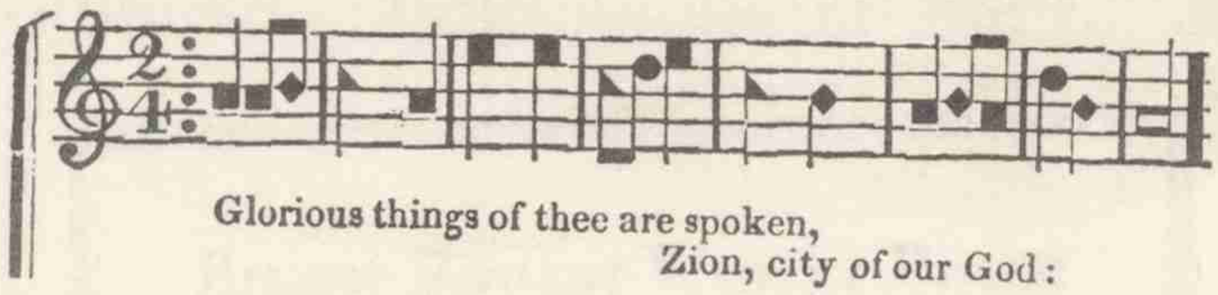
Songs of Zion

Z7Ad97
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Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

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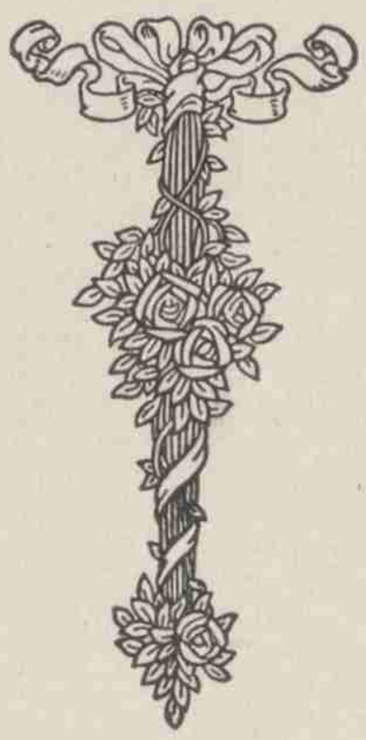
Seventh Day Adventist

Songs of Zion

Special Selections

for

Evangelistic Services



Review & Herald Publishing Association

Washington, D. C.

South Bend, Ind. *New York, N. Y.*

Hymn
1915
Song F

PREFACE

"SONGS OF ZION" makes its appearance in response to a popular call for a new evangelistic songbook which shall breathe forth the spirit of the pure doctrine of the Bible, and of Christ's power to save men from their sins. The best of songs, new and old,—songs which are not only soul-stirring, but soul-winning,—are brought together in it. It is not designed for church and Sabbath-school services, but for evangelistic meetings. That it may be a means of pointing men to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," and teaching them to love Him, is the wish of the compilers and publishers.

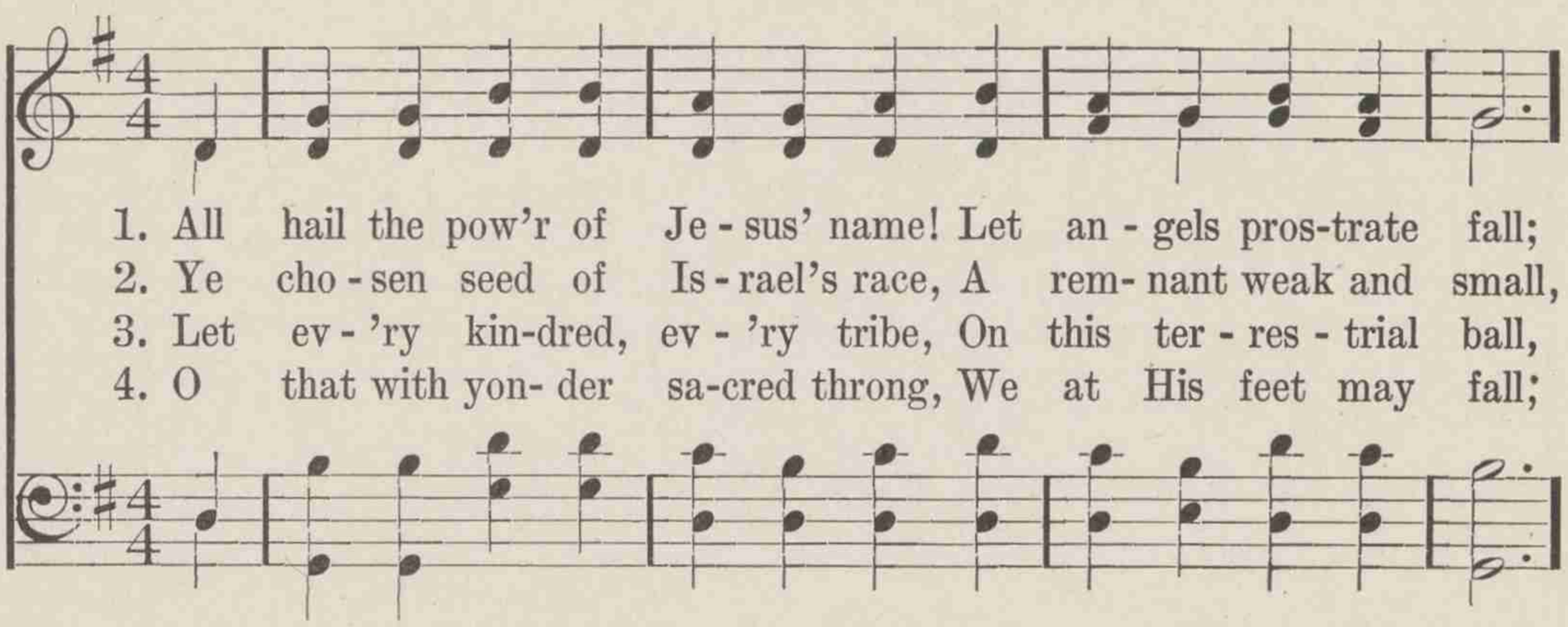
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SONGS OF ZION

