HAPPY GREETINGS TO ALL

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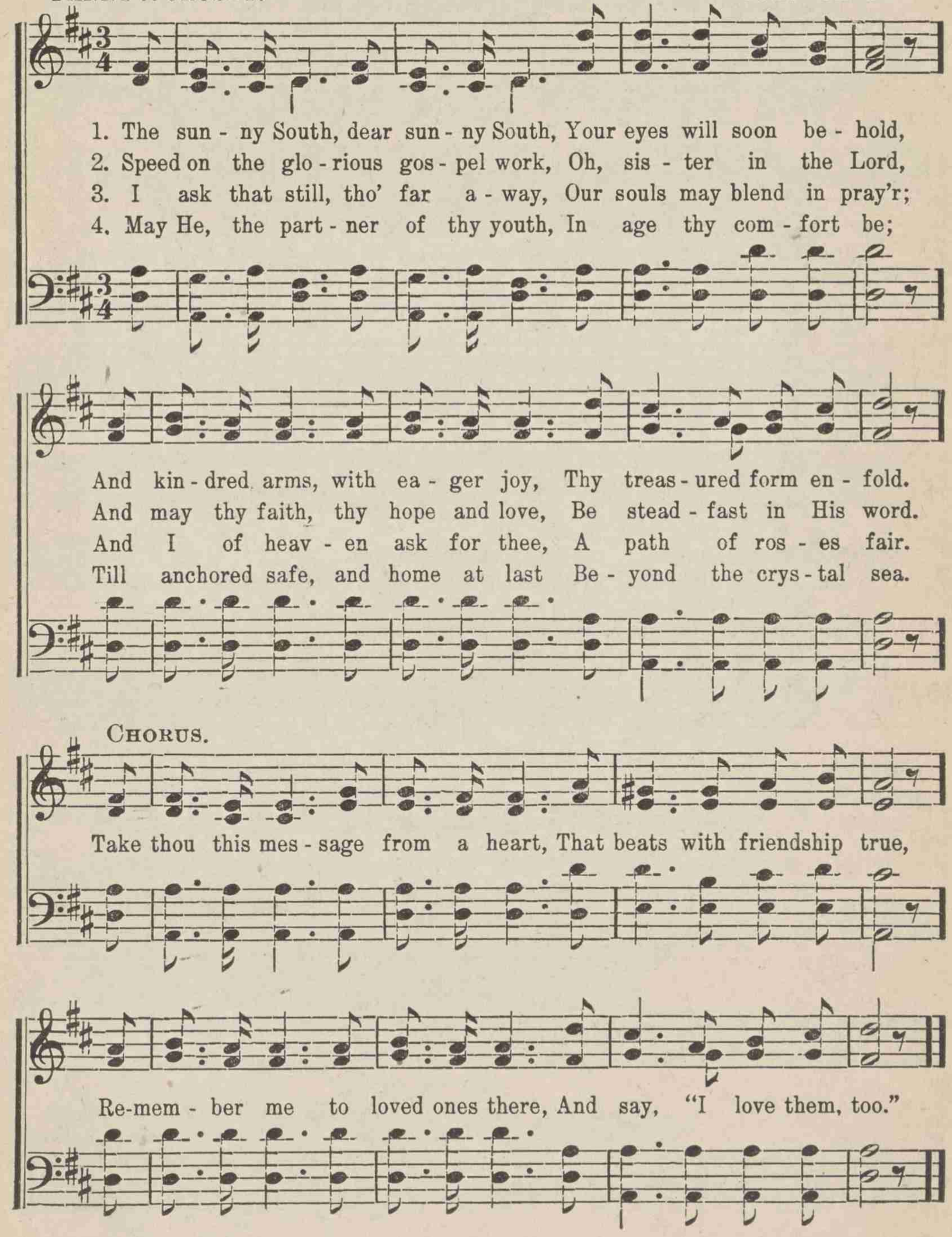
OUR
"ACTIVE SERVICE HYMNAL"

No. 1. A Message From a Heart.

Fanny Crosby's last message to the sunny South, sent by Mrs. D. H. Scott, of Paris, Texas, who visited Miss Crosby during her last illness.

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FANNY J. CROSBY. D. E. DORTCH.
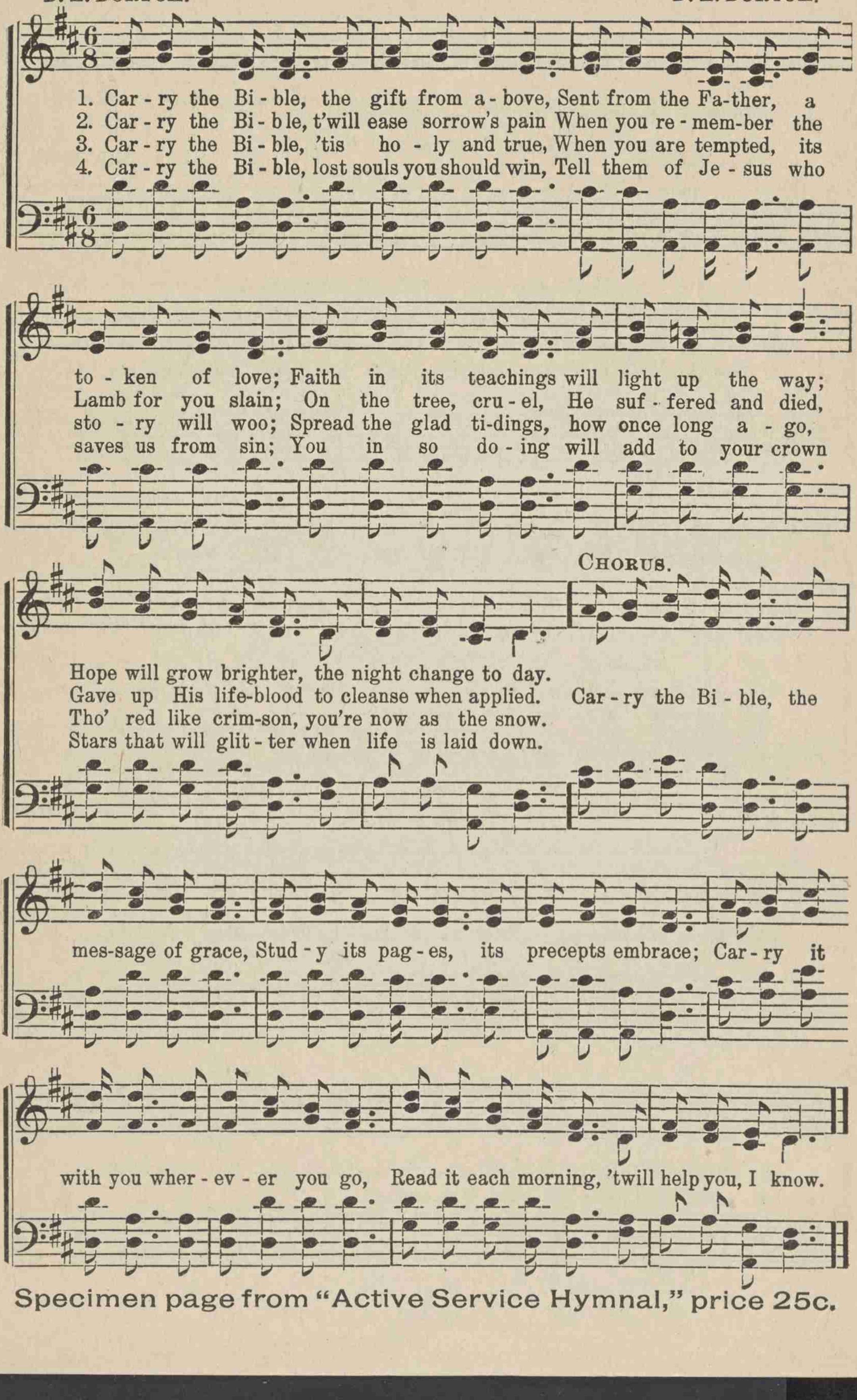


No. 2. Carry the Bible.

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"For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.—Hebrews 4: 12.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.



Specimen page from "Active Service Hymnal," price 25c.

No. 3. When We Go Home.

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J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D. REV. D. E. DORTCH.

1. When we go home, we know not when, Nor do we care, if on - ly then
2. When we go home, think you 'tis true That we shall know as once we knew;
3. When we go home 'twill be to hear A dar- ling voice, so low and clear,

We live a - gain, the old has-been, When we go home, when we go home;
You speak with me and I with you, When we go home, when we go home;
Our hearts are thrilled to think it near, When we go home, when we go home;

When we go home it must be so; From out the shades of long a - go
When we go home I hope to see A lit - tle face look straight at me,
When we go home how glad we'll be Our Saviour's wondrous face to see,

Rit. Ad lib.

Will come the friends we lost below, When we go home, when we go home.
Unchanged from what it used to be, When we go home, when we go home.
And praise Him thro' e - ter - ni- ty, When we go home, when we go home.

REFRAIN. *Ad lib. et spirito.*

When we go home, when we go home, How sweet 'twill be when we go home.

Specimen page from "Active Service Hymnal," price 25c.

No. 4. Ev'rything You Need.

NOTE.—"Ev'rything you need is found in Christ," an expression in a sermon delivered by the pastor, W. M. Vines, D. D., in the First Baptist Church, Charlotte, N. C., July 11, 1915, from the text 1 Cor. 2:2, to whom this song is lovingly dedicated by the author.

Song Text: "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—Phil. 4:19.

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D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Christ, the Rock of A - ges, stand - eth ev - er, Naught from Him the soul
2. Christ is gone a - bove, a place pre - par - ing For the ones who here
3. Christ, the foun - tain free, is drink, re - liev - ing Wea - ry, thirst - y souls
4. Christ, the Bread of Life, is food - sus - tain - ing For the faith - ful, who
5. Christ can save your soul from sin and sor - row, Put it off no more
6. Christ is call - ing now,—oh, come! ac - ced - ing, See His hands and feet

redeemed can sev - er; He'll for-sake the ones who trust Him nev - er,
His love are shar - ing, Like the shep-herd, for His own is car - ing,
on Him be - liev - ing, While the word of faith and hope re - ceiv - ing,
the home - land gain - ing, Preaching peace to those on earth re - main - ing,
un - til to - mor - row, It may be too late, you can not bor - row,
for sin - ners bleed-ing, At the throne of grace for you He's plead - ing,

REFRAIN.

Ev - 'ry-thing you need is found in Him. Ev - 'ry - thing you need,

Pastures green and mead, Ev - 'ry-thing you need is found in Christ; Ev - 'ry-

thing you need He'll supply in - deed, Ev - 'ry-thing you need is found in Him.

Specimen page from "Active Service Hymnal," price 25c.

No. 5. Grow In Grace.

"But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To him be glory both now and forever. Amen."—2 Peter 3: 18.

D. E. D. Copyright, 1916, by D. E. Dortch. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Let us grow in grace as we run life's race, Brave - ly march a-long with the tri - umph throng; Let us hap - py be, made from
2. Let us grow in grace and sweet peace en - case, 'Tis the Lord's com- mand, by His wis - dom plan'd; Let His knowl-edge fill ev - 'ry
3. Let us grow in grace, look - ing to that place where the an - gels sing prnis - es to our King; There our loved ones dwell, songs of
4. Let us grow in grace and re - flect His face, Till we take our stand in His pres - ence grand; In that match - less spell we will

sor - row free, Press - ing on our way to the gates of day.
soul that will, Till we see His smile,—oh, it is worth while!
joy they swell, 'Neath the vault - ed sky, in that home on high.
ev - er tell Of the bliss and joy, free from sin's al - loy.

REFRAIN.

Grow, grow, grow, let us grow, grow, grow; Grow, grow, grow, ever grow, grow, grow,
Grow, grow, grow, let us grow in grace; Grow, grow, grow, till we see His face.

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No. 6. There'll Be Glory in that World.

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ELD. W. G. COOPER. ELD. D. E. DORTCH.

1. A world of won-drous beau - ty I shall grace, God will in - vite
2. I'll meet the good of all the a - ges there, And with them spend
3. There'll be re - un - ions on the oth - er shore, Of those we've loved
4. Per - haps the crown-ing joy of heav'n is this, The bless - ed Sav-

me there, and He Will make the gran-deur of that ho - ly place
e - ter - ni - ty,— Ah! such so - ci - e - ty as thus to share,
and borne in pray'r, Where sev - ered friendships meet to part no more,
iour's face to see; Just to be like Him, with no oth - er bliss,

CHORUS.

A par - a - dise for me. There'll be glo - ry in that world I
Would make it heav'n for me. There'll be glo - ry in that world I
And rest from toil and care. There'll be glo - ry in that world I
Would make it heav'n for me. There'll be glo - ry in that world I

know, (I know,) Far sur - pass-ing all I've seen be - low, (below,) When I
know, (I know,) Far sur - pass-ing all I've known be - low, (below,) Pure com-
know, (I know,) Far sur - pass-ing all I've known be - low, (below,) When we
know, (I know,) Far sur - pass-ing all I've known be - low, (below,) When in

re - a - lize what I have heard (have heard) In sto - ry and in song.(in song.)
pan-ion-ship a-lone shall make (shall make) One vast de-lightful throng.(grand throng.)
meet a - gain to part no more,(no more,)With those we've loved so long.(so long.)
fel - low-ship with Him I feel, (I feel,) His love, so true and strong.(so strong.)

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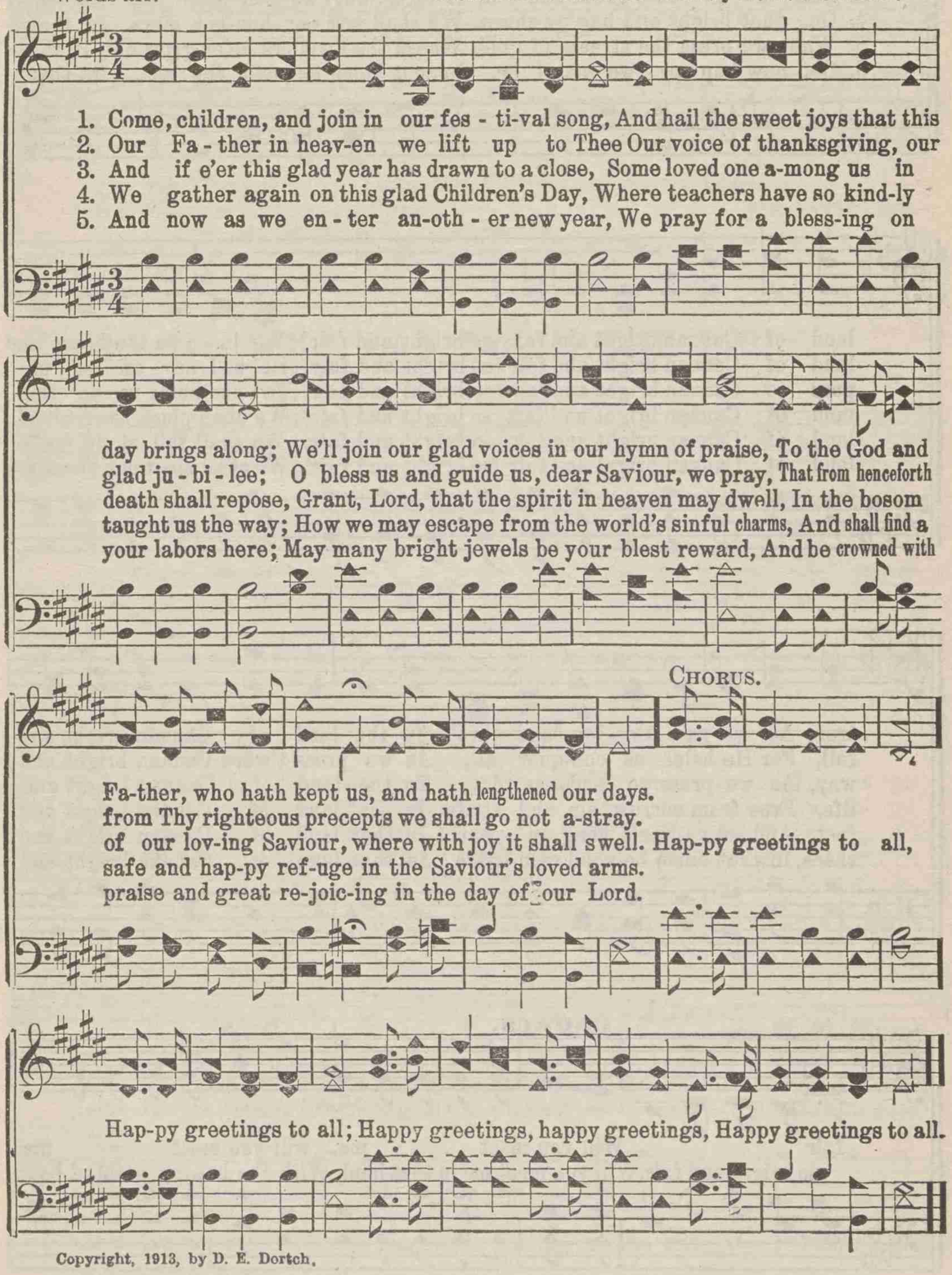
HAPPY GREETINGS TO ALL.

BY

D. E. Dortch, W. G. Cooper, J. C. Midyett, W. W. Bentley.

No. 1. HAPPY GREETINGS TO ALL.

Words arr. HORACE WATERS. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



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No. 2. THE LAND OF CANAAN.

"Surely it floweth with milk and honey."—NUM. 13: 27.

H. S. REV. HARDY SIMMONS.
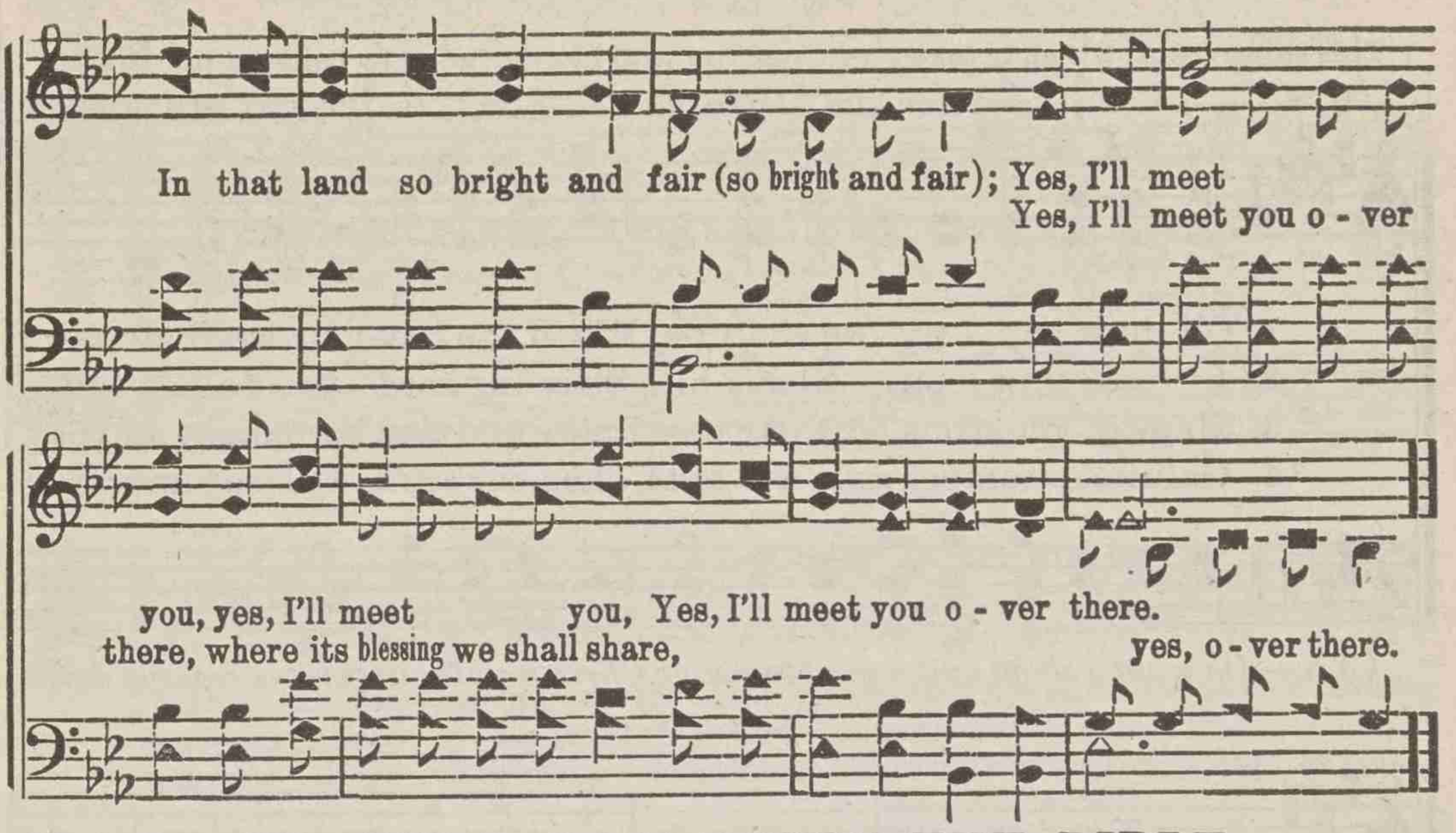
1. O - ver Jor - dan we shall eat, Of the milk and hon - ey sweet, In the land of Canaan bright and fair (so bright and fair); We in - vite the brave and true, As we pass this low-land thro', To the land of Canaan bright and
2. We are marching thro' this land, With our Saviour hand in hand, To the land of Canaan bright and fair (so bright and fair); He will nev - er let us fall, For He helps us con-quer all, As we press t'ward Canaan bright and
3. Sins like gi - ants great and tall, Meet us, but we con-quer all, As we pass to Canaan bright and fair (so bright and fair); Je - sus helps us on the way, As we press to end-less day, To the land of Canaan bright and
4. On that bright and hap-py shore, We shall nev - er hun-ger more, In that land of Canaan bright and fair (so bright and fair); We shall pluck the fruit of life, Free from sorrow, sin and strife, In that land of Canaan bright and
5. When we press the streets of gold, Where the dwellers ne'er grow old, In the land of Canaan bright and fair (so bright and fair); We shall fall at Je - sus' feet, And sal-va-tion's song re - peat, In that land of Canaan bright and
6. Oh, how hap - py we shall be, In that home be-yond the sea, In that land of Canaan bright and fair (so bright and fair); We shall meet our loved ones there, In that home be-yond com - pare, In that land of Canaan bright and

CHORUS.

fair. Will you meet me, will you meet me,
so bright and fair. Will you meet me in that land, With the hap-py, sainted band,

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THE LAND OF CANAAN. Concluded.



No. 3. We WILL LAY DOWN THE BIBLE.

As sung by the Blacksmith Evangelist. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

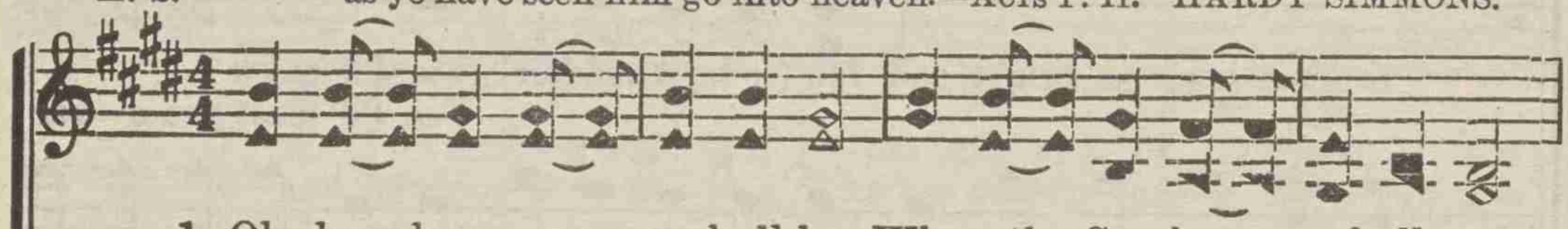
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* Make other verses as may be desired by using the words, "mothers," "brothers," "sisters," "children," "christians," "pilgrims," etc.
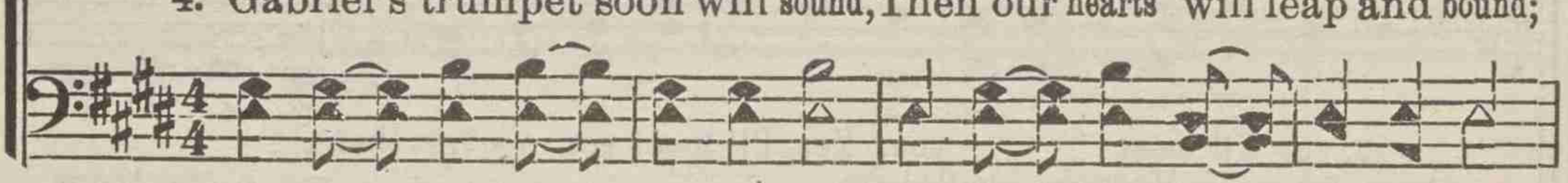
No. 4. HE'S COMING BACK AGAIN.

This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.—ACTS 1: 11.
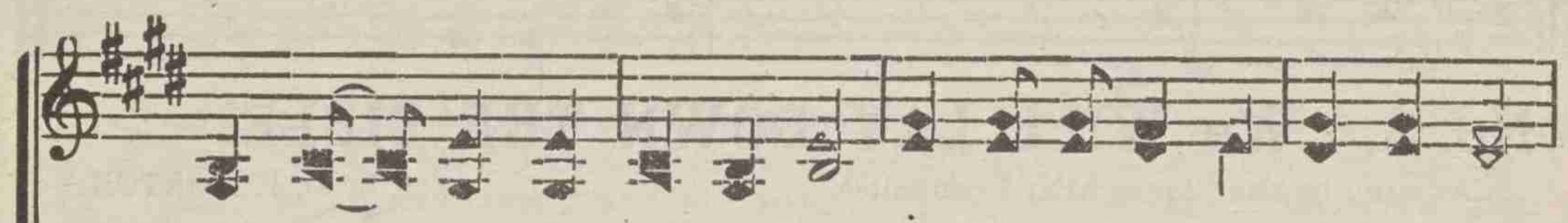
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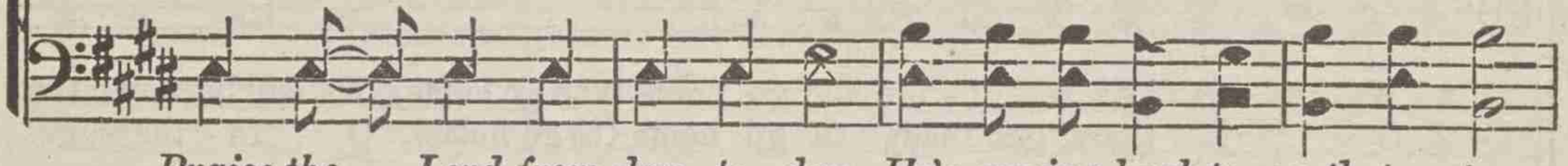


1. Oh how hap - py we shall be, When the Sav-iour we shall see;
2. I am now on Zi-on's hill, Striv-ing hard to do His will;
3. Hap-py pil-grims on their way, Praise and shout both night and day;
4. Gabriel's trumpet soon will sound, Then our hearts will leap and bound;
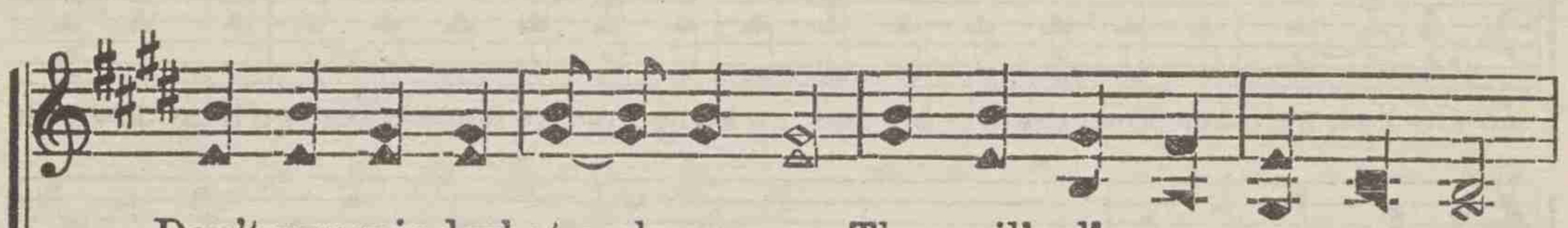


Cho.—*Oh what a shout and a mighty sound, Christ and the angels are coming down;*
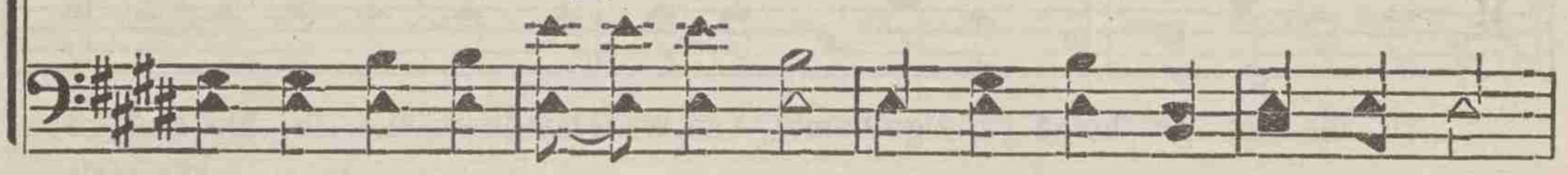


He's com-ing back to earth a-gain, He's coming back to earth a-gain:
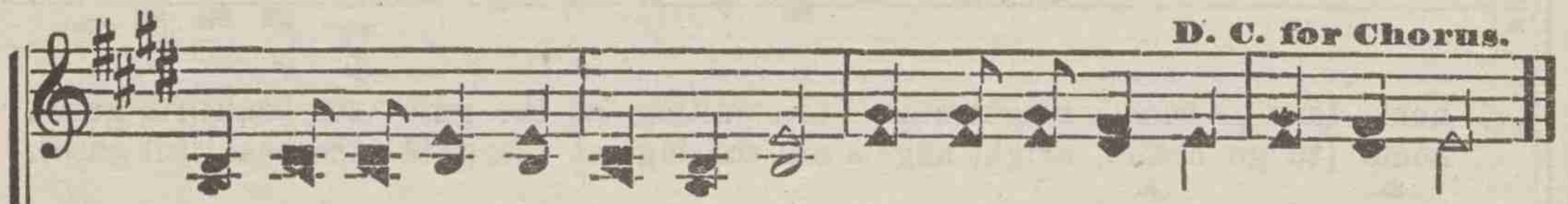


Praise the Lord from day to day, He's coming back to earth to stay;



Don't you mind what crok-ers say, They will all soon pass a - way;
While I walk the nar - row way, I will sing and shout and pray;
Clap your hands with joy - ous ring, Prais-ing Je - sus Christ the King;
What a bright and hap - py day, When our Lord comes back to stay;
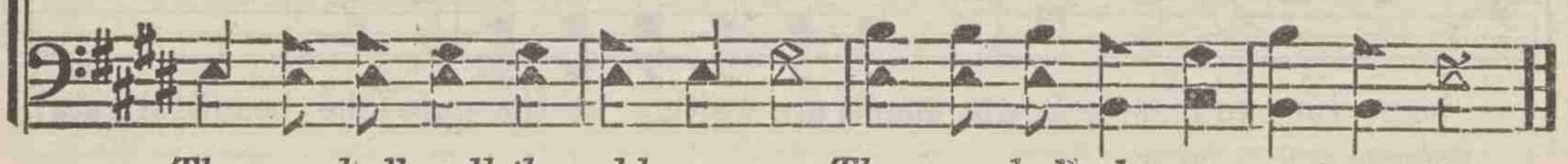


Then that bright mil-len-i - al day, We shall nev - er, nev - er stray,



D. C. for Chorus.

He's coming back to earth a-gain, He's coming back to earth a - gain.



Then we shall walk the gold - en way, There we shall al-ways want to stay.

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No. 5. THEY ARE WAITING THERE FOR ME.

H. S. HARDY SIMMONS.

1. In that mansion bright and free, Ma - ny loved ones wait for me; In the
2. There my father's gone be - fore, Where he'll weep and sigh no more; In that
3. My com-pan-ions up there dwell, And their hearts with rapture swell; In that

pal-ace of the King a-bove (far above), There upon the streets of gold, Where my
home, the pal-ace of my God (of my God), There my sisters I shall meet, And my
home, the pal-ace of the King (of the King), There my neighbors I shall meet At the

D. S.—wait-ing now for me, They are

FINE.

mother's gone, I'm told; And is wait-ing in that cit - y of love (of pure love).
brothers I shall greet; In that pal-ace where the weary ne'er plod (do not plod).
lov-ing Saviour's feet; In that home where happy voices shall ring (e'er shall ring).

wait-ing now for me, Soon I'll greet them in that cit - y so free (o'er the sea.)

CHORUS.

They are wait - ing there for me, They are wait - ing there for me,

D. S.

In that bless-ed home be - yond the sea (the cry-stal sea); They are

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No. 6. MARCHING ON.

REV. D. E. DORTCH. REV. HARDY SIMMONS.

1. We are sol-diers marching on, Hymn-ing as we go this song; Marching
2. We are dressed in bright ar-ray, And our hearts are light and gay;
3. Hav-ing on the gos-pel shield, We the Spir-it's sword can wield;
4. With sal-va-tion's hel-met on, We can brave the wick-ed throng;
5. At our bless-ed Lord's command, With His pre-cious word in hand;

on, marching on, We've a Cap-tain true and tried,
Clothed with Je-sus' righteousness,
'Gainst old Sa-tan's host we fight,
Tho' the fier-y darts may dash,
march-ing on, we're marching on, We will swathe a might-y row,
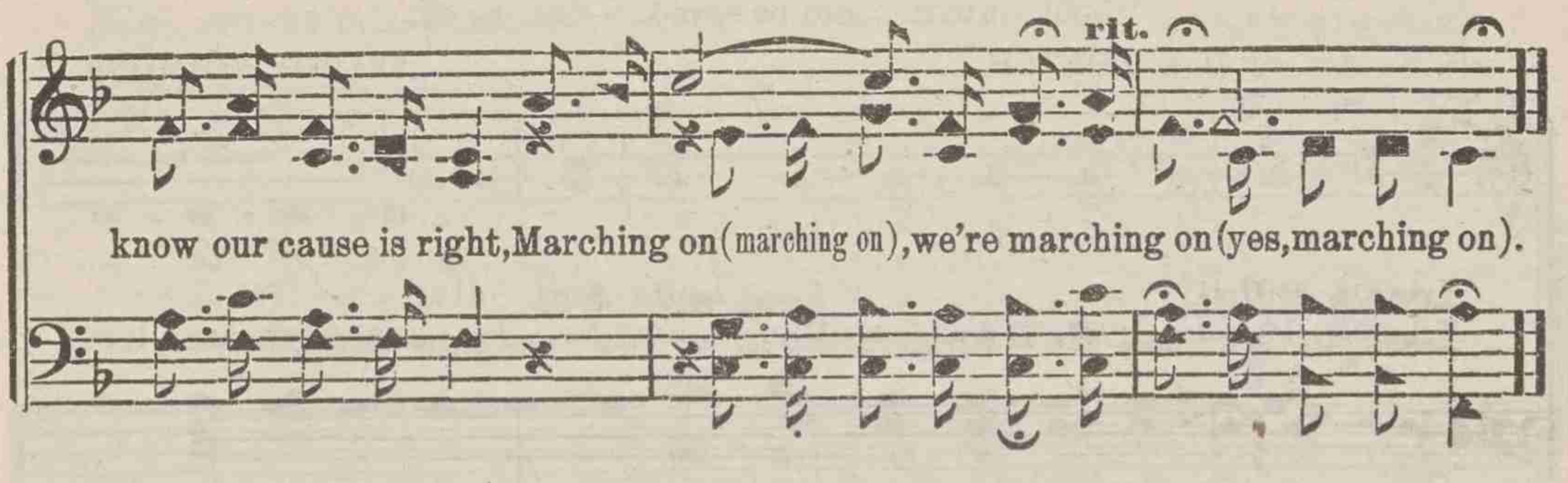
Who for us was cru-ci-fied; Marching on, marching on.
Up the nar-row way we press;
For the cause of truth and right;
They our breast-plates can not crash;
Thro' the ranks of heaven's foe; Marching on, we're marching on.

CHORUS.

Marching on, marching on, With our Cap-tain in the
we're marching on, we're marching on,
van we're marching on (we're marching on), We shall conquer in the fight, For we

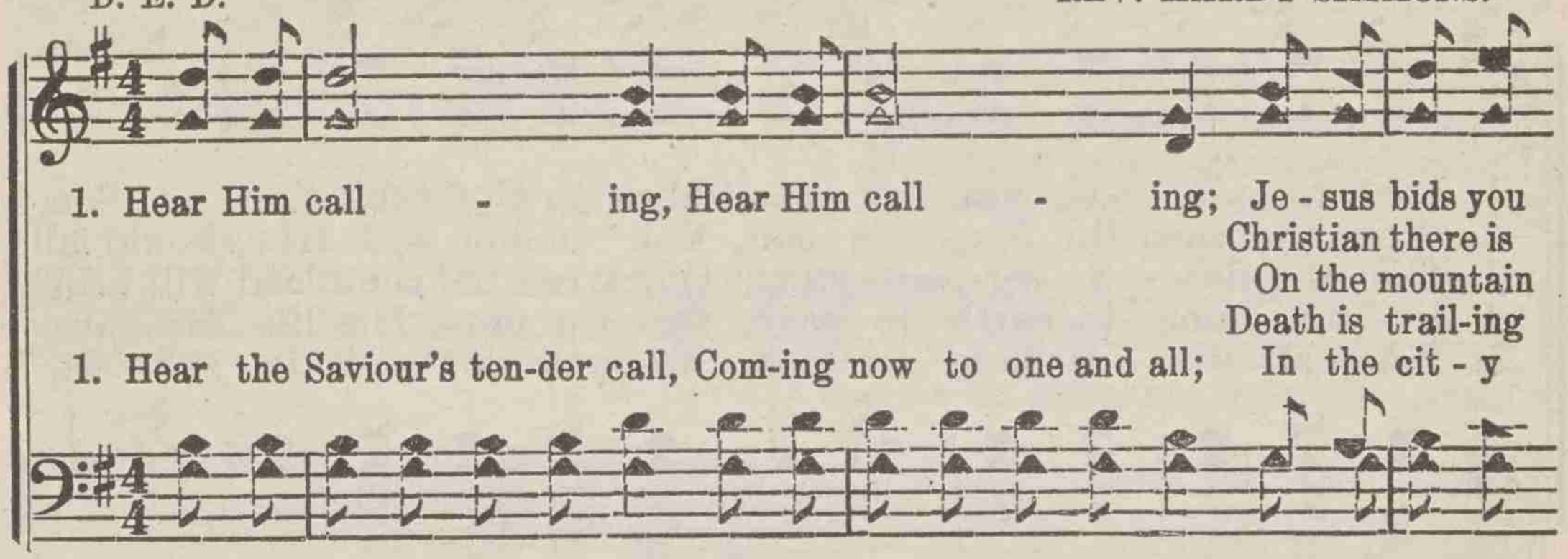
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MARCHING ON. Concluded.



No. 7. HEAR HIM CALLING.
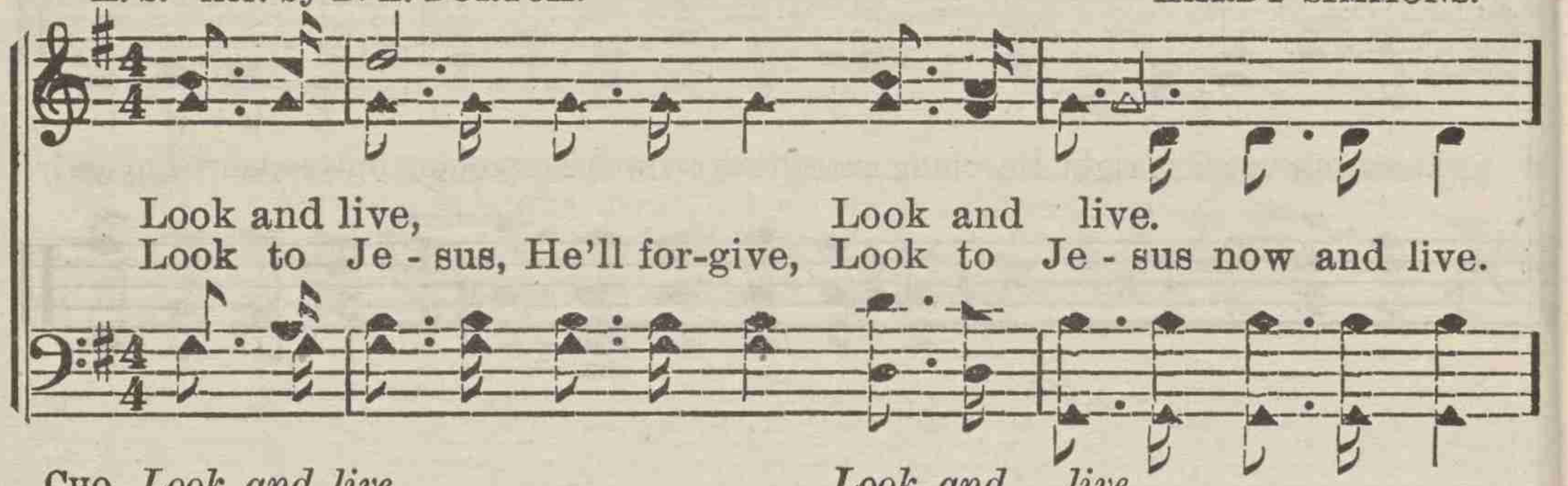
D. E. D. REV. HARDY SIMMONS.



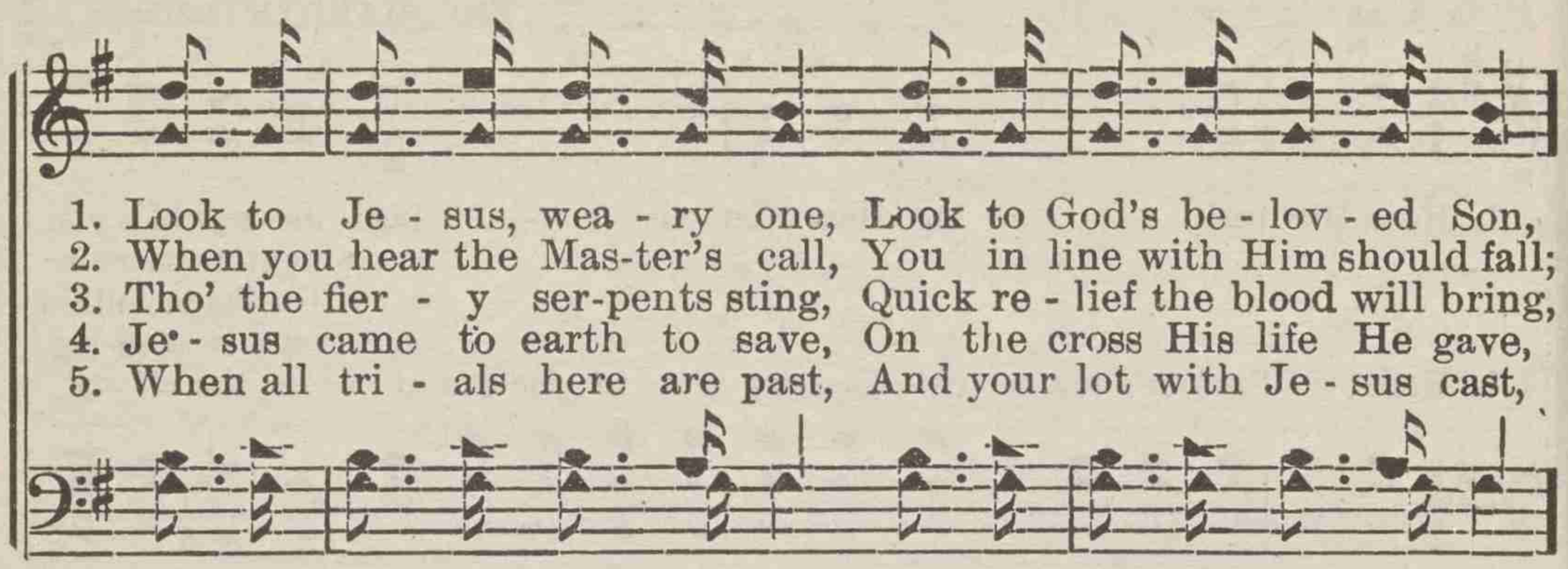
No. 8. LOOK AND LIVE.

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

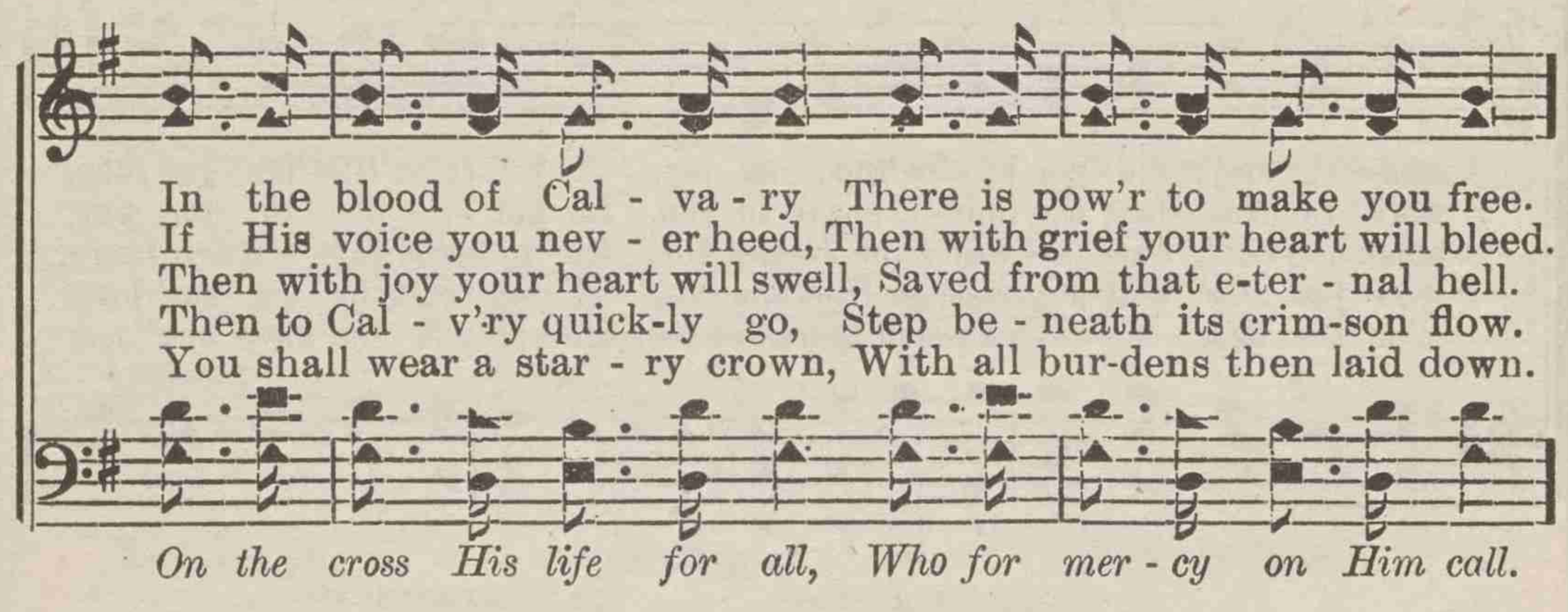
H. S. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH. HARDY SIMMONS.



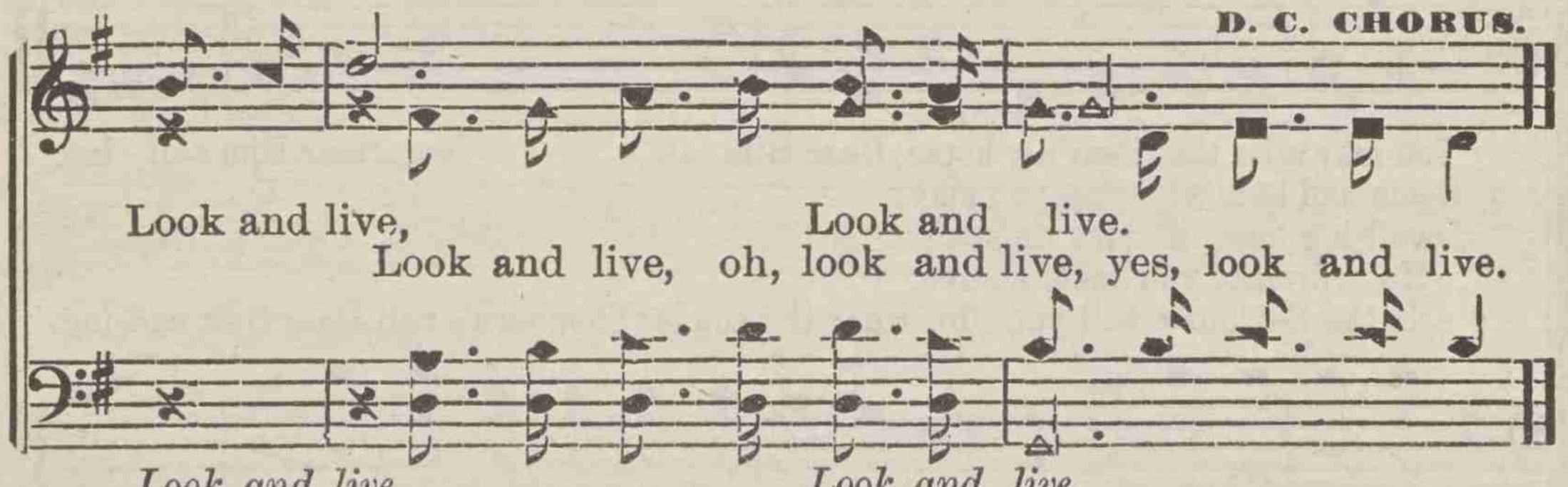
Cho. *Look and live,* *Look and live.*
Look to Je - sus, He'll for-give, *Look to Je - sus now and live.*



Look to Je - sus, He can save, Look to Je - sus, for He gave



On the cross His life for all, Who for mer - cy on Him call.



Copyright 1912.

No. 9. WE SHALL SING.

H. S. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH. HARDY SIMMONS.

1. In that land of joy and song, When we join the sainted throng, We shall
2. Up the shining way we press, Clothed in Jesus' righteousness, We shall
3. When our voices mingle there, Where they never know a care, We shall
4. Then thro' all e-ter-ni - ty, In that home beyond the sea, We shall

sing, we shall sing; There with voices soft and sweet,
When we pass the pearl-y gate,
Marching up the streets of gold,

We shall sing, we shall sing; Joined with that triumphant throng

D. S.—*As we press to - ward the goal,*

All our praise will be complete, We shall sing, we shall
Hap-py in that blessed state,
Where our spirits ne'er grow old,
Hymning there a sweeter song, We shall sing, yes, we shall

Sweetest pleasures o'er us roll, We shall sing, yes, we shall

FINE. CHORUS.

sing. We shall sing, we shall
sing, so sweet - ly sing. yes, sweet-ly sing,

sing, so sweet - ly sing.

D. S.

sing, In that land of joy and song We shall sing,
so sweetly sing; so sweetly sing;

Copyrighl, 1912.

No. 10. WE ARE GOING TO A CITY.

H. S. Arr. by D. E. D. HARDY SIMMONS.

1. We are go - ing to a cit - y, Which hath walls of jas - per high, We shall
2. When we pass the pearly por-tal, Walk-ing up the streets of gold, There will
3. Look up, pilgrim, as you journey, Soon you'll reach that pal-ace home, It will
4. There upon the shores all shining, We shall bathe in wa - ters fair, And shall

live with our Re-deem - er, Where we nev-er-more shall die; We shall walk the
burst up - on our vis - ion, Glo - ries which to us un - fold; Then our hearts will
pay for all your tri - als, There you nevermore shall roam; Fall in line with
taste the sweets im-mor-tal, Nev - er come to us a care; We shall nev - er,

streets pure golden, With our friends gone on be-fore, There they never know a
swell with-in us, Knowing we shall always dwell, Where the flowers bloom with
us, dear sin - ner, Leave the paths of sin and shame, Trust in Je - sus who can
nev - er hun - ger, For our meat shall be sup-plied, By a hand that nev - er

sorrow, For their tri - als all are o'er.
fragrance, Far exceeding those of dell.
save you, Seek salvation thro' His name
falters, Since on Calv'ry He was tried.

CHORUS.

Oh, I want to reach that cit-y, Where my

union, When we meet in end-less light.

D. S.—*With that throng no man can number, Which are clothed in garments white; We shall have a grand re-*

FINE.

Copyright 1912.

WE ARE GOING TO A CITY. Concluded.

D. S.

loved ones I shall meet, Oh, I want to reach that city, And those songs of praise repeat;

No. 11. EVERY DAY ANOINTINGS.

HARRIET E. JONES. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Ev -'ry day a-noint-ings, This my ear-nest plea, Ev -'ry day communions,
2. Ev -'ry day a-noint-ings, Thou a - lone can give, Ev -'ry day communions,
3. Ev -'ry day re - lig - ion, Sav-iour, noth-ing less, Ev -'ry day communions,

Bless-ed Lord, with Thee. In Thy love a - bid - ing, I can do and dare,
Bless-ed life to live! Hold-ing sweet com-mun-ion With my Lord and King,
O what bless-ed - ness! Ev - 'ry day a-noint-ings, This my ferv-ant plea,

CHORUS.

Ev -'ry earth-ly tri - al, Sweet-ly, meek-ly bear.
In the fi - ery furn-ace, I can prais-es sing. Ev - 'ry day a-noint-ings,
Ev -'ry day communions, Lamb of God, with Thee.

This my pray'r and song; Ev - 'ry day communions, All the way a - long.

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No. 12. ON THE WAY.

"A highway shall be there, and it shall be called the way of holiness."—ISAIAH 35: 8.

H. S. HARDY SIMMONS.

1. There's a highway to heav-en, To our fathers 'twas giv-en; On the way,
2. 'Tis the way of sal - va-tion, Offered to ev -'ry nation;
3. It doth lead from all sor-row, To the land of to-mor-row;
4. It doth lead to a man-sion, Where the stay is not transient;
5. 'Tis the way of the low - ly, In it all lives are ho-ly;
6. At the end, there is giv - en, Each a place up in heaven; On the way,

on the way, In it li - on nev - er en-ters, But in-stead all
'Tis the bless-ed way to heav-en, Where all souls from
We have entered thro' the gate-way, And we trav - el
And our steps shall nev-er fal-ter, For our lives are
Will you come and jour-ney with us, And your hand of
on the way, Those who en-ter ne'er for - sake it, Wand'ring one, oh,

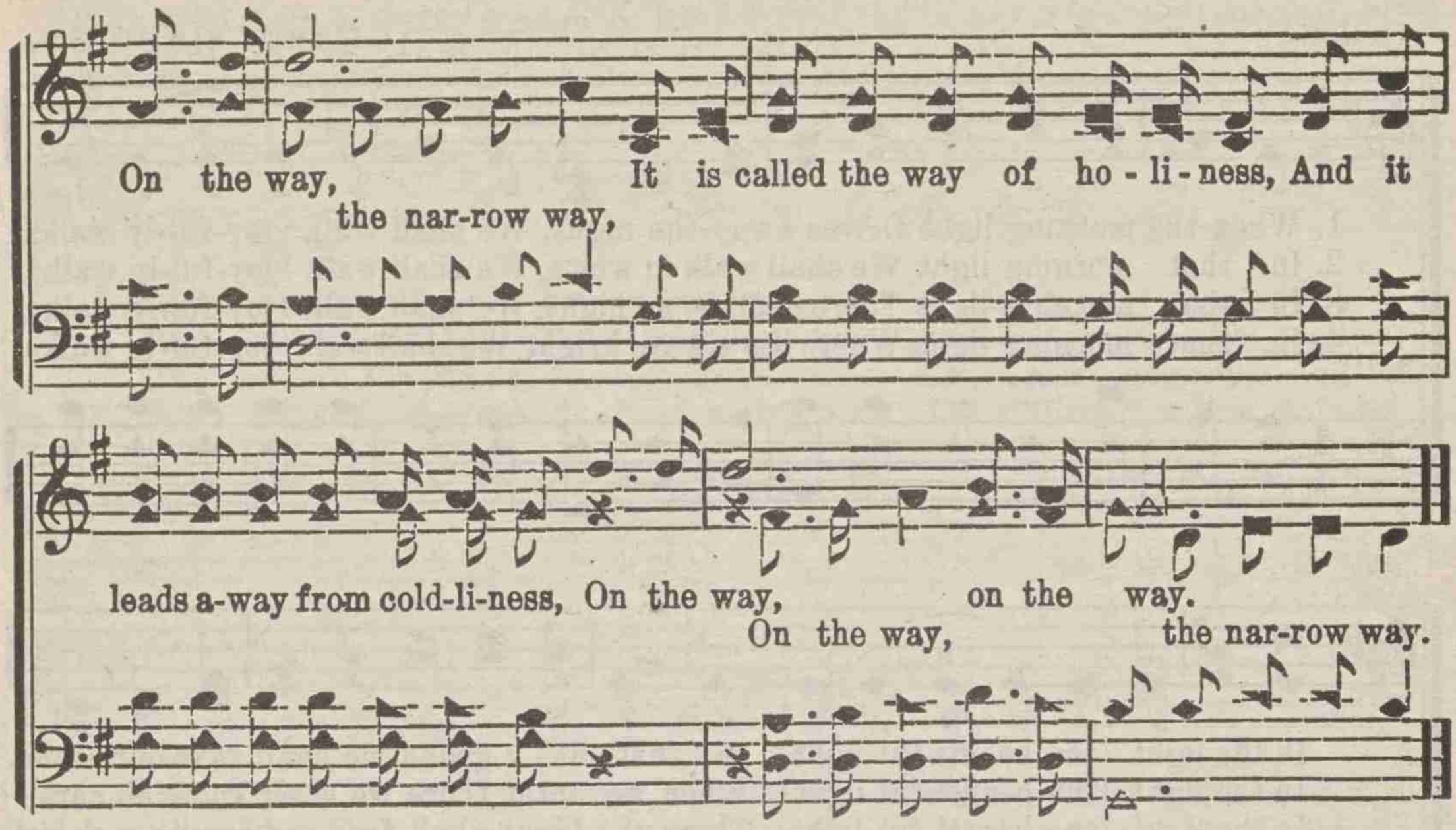
CHORUS.

true love centers; On the way, on the way. On the
sin are riv-en;
up the straight way;
on the al - tar;
promise give us;
come and take it; On the way, the nar-row way.

way,..... we're on the way, As we jour-ney we are hap-py,
On the way, the narrow way,

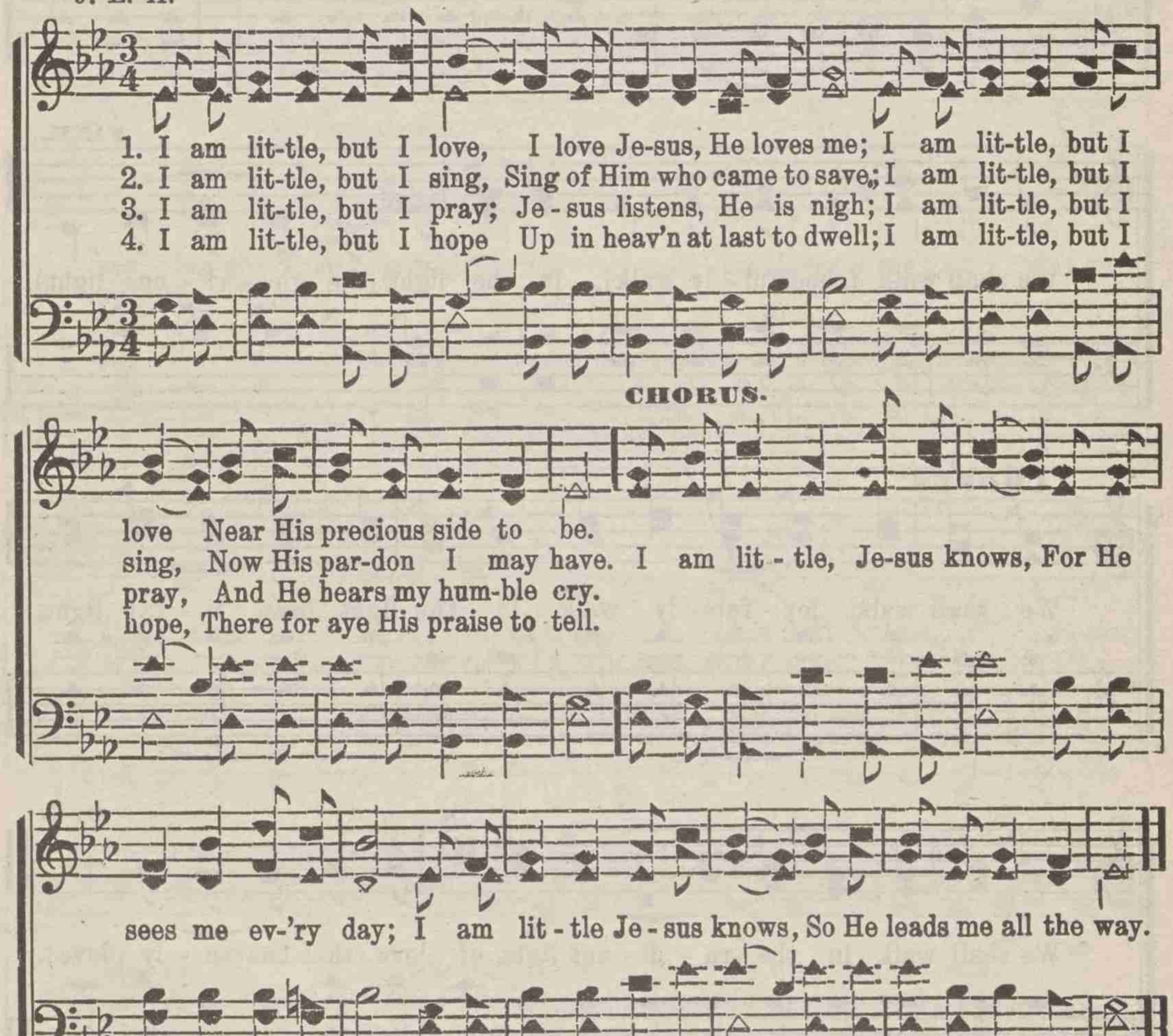
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ON THE WAY. Concluded.



No. 13. I AM LITTLE.

J. E. H. J. E. HALL.



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No. 14. WE SHALL WALK.

H. S. HARDY SIMMONS.

1. When the morning light Drives away the night, We shall walk (joy-ful-ly walk),
2. In that morning light We shall walk in white, We shall walk (joy-ful-ly walk),
3. In that morning light There shall be no night, We shall walk (joy-ful-ly walk),
4. In that morning light, Where 'tis always bright, We shall walk (joy-ful-ly walk),

In the light (the beauti-ful light); In that cit - y grand we shall take our stand,
In the light (the beauti-ful light); When we enter there we shall know no care,
In the light (the beauti-ful light); There the Lamb shall feed and supply each need,
In the light (the beauti-ful light); There the blood-washed throng chant a nobler song,

FINE.

We shall walk (cheerful - ly walk), In the light (the glo - ri - ous light).

CHORUS.

We shall walk, joy - ful - ly walk, In the light, beau - ti - ful light,

D. S.

We shall walk in the ra - di - ant light of love (that heaven - ly love).

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No. 15. JESUS DIED FOR ME.

NOTE.—On the morning of September the 3rd, 1910, the author of this song awoke singing the chorus just as it is here given. He can account for it in no other way than it was a special gift from a Higher Power as he never thought of the song before, D. E. D.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. In the sight of God, I'm a sin - ner, lost, Yet thro' Christ redeemed, at a fear-ful cost; If I will, I may, e'en this ver - y hour, Thro' that sacrifice, claim His
2. Melt! my burdened heart! bathe my eyes in tears! Soul! let noth-ing else quell thy guilt-y fears; Nothing but the blood shed on Cal-va - ry, Can a-tone for sin, cleanse and
3. Up be-fore the throne, Je - sus in-ter-cedes, For re-pent - ing souls, and for mercy pleads; So our pray'r is His and the Father hears, When forgiveness ask we in
4. Now a child of grace, in His lov - ing care, I would live for Him, this my earnest pray'r; This my joy to know thro' e - ter - ni-ty, Heav'n is mine because Je-sus

CHORUS.

sav - ing pow'r. Je - sus died for me, Je - sus died for me. Je - sus
make thee free.
faith and tears.
died for me. O the cru-el, cru-el death, Je-sus died, He died for me, O there
died for me on the cru - el tree; Je-sus died for me, Je-sus
was no oth-er way He could set my spir-it free; This I must, I must believe, If I
died for me, Je - sus died for me, He died on Cal - va-ry.
pardon would receive, Jesus died, He died for me, He died, He died on Cal-va-ry.

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No. 16. THE WAGES OF SIN.

"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."—ROM. 6:23.

E. S. LORENZ. D. E. DORTCH.

1. The wag-es of sin is death, Then brother why do you sin? It will bring you down to e-ter-nal woe, To e-ter-nal woe, to e-ter-nal woe,
2. The wag-es of sin is death, Then brother why lon-ger roam? If you stay a-way, you may lose your soul, You may lose your soul, you may lose your soul,
3. The wag-es of sin is death, Then brother why thus de-lay? If you tar-ry long it may be too late, It may be too late, it may be too late,
4. The wag-es of sin is death, Then brother why don't you flee? If you come to Him, He will cleanse your soul, He will cleanse your soul, He will cleanse your soul,

CHORUS.

It will bring you down to e-ter-nal woe, Where sorrows just be-gin. But the gift of God is e-ter-nal life, is e-ter-nal life, is e-ter-nal life,
If you stay a-way, you may lose your soul, Oh, brother come, come home. For the
If you tar-ry long, it may be too late, Then brother come to-day. For the
If you come to Him He will cleanse your soul, And hap-py you shall be. For the
Oh, the gift of God is e-ter-nal life, Thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord.

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No. 17. LET NOT YOUR HEARTS BE TROUBLED.

"Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me."—JOHN 14: 1.

SARAH ELLIS SUMMERLAND. D. E. DORTCH.

1. When Je-sus said, "Let not your heart be troubled," Full well He knew
2. He knew the way would cause our feet to wea-ry, And yet be best;
3. He knew earth's stains would reach and touch our garments, Temp-ta - tions flow
4. If life could be with-out a tear, and al-ways A sun - ny day,
5. Had I no loved ones sleeping 'neath the myrtle, Were no graves mine,
6. Tho earth-ly life for me holds minor measures, My way be dim,

That in this world there would be ma-ny heartaches For me and you.
So He has prom-ised He would kind-ly lead us And give us rest.
Would make our sins as scar-let, yet He prom-ised His "white as snow."
Then Je-sus would not sure have promised He would Wipe tears a - way.
I might not think enough of things im-mor - tal, Of joys di - vine.
His prom-is - es to me are greatest treasures That lead to Him.

REFRAIN.

Let not your heart, your heart be troubled, For Jesus knows, Je - sus knows;

Let not your heart, your heart be troubled, For Je - sus knows it all.

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No. 18. SAVED IN THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God."—EPH. 2: 8

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. A sinner doomed to die, To ru - in draw-ing nigh, I felt my - self in e - vil gone a-stray (gone astray); Thru penitence and pray'r all my anxious fears al - lay (fears al - lay); Then forth to endless rest,
2. There's many a fad and fraud, And doctrines new and broad, Which eager worldlings hasten to be - lay (to be-lay*); But no improvements can
3. Should en - e-mies ma-lign, And all their hosts combine To bring me dark dis - as-ter and dismay (dark dismay); In safe-ty I shall dwell
4. When comes my dying hour My brow it shall enflower, Its bliss shall

I came to Christ and there He saved me in the old-fashioned way.
Be made in God's own plan To save us in the old-fashioned way.
With vic - to - ry to tell, He saved me in the old-fashioned way.
With this as-sur-ance blest, He saved me in the old-fashioned way.
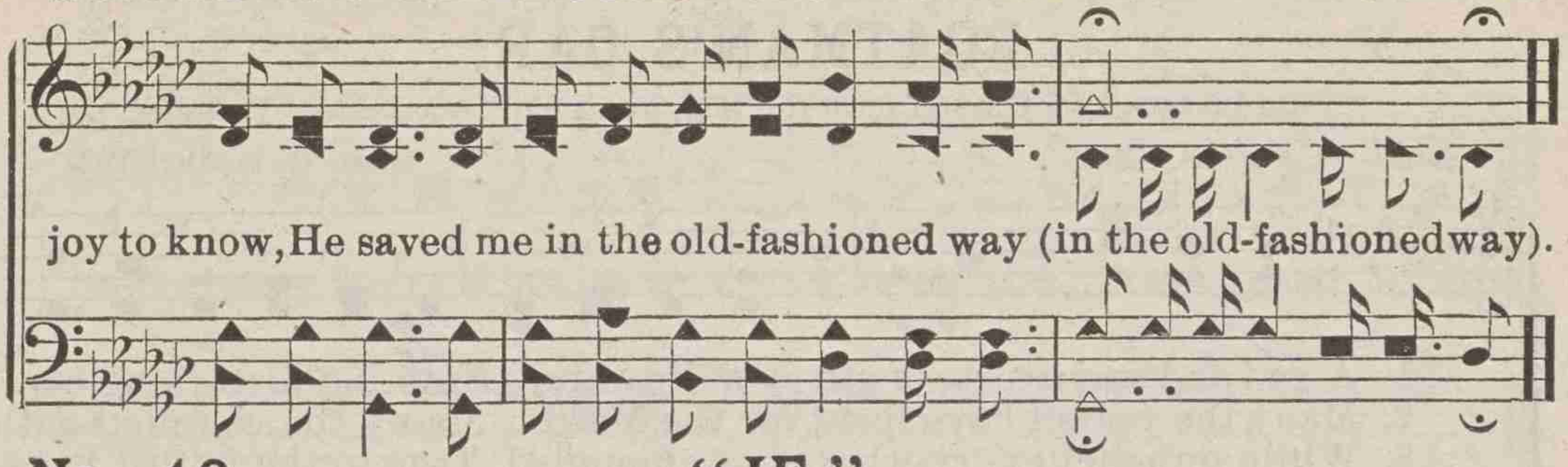
CHORUS.

The old-fash-ioned way, O what a hap-py day When Je-sus came and took my sins a-way; And now where'er I go I find it He took them all away;

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* To lay on or cover.

SAVED IN THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY. Con'd.



No. 19. "IF."

W. G. COOPER. "Prepare to meet thy God."—AMOS 4: 12. D. E. DORTCH.

Legato affetuoso.

* Alto and tenor repeat this line in closing.

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No. 20. WAITING THE SOUND OF THE BOATMAN'S OAR.

"I am just waiting the sound of the boatman's oar."—AN AGED PILGRIM.

ELD. W. G. COOPER. ELD. D. E. DORTCH.

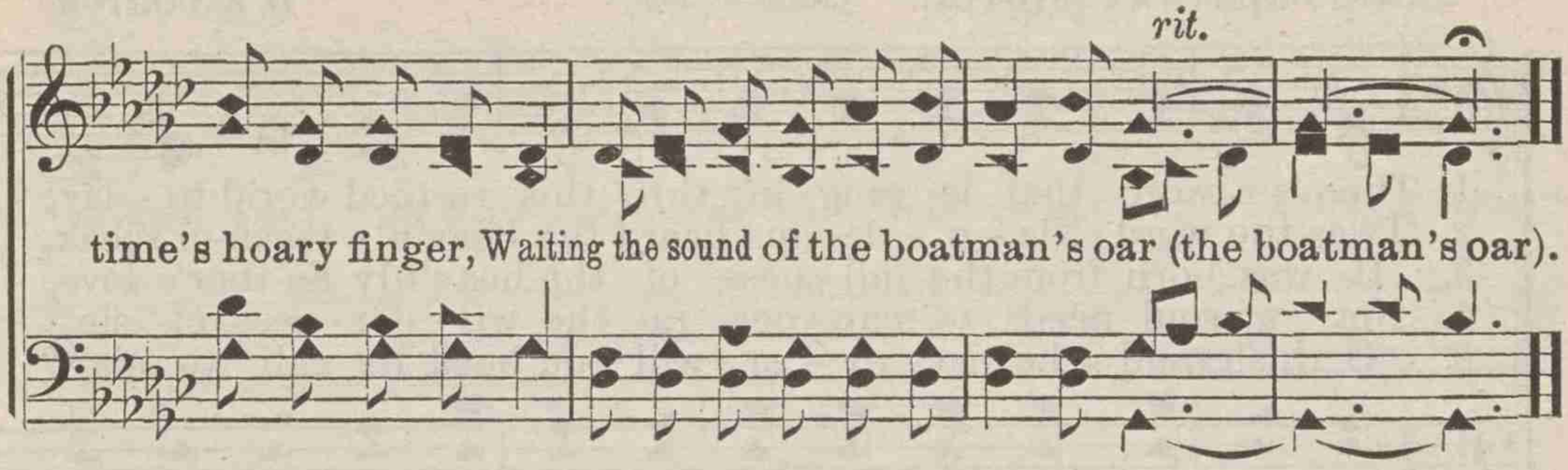
1. A-ged and way-worn, of glo-ry a-dreaming, Noth-ing disturbing my tran-quil re - pose (my tranquil re-pose); God's tender watch-care and mercy esteeming Come I adown to the journey's close (the journey's close).
2. Many the years I have spent for the Master, Ma-ny the con-flicts with e - vil I've fought (with evil I've fought); Many the times I've been saved from disaster, Many the blessing received unsought (received unsought).
3. While unbelief ev-'ry-where has abounded, True to the faith I have sought to re-main (I've sought to remain); Thus while the gospel of Jesus resounded, I've traveled onward thru joy and pain (thru joy and pain).
4. O how delightful the deep sat-is-fac-tion, Here on the banks as I pa - tient - ly wait (I pa-tient - ly wait); Calm-ly re-view-ing each past word and action, Till I pass over the foaming strait (the foaming strait.)

REFRAIN.

Now on the banks of the riv - er I lin-ger, Longing to cross to the heav-en-ly shore (the heav-en-ly shore); Now nearly done here with

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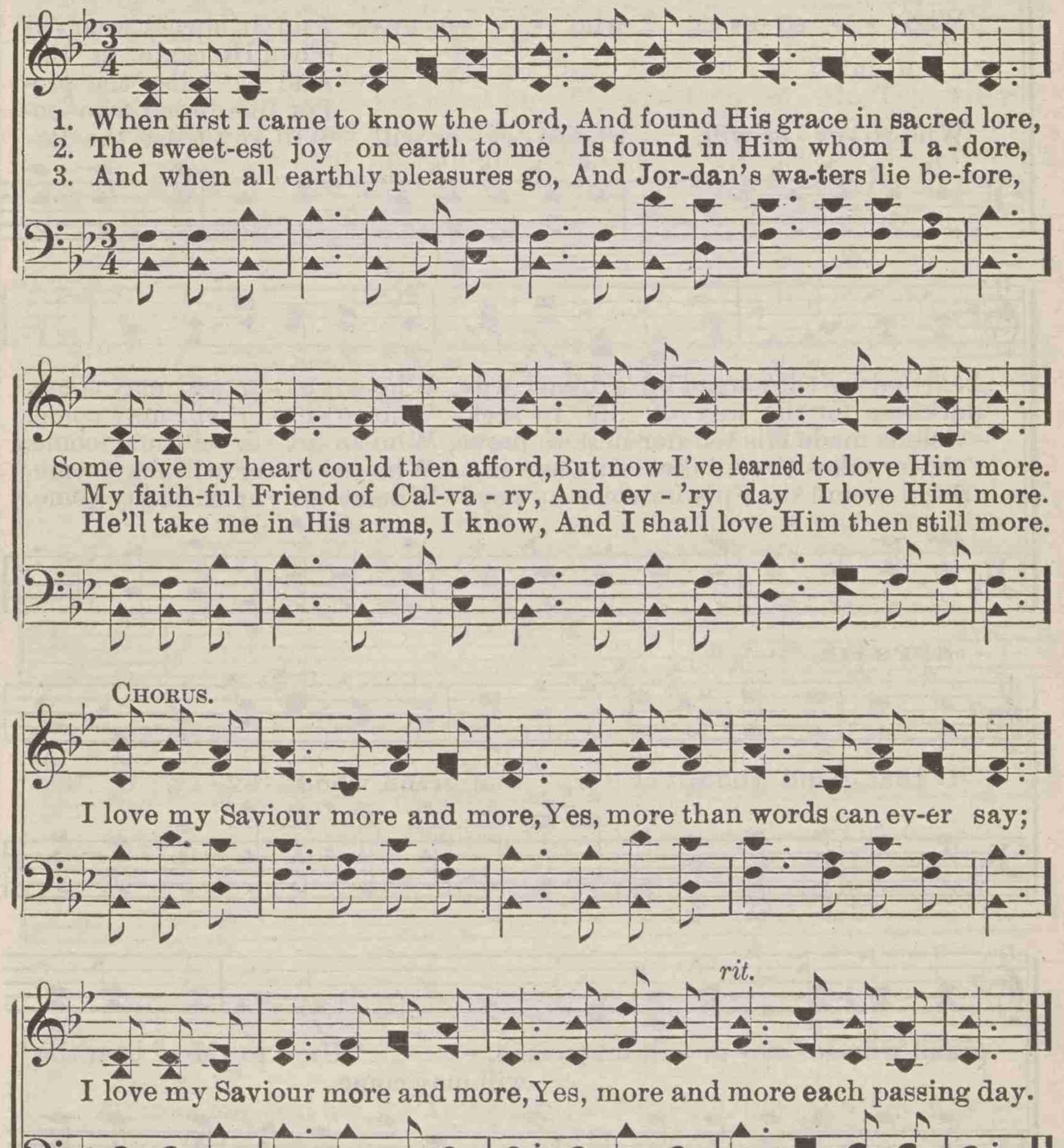
WAITING THE SOUND, ETC. Concluded.



No. 21. I LOVE HIM MORE AND MORE.

"We love him, because he first loved us."—1 JOHN 4: 19.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. REV. D. E. DORTCH.



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22. WHOSOEVER.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYET. (JOHN 3: 16.) D. E. DORTCH.

1. There's a word that is ring-ing thro' this ru-ined world to-day,
2. 'Twas the word Nic-o-de-mus heard the heav'nly teach-er speak,
3. It was born from the full-ness of the heav'nly Fa-ther's love,
4. Not a soul needs to wan-der in the wil-der-ness of sin,
5. O this grand who-so-ev-er will you heed its call to-day?

Who - - so-ev-er, who - - so-ev-er, And it cheers wear-y-
When He came in the
And it tells the pro-
For this broad who-so-
Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will, Will you trust the Re-

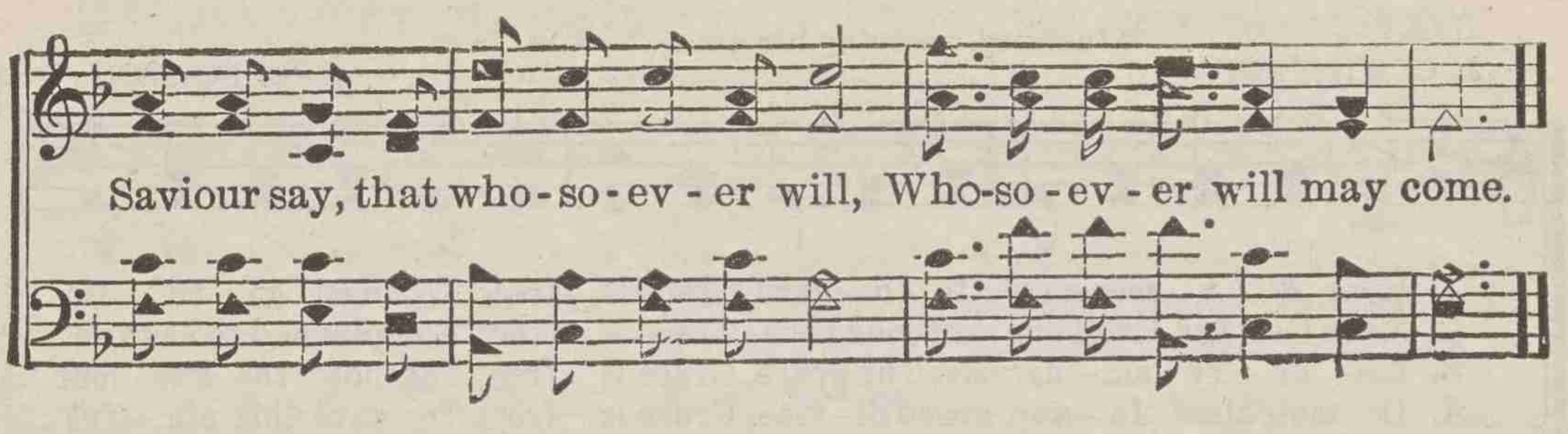
heart-ed as they tread life's dreary way, Who-so-ev-er will may come.
darkness for the way of life to seek, Who-so-ev-er will may come.
visions made His ten-der-ness to prove, Who-so-ev-er will may come.
ev-er takes the vil-est sin-ner in, Who-so-ev-er will may come.
deem-er and the Spir-its voice o-bey? Who-so-ev-er will may come.

REFRAIN.

O that grand who-so-ev-er, that grand who-so-ev-er, O that
grand who-so-ev-er will may come, "Un-to Me," hear the
will may come,

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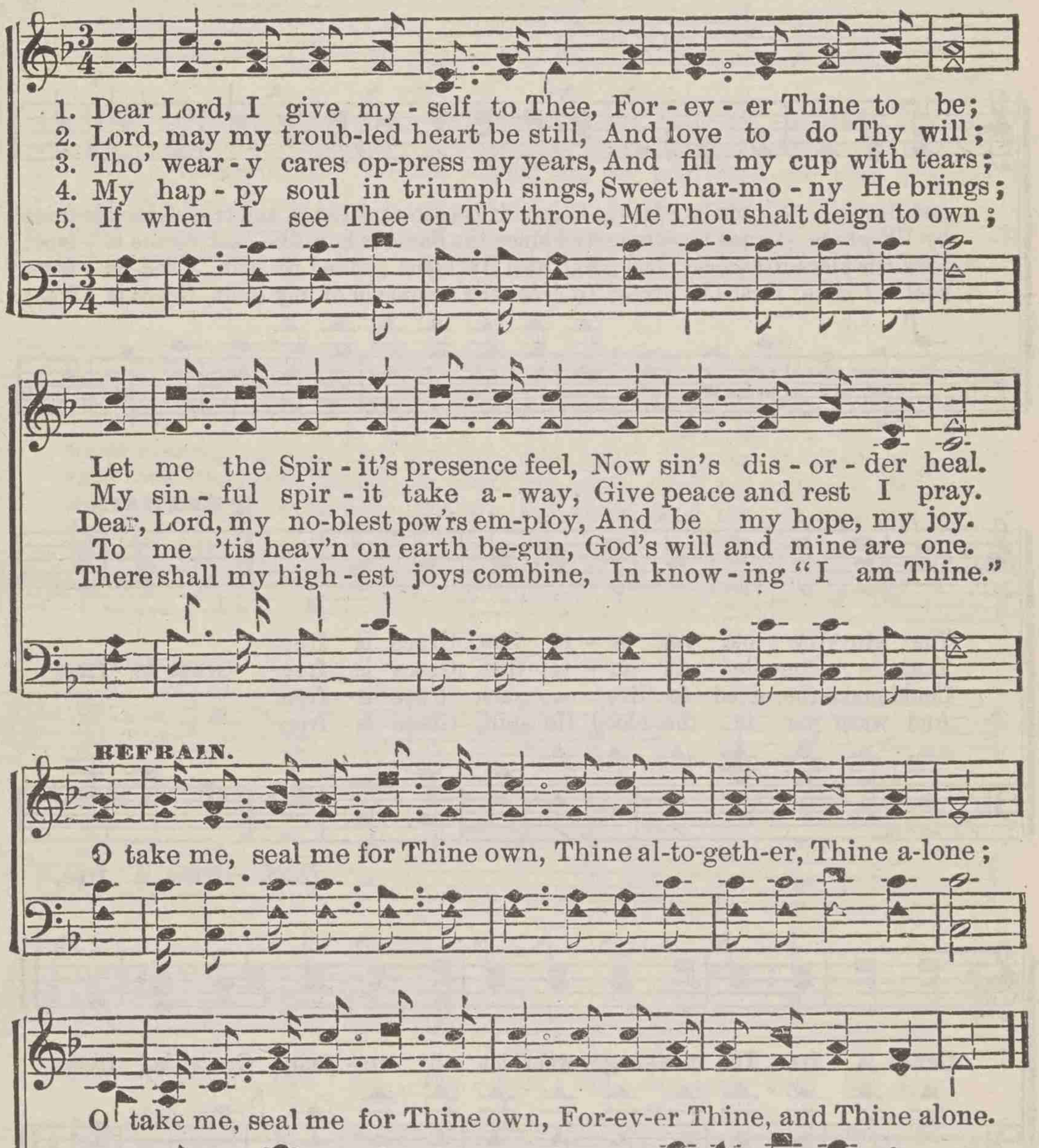
WHOSOEVER.



23. I GIVE MYSELF TO THEE.

"Keep myself that I may be,
Ever, only, all for thee."

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.



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24. GRACE IS FREE.

"Justified freely by his grace."—Rom. 3: 24.

J. C. MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Here is a mes-sage to de-clare, Grace is free; To men in ru - in
2. Since God has loved our ru-ined race, Grace is free; And planned to save us
3. Let ev - 'ry sin - ner saved by grace, Grace is free; Tell how the Sav - iour
4. O matchless fa - vor, grace di - vine, Grace is free; To save this sin - ful

and despair, Grace is free; O wondrous sto-ry strange and true, Grace is free;
by His grace, Grace is free; And since the Saviour bore the load, Grace is free;
took His place, Grace is free; And how His blood applied to men, Grace is free;
soul of mine, Grace is free; To cross the mountain of my guilt, Grace is free;

The sto - ry old yet ev - er new, Grace is free.
That re - con-ciled us un - to God, Grace is free. Grace is free,
Could make the dead to live a - gain, Grace is free.
And wash me in the blood He spilt, Grace is free.

REFRAIN.

D. S.—Grace is free,
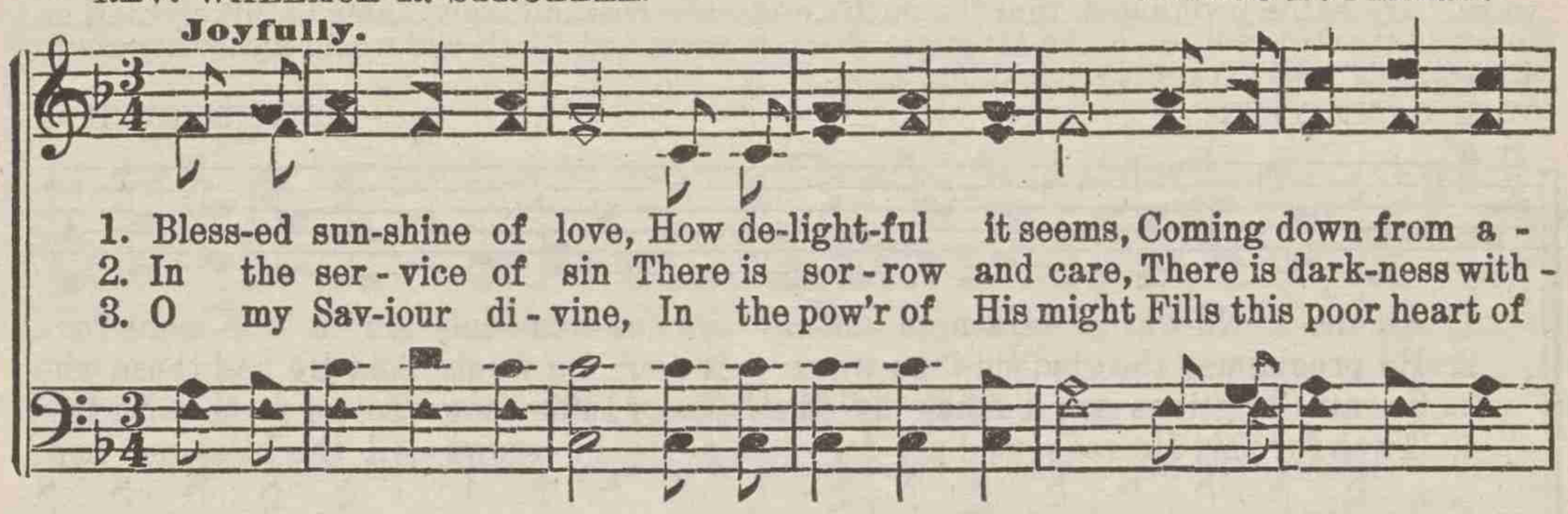
Grace is free, The mes - sage sweet let all re - peat, Grace is free.

Grace is free, The sto - ry tell, the mu - sic swell, Grace is free.

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25. BLESSED SUNSHINE OF LOVE.

REV. WALLACE R. STRUBBLE. LUCIUS LUTTRELL.



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26. GO YE THEREFORE.

It is the desire of the authors wherever this song is sung while the words, "Let it wave," are being prolonged, that the entire audience rise and wave their handkerchiefs as a token that "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world as a witness unto all nations."—MATT. 24: 14. J. C. M., D. E. D.

J. C. MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

1. All the world was in dark-ness till Je - sus was sent An a-tone-ment for
2. He proclaimed the glad tid-ings wher - ev - er He went, And He had those who
3. So all Christians are bound by the laws of their King To go forth with the
4. 'Twas for this He redeemed us, for this He be - stows All the bless-ing and

sin-ners to make, And a par-don to give, that the guilt-y might live, And a
followed Him prove To the na-tions of earth all the news of His birth, Of His
mes-sage He gave, Till each mor-tal that pines, in his sor-row and sins, Shall have
grace we ob - tain, And the work must go on till the vic-t'ry is won, Till the

rit. CHORUS. *

place in His king - dom might take. Spread the news,.....
death, res - ur - rec - tion and love.
heard of the "Might-y to save."
day of His com - ing a - gain. Spread the news, tell the sto - ry,

spread the news,..... Let the bright ban - ner wave, let it
spread the news, sing His glo - ry,

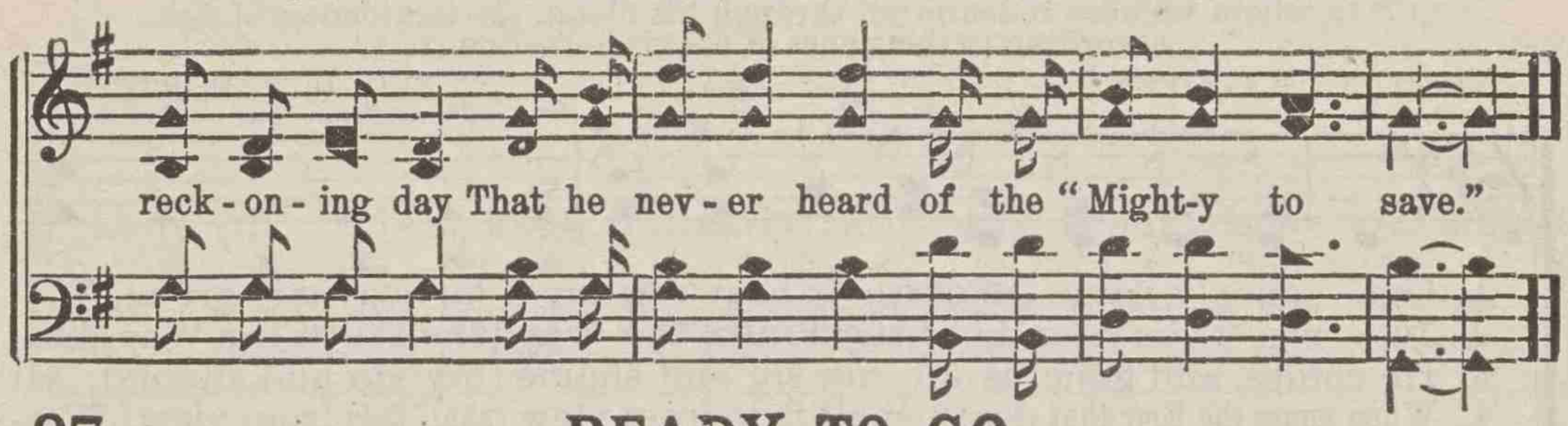
rit.

wave,.. ..... Till no mor - tal can say at the
wave, ev - er wave, let it wave, grand-ly wave,

* Let one strong soprano voice dwell while others sing the unison.

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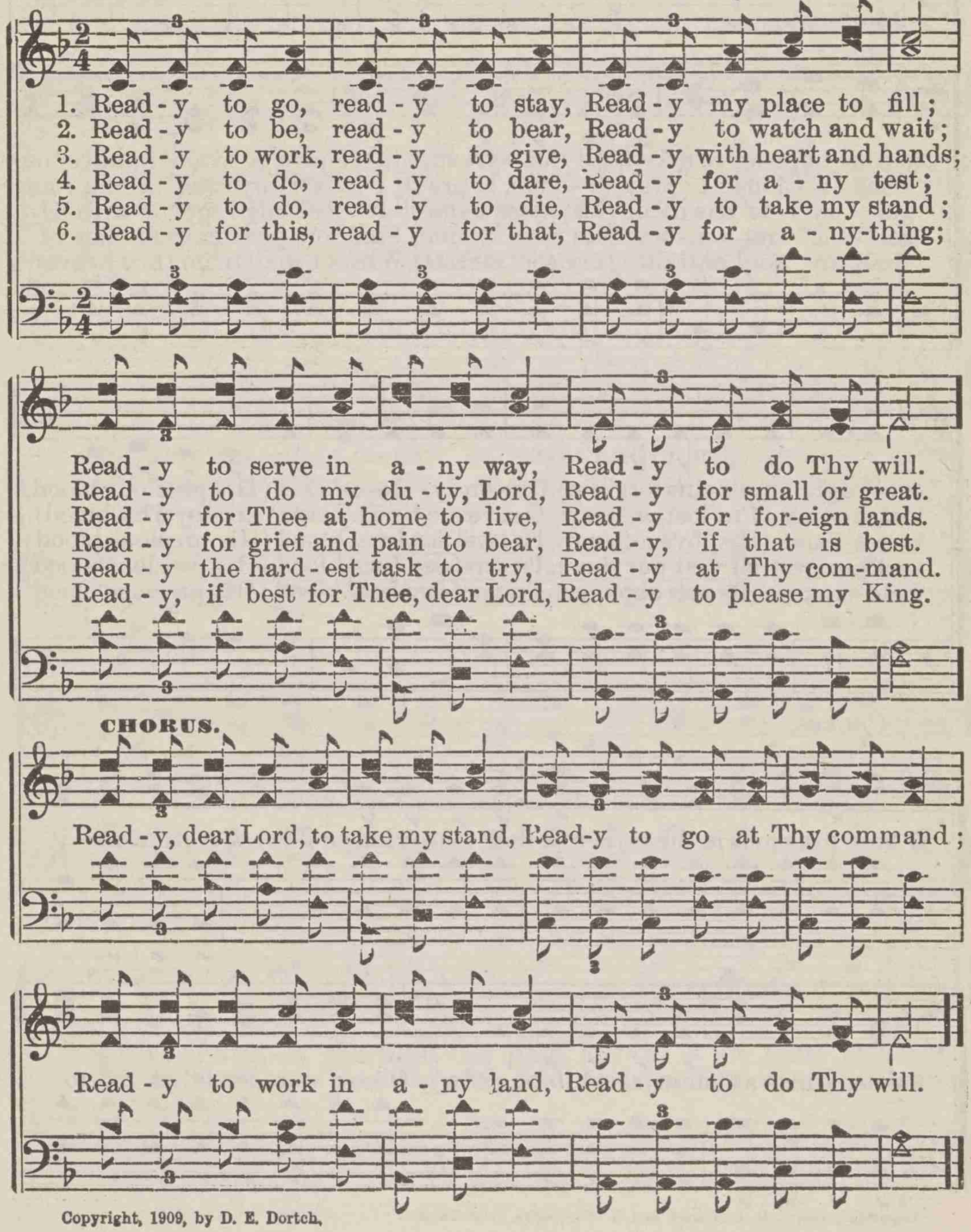
GO YE THEREFORE. Concluded.



27. READY TO GO.

"All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore."—JESUS.

Music and chorus by D. E. DORTCH.



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No. 28. SAVED THRU JESUS' BLOOD.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace."—EPH. 1: 7.

ELD. W. G. COOPER. ELD. D. E. DORTCH.

1. One on - ly name in earth or heav'n is giv'n (in heav'n is giv'n), To this one hope we're driv'n (to this we're driv'n); One plea a - vails to have our sins forgiv'n (our sins forgiv'n), One on-ly—Jesus' blood (His precious blood).
2. Je - sus, Thou risen Lord, the Truth, the Way (the Truth, the Way), To Thee a - lone, I pray (a - lone, I pray); I own my - self a sin - ner lost, a-stray (I'm lost, a-stray), O save me by Thy blood (save by Thy blood).
3. He comes, and gone is all my sin and shame (my sin and shame), All glo - ry to His name (His precious name)! I feel my soul is with His love a-flame (His love a-flame), I'm saved thru Jesus' blood (His precious blood).
4. When comes the hour that death shall fade from view (shall fade from view), Th'an- gel - ic ret - i - nue (its ret - i - nue) Shall o - pen gal - er - ies of vast purview (of vast purview), I'm saved thru Jesus' blood (His precious blood).
5. I would for ev-er-more His fame en-hance (His fame enhance), This shall my soul entrance (my soul entrance), While I shall roam thru heaven's wide expanse (its wide expanse), I'm saved thru Jesus' blood (His precious blood).

CHORUS.

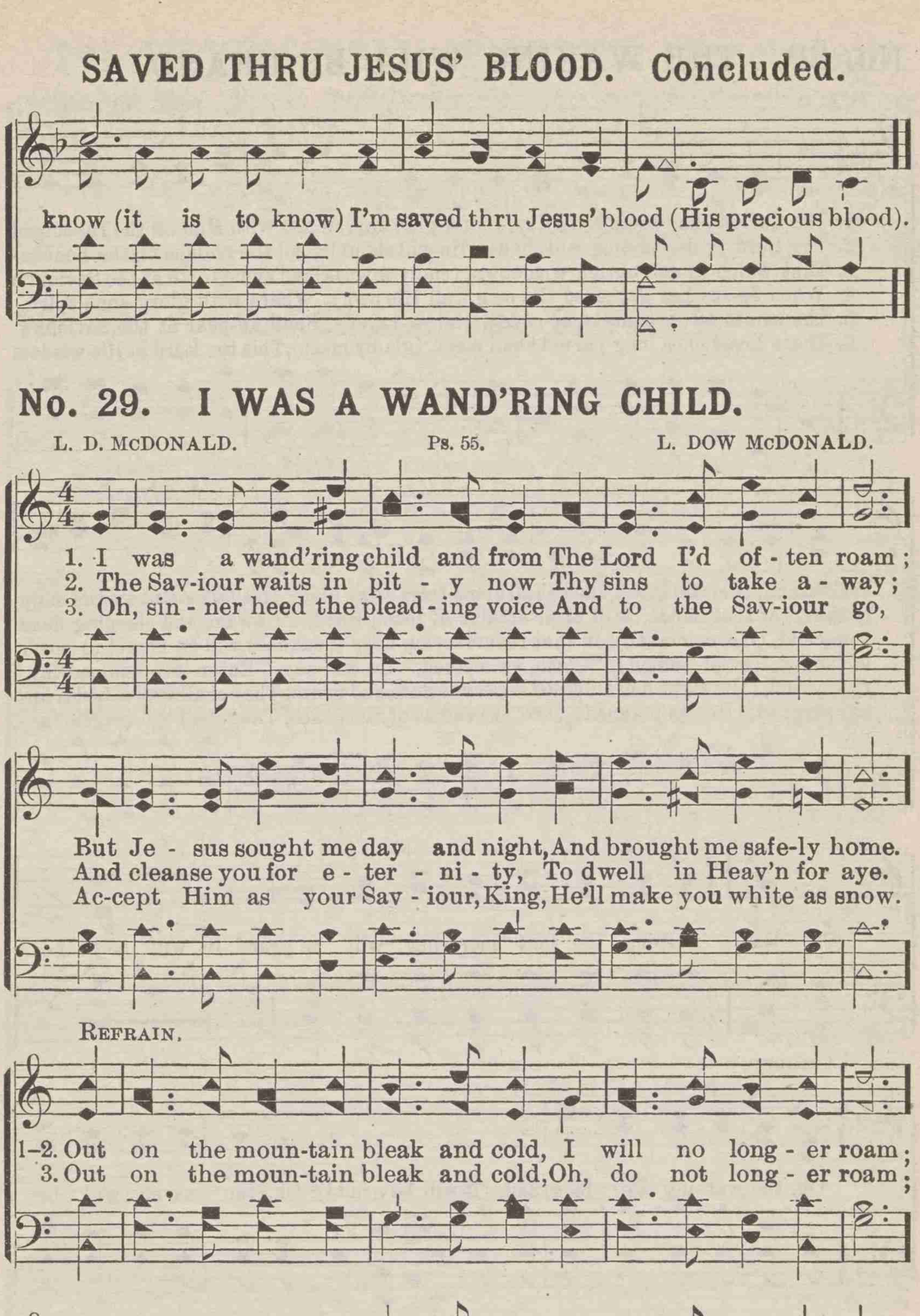
O how pre-cious is the crim-son flow (the crimson flow), For from sin it washes white as snow (as white as snow); O how won-der-ful it is to

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SAVED THRU JESUS' BLOOD. Concluded.

No. 29. I WAS A WAND'RING CHILD.

L. D. McDONALD. Ps. 55. L. DOW McDONALD.



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No. 30. THE WAKING WILL BE GRAND.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. The Saviour has promised a day, (some glad day), When with Him all the ransomed
2. The Lord in descending will shout, (He will shout), And the trumps of the heaven-
3. That which in corruption was sown, (sadly sown), Shall come forth at the Saviour's
4. When Je-sus has gathered His own, (all His own), Where with glory each spirit
5. The saints all in beau-ty ar-rayed, (all ar-rayed), Shall ap-pear at the Saviour's
6. There loved ones long parted shall meet, (gladly meet), This the Lord in His wisdom

shall stand, (they shall stand), They shall come from ev'ry plain, From the mountain and the main,
ly band, (of that band), Will their strains of music shed, To awake the sleeping dead,
command, (His command), In that resurrection hour Weakness will be changed to pow'r,
is fanned, (ev-er fanned), "Come, ye blessed," He will say, "Enter into endless day,"
right hand, (His right hand), Dressed in garments pure and white, They shall dwell in fadeless light,
has planned, (He has planned), Thro' the riches of His grace, They shall look upon His face,

Oh, the wak-ing in that morn-ing will be grand, (it will be grand).
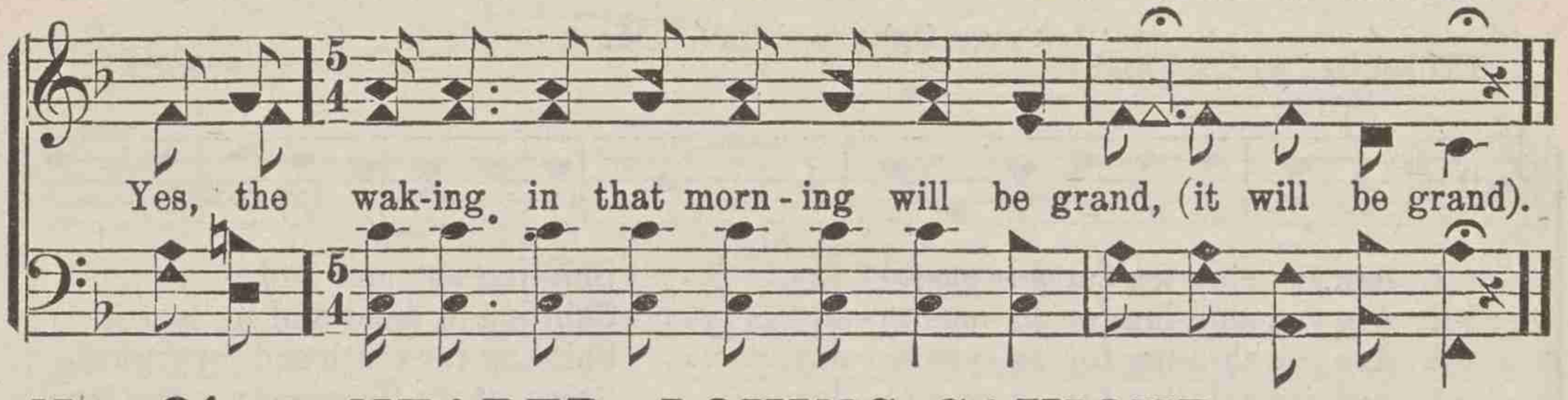
CHORUS.

Oh, the wak-ing will be grand, (it will be grand), Oh, the wak-ing will be

grand, (it will be grand), Oh, the wak-ing will be grand, (it will be grand),

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THE WAKING WILL BE GRAND. Concluded.



No. 31. NEARER, LOVING SAVIOUR.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

* "Skier", pronounced "skeer", means island.
** "Insea," to overwhelm in the sea, to drown.

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No. 32. SHINING FOR JESUS.

"Let your light so shine."—MATT. 5, 16.

LILLA M. ALEXANDER

W. G. COOPER.

SOLO.

1. Are you shin-ing for Je - sus to - day,..... Shin-ing so clear and so bright?
2. Are you shin-ing for Je - sus to - day,..... Shin-ing in deed and in word?
3. Are you shin-ing for Je - sus to - day,..... Shin-ing for truth and for right?
4. Are you shin-ing for Je - sus to - day,..... Shine where He needs you the most?

That the souls which are perishing round you, May be guided to Him by your light;
Is your life by its pur - i - ty show - ing, For the likeness of Je-sus your Lord?
E'en where bold unbelief and it's min - ions Bold-ly pose as the an-gels of light;
Gladly shine where the darkness hangs deepest O'er the path of the straying and lost:

They are wander-ing far in the dark - ness, They are lost in the maz-es of sin;..
O the world watches closely, my broth - er, And if naught in your life it can see,..
Thy would banish the cross of our Sav - iour, They would silence that story of love,.
Shine out on - ly and al-ways for Je - sus, Then at last when thy toiling is o'er,..

If your light shines out clearly and bright-ly, Then perchance you may gather them in.
But the fair, fragrant fruits of the spir - it, Then the Father will glor-i-fied be.
Brightly shine o'er their folly and show them All, how futile such efforts must prove.
So in mansions of glo - ry e - ter - nal, Thou shalt shine as the stars evermore.

CHORUS.

Shine..... then for Je - - - sus, Shine.....
Shine then for Je - sus, O shine clear and bright, Shine ev - er bright -

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for the right..... Then the souls that are per -
ly, O shine clear and bright,

ish - ing round you, Per-chance may be saved by your light.

No. 33. O MY SAVIOUR, HEAR ME.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O my Sav-iour hear me, Fears en-compass me, Storm-clouds dark and low-ry
2. O my Sav-iour lead me, For I dai - ly need, Pastures green and rary*
3. O my Sav-iour hear me, This my pray'r to Thee, Help me tell Thy sto - ry
4. Saviour be Thou near me When I come to die, Shed Thy light and glo-ry

Ho - ver o - ver me: For Thy pardoning love I crave, Thou art will-ing,
Where my soul may feed; There no e - vil I will fear, With my gen - tle
Of Thy love to me; Let my ac - tions, too, proclaim, Praise to Thy all -
Round me where I lie; Help me watch with faith and pray'r, Lest the hour come

rit.

Lord to save, Sin shall nev - er - more en - slave, Come and make me free.
Shepherd near, So thru-out my whole ca - reer Guide me, Lord, I plead.
glo - rious name, Be this, Lord, my high-est aim, E'er to live for Thee.
un - a - ware, Lord with need-ed grace pre-pare, Then to earth "good-by."

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* Rary means dewy.

No. 34. GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

W. G. COOPER. —LUKE 2: 13, 14. D. E. DORTCH.

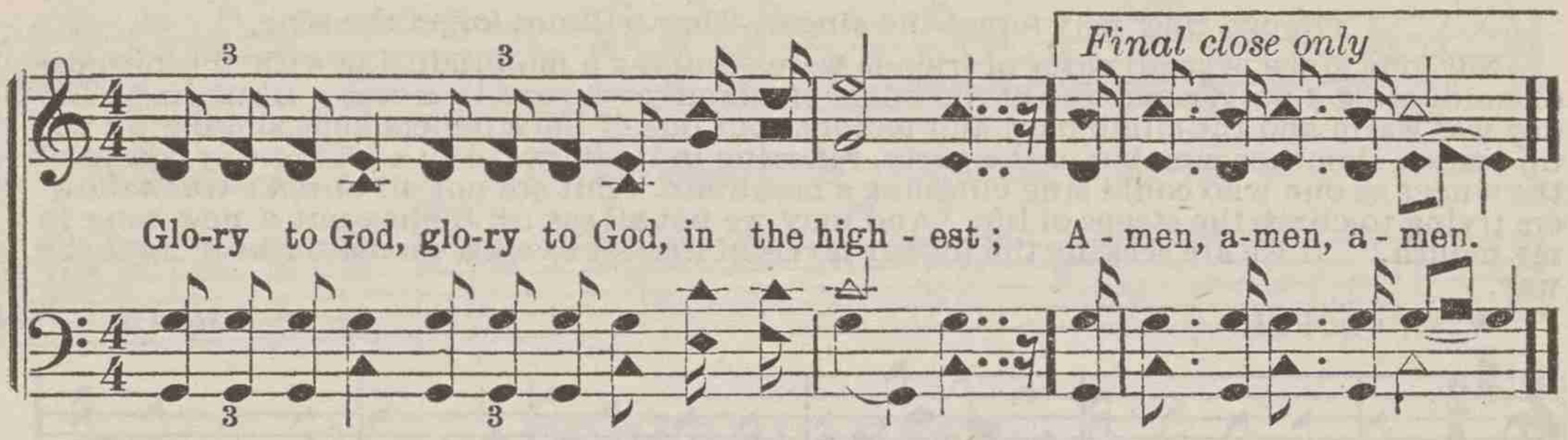
1. Waft - ed down the a - ges, lo, there comes a joy-ous strain, That which broke the si-lence reign-ing o'er Ju - de - a's plain, "Peace on earth, good will to men" the an - gels loud acclaim, "Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God in the high - est."
2. Tell the joy - ful tid-ings, spread a-broad the Sav-iour's fame, And this great sal - va - tion un - to ev - 'ry land proclaim; All the earth shall ech - o with the sound of Je - sus' name, "Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God in the high - est."
3. Shout you loud ho - san-nas on this hap - py Christmas tide, Bring your sins to Je - sus, and your all to Him con-fide, Then thru-out life's pathway He will jour-ney by your side, "Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God in the high - est."

CHORUS.

Then shout a - loud! 'tis hap - py Christ-mas time, Go, tell with joy the news to ev - 'ry clime, Till o'er all the earth the bells of peace shall sweetly chime,

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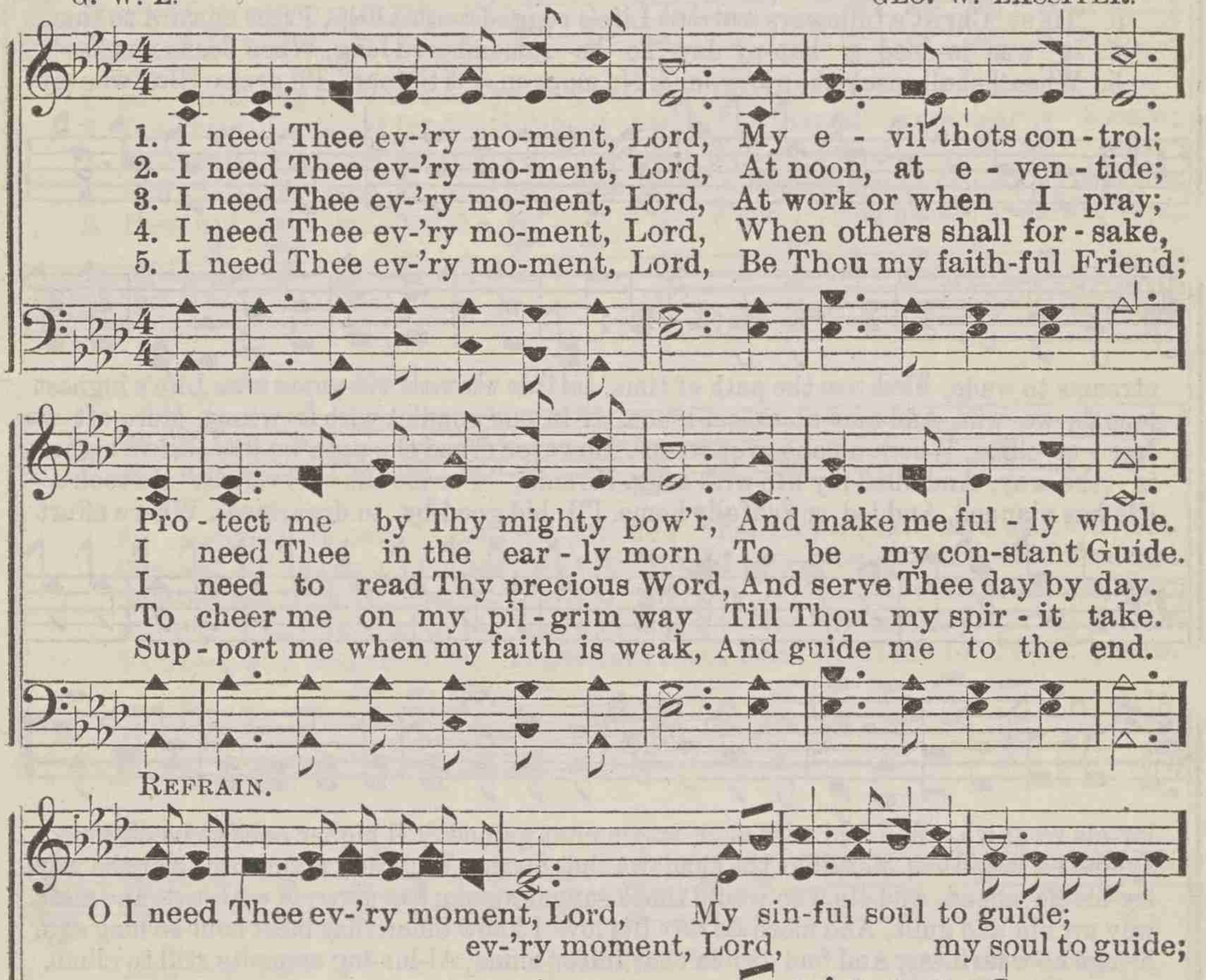
GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST. Concluded.



