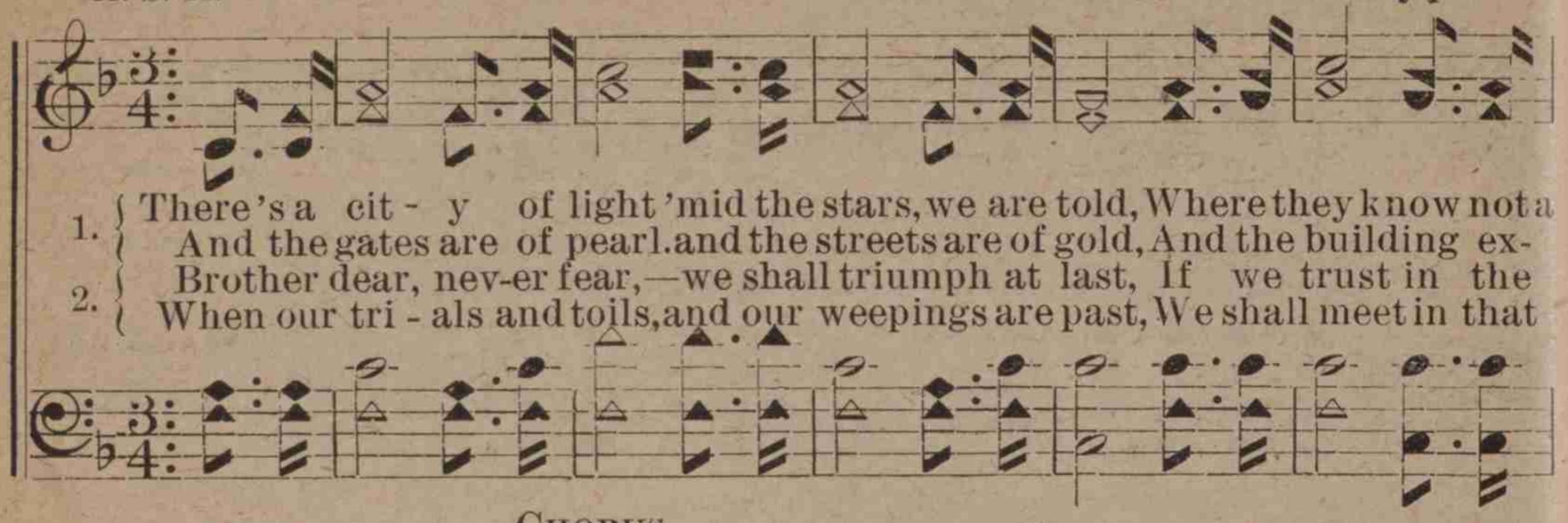
4 Tempted and tried!
Yet the Lord will abide,
Thy faithful Redeemer, thy keeper and Guide,
Thy Shield and thy Sword,
Thine exceeding Reward,
Then enough for the servant to be as his Lord.

5 Tempted and tried,
The Saviour who died,
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side;
His cross thou shalt bear
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And forever and ever His glory shalt share.

No. 57. The City of Light.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER. By per.



3 Sister dear, never fear,— for the Saviour is near,
With His hand He will lead you along;
And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear,
And your mourning shall turn to a song.

4 Let us walk in the light of the gospel divine;
Let us ever keep near to the cross;
Let us love, watch, and pray, in our pilgrimage here;
Let us count all things else but as loss.

No. 58. And can I yet Delay? S. M.

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

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

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

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all Thy weight of love.

No. 59. Come to the Merciful Saviour.

F. W. FABER. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. O come to the mer- ci - ful Sav-iour who calls you, O come to the Lord who for-
2. O come then to Jesus whose arms are ex-tend-ed To fold His dear children in
3. Then come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows brighter, The long-er you look at the

gives and for- gets; Tho' dark be the for-tunes on earth that be-fall you, A
clos - est em-brace; O come, and your ex - ile shall short - ly be end - ed, And
depth of His love; O fear not, 't is Je - sus, and life's cares grow lighter, While

CHORUS.

bright home a - waits you whose sun nev - er sets. Come home, come home, Oh,
Je - sus will show you the light of His face.
think- ing of home and the glo - ry a - bove.

Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day, Oh, broth-er, dear broth-er, come

home from thy wand'ring, Oh, list to His lov - ing voice, haste thee a - way.

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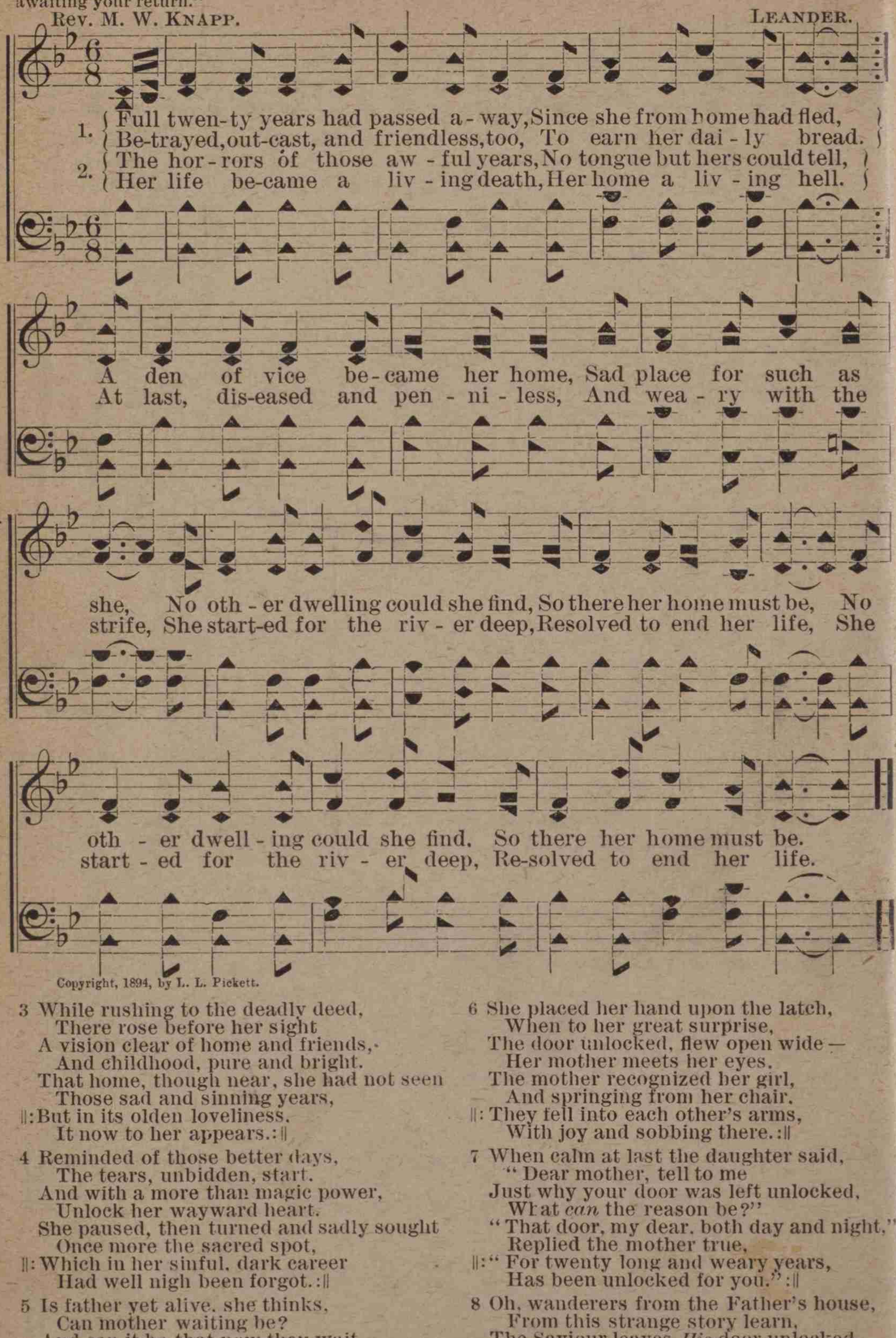
No. 60. The Unlocked Door.

A sinning woman, after twenty years of wrong, returned home at night, and found the door unlocked. Her mother, embracing her, said, "Oh, my daughter, that door has stood unlocked for twenty years, awaiting your return."

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. LEANDER.

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3 While rushing to the deadly deed,
There rose before her sight
A vision clear of home and friends,
And childhood, pure and bright.
That home, though near, she had not seen
Those sad and sinning years,
‖: But in its olden loveliness,
It now to her appears. :‖

4 Reminded of those better days,
The tears, unbidden, start.
And with a more than magic power,
Unlock her wayward heart.
She paused, then turned and sadly sought
Once more the sacred spot,
‖: Which in her sinful, dark career
Had well nigh been forgot. :‖

5 Is father yet alive, she thinks,
Can mother waiting be?
And can it be that now they wait,
And watch, and pray for me?
Bright beaming from her mother's room,
A light is shining clear.
‖: And creeping to the door, she looks
With trembling hope and fear. :‖

6 She placed her hand upon the latch,
When to her great surprise,
The door unlocked, flew open wide—
Her mother meets her eyes.
The mother recognized her girl,
And springing from her chair,
‖: They fell into each other's arms,
With joy and sobbing there. :‖

7 When calm at last the daughter said,
"Dear mother, tell to me
Just why your door was left unlocked,
What *can* the reason be?"
"That door, my dear, both day and night,"
Replied the mother true,
‖: "For twenty long and weary years,
Has been unlocked for you." :‖

8 Oh, wanderers from the Father's house,
From this strange story learn,
The Saviour leaves *His* door unlocked,
Awaiting *your* return.
The cross where Jesus shed His blood,
Unlocked for you the door;
‖: He waits to welcome you to-day,
And save you evermore. :‖

No. 61. There's a Great Day Coming.

"Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."
W. L. T. Matthew xxiv: 14. W. L. THOMPSON. By per.

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com - ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part - ed right and left. Are you read - y for that day to come?
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com - ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that love the Lord. Are you read - y for that day to come?
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com - ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by; When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "de- part, I know ye not." Are you read - y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

m *pp* *m*

Are you read- y, Are you read - y, Are you read - y for the Judgment day? Are you ready, Are you ready for the Judgment day?

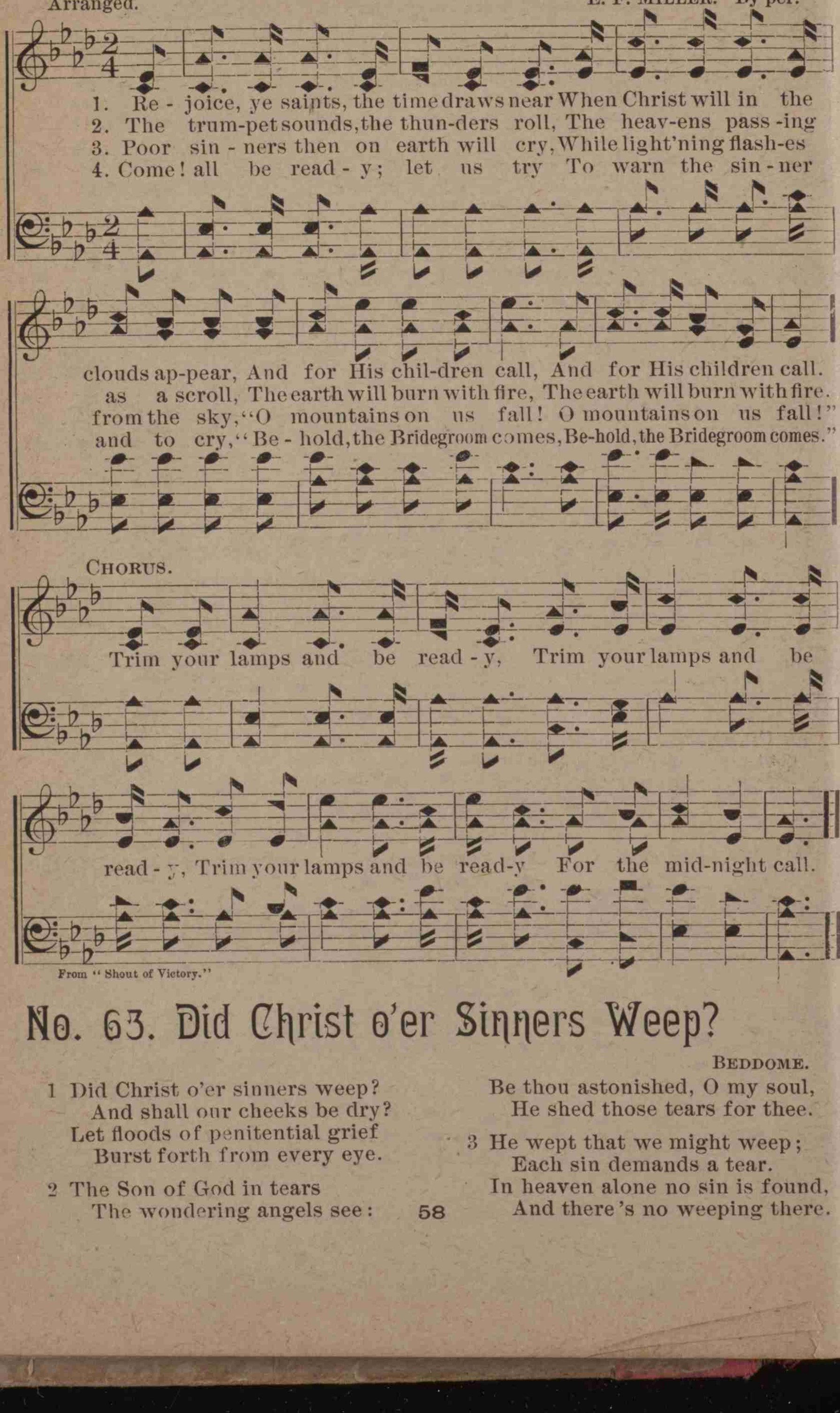
m *pp* *m*

By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago.

No. 62. Trim your Lamps and be Ready.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh."— Matt. xxv: 6.

Arranged. E. F. MILLER. By per.



From "Shout of Victory."

No. 63. Did Christ o'er Sinners Weep?

BEDDOME.

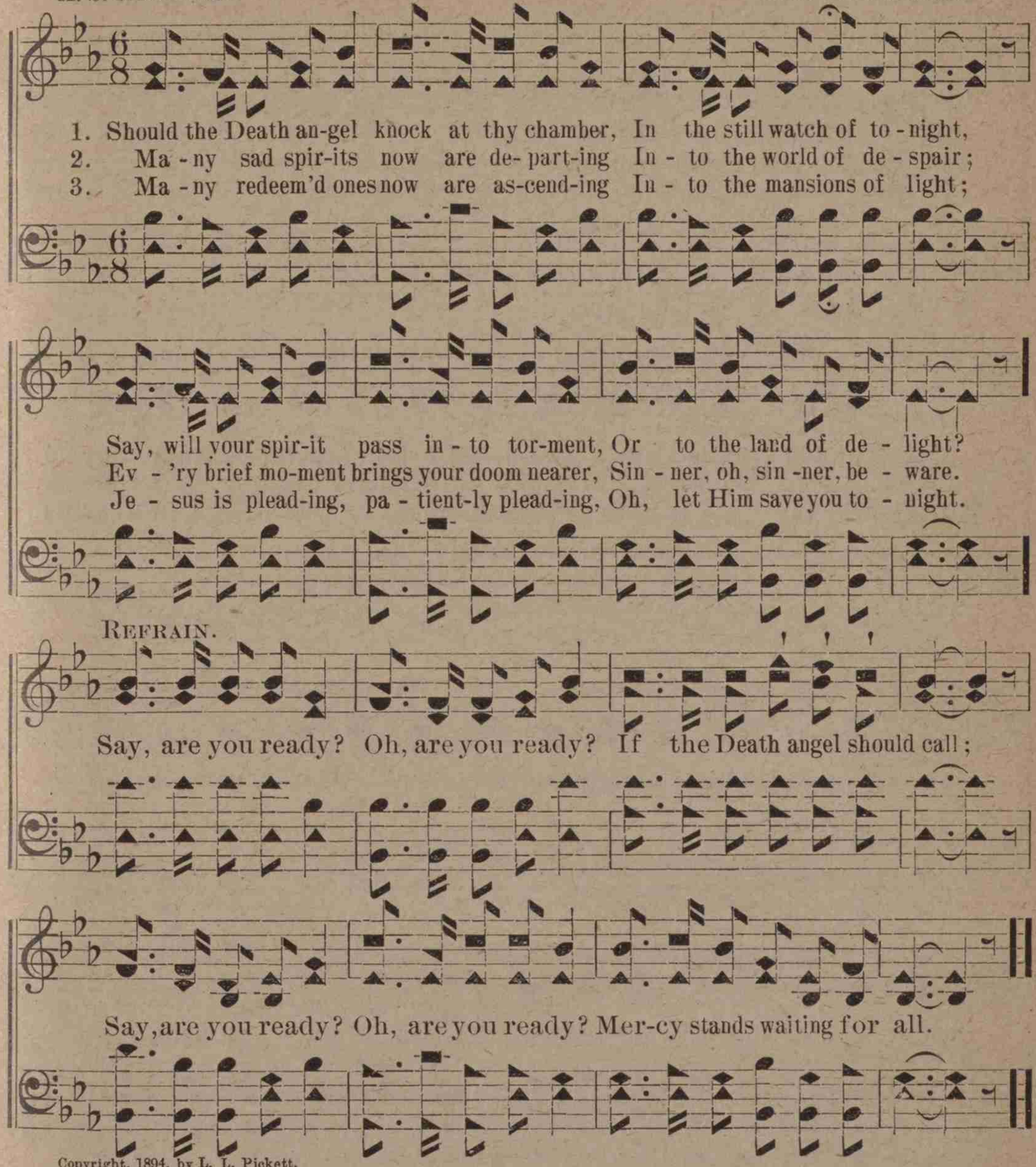
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear.
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

No. 64. Say, are you Ready?

A. S. KIEFFER. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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No. 65. Grace! 'tis a Charming Sound.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

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

Cho. — I'm glad salvation's free,
I'm glad salvation's free,
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.

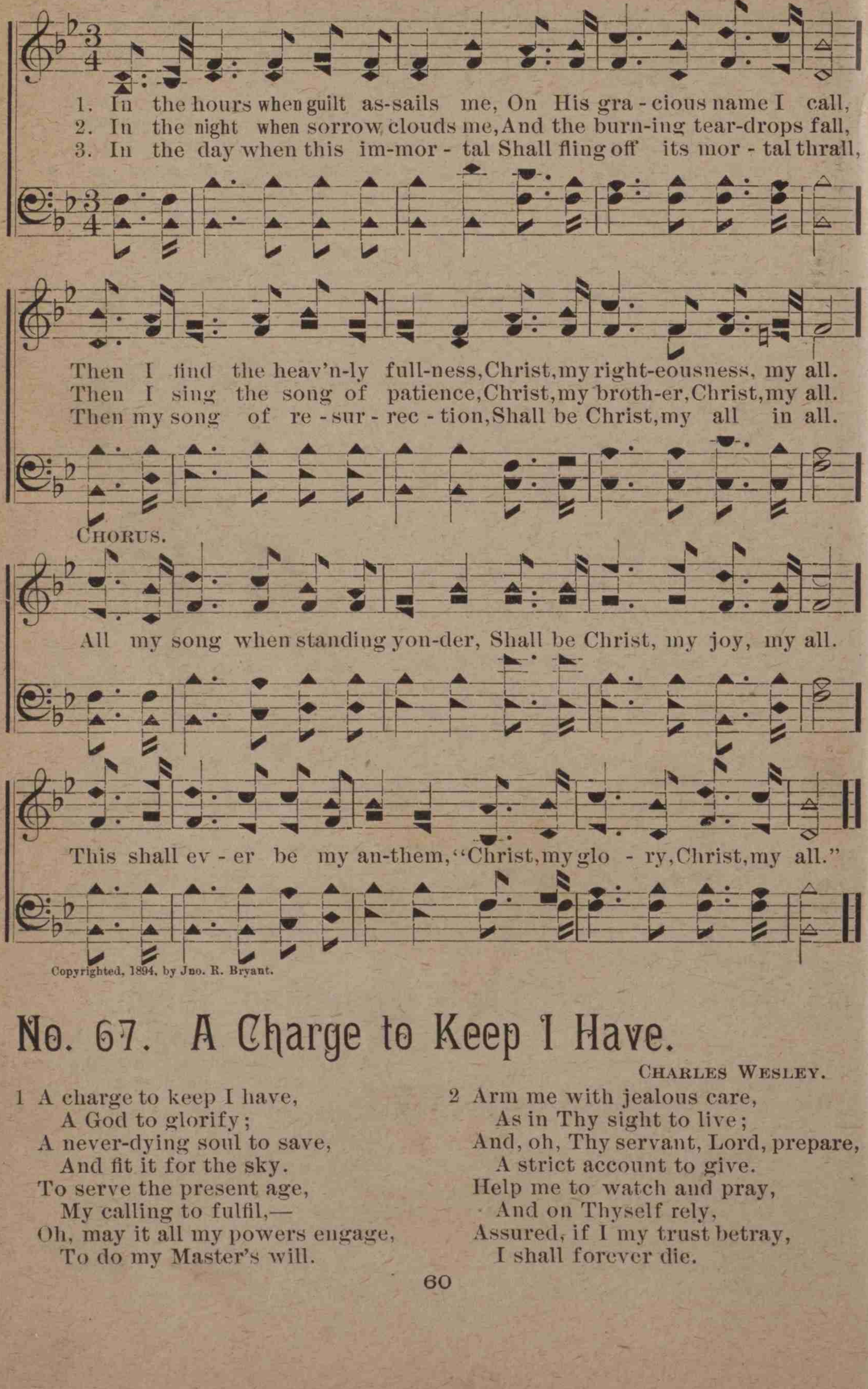
2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man:
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

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

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

No. 66. Christ, my All.

HORATIOUS BONAR. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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No. 67. A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 68. The Resurrection.

G. R. STREET. By per. of A. S. KIEFFER.

1. In the res-ur - rection morning We will see the Saviour coming, And the
2. We feel the ad-vent glory While the vision seems to tar-ry, We will
3. By faith we can dis-cov-er That our warfare 'll soon be ov - er, And we 'll
4. We will tell the pleasing story When we meet our friends in glo-ry, And we 'll

CHORUS.

sons of God a-shouting in the kingdom of the Lord. We shall rise, we shall
comfort one anoth-er with the words of Ho-ly Writ.
shortly hail each other on fair heaven's hap-py shore.
keep ourselves already for to hail the heav'nly King. Hal-le-lu-jah!

When the trump of God shall sound, When the

rise! In the resurrection morning we shall rise!
Praise the Lord, Hal-le - lu - jah, Praise the Lord, we shall rise!

trump of God shall sound, It shall wake the sleeping nations, when the trump of God shall sound,

We shall rise, we shall rise! In the resurrection morning we shall rise!
Halle-lujah! Praise the Lord,

The dead in Christ shall rise, dead in Christ shall rise,

No. 69. Jesus is Calling.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. *Ten-der-ly, gra-cious-ly,* Je - sus now calls, Calls thee, O sin - ner, to
2. *Ear-nest-ly, lov - ing - ly,* Je - sus still calls; Sweeter than mu - sic the
3. *Ur-gent-ly, pleading - ly,* Je - sus still calls, Hast - en, O sin - ner, to
4. *Tearful-ly, warning - ly,* Je - sus in - vites, Sickness and death soon will

hast - en to - day; Hast - en to Him and re - pent of thy sins,
sound of His voice, Melt - ing the err - ing to pen - i - tent tears;
yield while you may; Soon He will cease, and no long - er in - vite,
come to us all; Those who re - ject His kind calls of love now,

REFRAIN.

Trust-ing His blood now to wash them a - way. "Hast-en to Me," O
An - gels in heav - en with rap - ture re-joice.
Sin - ner, O sin - ner, re - ceive Him to - day.
Vain - ly for mer - cy will fi - nal - ly call.

heed His sweet voice, Earnest-ly, lov - ing - ly, calling thee now; "Come unto

Me, your sins I 'll for-give, Low at the mer - cy - seat pen - i - tent bow."

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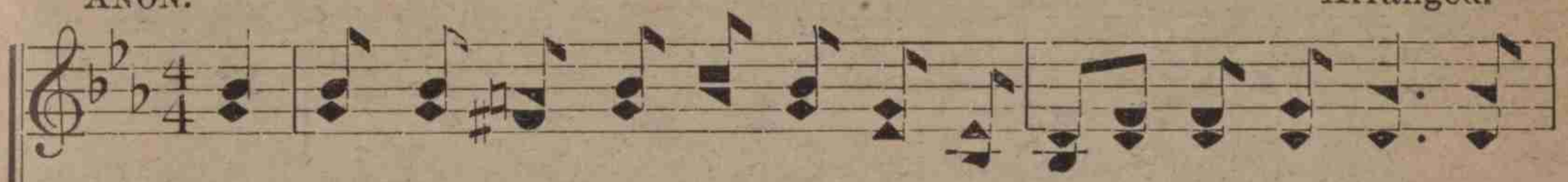
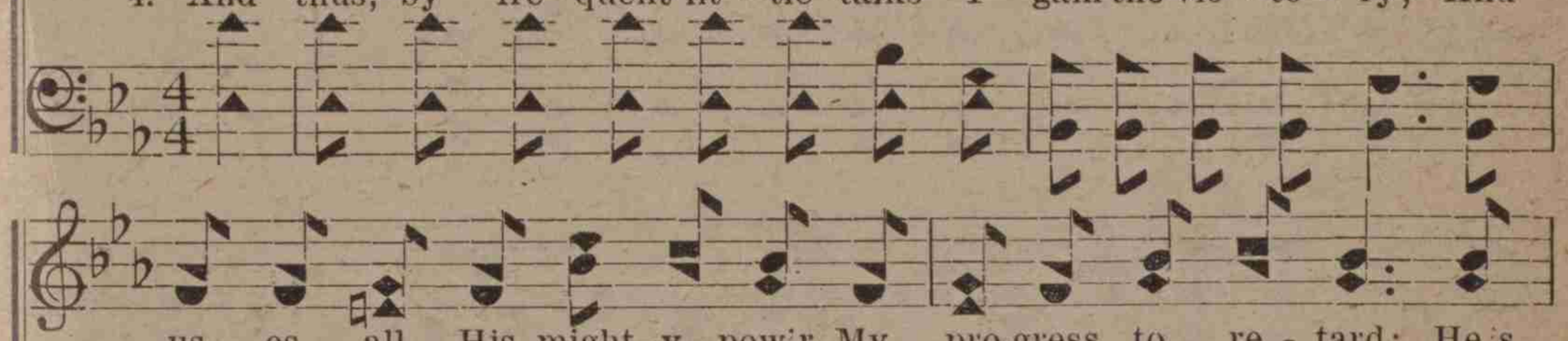
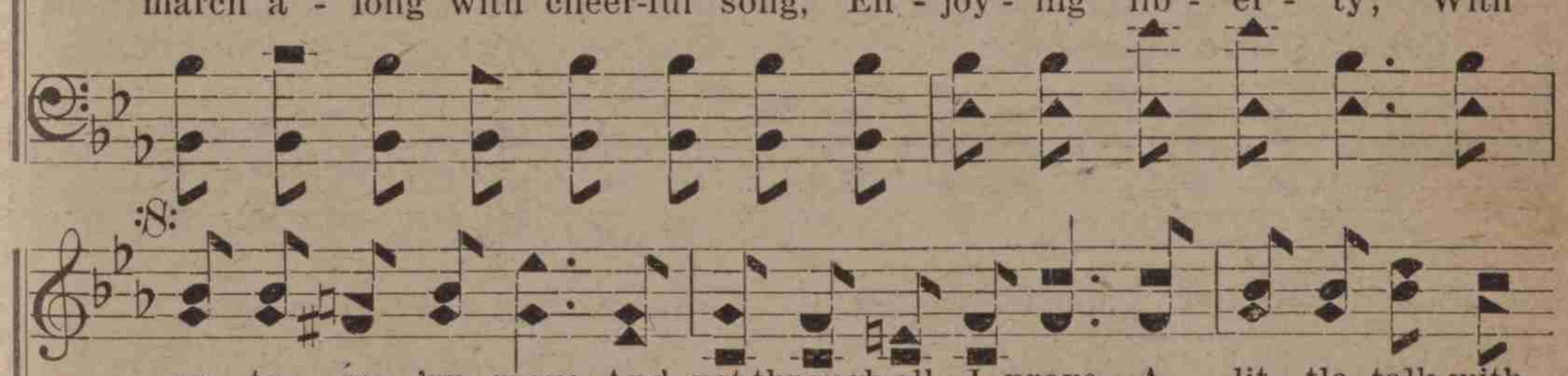
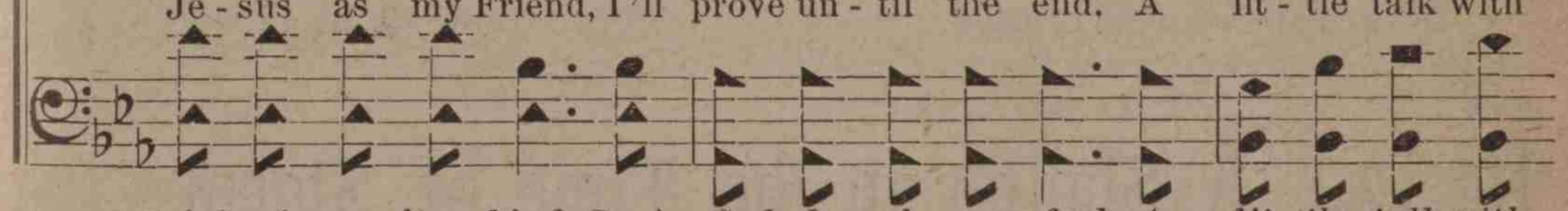
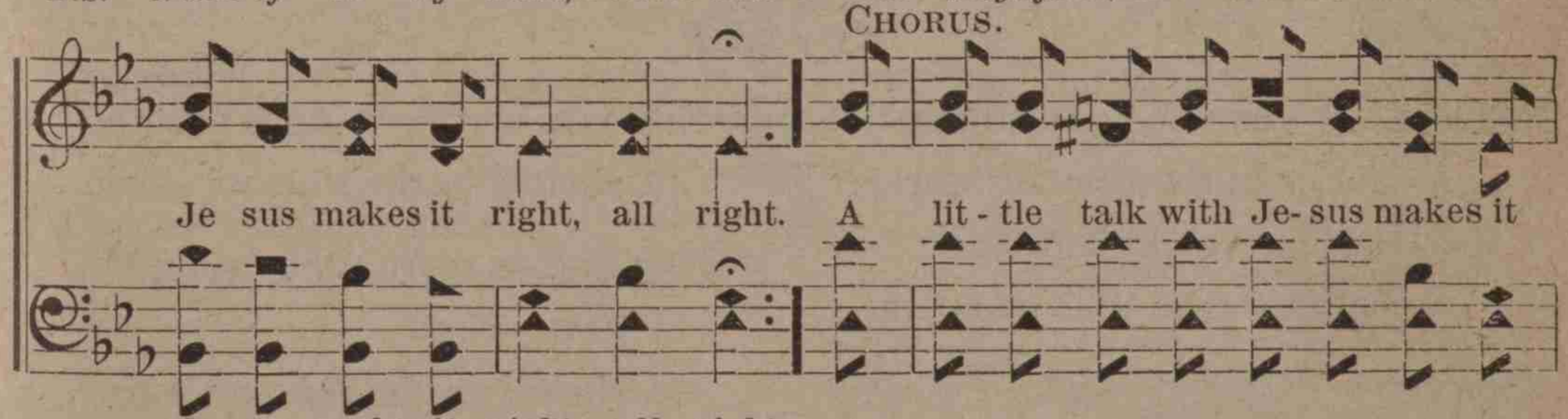
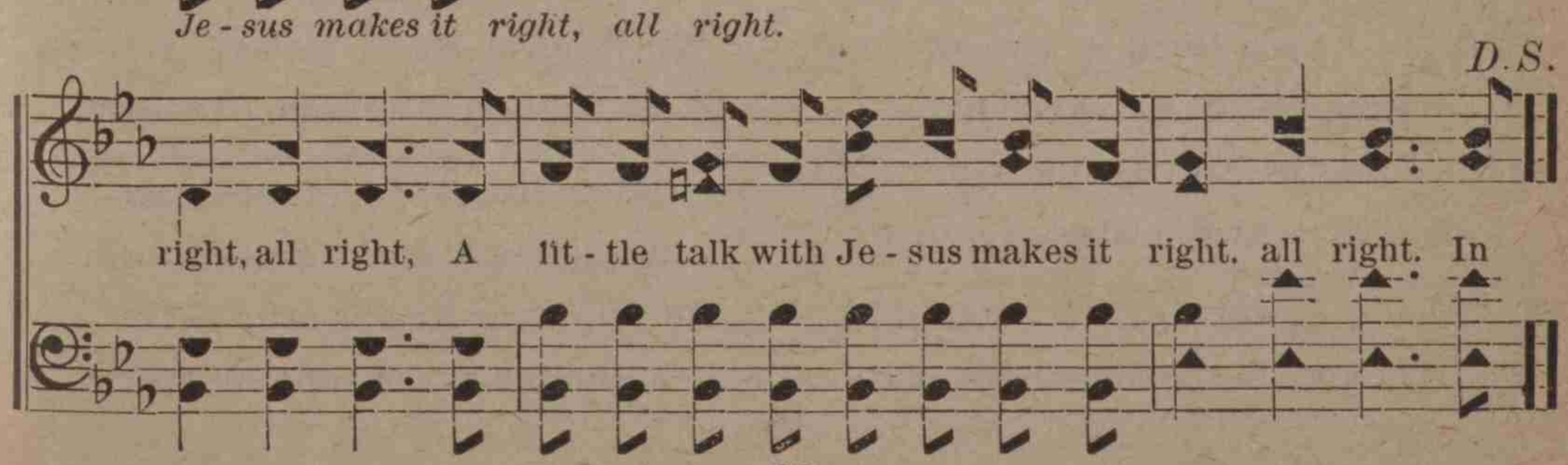
No. 70. A Little Talk with Jesus.

"And behold there talked with Him two men." Luke ix: 30.

ANON. Arranged.

1. While fight-ing for my Sav-iour here, The dev-il tries me hard; He
2. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, And stormy o-ver-head, And
3. When those who once were dear-est friends Be-gin to per-se-cute, And
4. And thus, by fre-quent lit-tle talks I gain the vic-to-ry; And

us-es all His might-y pow'r, My pro-gress to re-tard; He's
trials of al-most ev-'ry kind A-cross my path are spread; How
more who once pro-fessed to love, Have dis-tant grown, and mute, I
march a-long with cheer-ful song, En-joy-ing lib-er-ty; With

up to ev-'ry move. And yet through all I prove, A lit-tle talk with
soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call, A lit-tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re-lief, A lit-tle talk with
Je-sus as my Friend, I'll prove un-til the end, A lit-tle talk with

D.S. *trials of ev-'ry kind, Praise God I al-ways find, A lit-tle talk with*

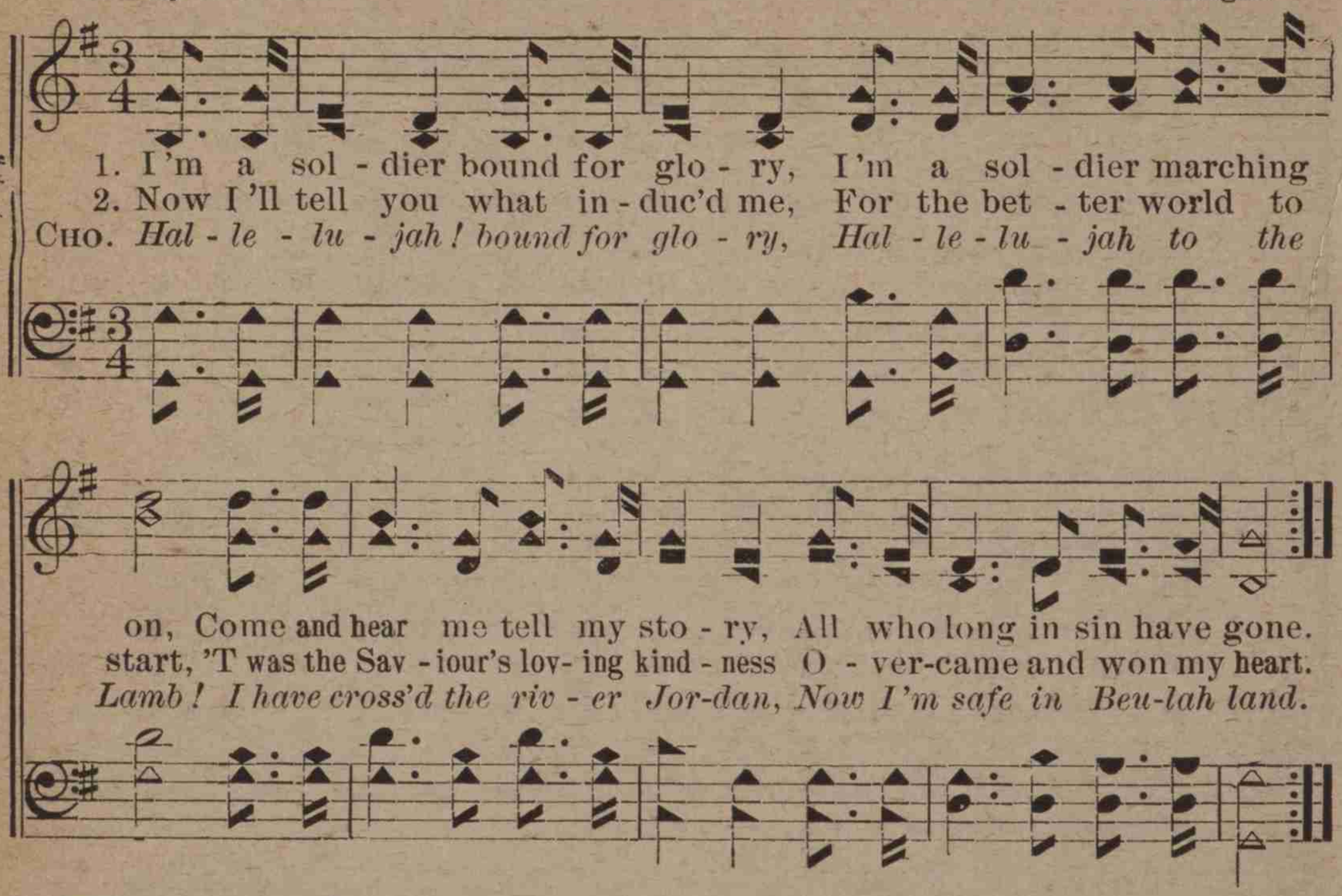
CHORUS.

Je sus makes it right, all right. A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it

Je-sus makes it right, all right.

D.S.

right, all right, A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right. In

No. 71. Safe in Beulah.

Arr. by J. W. B. Arranged.



3 When I first with Christ enlisted,
Many said I 'd turn again,
But I through each day resisted —
In the ranks I still remain.

4 Many say I am too noisy,
But I know the reason why;
And if they but felt the glory,
They would shout as well as I.

No. 72. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

Key of F.

Words arr.

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

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

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

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We 'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

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

No. 73. Mighty Rock of Ages.

GEO. W. LYON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Might - y Rock of A - ges, When the tem-pest ra - ges, And my bark is
2. Thro' the dark-ness drear-y, Keep-ing watch a - wea - ry, Oft I gaze a -
3. When the winds are shrieking, And my frail bark creaking, I will bend my

tossed up - on the sea (up - on the sea); Far a - bove the o - cean
cross a surg - ing wave (a surg - ing wave); Poised up - on the bil - low,
oars to Thee for aid (to Thee for aid); O'er the wa - ters fear - less,

And its wild commotion, Stands Thy form, a bea-con light to me (a light for me).
Peaceful is my pillow, For I see Thine arm outstretch'd to save (outstretch'd to save).
Safe I glide, and tearless, For I hear, "'T is I, be not a - fraid," (be not a-fraid).

CHORUS.

Rock of A - ges, ev-er be My re - treat while on life's sea;
Rock of A-ges, ev-er be, ever be, My re-treat while on life's sea, on life's sea;

When death's bil - lows o'er me roll, Be the ref - uge of my soul.
When death's billows o'er me roll, o'er me roll, Be the refuge of my soul, of my soul.

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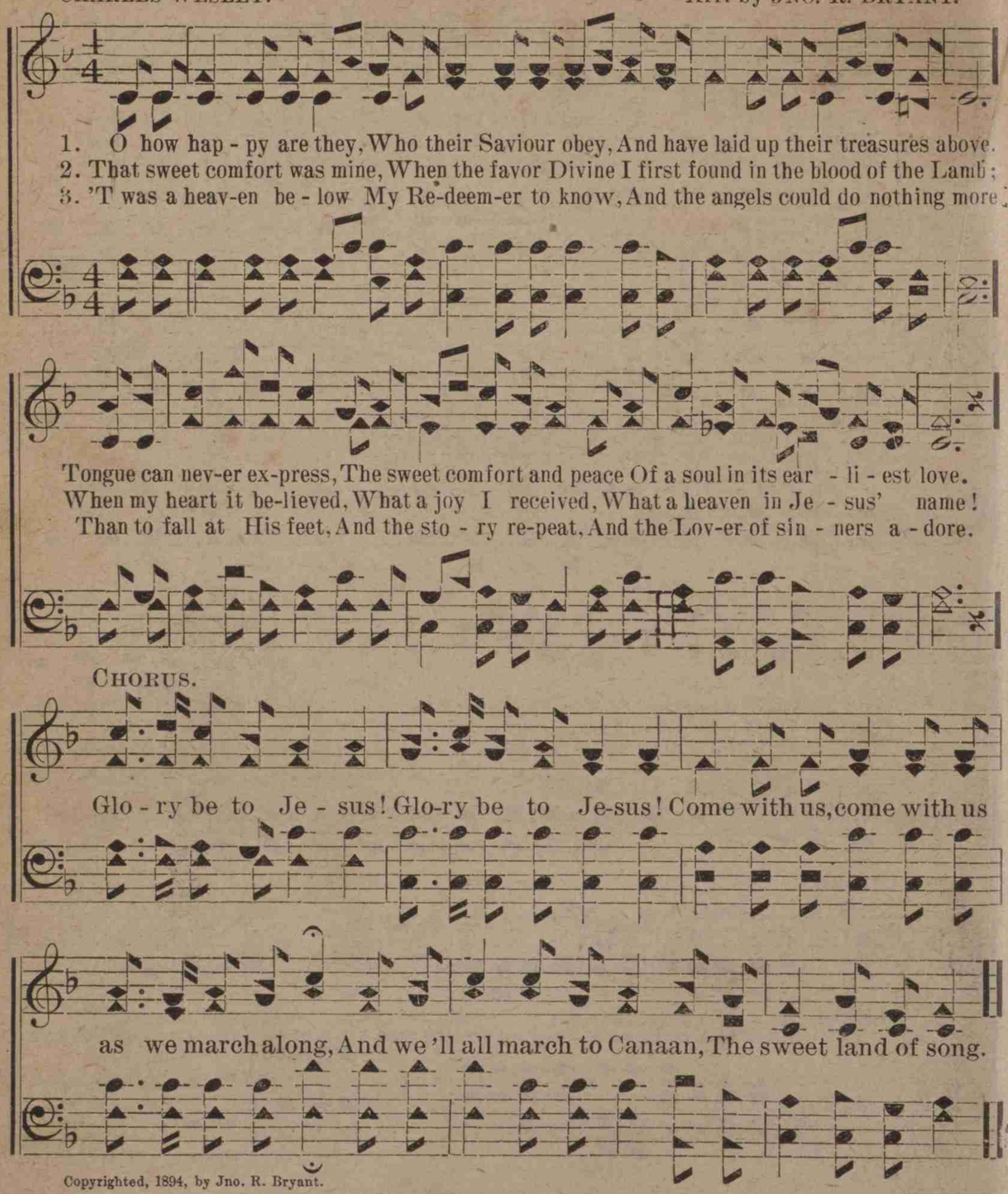
No. 74. How Happy are they.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.



Copyrighted, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all His salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem a poor rebel like me.

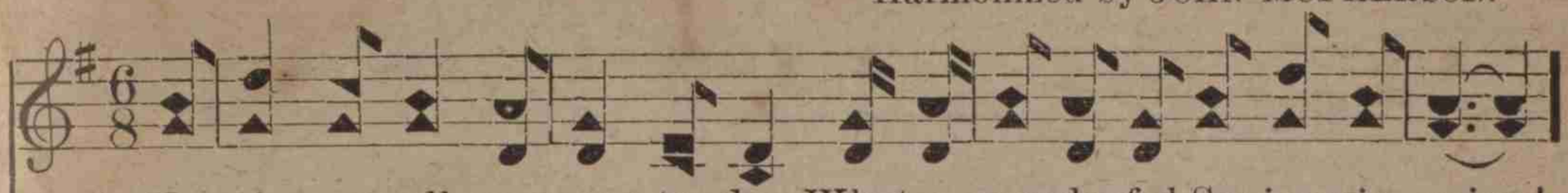
5 On the wings of His love
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

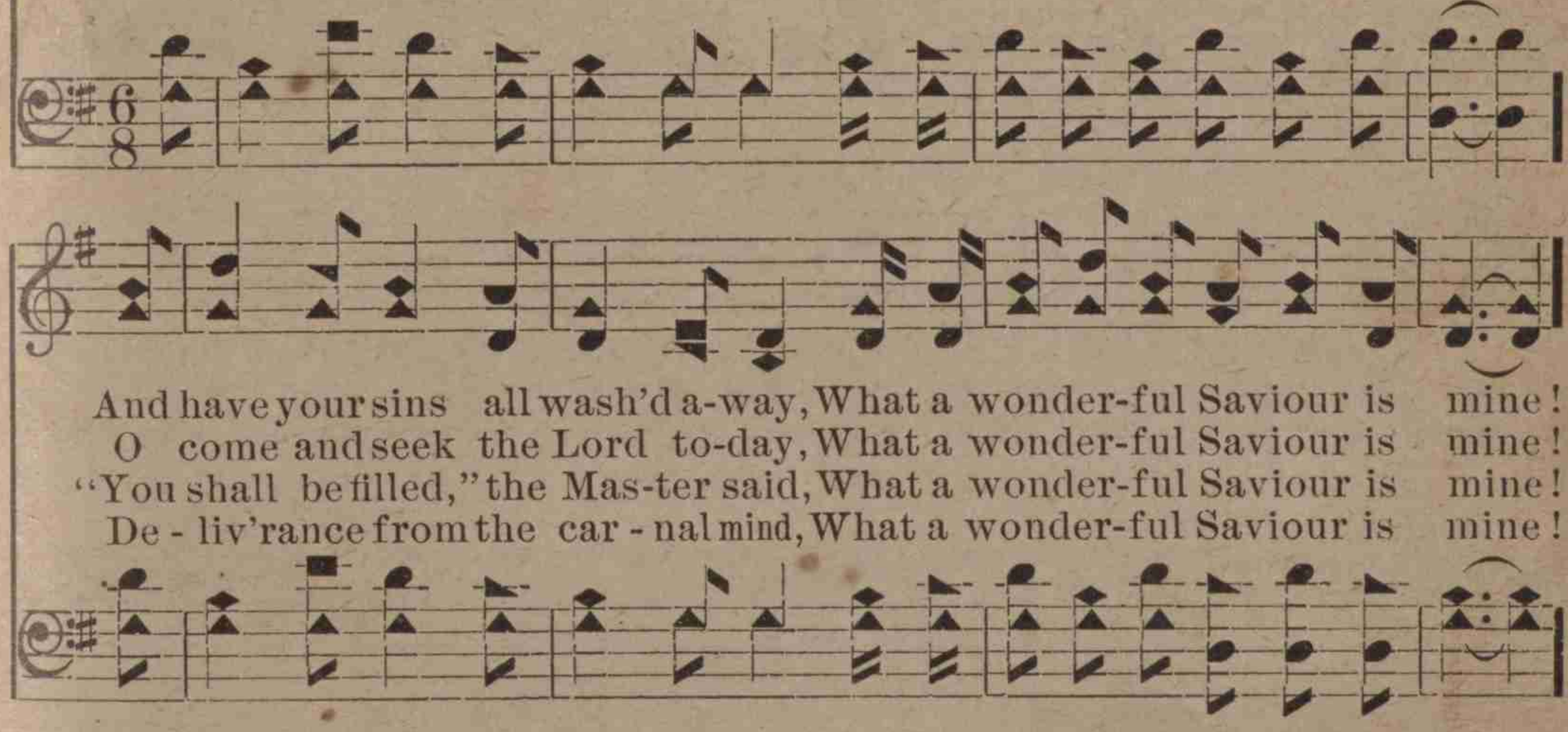
6 Thus I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat:
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

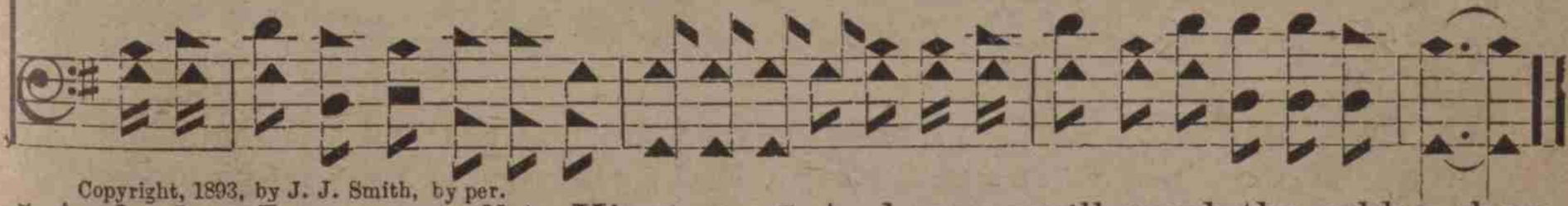
7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

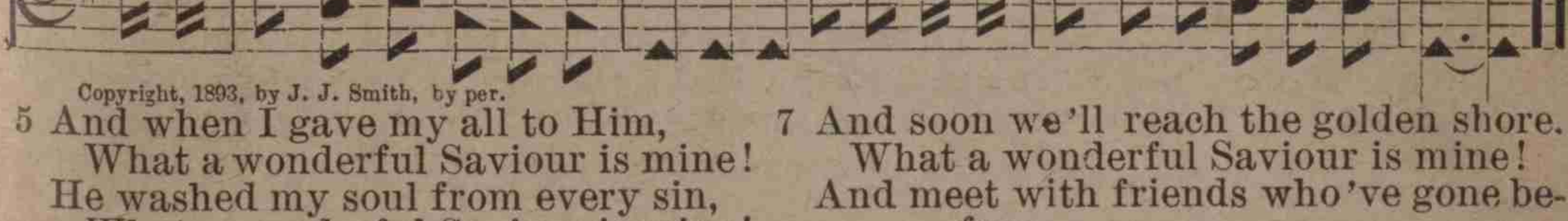
No. 75. What a Wonderful Saviour is Mine!

Rev. J. J. SMITH.

Melody by S. H. PRATHER.
Harmonized by JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. Ye sin-ners all may come to -day, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
2. Ye trembled greatly on the way, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
3. O ye that hun-ger af - ter bread, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
4. All ye that seek shall surely find, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!



And have your sins all wash'd a-way, What a wonder-ful Saviour is mine!
O come and seek the Lord to-day, What a wonder-ful Saviour is mine!
"You shall be filled," the Mas-ter said, What a wonder-ful Saviour is mine!
De - liv'rance from the car - nal mind, What a wonder-ful Saviour is mine!

CHORUS.



What a wonderful Saviour is Je-sus, my Jesus, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Jesus, What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

Copyright, 1893, by J. J. Smith, by per.

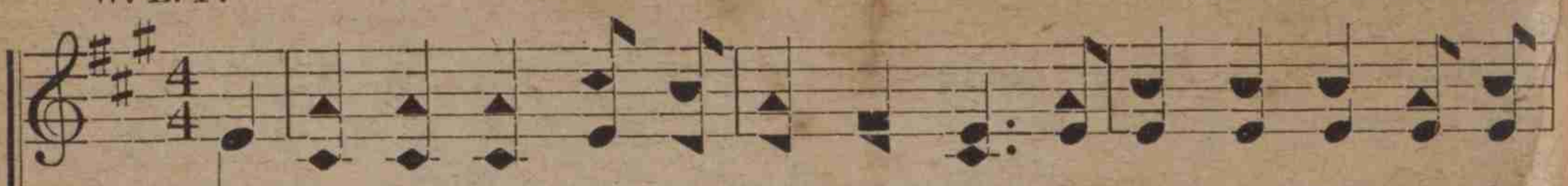
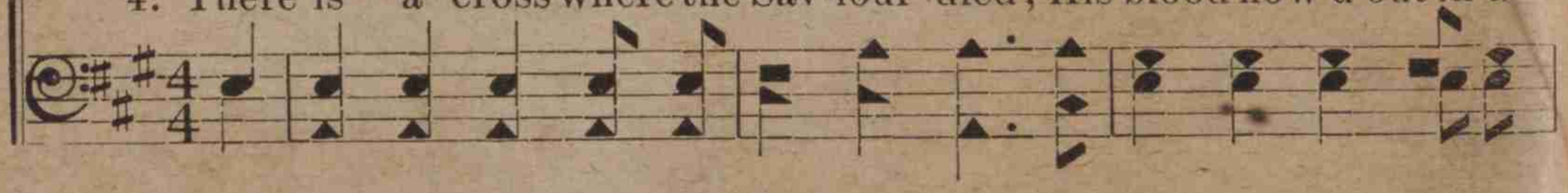
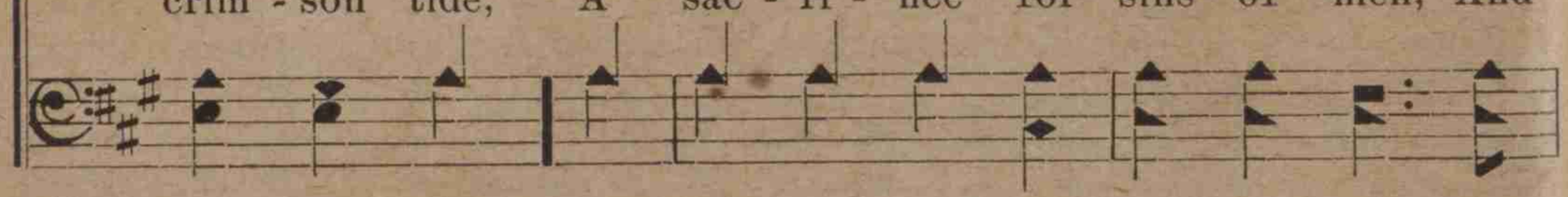
5 And when I gave my all to Him,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
He washed my soul from every sin,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

6 And now I walk upon the way,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
Of holiness from day to day,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

7 And soon we'll reach the golden shore.
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
And meet with friends who've gone before,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

8 And God will wipe all tears away,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!
We'll reign with Him thro' endless day,
What a wonderful Saviour is mine!

No. 76. The Sheltering Rock.

W. E. P. Rev. W. E. PENN.

1. There is a Rock in a wea - ry land; Its shad-ow falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des - ert plain; Its wa - ters call with en-
3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav-iour died; His blood flow'd out in a

burn - ing sand, In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass, To
treat - ing strain, "Ho, ev - 'ry thirst-ing, sin - sick soul, Come,
moun - tain side; The Shep-herd climbs o'er moun-tains steep; He's
crim - son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And

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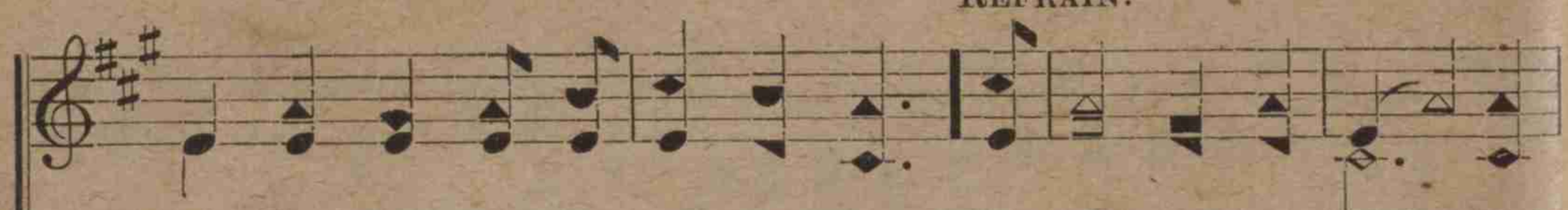
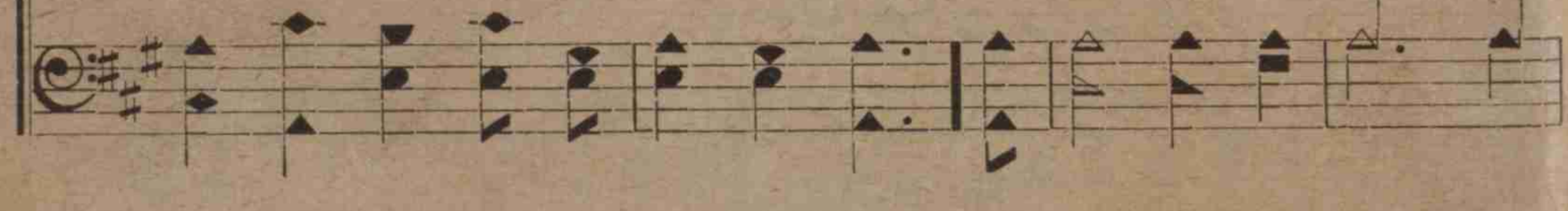
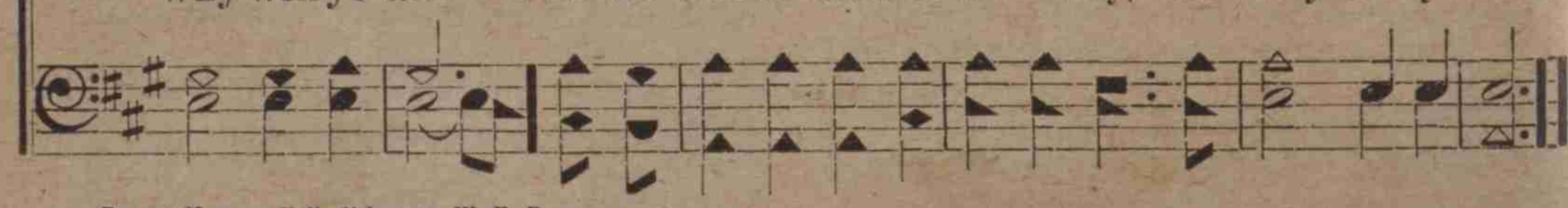
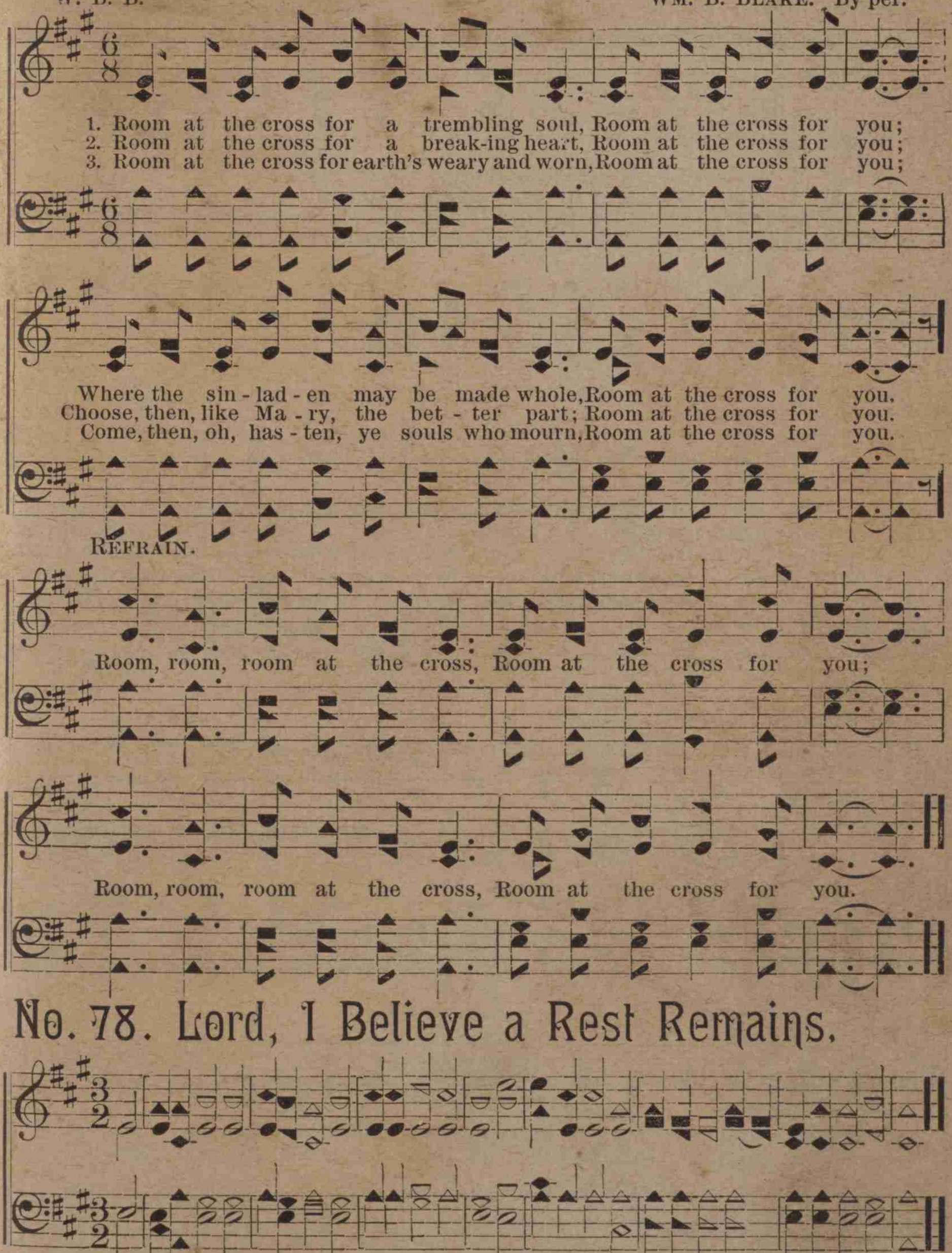
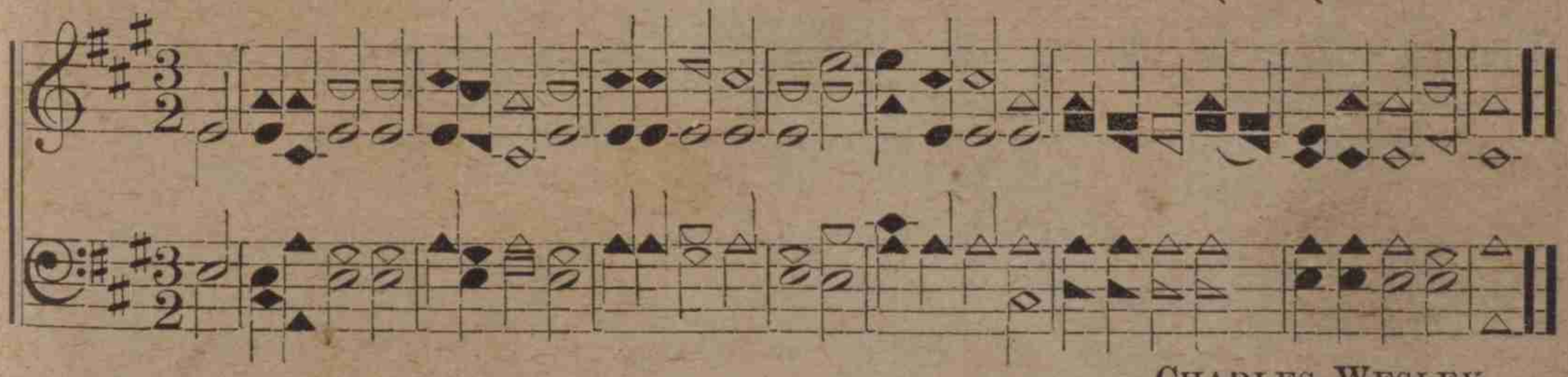

seek a shade in the wil - der - ness. Then why will ye die? Oh!
free - ly drink, and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? Oh!
search-ing now for His wand'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? Oh!
free to all who will en - ter in. Then why will ye die? Oh!

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



From "Harvest Bells," by per. W. E. Penn.

No. 77. Room at the Cross.

W. B. B. WM. B. BLAKE. By per.

No. 78. Lord, I Believe a Rest Remains.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone:

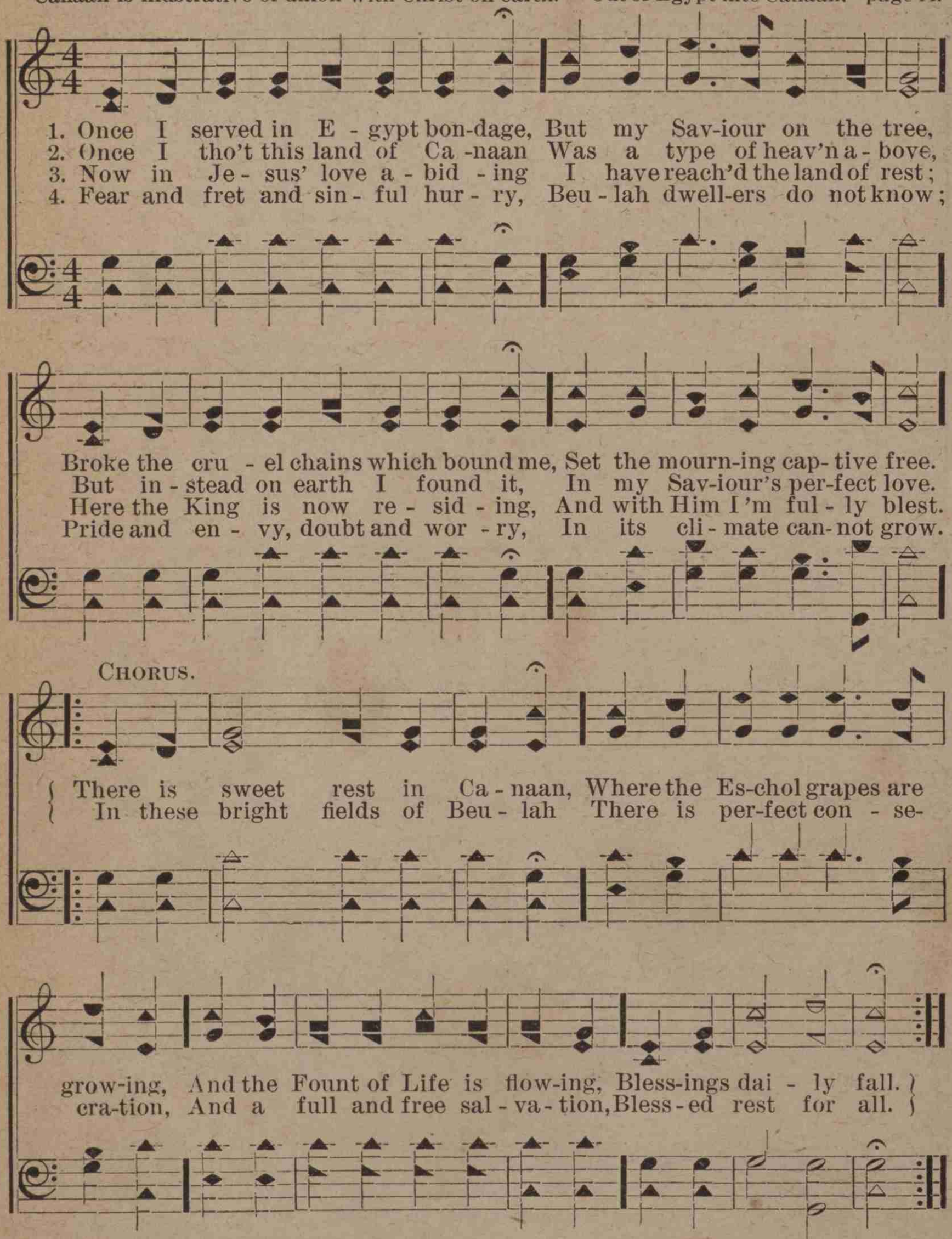
2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above:
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.

No. 79. Sweet Rest in Canaan.

M. W. KNAPP. Music by Rev. W. MCDONALD.

Canaan is illustrative of union with Christ on earth. "Out of Egypt into Canaan," page 14.

5 All the Spirit's fruit and flowers,
In this lovely Canaan clime,
'Neath its sunshine and its showers,
Grow in beauty all the time.

6 Shout your triumphs, heirs of glory,
Tell the tidings as you go,
Publish wide the wondrous story,
You have found a "heaven below."

No. 80. The Fulness of Jesus.

J. B. VAUGHAN. By per.

1. My sins were laid on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load. I
2. I tell my wants to Je - sus, All ful - ness dwells in Him; He heal - eth my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem. I
3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild; I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly child. I

bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crimson stains White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.
rest my soul on Je - sus, This wea - ry soul of mine; His lov - ing arm em - bra - ces, I on His breast re - cline.
long to be with Je - sus, A - mid the heav'nly throng; To sing with saints His prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song.

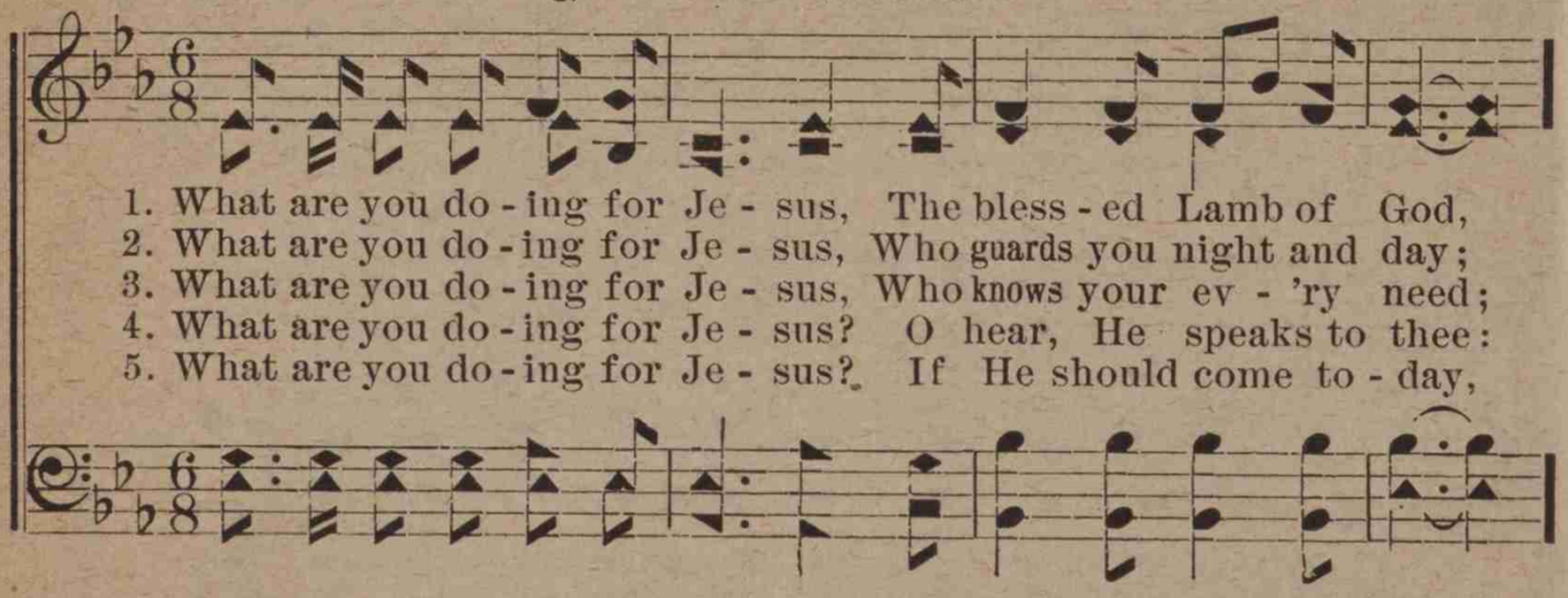
CHORUS.

O Je - sus, dear Je - sus, The sin-ner's on - ly plea; O Je - sus, dear Je - sus, I'm trust-ing now in Thee.

No. 81. Where are the Sheaves?

W. E. P. W. E. PENN.

For several years the Christian world has been singing, "Where are the reapers?" Would it not be well now to sing, "Where are the sheaves?"



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No. 82. What a Friend.

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

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

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

No. 83. Dear, Jesus.

By Per.

1 Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul:
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain:
Apply Thine own blood, and remove every stain.
To have this blest cleansing, I all things forego;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Dear Jesus, come down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 The blessing, by faith, I receive from above:
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love.
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied: I am whiter than snow.

No. 84. The New Song.

By Martha A. Eaton.

Tune: "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

"He hath put a new song in my mouth." Psalm xl: 3.

"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him, and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between his shoulders." Deut. xxxiii: 12.

1 "Jesus, lover of my soul,"
Bids me in His bosom stay;
And though billows round me roll,
I am safely hid away,
For He holds me in His arms,
Quite beyond the tempest's reach;
And He whispers to my heart
Words unknown to human speech.

2 "Other refuge have I none,"
He my habitation is,
Here no evil can befall,
I am kept in perfect peace,
I am covered all day long
With the shadow of His wing,
Dwell in safety through the night,
Waking, this is what I sing,—

3 "Thou, O Christ, art all I want,"
Rests my helpless soul in Thee;
Thou wilt never leave alone
Nor forget to comfort me.
Thou hast saved my soul from death,
Thou hast scattered doubts and fears,
And the sunshine of Thy face
Sweetly drieth all my tears.

4 "Thou of Life the fountain art,"
Thou dost wash me white as snow;
I 'm content to dwell apart
From all else Thy love to know.
Blessed Sun of Righteousness,
I so love to look on Thee
That my eyes are growing blind
To the things once dear to me.

No. 85. Antioch C. M.

Rev. I. Watts, 1719.

Key E Flat.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

No. 86. Why not To-night?

ELIZABETH REED. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Oh, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the light; Poor sin - ner hard - en not thy heart, Thou would'st be sav'd, why not to-night?
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev -er rise, To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Thou would'st be sav'd, why not to-night?
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite? Renounce at once thy stub - born will, Thou would'st be sav'd, why not to-night?
4. Our blessed Lord re -fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite; Believe, o - bey, the work is done, Thou would'st be sav'd, why not to-night?

REFRAIN.

Why not to-night? why not to-night? Thou would'st be sav'd, why not to-night? Why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night? Thou would'st be sav'd, why not to-night?

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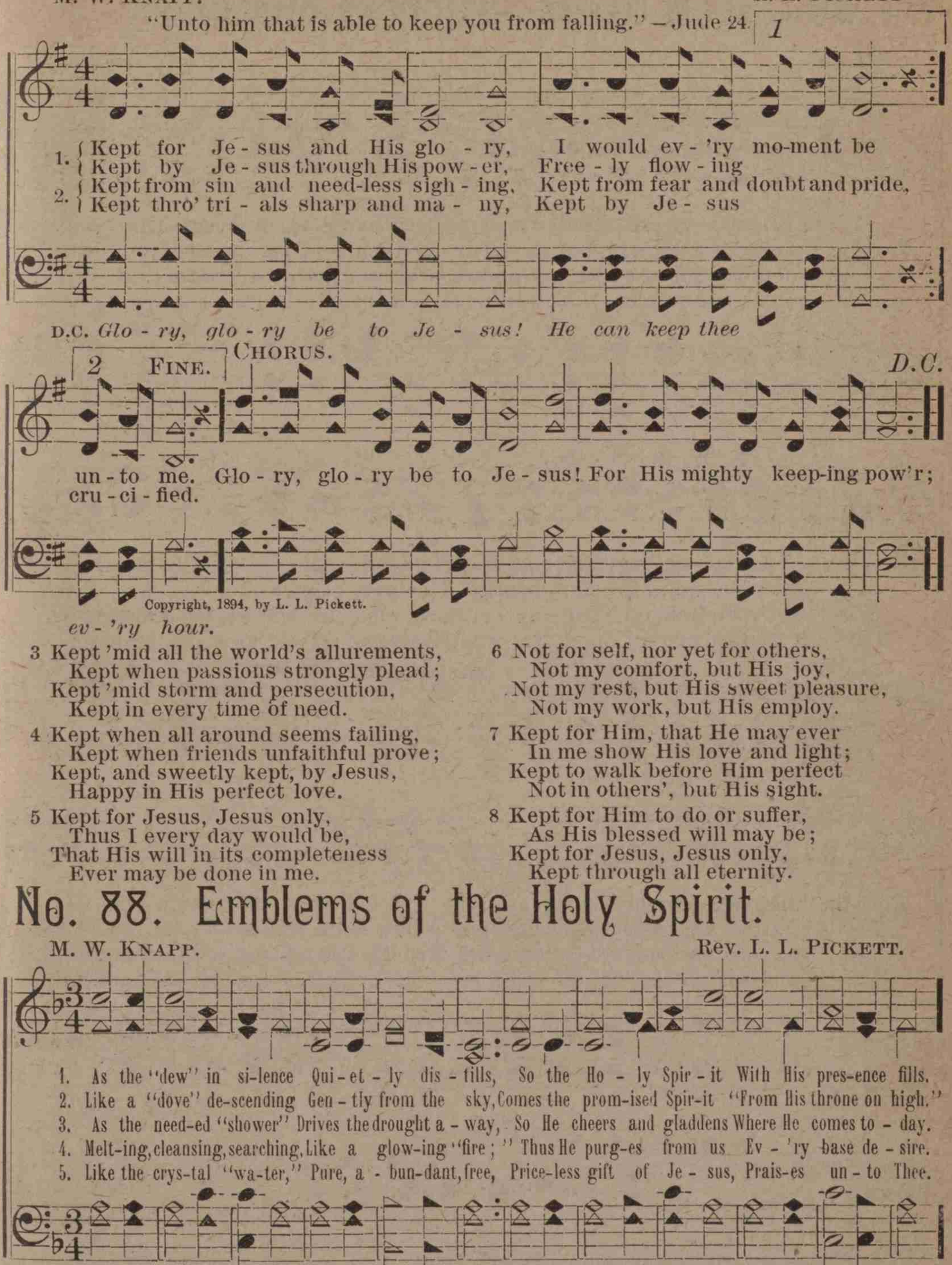
No. 87. Kept.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

"Unto him that is able to keep you from falling." —Jude 24.