No. 1 Crown Him Lord of All

(CORONATION. C. M.)

EDWARD PERRONET — OLIVER HOLDEN



No. 2 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. 89 : 1

F. H. RAWLEY PETER BILHORN

1. I will sing the wondrous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a-stray,
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I of - ten tread,

How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.

CHORUS.
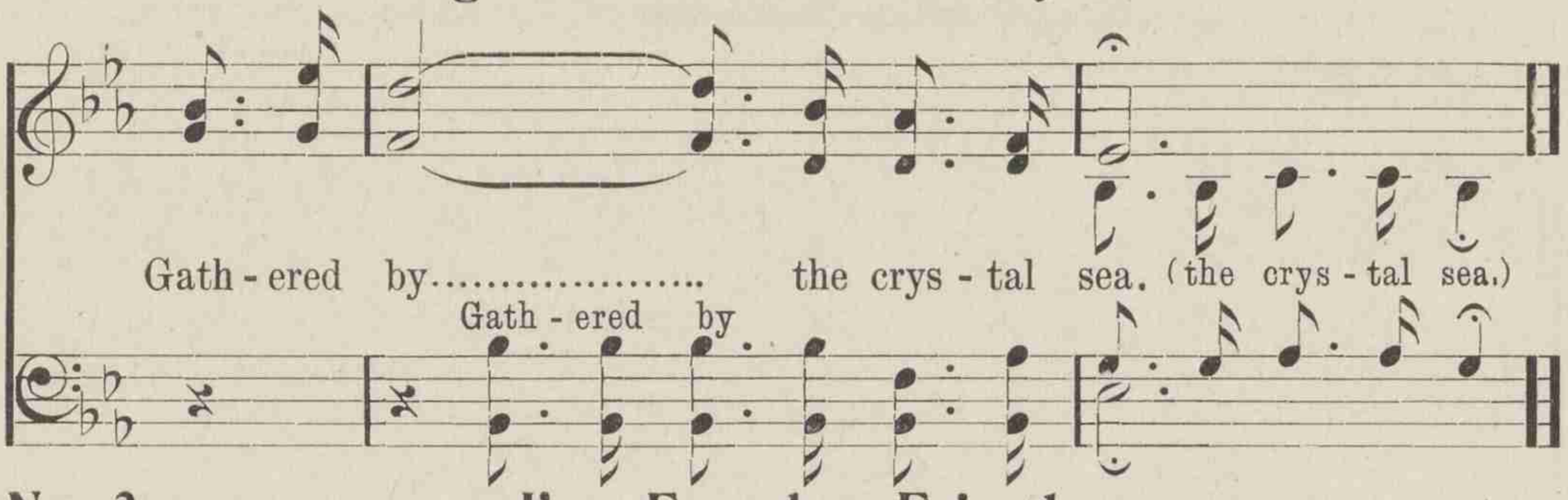
Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - ry
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry

Of the Christ..... who died for me,.....
Of the Christ who died for me,

Sing it with..... the saints in glo - - - ry,
Sing it with the saints in glo - ry,