No. 35. I NEED THEE EVERY MOMENT.

Respectfully dedicated to Rev. T. T. Speight, who said in his sermon the song should be, "I need Thee every moment instead of 'I need Thee every hour.'"

G. W. L. GEO. W. LASSITER.



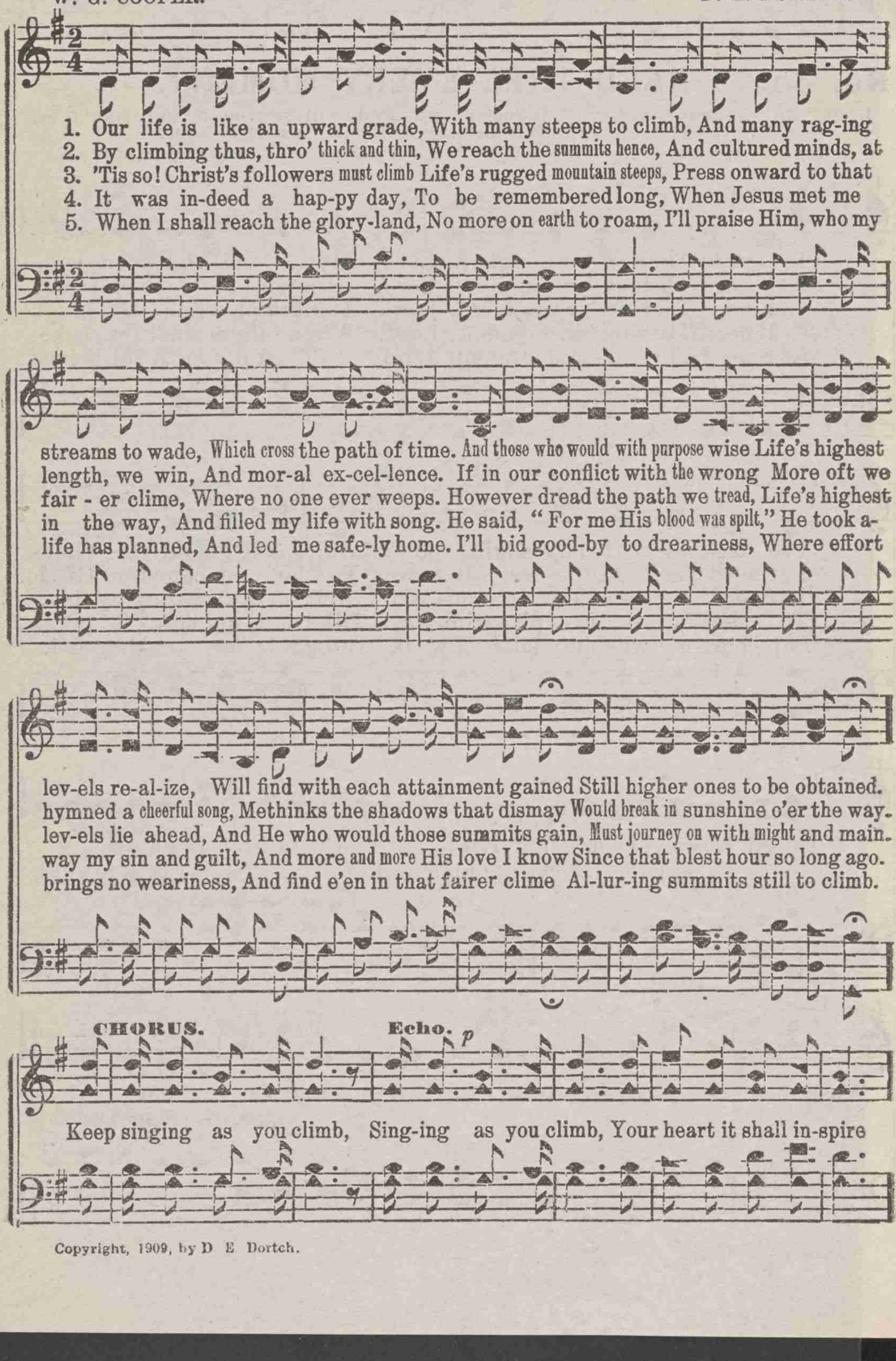
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36. KEEP SINGING AS YOU CLIMB.

Though they may forget the singer, They will not forget the song.

Not long since, a small party of friends were climbing a mountainside with the purpose of conducting a prayer meeting at the home of a family who are in a way "shut in." The day was warm and the climb hard and tedious; but one of the climbers kept singing on the up grade. Another member of the party, referring to it afterward in a joking way, spoke of the singer as one who could sing climbing a mountain. But are not all Christ's true followers trying to climb the steeps of life. And may we not all say: "He has put a new song in my mouth." If we are seeking the higher levels of life, let us sing, no matter how hard the way.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.



1. Our life is like an upward grade, With many steeps to climb, And many rag-ing
2. By climbing thus, thro' thick and thin, We reach the summits hence, And cultured minds, at
3. 'Tis so! Christ's followers must climb Life's rugged mountain steeps, Press onward to that
4. It was in-deed a hap-py day, To be remembered long, When Jesus met me
5. When I shall reach the glory-land, No more on earth to roam, I'll praise Him, who my

streams to wade, Which cross the path of time. And those who would with purpose wise Life's highest
length, we win, And mor-al ex-cel-lence. If in our conflict with the wrong More oft we
fair - er clime, Where no one ever weeps. However dread the path we tread, Life's highest
in the way, And filled my life with song. He said, "For me His blood was spilt," He took a-
life has planned, And led me safe-ly home. I'll bid good-by to dreariness, Where effort

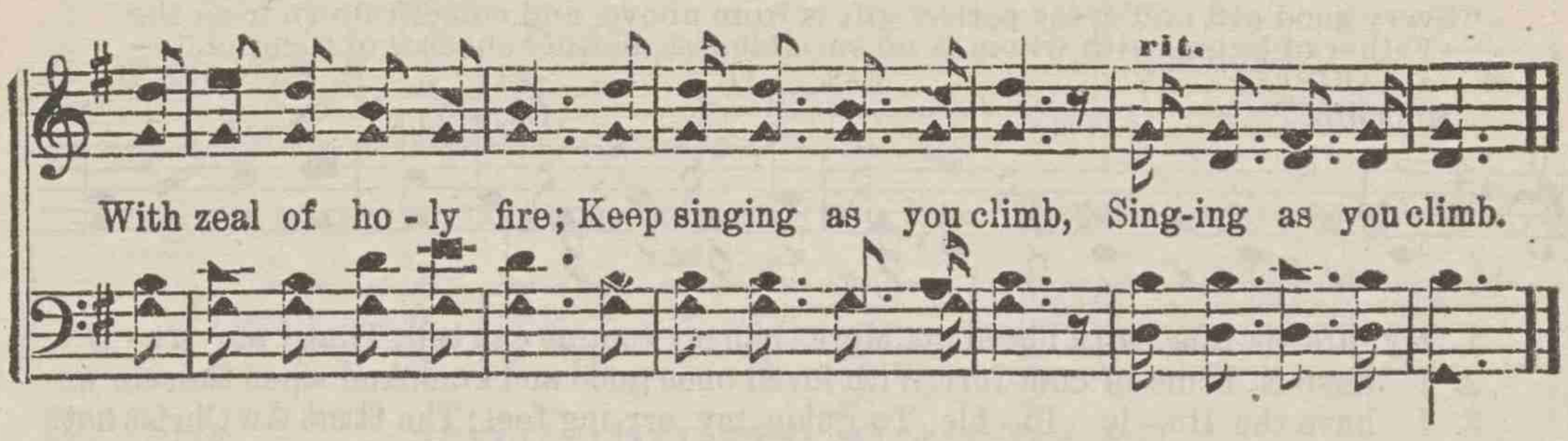
lev-els re-al-ize, Will find with each attainment gained Still higher ones to be obtained.
hymned a cheerful song, Methinks the shadows that dismay Would break in sunshine o'er the way.
lev-els lie ahead, And He who would those summits gain, Must journey on with might and main.
way my sin and guilt, And more and more His love I know Since that blest hour so long ago.
brings no weariness, And find e'en in that fairer clime Al-lur-ing summits still to climb.

CHORUS. **Echo.** *p*

Keep singing as you climb, Sing-ing as you climb, Your heart it shall in-spire

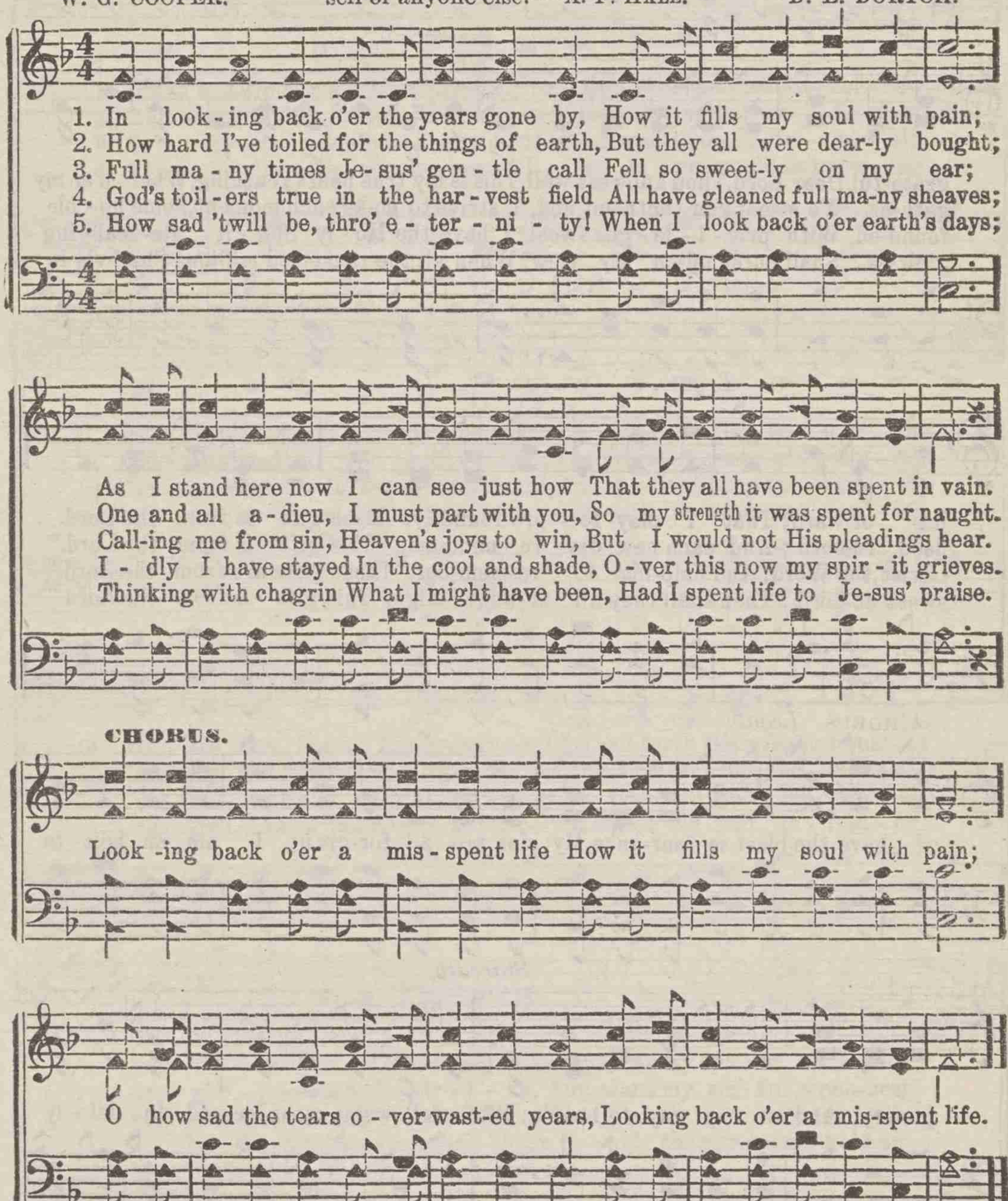
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KEEP SINGING AS YOU CLIMB.



37. LOOKING BACK.

"What a misspent life mine has been! I have not accomplished anything for my-
W. G. COOPER. self or anyone else."—A. F. HALE. D. E. DORTCH.



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No. 38. THIS GIFT IS FROM THE LORD.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." — Jas. 1: 17.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

Staccato. *Legato.*

1. My life is filled with blessings, More than my tongue can tell; That I am tru - ly grate-ful, Dear Lord, Thou knowest well, This is my true heart yearning, Wher - e'er my lot or ward; That I may feel pro-found-ly, Each gift is from the Lord.
2. I have a home of com-fort, With loved ones good and kind, And when therein we gath-er, We sweet con-tentment find, I strive to make each moment, Some no - ble deed re-cord; And each new day re - mind me, "This gift is from the Lord."
3. I have the Ho - ly Bi - ble, To guide my err-ing feet; The Church that Christ hath found-ed, With priv - i - le - ges sweet; I have the Ho - ly Spir - it Re-veal - ing Christ, the Word; And help-ing to re-mem-ber, "These gifts are from the Lord."
4. When to these scenes so precious, At last, I bid a - dieu; When heaven with its glo-ries Shall burst up-on my view; When all the ransomed millions Shall vie in sweet ac-cord; Then shall they all ac-knowl-edge, "This gift is from the Lord."

Staccato. *Legato.* *rit.*

CHORUS. *Legato.*

I have the blest as - sur-ance, My sins are all for-giv'n; I am an heir to glo - ry, And on my way to heav'n; While fellowship most blessed In dai - ly

Staccato.

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THIS GIFT IS FROM THE LORD. Concluded.

Legato. *rit.*

rich re-ward; Ac-com-pa-nies sal-va-tion, "This gift is from the Lord."

No. 39. THE FRUITS OF GRACE.

W. G. COOPER. GAL. 5: 22, 23. D. E. DORTCH.

1. 'Twas wondrous grace, that saved my soul From sin and endless sor-row,
2. And since that day when Je-sus came His sav-ing pow-er be-stow-ing;
3. So ev-'ry pas-sion I would curb, And prac-tice self-de-ni-al;
4. Thus ev-'ry pass-ing mo-ment, I Like Je-sus would be grow-ing;

And o'er it's night of dark de-spair, A-wake a glad to-mor-row.
And pardoned all my guilt-y past, The fruits of grace are grow-ing.
O'er-come each sin-ful thought and word, And pa-tient keep in tri-al,
And ev-'ry-where, still more and more, Be with His beau-ty glow-ing,

Je-sus the Sun of Right-eous-ness, Spread forth His wings of heal-ing,
And joy and peace and faith and love, Long-suff-er-ing and meek-ness,
A-void-ing what ap-pear-eth wrong, Or the still voice "be-numb-eth,"
And then I know the flow'rs which here Were on-ly half un-fold-en,

And vir-tue from its cleans-ing tide Came o'er my spir-it steal-ing.
And gen-tle-ness and pur-i-ty, Sup-plant my sin-ful weak-ness.
And prac-tice on-ly what I know The god-ly life be-com-eth.
In full per-fec-tion soon shall bloom, Be-side the pavements gold-en.

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40 This is the Sweetest Story.

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS. C. E. POLLOCK.

1. This is the sweetest sto - ry, Wonderful, strange and true, Jesus, the
2. Think you not "He's forgotten, It was so long a - go," No, the dear
3. Knowing a child's temptation, Showing you what to do, Jesus will

King of glo - ry, Once was a child like you. Think of Him in your
Lord re- mem-bers, Oh! and He loves you so; Loves you for aye and
stand be- side you, Mak- ing you brave and true; Ev - er keep closely

glad-ness, Praising Him all the day, Ev- er in words and act - ions,
ev - er, It was to you He came, Deep in His heart is gra- ven,
to Him, If you would like Him grow, Out of your heart's deep gladness

CHORUS.

Think what the Lord would say.
Ev- er- y child-ish name. Always be bright and joyous, Jesus would have you
Sweetness of life will flow.

so, He is the source of glad-ness, He is the light, you know.

No. 41. MADE WHITER THAN SNOW.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness."—ZECH. 13 : 1.

M. D. U.

MARK D. USSERY.

Moderato.

1. O precious fountain! I am cleansed from sin, Washed and made whiter than snow; Oh! I'm so glad that I can tru - ly sing, "Washed and made
2. Fore-told by prophets that we all may be, Washed and made whiter than snow; Plunge in to-day beneath its cleansing flow, Washed and made
3. Come to this fountain, thou shalt be made whole, Washed and made whiter than snow; Tho red like crimson, thou shalt be as wool, Washed and made

REFRAIN.

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

Washed and made whiter than snow, Whit-er than snow, ...
Whit-er, yes, whit-er, yes,

Whit - er than snow, Washed and made whiter than snow.
whit-er than snow.

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42. MEDITATIONS ON HEAVEN.

"And he [the angel] carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem."—REV. 21: 10.

W. G. COOPER. E. HANKS.

Slow with expression.
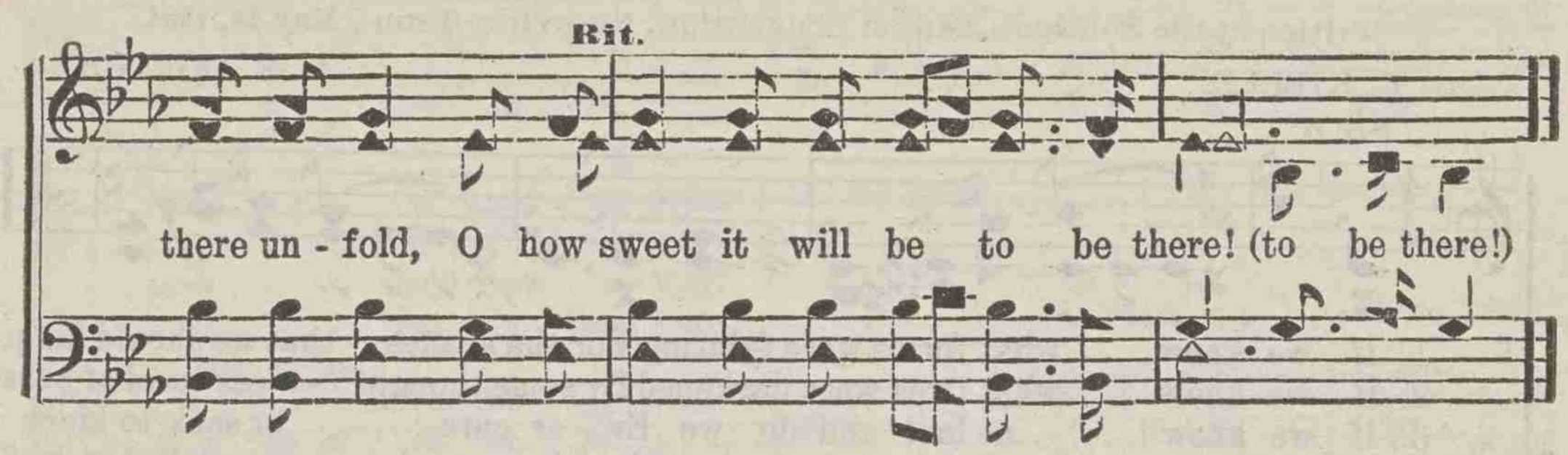
1. O how sweet it will be to be there! In the cit - y where the
2. O how sweet it will be to be there! In the cit - y where the
3. O how sweet it will be to be there! In the cit - y far be-
4. O how sweet it will be to be there! In the cit - y where our
5. O how sweet it will be to be there! (to be there!) In the cit - y where our

streets are paved with gold, Endless beauties there unfold, Sweetest pleasures ne'er foretold,
harps of an-gels ring, "Where the blest for-ev-er sing, In the pal - ace of the King,"
yond these earthly skies, There will be no tearful eyes, There will be no ach-ing sighs,
Savioar we shall see, There from sorrow we'll be free, And no dy - ing e'er can be,
faith is lost in sight, There shall come no shade of night, For the Sav-iour is the Light,

CHORUS.

O how sweet it will be to be there! (to be there!) O how sweet it will
be to be there! (to be there!) O how sweet it will be to be
there! (to be there!) In that cit - y of pure gold, Sweet - est pleas-ures
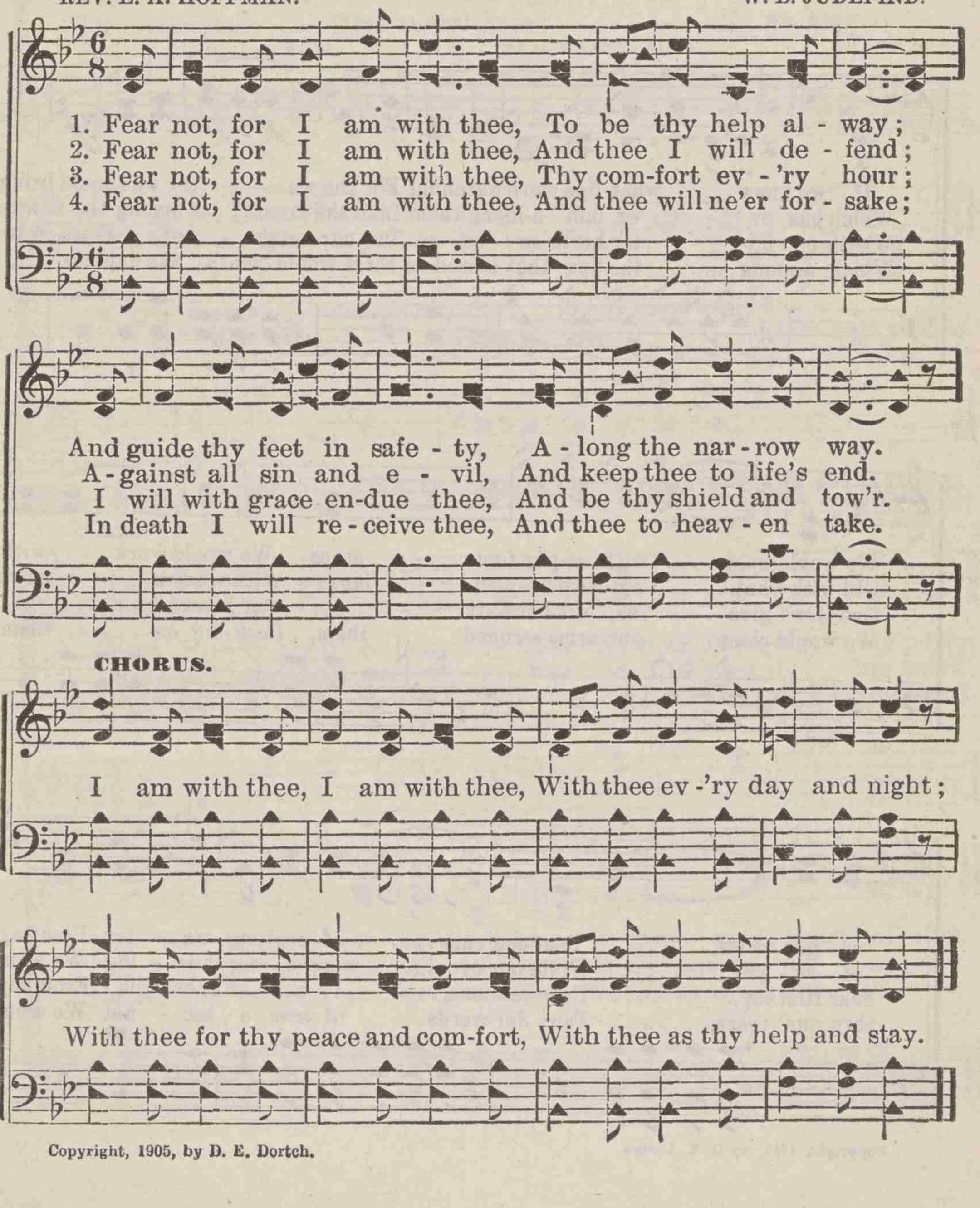
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43. I AM WITH THEE.

"Fear not."—LUKE 12: 32. "Lo, I am with you."—MATT. 28: 20.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. W. B. JUDEFIND.



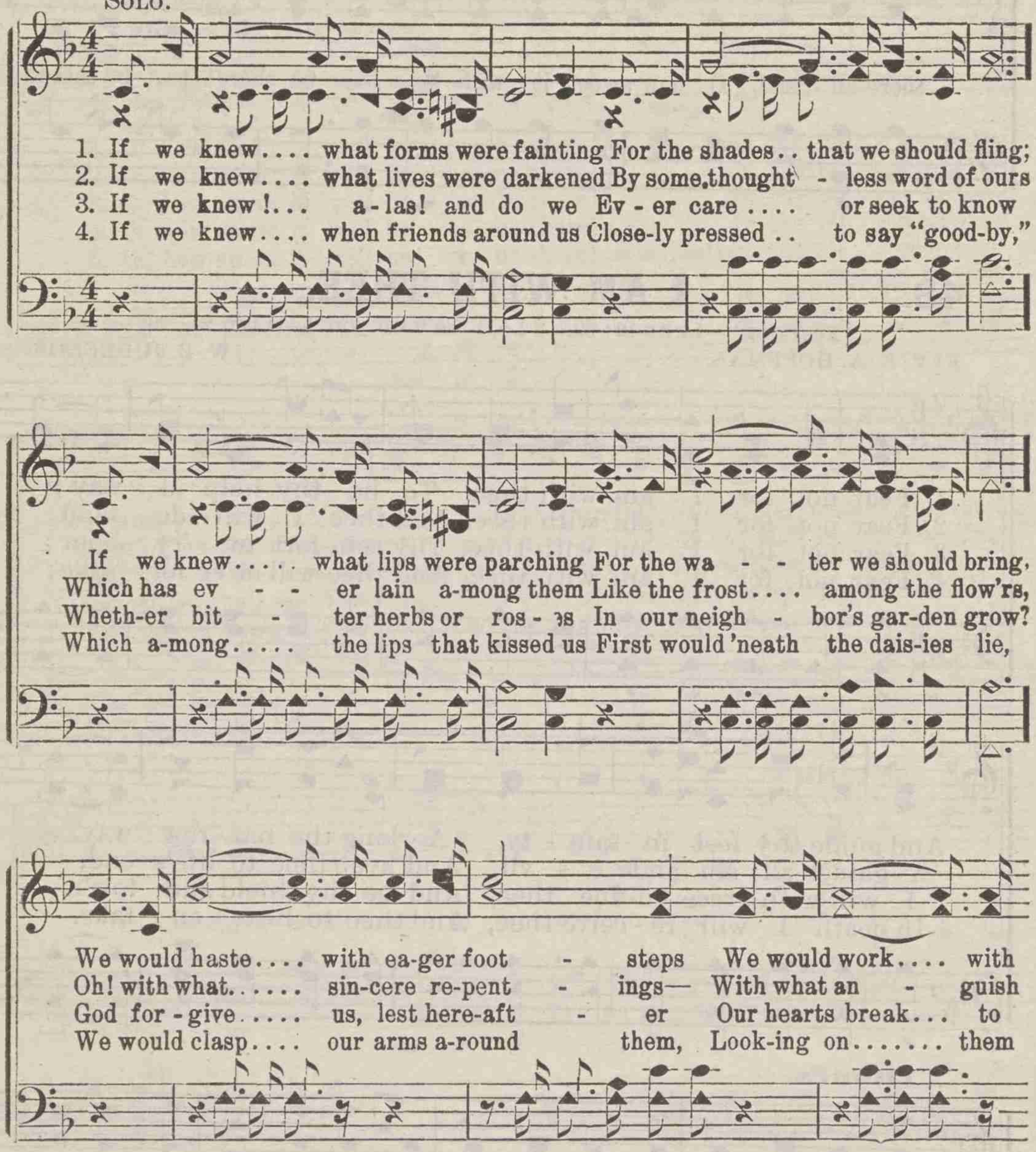
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No. 44. IF WE KNEW.

Written at the Southern Baptist Convention, Nashville, Tenn., May 14, 1904.

G. E. KIPPLE. D. E. DORTCH.

SOLO.



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IF WE KNEW. Concluded.

slight rit. REFRAIN.

rows..... of shad - ing palms. If we knew,..... if we knew;.....
say, ... "For-give! For-get!"
pres - - ence flee a - way."
whis - - per in their ears. If we knew, if we knew;

If we knew..... What we shall know;..... If we knew,.....
If we knew what we shall know; If we knew,

if we knew.... From our lives..... Sweet streams would flow.
if we knew From our lives Sweet streams would flow.

No. 45. COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE.

ISAAC WATTS. Adapted by R. SIMPSON.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove! With all Thy quick-'ning pow'r,
2. Dear Lord! and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate!
3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove! With all Thy quick-'ning pow'r,

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great.
Come, shed a-broad a Sav-iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

No. 46. CITIZENSHIP OF HEAVEN.

"For our citizenship is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."—PHIL. 3, 20, R. V.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. A stran-ger and a for-eign-er, I stood to heaven's King;
2. I saw the op-por-tu-ni-ty And hastened to com-ply;
3. He prom-ised me pro-tec-tion here, His prom-is-es are sure;
4. O think what hap-py greetings wait On that de-light-ful shore;

When one day His am-bas-sa-dor, Some joy-ful news did bring:
The Spi-rit the as-sur-ance gave A-dopt-ed now am I:
I shall from all my en-e-mies Be con-stant-ly se-cure;
When severed friendship shall u-nite To part—no, nev-er-more;

He said if I this world of sin Would ful-ly now for-sake: I
The pass-port to the glo-ry-land I car-ry in my breast; Tho
And when to in-jure me they try, They do in-sult my King; And
Then looking backward to the choice I made so long a-go, I'll

could thru faith in Christ be-gin As a cit-i-zen of heav-en.
dwell-ing midst a hos-tile band, I'm a cit-i-zen of heav-en.
they must answer by and by To the government of heav-en.
thru e-ter-ni-ty re-joice I'm a cit-i-zen of heav-en.
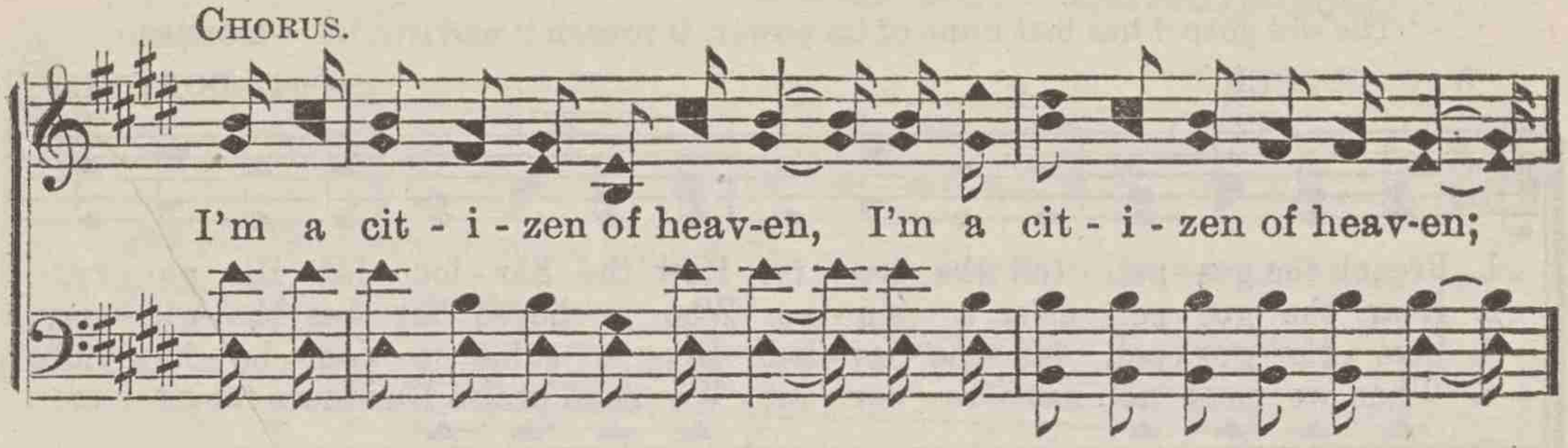
CHORUS.

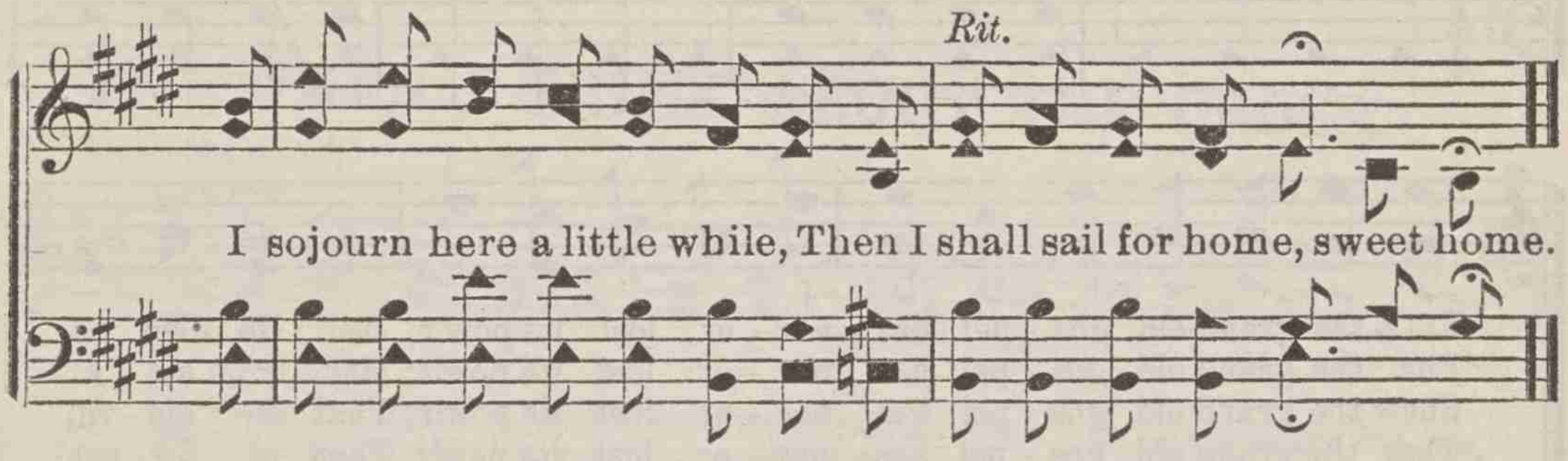
I'm a cit-i-zen of heav-en, I'm a cit-i-zen of heav-en;

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CITIZENSHIP IN HEAVEN. Concluded.

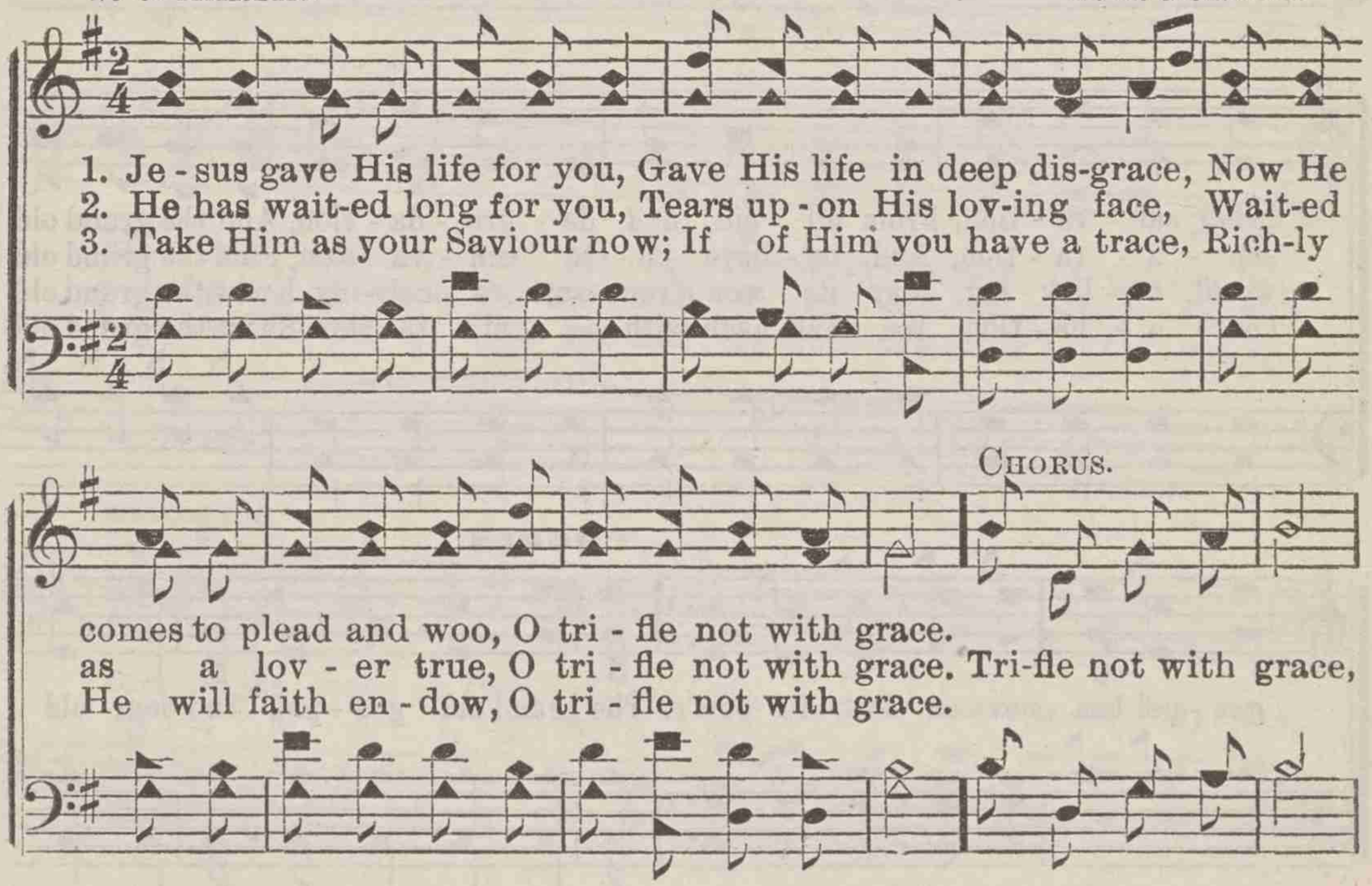
CHORUS.

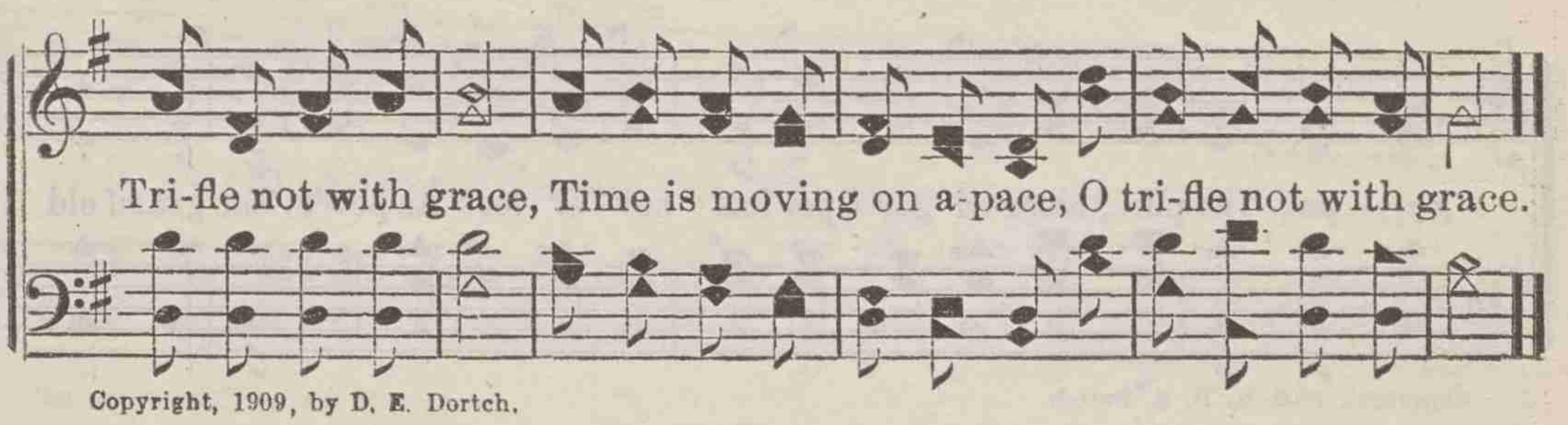




No. 47. TRIFLE NOT WITH GRACE.

W. C. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.





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48. THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL.

"The old gospel has lost none of its power, O preach it and live it."—MOTHER.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Preach the gos - pel, tell the sto - ry, How the Sav - iour left His glo - ry,
2. Hear the gos - pel, ne'er a sin - ner Who o - beyed but was the win - ner,
3. Live the gos - pel, let the Sav - iour Ev - er shine in your be - ha - vior,
4. When we meet no more to sev - er, We shall praise Him there for-ev - er,

For the grand old gos - pel has nev - er lost its pow'r; Tell He died to
For the grand old gos - pel has nev - er lost its pow'r; Make from sin a
Show the grand old gos - pel has nev - er lost its pow'r; That the sin - ful
That the grand old gos - pel has nev - er lost its pow'r; Then at Je - sus'

bring sal - va - tion, From all sin and de - gre - da - tion, And the grand old
sep - a - ra - tion, And be - lieve un - to sal - va - tion, Find the grand old
world, be - liev - ing, May its won-d'rous truth re - ceiv-ing, Know the grand old
cor - o - na - tion We shall each with ex - ul - ta - tion Shout the grand old
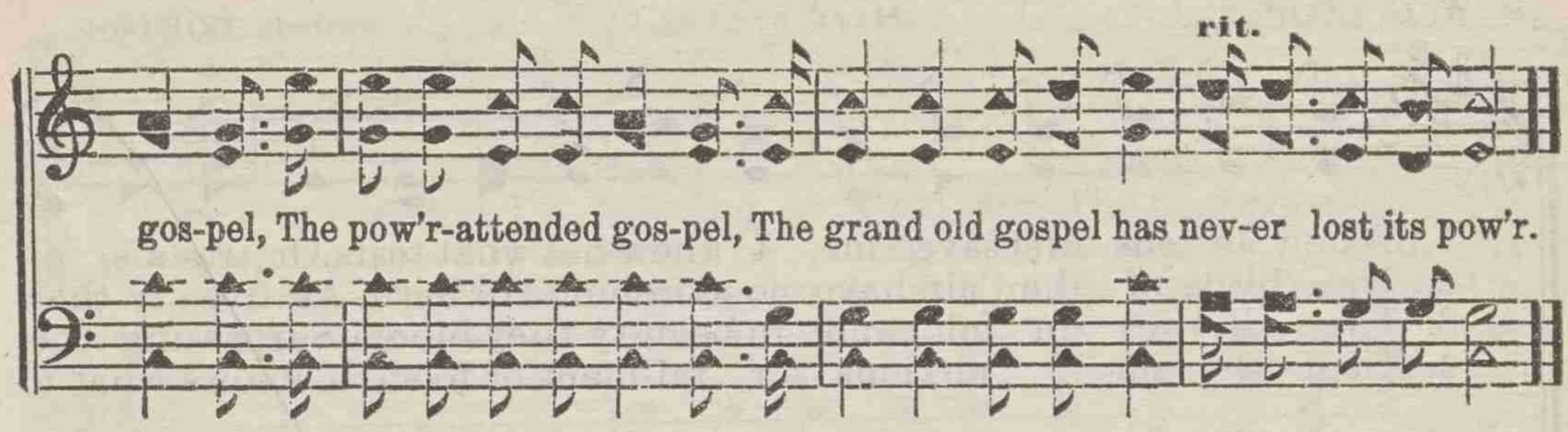
CHORUS.

gos - pel has nev - er lost its pow'r. The grand old gos - pel, The dear old

gos - pel, The pure, bless-ed gos - pel has nev - er lost its pow'r; The grand old

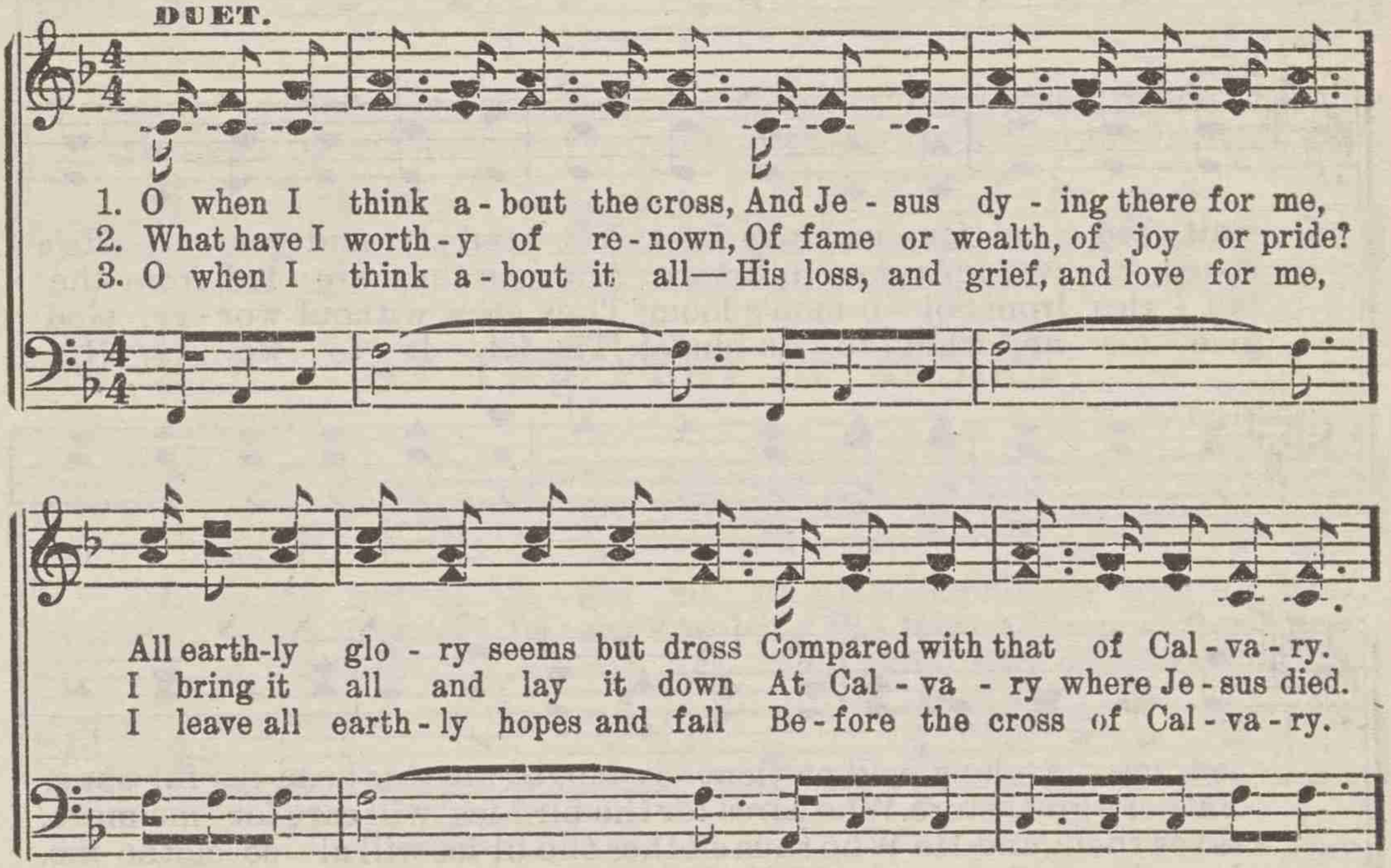
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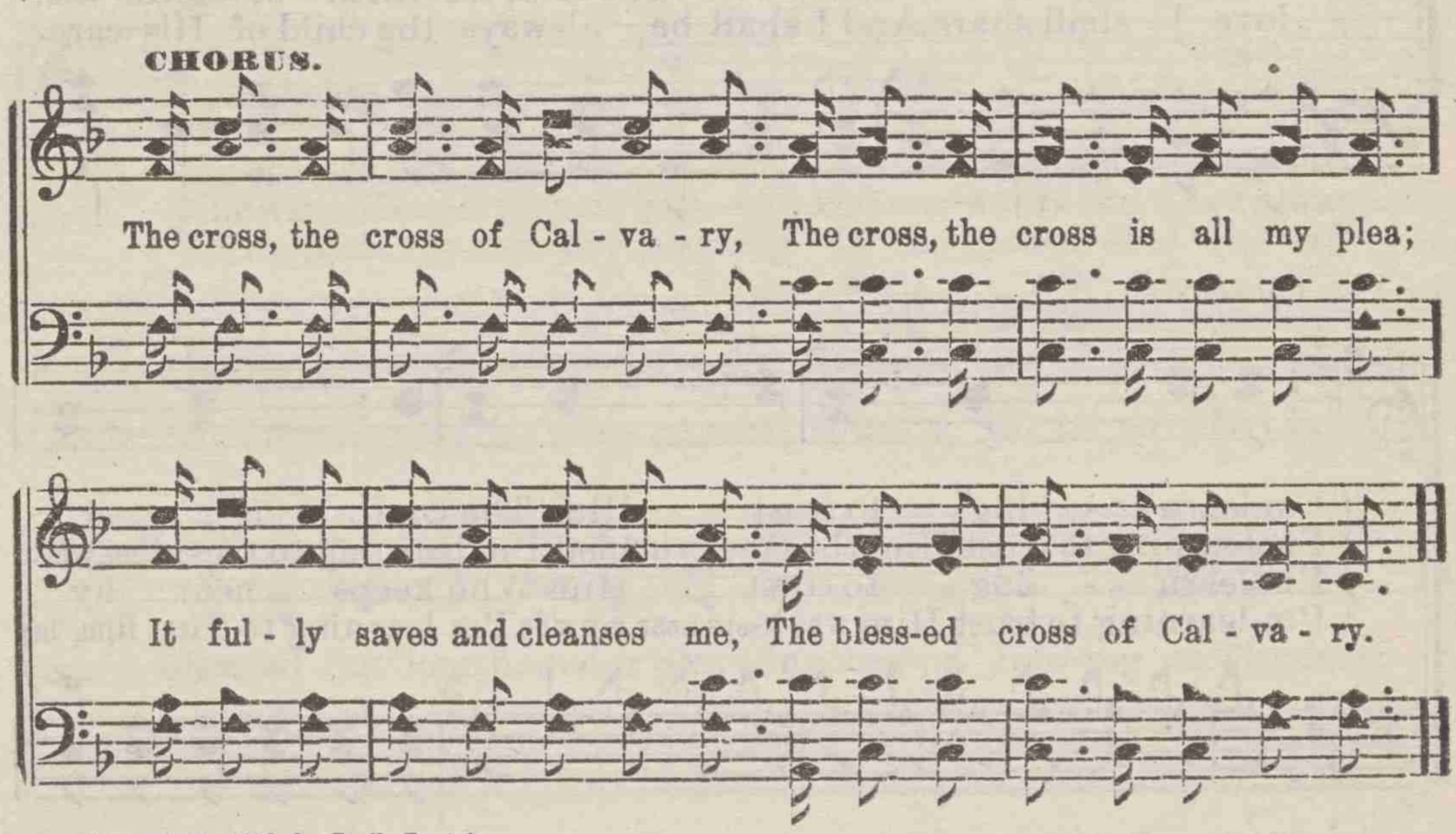
THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL. Concluded.



49. WHEN I THINK ABOUT THE CROSS.

W. C. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.





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No. 50. I'M LEARNING TO TRUST HIM.

W. G. COOPER. MATT. 6 : 25–34. D. E. DORTCH.

1. When Je - sus first saved me, I knew not what tests, Or tri - als, a - wait - ted or for me was best; Yet kind - ly and gen - tly He's led me a - long, And pa-tient - ly taught me this beau-ti - ful song.
2. The birds of the air have no storehouse or barn, As free - ly they speed o - ver mea-dow and tarn; And yet they are fed from the Father's great store, Who cares for the bird-ies will care for me more.
3. The lil - ies un - fold, and in beau-ty they bloom, Surpassing the fab - rics from Sol - o-mon's loom; They grow without wor - ry, God weaves them, and He Who thus clothes the lil-ies will al - so clothe me.
4. Then why am I anxious for rai-ment or food, He knows what to give me and what to ex-clude; 'Tis fol - ly to wor - ry, His love I shall share, And I shall be al-ways the child of His care.

CHORUS.

{ I'm learn - ing to trust Him, The One cru - ci -
{ I'm learning to trust Him, the One crucified, I'm learning to trust Him, what-
{ I'm learn - ing to trust Him Who keeps near my
{ I'm learning to trust Him who keeps near my side, I'm learning to trust Him, my

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I'M LEARNING TO TRUST HIM. Concluded.

fied;..... ... I'm learn - - ing to trust Him, what -
ev - er be-tide; I'm learning to trust Him, The One cru-ci-fied; I'm
side;..... I'm learn - - -ing to trust Him, My
true Friend and Guide; I'm learning to trust Him who keeps near my side, I'm

1 2

ev - er be-tide;..... true.... Friend and Guide.....
learning to trust Him, whatever betide, learning to trust Him, my true Friend and Guide.

No. 51. AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

J. C. MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

1. At the feet of Je - sus sit - ting, We like Ma - ry wait to hear,
2. At the feet of Je - sus kneel-ing, We His children wait and pray,
3. At the feet of Je - sus ly - ing, Asking Him our hearts to fill,

FINE.

Les-sons of His great sal - va-tion And the kingdom coming near.
Knowing He can give us suc - cor And our wants can drive a-way.
A complete sur-ren - der mak-ing To the pleasures of His will.

D. S.—*In Thine in - fi-nite com - pas-sion Grant to us the mer-cies meet.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Bless-ed Sav-iour, hear our plead-ing, See us bow-ing at Thy feet;
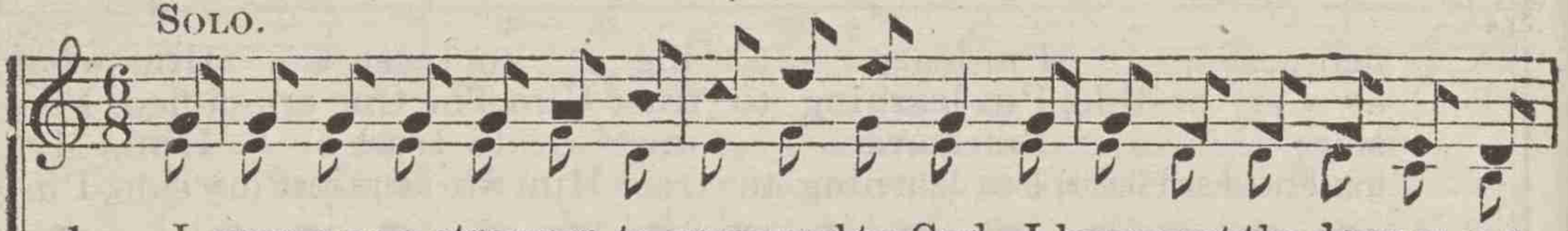
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52. JESUS OF NAZ'RETH.
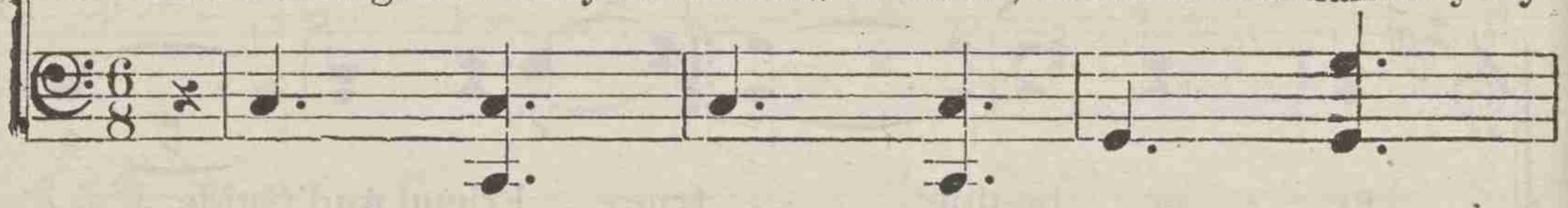
"Is not this the carpenter?"—Mark 6: 3.
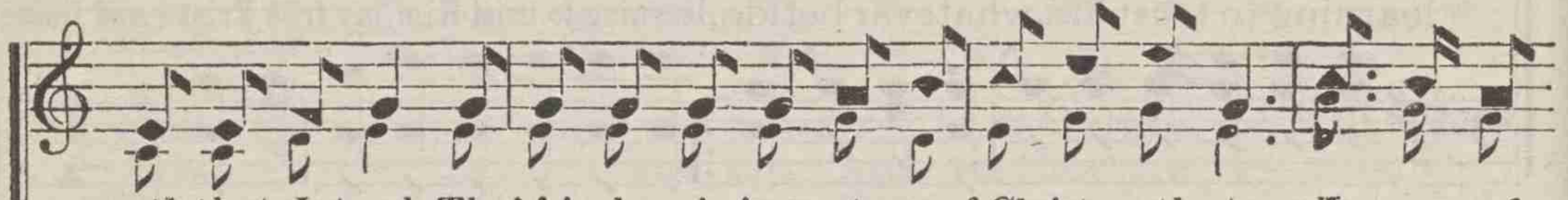
An English Hymn. D. E. DORTCH.

SOLO.
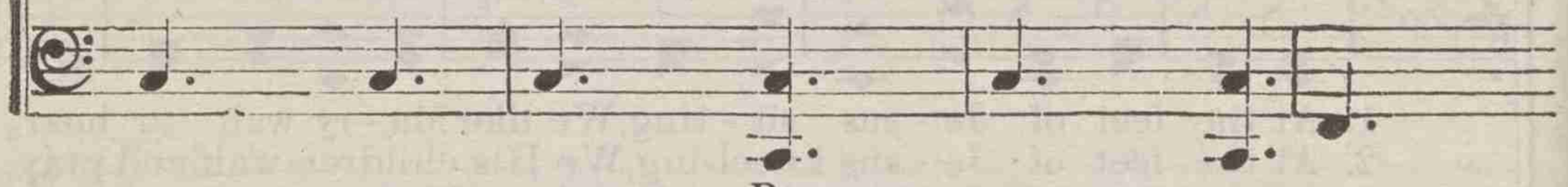


1. I once was a stranger to grace and to God, I knew not the danger-ous
2. I oft read with pleasure to soothe or engage, The wonderful truths of the
3. When free grace awoke me by light from on high, I cried, "Jesus save me, oh,
4. My ter-rors all vanish'd be-fore that sweet name, My guilty fears banish'd with
5. E'en treading the val-ley and shadow of death, This watchword shall rally my
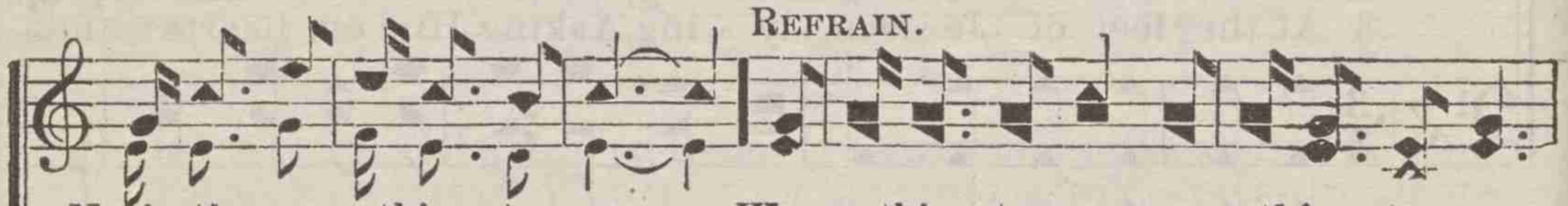




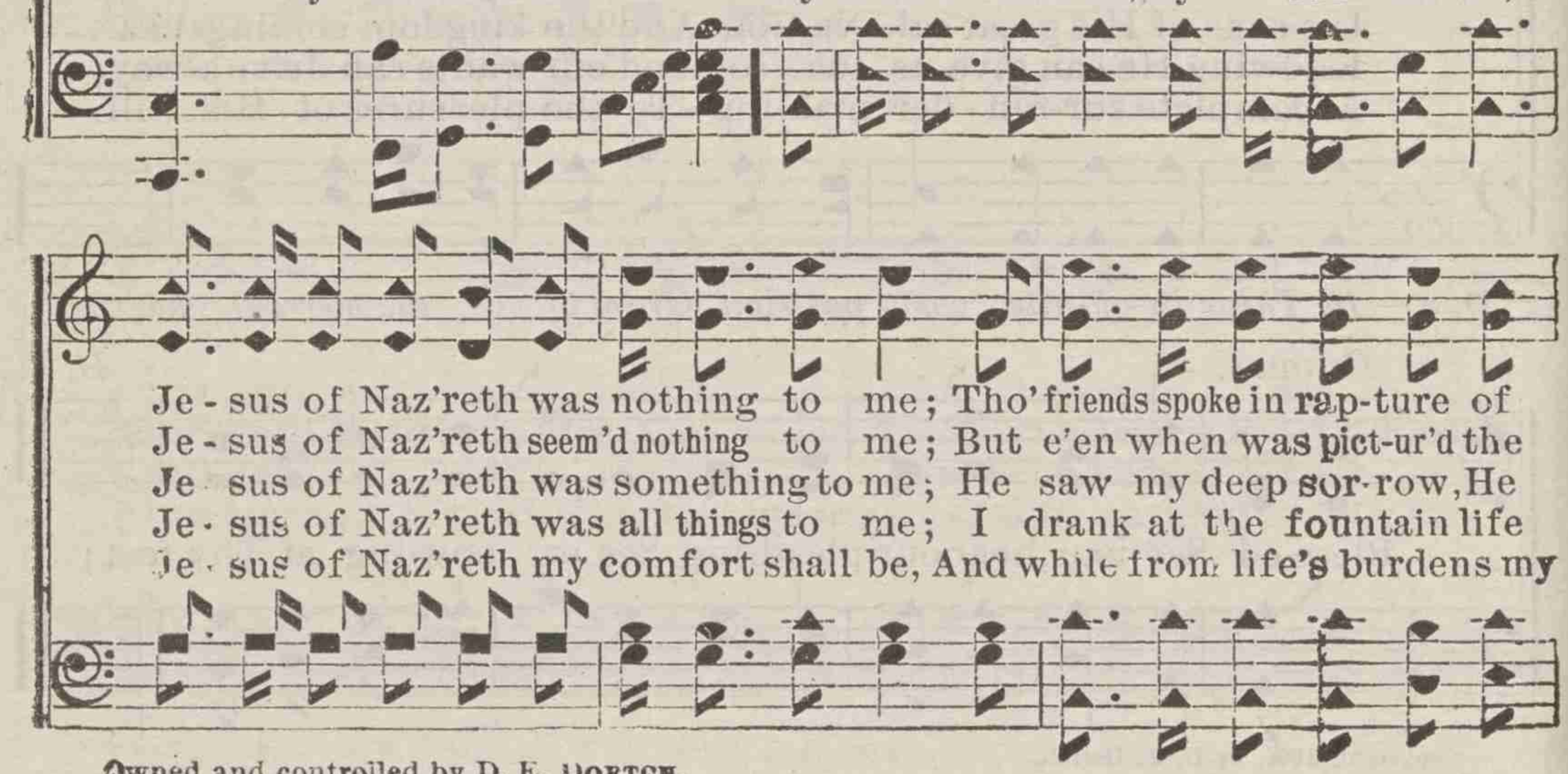
path that I trod; Tho' friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree, Je - sus of
God giv-en page; But e'en when was pictur'd the blood on the tree, Je - sus of
save or I die! He saw my deep sorrow, He an-swer'd my plea, Je - sus of
boldness I came To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free, Je - sus of
fal-ter-ing breath, And while from life's burdens my God sets me free, Je - sus of



REFRAIN.



Naz'reth was nothing to me. Was nothing to me, was nothing to me,
Naz'reth seem'd nothing to me. Seem'd nothing to me, seem'd noth-ing to me,
Naz'reth was something to me. Was something to me, was something to me.
Naz'reth was all things to me. Was all things to me, was all things to me,
Naz'reth my comfort shall be. My comfort shall be, my comfort shall be,



Je - sus of Naz'reth was nothing to me; Tho' friends spoke in rap-ture of
Je - sus of Naz'reth seem'd nothing to me; But e'en when was pict-ur'd the
Je - sus of Naz'reth was something to me; He saw my deep sor-row, He
Je - sus of Naz'reth was all things to me; I drank at the fountain life
Je - sus of Naz'reth my comfort shall be, And while from life's burdens my

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

JESUS OF NAZ'RETH.

Christ on the tree, Je - sus of Naz-'reth was noth-ing to me.
blood on the tree, Je - sus of Naz-'reth seem'd noth-ing to me.
an-swer'd my plea, Je - sus of Naz-'reth was something to me.
giv - ing and free, Je - sus of Naz-'reth was all things to me.
God sets me free, Je - sus of Naz-'reth my comfort shall be.

53. KEEP MY SOUL.

"O keep my soul, and deliver me."—Psalm 25: 20.

MISS IDA HEDRICK. E. G. LEONARD.

1. Keep my soul, dear Lord and Sav-iour, From my foes de - liv - er me;
2. This my pray'r when storms as - sail me, When the sur - ging bil-lows roll;
3. And when time for me is end - ed, When my soul I yield to Thee:

Keep my soul and help me ev - er, Do Thy will and fol - low Thee.
When the night is gath'ring o'er me, "Fa - ther, Fa - ther, keep my soul!"
Fa - ther, take my soul and keep it, Thro' a long E - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Keep my soul, my heav-'nly Fa-ther, Heal the sor-rows of my heart,
Draw me near - er to Thee, Fa-ther, Let me nev - er from Thee part.

Owned and controlled by [illegible] F. DOBTCH

54 ARE YOU CASTING A SHADOW?

(Lines suggested by a sermon preached by Elder J. W. Brougher at the First Baptist Church, Chattanooga, Tenn.)

JESSIE LEE MCHANN. D. E. DORTCH.

DUET.

1. You tell of a won-der-ful jour-ney, Neath skies nevermore to be gray,
2. A - far in the mist of the low-lands, Where ros-es are ash-es to - day,
3. Are you hiding the light He has giv-en, Con-tent-ed with nothing to do,
4. O, friend, while the sun is burn - ing— A flame in the morn - ing sky,

And, O, but I know it is glad-some, For its o-ver the King's high - way;
The dust li - eth o - ver the lil - y, And chil-dren are losing their way;
Can it be you are casting the shad-ow That hid-eth the Lord from the view
While His won-der-ful love con-strain-eth, And the Master is sweet - ly nigh;

QUARTET.

Where nev-er a doubt's dis - tress-ing And sor-row is far from sight—
With no one to tell them of Je - sus, There's nev-er a star in the night—
Of the wanderers down in the val - ley, With spir-its of darkness a - stray,
Go seek for the soul a - wear - y— The lamb in the val-ley a - stray—

Fine.

But what are you doing, my broth-er, Are you casting a shadow or light?
O what are you doing, my broth-er, Are you casting a shadow or light?
And nev - er a soul there to lead them, To walk in the King's high - way!
By the light of the love that's within you, Lead un-to the King's high - way!

D. S. O what are you doing, my broth-er, Are you casting a shadow or light?

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ARE YOU CASTING A SHADOW?

FULL CHORUS. D. S.

Are you casting a shadow or light? Are you casting a shadow or light?
or light? or light?

55 GIVE ME THINE HEART.

"My son, give me thine heart."—PROV. 23: 26.

W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Full oft I've heard this gentle whis-per, Too oft I've turned my ears a-way,
2. Too oft I've kept the Master knocking, For oft I've heard His voice before,
3. But now I yield His grace sub-du - ing This poor, re-bel-lious heart of mine;

And grieved the blessed, Ho - ly Spir - it, By wait-ing for an - oth - er day.
And yet that voice I have been mocking, So sweet-ly call-ing o'er and o'er.
His love my in-most soul im - bu - ing, Turns all my heart to love di - vine.

m CHORUS. m

Give me thine heart, Give me thine heart,
Give me thine heart, Give me thine heart,

Forte.

My son, My son, Give me thine heart.
My son, give me thine heart, My son, give me thine heart,

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No. 56 Sweet By-and-By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a-
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the
3. To our boun- ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of

far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a
blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the
praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that

CHORUS.

dwelling place there. In the sweet by- and- by, We shall
bless - ing of rest.
hal - low our days. In the sweet by- and- by,

meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by- and-
by - and-by, by - and- by, by- and-

by,
by, by - and - by,
We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

No. 57 WORKING FOR THE CROWN.

Mrs. H. A. Mabry. H. A. R. Horton.

1. Shall I be content with one star in my crown, When heaven's bright portals I see? The answer comes back—strive a cluster to win, And the way will be brighter for thee.
2. When, Lord, must I work? shall I go in the heat, To white and to wide harvest fields, Where work is so great and the labor'rs so few, And the promise a bountiful yield?
3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My task then quite plain I can see, And now having found it I'll labor and wait, For whol-ly Thine, Lord, would I be.
4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my crown? Must I wait till heaven I gain? Yes, yes, but toil here for the Master's renown, Day by day for the Lamb that was slain.

Chorus.
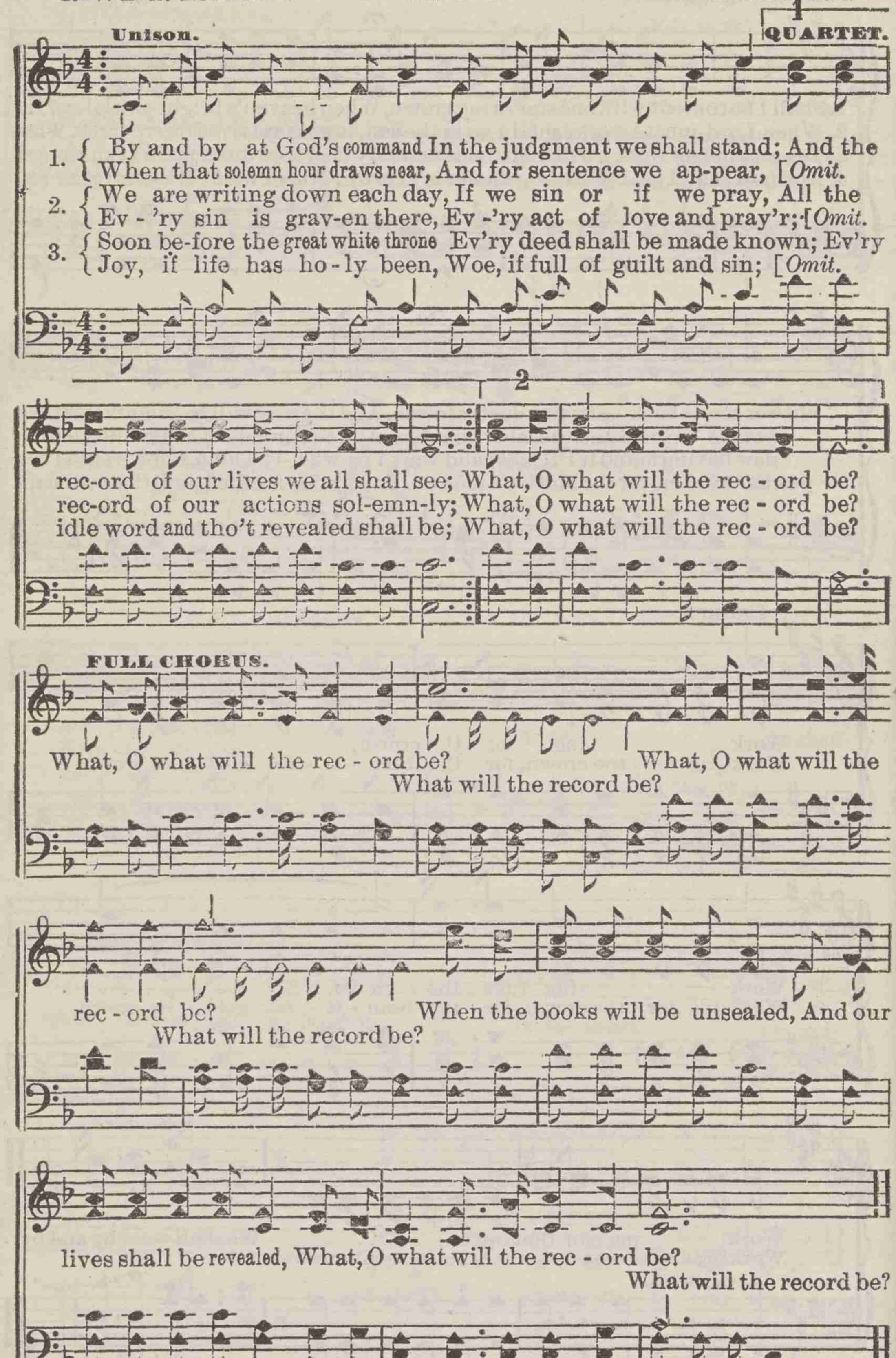
Work - ing for the crown,
Work-ing for the crown, for the beau - ti - ful gold - en crown,
Work - ing for the crown,
Work-ing for the crown, for the beau - ti - ful gold - en crown,
Work - ing for the crown, We shall wear by and by.
Working for the crown, for the beautiful golden crown,

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No. 58. WHAT WILL THE RECORD BE?

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. 20: 12. D. E. DORTCH.
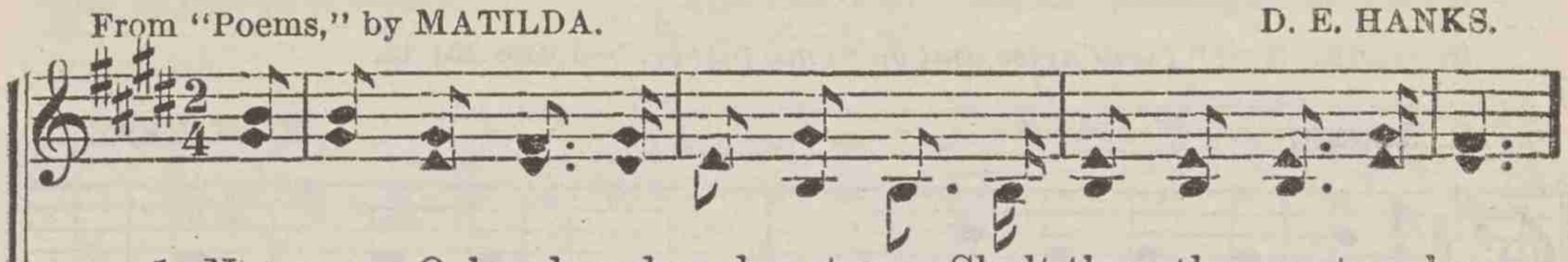


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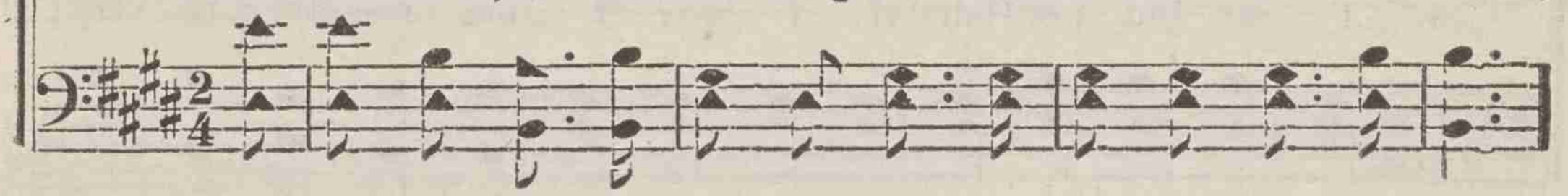
59. THOU SHALT KNOW HEREAFTER.
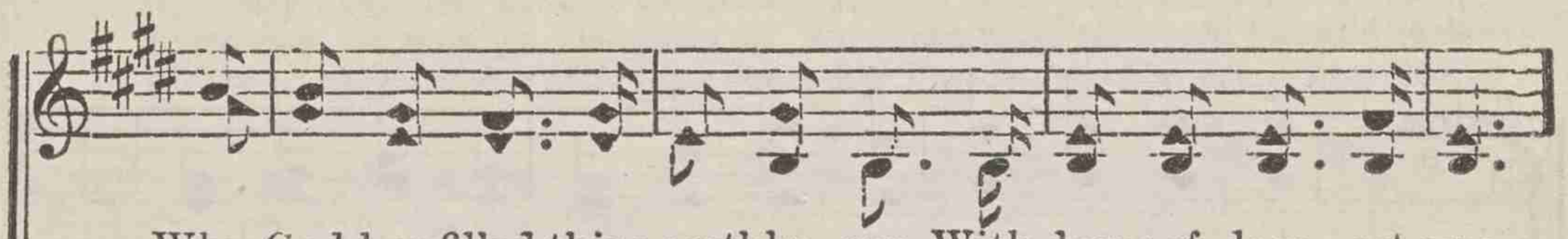
"Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13: 12.

From "Poems," by MATILDA. D. E. HANKS.
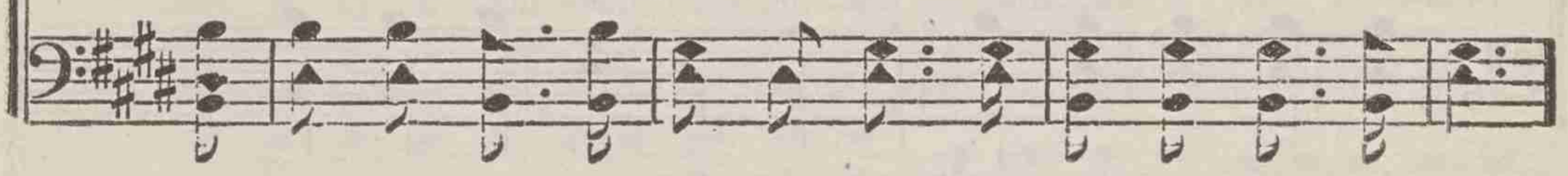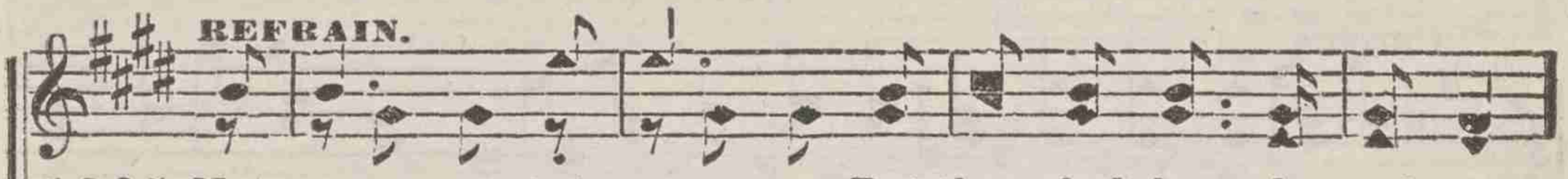


1. Not now, O burdened soul, not now Shalt thou the mystery know,
2. Thou knowest not why thine earthly joys All fade like morning dew;
3. Thou knowest not why thine earthly friends Fade one by one from sight;
4. But thou shalt know in heav'n why God Hath mixed this cup for thee,
5. O then, al-though no fringe of light Hangs on thy shadowed brow,
6. But trust Him; He will make it plain When thou hast crossed death's foam;
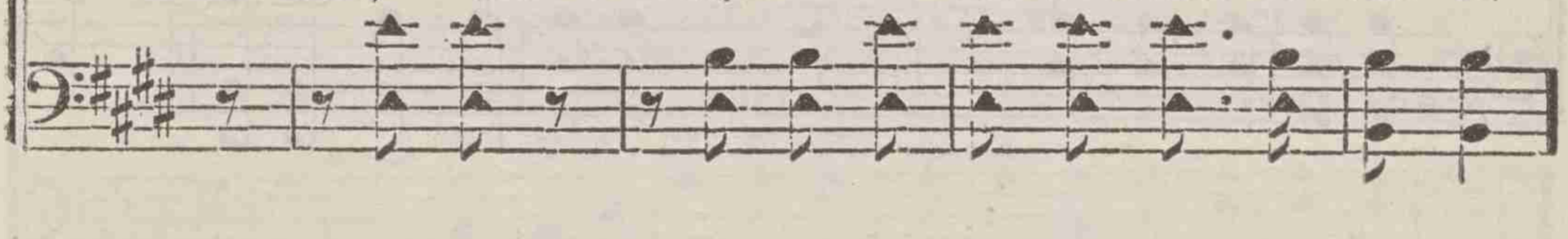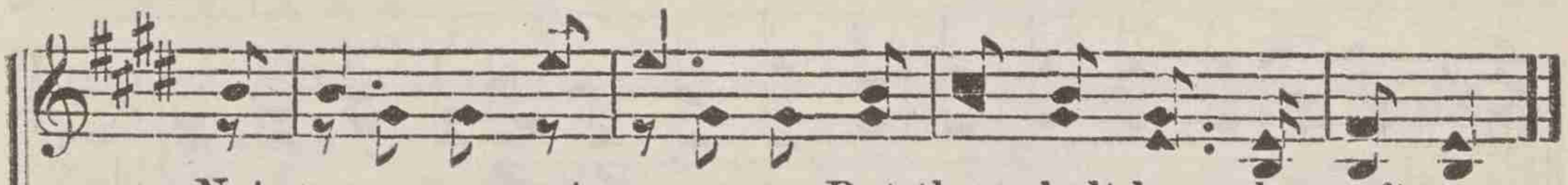




Why God has filled thine earthly cup With drops of deep - est woe.
Thou knowest not why love's sweetest flow'rs Should perish where they grew.
Thou knowest not why thy brightest hopes All hide themselves in night.
And what seems bit - ter to thee now Will then all sweet-ness be.
Be calm, what-e'er thy God de-signs, Thou knowest, Thou knowest not now.
All will seem right and just to thee When thou art safe at home.
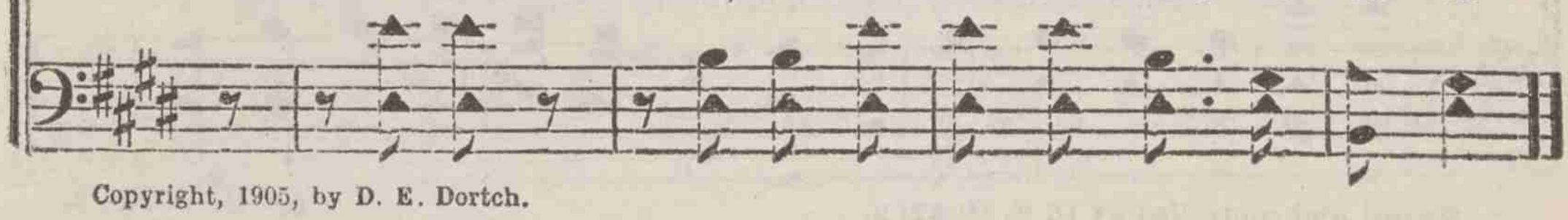




1,2,3,5. Not now, not now, But thou shalt know here-aft - er,
4. Yes, there. yes, there, Yes, thou shalt know in heav - en,
6. At home, thou'lt know, For God will there re - veal it,





Not now, not now, But thou shalt know here-aft - er.
Yes, there, yes, there, Yes, thou shalt know in heav - en.
At home thou'lt know, For God will there re - veal it.



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HE WILL SAVE YOU.

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

E. JONES. E. HANKS.

1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts revolve—
2. Pros-trate I'll lie be-fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess;
3. Per-haps He may ad-mit my plea, Per-haps will hear my pray'r;
4. I can but per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;

Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re-solve.
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done, Without His sov-'reign grace.
But if I per-ish I will pray, And per-ish on-ly there.
For if I stay a-way, I know I must for-ev-er die.

CHORUS.

O a-rise and come to Je-sus now, He will save you, He will save you;

O a-rise and come to Him just now, He will make you white as snow.

61. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

"Go ye into all the world. . . . . And they went forth and preached everywhere."
—MARK 16: 15, 20.

"Outlook."

D. E. DORTCH.

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

I'll go Where you want me to go dear Lord, Over mountains, or plain, or sea;

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62. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH JESUS?

MATT. 27: 22.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. What will you do with Je - sus, God's well be - lov - ed Son?
2. What will you do with Je - sus, The Sav - iour of the world?
3. What will you do with Je - sus, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Friend?
4. What will you do with Je - sus, Who died on Cal - va - ry?
5. What will you do with Je - sus, The gra-cious ris - en Lord?

He is call - ing you to - day, Turn, O turn from sin a - way, O
Cast on Him your ev - 'ry care, All your burdens He will bear, O
Lean, O lean on Je - sus' breast, He will give you per-fect rest, O
From all sor-row He can save, 'Twas for you His life He gave, O
Rest your soul in His pure love, He'll transport you safe a - bove, O

REFRAIN.

what will you do now with Him. O what will you do, O what will you do, O what will you do with Je - sus? If you trust in Him to - day, He will take your sins a - way, O what will you do now with Him?

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63 THE HOLLOW OF GOD'S HAND.

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

1. I am safe, what - ev - er may be - tide me; I am safe who-
2. What tho' fierce the storm- y blasts roar round me; What tho' sore life's
3. Ev - er - last - ing arms of love en - fold me; Words of peace the

ev - er may de- ride me; I am safe, as long as I con- fide me
tri- als oft con-found me; I am safe, for naught of ill can wound me
voice di-vine has told me; I am safe, while God himself doth hold me

CHORUS.

In the hol-low of God's hand.
In the hol-low of God's hand.
In the hol-low of his hand.

In the bless-ed hol-low of his hand!
In the hol-low, in the hol-low of his hand!

In the bless-ed hol-low of his hand!
In the hol-low, in the hol-low of his hand!

I am safe while God himself doth hold me In the hol-low of his hand.

Copyright, 1886, by E. S. Lorenz.

64. BEHOLD HIS HANDS.

"Then said he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands."—JOHN 20: 27.

LANSING BURROWS, D. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O helping hands of Je - sus, Stretch forth unto my need, For in my
2. O blessing hands of Je - sus, Rest on my care-tossed breast; Thy touch heals
3. O pleading hands of Je - sus, Bear my poor name on Thee, That when the

earth-ly jour - ney I fam - ish oft for bread. O guid-ing hands of
pass'on's fev - er And calms my wild un-rest. O heal-ing hands of
Fa - ther see - th, I may ac-cept - ed be. O sav - ing hands of

Je - sus, Clasp close my wayward hands; Mine ears thro' sin's enchantments Are
Je - sus, Touch Thou my leprous stains; One in-stant of Thy con - tact And
Je - sus, Hold me in firm embrace, So that in earth and heav-en I

REFRAIN.

dull to Thy commands. Be-hold His hands, Be-hold His
not a spot remains.
see no oth - er face. Behold His hands, His bleeding hands, Behold the nail-prints

hands, Be-hold the hands of Je - sus, Those hands were pierced for me.
in His hands,

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65. HIS HELPING HAND.

ELEANOR H. DAMERON. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I was so friend-less, Lord, so left a - lone! No lov - ing voice to speak of peace or rest,
2. I was so home - less, Lord, no warmth and cheer To greet me as in sol - i - tude I roam,
3. I was so wear - y, Lord, so weak and blind! So oft - en did I faint and help-less fall,
4. I was so wretch-ed, Lord, so full of sin! And no re- deeming mer-cy did I know,

Un-til Thou clasped me gent-ly in Thine arms Close to Thy breast!
Un-til Thy love didst lend a flood of light, To guide me home!
Un-til I learned that tho' I am but naught, Yet Thou art all!
Un-til I learned Thy blood couldst make me white As drift - ed snow!

CHORUS.

Friendless and wear-y, home-less and wretched, Lord, And from it all Thy grace hath made me free, For naught but joy can come since first I knew Thou car - est, Lord, for me!

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66 IN THAT HOME SO BRIGHT.

WILLIAM HUNTER. J. A. BELL.

1. In the Chris - - tian's home in glo - ry, (home in glo-ry,) There re-
2. He is fit - - - ting up my mansion, (up my mansion,) Which e-
3. Sing, oh sing,..... ye heirs of glo - ry, (heirs of glory,) Shout your

mains..... a land of rest; There my Sav - - iour's gone be-
ter - - - nal - ly shall stand, For my stay..... shall not be
tri - - - umphs as you go; Zi - on's gates..... will o - pen

fore me, (gone before me,) To ful - fill..... my soul's re - quest,
transient, (not be transient,) In that ho - - ly, hap - py land.
for you, (o - pen for you,) You shall find..... an en-trance through.
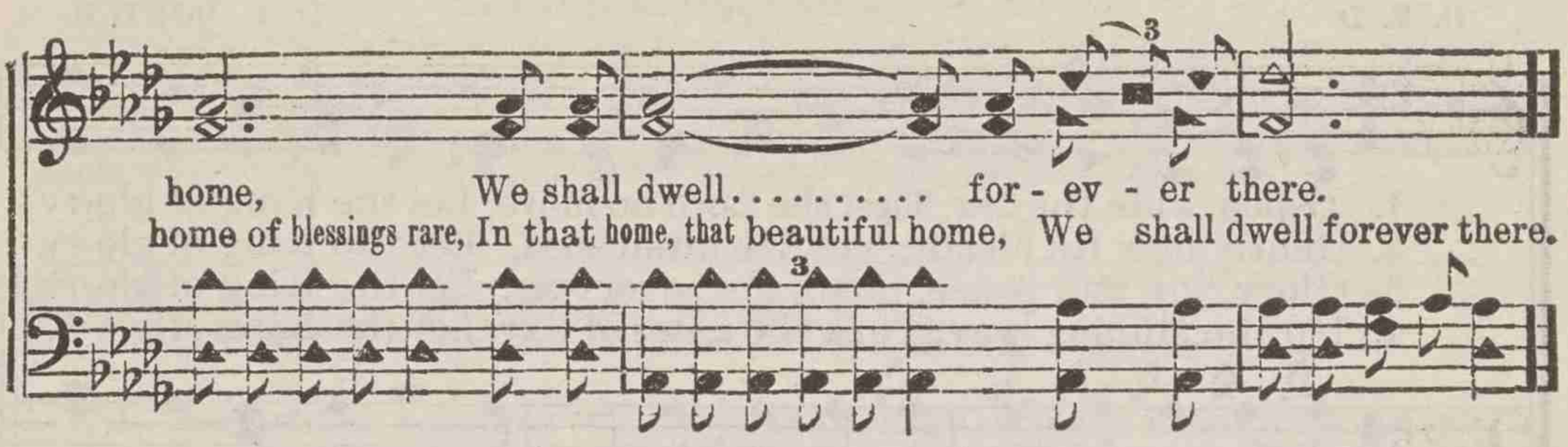
CHORUS.

In tha- home, that beautiful home, We shall nev - - - er
In that home, that beautiful home, In that home so bright and fair, In that home, that beautiful home,

know a care; In that home,..... that beau-ti-ful
We shall nev-er know a care, In that home, that beautiful home, In that
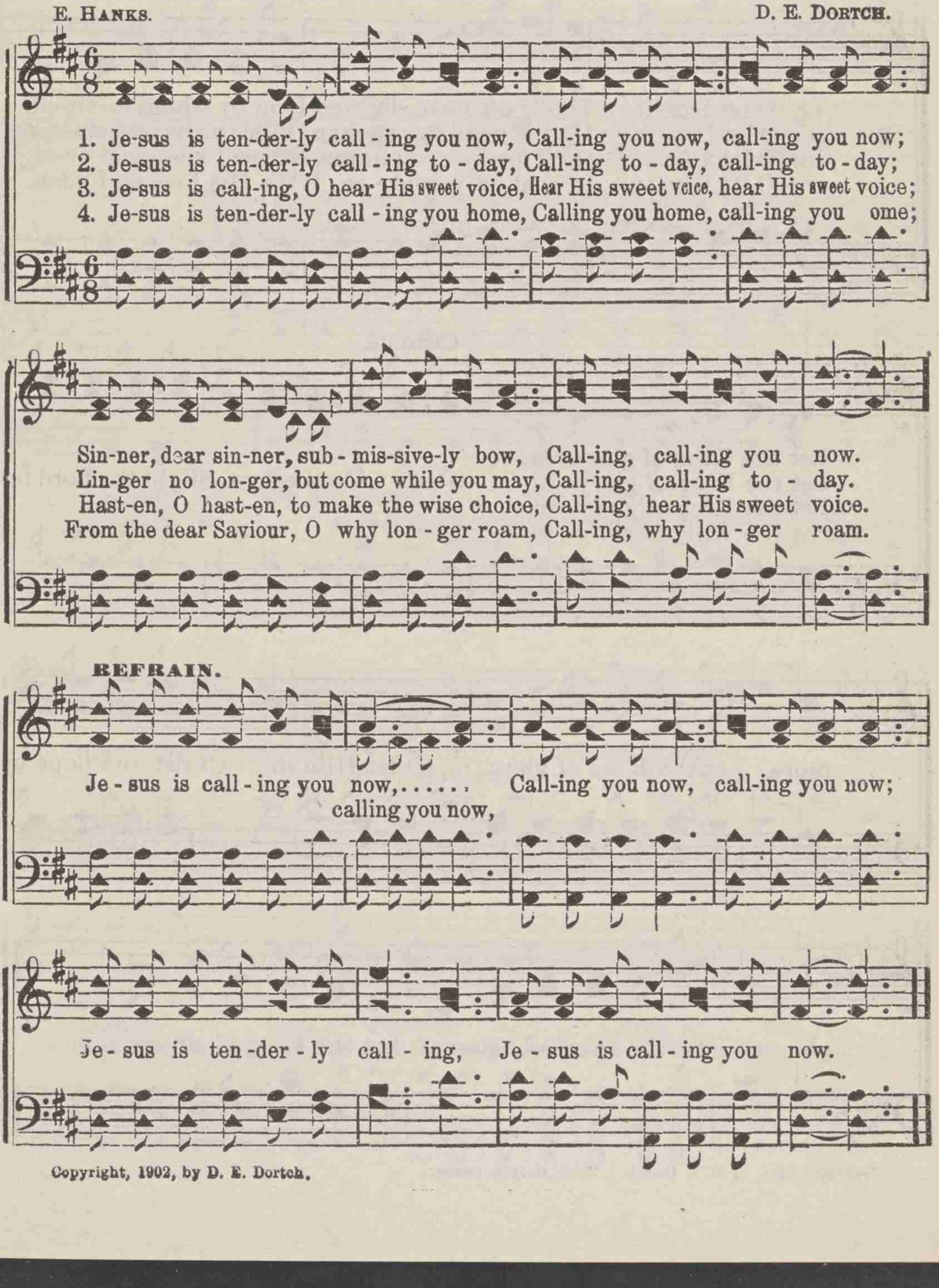
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IN THAT HOME SO BRIGHT.



67 JESUS IS CALLING YOU NOW.

E. HANKS. D. E. DORTCH.



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No. 68. Let the King of Glory In.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O-pen wide the door, Slight the Lord no more, Let the King of glo-ry
2. Gently now He pleads, Yes, He intercedes, Let the King of glo-ry
3. Glory, joy and peace, Shall, no, never cease, Let the King of glo-ry
4. Up the shining way, Thru the gates of day, Let the King of glo-ry

in, (O let Him in); Tho U oft have slighted Him by whom in-vit-ed,
in, (O let Him in); He the word has spoken, Fills the heart that's broken,
in, (O let Him in); He'll forsake you never, But will keep you ev-er,
in, (O let Him in); In that cit-y gold - en, With His love en-folden,

CHORUS.

Let the King of glory in.
Let the King of glory in.
Let the King of glory in.
Christ the King of glory in.

O-pen wide the door, Slight the Lord no more, Let the King of glory in, (O let Him in); Christ, the hope of glo - ry, Is the sweet old sto-ry, Let the King of glo - ry in.
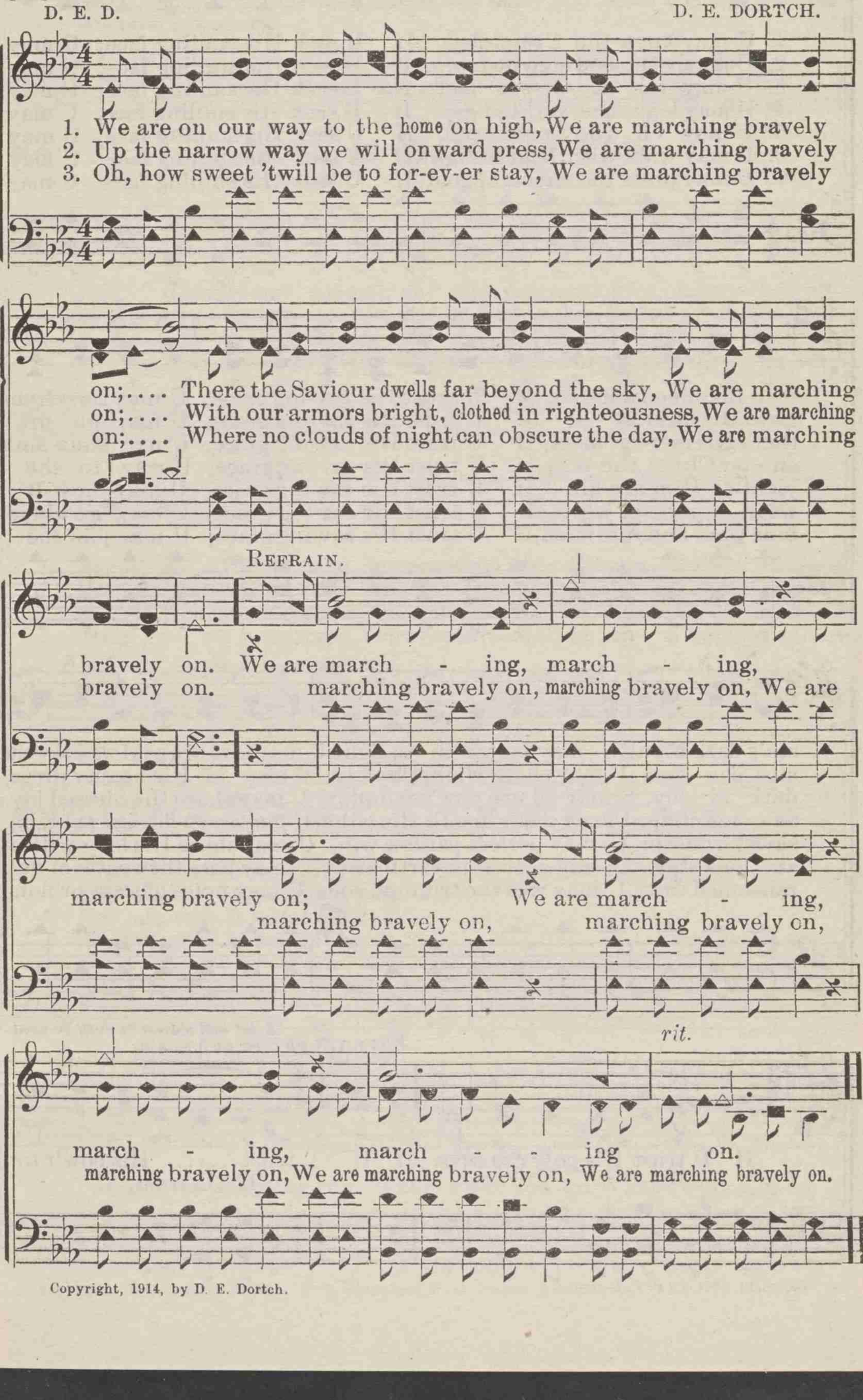
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No. 69. Marching Bravely On.

"Let us go on to perfection."—Heb. 6: 1.

Note.—On the fourth Sunday in June, 1913, the author went to the organ just before preaching time, wrote the words and music of this song, and then sang it as a solo just at the close of the sermon. That afternoon he attended a singing service at another church, the song was called for, and it was sung again. He thought if it would so impress the people while it was fresh it might prove valuable to the public at large.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

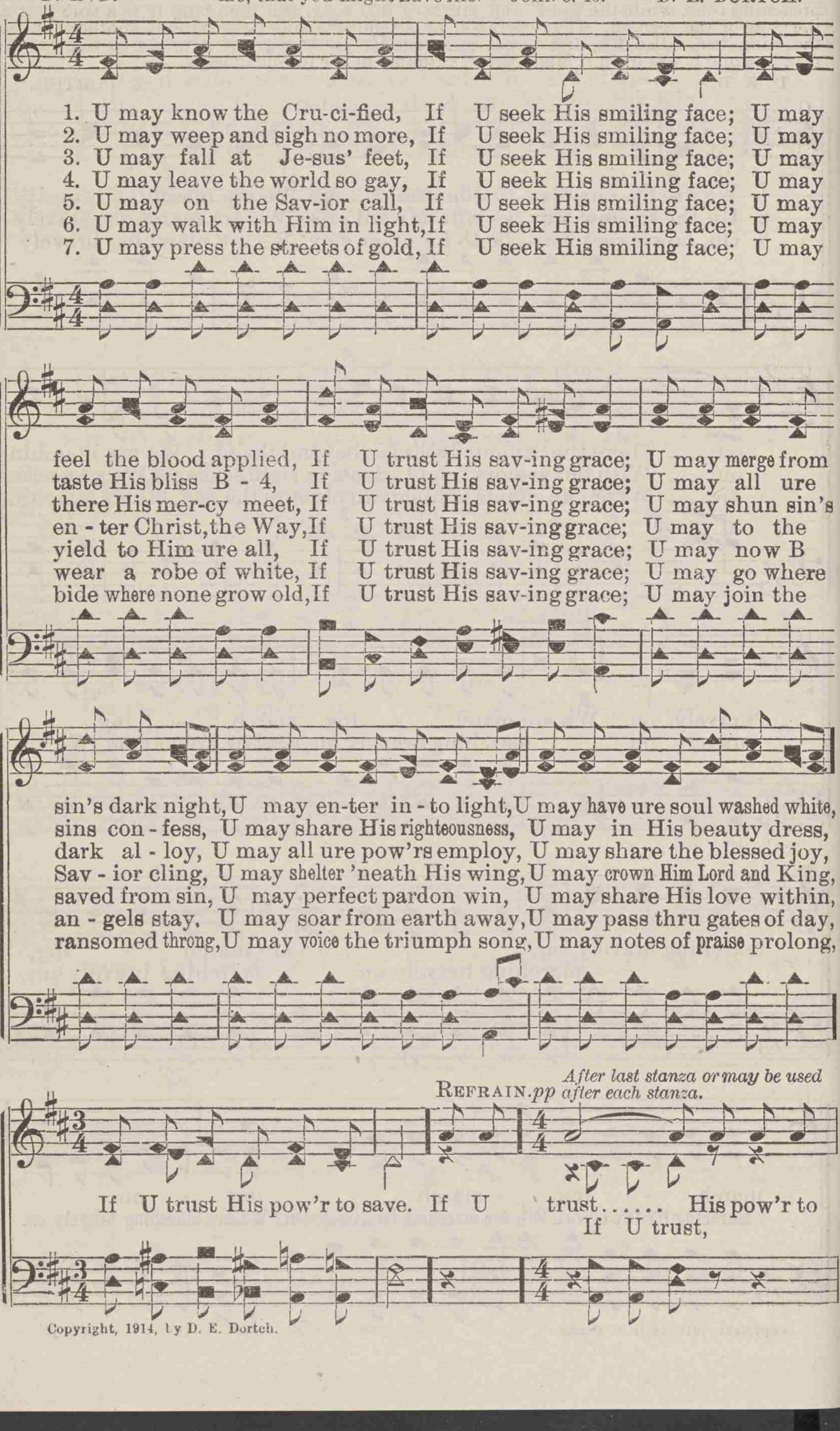


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No. 70. U May If U Will.

"The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins."—MATT. 9: 6. "Ye will not come to me, that you might have life."—JOHN 5: 40.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.



1. U may know the Cru-ci-fied, If U seek His smiling face; U may
2. U may weep and sigh no more, If U seek His smiling face; U may
3. U may fall at Je-sus' feet, If U seek His smiling face; U may
4. U may leave the world so gay, If U seek His smiling face; U may
5. U may on the Sav-ior call, If U seek His smiling face; U may
6. U may walk with Him in light, If U seek His smiling face; U may
7. U may press the streets of gold, If U seek His smiling face; U may

feel the blood applied, If U trust His sav-ing grace; U may merge from
taste His bliss B - 4, If U trust His sav-ing grace; U may all ure
there His mer-cy meet, If U trust His sav-ing grace; U may shun sin's
en - ter Christ, the Way, If U trust His sav-ing grace; U may to the
yield to Him ure all, If U trust His sav-ing grace; U may now B
wear a robe of white, If U trust His sav-ing grace; U may go where
bide where none grow old, If U trust His sav-ing grace; U may join the

sin's dark night, U may en-ter in - to light, U may have ure soul washed white,
sins con - fess, U may share His righteousness, U may in His beauty dress,
dark al - loy, U may all ure pow'rs employ, U may share the blessed joy,
Sav - ior cling, U may shelter 'neath His wing, U may crown Him Lord and King,
saved from sin, U may perfect pardon win, U may share His love within,
an - gels stay. U may soar from earth away, U may pass thru gates of day,
ransomed throng, U may voice the triumph song, U may notes of praise prolong,

After last stanza or may be used after each stanza.

REFRAIN. *pp*

If U trust His pow'r to save. If U trust..... His pow'r to
If U trust,

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U May If U Will. Concluded.

save,..... U may in His fountain lave, If U trust His pow'r to save.
His pow'r to save.

No. 71. Jesus Is Watching You.

W. G. COOPER. H. E. OGDEN.

1. A mar-vel-ous gos-pel, and one you need, Brot plainly to you
2. His eye is up - on you, re - mem ber this, You nev-er can hide
3. No way to be hap-py, till rec - on-ciled, For-giv - en and saved,
4. Some day if you love Him and serve Him here, And grow to be like

dur - ing all your days, Sur-pass-ing - ly sol-emn to know in-deed,
from His searching gaze, And you are pre-par-ing for woe or bliss,
to His will re-signed, And con-stant-ly liv - ing as God's own child,
Him in all your ways, Your rapture shall be in a happier sphere,

f. *rit.* FINE. CHORUS.

That Je-sus is watching you. O Je-sus is watching you,.... Yes,
Lo, Je-sus is watching you.
For Je-sus is watching you.
That Je-sus is watching you. watching you,

D. S.—*Je - sus is watching you.*

D. S.
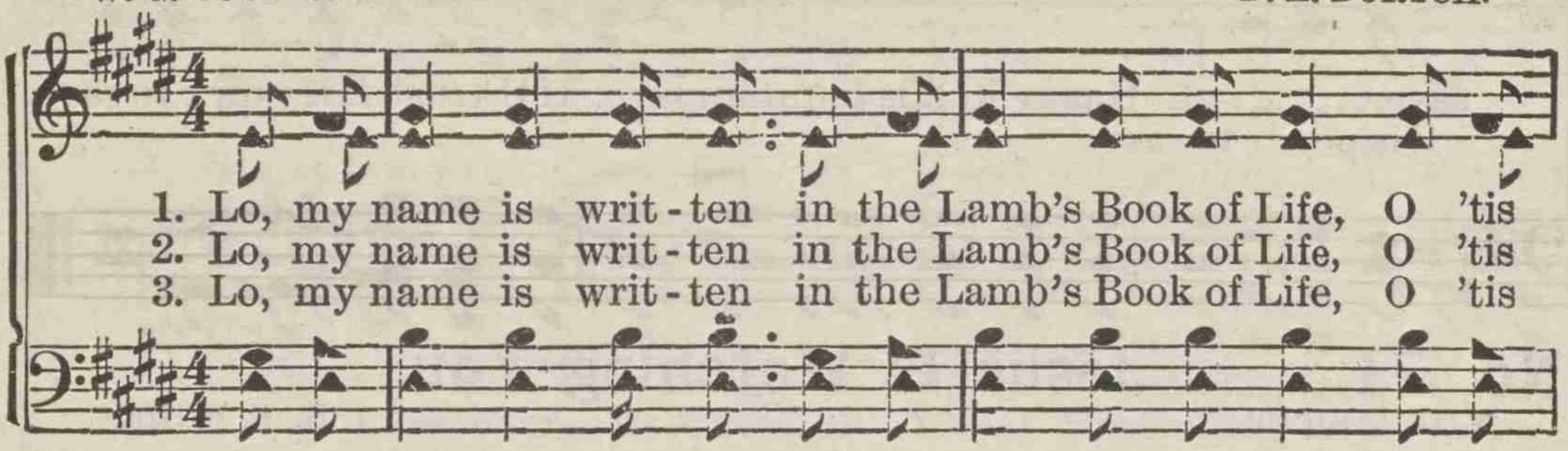
Je-sus is watching you, Wher - ev-er you go, What-ev-er you do,
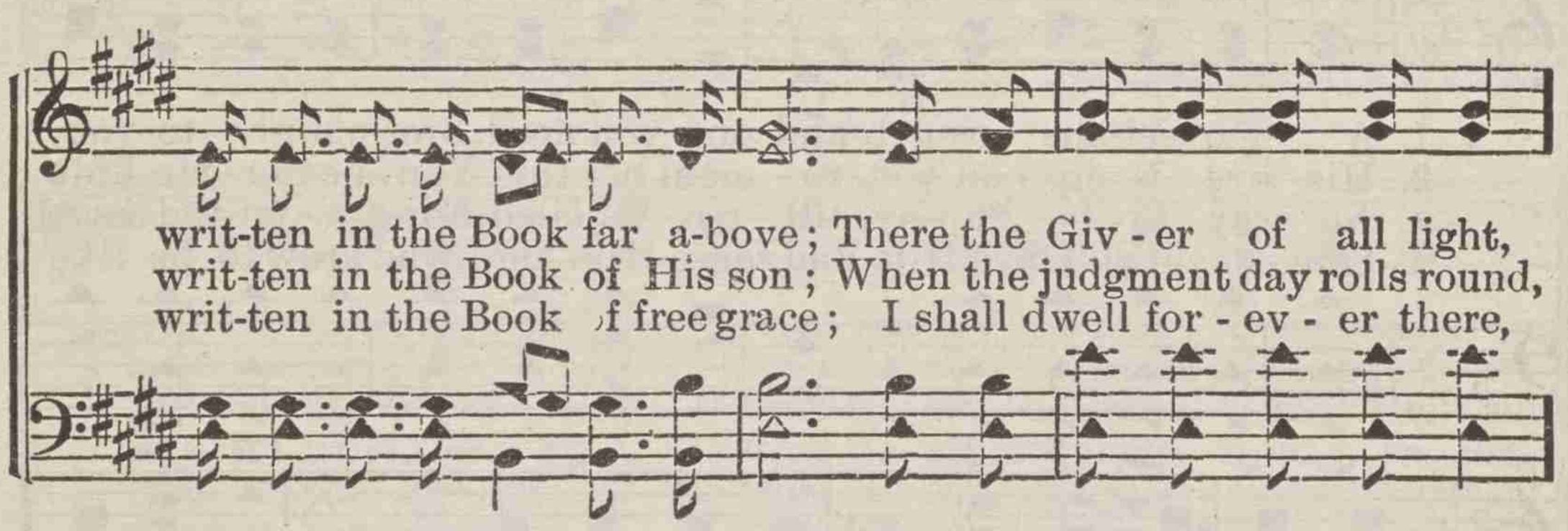
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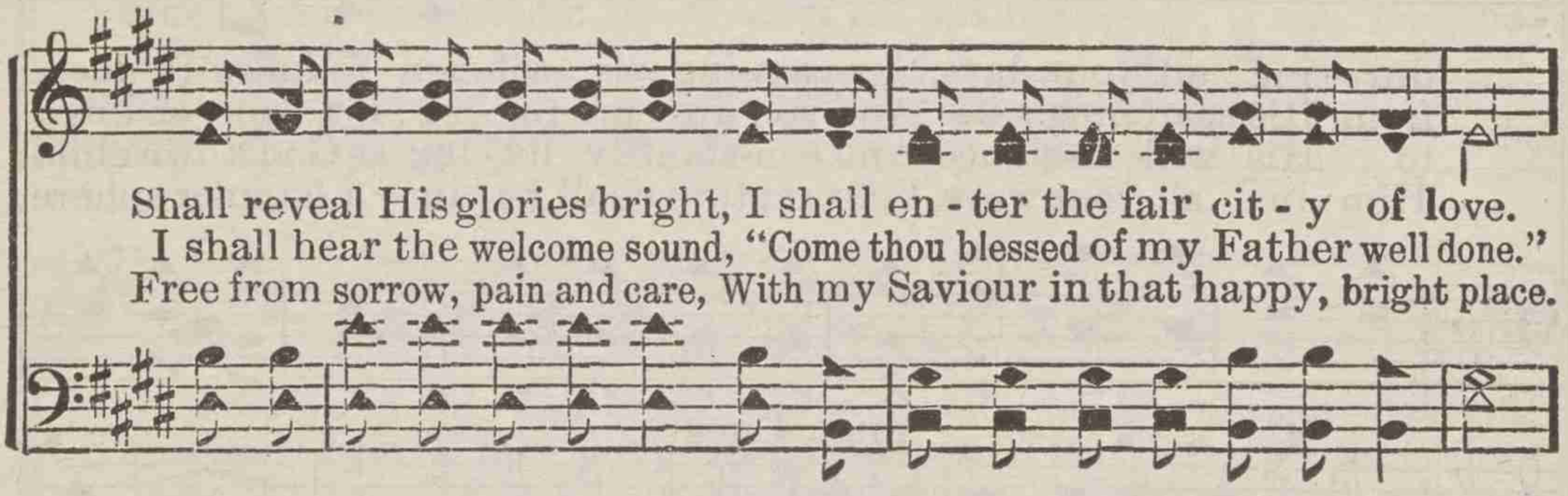
72. LO, MY NAME IS WRITTEN.