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3 Kept 'mid all the world's allurements,
Kept when passions strongly plead;
Kept 'mid storm and persecution,
Kept in every time of need.

4 Kept when all around seems failing,
Kept when friends unfaithful prove;
Kept, and sweetly kept, by Jesus,
Happy in His perfect love.

5 Kept for Jesus, Jesus only,
Thus I every day would be,
That His will in its completeness
Ever may be done in me.

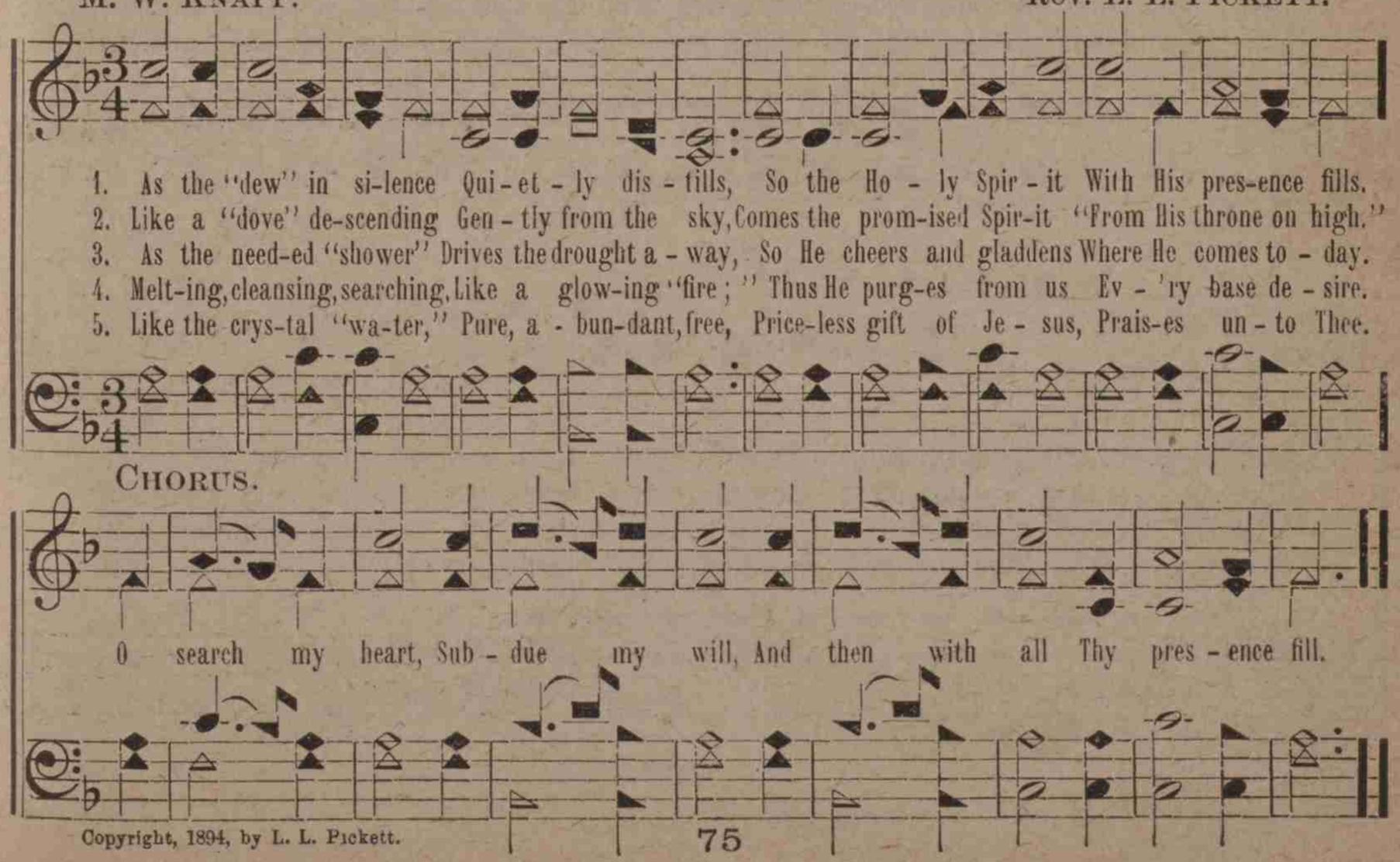
6 Not for self, nor yet for others,
Not my comfort, but His joy,
Not my rest, but His sweet pleasure,
Not my work, but His employ.

7 Kept for Him, that He may ever
In me show His love and light;
Kept to walk before Him perfect
Not in others', but His sight.

8 Kept for Him to do or suffer,
As His blessed will may be;
Kept for Jesus, Jesus only,
Kept through all eternity.

No. 88. Emblems of the Holy Spirit.

M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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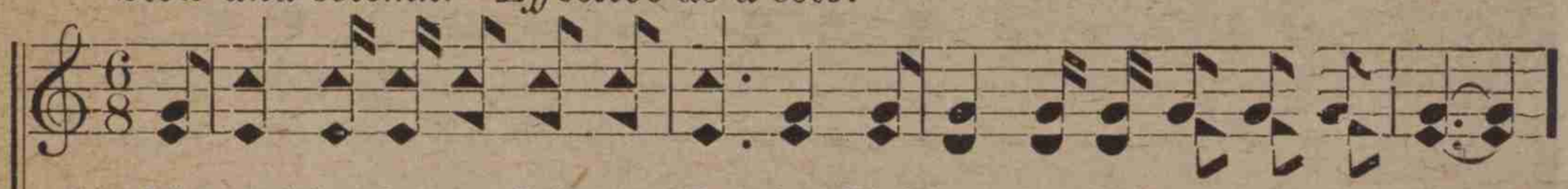
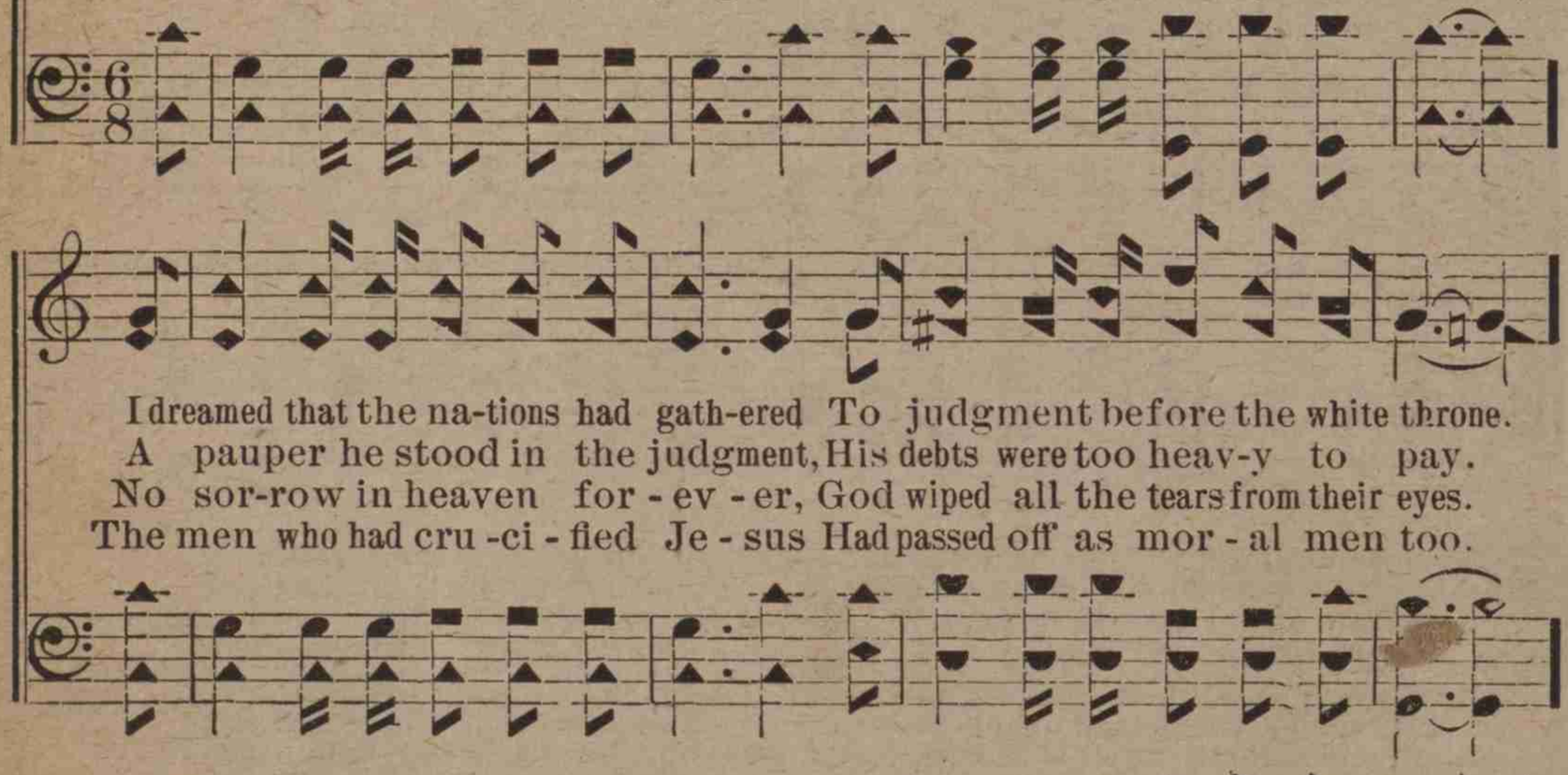
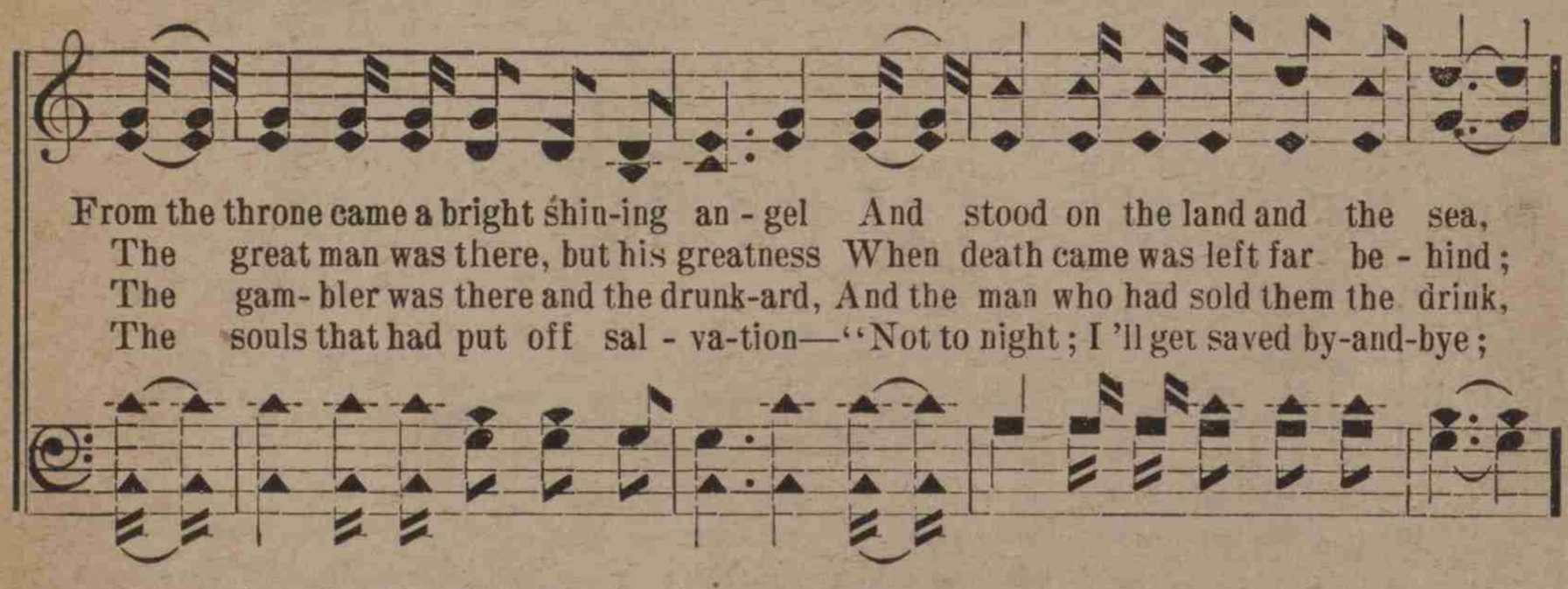
No. 89. The Great Judgment Morning

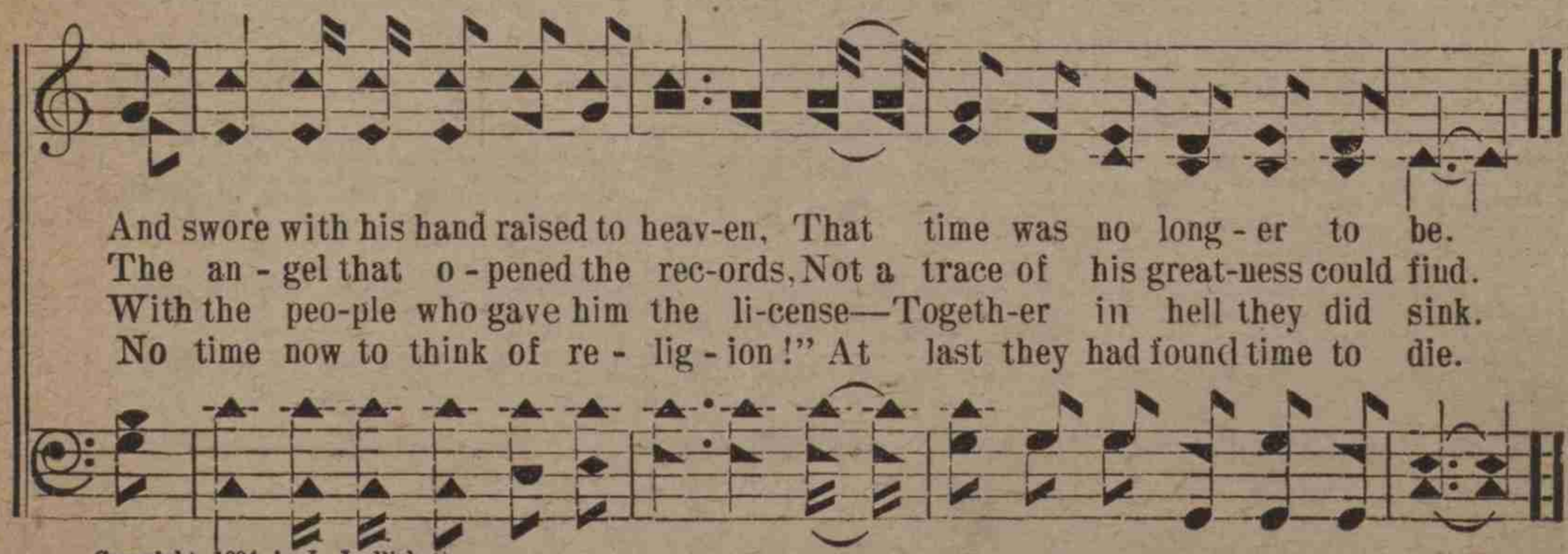
War Cry.

L. L. PICKETT.

Slow and solemn. Effective as a solo.

1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon - ey Had melt-ed and van-ished a - way;
3. The wid-ow was there and the or-phans, God heard and re-membered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not do,

I dreamed that the na-tions had gath-ered To judgment before the white throne.
A pauper he stood in the judgment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.
No sor-row in heaven for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The men who had cru -ci - fied Je - sus Had passed off as mor - al men too.



From the throne came a bright shin-ing an - gel And stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far be - hind;
The gam- bler was there and the drunk-ard, And the man who had sold them the drink,
The souls that had put off sal - va-tion—"Not to night; I 'll get saved by-and-bye;



And swore with his hand raised to heav-en, That time was no long - er to be.
The an - gel that o - pened the rec-ords, Not a trace of his great-ness could find.
With the peo-ple who gave him the li-cense—Togeth-er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re - lig - ion!" At last they had found time to die.

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The Great Judgment Morning. Concluded.

CHORUS.

And oh, what a weep-ing and wail-ing, As the lost were told of their fate;

rit.

They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

No. 90. Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M. E. F. MILLER. By per.

1. O mourn-er in Zi-on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je-sus is wait-ing to com-fort you now; Fear not to re-ly on the
2. Oh, ye that are hun-gry and thirst-y re-joice; For ye shall be filled; do you hear that sweet voice In-vit-ing you now to the
3. Who sighs for a heart from in-i-qui-ty free? Oh, poor trou-bled soul! there's a prom-ise for thee; There's rest, wea-ry one, in the
4. The prom-ise can't save, tho' the prom-ise is true; 'T is the blood we get un-der, that cleans-es us through: It cleans-es me now, hal-le-

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

Copyright, 1884, by E. F. Miller.

No. 91. Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. Seek - ing the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat - ing Wan - der - ers
2. Seek - ing the lost, and point - ing to Je - sus Souls that are
3. Thus I would go on mis - sions of mer - cy, Fol - low - ing

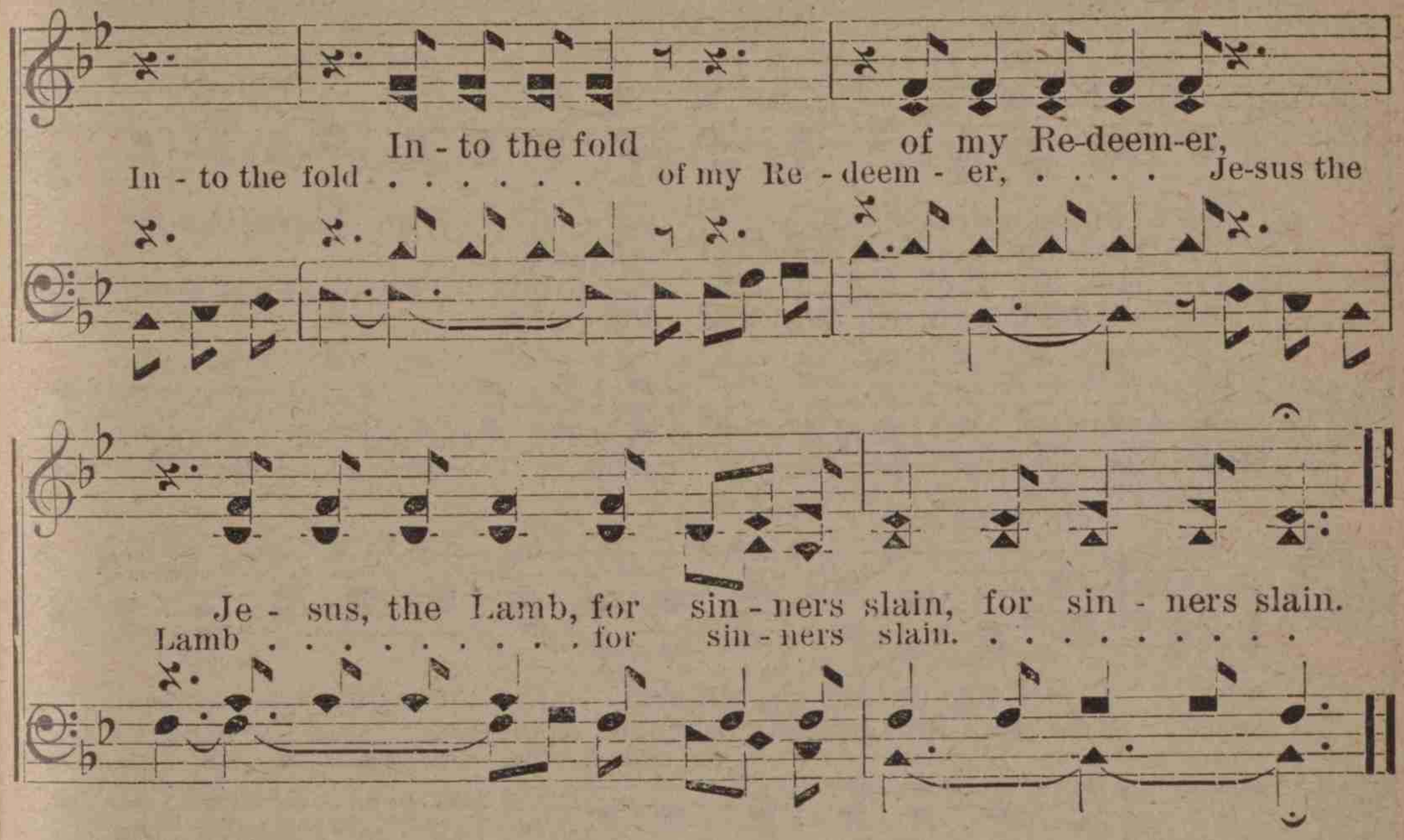
on the mountain a - stray; "Come un - to me," His mes-sage re -
weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal -
Christ from day un - to day; Cheering the faint, and rais - ing the

peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak-ing to - day.
va - tion, Show-ing the path to life ev - er - more.
fall - en; Point-ing the lost to Je - sus the way.

CHORUS.

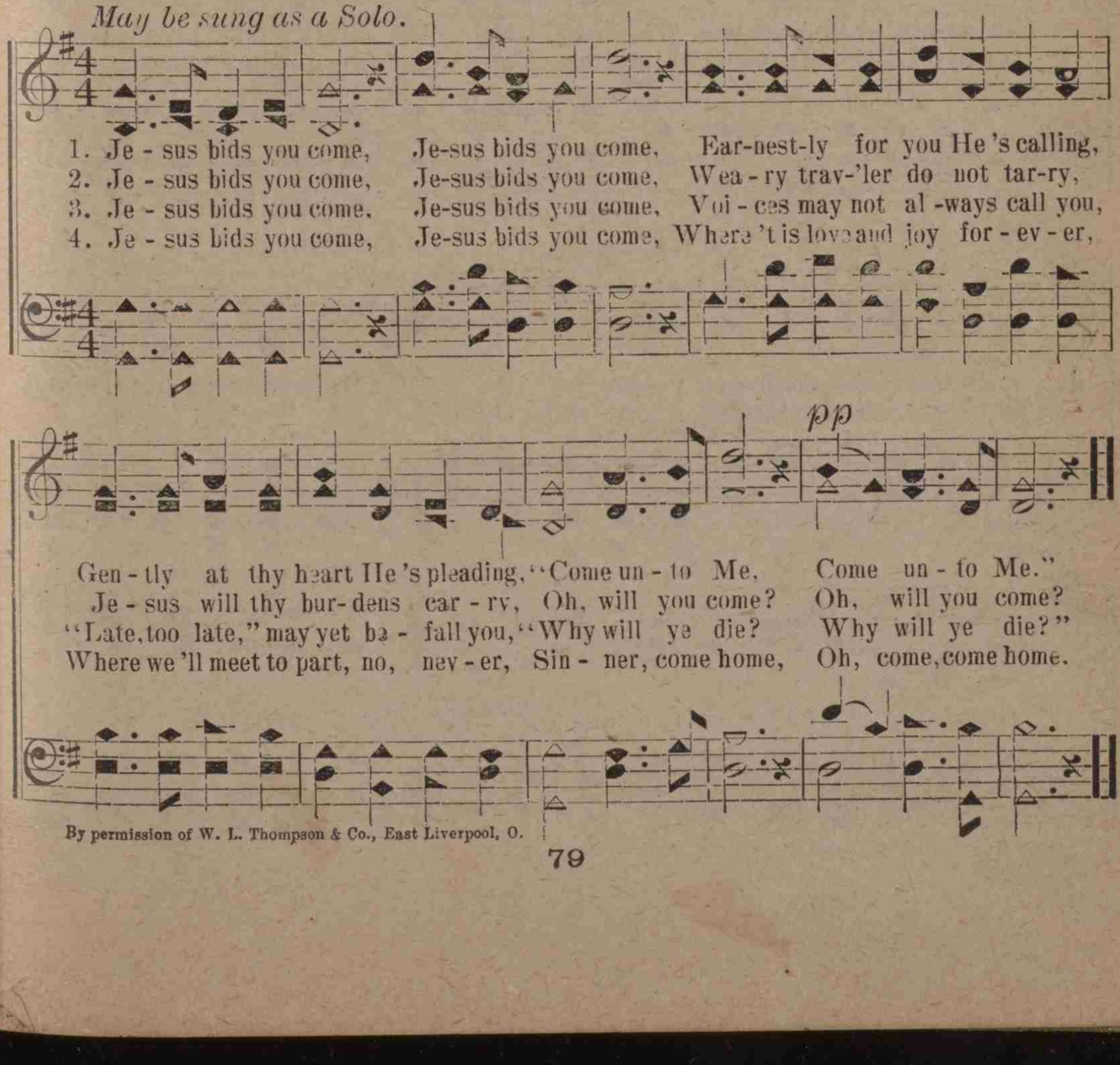
Go-ing a - far up-on the mountain,
Go - ing a - far . . . . . up-on the moun - tain, Bringing the

Bring - ing the wand-'rer back a - gain, back a - gain.
wan - - - - - - d'rer back a - gain. . . . . .

Seeking the Lost. Concluded.

No. 92. Jesus Bids you Come.

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

May be sung as a Solo.



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No. 93. The Final Reckoning.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Matt. xxv: 14-30. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1st time.

1. God's kingdom re-sem-bles a rul-er Who journeyed far a-
   En-trust-ing his busi-ness to oth-ers
2. At last, in the fi-nal ac-count-ing, The first had doubled his
   The sec-ond, two oth-ers had add-ed;

2d time.

way, As long as he should stay. To one he en-trust-ed five
store; The one had gained no more. "Well done," said the king to the

tal-ents, The next was giv-en two; But one to the third was com-
faith-ful, "My throne, my kingdom share; My joy and my mansions in-

mit-ted, As each was a-ble to do. Oh, how will you stand in the
her-it; And reign for-ev-er there."

CHORUS.

reck-'ning, And what will Je-sus say? "Well done!" shall it be at the

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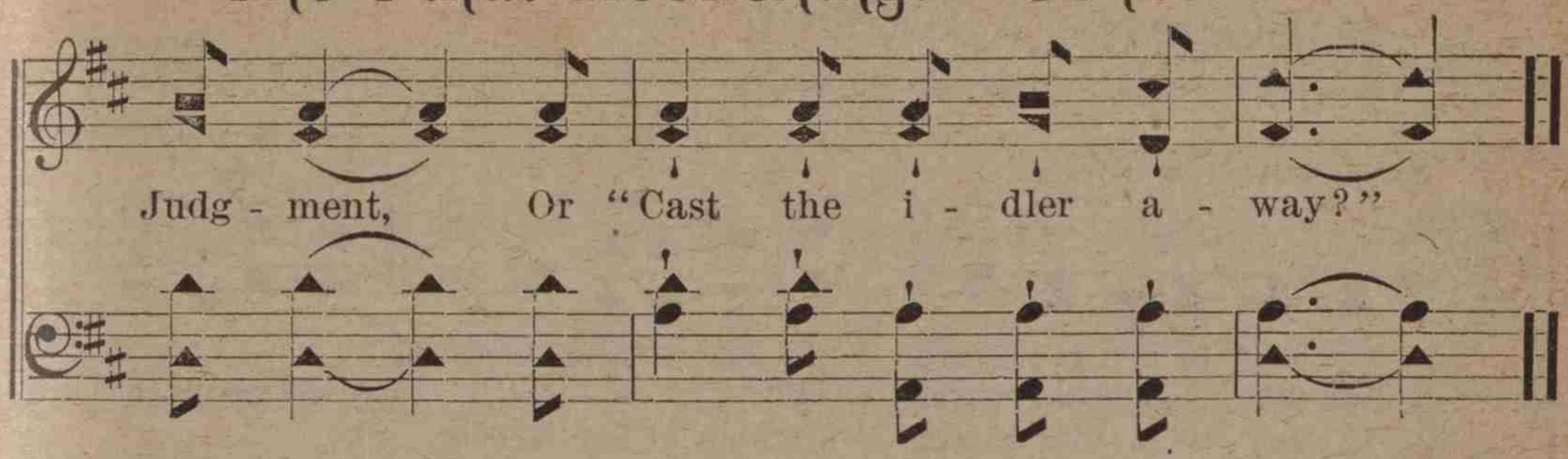
The Final Reckoning. Concluded.

3 Then fixing his gaze on the faithless,
With guilt and fear oppressed,
Who vainly was seeking a refuge,
A hope on which to rest:
"His talent," the Master commanded,
"Shall his no longer be;
But give it to those who were faithful,
And cast the idler from me."

4 Oh, there shall be weeping and wailing,
And terror, and dismay,
To all who shall bury their talents
And idle their time away.
The doom of the drunkards and harlots,
The slothful all must share;
Cast out from the Kingdom of Heaven,
In darkness and despair.

5 O friends, soon the Master will summon;
His voice you must obey;
To settle with Him — are you ready,
If He should call to-day?
Just now are you ready to meet Him?
And could He say, "Well done?"
Or would you compel Him to utter
The idler's fearful doom?

No. 94. Steps into the Cleansing Fountain.

See The Book and its Theme, pages 188–214.

[Tune No. 27; Or, THE SWEET BYE AND BYE.]

M. W. KNAPP.

1 God commands that I holy must be
And His word I sincerely believe;
So I long from my sin to be free,
And His fullness of blessing receive.

CHORUS.

Yes, I yield and believe,
And His blood washes whiter than snow,
Now by faith I receive,
And His peace, perfect peace, now I know.

2 All my need I with weeping confess,
And am longing this cleansing to know;
Lord relieve, oh, relieve my distress,
And now wash and make whiter than snow.

3 I will seek till this prize I secure,
I will knock till He opens the door;
For I must, oh, I must be made pure,
Must be cleansed and be kept evermore.

4 On the altar I now place my all,
All my treasures and idols resign;
And whatever my life may befall,
All the will of my God shall be mine.

5 Unto sin and to self now I 'm dead,
And the world, too, is under my feet;
For I trust in the blood that was shed,
And I rest in its cleansing complete.

6 Now I trust in my Saviour alone,
And this moment I fully believe
That His blood does so fully atone,
That its cleansing just now I receive.

7 I will tell of this peace in my soul,
And will publish as onward I go,
That the Saviour can make fully whole,
That the blood washes whiter than snow.

1. Belief. Heb. xi: 6.
2. Intense Desire. Matt. v: 6.
3. Resolution. Gen. xxiv: 26.
4. Consecration. Rom. xii: 1.
5. Crucifixion. Rom. vi: 6.
6. Appropriating Faith. Heb. iv: 3.
7. Praise. Acts iv: 19, 20.

No. 95. Be Ready.

Arr. and partly composed by M. W. KNAPP
from B. M.

L. L. PICKETT.

"Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Matt. xxiv: 44.

SOLO with CHORUS.

1. It may be in the morning, When sun is bright and strong,
And dew is glist'ning sharply, And day looks bright and long.

2. It may be in the evening, When work of day is done,
While sit - ting in the twilight, You watch the evening sun.

You then may see Me com-ing, On clouds of glo-ry bright; Your waiting soul to
A - mong the vil - lage children, Who throng the bus - y street, It may be you will

CHORUS.

welcome To be with Me in light. O come, O
hear then, My swift - ly com- ing feet.

O come bless-ed Lord, Quickly

come, Quickly come, my Saviour. I'm

come, my Redeem-er, O come, quickly come, my Sav-iour, quickly come. I'm

read - y now for Thee I'm read - y now for Thee, And greet with joy the promise, And

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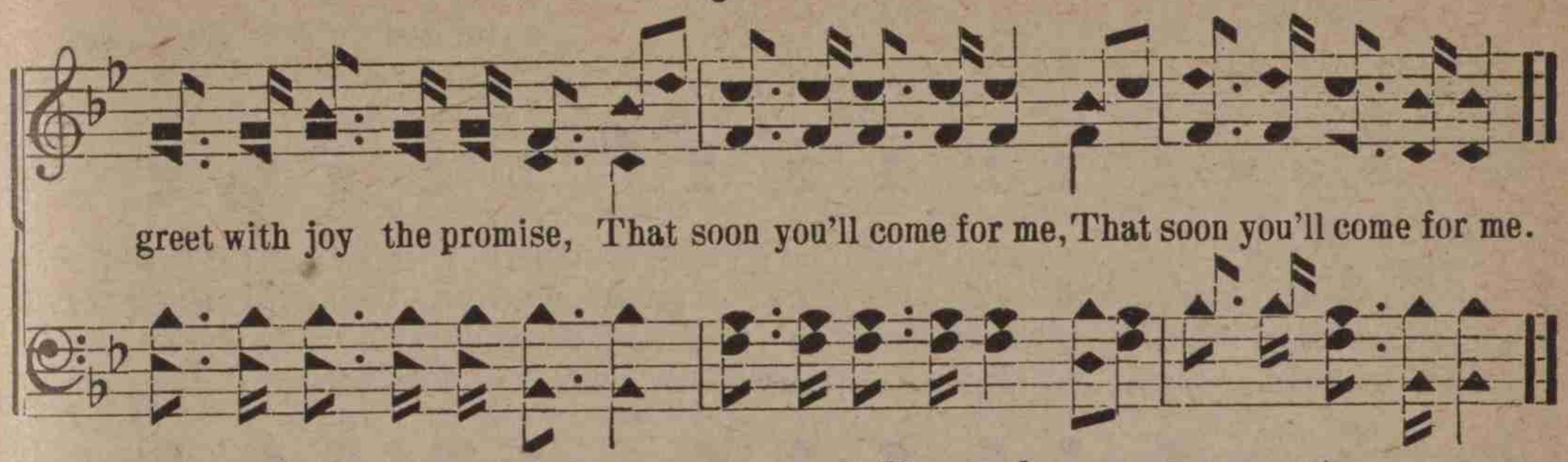
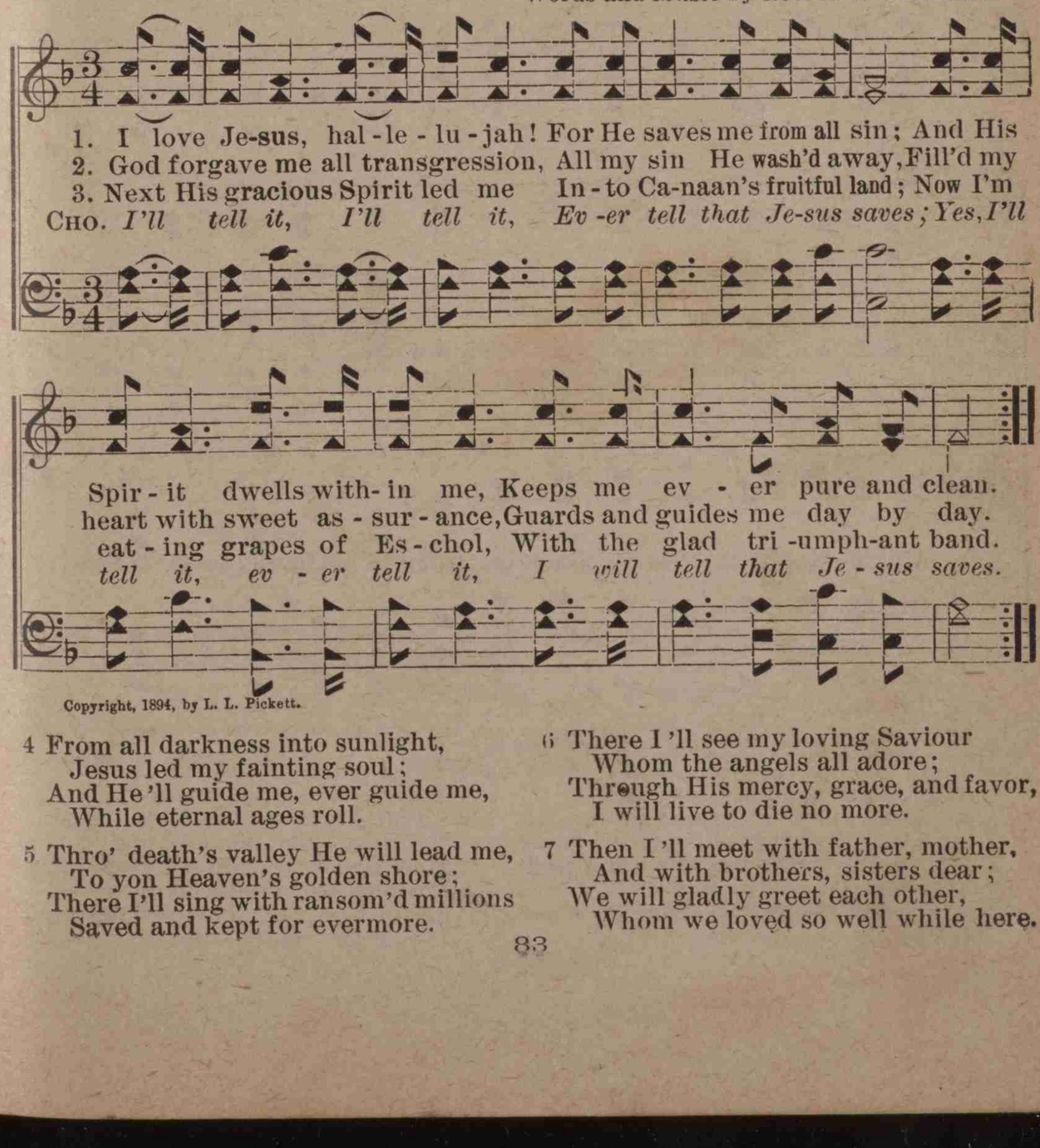
Be Ready. Concluded.

3 It may be when the midnight
Is heavy on the land,
The black waves lying dumbly
Along the dreary sand,
When moonless night draws closer
Above the sleeping sea,
When all are slumbering soundly,
And no one thinks of Me.

4 Be ready every moment,
Be robed and sanctified;
For quickly I will claim you
My own beloved bride.
In sweet and blessed union
We then shall ever be,
And dwell in bliss together
Through all eternity.

No. 96. I'll Tell it.

Words and Music by Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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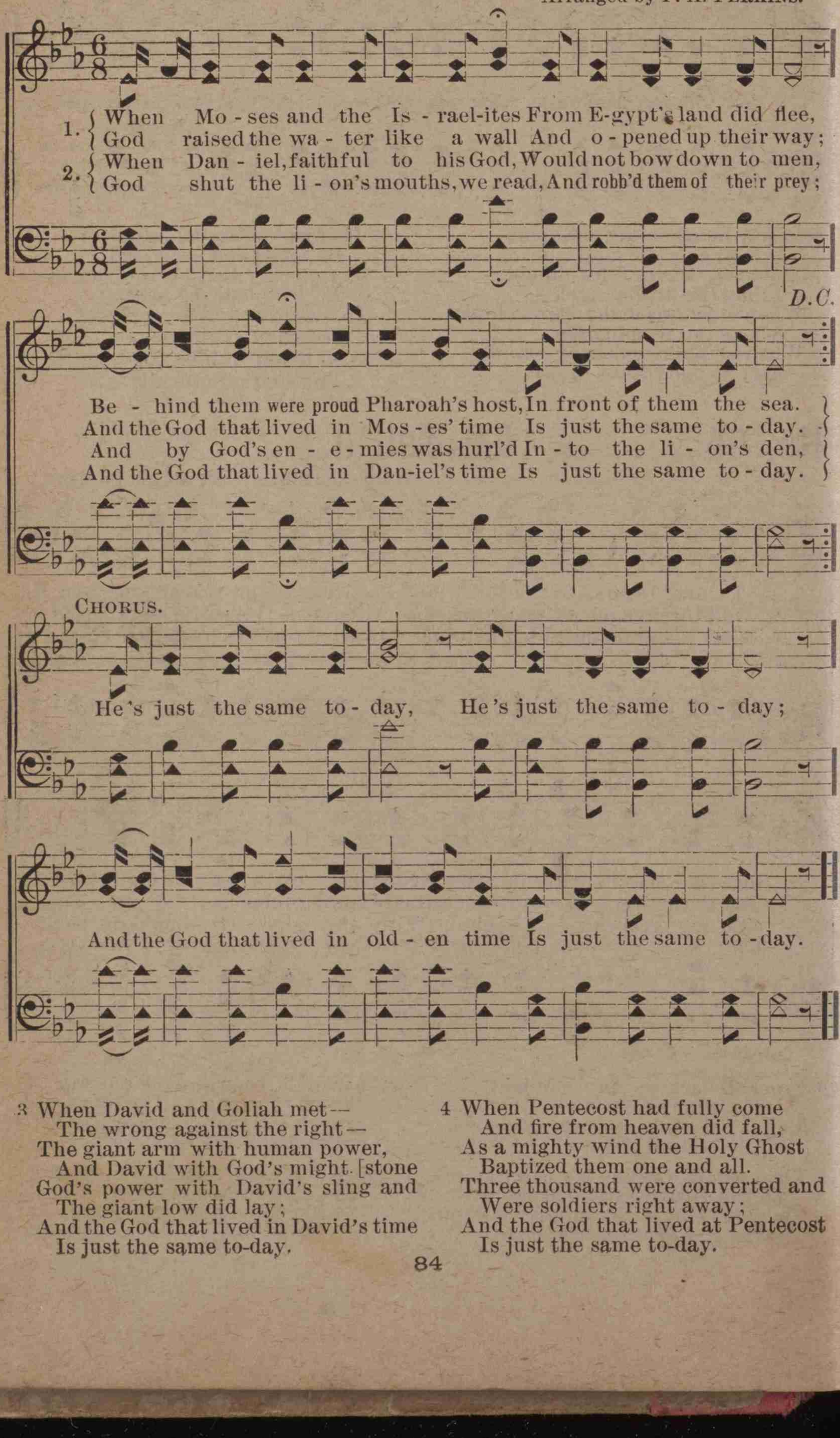
4 From all darkness into sunlight,
Jesus led my fainting soul;
And He 'll guide me, ever guide me,
While eternal ages roll.

5 Thro' death's valley He will lead me,
To yon Heaven's golden shore;
There I'll sing with ransom'd millions
Saved and kept for evermore.

6 There I 'll see my loving Saviour
Whom the angels all adore;
Through His mercy, grace, and favor,
I will live to die no more.

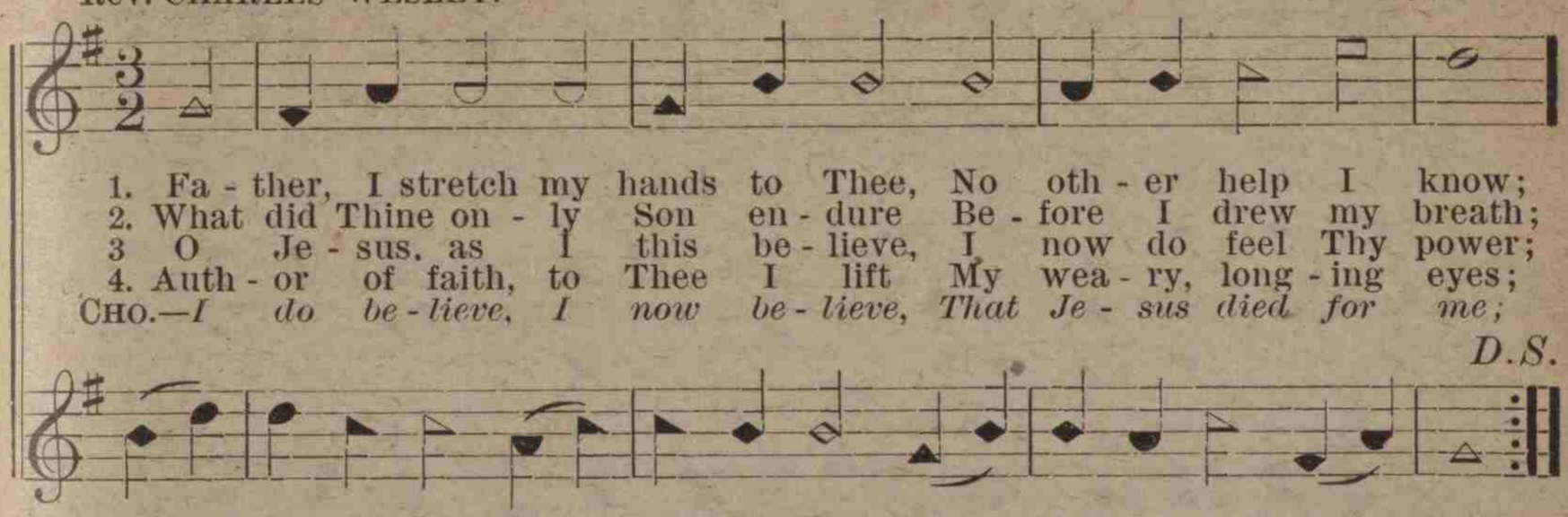
7 Then I 'll meet with father, mother,
And with brothers, sisters dear;
We will gladly greet each other,
Whom we loved so well while here.

No. 97. He's Just the Same To-day, No. 2.

Arranged by F. A. PERKINS.

3 When David and Goliah met—
The wrong against the right—
The giant arm with human power,
And David with God's might. [stone
God's power with David's sling and
The giant low did lay;
And the God that lived in David's time
Is just the same to-day.

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

No. 98. I do Believe. C. M.

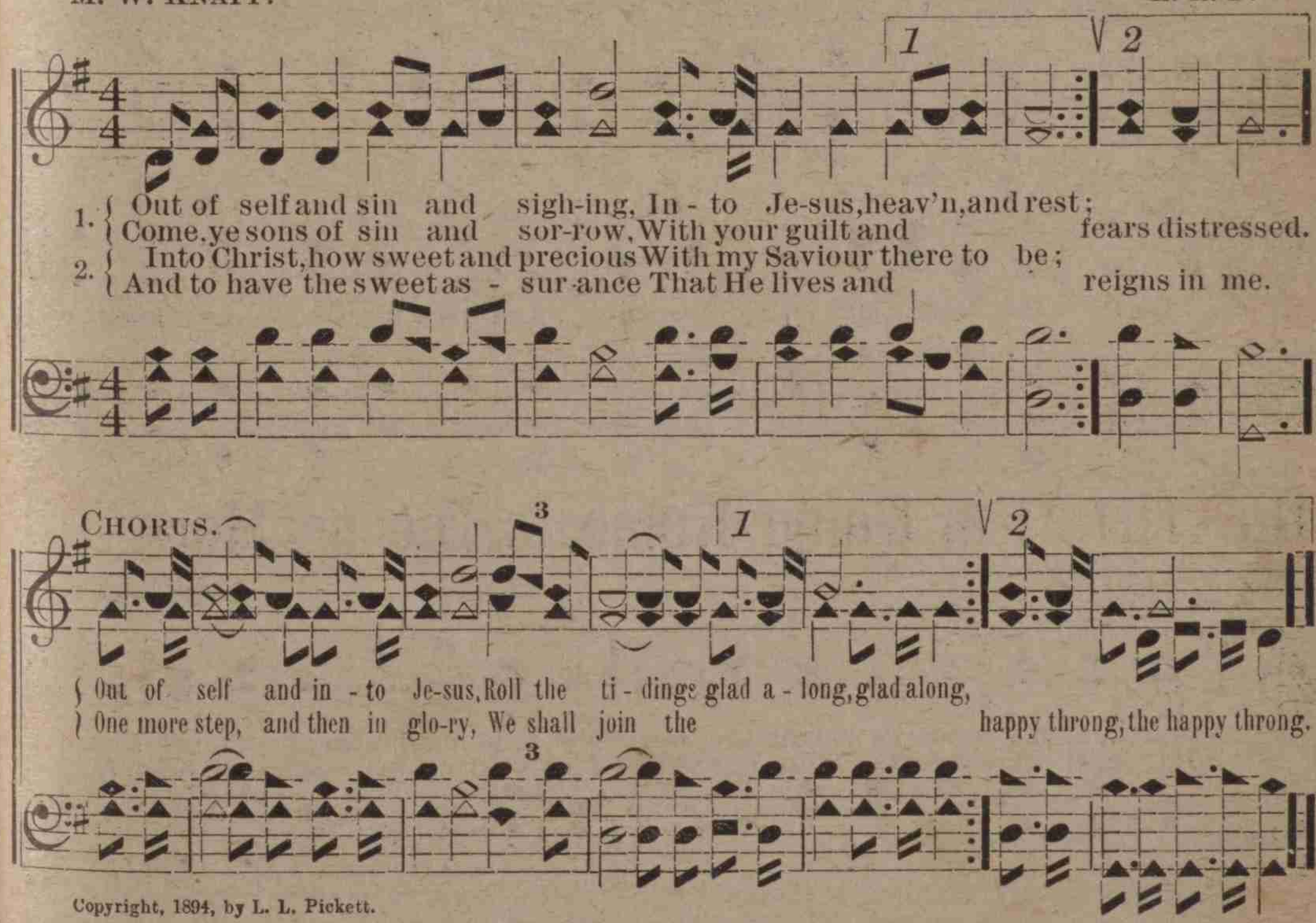
Rev. CHARLES WESLEY. UNKNOWN.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath;
3 O Je - sus, as I this be - lieve, I now do feel Thy power;
4. Auth - or of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;
CHO.—*I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;*

D.S.

If Thou with-draw Thy - self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death?
And all my wants Thou dost re - lieve In this ac - cept - ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.
And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I now from sin am free.

No. 99. Only Three Steps.

A poor woman, derided by an infidel because she was sure she could safely travel the "long, weary road" from earth to heaven, replied, "It's a very short road and easily traveled. Only three steps — out of self, into Christ, and into glory."

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. P.

1. { Out of self and sin and sigh-ing, In - to Je-sus, heav'n, and rest;
   { Come, ye sons of sin and sor-row, With your guilt and fears distressed.
2. { Into Christ, how sweet and precious With my Saviour there to be;
   { And to have the sweet as - sur-ance That He lives and reigns in me.

{ Out of self and in - to Je-sus, Roll the ti - dings glad a - long, glad along,
{ One more step, and then in glo-ry, We shall join the happy throng, the happy throng.

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3 "Into glory," joy unmeasured!
Oh, what pleasures there await
All who climb this Jacob's ladder,
As they pass the pearly gate.

4 Three steps only! Oh, to take them!
Bliss eternal it will be.
"Three steps only!" Oh, to miss them!
Lost — through all Eternity!

No. 100. According to your Faith.

Rev. J. L. STOKES. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Blest Sav - iour, what a word is this! My heart leaps as I read;
2. It claims our Fa - ther's bound-less store, The rich - es of His grace,
3. Par - don and peace and ho - li - ness, And heav - en's own re - ward,—
4. All all is ours by sim - ple faith, As soon as we be lieve,—

'Tis all the strength, the love, the bliss We wea - ry sin - ners need.
Great - er than an - gel's thought, and more Than an - gel's hand can trace.
Sav - iour, as - ton - ished, we con-fess Nev - er was such a word.
We rest on what the Sav - iour saith, And then with joy re - ceive;

REFRAIN.

"Ac - cord - ing to your faith" Is what the Sav - iour saith;
Lord, I be - lieve, And now re - ceive Ac-cord - ing to my faith.

From "Cheerful Songs."

No. 101. I'm Going Home to Die no More.

WM. HUNTER. Arranged.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en - ter there;
   { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine.

CHO. { *I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more!*
     { *To die no more; to die no more. I'm go - ing home to die no more!*

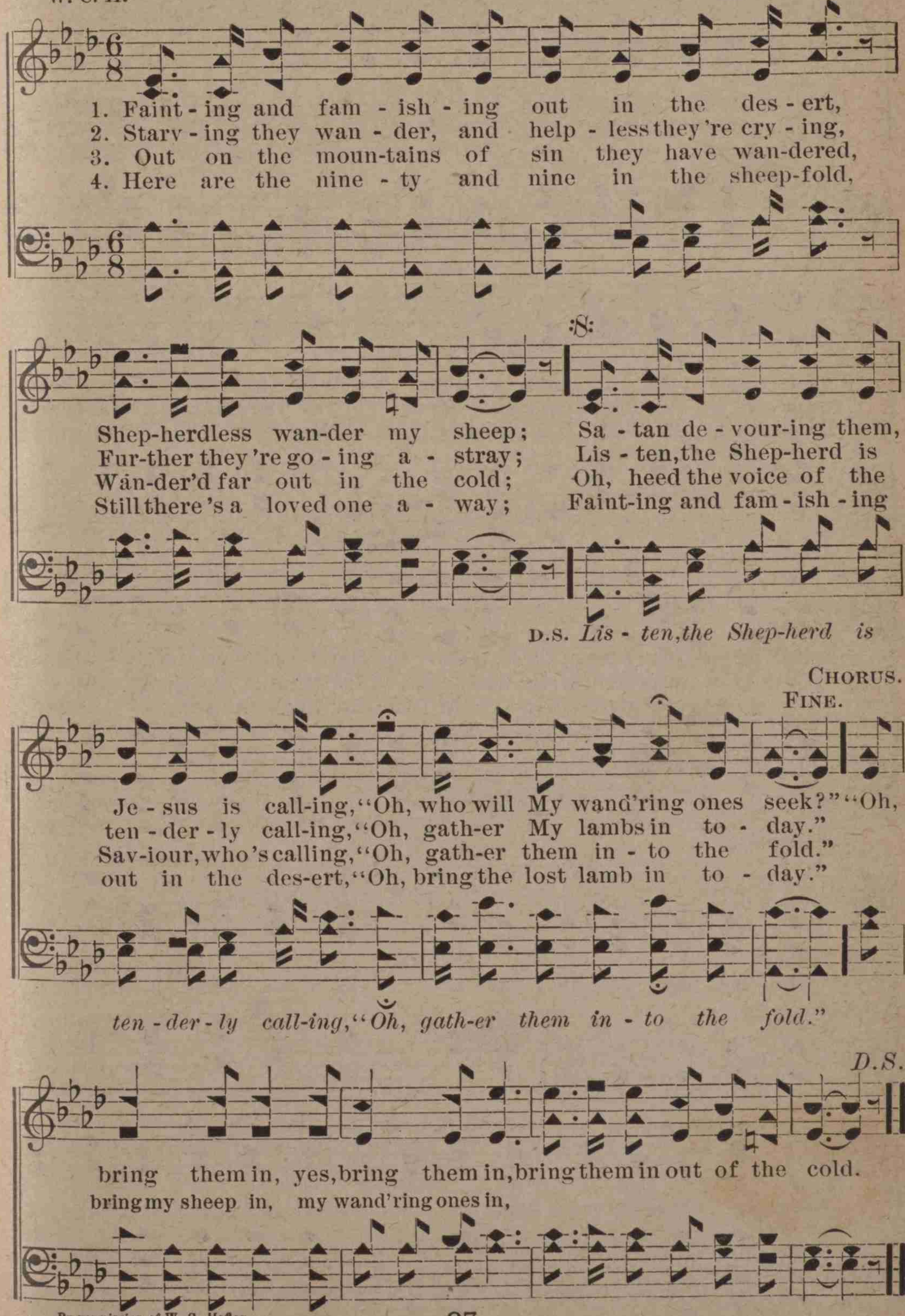
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

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

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heav'nly mansion stands for me.

No. 102. Shepherdless Wander my Sheep.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.

CHORUS.

FINE.

D.S.

By permission of W. C. Hafley.

No. 103. Hear the Shout of Triumph.

S. G. Smith. By per.

1. Hear the shout of tri-umph, Hear the might - y song, Fill - ing earth and heav - en, As it rolls a - long, Like the roar of o - cean,
2. Ma - ny were the bat - tles, Con-stant was the strife, Fierce the rag - ing con - flicts, In their earth-ly life; Yet they nev - er fal-tered,
3. Onward let us ev - er, Tho' our strength be small; Je - sus is our Lead - er, Ev - 'ry foe must fall. Then we 'll join the ran-somed

Breaking on the shore, Vic-t'ry thro' the Sav-iour, Now and ev - er-more.
For the Lord was strong; He was rock and for-tress, Vic - to - ry and song.
On the oth - er shore; Vic-t'ry thro' the Sav-iour, Sing-ing ev - er-more.

Chorus.

Hear ye the cry, ...
Hear the cry of vic - to - ry as we pass a - long,
Hear ye the cry, hear ye the cry, Vic - t'ry thro' the Sav - iour,

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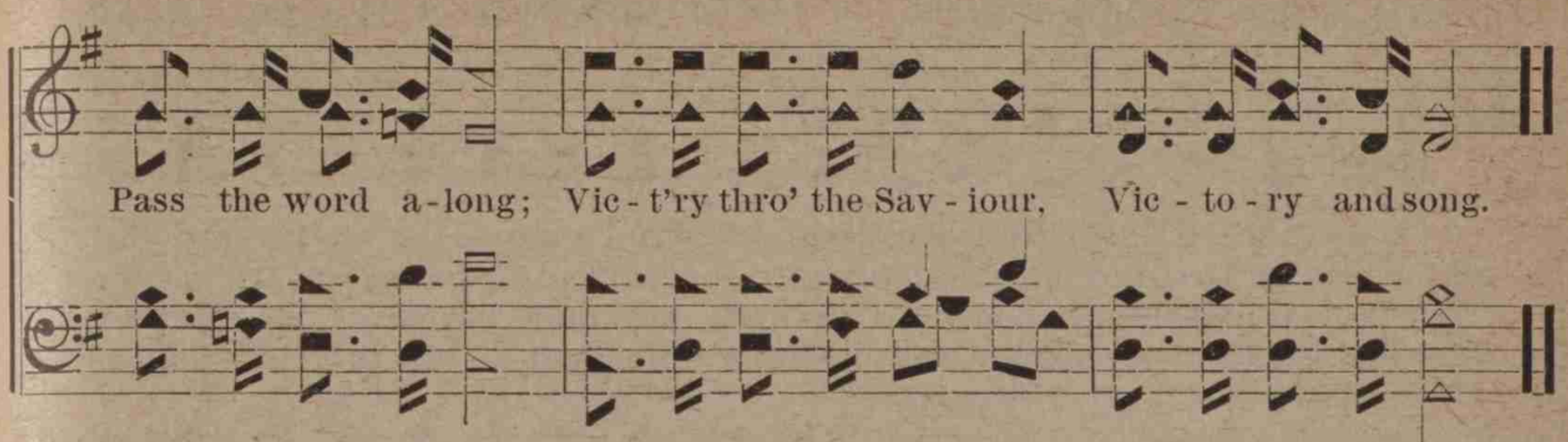
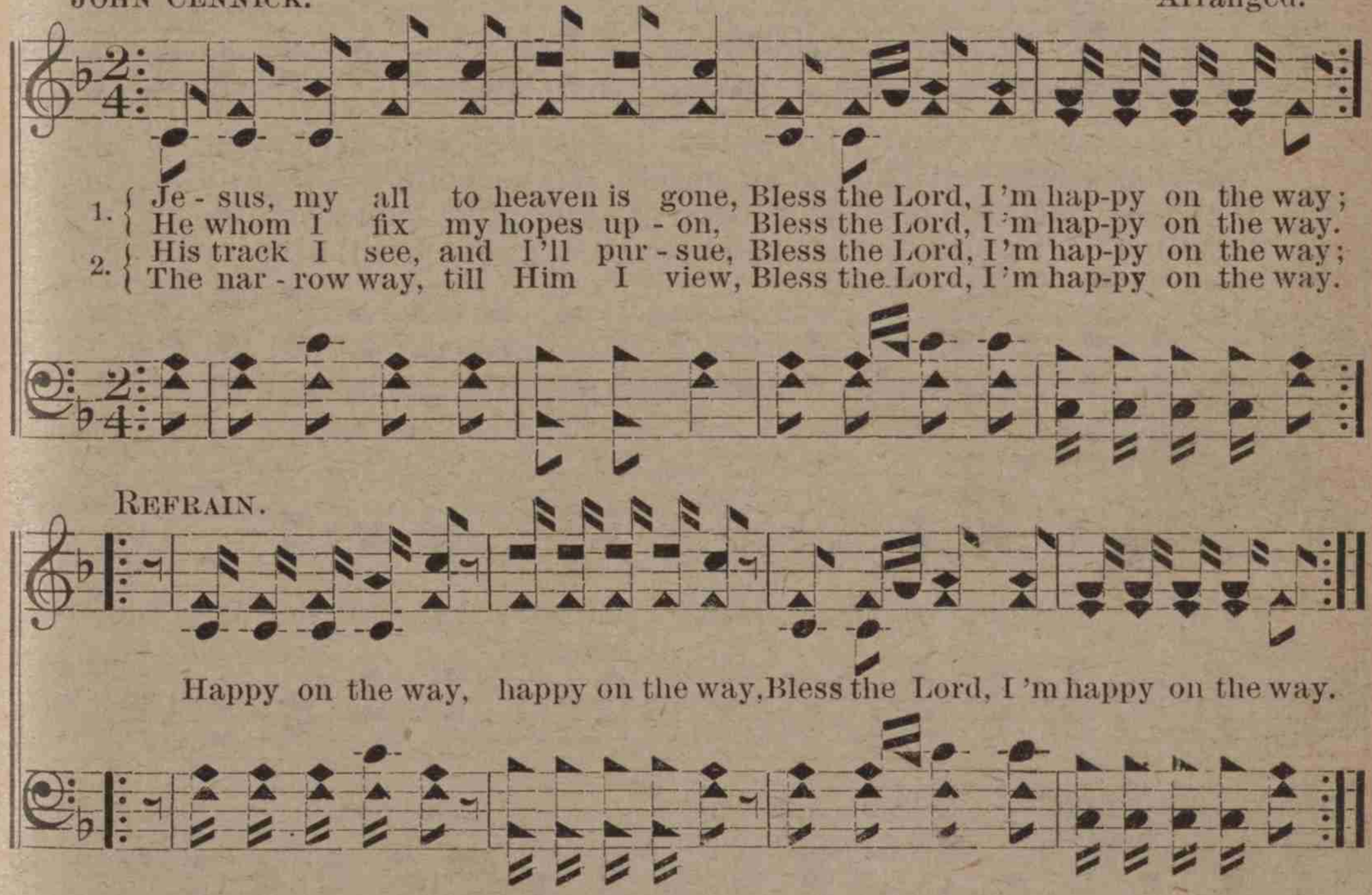
Hear the Shout of Triumph. Concluded.

No. 104. Happy on the Way.

JOHN CENNICK. Arranged.



3 The way the holy prophets went,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
The road that leads from banishment,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

4 The King's highway of holiness,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
I'll go, for all His paths are peace,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

5 This is the way I long have sought,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
And mourned because I found it not,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

6 My grief a burden long has been,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Because I was not saved from sin,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

7 The more I strove against its power,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
I felt its weight and guilt the more,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

8 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

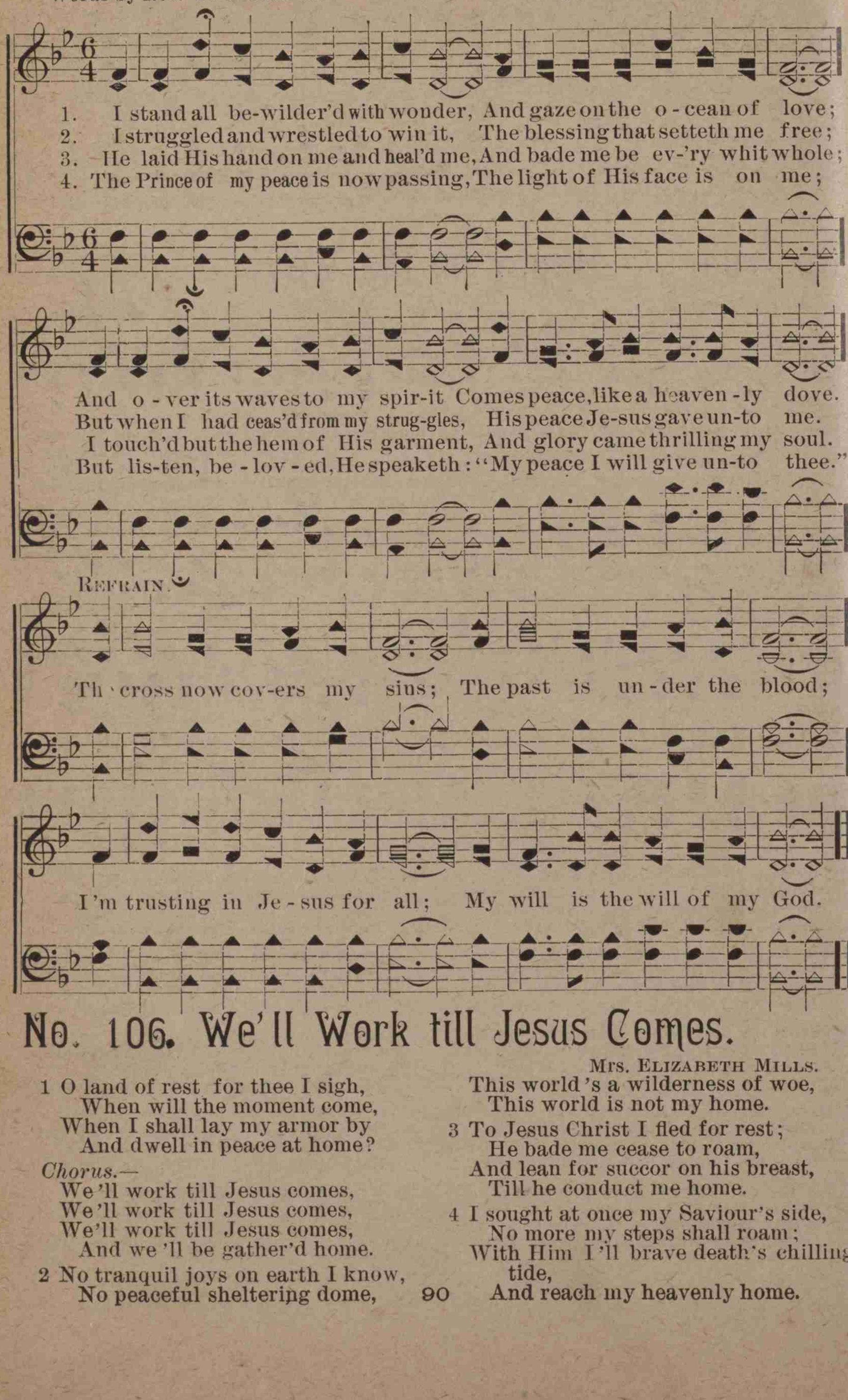
6 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

10 Nothing but sin have I to give,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Nothing but love shall I receive,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

11 Then will I tell to sinners round,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
What a dear Saviour I have found,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

12 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
And say, "Behold the way to God,"
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

No. 105. The Prince of my Peace.

Words by Rev. W. F. CRAFTS. Music by W. G. FISCHER. By per.

No. 106. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

1 O land of rest for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home?

Chorus.—
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we 'll be gather'd home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
Till he conduct me home.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

No. 107. How Sad it will Be.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP.
Fourth Verse by PEARSON.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

DUET, SOPRANO AND TENOR.

1. How sad it will be when the end draws near, If
2. How sad it will be when the judg - ment comes, To
3. How sad it will be when E - ter - ni - ty dawns, If
4. How oft you have heard the sweet mes - sage of peace, But

Christless your spir-it shall be; And hopeless you shrink as you slow-ly sink, And
stand at the left of the Throne, When those on the right, with their garments bright, The
you are outside of the gate; Your chances all gone while you stood so long, Your
still you've refused to be saved; Your chances are passing, your life will cease, And

CHORUS.

doom that is endless you see. Lost! lost! lost! endless will be your
King in His glory shall own.
wail will then be, It 's too late.
mer-cy will end at the grave.

fate, Hopeless and cheerless your aw-ful doom, Your wail: Too late! too late!

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No. 108. I Will Flee unto Jesus.

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

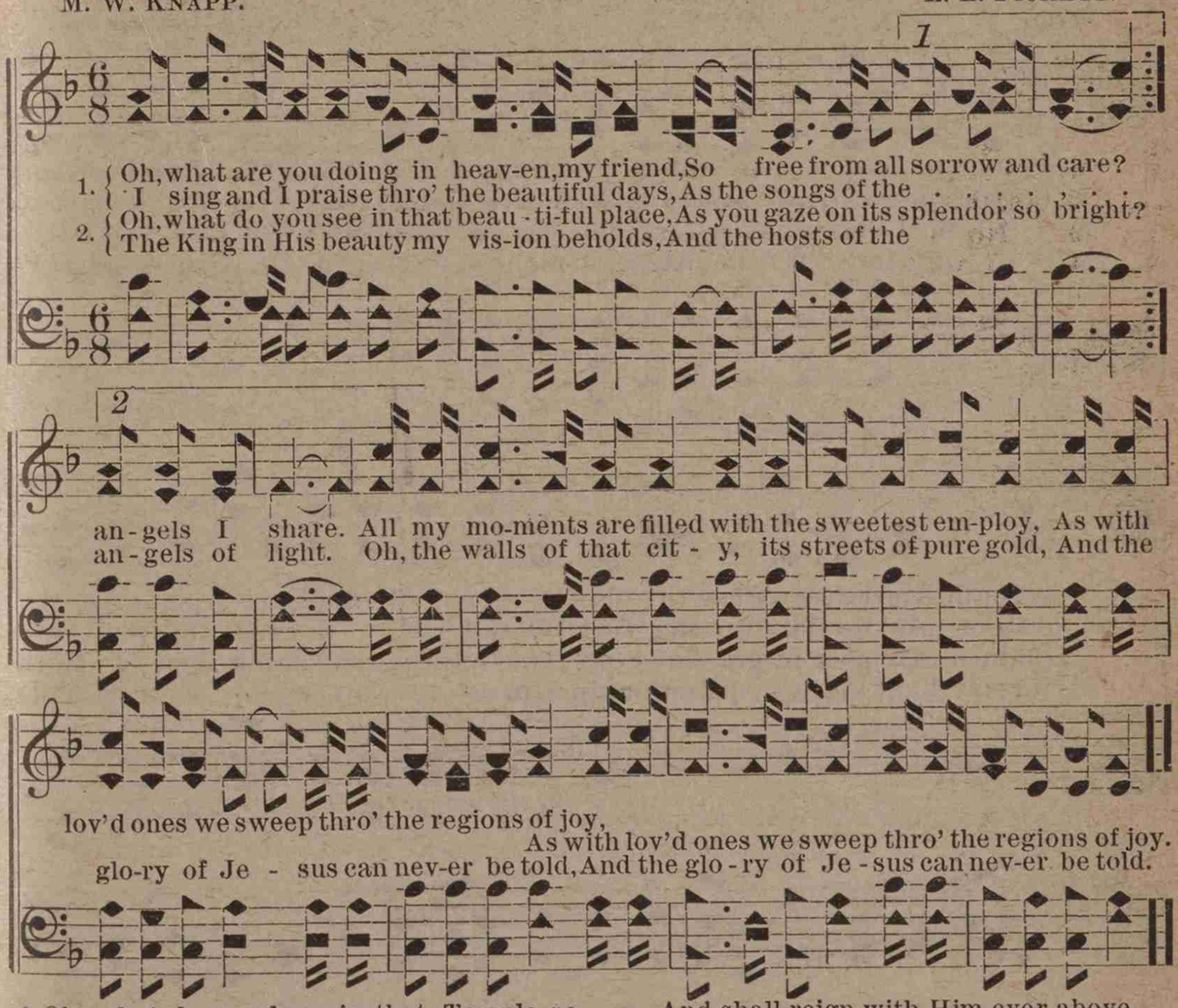
1. When seeking pardon for my guilt, I will flee un - to Je-sus; For me His precious blood He spilt, I will flee un - to Je-sus.
2. When seeking sanc-ti- fy- ing grace, I will flee un - to Je-sus; He will re-veal His smil-ing face, I will flee un - to Je-sus.
3. When Satan comes to tempt my soul, I will flee un - to Je-sus; When floods of sorrow o'er me roll, I will flee un - to Je-sus.
4. When struggling hard with doubt and fear, I will flee unto Jesus; He is a friend that's ev - er near, I will flee un - to Je-sus.

CHORUS.

I will flee un - to Je-sus, I will flee un - to Je-sus, . . . When the waves of trou-ble o'er me roll; I will flee un - to Je-sus, I will flee un - to Je-sus, I will flee un - to Je-sus,

No. 109. Communion with the Glorified.

And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, *and his servants shall serve him.* Rev. xxii: 3.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. { Oh, what are you doing in heav-en, my friend, So free from all sorrow and care?
   { I sing and I praise thro' the beautiful days, As the songs of the . . . . . .
2. { Oh, what do you see in that beau - ti-ful place, As you gaze on its splendor so bright?
   { The King in His beauty my vis-ion beholds, And the hosts of the

an - gels I share. All my mo-ments are filled with the sweetest em-ploy, As with
an - gels of light. Oh, the walls of that cit - y, its streets of pure gold, And the

lov'd ones we sweep thro' the regions of joy,
As with lov'd ones we sweep thro' the regions of joy.

glo-ry of Je - sus can nev-er be told, And the glo - ry of Je - sus can nev-er be told.

3 Oh, what do you hear in that Temple so grand,
So far from all discord and strife?
I hear the sweet songs of the purified throngs,
As they sing by the river of life,
As before the Redeemer with praises they flour of all. :‖
fall,
‖: And enthrone Him the King and the Sav-
And shall reign with Him ever above.
His kings and His priests, all their joys are gold. :‖
untold,
‖: As His riches they share in this city of

4 Oh, who can abide in that beautiful land,
And the King in His beauty adore?
I 'm certain that only the bloodwashed come,
And can shine on this heavenly shore.
In the fountain of cleansing made spotless of light. :‖
and white,
‖: They will praise Him forever in mansions

5 Oh, what do they have in that wonderful place,
Who are saved and made perfect in love?
Oh, heirs of creation with Jesus they are,

6 Will joys never end in that city of God?
They are transient and fleeting below.
No, never, 'tis promised they never shall end
While the years of eternity flow.
O glory to Jesus that He should prepare
‖: Such a Heaven for mortals forever to share. :‖

7 Oh, who may prepare for such glory untold,
And this moment decide and believe?
The King has declared that whoever will come
And submit, shall a mansion receive.
Obey and believe, and be washed from your sin, Christ you shall win. :‖
‖: And the crown and the kingdom through

No. 110. O for a Closer Walk with God.

WILLIAM COWPER.

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

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

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

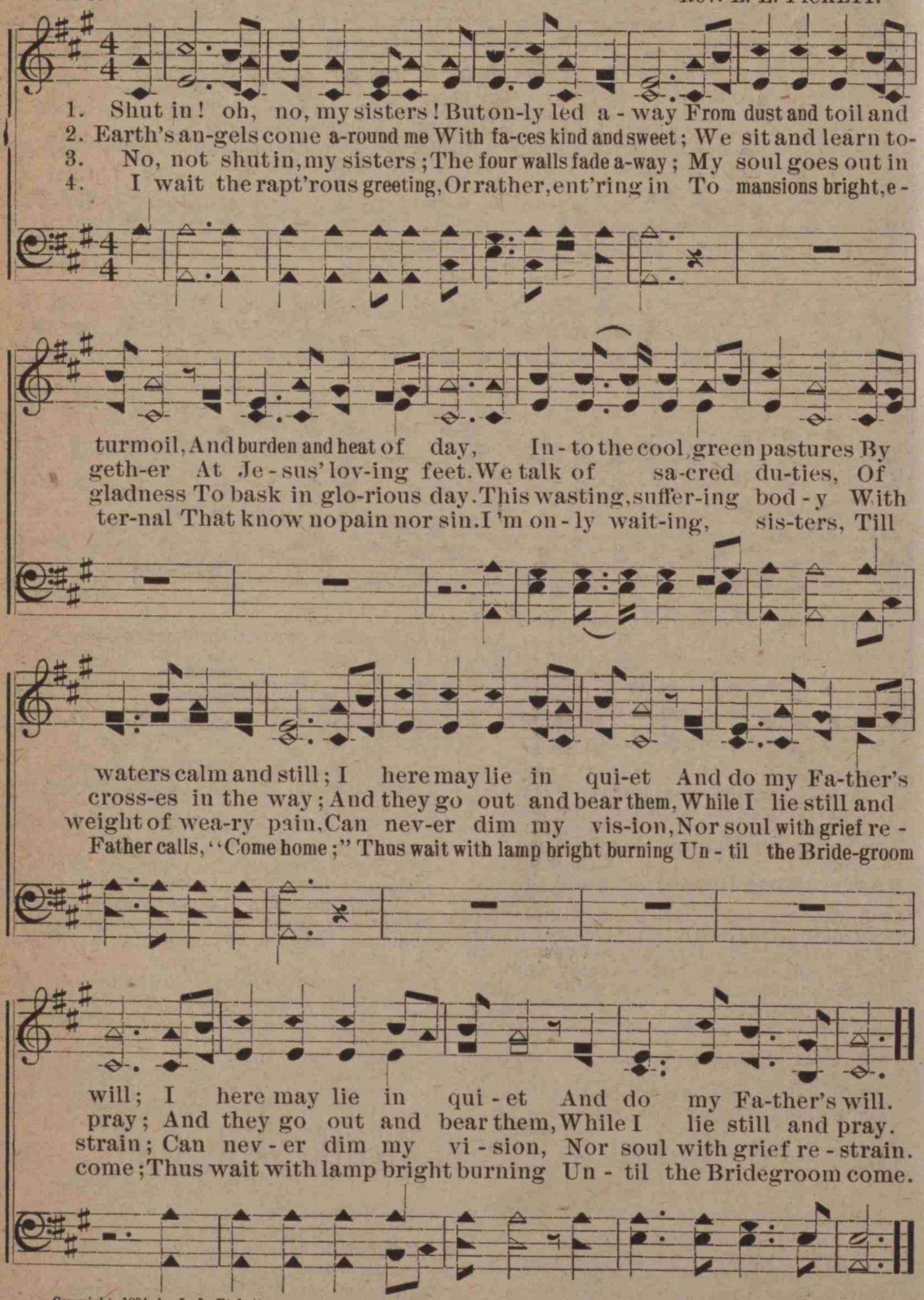
4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

No. 111. Shut in.