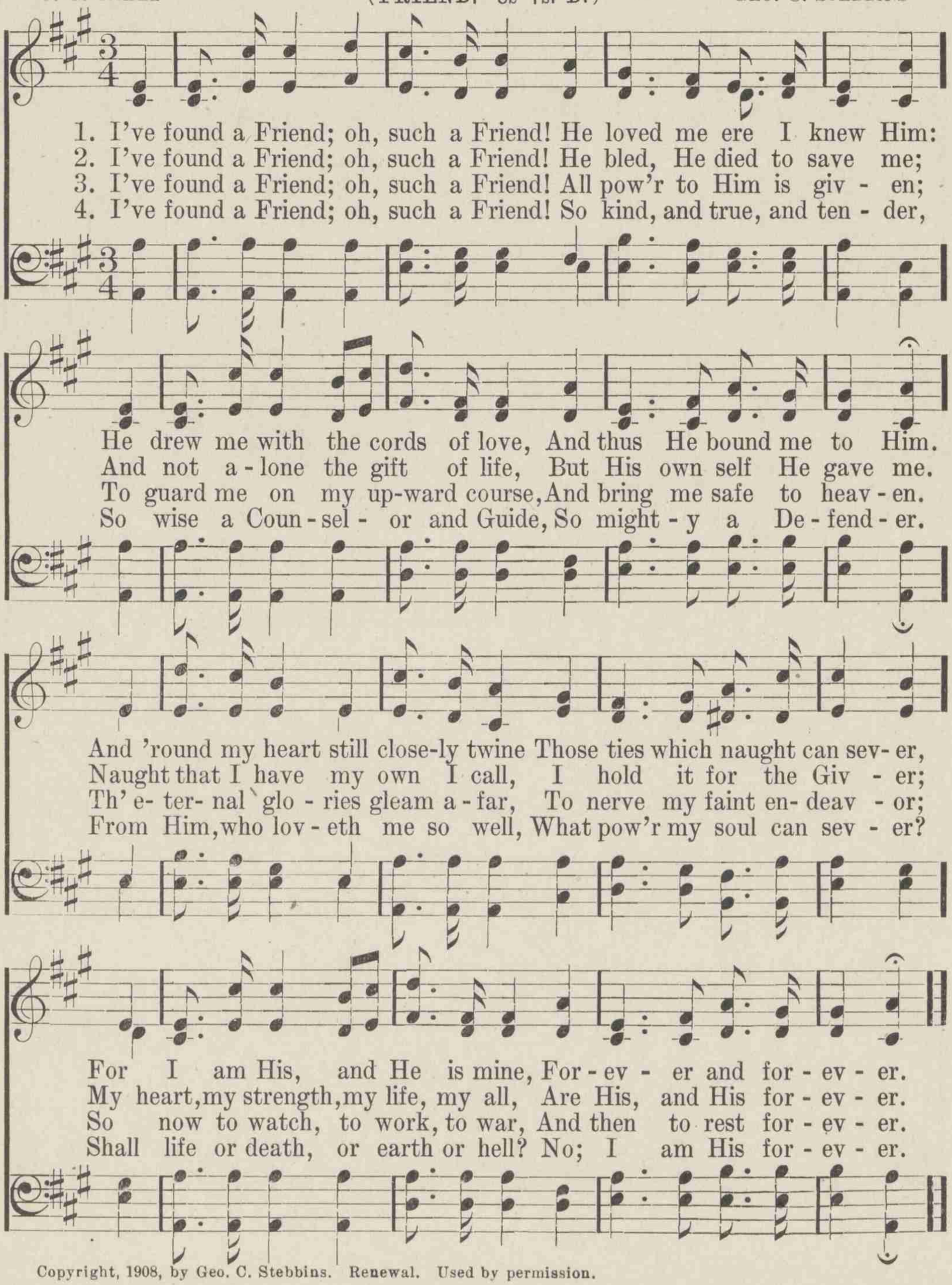
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I Will Sing the Wondrous Story—Concluded



No. 3 I've Found a Friend

J. G. SMALL (FRIEND. 8s 7s. D.) GEO. C. STEBBINS



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No. 4 Under His Wings

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

REV. W. O. CUSHING — IRA D. SANKEY

May be used as Solo or Duet

1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing; Though the night deep - ens and tem - pests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I know He will keep me; He has redeemed me, and I am His child.
2. Un - der His wings, what a ref - uge in sor - row! How the heart yearn-ing - ly turns to its rest! Of - ten when earth has no balm for my heal - ing, There I find com-fort, and there I am blest.
3. Un - der His wings, O what pre-cious en - joy- ment! There will I hide till life's tri - als are o'er; Sheltered, pro - tect - ed, no e - vil can harm me; Rest-ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er-more.

CHORUS

Un- der His wings, un- der His wings, Who from His love can sev - er?
Un-der His wings my soul shall a - bide, Safe-ly a - bide for - ev - er.