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."—REV. 21: 27.
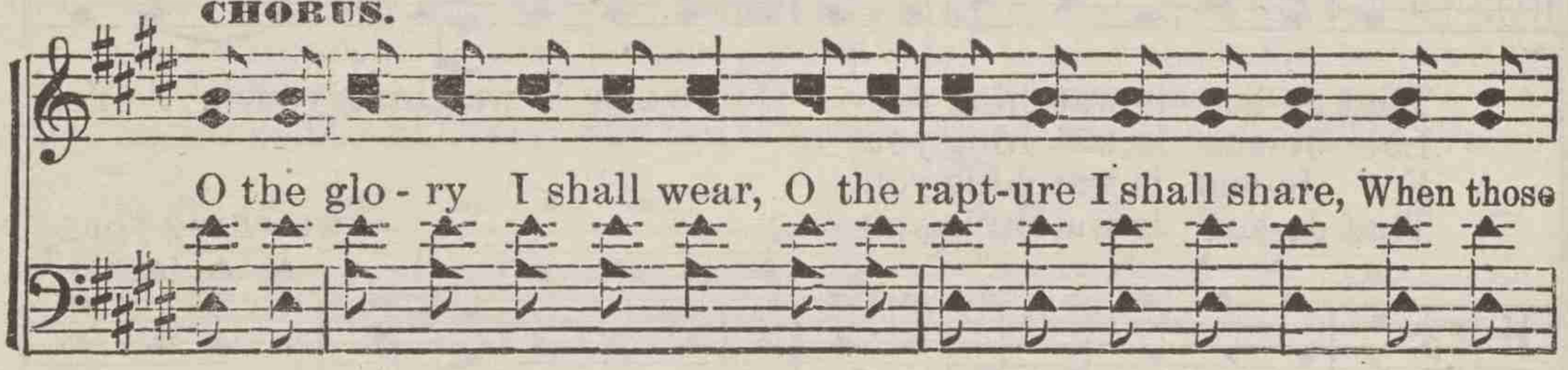
W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.
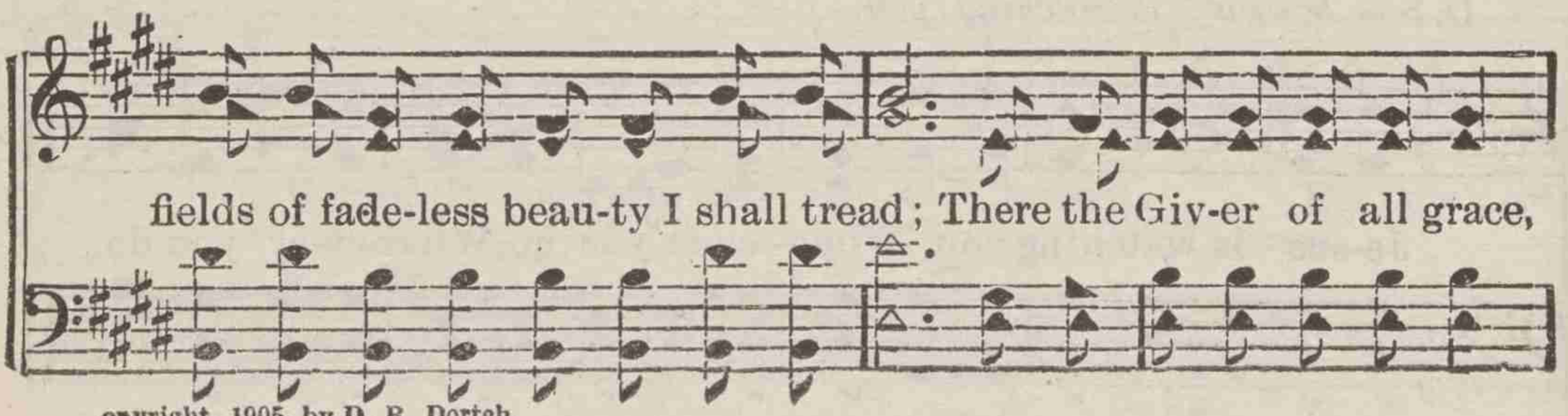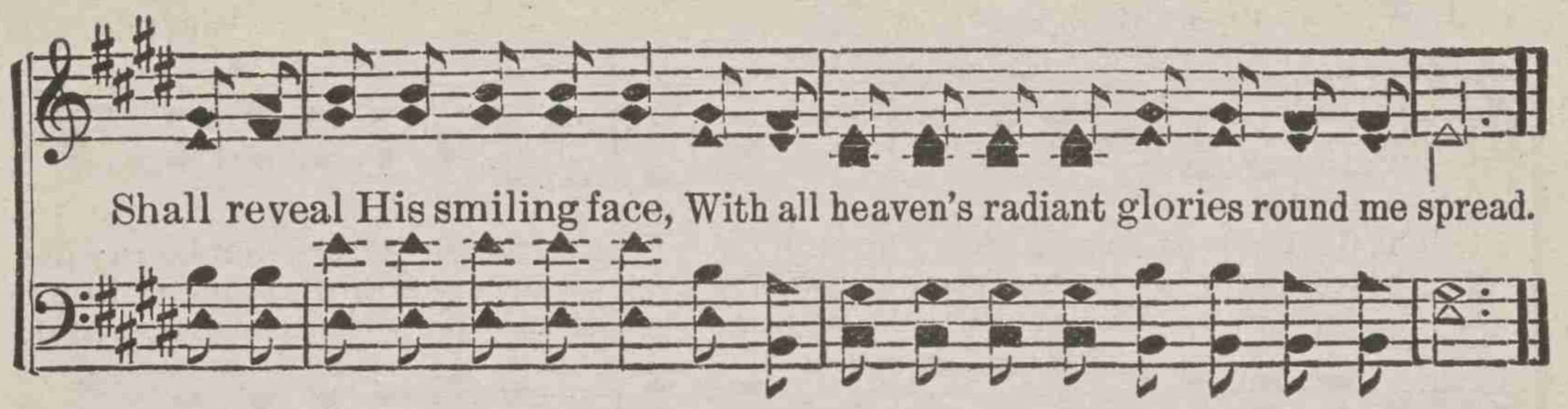






CHORUS.





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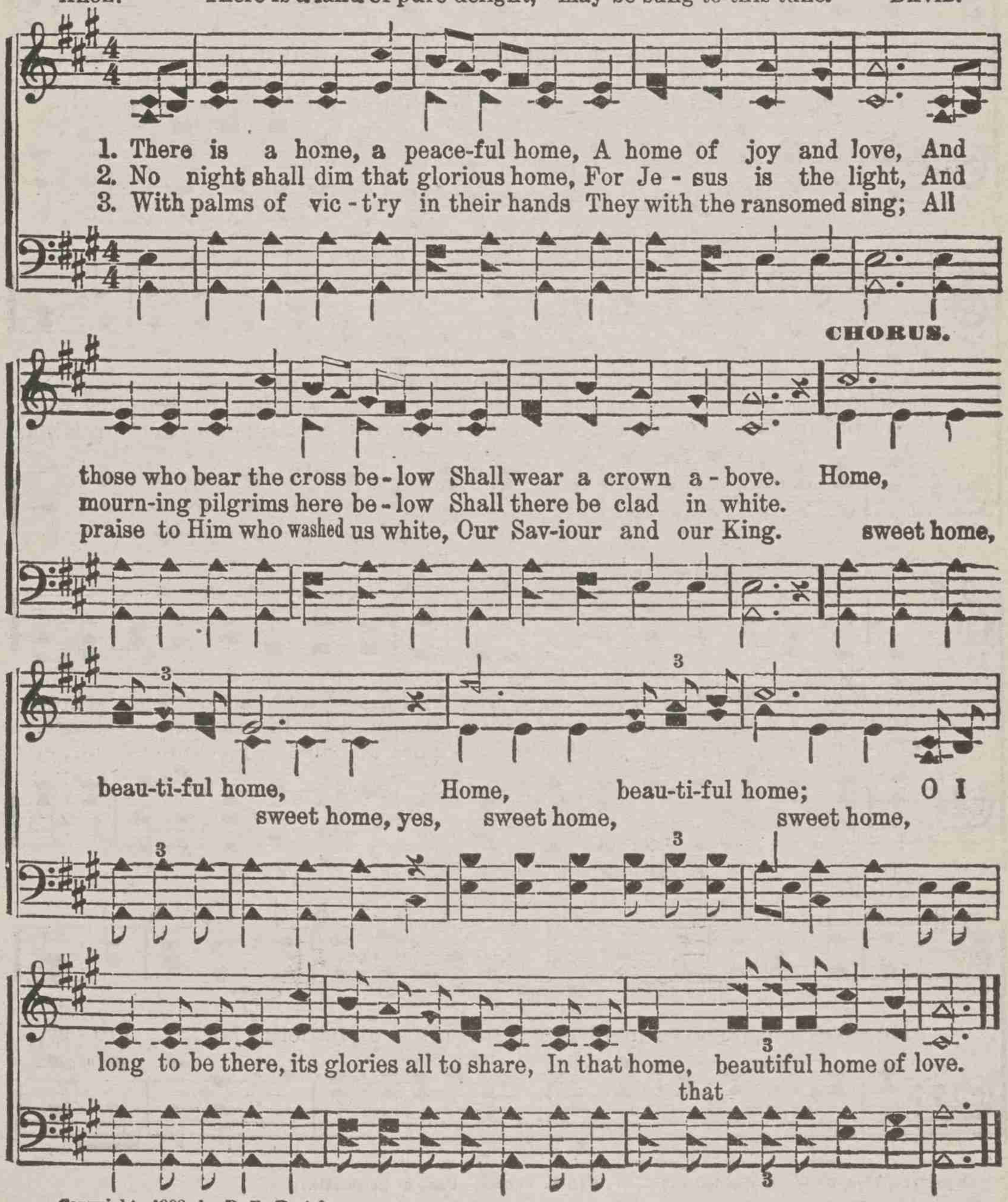
LO, MY NAME IS WRITTEN.



73 HOME, BEAUTIFUL HOME.

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."—REV. 21: 23.

ANON. "There is a land of pure delight," may be sung to this tune. DAVID.



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74 HE SAVES ME.

J. W. Van de Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. The dear loving Saviour has found me, And shatter'd the fetters that bound me,
2. He sought me so long ere I knew him, But fi- nal- ly winning me to him,
3. I nev-er, no, never will leave him, Grow weary of service and grieve him,

Tho' all was con- fu-sion a - round me, He came and spoke peace to my soul;
I yielded my all to pur - sue him, And asked to be filled with his grace;
I'll constantly trust and be - lieve him, Re-main in his presence di - vine;

The blessed Redeemer that bought me, In ten-der-ness constantly sought me,
Although a vile sin-ner be- fore him, Thro' faith I was led to im-plore him,
A - bid-ing in love ev-er flow - ing, In knowledge and grace ever growing,

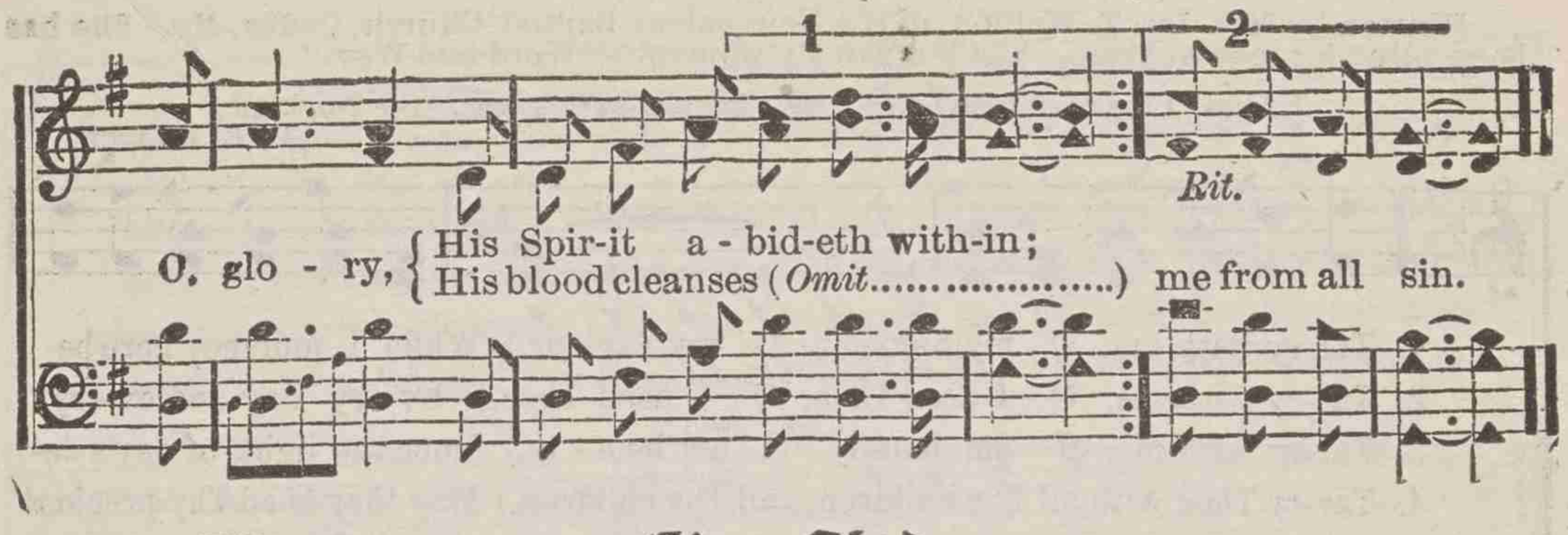
The way of sal - va-tion he taught me, And made my heart perfectly whole.
And now I re-joice and a - dore him, Restored to his lov-ing em - brace.
Con- fid- ing im-plic - it - ly, know-ing That Je- sus the Saviour is mine.

Chorus.

He saves me, he saves me, His love fills my soul, hallelu - jah! O, glo - ry,
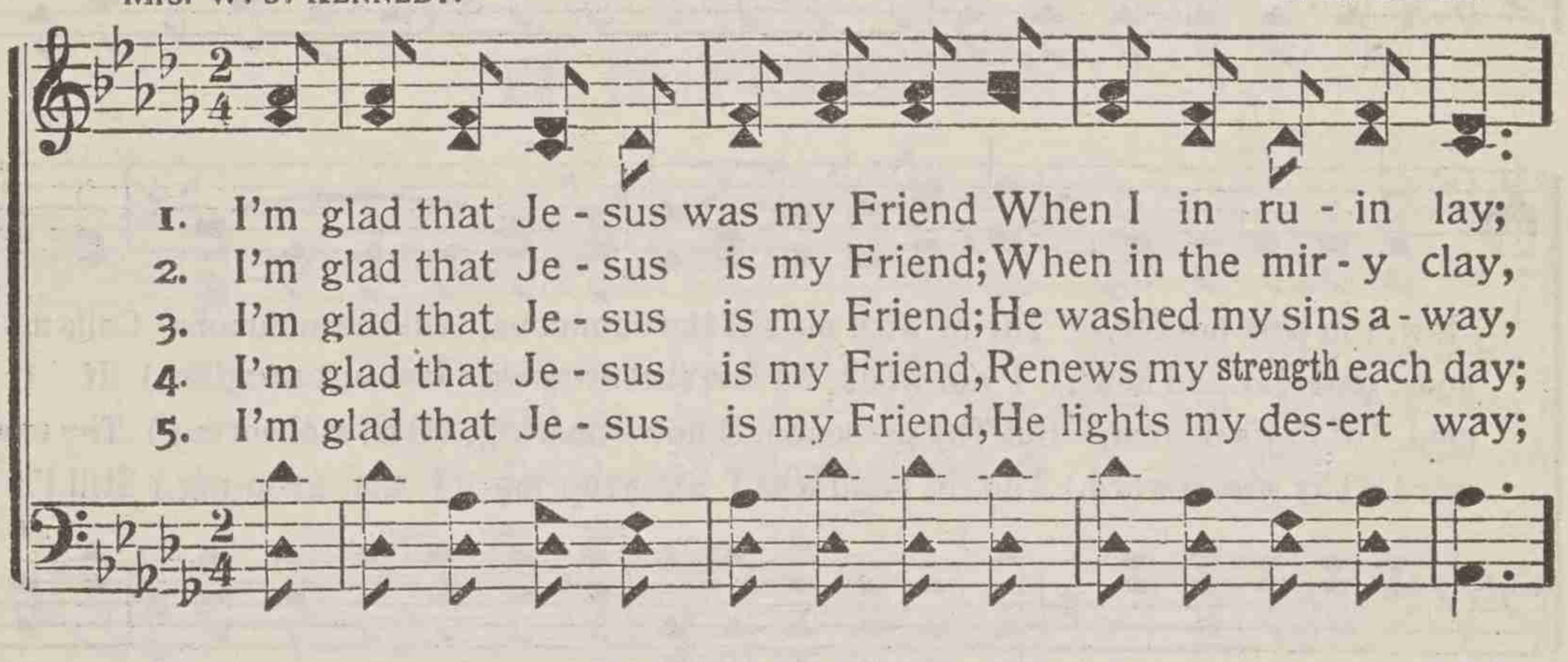
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HE SAVES ME. (Concluded.)



75 I'm Glad.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. B. B. BEALL.



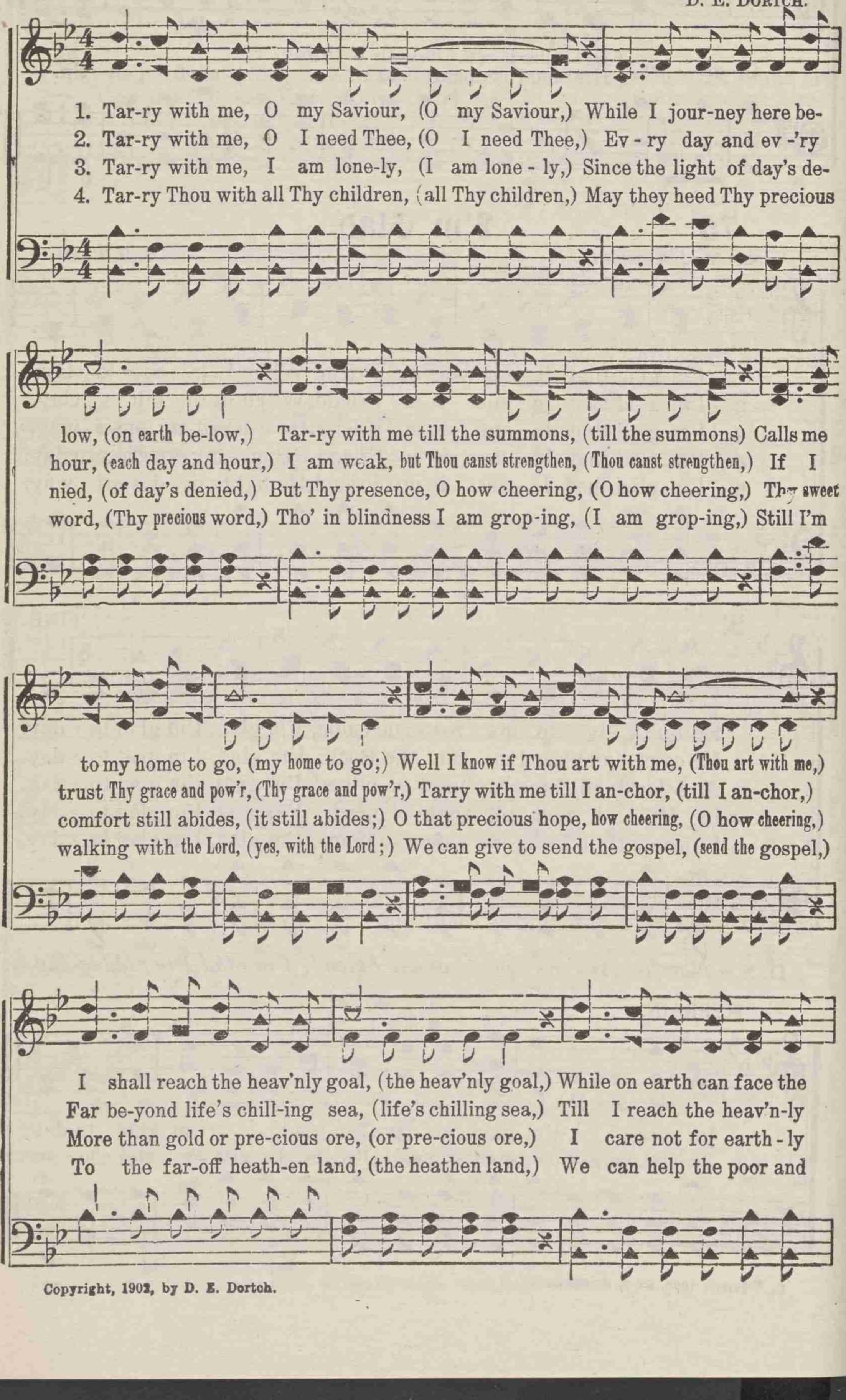
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76 TARRY WITH ME.

Written by Mrs. Jas. T. Weldon, of the New Salem Baptist Church, Coffey, Mo. She has been blind for several years. She is a saintly woman.—"Word and Way."

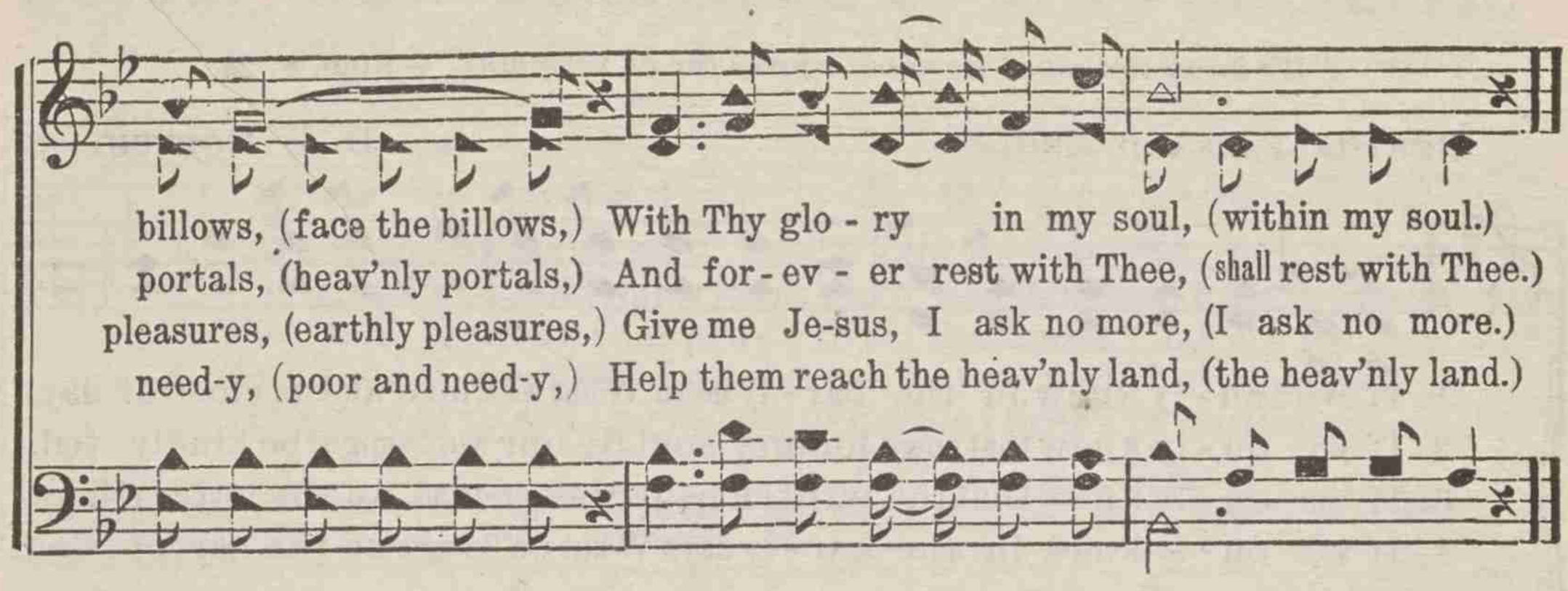
"Jesus, I my cross have taken," may be sung to this tune.—See No. 381.

D. E. DORTCH.



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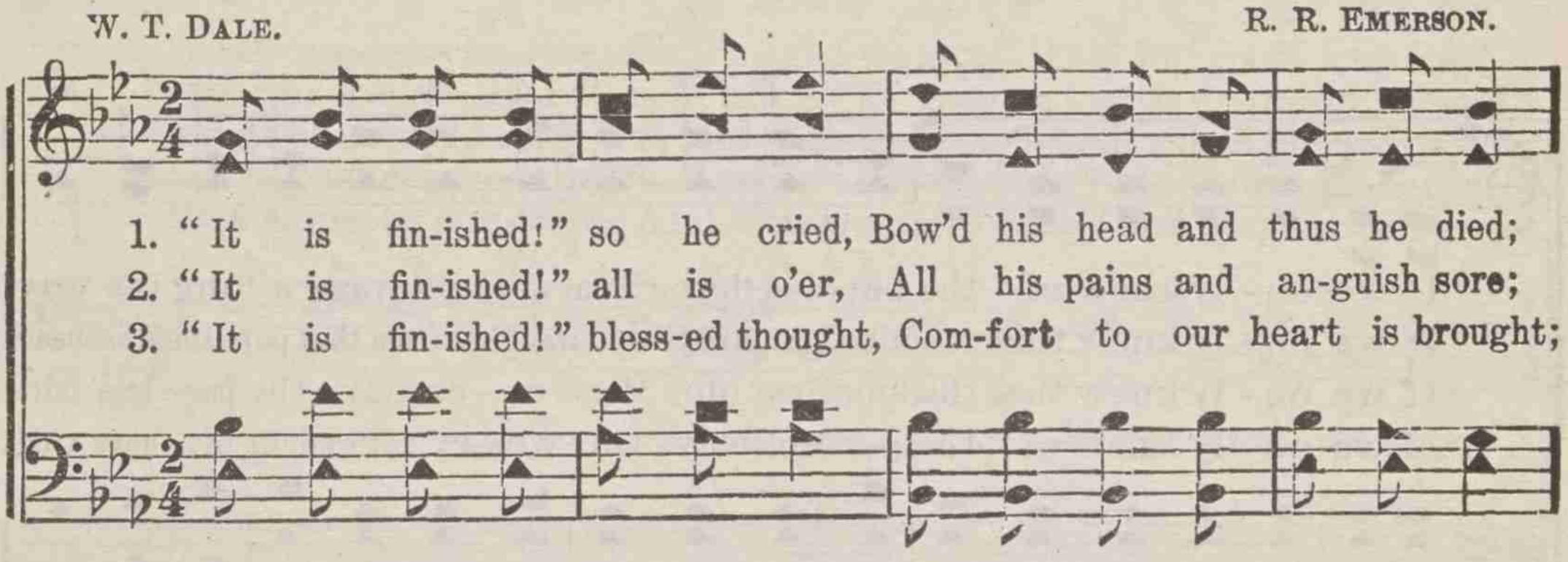
TARRY WITH ME.

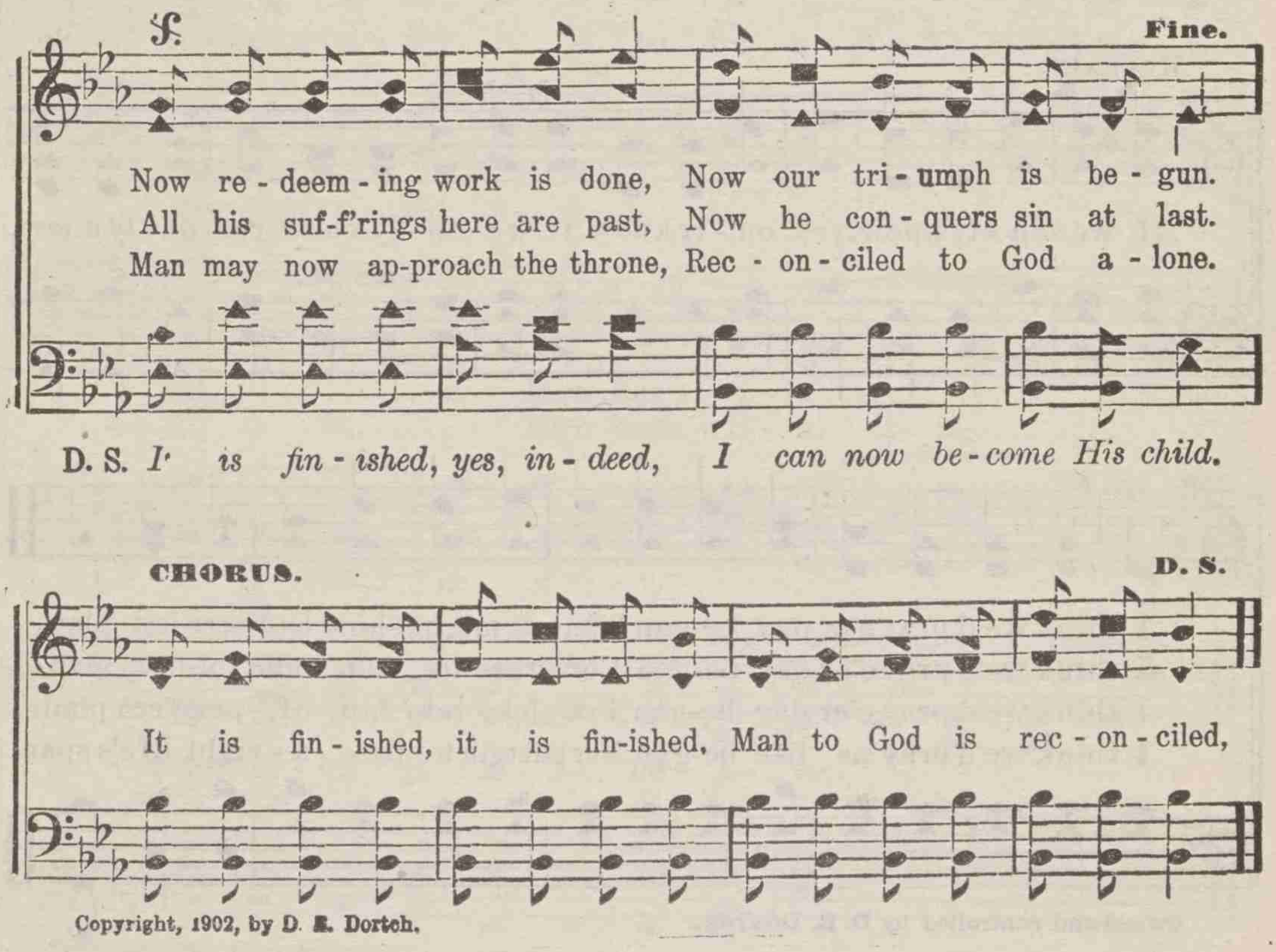


77

IT IS FINISHED.

W. T. DALE. R. R. EMERSON.





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78. IF WE ONLY KNEW.

"We know not what we should pray for as we ought."—Rom. 8: 26.

BERTHA PACKARD ENGLET. D. E. DORTCH.

1. If we on - ly knew in the ear - ly morn What we know at the close of day,
2. If we on - ly knew that some hungry soul By our words might be kindly fed,
3. If we on - ly knew that the written page Must de-pend on the letters there;
4. If we on - ly knew in the ear - ly days What we'll know at the bar of God,

If we on - ly knew of the bat-tles fierce That we must wage a-long the way.
If we on - ly knew that we oft might give Sweet draughts from that pure fountain head.
If we on - ly knew that the smallest blot Must ev - er make the page less fair.
If we on - ly knew of the perfect ways Our wea-ry feet might oft have trod.

REFRAIN.

If we on - ly knew, yes, on - ly knew, If we on - ly knew, yes, on - ly knew,

I think we'd pray e'er day be-gan That it might show God's per-fect plan.
I think we'd pray e'er day be-gan For grace to help some fel-low man.
I think we'd pray e'er day be-gan For let - ters fair of per-fect plan.
I think we'd pray as life be-gan For strength to pass a - right life's span.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

No. 79. HOW BEAUTIFUL IT IS TO BE ALIVE.

Arr. from HENRY S. SUTTON, by W. G. C. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Each morn we wake as if our Maker's grace Did us a-fresh from noth-ing-ness de-rive; Well might we sing "How happy is our case,
2. 'Tis grand to read God's Book until we feel Deep love for Him whose truth our souls will shrive, While ev'ry moment doth yet more re-veal,
3. Far bet - ter than that pray'r to God should cease, That we no earth-ly hon-or should de-rive, But feel each day, this wealth, this joy and peace,
4. And should the hour of grief or pain draw nigh, Let mem-o-ries of God's past mercies thrive, And sweetly hoping bear it all and cry,
5. Thus ev - er to'ard the height of no-ble - ness Try still some new pro- gres-sions to con-trive, And when we press Death's hand feel none the less,

D. S.—*When to ful - fill our Mak-er's will we strive,*

FINE. CHORUS.

"How beau - ti - ful it is to be a - live." How beau - ti - ful, ... How beau - ti - ful, ... How ful it is, ... How beau - ti - ful it is, ...

"How beau - ti - ful it is to be a - live."

D. S.

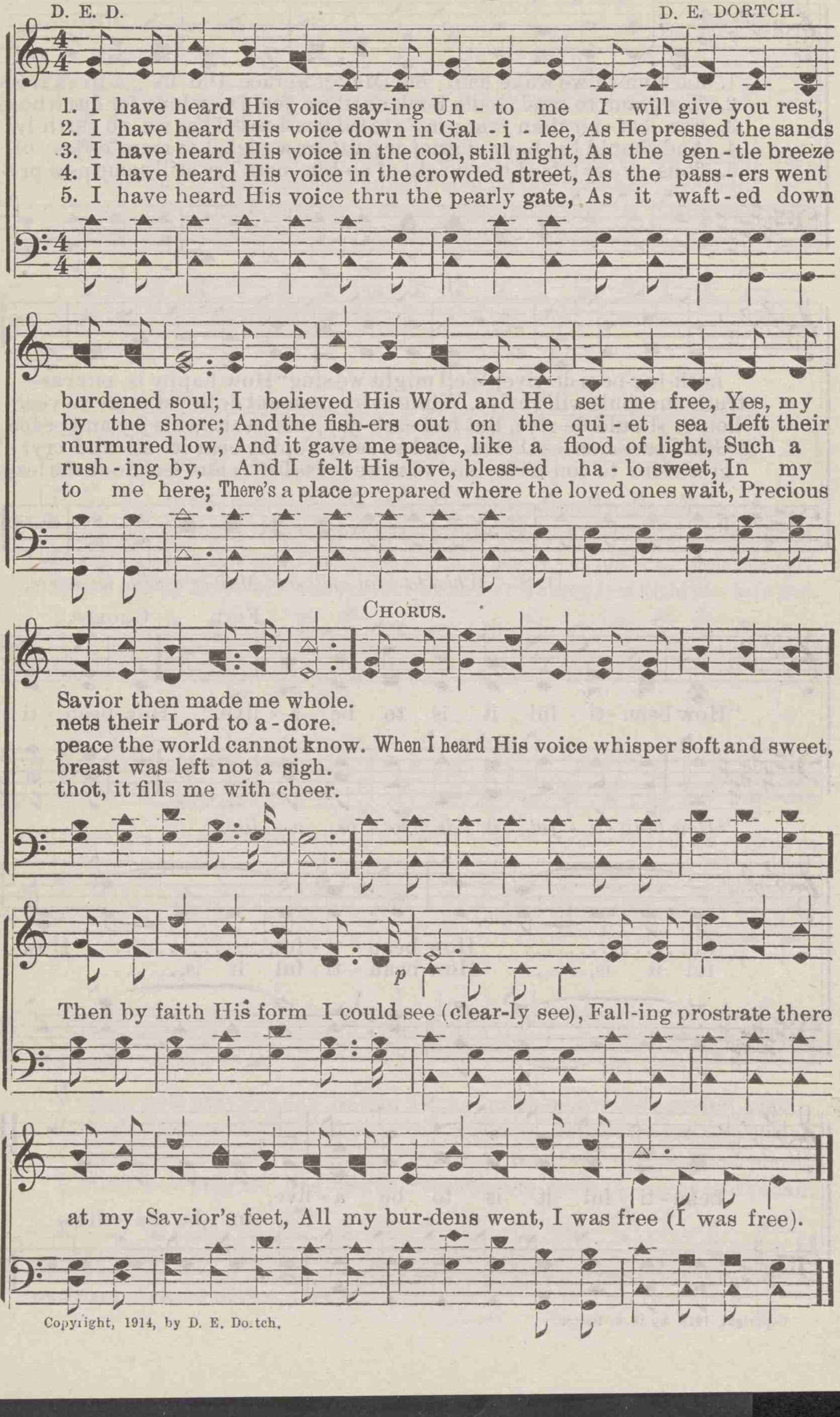
beau - ti - ful it is to be a - live, to be a - live,

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No. 80. I Have Heard His Voice.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live."—JOHN 5: 25. "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins."—EPH. 2: 1.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.



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No. 81. BEAUTIFUL LAND.

L. D. McDONALD. L. DOW McDONALD.

1. There's a home bright and fair, In that land over there, That the Saviour has gone to prepare, Where they know not a pain, But in bliss ev - er reign,
2. There sweet songs fill the air, In that land over there, And they know not the pangs of despair, But in ec - sta-sy sing, Making all heav-en ring,
3. There the Saviour will be, And His face we shall see, In its beau-ty and grandeur so fair, And we'll dwell in His love, In the man - sion a-bove,

CHORUS.

In that beau-ti - ful land o-ver there. We are marching a-long to the home-land of song, To the beau - ti - ful mansion o-ver there, Where the Saviour we'll greet, Cast our crowns at His feet, In that beautiful land over there.

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82 THE HEAVENLY CITY.

"And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city."—REV. 21 : 10.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. There is a home whose grandeur has to mor-tals ne'er been told, And its beau-ty far ex-ceeds my fond-est dream; O its mansions rise in splendor, and the str ts are paved with gold, And for-ev-er flows life's beauteous crystal stream.
2. The saints of all the a - ges, as a - way from earth they soar, All are gathered safe with - in its peace-ful fold; They shall know and love each other, and shall part, no! nev-er-more, Nev-er sickness, then, nor fu-neral bell is tolled.
3. A pro-gress grand in knowledge, each redeemed one there a-waits, While the vast e - ter - nal a - ges are unrolled; Growing more and more like Je-sus, their en-joy-ment ne'er a-bates, And their robes unsoiled and spotless ne'er grow old.
4. I soon shall join their num-ber, when the clouds are backward roll'd, The e- ter - nal morn shall o - pen to my view; Where in all His matchless glo - ry, I my Sav-iour shall be-hold, And the song of my REDEMPTION shall re - new.
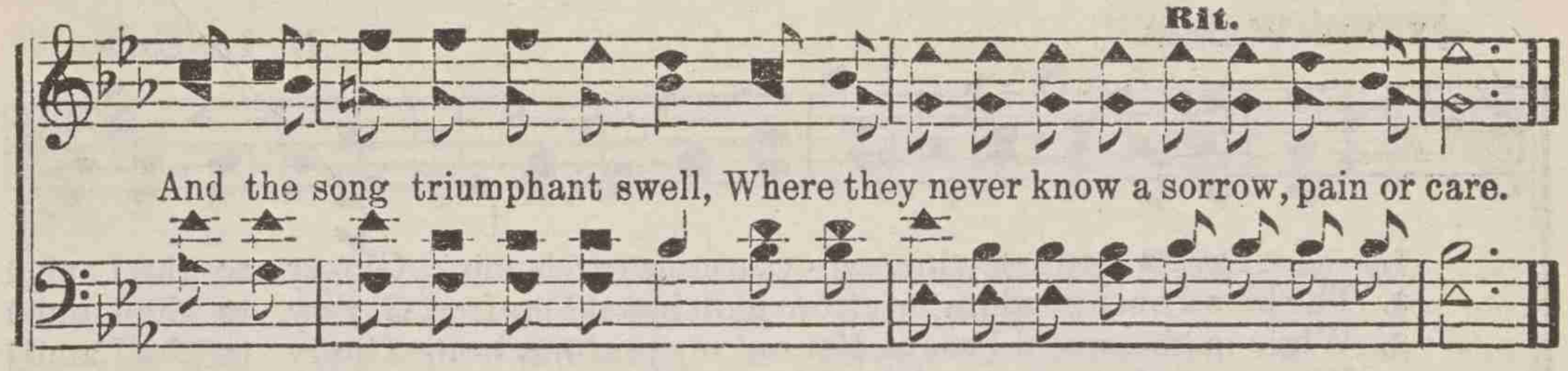
Rit.

CHORUS.

'Twill ex - ceed my fond - est dream, By the beauteous crys-tal stream, In the pres-ence of my Sav - iour o - ver there, With the good and pure to dwell,

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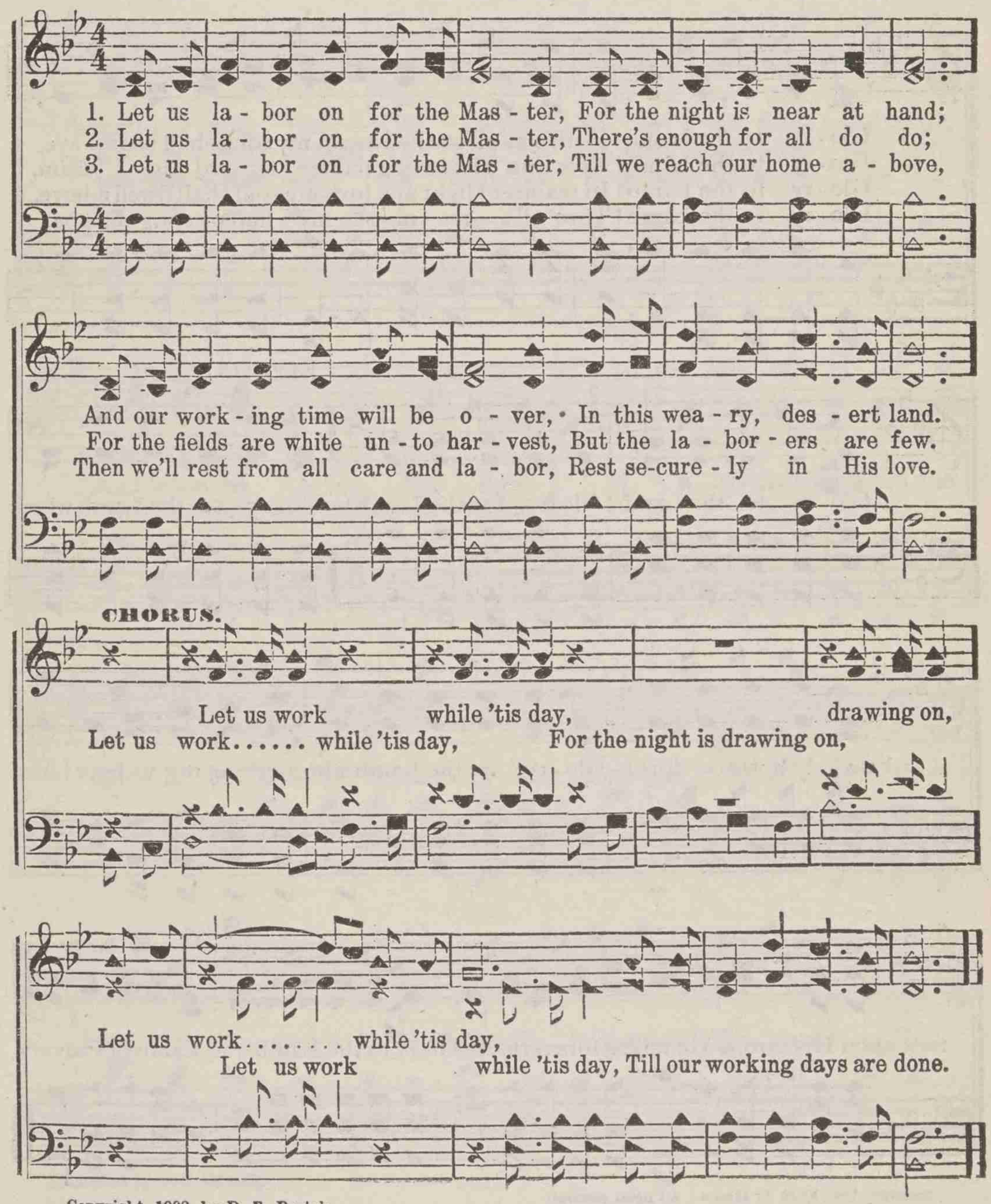
THE HEAVENLY CITY.



83 LET US WORK.

"I must work . . . . while it is day, the night cometh when no man can work."

E. T. BOWERS. JOHN 9: 4. D. E. DORTCH.



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84. GLORY TO THE LAMB.

JENNIE WILSON. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. I have a hope di-vine, sal-va-tion's joy is mine, Glo-ry to the Lamb!
2. The blood once shed for me, from guilt has set me free, Glo-ry to the Lamb!
3. While in this world I roam, I'm on my jour-ney home, Glo-ry to the Lamb!
4. Where saintly throngs rejoice I'll sing with grateful voice, Glory to the Lamb!

Glo-ry to the Lamb! With sins all washed away, my song shall be for aye,
Glo-ry to the Lamb! Now thro' His saving name e-ter-nal life I claim,
Glo-ry to the Lamb! In realms of light and love my soul shall dwell a-bove,
Glo-ry to the Lamb! Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty my hap-py song shall be,

REFRAIN.

Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb whom

heav'n-ly hosts a-dore! Glo-ry to the Lamb who suff'ring for us bore! And

rit.

now upon His throne He reigns forevermore, Glory to the Lamb, the Lamb of Calvary.

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THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

W. R. WILLIAM RUSSELL.

1. The spir - it of Christ is love, true love, That flow - eth a
2. The spir - it of Christ is joy, pure joy, Un - speak - a - ble,
3. The spir - it of Christ is peace, sweet peace, That qui - ets the

bound-ing and free; 'Tis of - fered to ev - 'ry faint - ing soul,
glo - ri - ous, bright; It lifts up the soul that's bend - ing low,
tem-pest-tossed soul; In trou - ble it gives us sweet re - lief,

CHORUS.

'Tis of - fered to you and me.
And leads us in - to the light.
It com-forts and makes us whole.

If a - ny man have not the spir - it of Christ He is none of His, none of His; If an - y man have not the spir - it of Christ He is none of His, none of His.

WILL YOU BE THERE?

ANON. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Be-yond this life of hope and fears, Be-yond this world of grief and tears, There is a re-gion fair; It knows no change and
2. Its glo-rious gates are closed to sin, Naught that de-files can en-ter in To mar its beau-ty rare; Up-on that bright e-
3. No droop-ing form, no tear-ful eye, No hea-vy head, no wea-ry sigh, No pain, no grief, no care; But joys which mor-tals
4. Our Sav-iour once a mor-tal child—As mor-tal man by man re-viled, There ma-ny crowns doth wear; While thousand thousands
5. Yes, I shall be in that fair land, And with the saints and an-gels stand And all its glo-ries share. And there with Christ I'll

no decay—No night ob-scures its end-less day; Oh, say, will you be there?
ternal shore Earth's bitter curse is known no more; Oh, say, will you be there?
may not know, Like peaceful riv-ers ev-er flow! Oh, say, will you be there?
swell the strain Of glory to the Lamb once slain; Oh, say, will you be there?
ev-er stay;— In that e-ter-nal, hap-py day; Oh, say, will you be there?

REFRAIN.

Will you be there, will you be there? Oh, say, will you be there?

will you be there?

In that bright land of end-less day, Oh, say, will you be there?

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

87 . KEEP CLOSE TO JESUS.

Words suggested by a sermon preached in the M. E. Church, Bigbyville, Tenn., by Rev. J. H. Dinning.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Keep close to Je - sus, while you jour-ney here be - low, Trust Him as you
2. Keep close to Je - sus, in the vale of tri - al drear, Sor-row will be
3. Keep close to Je - sus, in the hap - py days of youth, Gleaning in life's
4. When the eve-ning shadows hide the sunset's dy - ing beams, Peering thro' the

fol - low, where He leads you glad - ly go. Fel-low-ship de-light - ful
sweet-ened when you feel that He is near, Soon the clouds will scatter,
har - vest field, as once did love - ly Ruth, Glad - ly then at eve - ning,
dark-ness, thou shalt see the cit - y's gleams, Thine a glo-rious tri-umph,

D.S. *Thine e - ter - nal glo - ry*

ev - 'ry mo-ment thou shalt know, Keep close to Je-sus all the way.
then in sunshine bright and clear, Keep close to Je-sus all the way.
with thy garnered sheaves of truth, Keep close to Je-sus all the way.
which ex-ceeds thy fond - est dreams, Keep close to Je-sus all the way.

when the pearl - y gates are passed, Keep close to Je - sus all the way.

CHORUS.

Keep close to Je - sus, thou shalt reach thy home at last,

D.S.

Don the robes im - mor - tal, and the way-worn garments cast

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88 ENLIST AT THE CROSS.

" For it becometh him, from whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering."—Heb. 2: 10.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT. E. HANKS.

1. The Cap-tain of sal - va - tion Now calls for vol - un-teers, The war with sin is on us, The strife may last for years; O come and
2. Be mus-tered in - to ser - vice, Put on the sol-dier's dress, Take un - to you the ar - mor, And to the stan-dard press; We have a
3. Fall in - to line of bat - tle, Unsheathe the flash-ing blade; By fear of want or hun - ger Be not the least dismayed; We're fighting

join the ar - my That can- not suf - fer loss. God's peo-ple now are
might - y Cap-tain Who can- not suf - fer loss. The Sav-iour now is
for a kingdom That can- not suf - fer loss, And heav-en now is

Ri - ter - tan - do. CHORUS.

wait-ing En-list-ments at the cross. En - list at the cross, En-list
call - ing For solldiers of the cross.
wait-ing For vic-tors of the cross.

at the cross, En-list in the ar - my, That can-not suf - fer loss.

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No. 89. TOO LATE.

E. R. LATTA. "The door was shut."—MATT. 25: 10. WILLIAM RUSSELL.

1. When the bridegroom com-eth in the silent night, Shall my lamp be empty
2. When the guests have gathered and the feast is spread, O shall I, ex - clu-ded,
3. Sin - ner, Je - sus bids you to the feast to-day, Do not wait and per-ish,

and af - ford no light, Shall the foolish virgins rep-re-sent my state, Must I
ev - er go un-fed, Shall the solemn keeper of the heav'nly gate Make the
en-ter while you may, But a sin-gle moment may decide thy fate, And the

CHORUS.

hear the sentence, Too late, too late? Too late, too late;
aw - ful answer, Too late, too late?
dread words echo, Too late, too late? will be the cry, save e'er I die;

Must I hear the sad re - ply, too late, too late? Too late, too
will be the cry,

late; Must I ev - er miss that heavenly state,
Save e'r I die, heav - en - ly state.

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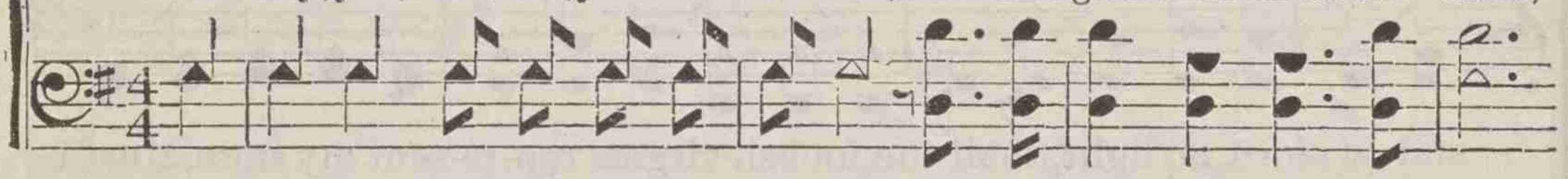
90. SOME DAY.
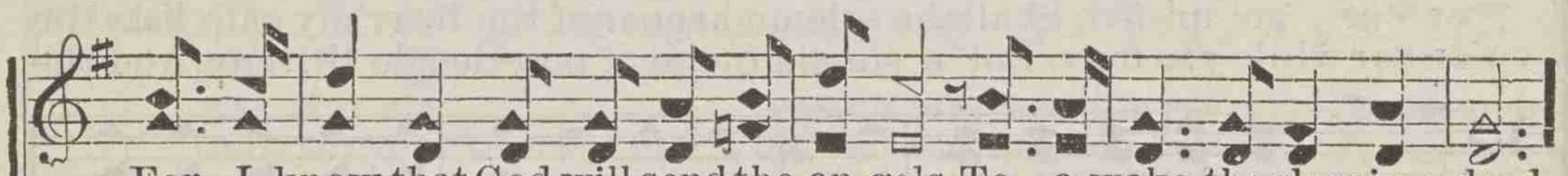
One day last summer, while lying on the bed, seriously meditating on the future, and at the same time looking at his little bare feet and hands, Little Bliss said to his mother: "Mamma, some day these little feet and these little hands will moulder into dust, but it won't hurt me." Last March, the 29th day, he sweetly fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, and "some day" I'll go to see him.—D. E. D.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.
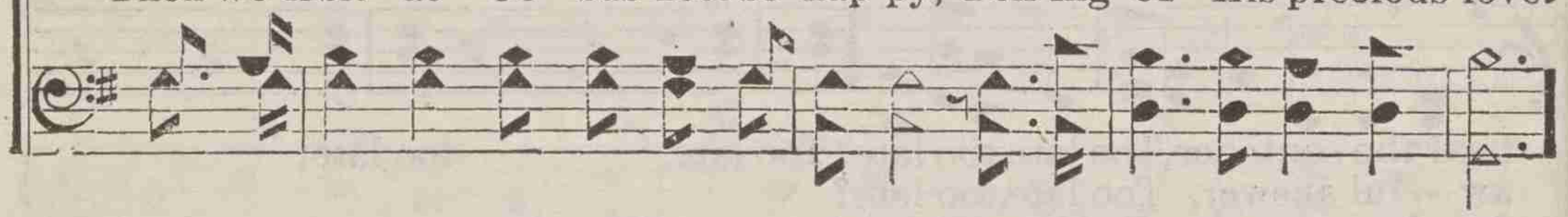


1. Some day, dear mother, I shall moulder, But the hour I do not dread,
2. Some day, dear mother, in that cit - y, I will play with chil-dren fair,
3. Some day, dear mother, won't you fol-low I will want to see you there,
4. Some day, yes, mother, you will meet me, 'Round the great white throne a - bove,
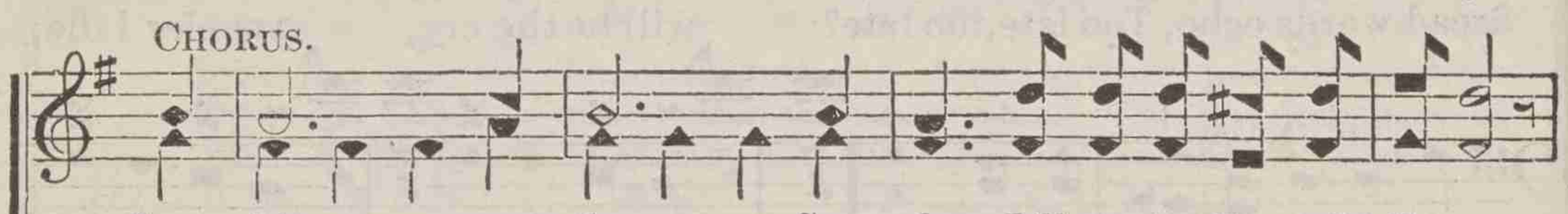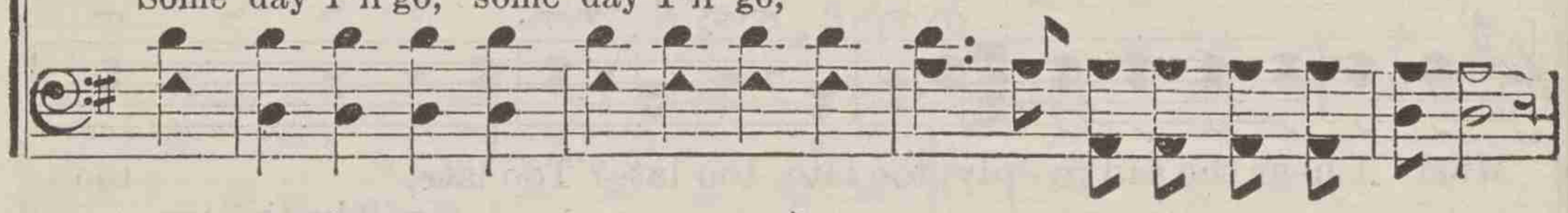




For I know that God will send the an-gels To a-wake the sleeping dead.
And we 'll pull the flow-ers of God's gardens, For I know He will not care.
We will have no tears, no pain, no sorrow, Rest-ing in the Saviour's care.
Then we 'll sit at Je - sus' feet so hap-py, Tell-ing of His precious love.
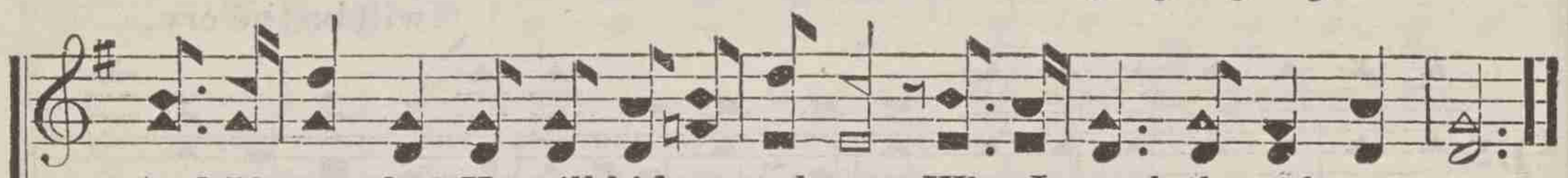


CHORUS.
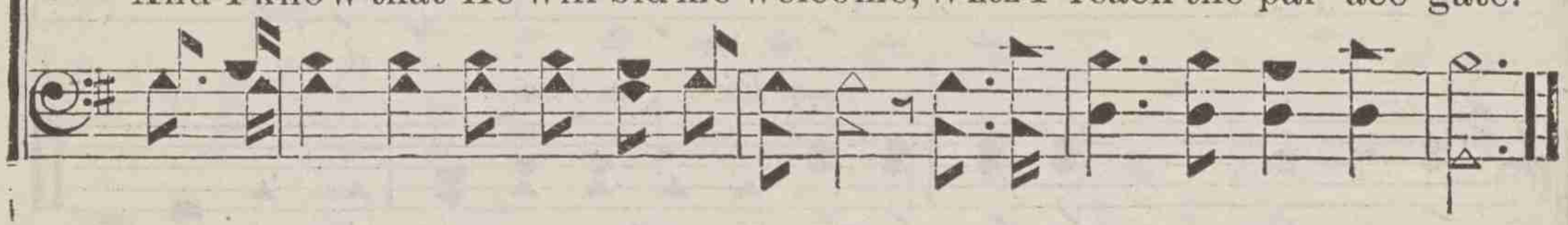


Some day, some day, Some day I'll go to live with Je-sus;
Some day I'll go, some day I'll go,





And I know that He will bid me welcome, When I reach the pal - ace gate.



5 Some day I'll go to see my darling,
Who is safe in that fair land;
And I know that He will bid me welcome,
When I strike the golden strand.

6 Some day I'll quit this vale of sorrows
And shall soar from earth away;
And I know that I shall reach that country,
There to dwell in endless day.

7 Some day I'll go to be with Jesus,
Who redeemed me, made me free;
And I know that I shall see His glory,
And forever happy be.

8 Some day, yes, in that lovely Eden,
I shall feel the thrill of joy,
When, around the throne in happy union
I shall meet my little boy.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

91

THE SHELTERING ROCK.

Is. 32: 2; 12: 3; 65: 10; Col. 1: 20.

W. E. P. Rev. W. E. Penn.

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

1. There is a Rock in a wea-ry land, Its shadow falls on the burning sand,
2. There is a Well in a desert plain, Its waters call with en - treating strain,
3. A great fold stands with its portals wide, The sheep astray on the mountain-side,
4. There is a cross where the Saviour died, His blood flow'd out in a crimson tide,

In - vit- ing pilgrims as they pass, To seek a shade in the wil - derness.
"Ho, ev -'ry thirsting, sin-sick soul, Come, free-ly drink, and thou shalt be whole.
The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for His wand'ring sheep.
A sac- ri - fice for sin - ful men, And free to all who will en-ter in.

Refrain.

Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?
Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?
Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?
Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?

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

From "Harvest Bells," by per.

No. 92 Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

In "Free Will Baptist."

Selected by MARTHA BEEGHLY. ECCLE. 11:1. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Cast thy bread.... up - on the wa - - ters, Ye who have..... but
2. Cast thy bread.... up - on the wa - - ters, Poor and wea - - ry,
3. Cast thy bread.... up - on the wa - - ters, Ye who have..... a-
4. Cast thy bread.... up - on the wa - - ters, Waft it on..... with
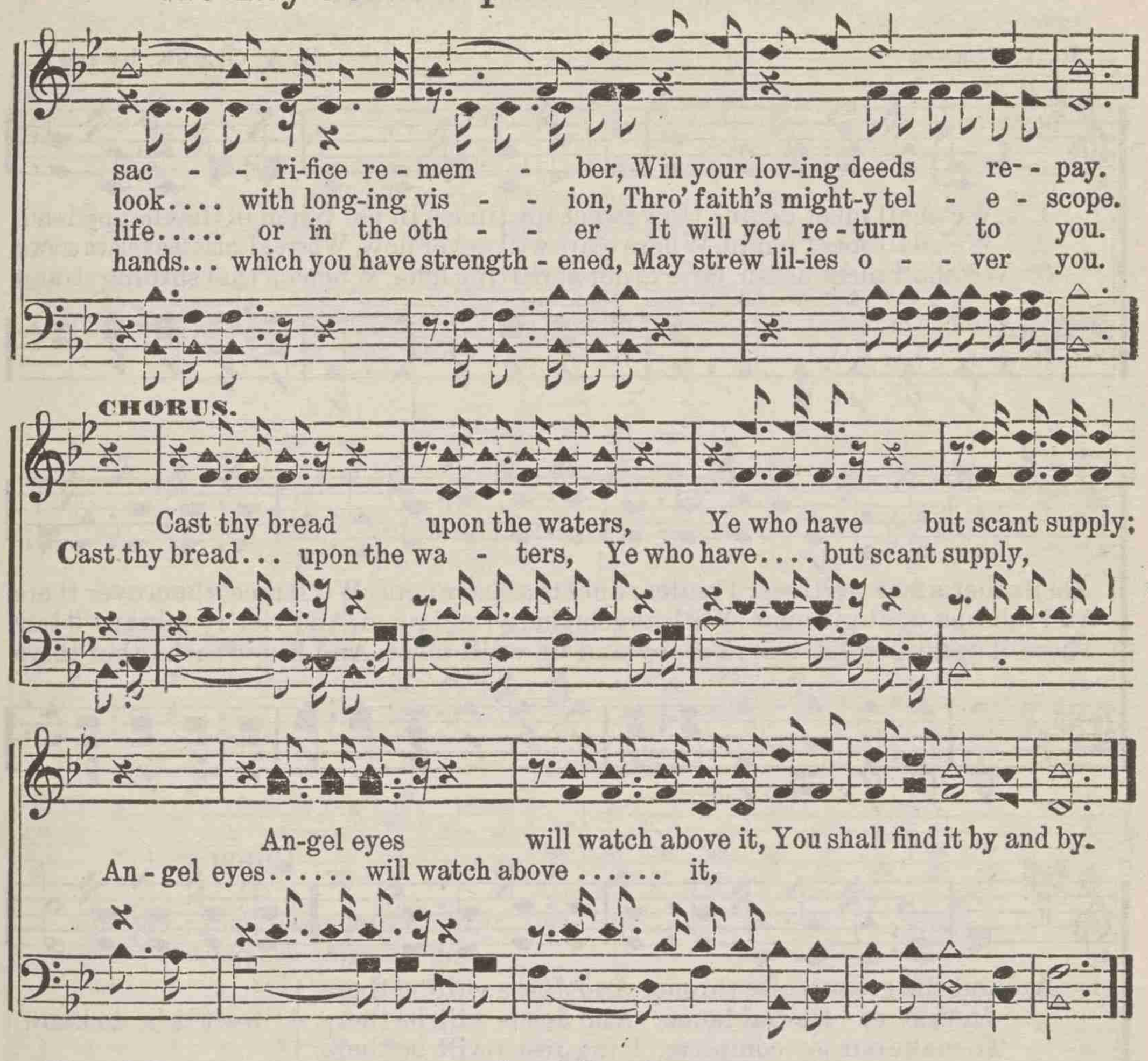
scant sup-ply; An - gel eyes..... will watch a - bove..... it,
worn with care, Oft - en sit - - ting in the shad - - ow,
bundant store, It may float..... on many a bil - - low,
praying breath, In some dis - - tant, doubt-ful mo - - ment

You shall find it by and by! He who in..... his righteous
Have you not a crumb to spare? Can you not..... to those a-
It may stand on many a shore. You may think ..... it lost for-
It may save a soul from death. When you sleep..... in sol - emn

bal - - ance Doth each hu - - - man action weigh; Will you
round... you Sing some lit - - - tle song of hope, As you
ev - - er, But as sure..... as God is true, In this
si - - lence, 'Neath the morn..... and ev'ning dew, Stranger
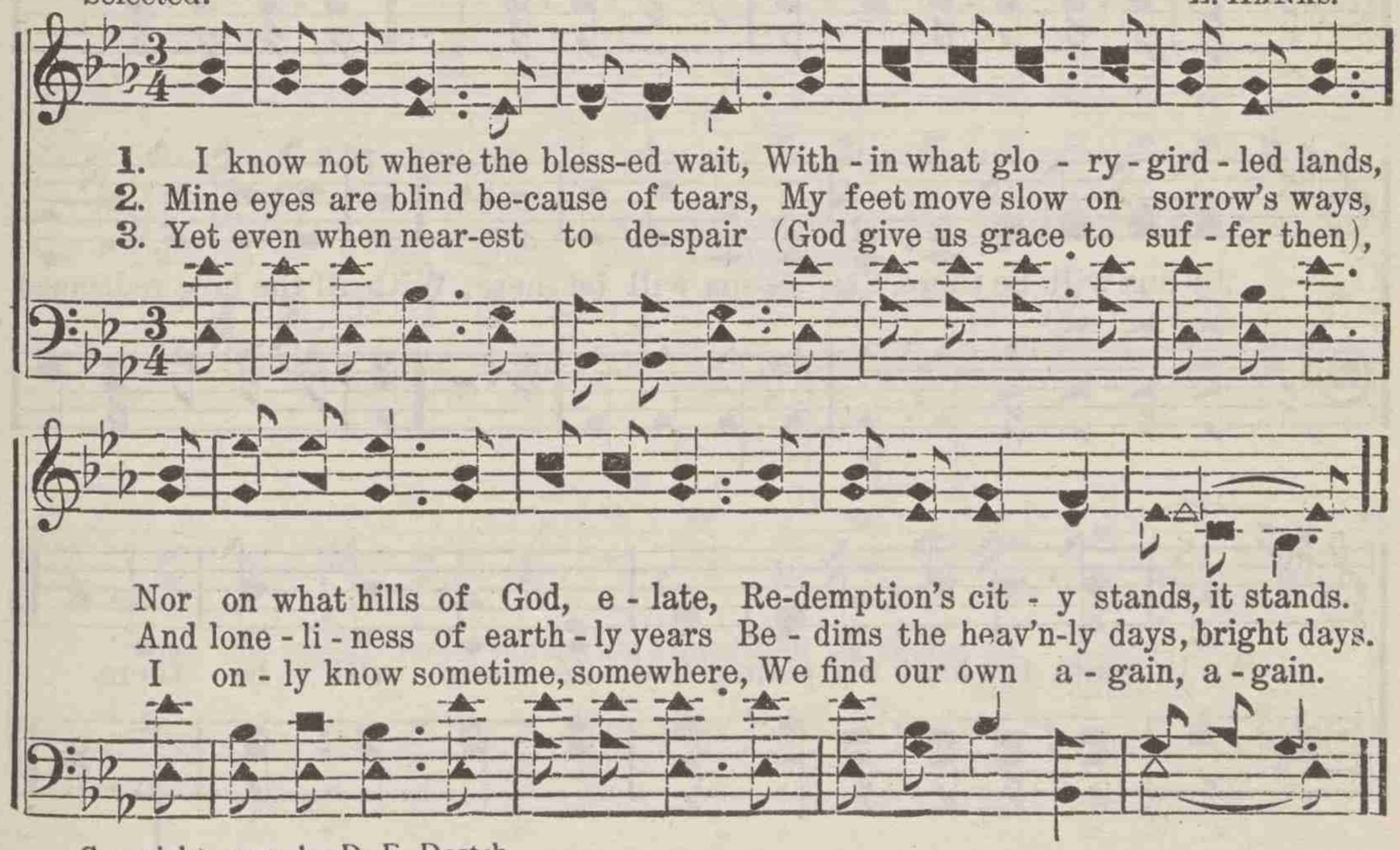
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Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters. Concluded.



No. 93 Confident.

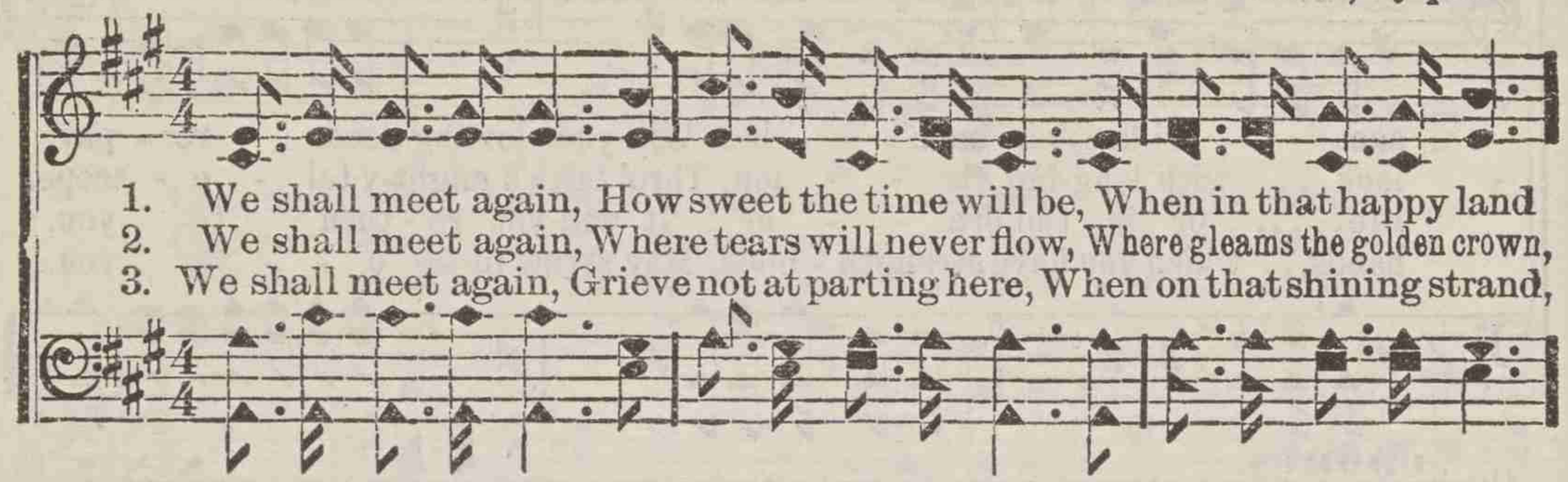
Selected. E. HANKS.

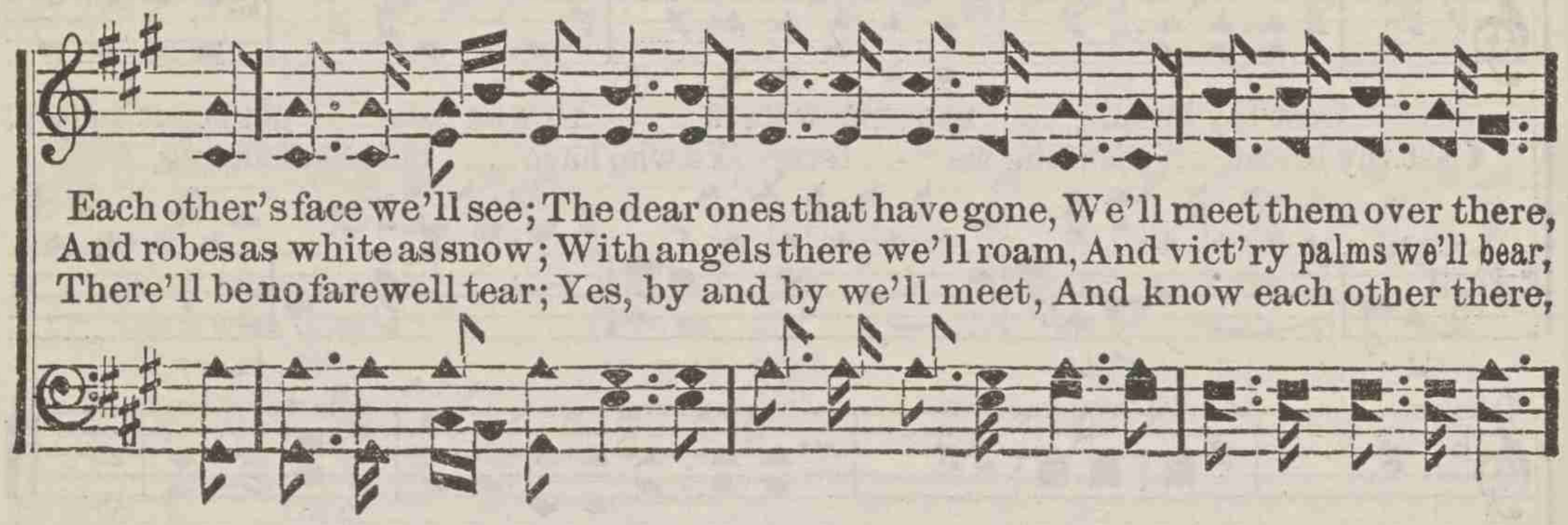


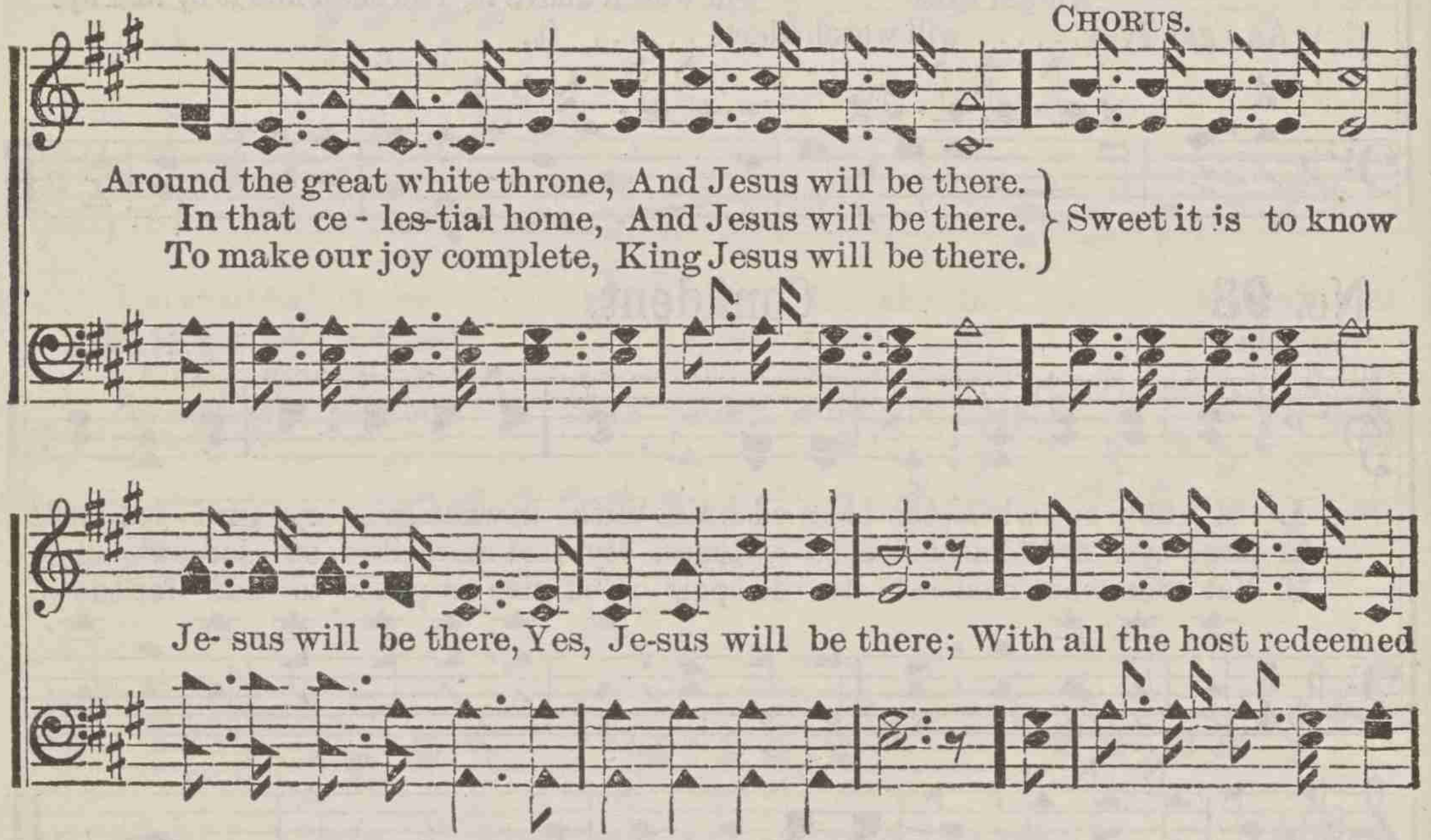
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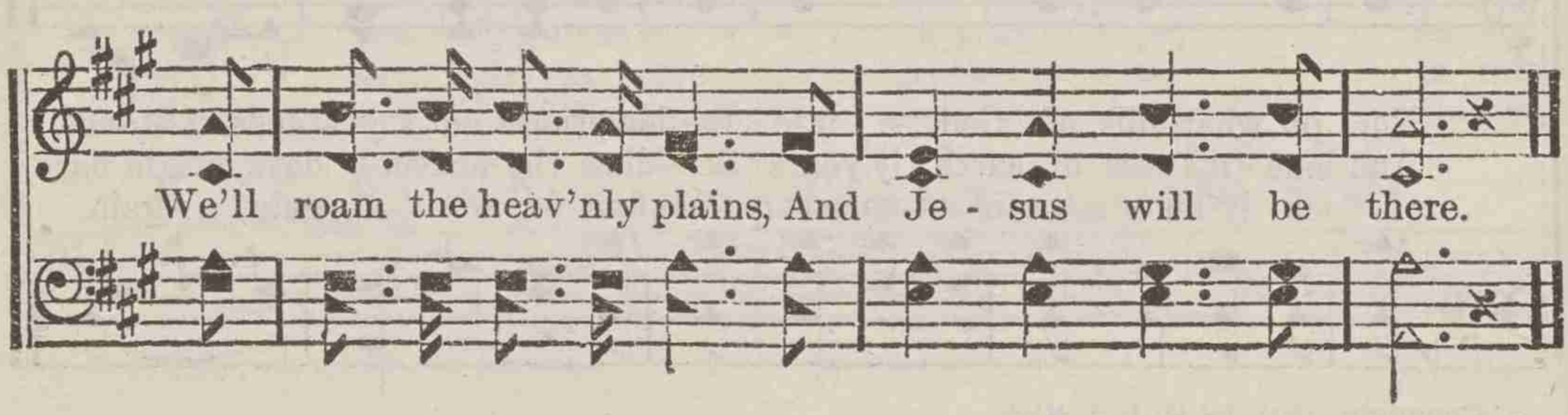
94 Jesus will be There.

R. A, GLENN. R. A. GLENN, by per.









95 A REFUGE FOR THEE.

"God is our refuge and strength."—Ps. 46: 1.

BIRDIE LEE FITZGERALD. REV. W. G. COOPER.

1. There's a ref - uge for thee, O storm-tossed soul, A rest from thy bur - den of sin, Let the strong arms of Je - sus thy be - ing en-fold, And
2. Are the clouds growing dense a-bove thee to - day? Is there pov - er - ty, sor - row or pain? Go ye quick-ly to Je - sus, this moment a - way, His
3. O broth-er, why lin - ger, why grieve for the past, Why fear for the days yet to be? In the light of His face no sor - row can last, The

CHORUS.

His pow'r shall cleanse thee with-in. Our God..... is a ref - - uge, love will bring sun-shine a - gain.
Lord is a ref - uge for thee. Our God is a ref-uge, a shel-ter-ing dome, Our God..... is a shel - ter-ing dome, His mer-cy shall guide us to yon - der bright home, Where lov'd ones sing an-thems of peace.....
Our God is a ref - uge, a shel - ter-ing dome, sing anthems of peace.

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96 MY STEPS SHALL NOT SLIDE.

"None of his steps shall slide."—Ps. 37: 31.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

DUET.

1. The mountains before me are steep, The mountains my feet must as -
2. The pathway be-neath me is rough, The pathway I trav - el each
3. The shadows a - bove me are dark, The shadows mine eyes must be-
4. No steepness can wea-ry my feet, No roughness my progress can

TRIO.

cend; And tho' steep they have been and steep they may be, Till I
day; And tho' rough it has been and rough it may be, Till I
hold; And tho' dark they have been and dark they may be, Till I
stay; And no darkness can dim the eye of my faith, Till I

QUARTET.

come to the heaven - ly end, Yet my steps shall not slide On the
come to the end of the way, Yet my steps shall not slide On the
come to the shel-ter - ing fold, Yet my steps shall not slide On the
come to the shad-ow-less day, For my steps shall not slide On the

rit.
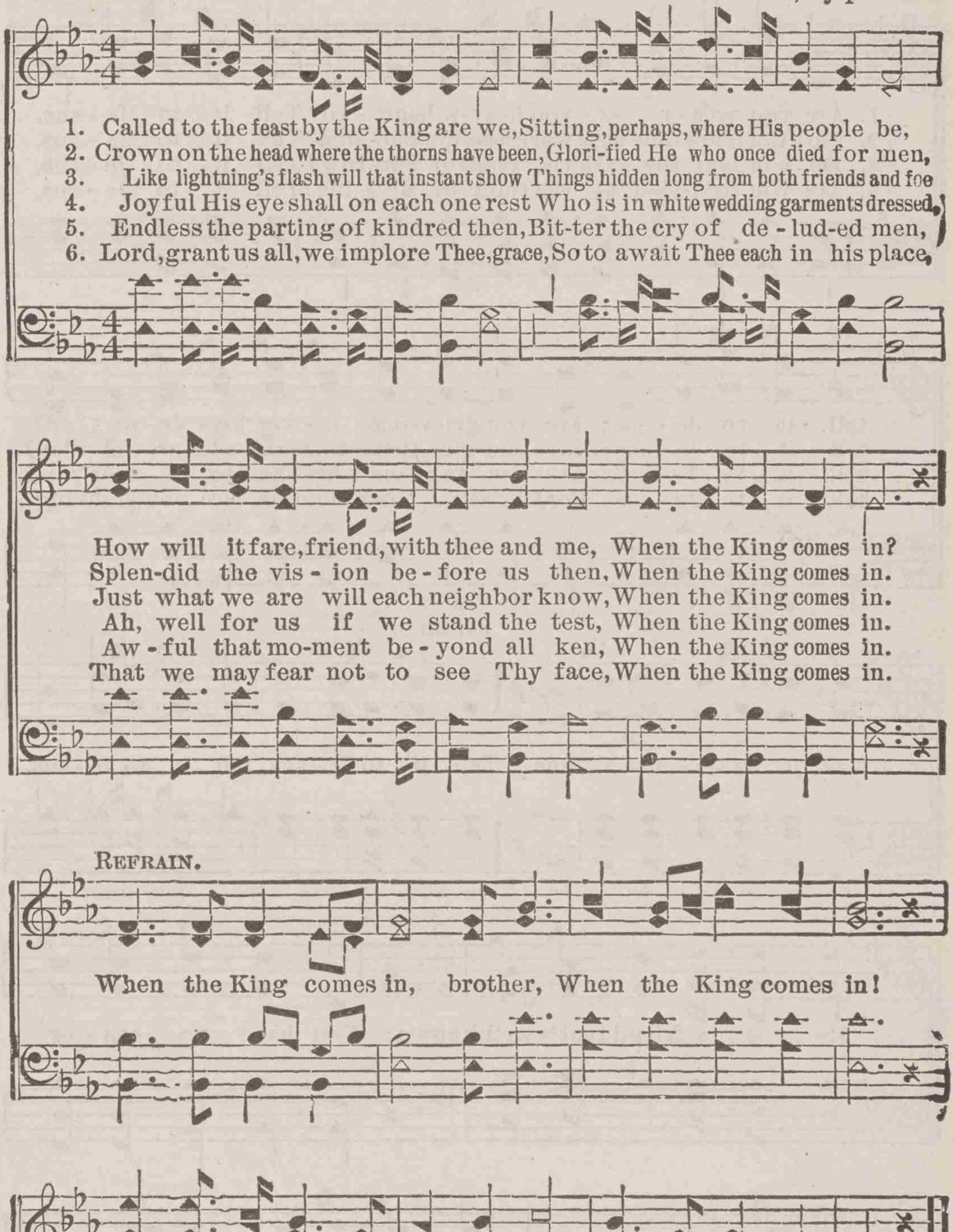
steep mountain side, For Je-ho-vah has promised To hold and guide.
rough mountain side, For Je-ho-vah has promised To hold and guide.
dark mountain side, For Je-ho-vah has promised To hold and guide.
lone mountain side, Since Je-ho-vah has promised To hold and guide.

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97. WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

"And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment: and he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless."—Matt. 22: 11, 12.

J. E. LANDOR. Rev. E. S. LORENZ, by per.



98 TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

"And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus."—Matt. 14: 12.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you trou-bled at the tho't of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,

tell it to Je-sus; Are you griev-ing o-ver joys de-part-ed?
tell it to Je-sus; Have you sins that to man's eyes are hid-den?
tell it to Je-sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor-row?
tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's coming kingdom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, tell it to Je-sus,

He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth-er

such a friend or broth-er, Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.

SEND ME.

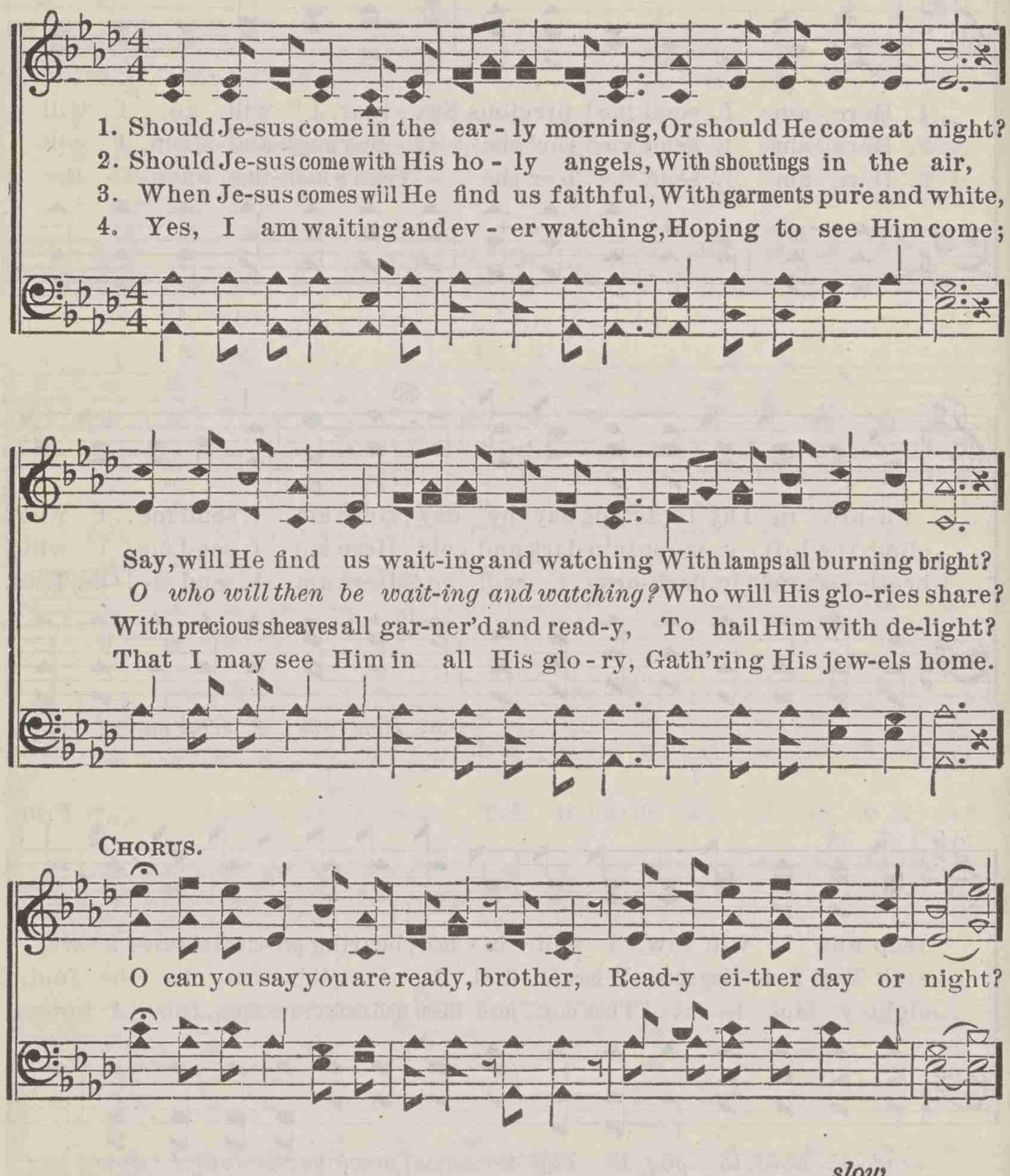
"Here am I, send me." — Is. 6: 8.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

100. ARE YOU WAITING AND WATCHING?

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24: 42.

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



Copyright, 1887, by W. E. PENN. By per. W. H. MORRIS.

101 JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. From W. A. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me; They have left my Sav-iour too:
3. Go, then, earth-ly fame and treasure; Come dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain;
4. Man may trouble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast:
5. Soul, then know thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
6. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and wing'd by pray'r;

Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for - sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Hu-man hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, un-true;
In Thy serv-ice pain is pleasure; With Thy fa - vor loss is gain.
Life with tri - als hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta-tion Something still to do or bear.
Heav'n's e - ter - nal days be-fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

D.S.—Yet how rich is my con-di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
D.S.—Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
D.S.—Storms may howl, and clouds may gather; All must work for good to me.
D.S.—O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee!
D.S.—Think that Jesus died to win thee: Child of heav'n, canst thou re-pine?
D.S.—Hope shall change to glad fru-i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
I have called Thee, Ab-ba, Fa - ther, I have set my heart on Thee:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me!
Think what Spir-it dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis-sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days;

102 NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. JOHN WYETH.

(Second Tune.)
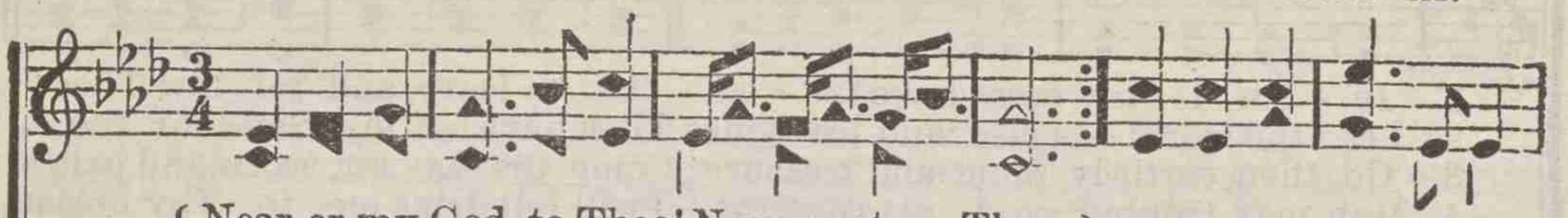
1. { Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol-low Thee;
   { Na-ked, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

D.C.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
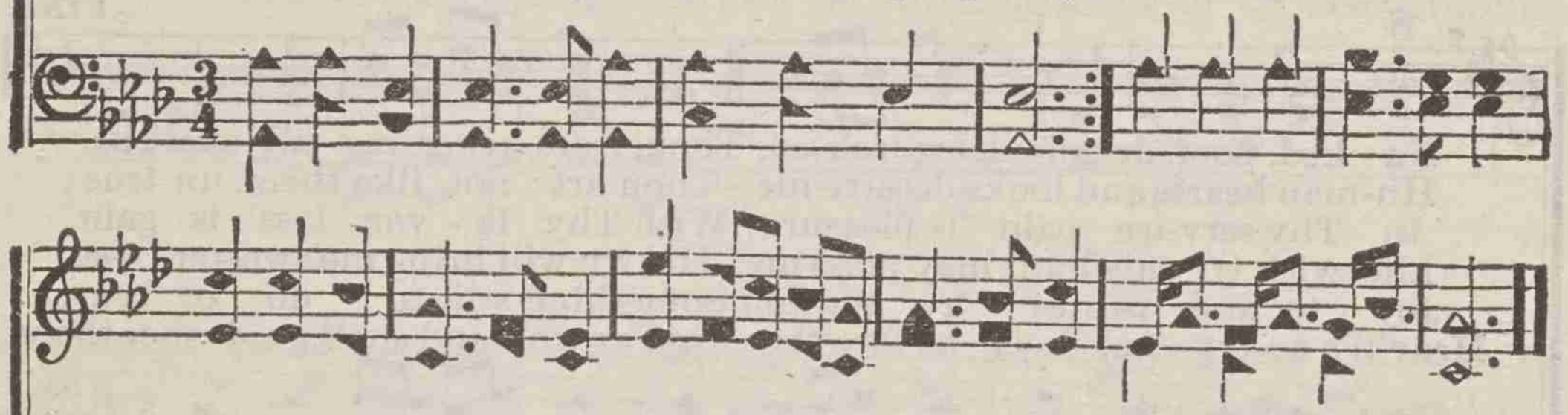
Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

103 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.
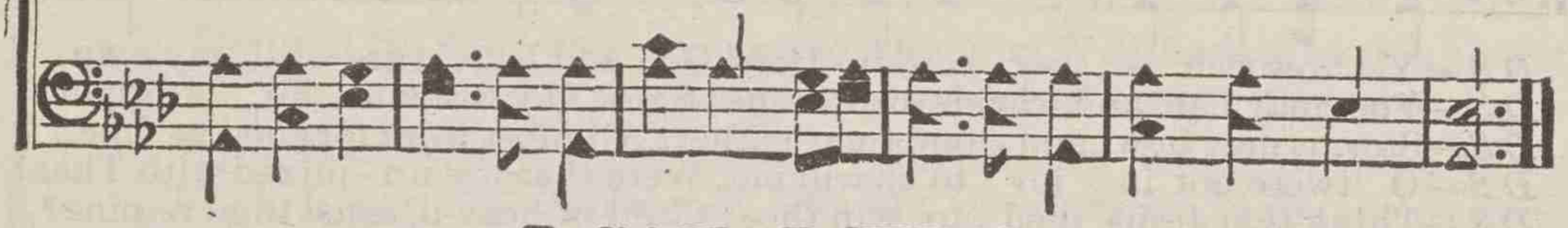
Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. Scotch Air.
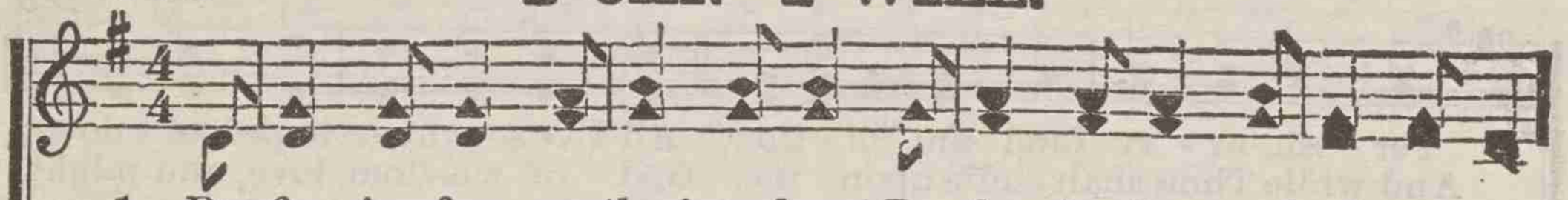


1. Near-er, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee,
   E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me; } Still all my song shall be,
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down,
   Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone, } Yet in my dreams I'll be
3. There let the way appear, Steps un-to heaven.
   All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy given; } An-gels to beck-on me
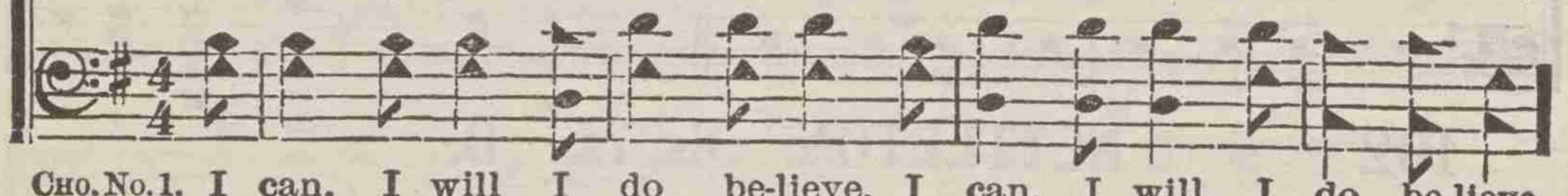


Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
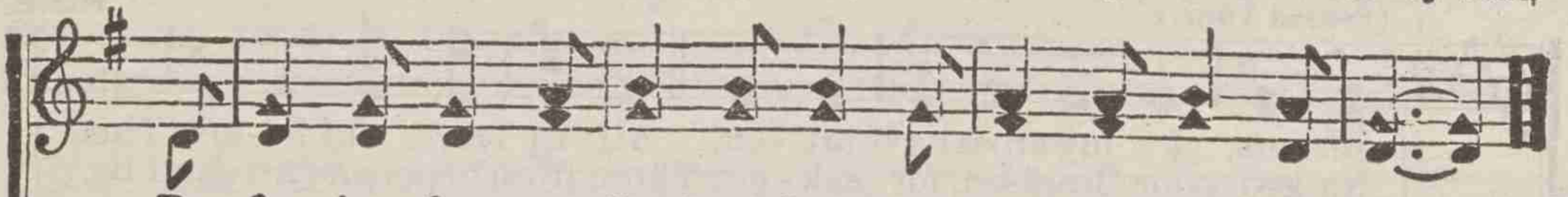


104 I CAN I WILL.
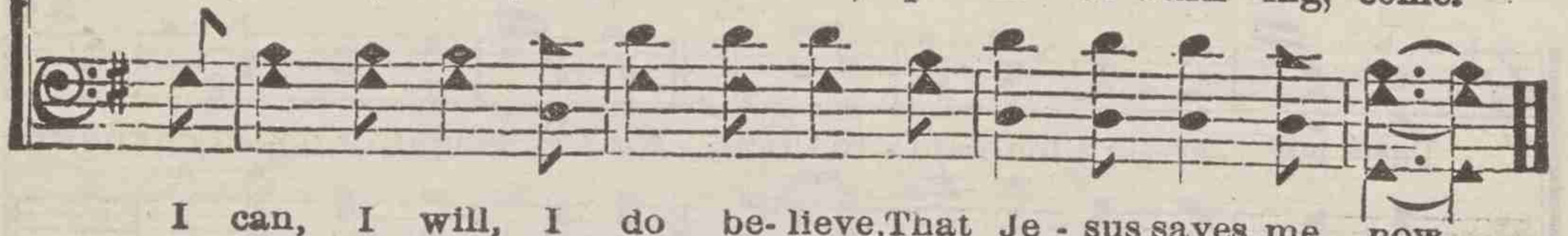


1. Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart, Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart,
2. Scat-ter thy life thro' ev-'ry part, Scat-ter thy life thro' ev-'ry part,
3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, O that it now from heav'n might fall,
4. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for thee I call, Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for thee I call,



Cho. No. 1. I can, I will I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,
Cho. No. 2. I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat,



Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il-lu-mi-nate my soul.
Scat-ter thy life thro' ev-'ry part, And sanc-ti-fy the whole.
O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con-sume.
Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for thee I call, Spir-it of burn-ing, come.
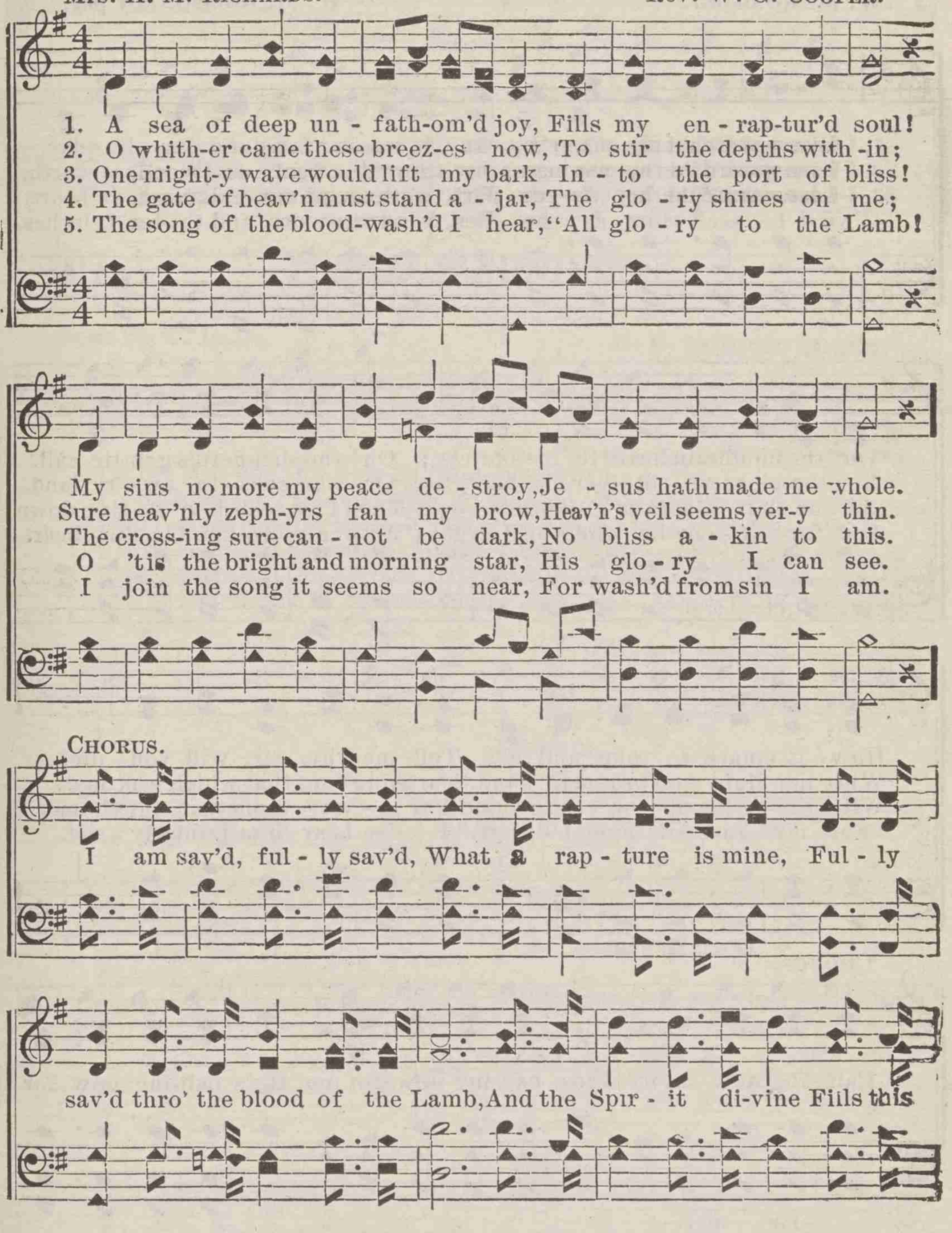


I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je-sus saves me now.
I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat, Where Je-sus an-swers pray'r.

105. FULLY SAVED.

"*Filled with all the fulness of God.*"—Eph. 3: 19.

Mrs. H. M. RICHARDS. Rev. W. G. COOPER.



W. G. COOPER owner of copyright.

CALLING FOR ME.

Luke 15th Chapter.

Words arranged and Chorus by D. E. DORTCH.

W. M. ROBISON. W. M. ROBISON, by per.

1. I have watch'd the sheep a - stray, As it wan-der'd day by day,
On the mountain heard its fee-ble cry; Oh! the shepherd's gen-tle call,

2. I have watch'd the wo-man search, For the gem of price-less worth,
For the piece of sil - ver she had lost; On she goes in ev - 'ry land,

3. I have watch'd the boy de - part, With a proud and anx- ious heart,
As he left his father's house to roam; Then I've seen him sit - ting down

4. Now I see him as he goes, Clad in worn and tat-ter'd clothes,
And for-sak - en by the world so gay; With a bro-ken, bleeding heart,

How it comes to one and all, Tell me why, sir, will you die?
With her light and broom in hand, Searching for that which was lost.
With the swine up - on the ground, Far a - way from that old home.
"For my Fa-ther's home I'll start," I can hear him faint - ly say.
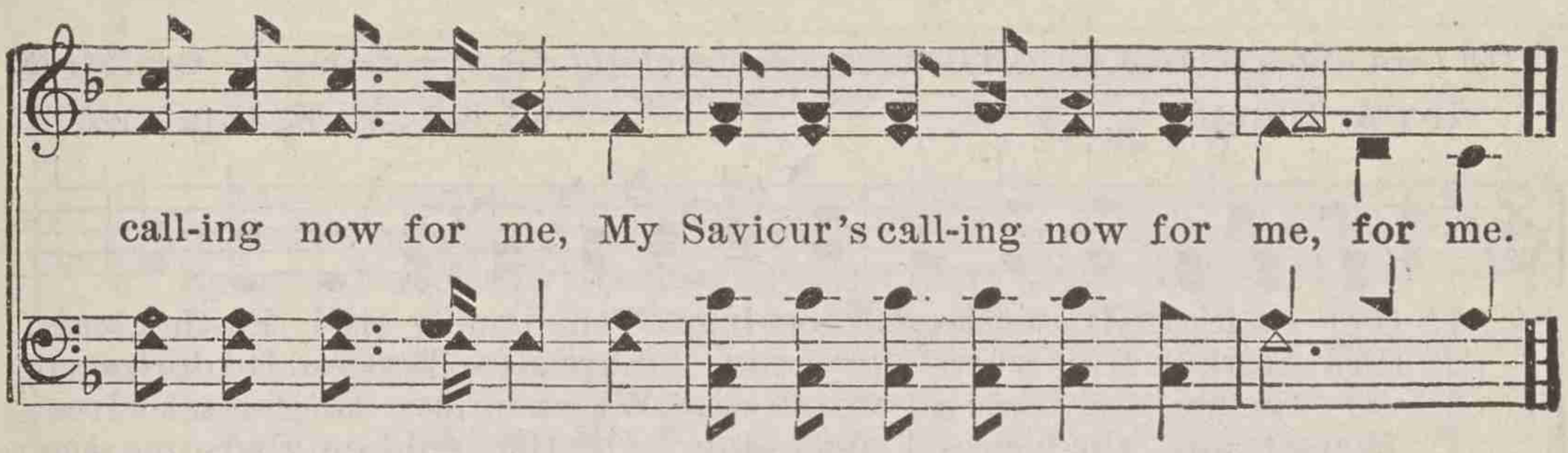
CHORUS.

Call - ing now for me, yes, call-ing now for me, He's call-ing now for me; for me;

me, He's call - ing now for me; Call - ing now for me, yes,

This arrangement owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

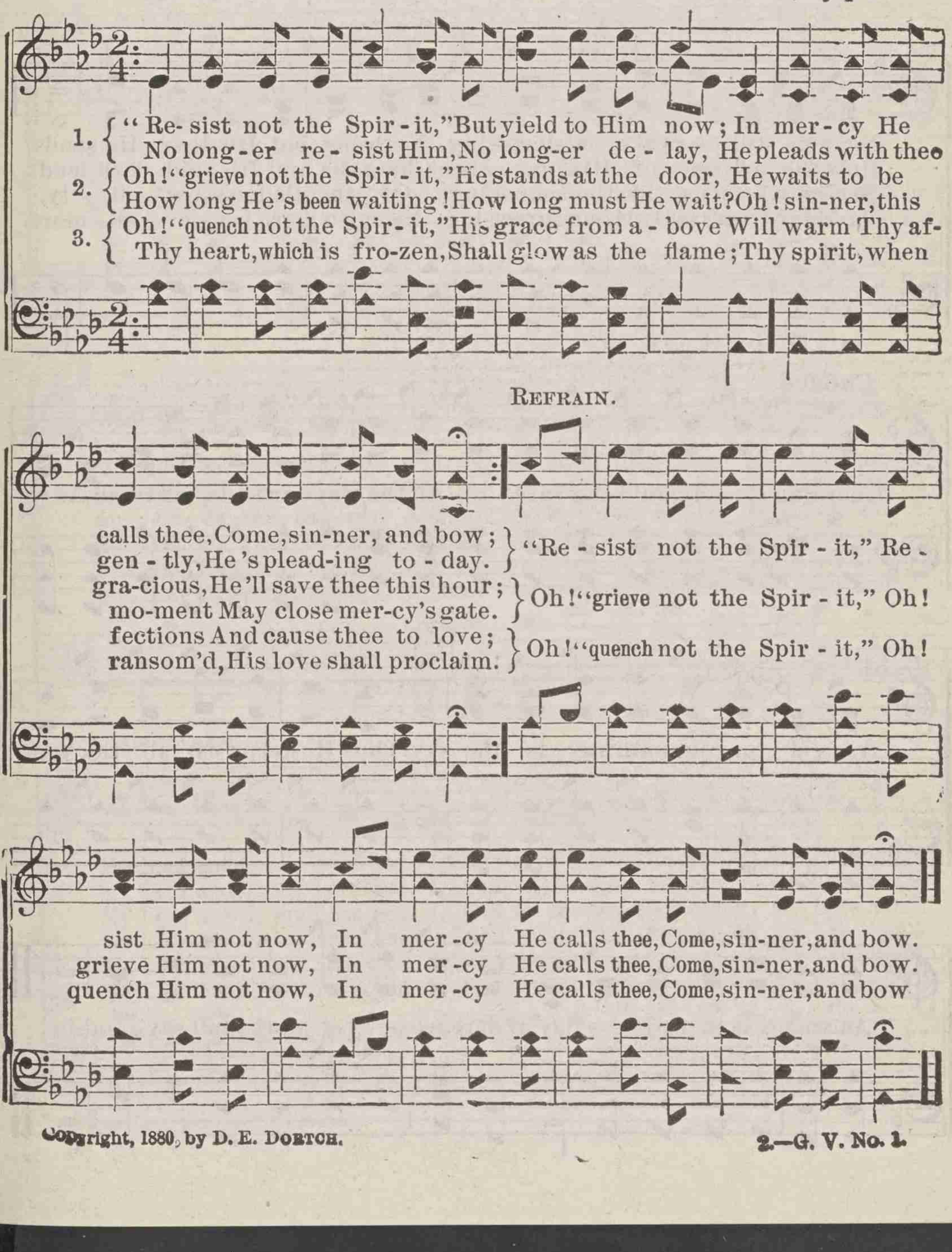
CALLING FOR ME.



107 THREE WARNINGS.

Acts 7: 51; 1 Thess. 5: 19; Eph. 4: 30.