Dedicated to our brothers and sisters, who, under the ministry of sickness and infirmities, are ripening for glory.

ANON. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Shut in! oh, no, my sisters! But on-ly led a - way From dust and toil and turmoil, And burden and heat of day, In - to the cool, green pastures By waters calm and still; I here may lie in qui-et And do my Fa-ther's will.
2. Earth's an-gels come a-round me With fa-ces kind and sweet; We sit and learn to-geth-er At Je - sus' lov-ing feet. We talk of sa-cred du-ties, Of cross-es in the way; And they go out and bear them, While I lie still and pray.
3. No, not shut in, my sisters; The four walls fade a-way; My soul goes out in gladness To bask in glo-rious day. This wasting, suffer-ing bod - y With weight of wea-ry pain, Can nev-er dim my vis-ion, Nor soul with grief re - strain.
4. I wait the rapt'rous greeting, Or rather, ent'ring in To mansions bright, e - ter-nal That know no pain nor sin. I 'm on - ly wait-ing, sis-ters, Till Father calls, "Come home;" Thus wait with lamp bright burning Un - til the Bride-groom come.



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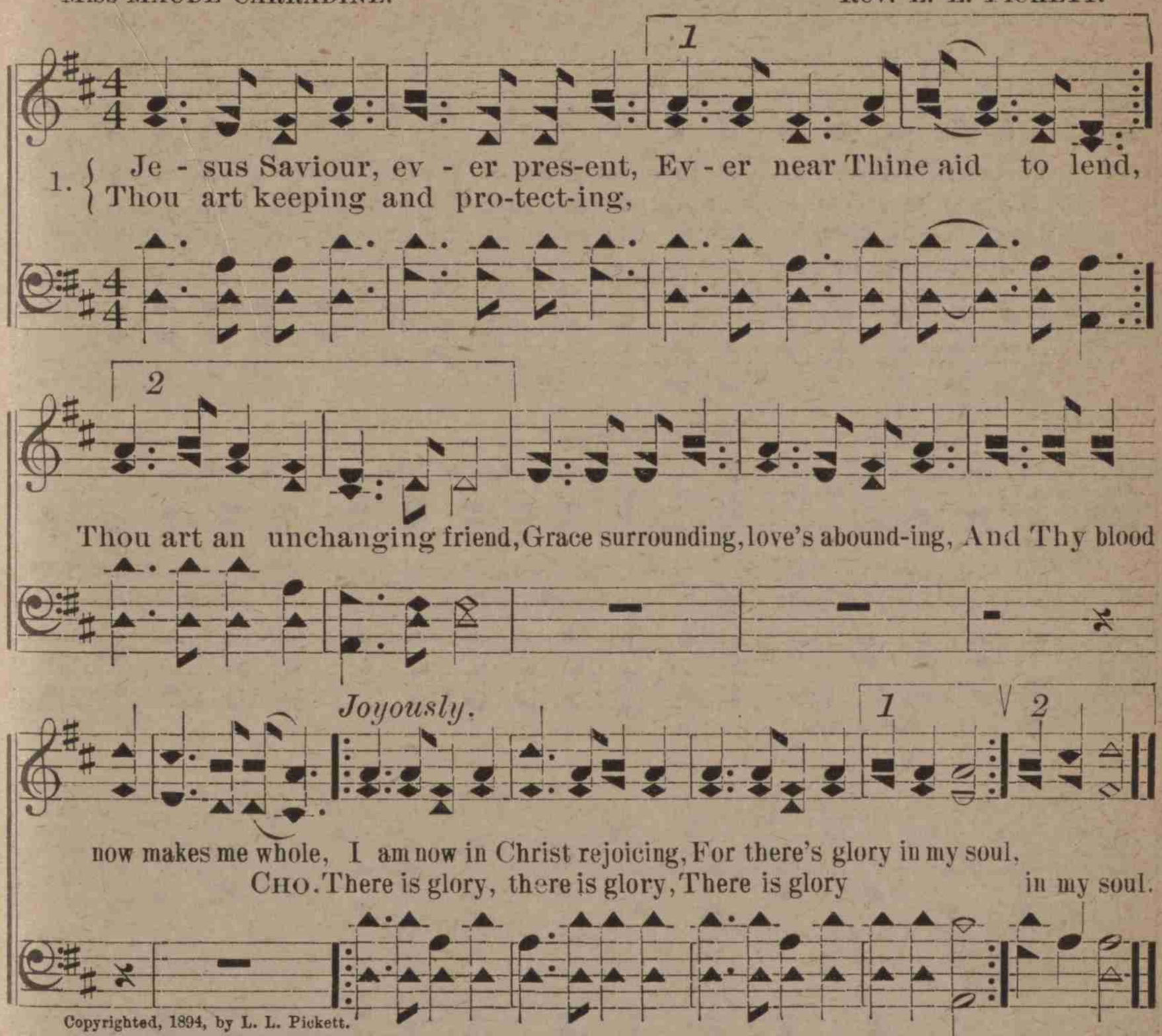
No. 112. Glory in my Soul.

Miss MAUDE CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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2 Jesus Saviour, Thou dost bless me
Every moment, every hour,
O how sweet to rest securely
In Thy precious, "keeping power."
I'm believing and receiving,
And Thy peace doth o'er me roll;
I am now in Christ abiding,
Oh, there's glory in my soul.

3 Precious Saviour, Thou art guiding
Every step; yes, day by day;
Thy word lights the darkest pathway,
And my feet shall never stray.
Fears are groundless, mercy's bound-less,
All my life Thou dost control;
Oh, my heart is filled with gladness,
And there's glory in my soul,

No. 113. A Revival Battle-Song.

Tune.—"HOLD THE FORT." M. W. KNAPP.

1 Hear and heed the Gospel message
Echoed from the skies,
Jesus Christ has come to save you
For your sins He dies.

Chorus.—
All this world belongs to Jesus,
Now He claims His own;
He will save you if you 'll trust Him,
Save you every one.

2 Rum and whiskey and tobacco,
Never saved a soul;
Christ, the Lord, alone can save you,
He will make you whole.

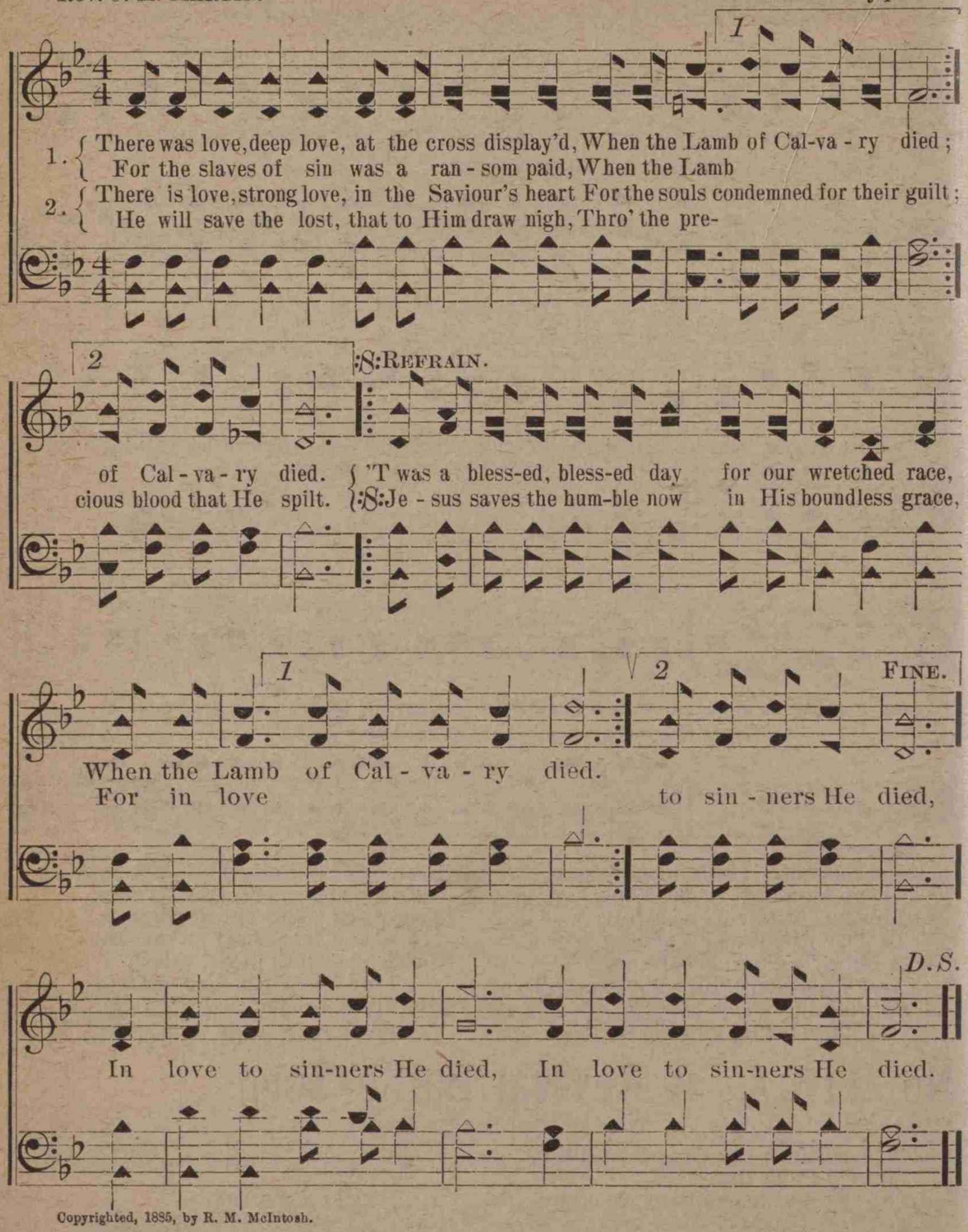
3 Wealth and business, mirth and pleasure,
All will pass away,
But the treasures Christ will give you
Never can decay.

4 Let not frowns nor false professors
Keep from Christ to-day;
Haste to seek Him, haste to serve Him,
Sinner, while you may.

5 Make your choice for hell or heaven,
Where you soon will be;
There to spend the countless ages
Of eternity.

No. 114. The Lamb of Calvary.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.



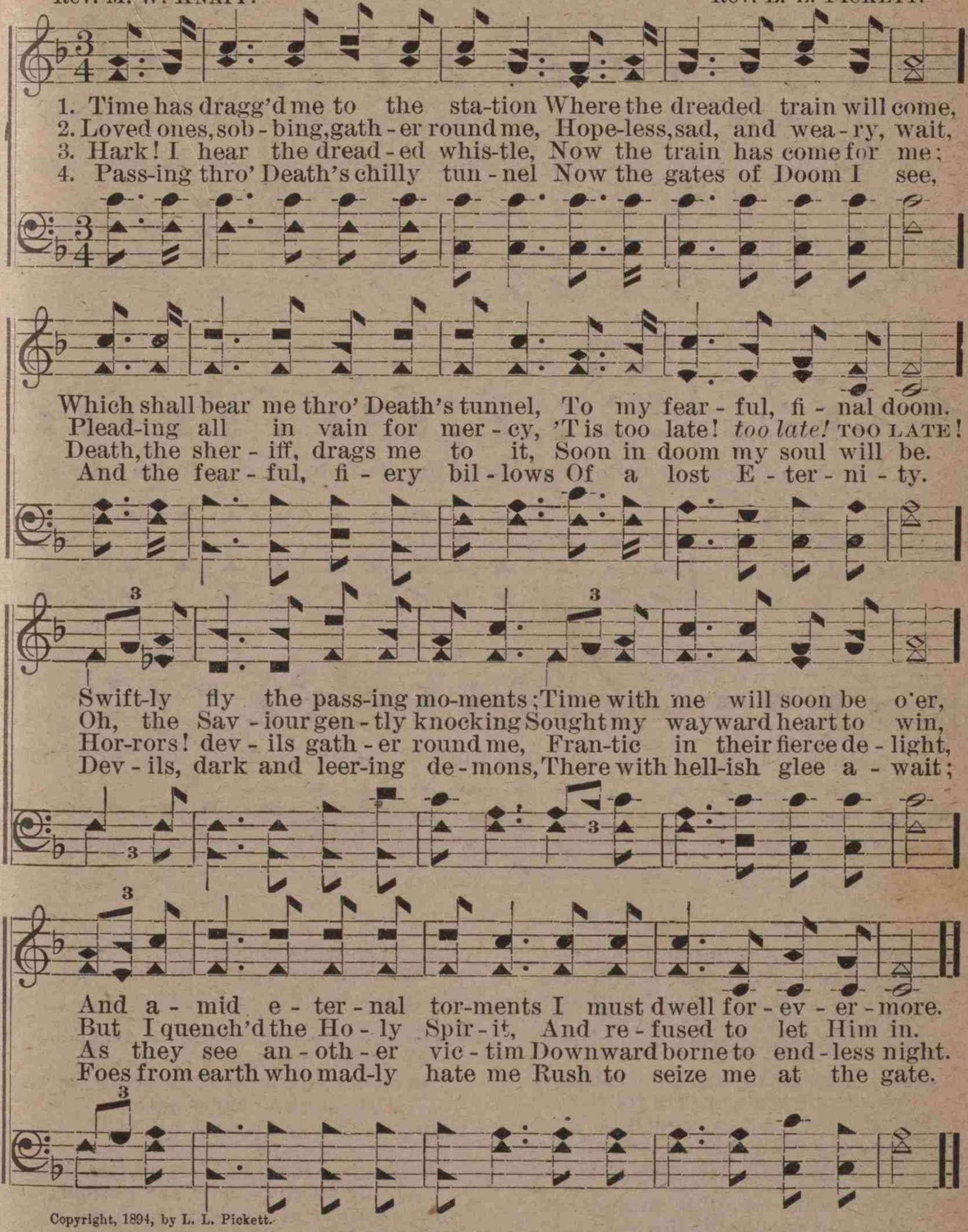
Copyrighted, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.

3 There is love, warm love, in the Saviour's heart
For the troubled, wretched, and weak;
In His boundless grace He will peace impart
To the mourner, lowly and meek.

4 Unto Jesus come with your load of grief,
And repose by faith on His breast,
There your burdened spirit shall find relief—
On the Lamb of Calvary rest.

No. 115. The Sinner at the Station.

A dying infidel shrieked—"See! see! do you not see them? They've come for me; I must go to my own place." His last words were "Damned! damned! forever damned!" *Revival Kindlings*, page 274.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

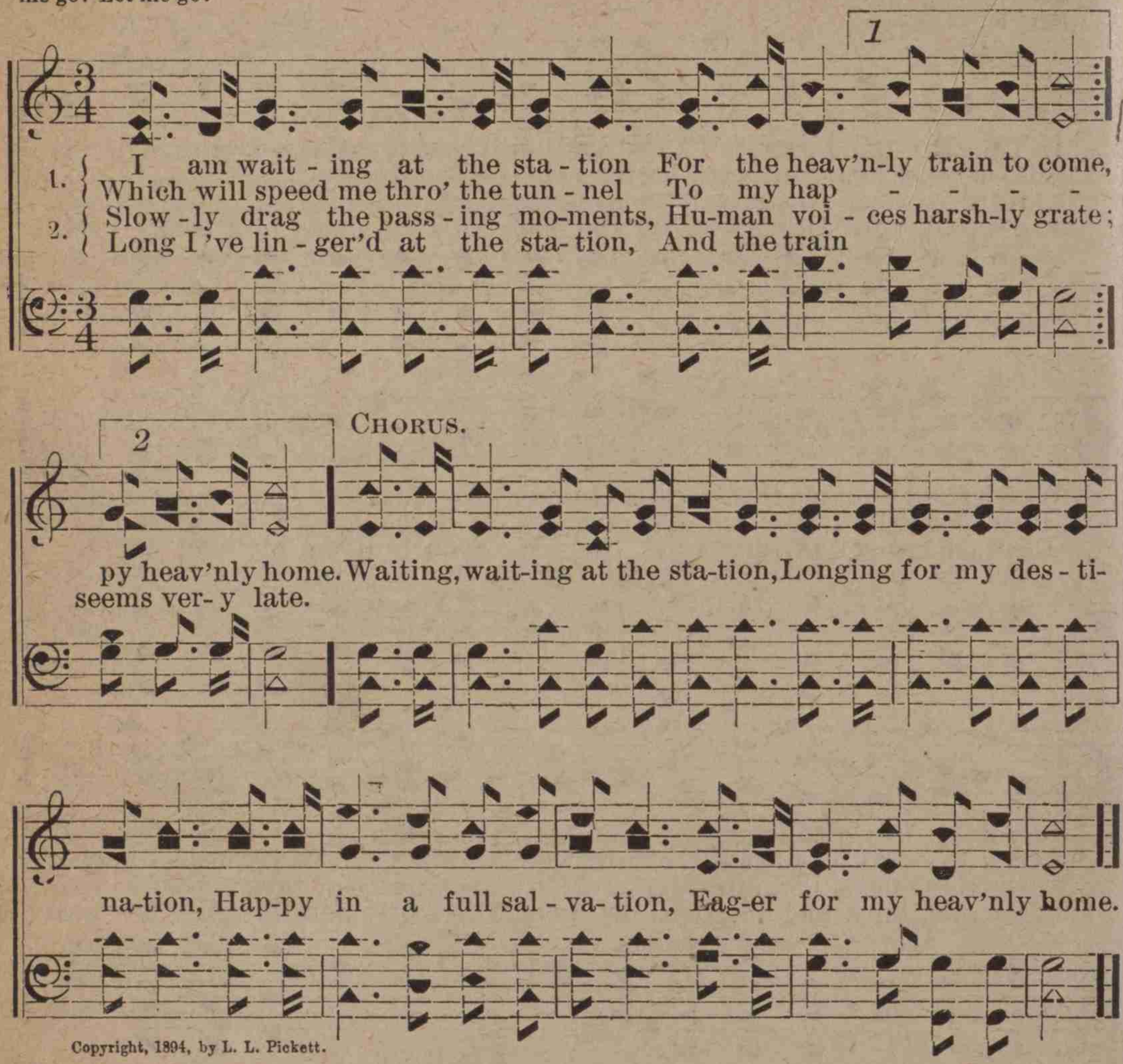
5 See them! see them! drive them from me!
Snatch me from their fury fierce
Or their torments on forever
Will my sinking spirit pierce.
Horrors dark past all expression,
Seize my wretched, sinful soul,
As the waves of dark damnation
O'er my guilty spirit roll.

6 Oh, remember, dying sinners,
What your fearful doom will be,
If you do not turn from evil
And to Jesus quickly flee.
On the cross He died to save you
From your sins and fearful fate;
Oh, accept His proffered mercy
Ere you cry "*Too late!* TOO LATE!"

No. 116. The Christian at the Station.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

The day before my father died he became very anxious to go and said repeatedly, "Let me go! Let me go! Let me go!"



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

3 Here the air is damp and chilly,
And the light burns very low,
Fastly fall the dark'ning shadows,
And my spirit longs to go.
Chorus.— Waiting, waiting, etc.

4 Hark! I hear the welcome whistle,
Now the train appears for me;
Loved ones bear me gently to it,
Soon my home my eyes shall see.
Chorus.— Waiting, waiting, etc.

5 Listen! what seraphic singing!
See! the angels fill the sky!
Heaven with loudest praise is ringing;
Let me go! good-bye! good-bye!
Chorus.— No more waiting, etc.

6 Passing thro' Death's lighted tunnel
Heaven's spires I now behold,
And its walls of gleaming jasper,
With its streets of shining gold.
Chorus.— No more waiting, etc.

7 See! my Saviour comes to meet me,
O what welcomes glad await;
Loved ones fly with smiles to greet me,
As I pass the pearly gate.
Chorus.— No more waiting, etc.

8 Heaven's triumphant raptures fill me,
All my sorrows now are passed;
Joys immortal sweetly thrill me,
Glory! I am Home at last.
Chorus.—
No more waiting at the station,
Longing for my destination;
Happy in a full salvation,
Glad to reach my Heavenly home.

No. 117. Wonderful Love of Jesus.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

From "Holy Voices," by per.

No. 118. I Could not do without Thee.

Miss HAVERGAL. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I could not do without Thee, O Saviour of the lost, Whose precious blood re-
2. I could not do without Thee, I can-not stand a-lone; I have no strength or
3. I could not do without Thee, For years are fleeting fast, And soon in sol-emn

deem'd me At such tre-men-dous cost; Thy righteousness, Thy par-don, Thy
goodness, No wis-dom of my own. But Thou, be-lov-ed Sav-iour, Art
si-lence The riv-er must be pass'd; But Thou wilt nev-er leave me, And,

sac-ri-fice must be My on-ly hope and comfort, My glo-ry and my plea.
all in all to me, And weakness will be power, If leaning hard on Thee.
tho' the waves roll high, I know Thou wilt be near me, And whisper, "It is I."

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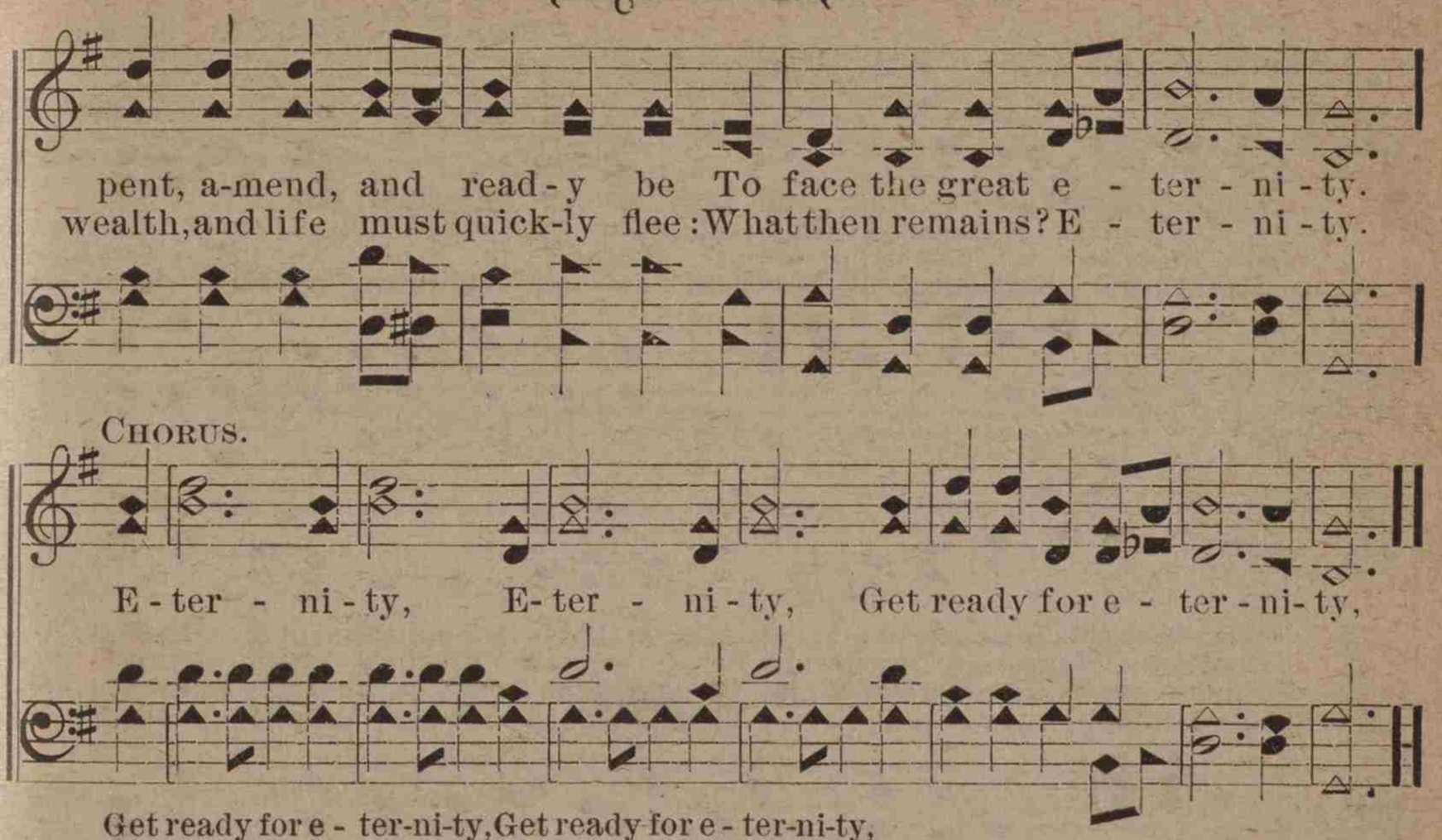
No. 119. Eternity.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. Ah, dy-ing sinner, think on death, That last dark hour of fail-ing breath, Re-
2. Tho' all the world were now thine own, Its amplest wealth, its brightest crown; Crown,

Eternity. Concluded.



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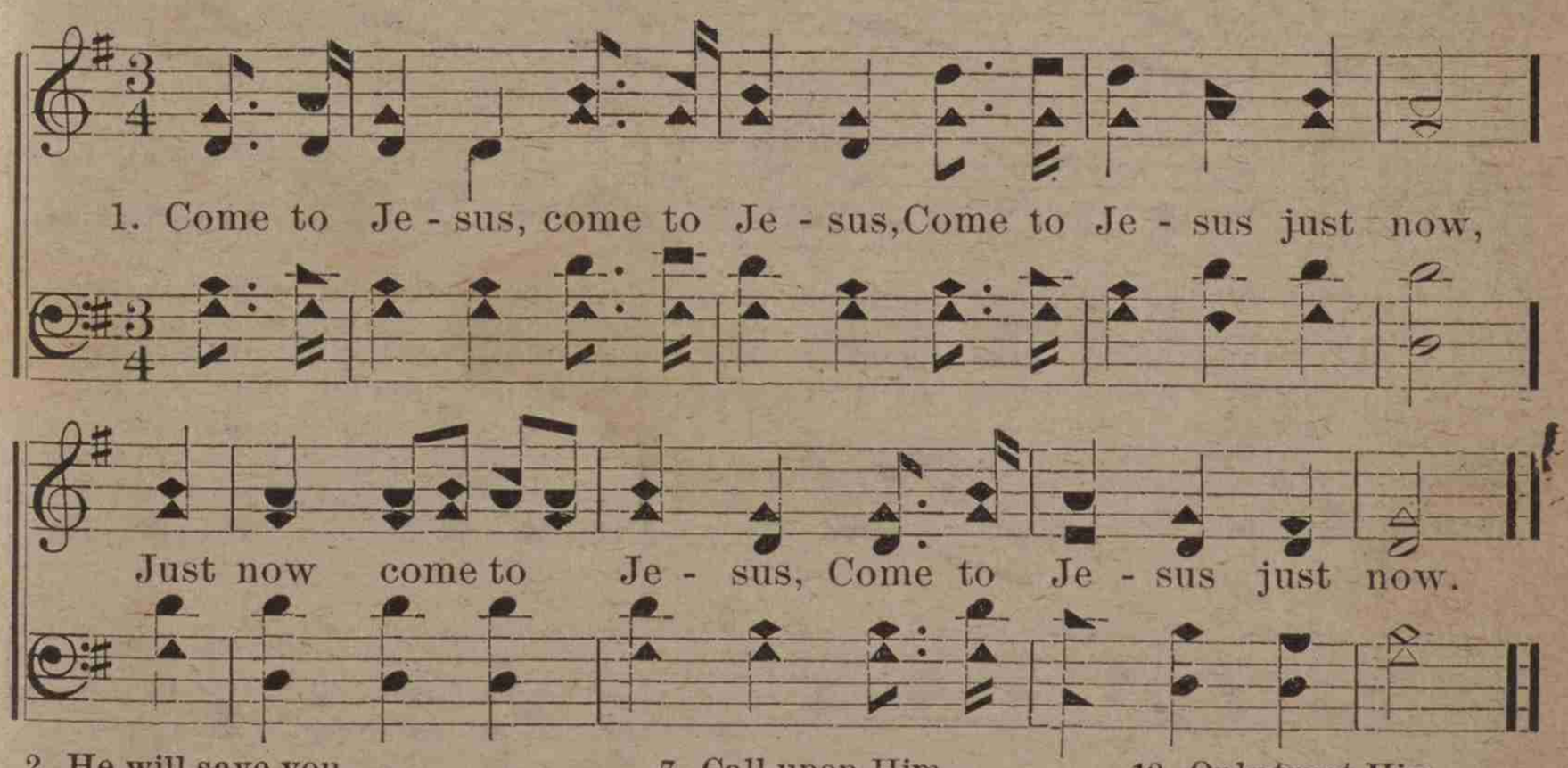
3 Hark! the last trumpet smites thine ear;
"Awake, arise, the Judge is near!"
O tremble, sinner, for to thee
His doom will stamp eternity.

4 Be timely wise, in Christ's true faith
Abide, and shun the second death;
So shall thy soul from guilt be free,
And live throughout eternity.

5 What eye can tell the starry train?
The drops that fill the watery main?
Yet these have end, the stars, the sea;
Thy years have none, eternity.

6 Bethink thee, sinner, o'er and o'er,
How dread a word is "evermore."
Time hath its end, but who shall see
The ending of eternity?

No. 120. Come to Jesus.



2. He will save you.
3. Oh, believe Him.
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He 'll receive you.
7. Call upon Him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto Him.
10. He 'll forgive you.
11. Flee to Jesus.
12. Only trust Him.
13. Jesus loves you.
14. Don't reject Him.
15. I believe Him.
16. Hallelujah, Amen.

No. 121. Some Mother's Child.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. By per.

SOPRANO AND ALTO. *With expression.*

1. At home or a - way, in the al - ley or street, Wher-ev - er I
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled, Whose hearts have grown
3. No mat - ter how deep he is sunk-en in sin, No mat - ter how
4. That head hath been pil - lowed on ten - der - est breast, That form hath been

chance in this wide world to meet A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is
hardened, whose spirits are cold, Be it woman all fall - en, or man all de -
much he is shunned by his kin, No mat - ter how foul is his foun-tain of
wept o'er, those lips have been pressed, That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and

wild, My heart ech-oes soft-ly, "It is some mother's child," My heart ech-oes
filed, A voice whispers sad-ly, "It is some mother's child," A - voice whispers
joy, Though guilt-y and loathesome, he is some mother's boy, Though guilt - y and
mild, For her sake deal gently with some mother's child, For her sake deal

REFRAIN.

soft - ly, "It is some moth-er's child." Some mother's child, some moth-er's
sad - ly, "It is some moth-er's child." Some mother's child, some moth-er's
loathesome, he is some moth-er's boy. Some mother's boy some moth-er's
gen - tly with some moth-er's child. Some mother's child, some moth-er's

child, My heart ech - oes soft - ly, "It is some moth - er's child."
child, A voice whis - pers sad - ly, "It is some moth - er's child."
boy, Though guilt - y and loathesome, he is some moth - er's boy.
child, For her sake deal gen - tly with some moth - er's child.

Copyrighted, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 122. The Lord Will Provide.

Mrs. M. A. W. Cooke. L. L. Pickett.

1. In some way or oth - er The Lord will provide; It may not be my way, It may not be thy way, And yet in His own way, "The
2. At some time or oth - er The Lord will provide; It may not be my time, It may not be thy time, And yet in His own time, "The
3. Despond then no long-er, The Lord will provide; And this be the to - ken— No word He hath spoken Was ev - er yet brok-en,—"The
4. March on, then, right bold-ly, The sea shall di-vide; The pathway made glorious, With shoutings vic-torious, We'll join in the cho-rus, "The

Chorus.

Lord will provide." Then we'll trust in the Lord, What - ev - er be - tide; Yes, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will pro - vide.

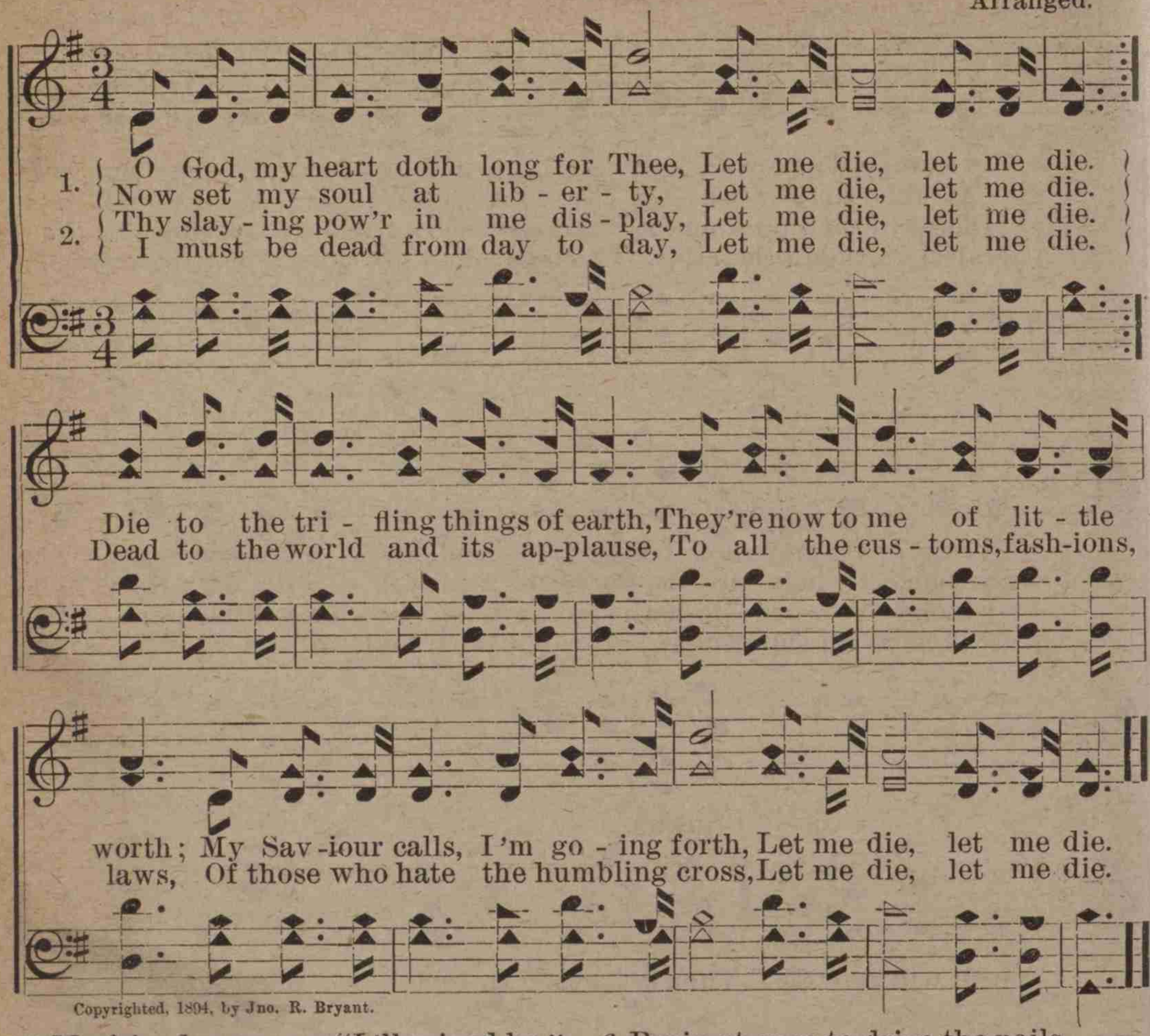
No. 123. Consecration. S. M.

Tune.—"LABAN." Charles Wesley.

1 Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I,
Restore to Thee Thine own;
And from this moment, live or die,
To serve my God alone.

No. 124. Let me Die.

Arranged.

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3 My friends may say "I 'll ruined be,"
If I die.
If I leave all and follow Thee,
But I 'll die.
Their arguments will never weigh,
Nor stand the trying judgment day;
Help me to cast them all away,
Let me die.

4 Oh, I must die to scoffs and jeers,
Let me die.
I must be freed from slavish fears,
Let me die.
So dead that no desire shall rise
To pass for good, or great, or wise,
In any but my Saviour's eyes:
Let me die.

5 If Christ would live and reign in me,
I must die.
Like Him I crucified must be,
I must die.
Lord, drive the nails, nor heed the groans, [moans,
My flesh may writhe and make its
But in this way, and this alone,
I must die.

6 Begin at once to drive the nails,
Let me die:
Oh, suffer not my heart to fail,
Let me die.
Jesus, I look to Thee for power,
To help me to endure the hour
When, crucified by sovereign power,
I shall die.

7 When I am dead, then, Lord, to Thee,
I shall live;
My time, my strength, my all to Thee,
I will give.
Oh, may the Son now make me free!
Here, Lord, I give my all to Thee,
For time and for eternity
I will live.

8 The carnal mind once troubled me,
But it died;
He sanctified and made me free,
So it died.
So dead that no desires arise
To pass for good, or great, or wise,
In any but my Saviour's eyes,
So I live.

No. 125. The Opened Fountain.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Once I lived in bit - ter bondage, But my Sav - iour set me free; Once I
2. Soon I felt in-dwell-ing e - vil Rise un - bid - den in my heart, Then I
3. When my all I yield-ed to Him, And to sin and self had died, Then by
4. Sweet and pre-cious is His ser-vice, And my soul is on the wing, While I
5. Oh, I long for His ap-pear-ing, For I know He 'll come again, And with

stumbled on in darkness, Once was blind, but now I see, Once I lived in condemnation,
looked a-gain to Je-sus, And He bade it all depart, Filled me with the Holy Spirit,
trusting in His promise I was ful - ly sanc-ti-fied. Now my will is lost in Je-sus,
trust Him ev'ry moment, As my Prophet, Priest, and King. And I feel that soon my body
all the saints, and angels, On the earth with might shall reign. Then He 'll banish ev'ry evil,

Heavy burdened, day by day, But my Saviour brought salvation, Washed my many sins away.
Washed me whiter than the snow; Giving joy in all its fulness, Making earth a heav'n below.
He's my Strength, my Life, my Light. He's my Comfort when in sorrow, And is with me day and night.
Shall His glorious image bear, When in mansions bright, eternal. All His glory I shall share.
And will conquer ev'ry foe; And instead of thorns and briars Shall the rose and myrtle grow.

CHORUS.

O the Foun - tain opened wide, By my Sav - iour cruci - fied;
O, the Fountain opened wide, opened wide, By my Saviour crucified, crucified;

There I found . . this perfect cleansing, There I safe - ly now a - bide.
There I found this perfect cleansing, There I safely now a - bide.

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No. 126. The Life-Boat.

First 3 verses ANON.
Last 4 by Rev. M. M. BRABHAM.

Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.

SOLO.

1. We're float-ing down the stream of time, We have not long to stay;
2. Sometimes we've felt dis-cour-ag - ed, And thought it all in vain,
3. The Life-boat soon is com-ing, By the eye of Faith I see,

The storm - y clouds of dark - ness Will turn to brightest day.
For us to live a Christian life, And walk in Je - sus' name.
As she sweeps thro' the wa - ters To res-cue you and me,

Then let us all take cour - age, For we're not left a - lone;
But then we heard the Mas-ter say, I'll lend a help-ing hand;
And land us safe - ly in the port With friends we love so dear.

The life-boat soon is com - ing To gath-er the jew - els home.
And if you'll on - ly trust me I'll guide you to that land.
"Get read - y," cries the Cap - tain. Oh! look, she is al - most here.

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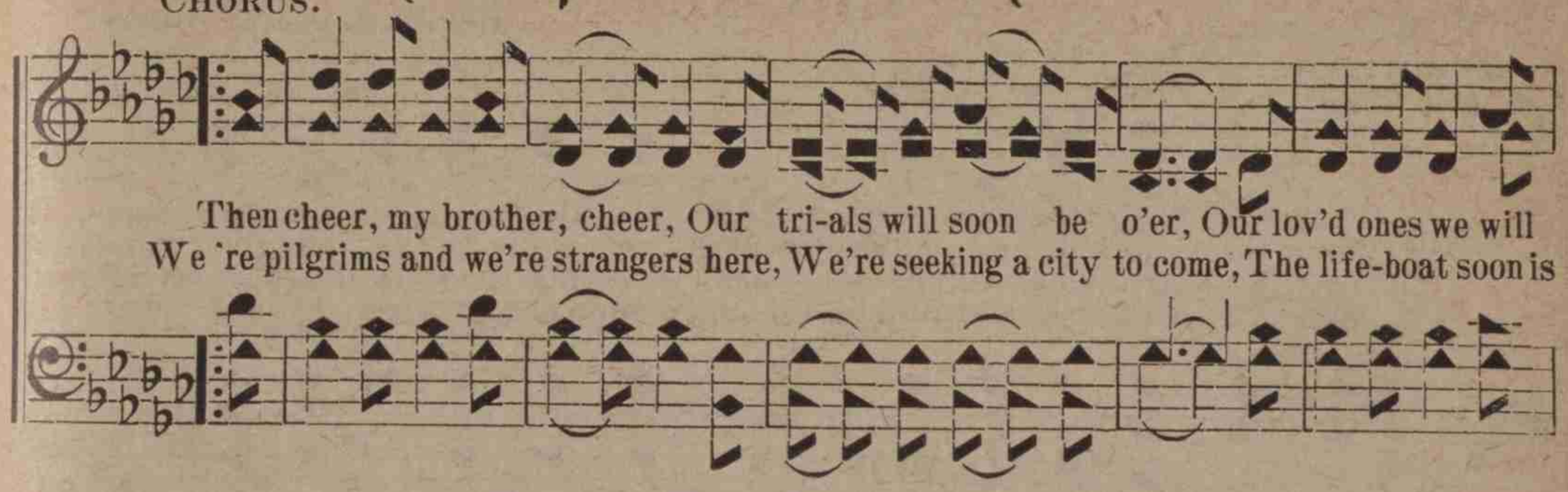
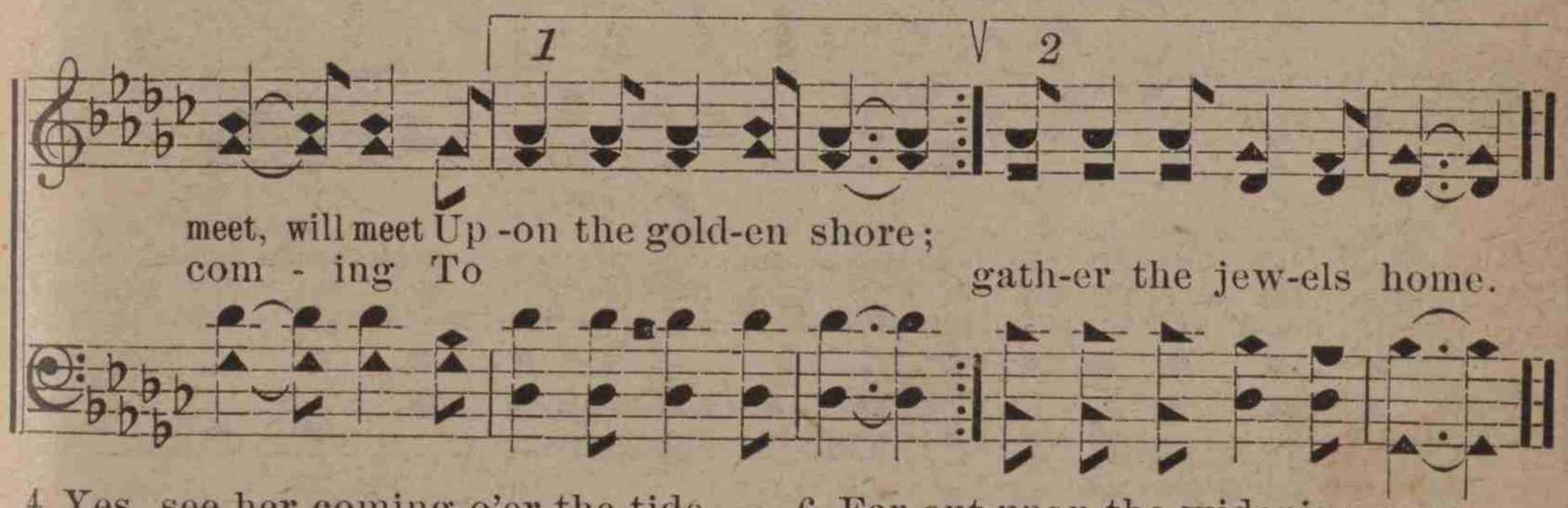
The Life-Boat. Concluded.

CHORUS.



4 Yes, see her coming o'er the tide
With banners all unfurled;
She comes from heavenly ports afar,
To take us from this world.
"Aboard, aboard," the Captain cries,
Let every pilgrim come,
And once upon the Life-boat,
I'll bear you safely home."

5 Behold all things are ready now,
The bells begin to ring,
The Captain stands upon the prow,
And all the pilgrims sing.
The breezes fill the canvas,
The waters rush and foam,
For we 're upon the Life-boat,
And on our journey home.

6 Far out upon the widening seas
Our Captain steers the way,
And yonder in the eastern skies
We see the gleaming day.
Oh, yes, we see the distant shore,
We hear the ransomed sing,
And every breeze that comes this way
The sweetest odors bring.

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

No. 127. Sinners, Turn; why will ye Die?

REV. C. WESLEY, 1745.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands:
Asks the work of His own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

No. 128. Shall we Know Each Other There?

W. M. Rev. R. LOWRY. By per.

1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing In the bright ce - les - tial dome,
2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band,
3. Yes, my earth-worn soul re - joi - ces, And my wea - ry heart grows light,
4. Oh, ye wea - ry, sad, and toss'd ones, Droop not, faint not, by the way;

When sweet an - gel voi - ces sing - ing Glad - ly bid us wel - come home
Shall we know the friends that greet us, In the glo - rious spir - it land?
For the thrill-ing an - gel voi - ces, And the an - gel fa - ces bright;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones In the land of per - fect day!

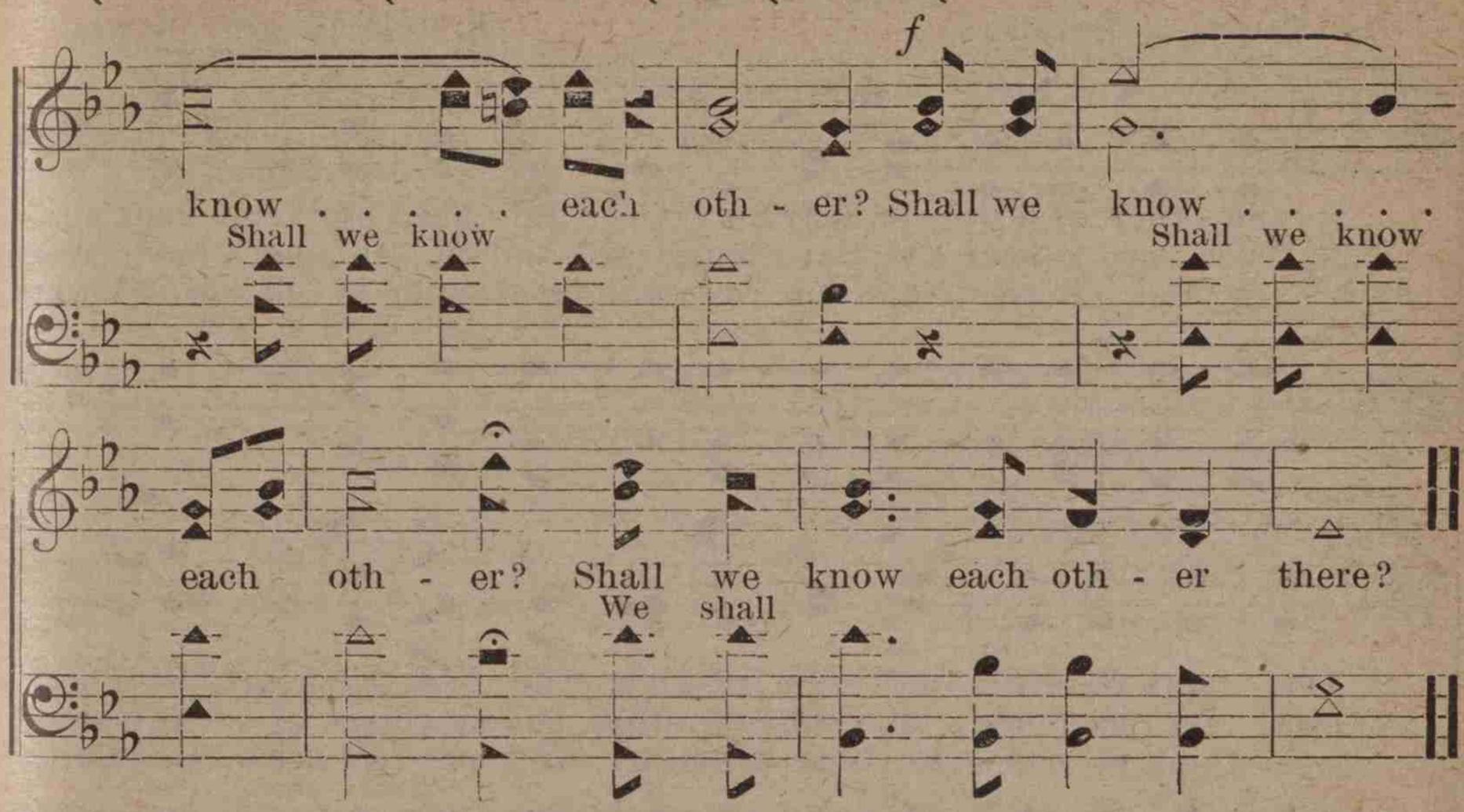
To the land of an-cient sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care;
Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing On us, as in days of yore?
That shall welcome us in heav - en, Are the lov'd of long a - go,
Harp-strings touch'd by an-gel fin - gers, Mur - mur in my rap-tured ear,

In that land of life and glo - ry, Shall we know each oth - er there?
Shall we feel their dear arms twin - ing Fond - ly round us, as be - fore?
And to them 't is kind - ly giv - en Thus their earth - ly friends to know.
Ev - er - more their sweet song lin - gers, "We shall know each oth - er there!"

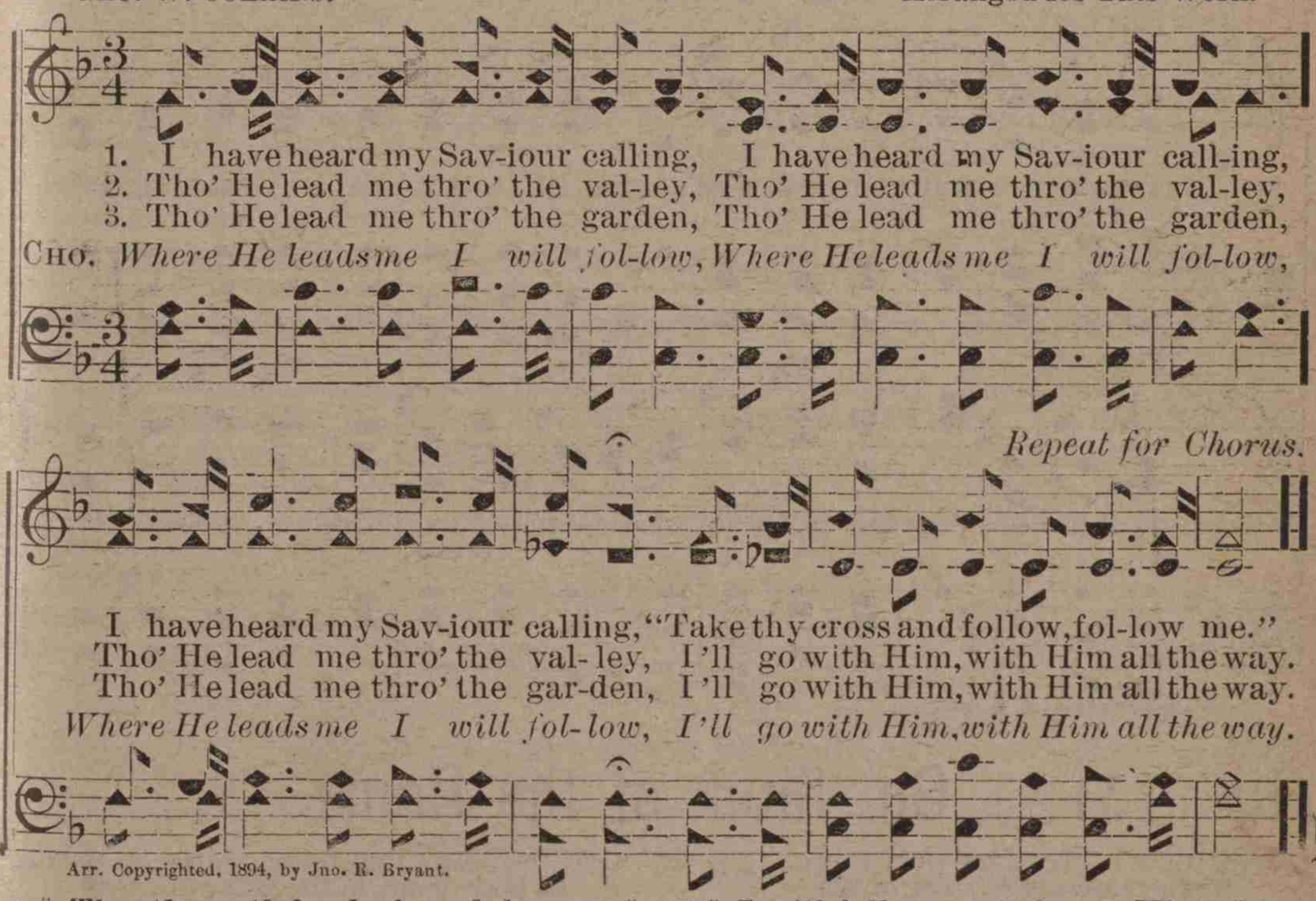
REFRAIN.

Shall we know . . . . . each oth - er? Shall we

Shall we know

Shall we Know Each Other There? Concluded.

No. 129. I'll go with Him.

GEO. W. COLLINS. Arranged for This Work.



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

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

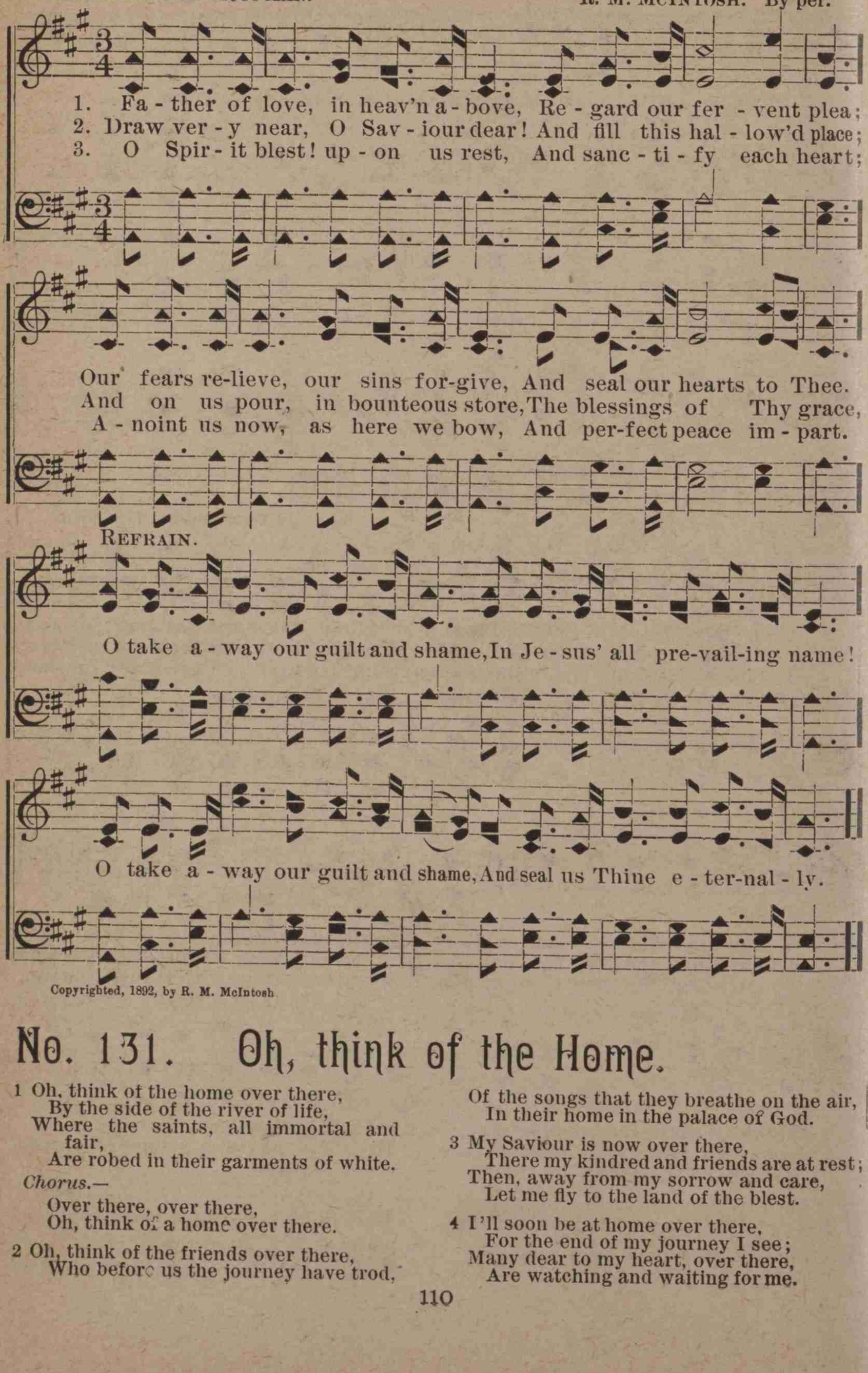
6 ‖: Tho' He lead thro' fiery trials, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

7 ‖: I will follow on to know Him, :‖
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.

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

9 ‖: Oh, 't is sweet to follow Jesus, :‖
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 130. Father of Love.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

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No. 131. Oh, think of the Home.

1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of life,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

Chorus.—

Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then, away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

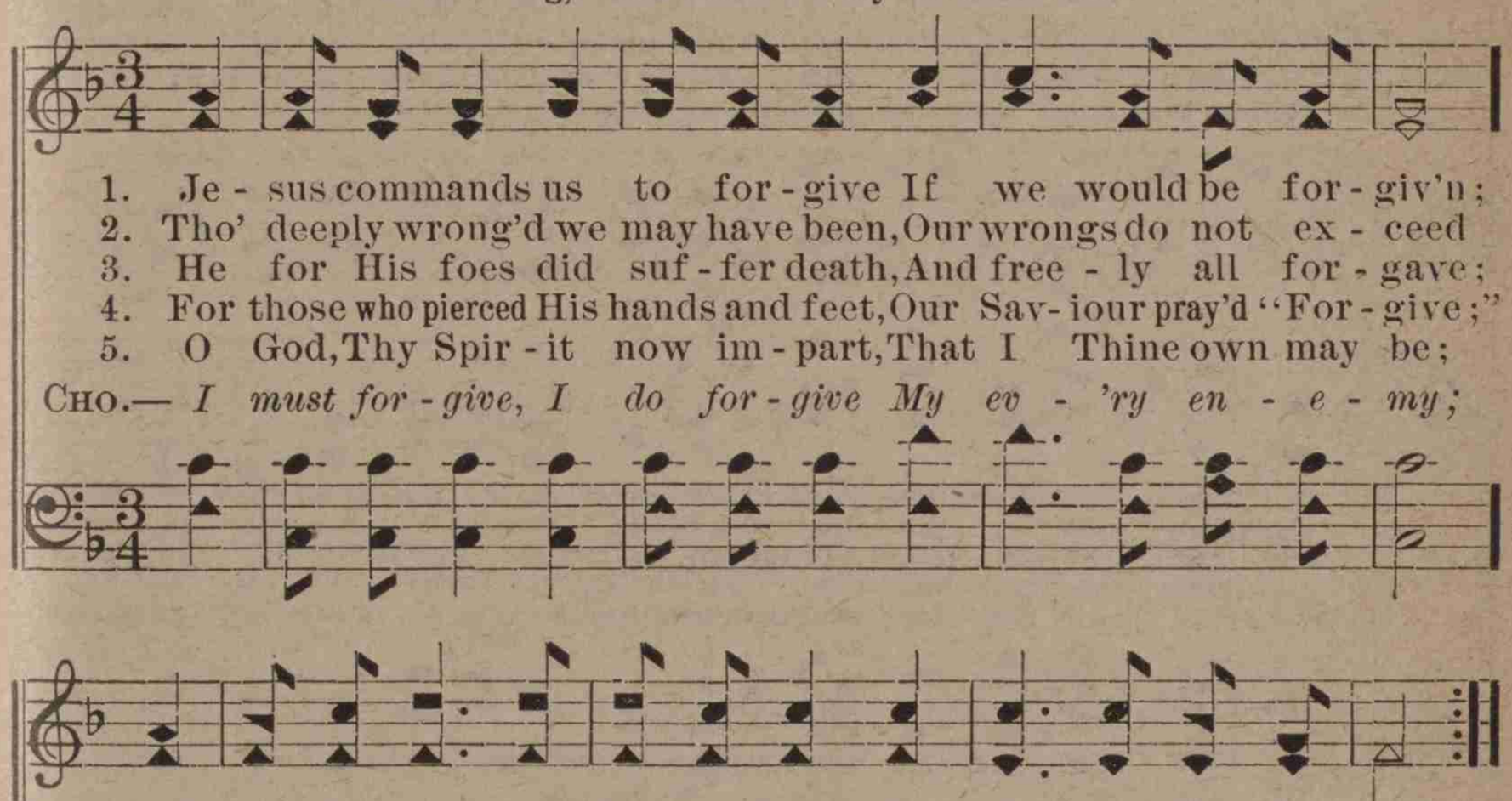
4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

No. 132. Forgiveness.

"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father also will forgive you, but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Matt. vi: 14, 15.

M. W. KNAPP. ASA HULL. By per.

Can also sing, "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?"



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No. 133. Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost,
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favor and Thy nature too,
To me, to all restore:
Forgive, and after God renew
And keep us evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of righteousness,
Display Thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of Thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light, in Thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by Thee,
The God of pard'ning love.

5 Lift up Thy countenance serene,
And let Thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven:
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

No. 134. Wash me in the Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. JNO. R. BRYANT.

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

And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran - som'd Church of God Be sav'd to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

Sav - iour wash . . . . me in that foun - - - tain, I the

Sav - iour wash me in that foun-tain, pre-cious fountain,

cleans - ing now would know, It will sat - - is - fy my

I the cleansing now would know, now would know; It will sat - is - fy, will

long - - ing, For it wash - es white as snow.

sat - is - fy my long - ing, For it washes white as snow, white as snow.

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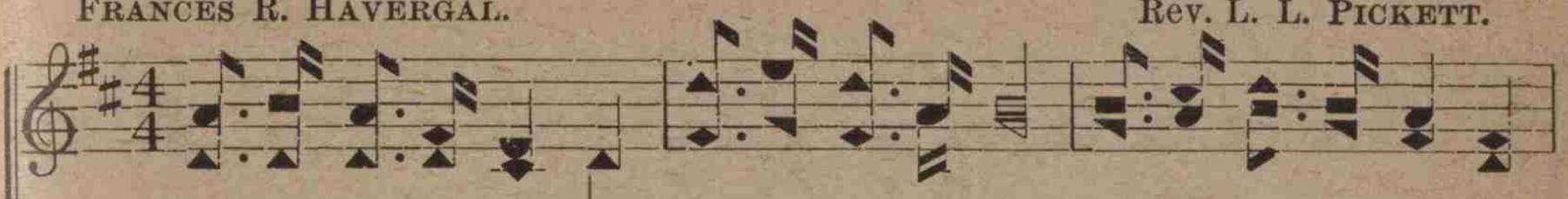
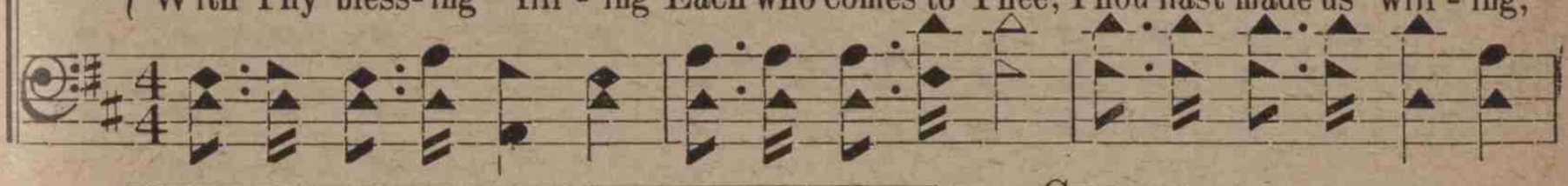
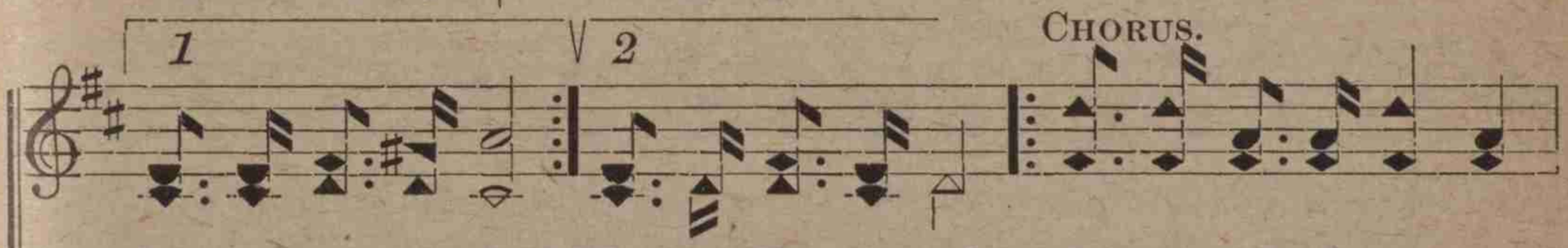
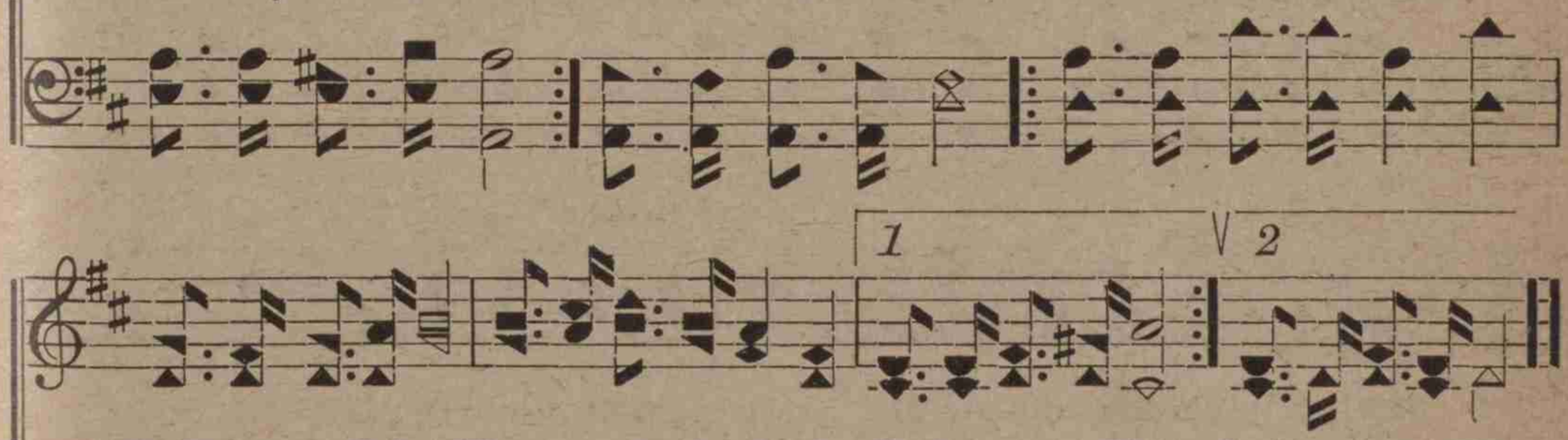
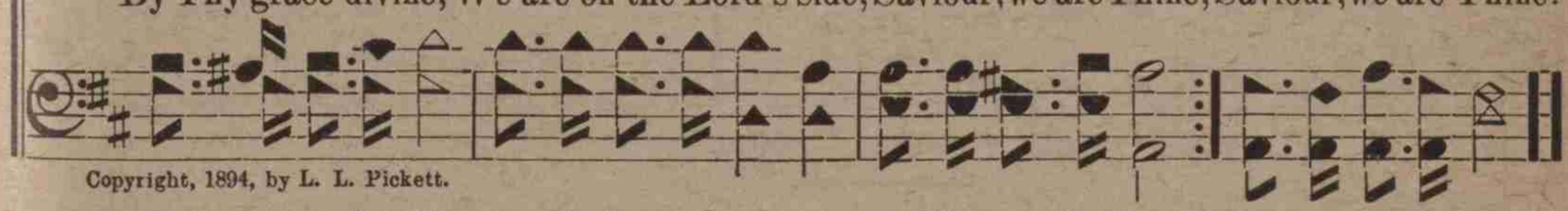
No. 135. Who is on the Lord's Side?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - er
   Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord' side?

2. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life blood,
   With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee, Thou hast made us will - ing,

CHORUS.

Oth - er souls to bring? Who for Him will go? By the call of mer - cy,
For Thy di - a - dem. Thou hast made us free.

By Thy grace divine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine, Saviour, we are Thine.

Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

3 Fierce may be the conflict,
  Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army,
  None can overthrow.
Round the standard singing,
  Vict'ry is secure,
For His truth unchanging,
  Makes the triumph sure.

4 Chosen to be soldiers
  In an alien land;
Chosen, called, and faithful,
  For our Captain's band,
In the service royal
  Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
  Noble, true, and bold.

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

JOHN NEWTON.

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

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
  And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
  ‖: And to the weary, rest. :‖

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
  My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treasure, filled
  ‖: With boundless stores of grace! :‖

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

5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
  With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
  ‖: Refresh my soul in death. :‖

No. 137. Pleading with thee.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

1. There is a voice of the ten - der - est love, Plead-ing with thee,
2. Long He has stood at the door of thy heart, Wait-ing on thee,
3. Do you not hear Him as gen - tly He pleads, Call - ing to thee,
4. Oh, how He yearns o'er thy sin - bur-den'd heart, Whisp'ring to thee,

plead-ing with thee; It is the voice of the Lord from a - bove,
wait-ing on thee; Read-y His grace and His peace to im - part,
call - ing to thee? See with what fer - vor the Lord in - ter - cedes,
whisp'ring to thee; Ear - nest-ly longs His sweet love to im - part,

CHORUS.

Saying, "Oh, come un-to Me." "Come un - to Me, ...
"Come un - to Me,

come un - to Me," . . . . Je - sus is ten - der - ly
come un - to Me,"

call-ing to thee. "Come un-to Me, . . . come un - to
"Come un - to Me,

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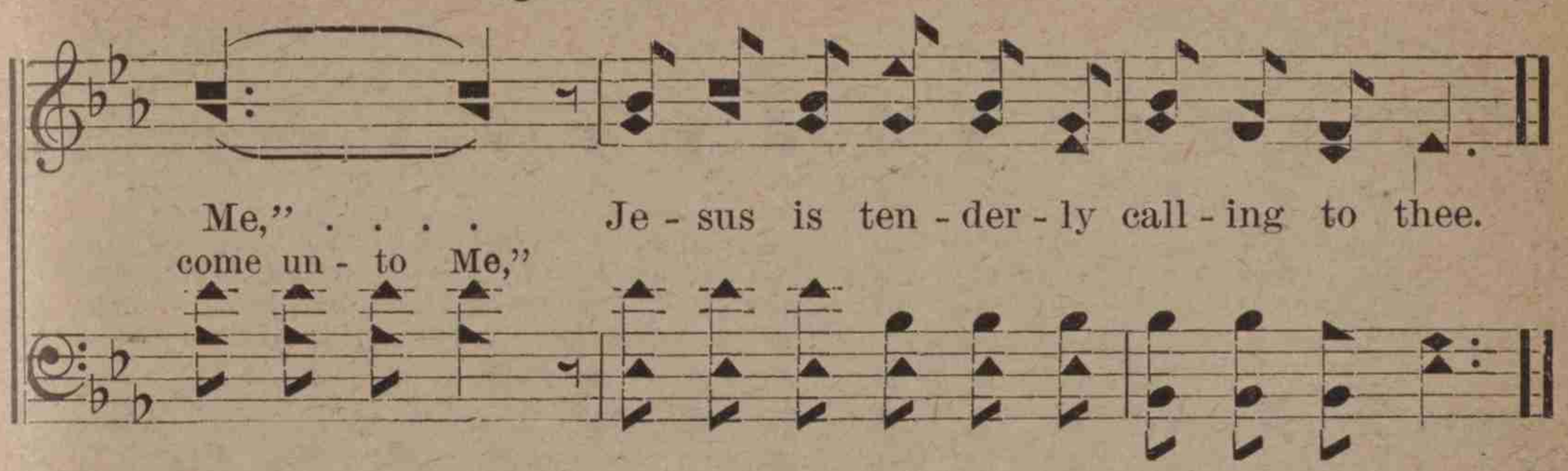
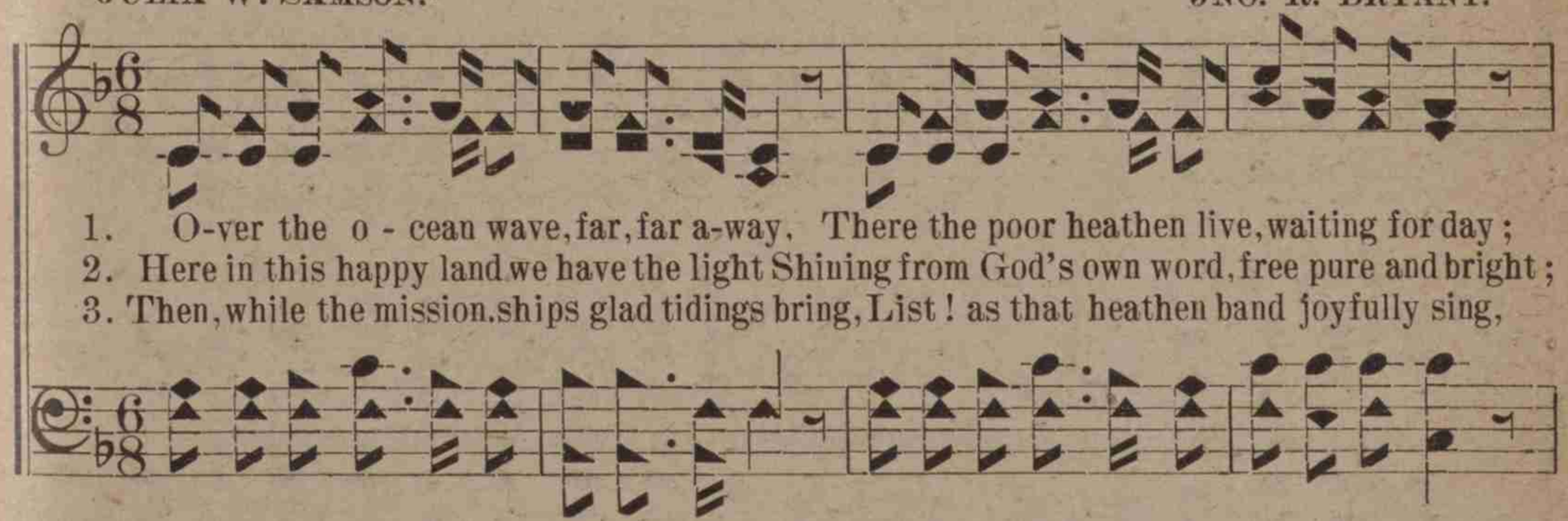
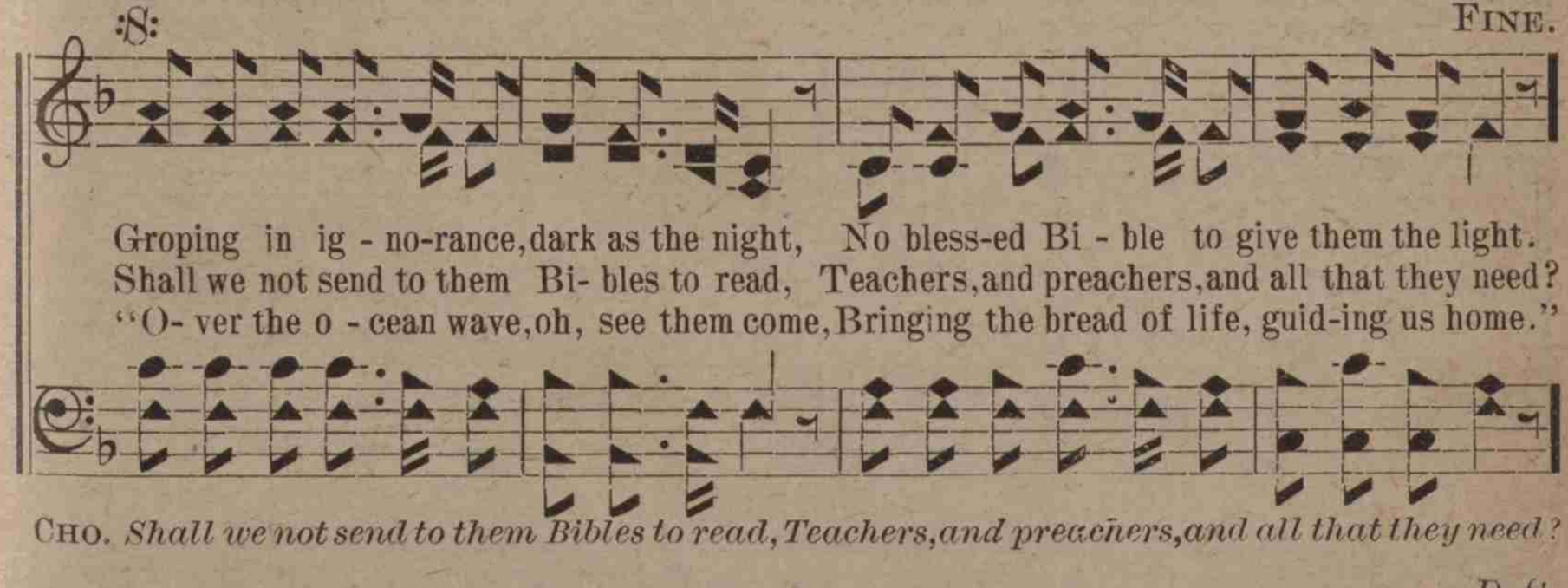
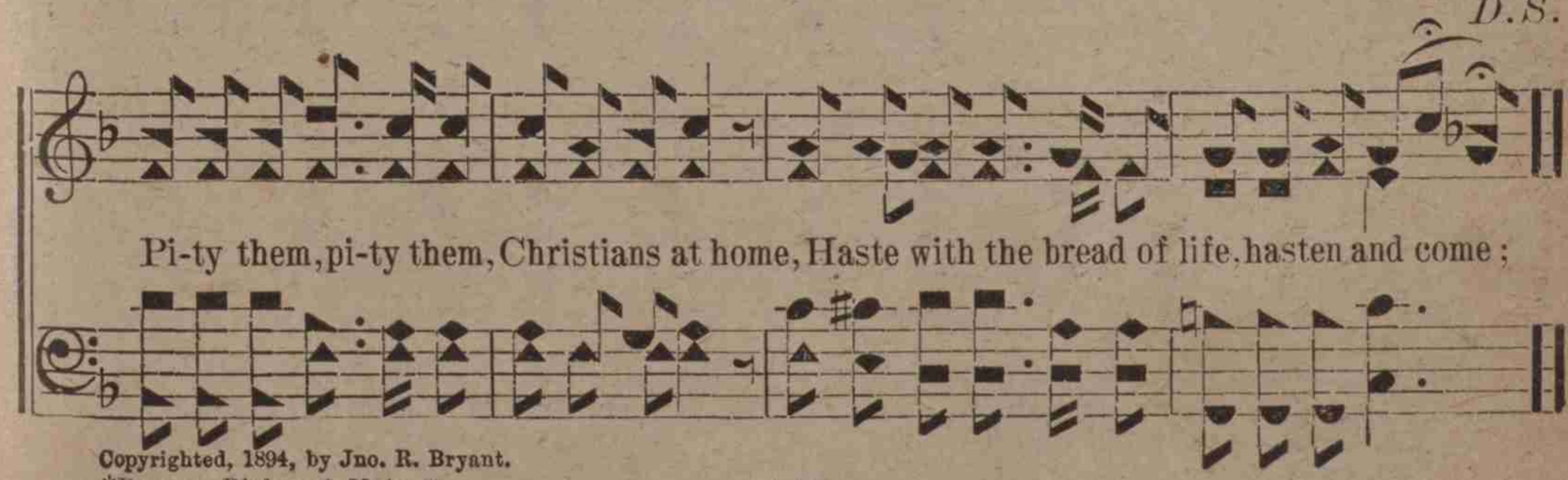
Pleading with thee. Concluded.