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No. 5 Wonderful Peace

"My peace I give unto you."—John 14 : 27

REV. W. D. CORNELL. Alt. REV. W. G. COOPER

1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir-it to-night, Rolls a mel-o-dy
2. What a treasure I have in this won-der-ful peace, Buried deep in my
3. I am rest-ing to-night in this won-der-ful peace, Resting sweetly in
4. Weary soul, without glad-ness or com-fort or rest, Passing down the rough

sweeter than psalm; In ce-les-tial-like strains it un-ceas-ing-ly falls
in-ner-most soul; So se-cure that no pow-er can mine it a-way,
Je-sus' con-trol; I am kept from all dan-ger by night and by day,
pathway of time! Make the Saviour your friend ere the shadows grow dark;

CHORUS

O'er my soul like an in-fi-nite calm.
While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll!
And His glo-ry is flood-ing my soul.
O ac-cept of this peace so sub-lime.

} Peace! peace! wonderful peace,

Coming down from the Fa-ther a-bove; Sweep o-ver my
spir-it for-ev-er, I pray, In fath-om-less billows of love.

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No. 6 Saved by Grace

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

FANNY J. CROSBY GEO. C. STEBBINS

Solo or Duet

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth- ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro - sy-tint-ed west,

But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know— my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall enter in - to rest.

CHORUS

And I shall see Him face to face,
shall see to face,
And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see
shall see
Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.
rit.....
to face,

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No. 7 Safe in the Arms of Jesus

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

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast,—Here by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul doth rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corroding care; Safe from the world's temp-ta-tions, Sin cannot harm me there. Free from the blight of
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus, has died for me; Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with

an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing

O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tears.
Break on the golden shore.

REFRAIN

Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gentle breast,—Here by His love o'er-shad- ed, Sweetly my soul doth rest.

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No. 8 Draw Me Nearer

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine; May my soul look up with a stead - fast hope
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be- fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach

REFRAIN

And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,
And my will be lost in Thine.
I com-mune as friend with friend!
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

near - er, near - er,

near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me

near - er, near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleed-ing side.

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No. 9 Some Sweet Morn

REV. A. B. SIMPSON, D. D. GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Some sweet morn the day will break, Nev- er-more to sink in night.
2. Some sweet day the end shall come To our part - ing and our pain.
3. Some sweet hour our mor-tal frame Shall His glo - rious im-age wear.
4. Some sweet morn we'll see His face, And we shall be sat- is- fied.

1. Some sweet morn the day will break, Nev-er-more to sink in night.

Some sweet morn we shall a-wake 'Mid the ev - er-last-ing light!
Some sweet day we'll all go home, Nev- er-more to part a- gain.
Some sweet hour our worthless name All His maj - es - ty shall share.
Some sweet day in His em-brace We shall ev - er-more a- bide.

Some sweet morn we shall a-wake 'Mid the ev - er-lasting light!

REFRAIN

We are wait-ing for "the turning of the morn - ing," We are
morning, of the morning,"
watching for the breaking of the dawn; Morn of morns, oh,
of the dawn; Morn of morns,
haste thy glad ap-pear - ing! Day of days, speed on, speed on, speed on!
appearing, glad appearing! Day of days, speed on,

rit.

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No. 10 Tell Me the Story of Jesus

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Rom. 5 : 8

FANNY J. CROSBY JNO. R. SWENEY

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,
2. Fast-ing, a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that He passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writhing in an-guish and pain;

CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,

FINE

Tell me the sto - ry most pre- cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins He was tempted, Yet was tri-um-phant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain;

Tell me the sto- ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.

Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed His birth,—
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear- er than ev - er I see;

D. C. for Cho.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Peace and good ti - dings to earth.
He was despised and af -flict - ed, Homeless, re-ject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran-som for me.

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No. 11 He Rescued Me

J. M. B. JAMES M. BLACK

1. There's a joy in my heart since the Sav-iour came, 'Tis a joy deep-er
2. From the world and its snares, Je - sus res-cued me,— Set my feet in the
3. I have found at His side sweetest rest with - in, Since I walk in His

than the sea; From the bond-age of sin, glo - ry to His name! Je- sus
"Nar- row Way;" Like a song in the night, is His love so free, And His
glad sun- shine, And I know He will keep me from guilt and sin, By the

CHORUS

came and He res-cued me.
smile brightens ev-'ry day.
hold of His hand on mine.

He res-cued me,..... He res-cued me, He res-cued me, My Sav-iour

me, Hal - le - lu - jah! He res- cued me,..... He res-cued me,
res - cued me, He res-cued me,

me,..... He rescued me, Hal-le - lu - jah! He res-cued me.
He res-cued me, My Saviour res-cued me.

