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HAPPY

VOICES

No. 1

AN EXCELLENT COLLECTION OF SONGS

(MOSTLY NEW)

FOR

Sunday Schools, Young People's Societies, Evangelistic Services, and Music Schools

COMPILED BY

JOHN C. F. KYGER

MUSIC EDITORS

CHAS. K. LANGLEY, JAMES M. HAGAN, CHAS. E. POLLOCK

JOHN C. F. KYGER

Publisher of Church and Sunday School Music

WACO, TEXAS

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PREFACE.

The author of "Happy Voices" has published "Bells of Heaven," "The Revival Harp," and "Songs fcr the Sunday School." Each of these books has had an extensive sale. No time, pains, or expense has been spared in the preparation of "Happy Voices," to make it the most popular of all.

The hymns have been carefully edited and are full of Gospel truth. The music is by the best authors, and is sweet and flowing. No piece has been put in merely "to fill up," but each piece is a gem both as to poetry and music.

The many singers represented in this collection come from the North and South, the East and West; some of them have been singing for years, others have had a shorter experience in the field of song. An earnest endeavor has been made to serve the music-loving people with a symmetrical, practical, stirring, and helpful collection of songs.

Besides some of the grand old hymns which will never die, the editors give to the public many new but thoroughly tested songs. It is hoped that out of this assembling of new songs, a few will be found worthy to live after the writers have passed into the land where they shall sing forever.

It is believed that "Happy Voices," will not suffer in a comparison with other books. Song-loving people are asked to give it a practical test — not to sing merely a few pieces, but to examine carefully every one of the two hundred hymns found in this collection, before a final decision.

Solos, duets, trios, and quartets may be found in rich abundance, as well as a splendid provision for singing in chorus. As congregational singing cannot be made successful where but one book is used for several persons, the publisher has fixed the price of this book so as to bring it within the easy reach of every lover of song.

With an earnest desire that it may prove a source of joy and peace to all, "Happy Voices" is sent out on its mission. May God follow it with his blessing!

Yours in the service of song,

JOHN C. F. KYGER.

Waco, Texas, Aug.1, 1898.

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HAPPY VOICES.

No. 1. All for Jesus' Sake.

"Whose I am and whom I serve."— Acts 27: 23.

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E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Is there a friend whose life is sad, Need-ing a word to make him glad,
2. Is there a friend with burden'd heart, Suff'ring affliction's pain-ful smart,
3. Live, as did Je - sus, ev - 'ry day, Do- ing some good along life's way,

Needing your help to bring him cheer, Longing for love and friendship here?
Pass-ing in sor- row and in tears, Much of the time as speed the years?
Cheering the heart that wounds and bleeds, Fill-ing the hours with kindly deeds,

Reach him your hand in help - ful- ness, Do what you can his life to bless,
Give him your love and sympa - thy, To him a friend and help-er be,
Lift-ing the burden from some soul, Aid-ing to reach the longed-for goal,

rit.

To him the blessed sunshine take, And do it all for Je - sus' sake.
Down in his soul the sunshine wake, And do it all for Je - sus' sake.
Thus in the earth the sunshine wake, And do it all for Je - sus' sake.

No. 2. Happy Voices.

"Write ye this song for you and teach it the children of Israel." — Deut. 31: 13.

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F. L. E

F. L. EILAND.

1. Let the happy voic - es of the chil-dren dear, Sing the praise of Je - sus,
2. Learning of His goodness, seek-ing to o - bey All His blest commandments,
3. And when singing's o - ver in this low-er land, They can meet up yonder,

with a heart of cheer, For His lov-ing kindness, and His ten - der care,
now and ev- 'ry day; Will - ing too, and read - y, ev - er to forgive,
with that spir- it band; Then with an - gel voi - ces they shall there u-nite,

CHORUS.

O - ver and around us, here and ev - 'ry where. Beau - - - ti - ful
After His ex-am - ple, meek-ly here to live.
Prais-ing Je - sus ev - er, ev - er with delight. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

songs, We hear them now, Songs of the chil-dren dear,
songs, We hear them, hear them now, Sweet songs of the chil-dren, chil-dren dear,

Prais - - - ing the name of Je - sus all, All with a heart of cheer.
Dear children, praising the name of Je - sus all,

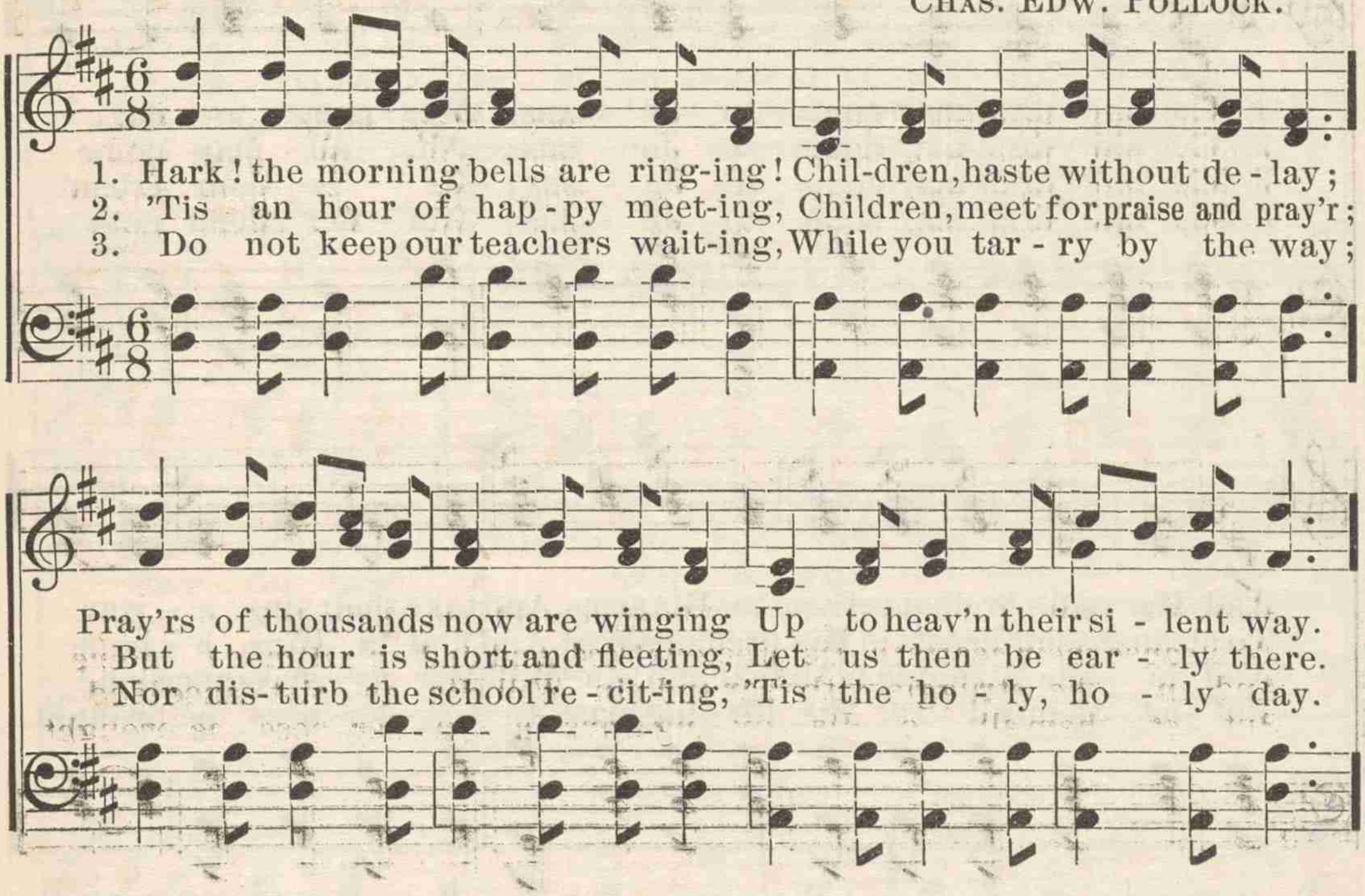
No. 3. The Morning Bells.

(FOR OPENING SCHOOL.)

"In thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore."—Ps. 16:11.

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CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



No. 4. The Children may Come to Jesus.

"Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. 8: 17.

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Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. S. W. Straub.

1. The chil - dren may come to Je - sus, May come to - day,
2. The chil - dren may come to Je - sus; All, all may come
3. The chil - dren may come to Je - sus; He is their friend,
4. The chil - dren may come to Je - sus; Hin - der them not;

And He will welcome them to His arms, And take their sins a - way.
To cleanse their hearts in His precious blood, And find in Him a home.
And in the struggle with fear and sin Will His as - sist - ance lend.
But let them all to His lov - ing arms In ten - der - ness be brought.

Chorus.

The chil - dren may come, the chil - dren may come, May

come to the gen - tle Christ, And taste of His love, His

peace - giv - ing love, His won - der - ful love un - priced.

No. 5. We Come.

"Incline your ear, and come unto me."—Isa. 55: 3.

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Selected. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Oh, come to Me at the morn-ing hour, While the world is so fresh with dew, While life is fair, and you have no care,
2. Oh, come to Me in the sweet spring-time, Ere the flow-ers of youth are passed, While no foe you fear, and no days are drear,
3. Oh, come to Me, come, thou youthful one, There is no bet-ter time for thee; I will re-ceive all who do be-lieve,
4. Oh, come to Me at the eve-ning hour, Ere the sen-ses of sleep are still; Come, taste this hour all My pard'ning pow'r,

CHORUS.

There is no oth-er friend so true. We come, we
And the clouds nev-er o-ver-cast.
They shall all My sal-va-tion see.
Come and bow to My right-eous will. We come, we come, we

come, we come, we come . . . to Thee; We
come, we come, Pre-cious Sav-iour, we come to Thee, we come; We

come, we come, Precious Sav-iour, we come to Thee.
come, we come, we come, we come,

No. 6. Children's Work Song.

(FOR THE INFANT CLASS.)

"My soul waiteth for the Lord."—Ps. 130: 8.

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CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Lit - tle children, come to Jesus, Hear Him saying, "come to Me," Blessed
   Lit - tle souls were made to serve Him, All His ho - ly laws ful-fil; Lit - tle
2. Lit - tle eyes to read the Bi-ble, Giv-en from the heav'n's above, Little
   Lit - tle tongues to sing His praises, Lit-tle feet to walk His ways, Little

Je-sus, who to save us, Shed His blood on Calva - ry.
hearts were made to love Him, Little (*Omit . . .*) hands to do His will.
ears to hear the sto - ry Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
bod-ies to be temples, Where the (*Omit . . .*) Ho-ly Spir-it stays.

CHORUS.

Don't you hear . . . . the Sav-iour say - - - ing,
Don't you hear the Sav - iour call - ing, Speak-ing soft, in tones of love,

Lit - tle chil - - - - dren, seek My love, ...
Lit - tle chil-dren, don't you hear Him, Don't you hear His voice a - bove?

I am wait - - - - ing to re - ceive you,
I am wait - ing to re - ceive you, I am wait-ing to re-ceive you,

Children's Work Song. Concluded.



No. 7. Jesus Loves the Children Dear.

"As the Father loved me, so have I loved you."—John 15. 9.

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CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. J. H. TENNEY.



No. 8. Little Pilgrims. (Infant Class.)

"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 13: 14.

MAUD. J. H. ANDERSON.

Sprightly.

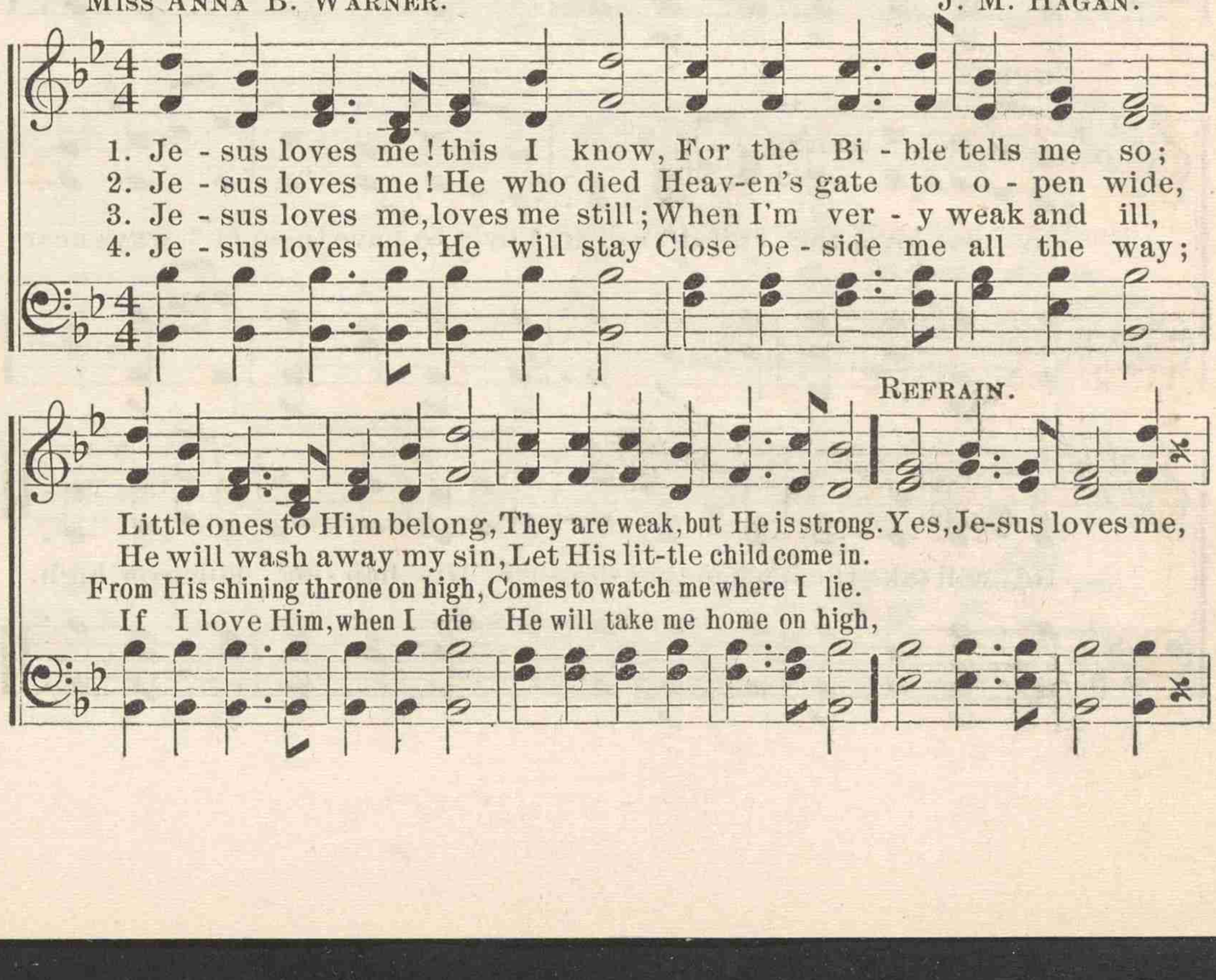


No. 9. Jesus Loves Me! This I Know.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."—Mark 10: 14.

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MISS ANNA B. WARNER. J. M. HAGAN.



Jesus Loves Me! This I Know.

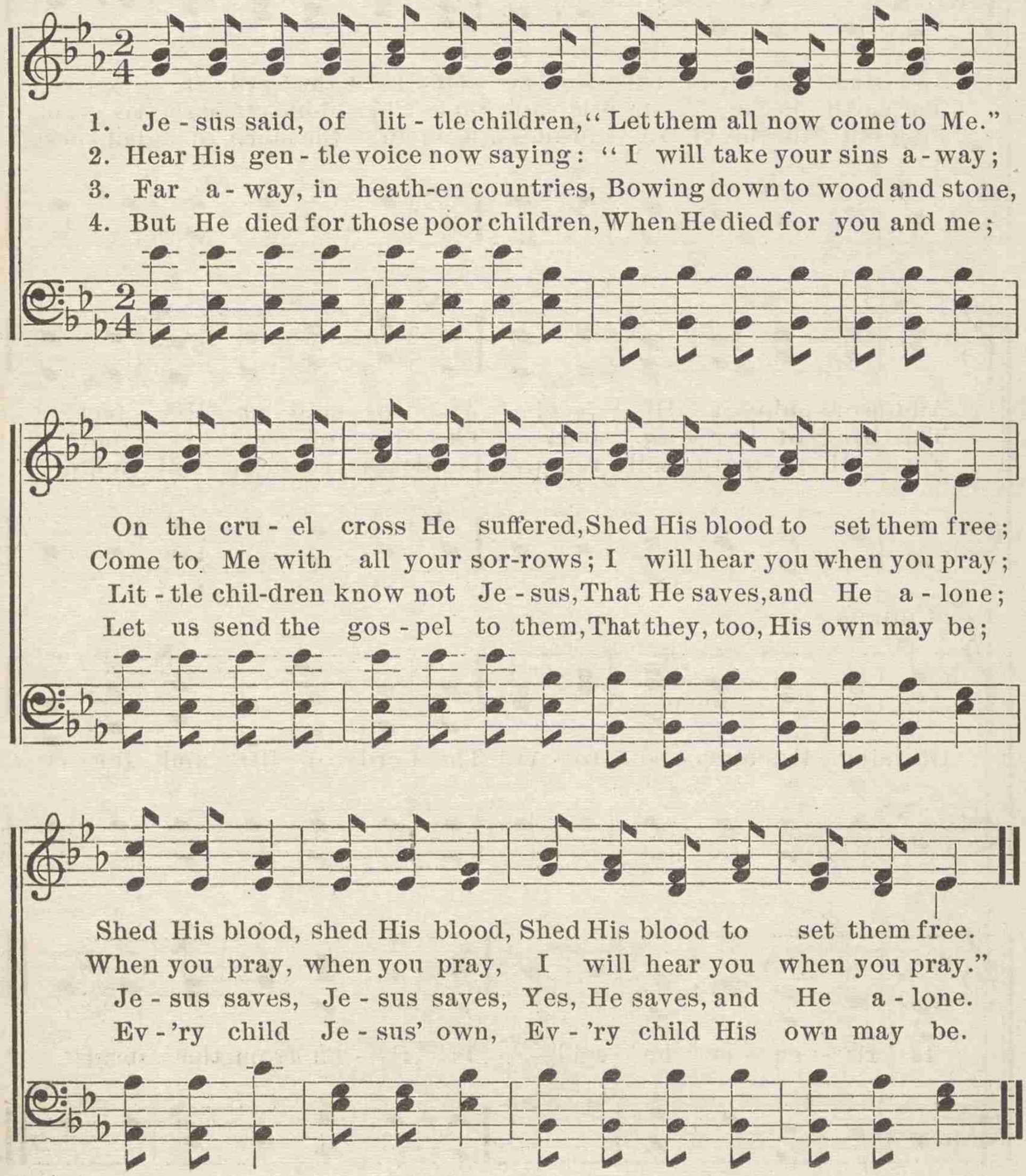


No. 10. Jesus and the Children.

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."—Mark 10: 16.

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Anon. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



No. 11. The Lord is Risen.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—Jer. 31: 3.

Miss Mary A. Lathbury. M. C. Seward.

1. Lift up, O lit - tle chil - dren, Your voic - es clear and sweet,
2. Lift up, O ten - der lil - lies, Your whiteness to the sun;
3. Ring, all ye bells, in wel - come, Your chimes of joy a - gain!

And sing the bless - ed sto - ry Of Christ, the Lord of glo - ry,
The earth is not our pris - on, Since Christ himself hath ris - en,
Ring out the night of sad - ness, Ring in the morn of glad - ness,

And wor - ship at His feet! And wor - ship at His feet!
The life of ev - 'ry one, The life of ev - 'ry one.
For death no more shall reign, For death no more shall reign.

Chorus.

Oh, sing the bless - ed sto - ry! The Lord of life and glo - ry

Is ris - en—as he said— Is ris - en from the dead!

No. 12. Little Friends of Jesus.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give you."—Num. 10: 29.

Copyright, 1894, by E. A. Hoffman.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. We are hap-py lit - tle chil- dren, Gathered in our school to-day,
2. We are ear-nest lit- tle work-ers, Toil- ing dai- ly for the Lord,
3. We are lit - tle friends of Je-sus, And our pre-cious Lord we love,

Here to learn the words of wis-dom, Here to sing, and praise, and pray.
Tell-ing of His love and mer - cy, Trusting His un-fail - ing Word.
And we faith-ful-ly will serve Him, Till we reach the home a-bove;

Here our hearts up-rais-ing, God the Fa-ther prais-ing
Go - ing forth with weep-ing, Rest-ing not, nor sleep-ing,
There to praise Him ev - er, There to leave Him nev - er,

For His love a - maz-ing, We all re-joice to- day.
Sweet will be the reap-ing Of sheaves for our dear Lord.
But to share for - ev - er The Par - a - dise of Love.

No. 13. Our Sunday School.

"Teach it to the children of Israel, put it in their mouths."—Deut. 38: 19.

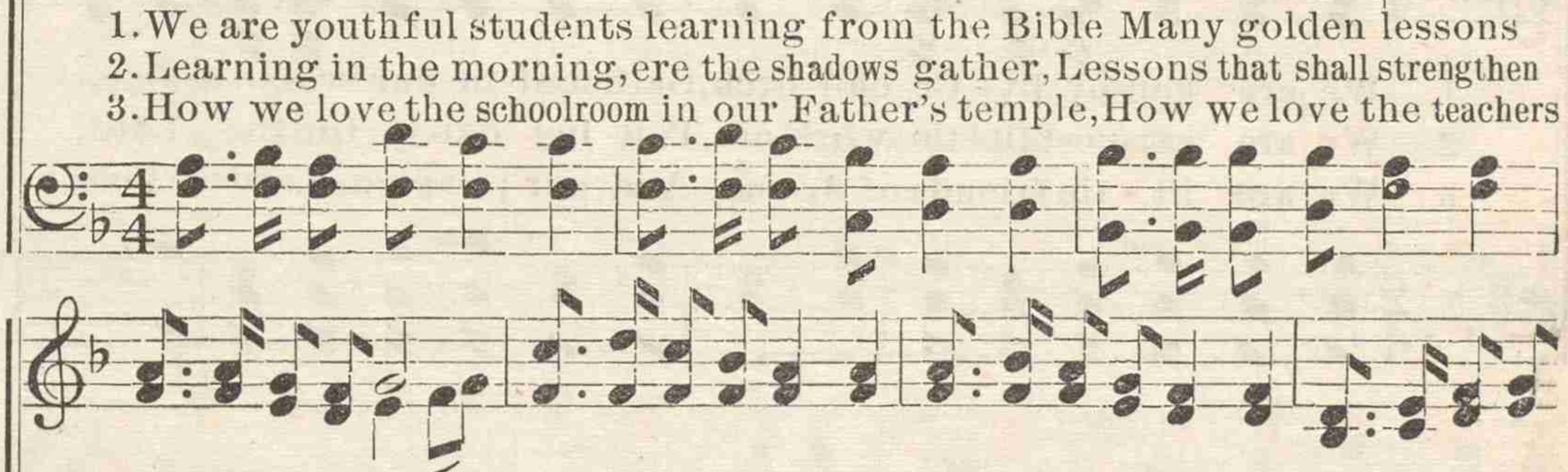
To my son, Austin T. Lincoln, and his Sunday School class.

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Mrs. Harriet E. Jones. H. N. Lincoln.



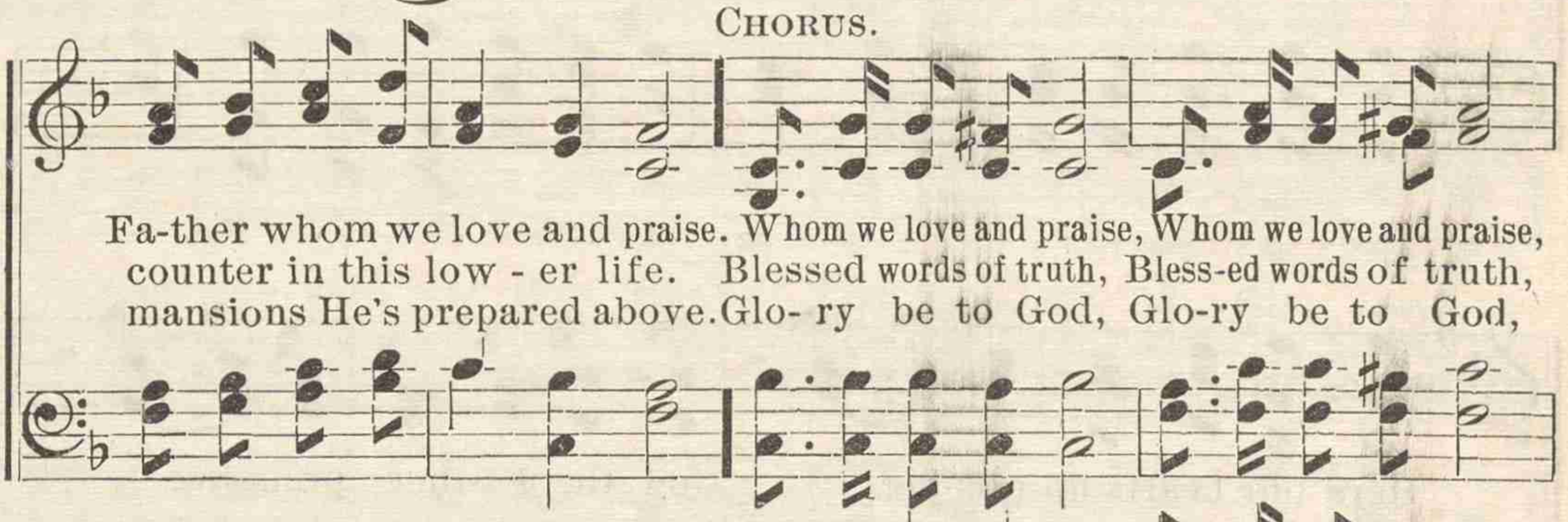
1. We are youthful students learning from the Bible Many golden lessons
2. Learning in the morning, ere the shadows gather, Lessons that shall strengthen
3. How we love the schoolroom in our Father's temple, How we love the teachers



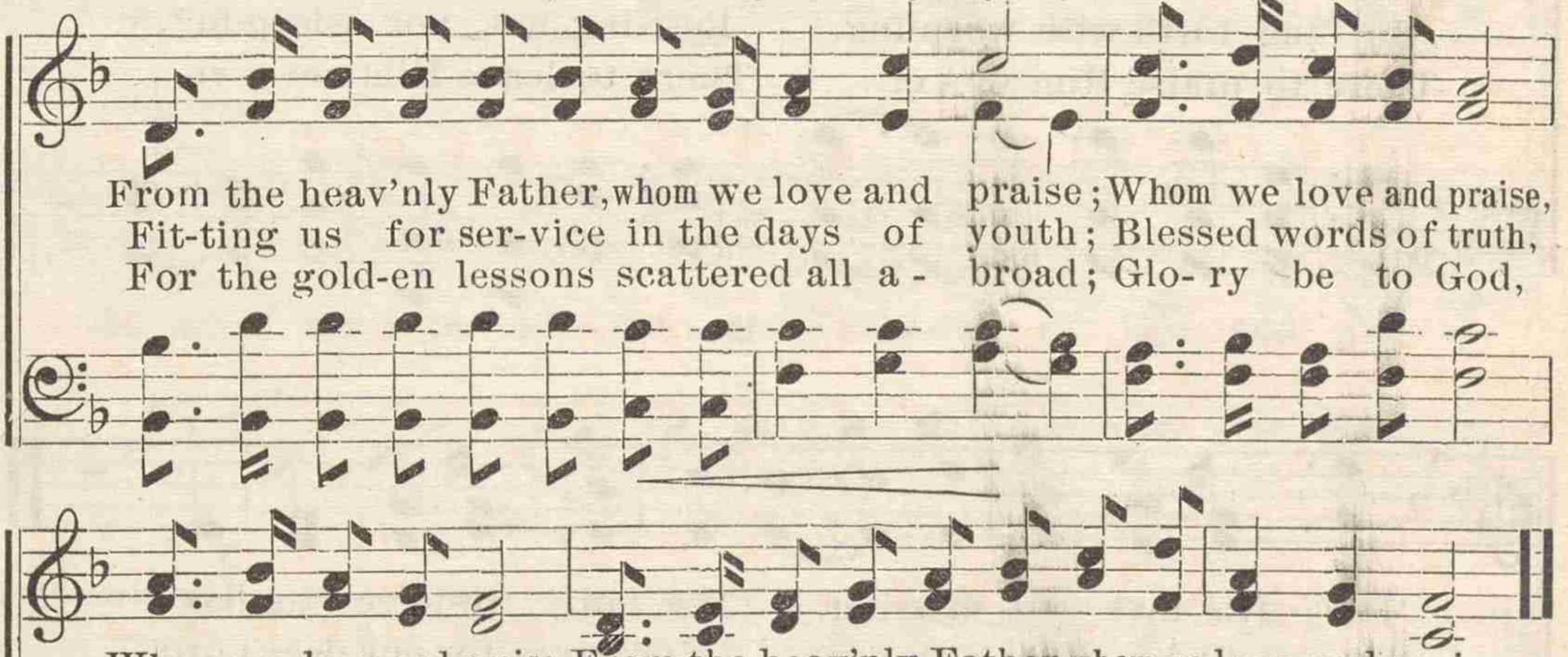
that shall bless our days; Precious words of wisdom from the royal author, From the heav'nly
while amid the strife, Lessons that shall arm us for the daily bat-tles, We must all en-
who among us move, How we love the lessons, telling us of Jesus, And the blessed



Chorus.



Fa-ther whom we love and praise. Whom we love and praise, Whom we love and praise,
counter in this low - er life. Blessed words of truth, Bless-ed words of truth,
mansions He's prepared above. Glo- ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God,



From the heav'nly Father, whom we love and praise; Whom we love and praise,
Fit-ting us for ser-vice in the days of youth; Blessed words of truth,
For the gold-en lessons scattered all a - broad; Glo- ry be to God,



Whom we love and praise, From the heav'nly Father whom we love and praise.
Bless-ed words of truth, Fit-ting us for ser-vice in the days of youth.
Glo - ry be to God, For the golden les-sons scattered all a - broad.



No. 14. Suffer the Children to Come.

"Suffer . . . little children . . . to come unto me."—Matt. 19: 14.

Copyrighted, 1884, by the Hoffman Music Co.

O. S. G. O. S. GRINNELL.

1. Christ suf-fered the chil-dren to come un-to Him, His bless-ing He gave full and free, And His words of com-pas-sion were sweet when He said, "Let the lit-tle ones come un-to Me."
2. How ma-ny are homeless and no-where to go! In the streets of our cit-ies they roam! Oh, may the Good Shepherd send some one to bring These chil-dren to "Sweet Sabbath home!"
3. Oh! can we not win them to Je-sus to-day? Their hearts will soon harden in sin; We all should go forth with much la-bor and zeal, And bid the dear chil-dren come in.

CHORUS.

"Suffer the children to come," . . "Suffer the children to come," . . come un-to Me," come un-to Me,"

"Suf-fer the children to come un-to Me, Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

No. 15. Sabbath Bells Are Ringing.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—Phil. 4: 4.

J. L. M. J. L. MOORE, by per.



No. 16. The Little Gleaners.

(INFANT CLASS.)

"Go work today in my vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28.

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J. M. HAGAN.

The Little Gleaners.



No. 17. Bless Us Children Now.

FANNIE J. CROSBY. ANNIVERSARY HYMN. WM. W. BENTLEY.

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DUET.



No. 18. This Is the Sweetest Story.

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

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MARGARETTE SNODGRASS. C. E. POLLOCK.

1. This is the sweetest sto - ry, Won-der-ful, strange, and true,
2. Think you not "He's for- got-ten, It was so long a - go,"
3. Know-ing a child's tempta - tion, Show-ing you what to do,

Je - sus, the King of glo - ry, Once was a child like you.
No, the dear Lord re-mem- bers, Oh! and He loves you so;
Je-sus will stand be-side you, Mak-ing you brave and true;

Think of Him in your glad-ness, Prais-ing Him all the day,
Loves you for aye and ev - er, It was to you He came,
Ev - er keep close- ly to Him, If you would like Him grow,

Ev- er in words and ac - tions, Think what the Lord would say.
Deep in His heart is grav - en, Ev - er - y child- ish name.
Out of your heart's deep glad-ness Sweetness of life will flow.

CHORUS.

Al-ways be bright and joy-ous, Je - sus would have you so.

This Is the Sweetest Story.



No. 19. His Love Has Never Been Told.

"Behold, the half was not told."—1 Kings 10: 7.

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PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



No. 20. I Want to Know More About Jesus.

"Oh, that I knew where I might find him."—Job 23: 3.

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C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus, Who left His bright throne on high, Came down to this world of sorrow, To suf-fer, and bleed, and die.
2. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus,—Of His death upon Cal - va - ry; Of His sorrow, and cru - el suff'ring, For poor guilty sinners like me.
3. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus,— More of His great heart's love; And of its boundless fullness, My poor longing soul would prove.
4. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus, The won - derful Saviour of men; The sto-ry, tho' often re-peat-ed, Bears telling again and a - gain.
5. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus, That I might His sweet will o - bey; Know just what He asks of His children, Who follow Him day by day.
6. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus,—I would walk in the paths that He trod; As I journey from earth to heaven, The beau-ti-ful cit - y of God.

CHORUS.

Tell the sweet story, yes, tell it again, The sto-ry of Jesus, the Saviour of men; I learn something new each time it is told, "The wonderful story that never grows old."

No. 21. Here am I, Send Me!

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

Copyright, 1887, by W. E. Penn.

W. E. PENN. F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Ear - ly in the morn-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, Sam - uel like I'd be,
2. Ear - ly in the morn-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, I would come to Thee,
3. Ear - ly in the morn-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, I would live for Thee,
4. Has - ten, ev - 'ry wand'rer, now to Je - sus, For He call - eth thee;

Leav-ing ev - 'ry sin - ful pleas-ure, say - ing: Here am I, send me!
Bring-ing all my earth - ly treas-ure, say - ing: Here am I, send me!
So that I may ev - er be found say - ing: Here am I, send me!
Come, and join the heav'n-ly arm - y, say - ing: Here am I, send me!

CHORUS.

Hear am I, here am I, Here am I, send me!
Here am I, here am I, Here am I, send me, send me!

Read-y for Thy service Ev - er would I be, Here am I, send me, send me!

No. 22. A Child's Prayer.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 17: 8.

Copyright, 1894, by J. Berg Esenwein.

J. B. E. Rev. J. Berg Esenwein.

Tenderly.

1. Sav - iour, gen - tle Sav - iour, Ten - der, meek, and mild,
2. Teach me to be faith - ful In the least I do,
3. Teach me ne'er to fal - ter At Thy blest com - mand,

Grant me now Thy fa - vor, Come and bless Thy child.
Make me hum - bly grate - ful When Thy love I view.
Lead me to Thine al - tar By Thy lov - ing hand.

:S:

Make me pure and ho - ly, More and more like Thee,
Guard my feet from stray - ing, Keep my heart from guile,
Work in me Thy pleas - ure, Thine I ask to be,

D.S. *Teach me to a - dore Thee, Teach me how to pray,*

FINE.

Sanc - ti - fy me whol - ly, Ev - er Thine to be!
E - vil words ne'er speak - ing, Hold my hand the while.
Yield my heart's rare treas - ure, Je - sus, Lord, to Thee.

Praise and love and serve Thee, More and more each day!

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, mer - ci - ful Sav - iour, Gen - tle, lov - ing, and mild,

A Child's Prayer.



No. 23. Sabbath Bells Are Chiming.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—Exod. 20: 8.

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O. S. G. O. S. GRINNELL.



No. 24. Walking in the Light.

(INFANT CLASS.)

"He shall teach you all things."—Jno. 14: 26.

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HARRIET E. JONES. J. M. HAGAN

1. We're a lit - tle Chris-tian band Walk - ing in the light,
2. We are learn - ing from the word, Walk - ing in the light,
3. O, we are a hap - py band Walk - ing in the light,

Cling-ing fast to Je - sus' hand, Walk-ing in the light; That we nev - er go a - stray We must keep from day to day In the straight and narrow way,
Guid - ed by our lov - ing Lord, Walk-ing in the light; As we stud - y line by line Lessons from the book di-vine, We are learning how to shine,
We go sing-ing thro' the land, Walk-ing in the light; Je - sus loves our joy - ful lays, And we love His name to praise; He will lead us all our days,

Walk-ing in the light, Walk-ing in the light, Bless-ed gos - pel light;
Walk-ing in the light, Walk-ing in the light, Bless-ed gos - pel light;
Walk-ing in the light, Walk-ing in the light, Bless-ed gos - pel light;

In the straight and nar - row way, Walk-ing in the light.
We are learn - ing how to shine, Walk-ing in the light.
He shall lead us all our days, Walk-ing in the light.

No. 25. Little Children, Pray.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73: 28.

From "Good Will," by per. of Towne & Stillman.

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH. S. W. STRAUB.

1. In the morn - ing ear - ly, When the dew is bright,
2. In the fer - vid noon - tide, When the sun is high,
3. In the pur - ple twi - light, When the day is done,
4. When the night is set - ting O'er the track - less world,
5. Yes, in times of troub - le, Or in sun - ny hours,

When the flow'rs are smil - ing In the bless - ed light;
When the flocks are seek - ing Where the shad - ows lie;
And be - hind the hill - tops Sink - eth low the sun;
And the dark-some shad - ows All the earth en - fold;
Wheth - er in the des - ert, Or a - mid the flow'rs,

When the hap - py song - birds Thank - ful hom - age pay;
When the brooks are run - ning Dream - ing - ly a - way;
When you pause to rest you, Wea - ry of the day,
When the winds are sigh - ing 'Neath the star - ry way;
In the mid - night drear - y, Or in bright - est day,

To the God who keeps you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
Then to God who sees you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
At that pleas - ant sea - son, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
Un - to God who keeps you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
Un - to God who keeps you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.

No. 26. The Child's Prayer.

"And know my heart."—Psa. 139: 23.

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Dr. JOHN HILL LUTHER. J. M. HAGAN.



No. 27. Little Children Must Love Jesus.

"Suffer the children to come unto me."—Mark 10: 14.

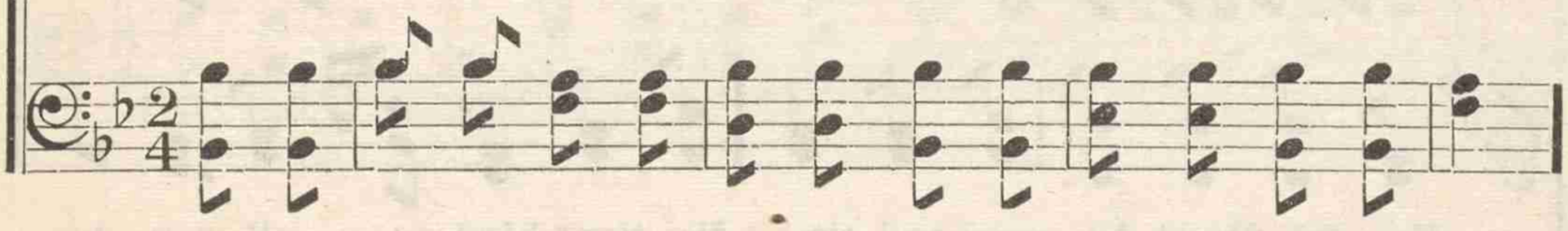
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JNO. C. F. KYGER. JAS. M. HAGAN.

LARGE STUDENTS.



1. Lit - tle children must love Je - sus, He is gen - tle, true, and good;
2. Je - sus bless'd the lit - tle children, When He walked this world be - low;
3. Je - sus saves the lit - tle children, Tho' their hearts be black with sin,
4. Je - sus takes the lit - tle children, When their pil - grim-age is o'er,





Je - sus guides their ev - 'ry foot-step And sup-plies their dail - y food.
Now He reigns with God in heav - en, Great - er bless-ings to be - stow.
When to God they have re - pent - ed, And they let the Sav - iour in.
To His Fa - ther up in heav - en, There to dwell for - ev - er - more.