No. 138. Over the Ocean Wave.

JULIA W. SAMSON.* JNO. R. BRYANT.





CHO. *Shall we not send to them Bibles to read, Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?*



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*By per. Biglow & Main Co.

No. 139. Battle Hymn.

ISAAC WATTS. English. Arr.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll - 'wer of the Lamb,
   And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
   While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?

CHORUS.

And when the bat-tle's o - ver we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! Yes,

:S:

we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's o - ver we shall wear a crown In the

FINE.

new Je - ru - sa - lem. Wear a crown, wear a
Wear a crown,

D.S.

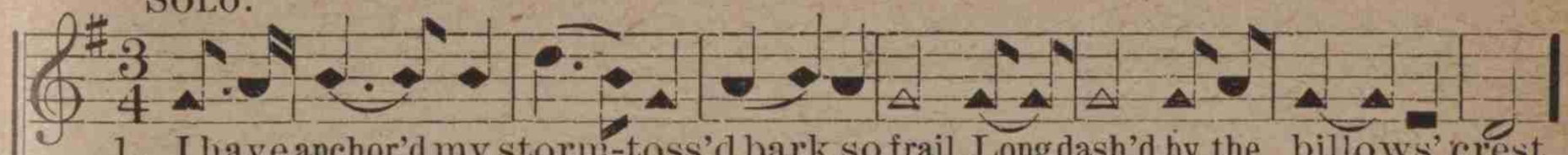
crown, Wear a bright and shin - ing crown;
wear a crown,

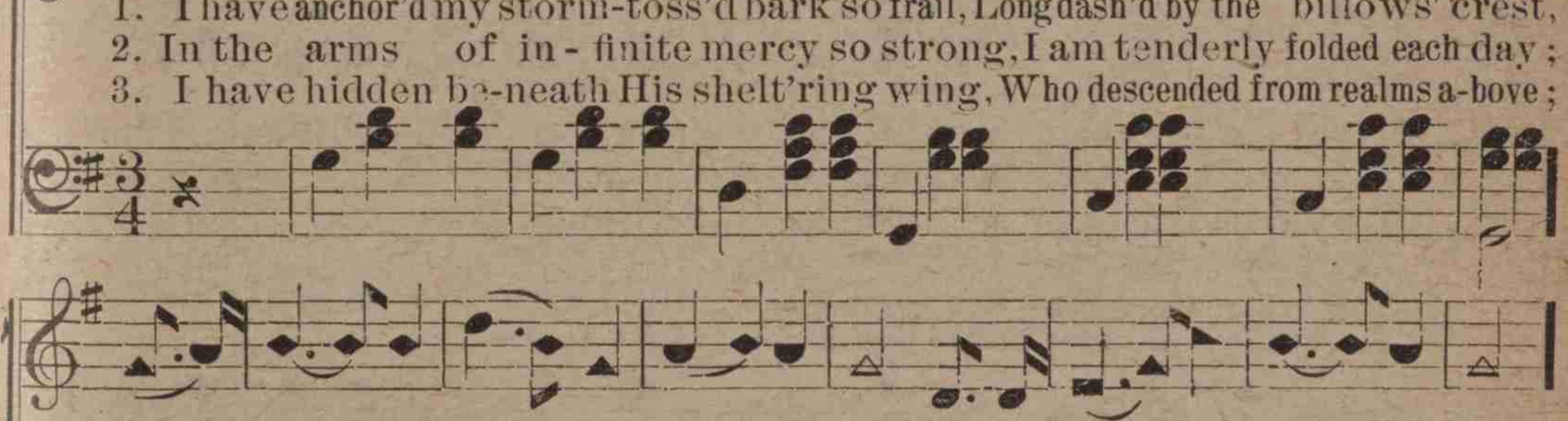
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

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

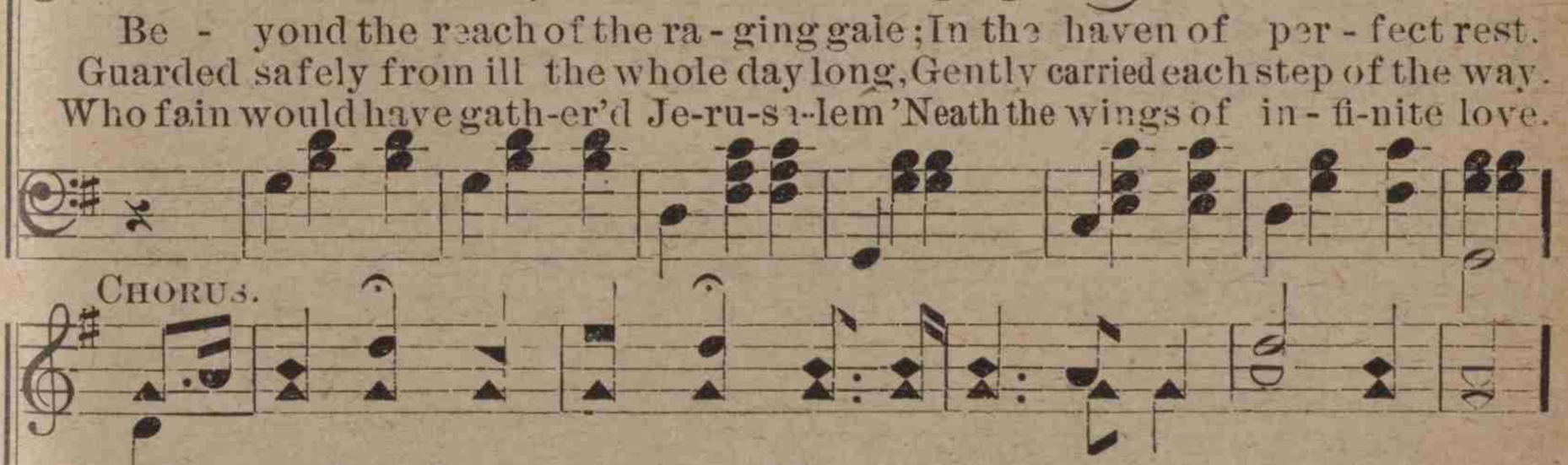
No. 140. Safe.

MILDRED MERLE. REV. L. L. PICKETT.

SOLO.

1. I have anchor'd my storm-toss'd bark so frail, Long dash'd by the billows' crest,
2. In the arms of in-finite mercy so strong, I am tenderly folded each day;
3. I have hidden be-neath His shelt'ring wing, Who descended from realms a-bove;

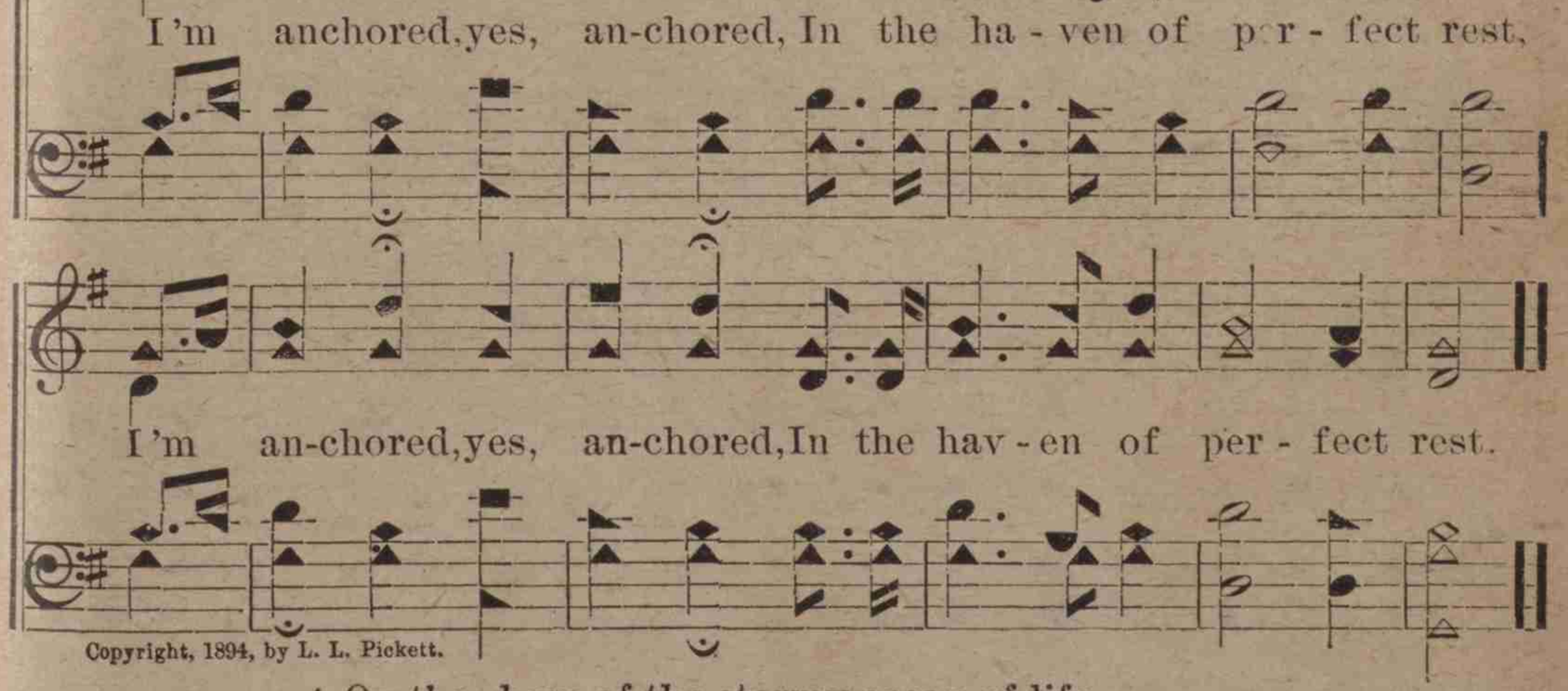


Be - yond the reach of the ra-ging gale; In the haven of per-fect rest.
Guarded safely from ill the whole day long, Gently carried each step of the way.
Who fain would have gath-er'd Je-ru-sa-lem 'Neath the wings of in-fi-nite love.



CHORUS.

I'm anchored, yes, an-chored, In the ha-ven of per-fect rest,



I'm an-chored, yes, an-chored, In the hav-en of per-fect rest.

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4 On the shore of the stormy ocean of life,
In the cleft of the rifted rock,
I am kept afar from the waves of strife—
Secure from the tempest's rude shock.

5 The Light of the World has dawned on my soul,
And scattered the shadows afar;
The powers of darkness no longer control
Where shineth the Bethlehem star.

6 I have opened my heart to the heavenly Guest,
And bade Him there ever abide,
In the beautiful robe of His righteousness dressed—
And I sit in sweet peace at His side.

7 I have marched 'neath the folds of the banner so bright,
Of the pure, peerless Prince of Peace,
With "Peace and good will" on its folds of light,
All sinful contentions must cease.

No. 141. Take my Life and Let it be.

Miss F. R. Havergal. Rev. L. L. Pickett.
Chorus by Wallace and Knapp.

1. { Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
   { Take my hands, and let them move At the
2. { Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
   { Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways,
3. { Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa-ges from Thee;
   { Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them

Chorus.

im - pulse of Thy love. Now my life is hid with Christ in God,
on - ly, for my King.
flow in cease-less praise.

Whol-ly sanc-ti-fied by His own blood, Lord my heart doth thrill, one

with Thy ho - ly will, As Thou now my soul doth fill.

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4 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

5 Take my love—my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

No. 142. The Old Time Religion.

JOHN VICKERS. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.
Old Chorus.

1. O, "the Old Time Re-lig-ion Is good e-nough for me!" Suf-
2. The days in which we're living, In-deed, are passing strange; They
3. This good "Old Time Relig-ion" Still joy and peace in-spires; It
4. In "Modern Thought" delu-sions No an-chorage I see; I

ficient for our fathers, It set their spirits free; "The Christ" was all their refuge, My
say "new light" is dawning, And hail the happy change! But ah, the dear old Gospel My
cheered the faithful martyrs Con-sum-ing in the fires. How strong their faith in Jesus, What
trust the "blood of Jesus" For all e-ter-ni-ty. The mu-sic of the ransomed Is

Saviour, too, is He, For "the Old Time Re-lig-ion Is good enough for me!"
song shall ev-er be, For "the Old Time Re-lig-ion Is good enough for me!"
no-ble constancy! Yes, "the Old Time Re-lig-ion Is good enough for me!"
sweetest mel-o-dy! For "the Old Time Re-lig-ion Is good enough for me!"

CHORUS.

'T is the Old Time Re-lig-ion, 'T is the Old Time Re-lig-ion, 'T is the
Old Time Re-lig-ion, It's good e-nough for me.

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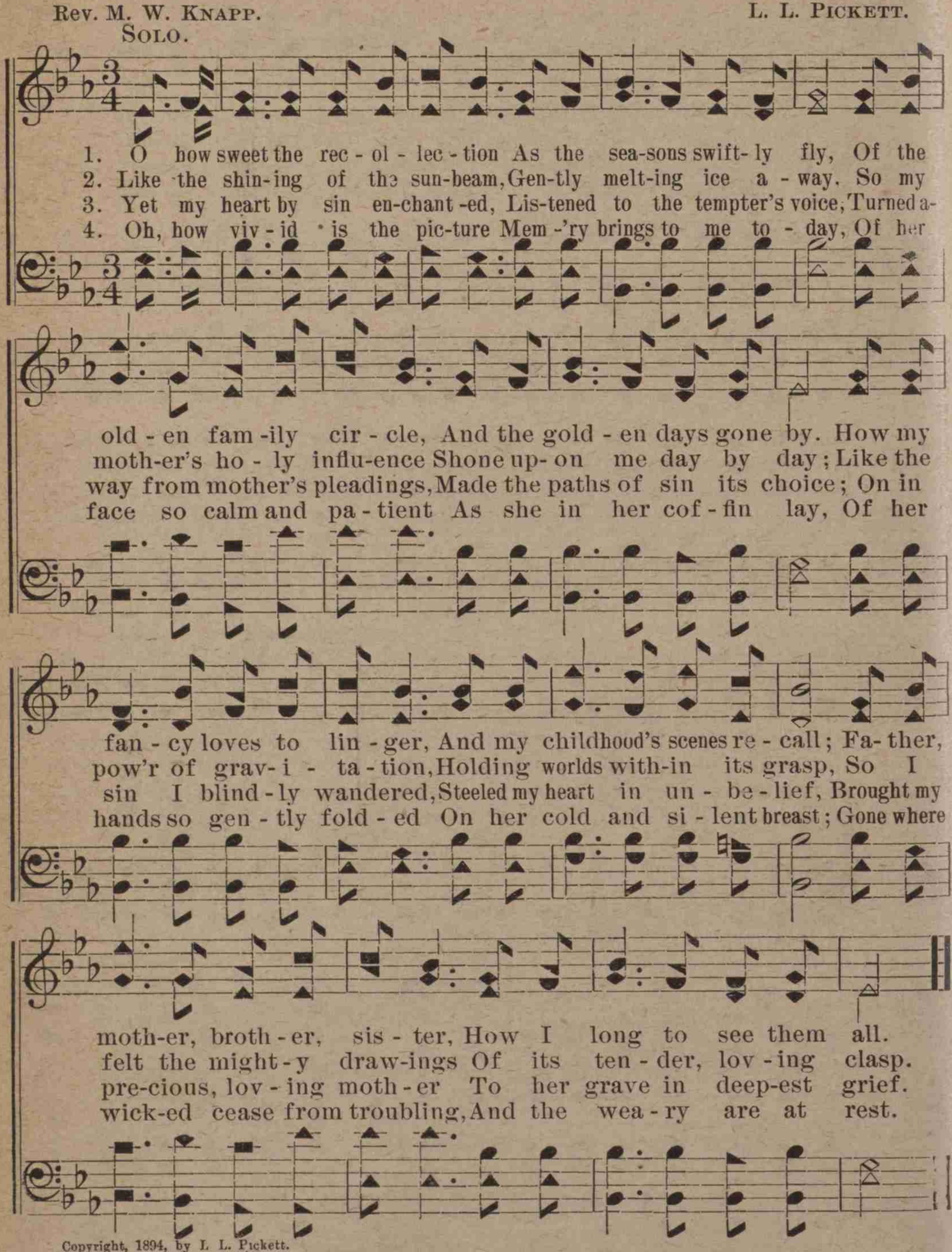
No. 143. A Mother's Influence.

Suggested by the testimony of a man who in one of Rev. L. L. Pickett's meetings said that he was converted through his mother's influence *fifty years after she had died.*

Rev. M. W. Knapp. L. L. Pickett.

Solo.



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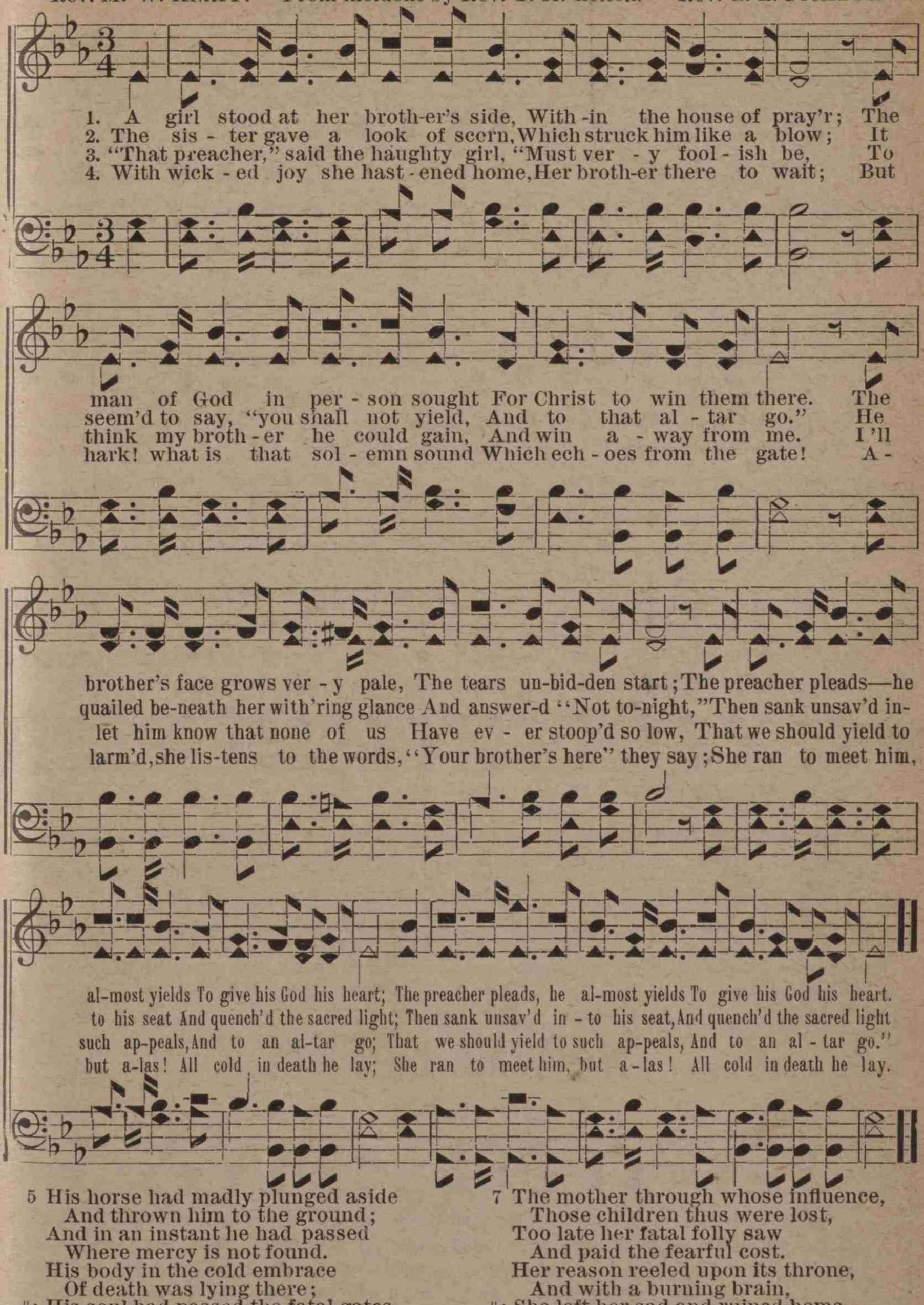
5 As the years flew swiftly o'er me,
Stronger plead her prayers and tears,
Till at last to Christ I yielded,
And He banished all my fears.
Soon I look to meet my Saviour,
And His mansions bright to share;
And I know the next to greet me,
Will be Mother when I 'm there.

6 Oh, the sweet and sacred influence
Of a mother's faith and prayer;
It the hardest heart may conquer,
Crowning Christ the Saviour there.
Courage, mothers! plead with patience,
Watering well the seed with tears,
For with joy you 'll reap the harvest,
Through the bright eternal years.

No. 144. Evil Influence of Mother and Sister.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. From incident by Rev. T. H. Leitch. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



5 His horse had madly plunged aside
And thrown him to the ground;
And in an instant he had passed
Where mercy is not found.
His body in the cold embrace
Of death was lying there;
‖: His soul had passed the fatal gates
Of deep and dark despair. :‖

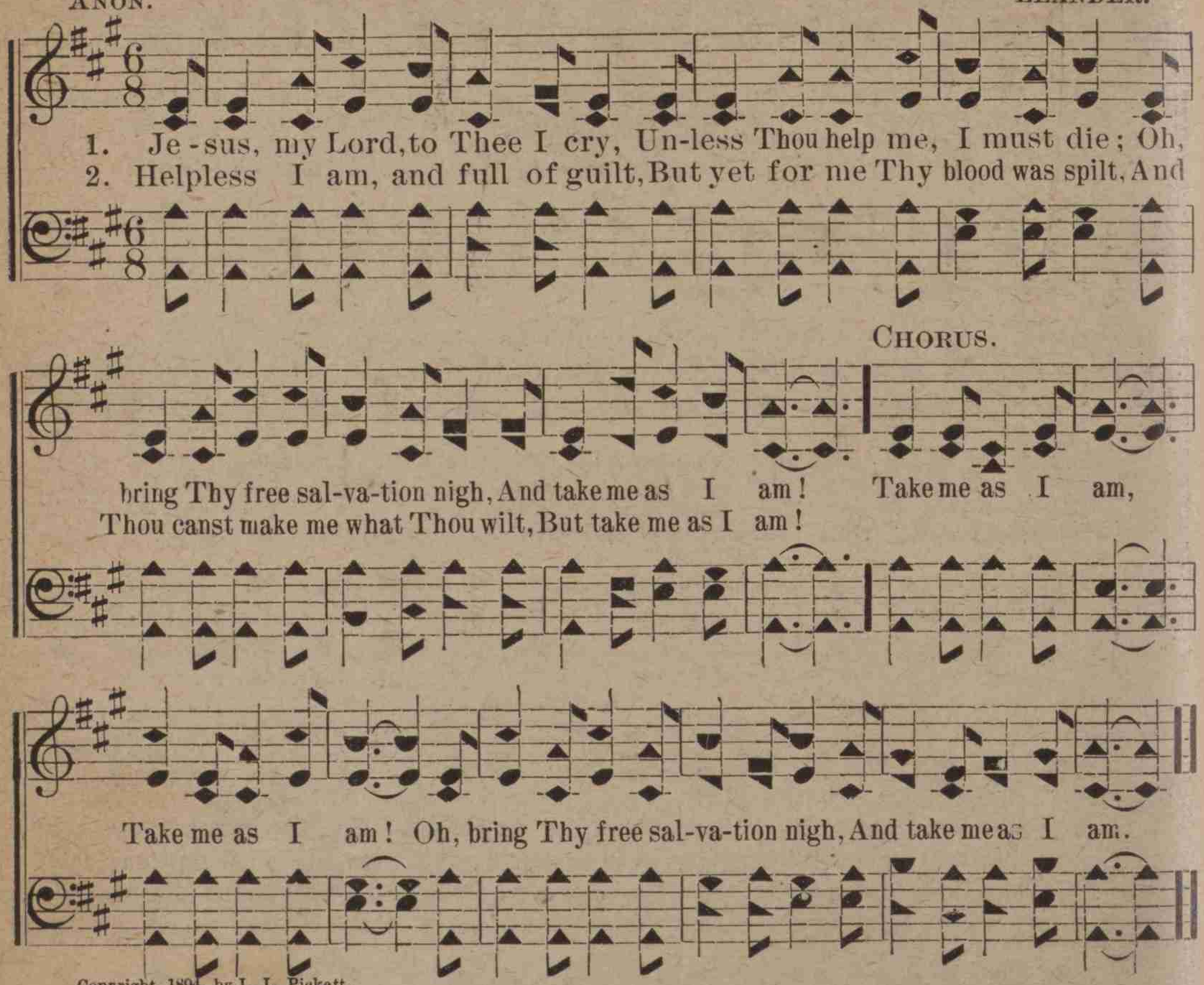
6 The sister gave a hopeless shriek,
But it was now too late;
Her look of scorn had fixed his doom,
Forever sealed his fate.
Her brother's blood was on her soul,
And soon she passed away,
‖: To answer for her fearful deed
And meet the judgment day. :‖

7 The mother through whose influence,
Those children thus were lost,
Too late her fatal folly saw
And paid the fearful cost.
Her reason reeled upon its throne,
And with a burning brain,
‖: She left her sad and ruined home,
A shattered wreck — insane. :‖

8 O sisters, from the fearful fate
Of these two women learn
The awful doom awaiting those
Who souls from Jesus turn.
O yield to God and at the cross
For mercy humbly bow,
‖: And He who is the sinner's friend,
Will hear and save you now. :‖

No. 145. Take me as I am.

ANON. LEANDER.



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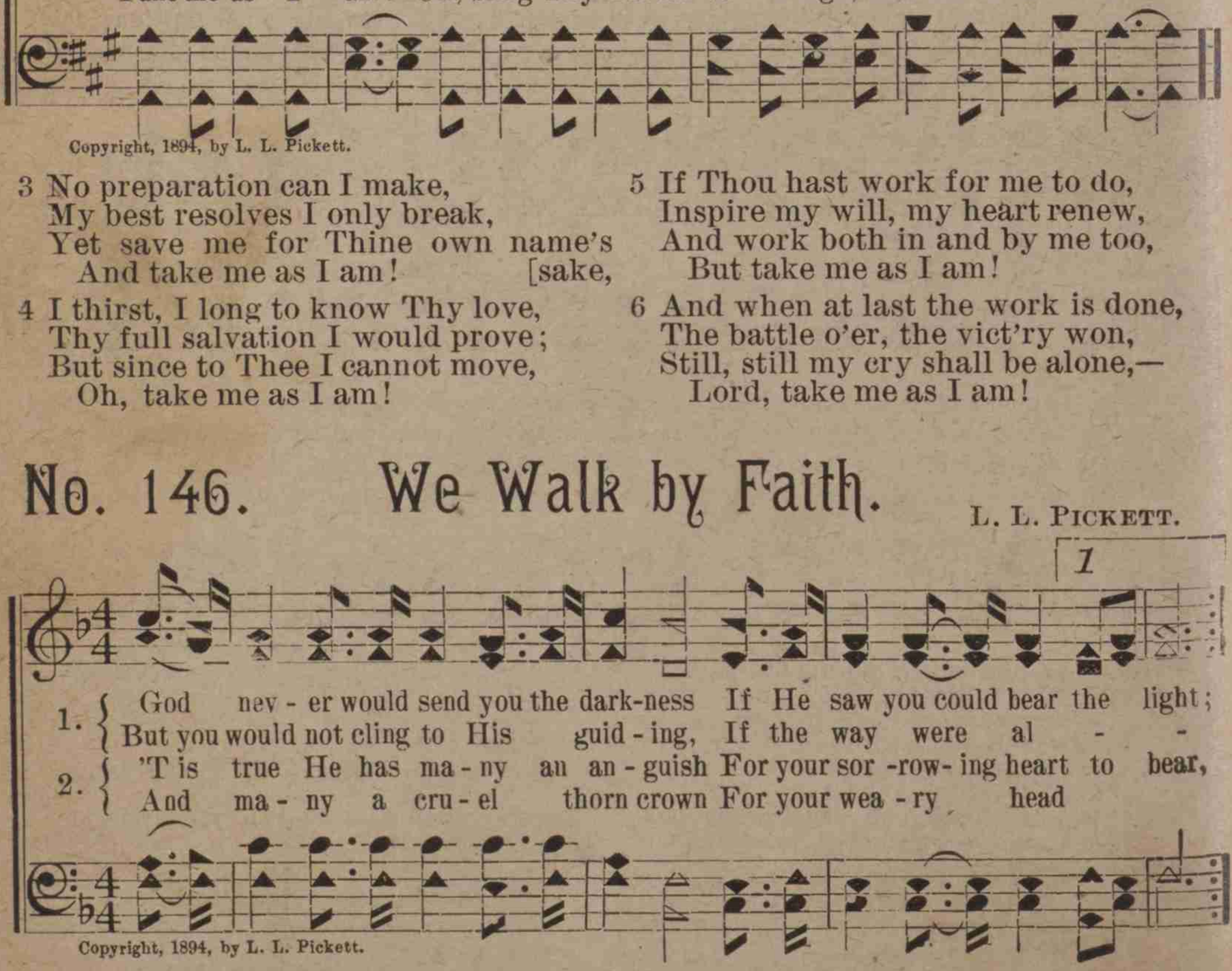
3 No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am!

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

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

6 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,—
Lord, take me as I am!

No. 146. We Walk by Faith.

L. L. PICKETT.

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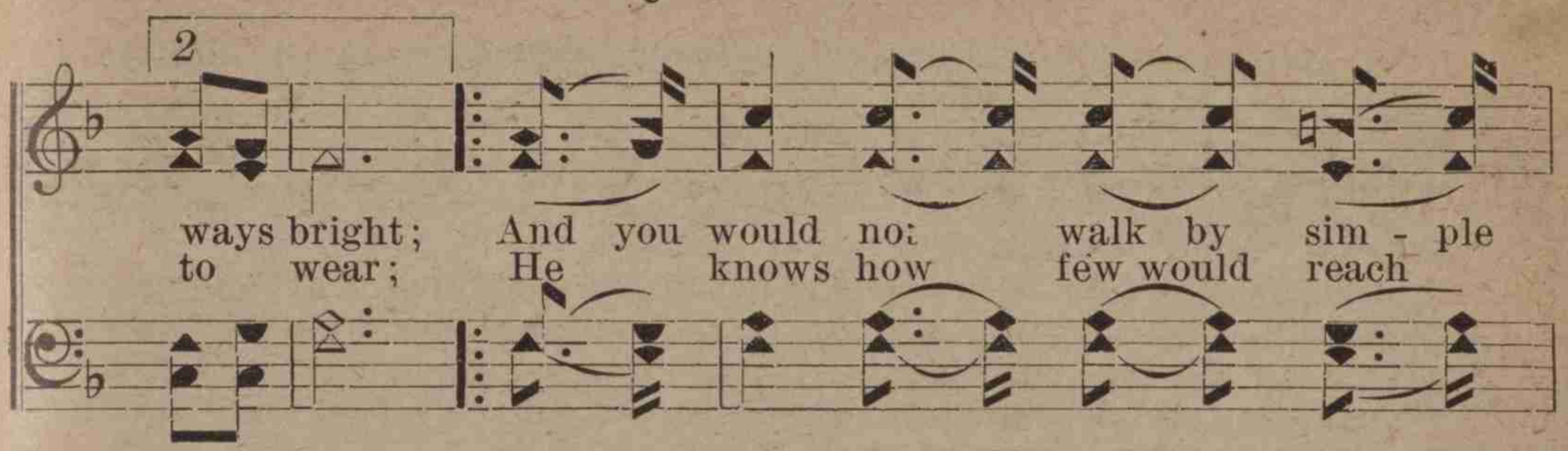
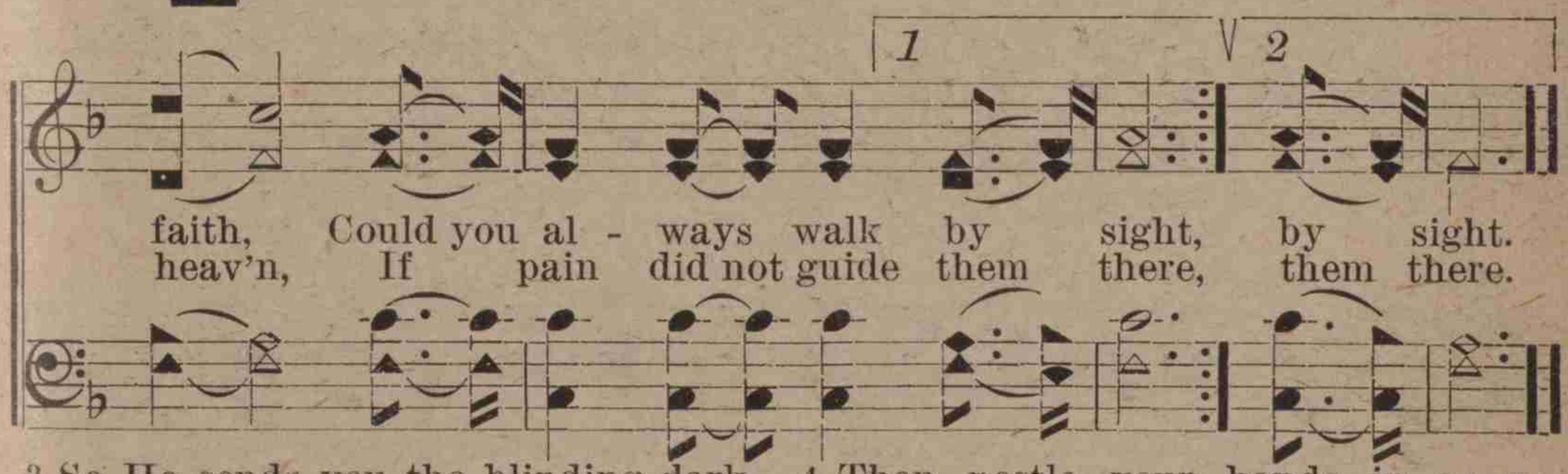
We Walk by Faith. Concluded.

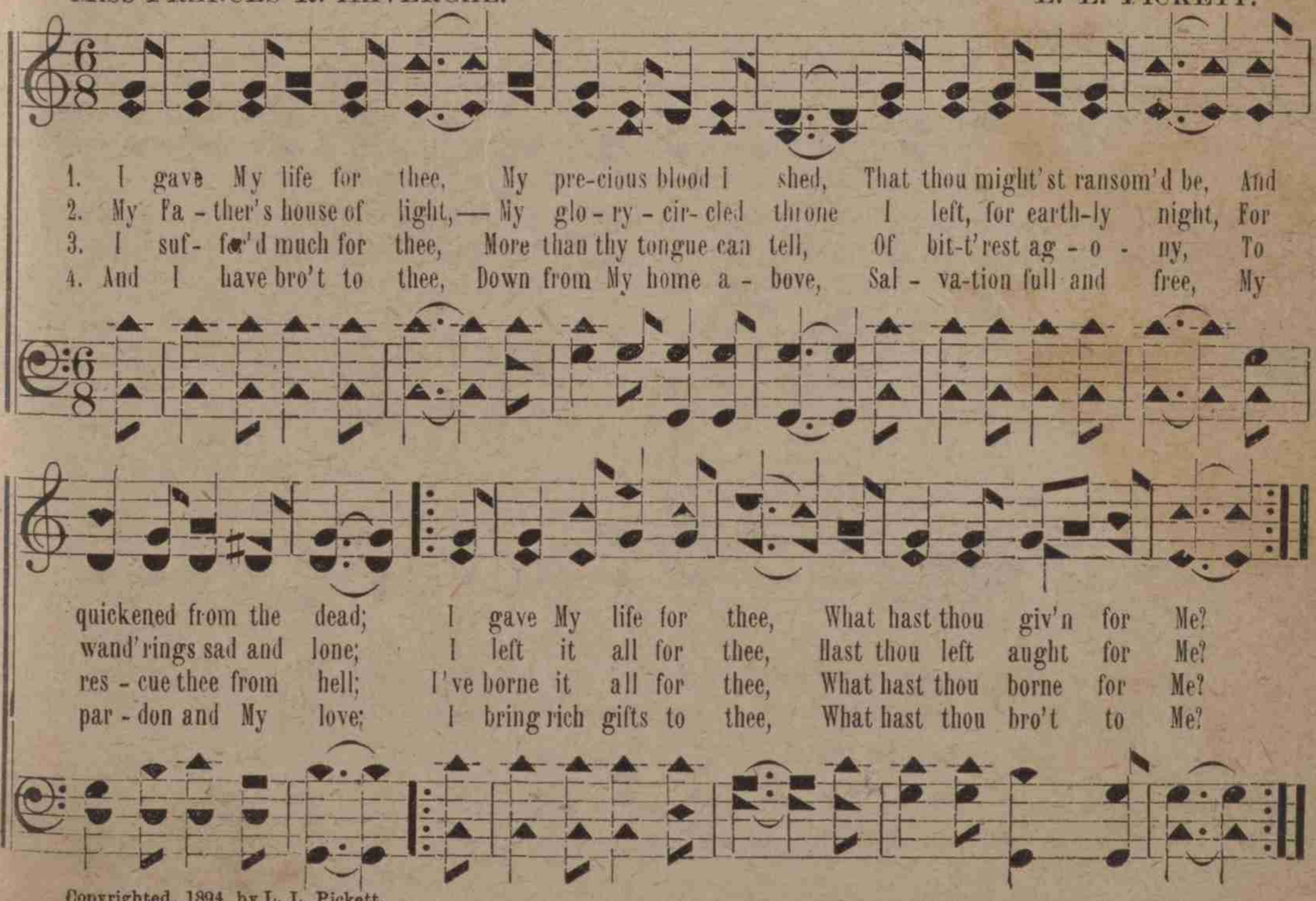


3 So He sends you the blinding dark-
ness,
And the furnace of seven-fold heat;
'T is the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet,
For 't is always so easy to wander,
When our lives are glad and sweet.

4 Then nestle your hands in your
Father's,
And sing if you can, as you go,
Your song may cheer some behind you
Whose courage is sinking low;
And, well, if your lips do quiver
God will love you better when 't is so.

No. 147. I Gave My Life for Thee.

Miss Frances R. Havergal. L. L. Pickett.



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No. 148. Fill me Now.

Words and Music by JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come and bathe My trembling heart and brow;
2. For full sal - va - tion, now, I thirst, And pay my ev - 'ry vow;
3. No i - dols in my heart I know—With per - fect love en - dow!
4. No long - er I my - self dic - tate, But leave to Thee the how!

With pur - i - fy - ing flame of love, De-scend and fill me now.
Blest Ho - ly Spir - it, en - ter in—With glo - ry fill me now.
In sav - ing full-ness of Thy grace, O come, and fill me now.
Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the praise, For Thou dost fill me now.

CHORUS.

1,2,3. Thou bless-ed Spir - it from on high, To Thy sweet will I bow;
4. Thou bless-ed Spir - it from on high, To Thy sweet will I bow.

In sav - ing grace and heal-ing pow'r, O come, and fill me now!
O, hal - le - lu - jah! to Thy name, For Thou dost fill me now.

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No. 149. The Holy Bible.

This poem was recently found in an aged preacher's Bible.—J. THOS. PATE.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. My Book! my Book! my grand old Book! By in - spir - a - tion giv-en,
2. My Chart! my Chart! my changeless Chart! By thee I guide my bark;
3. My Staff! my Staff! my trust - y Staff! I 'll grasp thee in my hand,
4. My Sword! my Sword! my two-edged Sword! By thy un - err - ing might
5. My Book! my Book! my grand old Book! Heav'n speed thee on thy way,

Thy ev - 'ry page, from age to age, Re-veals the way to Heaven.
A sin - ner vile, on o - cean wild, O'er storm-y bil - lows dark.
As faint and weak on Pisgah's peak I view the "Promised Land."
I'll deal my foe the dead-ly blow In faith's un - e - qual fight;
From pole to pole as a - ges roll, The har - bin-ger of day;

My Lamp of Light, in Nature's night! Thy un - be-cloud-ed ray
By thee I steer in safe ca - reer With can-vas all un - furled,
Not sad - ly told, as one of old, To see, but not ex - plore;
Thy temper'd blade, that lent me aid In ev - 'ry con - flict past,
Till Christ, the Light, shall ban - ish night From this ter - res-trial ball,

Has turn'd the gloom of death and tomb To ev - er - last - ing day.
And on-ward sail be - fore the gale To yon - der bliss-ful world.
My hold I'll keep thro' wa - ters deep Till safe on Heav-en's shore.
Shall make me more than con-quer - or Thro' Him that loved, at last.
And earth shall see her ju - bi - lee, And God be all in all.

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No. 150. Something Jesus Gave me.

GRACE W. HINSDALE. W. A. OGDEN. By per.

Effective as a Solo.

1. I have some-thing Je - sus gave me for my own (my own);
2. Like His pres - ence it doth bring me peace di - vine (di - vine);
3. If my hu - man hands had found it, I should grieve (should grieve);

It is some-thing which He sent me from His throne (from His throne);
'T is His sweet and ten - der whis - per, thou art Mine (thou art mine);
But my Sav - iour gave it to me, I be-lieve (I be - lieve);

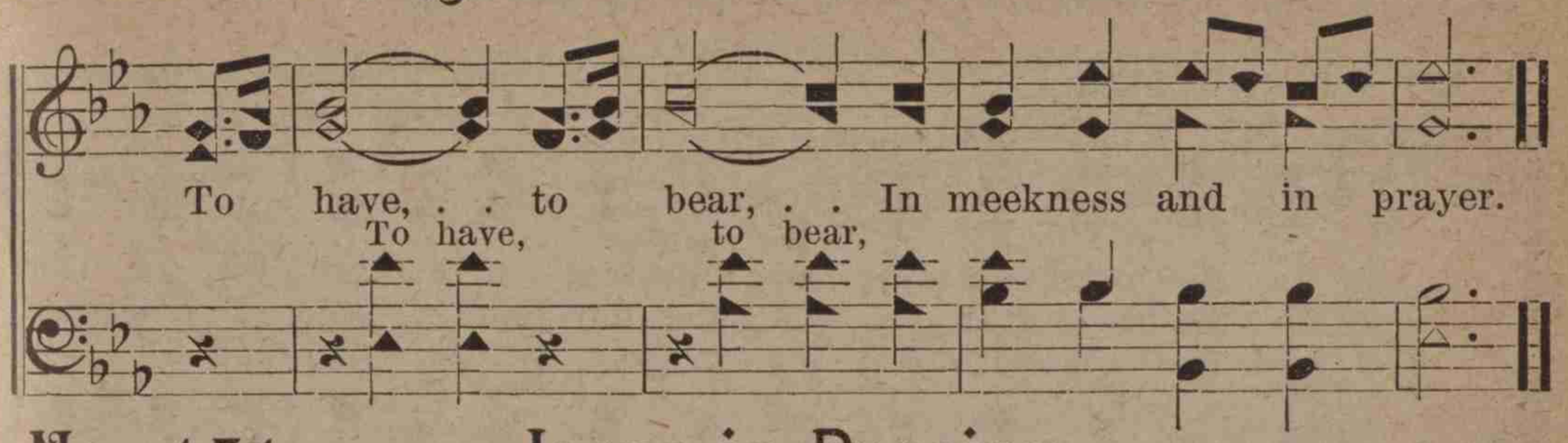
It is some-thing which I car - ry in my heart (my heart);
What 's the gift I clasp so fond - ly, would'st thou see (thou see)?
Oh, how sweet it is to bear it as His gift (His gift),

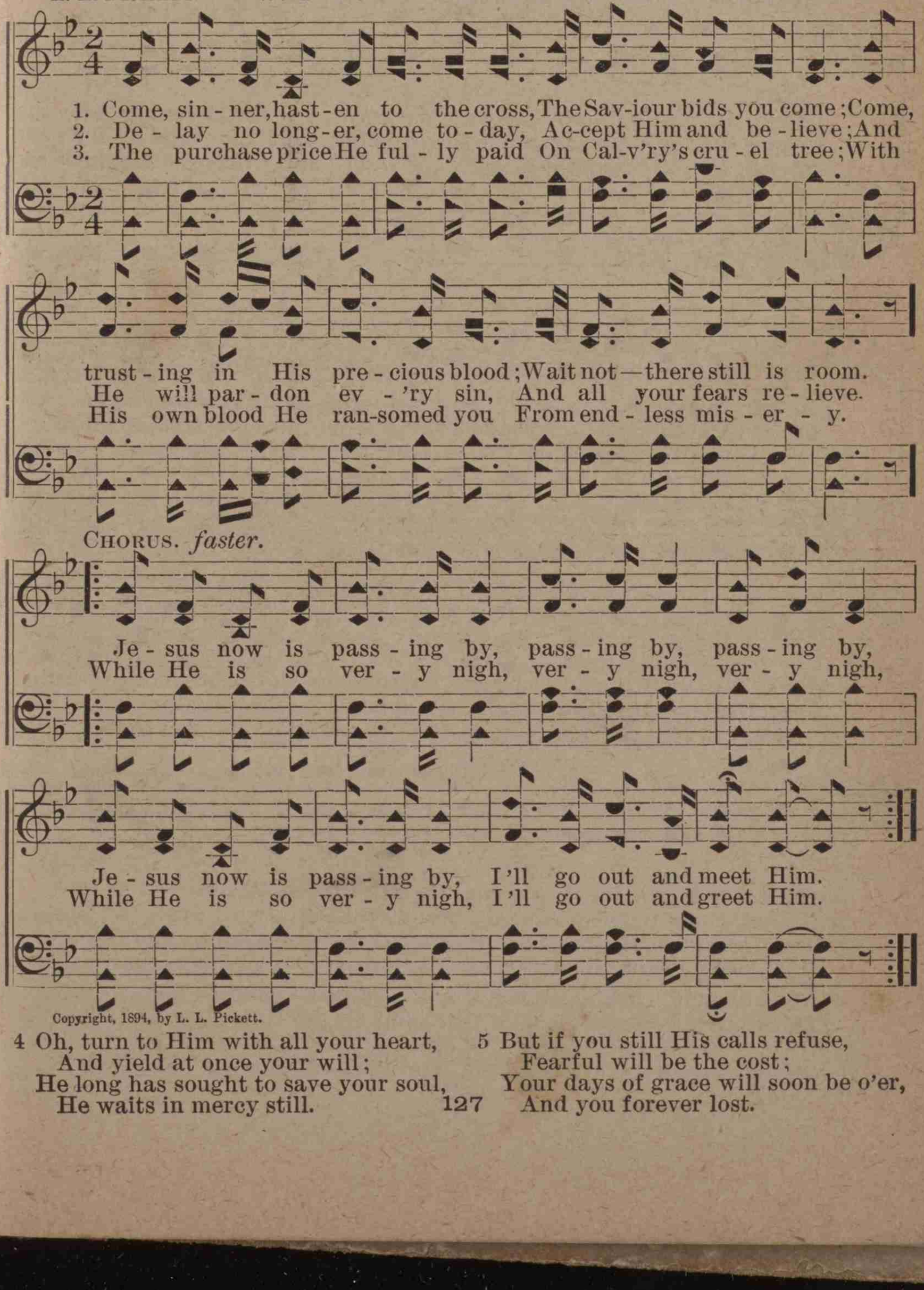
It is safe till Je - sus bids me from it part (it part).
'T is a cross which Christ, my Mas - ter, gave to me (to me).
While the bur - den of my sor - row Christ doth lift (doth lift).

REFRAIN.

'T is a cross . . He gave me, All in love . . . He gave me,
A cross yes, In love

Copyright, 1892, by W. A. Ogden.

Something Jesus Gave me. Concluded.

No. 151. Jesus is Passing.

L. L. PICKETT. Words of Chorus from SALVATION ARMY. L. L. PICKETT.

Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

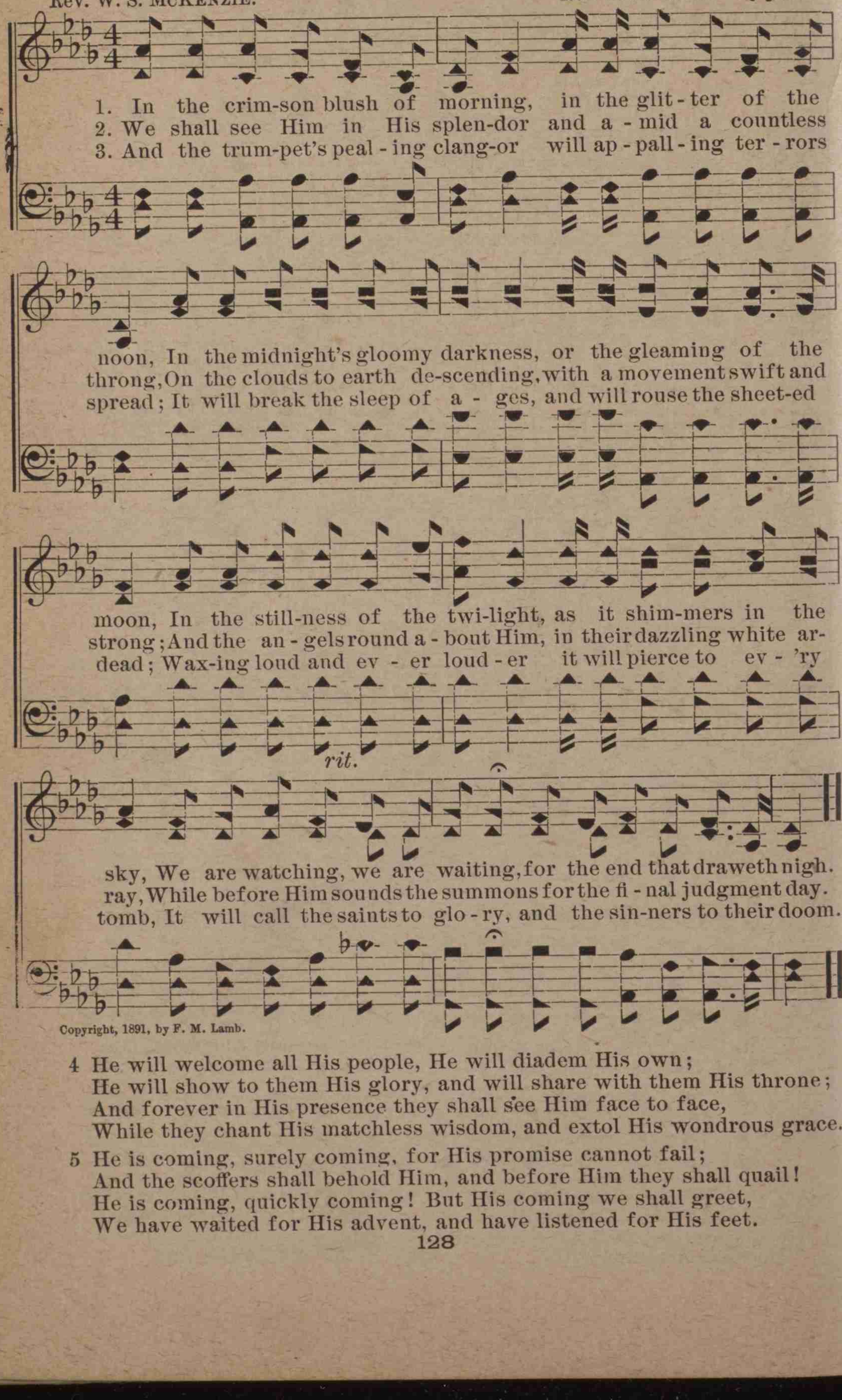
4 Oh, turn to Him with all your heart,
And yield at once your will;
He long has sought to save your soul,
He waits in mercy still.

5 But if you still His calls refuse,
Fearful will be the cost;
Your days of grace will soon be o'er,
And you forever lost.

No. 152. Surely I Come Quickly.

Rev. xxii: 20.

Rev. W. S. McKenzie. Rev. F. M. Lamb. By per.



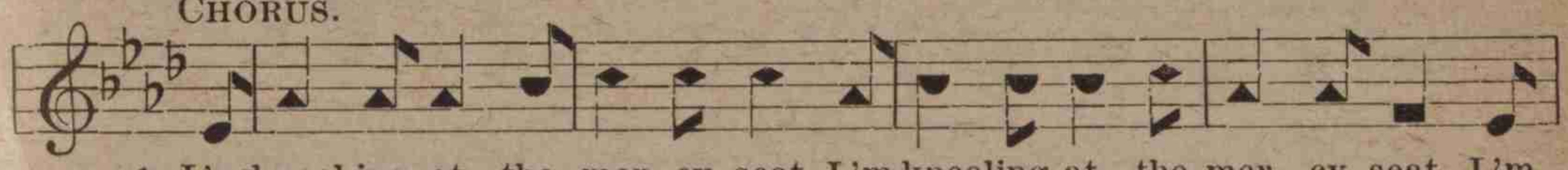
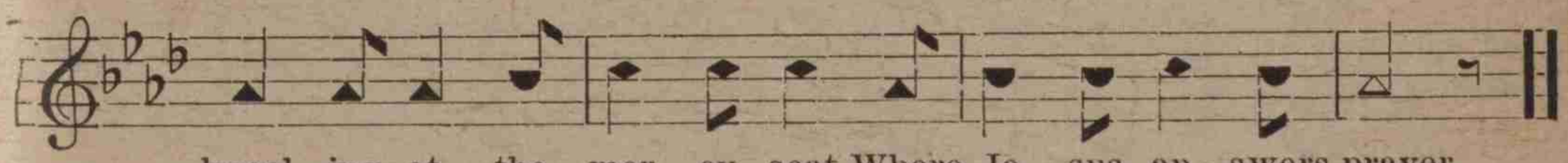
Copyright, 1891, by F. M. Lamb.

4 He will welcome all His people, He will diadem His own;
He will show to them His glory, and will share with them His throne;
And forever in His presence they shall see Him face to face,
While they chant His matchless wisdom, and extol His wondrous grace.

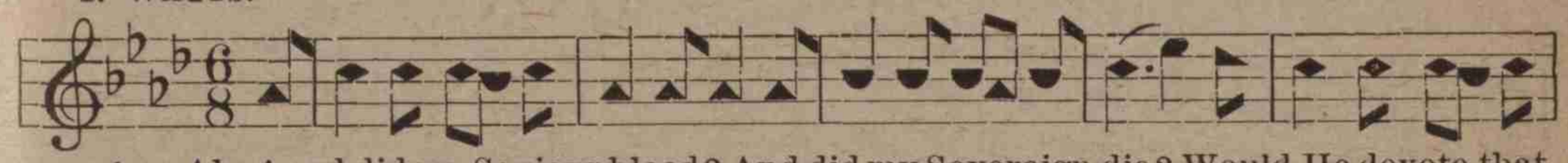
5 He is coming, surely coming, for His promise cannot fail;
And the scoffers shall behold Him, and before Him they shall quail!
He is coming, quickly coming! But His coming we shall greet,
We have waited for His advent, and have listened for His feet.

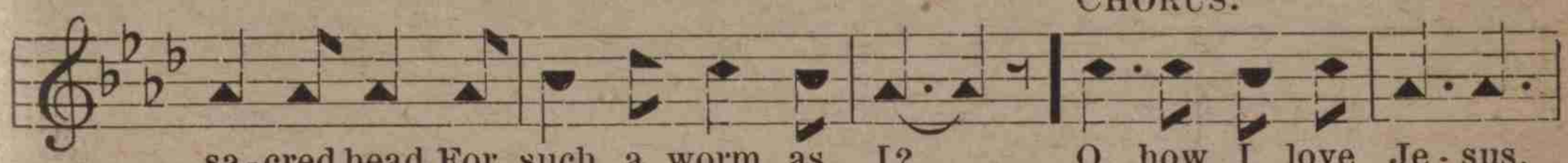
No. 153. I Can, I Will, I do Believe.

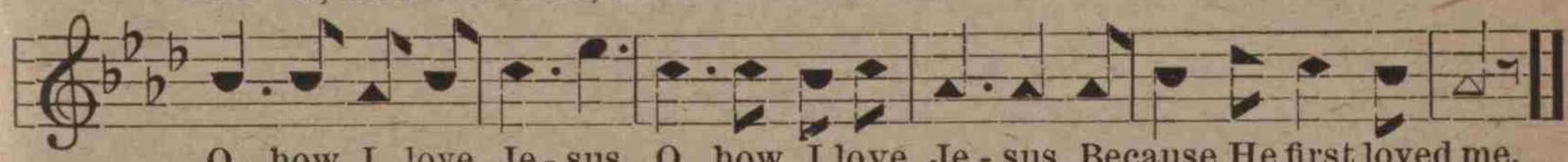
To be sung to "THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD," or other C. M. words.

CHORUS.

1. I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat, I'm kneeling at the mer-cy seat, I'm
2. I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I

kneel-ing at the mer-cy-seat, Where Je-sus an-swers prayer.
can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je-sus saves me now.

No. 154. O How I Love Jesus.

I. WATTS.

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pit-y,
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ, the mighty

CHORUS.

sa-cred head For such a worm as I? O how I love Je-sus,
grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!
Mak-er, died For man, the crea-ture's, sin.



O how I love Je-sus, O how I love Je-sus, Because He first loved me.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee,
'T is all that I can do.

No. 155. Children of the Heavenly King.

JOHN CENNICK.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey, let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we 'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

No. 156. Trust.

Miss Maude Carradine. Rev. L. L. Pickett.

1. When in the storm it seems to thee That He who rules the
2. When thou hast sought in vain to find The sil - ver thread of
3. And should He smite thee till thy heart Is crushed be - neath the

ra - ging sea Is sleeping—still, with bended knee, Believe good things of God.
love entwined With life's oft tangled web resigned, Believe, have faith in God.
bruising smart, Still while the bitter tear-drops start, Oh, trust it all to God.

Chorus.

Be - lieve . . in God, . . Be - lieve good things of God. Be - lieve, . . be -
Be-lieve in God and trust His grace, Be-lieve in God and

lieve, . . . For - ev - er . . be - lieve good things of God.
trust His grace,

Be - lieve, be-lieve in God, For - ev - er be-lieve good things of God.
Be - lieve,

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4 'Tis true thou canst not understand
The dealings of the Father's hand;
But trusting what His love has planned,
Let faith still cling to God.

5 He loves thee! In that love confide,
Unchanging, faithful, true, and tried;
And so let joy or grief betide,
I'll say, "My Lord, my God!"

No. 157. Wasted Life.

QUARTET. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Noth-ing but leaves! the Spirit grieves O'er years of wasted life, O'er sins in-
2. Noth-ing but leaves! no gather'd sheaves Of life's fair ripe'ning grain: We sow our
3. Noth-ing but leaves! sad mem'ry weaves No veil to hide the past; And as we
4. Ah! who shall thus the Master meet, And bring but wither'd leaves? Ah! who shall

dulg'd while conscience slept, O'er vows and promises unkept, And reap from years of strife—
seeds; lo! tares and weeds, Words, idle words, for earnest deeds, Then reap with toil and pain,
trace our weary way, And count each lost and mis-spent day We sadly find at last—
at the Saviour's feet, Before the awful judgment seat, Lay down for golden sheaves,

CHORUS.

Noth - ing . . . . . Noth - ing but leaves, Noth - ing but leaves!

Noth - ing but leaves! Noth - ing . . . . . Noth - ing but leaves!

Noth-ing . . . . . Noth - ing but leaves! Noth - ing but leaves!
Nothing but leaves!

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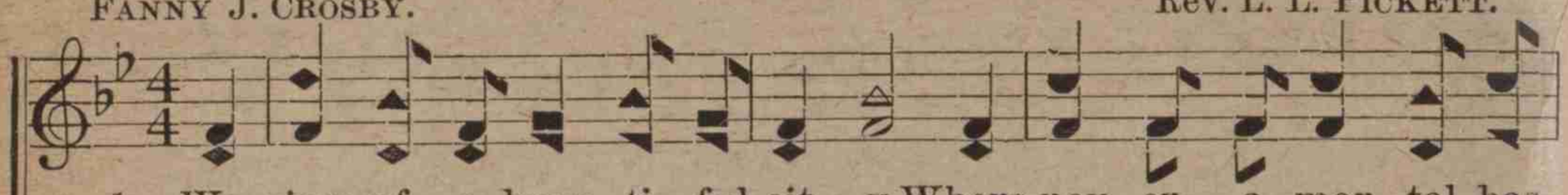
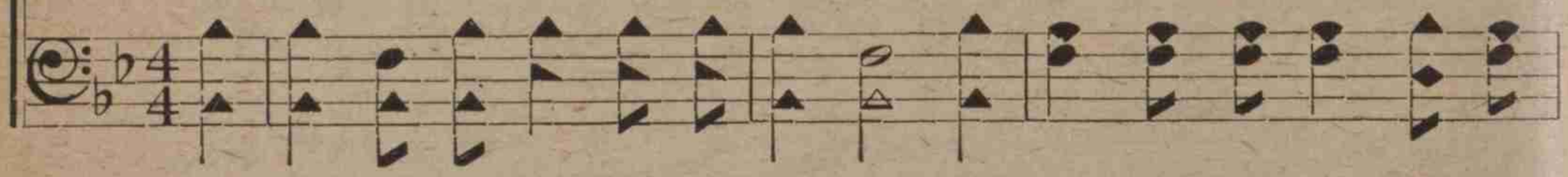
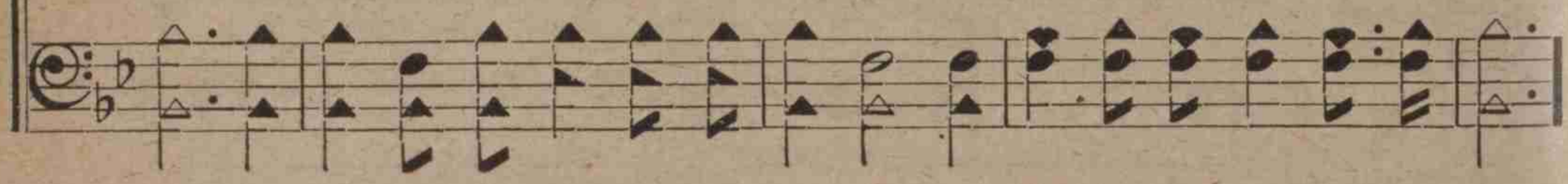
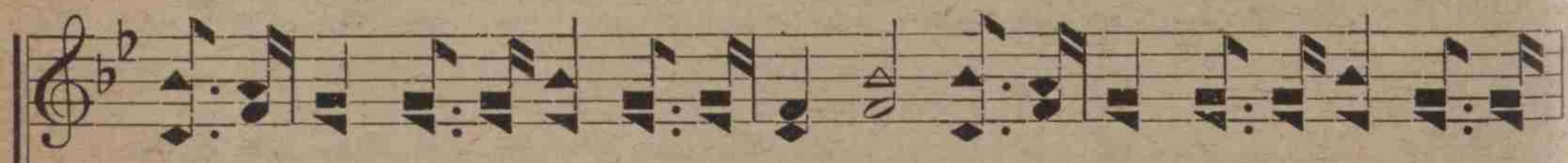
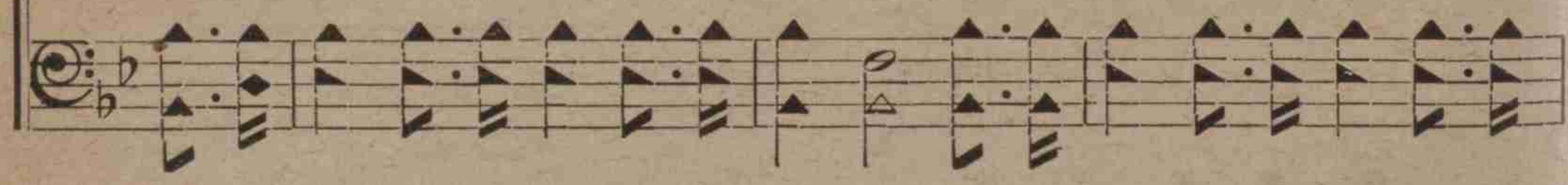
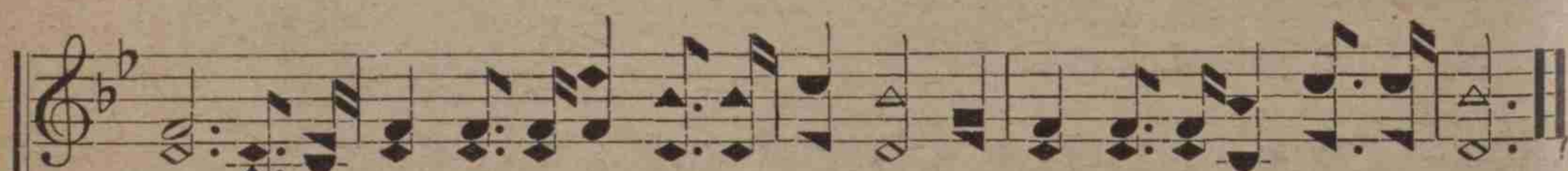
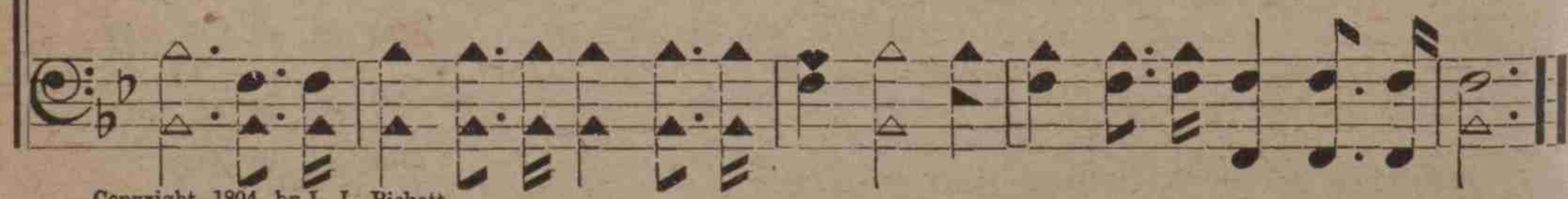
No. 158. Trust in the Lord and Believe.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. We sing of a beau - ti - ful cit - y Where nev - er a mor - tal has
2. We sing of a clear flowing riv - er That wa - ters the cit - y a -
3. Our faith looks a-way to that cit - y, And soars to its por - tals of

trod; Its walls and its gates are of jas-per, Its builder and mak-er is God.
bove; We sing of the pure and the ho - ly That dwell in those mansions of love.
light; And gladly we'll sing of its grandeur, Till faith shall be changed in - to sight.

There sickness, temptation, and sor-row, No long-er our spir-its shall
Oh, there are the sower and reap-er, And there are the crowns they re-
We 'll sing of the tree by the riv - er, Of garlands our fin-gers may

grieve; And tho' we behold not its glo - ry, We trust in the Lord and believe.
ceive; We know not the bliss they inherit, But trust in the Lord and believe.
weave; And oh, till the veil shall be lifted, We 'll trust in the Lord and believe.

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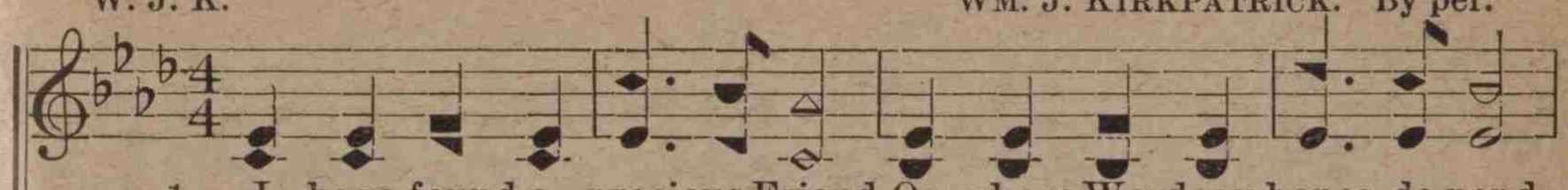
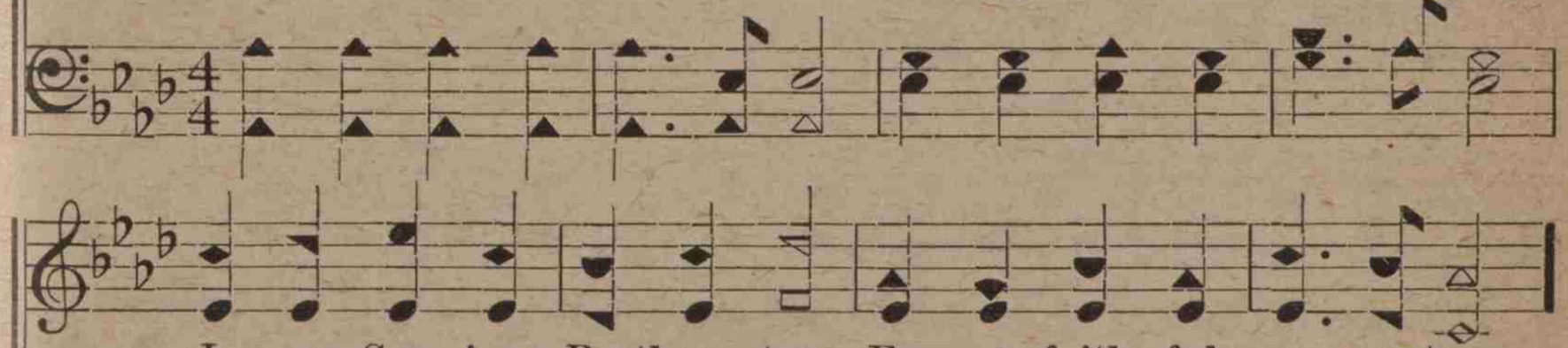
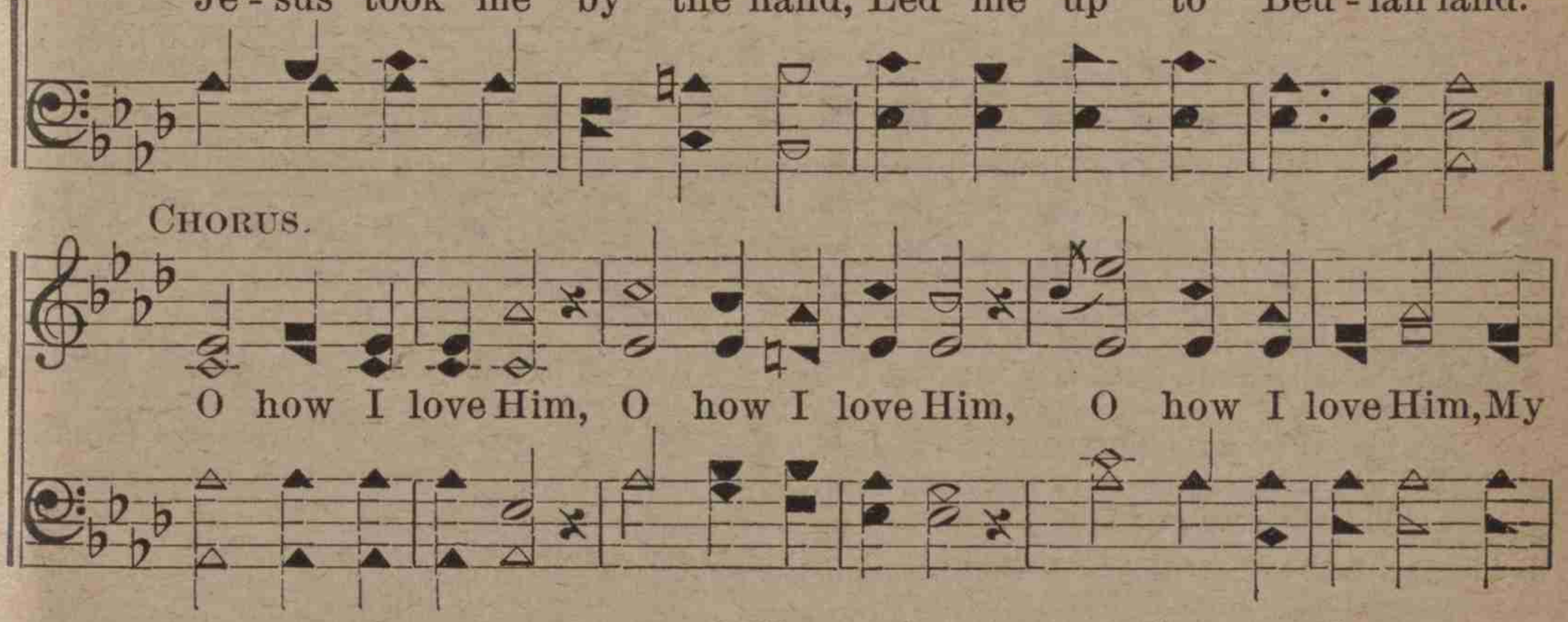
No. 159. O, how I Love Him.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. I have found a precious Friend, On whose Word my hopes de-pend:
2. When be-neath Je - hovah's frown My crush'd heart was sink-ing down,
3. When I strug-gled all in vain, Peace and par - don to ob - tain,
4. When the temp-ter's pow'r assail'd, And my cour - age well nigh fail'd,
5. When I sought to know His will, Ev - 'ry pur - pose to ful - fil,

Je - sus, Sav - iour, Broth-er, too, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er true.
Je - sus heard my plaintive cry, Came and brought Sal - va - tion nigh.
Je - sus came to my re - lief, Bore my weight of sin and grief.
Je - sus brought His ar - mor bright, Made me Vic - tor by His might.
Je - sus took me by the hand, Led me up to Beu - lah land.



