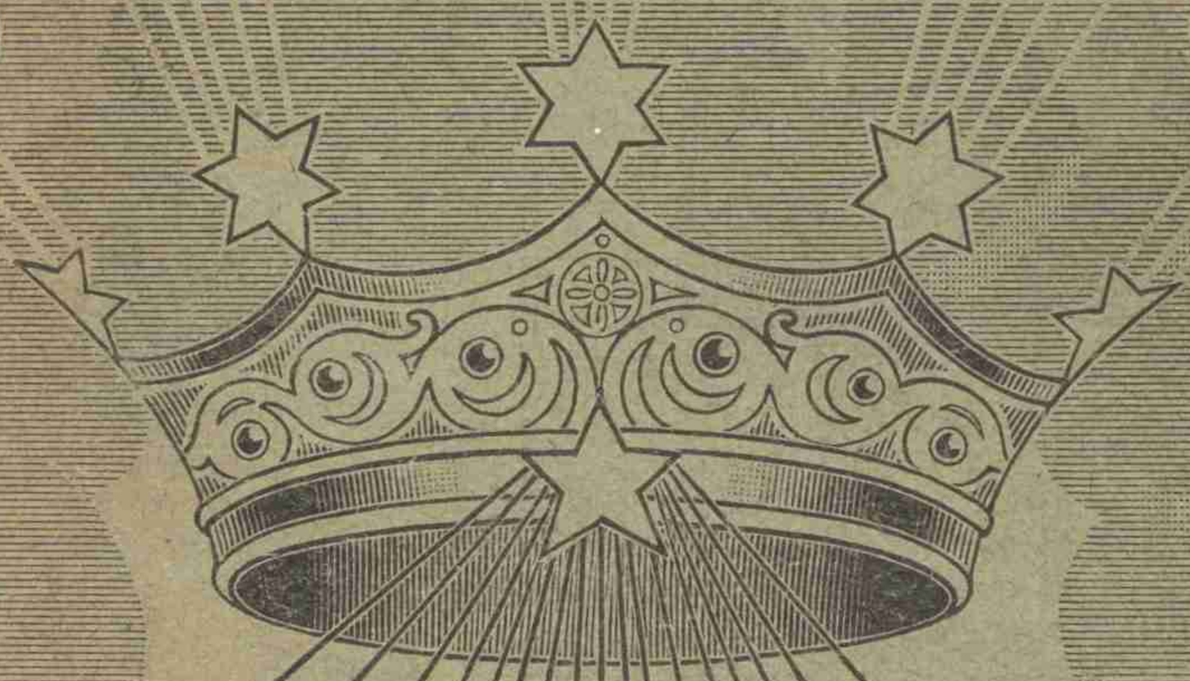
CROWN OF BEAUTY



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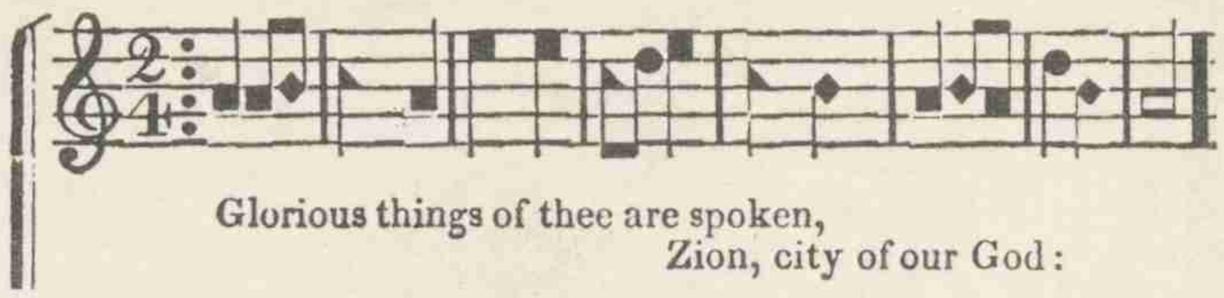
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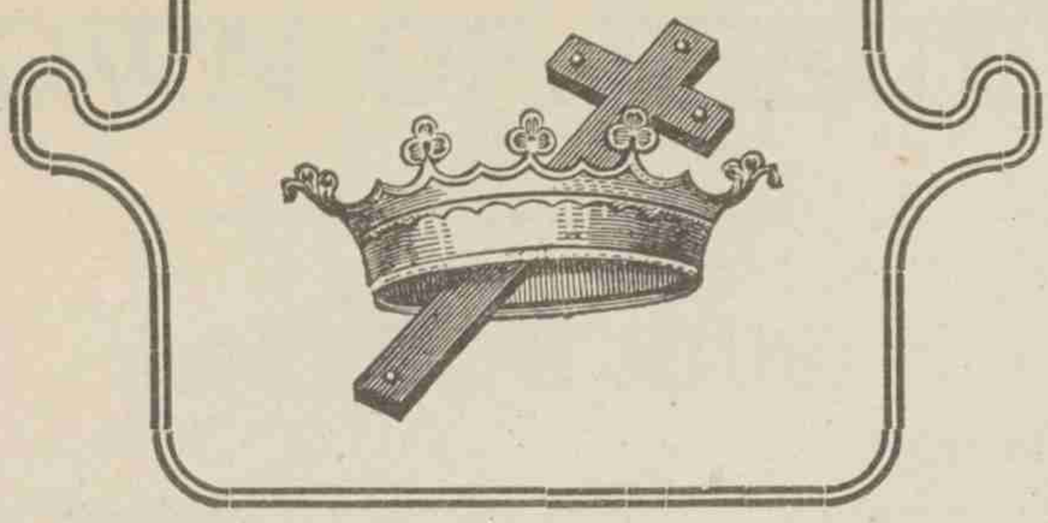
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CROWN OF BEAUTY

COMPILED AND EDITED
BY

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LEONARD DAUGHERTY.



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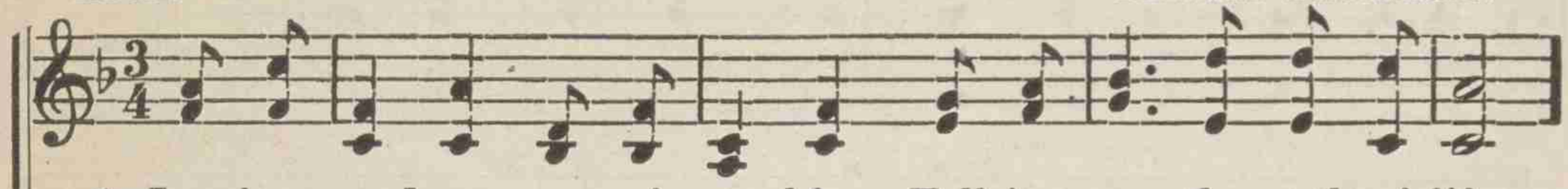
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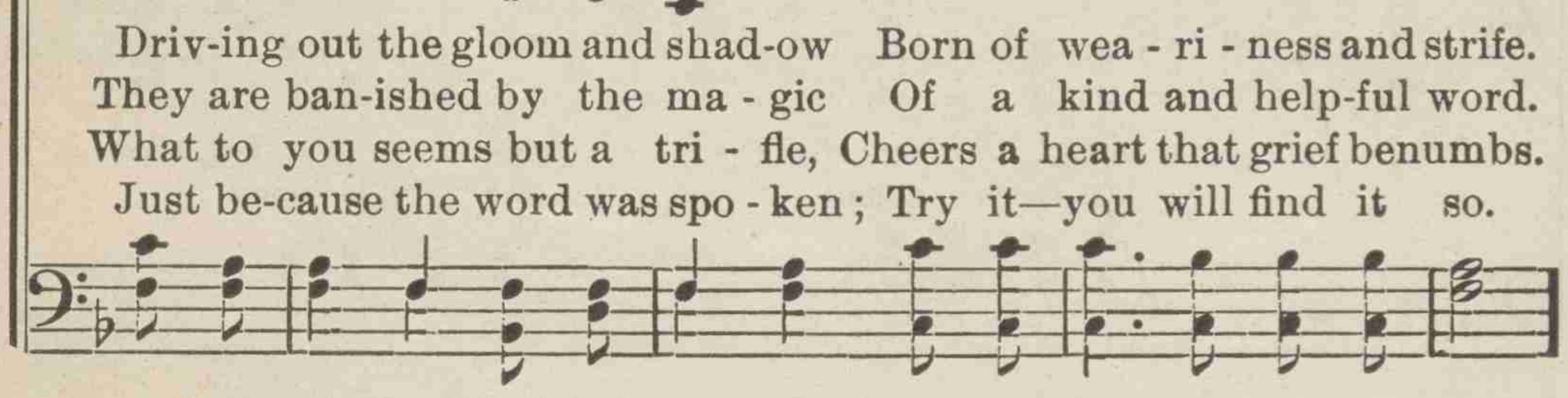
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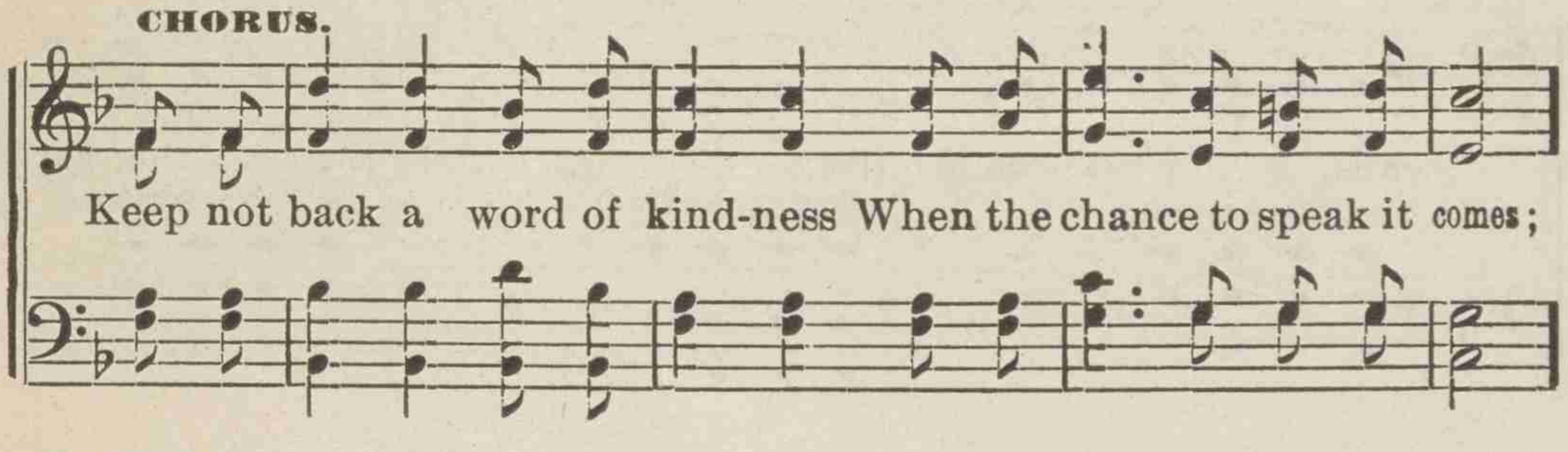
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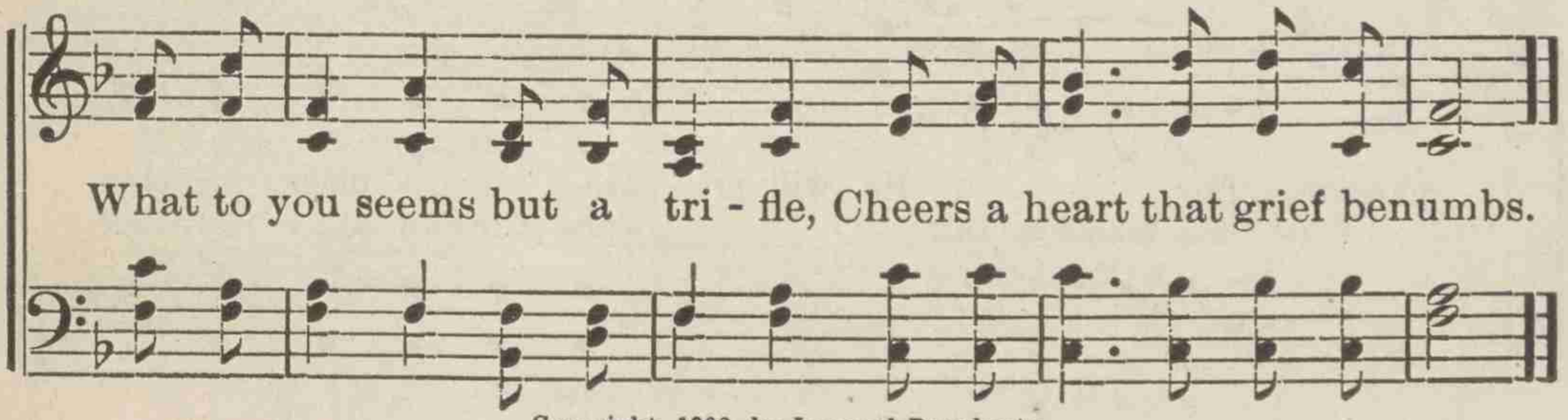
ANON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.





CHORUS.





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THE GOSPEL FEAST.

To my Friend, Dr. N. K. Smith. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. O, hear the Sav - iour's voice; He gen - tly calls for thee,
2. O, hear the Sav - iour's call, Ye wea - ry, come to me;
3. O, hear His dy - ing words, So ten - der, kind and true,
4. O, hear His voice di - vine, De - part ye now from sin;

And bids thee to the gos - pel feast; O, come; for all is free.
Cast all your care up - on the Lord, He car - eth now for thee.
Fa - ther, for-give them; O, for - give, They know not what they do.
O - pen "the chambers of your souls" And let the Sav - iour in.

CHORUS.

O sin - ner, come! . . . for there is room; . . . Yes, there is
O sin-ner, come! for there is room;

room, . . . wilt thou be free; . . . His Father's house . . . has
Yes, there is room, wilt thou be free; His Father's house

mansions fair, ... He will pre - pare a place for thee.
has mansions fair pre-pare a place for thee.

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3

COME TO-DAY.

J R. B

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Come, ye wea - ry and op - prest, Come, come to - day;
2. Come, ye heav - y - lad - ened soul, Come, come to - day;
3. Heed the lov - ing Sav - iour's call, Come, come to - day;
4. Still that sweet voice calls to thee, Come, come to - day;

Je - sus waits to give you rest, Come, come to - day.
Je - sus now can make thee whole, Come, come to - day.
He sal - va - tion of - fers all, Come, come to - day.
Mer - cy still is flow - ing free, Come, come to - day.

CHORUS.

Come, He's wait - ing thee to bless, Come, come to - day;
While His grace ye may pos - sess, Come, come to - day.

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4

I MAY NOT KNOW.

J. C. B. S. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Be - fore me lies a world in sin: Christ calls for workers brave
2. Some hearts are hard as traveled road, And some like ston - y ground;
3. But oth - ers hear and un-der-stand, The precious word hold fast,

To preach the word and sow the seed, And help Him men to save.
In oth - ers thorns and bri-ars grow, And noth - ing good is found.
And bring forth fruit a-bun-dant - ly From seed the sow - er cast.

CHORUS.

I may not know where seeds will grow, And would not if I might;
I may not know where seeds will grow, And would not if I might;
Hence sow broadcast the pre-cious word, As pleas - ing in His sight.
Hence sow broadcast the precious word, As pleasing in His sight.

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THE NEW FRIEND.

HARRIET E. JONES. (BETTER AS SOLO.) CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. There are friends, kind friends, that to me are dear, That have made me glad by their words of cheer; But the Friend I found at the mer-cy-throne,
2. Would you know the name of the Friend who came, And by love di-vine set my soul a-flame? 'Tis the same dear name that in song we see—
3. I shall see His face in the by and by, And shall dwell with Him, in His home on high; Thro' e-ter-nal years I shall there re-peat

Is the dearest Friend that I call my own.
'Tis the Christ who died on Mount Cal-va-ry! Oh! the new, new Friend! Oh! the
The glad song I learned at the mer-cy-seat!

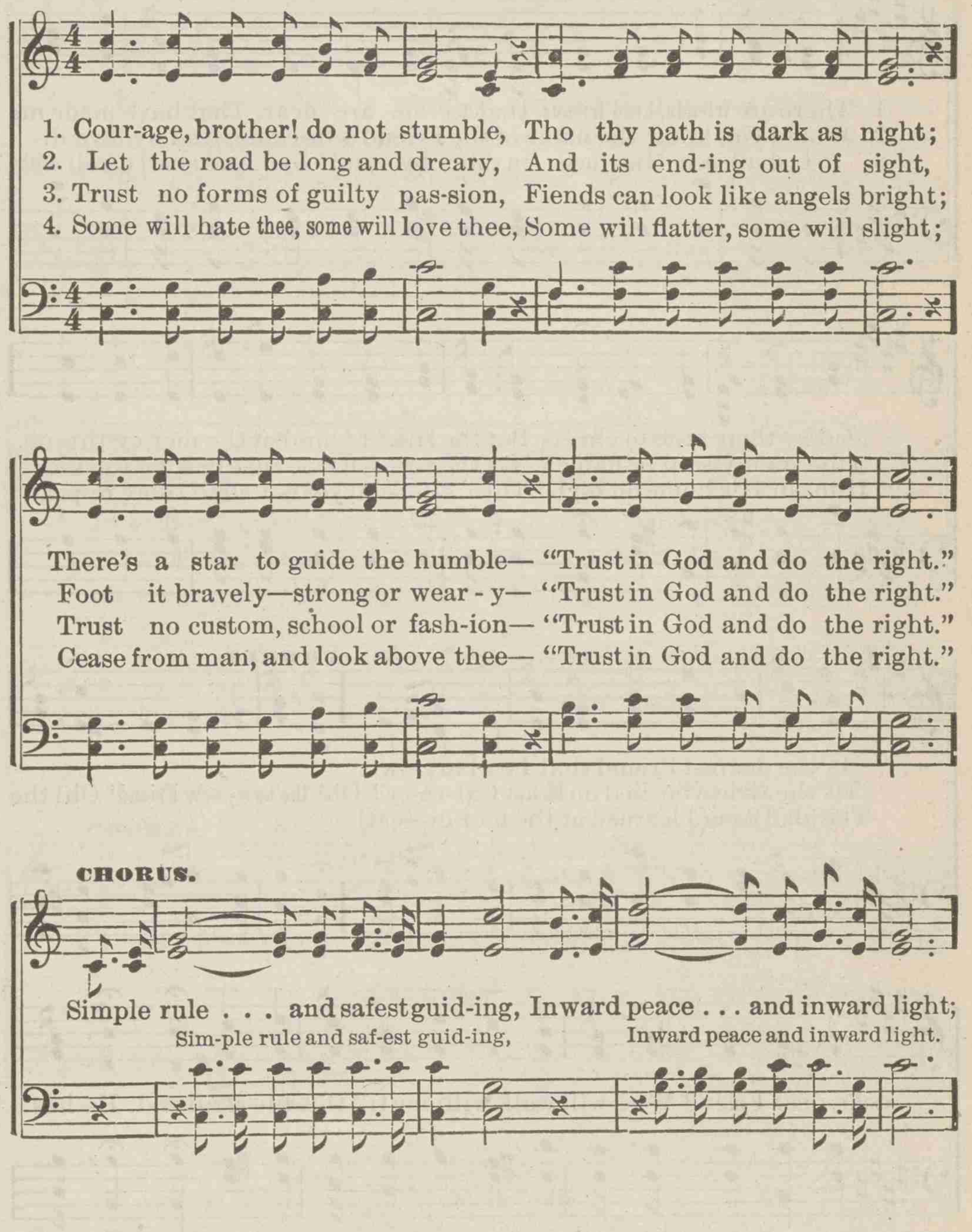
CHORUS.

dear, dear Friend Who will walk with me till this life shall end. He has fill'd my soul with a lay so sweet, That, in weal or woe, I, the song, re-peat!

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6 TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

NORMAN MCLEOD. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.



1. Cour-age, brother! do not stumble, Tho thy path is dark as night;
2. Let the road be long and dreary, And its end-ing out of sight,
3. Trust no forms of guilty pas-sion, Fiends can look like angels bright;
4. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight;

There's a star to guide the humble— "Trust in God and do the right."
Foot it bravely—strong or wear - y— "Trust in God and do the right."
Trust no custom, school or fash-ion— "Trust in God and do the right."
Cease from man, and look above thee— "Trust in God and do the right."

CHORUS.

Simple rule . . . and safest guid-ing, Inward peace . . . and inward light;
Sim-ple rule and saf-est guid-ing, Inward peace and inward light.
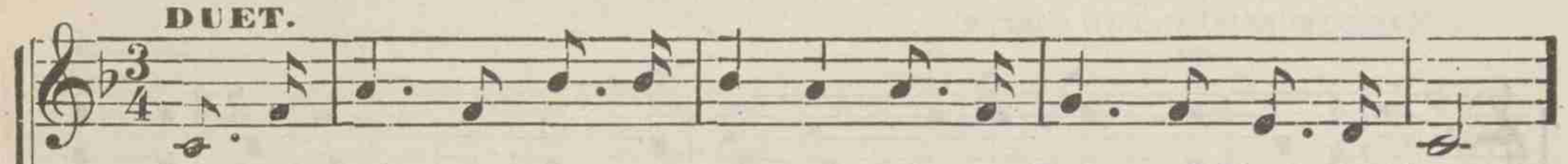
Star up-on . . . . our path abiding, "Trust in God . . . and do the right."
Star up-on our path a-bid - ing, "Trust in God and do the right."

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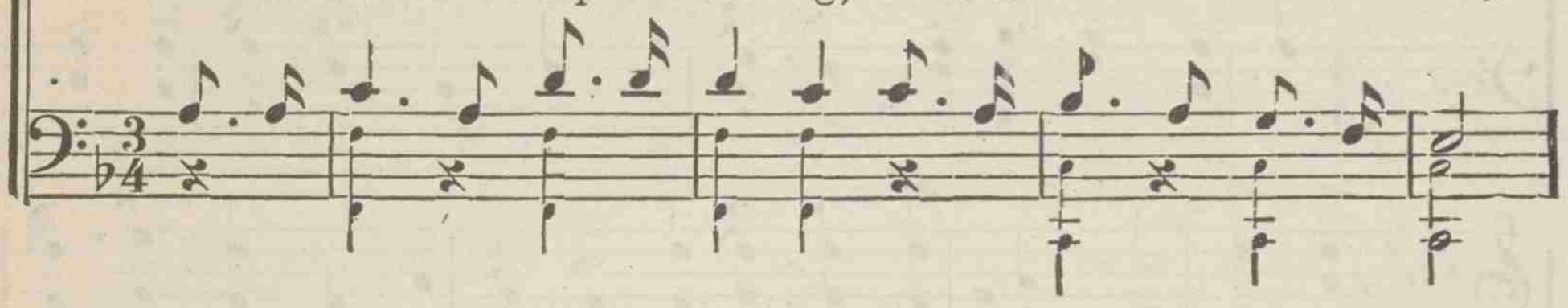
TELL ME THE SWEET STORY.

G. W. LYON. J. H. ROSECRANS.
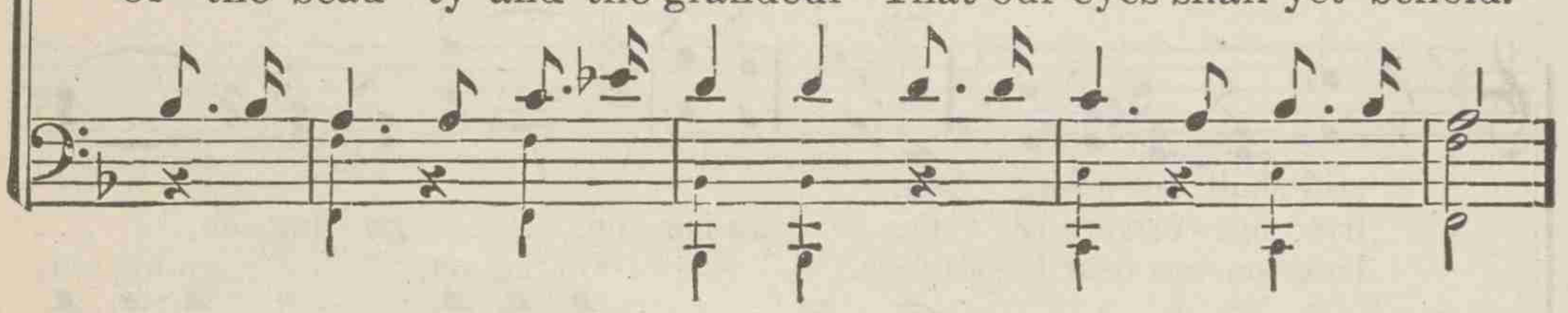
DUET.



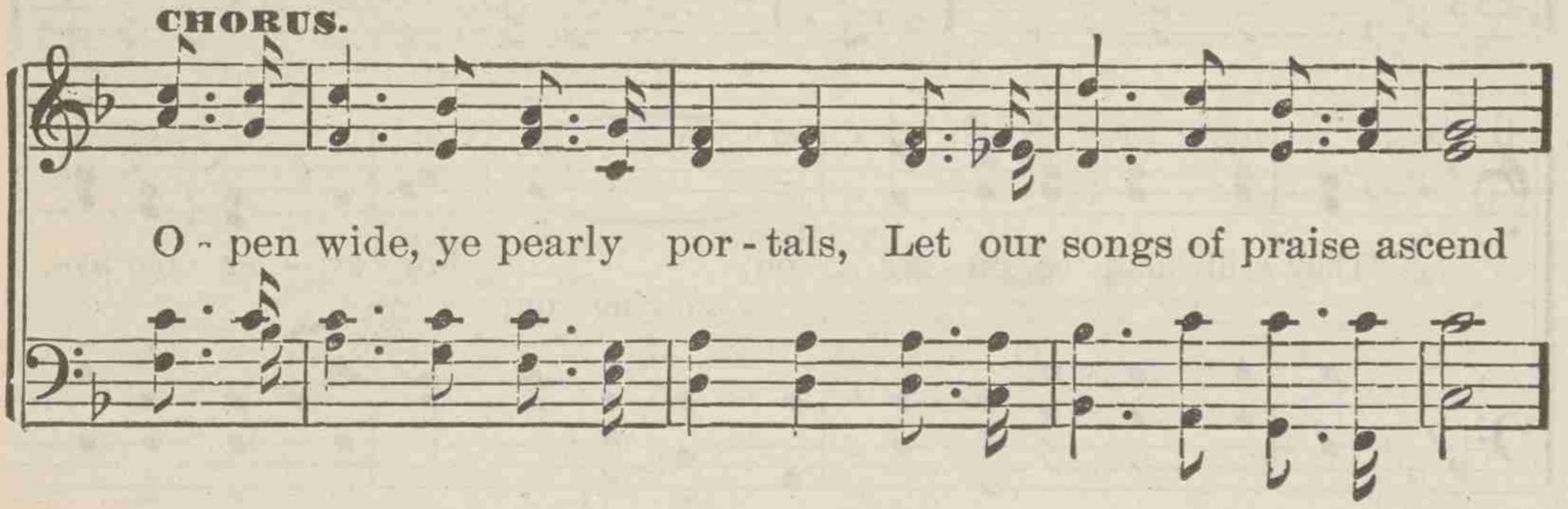
1. Tell to me the sweet old sto - ry Of the Babe of Beth-le - hem,
2. Tell me of His pain and anguish Out in dark Gethsem - a - ne,
3. Tell me of His re - sur-rec-tion, And as-cen - sion from the tomb
4. Tell it o'er and keep on tell-ing; Not the half can e'er be told,
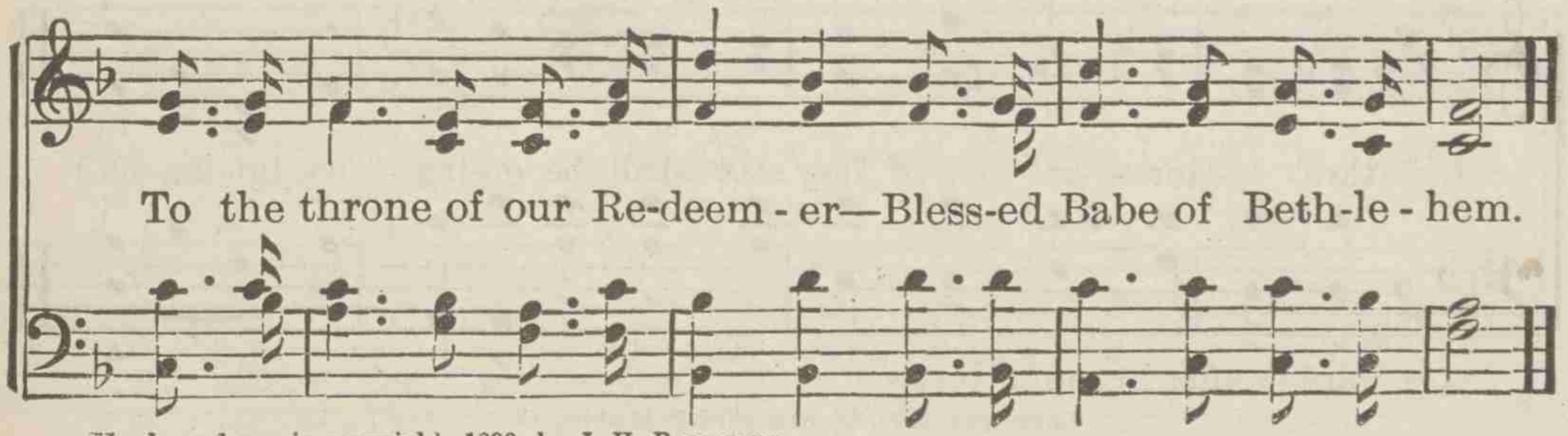


How He came to earth from heaven To re-deem poor fall-en men.
Tell me of His bleeding, dy - ing On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
To the height of end-less glo - ry, Where He sits up-on His throne.
Of the beau - ty and the grandeur That our eyes shall yet behold.



CHORUS.



O - pen wide, ye pearly por - tals, Let our songs of praise ascend



To the throne of our Re-deem - er—Bless-ed Babe of Beth-le - hem.

Words and music copyright, 1899, by J. H. Rosecrans.

GOING ON.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

May be played in two sharps.

1. The fires of the sun shall be quenched at last, And the steadfast
2. As souls that re-mem-ber and feel and thrill, We shall live when
3. From glo-ry to glo-ry our path shall be, And from grace to

stars be gone; But souls of the ransomed shall live in strength, And they
seas are dry; As sep-a-rate be-ings, to love and will, We shall
per-fect grace; Thro' all the wide years of e-ter-ni-ty, We shall

REFRAIN.

still shall be go-ing on.
live, nev-ermore to die. Go-ing on, . . go-ing on, . . .
look on our dear Lord's face. Go-ing on, go-ing on,

*They still shall be go-ing on; . . . . For-ev-er and aye,
go-ing on;

thro' e-ter-nal day, * They still shall be go-ing on, (go-ing on.)

* Use word *we* after 2d and 3d verses.

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WALK IN THE LIGHT.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Is the lamp of Je - sus' word Lighting your path as you go
2. Do you trust its guid - ing rays, Go - ing wher-ev - er they lead
3. It will guide your footsteps home, Beau-ti-ful home of the blest,

Mak - ing ev - 'ry step you take Bright with its won-der-ful glow?
Shun-ning all the tempter's ways, Call of the Mas-ter to heed?
When you hear at e - ven - tide, Come all ye wea - ry and rest.

CHORUS.

Walk in the light,.... Walk in the light of Je - sus,
Walk in the light of the Saviour's word,

Walk in the light,.... Walk in the light of Je - sus.
Walk in the light of the Saviour's word,

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10 HAVE YOU HEARD?

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Have you heard a-bout the fount-ain, That will make the sin - ner clean;
2. Would you bathe with-in this fount-ain, And a - rise in garments white?
3. Would you dwell a-mong the ho - ly, While the end - less a - ges roll?

O-pened to the house of Da - vid, And a world de - filed by sin?
Here a - lone is free sal - va - tion, Come and bathe, O come to - night.
Lo! this crim - son fount will whol - ly Cleanse the sin - pol - lut - ed soul.

CHORUS.
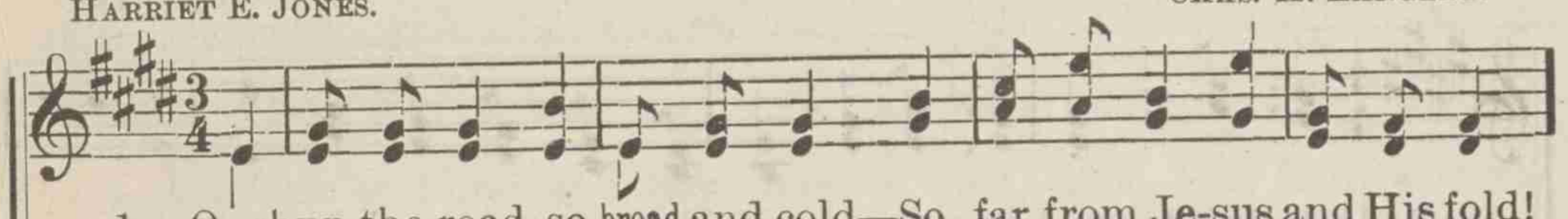
Have you heard a - bout it, broth-er, Have you heard the sto - ry, say?

It is o - pen still, my broth-er, It is free and full to - day.

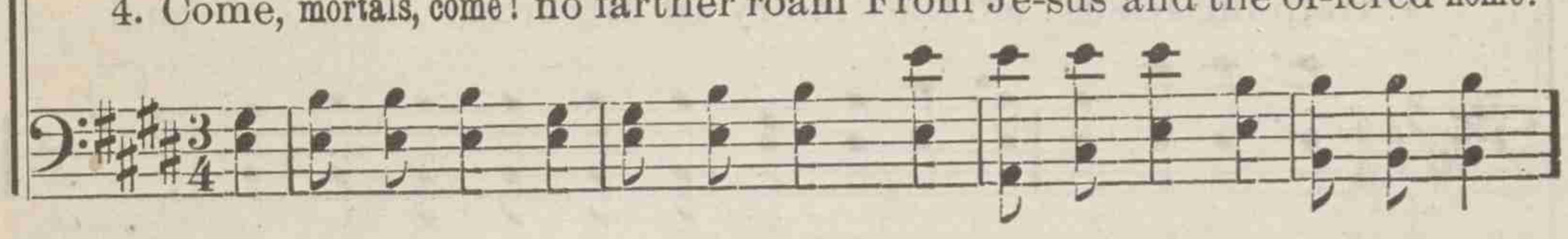
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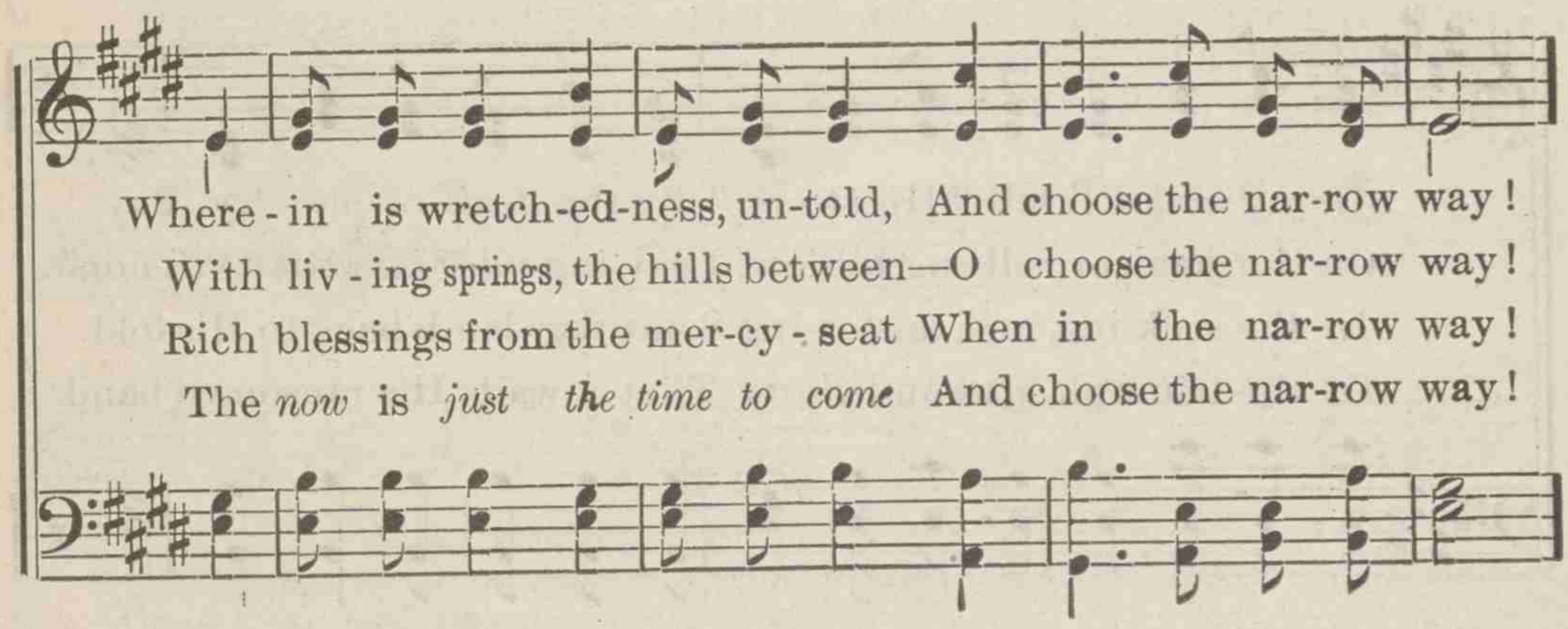
11 CHOOSE THE NARROW WAY.

HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

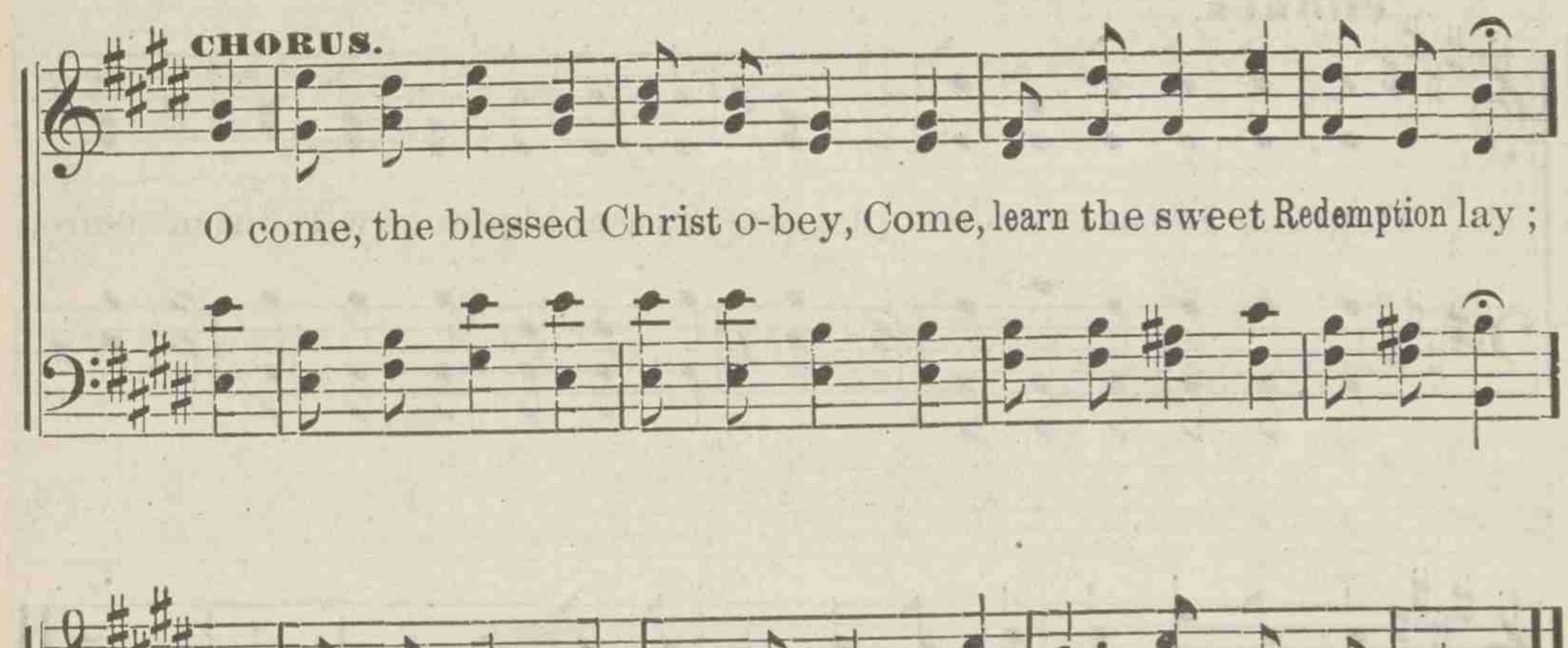


1. O shun the road, so broad and cold—So far from Je-sus and His fold!
2. The narrow way is straight and clean, And blooming fields therein are seen,
3. Oh! peaceful hours, Oh! music sweet, Oh! happiness and rest, com-plete;
4. Come, mortals, come! no farther roam From Je-sus and the of-fered home!



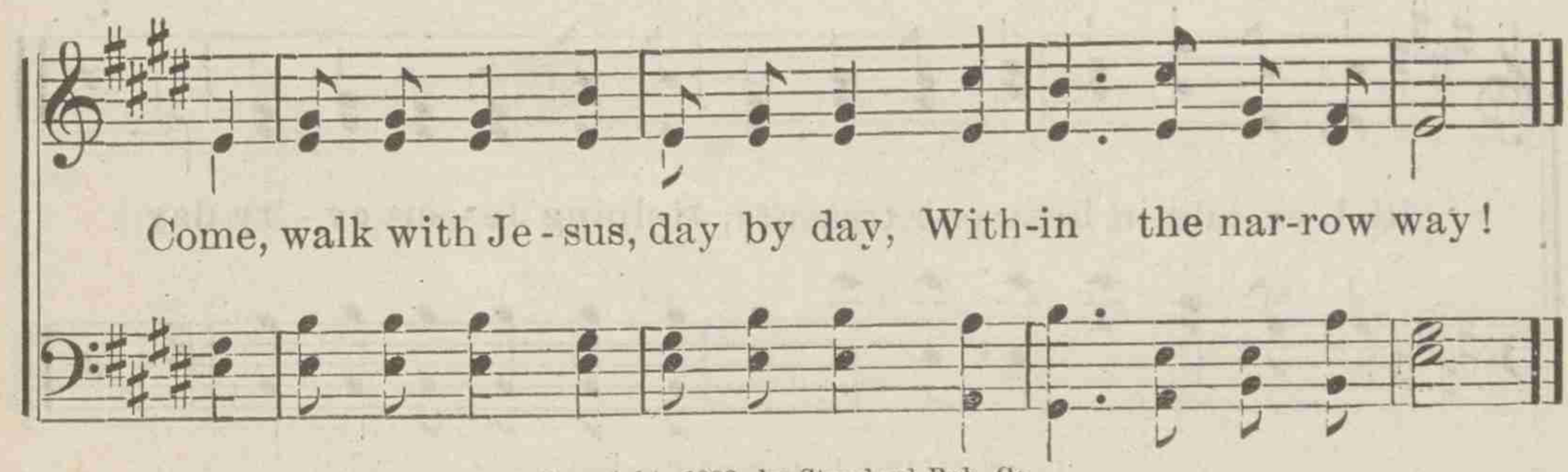


Where-in is wretch-ed-ness, un-told, And choose the nar-row way!
With liv-ing springs, the hills between—O choose the nar-row way!
Rich blessings from the mer-cy-seat When in the nar-row way!
The *now* is *just the time to come* And choose the nar-row way!



CHORUS.

O come, the blessed Christ o-bey, Come, learn the sweet Redemption lay;
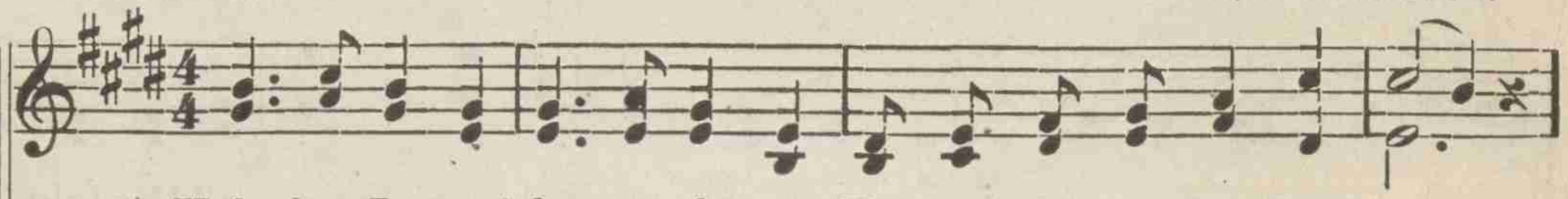


Come, walk with Je-sus, day by day, With-in the nar-row way!
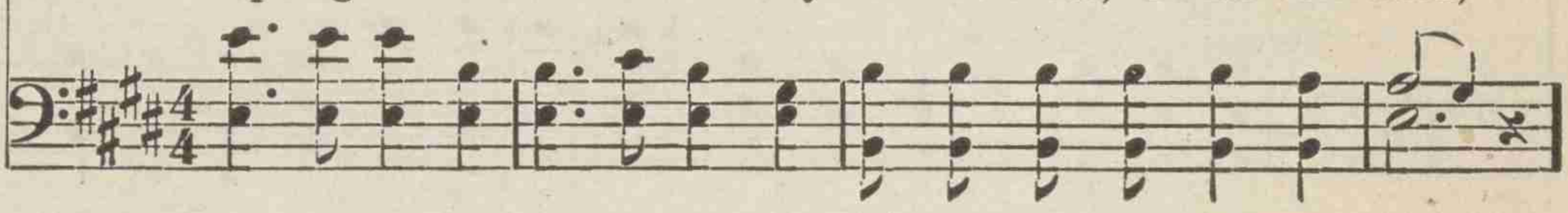
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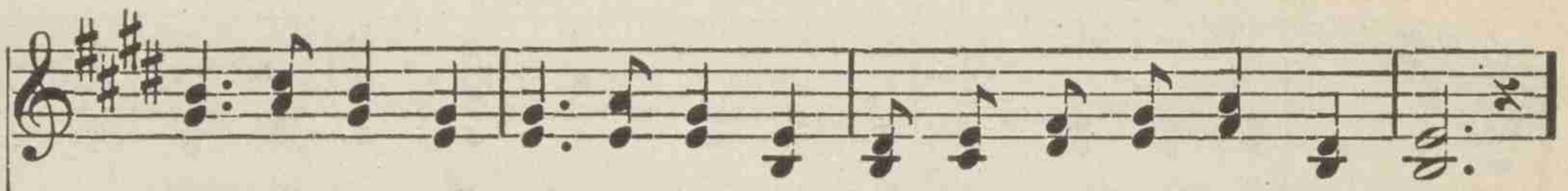
HELPING JESUS.

M. CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Help-ing Je-sus! be my glo-ry Ev-'ry step a-long life's way;
2. Help-ing Je-sus! smooth the pillow Of some fe-ver-stricken one,
3. Help-ing Je-sus! by im-ploring Souls to flee from sin's strong hold,
4. Help-ing Je-sus! tell the "sto-ry Of His cross," in far-off land,
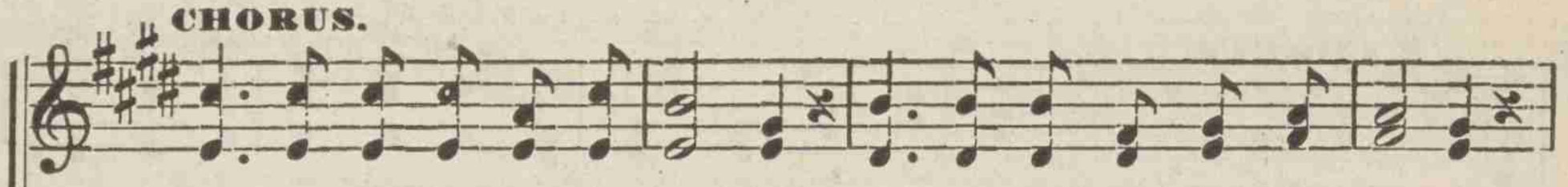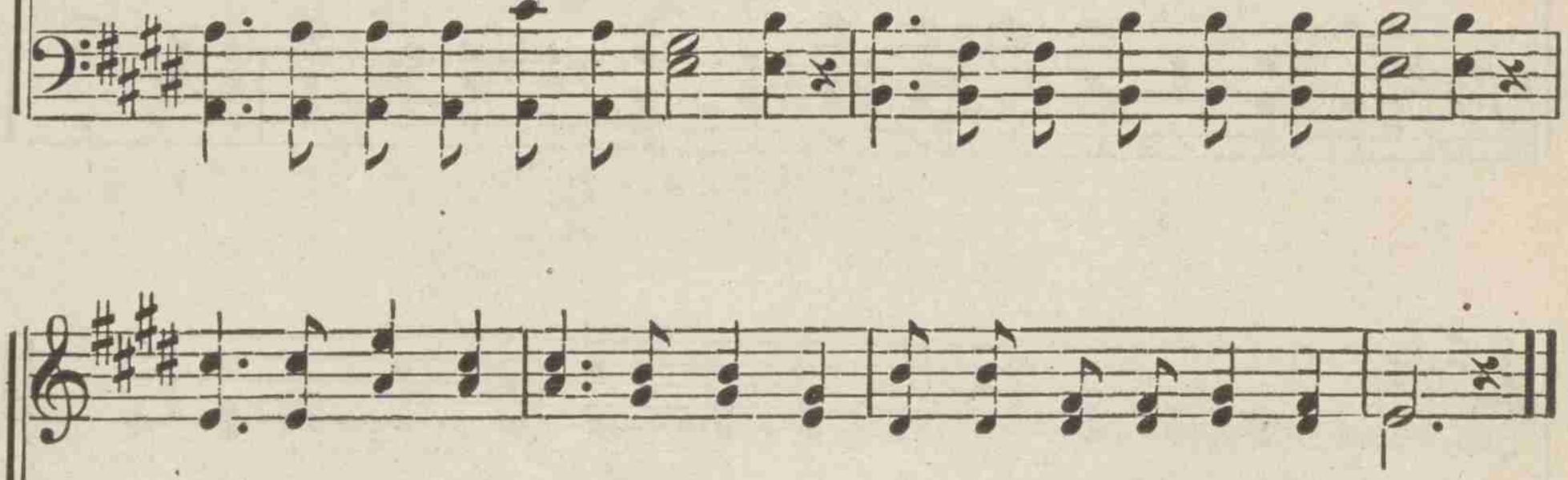




In my *walk* I'll tell "His sto-ry" By the *deeds* of ev-'ry day.
On the strand, or roll-ing bil-low, Leav-ing *sunshine* where there's none.
In the seek-ing, and re-stor-ing Some stray lamb back to His fold.
Of the triumph, grace and glo-ry That a-waits His ransomed band.
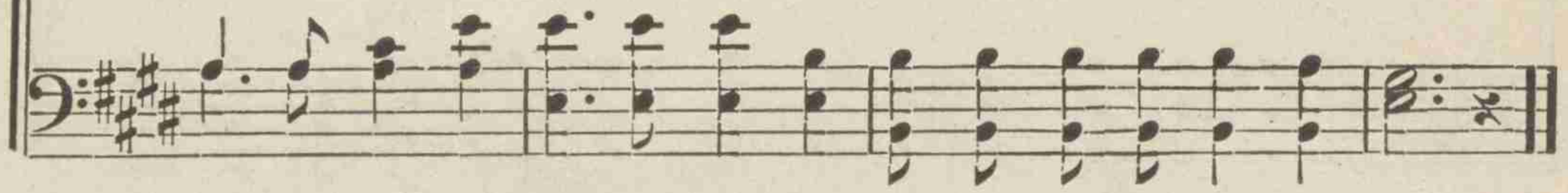


CHORUS.



Help-ing Je-sus! sweetest pleasure, Bringing blessings without measure,



Rich-es, laid in heav-en's treasure, Helping Je-sus ev-'ry day.



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13 WHOM SEEKEST THOU?

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Art thou seek-ing the Sav - iour of sin - ners, The Lord who was nailed to the tree? Dost Thou long for His per - fect sal - va - tion,—
2. Art thou seek-ing the Sav - iour, who an - swers The pray'r of the pen - i - tent heart? Then the Lord will ful - fill thy pe - ti - tions,
3. O, Thou won-der - ful King and Re - deem-er, None oth - er can res - cue and heal; We must come, in our need, to Thee on - ly,—
4. In the time of temp-ta - tion and per - il— In sea - sons of glad - ness or pain, We will seek for the Sav - iour, Al - might-y,

REFRAIN.

Wilt thou, from thy bondage, be free?
In glad-ness, thou mayest de - part! Art thou seek-ing to-day for the Sav - iour? This moment His face thou mayest see!..... If thou mayest see!
Draw near, and Thy presence, re-veal!
For none ev - er sought Him in vain!
thou hast one long-ing to find Him, Be sure He is seek-ing for thee!

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14 JESUS LEADS US ON.

M. CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Come from the forge and fur - row, Come from the hut and hall;
2. Go forth and fight for Je - sus, Fear not the wi - ly foe;
3. Bear on your ban-ner "VICT'RY," O - ver the land and sea;
4. Be ev - er watchful, wa - ry, Pit-falls be-set your way;

Sins to be braved and souls to be saved, Hear, oh! hear and o -
Stand firm and true, the right still pur-sue, You will reap of the
Un-sheath the sword of God's liv - ing Word, Till from sin's pow'r the
Cun - ning the foe, but pray as you go, There's a crown at the

CHORUS.

bey Je - sus' call.
har - vest you sow. Hark! the gos - pel trum-pet sound - ing clear,
soul is set free.
close of the day.

See the hosts of Sa - tan far and near, Glo - ry, glo - ry,

glo - ry, nev - er fear, For Je - sus leads us on to - day.

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15 BLESSED BOOK.

ADAH TORRY HENDERSON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. There's a bless-ed Book, and if sin - ners look, They will find the
2. There's a bless-ed Book, and if Christians look, They will find the
3. To the bless-ed Book we will ev - er look, 'Tis the Ho - ly

way to glo - ry, While its pa - ges rare young and old may share,
path of du - ty, 'Tis the on - ly guide to the por-tals wide
Spir - it call - ing, From the way of sin it will sweet-ly win,

CHORUS.

'Tis a wondrous old, old sto - ry.
Of the realms of Heav'nly beau - ty. 'Tis the liv-ing way to the
And it keeps the saint from fall - ing.

realms of day, Is this won-drous old, old sto - ry, For it

is the guide To the Christ who died, 'Tis a wondrous old, old sto - ry.

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16 COME TO THE FOUNT!

* * *

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Come to the fount opened wide, Wonderful fount of Sal-va-tion!
2. Come to the sin-cleansing fount, Cast off thy burden of sor-row;
3. Come while the dear Saviour stands Waiting in love to receive thee;
4. Come to the fount as thou art, Thee from all sin He'll de-liv-er;

Come, for the Lord, cru-ci-fied, Waits and will pardon be - stow!
Come and thy troubles recount, Lo! Je-sus beck-ons to thee!
Hold-ing in nail-pierc-ed hands Heav-en-ly crown of re - ward!
Comfort and lighten thy heart, Come! He is wait-ing for thee!

REFRAIN.

Come.... as thou art,..... Wash.... and be clean!....
Come as thou art, Come as thou art, Wash and be clean, yes, wash and be clean,

'Twill strength - en thy heart,.... And free thee from sin!
'Twill strengthen thy heart, 'twill strengthen thy heart, And free thee, 'twill free thee from sin!

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THE MORNING BELLS.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Don't you hear the morning bells, Call-ing loud to you and me?
2. Don't you hear the morning bells? As from sad Geth-sem-a - ne,
3. Don't you hear the morning bells? If in glad-ness or in woe

How their tune-ful ech - o swells On the breez-es far and free.
In their tones I seem to hear, Come and watch one hour with me.
Still for us their cho - rus swells, As to God's dear house we go.

CHORUS.

Don't you hear the morn - ing bells?
Don't you hear the bells?
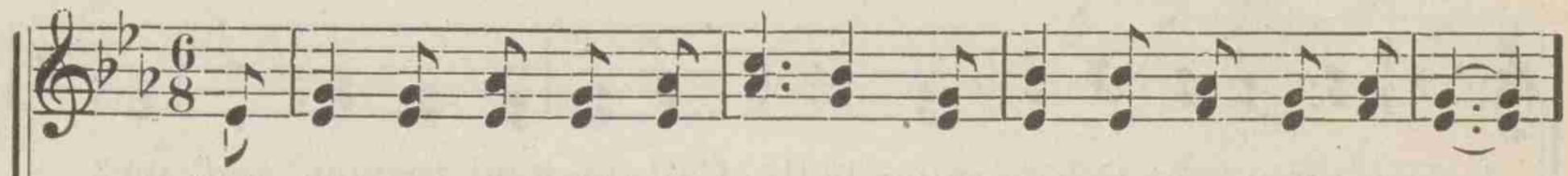
Hope and love their chorus tells, Mu - sic swell-ing,
Don't you hear the bells?

prais - es tell - ing, Hear the joy - ful morn - ing bells.
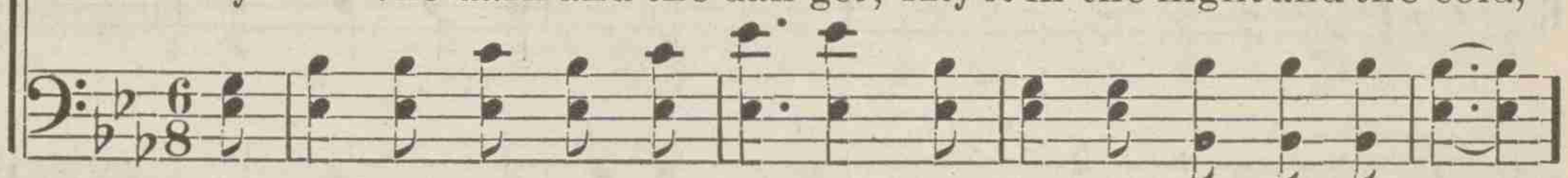
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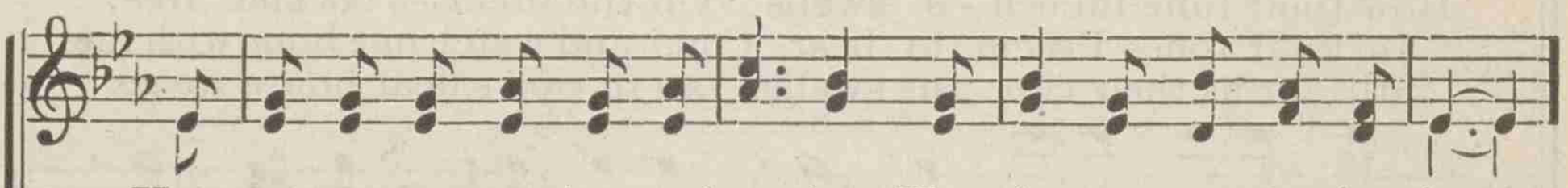
18 NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

Words arr. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.
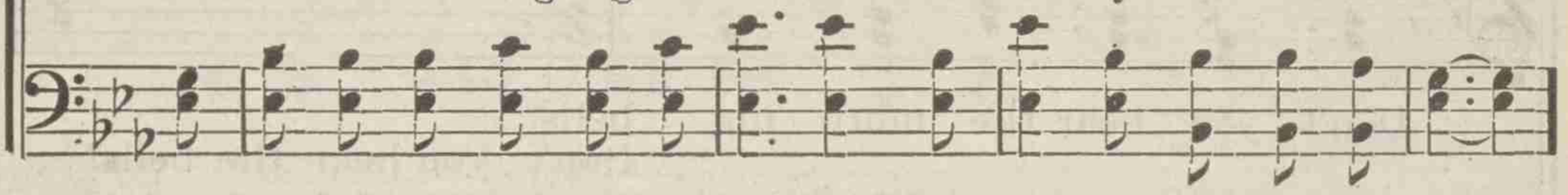


1. Not far, not far from the kingdom, Yet in the shad-ow of sin,
2. Not far, not far from the gate-way, Their voic-es whisper and wait,
3. They catch the strains of the mu - sic, That floats so sweet-ly a - long,
4. They're in the dark and the dan-ger, They're in the night and the cold,
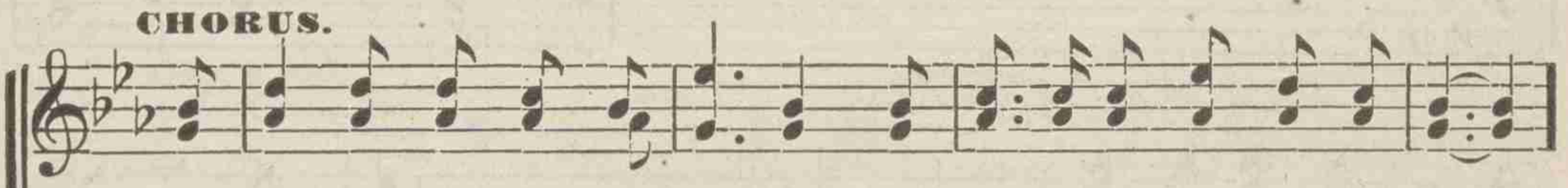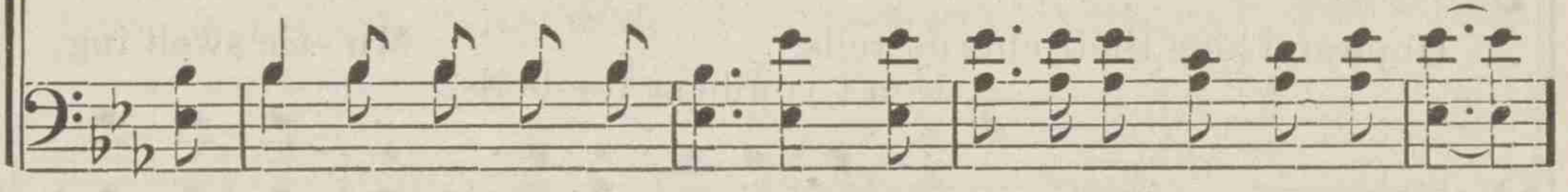




How ma - ny are coming and go - ing, How few are en - ter-ing in.
But fear ing to en - ter in bold-ly, They lin-ger still at the gate.
Tho' knowing the song they are singing, Yet join-ing not in the song.
Tho' He is now long-ing to lead them So kind-ly in - to the fold.
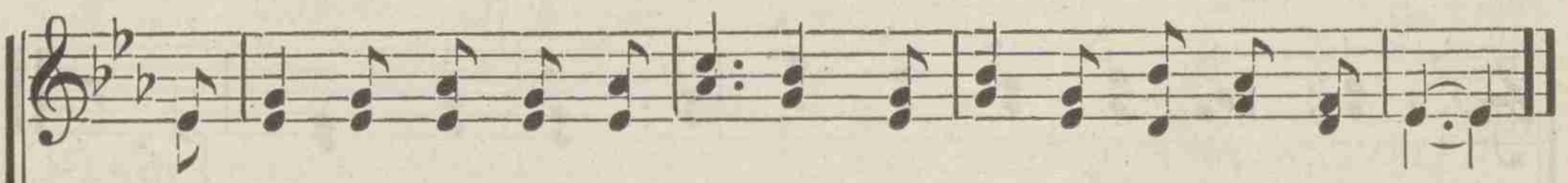


CHORUS.
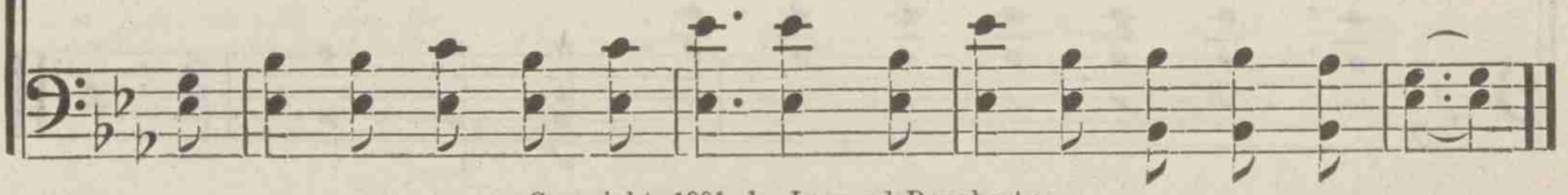


Not far, not far from the kingdom, Yet lin-ger-ing still at the gate,
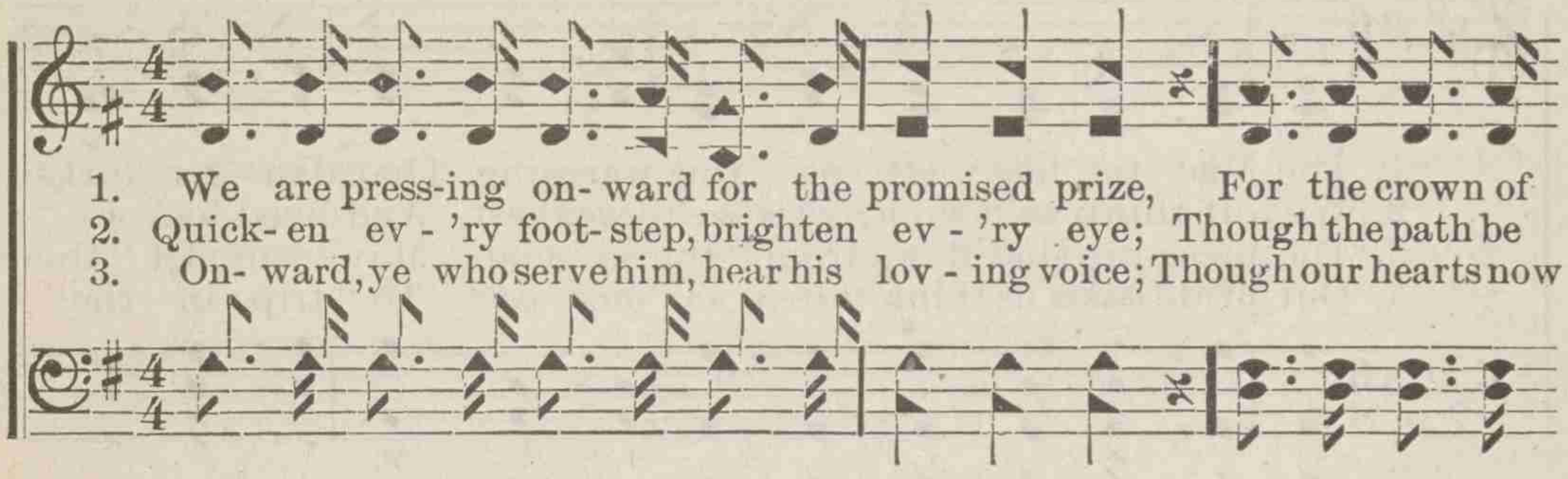




O, wait no lon-ger, dear brother, But en - ter ere 'tis too late.



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PRESSING ON.

Rev. R. H. PITT, D.D. GEO. A. MINOR.



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WATCH AND PRAY.

M. CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. The Mas - ter has left us the warn-ing That dan - ger lurks
2. We oft think we're *strong*, when we're weakest, And heed-less we
3. The pleas-ure that flows from "the so - cial" May seem just "the
4. Our pride makes us think *there's no dan - ger* To "trip in the

o - ver our way. The temp-ter is cun - ning and wa - ry,
step on our way. No eyes for a snare, or a pit - fall—
kind for the day." But oft - en it leaves a wild crav - ing,
dance," or "the play." Ah! when such temptations come o'er us,

CHORUS.

And we must be watchful and pray. Watch and pray!.....
For - get - ting to watch and to pray.
Be watch-ful, so watchful *and pray.*
Be watch-ful, so watchful *and pray.* Watch, ev-er watch, pray, ever pray,

For the hour of temptation will come,..... Watch and
Watch and pray, watch ev-er, watch,

Rit.

pray!..... Be our *watchword* un - til we get home.
pray, ev-er pray.

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21 MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

ROBERT D. MORRIS, LL.D. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sigh-ing bough..... That makes the
2. Each flow-'ry glen..... and moss-y dell..... Where hap-py
3. And when I read..... the thrill-ing lore,..... Of Him who

1. Each cooing dove and sighing bough

eve..... so blest to me,..... Has something far ..... di-vin-er
birds..... in song a-gree,..... Thro' sun-ny morn..... the praises
walked..... up-on the sea,..... I long, O how..... I long once

That makes the eve so blest to me, Has something far

now,..... It bears me back..... to Gal-i-lee.....
tell,..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal-i-lee.....
more..... To fol-low Him..... in Gal-i-lee.....

di-vin-er now, It bears me back to Gal-i-lee.

CHORUS.

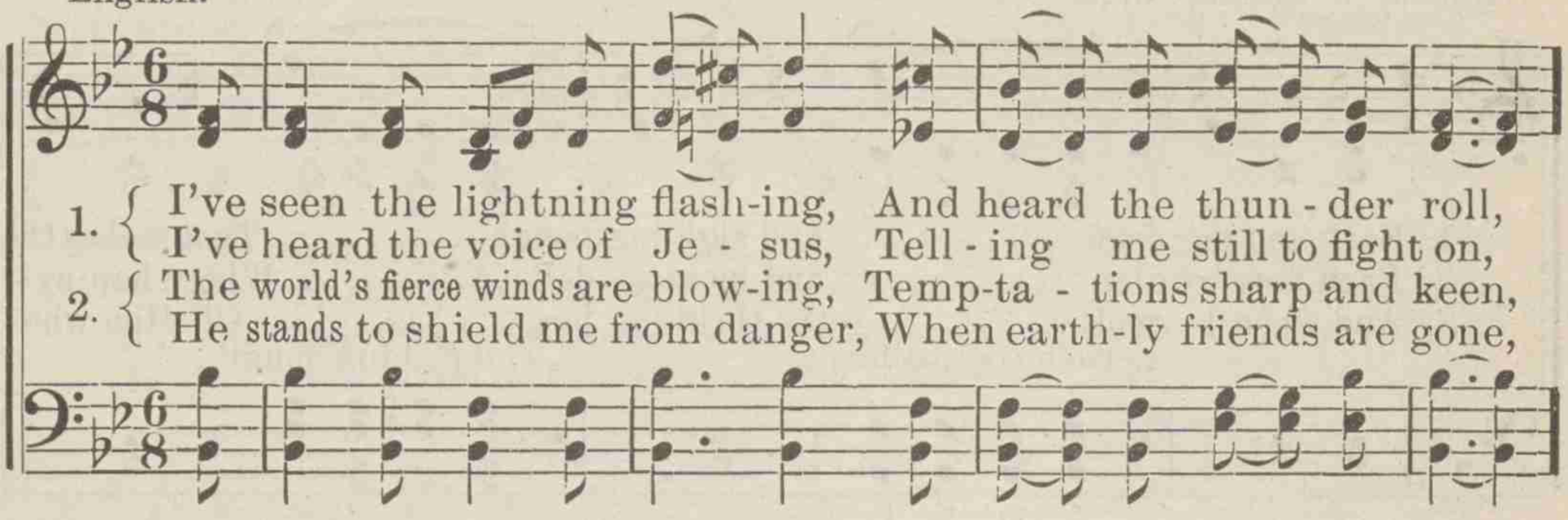
O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Je-sus loved so much to be; O
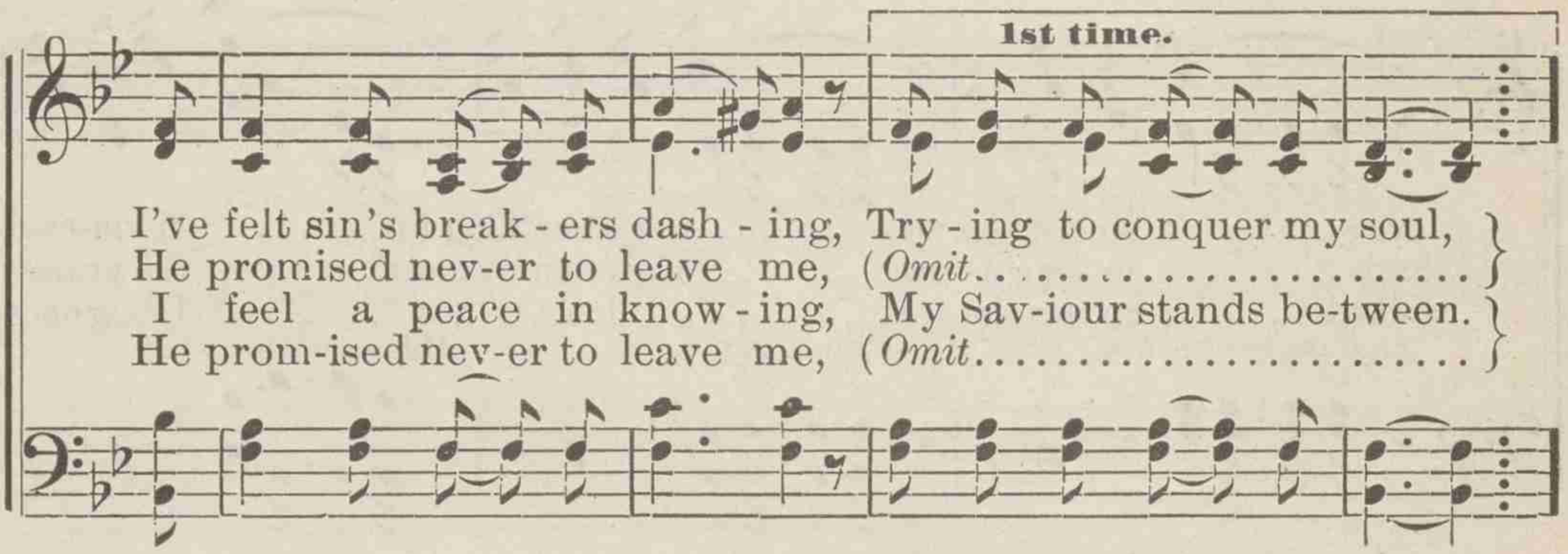
Gal-i-lee! blue Gal-i-lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!

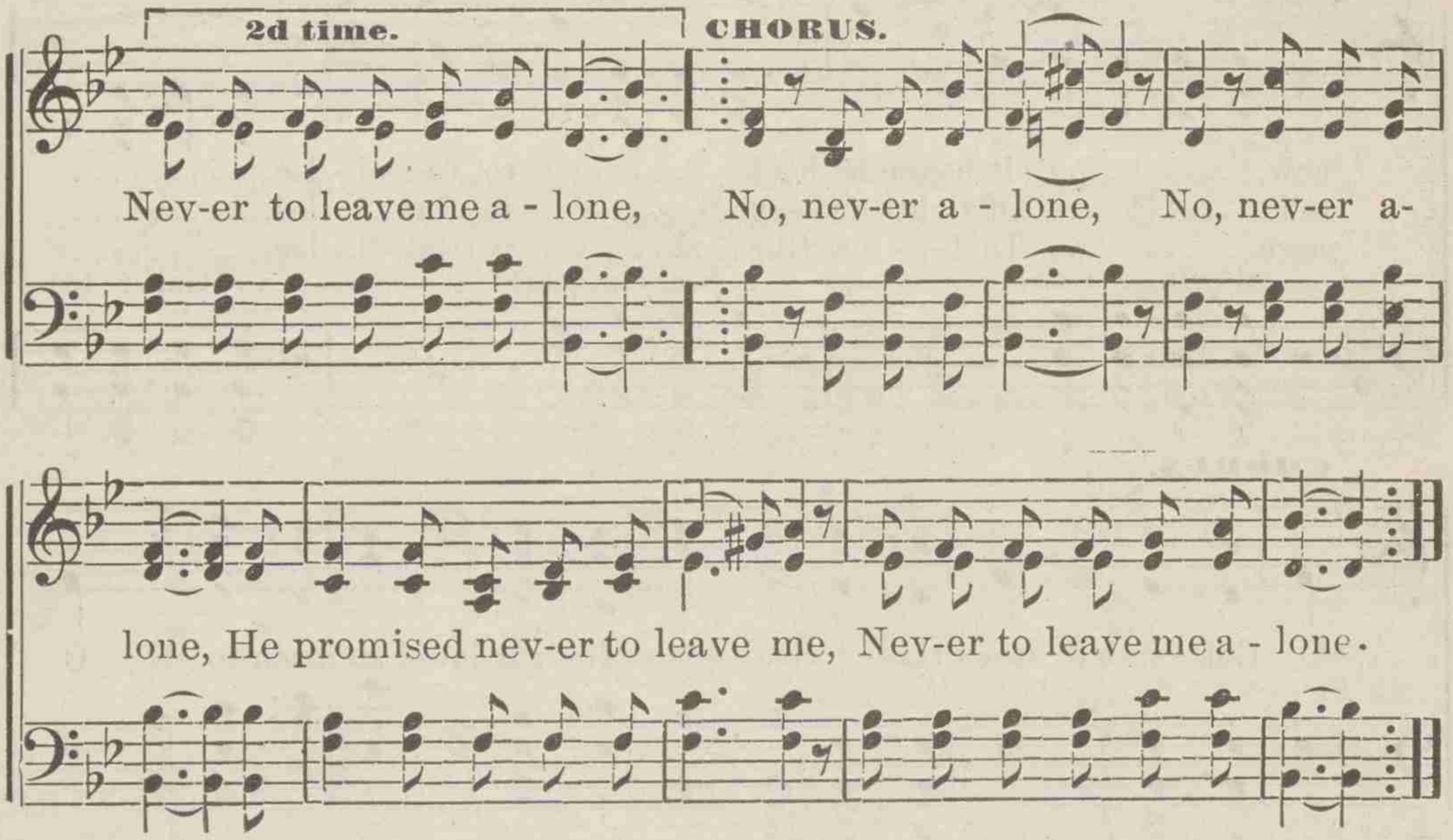
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22 NEVER ALONE.

English.







3 When in affliction's valley,
I'm treading the road of care,
My Saviour helps me to carry,
My cross when heavy to bear;
My feet entangled with briars,
Ready to cast me down,
My Saviour whispers His promise,
I'll never leave thee alone.

4 He died for me on the mountain,
For me they pierced His side,
For me He opened that fountain,
The crimson cleansing tide;
For me He's waiting in glory,
Seated upon His throne,
He promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone.

23 HE CARETH FOR YOU.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Oh, why will you car - ry your burdens so long? Why walk with so
2. His hand is not shortened, His love is not cold, Oh, then, in this
3. He car - eth for you as He ev - er has done, So nev - er-more

mourn-ful a face? God's boun-ty will nev - er fall short of your need,
vale of a - larms, Why will you stay hun-ger-ing out of the fold,
grope or be sad, The earth and the heavens are full of His pow'r,

CHORUS.

Why do you not trust in His grace?
You might be so close in His arms? He car - eth for you, oh, re-
Look up-ward, and trust, and be glad.

mem-ber, His prom-ise is stead-fast and true, Oh, come, cast your

care all up - on Him, He car - eth, He car - eth for you.

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EVER PRAY.

ADAH TORREY HENDERSON. ALICE L. MARTIN.

1. Pray when the morn-ing's beau - ty Calls you to life and light,
2. Pray in youth's hap- py morn - ing, Pray in life's noon-day bright,
3. Pray thro' life's joy and sor - row, Pray till the war - fare cease,

Pray when your dai - ly du - ty Ends with the fall - ing night.
Pray when the years give warn - ing Of death's fast com - ing night.
Pray till a bright to - mor - row Bring - eth e - ter - nal peace.

CHORUS.

Pray in your joy and glad - ness That He con-trol your ways;

Pray in the hour of sad - ness, He comforts one who prays.

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25 CONFLICT WITH SELF.

W. H. LIGON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. The soul with-in me longs for rest, And sighs for heav - en's home;
2. Each one may to his Sav - iour go, O - be - dience is the sum;
3. My soul in con-fiict with my will, Is whis - per - ing "Be true;"
4. Oh, why not en - ter now the fold, The gos - pel trum - pet warns;

Then shall I spurn the blest re-quest, And still in dark - ness roam?
Christ says in accents sweet and low, "Whoev - er will may come."
My earth - ly man re-torts "Be still, Some oth - er time will do."
That you might wear a crown of gold, Christ wore a crown of thorns.

CHORUS.

Re-mem - ber thou . . . . . who spurn the light,
Re - mem - ber thou who spurn the light,

To walk in Sa - tan's wiles, The shadowy road . . . . . to
The shadowy road,

deep - est night, Is paved with af - ter - whiles.
to deep - est night.

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26 THERE IS SUNSHINE TO-DAY.

M. CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. There is sun-shine to - day Gleam-ing o - ver my way, When once
2. There is sun-shine to - day Gleam-ing o - ver my way, For my
3. There is sun-shine to - day Gleam-ing o - ver my way, As I
4. There is sun-shine to - day Gleam-ing o - ver *our* way, And each

darkness and doubts were around me; Now for me Je-sus pleads, And my
fears and my tears have all vanished; I know "Je-sus is mine," For I've
tell of LOVE'S won-der-ful sto - ry; 'Neath my Father's strong arm I am
soul with its joy is o'er-flow-ing; When the harvest we reap, There's no

foot-steps He leads,— I was lost, but LOVE sought and it found me.
"line up - on line," And each doubt from my soul has been banished.
safe from all harm, For I'm "walking with Je - sus" to glo - ry.
"wak-ing to weep," If we scat-ter good seed in the sow - ing.

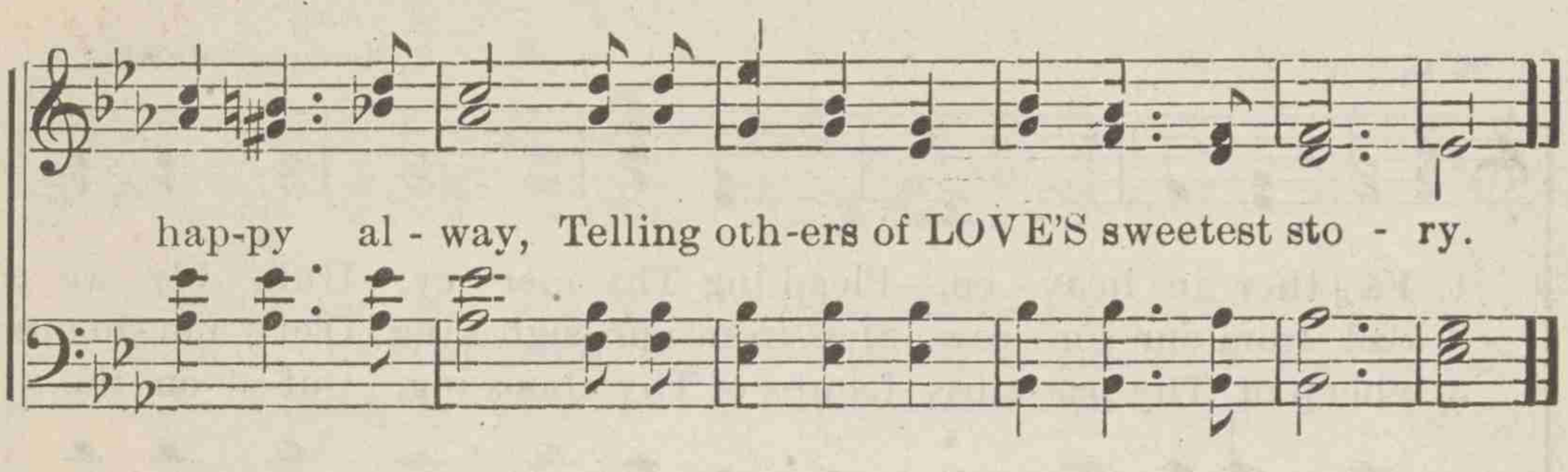
CHORUS.

Oh! there's sun-shine to-day, Gleaming o - ver my way, And my

soul is so full of its glo - ry; For I'm bless'd ev'ry day, And I'm

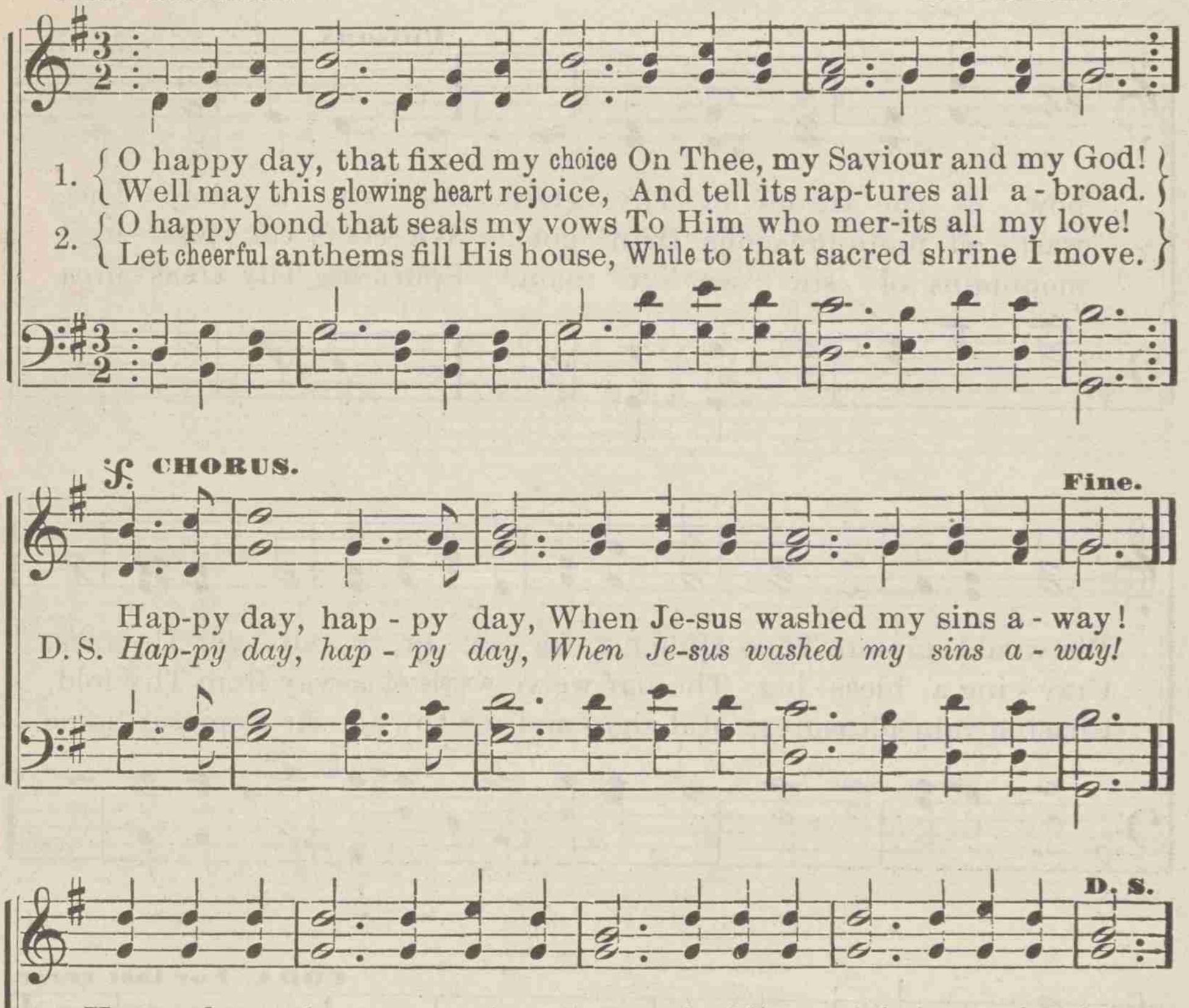
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THERE IS SUNSHINE TO-DAY. Concluded.



27 HAPPY DAY.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.



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

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

28 FATHER IN HEAVEN. (A Prayer.)

M. C. MENZIES CUMMING.

1. Fa - ther in heav - en,—Plead-ing Thy mer - cy, Hum - bly we
2. Sad from our sor - row, Sick from our sigh - ing O'er mo - ments
3. Sheep of Thy pas - ture, Lambs of Thy choos-ing, Out on the

Unisons - - - - -

bow at the throne of Thy grace. As we a - dore Thee,
wast - ed, more pre-cious than gold. We come con - fess - ing,
mountains of sin we oft roam. Spurn-ing Thy treas - ures,

We would implore Thee Hide not, for - ev - er, in an - ger Thy face,
Crav - ing a bless - ing, Tho' far we've wandered a-way from Thy fold.
Chasing vain pleasures, 'Mid sighs and sor-rows so far from our home,

CODA. For last verse.

Hide not, for - ev - er, in an - ger, Thy face. A - - men.
Tho' far we've wandered a - way from Thy fold.
'Mid sighs and sor-rows, so far from our home. A-men, A-men.

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29 MORE LIKE THEE.

G. W. LYON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Bless-ed Je - sus, let me be from day to day More like Thee;
2. Take my life and make me pure without, within, More like Thee;
3. All a - long my jour - ney I would seek to be More like Thee;

So that I may walk within the narrow way, And be more like Thee.
Help me to despise and shun the ways of sin, And be more like Thee.
In e - ter - ni - ty Thy bless-ed face to see, And be more like Thee.

CHORUS.

Lead me ev - er, let me be each day and hour More like Thee;
Lead me ev - er,

Sweetly mold - ed by Thy word and Spirit's pow'r, More and more like Thee.
Sweetly molded

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30 ARE YOU WALKING.

MINNIE B JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Are you walk - ing in the foot-steps Of the man of Gal - i - lee?
2. Are you walk - ing in the foot-steps Of the one who bore the cross?
3. Are you walk - ing in the foot-steps Of the one who died for you?

Does the way to you seem ev - er bright and fair?
Is His pre - cious blood ap - plied to keep you clean?
Did His death for you not set you free from sin?

Are you striv - ing in your dai - ly Life the more like Him to be,
Do you know Him by com - mun-ion, Do you own His bless - ed cause?
Will you then re - nounce the world, and To the Sav - iour e'er be true?

For His glo - ry will you all af - flic - tions bear?
Does your faith up - on His prom - ise ev - er lean?
Ope your heart this ver - y mo - ment, take Him in.

CHORUS.

Are you walk - - ing in His foot - steps? Then from
Are you walk-ing in His foot-steps? Walking in His footsteps?

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Are You Walking? Concluded.

ev - 'ry sin and sor - row quick-ly fly, Are you walk - - ing
Are you walking in His footsteps?

in His foot - steps? Will you walk with Him in glory by and by?
Walking in His footsteps?

31 "PEACE! IT IS I!"

LULA E. CLARK.

1. Fierce was the bil - low wild, Dark was the night, Oars la - bored
2. Ridge of the mount-ain wave, Low - er thy crest! Wail of the
S. Je - sus, de - liv - er - er, Come Thou to me, Soothe Thou my

heav - i - ly, Foam glit - tered white, Trem - bled the mar - i - ners,
might - y wind, Be thou at rest, Sor - row can nev - er be,
voy - ag - ing, O - ver life's sea, Thou, when the storm of death

Rit.
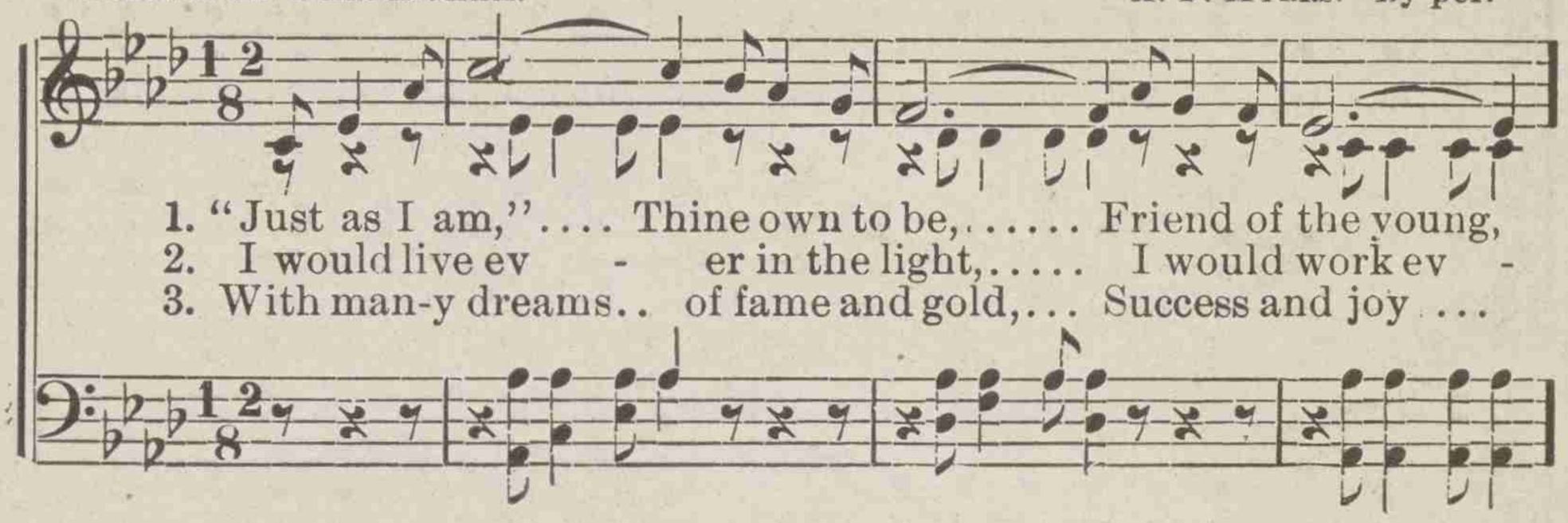
Per - il is nigh, Then said the Son of God, "Peace! it is I!"
Dark-ness must fly, When saith the Light of Life, "Peace! it is I!"
Roars sweeping by, Whis - per, Thou Lord of all, "Peace! it is I!"
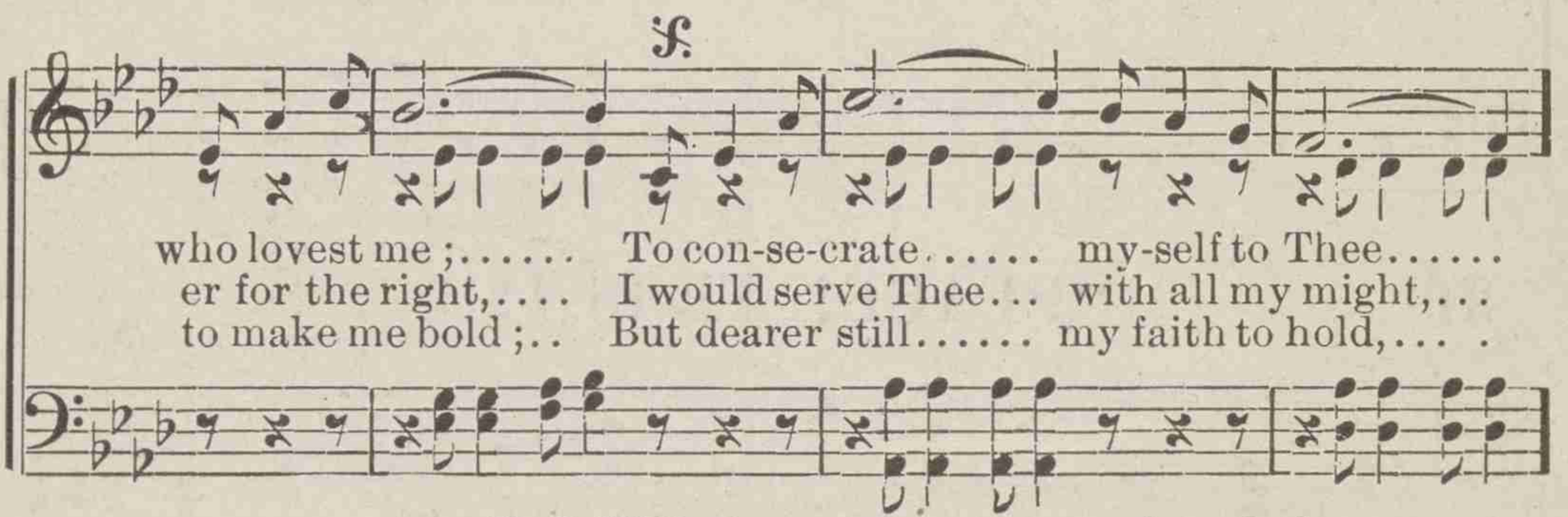
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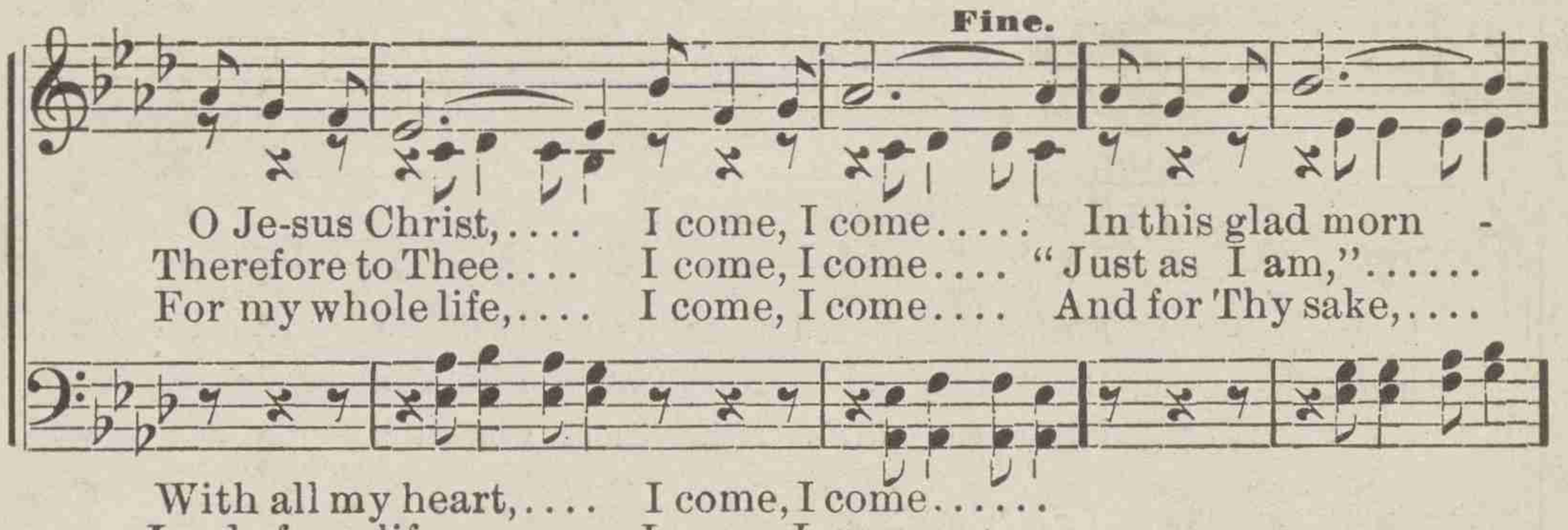
32 IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

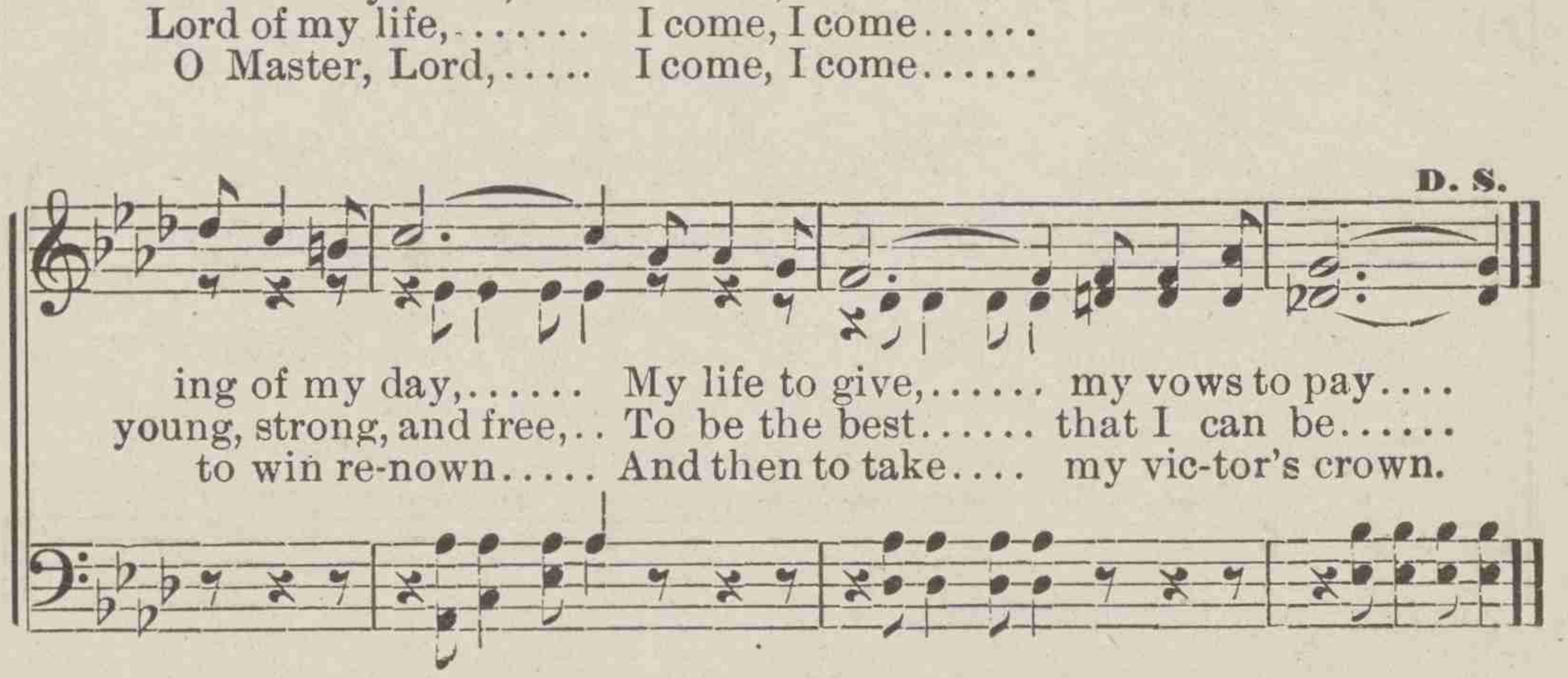
"My son, attend unto my wisdom, and bow thine ear to my understanding."—PROV. 5 : 1.

MARRIANNE FARNINGHAM. A. F. MYERS. By per.









33 LAUNCH OUT ON THE PROMISE.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Launch out on the promise, my broth-er, Launch out on the promise of God, 'Tis deep-er than o - cean or heav-en, It is free, it is gracious and broad. Launch out . . . . . on the prom - ise,
2. Launch out on the promise, my broth-er, When you shall be tempted and tried; There's help in the time of temp-ta - tions, For this Je - sus suf-fered and died.
3. Launch out on the promise, my broth-er, When sorrows like sea-bil-lows roll; "As one whom his mother doth comfort," So Je - sus will com-fort thy soul!
4. Launch out on the promise, my broth-er, When weary and worn and dis- tressed; "I nev - er will leave nor for-sake thee, I give you my peace and my rest." Launch out on the promise, Launch out on the prom-ise,

CHORUS.

The prom-ise of God stand-eth sure, When sun, moon and stars shall have fad - ed a - way, His word shall for - ev-er en - dure. . . . . for - ev - er en - dure.

Copyright, 1895, by J. H. Rosecrans.

34 PASSING BY ON THE OTHER SIDE.

JENNIE WILSON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Up - on the road to Jer - i - cho, A wound-ed trav-'ler lay,
2. At length a good Sa - mar - i - tan With pit - y in his heart,
3. Oh, dai - ly to our care-less souls May we this les - son take,

With none to give him friend-ly aid, Tho' man - y came that way;
Performed un - to the help-less one A kind - ly neighbor's part;
And nev - er for our self - ish ease Some near - by task for - sake.

Proud priest and Le - vite saw him there But cared not if he died,
For - got - ten was their dif - fer - ence Of na - tion and of creed,
Our Sav-iour taught us that He notes Each lov - ing deed we do,
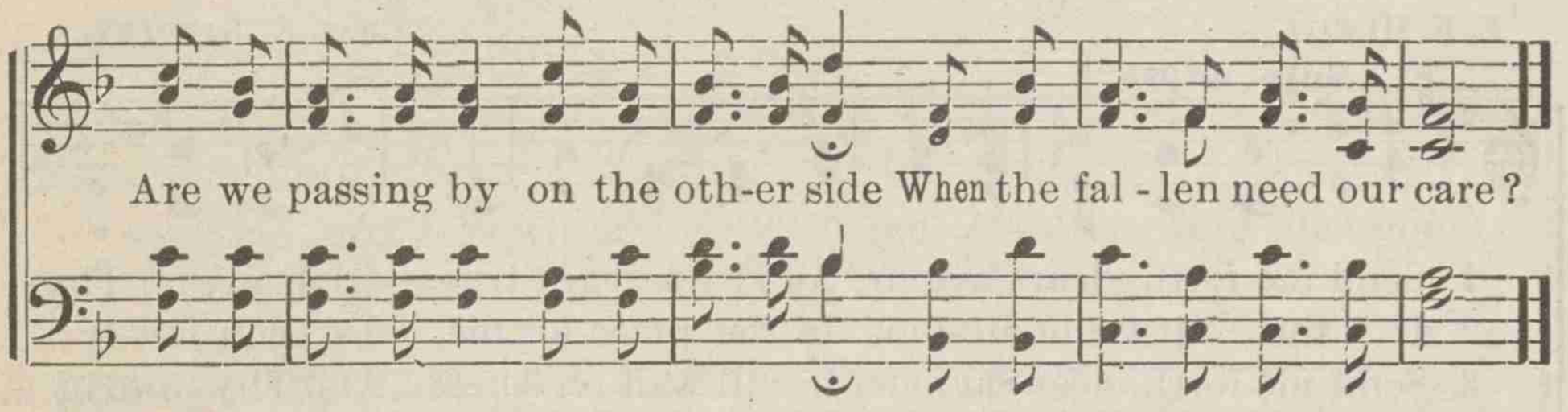
And paus-ing not to of - fer help, Passed on the oth - er side.
He on - ly saw a broth-er-man And heard the call of need.
And ours must be kind hearts and hands If we to Him prove true.

CHORUS.

Are we passing by on the oth-er side, When the weak our strength should share?

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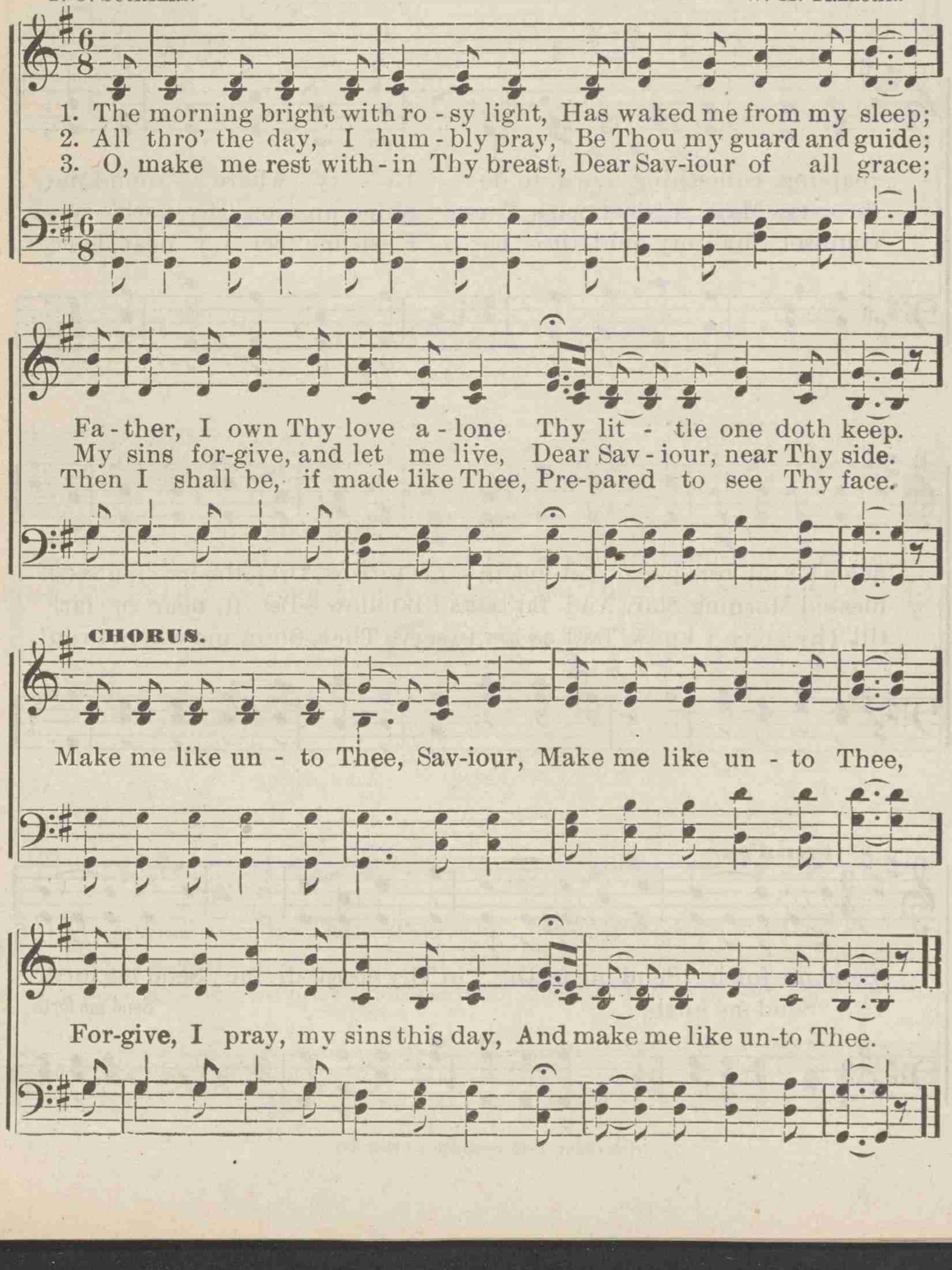
PASSING BY. Concluded.