CHORUS.

INFANT CLASS.

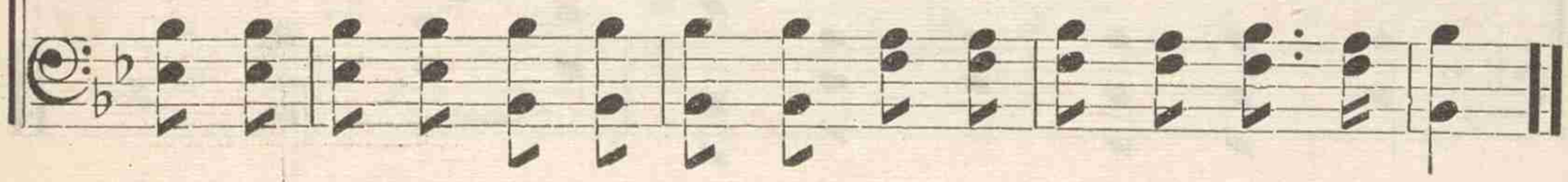


Heav'nly Shep-herd! please to watch us, Guard us both by night and day;





Pit - y show to lit - tle chil-dren, Who like lambs, too oft - en stray.



No. 28. Can a Little Child, Like Me?

"Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. 8: 17.

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE. W. K. BASSFORD.

1. Can a lit - tle chlld, like me, Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly?
2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of thee,
3. For the sun-shine warm and bright, For the day and for the night,
4. For our comrades and our plays, And our hap - py hol - i - days,

Yes, oh, yes! be good and true, Pa - tient, kind in all you do;
For the earth in beau - ty drest, Fa - ther, moth-er, and the rest,
For the les - sons of our youth—Hon-or, grat - i - tude, and truth;
For the joy - ful work and true That a lit - tle child may do,

Love the Lord, and do your part; Learn to say with all your heart:
For Thy prec-ious, lov - ing care, For Thy bount - y ev - 'ry-where,
For the love that met us here, For the home and for the cheer,
For our lives but just be - gun, For the great gift of thy Son,

REFRAIN.

Fa - ther, we thank thee! Fa - ther, we thank thee!

Fa - ther in heav - en, we thank . thee!

No. 29. Little Children, Praise the Saviour.

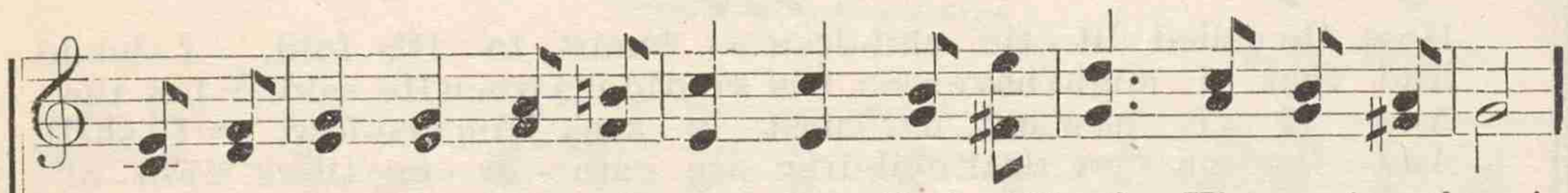
"Sing forth the honor of his name; make his name glorious."—Psalm 66: 2.

Author not known. WILLIAM T. BEST.



1. Lit - tle chil-dren, praise the Saviour; He re-gards you from a - bove.
2. When He left His throne in glo - ry, When He lived with mortals here,
3. When the anxious mothers round Him, With their tender infants, pressed,
4. Up in yon - der, hap - py re-gions An - gels sound the cho-rus high;
5. Lit - tle chil-dren, praise the Saviour, Praise Him, your undying Friend;

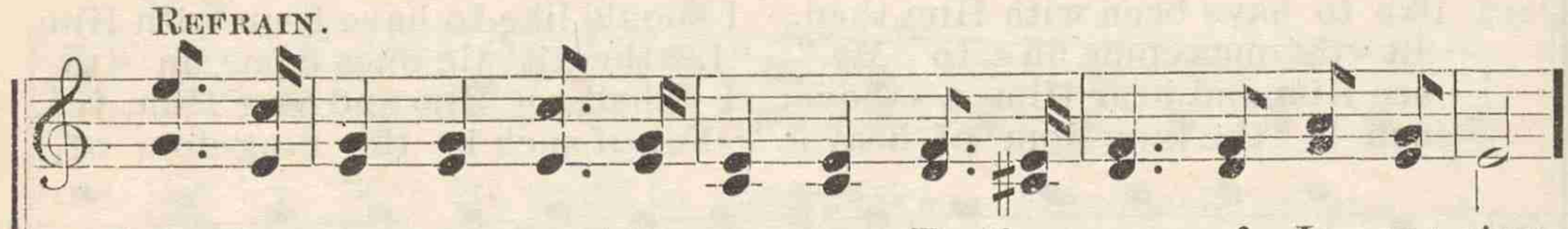




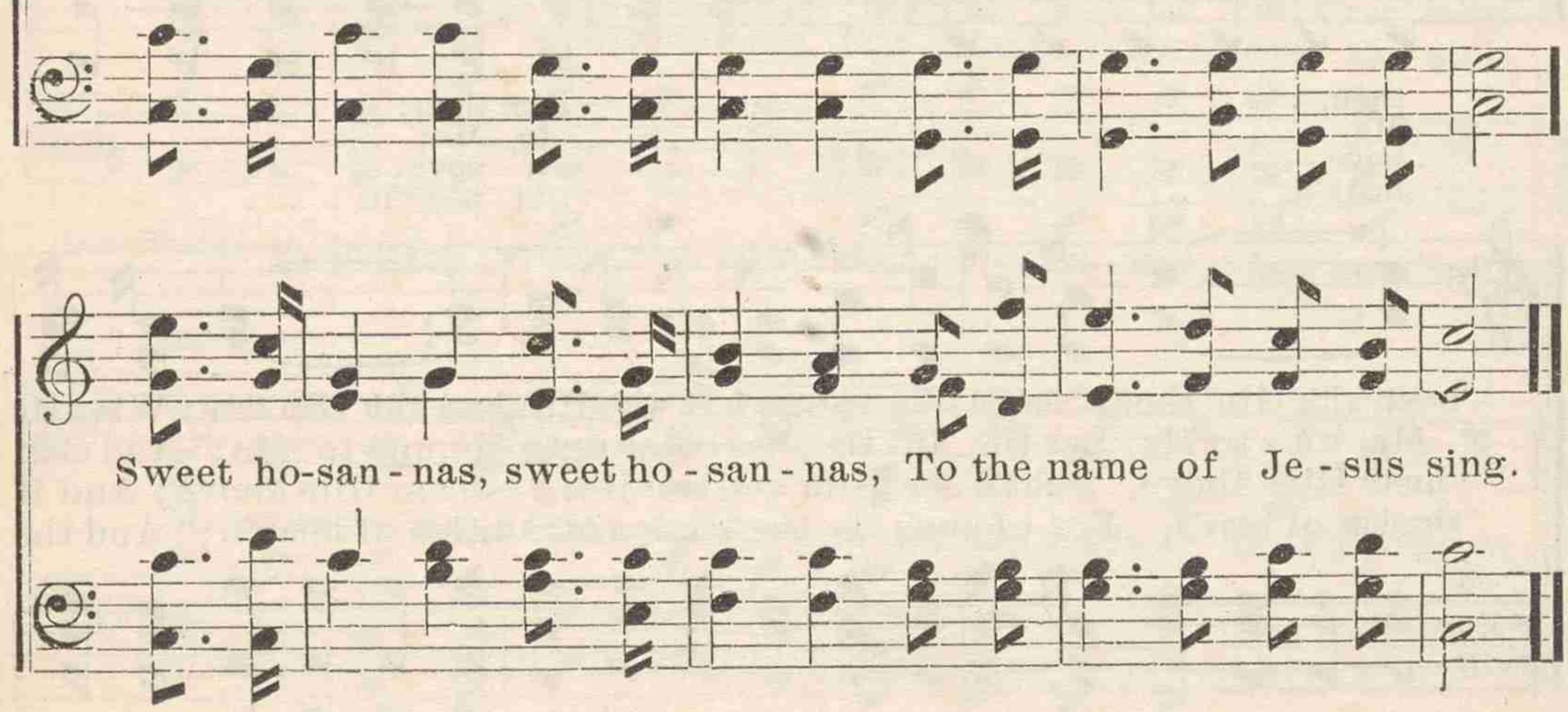
Praise Him for His great sal - va - tion, Praise Him for His precious love!
Lit - tle chil-dren sang His prais - es, And it pleased His gracious ear.
He with o - pen arms re-ceiv'd them, And the lit - tle ones He blessed.
Twice ten thousand times ten thousand Sound His prais-es thro' the sky.
Praise Him till in heav'n you meet Him, There to praise Him without end.



REFRAIN.



Sweet ho - san - nas, sweet ho - san - nas, To the name of Je - sus sing;



Sweet ho-san - nas, sweet ho - san - nas, To the name of Je - sus sing.

No. 30. The Child's Desire.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications."—Psalm 142: 1.

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MRS. LUKE. J. M. HAGAN.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je-sus was here a-mong men,
2. I wish that His hands had been plac'd on my head, That His arms had been thrown around me,
3. Yes, still to His footstool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in His love;
4. A beau - ti - ful place He has gone to prepare, For all who are washed and for-giv'n;

How He called lit - tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should
And that I might have seen His kind looks when He said, "Let the
And if I now but ear - nest - ly seek Him be-low, I shall
And the ma - ny dear chil-dren are gath - er - ing there, "For of

like to have been with Him then. I should like to have been with Him,
lit - tle ones come un - to Me." "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to
see Him and hear Him a - bove. I shall see Him and hear Him, yes,
such is the king-dom of heav'n." "For of such is the king-dom of,

then, ... Him then; . . . .
Me, ... to Me; . . . .
bove, ... a - bove; . . . .
heav'n, . . . of heav'n; . . .

been with Him then, I should like to have been with Him, been with Him then; When He
Me, un - to Me, Let the lit - tle ones come unto Me, un - to Me;" And that
hear Him above, I shall see Him and hear Him, yes, hear Him above; And if
kingdom of heav'n, For of such is the kingdom of, kingdom of heav'n;" And the

The Child's Desire.

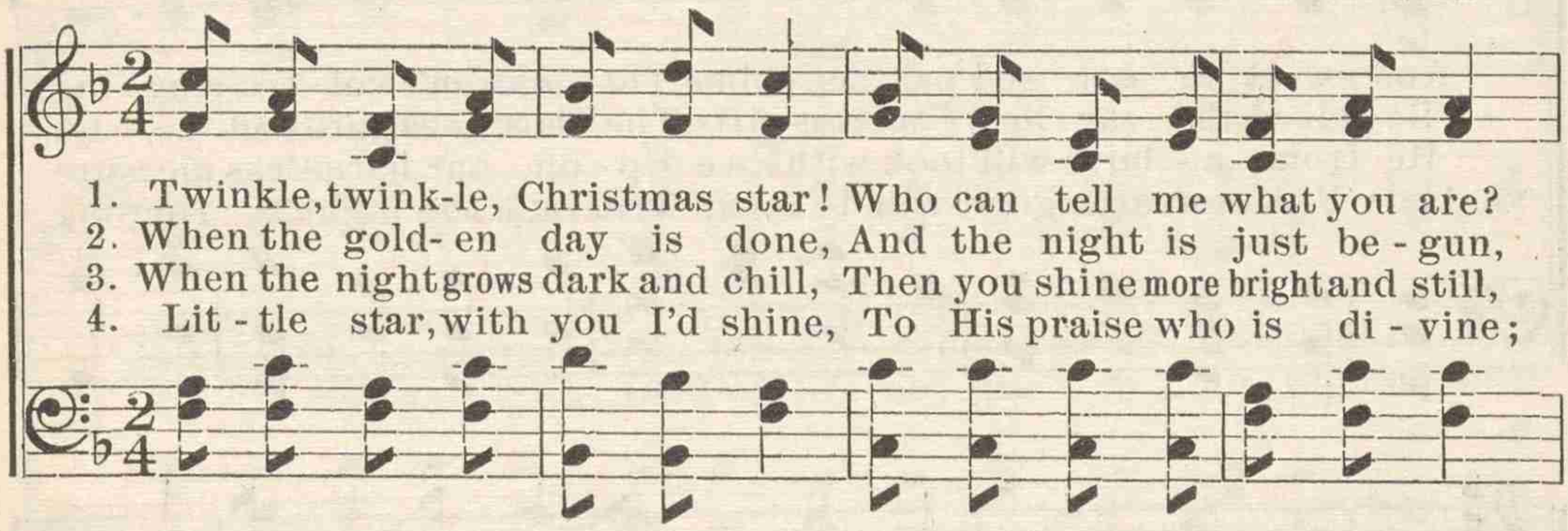


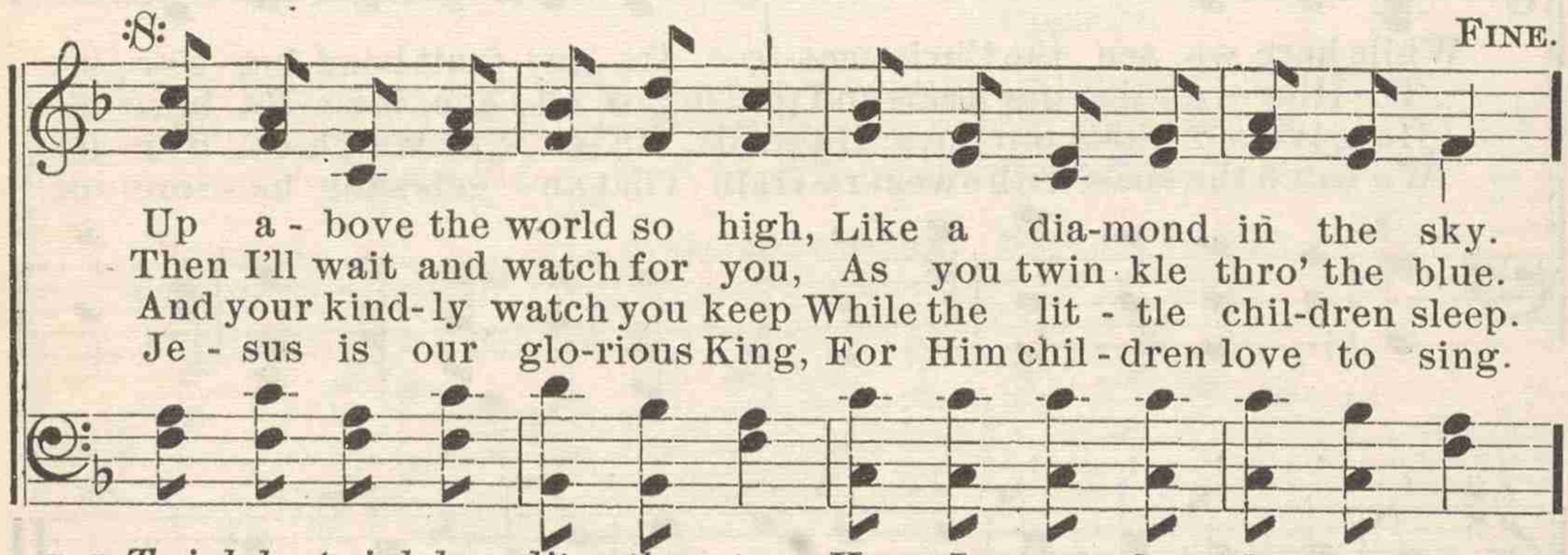
No. 31. Twinkle, Twinkle, Christmas Star.

"We have seen his star in the east."—Matt. 2: 2.

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J. M. HAGAN.







No. 32. The Christmas Tree.

"Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God."— Isaiah 9 · 6.

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J. M. HAGAN.



1. The Christmas bells in ma-ny a clime Their joy-ous peals are ring- ing,
2. We bless His birth, who came to earth, And in His cra - dle low - ly,
3. And while we strip these la - den boughs Of all their shin-ing treas-ure,
4. Still "Peace on earth, good-will to men," The heav'nly choirs are sing - ing;





And sweet in cot and pal - ace chime The children's voi - ces sing - ing.
Re-ceived the ear - liest Christmas gifts, The Christ-child pure and ho - ly.
He from a - bove will look with love Up - on our harm-less pleasure.
And "Peace on earth, good-will to men," Thro' earth to - night is ring-ing.





While here we see the Christmas-tree Its gay fruit bend-ing o'er us,
To Him we raise our thanks and praise For all the love He bore us;
He gave our friends, our joys He sends, He ev - er watch-es o'er us,
We catch the strain with sweet re-frain That an - gels sang be - fore us,





We, glad of heart, will bear our part, And swell the Christmas cho-rus.
For His dear sake our hymn we make, And swell the Christmas cho-rus.
He bends His ear our song to hear, And loves our Christmas cho-rus.
And join the song with heart and tongue, The ho - ly Christmas cho-rus.



No. 33. Christmas Song.

"Praise ye the Lord."—Psalm 148: 1.

Copyright, 1890, by The Hoffman Music Co.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman — Ira O. Hoffman. Arr.

1. Gath - er round the Christmas tree; See the ta - pers burn - ing,
2. Ring the mer - ry Christmas bells, Till their tune - ful rhym - ing
3. Sing the songs of Christmas time, Grate - ful prais - es bring - ing;

And the branches rich with gifts On this day's re - turn - ing; Hap - py
Fills the val - leys and the dells With mel - o - dious chim-ing; Is not
He who came on Christmas day Well deserves your sing - ing; Laud Him

we the joy to see, As with song and greet-ing, We sur-round the
this the Christmas time, Har - bin - ger of glad-ness? And shall not the
in ex - ult - ant strains, Lord of life and glo - ry! In the sweet-est

Chorus.

Christmas tree, Je - sus' praise repeat-ing. Hap-py, hap-py children we;
bells' sweet chime Ban - ish all our sad-ness?
har - mo - nies Sing the wondrous sto - ry.

Ring, bells, ring! Gather round the Christmas tree, And sing, sing, sing!
Bells of Christmas, ring!

No. 34. Star of Bethlehem.

"In Bethlehem, of Judea."— Matt. 2: 5.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The lit - tle town of Beth-le - hem Lay wrapp'd in si-lent night, While in the sky there shone on high, A star of wondrous light. Up-
2. The shepherds watch - ing o'er their flocks, Be - held thy beams divine; To guide the wise men from a - far, Thou didst in beau-ty shine. Who
3. Shine on, O star of Beth-le - hem, In all thy splendor bright, And on the softly sleeping earth, It sheds its glit-t'ring ray, And pointed to the shed up - on this darken'd world, Thy pure and per-fect light. Be follows thee, thou blessed star, Can nev-er go a - stray; But, guid-ed by thy thou to e-v'ry human heart, The pure and priceless gem; Be thou to them their

CHORUS.

waiting world, The place where Je-sus lay. O star of wondrous beauty bright, Of light, shall find To Jesus Christ the way.
guiding star, O Christ of Bethle-hem.

night the fair-est gem, Un - to each heart thy light impart, Sweet star of Bethle-hem.

No. 35. The Holy Christmas Time.

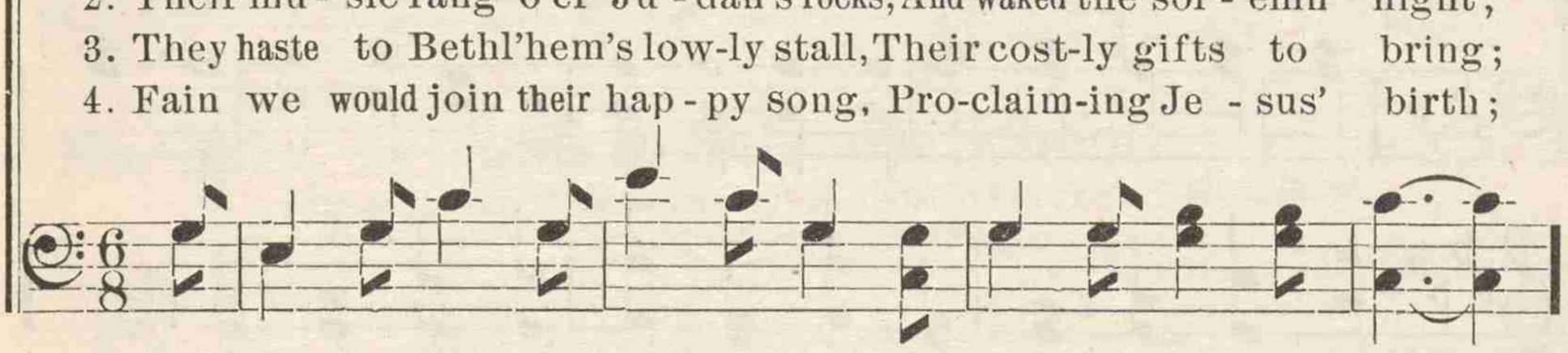
"Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King."—Matt. 2: 1.

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Mrs. Martha E. Whitten. J. M. Hagan.



1. The ho - ly Christmas comes a - gain! We haste with joy and mirth,
2. Their mu - sic rang o'er Ju - dah's rocks, And waked the sol - emn night;
3. They haste to Bethl'hem's low-ly stall, Their cost-ly gifts to bring;
4. Fain we would join their hap - py song, Pro-claim-ing Je - sus' birth;



To cel - e - brate the Sav-iour's reign, On this our wea - ry earth.
Shepherds be- side their sleeping flocks, Be-held the won-drous sight.
Be - fore the in - fant Christ they fall, And crown Him Sav - iour, King.
With joy - ful hearts the theme prolong, "Peace and good-will on earth."



Refrain.



Long years a - go, o'er Beth-lehem's plains, Angels proclaim His birth;





"Good news to men, the Sav-iour reigns, Peace and good will on earth!"



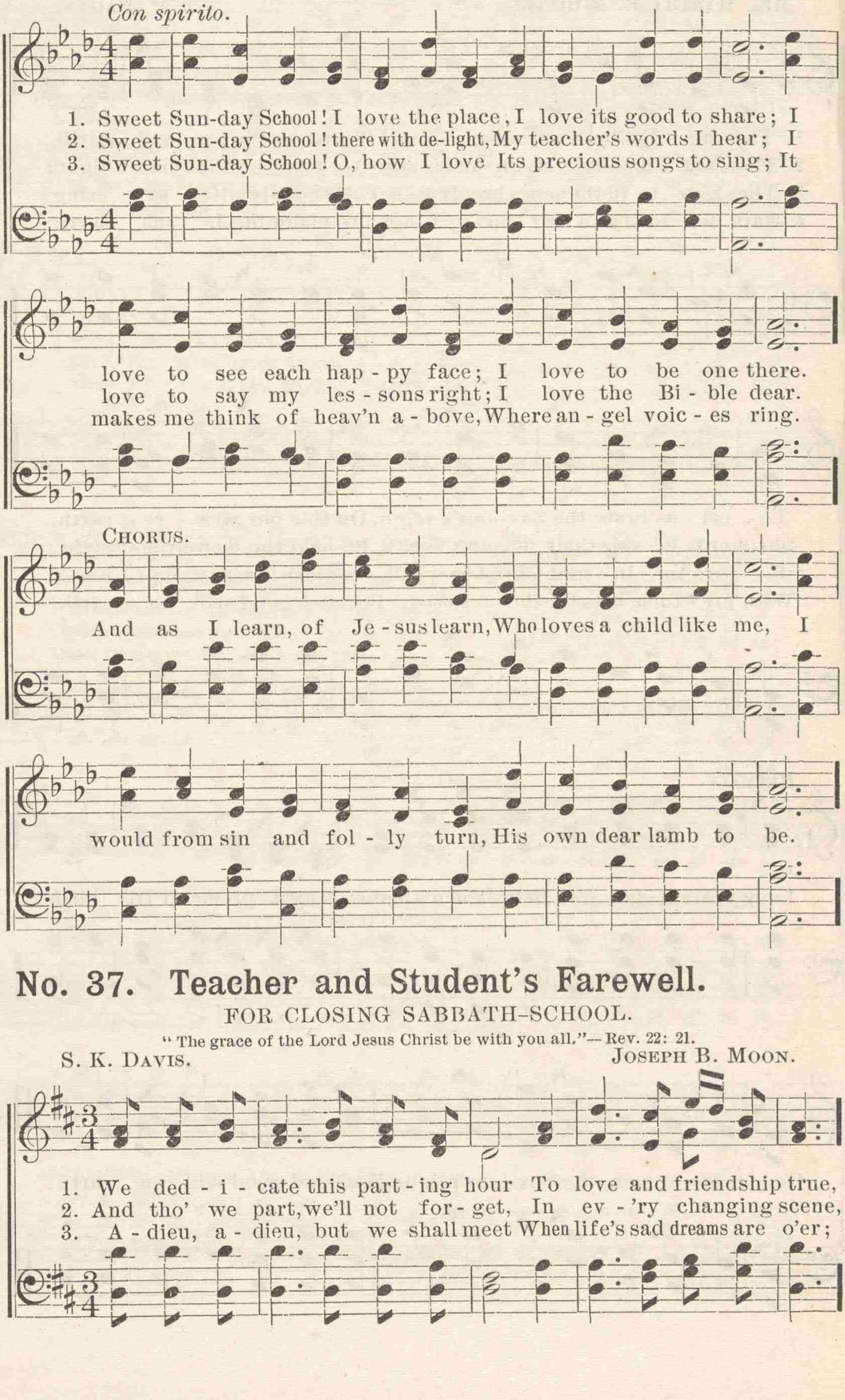
No. 36. I Love the Sunday School.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."—Mark 10: 14.

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S. D. PHELPS. J. EDMOND THOMAS.

Con spirito.



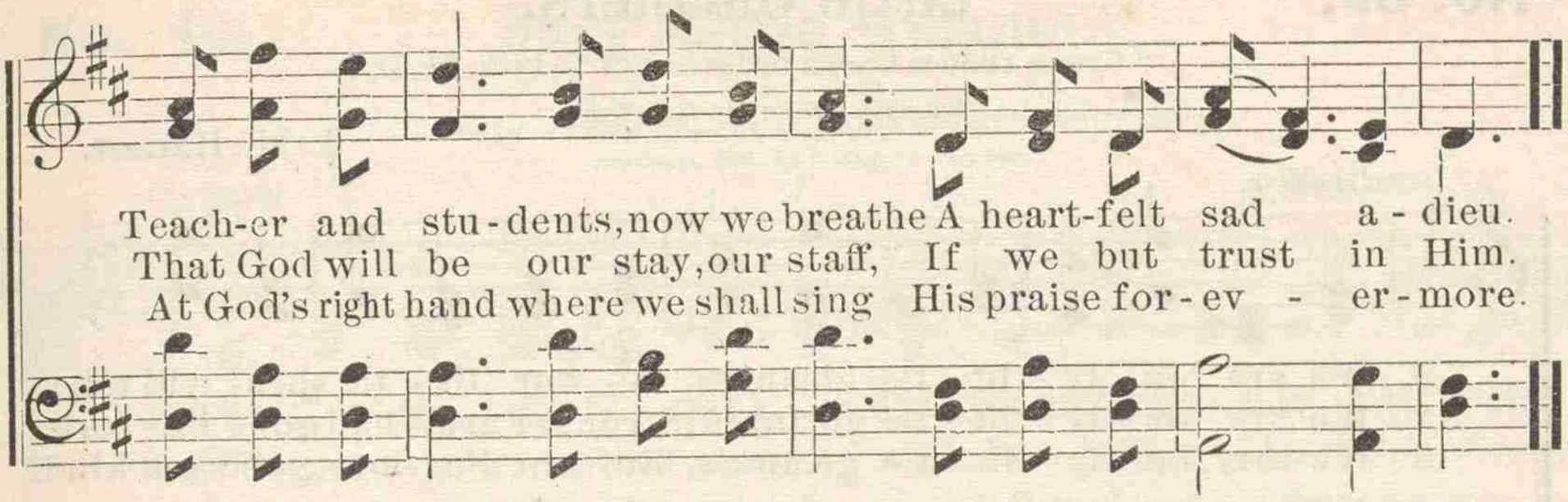
No. 37. Teacher and Student's Farewell.

FOR CLOSING SABBATH-SCHOOL.

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."—Rev. 22: 21.

S. K. DAVIS. JOSEPH B. MOON.

Teacher and Students, Farewell.



No. 38. Call to Sabbath School.

"Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

Copyright, 1894, by the Hoffman Music Co.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

No. 39. Little Gleaners.

"Even a child is known by his doings."—Prov. 20: 11.

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J. M. HAGAN.

Lively.

1. We are on - ly lit - tle gleaners, As our lit - tle sheaf will tell;
2. We are on - ly lit - tle gleaners; Stronger arms had gone be - fore,
3. We are on - ly lit - tle gleaners, But our Sav-iour, good and kind,

But we fol - lowed near the reap - ers, And we gath - ered
Carry - ing in the gold - en har - vest To en - rich the
Al - ways smiles when chil - dren serve Him With the best that

CHORUS.

all that fell. Sav - iour, bless Thy lit - tle glean - ers,
Mas - ter's store.
they can find. Sav - iour, Sav - iour, bless Thy lit - tle glean - ers,

And when an - gel reapers come, With the wheat, within Thy
And when an - gel reap - ers come, With the wheat, with - in Thy

rit. . . . . . .

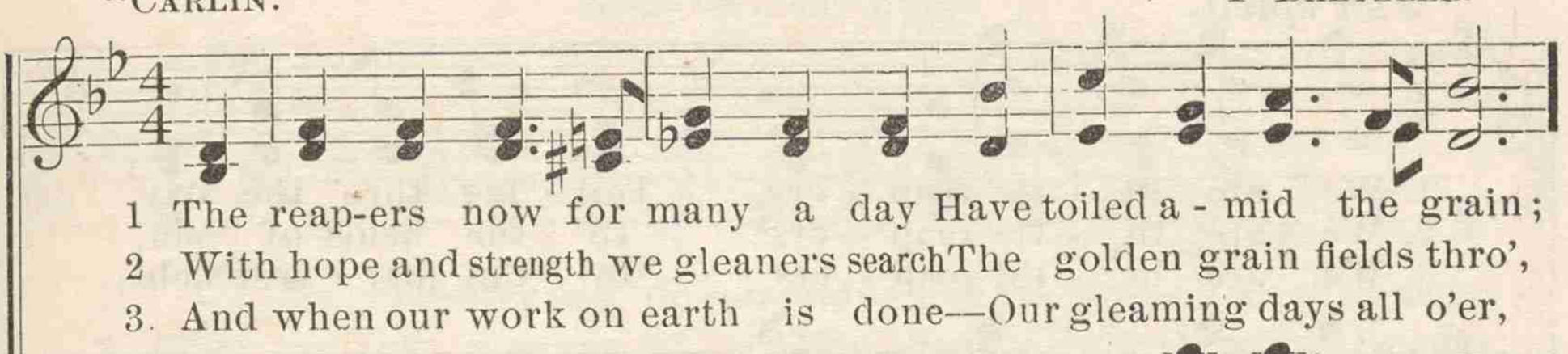
gar - ner, May they find a "welcome home."
gar - ner, Sav - iour, May they find a "wel-come home, wel-come home."

No. 40. Busy Little Gleaners.

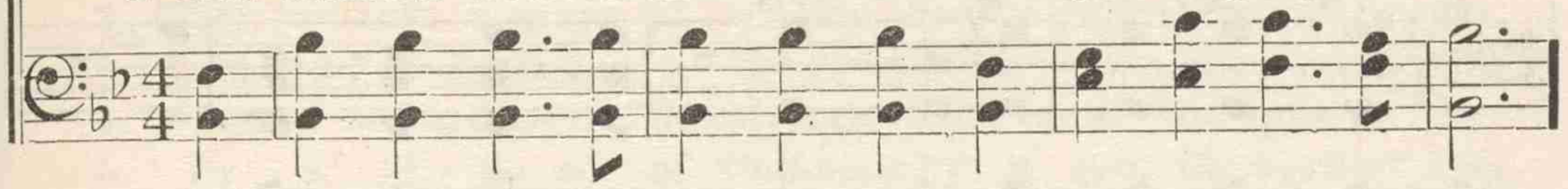
"Train up a child in the way he should go."—Prov. 22: 6.

Copyright, 1886, by I Baltzell. By per.

"CARLIN." I BALTZELL.



1 The reap-ers now for many a day Have toiled a - mid the grain;
2 With hope and strength we gleaners search The golden grain fields thro',
3. And when our work on earth is done—Our gleaming days all o'er,





But we come in from hill and dale, A bus - y glean - er train.
With songs of glad-ness on our lips As we our work pur- sue.
We'll gath-er home our gathered sheaves, And rest for-ev - er - more.



FULL CHORUS. *Lively.*



We are bus - y glean - ers, Cheer- ful lit - tle glean - ers,



Work-ing for the Mas - ter in the har - vest field;



Pray for us while toil - ing in the har - vest field.

No. 41. Little Reapers.

"That from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures."—2 Tim. 3: 15.

Copyright, 1888, by J. H. Weber. By per.

Rev. J. H. WEBER.

With spirit.

1. We are lit - tle reap - ers, Toil - ing thro' the day,
2. We are lit - tle reap - ers In the fields of sin,
3. We are lit - tle reap - ers In the har - vest field;

Lab'-ring in the har - vest, O'er the ston - y way;
Striv- ing for the Mas - ter Pre - cious souls to win;
Truth and right the sick - les That we there do wield.

:S: Glean - ing 'mong the this - tles, Searching thro' the rain,
Point-ing them to Je - sus, To the Lamb of God,
And we la - bor ev - er, 'Neath our Fa - ther's eye,

FINE.

Fit - ting for the gar - ner Bright and gold - en grain.
Fol- low-ing His foot - steps In the paths He trod.
Gath - er - ing the bright sheaves For the home on high.

CHORUS. *D. S. al Fine.*

Toiling, toiling, toiling all the day, Toiling, toiling in this happy way.

No. 42. There is Something for Children to Do.

(FOR THE INFANT CLASS.)

"Come over . . . and help us." — Acts 16: 9.

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C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Moderato.

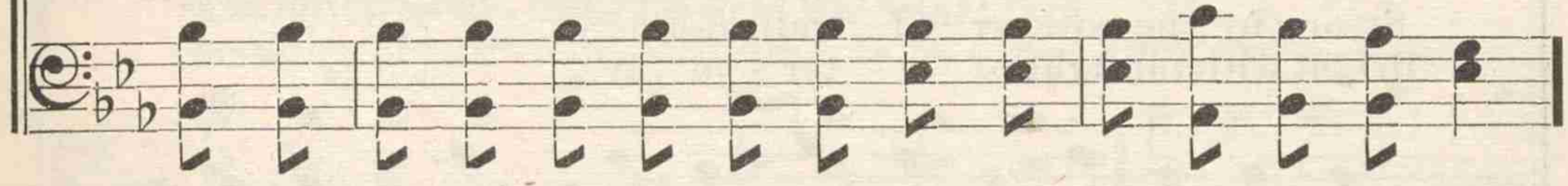


1. Lit - tle chil-dren can do something For the bless-ed Lord each day;
2. They can scat - ter rays of sunshine Round a - bout them day by day,
3. They can al - ways be o - be - dient To their pa-rents, fond and true,
4. When a - mong their lit - tle playmates They can al - ways gen-tle be;
5. By a lit - tle act of kind-ness, By a gen - tle word of love,





There is work for lit - tle fin-gers, There is work as well as play.
Mak - ing glad the hearts of oth - ers By the kind words they may say.
Do - ing promptly at their bidding, All that they would have them do.
Nev - er get-ting rude or an - gry, Bear-ing with them pa-tient-ly.
They can lead some lit - tle wand'rer To a home in heav'n a - bove.



CHORUS.



There is something for children to do, There is work for the lit - tle hands,



They can be lit - tle ser-vants of God, Do - ing His blessed commands.

No. 43. Little by Little.

"Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap."—Gal. 6: 29.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

IDA L. REED. J. M. HAGAN.

1. Lit - tle by lit - tle we're build-ing a tem-ple, Beau-ti - ful dwelling for
2. Lit - tle by lit - tle 'tis thus it is growing, Day af - ter day by our
3. Lit - tle by lit - tle the work will be finished On - ly with life, and the

Christ our King; Strong are the walls, and they dai - ly are growing,
kind words of light, And in love's sunlight its bright walls are glowing,
tem-ple will be Strong and en - dur - ing for - ev - er and ev - er,

CHORUS.

All of our lives to the work we bring. Lit - tle by lit - tle we're
Strong by the pow - er of truth and right.
Bright with the light of e - ter - ni - ty.

build-ing a tem - ple, Each lov - ing deed is a brick in the wall,

Lifting it nearer each moment to heaven, Ev'ry one helps tho' its ev-er so small.

No. 44. The Sunday School Army.

"Take unto you the whole armor of God."— Eph. 6: 13.

Copyright, 1897, by H. N. Lincoln. From "Song-Land Melodies," by per.

Arr. by H. N. L. Music and Refrain by H. N. LINCOLN.

1. The Sunday School ar- my has gather'd once more; Its num-bers are greater than ev - er be-fore; Its banners are spread and shall nev-er be furled, Till the
2. We fight against e - vil and battle with wrong; Our sword is the Bi-ble both trust-y and strong; With prayer as our watchword, and faith as our shield, And our
3. A - mid all our conflicts we think of our Lord, Who died on the cross and from death was restored, To save us from sin and to give us a place With the
4. To Je-sus our Captain, ho-san-nas we raise, And join with our teachers in singing His praise; His soldiers we are and His soldiers we'll be, Till we

REFRAIN.

Prince of sal - va- tion has conquer'd the world. Sing and re - joice, . . . Our ar - my is on its bright way, bright way,
ar - mor to en - e - mies nev - er we'll yield. heart, soul, and voice,
ransom'd who al - ways be- hold His bright face. March - ing a - long, . . To the beau-tiful mansions of day.
lay down our ar - mor and death sets us free. Sing and re - joice with Marching a- long with ban-ner and song,

No. 45. Far up in Heaven's Blue.

"A better country, that is, an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

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C. E. P. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.



1. There'll come a time, a hap- py time, When all the good and true
2. Our dear ones leave us one by one, Their toilsome jour-ney thro';
3. The An -gel Death, with i - cy hands, Takes lit-tle chil-dren too,
4. Our lov-ing par-ents, too, are there, We miss them, it is true;
5. But O, the tho't that thrills my heart As noth-ing else can do,





Shall meet to - geth-er in that land, Far up in heav-en's blue.
But still we hope to meet a - gain, Far up in heav-en's blue.
And some glad day we hope to meet, Far up in heav-en's blue.
But hap - py will the meet-ing be, Far up in heav-en's blue.
Is that my Sav- iour will be there, Far up in heav-en's blue.



CHORUS.



What a meet - ing there will be, Of all the good and true,
What a meet - ing there will be,





In that land, . that happy land, Far up in Heaven's blue.
In that land, that hap - py land,



No. 46. On the Banks of the Beautiful River.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal."—Rev. 22: 1.

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MRS. MOLLIE E. PALMORE. JAMES M. HAGAN.

1. When the toils of life are o - ver, And our wea - ry journey's done;
2. There our cares will all be o - ver, And our tears all wiped a - way;
3. When the storms of life are o - ver, In that pure and ho - ly land,
4. There the an-gel bands are sing - ing All their hap - py songs of love;
5. There our dear and sainted lov'd ones, Wait-ing for us on the strand,

When the Christian's warfare's end - ed, And the vic - to - ry is won.
There we'll see our bless-ed Sav - iour, In the realms of end - less day.
We shall join the heavenly cho - rus, In one joy - ful, hap - py band.
We will join their blessed cho - rus, When we meet them up a - bove.
Beck-on us with an - gel whis - pers, That we join their hap - py land.

CHORUS.

On the banks of the beau-ti - ful riv - er, O-ver on the gold-en shore,
Near the throne of the boun - ti - ful Giv - er, We shall rest for-ev-er-more.

No. 47. Throw Open the Gates of the City.

"And has a wall great and high, and has twelve gates."—Rev. 21: 12.

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J. H. KUSZENKNABE. J. M. HAGAN.