CHORUS.

O how I love Him, O how I love Him, O how I love Him, My best, my dearest Friend!

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

6 Now, when waves of care and woe
Come my soul to overthrow,
Jesus in His arms of love
Lifts me, bears me far above.

7 Now I'll magnify His name,
His great goodness I'll proclaim;
In my heart He comes to stay,—
Keeps me, saves me, day by day.

No. 160. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

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

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

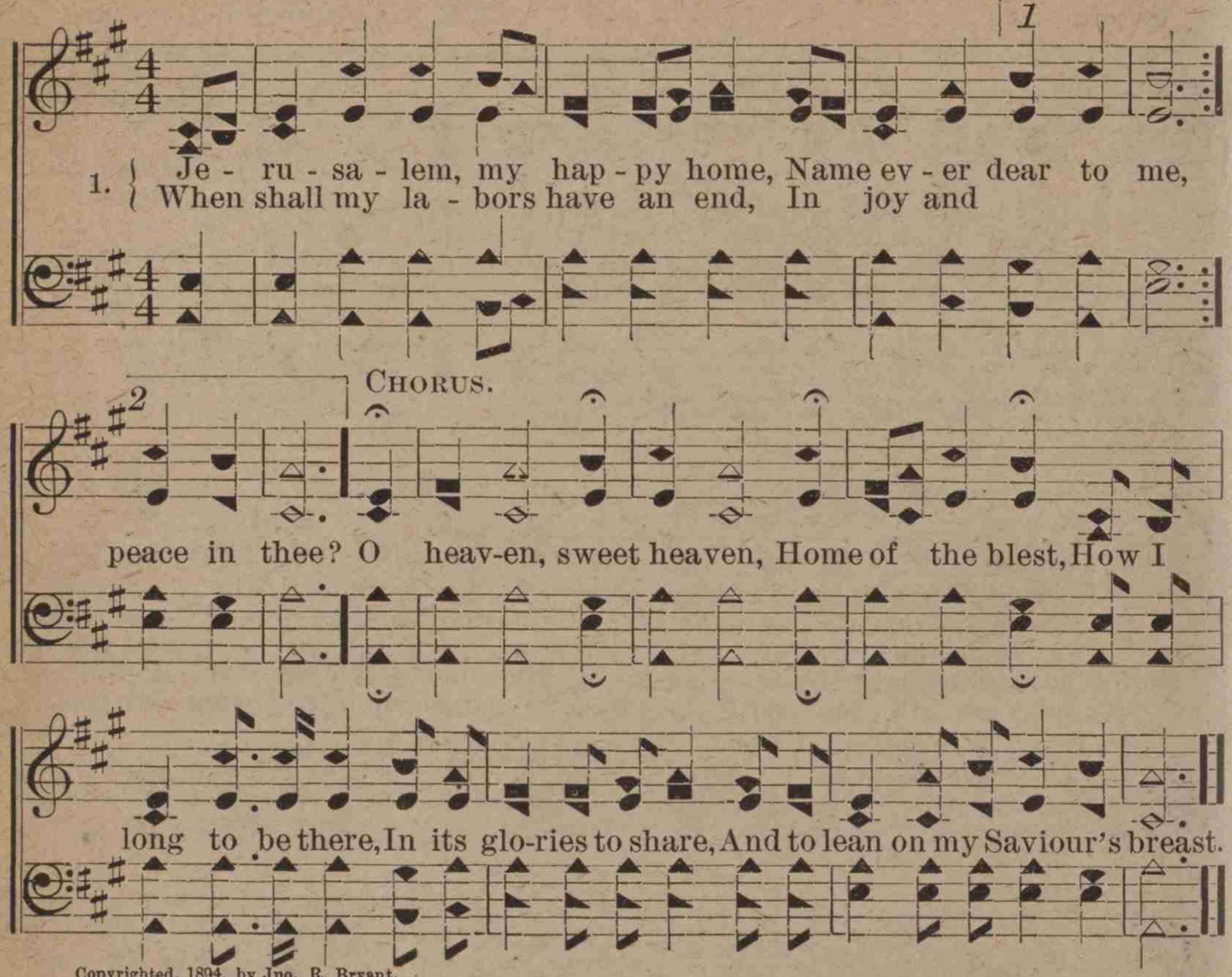
3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

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

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 161. Heaven, Sweet Heaven.

Arr. for this Work.



Copyrighted, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know. [scenes
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy
I onward press to you.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

No. 162. Full and Free Salvation.

M. W. Knapp.

Tune: "The Old Time Religion," No. 152.

Salvation: Present and full—free and for all.—*Our Motto.*

1 Freely, fully, justifying,
And completely purifying,
It is sweetly satisfying,
For it makes me fully whole.

Chorus.—
O, this free and full salvation,
Which can clear from condemnation,
And can keep in every station,
O, 't is glory in my soul.

2 All that 's carnal crucifying,
All the being sanctifying,
Both while living and when dying,
It will keep me fully whole.

3 It now saves me every hour,
And it keeps from getting sour,
For 't is Pentecostal power,
And it keeps me fully whole.

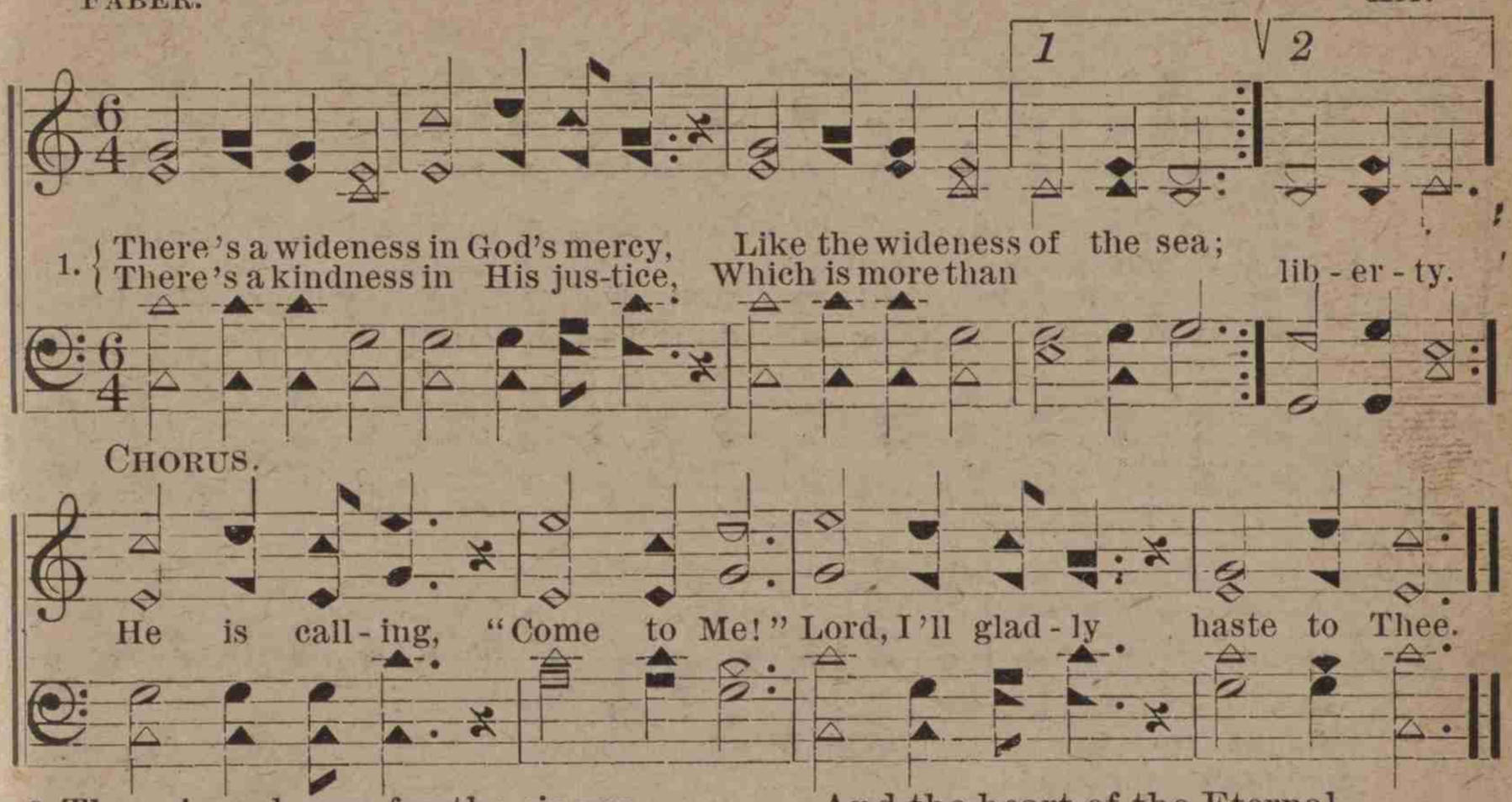
4 O, from fear and fret it frees us
In the sight of God who sees us;
All the glory be to Jesus,
That He keeps us fully whole.

5 'T is the long expected Spirit,
Which all Christians may inherit;
O ye hungry-hearted hear it!
For 't will make you fully whole,

6 When my soul from earth is riven,
And with joy I fly to heaven,
All the glory shall be given
Unto Him who made me whole.

No. 163. He is Calling.

FABER. Arr.

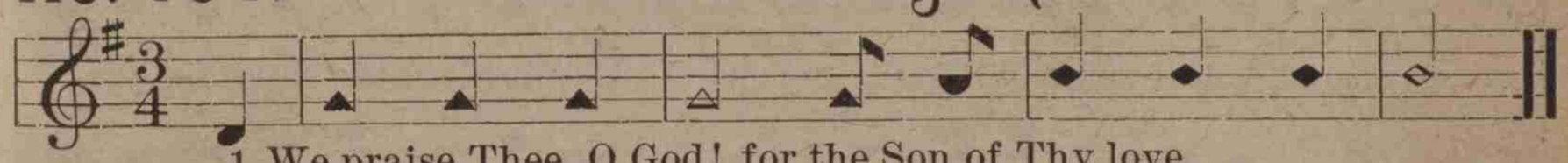


2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good.
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 164. Revive us again.



1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory; hallelujah! amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory; revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 165. Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER.

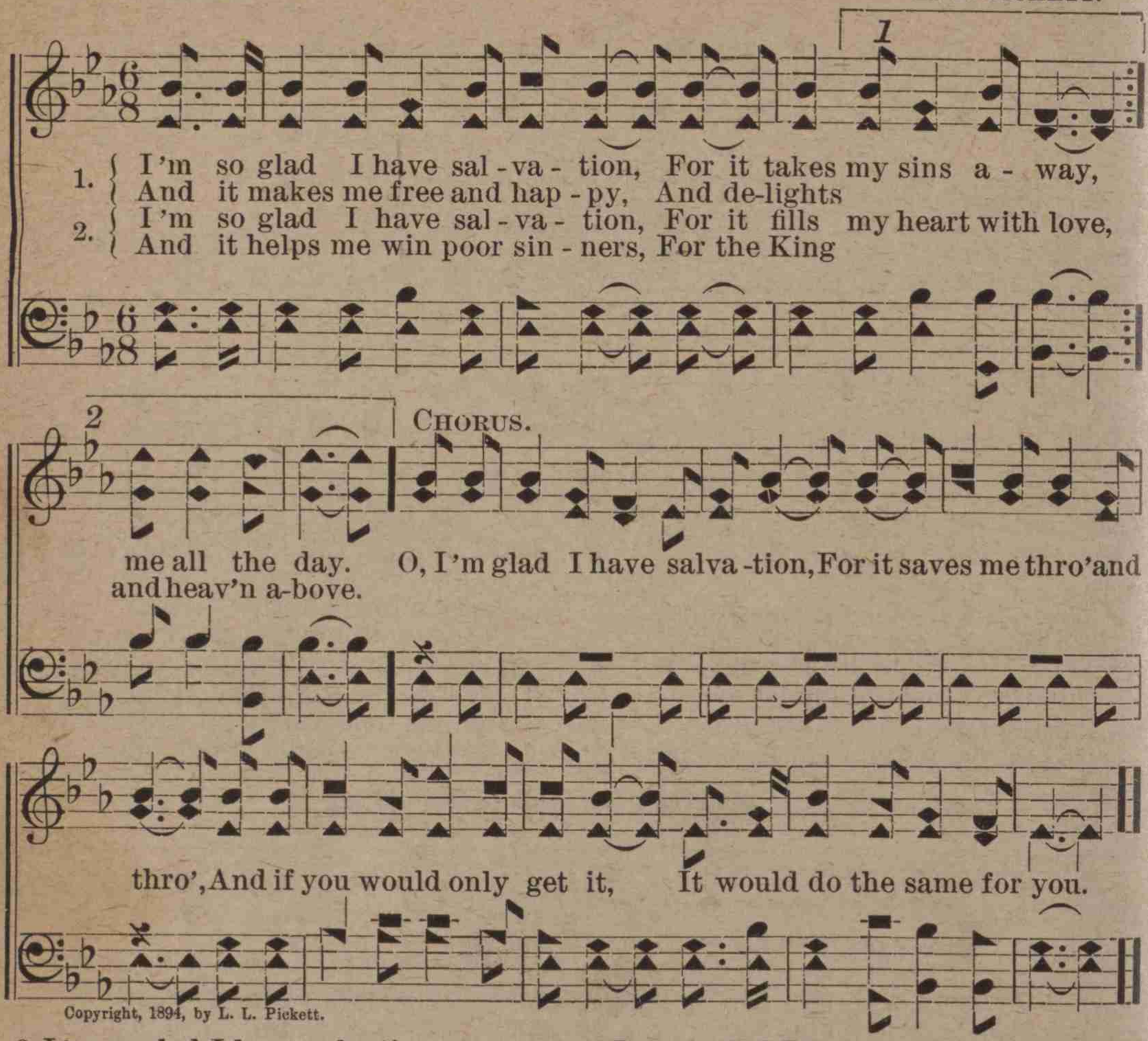
1 Work! for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

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

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

No. 166. I'm so Glad I have Salvation.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.



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3 I'm so glad I have salvation;
Not an empty idle form
Of a nominal professor,
Which would freeze instead of warm.

4 I'm so glad I have salvation,
That will make me shout and sing,
And can fill with joy and gladness,
As my gifts to Christ I bring.

5 I'm so glad I have salvation,
That can make me fully whole,
And can keep a well artesian
Ever flowing in my soul.

6 I'm so glad I have salvation,
That you might about as well
Try to cork a great volcano,
As to tell me to keep still.

7 I'm so glad I have salvation,
That can keep me every hour,
And can fill my soul with heaven,
And the Holy Spirit's power.

8 I'm so glad I have salvation,
That is present, full, and free,
It is just the thing for sinners,
Yes; is just the thing for thee.

No. 167. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDWARD PERRONET. Alt.

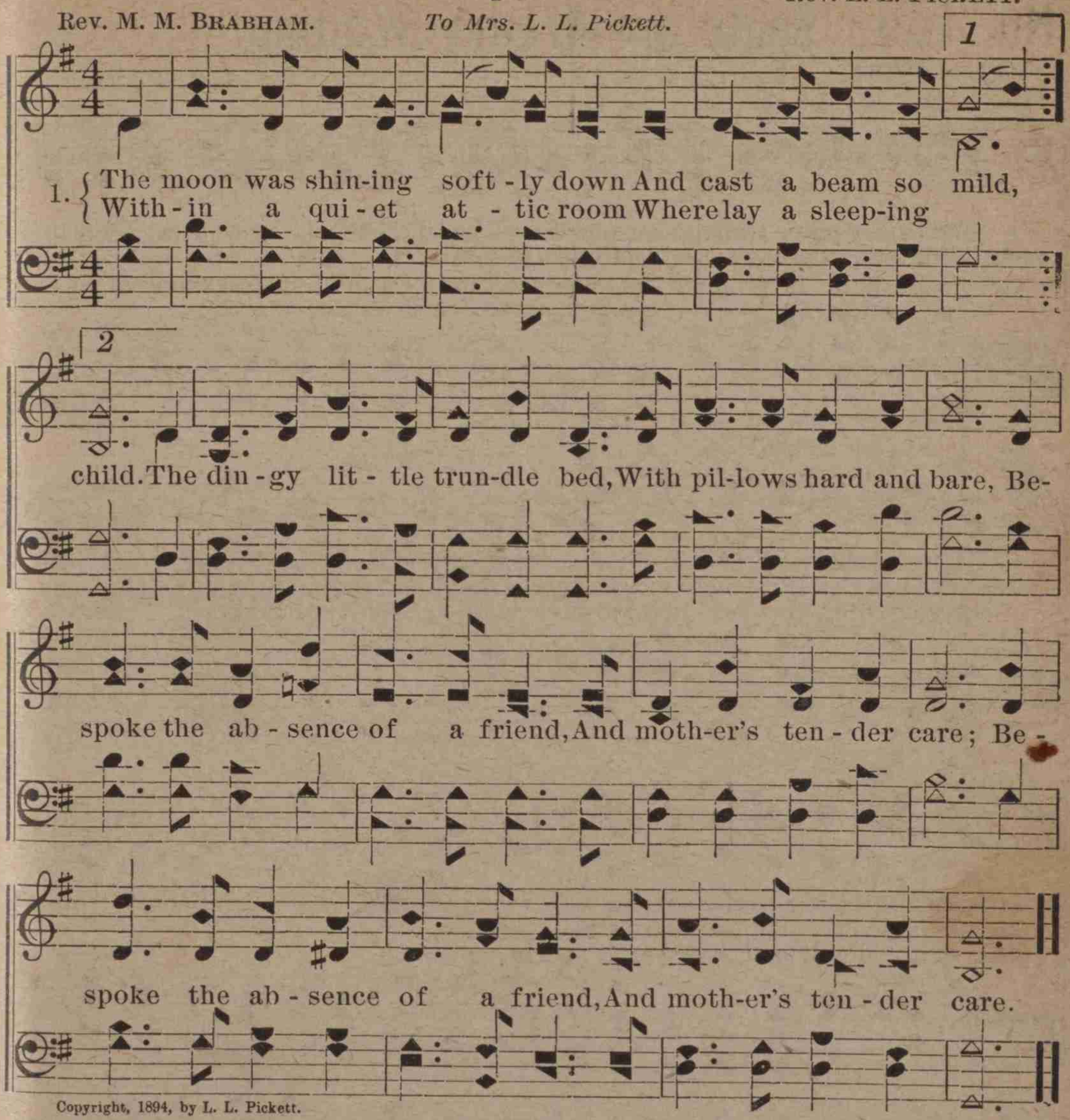
1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 168. The Orphan Child.

Rev. M. M. Brabham. *To Mrs. L. L. Pickett.* Rev. L. L. Pickett.

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2 Before the hush of gentle sleep,
Her mind to rest had stilled,
The little one had wept and sighed —
Her heart with sorrow filled.
What bitter, burning tears she shed,
How helpless seemed her grief!
No bright to-morrow seemed to say,
"I'll bring you sure relief."

3 The day had been a trying one,
No friendly word or tone,
Nor yet a sympathetic look;
Each heart had seemed a stone!
The daily tasks at last performed,
With quiet, hopeless step,
She turned in silence to her cot,
And lay her down and wept.

4 The other children bright and gay,
Each with a good-night kiss,
Had gone to rest in downy beds,
To sleep and dream of bliss.
Alas! for her no mother's love
Could joys like those provide.
Her mother slept beneath the sod;
Her father, too, had died.

5 While busy thus with silent grief,
Unhappy and unblest,
The gentle hand of friendly sleep
Beguiled her heart to rest.
And now in visions beautiful,
She sees her mother fair;
She hears again her cradle song,
She lisps her infant prayer.

6 Again her mother takes her hand,
And leads her childish feet,
Along the shaded garden paths,
Where flowers bloom so sweet.
How brightly shines the morning sun,
How sweetly sing the birds!
How doubly dear is mother's touch,
How low and sweet her words!

* * * * * * * *

7 Alas! the happy dream is gone,
And with returning day,
With cheerless heart the orphan child
Pursues her toilsome way.
O heart of God! with tender love
For helplessness and grief,
Find out a place where orphan woe
May find a sure relief!

No. 169. Souls are Weary Waiting.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Souls are wea-ry waiting for a welcome word, Tenderly in-vit-ing them to
2. Bur-dened with their sins, and la-den with their cares, They have long'd and waited for your
3. Christian, it is wrong to thus neglect a soul, Over which the waves of sin and

Christ the Lord, Sad be-cause you meet and greet them day by day, Yet neg-
earnest pray'rs, But you have not sought them, and they sigh to-day That no
sor-row roll; Je-sus died to save and ran-som all from sin, And ex-

CHORUS.

lect to point them to the narrow way. Oh, ye friends of Jesus, ransom'd from all
hand has led them to the narrow way.
pects that you will lead these wand'rers in.

sin! Oh, ye friends of Je-sus, by His blood made clean! Souls are weary waiting

for a welcome word; Go and lead the lost ones un-to Christ the Lord.

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No. 170. Jesus will give you Rest.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor bro- ken heart, Bur-den'd and sin op-
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your ach - ing
3. Will you come, will you come, you have noth- ing to pay; Je - sus, who loves you
4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His lov - ing

press'd; Lay it down at the feet of your Sav - iour and Lord,
breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on His name,
best, By His death on the Cross pur-chas'd life for your soul,
breast, And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will give you rest! Oh, hap-py rest, sweet, hap-py rest!

Je - sus will give you rest, Oh, why won't you come in

hap - py rest!

sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

From "Joy to the World."

No. 171. There's a Heaven in the Heart.

FRANCIS ANSON EVANS. (SOLO OR DUET.) CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. By per.

Tempo ad lib.

1. Look not far a - way, my brother, Far a - way to distant lands, Where, when
2. Are you wea-ry, heav-y la-den, With the toil of ma- ny years? There is
3. Is there lack of love, my brother, Love of neighbor, kindred, friend? Love of

life and toil are end - ed, We may tread those golden strands. Heaven
joy with-in the pres-ent, Tho' we see it thro' our tears. Dark-est
him a-bove all oth - er, Kind, in - dulg-ing to the end? Love and

is not near so dis- tant, If we will but choose the part; Cheer up,
clouds will quickly scat - ter, If we will but choose the part; Cheer up,
mer - cy, oh, how precious! Choose ye, then, poor Ma-ry's part; Cheer up,

broth-er, sing and la - bor, There 's a heav - en in the heart.

CHORUS.

a tempo.

There 's a heav - - en in the heart, ... There 's a
Heav - en in the heart, in the lov - ing Christian heart,

Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

There's a Heaven in the Heart. Concluded.

heav - - en in the heart, . . . There's a heav - - en in the
Heav-en in the heart, in the loving Christian heart, Heaven in the heart, in the

heart, ... There's a heav-en in the lov - ing Chris-tian heart.
lov - ing Christian heart,

No. 172. At the Cross.

THOMAS SHEPHERD.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone,
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove,
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear,

REFRAIN. *At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,*

And all the world go free? No; there's a cross
Who once went sor - row-ing here; But now they taste
Till death shall set me free, And then go home

And the bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith

Repeat for Chorus.

for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py night and day.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

No. 173. In the Secret of His Presence.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH of INDIA. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. In the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide! O how precious are the lessons
2. When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing There is cool and pleasant shelter,
3. Only this I know--I tell Him all my doubts, and griefs, and fears; O how patiently He listens,
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord? Go and hide beneath His shadow,
5. You will surely lose the blessing and the fulness of your joy. If you let dark clouds distress you,

which I learn at Jesus' side! Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,
and a fresh and crystal spring; And my Saviour rests beside me as we hold communion sweet--
and my drooping soul He cheers. Do you think He ne'er reproves me? what a false friend would He be
this shall then be your reward; And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,
and your inward peace destroy, You may always be abiding, if you will, at Jesus' side;

For when Sa - tan comes to tempt me, to the se - cret place I go.
If I tried I could not ut - ter what He says when thus we meet.
If He nev - er, nev - er told me of the sins which He must see!
You must mind and bear the im - age of your Mas - ter in your face.
'In the se - cret of His presence" you may ev - 'ry mo - ment hide.

REFRAIN. SOLI.

In the se - cret of His presence, When you 've entered at the door, There se-

TUTTI.

cure you 'll rest in Je - sus; There are joys for - ev - er - more.

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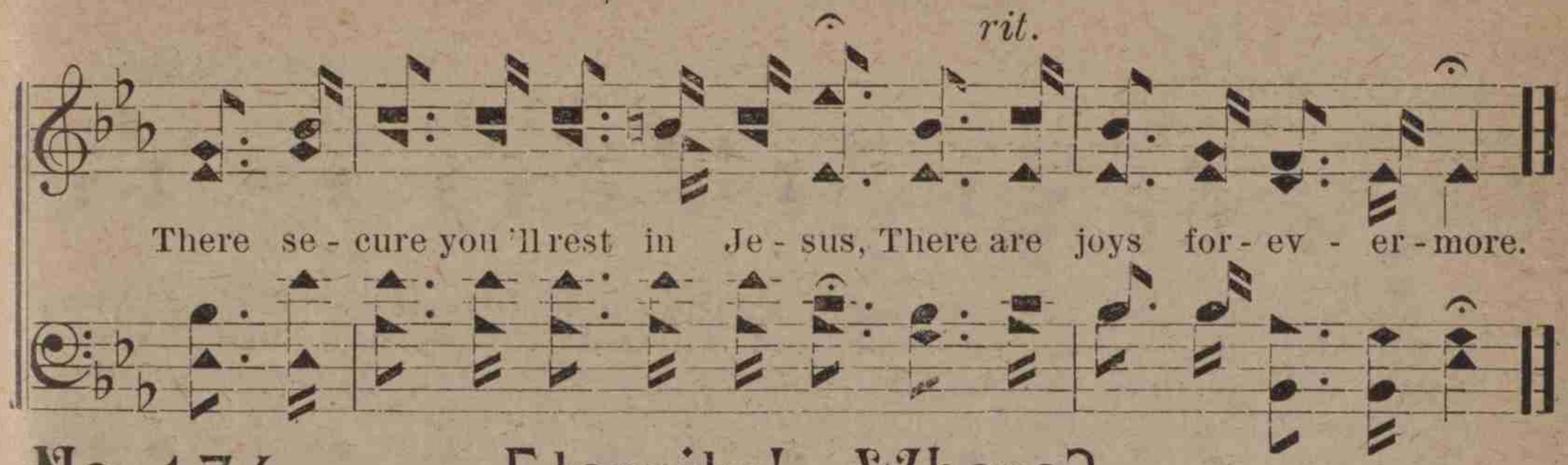
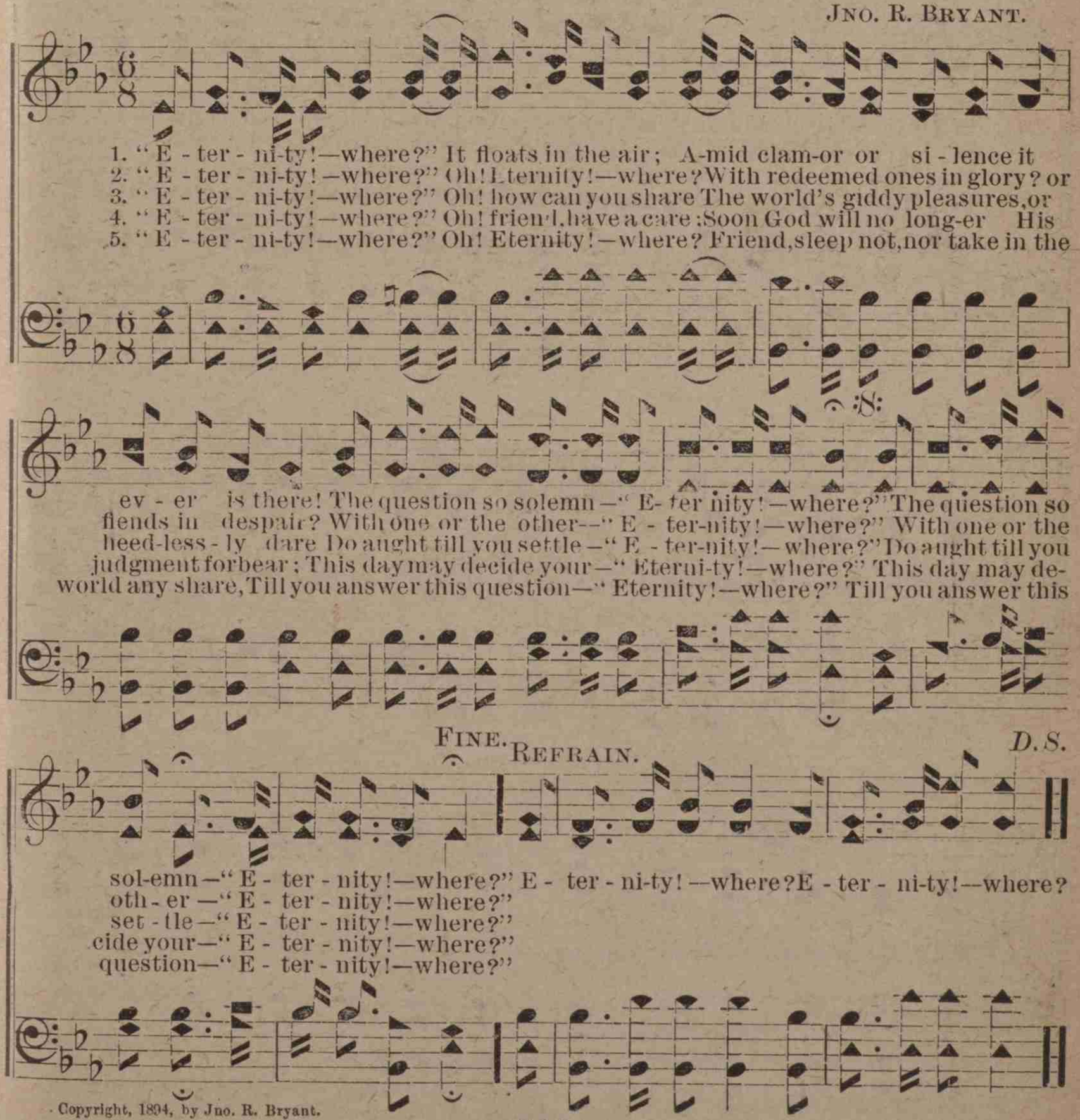
In the Secret of His Presence. Concluded.

No. 174. Eternity!—Where?

A young man was working alone in a large room in which was a big clock, the loud ticking of which seemed to frame itself into the words! "Eternity!—where?" Unable to endure any longer the reflections thus awakened, he arose and stopped the clock; but the question, "Eternity!—where?" still so haunted him, that he threw down his work, and hurrying home, determined that he would not allow anything to engage his thoughts till he could satisfactorily answer that searching question, "Eternity!—where?"

JNO. R. BRYANT.

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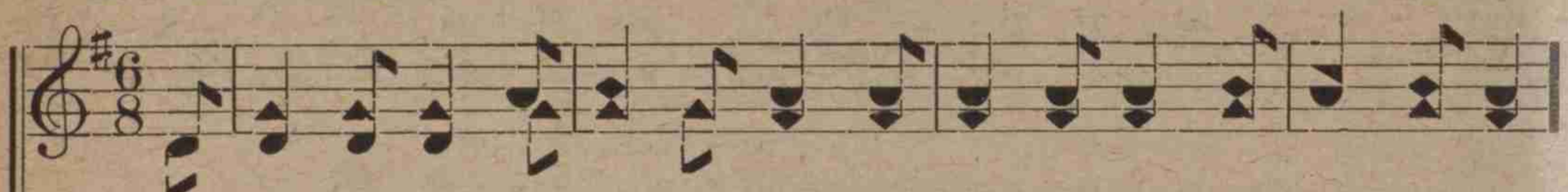
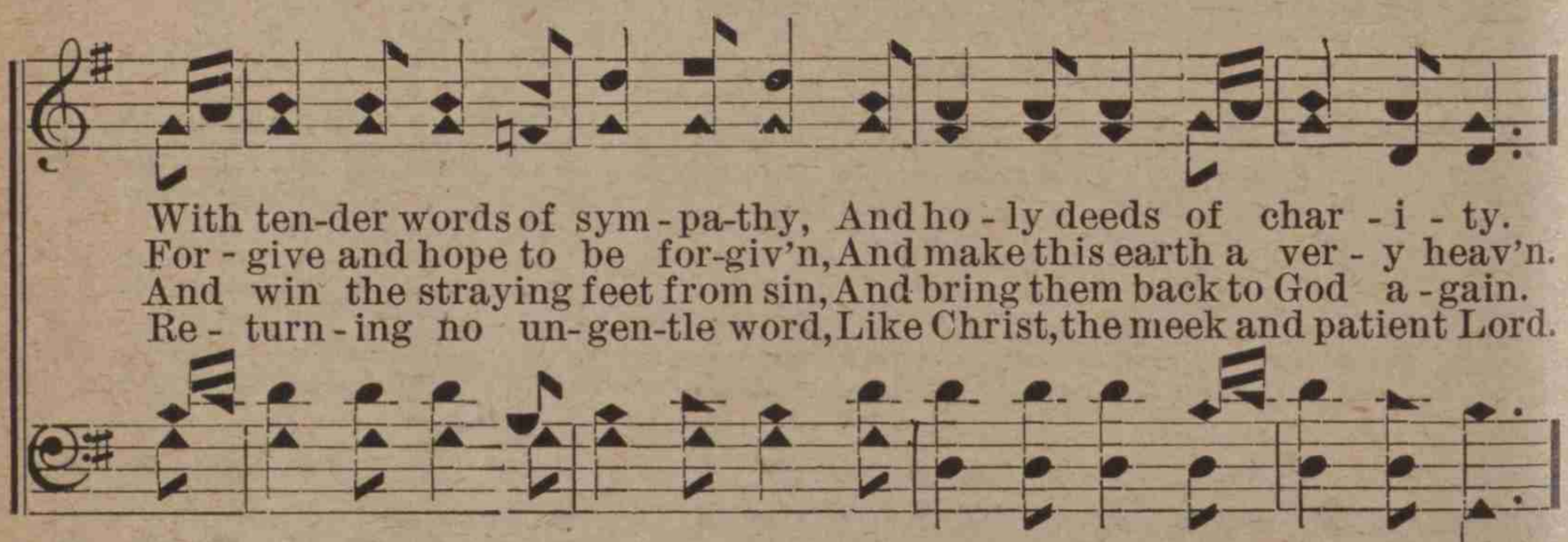
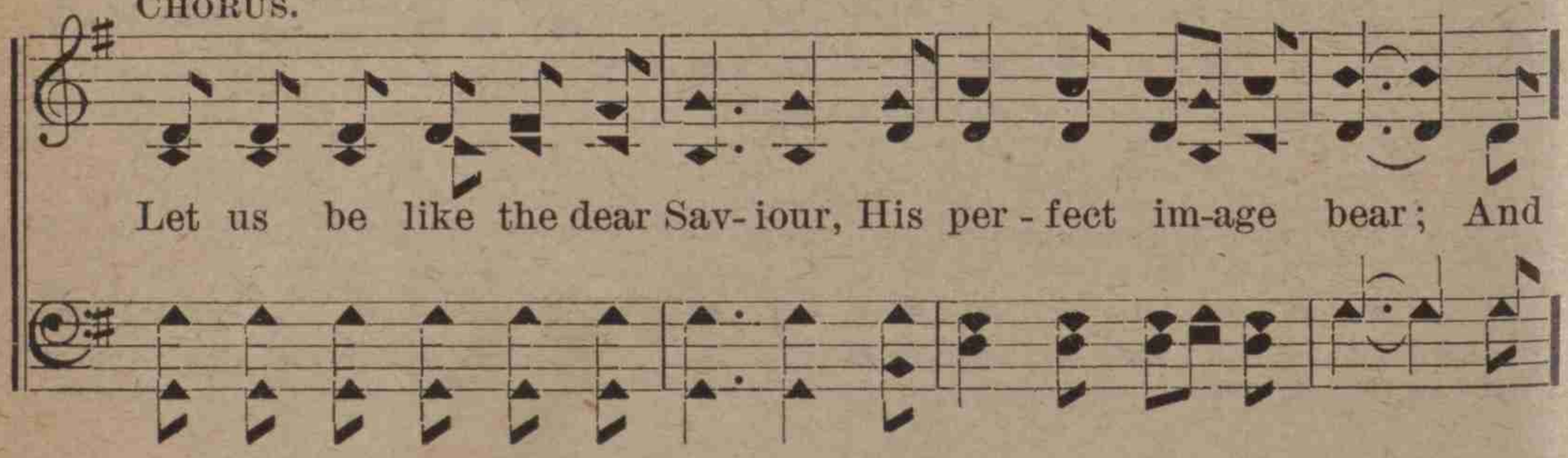
No. 175. Let us be like the Saviour.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. We will be like the Sav-iour dear, And sadden'd hearts around us cheer,
2. We will be like the Sav-iour, kind, To gen - tle-ness and love in-clin'd;
3. We will be like the Sav-iour, mild, Who loves each erring, wand'ring child,
4. We will be like the Sav-iour, pure, And for Him a - ny ill en-dure;



With ten-der words of sym - pa-thy, And ho - ly deeds of char - i - ty.
For - give and hope to be for-giv'n, And make this earth a ver - y heav'n.
And win the straying feet from sin, And bring them back to God a - gain.
Re - turn - ing no un-gen-tle word, Like Christ, the meek and patient Lord.

CHORUS.



Let us be like the dear Sav- iour, His per - fect im-age bear; And
show His lov - ing spir - it, Al - ways and ev - 'ry - where.

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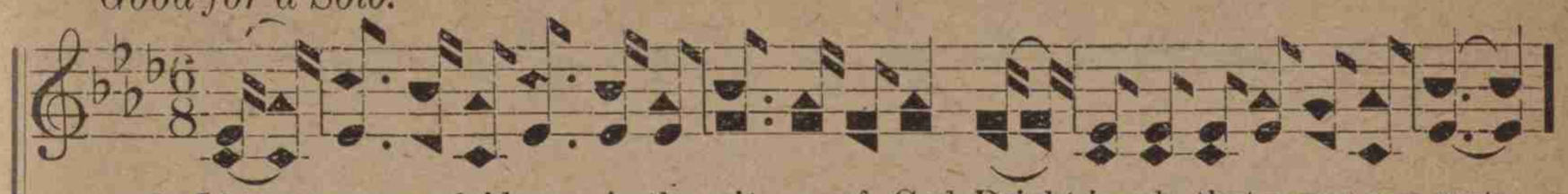
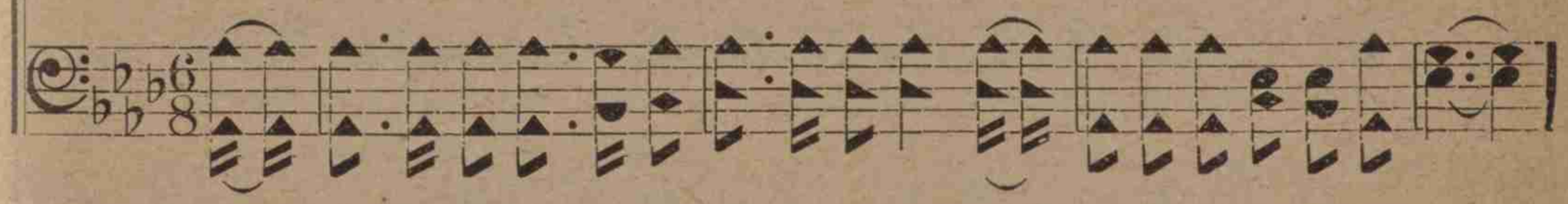
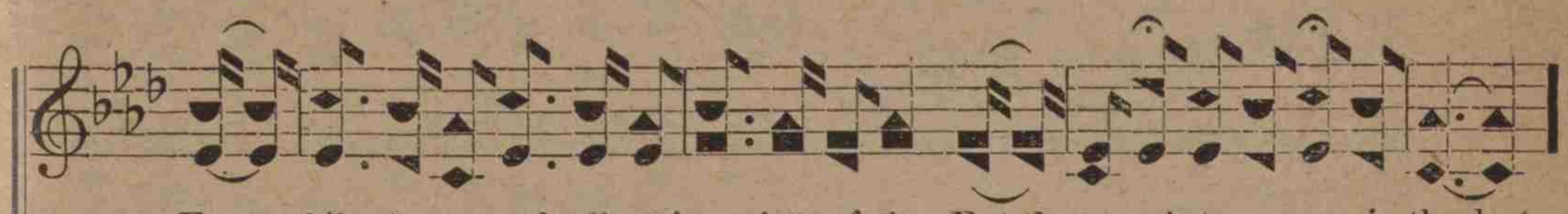
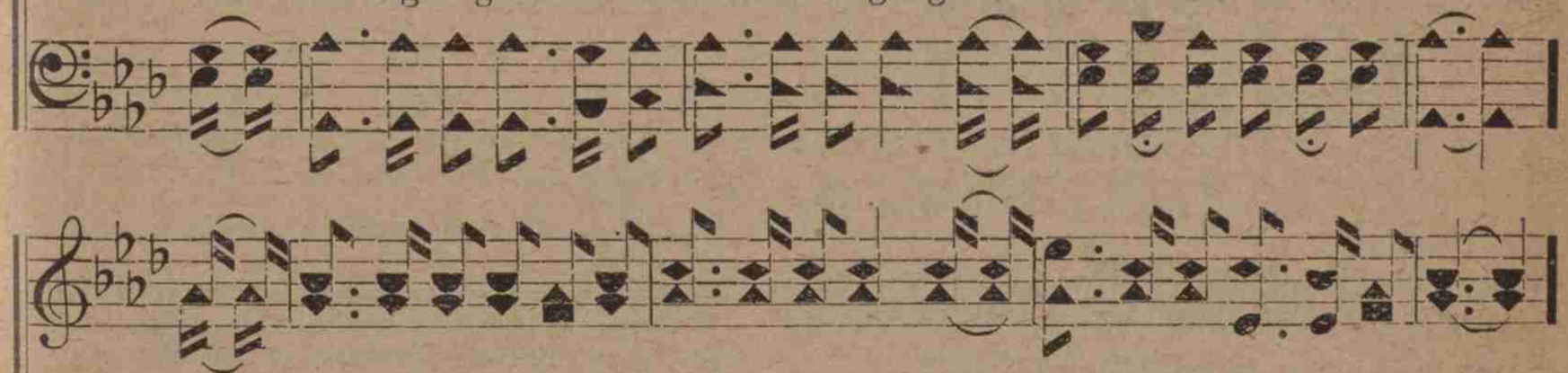
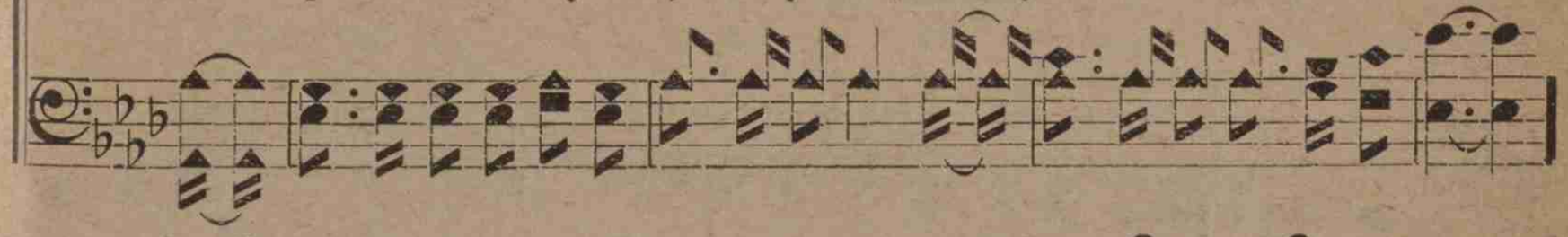
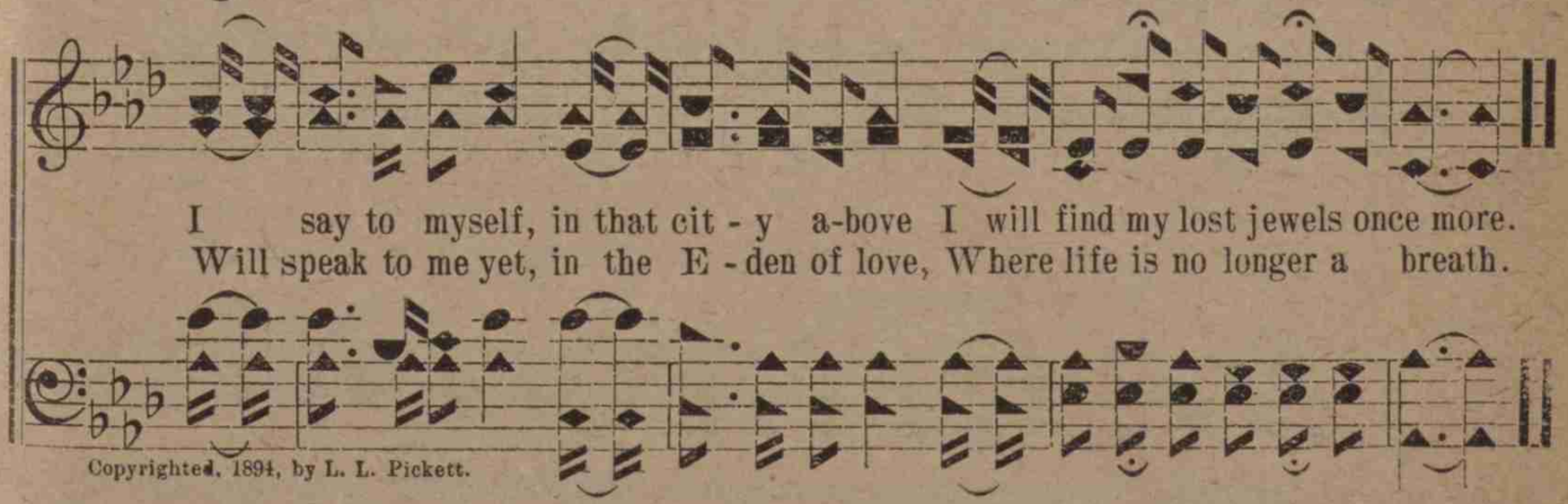
No. 176. My Treasures.

ANON.
Good for a Solo.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I have treasures laid up in the cit - y of God, Bright jewels that never can rust;
2. The feet that went down in the riv-er of death, As I stood on life's desolate sand,

For a while they were dwellers in caskets of clay, But those caskets are now in the dust.
Are walk-ing in gladness the streets of bright gold, That run thro' the beautiful land.

And as here in the light of this beautiful morn, I num-ber them all o'er and o'er,
The lips that so tenderly whispered my name, Ere they clos'd in the silence of death.

I say to myself, in that cit - y a-bove I will find my lost jewels once more.
Will speak to me yet, in the E - den of love, Where life is no longer a breath.

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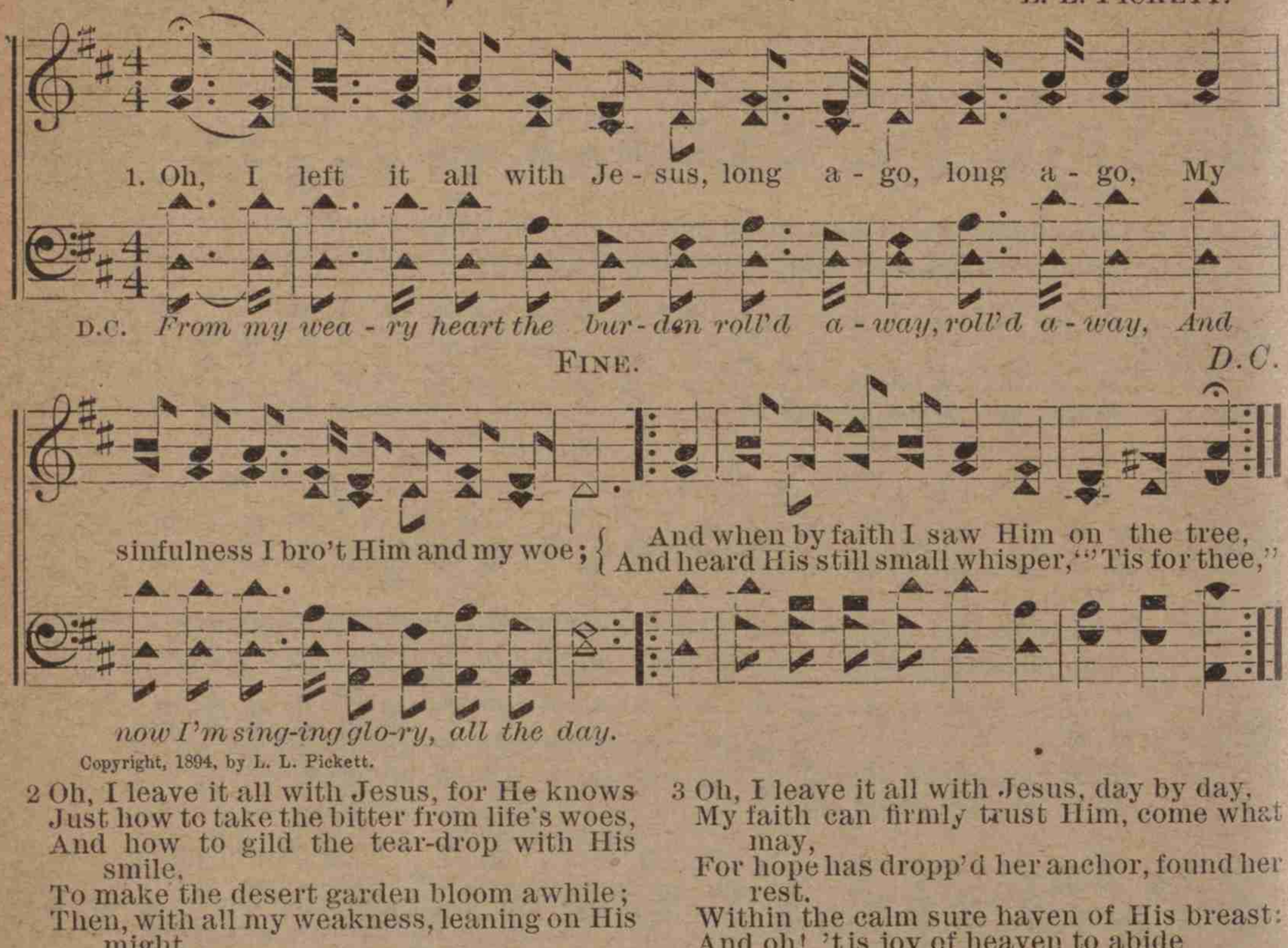
3 The dear hands that once lovingly clung to my own
As they grew in death pulseless and cold,
Are bearing fresh palms thro' the city of God,
Or sweeping o'er harp-strings of gold.
The eyes that turned on me with love to the last,
Now beam in eternity's light; [throne,
They see in His beauty the King on His
And gaze on His face with delight.

4 O earth with its fragrance, and beauty, and bloom,
To me is exquisitely fair;
But heaven is dearer and sweeter to me,
For my treasures so precious are there.
The dear Lord who gave them and took them away,
Will not leave me forever alone;
He will give them all, each, to my bosom again,
When I stand on the sea by the throne.

No. 177. I Left it All with Jesus.

L. L. PICKETT.



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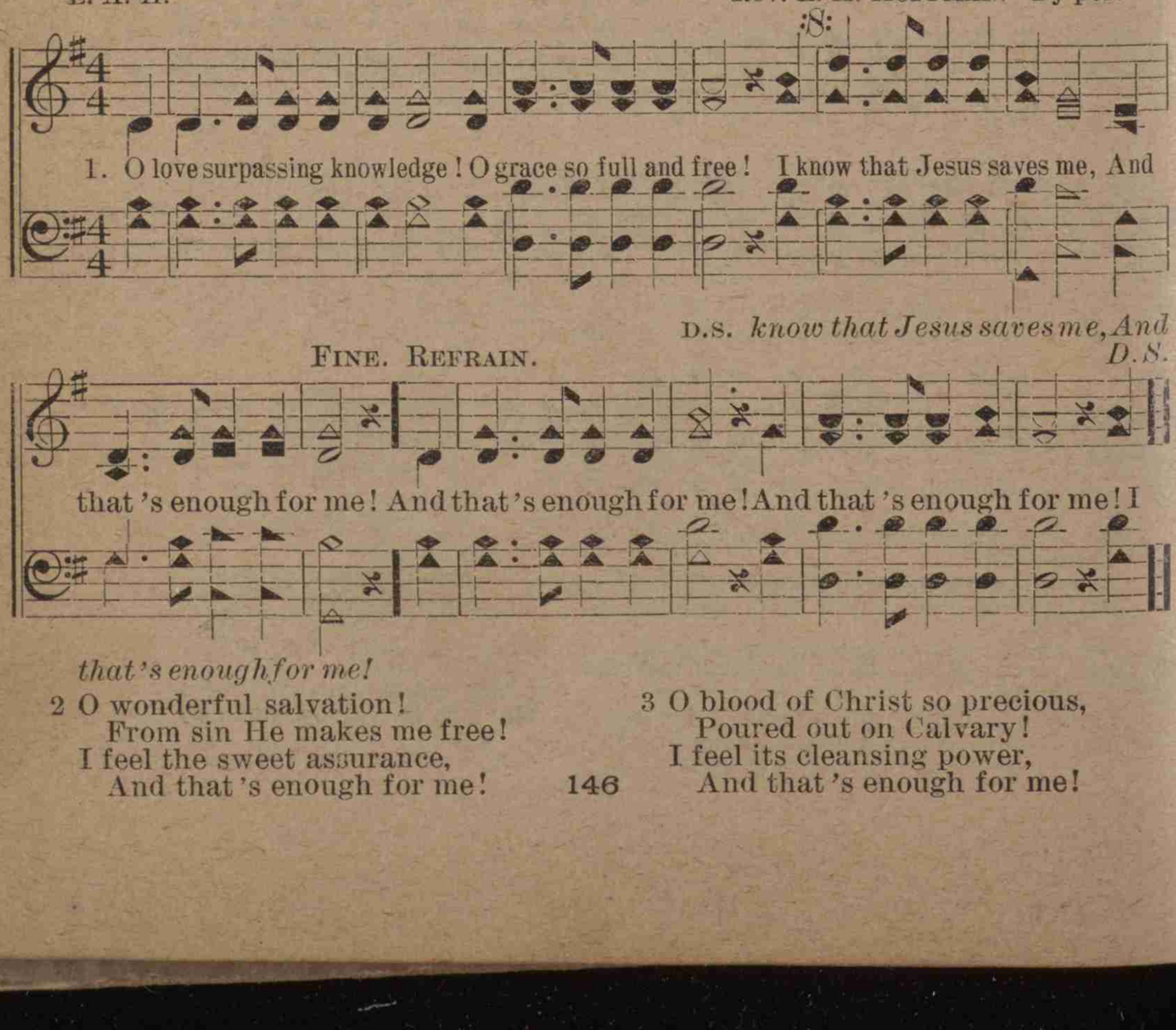
2 Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows
Just how to take the bitter from life's woes,
And how to gild the tear-drop with His smile,
To make the desert garden bloom awhile;
Then, with all my weakness, leaning on His might,
My soul sings hallelujah, all is light.

3 Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, day by day,
My faith can firmly trust Him, come what may,
For hope has dropp'd her anchor, found her rest.
Within the calm sure haven of His breast:
And oh! 'tis joy of heaven to abide
Close to my dear Redeemer, at His side.

No. 178. Enough for Me.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.



2 O wonderful salvation!
From sin He makes me free!
I feel the sweet assurance,
And that 's enough for me!

3 O blood of Christ so precious,
Poured out on Calvary!
I feel its cleansing power,
And that 's enough for me!

No. 179. In Canaan Now.

Arr. E. T. Rinehart. Arr. by Jno. McPherson.

1. I used to think that Ca - naan Was somewhere up on high, Where I, per -
2. A land of corn and wine Where milk and hon - ey flow, On which the
3. A life at peace with God, With Je - sus in my soul, A heart wash'd
4. This rest it is for you, Then leave the wil - derness, You 'll find God's

haps, might go When-e'er I came to die. But when I came to Je - sus,
Lord doth smile, As all who live there know. I do the will of God,
in the blood, By Him made ful - ly whole. From death to life di - vine,
word is true, You're a - ble to pos - sess. So put a-way the things

And at His cross did bow, I got sal - va - tion thro' the blood, I'm
Be - cause He shows me how, I stand where good old Josh - ua stood, I'm
Each dark spot white as snow, He speaks the word and it is done, The
That He doth not al - low, And if your all to Christ you bring, You're

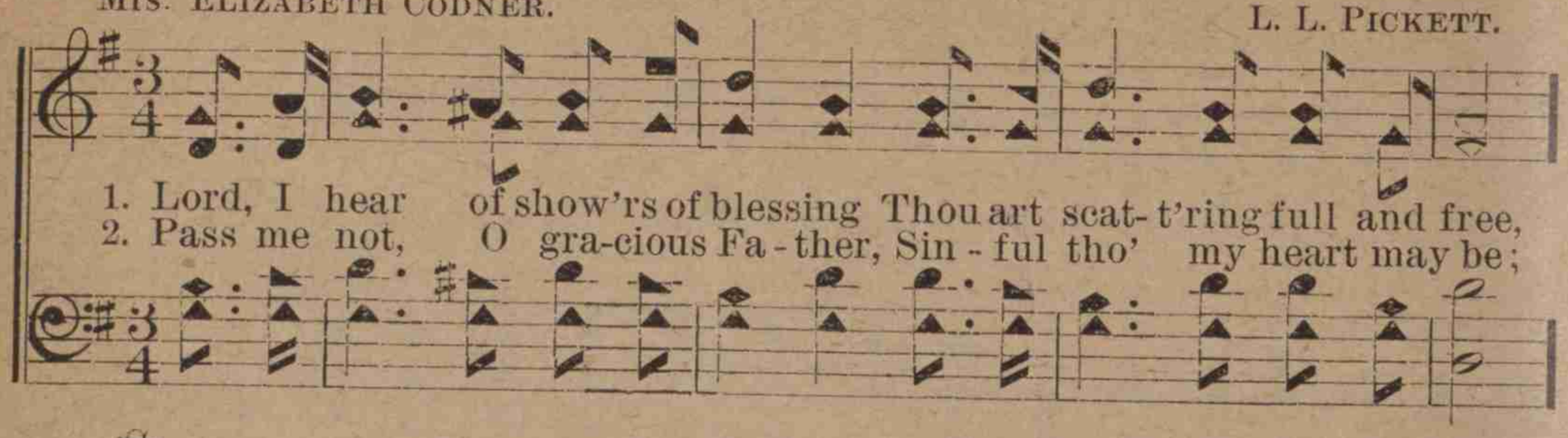
Chorus.

liv-ing in Ca-naan now. Liv-ing in Ca - naan now, I'm liv-ing in
liv-ing in Ca-naan now.
soul re-ceives it now.
liv-ing in Ca-naan now.

Ca-naan now, I'm do - ing well, I'm glad to tell, I'm liv - ing in Ca-naan now.

No. 180. Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. L. L. Pickett.

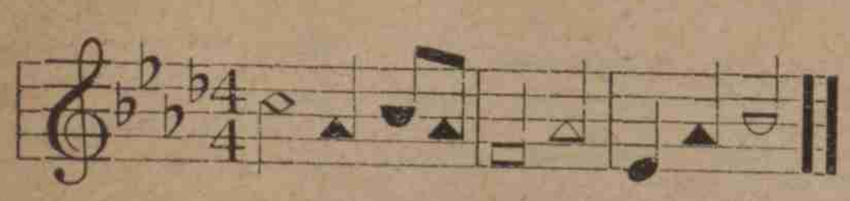


3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor:
Whilst Thou 'rt calling, O call me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
Magnify them all in me.

6 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me.

No. 181. C. M.

John Newton.

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou call'st the burdened soul to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

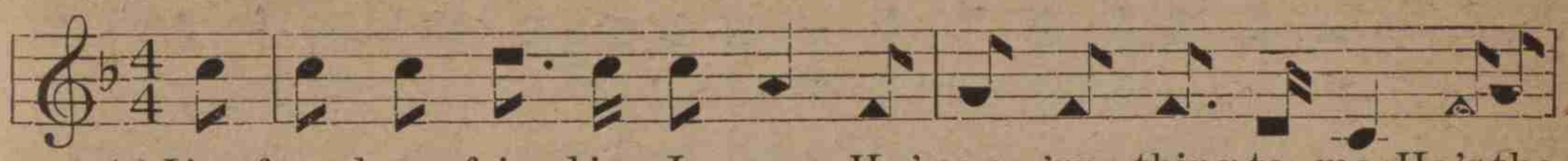
4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

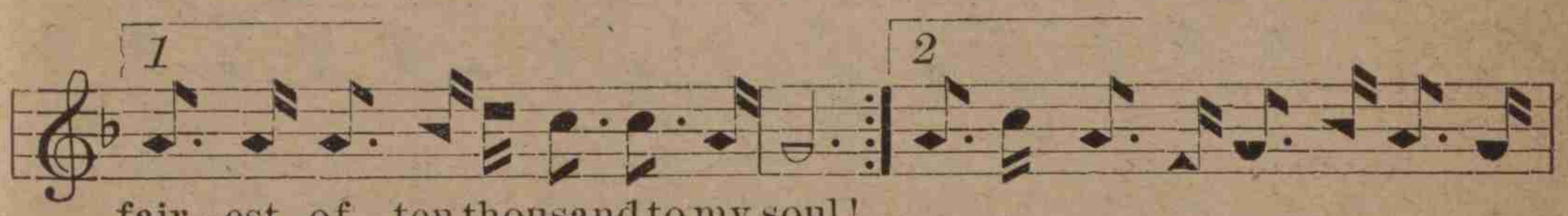
5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead His gracious name!

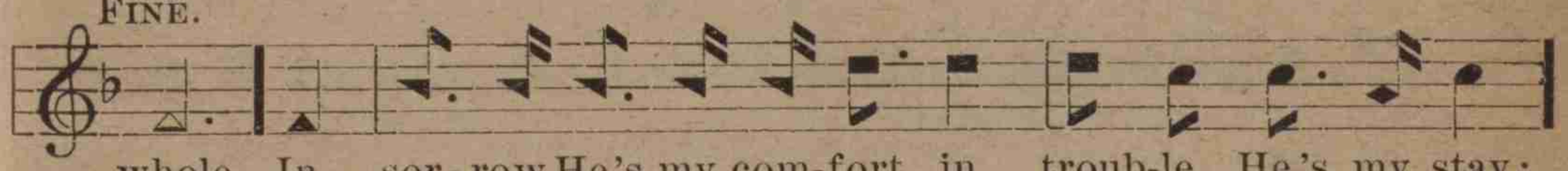
6 "Poor tempest-tossèd soul, be still;
My promised grace receive:"
'T is Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

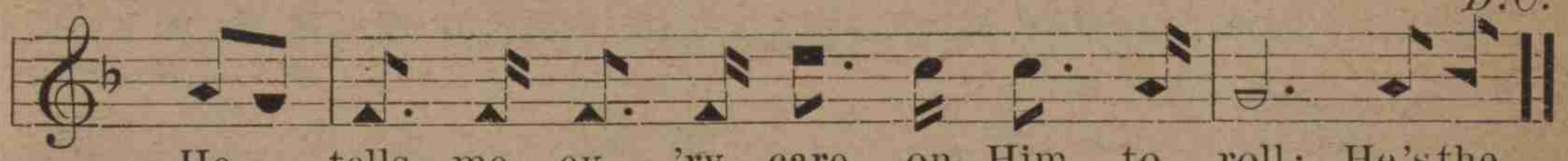
No. 182. The Lily of the Valley.

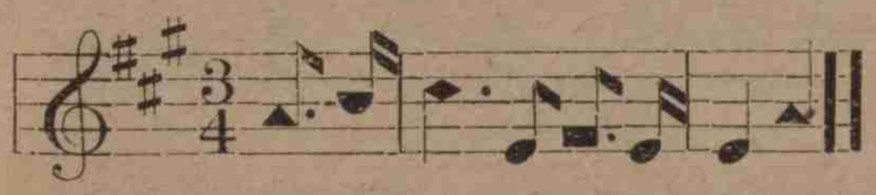
"I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley." Song of Solomon ii: 1.

C. W. FRY. JAMES R. MURRAY. By per.

1. I've found a friend in Je-sus,—He's ev-'ry-thing to me; He's the
The "Li-ly of the Val-ley," in Him a-lone I see, All I
2. He all my grief has tak-en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-
I've all for Him for-sak-en, I've all my i-dols torn From my
3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I
A wall of fire a-bout me, I've noth-ing now to fear: With His

D.C. *"Li-ly of the Val-ley," The bright and morn-ing Star; He's the*

fair-est of ten thousand to my soul!
need to cleanse and make me ful-ly
ta-tion He's my strong and might-y tow'r;
heart, and now He keeps me by His
live by faith, and do His blessed will;
man-na He my hungry soul shall
fair-est of ten thousand to my

FINE.

whole. In sor-row He's my com-fort, in troub-le He's my stay;
pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Sa-tan tempts me sore,
fill. When crown'd at last in glo-ry, I'll see His bless-ed face,
soul!

D.C.

He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll; He's the
Thro' Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal; He's the
Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er roll; He's the

No. 183. Shall we Meet?

1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Cho.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Where the surges cease to roll.

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair, celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 184. Where are you Building?

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. One build-er plac'd his structure Up - on the sol - id Rock, Where like the mighty
2. The Christian wisely build-ing, Rests on the Rock se - cure, A build-ing which for-
3. Christ is the true foun -da- tion, No oth -er one will stand, When storms of wrath and

moun-tain, It stood the tem- pest shock; The oth - er, ver - y fool - ish, Built
ev - er In beau - ty shall en - dure; The sin - ner, rash and fool - ish, Re-
judg-ment Shall sweep thro' all the land; Then all the fool - ish build -ers, Will

his up-on the sand, Where doom'd to swift destruction, The storm it could not stand.
jects the Lord's command, And seals his own de-struc-tion By building on the sand.
see their build-ings fall, While those who built on Je - sus, Will crown Him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

Oh, where are you build - ing? On the Rock or on the sand?

Will your building tumble, Or se- curely stand? Oh, Christ is my Saviour, He

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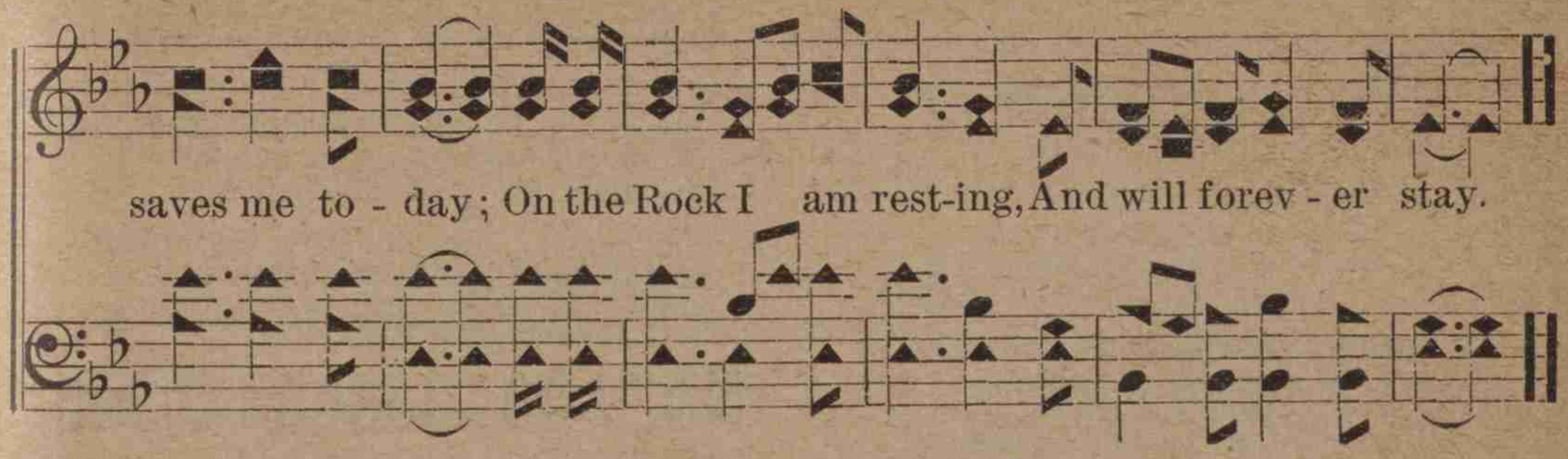
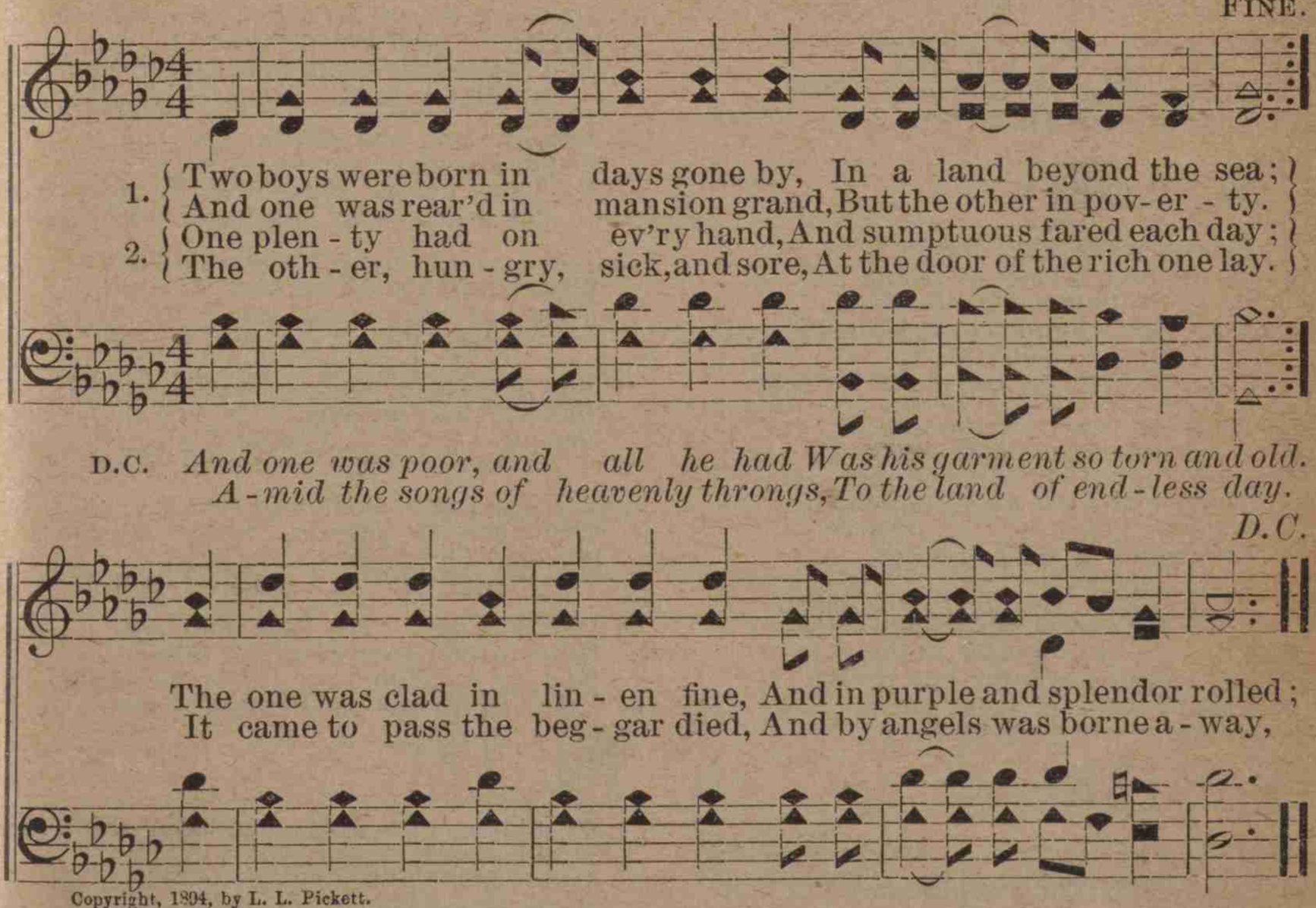
Where are you Building? Concluded.



No. 185. The Rich Man and Lazarus.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

FINE.

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3 The rich man also passed away,
And they buried his body well,
But, unprepared, his soul was lost,
And awoke in endless hell.
For mercy then he loudly cried,
But alas! it was then too late!
Nor Abraham nor Lazarus,
Could change his awful fate.

4 "Remember, son," said Abraham,
"Of the world thou didst choose thy store,
Now thou art lost, but Lazarus
Shall be comforted ever more.
Besides all this, a fearful gulf
Doth between us so deeply span,
To cross its chasm deep and wide,
There is no one that will or can."

5 "Oh, then," cried he, in anguish wild,
"Testify to my brethren dear
Of this my fearful, final doom,
Lest they also should enter here."
"'T were vain to send," said Abraham,
"For if Moses they do despise,
They'd not repent and be convinced,
If there one from the dead should rise."

6 Be warned. oh friends, that worldly wealth
Will not serve when you come to die,
That poverty can not debar
From the mansions of bliss on high.
Upon the cross the Saviour died, [away.
That your sins might be washed
His Spirit strives your heart to win,
Oh, believe, and be saved to-day.

No. 186.

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

Cho. — Jesus paid it all!
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim;
I 'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

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

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

No. 187.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 188.

ISAAC WATTS.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 189.

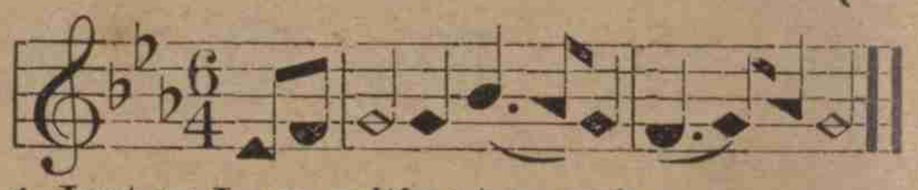
ISAAC WATTS.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truths by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

No. 190. Just as I am.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am — poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am — Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am, — Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down,
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

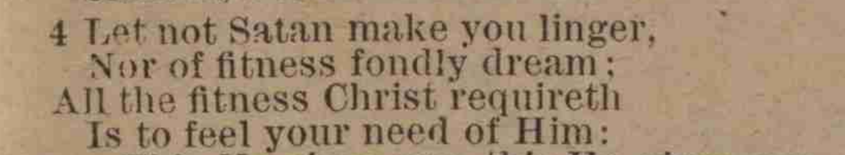
No. 191.

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

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe his word and trust His grace,
‖: I 'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

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

No. 192. Why Don't you Come to Jesus?



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

Cho. —‖: Why don't you come to Jesus?
He's waiting to receive you,
Why don't you come to Jesus and
be saved? :‖

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

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

4 Let not Satan make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness Christ requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you, this He gives you,
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

For music see "Cheerful Songs," 287.

No. 193.

Rev. D. Williams.

1 On the mountain of vision, what a glory we behold,
A hundred years of victory are tinging earth with gold;
And the glorious time is coming which the prophets long foretold,
The truth is marching on.

Cho. —Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Salvation's rolling on.

2 For the glory of the Master, Wesley taught beyond the sea,
And preached the great salvation which delivers you and me;
And a million voices shout it,—"Redemption's full and free,"
Salvation's rolling on.

3 From the cabin on the prairie, from the vaulted city dome,
From the dark and briny ocean, where our sailor brothers roam,
We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy harvest home,
Salvation's rolling on.

4 A hundred years of marching, and a hundred years of song,
The Conqueror advances, and the time will not be long
When He shall claim the heathen and overthrow the wrong,
Our God is marching on.

5 And when the war is over, with the saints for evermore,
On the blissful heights of Glory we will shout the battle o'er,
And in the Golden City we will join the Conqueror,
Forever marching on.

No. 194. The Burden's Light.

Tune, Palms of Victory, Key of F.

Mary Amon.

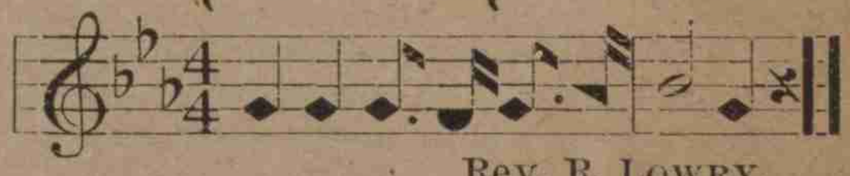
1 I saw a blood-washed traveller, in garments white as snow,
While travelling in the highway where heavenly breezes blow;
His path was full of trials, and yet his face was bright.
He shouted as he journeyed, "I'm glad the burden's light!"

Cho. — Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory, I shall bear.

2 I saw him in the conflict, when all around was strife;
When wicked men and devils convened to take his life.
I saw him cast in prison — a dungeon dark as night —
And yet I heard him shouting, "I'm glad the burden's light!"