Rev. W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH, by per.
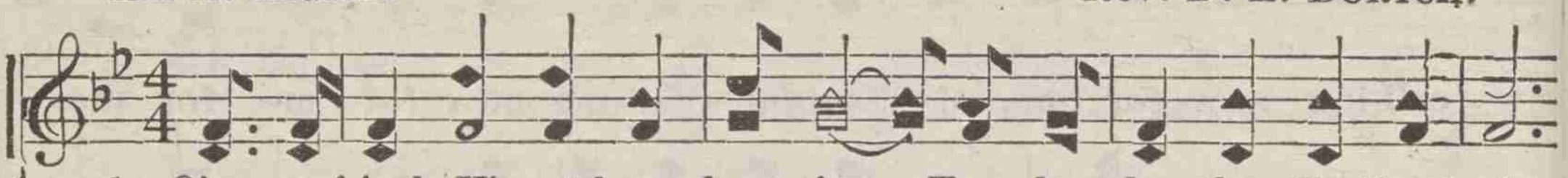


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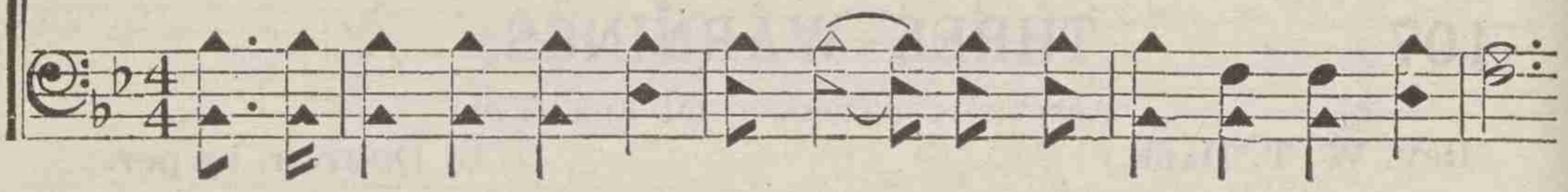
108. ENDEAVOR BENEDICTION SONG.

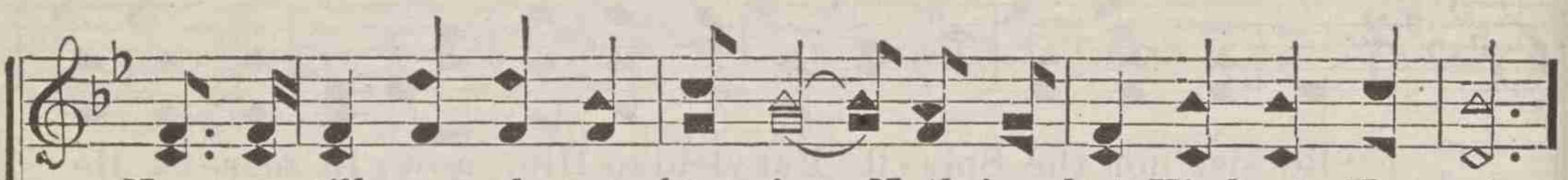
"*The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.*"—Gen. 31: 49.

IDA A. HIGBIE. REV. D. E. DORTCH.
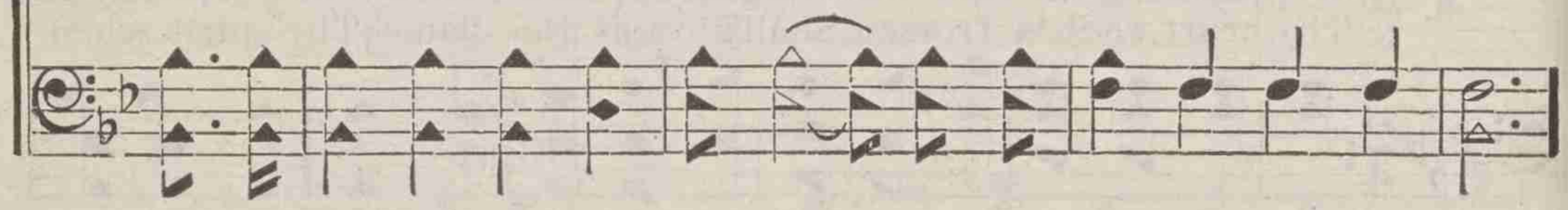


1. O'er us, friends, His watch-care keep-ing, Ten-der-ly the Fa-ther bends;
2. How it grieves Him when to prove us, Sore af-flic-tion He doth send;
3. O the bless-ed, bless-ed watch-care, Which in love He gives so free;
4. Then, O joy, the bless-ed meet-ing, On that gold-en, gladsome shore;
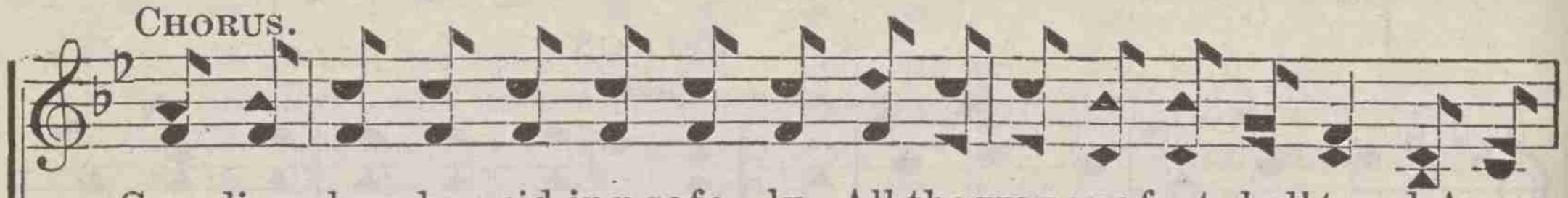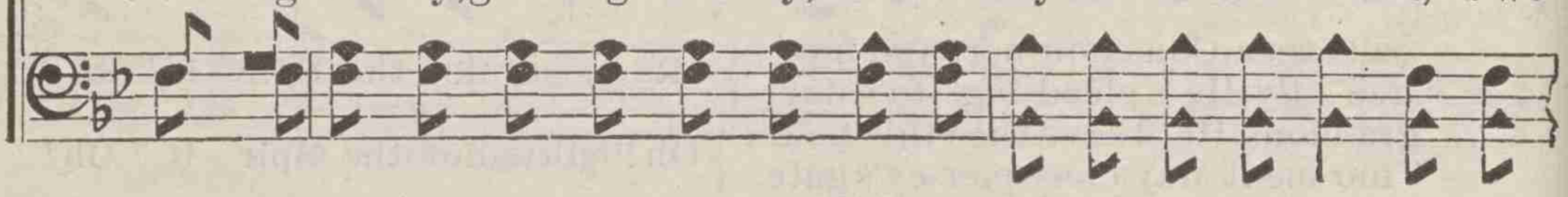




Near us still a-wake or sleep-ing, Noth-ing but His love He sends.
How the an-gel of His pres-ence Cheers us, and His aid doth lend.
Sav-iour, keep us, till the morn-ing Of the glad e-ter-ni-ty.
Sav-iour, friends and lov'd ones greet-ing, Ne'er to part for-ev-er-more.
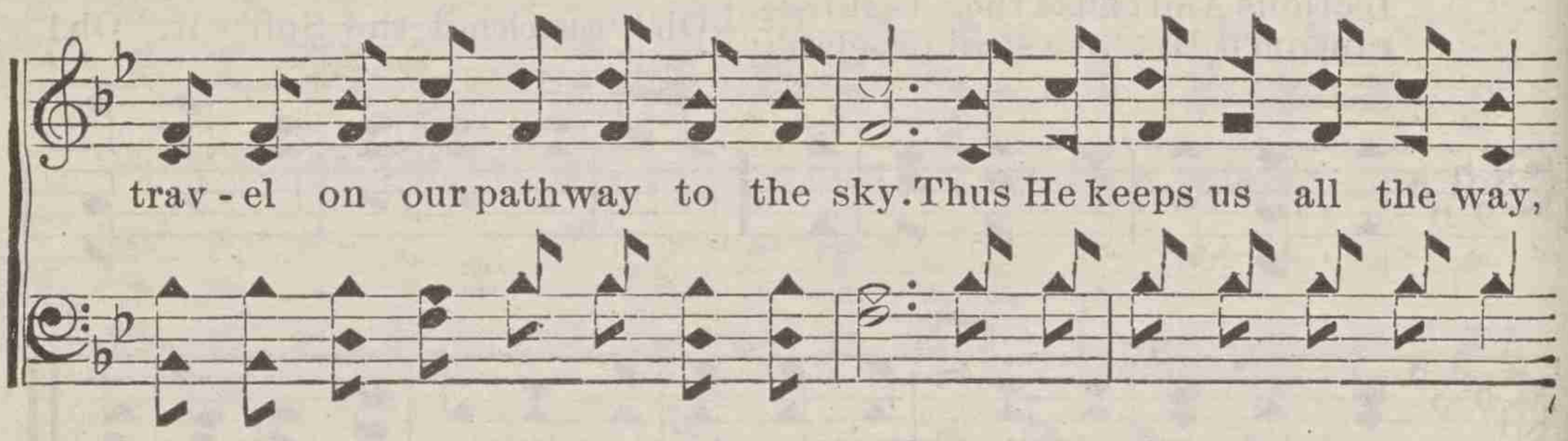


CHORUS.
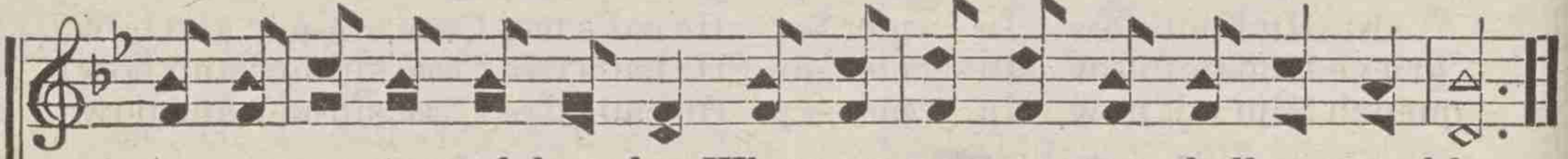


Guarding close-ly, guid-ing safe-ly, All the way our feet shall tread, As we
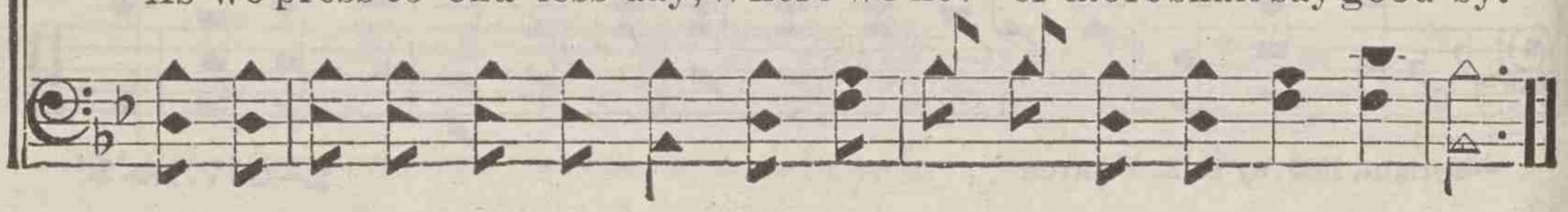


trav-el on our pathway to the sky. Thus He keeps us all the way,





As we press to end-less day, Where we nev-er more shall say good-by.



109. MY LORD AND I.

Anon. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ver - y dear to me; He loves me with such
2. Sometimes I'm faint and weary, He knows that I am weak; And so He bids me
3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well; But with what love He
4. I tell Him all my sor-rows, I tell Him all my joys; I tell Him all that
5. He knows how I am long-ing Some wea-ry soul to win; And so He bids me
6. He tells me of His king-dom He has pre-pared for me; And soon its courts I'll

ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly; I could not live a-part from Him,
lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek; He leads me in the paths of light,
lov - eth me, My tongue can nev - er tell; It is an ev - er - last - ing love,
pleas-es me, I tell Him what an-noys; He tells me what I ought to do,
go and speak A lov - ing word for Him; He bids me tell His wondrous love,
en - ter in, And all His glo - ry see; And there 'mid joys be-yond com-pare,

I love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
Be - neath a sun - ny sky, And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
An ev - er rich sup - ply, And so we love each oth-er, My Lord and I.
He tells me what to try, And so we talk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
And why He came to die, And so we work to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
And heav'nly scenes de-scry, We'll ev - er reign to-geth-er, My Lord and I.

REFRAIN.

My Lord and I, my Lord and I, And so we dwell to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
My Lord and I, my Lord and I, And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
My Lord and I, my Lord and I, And so we love each oth-er, My Lord and I.
My Lord and I, my Lord and I, And so we talk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
My Lord and I, my Lord and I, And so we work to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
My Lord and I, my Lord and I, We'll ev - er reign to-geth-er, My Lord and I.

Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

110 THE MORNING LIGHT.

A. S. KIEFFER. R. R. EMERSON.

1. O the night of time soon shall pass a - way And the hap - py gold-en
2. O the hap - py day that shall gild the hills, When the Lord shall come to
3. What a joy - ful time when the earth shall gleam In the light of an e-

day will dawn, When the pil - grim staff shall be laid a - side
earth a - gain; O the hap - py hearts that shall wel - come Him,
ter - nal day, When the saints shall sing un - to Christ our King,

CHORUS.

And the king - ly crown put . on.
When He comes once more to reign! We are watch-ing now for the
In the gold - en glad ar - ray.

morn - ing light, For the new Je - ru - sa - lem to come, We are

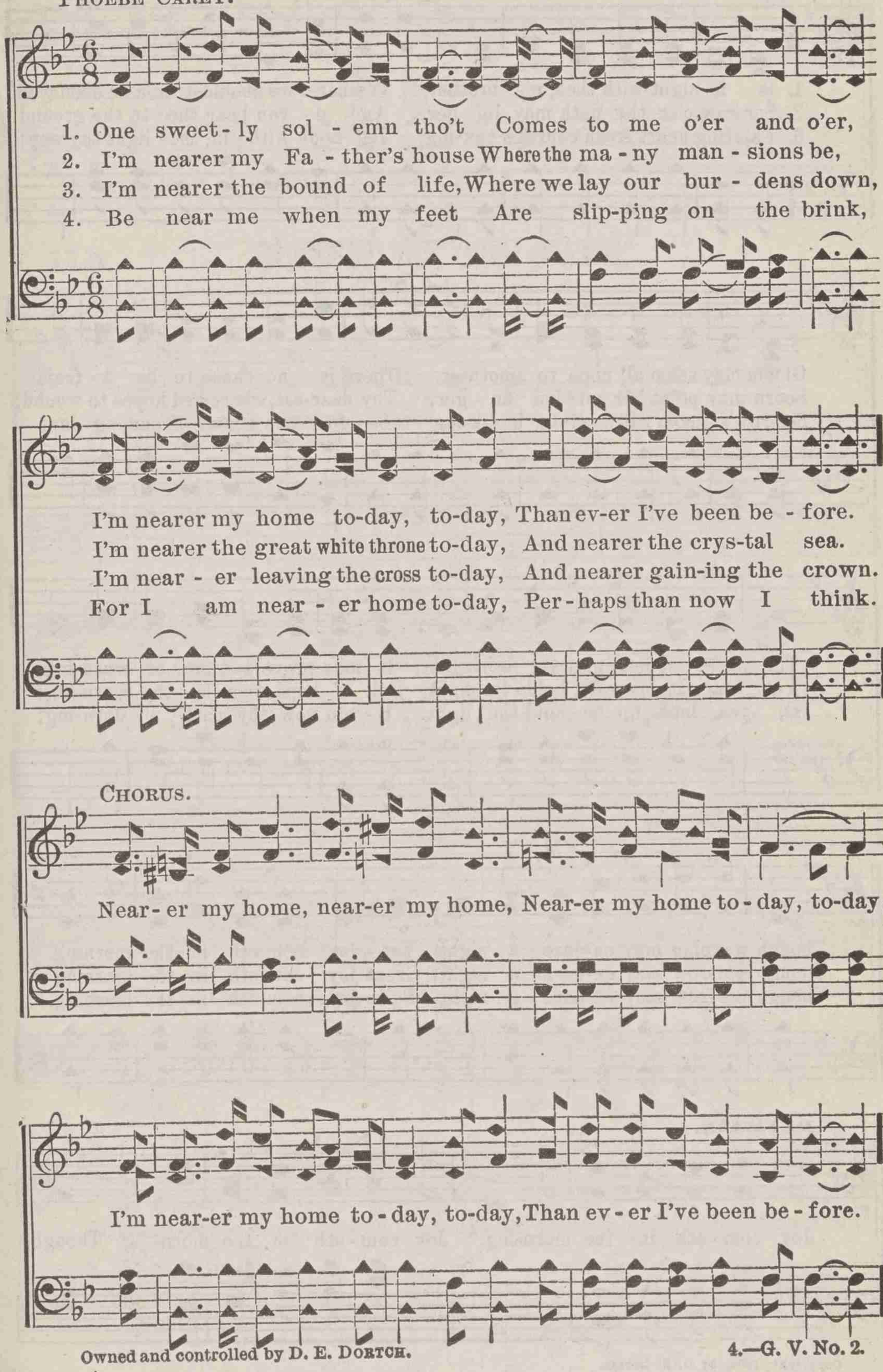
wait - ing still for the Sav - iour Christ, Who will call His chil-dren home.

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111. I'M NEARER MY HOME TODAY.

"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." — Rom. 13: 11.

PHOEBE CAREY. D. E. DORTCH.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

112 JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

REV. T. L. BAILEY. D. E. D.

1. Is it night with thee, my brother, O wherefore shouldst thou be dismayed?
2. Sor-row o'er thy path may lin-ger, And e-ven bear thee to the ground;
3. Fainting heart fresh courage tak-ing, Let hope with-in thee light thy way;

Gloom may seem all hope to smoth-er, There is no cause to be a-fraid;
Scorn may point her sul-len fin-ger, Thy dear-est, cherished hopes to wound;
Sor-row's gloom will soon be break-ing Be-fore the beams of coming day;

The dark-est hour may yet be bright, It may prove a time of warn-ing;
Yet bear it brave-ly, bold-ly fight, Full of hope, this is thy warn-ing;
O, yes, look up, be-hold the light. E-ven now thy path a-dorn-ing;

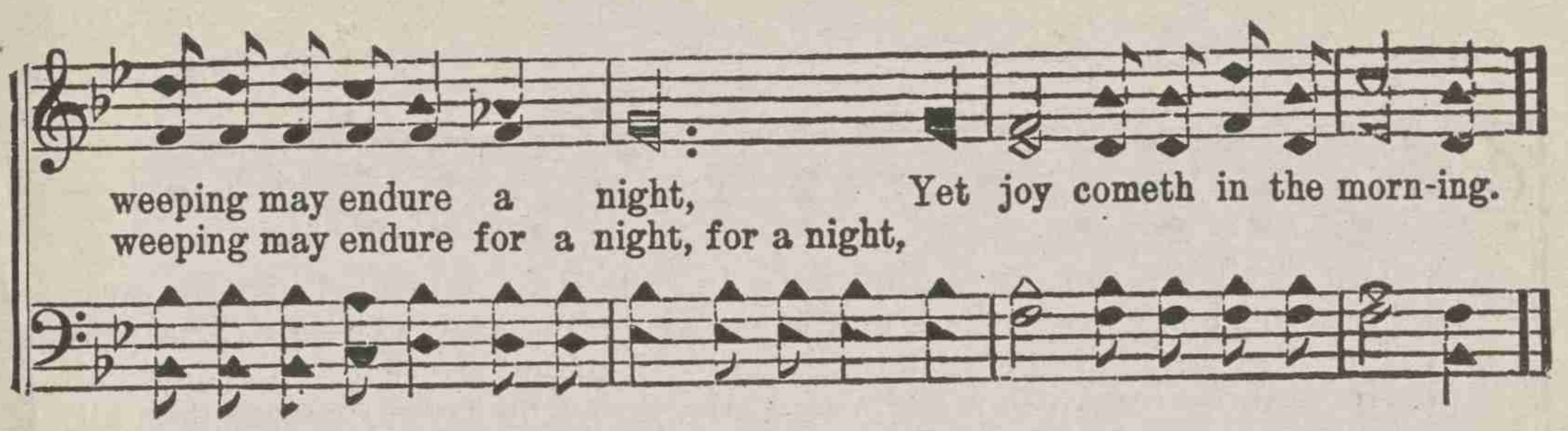
Though weeping may en-dure a night, Yet joy com-eth in the morning.
Though sor-row may en-dure a night, Great joy com-eth in the morning.
Though sor-row may en-dure a night, Full joy com-eth in the morning.

REFRAIN.

Joy com-eth in the morn-ing, Joy com-eth in the morn-ing, Though
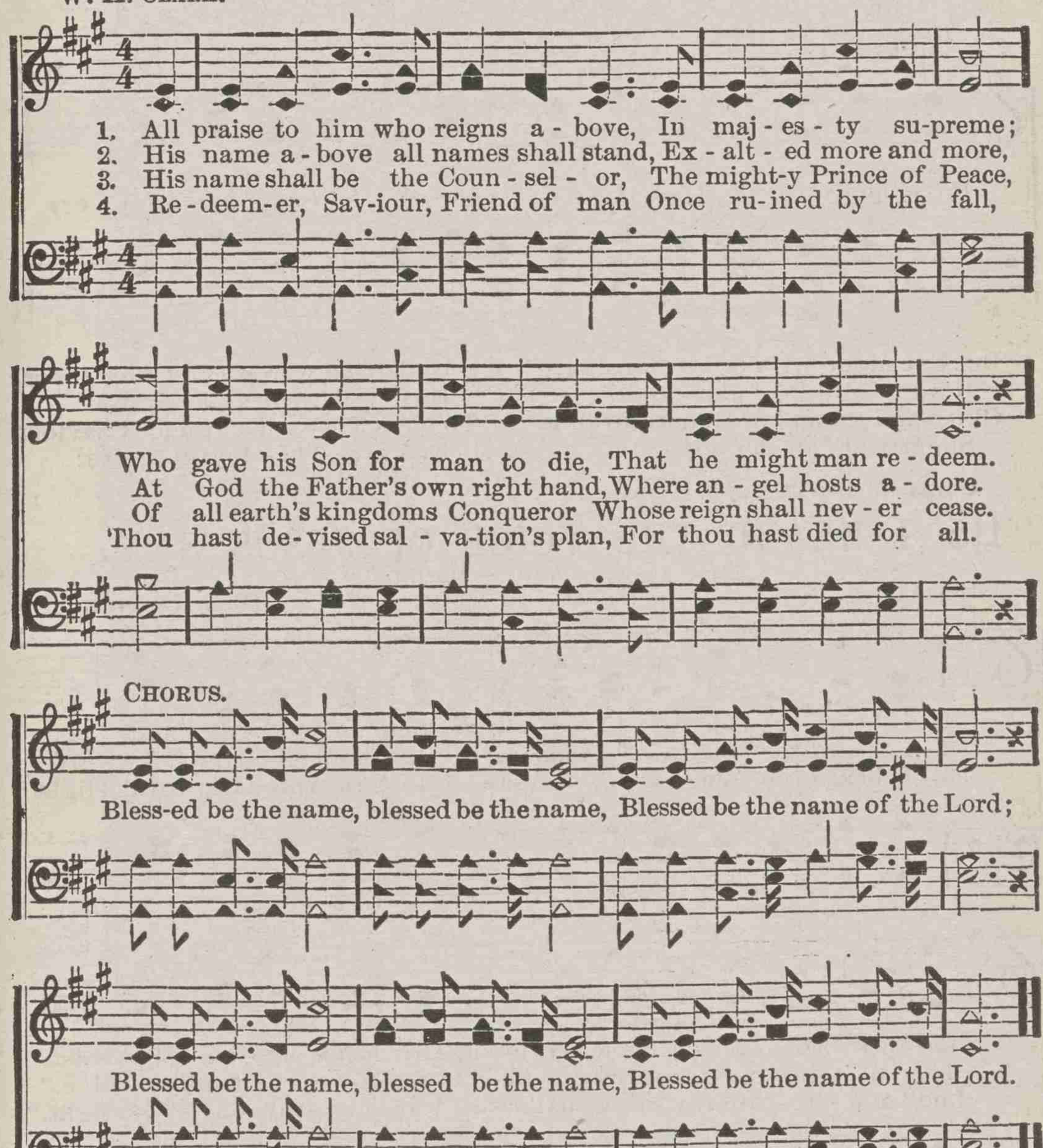
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JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

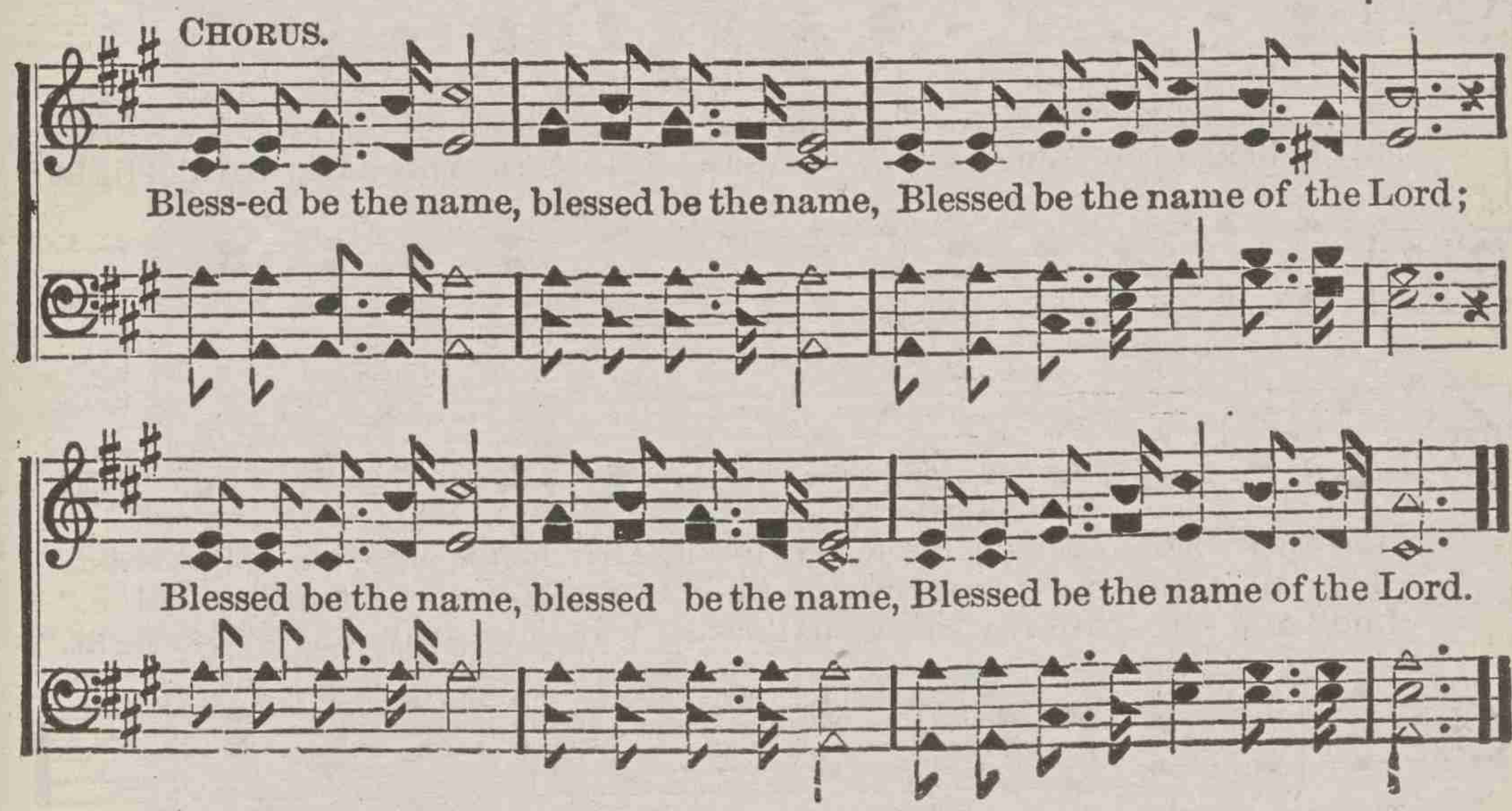


113 BLESSED BE THE NAME.

W. H. CLARK.



CHORUS.

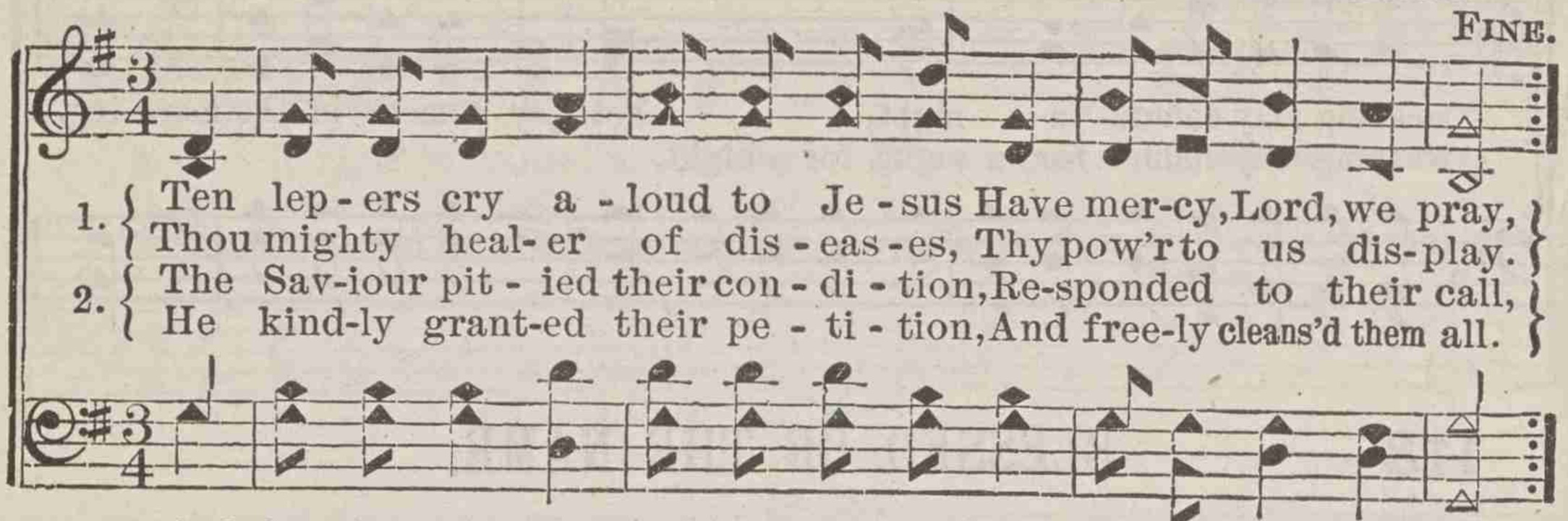


114 TEN LEPERS.

"And they lifted up their voices and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."—Luke 17: 13.

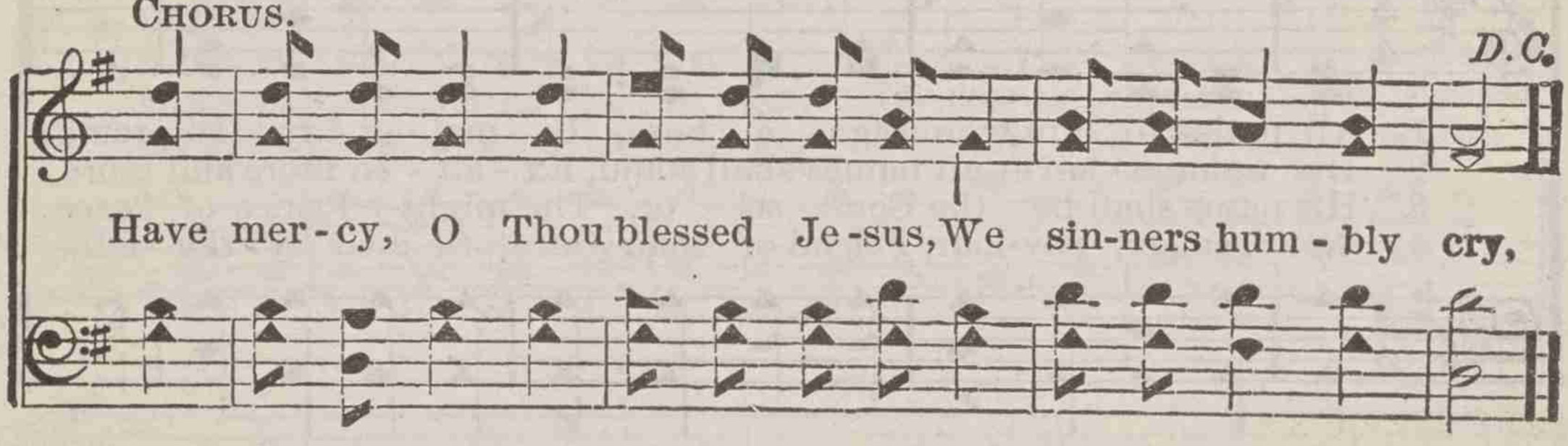
J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.

FINE.



CHORUS.

D.C.



3 But one alone with ardor burning,
His grateful love expressed,
Glory and thanks to God returning,
Silent were all the rest.

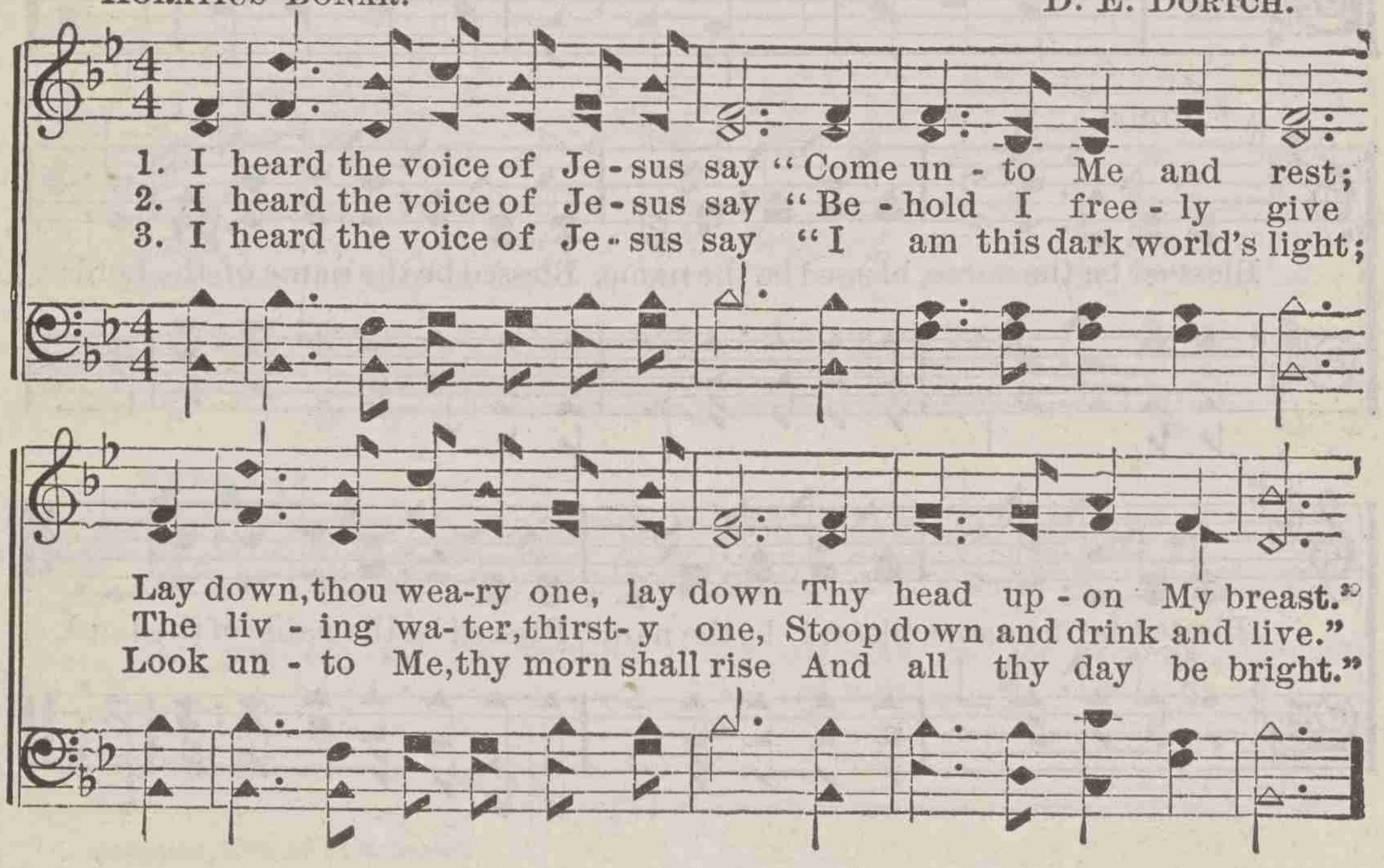
4 O God of all whom Thou didst favor,
How few their voices raise
To bless Thee for a gracious Saviour
And give Thee joyful praise.
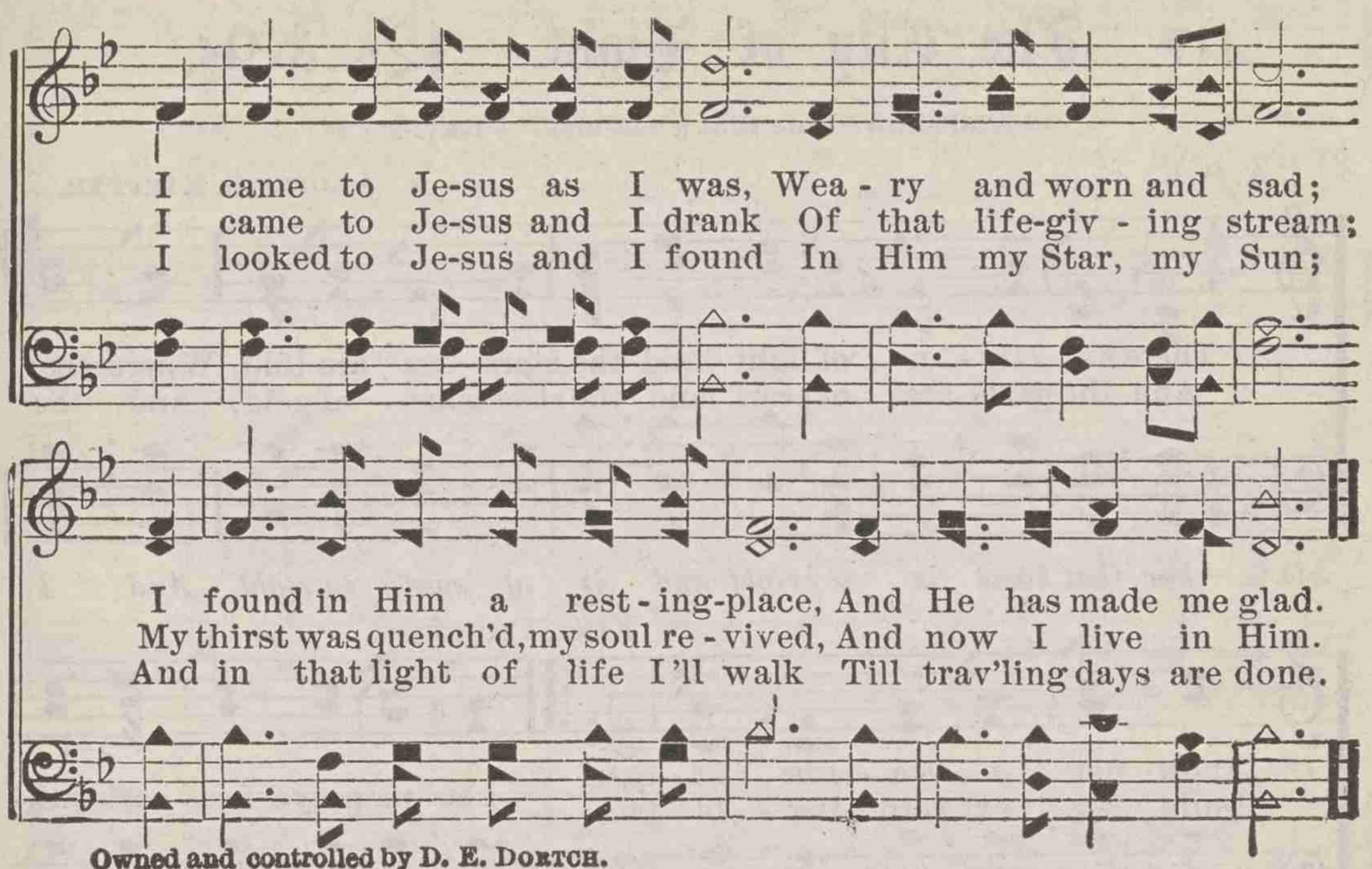
Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

115 I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

"I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.
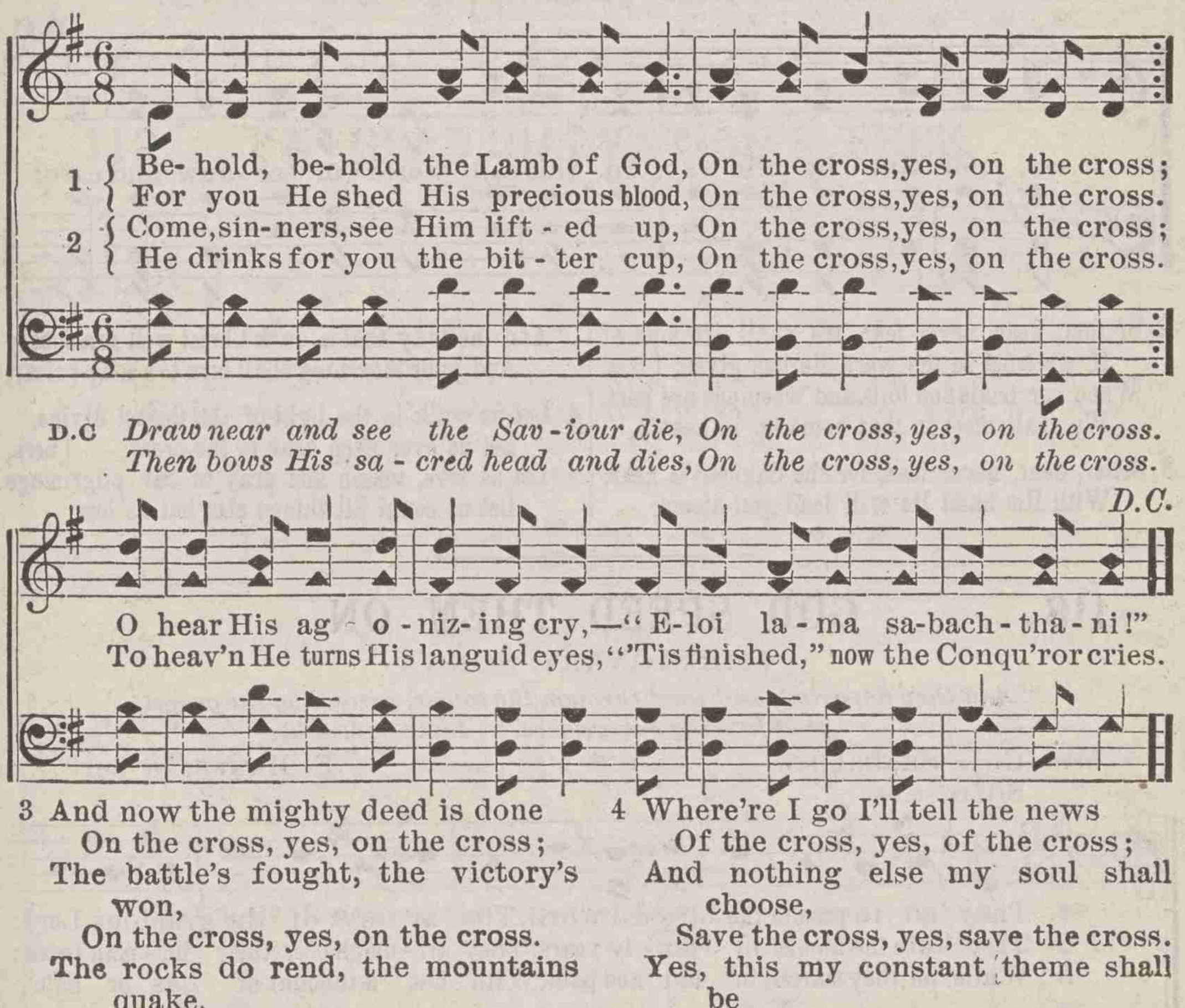
HORATIUS BONAR. D. E. DORTCH.





Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

116. ON THE CROSS.
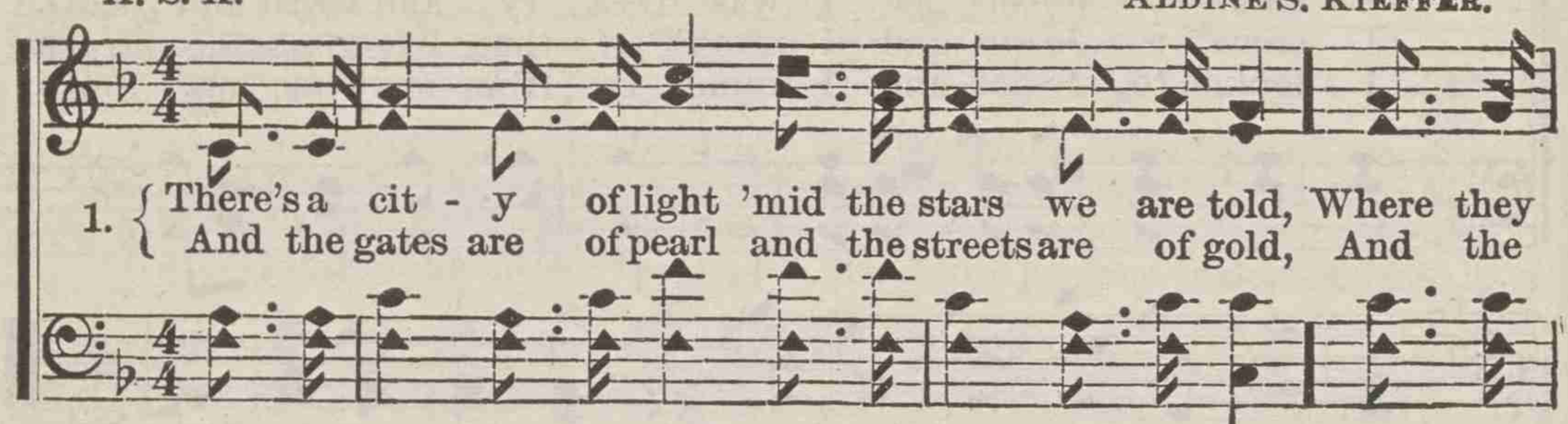


3 And now the mighty deed is done
On the cross, yes, on the cross;
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
On the cross, yes, on the cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make;
While Jesus suffers for your sake,
On the cross, yes, on the cross.

4 Where're I go I'll tell the news
Of the cross, yes, of the cross;
And nothing else my soul shall choose,
Save the cross, yes, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be
Through time, and in eternity;
That Jesus died for you and me,
On the cross, yes, on the cross.

117 The City of Light. 12s. & 9s.

"And showed me that great city."—Rev. 21: 10.

A. S. K. Aldine S. Kieffer.



2 Brother, dear, never fear, we shall triumph at last,
If we trust in the word He has given;
When our trials and toils, and weepings are past,
We shall meet in that home up in heav'n.

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.

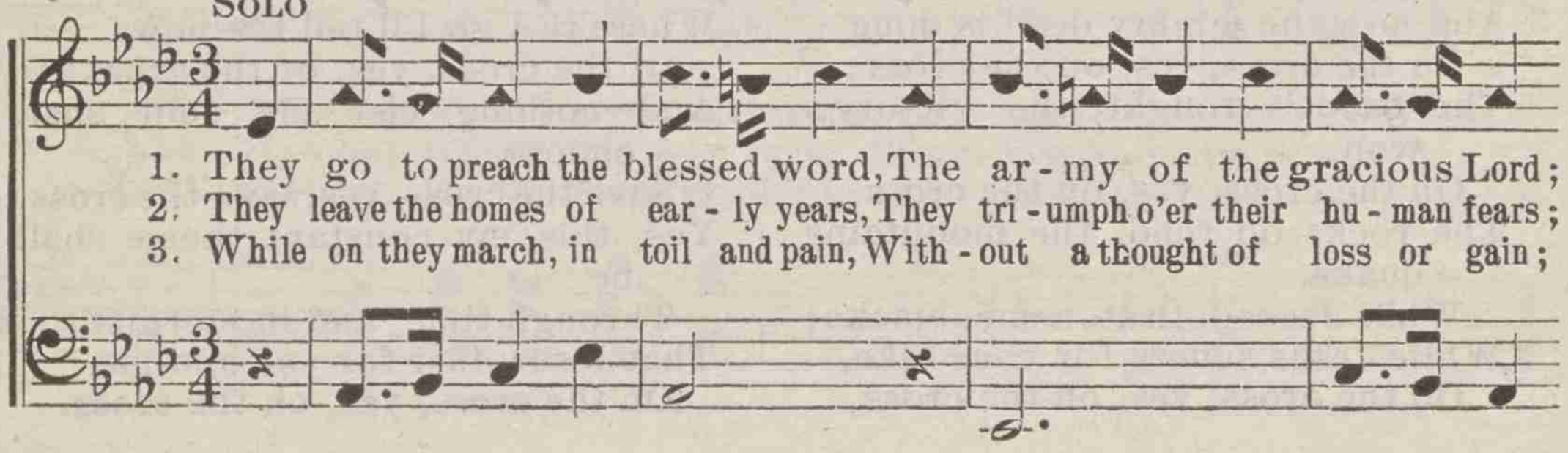
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118. GOD SPEED THEM ON.

(MISSIONARY SONG)

"And they departed, and went through the towns, preaching the gospel, and healing everywhere."—Luke 9: 6.

Mrs. C. L Shacklock. E. Hanks, by per.



Against the host of death and sin, A war to wage, a vic-t'ry win.
As sol-diers of the cross they bear His roy-al ban-ner ev-'ry where.
In ar-mor clad to meet the foe, God speed them on the way they go.

CHORUS.

God speed them on, God speed them on, Till fought the fight, the vic-t'ry won;

Till truth shall spread from shore to shore, Till death and sin shall be no more.

Controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

119. I'M GLAD SALVATION'S FREE.

In memory of Rufus Thomas.

Anon. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. I'm glad sal-va-tion's free, And with-out price or cost,
2. In this cold world be-low, With none to care for me,
3. Once I was blind and lost, Of sin and sor-row full;
4. And now I'm on the way To bright-er lands a-bove;

CHO. *I'm glad sal-va-tion's free, I'm glad sal-va-tion's free;*

D C. CHORUS

For had it been for me to buy, My soul must have been lost.
A pil-grim lone, without a home—I'm glad sal-va-tion's free.
But now I'm saved thro' Je-sus' blood, I feel it in my soul.
I'll sure-ly tri-umph ev-er-more Thro' my Re-deem-er's love.

Sal-va-tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal-va-tion's free.

120. HO! REAPERS FOR ETERNITY.

MISSIONARY RALLY SONG. I Thess. 5.

Words and Music of Chorus by J. C. MIDYETT. Music by D. E. DORTCH.

1. Ho! reap-ers for e-ter-ni-ty! A-rouse you one and all; Too long in care-less ap-a-thy, Too long in sin-ful leth-ar-gy, You've
2. The fields are white to har-vest now, The reap-ers must be true; The hands are still that held the plow, The sow-er's limbs in weakness bow, The
3. O har-vest-er how can you sleep! While o'er the har-vest plain The storms of death in fu-ry sweep, And strew the fields your hands might reap With
4. The time has come when ev-'ry friend Should grasp the sick-le bright, And to the gold-en har-vest bend, Nor pause un-til the har-vest end At

REFRAIN.

heed-ed not His call. (*For 1st and 2d verses.*)
Mas-ter calls for you. A-wake, a-wake, awake, awake! And grasp the sickle
wrecks of'wasted grain. (*For 3d and 4th verses.*)
com-ing of the night. A-wake, a-wake, a-wake, awake! On mountain hill and
bright, And reap the gold-en har-vest e'er The com-ing of the night.
plain, Thrust in the gleam-ing sick-le now, And save the wast-ing grain.

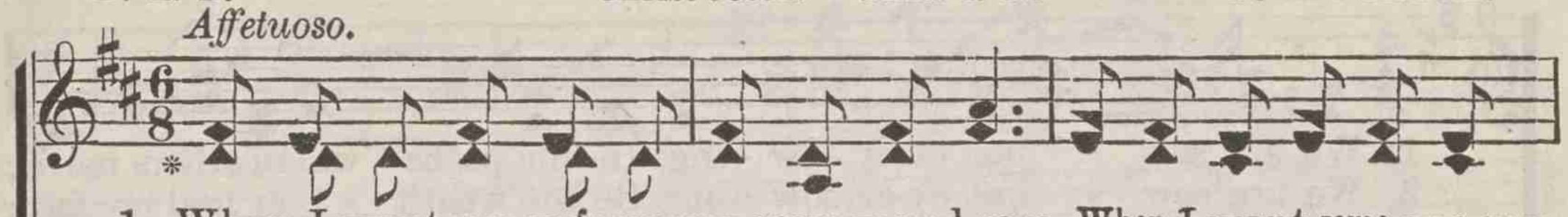
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No. 121. He Supplieth My Need.
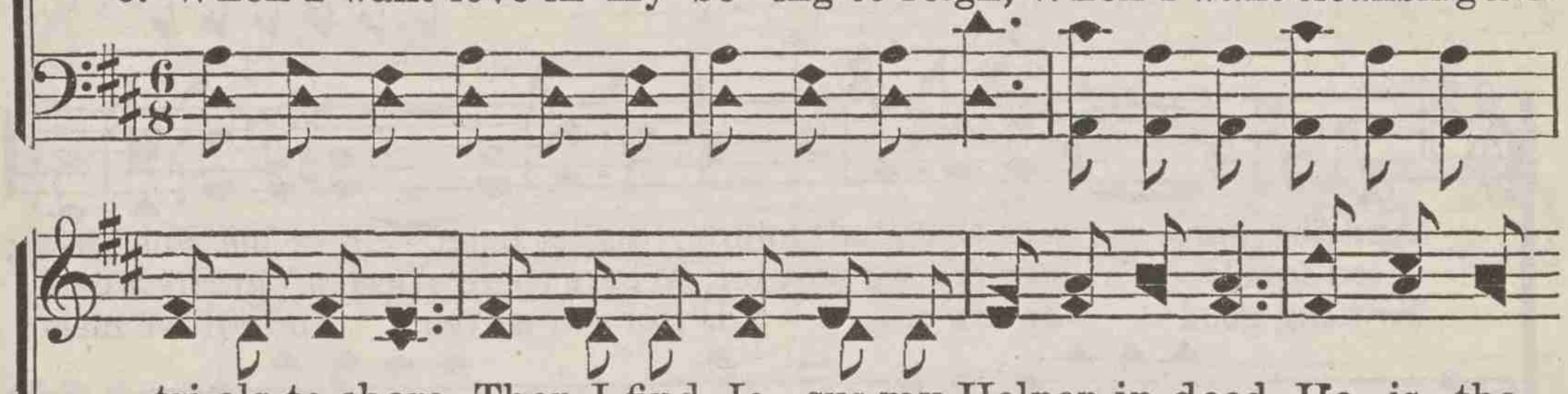
"But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—PHIL. 4: 19.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.
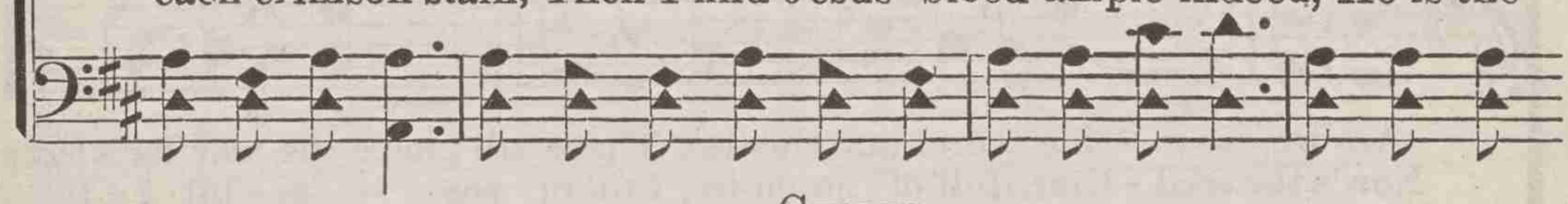
Affetuoso.
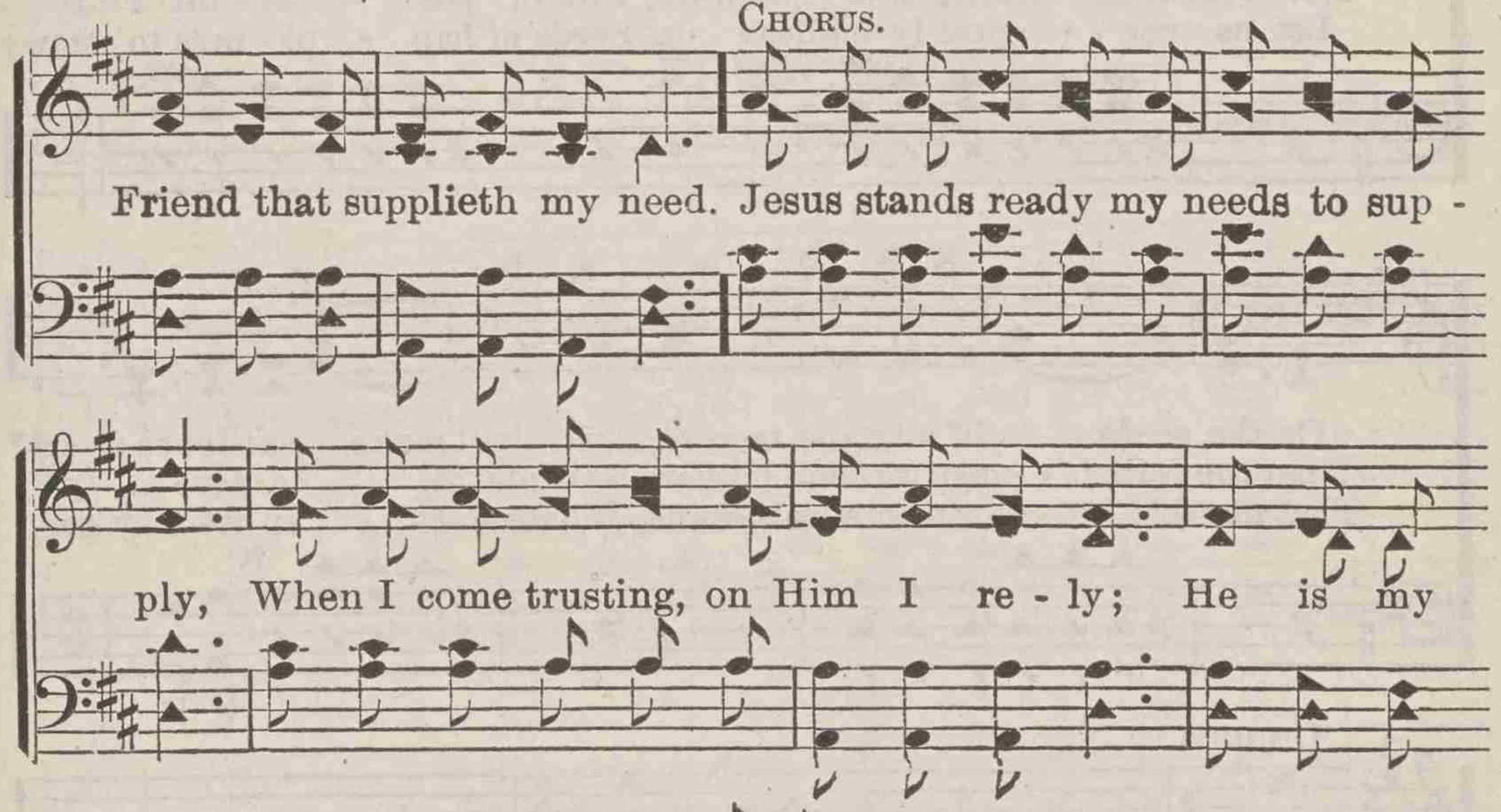


1. When I want peace from my sorrow and care, When I want some one my
2. When I want peace like a riv - er to roll, When I want some one my
3. When I want rest from the burdens I bear, When I want ease for the
4. When I want shade in the shel-ter-ing fold, When I want food for my
5. When I want love in my be - ing to reign, When I want cleansing from
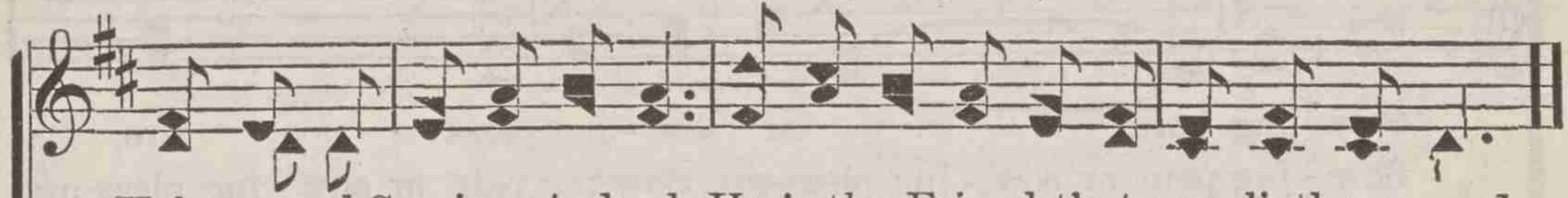


tri-als to share, Then I find Je - sus my Helper in-deed, He is the
life to control, Then to my Saviour with gladness I speed, He is the
heart filled with care, Then my dear Lord for me doth intercede, He is the
hungering soul, Then with rich graces my Shepherd doth feed, He is the
each crimson stain, Then I find Jesus' blood ample indeed, He is the



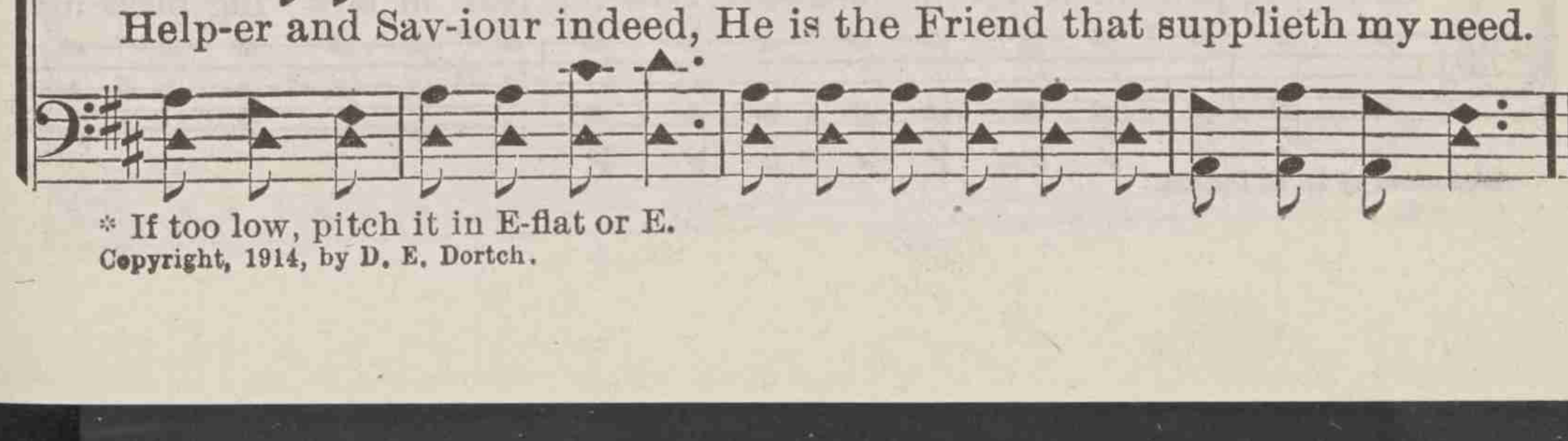
CHORUS.



Friend that supplieth my need. Jesus stands ready my needs to sup -



ply, When I come trusting, on Him I re - ly; He is my



Help-er and Sav-iour indeed, He is the Friend that supplieth my need.

* If too low, pitch it in E-flat or E.

Copyright, 1914, by D. E. Dortch.

SOWING. EVER SOWING.

E. R. LATTA

J. M. HOGAN.
Arr. by D. E. Dortch.

1. We are sow - ing, ev-er sow - ing, In the paths where others move;
2. We are sow - ing, ev-er sow - ing, Be the weath - er foul or fair;
3. We are sow - ing, ev-er sow - ing, In the home and on the street;

And the har - vest that shall follow, Shall a bane or blessing prove;
Heed-less-ly how oft we scat-ter, Where there's need of greatest care;
Sow-ing good or sow-ing e - vil, For our-selves and all we meet;

Are we sow - ing thorns and thistles, That shall pierce the trav'ler's feet;
Now's the seed - time, full of prom-ise, Full of pos - si - bil - i - ty;
Let us ear - nest-ly en-deav - or, Seeds of hap - pi - ness to strew;
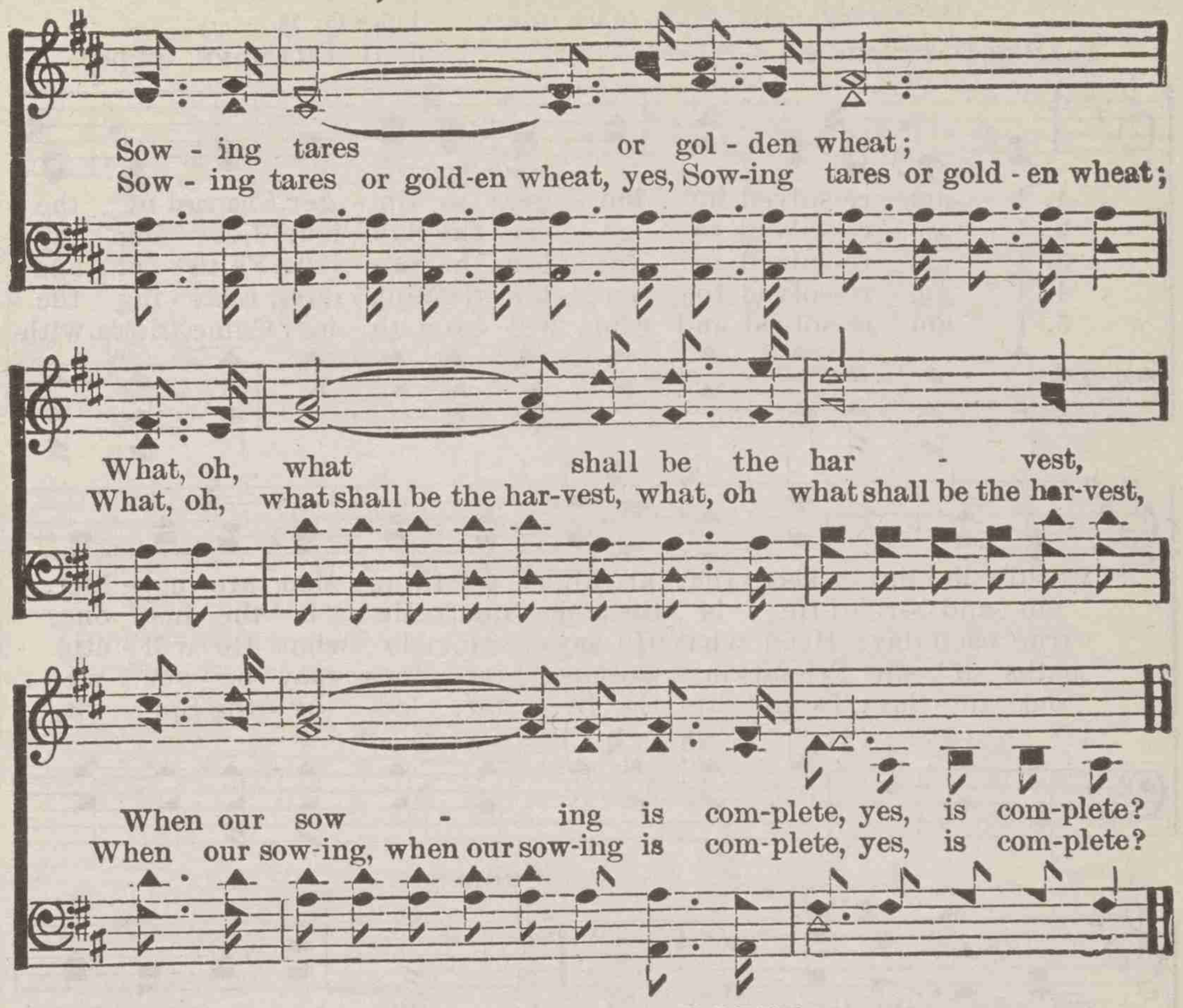
Or the seeds of love and mer-cy, That shall make existence sweet?
What the fruit - age we shall gather, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty?
That our fel - low men may bless us, Where-so-ev - er we may go.

CHORUS.

Sow - ing pain or sow - ing pleas ure,
Sow - ing pain or sow - ing pleas-ure, Sow-ing pain or sow - ing pleas-ure,

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

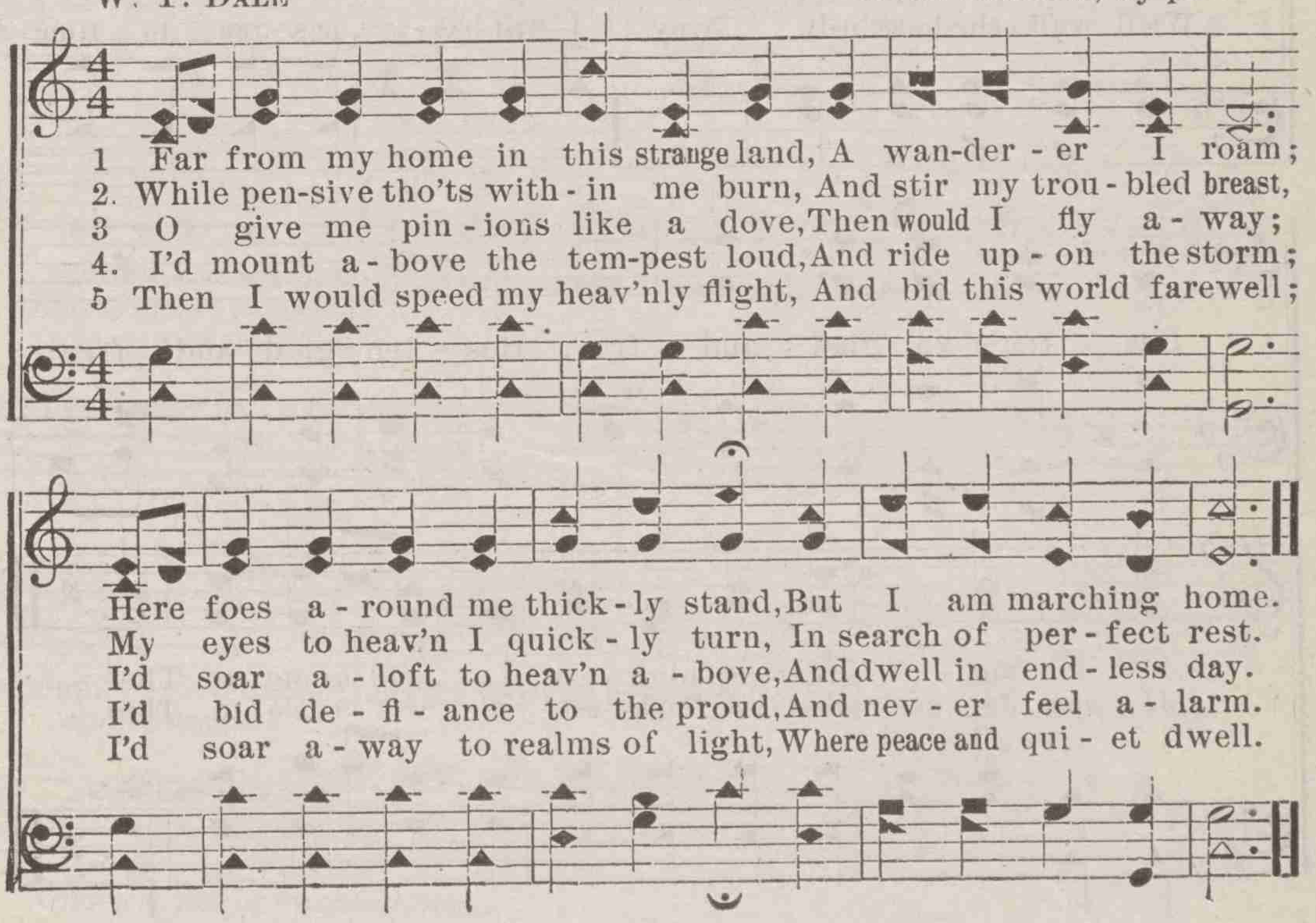
SOWING, EVER SOWING. Concluded.



123. FAR FROM HOME.

"Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest."—Ps. 55: 6.

W. T. Dale D. E. Dortch, by per.



124 I AM RESOLVED.

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

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - iour, Leav - ing my
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - iour, Faith - ful and
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
true each day; Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
paths of sin; Friends may op-pose me, foes may be - set me,
out de - lay; Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spi - rit,

CHORUS.

These have al - lured my sight. I will has - ten to Him,
He hath the words of life.
He is the liv - ing way.
Still will I en - ter in.
We'll walk the heav'n-ly way. I will has - ten, has - ten to Him,

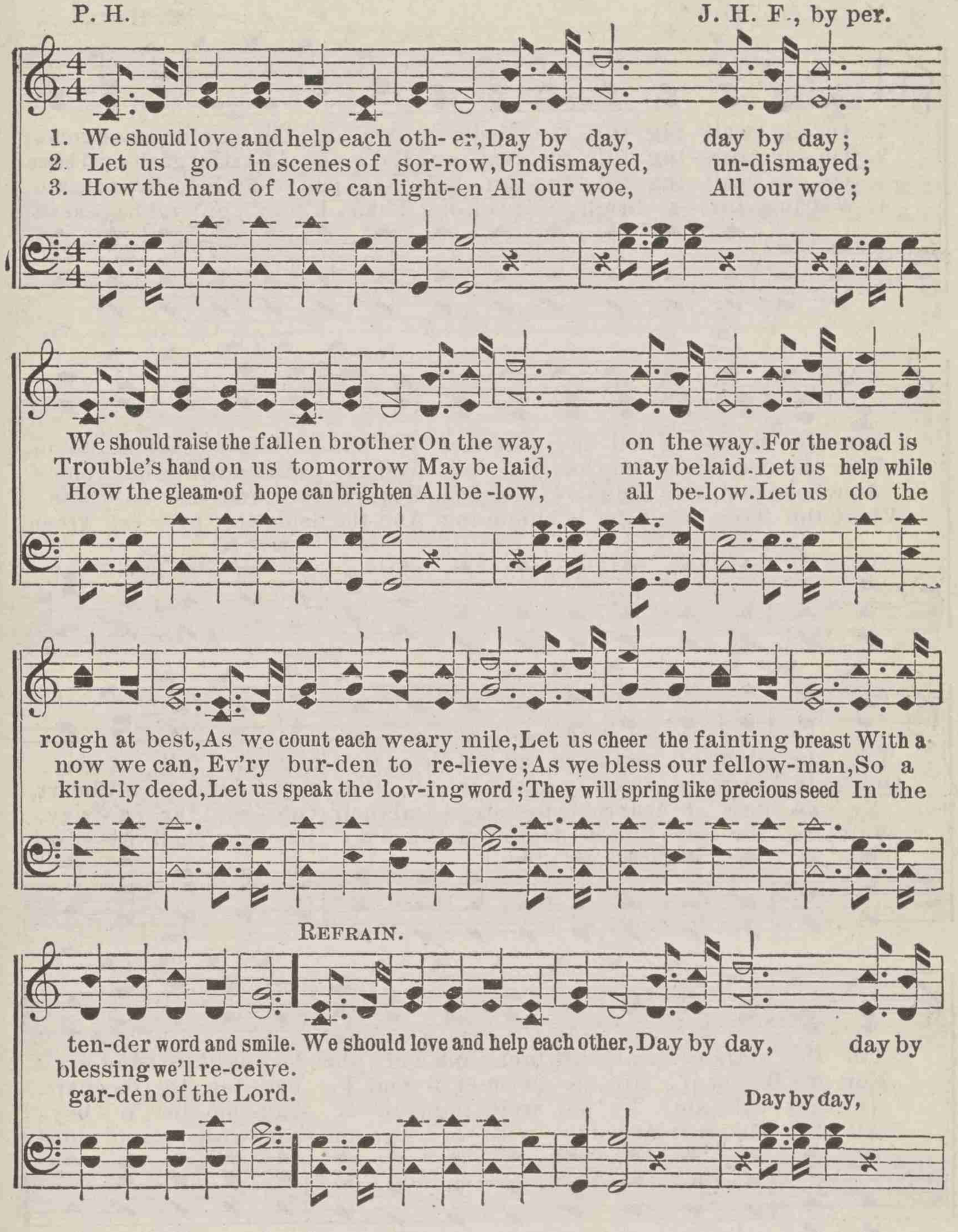
Has - ten so glad and free; Has - ten glad and free;

Je - sus, great-est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.

125. LOVE AND HELP EACH OTHER.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." — Eph. 6: 2.

P. H. J. H. F., by per.



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126. ONLY WAITING.

"For I am now ready . . . and the time of my departure is at hand."—2 Tim. 4: 6.

Mrs. F. L. Mace. E. Hanks.

1. On - ly wait - ing till the shad-ows Are a lit - tle long-er grown;
2. On - ly wait - ing till the reap - ers Have the last sheaf gath-er'd home;
3. On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the pearl-y gate,
4. Waiting for a bright-er dwell-ing Than I ev - er yet have seen,

On - ly wait - ing till the glim-mer Of the day's last beam is flown.
For the sum - mer time has fad - ed, And the autumn winds have come.
At whose por - tals long I've lingered, Wea - ry, poor, and des - o - late.
Where the Tree of Life is bloom-ing, And the fields are ev - er green.

Till the night of earth has fad - ed From the heart and full of day,
Quick - ly, reap-ers, quick-ly gath - er All the ripe hours of my heart,
Ev - en now I hear their footsteps And their voic - es far a - way,
Wait - ing for my full re-demption, When my Sav-iour shall re - store

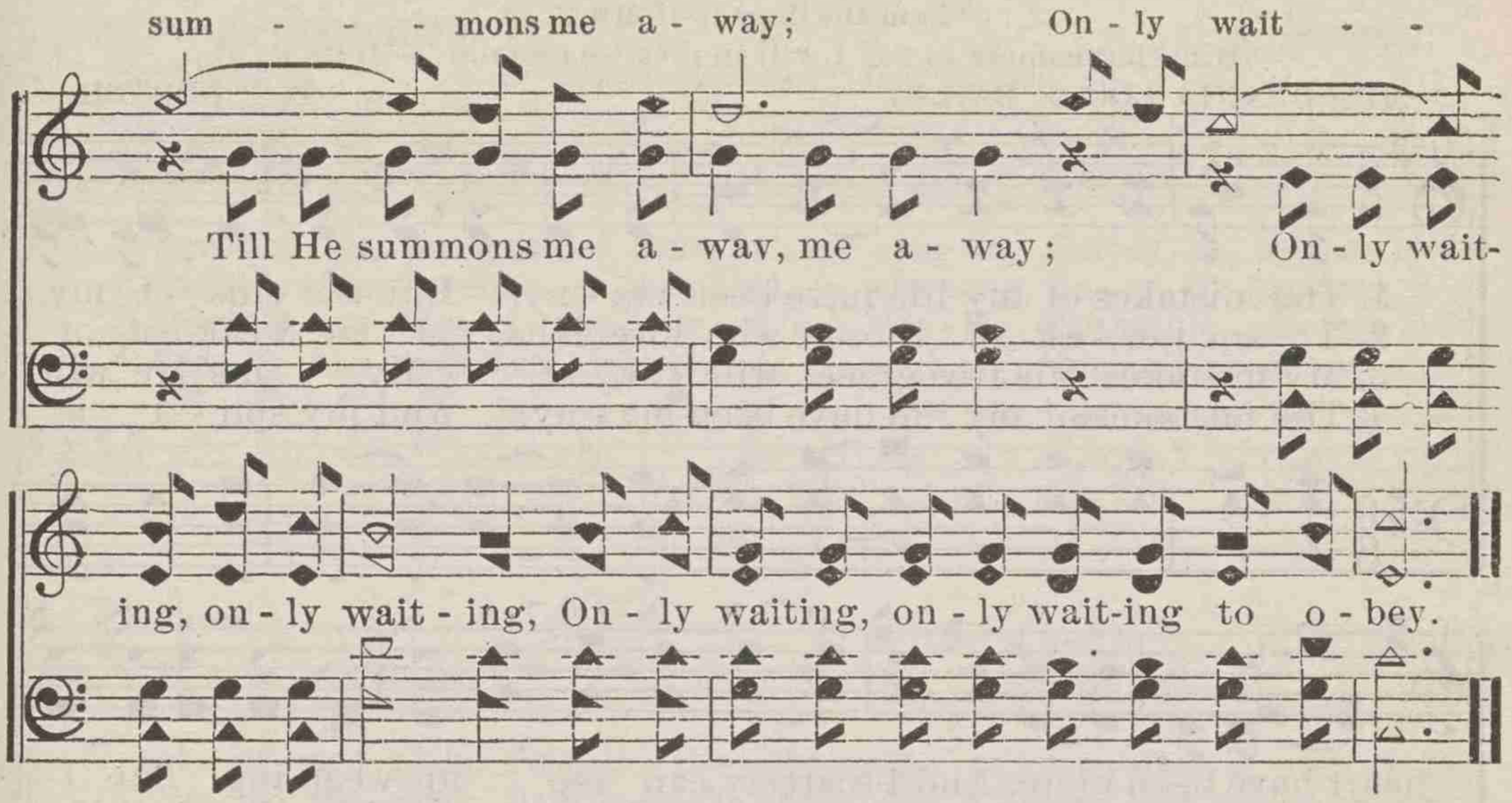
Till the stars of heav'n are break-ing Thro' the twi-light soft and gray.
For the bloom of life is with-er'd, And I has - ten to de - part.
If they call me, I am wait - ing, On - ly wait-ing to o - bey.
All that sin has caused to with - er; Age and sor-row come no more.

CHORUS.

On - ly wait - - - - - ing, on - ly wait - ing, Till the

On - ly wait - ing, on - ly wait - ing,

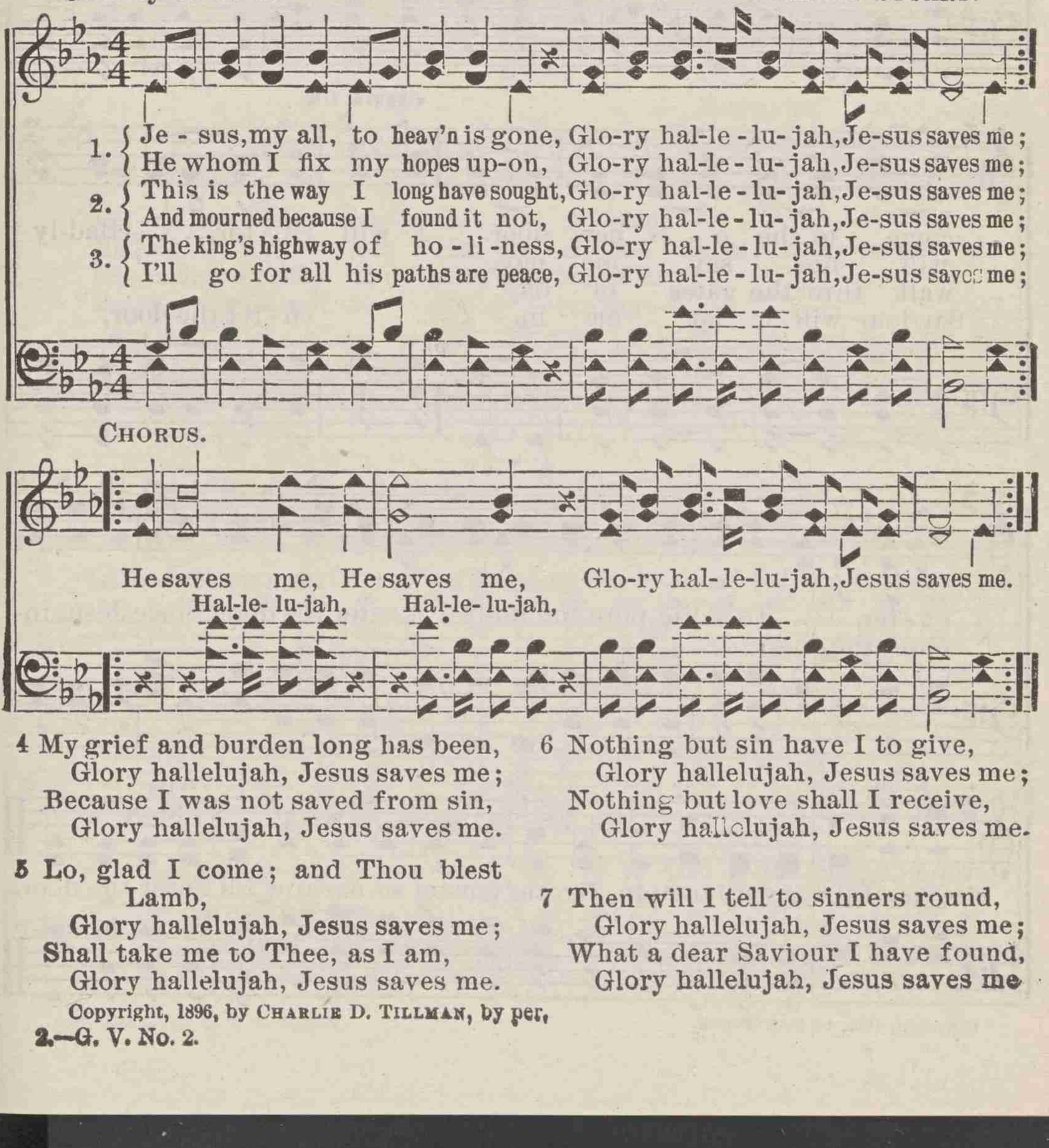
ONLY WAITING.



127. JESUS SAVES ME.

"*He shall save his people from their sins.*"—Matt. 1: 21.

Arr. by G. R. C. SALLIE STUART.



4 My grief and burden long has been,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
Because I was not saved from sin,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me.

5 Lo, glad I come; and Thou blest Lamb,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
Shall take me to Thee, as I am,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me.

6 Nothing but sin have I to give,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
Nothing but love shall I receive,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me.

7 Then will I tell to sinners round,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
What a dear Saviour I have found,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me

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128. THE MISTAKE OF MY LIFE.

"I am the door."—JOHN 19: 9.

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

MRS. URANIA LOCKE BAILEY. D. E. DORTCH.

1. The mistakes of my life have been ma - ny, But the sins of my heart have been more, And I scarcely can see for weep-ing, But I come
2. I am low - est of those who love Him, I am weak-est of those who pray; But I come un - to Him who has bid-den, And He will
3. My mistakes His free grace will cov - er, My sins He will wash a - way; And the feet that shrink and fal - ter, Shall walk
4. The mistakes of my life have been ma - ny, And my spir - t is sick with sin; And I scarce-ly can see for weep-ing, But the Sav-iour will

CHORUS.

come to the o - - pen door. I will en - ter,.... Glad-ly en - ter,....
will not say me nay.
walk thro' the gates of day.
let me in. en - ter the door,

To a life pure and ho-ly I'll enter the door, Since Jesus in-vites me I'll wander no more, Thro'the por-tal so nar-row I'll enter the door.
enter the door,

Rit.

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No. 129. Song of the Angels.

ANNA H. WOODRUFF. D. E. DORTCH.

CHORUS. In "Baptist Reflector," Dec. 25, 1902.

1. Sweet-ly the an-gels of heav-en are sing-ing, Soft-ly it ech-oes o'er
2. Sweet-ly the Sav-iour of man-kind is sleep-ing, Ma-ry, His mother, is
3. Brightly the stars in the heav-ens are shin-ing, Faithful-ly guarding the
4. Sad-ly the earth-born night breezes are sigh-ing, Mur-mur-ing ev-er that

val-ley and plain, Faint-ly the cho-rus re-spon-sive is ring-ing,
close by His side; Dark-ly night shad-ows a-round Him are creep-ing,
glo-ri-ous Child; Glit-ter-ing jew-els His bright crown en-twin-ing,
hope now is o'er, Heav-en-ly voic-es tri-umph-ant are cry-ing,

REFRAIN.

"Glo-ry to God! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men!"
Hinting of sor-row and Him cru-ci-fied. Peace: let the peo-ple of
Di-a-dem wor-thy the meek and the mild.
"Peace and good-will to men ev-er-more."

earth shout hosanna: "Peace" softly echoes o'er moorland and fen, Peace and good-

will, then ho-san-na, ho-san-na, "Glo-ry to God in the highest. A-men."

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130. TELL THE SWEET STORY AGAIN.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O tell me of Je-sus who came from above, Tell the sweet story again(again);
2. O tell me of Je-sus the Saviour from sin, Tell the sweet story again(again);
3. O tell me that Je-sus a par-don will give, Tell the sweet story again(again);
4. O tell me how trusting will make it all right, Tell the sweet story again(again);
5. I've heard it, I've trusted, I know it is true, Tell-ing the story again(again);
6. O brother, redeemed by His blood will you go, Tell-ing the story again(again);

The pledge of the Father's un-know-a-ble love, Tell the sweet story a-gain (a-gain).
Who blesses without, and who cleanses within, Tell the sweet story a-gain (a-gain).
And say I may plunge in the fountain an dlave, Tell the sweet story a-gain (a-gain).
O tell of the crimson made perfectly white, Tell the sweet story a-gain (a-gain).
I'm saved and I'm hap-py, I'm tell-ing it, too, Tell-ing the story a-gain (a-gain).
Till ev-'ry lost soul of the Saviour shall know, Tell-ing the story a-gain (a-gain).

CHORUS.

1–4. Tell..... the sweet sto - ry, Tell..... the sweet sto - ry,
5–6. Tell - - ing the sto - - ry, Tell - - ing the sto - ry,

1–4. Tell me the sto-ry that ev - er is new, Tell me the sto-ry so precious and true;
5–6. Tell-ing the sto-ry that ev - er is new, Telling the sto-ry so precious and true;

Tell..... the sweet sto - ry, The sto-ry that never grows old.....
Tell - - ing the sto - ry, The sto-ry that never grows old.....

Tell me the sto-ry, the sweetest e'er told, Tell me the story that never grows old.
Tell-ing the sto-ry, the sweetest e'er told, Telling the sto-y that never grows old.

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131 MOMENT BY MOMENT.

"Abide in me, and I in you."—JOHN 15 : 4.

MAJ. D. W. WHITTLE, in *Baptist and Reflector*. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Dy - ing with Je-sus, His death reckoned mine, Liv - ing with Je - sus, a new life di - vine; Look-ing to Je - sus, 'till glo - ry doth shine; Moment by
2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a bur-den that He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share, Moment by
3. Nev - er a heartache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a tear-drop and nev - er a moan, Nev - er a dan - ger, but there on the throne, Moment by
4. Nev - er a weakness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a sick-ness that He can-not heal; Mo-ment by mo - ment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus, my

CHORUS.

moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
moment I'm un - der His care. Moment by moment, moment by moment,
moment He thinks of His own.
Sav-iour, a-bides with me still.

Mo-ment by mo-ment my Sav - iour is near; Mo-ment by mo-ment,

mo-ment by mo-ment, Mo-ment by mo-ment He quells all my fear.

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132. O WONDROUS CROSS.

"*Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree.*"—**1 Peter 2: 24.**

C. L. EBY. A. F. MYERS.

1. Up - on the cross . . . . my Sav - iour died, ...
2. I sought at length . . . . His par - don free, ...
3. Up - on the cross . . . . of Cal - va - ry, ...
4. I'll sing His power . . . . while I have breath, ...

And for my sins . . . . . was cru - ci - fied; . . . . . .
I gained at once . . . . . great lib - er - ty; . . . . . .
His blood was shed, ... was shed for me; . . . . . .
In glo - ry praise . . . . Him af - ter death; . . . . .

His love so great, ... how can it be, ...
E'en now by faith, ... I claim Him mine? . . . . . .
O cleansing fount! . . . . O bleed-ing pow'r! . . . . .
Redeem'd, re-deem'd, ... I know I'm free, ...

D.S. *O won-drous cross,* *where Je - sus died,*

FINE.
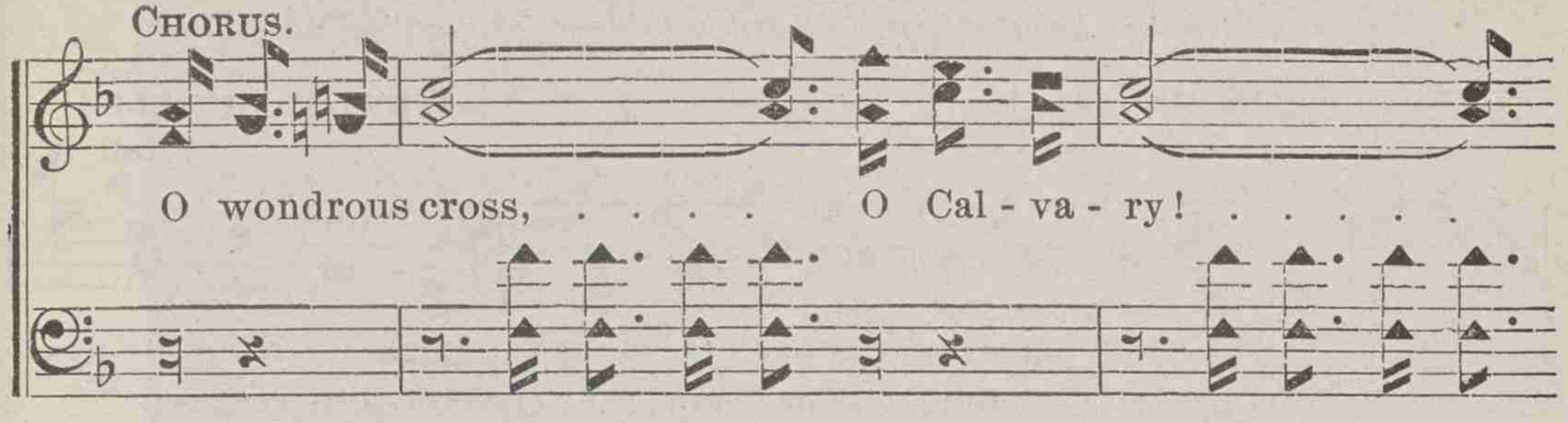
My Sav-iour died, ... yes, died for me; . . . . . .
I am re - deemed . . . . thro' grace di - vine. . . . . .
I need Thy flow . . . . each pass - ing hour. . . . . .
I've peace with God, ... and lib - er - ty. . . . . .
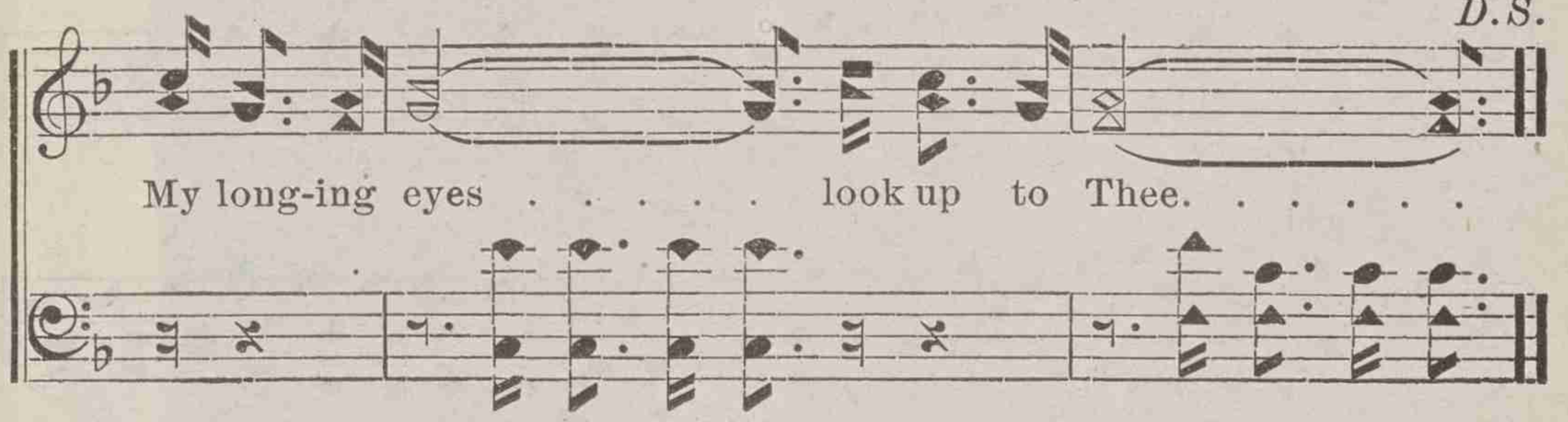
And for my sins *was cru - ci - fied.* . . . . . .

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

O WONDROUS CROSS.

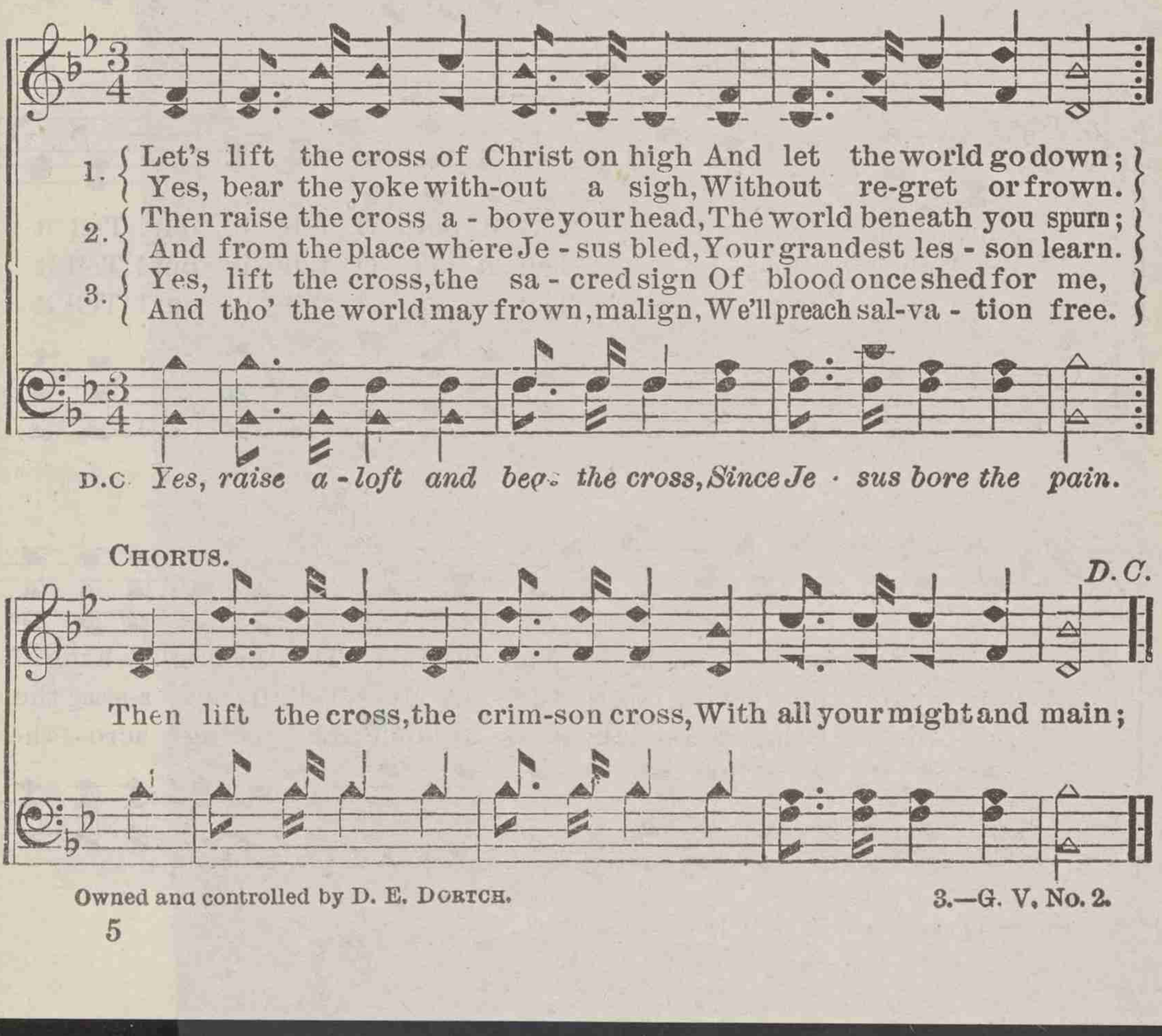
CHORUS.





133 LIFT THE CROSS.

Rev. R. D. WEAR. D. E. DORTCH.

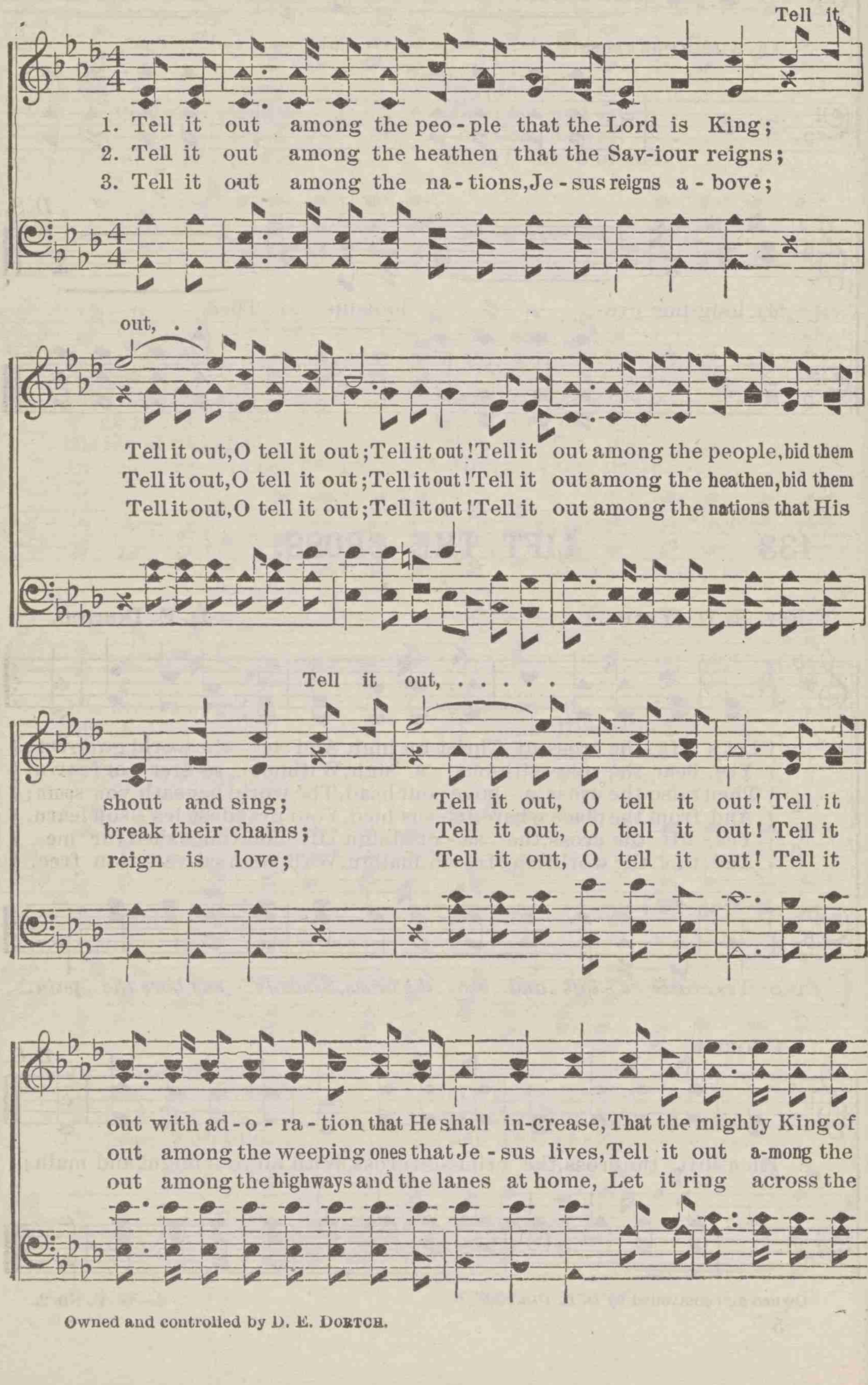


CHORUS.

134 TELL IT OUT!

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." — Mark 5: 19.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. WILLIAM RUSSELL.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

TELL IT OUT.

glo-ry is the King of peace; Tell it out with ju-bi - la-tion, let the
wea-ry ones what rest He gives; Tell it out among the sinners that He
mountains and the o-cean's foam, That the weary, heav-y - la-den need no

Tell it out, ...

FINE.

song ne'er cease; Tell it out, O tell it out!
came to save, Tell it out, O tell it out!
long - er roam, Tell it out, O tell it out!

CHORUS.

Tell it out, ... Tell it

Tell it out, O tell it out, O tell it out!

out, ...

Tell it out, O tell it out, O tell it out! Tell it out among the

Tell it out, . . .

nations that the Lord is King, Tell it out, O tell it out, O tell it out!

No. 135. WHENE'ER THE SILVER CHORD.

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed."—ECCLE. 12: 6.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

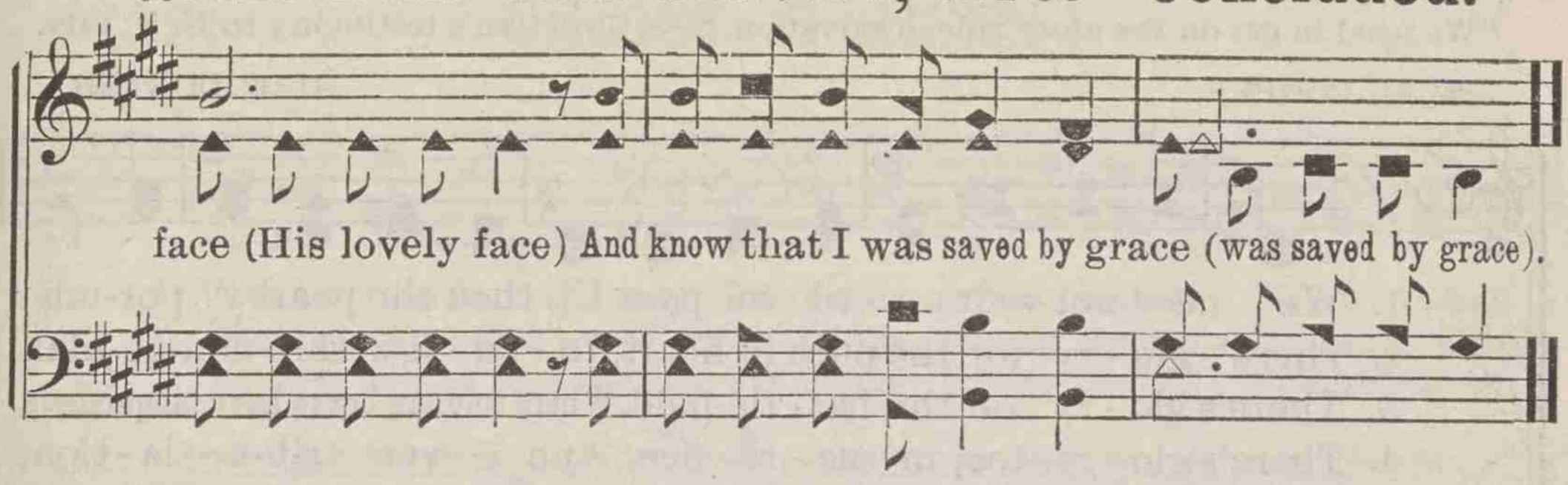
1. Some day! to earth I'll bid a - dieu (I'll bid a - dieu), And then in heav'n's unclouded light (unclouded light) I shall redemption's full-ness view (its fullness view), For then shall faith be lost in sight (be lost in sight).
2. Some day! my soul shall plume its wing (shall plume its wing), And far a - way from earth will soar (from earth will soar), And one glad song of triumph sing (of triumph sing), Where sin and sorrow come no more (shall come no more).
3. Some day! when 'neath the shad'wy West (the shad'wy West) Shall fade for me life's golden sun (life's golden sun); I'll en - ter my e - ter - nal rest (e-ter-nal rest), And hear the Master say "Well done" (and say "Well done").
4. Some day! God only knows how soon (He knows how soon), Death shall this earthly house consume (this house consume); Yet grand is my im-mor - tal boon (immortal boon), To dwell where flow'rs unfading bloom (unfading bloom).
5. Some day! on that ce - les-tial shore (ce-les-tial shore) I'll dwell while end - less a - ges roll (the a-ges roll); Where pain and sorrow comes no more (shall come no more), Where funeral bell will never toll (will never toll).

CHORUS.

Whene'er the silver chord shall break (the chord shall break), And I in Je-sus likeness wake (in likeness wake); Then shall I see His love-ly

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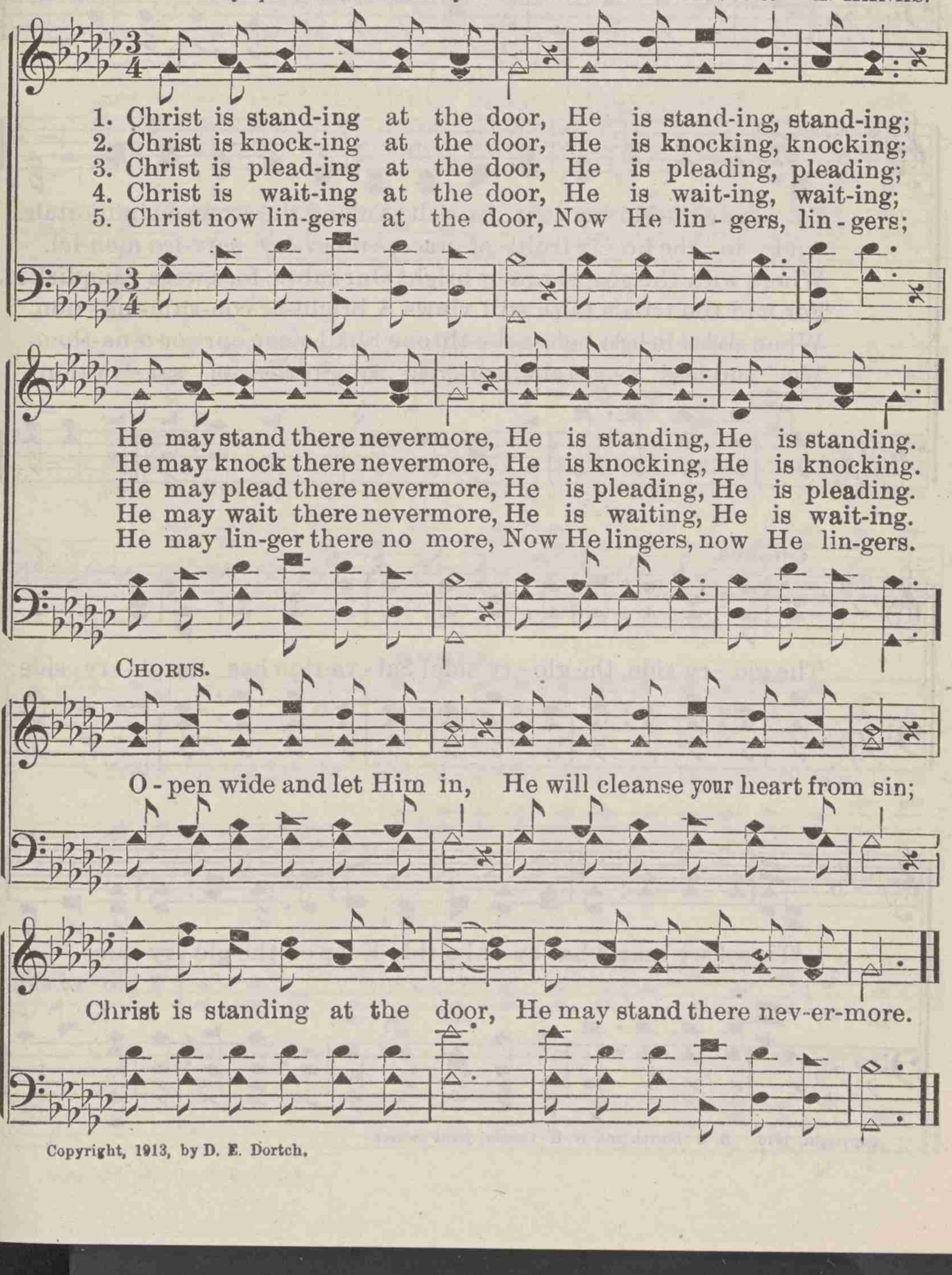
WHENE'ER THE SILVER, ETC. Concluded.



No. 136. CHRIST AT THE DOOR.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—REV. 3: 20.

E. H. "My spirit shall not always strive with man."—GEN. 6: 3. E. HANKS.



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No. 137. THE GLORY SIDE.