35 MORNING HYMN.

"Make me like unto thee."

T. O. SUMMERS. W. M. TRELOAR.



36 SEND ME FORTH!

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

Solo, ad lib.

1. Send me forth, dear Saviour, As Thy servant true,—Give me, for Thy reap-ing, Something, Lord, to do! Ev - 'ry - where a - round me,
2. If the lit-tle home-plot Is the place for me, In each low-ly du - ty, May I meet with Thee; Shine up - on my path - way,
3. Send me forth, dear Saviour, I will wait on Thee, And Thy word of coun-sel Shall my guid-ance be; Keep me ver - y near Thee,

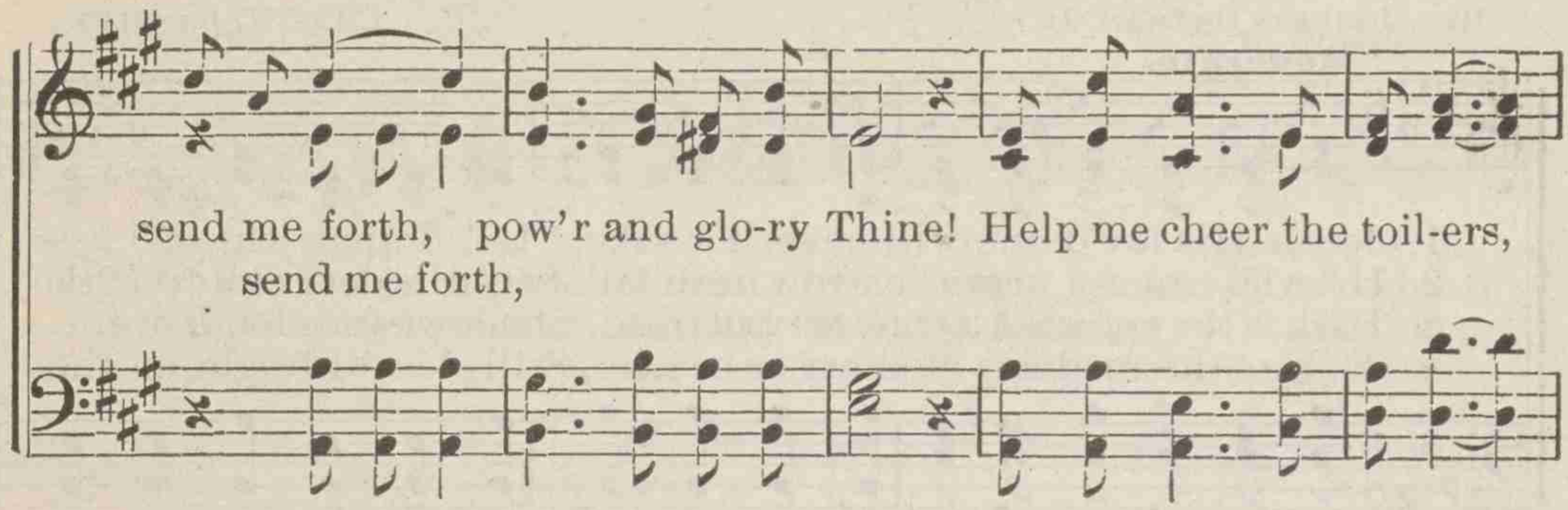
fields for lab'rers plead, Let me, in some furrow, Drop the liv - ing seed!
blessed Morning Star, And Thy beams I'll follow—Be it near or far!
till Thy voice I know, Teach me how to serve Thee, Show me where to go!

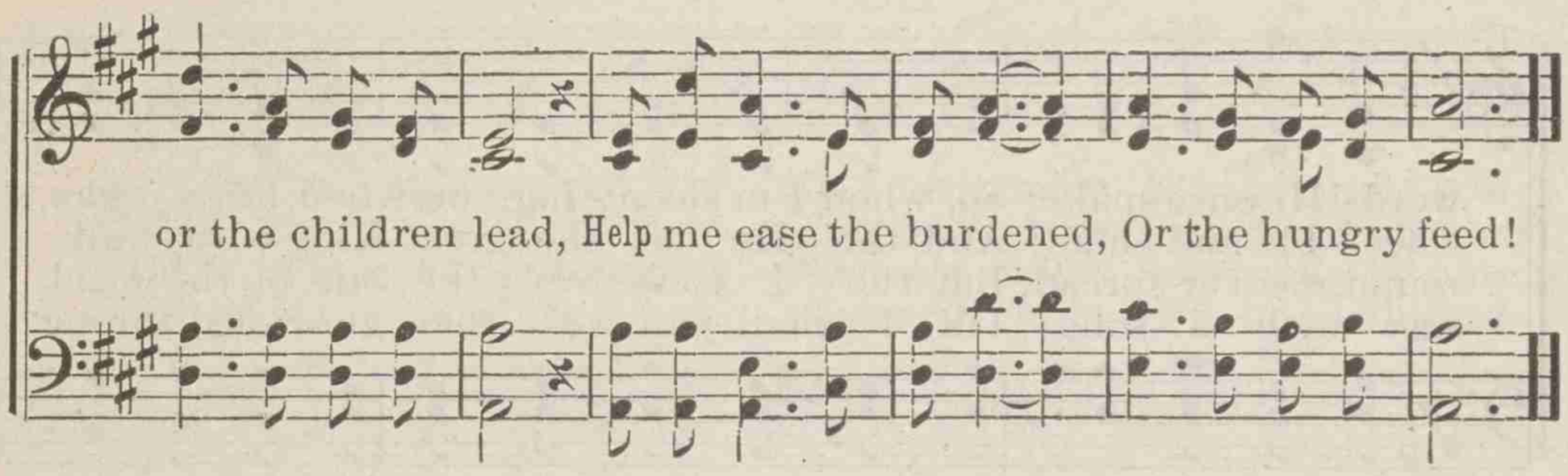
CHORUS.

Send me forth, Send me forth, in Thy strength divine; Send me forth
Send me forth, Send me forth,

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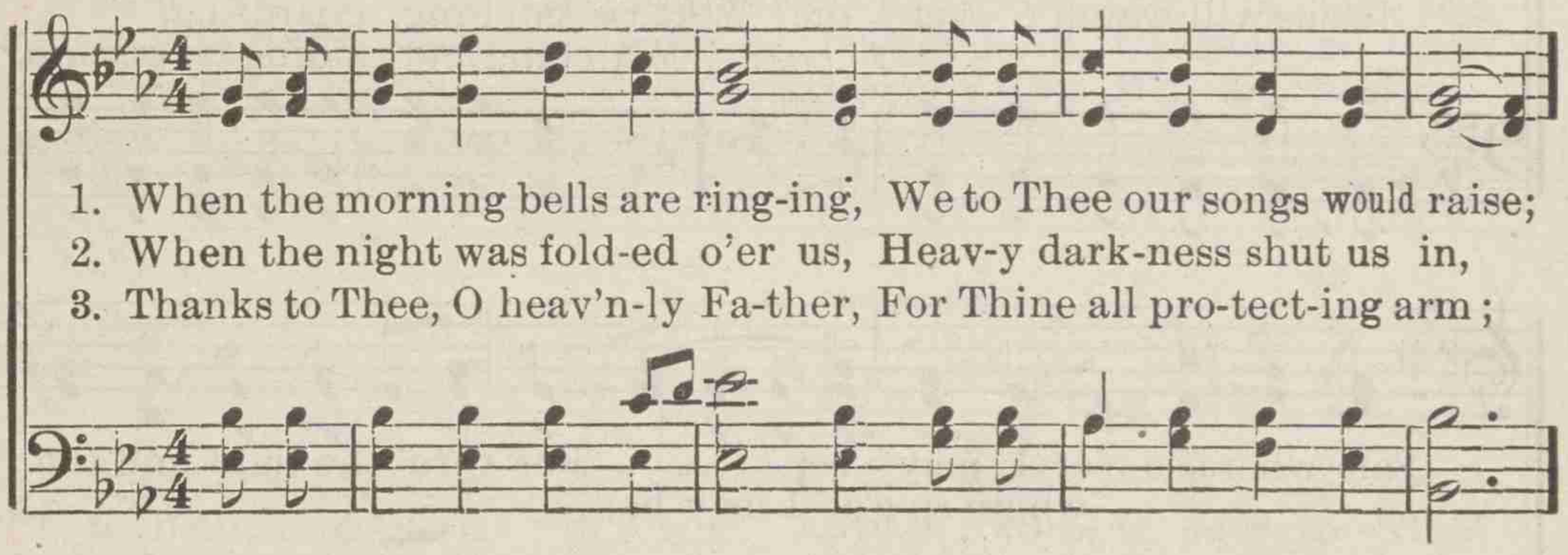
SEND ME FORTH! Concluded.

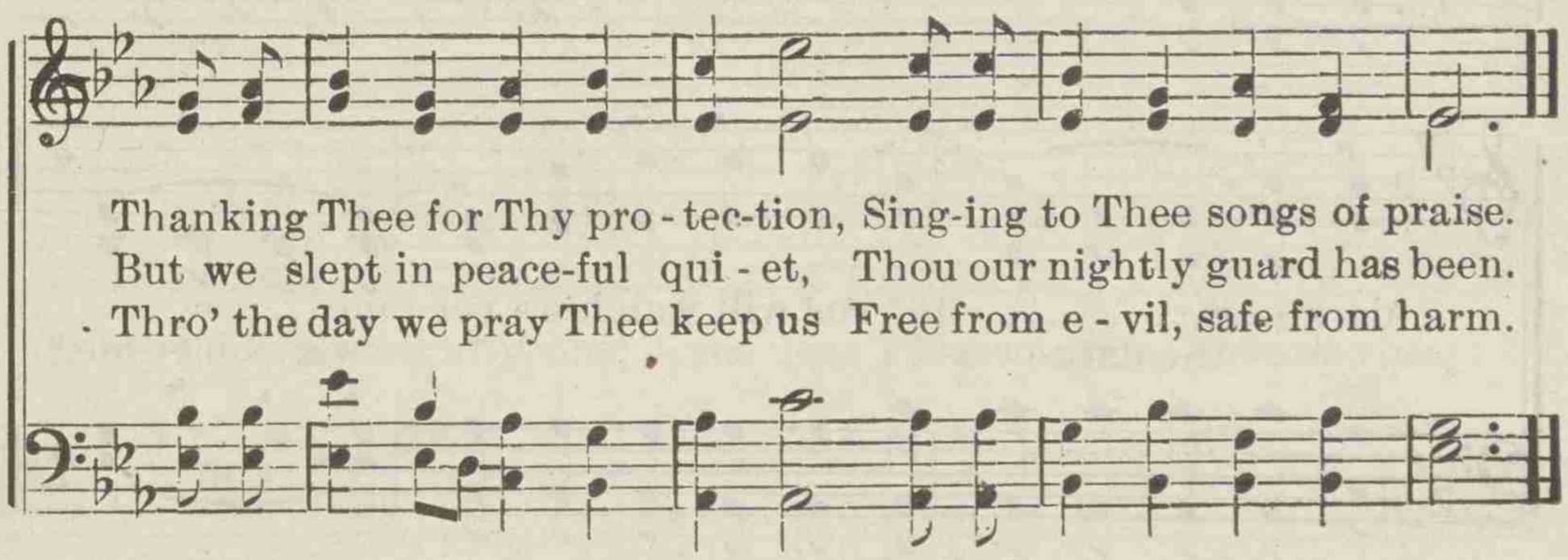




37 MORNING PRAISE.

L. O. EMERSON.





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38 JESUS WILL WATCH OVER ME!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

Moderato.

1. Je-sus His lov'd one will never for-sake, "Lo! I am with you" were words He once spake; So, when I'm sleep - ing, or when I'm a-wake,
2. He who can see when a sparrow doth fall Sees His dear children, tho' fee - ble and small; And tho' He is the great King o - ver all,
3. Dark is the road which my tired feet must tread, Shadows and clouds are a - round me o'er-spread, But tho' I pass thro' the vale of the dead,
4. So, tho' the road may be short or be long, Still I will bright-en the way with a song; Till I shall join with that glo-ri-fied throng,

CHORUS.

Je-sus will watch o - ver me! Watch-ing, guid-ing, guard-ing,
Watching and guiding and guarding,
Safe where-so-e'er I may be;..... For thro' the light and the
where-so-e'er I may be;
dark-ness,..... Je - sus will watch o - ver me!.....
the dark-ness watch o'er me!

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39 LOVE DIVINE.

M. CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. On the moun-tains far a - way From the fold I went a - stray;
2. In the hours of si-lent night, In the dim - ness of my sight,
3. 'Mid the strug-gles of the day, 'Mid the hours of toil and play,
4. Love divine sought out the lost; Love di - vine slew Sa-tan's host;

Dark and rug-ged was my way, No love mine. When in fol - ly's
In the fierc - est of the fight, Light will shine. Pleasure's paths, all
'Mid the sun-light or "the gray" Thou art mine. Snares tho' laid my
Love di-vine paid all the cost, Mine and Thine. Gift to earth from

paths I rove, Comes a warn-ing from a - bove, And a light—the
seek to rove, Find - ing joy in shade and grove—Joy is joy - less
way to prove, Naught on earth my trust remove, Christ is all my
heav'n above, Let our souls in rap-ture prove We are worth-y

CHORUS.

light of love, Love di - vine.
with-out love, Love di - vine. Love di - vine! O love di - vine!
light, my love, Love di - vine.
of such love, Love di - vine.

In my soul still brightly shine; Jesus' love I know is mine, Love di-vine.

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40 FOLLOW ME.

J. HOWARD ADAMS. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. The voice of the Mas-ter comes to us to-day, And gen-tle and
2. "O think tho' the shad-ow a-round thee doth lie, Tho' the path way be
3. "Re-mem-ber the path way leads up and a-way To the homeland sur-

kind-ly its tone: "Bear a soul, as you fol-low me o-ver life's way,
rug-ged and sore, Re-mem-ber the message, "fear not, it is I;"
pass-ing-ly fair; Then, faith-ful-ly fol-low, tho' hard be the way,

CHORUS.

To the foot of the in-fi-nite throne."
I have trodden thy path way be-fore." "I know all the pit-falls that
To heav-en, and reign with me there."
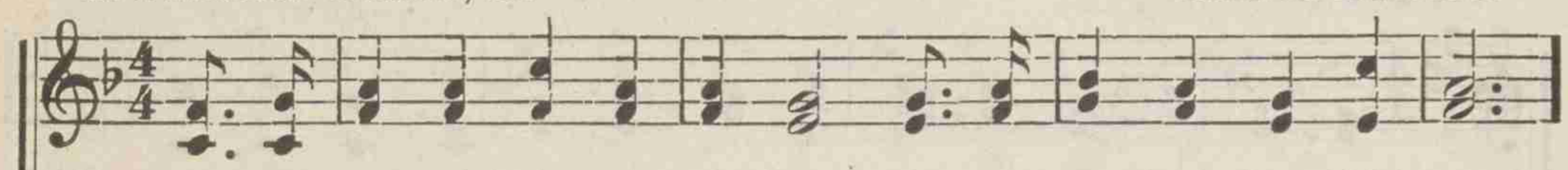
compass thy way, I know where the dark torrents leap, I have trodden a-

lone in the night and the day, In search of my wan-der-ing sheep."
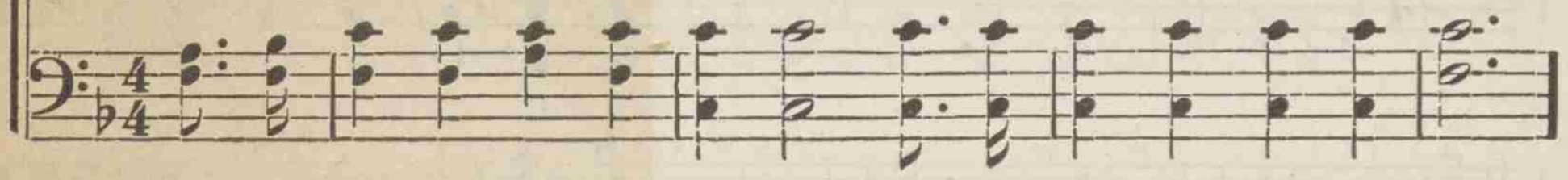
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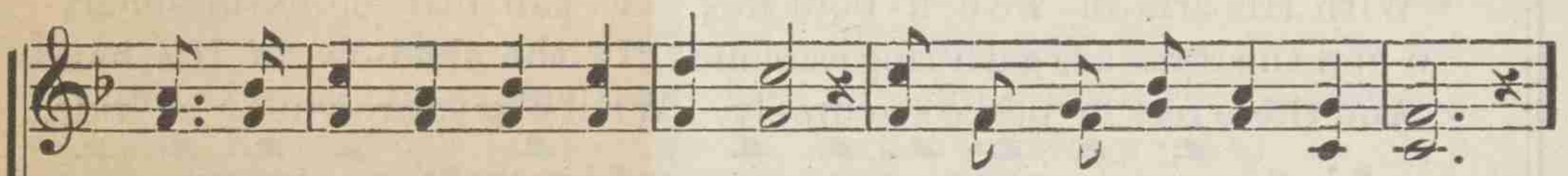
41 WE CAN BE OF USE TO JESUS.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

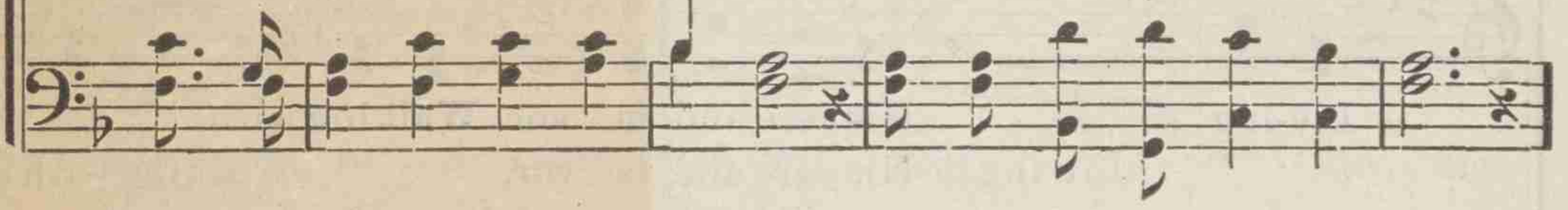


1. We can be of use to Je - sus, If our hearts are cleansed from sin;
2. We can be of use to Je - sus In this world of sin and woe;
3. We may be of use to Je - sus On the bat - tle - field of sin,—
4. If we are of use to Je - sus Here a - mid the care and strife,
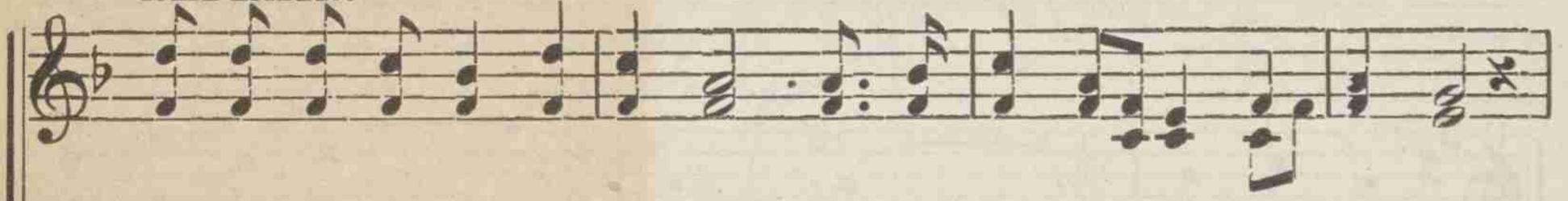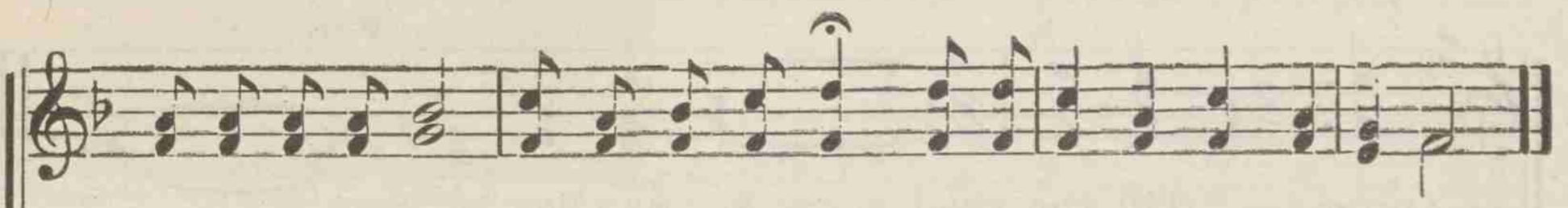




If to Him the door is o - pen— If He now a - bide with-in.
We may shine a-mid the darkness, Spreading light where-e'er we go.
We may help to raise the wounded, We may help a soul to win.
When the wea-ry march is o - ver We shall have a crown of life!
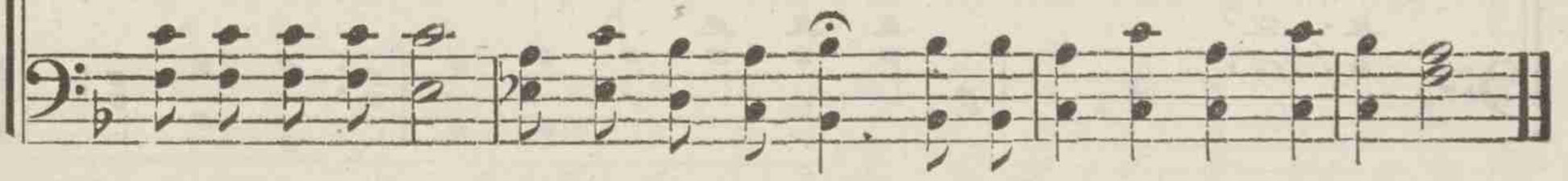


REFRAIN.



We can be of use to Je - sus, As we tell the Gos-pel sto - ry;



We can be of use,— we can be of use To the blessed Lord of Glo-ry!



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42 IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

IDA B. DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. In the val - ley of the shad-ow, Tho' the Sav-iour leads me still,
2. For He's promised He will hide me As I jour-ney thro' the land,
3. Then I'll hast-en to that ref - uge, Un - to Him my grief con-fide,

With His arm of love a - bout me, I can fear no harm nor ill.
When the storms are gath'ring round me, In the shad-ow of His hand.
And there rest in peace se-cure-ly, What e'er sor-row may be - tide.

CHORUS.

Liv-ing in..... His care and fa - vor, Walking with .....
Liv-ing in His care and fa - vor, Walking with

Him day by day,..... I will live..... up - on His
Him day by day, day by day, I will live up - on His

prom-ise, Till the shad - - - ows flee a - way.....
prom-ise, Till the shadows flee a - way, flee a - way.

Rit. - - -

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43 FOLLOWING JESUS.

J. W. CARPENTER. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Brave lit - tle sol-diers we're marching to - day, Marching to - day,
2. Lit - tle light - bear-ers we're shin-ing to - day, Shin-ing to - day,
3. Cheer-ful and will - ing we're giv - ing to - day, Giv - ing to - day,

march-ing to - day; Fol - low - ing Je - sus now lead-ing the way,
shin - ing to - day; Send-ing out sun-shine on love's beaming ray,
giv - ing to - day; Lov - ing - ly seek - ing His word to o - bey,

March-ing for Je - sus to - day. Fol - - - low - ing
Shin - ing for Je - sus to - day.
Giv - ing for Je - sus to - day. Fol - low - ing, fol - low - ing

Je - sus to - day, Fol - low - ing Him in that beau - ti - ful way,

He will keep us ev - er His own, Safe in the beau - ti - ful way.

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44 JESUS LIVES!

"Thou art my trust from my youth."—Ps. 71 : 5.

REV. JOHN R. COLGAN. A. F. MYERS.

1. Might-y ar-my of the young, Lift your voice in cheerful song,
2. Tongues of chil-dren, light and free, Tongues of youth, all full of glee,
3. Je-sus lives, oh, bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word a-long, Je-sus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Je-sus lives! Light for you and all man-kind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Je-sus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall,
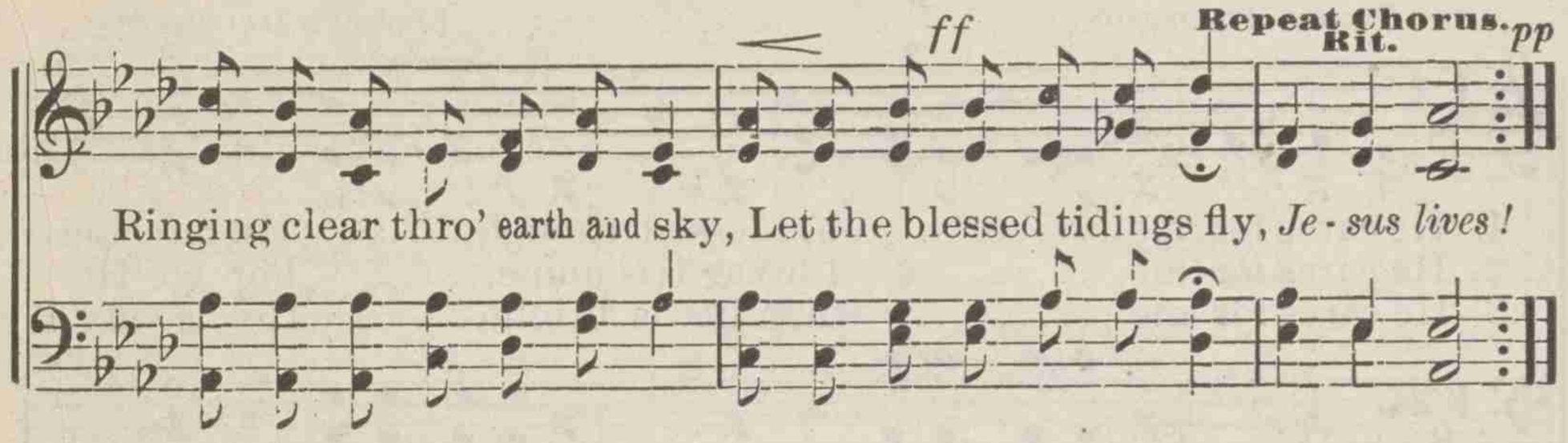
Bore our sins up-on the tree; Now He lives to make us free, Je-sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind; Life in Je-sus all may find, Je-sus lives!
Throws a-side the dreadful pall; Conquers death at once for all, Je-sus lives!

CHORUS.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you old-er grow, Ral-ly now and
Wait not, Sing,
Wait not, wait not, Sing for
sing for Je-sus, ev-'ry-where you go. Lift your joy-ful voic-es high,
sing,
Je-sus,

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JESUS LIVES! Concluded.



45 THE VOICE OF JESUS.

HORATIUS BONAR. Arr. from SPOHR.

46 HE CARES FOR ME.

ADAH TORRY HENDERSON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. He cares for me,..... oh, blessed thought,..... His precious
2. He cares for me,..... I wear His name,..... For me He
3. He cares for me ..... when life is bright,..... He is my

He cares for me, oh, blessed thought,

blood..... my par-don bought,.... His Ho-ly Word,.....
suf - - fered death and shame,.... When I transgress,.....
Star..... in sorrow's night,..... O'er all the way.....

His precious blood my pardon bought, His Ho - ly word

with love is fraught,.. He cares for me,..... He cares for me.....
He bears the blame,.. He cares for me,..... He cares for me.....
He is my Light,.... He cares for me,..... He cares for me.....

with love is fraught, He cares for me, He cares for me.
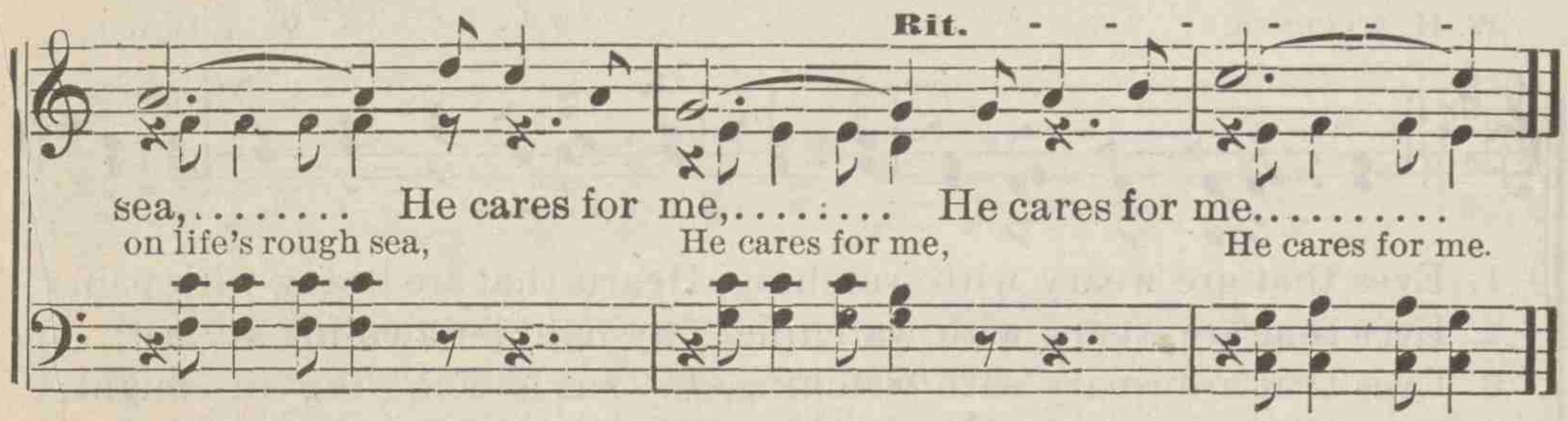
CHORUS.

He cares for me,..... my tru - est Friend,.... His lov-ing care....
He cares for me, my truest Friend, His loving care

will nev-er end,..... He steers my barque..... on life's rough
will nev - er end, He steers my barque
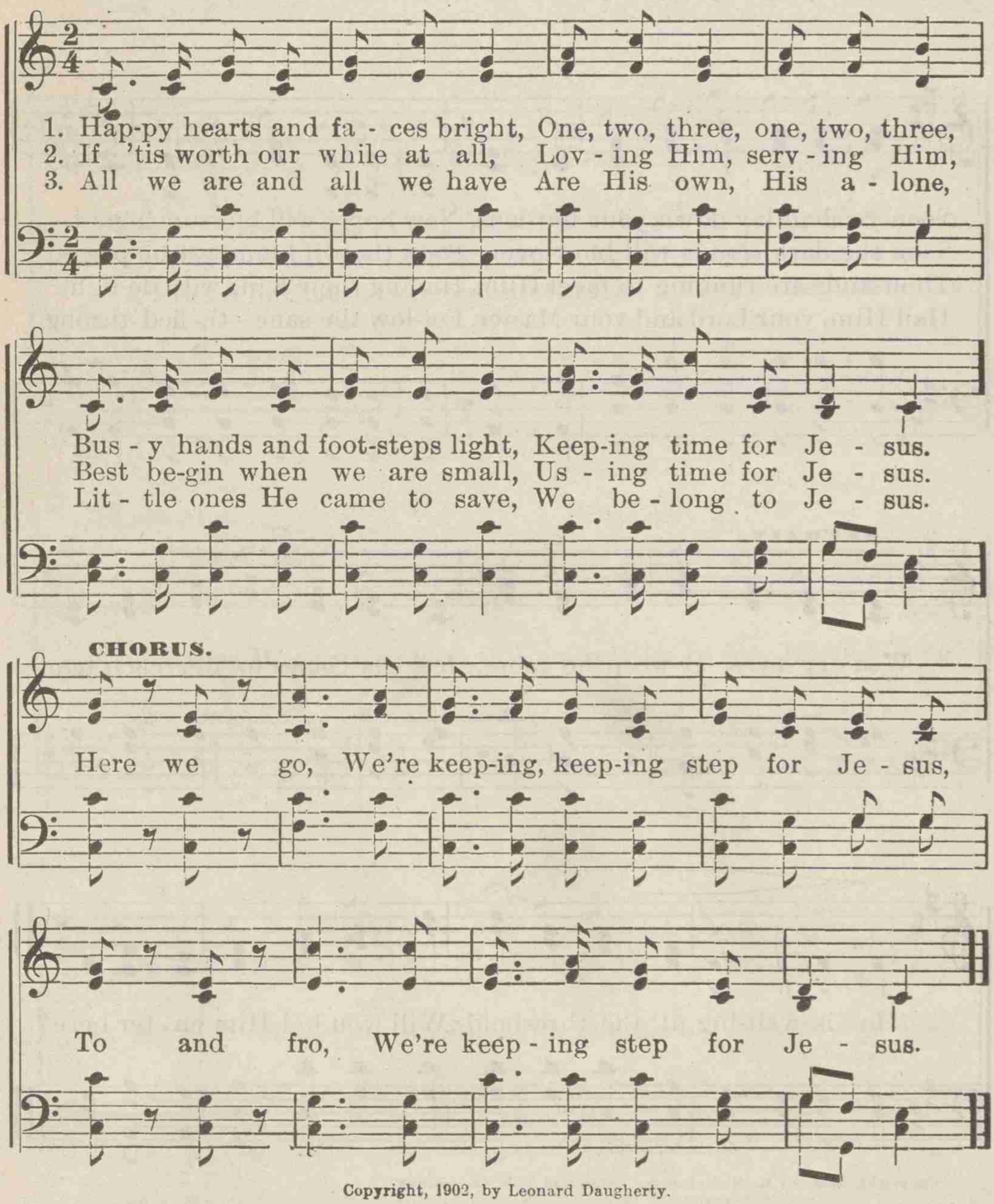
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HE CARES FOR ME. Concluded.



47 KEEPING STEP FOR JESUS.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.



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48 EYES THAT ARE WEARY.

W. H. GARDNER. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Eyes that are weary with watching, Hearts that are heavy with pain,
2. Eyes that are weary with watching, Day-light is dawn-ing at last;
3. Eyes that are weary with watching, Je - sus is com - ing in might;
4. Ye that are weary with watching, Join in the glo - ri - ous song!

Soon ye shall lay down your burdens, New hopes will blossom a-gain.
Soon the dark clouds will blow over, Soon the wild tempest be passed.
Thousands are running to meet Him, Hailing their King with de-light.
Hail Him, your Lord and your Master, Fol-low the sanc - ti - fied throng.

REFRAIN.
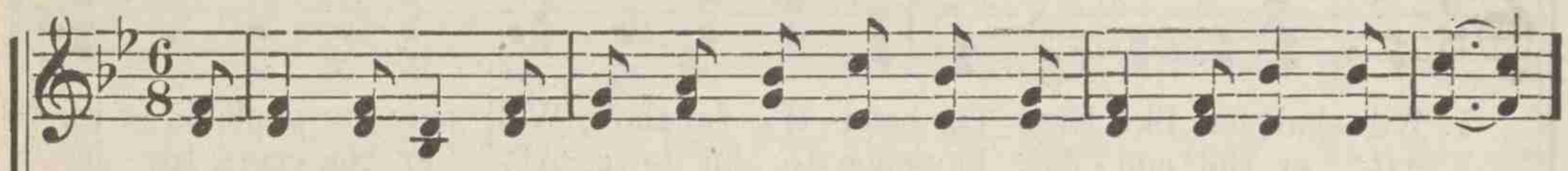
Wea - ry eyes, O weep no more, Je - sus comes to dry each tear,

He is wait-ing at the threshold, Will you bid Him en - ter here?

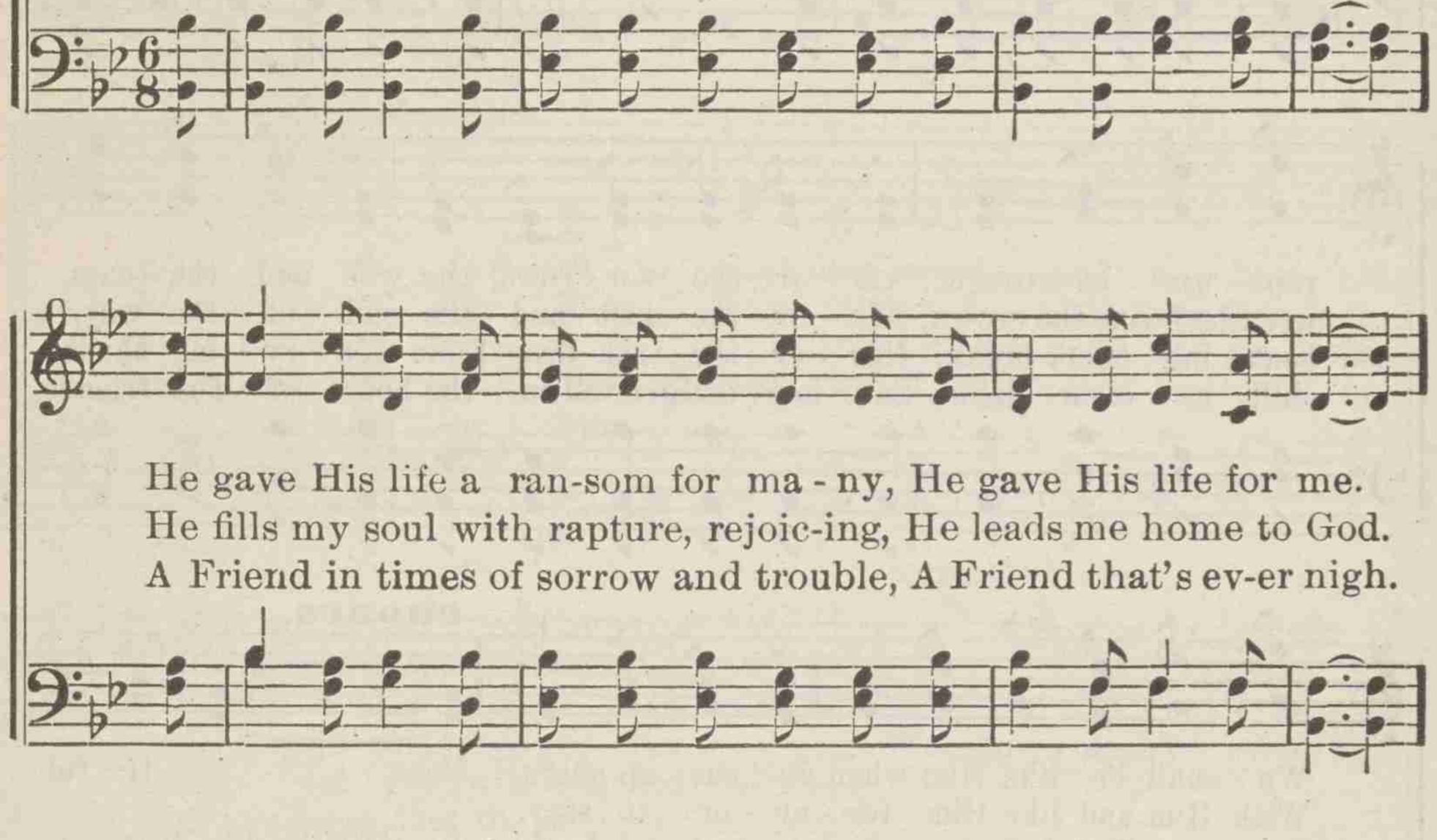
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49 I'LL SING THE PRAISE OF JESUS.
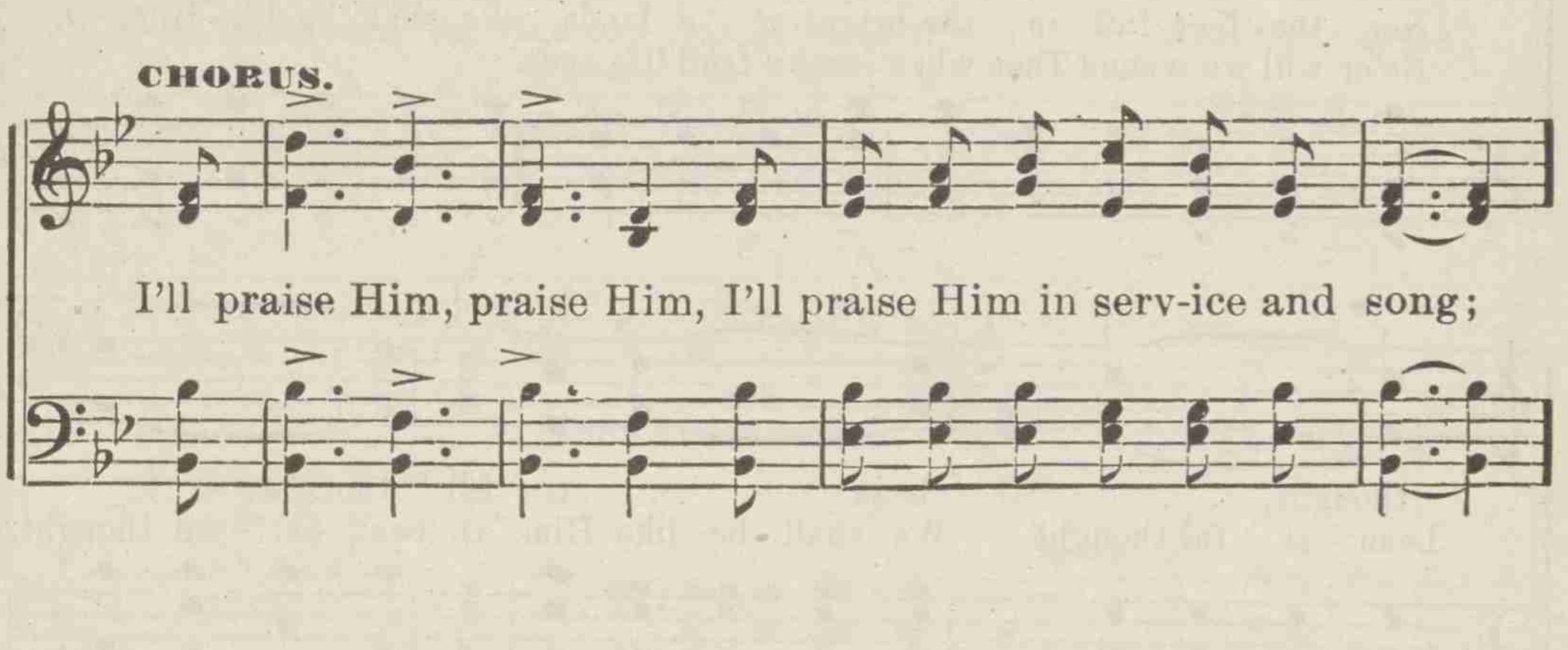
F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. I'll sing the praise of Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Who sets my spir-it free;
2. I'll sing the praise of Je-sus, my Sav-iour, And tell His love a-broad;
3. I'll sing the praise of Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Who hears my feeblest cry;
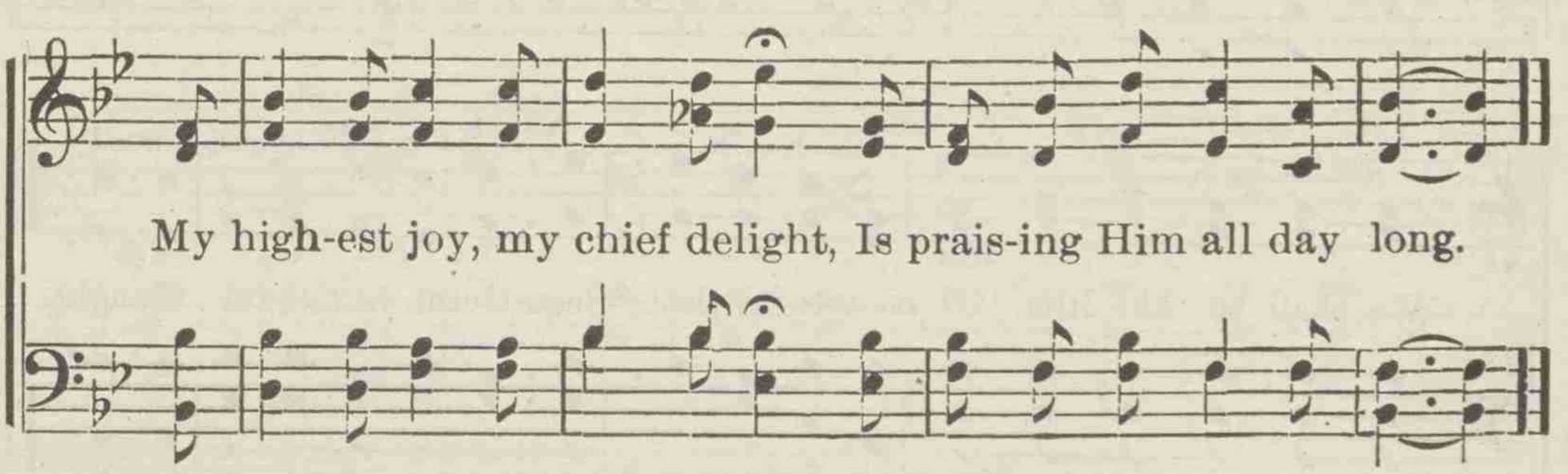


He gave His life a ran-som for ma - ny, He gave His life for me.
He fills my soul with rapture, rejoic-ing, He leads me home to God.
A Friend in times of sorrow and trouble, A Friend that's ev-er nigh.



CHORUS.

I'll praise Him, praise Him, I'll praise Him in serv-ice and song;



My high-est joy, my chief delight, Is prais-ing Him all day long.

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50 BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. We shall be like Him, O, beau - ti - ful tho't, Well may our souls in - to
2. Aft - er the con - flict in peace to sit down, Aft - er the cross to be
3. Nev - er a - gain shall the throbbing head ache, Nev - er a - gain shall the
4. Nev - er shall sin with the trail of its shame Shad-ow love's sunlight, nor

rapt - ure be wrought; Aft - er the sor - rows, the woe and the tears,
wreathed with the crown, Aft - er the dust and the soil of the way,
beat - ing heart break, Nev - er the task drop from wea - ry - ing hands,
chill its clear flame; Sav - iour, oft grieved in the house of Thy friends,

CHORUS.

We shall be like Him when Je - sus ap-pears. Beau - ti - ful
With Him and like Him for - ev - er to stay.
Nor the feet fail in the brightest of lands. We shall be like Him, O,
Ne'er will we wound Thee when earth's frail life ends.

thought, . . . O beau - - ti - ful thought, . . .
beau - ti - ful thought, We shall be like Him, O, beau - ti - ful thought,

We shall be like Him, O beau-ti-ful tho't, Beau-ti- ful, beauti-ful thought.

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51

WON'T YOU COME?

MATTIE M. BOTELER. R. M. McINTOSH, MUS. DOC.

1. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - iour, How lit - tle he asks you to do? Just to come and con-fess and o - bey him,
2. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - iour, How he grieves o'er your hard - ness and sin, How long at your heart he's been knock-ing,
3. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - iour, How he poured out his life - blood for you? O, sto - ry most won-drous and touch- ing,
4. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - iour, Let me ask, have you count - ed the cost? Tho' you gain all of earth's fleet-ing treas - ure,

REFRAIN.

Af - ter all he has giv - en to you. Won't you come? Won't you come? Won't you come and confess and o-bey? The time is so short for his serv - ice, And no time is yours but to - day!
And yet you will not let him in?
And you know that the sto - ry is true!
If your soul in the end should be lost! Won't you come?
Won't you come? and o- bey?

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52 THAT BEAUTIFUL NAME.

E. R. LATTA. JOHN R. BRYANT.

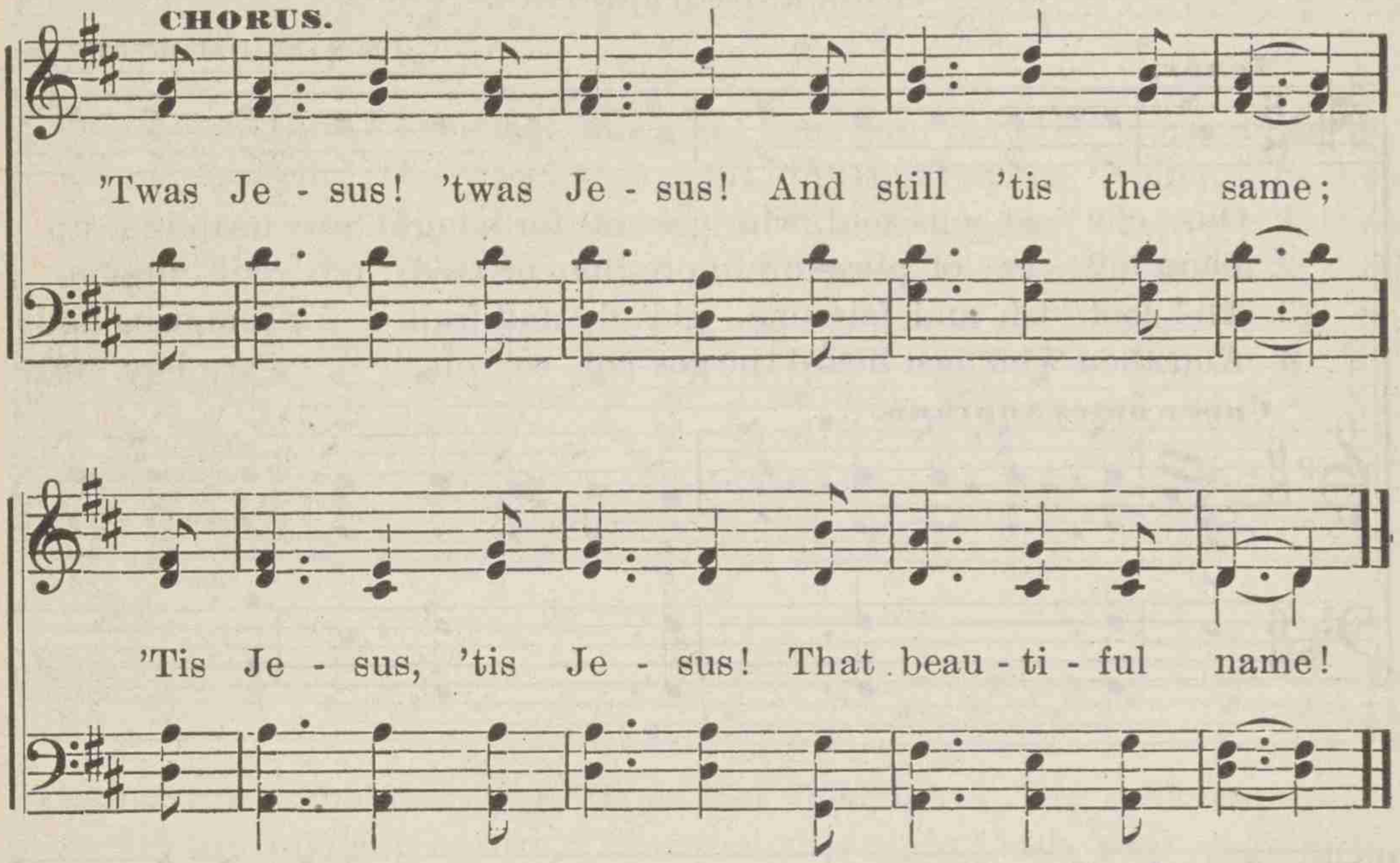
SOLO.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful name in my child-hood I heard, For my pa-rents oft told it to me; And my in - no-cent spir-it with
2. There's a beau - ti - ful name in the Bi - ble I've read, And my vis-ion was glad-'n'd to see; 'Twas the name of a Be - ing who
3. There's a beau - ti - ful name to the mar - tyrs so sweet, Till their forms were from suf-f'ring set free; 'Twas their trust in that name made their
4. There's a beau - ti - ful name to some fish - er - men, dear, When the tem-pest came down on the sea; 'Twas their hope of de-liv-'rance in
5. There's a beau - ti - ful name in our joys and our ills! 'Tis the sweet-est and dear-est to me! And its beau-ty makes glad the Ce-

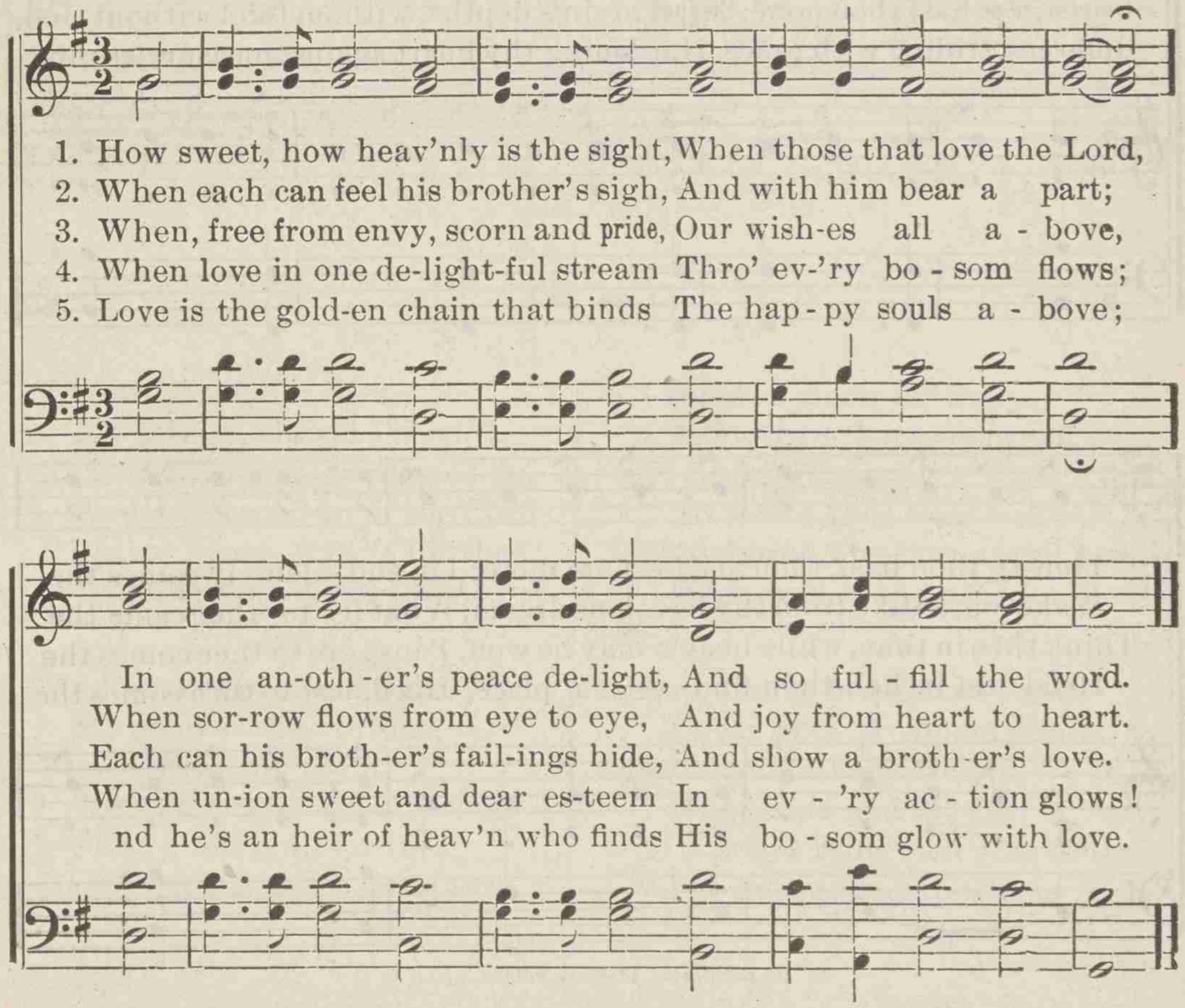
rap-ture was stirr'd! O what name could so beau - ti - ful be?
rose from the dead! O what name could so beau - ti - ful be?
tri-umph com-plete! O what name could so beau - ti - ful be?
dan-ger and fear! O what name could so beau - ti - ful be?
les - ti - al hills! O what name could so beau - ti - ful be?

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THAT BEAUTIFUL NAME. Concluded.
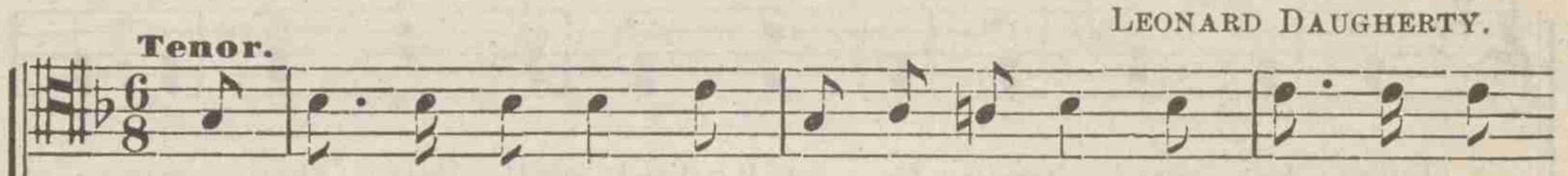


ARLINGTON.



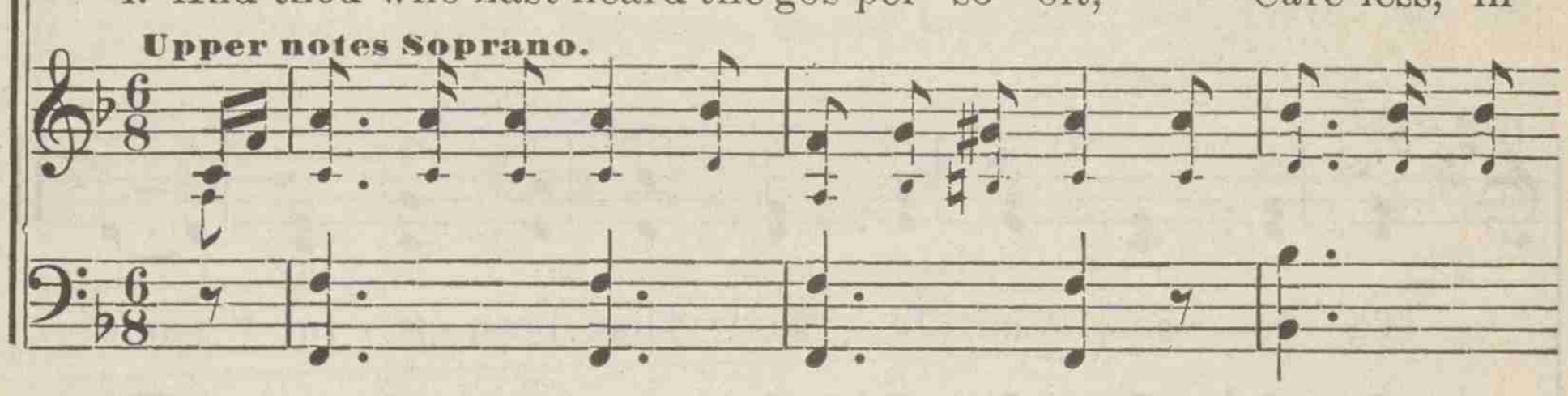
THIS NIGHT.
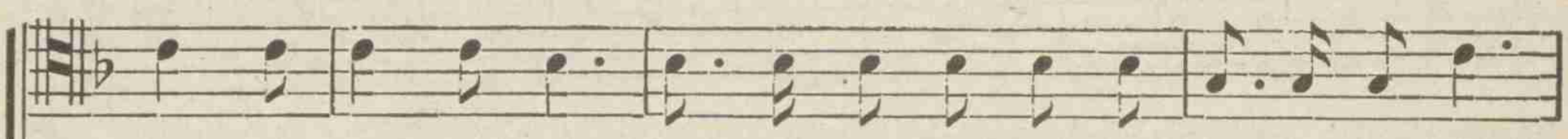
TENOR AND SOPRANO DUET.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.
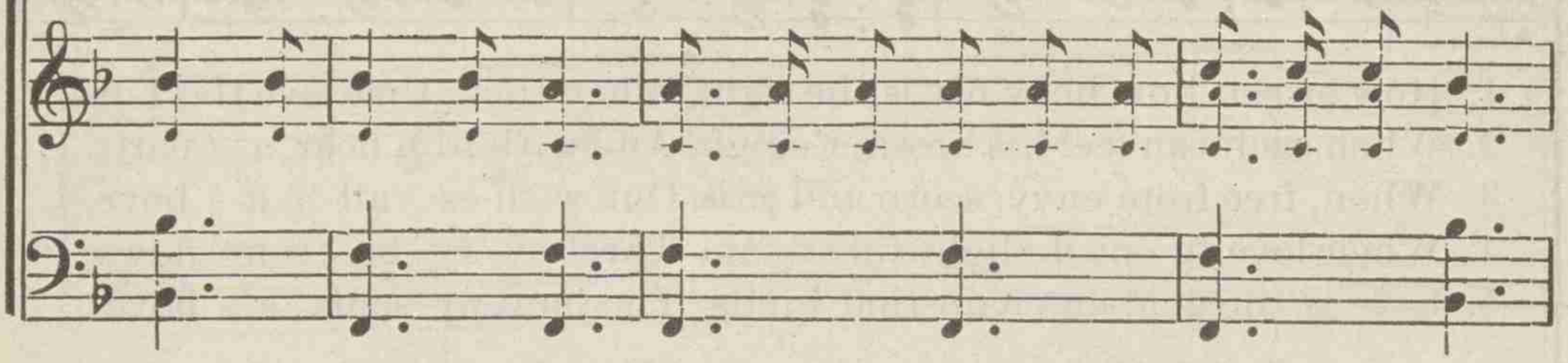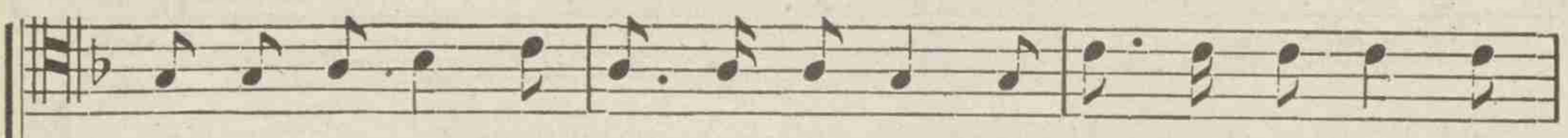


1. Oh, cov - et - ous soul, who car - est for naught Save heap-ing up
2. Thou lov - er of pleas-ure more than of God, Sail - ing so
3. Ah! fool - ish and fair one, gid - dy and frail, Tempting and
4. And thou who hast heard the gos-pel so oft, Care-less, in-



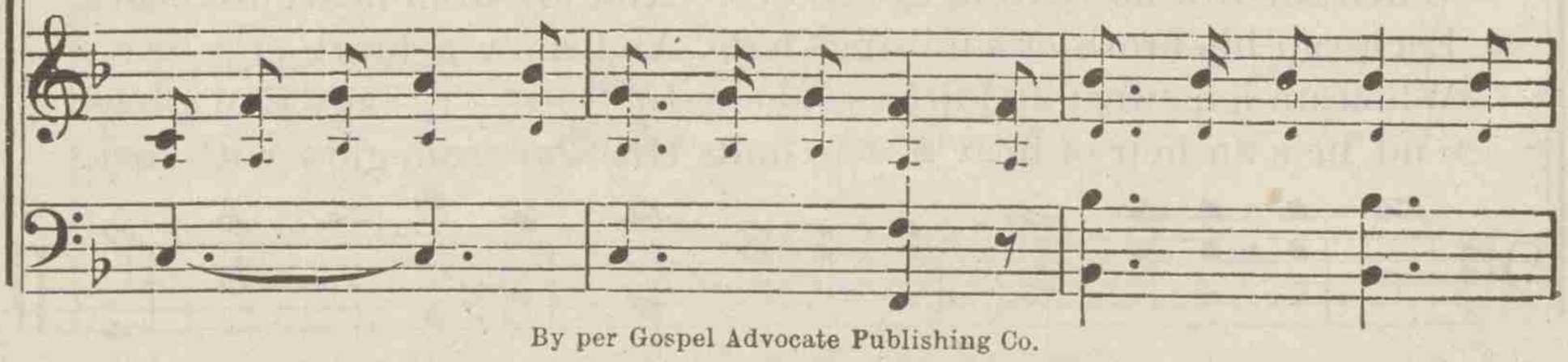


wealth, a gold - en store, Filled are the storehouses, filled are the barns,
gai-ly down the broad stream, Leading thee straight to the bottomless pit,
tempted, hope hast thou none, Steeped in sin's depths, without Christ without God,
different, trifling with grace, Hardening thy heart against measureless love,



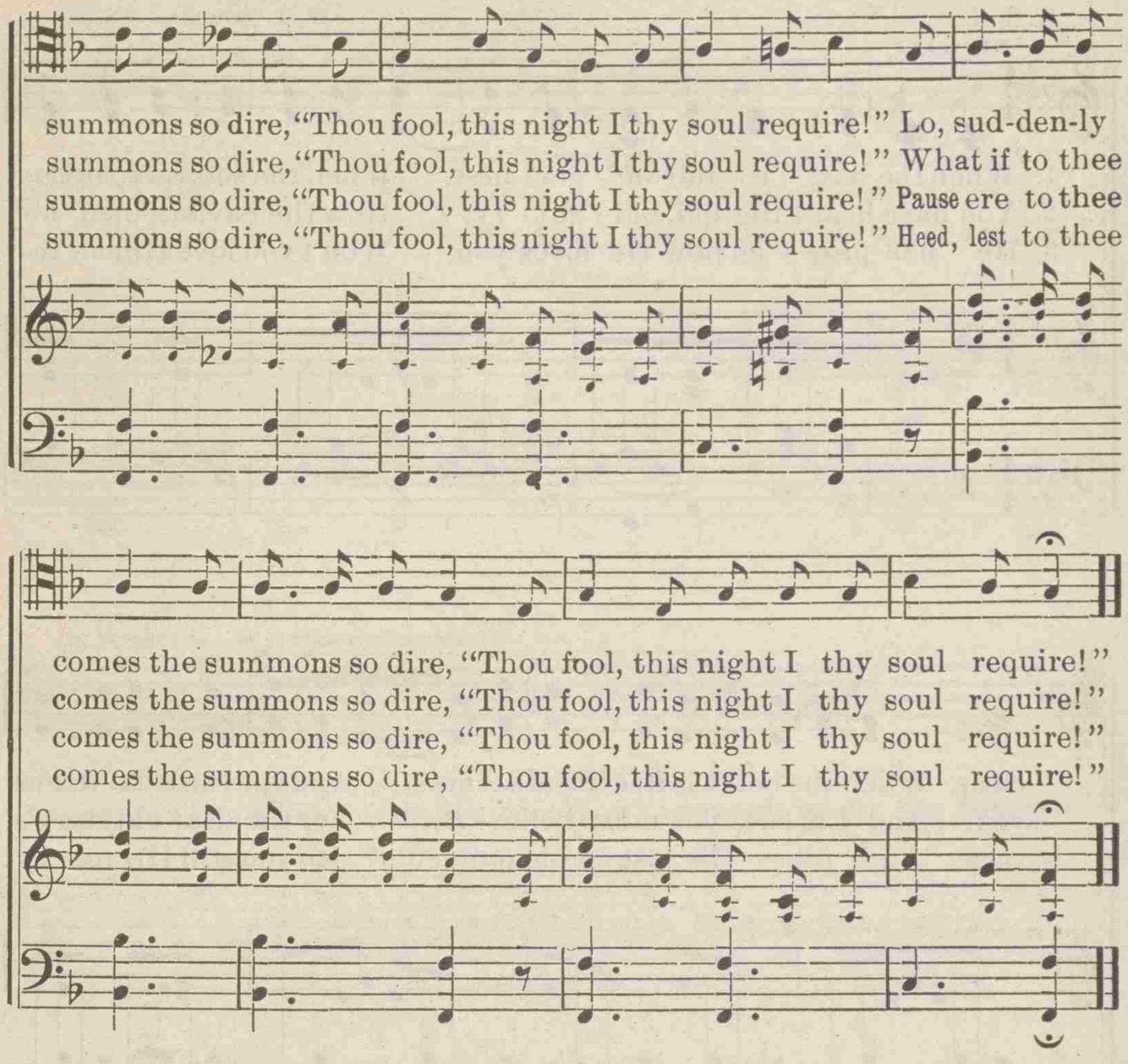


Plen-ty thou hast, thou need-est no more; Lo, sud - den - ly comes the
Wake! oh, awake from thy frivolous dream, What if to thee came the
Think thee in time, while heav'n may be won, Pause ere to thee comes the
Heed, lest in hell thou find - est a place, Heed, lest to thee comes the



By per Gospel Advocate Publishing Co.

THIS NIGHT. Concluded.



KEY OF C.

1. I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou mightst ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
‖: I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for me? :‖

2. My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
‖: I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for Me? :‖

3. I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
‖: I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me? :‖
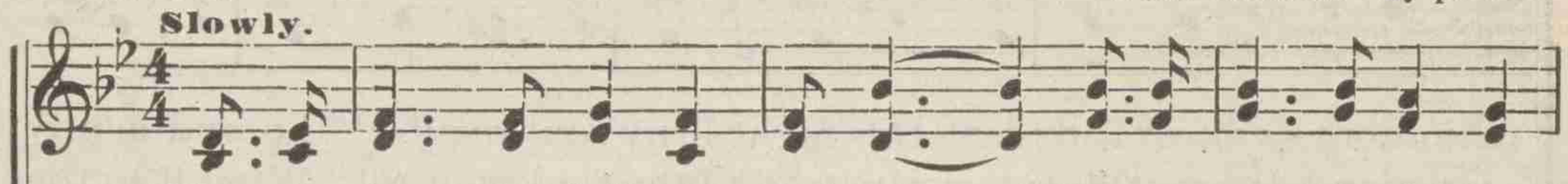
4. And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
‖: I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me? :‖

F. R. HAVERGAL.
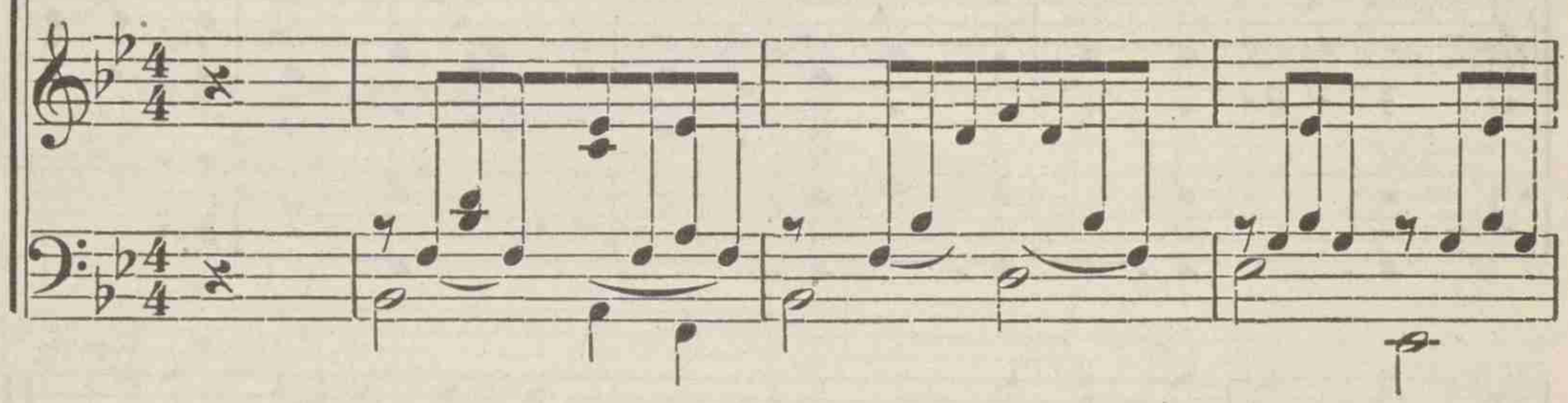
56 WHEN THE DAY IS FULL OF GLADNESS.
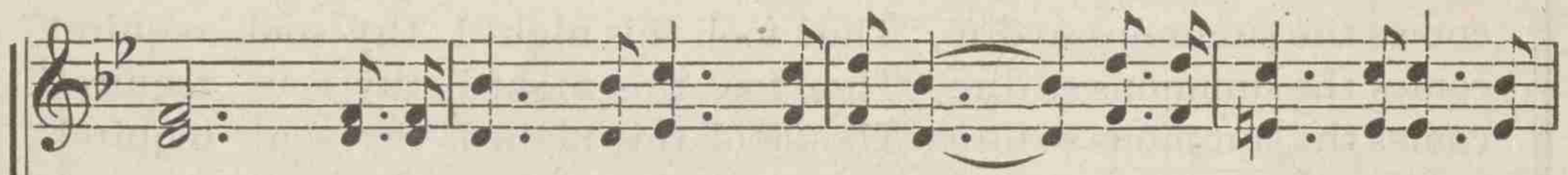
W. T. T. W. T. Tomson. By per.

Slowly.
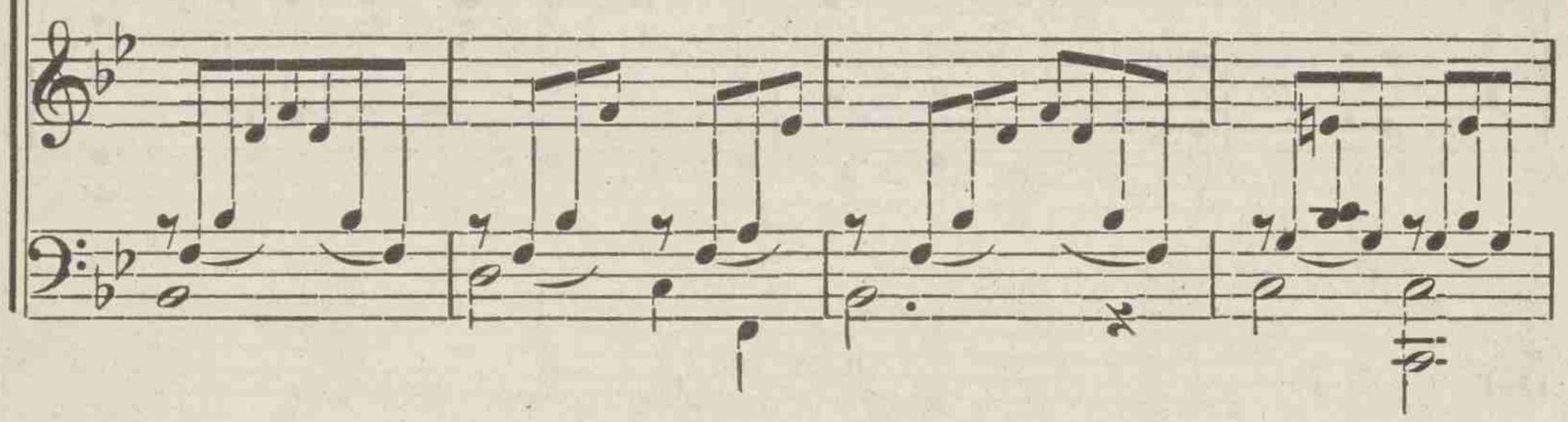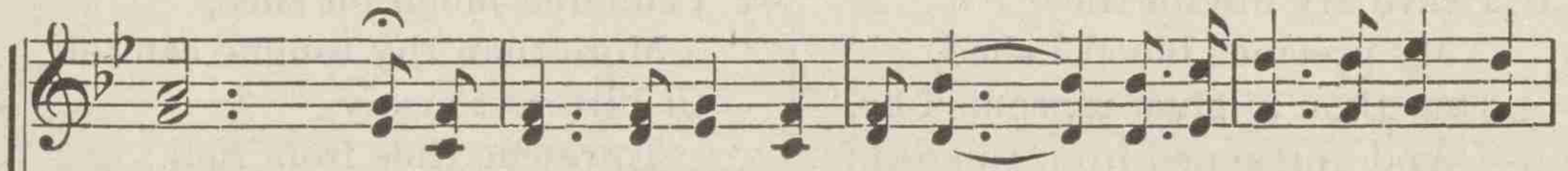


1. When the day is full of glad-ness, When the sun shines bright and
2. You have heard the old, old sto - ry, How the Saviour died for
3. He has prov - en how He loves you, Won't you love Him in re-
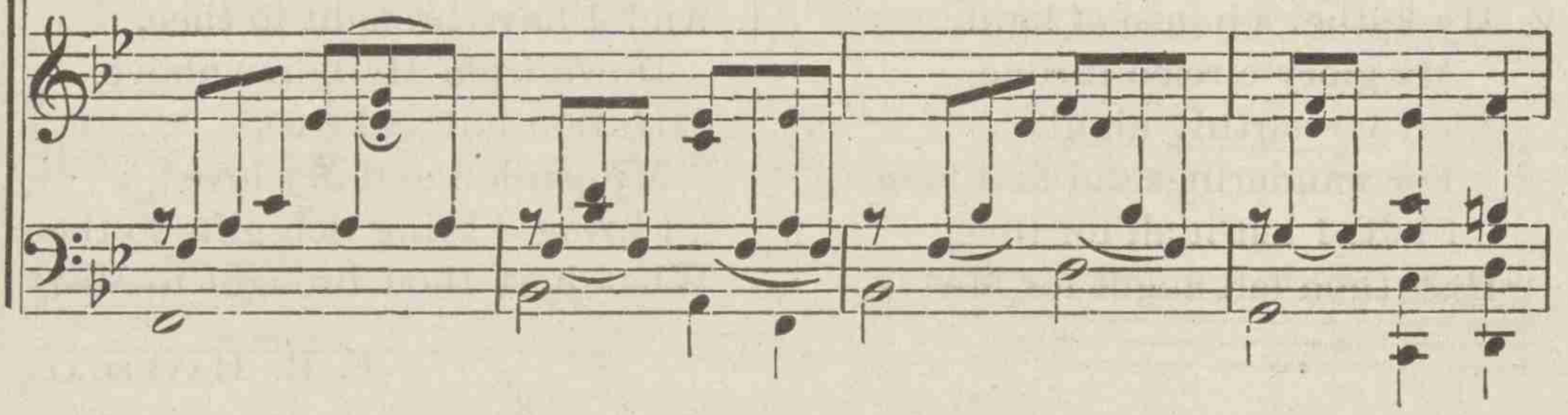




clear, When the heart is free from sadness And the cares that vex us
you, And I'm sure you must believe it, For the dear old story's
turn, And o-bey His just commandments? Can you still His mer-cy

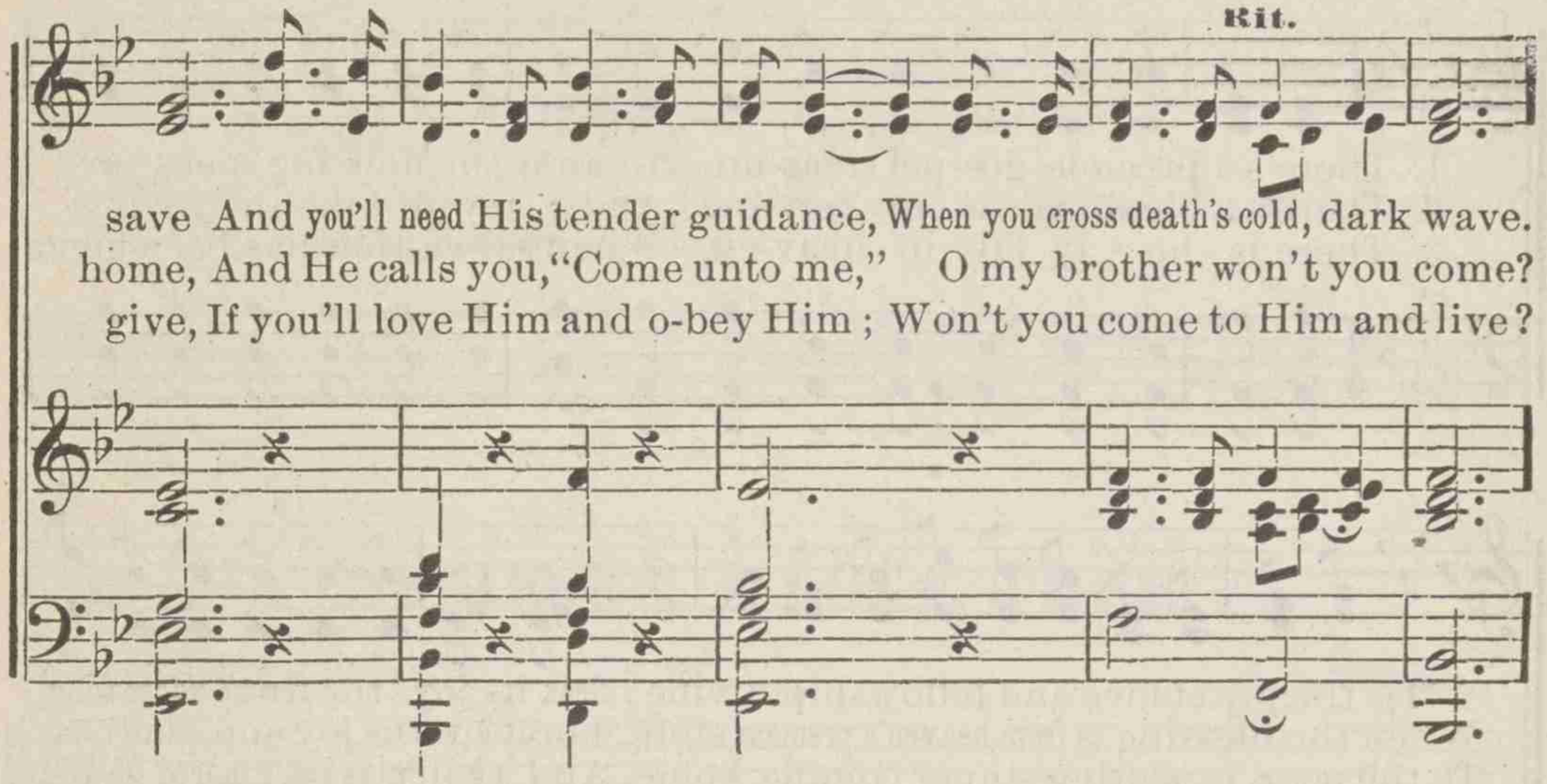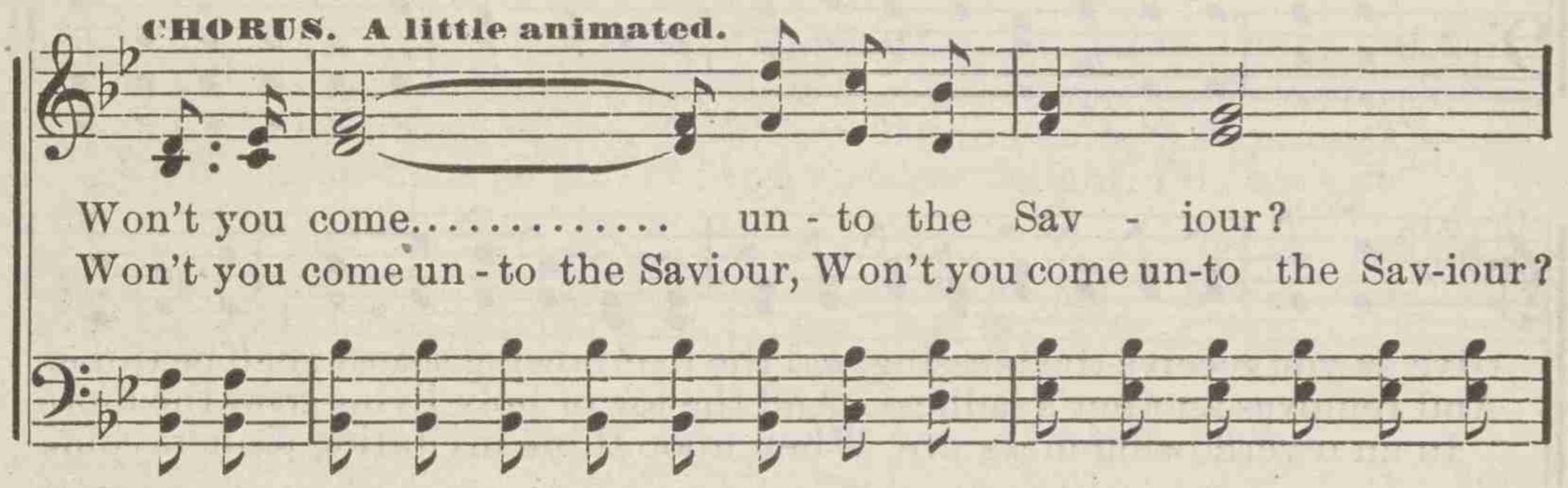




here, Don't forget amid earth's pleasures, There is One who died to
true; He as-cend - ed in - to glo-ry, To prepare for you a
spurn? He has promised peace and pardon, All your sins He will for-



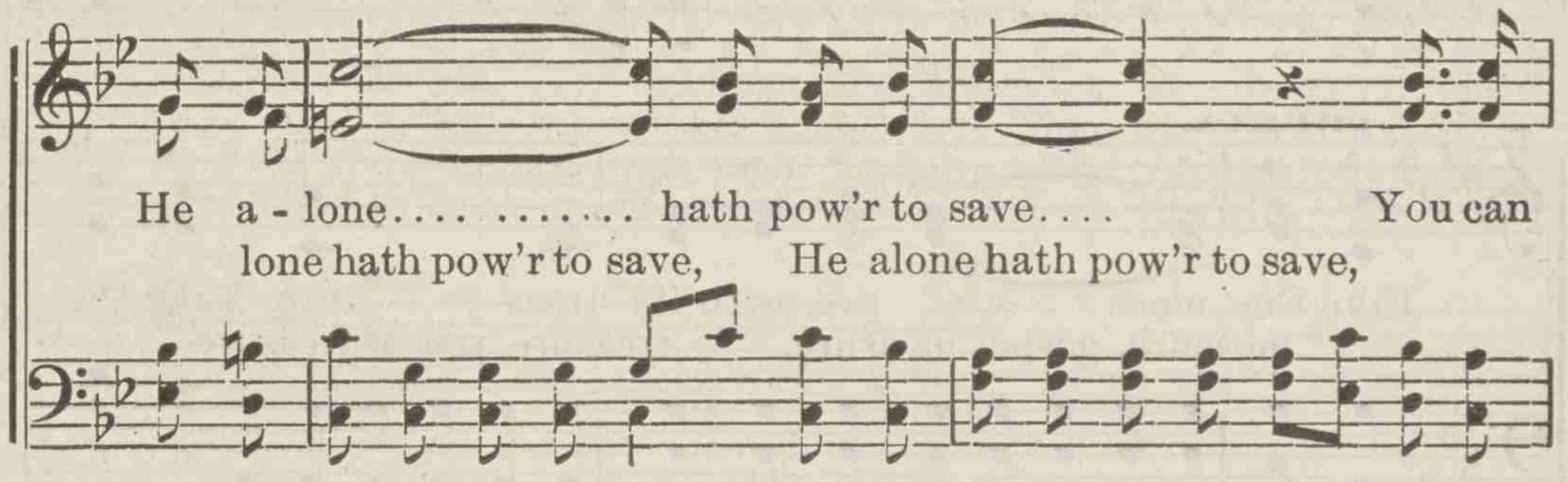
WHEN THE DAY. Concluded.



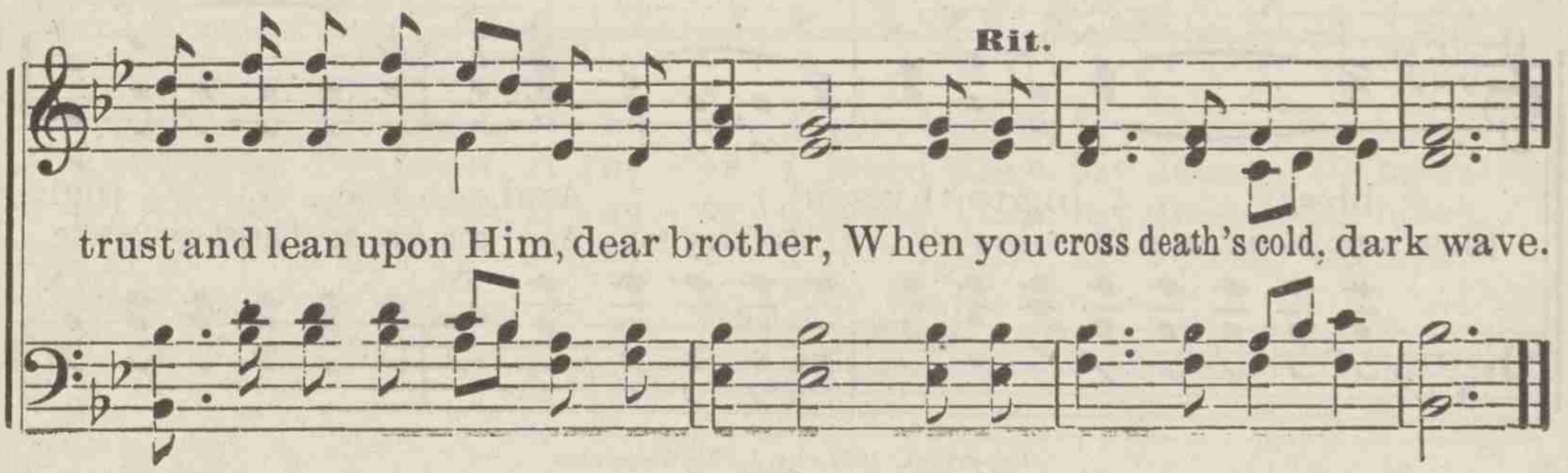
save And you'll need His tender guidance, When you cross death's cold, dark wave.
home, And He calls you, "Come unto me," O my brother won't you come?
give, If you'll love Him and o-bey Him ; Won't you come to Him and live?



Won't you come..... un - to the Sav - iour?
Won't you come un - to the Saviour, Won't you come un-to the Sav-iour?



He a - lone.... ..... hath pow'r to save.... You can
lone hath pow'r to save, He alone hath pow'r to save,



trust and lean upon Him, dear brother, When you cross death's cold, dark wave.

57

GOSPEL MEASURE.

J. W. CARPENTER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a precious gos-pel treas-ure In an o-ver-flow-ing meas-ure,
2. There's a bless-ing in re - ceiv-ing, And a joy di-vine in giv-ing,
3. There is ho - ly joy in heav-en, When sal-va-tion has been given

'Tis the joy of love and fellowship divine; Seek its joys the throne addressing,
When the blessing is from heaven's precious store, For it gives us joy and gladness,
To the poor, repenting sinner coming home, And 'twill give you kindred pleasure

Give as you receive the blessing, And the overflowing measure shall be thine.
And removes another's sadness, And the joy of holy living grows the more.
In an o-verflowing meas-ure, When upon thine invitation sinners come.
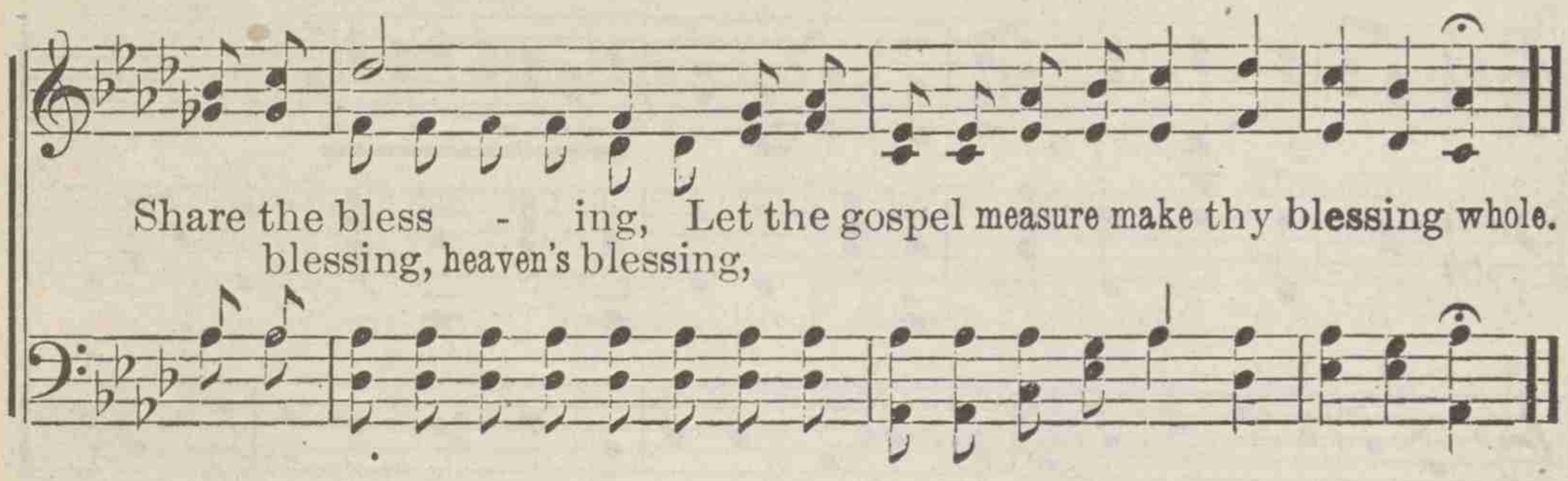
CHORUS.

Take the meas - - ure, with its treas - ure, Take the
measure, gospel measure, treasure, precious treasure,

bless - ing to thy soul, And con-fess - ing
blessing, heaven's blessing to thy soul, And con-fessing, Christ confessing,

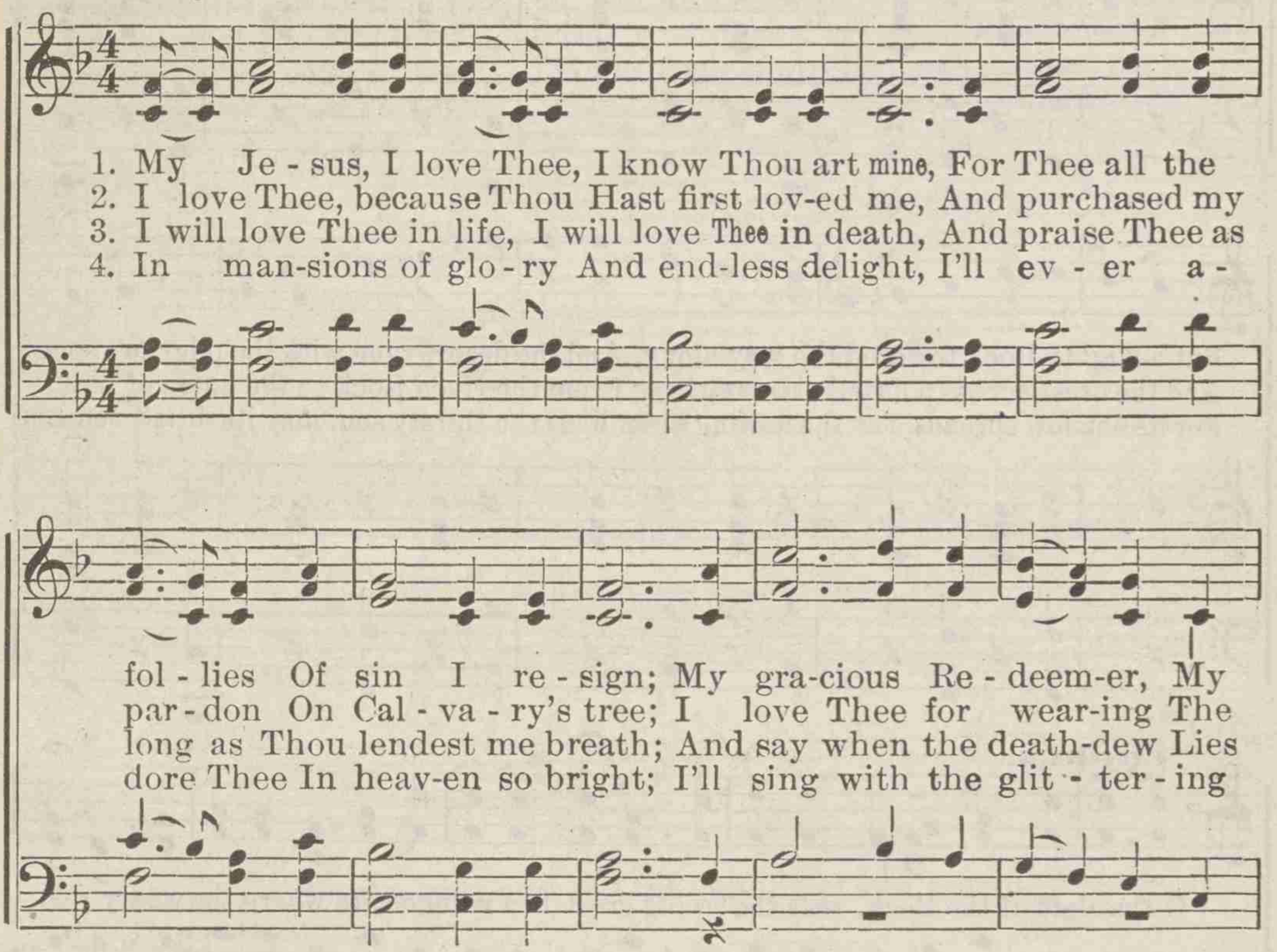
Copyright, 1901, by J. W. Carpenter.

GOSPEL MEASURE. Concluded.



58 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.



59

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

J. W. CARPENTER. K. C. VENTRES.

1. On the King's highway marched a pilgrim band, When a storm swept down on a weary land,
2. 'Tis a hiding place when the tempest wild Would destroy the hope of the King's own child,
3. Tho' the sun beat down on the desert drear, 'Neath the crested Rock there is naught to fear,

But a mighty Rock towered the way along, And the desert rang with the pilgrim's song.
And the crest across points the heavenward way From the riven Rock to the gates of day.
For its shadow spreads o'er the flowing stream Where the thirsty soul may its strength redeem.

CHORUS.

O the cleft of the Rock, 'neath the tow'ring crest Is a refuge safe where the weary rest,

And the wa-ter of life so pure and free, Flows out from the Rock to the crystal sea.

Copyright, 1902, by Standard Pub. Co.

60 AWAKE, PROCLAIM YOUR KING.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. A-wake, a-wake, ye slumb'ring hosts of Zi - on, Pro-claim the com-ing of Christ your King; A-rise, and shout upon the walls, ye watchmen,
2. A - rise, go forth, an i - dle world is mock-ing, Go bear the mes-sage at His com-mand,—The Cru-ci-fied shall come a-gain in glo-ry,—
3. A-wake, a-wake, the hour is draw - ing near - er, The call has sound-ed, a - rise, a - rise! Oh, let your lamps be ready, trimmed and burning,
4. A-wake, go forth, for mil - lions die in dark-ness, And mil-lions slum-ber or rise to play, The time is short and none can work at midnight,

CHORUS.

Till heaven's high-est arch - es ring. Then a - wake, then a - wake, Sing a-loud and tell the coming of the Lord, Pro-claim a-
Go bid them watch in ev-'ry land.
Nor suf - fer sleep to seal your eyes.
Oh, work while yet 'tis called to -day. Then a-wake,
then a-wake,

far the Might-y One ad-vanc-ing, Ye heralds of His sov'reign word.

Copyright, 1902, by Leonard Daugherty.

61 THE WELCOME HOME.

J. W. CARPENTER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. "I'm go-ing a-way," said the boy to his father, "For I'm tired of my home, and no lon - ger I'll stay," So re-ceiv-ing his goods he be-gan the far journey, With no thought of e - vil be - fall-ing his way; But far from his home with his pur - pose in heart he no lon-ger would roam; And he said, "I'll a-rise and I'll go to my fa-ther And ask his for-give-ness for go - ing a - stray, I will

2. The lost wayward boy in the far land a stranger, When he came to himself now be- thought him of home, And his hunger and thirst in the land of the a-lien, Made him substance all wasted For the joys that were flown did his sad heart repine; The

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THE WELCOME HOME. Concluded.

famine was sore and the boy as an hireling Would fain have eat husks in the field with the swine.
say, to be known as a son I'm not worthy, O make me as one of thy servants I pray."

REFRAIN.

The father longs to see his child Returning from a - far, His yearning eyes look
The father sees the wand'ring boy Returning from a-far, He hastens forth to

far a-field, Thro' gates that stand a-jar; The wayward boy is still a son Where-
meet his child, He leaves the gates a-jar; His fond embrace forgiveness speaks, The

ev - er he may roam, And there is joy a-waiting him, And love inviting home.
boy no more shall roam, The dead's alive, the lost is found, The son is welcomed home.

62 BLESSED BE THE LORD.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. O Lord, to Thee I cry, Thou art my rock and trust; Oh, be not si - lent
2. Oh, hear my earnest cry, Thy fa-vor I en-treat; Hear, while I lift im-
3. Now blessed be the Lord, He heard me when I cried; Je-ho - vah is my
4. I help from Him obtained, And therefore give Him praise; And while my heart ex-

CHORUS.

lest I die, And slum-ber in the dust.
plor-ing hands, Be-fore Thy mer-cy-seat. Blessed, blessed,
strength and shield, On Him my heart re-lied.
ults with joy My song to Him I raise.

Bless - ed be the Lord, . . .

Bless-ed be the Lord, Blesse , blessed, Bless-ed be the Lord,

Bless - ed be the Lord, . . .

Because He hath heard the voice, the voice of my sup-pli-ca - tion;

Be-cause He hath heard

Rallentando.
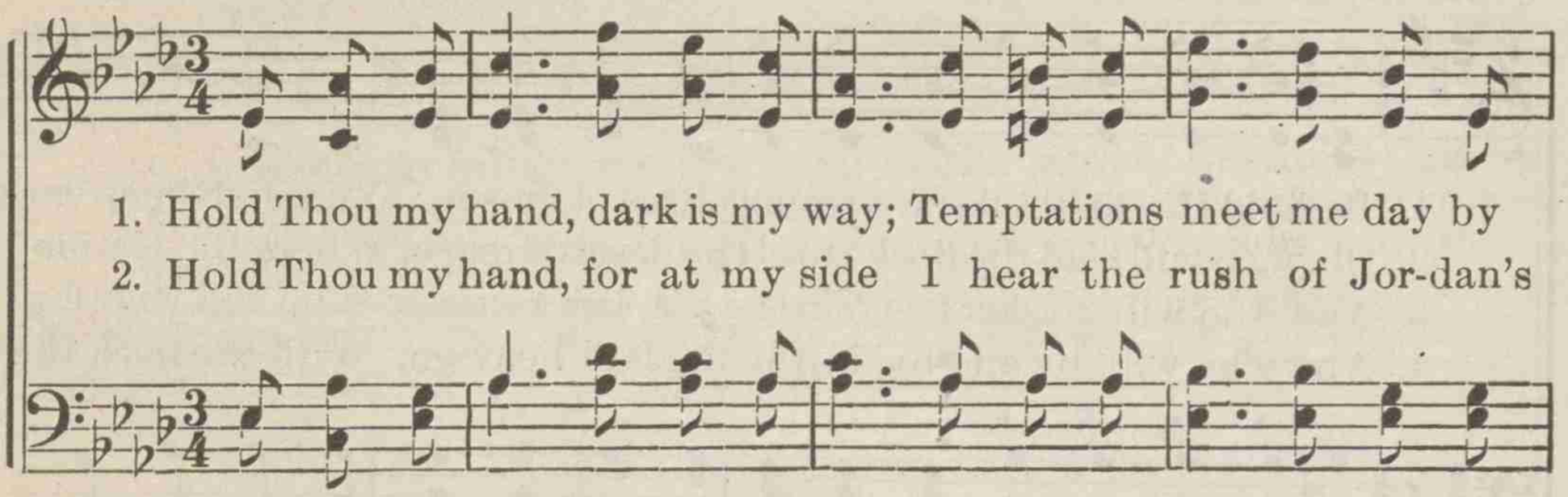
Because He hath heard the voice, the voice of my sup-pli-ca - tion.

Be-cause He hath heard

Copyright, 1901, by D. B. Towner. By per.

63 HOLD THOU MY HAND.

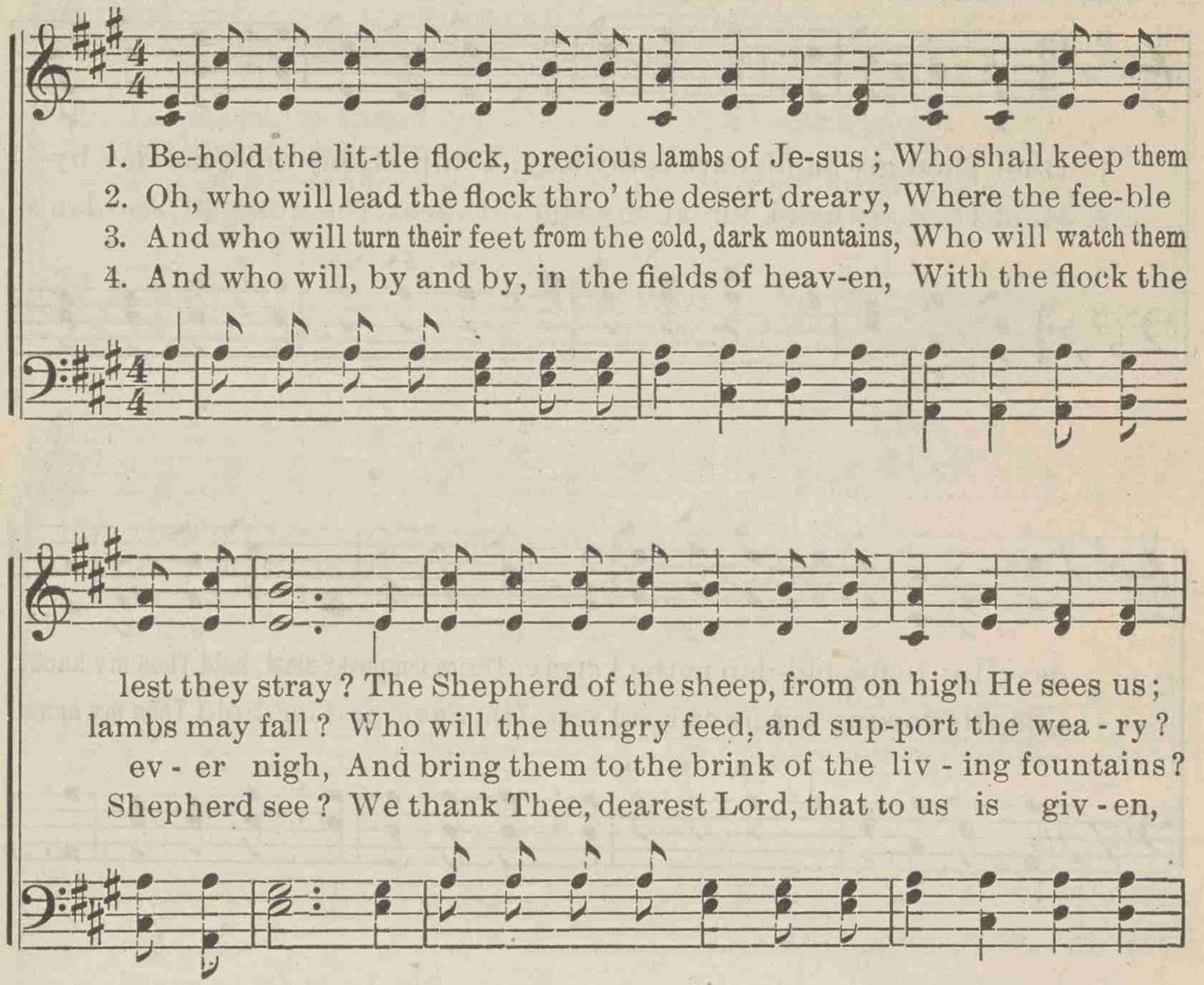
MARY M. MCCLELAND. MRS. H. W. ELLIOTT.



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64 BEHOLD THE LITTLE FLOCK.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



65 THE WONDERFUL STORY.

ADAH TORREY HENDERSON. ALICE L. MARTIN.

DUET.