3 I saw him led from prison, and chained unto the stake,
I heard him shout triumphant, "'T is all for Jesus' sake!"
I saw the fires when kindled, the fagots blazing bright,
He said, "The yoke is easy, the burden is so light."

4 I saw the flames surround him, his body racked with pain;
He shouted, "Jesus saves me! I know that death is gain!"
Then casting his eyes upward, before he took his flight,
I heard him faintly whisper, "I'm glad the burden's light."

No. 195. Shall we Gather at the River?

Rev. R. Lowry.

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

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

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

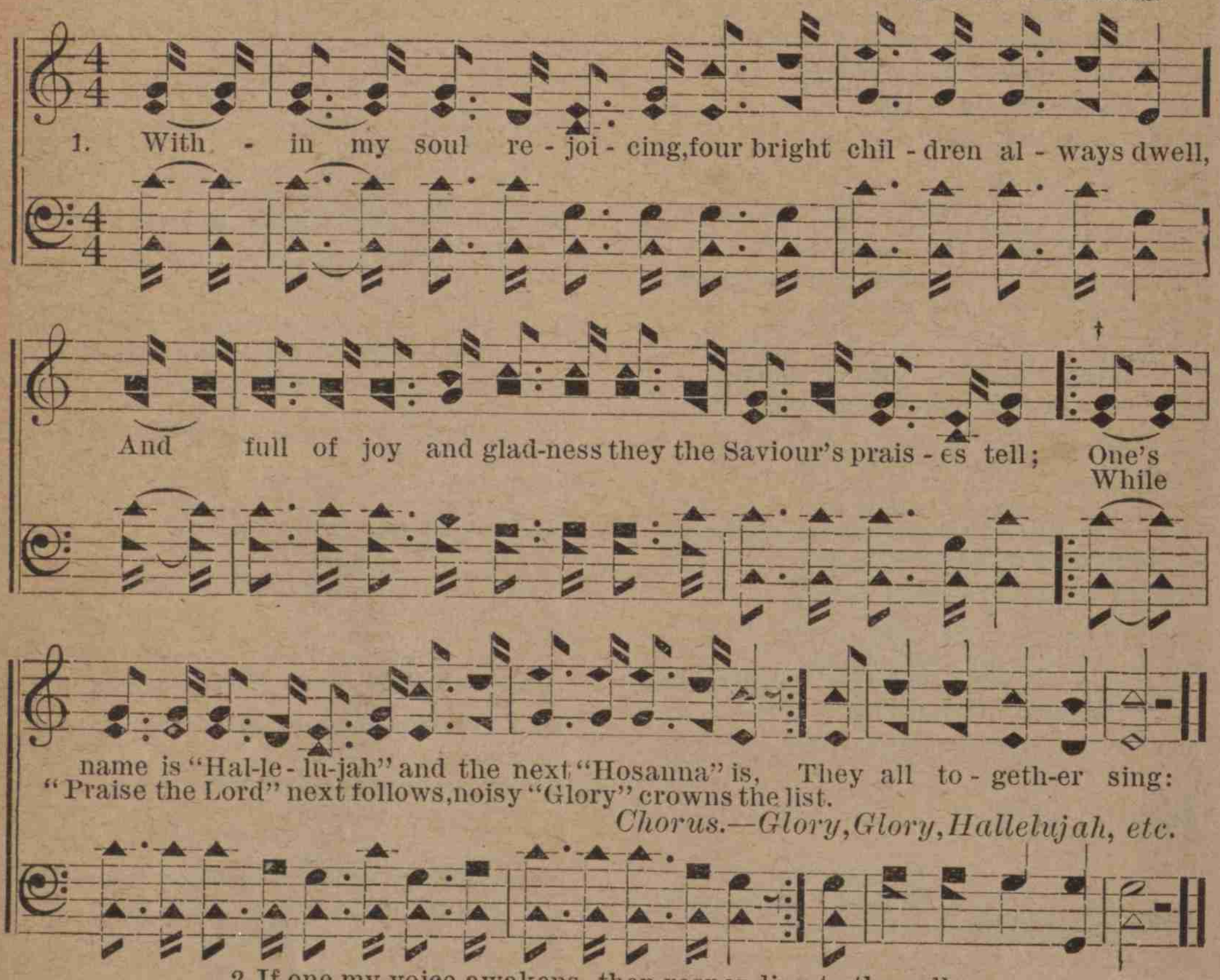
3 Soon we 'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

No. 196. The Hallelujah Family.*

"Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart." Ps. xxxii: 11.

"I have in my religious life a family of children. They are named Hallelujah, Hosanna, Praise the Lord, and Glory. If at times I think they have gone to bed, and are sleeping or resting too long, I go up stairs in my soul, open the door of the inner chamber, and shout or call aloud—Hallelujah! And immediately the whole family of them jump up, wide awake, and join their glad voices in the cry.—Rev. B. CARRADINE. Author of "Sanctification," etc.

M. W. KNAPP. Rev. D. WILLIAMS.



2 If one my voice awakens, then responding to the call,
In songs of holy triumph, I can hear the voice of all;
They praise the name of Jesus, crucified so long ago,
From sin and death to save us, and to wash us white as snow.
With joy they love to sing:

Cho.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, Hosanna, Praise the Lord!

3 They shout of free salvation, which we all may surely know,
And when the lost are rescued, then their raptures overflow;
The Spirit's work they honor, and the cleansing blood they sing,
O'er perfect love triumphant all their happy voices ring.
O join them as they sing:

Cho.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, Hosanna, Praise the Lord!

4 Some say they are too noisy, and I'll tell the reason why,
For if they should be silent, very quickly they would die.
And some who love to slumber tell them that they must keep still,
But joys so great swell in them that they neither can nor will.
So still they shout and sing:

Cho.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, Hosanna, Praise the Lord!

5 And by and by in glory they will sing before the throne,
When Christ will warmly welcome and will vindicate His own,
Then louder still than ever their glad voices they will raise,
With all the saints and angels high in everlasting praise.
And forever shout and sing:

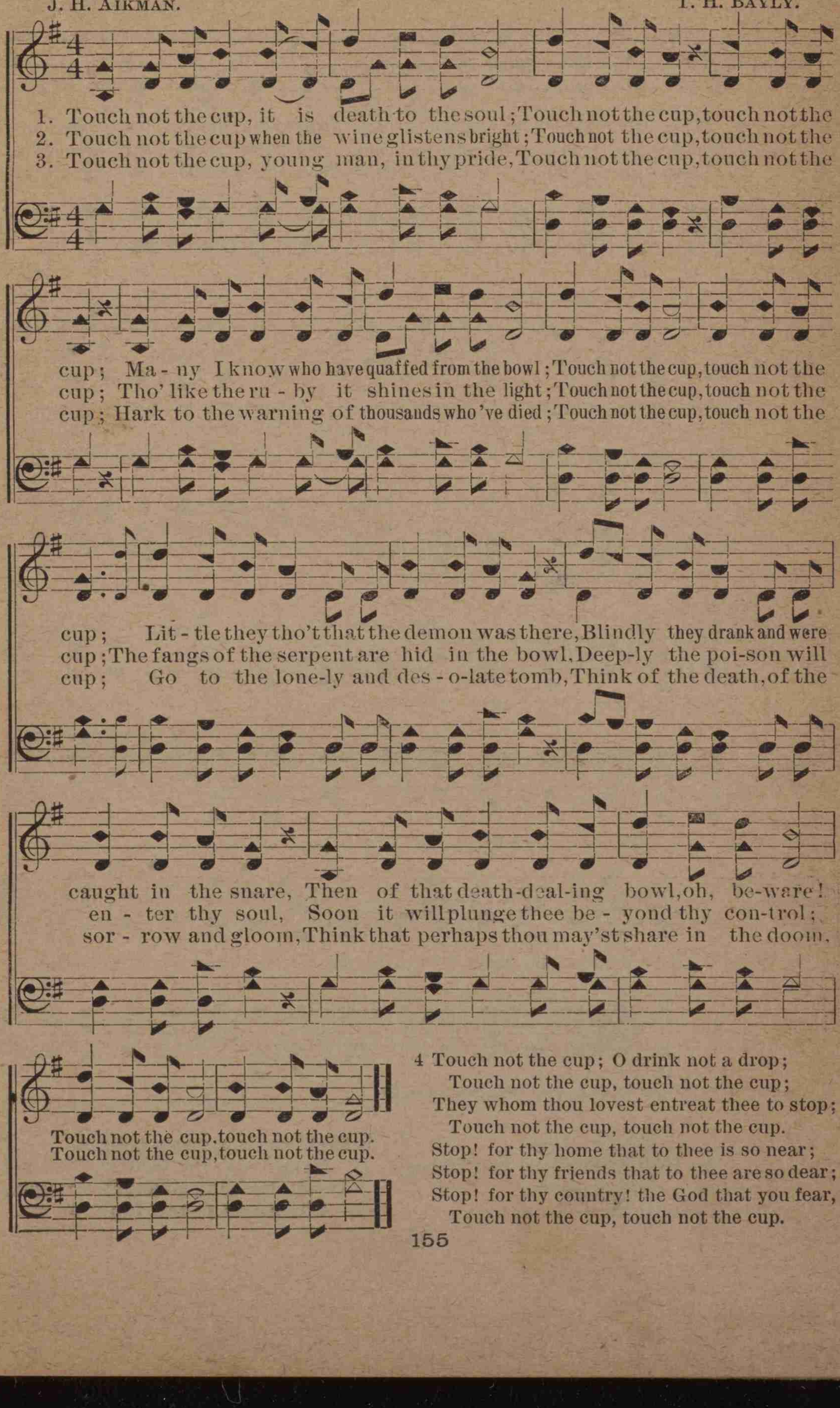
Cho.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, Hosanna, Praise the Lord!

* The Chorus, "Glory, Hallelujah," is so familiar that the music need not be repeated.
† Use the repeat for the fourth line.

No. 197. Touch not the Cup.

Tune: "LONG, LONG AGO."

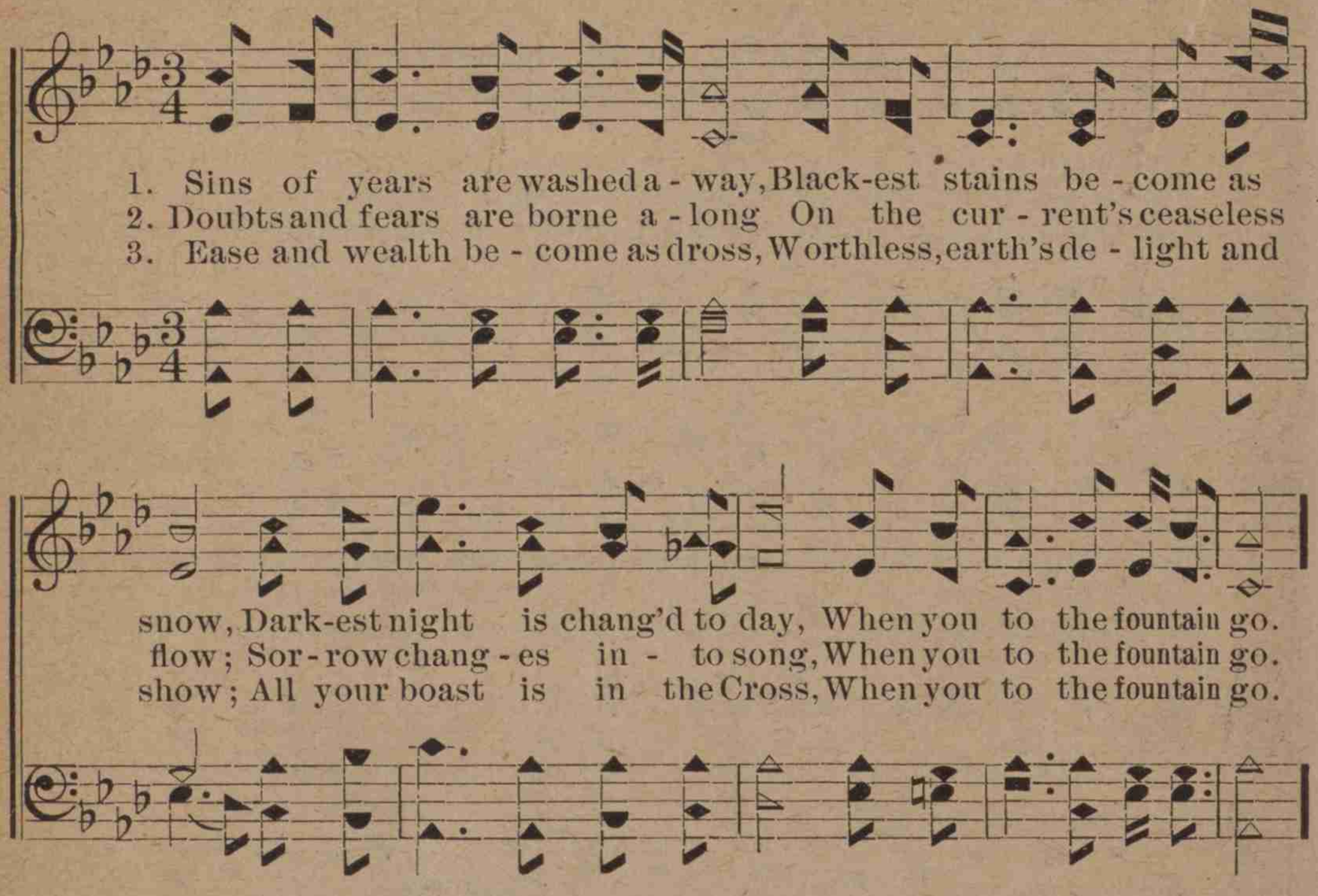
J. H. AIKMAN. T. H. BAYLY.



4 Touch not the cup; O drink not a drop;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
They whom thou lovest entreat thee to stop;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Stop! for thy home that to thee is so near;
Stop! for thy friends that to thee are so dear;
Stop! for thy country! the God that you fear,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.

No. 198. I'm Believing and Receiving.

HERBERT H. BOOTH.



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4 Selfishness is lost in love,
Love for Him whose love you know;
All your treasure is above,
When you to the fountain go.

5 Fighting is a great delight,
Never will you fear the foe,
Armed by King Jehovah's might,
When you to the fountain go.

No. 199. When the Stars from Heaven are Falling.

4th verse by L. L. PICKETT. Words and Music by HERBERT BOOTH.

1. When God has set His Judgment throne, Sin-ner, you'll be there;
2. When saints ap-pear at God's right hand, Sin-ner, you'll be there;
3. When God shall say, "Ye bless-ed, come!" Sin-ner, you'll be there;
4. Then come to Christ, make no de-lay, Sin-ner, you'll be there;

Then each will have to stand a-lone, Sin-ner, you'll be there.
And sin-ners on the left will stand, Sin-ner, you'll be there.
Or, "Flee, ye curs-ed, to your doom!" Sin-ner, you'll be there.
Get read-y for the Judg-ment day, Sin-ner, you'll be there.

CHORUS.

When the stars from heaven are fall-ing, And for mer-cy sin-ners are call-ing, On that great e-ter-nal morning, O sin-ner, you'll be there.

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No. 200. The Child of a King.

Words by HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. from a Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Sav-iour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, and an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for

world in His hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His
poor-est of men; But now He is reigning for-ev-er on high, And will
a-lien by birth! But I've been adopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
me o-ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing: All

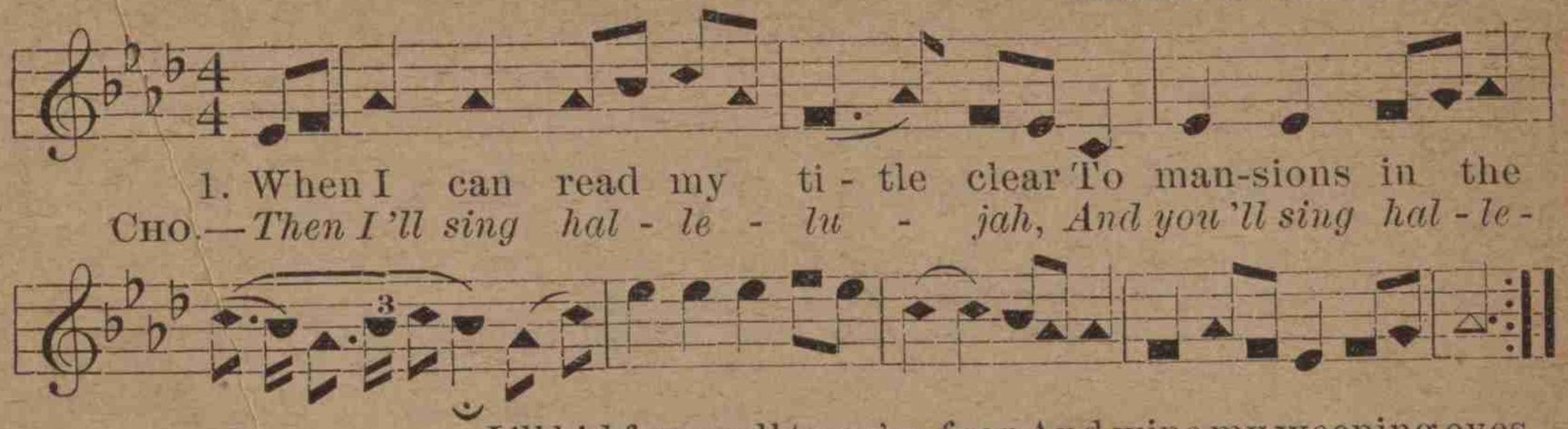
CHORUS.

cof-fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told. I'm the child of a King, The
give me a home in heav'n by and by.
heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King!

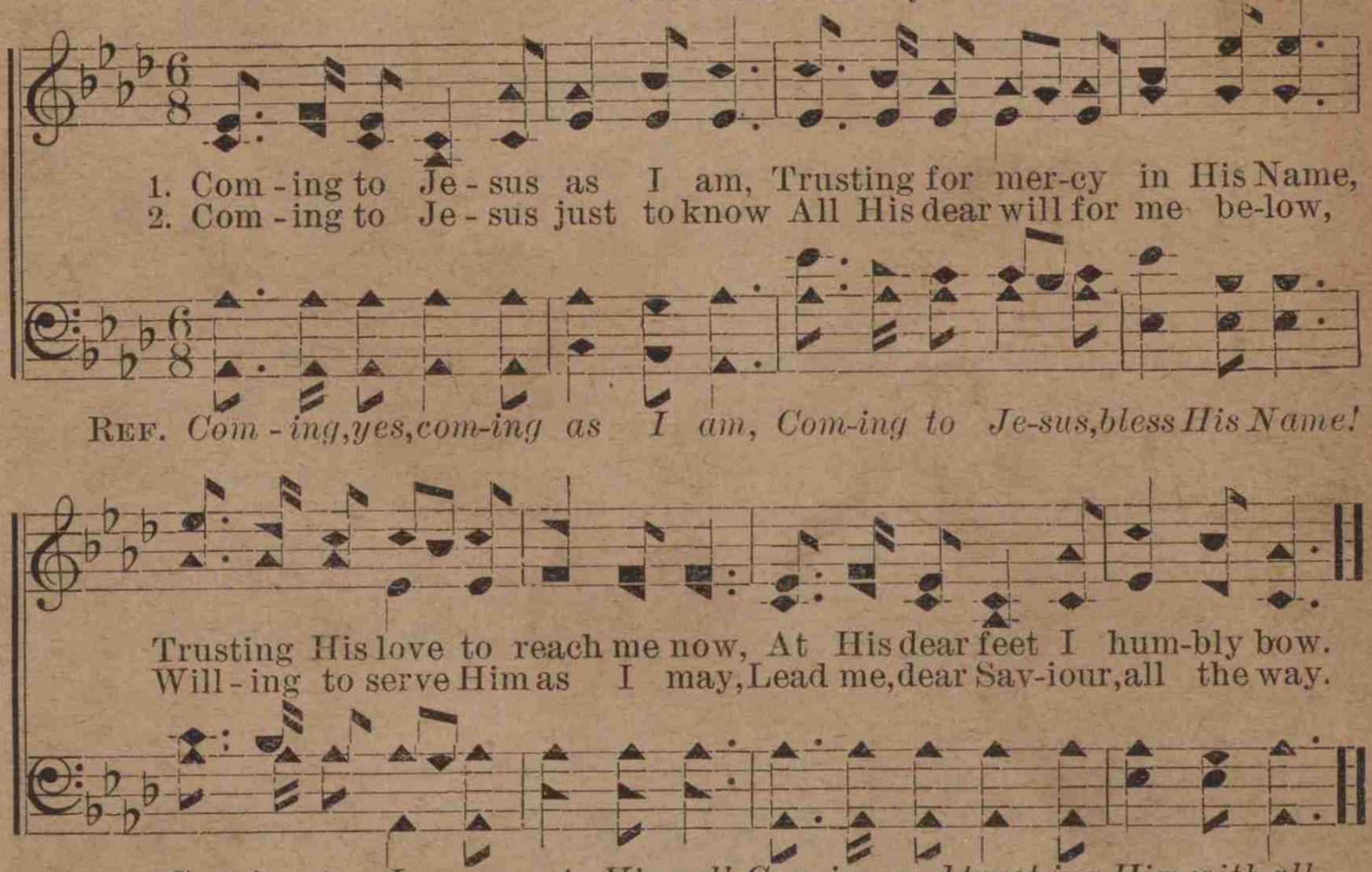
ad lib.

child of a King! With Je-sus, my Saviour, I'm the child of a King!

No. 201. Pisgah.

Balance of words No. 40.

No. 202. Coming and Trusting.

Words and Music by L. HARTSOUGH. By per.



Copyright, 1894, by L. Hartsough.

3 Coming to Jesus at His call,
Leaning upon Him lest I fall,
Strong in His strength by day and night,
Making His wishes my delight.

4 Coming to Jesus! Why not you?
He can so help the whole way through,
Giving you triumph over sin,
Open your heart, let Christ come in.

No. 203. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

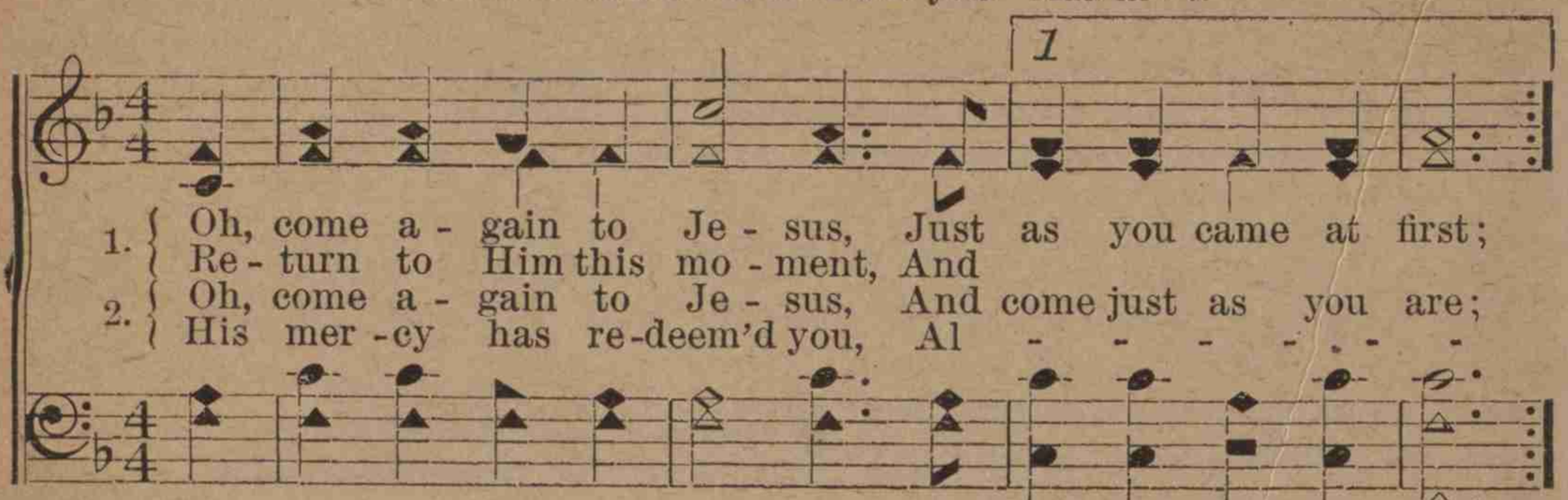
1 Blest be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

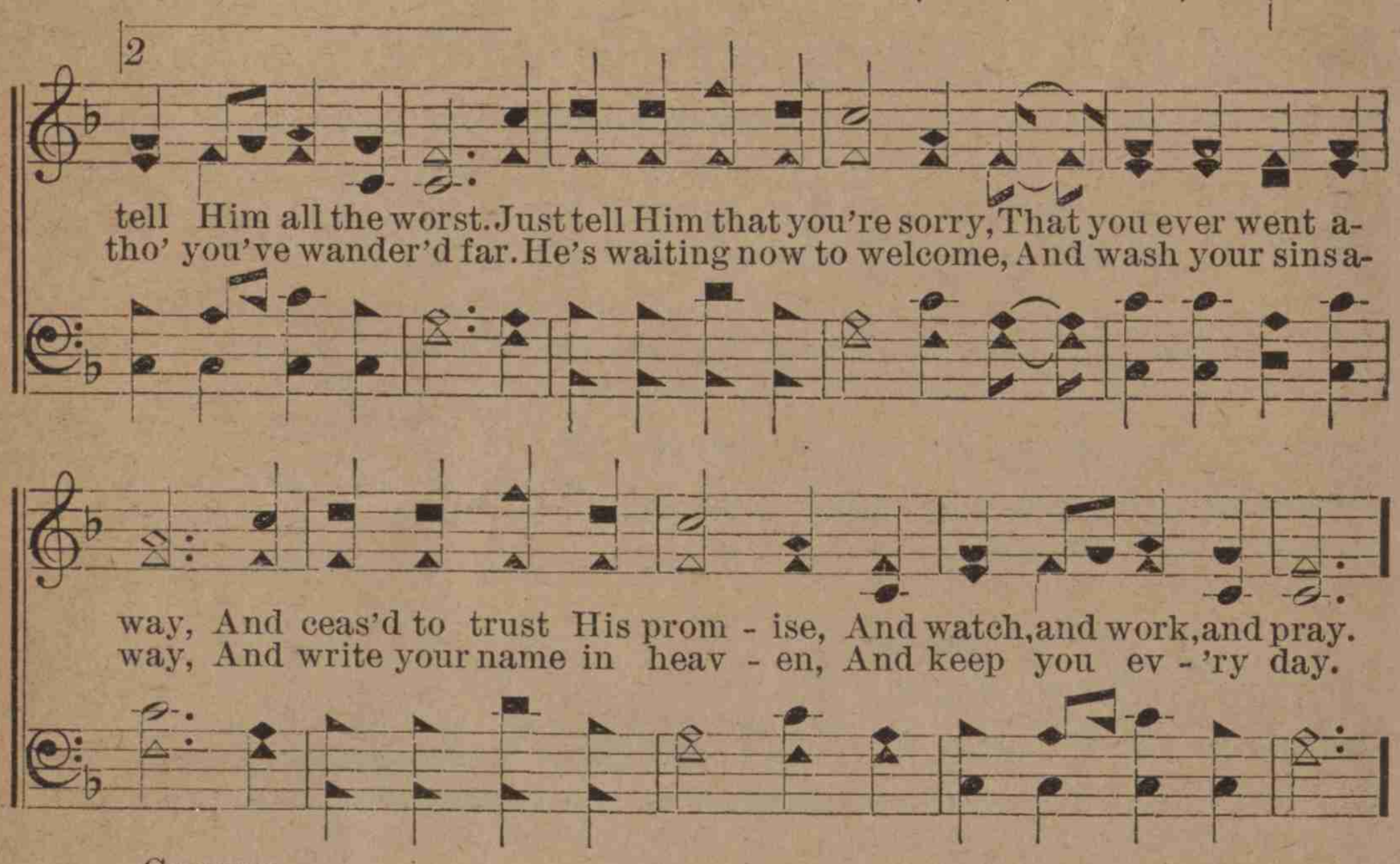
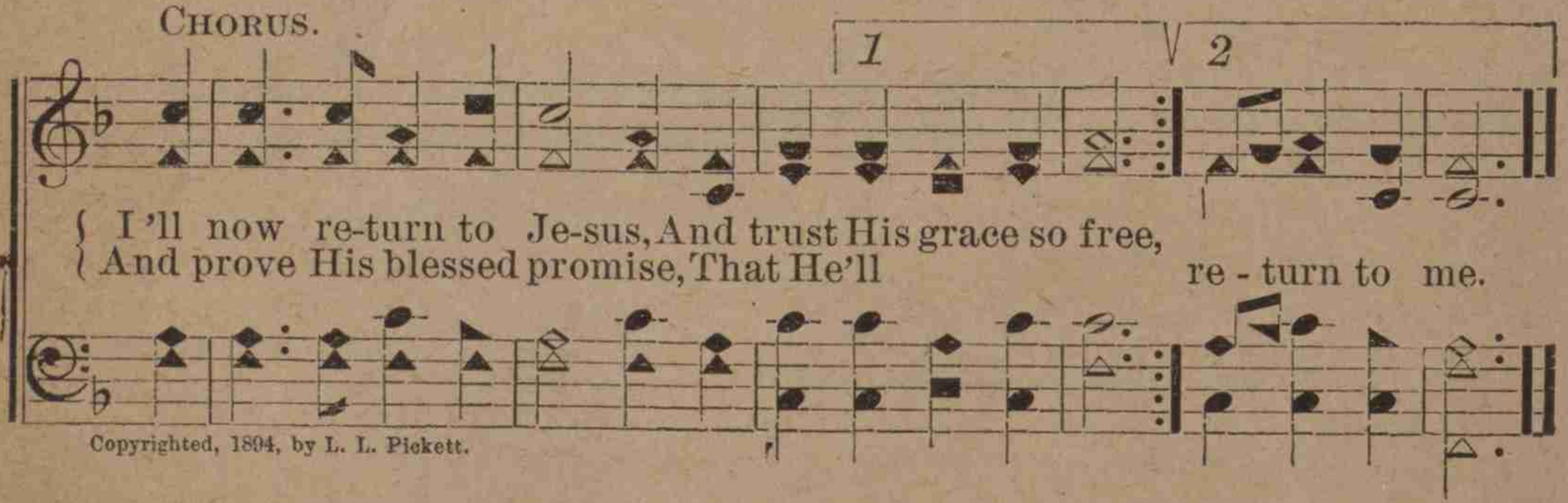
2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

No. 204. Return.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Return to me and I will return to you. Mal. iii : 7.





Copyrighted, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

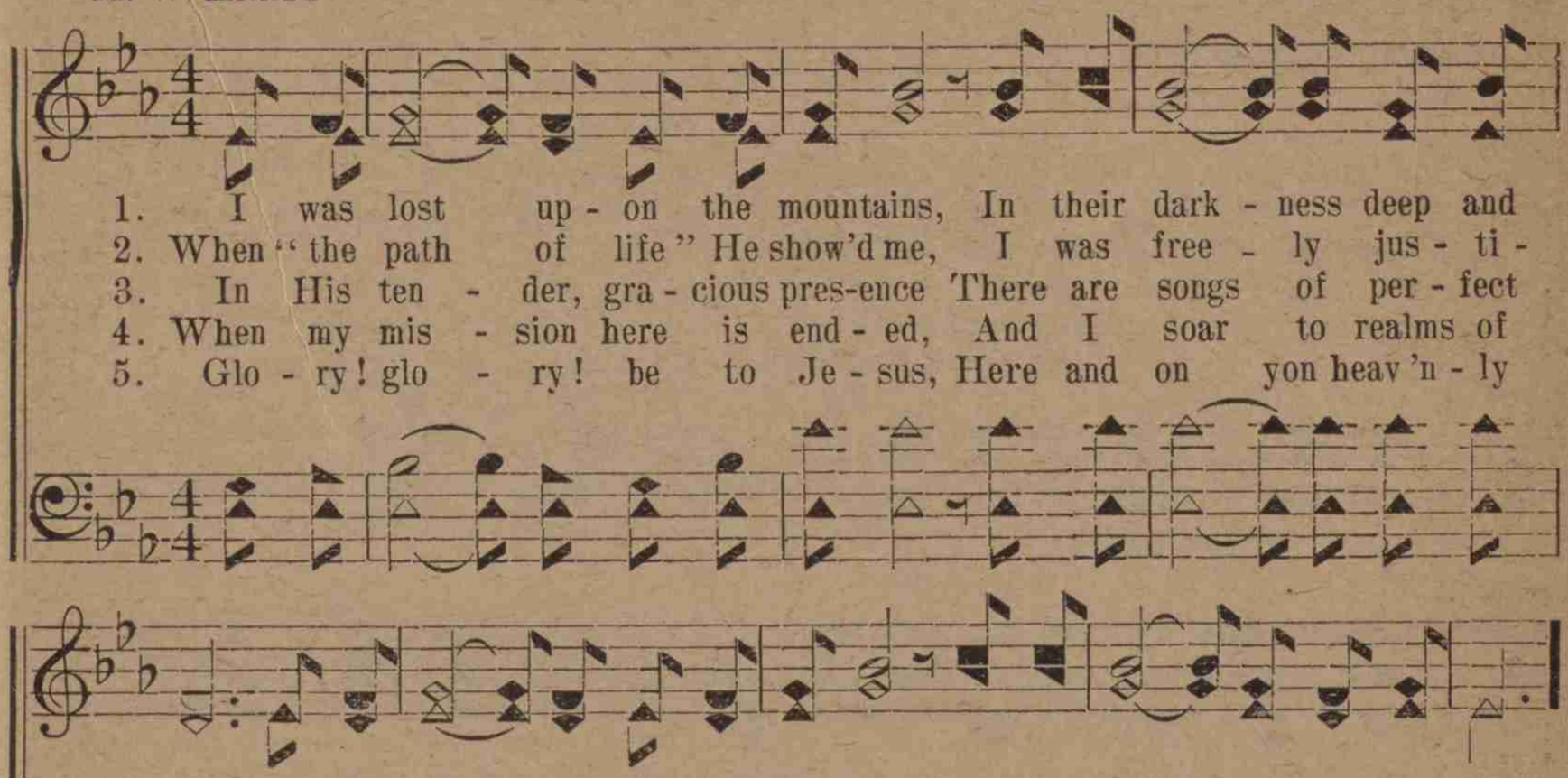
2 Oh, come again to Jesus,
For you His blood was shed,
As on the cross so cruel,
For all the world He bled.
He loves you, yes, He loves you,
Far more than tongue can tell,
And ready stands to save you,
From sinning and from hell.

4 Oh, come again to Jesus,
And yielding all just now;
Low at the seat of mercy
In deep contrition bow.
Now claim His sweet forgiveness,
And trust His promise true;
Return and seek His blessing,
And He 'll return to you.

No. 205. Fulness of Joy.

"Thou wilt show me the path of life: In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. — Ps. xvi: 11.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.



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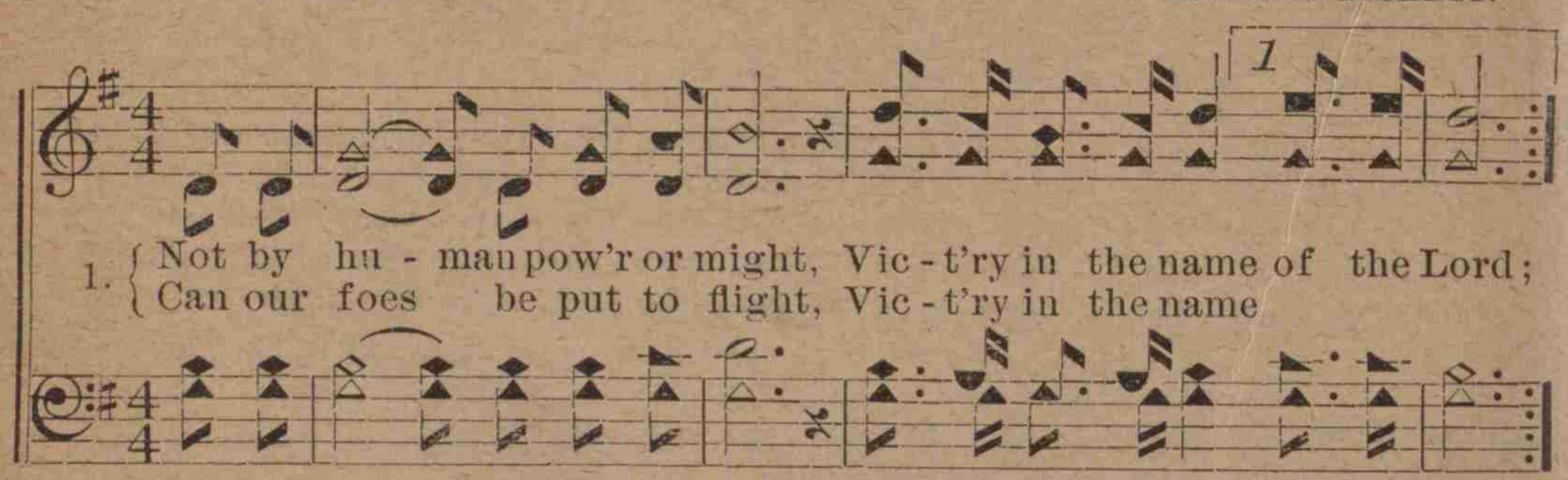
No. 206. Victory in the Name of the Lord.

But thanks be to *God* who giveth us the *victory* through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. xv: 57.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord. Zech. iv: 6.

Rev. M. W. Knapp. Rev. L. L. Pickett.



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2 All my sins He has forgiven,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Taste I now the bliss of Heaven,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

3 All my sin He cleansed away,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Now with joy I praise and pray,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

4 Self at last is crucified,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
To this world my soul has died,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

5 Filled with pure and perfect love,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
All is fixed on things above,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

6 Pow'r He gives me from on high,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Tells me I shall never die,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

7 Now with joy I'll tell it out,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Help me, Lord, Thy praise to shout,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

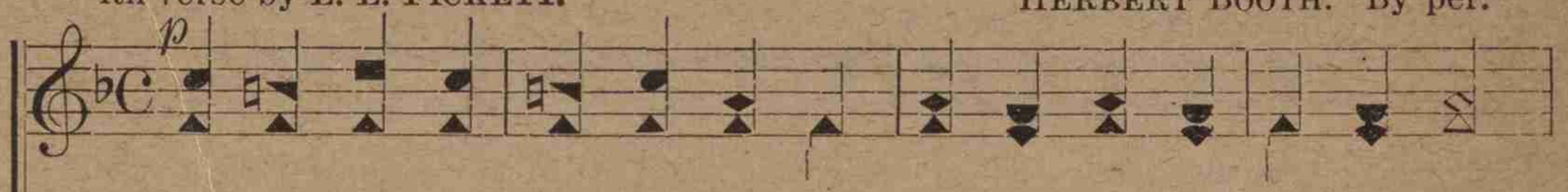
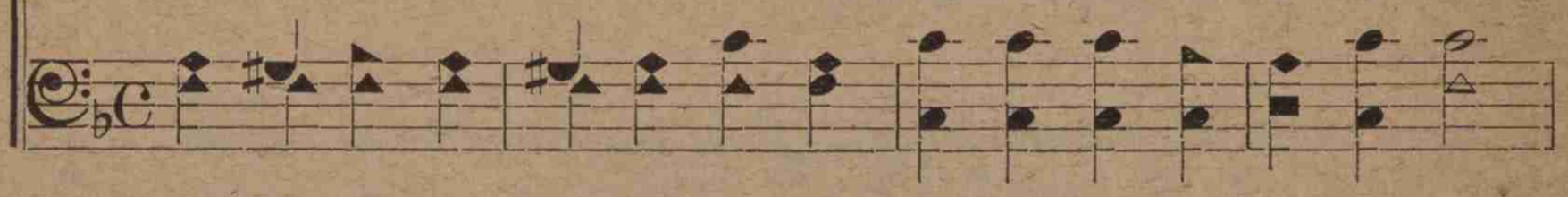
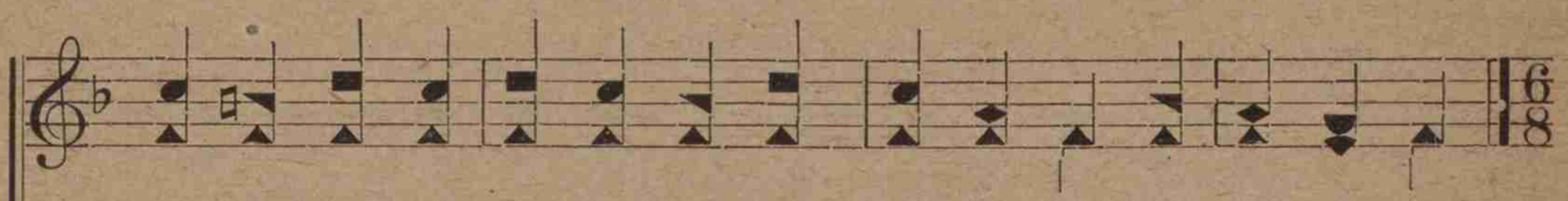
8 Here my watchword e'er shall be,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Now and through Eternity,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

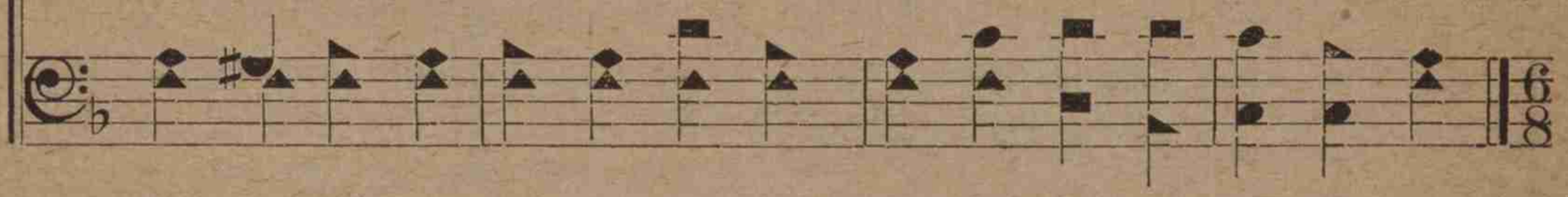
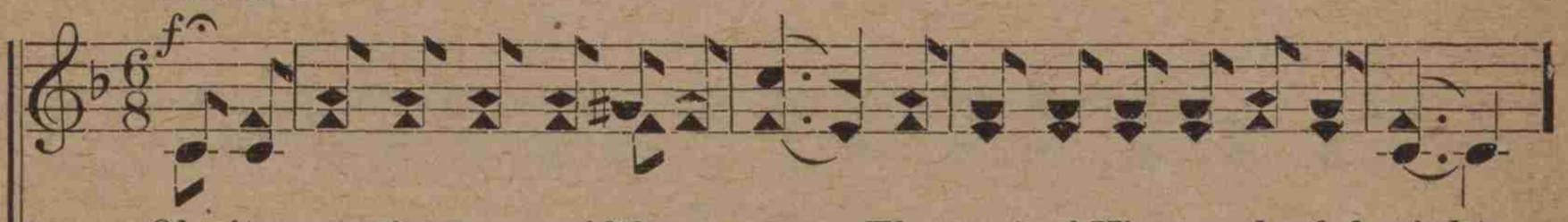
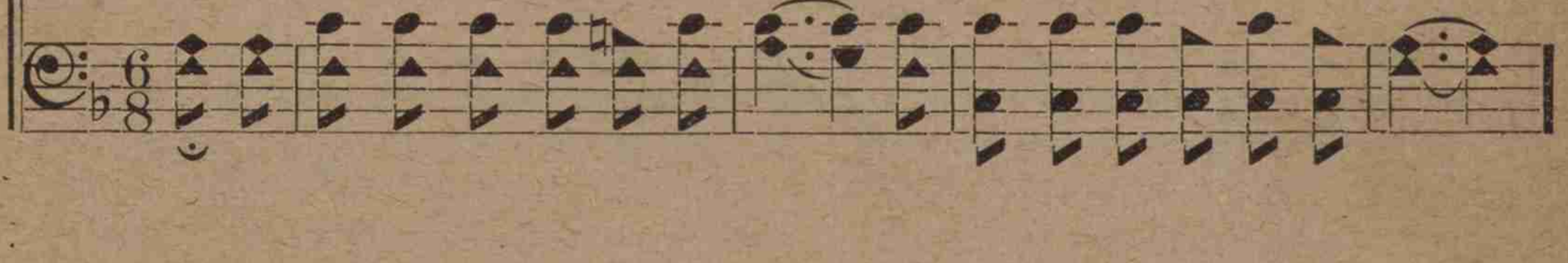
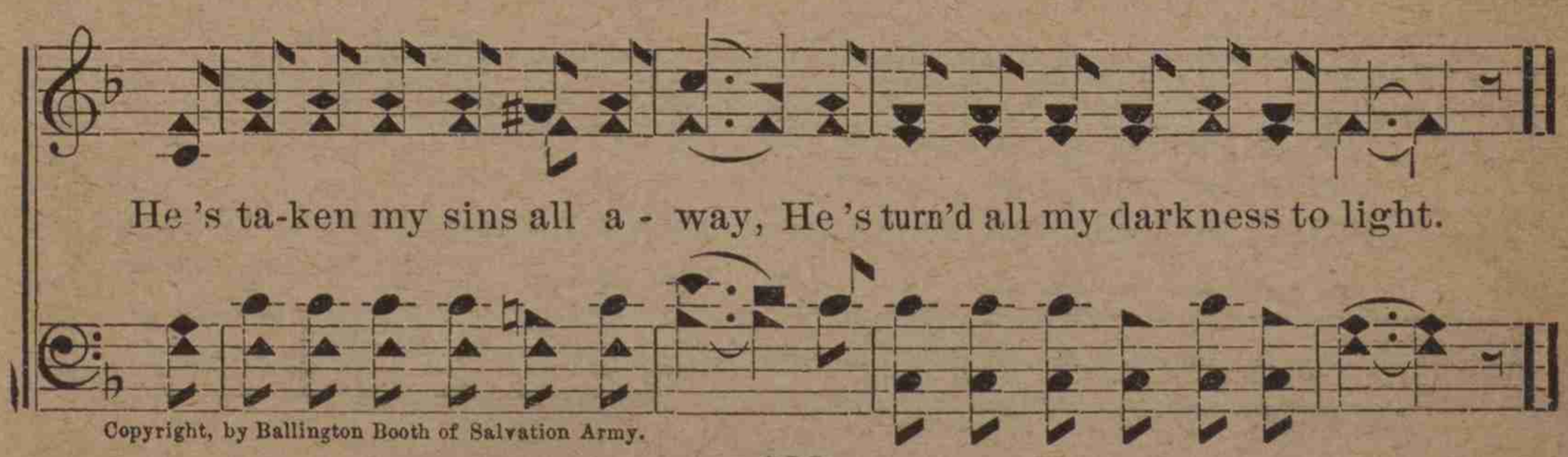
9 When to Heaven at last I fly,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
I'll be shouting through the sky,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

10 When at Judgment I appear,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Perfect love will banish fear,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

11 Through Eternity I'll sing,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord;
Glory to our Saviour King,
Vict'ry in the name of the Lord.

No. 207. It comes o'er my Soul like a Wave.

4th verse by L. L. PICKETT. HERBERT BOOTH. By per.

1. Like the bil - lows of an o - cean, Boundless, ceaseless, full and free,
2. Ah! those barriers that had hin-dered Me and Je - sus be - ing one!
3. Grandly roll - ing o'er the re -gion, Where was once but pain and woe,
4. And these love-waves ev-er roll - ing Keep me safe from all a - larm,



Comes the Spir - it of my Sav-iour, Grand-ly roll- ing o - ver me.
When this wave came o'er me sweeping, Christ was left, and they were gone.
Are the waves of love's pure o-cean, Which in ceaseless rap-ture flow.
Tho' hell's legions fierce as- sail me, I am kept from fear and harm.

CHORUS.

Oh, it comes o'er my soul like a wave, The pow'r of His wonderful might;

He 's ta-ken my sins all a - way, He 's turn'd all my darkness to light.

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No. 208. Beautiful Home Above.

UNKNOWN. J. A. ROBERSON.

1. Oh, how my spir-it longs for thee, Beau-ti-ful home a-bove;
2. To reach thee safe I dai-ly pray, Beau-ti-ful home a-bove;

Where I may rest from sor-row free, Beau-ti-ful home a-bove. With-
And trav-el in the toil-some way, Beau-ti-ful home a-bove. My

in the golden gates of light, Arrayed in garments pure and white, I'll
wea-ry feet are bruis'd and sore, But Je-sus' feet were bruis'd before, To

walk with an-gels fair and bright, In that beauti-ful home a-bove.
bring me to the o-pen door Of my beau-ti-ful home a-bove.

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti-ful home, Beau - - ti-ful home, Oh,

Beauti-ful, beauti-ful home a-bove, Beauti-ful, beauti-ful home above, Oh,

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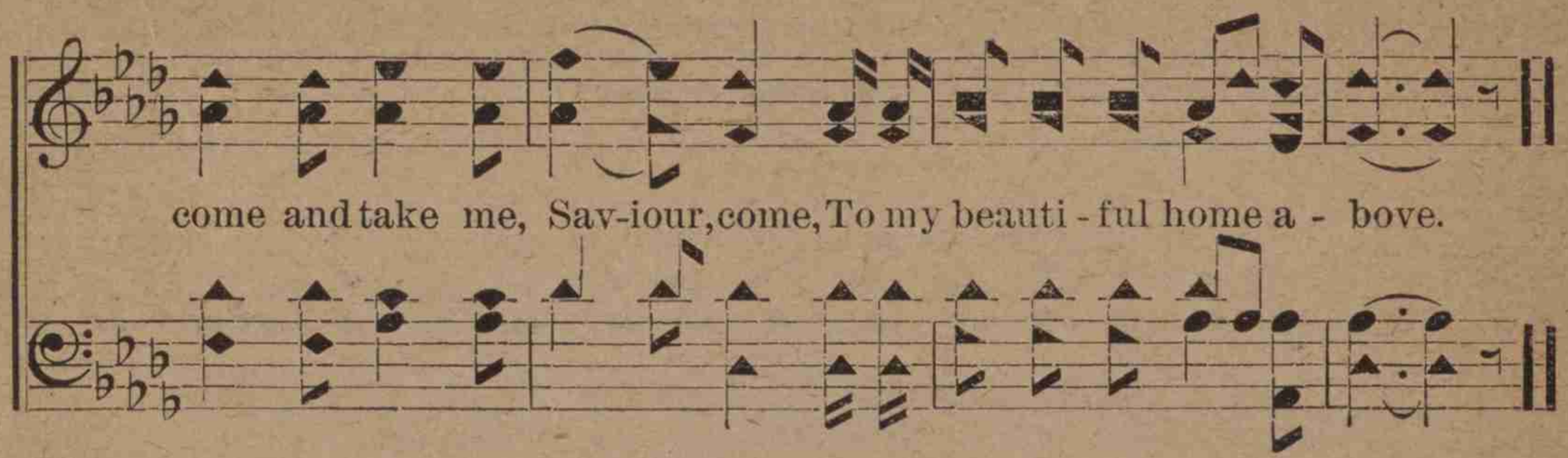
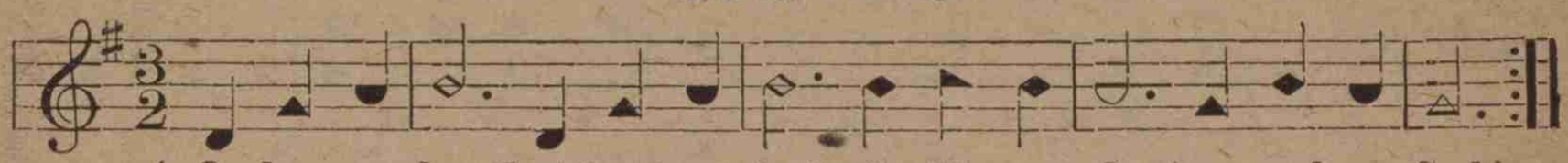
Beautiful Home Above. Concluded.

No. 209. Happy Day.

1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
   { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad.

Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

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

3 'T is done, the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

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

5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 210.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve.

2 I 'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I 'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I 'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I 'll tell Him I 'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.

4 I 'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
I know He will command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

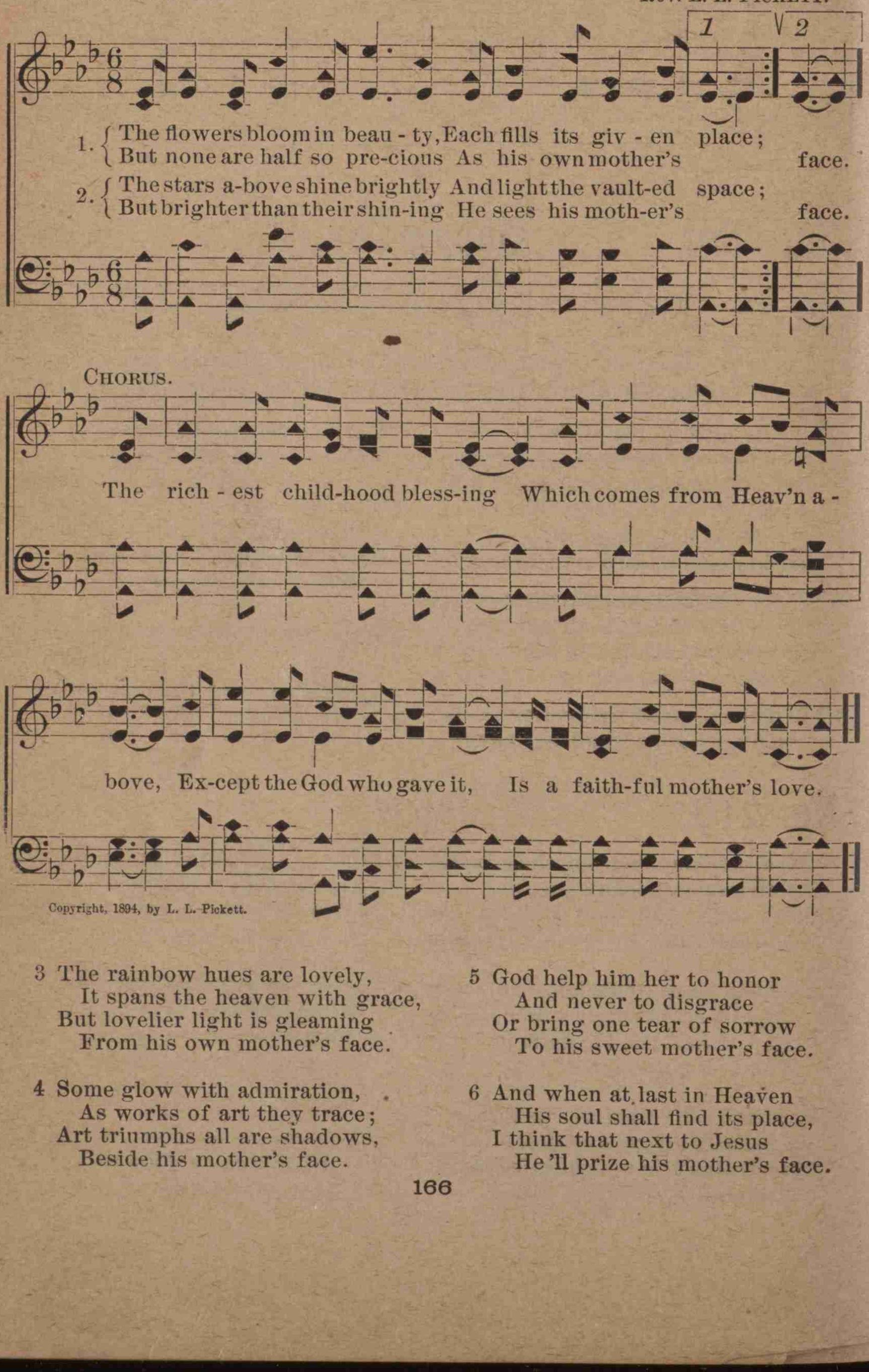
5 I know He will admit my plea,
Will gladly hear my prayer;
I will not perish, if I pray,
For none can perish there.

6 I can not perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

No. 211. His Mother's Face.

"I think," said one little boy, "that the prettiest thing in the world is a red and white bird." "I," said another, "think it's a pony." The third tenderly said —"I think the prettiest thing in all the world is *just my mother's face.*"

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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3 The rainbow hues are lovely,
It spans the heaven with grace,
But lovelier light is gleaming
From his own mother's face.

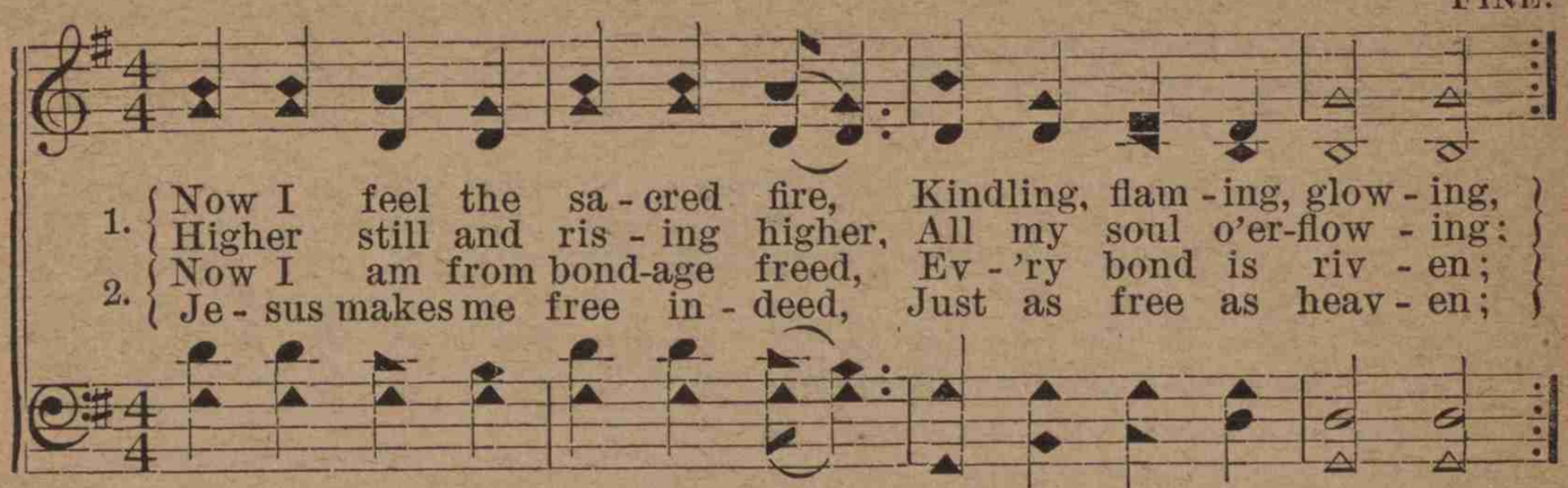
4 Some glow with admiration,
As works of art they trace;
Art triumphs all are shadows,
Beside his mother's face.

5 God help him her to honor
And never to disgrace
Or bring one tear of sorrow
To his sweet mother's face.

6 And when at last in Heaven
His soul shall find its place,
I think that next to Jesus
He 'll prize his mother's face.

No. 212. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

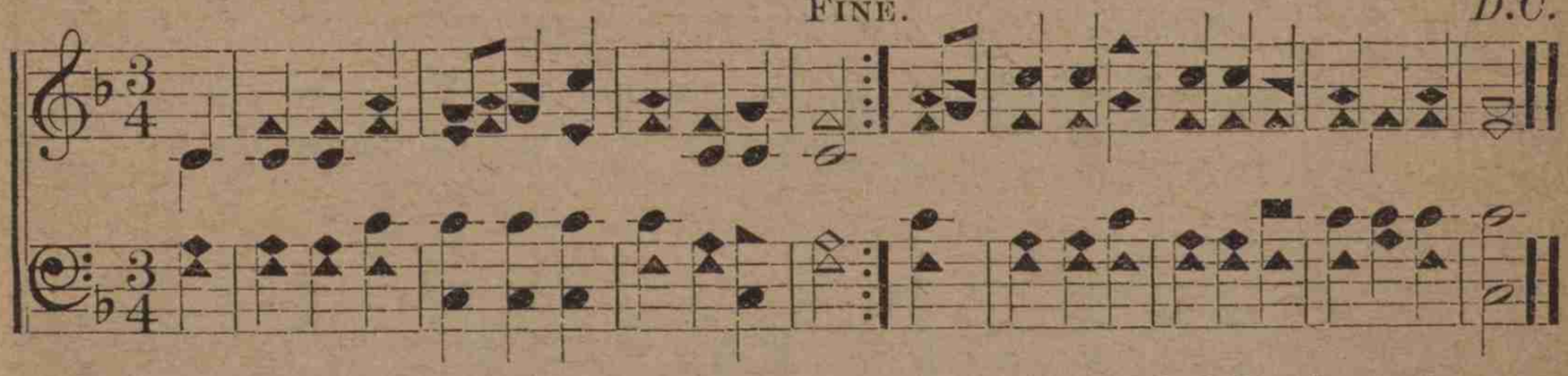
Arr.

FINE.

3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation;
Now I know it's full and free,
Oh! the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us;
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
Glory! glory! glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,
The glad tidings thunder;
Jesus sets the captives free,
Bursts their bonds asunder;
Fetters break and dungeons fall,
Oh, the wondrous story!
This salvation's free to all,
Glory! glory! glory!

No. 213. I'm Happy. 11s.

FINE. D.C.

1 I'm happy, I'm happy,
O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal;
I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure,
And long to be there,
With Jesus and angels,
My kindred so dear.

2 O who is like Jesus!
He's Salem's bright King!
He smiles, and He loves me,
And helps me to sing:
I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him,
Whatever His will,
While rivers of pleasure
My spirit doth fill.

3 I find Him in singing,
I find Him in prayer;
In sweet meditation
He always is there.
My constant companion,
O may we ne'er part!
All glory to Jesus,
He dwells in my heart.

No. 214. Be Gentle, Forgiving, and Kind.

"Christian Commonwealth." CHO. by L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Oh! why are we al - ways so read-y To hear what an-oth - er may say? To can-vass the faults of a neighbor — For-get-ting our own by the way? We know not the heart that we cen-sure; Be gen - tle, for-giv - ing, and kind; One drop from the fountain of pit - y, A wound that is bleeding may bind.
2. A word, like an an - gel of mer-cy, The sun-shine of glad-ness may bear, May cheer a lone spir - it for - sak - en, Or add to the weight of its care. A word! do we think of its im-port? Tho' ut-tered perhaps with a smile, A heart may be writhing beneath it, Or breaking with anguish the while.
4. A word that in cold - ness is spo-ken, May sev - er the friendship of years; The flow-ers of feel - ing may with-er, And leave them in sor-row and tears. Then why should we always be read-y To hear what an-oth - er may say? To canvass the faults of a brother, For-get-ting our own by the way?

CHORUS.

Be gen - tle, for-giv - ing, and kind, Be ten - der, and lov-ing, and true; Re-

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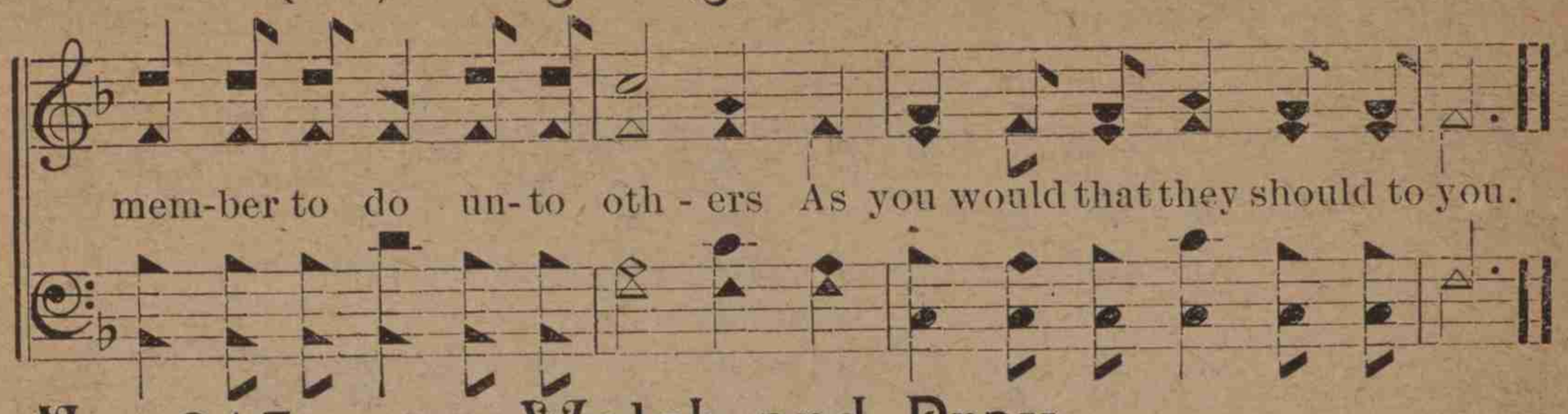
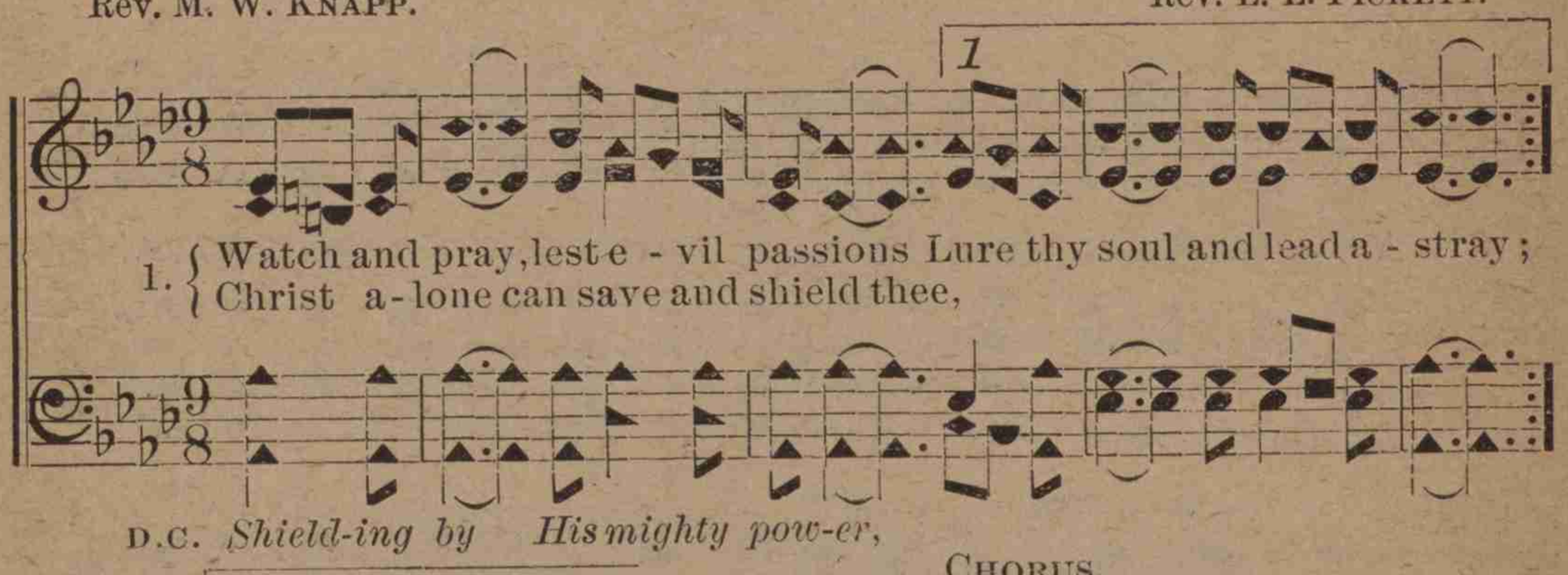
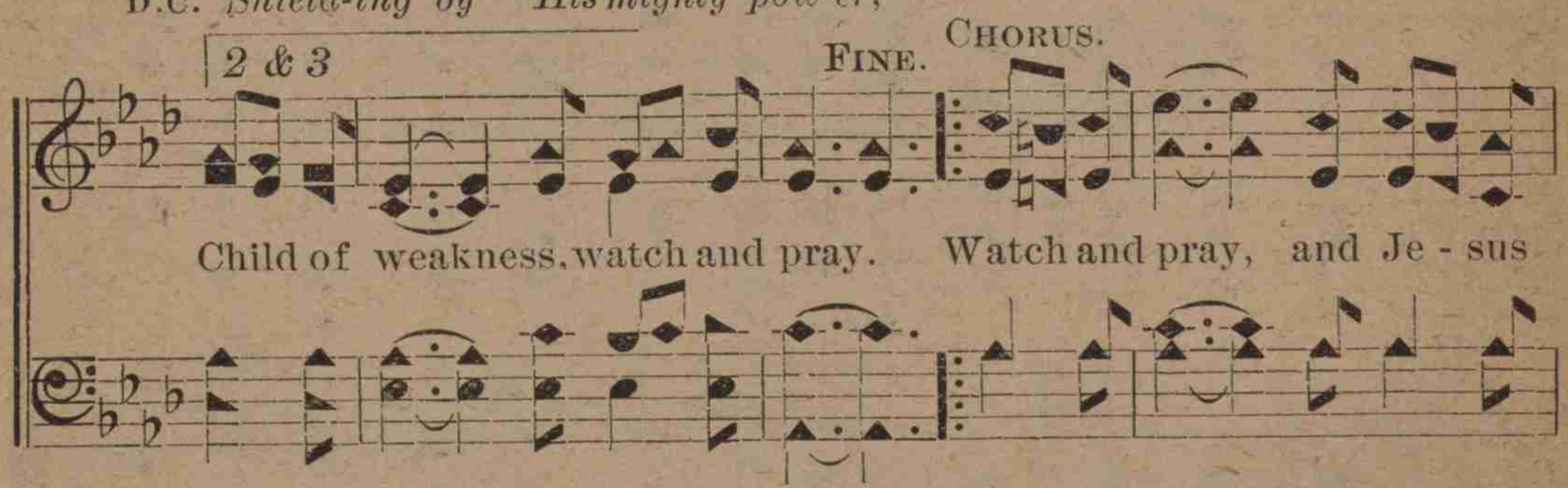
Be Gentle, Forgiving, and Kind. Concluded.



No. 215. Watch and Pray.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

2 Watch and pray, the world so wily
Coyly seeks thy soul to snare;
None can break its magic power
Save by watchfulness and prayer.

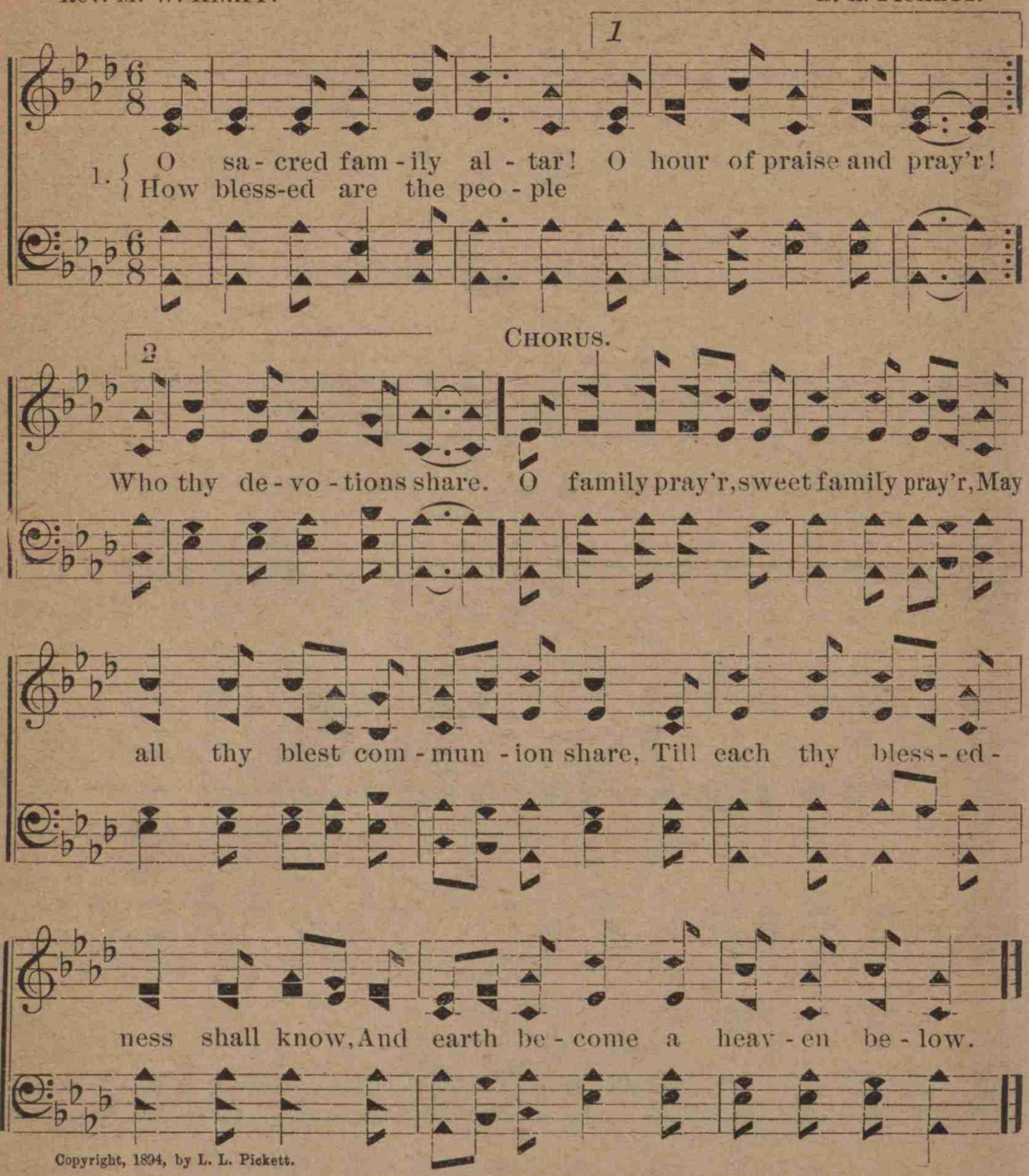
3 Watch and pray, the Arch-deceiver
Seeks by many a hidden plan
To entice thy soul to evil,
And will ruin if he can.

4 Watch and pray, lest thou shouldst slumber,
And the cause of Christ betray; [ber,
Rouse ye saints, be always earnest,
Work and fight and watch and pray.

5 Watch and pray, be ever ready,
For your Lord will quickly come,
And receive His faithful children
To their bright eternal home.

No. 216. Family Worship.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.



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2 Around thy charmed circle
The old and young may kneel;
And there the Saviour's presence
Each trusting heart may feel.

3 Thou hast a magic power
To banish care away,
And shed celestial fragrance
Through all the busy day.

4 Thy balm can heal the wounded
And cheer the fainting heart,
And bid all strife and envy
To speedily depart.

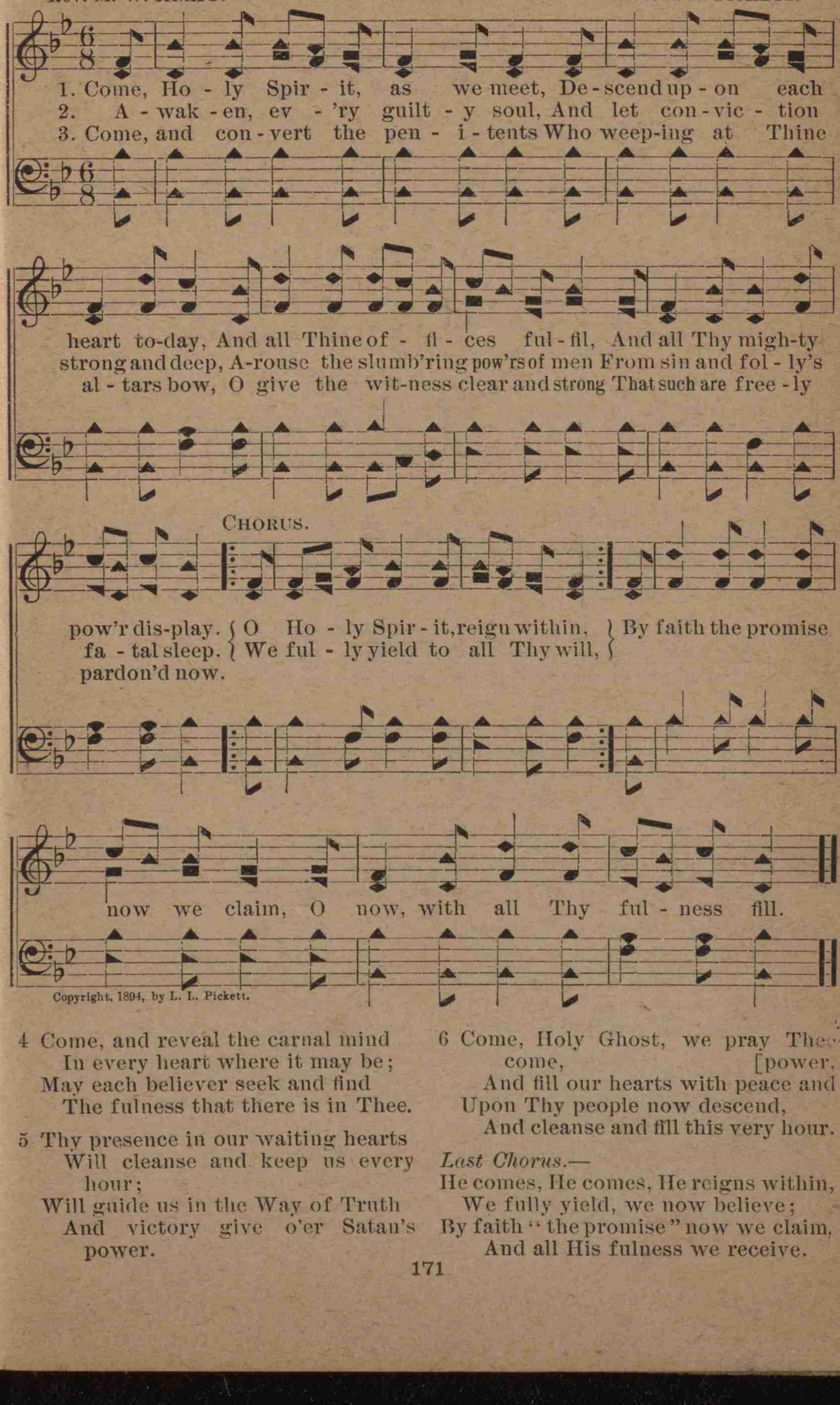
5 The home where thou art cherished
Is Beulah land below,
Where Jesus loves to tarry,
And living fountains flow.