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No. 12 There Is Power in the Blood

"As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God."—John 1 : 12

L. E. J. L. E. JONES

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood;
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood;
3. Would you be whit - er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood;
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood;

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans- ing to Cal - va - ry's tide, There's
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv-ing flow, There's
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing? There's

CHORUS

won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,

won-der-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, won-der-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

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No. 13 Jesus Is All the World to Me

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless- ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the har-vest's gold- en grain;
Fol - low- ing Him I know I'm right, He watch-es o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

f *pp*

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

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No. 14 Jesus Is Calling

FANNY J. CROSBY GEORGE C. STEBBINS

1. Je-sus is ten- der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, call- ing to- day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea- ry to rest—Call-ing to-day, call- ing to- day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, wait-ing to- day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to- day;

Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low- ly bow; Come, and no longer de - lay.
They who believe on His name shall re- joice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.

REFRAIN

Call - ing to - day!..... call - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; call - ing, call - ing to - day, to- day;

Je - - sus is call - - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing to - day,

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No. 15 Hiding in Thee

"I flee unto Thee to hide me."—Ps. 143 : 9

REV. WILLIAM O. CUSHING IRA D. SANKEY

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so
2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In times when temp-ta - tion casts o'er me its power; In the tem - pests of
3. How oft in the con - flict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my Ref - uge and breath'd out my woe; How of - ten, when

wea - ry, Thine, Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of
life, on its wide, heav - ing sea; Thou blest "Rock of
tri - als like sea bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in

CHORUS

A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

Hid - ing in Thee,

Hid - ing in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.

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No. 16 Faith Is the Victory

"Faith which worketh by love."—Gal. 5: 6

REV. JOHN H. YATES — IRA D. SANKEY

1. Encamp'd a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise,
2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the word of God;
3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray;
4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be giv'n;

And press the bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies;
We tread the road the saints of old With shouts of tri-umph trod;
Let tents of ease be left be-hind, And on-ward to the fray;
Be-fore the an-gels he shall know His name con-fess'd in heav'n;

A-gainst the foe in vales be-low, Let all our strength be hurled;
By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field;
Sal-va-tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a-bout,
Then on-ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame;

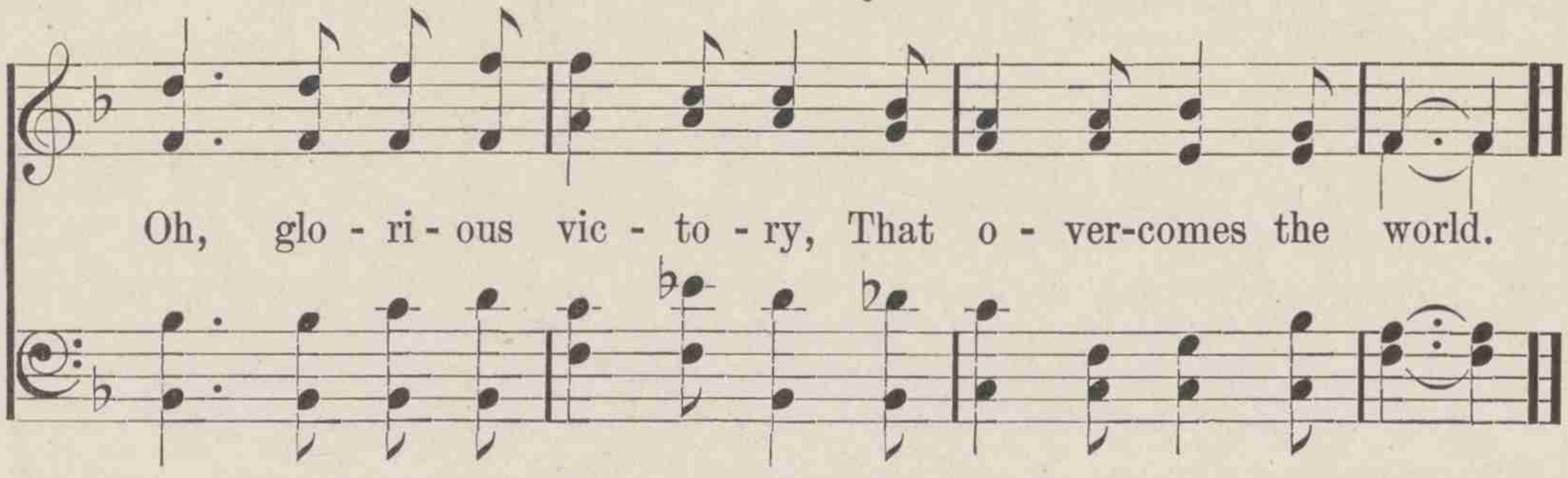
Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know, That o-vercomes the world.
The faith by which they conquer'd death Is still our shin-ing shield.
The earth shall trem-ble 'neath our tread, And ech-o with our shout.
We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je-sus' conqu'ring name.