1. A won-der-ful sto-ry we sang to the world, In strains that are
2. A won-der-ful sto-ry we sing o'er and o'er, Oh, sin-ner, the
3. A won-der-ful sto-ry we'll sing by and by, When in - to the

thrill-ing-ly sweet, The beau-ti-ful ban-ner of Christ is unfurled, While
sto-ry is true, A ris - en Re-deem-er now stands in the door, And
ha-ven of rest, With all the re-deemed, in the mansions on high, We

CHORUS.

an - gels the sto - ry re - peat. A won - der-ful sto-ry we sing,
sin-ner, He's call-ing for you.
join in the songs of the blest. A wonderful sto-ry we sing,

A won-der-ful sto - ry of love,.... The sto - ry of
of love, The sto - ry of

Je - sus, our King, The won-der-ful sto - ry of love.....
the sto - ry of love.

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66 SEARCH ME, O GOD.

C. C. ZIEGLER. J. H. ROSECRANS.

Moderato.

1. Lord, Thou hast searched..... me through and through, Thou un-der -
2. Where from Thy pres - - ence can I hide, Or whith-er
3. Be - fore this sep - - arate life be - gan, When yet my

1. Lord, Thou hast searched me through and through,

stand - - eth all my ways; All that I think..... and
from..... Thy spir - it flee? In dark-ness Thou..... art
bones..... were dust and air, Lo, Thou didst all..... my

Thou un-der-stand-eth all my ways; All that I think and

all I do.... Is plain to Thy..... om-nis-cient gaze.
at my side;.. Thou rulest the..... re - mot - est sea.
be - ing scan,.. And keep me in..... Thy lov - ing care.

all I do.... Is plain to Thy om-nis-cient gaze.

CHORUS. Faster.

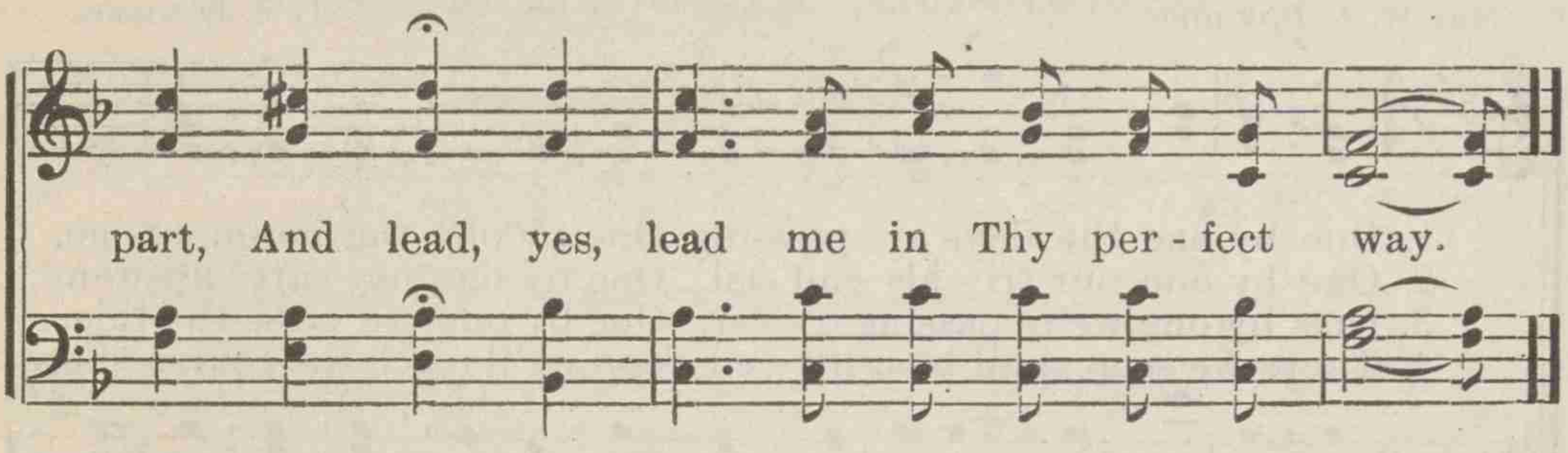
Search me, O God! and try my heart, And see if sin has a - ny

sway! Bid ev - 'ry e - - - vil thought de-

Bid ev - 'ry e - vil

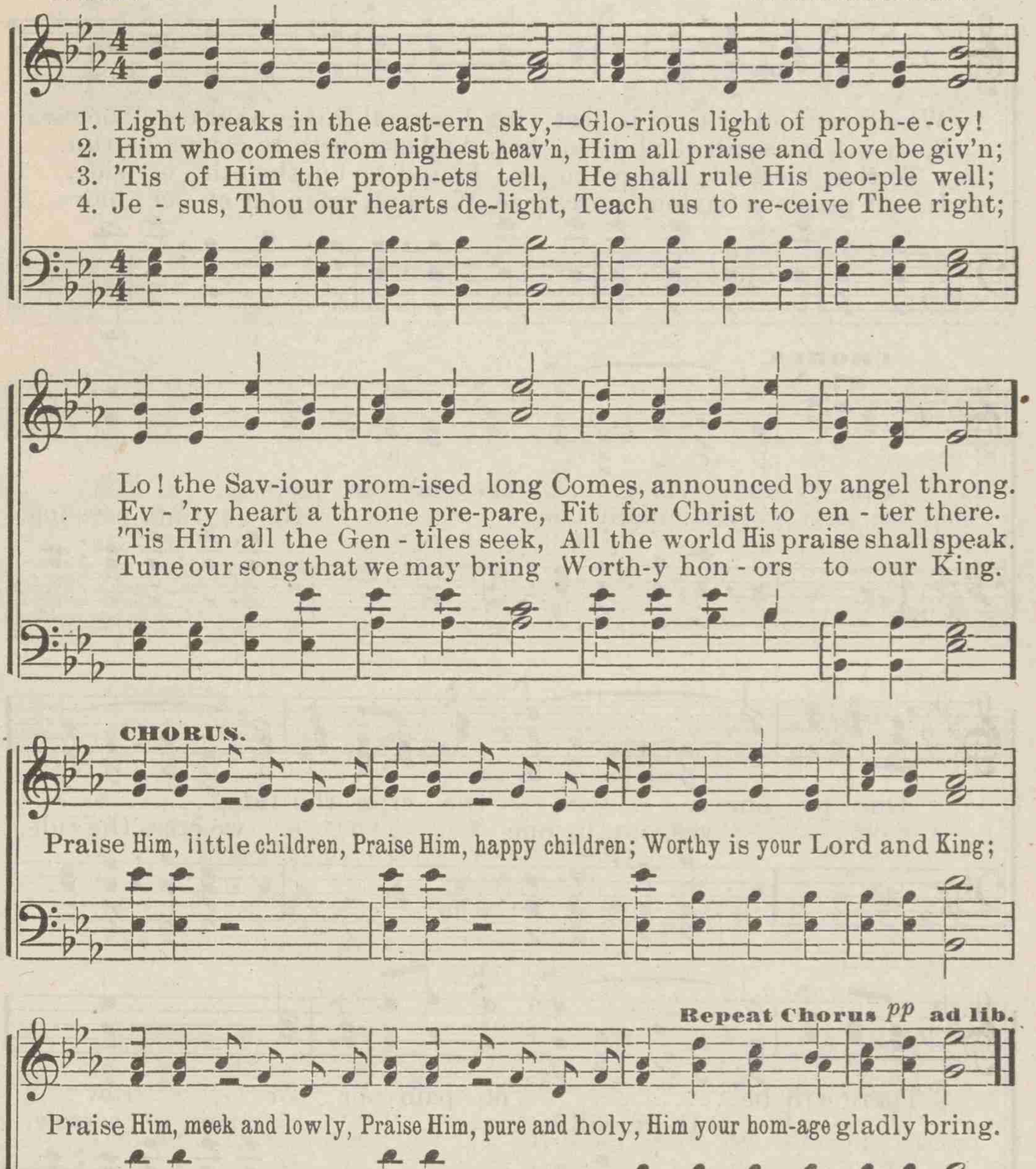
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SEARCH ME, O GOD. Concluded.



67 PRAISE HIM.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.



From "Sowing and Reaping," by per. of J. H. Kurzenknabe & Sons, owners of copyright.

68 ONE BY ONE.

MRS. W. A. BOWDISH. T. M. BOWDISH.

1. One by one the days are pass-ing, One by one the mo-ments go,
2. One by one our tri - als end - ed, One by one our cares are done;
3. One by one we're passing o - ver, One by one we cross the tide,
4. There we soon shall be u-nit - ed, Soon we'll reach the golden shore,

Which remind us time is fleet - ing From all things which dwell below.
Soon will cease all earth-ly la - bor, And our earth-ly course be run.
To that bless-ed, hap-py cit - y, Found up-on the oth - er side.
In our precious Saviour's presence, We shall reign for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

One by one..... the days are pass - - ing,
yes, one by one, the days are pass-ing,

One by one..... we cross the tide,.....
yes, one by one we cross the tide,

There will be..... no pain nor sor - - row
O there will be no pain nor sorrow,

From "Kingdom of Song," by per. of The W. W. Whitney Co., Toledo, O. Their property.

ONE BY ONE. Concluded.

When we reach (when we shall reach) the oth - er side (the oth - er side).

69 MY HEART, MY LIFE, TO THEE.

W. C. MARTIN. DR. N. KEFF SMITH.

1. I bring my heart to Thee (to Thee), My ills I can not count;
2. I give my life to Thee (to Thee), Lord, use it as Thou wilt;
3. If I have aught with-held (with-held), I give it now, my Lord,

That it may pure and cleans - ed be In Thy once o - pened fount.
The life for which on Cal - va - ry Thy pre - cious blood was spilt.
With Thee I am by love impelled To be in sweet ac - cord.

CHORUS.

I will.... no more de - lay,..... Be - fore Thy throne I fall,
I will no more de-lay, no more delay,

And at Thy pre - cious feet I lay My heart, my life, to Thee.

Copyright, 1902, by J. H. Rosecrans.

70 HAIL! GLORIOUS ARMY.

M. A. CASEY. A. F. MYERS.

Legato and slow.

1. Christ has called to ser - vice, Ev - 'ry youth to - day; Hark! the host ad-
2. Time for pray'r most earnest, You must have, or fail; Go with trust and
3. Heed ye ev - 'ry or - der, Keep up - on the line, Grasp the sword of

van - ces, Join them in the way. With a vis - ion glo - rious,
cour - age, Sa - tan's host shall quail. With the hope of tri - umph,
spir - it, Vic - to - ry is thine. Bless - ed is the ser - vice,

Steps are quick and strong; From the hills of glory Christ commands the throng.
On - ward press to - day; Gird thy sa-cred pow-ers, There in - to the fray.
Sweet the dai - ly joy, Bright the blessed future, While in Christ's em-ploy.

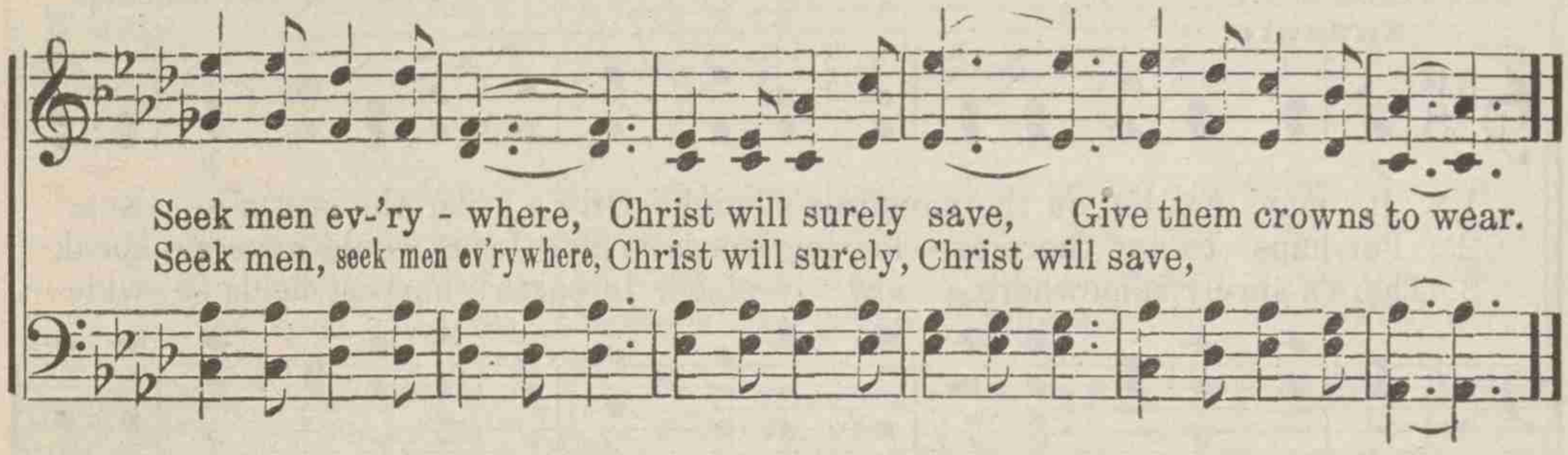
CHORUS.

Hail! glorious ar - my! Be strong and true, Laud, praise, your
Hail! the glorious, glorious army! Be courageous, strong and true, Laud and praise your,

Cap - tain, who leads you thro'; Keep on re-cruit - ing,
praise your Captain who will lead you, lead you thro'; Keep recruiting, keep recruiting,

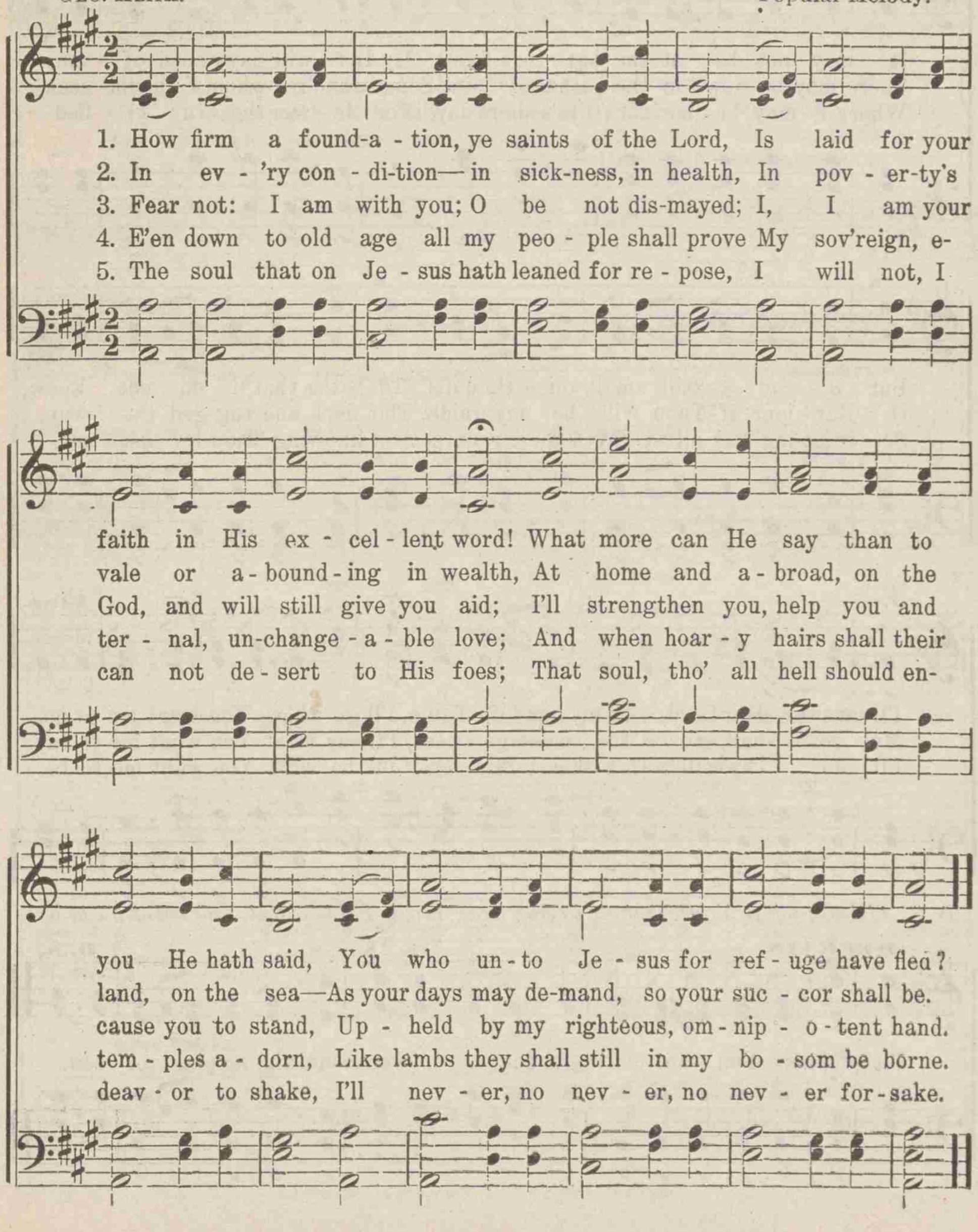
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HAIL! GLORIOUS ARMY. Concluded.



71 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

GEO. KEITH. Popular Melody.



72 I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

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 fields 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' dark and rug-ged 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.*

REFRAIN.

I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell. By per.

73 THE FIELDS ARE WHITE.

M. SHEELEIGH. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Lift up your eyes up - on the land, For white the fields ap - pear;
2. Ye men and maid - ens of the Lord, Be not the call de - layed;
3. Wait not un - til the wane of day; Your loins now quick-ly gird;
4. How soon will pass the morn - ing prime, Think not the hours will stay;

The har - vest of the world's at hand, The reap - ing time is here.
Rise to the work with full ac - cord, Thrust in the sick - le-blade.
E'en ere the dew has dried a - way, An - swer the Mas-ter's word.
Soon will it be your e - ven - time, How soon will close your day.

CHORUS.

Stay not to wait..... re - peat - ed call;.....
Stay not to wait re - peat - ed call;

The King's work need - eth haste;..... Leave not the
need - eth haste;

grain..... unreaped to fall,..... The priceless crop to waste.
Leave not the grain unreaped to fall,

Copyright, 1902, by J. H. Rosecrans.

74 GO, GATHER THEM IN.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. RAN C. STOREY.

1. Go, seek for the wand'rers from God and the right, A - way on the
2. Go in - to the highways and hedg es so drear, Go, seeking the
3. Go out to the hearts that are weeping to - night, Are weeping o'er

mount-ains so cold; Go, gath - er the lambs from the dark-ness of
lost ones to find; They're griev-ing in sor - row, they're shrinking in
death and the grave; Go, bear them a mes - sage of love and of

CHORUS.
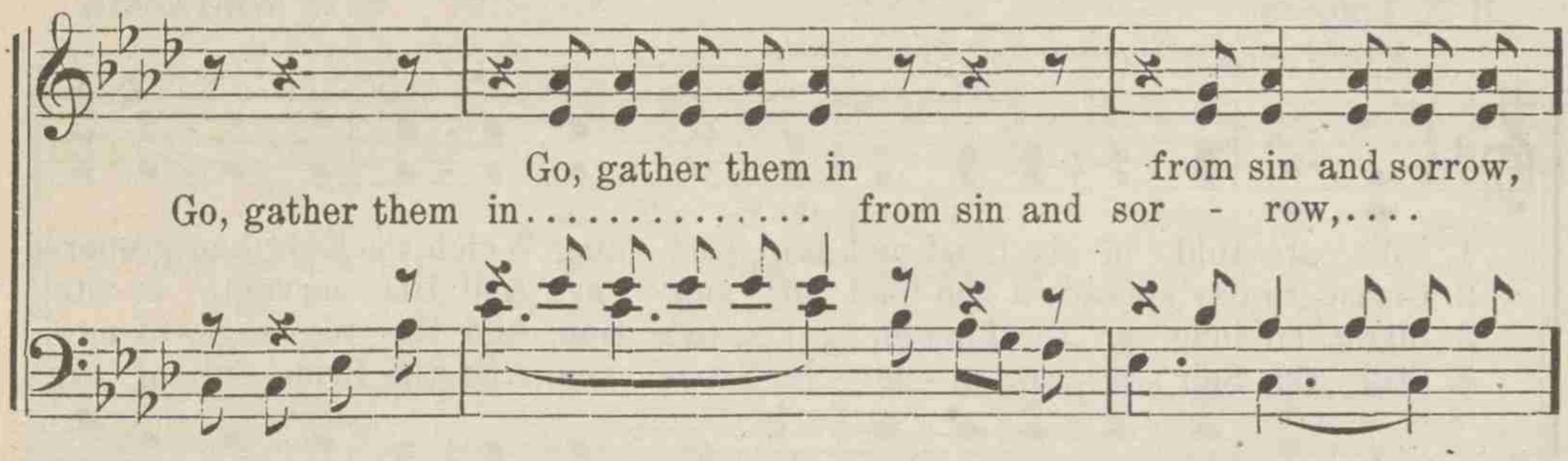
night, Go, gath - er them in - to the fold.
fear, Go, speak-ing a word that is kind. Go gath-er them
light, Go, tell of the might - y to save.

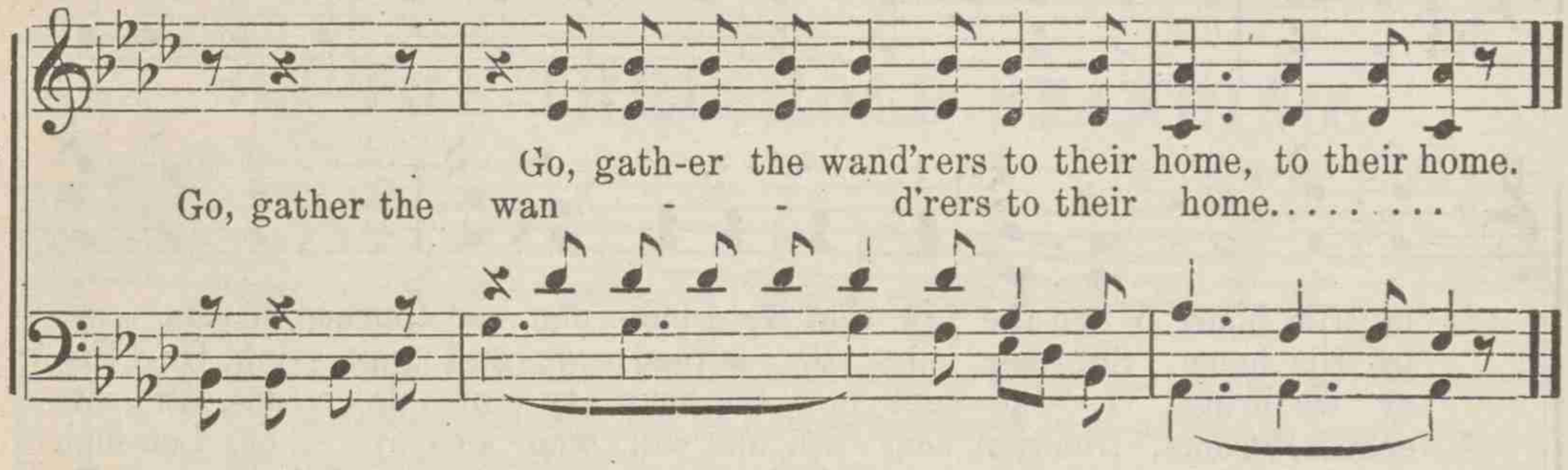
Go gath - er them in from highways and hedges,
in ..... from highways and hedg - es, ...

Go, gather them in from where they roam, where they roam,
Go, gath-er them in ..... from where they roam, ...

Copyright, 1899, by Charlie D. Tillman. By per.

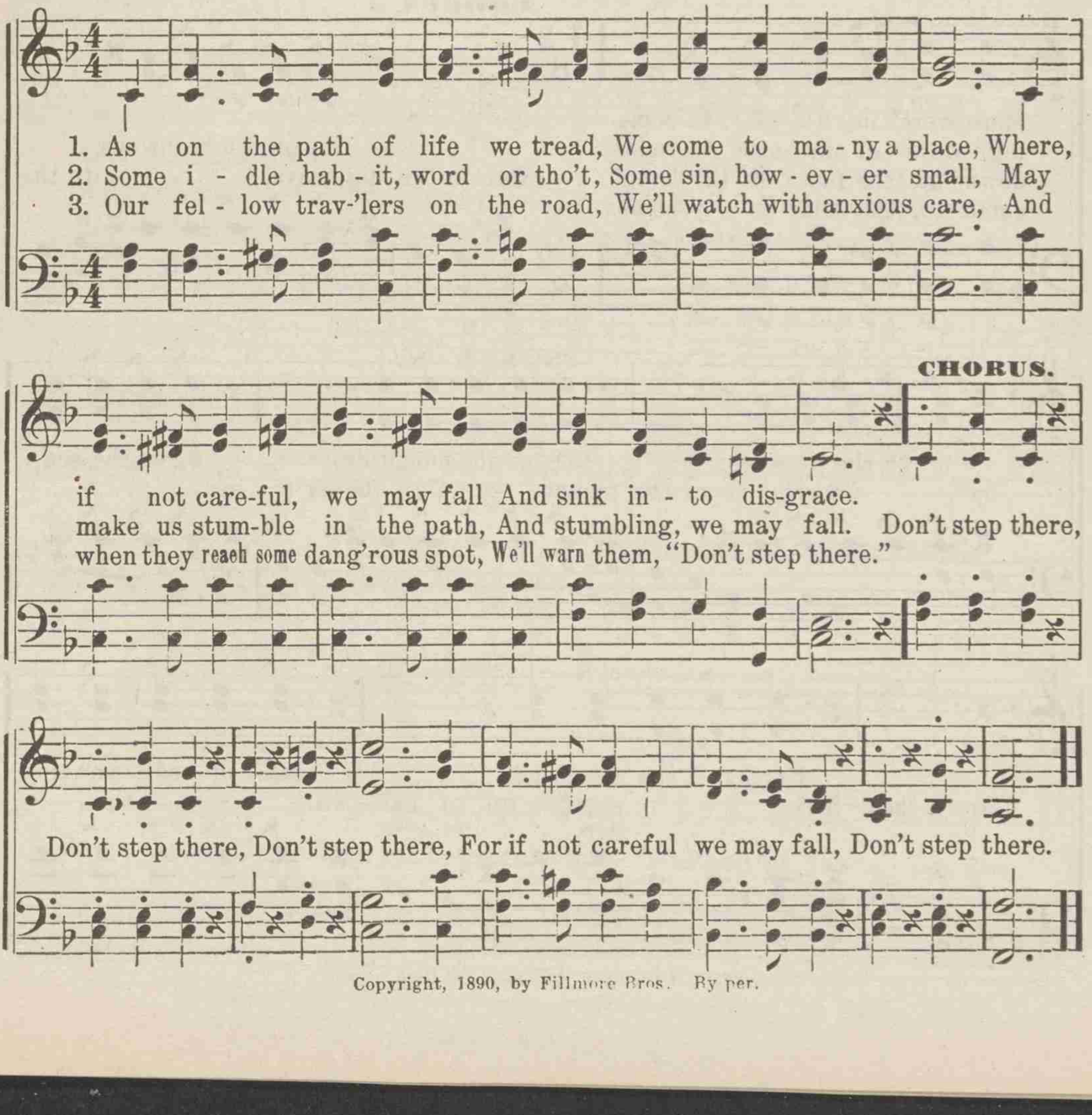
GO, GATHER THEM IN. Concluded.





75 DON'T STEP THERE.

Childrens' Friend. J. H. ROSECRANS.



Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros. By per.

76 THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

H. N. LINCOLN. W. H. WHITWORTH.

May be sung as Soprano and Tenor Duet.

1. We are told of the feast and the wed - ding Which the King had prepared
2. Christ, to-day spreads a ban-quet of mer - cy, And His servants in-vite
3. Slight no long - er the kind in - vi - ta - tion, And the mes-sage of mer-
4. Still the Spir - it so ten - der - ly woos you, And the Bride, full of love,

in His home; When the few that were bid - den had spurned it, Ma - ny
to His home; Sin - ner, all now is read - y and wait - ing, On the
cy we bring; O ac - cept now the boun - ty of Je - sus, And sit
echoes, "Come;" Him that hear - eth and will, who - so - ev - er, Let him

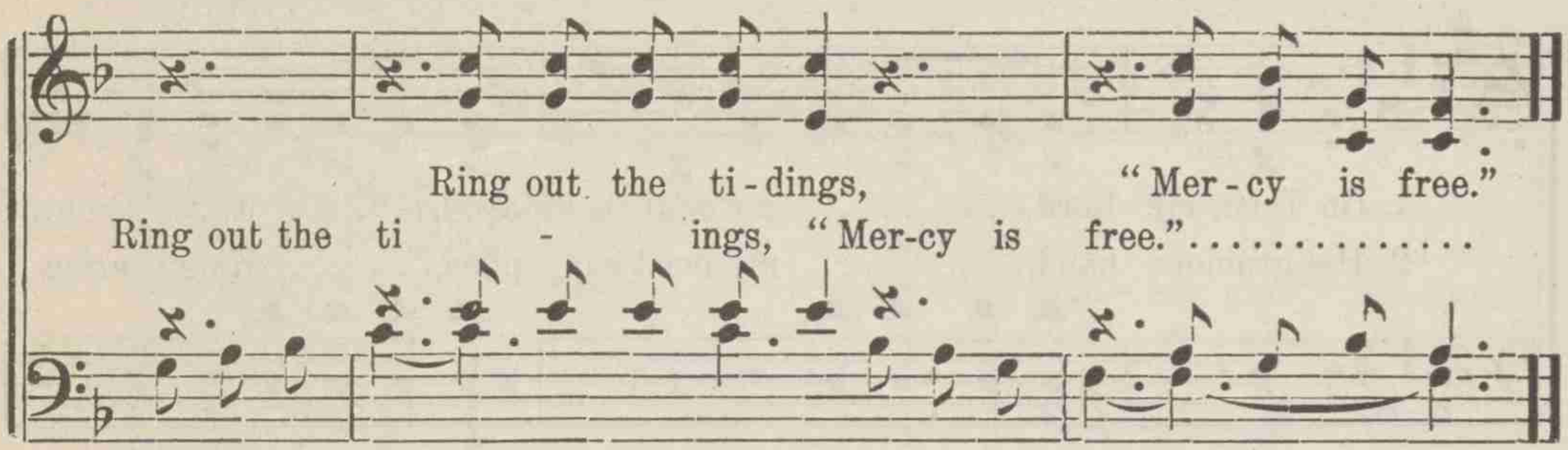
more were in-vit - ed to come.
high-ways of sin cease to roam.
down at the feet of thy King.
come to the heav-en - ly home.

CHORUS.

Out on the highways,
Out on the highways, in-to the
in - to the by-ways, O-ver the mountain, o-ver the sea,
by - ways, O-ver the mount - ain, O-ver the sea,..... ....
Car - ry the mes-sage, tell of sal - va - tion,
Car-ry the mes - sage, tell of sal - va - tion,

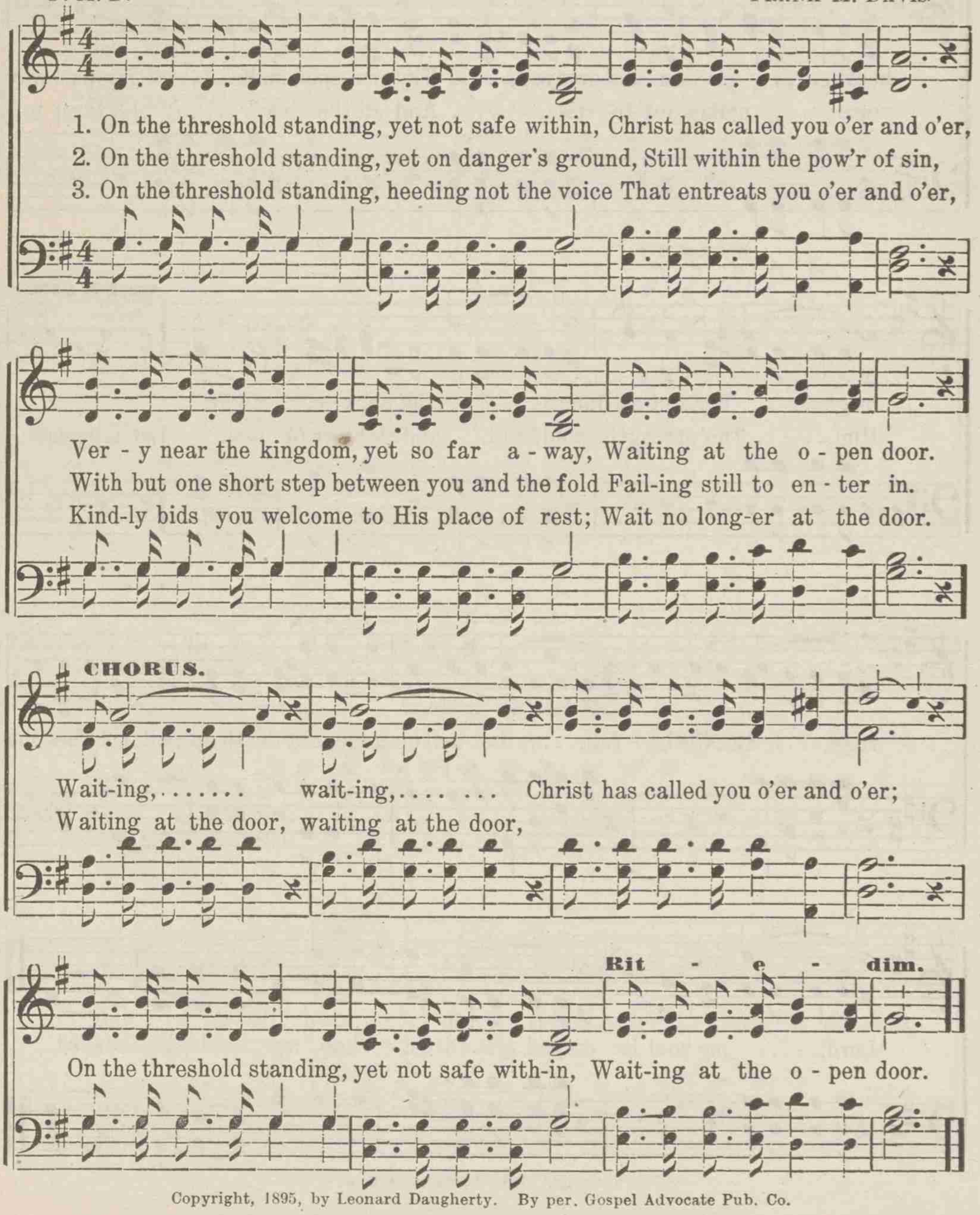
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THE GOSPEL INVITATION. Concluded.



77 ON THE THRESHOLD STANDING.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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MY SOUL IS STAYED.

1. On Thee, my Lord,..... my soul is stayed,..... With Thee my
2. His gracious hand,..... my need sup - plies,..... His cheering

heart..... is un - dis - mayed;..... Thy presence makes..... my pathway
voice..... makes joy to rise,..... And all the way..... I'll trust in

REFRAIN.

bright..... Thy smile il-lumes..... the dark - est night.
Him,..... Tho' strength should fail,.. and sight grow dim. Let tempests

rage,.... Let ills be - fall,.... Let hell en-gage, Let death ap-pall, On Thee, my

Lord,..... my soul is stayed..... On Thee my soul is stayed.

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79 LOOKING FOR THE CITY.

J. W. CARPENTER. (HEB. 11: 9–10.) CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We are dwell-ing in our tab - er - na - cles here be - low, Look- ing
2. We are trust-ing in the prom - is - es that will en - dure, Greet-ed
3. Soon we'll fold our tents at e - ven in the sun - set glow, En - ter-

for the cit - y of our God; And our path is grow-ing brighter as we
by the fa-thers from a - far; Now they come ex-ceed-ing precious thro' the
ing the val - ley with our God; And our cour-age will not fail us as with

CHORUS.

on - ward go, Walking where the saints have trod. Looking for the city,
Christ-life pure, Guiding to the gates a - jar.
Him we go, Leaning on His staff and rod. Look - ing for the cit - y,

Looking for the cit - y, Looking for the cit - y of our God,.....
Look - ing for the cit - y, for the cit - y of our God,

On - ward, home - ward, Looking for the cit - y of our God.
Looking for the city, Looking for the city,

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80 SAFE IN THY FOLD.

G. W. LYON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Long have I wandered from Thee, my Saviour, In the dark, wild ways of sin, Lured by the pleasures that nev - er give me Last - ing
2. Oft in my heart I have had a long-ing For Thy ten - der love and care, Oft felt the need of Thy grace to com-fort, And Thy
3. Wooed by Thy Spir-it, I come, re-pent-ant, To Thy peaceful fold a - gain, Far from the world and its sin - ful fol - lies I would
4. In Thy sweet presence my soul would linger, All my earth - ly pil- grim days, And when the sea - son of life is o - ver, Give Thee

CHORUS.

joy and peace with-in.
kind - ly words to cheer. Safe in Thy fold,.....
with Thee e'er re - main.
all my love and praise. Safe in Thy fold, safe in Thy fold,

I would ev - ermore a - bide,..... Where no temp-
I would ev - er, ev - ermore a-bide,

ta - tion can ev - er draw me From Thy blessed, bleed-ing side.

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81 I'M NOW A CHILD OF GOD.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. O praise the Lord I've been redeemed, I've seen my Saviour's smil - ing face, And thro' my thirst - y soul has streamed The
2. O praise the Lord I've been redeemed, I've heard my Saviour's lov - ing voice; That voice like sweet-est mu - sic seemed, It
3. O praise the Lord I've been redeemed, O how I love to make it known, Up - on my soul has sweet - ly beamed The

CHORUS.

riv - ers of His grace. I've been,..... I've been re-
made my heart re - joice.
light from heav-en's throne. I've been redeemed, I've

deemed, Been washed.... in Je - sus' blood;
been redeemed, Been washed in Je - sus' pre-cious blood;

O praise His name, I've been redeemed, I'm now a child of God.

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RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.

W. H. LIGON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Hark! hear that ringing blast re-sound, It comes to us from far,
2. In heathen lands, not counting cost, With hel-met, sword and shield,
3. Oh, let us in this year of grace, Dis-play a sol-dier's nerve,
4. There with the gloom of heathen's night, All scat-tered ev - 'ry - where,
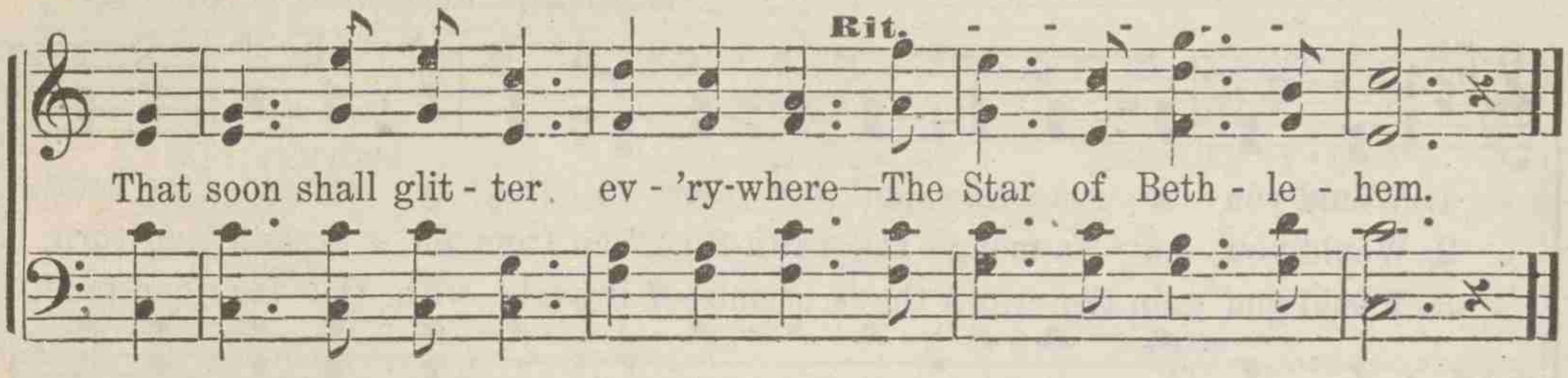
The trumpet gives a cer-tain sound, It is the sound of war.
The no-ble sol - diers of the cross Are tent - ing on the field.
By launching forth in ev - 'ry place, The long-kept, vast re - serve.
We'll raise on high the flag of right, "That bears the sin - gle star."

CHORUS.

Then ral - ly 'round the bless-ed flag, The em-blem of our war,
The blood-stained banner of the right, "That bears the sin - gle star;"
That bears the sin - gle glorious star, The one all - pre-cious gem,

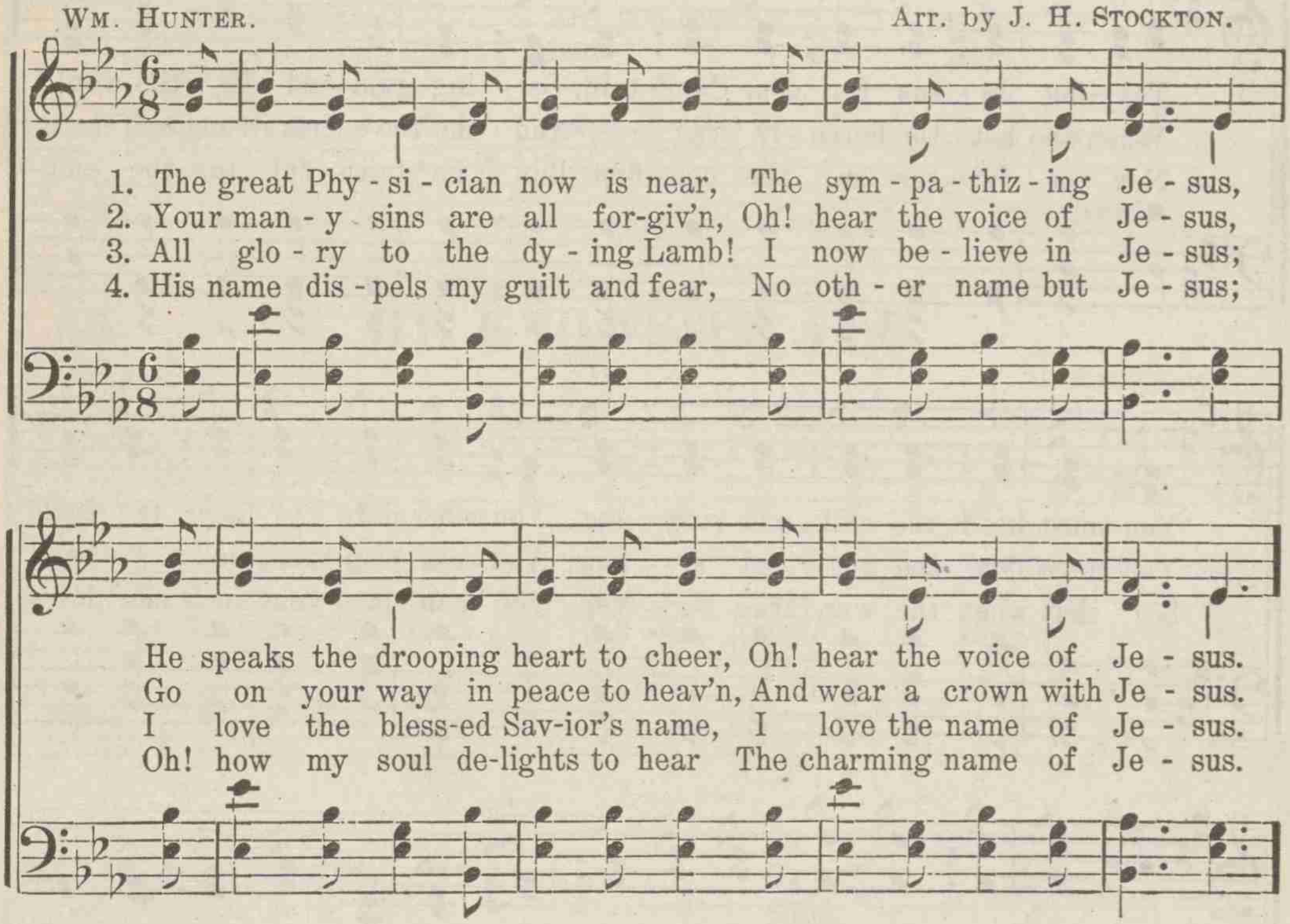
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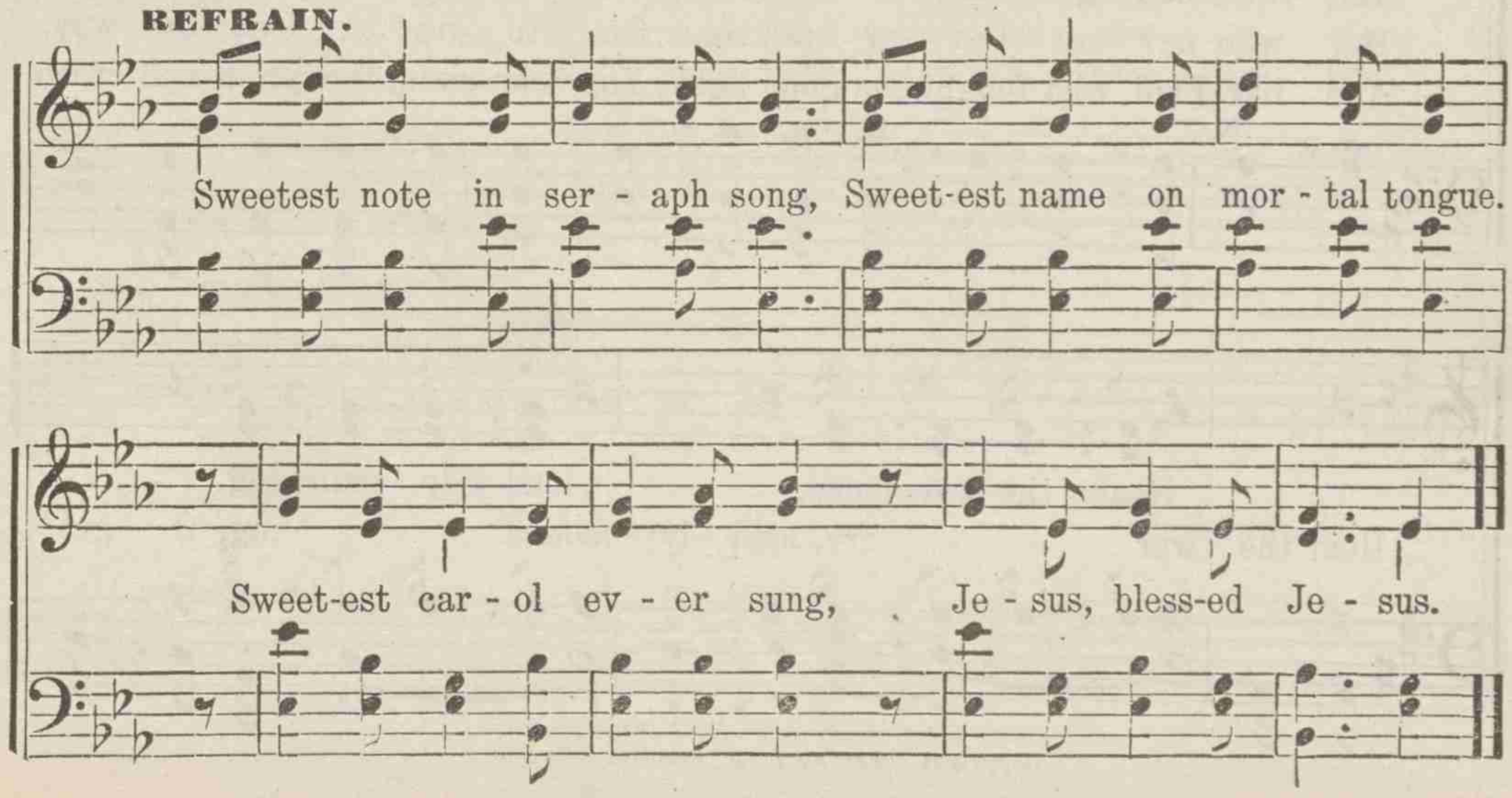
Rally Round the Flag. Concluded.



83 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WM. HUNTER. Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.





HEAR THE WAR CRY.

Words and Music by E. M. DOUTHIT.

1. Would you be a val - iant sol - dier In the ar - my of the Lord,
2. Would you be a-mong the faith-ful, Who from du - ty nev - er turn,
3. Would you gain the crown that's promised? Bravely with the foe con-tend,

Tak - ing Je - sus for your Cap - tain, Be - ing guid - ed by His word?
When the bat - tle fierce - ly rag - es, And the foe seems strong and stern?
Nev - er fal - ter in the con - flict, But be faith - ful to the end.

You must heed the call now ring - ing, You must dare to face the foe;
You must don the gos - pel ar - mor, And your Cap-tain's call o - bey;
So that when the war-fare's o - ver, You can lay your ar - mor down;

Tho' thro' dan - ger du - ty leads you, You must ev - er on - ward go.
He, who nev - er lost a bat - tle, On to vic - t'ry leads the way.
And like Paul, who fought the good fight, You can claim the prom-ised crown.

Hear the war - cry, loud - ly sound-ing,
Hear the war - - cry, loud - ly sound - ing, O get

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HEAR THE WAR CRY. Concluded.

O get read - y for the fray. Marching or - ders
read - y for the fray;..... Marching or - ders have been

have been giv - en, Are you read - y, read-y to o-bey?
giv - en, Are you read - y to o - bey?.....

85 HE KNOWS IT ALL.

UNKNOWN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. He knows the bit - ter, wea - ry way, The end-less striv - ing
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our
3. He knows, O tho't so full of bliss! For tho' on earth our

day by day, The souls that weep, the souls that pray;
lives be - tween, The wounds the world has nev - er seen;
joys we miss, We still can bear it, feel - ing this,

REFRAIN. Rit.

He knows it all,..... He knows it all.
He knows it all, He knows it all.

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86 HOPE, THE ANCHOR OF THE SOUL.

CYRUS HURLBUT. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. "Hope is the an-chor of the soul" When storm-y
2. Hope spans the gulf that lies between This and the
3. And when this ten-e-ment of dust In which I

"Hope is the an-chor of the soul" When storm-

bil-lows o'er us roll, ... And when dismay our hearts would
coun-try yet un-seen, ... And leads our trembling footsteps
live, re-signs its trust, ... And an-gels bear me hence a-

y bil-lows o'er us roll, And when dis-

fill, Hope soft-ly whispers, "*Peace, be still!*" . . . . . .
o'er Where sin and sor-row are no more. . . . . .
way To realms of ev-er-last-ing day. . . . . .
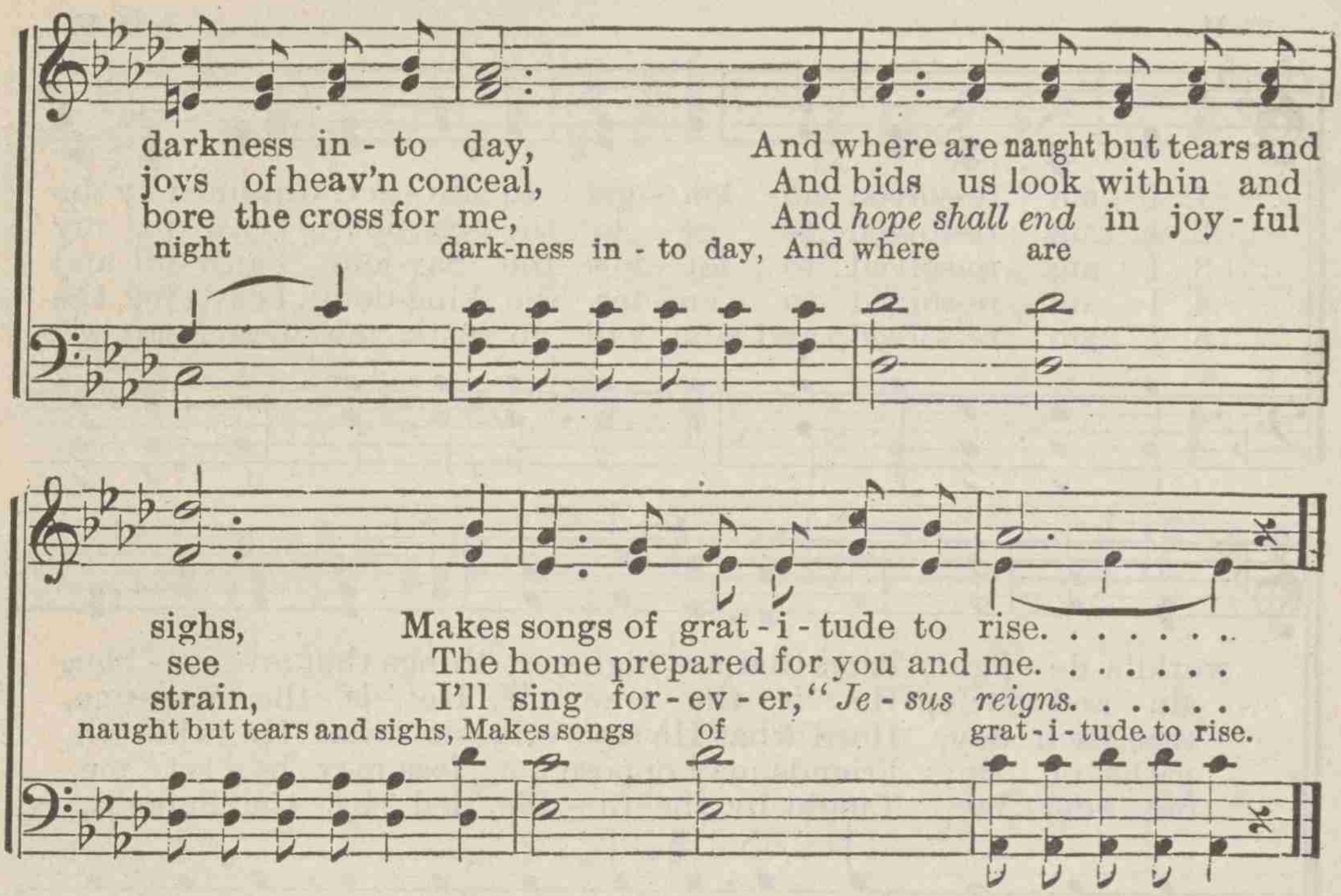
may our hearts would fill, Hope soft - ly whispers, "*Peace, be still!*"

Hope drives the darkest clouds a-way, ... Turns mid-night
Then from our eyes it lifts the veil, ... Which all the
And when at God's right hand, I see . . . . . The One who

Hope drives the dark-est clouds a-way, Turns mid-

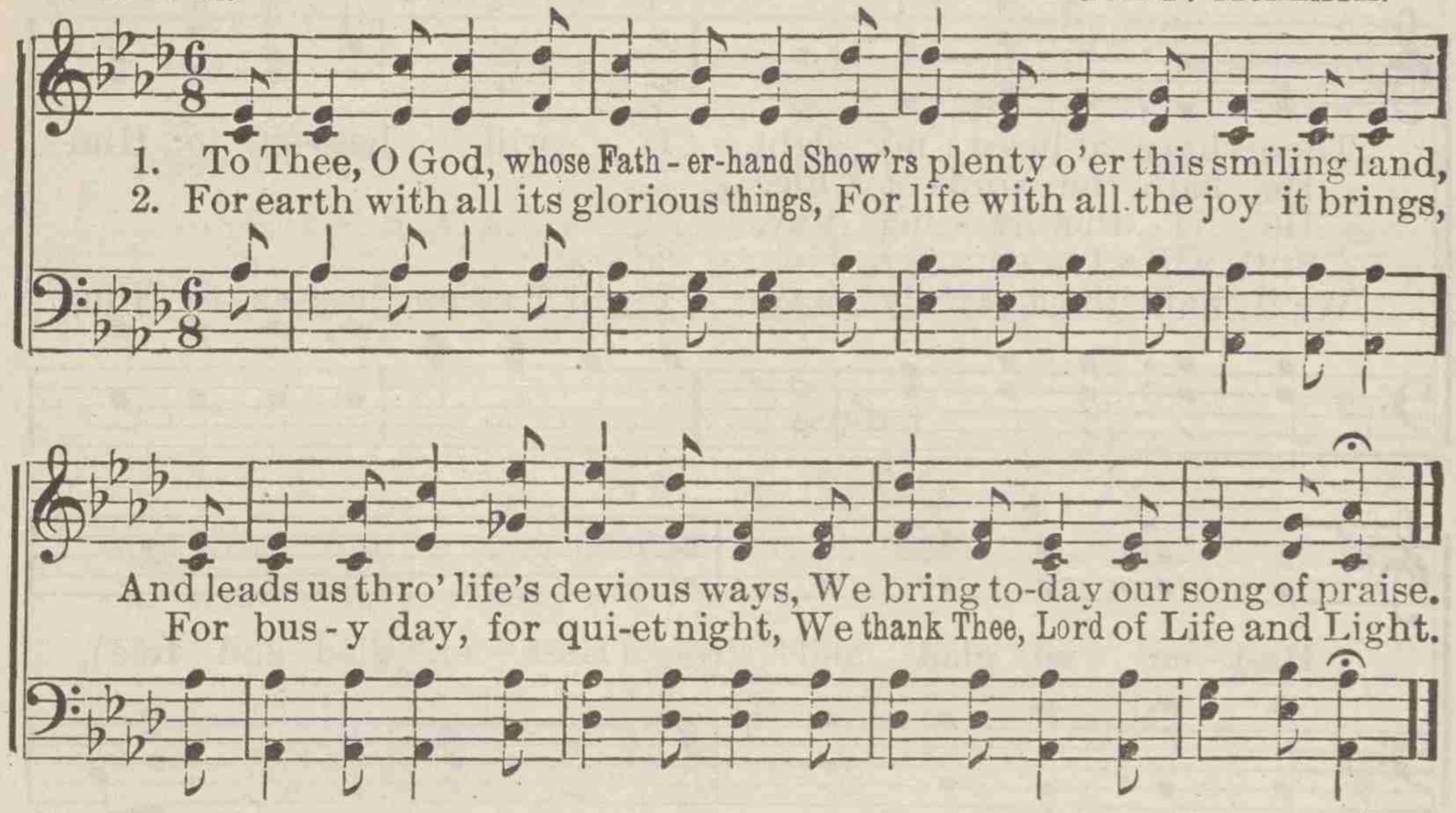
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Hope, the Anchor. Concluded.



87 A HYMN OF PRAISE.

T. F. M. TOM F. MCBEATH.



3 For teachers kind and class-mates dear
That make the days so happy here,
For strength our play or tasks to do,
Dear Father, we would thank Thee, too.

4 For home, where all life's blessings meet,
For brothers true and sisters sweet,
For father's care and mother's love,
We thank Thee, Lord of heav'n above.

5 And now, thro' all the days to be,
O lead us, Father, tenderly,
And guide our steps by day and night,
Still toward Thine everlasting light.

6 "Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

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88

I AM RESOLVED.

P. H. J. H. F.

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 oppose me, foes may be - set me,
out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

These have al-lured my sight. I will hast-en 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'nly way. I will hast-en, hast-en to Him,

Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free),

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

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89. GUIDE ME, OH, SAVIOR.

ANNA D. BRADLEY. Arr. by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Guide me, oh, Sav-ior, Guide me by Thy gracious word, Let me not
2. Guide me, oh, Sav-ior, Guide me by Thy ten-der hand, Guide me past
3. Guide me, oh, Sav-ior, Guide me when 'tis darkest night, Still guide me

wan-der; Keep by me, oh, Lord, E - vil lurks a-bout me,
dangers, To the prom - ised land, I am weak, oh, Sav-ior,
Sav - ior, When I think 'tis light. Step by step, oh, guide me,

But I'm safe when near to Thee. Be my shield, oh, Sav - ior,
But Thy might - y arm of love Will, if thrown a - bout me,
When 'tis dark or when 'tis day, Be Thou still my Sav - ior,

CHORUS.

Stay Thou close by me. Guide me, oh, Sav - ior, Guide me thro' life's
Guide me home a - bove.
Guide me all the way. Savior, guide me, ev - er guide, Guide me thro' life's

Rit.

stormy way. Shield me, oh, Sav - ior, Shield me day by day.
storm-y way. Sav-ior, shield me, ev-er shield, Shield me day by day.

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90 'TWAS FOR ME.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. 'Twas for me that Je-sus came to earth to live, 'Twas for me,
2. 'Twas for my transgressions that my Sav-iour died, 'Twas for me,
3. God so loved the world His on - ly Son He gave, 'Twas for me,

'twas for me,

'twas for me, To en-dure my sorrows, and my sins for - give,
'twas for me, And the heav'n-ly portals should swing o - pen wide,
'twas for me, That He vanquished death and triumphed o'er the grave,

'twas for me,

CHORUS.

'Twas for me, 'twas for me. 'Twas for me that
'twas for me, 'twas for me. 'Twas for me . . . . . that Je-sus

Je - sus bore the shame, Glo - ry be un - to His ho - ly name,
bore the shame, Glo-ry be . . . . . un - to His ho - ly name,

To re-deem my soul from endless loss, Suffered death upon the cross.
To re-deem my soul from end - less loss,

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'TWAS FOR ME. Concluded.

'Tis to me that Je - sus calls to-day, Je - sus calls, yes,
'Tis to me, Je - sus calls,

Jesus calls to-day, Sound the tidings far and wide, 'Twas for me that Je-sus died.

91 ONLY A PARTING WORD.

GRACE J. FRANCES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. On - ly a part - ing word, Then we must go; When we shall
2. Here may the dew of love Ten - der - ly fall; God bless our
3. Fain would we lin - ger yet, Hap - py with you, Yet must we

CHORUS.

meet a - gain, Ah, who can know?
Sun - day-schools, God bless you all. Kind-ly re-mem - ber us,
haste a - way, Teach-ers, a - dieu.

When we de - part, Hide us to bloom a - gain, Deep in your heart.

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WONDERFUL LOVE.

Words by ANNE STEELE. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

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

And didst thou bleed, and groan and die, For thy re - bell-ious foes?
No thought of an-gels ev - er knew Com-pas - sion so di - vine!
De - scend, O sovereign love, descend, And melt that stubborn soul.
Glad cap - tives of thy matchless grace, Thy righteous rule o - bey.

CHORUS.
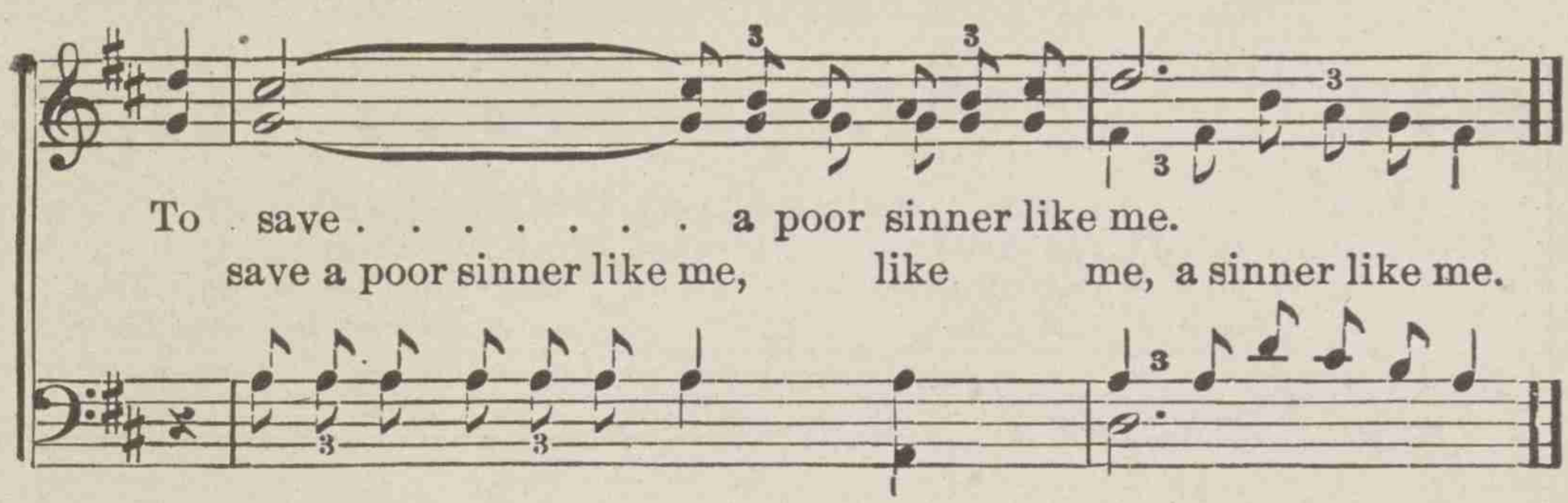
O 't was won - - - derful, wonderful love,
wonderful, wonderful love, wonderful, wonderful love

That brought . . him from heaven above,
brought him from heaven above, beautiful heaven above,

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

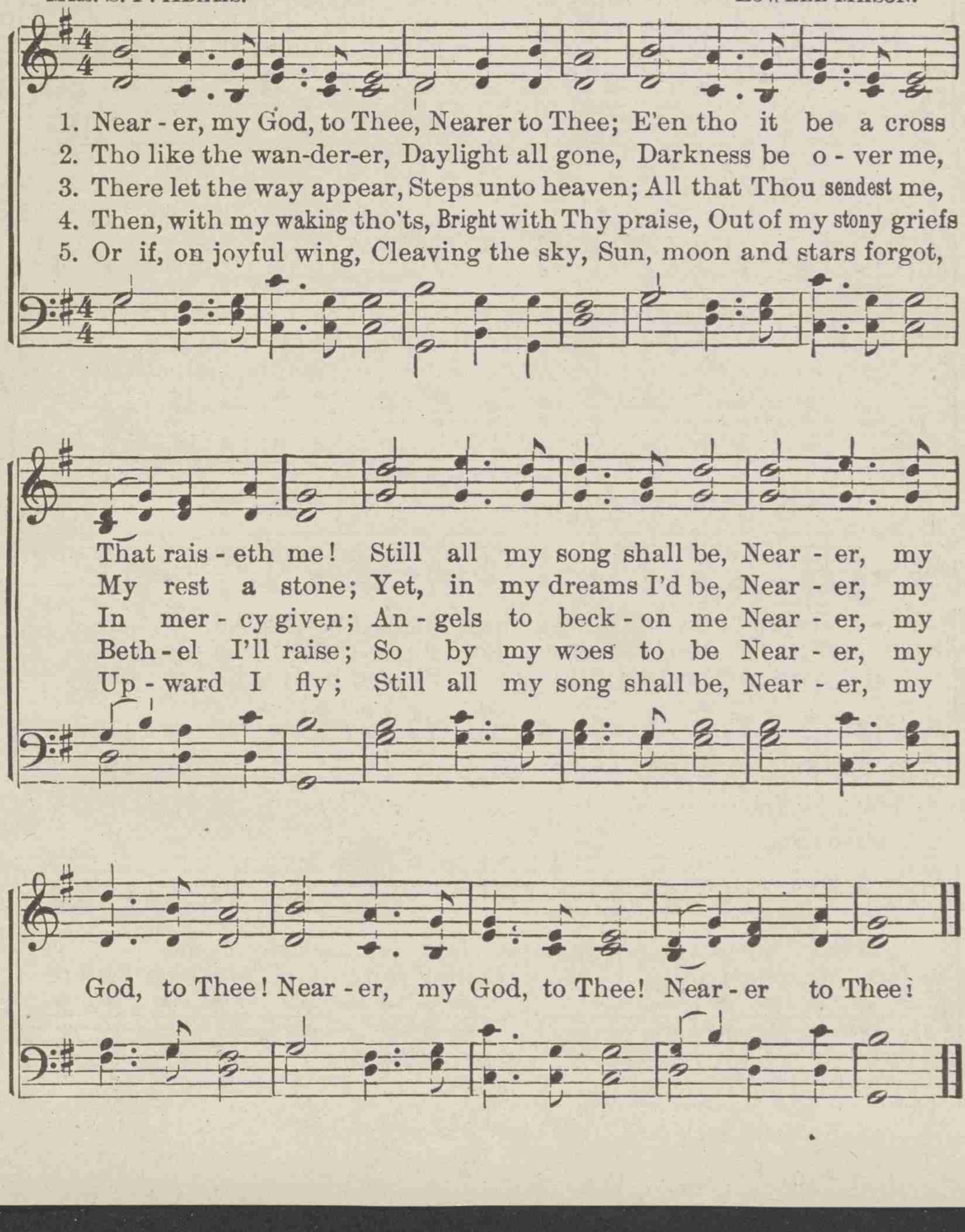
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Wonderful Love. Concluded.



93 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

MRS. S. F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.



94 BLESSED BE HIS HOLY NAME.

M. CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. "Come to me ye heav-y ladened," come, Blessed be His ho - ly name;
2. "Take my yoke and learn of me" the way, Blessed be His ho - ly name;
3. "Come ye thirsty, drink the waters" clear, Blessed be His ho - ly name;

Bring your burdens, I will bear each one, Blessed be His ho - ly name.
That will lead to life, and end-less day, Blessed be His ho - ly name.
That give joy, and peace, and comfort here, Blessed be His ho - ly name.

Come, sin-ner, come to Christ to-day, He's cal-ling now, make no de - lay;
Come, sinner, come, you've wandered far From love and home; But Bethl'hem's star
Come, sinner, come, new life begin, Christ calls you from the paths of sin,
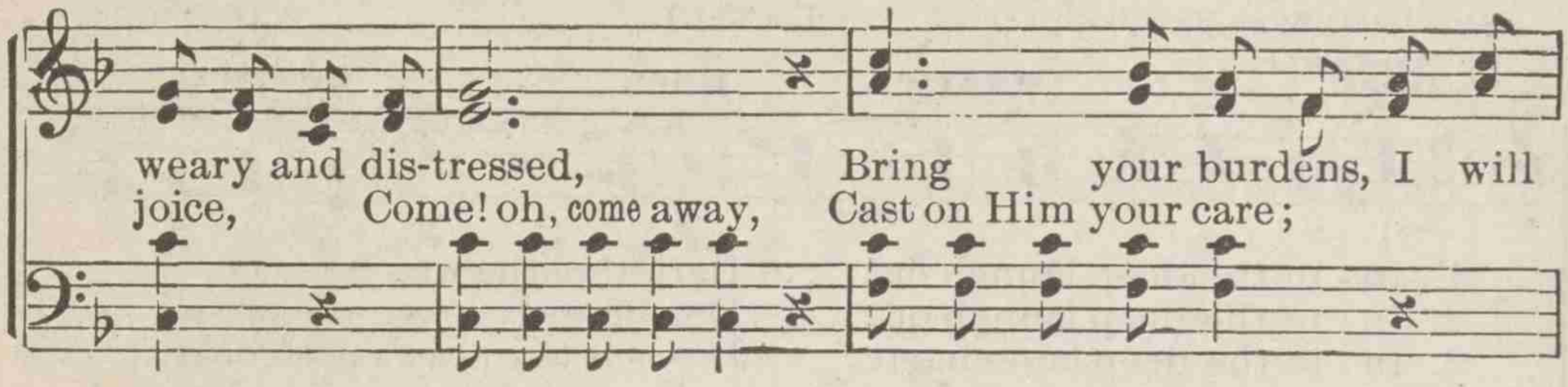
He'll save, and take your sins a - way, Blessed be His ho - ly name.
Shines bright thro Mercy's gates a - jar, Blessed be His ho - ly name.
And gives a crown that you can win, Blessed be His ho - ly name.

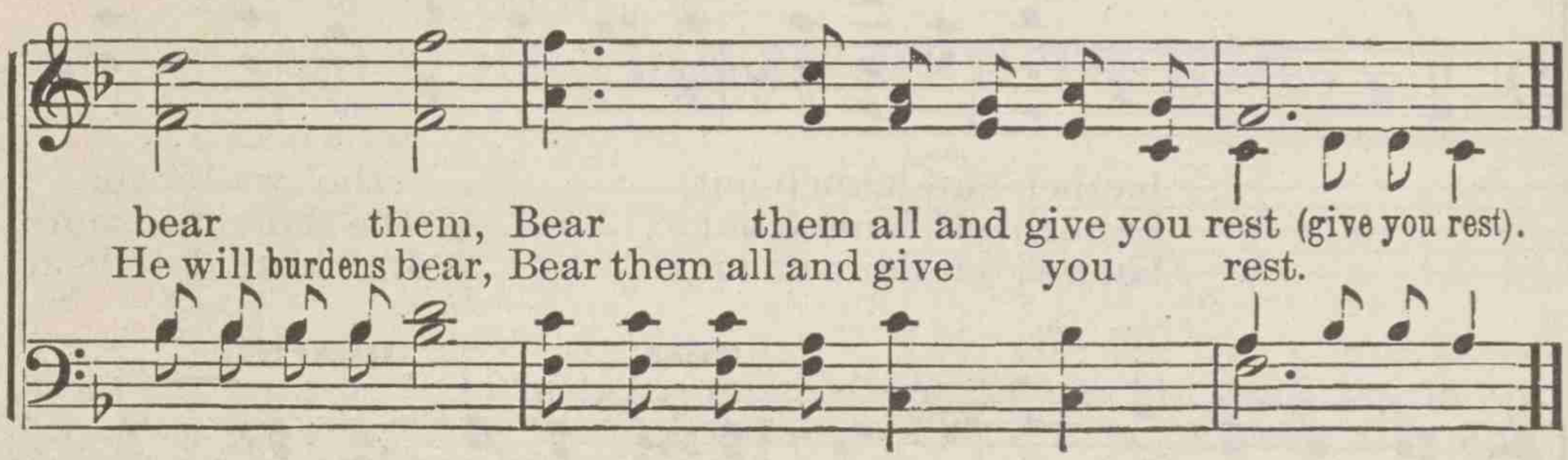
CHORUS.

Come to me ye heav-y la - - dened, Come ye
Hear His gentle voice, Calling you to-day; Make your heart re-

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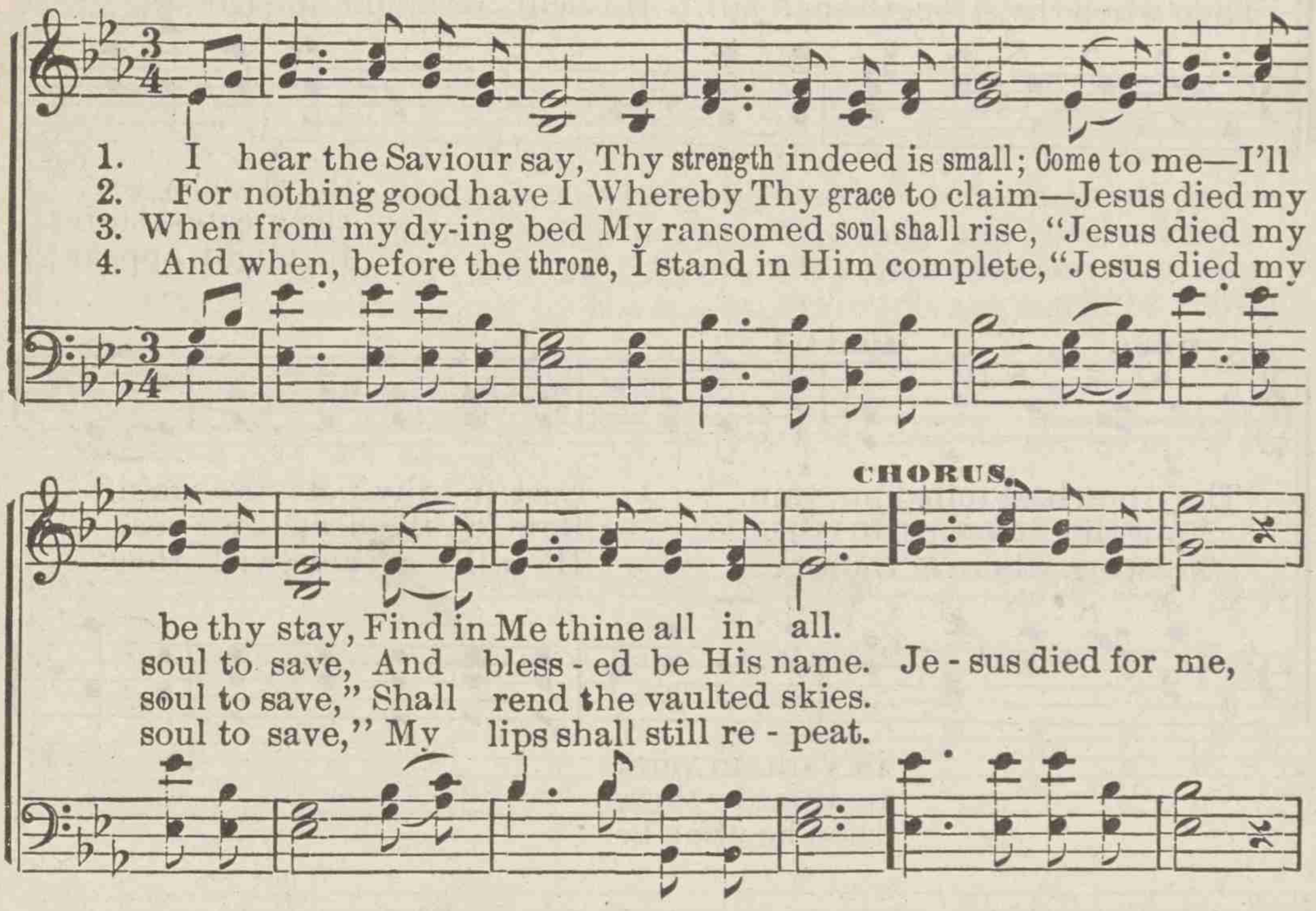
Blessed Be His Holy Name. Concluded.





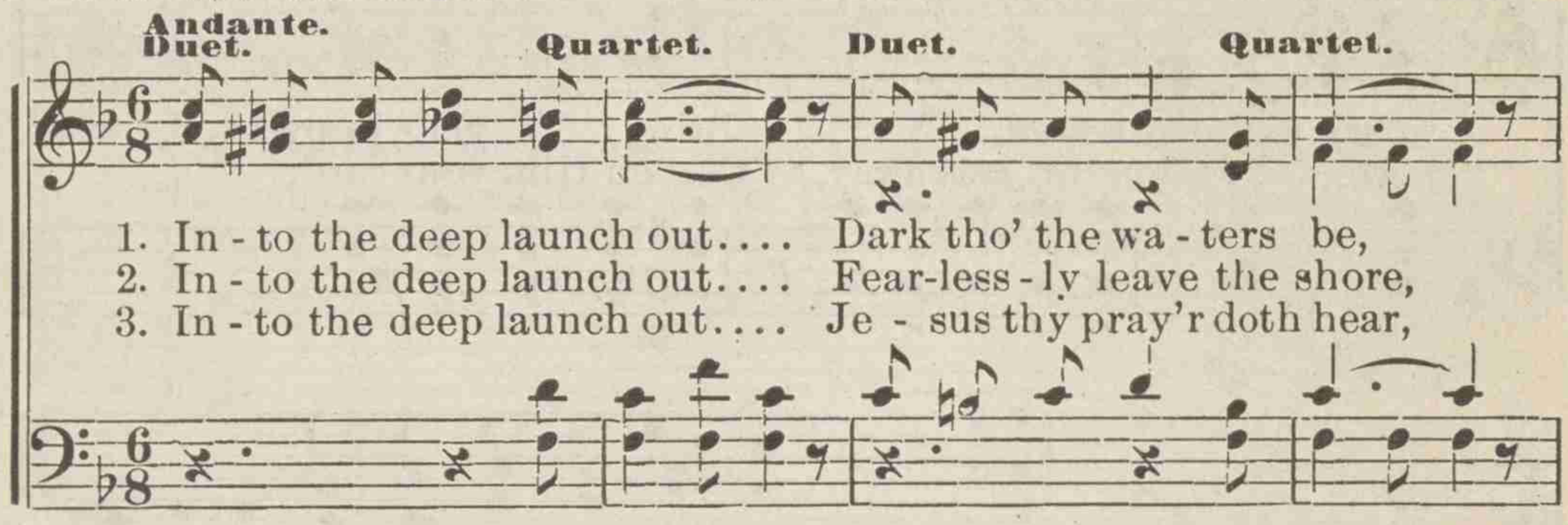
95 ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

MRS. E. M. HALL. Alt. JOHN T. GRAPE.
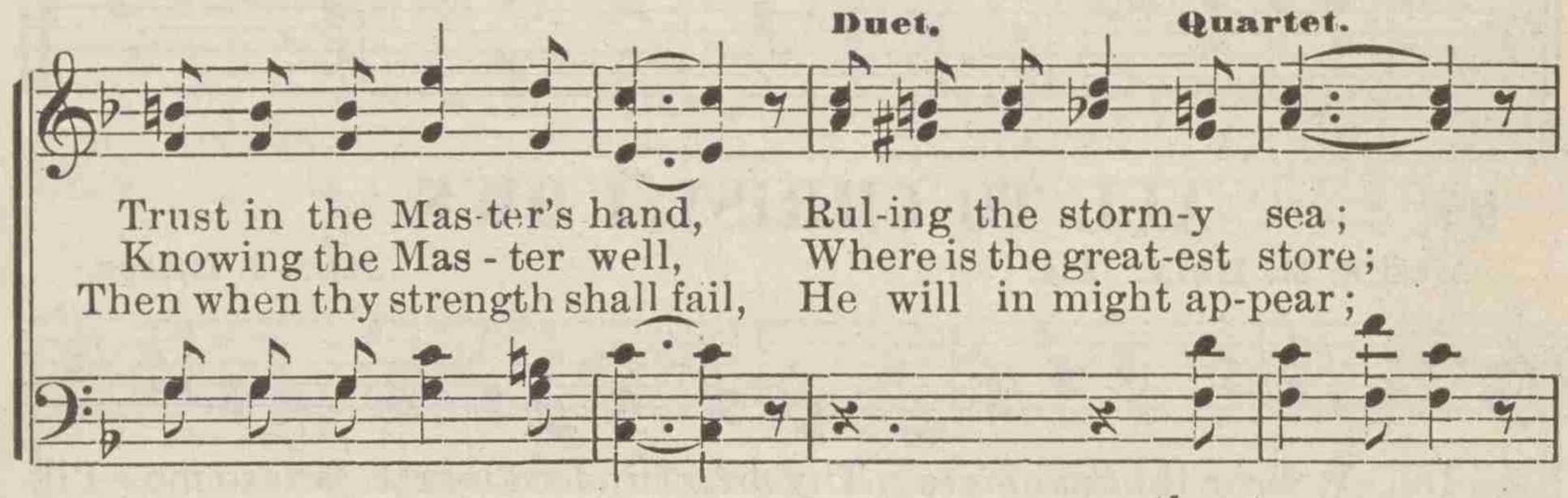


96 LAUNCH OUT INTO THE DEEP.
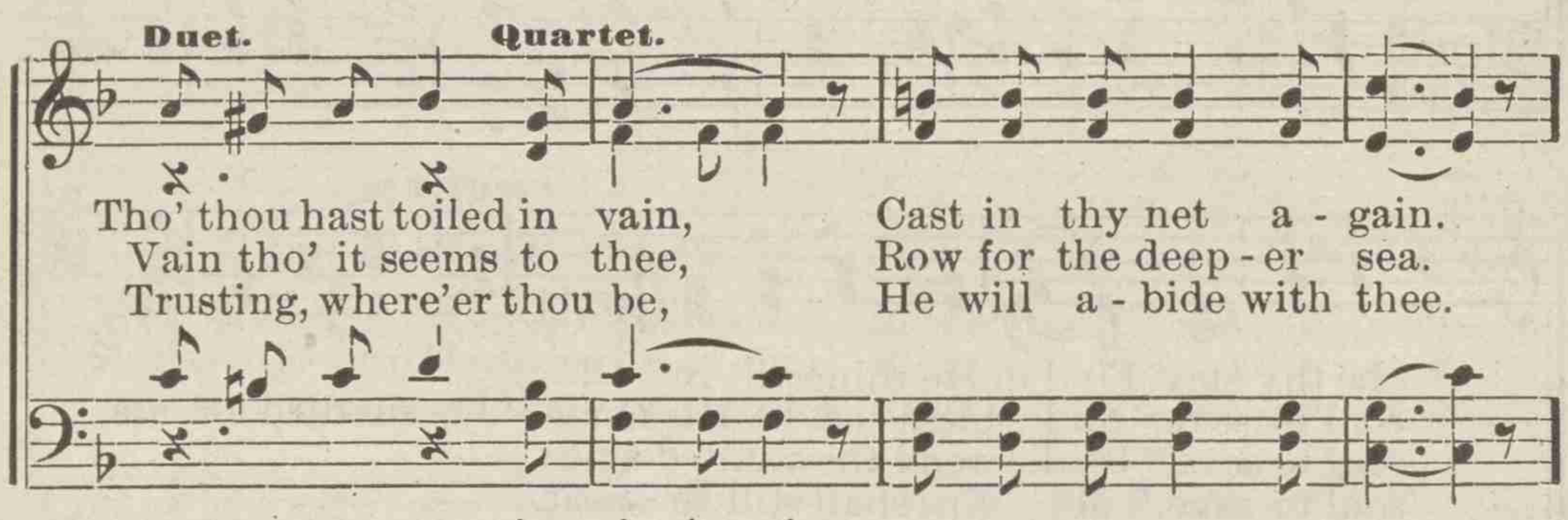
MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. QUARTET. A. F. MYERS.



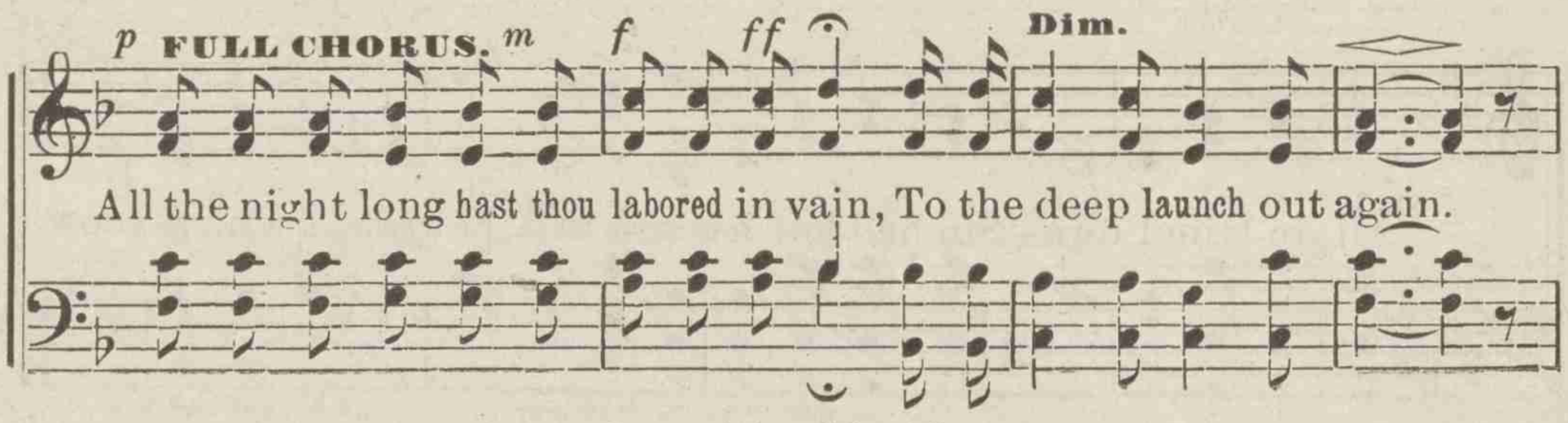
Launch out, launch out, tho' wa-ters be,
Launch out, launch out, the shore, the shore,
Launch out, launch out, doth hear, doth hear,



the storm-y sea;
the greatest store;
in might appear;
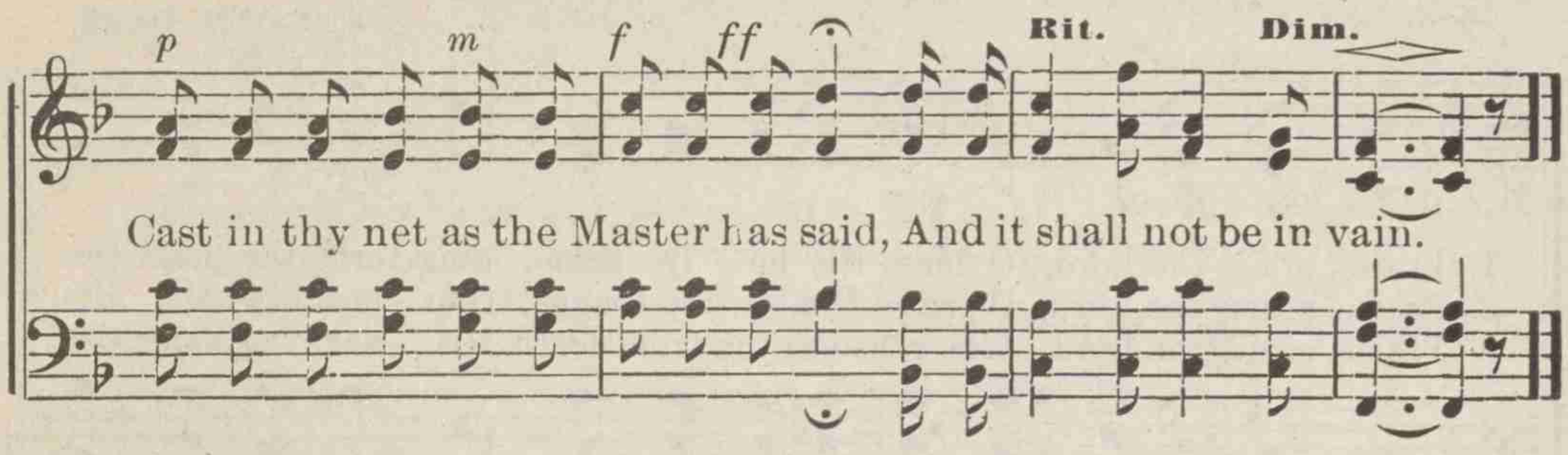


in vain, in vain,
to thee, to thee,
thou be, thou be,



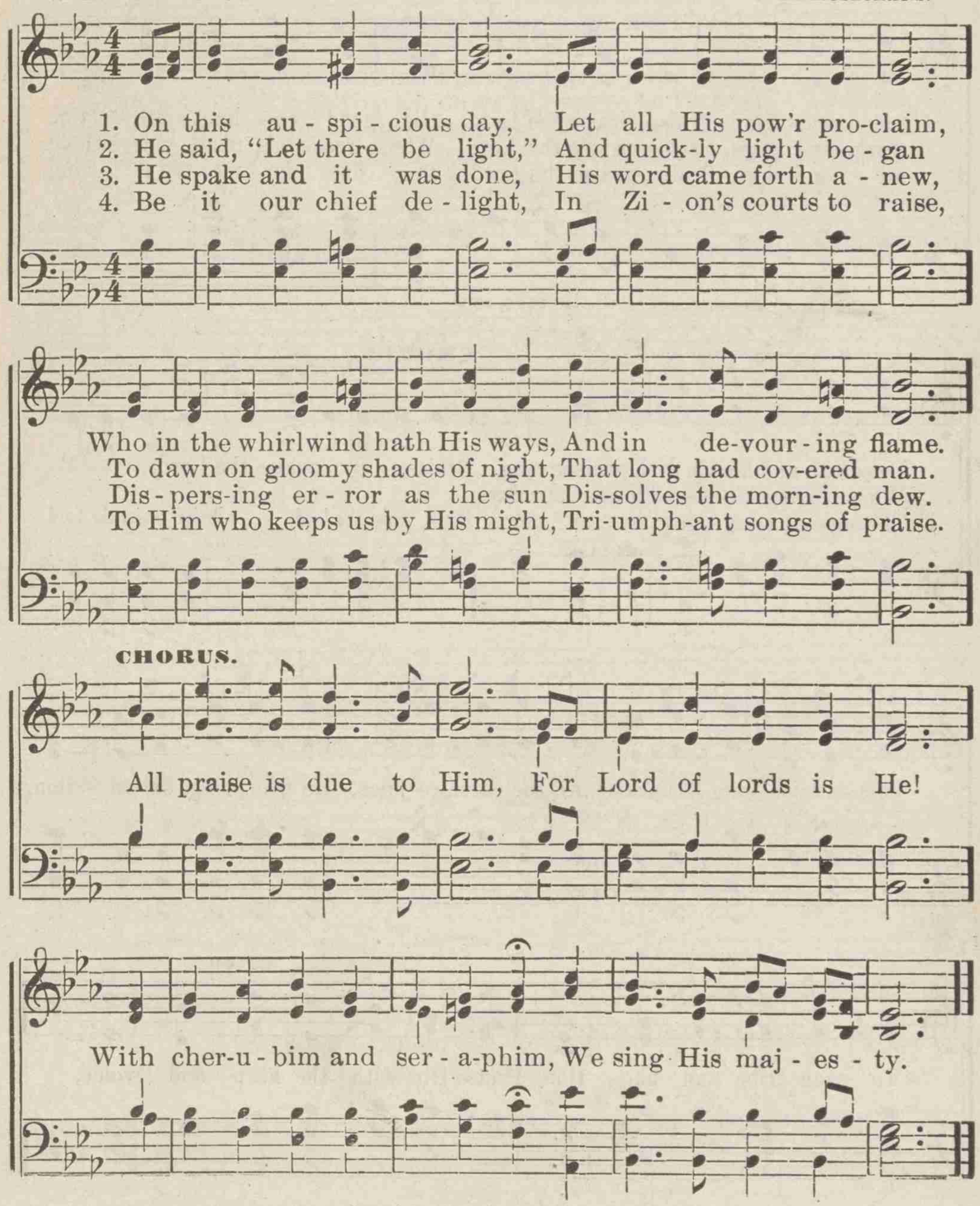
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LAUNCH OUT INTO THE DEEP. Concluded.



97 ALL PRAISE IS DUE TO HIM.

W. H. LUCKENBACH. J. H. ROSECRANS.



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98 PRAISE, PRAISE THE LORD.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Praise, praise the Lord, O bless His ho - ly name, Sing forth the prais - es
2. Praise, praise the Lord, O praise Him ev - ry tongue, Glor - ious are all His
3. Praise, praise the Lord, Who ransoms you from death, His sav - ing name let

of your King, Praise, praise the Lord, His good - ness loud pro - claim,
works and ways, Praise, praise the Lord, Whose grace has made you whole,
all a - dore, Praise, praise the Lord, In one im - mor - tal song,

CHORUS.

Let earth and heav'n with praises ring. Praise, praise the Lord,
Whose loving kindness crowns your days.
Throughout all a - ges, ev - er - more. Praise, praise the Lord, Praise, praise the Lord,

Voic-es raise, sing His praise, All the earth re-joice, He who brings sal-va - tion,

To each tribe and na - tion, Praise Him with the harp and voice.

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99 FOUNTAIN OF LOVE.

ANON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Fountain of love, of peace, of joy.... Un-sul-lied, fresh, with-
2. Un-numbered are the prec-ious rills... That from the ev-er-
3. Life knows no joys a-part from thee... O for the liv-ing
4. Riv-er of Life, whose gen-tle stream Glide thro' the gold-en

out al-loy! Thou art that Fountain, God of love! Thou, Thou a-
last-ing hills Flow, Thy whole u-ni-verse to cheer, To bless, to
wa-ters free! The wa-ters from the "smit-ten Rock," Once smit-ten
streets in gleams Of sparkling lus-tre, soft and bright, Flow on, till

CHORUS.

lone, be-low, a-bove. The liv-ing Rock, ... dear Lord, art
glad-den, far and near.
for Thy lit-tle flock.
faith be changed to light.

The liv-ing Rock,

Thou ..... Lo! for its gush-ings, while we bow, To drink and
dear Lord, art Thou! Lo! for its gushings while we bow,

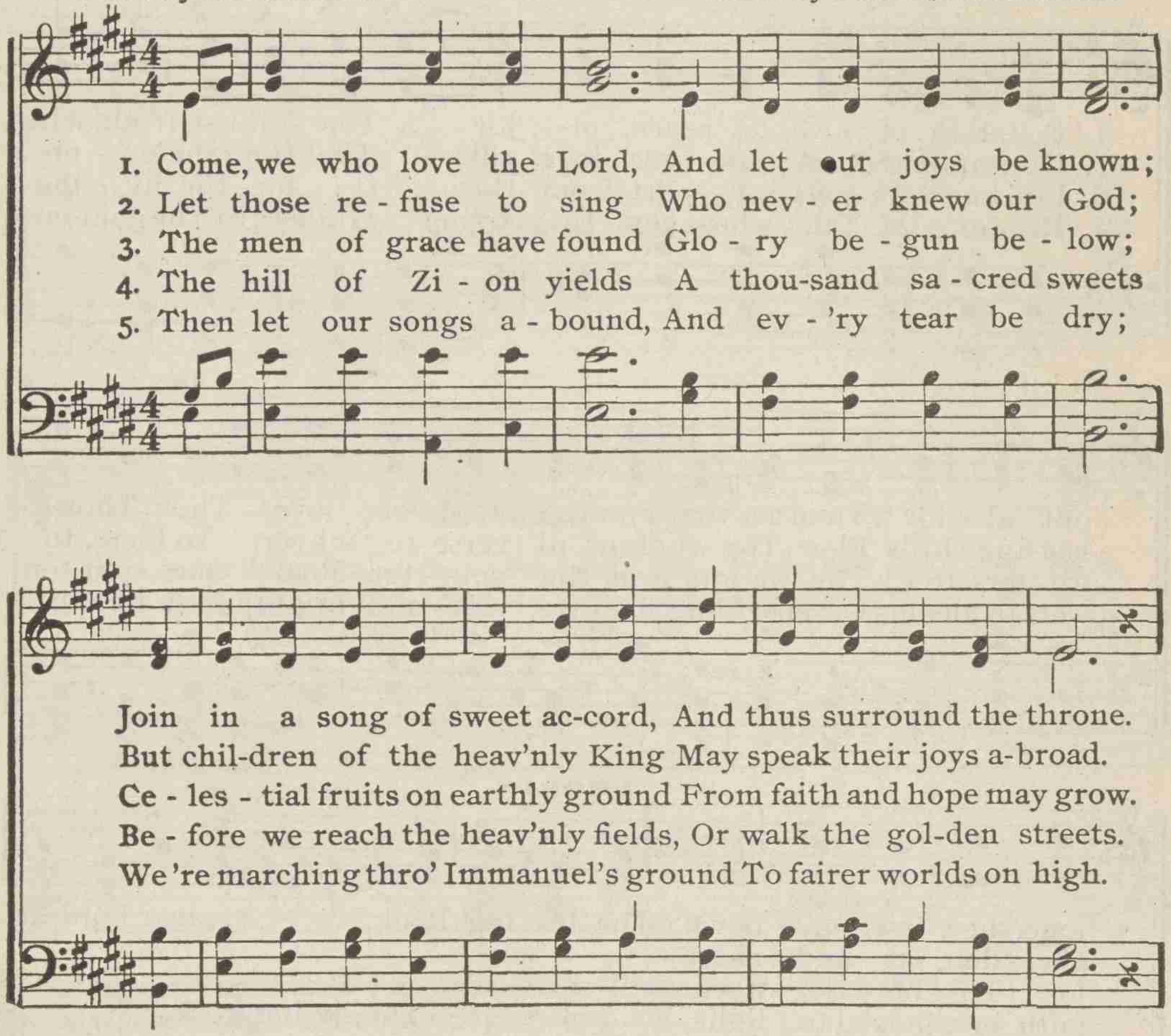
cry..... on bended knee..... For "all our springs are found in Thee."
To drink and cry on bended knee,

Rit.

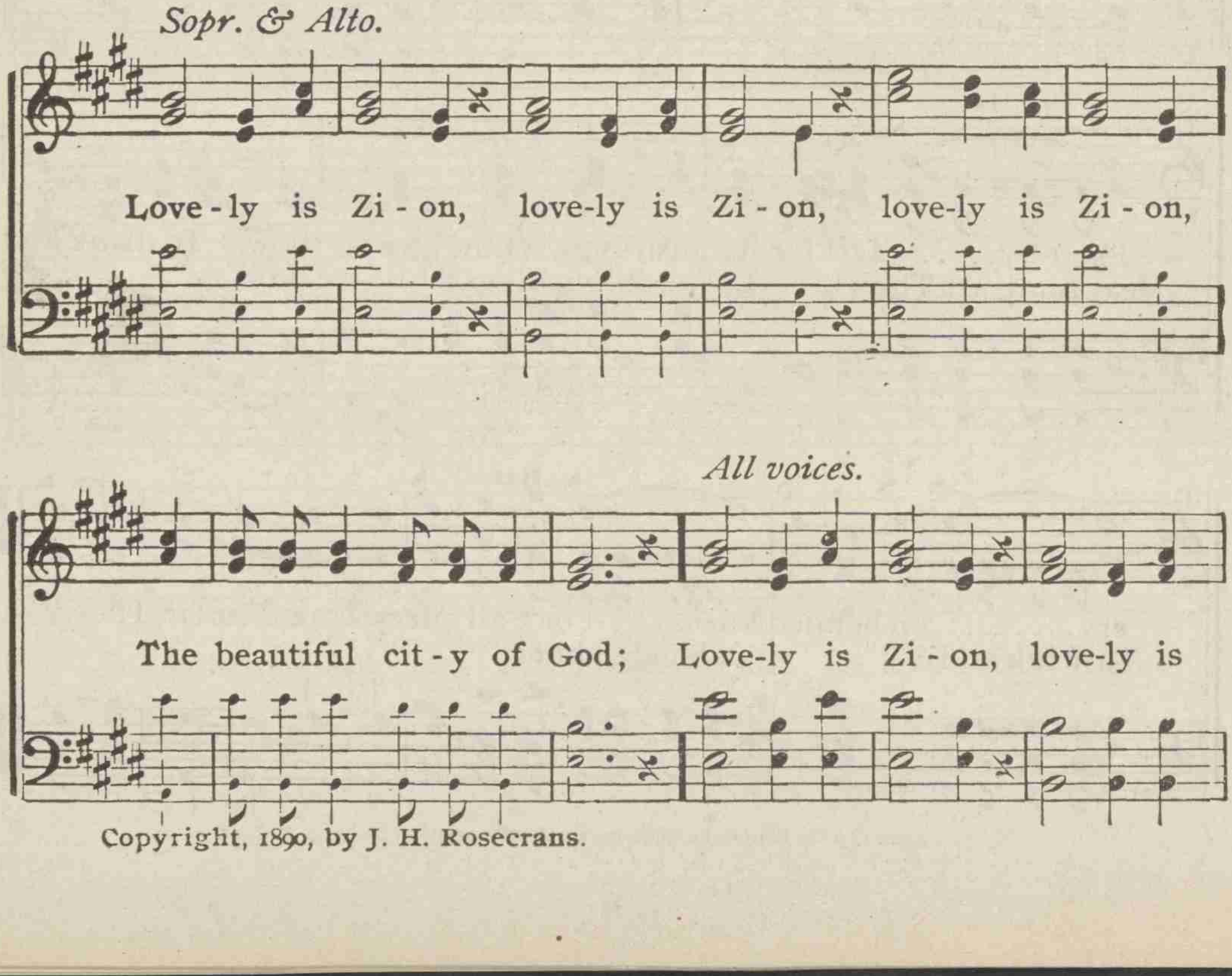
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100 LOVELY IS ZION.

Words by ISAAC WATTS. Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.
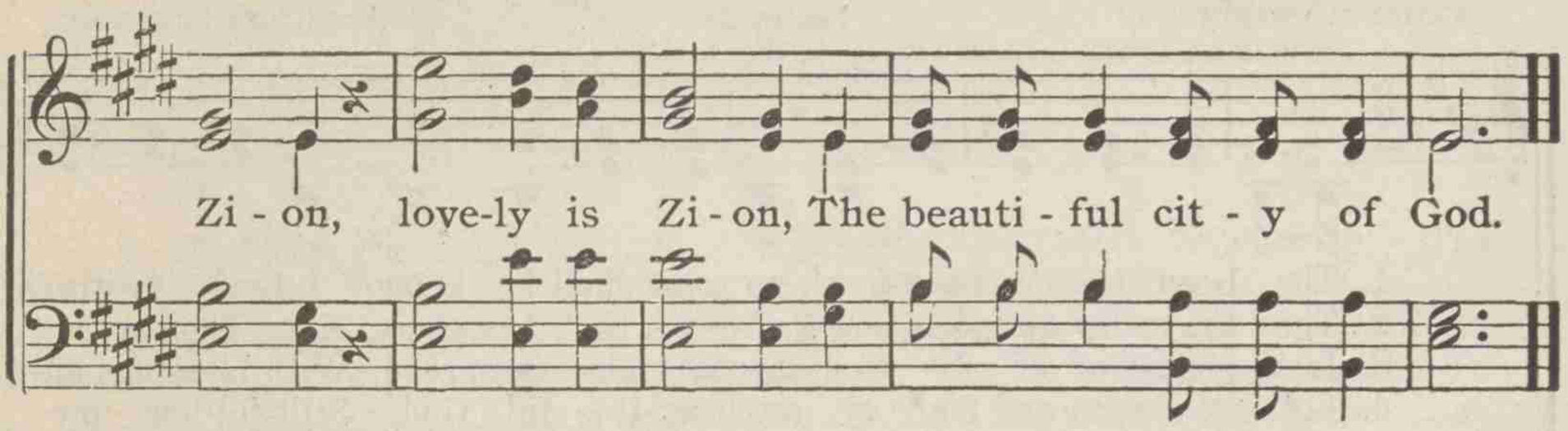


Sopr. & Alto.



All voices.

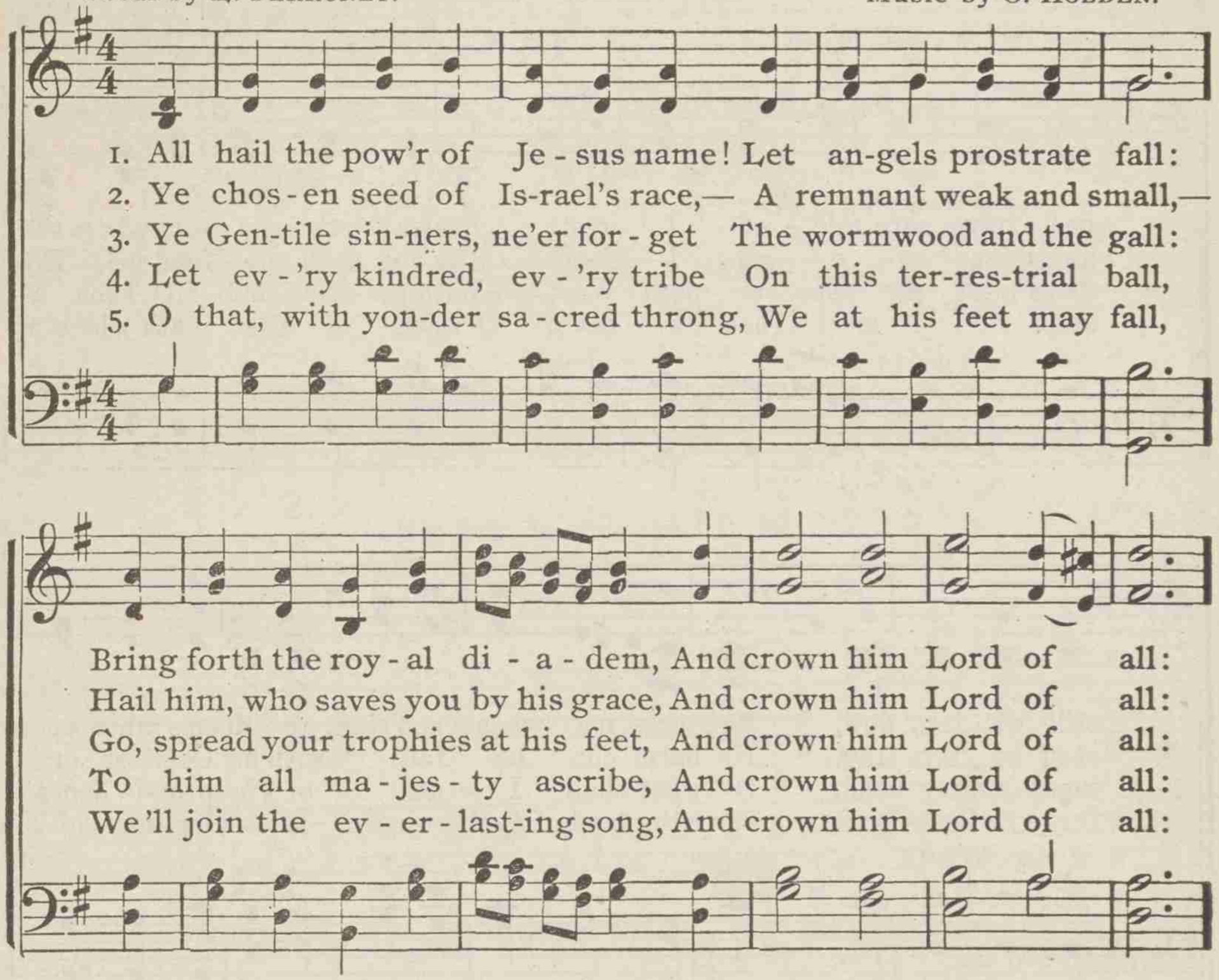
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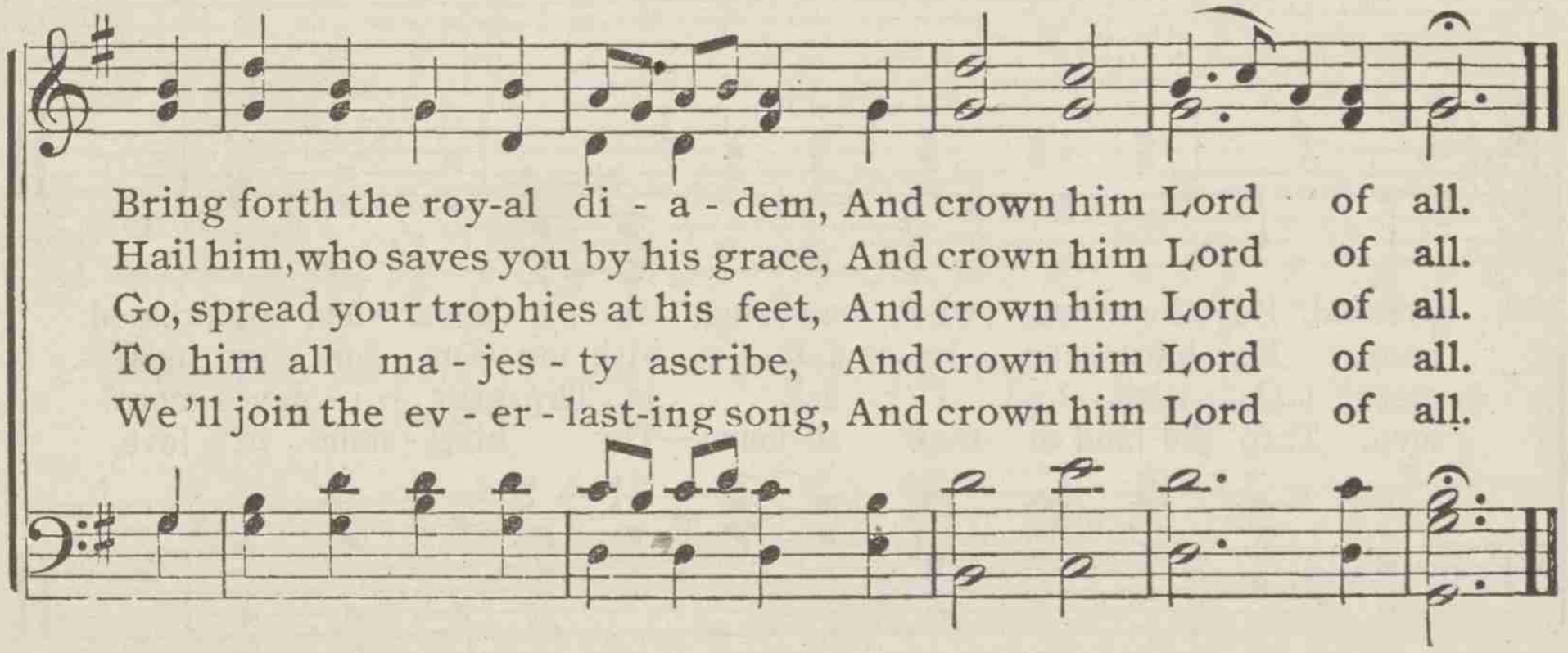
Lovely is Zion. Concluded.