"We need to get on the glory side of salvation."—A Christian's testimony in N. Y. City.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. We need not wait un - til we pass Up thru the pearl-y por-tals
2. There's glo - ry for the pure in heart, In fel - low-ship con-ge-nial;
3. There's glo - ry on the bat - tle-field, Where soldiers brave have lanquished;
4. There's glo - ry, too, in sac - ri - fice, And e - ven trib-u - la - tion,
5. And glo - ry thus on earth be-gun Shall reach its cul-mi - na-tion,
6. We do not know, nor can we tell, What heights of ex-ul-ta - tion

To taste the glo - ry that is felt Among the crowned immortals.
And in the ho - ly fruits of grace, And ev-'ry serv-ice men-ial.
Where with the gospel armor bright Our subtle foes were vanquished.
For mid the tri-als faith still views A bright-er con-sum-ma - tion.
When clothed in light before the throne Shall come our cor-o-na-tion.
The end-less a - ges shall re - veal As glo-ries of sal - va-tion.

CHORUS.

The glo - ry side, the glo - ry side! Sal - va-tion has its glo - ry side;

rit.

'Tis so! we may what-ev-er be-tide Keep on the glo - ry side.
glo - ry side.

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138. CHRIST IS RISEN!

H. L. FRISBIE. DAVID.

1. Christ is risen from the grave, Our liv-ing, lov-ing Saviour; He is read-y now to save,
2. Ring the joyous Eas-ter bells, Our liv-ing, lov-ing Saviour; Of His love their sweet tone tells,
3. We have now an ad - vo-cate, Our liv-ing, lov-ing Saviour; Joys of heav-en for us wait,

Our liv-ing, lov-ing Saviour; Tast-ing death for ev -'ry man
Our liv-ing, lov-ing Saviour; He hath triumphed, man no more
Our liv-ing, lov-ing Saviour; By His death on Cal - va - ry,

This was God's re-demp-tion plan; He is ris - en, hal - le - lu - jah! Our
Cap-tive lies in Sa-tan's pow'r; He is ris - en, hal - le - lu - jah! Our
Sons of God and heirs are we, He is ris - en, hal - le - lu - jah! Our

CHORUS.

liv-ing, lov-ing Saviour. Hal - le - lu-jah! glo-ry be To the Lamb of Cal - va-

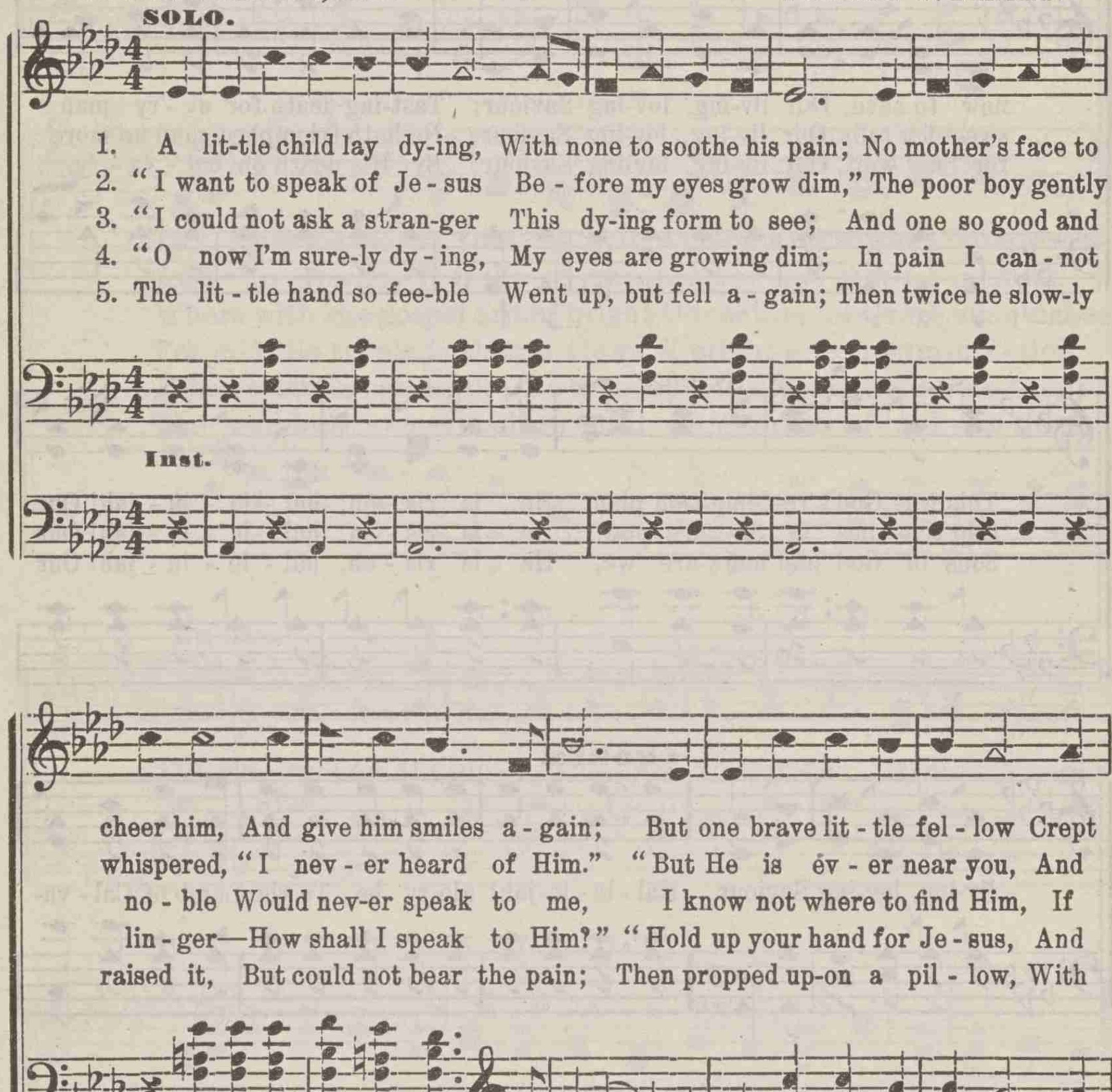
ry, He is ris - en, hal - le - lu - jah! Our liv-ing, lov-ing Sav-iour.

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139. HOLD UP YOUR HAND FOR JESUS.*

(A little street boy in London had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid in one of the beds of the hospital to die, and another little fellow was laid near by, picked up sick with famine and fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said: "Bubby, did you never hear about Jesus?" "No, I never heard of Him." "Bubby, I went to the Mission School once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you die, and you'd never have hunger any more—and no more pain—if you axed Him." "I couldn't ask such a great big gentlemen as He to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a little boy like me." "But He'll do all that if you ax Him." "How can I ax Him if I don't know where He lives, and how can I get there when both my legs is broke?" "Bubby, they told me at Mission School as how Jesus passes by. Teacher says as how He goes around. How do you know but that He might come around to the hospital this very night? You'd know Him if you was to see Him." "But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die." "Bubby, hold up your hand, and He'll know what you want when He passes by." They got the hand up. It dropped. Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said: "I give it up." "Bubby, lend me yer hand, put yer elbow on my pillow, I can do without it." Soon the hand was propped up. And when they came in the morning the boy lay dead, his hand still held up for Jesus.)
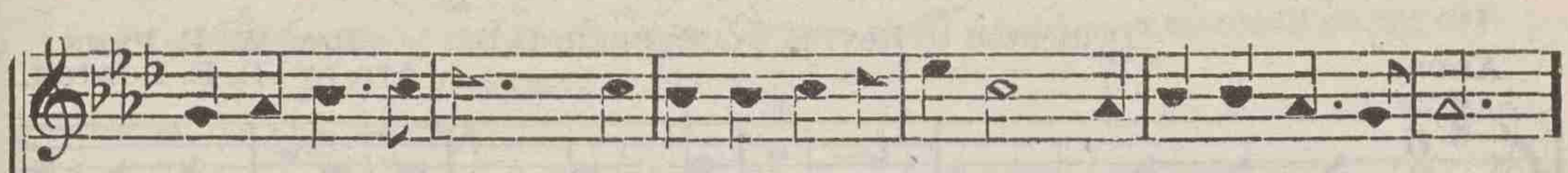
THEO. D. C. MILLER, M. D. WILLIAM W. BENTLY.
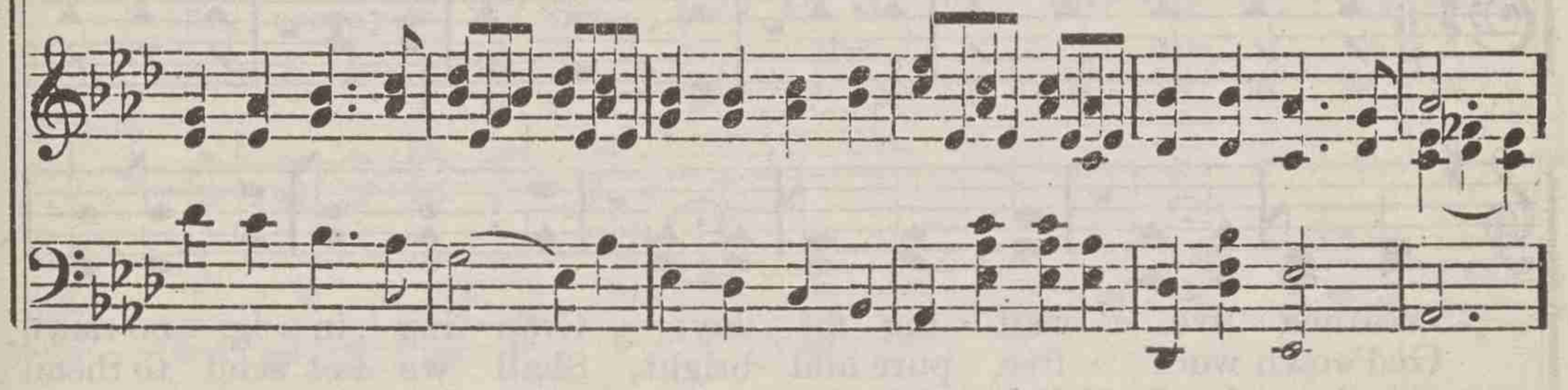


*This hymn has been greatly blessed in the services conducted by the author.

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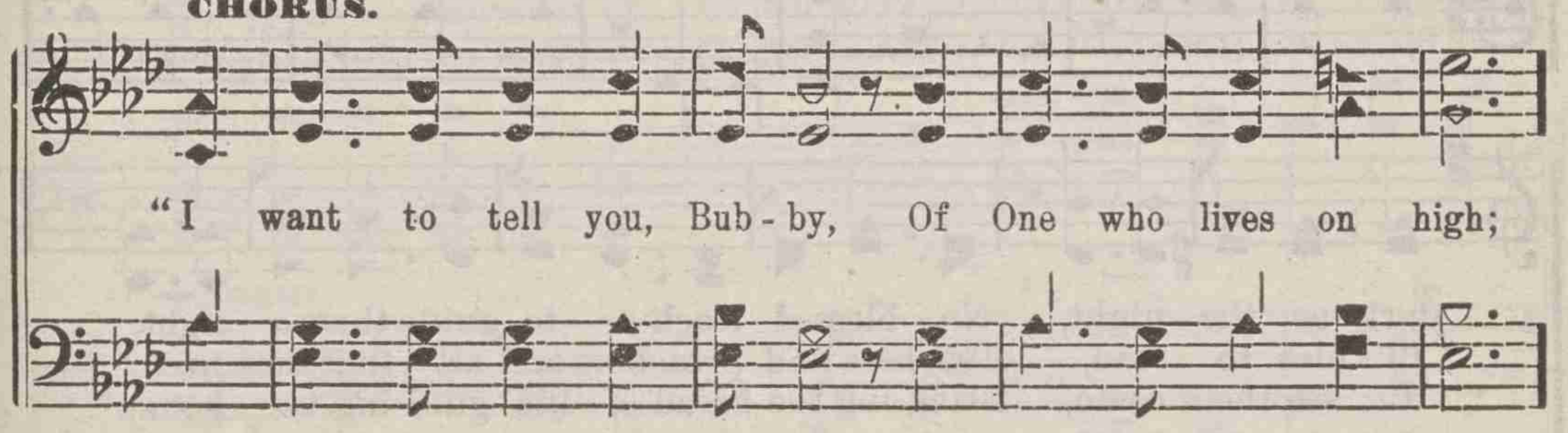
HOLD UP YOUR HAND FOR JESUS.



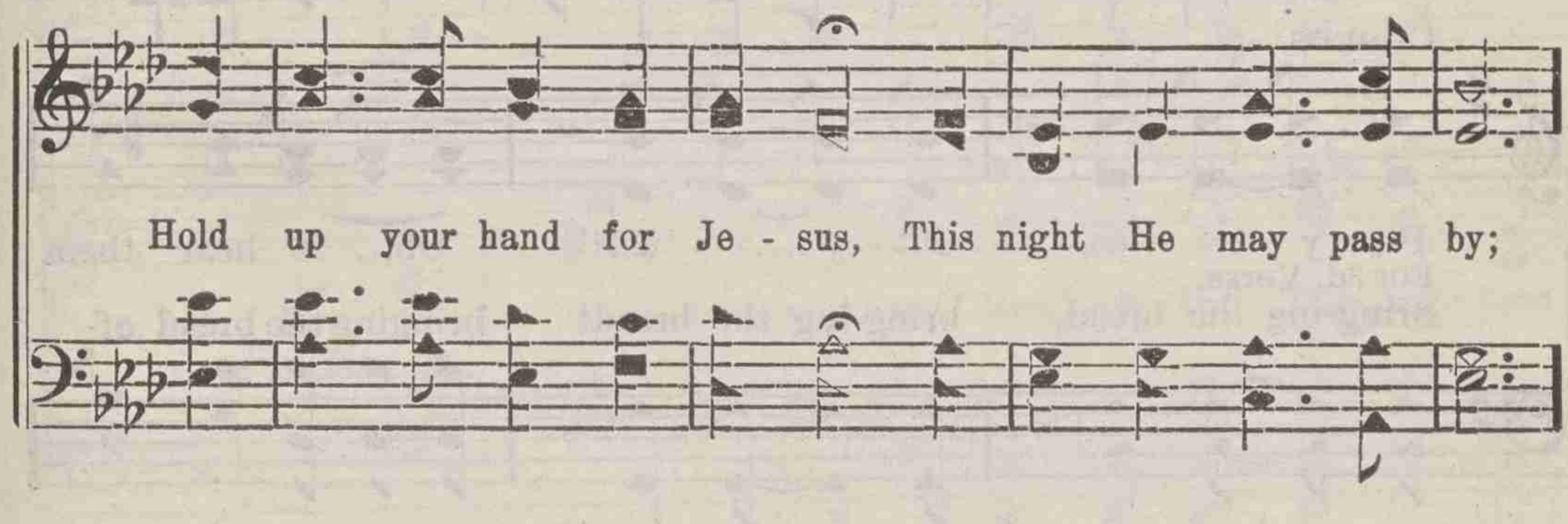
slow-ly to his bed, And gazing on his comrade, In soothing accents said :
when this life is o'er He'll take you up to heav-en, Where pain can come no more."
He would ease my pain; But tell me more of Je-sus, Oh, speak of Him a-gain !"
when He pass-es by, He'll take you in His bo-som, And bear you to the sky."
sad eyes opened wide, His hand went up for Je-sus, And bright with smiles he died.



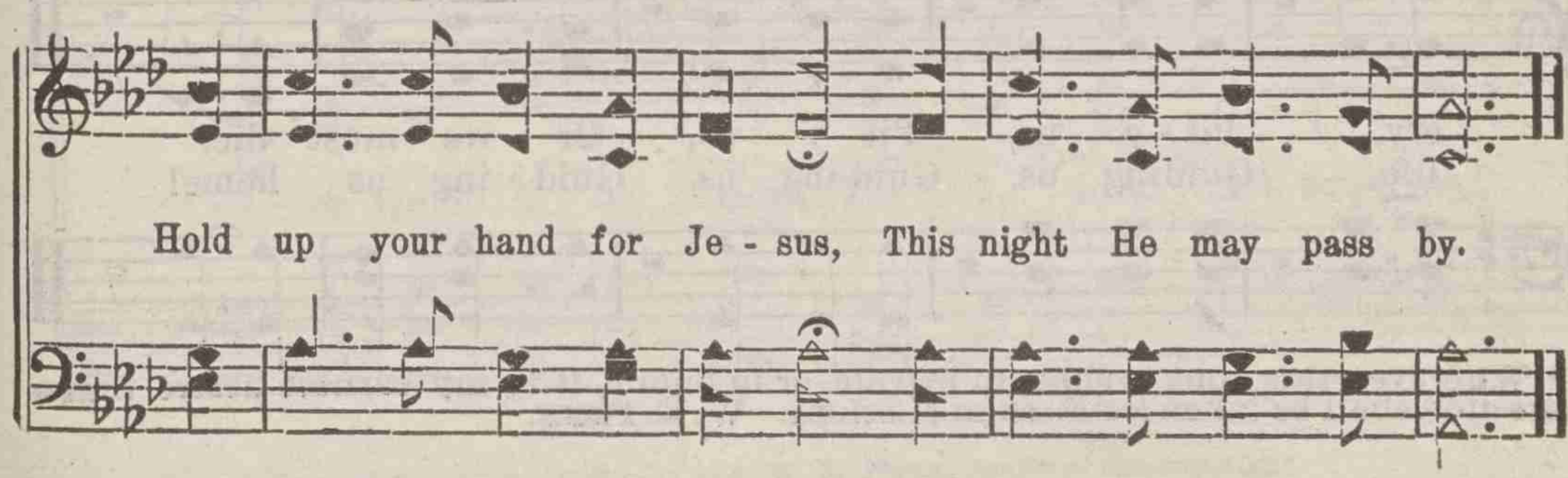
CHORUS.



"I want to tell you, Bub - by, Of One who lives on high;



Hold up your hand for Je - sus, This night He may pass by;



Hold up your hand for Je - sus, This night He may pass by.

140 The Macedonian Cry.

Dedicated to Rev. H. A. TUPPER, D.D.

Rev. W. E. PENN.
Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

Anon.

1. O - ver the o - cean wave far far a - way, Where the poor heathen live, wait - ing for day; Grop - ing in ig - no-rance
2. Here in this hap- py land we have the light Shin-ing from God's own word free, pure and bright, Shall we not send to them
3. Then while the mis- sion ships glad tiding bring, List as that heathen band joy - ful - ly sing. "O - ver the o - cean wave

dark as the night, No blessed teach-er to guide them a - right.
Bi - bles to read, Teachers and preachers and all that they need.
I see them come, Bring-ing the bread of life guid-ing us home."

CHORUS.

"Pit - y . . us, Pit - y . . us!" Oh, . . hear them
For 3d. Verse.
Bring-ing the bread, bring-ing the bread! bringing the bread of
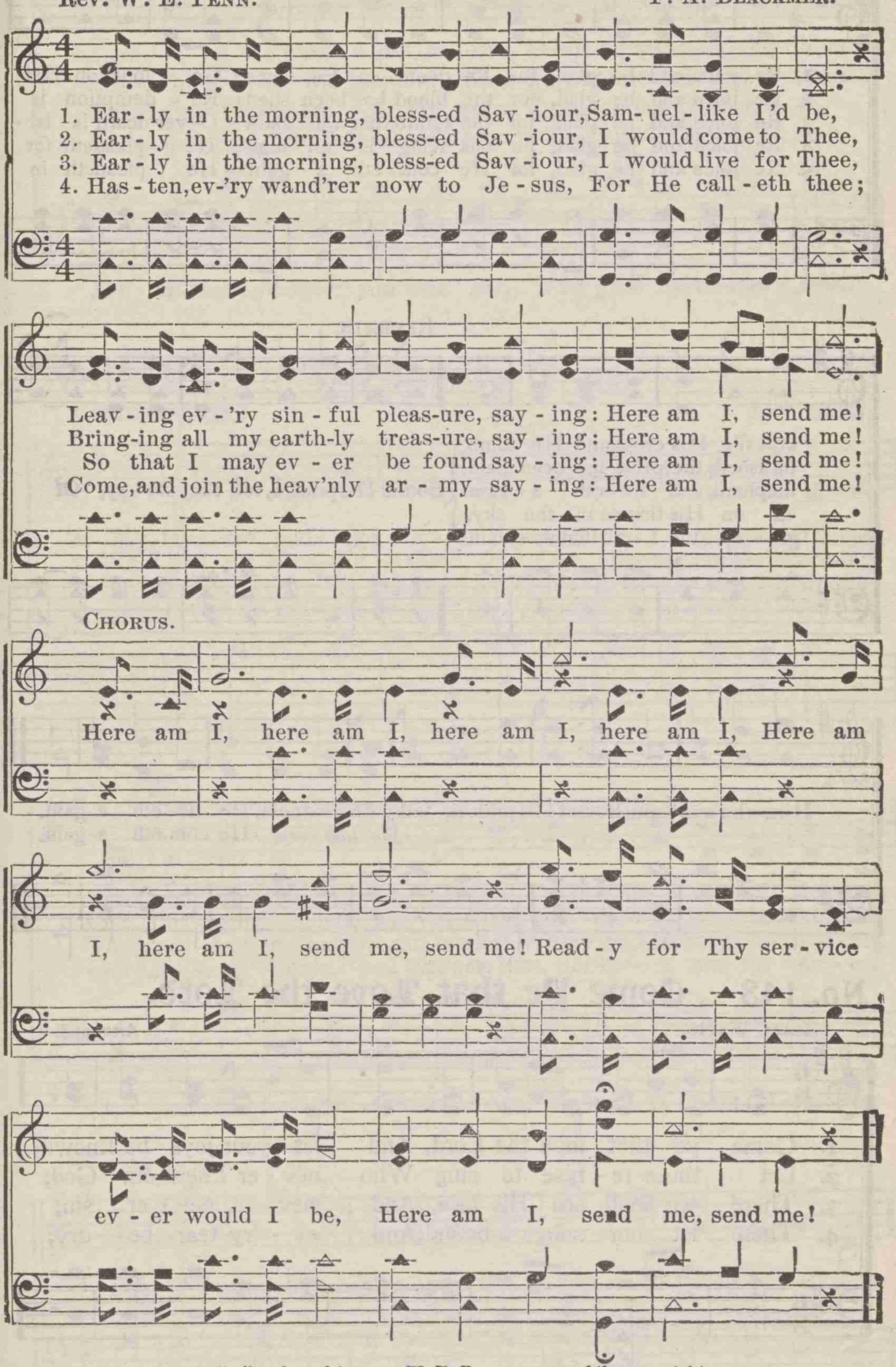
cry, Pit - y us, Pit - y us, Or we must die.
life, Guiding us, Guid-ing us, Guid - ing us home!

* Wherever this song is sung, in private, or in public, it is my earnest desire that a collection shall be taken for Foreign Missions. W. E. PENN.

141 HERE AM I, SEND ME!

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I, send me." — Is. 6: 8.

Rev. W. E. Penn. F. A. Blackmer.



From "Harvest Bells," and used by per. W. E. Penn, owner of the copyright.

No. 142 REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

H. BONAR. J. J. HUSBAND.

1. Re- joice and be glad, the Re- deem - er has come; Go look on His
2. Re- joice and be glad, for the blood has been shed; Re - demption is
3. Re- joice and be glad, for the Lamb that was slain O- ver death is tri -
4. Re- joice and be glad, for our King is on high; He pleadeth for
5. Re- joice and be glad, for He com - eth a - gain— He pleadeth in

REFRAIN.

cra - dle, His cross, and His tomb.
fin-ished, the price has been paid.
umphant, and liv - eth a - gain.
us on His throne in the sky.
glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain.

Sound His praises, tell the sto - ry, Of Him who was slain; Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liv- eth a-gain.
For last verse. He com-eth a-gain.

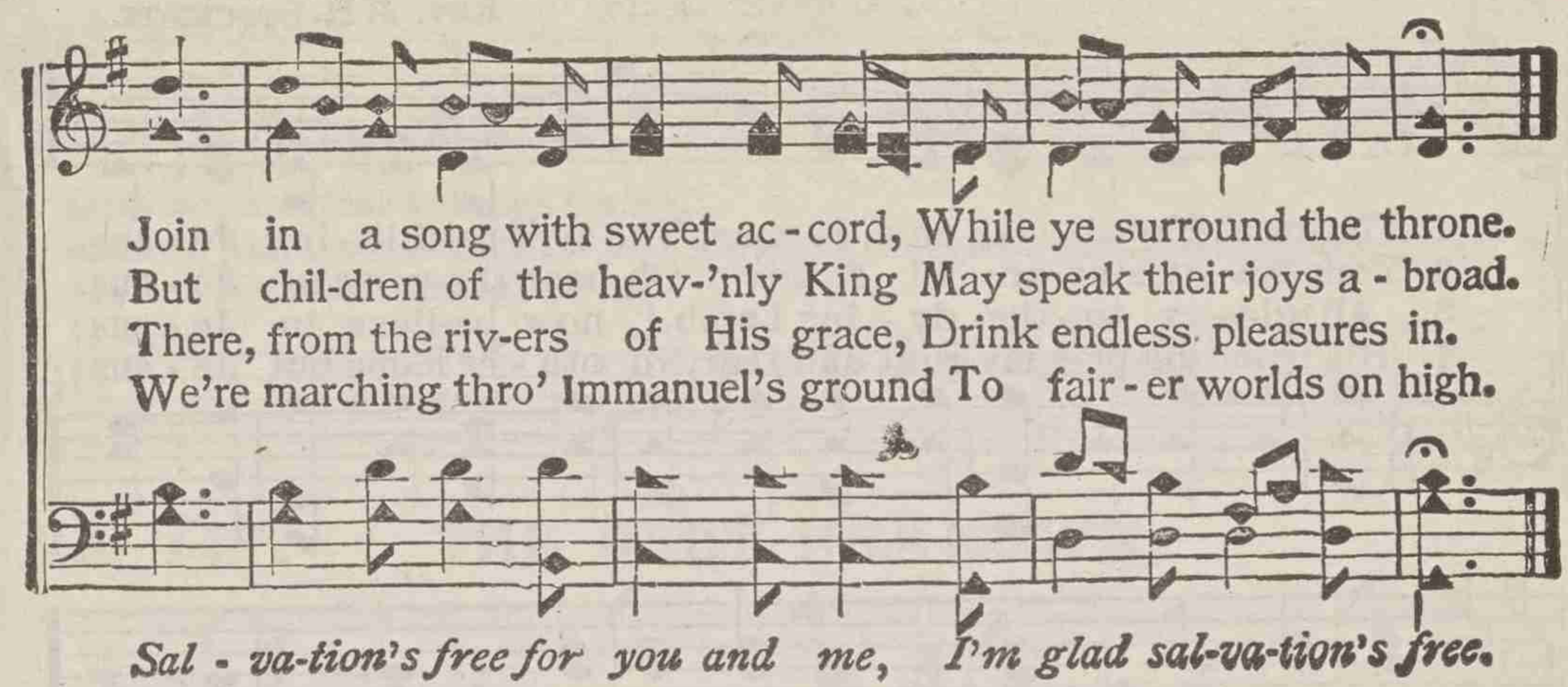
No. 143 Come Ye that Love the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. Arranged.

1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. There we shall see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

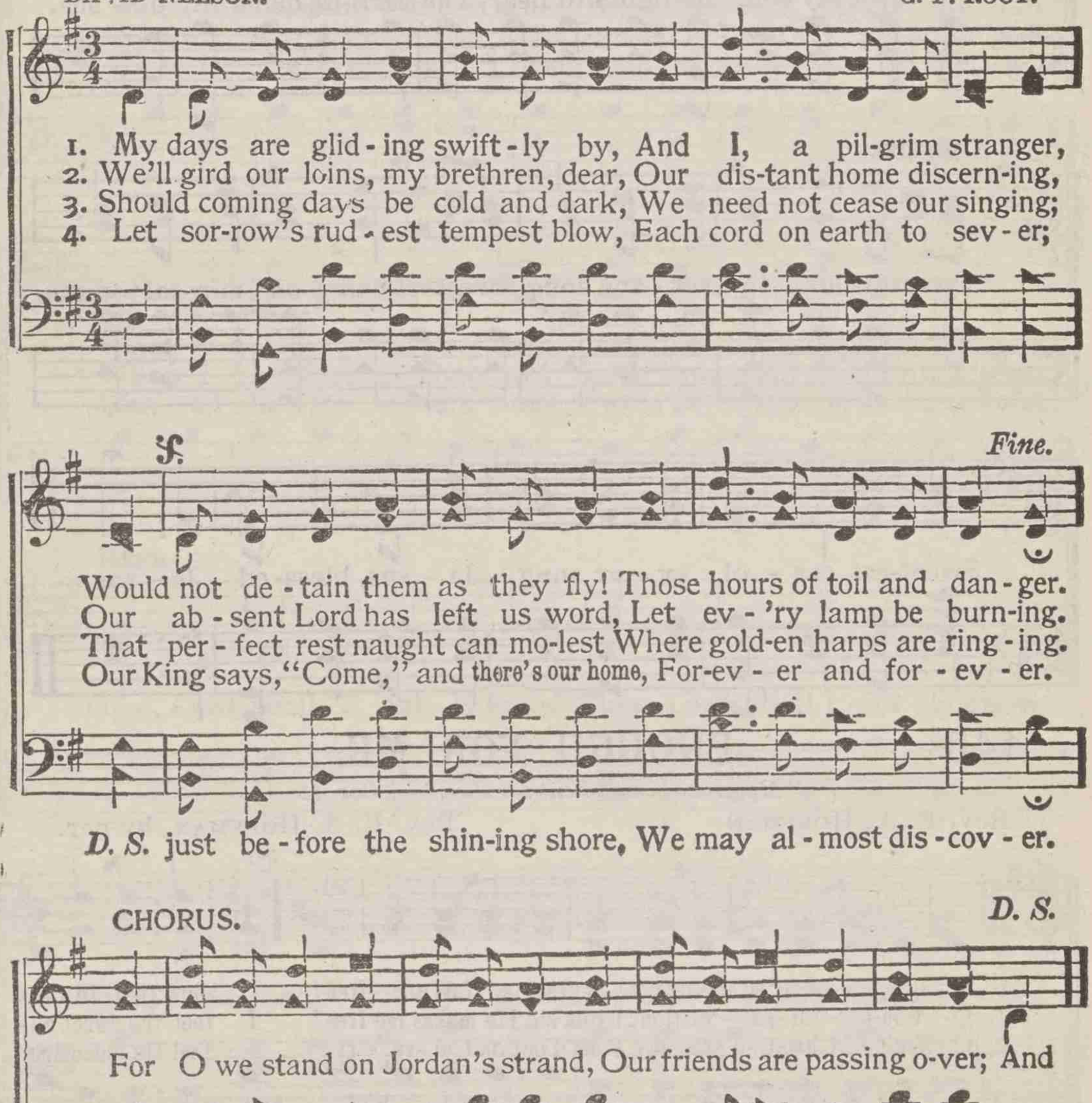
CHO.—*I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;*

Come, Ye that Love the Lord. Concluded.



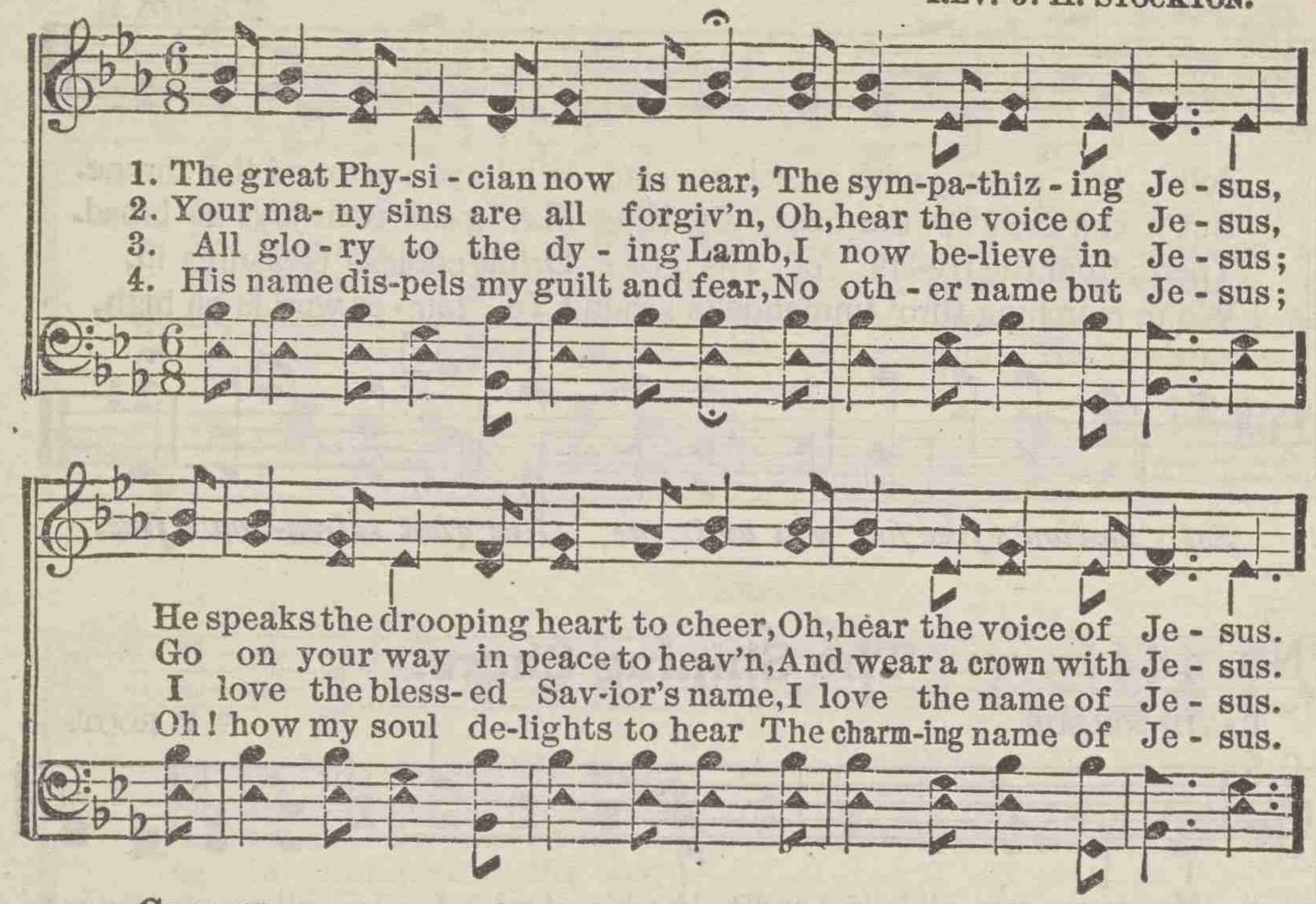
No. 144 The Shining Shore.

DAVID NELSON. G. F. ROOT.



145 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

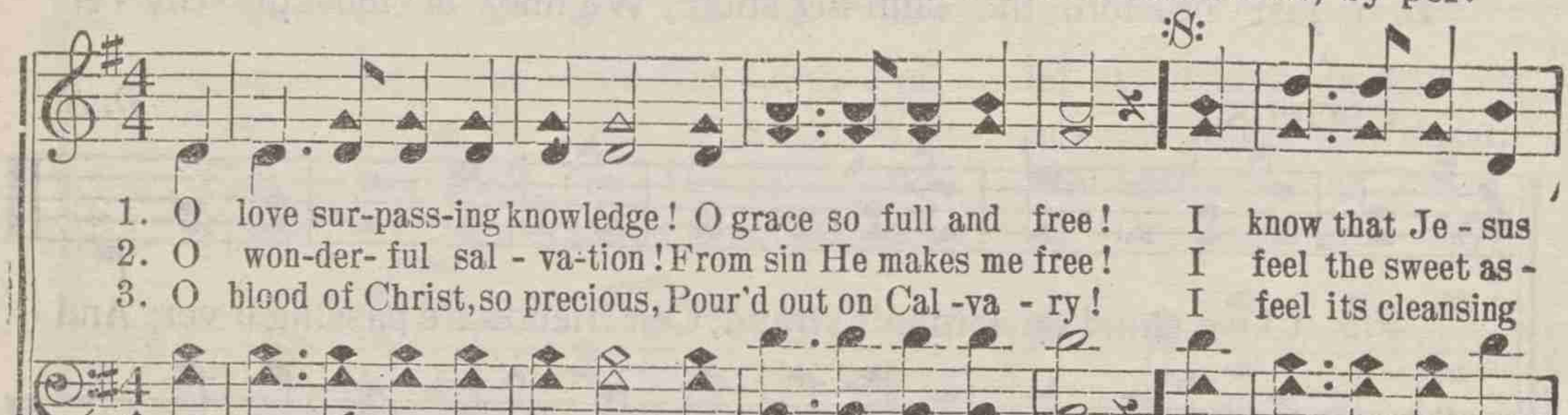
REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



146 ENOUGH FOR ME.
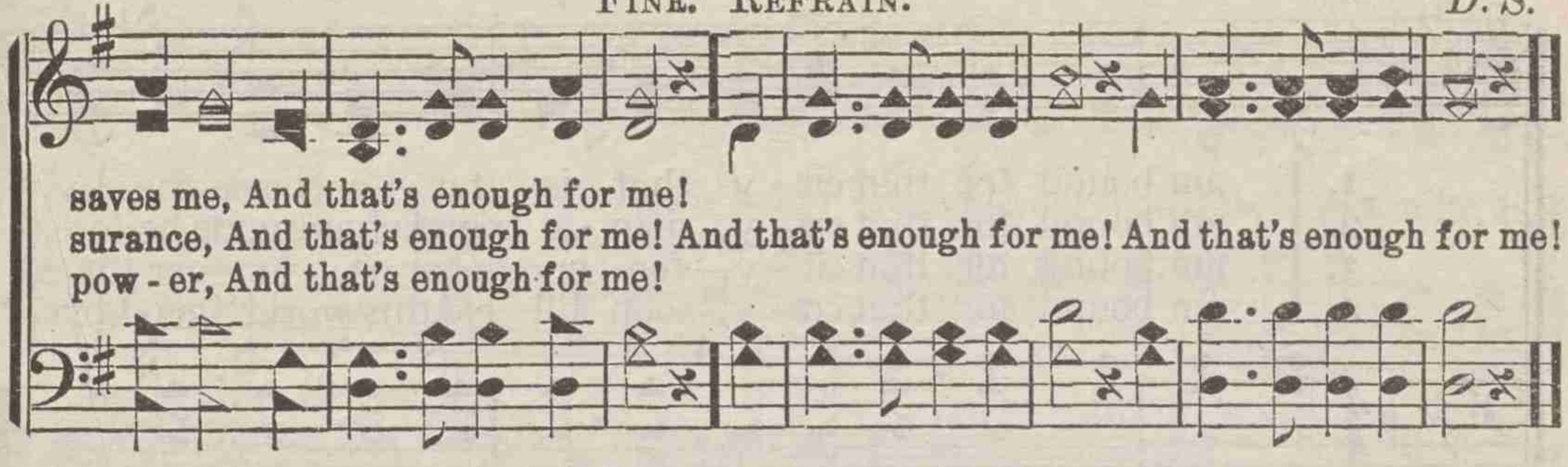
"My grace is sufficient for thee."—2 Cor. 12: 9.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.



ENOUGH FOR ME. Continued.
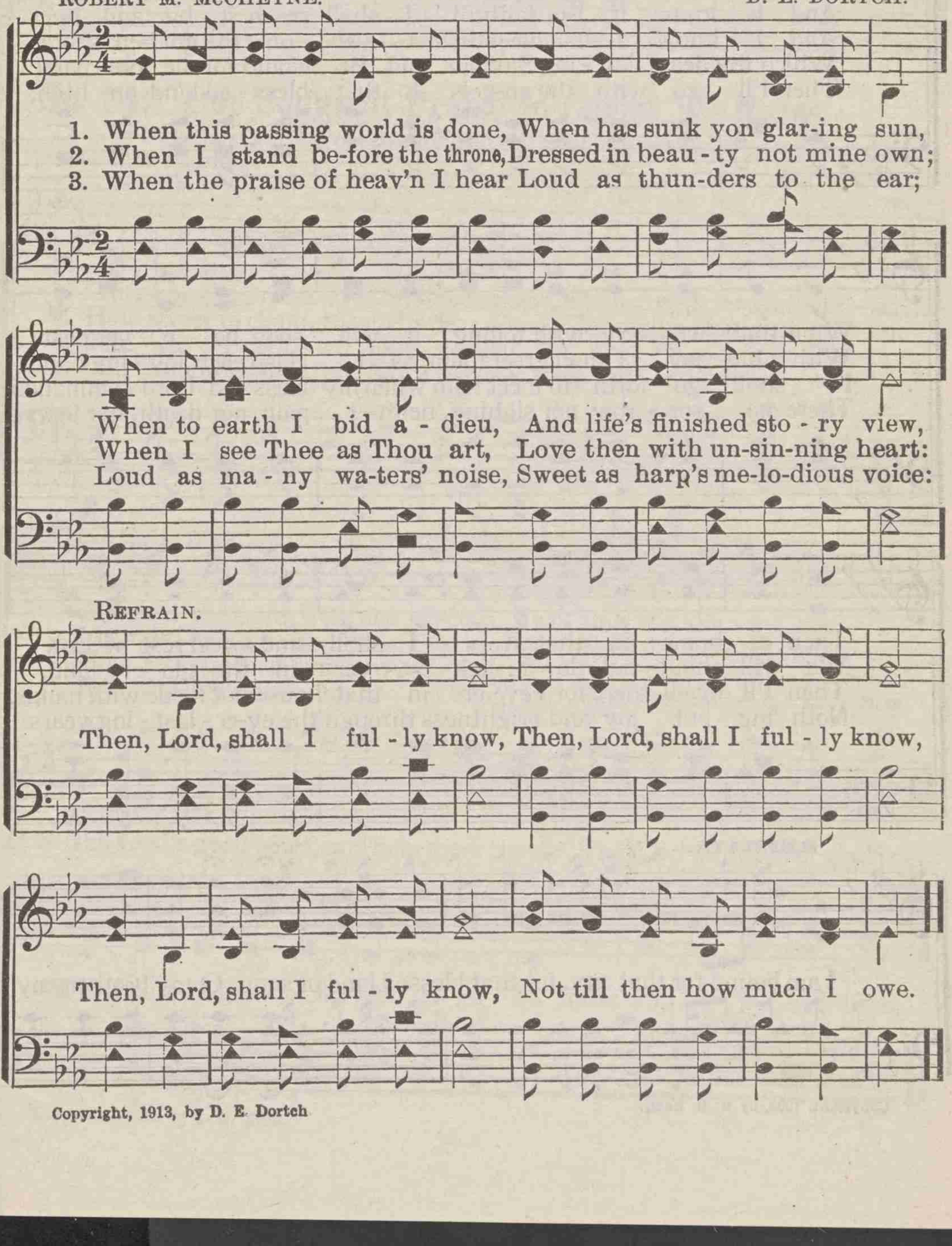
FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*



No. 147. THE DEBT UNKNOWN.

"Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—JOHN 13: 7.

ROBERT M. McCHEYNE. D. E. DORTCH.



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No. 148 I Am Bound for That City.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. B. BEALL.

1. I am bound for that cit - y that is far a - bove the sky,
2. I am bound for that cit - y, man - y friends have gone be-fore,
3. I am bound for that cit - y, for my home is o - ver there,
4. I am bound for that cit - y, soon I'll bid this world "good-bye,"

And I know if I'm faithful I shall reach it by and by;
And I know I shall meet them o - ver on the gold-en shore;
Which the dear lov - ing Saviour said He would for me pre - pare;
Then I'll go with the an-gels to that bless - ed land on high;

What tho' wea - ry with toiling it will soon be o - ver past;
With what joy I shall greet them, as I clasp each lov - ing hand,
I shall go forth to meet Him when my bless - ed Lord commands,
There no sor - row nor sighing, neith-er pain, nor death, nor tears,

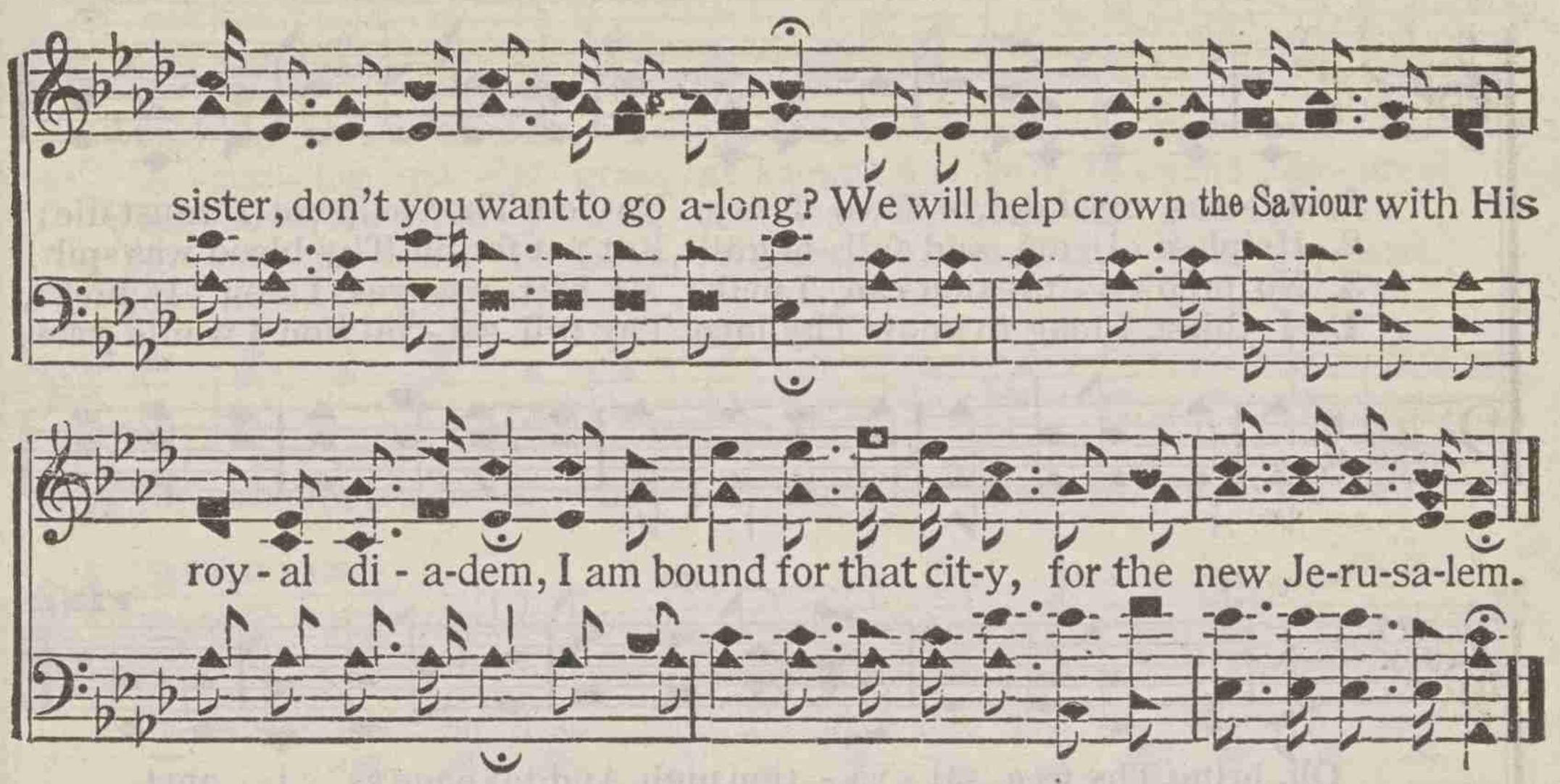
Then at home in that cit - y I shall find sweet rest at last.
We will shout hal - le - lu - jah o - ver in the glo - ry land.
Then I'll dwell there for - ev - er in that house not made with hands.
Noth - ing but joy and brightness through the ev-er - last - ing years.

REFRAIN.

I am bound for that city, for that blessed land of song, O my brother, my

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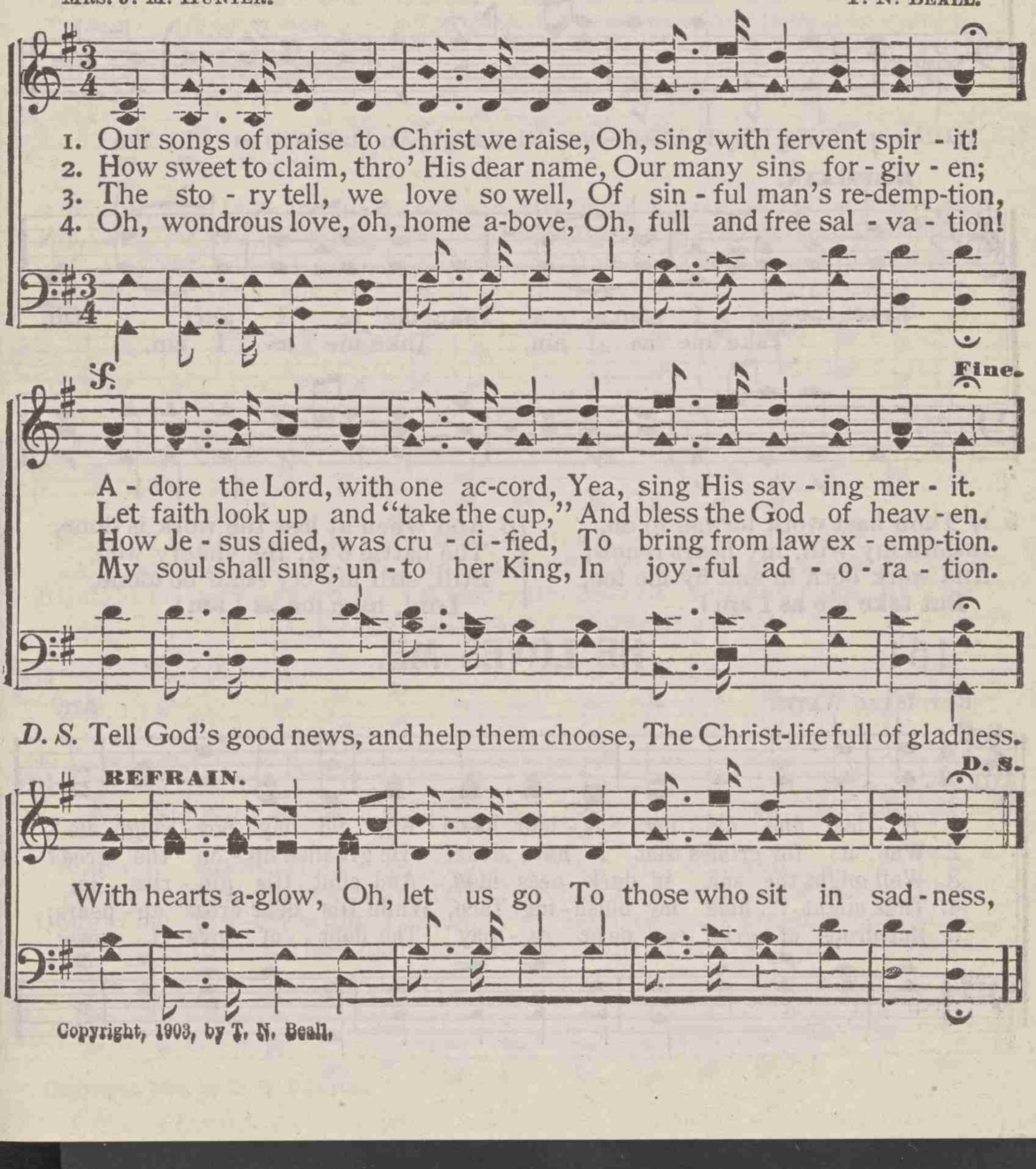
I Am Bound for That City. Concluded.



No. 149 Our Songs of Praise to Christ We Raise.

"I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord."

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. T. N. BEALL.



Copyright, 1903, by T. N. Beall.

150 TAKE ME AS I AM.

From "The Garner." by per.

Melody by J. H. STOCKTON.
Har. by W. J. K.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best resolves I on - ly break,
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;

f.

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!
But since to Thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am!

FINE.

D. S.—bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

Take me as I am, . . . Take me as I am; . . . Oh,
Take me as I am, 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 victory won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Lord, take me as I am!

151 HE LOVES ME.

REV. ISAAC WATTS. ARR.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, While His dear cross ap - pears;
6. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sac - red head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.

D. S. He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loves me so!

REFRAIN.

D. S.

He loves me, he loves me, He loves me, this I know; (I know;)

152. NONE OF SELF AND ALL OF THEE.

"I say . . . to every man . . . not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think."— Rom. 12: 3.

Words arr. from MONOD. E HANKS.

1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor-row, That a time could ev - er be,
2. Yet, He found me; I be - held Him Bleeding on th' ac-curs-ed tree;
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal-ing, help - ing, full and free,
4. High-er than the high-est heav - en, Deep-er than the deep-est sea.

When I answer'd Je - sus proud-ly, "All of self and none of Thee."
And my wist - ful heart said faint-ly, "Some of self and some of Thee."
Brought me low - er while I whisper'd, "Less of self and more of Thee."
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquer'd, "None of self and all of Thee."

When I answer'd Je - sus proud-ly, "All of self and none of Thee."
And my wist-ful heart said faint-ly, "Some of self and some of Thee."
Bought me low - er while I whisper'd, "Less of self and more of Thee."
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquer'd, "None of self and all of Thee."

Copyright, 1885, by D. E. DORTCH.

153

THE OLD HYMNS.

From *Volunteer's Gazette.*

D. E. DORTCH.

1. There's lots of mu - sic in 'em— the hymns of long a - go,
2. There's lots of mu - sic in 'em— those dear, sweet hymns of old,
3. They seem to sing for - ev - er of ho - lier, sweet - er days,
4. We nev - er need - ed sing - ing books in them old days—we knew

And when some gray-haired broth-er sings the ones I used to know,
With vis - ions bright of lands of light and shin - ing streets of gold;
When the lil-ies of the love of God bloom white in all the ways;
The words, the tunes, of ev - 'ry one the dear old hymn-books through!

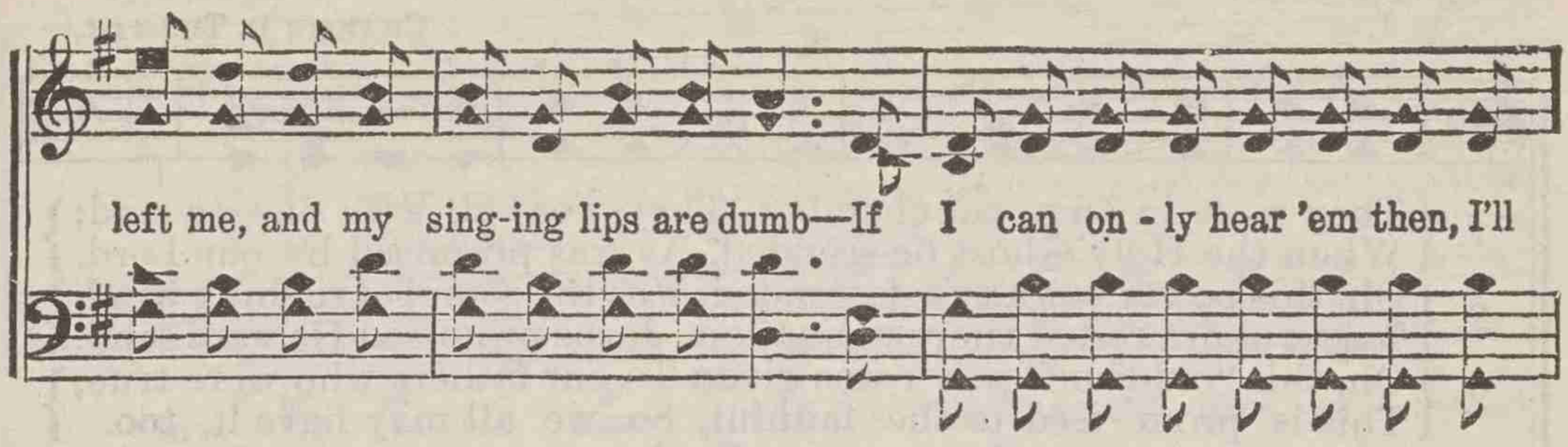
I sor - ter want to take a hand—I think o' days gone by;
And I hear 'em sing - ing, sing - ing, where mem -'ry, dream-ing, stands,
And I want to hear their mu - sic from the old - time meet - in's rise,
We did'nt have no trum - pet then, nor or - gans built for show;

"On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand and cast a wist - ful eye."
"From Greenland's i - cy mount-ains to dark In - dia's cor - al strands."
Till "I can read my ti - tle clear to man - sions in the skies."
We on - ly sang to praise the Lord, "From whom all bless - ings flow."

CHORUS.

An' so I love the old, old hymns, and when my time shall come, Be-fore the light has

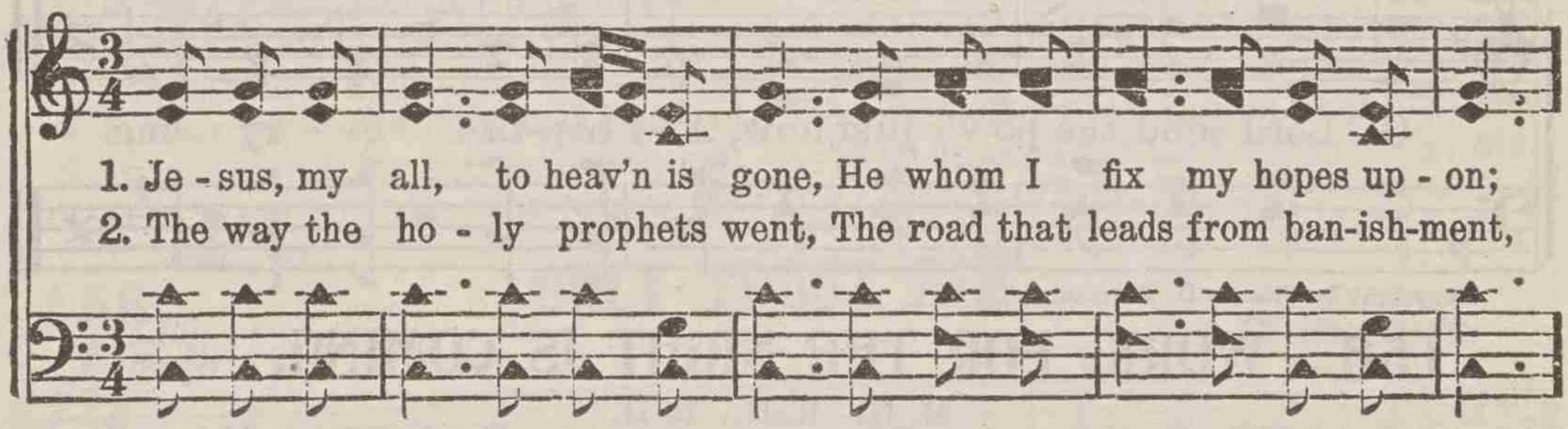
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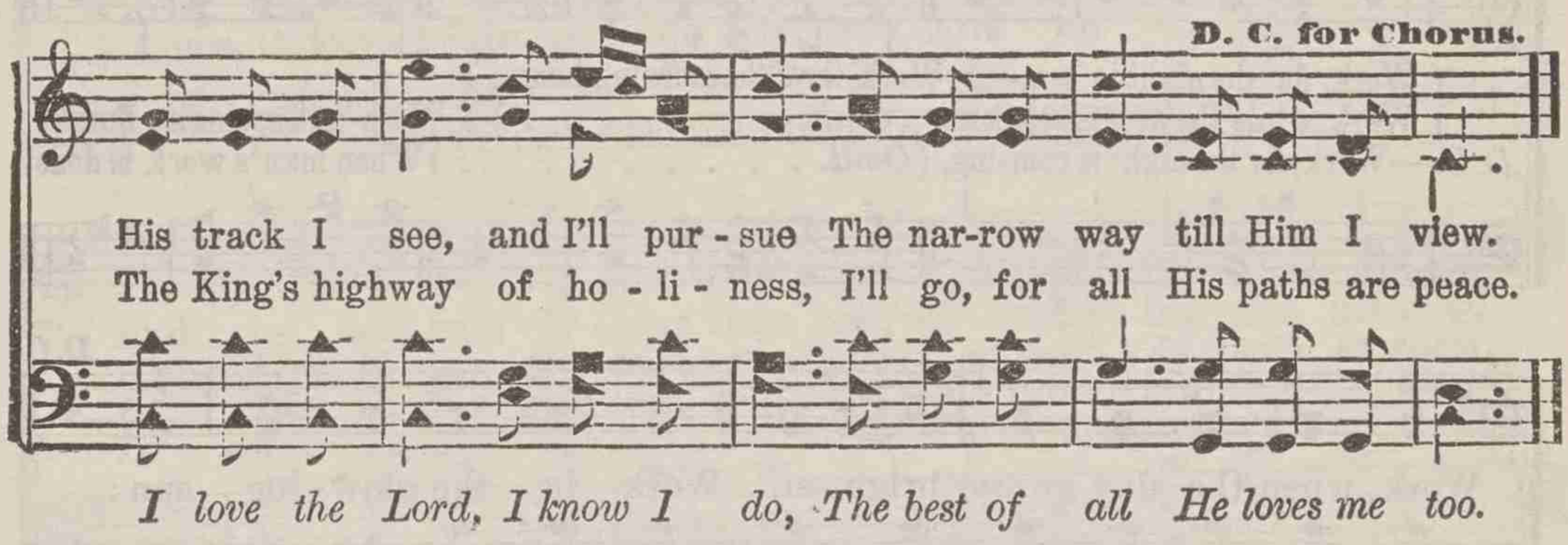




154. I LOVE THE LORD.

JOHN CENNICK, of England. **Arr. by D. E. DOETCH.**





3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long have been,
Because I was not freed from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its gilt and weight the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul. I am the way."

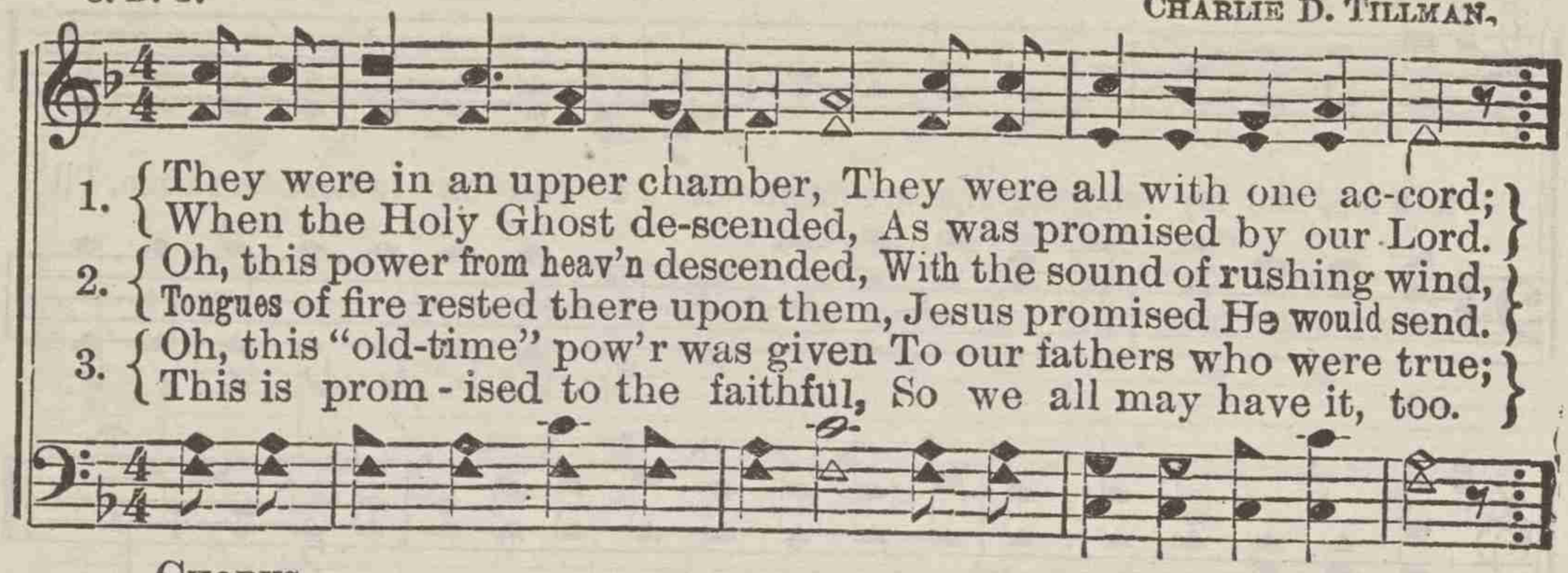
5 Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

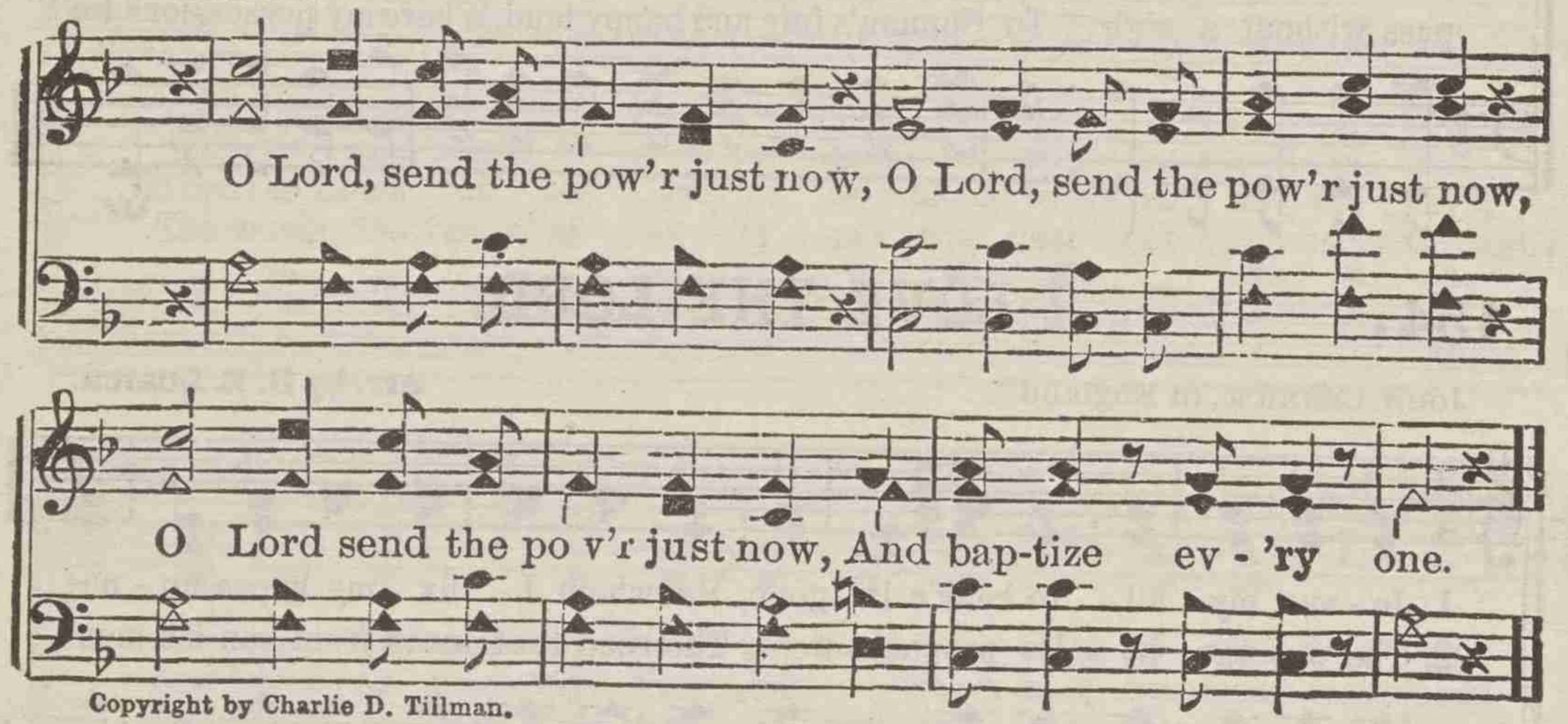
155 "OLD-TIME POWER."

C. D. T.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



CHORUS.



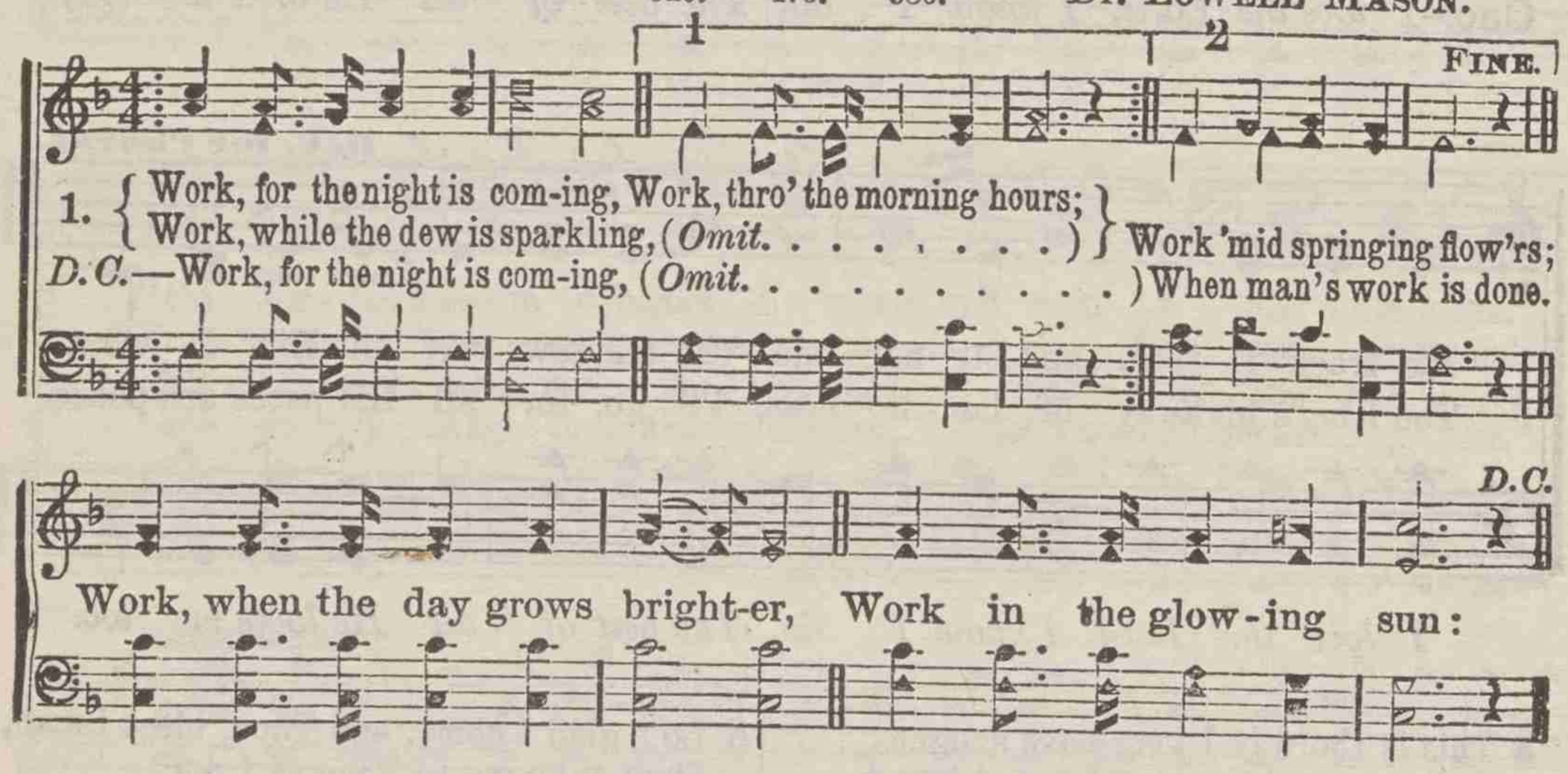
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156. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

M. H. 910. B. H. 476. P. H. 950.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



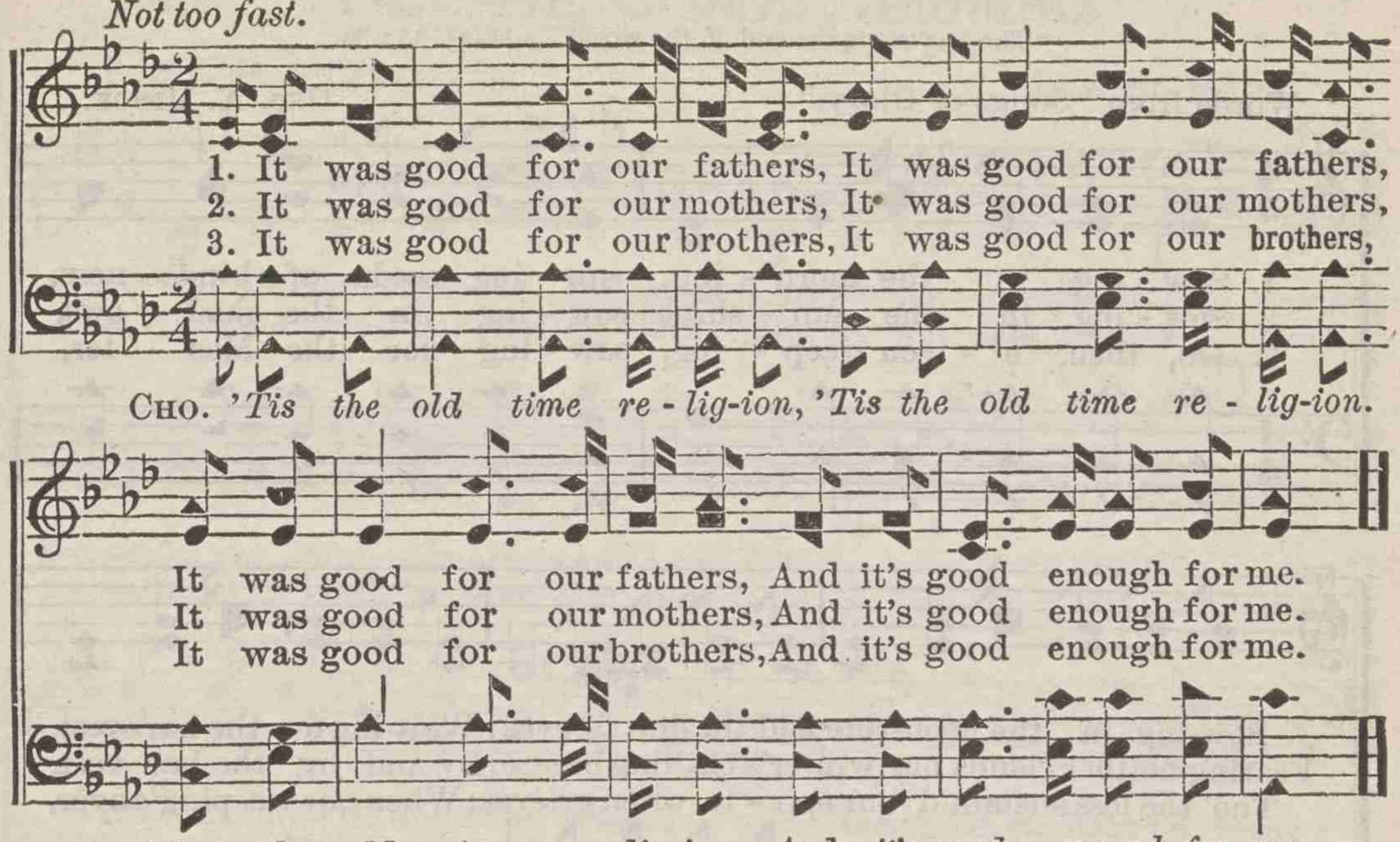
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

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.

157. OLD TIME RELIGION.

Words arranged. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

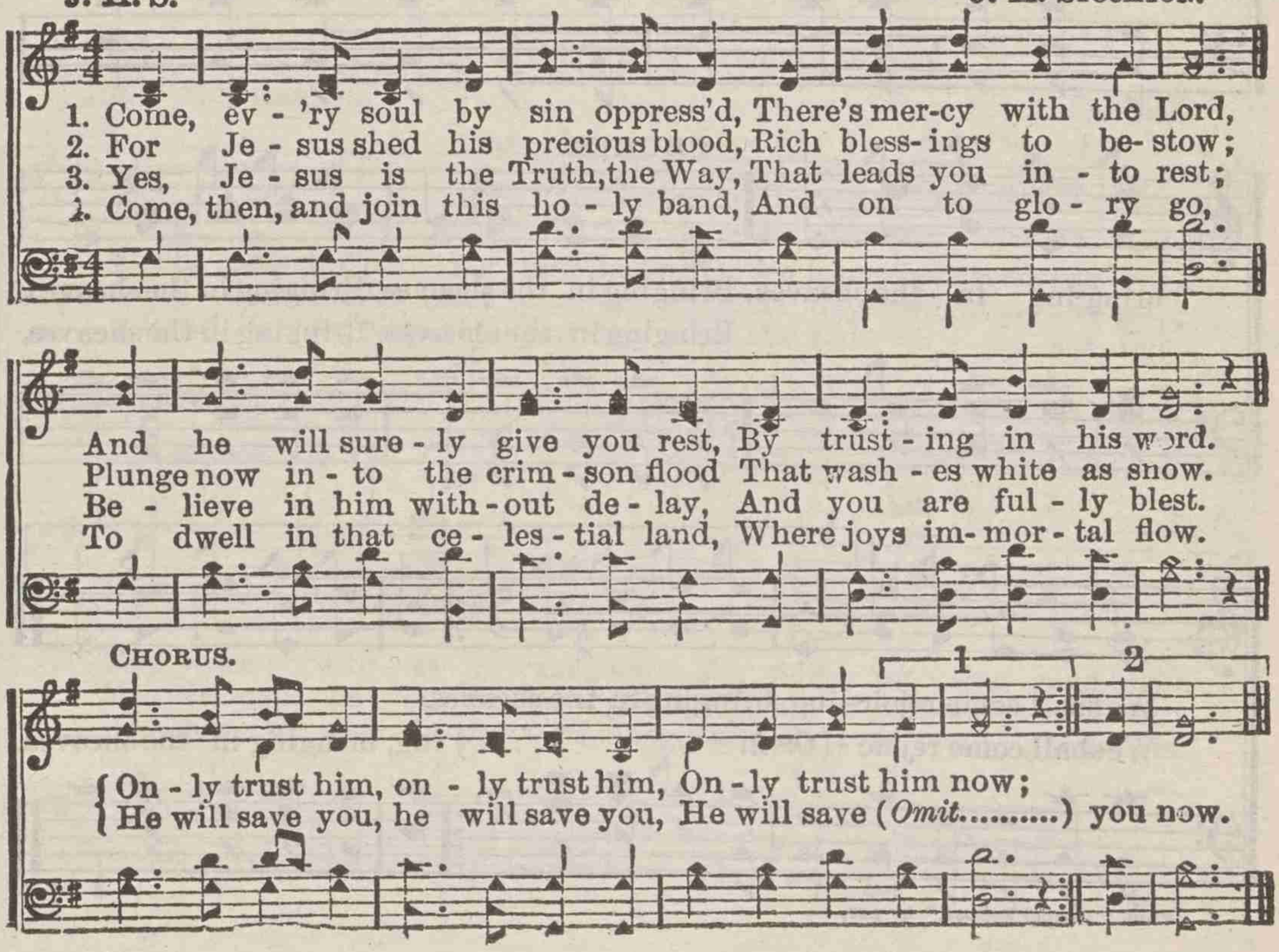
Not too fast.



4 It was good for our sisters, etc.
5 It was good for the prophets, etc.
6 It was tried in the den of lions, etc.
7 It was tried in the fiery furnace, etc.
8 It was good for Paul and Silas, etc.
9 It was good for the martyrs, etc.
10 It is good for the way-worn traveler, etc.
11 It will do while I am living, etc.
12 It will do when I am dying, etc.
13 It will give joy and gladness, etc.
14 It will take us up to heaven, etc.
15 It will be my theme in glory, etc.
16 It makes me love everybody, etc.
17 Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

158. ONLY TRUST HIM.

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



No. 159. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—MATT. 13: 39.

Words from "Songs of Glory." GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
3. Go, then, e - ven weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew- y eves; Wait-ing for the har- vest,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har- vest,
Tho' the loss sustain'd our spir - it often grieves; When our weeping's over,

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bring-ing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,

1 2

We shall come rejoic- ing, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoic - (*Omit.* . . . . .) ing, bringing in the sheaves.
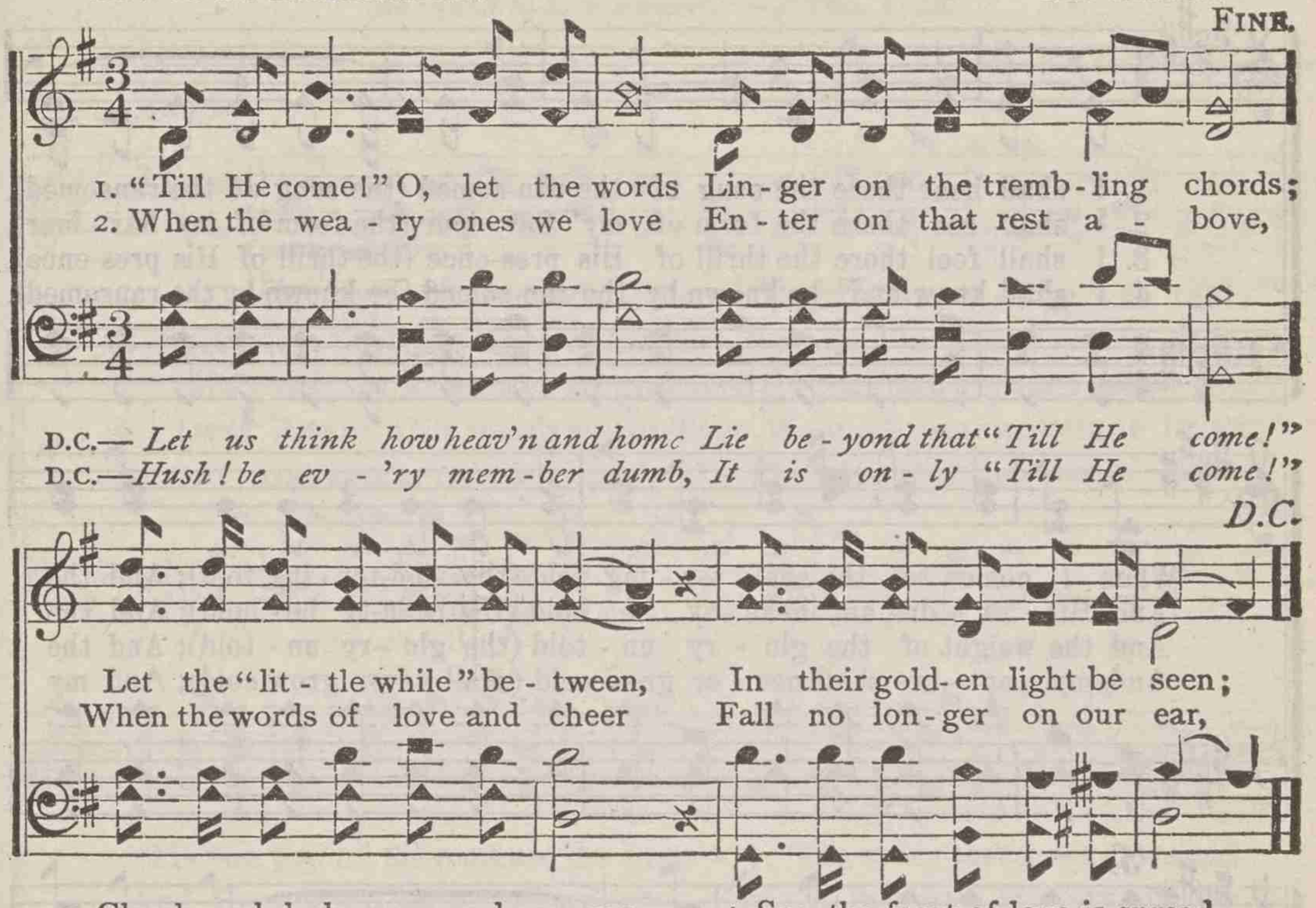
From "Gospel Echoes," by per,

160 TILL HE COME. (Eltham.)

FOR COMMUNION SERVICE.

Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH. LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

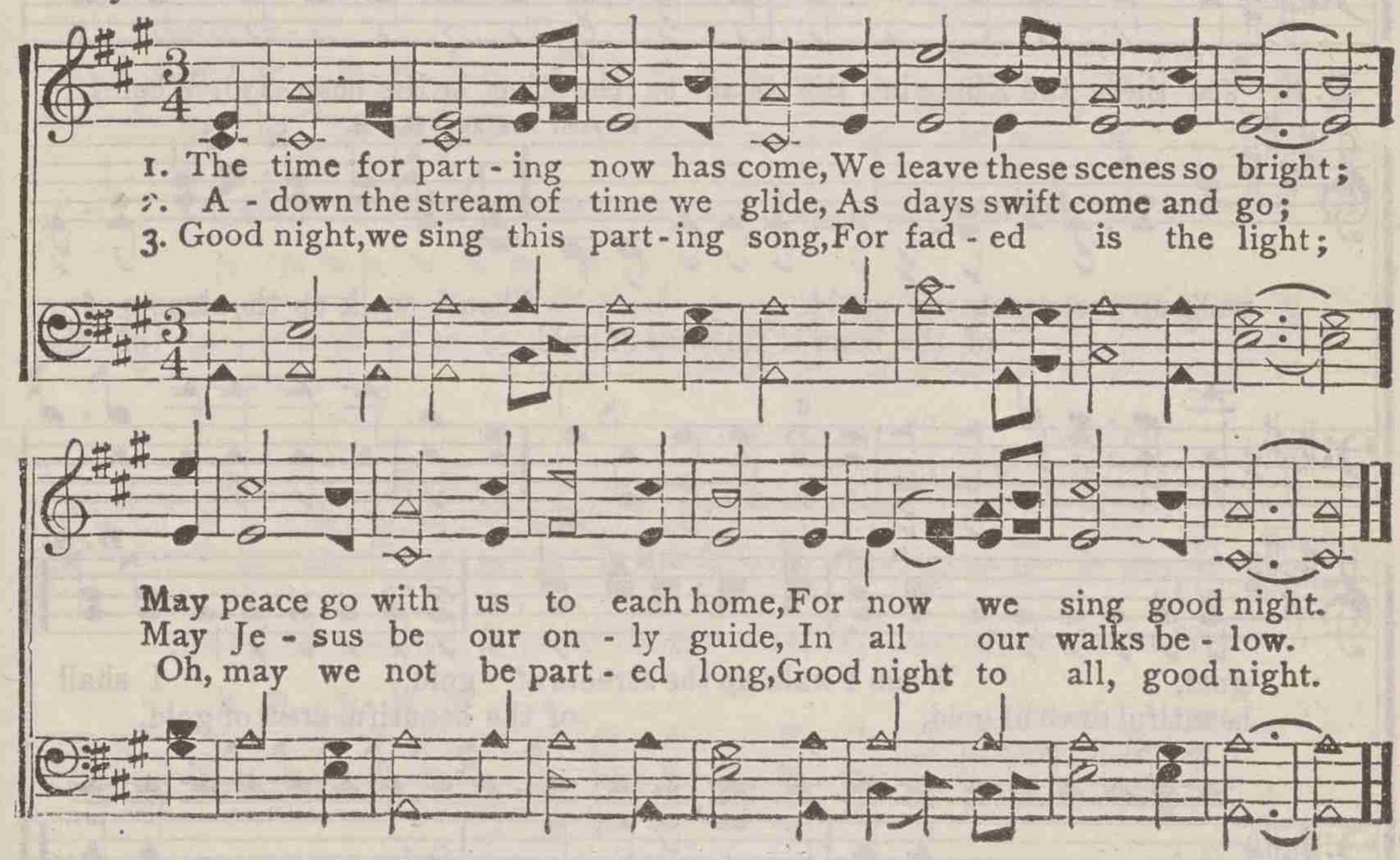


3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness, and the tomb,
Pair us only "Till He come!"

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Calls us 'round His heav'nly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till He come!"

161 GOOD NIGHT. (Avon.)

JOHN MCPHERSON. Scottish.



162. WHEN I WALK UP THE STREETS OF GOLD.

J. C. MIDYETT. "The street of the city was pure gold."—REV. 21: 21. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I shall hear there the song of the ran-somed (the song of the ransomed),
2. I shall see there the form of my Sav - iour (the form of my Sav - iour),
3. I shall feel there the thrill of His pres-ence (the thrill of His pres-ence),
4. I shall know and be known by the ran-somed (be known by the ransomed),

When I come to the shel - ter - ing fold (the shel-ter - ing fold); And the
And His ra - di - ant beau - ty be - hold (His beau-ty be - hold); And the
And the weight of the glo - ry un - told (the glo - ry un - told); And the
And my rapt - ure shall nev - er grow cold (shall never grow cold); And my

sweet strains of mu - sic will greet me (the mu - sic will greet me), When I
light of His face will en-trance me (His face will entrance me), When I
peace that ex - ceeds un - der-stand-ing (ex-ceeds un-der-stand-ing), When I
soul shall ex - pand thro' the ag - es (ex-pand thro' the ag - es), As I

D. S.—see there the King in His beau - ty (the King in His beau - ty), When I

walk up the streets of gold. When I walk up the streets of
of the beau-ti-ful streets of gold. of the

gold, When I walk up the streets of gold, I shall
beautiful streets of gold, of the beautiful streets of gold,

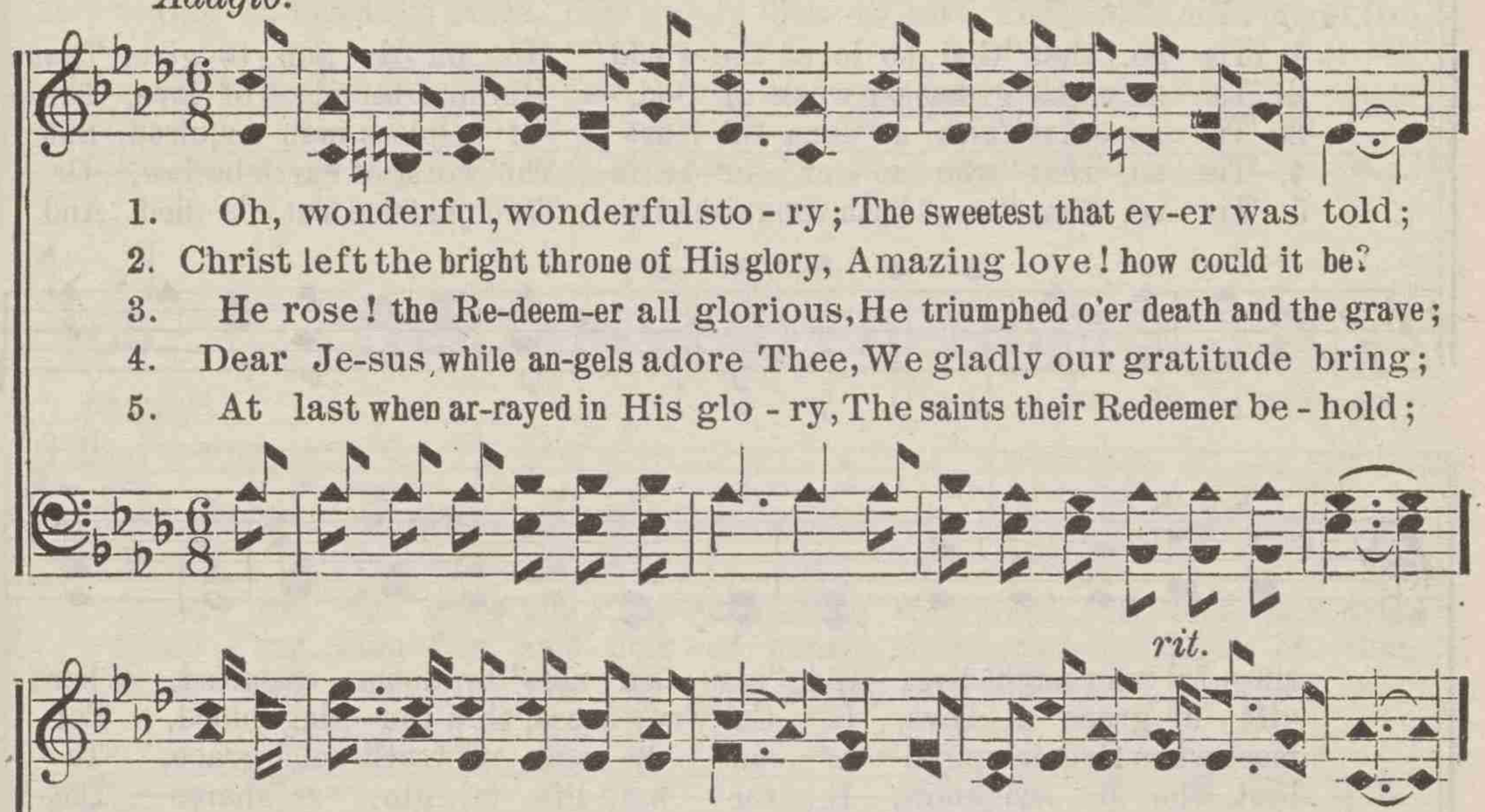
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163 THE WONDERFUL STORY.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." —1 Tim. 1: 15.
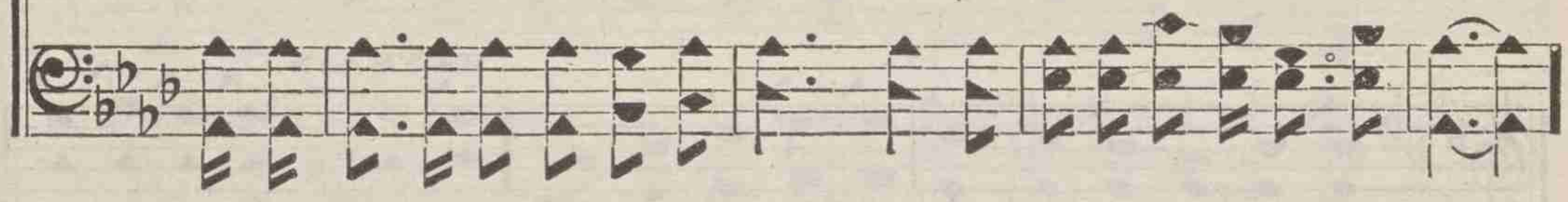
W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

Adagio.



1. Oh, wonderful, wonderful sto - ry; The sweetest that ev-er was told;
2. Christ left the bright throne of His glory, Amazing love! how could it be?
3. He rose! the Re-deem-er all glorious, He triumphed o'er death and the grave;
4. Dear Je-sus, while an-gels adore Thee, We gladly our gratitude bring;
5. At last when ar-rayed in His glo - ry, The saints their Redeemer be - hold;
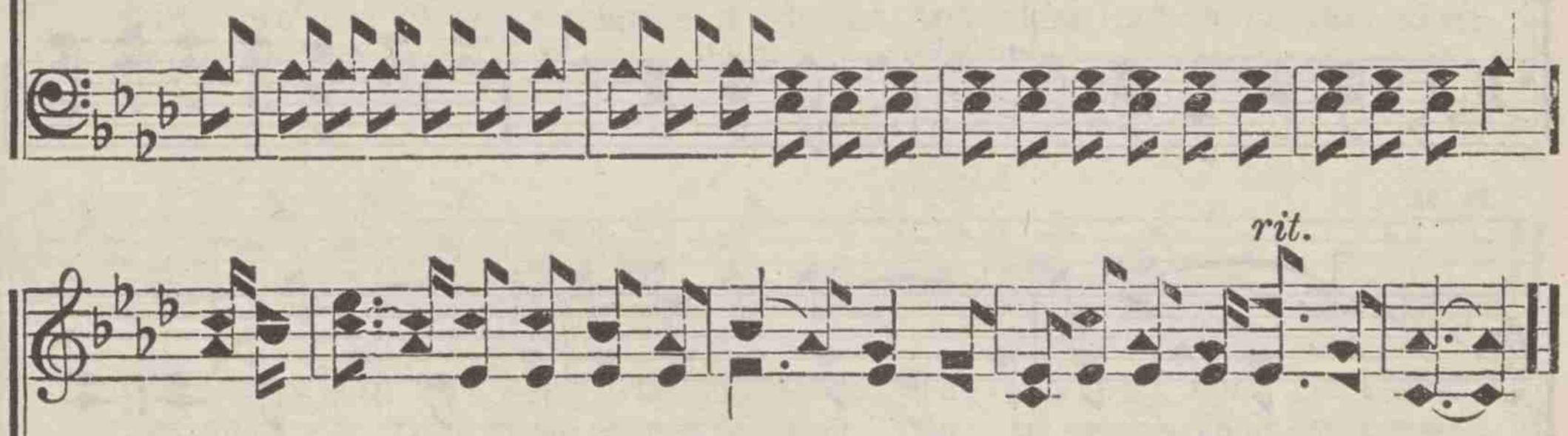
'Tis the joy of the youth and the hoar - y, The story that nev-er grows old.
And He suffer'd death, cruel and go - ry, To save e-ven sinners like me.
And up-on His throne now all vic-to - rious, He reigneth! the "Mighty to save."
And when danger is near, we implore Thee, Oh, keep 'neath Thy sheltering wing.
Then the theme of that wonderful sto - ry They sing, for 'twill never grow old.
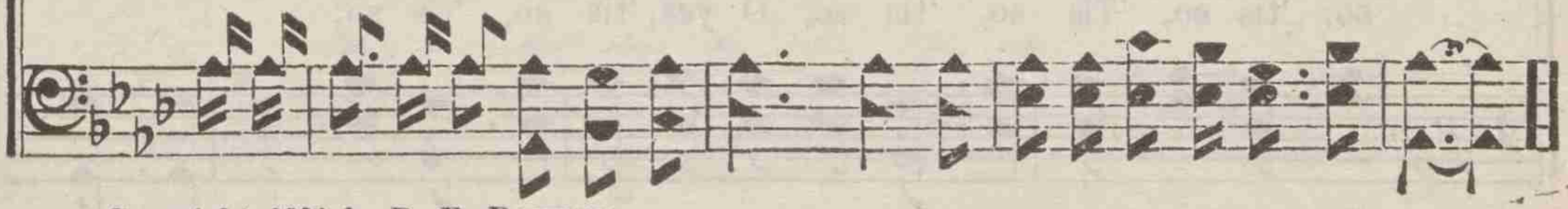


CHORUS.



Oh, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful sto-ry, Amazing compassion! Oh, how could it be!



Je-sus left the bright throne of His glo - ry, To save a poor sin-ner like me.
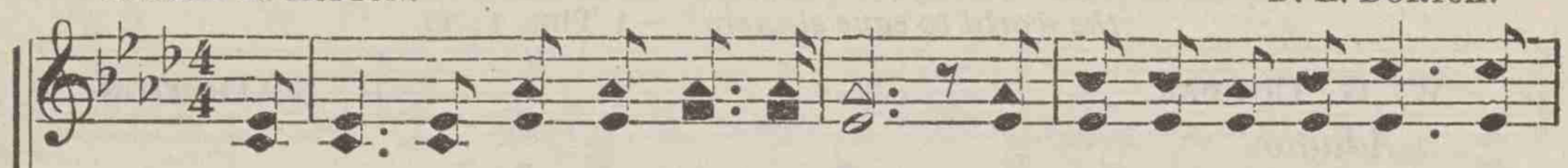


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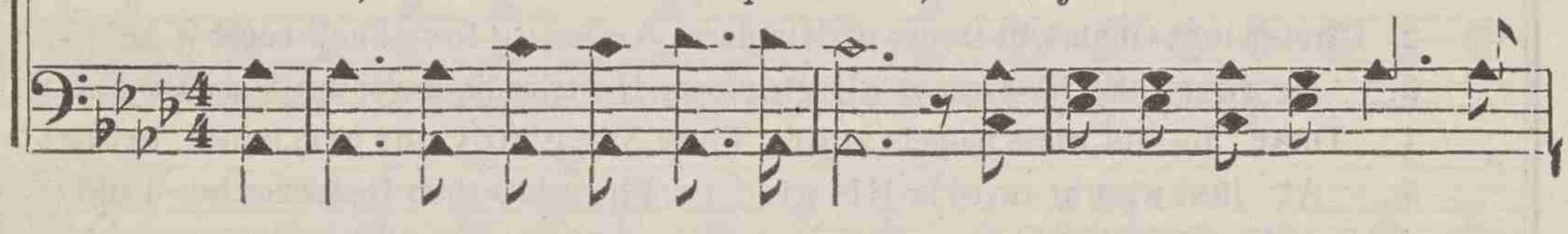
164 'TIS SO.
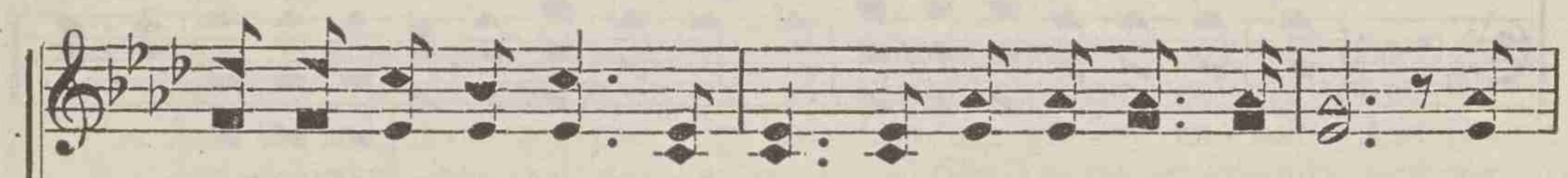
"God SO loved the world."—JOHN 3: 14.

GEORGE A. LOFTON. D. E. DORTCH.
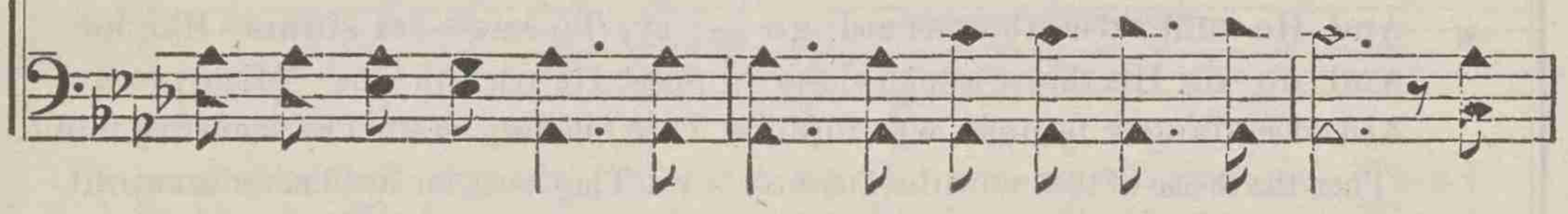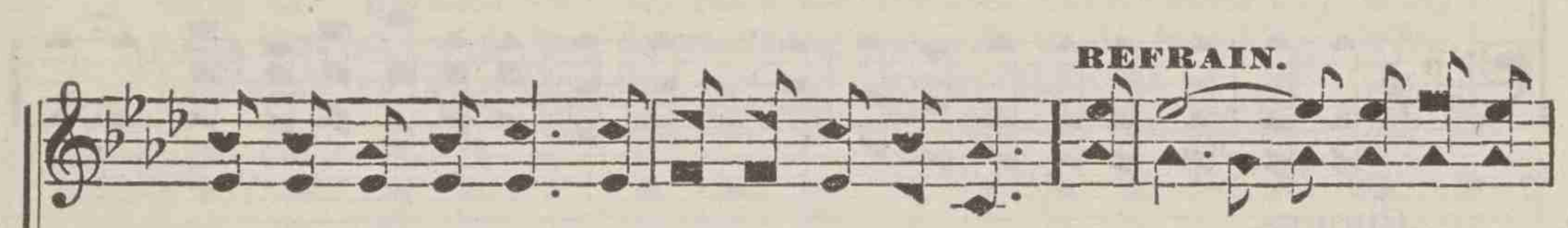


1. 'Tis so, that "God so loved the world," His on - ly Son to give, That
2. 'Tis so, the great-est work of God, His mas-ter-piece of love, The
3. 'Tis so, that faith a - lone the least Of helpless man required, But
4. 'Tis so, that "who - so - ev - er" hears Tho' worst of earth be-low, Or
5. 'Tis so, that "love" hath vanquished sin, Thro' just-ice sat - is - fied And
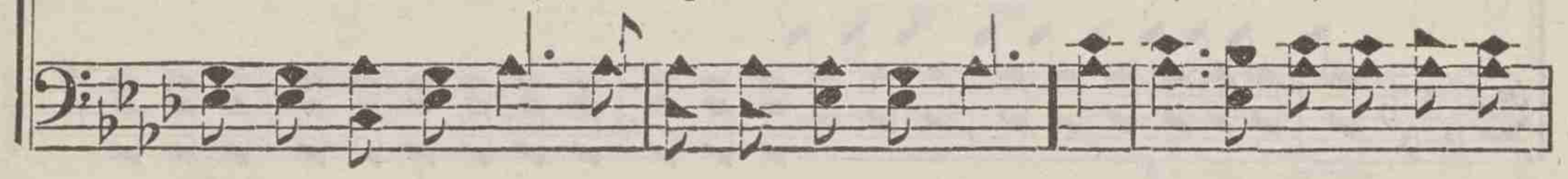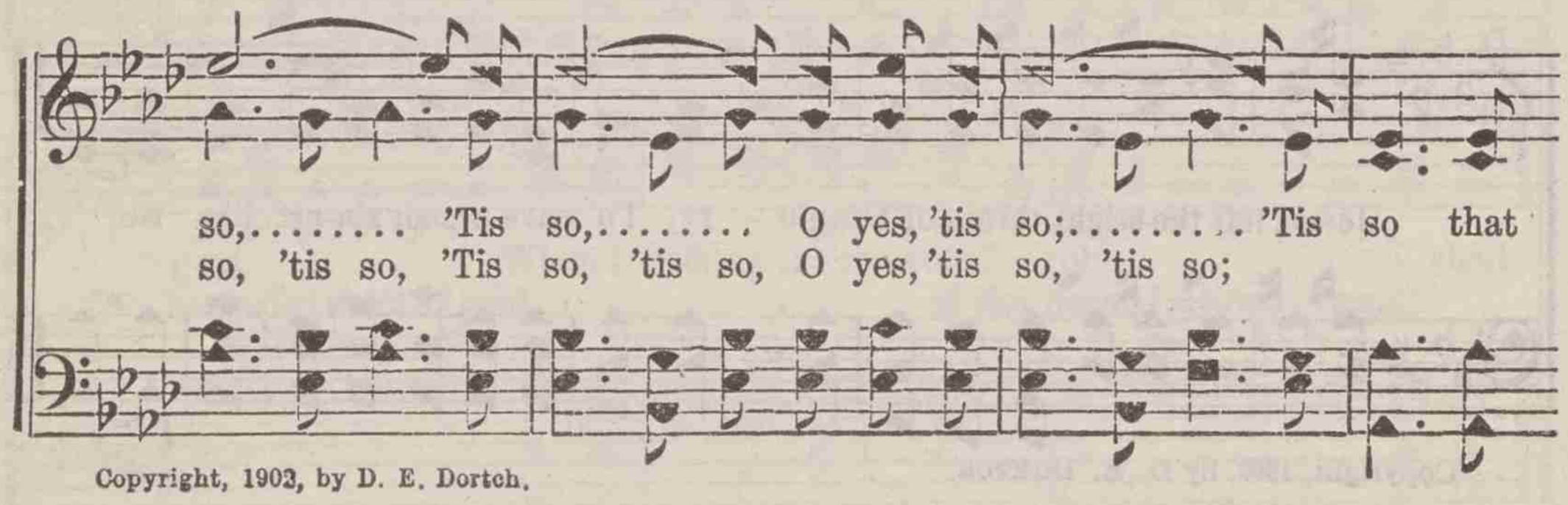




sin - ful man might live, And "per - ish not," by doom engulfed, Where
gift of grace a - bove, Is Cal-v'ry's cross, th' a-ton - ing blood, For
most when God in-spired— Is on - ly mean of truth and grace, To
best, who Je - sus know, E - ter - nal life in glo - ry shares— The
mer - cy qual - i - fied; And grace enthroned with peace was crowned, When





hope comes not, nor light, E'er shines on shoreless night. 'Tis so,..... O yes, 'tis
man's redemption giv'n, The on - ly way to heav'n.
guide the soul with-in, Or cleanse the heart from sin.
tro-phy grace hath won Thro' God's e - ter-nal Son.
God was rec-on-ciled, And hope e - ter-nal smiled. 'Tis so, 'tis so,

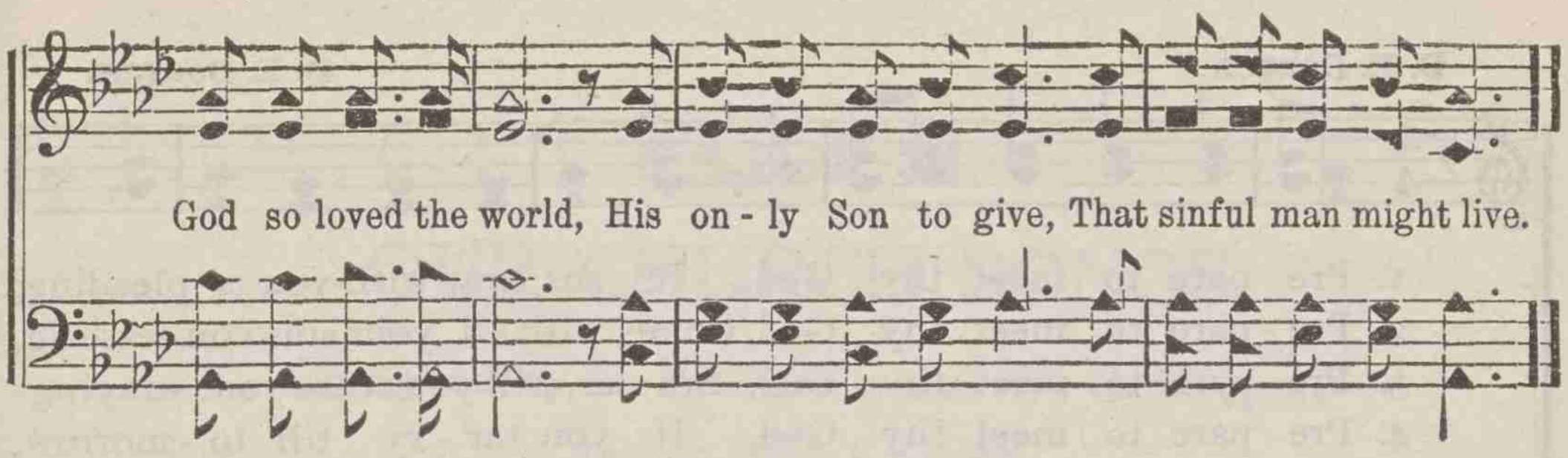




so,..... 'Tis so,..... O yes, 'tis so;..... 'Tis so that
so, 'tis so, 'Tis so, 'tis so, O yes, 'tis so, 'tis so;

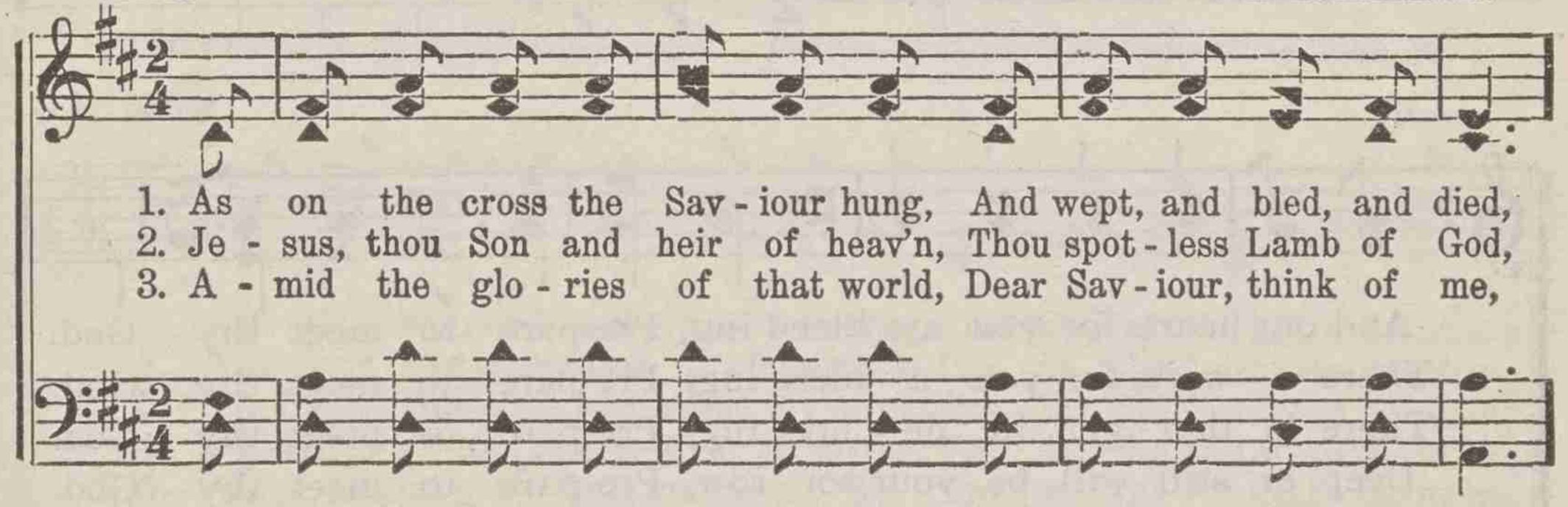
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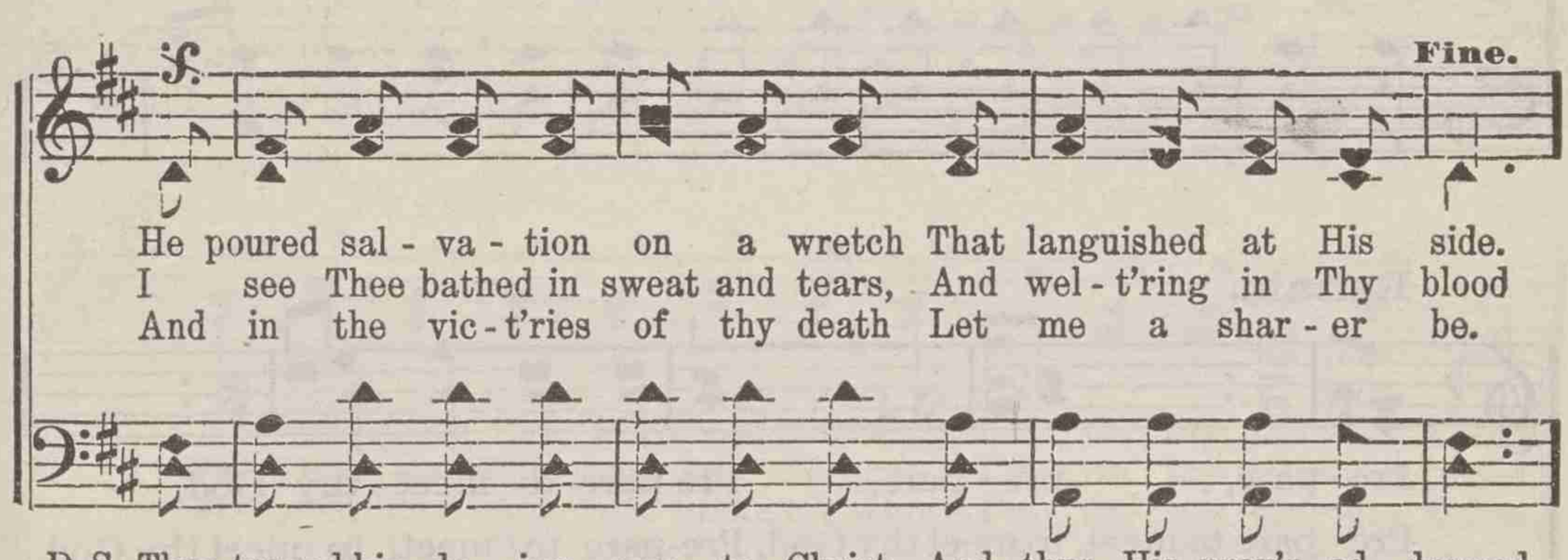
'TIS SO.