CHORUS

Faith is the vic-to-ry! Faith is the vic-to-ry;
Faith is — Faith is

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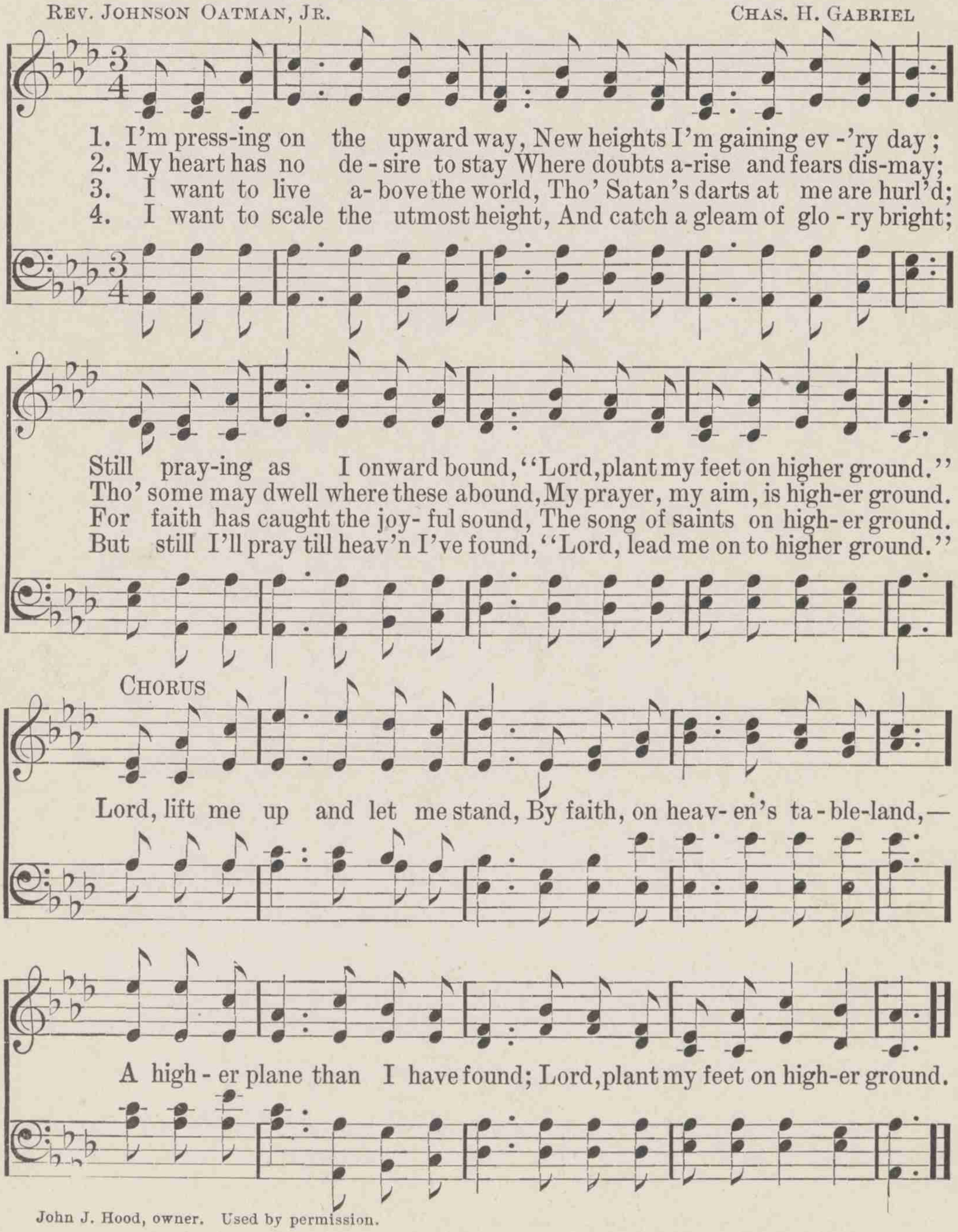
Faith Is the Victory—Concluded



No. 17 Higher Ground

"The high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Phil. 3: 14

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL



John J. Hood, owner. Used by permission.