101 CORONATION. C. M.

Words by E. PERRONET. Music by O. HOLDEN.





102 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

JAMEL MONTGOMERY. Psalm 23. Arr. from KOSCHAT.

Melody in Tenor.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op-pressed.
2. Thro' the valley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my guard-ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy staff be my stay, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er near.
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread, With blessings un-meas-ured, my cup run - neth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou a-noint - est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy prov-i - dence more?
4. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still fol-low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek— by the path which my fore - fa-ther's trod; Thro' the land of their sojourn—Thy king-dom of love.

103 FOR YOU HE DIED.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Oh, bless His name!..... The Sav - ior came..... To
2. Who can with-stand..... A love so grand?..... Oh,
3. Lo! like a flood..... His pre-cious blood..... Stream'd

Oh, bless His name, The Sav - ior came To

save a dy - ing world; For great and small..... For one and
sweet sal - va - tion plan! Such wondrous love..... The heart should
from His riv - en side; 'Tis free! 'tis free..... For you and

For great and small,

CHORUS.

all..... His flag is still un - furled.
move..... Of ev - 'ry sin - ful man. Oh, will you come, this
me..... The fountain deep and wide.
For one and all.

moment come, To Him the cru - ci - fied? His life He gave..... The

His life He gave

world to save..... For you He groaned and died.....

The world to save, He groaned and died.

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104 STEADILY MARCH ALONG.

G. W. LYON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Might-y ar - my of the Lord, Gird with helmet, shield and sword,
2. Foes are lurk - ing all a-round, Ev - 'ry where they may be found,
3. Guid - ed by Je - ho-vah's hand, To the front! O no - ble band,

Read - y to de - fend the cause of truth and right;
Wait - ing to de - stroy by sin's al - lur - ing train;
There re - main un - til the vic - to - ry is won;

Raise His glo-rious ban - ner high, Wave its folds a-gainst the sky,
Like a might - y ti - dal wave, Sweep o'er earth the lost to save,
When has ceased the bat - tle din, With a world redeemed from sin,

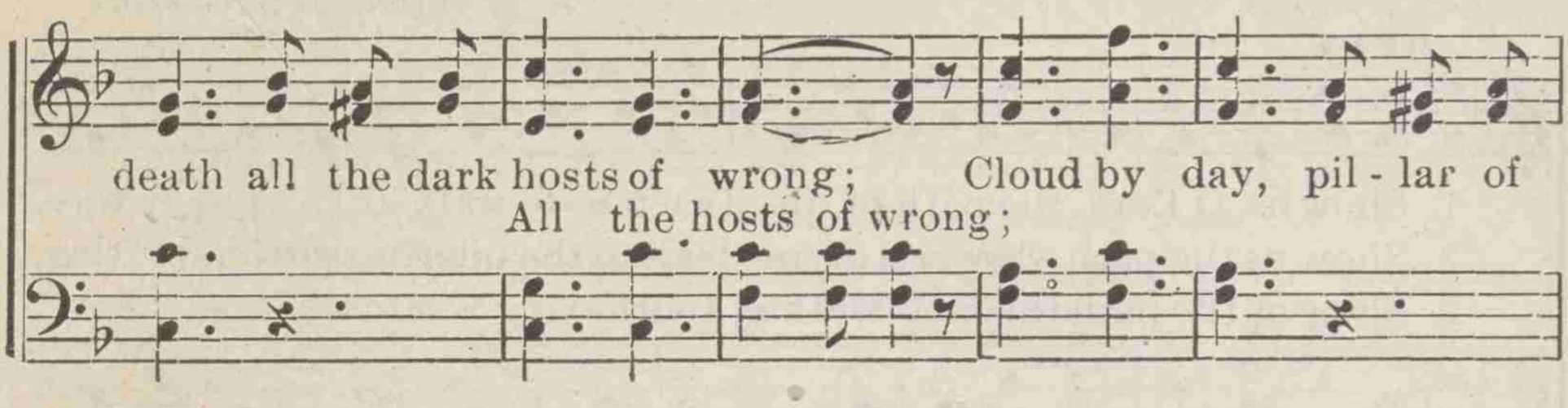
While you go to con - quer in His name and might.
And to bring to God the dy - ing sons of men.
You shall share His plaud - it, "*Faith - ful one, well done.*"
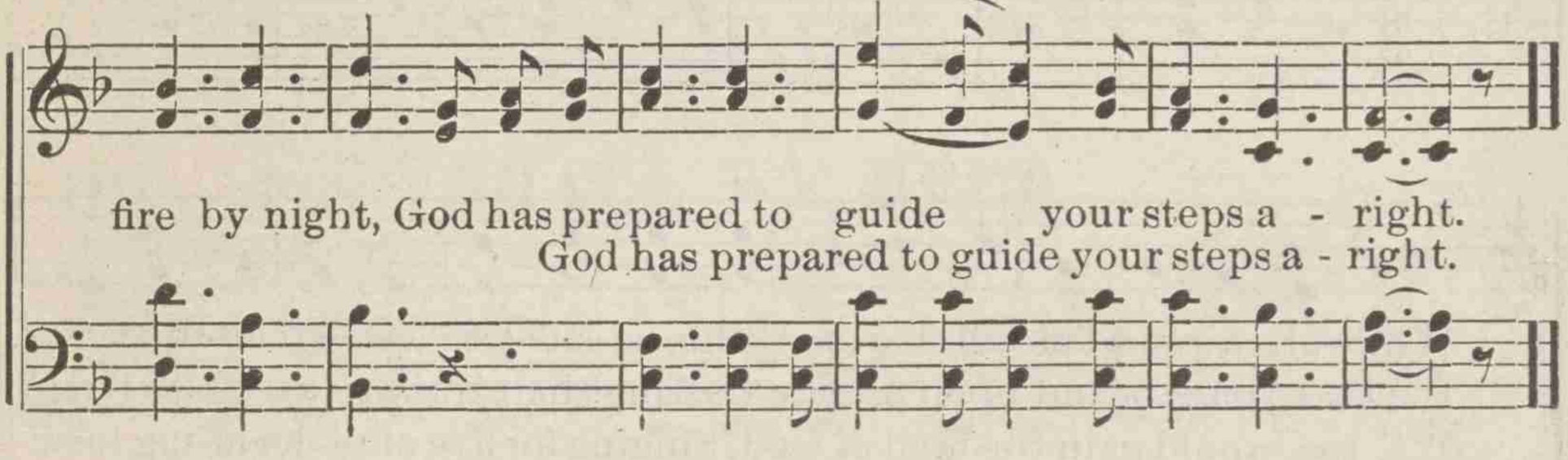
CHORUS.

On! press on! stead-i - ly march a - long, Drive to
March, yes, march a-long,

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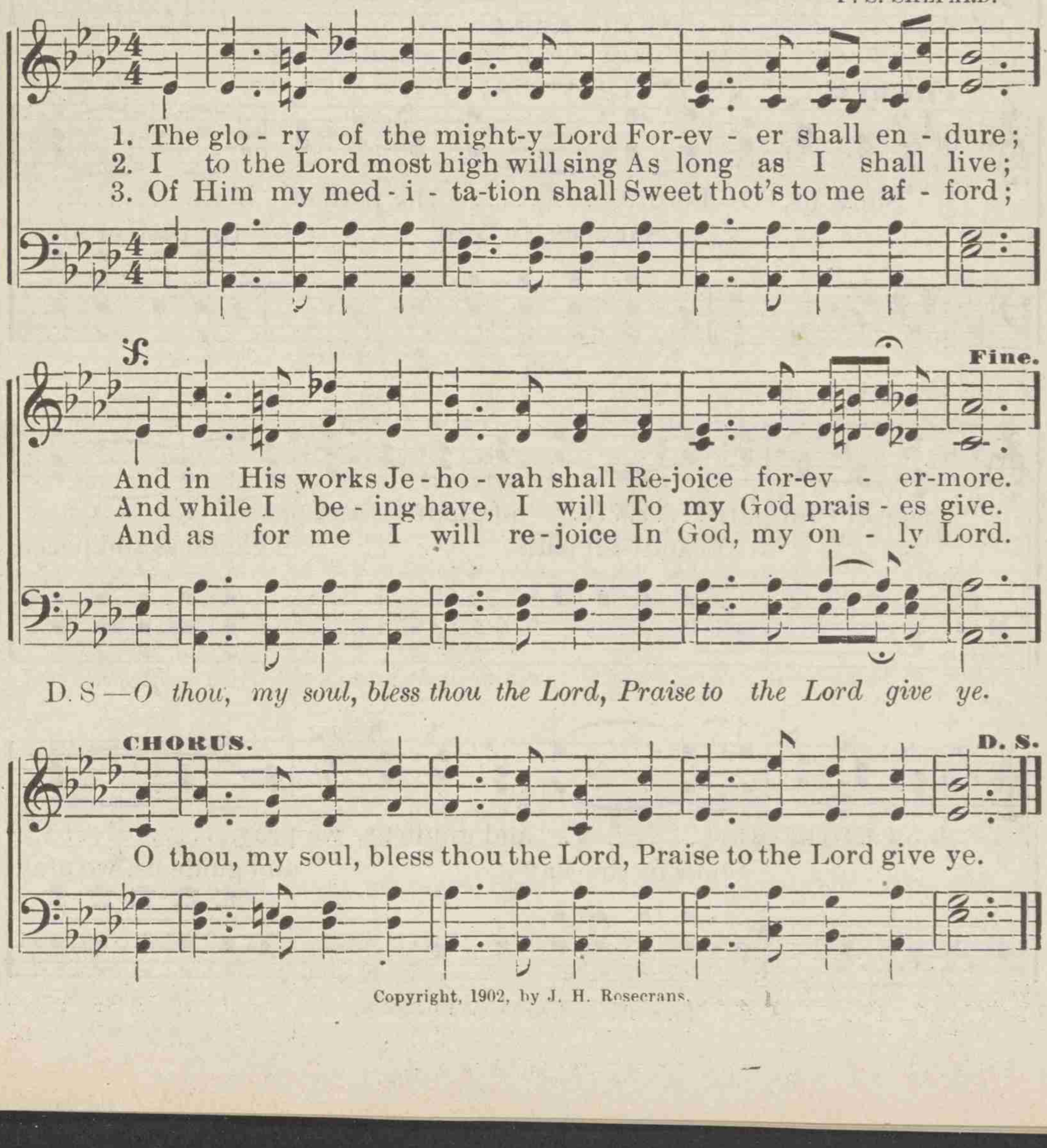
STEADILY MARCH ALONG. Concluded.





105 THE GLORY OF THE LORD.

F. S. SHEPARD.



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106 SHOW US THE PATH OF LIFE.

JENNIE WILSON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

DUET.

1. Show us, O Lord, the path of life, Teach us to walk in Thy ho - ly way,
2. Show us the path where light divine Lends to the pilgrim sweet hope and cheer,
3. Show us the path the saints have trod, Journeying home to their rest above,

While all a-round us sin is rife, Guide us safe home lest our feet should stray.
Let those pure beams upon us shine, Casting their brightness mid shadows drear.
We, too, would gain the land of God, Singing for aye of re-deem-ing love.

CHORUS.

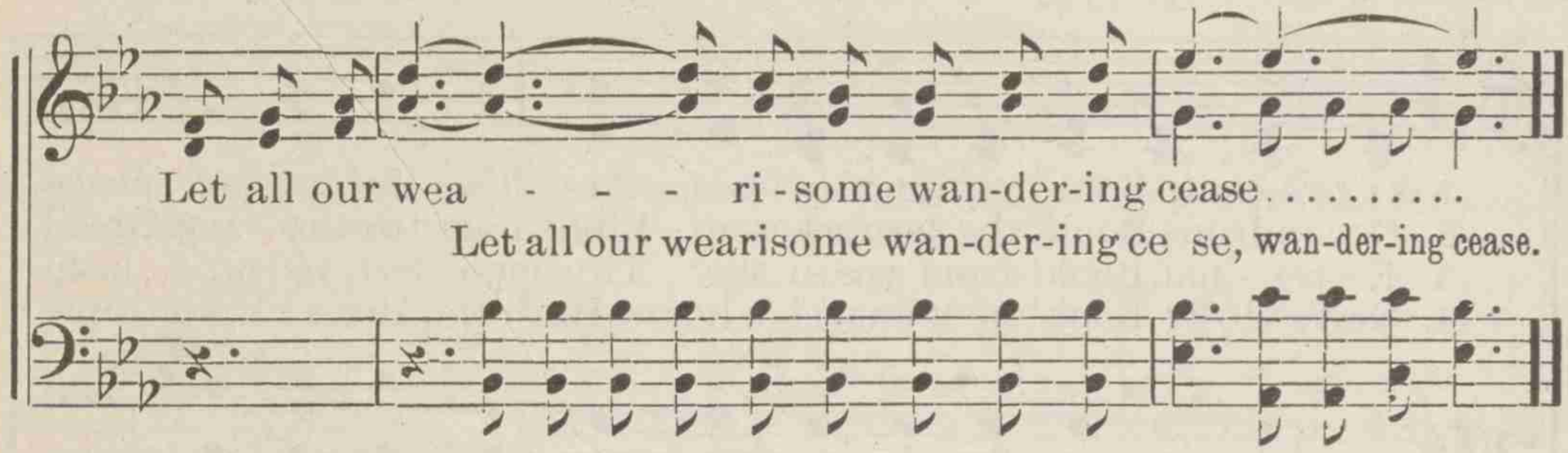
Show us, O Lord,..... the path of life,.....
Show us, O Lord, the path of life,

beau-ti - ful path..... of gladness and peace,.....
Beau-ti-ful path of gladness and peace,

Show us the way..... and guide us, we pray,.....
Show us the way and guide us, we pray.

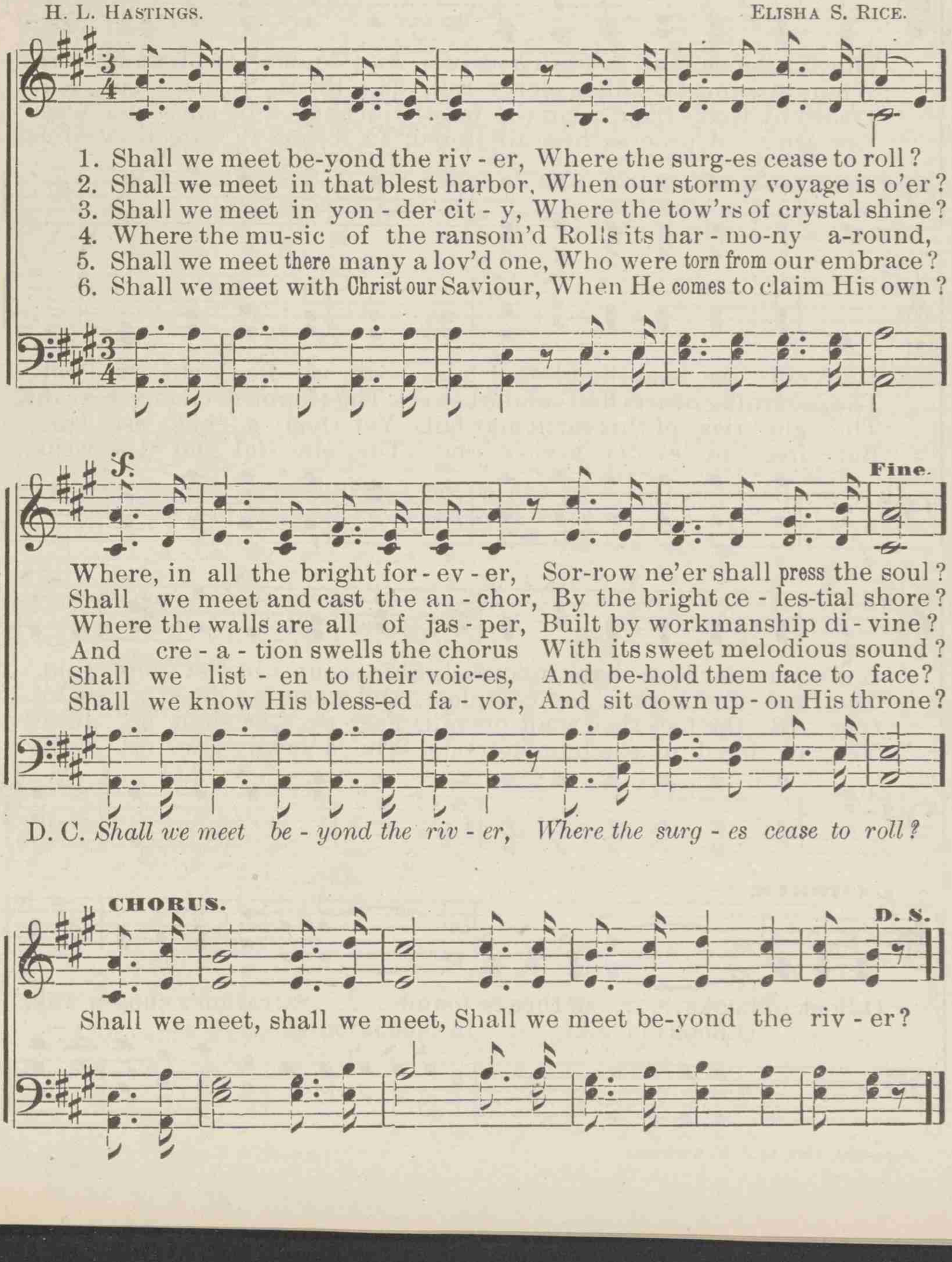
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SHOW US THE PATH. Concluded.



107 SHALL WE MEET.

H. L. HASTINGS. ELISHA S. RICE.



108 THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

BIRDIE BELL. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. O pre-cious Book! up-on thy leaves Are mes-sag-es of peace,
2. O wondrous Book! the hungry soul Finds here the liv-ing bread,
3. E-ter-nal Book! from age to age Thy fade-less rec-ords last,
4. God's Ho-ly Book! no monarch's hoard Hath treasures like to thine,

The anx-ious soul in faith receives And doubts per-plex-ing cease;
Where streams of endless mercy roll, The thirst-y may be led;
Traced by God's hand upon the page, Unchanged by sin's rude blast;
Fair gems of promise here are stored, In beau-ty rare they shine;

Here-in we read the blessed tale, Sal-va-tion's sto-ry old;
The mourning hearts find comfort sweet, The troubled, changeless calm,
The glo-ries of this earth may fail, Yet thou a-bid-est sure,
But free to ev-'ry need-y one, The sin-ful and the weak,
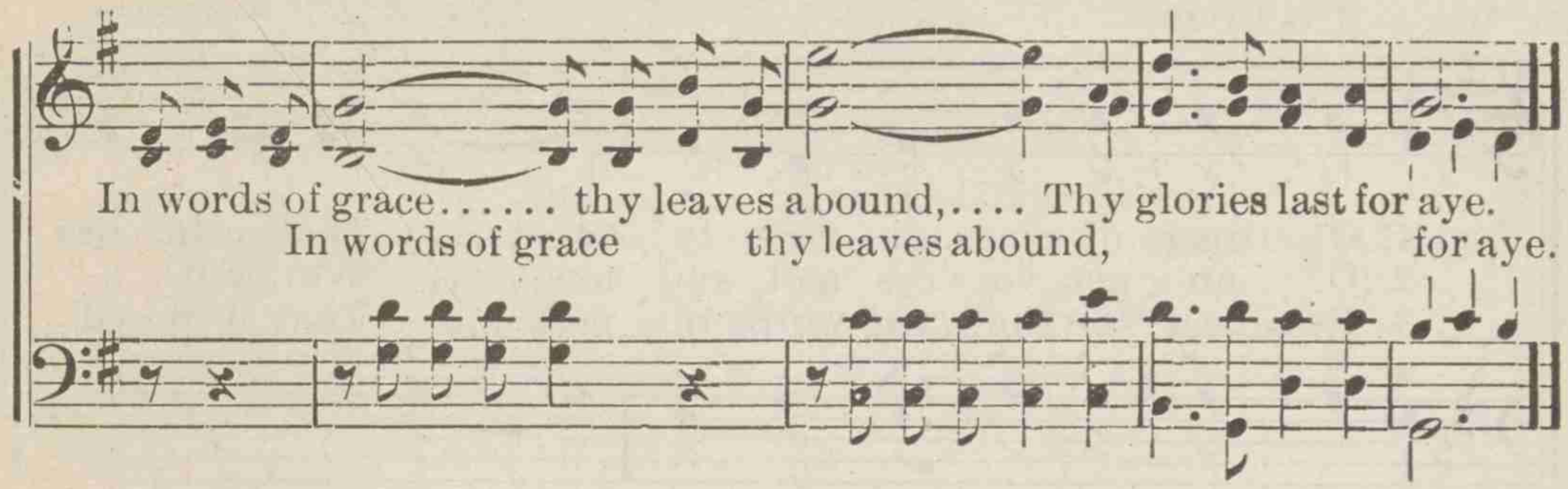
God's ten-der love that cannot fail, Shines out in let-ters gold.
The sad find here a joy complete, And weep-ing ones a psalm.
O'er all the foes thou shalt prevail, For-ev-er shalt en-dure.
Yes, of-fered to the humblest one, Who may thy jew-els seek.

CHORUS.

O Book of books!..... in thee is found..... Salvation's chosen way,
O Book of books! in thee is found
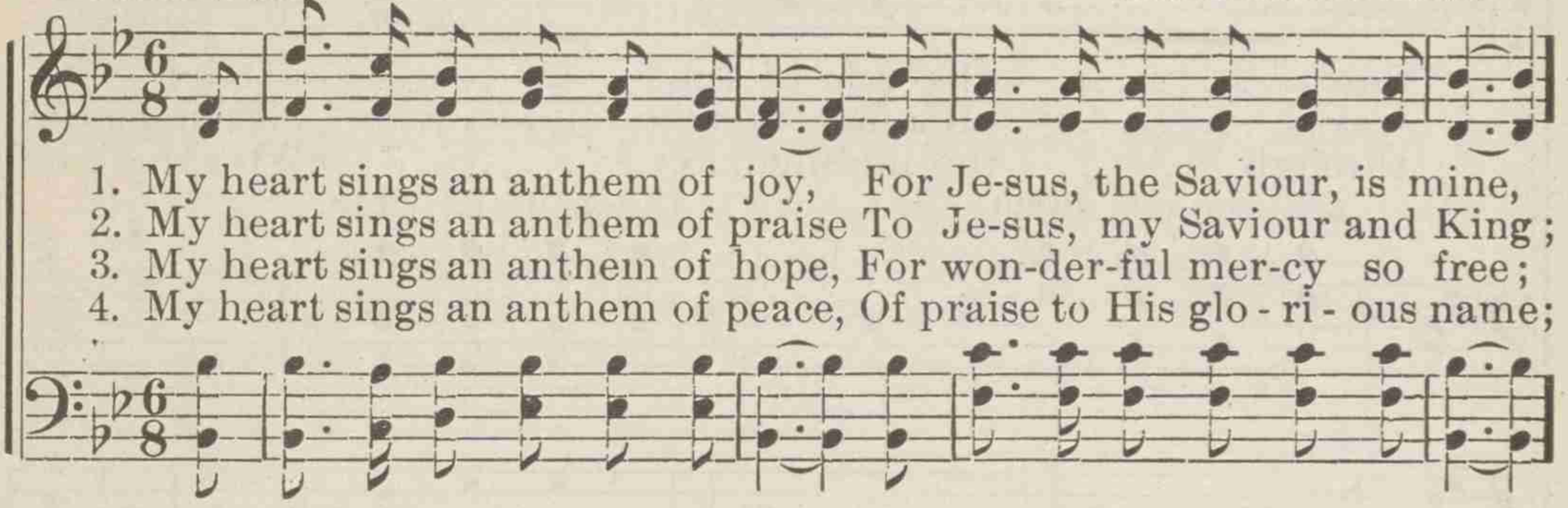
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THE BOOK OF BOOKS. Concluded.



109 JOY, GLAD JOY.

F. S. SHEPARD. BESSIE HOMAN FARIS.



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110 O SONG OF SONGS.

MRS L. M B. BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. O song of songs, di - vine - ly sweet.... That ech - oes
2. O an - gel voi - ces soft and low,..... We put a-
3. Re - peat the tho't, the words re - peat..... That float - ed

down..... the vale of time..... Our lov - al
way..... all sounds of strife..... To catch the
through..... the midnight sky,..... With God's un-
that ech-oes down the vale of time,

hearts thy strains repeat..... And send them back to heights sublime.
tones and feel the glow,..... The new-born throbs of life and light.
measured love re - plete..... Im - mor - tal words that cannot die.
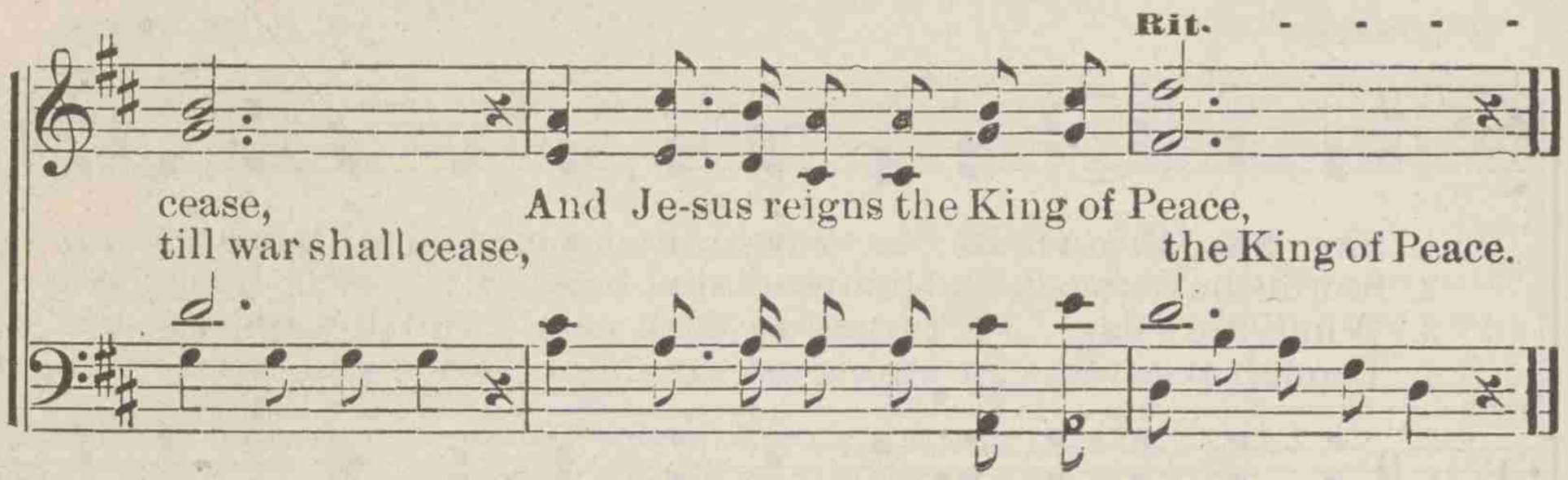
CHORUS.

Good - will, good-will, good-will to men, Re - peat it
good-will to men,

o'er and o'er a - gain, Till pain, and woe, and war shall
re - peat it o'er a - gain,

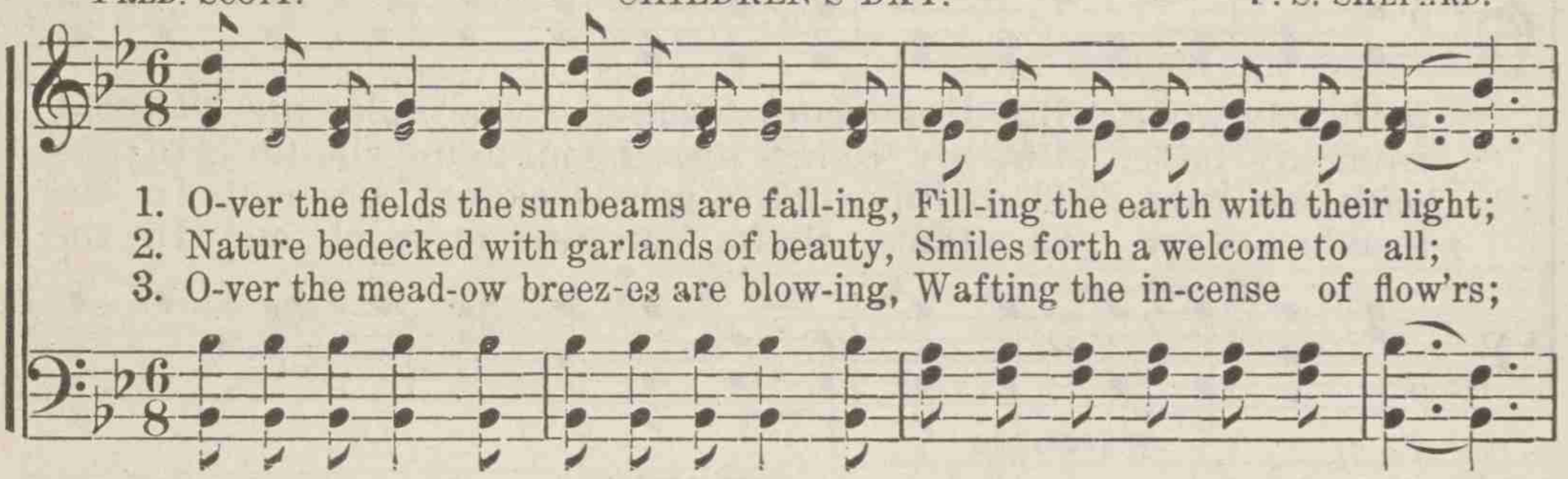
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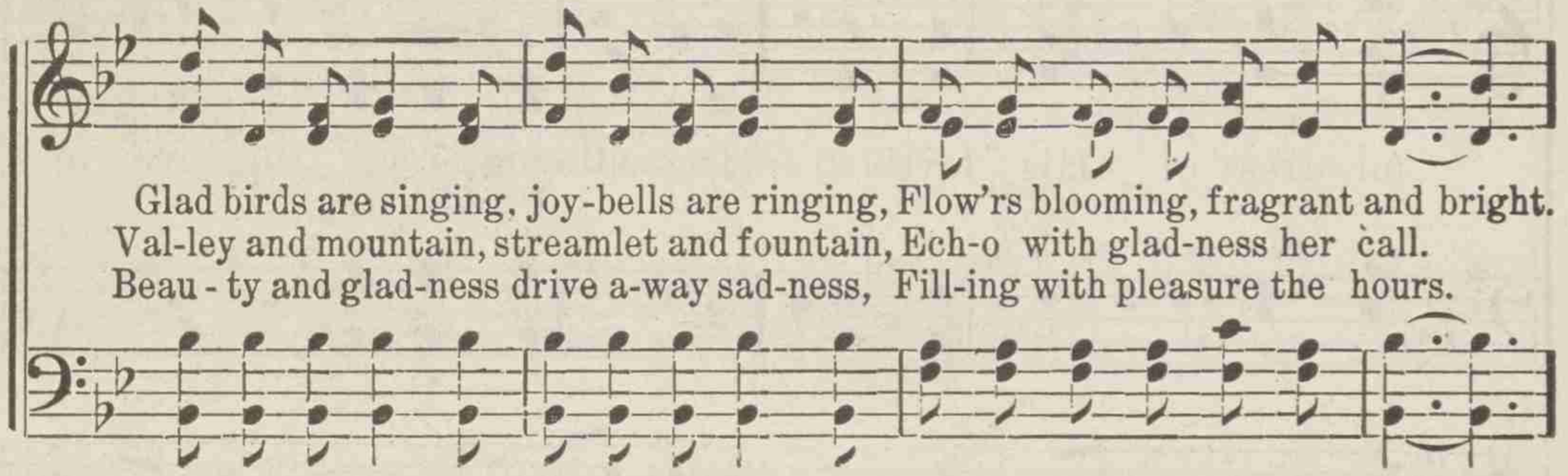
O SONG OF SONGS. Concluded.
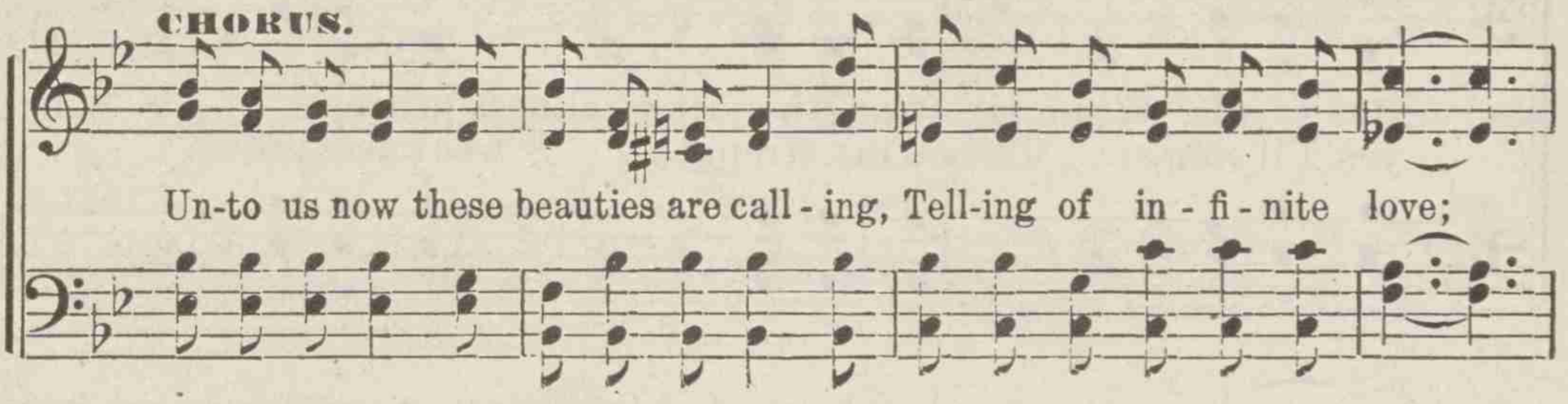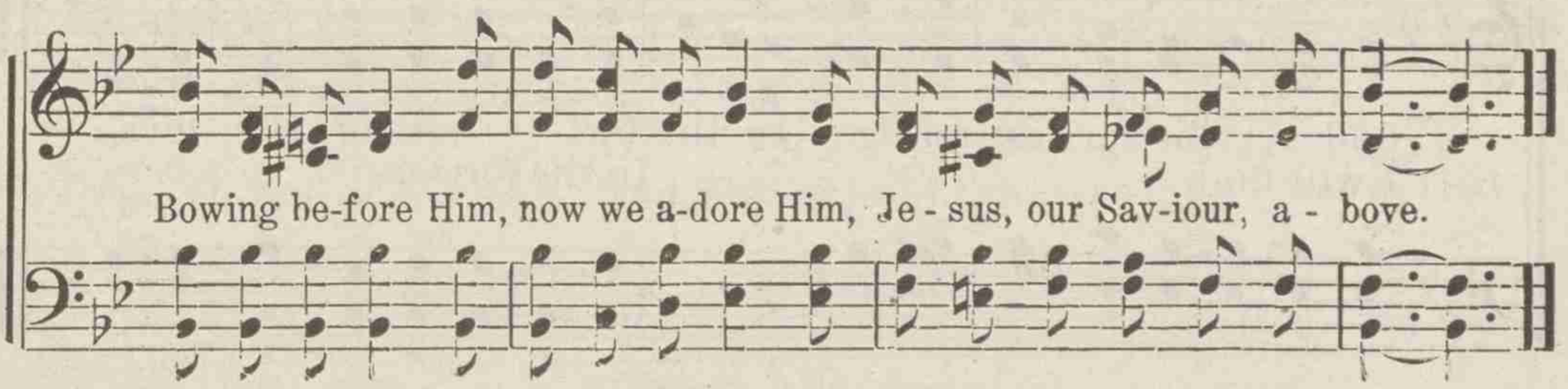


111 OVER THE FIELDS.

FRED. SCOTT. CHILDREN'S DAY. F. S. SHEPARD.









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112 IN THE FORTRESS OF HIS LOVE.

M. CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Sin has thrown its ar - rows round me, And with snares my
2. Storms have raged, and tempests shat-tered Ev - 'ry hope sent
3. When life's day is turned to dark-ness, And down pleas - ure's
4. Though ar-rayed in strong-est ar - mor, "Tried and true" from

path-way wove, But I'm safe what-e'er be - tide me In the
from a - bove, But my sin - tossed soul found shelter In the
path we rove, There lurks dan - ger—seek for suc - cor In the
heav'n a - bove, Sa - tan's shafts can nev - er reach me In the

CHORUS.

for - tress of His love. I will sing..... the love of
I will sing,

Je - sus, When my strength its weakness prove, I will
yes, I'll sing, When my strength weakness prove,

find.... the sur - est ref-uge In the fort - ress of His love.
I will find, In the fortress

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113 THE WHITENED FIELDS.

JENNIE WILSON. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Go forth, go forth to the whitened fields, And gar - ner for
2. The field is wide and the need is great, And they who will
3. No oth - er toil in the fields of time Can fruit - age so

Je - sus precious grain; Do not i - dly stand, but at His com-mand
reap are all too few; Go and work to - day and no lon - ger stay,
rich and last-ing yield; Do not i - dly wait till it be too late,

CHORUS.

Go forth, and His rich re-ward ob - tain!
The Mas - ter is call - ing now for you. Go forth, go forth to the
Go reap in the world's white harvest field.
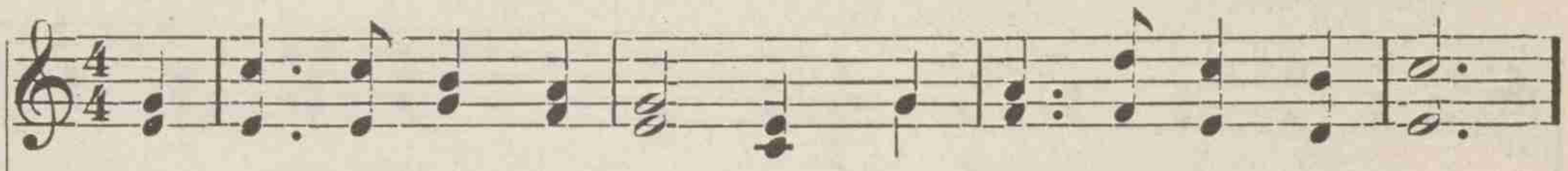
whitened fields, The plenteous harvest round you see;.... Each reaper shall
har - vest round you see;

heav'nly wa - ges gain, And gath-er bright sheaves for e - ter - ni - ty!

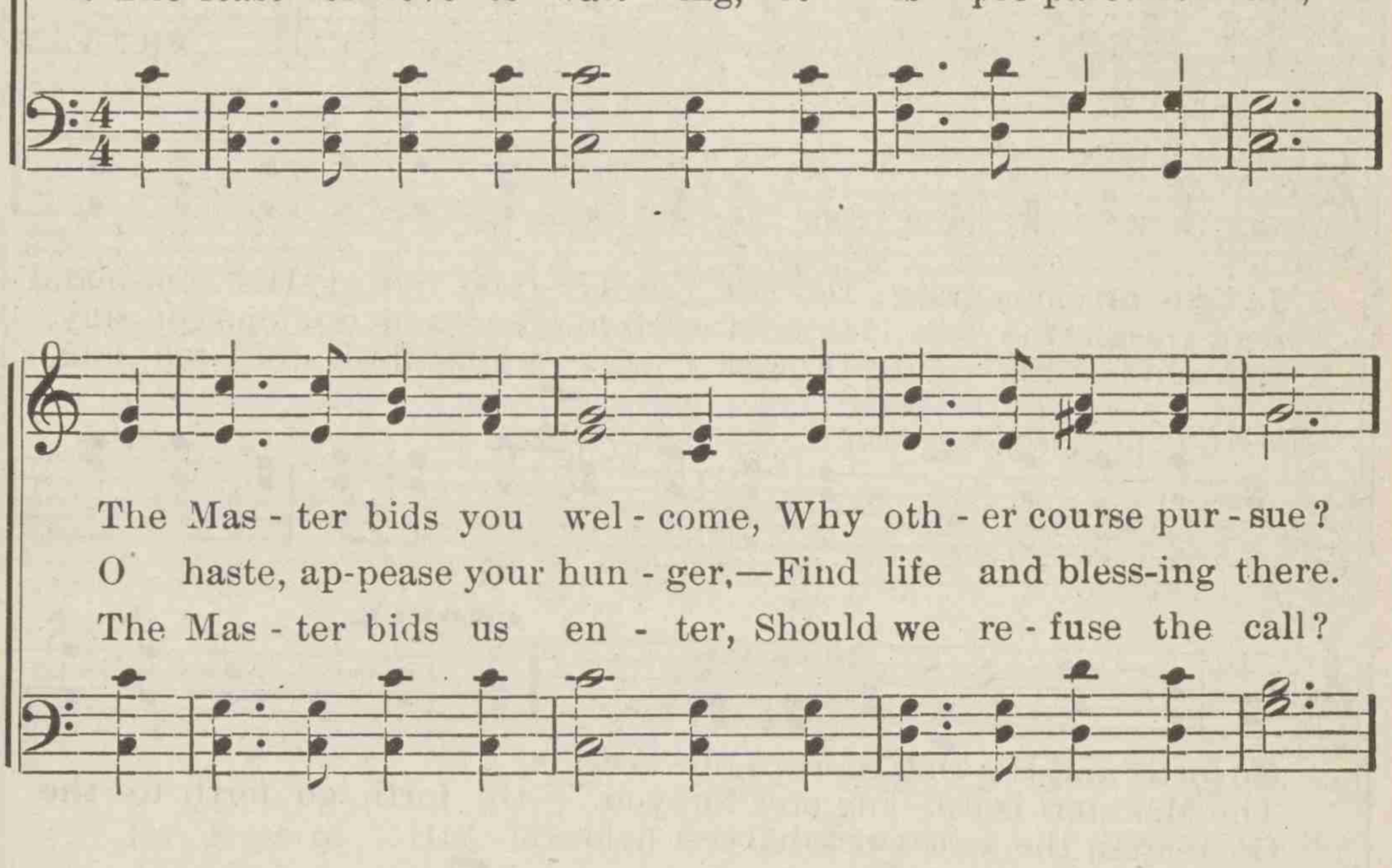
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114 THE FEAST IS WAITING.

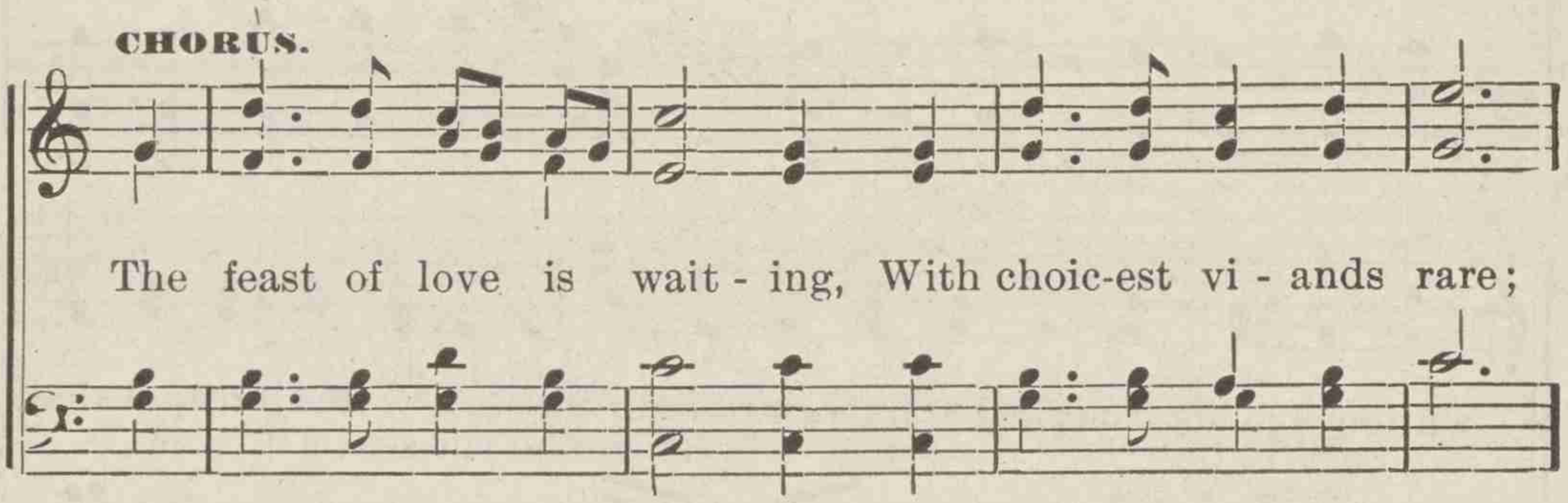
F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. The feast of love is wait - ing, Poor wan-d'rer, 'tis for you;
2. The feast of love is wait - ing, Pre-pared with great-est care;
3. The feast of love is wait - ing, It is pre-pared for all;

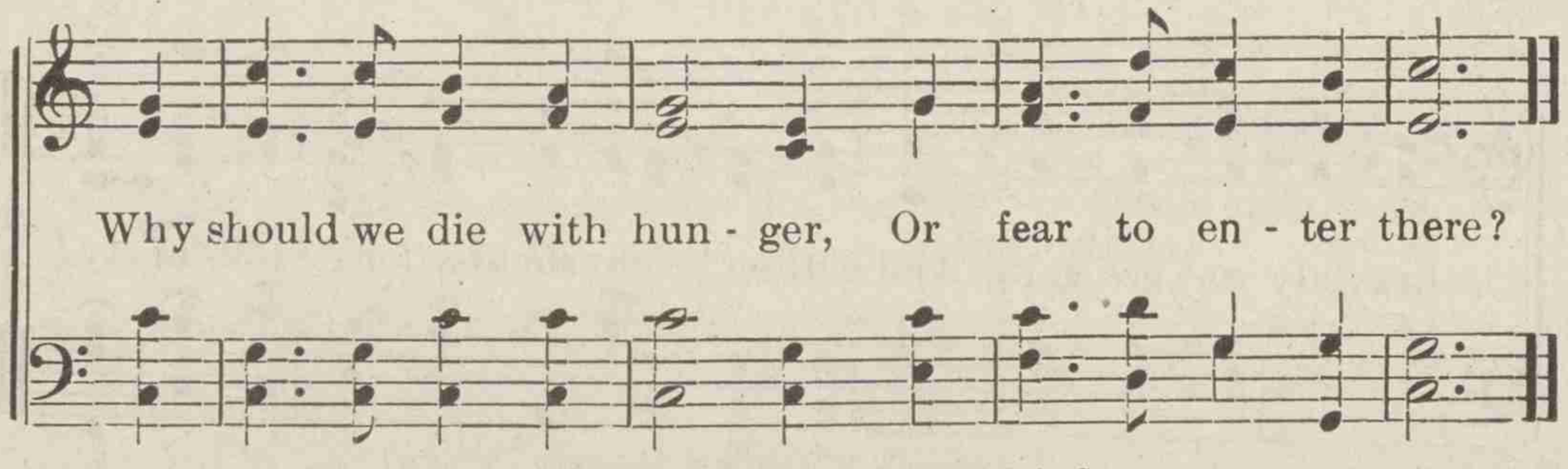


The Mas - ter bids you wel - come, Why oth - er course pur - sue?
O haste, ap-pease your hun - ger,—Find life and bless-ing there.
The Mas - ter bids us en - ter, Should we re - fuse the call?



CHORUS.

The feast of love is wait - ing, With choic-est vi - ands rare;



Why should we die with hun - ger, Or fear to en - ter there?

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115 AS THE DAYS GO SWIFTLY BY.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Let us speak some word as we pass a - long the way, As the
2. Let our hands be read - y with kind and gen - tle deeds, As the
3. Let us watch and pray we may nev - er go a - stray, As the
4. So with joy - ful notes let our hum-ble voic - es raise, As the

days are go - ing swift - ly by, That will cheer the heart like a
days are go - ing swift - ly by, Let us fol - low thus where the
days are go - ing swift - ly by, In the bless - ed light ev - er
days are go - ing swift - ly by, In a rich, sweet song full of

sun-beam's gold-en ray, As the days are go - ing swift-ly by.
lov - ing Je - sus leads, As the days are go - ing swift-ly by.
speed our homeward way, As the days are go - ing swift-ly by.
grat - i - tude and praise, As the days are go - ing swift-ly by.

CHORUS.

Let us work to-day, let us work to-day, Using well the moments as they fly,
They will soon be gone, they will soon be gone, As the days are going swiftly by.

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116 WITH CONSTANT ENDEAVOR.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. With con - stant en - deav - or for Christ and the Church, Be
2. With con - stant en - deav - or the lost to re - claim, Some
3. With con - stant en - deav - or the sto - ry to tell, Of

ev - er our watch-word and song, U - nit - ed in heart and u -
souls for Christ's king-dom to win, To spread the glad message sal -
Je - sus who came from a - bove, The sac - ri - fice made for a

nit - ed in hand, Our ar - my is mov - ing a - long.
va - tion is free, Through-out ev - 'ry strong-hold of sin.
per - ish - ing world, The sto - ry of in - fin - ite love.

CHORUS.

Mov - ing a - long, mov - ing a - long, with
Mov-ing a-long, mov-ing a-long, mov-ing a-long, mov-ing a-long,

constant endeavor for Christ and the Church Our army is moving a-long.

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117 IN THE HARBOR OVER YONDER.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Sail - or, on life's stormy o-cean, Lift your eyes and see a - far,
2. Just be-yond, O shout the ti-dings, Canaan's shore is just in sight,
3. Just be-yond, be-yond the har-bor, Where the loved ones gone before,

Love and mercy, peace and gladness, Just beyond the harbor bar.
Al - most o - ver toil and sor-row, Sin and doubting, pain and blight.
Sing the triumphs of redemption, We shall dwell for-ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

In the har - - bor o - ver yon - der Where no
In the har - bor o - ver yon - der

rocks..... or shoals a - bide, You may safe - ly
Where no rocks or shoals a - bide, You may safely

cast your an - chor, Nev - er more to stem the tide.

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118 JUST AS I AM.

(Written for and dedicated to my wife.)

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. W. H. MORRIS.

Tenderly. *Alto or Baritone Solo, or in E-flat for Soprano.*
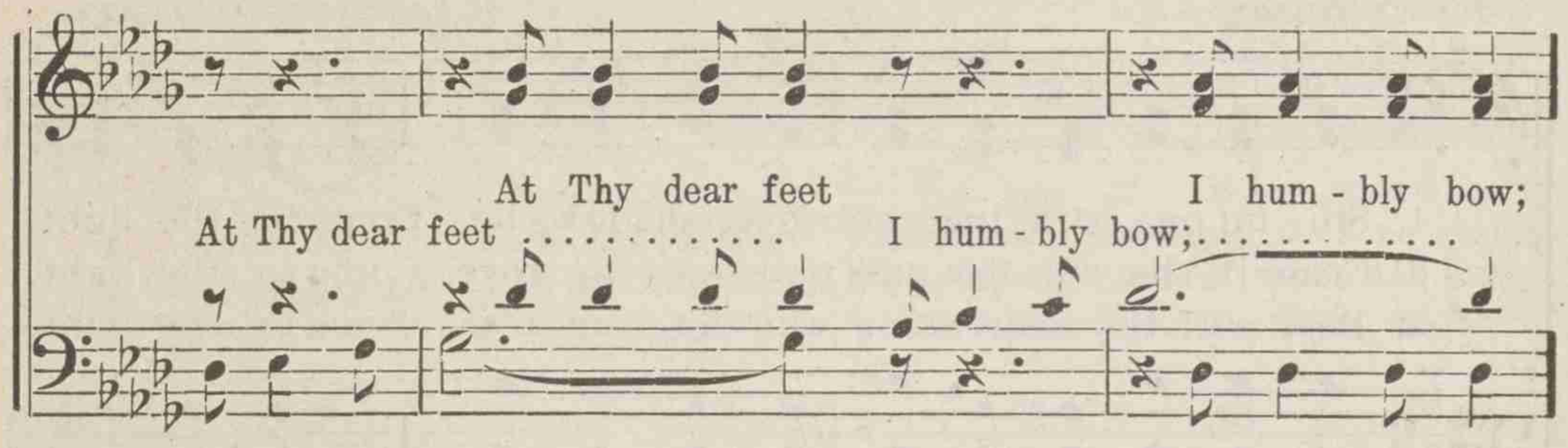
1. Just as I am..... with-out one plea,..... But that Thy blood.... was shed for me,..... And that Thou bidst.... me come to Thee,..... O Lamb of God,..... I come, I come.....
2. Just as I am..... and wait-ing not..... To rid my soul..... of one dark blot,..... To Thee whose blood.... can cleanse each spot,..... O Lamb of God,..... I come, I come.....
3. Just as I am..... Thou wilt re-ceive,..... Wilt wel-come, par - don, cleanse, re-lieve,..... Be-cause Thy prom - ise I be- lieve;..... O Lamb of God,..... I come, I come.....
4. Just as I am..... Thy love unknown,..... Has brok - en ev - 'ry bar-rier down;..... Now to be Thine.... yea, Thine a- lone,..... O Lamb of God,..... I come, I come.....
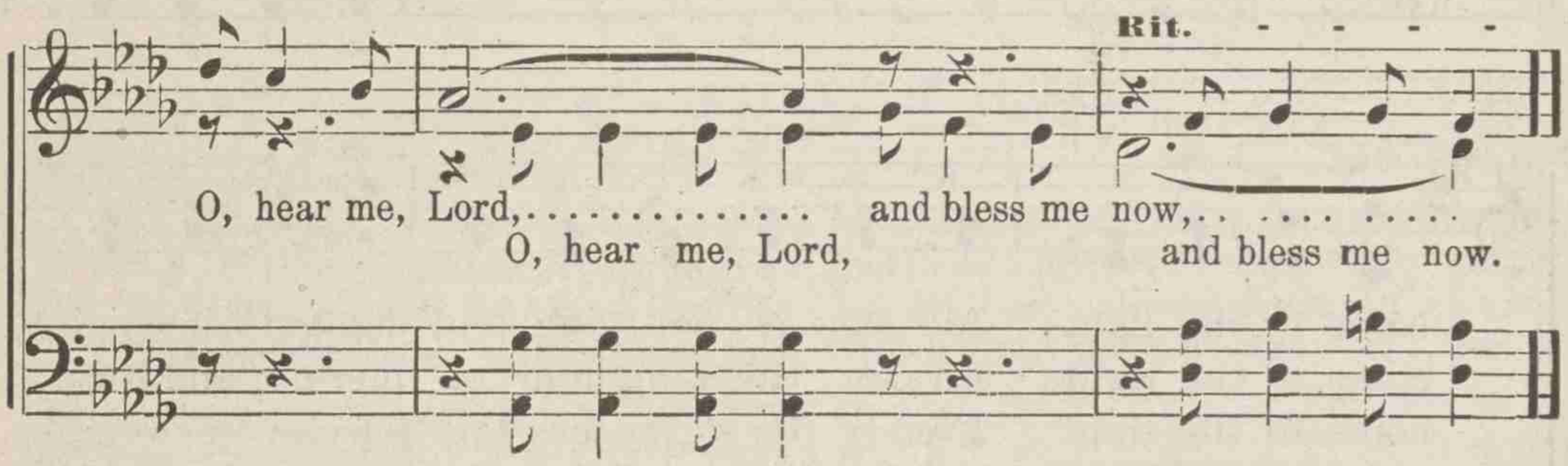
REFRAIN. Slowly.

I come to Thee,..... I come to Thee,
I come to Thee, I come to Thee,.....
Thou bless - ed Lamb..... of Cal - va - ry,
Thou bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry,.....

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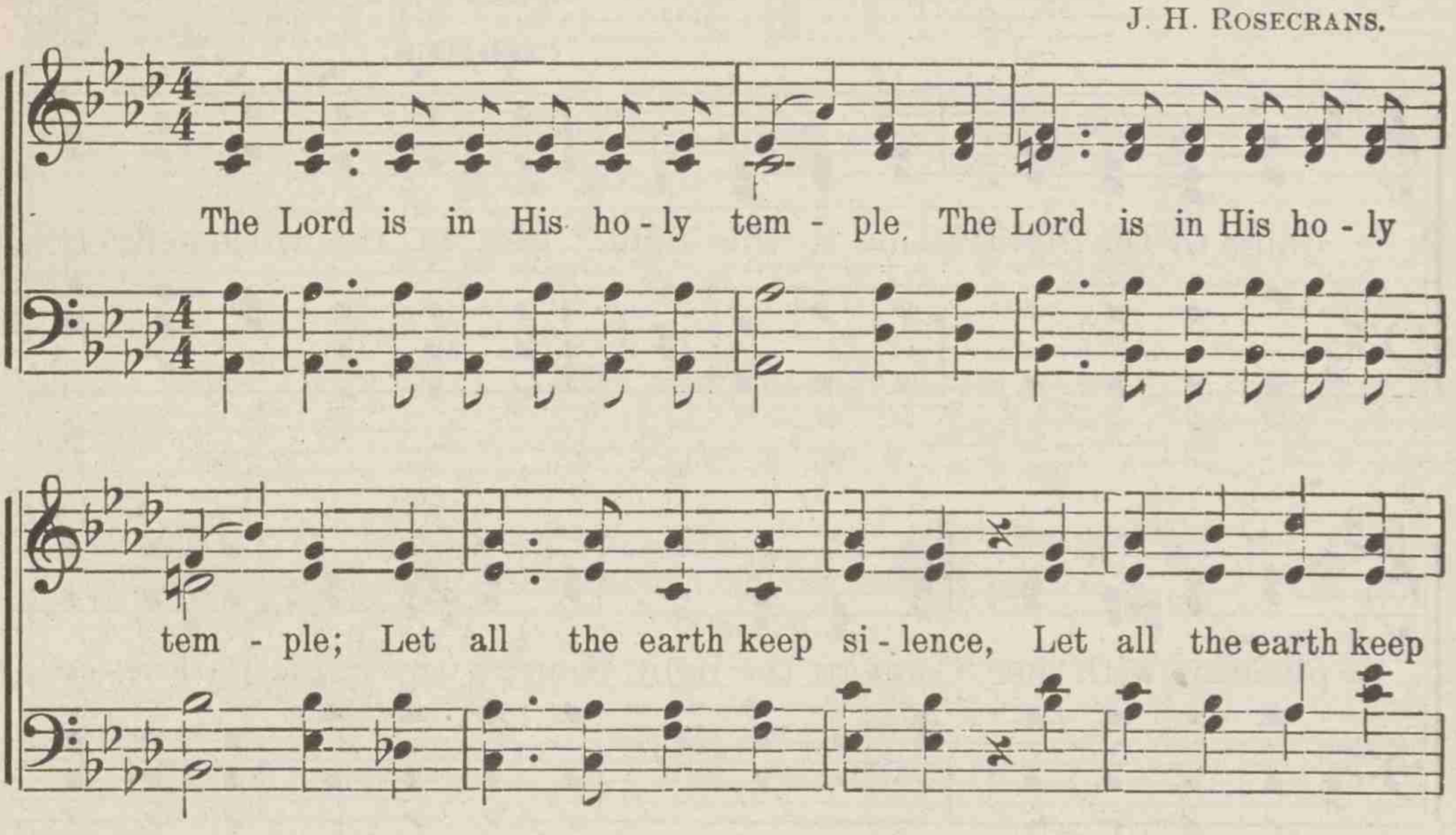
JUST AS I AM. Concluded.





119 THE LORD IS IN HIS TEMPLE.

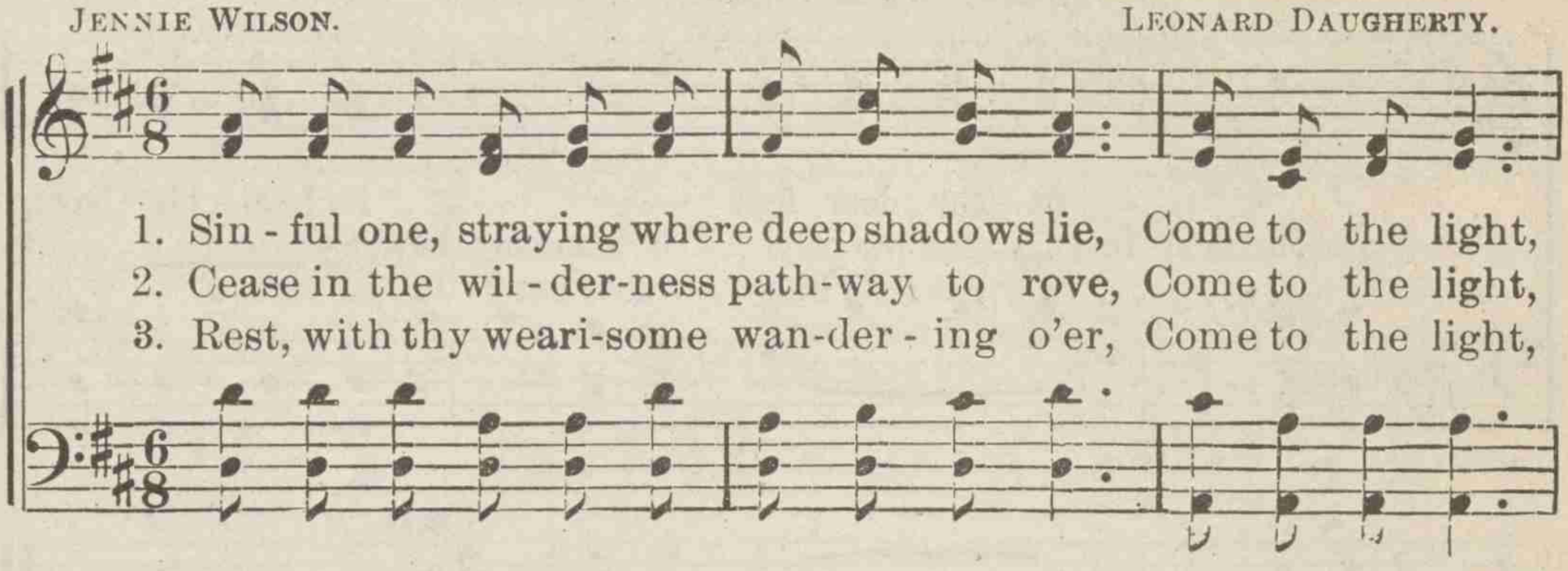
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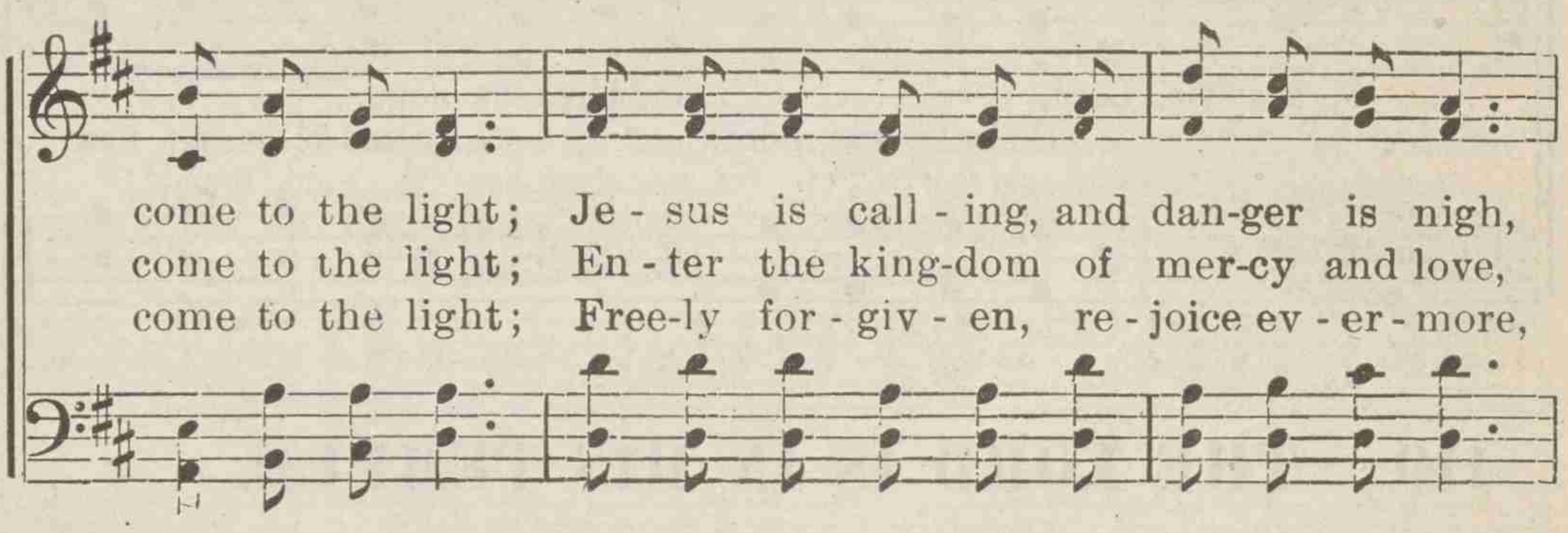


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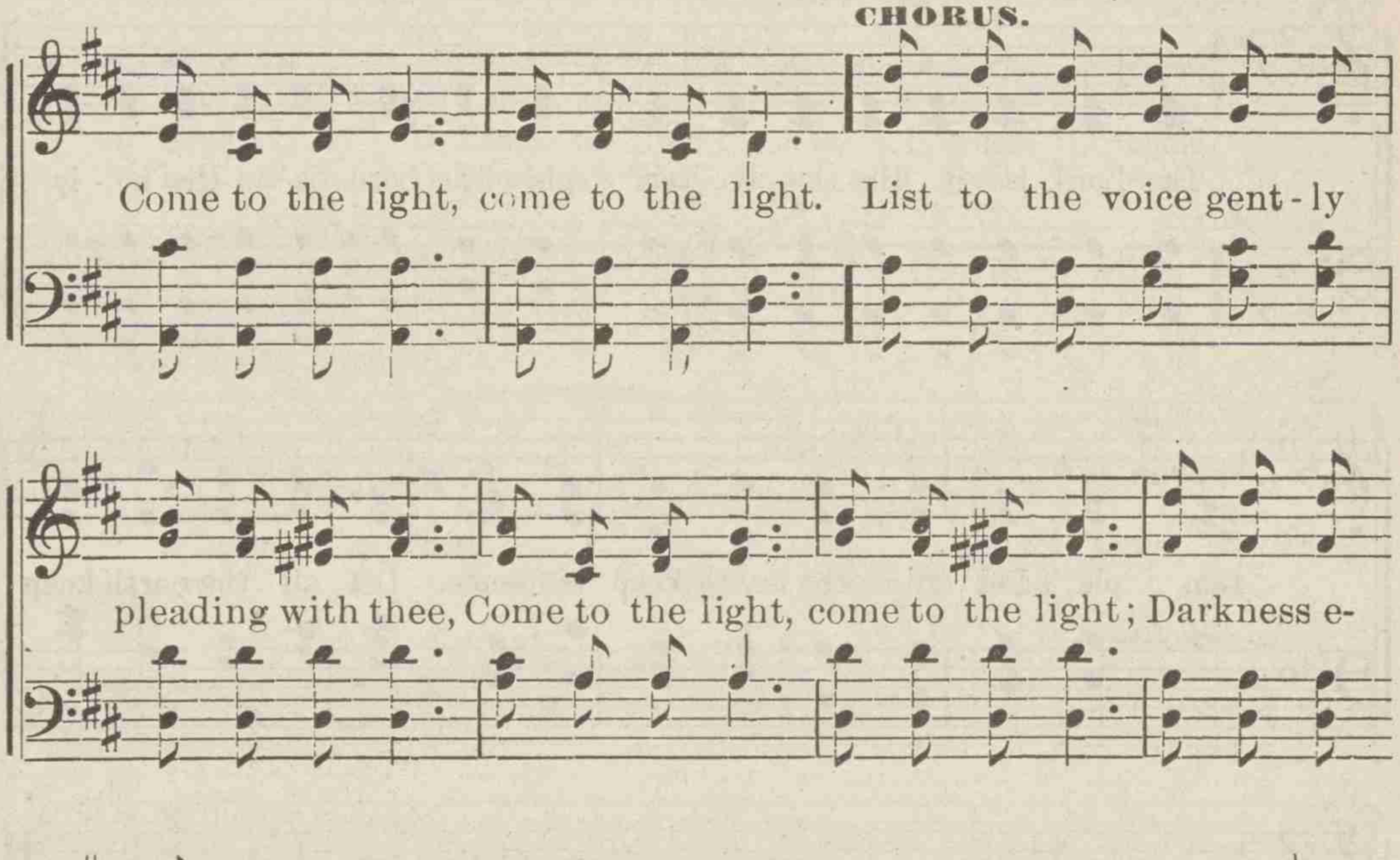
120 COME TO THE LIGHT.

JENNIE WILSON. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.





CHORUS.



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121 THE BETTER LAND.

GURDON ROBINS. Arr. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In vis - ions of en - raptured tho't,
2. A land up - on whose bliss-ful shore There rests no shad - ow, rests no stain;
3. Its skies are not like earth-ly skies, With vary-ing hues of shade and light;
4. There sweeps no des - o - lat - ing wind A - cross the calm, se - rene a - bode;

So bright, that all which spreads between Is with its ra - diant glo - ries fraught.
There those who meet shall part no more, And those long part-ed meet a - gain.
It hath no need of suns to rise To dis - si - pate the gloom of night.
The wand'rer there a home may find With-in the par - a - dise of God.

CHORUS.

Oh, land of love, of joy and light, Thy glo - ries
Oh, land of love, of joy and light,

gild earth's dark-est night; Thy tran-quil shore
Thy glories gild earth's darkest night (earth's darkest night); Thy tranquil shore,

we, too, shall see, When day shall break and shadows flee.
we too shall see, When day shall break

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122 HOW HAPPY THE CHILD OF A KING.

H. P. PIPER. MALE VOICES. A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.

1. 'Tis a beau-ti - ful morn-ing o'er hill - top and plain, While au-tumn in
2. These bright autumn flow-ers, o'er landscapes so broad, 'Tis mute flor - al
3. Ripe fruits from the or-chard, rich grapes from the vine, The fields and the
4. When I think of the love of the Father, which brings To my path-way of

richness assumes her mild reign, And I think, as the beauties of na-ture I see,
wor-ship sing praises to God, While the brown-tinted forests speak volumes to me,
flow - ers in beau-ty combine, With the song-birds' sweet carols so full and so free,
life with such beau-tiful things, My soul fills with rapt-ure, my trib-ute I bring,

Rit

CHORUS.

"How hap-py a child of a King ought to be!" How hap - py a
How rest-ful a child of a King ought to be!
How trustful a child of a King ought to be!
Of love from the heart of a child of a King. How hap-py the child of a

child ..... of a King ought to be..... Where beau-
King ought to be! How hap-py the child of a King ought to be, Where beauty a

ty a - bounds..... in the for - est and lea!..... How
bounds in the for-est and lea, Where beau-ty abounds in the for-est and lea! How

By per. of A. F. Myers,

HOW HAPPY THE CHILD. Concluded.

hap - py a child..... of a King ought to be!.....
happy the child of a King ought to be! How happy the child of a King ought to be!

How happy! ... how happy!.....This earth is the Lord's and His children are we!
How happy! how happy!

123 GOD BE MERCIFUL.

MARY IRENE MCLEAN. MALE QUARTET. WERNER.

Andante.

1. Lord, I am by sin de-filed, But I fain would be Thy child,
2. All un-worth - i - ness am I, And to Thee I hum - bly cry,
3. Wash my sins and guilt a - way, Let me nev - er from Thee stray,
4. When in heav - en with the blest, In Thy pres-ence I shall rest,

And I make this pray'r to Thee, God be mer - ci-ful to me, God be mer - ci-
For Thy love is full and free, God be mer - ci-ful to me, God be mer - ci-
Fill my heart with love to Thee, God be mer - ci-ful to me, God be mer - ci-
This my grateful song shall be, God was mer - ci-ful to me, God was mer - ci-

ful to me, And I make this pray'r to Thee, God, be mer - ci-ful to me.
ful to me, For Thy love is full and free, God, be mer - ci-ful to me.
ful to me, Fill my heart with love to Thee, God, ' mer - ci-ful to me.
ful to me, This my grateful song shall be, God was mer - ci-ful to me.

124 What Shall I Do With Jesus Then?

W. H. LIGON. (MALE QUARTET.) LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. When in the bloom..... of ros - y youth, And near to
2. When in the noon - - tide glare of life, I stern-ly
3. When in the eve - - - ning of life's day, And near my
4. Then, when life's con - - - flicts all are done, Too late, too

1. When in the bloom of ros - y youth,

child - - - hood's happy glen, I hear the sim - - - ple
with..... the world con-tend, And hear the word..... with
earth - - - - ly journey's end, I hear a - gain..... Thy
late..... my course to mend, I stand be - fore..... God's

And near to childhood's happy glen, I hear the simple

gos - pel truth, "What shall I do with Je - sus then?"
bless-ings rife, "What shall I do with Je - sus then?"
old - time way, "What shall I do with Je - sus then?"
on - ly Son, "What shall I do with Je - sus then?"

CHORUS.

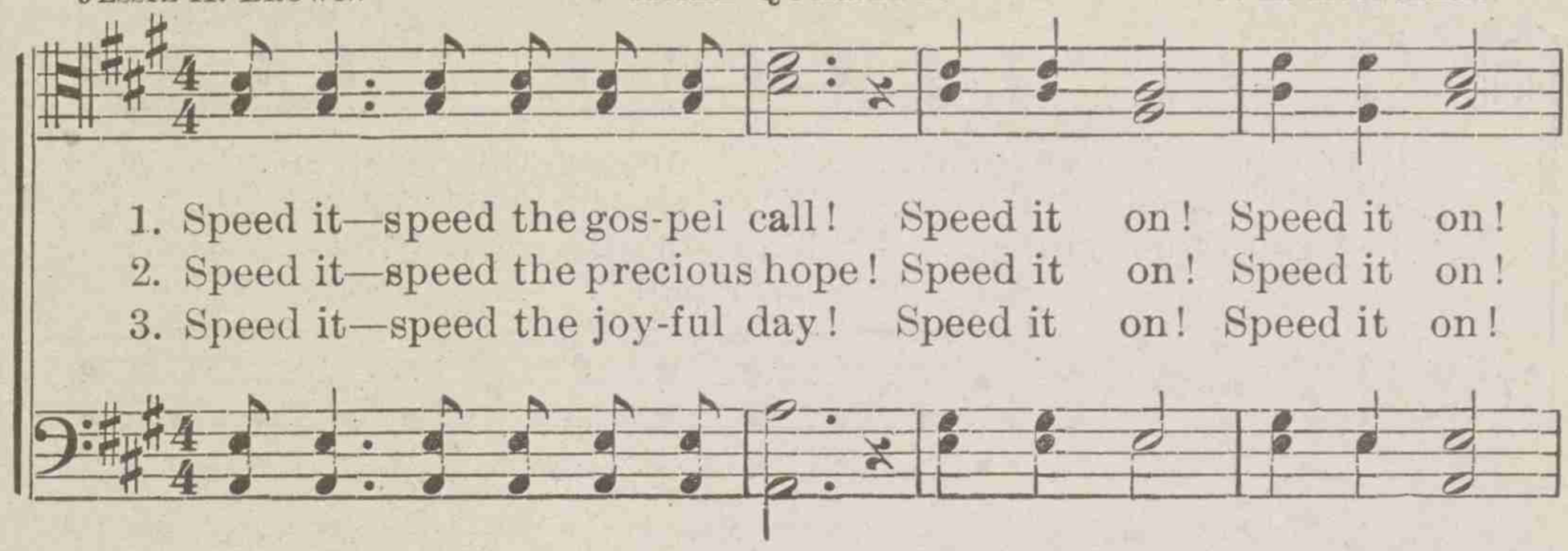
Oh, shall I meet Him with de - light, Up - on the oth - er shore,

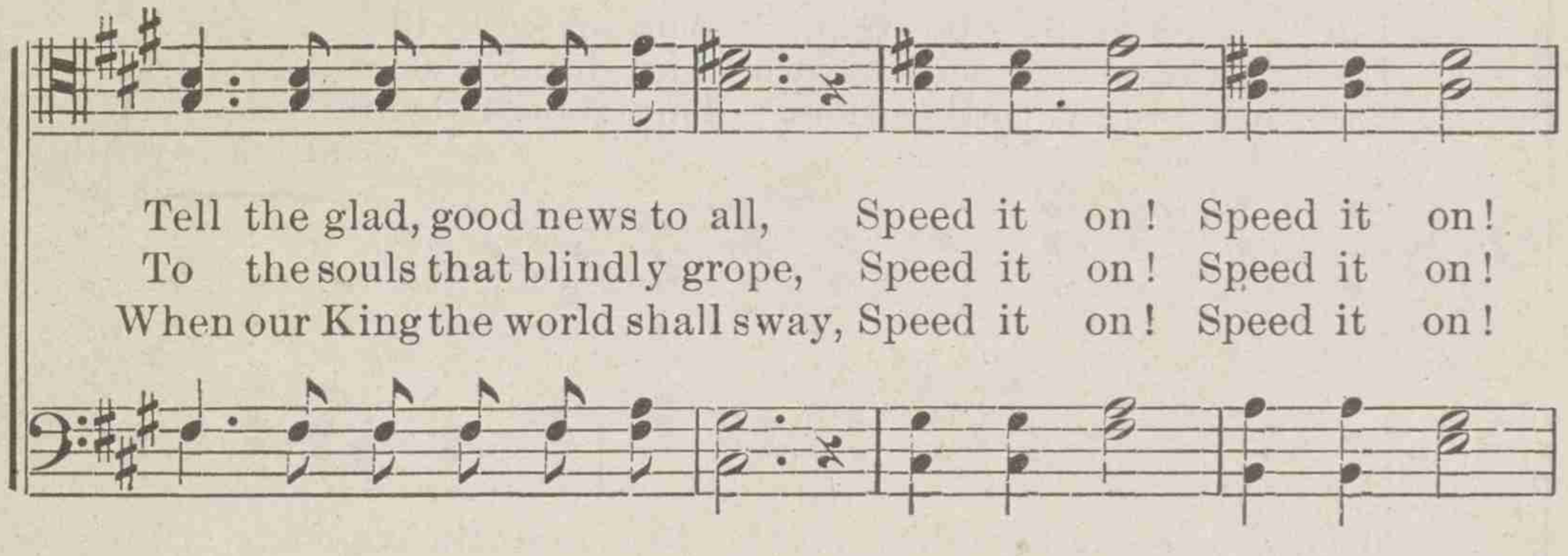
Or pass on out to end-less night, To dwell for-ev - er - more?

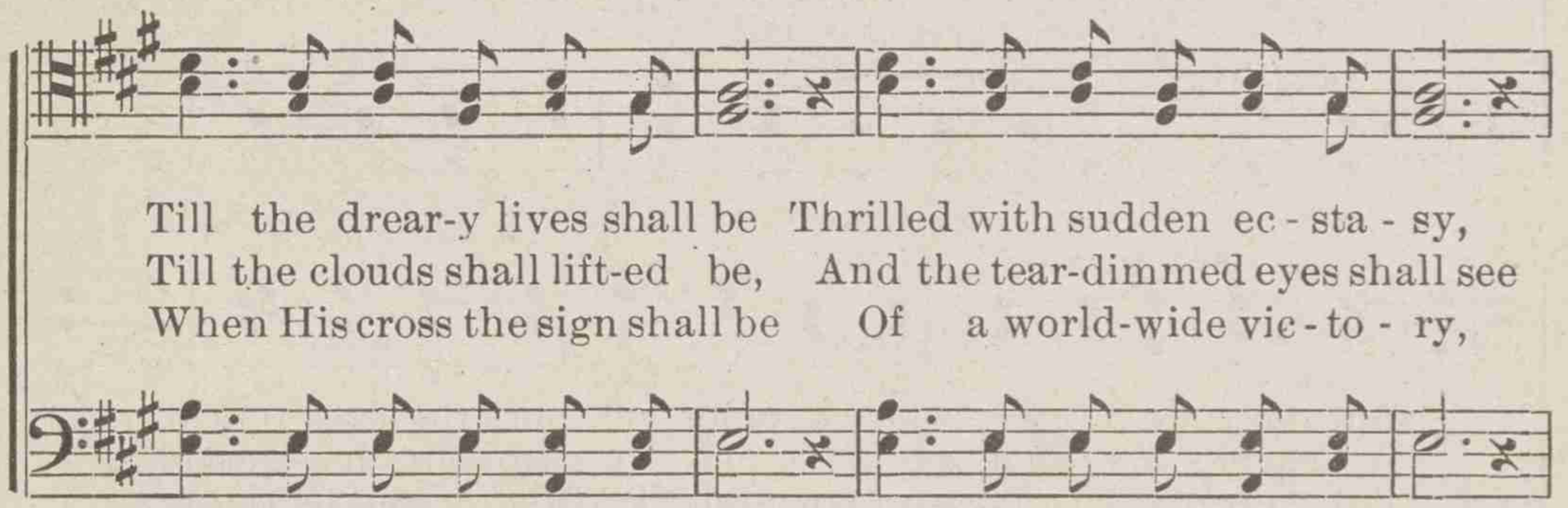
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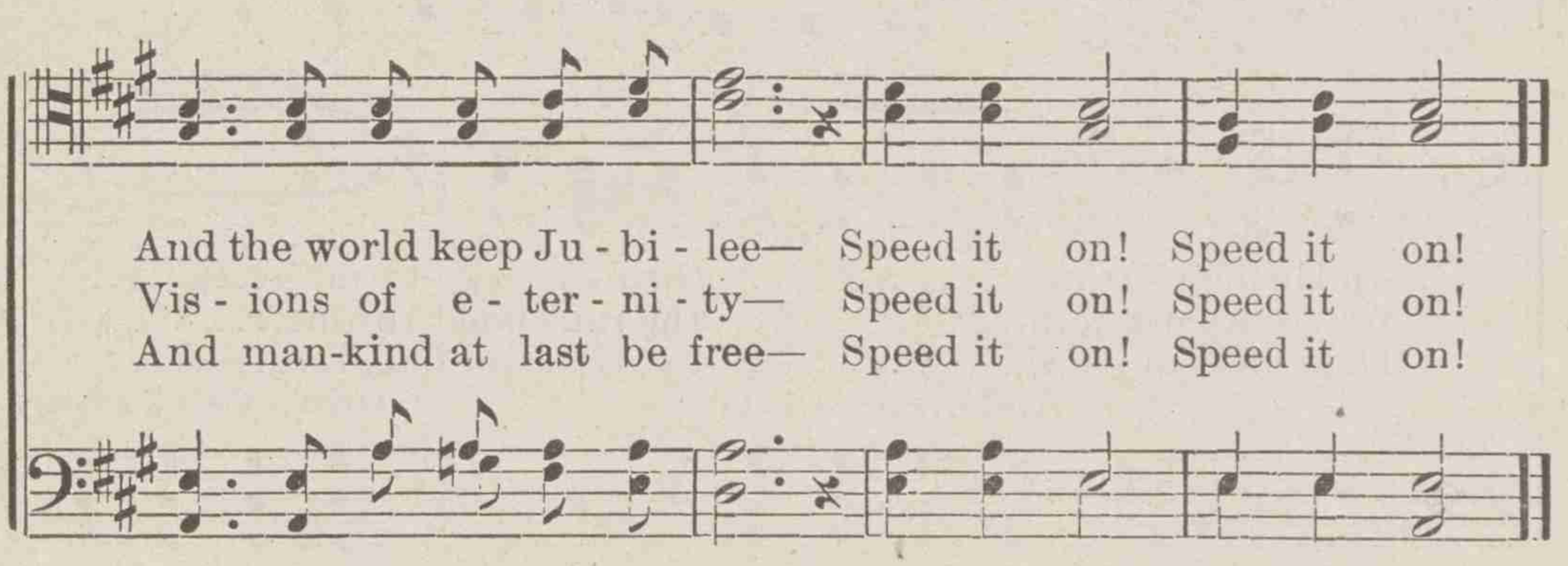
125 SPEED IT ON.

JESSIE H. BROWN. MALE QUARTET. J. H. ROSECRANS.









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THERE'S A PILOT.

F. S. S. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Our boat is launched..... up - on the sea,.....
2. We voy-age o'er..... an un-tried sea,.....
3. A-round us ships..... of gal - lant trim,.....

Our boat is launched up - on the sea,

Life's voy - age is be - gun, And ma - ny ills.....
Its dan - gers all un - known, And ship-wreck will.....
Are drift - ing with the tide; They soon will sink,.....

And ma - ny ills

may yet be - fall..... Be - fore the course is run;
be sure - ly ours,..... If we must sail a - lone;
to sail no more..... Up - on life's o - cean wide;

may yet be - fall

But there's a Pi - lot who can guide Our bark these wa-ters o'er,
But there's a Pi - lot who can guide Un - to our ha - ven blest,
But there's a Pi - lot who can guide, Tho' dan-g'rous be the way,

And bring us safe..... thro' ev - 'ry storm,.....
Where we will join..... the ransomed throng,.....
Then yield at once..... to His com-mand.....

And bring us safe thro' ev - 'ry storm,

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THERE'S A PILOT. Concluded.

CHORUS.

To heaven's peaceful shore.
And ev - er be at rest. The Saviour knows the rocks and reefs, And
Nor fur-ther-more de - lay.

would our Pi - lot be,..... With Him to guide.....
Our Pi-lot be, With Him to guide

Rit.

Our boat a-right,..... We'll safe-ly, safe - ly sail life's sea.
Our boat a-right, We'll safe-ly sail..... life's sea.

127 THE DAY IS OVER.

S. Baring Gould. Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh.....
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry, Calm and sweet re - pose,.....
3. Thro' the long night watch-es May Thine an - gels spread....
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise.....

Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch-ing 'round each bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

128 JESUS, MY KING.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus, my King, at Thy dear feet I kneel, Wilt Thou Thy-
2. Je - sus, my King, who doth rule on the throne, Thine, my de-
3. Je - sus, my King, when the sun gilds the day, Je - sus, my
4. Je - sus, my King, I would cling to Thy hand, Mine, to o-

self to Thy serv - ant re - veal, All that I am, or I
vo - tion, dear Lord, Thine a - lone, All on the al - tar I
shield, when 'mid tempests I stray, Tho' Thou shouldst slay me, my
bey with de - light Thy com-mand, Thy will be mine, till the

hope e'er to be, Now bless-ed Lord, I of - fer to Thee.
of - fer to Thee, Wilt Thou in mer - cy look down on me.
trust is in Thee, Je - sus, my King, my ref - uge shall be.
new song I sing, Thine, now, for - ev - er Sav - iour and King.

CHORUS.

Pity - ing Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd,
Pity-ing Je - sus, ten-der Shepherd, Un-to Thee my - self I bring,
Un - to Thee my - self..... I bring,
Pity-ing Je - sus, tender Shepherd, Un - to Thee my - self I bring,

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JESUS, MY KING. Concluded.

I am Thine, and Thine for - ev - er,
I am Thine, and Thine forev - er, Of Thy goodness now I sing,

Bless - ed Je - sus, Sav - iour, King.
I am Thine, and Thine for-ev - er, Blessed Je - sus, Saviour, King.

129 O TURN YE.

JOSIAH HOPKINS. W. T. MOORE.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God, in great
2. How vain the de - lu-sion, that while you de-lay, Your hearts may grow
3. And now Christ is read-y your souls to re - ceive; O how can you

mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in-vites you, the
bet - ter by stay - ing a - way! Come wretched, come starving, come
ques-tion if you will be-lieve? If sin is your bur - den, why

Spir-it says "Come!" And angels are wait-ing to welcome you home.
just as you be, While streams of salvation are flow - ing so free.
will you not come? 'Tis you He bids welcome, He bids you come home.

130 HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET.

Arr. for this work.

1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill,
2. The watchman join their voice, And tune - ful notes em - ploy,
3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joy - ful sound,

Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues And words of peace reveal;
Je - ru - sa - lem breaks forth in song And des-erts learn their joy;
Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found;

How charming is their voice, How sweet the ti - dings are,
The Lord makes bare His arm, Thro' all the earth a - broad,
How bless - ed are our eyes, That see this heav'n-ly light.

Zi - on, be - hold thy Sav - iour King, He reigns and tri - umphs
Let ev - 'ry na - tion now be - hold Their Sav-iour and their
Proph-ets and kings de-sired it long, But died with-out the

here, He reigns, He reigns and tri - umphs here.
God, Be - hold their Sav - iour and their God.
sight, But died, but died with - out the sight.

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131 ART THOU WEARY?

J. M. NEALE.

Arr. from Lindsey for this work.

DUET.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis - tressed?
2. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?
3. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer - don here?
4. Finding, following, keeping, fighting, Is He sure to bless?

"Come to Me," saith one, and coming, Be at rest, be at rest.
Not till earth, and not till heav - en Pass a - way, pass a - way.
Many a sor - row, many a la - bor, Many a tear, many a tear.
Saints, a-pos-tles, prophets, martyrs, An-swer yes! an-swer yes!

CHORUS.

O this blest One is my Sav - iour' Now in love He calls to me;

'Tis the King that of-fers fa - vor, I a prince with Him may be,

Rit. - - - - - -

Tis the King that of - fers fa - vor, I a prince with Him may be.

Arrangement and words of chorus copyrighted, 1902, by Leonard Daugherty.

132 TELL ME, YE WINGED WIND.

CHARLES MACKEY. Arr. for this work.

1. Tell me, ye wing-ed winds, That round my path-way roar, Do ye not know some spot Where mor-tals weep no more? Some lone and pleas-ant dell,
2. Tell me, thou might-y deep, Whose bil-lows round me play, Know'st thou some fa-vored spot, Some is-land far a-way, Where wea-ry man may find

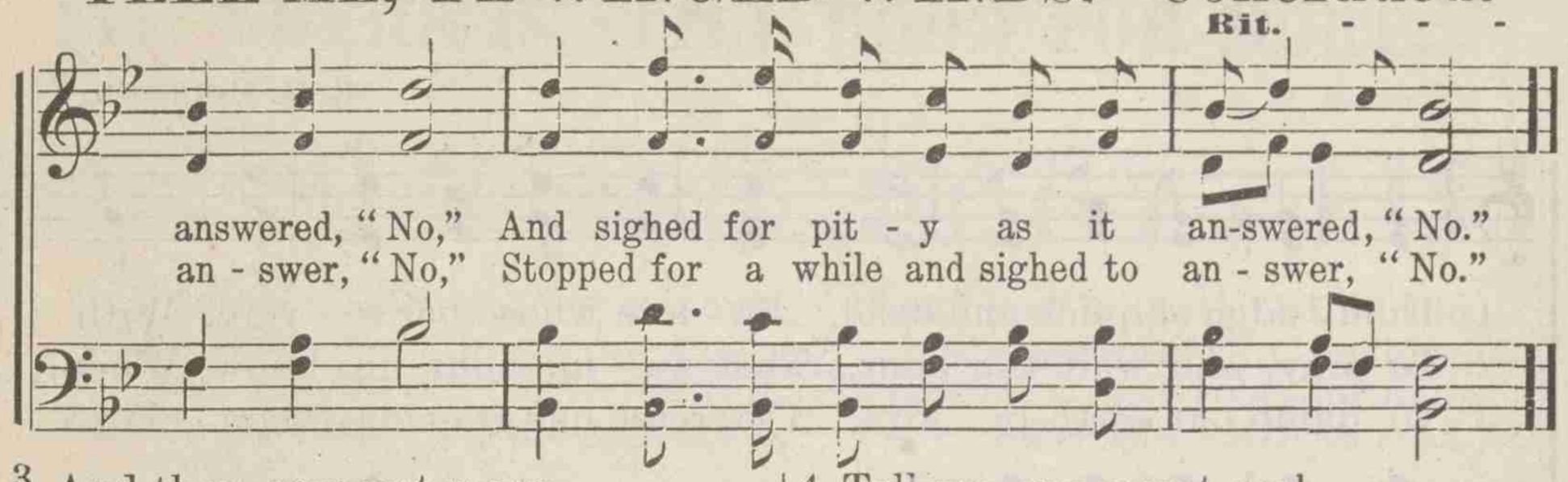
Some valley in the West, Where, free from toil and pain, The weary soul may rest?
The bliss for which he sighs, Where sorrow never lives, And friendship never dies?

Where, free from toil and pain, The wea-ry soul may rest? The loud wind dwindled to a whis-per low,
Where sor-row nev-er lives, And friendship nev-er dies? The loud waves, roll-ing in per-pet-ual flow,

And sighed for pit-y as it
Stopped for a while, and sighed to

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TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS. Concluded.

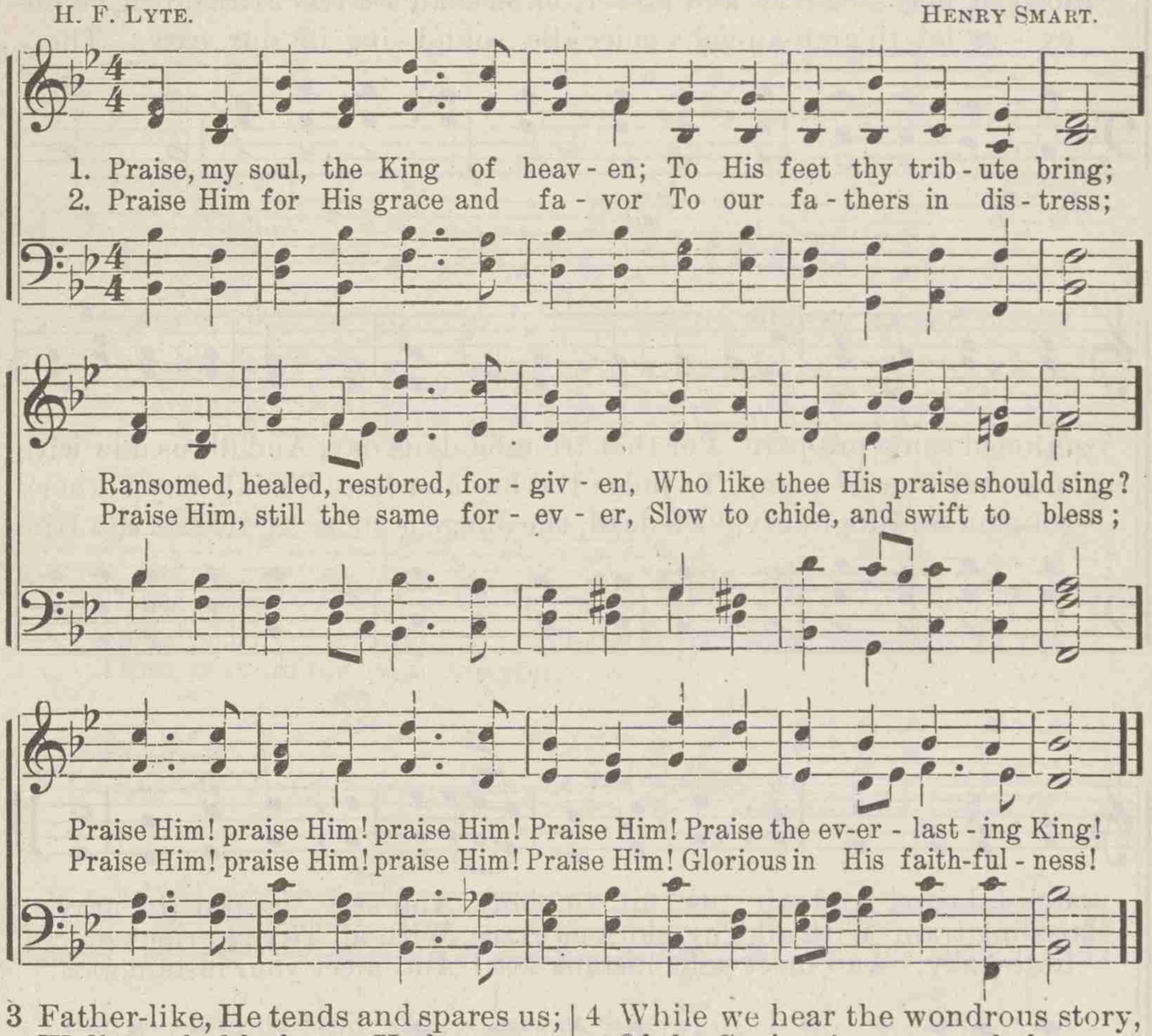


3 And thou, serenest moon,
That with such lovely face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot? [woe,
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, "No."

4 Tell me, my secret soul,
O tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest? [given,
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "yes, in heaven."

133 PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING.

H. F. LYTE. HENRY SMART.

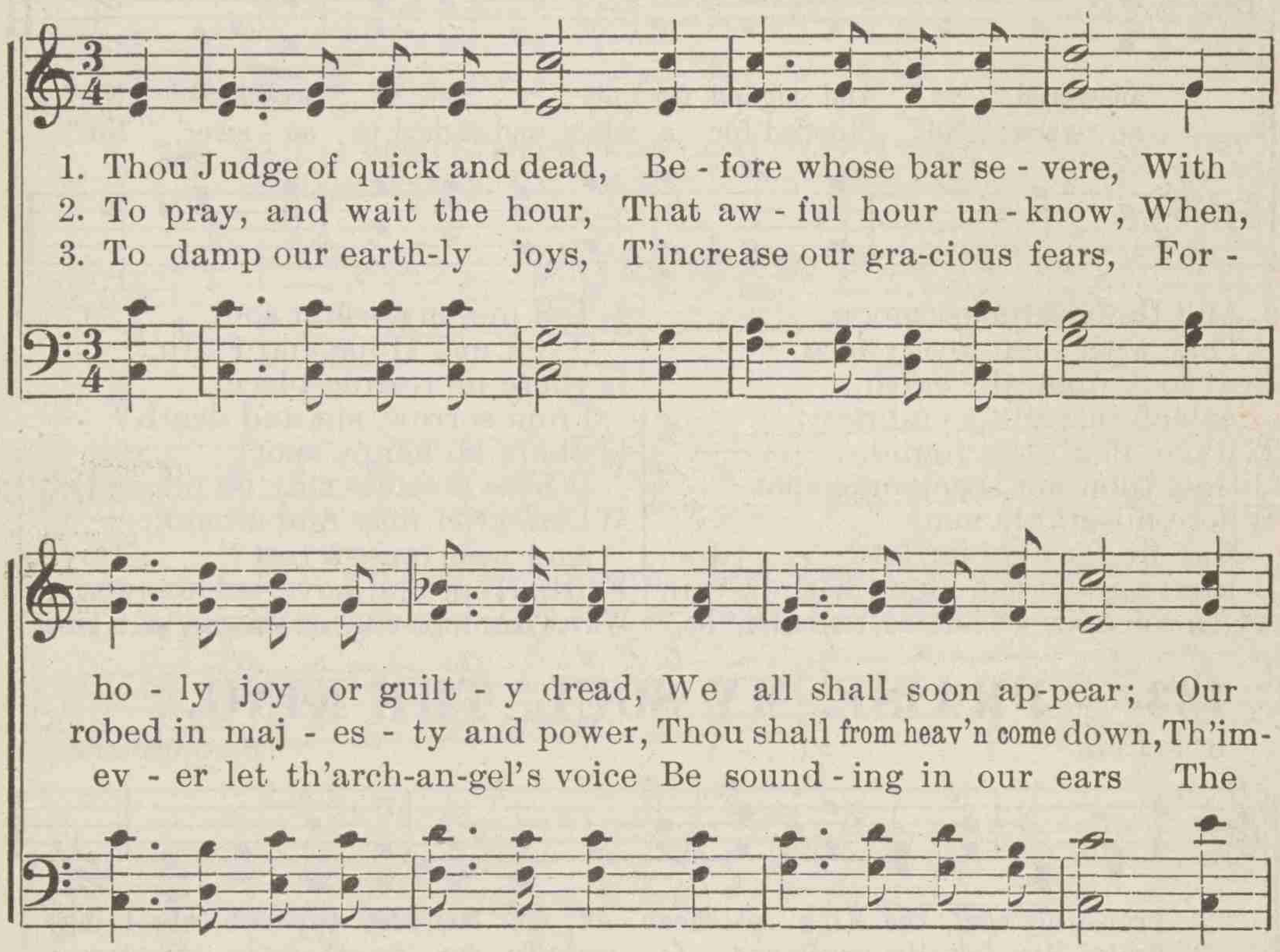


3 Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us—
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him! praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows!

4 While we hear the wondrous story,
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, "everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb!"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to His name.

134 THOU JUDGE OF QUICK AND DEAD.

R. M. McINTOSH.



Standard Pub. Co., owner.

135 THERE IS STILL ROOM FOR MORE.

W. C. McCONNELL. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. I've been long with-out a home, And lost if I should die,
2. Is there room for me up there, Where the stars are shin-ing bright?
3. No, I hear the Sav-iour's call, There is room, still room for more;
4. He is call - ing me to heav'n, No more this earth to roam,

But they tell me of a Sav - iour, And His home beyond the sky.
Or shall I for - ev - er en - ter That dark place where all is night?
And I'm com-ing at His bid - ding, I'll pass thro' the o - pen door.
When at last I'll quit my wand'ring, And will rest in that bright home.

CHORUS.

There is still room for more In that hap-py, hap-py home, There is

room..... for you, There is still room for more In that
There is room for you, for you,

hap-py, hap-py land, There is room, my broth-er, for you, (for you.)

By per. of H. A. R. Horton.

136 TELL MOTHER I WILL MEET HER.

Words and Music by RALPH S. TINSMAN.

1. In a far and dis-tant cit-y, Dy-ing at the close of day, 'Twas a
2. In his hand he held a picture Of the old home far a-way, In the
3. 'Tis my last good-night, he whispered, Angels gather round my bed, Soon with
4. To the old home came a message, 'Twas to mother from her boy, But a-

fair-hair'd boy who'd wandered far from home. Take this message to my mother
oth-er 'twas a moth-er old and gray, While in ac-cents low he whisper'd,
all my friends and lov'd ones I shall be. "Down the valley of the shadow,
las for her the message came too late, For that day the angels took her,

When my work on earth is thro'. Tell her that her boy will meet her,
She will know that I was true. Tell her that her boy will meet her,
Je-sus leads me safe-ly thro'." Tell her that her boy will meet her,
To the faith-ful and the true. And to-night she dwells with Wil-lie,

D. S. *Tell her that her boy will meet her,*

CHORUS.

Fine.

In the land beyond the blue. Tell my mother, I will
Tell my moth-er,
In the land be-yond the blue.

meet her, When my work of love and la-bor all are thro'.
I will meet her,

By per. of T. M. Bowdish. Owner of copyright.

TELL MOTHER I WILL MEET HER. Concluded.

D. S.

Where the good of earth are gathered with the faithful and the true.

137 HARK! THE VOICE.

J. EVANS. I. B. WOODBURY. Arr. for this work.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a-loud from Calva - ry!
2. It is finished! O what pleas-ure Do these charming words afford!
3. Fin-ished, all the types and shadows Of the cer - e-mon-ial law!

See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
Heav'nly blessings, with-out meas-ure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
Fin-ished all that God had prom-ised, Death and hell no more shall awe.

It is fin - ished! It is fin - ished! Hear the dy - ing
It is fin - ished! It is fin - ished! Saints, the dy - ing
It is fin - ished! It is fin - ished! Saints, from hence your

Sav - iour cry!.....
words re - cord .....
com - fort draw.....
Hear the dy - ing Sav-iour cry!

A - - men.

138 THE TRUE VINE.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. The voice of the Lord sweetly say - eth to me, The True Vine am I, and the branch-es are ye; A - bide ye in Me, all ye
2. Thou, Father, all ho - ly, the Husbandman art; The branch without fruit will Thy hand take a - way; Oh, all - see - ing eye, rath - er
3. Much fruit may we bear to Thy glo - ry, O Lord, As up - ward we grow, thro' the Vine un - to Thee; A - bid - ing in love and o-

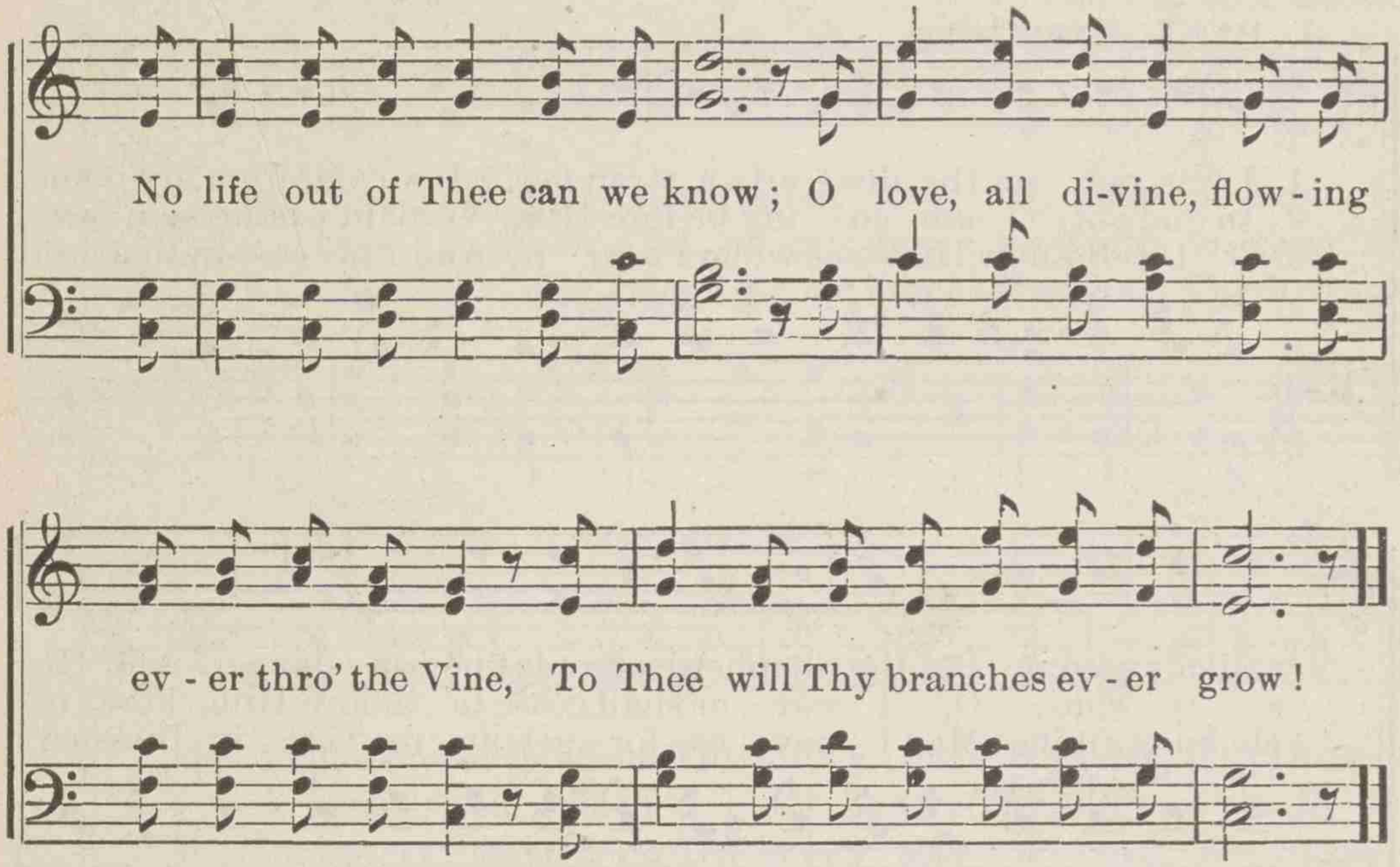
branch-es of Mine, A - bide, O a - bide in the
purge Thou my heart, And let me, dear Lord, from Thee
bey - ing Thy word, Thy branch - es for - ev - er and

CHORUS.