6 The home that disregards thee
God curses evermore;
His fierce and righteous judgments
Are knocking at its door.

7 O precious family worship,
May all thy blessings know,
And on thy holy altar
The fires forever glow.

No. 217. Prayer to the Spirit.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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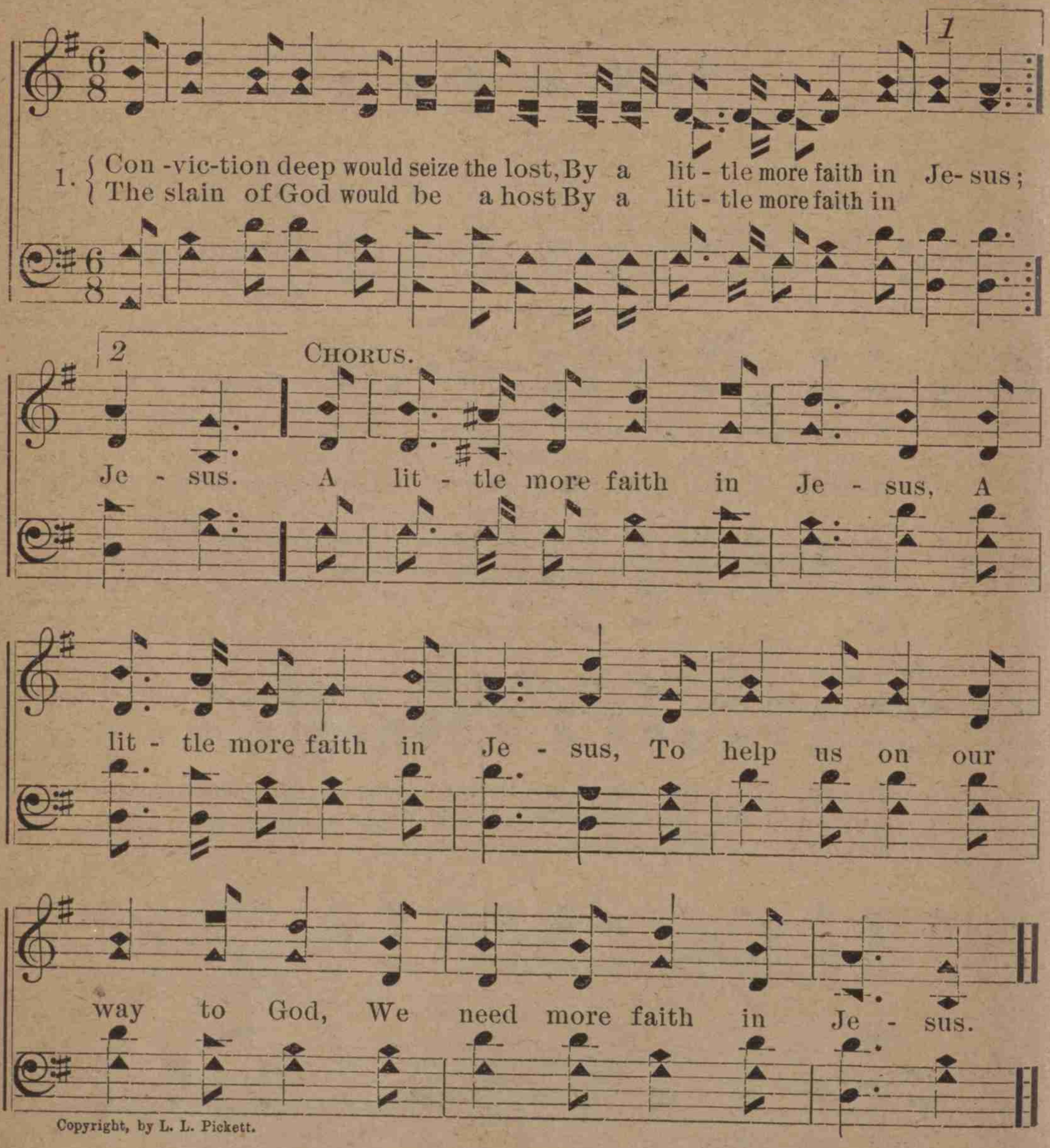
4 Come, and reveal the carnal mind
In every heart where it may be;
May each believer seek and find
The fulness that there is in Thee.

5 Thy presence in our waiting hearts
Will cleanse and keep us every hour;
Will guide us in the Way of Truth
And victory give o'er Satan's power.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, we pray Thee come,
And fill our hearts with peace and power,
Upon Thy people now descend,
And cleanse and fill this very hour.

Last Chorus.—
He comes, He comes, He reigns within,
We fully yield, we now believe;
By faith "the promise" now we claim,
And all His fulness we receive.

No. 218. A Little More Faith in Jesus.

Rev. SIDI B. HARPER. L. L. PICKETT.

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2 Conversions clear would multiply
By a little more faith in Jesus;
Prevailing prayer would pierce the sky
By a little more faith in Jesus.

3 The cleansing blood would be applied
By a little more faith in Jesus;
The Saviour would with us abide
By a little more faith in Jesus.

4 Free from all sin we each may live
By a little more faith in Jesus;
And honor to our Saviour give
By a little more faith in Jesus.

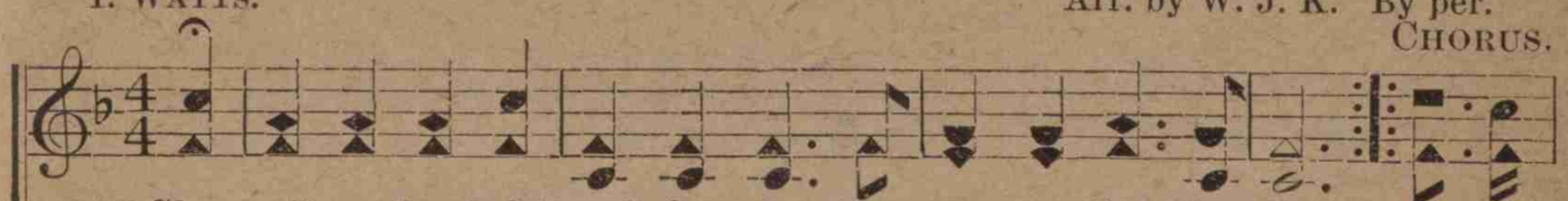
5 God's Holy Word seems all aglow
By a little more faith in Jesus;
Its mysteries we all may know
By a little more faith in Jesus.

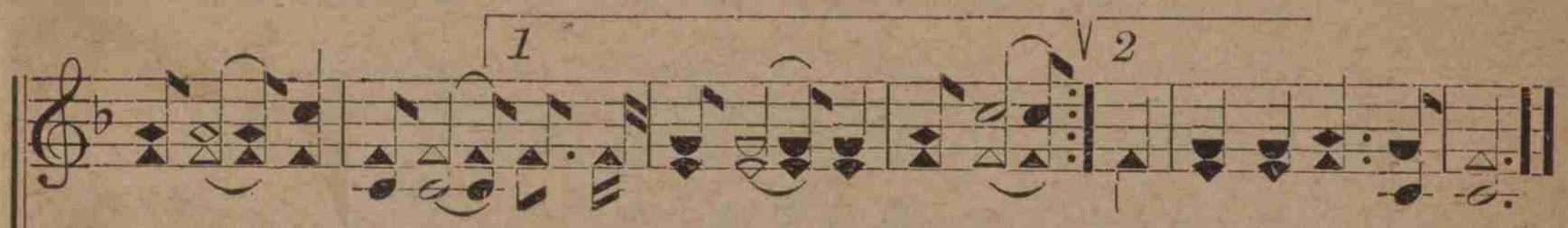
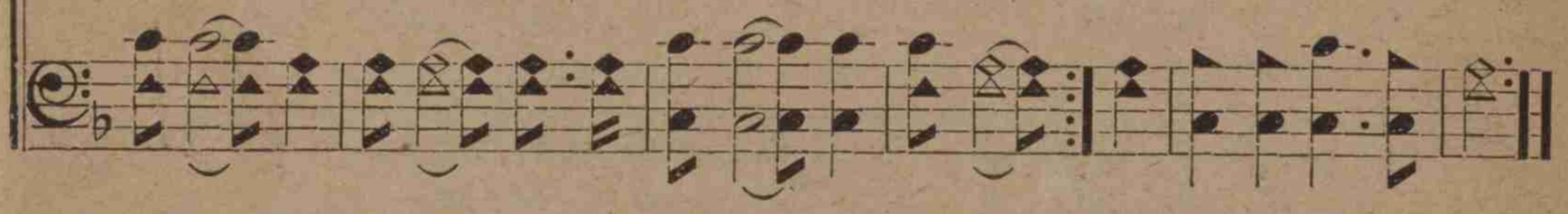
6 The hour of pray'r becomes so sweet
By a little more faith in Jesus;
Our Saviour there we always meet
By a little more faith in Jesus.

7 The world for Christ we soon would win
By a little more faith in Jesus;
And turn the nations from all sin
By a little more faith in Jesus.

No. 219. Will the Waters be Chilly?

I. WATTS. Arr. by W. J. K. By per.

CHORUS.

1. { Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for-give; Pre-pare me, Lord, to die. } Will the
   { Let a re-pent-ing reb - el live, Pre-pare me, Lord, to die. }

2. { Are not Thy mercies large and free? Pre-pare me, Lord, to die. }
   { May not a sin-ner trust in Thee? Pre-pare me, Lord, to die. }

wa-ters be chilly? Will the wa-ters be chil-ly? When I am called to die.

3 My sins are great, but don't surpass,
  Prepare me, Lord, to die;
The power and glory of Thy grace;
  Prepare me, Lord, to die.

4 Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
  Prepare me, Lord, to die;
So let Thy pard'ning love be found,
  Prepare me, Lord, to die.

5 O wash my soul from every sin,
  Prepare me, Lord, to die;
And make my guilty conscience clean
  Prepare me, Lord, to die.

6 Here on my heart the burden lies,
  Prepare me, Lord, to die;
And past offences pain my eyes,
  Prepare me, Lord, to die.

No. 220. Come, Thou Fount.

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

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

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
  Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
  Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to love Thee, Lord, I feel it—
  Prone to serve the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
  Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 221. When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

H. H. Booth.

1. I have giv'n up all for Je - sus; This vain world is nought to me; All its pleas-ures are for-got-ten In re-memb'ring Cal - va - ry. Tho' my friends de-spise, for-sake me, And on me the world looks go; I will claim His pre - cious promise, Worth to me the world of glide; In that hap - py land of spir - its, Flow-ers bloom on hills of cold, I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pearl - y gates un-fold.

2. When the voice of Je - sus calls me, And the an - gels whis-per low, I will lean up - on my Saviour, Thro' the val - ley as I gold, "Fear no e - vil, I'll be with thee When the pearl - y gates un-fold."

3. Just be - yond death's tur - bid riv - er, Just be - yond its chill - ing tide, Blooms the tree of life im-mor-tal, And the liv - ing wa - ters gold, And the an - gels are a - waiting Where the pearl - y gates un-fold.

CHORUS.

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

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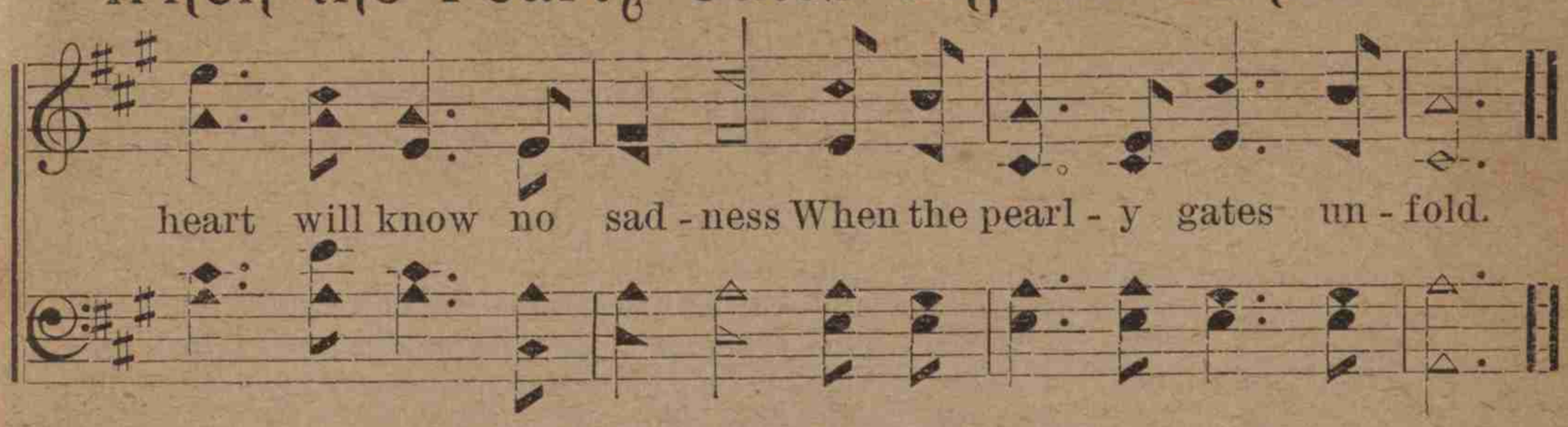
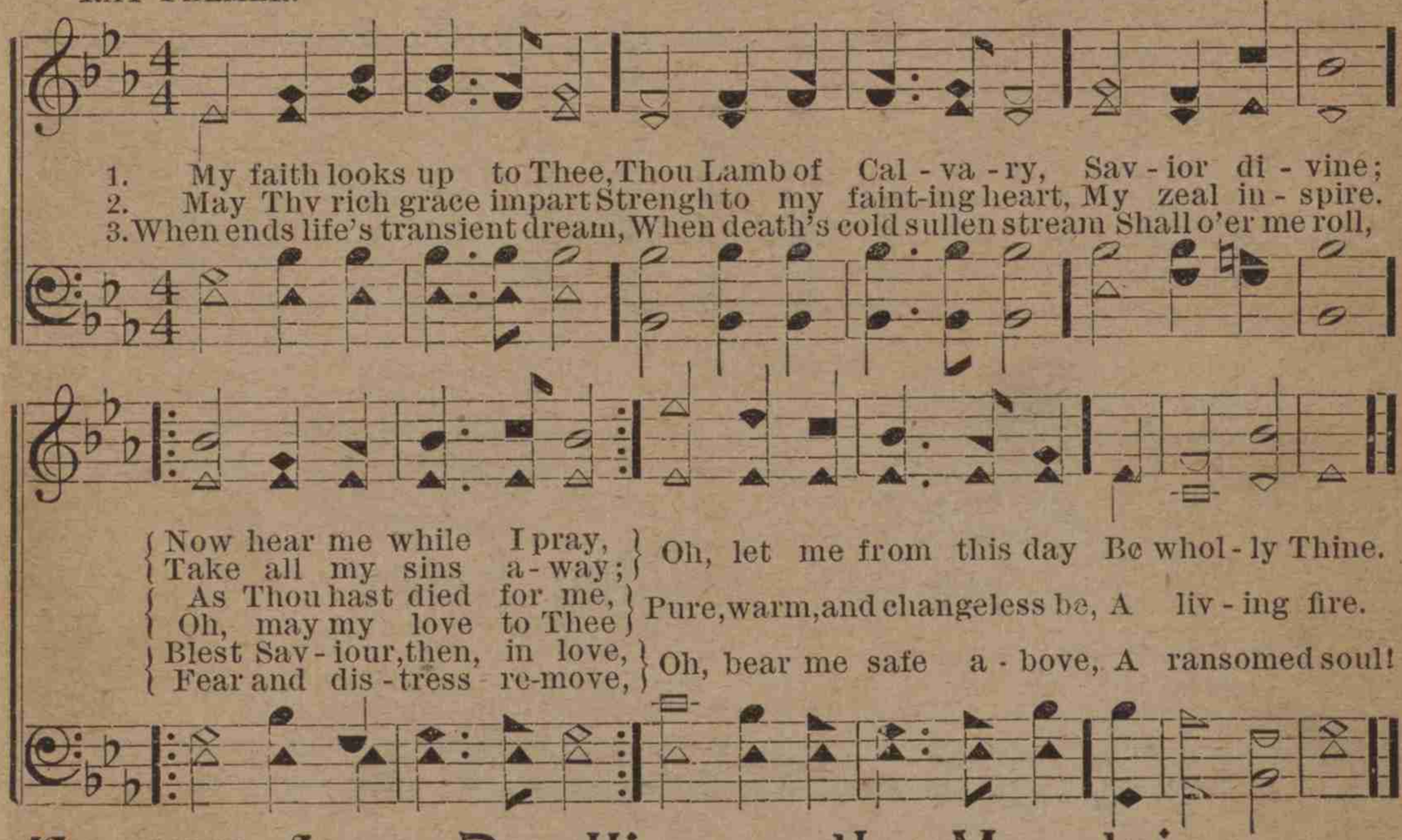
When the Pearly Gates Unfold. Concluded.



No. 222. My Faith Looks up.

RAY PALMER. Tune: OLIVET. 6, 4.



No. 223. I am Dwelling on the Mountain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 224. The Old Time Religion.

Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.

:S:

1. It was good for our moth - ers, It was good for our moth - ers,
2. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y,
3. It has saved our . . fa - thers, It has saved our . . fa - thers,
CHO. *'T is the old time re - lig - ion, 'T is the old time re - lig - ion,*

D.S.

It was good for our moth - ers, It is good e - nough for me.
Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, It is good e - nough for me.
It has saved our . . fa - thers, It is good e - nough for me.
'T is the old time re - lig - ion, It is good e - nough for me.

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

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

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

7 ‖: It was good for Paul and Silas, :‖
It is good enough for me.

8 ‖: It will do when I am dying, :‖
It is good enough for me.

9 ‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖
It is good enough for me.

No. 225. We are Passing Away.

BISHOP HEBER. Arranged.

Slow and solemn.

1. { Death rides on ev - 'ry passing breeze And lurks in ev - 'ry flow'r;
Each sea - son has its own dis-ease, Its per - il, ev - 'ry hour. }

CHORUS.

We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way,
We are pass - ing a - way, To the great Judg-ment day.

2 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

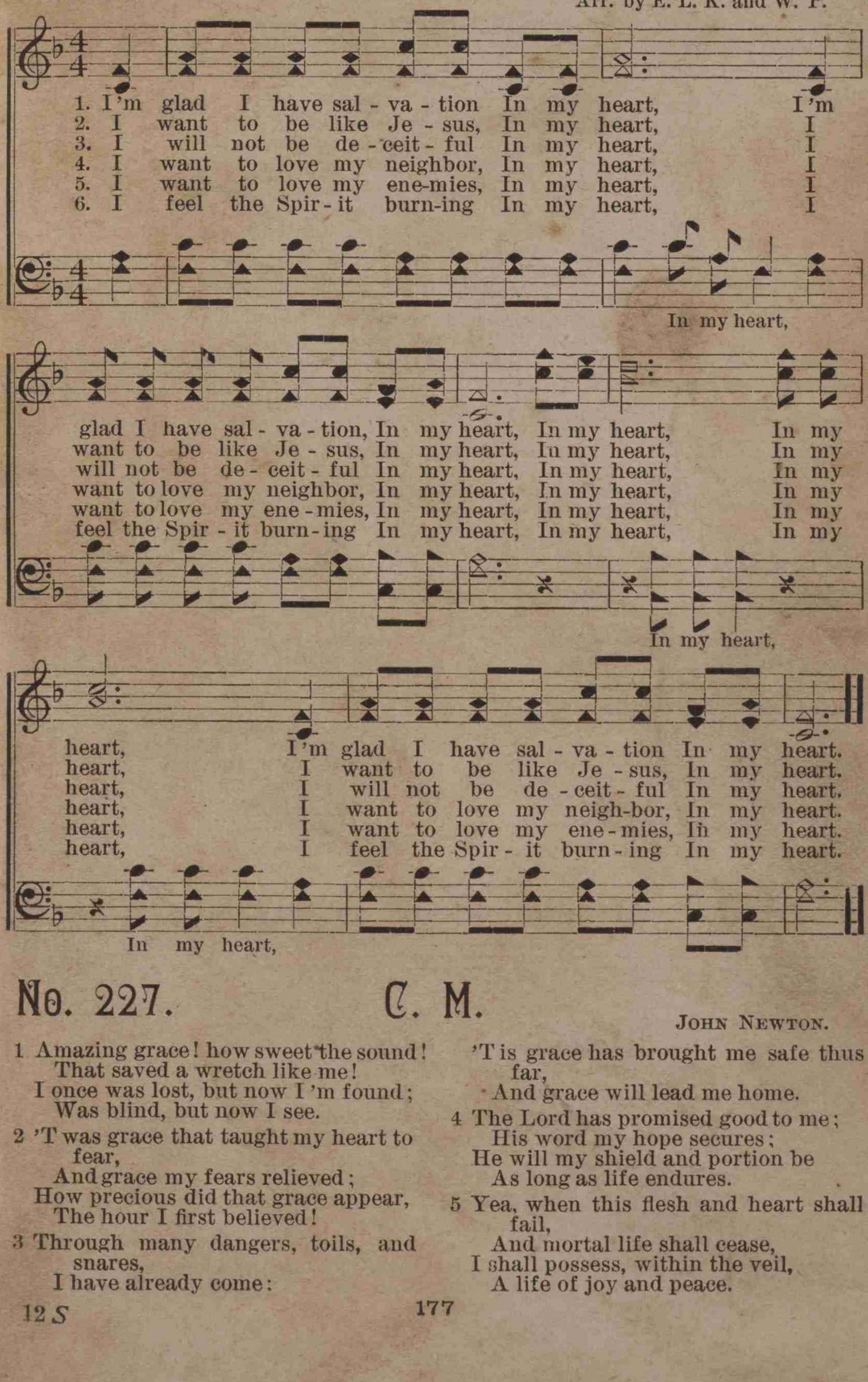
3 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

4 Turn, mortal, turn, thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

5 Turn, Christian, turn, thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The forms which underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven!

No. 226. Salvation in the Heart.

Arr. by E. L. K. and W. P.



No. 227. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON.

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

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come:
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

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

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

No. 228. How Firm a Foundation. 11s.

GEORGE KEITH.

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

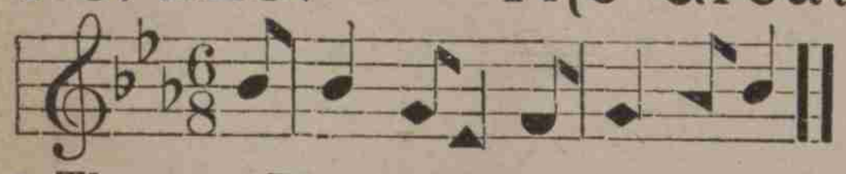
2 In every condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no, never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

No. 229. The Great Physician.

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

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

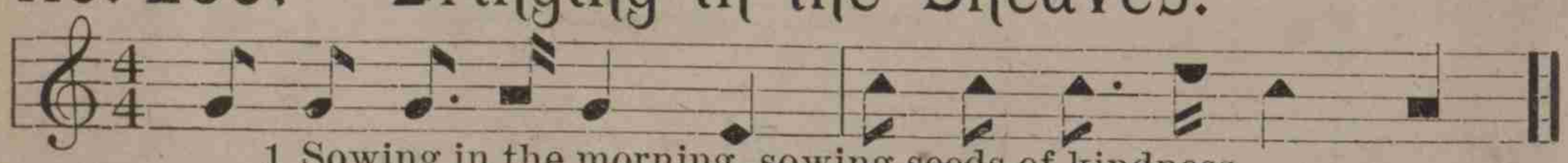
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

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

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

No. 230. Bringing in the Sheaves.



1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

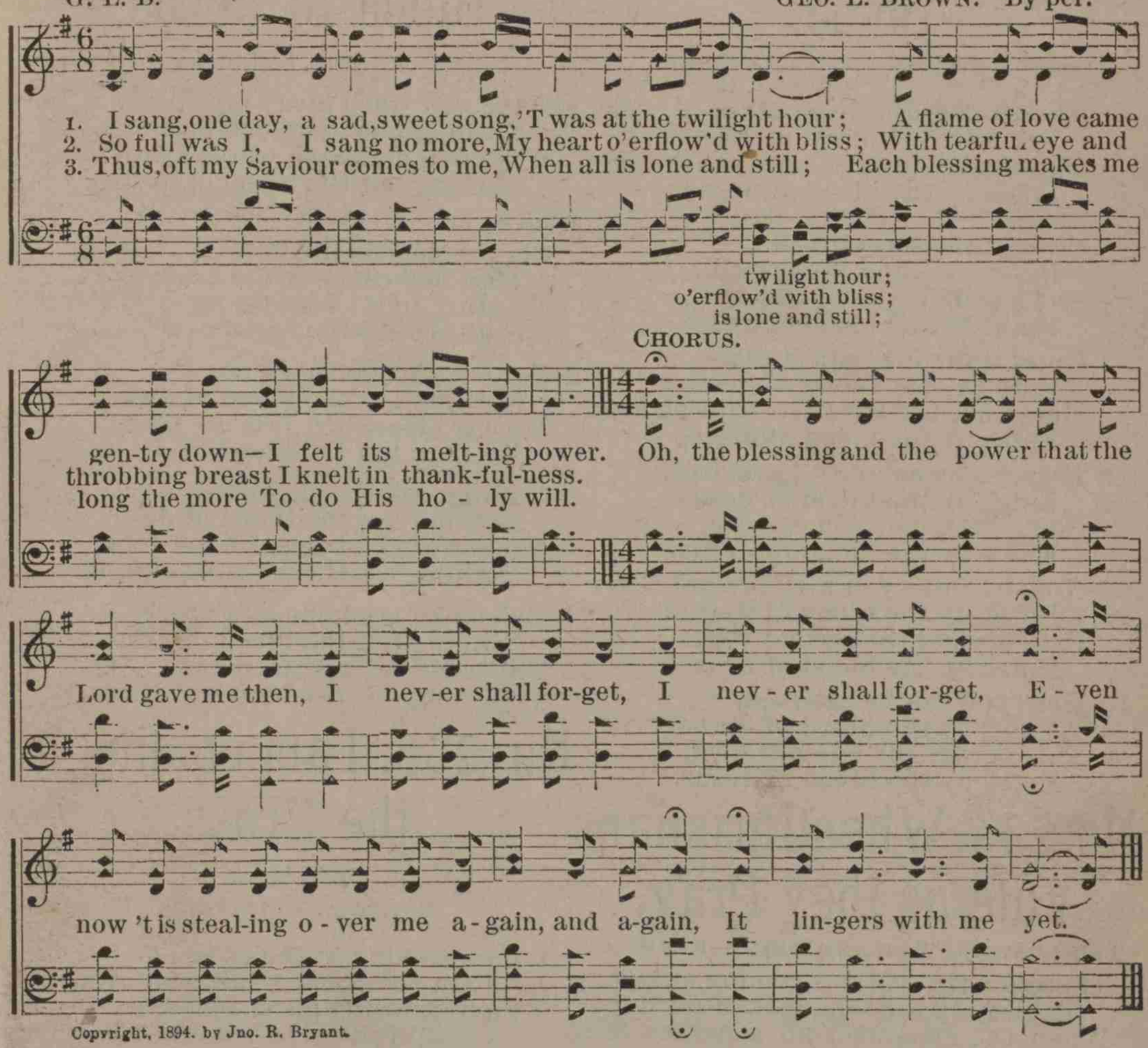
Cho.—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze,
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 231. Remembered Blessings.

G. L. B. GEO. L. BROWN. By per.



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No. 232 At the Fountain.

1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
I could forever think and sing,
I 'm on my journey home.

Chorus.—
Glory to God,
I 'm at the fountain drinking;
Glory to God,
I 'm on my journey home.

2 Ask but His grace and lo! 't is given,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
Ask and He turns your hell to heav'n,
I 'm on my journey home.

3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
Jesus, Thy balm will make me whole.
I 'm on my journey home.

4 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
I meet the object of my love,
I 'm on my journey home.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
I drink and yet am ever dry,
I 'm on my journey home.

Chorus.—
Glory to God,
I 'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
My soul is satisfied.

No. 233. Enter by the Blood.

Tune: "NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD."
Rev. J. B. FOOTE.

1 The Holiest Place stands open wide,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
The shadowing veil now hangs aside
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

Chorus.—
Beyond the second veil
Pure Love and joy prevail,
God's promise ne'er can fail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

2 Enter now this holiest place,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Here Christ shows His shining face,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

3 Here is cleansing full and free,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
God's shekinah you can see,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

4 Now by faith you may prevail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Pass beyond the second veil,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

5 Here you can be satisfied,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
This is why the Saviour died,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

No. 234. When Christians Vote as they Pray.

Tune: "SWEET BYE AND BYE."—Key of G.

1 There's a time that is coming at last,
Oh! hasten the long looked-for day!
When the rum-fiend no shackles can cast,
For all Christians will vote as they pray.

Cho.—In the sweet bye-and-bye,
We shall welcome that beautiful day;
In the sweet bye-and-bye,
When all Christians shall vote as they pray.

2 When the fire shall go out at the still,
And the worm shall be taken away,
And its ruins give place to the mill,
Making bread that doth hunger allay.

3 And the prisons shall close every door,
And the poor-houses, tenantless stand;
When the dram-shops shall darken no more
The dear homes of our beautiful land.

4 When the Church and the State shall arise
In the strength of their virtue and might,
And improve every moment that flies.
In their daring to vote for the right.

No. 235. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

Rev. R. LOWRY. By per.

1 What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Chorus.—
Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 For my pardon this I see,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

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

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

No. 236. I am coming to the Cross.

John vi: 37.
Rev. WM. MCDONALD. By per.

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

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

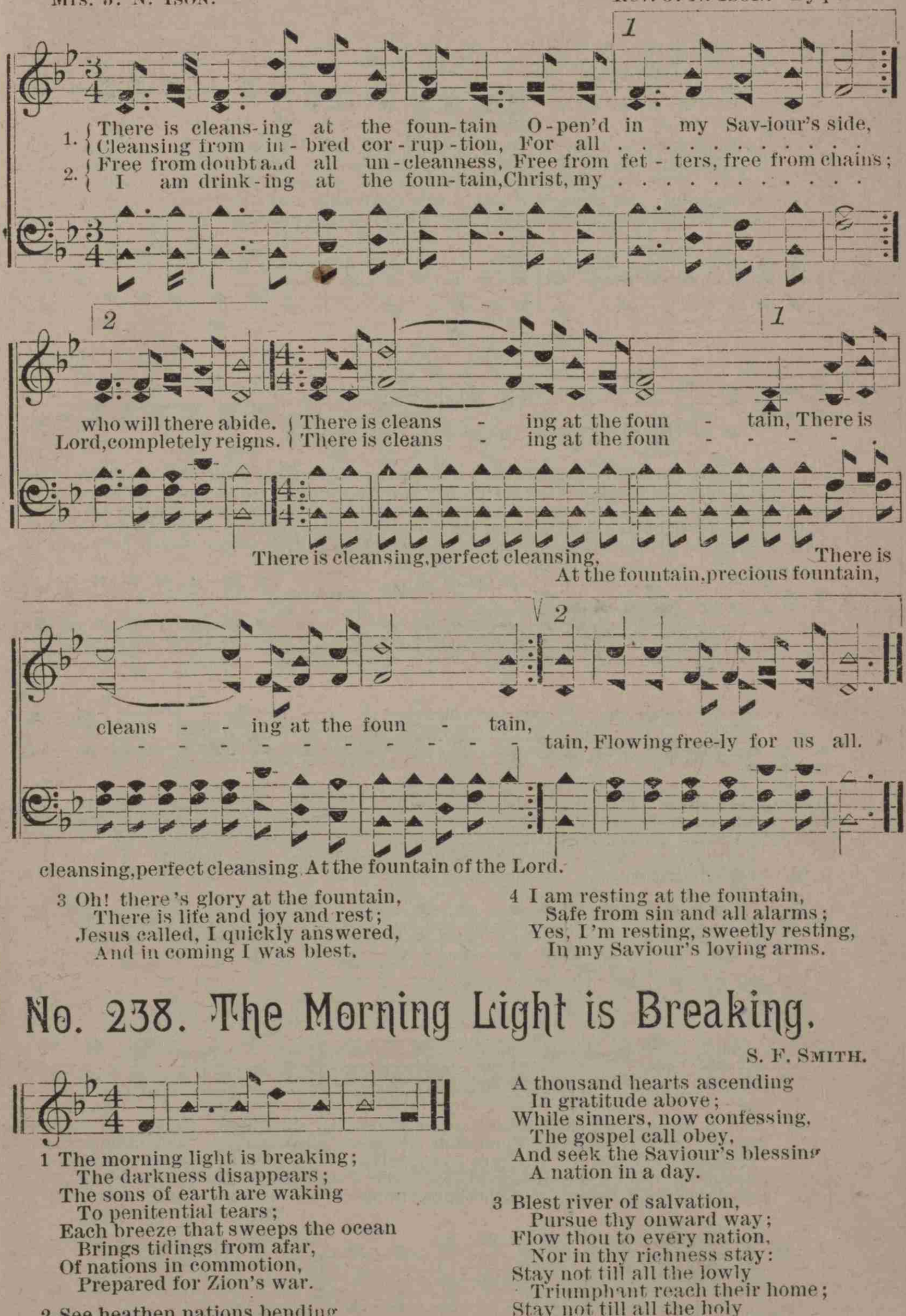
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me.
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

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

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

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

No. 237. There is Cleansing at the Fountain.

Mrs. J. N. Ison. Rev. J. N. Ison. By per.

3 Oh! there 's glory at the fountain,
There is life and joy and rest;
Jesus called, I quickly answered,
And in coming I was blest.

4 I am resting at the fountain,
Safe from sin and all alarms;
Yes, I 'm resting, sweetly resting,
In my Saviour's loving arms.

No. 238. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith.

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

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

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

No. 239. Saved, Victory, Heaven.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I come, dear Lord, to Thee for rest, I have no oth - er place to go; My soul with
2. To Thee, my Lord, my all I yield, 'T is Thine, no mite would I withhold; I take Thee
3. I thirst, I long to prove Thy love And all its ful-ness now en - joy, That I may
4. Now borne a-loft on ea-gle's wings, I work and sing and watch and pray, And ev'ry
5. When here my life shall be com-plete, And all its triumphs shall be o'er; Thro' grace I

guilt is deep distressed, Its anguish only Thou canst know. O'er guilt so deep I now sorely
for my Sun and Shield, My thoughts, my words, My actions mould. I consecrate to Thee now my
to Thy glory live, And all my pow'rs for Thee employ. My weakness great is a source of
hour new blessing brings, And greater triumphs ev'ry day. My sins so many are all cast a-
shall my Saviour greet, And reign with Him forevermore. This vision bright I at times be-

grieve, My sins so ma-ny I do de - plore; O now in mercy my soul re -
all; I now re-ceive Thee, my all to be. O cleanse and keep me, whate'er be-
shame; The pow'r Thou givest I would re - ceive; The ful-ness promised to all who
way, Against me never remembered will be. With Je - sus al-ways I love to
hold, And feel that quickly the time may come, When I shall walk 'mid the streets of

CHORUS.

lieve, And I will serve Thee for -ev - er more. Saved at last, saved at
fall, For I am Thine and will trust in Thee. Cleansed at last, cleansed at
come, I claim by faith and now re - ceive. Filled at last, filled at
stay, Thro' Him I now am made ful - ly free. Free at last, free at
gold, And dwell with Je-sus in Heav'n my home. Heav'n at last, heav'n at

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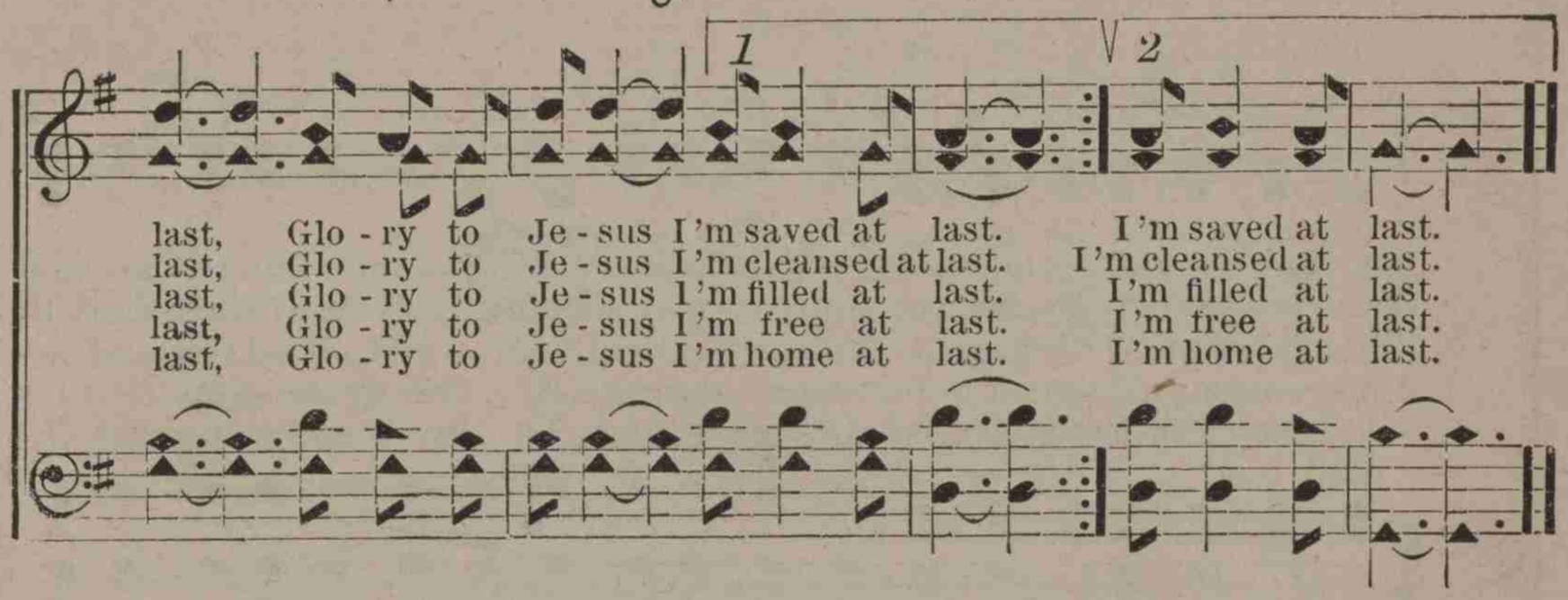
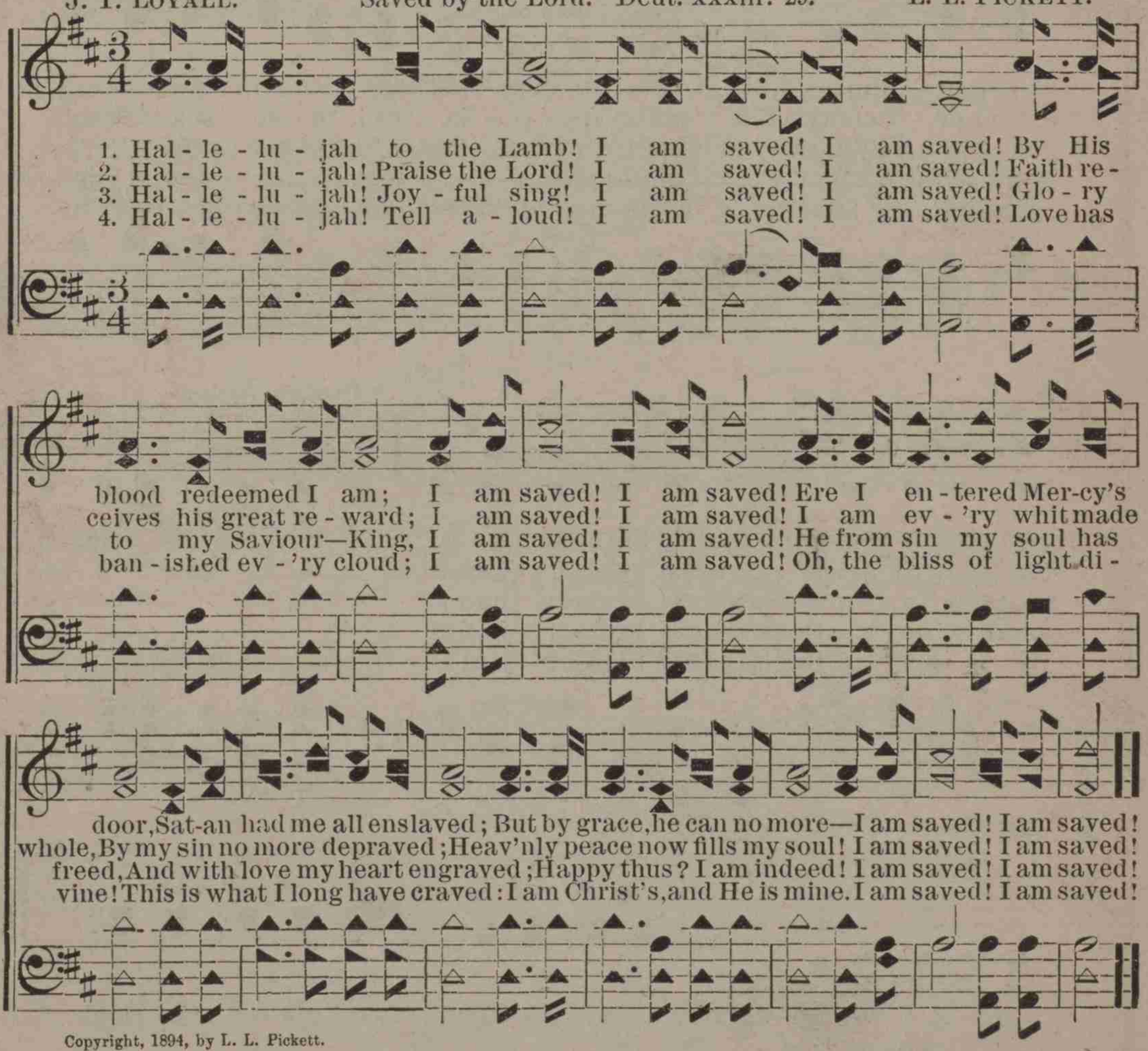
Saved, Victory, Heaven. Concluded.



No. 240. I am Saved.

J. T. LOYALL. Saved by the Lord. Deut. xxxiii: 29. L. L. PICKETT.

Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

5 Hallelujah! Shout amen!
I am saved! I am saved!
Tell by life and tongue and pen:
I am saved! I am saved!
At the sanctifying flood,
Jesus has my spirit laved,
Sprinkling with His precious blood.
I am saved! I am saved!

6 Hallelujah! Blest refrain!
I am saved! I am saved!
Jesus now has pleasing reign;
I am saved! I am saved!
Saved unto the uttermost!
Praise Him whom in sin I waved;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
I am saved! I am saved!

No. 241. Lead me to the Rock.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. O Sav-iour of sinners, when faint and depress'd, With man-i-fold tri - als and sor-rows oppres'd, I'll bow at Thy feet and with con - fidence cry,
2. When tempted by Sa-tan, the Spir-it to grieve, The service of Christ, my Re- deem-er, to leave, I'll claim my re - la - tion, to Je - sus I'll fly,
3. When judgments, O Lord, are a - bout in the land, And mer - it-ed vengeance de- scends from Thy hand, O'erwhelm'd with the sight, for protec - tion I'll fly,
4. When summon'd at last before God to appear, By free grace supported I'll stand with-out fear, The man-date o - bey - ing, the or - de - al try,
5. At home with the ransom'd and Je - sus I long To dwell and e - ter-nal - ly join in the song Of prais-ing and bless-ing while a - ges roll by,

FINE. CHORUS. *Repeat.*

"Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I." O lead me, O
The Rock of sal-va - tion that's high-er than I.
Hide me in the Rock that is high-er than I.
Standing on the Rock that is high-er than I.
Je - sus the Rock that is high-er than I. O lead me, Saviour, lead, O

Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.

D.S.

lead me, Lead me to the Rock, Lead me to the Rock,
lead me, Saviour, lead,

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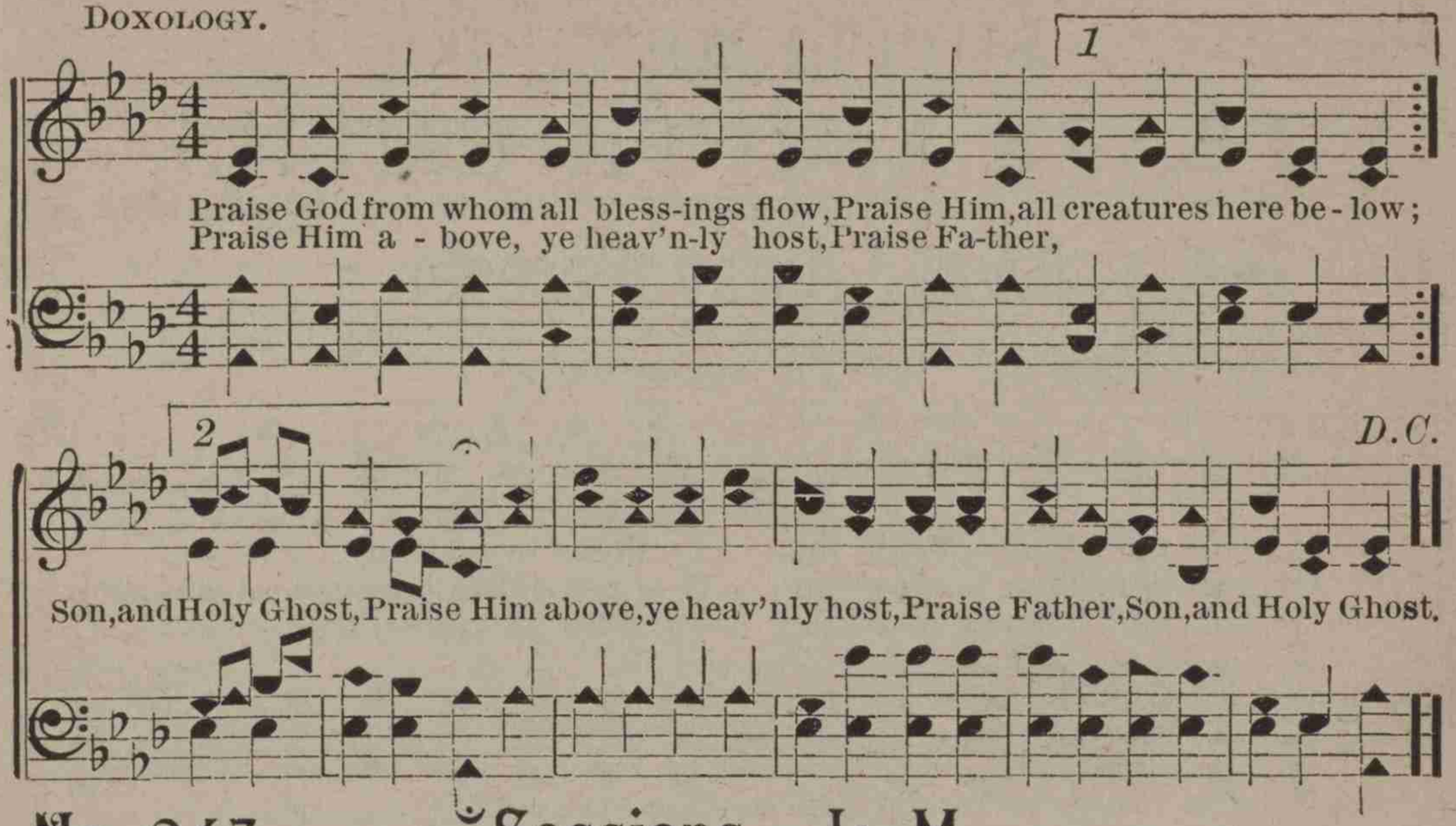
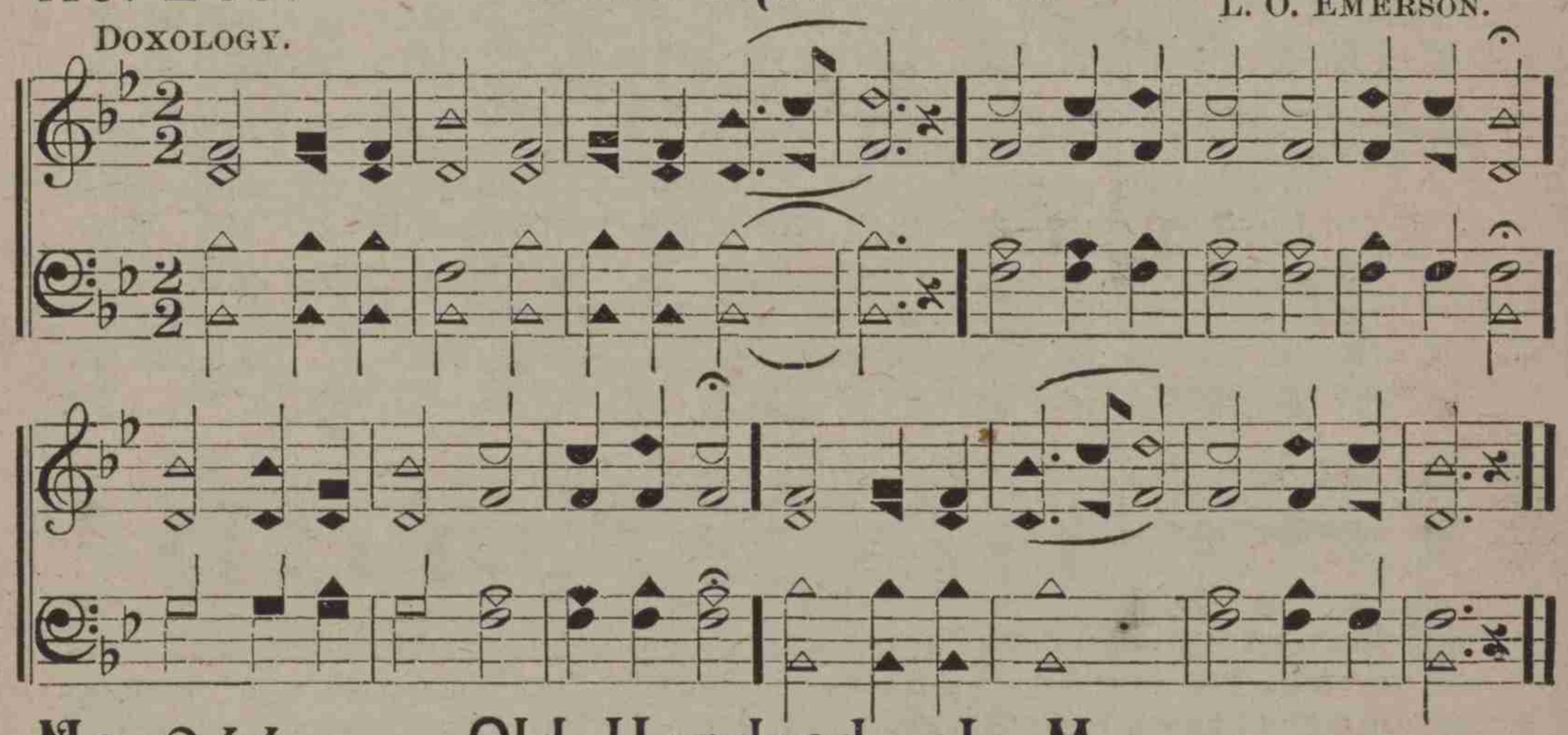
No. 242. Duane Street.

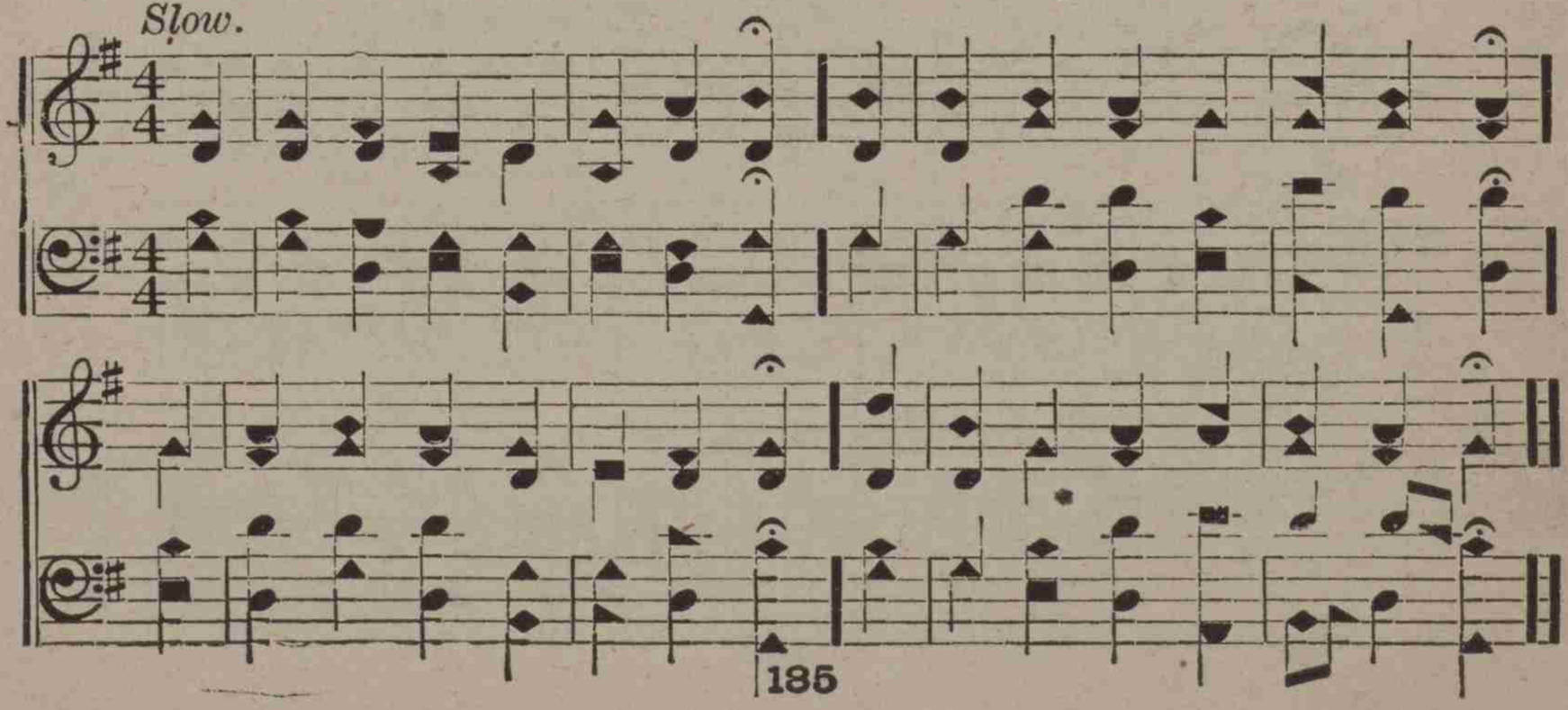
DOXOLOGY.



No. 243. Sessions. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

DOXOLOGY.

No. 244. Old Hundred. L. M.

Slow.

SUPPLEMENT TO

TEARS AND TRIUMPHS.

No. 245. Away, Away Forever.

O. M. LINDLEY. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

Slowly, thoughtfully. Good for Solo or Duet.

1. O sin - ner! Time is fleet - ing, Is fleet - ing a - way, a - way. O what do you think of meet - ing The Lord at the judg-ment day? O shall you meet with gladness, The coming, glorious day? Or shall you be fill'd with sad-ness, For sinning your life a - way? A-way, a-way, for - ev- er! A -

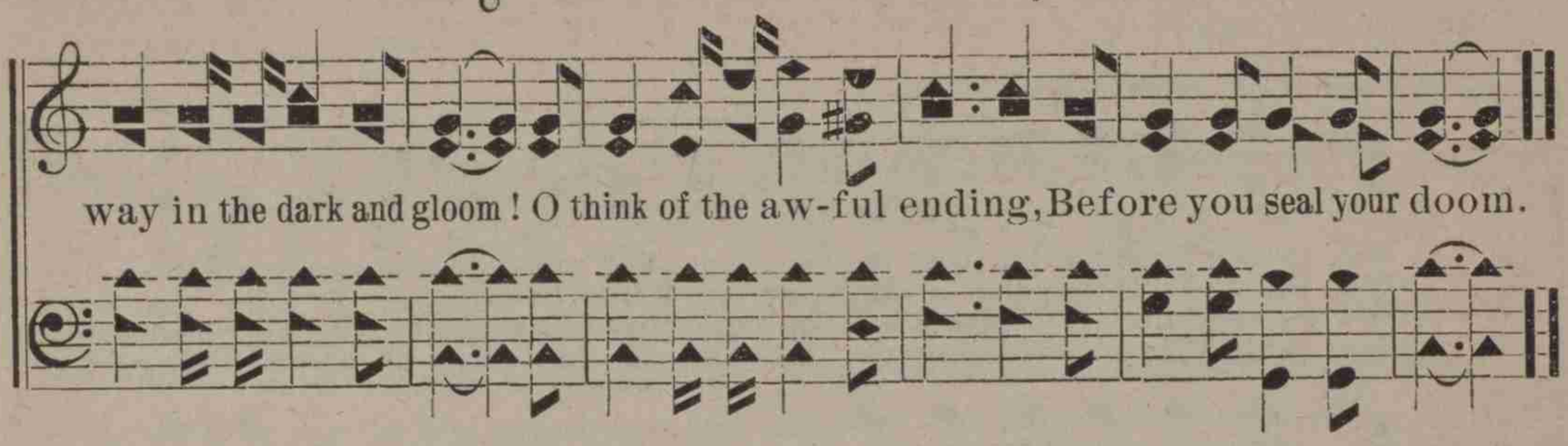
2. O sin - ner! Time is speed-ing, Is speed - ing a - way, a - way. For *you* the Saviour is plead - ing; O come to Him while you may. Soon will your days be end-ed, Soon comes the judgment day; Then shall your heart be rend-ed, When you find you are turn'd a - way.

3. O sin - ner! Time is speed-ing. O why do you still de - lay? O yield to the Sav-iour's pleading, And turn to the Lord to - day. With praise you then will greet Him; No longer you'll dread the day; No more will you fear to meet Him, In the glo-ri-ous judgment day.

CHORUS.

Copyright, 1896, by L. L. Pickett.

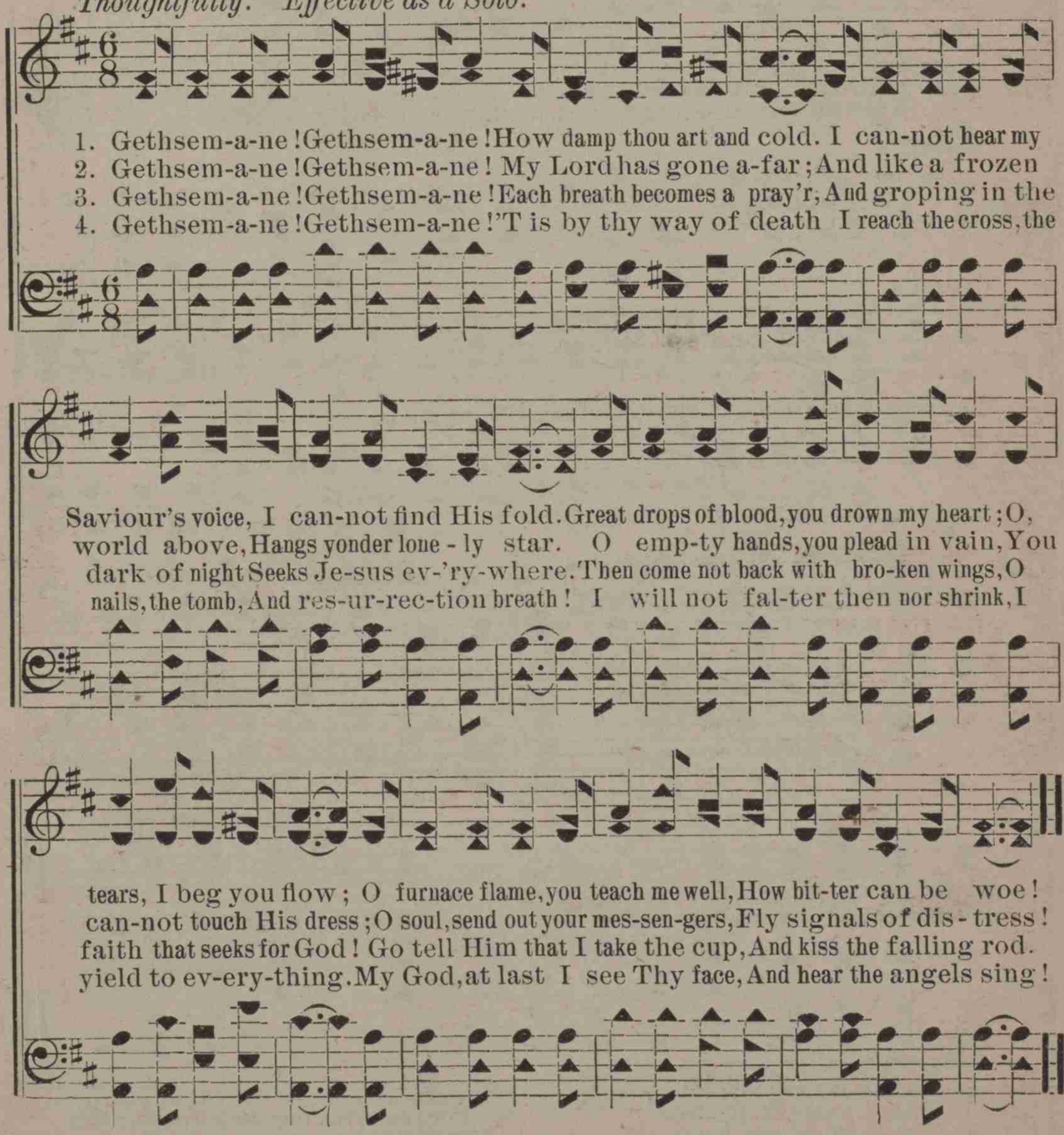
Away Forever. Concluded.



No. 246. Gethsemane.

Mrs. Mary McGee Snell. Rev. L. L. Pickett.

Thoughtfully. Effective as a Solo.



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No. 247. We Praise Thee, O God.

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

1. We praise Thee, our Fa - ther in heav - en, For par-don and cleansing from sin;
2. We praise Thee for pen - te-cost pow - er, Which lives in our Zi - on to - day,
3. We praise Thee for food and for rai-ment, The things which we need for this life,
4. We praise Thee for bid-ding us la - bor In har-vests of ri - pen - ing grain.

For peace which Thy mer - cy hath giv - en, For call - ing us wan - der-ers in.
Sus - tain - ing Thy peo - ple each hour, And teach-ing to sing and to pray.
For mak - ing our path-way all ra-diant, Up - hold-ing us when in the strife.
For lift - ing the bur-dens of sor - row, And cleansing a - way ev - 'ry stain.

CHORUS.

We praise Thee, O God, for mercy and grace, The light of Thy love, the smiles of Thy face,
The gift of Thy Son who died on the cross To save us from sin and
cleanse from its dross. We praise Thee, we praise Thee, O God.
We praise Thee, O God, we praise Thee, O God.

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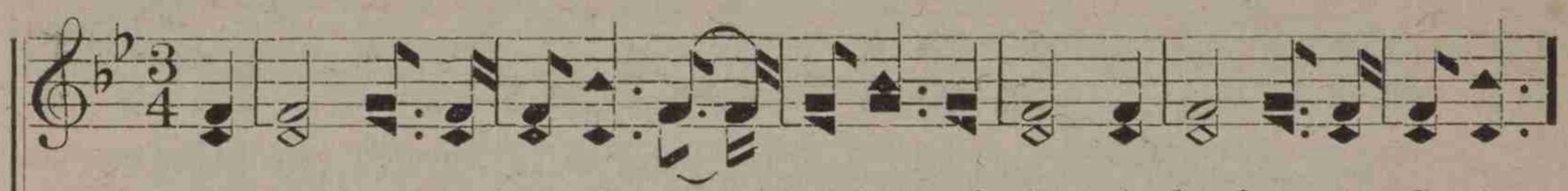
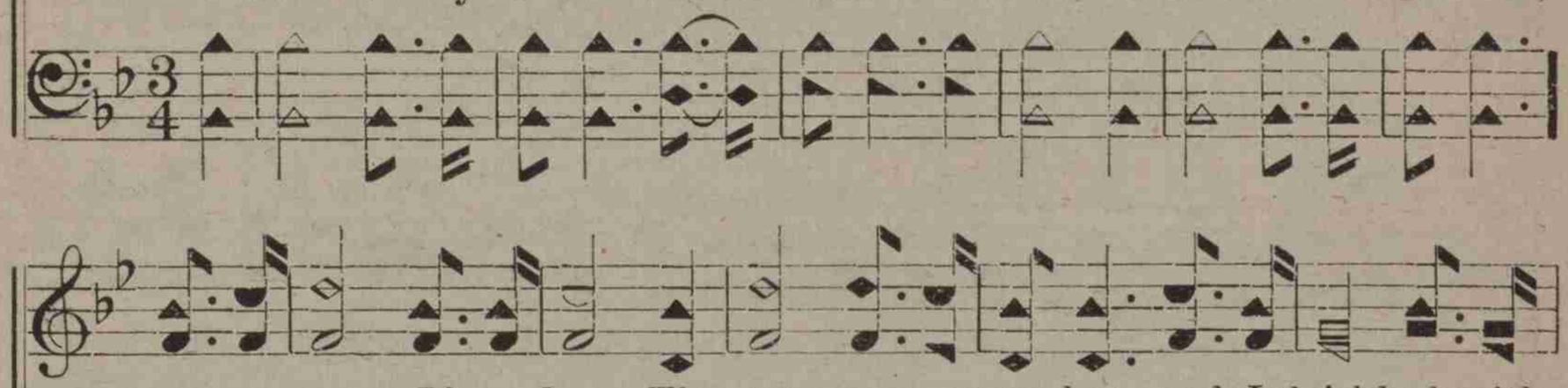
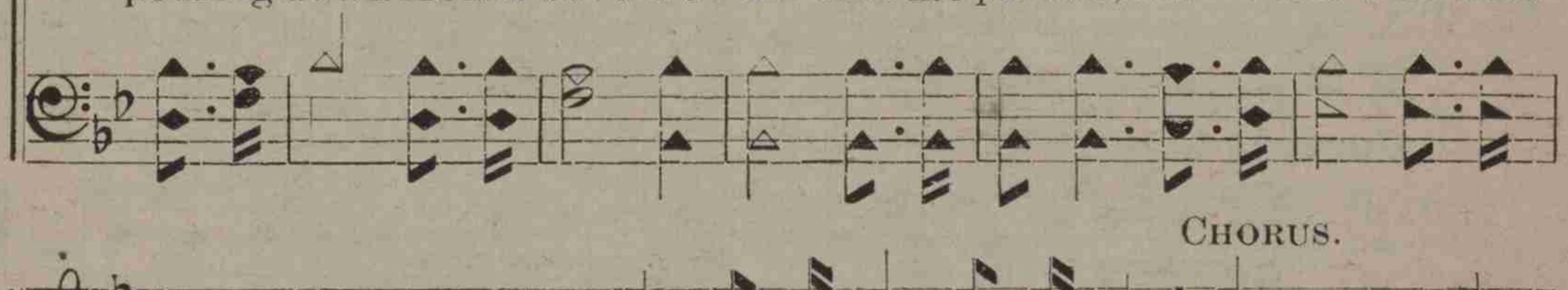
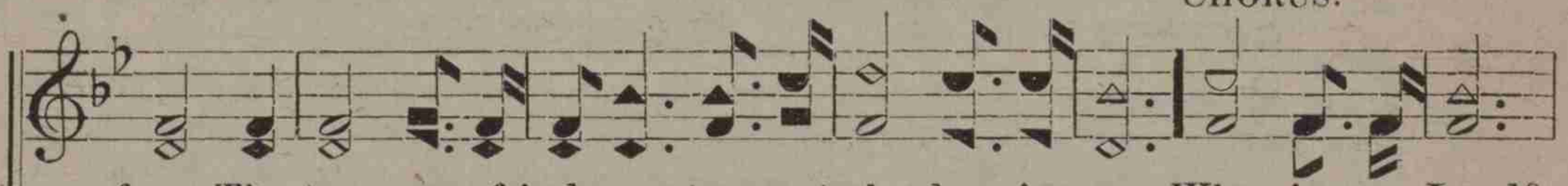
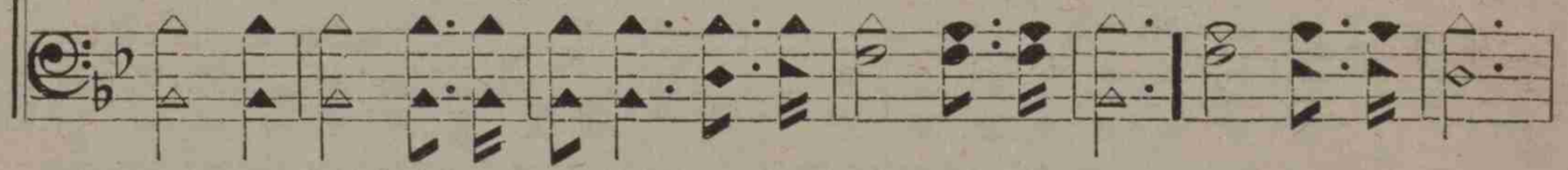
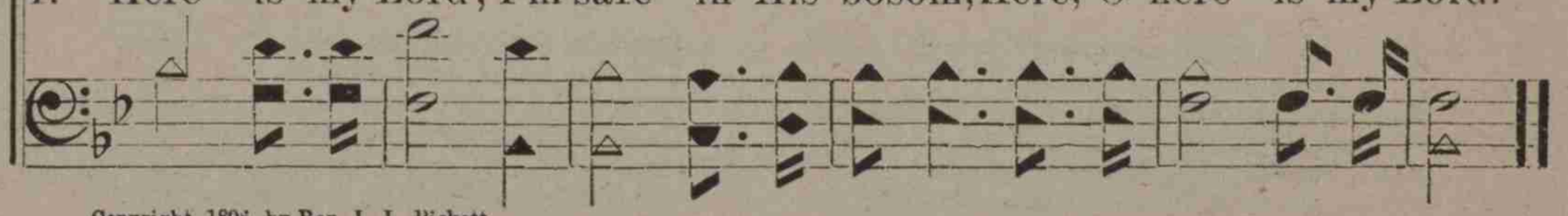
5 We praise Thee, O Christ, our dear Saviour,
For bearing our sins on the tree,
For showing us mercy and favor,
For making us happy and free.

6 We praise Thee, O blest Holy Spirit,
For removing our guilt and our fear;
For bringing us now to inherit
A sanctified portion while here.

No. 248. Where is my Lord?

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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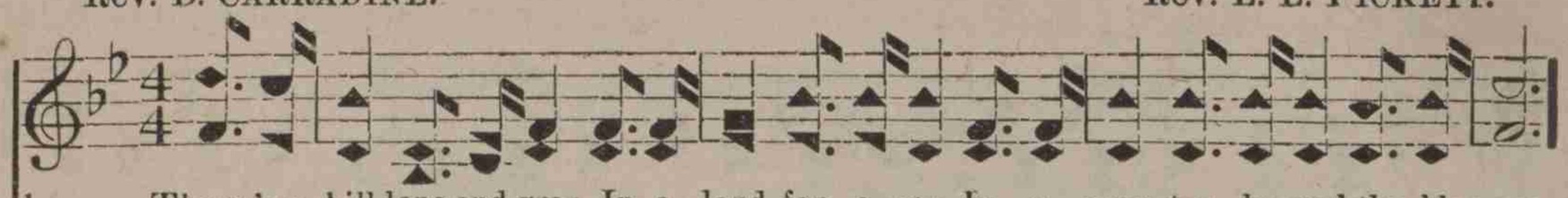
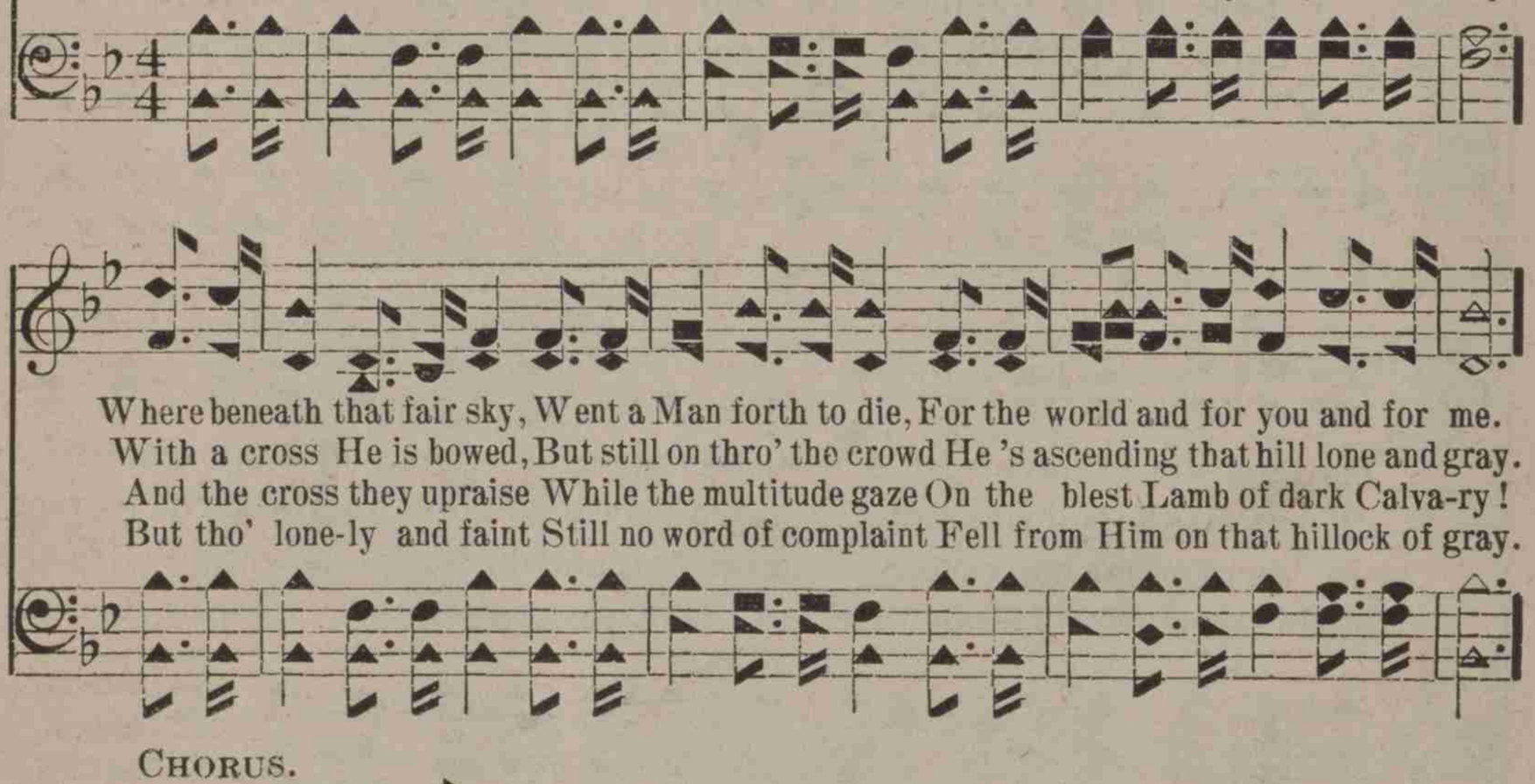
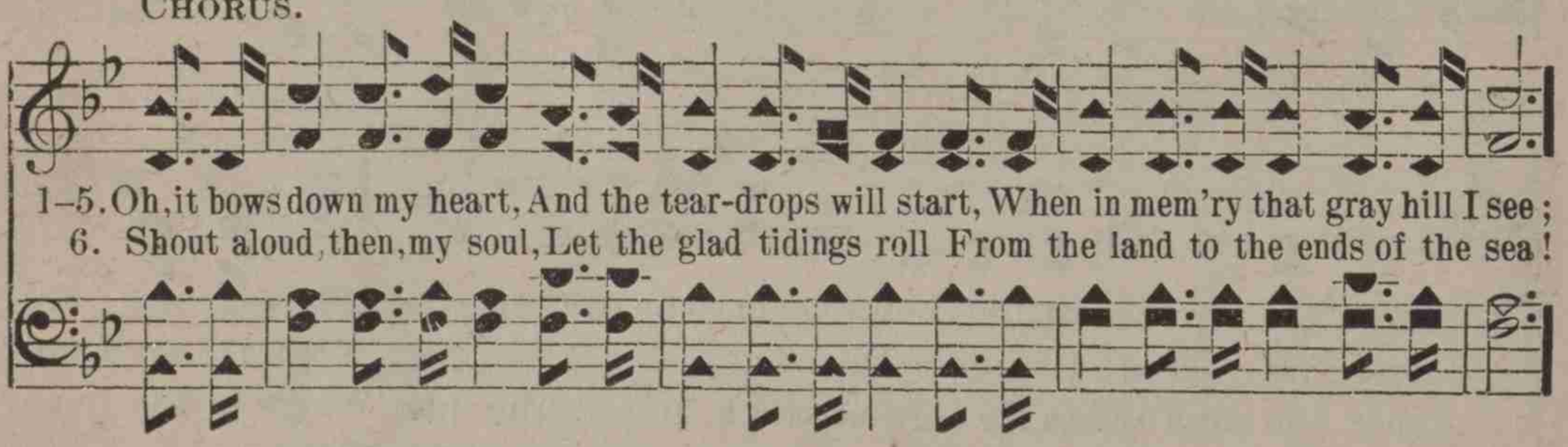
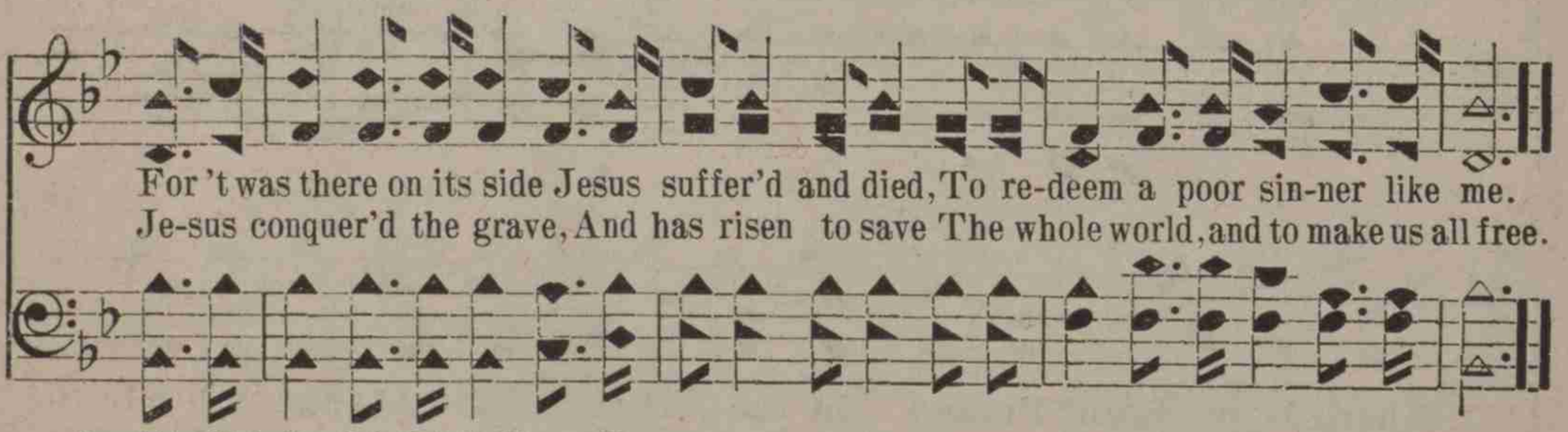
No. 249. Calvary.