No. 18 Throw Out the Life Line

"Who redeemeth thy life from destruction."—Ps. 103: 4

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN

1. Out up - on an an - gry o - cean, With - out helm or oar,
2. On a flow - 'ry gos - pel mead-ow, Thousands dwell at ease,
3. How can we who once were res - cued At so great a cost,
4. Brothers, hear your broth-ers call- ing, "Throw the line this way;"

Mil - lions in the wild com - mo - tion, Sink to rise no more.
Car - ing not that Death's dark shadow Haunts the storm-y seas.
Cast a - drift the on - ly Life Line, Laugh - ing at the lost?
Sis - ters, see your sis - ters sink - ing, With no arm to stay.

f CHORUS

Throw out the life line! Throw out the life line! Night is swift - ly

com - ing; Be - hold the set - ting sun! Throw out the life line!

cres..... *ff* *Small notes, final ending.*

rit.

Throw out the life line! Je- sus is the life line; You may save one (save one).

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No. 19 He Threw Out the Life Line to Me

J. E. F. J. E. FRENCH

May be used as a Solo and Chorus

1. I was wrecked on a rock-y and des - o - late shore, Sinking slowly be -
2. The bil-lows were dashing, the waves rolling high, No help from the
3. When all was con - fu-sion midst dark billows' roll, No light thro' the
4. Your sins like the billows around you may rise, And dan-gers your

neath the wild sea; When all of my struggles and ef-forts were o'er,
land could I see, When hope had all vanished and dan-ger was nigh,
gloom could I see, By trusting Him ful - ly He rescued my soul,
frail bark pur - sue, There's one who will heed you and hear your faint cries,

CHORUS

Christ threw out the life line to me.
Christ threw out the life line to me.
Christ threw out the life line to me.
He'll throw out the life line to you.

He threw out the life line to me,

to me,

He threw out the life line to me, From Cal - va - ry's tree,

to me,
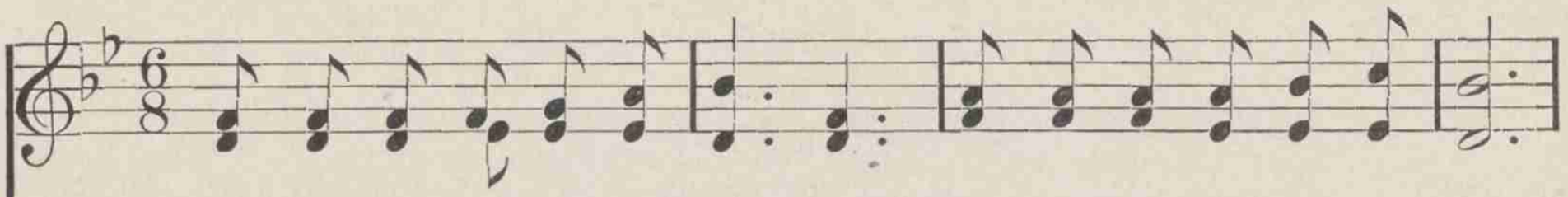
Far o - ver the sea, Christ threw out the life line to me.

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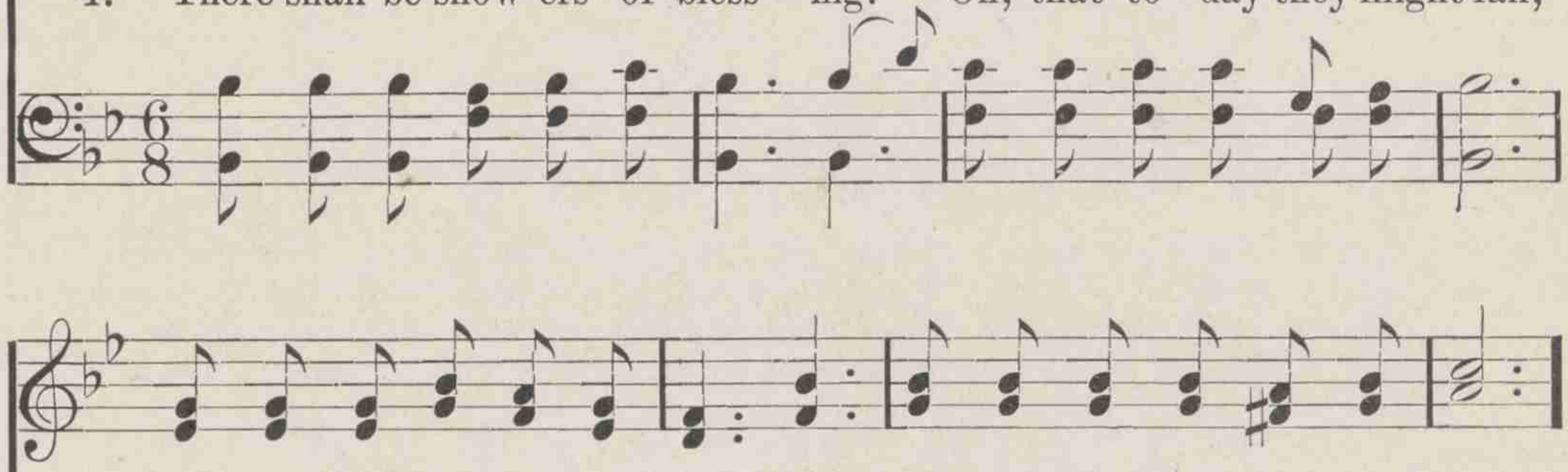
No. 20 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing