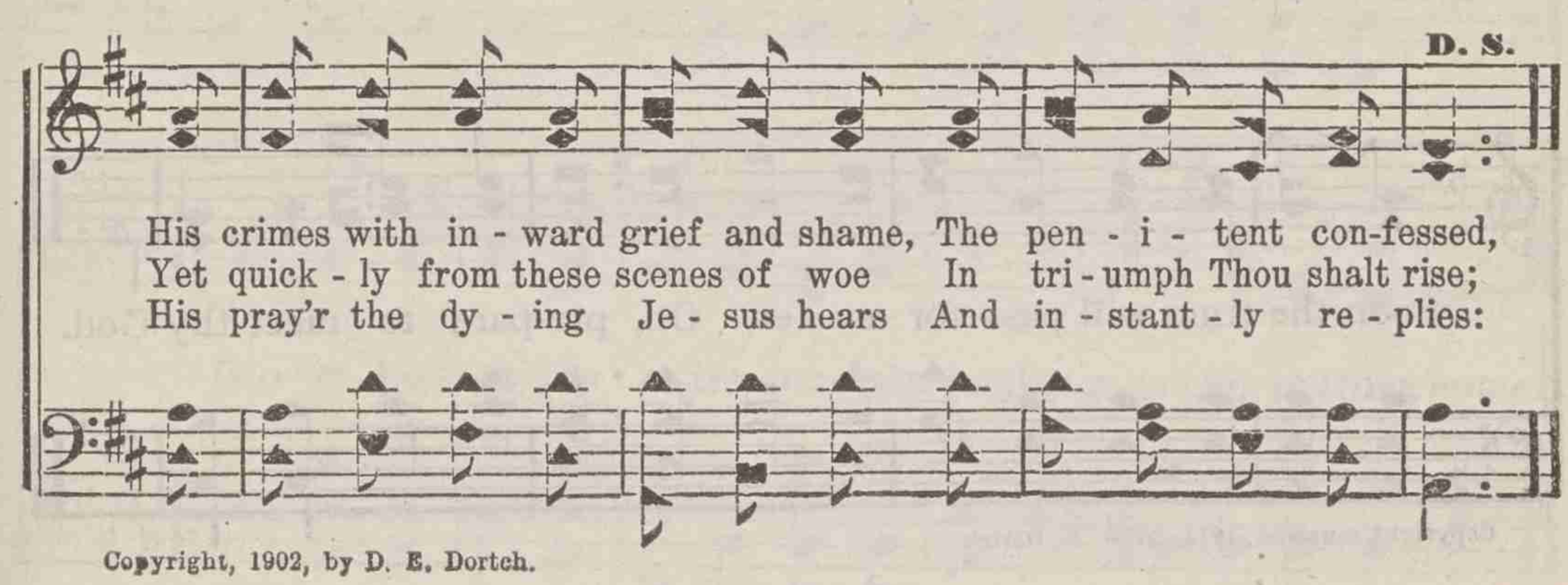


165 THE CONVERTED THIEF.

Anon. R. R. EMERSON.







Copyright, 1902, by D. E. Dortch.

166 Prepare to meet thy God.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Je - sus now with you is pleading,
2. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Come, with all your sins con-fess-ing,
3. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Sin-ner, will you cease your straying?
4. Pre - pare to meet thy God, If you tar - ry till to - morrow,
5. Pre - pare to meet thy God, They who now the Lord o - bey - ing,

And our hearts for you are bleed-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
There a - waits for you a bless-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
There is dan - ger in de - lay - ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
Deep - er still will be your sor - row, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
Are for you this mo-ment pray-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.

Refrain.

Pre - pare, pre - pare, Pre-pare to meet thy God,
Pre - pare to meet, to meet thy God, Pre-pare to meet, to meet thy God,

Soon the time will pass for - ev - er, Oh, pre-pare to meet thy God.

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PART II.

OUR CHURCH SONGS.

Compiled by D. E. Dortch and W. G. Cooper.
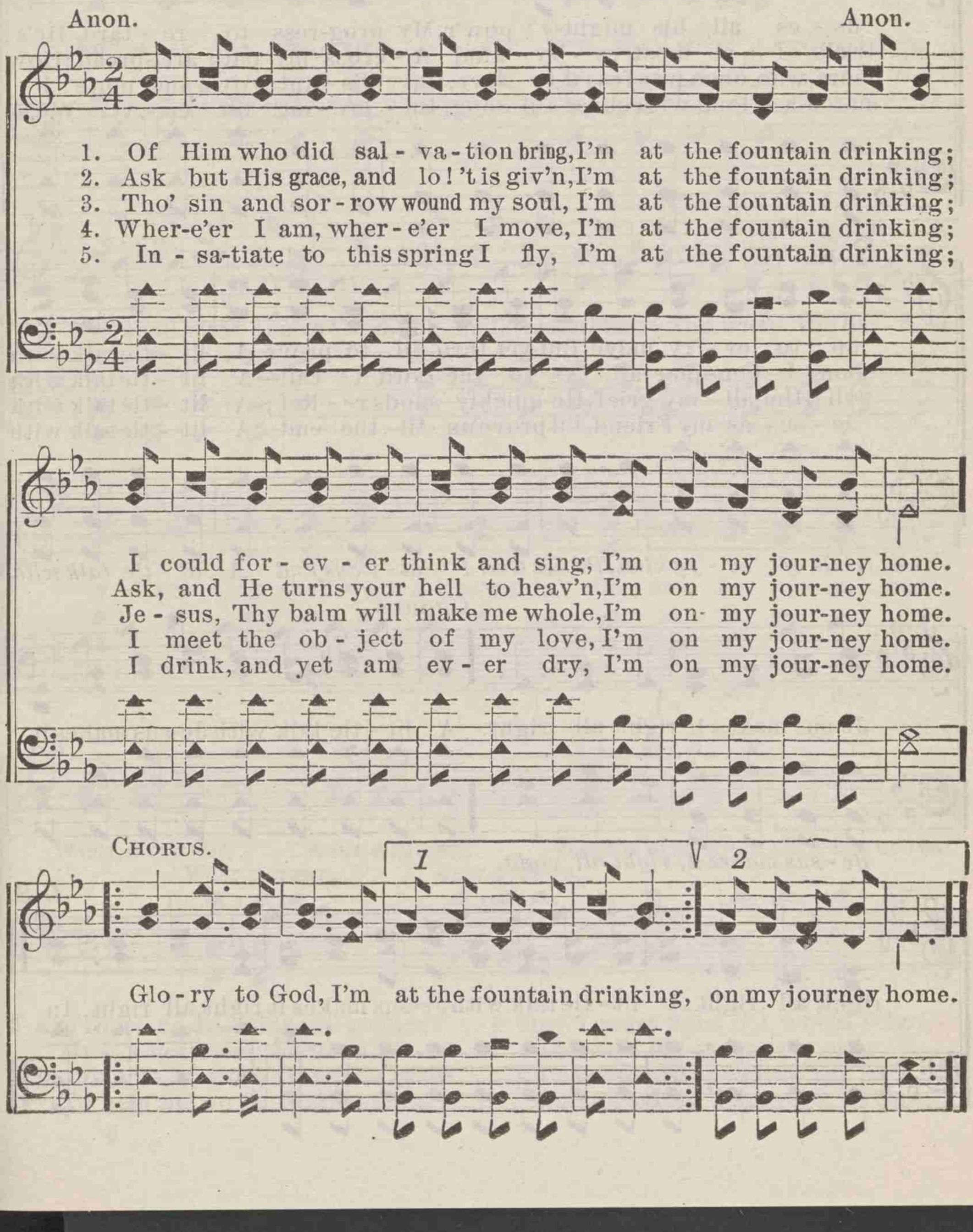
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167. AT THE FOUNTAIN.

"There shall be a fountain opened, . . . for sin, and for uncleanness."—**Zech. 13: 1.**

Anon. Anon.



168. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

"And behold, there talked with him two men."—Luke 9: 30.

Arr. Arr.

1. While fighting for my Sav-iour here, The tempter 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 dearest 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 prog-ress to re - tard. He's
trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
more, who once pro-fess'd to love, Have dis-tant grown and mute; I
march a - long with cheer-ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty, With

:S: up to ev - 'ry move, But yet thro' all to 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 quickly 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

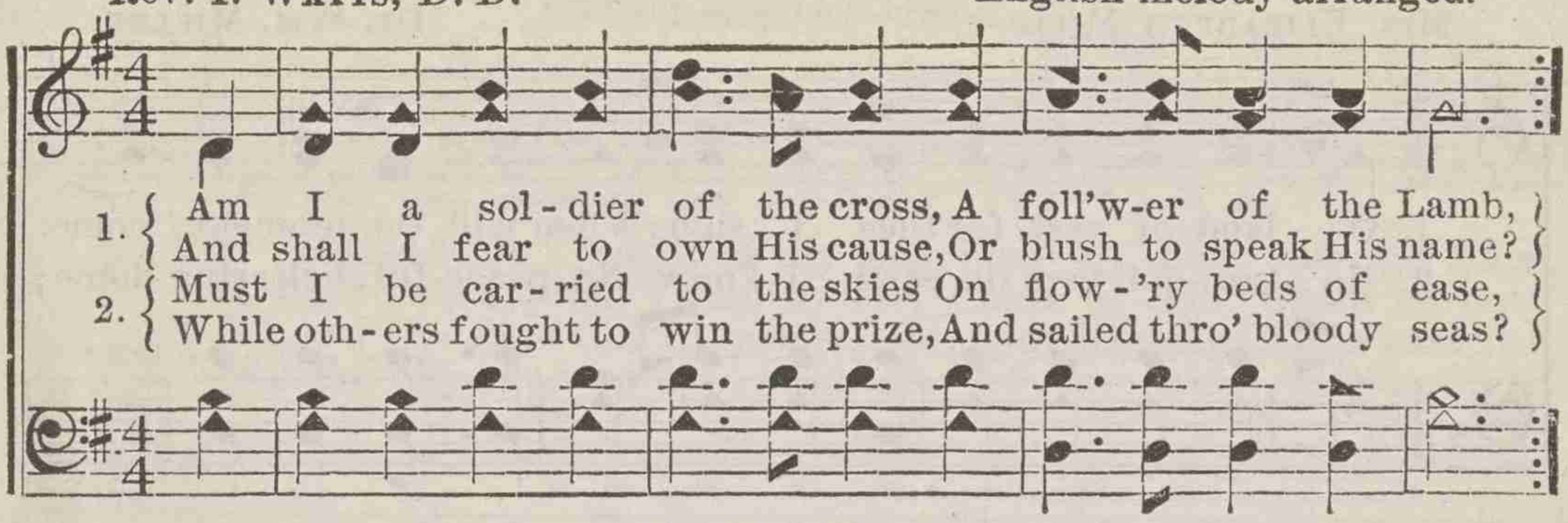
Je - sus makes it, right all right.

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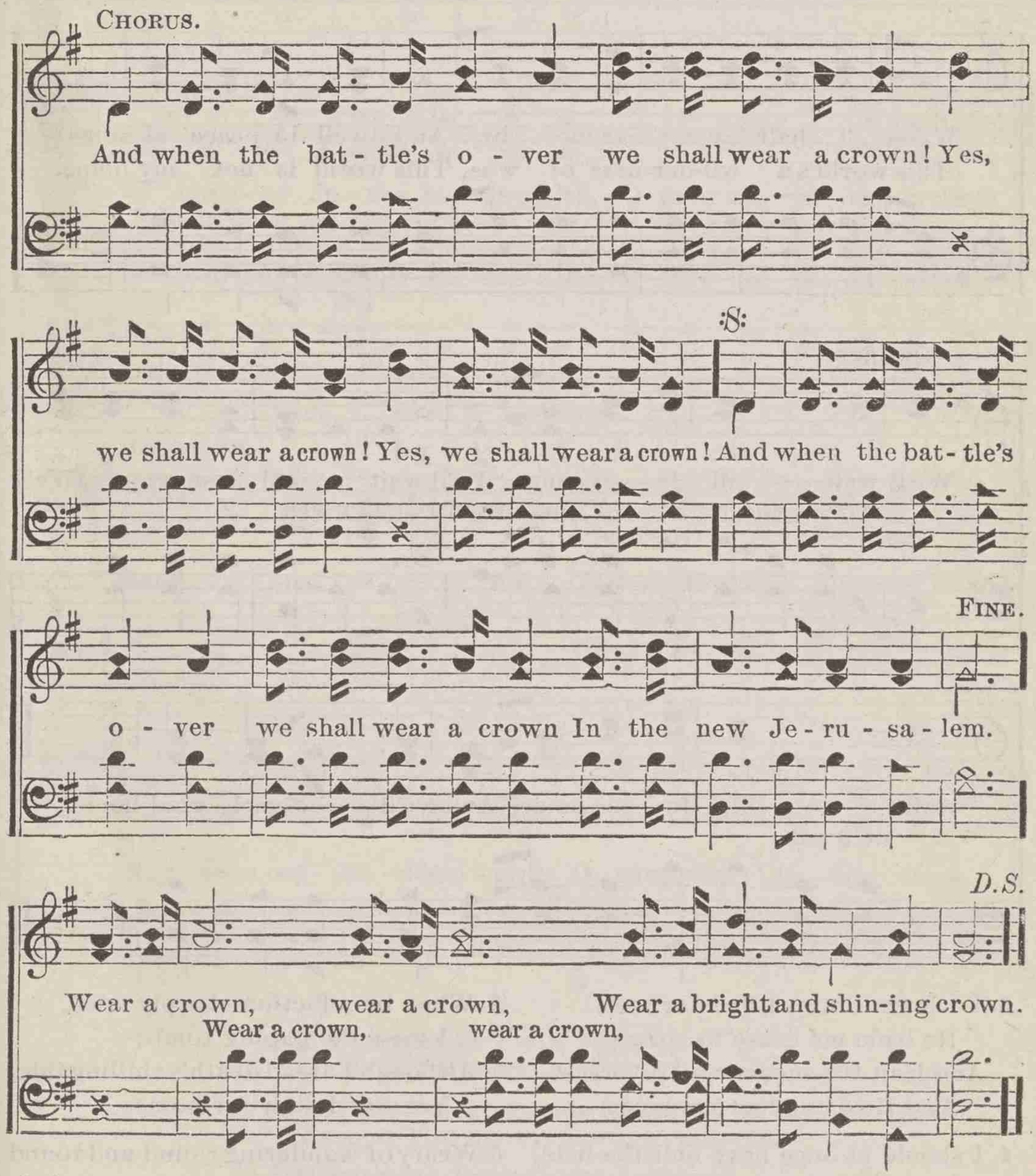
right, all right; A lit - tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right. In

169. BATTLE HYMN.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. English melody arranged.



CHORUS.
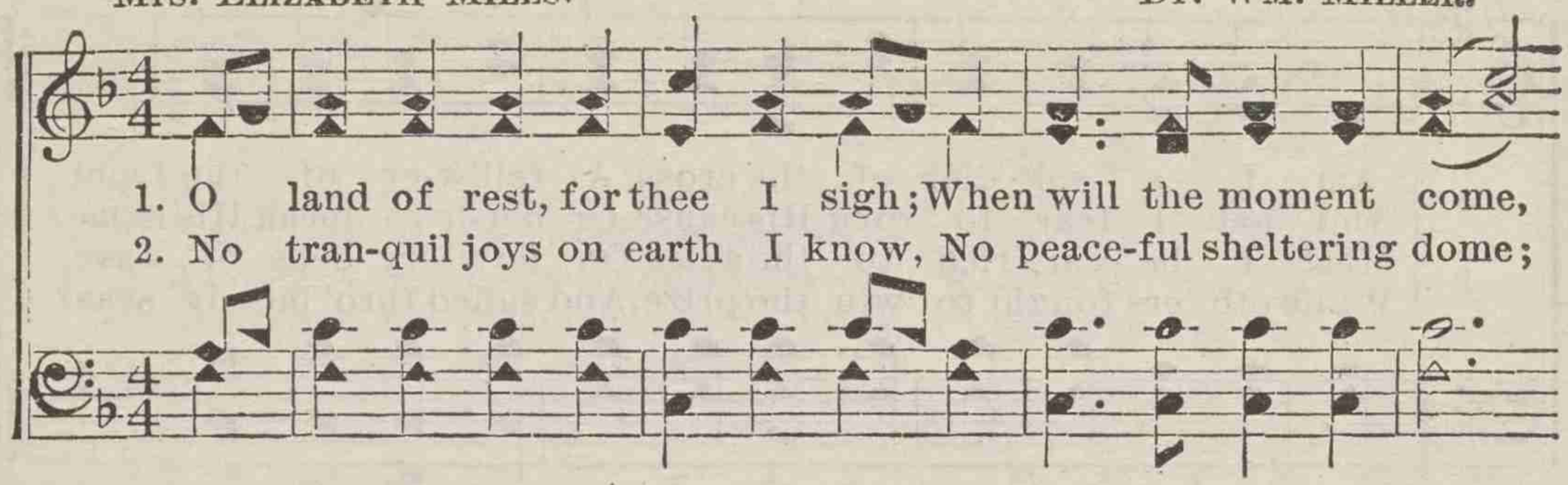


3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God? — CHO.

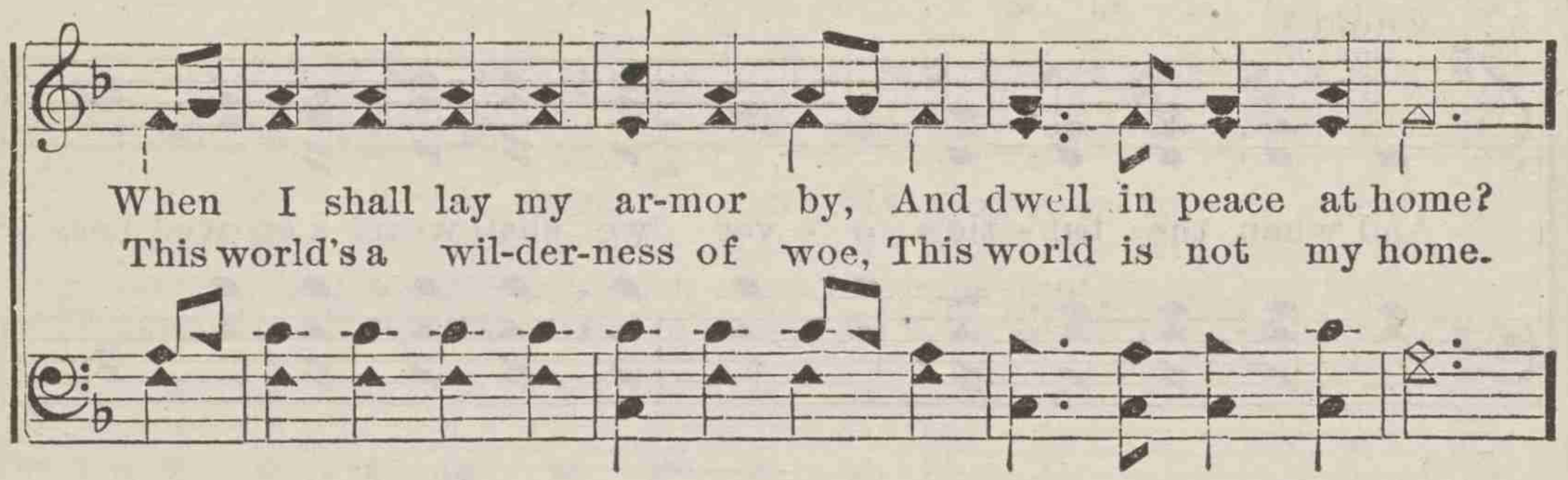
4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word. — CHO.

170. WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.
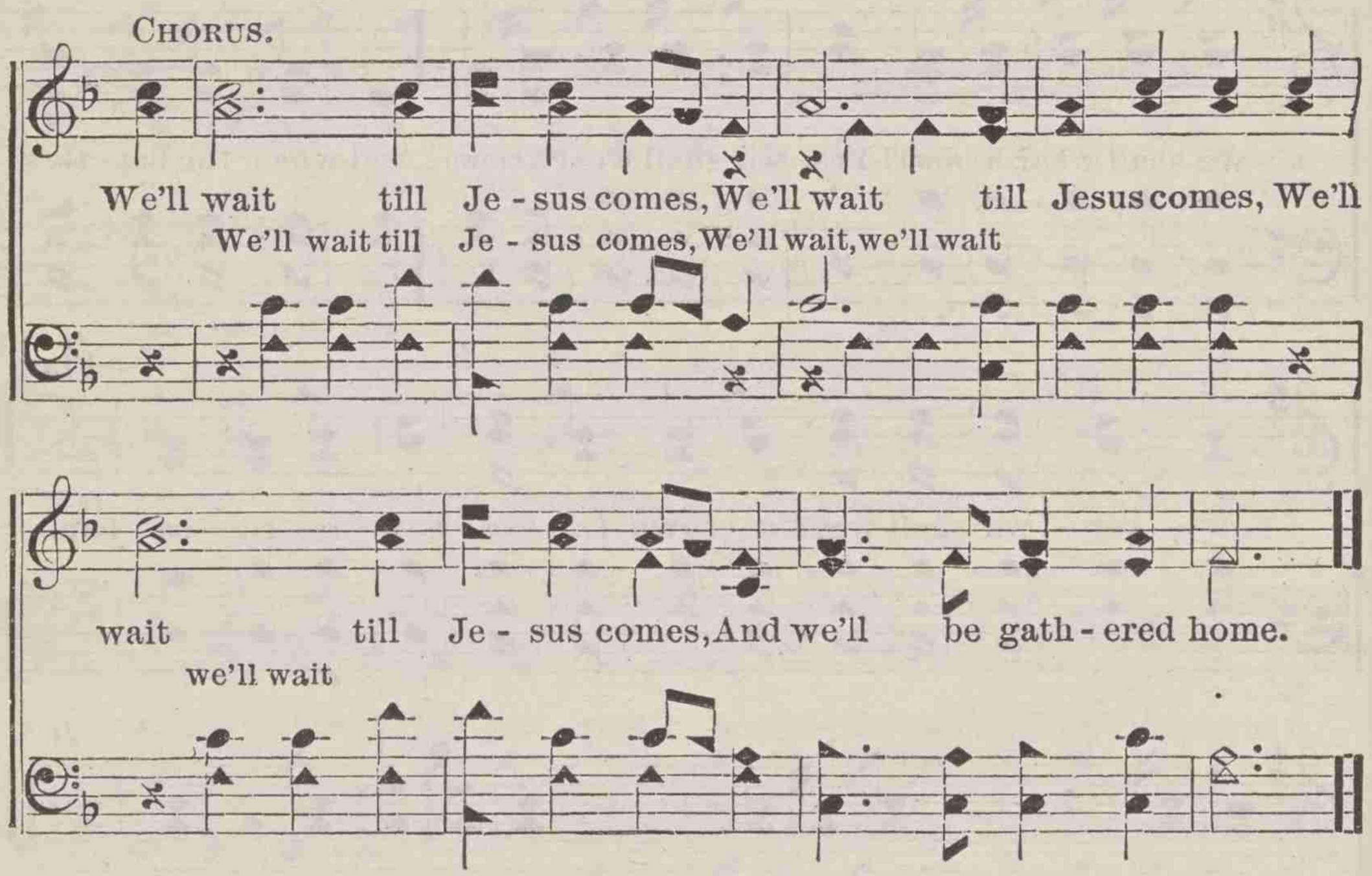
"I will come again." — John 14 : 2.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.





Chorus.



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

4 I should at once have quit the field,
Where foes in fury foam;
But, ah! my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.
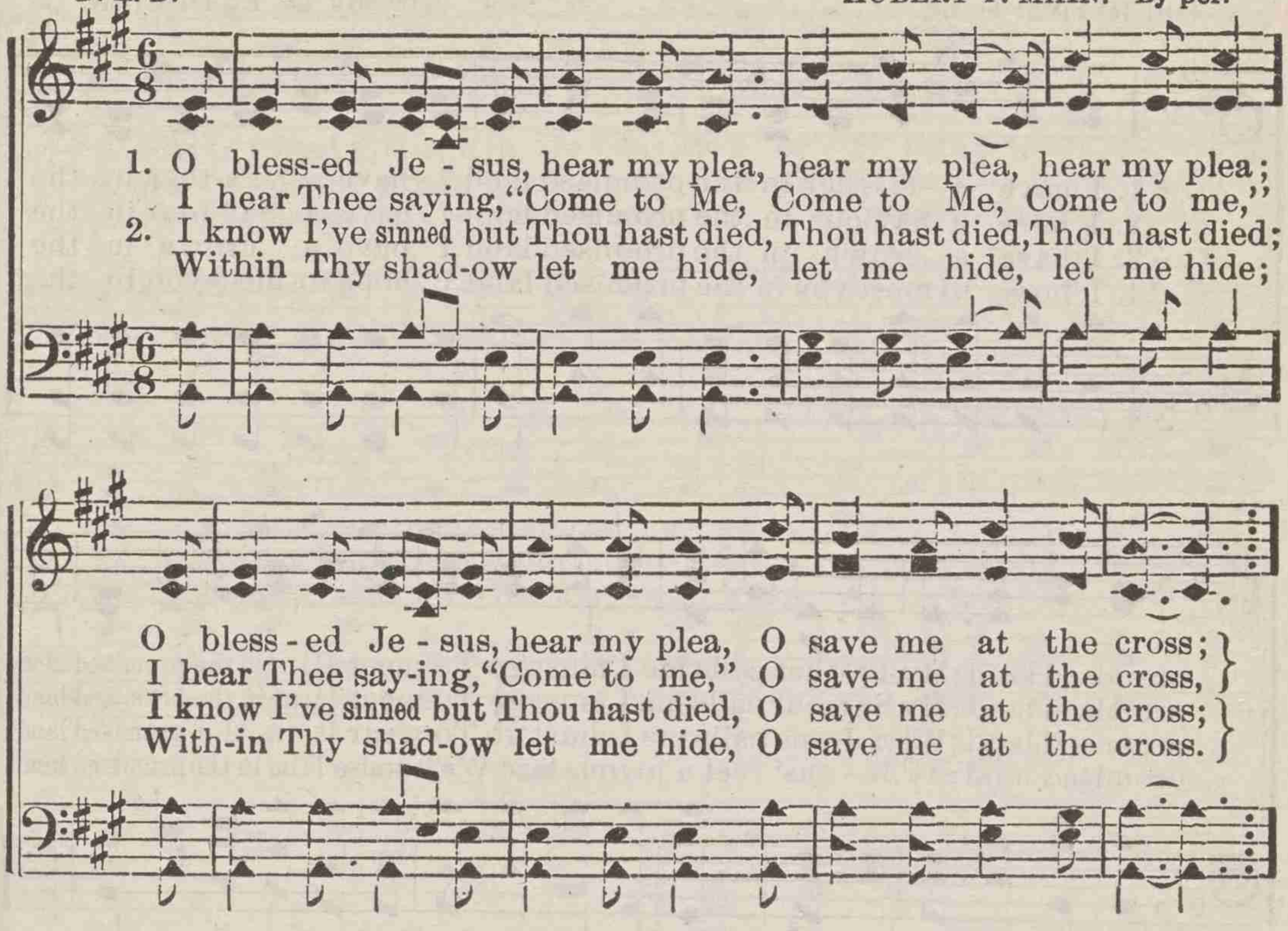
5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit this unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

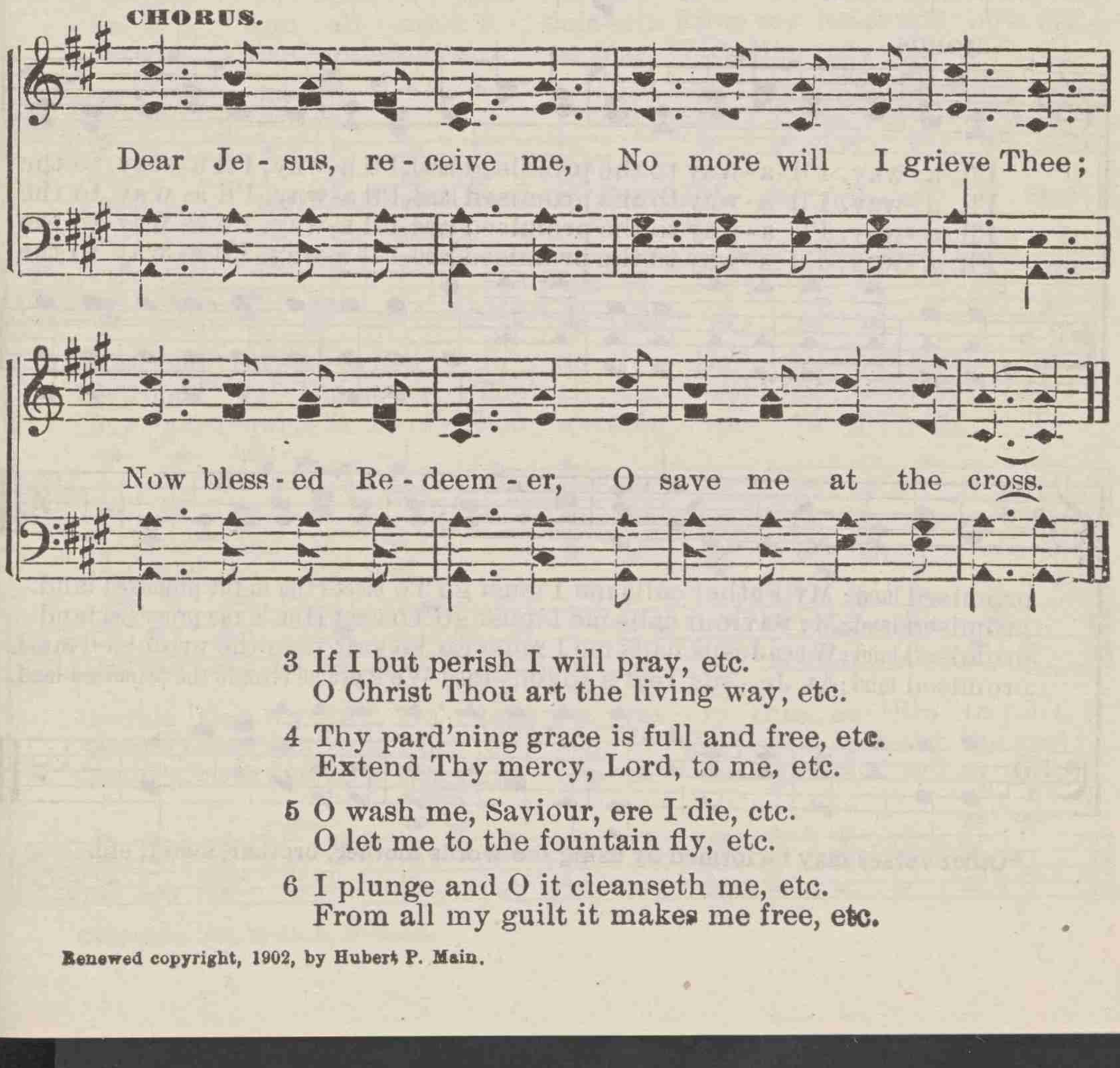
171. SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

"O Lord, save me."—JER. 17: 14

D. E. D. HUBERT P. MAIN. By per.



CHORUS.



3 If I but perish I will pray, etc.
O Christ Thou art the living way, etc.

4 Thy pard'ning grace is full and free, etc.
Extend Thy mercy, Lord, to me, etc.

5 O wash me, Saviour, ere I die, etc.
O let me to the fountain fly, etc.

6 I plunge and O it cleanseth me, etc.
From all my guilt it makes me free, etc.

Renewed copyright, 1902, by Hubert P. Main.

172. THE PROMISED LAND.

Old Revival Song. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

* 1. I have a Fa-ther in the promised land, I have a Fa-ther in the
2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, I have a Sav-iour in the
3. I have a crown in the promised land, I have a crown in the
4. I hope to meet you in the promised land, I hope to meet you in the

promised land; My Fa-ther calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
promised land; My Saviour calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
promised land; When Jesus calls me I must go To wear it in the promised land.
promised land; At Je - sus' feet a joyous band We'll praise Him in the promised land.

CHORUS.

I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the
I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the
I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the
I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll a-way to the

promised land; My Father calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
promised land; My Saviour calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
promised land; When Jesus calls me I must go To wear it in the promised land.
promised land; At Je - sus' feet a joyous band We'll praise Him in the promised land.

*Other verses may be formed by using the words mother, brother, sister, etc.

173. THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Song of Solomon.—2: 1.

English Melody. Arr. by E. HANKS.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has tak - en, And all my sorrows borne, In temp
3. He will nev-er, nev - er leave me, Nor yet for-sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul; The "Lil - y of the
ta - tion He's my strong and might-y tow'r I have all for Him for-
live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a -

Val - ley," In Him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and
sa - ken, And all my i - dols torn From my heart and now He
bout me, I've noth-ing now to fear, With His man - na He my

Val - ley, the Bright and Morn-ing Star," He's the fair - est of ten

D.S.—*He's the "Lil-y of the*

FINE.

make me ful - ly whole. In sor - row He's my com-fort, In
keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world for - sake me, And
hun - gry soul will fill. Then sweeping up to glo - ry, To

thousand to my soul. *D.S.*

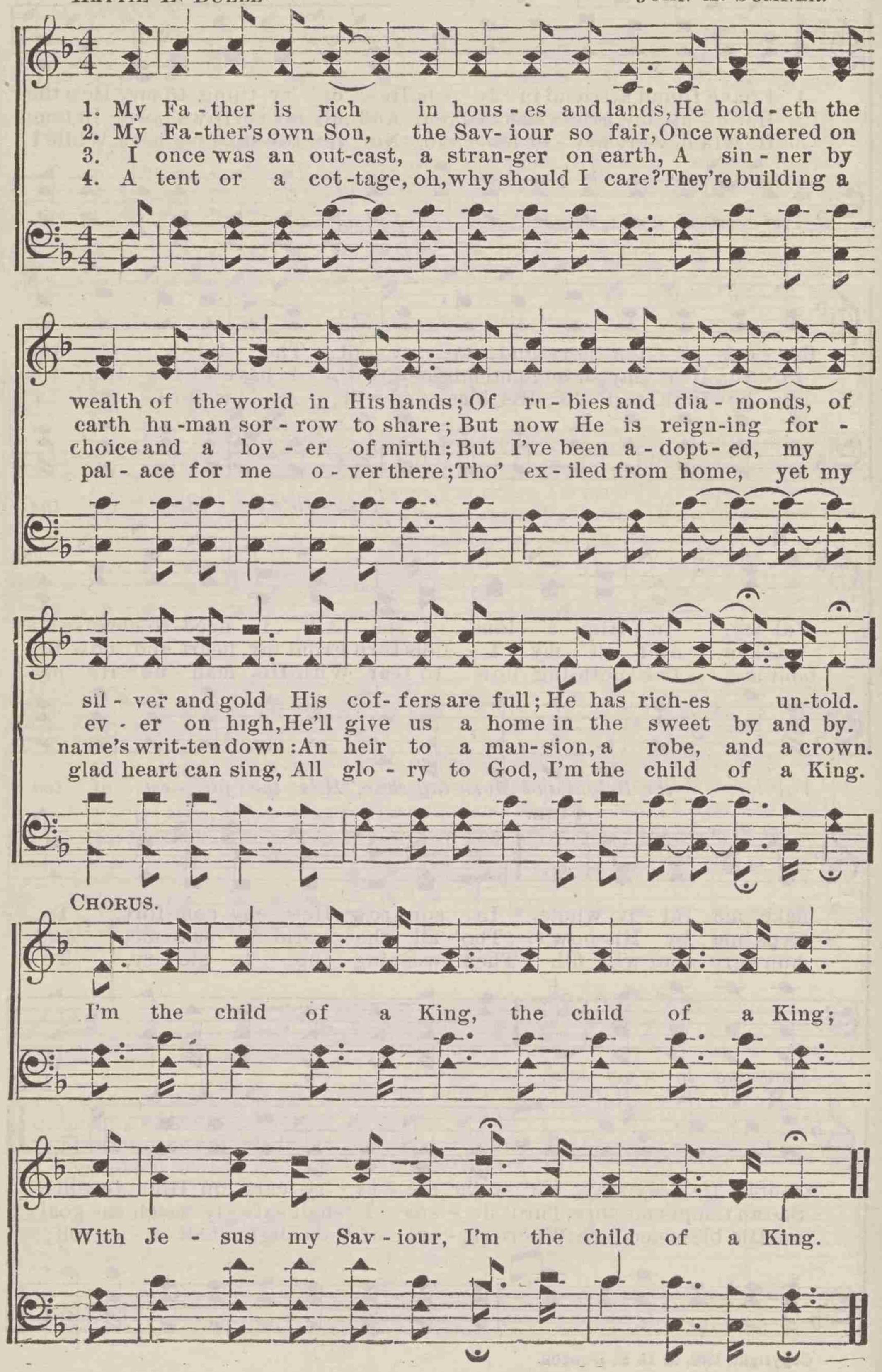
trouble He's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll;
Sa-tan tempts me sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal;
see His bless - ed face, Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll;

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174. THE CHILD OF A KING.

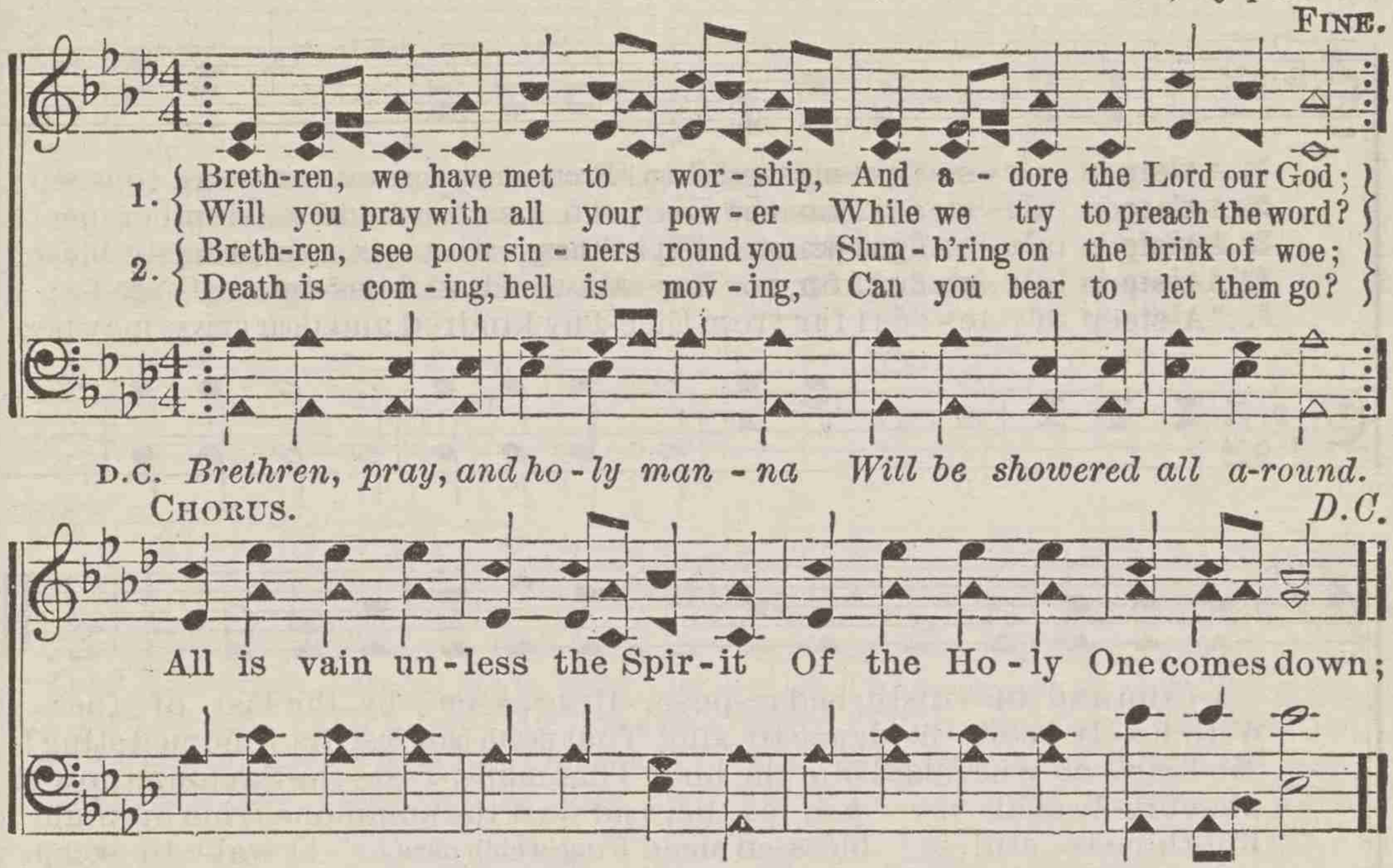
"Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him. — James 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JOHN A. SUMNER.



175. HOLY MANNA.

Arr by D. E. DORTCH, by per.
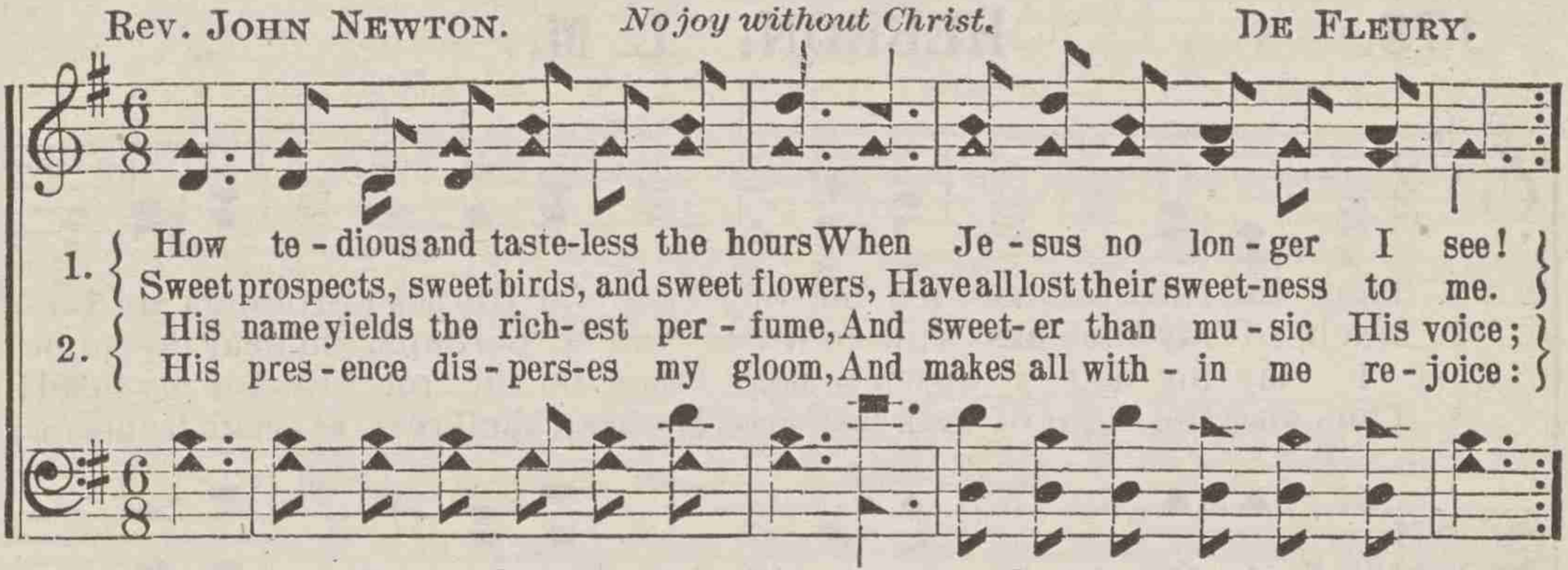


3 Sister, will you join and help us,
While we struggle hard with sin?
Will you tell to trembling mourners
Jesus waits to welcome them?

4 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too;
Let us love and pray for sinners
Till our God makes all things new.

Copyright, 1885, by D. E. DORTCH.

176. GREENFIELDS. 8s.
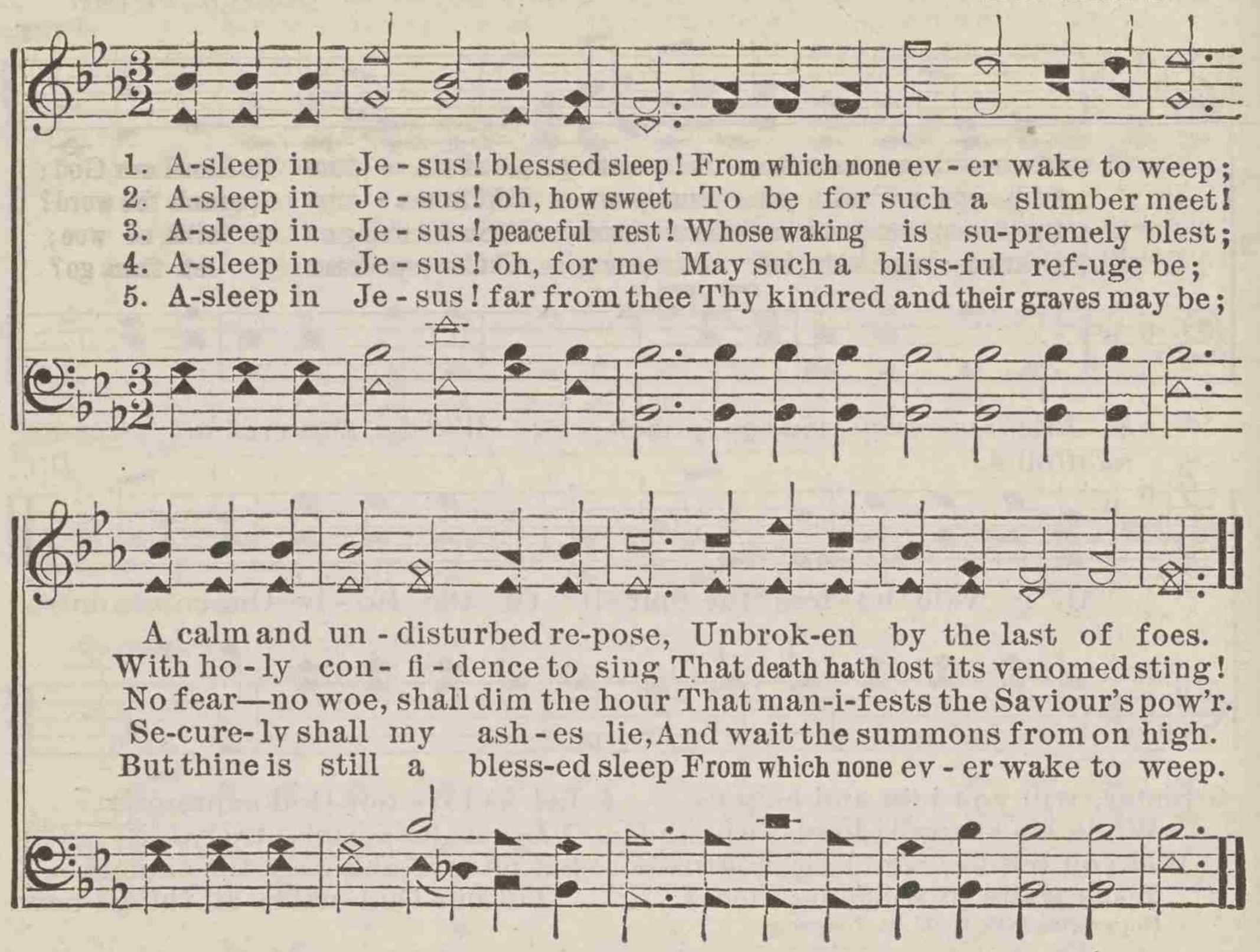
Rev. JOHN NEWTON. *No joy without Christ.* DE FLEURY.
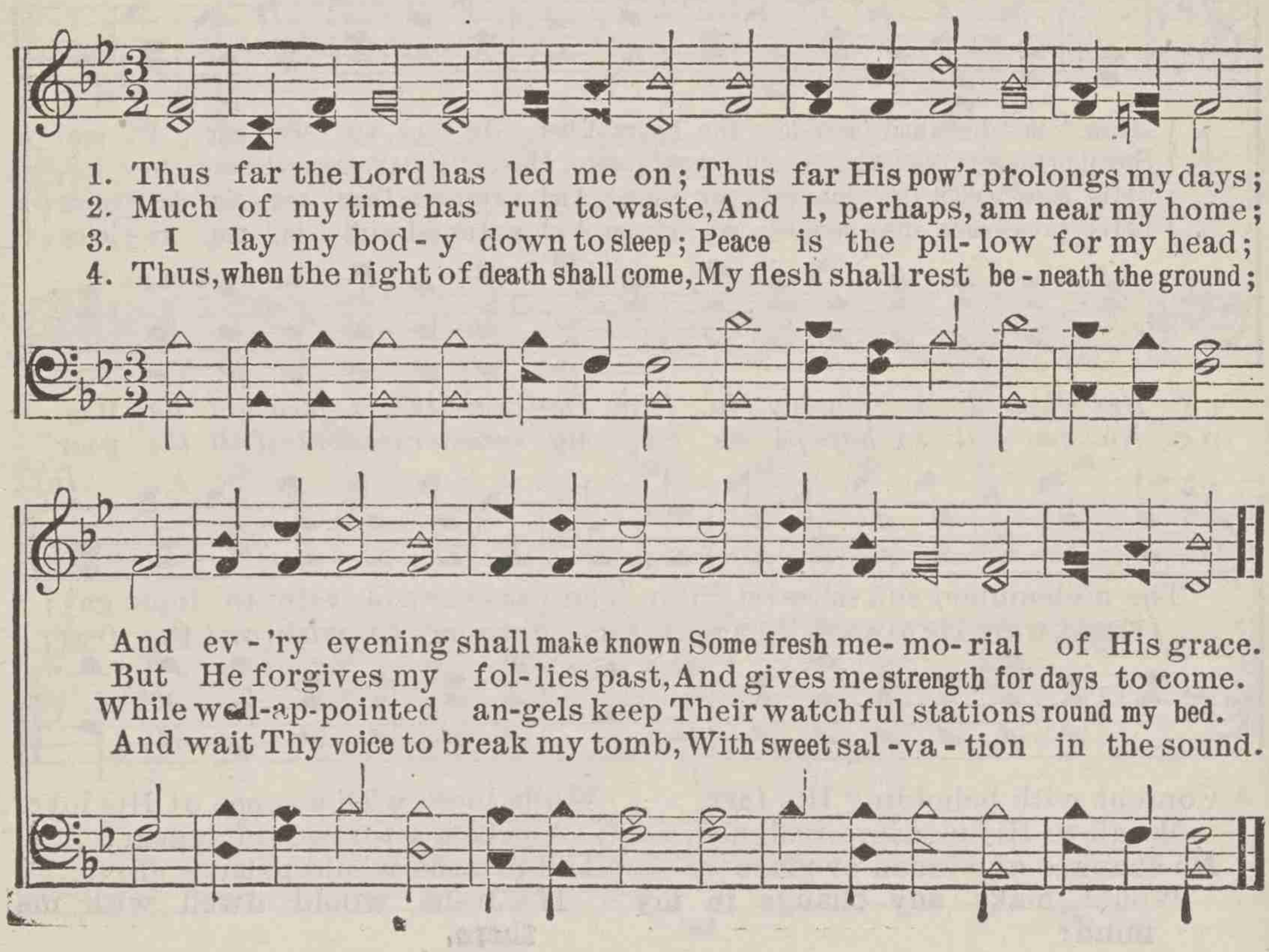


3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

177. ASLEEP IN JESUS.
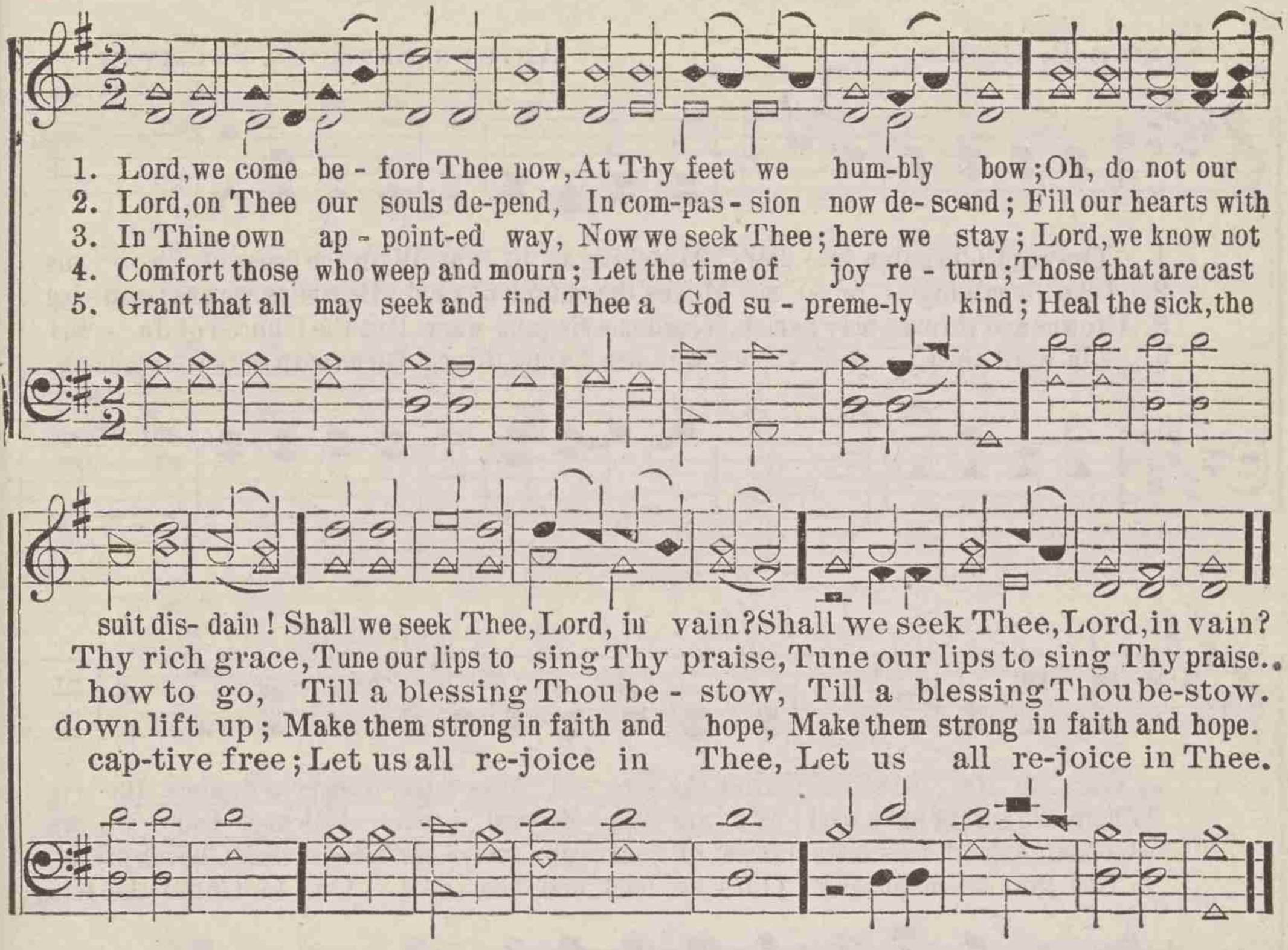
Mrs. Macay.
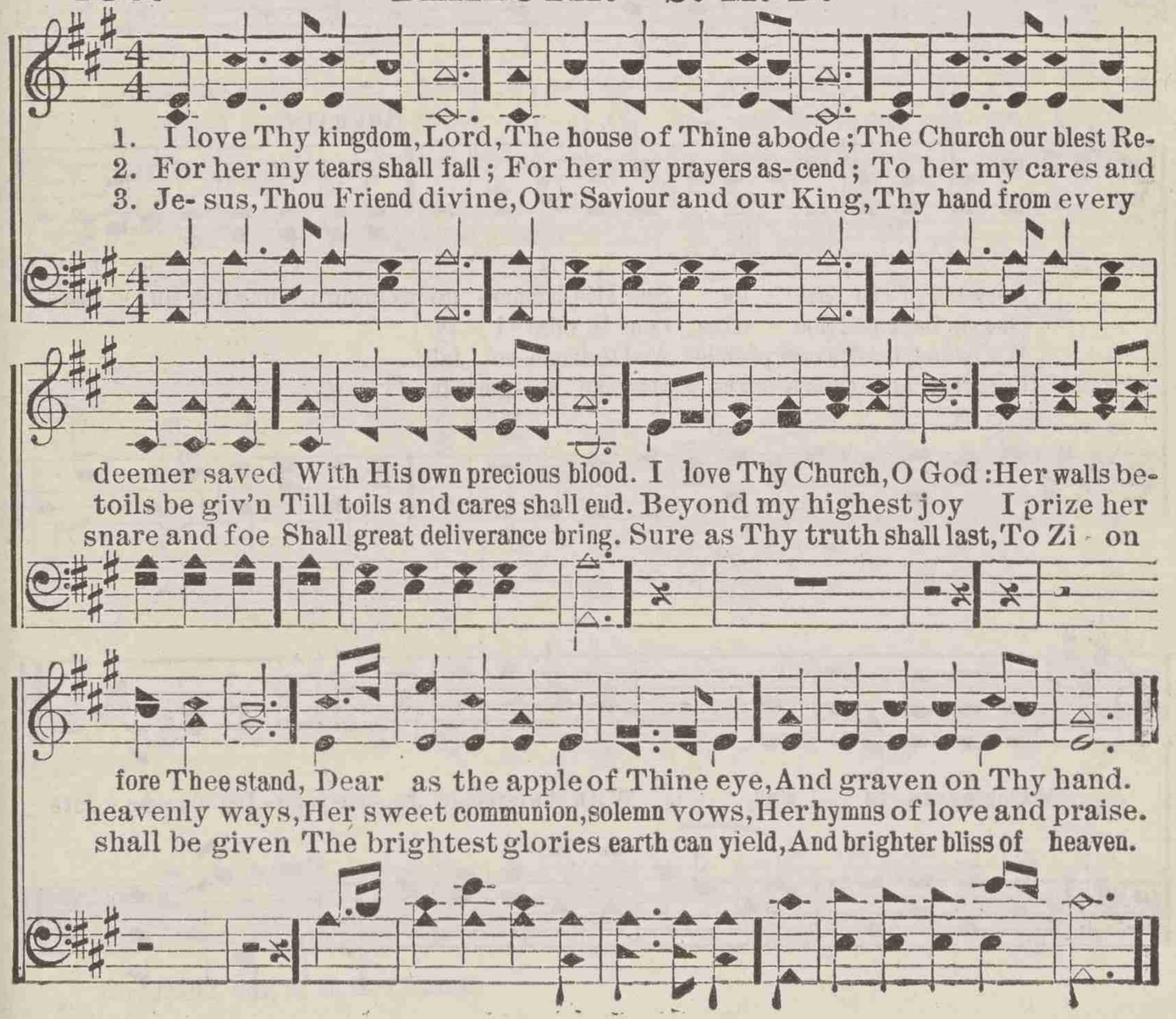


178. HEBRON. L. M.



179. HENDON. 7s.



180. BEALOTH. S. M. D.



181 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

SABINE B. GOULD. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;
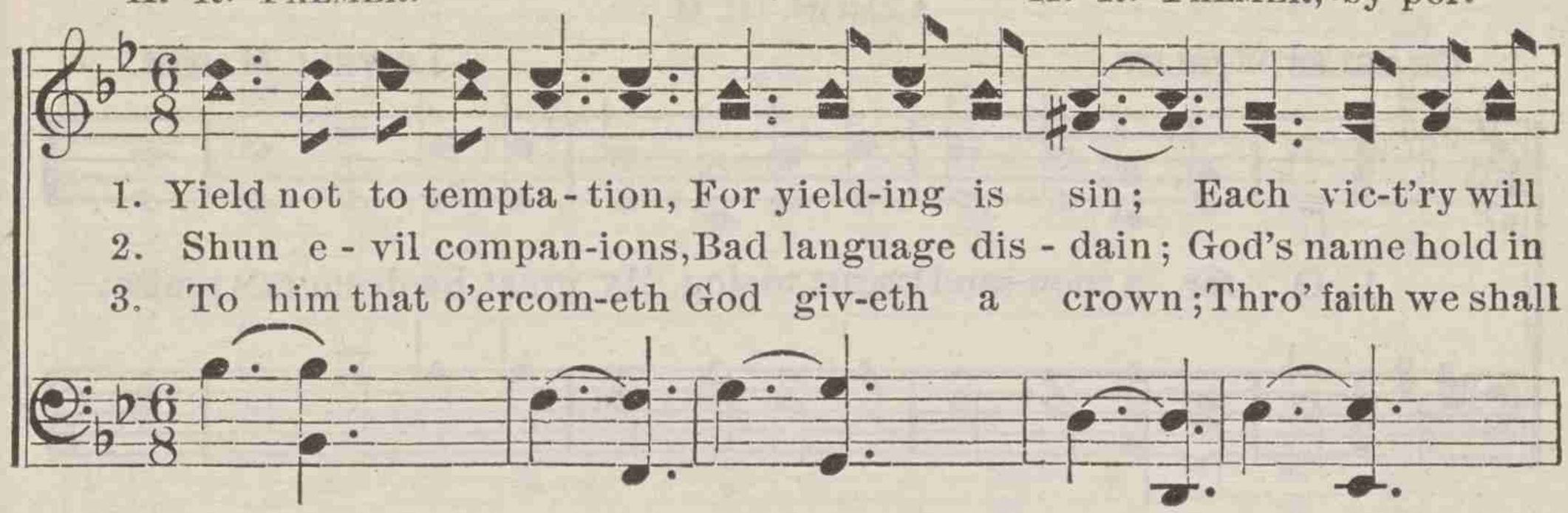
REFRAIN.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go! Onward, Christian sol - diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

182 YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER, by per.
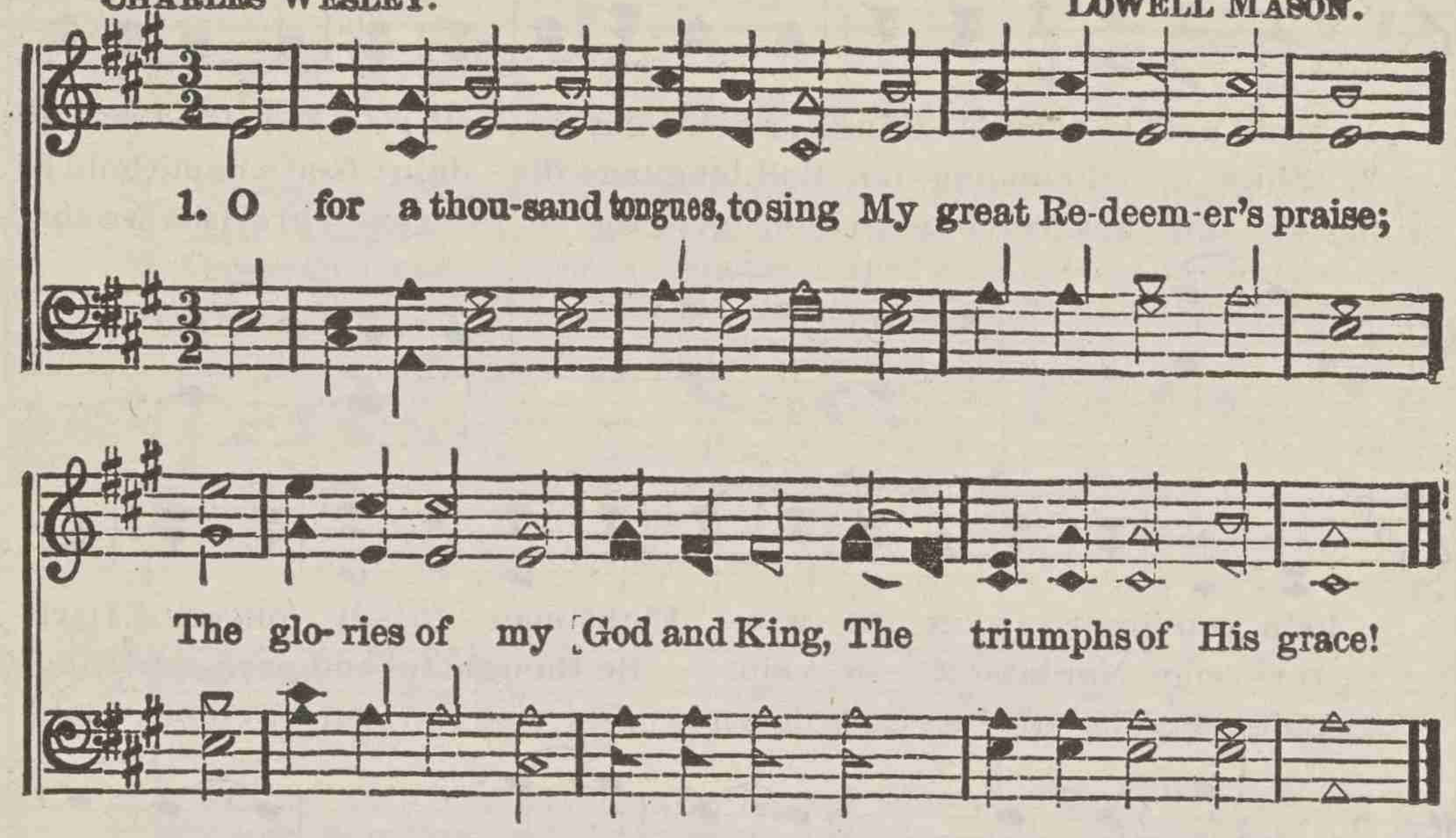


Copyright, 1897, by H. R. PALMER.

183 O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

AZMON. C. M

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.



2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

184 *See music above.*

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 all praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

John Newton.

185 *See music above.*

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt 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.

Charles Wesley.

186 *See music above.*

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

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?
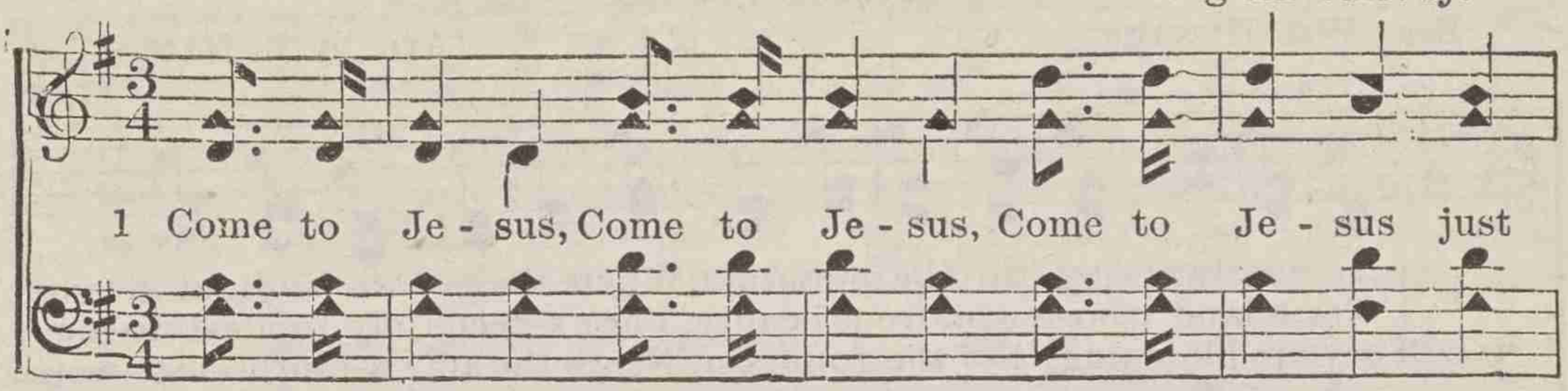
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

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

Isaac Watts.

187. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

English Melody.

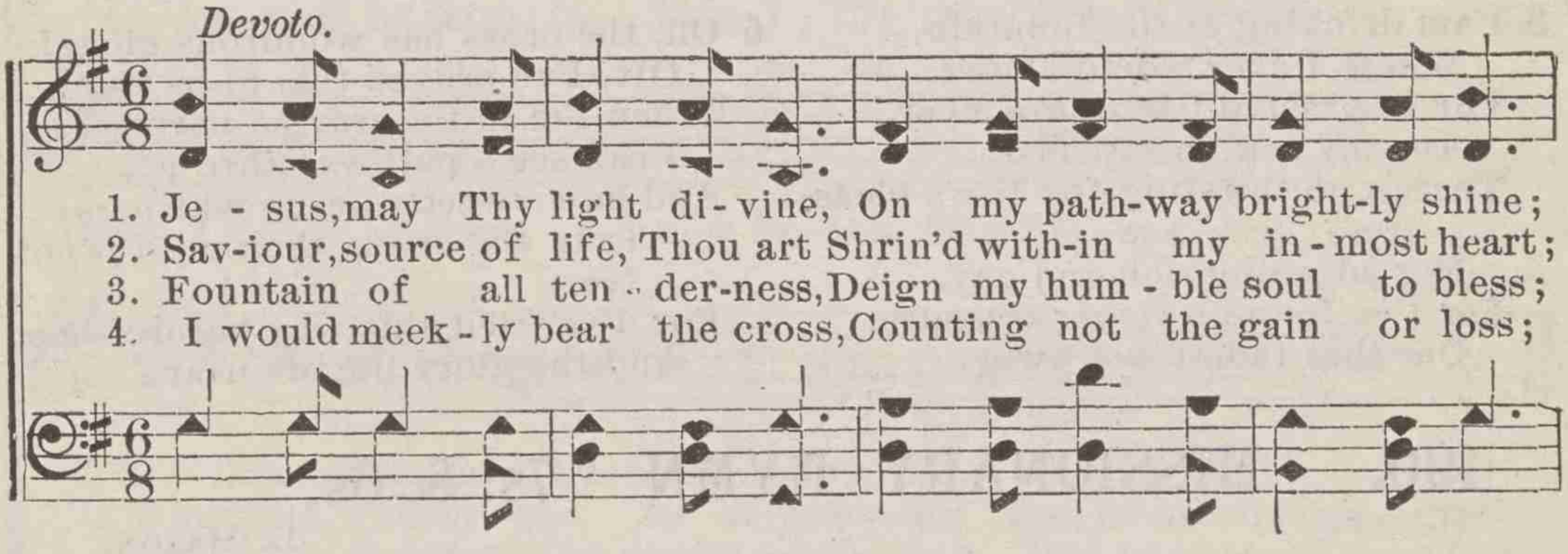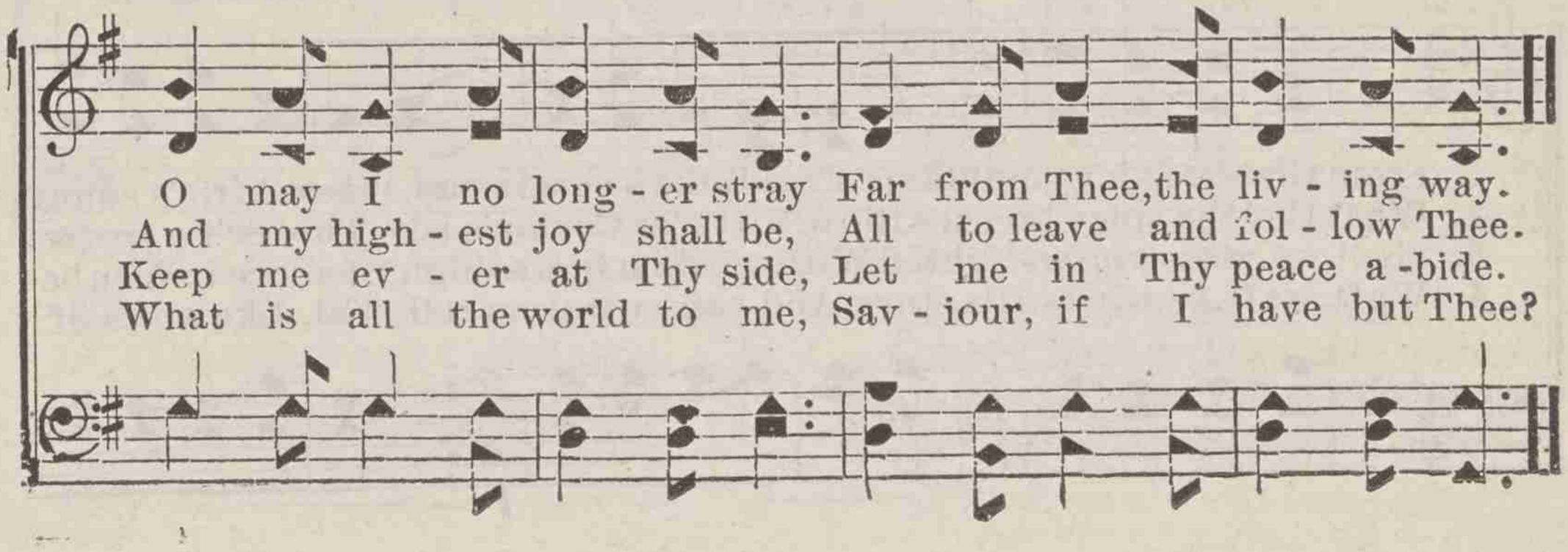


2 He'll receive you, etc.
3 Oh, believe Him, etc.
4 He is able, etc.
5 He is willing, etc.
6 If you trust Him, etc.
7 He will save you, etc.
8 Call upon Him, etc.
9 He will hear you, etc.
10 Look unto Him, etc.
11 He will hear you, etc.
12 If you ask Him, etc.
13 He'll forgive you, etc.
14 Flee to Jesus, etc.
15 He's thy refuge, etc.
16 He will cleanse you, etc.
17 Jesus loves you, etc.
18 Don't reject Him, etc.
19 Only trust Him, etc.
20 He is waiting, etc.
21 There is pardon, etc.
22 Hallelujah, etc.

188. THE WAY, TRUTH, LIFE.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life." — John 14: 6.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. Mrs. D. E. Dortch, by per.



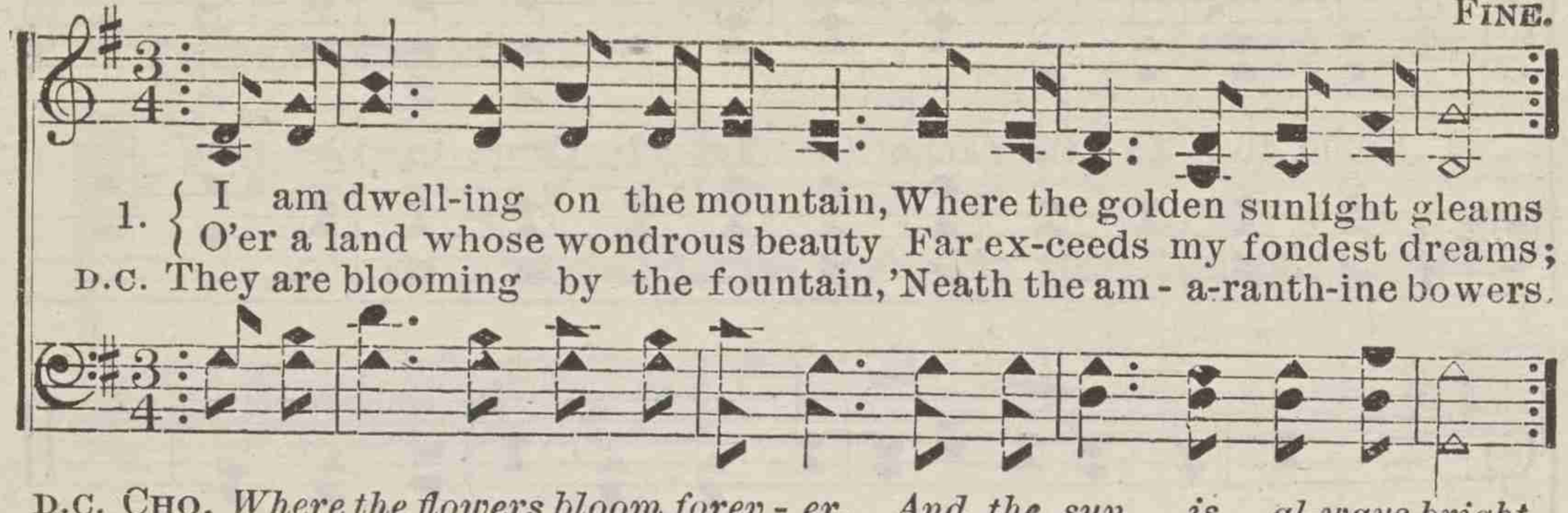


189. IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

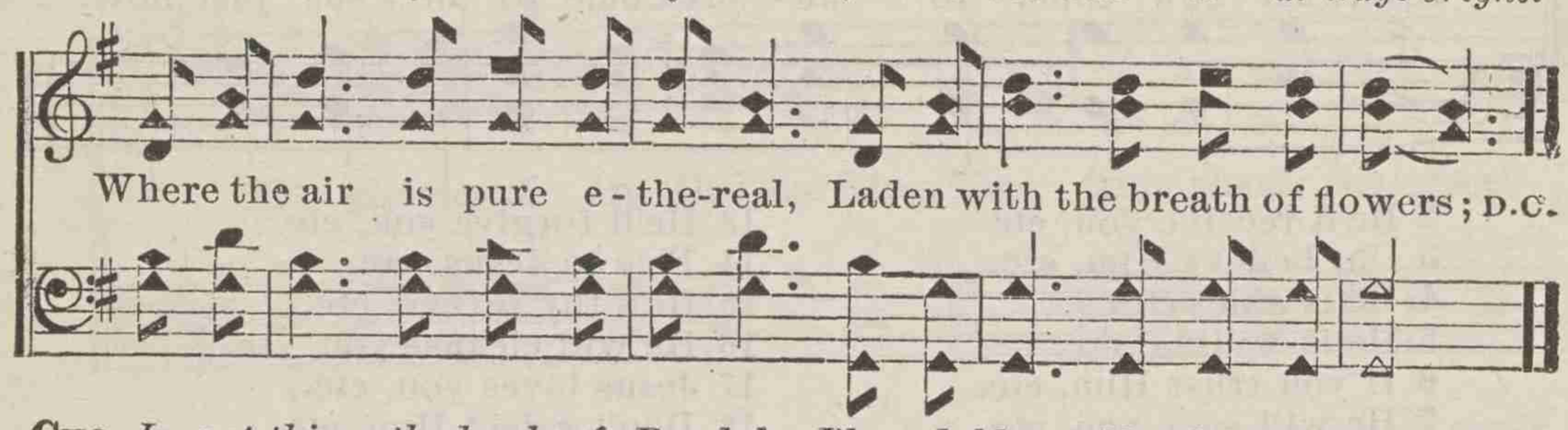
"Thy land shall be called Beulah." — Isa. 62: 4.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. Arr. by E. HANKS.

FINE.



D.C. CHO. *Where the flowers bloom forev - er, And the sun is al-ways 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 today.

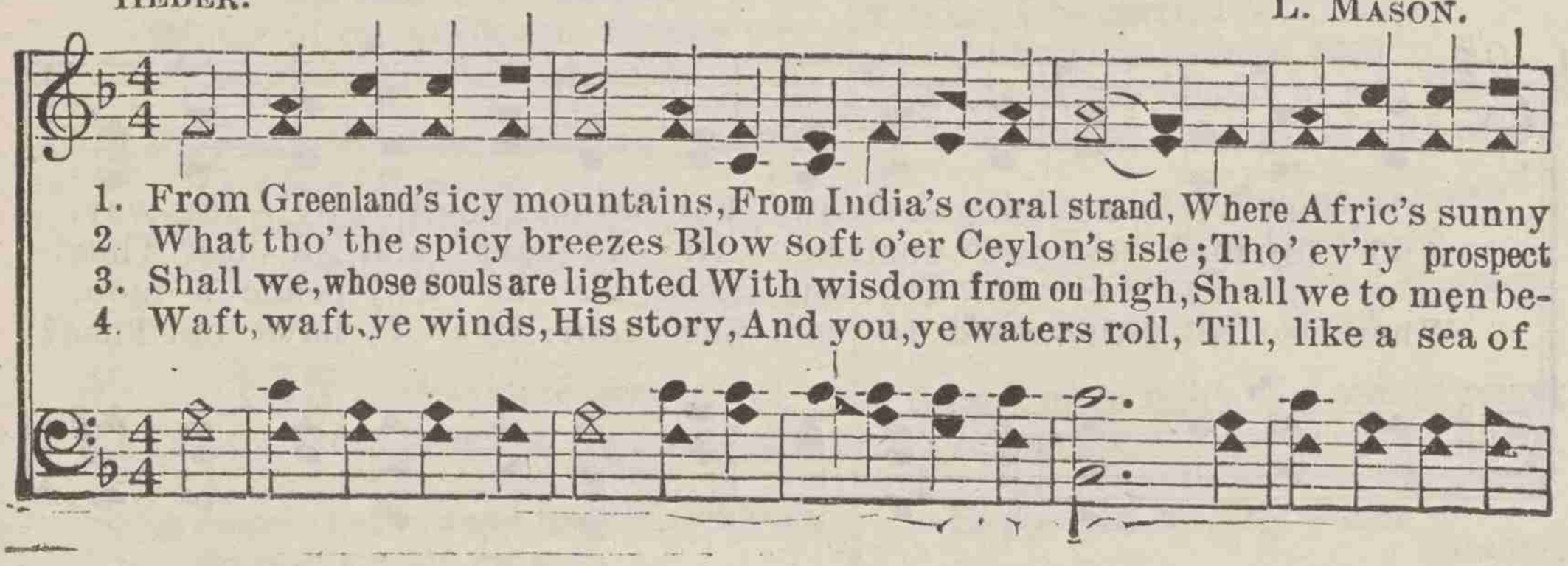
3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied.
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

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.

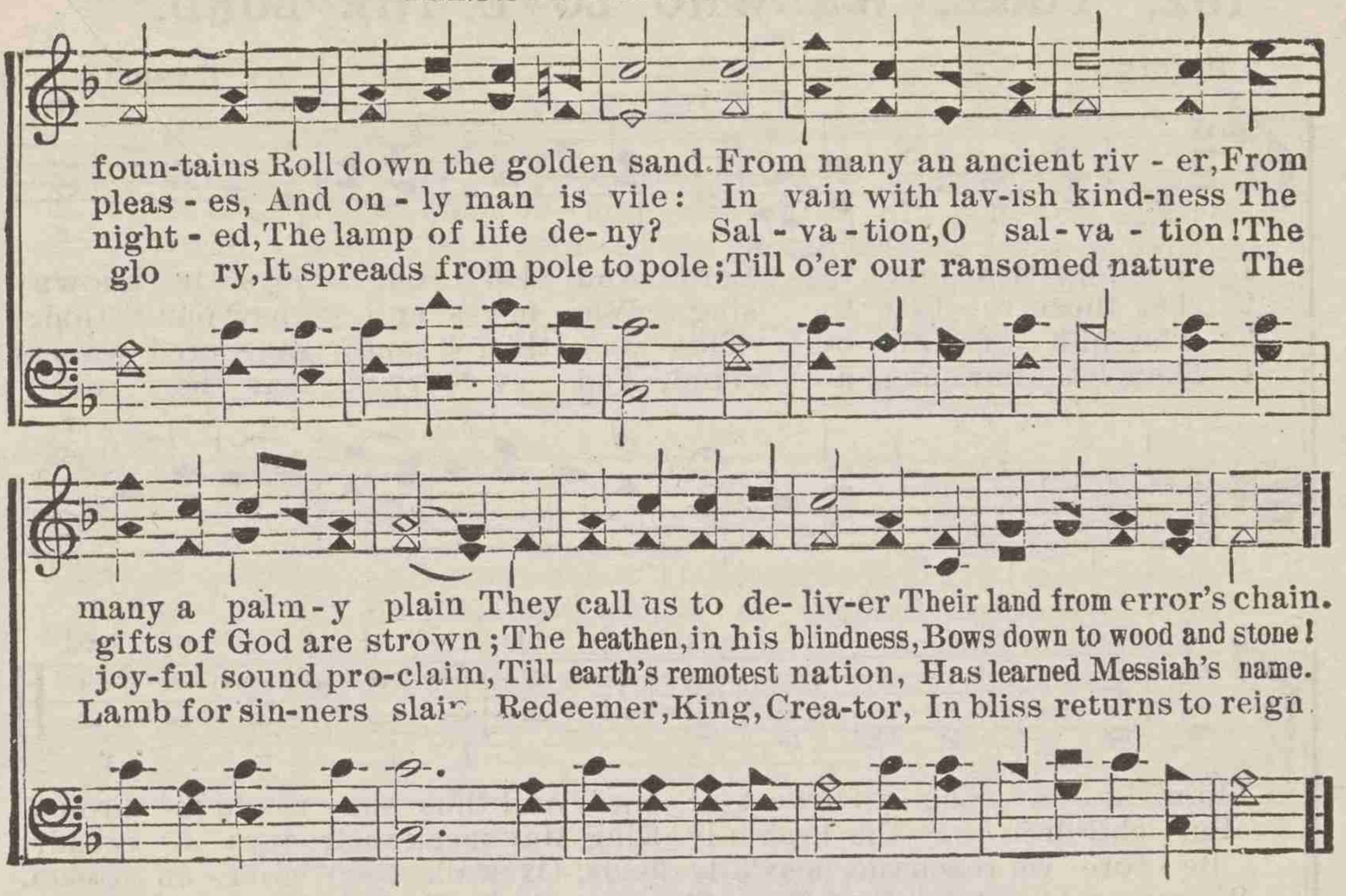
5 Oh, the cross has wondrous glory!
Oft, I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway thro';
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
"Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near."

190. MISSIONARY HYMN 7s. & 6s.

HEBER. L. MASON.



MISSIONARY HYMN.



191. I DO BELIEVE.

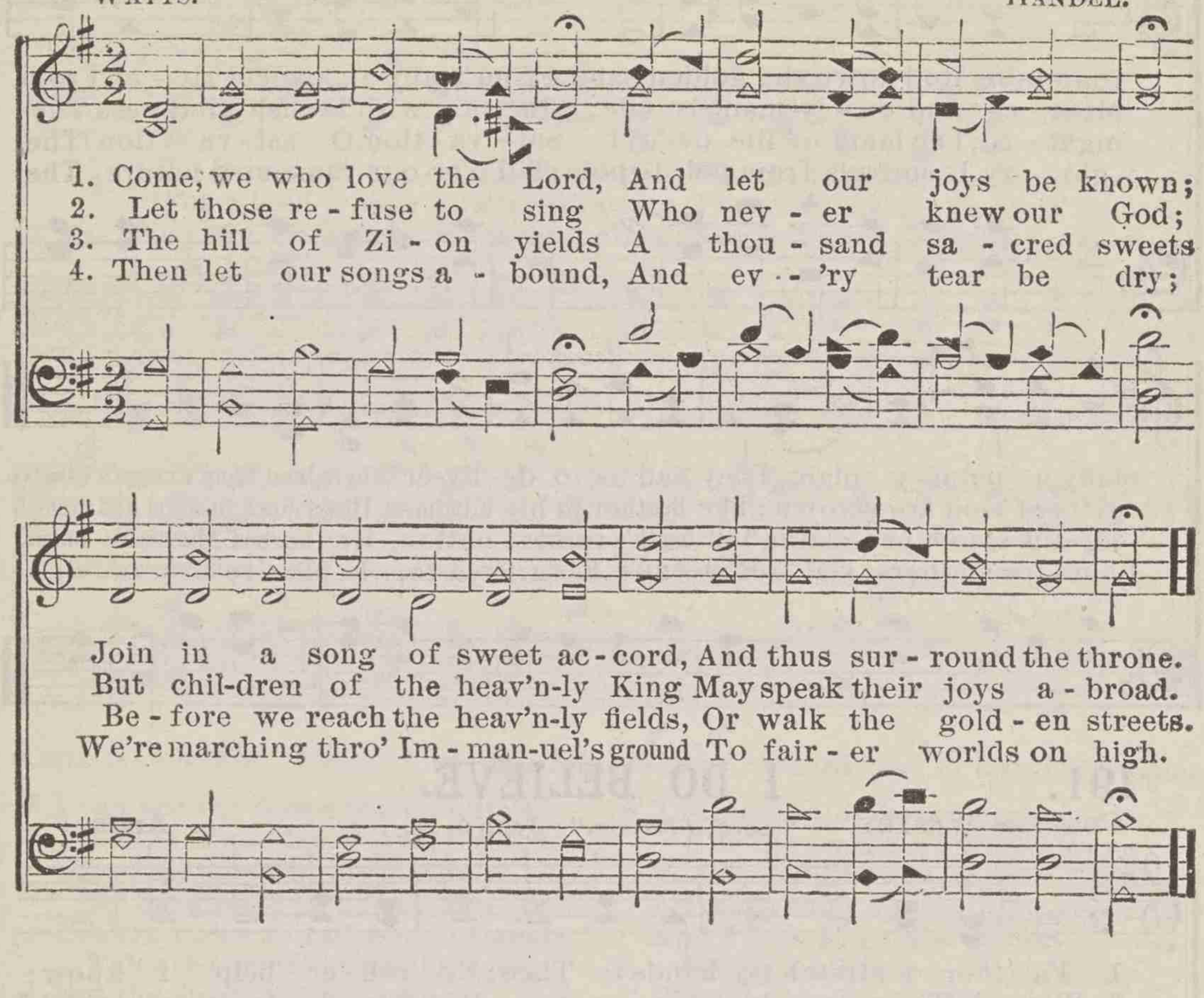
CHARLES WESLEY. *"Lord, I believe."*—John 9: 38. **Anon.**

5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see Thy face; [voice,
Now let me hear Thy quickening
And taste Thy pardoning grace.
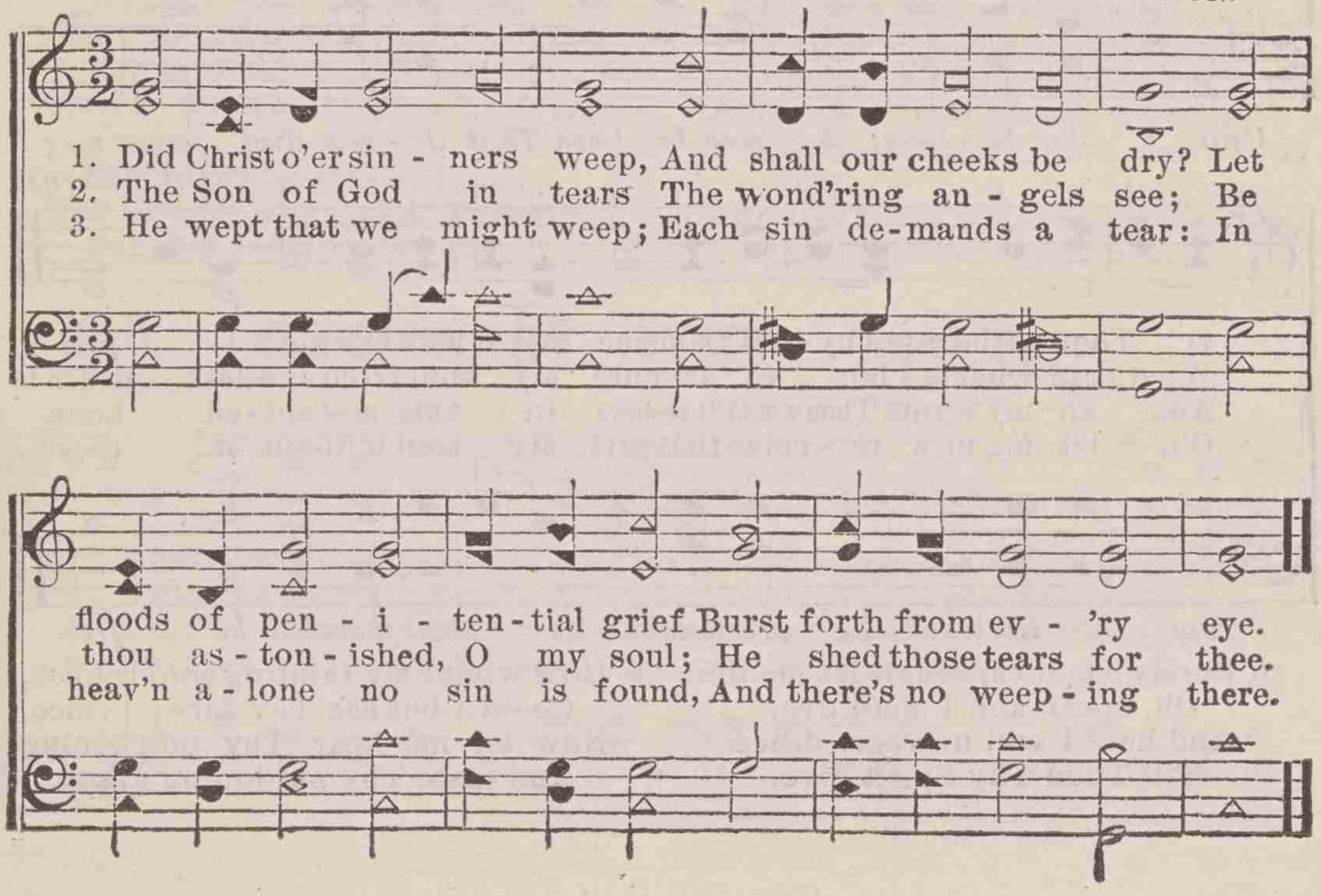
192. COME, WE WHO LOVE THE LORD.

WATTS. HANDEL.



193. DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?

BEDDOME. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



194. FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.

1 From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev- 'ry swell -ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spi-rits blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea-gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more;

There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer-cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.

195. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE!

THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.

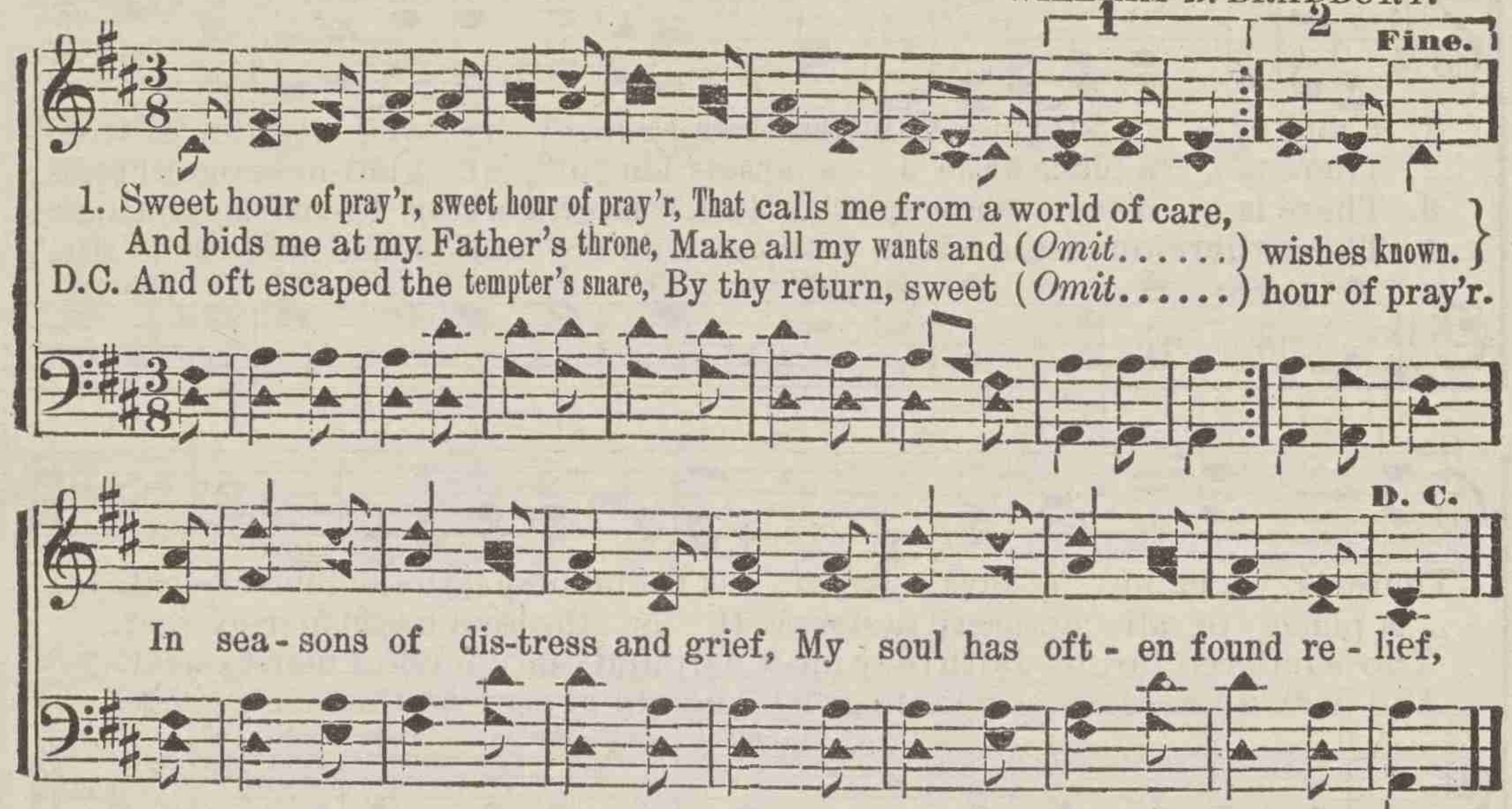
1. Come, ye dis- con- so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des- o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the

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

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

196. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

REV. WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (*Omit.....*) wishes known.
D.C. And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet (*Omit.....*) hour of pray'r.

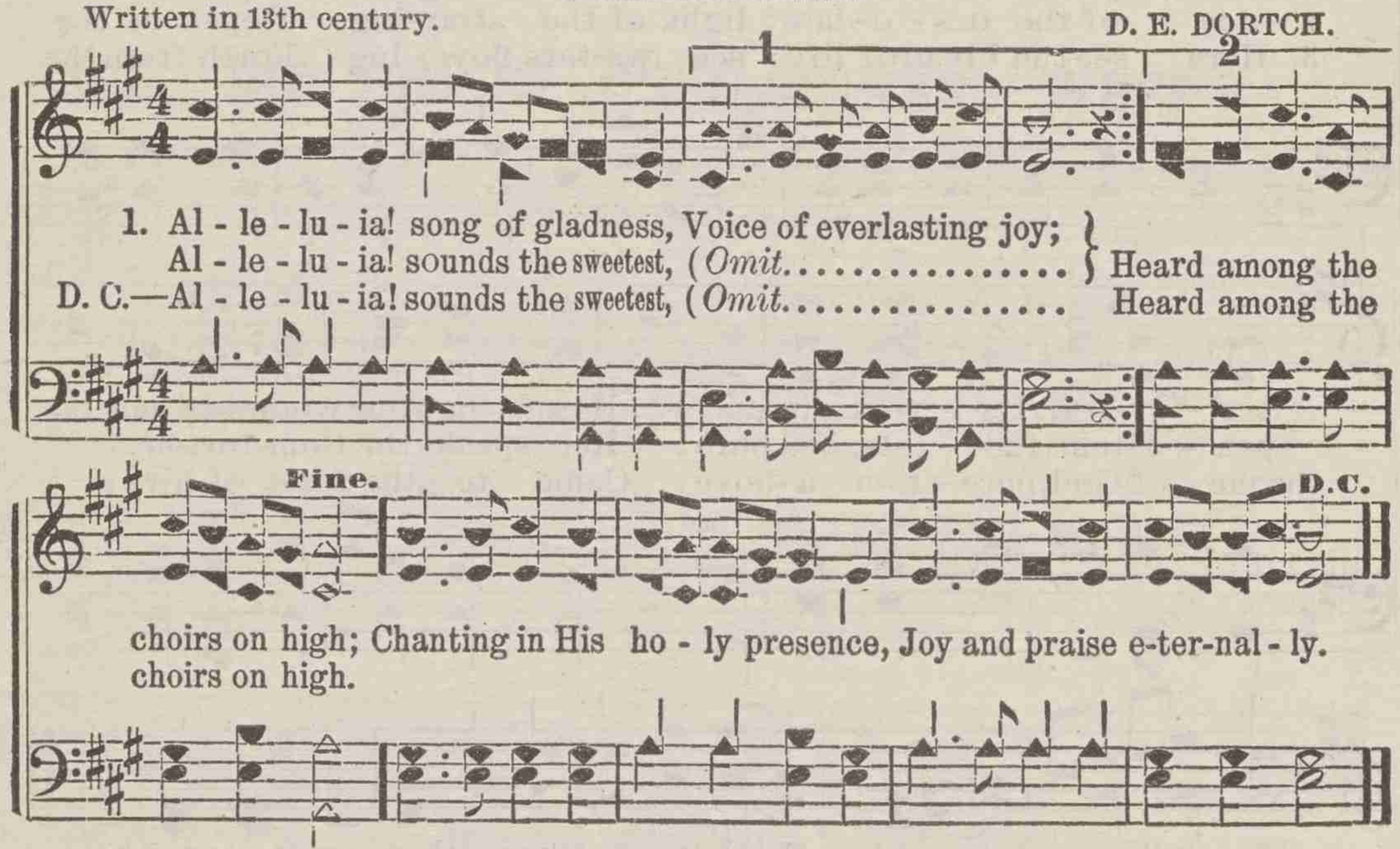
In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

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!

197. ALLELUIA.

Written in 13th century. D. E. DORTCH.



1. Al - le - lu - ia! song of gladness, Voice of everlasting joy;
Al - le - lu - ia! sounds the sweetest, (*Omit.....*) Heard among the
D. C.—Al - le - lu - ia! sounds the sweetest, (*Omit.....* Heard among the

choirs on high; Chanting in His ho - ly presence, Joy and praise e-ter-nal - ly.
choirs on high.
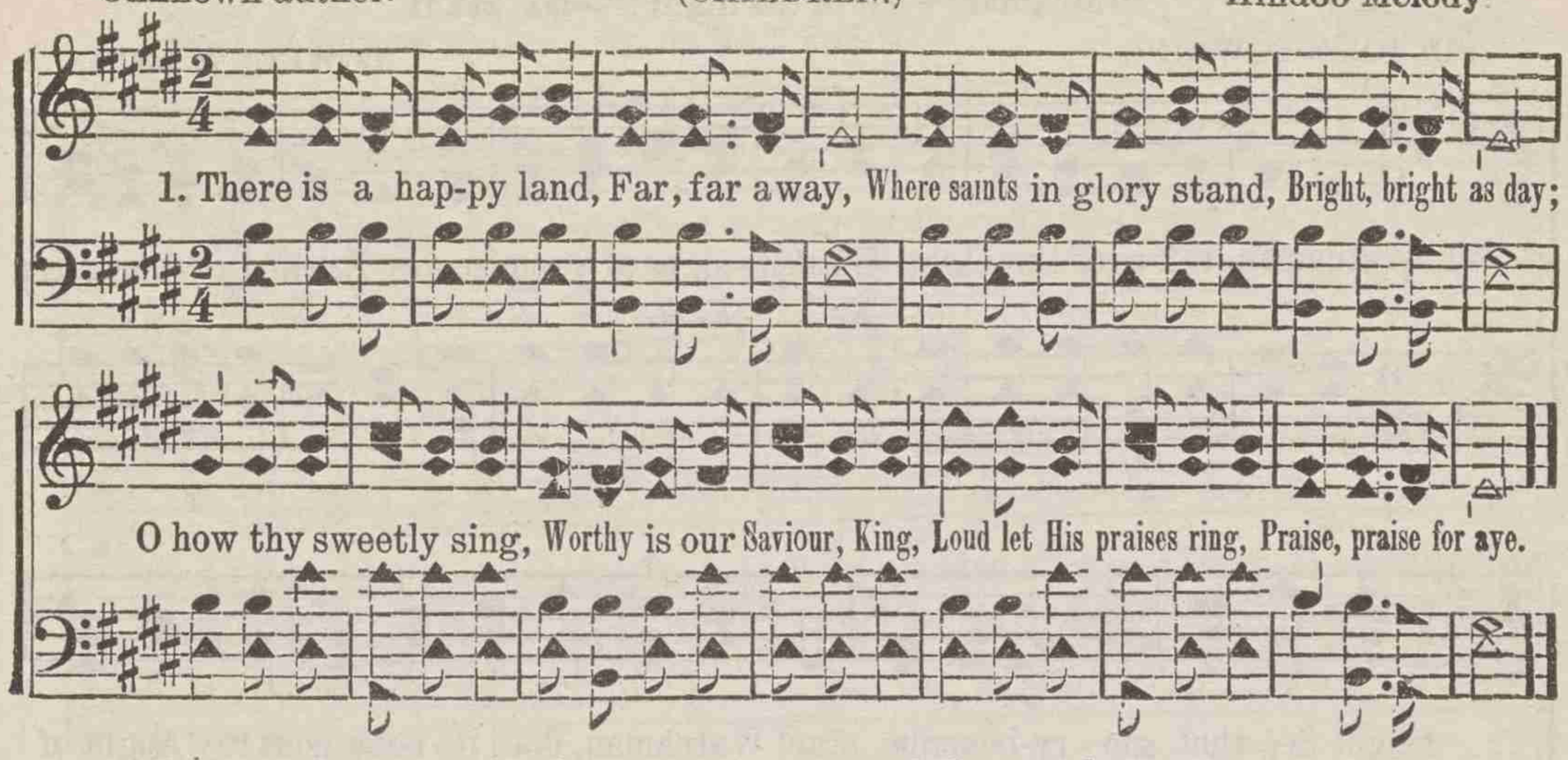
Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Alleluia! O how faintly
Mortal tongues its raptures raise;
Here our joy is mixed with sadness,
Clouding oft our brightest days;
Here our sweetest songs can never
Give to Jesus worthy praise. D. C.

3 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God we raise to Thee;
Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
Make us all Thy joys to see;
Then we'll sing our Hallelujah,—
Sing to all eternity. D. C.

198. THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

Unknown author. (CHILDREN.) Hindoo Melody



2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

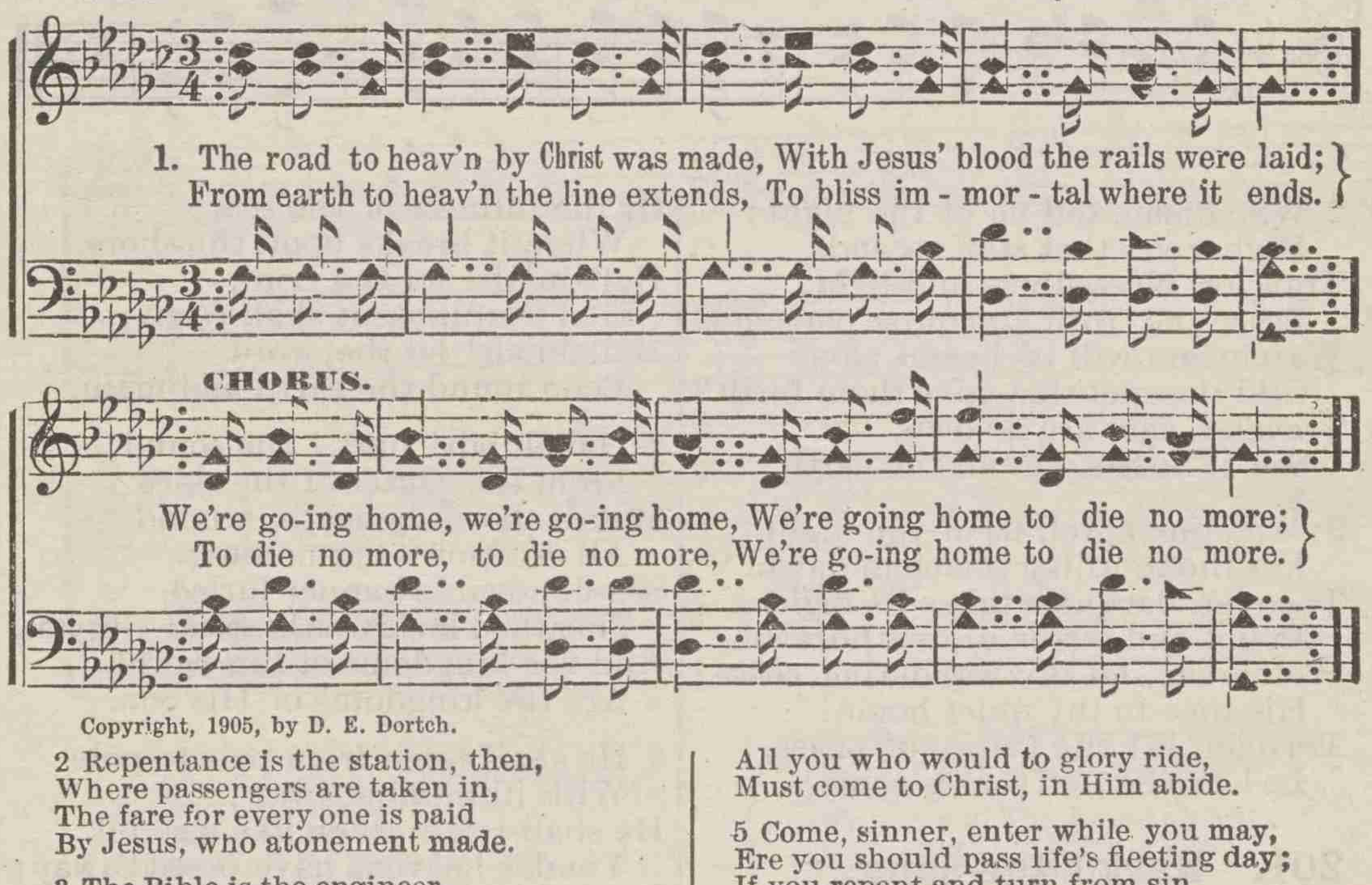
3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams ev'ry eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.

O then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye!

4 All heaven in holy ground,
Our souls to bless;
No sin can there be found
Us to oppress.
Jesus will keep us there,
Ever blooming, ever fair;
Come then and glory share
Eternally.

199. THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

Anon. Anon. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Repentance is the station, then,
Where passengers are taken in,
The fare for every one is paid
By Jesus, who atonement made.

3 The Bible is the engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark, and dreary here,
It does the way to glory steer.

4 God's love the fire, His truth the steam,
Which drives the engine, pulls the train;
All you who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ, in Him abide.