True liv - ing Vine.
ne'er go a - stray. Lovely Vine, let Thy life through us flow;
ev - er to be.
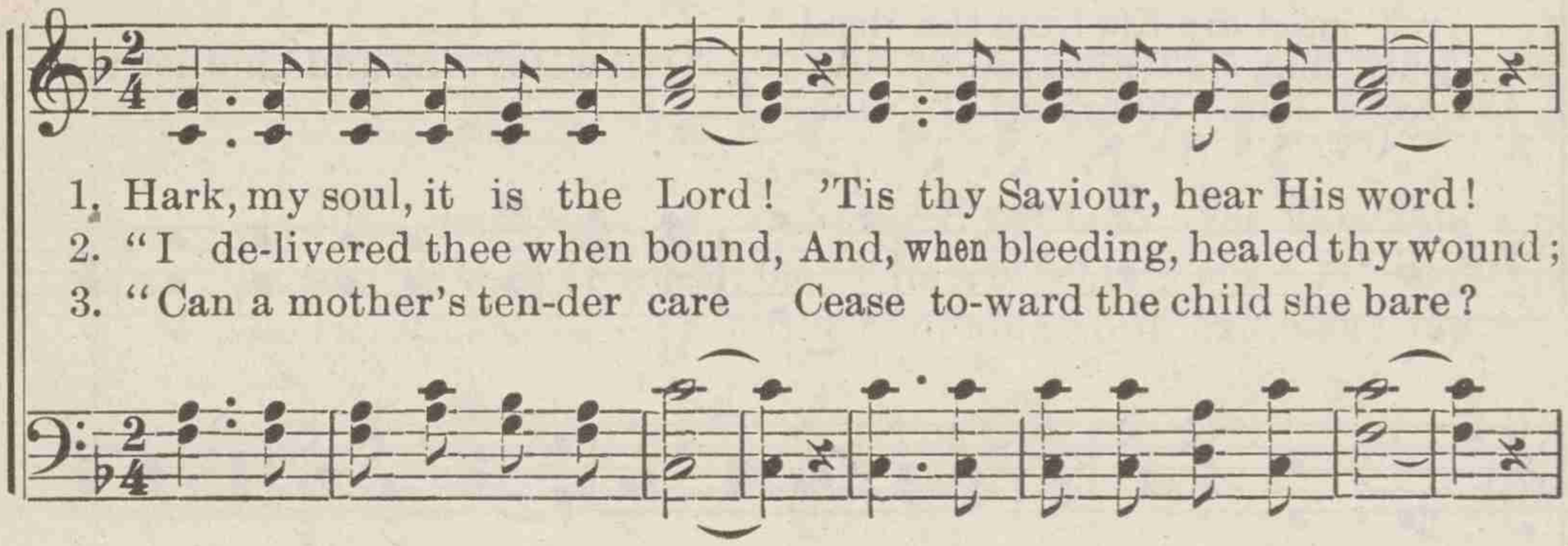
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THE TRUE VINE. Concluded.



139 THE SAVIOUR'S WORD.

German Evening Hymn.



140 MY SHEPHERD IS YOUR SHEPHERD.

REV. JOHN R. COLGAN. A. F. MYERS.

DUET. Expressive.

1. I was out on the des - ert, a stran-ger, I was far from my home,
2. In and out I am go - ing be-fore Him, Verdant pastures on ev-
3. O I well know His voice when I hear it, And I'm cer-tain that well

and un - fed, But the Shepherd of souls knew my danger, And He
e - ry side; O, I nev - er shall cease to a-dore Him, For I'm
He knows mine; May I nev - er for - get to re - vere it, Bless-ed

CHORUS.

res - cued my life from the dead.
sure that He'll always pro-vide. O how lov - ing and kind is my
voice of my Shepherd di - vine.
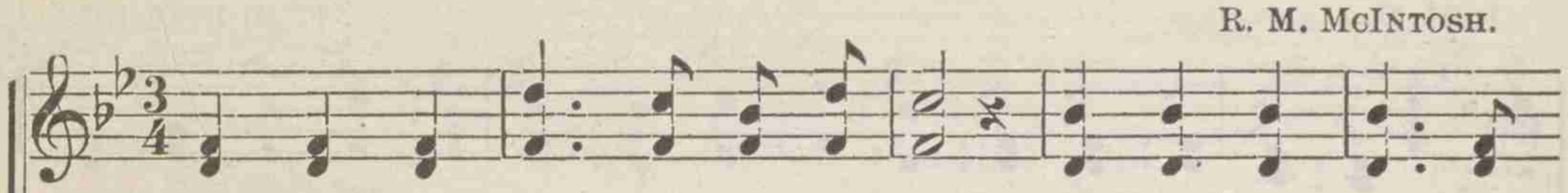
Lead-er! O how gen-tle, for-bearing and true! He's my Shepherd, my

Life, and my Feed - er, And my Shepherd is your Shepherd too.
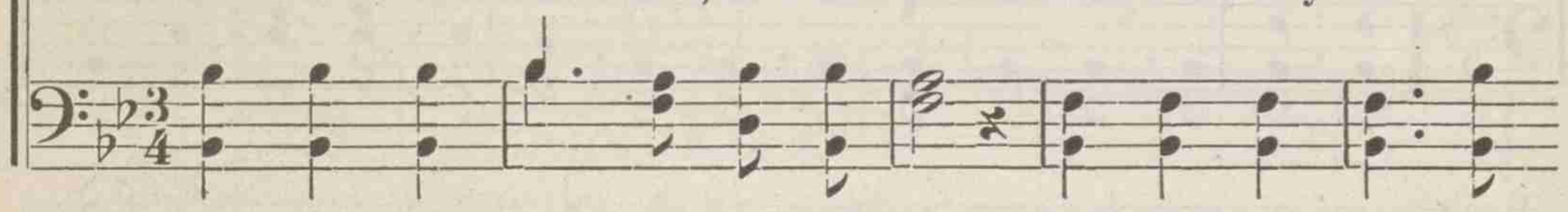
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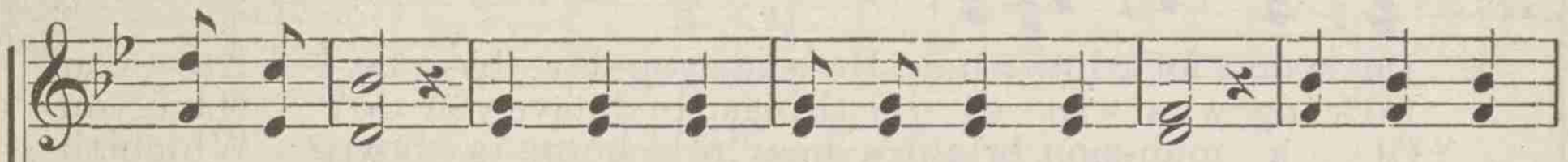
141 FATHER OF MERCIES.

R. M. McINTOSH.
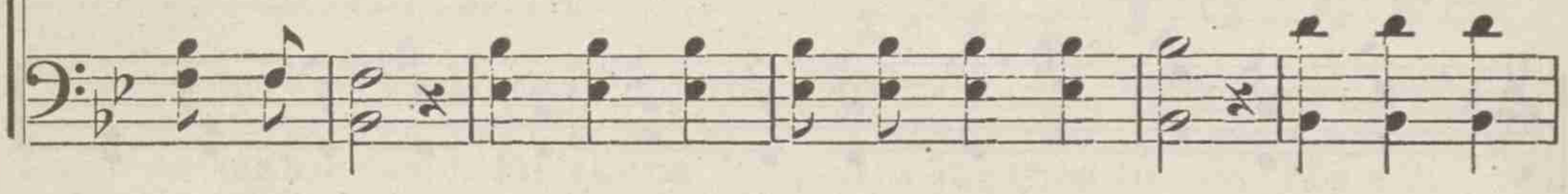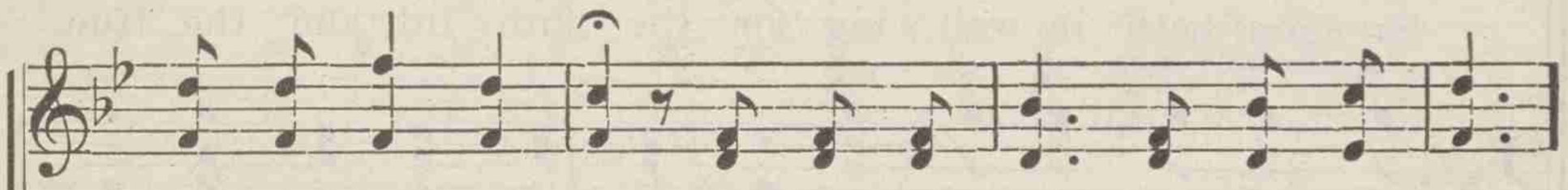


1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, God of love! O hear a hum - ble
2. I urge no mer - its of my own, No worth, to claim Thy
3. Fa - ther of mer - cies, God of love! Then hear Thy hum-ble



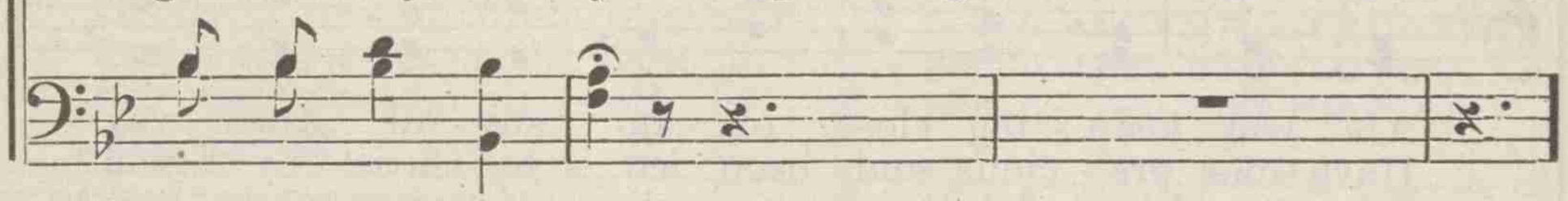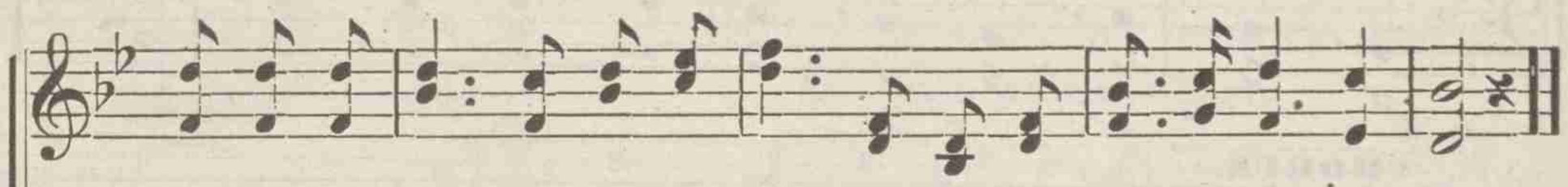


suppliant's cry! Bend from Thy loft - y seat a - bove, Thy throne of
gra-cious smile; No; when I bow be-fore Thy throne, Dare to con-
suppliant's cry! Bend from Thy loft - y seat a - bove, Thy throne of





glo-rious maj - es - ty. O deign to hear my mournful voice,
verse with God a - while; Thy name, blest Je - sus, is my plea,
glo-rious maj - es - ty. One pard'ning word can make me whole,





And bid my drooping heart rejoice! And bid my drooping heart rejoice!
Dear-est and sweet-est name to me! Dearest and sweetest name to me.
And soothe the anguish of my soul! And soothe the anguish of my soul.



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142 ARE YOU WALKING WITH JESUS?

E. M. D. E. M. DOUTHIT.

1. Are you walking in the foot-steps of the bless-ed Son of God,
2. Are you working for the Mas - ter with a will-ing heart and hand,
3. Are you trust-ing in the prom - i - ses His Word re-veals to you,

Do you fol - low where He leads you day by day? Are you
Do - ing what - so - ev - er things He'd have you do? Have you
Of a man-sion bright, a heav'n-ly home a - bove? Which the

press-ing on - ward in the path your Sav - iour's feet have trod,
lift - ed up the fall - en, have you helped the weak to stand,
Sav - iour hath in wait - ing for the faith - ful and the true,

Are you keep - ing close to Je - sus all the way?
Have some pre - cious souls been led to Christ by you?
In that bless - ed land where all is peace and love?

CHORUS.

Then toil on..... till your mis-sion is end - ed, Per - fect
Then toil on

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rest..... to you will be giv'n, You shall join..... in the
Per-fect rest You shall join

song of re - demp - tion, With the blood-washed saints in heav'n.

143 OPEN WIDE THE DOOR.

Words arr. J. M. HUNT.

1. Je-sus knocks; He calls to thee, "Wea-ry one, O come to Me;"
2. Je-sus knocks, and He will save; 'Twas for thee His life He gave;
3. Je-sus knocks, is knock-ing still, Ask-ing thee to do His will;
4. Je-sus knocks; the moments fly, While sal-va-tion yet is nigh,

f. **Fine.**

He can save, and on - ly He; O - pen, o - pen wide the door.
He hath ris - en from the grave; O - pen, o - pen wide the door.
And with joy thy heart He'll fill; O - pen, o - pen wide the door.
Ere the Sav - iour pass - eth by, O - pen, o - pen wide the door.

D. S.–*He can save, and on - ly He; O - pen, o - pen wide the door.*

O - pen wide the door.

CHORUS. **D. S.**

O - pen wide the door, O - pen wide, o-pen wide the door.
Open, open wide, Open wide the door, Open, open wide the door.

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144 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHAS. WESLEY. REFUGE. J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me.
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal-ing streams abound, Make me, keep me pure with-in.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-righteous-ness;
Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fense - less head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

MARTYN.

S. B. MARSH.

Fine. D.C.

145 LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fellow-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -

last - ing Arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing Arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing Arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

CHORUS.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms. Lean - ing,
Leaning on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and secure from all a-larms; Lean - ing,
leaning on Jesus, Leaning on Jesus,

lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms.
lean - ing on Je - sus,

By permission.

146 A STORY OF OLD.

F. S. SHEPARD. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. A sto - ry of old tells how Je - sus came From glo - ries of
2. In low - ly sub - mis-sion He came to earth, While an - gels in
3. O sin-burdened ones, from your darkness turn; Look up, there is

heav - en a - bove; A gift of the Fa - ther, O praise His name, For
mys - ter - y gaze; That we, dead in sins, might be giv'n new birth, And
hope now for thee; The mer - cy of God in this sto - ry learn, And

this bless-ed to - ken of love.
live to His glo - ry and praise. O story sweet and old - en, Of
seek for His par - don so free.

CHORUS.

Bases and Tenors in Unison.
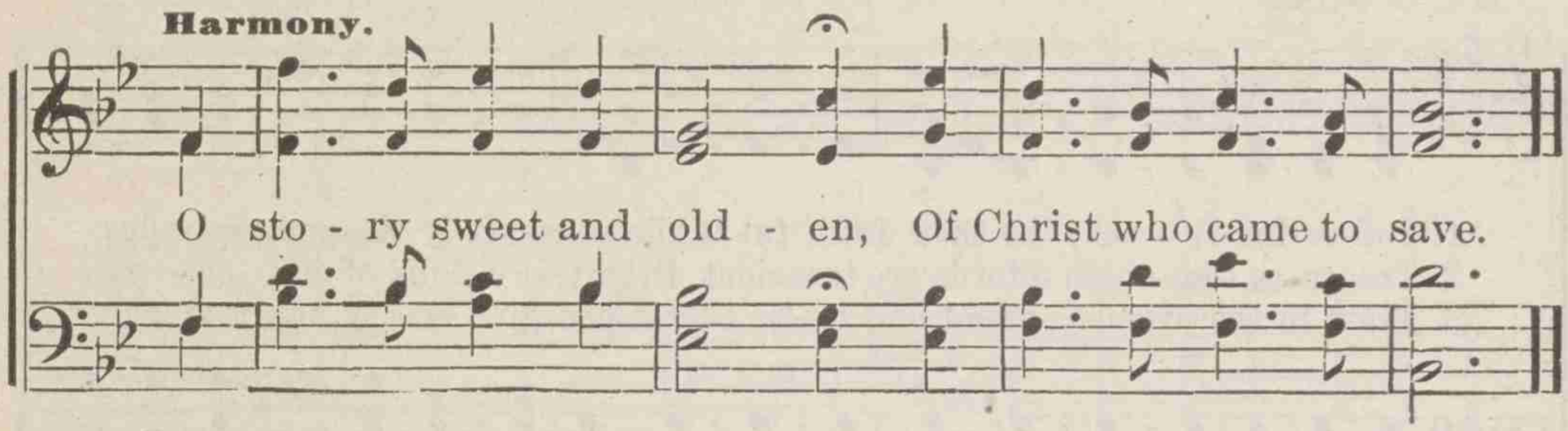
Je-sus, Im-manuel; O story sweet and olden, Of how His life He gave;

Sopranos and Altos in Unison.

O sto - ry sweet and old - en, Of Je - sus, Im-man - u - el;

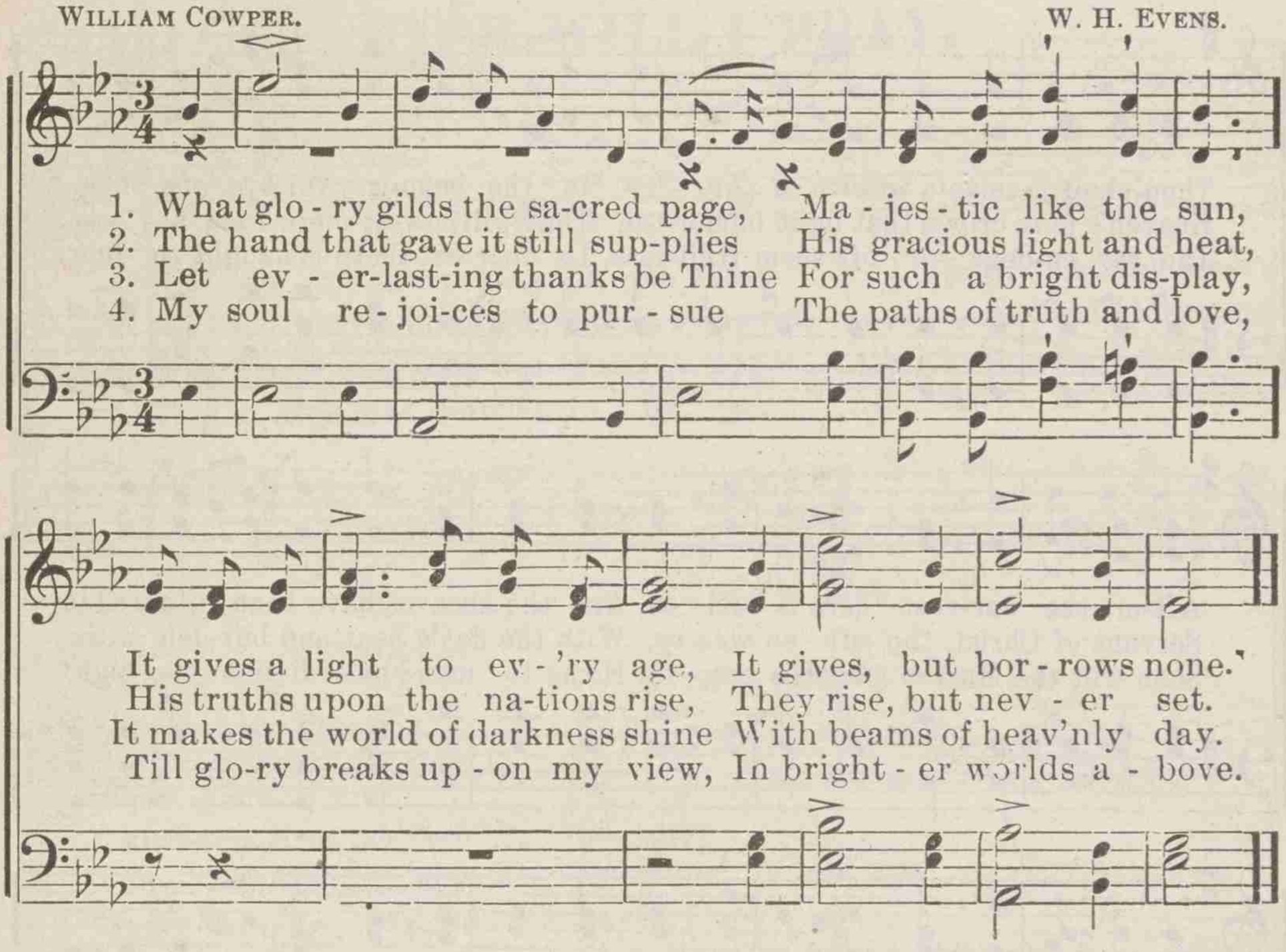
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A STORY OF OLD. Concluded.



147 WHAT GLORY GILDS.

WILLIAM COWPER. W. H. EVENS.



148

JOHN FAWCETT, 1782.

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

2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

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

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

149

ISAAC WATTS.

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

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

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

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

150 THE CROWN OF GLORY.

JENNIE WILSON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Toil-er for Je - sus, be thou faith-ful While so swift-ly the moments fly,
2. Treasures that earth affords are transient, Brightest visions of joy de - cay,
3. Trust in the promise, sweet and ho-ly, Christ has giv - en thy heart to cheer,

Thou shalt receive a crown of glo - ry In the beau-ti - ful bye and bye.
Heaven's pure crown that light immor-tal, That will nev-er-more fade a - way.
Tho' thy en-deav - or oft seem fruit-less, La - bor on, there is naught to fear.

Aft-er the har-vest here is end - ed, And the sheaves have been gathered in,
Servant of Christ, tho' oft - en wea-ry, With the day's heat and bur-den worn,
Soon wilt the Master call His reap-ers Home to man-sions di-vine on high,
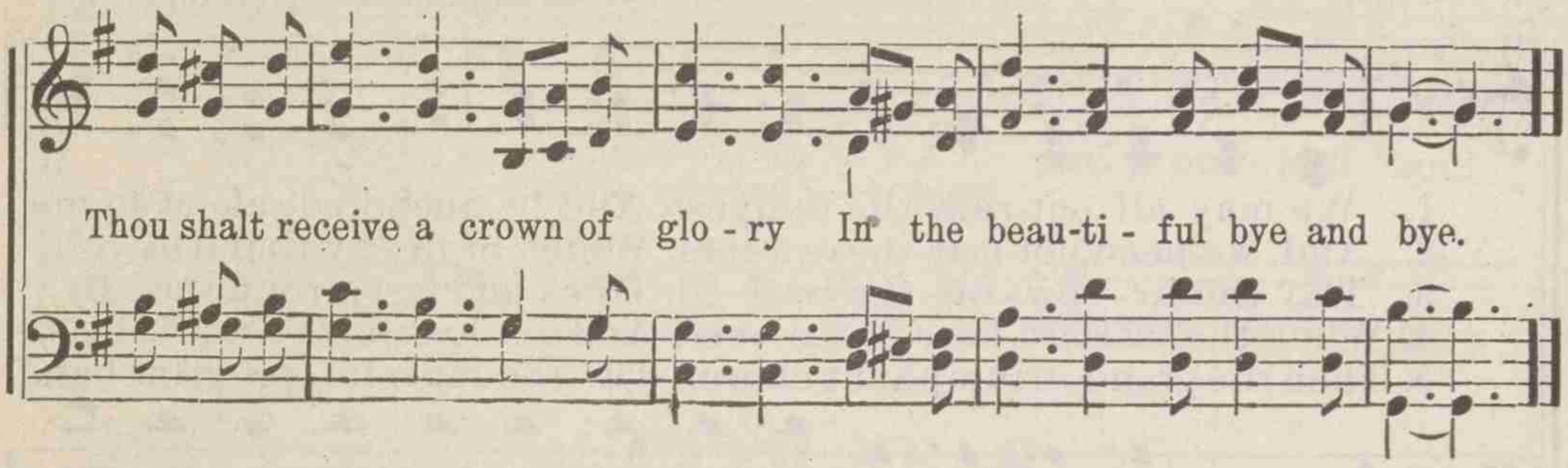
They who have labored for the Mas-ter, Rich re - ward for their work will win.
Look be-yond toil to rest that com-eth When the tri - als have all been borne.
There they will wear their crowns of glory, In the beau - ti - ful bye and bye.

CHORUS.

Toil-er for Je - sus, reap the har-vest In the fields that a-round thee lie,

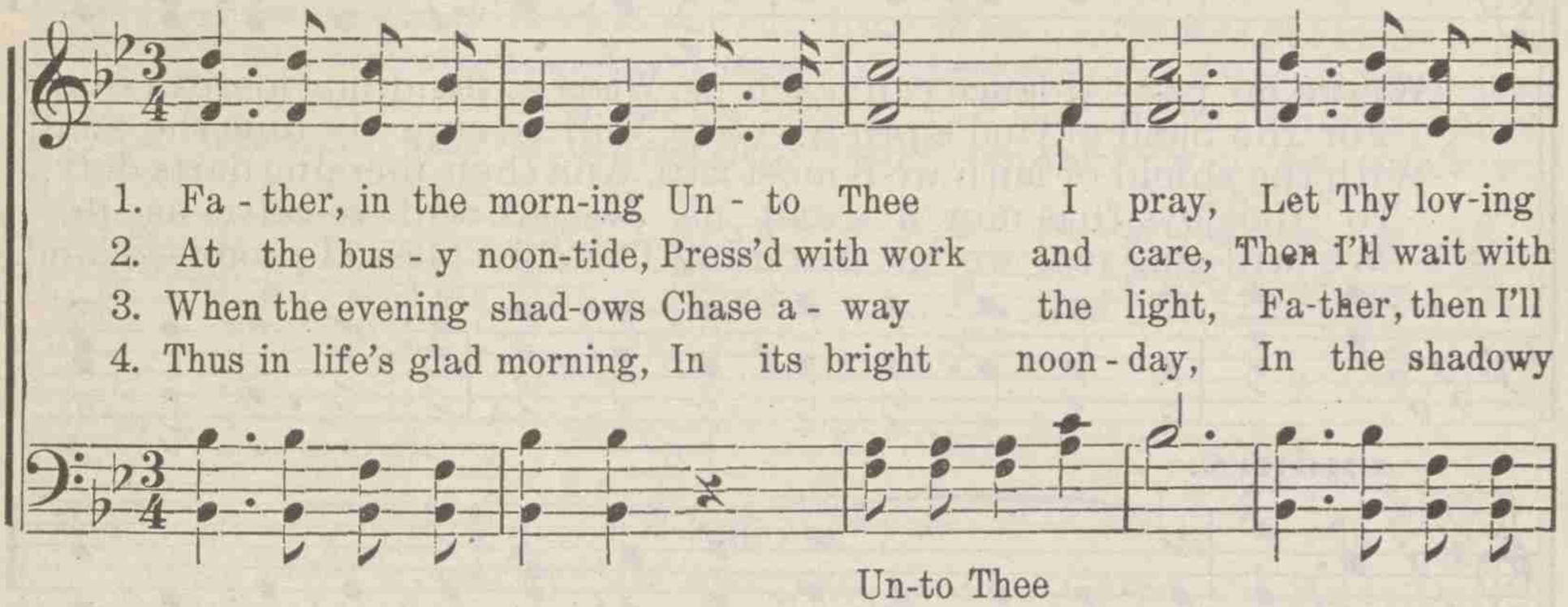
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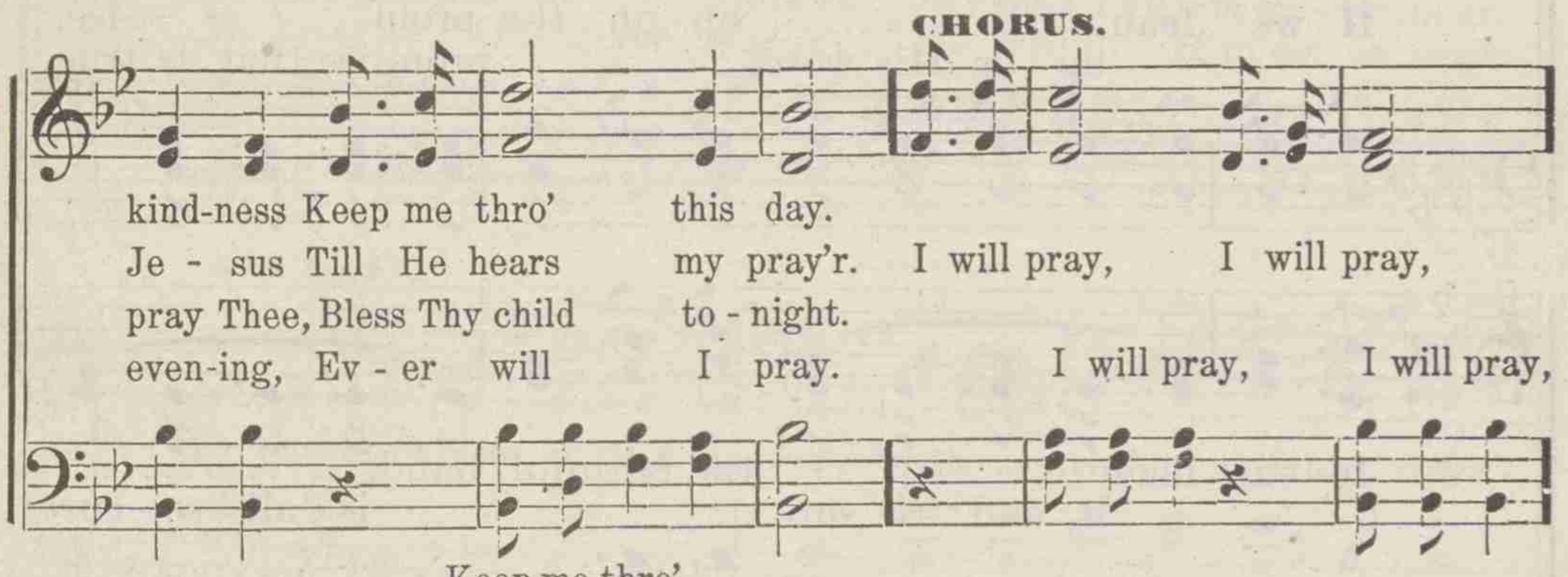
THE CROWN OF GLORY. Concluded.

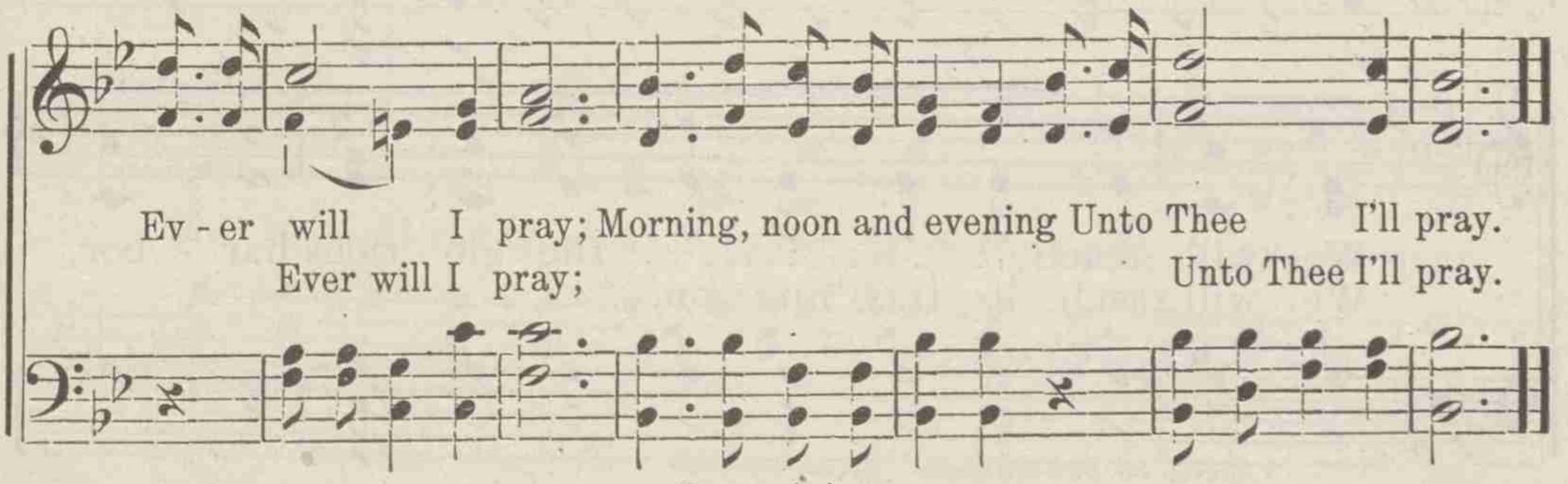


151 EVER WILL I PRAY.

A. CUMMINGS. J. H. TENNEY.
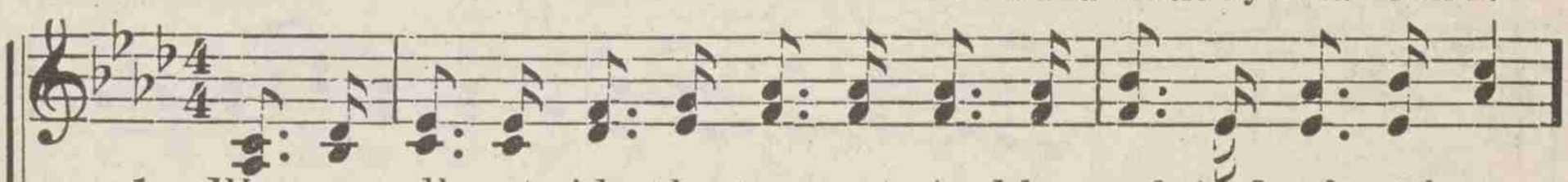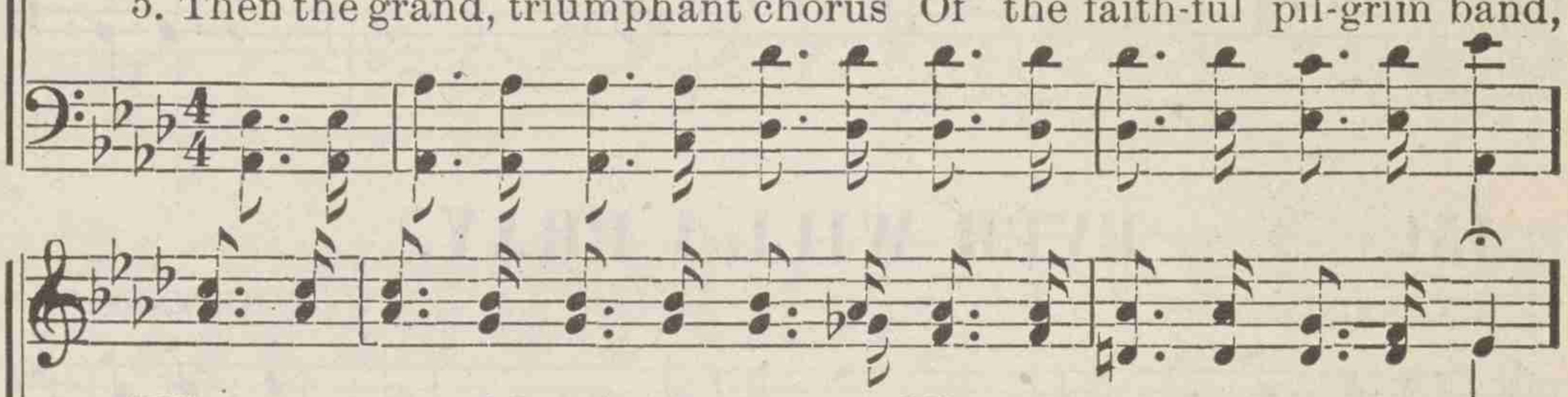






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152 IF WE LEAN UPON THE PROMISE.
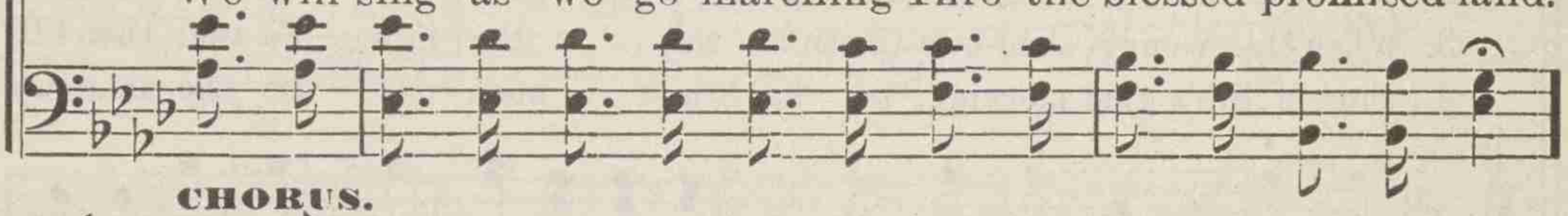
Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.
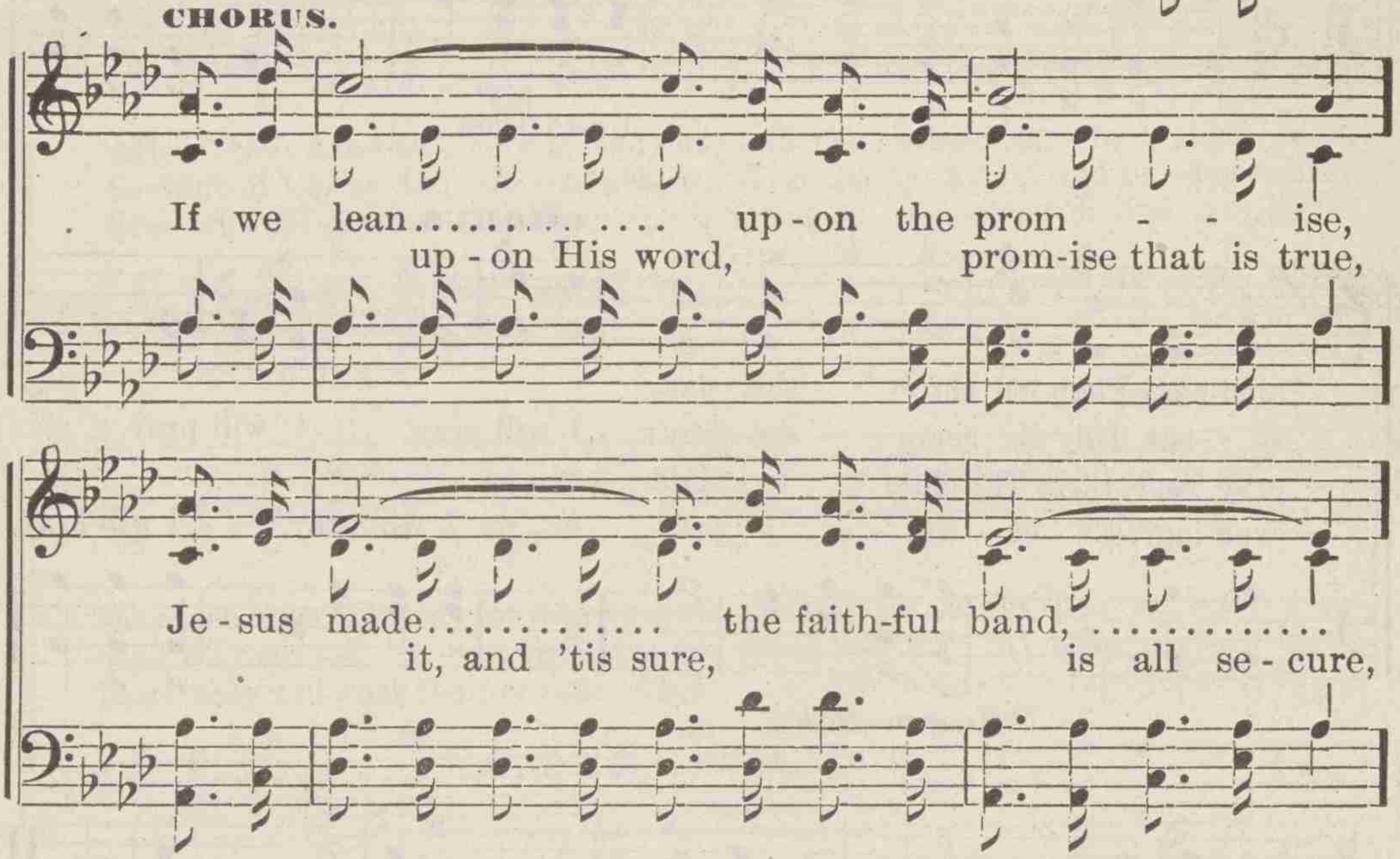


1. We may all out-ride the tempest, And be anchored safe at home,
2. And we need not fear the wa-ters, Which in fu - ry round us roll,
3. Tho' the ar - rows of the wick-ed, Thick and fast a-round us fly,
4. When the warfare here is o - ver, And our foes have conquered been,
5. Then the grand, triumphant chorus Of the faith-ful pil-grim band,



Where no pes - ti-lence can reach us, Where no fiend nor foe can come.
For the hand of God's pro-tec - tion Will se-cure - ly hide the soul.
With the shield of faith we'll meet them, And their piercing darts defy.
To the joys that now a - wait us, Je - sus will re-ceive us in.
We will sing as we go marching Thro' the blessed promised land.
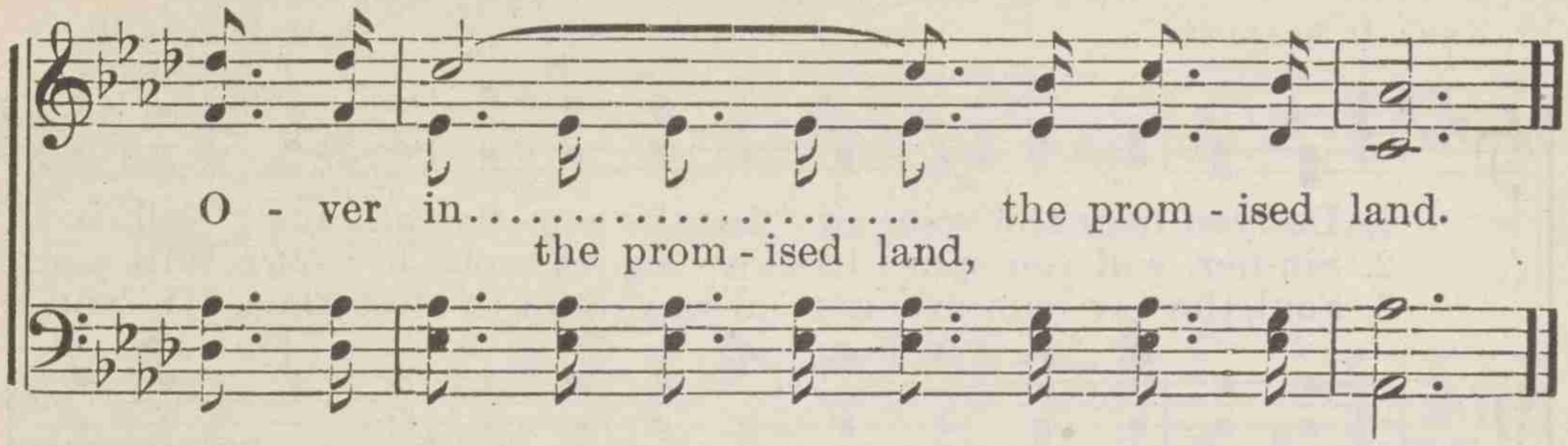


CHORUS.



If we lean..... up - on the prom - - ise,
up - on His word, prom-ise that is true,
Je - sus made..... the faith-ful band, ...
it, and 'tis sure, is all se - cure,
We will reach..... the glo - rious har - bor,
We will reach it trav-'ling on,

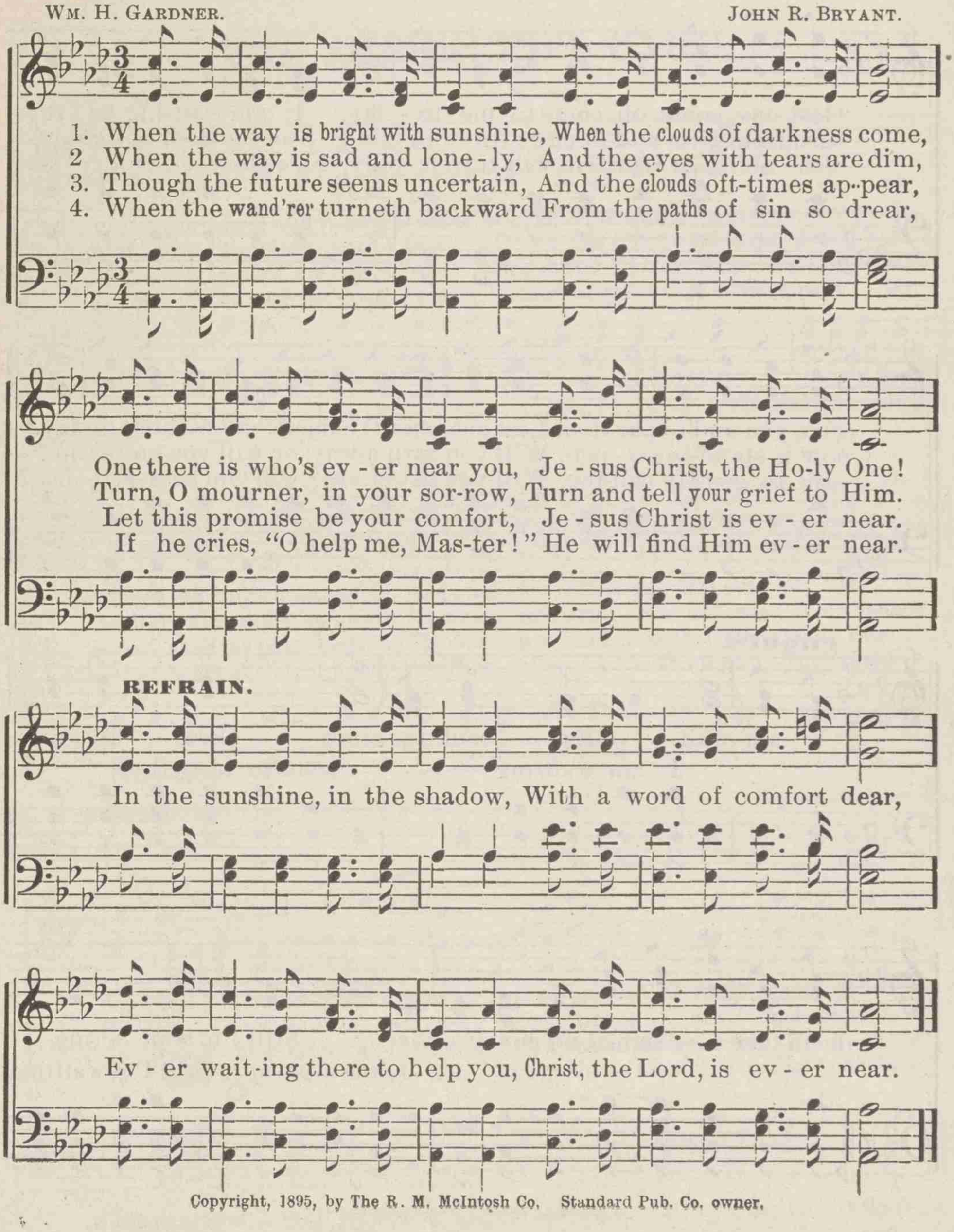
From "The Song Feast," by per.

IF WE LEAN. Concluded.



153 EVER NEAR.

WM. H. GARDNER. JOHN R. BRYANT.



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154 COME TO ME.

ANNA D. BRADLEY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Do you hear the voice of Je - sus gen - tly call - ing? Call - ing,
2. Sin-ner, will you spurn the lov - ing voice of Je - sus? Will you
3. Soul, the Sav-iour will not al-ways wait to bless thee, If you

"lost one, come, oh, come to me to - day, I am wait-ing to re-
turn from Him and long-er dwell in sin? See, the door of mer-cy
do not heed Him, He will turn a - way, Now the voice of love is

ceive you and to par-don, Lost one, come, O come to me without de-lay."
now is stand-ing o - pen, Will you turn a-way, or will you en-ter in?
still so gen-tly call-ing, Will you listen, soul? will you be saved to-day?

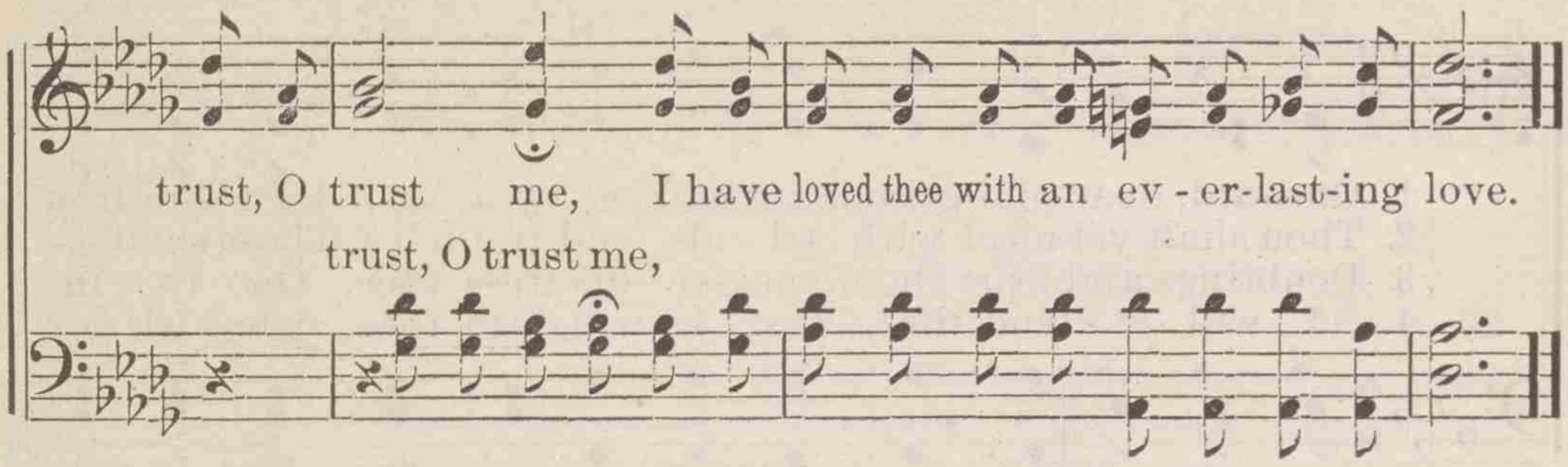
CHORUS.

I am wait - ing, soul, to bless thee, To re-
I am wait-ing, soul, to bless thee,

deem thee I re-signed my home a-bove. Still I'm wait - ing,
home a-bove. Still I'm waiting,

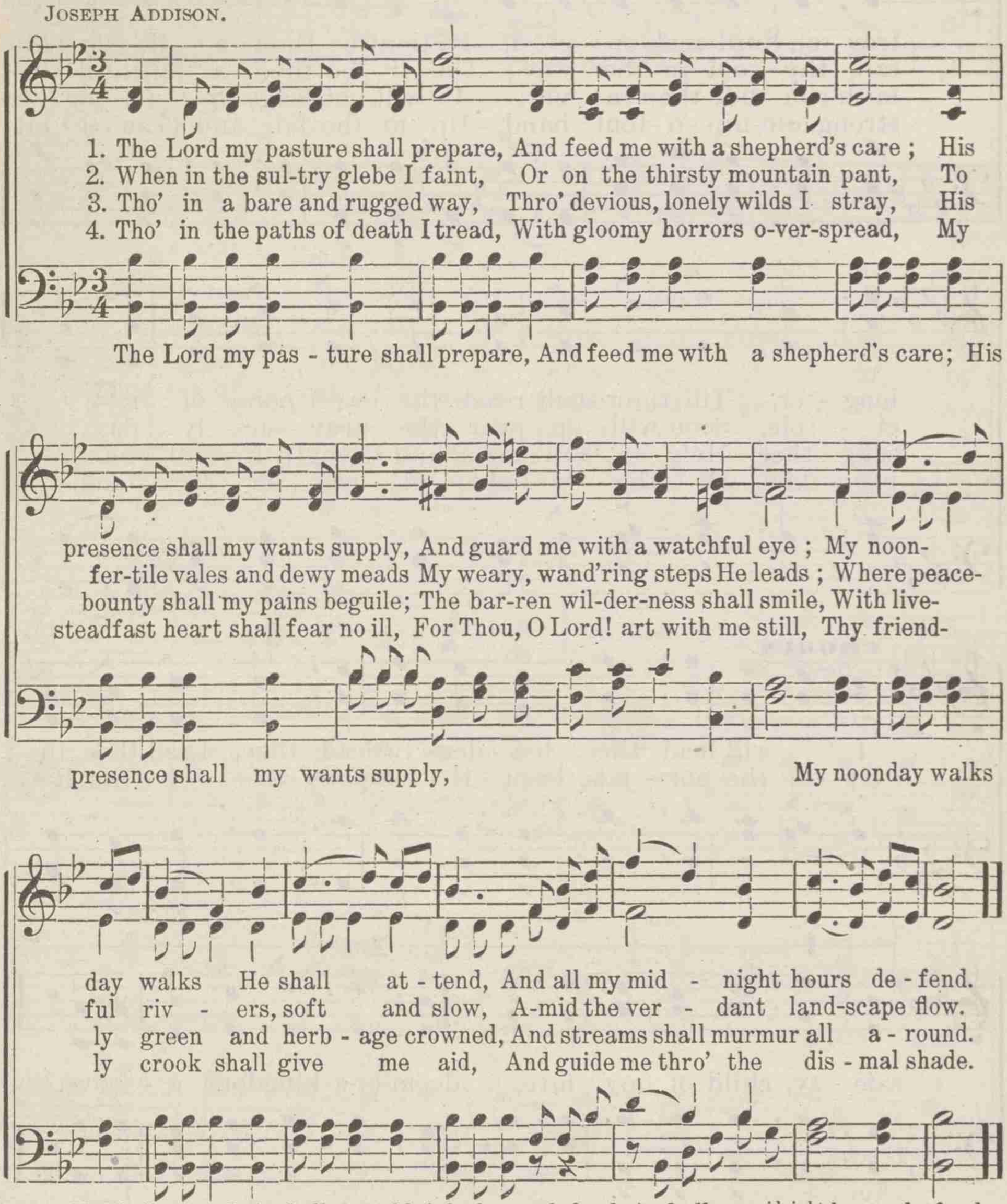
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COME TO ME. Concluded.



155 THE SHEPHERD'S CARE.

JOSEPH ADDISON.



156 I WILL LEAD THEE.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. On-ward, dear pil - grim, faint and so wea - ry, Foot-sore from trav - el, burdened, op - prest, Pa-tient be thou a lit - tle while long - er, Till thou shalt reach the sweet home of rest.
2. Thou shalt yet meet with tri - als and troub-les, These shall as- sail thy soul in the way; On - ly be thou a faith-ful dis- ci - ple, Soon will ap - pear the heav - en - ly day.
3. Doubtings and fears should nev-er dis-tress thee, On - ly in faith con - fide thou in me; I will not leave thee, neither for- sake thee, Help - er and friend and strength I will be.
4. I will at - tend thee, yes, I will lead thee, Safe with my strong, om-nip - o - tent hand, Up to the fair and beau - ti - ful por - tals Of the de - light - ful, heav - en - ly land.
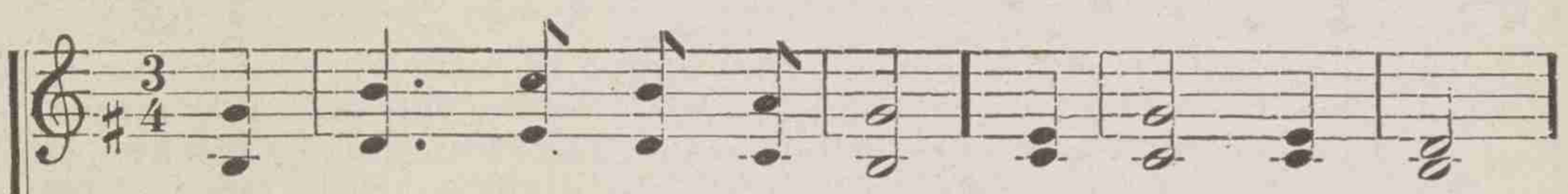
CHORUS.

I will lead thee, ten - der - ly lead thee, Lead thee in safe - ty, child of my love, deem-er's kingdom a - bove.
Up to the por - tals, beau - ti - ful por - tals Of the Re-

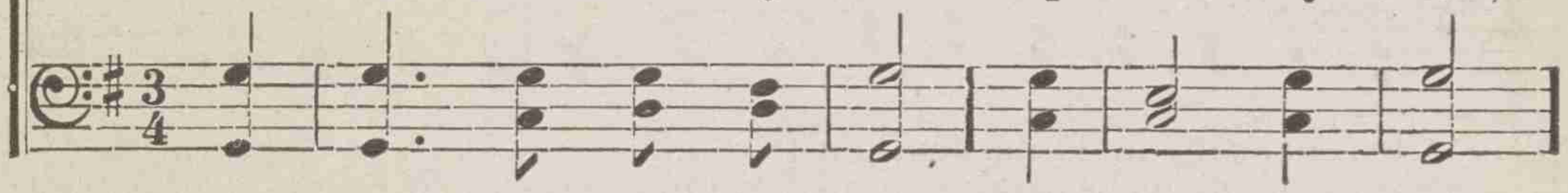
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157 WALK WITH ME, GRACIOUS LORD.

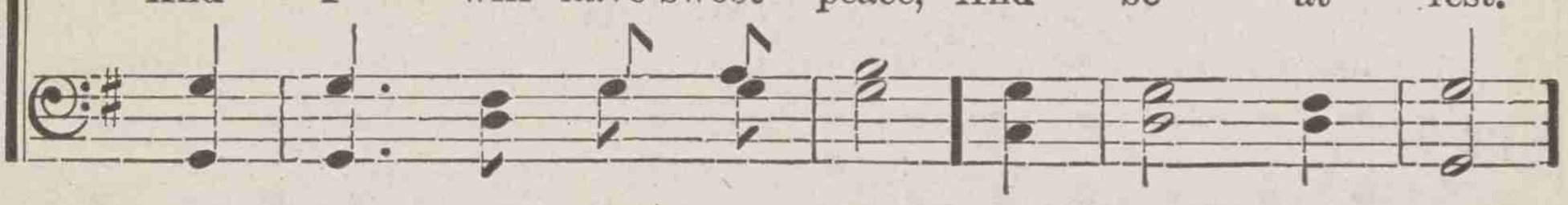
E. A. HOFFMAN. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
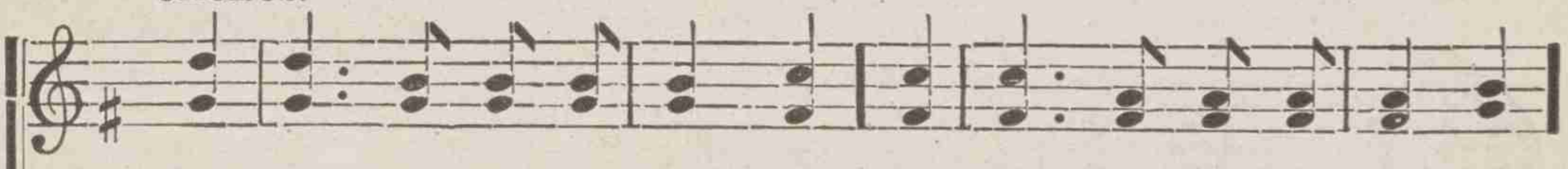


1. Walk with me, gra - cious Lord, A - long the way,
2. In ev - 'ry time of need Be thou near by,
3. Thou know - est all my life With - out, with - in;
4. In ev - 'ry con - flict hour, My help - er be,
5. But let me lean my head Up - on thy breast,
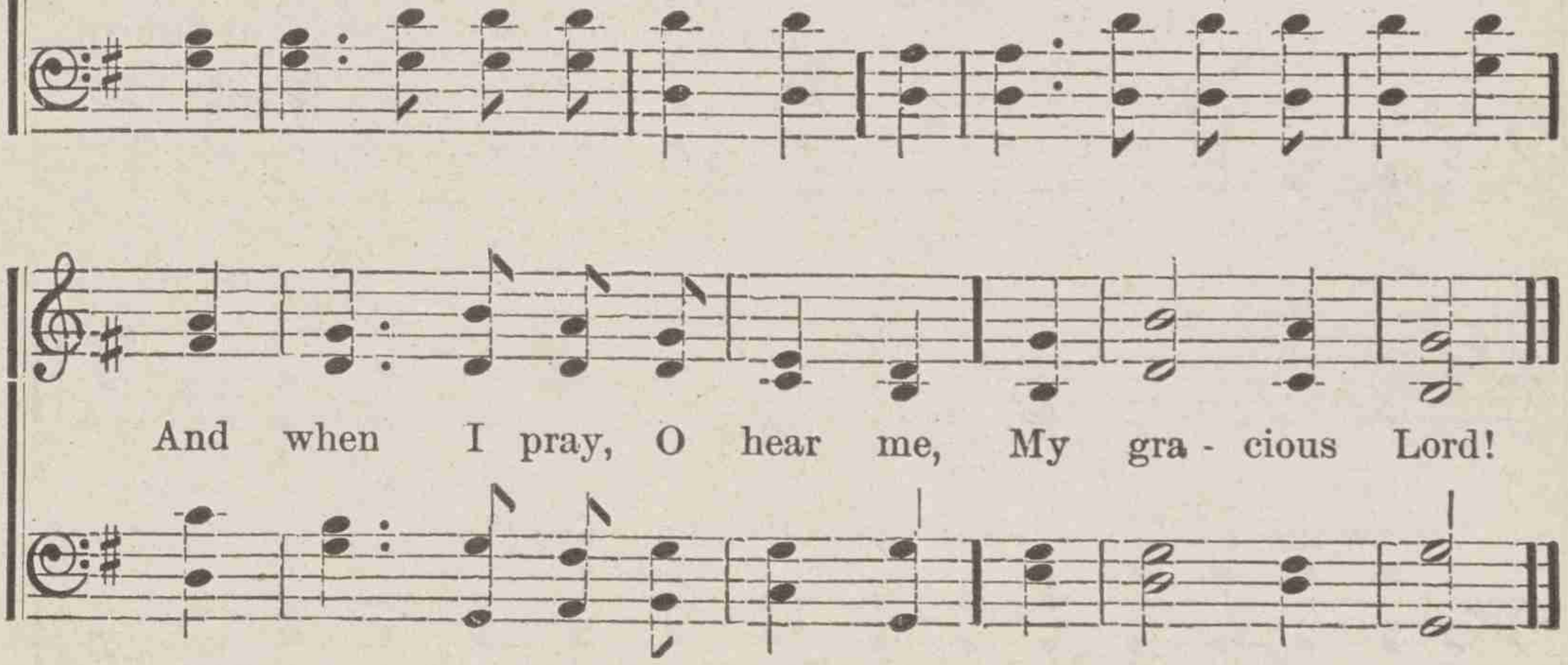


Lest I should be al - lured From thee to stray.
And hear me when to thee, For help I cry.
O, shield me, day by day, From doubt and sin!
And give me grace to gain The vic - to - ry.
And I will have sweet peace, And be at rest.



CHORUS.



When I am tried, be near me, When sore discouraged, cheer me;



And when I pray, O hear me, My gra - cious Lord!

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158 DRAW ME TO THEE.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY. By per.

1. Clos - er to Thee, my Father, draw me, I long for Thine em-brace;
2. Clos - er to Thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave Thee more,
3. Clos - er by Thy sweet spirit draw me, Till I am whol-ly Thine;

Clos - er with-in Thine arms en-fold me, I seek a rest - ing place.
Sigh - ing to feel Thine arms a-round me, And all my wand'rings o'er.
Quick-en, re-fine, and wash and cleanse me, Till pure my soul shall shine.

CHORUS.

Clos - - - er with the cords of love, Draw
Clos - er, clos - er with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me
me to Thy - self a - bove; Clos - - - er
to Thy - self a - bove; Clos - er with the cords of love,
draw me to Thy - self a - bove.
Draw me to Thy-self a - bove, Draw me to Thy - self a - bove.

159 WE WAIT HIS COMING.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

1. We wait the com-ing of the Lord, The Saviour reigning now a - bove;
2. We wait the com-ing of our Friend, Who loves us with im-mor-tal love,
3. We wait the com-ing of the King, Who holds the keys of ev-'ry grave,

The prom-ise of His ho - ly word, He shall con-firm in truth and love.
And shall Himself from heav'n descend, And bring us to our home a - bove.
Who will the palms of vic-t'ry bring, And all His loy - al peo-ple save.

CHORUS.

O wait!..... O wait!.....
O wait, calmly wait, calmly wait, for He will come! O wait, calm-ly wait,

O wait!..... calm - ly
He will come and bring us home! O wait, calm-ly wait,

Rit.

wait, for He will come! O wait, He will come and bring us home,
bring us home!

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160 THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

ANNIE WITTENMEYER. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I have en-tered the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, And Je - sus a -
2. There is peace in the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, And plen- ty the
3. There's a song in the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, That an- gels would

bides with me there; And his Spir - it and blood make my cleansing complete,
land doth im- part; And there's rest for the wea- ry, worn trav- el- er's feet,
fain join the strain—As, with rap- tur-ous prais - es, we bow at his feet,

CHORUS.

And his per-fect love cast-eth out fear.
And there's joy for the sor- row- ing heart.
Cry- ing, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"
} O, come to this val - ley of

bless-ing so sweet, Where Je - sus will ful - ness be - stow,— O, be -

lieve, and re-ceive, and con- fess him, That all his sal - va - tion may know.

161 THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

162 TO THAT CITY WILL YOU GO?

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

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

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

Chorus.

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

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

Repeat pp.

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

163 THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.

WM. COWPER. Western Melody.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds supply,
4. Then in a nob- ler, sweet - er song I'll sing thy pow'r to save,

And sin - ners plunged be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisp- ing, stammering tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.
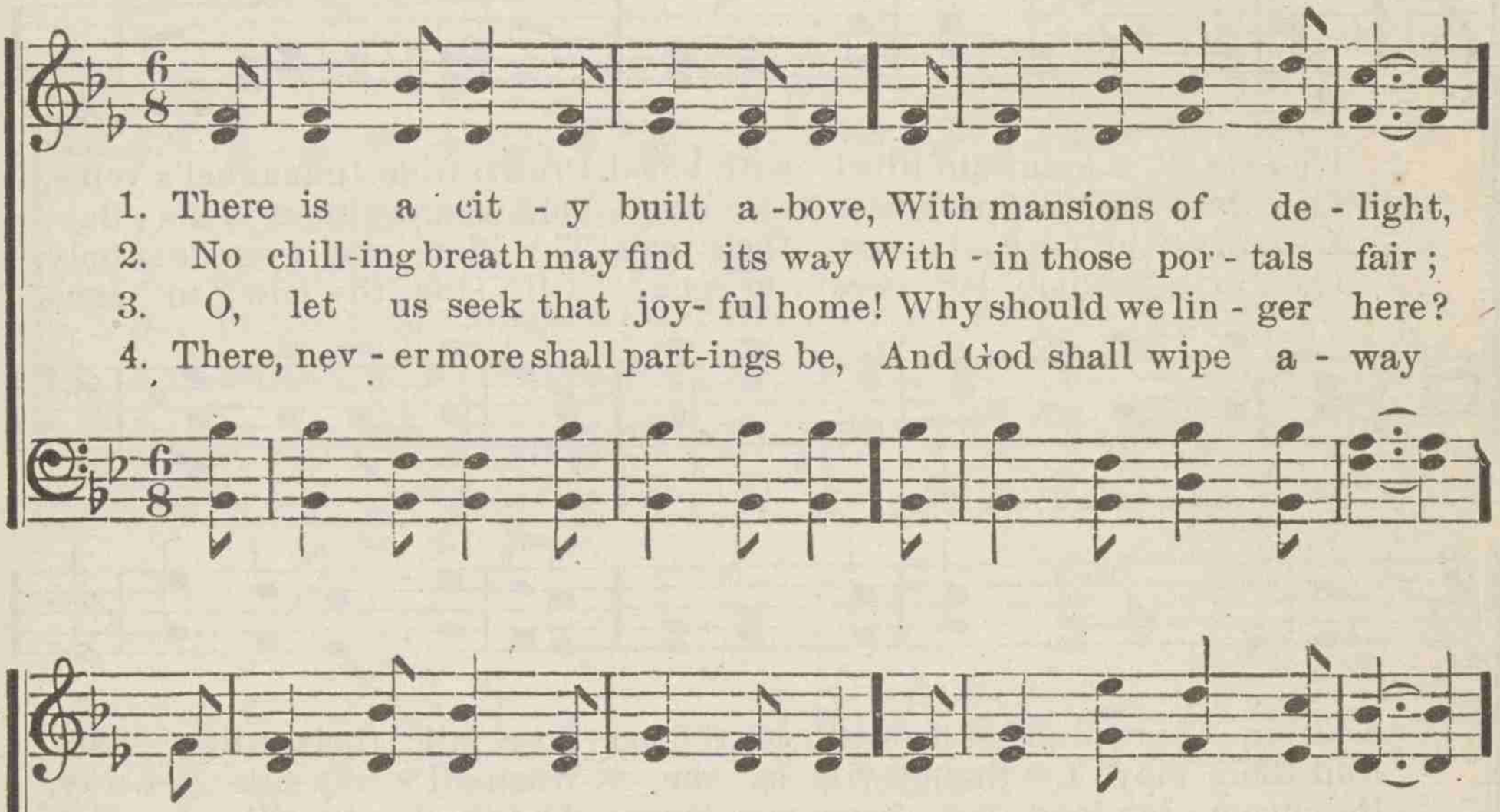
REFRAIN.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave;

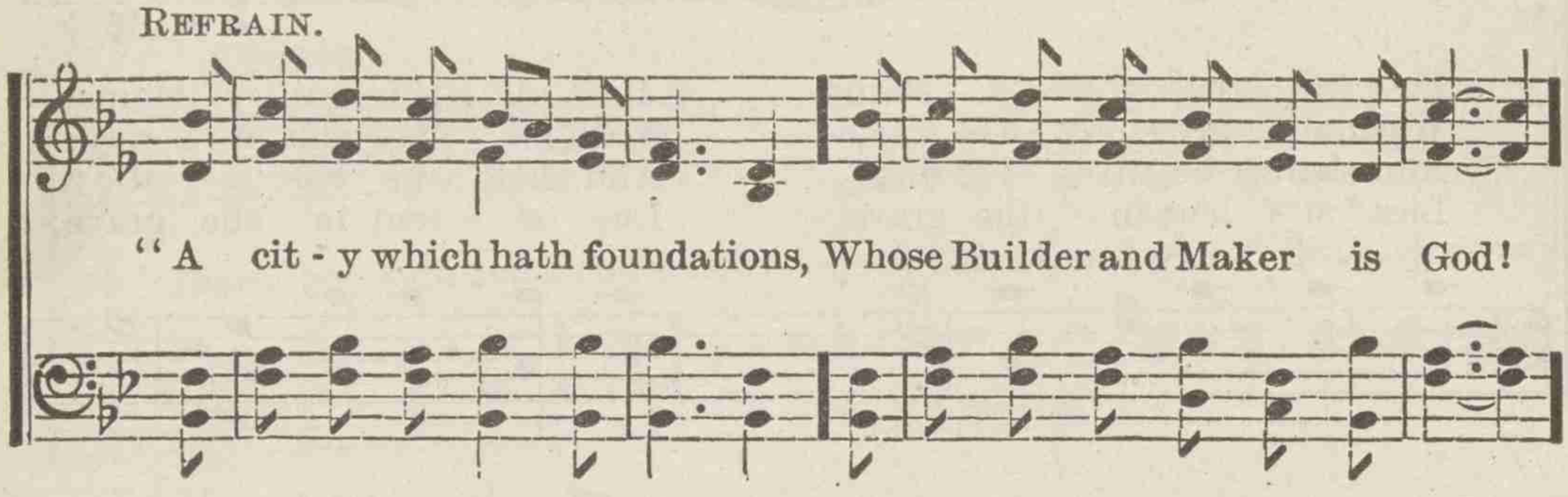
And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Re - deem- ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisp- ing, stammering tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

164 THE CITY ABOVE.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. McINTOSH.



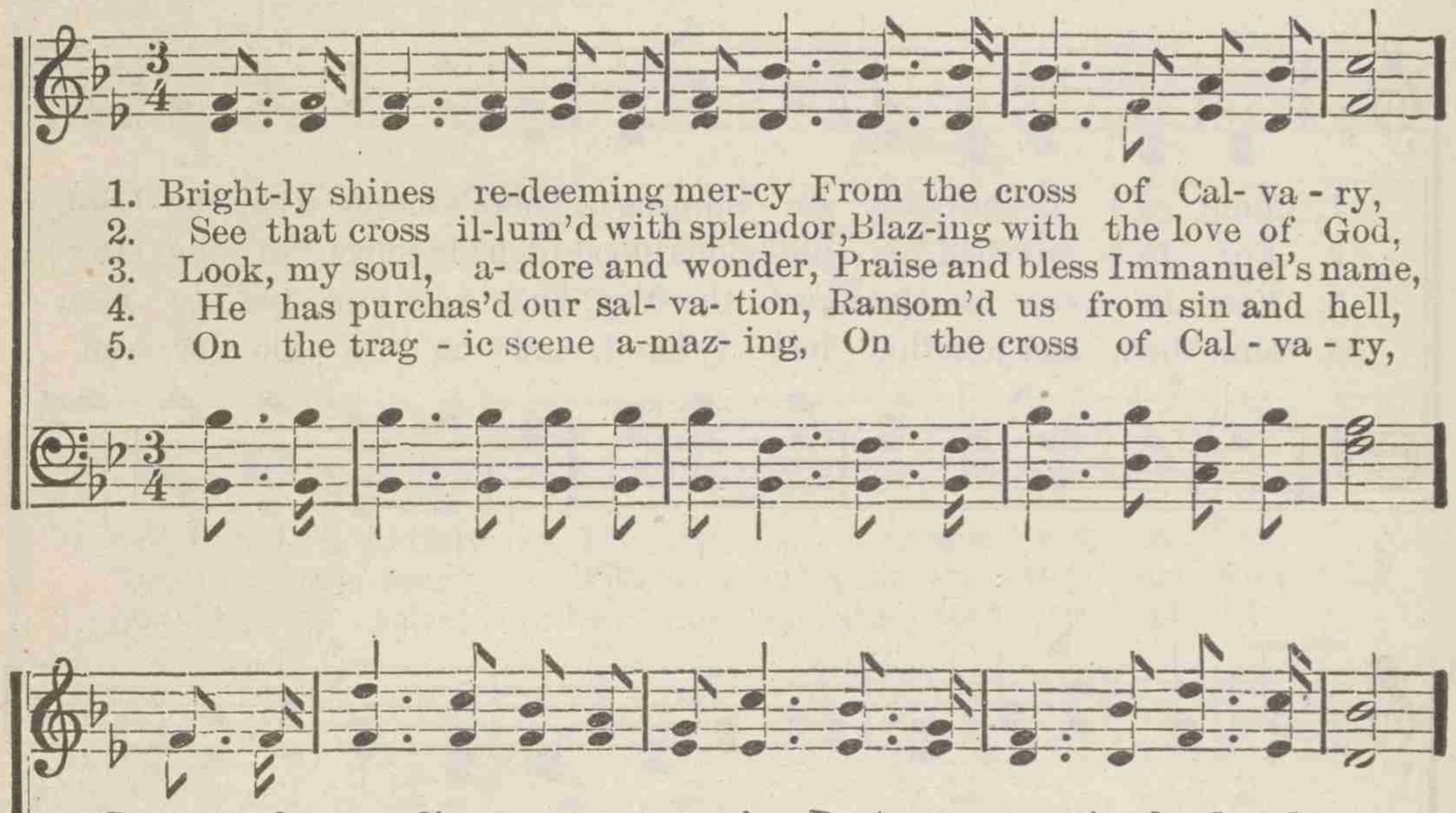
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165 REDEEMING MERCY.
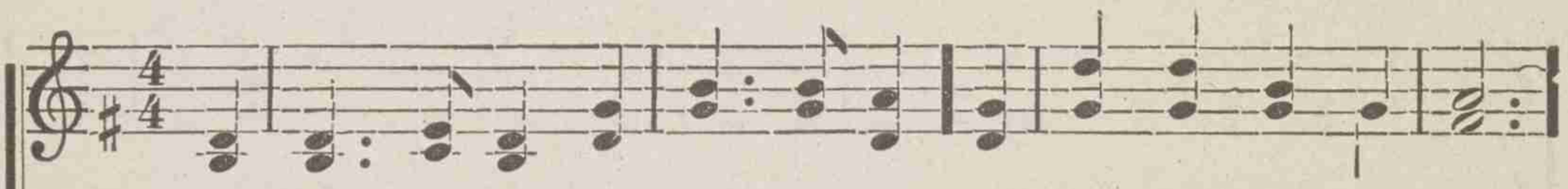
J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.
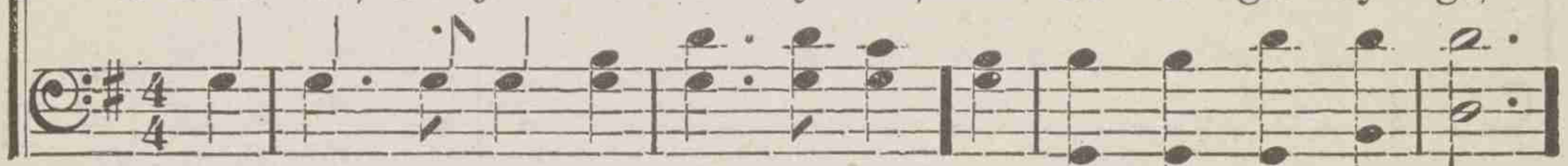


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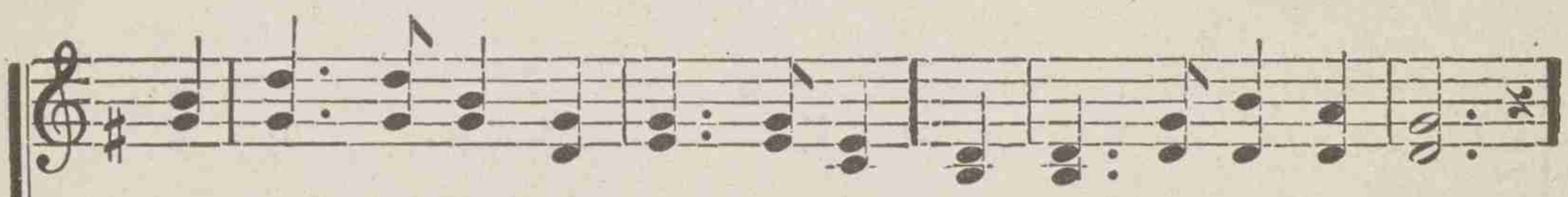
166 ONLY TRUST HIM.

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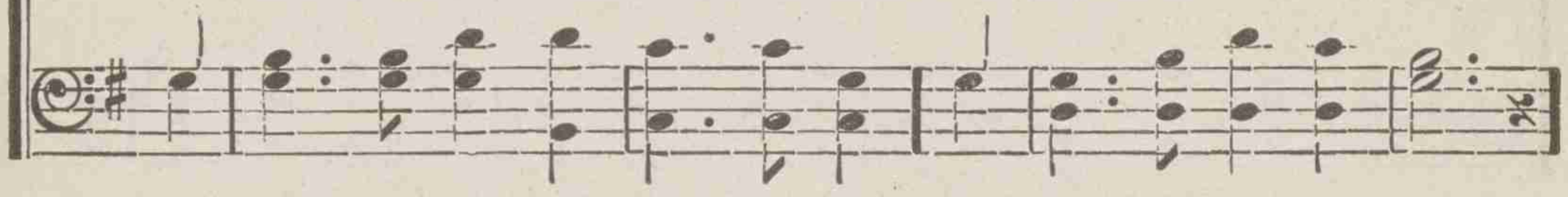


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed his pre- cious blood Rich blessings to be- stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
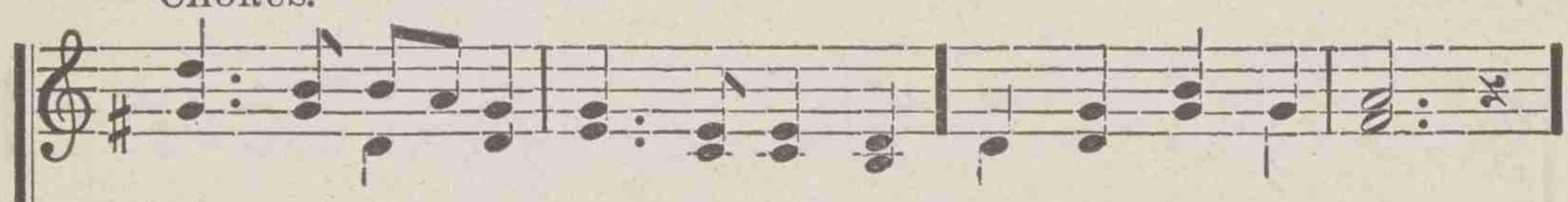




And he will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in his word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im- mor- tal flow.
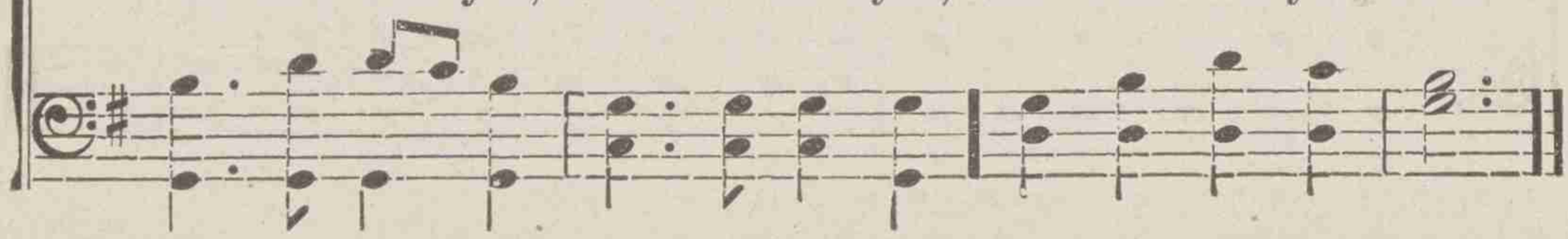


CHORUS.



On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;



He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.



167 THE MASTER'S CALL.

Words and Music by E. C. OWNBY.

1. Go work in my vine - yard to - day, I've bought thee and
2. I yield - ed my king - dom for thee. I yield - ed the
3. Go work in my vine - yard to - day, O, work while the

all that is thine; Thy loft - i - est pow - ers and love,
arch - an - gels' song; With pain and tempt - a - tion and woe,
bright hours shine; Be - gin in the morn - ing of life,

CHORUS.

Thy time and thy tal - ents are mine.
I bought thee, to me you be - long. To the work, to the
And heav - en at last shall be thine. To the work,

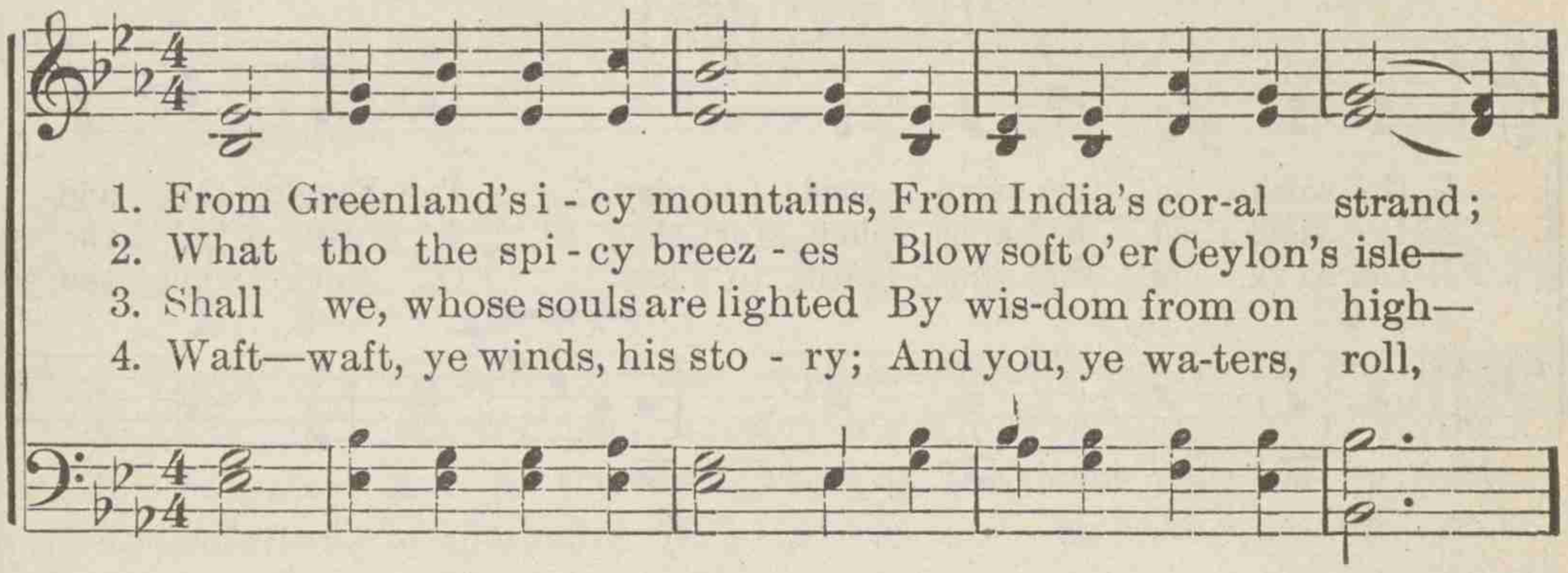
work, Rich wa - ges I of - fer to pay; To the
to the work,
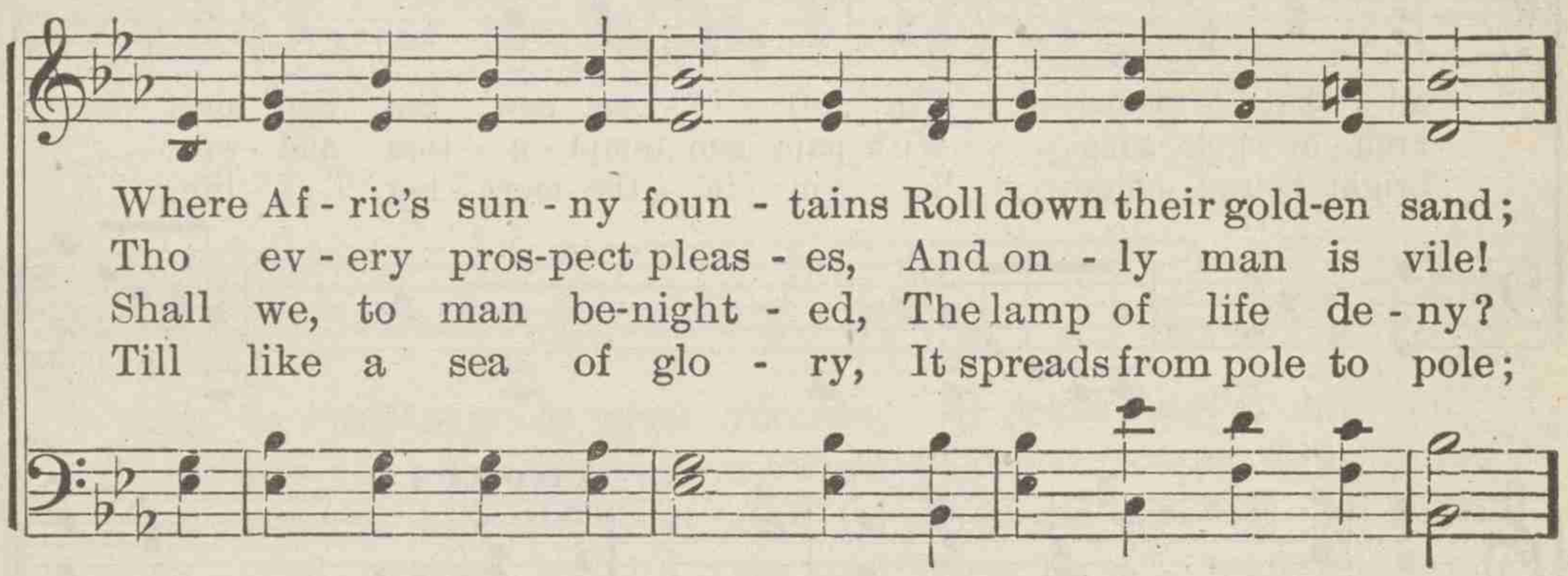
work, to the work, Go work in my vine-yard to - day.
to the work, to the work,

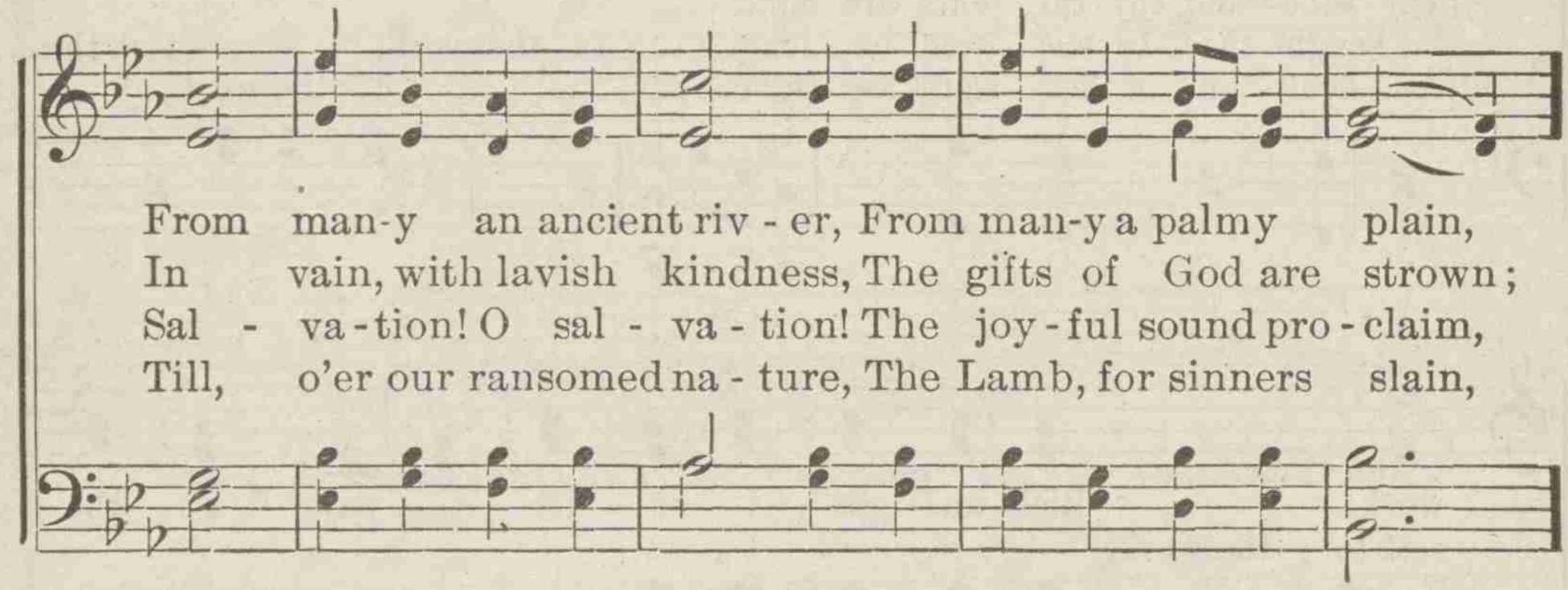
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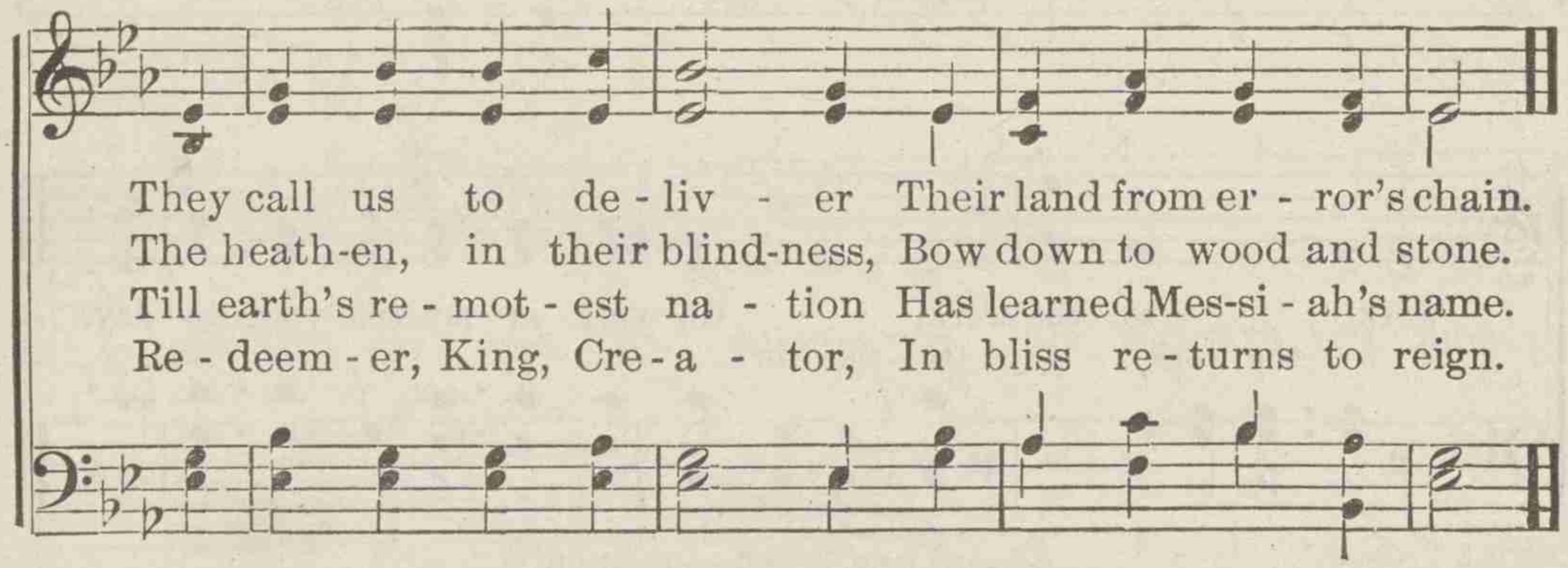
168 FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

R. HEBER. MISSIONARY HYMN. LOWELL MASON.









169 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder-ful it seems Than all the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger-

and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the
gold - en fan-cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won-der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

sto - ry Be-cause I know 'tis true: It sat - is - fies my longings As
sto - ry It did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son I
sto - ry; For some have nev-er heard The message of sal - va-tion From
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be—the old, old sto-ry That

CHORUS.

nothing else can do.
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
I have loved so long.
} I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

170 BLESSED ASSURANCE.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glo- ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion. purchase of God,
2. Per-fect sub- mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap- tnre now burst on my sight. An- gels de - scend- ing bring from a - bove
3. Per-fect sub- mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest. Watch-ing and wait - ing, look-ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of his Spir - it, wash'd in his blood.
Ech-oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.
Filled with his good-ness, lost in his love.
} This is my sto - ry,

this is my song, Praising my Sav- iour all the day long; This is my
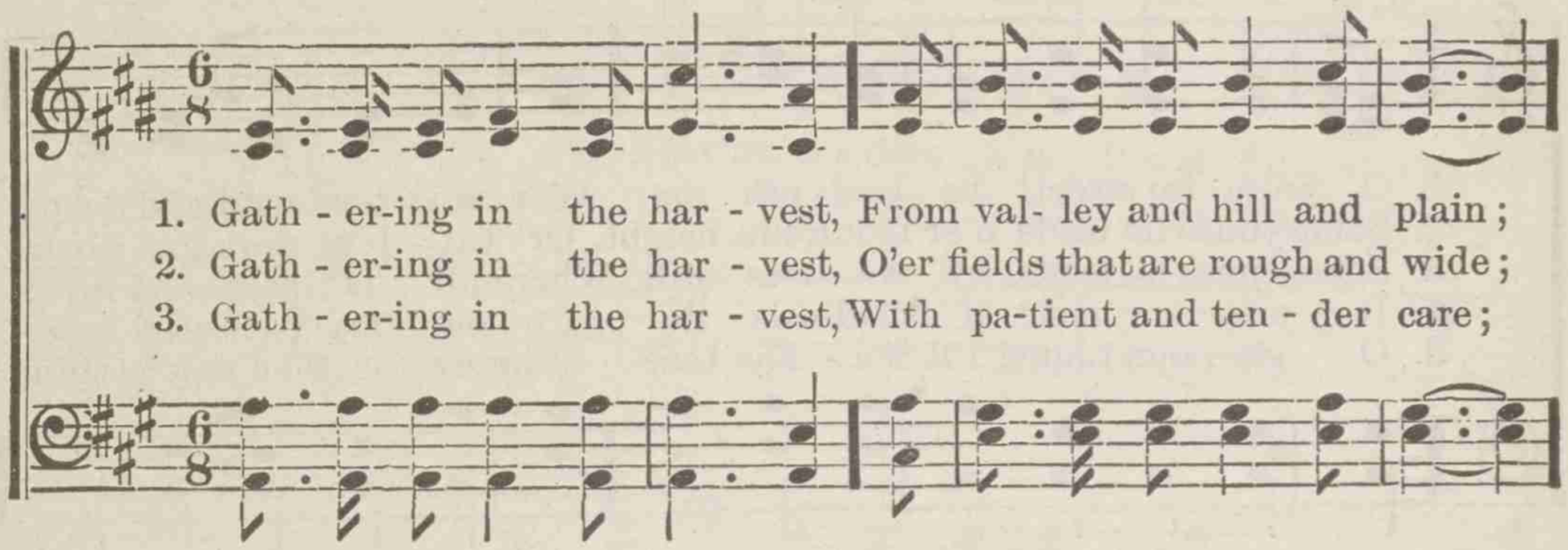
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

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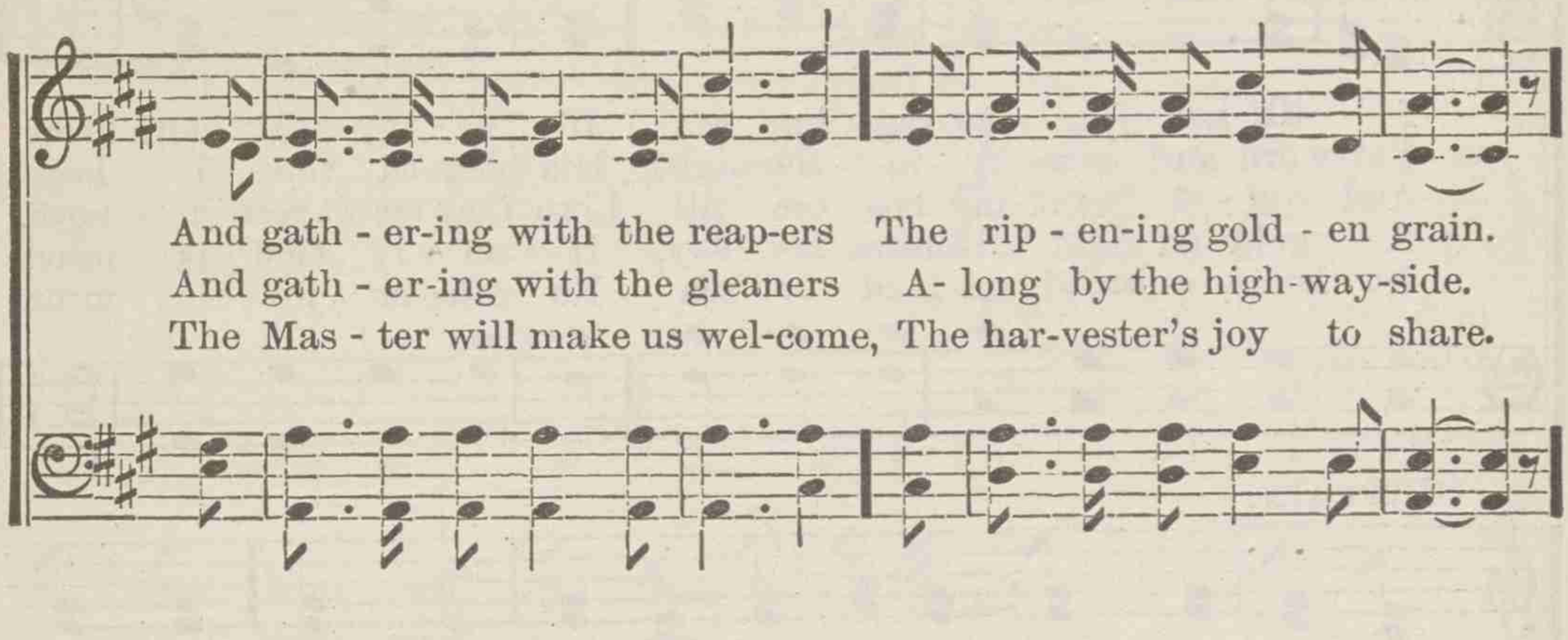
171 GATHER THE HARVEST.

C. W. RAY. R. M. MCINTOSH.
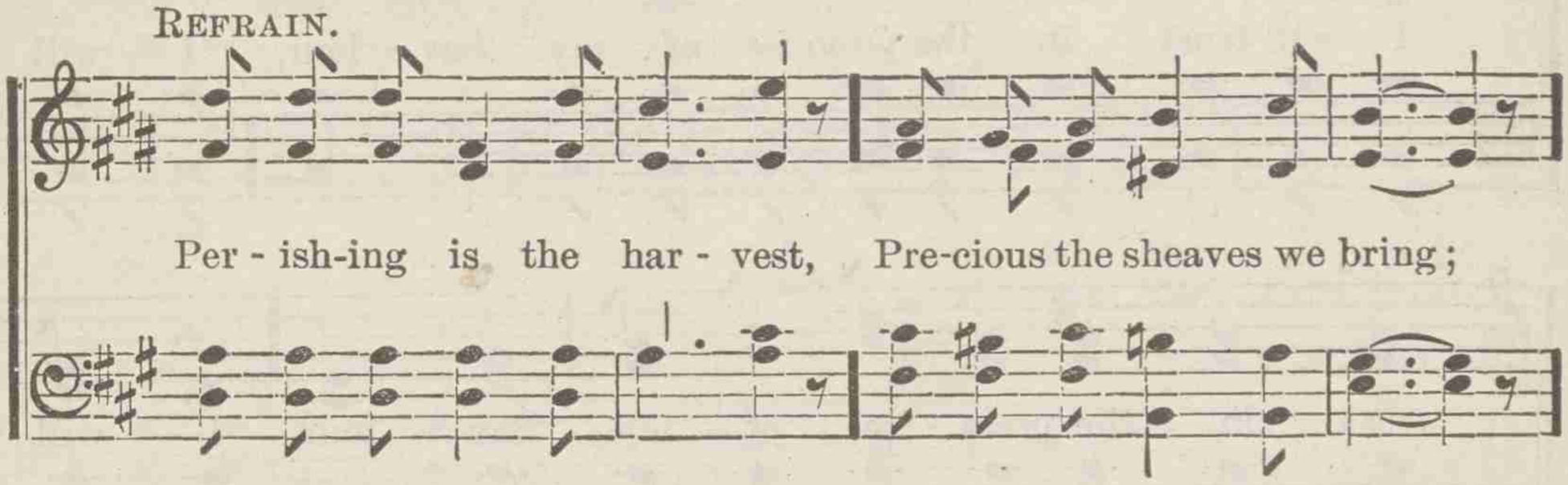
1. Gath - er-ing in the har - vest, From val- ley and hill and plain;
2. Gath - er-ing in the har - vest, O'er fields that are rough and wide;
3. Gath - er-ing in the har - vest, With pa-tient and ten - der care;
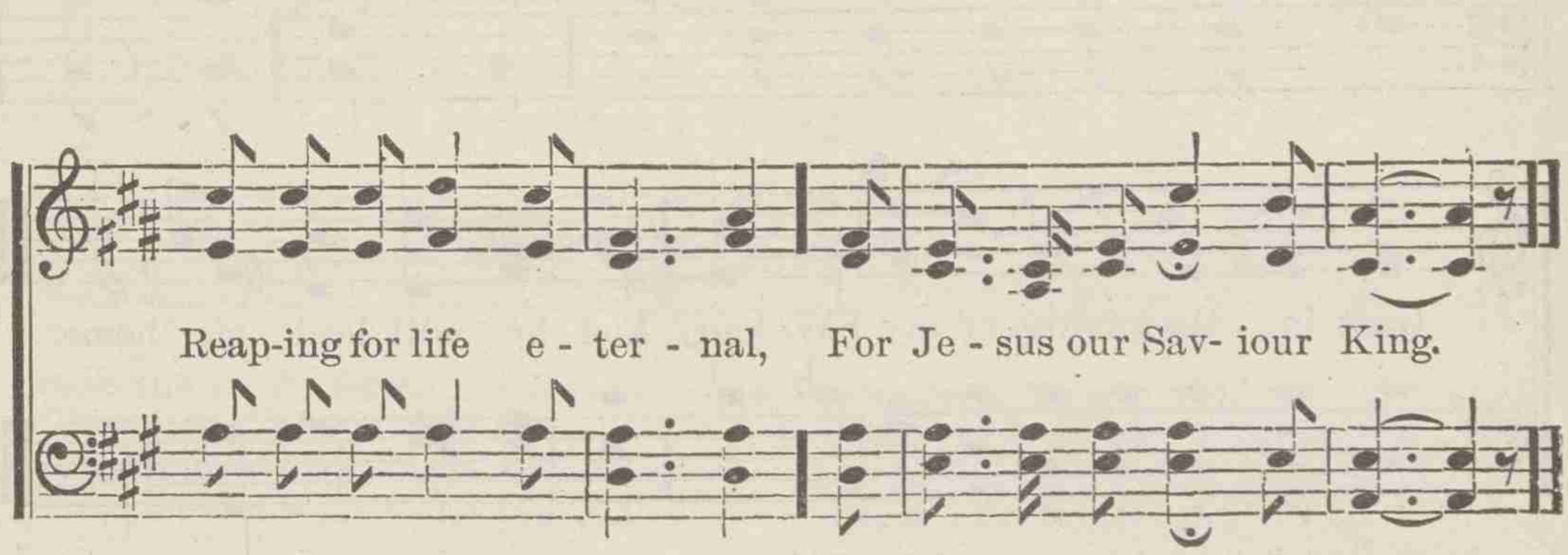


And gath - er-ing with the reap-ers The rip - en-ing gold - en grain.
And gath - er-ing with the gleaners A- long by the high-way-side.
The Mas - ter will make us wel-come, The har-vester's joy to share.



REFRAIN.



Per - ish-ing is the har - vest, Pre-cious the sheaves we bring;



Reap-ing for life e - ter - nal, For Je - sus our Sav- iour King.