1. Throw o - pen the gates of the Cit - y, The beau - ti - ful Cit - y of gold, That the right - eous na - tions may
2. Throw o - pen the gates of the Cit - y, That its light may shine in on the way; For the prod - i - gal, wea - ry of
3. Throw o - pen the gates of the Cit - y, To the na - tions in dark-ness and gloom; They are hear - ing the news of sal-
4. Throw o - pen the gates of the Cit - y, Let the guests who are bid - den come in; Soon the Bridegroom and Bride will be

en - ter, Where the glo - ries e - ter - nal un - fold.
wan - d'ring, Will re - turn to the Fa - ther to - day
va - tion, And glad - ly to Je - sus they come.
read - y, And the feast of the mar - riage be - gin.

REFRAIN.

Let the light of the cit - y Guide the penitents, weary and lone,
Let the light of the won-der-ful cit - y of gold,
Till they share the bright glory surrounding The King on His beautiful throne.

No. 48. We Will Walk in the Streets of the City.

"And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there."—Rev. 21: 24-26.

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Words by Rev. Mr. FLAMMIN. Music by Dr. T. H PEACOCK.

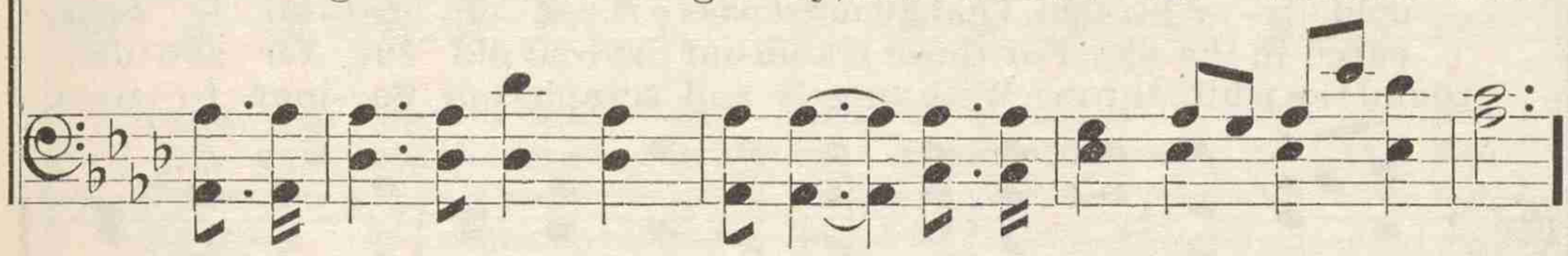


1. When we reach the gold-en cit - y, When we pass the golden gate,
2. Here our hap - py hearts al - read-y Taste by faith the bllss of heav'n;
3. But how great will be our pleas-ure, When we, free from sin and pain,
4. Where no foe can e'er mo - lest us, Where all earthly woe is o'er,
5. Then we'll gladly wait a lit - tle, Glad-ly still our burdens bear;





Where our friends, who went be-fore us, For our com - ing watch and wait.
To our hun-gry souls the man-na From a-bove is free - ly given.
On the oth - er side of Jor-dan, See each oth - er there a - gain.
When we've safely reached the cit-y, Canaan's fair and hap - py shore.
Soon we'll get a crown of glo - ry, Soon we'll Je - sus' "welcome" hear.



CHORUS.



We will walk in the streets of the cit - y, With our lov'd ones gone before;



We will sit on the banks of the riv-er; We will meet topart no more.



No. 49. We are Nearing Home.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—Heb. 4: 9.

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J. M. H. J. M. HAGAN,

1. On time's rap-id marching we are passing away, We're nearing our
2. We're nearing the cit - y whose streets are of gold, We're nearing the
3. We're nearing the heav'n where we soon hope to rest, We're nearing the

home at the close of each day; We're near-ing the eve of death's
por - tals of th'heav-en - ly fold; We're near-ing the man-sions pre-
cit - y, the home of the blest; We're near-ing the throng that sur-

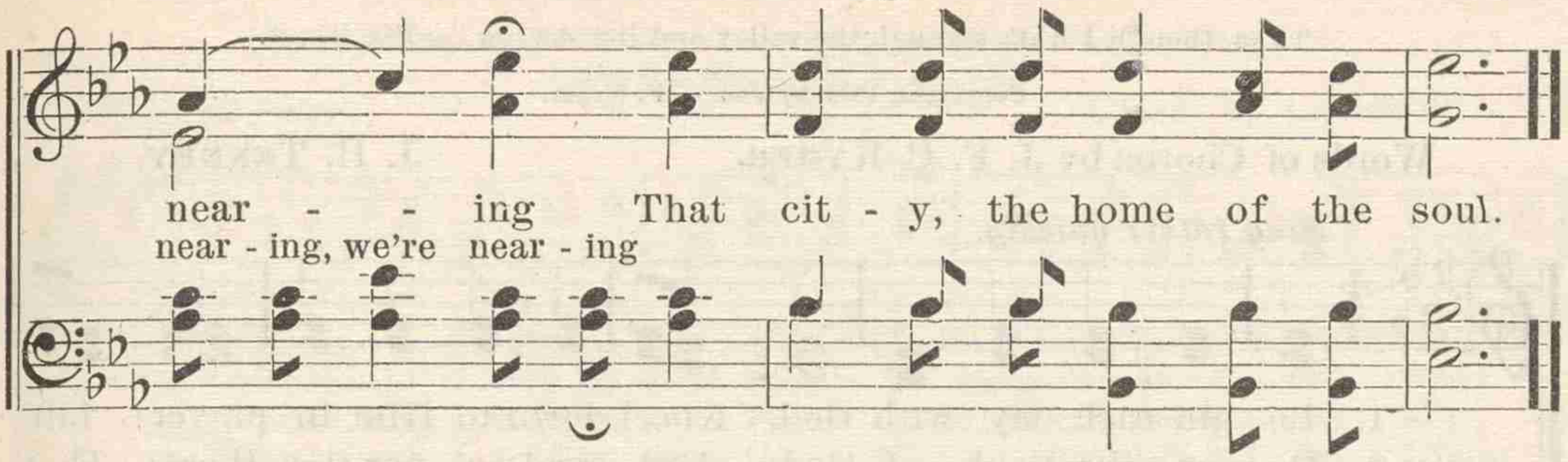
cold i - cy stream, That all must pass o - ver ere heav- en is seen.
pared in the sky, For those whom our Saviour did suf - fer and die.
round the white throne, With an-gels and seraphs our Sav-iour to own.

CHORUS.

We're near - ing, yes, near - ing, We're near - ing the
We're near - ing, yes, near - ing,

beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold; We're near - ing, yes,
We're near- ing, yes,

We are Nearing Home.



No. 50. Blessed Angels.

"The angel of the Son encampeth around them that fear him and delivereth them."—Psa. 34: 7.

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Spirited. Words and music by J. M. HAGAN.



CHORUS.

No. 51. Precious Saviour, Near Thy Side.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley and the shadow."—Psa. 23 : 4.

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Words of Chorus by J. F. C. KYGER. J. H. TENNEY.

Sing rather quickly.



No. 52. Certainly I Will Be With Thee.

"For He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. 13 : 5.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

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

1. "Cer-tainly, I will be with thee," Each step of the homeward way;
2. "Cer-tainly, I will be with thee," It helps me to do His will;
3. "Cer-tainly, I will be with thee," It brightens the dark-est sky;
4. "Cer-tainly, I will be with thee," My Sav-iour, my tru - est friend,—

Won - der- ful pledge of sal- va- tion,— It comforts me, ev-'ry day!
Eas - i - er, life's ev - 'ry du- ty, For He will His word ful-fill.
Beau - ti - ful sun-beams appear-ing, When Je-sus is standing by.
Ten - der - ly lift- ing my bur-dens, And keeping me, to the end!

REFRAIN.

"Cer - tain - ly, I will be with thee;".....
Cer - tain - ly, I will be with thee;"

"Cer - tain - ly," God hath said;..... Trust - ful - ly,
"Cer - tain - ly, God hath said;

then, will I fol - low..... Wher- ev- er I may be led.
Trust - ful - ly, then will I fol - low,

No. 53. Our Country for Jesus.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Psa. 137: 5, 6.

Copyright, 1888, by S. M. Brown.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN, by per.

1. Our coun-try for Je - sus, of this will I sing, To Thee, my be - lov - ed, this trib - ute I bring, O home of my childhood, how pre-cious to me, The God of all na-tions will let me love thee.
2. Ye men of our coun-try, this God fav-or'd land, Oh, why in the con - flict do you i - dle stand, While sin and de-struc-tion and ru - in and blight Are wrapping your sons in the man-tle of night?
3. Our coun-try for Je - sus, the Lamb that was slain; Ye sons of re - demp-tion, come, join the re - frain, In pray'r and in ser - vice, in gift and in song, While all your dear children the cho-rus pro-long.
4. Our coun-try for Je - sus, His gos - pel proclaim; We're marching to con-quest in His bless - ed name. The des - ert shall blos - som, the mountains shall sing, And heav-en's high arch with the cho-rus shall ring.

REFRAIN.

Our country for Je - sus, O grant it, dear Lord. Hail, all ye good peo - ple, be this your re - ward; And when the dear Mas - ter shall

Our Country for Jesus.

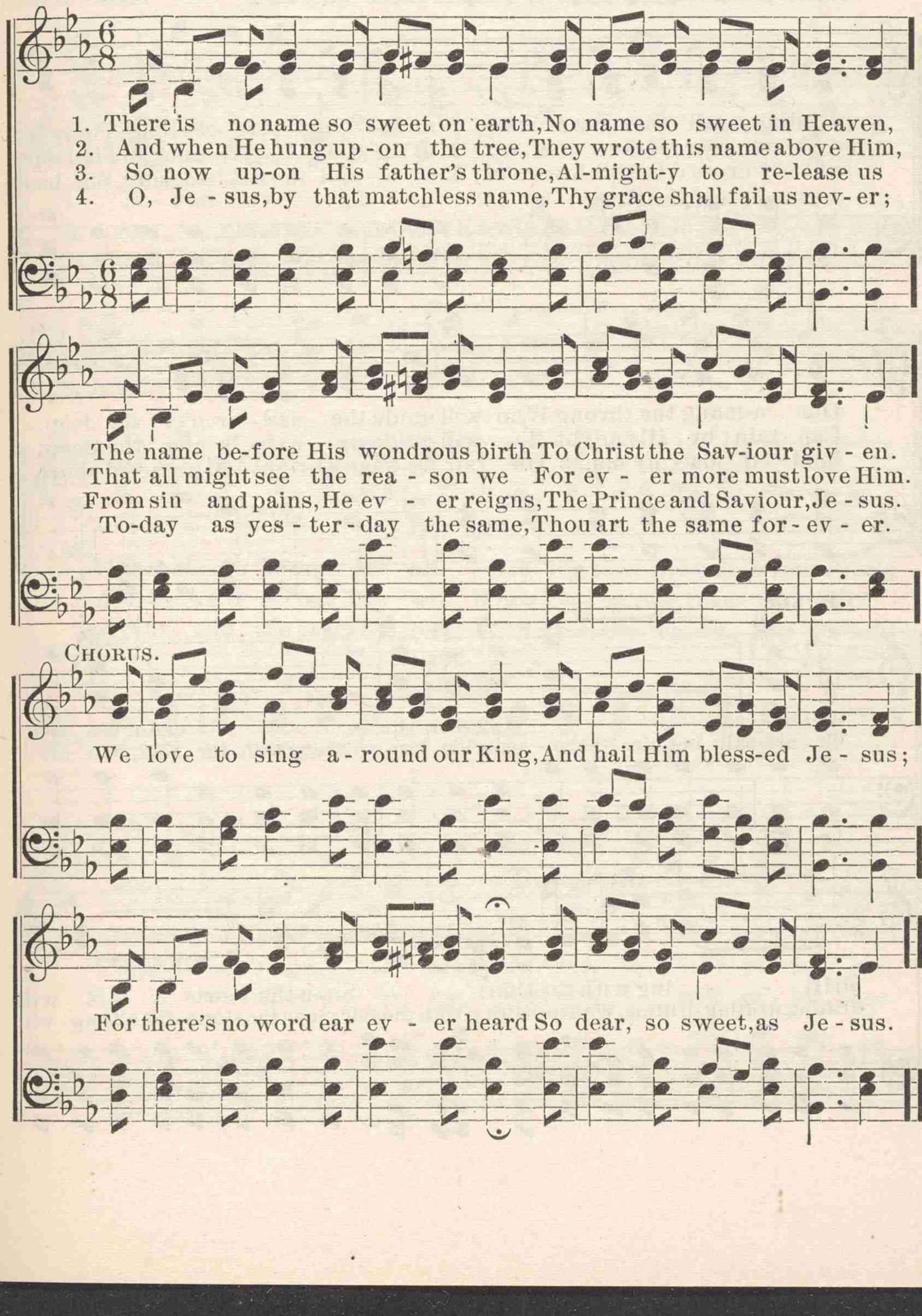


No. 54. The Name of Jesus.

"We thank thee, and praise thy glorious name."—1 Chr. 29: 13.

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

ANON. J. H. TENNEY.



No. 55. Sailing O'er Life's Ocean.

"So he bringeth them to their desired haven."—Ps. 107: 30.

Written for J. C. F. Kyger.

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Anon. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With vigor.



CHORUS.

Sailing O'er Life's Ocean.



No. 56. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

"For thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



No. 57. Jesus is Your Pilot.

"He leadeth me by the still waters."—Psalms 23: 2.

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W. H. MORRIS.

With Expression.

Chorus and Music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Re-deem the time, my broth-er, As you launch out on life's sea; Time
2. Re-deem the time, my broth-er, In the noon-time of your life, A -
3. Re-deem the time, my broth-er, As you near the oth-er side; For

now is yours, im-prove it If you strong and firm would be. The
mid the deep rough wa-ters, Where the dan-gers are so rife. The
now a-mid the break-ers, You are drift-ing with the tide. Though

storm may beat against you, And the waves roll high and strong, If Je-sus is your
storm may beat against you, And your soul with hor-ror fill; Take Je-sus as your
fee-ble, worn, and weary, Almost done, to drift no more, Take Je-sus as your

CHORUS.

pi-lot, Then the storm will not be long. Re-deem the time, my brother, You've a
pi-lot, He'll command the waves be still.
pi-lot, He will guide you safe to shore.

prec-ious soul to save As you dash across life's ocean, From the cra-dle to the grave.

No. 58. Trust in the Pilot.

"The Lord alone did lead him."—Deut. 32 : 12.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

W. H. MORRIS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Out on the o-cean, sailor, now is your bark, Ma-ny the breakers, and the
2. Rough is the voyage, sailor, dan - ger is nigh, O - ver your bark the waves are
3. Rough tho' the waters, sailor, you need not fear, Trust in a Pil-ot your frail

clouds are dark. Seek for your Pi - lot, sail - or, one tried and true,
roll - ing high. Trust in the Pi - lot who can say, "peace be still,
ship to steer. Trust in the Pi - lot who will guide safe to shore,

CHORUS.

One who knows the waters and will guide you thro'. Take, you, the Pilot, born in Galilee;
And the winds and waves will all obey His will.
Where you'll rest from storms and waves forevermore.

Take now the Pi - lot who has walked the sea. Take, you, the Pi-lot who can

slower.

calm ev - ry wave; Je - sus is that Pi - lot, and is read - y to save.

No. 59. The Old Family Bible.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."—Psa. 19: 7.

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Arr. by JNO. C. F. KYGER.

1. How pain - ful - ly pleas - ing the fond rec - ol - lec - tion
When bless'd with pa - ren - tal ad - vice and af - fec - tion,

2. That Bi - ble, the vol - ume of God's in - spir - a - tion,
And the pray'r of our sire was a sweet in - vo - ca - tion,

3. Ye scenes of tran - quil - i - ty, long have we part - ed;
In sor - row and sad - ness I live brok-en - heart - ed,

Of youth - ful con - nec - tions and in - no - cent joy,
Sur-round - ed with mer - cies, with peace from on high!
At morn and at ev - 'ning could yield us de - light
For mer - cy by day and for safe - ty thro' night.
My hopes al - most gone, and my par - ents no more;
And wan - der un - known on a far, dis - tant shore.

I still view the chair of my sire and my mother, The seats of their offspring are
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling, All warm from the heart of a
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection, Forget -ful of gifts from His

rang'd on each hand, And that rich-est of books, which excell'd ev'ry oth - er,
fam- i - ly band, Half raised us from earth to that rap - tur-ous dwelling,
boun- ti- ful hand! O, let me, with pa-tience, receive His cor-rec-tion,

REF. *The old fashioned Bi- ble, the dear bless-ed Bi - ble,*

The Old Family Bible.



No. 60. With Loving Heart I'd Praise Thee.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul."—Ps. 146: 1.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. F. C. Kyger.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. J. H. TENNEY.

No. 61. Glory to His Name!

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. 50: 89.

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CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by JNO. C. F. KYGER.



1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease,
4. He breaks the power of can-celed sin, He sets the pris-oner free;
5. He speaks, and listening to His voice, New life, the dead re-ceive;
6. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues employ;





The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace.
His blood can make the foul-est clean, His blood a-vailed for me.
The mournful, brok-en hearts re-joice; The hum-ble poor be-lieve.
Ye blind, be-hold your Sav-iour come, And leap, ye lame, for joy.



CHORUS.



Glo-ry to His name, glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to the name of the



Lord; Glo-ry to His name, Glory to His name, Glory to the name of the Lord.

No. 62. Come, Sing of the Saviour.

"And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God."—Acts 16: 25.

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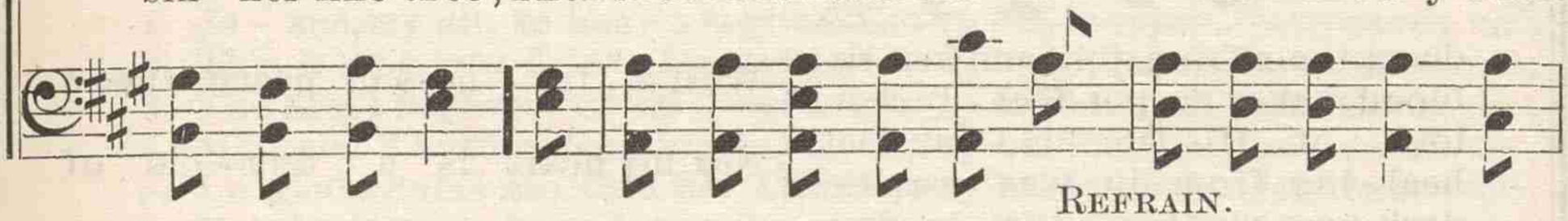
Rev. J. D. GOLD, Ph.D. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



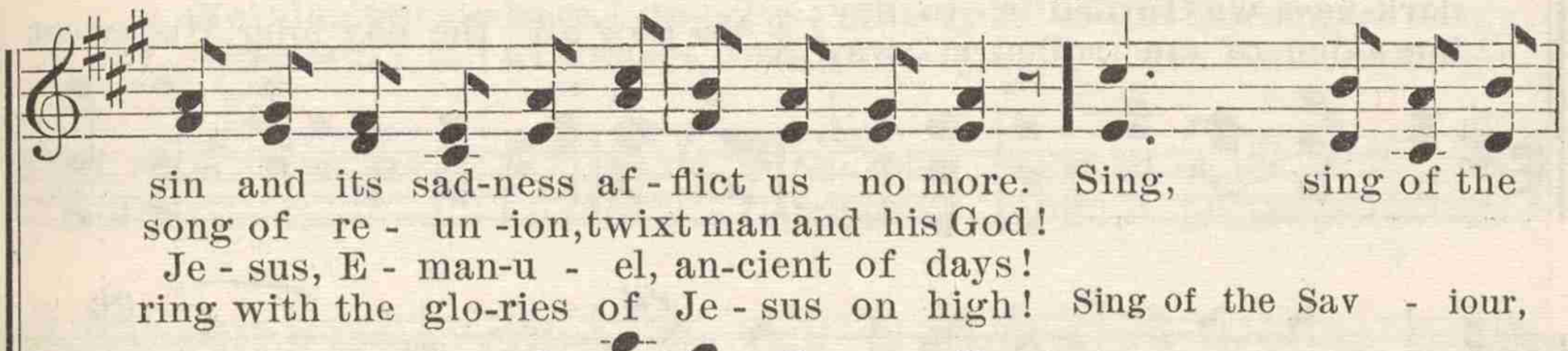
1. Come sing of the Sav-iour, no sadness have we, Since Jesus a-ton'd for our
2. Come sing of the Sav-iour, O tell of His love, Who came to earth's hovels from
3. Come sing of the Sav-iour till no one be heard To ad-vo-cate e - vil or
4. Come sing of the Sav-iour Wherever you be; He was not asham'd of a



sins on the tree; We'll scat-ter the tid -ings to each distant shore, Till
mansions a - bove; Let each vie with other, in waft-ing a-broad The
scoff at His word; Till all shall u - nite in one anthem of praise To
sin - ner like thee; Then shout His hosannas un - til earth and sky Shall



REFRAIN.



sin and its sad-ness af - flict us no more. Sing, sing of the
song of re - un -ion, twixt man and his God!
Je - sus, E - man-u - el, an-cient of days!
ring with the glo-ries of Je - sus on high! Sing of the Sav - iour,



Sav - iour, Hearts full of grat - i - tude bring; . . .
sing of the Sav-iour, Hearts full of grat - i-tude bring;



Sing of His goodness, proclaim - ing: "Saviour, Messiah, and King!" .
Sing of His goodness, proclaiming: "Sav - iour, Mes-si-ah, and King!"



No. 63. Made Perfectly Whole.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40 : 17.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

Spirited.

mf

1. In the ful - ness of love Je - sus came from a - bove To re -
   And He died on a tree as a ran - som for me, And His
2. Heav - y la - den with sin and de - file - ment within, I bowed
   And He poured forth the flood of the soul - cleansing blood, And my
3. It was when I be - lieved that His peace I re - ceived, And my
   For He scat - tered the night and my soul saw the light, And the

deem them from guilt and from sin;
blood makes me per-fect - ly clean;
} What a ful - ness of peace, what a

low at His mer - ci - ful feet,
heal - ing from sin was complete!
} Now my heart is a tem - ple of

dark-ness was turned in - to day;
bur - den of sin rolled a - way;
} And now all the day long His sweet

rap - ture of bliss, What rejoic - ing when Christ made me whole, When He
glad-ness and song, O - ver-flow-ing with love and with praise; Ev - er -
love is my song, And I tell of His grace o'er and o'er, While I

rit. :S:

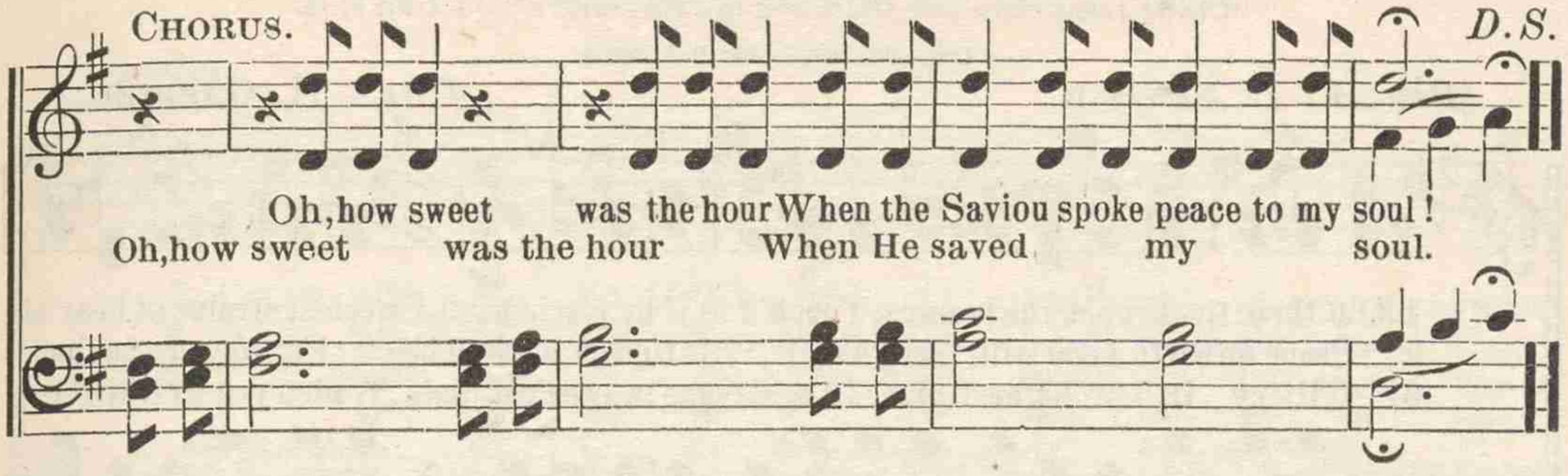
D.S. *By His*

FINE.

showed forth His pow'r in that wonderful hour, And so sweetly spoke peace to my soul!
lasting thanksgivings to Je sus belong, And to Him glad thanksgivings, I raise.
bow at His feet and His praises repeat, And my wonderful Saviour a-dore.

wonderful grace and His wonderful pow'r, I was cleansed and made perfectly whole.

Made Perfectly Whole.



No. 64. Jesus Saves Me.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

Copyright, 1896, by Charlie D. Tillman.

G. R. STUART. ZOLLIE STUART.



No. 65. Unto You a Saviour's Given.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Rev. F. L. Snyder. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Out there floats upon the breezes, Touch'd as if by magic hand, Sweetest strains of heav'nly mu- sic, By a countless angel band. Oh so charming, sweet and tender, Fell those
2. "Peace on earth, good will," sang angels, "Be to men on earth below; For to you a Saviour's giv-en, Who can save you from your woe. Let Him take your heart and cleanse it, Take the
3. Glo-ry in the highest, glory! Angels sang in sweetest tones, Which reverberating ev -er, Have been heard from zone to zone. Friends of Zion, swell the chorus, Let it

strains on shepherd's ears, While an angel speaks to comfort: "I've good news! Allay thy fears."
gift He proffers you, Don't re -ject His great sal-vation, Or 'twill grieve His heart anew.
ring from pole to pole, Till the message of sal-va -tion Has been heard by ev -'ry soul.

Chorus.

Un - to you a Sav-iour's giv - en, Tell it out where e'er you

Un - to you a Saviour's given, Tell it out where

can, Full and free for all mankind.

e'er you can, That salvation's been pro-vid-ed, Full and free for all mankind.

No. 66. Hark! How the Angels Sing.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say rejoice."—Phil. 4: 4.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

ANON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, tri - umph-ant - ly sing; Come,
2. The Son of the Fa - ther, He comes from the skies; To
3. To Thee, then, O Je - sus, this day of Thy birth, Be

see in a man-ger our Saviour and King! To Bethle-hem hasten with
lie in a man-ger He doth not despise; Hark! hark to the angels all
glo - ry and honor thro' heaven and earth! True Godhead Incarnate! Om-

joy - ful ac-cord! Oh, come ye, come hith-er, to wor-ship the Lord.
sing-ing in heav'n: To God in the high-est all glo - ry be giv'n!
nip - o - tent word! Oh, come, let us hast-en to wor-ship the Lord.

CHORUS.

Hark! . . . how the an - gels sing, Glo - - ry to God on high, On

Hark! how the angels sing, an-gels sing, Glo-ry to God, to God on high, On

Good-will . . . to men! . . .

earth be peace, good will to men, On earth be peace, good will to men!

No. 67. I am Happy.

"My soul shall make her boast in the Lord."—Psa. 34: 2.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

I. WATTS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. A - las, and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love beyond de - gree!
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give myself a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

Ah, my poor soul is filled with a boundless joy to-night, I am happy, oh, so happy! I am walking in the light. Would you know the wondrous secret Of this gladness in my soul? I am ful-ly trust-ing Je-sus, "I am ev - 'ry whit made whole."

No. 68. Launch Out.

"Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets."—Luke 5: 4.

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A. B. SIMPSON. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. The mer - cy of God is an o - cean di - vine, A
2. But ma - ny, a - las! on - ly stand on the shore, And
3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And
4. Oh, let us launch out on this o - cean so broad, Where the

bound-less and fath - om - less flood; Launch out in the deep, cut a -
gaze on the o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ventured its
lin - ger so near to the shore, That the surf and the slime that beat
floods of sal - va - tion o'er - flow; Oh, let us be lost in the

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 69. Where the Living Waters Flow.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. 13 : 1.

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Words arr. EDWARD E. NICKERSON.

1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing breast is giv'n,
2. For thee, my soul, for thee, These price - less joys were bought,
3. Come, with the ran-som'd train, The Sav-iour's prais - es sing,
4. And soon be - fore His face, We'll praise in light a - bove,

Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole,
Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free,
Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Re - joice! the Lamb was slain,
Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Tri - umph-ant thro' His grace,

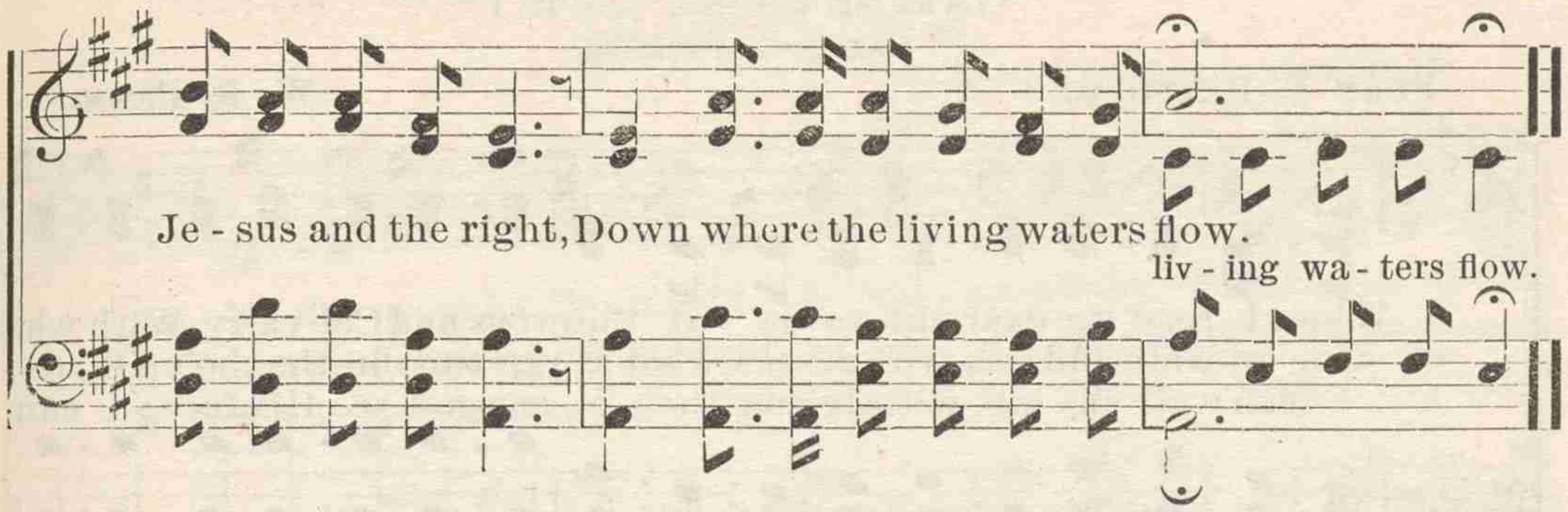
Love fills our heart with heav'n, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
That Christ to earth has bro't, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
A - dore! He reigns a King, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
Made per - fect by His love, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.

REFRAIN.

Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow, ... Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow,

tree of life doth grow, Hal-le-lu-jah! I am liv - ing in the light, For

Where the Living Waters Flow.

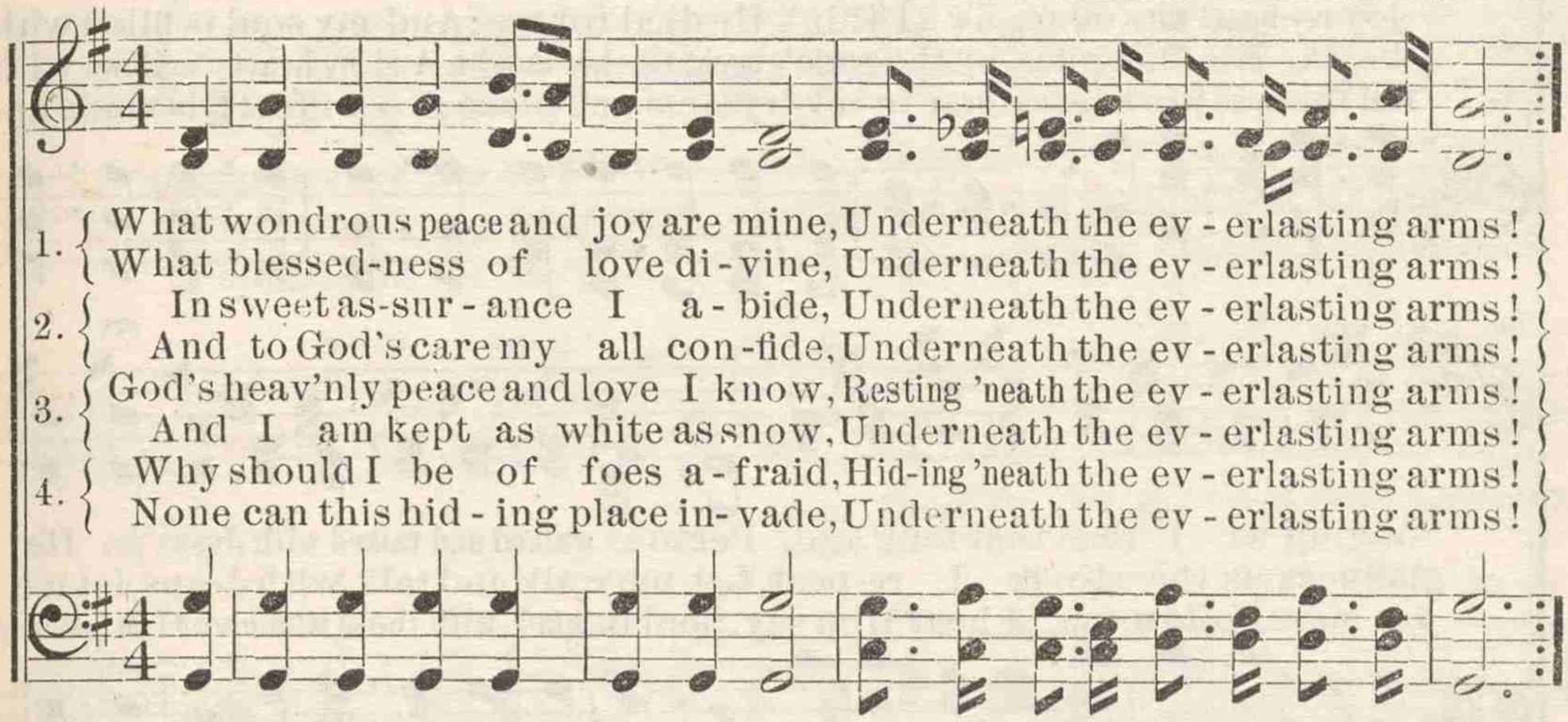


No. 70. Beneath His Strong and Everlasting Arms.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

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E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



Chorus.



No. 71. Walking and Talking with Jesus.

"Let me talk with thee."—Jer. 12: 1.

Copyright, 1889, by W. E. Penn.

EBEN E. REXFORD. W. E. PENN.

1. When I read the dear old sto-ry of the cross and Cal-va-ry, With what joy my heart runs over, as I think He died for me; And my soul is filled with longing as I read that long ago, Persons walked and talked with Jesus as He gladness, as the sto-ry I re-peat, Let me walk and talk with Jesus, let me journey'd to and fro. Oh, to walk and talk with Jesus, 'Tis a blessed tho't to me;

2. Oh, to walk and talk with Je-sus, what a rap-ture in the tho't; Oh, to be like His Disciples, by the world's great teacher taught. And my heart o'erflows with on me, "Follow me," I hear Him say, Soul be glad—with those who love Him; Jesus learn at Je-sus' feet.

3. I can walk and talk with Je-sus, tho' I can-not see His face; I can feel the Lord who loves me, near in ev-'ry time and place; I can feel His smile up- walks and talks today.

CHORUS.

This my dai - ly pray'r, my Sav-iour, Let me walk and talk with Thee.

No. 72. Walk and Talk With Me.

"Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way."—Luke 24: 32.

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E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. In the precious Bi - ble is a sto - ry sweet, Which enthrills our
2. Dear Re-deem-er of my soul, be ev - er near, And with Thy sweet
3. With Thee I am hap-py and my soul is blest; Ab-sent, I am

f

hearts as we the words re - peat, How two dear dis-ci - ples were re -
pres-ence all my path-way cheer; Walk with me and talk with me and
troubled and in deep un - rest; Nev - er leave me nor forsake me

D.S. *Lead me by the hand, dear Lord, and*

FINE.

joiced one day, As Christ walk'd and talk'd with them along the way.
keep Thou me In Thy bless-ed fel-low-ship e - ter - nal - ly.
through life's day; Walk with me, my Saviour, in the nar-row way.

keep Thou me In Thy love and fel - low-ship e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. D.S.

Precious Christ, walk with me all the way, Walk with me, talk with me ev'ry day;

No. 73. Christian Soldiers, Don Your Armor.

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—Eph. 6: 10.

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Mrs. Martha E. Whitten. Chorus and music by J. M. Hagan.

1. Christian soldier !don thy armor ; Have thy burnish'd weapons bright ; Hellish
2. Christian ! see the fields are whit'ning Ev-'ry-where before thy view ; See the
3. Christian !life's short day is wasting, Soon the night of death will come ; Precious
4. Christian, work !'tis Jesus plead-ing, See His kingdom just be-gun, Think of
5. See the road to ru-in crowded, Crowded thick with living souls ! And the
6. Pause not, Christian ! Souls are priceless ; 'Twas for them the Saviour died, Bore the

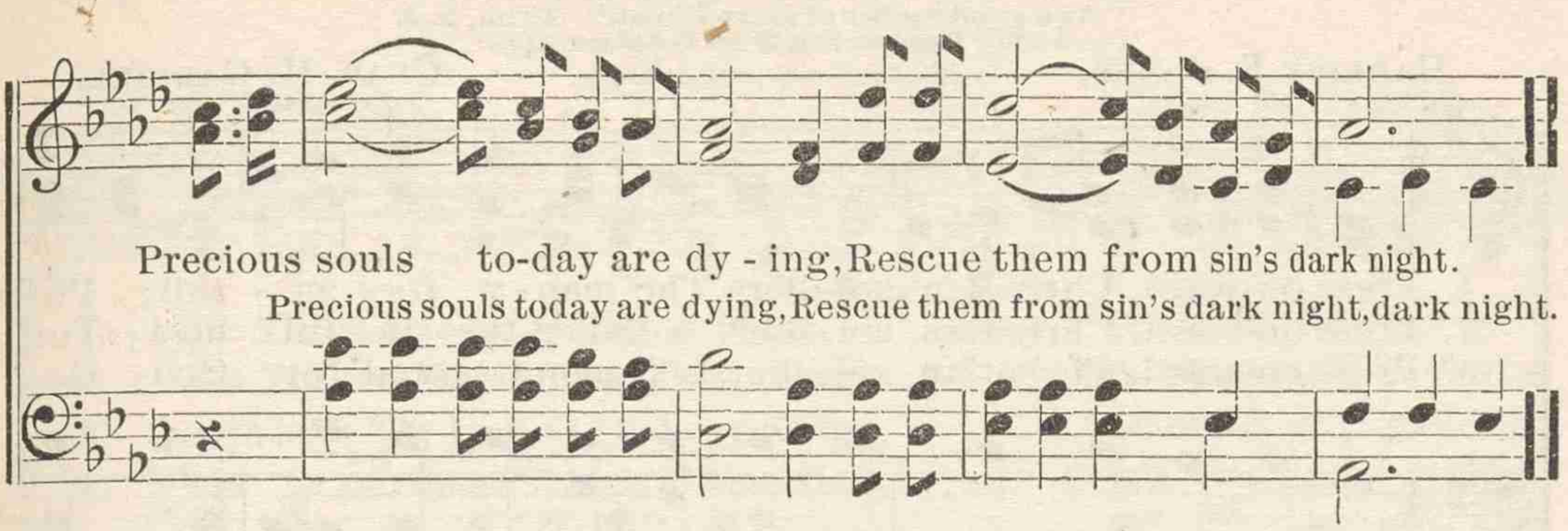
foes for vict'ry clamor ; Up, be ready for the fight ! Rouse thee !'tis thy Captain calling, Hear'st Thou
harvest fully rip'ning, While the lab'rers are but few. Pray that God in His great mercy Send more
souls to ruin hasting, Will have met their final doom. Child immortal !heavenly moulded ! Can'st thou
Christ, the Godman, bleeding ? Can'st thou leave His work undone ? Can'st thou slight that gentle Spirit That has
yawn-ing gulf en-shroud-ed Just be-neath its fu - ry rolls ; Rush thee, Christian ! rush before them ; Stop their
cross, the dread-ful cri-sis When His pow'r all hell de-fied ! Haste ! oh haste ! for time is fleet-ing, Soon a -

not the bugle's sound ? See our banner well nigh falling ! Mark the fear-ful foes around !
workmen to the field Who shall ne'er grow faint or weary, Till the pow'rs of darkness yield.
like the sluggard sleep ? Rest, with active pow'rs enfolded ? Sweetly smile, when thou shouldst weep ?
wooed thy heart so long ? Dream of heav'n, but ne'er in-her-it Joys that to the time belong ?
downward mad career ; With uplifted arms implore them, "Never, never, enter there !"
las ! 'twill be too late ; Hell is moving, heav'n entreat-ing, Christian ! mortal ! dare not wait !