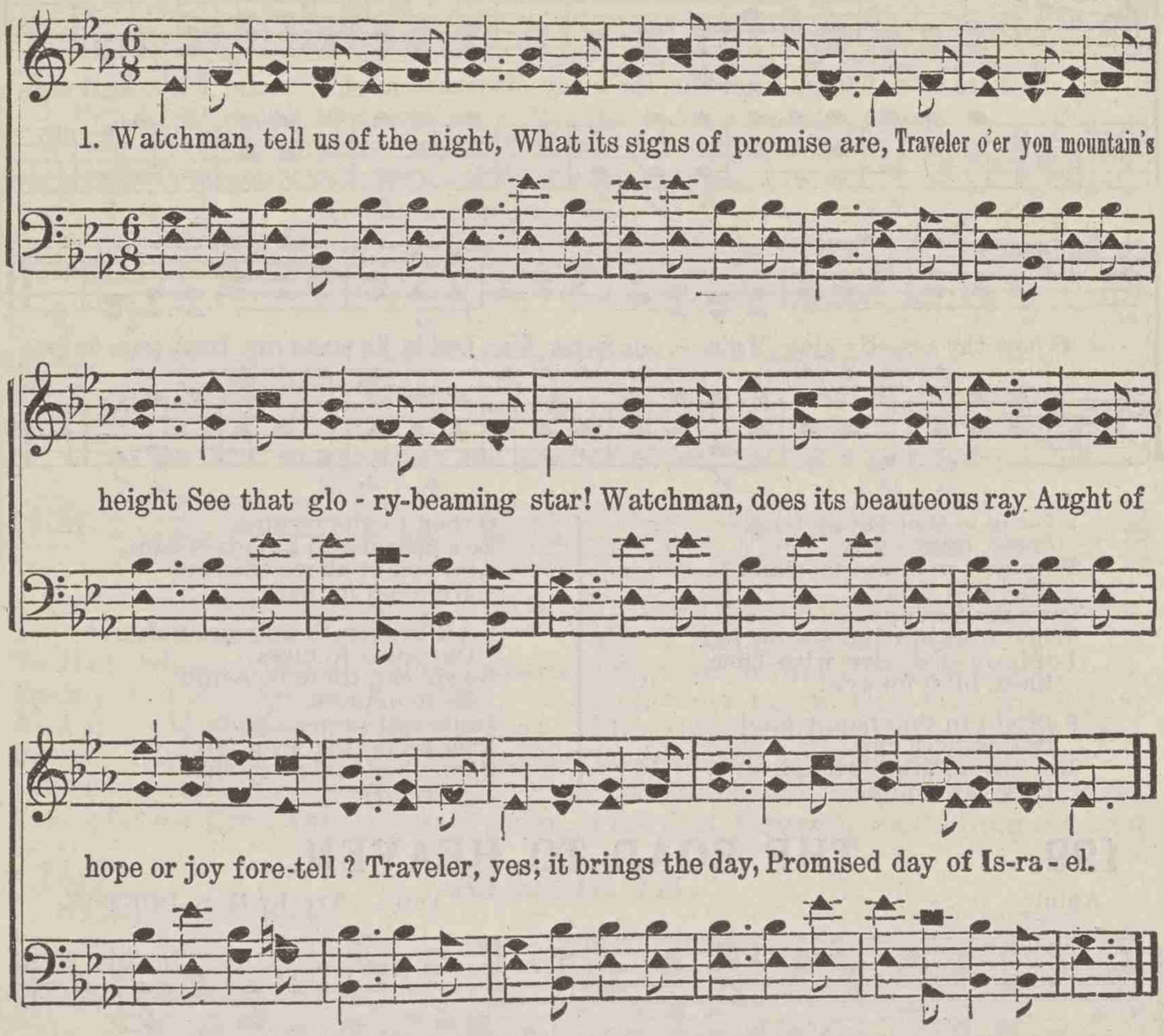
5 Come, sinner, enter while you may,
Ere you should pass life's fleeting day;
If you repent and turn from sin
The train will stop and take you in.

6 And then to glory we will go
With all on board as white as snow;
So ring the bell and start the train,
And run it through in Jesus' name.

200. WATCHMAN. 7s. D.

"Watchman, what of the night?"—Isa. 21: 11.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. LOWELL MASON.



2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

201. Hark! the Song.

Tune: Watchman, No. 200.

1 Hark! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar;
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound
From the center of the skies
Makes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world,
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

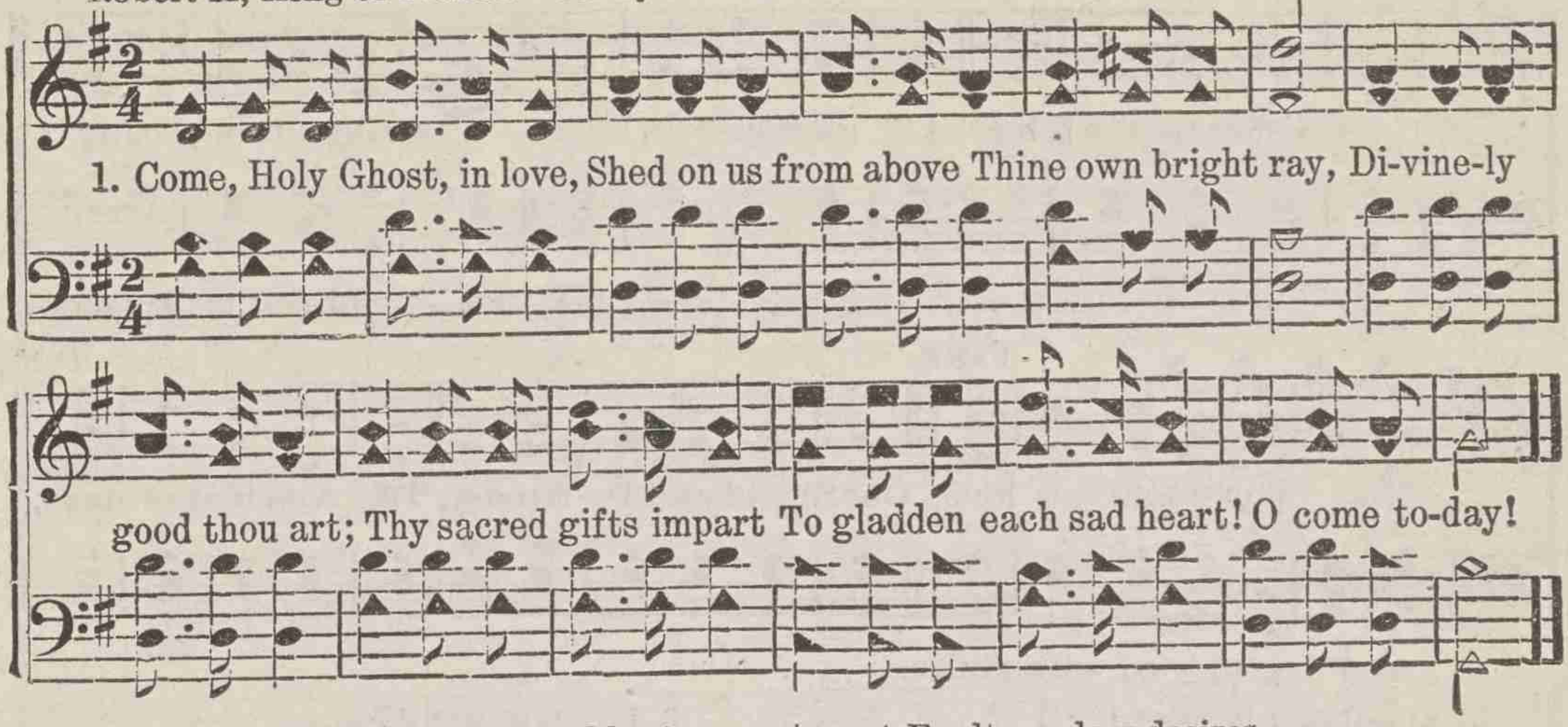
3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

James Montgomery.

202. NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

"But when the comforter is come."—JOHN 15: 26.

Robert II, King of France. Tr. by RAY PALMER. THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour!

3 Come, Light, serene, and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine,
Send forth Thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.
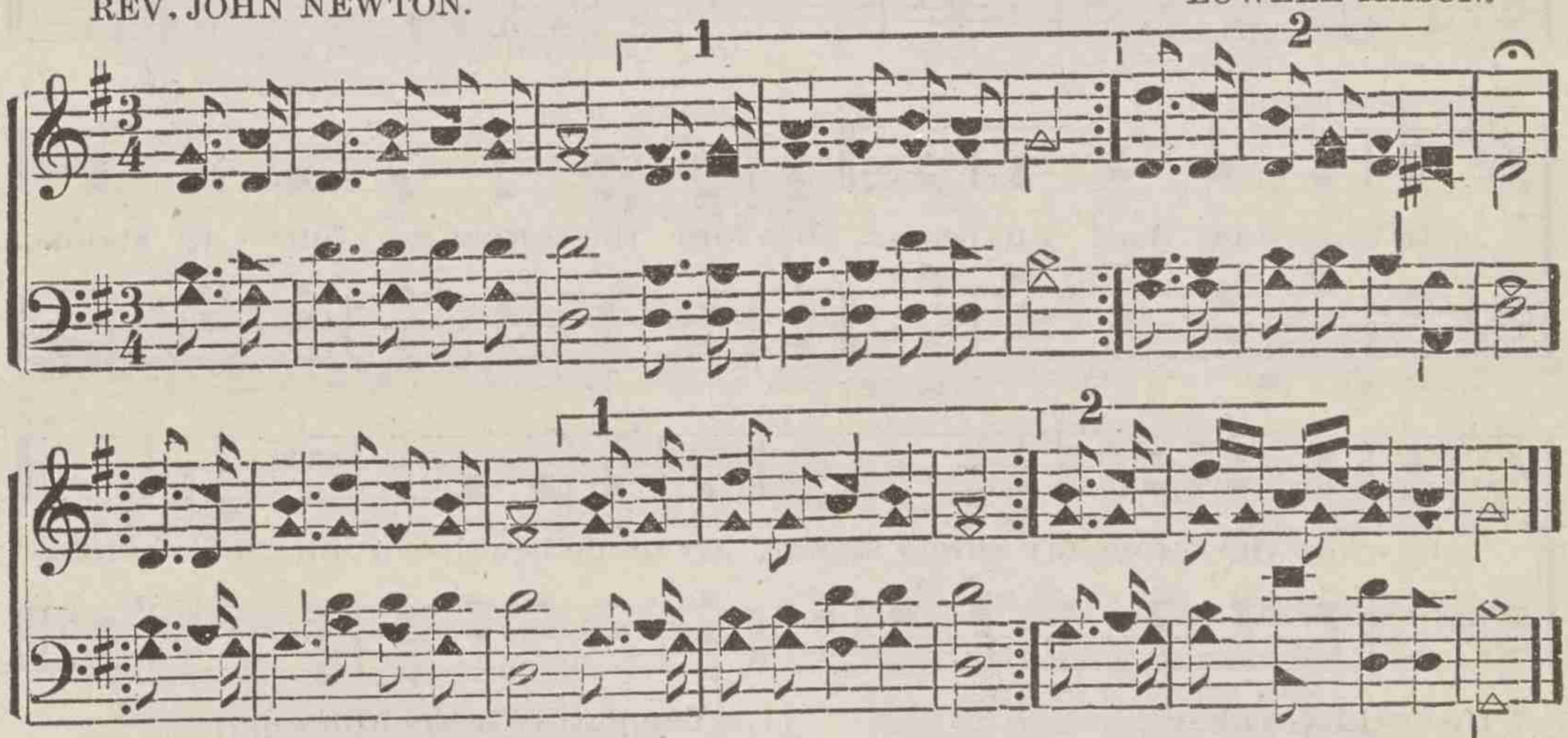
4 Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

203. SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER. 7s. D.

"Call the Sabbath a delight."—ISA. 58: 13.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. LOWELL MASON.



1 Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
‖: Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest. :‖
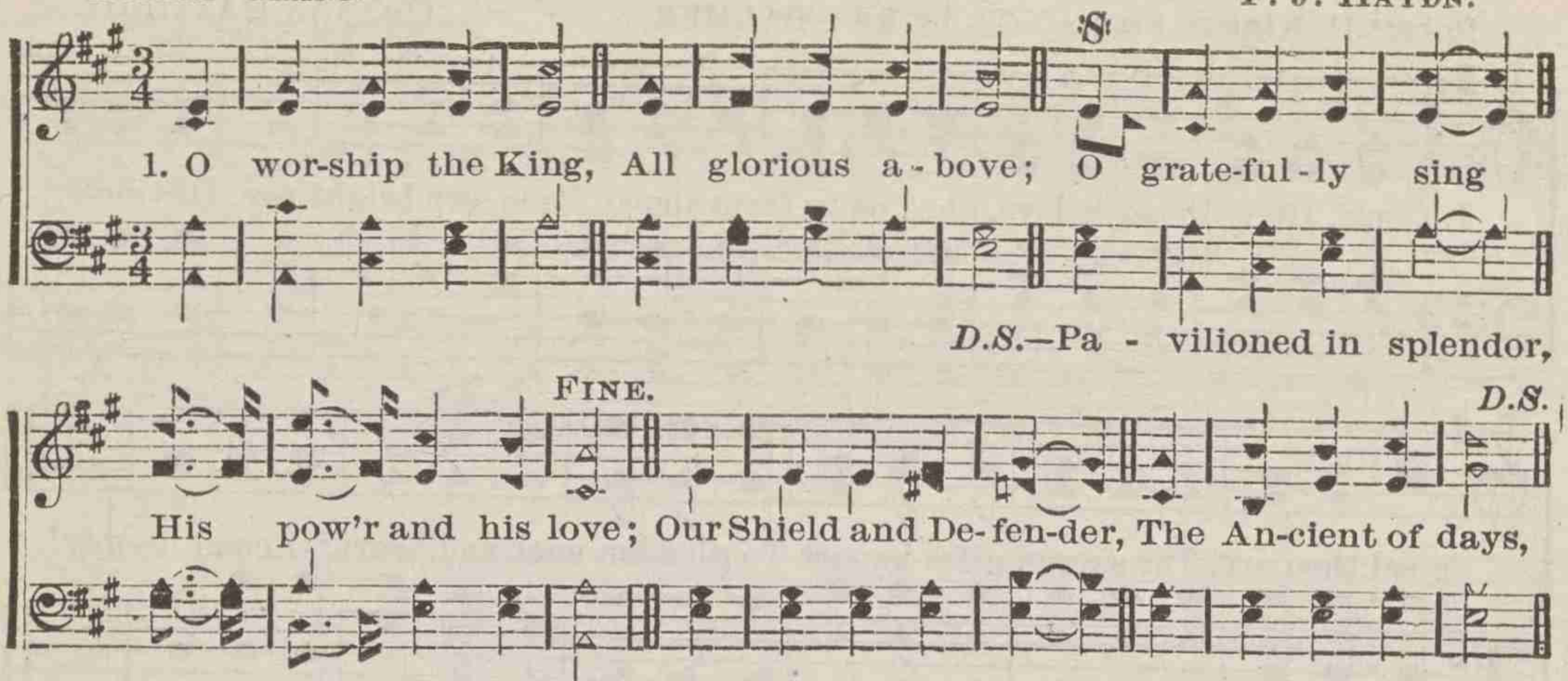
2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame:
‖: From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee. :‖

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
May we feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
‖: Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast. :‖

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinner's' comfort saints:
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
‖: Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
Till we join the church above. :‖

204. LYONS. 5s, 6s. D.

ROBERT GRANT. F. J. HAYDN.

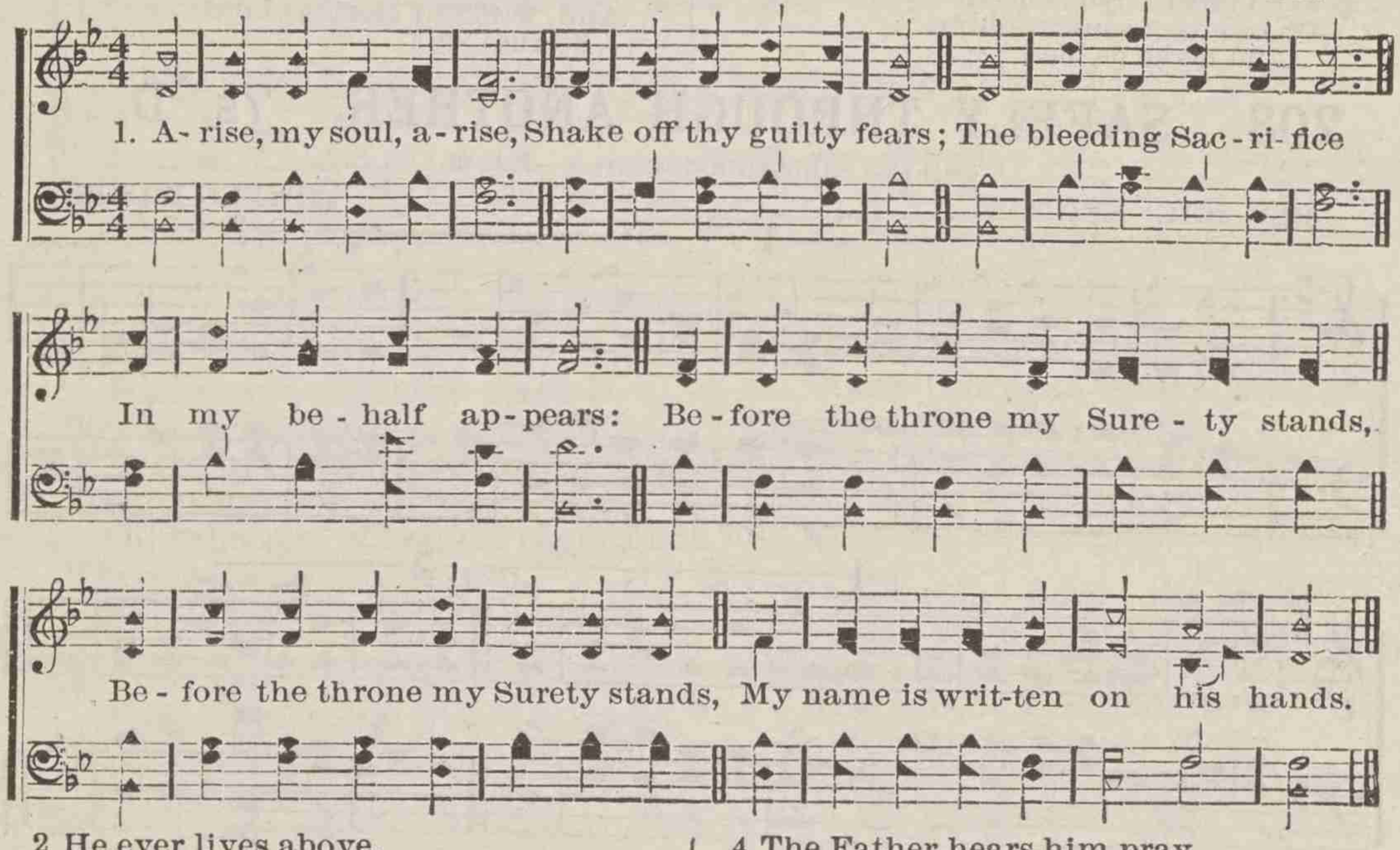


2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills
In the dew and the rain.

205. LENOX. H. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.



2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

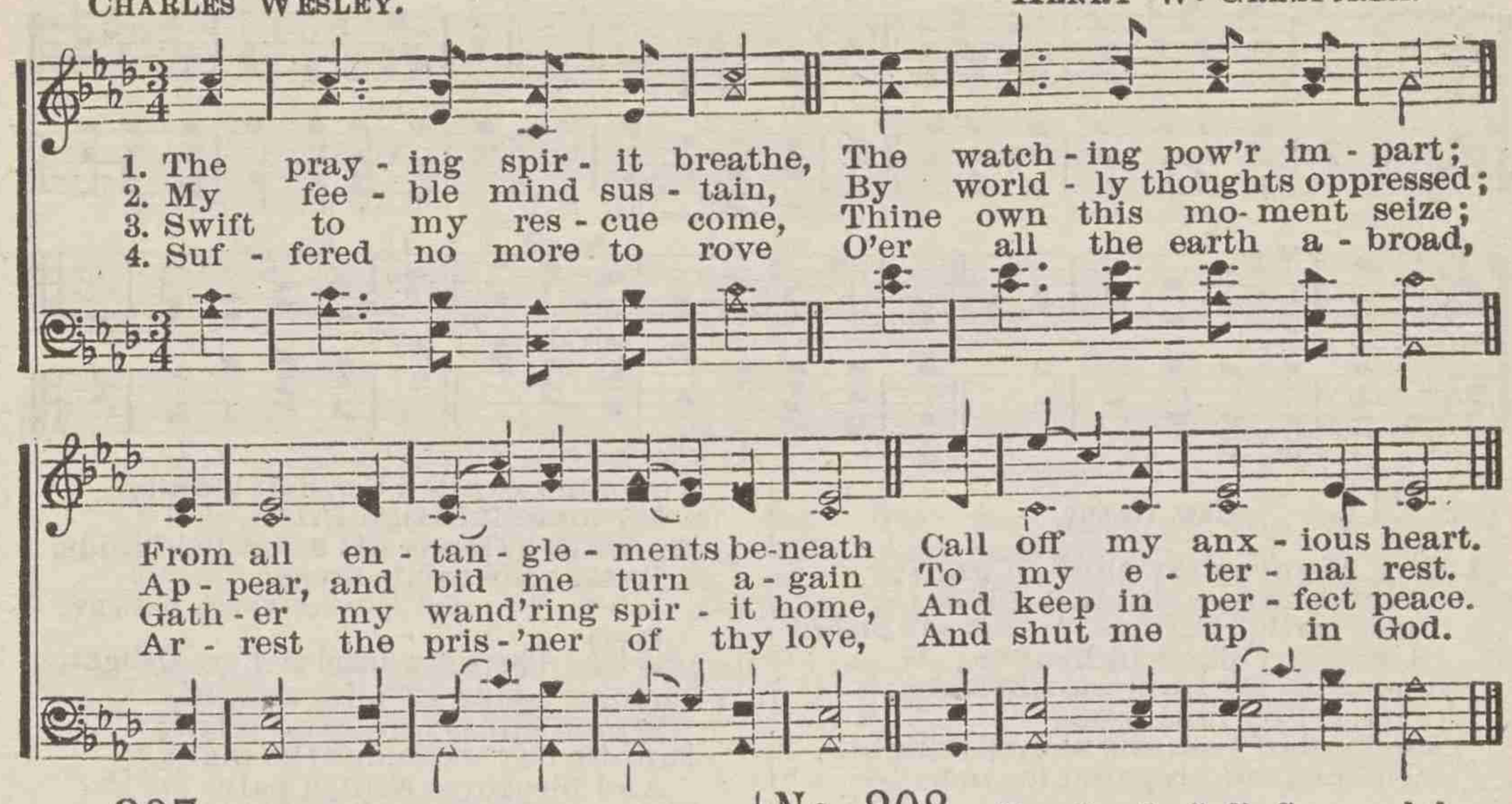
3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

206. LEIGHTON. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. HENRY W. GREATOREX.



207. Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day:
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day within the place
Which thou dost, Lord, frequent,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
In sinful pleasures spent.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 208. How Gentle God's Commands!

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

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.
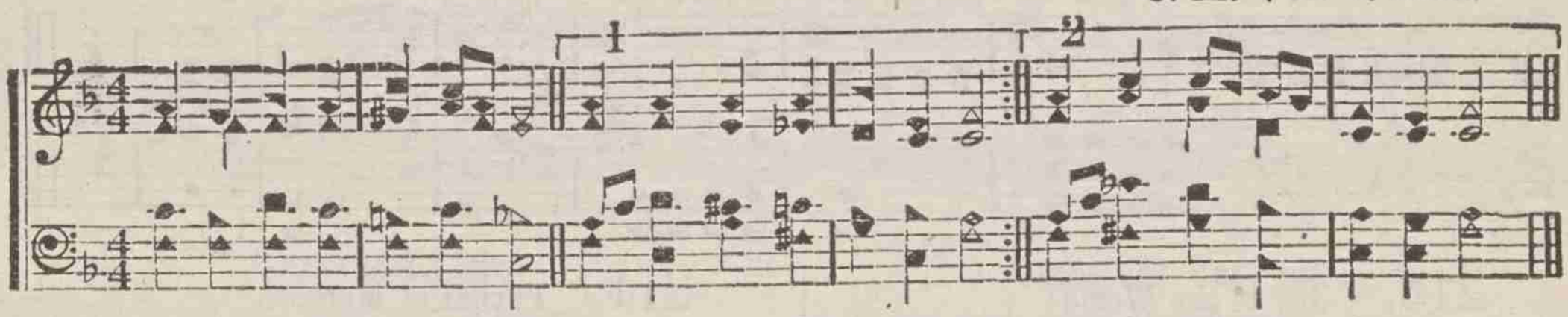
3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

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

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.



No. 209. Softly Now the Light of Day.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Thou whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

No. 210. Day by Day the Manna Fell.

1 Day by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
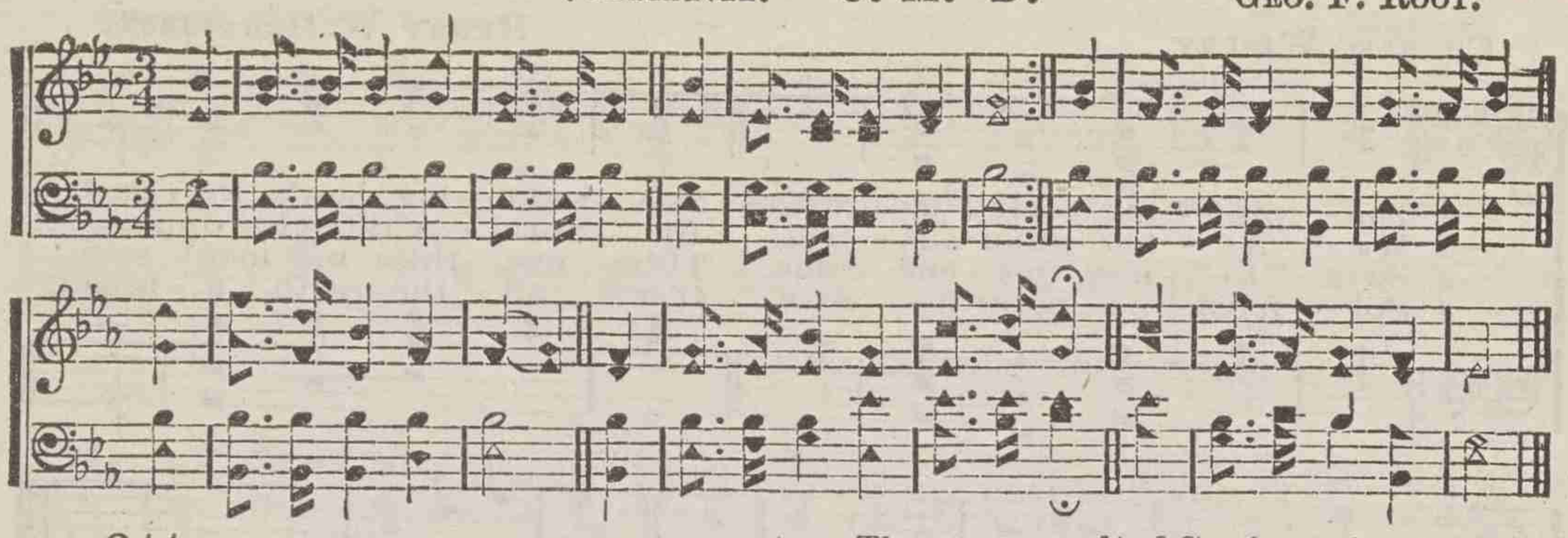
2 Lord! my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

3 Thou my daily task shalt give:
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfill,
Not my own, my Father's will.

JOSIAH CONDER.

VARINA. C. M. D.

GEO. F. ROOT.



211. How Happy.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight;—
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast."

CHARLES WESLEY.

212. There is a Land of Pure Delight.

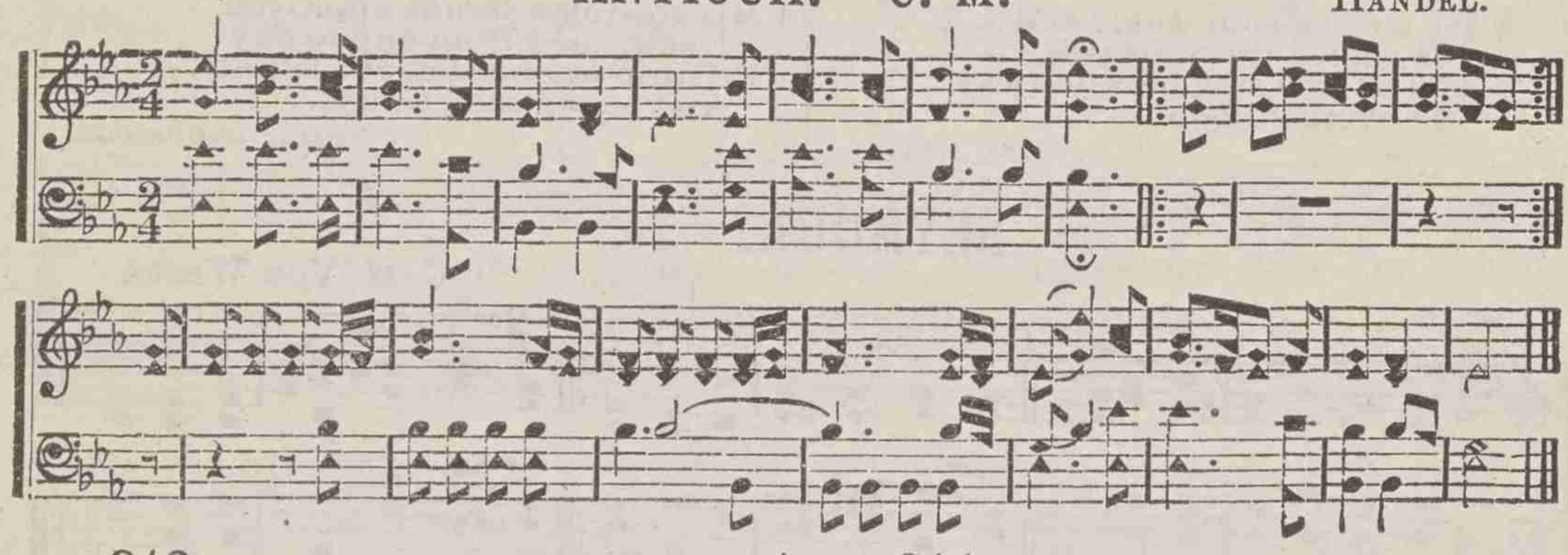
1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

HANDEL.



213. Joy to the World!

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
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground,
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

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

ISAAC WATTS.

214. Father of Mercies.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
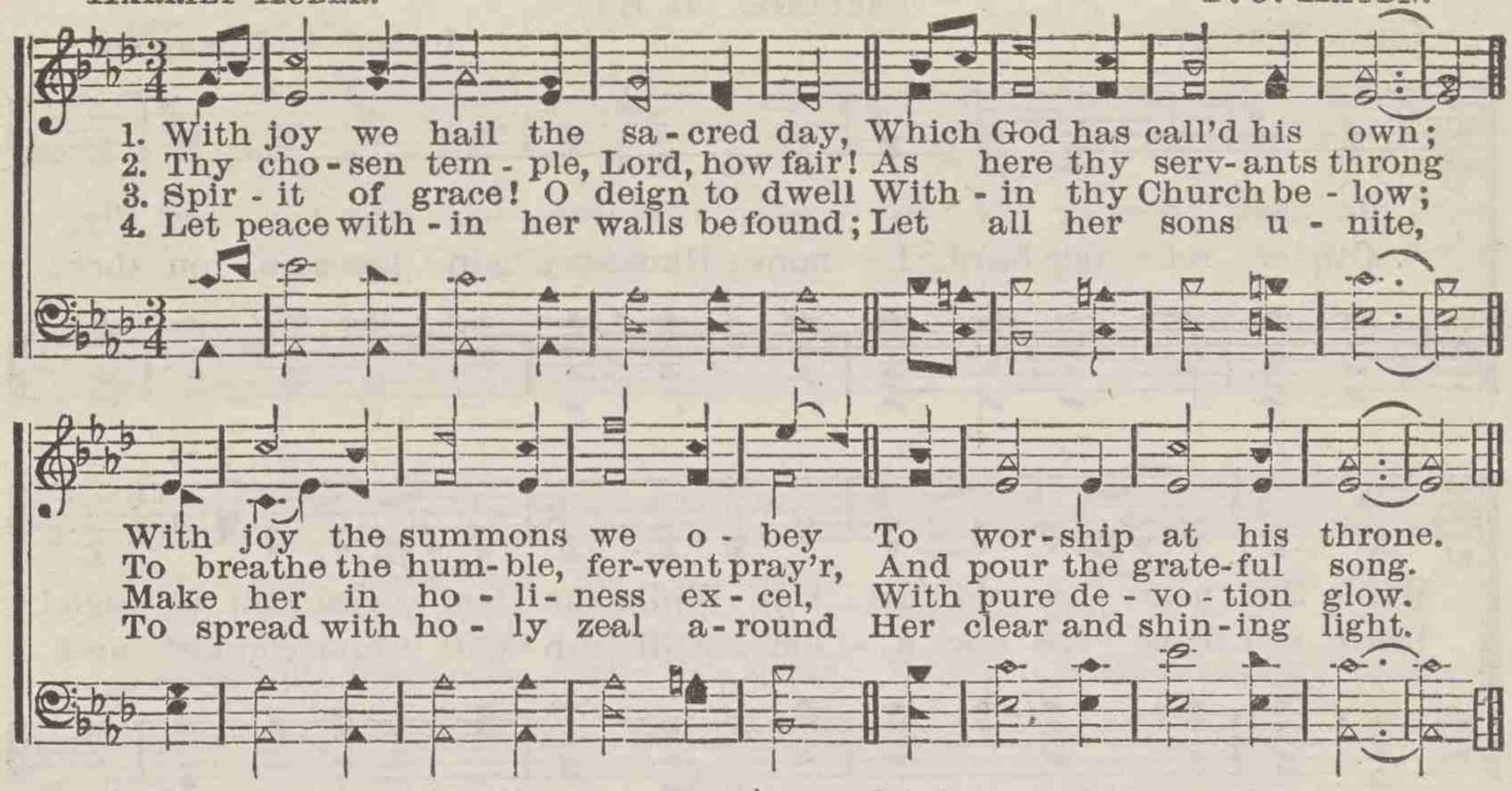
3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE.

215. MANOAH. C. M.

HARRIET AUBER. F. J. HAYDN.



216. There is No Sorrow.

1 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to thee:
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

JANE CREWDSON.

217. Thou Art the Way.

1 Thou art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
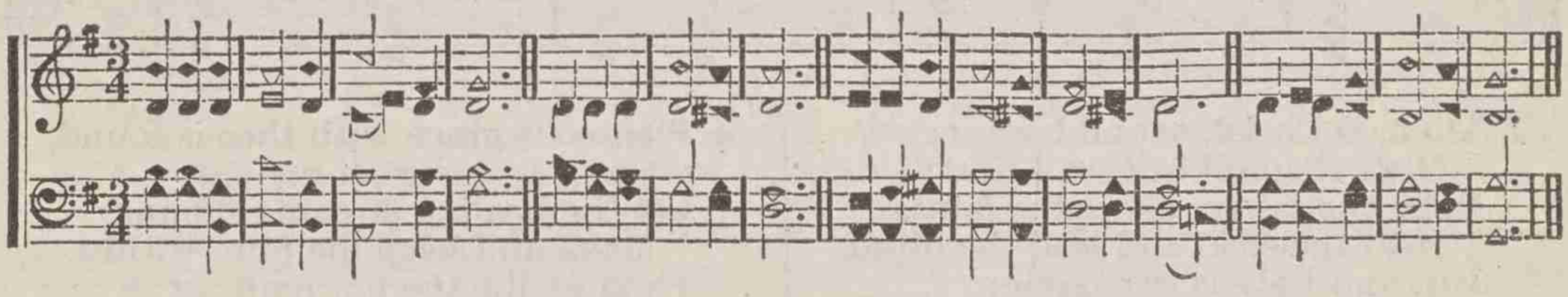
3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.



218. There is An Eye.

1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the shades of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That list'ning ear to gain.

4 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

JOHN AIKMAN WALLACE.

219. Jesus, the Very Thought.

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!
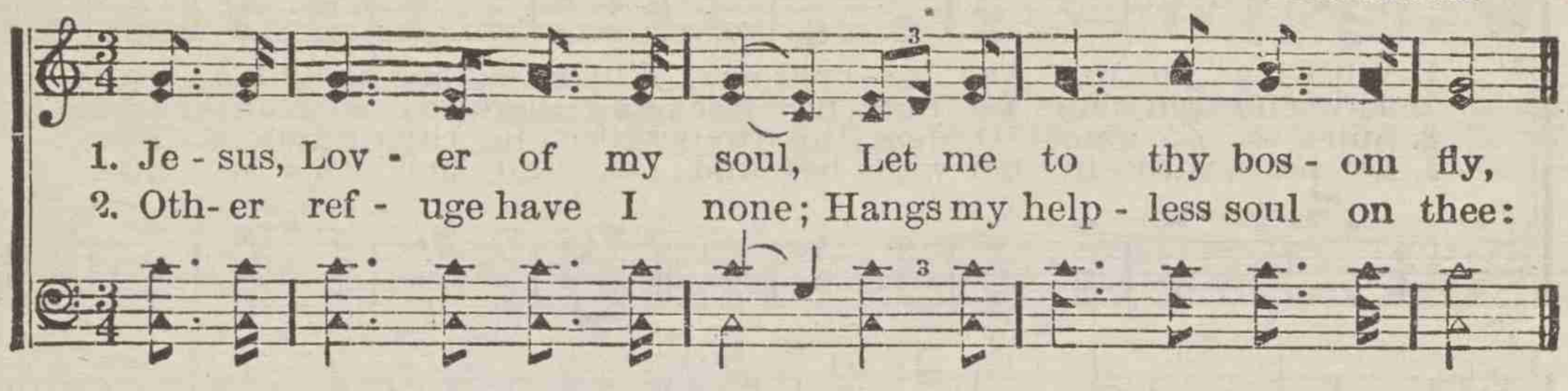
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.
TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL.

220. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(REFUGE. 7s. D.)

CHAS. WESLEY. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

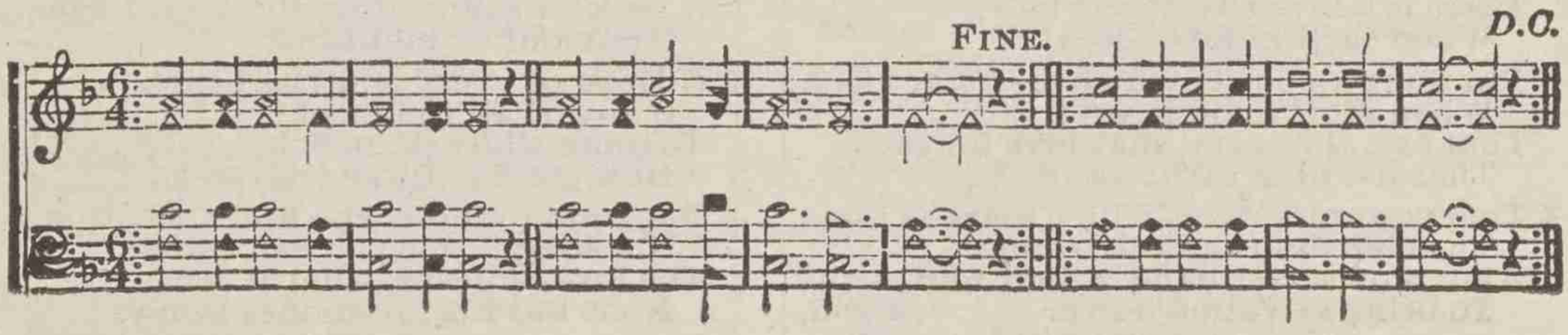


3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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!
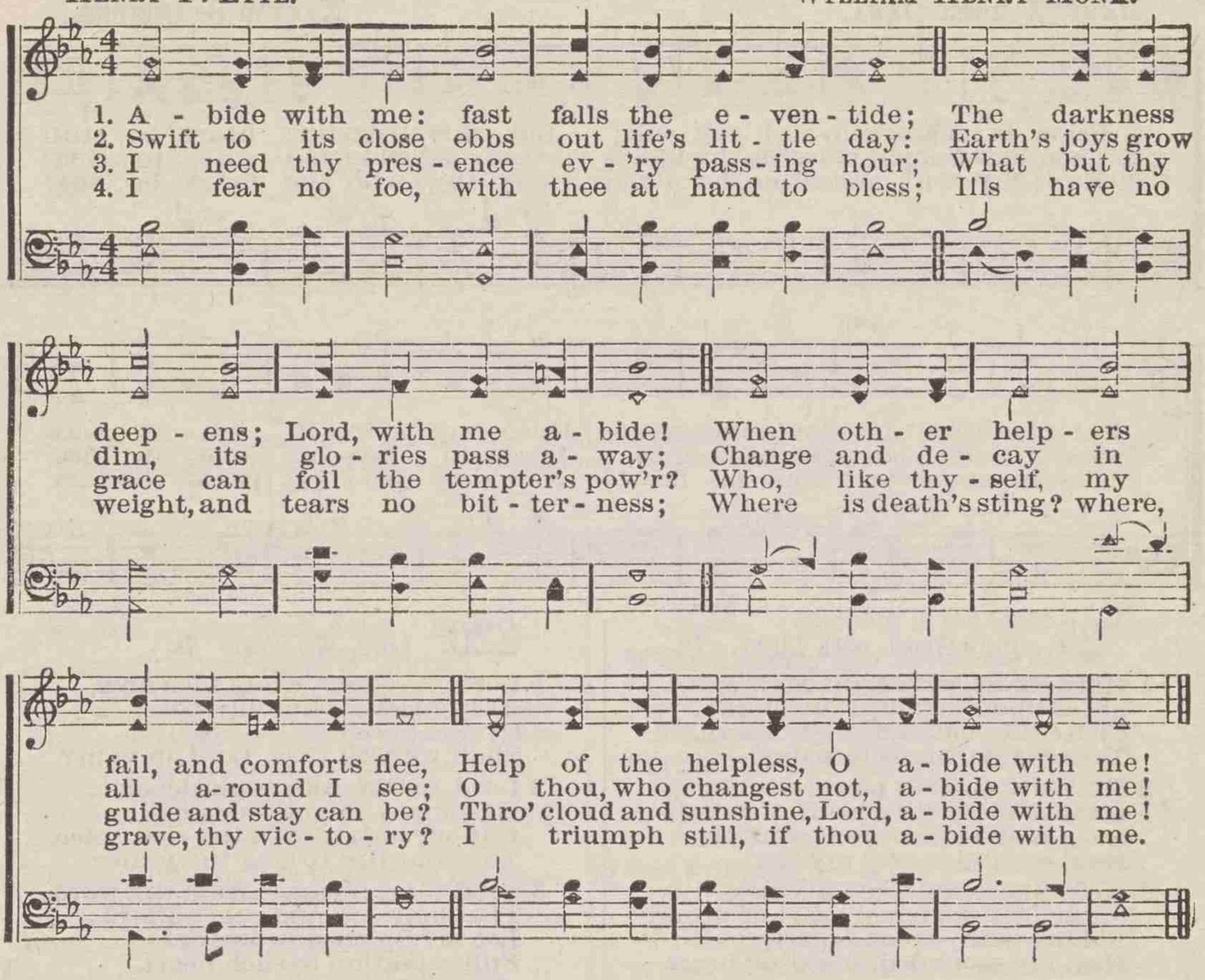
221. MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.



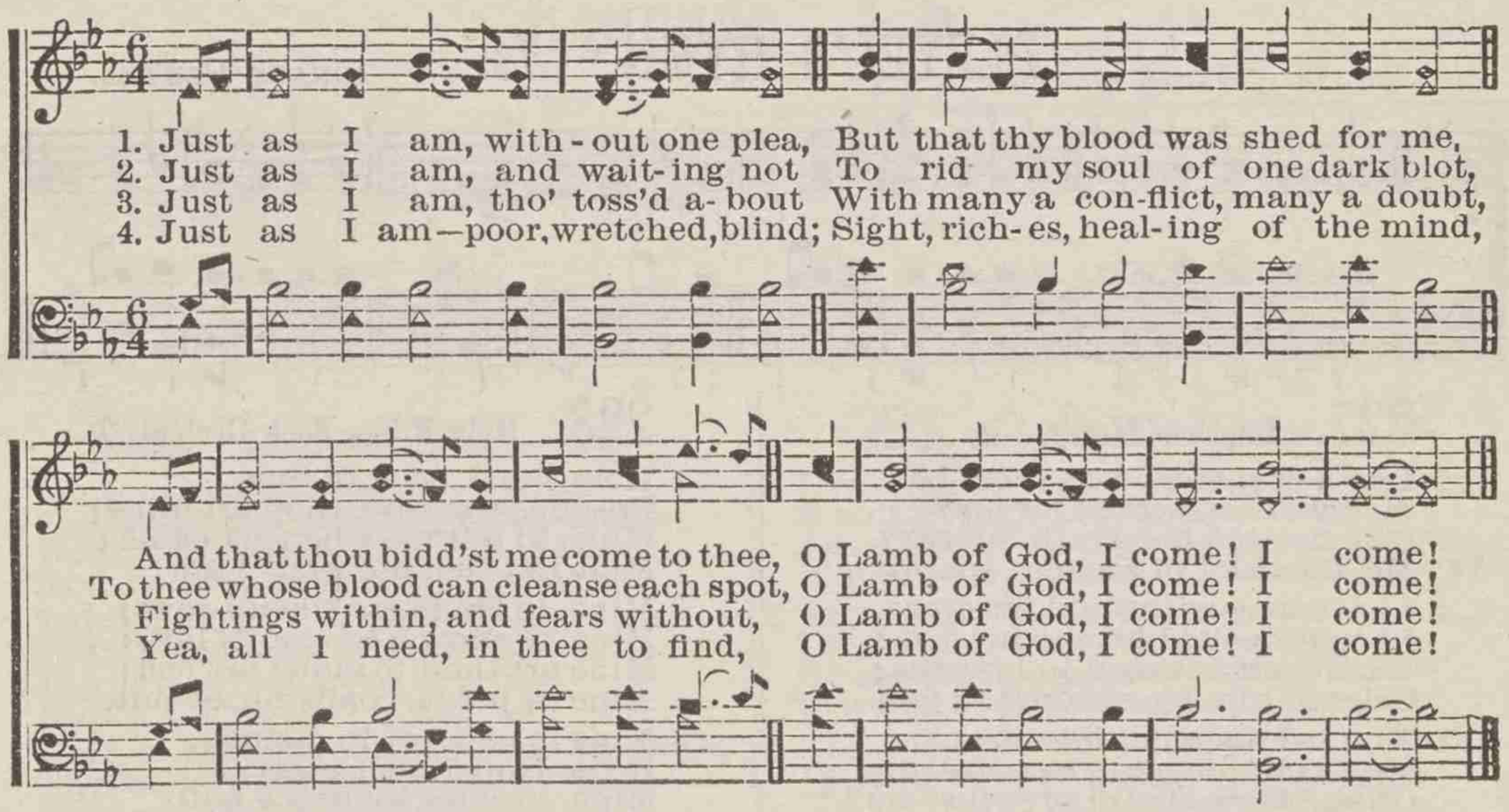
222. EVENTIDE. 10s.

HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



223. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) WM. B. BRADBURY.
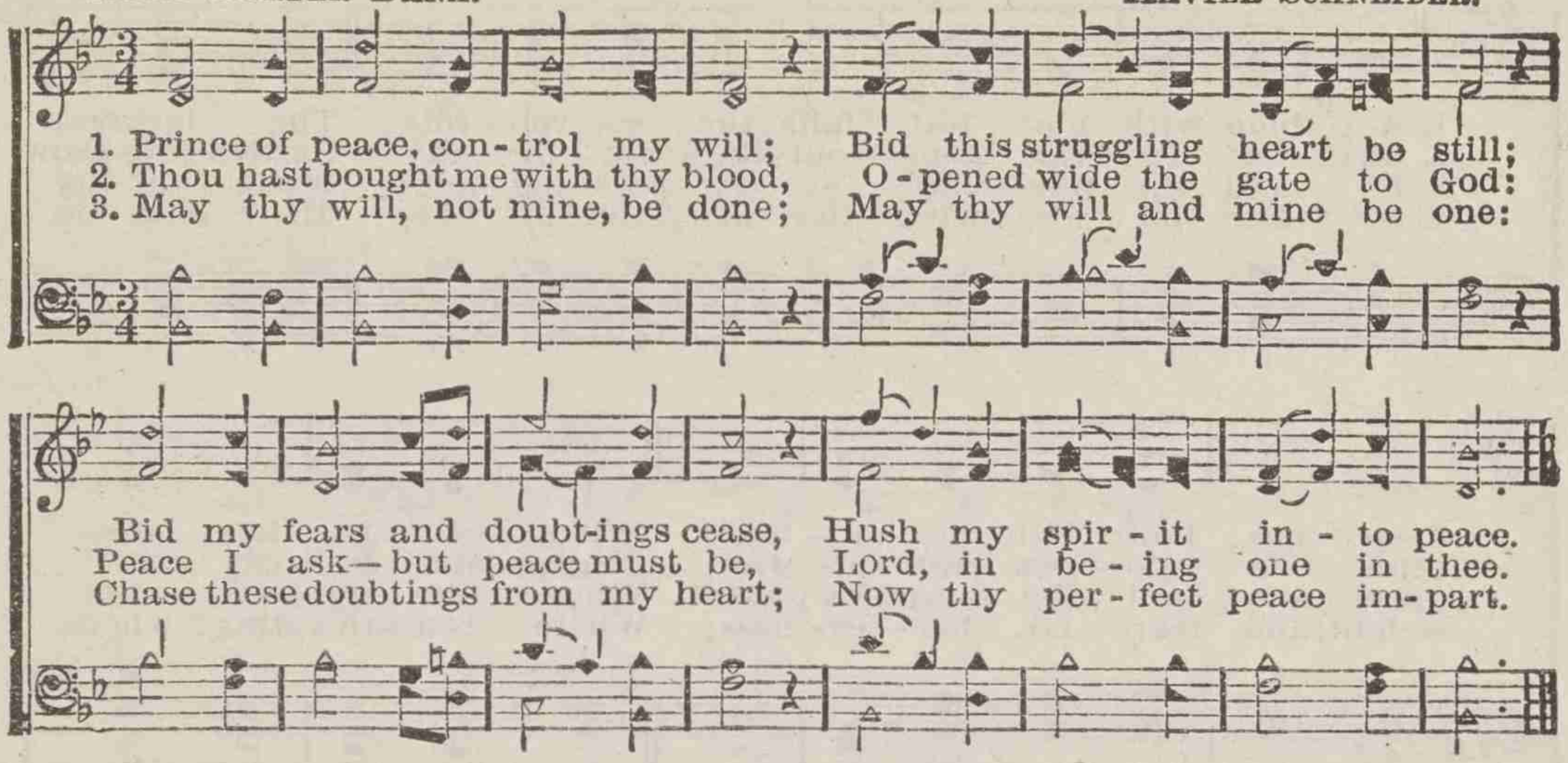


5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

224. HORTON. 7s.

MARY BARBER DANA. XAVIER SCHNEIDER.



225. Holy Ghost, with Light. 7s.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

ANDREW REED.

226. Lord, We Come. 7s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
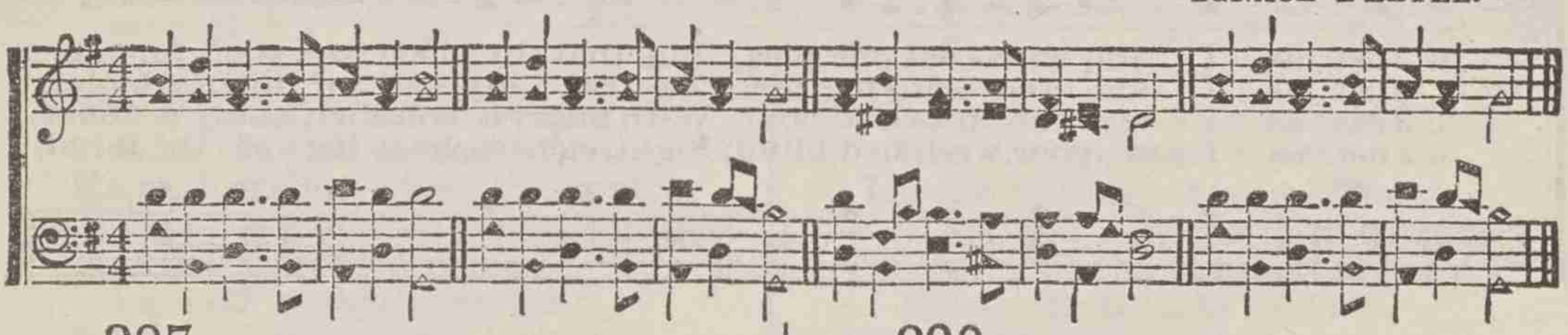
3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

WM. HAMMOND.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



227. Depth of Mercy. 7s.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

CHARLES WESLEY.

228. Holy Bible, Book Divine. 7s.

1 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
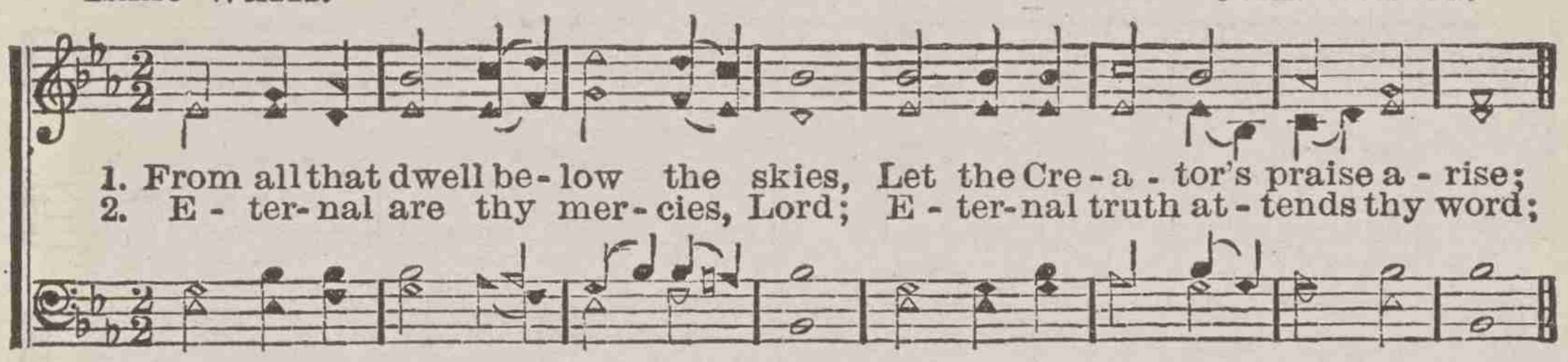
3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

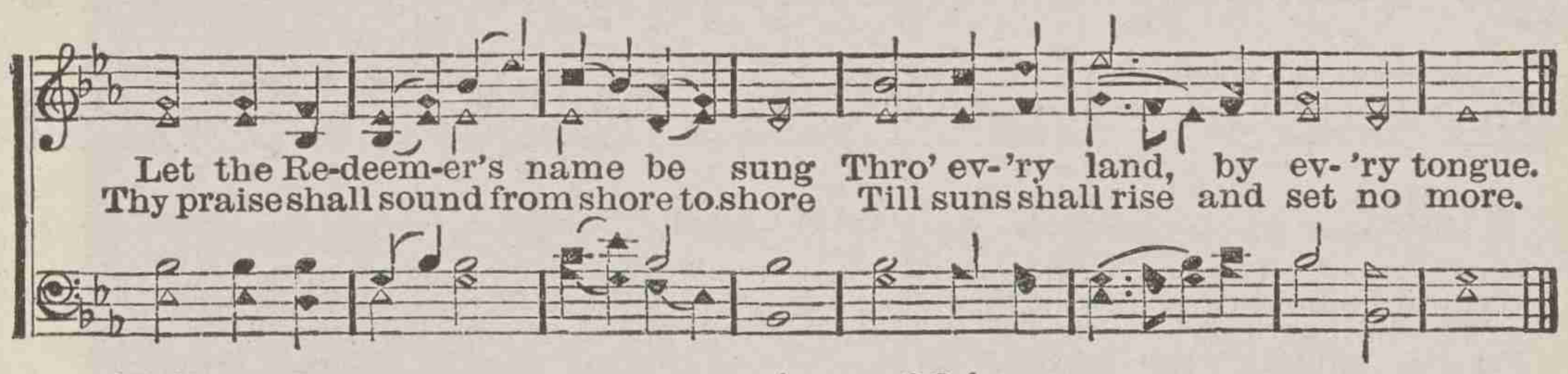
4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON, SR.

229. DUKE ST. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.





230. Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

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

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

ISAAC WATTS.

231. Glorying in the Cross. L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

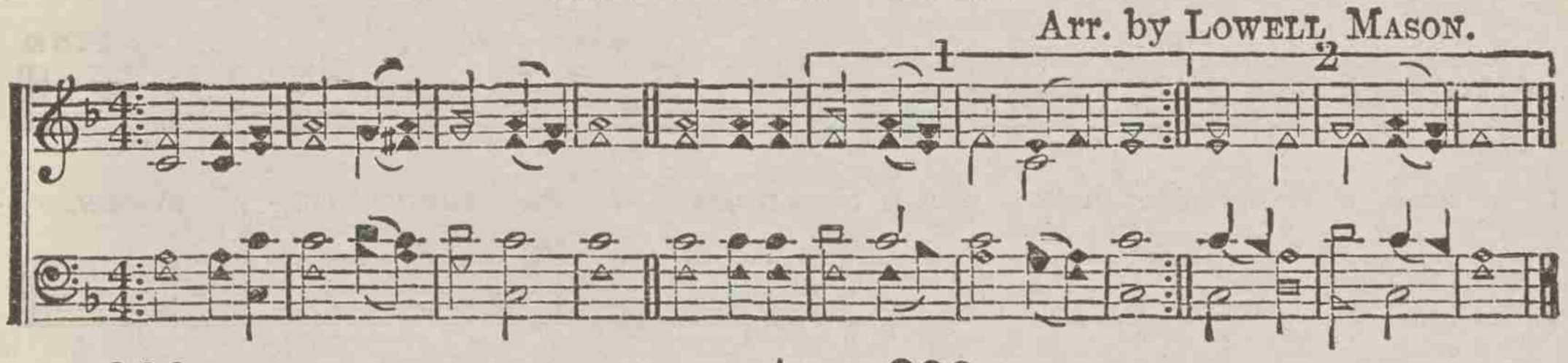
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



232. Lord, I Am Thine. L. M.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

233. Not Ashamed of Jesus. L. M.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

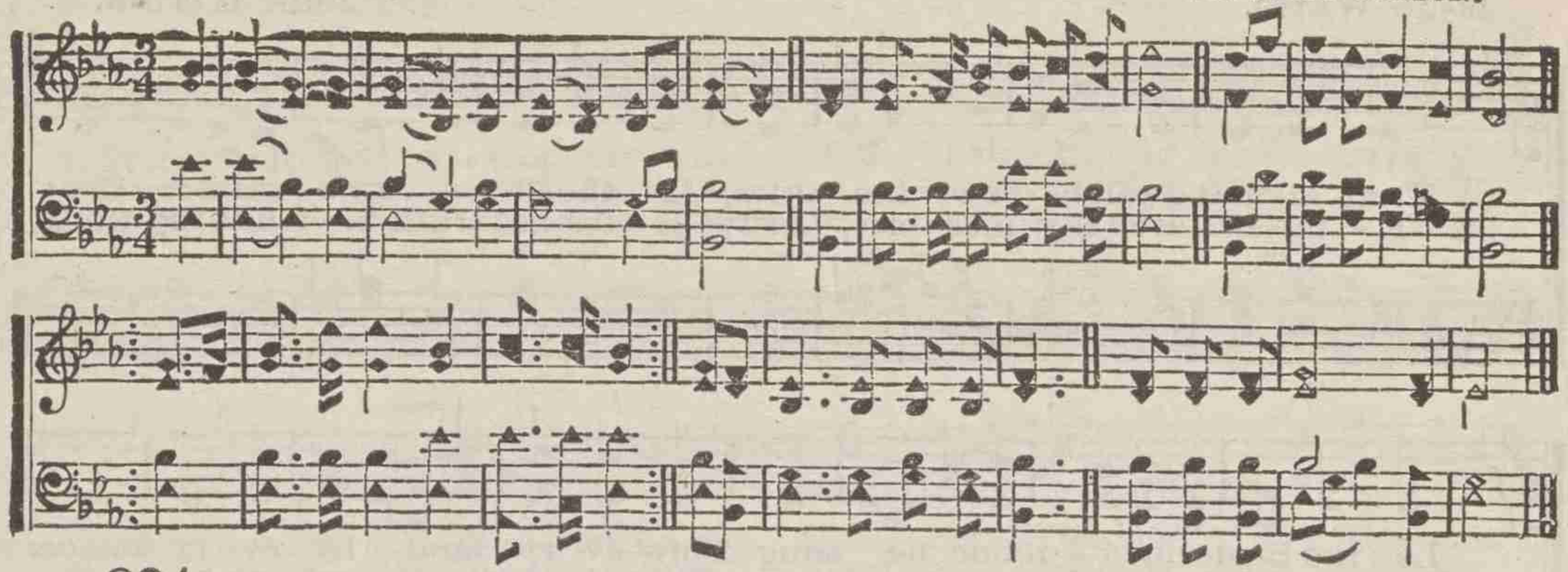
3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.



234. O Could I Speak.

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

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

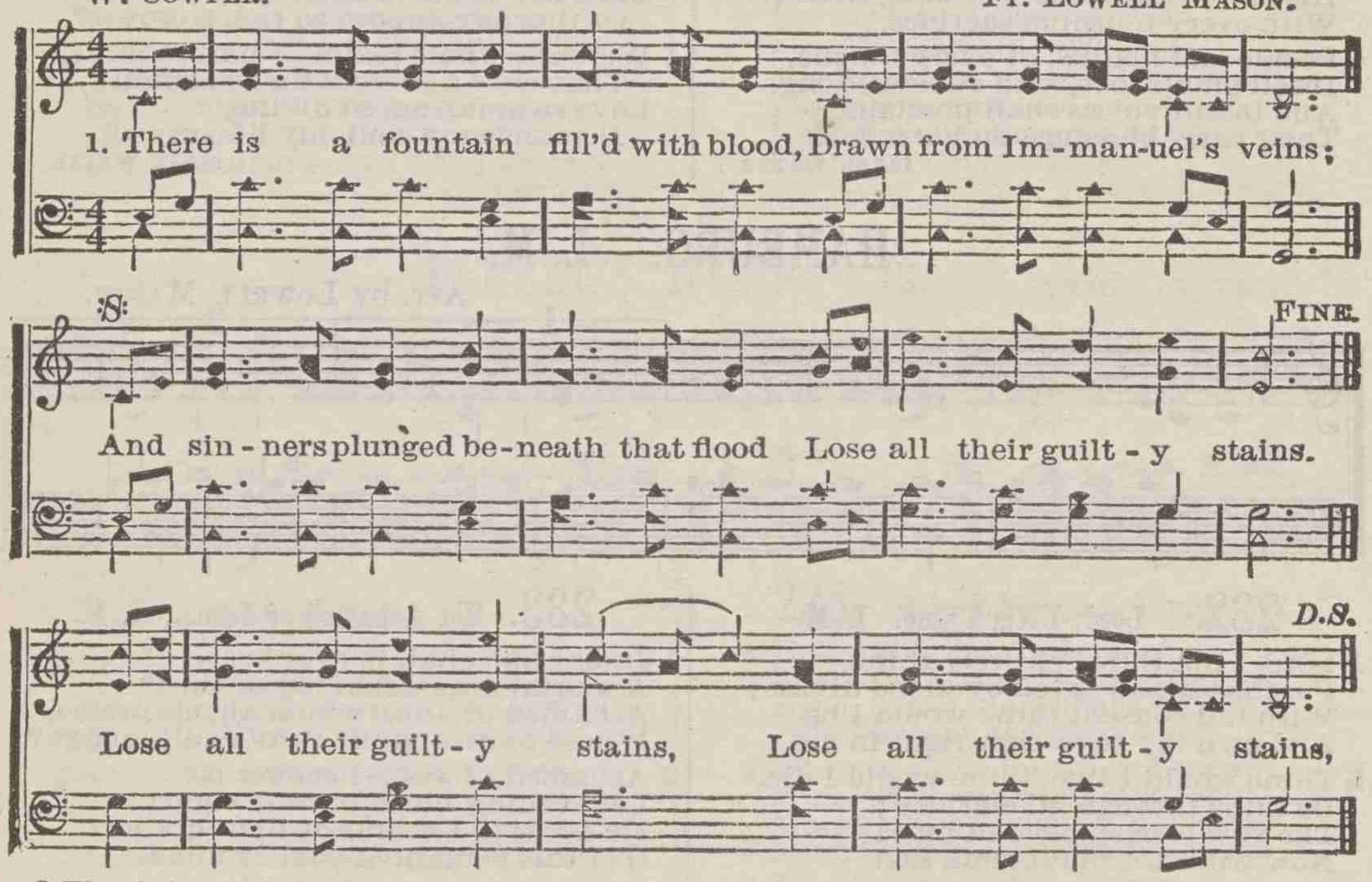
3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

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

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

235. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

W. COWPER. Fr. LOWELL MASON.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
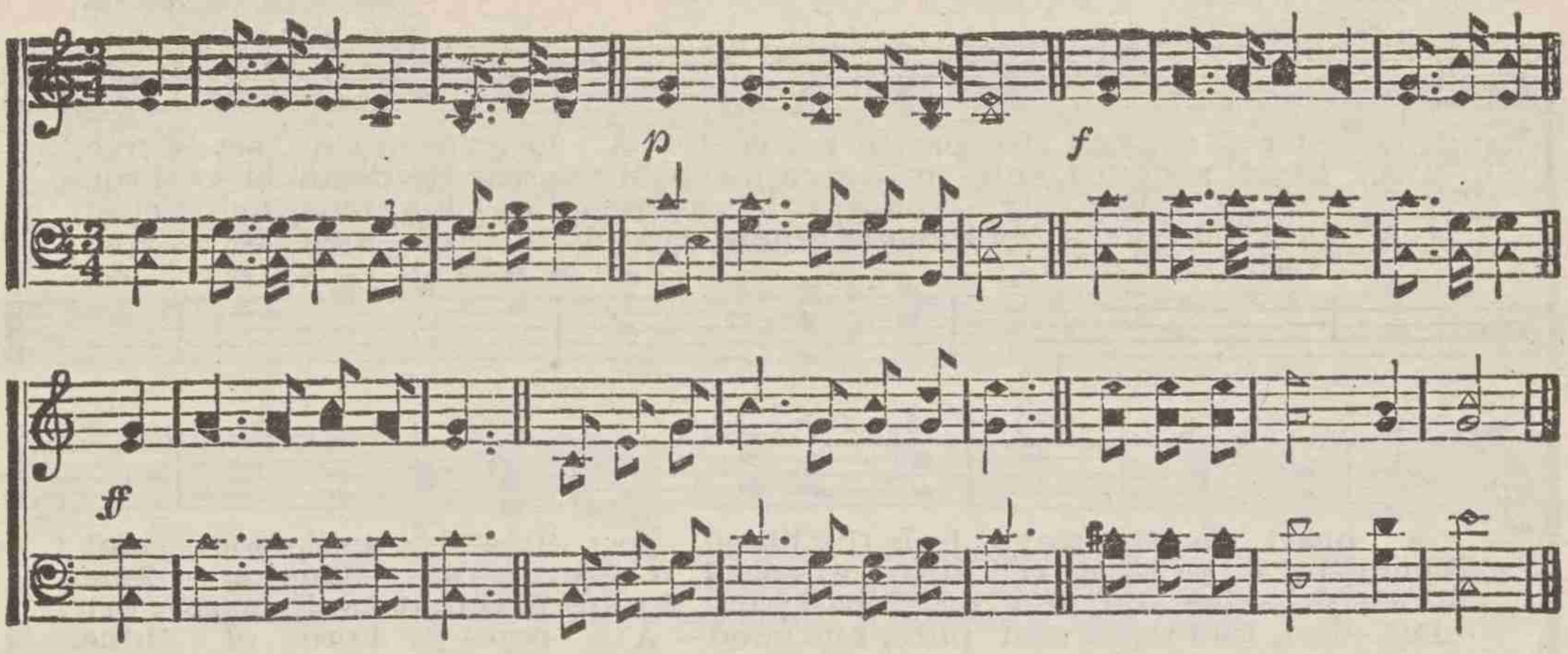
3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

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

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

ZERAH. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



236. The Prince of Peace. C. M.

1 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

JOHN MORRISON.

237. Awake, my Soul. C. M.

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

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

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

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

238. Come, Let us Join. C. M.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
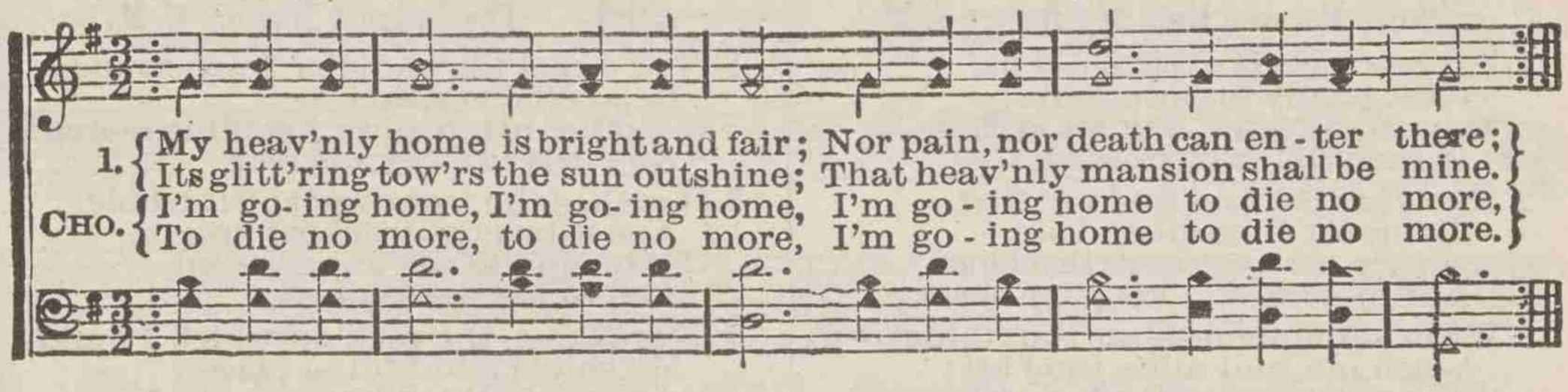
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

239. I'M GOING HOME.

Wm. Hunter, D.D. Arr. by Rev. W. McDonald.
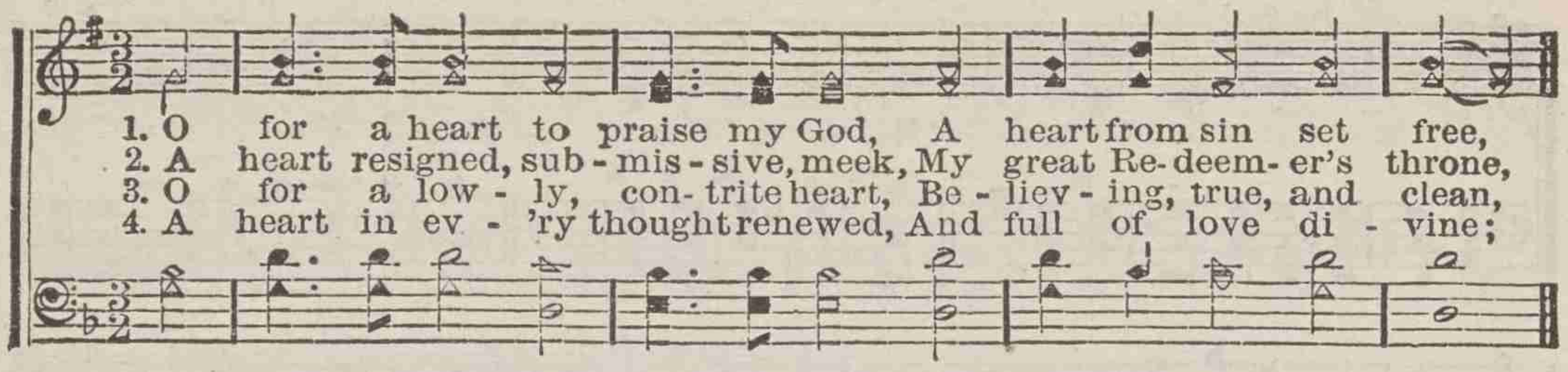


2 My Father's house is built on high:
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

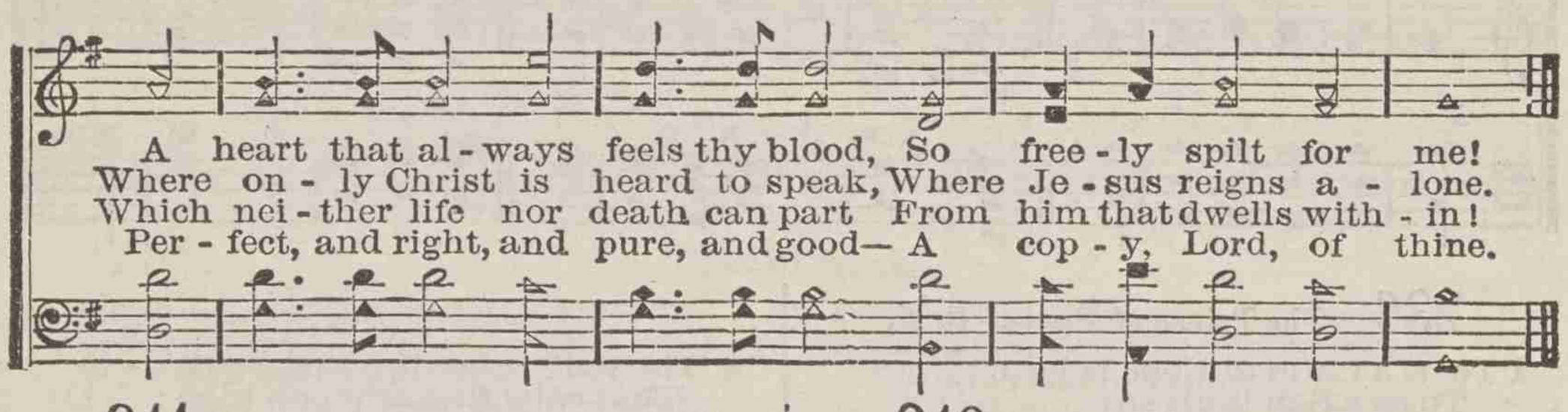
3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow.
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

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

240. ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.





241. O for a Faith. C. M.

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

242. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

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

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

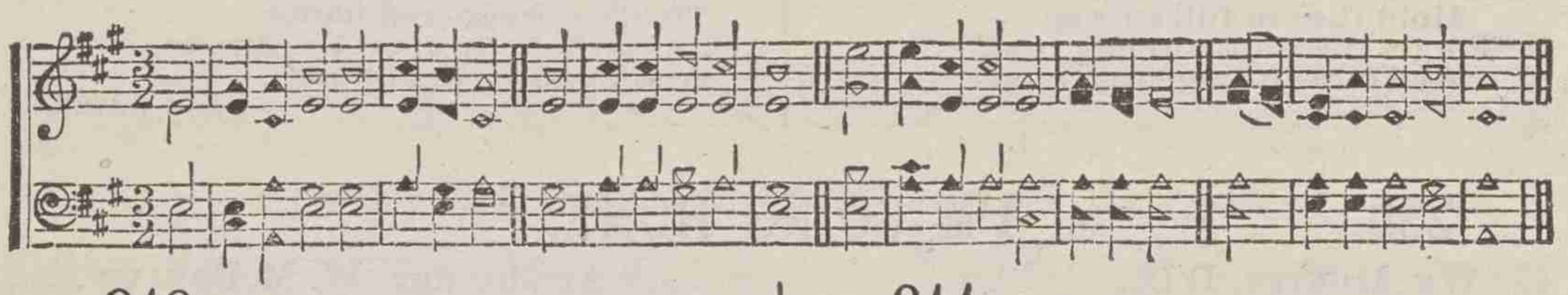
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

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

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



243. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

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

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

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

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

244. The Dearest Name. C. M.

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

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
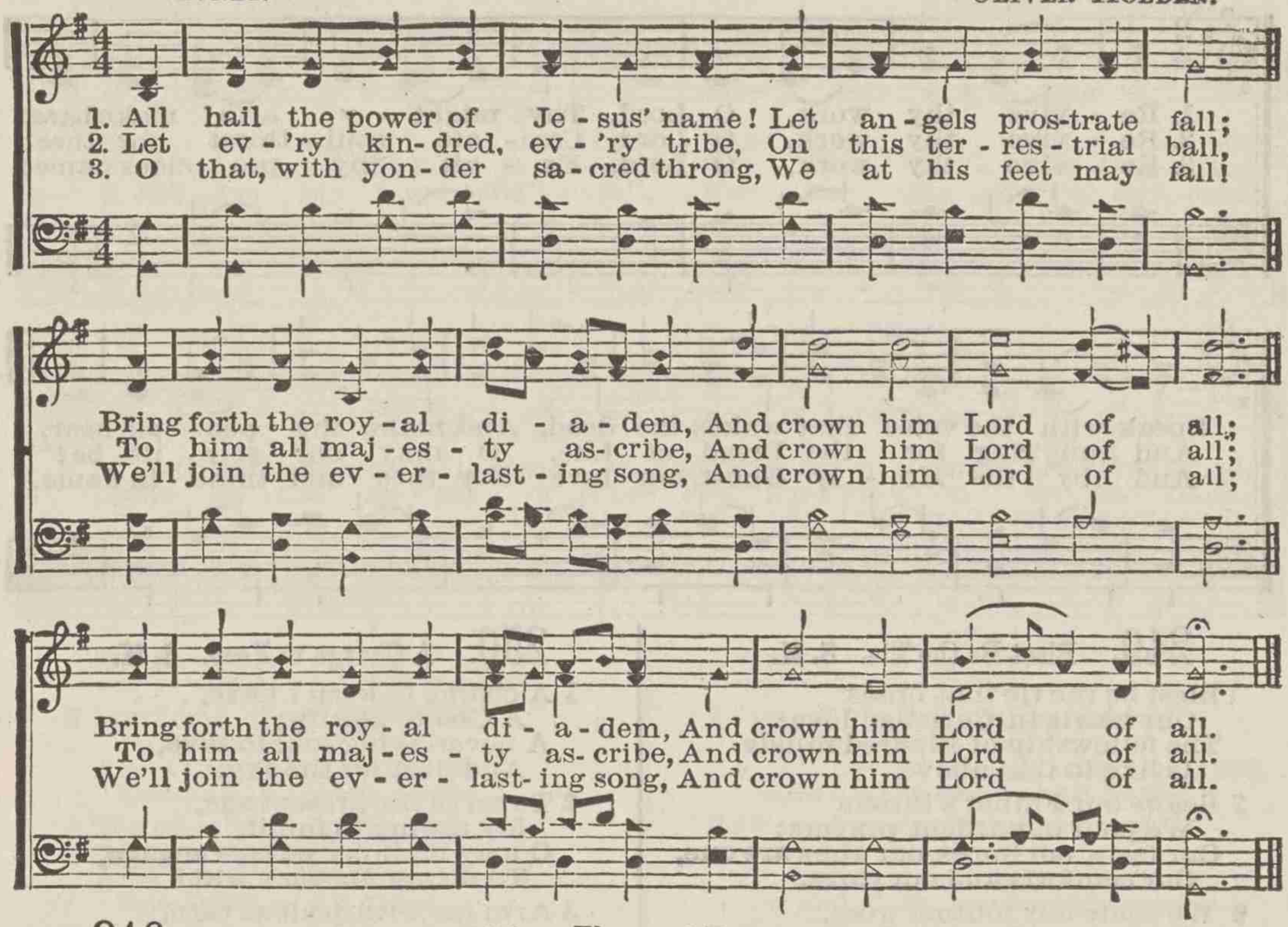
3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

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

JOHN NEWTON.

245. CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



246. O for a Thousand Tongues.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

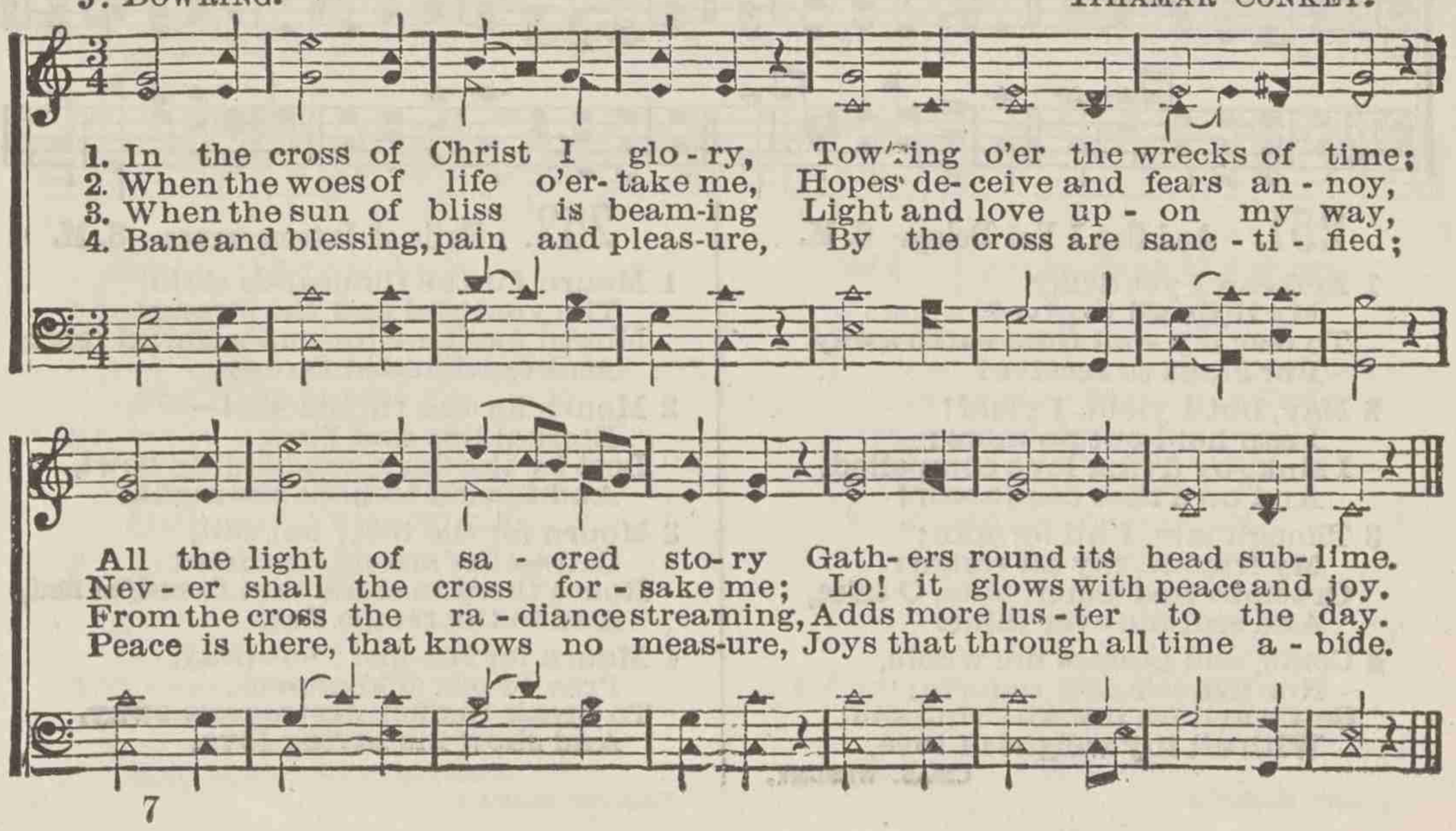
3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.
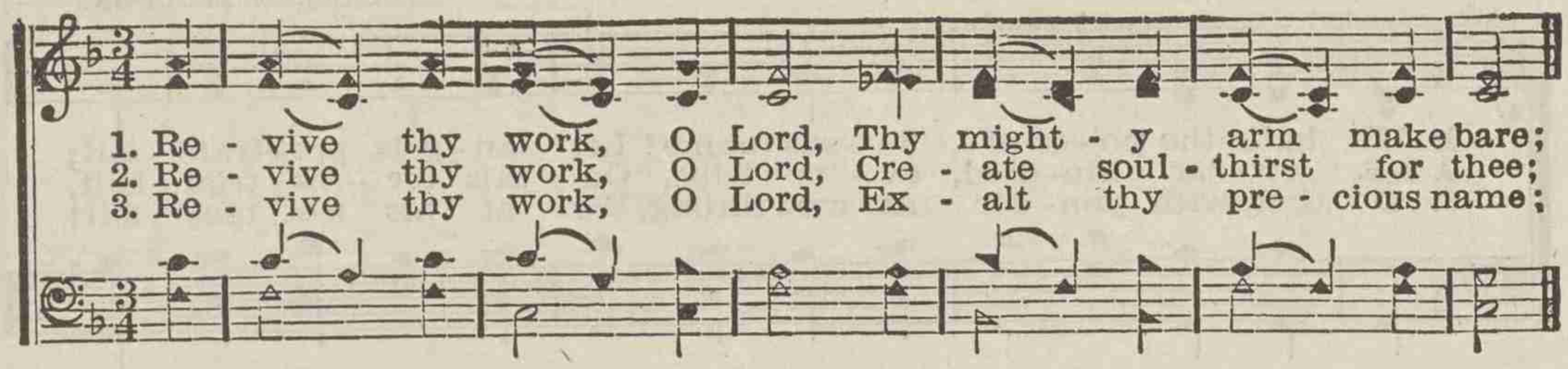
247. RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

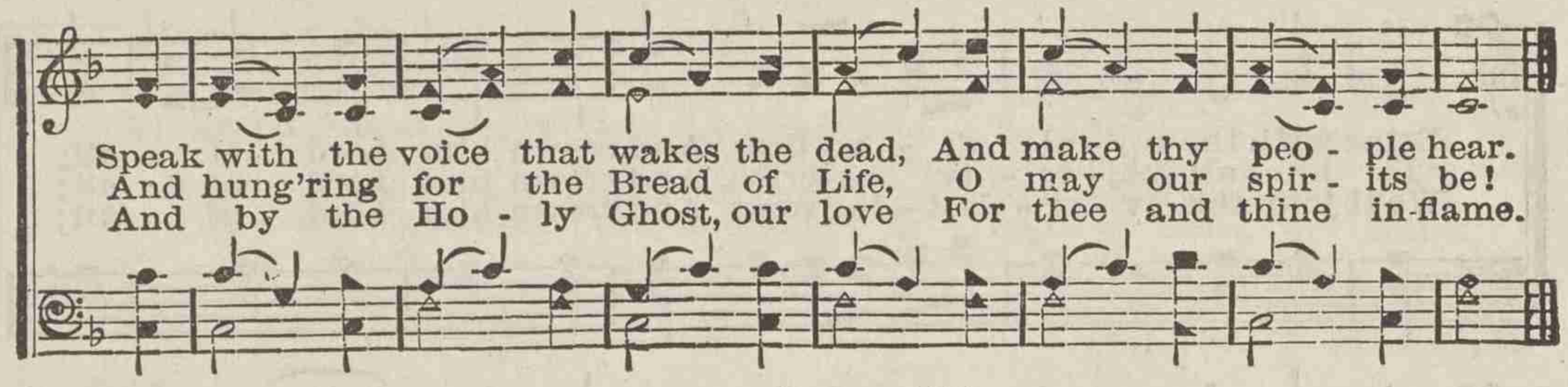
J. BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



248. DENNIS. S. M.

ALBERT MIDLANE. H. G. NÄGELI.





249. Blest Be the Tie. S. M.

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

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

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

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

JOHN FAWCETT.

250. A Charge to Keep. S. M.

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

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

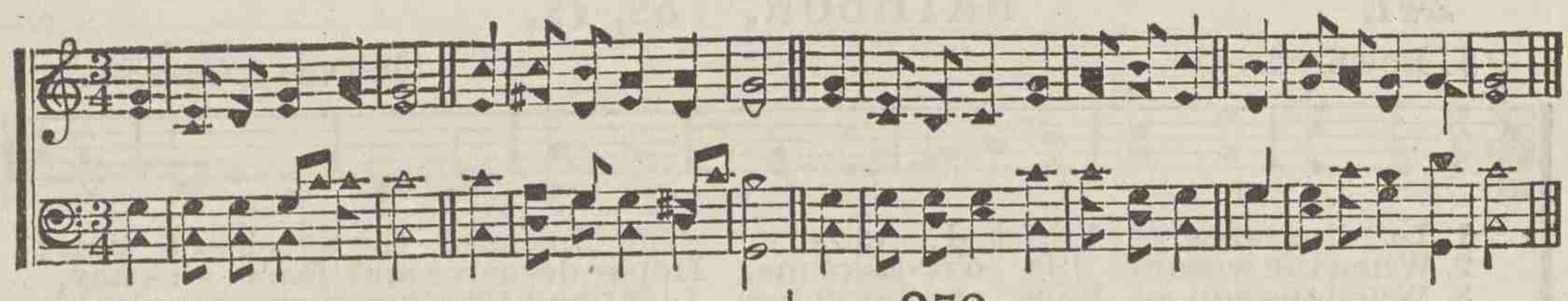
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

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

CHAS. WESLEY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



251. And Can I Yet Delay. S. M.

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

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

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

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

CHAS. WESLEY.

252. Evils of Intemperance. S. M.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
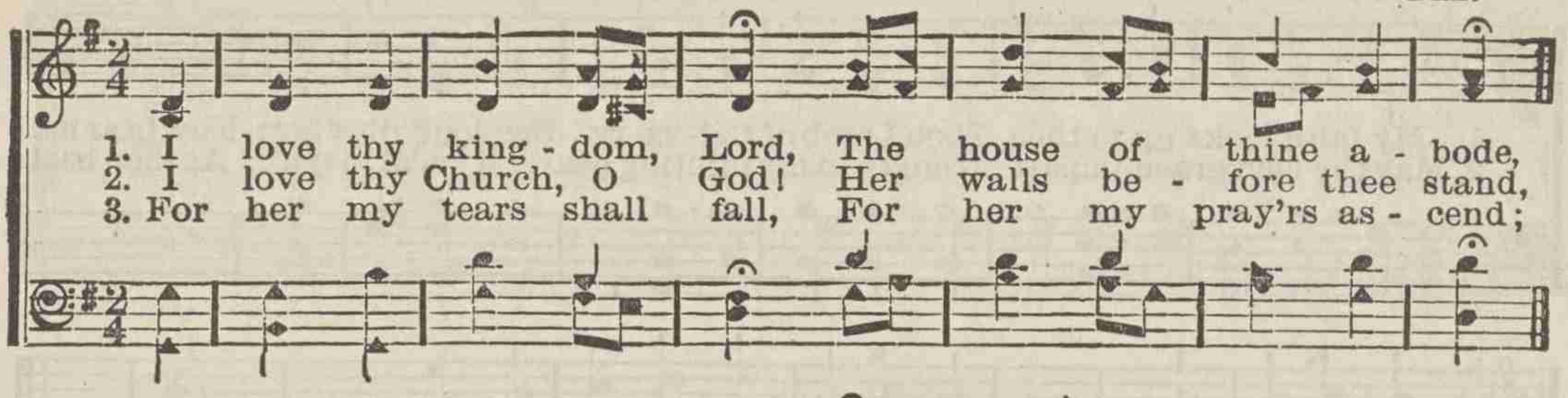
2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

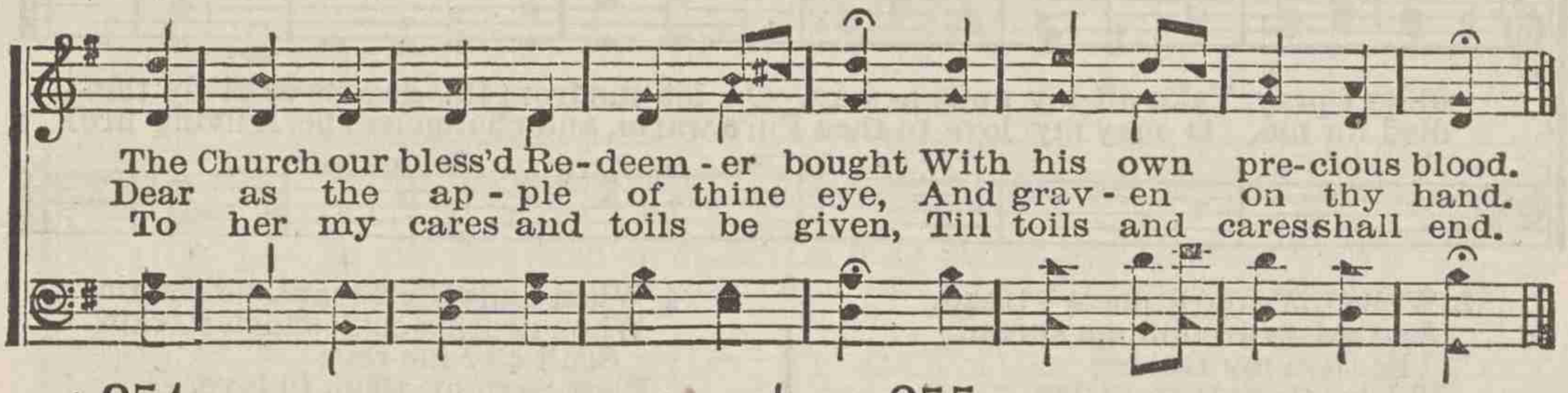
3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fail,
And to the refuge flee.

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

253. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. GEORGE F. HANDEL.





254. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

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

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

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

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

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

255. Grace!

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

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
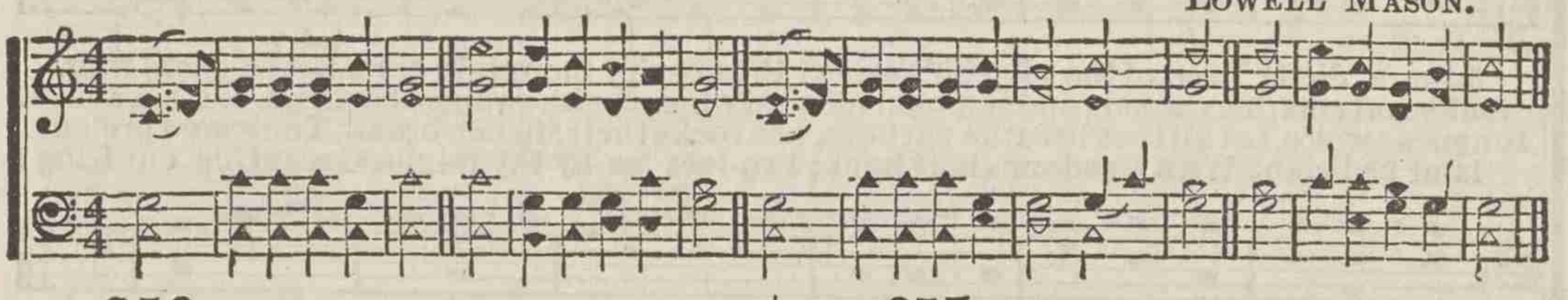
3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

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

P. DODDRIDGE.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



256. Spirit of Faith.

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

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

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

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

257. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

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

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
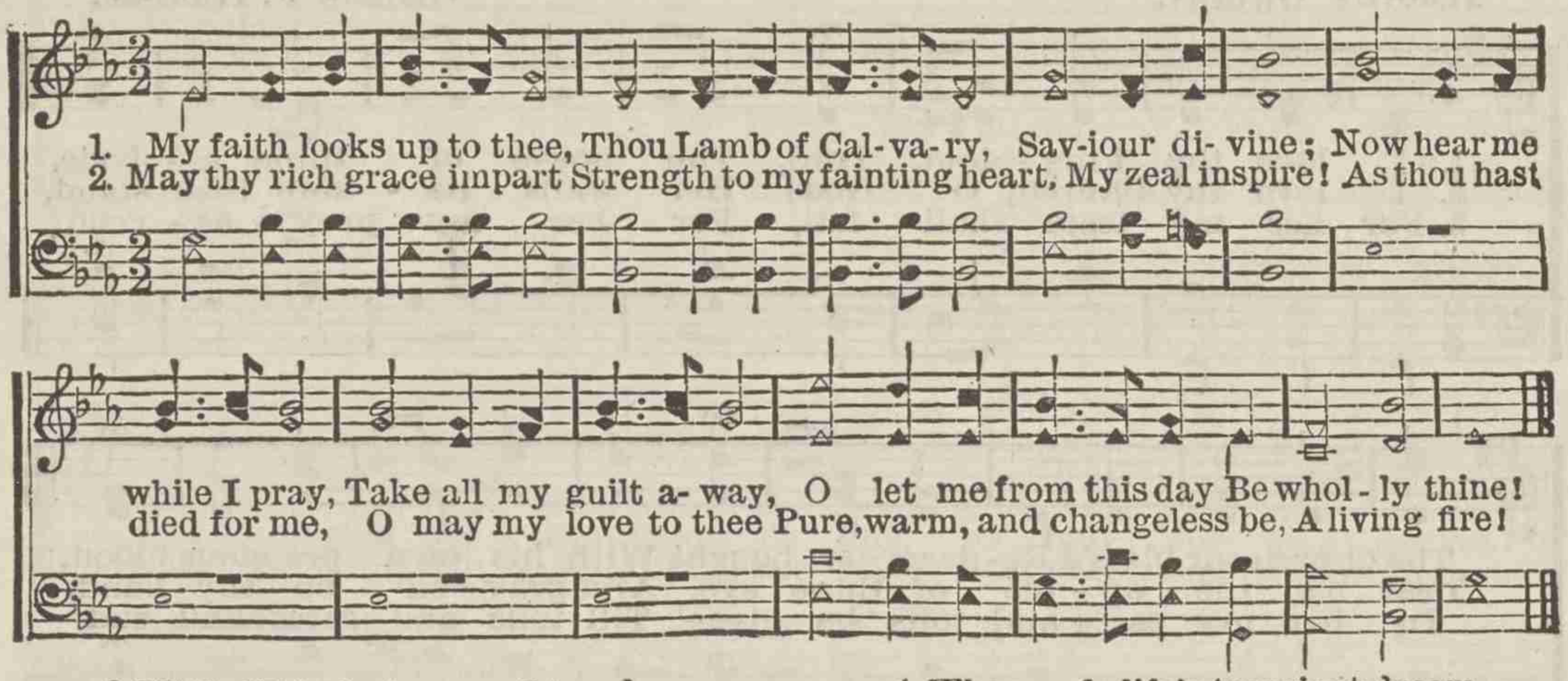
3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

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

GEORGE HEATH.

258. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) LOWELL MASON.
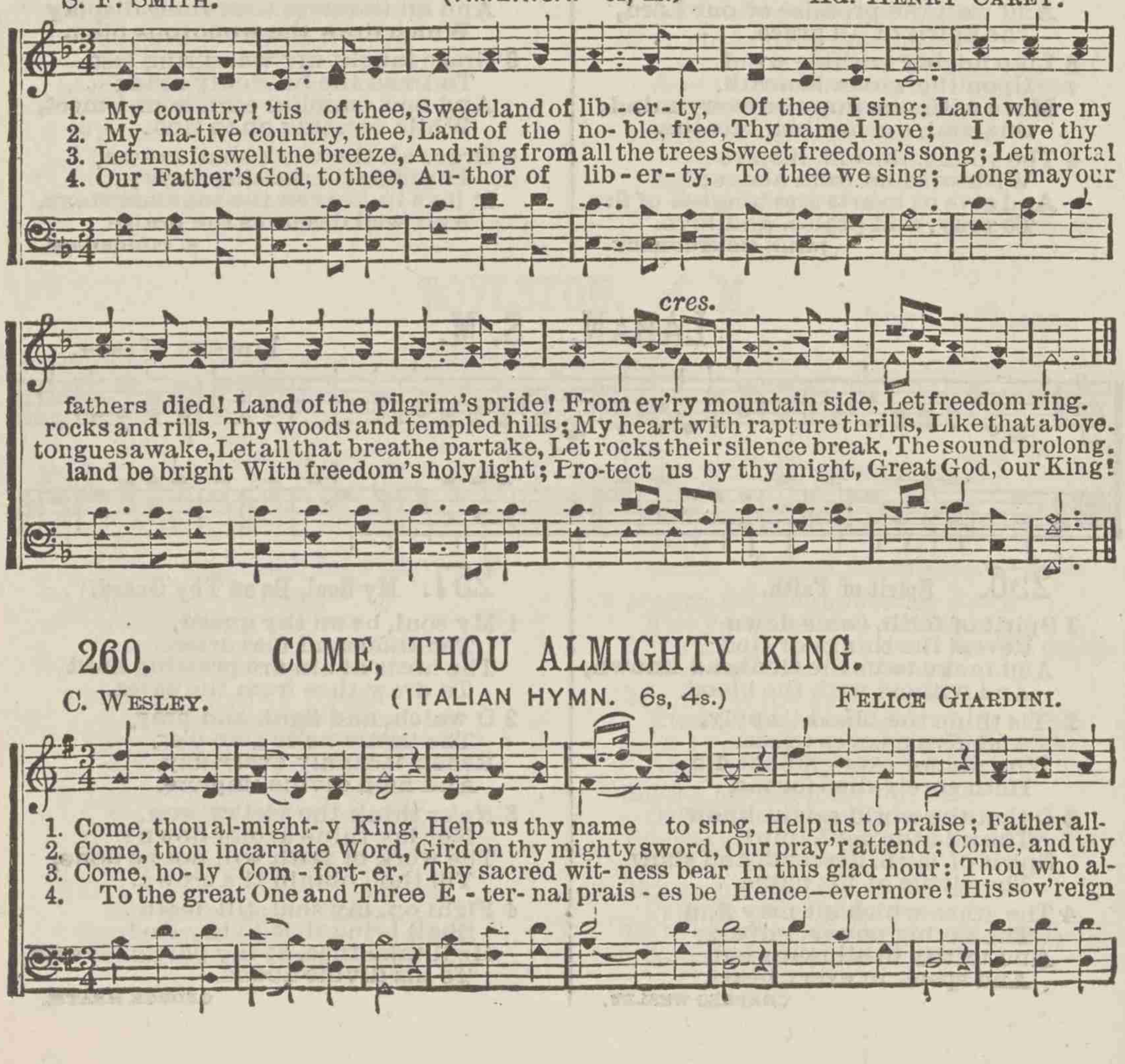


3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

259. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.) Ad. HENRY CAREY.



260. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. (Concluded.)

glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o- ver us, Ancient of Days.
people bless, And give thy word success: Spir-it of ho - liness, On us de- scend!
might-y art, Now rule in ev- 'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir- it of pow'r!
maj- es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni- ty Love and a - dore.

261. HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap- py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! / Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. } Hap- py

FINE. D.S.

day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, / And live re - joicing ev- 'ry day. }

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

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

262. REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS. 1 2

Hal - le - lu- jah! thine the glo- ry, Hal- le - lu - jah! A- men, Re- vive us a - gain.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
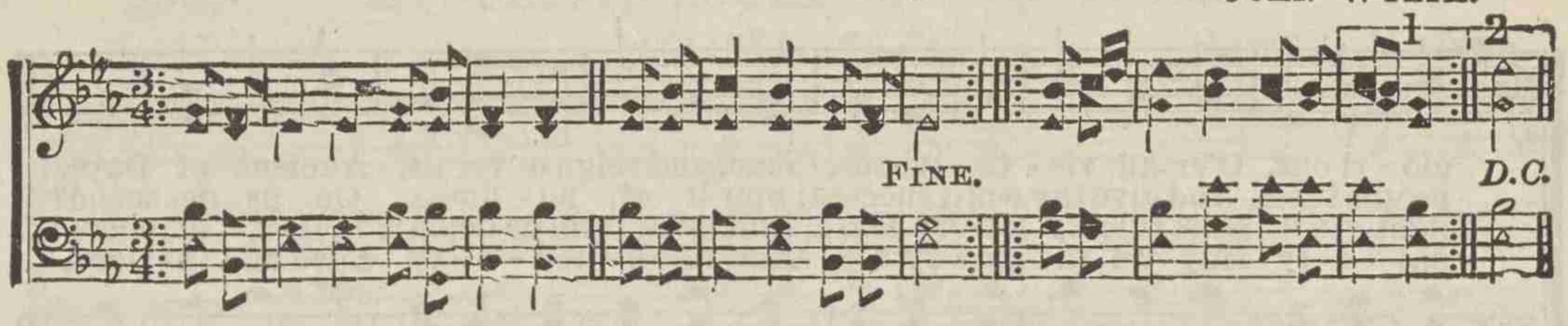
3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace.
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.



263. Come, Thou Fount.

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

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

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

R. ROBINSON.

264.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
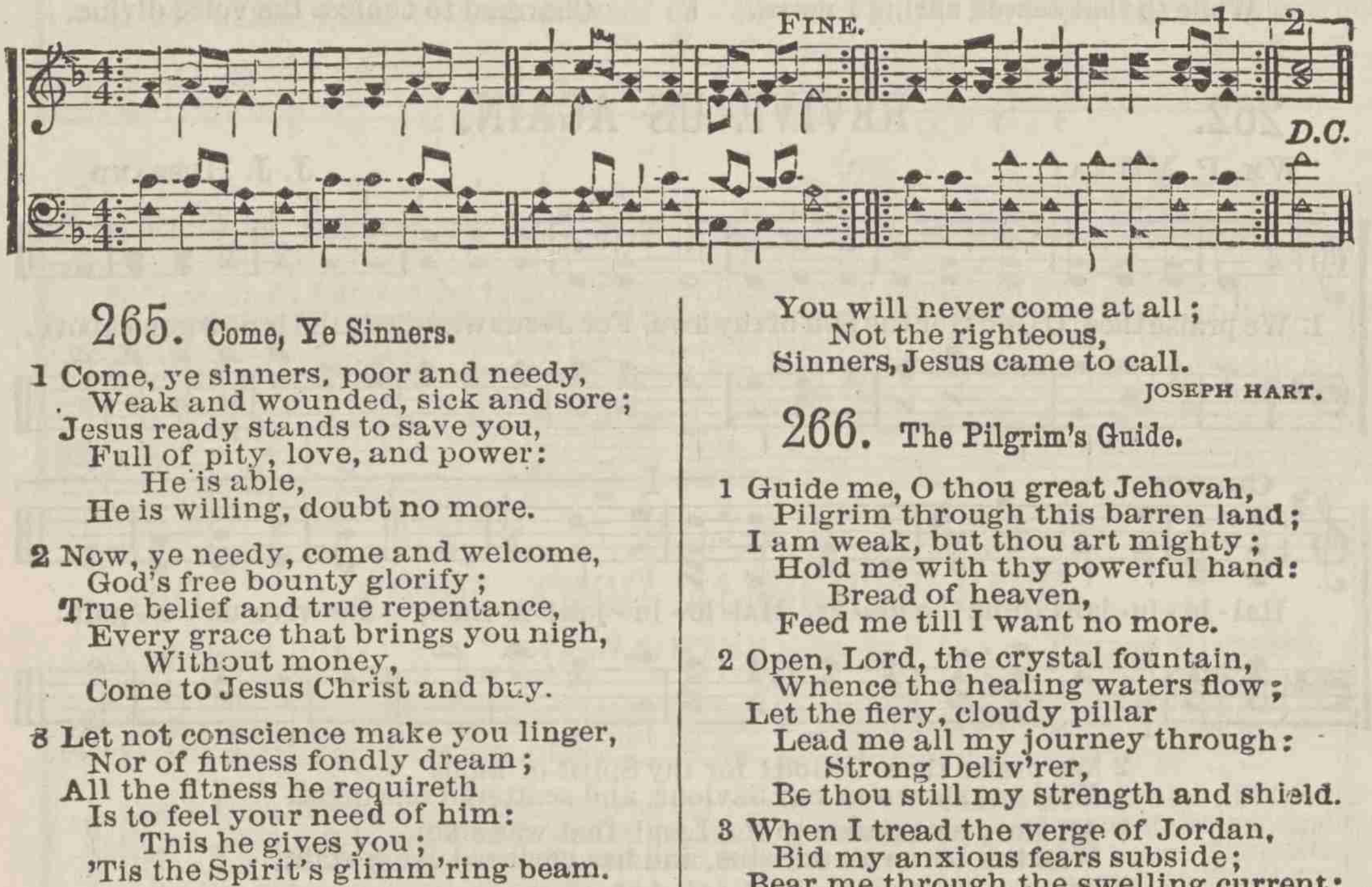
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.



265. Come, Ye Sinners.

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

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

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

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

JOSEPH HART.

266. The Pilgrim's Guide.

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

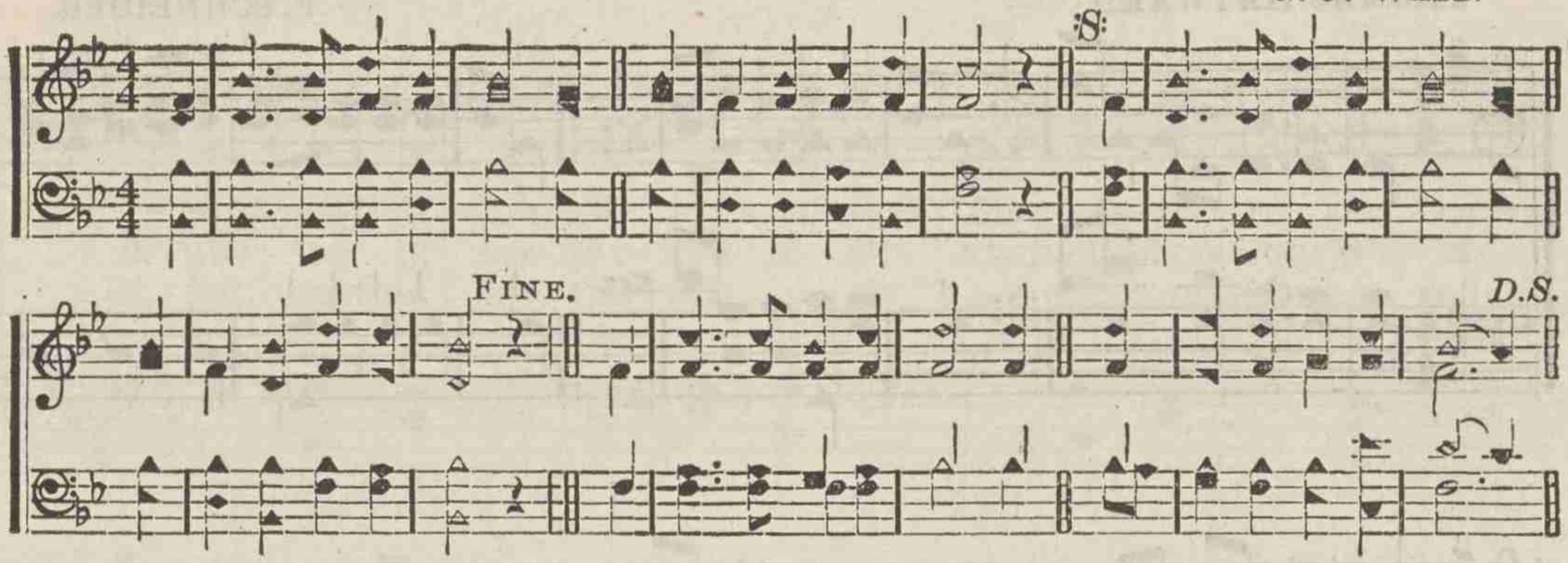
2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

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

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.



267. Stand Up for Jesus!

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

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

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

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

No. 268. The Morning Light.

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

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.
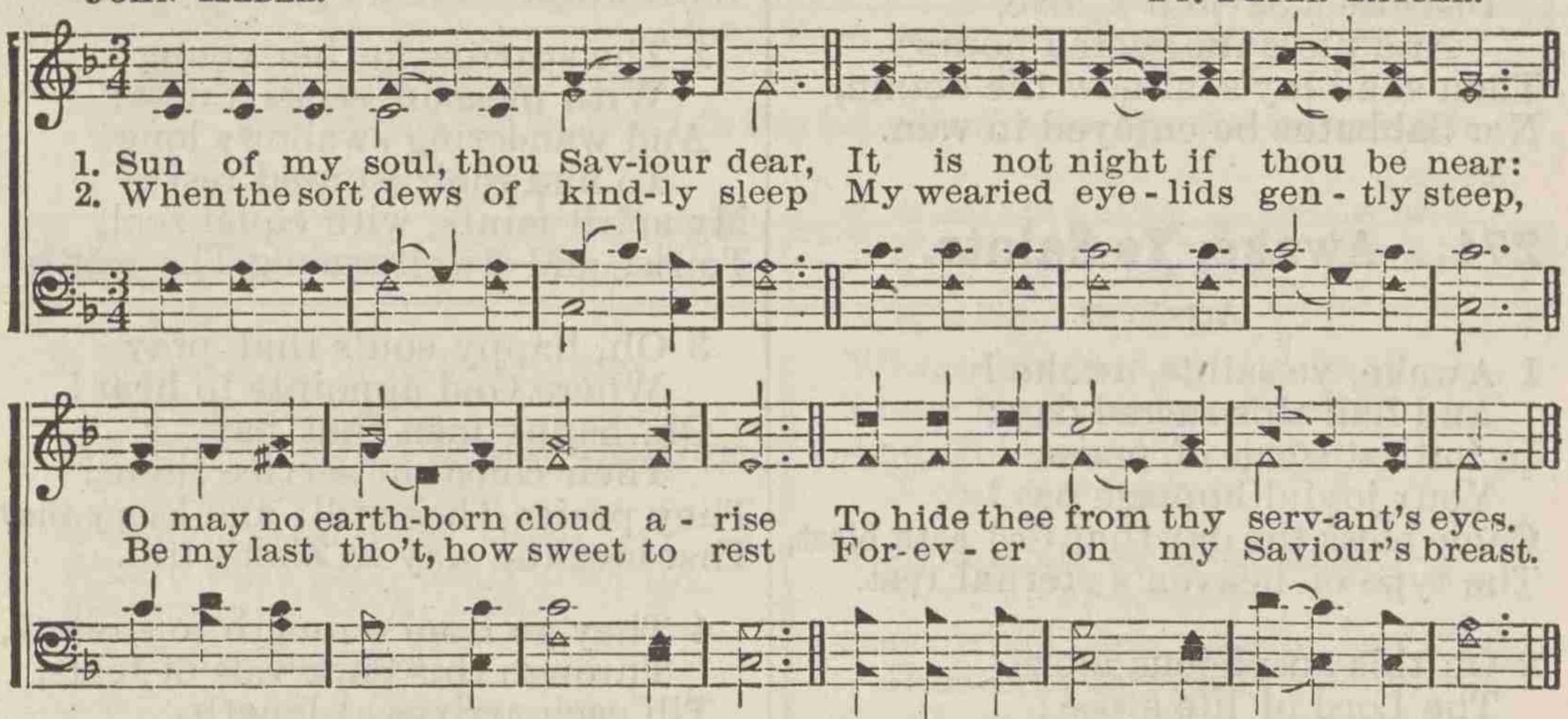
3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

269. SUN OF MY SOUL.

(HURSLEY. L. M.)