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

172 "I WILL UPHOLD THEE."

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

1. O prom- ise sweet! he lead- eth me O'er wa - ters wild and deep;
2. Some-times he leads o'er mountain height, Or val - leys dark and drear;
3. Some-times he leads by wa - ters still, Where all is peace and love;
4. It mat- ters not if shad-ows lie Up- on my path-way here,
5. O glo-rious Light! I'll fol - low thee Wherev - er thou may'st shine;

I will not fear the rag - ing sea If he my soul doth keep.
Yet worn and wea - ry in the night, His bless-ed voice I hear!
And qui - et joys my bos - om fill Like that sweet rest a - bove.
A gold- en light il-lumes my sky, If on - ly God is near!
At home, a- broad, on land or sea No oth- er joy is mine.

Refrain.

I will trust in the prom-ise of my Sav - iour, I will
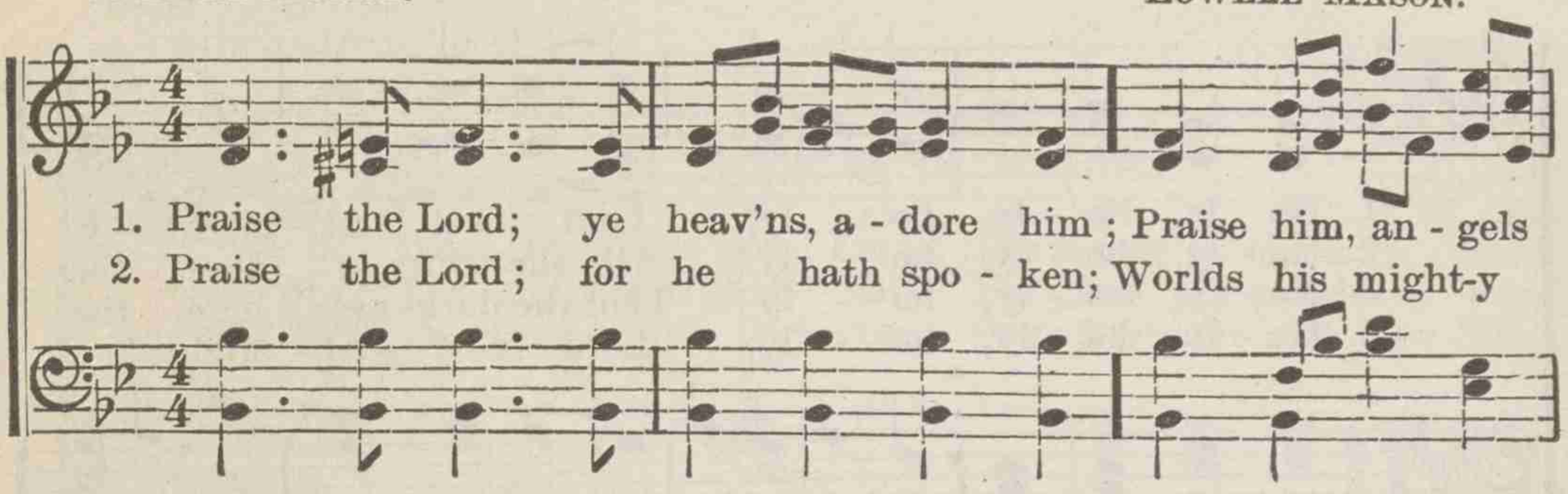
trust in the prom - ise of my Sav - iour, I will

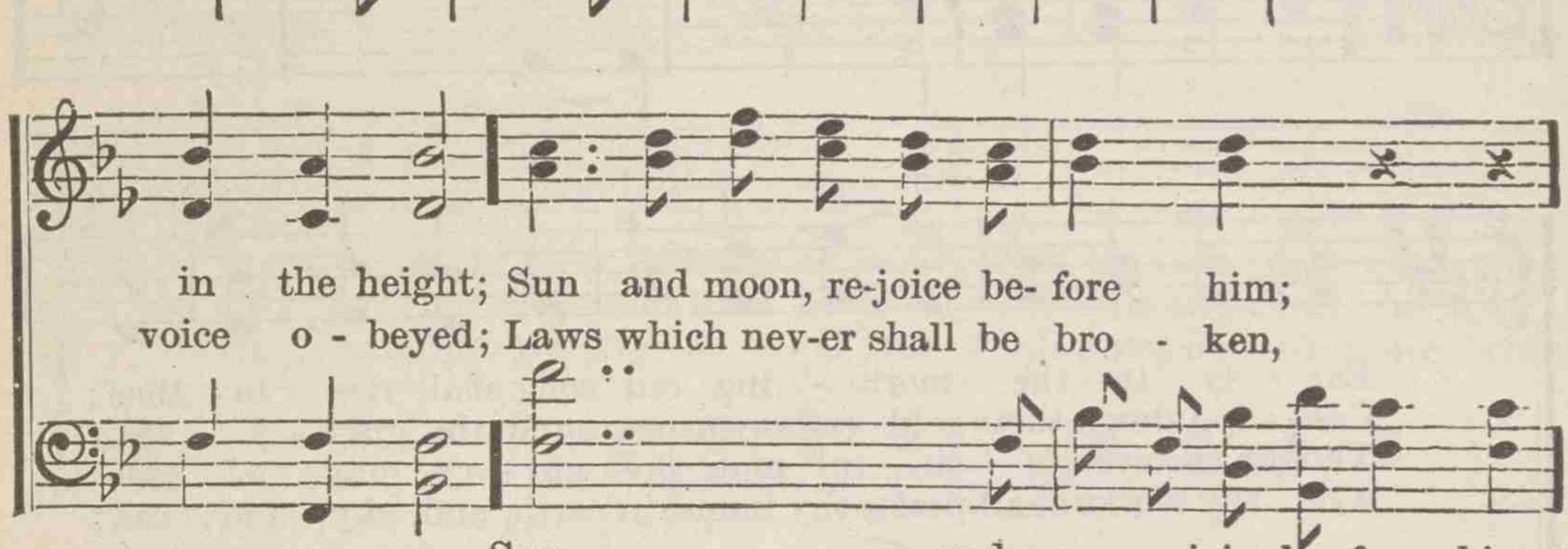
trust in the promise of my Sav- iour, And he will lead me home.
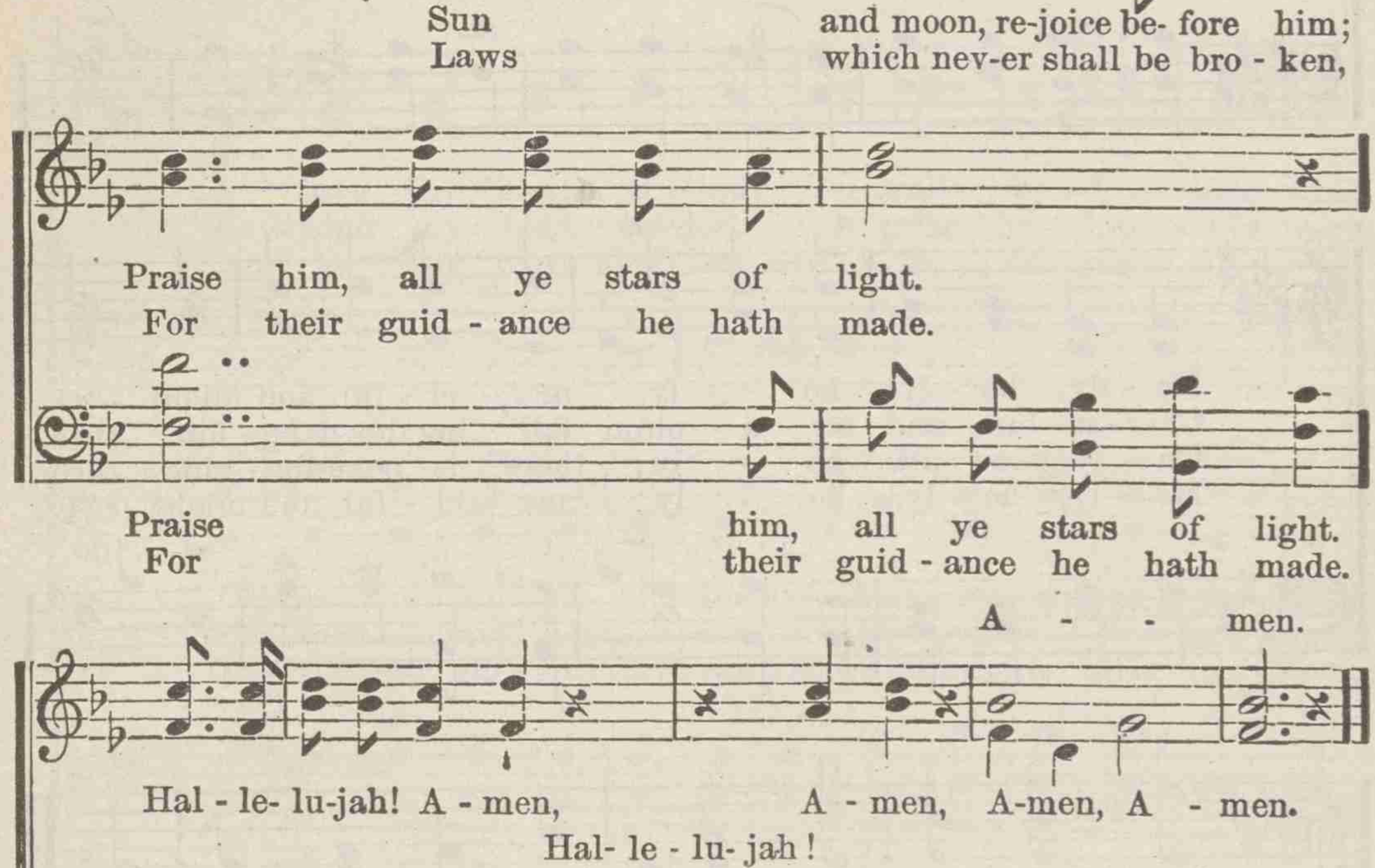
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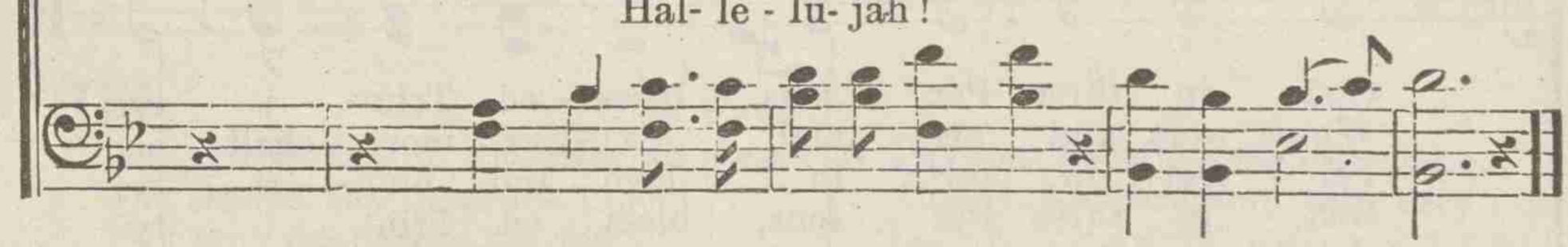
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J. KEMPTHORNE. LOWELL MASON.







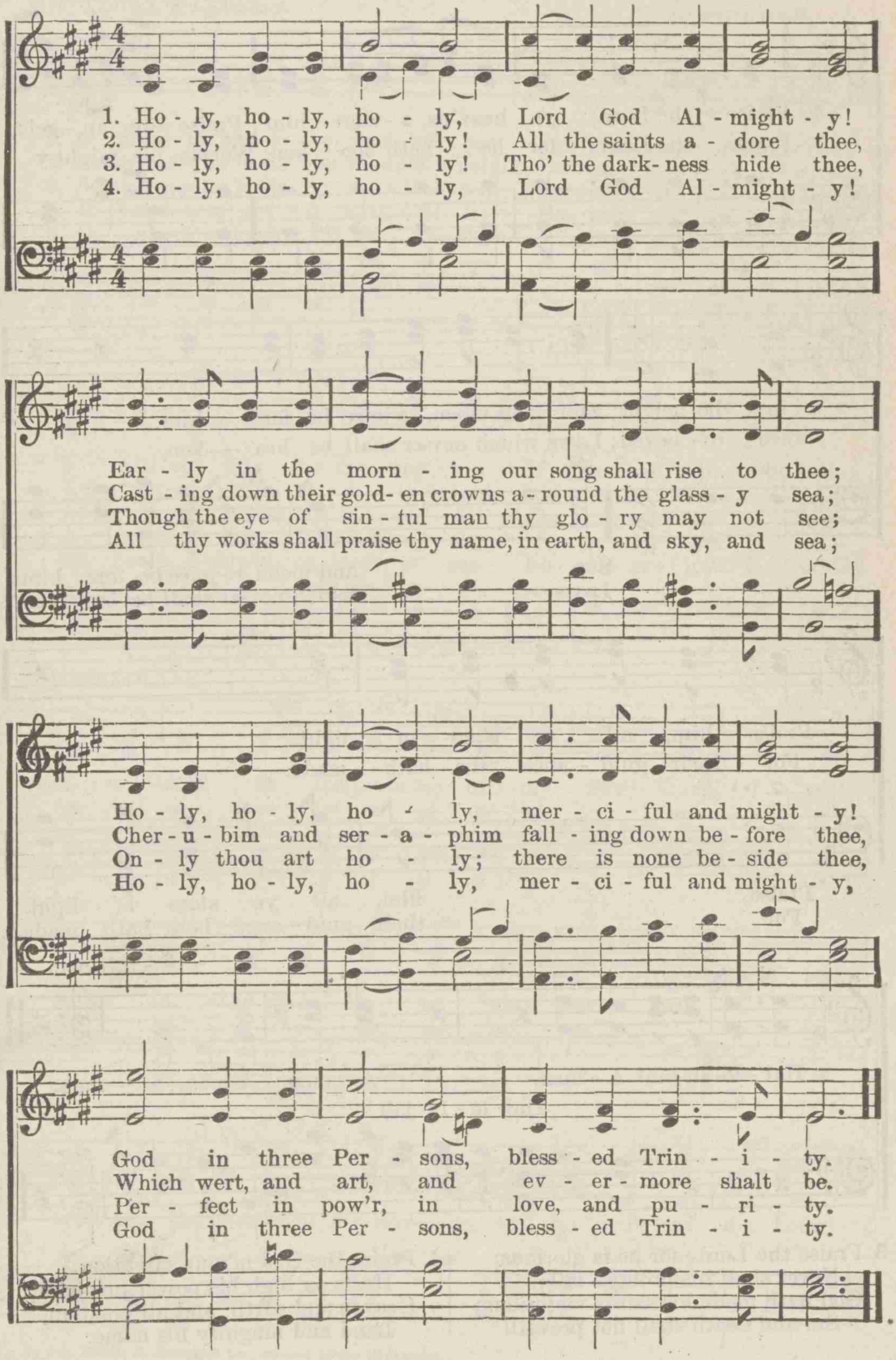


3 Praise the Lord; for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

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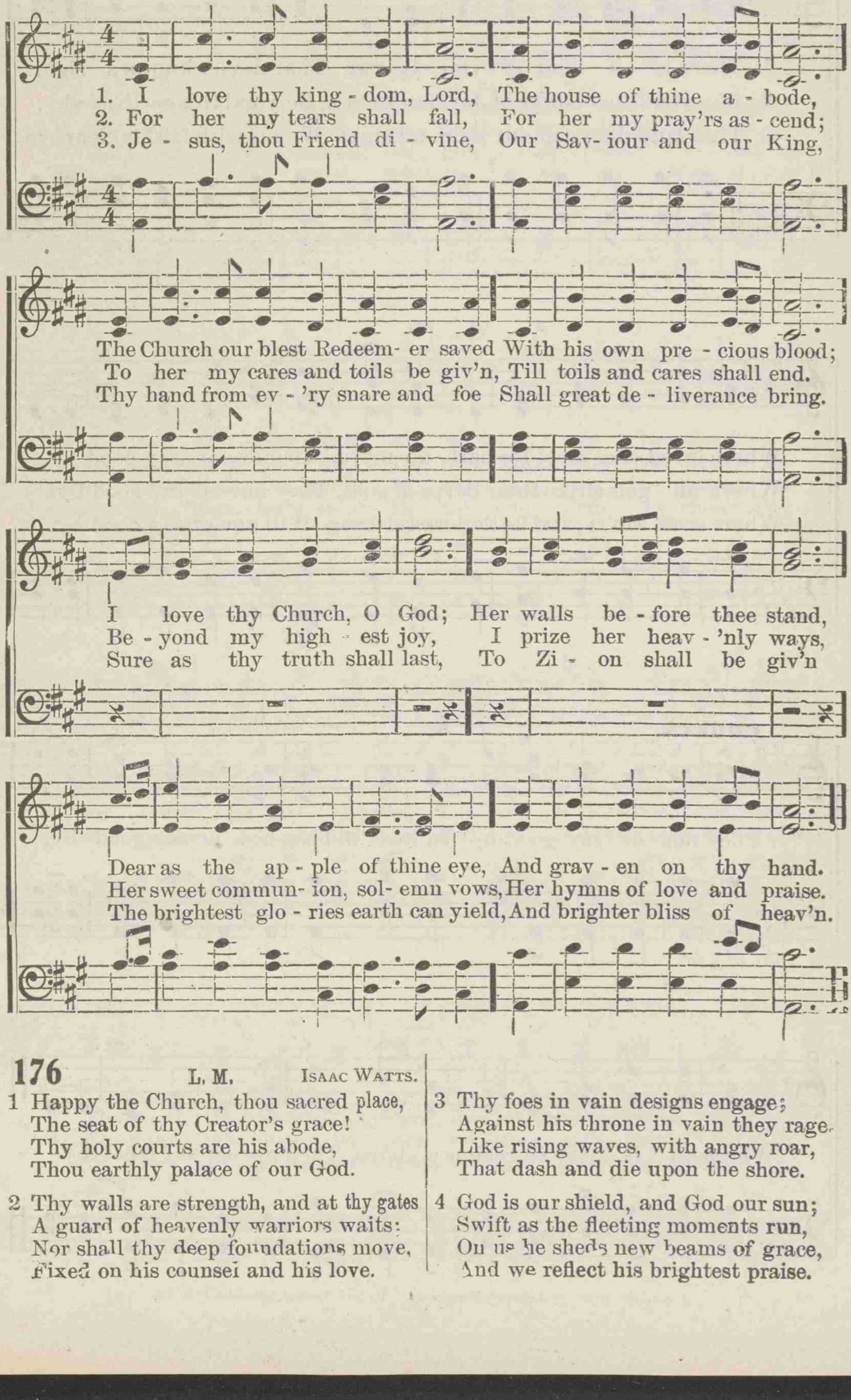
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175 BEALOTH. S. M. Double.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. L. C. EVERETT.



176 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

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

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

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

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

177 THEY NEVER SAY GOOD-BY.

FRANK M. DAVIS. FRED. A. WORDEN.

1. There is a land di-vine-ly fair That nev-er knows a sigh,
2. Be-yond that banks of Jor-dan's stream, Be-yond this earth-ly sky,
3. That land be-yond our mor-tal sight We see with faith's clear eye,

Where loved ones meet to part no more, To nev-er say good-by.
Where an-gels strike their harps of gold, They nev-er say good-by.
Where saints, who've joined the blood-washed throng, Will nev-er say good-by.
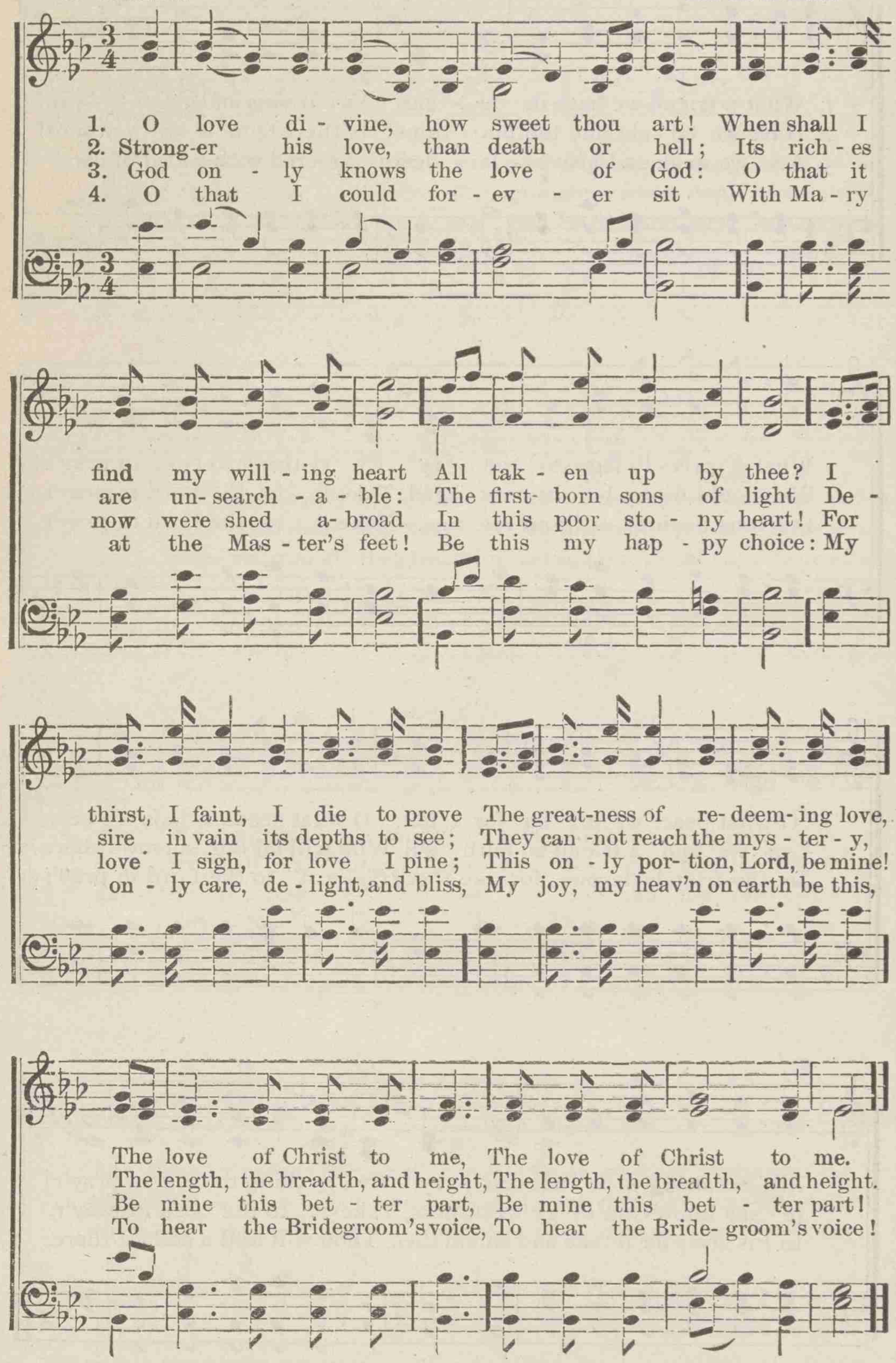
CHORUS.

They nev-er say good-by in heav'n, They nev-er say good-by,
Where all is love, in realms a-bove, They nev-er say good-by.

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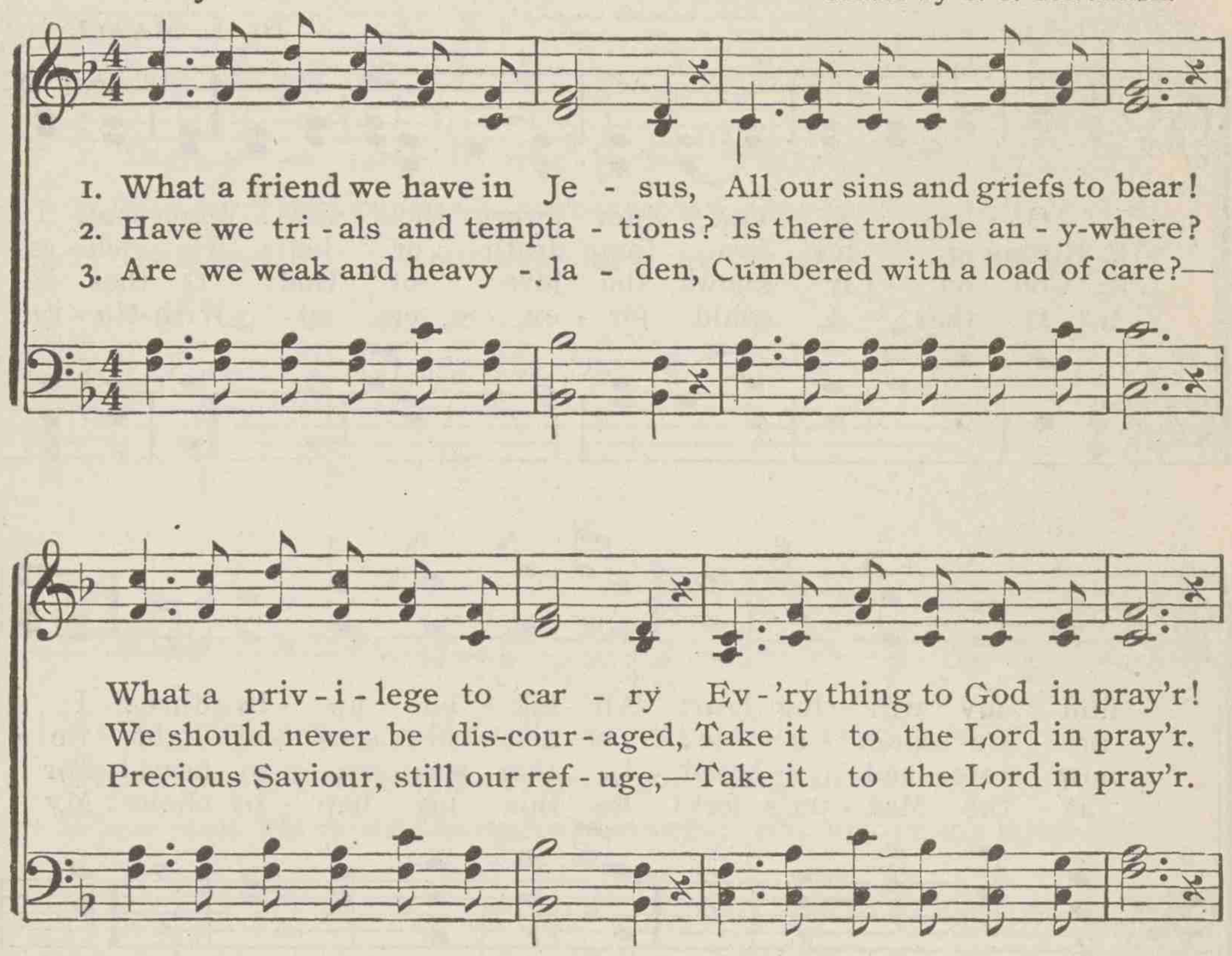
178 ARIEL. C. P. M.

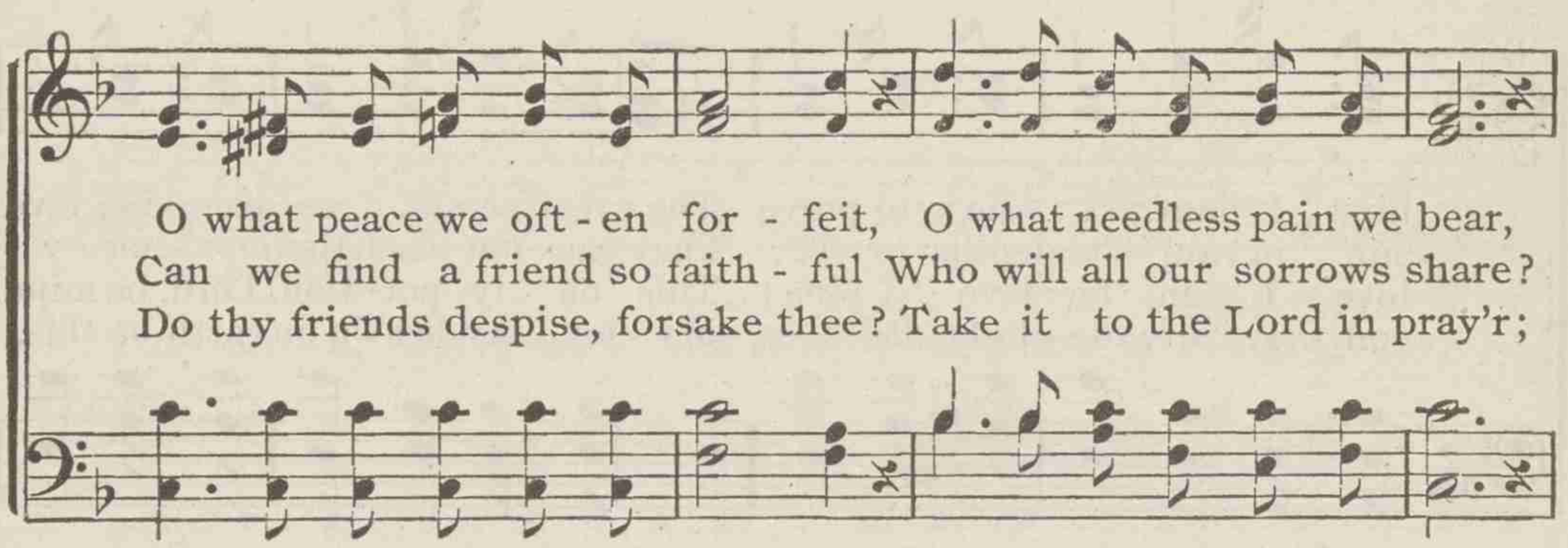
C. WESLEY. Dr. L. MASON.

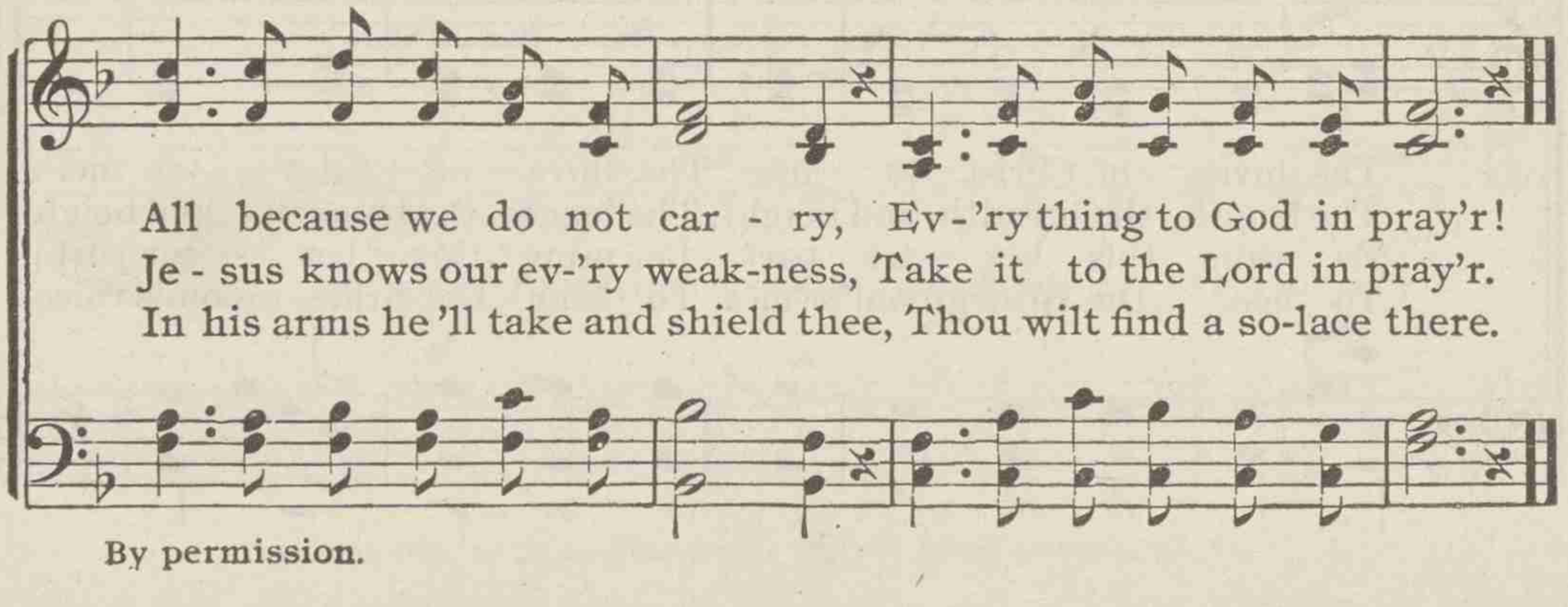


179 WHAT A FRIEND.

Words by H. BONAR. Music by C. C. CONVERSE.







By permission.

180 SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. B. TOWNER.

Moderato.

1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet
2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet
3. We shall meet our lov'd and own, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet
day; Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet
day; Gath-'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un -
day; We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the lamb that's
day; Be the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - 'ry -

fold Heav-en's spen - dors, yet un- told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
slain, Christ was dead but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
where, O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

By per. D. B. Towner, owner of Copyright.

181 WATCH!

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. When the cry shall be made at the mid - night, "Go ye
2. Till he comes now he bids us be read - y, Can you
3. O, how sad if our oil is all wast - ed, Though we
4. O, when ris - es the glo - ri - ous sum - mons, "Meet the

out, for the Bridegroom is near!" Will you rise with your lamps trimm'd and
say to the Bridegroom I am? Will you en - ter the door that is
has- ten our lamps to re- new, If we find that the Bridegroom has
Bridegroom and join in the song!" May we all, with our lamps brightly

burn - ing? Will you joy - ful - ly bid him draw near?
o - pen, To the great mar - riage-feast of the Lamb?
en - tered! Left with - out, then, O, what shall we do?
burn - ing, En - ter in with the wor - ship - ping throng!

REFRAIN.

We will watch, ev - er watch! Till the
We will watch, we will watch!

Bridegroom shall come in his pow'r; Je - sus saith, we must
Je - sus saith,

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

WATCH!—Concluded.

watch, For we know not the day nor the hour.
watch, ev - er watch,

182 MERIBAH. C. P. M.

SELINA, Countess of Huntingdon. LOWELL MASON.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransomed people home,
2. I love to meet thy peo-ple now, Be-fore thy feet with them to bow,
3. O Lord, pre-vent it by thy grace; Be thou my on-ly hid-ing-place,
4. A - mong thy saints let me be found, Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,

Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Though vil - est of them all; But, can I bear the pierc-ing tho't,
In this th' ac-cept - ed day; Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
To see thy smil - ing face; Then loud-est of the throng I'll sing,

Who sometimes am a - fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?
What if my name should be left out, When thou for them shalt call?
To still my un - be - liev - ing fear, Nor let me fall, I pray.
While heavn's resounding mansions ring With shouts of sover-eign grace.

183 AS PANTS THE HART.

NAHUM TATE, 1696.
Altered by HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834. R. M. MCINTOSH

DUET.

1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, When heated in the chase,
2. For thee, my God, the liv- ing God, My thirst-y soul doth pine;
3. Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Trust God and thou shalt sing

So pants my soul, O Lord! for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.
O, when shall I be-hold thy face, Thou Maj-es - ty di - vine?
His praise a- gain, and find him still Thy health's e-ter - nal spring.
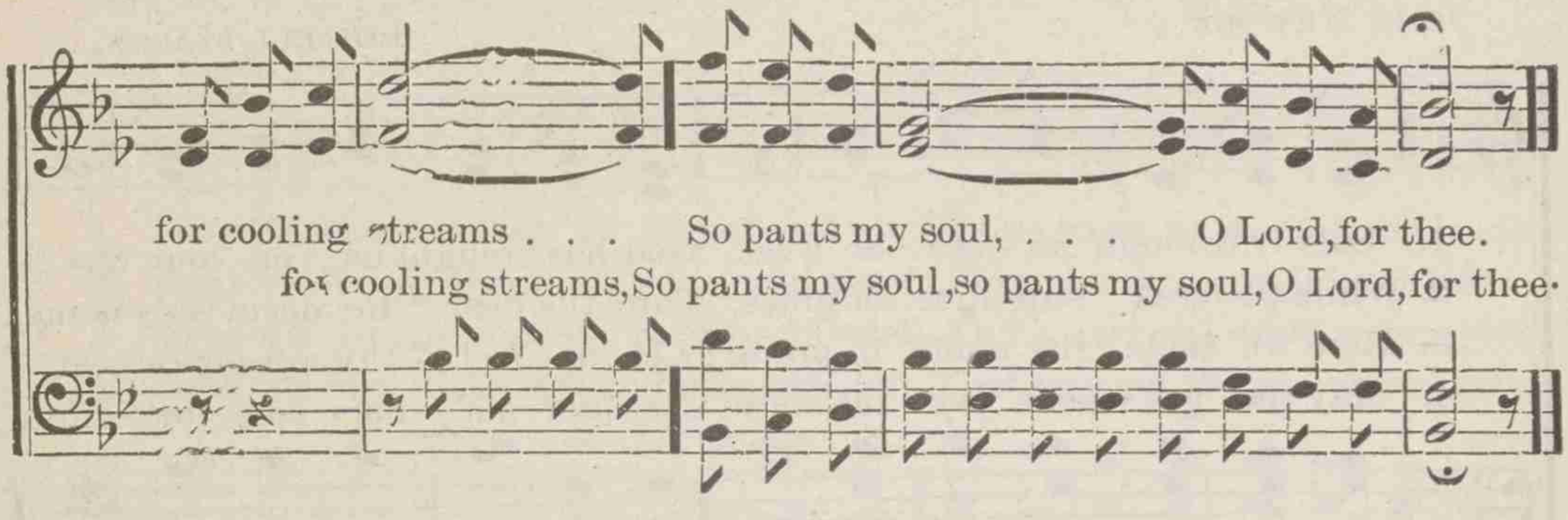
REFRAIN.

As pants the hart . . . . . for cooling streams. . . . . So pants my
As pants the hart for cool-ing streams,

soul, ... O Lord, for thee; . . . . . As pants the hart . . . .
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee, O Lord, for thee, As pants the hart

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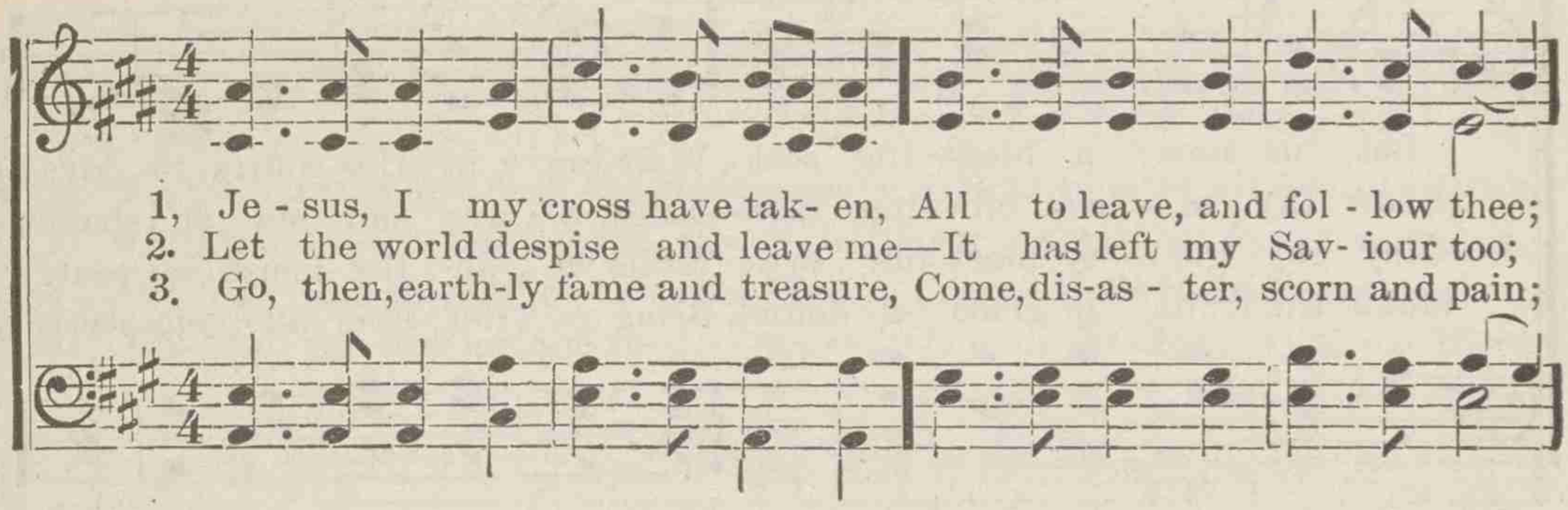
AS PANTS THE HART.—Concluded.
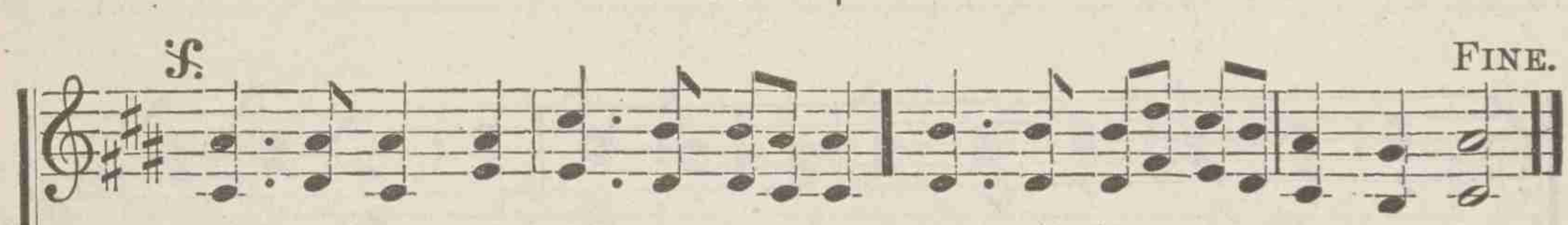


for cooling streams . . . So pants my soul, . . . O Lord, for thee.
for cooling streams, So pants my soul, so pants my soul, O Lord, for thee.

184 ELLESIDE. 8s & 7s. Double.

H. F. LYTE. MOZART.
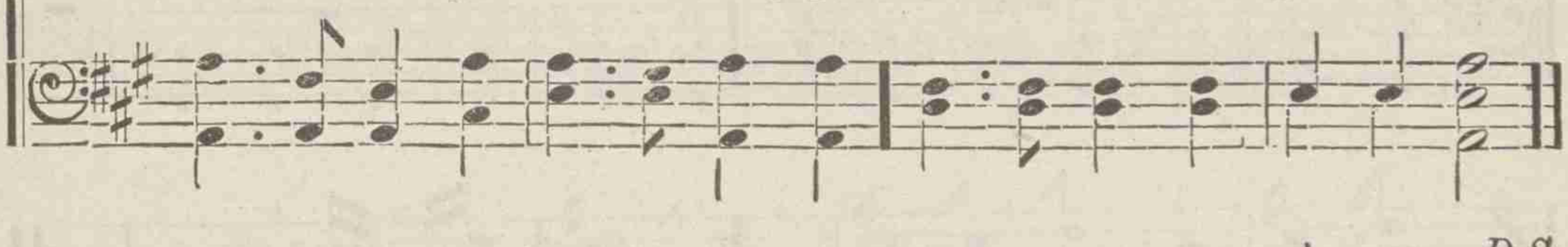


1, Je - sus, I my cross have tak- en, All to leave, and fol - low thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me—It has left my Sav- iour too;
3. Go, then, earth-ly fame and treasure, Come, dis-as - ter, scorn and pain;
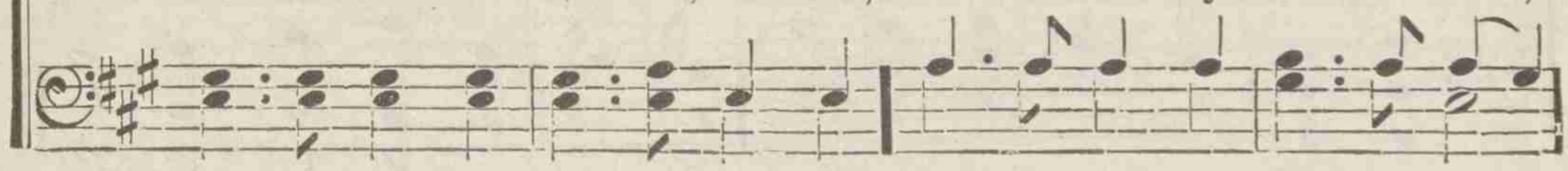


FINE.

I am poor, de-spised, for - sak- en—Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con- di- tion—God and heav'n are still my own!
Hu - man hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, un-true;
D.S.—Foes may hate and friends may scorn me—Show thy face, and all is bright.
In thy ser- vice, pain is pleasure; With thy fav - or, loss is gain.
D.S.—Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All will work for good to me.
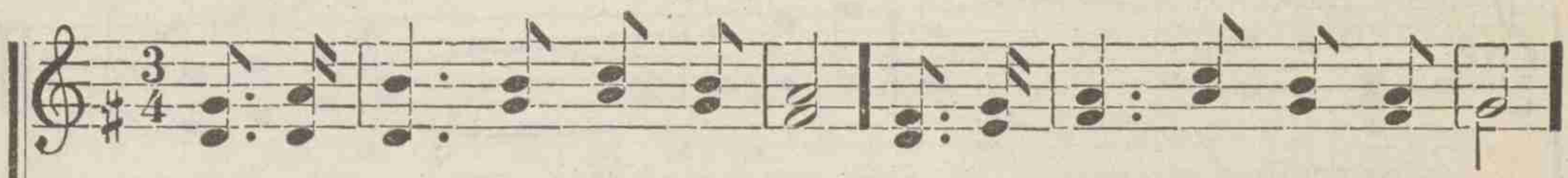


D.S.

Per- ish ev - 'ry fond am- bi - tion, All I'll sought and hoped and known:
Whilst thy gra - ces shall a - dorn me, God of wis- dom, love, and might,
I have called thee, Ab-ba, Fath-er; I have set my heart on thee;
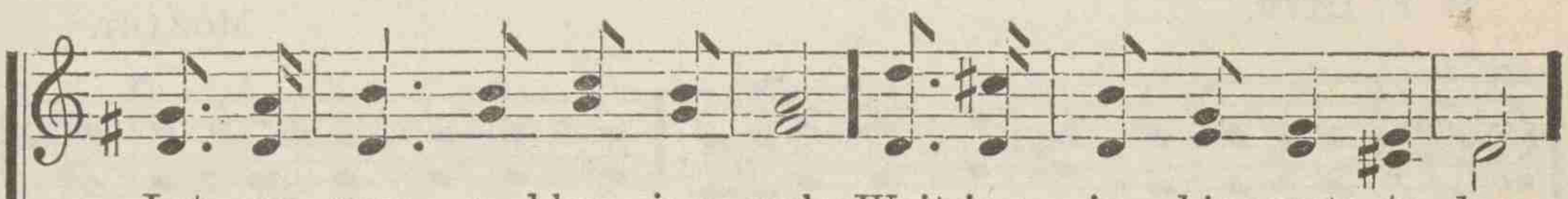


185 SABBATH. 7s. Double.

JOHN NEWTON. LOWELL MASON.
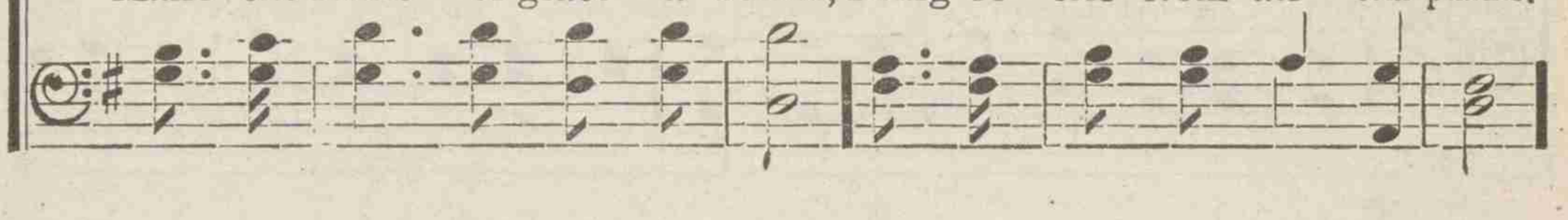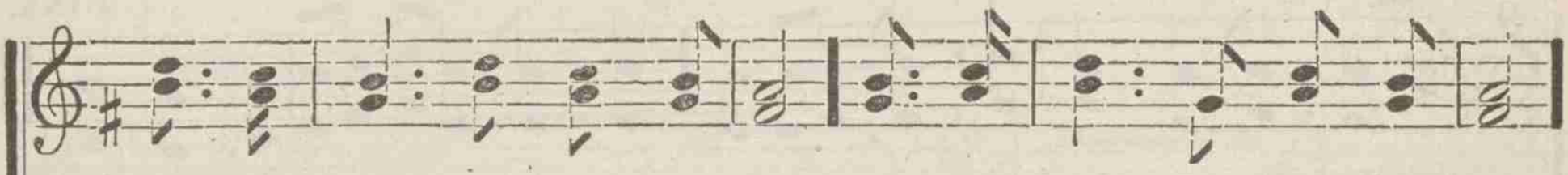


1. Safe-ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
2. While we seek sup-plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re- deem -er's name,
3. Here we come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy pres-ence near;
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin - ners, com -fort saints,



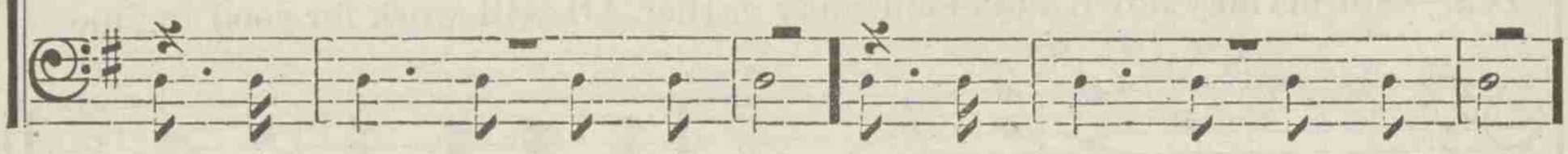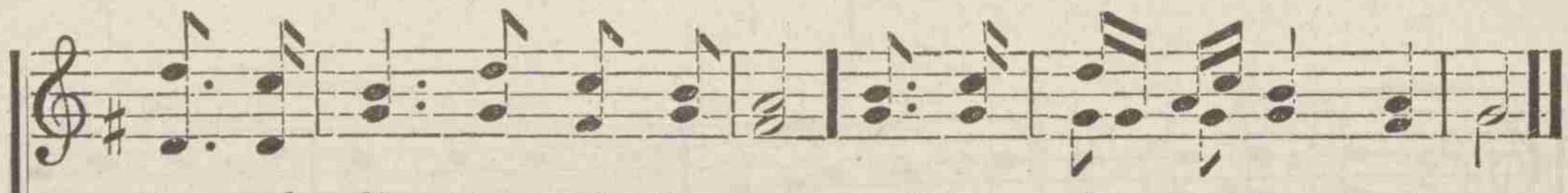


Let us now a bless - ing seek; Wait-ing in his courts to- day.
Show thy re - con -cil - ing face—Take a - way our sin and shame;
May thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap- pear:
Make the fruits of grace a- bound, Bring re - lief from all com-plaints:
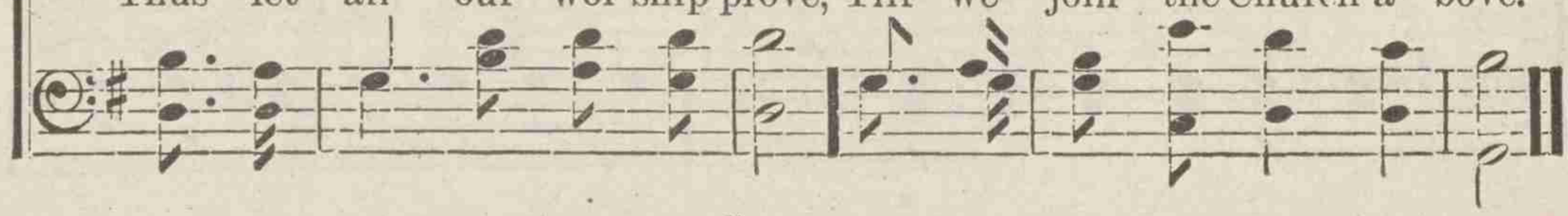




Day of all the week the best, Em- blem of e - ter - nal rest;
From our world - ly cares set free, May we - rest this day in thee;
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last -ing feast;
Thus let all our wor - ship prove, Till we join the Church a - bove;
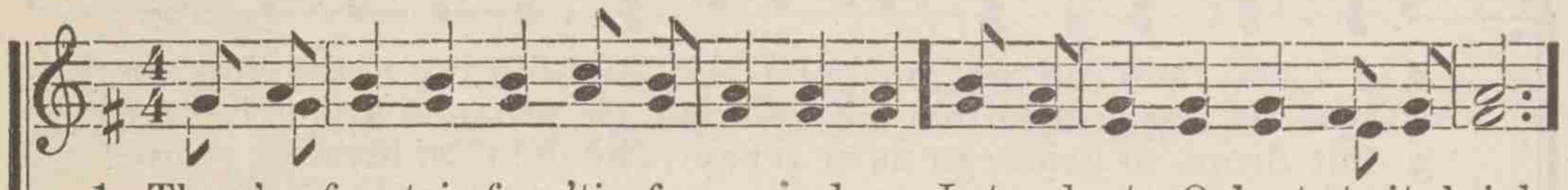




Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
Thus let all our wor-ship prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.

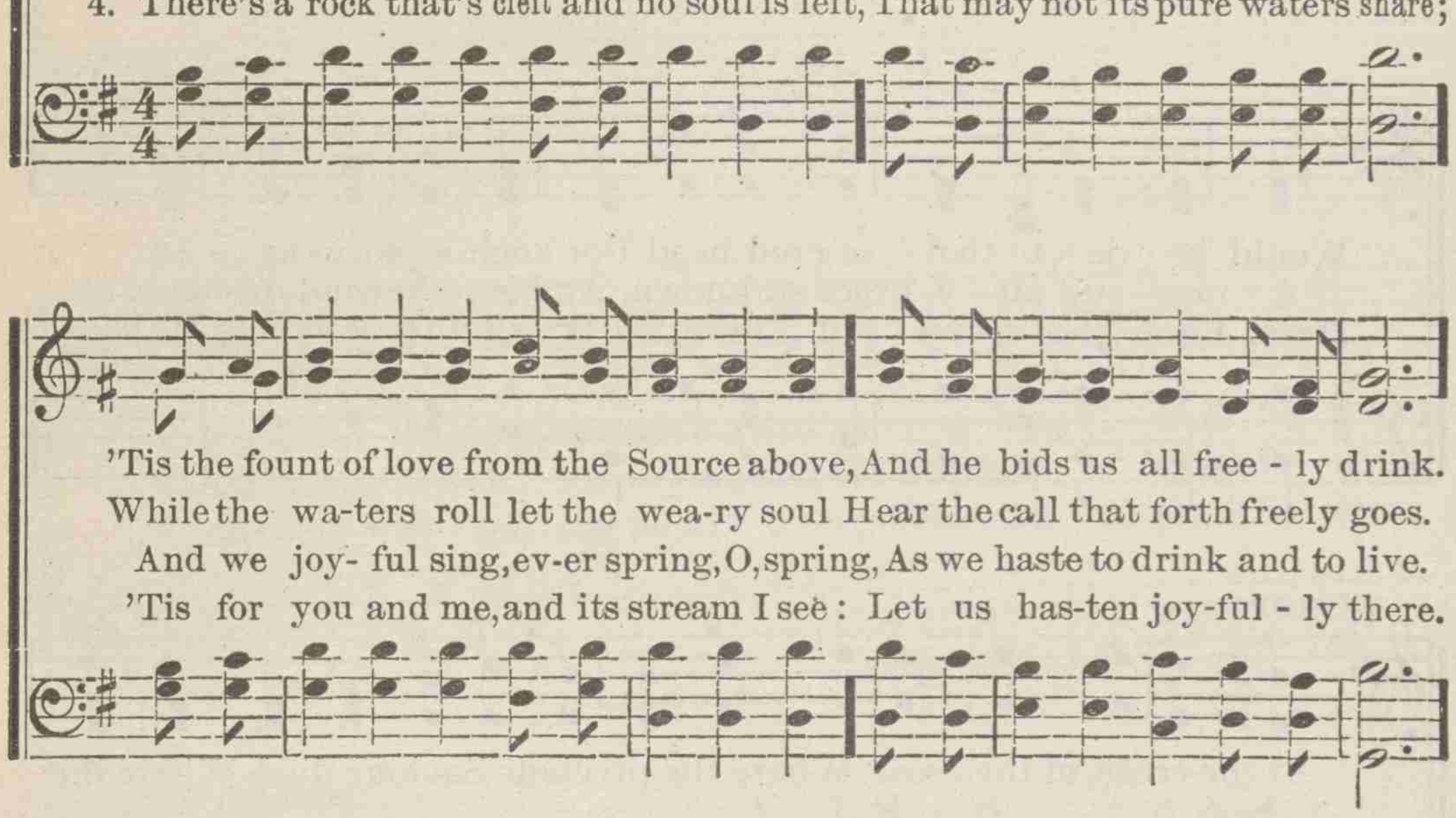


186 FREE WATERS.

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

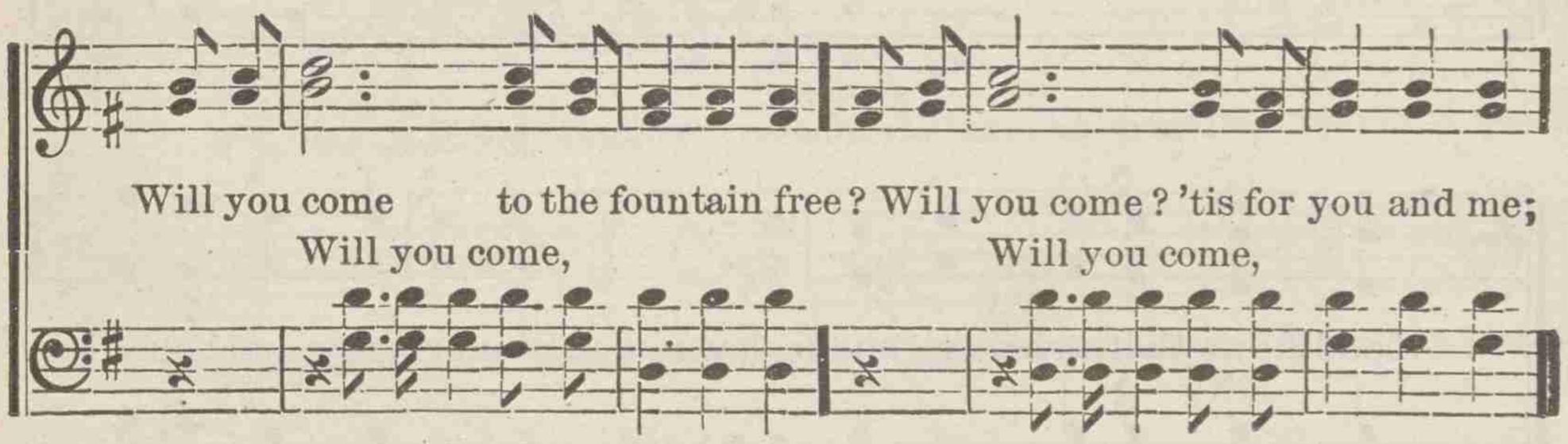


1. There's a fountain free, 'tis for you and me: Let us haste, O, haste to its brink;
2. There's a living stream, with a crystal gleam: From the throne of life now it flows;
3. There's a liv-ing well and its wa-ters swell, And e - ter-nal life they can give;
4. There's a rock that's cleft and no soul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



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

CHORUS.



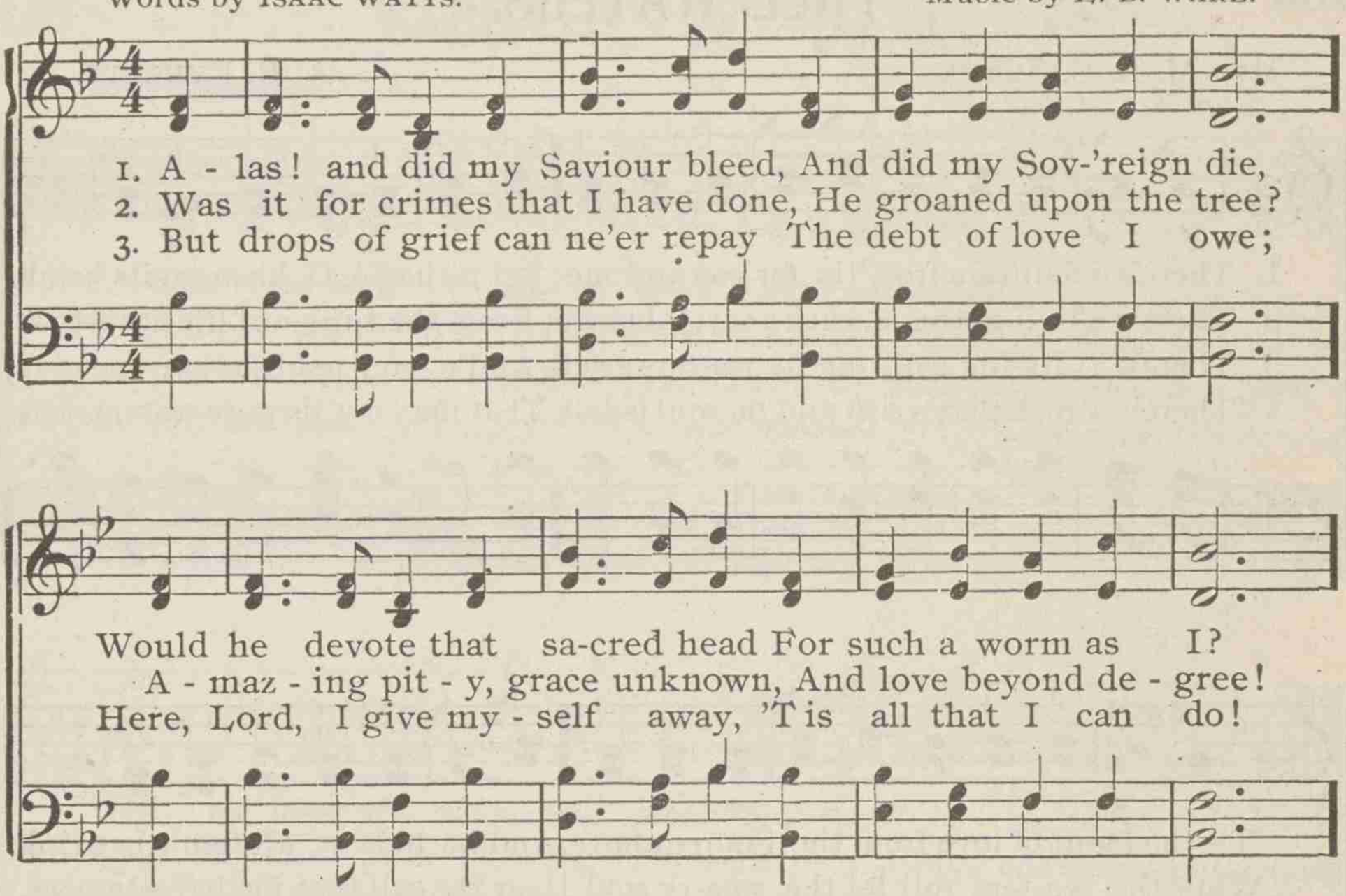
Will you come to the fountain free? Will you come? 'tis for you and me;
Will you come, Will you come,
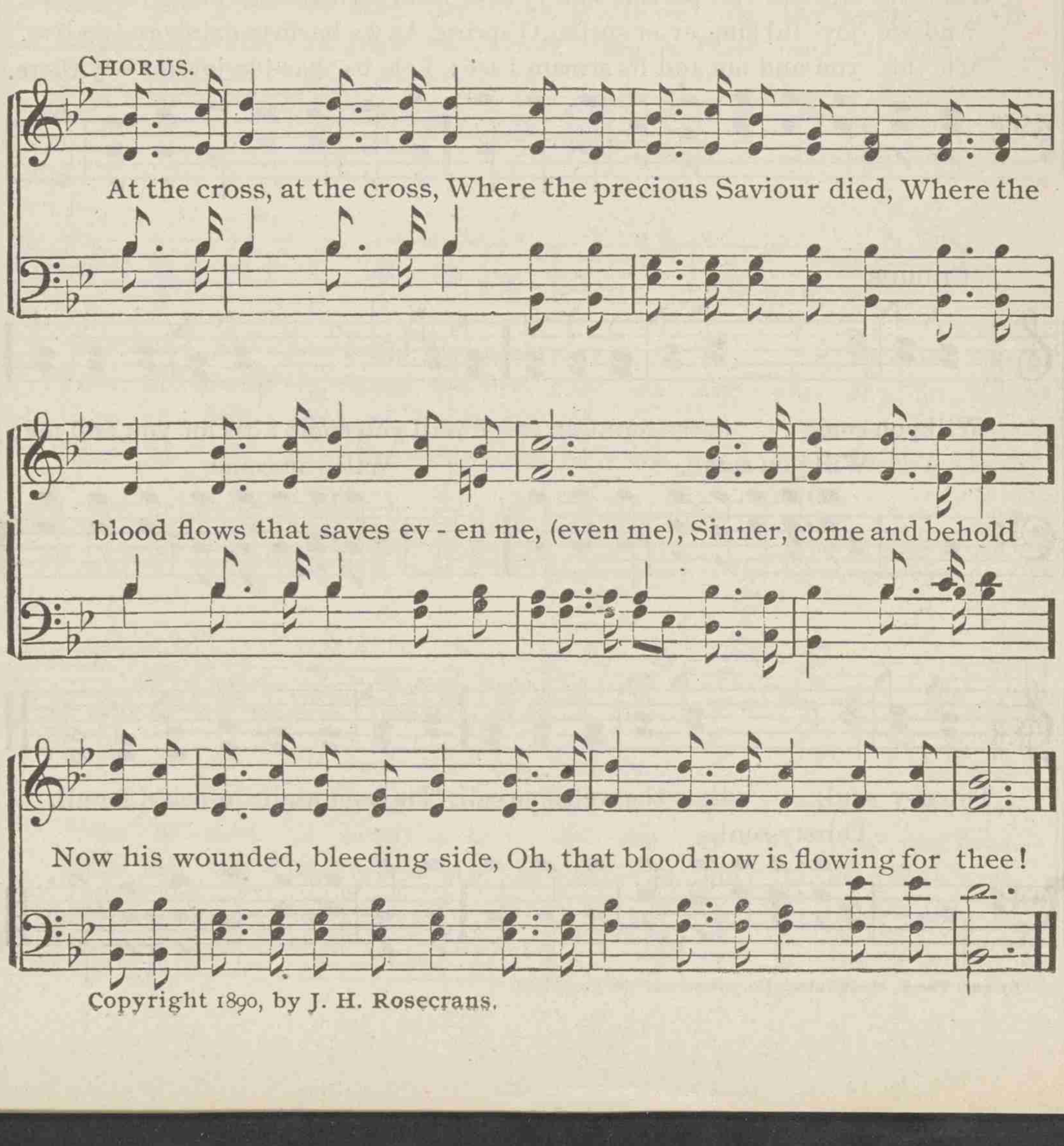
Thirst-y soul, hear the welcome call: 'Tis a fountain o-pen'd for all.
Thirsty soul,

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187 AT THE CROSS WHERE JESUS DIED.

Words by ISAAC WATTS. Music by E. B. WARE.





Copyright 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

188 Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

H. BONAR. Arr. from BUSHEY, by R. M. MCINTOSH.

DUET.

1. Be - yond the smiling and the weeping, Be - yond the waking and the
2. Be - yond the blooming and the fad - ing, Be - yond the shining and the
3. Be - yond the parting and the meeting, Be - yond the farewell and the

sleep-ing, Be-yond the sowing and the reap-ing, I shall be soon.
shad - ing, Be-yond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon.
greet-ing, Be-yond the pulse's fe-ver'd beat-ing, I shall be soon.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

I'll be rest-ing, sweetly rest-ing, Where sad part-ing can - not come,

Home, sweet home, home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, home, sweet home,

Be - yond . . . life's sor - rows

Be-yond life's sor-rows I shall rest, In heav - en my home.

home, sweet home.

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

189 DRAW ME NEAR THEE.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

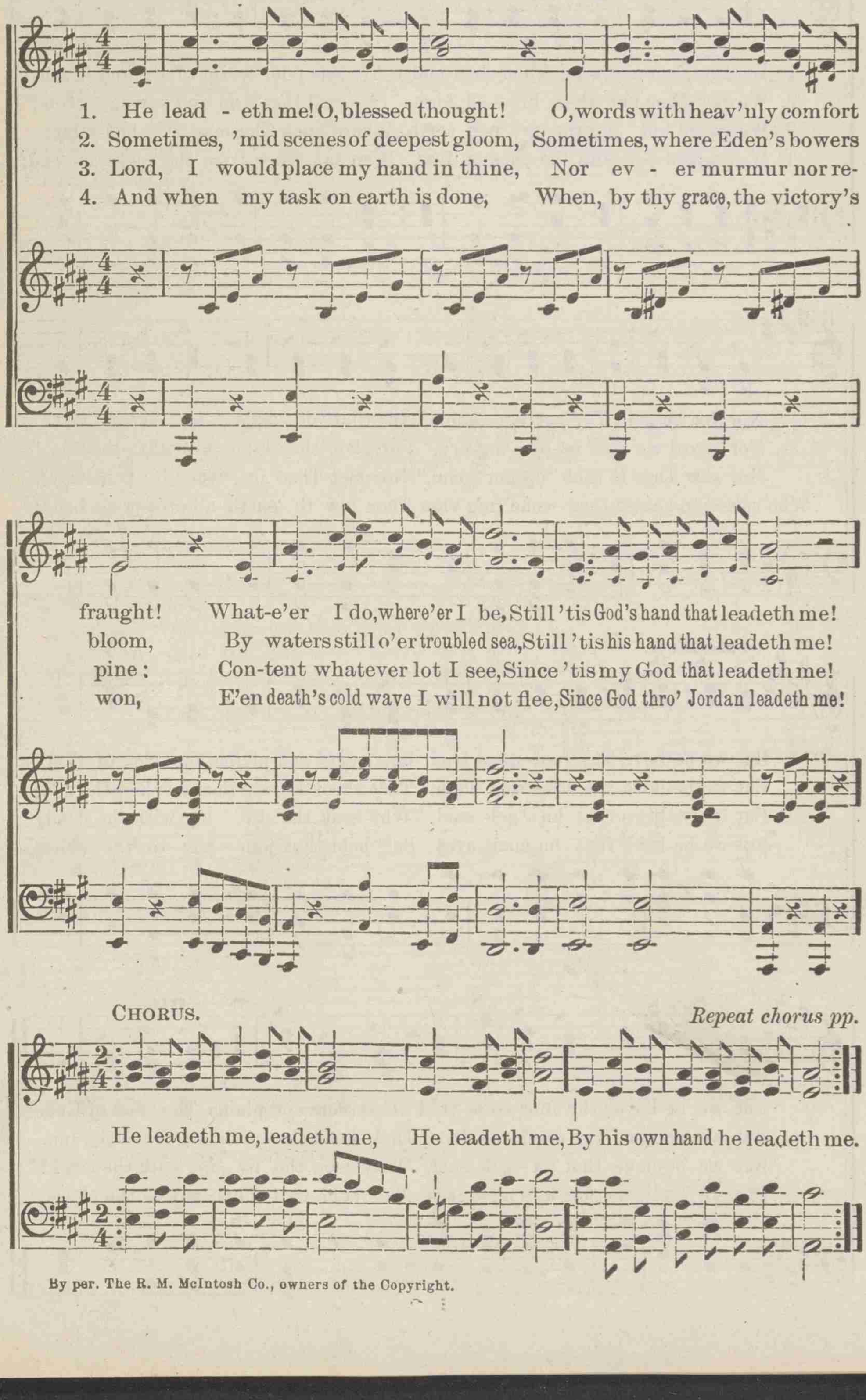
oth - er:
oth- er, can no oth-er,

By thy might - - y sav- ing pow'r! . .
By thy mighty, saving pow'r, saving pow'r!

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190 HE LEADETH ME.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE. Mrs. R. M. McINTOSH.



1. He lead - eth me! O, blessed thought! O, words with heav'nly comfort fraught! What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
2. Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes, where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!
3. Lord, I would place my hand in thine, Nor ev - er murmur nor repine; Con-tent whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the victory's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me!

CHORUS. *Repeat chorus pp.*

He leadeth me, leadeth me, He leadeth me, By his own hand he leadeth me.

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

191 WE BELIEVE.

A Favorite in England. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death;
2. We saw Thee not when lift - ed high, A - mid that wild and sav-age crew;
3. We gazed not in the o - pen tomb, Where once Thy man-gled bod-y lay;
4. We walked not with the chos-en few, Who saw Thee from the earth as-cend;

Nor yet be-held Thy cot-tage home, In that de - spis - ed Naz-a - reth;
Nor heard we that im-plor-ing cry, "For-give, they know not what they do!"
Nor saw Thee in that "up-per room," Nor met Thee on the o - pen way;
Who raised to heav'n their wond'ring view, Then low to earth all pros-trate bend;

CHORUS.

But we be-lieve Thy foot-steps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God;
But we be-lieve the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun;
But we be-lieve that an - gels said, "Why seek the liv - ing with the dead?"
But we be-lieve that hu-man eyes Be - held that jour - ney to the skies;

Rit.

But we be-lieve Thy foot-steps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.
But we be-lieve the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun.
But we be-lieve that an - gels said, "Why seek the liv - ing with the dead?"
But we be-lieve that hu - man eyes Be - held that jour - ney to the skies.

192 ARE YOU FOLLOWING THE SAVIOUR?

E. R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Are you fol-low-ing the Sav-iour dai-ly? Are you tread-ing in the nar - row way? Are you striv - ing in your ways to please Him?
2. Are you fol-low-ing the Sav-iour dai-ly? Are you jour-ney-ing to Zi - on's hill? Are you con-quer-ing each e - vil hab - it?
3. Are you fol-low-ing the Sav-iour dai-ly? Do you feel that He your Shep-herd is? Have you cho - sen Him to be your por - tion?

REFRAIN.

Are you liv - ing for the judg - ment day?
Are you do - ing the Re - deem-er's will? We are fol-low-ing the Sav - iour dai - ly, And His bless-ings on our way are shed!
Do you feel that you by faith are His?

We are drinking of the living wa-ters! We are feast-ing on the liv-ing bread!

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193 THOUGH IN DARKNESS.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

DUET.

1. Do not faint when trib- u - la - tion Darkens, like a cloud, thy
2. Should thy way be rough and drear-y With a gloom - y shade o'er-
3. Onward press, a - mid thy sad- ness, Till thy toils and cares are

sky,— When the storms of des - o - la - tion On thee
cast, Should thy feet be sore and wea - ry, Thou shalt
o'er: All thy grief shall turn to glad - ness, On the

CHORUS.

beat and o'er thee fly.
reach thy home at last.
fair ce - les - tial shore.

Though in dark- ness, God will nev - er Cease to love, or thee for - sake: In thy sor - row he will ev - er Be thy Stay for Je - sus' sake.

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

194 I WILL TELL THE STORY.

F. M. D, FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I will tell the sto-ry How the Lord in glo-ry Has from sin redeemed me;
2. I was worn and weary, All my way seemed dreary, Till I heard my Saviour's
3. In His love a-bid-ing, In His shad-ow hid-ing, I will still the sto - ry

bless His ho-ly name. Saved my soul com-plete-ly, By His grace so
pard'ning voice within, Then life lost its sad - ness, All was joy and
o'er and o'er re-peat. With His grace up-hold-ing, And His arms en -

sweet - ly, I will ev - er-more His won-drous love pro-claim.
glad-ness, Christ had cleansed my heart from all the stains of sin.
fold - ing, I am safe for - ev - er in a sure re - treat.

CHORUS.

I..... will tell the sto - ry, How the Lord in glo - ry,
I will tell the wondrous story, I will tell the wondrous story,
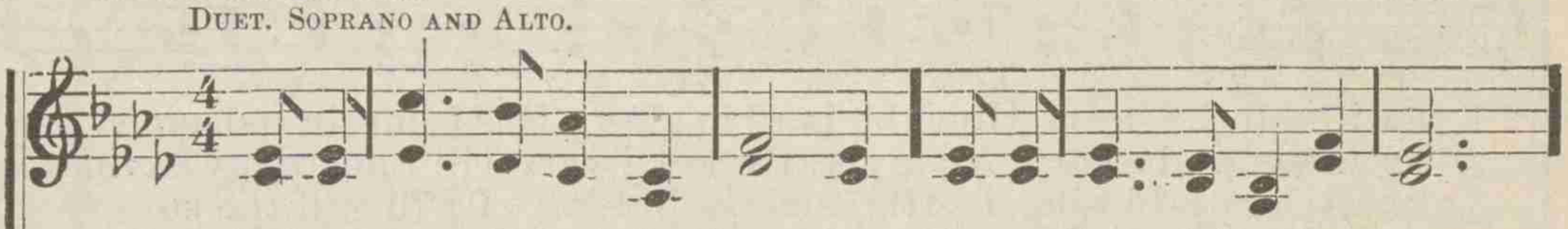
Christ, the blest Re-deem - er, Of-fers par-don full and free.
Christ the Lord of life and glo-ry,

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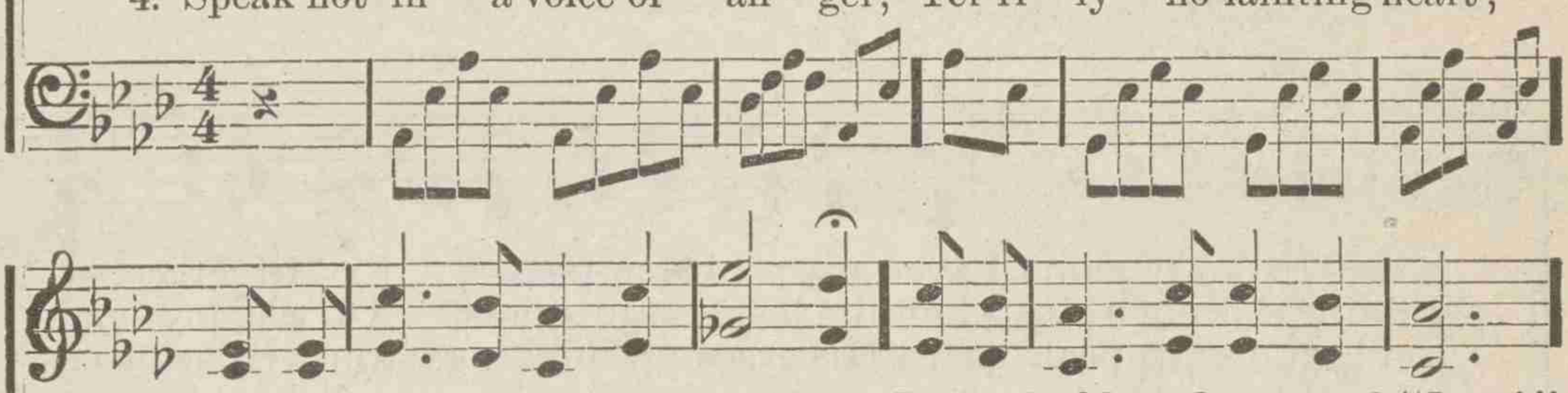
195 LOVE, THE HEAVENLY PASSWORD.

W. H. GARDNER. JOHN R. BRYANT.
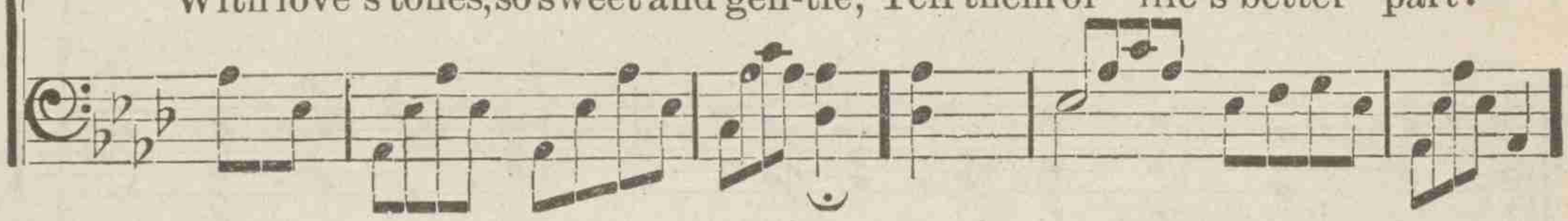
DUET. SOPRANO AND ALTO.
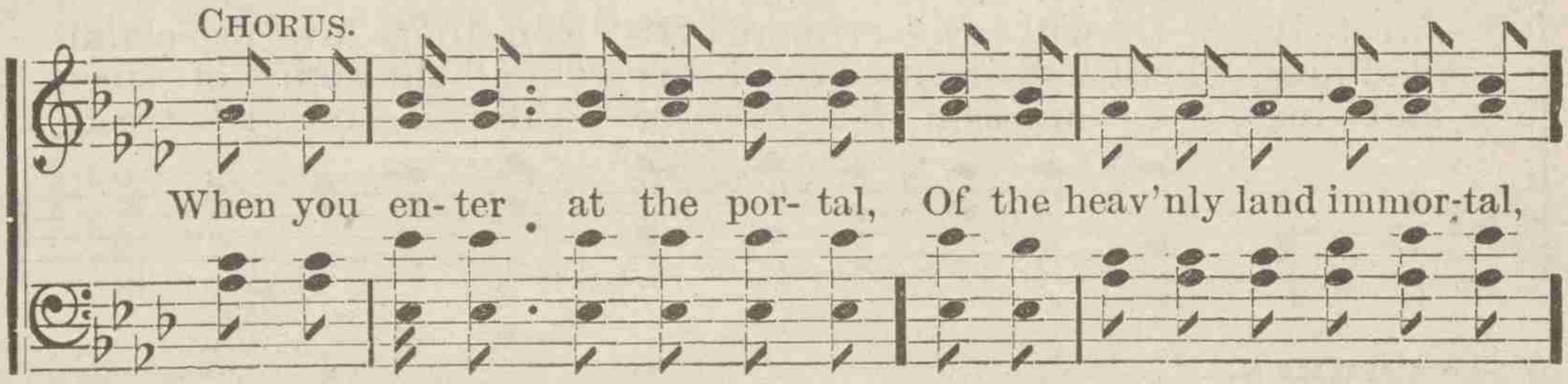


1. Ev'ry heart is fond- ly hop - ing, For a place in heav'n a-bove,
2. Would you win a heart for Je - sus, 'Tis a sim - ple thing to do,
3. Might may win a forced submiss - ion, Making proud heads bow awhile,
4. Speak not in a voice of an - ger; Ter-ri - fy no fainting heart;
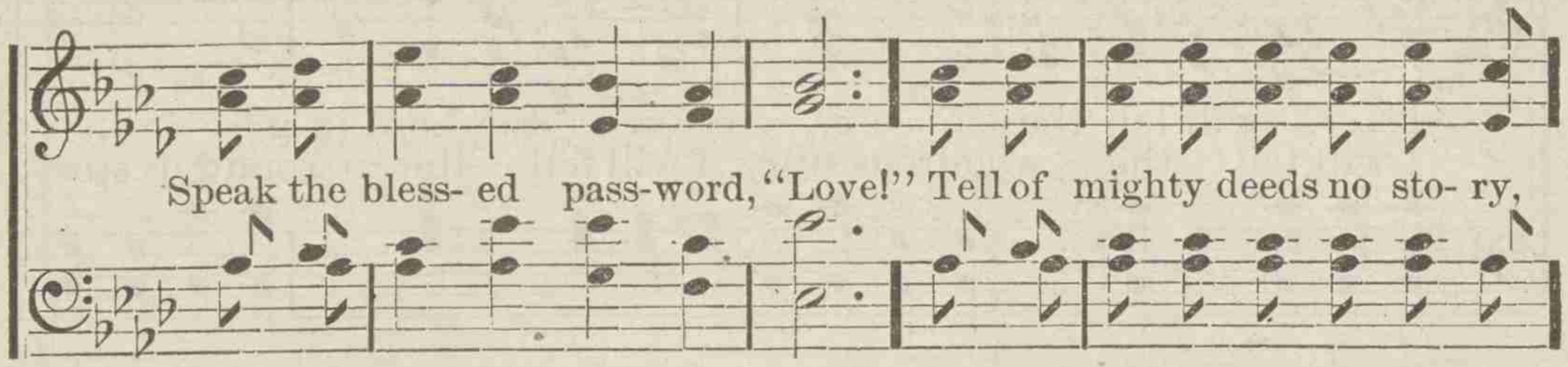


And if you would gain an en-trance, Learn the blessed password, "Love!"
Tell how in his love, the Sav- iour Died for me and died for you.
But with love the hardest serv - ice, Is accomplished with a smile.
With love's tones, so sweet and gen-tle, Tell them of "life's better part!"



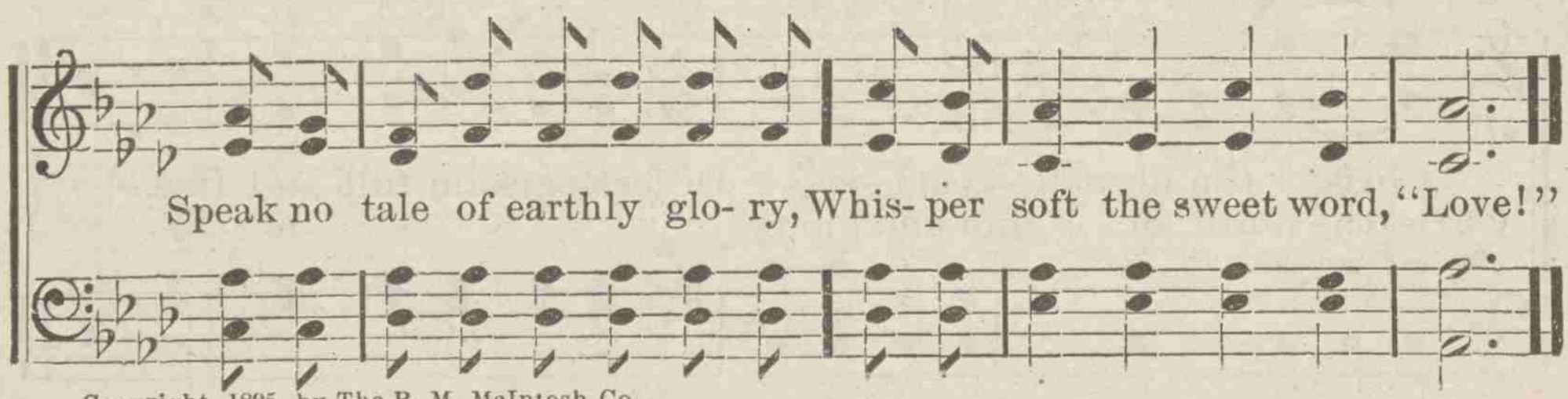
CHORUS.



When you en- ter at the por- tal, Of the heav'nly land immor-tal,



Speak the bless- ed pass-word, "Love!" Tell of mighty deeds no sto- ry,

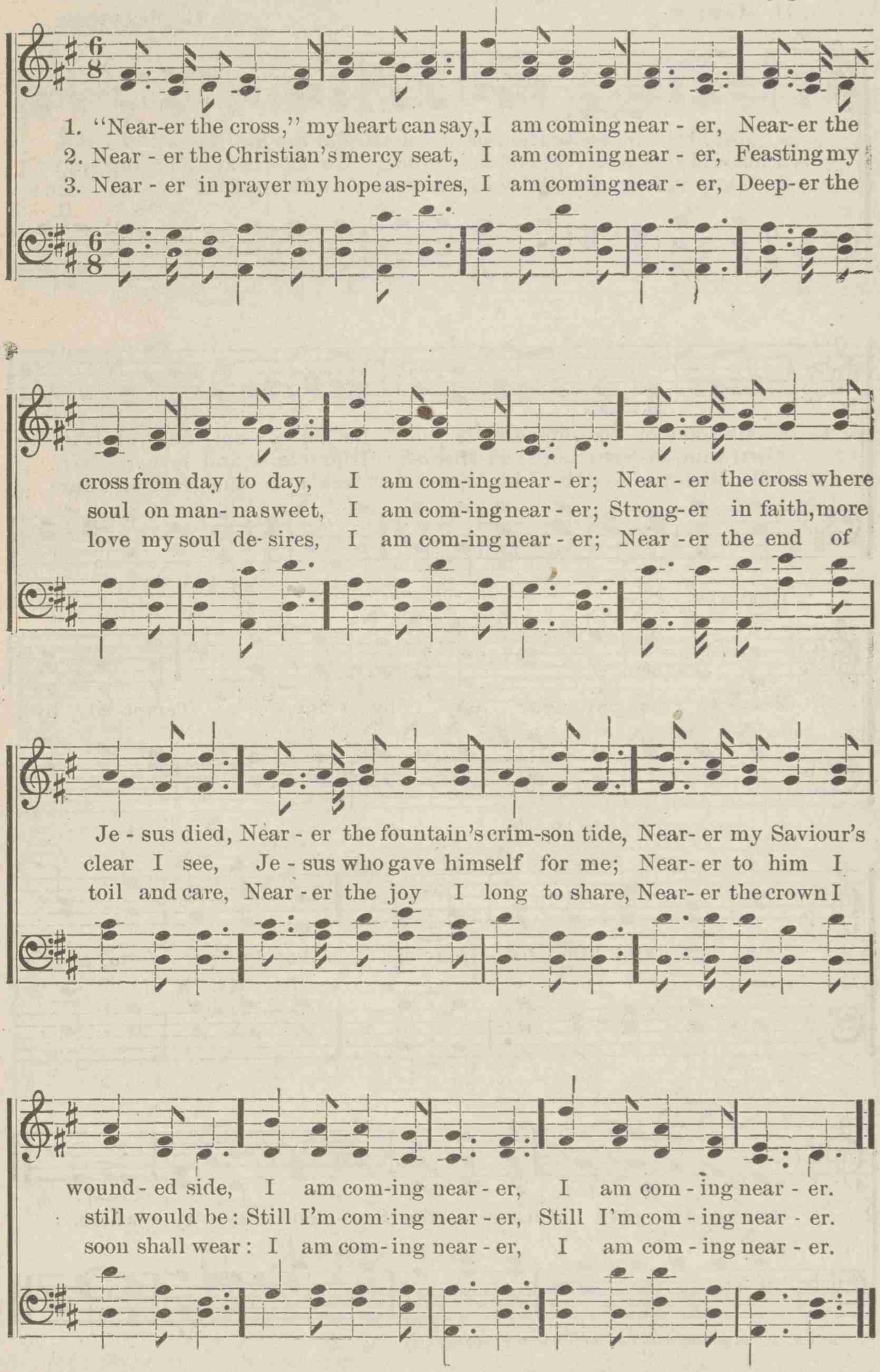


Speak no tale of earthly glo- ry, Whis- per soft the sweet word, "Love!"

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NEARER THE CROSS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.



197 CLEAVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

198 THE REAPING TIME IS COMING.

L. E. JONES. JOHN R. BRYANT.

1. There are days of toil in the sow- ing time, There is need to work and pray, There are fields to scat - ter with pre-cious seed, Ere the
2. There are wea - ry hours when the seed is sown, And the weeds spring up so fast, There are days when bar - ren the field ap - pears; Yet the
3. There are bit - ter tears o'er this fall- ing grain, There are pray'rs that soon may grow; Yet the meas- ure that the soil it will yield, Aught but
4. O the reap - ing time it must sure - ly come, For the Mas - ter's word is giv'n, That the grain from seed that the faith- ful sow, Shall be

CHORUS.

day- light fades a - way. har- vest comes at last. har- vest time can show. garn-ered home in heav'n

O, the reap - - ing time is com - ing, O, the reap-ing time is com - ing,
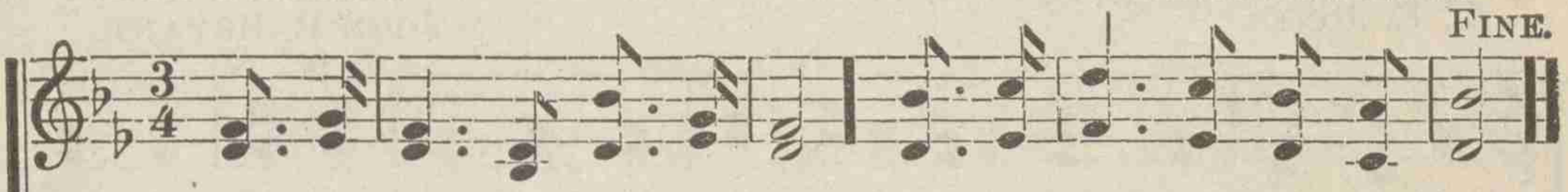
It is com-ing by and by, It is com- ing by and by;

O, the reap - - ing time is com- ing, For the harvest home on high.
O, the reap-ing time is com- ing,

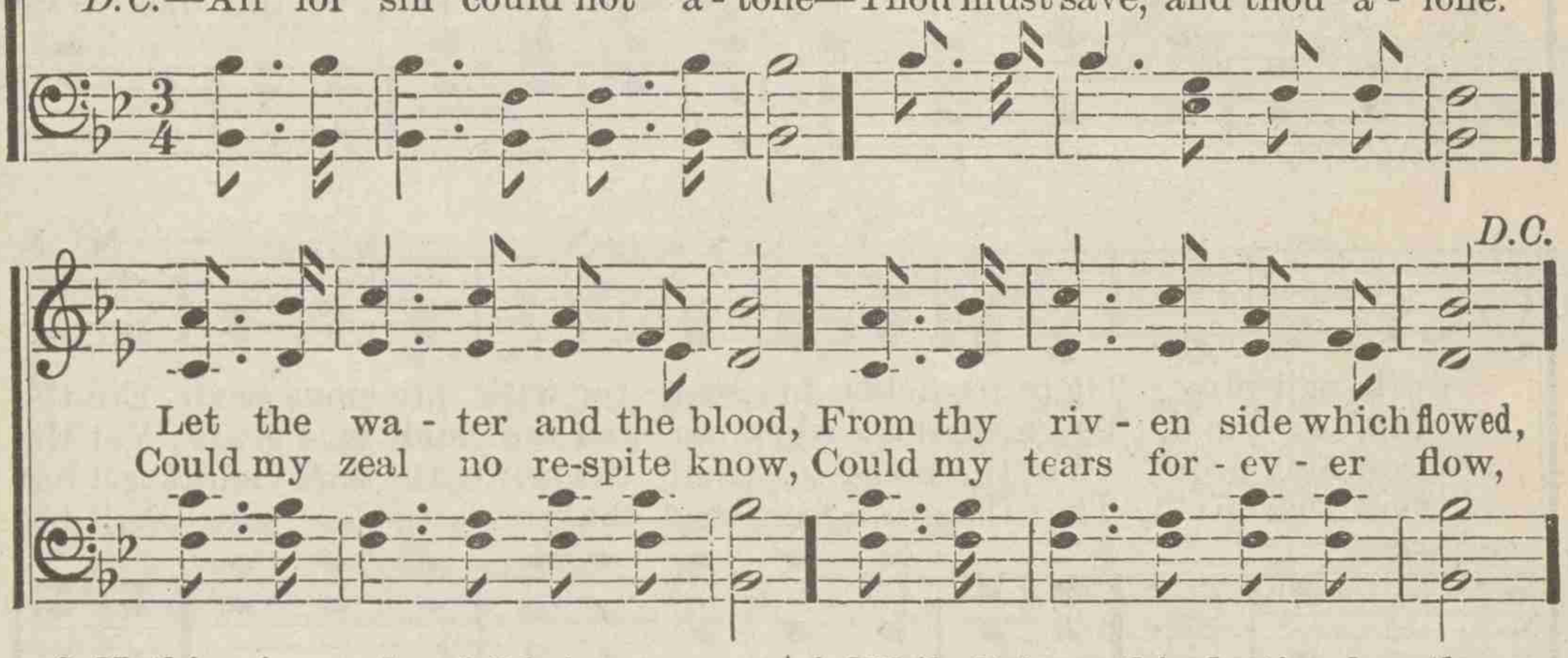
Copyright, 1895, by The R. M. McIntosh Co.

199 ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.



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



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

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

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

200 HORTON. 7s.

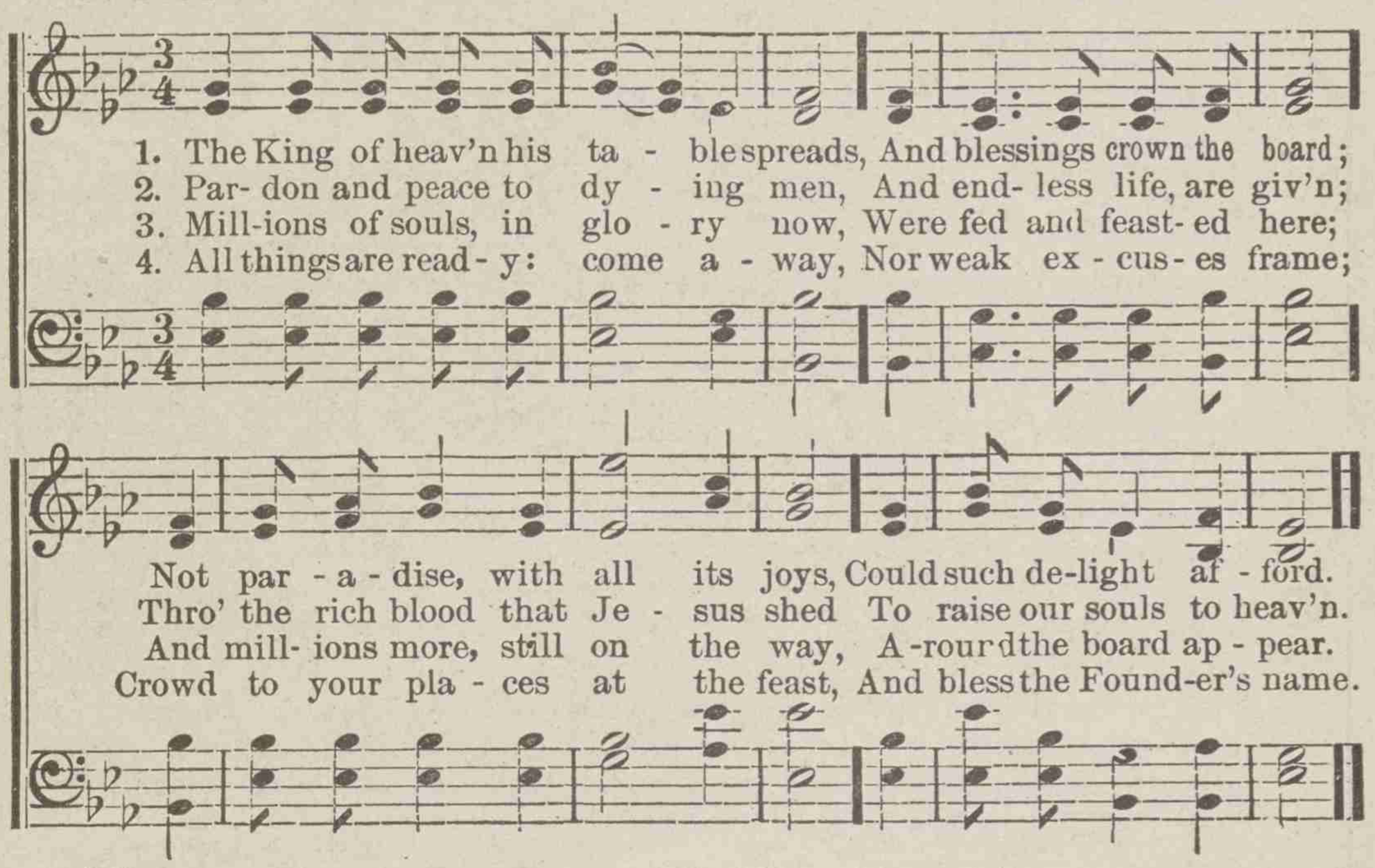
JOSIAH CONDER. XAVIER SCHNEIER.

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

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

201 ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.
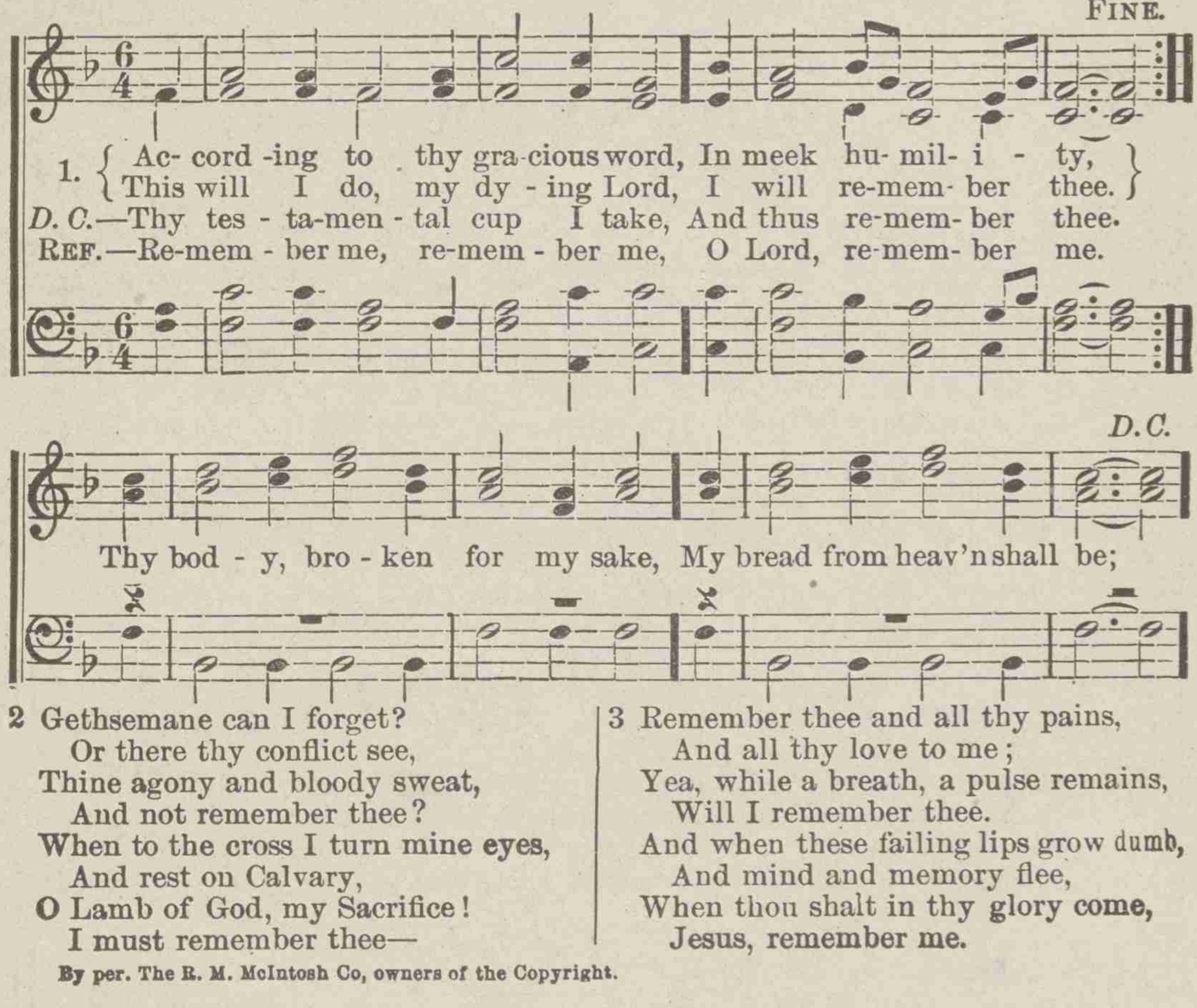
P. DODDRIDGE. GEO. KINGSLEY.



202 DE WITT. C. M. Double.

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

FINE.



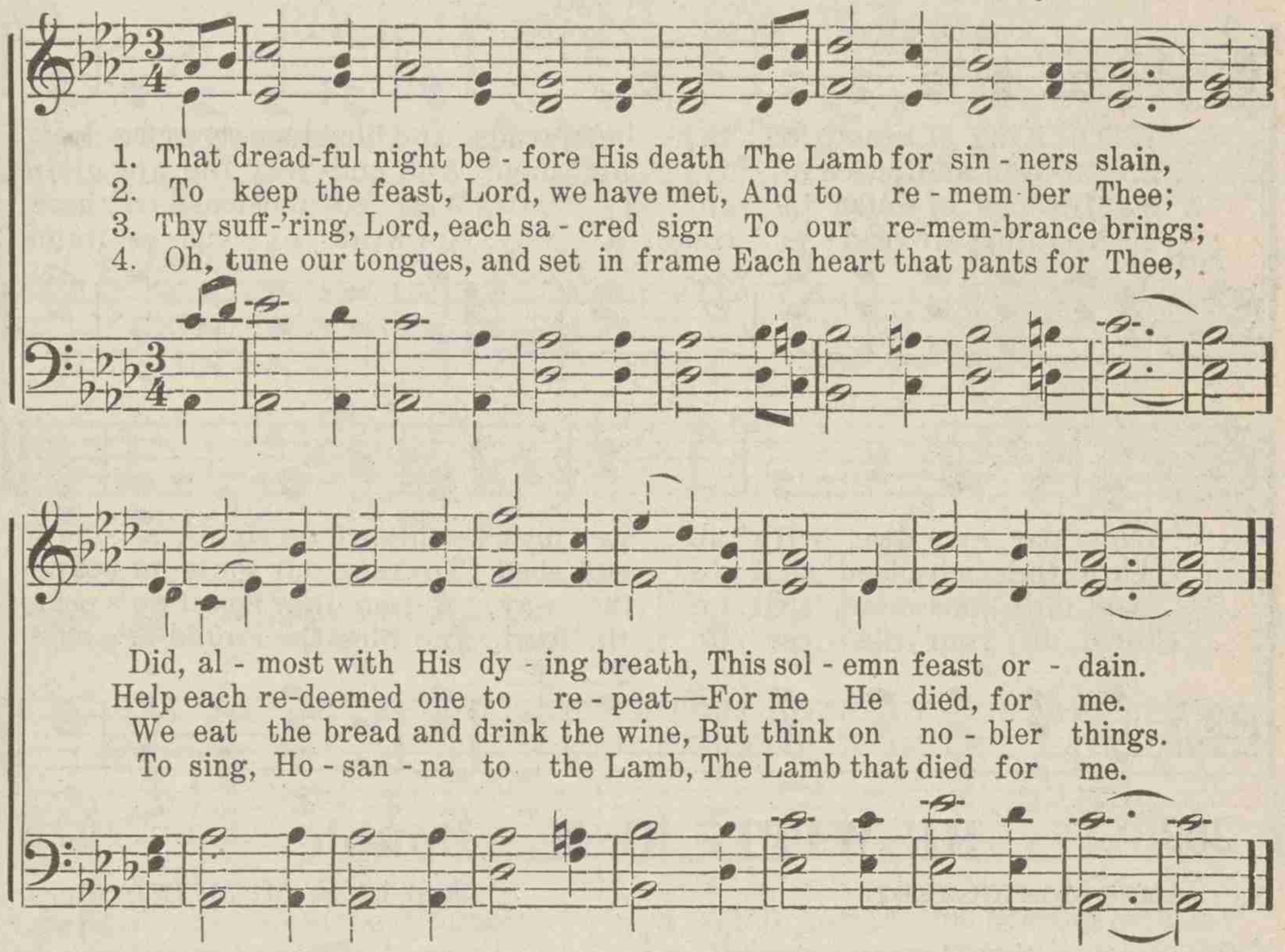
2 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?
When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice!
I must remember thee—

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

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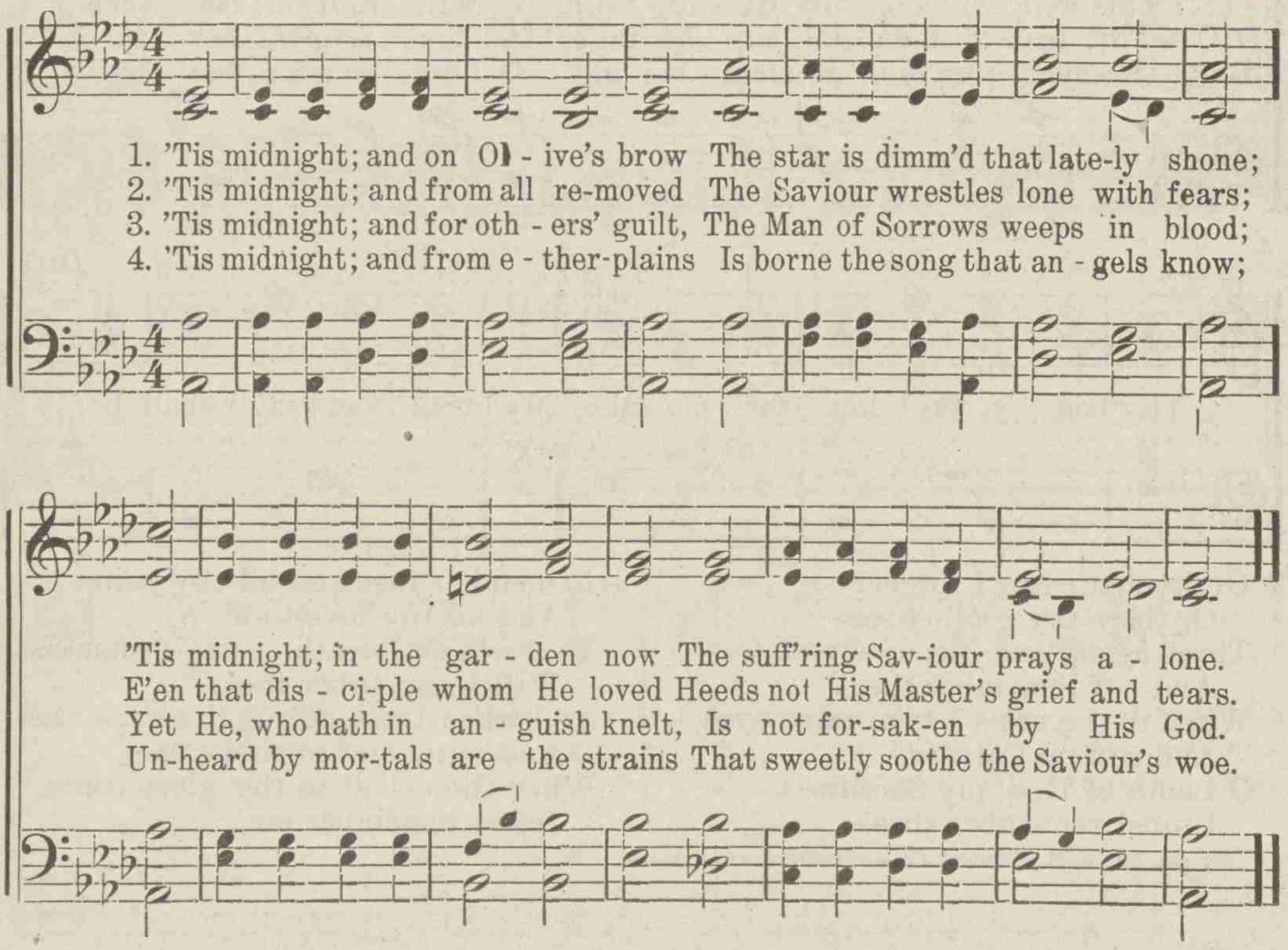
203 MANOAH.