Chorus.

Rise then, Chris - tian, up, be read - y, Have thy burnished weapons bright,
Rise then, Christian, up, be read - y, Have thy burnish'd weapons bright,

Christian Soldiers, Don Your Armor.



No. 74. Press On.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31: 16.

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GERTRUDE STRODE–PALMORE. J. M. HAGAN.



No. 75. Press Onward, Christian Soldier.

"As a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

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HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Press on-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers, Tho' man-y foes as - sail; Press on to fight for truth and right which surely shall pre-vail; En-cased in gos - pel ar - mor, With Christ your captain true, March right a - long with shout and song, The
2. Press on-ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, A-gainst the sin - ful host; For Je - sus' sake the strong holds take, Regardless of the cost, Press on to face the cap - tive, By cru - el fet-ters bound; Go break in twain the galling chain Wher-
3. Press on-ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Like men to stand for God; Go, trophies win from fields of sin, To shine in His a - bode. Then you shall stand a vic - tor, Be-fore your Lord and King, And with the brave your palm shall wave, And

CHORUS.

foe-man to sub-due. Press on - ward, on - ward, Be foremost in the e'er a slave is found.
songs of triumph sing. Press on-ward, bravely on-ward press,
fight! Press onward, soldier, on - ward, To bat-tle for the right.

No. 76. The Victory shall be Thine.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. 6 : 12.

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E. F. HATFIELD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. 'Tis Thine a-lone, almighty name, To raise the dead to
2. 'Tis Thine a-lone, the temp'rance cause, Our plans and ef-forts
3. Stretch forth Thy hand, O God our King, And break the gall-ing
4. Then in our hearts we will as-cribe Great wis-dom to Thy

life, The lost in - e-briate to proclaim From passion's fearful strife.
bless; We trust, O Lord, in Thee a-lone, To crown them with success.
chain; De-liv'rance to the captive bring, And end th 'usurp-er's reign.
ways; And with our lips in rapt'rous song, Thy ho - ly name we'll praise.

CHORUS.

'Tis Thine a - lone, The vic - t'ry shall be Thine; We
'Tis Thine alone, 'tis Thine alone, The vict'ry shall be Thine, it shall be Thine alone; We
look to Thee, we trust in Thee, The vic - t'ry shall be Thine. . .
look to Thee, we trust in Thee, The vict'ry shall be Thine, the vict'ry shall be Thine.

No. 77. Wonderful, Wonderful Grace.

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

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

1. My Sav-iour hath said it, I know it is true: "My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee!"
2. His blood is the fountain that cleanseth from sin, His grace is suf - fi-cient for me!
3. O'er mountain and val - ley, in sunshine and shade, His grace is suf - fi-cient for me!

Accepting His promise, I'll prove it a-new, "My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee!"
His pow'r is the strength that shall vic-to-ry win, His grace is suf - fi-cient for me!
For weakness and need full pro-vi-sion is made, His grace is suf - fi-cient for me!

I came to the Saviour for pardon and peace; He met me at Calv'ry and gave me re-
So, now, I am singing all praise to His name, Come summer, come winter, He's always the
Some day, at the brink of the riv - er I'll stand, And, looking across to "Im-man-uel's

lease, And told me His mercies would never-more cease, "My grace is sufficient for thee!"
same, Almight-y to help, when His promise I claim, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me!
Land," I'll know, by the grasp of His wel-coming hand, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me!

CHORUS.

cres.

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful grace, Grace, ev-er-lasting and free! . .
Won-der-ful grace! ev-er - last-ing and free!

Wonderful, Wonderful Grace.



No. 78. Wonderful Grace.

"Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—Rom. 3 : 24.

From the "Life-Line," by per. A. F. Myers, Toledo, Ohio. By per.

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



No. 79. Only the Blood Availeth.

"And without shedding of blood there is no remission."—Heb. 9: 22.

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J. H. ALLEMAN. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. On - ly the Blood of Je - sus A - vail -eth, dear soul, for thee;
2. On - ly the Blood of Je - sus Can ren - der the pure with- in.
3. On - ly the Blood of Je - sus Can save you from endless woe!

'Tis on - ly the blood of Je - sus, My brother, can make you free!
'Tis on - ly the blood of Je - sus Can cleanse you from ev'ry sin!
O come, for the bless-ed Sav - iour Can par-don and peace be-stow!

Come to the cleansing foun-tain, And free -ly the blood ap - ply;
O - pen thy heart, re - ceive Him; Thy Sav-iour He longs to be,—
Wan-der-ing one, He's wait-ing! O come, in con-tri - tion, bow!

He longeth thy sin to par - don, O brother, why will ye die?
Then hearken, O soul, He whis -pers A mes-sage of peace, to thee!
For Je-sus, the bless-ed Mas- ter, Is waiting to save you now!

REFRAIN.

On-ly the blood of Je - sus . . Cleanseth the sin-sick soul! .
thy Saviour sin -sick soul!

Only the Blood Availeth.



No. 80. The Blood of the Lamb.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood."—Eph. 1: 7.

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WM. M. WM. MAGOFFIN.



No. 81. I Will be Thine.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."—Job. 13: 15.

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CHARLES WESLEY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression.

1. Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me?
2. I have long withstood His grace, Long provok'd Him to His face;
3. Je-sus, answer from a-bove; Is not all Thy na-ture love?
4. Now in-cline me to re-pent; Let me now my fall la-ment;

Can my God His wrath forbear, And the chief of sin-ners spare?
Would not hear His gra-cious calls; Griev'd Him by a thousand falls.
Wilt thou not the wrong forget? Lo, I fall be-fore Thy feet.
Deep-ly my re-volt de-plore; Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.

CHORUS.

I will be Thine. I will be Thine,
I will be Thine, ... I will be Thine, ... In life and
In life and death I will be Thine; And when I touch . . the gol'den
death I will be Thine; And when I touch
shore, . . I shall be Thine . . . for-ev-er-more.
the golden shore, I shall be Thine, for-ev-er-more.

No. 82. I Will Follow Jesus.

"I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."—Luke 9: 57.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

Anonymous. R. E. HUDSON.

1. Down in the val - ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are blooming and the sweet waters flow; Ev - 'ry-where He leads me I would fol - low, fol - low on, Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.
2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are sweeping and the dark waters flow; With His hand to lead me I will nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan-gers cannot fright me if my Lord is near.
3. Down in the val - ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close beside my Sav - iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

CHORUS.

Follow, follow, I will follow Je-sus, Any-where, ev-'rywhere, I will follow on;
Fol-low, fol -low, I will follow Je-sus, Ev'rywhere He leads me I will follow on.

No. 83. For Jesus Loves Me.

"For the love of Christ constraineth us."—2 Cor. 5: 14.

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E. R. LATTA. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.





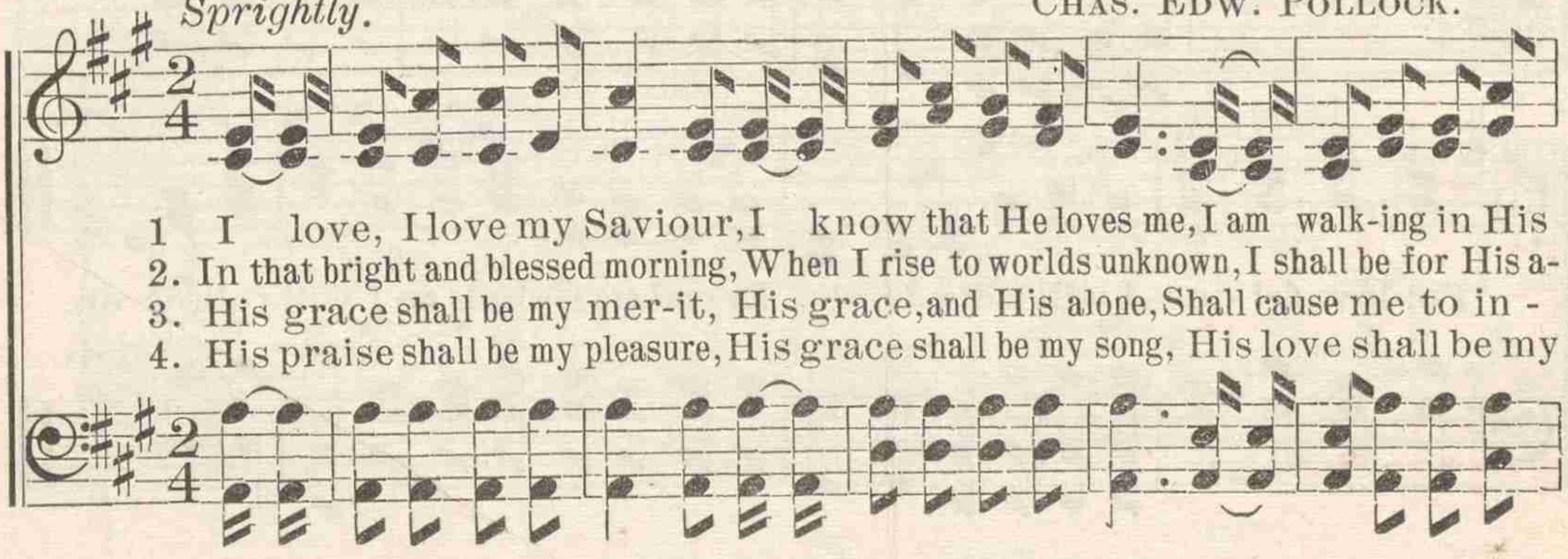
No. 84. I Love my Saviour.

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

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ANNA MARIA SOHN. Words of Chorus, and Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sprightly.



Cut-82

I Love my Saviour.

CHORUS.



No. 85. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

Dedicated to Jno. C. F. Kyger.

"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Ps. 67: 5.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

J. M. H. J. M. HAGAN.



No. 86. Shelter 'Neath the Cross.

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

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IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. There's an Ark of safety, will you en-ter in, While the door is o-pen wide?
2. When the storm is rag-ing, and the billows roll, And your heart is sore a- fraid;
3. 'Neath the cross of Je-sus, there is rest for you, Tho' your sins as scarlet glow;

Will you fol-low Je-sus, and His kingdom win, On the gold-en, oth-er side?
There's a mighty Refuge for the weary soul, En-ter in, nor be dismay'd.
On - ly come, be-liev-ing in His mer-cy true, He will wash you white as snow.

Will you flee the tempter and his e - vil pow'r? Will you drop your earthly dross?
Thro' the darkness calling, hear the Saviour's voice, As He bids the tem-pest cease;
There is per-fect healing in His precious blood That was shed on Calv'ry's tree;

Will you seek sal-vation from the Lord this hour? Will you shel-ter 'neath the Cross?
O, be-neath His shadow shall your heart rejoice, For with Je-sus all is peace.
Come, and find forgiveness in the cleansing flood That a-toned for you and me.

CHORUS

There's pardon with Je - sus, There's gain for ev'ry loss;
There's pardon, there's pardon with Jesus, There's gain for ev-'ry loss;

Shelter 'Neath the Cross.

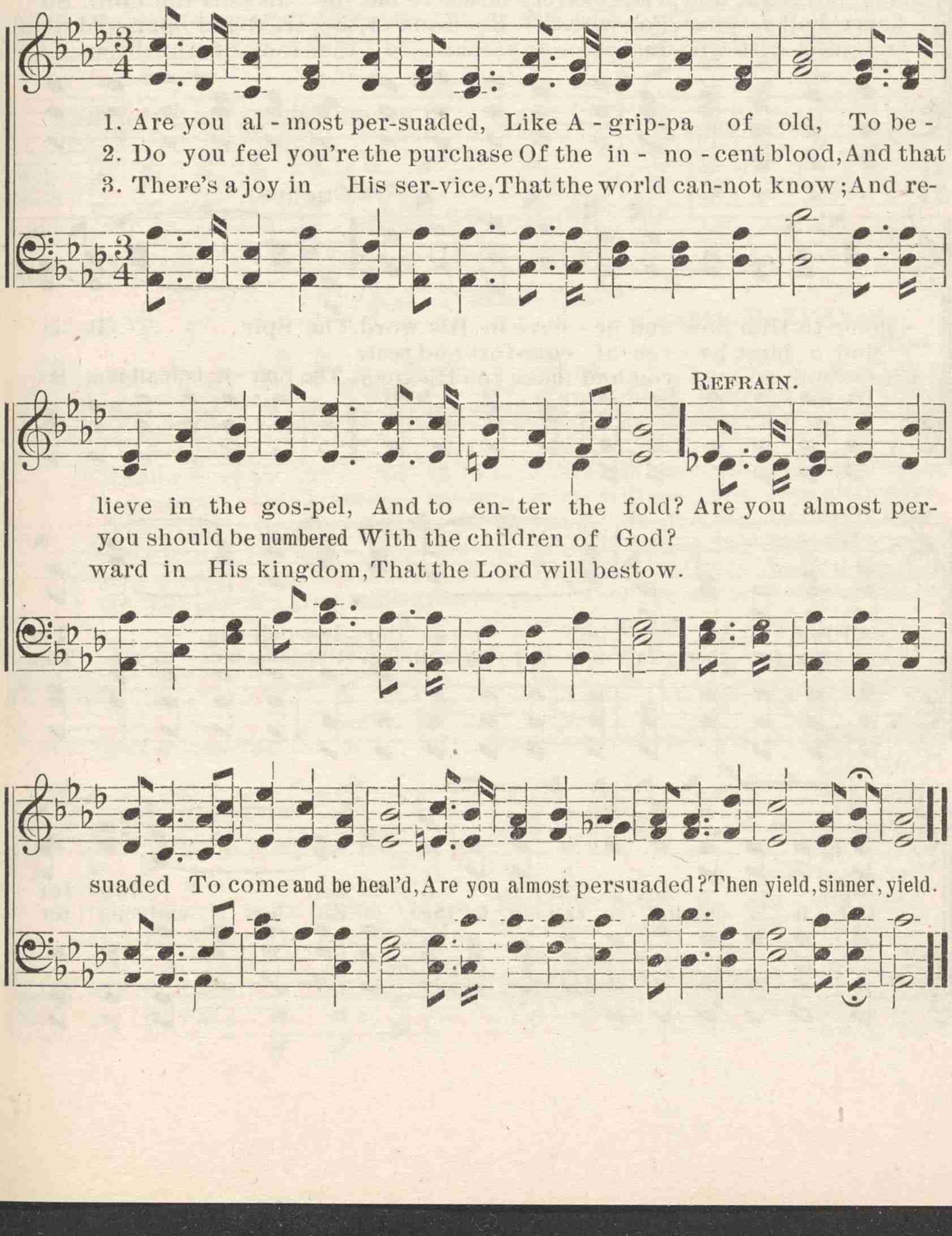


No. 87. Are you Almost Persuaded?

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."— Acts 26: 28.

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E. R. LATTA. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



No. 88. The Spirit is Calling.

"My spirit shall not always strive with man."—Gen. 6: 3.

Copyright, 1896, by Charlie D. Tillman.

L. E. JONES. Chorus by C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.





The Spirit is Calling.

thee. . . . Re - sist . . . . not His pleading, . . . His
thee, for thee, Re - sist not His plead-ing, His plead-ing for thee, His

sweet, . . . ten - der pleading, . . He's lov - - - ing - ly
sweet tender plead-ing, His plead-ing for thee, He's lov - ing - ly plead - ing "Oh,

plead-ing, . . "Oh, come . . . . un - to Me." . . . .
come un - to Me, Oh, come un - to Me, Oh, come un - to Me."

No. 89. Jesus Will Save.

"Today, if ye will hear his voice."—Heb. 3: 15.

Copyright, 1896, by Charlie D. Tillman.

C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

FINE.

1. { Brother, hear the in - vi - ta-tion, Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
   { Come, receive this great sal - va-tion, Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.
2. { Je - sus calls in sweet compas -sion, Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
   { Don't re-ject the in - vi - ta- tion, Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.
3. { Hear that dy - ing in - ter-ces- sion, Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
   { He will par-don your transgression, Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.

D.C. *Brother, hear the in - vi - ta - tion, Je-sus will save, yes, Je-sus will save.*

D.C.

Sent in mer - cy from a - bove, Purchased by re - deem-ing love;
He will set your spir - it free. Rise forthwith, He call - eth thee;
Come, ye wea - ry souls, to Me, Rise forthwith, He call - eth thee;

No. 90. The Great Judgment Morning.

"For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand."—Rev. 6: 17.

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Anonymous. F. L. EILAND.

1. I dream'd that the great judg-ment morning Had dawn'd and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon-ey Soon melt-ed and fad - ed a - way;
3. The wid-ow was there, and the orphan, God heard them and answer'd their pray'rs;
4. There stood moral men at the judgment, But self-righteous ways would not do;

I dream'd that the nations had gathered For judg-ment a-round the great throne.
A pau - per stood there at the judg-ment, His debts were too ma-ny to pay.
No sor-row for- ev - er in heav-en, God wip'd all the tears from their eyes.
The peo-ple who cru- ci - fied Je- sus, Had claimed to be mor - al men too.

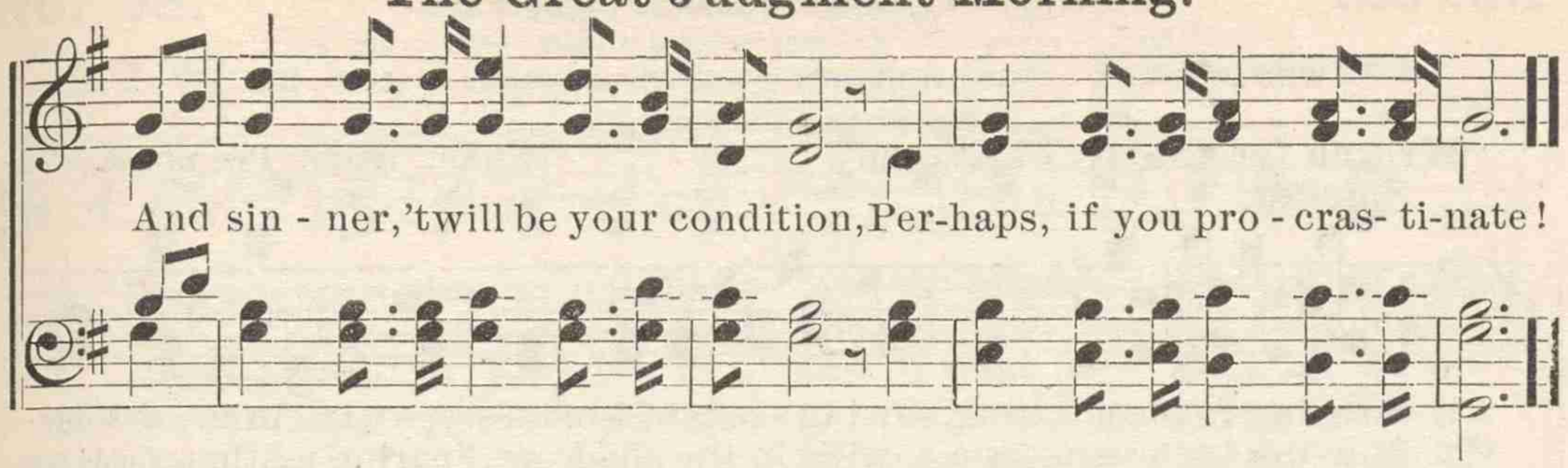
From the throne came a bright shining an-gel, That stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there with His greatness, When death came was left far be-hind;
The gambler was there and the drunk-ard, And he who had sold them their drink,
Souls who had put off their sal- va-tion, Not now, I'll be sav'd by and by,

And vowed with his hands raised to heav-en, That time no long - er should be.
The an - gel that opened the rec-ord, No trace of his greatness could find.
And the peo - ple who is-sued the license, To - geth-er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re-lig-ion, Al - tho' they had found time to die.

REFRAIN. *Slowly and tenderly.*

They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They pray'd, but their pray'rs were too late.

The Great Judgment Morning.



No. 91. Sinner, Return.

"All things are ready, come."—Matt. 22: 4.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Rev. Frank Pollock. Music and 3d verse by Chas. Edw. Pollock.

Persuasively.



No. 92. Bringing in the Sheaves.

"With gladness . . . they shall enter into the King's palace."—Ps. 48: 15.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Written for JNO. C. F. KYGER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Spirited.



1. Sow-ing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide
2. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev-er weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our



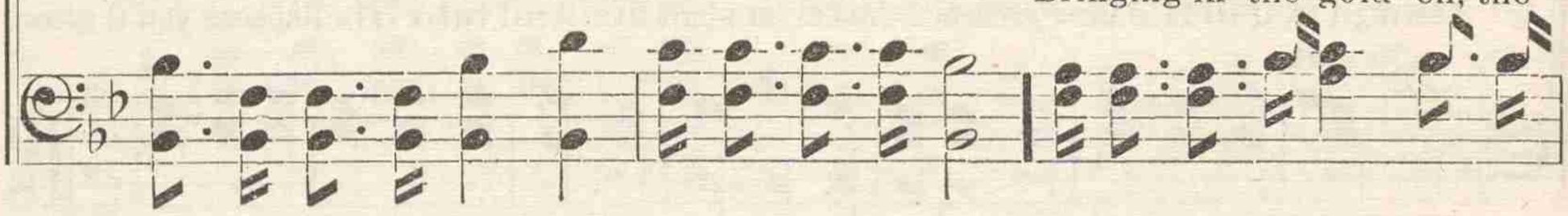
and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reap-ing,
win-ter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the lab-or end-ed,
spir-it of-ten grieves, When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come,



CHORUS.



We shall come rejoic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the gold-en



Bringing in the gold-en, the

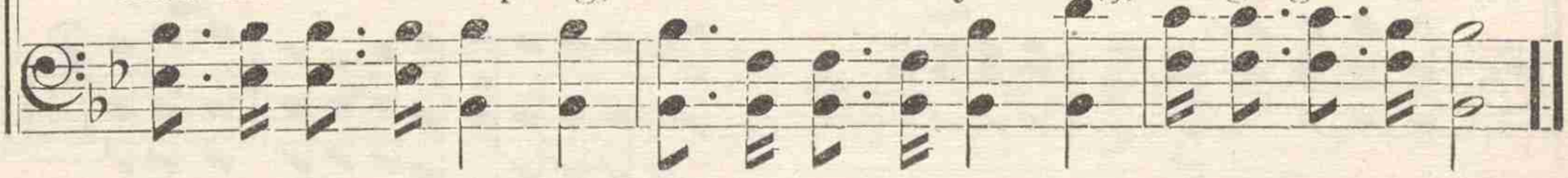


sheaves, Bringing in the golden sheaves; Waiting for the harvest,
gold-en sheaves, Bringing in the golden, the gold-en sheaves;





And the time of reap-ing, We shall come rejoic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves.



No. 93. Gladly Marching On.

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us."—Heb. 12: 1.

S. J. OSLIN. W. F. STUBBLEFIELD.

1. We are marching to the land of the saints o - ver there, We are
2. We are sol - diers in the ranks of our Sav- iour and Lord, We are
3. Heav-en with its beau-ties rare, and a rest ev - er-more, We are
4. We are hap - py as we go to the land o'er the lea, We are

glad-ly marching on, marching on; To the cit - y of the blest where we'll
glad-ly marching on, marching on; And we'll conquer ev'ry foe, by His
glad-ly marching on, marching on; We can see that land by faith, view the
glad-ly marching on, marching on; And we'll soon be free from sor-row, and

rest from all care, We are glad - ly marching on, march-ing on.
grace and His word, We are glad - ly marching on, march-ing on.
bright, gold -en shore, We are glad - ly marching on, march-ing on.
sigh - ing will flee, We are glad - ly marching on, march-ing on.

CHORUS.

Marching on, gladly on, To a land of glory bright, over there;
Marching on, glad - ly on,

Marching on, glad-ly on, We are gladly marching on, marching on.
Marching on, glad - ly on,

No. 94. On the Hills Beyond the River.

"And there shall be no night there."--Rev. 22: 5.

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Anon. JAMES A. BUCHANAN.

Andante con espressione.

1. There are hills be-yond the val - ley where the riv - er glid - eth by,
2. On those hills be-yond the riv - er is our heav'nly Father's throne,
3. While we walk a - long the val - ley we may sometimes gain a view

Where the E - den flow'rs are bloom-ing un - der-neath a cloudless sky;
And the brightness of that cit - y mor - tal eye hath nev - er known;
Of the hills be -yond the riv - er, un - der - neath the arching blue;

There the state- ly palms are swaying in the soft and balm- y breeze,
Oh, its gates are shin-ing brightly in the nev - er fad - ing day,
If our footsteps nev - er fal - ter in the path that should be trod,

Birds of Par - a - dise are sing-ing from the ev - er ver-dant trees.
For the sun-shine is e - ter - nal,and can nev - er fade a - way.
We may one day claim a dwell-ing in the cit - y of our God.

CHORUS.

On the hills . . . . . be-yond the riv - - - er,
On the hills be - yond the riv - er, On the hills be - yond the riv - er,

On the Hills Beyond the River.



No. 95. Send Out the Life-Boat.

"He healed them that had need of healing."—Luke 9; 11.

Suggested by the work of Messrs. Moody and Wooley in Boston, 1891.

L. W. SMITH. F. A. BLACKMER.

1. There are wrecks along the shore, Going down on ev-'ry side, 'Mid the crashing break-er's roar, And the surging, foaming tide, Faint-ly o-ver rock and reef, Comes the ag - o- niz- ing cry, "Send, oh! send us quick re- lief! Ere we per -ish, ere we die."
2. Anxious friends are waiting lone, For an absent, wayward child; Hearing not the sad- dened moan, Thro' the darkness, strange and wild, Hear the mother's earnest plea, Go-ing up to heav'n and God, "Send, oh! send Thy help to me! Let me lean up- on Thy rod."
3. "May some angel from above, Guard my child from ev'ry ill; God of mer- cy, God of love, May it be Thy blessed will. *Now* to save my darling boy! Send some strong and loving hand, Ere the waves of sin de-stroy, That shall bring him safe to land."
4. Christian! listen to the voice, To the rescue, haste a-way! Let the sons of God re - joice At the vic-t'ry gained to-day. Christian! heed thy Saviour's call, Gladly His sweet will o-bey; Point the dy - ing, sink -ing soul, To the Life, the Truth, the Way.

CHORUS.

Send out the lifeboat, Throw out the line, Je- sus is calling in mer-cy divine; Thousands of time wrecks are sinking in sin, Speed thro' the tempest and gath -er them in.

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No. 96. The Fountain of Cleansing.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1.

O. S. G. Mrs. O. S. GRINNELL.

1. A foun-tain of cleansing is o- pened for sin, And all may be wash'd who will plunge freely in; 'Tis the soul-cleansing fountain that
2. "Oh, come to that fountain! the Spir - it now calls;" Oh, come and be wash'd! 'tis for you and for all; The Sav- iour in-vites you, oh,
3. 'Tis news, glorious news, and to sad hearts a balm, That all may be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; And that pur - i - fied, sanc - ti-fied,
4. Oh, plunge in that fountain and rise pure and white, And vis - ions of bliss will then dawn on thy sight—Sweet vis - ions of glo - ry en -

makes white as snow Ev-'ry stain sin has made in this world be-low.
do not de - lay, But has - ten to Him and be saved to-day!
filled with God's love, We may sing with the white-robed in heav'n above.
rapt - 'ring the soul, While the waves of sal - va - tion shall o'er thee roll.

CHORUS.

All glory to Jesus! I plunge fully in; My garments He washes and cleanses from sin; Yes,
glo - ry to Je-sus! I'm ev-'ry whit whole, And the glory of heav'n now thrills my soul!

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No. 97. A Glorious Crown.

"When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 Pet. 5: 4.

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J. A. R. J. A. ROGERS.

1. What a glorious crown there is laid up in heaven For the saints to wear when they
2. Oh, the blessed crown that Jesus is pre-par- ing For His saints to wear in
3. Blessed hope to wear this crown of life e - ter -nal When I pass a-way from
4. Come and join our throng, we're passing on to glo -ry, Day by day we're near-ing

reach that blessed land; What a blessed tho't to wear a crown in glo - ry,
glo - ry ev - er-more; 'Tis a crown of gladness and of life e - ter - nal,
this sad world of care; And I hope to fly to mansions up in heav- en,
Ca-naan's happy shore; On- ly a short time, then we will pass forev - er,

CHORUS.

In a home e - ter - nal that shall ev-er stand. Stand - ing by the
Just beyond fair Canaan's bright and hap-py shore.
Where the saints immortal dwell forev - er there.
From this world of darkness to a home in heav'n. Stand-ing by the Sav-iour,

Sav - iour, in that golden land . . . Where
Standing by His side, In a gold-en cit - y, in a golden land, Where the saints in

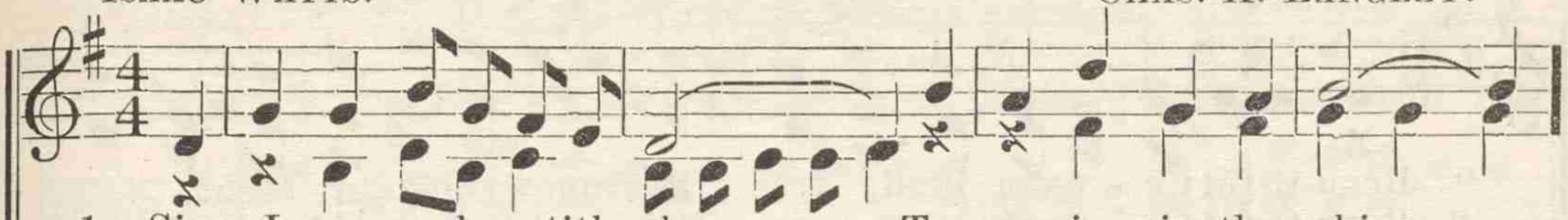
the saints in glo - ry Have a golden crown for - evermore to wear.
glo - ry sing His praises there,

No. 98. My Title Clear.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God."—2 Cor. 5: 1.

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ISAAC WATTS. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



1. Since I can read my title clear, . . To mansions in the skies, .
2. Should earth against my soul engage, . . And fie - ry darts be hurled, .
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, . And storms of sorrow fall, .
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul, . . In seas of heavenly rest, .



1. Since I can read my ti-tle clear, To mansions in the skies,
2. Should death a - gainst my soul engage, And fie - ry darts be hurl'd,
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sor-row fall,
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul, In seas of heavenly rest,



I bid farewell to ev'ry fear, . . . And wipe my weeping eyes. .
Then I would smile at Satan's rage, . . . And face a frown-ing world. .
May I but safely reach my home, . . My God, my heav'n, my all. . .
And not a wave of trouble roll . . A-cross my peaceful breast. .



I bid fare - well to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
Then I would smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trouble roll A - cross my peaceful breast.

REFRAIN.



A-mong those mansions o'er life's sea, . My Saviour, one's prepared for me; . .
man - sions o'er life's sea, one's pre - pared for me!



To that blest home of heav'n-ly cheer, I now can read my ti-tle clear! .
my ti - tle clear!

No. 99. Beautiful Canaan Land.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."—I Cor. 2: 9.

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E. R. LATTA. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



Beautiful Canaan Land.

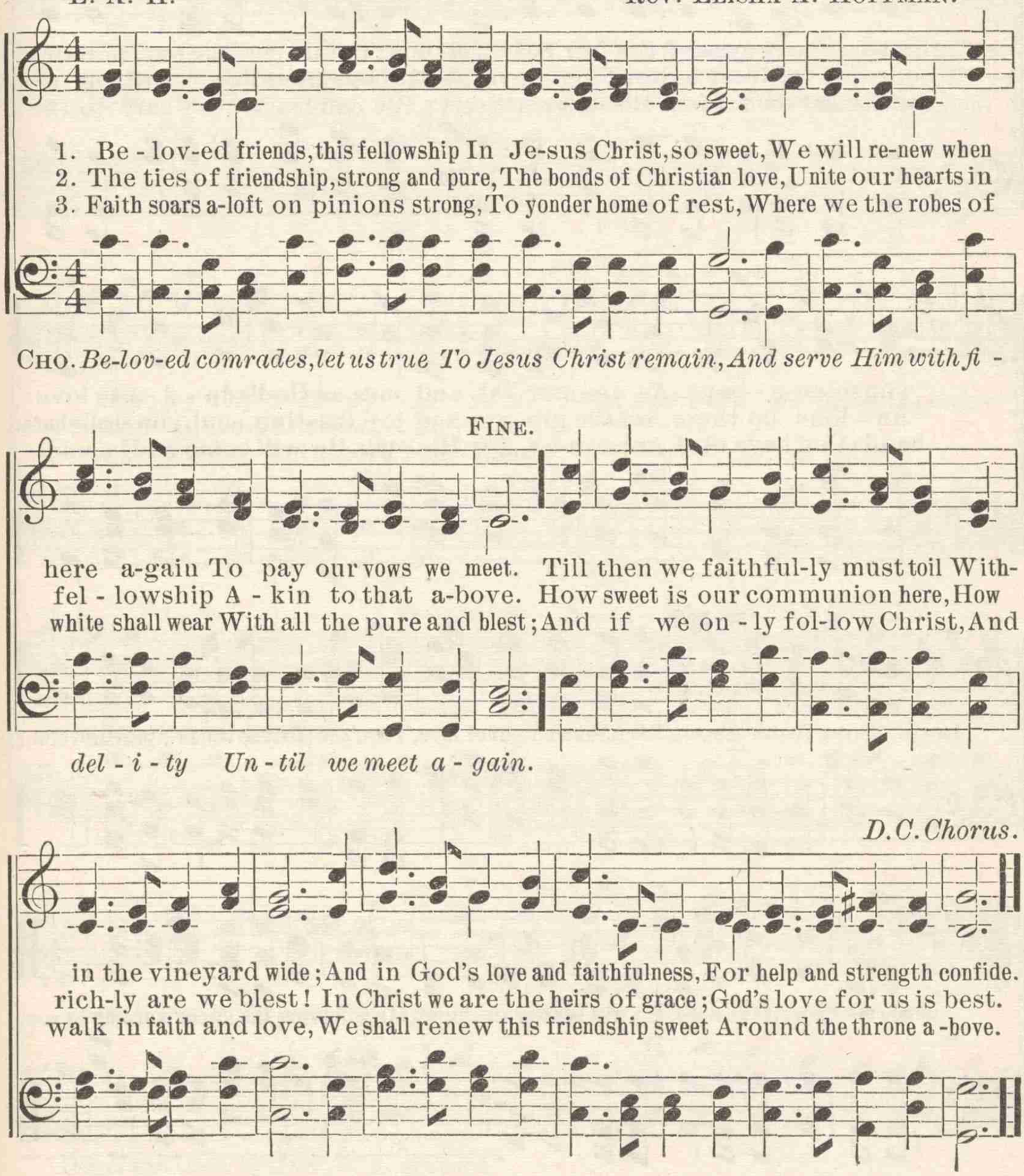


No. 100. Y. P. U. Parting Hymn.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

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E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



No. 101. A Rift in the Clouds.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. 6: 19.

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E. E. HEWITT. J. M. HAGAN.

1. There's a rift in the clouds, there's a light break-ing thro', Catch a glimpse, weary eyes, of the fair peaceful blue; Tho' the raindrops may fall, there is sunshine a-bove, As im-mor-tal and sure as God's in-fi-nite love.
2. There's a rift in the clouds, there's a heav-en be-yond, And the songs of the blest to our longing respond; There are partings on earth, but re-un-ions up there, And the glo-ry, and joy, trusting soul, you shall share.
3. There's a rift in the clouds, for our Sav-iour's on high, And His face bends toward us from His throne in the sky; We can leave ev'ry care to the hands that have bled, And some day, for His own, He will come as He said.

CHORUS.

Look above! look above! See the sunlight of love, Thro' the rift, see the fair peaceful blue; Since our God is the light, He will scatter the night, He will bring the sweet morning to you.

No. 102. Send Showers of Blessings.

"I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing."—Ezek. 34; 26.

FRANK M. DAVIS. J. M. HAGAN.

1. We pray for Thy bless-ing, dear Sav - iour, So gra-cious - ly
2. We pray for Thy bless-ing, dear Sav - iour, The in - flu - ence
3. We pray for Thy bless-ing, dear Sav - iour, While pros-trate we

prom - ised by Thee; We long for the show- ers re - fresh-ing That
sweet of Thy love; Bap-tize our faint hearts with Thy spir - it, De -
bow at Thy feet; Re - vive us, dear Lord, we en-treat Thee, And

CHORUS.

fall by Thy mer - cy so free. Send show-ers of bless-ings, dear
scend-ing from heav- en a - bove.
make us in Thee more com - plete.

Sav - iour, Send show-ers of blessings to - day; The show - ers re -
Sav-iour, we plead,

fresh-ing our gaunt spirits need, Send show-ers of blessings to - day.

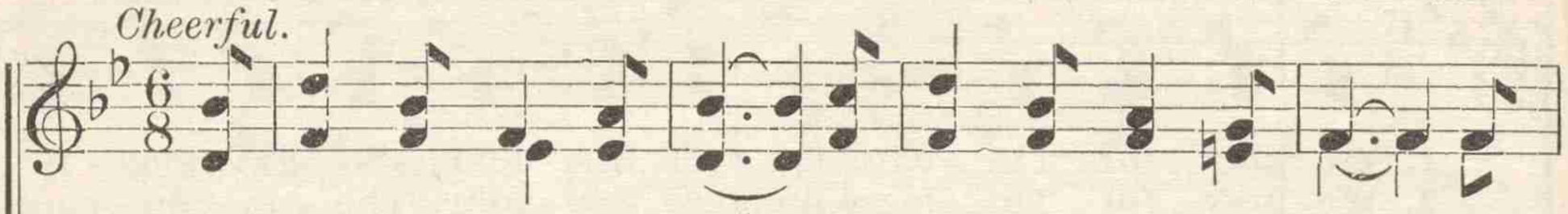
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No. 103. Laborers of Christ, Arise.

"Arise, shine forth, thy light is come."— Isa. 60: 1.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Cheerful.



1. Lab-'rers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil; The
2. Go where the sick re - cline, Where mourning hearts deplore; And
3. Be faith, which looks a bove, With pray'r, your constant guest; And
4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er de - spoil, And the





dew of prom - ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.
where the sons of sor - row pine, Dis-pense your hal- lowed lore.
wrap the Sav-iour's changeless love, A man - tle round your breast.
bless - ed Gos-pel's sav - ing health Re - pay your ar-duous toil.



CHORUS.