Rev. B. CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. There 's a hill lone and gray, In a land far a-way, In a coun-try beyond the blue sea,
2. Oh, so faint on the road, 'Neath the world's heavy load, Comes a thorn-crown'd Man on the way!
3. Hark, I hear the dull blow Of the hammer swung low, They are nail-ing my Lord to the tree!
4 How they mock Him in death To His last lab'ring breath, While His friends sadly weep o'er the way!



Where beneath that fair sky, Went a Man forth to die, For the world and for you and for me.
With a cross He is bowed, But still on thro' the crowd He 's ascending that hill lone and gray.
And the cross they upraise While the multitude gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Calva-ry!
But tho' lone-ly and faint Still no word of complaint Fell from Him on that hillock of gray.

CHORUS.

1–5. Oh, it bows down my heart, And the tear-drops will start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see;
6. Shout aloud, then, my soul, Let the glad tidings roll From the land to the ends of the sea!



For 't was there on its side Jesus suffer'd and died, To re-deem a poor sin-ner like me.
Je-sus conquer'd the grave, And has risen to save The whole world, and to make us all free.

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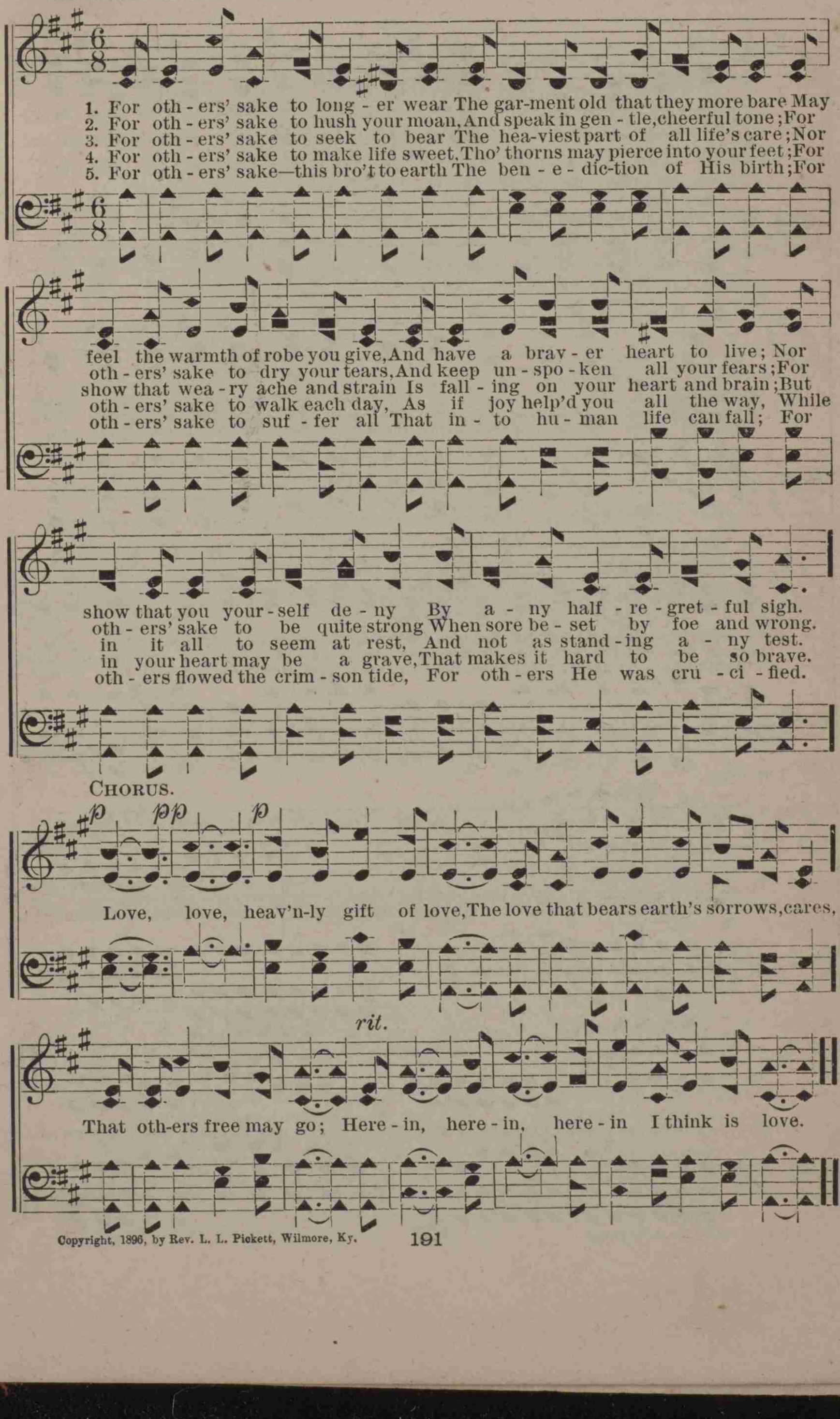
5 Then the darkness came down,
And the rocks rent around,
And a cry pierced the sad-laden air!
'T was the voice of our King,
Who received death's dark sting,
All to save us from endless despair.

6 Let the sun hide its face,
Let the earth reel apace.
Over men who their Saviour have slain!
But, behold! from the sod
Comes the blessed Lamb of God,
Who was slain, but is risen again.

No. 250. What is Love?

Mrs. Mary McGee Snell. Rev. L. L. Pickett.

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No. 251. Grace and Glory.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. All my storm - y night of dark - ness Now has turned to gold en day;
   For my sun at last has ris - en, Driv - ing
2. Sa - tan's ar - rows fly a-round me, And his fi - ery darts are thrown,
   But are pow - er - less to harm me, For I
3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, All my need He will sup - ply;
   He will give me grace and glo - ry, While I

shad - ows all a - way. O, it shines in won - drous beau - ty, Gild - ing
nev - er am a - lone. It's a shield in ev - ery bat - tle, Which the
live and when I die. No good thing from me with-hold - ing, While my

life with ha - lo bright, As its beams so warm and cheering Shed their sweet and ho - ly light.
tempt-er can - not pierce, Tho' his le-gions sore - ly press me In their fu - ry, wild and fierce.
walk with Him is right, He 's my com-fort and my counsel, He 's my joy and my de-light.

CHORUS.

A sun and a shield is my Saviour, Shin-ing bright - ly by day and by night; He
A sun and a shield is my Saviour, Shining brightly by day and by night, day and by night,

gives me His grace and His glo - ry, And fills me with love and with light.
He gives me His grace and His glory, grace and glory, And fills me with love, with this wonderful love.

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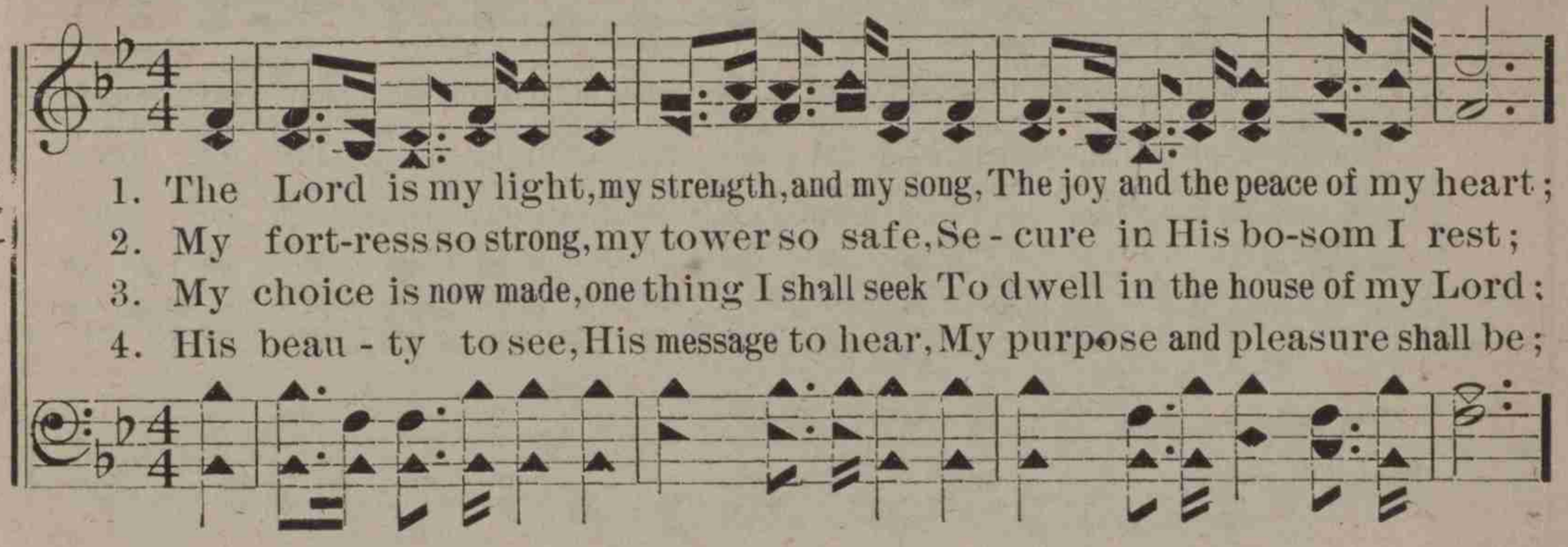
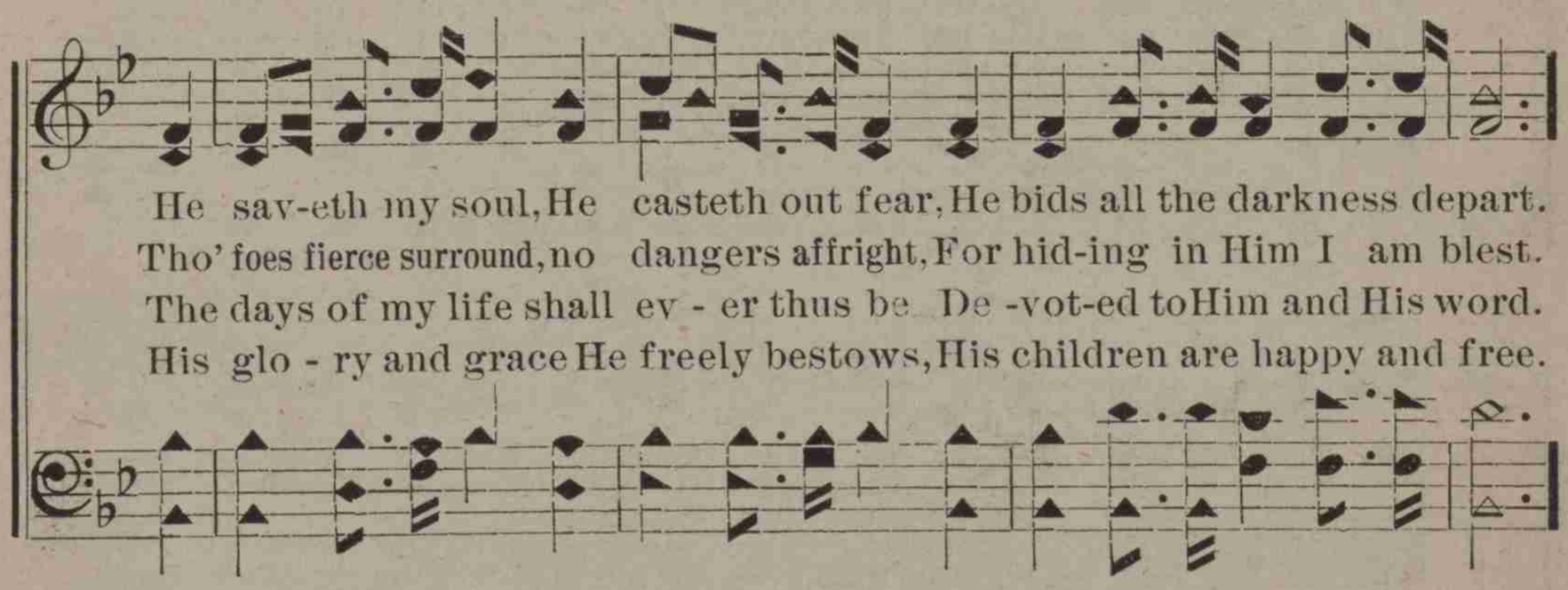
No. 252. The Lord is my Portion.

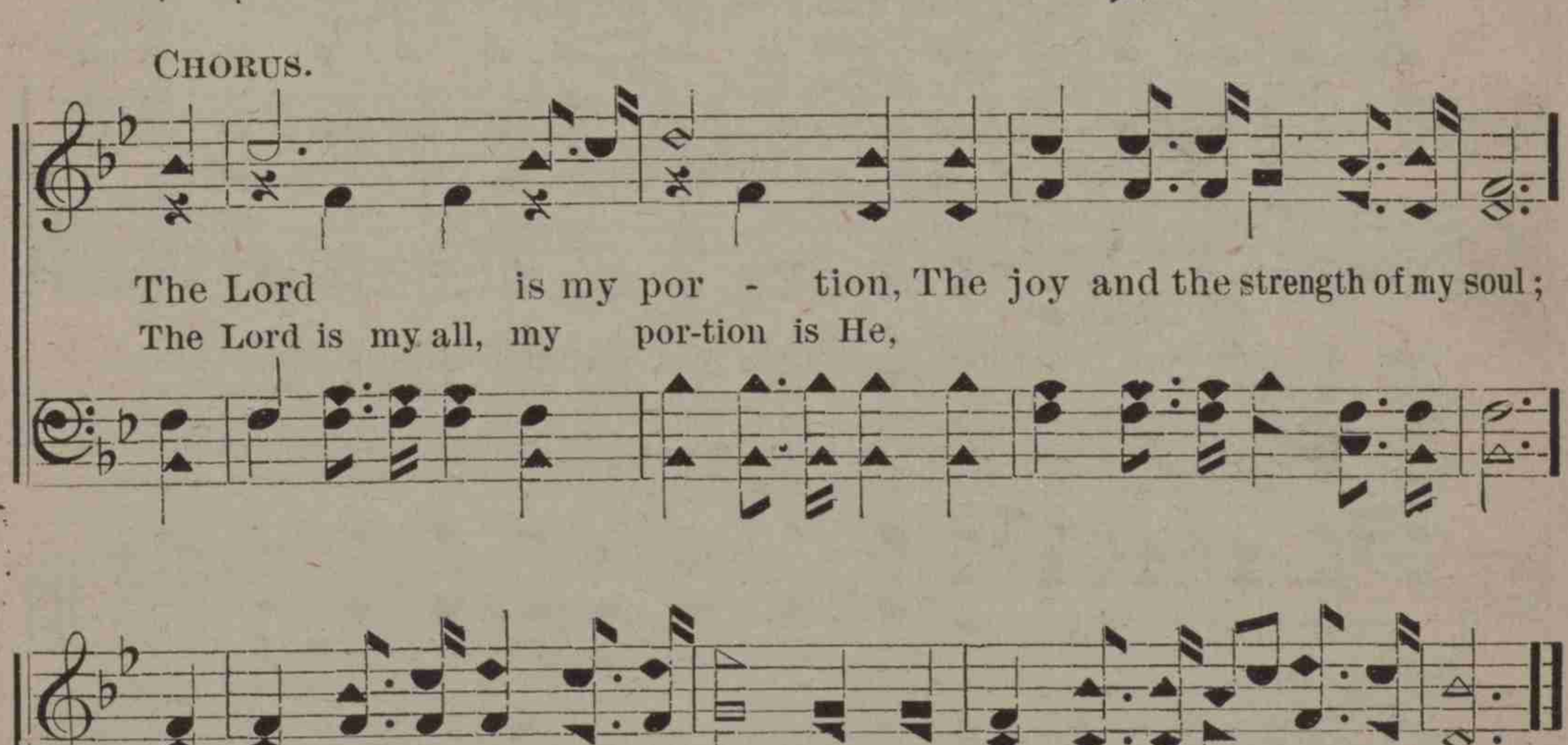
L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



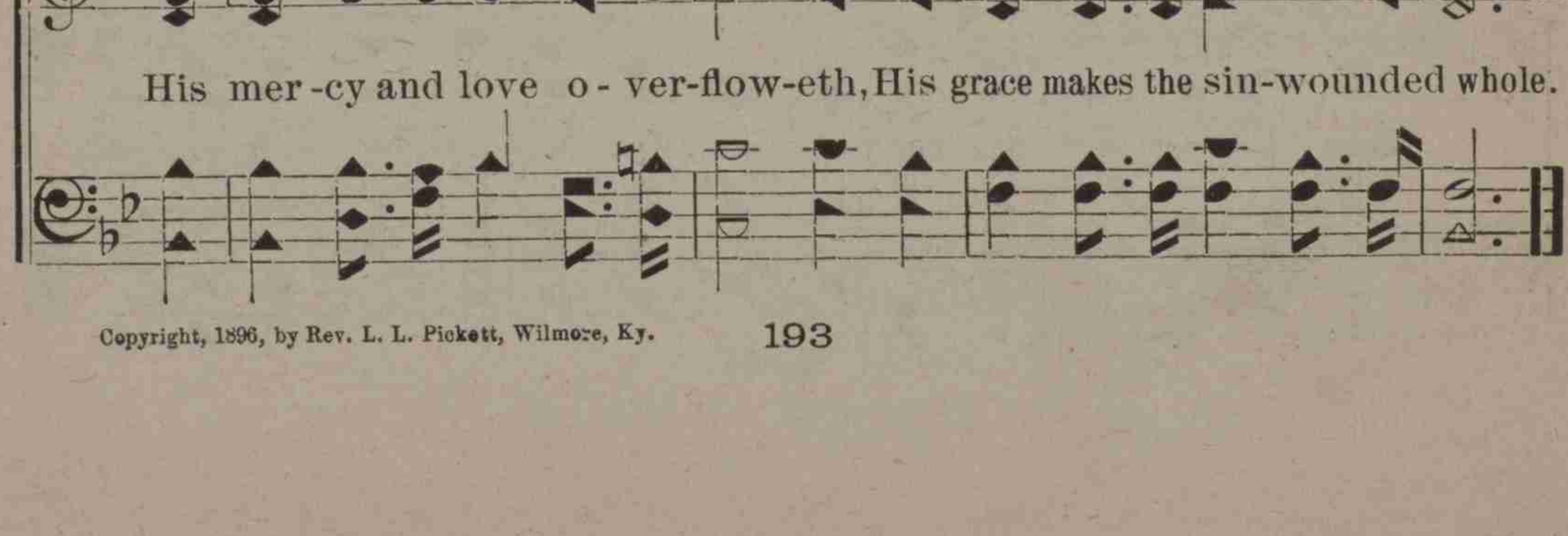
1. The Lord is my light, my strength, and my song, The joy and the peace of my heart;
2. My fort-ress so strong, my tower so safe, Se - cure in His bo-som I rest;
3. My choice is now made, one thing I shall seek To dwell in the house of my Lord:
4. His beau - ty to see, His message to hear, My purpose and pleasure shall be;



He sav-eth my soul, He casteth out fear, He bids all the darkness depart.
Tho' foes fierce surround, no dangers affright, For hid-ing in Him I am blest.
The days of my life shall ev - er thus be De -vot-ed to Him and His word.
His glo - ry and grace He freely bestows, His children are happy and free.



CHORUS.



The Lord is my por - tion, The joy and the strength of my soul;
The Lord is my all, my por-tion is He,

His mer-cy and love o - ver-flow-eth, His grace makes the sin-wounded whole.

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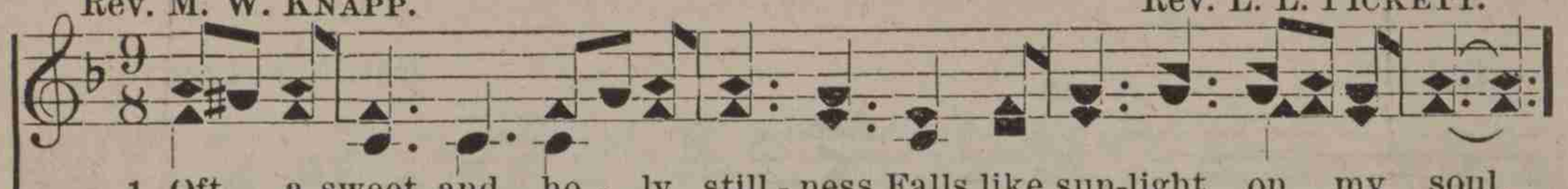
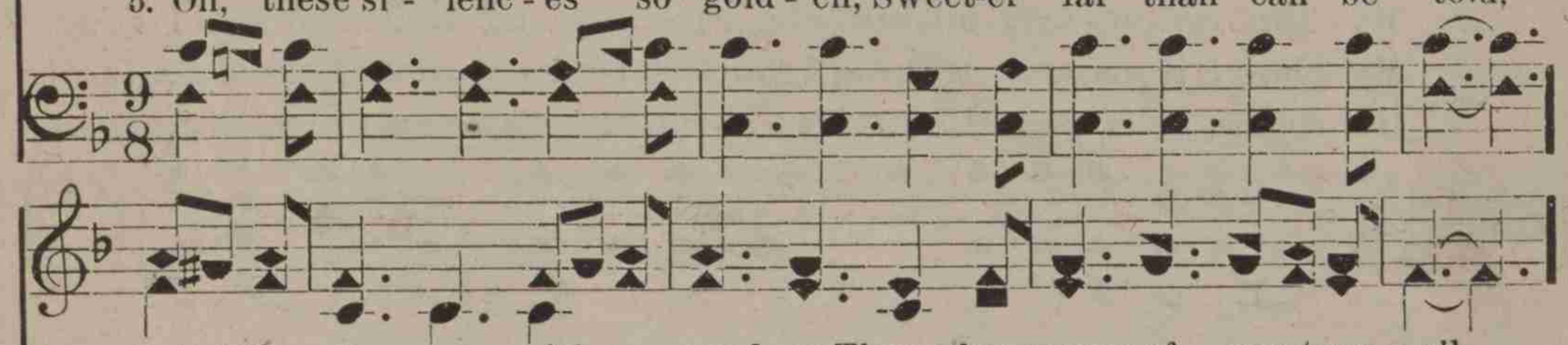
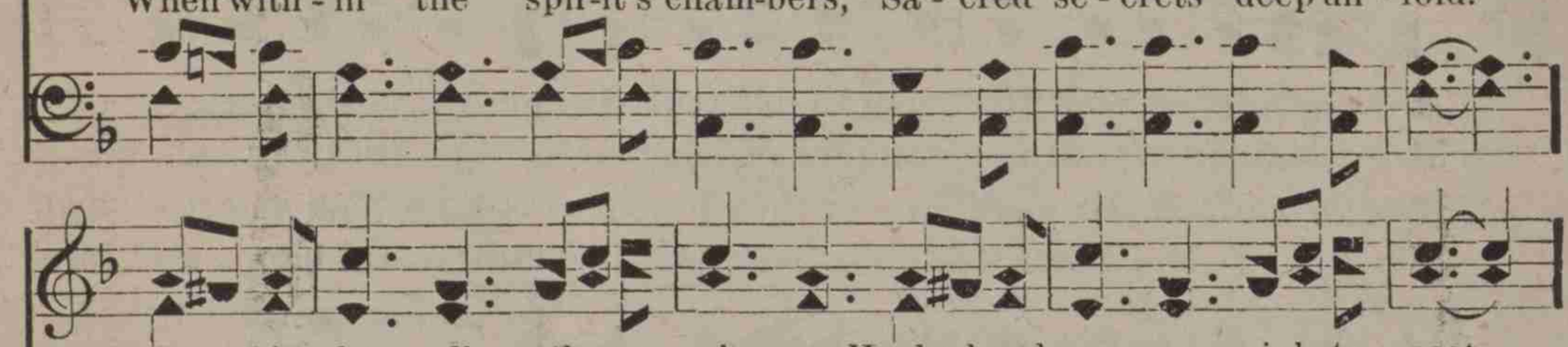
No. 253. Be Still.

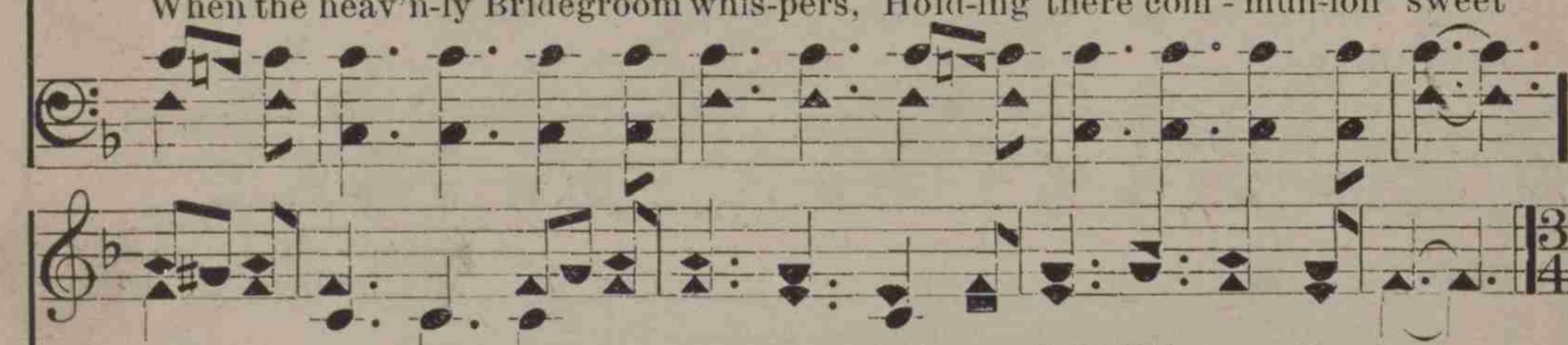
Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



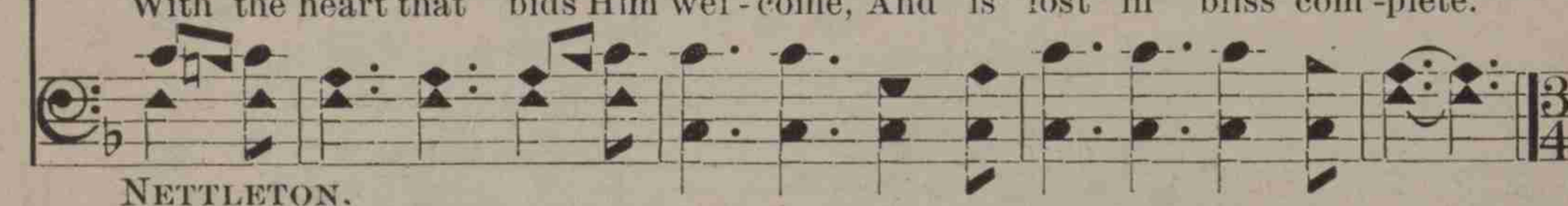
1. Oft a sweet and ho - ly still - ness Falls like sun-light on my soul,
2. Deaf-ened by the ma - ny voi - ces, Which the fly - ing mo-ments fill,
3. When per-plex - i - ties and tri - als And temp-ta - tions fill my mind,
4. Sometimes sick-ness comes and sor - row, And we deem them an - gels ill,
5. Oh, these si - lenc - es so gold - en, Sweet-er far than can be told,

Shedding glo - ry rich-er, grand - er, Than when waves of rap-ture roll.
We may miss the Master's mes - sage If we are not of - ten still.
Then in this pa - vil - ion hid - ing, Quick re - lief I al - ways find.
But 'tis Je - sus who per-mits them, Thus com-pell - ing to be still.
When with - in the spir-it's cham-bers, Sa - cred se - crets deep un - fold.



For 'tis when all oth - er voi - ces, Hushed and wea - ry sink to rest,
Pas - sions and im - ag - i - na - tions, E - ven friends may lead a - stray,
When I, ob - sta - cles en-coun - ter, Which de - fy my ut - most skill,
Well He knows that in our hur - ry, We might miss the voice so low,
When the heav'n-ly Bridegroom whis-pers, Hold-ing there com - mun-ion sweet

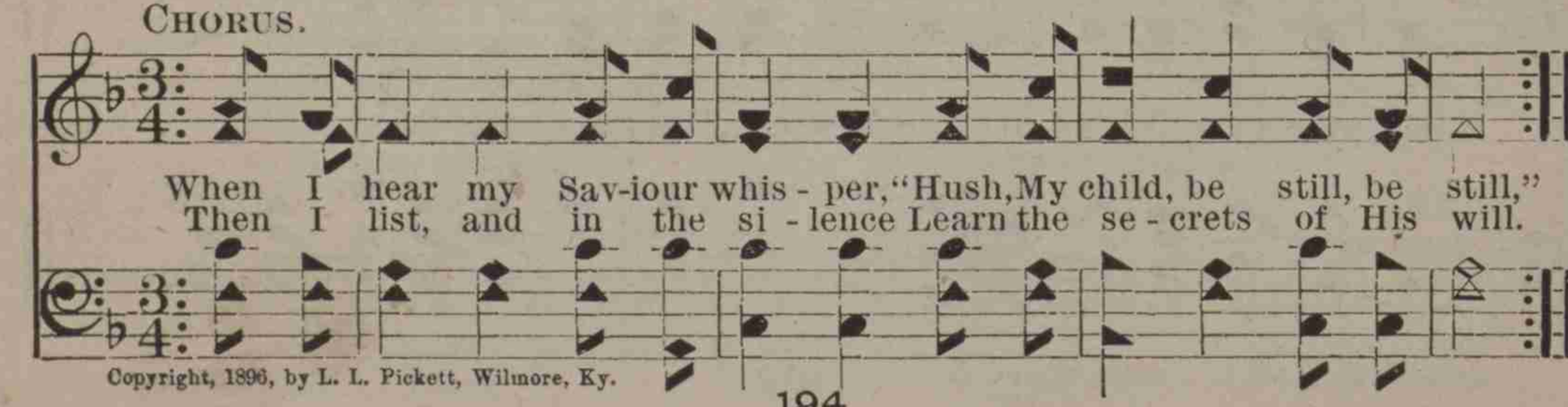


That I hear my Sav-iour speak-ing, And can tell His tones the best.
Hence we oft a - lone with Je - sus, In the still-ness deep must stay.
He re- bukes them and they van - ish, While I trust Him and am still.
And in mere - ly hu - man wis - dom Fruit-less on our er - rands go.
With the heart that bids Him wel - come, And is lost in bliss com -plete.



NETTLETON.

CHORUS.



When I hear my Sav-iour whis - per, "Hush, My child, be still, be still,"
Then I list, and in the si - lence Learn the se - crets of His will.

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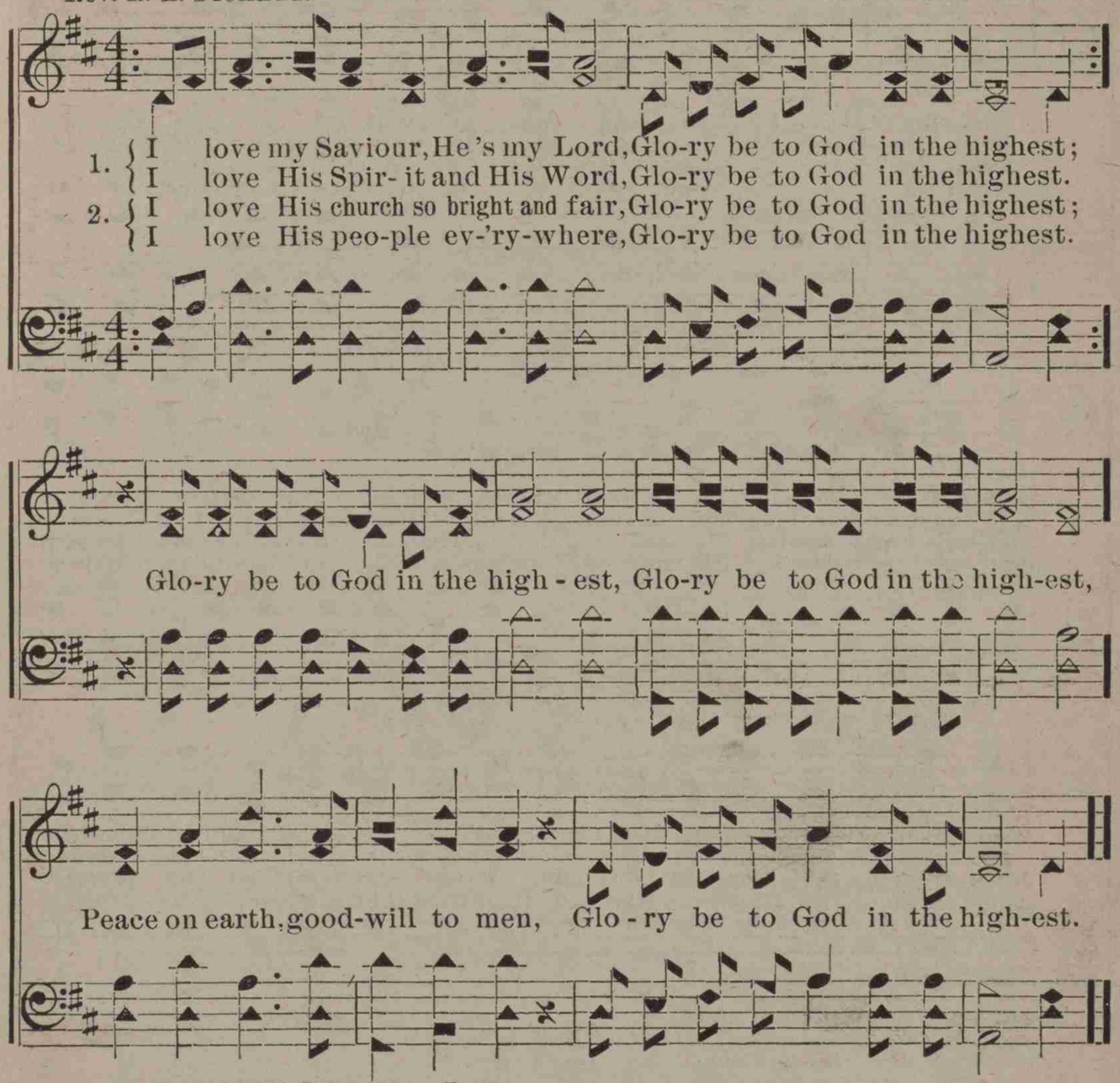
No. 254. Glory be to God in the Highest.

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

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3 I love His holy Sabbath day,
Glory be to God in the highest;
It helps me learn the living way,
Glory be to God in the highest.

4 I love the hour of prayer and praise,
Glory be to God in the highest;
And all His peaceful, holy ways,
Glory be to God in the highest.

5 I love His work, I love His rest,
Glory be to God in the highest;
And in His service I am blest,
Glory be to God in the highest.

6 I love the cause of holiness,
Glory be to God in the highest;
This living truth He 'll always bless,
Glory be to God in the highest.

7 I love the hallelujah song,
Glory be to God in the highest;
I 'll sing it loud, I 'll sing it long,
Glory be to God in the highest.

8 I love to think of heaven above,
Glory be to God in the highest;
That holy land of purest love,
Glory be to God in the highest.

No. 255. We Will Not Compromise.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. (Chorus by L. L. P.) Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. When brave Dan - iel of old was en - treat - ed so sore, And when
2. When the three He - brew chil - dren for God stood so bold, While a
3. When up - on the drear moun - tain our Sav - iour was tried, And in
4. When a - pos - tles and proph - ets in Je - sus' dear name, In the

men did de - ride, and the li - ons did roar, And when death he must meet or his
na - tion was kneel-ing to i - dol of gold, Both the king and the fur - nace they
all points was tempt-ed, He Sa - tan de-fied, Then the an - gels to com - fort came
might of the Spir - it His truth did proclaim, And tho' dev - ils and men did a -

God must de - ny, Then he com - pro-mised not ev - en though he should die.
all did des-pise, And were true to their God, they would not com - promise.
down from the skies, For our Lord and Ex - em - plar would not com - promise.
gainst them a - rise, They were true to their trust, they would not com - promise.

CHORUS.

While strengthened by grace of our King and our Lord, We'll

stand by our col - ors, We'll stick to His Word; His Spir - it a - bid-ing to -

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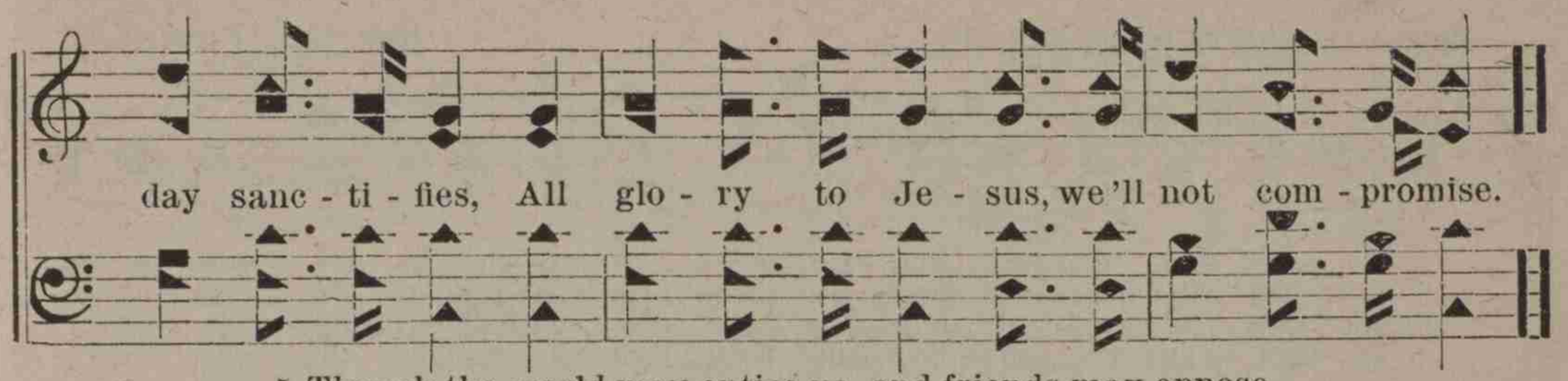
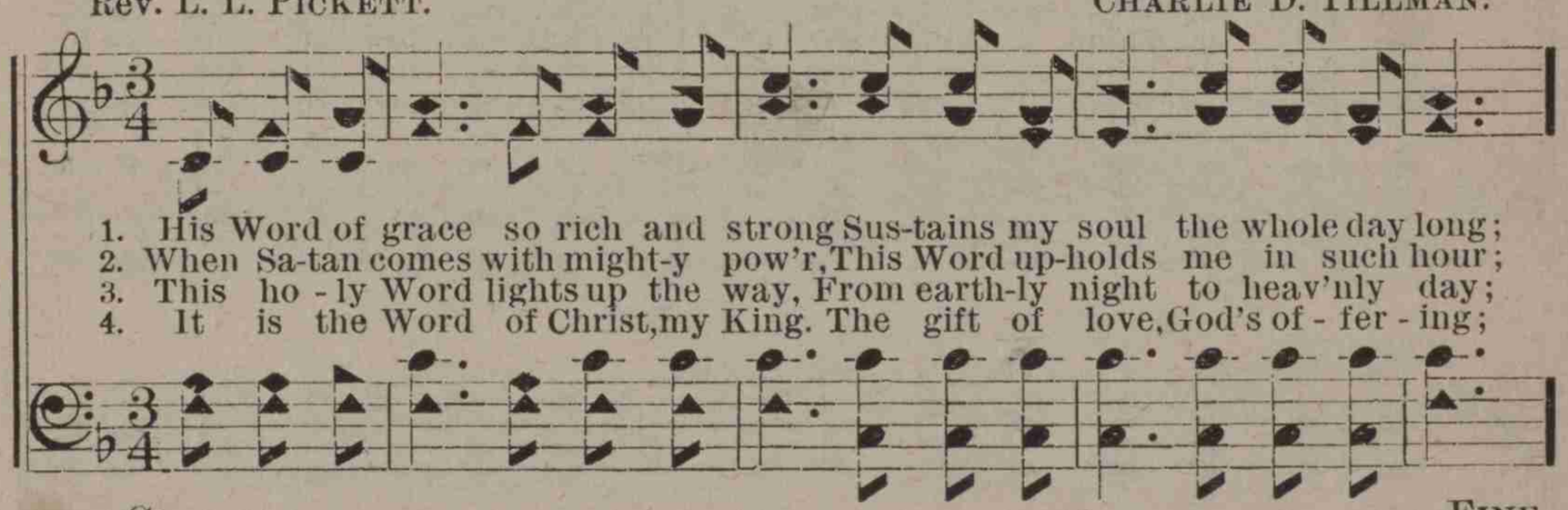
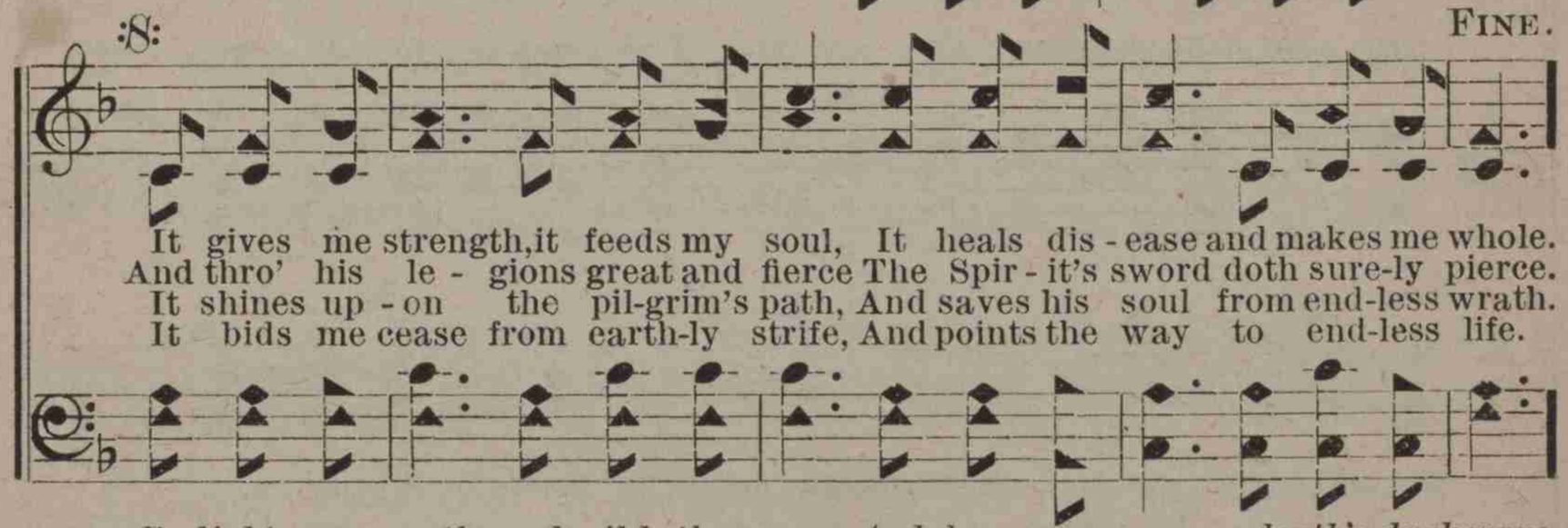
We Will Not Compromise. Concluded.

5 Though the world may entice us, and friends may oppose,
And though Satan assault us and multiply foes,
All his lying devices will never suffice,
For through Jesus our Helper we 'll not compromise.

6 When at last at the Judgment we all shall appear
To account for our words and behaviour while here,
Then the smiles of our Saviour will gladden our eyes,
We 'll forever rejoice we did not compromise.

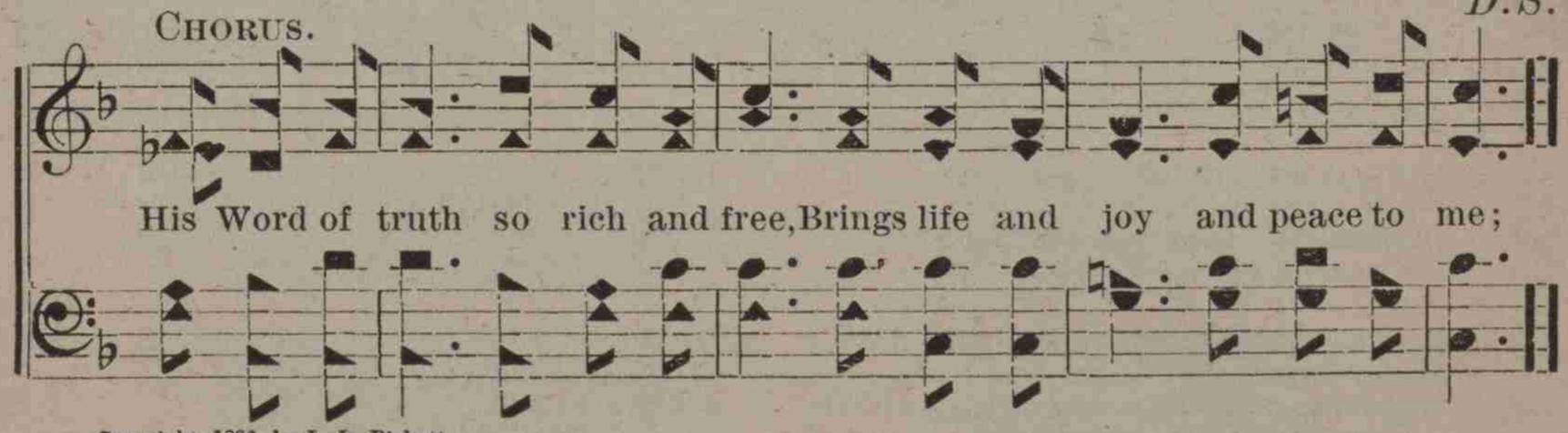
No. 256. His Word of Grace.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.





CHORUS.



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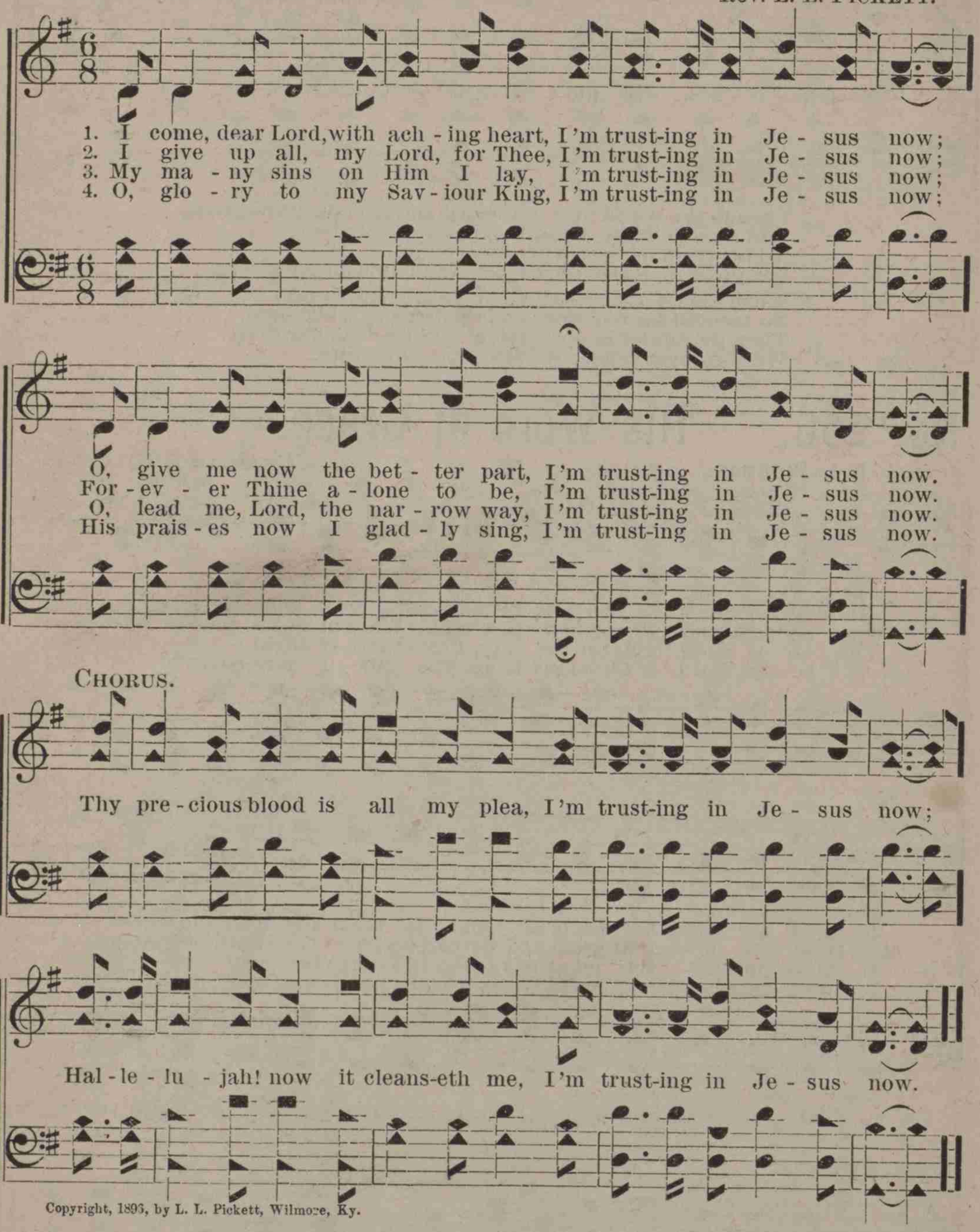
No. 257. I'm Trusting in Jesus Now.

Rev. J. A. SAWYER and L. L. P. — Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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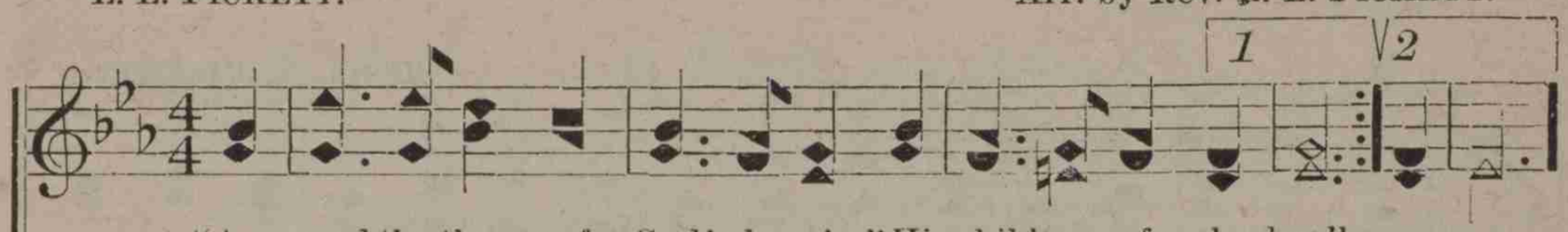
5 His glory I will here proclaim,
I'm trusting in Jesus now;
O, bless His great, His holy name,
I'm trusting in Jesus now.

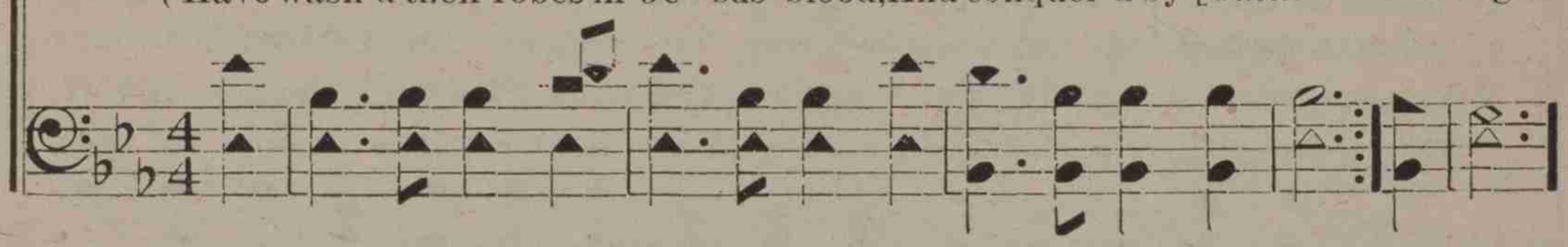
6 O, come, dear friend, accept His love,
I'm trusting in Jesus now;
And soon with Him we'll reign above,
I'm trusting in Jesus now.

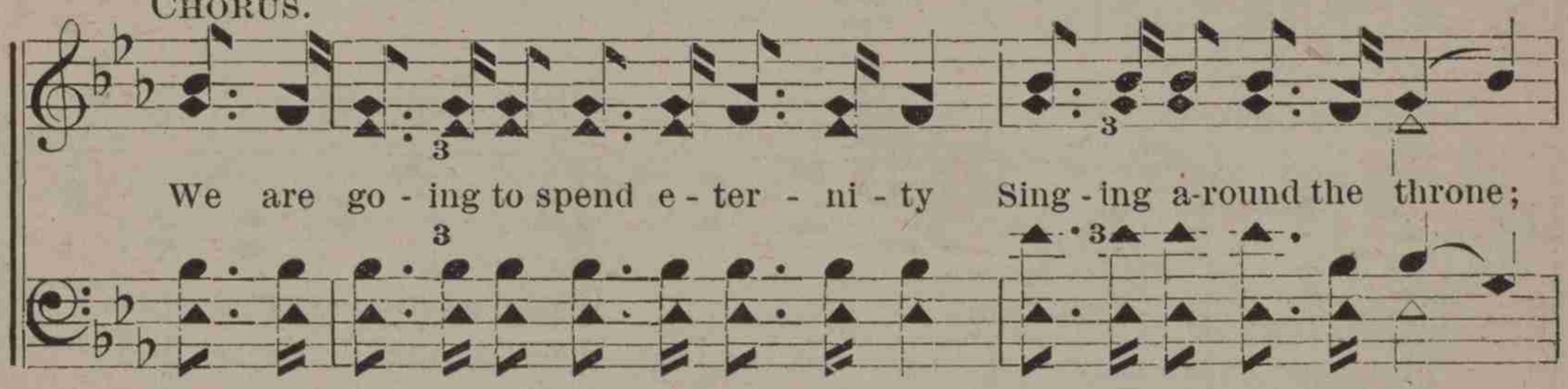
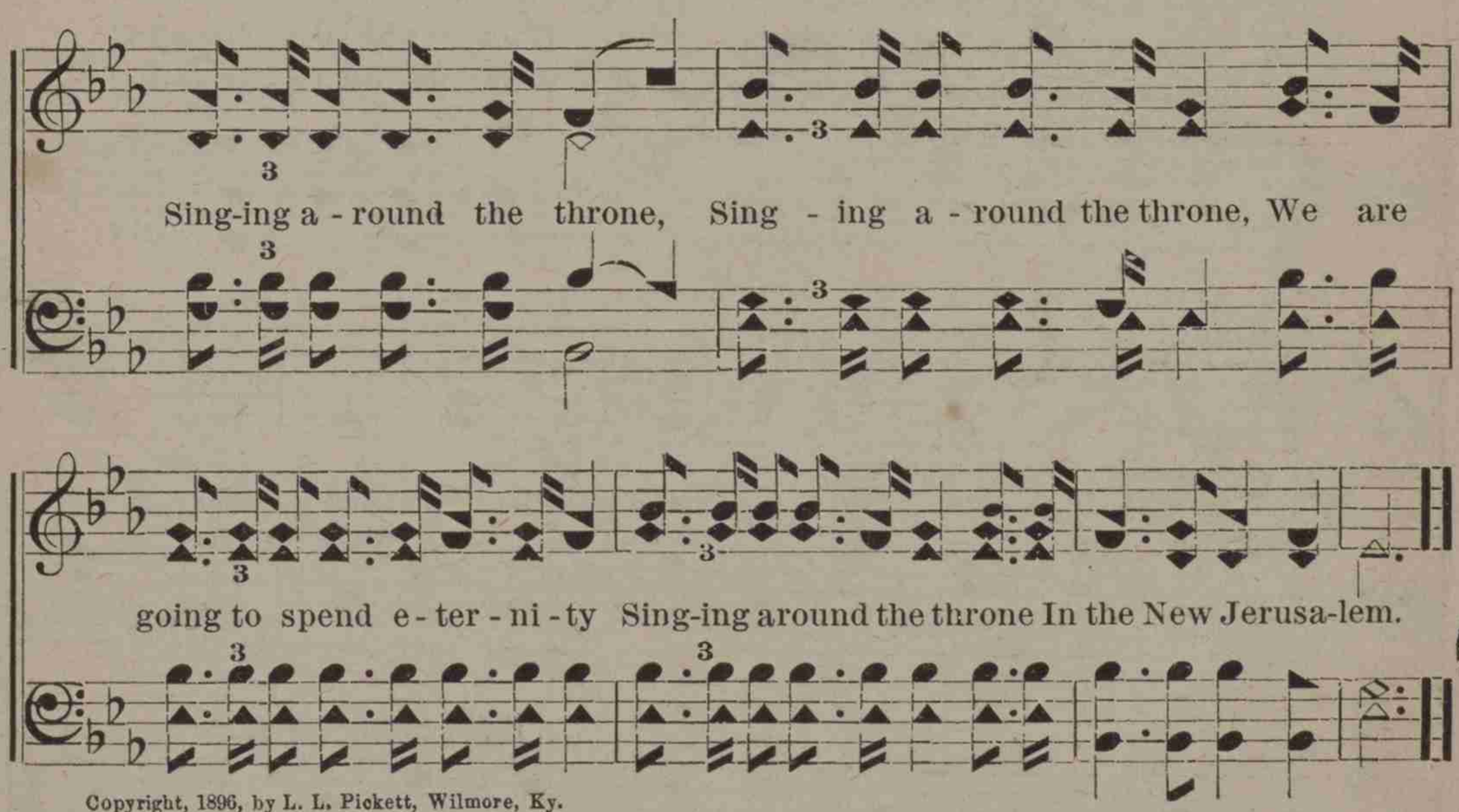
7 By grace bestowed I'm born again,
I'm trusting in Jesus now;
Within my soul my Lord doth reign,
I'm trusting in Jesus now.

8 His blood doth every stain remove,
I'm trusting in Jesus now:
O glorious gift of perfect love;
I'm trusting in Jesus now.

No. 258. Singing Around the Throne.

L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. "A - round the throne of God in heav'n," His children safe - ly dwell;
   And O the joys of that blest home No po - et's tongue [*Omit.* can tell.
2. The saints who meet a - round that throne In garments pure and white;
   Have wash'd their robes in Je - sus' blood, And conquer'd by [*Omit.* His might.



CHORUS.



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3 All those who worthy prove below
  Shall reign with Him above,
Who saves us from our sins and stains
  Through His redeeming love.

4 But none can walk yon golden streets,
  Or sing those heavenly songs,
But those who trust alone in Him
  To right their sins and wrongs.

5 O let us consecrate our all
  To God's beloved Son,
We 'll live by faith — whate'er befall,
  Until the crown is won.

6 The ransomed host now beckon us
  To join that sweet-voiced choir;
But we must first be born again,
  And feel the Spirit's fire.

No. 259. What Would Jesus Do?

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

1. When trains are run on Sab-bath day, And I am asked to go that way,
2. When men are hun-gry, na-ked, cold, And I am asked for food or gold,
3. When tempted by the wick-ed one, To do as sin-ful men have done,
4. When oth-ers bid us go a-stray, And walk with them the e-vil way,
5. When tempted by the base and low, With them in paths of sin to go,

With expression.

There comes the ques-tion ev-er new, What would Je-sus do?
The ques-tion rings my spir-it through, What would Je-sus do?
This word then comes to me, to you, What would Je-sus do?
We 'll ask the Book so good, so true, What would Je-sus do?
The ques-tion falls as gen-tle dew, What would Je-sus do?

CHORUS.

What would Je-sus do? What would Je-sus do? There

With expression.

comes the ques-tion old yet new, What would Je-sus do?

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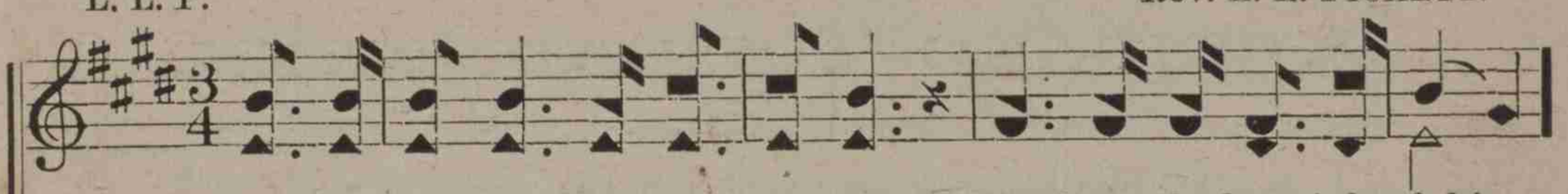
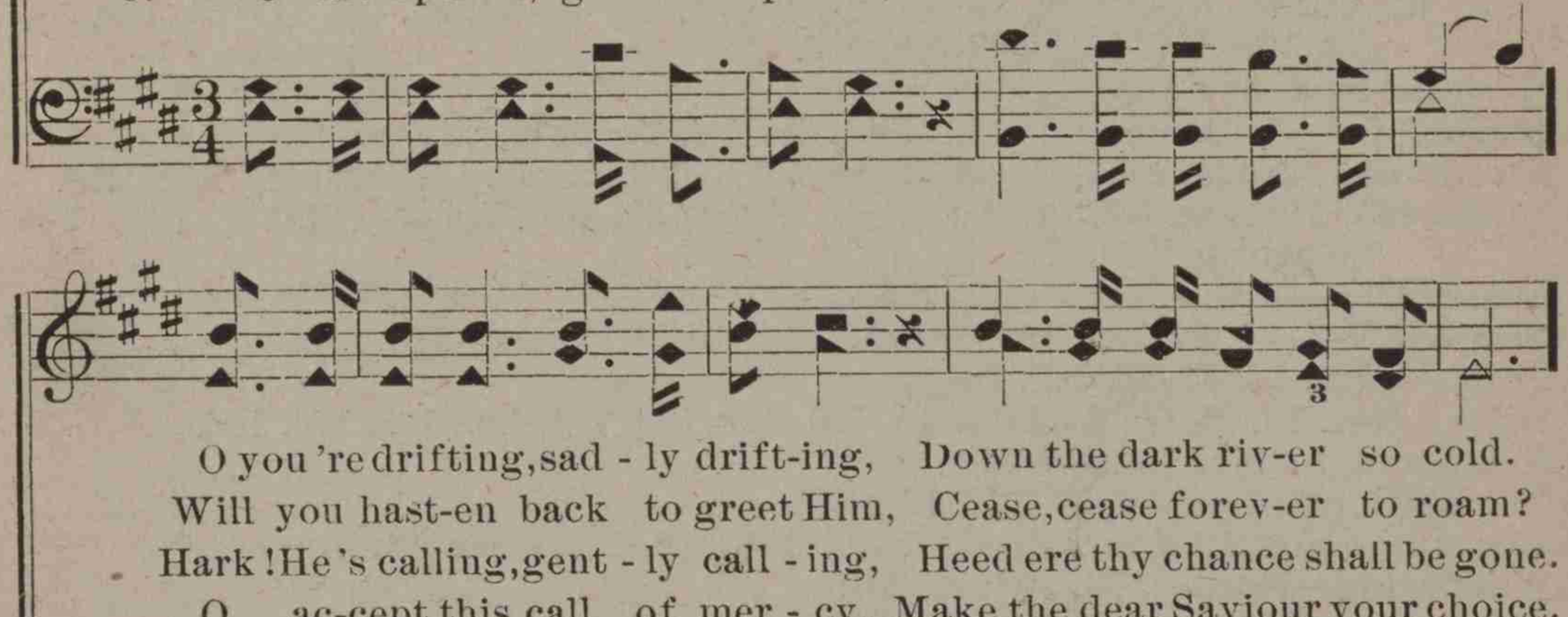
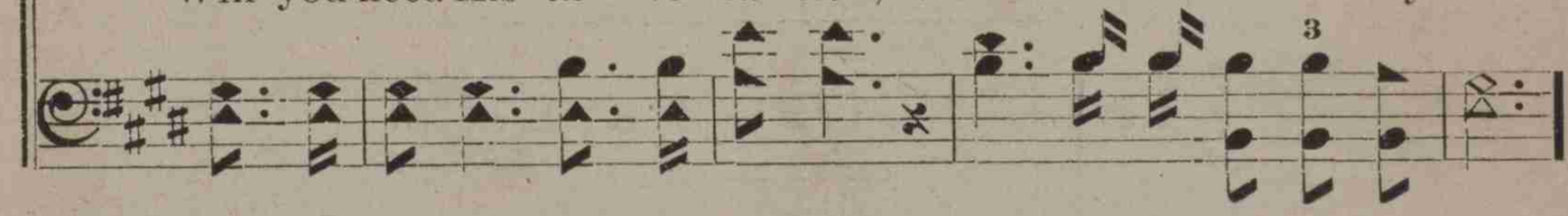
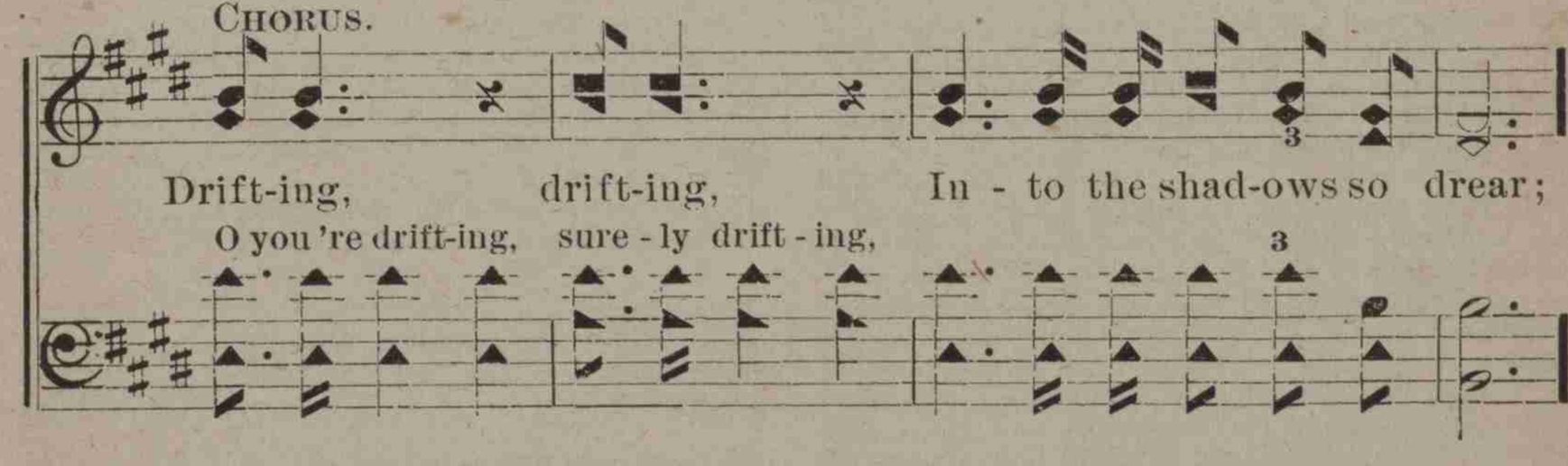
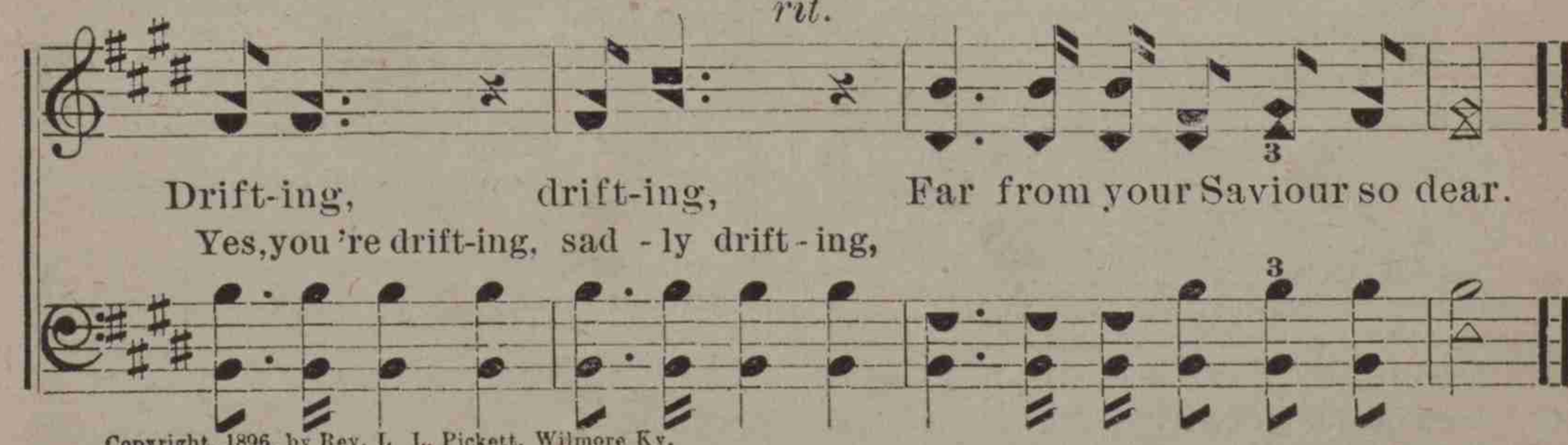
No. 260. Drifting.

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

1. You are drift-ing, brother, drift-ing, Far from the heav'nly fold;
2. You have wander'd, sad-ly wander'd, Out from the Father's home;
3. Still you're drifting, swiftly drifting, Speed - i - ly rush-ing on;
4. Friends are join-ing, glad-ly join-ing, Theirs to the Saviour's voice;
5. O the Spir - it, gracious Spir - it, Bids thee at once to come;



O you 're drifting, sad - ly drift-ing, Down the dark riv-er so cold.
Will you hast-en back to greet Him, Cease, cease forev-er to roam?
Hark! He 's calling, gent - ly call - ing, Heed ere thy chance shall be gone.
O ac-cept this call of mer - cy, Make the dear Saviour your choice.
Will you heed His in - vi - ta - tion, Steer towards the heavenly home?

CHORUS.

Drift-ing, drift-ing, In - to the shad-ows so drear;
O you 're drift-ing, sure - ly drift - ing,

rit.

Drift-ing, drift-ing, Far from your Saviour so dear.
Yes, you 're drift-ing, sad - ly drift - ing,

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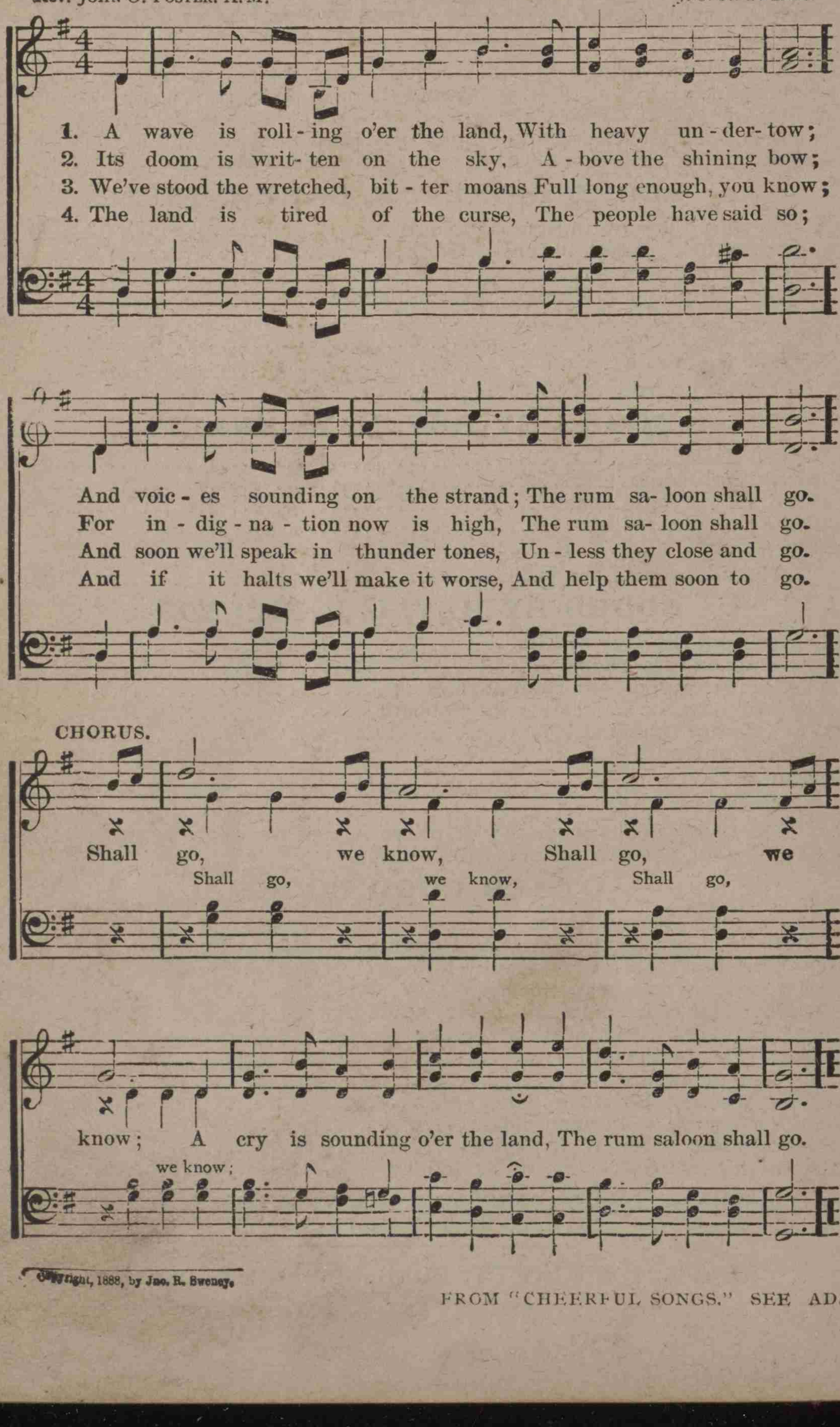

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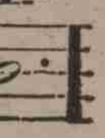
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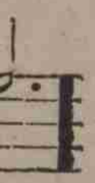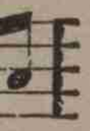

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