JOSEPH HART. From ROSSINI, by GREATOREX.



204 OLIVE'S BROW.

REV. WM. BINGHAM TAPPAN. WM. B. BRADBURY.



205 GORTON.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

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

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

206 NAOMI.

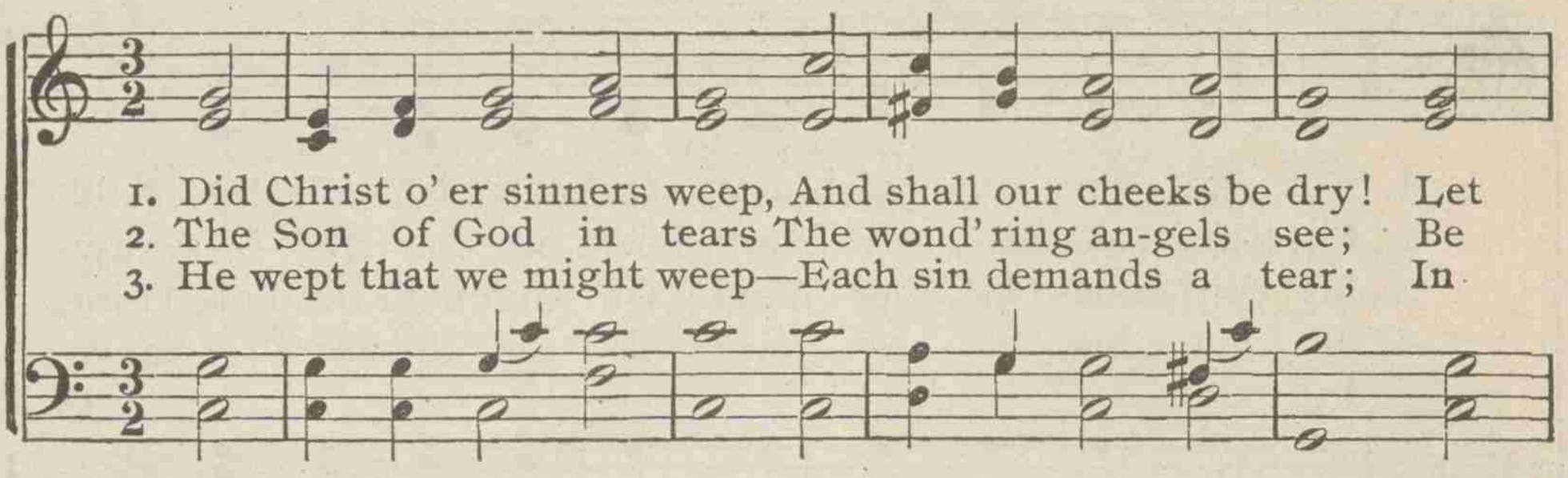
ANNIE STEELE. H. G. NAGELI.
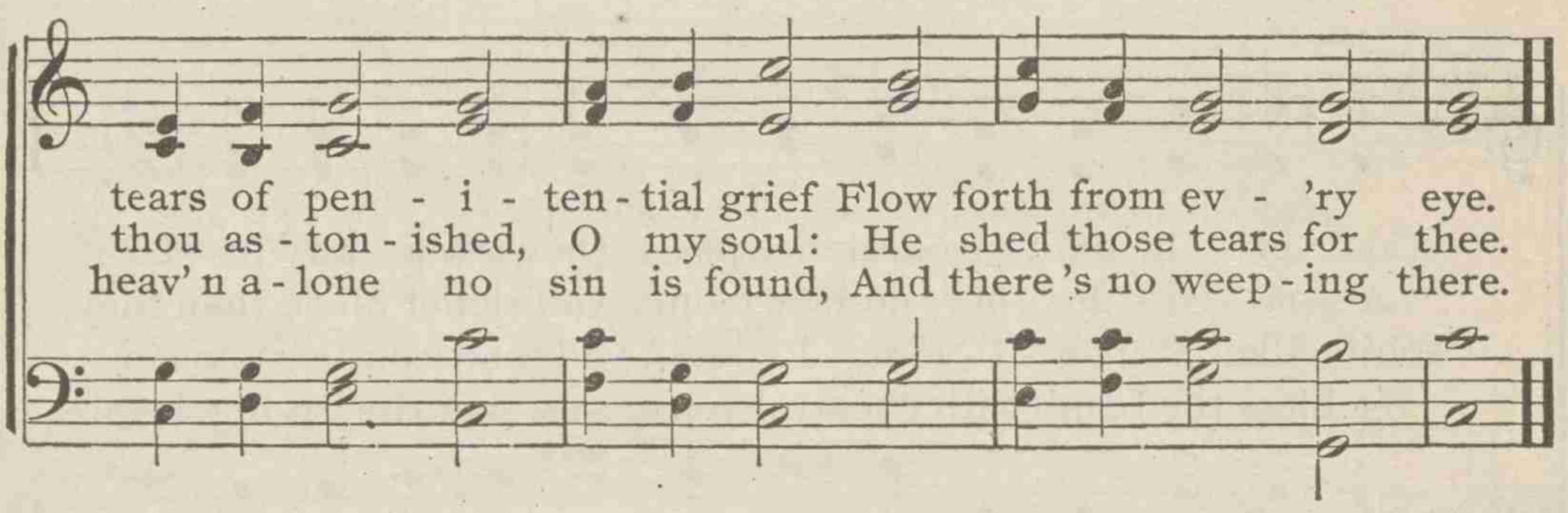
1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov-'reign will de-nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev -'ry murmur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine, My life and death at - tend;

Ac - cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy presence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my journey's end.

207 BOYLSTON. S. M.

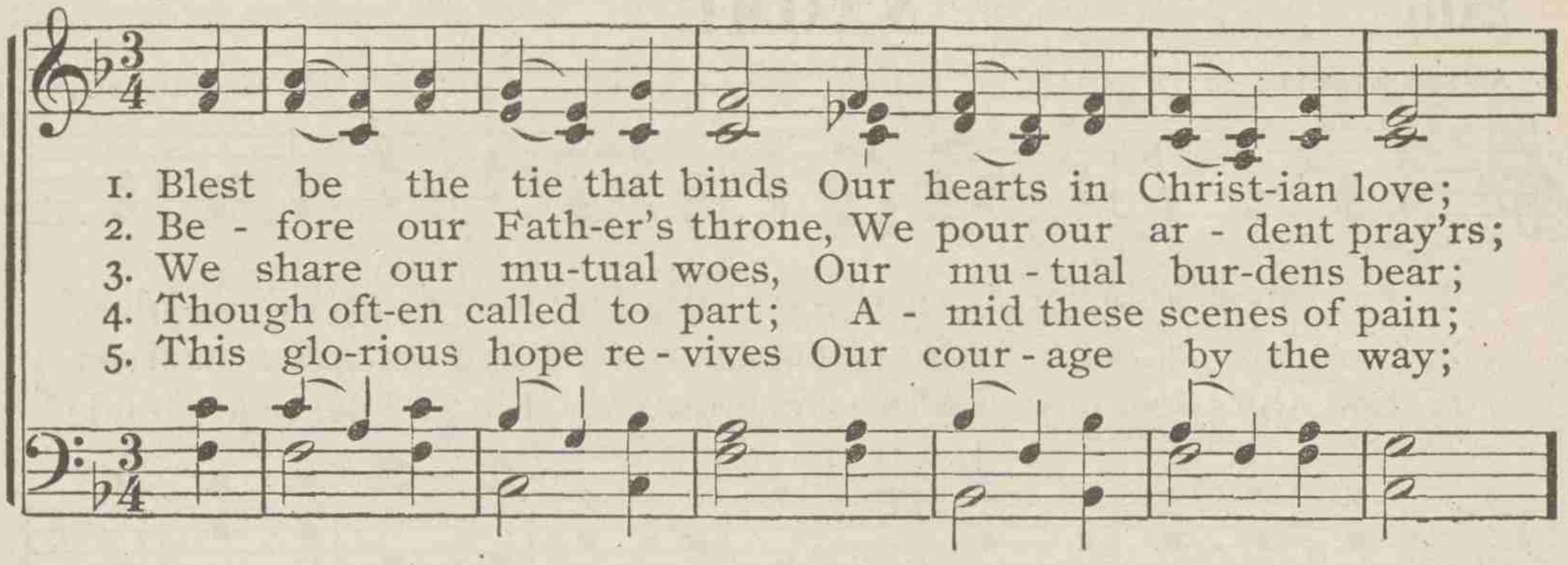
Words by BENJ. BEDDOME. Music by DR. LOWELL MASON.

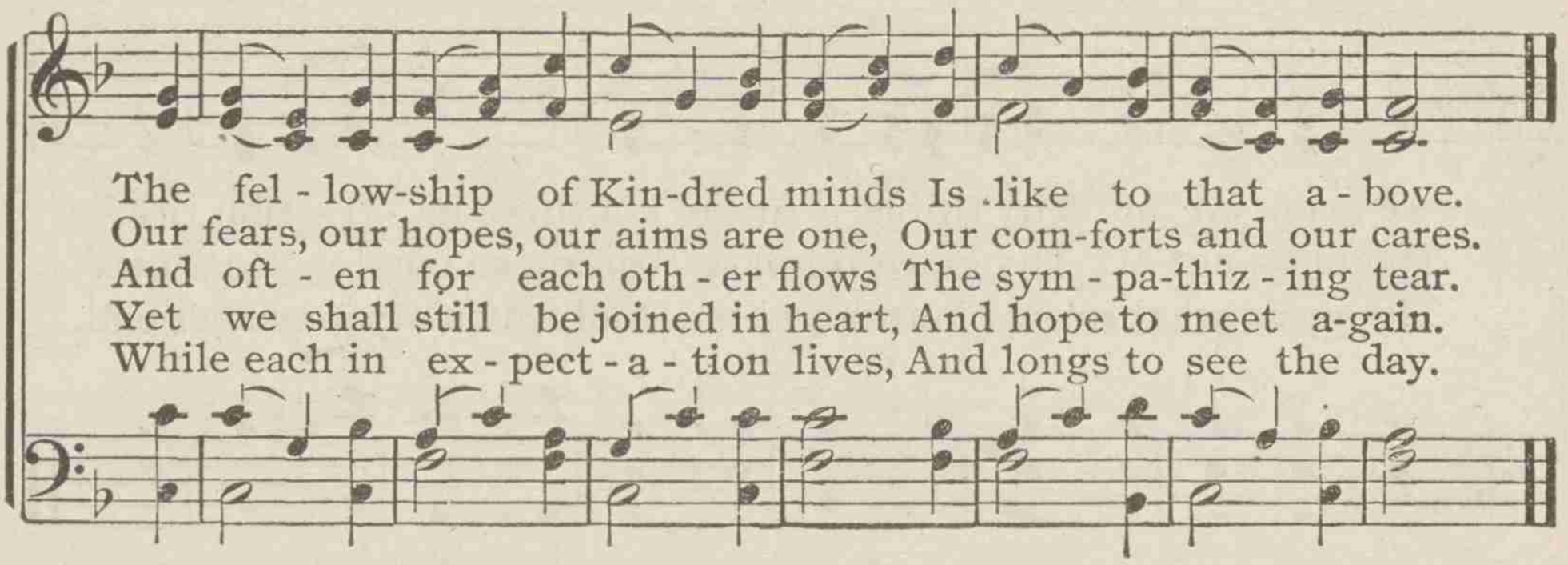




208 DENNIS. S. M.

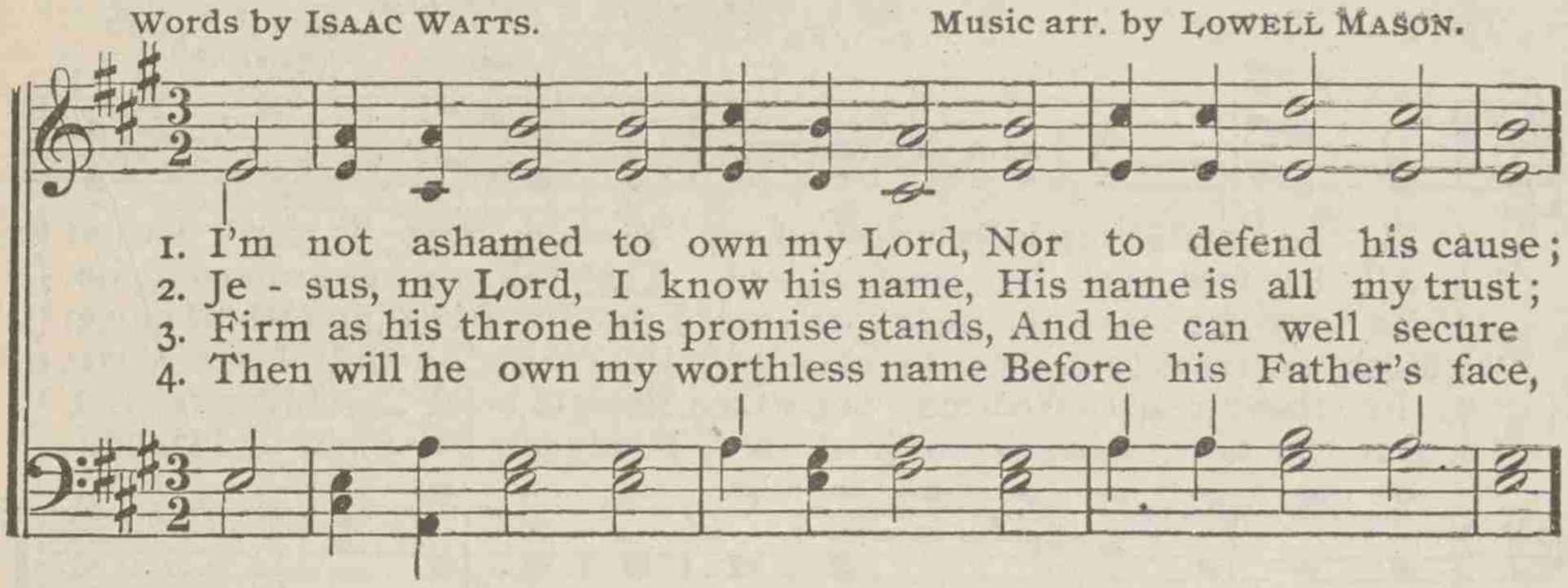
Words by JOHN FAWCETT. Music by H. G. NAGELI.

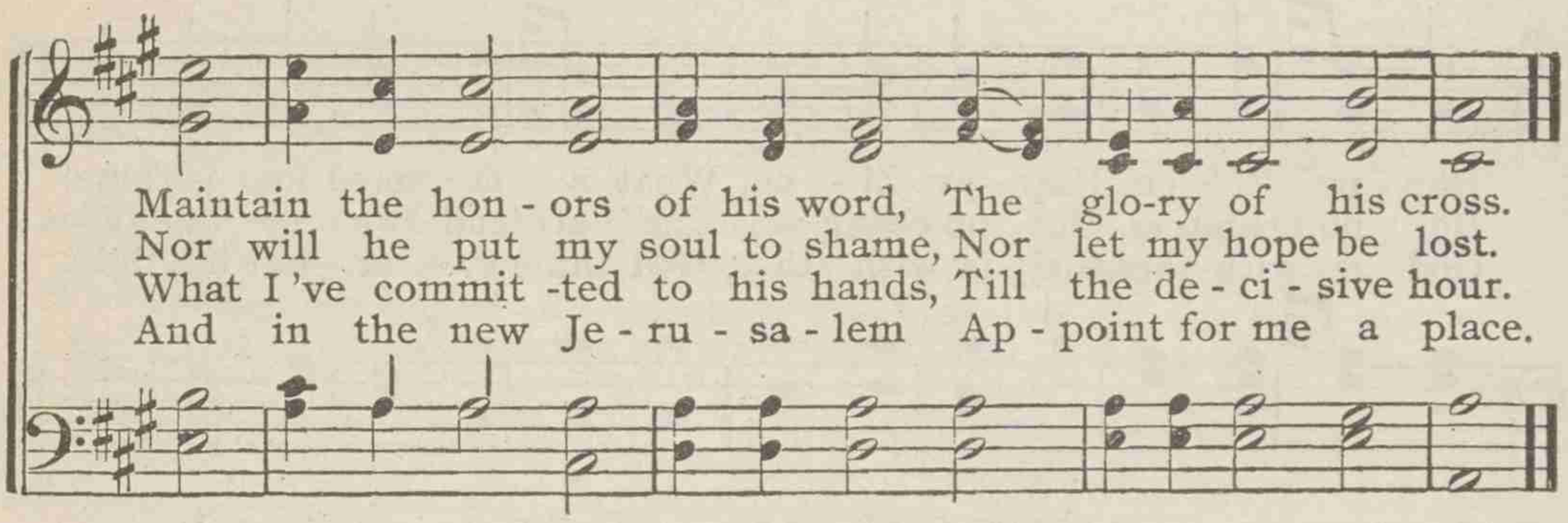




209 AZMON. C. M.

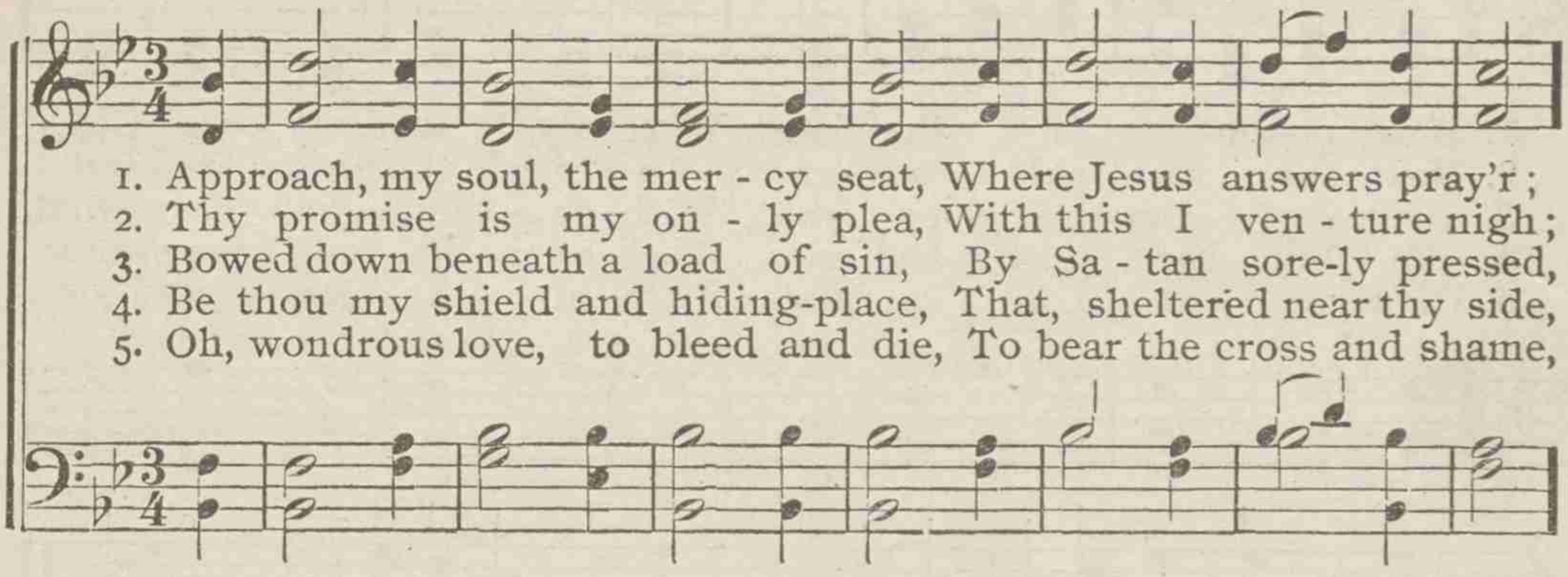
Words by ISAAC WATTS. Music arr. by LOWELL MASON.

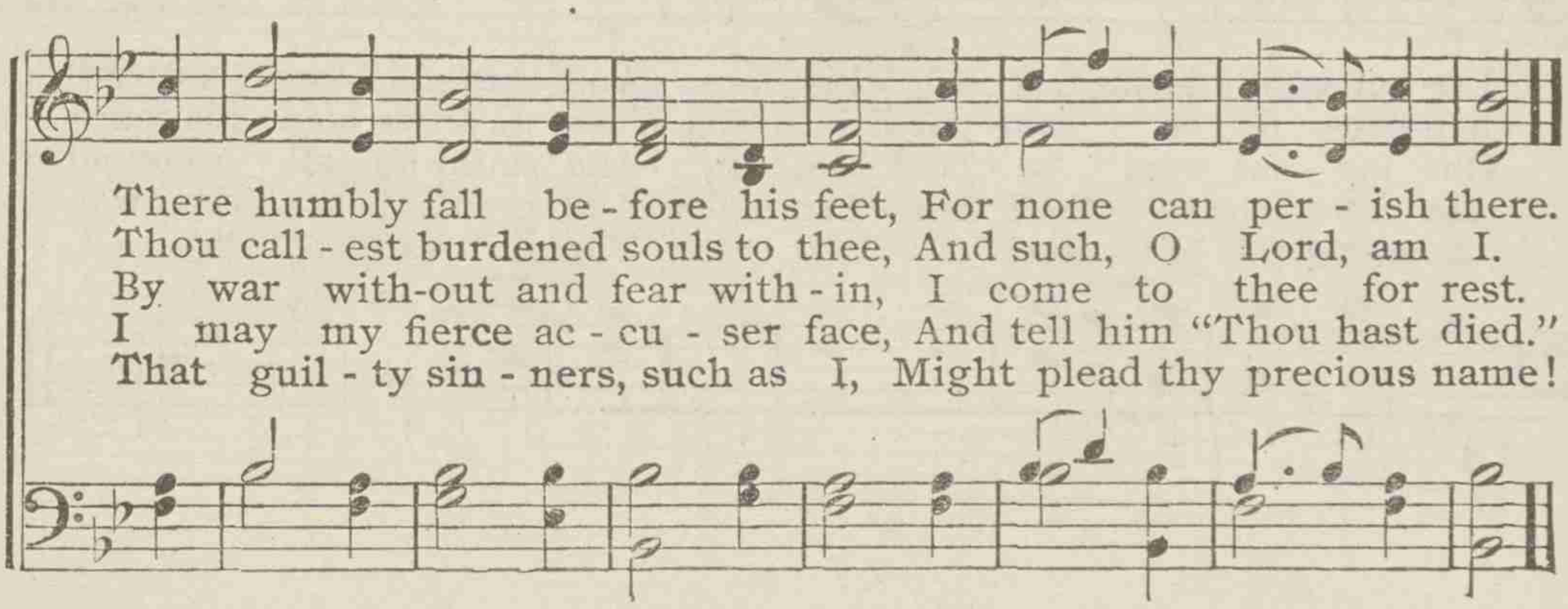




210 BALERMA. C. M.

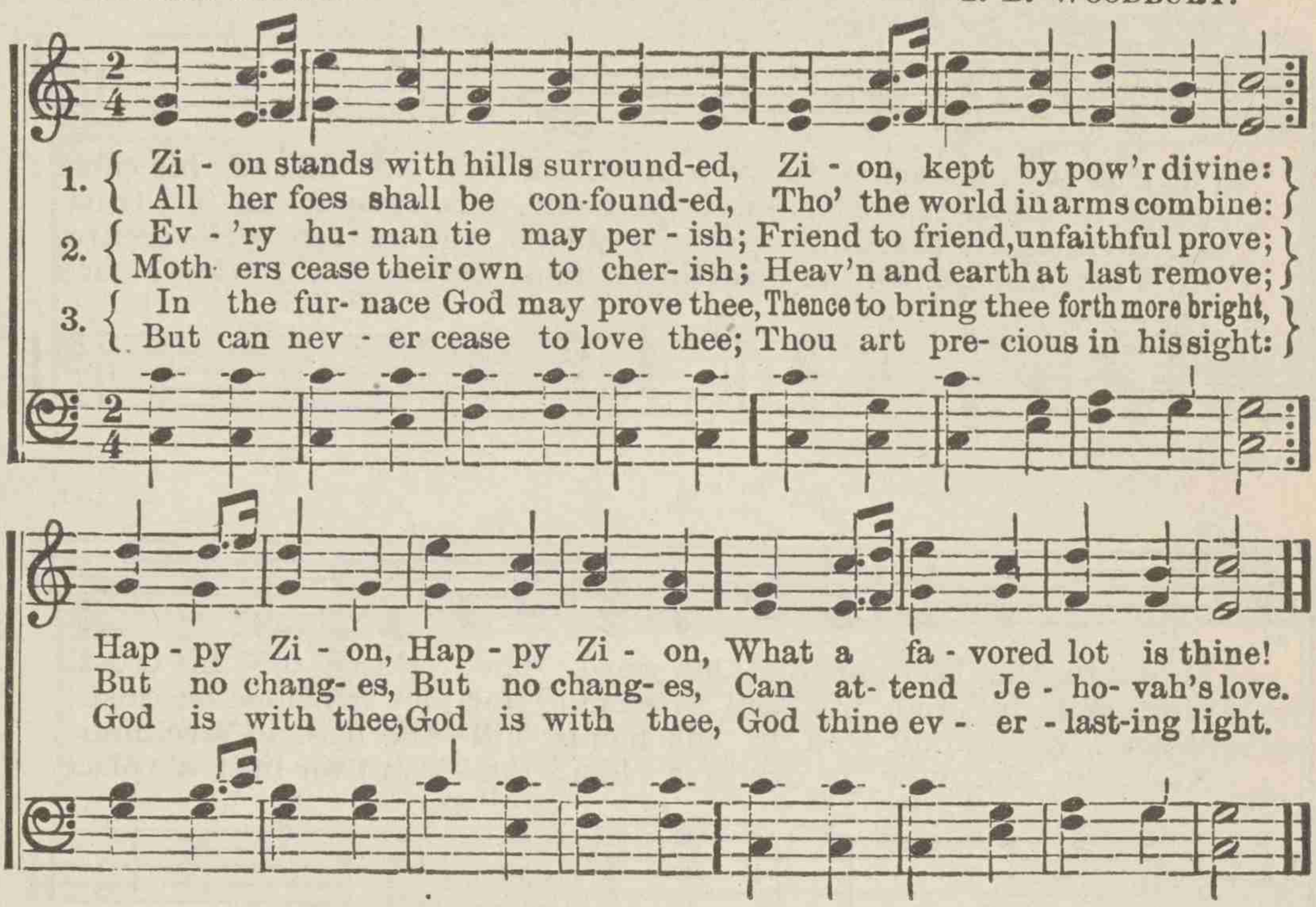
Words by JOHN NEWTON. Music by R. SIMPSON.
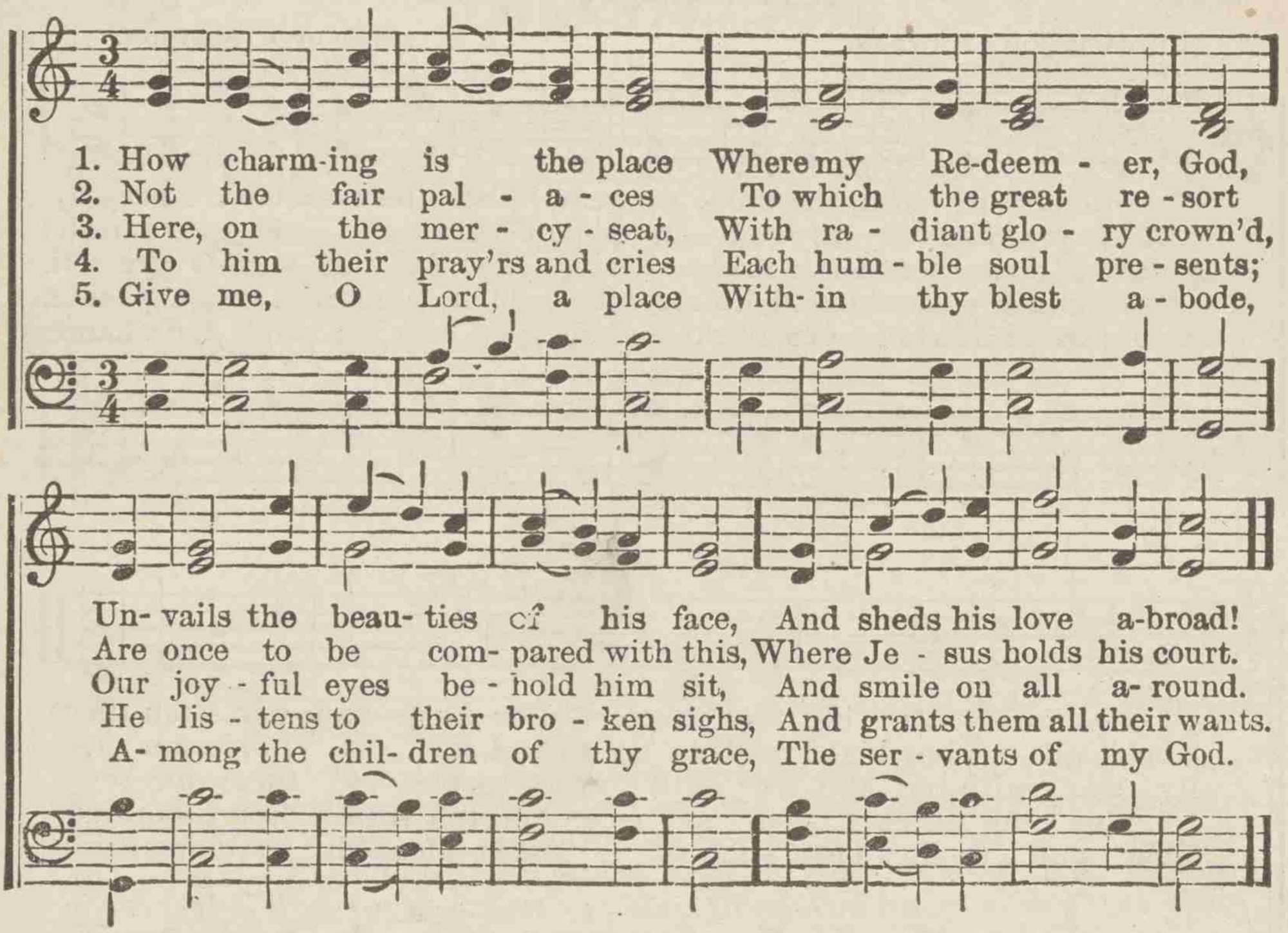




211 HAPPY ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS KELLY. I. B. WOODBURY.



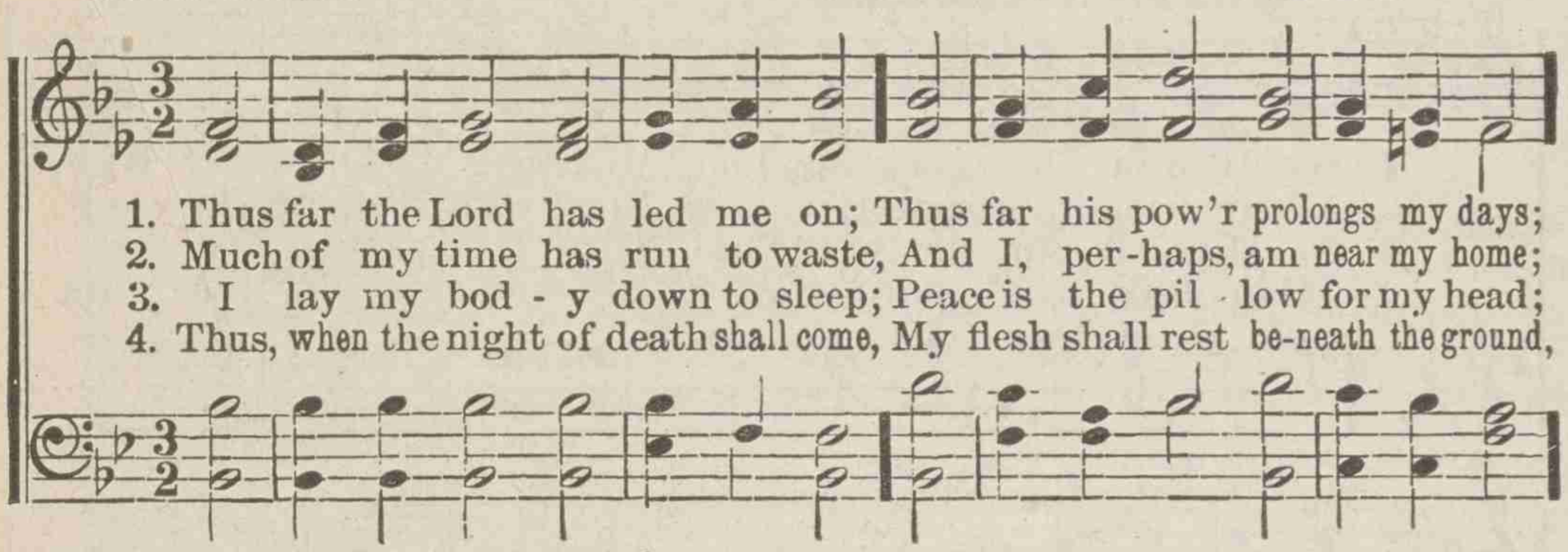
212 FERGUSON. S. M.

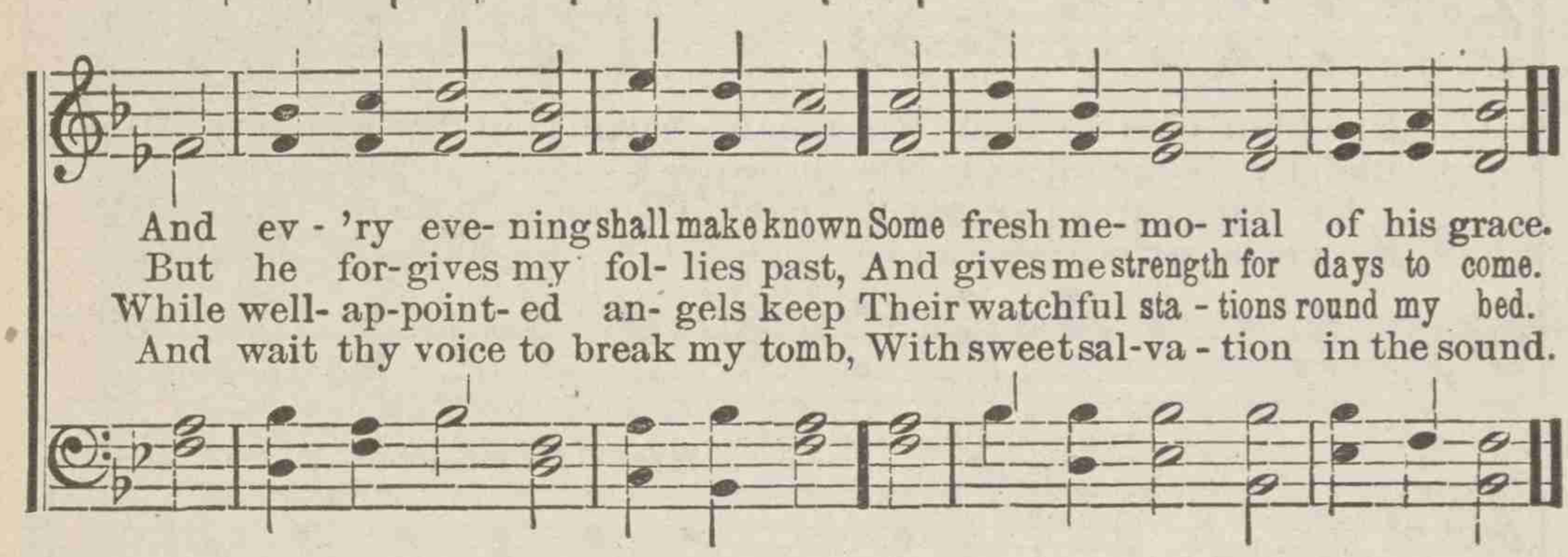
SAMUEL STENNETT. GEO. KINGSLEY.



213 HEBRON. L. M.

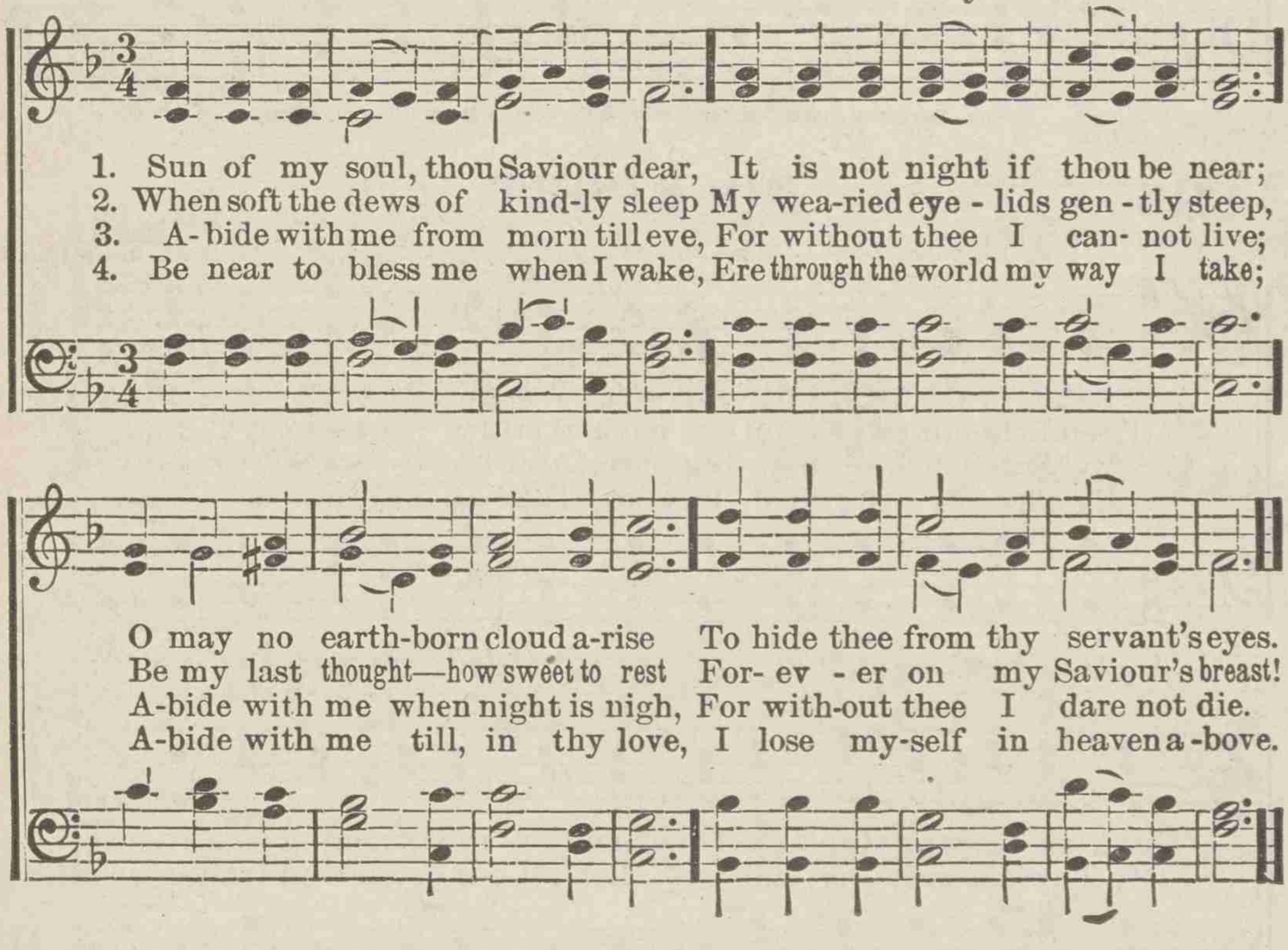
ISAAC WATTS. L. MASON.





214 HURSLEY. L. M.

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



215 JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

H. S. H. SANDERS.

With great expression.

1. See Him in the gar - den lone, Mid-night darkness o'er Him,
2. All His friends for-sake Him now, None with Him are stay - ing;
3. On Him all our sins were laid, Thro' Him came sal-va - tion;
4. "Man of sor-rows!" born to grief! For our sins a - ton - ing,

None but God to hear His moan, Naught but death be-fore Him.
Blood-y sweat up - on His brow, To His Fa - ther pray - ing.
He for us a ran-som paid, Price-less, pure ob - la - tion.
By whose stripes we find re - lief, Our lost state be - moan - ing.

p *pp* **Rit.** **Dim.**

1–2. All a - lone! all a - lone! He the wine-press treads a - lone.
3–4. All a - lone! all a - lone! He the wine-press trod a - lone.

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

216 ROCKPORT.

CHARLES WESLEY. I. B. WOODBURY.

Fine.

1. { Lamb of God, whose dy-ing love We now re - call to mind,
   { Send the an-swer from a - bove, And let us mer - cy find;
2. { By Thine ag - o - niz - ing pain, And blood-y sweat, we pray;
   { By Thy dy - ing love to man, Take all our sins a - way;

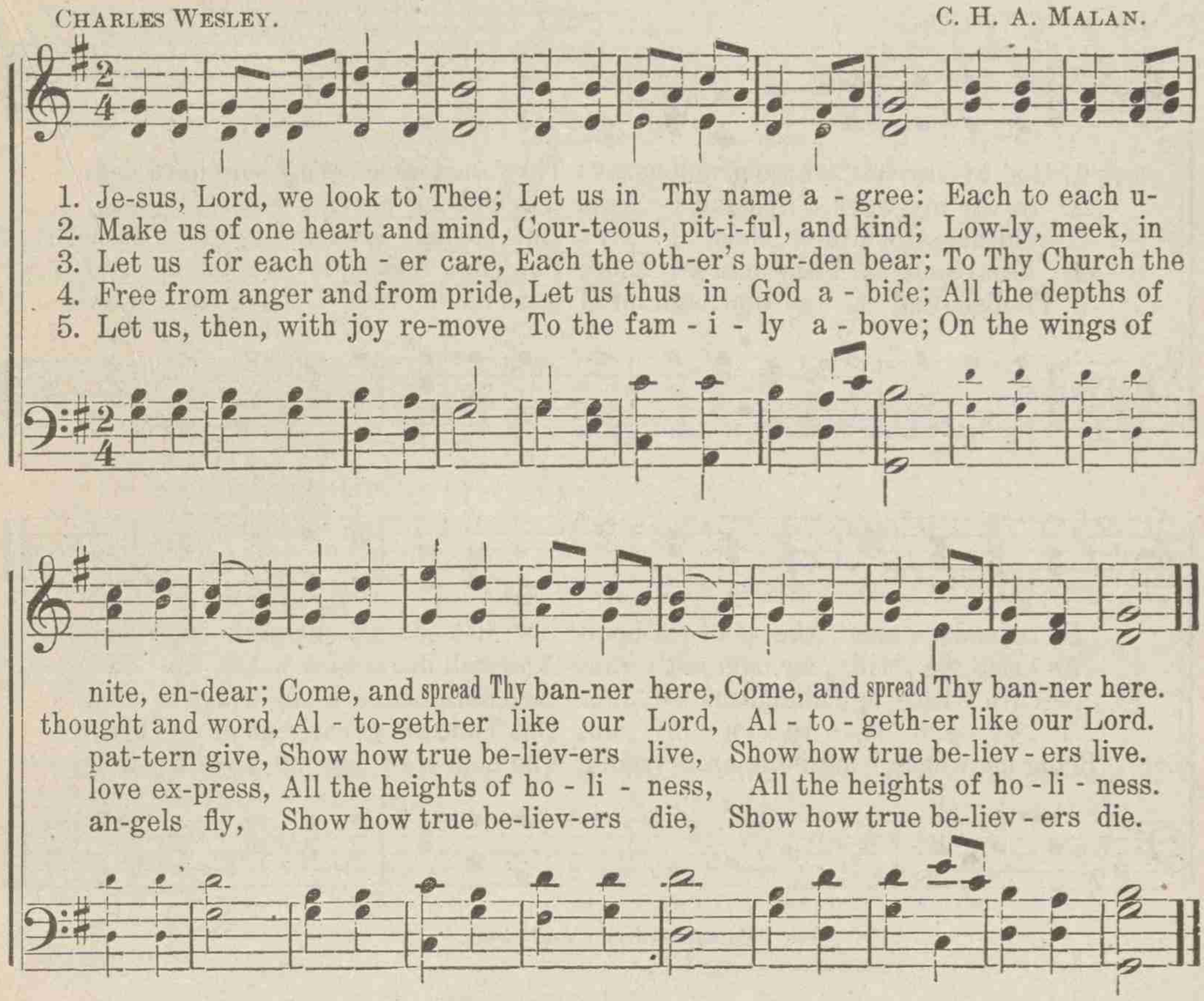
D. C. *O re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace!*

D. C.

Think on us, who think on Thee, And ev-'ry struggling soul re-lease!
By Thy pas-sion on the tree, Let all our griefs and troubles cease:
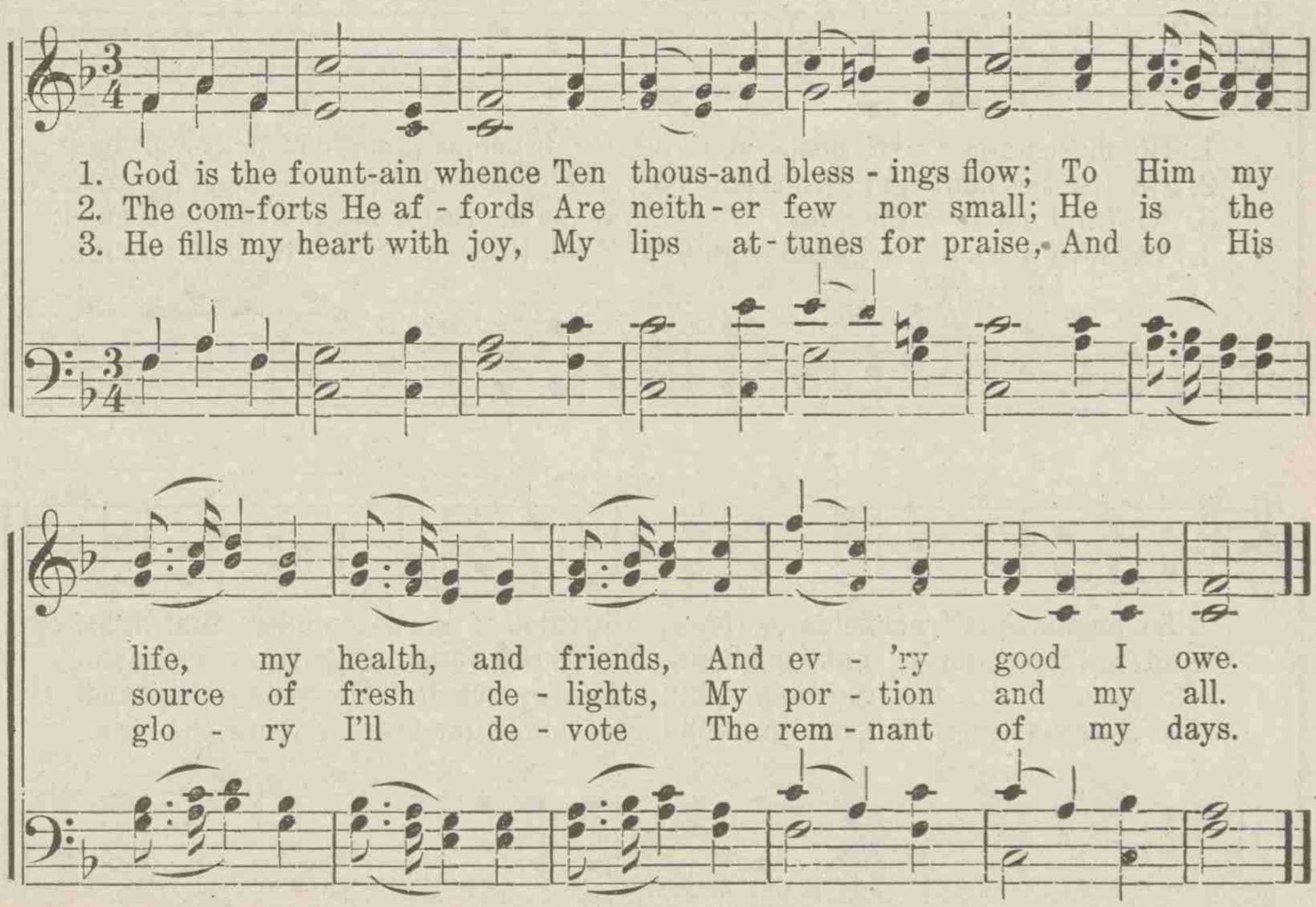
217 HENDON.

CHARLES WESLEY. C. H. A. MALAN.



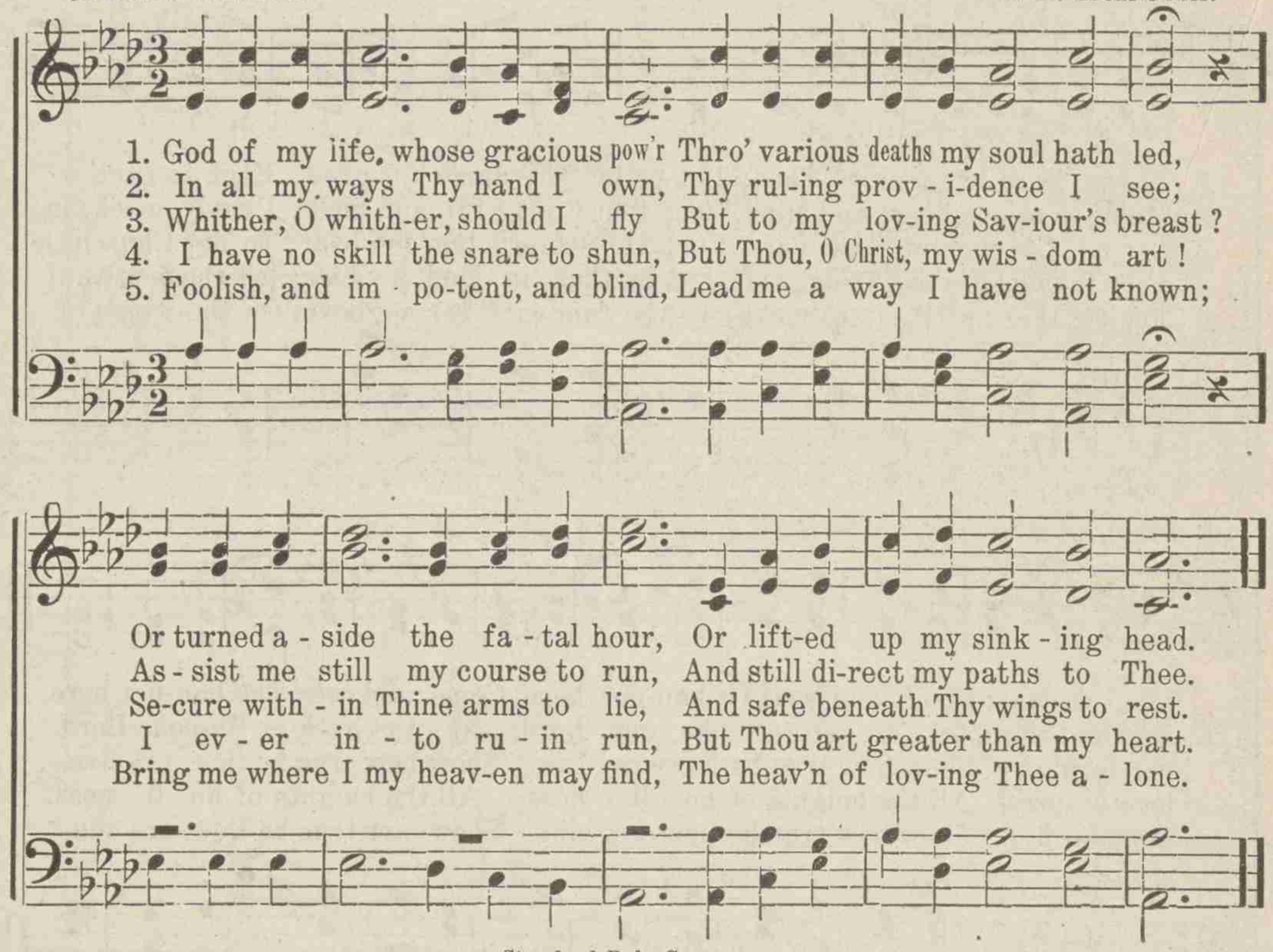
218 GERAR.

LOWELL MASON.



219 HOGE.

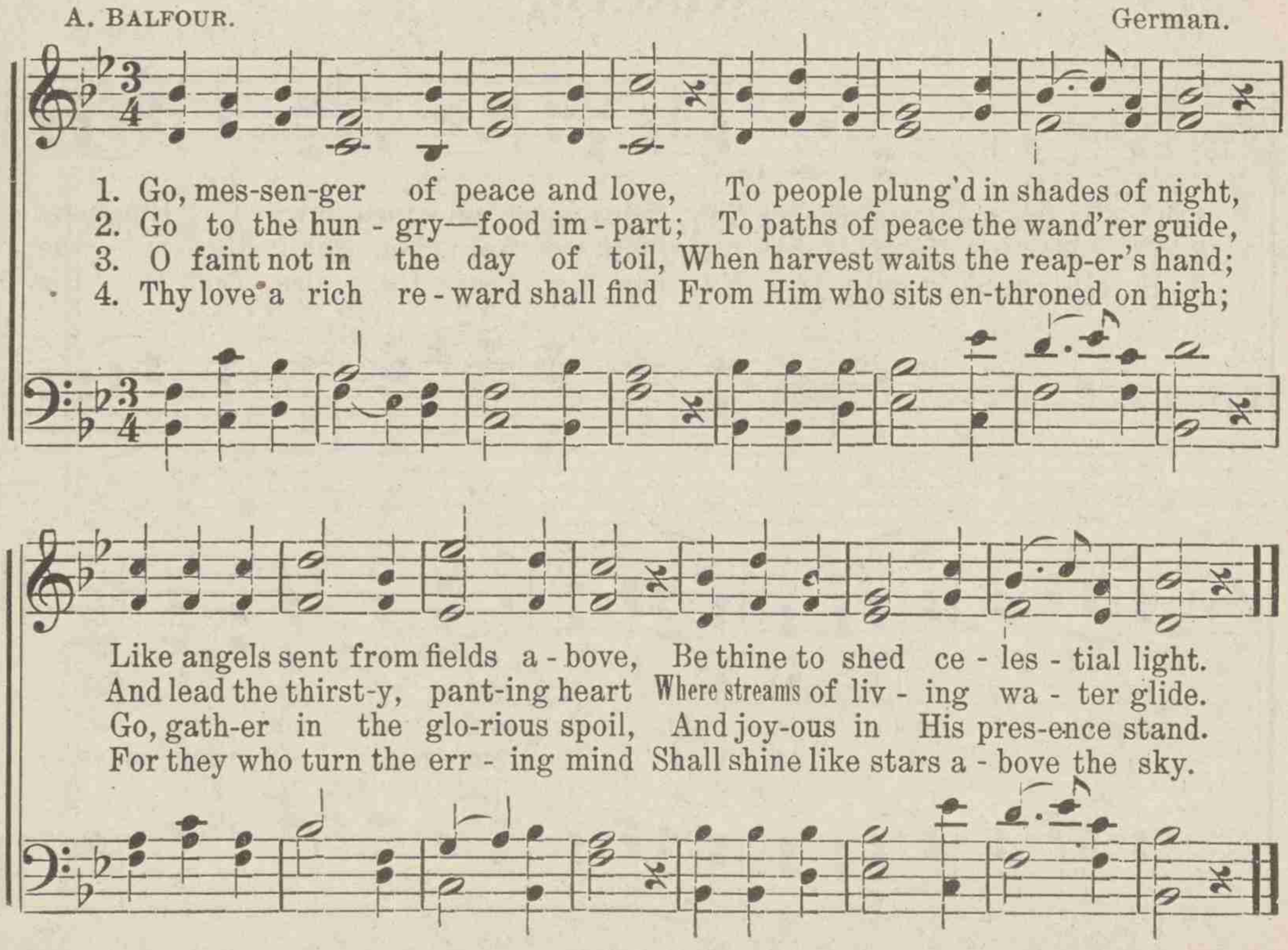
CHARLES WESLEY. R. M. MCINTOSH.



Standard Pub. Co., owner.
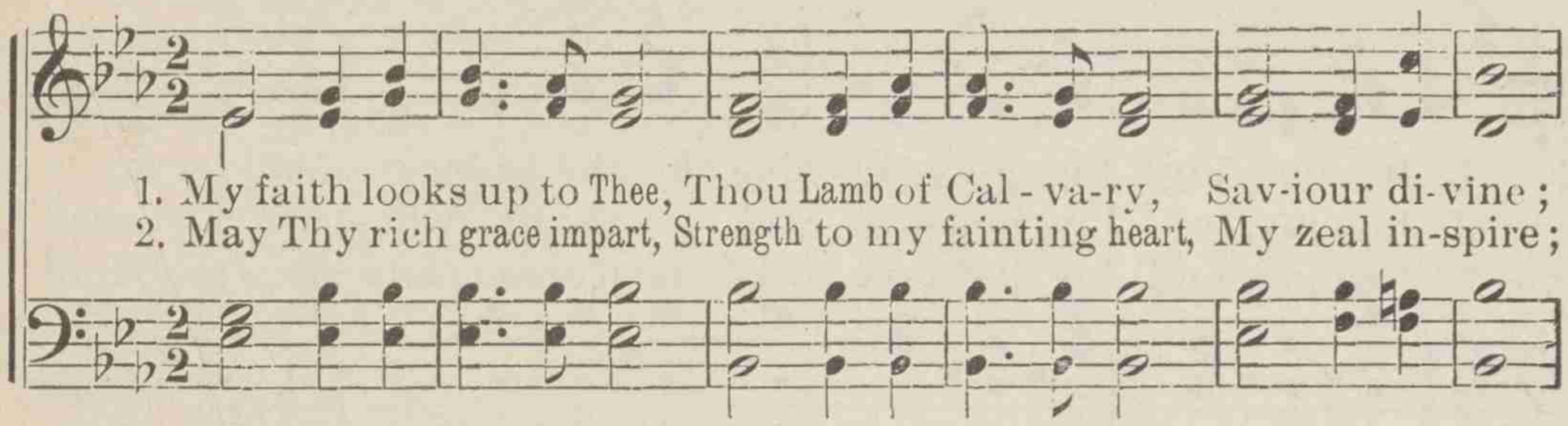
220 MENDON.

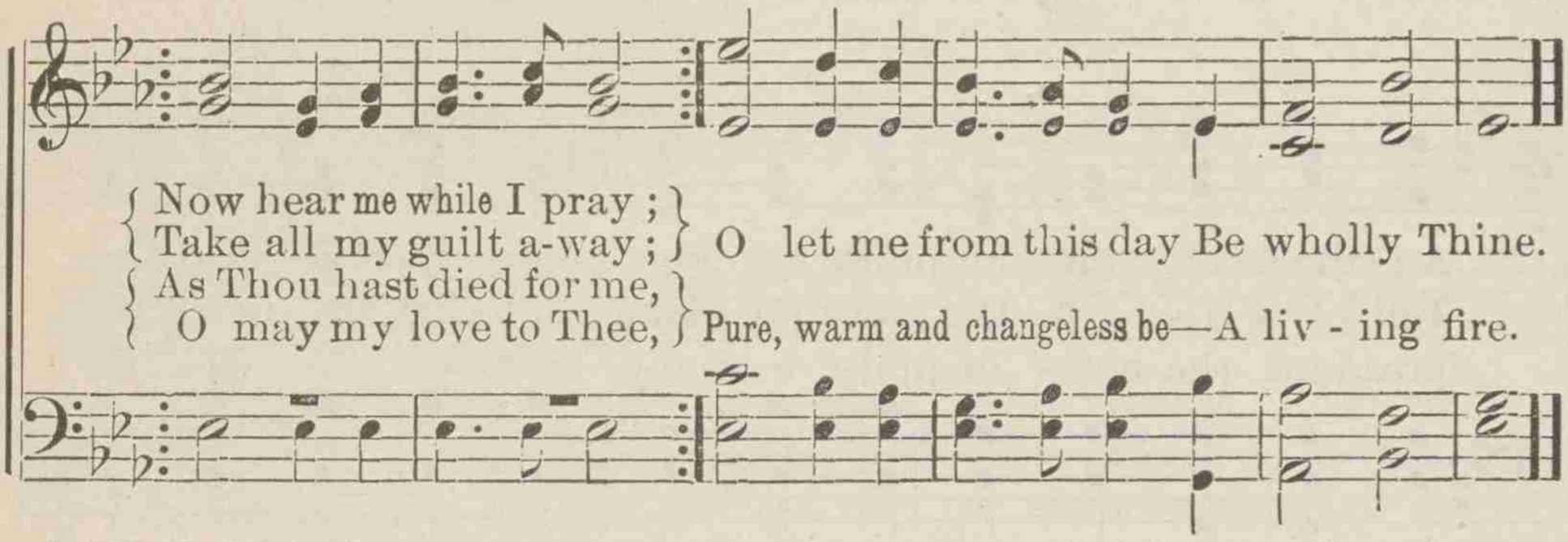
A. BALFOUR. German.



221 MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.



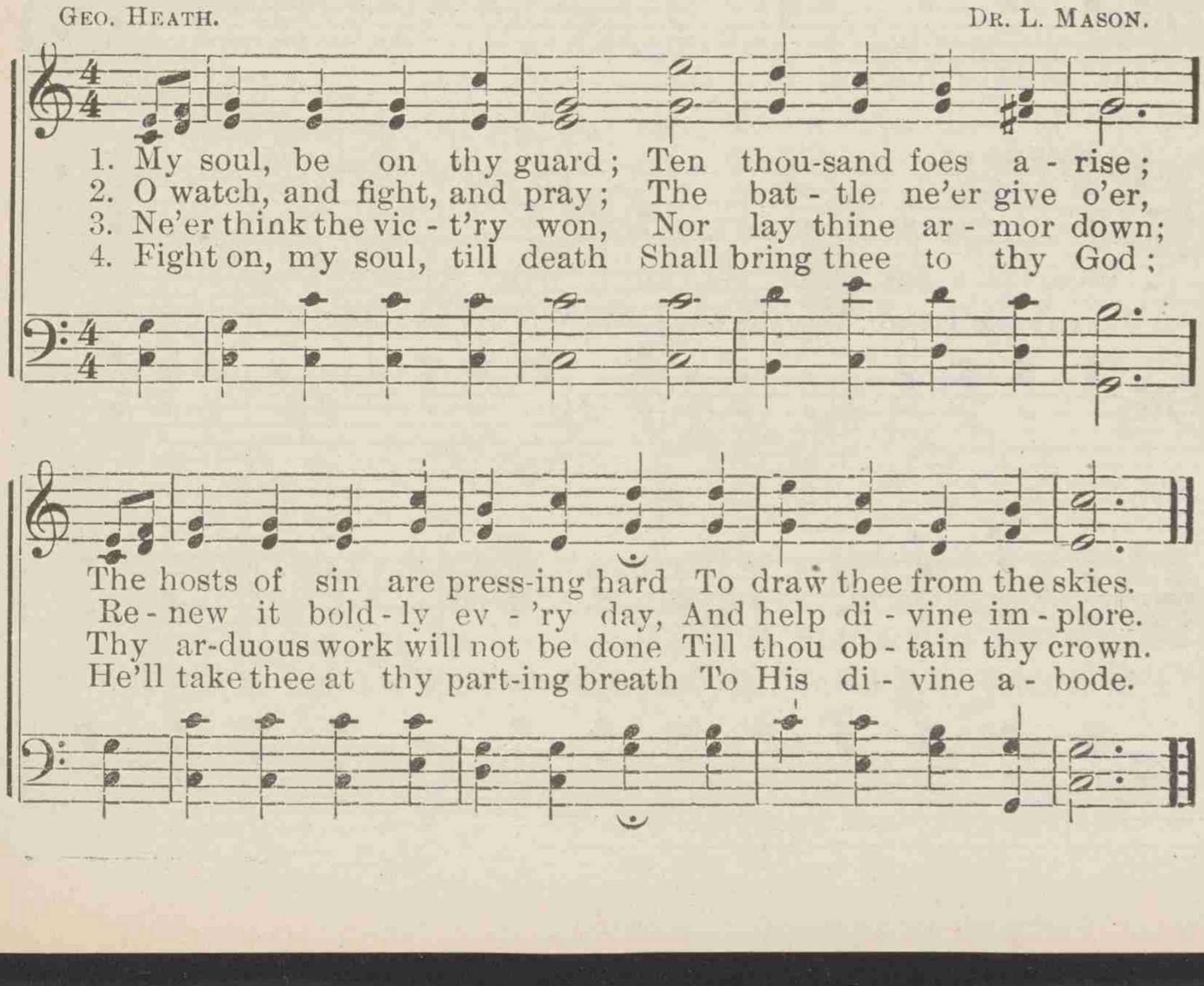


3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

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 distress remove ;
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

222 LABAN.

GEO. HEATH. DR. L. MASON.



223 WORTHY THE LAMB.

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

1. Joy, joy, joy! Joy, joy, joy! Sing to the Sav-iour, shout for joy,
2. Joy, joy, joy! Joy, joy, joy! Sing to the great Re-deemer's name,
3. Joy, joy, joy! Joy, joy, joy! Loud and more loud the strains re-sound,

An-thems of grate-ful praise em-ploy; Join in the glad tri-
Tell of His love, His grace pro-claim; Pub-lish the deeds that
Spread-ing the notes of praise a-round, Now let the cho-rus
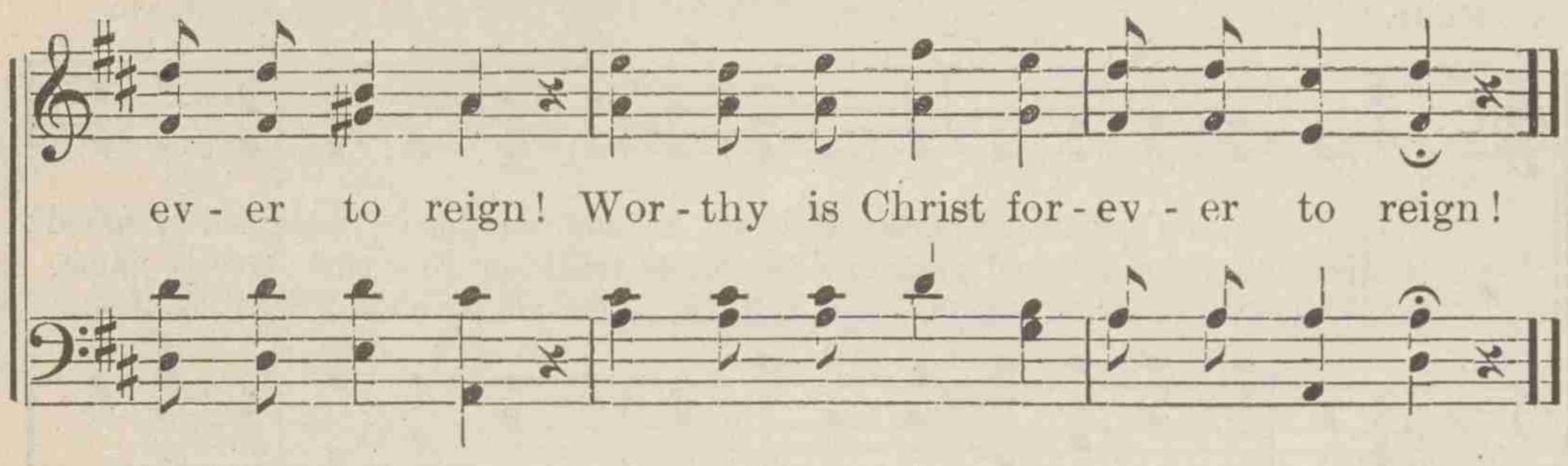
umph-ant hymn, The song of the saints and the ser-a-phim.
Christ has done, And ech-o the triumphs which He has won.
swell and rise, And blend with the mu-sic a-bove the skies.

REFRAIN.

Wor-thy, wor-thy! Wor-thy, wor-thy!
Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb! Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb!

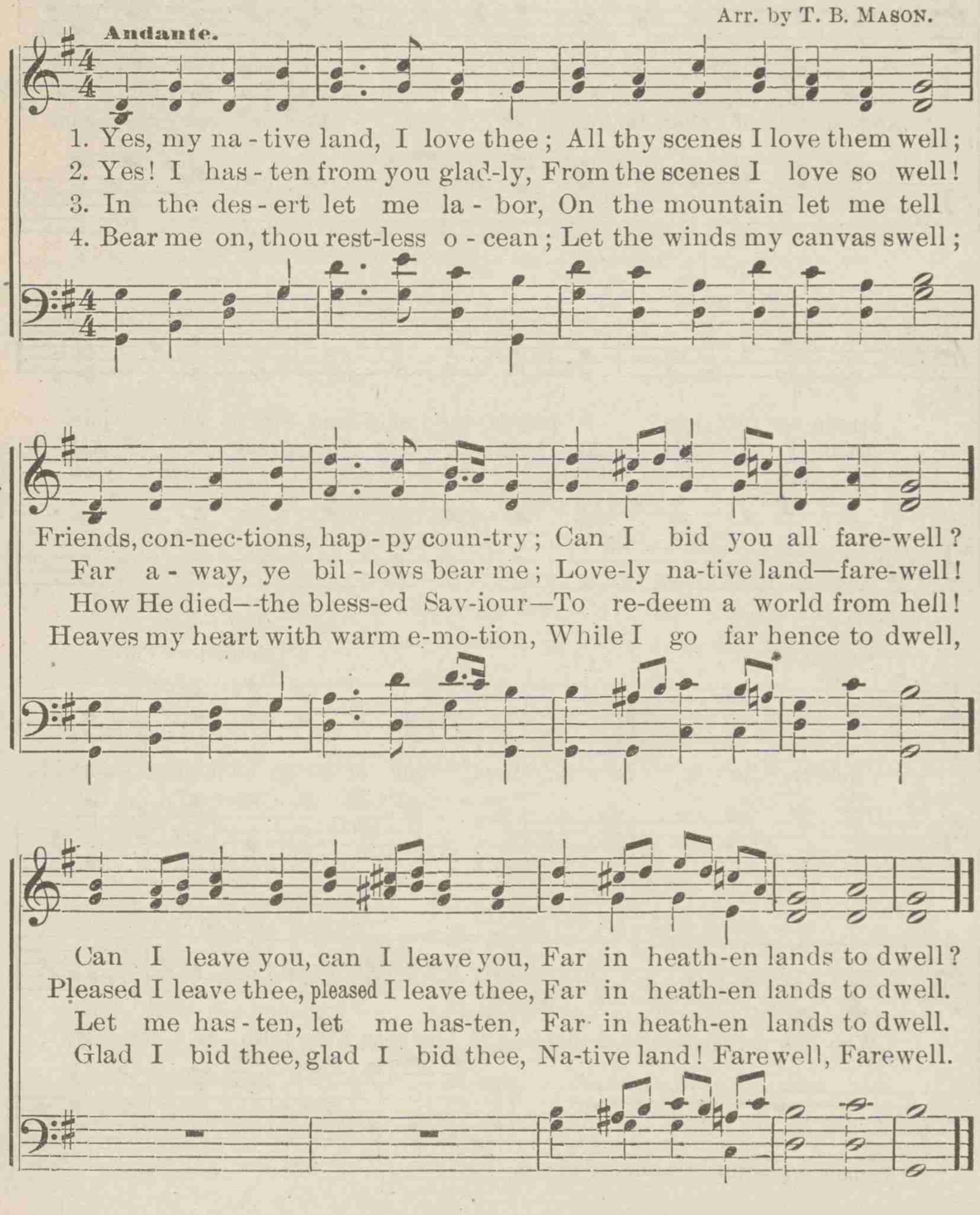
Wor-thy the Lamb that once was slain! Wor-thy is Christ for-

WORTHY THE LAMB. Concluded.



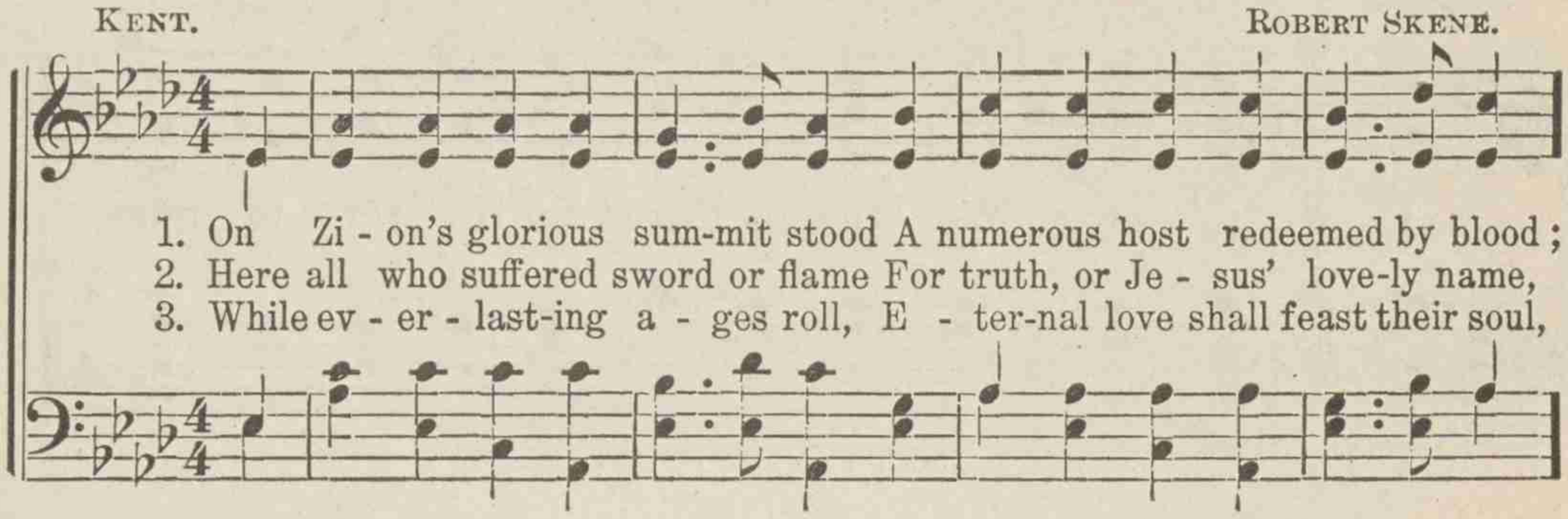
224 YES, MY NATIVE LAND.

Arr. by T. B. MASON.

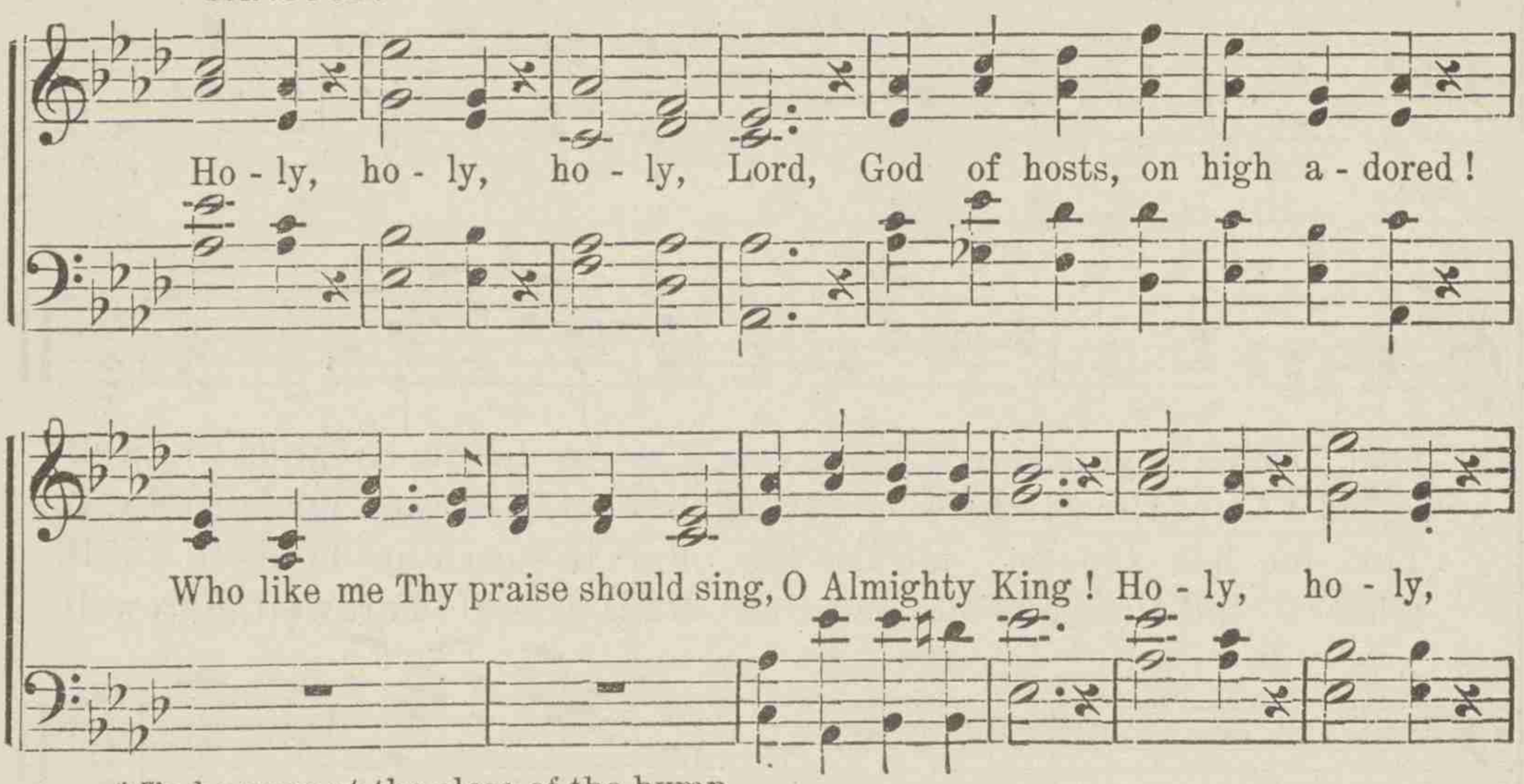


225 ON ZION'S GLORIOUS SUMMIT.

KENT. ROBERT SKENE.

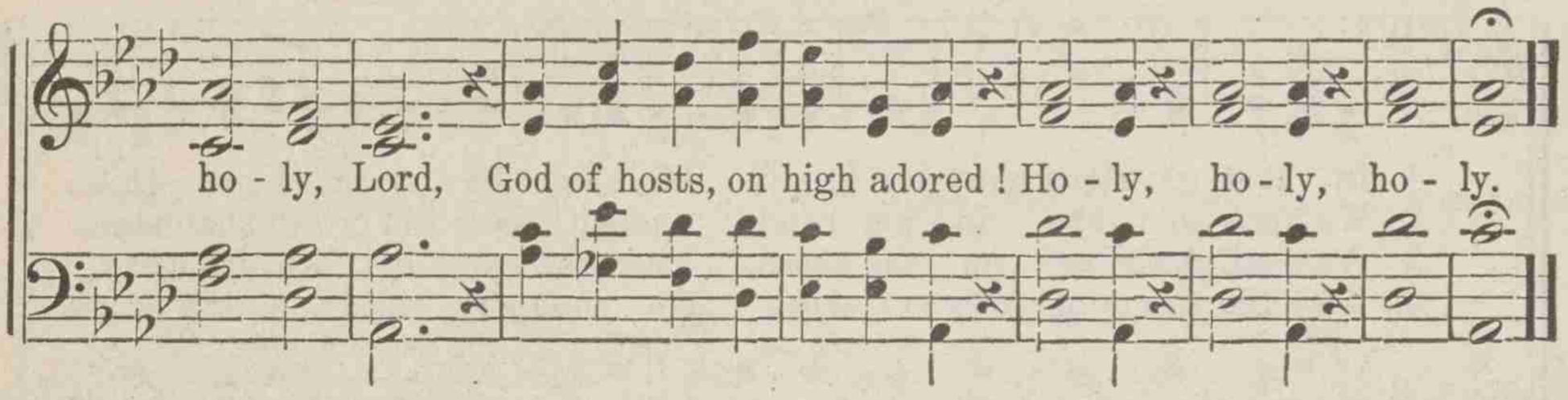


* SANCTUS. "Manhattan Coll."



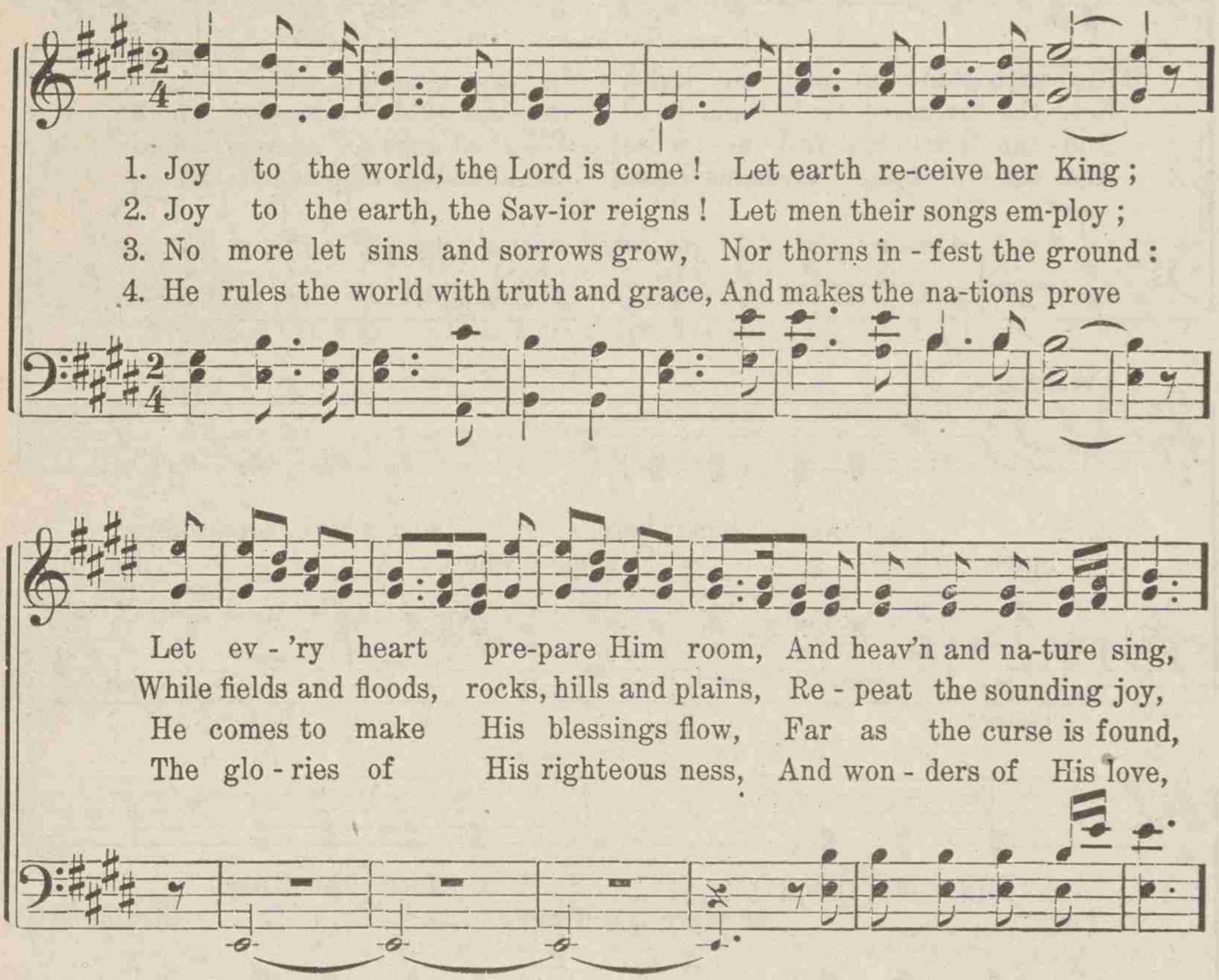
* To be sung at the close of the hymn.

On Zion's Glorious Summit. Concluded.



226 ANTIOCH. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from HANDEL.



227

SOMEWHERE.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.
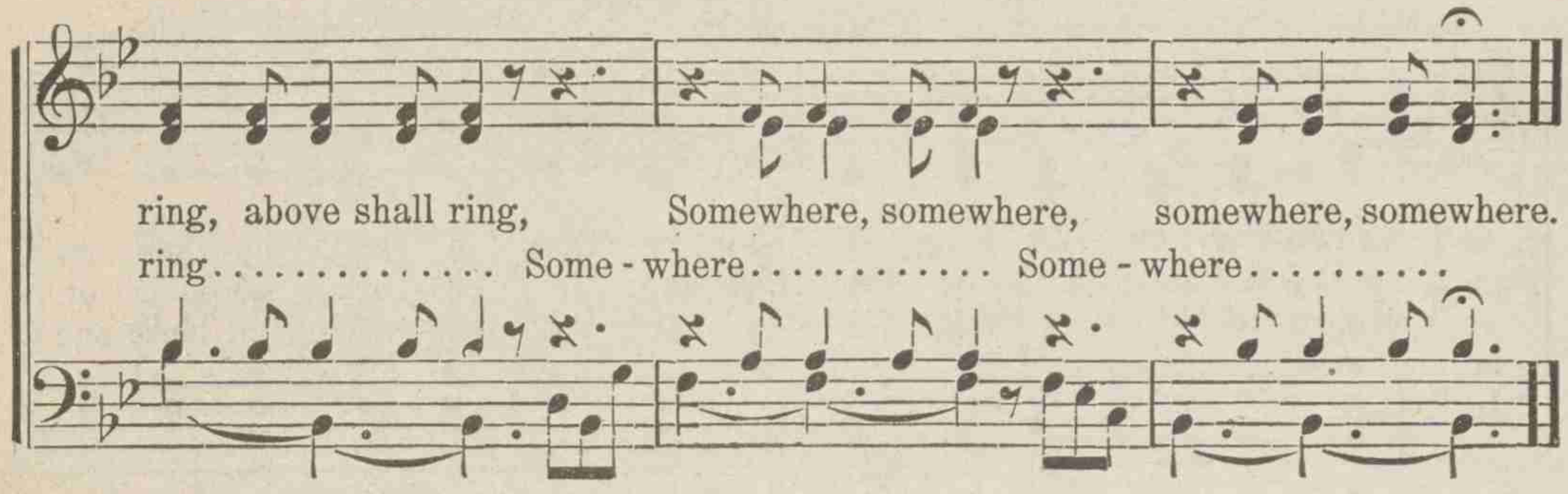
1. In that glo-rious morn-ing bright, We shall be ar-rayed in white,
2. We shall join the an - gel band, And with harp and crown shall stand
3. We shall gath - er on the shore, When the cares of life are o'er,
4. With the saints of oth - er days, We shall sing the Sav-ior's praise,

Filled with glad-ness and de - light, In the bliss - ful some - where.
Near the throne of God's right hand, In the gold - en some - where.
And the tears shall fall no more; We shall gath-er some - where.
And the sweet-est anthems raise; We shall wor-ship some - where.

CHORUS.

Somewhere, somewhere, somewhere, somewhere,
Some - where..... some - where..... Bow-ing
Bow - ing low be - fore the King,
low..... be - fore the King..... Strains of
Strains of mel-o - dy, of mel-o - dy will ring, While the arch a-bove shall
mel - o - dy will ring..... While the arch a-bove shall

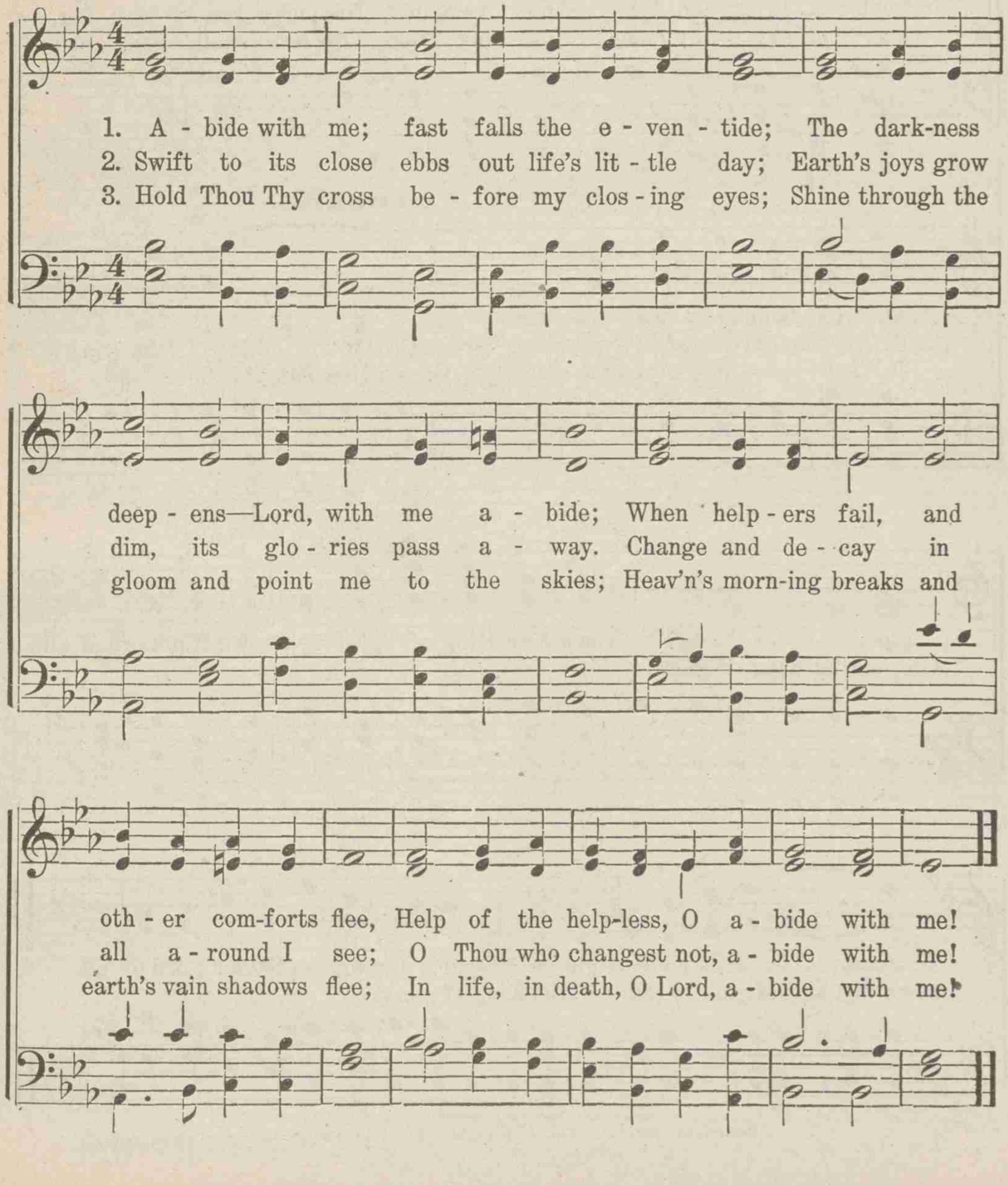
Somewhere. Concluded.



228 ABIDE WITH ME.

"Abide with us."—LUKE 24: 29.

REV. H. F. LYTE. W. H. MONK.



229 CROWN HIM KING OF GLORY.

T. W. S. Matt. 21: 22. T. W. STEWART.

1. Crown the Sav - ior King of Glo - ry, Sing a loud ho - san - na,
2. Crown His head with end - less bless-ing, Je - sus our Re-deem - er,
3. King of glo - ry! reign for - ev - er! All the earth shall bless and

praise His ho - ly name; Tell to all the won-drous sto - ry,
Proph - et, Priest and King; Now ye saints, His pow'r con - fess - ing,
mag - ni - fy Thy name; Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er;

CHORUS.

All His boundless love pro-claim.
Ev - er - more His prais - es sing. Crown..... Him King of
Je - sus! ev - er - more the same. Crown Him King of glo - ry,

glo - - - ry, Crown Him King of glo - ry, crown Him Lord of all;
Crown Him King of glory,

Crown..... Him King of glo - - - ry, Crown the Savior Lord of all.
Crown Him King of glo - ry, Crown Him King of glory.

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230 THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

Words by J. BOWRING. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love upon my way;
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;

All the light of sa - cred story, Gathers round its head sublime.
Nev - er shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds more luster to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time abide.

CHORUS.

In the cross of Christ I glory; This shall
In the cross of Jesus, in his cross I glory; This shall be my song and

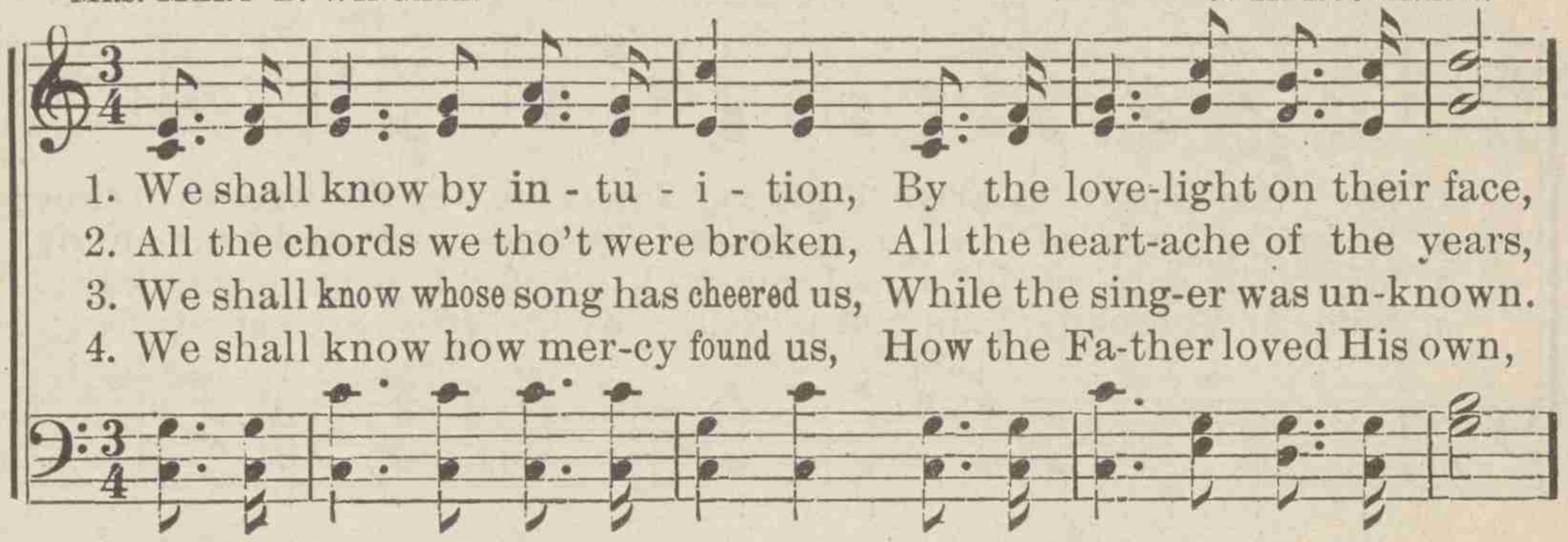
be my song and story; Here in spir - it pure and ho - ly,
this shall be my story; Here in spirit lowly, pu - ri - fied and ho - ly,
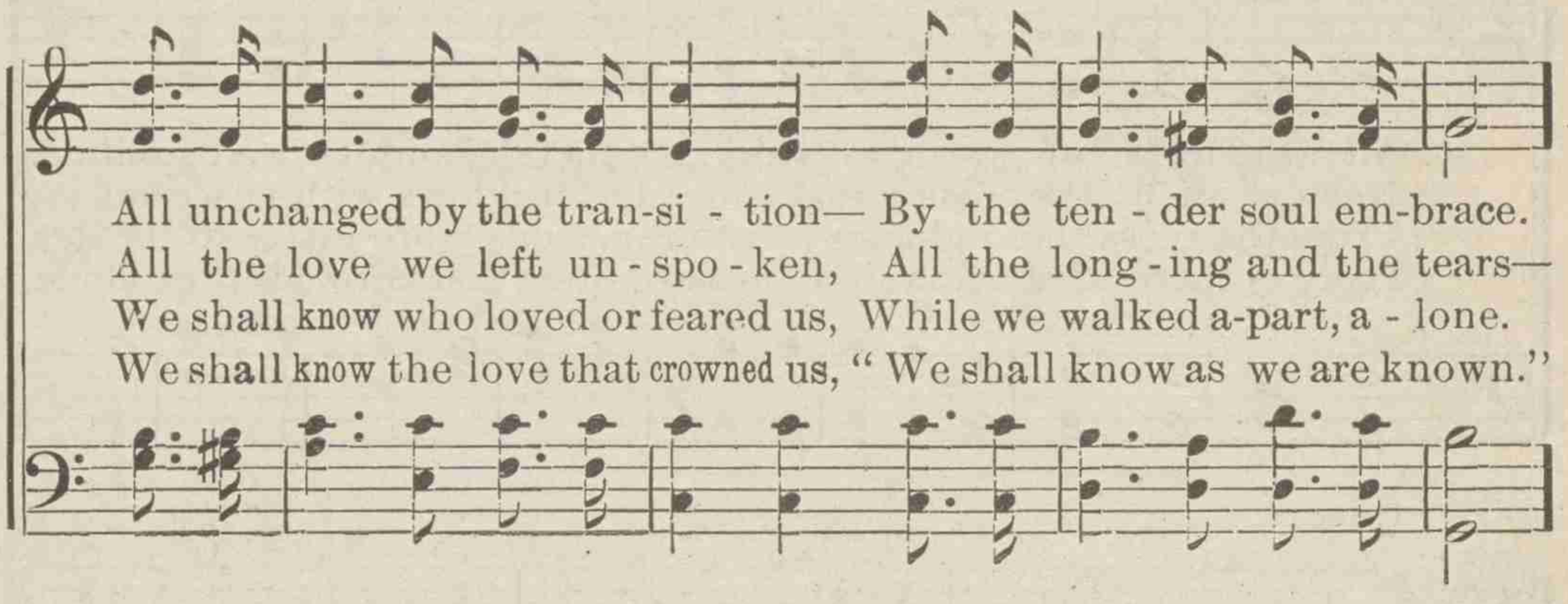
Would I ev - er - more a - bide.
Would my soul for - ev - er, ev - er - more a - bide.

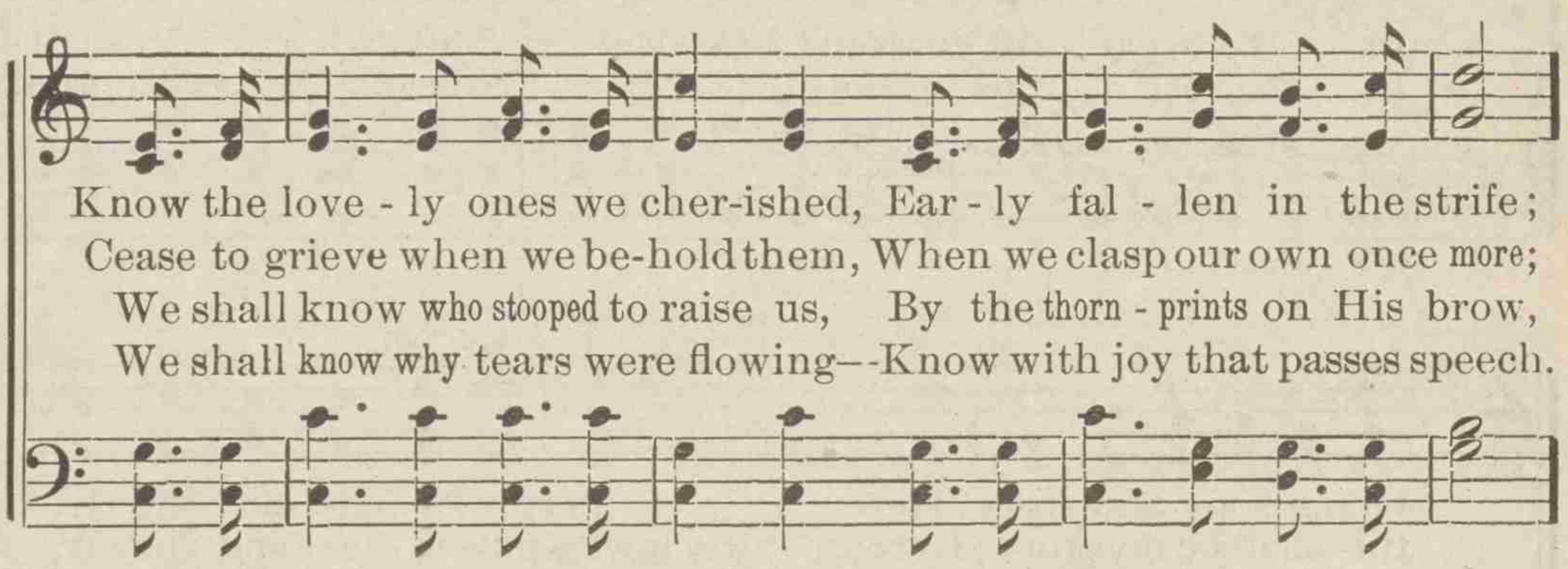
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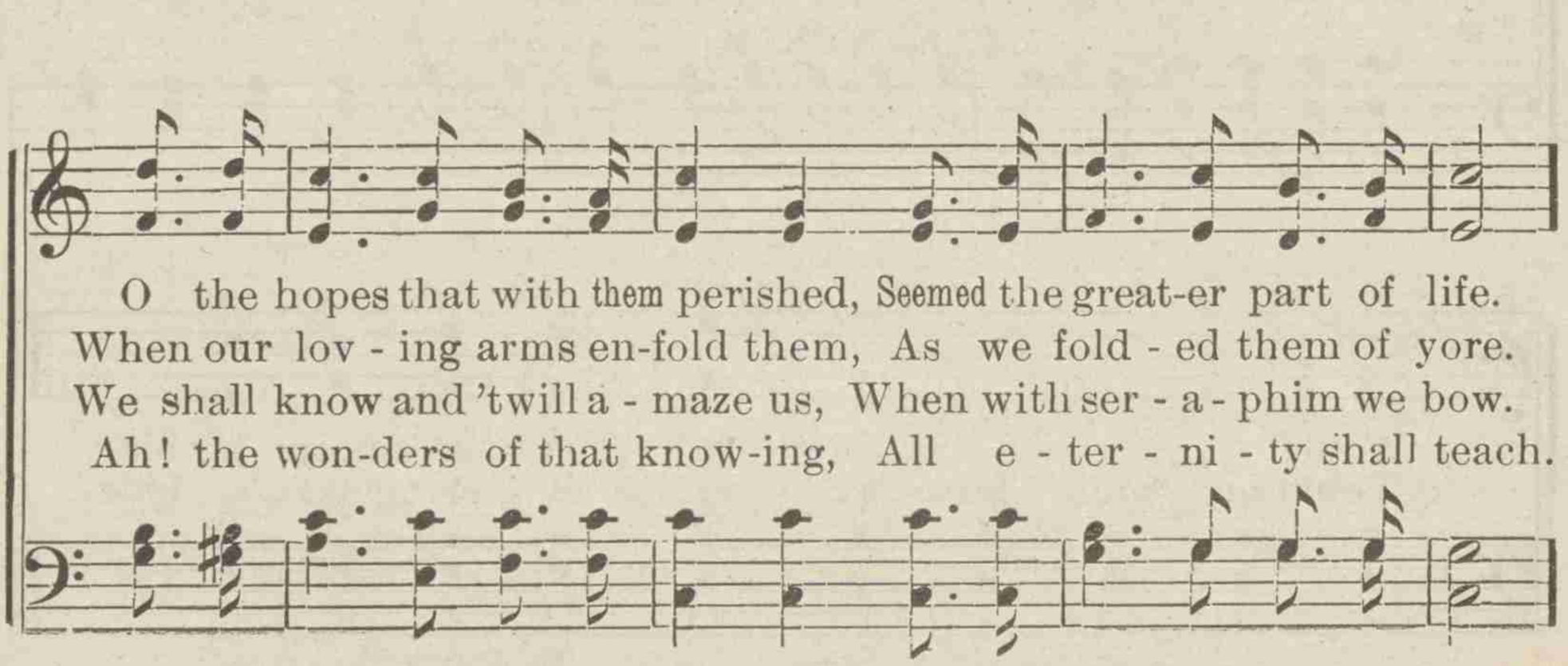
231 WE SHALL KNOW.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. J. H. ROSECRANS.









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WE SHALL KNOW. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

We shall know, we shall know, We shall know, we shall know,
We shall know, we shall know, We shall know. we shall know,

We shall know the love that crowned us, We shall know, yes, we shall know.

232 GO TO THY REST IN PEACE.

J. M. PELTON.

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose; Thy
2. Go to thy peace-ful rest, For thee we need not weep, Since
3. Go to thy rest, and while Thy ab - sence we de - plore, One

toils are o'er, thy troubles cease, From earthly cares in sweet re-lease, Thine
thou art now a-mong the blest, No more by sin and sor-row pressed, But
tho't our sor-row shall be-guile, For soon with a ce - les - tial smile, We

pp Ad lib. m

eye-lids gen-tly close, gen - tly close, Thine eyelids gen-tly close.
hush'd in qui - et sleep, in qui - et sleep, But hush'd in qui - et sleep.
meet to part no more, to part no more, We meet to part no more.

233 PEACEFUL SLUMBER.

W. B. CARNES. J. H. ROSECRANS.

Duet. Moderato.

1. Peace - ful be thy slum - ber ev - er,
2. Peace - ful in the grave we leave thee,
3. Peace - ful has thy spir - it left us,
4. Peace - ful in the arms of Je - sus,

All thy war-fare now is o'er;
There to wait the trumpet's call;
And the part-ing gives no pain;
Close - ly nest-ling on his breast;

Thou wilt wake to sor-row
Cares of earth no more shall
Tho' thy go - ing has be-
Thou hast gone to join the

nev - er,
grieve thee,
reft us,
ran - somed,

Con - flict thou shalt know no more.
Thou art rest - ing from them all.
We shall meet to live a - gain.
In that home for - ev - er blest.

CHORUS.