A - rise, . . a - rise, . . And gird you for the toil; The
A - rise, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise,



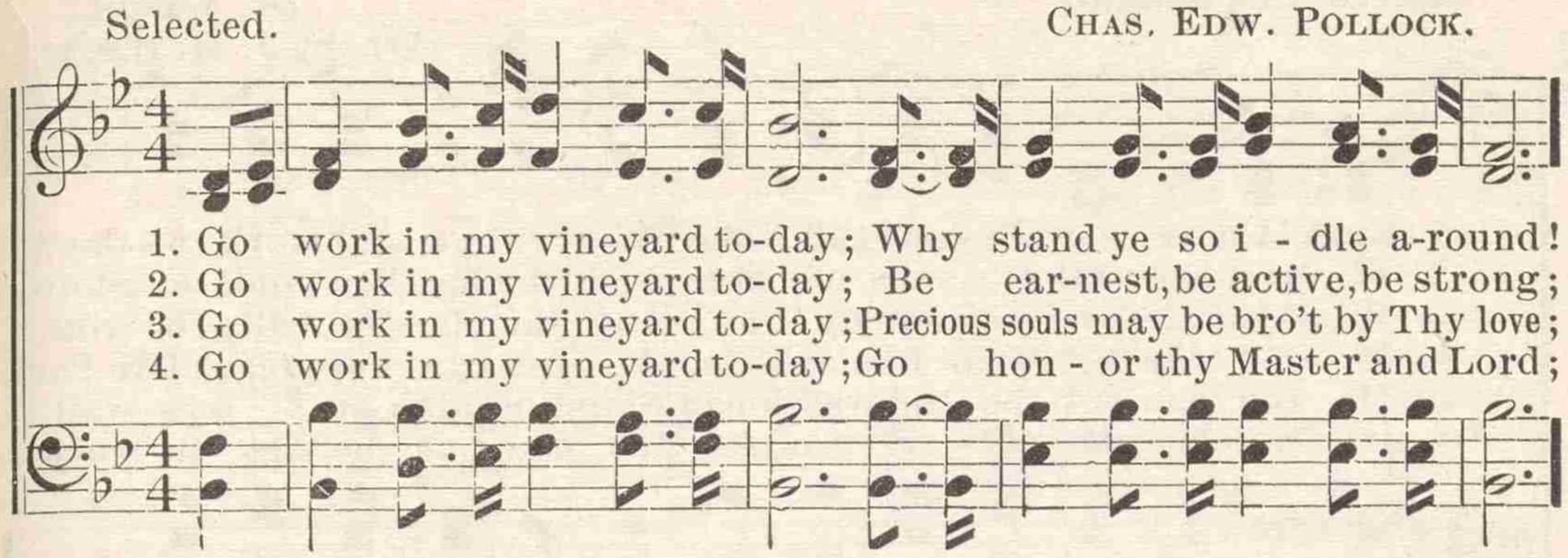
dew of prom- ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.

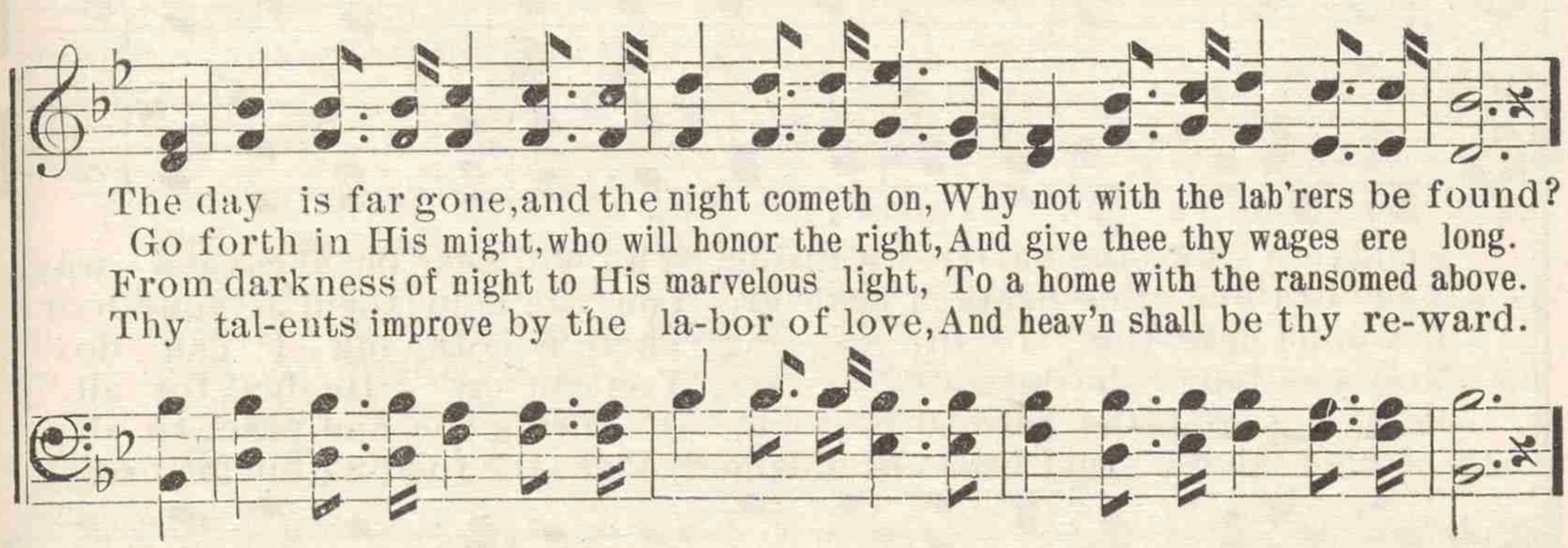
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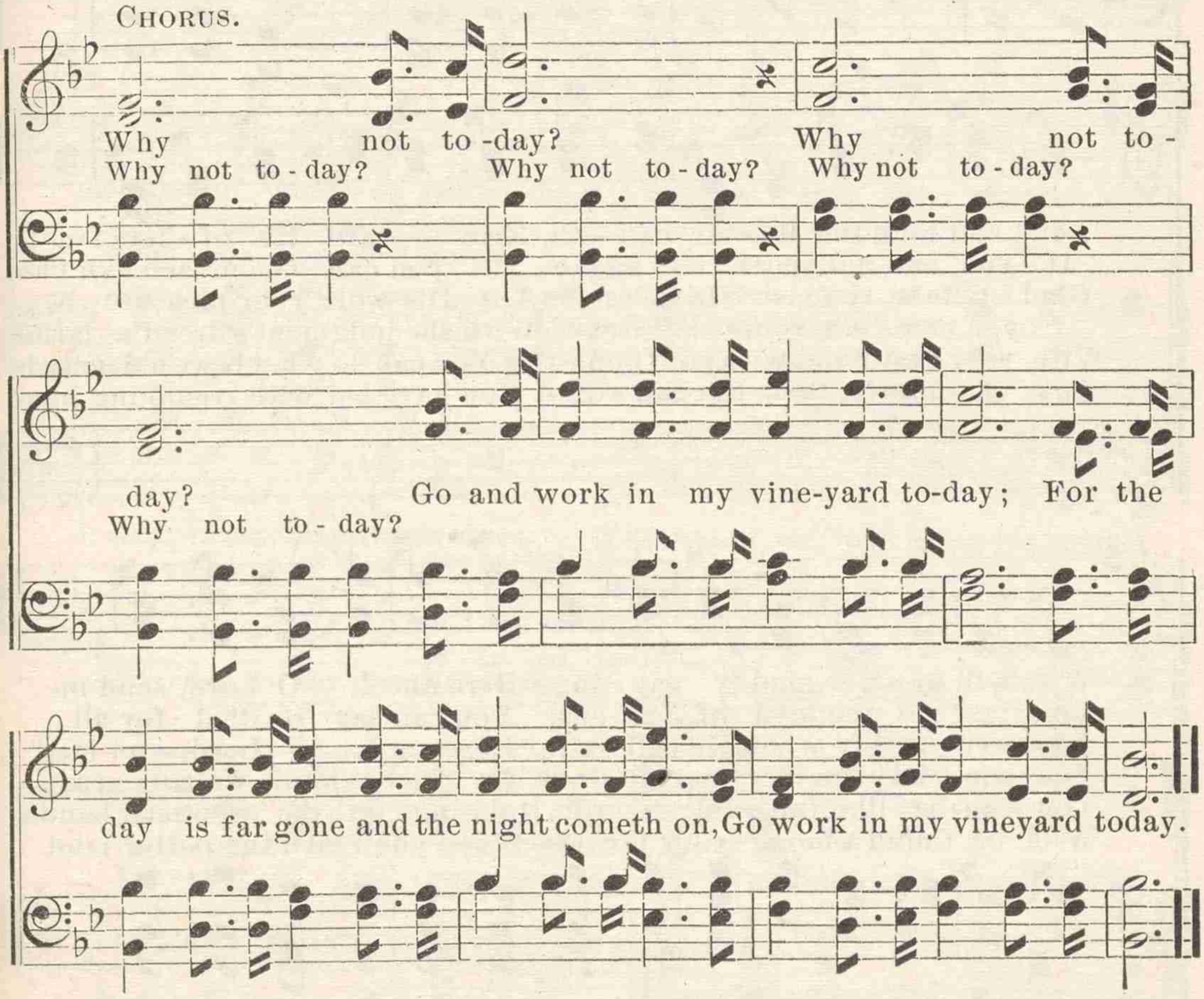
No. 104. Work To-day.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28.

Selected. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.







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No. 105. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

"I the Lord have called Thee."—Isa. 42: 6.

Rev. DAN'L MARCH. Dr. MASON.
Arr. by J. M. HAGAN.



1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can- not cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands ex-plore,
3. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas-ter calls for you,
4. If you can-not speak like an-gels, If you can -not preach like Paul,
5. If you can-not be the watchman, Standing high on Zi - on's wall,
6. If a-mong the old - er peo-ple, You may not be apt to teach,



Fields are white, the har-vest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?
You can find the heathen near- er, You can help them at your door;
Let none hear you i - dly say - ing "There is noth - ing I can do!"
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say "He died for all,"
Point-ing out the path to heav-en, Of - f'ring life and peace to all;
"Feed my lambs," said Christ our Shepherd, Place the food within their reach,"



Loud and long the Mas-ter call -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;
If you can - not rouse the wicked, With the judgment's dread a- larms,
With your pray'r and with your boun-ties, You can do what heav'n demands;
And it may be that the chil - dren You have led with trembling hand,



Who will an-swer, 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 call - eth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me,"
You can lead the lit - tle chil -dren To the Saviour's waiting arms.
You can be like faith-ful Aa- ron, Hold-ing up the prophet's hands.
Will be found a-mong your jew-els, When you reach the better land.

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No. 106. Bearing the Golden Sheaves.

"The harvest truly is plenteous; but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Go forth in - to the har - vest And reap the gold - en field,
   Your toil will not be wast - ed, Your la - bor not be vain,
2. The fields are white al - read - y; The la - bor - ers are few;
   Oh, go and toil for Je - sus, Nor let Him call in vain!
3. We'll sow in ear - ly morn - ing, We'll sow at noon and eve,
   Then in the time of reap - ing Re - joic - ing we will come,

Re - turn - ing with the gold - en sheaves In an a - bun-dant yield;
For you shall gar - ner plen-teous - ly The (*Omit.*)
To gath - er in the gold - en sheaves The Mas - ter calls for you.
With glad-ness you shall bear to Him The (*Omit.*)
And all our time, and all our strength, To Je - sus we will give.
And bear a - way the gold - en sheaves, And (*Omit.*)

Chorus.

sheaves of gold - en grain. Bear - ing a - way the sheaves,
gold - en sheaves of grain.
sing the har - vest-home.

Bear - ing a - way the gold - en sheaves,

Bear - ing a - way the sheaves, Re-joic-ing we will bring to Christ A

Bear - ing a - way the gold - en sheaves,

har - vest of gold - en sheaves. har - vest of gold - en sheaves.

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No. 107. Sowing, Ever Sowing.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31: 16.

E. R. LATTA. J. M. HAGAN.
Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

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

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

Are we sow - ing thorns and thistles, That shall pierce . the trav'ler's feet,
Now's the seed - time full of prom-ise, Full of pos - si-bil - i - ty;
Let us earn - est-ly en-deav-or Seeds of hap - pi-ness to strew,

Or the seeds . of love and mer - cy, That shall make . ex-istence sweet?
What the fruit - age we shall gath-er, Here and in . . e-ter - ni - ty?
That our fel - lowmen may bless us, Whereso-ev - er we may go.

CHORUS.

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

Used by permission of D. E. DORTCH.

Sowing, Ever Sowing.

Sow - ing tares . . . . . or gold - en wheat;
Sow - ing tares or gold - en wheat, yes, Sow - ing tares or gold - en wheat;

What, oh, what . . . . . shall be the har - - vest,
What, oh, what shall be the har-vest, What, oh, what shall be the har-vest,

When our sow - - - ing is com - plete?
When our sow-ing, when our sow - ing is com-plete, yes, is com-plete?

No. 108. Sow in the Morn Thy Seed.

"The harvest truly is plenteous; but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thy hand;
2. Thou canst not toil in vain; Cold, heat, and moist and dry
3. Thence, when the glo - rious end, The day of God, shall come,

To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad-cast it o'er the land.
Shall fos - ter and ma - ture the grain For gar - ners in the sky.
The an - gel reap - ers shall de-scend, And heav'n cry, "Har - vest Home!"

No. 109. Saviour, Lead Me.

"For thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

A. O. NEWPHER, Esq. Mrs. NORTON, arr. by J. B. E., by per.

p

1. Dear Sav- iour, lead me, while I trav - el here be - low;
2. Soft be the pil - low, that my Sav - iour will pro-vide;
3. When on the moun-tain, with the an - gels I shall stand;

Thy pastures feed me, wheresoe'er I go; Thou my heart possessing,
Smooth be the bil-low when I cross the tide; Let no tho't or sor-row,
Drink at the foun-tain, from my Saviour's hand; Then I'll sing in glo - ry,

Thy sweet peace be ev - er mine; Dai - ly grant Thy bless-ing,
touch my soul with doubt or fear, But the bright to - mor-row
with the saints who sing a- bove; There I'll tell the sto - ry

Slower. CHORUS.

make me whol-ly Thine. Je - sus, dear Je - sus,
read my ti - tle clear. Je - sus, dear Je - sus,
of Re-deem-ing Love. Je - sus, dear Je - sus,

Thou protect me ev-'ry day; Je - sus, dear Je-sus, keep me in Thy way.
bear me safe-ly on Thy breast; Je - sus, dear Je-sus, give me heav'nly rest.
I shall ev-er with Thee dwell; Je - sus, dear Je-sus, then to earth farewell.

p

No. 110. Lead Me, Saviour.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps. 129: 8.

F. M. D. F. M. Davis, by per.

With expression.

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

Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
To the land of end- less day, I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a- bide.

I would in Thy love a-bide.
All my hopes on Thee re- ly.
Where all tears are wiped away.

Chorus.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray; . . . lest I stray,

rit. e dim.

Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

No. 111. Over the Rolling Sea.

"I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."—Ps. 2 : 8.

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Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. O- ver the roll - ing sea, Ma- ny the voic-es ap-peal-ing to me;
2. O- ver the roll - ing sea, Millions are perishing, Lord, without Thee;
3. O- ver the roll - ing sea, There is a mis-sion of mer-cy for me;

Groping in the darkness they, And to us for light they pray;
We are blessed with Gos- pel light, While they grope in heathen night,
Souls by years of sin de-praved By my ef - forts may be saved,

f *pp*

O, their cry rings pit- eous-ly O'er the waves of the deep, roll-ing sea,
And we send not, O the shame! Help to them in the Saviour's dear name,
If I help to send the light To the people now shadowed in night.

pp rit.

O - ver the roll - ing sea, O- ver the roll - ing sea!

CHORUS.

{O - ver the sea,..... Call - ing to me,.....}
{O - ver the sea,..... Plead - ing with me,.....}
{O - ver the sea, Call- ing to me,}
{O - ver the sea, Pleading with me,}

Over the Rolling Sea.



No. 112. The Morning Light is Breaking.

"The poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. 29 : 19.

S. F. Smith. G. J. Webb.



No. 113. Turned Away from the Beautiful Gate.

"Lord, Lord, open to us. But he shall say, I know you not, depart from me."— Luke 13: 25, 27.

D. E. D. D. E. Dortch, by per.

Not too fast.



1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord say-ing, "You
2. Some one will hear the an-gel's song, And wish he could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an ach- ing heart, While Je-sus pro-noun- ces the
4. Some one will linger with tear- ful eyes, While Christ and His peo- ple as -
5. Some one will go in- to dark-ness drear, Far off from the Sav -iour and
6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wail-ing no

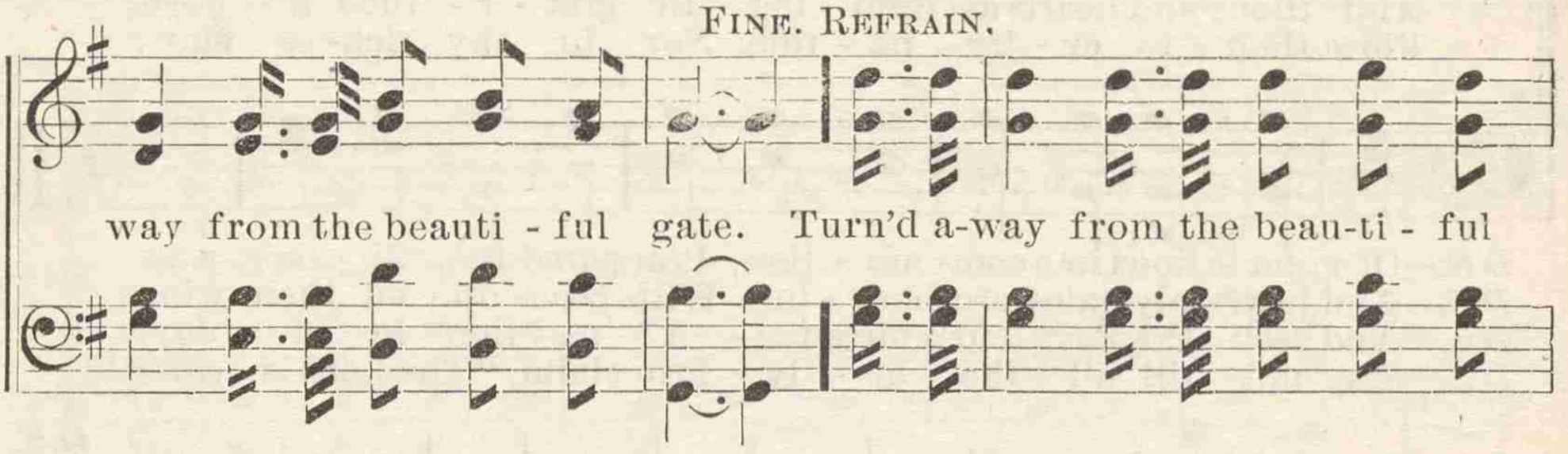




can - not come;" With sad-ness he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state; Turn'd a-
hap - py throng; With sighing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state; Turn'd a-
word, "depart;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state; Turn'd a-
cend the skies, With weep-ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state; Turn'd a-
all that's dear; With anguish he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state; Turn'd a-
tongue can tell; With hor-ror he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state; Turn'd a-



Fine. Refrain.



way from the beauti - ful gate. Turn'd a-way from the beau-ti - ful



D.S.

gate, . . . Turn'd a-way from the beauti - ful gate. . . .
beau-ti - ful gate, beau-ti - ful gate.

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

No. 114. On to Victory.

"The victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—John 5: 4.

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Christian, gird the ar - mor on, There's a vic - t'ry to be won
2. Let His ban - ner be unfurl'd Till it waves o'er all the world,
3. When the bat - tle shall be done, And the vic - to - ry be won,
4. That will be an hour of joy, Praise shall then our tongues employ,

For the Lord, for the Lord; Take the hel - met, sword, and shield,
Sea to sea, shore to shore; Till the na-tions all shall own
Con - flict past, con - flict past; In the new Je - ru - sa - lem,
More and more, more and more; We shall stand before the King,

Forth un - to the bat - tle-field At His word, at His word.
He is King and He a - lone, Ev - er - more, ev - er-more.
We shall wear a di - a - dem, At the last, at the last.
And the song of tri- umph sing, Ev - er-more, ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

{ On we'll march to vic-to - ry, Je-sus will our leader
{ On we'll march to vic-to - ry, To a fi - nal and a
On we'll march, to vic - to - ry,

1. be, Je - sus will our lead- er be: glo-rious vic - to - ry.
2. be, Je - sus will our lead- er be: glo-rious vic - to - ry.

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No. 115. O Heavenly Land.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33 : 17.

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NANCY PRIEST WAKEFIELD. W. A. OGDEN.



O Heavenly Land.

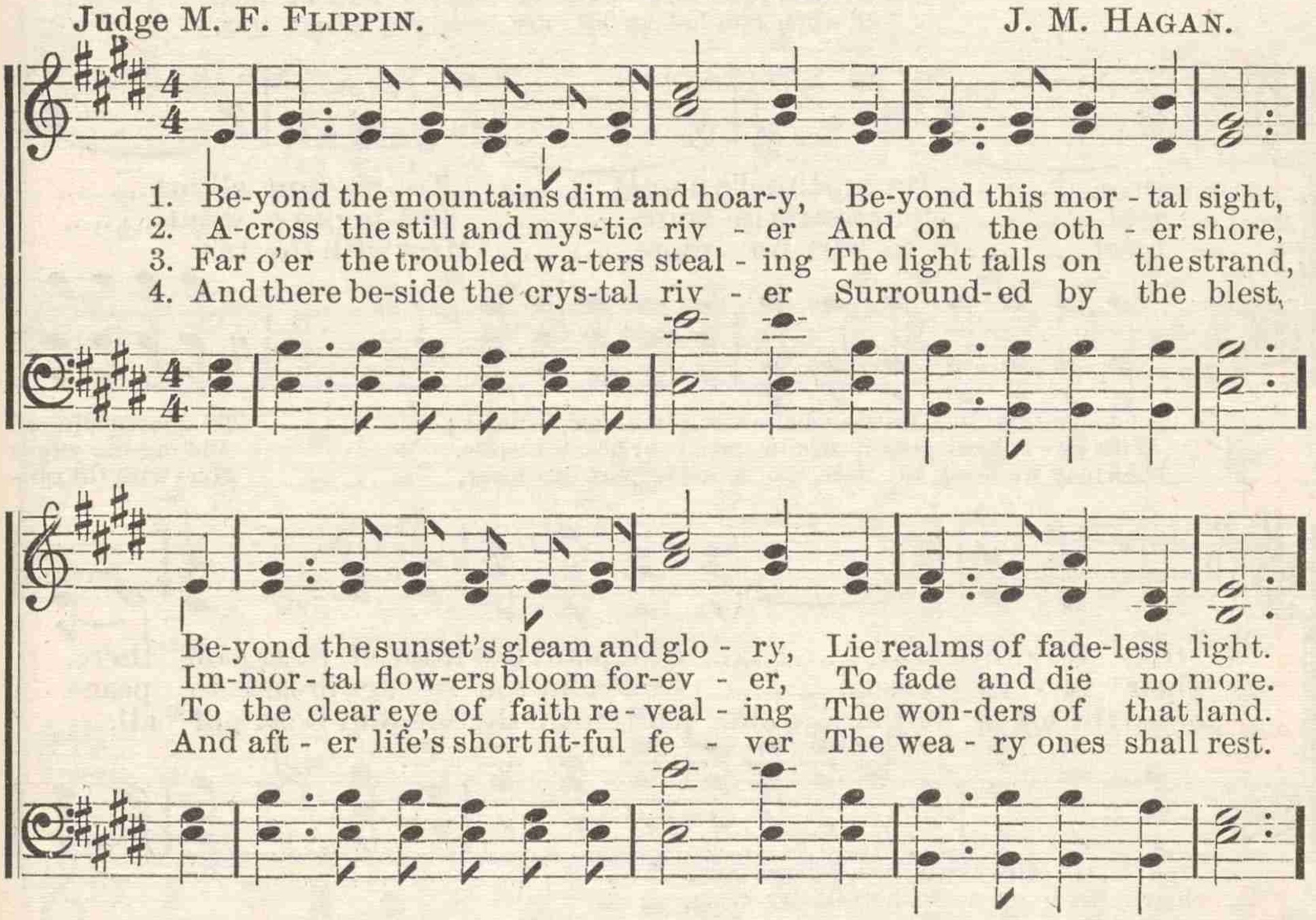


No. 116. Beyond the Sunset.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—Cant. 2 : 17.

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Judge M. F. FLIPPIN. J. M. HAGAN.



CHORUS.



No. 117. The Rose of Sharon.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."—Mark 16 : 15.

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Spirited. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Ye Chris-tian her - alds,go pro - claim..... Sal- va-tion
2. God shield you with..... a wall of fire,..... With ho- ly
3. And when your la - - bors all are o'er,.....Then may we

1. Ye Christian her- alds go pro-claim,yes, go proclaim,
2. God shield you with a wall of fire, a wall of fire,
3. And when your la-bors 'all are o'er,yes, all are o'er,

in..... Immmanuel's name..... ... To dis-tant climes.....
zeal .....your hearts in- spire, ... Bid rag-ing winds.....
meet..... to part no more,..... Meet with the ran -

Sal - va-tion in Im-man-uel's name,Immanuel's name ; To distant climes
With ho - ly zeal your hearts in-spire,your hearts inspire, Bid rag-ing winds
Then may we meet to part no more, to part no more, Meet with the ran-

the ti - dings bear, ... And plant the Rose of Shar - on there.
their fu - ry cease,..... And calm the sav-age breast to peace.
somed throng to fall,..... And crown the Sav-iour Lord of all.

the ti - dings bear, the ti-dings bear,
their fu - ry cease,their fu - ry cease,
somed throng to fall,the throng to fall,

CHORUS.

To dis-tant climes..... the ti-dings bear,..... And plant the

To dis-tant climes the ti- dings bear, the tid-ings bear,

rose..... of Shar-on there,..... To dis-tant climes.....

And plant the rose of Shar- on there, of Shar- on there ; To distant climes

The Rose of Sharon.

Repeat pp.

the ti-dings bear,..... And plant the rose of Shar - on there.
The ti - dings bear, the ti-dings bear,

No. 118. A Thank-Offering.

"For thou shall find it after many days."—Eccl. 11 : 1.

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Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. Mrs. Amanda S. Barlow.

1. Thine own we bring Thee, Lord of all our be - ing, The field was far, the way we could not see; Yet at Thy word, not
2. To - day with joy our gathered treasures bring-ing Our hal-lowed gifts be - fore Thy feet we lay, And in Thy house our
3. How has Thy hand with lov - ing kind-ness led us, Thro' noon-tide heats, to wa - ters cool and still! How has Thy com - fort
4. No fears could shake, no e - vil could be - tide us, Since Thou wast near to strengthen and sus - tain; Take thou our sheaves, for

know - ing and not see - ing, We went to glean a - mong the sheaves for Thee,
hymns of glad-ness sing - ing, Re - count the bless-ings of the toil - some day,
cheered, Thy bounty fed us! How doth Thy grace our cup with bless - ings fill!
Thou hast wrought beside us; Who works with Thee can nev - er toil in vain,

We went to glean a - mong the sheaves for Thee.
Re - count the bless-ings of the toil - some day.
How doth Thy grace our cup with bless - ings fill.
Who works with Thee can nev - er toil in vain.

No. 119. Just a Word for Jesus.

"Wilt thou not tell."—Ezek. 24; 19.

FANNIE J. CROSBY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Now just a word for Je - sus, Your dear - est friend so true; Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What He has done for you.
2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins for - giv'n, And by His grace are striv - ing To reach a home in heav'n.
3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can - not be To say, I love my Sav - iour, Who gave His life for me.
4. Now just a word for Je - sus; Let not the time be lost; The heart's ne - glect- ed du - ty Brings sor-row to its cost.
5. Now just a word for Je - sus, And if your faith be dim, A - rise in all your weak-ness, And leave the rest to Him.



REFRAIN.



Now just a word for Je - sus, 'Twill help you on your way; One lit - tle word for Je - sus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

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No. 120. Tell What the Lord Has Done.

"Oh ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord." — Ps. 113: 1.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Tell us what the Lord has done for you; Be for Him a wit-ness
2. Did He not re-deem you by His blood, And His love with-in you
3. Think of all His wondrous love and grace, How He took the guilt- y
4. Can your lips re-fuse to speak His name? Will you not His faith-ful-
5. Tell us of His mer-cies man- i - fold, Something of His love and

faith - ful, true; Pil-grim, as you go your heav'n-ward way, Oh,
shed a - broad? Does He not each day His grace re - new? Then
sin - ner's place; Less for this dear friend you can - not do Than
ness pro- claim? Bet - ter has He loved you than you knew; Oh,
peace un - told, How He has been with you all the way, Oh,

Chorus.

have you not a word for Christ to say? Has the Lord been good to you?
tell us what the Lord has done for you.
tell us what His love has done for you.
tell us what the Lord has done for you.
hon - or Him, con - fess Him here to - day.

Has He been a Sav- iour faith- ful, true? Has He blessed you
in the way? Then hon - or Him, con - fess Him here to - day.

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No. 121. I Want to Tell You of Jesus.

"My soul shall make her boast in the Lord."—Psa. 34: 2.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I just want to tell you of Je - sus, The Saviour who lov-eth you so,
2. I just want to tell you of Je - sus, For there is no oth - er so true;
3. I just want to tell you of Je - sus, And tell you how patient he is,
4. I just want to tell you of Je sus, Who knoweth your in-nermost grief,
5. I just want to tell you of Je - sus, Whose love you can nev-er re- pay;

Who willingly died to re-deem you, And life ever-lasting be - stow.
As a father doth pi-ty his children, So Jesus hath pi-ty for you.
So able and willing to par-don, And give you the peace that is His.
Who careth for you in all sorrow, And bringeth you blessed relief.
I wish you would promise to serve Him, And I wish you would promise to-day.

CHORUS.

I just want to tell you of Je - sus, Oh, full of compassion is He, His love is a - bove ev -'ry oth - er, For He died to save sinners like me.

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No. 122. Scatter Golden Sunbeams.

"Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season."—2 Tim. 4: 2.

IDA L. REED. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Scat- ter gold-en sun-beams, All a - long your way, Cheer-ing souls a-
2. Scat- ter gold-en sun-beams, Wheresoe'er you roam; They some soul may
3. Scat- ter gold-en sun-beams, Send abroad their light; Ma- ny lives are
4. Scat- ter gold-en sun-beams, Bid each heart be glad; All a-long life's

wea - ry Ev - er day by day. Ma - ny hearts are yearn-ing
glad- den, Bring some wand'rer home. They may light life's pathway,
shad-owed, Deep in sor-row's night. You may help and cheer them,
path-way, None can long be sad. While love's light is shin - ing,

For the blessed light; Send abroad the sunbeams, Golden sunbeams bright.
With love's fadeless glow, Ma - ny griefs may ban-ish, More than you may know.
By your deeds of love, Guide their footsteps nearer To our home a-bove.
While hope's star doth glow. Scat- ter golden sunbeams, Ev'rywhere you go.

CHORUS.

Scat - ter the sunbeams, Scatter them on your way, Cheer the lone and
Scat - ter gold - en

1. wea - ry, each and ev - 'ry day,
2. Each and ev - 'ry day.

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No. 123. Trying to Shine for Jesus.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



Chorus.

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Trying to Shine for Jesus.



No. 124. Jesus, the Light of the World.

"He shall teach you all things."—John 14: 26.

G. D. E. Arr. GEO. D. ELDERKIN, Arr.







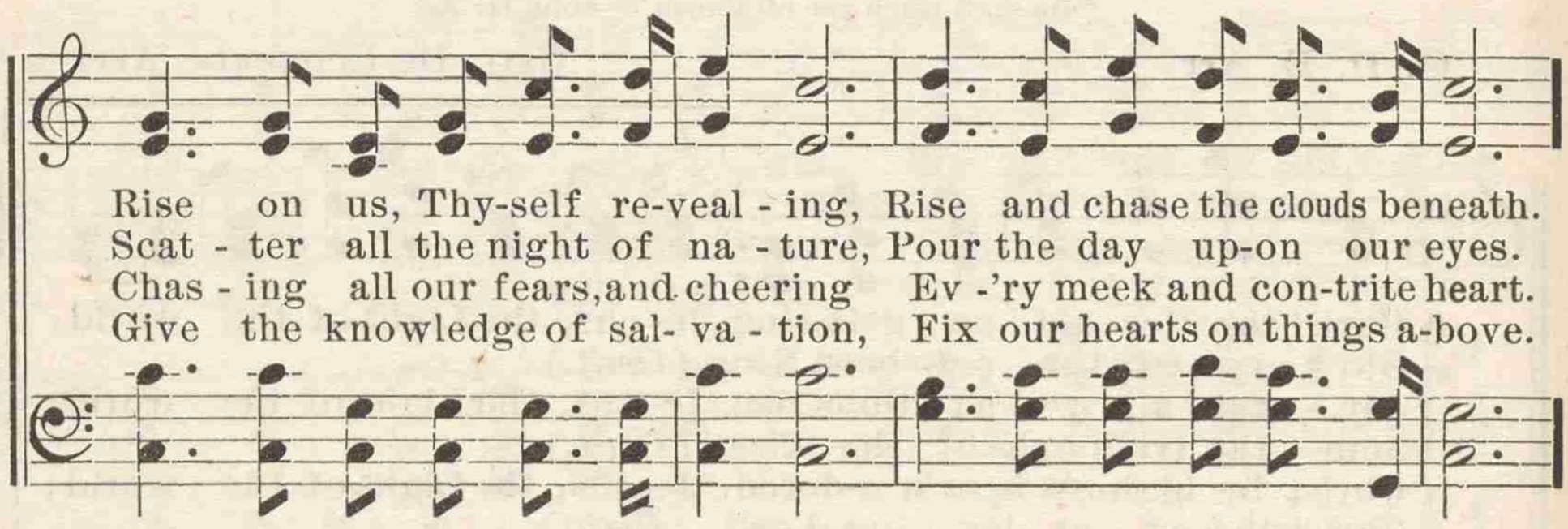
Copyright, 1890, GEO. D. ELDERKIN, by per.

No. 125. Christ, the Light of the World.

"That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."—John 1: 9.

C. WESLEY. H. A. R. HORTON.







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No. 126. Hold the Light.

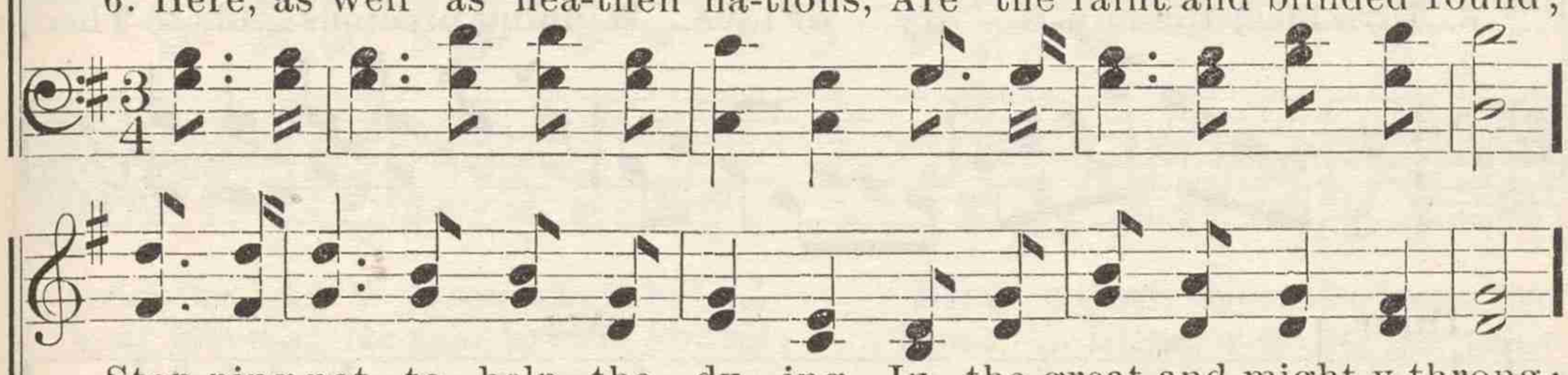
"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16.

JNO. C. F. KYGER. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

With vigor.



1. See yon Christian, in life's path-way, Go - ing reck- less -ly a - long,
2. Look a-round you at the sin - ners, As in paths of sin they stray;
3. Would you be a val-iant Chris-tian, And see sin-ners go to God?
4. Yes, I hear the wails of trou- ble Burst-ing from the mighty throng,
5. Look a-round you at your broth-er, Who has wandered from the way;
6. Here, as well as hea-then na-tions, Are the faint and blinded found;



Stop-ping not to help the dy - ing In the great and might-y throng;
Ask the God of grace to save them Ere from earth they pass a - way;
You must tell them of a Sav-iour, Bid them wash in Je - sus' blood;
And I see a child that's homeless, In the shadows deep and long;
And, perhaps, you see a sis - ter, Weak and err - ing, fail to pray;
And if all the church would heed them, Lights would glim-mer all a - round;



Look a - bout, and see how faint - ly Men are strug-gling in the fight,
Yes, a word of love may turn them, Make their hopes of fu-ture bright;
If you can - not go to Chi - na To il - lume the heathen's night,
Would you help the shiv-'ring or-phan, 'Mid the win - ter's chill-ing night?
Will you, then, go kind - ly to them, With God's glo - ry in your sight,
Smiles of love and acts of kind-ness, Then would make earth E - den-bright,



Look-ing to you, faint and dy - ing, Ask- ing you to "hold the light."
Then, if you would help the dy - ing, Oh! in pit - y "hold the light."
You may aid a friend or broth- er By the shin-ing of your light.
Friends and home are both de- nied him; Sym- pa - thiz-ing, "hold the light."
Tell them of their Chris-tian du - ty—Tell them they must "hold the light."
And there'd be no use in call - ing A - ny one to "hold the light."



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No. 127. Winning Precious Souls to Thee.

"My sheep wandered through all the mountains."—Ezek. 34: 6.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

DUET. ALL.



1. Be with us, Lord, as forth we go, Winning precious souls to Thee;
2. Help us to la - bor zeal - ous-ly, Winning precious souls to Thee;
3. Our hearts and hands are ver - y weak, Winning precious souls to Thee;
4. We know not how these friends to win, Winning precious souls to Thee;
5. We need Thy help, O gra-cious Lord! Winning precious souls to Thee;
6. How blest the min-is - try of love, Winning precious souls to Thee;



DUET. ALL.



And make our hearts with zeal to glow, Winning precious souls to Thee.
Soul-winners may we strive to be, Winning precious souls to Thee.
To us new faith and cour- age speak, Winning precious souls to Thee.
Be with us as we now be-gin, Winning precious souls to Thee.
To us Thy constant aid af-ford, Winning precious souls to Thee.
The lost to win to heav'n a-bove, Winning precious souls to Thee!



CHORUS.



Winning precious souls, many precious souls, Jewels in Thy crown to be;





Help us bring them in from the ways of sin, Ma-ny precious souls to Thee.



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No. 128. A Happy Band are We.

"Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness."—Ps. 30 : 4.

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J. W. VAN DE VENTER. GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Wake the strain, the glad re-frain, A hap - py band are we! Hal - le-lu - jah!
2. Hear the bu - gle notes re-sound, The Sav-iour sends the call; Ev -'ry-bod - y

praise the Lord! We'll sound the jubi-lee!
hear His voice; He asks to save you all;

:S:

Send a shout up-on the breeze, Pro-
Trust in Him for saving pow'r, For

D.S. *Wake the strain, the glad refrain, A*

FINE.

claim it far and wide—Sing a-loud the precious name of Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
keep-ing grace di-vine; Je -sus waits to welcome you—O sin-ner, fall in line.

hap - py band are we! Hal-le-lu- jah! Praise the Lord! We'll sound the jubilee!

REFRAIN.

Read-y! stead -y! always brave and true, Marching on ward all the journey thro';

Forward! upward! thro' the heat and cold; Glo-ry! glo - ry! we are soldiers bold!

D.S.

No. 129. Seeking the Lost.

"Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost."—Luke xv: 6.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

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

mountain a - stray; "Come un - to Me," His mes-sage re - peat - ing,
hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal - va - tion,
day un - to day; Cheering the faint, and rais-ing the fall - en;

CHORUS.

Words of the Master speaking to - day. Going a-far
Showing the path to life ev - er - more.
Pointing the lost to Je - sus the way.

Go-ing a - far . . . . .

upon the mountain, Bringing the wand'rer back a-

up-on the moun - tain, . . Bringing the wan - - - - d'rer back a -

gain, back again, Into the fold of my Redeemer,

gain, ... In-to the fold . . . . . of my Re-deem - er. . . .

By permission of W. A. OGDEN.

Seeking the Lost.



No. 130. Bring Them in.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 11.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN, by per.



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No. 131. Coming Back Again.

G. TABOR THOMPSON. Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.
Words of Chorus by JNO. C. F. KYGER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Thou art com - ing, bless- ed Je- sus, Back to this old earth a- gain,
2. Tho'ts like these bring in - spir - a- tion, To the worn and homesick soul,
3. Bless - ed hope ! Thine, blessed Saviour, We would have Thee come to-night
4. Hast - en, then, Thy bless - ed com- ing, Ush- er in the day of peace,

Not a home- less one to wan- der, But the King of kings to reign.
So we pon - der while we've look-ing Past the darkness to the goal.
For we know that at Thy com- ing Crooked things will be made right.
For cre - a - tion groans and travails, Yearning for a quick re- lease.

Saints with Thee in re - gal splen- dor, Jew and Gentile, ne'er to part;
Cru - el waves would sweep and swamp us As we sail o'er life's rough sea;
Earth a - gain will bloom like E - den, Birds for - get their mi - nor key;
Then we'll see and be like Je - sus, Thus the saints will all be blessed;

Reign-ing with Thee in Thy king-dom, Ev - 'ry sub-ject pure in heart.
We should sim- ply sink and per - ish, But for hope of meet-ing Thee.
Sav - age beasts will play with chil-dren, All Thy creatures glad and free.
So we pray and so we're wait- ing For this deep un-fath-om'd rest.

CHORUS.

Thou art com- ing, bless - ed Je - sus, From Thy home so bright and fair;

Coming Back Again.

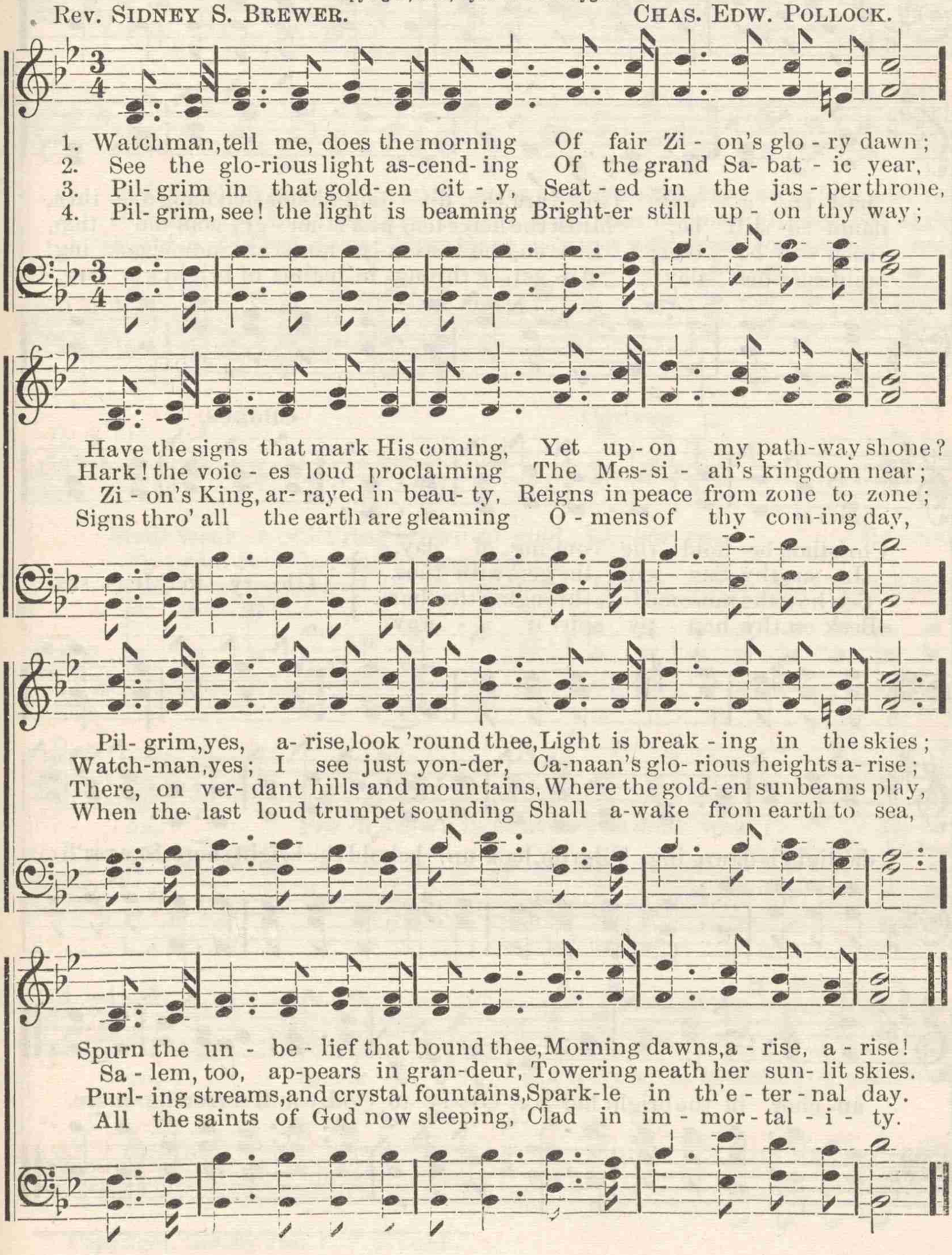


No. 132. Watchman, Tell Me.

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."—Titus 2 : 13.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Rev. SIDNEY S. BREWER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



No. 133. Daylight is Dawning.

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

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Selected. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Christian, a - wake! the daylight breaks o'er thee, All the dark shad- ows hast- en a - way; Ting'd are the dis - tant clouds that hang o'er thee,
2. Toss'd on the dark, proud waves of the o - cean, Calmly composed, un - daunt- ed still be; 'Midst the fierce tem-pest's an - gry com-mo - tion,
3. Christian, be - hold! the home-land is near - ing, And the wild tem - pest soon will be o'er; List- en, the heav'n-ly hosts are now cheer - ing!
4. Cheer up, O pil - grim! daylight breaks o'er thee, Bright as the sun in mid-sum-mer day; An- gel- ic throngs in realms of bright glo - ry,

CHORUS.

Christian, be- hold the com-ing of day.
Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, lin-gers with thee.
See how the ransomed are thronging the shore.
Beck-on thy hap - py spir- it a - way.

} Glo - ry to Je - sus!

daylight is dawn- ing, Pilgrim, look up! behold the bright shore; Soon you'll cas an- chor in the bright har-bor, Glo-ry to God, you'll sorrow no more.

No. 134. A Crown in Heaven You Shall Wear.

"When the chief shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 Pet. 5:4.

R. A. GLENN. C. E. POLLOCK.

1. I know there's a home for the good that labor here, Just beyond death's val-ley dark and cold; And the ones that reach that home so bright and fair
2. I know there's a land that is beautiful and bright, Just be-yond the Jordan's tur-bid roar; And I soon shall pass be-yond all mor-tal sight,
3. There we'll nev-er grieve, but rejoic-ing fa-ces see, As we near the bright e-ter-nal shore; Where the an-gels wait with crowns for you and me,

CHORUS.

Shall wear a glitt'ring crown of gold. La-bor on, la-bor
To prom-ised Can-aan's happy shore.
With them we'll dwell for ev-er-more. Lab-or on, la-bor on, la-bor
on, For a crown in heaven you shall wear; La-bor
on, la-bor on, by and by; La-bor
on, la-bor on, la-bor on,
on, la-bor on, For a crown in heaven you shall wear.
on, la-bor on, la-bor on, la-bor on,

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No. 135. Light for One Step More.

"Lead me in a plain path."—Psa. 27 : 11.

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With feeling.

1. What tho' be- fore me it is dark, Too dark for me to see, I
2. And if sometimes the mists hang close, So close I fear to stray, Pa -
3. And so I do not wish to see My jour- ney and its length : As -

ask but light for one step more, 'Tis quite enough for me ; Each lit - tle
tient I wait a lit - tle while, And soon it clears a- way ; I would not
sured that thro' my Father's love, Each step will bring its strenght, Thus step by

hum- ble step I take, The gloom clears from the next ; So tho' 'tis very
see my fu - ture path, For mer - cy veils it so ; My present steps might
step I on - ward go, Not look- ing far be- fore ; Trusting that I shall

CHORUS.

dark be - yond, I nev - er am perplexed.
hard - er be Did I the fu - ture know.
al - ways have Light for just one step more.

One step more
Light for one step more,

one step more, Give me light for one step more ;.....
light for one step more, Give me light for one step more, Just light for one step more ;

Light for One Step More.



No. 136. Since I've Learned to Trust Him More.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."—Psa. 23 : 2.

Copyright, 1884, by W. E. Penn.

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.



No. 137. Sweet Hour of Prayer!

"My house shall be called the house of prayer."— Isa. 56: 7.

DUET.

Slowly.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known; In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has often found re-
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my peti-tion bear To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless; And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la- tion share, Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home and take my flight; This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise To seize the ev - er -last- ing

lief, And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r!
grace, I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!
prize, And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r!

REFRAIN.

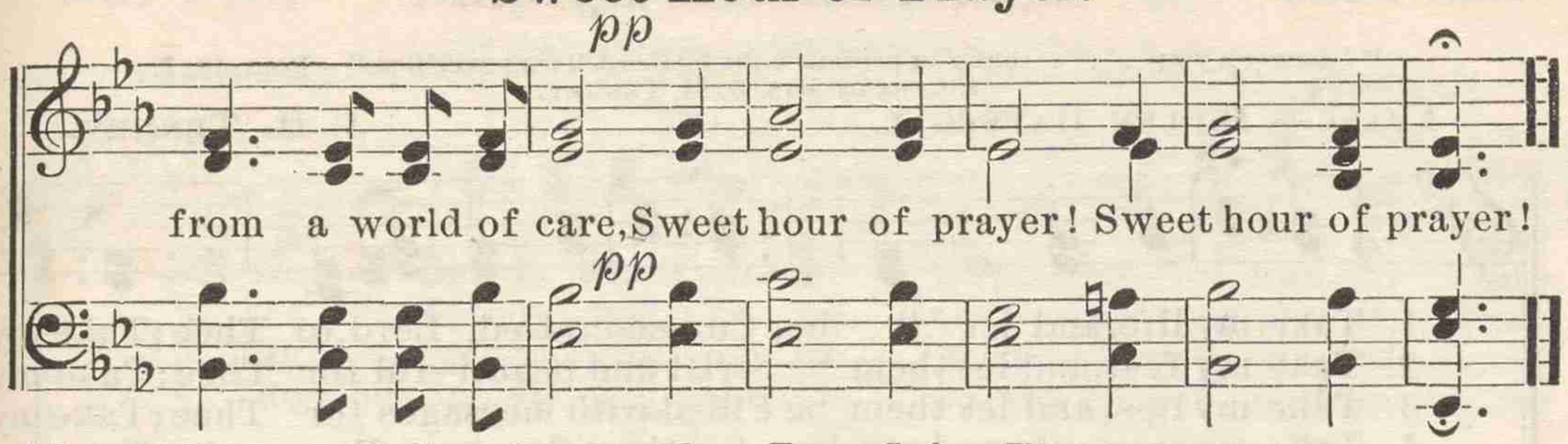
p

Sweet hour of pray'r! Sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me
Sweet hour of pray'r! Sweet hour of pray'r!

p

Copyright, 1896, by JNO. C. F. KYGER.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.



No. 138. Take it to the Lord in Prayer.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications."—Ps. 143: 1.

Mrs. J. B. HALL. J. M. HAGAN.



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No. 139. Consecration Hymn.

"I beseech you . . . that you present your bodies a living sacrifice."—Rom. 12: 1.

Chorus by Mrs. J. H. Tenney.

Frances Ridley Havergal. J. H. Tenney.

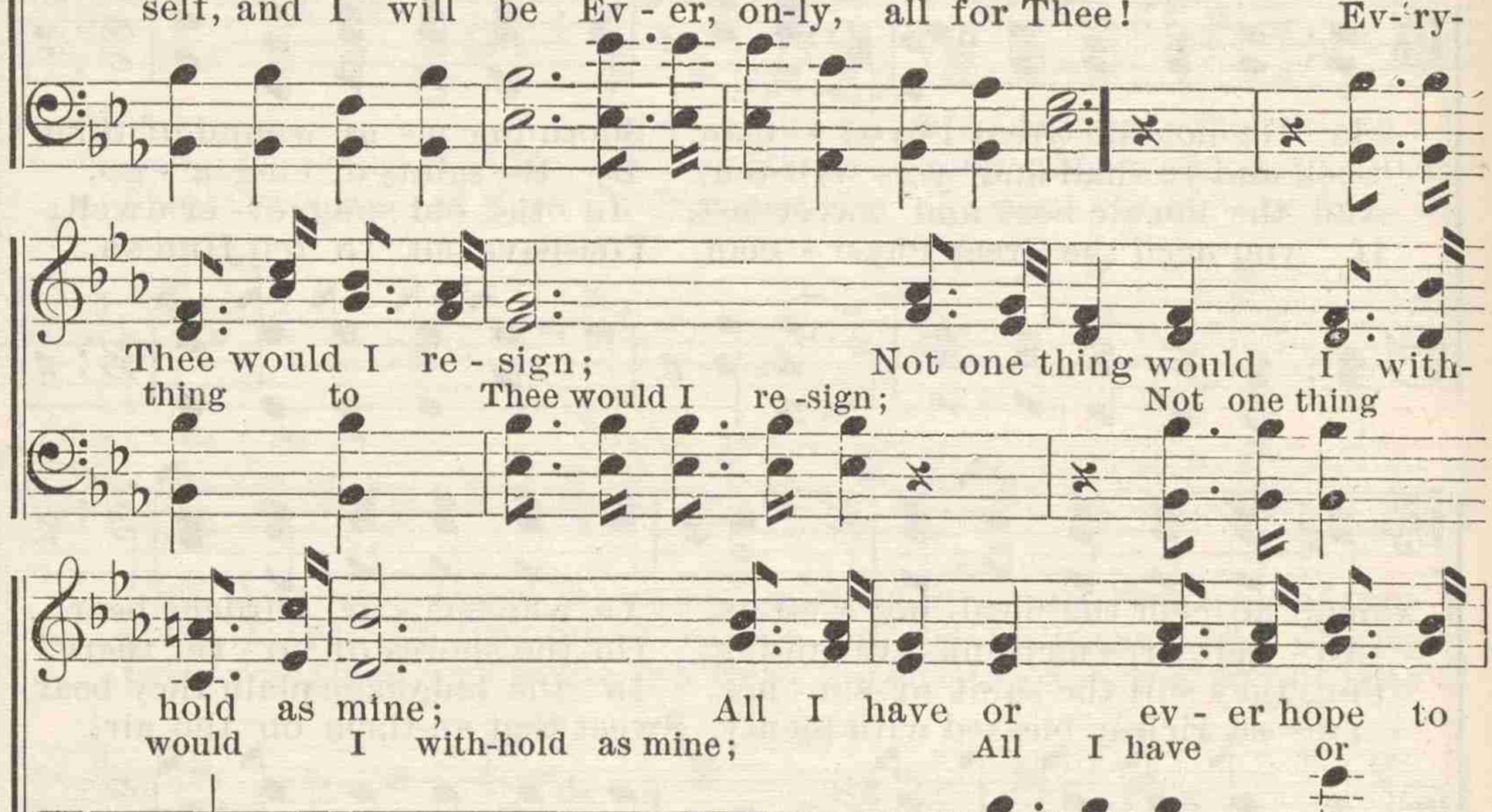


1. Take my life, and let it be, Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beauti-ful for Thee; Take my
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messages for Thee; Take my
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Take my
5. Take my will and make it Thine; It shall be no long-er mine; Take my
6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store; Take my



Chorus.

hands and let them move At the impulse of Thy love. Ev-'ry-thing to
voice and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly for my King.
sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold.
in-tel-lect, and use Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.
self, and I will be Ev-er, on-ly, all for Thee! Ev-'ry-



Thee would I re-sign; Not one thing would I with-
thing to Thee would I re-sign; Not one thing
hold as mine; All I have or ev-er hope to
would I with-hold as mine; All I have or
be, I would con-se-crate, O Lord, to Thee.
ev-er hope to be.

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No. 140. Holy Spirit, Dwell with Me.

"He shall give you another Comforter."—John 14: 16.

Chorus added by E. A. HOFFMAN. Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.

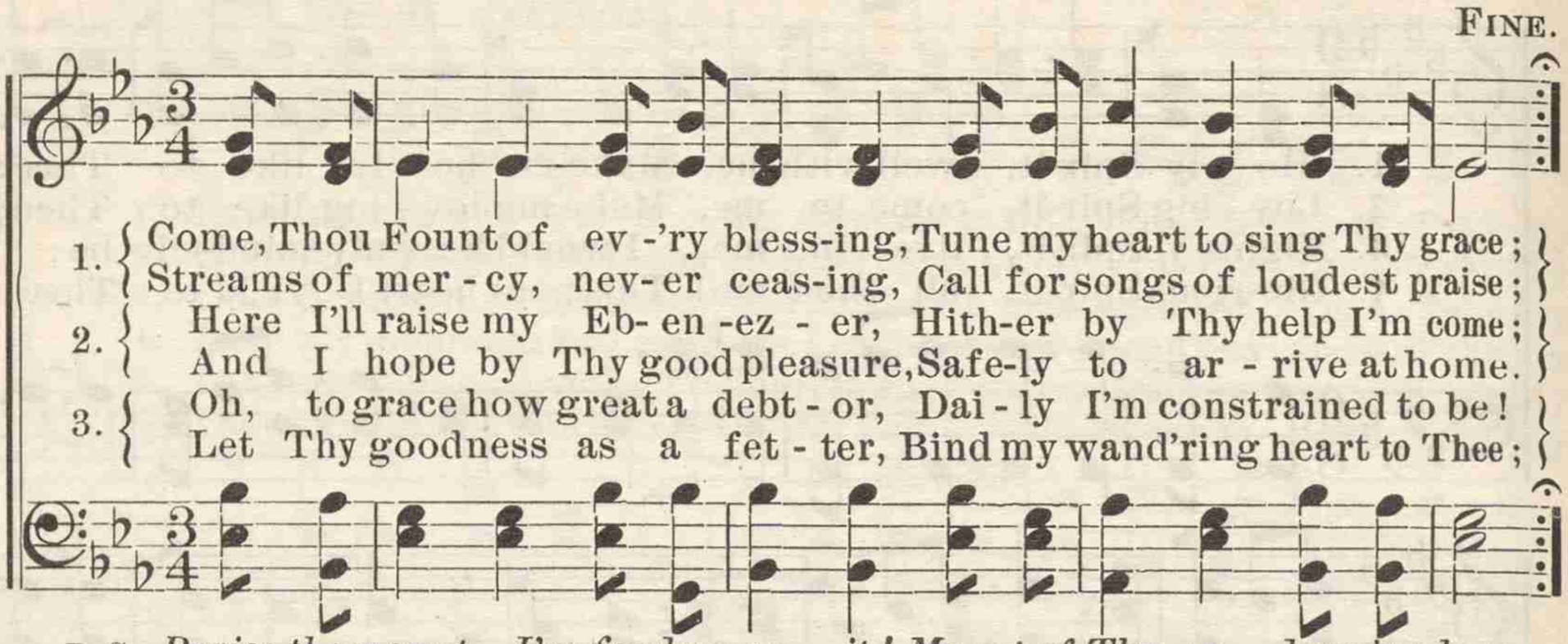


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No. 141. Come, Thou Fount.

"I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove."—John: 1 32.

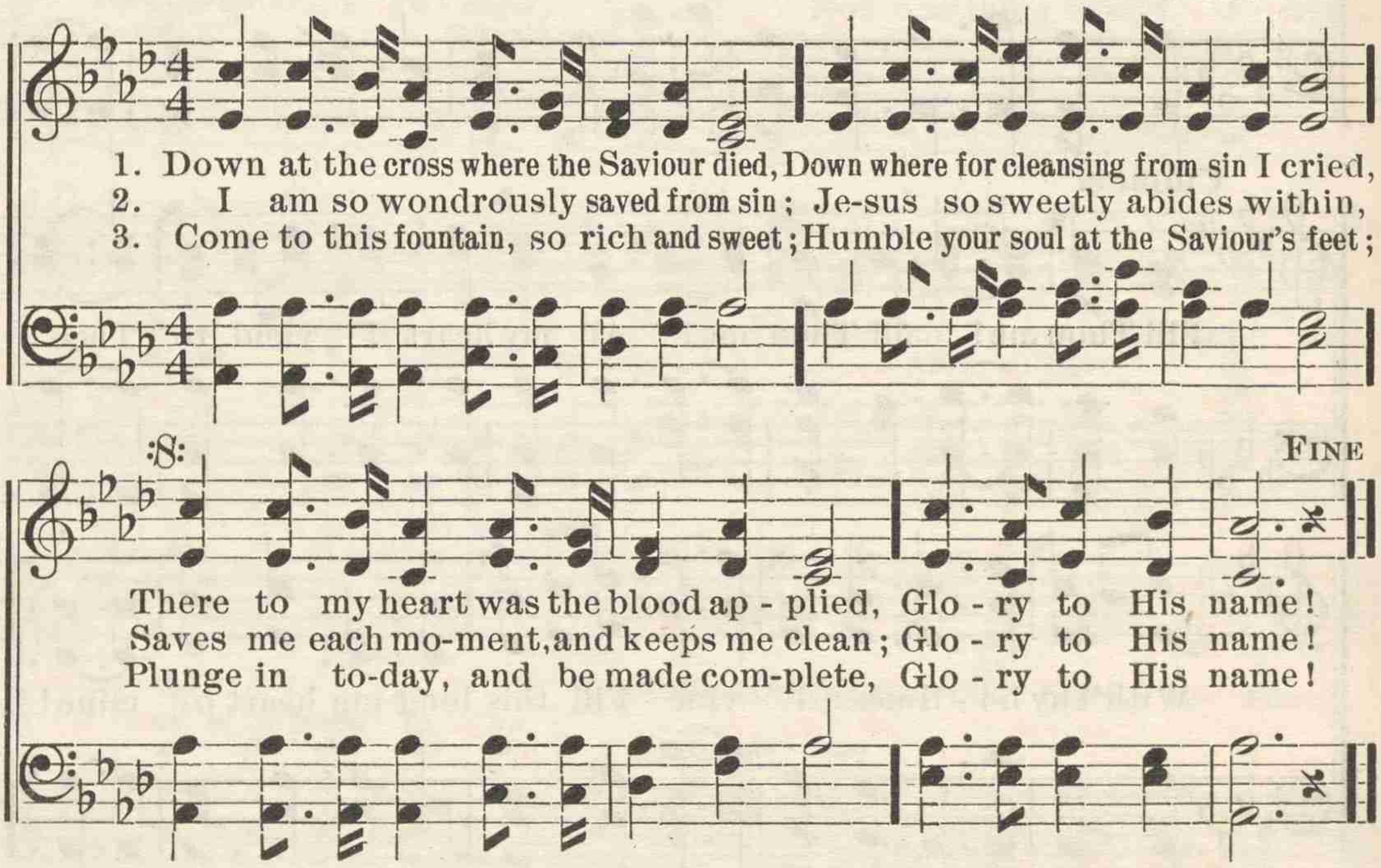
Rev. R. Robinson. John Wyeth.



No. 142. Glory to His Name.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins."—Matt. 1: 21.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Stockton.



By permission of J. H. Stockton.

Glory to His Name.

CHORUS. D.S.



No. 143. O, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Ps. 67: 5.

CHARLES WESLEY. R. E. HUDSON.

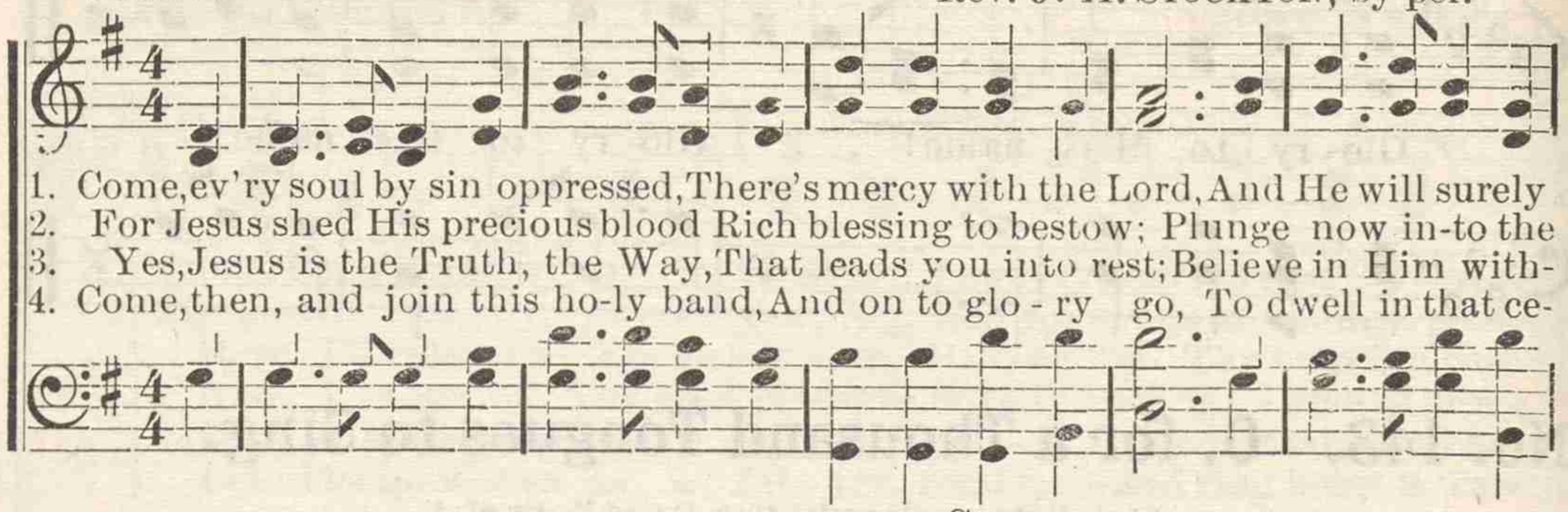


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No. 144. Only Trust Him.

"I am Thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."—Gen. 15: 1.

J. H. S. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.



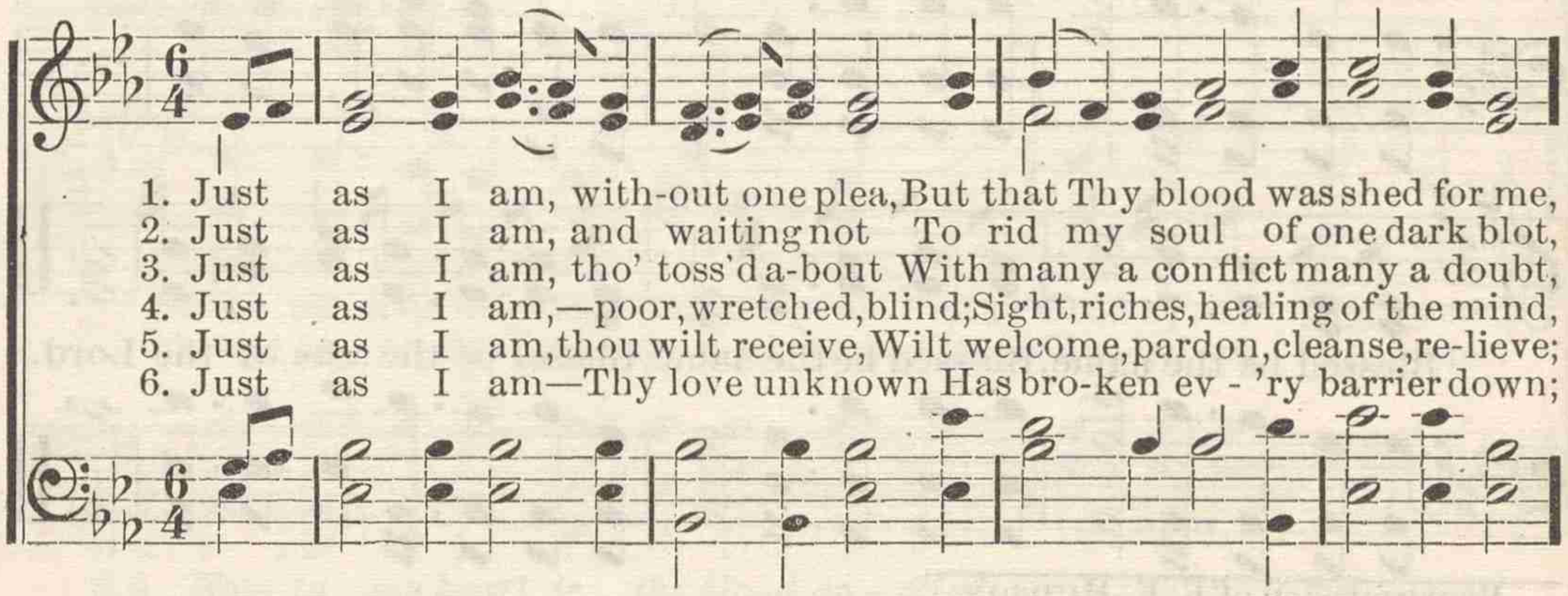
CHORUS.



No. 145. Just As I Am.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 Pet. 5: 7.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



Just as I Am.



No. 146. Take Me as I Am.

"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—Matt. 9 : 12.

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Anon. J. M. HAGAN.



REFRAIN.

No. 147. Bethesda is Open for Thee.

"Wilt thou be made whole?"—John 5: 6.

REV. F. DENISON. WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. Be - thes - da is o - pen, the an - gel has come, The
2. Come, press to the wa - ters while mer - cy is here, Ac -
3. The house of Be - thes - da for sin - ners was built, The
4. Then come to the foun - tain, ye need - y and lost, Come

Spir - it is call - ing for thee; The wa -ters are trou-bled, be -
cept of a cleans-ing com-plete; O hear the en - treat- y dis -
pool is a fountain of love; The wa- ters are trou-bled for
now while the Sav -iour is nigh; This grace has been purchas'd at

hold there is room, Sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus is free.
miss - ing your fear, Lo! judg - ment and mer- cy now meet.
can - cel -ing guilt, And still for our heal- ing now move.
in - fi - nite cost, And they that re - ject it must die.

CHORUS.

Sal - va-tion is free, sal - va - tion is free, Sal - va- tion thro'

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Bethesda is Open for Thee.



No. 148. Jesus is Waiting.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—John 11: 28.

J. M. HAGAN. J. M. HAGAN.



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No. 149. The Gospel Railroad.

"How long halt ye between two opinions?"—1 Kings 18: 21.

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M. E. WHITTEN. J E. THOMAS.



1. Heard you not that railroad whistle? Lo, the Gos-pel train is here. Get a -
2. Storm-toss'd sinner o'er life's bil-lows, Come on board this train to-day; There are
3. We're equipped in th' gos-pel ar-mor For the conflict's by the way, And our
4. We've a brave and true Conductor; And the Bi - ble is our Guide: And the
5. See the Gos-pel "Headlight" streaming Far a-down our fore-most track, To dis-
6. Lo, our En-gin-eer "keeps sighting Down the track" with ea - gle eye, If p r-
7. We are "sweeping on to glo-ry," O'er each culvert, 'round each curve; Up the
8. Soon we'll reach the heaven-ly "De-pot;" Lo, its spires a - rise in sight As we



board, ye earthworn pil-grims, She is safe, there's nought to fear. She is
sta - tions rich in bless - ing Scat-tered all a - long the way. Get your
food is heav'n-ly man - na God dis - pens - es day by day. Oh, the
Ho - ly Ghost sup-plies us With our "moving power" be-side. All the
close the "o - pen switches" Sa - tan leaves to hurl us back. He may
chance some threat'ning dan - ger Half con-cealed may near us lie. Down the
grade of con - se - cra - tion, Where our train must nev - er swerve. We are
"slow up" at the "sta-tion," At our jour-ney's end a - light. Oh, the



built of God's own tim - bers, Coach-es am - ple and complete; Rails are
tick - et, God's for - giv - ness; Je - sus paid the "fare" you know, And His
rich - ness of His mer - cy; How it sat - is - fies and saves! While the
Brake-men are God's ser-vants, Standing firm at du - ty's post, Carrying
plan "wrecks" and "di - sas - ters," To "de - rail" or "ditch" our train, But we'll
track are "dark obstructions," Tri-als, trou-bles, pain, and care; Hark! He
speed-ing o'er the brid - ges, Where a "break" means certain death; O'er the
shouts of an - gels greet us! Kin - dred long gone on be-fore; And the



The Gospel Railroad.

laid in faith and pa-tience, And each "tie" a prom-ise sweet.
"tel - e-grams" of mer - cy, Up and down this rail-road go.
ban - ner of sal - va - tion O'er our Rail - road proud-ly waves.
train - loads in - to Ca - naan—Lo, a great un-num-bered host.
make the "run" suc - cess - ful, All his ef - forts prove in vain.
sig - nals "dan - ger!" "dan-ger!" "Down with brakes!" "beware!" "beware!"
moun-tains, thro' the tun - nels Where we ride with "bat-ed breath."
Sup - 'rin - ten - dent hails us, "Welcome, wel-come! ev - er - more!"

CHORUS.

All a - board . . . . the Gos-pel rail - - road, All a -
All a-board the Gos - pel rail - road, All a - board, ere 'tis too late; All a -
board, ... ere 'tis too late; We are
board the Gos - pel rail - road, All a - board, ere 'tis too late; We are
bound . . . . . for Heav-en's de - pot, Where the
bound for Heav - en's de - pot, We are bound for Heav-en's de - pot, Where the
An - - - - gel por - ters wait.
shin - ing An - gel por - ters for us wait. (for us wait.)

No. 150. Learn to Sing.

Dedicated to the music teachers of America.

"I will sing praise to thy name, O thou most High."—Psa. 9: 2.

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J. WALTER TORBETT. J. EDMOND THOMAS.

1. Come, friends, and join this choral band, And let us learn (His praise) to sing; While
2. When sor-rows gather 'round our soul, And drive all hope (of joy) a-way, How
3. Then come, dear friends, and learn to sing, And bid all sadness (from thee,) fly, We'll

march-ing on to Ca-naan's land, We'll praise our (blessed) Lord and King. We'll
sweet-ly mu-sic will con-sole, And bring back joy (and peace) to stay; For
make this earth with mu-sic ring, Our God to (ev - er) glo - ri - fy. We'll

tune our voic - es here be - low, To sing these (sa - cred) songs of love, That
'tis the on - ly heav'n-ly art That God to man (has ev - er) giv'n; The
raise a shout for - ev - er-more Thro'-out this world, (this world) be-low, Ech-

when we all from earth shall go, We'll join that (heav'nly choir) a - bove.
language of the hu-man heart We'll use (around the throne) in heav'n.
oes from that ce - les - tial shore Will cheer us as we (onward) go.

CHORUS.

We'll glad - - - - ly sing, our voic - - - - es

We'll mer-ri - ly, cheer-i-ly sing, And let our glad voices ring; We'll merrily, cheer-i-ly sing, And

Learn to Sing.

ring. Thro'-out this world be -

Let our glad voic - es ring. Thro' - out this world of sor-row be - low, Thro' -out this world of sor-row be-low, Thro' -

low, We'll praise our Lord with

out this world of sor-row be - low, We'll praise our Re-deem-er, our Lord, We'll praise our Re-deem-er, our Lord, We'll

one ac - cord, As march - - - - ing

praise Him in sweet-est ac-cord, We'll praise Him in sweet-est ac - cord, As on-ward and up we go marching, as

home we go.

CODA.

on-ward and up, we go marching, As marching home we go. As march-ing, march-ing home we go, As

As march - ing, march - ing,

f *m* *p* *pp*

march-ing home we go, As home we go, As home we go.

march - ing, home we go, As marching, marching home we go, As home we go.

No. 151. The Manna of Thy Word.

"This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat."—Exodus 16 : 15.

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E. R. LATTA. J. M. HAGAN.

1. Israel's hosts had perished, When for Canaan bound, But for plenteous
2. All Je- hovah's people, Now for Glo-ry bound, Must in soul be
3. God, His an-cient people, Day by day, did feed: And so now His

man - na, That they dai - ly found, God in mer - cy fed them,
fam- ished, But for man - na found, Not like that sup - ply - ing
ser - vants, Dai - ly man - na need! And if they will ask Him,

That they should not die, And my spirit's hunger, Will He not sup-ply.
Is - ra - el of old, Which could not the spirit, In its need up-hold!
And His word believe, They that spirit man-na, Dai - ly shall re- ceive!

CHORUS.

Feed me Lord, I hun - ger! Thou my cry hast heard!

Feed me on the man - na, Man - na of Thy word!

No. 152. Wonderful Words of Jesus.

"Never man spake like this man."—John 7 : 46.

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JENNIE WILSON. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



1. Still they resound, as in days of old, Won-der- ful words of Je - sus;
2. "Come, heavy lad- en, and toil-oppressed!" Won-der- ful words of Je - sus;
3. "Be ye not troubled, be not a-fraid!" Won-der- ful words of Je - sus;
4. "Peace, not of earth, but of heav'n, I give!" Won-der- ful words of Je - sus;





Pre-cious the meaning their ac-cents hold, Won-der-ful words of Je - sus!
"Cast down thy burdens, in me, find rest," Won-der-ful words of Je - sus!
Hope for the sail- or, when storm delayed, Won-der-ful words of Je - sus!
"Trust thou in me, and for - ev - er live," Won-der-ful words of Je - sus!



CHORUS.



Won-der-ful words, won-der-ful words! Lad-en with hope and cheer;
wonderful with hope and cheer;



Won- der-ful words, won-der-ful words, Bringing rich blessings near!
won-der-ful

No. 153. For Want of a Beckoning Hand.

"Beckoning unto them with the hand."—Acts 12: 17.

MRS. MARTHA E. WHITTEN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Full many a ship that was no - bly mann'd Has been 'mid the breakers
2. Thus many a soul with pow'r God giv'n Might belong to His jeweled
3. Full many a sot, in gut - ter low, Might now with noblemen
4. Mother, oh! where are your children today? Are they safe in His shelt'ring
5. There are sinking barques by the tem-pest driv'n, To be lost 'neath the crested

lost Just for want of a beck-'ning hand To
band, But was lost, a - las! to God and heav'n, For
stand, Had he on - ly been won from the wine cup's glow By the
fold? Or has one gone off in - to sin's dark way, O'er the
wave; There are wand'ring feet, there are heart's deep riv - en, There are

point out the per - il - ous coast. In vain did the sea-men
want of a beckon - ing hand. Oh, mark how the shattered
touch of a gen - tle hand. Are there not those wearing
moun - tains bleak and cold? Oh, mother, call back, call
err - ing ones to save. Are we do - ing our part? God

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For Want of a Beckoning Hand.

strive and try Their no - ble barque to save; . . No
barques lie strewn Far out on the wave-wash'd strand; . Sad
woman's fair brow Un - named in the fam-i - ly band, . . Who
back your child! Call it back to your nest - ling band! . . Lest
help us to think, And faithful to du - ty stand, . . Lest

warning voice told of breakers high, And they sank to a wa-ter-y grave.
tok-en of those who perish'd alone, For want of a beckon-ing hand.
might have been saved from sin's overthrow, But for want of a beckon-ing hand.
it be lost 'mid the tor-rents wild, For want of your beckoning hand.
some should perish on ru - in's brink For want of a beckon-ing hand.

CHORUS.