JOHN KEBLE. Fr. PETER RITTER.
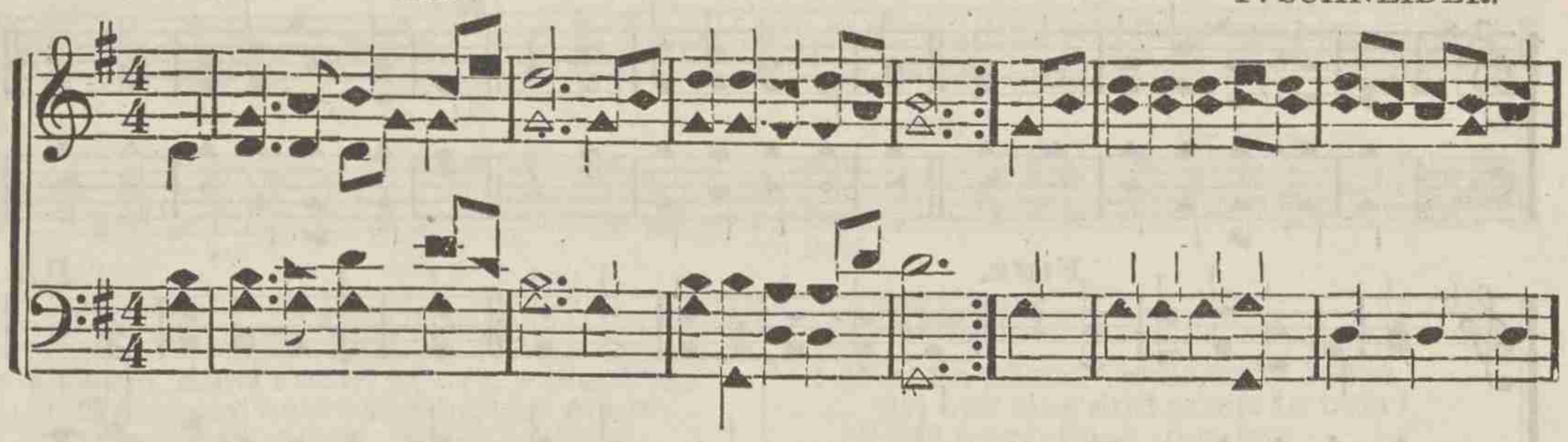


3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wand'ring child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

270. LISCHER. H. M.

THOMAS HAYWARD. F. SCHNEIDER.



1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;—
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
And fill His throne of grace,
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

271. Awake, Ye Saints.

Acts 7: 49.

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

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

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

THOMAS COTTERILL.

272. Lord of the Worlds.

Psalm 84: 12.

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints, with equal zeal,
To rise and dwell among Thy saints.

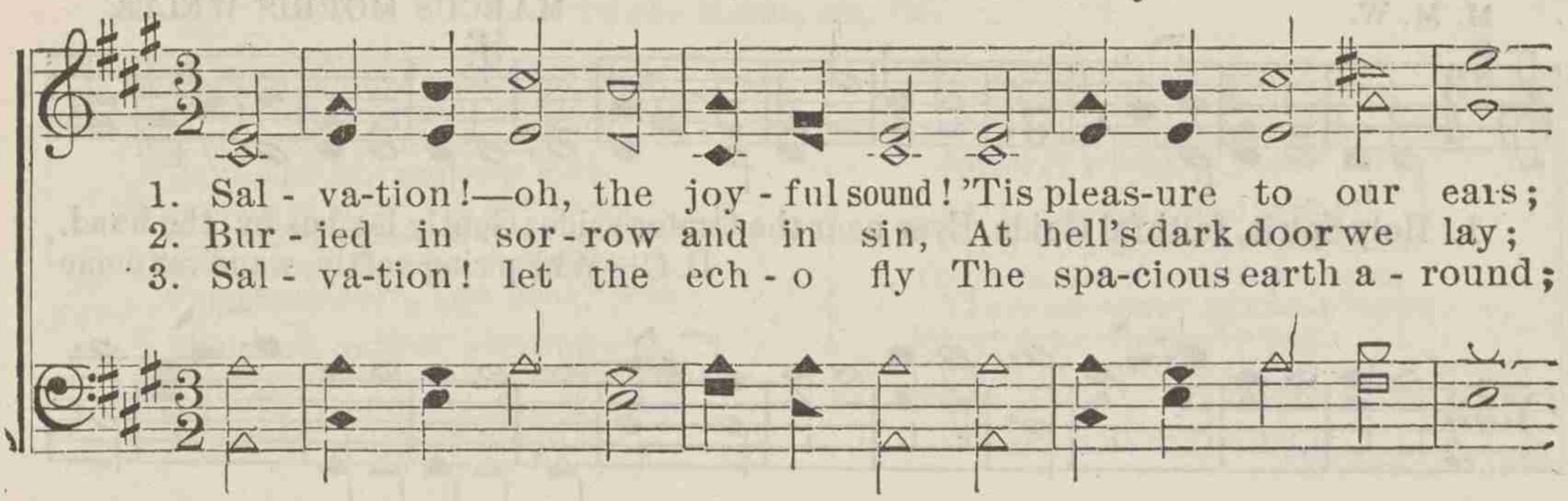
3 Oh, happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

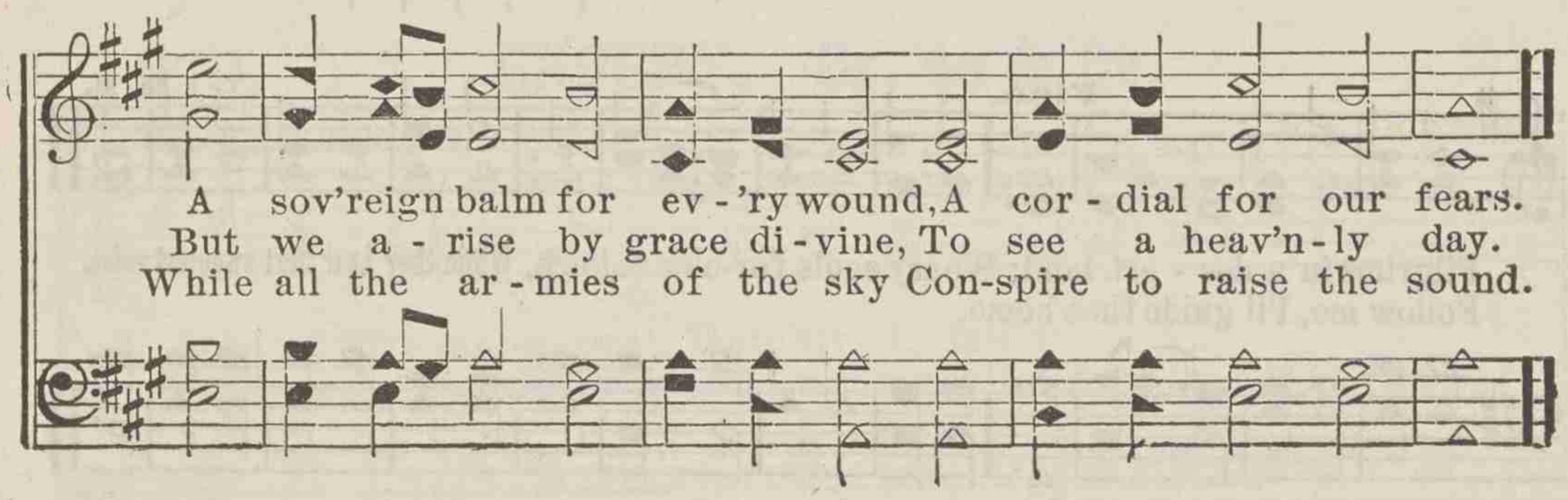
4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
Oh, glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

ISAAC WATTS.

273 SALVATION.
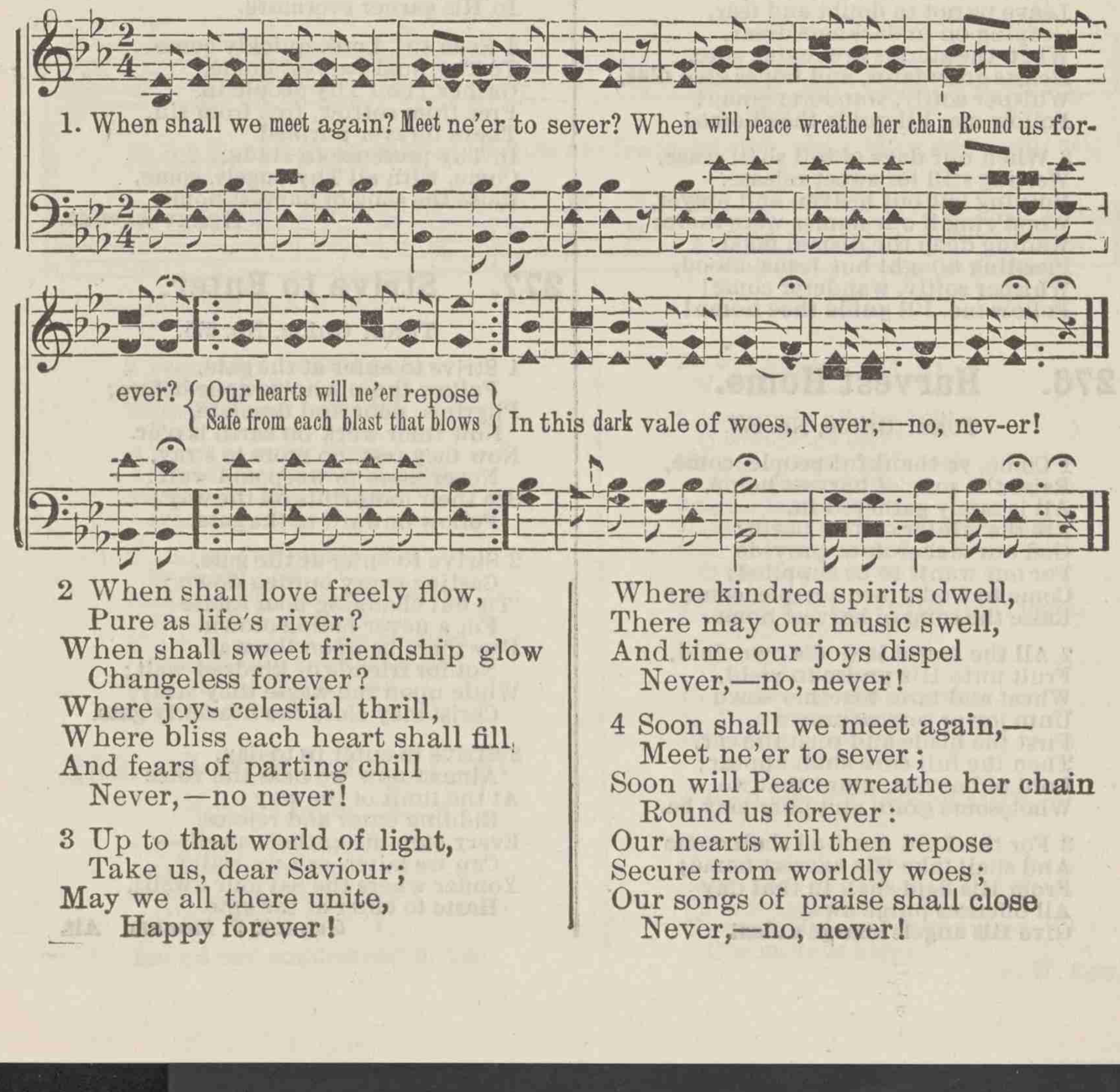
Rev. I. WATTS. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.





274. UNITY. 6s. 5.

ALARIC A. WATTS. 1821. Vs. 2, 3, 4, S. F. SMITH. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never,—no never!

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!
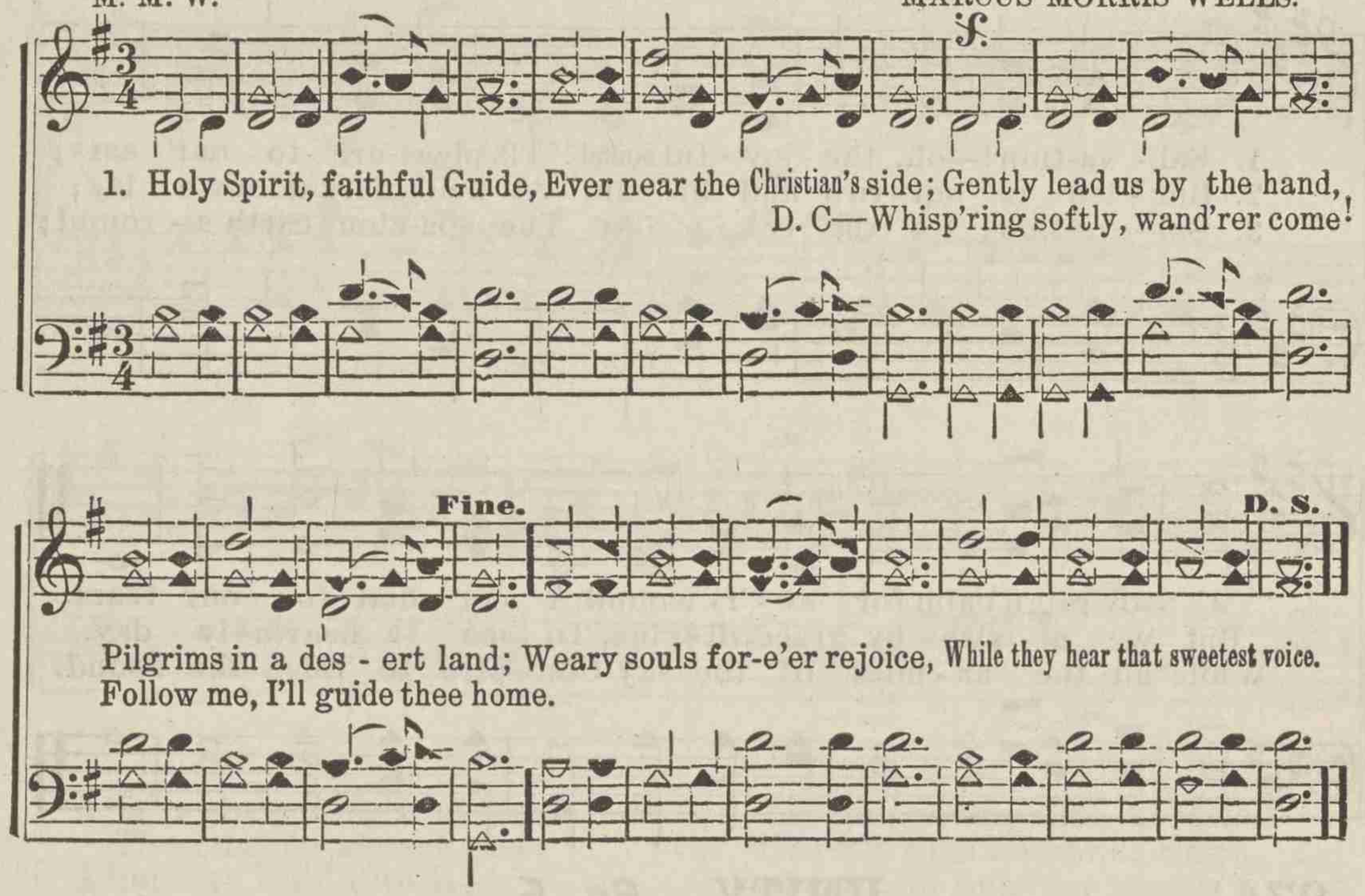
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never,—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never,—no, never!

275. GUIDE. 7s. D.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—Psa. 38: 8.

M. M. W. MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.



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

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

276. Harvest Home.

Ture: Guide, No. 275.

1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home,
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of harvest home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield,
Wheat and tares together sown
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offenses purge away
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so! Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest home,
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There forever purified.
In Thy presence to abide;
Come, with all Thy angels, come,
Raise the song of harvest home,

Henry Alfred.

277. Strive to Enter.

Tune: Guide, No. 275.

1 Strive to enter at the gate,
Follow those who've gone before;
Pilgrims, poor and desolate,
Now their work on earth is o'er.
Now they rest, no more to stray,
Never more to weep and wait:
See their footprints on the way;
Follow onward to the gate.

2 Strive to enter at the gate,
Casting every burden down;
'Tis but changing poor estate
For a never-fading crown.
Few there be upon the way,
Not for friends or kindred wait;
While upon the waste they stray,
Christ may close the heavenly gate.

3 Strive to enter in to-day,
Almost now we hear the voice
At the limit of the way
Bidding enter and rejoice.
Every step the anthem swells—
Can we falter, can we wait?
Yonder where the Saviour dwells,
Haste to enter at the gate.

George P. Morris. Alt.

278. HIGH IN YONDER REALMS OF LIGHT.

TUNE: Guide, No. 275.

1 High in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing tears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.
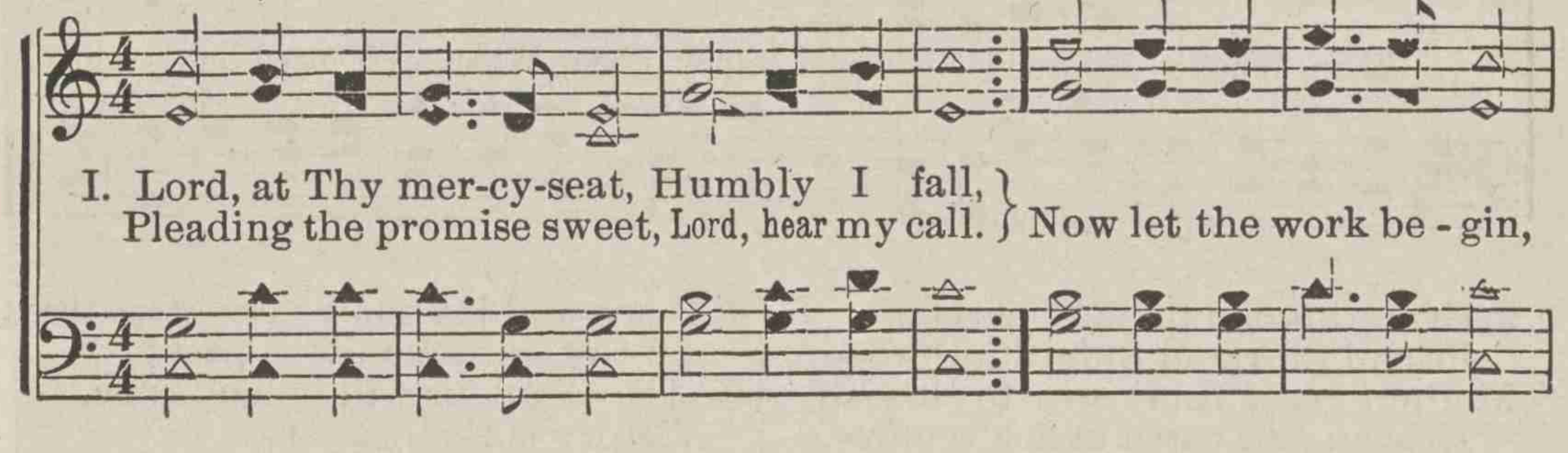
2 But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more;
Never, never weep again;
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows;
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow is eternal rest.

THOMAS RAFFLES.

279. CROSBY. 6s, 4s & 6s.

FANNY J. CROSBY. D. E. DORTCH.



Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall;
Help Thou my unbelief,
Hear Thou my call,
O how I pine for Thee,
'Tis all my hope and plea,
Jesus hath died for me,
Jesus, my all.

3 Still at Thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise, sweet,
Heard is my call;
Faith wings my soul to Thee,
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus hath died for me,
Jesus, my all.

280. O Wondrous Love!

TUNE: Crosby, No. 279.

1 God gave His Son for me,
O wondrous love!
From sin to set me free,
O wondrous love!
A guilty rebel I,
Bound and condemned to die
He did not pass me by,
O wondrous love!

2 Jesus paid all the debt,
O wondrous love!
Widest extremes He met,
O wondrous love!
Justice is satisfied,
Heaven's gate thrown open wide,
God now is glorified,
O wondrous love!

3 There, there at God's right hand,
O wondrous love!
I see my Surety stand,
O wondrous love!
He makes my nature pure,
In Him I am secure
Whatever I endure,
O wondrous love!

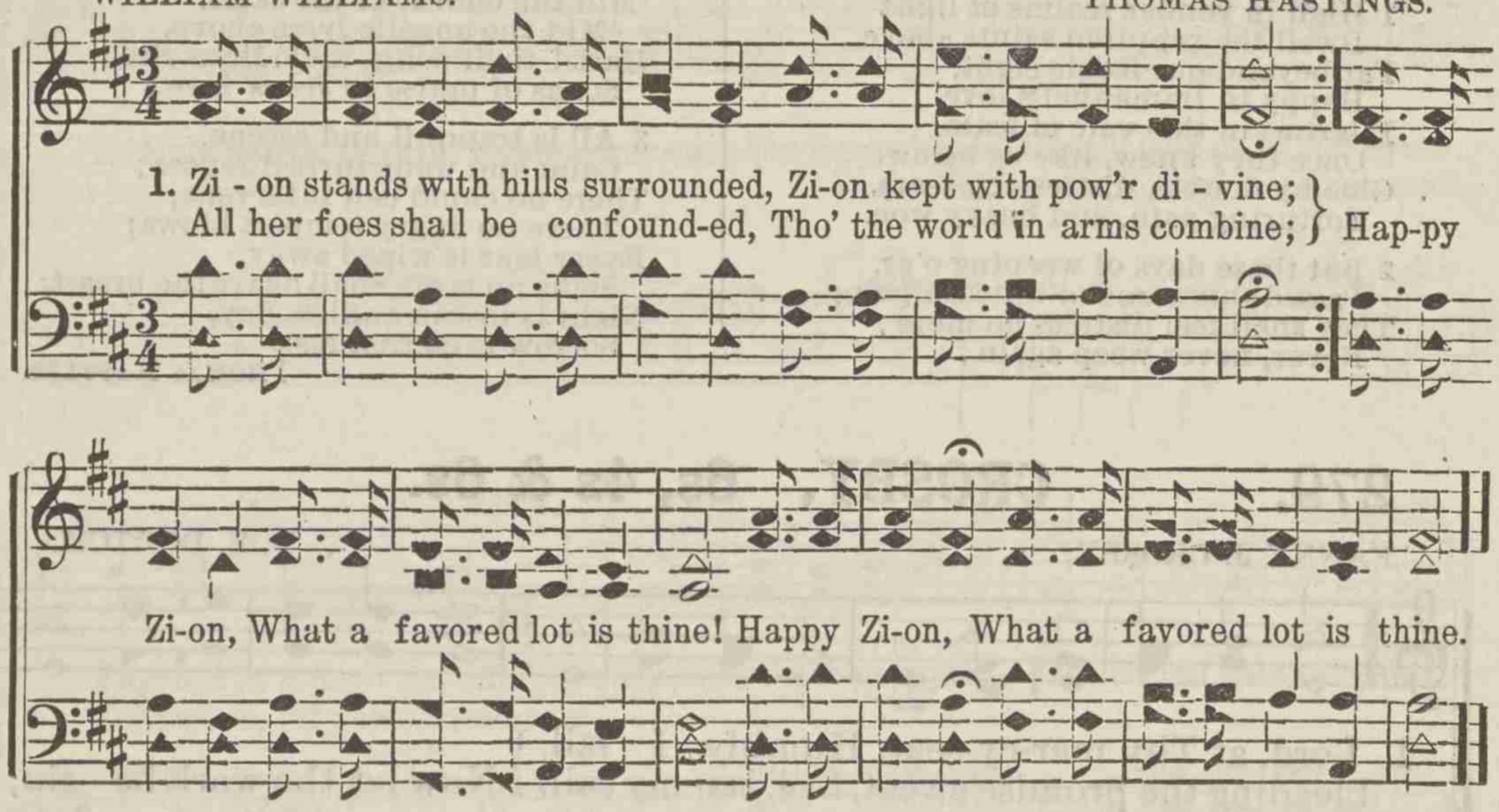
4 He'll give me needful grace,
O wondrous love!
Soon I shall see His face,
O wondrous love!
Join those who've gone before,
Sorrow and pain all o'er,
Heaven, heaven for evermore,
O wondrous love!

F. W. FBY.

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

"Thou leadest thy people like a flock."—Ps. 77 : 20.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove,
‖: But no changes,
Can attend Jehovah's love. :‖

3 In the furnace, God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee out more bright;
But can never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in His sight;
‖: God is with thee,
God, Thine everlasting light. :‖

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

282. On the Mountain Top.

TUNE: Zion, No. 281.

1 On the mountain top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands;
‖: Mourning captive
God Himself shall loose thy bands.:‖

2 Has the night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sights and tears unmoved?
‖: Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.:‖

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
He, Himself, appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
‖ Great deliverance,
Zion's King will surely send. :‖

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee,
Victory is theirs at last.
‖: All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest. :‖

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

283. Crown the Saviour.

TUNE: Zion, No. 281.

1 Look ye saints the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow.
‖: Crown Him, crown Him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow. :‖

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him;
Rich the trophies, Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
‖: Crown Him, Crown Him,
Crown the Saviour King of kings. :‖

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus their Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name;
‖: Crown Him, crown Him,
Spread abroad the Victor's fame. :‖

4 Hark, what bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station,
O what joy the sight affords.
‖; Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords. :‖

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

284. THE SECOND ADVENT.

TUNE : Zion, No. 281. REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumphs of His train;
‖: Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign. :‖

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree:
‖: Deeply wailing
Shall the true Messiah see. :‖

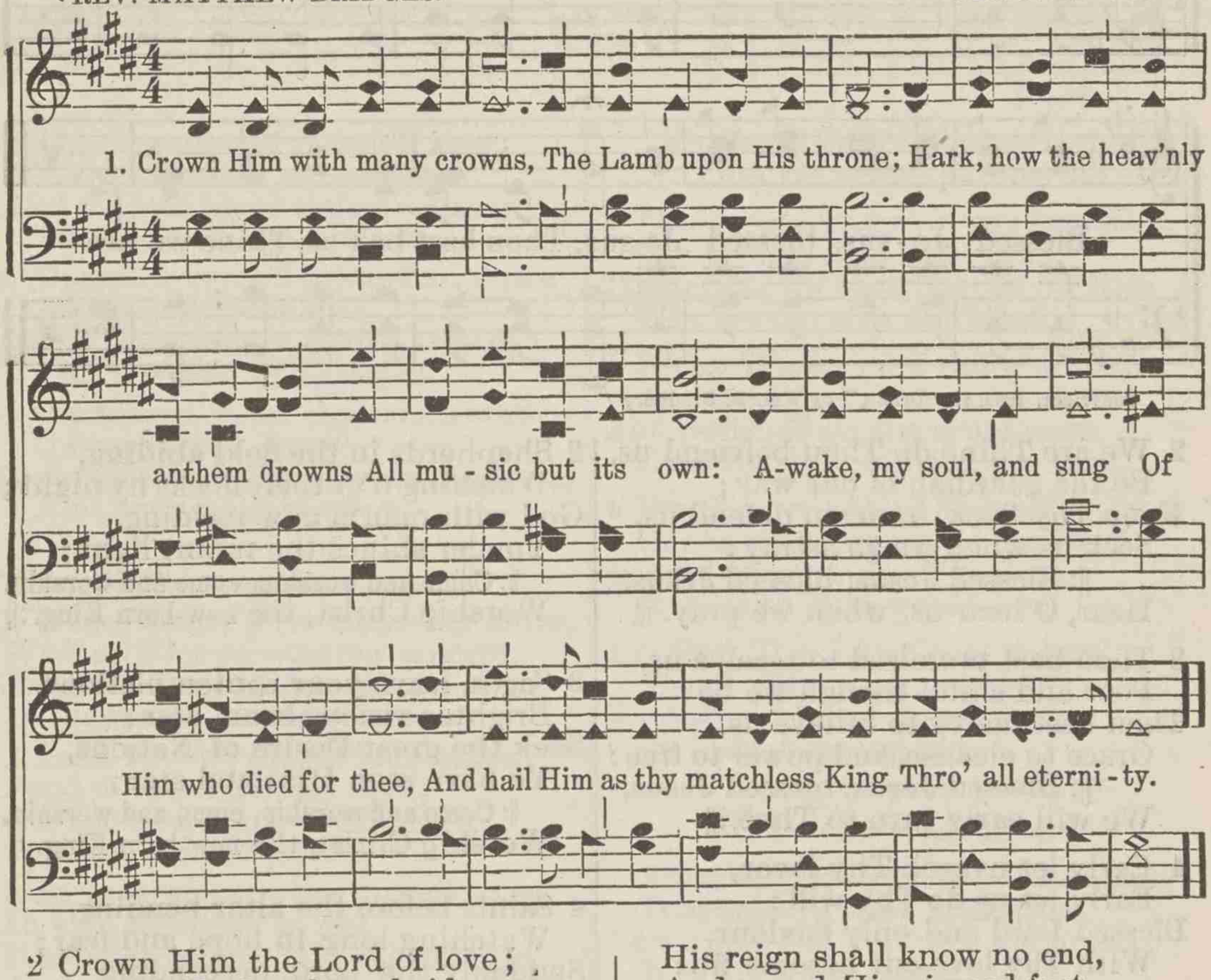
3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night;
When with angel-hosts surrounded,
In His Father's glory bright,
‖: Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light. :‖

4 See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark on earth the doleful cry;
Men on rocks and mountains calling
While the frowning Judge draws nigh;
‖: "Hide me, hide me,
Rocks and mountains from His eye." :‖

285. CROWN HIM WITH MANY. S. M. D.

"On his head were many crowns."—REV. 19 : 12.

REV. MATTHEW BRIDGES. GEO. J. ELVEY.



2 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above,
In beauty glorified;
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.
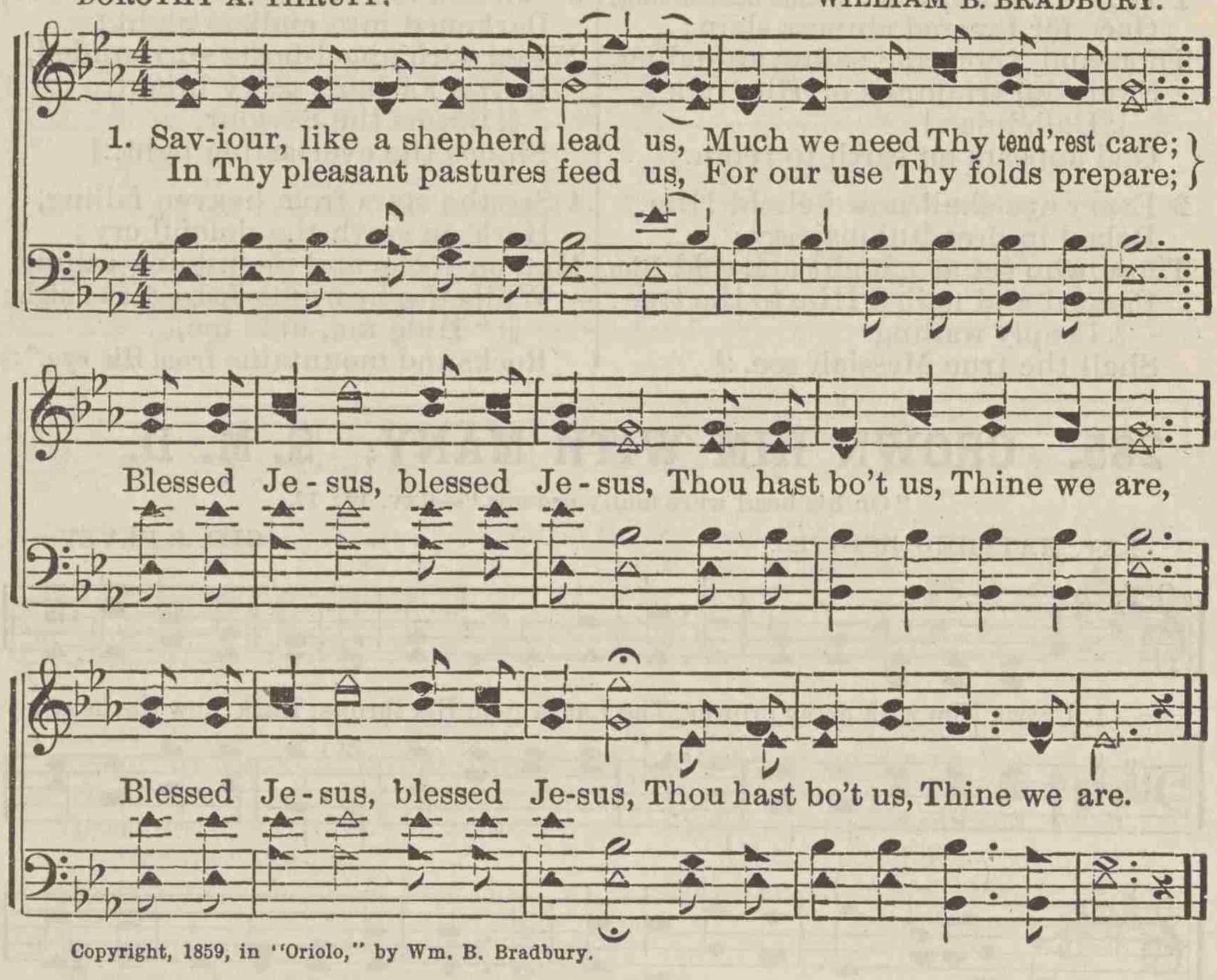
3 Crown Him the Lord of peace;
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

286. SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s & 4s.

"I am the Good shepherd."—JOHN 10: 11.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



Copyright, 1859, in "Oriolo," by Wm. B. Bradbury.

2 We are Thine do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray. :‖

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee. :‖

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still. :‖

287. Angels from the Realms.

TUNE: Shepherd, No. 286.

1 Angels from the realms of Glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
‖: Come and worship. come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.:‖

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er their flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
‖: Come and worship, come and worshlp,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.:‖

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear;
Suddenly the Lord, descending
In His temple shall appear;
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

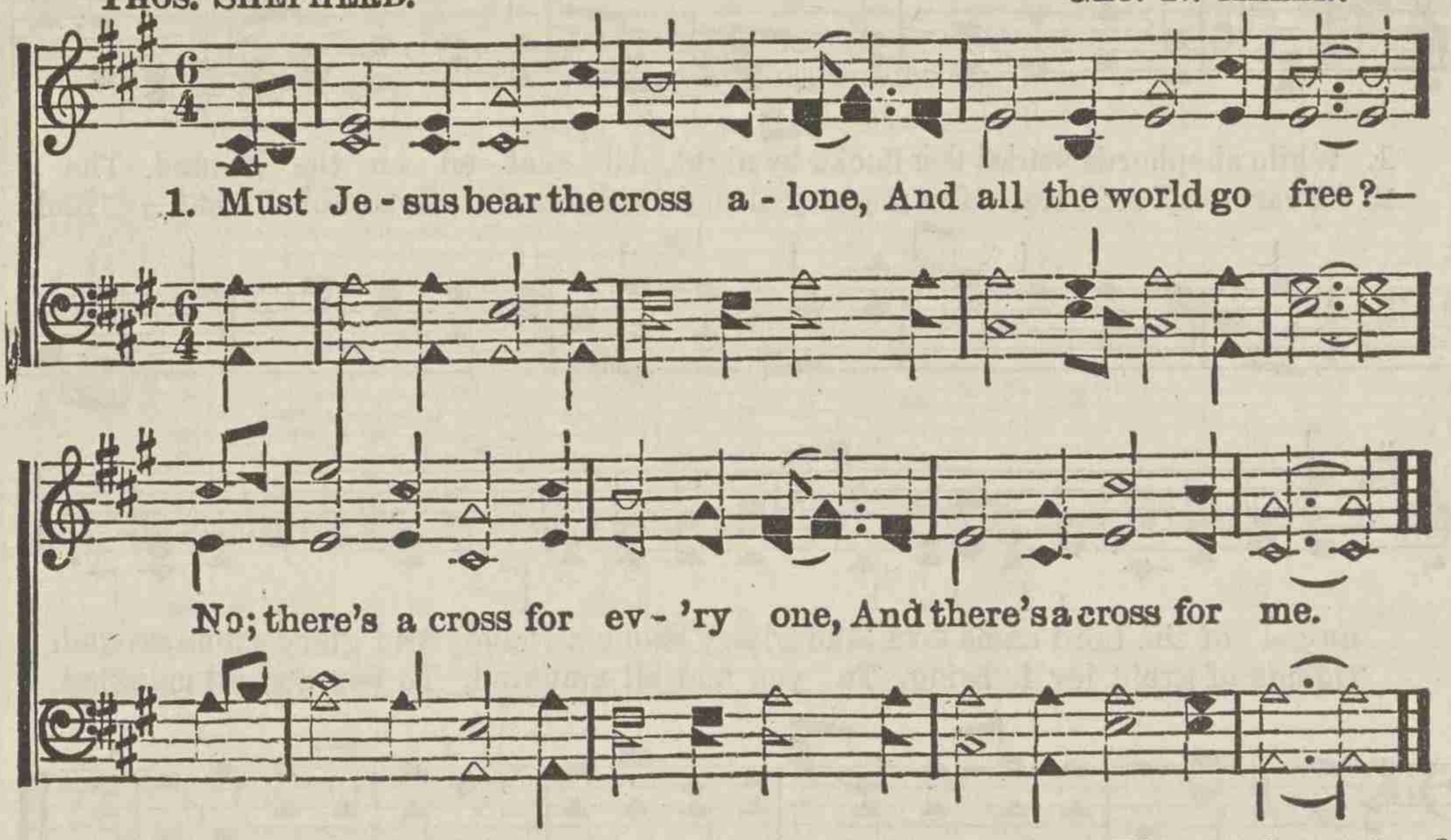
5 Sinners wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains;
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

REV. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

288 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

MAITLAND. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.



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

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

289 *See music above.*

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

290 *See music above,*

1 Jesus commands us to forgive
If we would be forgiven;
And Christians be while here on earth
Or reign with Him in heaven.

CHO.—I must forgive, I do forgive
My every enemy;
For Jesus shed His precious blood
That He might pardon me.

2 Tho' deeply wronged we may have been,
Our wrongs do not exceed
The insults we have heaped on Him
Who for our sins did bleed.

3 He for His foes did suffer death,
And freely all forgave;
And perished on the cruel cross
That He their souls might save.

4 For those who pierced His hands and feet,
Our Saviour prayed "Forgive;"
His spirit we must all possess
If we with Him would live.

5 O God, Thy Spirit now impart,
That I Thine own may be;
That all my foes I may forgive
As Thou forgivest me.

M. W. Knapp. Used by per.

291 *See music above.*

1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind but now I see.

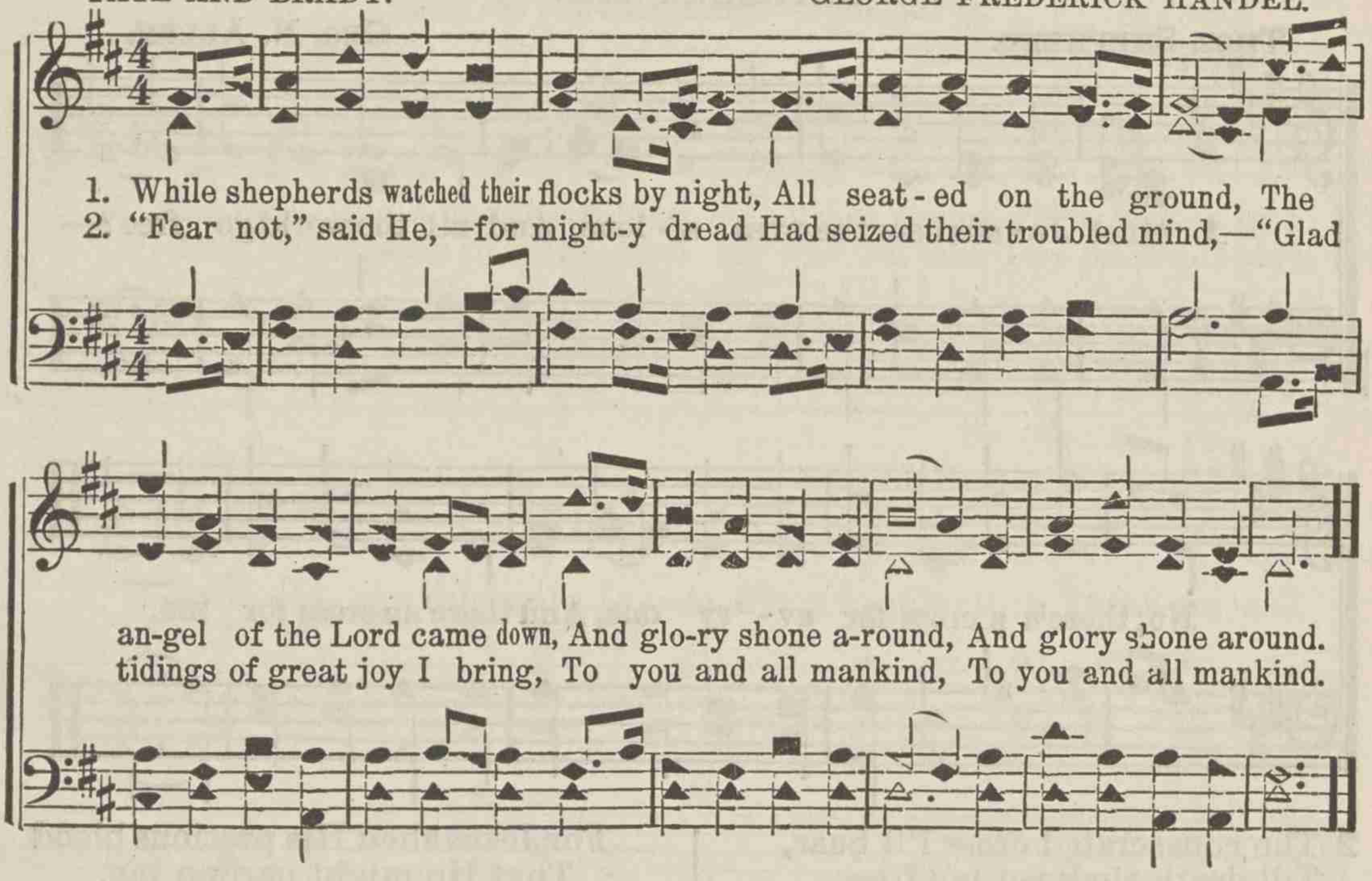
2 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

292. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

"Glad tidings of great joy."—LUKE 2. 10.

TATE AND BRADY. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord;
‖: And this shall be the sign. :‖

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
‖: And in a manger laid." :‖

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forth-with
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
‖: Who thus addressed their song :‖

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
‖: Begin and never cease." :‖

293. Eternal Spirit.

TUNE: Christmas, No. 292. Psalms 21; 10.

1 Eternal Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
‖: And feed the pure desire. :‖

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed:
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
‖: And give the weary rest. :‖

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we with humble, holy heart,
‖: May worship only Thee :‖

294. Mortals Awake.

TUNE: Christmas, No. 292.

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

2 In heaven the rapturous song began
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
‖: And strung and tuned the lyre. :‖

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

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

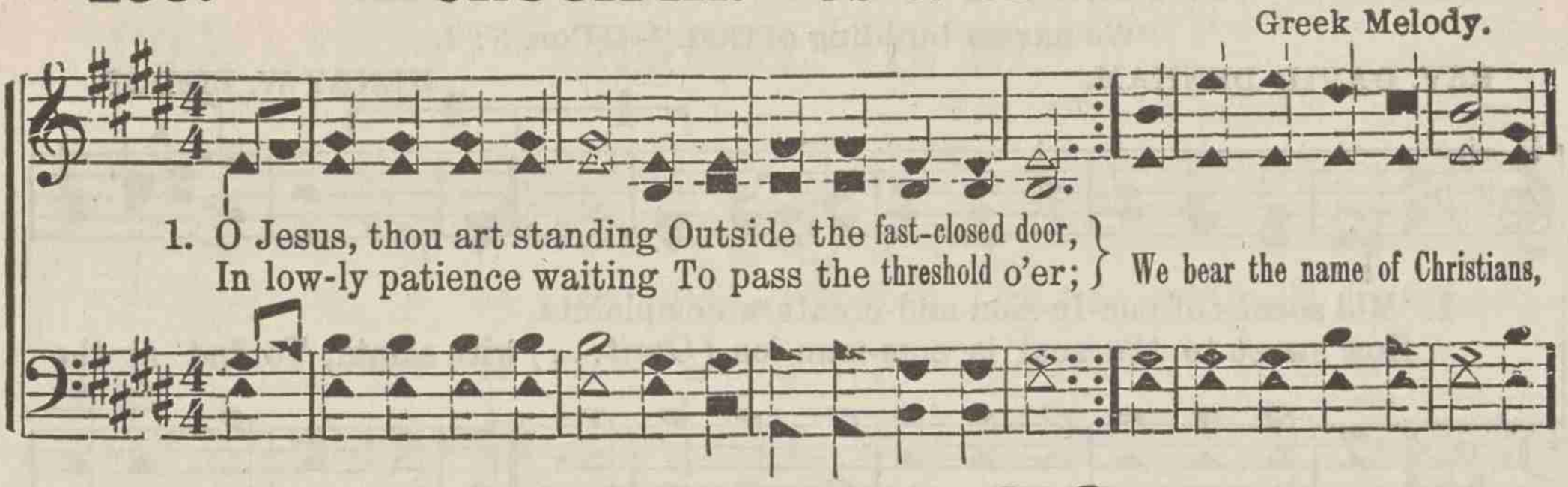
5 With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high!"
Good will and peace are now complete,
‖: Jesus was born to die. :‖

6 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
‖: Thy praise shall never end. :‖

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

295. CRUCIFIX. 7s & 6s D.

Greek Melody.



2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,—
I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

296. When His Salvation.

TUNE: Crucifix. No. 295.

1 When His salvation bringing
To Zion Jesus came;
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since our Lord retaineth,
His love for children still;
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around His banner,
We'll bow before His throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna!
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise;
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well, hosannas raise;
But shall we only render,
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

REV. JOHN KING.

297. We Bring No Glittering.

TUNE: Crucifix, No. 295.

1 We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems of earth's deep mine;
We come with simple measures,
To chant Thy love divine;
Children Thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth;
To us is early given,
To guide our steps of youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

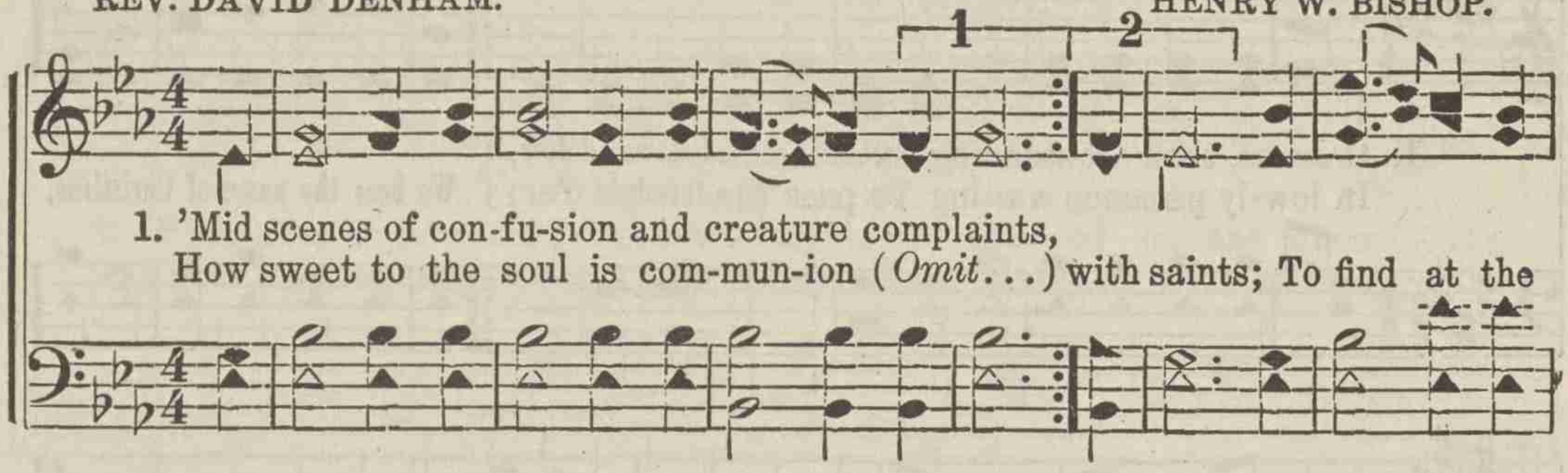
3 Redeemer, grant Thy blessing,
O teach us how to pray!
That each Thy love possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then, where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again;
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise Thy name.

HARRIET PHILLIPS.

298. HOME, SWEET HOME! 11s.

"We have a building of God."—2 Cor. 5: 1.

REV. DAVID DENHAM. HENRY W. BISHOP.



2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease,
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, the smiles of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine:
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

299. Bright Home.

Tune: Home, Sweet Home, No. 298.

1 Bright home of my Saviour, what glories await
The spirits that pass through the bright, pearly gate;
What anthems of rapture unceasing and high
Compose the loud chorus that gladdens the sky.—Ref.

2 The home of the ransomed, the land of the blest,
Where pilgrims shall enter a glorious rest;
Shall wander in gladness the pastures of green,
And drink the still waters of pleasures serene.—Ref.
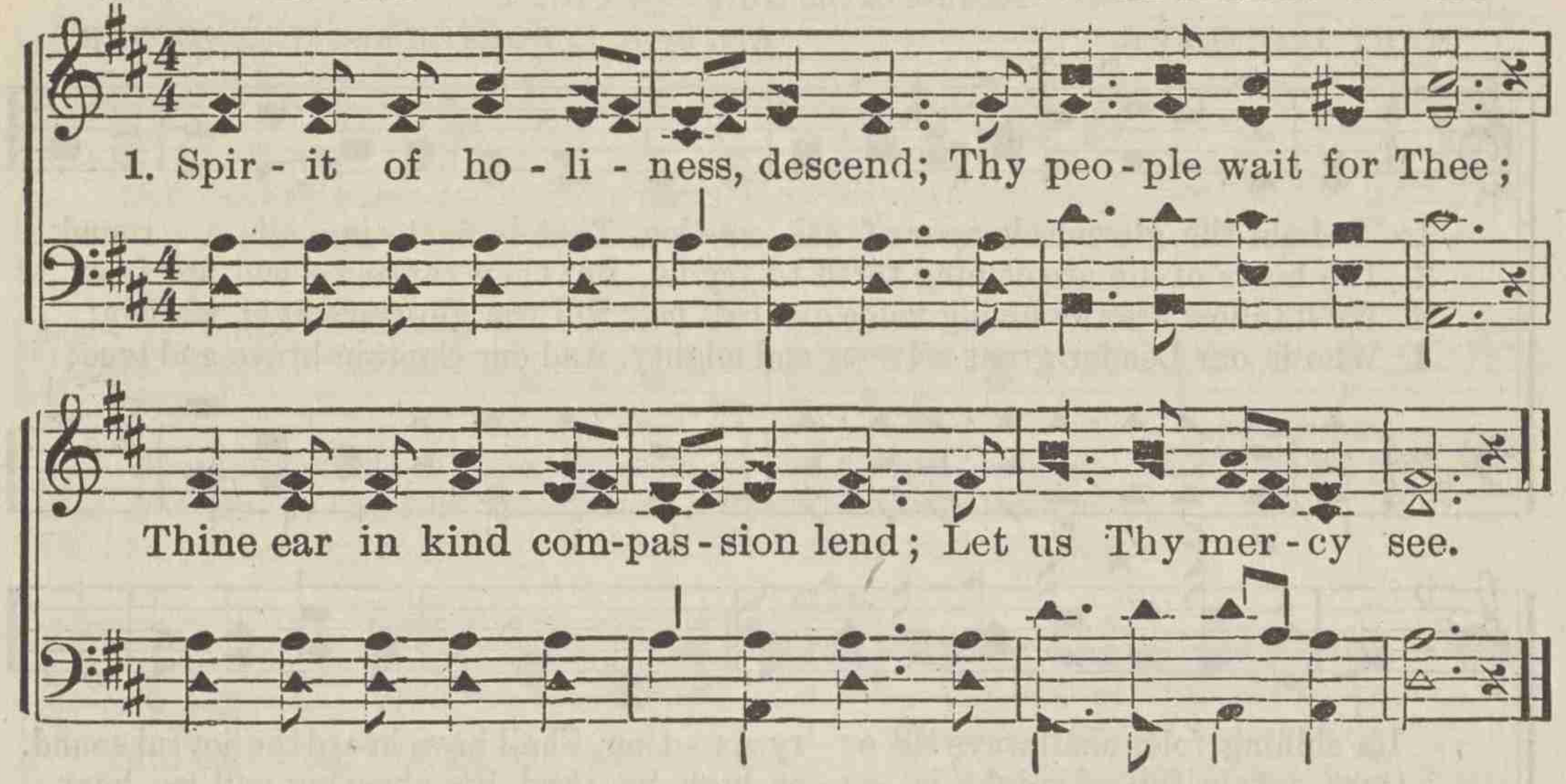
3 The home that my Saviour has gone to prepare
No heart can conceive of the blessedness there;
Of raptures unending awaiting the just
When pure in His likeness they rise from the dust.—Ref.

4 We bless Thee, dear Saviour, Thou call'st us to share
The beautiful home Thou hast gone to prepare;
We trust in Thy mercy that washed from our sin,
Through yonder bright gates we may all enter in.—Ref.

—Unknown.

300. NAOMI. C. M.

S. F. SMITH. 1832. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



2 Behold, Thy weary churches t,
With wishful, longing eyes;
Let us no more lie desolate;
O bid Thy light arise!

3 Thy light that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to Thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone,-
Alone Thy people be.

4 O bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them on earth for Thine abode,
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis Thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come,—for we wait thy power divine.—
Let us Thy mercy share.

301. Lord, in the Morning.

TUNE: Naomi, No. 300.

1 Lord, in the morning, Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ has gone,
To plead for all His saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Now to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

4 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

302. Father Whate'er.

TUNE: Naomi, No. 300.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart.
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

303. Alas! And Did My.

TUNE: Naomi, No. 300.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Soverefgn die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

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

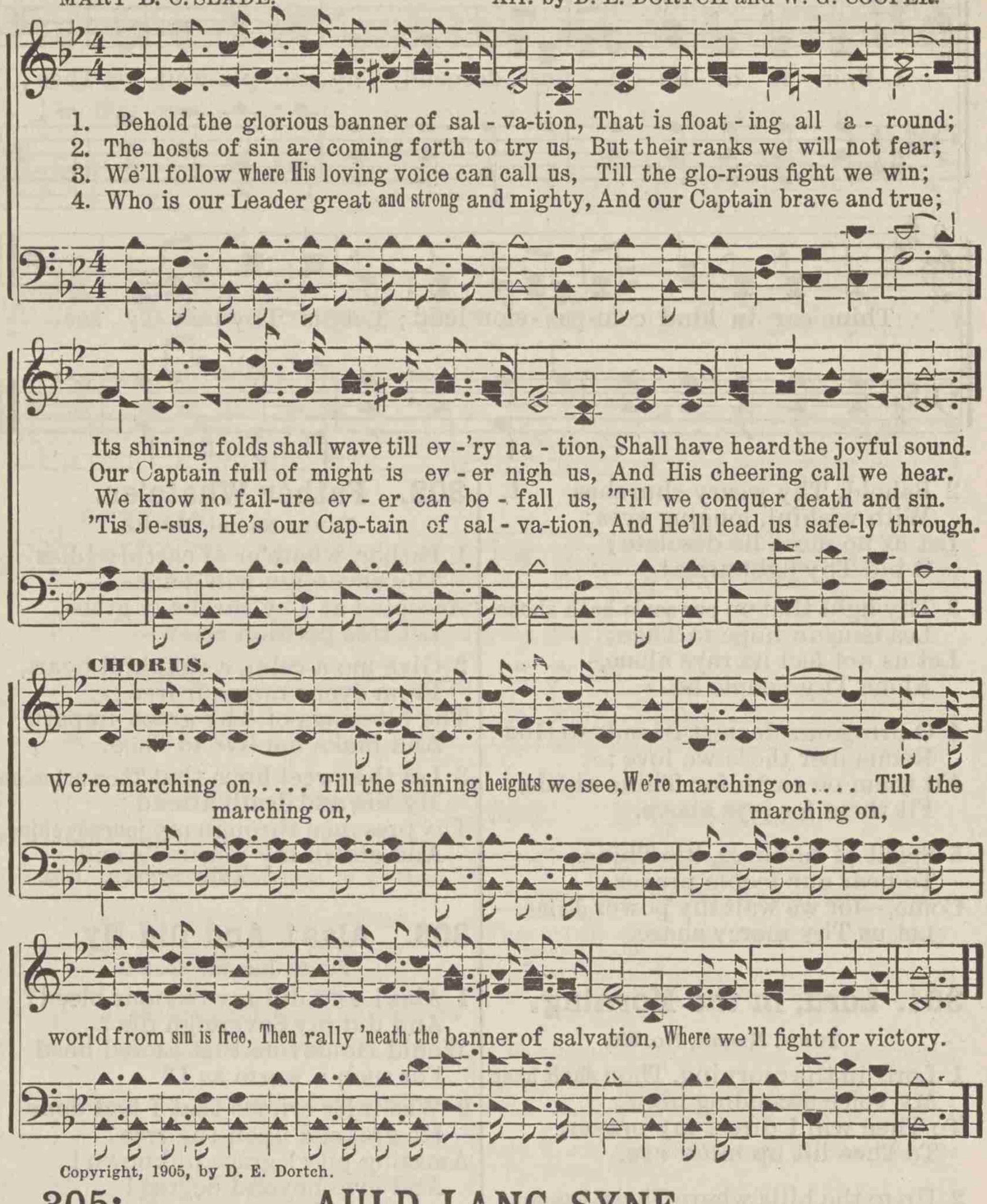
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

304. THE BANNER OF SALVATION.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it might be displayed because of the truth."—Ps. 60: 4.

MARY B. C. SLADE. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH and W. G. COOPER.

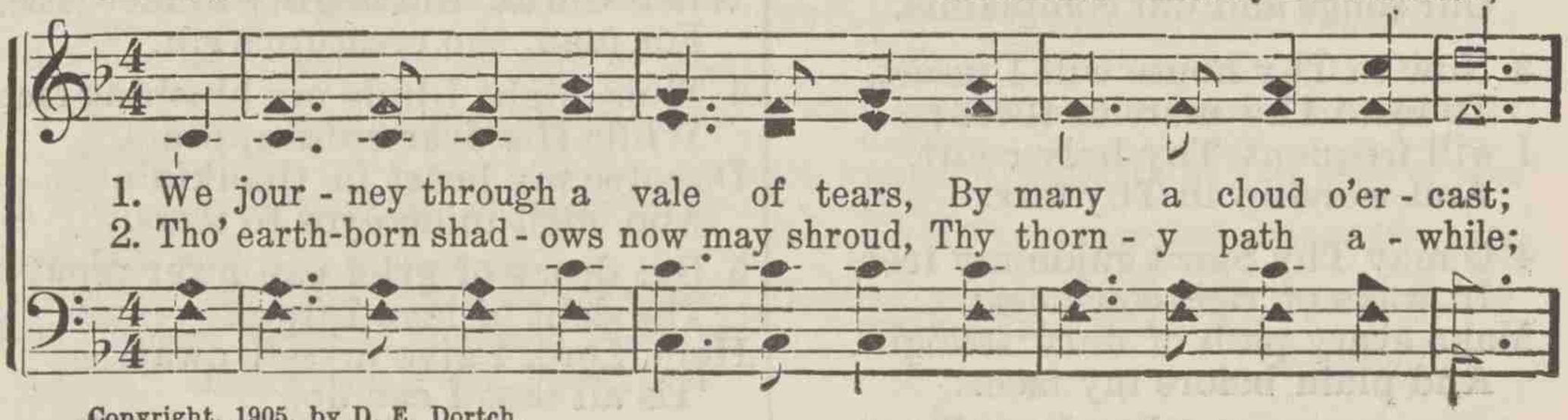


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305. AULD LANG SYNE.

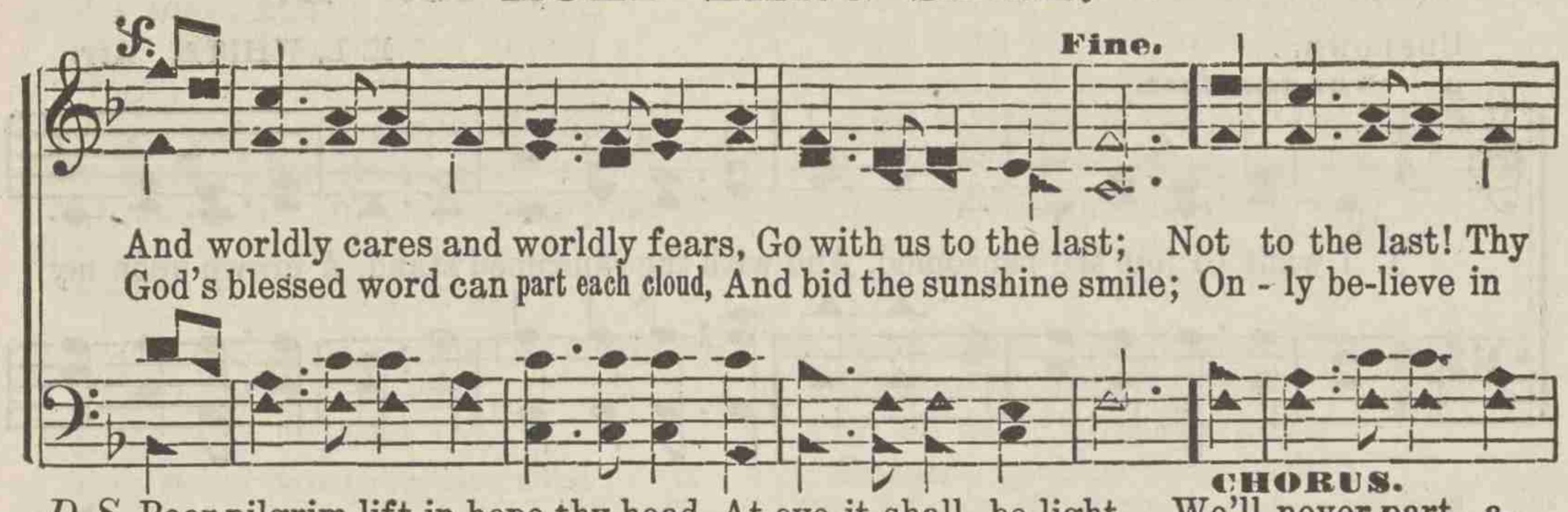
"And at evening time it shall be light."—ZECH. 14: 7.
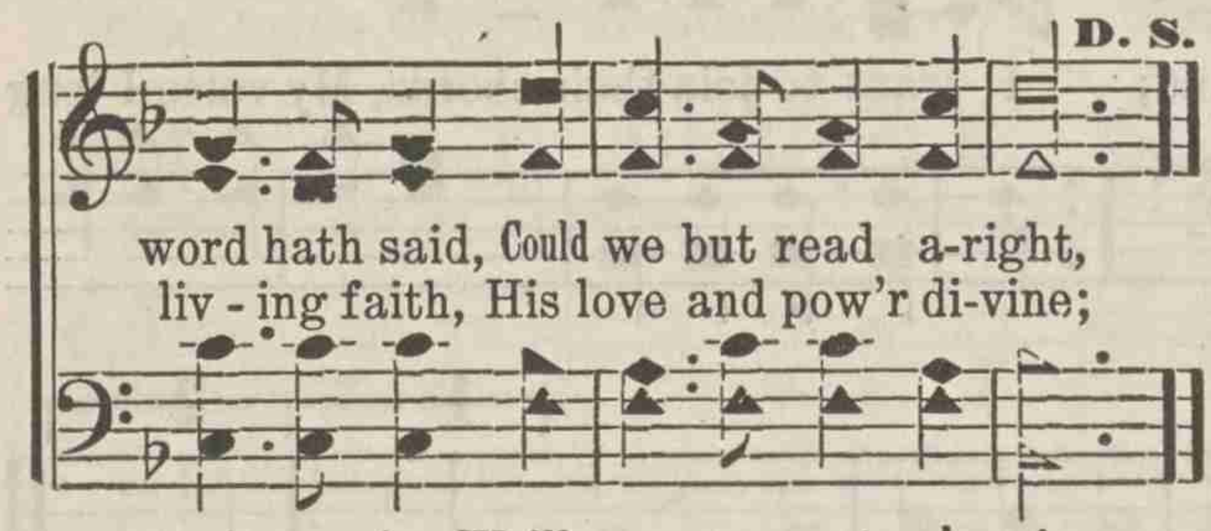
Unknown. Scotch air. Arr. by D. E. Dortch.



Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

AULD LANG SYNE.





3 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace;
Shine sweetly in the vaulted sky,—
A pledge that storms shall cease;
Hold on thy way with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight;
And thou shalt own His word fulfilled,
At eve it shall be light.

306. The Mighty God.

TUNE: "Auld Lang Syne." No. 305.

1 O who is like the mighty One,
Whose throne is in the sky?
Who compasseth the universe
With His all-searching eye;
At whose creative word appeared,
The dry land and the sea;
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for Thee.

2 Around Him suns and systems swim,
In harmony and light,
Before Him harps angelic hymn
His praises day and night;
Yet to the contrite, day and night,
In mercy turneth He;
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for Thee.

3 Yes! though unlimited His works,
His power upholds them all;
He clothes the lilies of the field,
And marks the sparrow's fall;
Who listens to the raven's cry,
Will bend His ear to me,
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for Thee.

MOIR.

307. Rise Above.

TUNE: "Auld Lang Syne." No. 305.

1 Soldies of Christ, why thus cast down,
Why droops thy nerveless hand?
Have faith and hope and courage gone?
Fear'st thou the alien band?
Take heart, 'twill not be always night;
Through riven clouds afar,
Gleams down in rays of diamond light,
The Bright and Morning Star.

2 Seek not the ground in weak despair,
Nor break 'neath sufferings rod;
The fight thou wagest, is the care
Of the all-loving God:
Joy comes thro' sorrow, death brings life;
Peace rides on battle's car;
And beams on darkest night of strife,
The Bright and Morning Star.

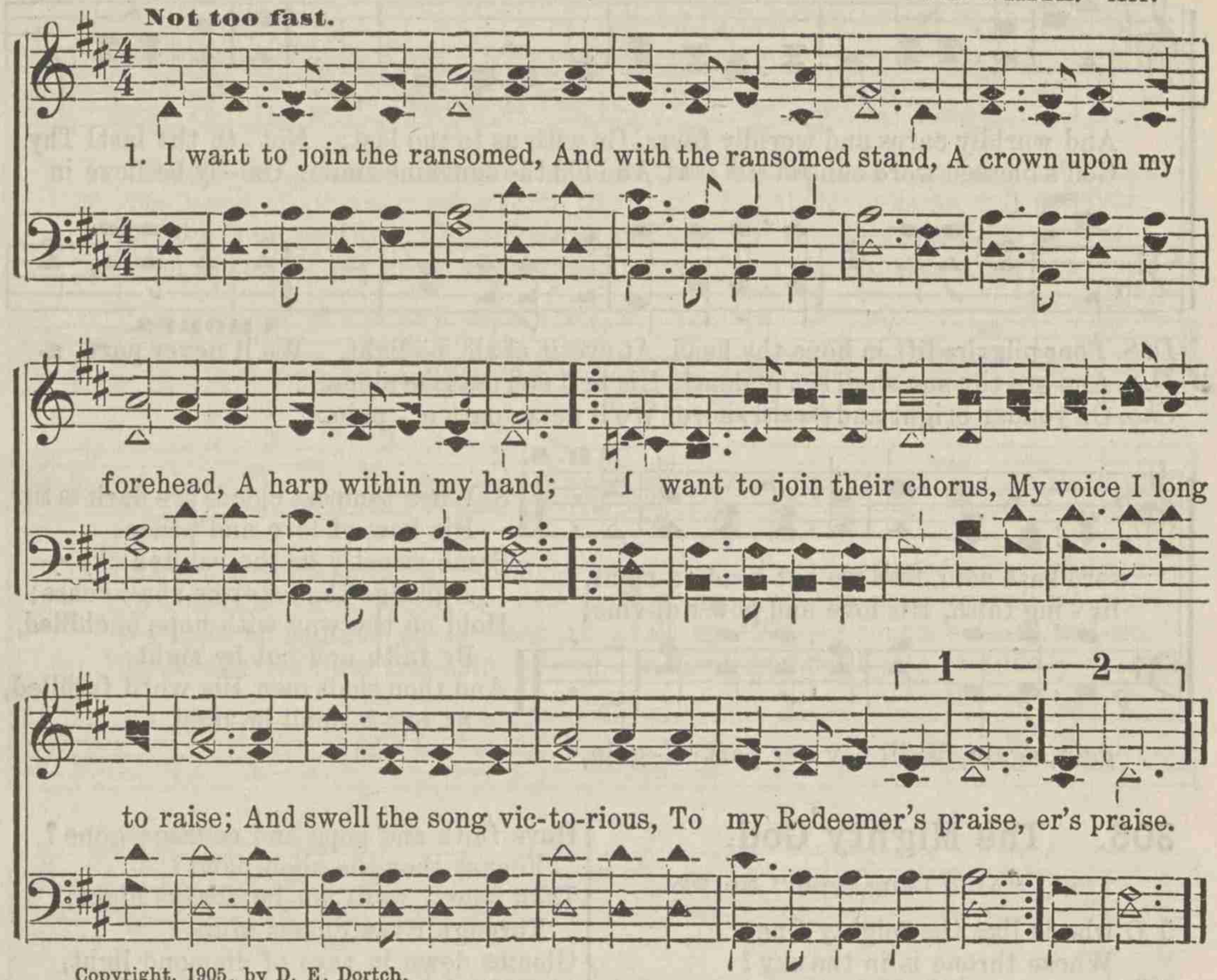
3 Press on the foe! God rules the years,
Wrong shall not triumph long;
Expectant faith already hears,
Truth's glad victorious song.
The nations soon shall own their King,
The wise from near and far;
Once more to Him their offerings bring,
The Bright and Morning Star.

4 Then fear not, Christian, for the right!
Nor falter 'mid the fray;
For truth is victor: error's night
Flies from the coming day.
Thine eye through dust and tears may see
On heaven's broad scroll afar,
The promise sure: "I'll give to thee,"
The Bright and Morning Star.

Author unknown.

308. JOYOUS CHORUS. 7s & 6s. D.

Unknown. E. L. WHITE. Arr.



Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Angels look on in wonder,
They can not join that song;
But list in silent rapture,
While saints the notes prolong;
Make me a saint in glory,
O let me see Thy face;
Like those who, now before Thee,
Repeat Thy wondrous grace.

3 They cast their crowns before Thee,
They hail Thee, Saviour, King;
And while they then adore Thee,
New praises strive to sing;
And thus through endless ages,
The blissful rapture grows;
And thus through endless ages,
Thy love unchanging flows.

3 I would not be an angel—
For them no Saviour died;
No, rather let me glory
In Christ, the crucified;
His love shall draw me nearer
Than angels ever come;
At His right hand He'll place me,
In our eternal home.

309. I Love to Hear the Story.

TUNE: Joyous Chorus, No. 308.

1 I love to hear the story,
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell;
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me
Because He loved me so.

2 I'm glad the blessed Savior
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones may be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He loves my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among the angels,
Because He loves me so.

MRS. EMILY H. MILLER.

310. PLEASANT PATHWAYS. (National).

TUNE: Joyous Chorus, No. 308. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

1 We meet again in gladness,
And thankful voices raise;
To God, our heavenly Father,
We'll tune our grateful praise;
'Twas His kind hand that kept us
Through all the changing year;
His love it is that brings us
Again to worship here.

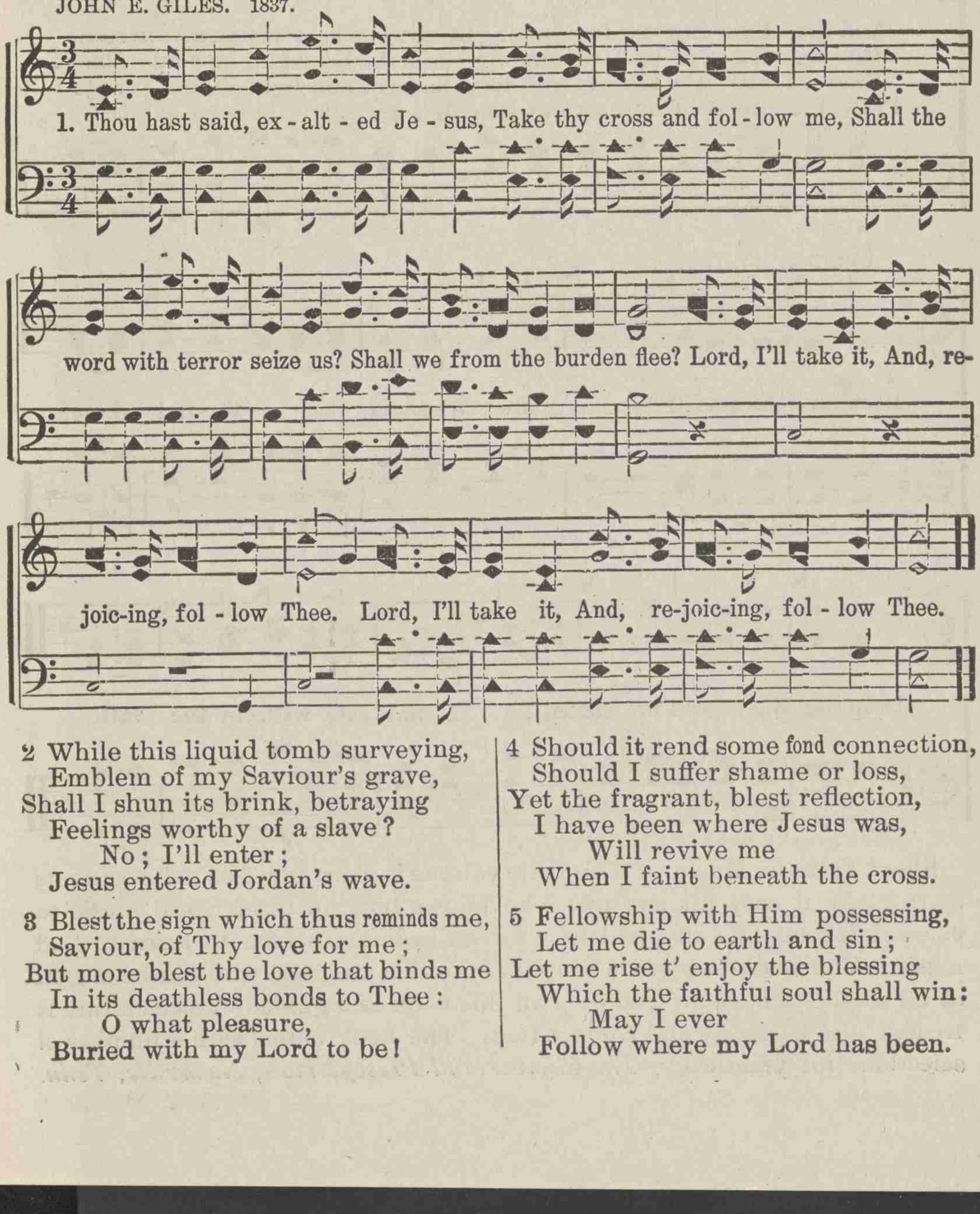
2 We'll thank Him for the Sabbath,
This holy day of rest;
And for the blessed Bible,
The Book we love the best;
For church and schools and teachers,
To us so kindly given,
To guide us in the pathway
That leads to joys in heaven.

3 We thank Thee for our country,
The land our fathers trod—
For liberty of conscience
And right to worship God;
O Lord, our heavenly Father,
Accept the praise we bring,
And tune our hearts and voices
Thy glorious name to sing.

4 Soon may Thy gracious scepter
Extend to every land,
And all as willing subjects
Submit to Thy command;
Send forth Thy gospel tidings,
And hasten on the day,
When every isle and nation
Shall own Messiah's sway.

311. DISCIPLE. 8s, 7s, 4.

JOHN E. GILES. 1837.



2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No; I'll enter;
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

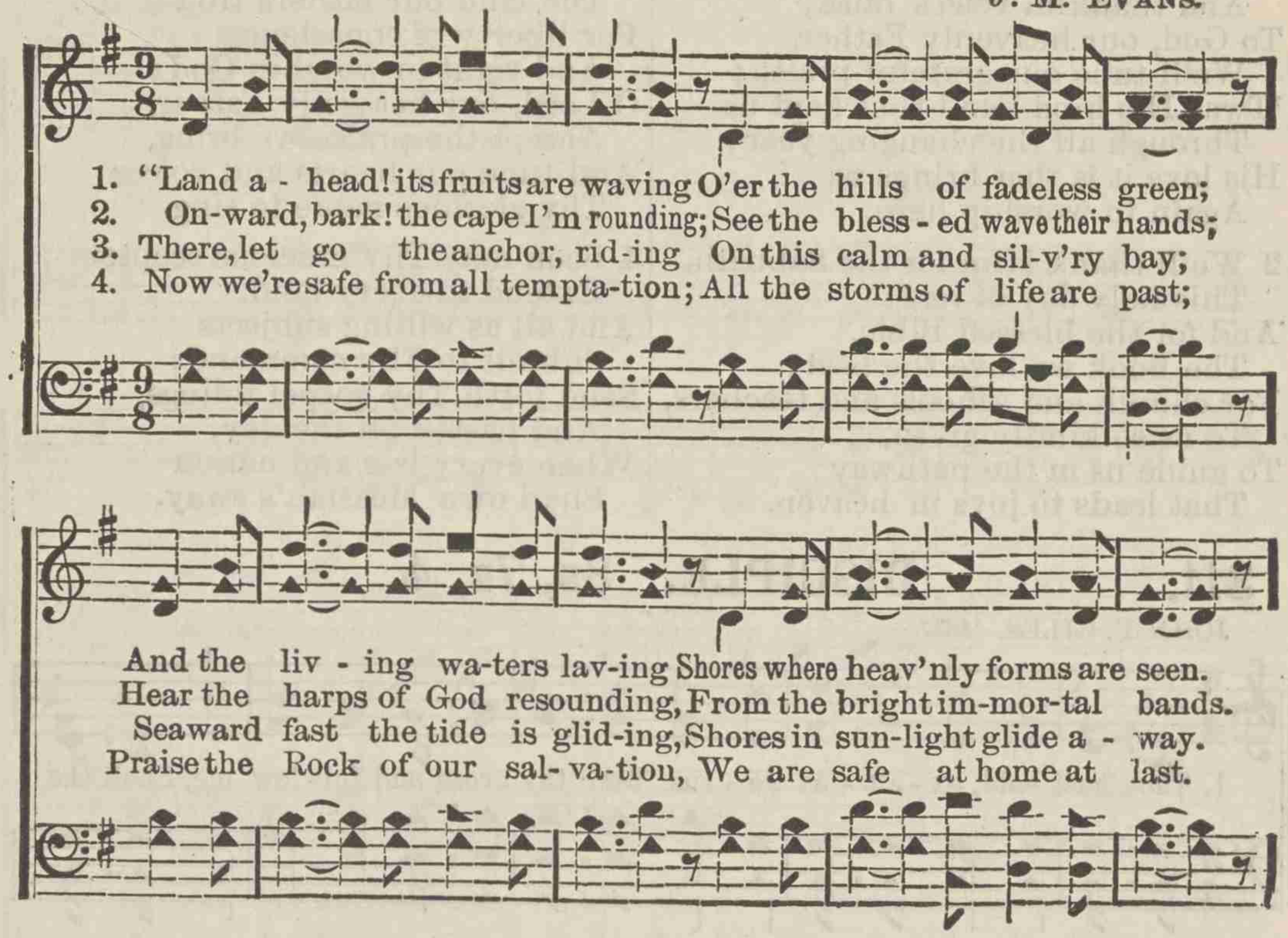
3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of Thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to Thee:
O what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

5 Fellowship with Him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win:
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

No. 312 SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

J. M. EVANS.

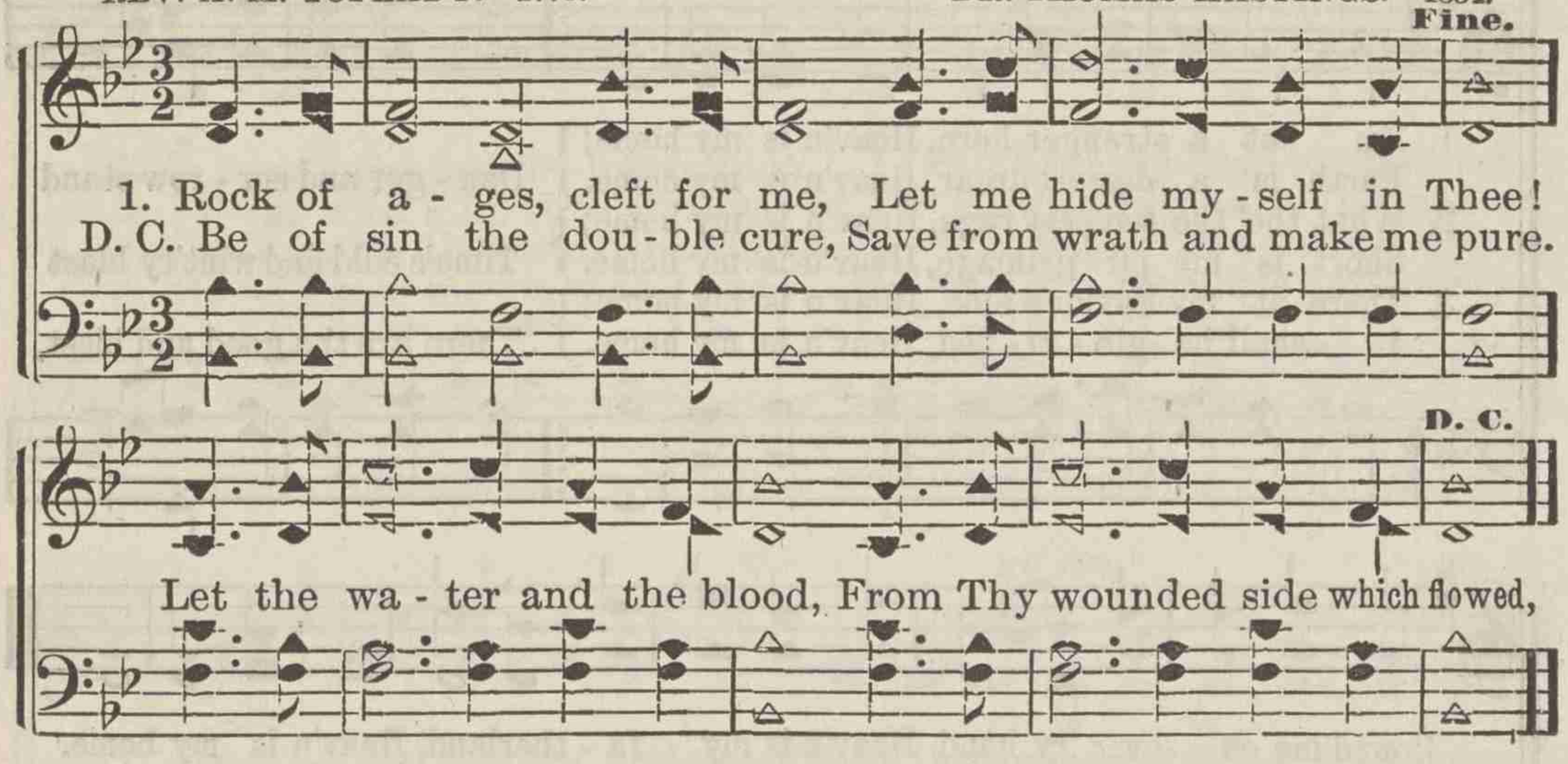


Short Talks on Music. "This little volume is so arranged as to its contents as to make it easy for any one who knows how, to teach vocal music to classes without difficulty, and easy for an ordinary person to learn to read music. The whole subject is simplified, so that any one who can be taught at all ought to have no trouble with this book as a guide. Voice culture is treated, also harmony and composition. The book closes with a number of selections for practice."—*The Cumberland Presbyterian, Nashville, Tenn.*

313. ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6 lines.

"The Lord is my defense, and my God is the rock of my refuge."—PSA. 94: 22.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY. 1776. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS. 1834.



2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no respite 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.

314. Friend of Sinners.

1 Friend of sinners, hear my plea,
God be merciful to me!
Sinful though my heart be found,
Let Thy grace much more abound;
In the riches of Thy grace
Finds my soul its resting-place.

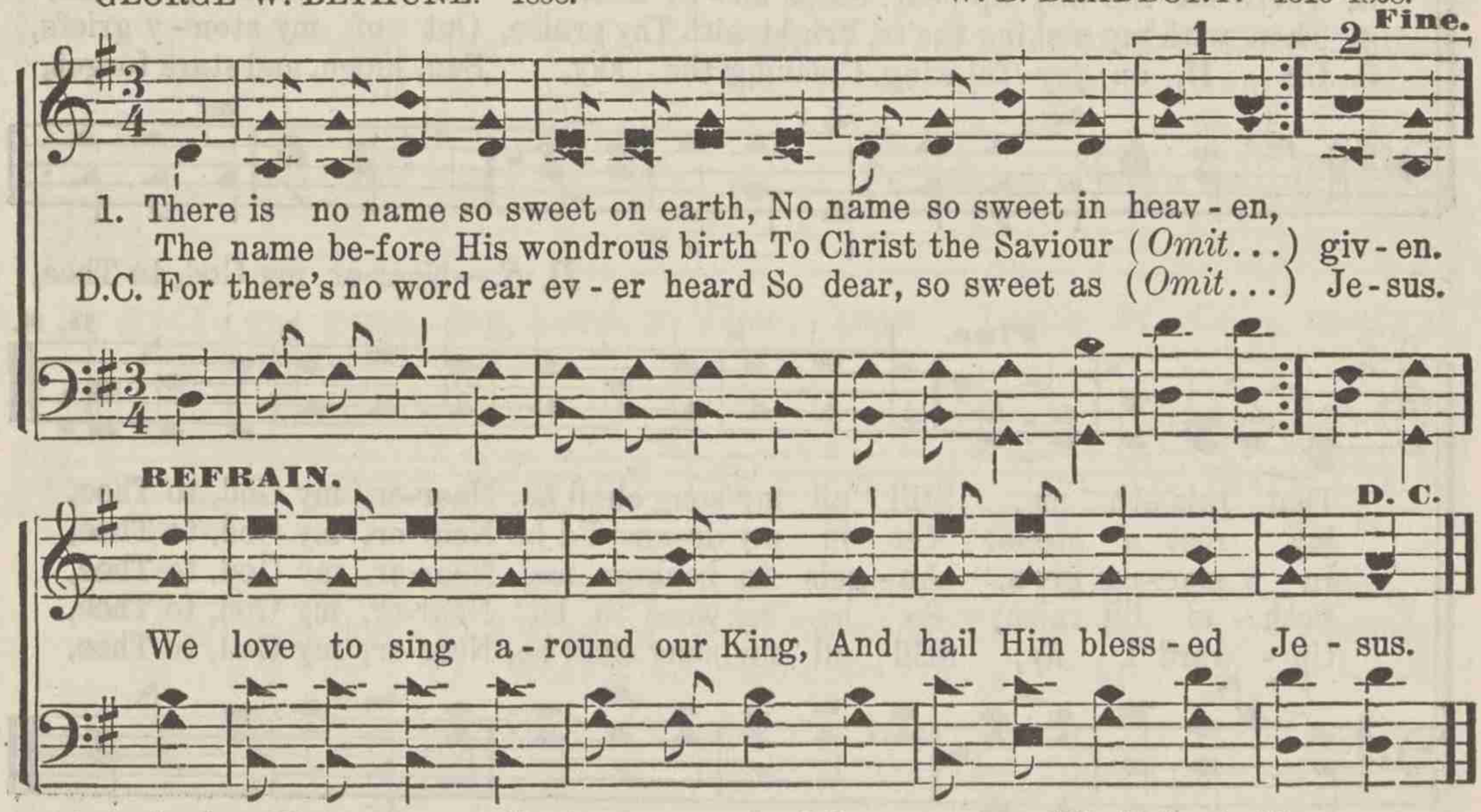
2 Righteous advocate with God,
Grant forgiveness through Thy blood;
In my heart I now believe,
Thy atonement I receive;
Freely with my mouth confess
Thee my Lord, my righteousness.

3 Trusting Thee, O Christ, my King,
Shall my soul Thy praises sing;
Saved by Thee, Thou holy one,—
Not by works which I have done,—
Heart and tongue confess again,
Thine the glory, Lord. Amen.

HENRY L. MOREHOUSE. 1872.

315. SWEETEST NAME. 8s & 7s.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE. 1858. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816-1868.
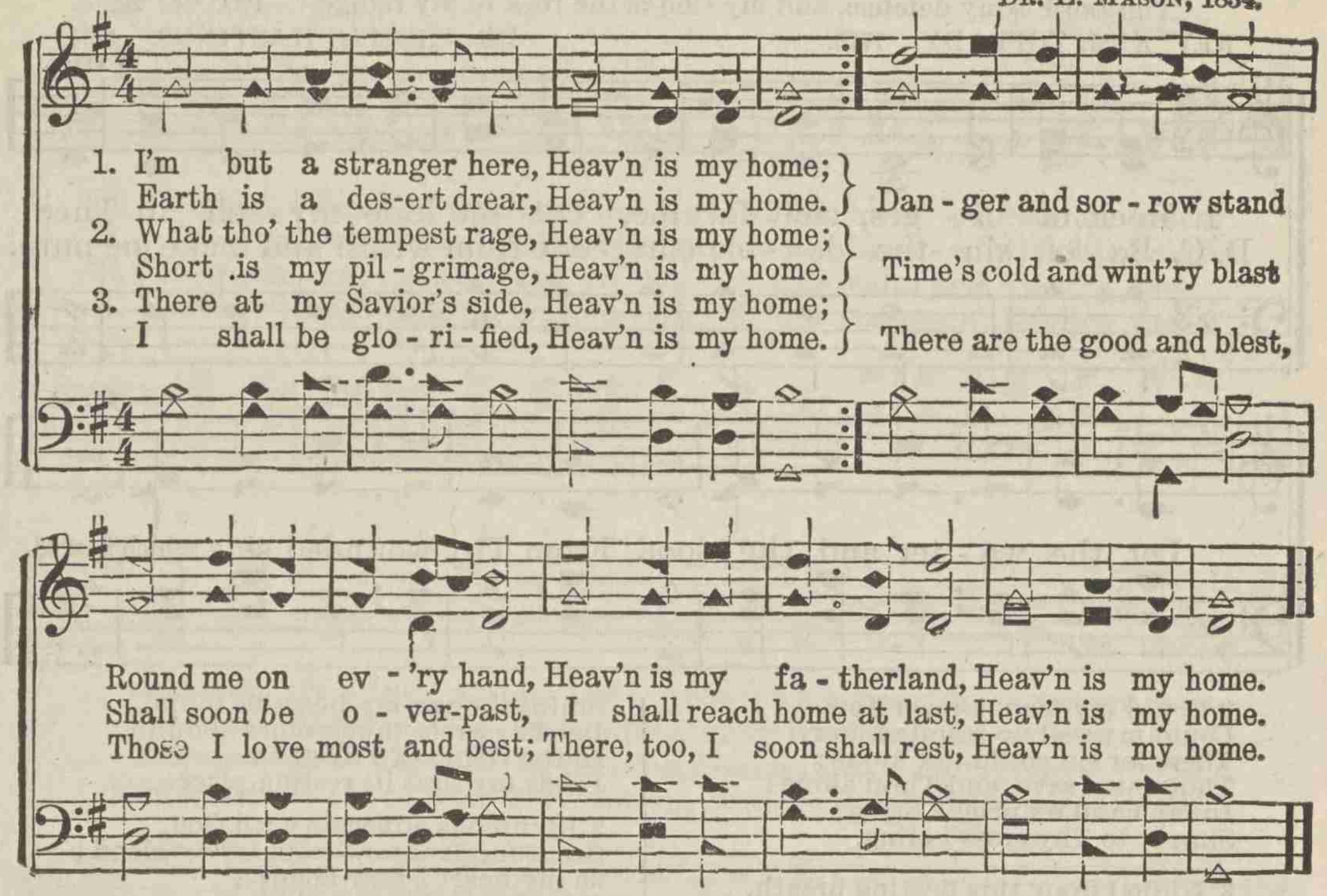


2 And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote his name above Him
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him,—REF.

3 So now, upon His Father's Throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, He ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—REF.

316. HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s & 4s.

DR. L. MASON, 1834.



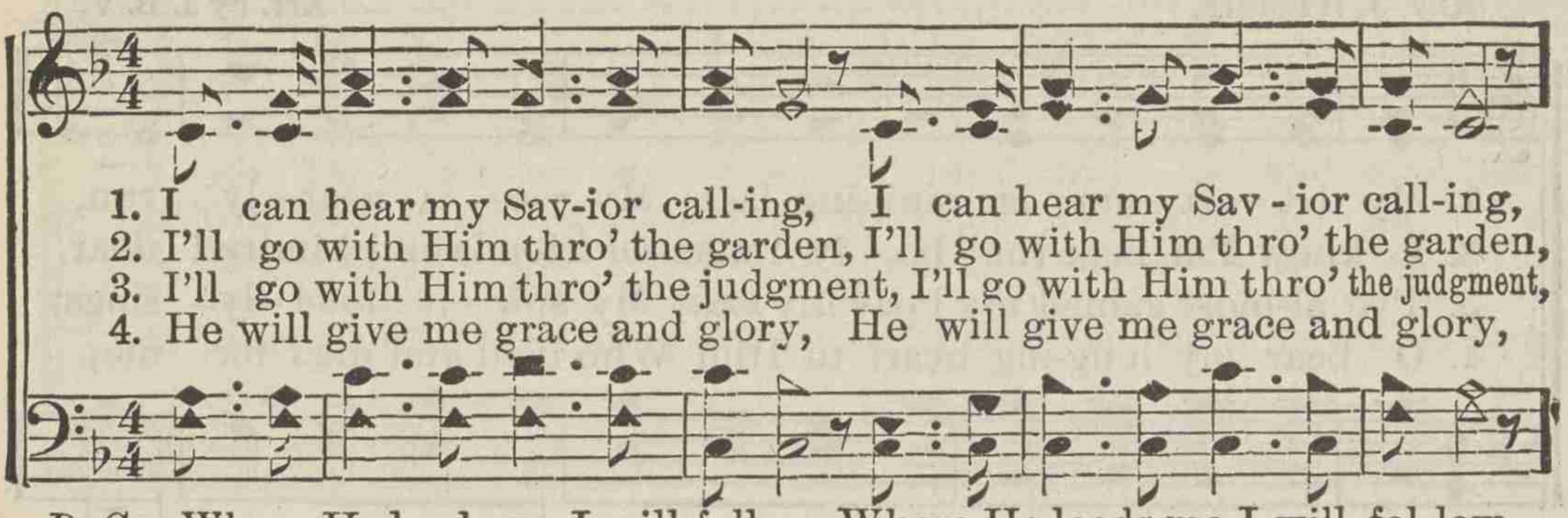
317. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

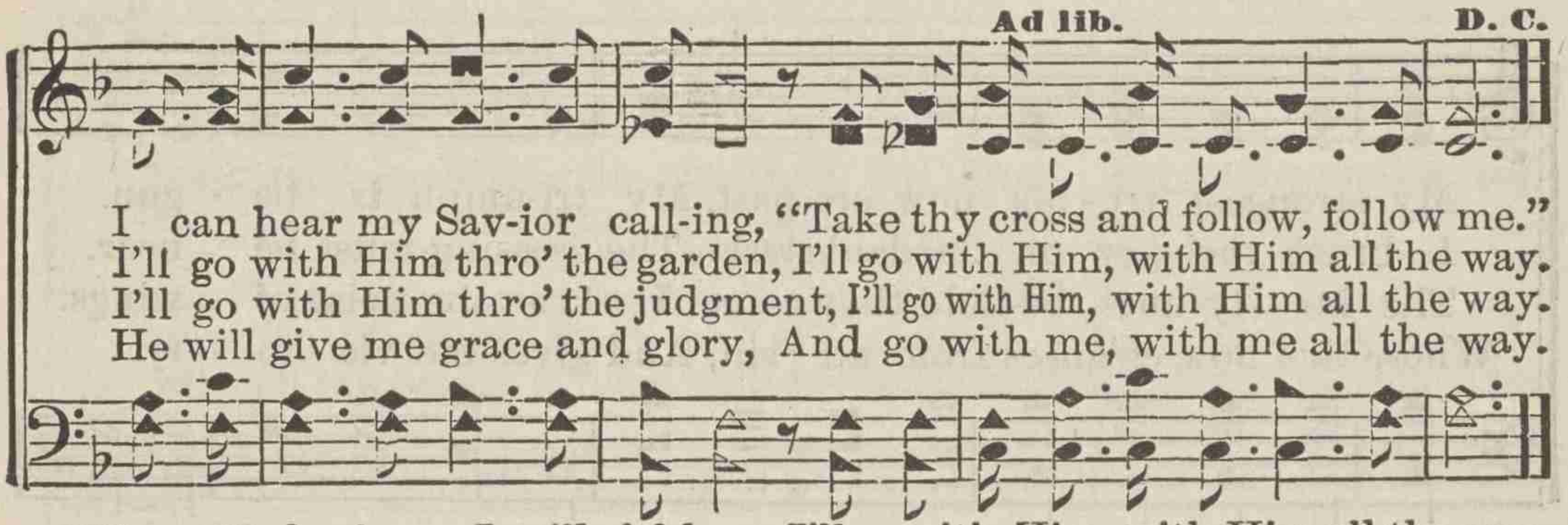
(BETHANY.)

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841. "Nearer to Thee."—JAS. 4: 8. LOWELL MASON, 1856.

318. I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.
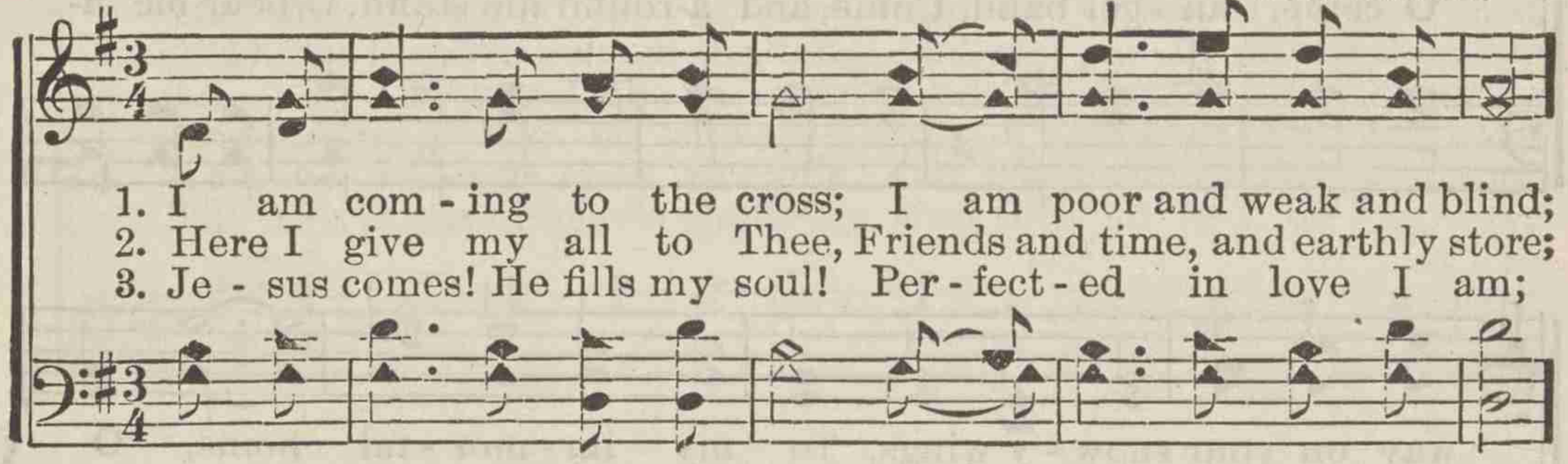
Arr.

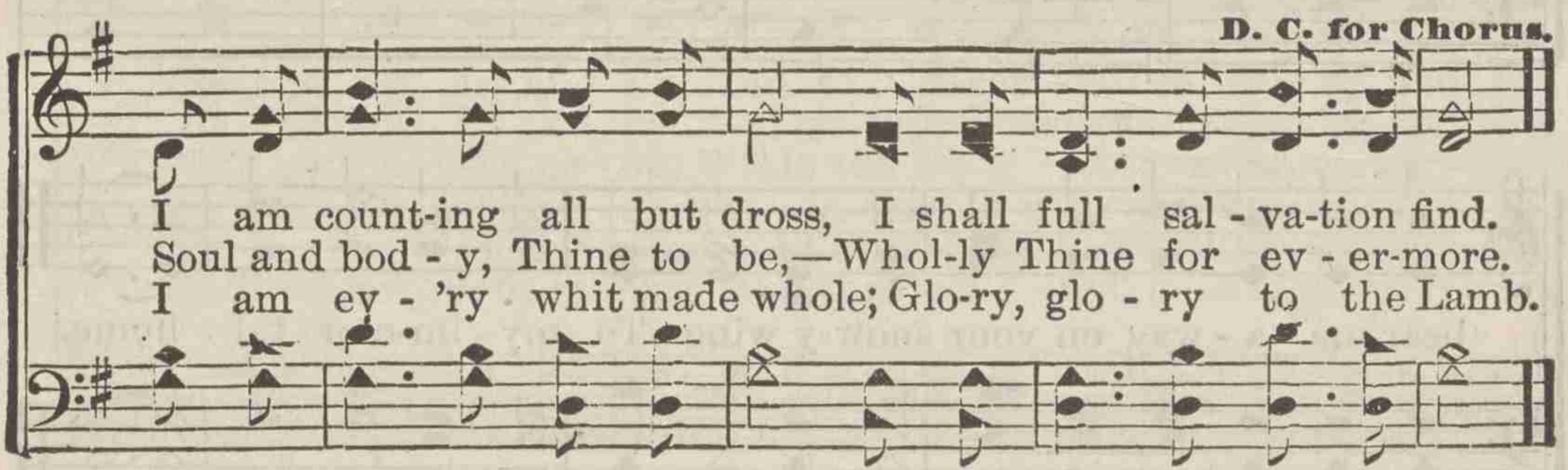




319. I AM COMING.

W. G. Fischer.





320. ANGEL BAND. C. M.

REV. J. HASKELL. Arr. by J. B. V.

1. My lat - est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near - ly run,
2. I know I'm near the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kindred dear,
3. I've al-most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
4. O bear my long-ing heart to Him Who bled and died for me;

My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri-umph is be - gun.
I brush the dew on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near.
The ho - ly ones, be-hold they come! I hear the noise of wings.
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

O come, an - gel band, Come, and a-round me stand, O bear me a-

way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home, O

bear me a - way on your snow-y wings, To my im-mor - tal home.

321. OUR BONDAGE HERE SHALL END.

Arranged.

1. Our bond-age here shall end, By and by, by and by; Our
2. Our De - liver - er will come, By and by, by and by; Our
3. Tho' our ene-mies are strong, We'll go on, we'll go on; Tho'
4. Thro' Ma - ra's bit - ter streams We'll go on, we'll go on; Thro'
5. And when to Jor-dan's flood, We are come, we are come; And
6. Then with all the happy throng, We'll re - joice, we'll re - joice; Shout-

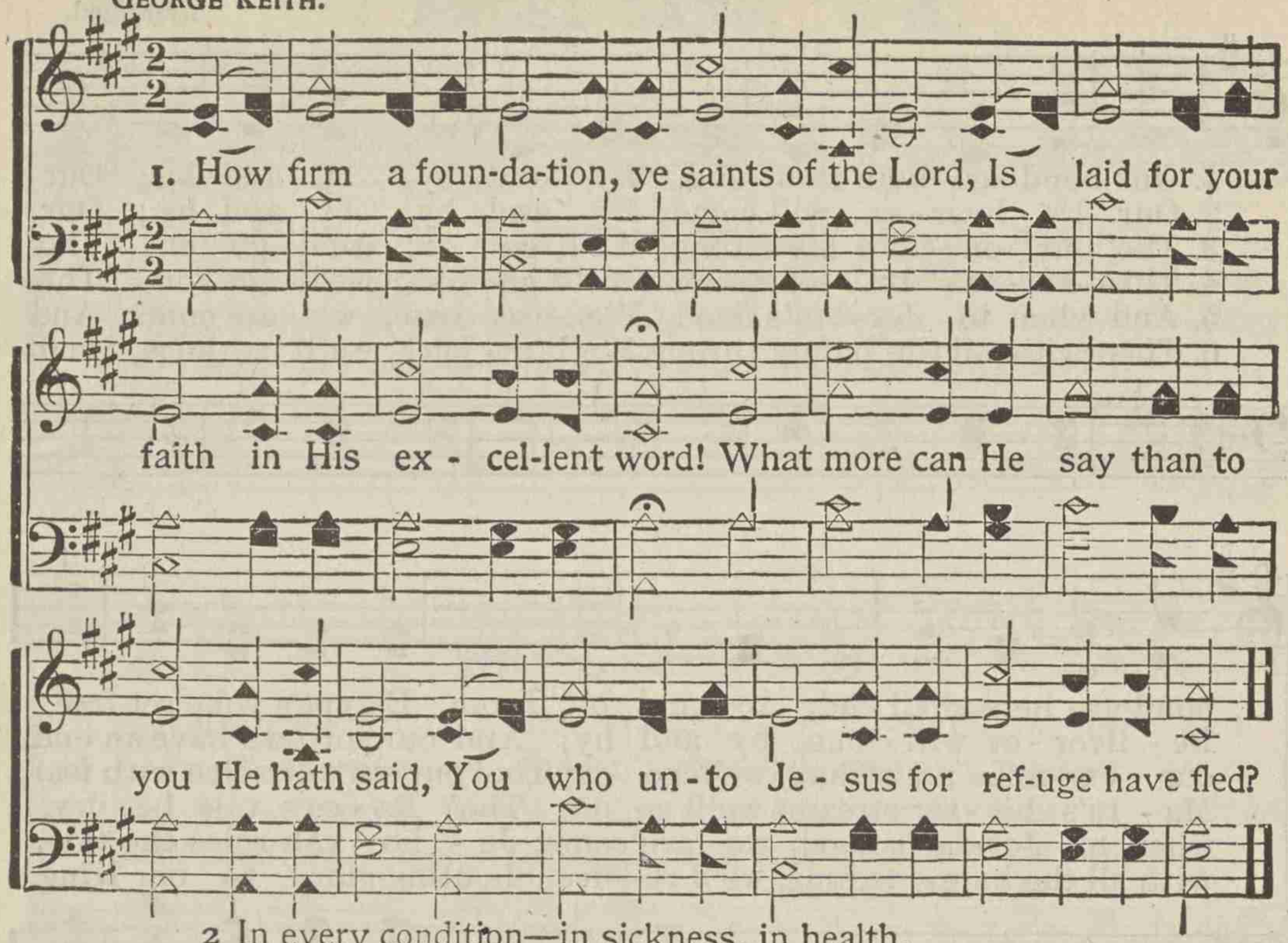
bond-age here shall end, by and by; From E-gypt's yoke set free,
De - liver - er will come, by and by; And our sorrows have an end,
our ene-mies are strong, we'll go on; Tho' our hearts dissolve with fear,
Ma - ra's bit - ter streams we'll go on; Tho' Ba - ca's vale be dry,
when to Jor-dan's flood, we are come; Je - ho - vah rules the tide,
with all the happy throng, we'll re-joice; Shouting glory to our King,

Hail the glo-rious ju - bi - lee, And to Ca - naan we'll re - turn,
With our three-score years and ten, And vast glo - ry crown the day,
Lo, Sin - ai's God is near, While the fier - y pil - lar moves,
And the land yield no sup - ply, To a land of corn and wine,
And the wa - ters He'll di - vide, And the ransomed host shall shout,
Till the vaults of heav'n shall ring, And thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,

By and by, by and by, And to Canaan we'll re-turn by and by.
By and by, by and by, And vast glory crown the day, by and by.
We'll go on, we'll go on, While the fier-y pil-lar moves, we'll go on.
We'll go on, we'll go on, To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.
We are come, we are come, And the ransomed host shall shout, we are come.
We'll rejoice, we'll re-joice, And thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, we'll re-joice.

322. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

GEORGE KEITH.

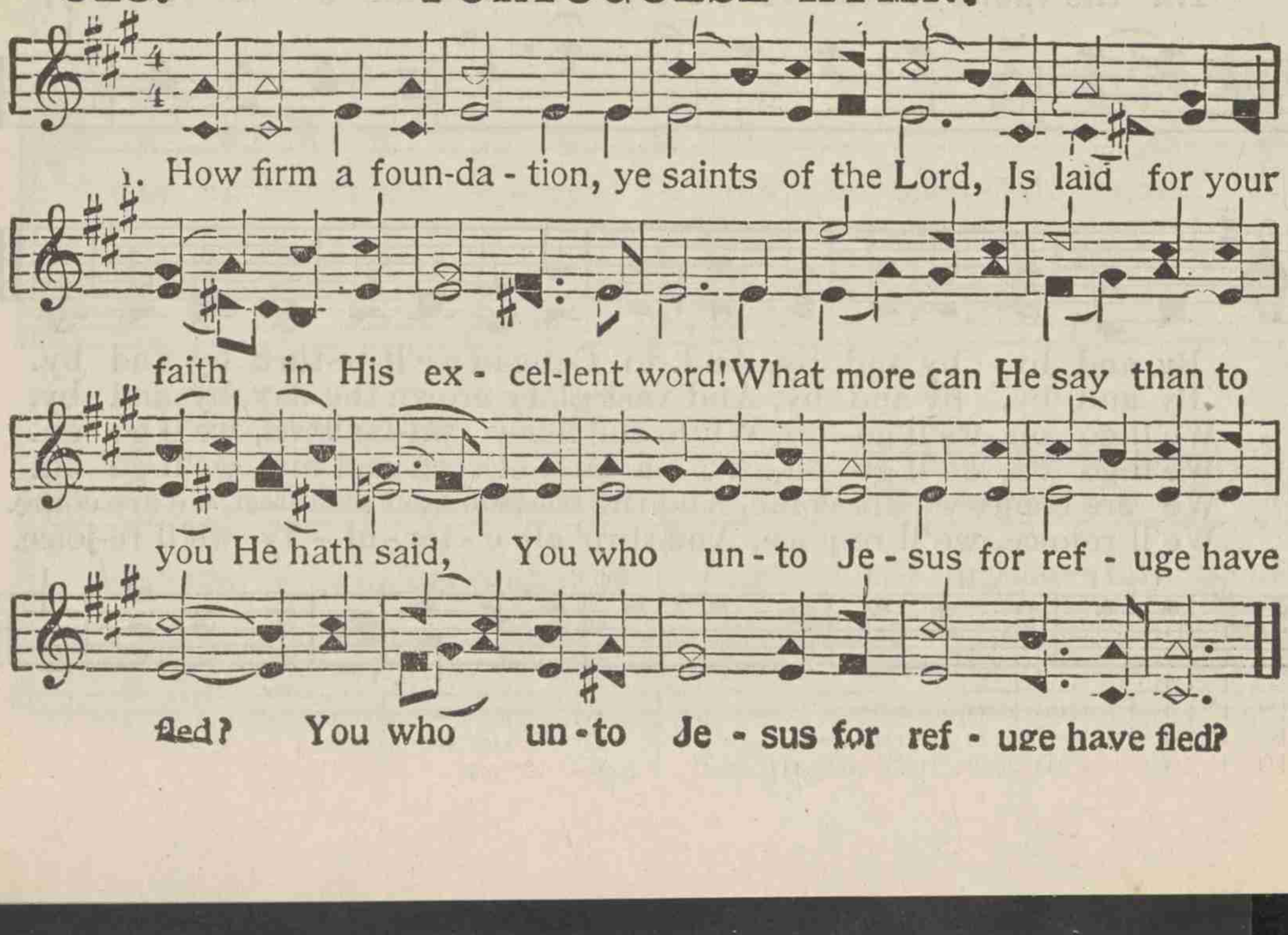


2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

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 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no*, *never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

323. PORTUGUESE HYMN.



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