Peaceful, peaceful, peaceful, peaceful, Close be-side your Saviour's throne,

Peaceful, peaceful, peaceful, peaceful, Lo, the Lord has claimed his own.

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REST FROM LABOR.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. PETTIBONE, by per.

1. He has fin - ished his work, and his jour - ney is
2. He has fin - ished his work, and his spir - it re -
3. He has fin - ished his work; shall we mourn our be -

o - ver, The war is ac - complished, the tri-umph be - gun;
joic - ing, The voice of the King, in his beau - ty has heard,
lov'd one? Or weep, that his face we no lon - ger be - hold?

He laid down his ar - mor be - side the cold riv - er,
In ac - cents of mu - sic "Well done, faith - ful ser - vant,"
O! sweet is our hope, in this mo - ment of an - guish,

And bril - liant with stars is the crown he has won.
Now en - ter thou in - to the joy of thy Lord.
We'll meet him a - gain in the Cit - y of Gold.

235

BLESSED HOPE.

IDA M. BUDD. DUET, TRIO AND CHORUS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. One by one earth's treasures perish, One by one its joys de - cay,
2. When the skies are bright above me, And the sun is shi-ning fair,
3. But if storm-clouds darkly gath - er, And the waves beat fierce and wild,
4. For this hope, O precious Sav-iour, I will praise thee day by day,

One by one the hopes we cher-ish, Van-ish, un - ful - filled, a - way;
When the words "thy Lord doth love thee," Seem to whisper everywhere;
Nev - er will I doubt my Fa - ther, Or his love for me, his child;
Walking in thy lov-ing fa - vor, I can nev - er go a - stray;

But no loss my soul be - wail - eth, As I brave life's o - cean wide,
Then the peace of God pre-vail - eth, O'er earth's tumult and un-rest,
For, how-e'er the storm as-sail - eth, Or the an - gry bil - lows roll,
For thy blood, O Christ, a - vail - eth, And the brightly beaming star,

For the hope that nev - er fail - eth, In my heart doth ere a - bide.
And the hope that nev - er fail - eth, Fills with joy my tranquil breast.
Still the hope that nev - er fail - eth, Is the an-chor to my soul.
Of the hope that nev - er fail - eth, Beckons to thy home a - far.

CHORUS.

Blessed hope in Jesus given, Shed thy beams up-on my way;
Blessed hope my way;

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Blessed Hope. Concluded.

Light me to the peaceful haven, Lead me to the perfect day,
Light me to Lead me to the day.

236 GO TO THY REST IN PEACE.

(FOR FUNERALS.) W. T. GIFFE.

Slow, and with expression. *p*

Go to thy rest in peace, Go to thy rest in peace,
Go to thy rest in peace,

Dim.

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose;
Go in peace. 2. Go to thy peaceful rest, For thee we need not weep,
3. Go to thy rest, and while Thy ab-sence we de - plore,

Thy toils are o'er, thy trou-bles cease, For earth-ly cares in sweet re-
Since thou art now a - mong the blest, No more by sin and sor - row
No thought of sor - row shall be - guile, For soon with a ce - les - tial

Dim. *pp*

lease, Thine eye - lids gen - tly close, They gen - tly close.
pressed, But hushed in qui - et sleep, In qui - et sleep.
smile, We meet to part no more, To part no more.

By per. of Home Music Co.

VICTORY.

W. H. LIGON. Job 14: 14. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. The tomb, be - fore the Sav - ior died, Was gloom - y, sad and drear:
2. Of all the wise men earth could boast, Job asked, but asked in vain:
3. The arch- fiend said, when life was done, No light re-mained to cheer:
4. But Christ has lift - ed now the pall, With His re - turn - ing breath,
5. Then glo - ry to the Lord of hosts, Who hath the foe - man slain!

Man ven - tured near its gap - ing side, Then shrank a - way in fear.
"If man should die, then is he lost? Or shall he live a - gain?"
"A - ban - don hope, let ev - 'ry one Who - ev - er en - ters here."
And writ - ten on the tombs of all: "There's vic - t'ry o - ver death!"
The loved ones sleep-ing are not lost: We'll meet them all a - gain!

CHORUS.

Yes, 'neath.... the spreading Tree of Life That grows on E - den's plain,
Yes, 'neath the spreading Tree of Life

All free from cares, and trials and strife We'll meet and greet a - gain.

Words and Music Copyright, 1900, by Leonard Daugherty.

238 LET US PASS OVER THE RIVER.

KATE CAMERON. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. When our work is end - ed, we shall sweet-ly rest, 'Mid the saint-ed
2. Earth hath ma-ny sorrows, but they can - not last, And our great-est
3. When the storm is o - ver, sweet will be the calm, Aft - er life's long

spir-its, safe on Je - sus' breast; All our tri - als o - ver, we shall
troubles quickly will be past; If we look to Je - sus, He will
bat - tle, bright the vic - tor's palm: And the cross of anguish which now

glad - ly sing, Grave, where is thy vic-t'ry? Death, where is thy sting?
give us strength; By His grace we shall be con-quer-ors at length.
weighs us down, We'll ex-change in heav-en for a shin - ing crown.

CHORUS.

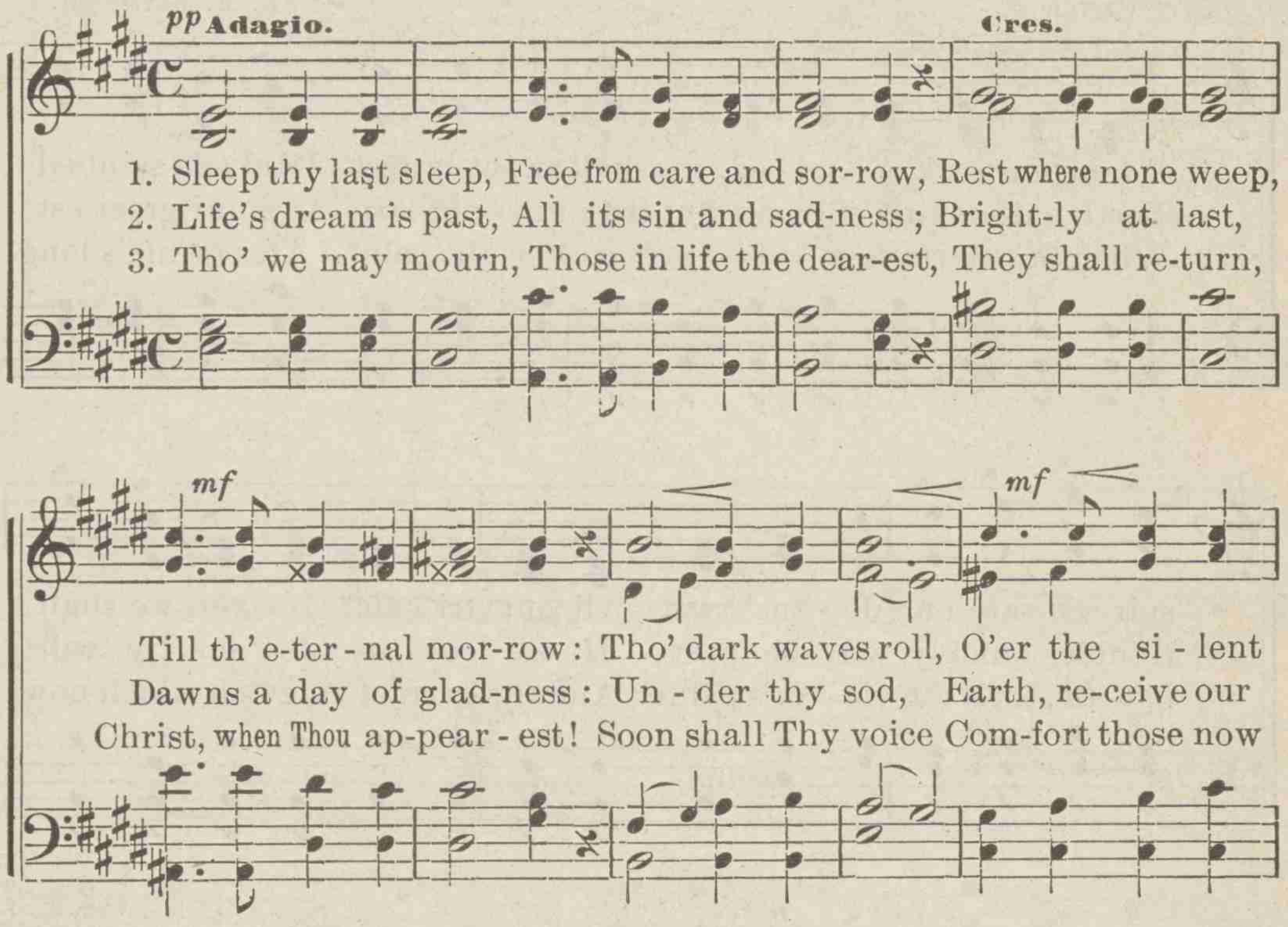
Tho' the dark waves roll high, we will be undismayed, "Let us pass over the river, And

rest un-der the shade, rest un-der the shade, Rest un-der the shade of the trees."

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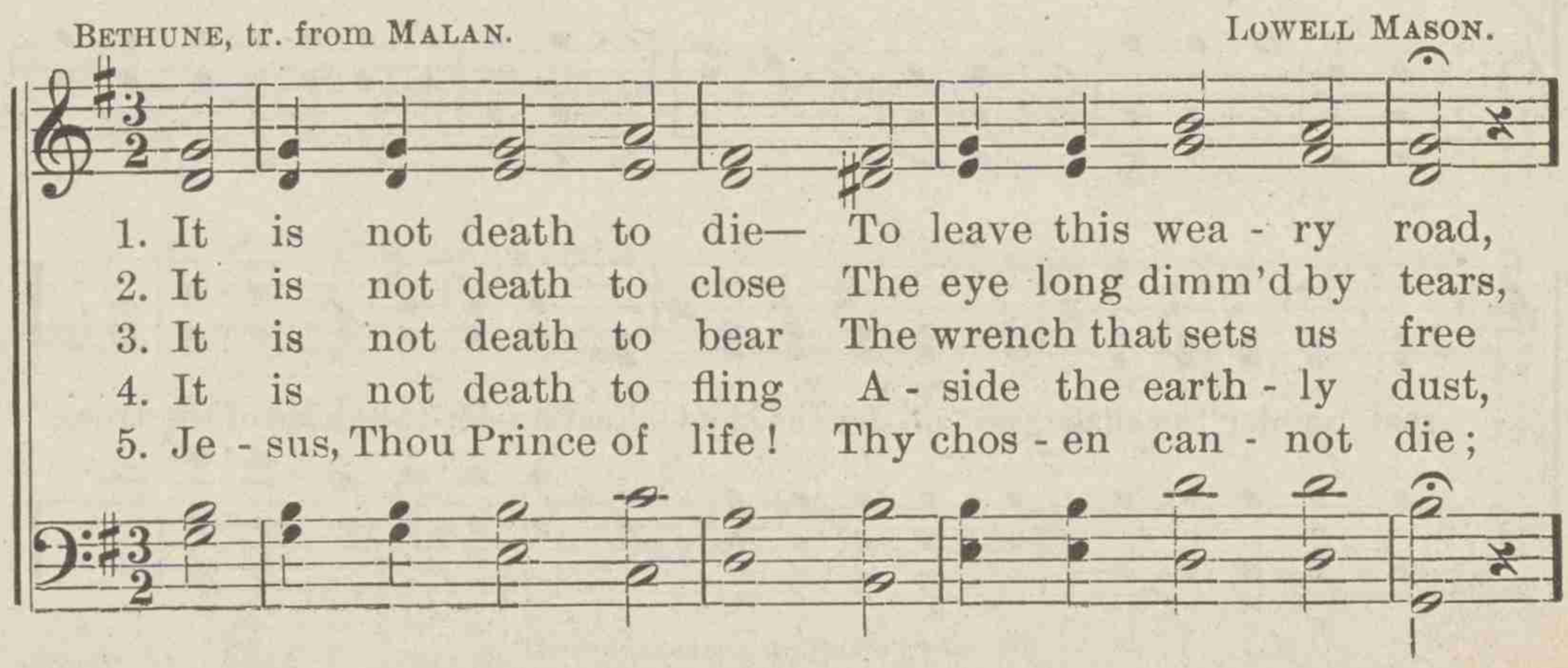
239 SLEEP THY LAST SLEEP.

J. BARNBY.

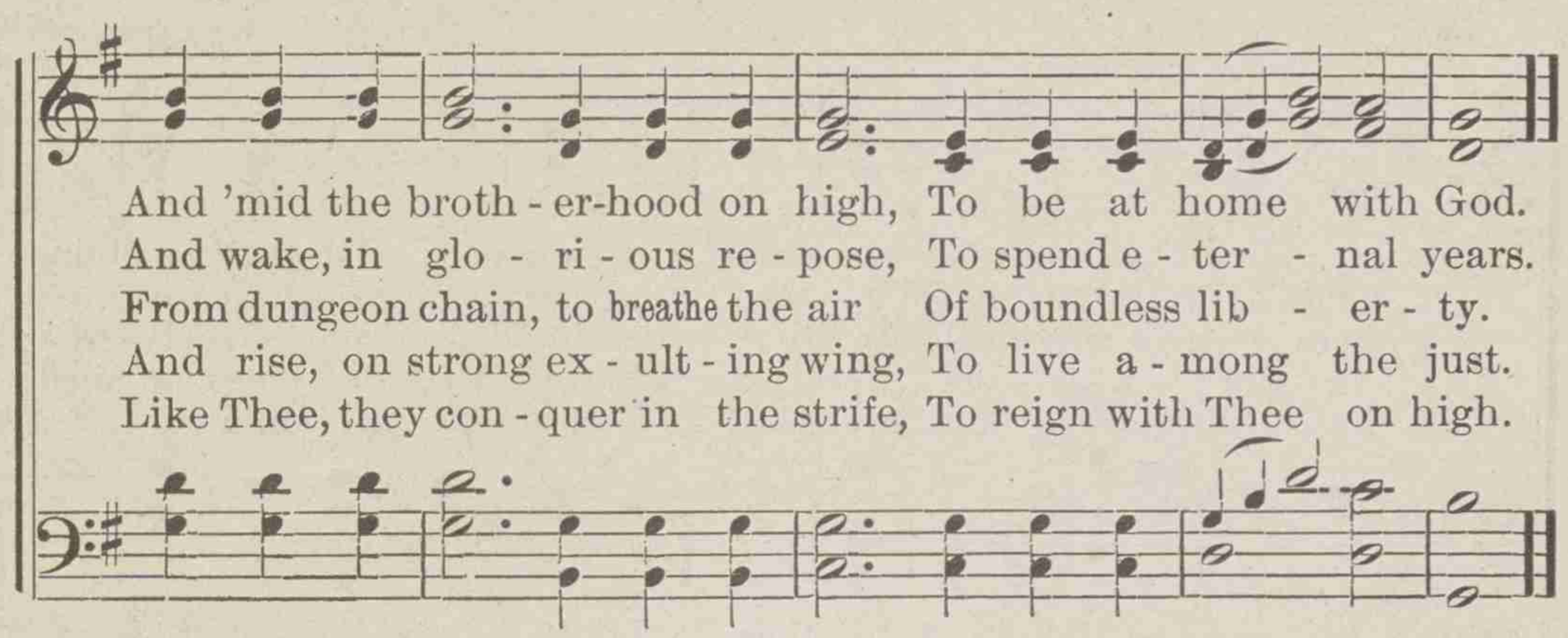


240 IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE.
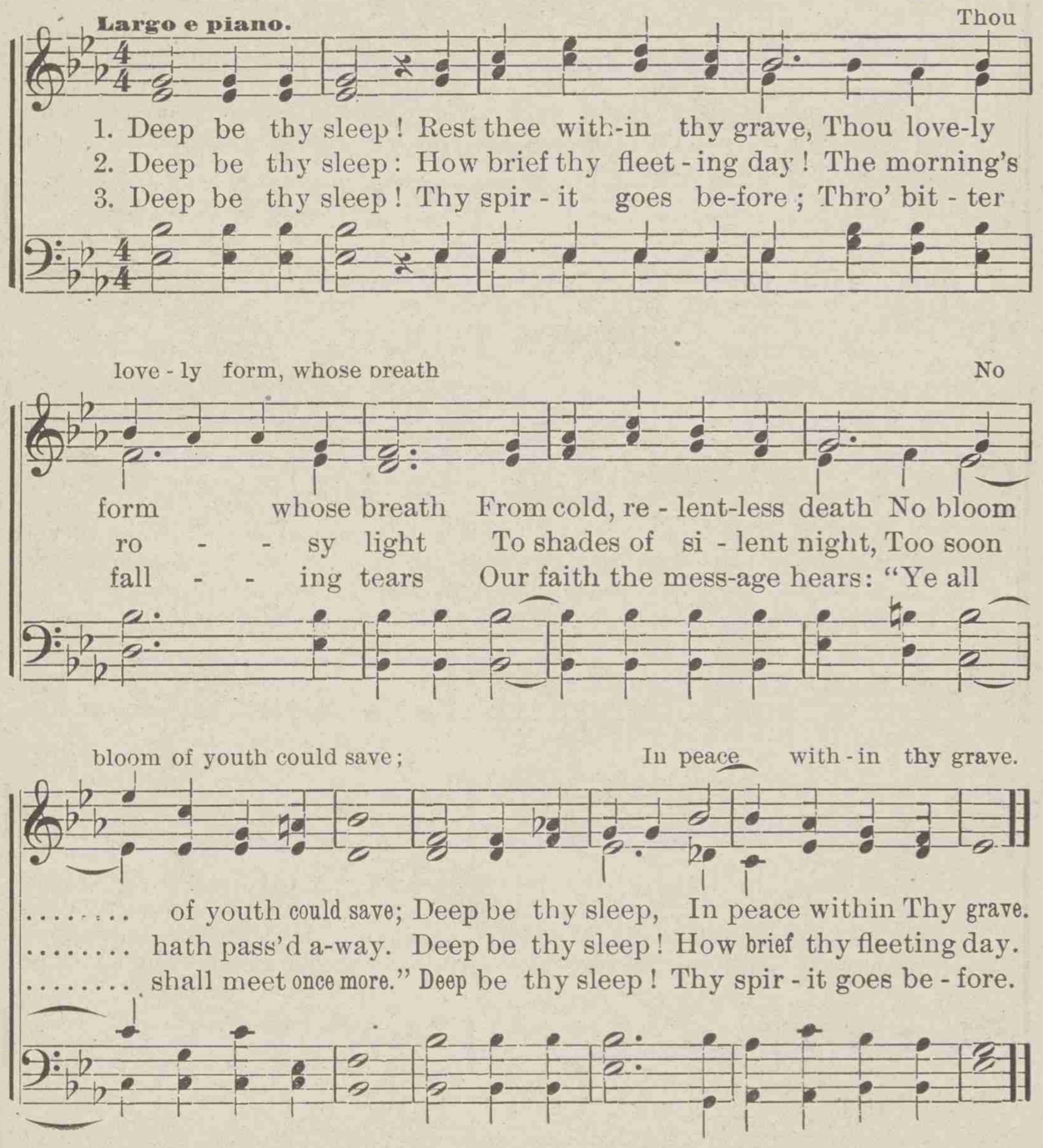
BETHUNE, tr. from MALAN. LOWELL MASON.



IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE. Concluded.
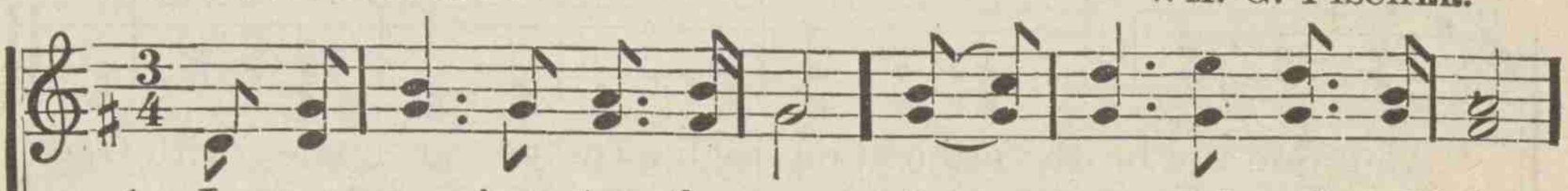


241 "DEEP BE THY SLEEP."

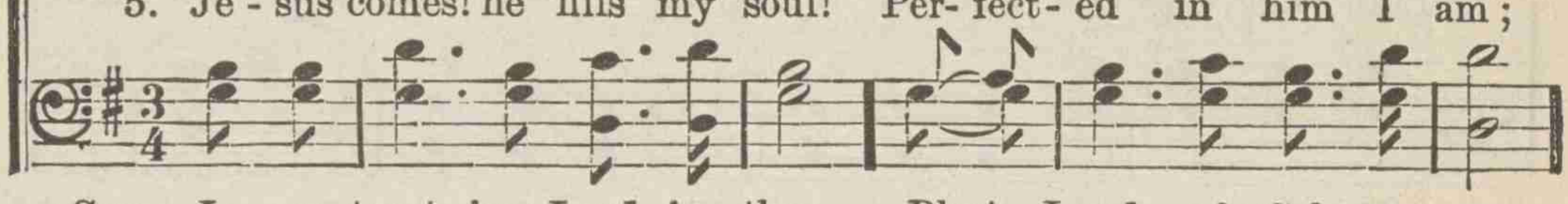


242 I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

Rev. WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.

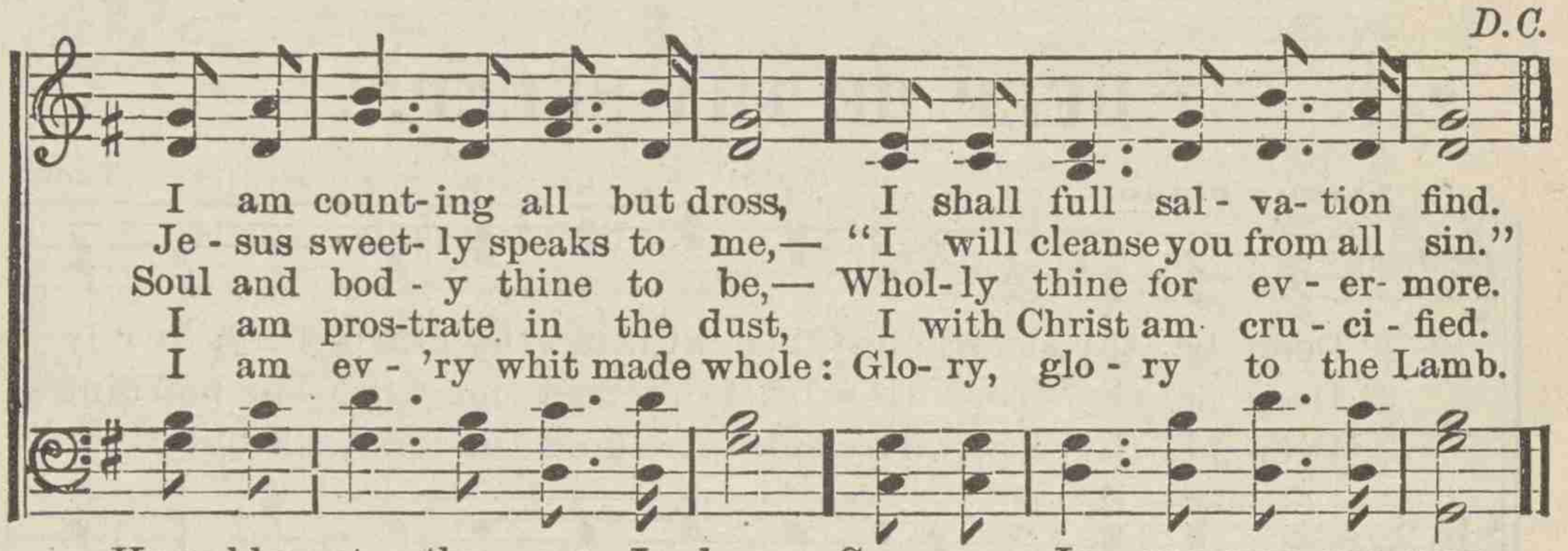


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil dwelt with- in;
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earth- ly store;
4. In thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap-plied:
5. Je - sus comes! he fills my soul! Per- fect - ed in him I am;

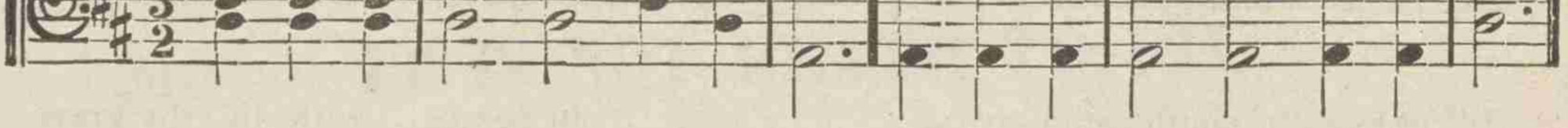


CHO.—I am trust- ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D.C.



I am count- ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va- tion find.
Je - sus sweet- ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y thine to be,— Whol- ly thine for ev - er- more.
I am pros-trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole: Glo- ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.



Hum- bly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

243 REST. L. M.

MARGARET MACKAY. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wake to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet;
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful ref- uge be!

A calm and un - dis-turb'd re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes!
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost its venomed sting!
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour That man-i - fests the Sav-iour's pow'r.
Se-cure-ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.

244 THE BEAUTIFUL PARADISE GATE.

E. R. LATTA. JOHN R. BRYANT.

DUET. SOPRANO and ALTO.

1. There's a heav - en - ly gar - den, more won-drous- ly fair, Than ter-
2. There, the wiles of the temp-ter, the bliss can - not mar! There's no
3. There's a high-way of God, where we safe - ly may go, That is
4. O, how ma - ny are there, that have gone on a - head! And are

res - tri - al E - den's es - tate; And, the sanc- ti - fied loved ones a -
sick- ness, or sor - row, or hate! And, the heirs of sal - va - tion are
o - pen to small and to great; And, the faith-ful dis - ci - ples, an
safe in that bless-ed re - treat! To their home-coming spir - its, a

wait for me, there, At the beau - ti - ful Par - a - dise gate!
welcomed, from far, At the beau - ti - ful Par - a - dise gate!
entrance, shall know, At the beau - ti - ful Par - a - dise gate!
wel- come was said, At the beau - ti - ful Par - a - dise gate!

CHORUS.

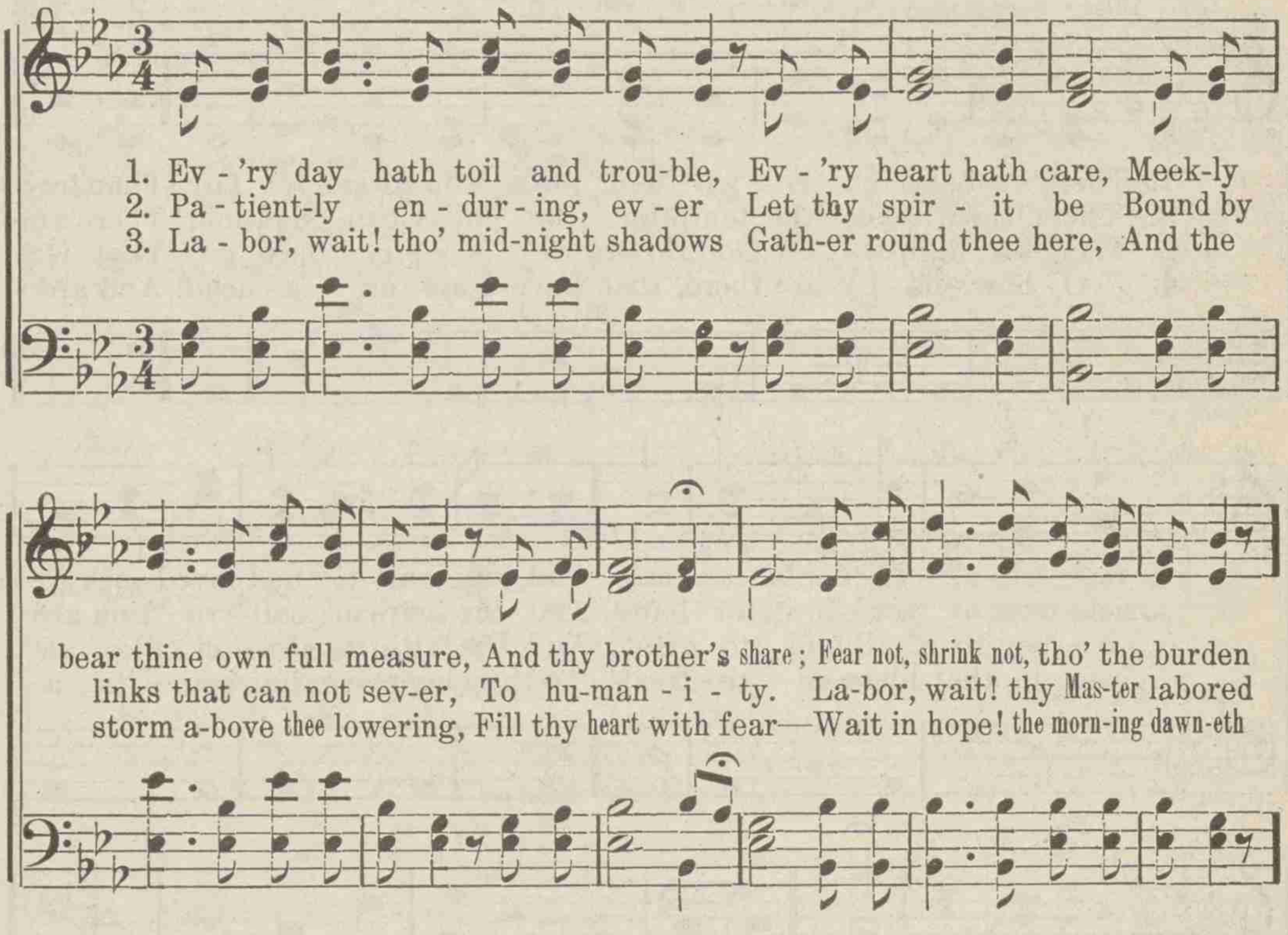
Beau - ti - ful gate! . . . beau - ti - ful gate!
Beau-ti-ful gate! beauti-ful gate! Beauti-ful, beauti - ful gate!

Shall I, and shall you, Be allowed to go thro' Thro' the beautiful Paradise gate.

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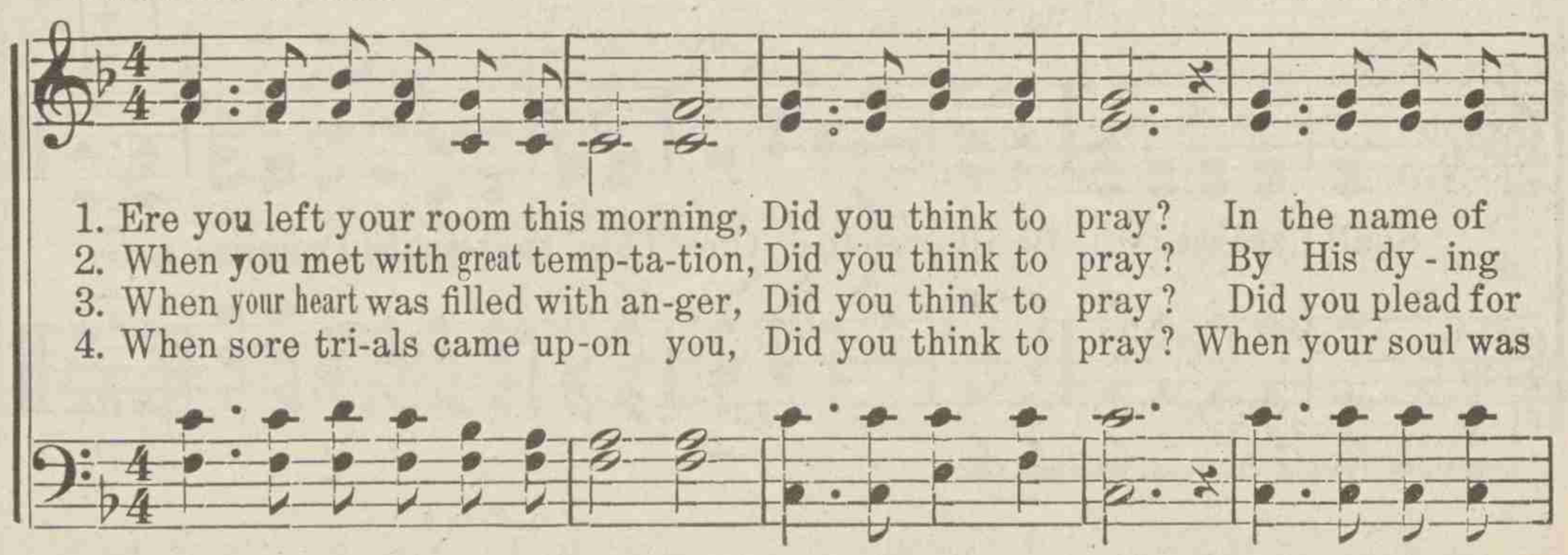
245 EVERY DAY HATH TROUBLE.

W. T. M. W. T. MOORE.
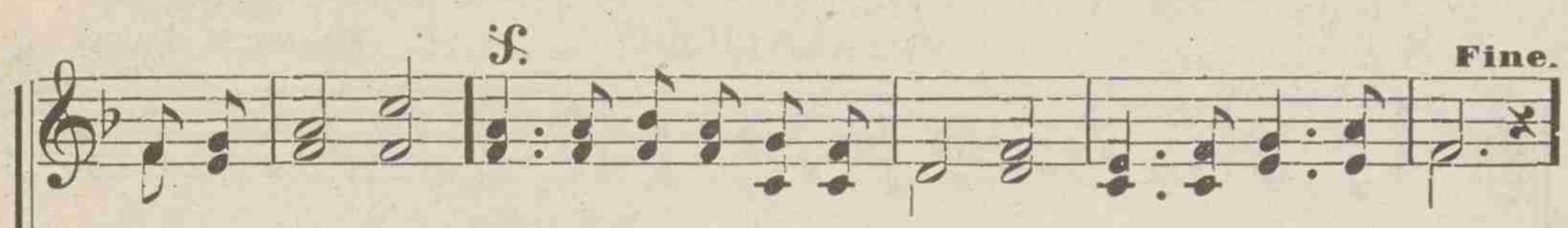


246 DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

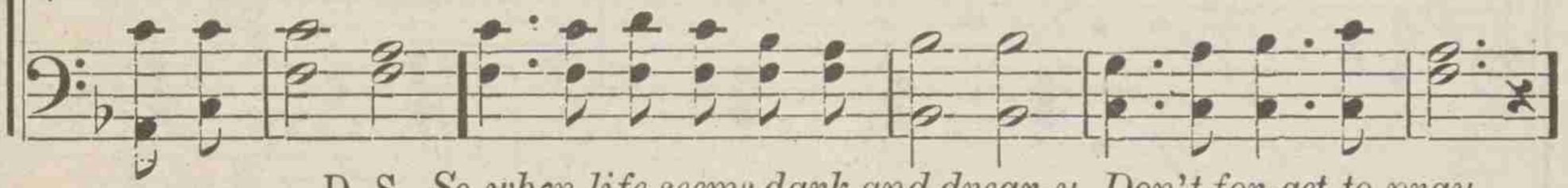
MRS. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. PERKINS.



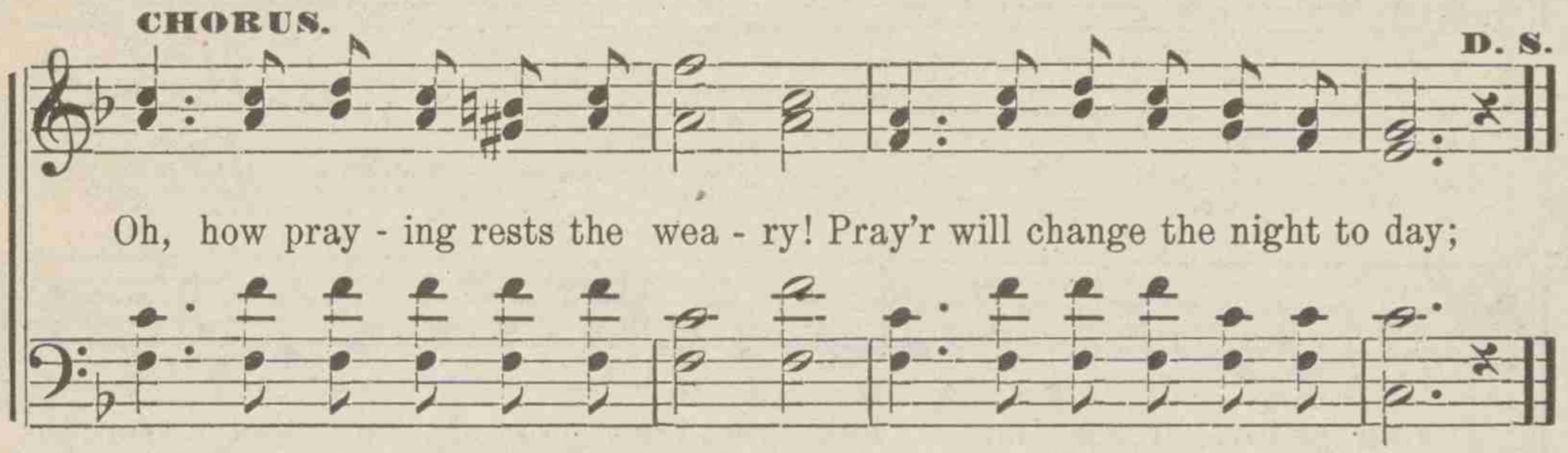
DID YOU THINK TO PRAY? Concluded.



Christ, our Sav - iour, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor, As a shield to - day?
love and mer - it, Did you claim the Ho-ly Spir - it As your guide and stay?
grace, my broth - er, That you might for-give an-oth-er Who had cross'd your way?
bow'd in sor - row, Balm of Gil-ead did you bor - row At the gates of day?



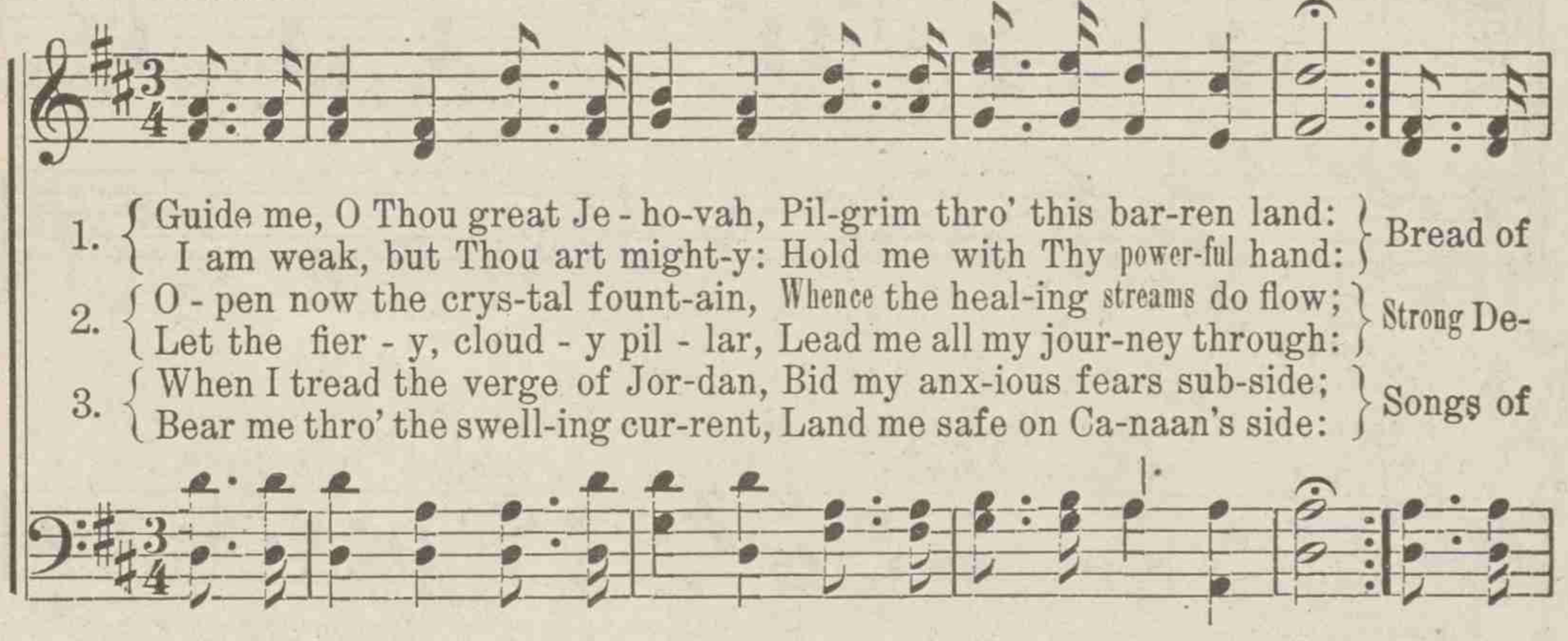
D. S. *So when life seems dark and drear-y, Don't for-get to pray.*
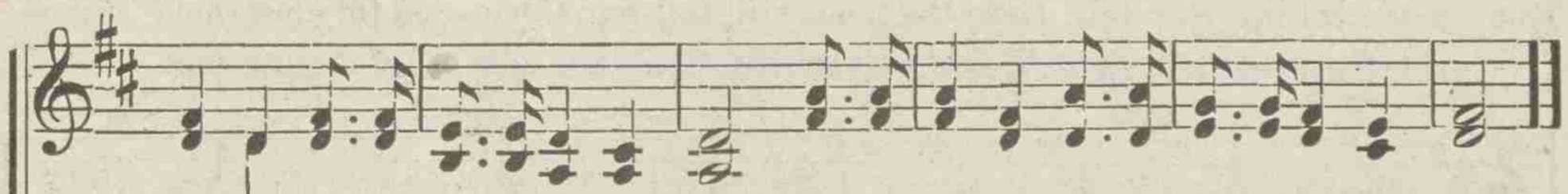


Oh, how pray - ing rests the wea - ry! Pray'r will change the night to day;

247 ZION.

W. WILLIAMS. THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land: I am weak, but Thou art might-y: Hold me with Thy power-ful hand: } Bread of
2. { O - pen now the crys-tal fount-ain, Whence the heal-ing streams do flow; Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour-ney through: } Strong De-
3. { When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side; Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side: } Songs of



heav-en, Feed me till I want no more, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
liv-'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield, Strong De-liv-'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
prais-es I will ev-er sing to Thee, Songs of prais-es I will ev-er sing to Thee.

248 FOLLOW ME.

F. M. D. SOLO AND CHORUS. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Je - sus taught the wait-ing peo-ple from a boat up - on the shore Of His
2. Soft the mur-mur of the waves that broke up-on the peb-bly shore Of the
3. Still the ech-oes of those words are fall-ing on the sin-ner's ear, As they

own be-lov - ed blue Gal - i - lee; Great the mul-ti-tude that gathered there to
Sav-iour's dear re-treat, Gal - i - lee; Mingling there with sweet-er words than forth from
fell up - on the blue Gal - i - lee; Float-ing down the tide of a-ges, hear them

hear His bless-ed words, As they sweet-ly ech-oed, Come, and fol - low me.
mor - tal lips e'er fell; Hear the tones still fall-ing, Come, and fol - low me.
ring sweet and clear, Come, ye wand-'ring, stray-ing ones, O fol - low me.

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FOLLOW ME. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Fol - - low, fol-low me,
Fol-low, fol - low, fol - low me, Fall in ac - cents of the
sweet-est mel - o - dy; Hear the Sav - iour say - ing,
mel - o - dy;
as He stands be-side sweet Gal-i-lee, O come, and fol - low me.

249 HE MAKES MY SOUL HIS CARE.

German Theme.

Allegretto.

1. For - ev - er bless-ed be the Lord, My Sav-iour and my shield;
2. When sin and hell their force u-nite, He makes my soul His care;
3. A Friend and Help-er so di-vine Doth my weak cour-age raise;

He sends His Spir-it with His word, To arm me for the field.
In-structs me to the heaven-ly fight, And guards me thro' the war.
He makes the glo-rious vic-t'ry mine, And His shall be the praise.

250 WORKERS AT HOME.

DANIEL MARCH. ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus calling—"Who will go and work to-day?
2. If you can not cross the ocean, And the heathen lands explore,
3. While the souls of men are dying, And the Mas-ter calls for you,

Fields are white, the harvest waiting—Who will bear the sheaves away?"
You can find the heath-en nearer, You can help them at your door;
Let none hear you i-dly saying, "There is noth-ing I can do."

Loud and long the Master cail-eth, Rich re-ward he of-fers free;
If you can not speak like angels, If you can not preach like Paul,
Glad-ly take the task he gives you, Let his work your pleasure be;

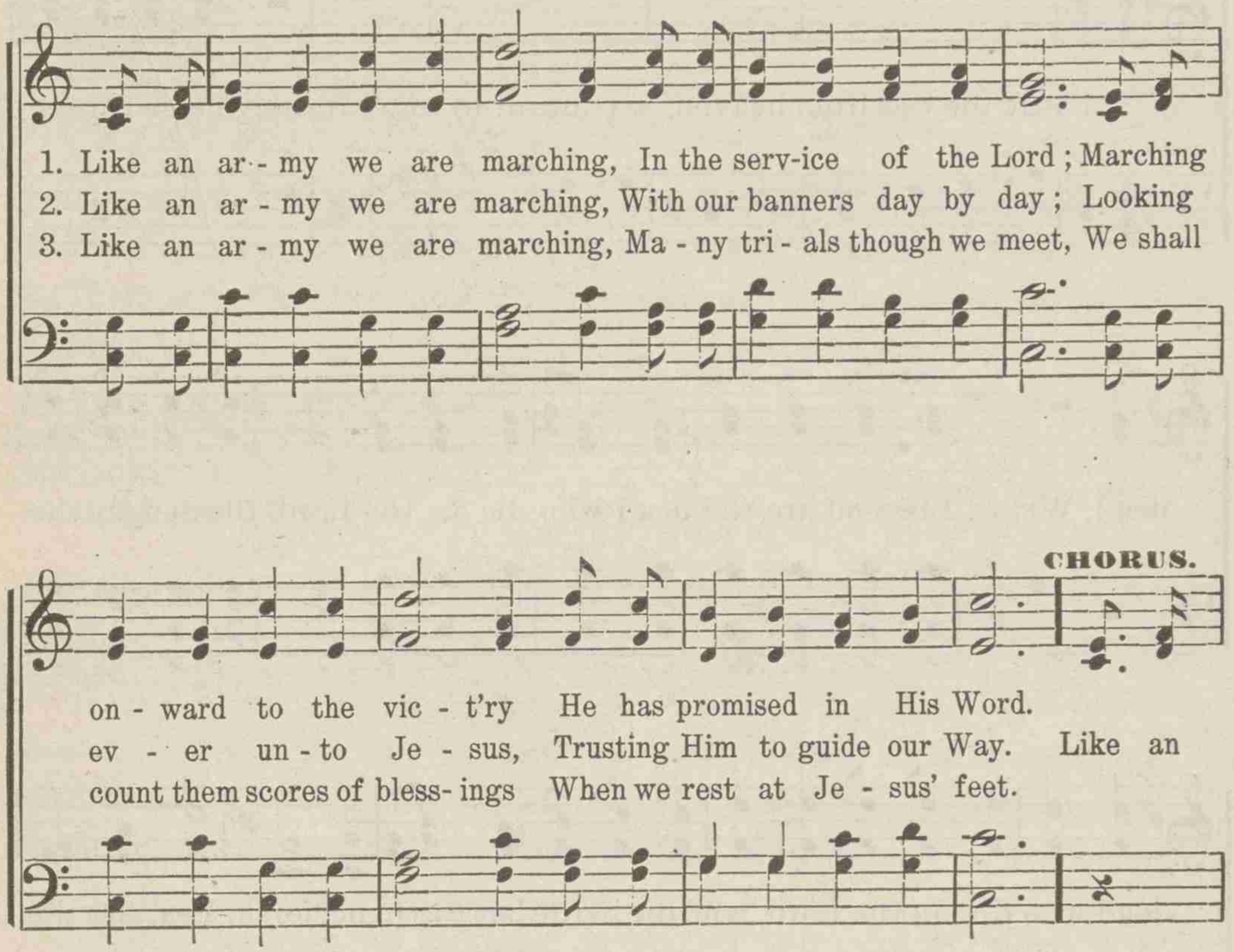
Who will an-swer, glad-ly saying, "Here am I, O Lord: send me?"
You can tell the love of Je-sus, You can say he died for all.
An-swer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I, O Lord: send me."

Who will answer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord: send me?"
You can tell the love of Je-sus, You can say he died for all.
An-swer quick-ly when he calleth, "Here am I, O Lord: send me."

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251 THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

SALLIE MARTIN. MRS. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.



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252 I HEARD A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

Andante.

I heard the voice from heaven, say-ing un-to me: Write! Blessed are the

dead, Write! Bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord, Blessed are the

dead who die in the Lord, who die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the

Spir - it, that they may rest, may rest from their la - bors and their

Rit.
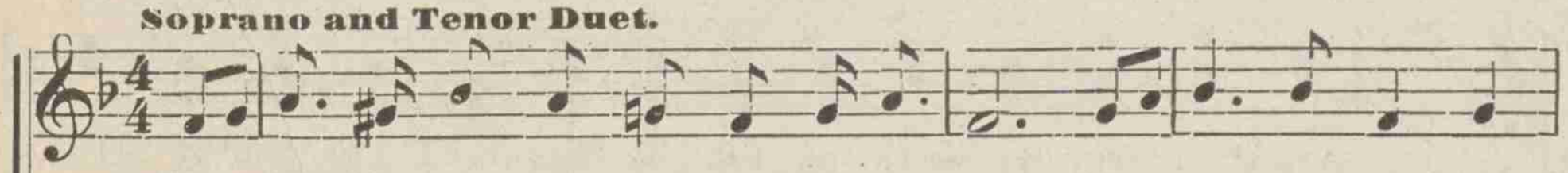
works, their works do fol - low them, And their works do fol - low them.

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253 BEYOND.
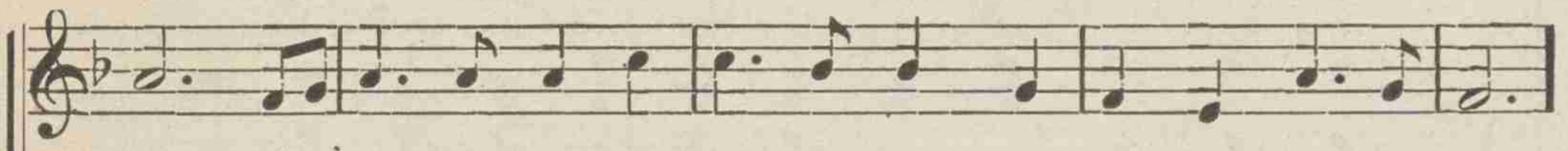
W. H. GARDNER. J. D. PATTON.

Soprano and Tenor Duet.



1. There is a world where sor-row nev-er comes, Where weeping ne'er is
2. There is a world where hearts can never break, Where bit - ter-ness ne'er
3. There is a gold-en shore whereon some day Our shatter'd barks shall
4. The way is rough, life's hill is hard to climb, But, dear ones, list to
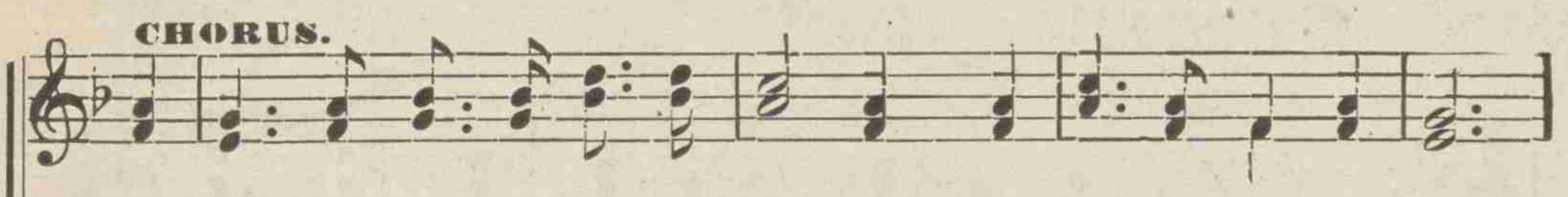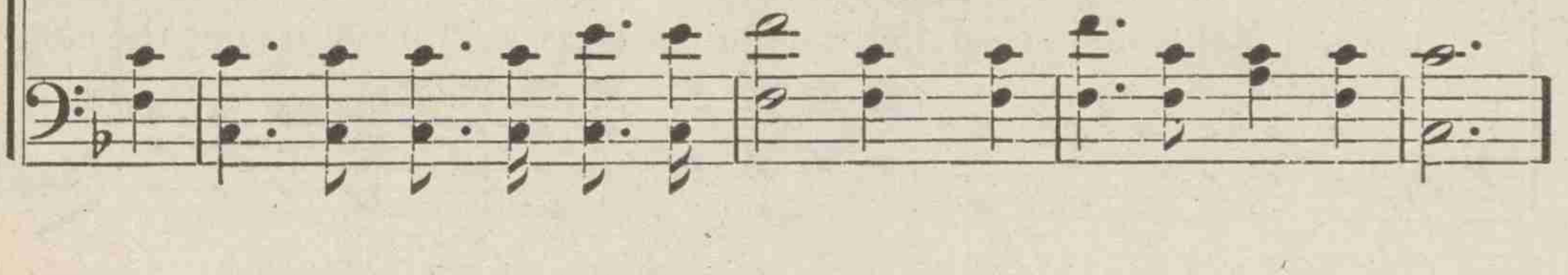




heard, And O I long to hast - en there Like some home fly-ing bird.
comes, And O there in that realm of light Are our de - part - ed ones.
land, And dear ones then will meet us there And clasp us by the hand.
me! There's peace and rest for you be - yond For all e - ter - ni - ty.
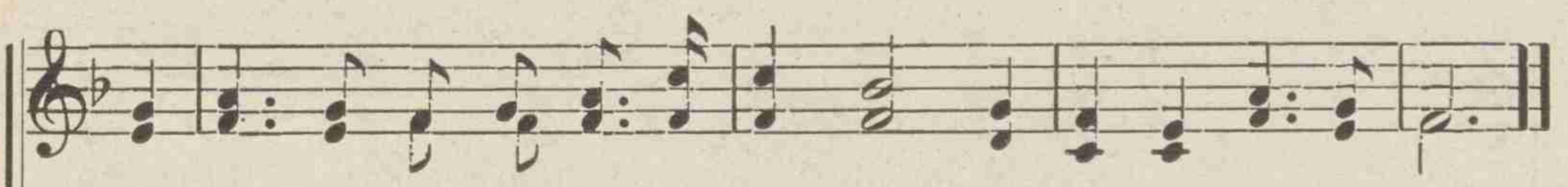


CHORUS.
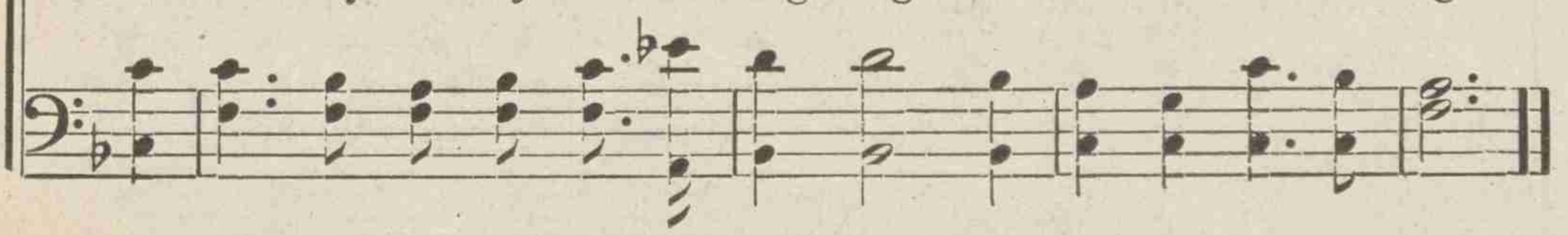


Be - yond the shadows and the dark-ness There is a home of light,





And O my wea - ry heart is long - ing To hast - en there to-night.



Copyright, 1894, by A. J. Showalter. By per.

254 ARE YOU WORKING?

MRS. MARY M. MCCLELLAND. MRS. H. W. ELLIOT.

1. Are you tru - ly work-ing for the Mas - ter? Are you in His
2. Fields are white, the harvest now is wait - ing, Not for i - dlers
3. Let us then with earn-est step un-falt'ring, Tho' the days be

fields to - day? Life hath lit - tle time for drow - sy i - dling,
is the crown, Nor the "come ye bless - ed of my Fa - ther,"
long and hot, Count that day as lost and worth-less ev - er,

CHORUS.

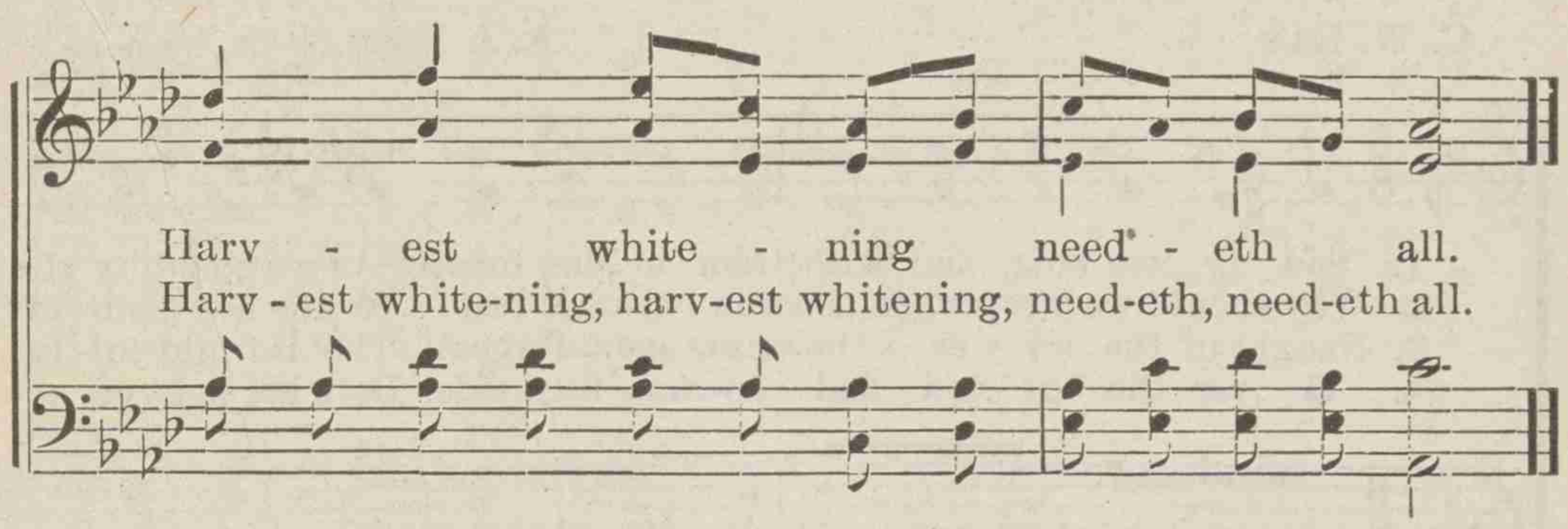
Lit - tle time, in-deed, for play. See a - far and near are
At my marriage feast sit down.
Which no sheaves for Christ hath brought. See a - far and near are fields of

fields of harv - est, Heed you not the Mas - ter's call,
harvest, fields of harvest, Heed you not the Master's call, O heed you not the call,

Faint, O men and few my reap - ers, faith - ful,
Faint, O men and few my reap - ers, few my reapers, faith-ful,
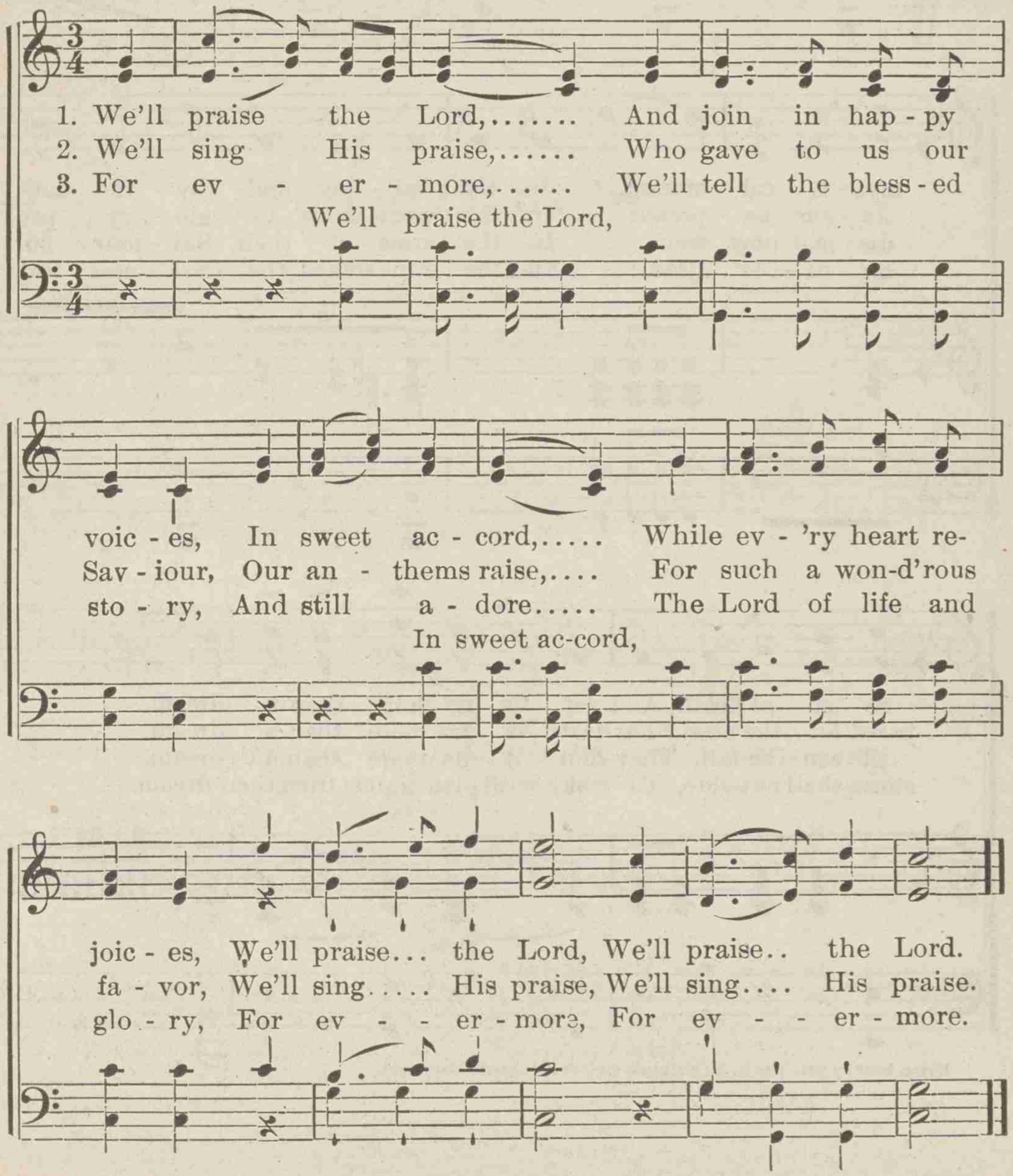
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ARE YOU WORKING? Concluded.



255 WE'LL PRAISE THE LORD.

Arr. from the German.



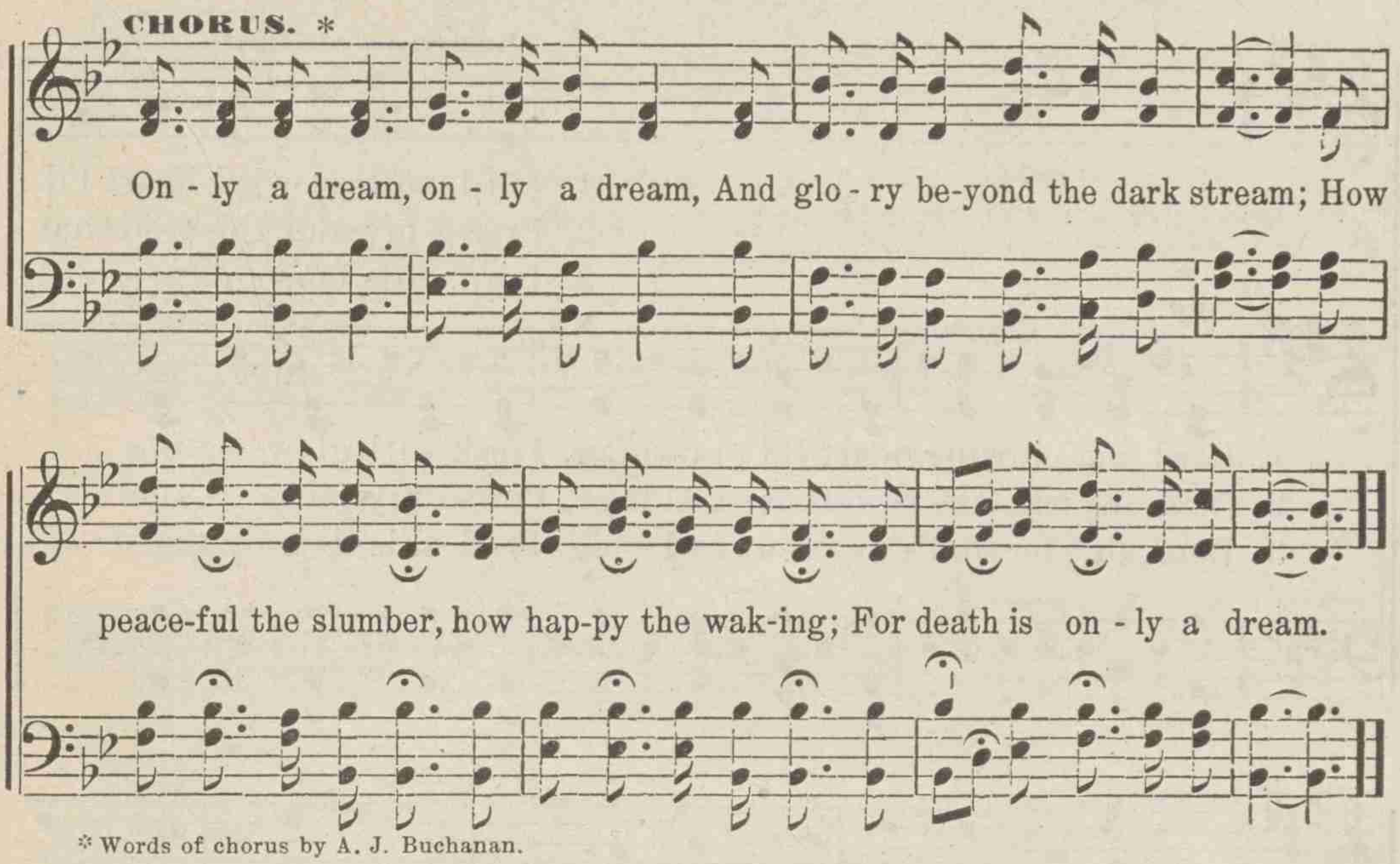
256 DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.

C. W. RAY.
SOLO.

A. J. BUCHANAN, by per.

Hymn used by per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

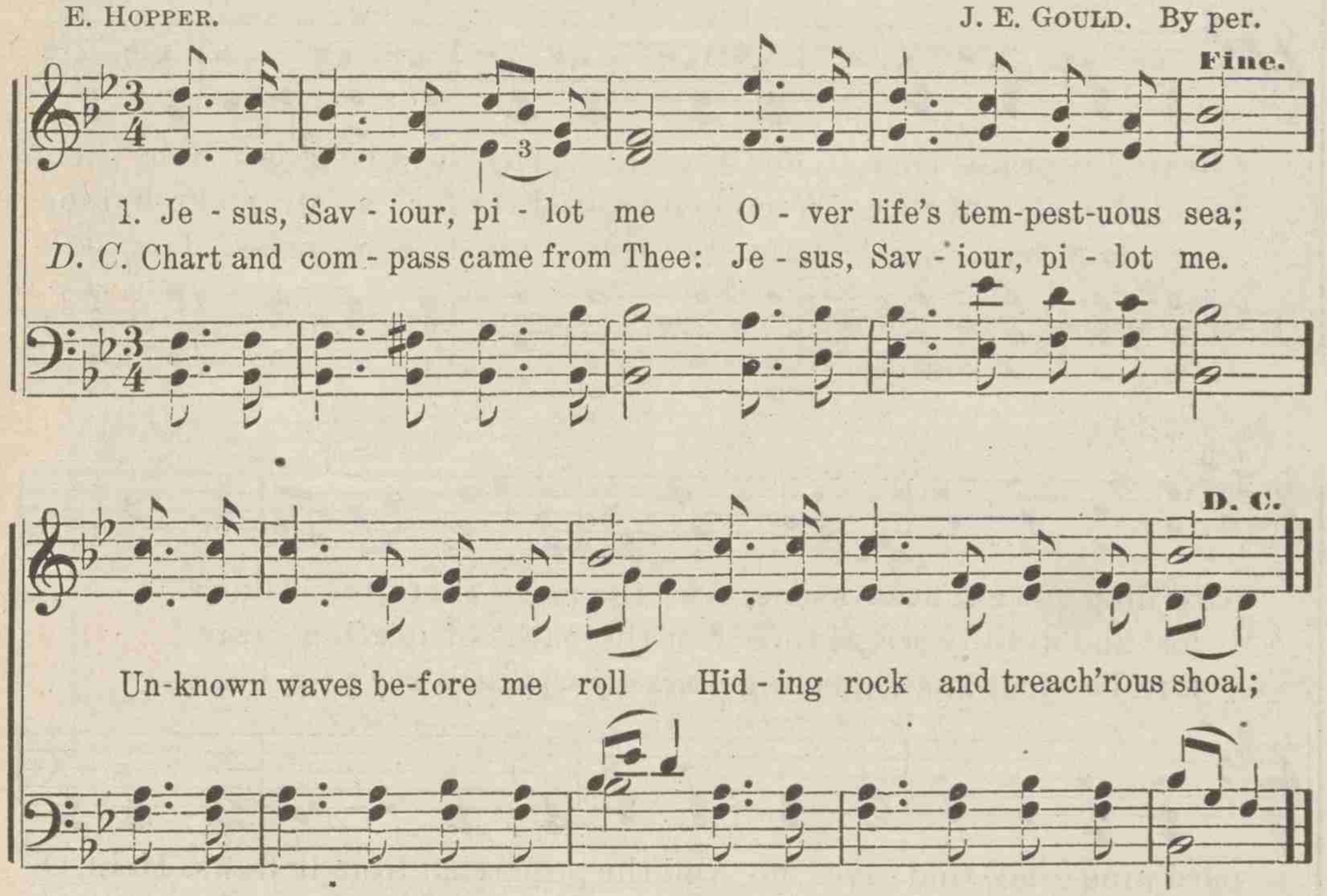
DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM. Concluded.



* Words of chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

257 SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

E. HOPPER. J. E. GOULD. By per.



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

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

LET MY LIFE.

Arr. for this work.

Soprano obligato.

1. Lord, with glowing heart I'd
2. Praise, my soul, the God that
3. Lord, this bo-som's ar - dent

pp

1. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee, Lord, with glow - ing
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Praise, my soul, the
3. Lord, this bo-som's ar - dent feel - ing, Lord, this bos - om's

praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows,.... For the
sought thee, Wretched wan-d'rer far a - stray;.... Found the
feel - ing Vain - ly could my lips ex - press;.... Low be-

heart I'd praise Thee, For the bliss Thy love be-stows, For the
God that sought thee, Wretched wan-d'rer far a - stray, Found the
ar - dent feel - ing, Vain - ly could my lips ex - press, Low be-

pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows.
lost and kind-ly brought thee From the paths of death a - way.
fore Thy foot-stool kneeling Deign my suppliant's pray'r to bless.

pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows. Help, O
lost and kind-ly brought thee From the paths of death a - way. Praise with
fore Thy foot-stool kneeling Deign my suppliant's pray'r to bless. Let Thy

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LET MY LIFE. Continued.

Help, O God, my weak endeavor This dull soul to rapture raise,
Praise with love's devoutest feeling Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
Let Thy grace my soul's chief treas-ure Love's pure flame within me raise;

God, my weak en - deav - or This dull soul to rapture raise;
love's de - vout - est feel - ing Him who saw thy guilt-born fear;
grace my soul's chief treas-ure Love's pure flame within me raise;

Thou must light the flame or nev-er Can my love be warmed to praise,
And the light of hope re-veal-ing Bade the blood-stained cross ap - pear,
And since words can nev-er measure Let my life show forth Thy praise,

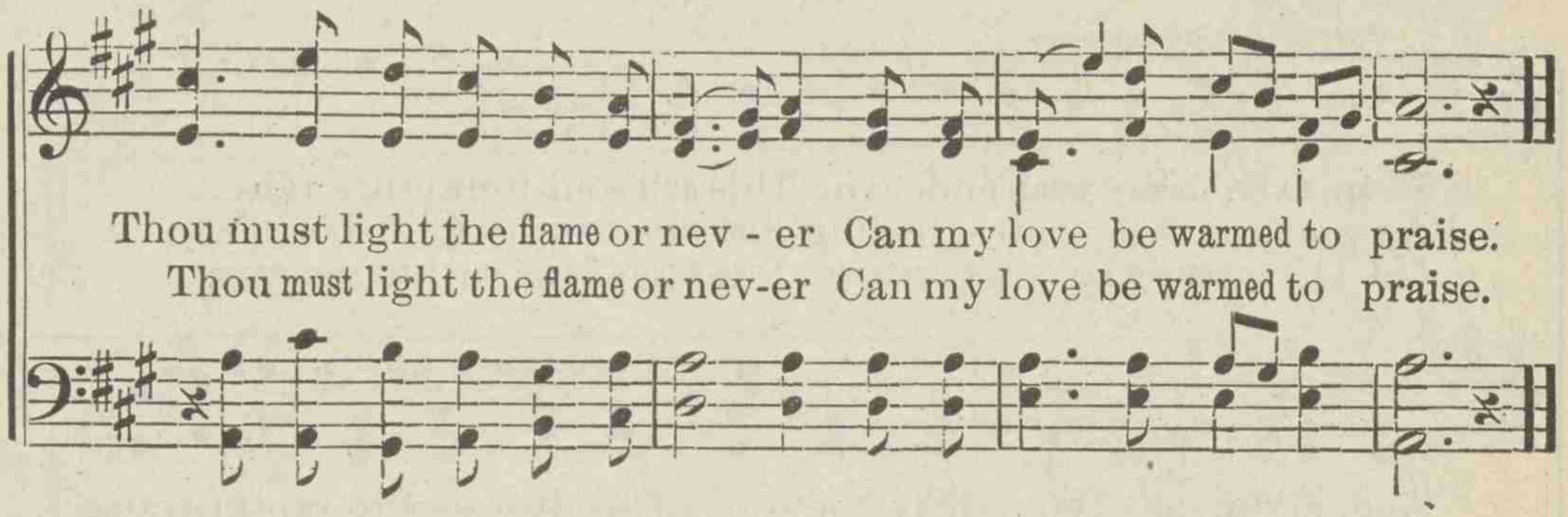
Thou must light the flame or nev-er Can my love be warmed to praise.
And the light of hope re-veal-ing Bade the blood-stained cross ap-pear.
And since words can nev-er measure Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Thou must light the flame or nev-er Can my love be warmed to praise.
And the light of hope re-veal-ing Bade the blood-stained cross ap-pear.
And since words can nev-er measure Let my life show forth Thy praise.

CHORUS.

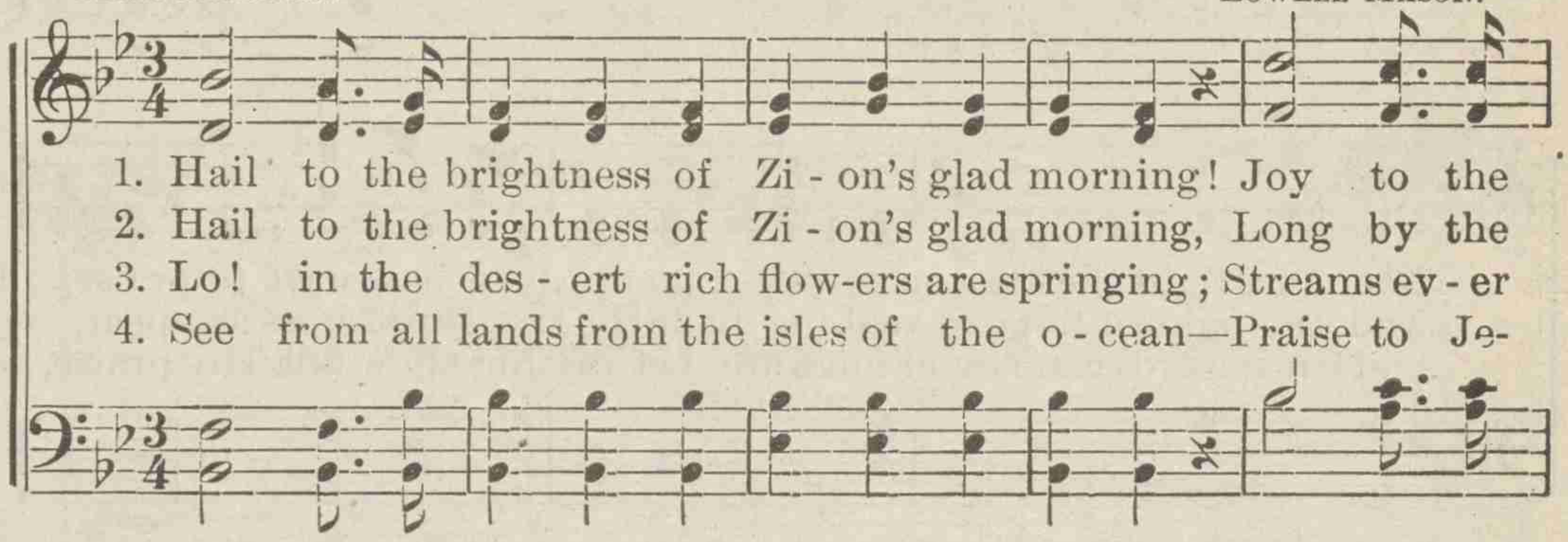
Help, O God, my weak en - deav-or This dull soul to rapture raise,
Help, O God, this weak endeavor

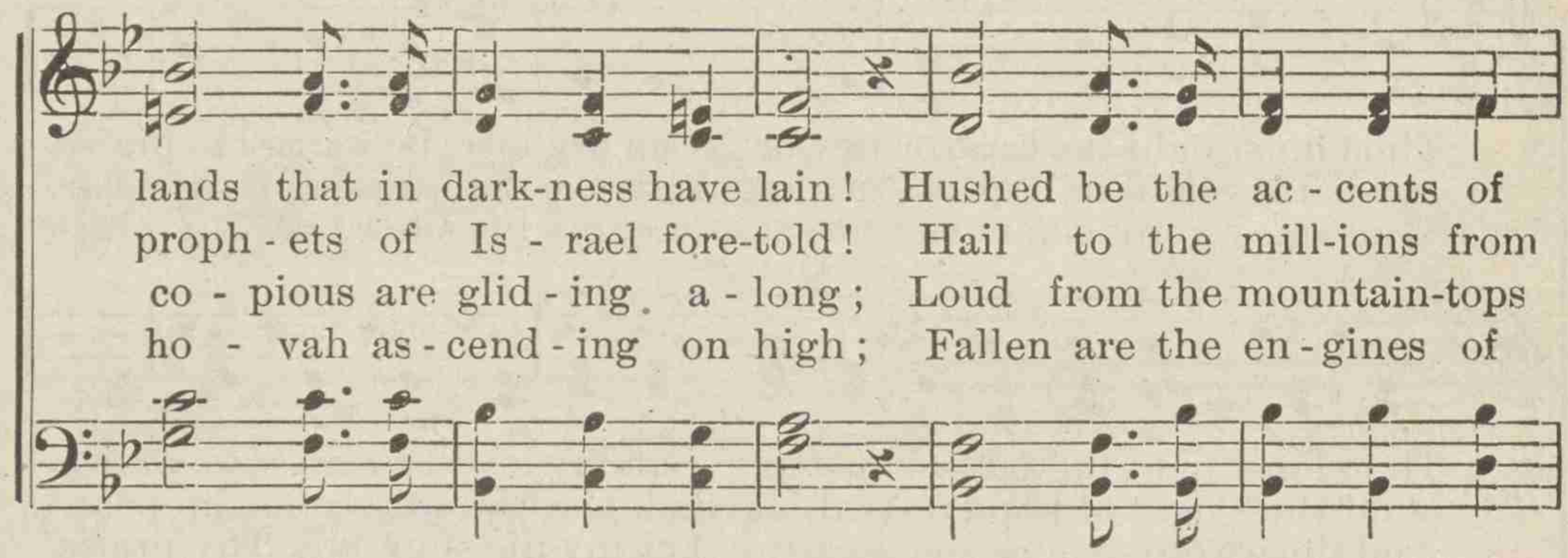
LET MY LIFE. Concluded.

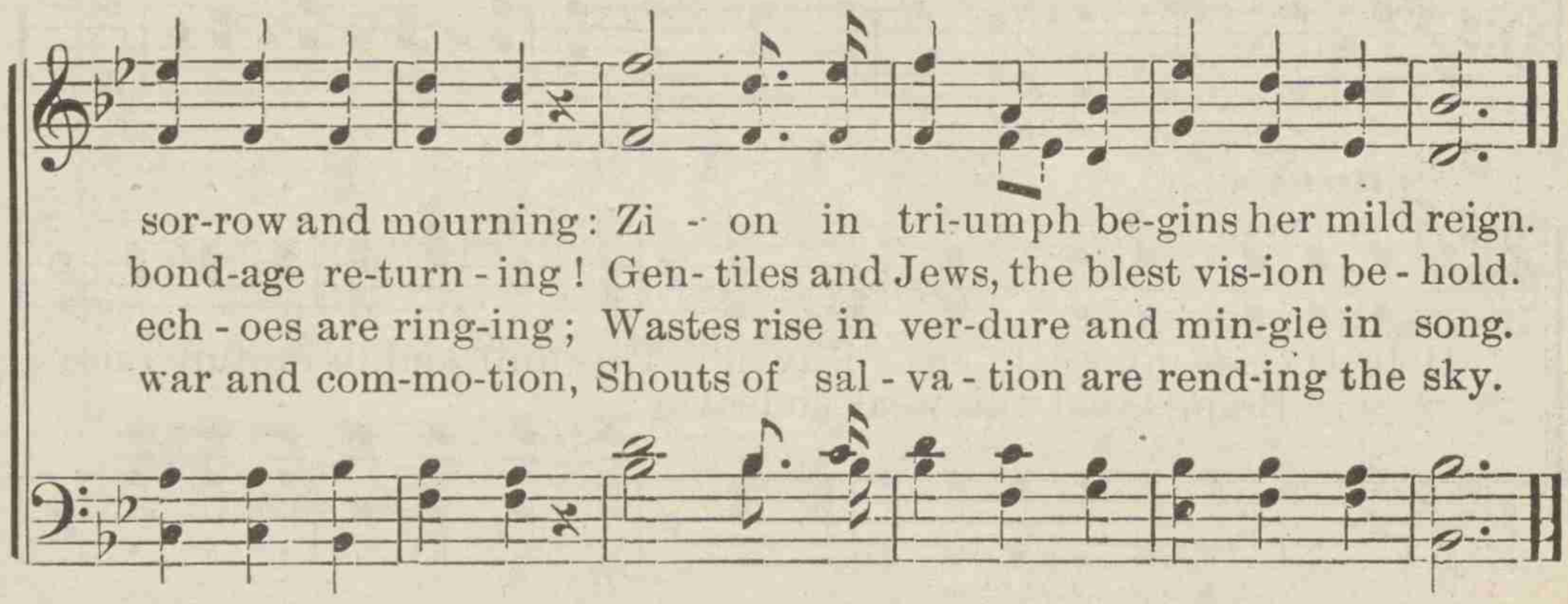


259 HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

THOS. HASTINGS. LOWELL MASON.







260 WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

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

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

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

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

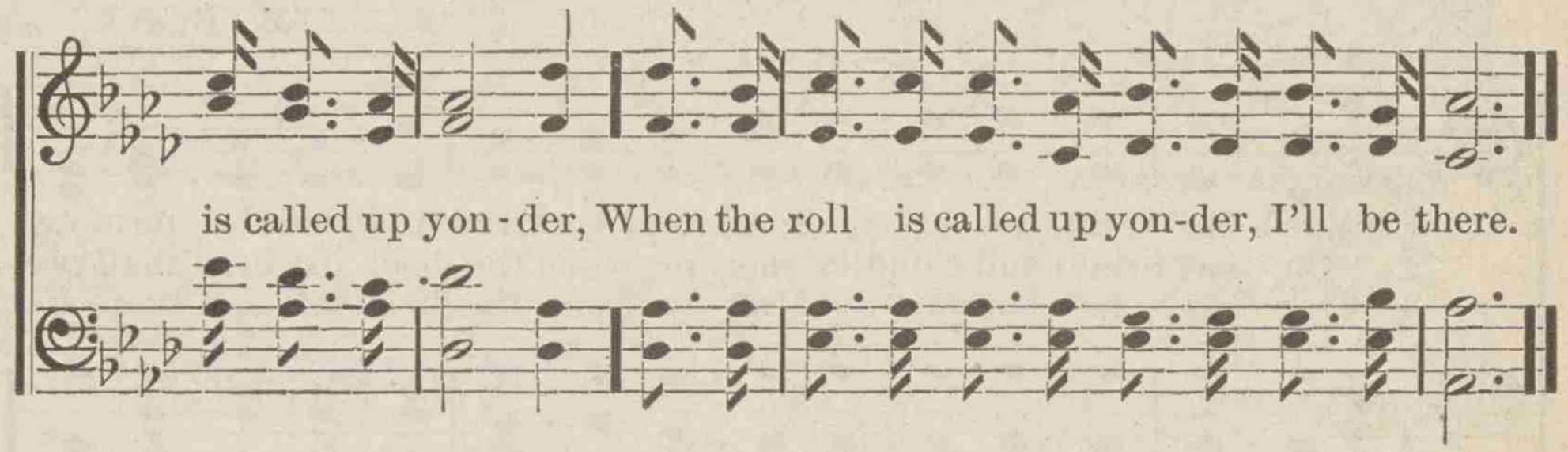
CHORUS.

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

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

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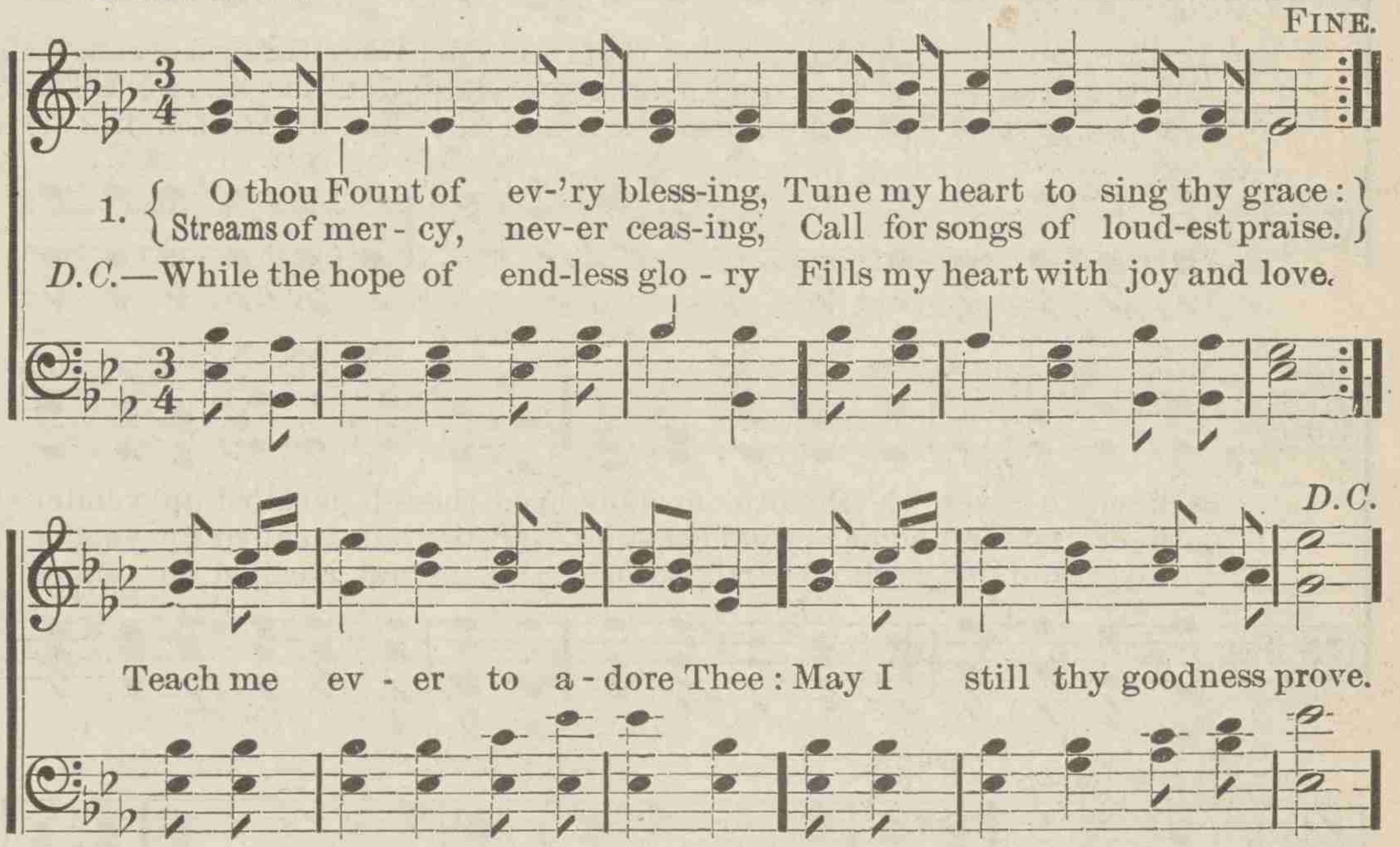
When the Roll is Called up Yonder.—Concluded.



261 NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

R. ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.

FINE.



2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I've come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from thy fold, O God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee.
Never let me wander from thee,
Never leave thee, whom I love;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

262 8s & 7s. Double. E. SMYTHE.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.
Fill each breast with consolation:
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

263 8s & 7s. Double. JOHN NEWTON.

1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

KNOWLES SHAW. J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.

1. I am sin - ful, and to thee, Lord, in an- guish I would flee,
2. Blind and lost, I call for aid: Let thy hand on me be laid—
3. Cleanse me in thy pre -cious blood, Love's pure, crim-son, stream-ing flood;

To the fount - ain let me go, Make me whit - er than the snow.
Thou a - lone canst, Lord, I know, Make me whit - er than the snow.
Robes of bright- ness, Lord, be-stow, Make me whit - er than the snow.

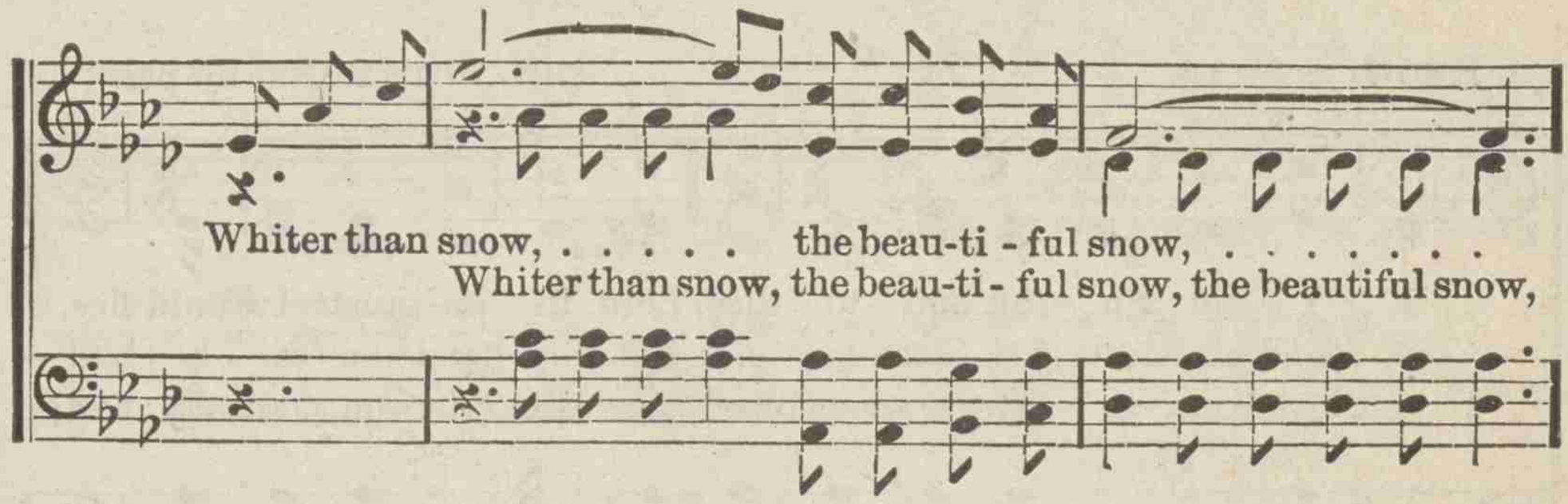
CHORUS.
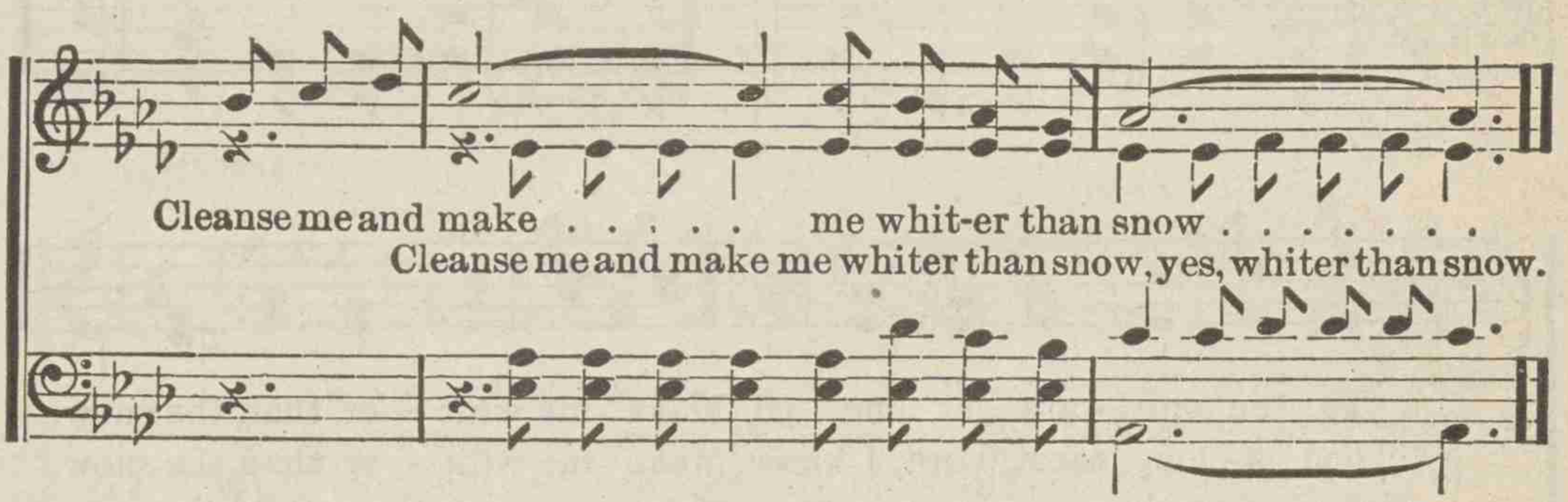
Blood of the Lamb! . . . . in thy wonderful flow,
Blood of the Lamb! in thy wonderful flow, thy wonderful flow,

Cleanse me and make . . . . . me whit-er than snow . . . . . .
Cleanse me and make me whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,

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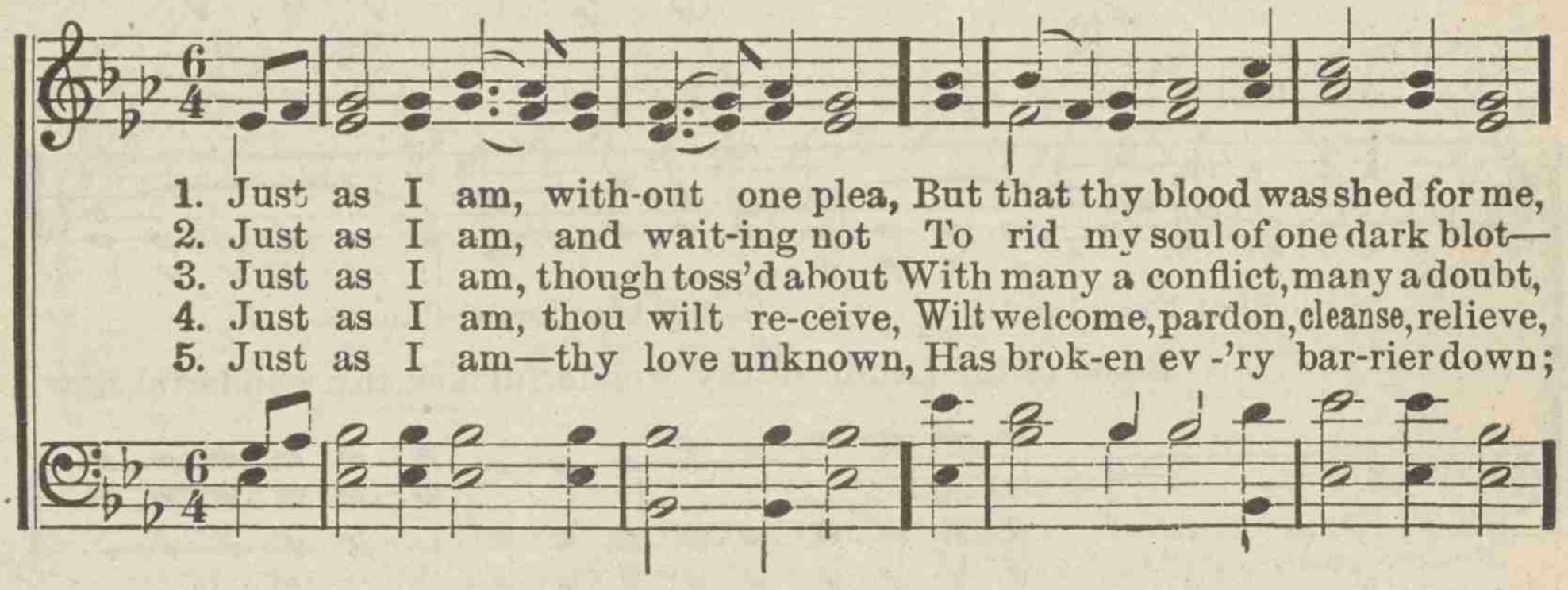
Blood of the Lamb. Concluded.
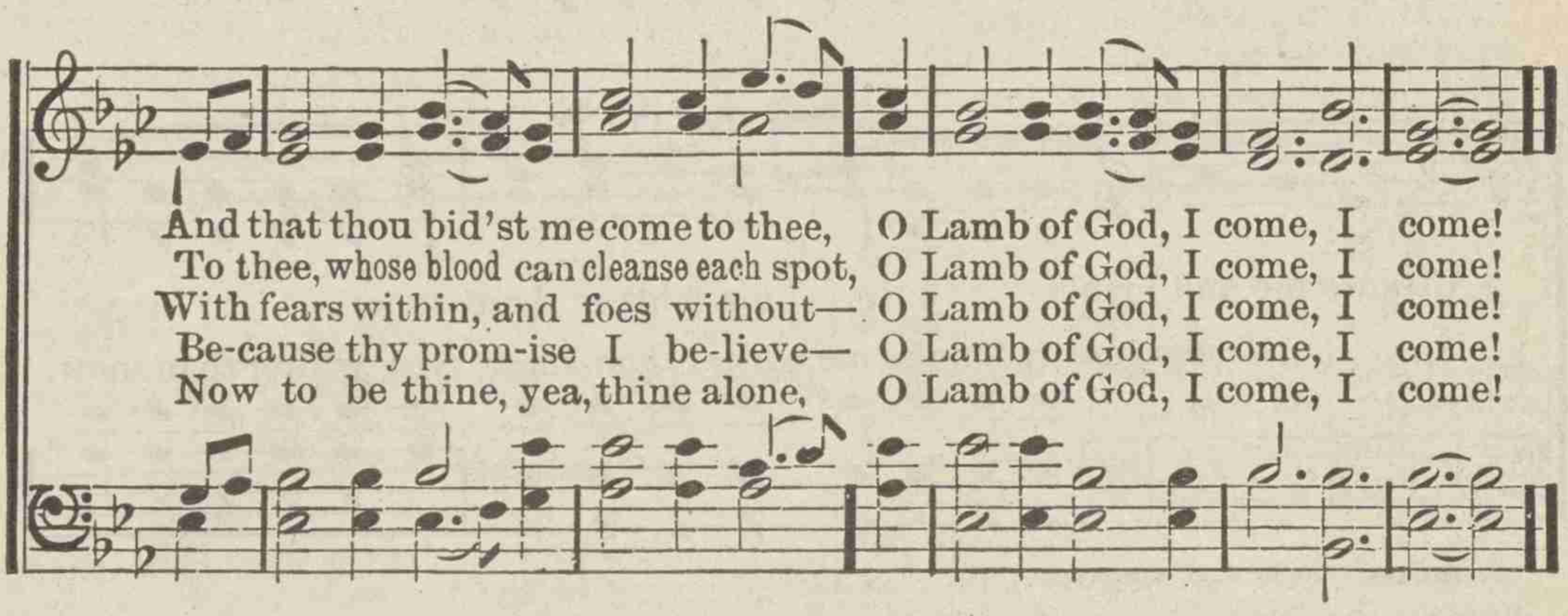




265 WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.





266 STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

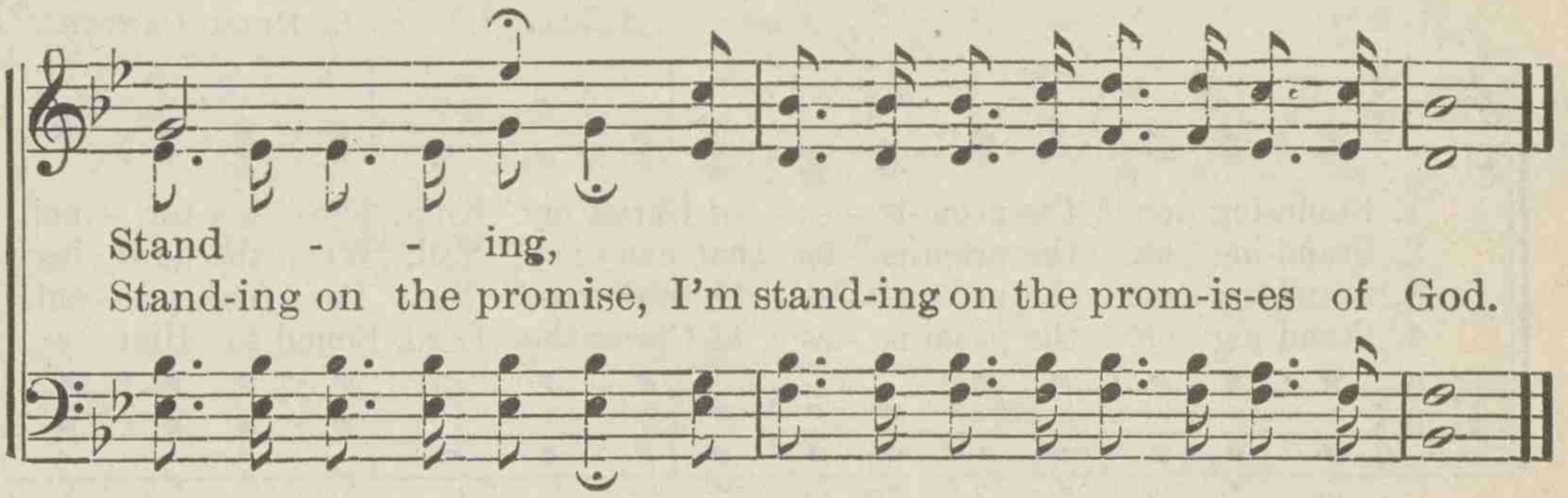
1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let His prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the high - est, I will shout and sing, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howl - ing storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per - fect, pres- ent cleans-ing in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e- ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com - ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.

CHORUS.

Stand - - ing, stand - - ing, Standing on the prom - is - es of God my Sav - ior; Stand - - ing, Standing on the prom - is - es, standing on the prom - is - es, Standing on the prom - is - es.

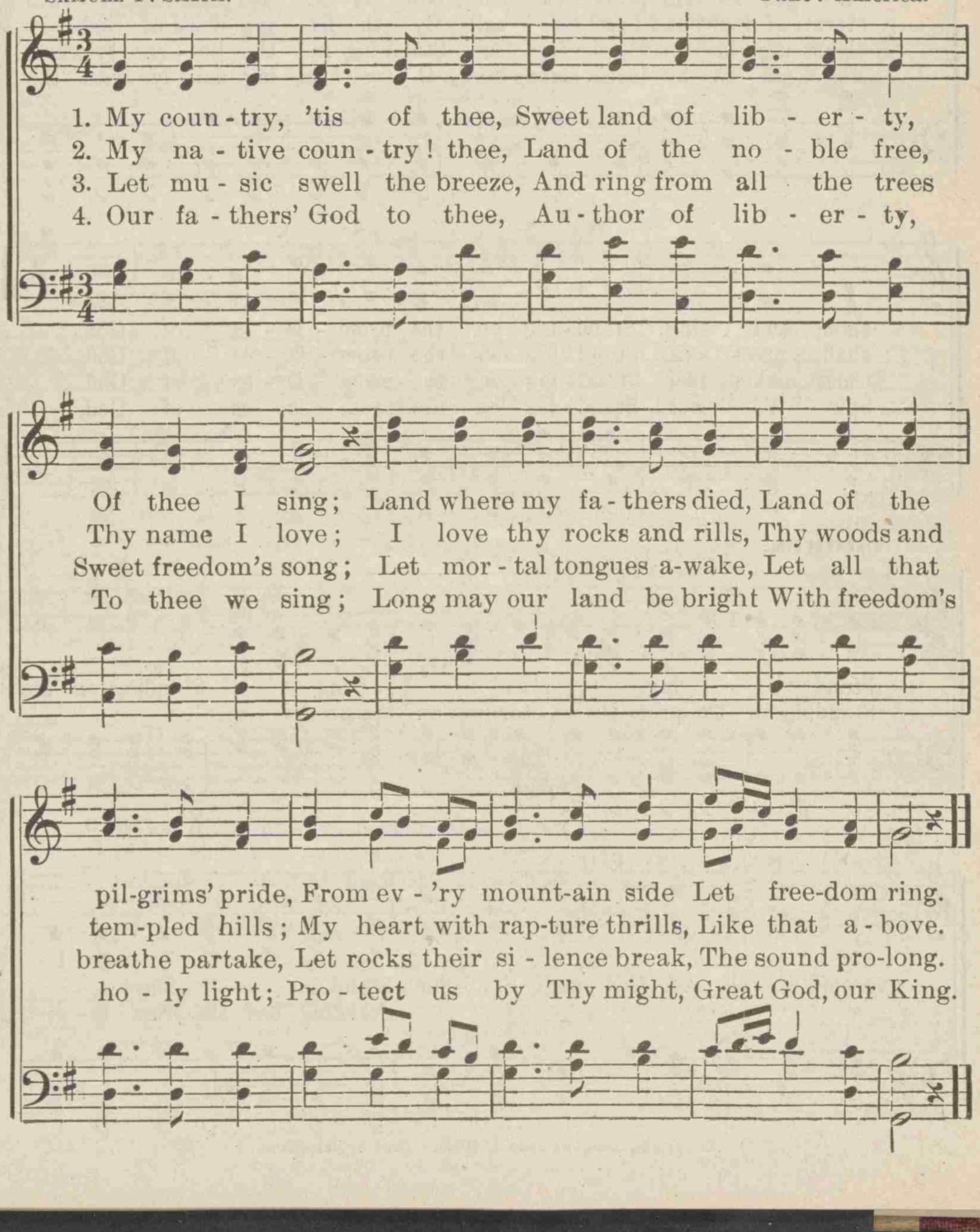
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STANDING ON THE PROMISES. Concluded.



267 MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. Tune: America.



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