Beck - on-ing hands, . . Beauti - ful, beckoning hands, . .
Beckon-ing hands, beckoning hands, Beauti - ful, beauti - ful, beckon-ing hands,

Beck - on-ing hands, . . Beauti-ful, beckoning hands. . .
Beck-on-ing hands, beckoning hands, beauti - ful, beauti - ful, beckon - ing hands.

No. 154. On the Bosom of Jesus.

"Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples whom Jesus loved."—John 13 : 23.

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C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With great expression.

1. On the bos - om of Je - sus my Sav - iour, A - way from all sor - row and care, I spend a sweet hour of com-mun - ion,
2. On the bos - om of Je - sus my Sav - iour, Bless - ed place for His child to be! Learning more of His ten - der com- pas - sion,
3. On the bos - om of Je - sus my Sav - iour, As His child I am priv'leged to be; For He par-doned my man - y trans-gres- sions,
4. On the bos - om of Je - sus! what rapt - ure, We feel as we lean on His breast! And tell Him our joys and our sor - rows,

CHORUS.

When no one but Je - sus is near.
For poor, guilty sin-ners like me.
And made me so hap- py and free.
And there be-come hap- py and blest.

On Je - sus' dear breast I am lean - ing, Like John, the dis-ci - ple of old; Learning more of the pre - cious Re- deem - er, The half of which ne'er has been told.

No. 155. He Hideth My Soul.

"Mighty to save."— Isa. 63: 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A won-der-ful Saviour is Je-sus my Lord, A wonderful Sav-iour to
2. A won-der-ful Saviour is Je-sus my Lord, He taketh my burden a -
3. With numberless blessings each moment He crowns, And fill'd with His fulness di -
4. When clothed in His brightness transported I rise To meet Him in clouds of the

me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv-ers of
way, He hold-eth me up and I shall not be moved, He giv - eth me
vine, I sing in my rapture, oh, glo- ry to God, For such a Re -
sky, His per-fect sal - va - tion, His wonder-ful love, I'll shout with the

CHORUS.

pleas-ure I see. He hid - eth my life in the cleft of the rock, That
strength as my day.
deem-er as mine.
mil-lions on high.

shad-ows a dry, thirst-y land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His

love, And covers me there with His hand, And covers me there with His hand.

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No. 156. Will You Let Him In?

"Christ came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

FRANK M. DAVIS. J. M. HAGAN.

1. Je - sus is knocking at the door of your heart, Will you let Him
2. Long He has waited yet He still lingers near, Will you let Him
3. Day - light is fad-ing and the night's coming on, Will you let Him

Will you let Him in?

in?
in?
in?
Will you let Him in?

Can you in jus - tice bid this
He would re-lieve your ev - 'ry
Soon it will be too late and

strang-er de - part, Will you let Him in?
sor - row and care, Will you let Him in?
He will be gone, Will you let Him in?

Will you let Him in? Will you let Him in?

Joy and peace He brings to thee, Love and par - don full and free,
Price-less is the love you slight, Darkness when it might be light.
O - pen then thy bolt - ed heart, Bid the Sav - iour not de-part,

O - pen then thy heart to - day, Bid Him en - ter while He may.
Rest where all is tur - moil, strife, Death for ev- er - last - ing life.
Let His spir - it reign with-in Driv-ing out the night of sin.

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No. 157. There Is Pardon.

"Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—2: Peter 3: 9.

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Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

1. O the grace of God, that could save my soul When I wan-dered far a - way—When I cared no more for His blest con- trol, And His
2. O! what boundless love brought a Sav- iour down, When no oth - er arm could save—When He left His throne and a glo-rious crown, For a
3. O'er the sin - sick soul—o'er the faint and blind, Je - sus pity - ing heart doth yearn; There are none so lost but His love will find, And in -
4. God has par-doned you—pardoned long a - go! O the truth to - day be - lieve! Will you let your soul all His bless-ing know, And His

Chorus.

voice would not o - bey! thorn-crown and a grave. vite them to re - turn. dy - ing love re - ceive? } There is par - don, par- don from the Lord, There is pardon, par-don,

Who hath made His love a - bound, Hal- le - lu- jah! praise Him!
love a-bound,

praise the Lord of love, For a sin - ner lost— is found.

No. 158. Over Sea and Land.

"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark 16:15.

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J. M. H.,
Dec. 25, 1897.

J. M. HAGAN,
Dec. 25, 1897.



No. 159. Saved a Sinner Like Me.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

CHAS. I. BUTLER. C. C. LUTHER.

1. I was once far a-way from the Saviour, And as vile as a sin-ner could be; I wondered if Christ, the Re-deem-er, Would save a poor sin-ner like me. I wan-dered on in the dark-ness, Not a ray of light could I see; And the tho't filled my heart with sad-ness, There's no hope for a sin-ner like me.

2. But there in that lone-ly hour, A voice sweetly whsipered to me, Saying, "Christ, the Redeem-er, hath pow-er To save a poor sin-ner like thee." I list-en'd, and lo! 'twas the Sav-iour Who was speaking so kind-ly to me; I cried, "I'm the chief of sin-ners, Thou canst save a poor sin-ner like me."

3. Fully then trust-ed I in Je-sus, And oh, what a joy came to me; My heart now is filled with His prais-es, For He saved a poor sin-ner like me. No lon-ger in dark-ness I'm walk-ing, For the light is shin-ing on me; And now un-to oth-ers I'm tell-ing, How He saved a poor sin-ner like me.

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No. 160. Washed and Redeemed.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul."—Ps. 146: 1.

C. C. L. C. C. LUTHER.

1. All glo - ry to God in the high-est. All glo - ry to Je - sus the Son; All glo - ry to God's Ho - ly Spir - it, For the won-der - ful
2. My per - fect redemption He purchas'd, My ran-som He paid in His blood; And life ev - er-last - ing He giv - eth, Praise the Lord for the
3. A man-sion in glo - ry pre-par - ing, A robe that is spot-less and white, A palm branch of vic - to - ry wav - ing, All of these by the
4. A crown of re - joic-ing un-fad - ing, A song on - ly ran-somed ones sing, With Je - sus, a prince, ev - er reign-ing, Thro' the blood I'm the

CHORUS.

things He has done. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! I am sin-cleans-ing flood.
blood are my right.
child of a King. Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah!
wash'd and re-deem'd by the blood, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord for the sin-cleansing flood.
Hal - le - lu - jah!

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No. 161. Wondrously Redeemed.

"I will speak of thy wondrous work."—Psalm 145:5.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. I have pre-cious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has come with me to dwell, hal-le - lu - jah! By His grace and pow'r divine, He has changed this heart of mine, And He whispers, "I am thine," hal-le - lu - jah!
2. It was Christ's redemption-blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That re - stored my soul to God, hal-le - lu - jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing from His wounded side; I am saved and jus-ti - fied, hal-le - lu - jah!
3. I have found a pre-cious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose help I can de-pend, hal-le - lu - jah! Since He took my sins a-way, He has taught me how to pray, And to do His will each day, hal-le - lu - jah!

D.S. *joic-ing night and day, As I walk the nar-row way, For He washed my sins a-way, hal-le-lu-jah!*

FINE.

Hal-le-lu - - - - - jah! I'm re-deemed! Oh, so won - - - - - drous-ly re-deemed!

Hal-le-lu-jah! I'm redeemed! oh, hal-le-lu-jah! I'm redeem'd! Oh, so won-drous-ly redeemed, yes, oh, so won-drous-ly redeemed! I'm re-

D.S.

By per. of The Hoffman Music Co.

No. 162. Faith Alone Can Save You.

"To him give all the prophets witness, that, through his name whosoever believeth in him shall have remission of sins."—Acts 10: 43.

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IDA S. TAYLOR. SOLO, SOP. OR TENOR. CHORUS OR QUARTET. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Leave the world of sin and dross, Faith a-lone can save you! There is healing at the cross, Faith a-lone can save you! On the arm of Christ, re - ly, He will help you if you try, He will ev-'ry need supply; Faith a-lone can save you!
2. Lay a-side your weight of sin, Faith a-lone can save you! Now the heav'nly race be-gin, Faith a-lone can save you! Life and time are fly - ing fast, Soon your chances may be past, Death must come to all at last; Faith a-lone can save you!
3. Come, while Jesus speaks to you, Faith a-lone can save you! Trust His mercy strong and true, Faith a-lone can save you! Je-sus knows your ev'ry need, Hear His voice in pit - y, plead, Come, His invitation heed; Faith a-lone can save you?

CHORUS.

Faith a-lone, faith a - lone, Melts at last the heart of stone; Come and now sal - va - tion find, . . . Sav-ing grace for all man-kind!

Faith a-lone, Faith a-lone, the heart of stone;

come and find,

No. 163. The Heavenly Harp.

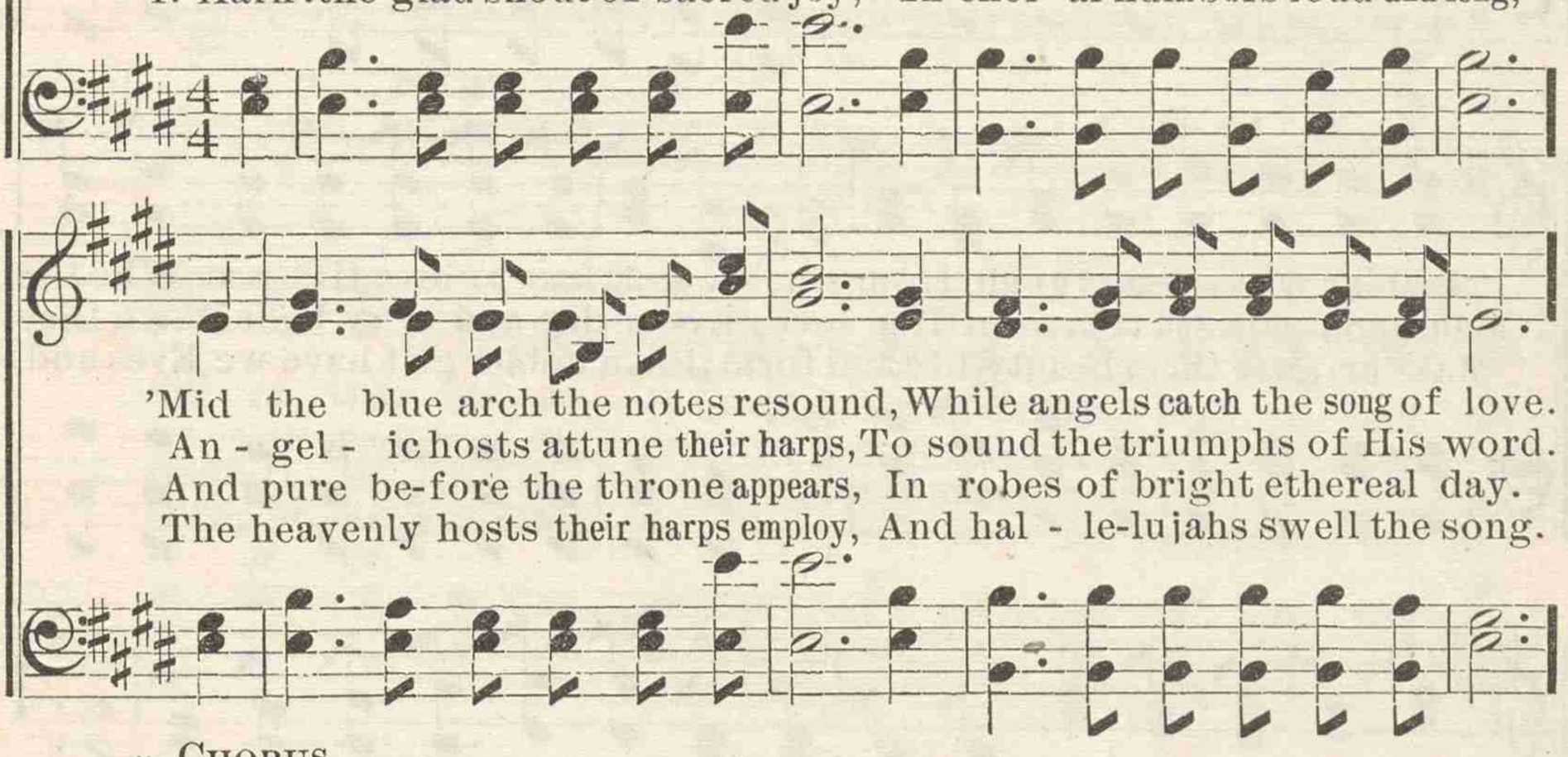
"Are they not all ministering spirits."— Heb. 1: 14.

2d and 4th verses by
JNO. C. F. KYGER.

Music and chorus by
J. M. HAGAN.



1. There is a harp whose thrilling sound, Swells thro' the choir of heav'n above,
2. 'Tis when the sinner bows in pray'r, Gives up His sins and turns to God,
3. 'Tis when beyond this vale of tears, A saint-ed spir- it wings its way,
4. Hark! the glad shout of sacred joy, In chor- al numbers loud and long,

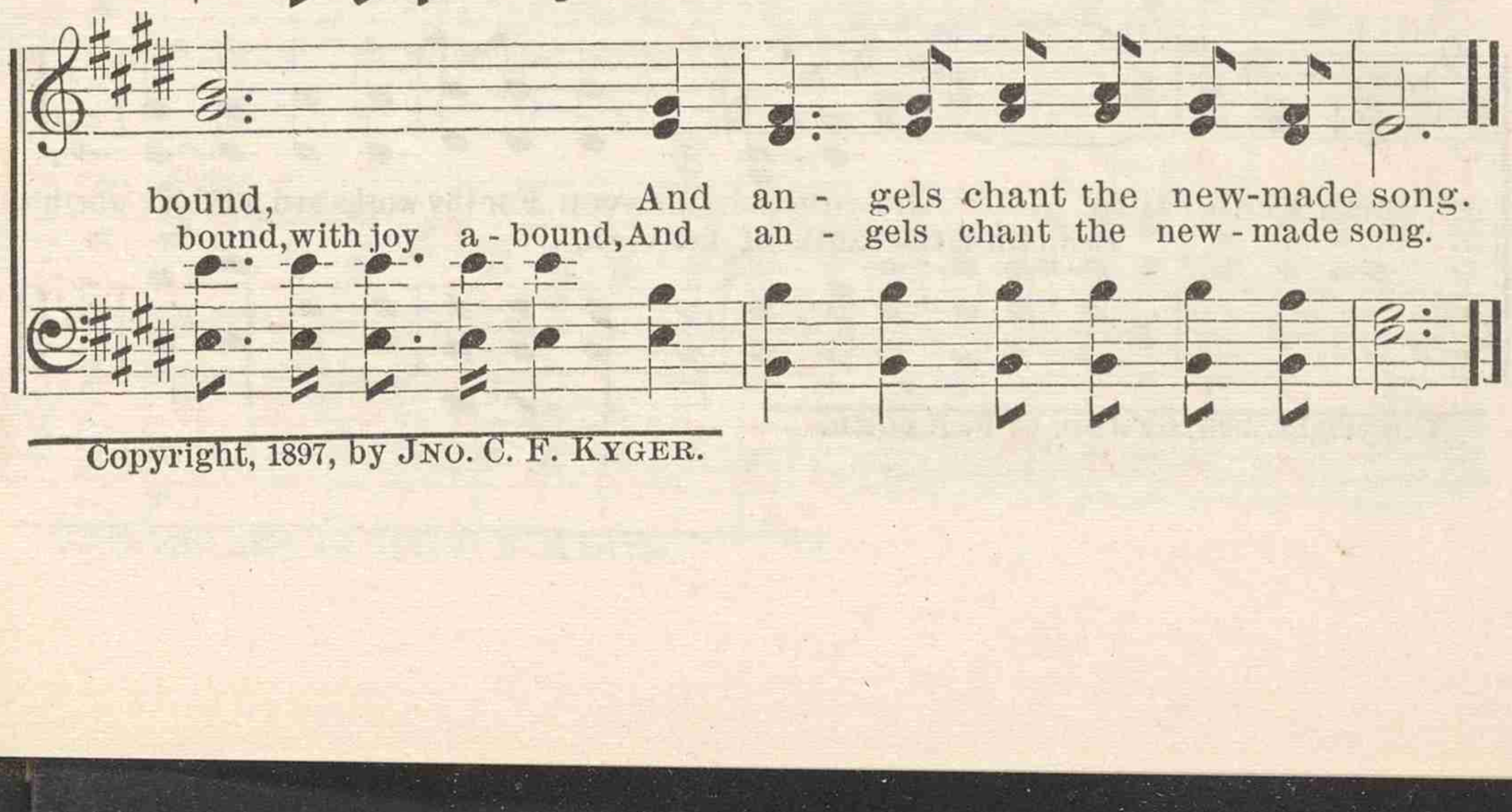


'Mid the blue arch the notes resound, While angels catch the song of love.
An - gel - ic hosts attune their harps, To sound the triumphs of His word.
And pure be-fore the throne appears, In robes of bright ethereal day.
The heavenly hosts their harps employ, And hal - le-lu jahs swell the song.



CHORUS.

Heav'n-ly harp . . . . whose thrilling sound, In
Heav'n-ly harp, heav'n-ly harp whose thrill-ing sound, thrill -ing sound, In



accents sweet the notes prolong, Heav'n and earth . . with joy a -
accents sweet the notes prolong, notes prolong, Heav'n and earth, heav'n and earth with joy a

bound, And an - gels chant the new-made song.
bound, with joy a - bound, And an - gels chant the new - made song.

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No. 164. We Have Come to Sing His Praise.

"Sing forth the honor of his name; make his name glorious."—Ps. 66: 2.

ADALINE BEERY. J. M. HAGAN.

1. We have come to sing the praise, And to tell the wondrous ways Of the
2. All the day and all the week, Fit-ting thanks our hearts would seek For the
3 Birds and flow'rs their gladness tell, In the green and shad-y dell, How their
Saviour who redeemed us all from sin, We would learn to love Him more, Who the
bounteous gifts and tokens of His love; Ev-'ry day and ev'ry hour Down they
Mak- er gave them beauty, life and form; But a nobler gift have we, Eyes and
heav - y bur-den bore, And for Him some oth-er pre-cious souls to win.
come in constant shower; O, the goodness of our liv - ing Lord a - bove!
souls the good to see, And we praise our God to whom all hearts be-long.
Blessed Je - sus! lov-ing Je - sus! Let Thy name be sung on
Precious name, Oh, how sweet!
earth, Echo thro' . . the vaults of heaven, For thy works and glorious worth
Echo thro' the vaults of heav- en,

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No. 165. Singing for Jesus.

"I will sing of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy."—Psa. 59: 16.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'll sing of my Sav - iour, so lov- ing and true; I'll tell the old sto - ry that ev - er is new; My time and my tal - ent to
2. I'll sing of His par - don, so gracious and free, That broke off my fet - ters and gave lib - er - ty; He lift - ed my bur - den and
3. I'll sing of sal - va - tion so might-y in - deed, It reaches the depths of all hu - man need; That sweeps o'er the soul with its
4. I'll sing of His pow - er His chil-dren to keep, To guide them in sunlight, and guard them in sleep; His arms are a - round us, our

Je - sus be - long, And glad - ly I'm preaching the gos - pel in song.
bore it a - way, And filled me with gladness by night and by day.
all-cleansing flow, And washes and makes it far whit - er than snow.
souls to de - fend, He'll lead us in safe - ty and keep to the end.

CHORUS.

My voice I have given to Jesus, my King, His prais - es I sing, . . His wondrous salva-tion, I know it so well That gladly to others the sto-ry I'll tell.
And ev'rywhere, all the time, praises I sing;

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No. 166. Come With Rejoicing.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."—Psa. 144: 15.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. Come with re-joic-ing, come with delight, Nature is waking, glad and bright;
2. Guard-ed from danger, sheltered and blest, Under His banner, calm, we rest;
3. O! what a Sav-iour, gracious to all, O! how His blessings round us fall;
4. Still may His mer-cy ten - der - ly flow, Still may He guide us here below;



Hearts o - verflow-ing gath-er to-day, Fill us with rapture, Lord, we pray.
Come we before Him, come with a song, Tell how He leads us all day long.
Gen - tly to comfort, kind- ly to cheer, Sleeping or waking, God is near.
Then when our journey safe- ly is past May we be gathered home at last.



CHORUS.



Praise our Redeemer, tell of His love, Praise our Re-deemer, God a - bove;



Tell of His mercy, boundless and free, None can protect us, Lord, like Thee;



rall.

Tell of His mercy, boundless and free, None can protect us, Lord, like Thee.

Copyright, 1892, by JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

No. 167. That's Enough for Me.

"I will sing praise to the Lord." — Judges 5: 3.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha. A. Hoffman.



1. O, love sur- pass-ing knowledge! O, grace so full and free!
2. O, won - der-ful sal - va - tion, That I should ran-som'd be!
3. O, blood of Christ so pre- cious, That flows from Cal - va - ry!
4. O, won - drous love of Je - sus! What love could sweeter be?
5. We live in sweet com-mun- ion, In bless - ed har - mo - ny;
6. The worldling seeks for pleas-ure, In earth - ly van - i - ty;
7. When ends our toil and sor- row, A bet - ter home I'll see;





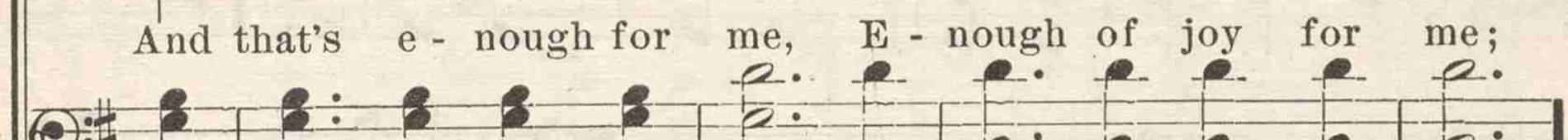
I know that Je - sus loves me, And that's e-nough for me.
'Tis mine, this sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e-nough for me.
It cleans - es me com - plete - ly, And that's e-nough for me.
It keeps me saved and hap - py, And that's e-nough for me.
This, this is full sal - va - tion, And that's e-nough for me.
My treas- ures are in heav - en, And that's e-nough for me.
And be with Christ for - ev - er, And that's e-nough for me.



Refrain.



And that's e - nough for me, E - nough of joy for me;





I know that Je - sus loves me, And that's e-nough for me.
'Tis mine, this sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e-nough for me.
It cleans -es me com - plete-ly, And that's e-nough for me.
He keeps me saved and hap - py, And that's e-nough for me.
God's face and full sal - va - tion, Oh, that's e-nough for me.
My treas- ures are in heav - en, And that's e-nough for me.
To be with Christ for - ev - er, Oh, that's e-nough for me.

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No. 168. Are you Washed in the Blood?

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.



Copyright, 1879, by E. A. HOFFMAN.

No. 169. I've Been Washed in the Blood.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

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

1. I am just from Je-sus who has cleans'd my soul, I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. By the blood of Je-sus I have been made whole, I've been
2. I am dai - ly trust-ing Je - sus at my side, I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. I am sweet-ly rest-ing in the Cru- ci - fied, I've been
3. I am working in the vineyard of the Lord, I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. I am trust-ing in the promise of His word, I've been
4. I am list'n-ing now to hear the Bridegroom's voice, I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. How His coming will each faithful heart re - joice, I've been
5. Yes, I'm watching for the coming of my Lord, I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. He will come according to His faithful word, I've been

CHORUS.

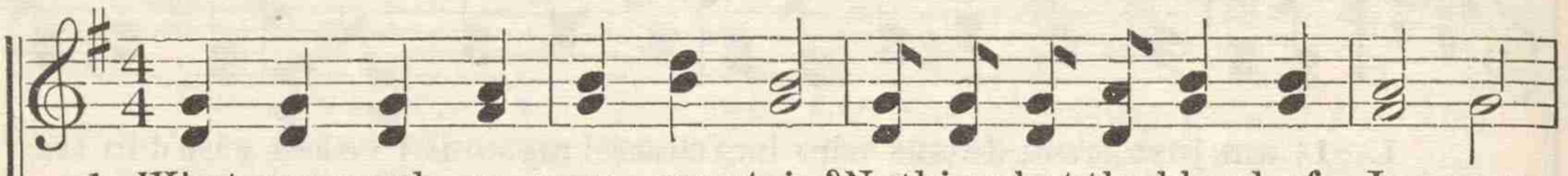
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. I've been wash'd, I've been in the blood, wash'd, I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; And my robe is spot-less, it is white as snow, I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

D. E. DORTCH, owner of copyright.

No. 170. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

"Without shedding of blood there is no remission."—Heb. 9: 22.

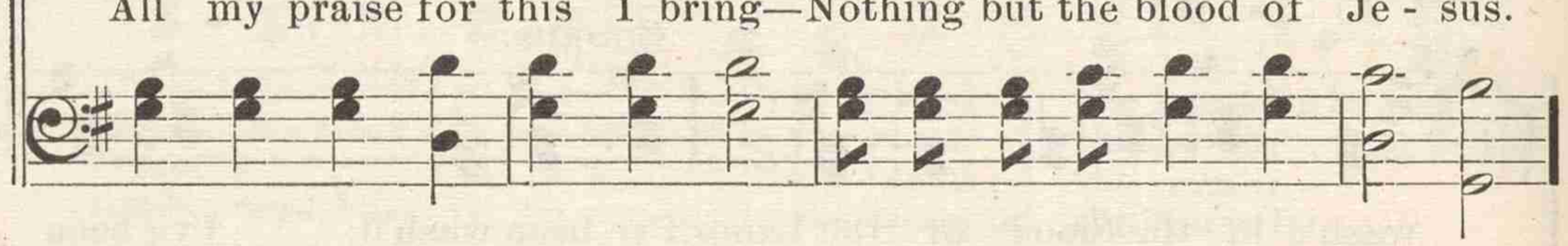
R. L. Rev. Robert Lowry.



1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my cleansing this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth- ing can for sin a - tone— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
5. Now by this I'll o - ver-come— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
6. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;



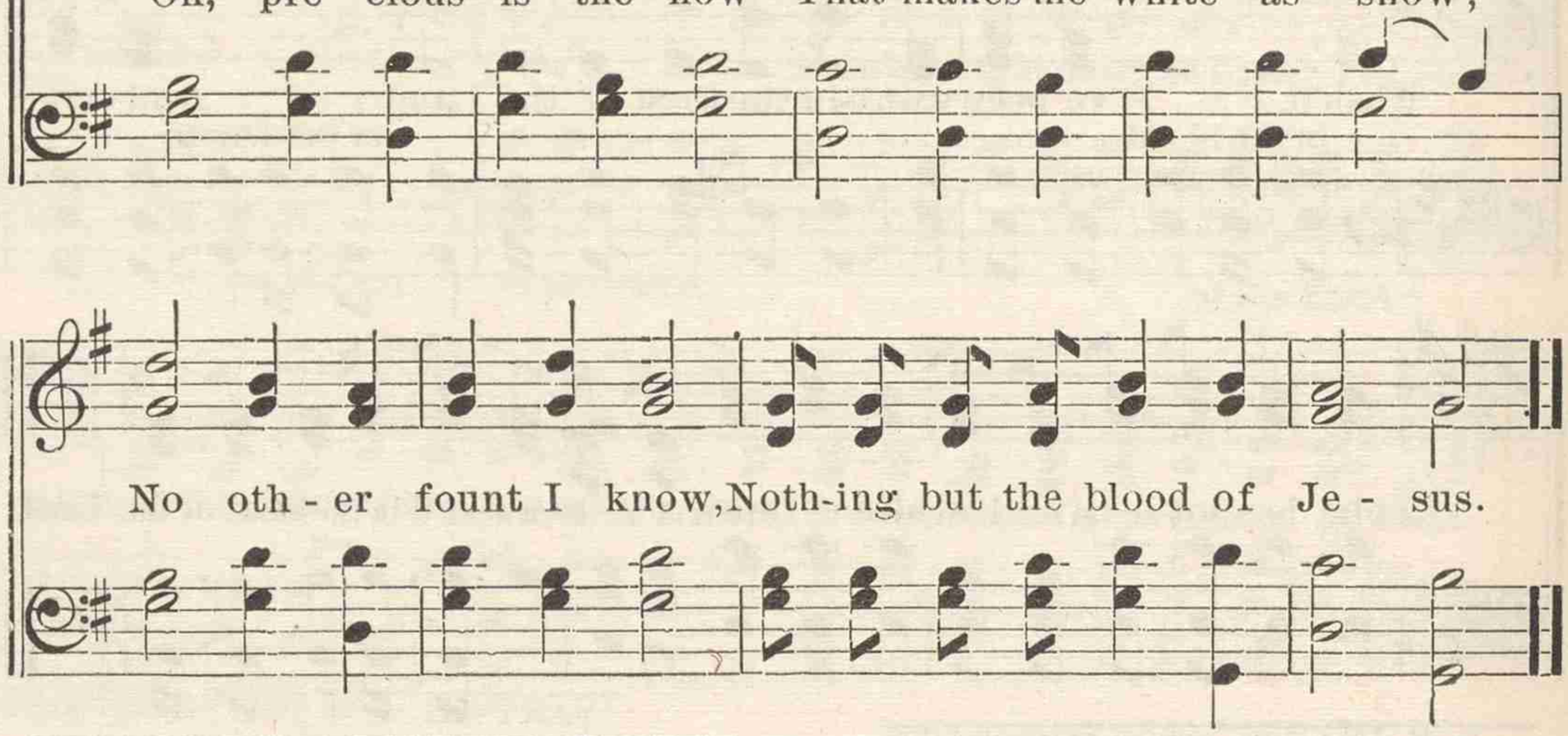
What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my par-don this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus,
This is all my righteousness— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Now by this I'll reach my home— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
All my praise for this I bring— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.



Refrain.



Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;



No oth - er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

Copyright, 1876, by Robert Lowry.

No. 171. O for a Closer Walk with God.

"Walk in the spirit."—Gal. 5: 16.

WILLIAM COWPER. Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 172. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

"If I forget Thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Psa. 137: 5, 6.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 173. Oh, Come With Exultation.

(For Thanksgiving Services.)

"And they sing the song."—Rev. 15 : 3.

E. E. HEWITT. Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger. J. M. HAGAN.

1. Praise the Lord! oh, come, with ex - ul - ta - tion, Praise the Lord! His might- y won- ders tell; He hath made and blessed us as a na - tion,
2. Praise the Lord! our cheer-ful strains are ring - ing, For our homes, with peace and plen- ty crowned, Art and Sci- ence precious trib- utes bring-ing,
3. Praise the Lord! up - lift - ing glad ho- san - nas, For the pure, the no - ble men of old, May we spot- less keep our Country's ban - ner,

Let our great - ful an-thems swell, By His call brave hearts were stirred,
Loud and long our songs re- sound, Knowledge like a bea - con bright,
Bring-ing hon - or more than gold, King e - ter - nal King a - bove,

And the voice our fa- thers heard, Bade the Star of Free-dom rise,
Holds a - loft her guid- ing light, Like the sun-beam's gen - tle glow,
Bless the land we dear - ly love, While Thy goodness o - ver-rules,

CHORUS.

Glo-rious in these west- ern skies.
Shin- ing now for high and low.
Bless our flag, our homes, our schools.

Praise the Lord! oh, come with exul-

Praise the Lord!

Oh, Come With Exultation.

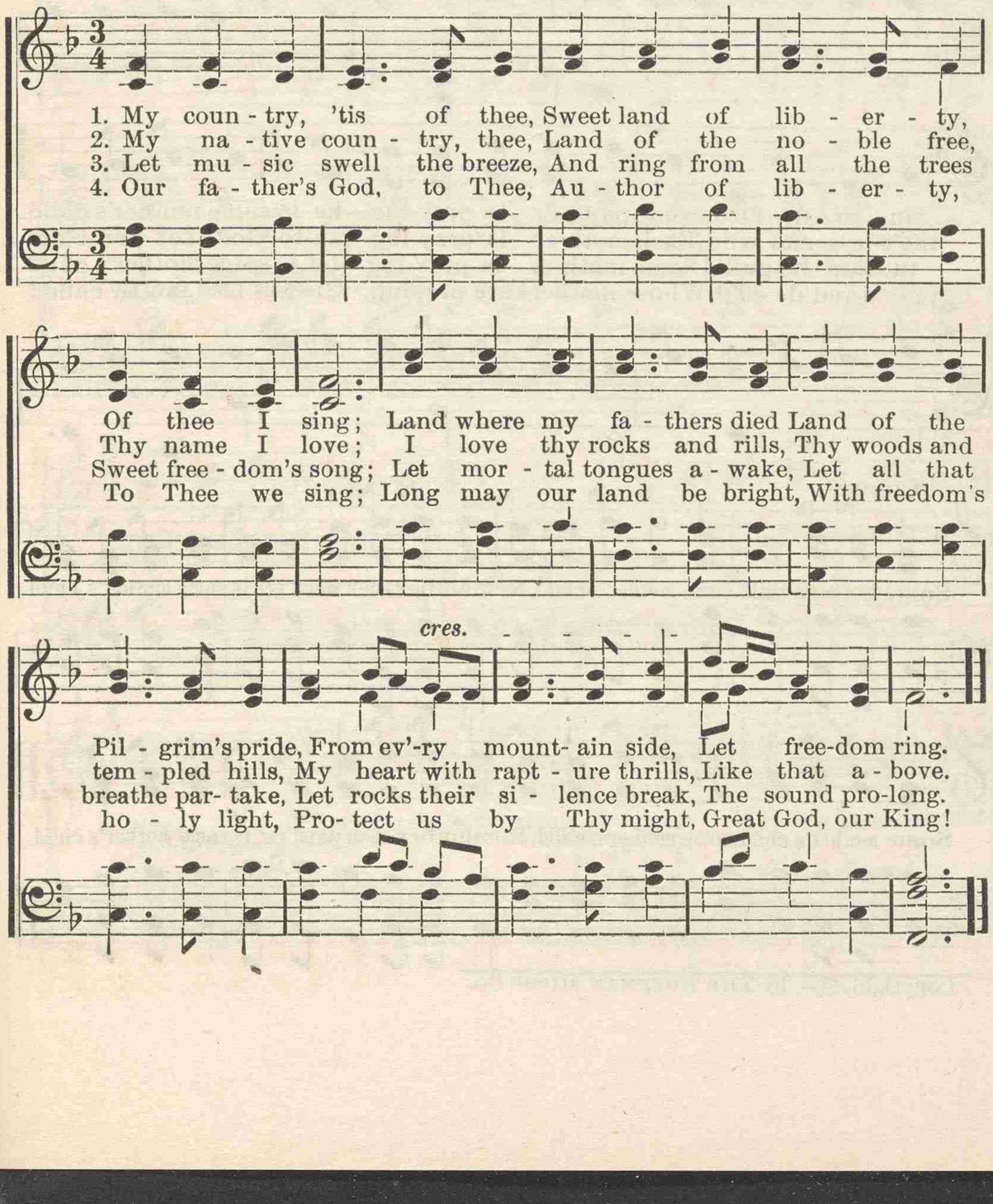


No. 174. My Country, 'tis of Thee.

(For Patriotic Occasions.)

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."—Psa. 144 : 15.

S. F. Smith, D. D. H. Carey.



No. 175. Some Mother's Child.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1: 18.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. F. MYERS.

Very slow, with feeling.

1. Be kind to the err - ing whose feet are a - stray, And lead them a- gain to the heav- en- ly way; Re-mem- ber for each, tho' by
2. Good moth - ers are weep - ing and pray - ing to - night For boys who have stray'd from the pathway of right, And while they are reck- less and
3. Be kind to the boy who is liv - ing in sin, And strive the poor wand'rer to Je - sus to win; For somewhere for one by temp-
4. O God! in Thy ten - der com - pas - sion and love, Look down from Thy throne in the heavens above, And save the dear boys, so de -

sin so de- filed, Some moth-er is pray-ing—he is some mother's child.
tho't-less and wild, Each moth-er is pray-ing un-to God for her child
ta -tion be-guil'd Some moth-er is pray-ing—he is some mother's child.
prav'd and de -fil'd, Whose mothers are praying, "Gracious Lord, save my child!"

CHORUS.

Some mother's child, some mother's child, Remember each wand'rer is some mother's child;

Some mother's child, some mother's child, Remember each wand'rer is some mother's child.

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No. 176. Jesus Holds My Hand.

"No man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand."—Jno. 10 : 29.

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W. H. MORRIS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Je - sus called me as I wandered In the des - ert, dark and drear;
2. Then I paused, and heard His pleading; Heard Him say, "come un- to Me,"
3. Still I wait- ed, un - de- cid - ed Wheth-er I should heed His call,
4. Then, I took Him as my pil - ot, Glad- ly grasped Him by the hand;

Bade me stop and list - en to Him, Said 'tis I, you need not fear?
"I will be your guide and lead you" To the light where you can see.
Till He whispered sweet- ly to me, "Take my hand, you shall not fall."
Now, I walk no more in darkness, For the Lord is in command.

CHORUS.

Je - sus holds my hand, Je - sus holds my hand,
Je - sus holds my hand, Je - sus holds my hand,

Noth- ing, have I need to fear, With the Sav-iour thus so
Noth - ing, have I need to fear, With the

near, For to comfort, guide, and cheer, Walking hand in hand.
Saviour thus so near, For to comfort, guide, and cheer,

No. 177. Does Mother Know I'm Saved?

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—Prov. 21: 28.

EDWIN L. WATTS.

Introduction and Interlude.

IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

Lento.

ben sostenuto.

1. Moth-er oft - en prayed for me in the days of long a -go, When the sum-mer sun was shin-ing with a bright and lustrous glow; Oh! how
2. Yes, she prayed that God would give but this one transcendent boon, That her boy would come to Je - sus glad - ly, will - ing- ly, and soon; But her
3. How much pain and grief I gave where her life I might have cheered, And how sor - row-ful her spir - it as the Jor - dan shore she neared; But my
4. Christ the Saviour called her home, but the "still, small Voice" remained, Ev - er plead-ing and be-seeching till an - oth - er soul was gained; Now an -

cres - cen - - - - - do.

oft - en she was grieved, and how oft - en she was sad; For her eye grew dim with tears, and she slept be-neath the sod, Ere she heart was ver - y hard, with no "bro-ken spir - it" there, When the oth - er pil - grim turns long-ing eyes to Heav - en's gate, Where a

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Does Mother Know I'm Saved?

Dim - in - u - en - do.

darl - ing boy was wand'ring, and her heart could not be glad.
gained the asked-for bless-ing of her darl - ing's peace with God.
gen - tle Sav - iour called her to her home so bright and fair.
moth - er, at the por - tals, does her darl - ing one a - wait.

CHORUS.

1,2,3. Does moth-er know I'm sav'd? Is she hap - pier in her home That my
4. Yes, moth-er knows I'm sav'd, And all heav'n is glad with joy; And a

rit. *a tempo.*

foot-steps now no long-er in the paths of dark- ness roam? In the
glo-rious welcome wait-eth for her saved and ransom'd boy; And I'll

home of love e - ter - nal, is she hap- pi - er to - day, That her
soon go home to see her on the bright e - ter - nal plain, Where we'll

darl - ing's feet no long - er on the des - ert moun-tains stray?
meet in glad re - un - ion, nev - er- more to part a - gain.

No. 178. Again We'll Never Pass This Way.

"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his home, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work."—Mark 13: 34.

P. H. BRISTOW. W. A. OGDEN.





1. Do you hear the Saviour pleading, hear Him pleading?
2. Out up- on the mountains dreary, cold and drea-ry,
3. Ev-'ry day some soul is dy - ing, yes, is dy - ing,





"Go ye forth in - to my vine - yard day by day;
There are souls that may be wait - ing just for you;
On the mountains where they lin - ger, far a - way;



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Again We'll Never Pass This Way.

Go ye forth, I will be with you in - ter-ced-ing, (in-ter - ced-ing,)
May be wait - ing near your pathway, oh, so wea-ry; (oh, so wea-ry;)
While the Mas - ter on your-self may be re - ly - ing, (be re - ly-ing,)

pp QUARTET.

That some soul may from the dark - ness turn a-way." (turn a - way.")
Will you not go out and tell them God is true? (God is true?)
That He gets the in - vi - ta - tion while 'tis day. (while 'tis day.)

pp QUARTET.

f CHORUS. *Response. Allegro.*

We will go and God be with us, with us ev - er; We will

cres. . . . . . .

take the words of Je-sus as our stay; And to lift a fall - en broth-er

rit.

we'll endeav - or, For we know we ne'er a-gain may pass this way, (this way.)

No. 179. Help Thou Me.

"Consider and hear me, O Lord my God."—Ps. 13 : 3.

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IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Out from the depths to Thee I cry; Sav - iour, help Thou me;
2 No wor - thy gift have I to bring, Bless - ed Lord, to Thee,
3. Oh, hear me, and my soul shall live, Sav - iour, help Thou me;

Lost and un-done, what hope have I, Ex - cept, O Lord, in Thee?
But to Thy prom - is - es I cling, And trust a - lone in Thee;
My count - less tres - pass - es for - give, And seal me un - to Thee;

Thou see - st all my soul's dis-tress, Thou knowest all my help - less-ness,
Thou wilt not cast my soul a - way, Thou wilt my fainting spir - it stay;
Blest spir - it, all my life o'erflow, Thy boundless grace on me be-stow;

FINE.

Draw near, I pray, to heal and bless; Sav - iour, draw Thou me.
Thy pow'r compas - sion - ate display; Sav - iour, help Thou me.
Thy full sal - va - tion let me know; Sav - iour, help Thou me.

D.S.—Draw near, I pray, to heal and bless; Sav - iour, help Thou me.

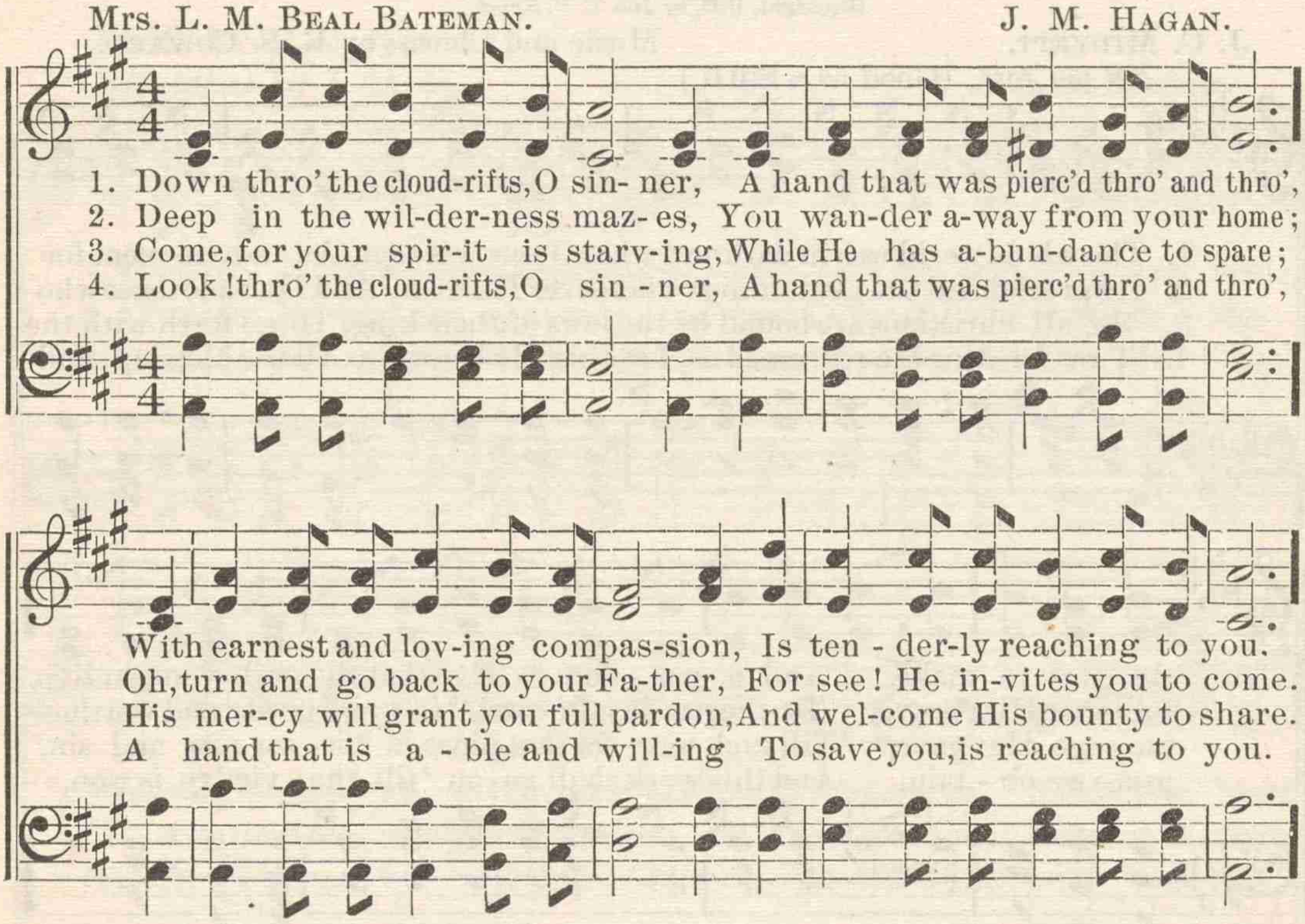
CHORUS. *D.S.*

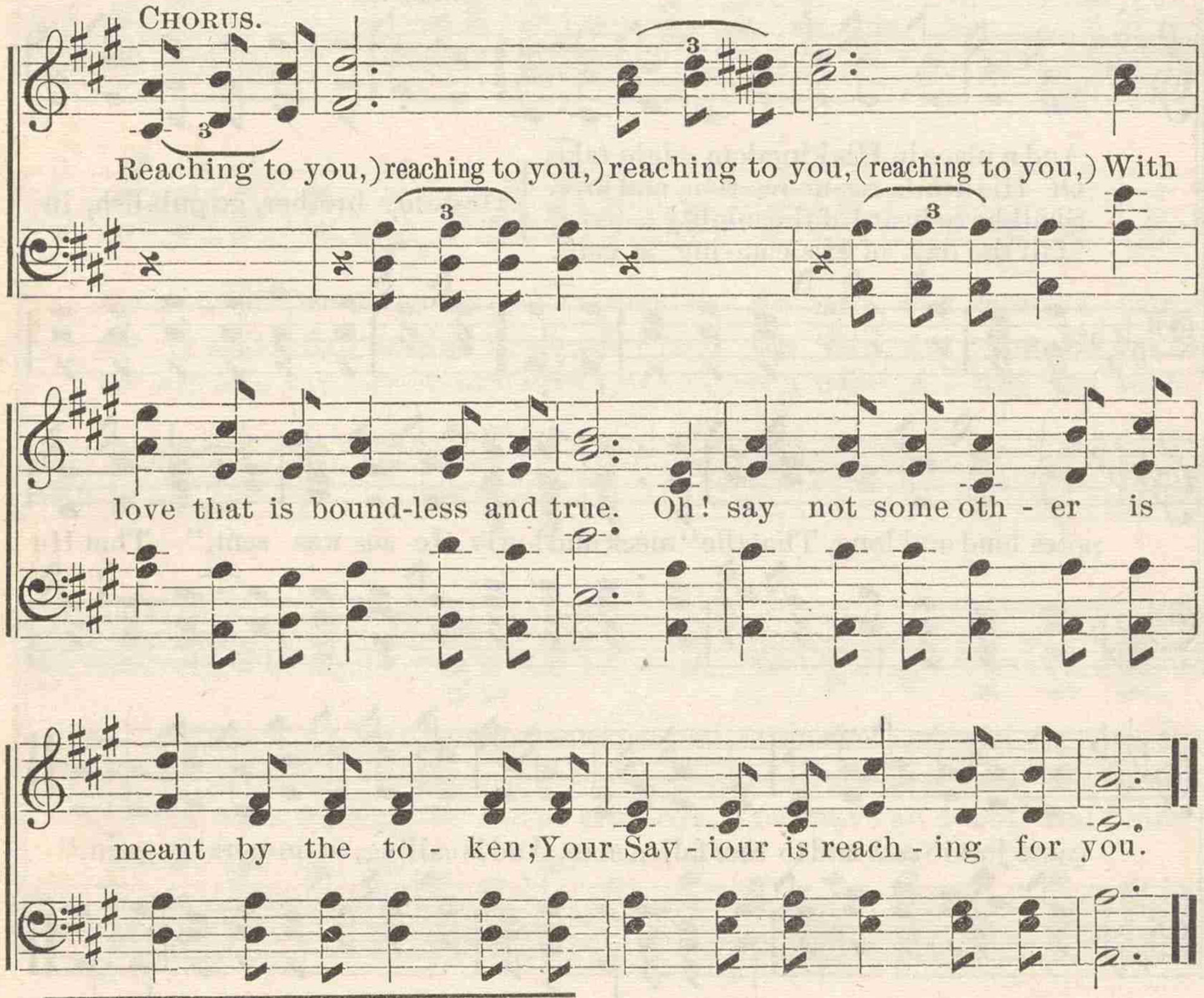
Help..... Thou me,..... Sav - iour, help Thou me.....
Sav-iour help, oh help Thou me, Bless - ed Sav - iour, help Thou me.

No. 180. Your Saviour is Reaching to You.

"I the Lord have called thee . . . and will hold thine hand."—Isaiah 42: 6.

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. J. M. Hagan.





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No. 181. When Jesus was Sent.

"For God sent not His Son in the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved."—John 3 : 17.

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J. C. MIDYETT. Music and Chorus by R. S. COWARD.

Not too fast. (Good as a SOLO.)



No. 182. The Precious Invitation.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice."—Heb. 3; 15.

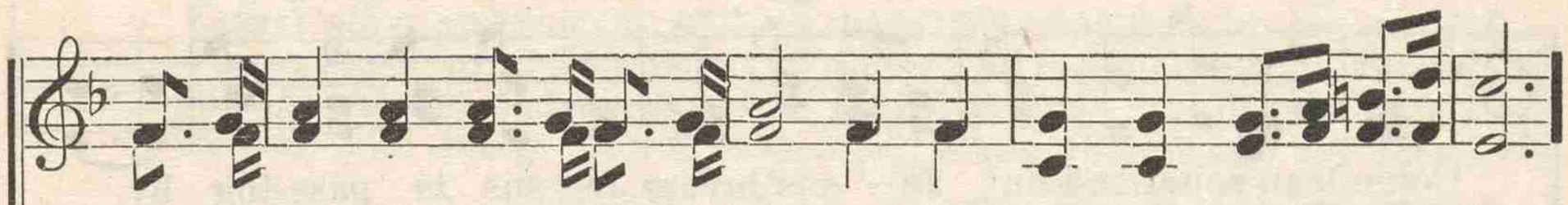
Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.
3rd stanza by J. M. H.

J. M. HAGAN.

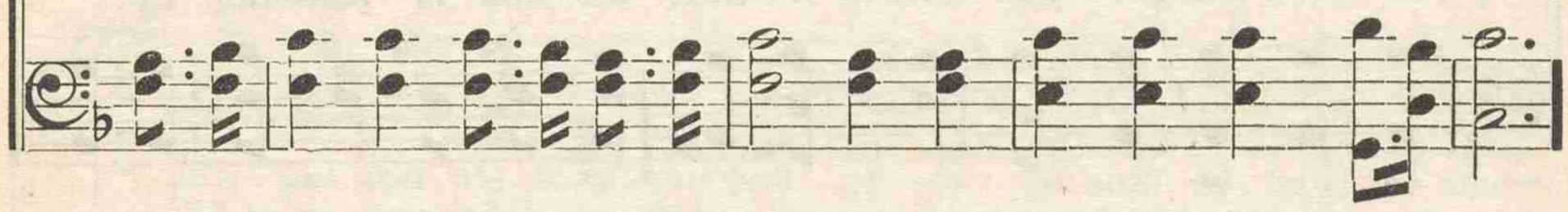


1. Come to Je - sus, weary, troubled wand'rer, And He will give you rest;
2. Come to Je - sus, tar- ry not a mo-ment! He calls you; come to - day.
3. Come to Je - sus, hear Him gently call - ing, Oh, come with-out de - lay;



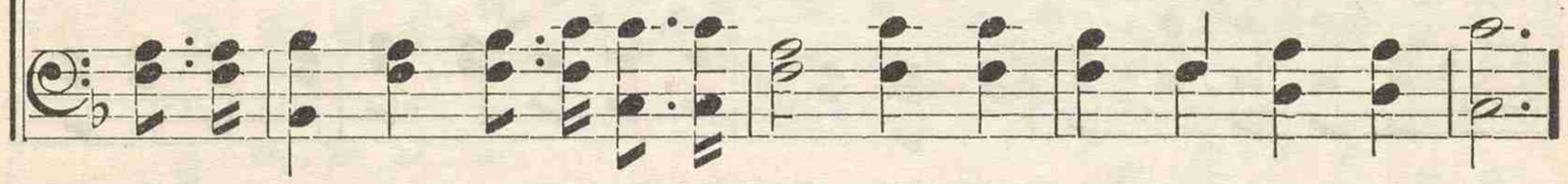


Bring your burdens all to Him who loves you, He longs to make you blest.
Let His mer-cies win your heart forev - er! From sin oh, turn a - way!
Take my yoke and be ye faithful foll'wers, Has-ten while yet 't is day.



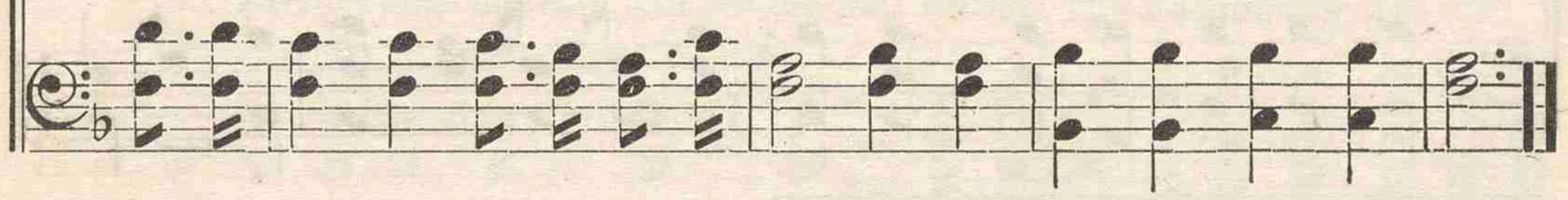


Do not fear to trust His precious promise, No one e'er came in vain;
He is wait - ing, waiting to re-ceive you, His life for you He gave;
He will heal thy ev-er-wounded spir - it; He'll wipe a - way thy tears;





He will wash a - way your sins and cleanse you From ev - 'ry guil - ty stain.
Oh, be-lieve Him! yield in true submis-sion; He pleads your soul to save.
He will wash thy sins, tho' red as crim-son, And move all doubts and fears.



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No. 183. Jesus is Passing By.

"He was to pass that way."—Luke 19: 4.

E. HANKS. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Come, wea- ry soul, for you there's rest, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
2. Come, burden'd soul, with all your care, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
3. Come, thirst-y soul, the wa - ter's free, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
4. Come, hun-gry soul, ob - tain sup -ply, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
5. Come, contrite soul, op-press'd with grief, Je - sus is pass-ing by;

Come, lean your head on Je - sus' breast, Je - sus is pass-ing by.
Your heav - y cross-es He will bear, Je - sus is pass-ing by.
The foun-tain's fill'd from Cal - va - ry, Je - sus is pass-ing by.
The bread of life will sat - is - fy, Je - sus is pass-ing by.
The Lord will give you sweet re - lief, Je - sus is pass-ing by.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is pass-ing by, . . Je-sus is pass-ing by; . . Oh,
Je - sus is pass - ing, pass - ing by, Je - sus is pass - ing, pass - ing by;

rit.

haste a - way, Make no de - lay, Je-sus is pass - ing by. . .
pass-ing by.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

No. 184. Oh, Prodigal, Return!

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

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E. R. Latta. J. M. Hagan.

Feelingly.

1. Oh, prod - i - gal, re-turn, Thy Fa - ther's love to learn—Thy
2. Oh, prod - i - gal, re-turn, From wea - ri-some so-journ With-
3. Oh, prod - i - gal, re-turn, Tho' pen - ni - less and worn! There's
4. Oh, prod - i - gal, re-turn, Thy sins and fol - lies mourn; And

Father's love and mer - cy still to share! Why wilt thou longer stay, 'Mid
in a land of strangers un - to thee! And ere thou drawest nigh, Thy
plen - ty at the homestead, and to spare! The fat-test of the fold, Thy
welcome and for-giv - en thou shalt be! While distant are thy feet, The
hun - ger and dis - may, And pov - er - ty of soul so hard to bear?
Fa-ther's watchful eye Thy well-known form approaching glad will see!
vis - ion shall be-hold, That or - ders have been giv - en to pre-pare!
Lord will come to meet, And all thy doubts and an-guish take from thee!

Chorus.

Oh, prod-i - gal, return; Forsake thy lot, so ill! Oh, prod-i- gal, re-turn,

slow. . . . . slower.

Thy Fa-ther loves thee still! Oh, prod-i-gal, return, Thy Father loves thee still!

No. 185. Out of Bondage.

"For sin shall not have dominion over you ; for ye are not under the law, but under grace."—Rom. 6 : 14.

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E. R. LATTA. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

SOLO. *ad lib.*

1. He has brought me out of bondage, Sore as that in Egypt's land,
2. He has brought me out of bondage, As He brought the Israel band ;
3. He has brought me out of bondage, From the scorching desert sand ;

By the Is - rael-it - ish peo - ple Suffer'd, at a heathen's hand!
Though the pow'rs of sin and darkness Strove against my Lord's command!
Brought me safe-ly, on my jour- ney, Tow'rd a fair and shin-ing strand!

Oh, the tasks to me al - lot - ed, And how grievous to be borne;
Satan's legions, far, pur-sued me, Still to keep my soul their prey ;
Day by day, He guards and guides me, Oft, in ways I did not think;

For my Pharaoh, I had Sa - tan, And my heart was all for-lorn!
But, de-liv'rance, me a- wait - ed, By a new and liv - ing Way!
He, on Heav'nly manna, feeds me,— At the fount of life, I drink!

CHORUS.

Out of bond-age, out of bond-age, My Re-deem-er, me, hath

Out of bondage, out of bondage,

Out of Bondage.



No. 186. Lead Us, and We'll Follow On.

"For Thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Psa. 31: 3.

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R. A. GLENN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



No. 187. Let Him Come in.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

Rev. J. GRIGG. C. C. LUTHER.



1. Be - hold a Stranger at the door; He gen-tly knocks, has knock'd be-fore;
2. Oh, love-ly at - titude,—He stands, With melting heart and loaded hands;
3. Rise, touch'd with grat - i - tude divine, Turn out His en - e - my and thine,
4. Ad - mit Him ere His an-ger burn,—His feet de - part-ed, ne'er re-turn;





Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kind-ness, and He shows His matchless kindness to His foes.
That soul destroying monster sin, And let the heav'n-ly Stranger in.
Ad - mit Him or the hour's at hand, You'll at His door re - ject-ed stand.



REFRAIN.

Oh, let . . . Him come in, . . . Oh, let . . . Him come in, . . .



Oh, let Him come in, Oh, let Him come in, Oh, let Him come in, Oh, let Him come in;



let the dear Saviour come in. . . . .



Keep Him no more out-side the door, But let Him come in, oh, let Him come in.



let the dear Saviour come in. . . . .

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No. 188. Linger no Longer.

"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die?"—Eze. 33: 11.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



Chorus.

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No. 189. There's a Great Day Coming.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."—Heb. 9: 27.

Words and Music by W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day coming, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day coming, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day coming, There's a sad day

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed,
com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that
com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I

CHORUS.

right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y?
love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the Judg-ment day?

Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the Judg-ment day?

By per. of W. L. THOMPSON & CO., East Liverpool, O.

No. 190. Say, are You Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—Matt. 24: 44.

A. S. KIEFFER. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Should the Death an - gel knock at thy cham - ber, In the still watch of to - night, Say, will your spir-it pass in - to tor - ment,
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of de - spair; Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer;
3. Ma - ny re - deem'd ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the man - sions of light; Je - sus is plead-ing, pa - tient-ly plead-ing,

Or to the land of de - light? Say, are you read - y?
Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
O let Him save you to - night.

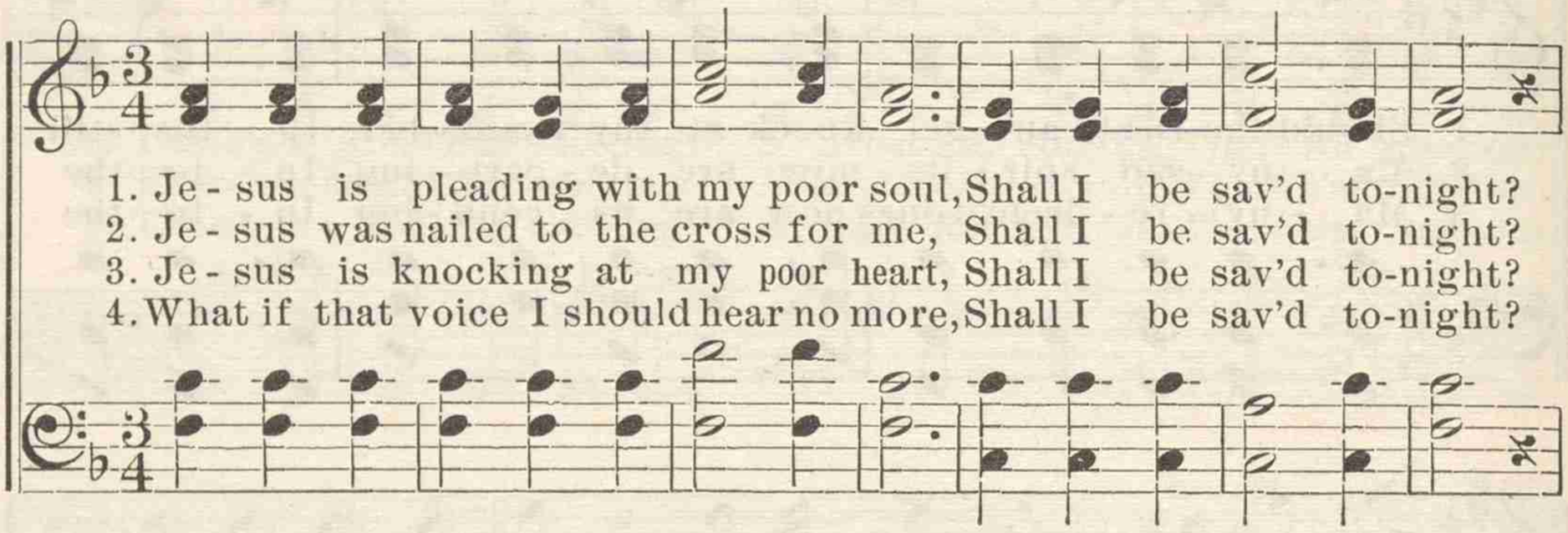
CHORUS.

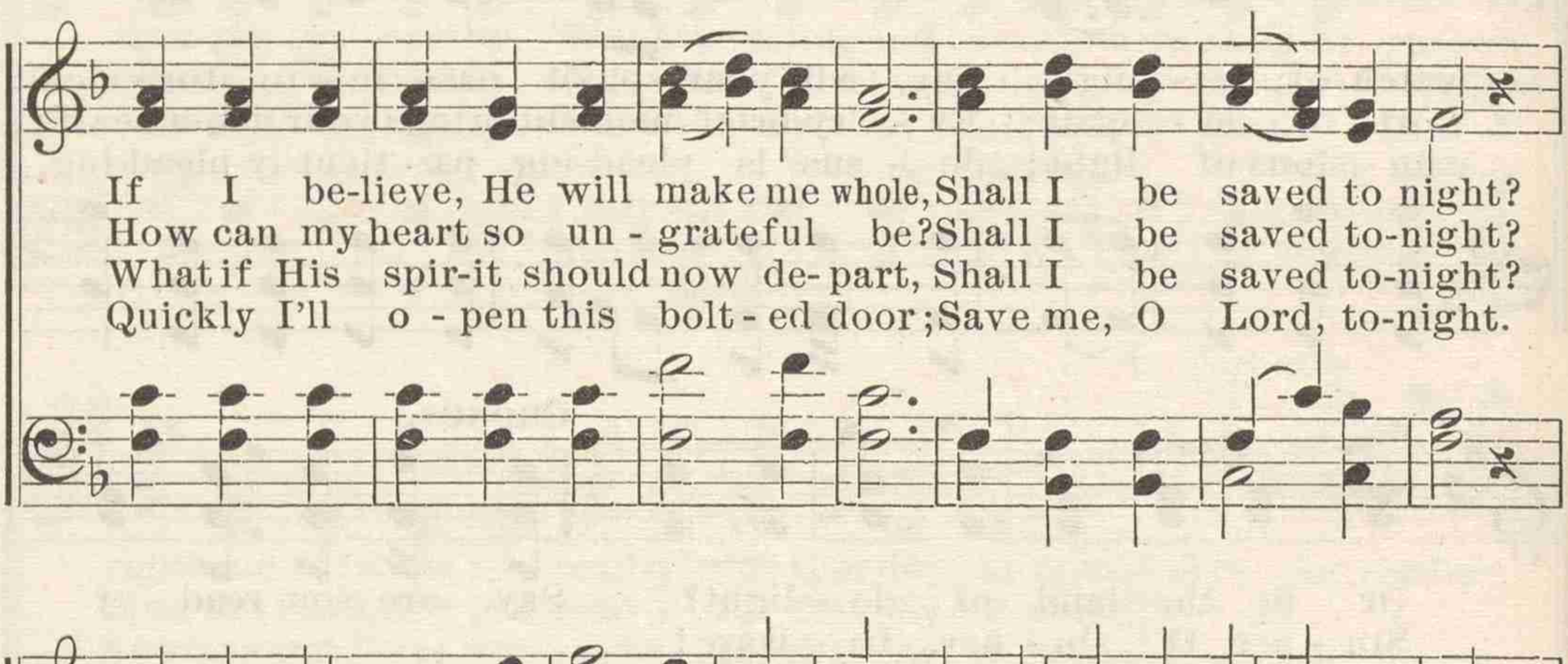
O are you read - y? If the Death an - gel should call; should call;
Say, are you ready? O are you ready? Mer-cy stands waiting for all.

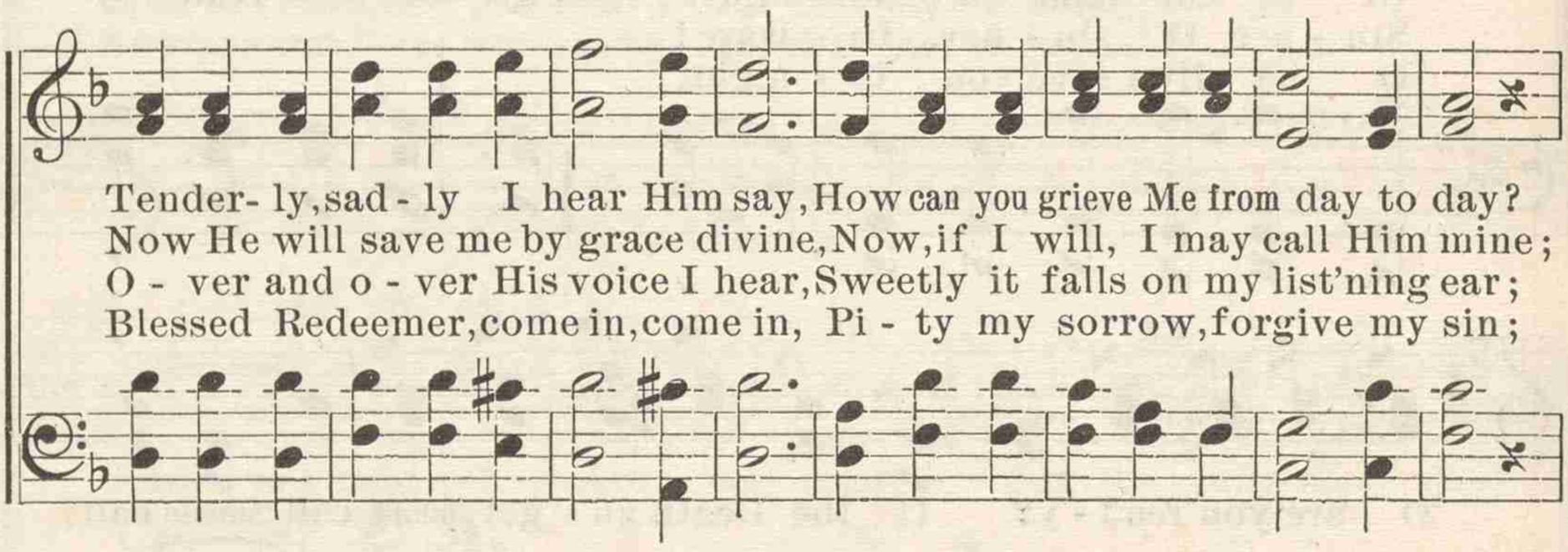
No. 191. Shall I Be Saved To-Night?

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

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. M. BLISS WILSON, by per.









No. 192. Be Saved To-Day!

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 10.

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E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Re - pent - ant soul, turn to the Lord, And trust the pro - mise of His Word; The God of pard'ning grace is here; Sal - va - tion now is
2. Check not the pen - i - ten - tial tears, Be - cause of sins of former years, But thro' your burning tears of grief Look up to Je - sus
3. O lay your sins at Je - sus' feet, Re - ceive His par - don pure and sweet; Be saved while He re- veals the light, And let Him cleanse and
4. Look up to Je - sus, He can save; Look up to Christ, the Lord who gave His life up - on Mount Cal-va - ry, That you might free-ly
5. God's an - gels hov - er in this room, And wait to bear the tidings home To yon - der pal - a - ces of heav'n, That one more soul has

Chorus.

Be saved to - day, Be saved to - day, Be saved to - ver - y near. Be saved to-day, be saved to - day, Be saved, O precious
for re - lief.
make you white.
ransomed be.
been for-giv'n.

day; Let Je - sus take your sins a - way.

soul to-day! Let Jesus take your sins a-way, Yes, take them all a-way, a-way.

No. 193. What Shall Our Answers Be?

"What wilt thou say when he shall punish thee?" Jer. 13: 21.

E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. When we in the judgment stand, In that mighty company, And the judge shall question us,
2. When the Lord has gather'd there From the land and from the sea, All the fam-i-lies of men,
3. Lord, it is a solemn tho't, That we must account to Thee, In that great and awful day,

Oh, what shall our answers be? What for ev'ry triffling tho't, And each idle word we say?
Oh, what shall our answers be? What for all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love,
What shall our poor answers be? Oh, prepare us, Lord, we pray, In the presence there to stand,

CHORUS.

When that aw - ful

What for ev- 'ry sin-ful act We may do from day to day. When that awful
Can we hope a crown to gain, And a mansion bright above.
Purge us from each sinful blot, Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand.

day we see, Oh, what shall . . . our an-swers be?

day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our answers be, our answers be?

When that aw - - ful day we see, Oh, what shall . . our answers be?

When that awful day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our answers be?

No. 194. Jesus Saves.

"The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world."—1 Jno. 4: 14.

MANDA L. CROCKER, alt. Arr. by IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

FINE.

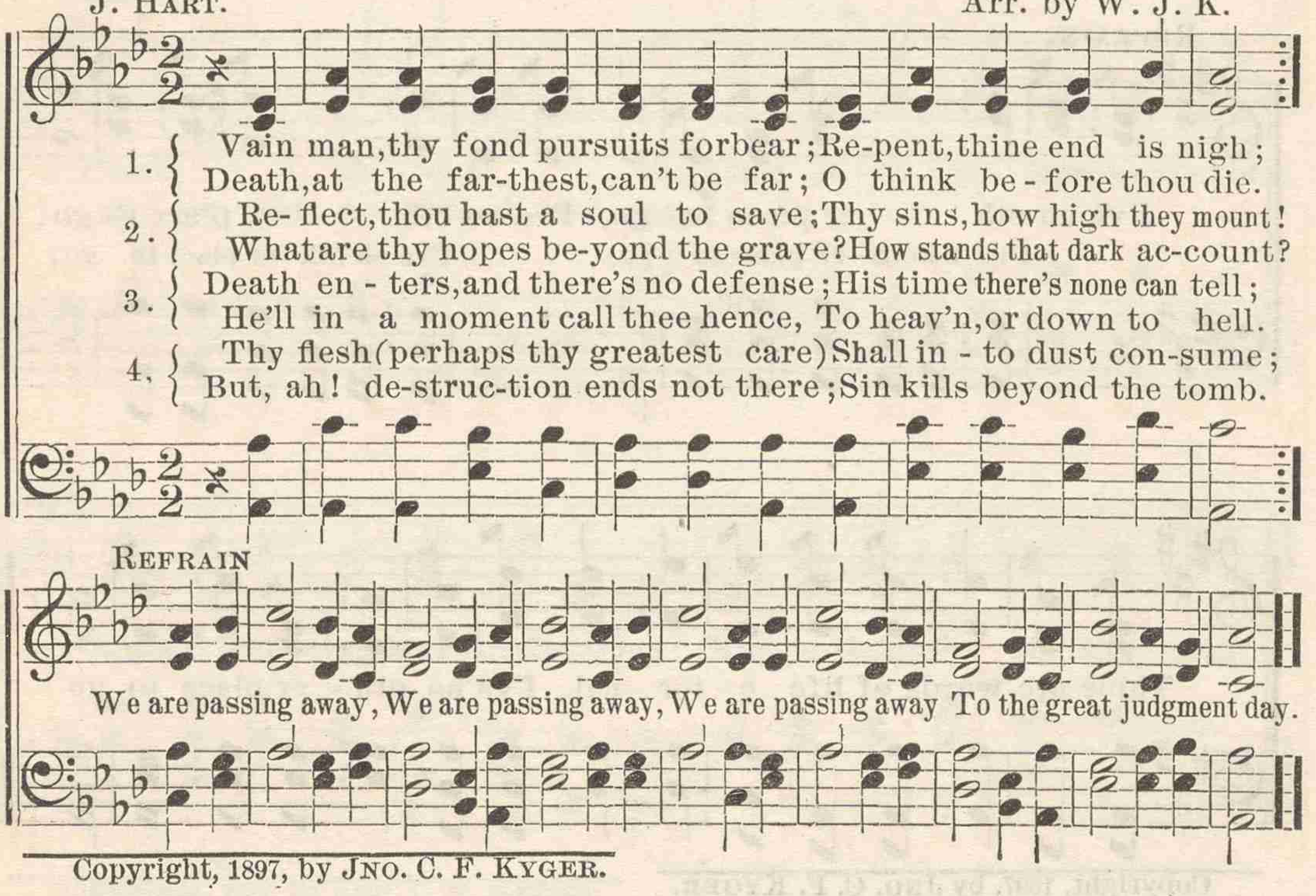


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No. 195. We Are Passing Away.

"As for man his days are as grass, for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone."—Ps. 103: 15, 16.

J. HART. Arr. by W. J. K.



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No. 196. I've No Other Place to go.

"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."—Jno. 6: 68.

JENNIE WILSON. J. M. HAGAN.



1. Sav-iour, in my want and weakness, At Thy feet I'm bowing low;
2. On - ly Thou can'st give me comfort, On - ly Thou can'st peace bestow;
3. Hu - man help is un - a - vail - ing, Thou art all the friend I know;
4. Let sal - va - tion's ho - ly brightness Now up - on my spir-it glow;





Turn me not a - way, O Je - sus, I've no oth - er place to go.
Un - to Thee I come for par - don, I've no oth - er place to go.
In Thy grace my soul is trust - ing, I've no oth - er place to go.
Sav-iour, make me Thine for - ev - er, I've no oth - er place to go.



REFRAIN.



I've no oth - er place to go, I've no oth - er place to go;
I've no oth - er place to go, I've no oth - er place to go;

Thine are words of life e - ter - nal, I've no oth - er place to go.

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No. 197. Come Into the Fold.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come."—Rev. 22: 17.

W. C. MORRIS. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.



1. Sin - ner, come, no long - er wan- der, Stray-ing from the Shepherd's fold;
2 Do not say, "I'll come to - mor-row." Oh, de - cide and come to- day;
3. Come, now, while the Spir - it's pleading, While the bride is saying, "come;"





Why your best days will you squander, Starving, shiv'ring in the cold?
Soon may come a day of sor - row; Brother, sis - ter, why de - lay?
Come and let your soul be feed - ing On the hope of Life and love.

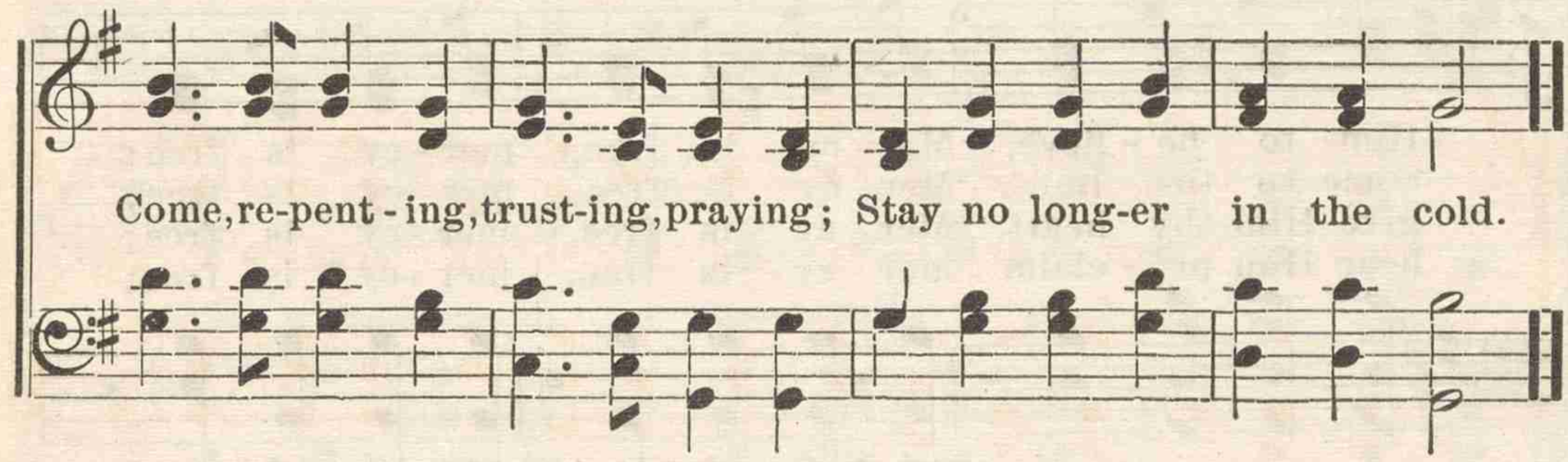


CHORUS.



Come, oh, come! oh, come in - to the Shepherd's fold;
Sin - ner, come, no more de - lay - ing,





Come, re-pent - ing, trust-ing, praying; Stay no long-er in the cold.

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No. 198. Mercy is Boundless and Free.

"And blessed be His glorious name for ever."—Ps. 72: 19.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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Mercy is Boundless.

D. C. REFRAIN.



No. 199. Come to the Cross To-day!

"Draw nigh to God."— Jas. 4: 8.

W. B. BLAKE,

JNO. C. F. KYGER. Arr. JNO. C. F. KYGER.

DUET.



REFRAIN.

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No. 200. There's a Light in the Window.

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is upon thee."—Isa. 60 : 1.

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J. WALTER TORBETT. Cho. by JNO. C. F. KYGER. H. A. R. HORTON.



There is a Light in the Window.

CHORUS.

Let us walk, in the light that
In the light,
The beau- ti - ful light, in the

shines forth so bright, 'Tis shin- ing for you and for
light that shines, The light that shines so bright,

me, It will leads us to God. It will
And for me, It will lead us to God,

lead us to God. O'er the path so oft - en trod, 'Till the
It will lead us to God,

high lands, 'Till the high lands,'Till the high lands of heav'n we see.
lands, high lands, lands, high lands,

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