"And I will make them and the places round about My hill a blessing;
and I will cause the shower to come down in his season;
there shall be showers of blessing."—Eze. 34 : 26

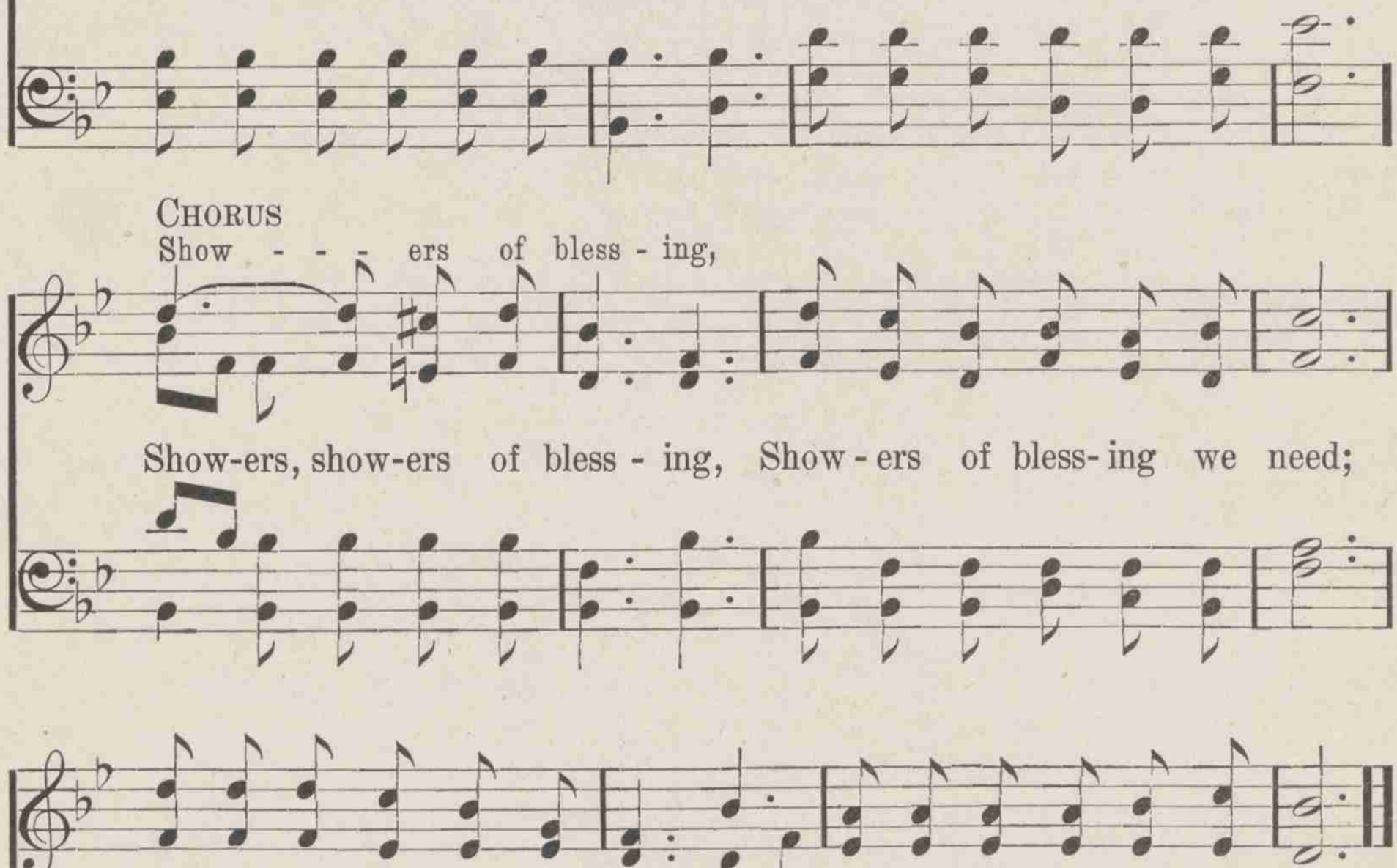
EL. NATHAN JAMES MCGRANAHAN



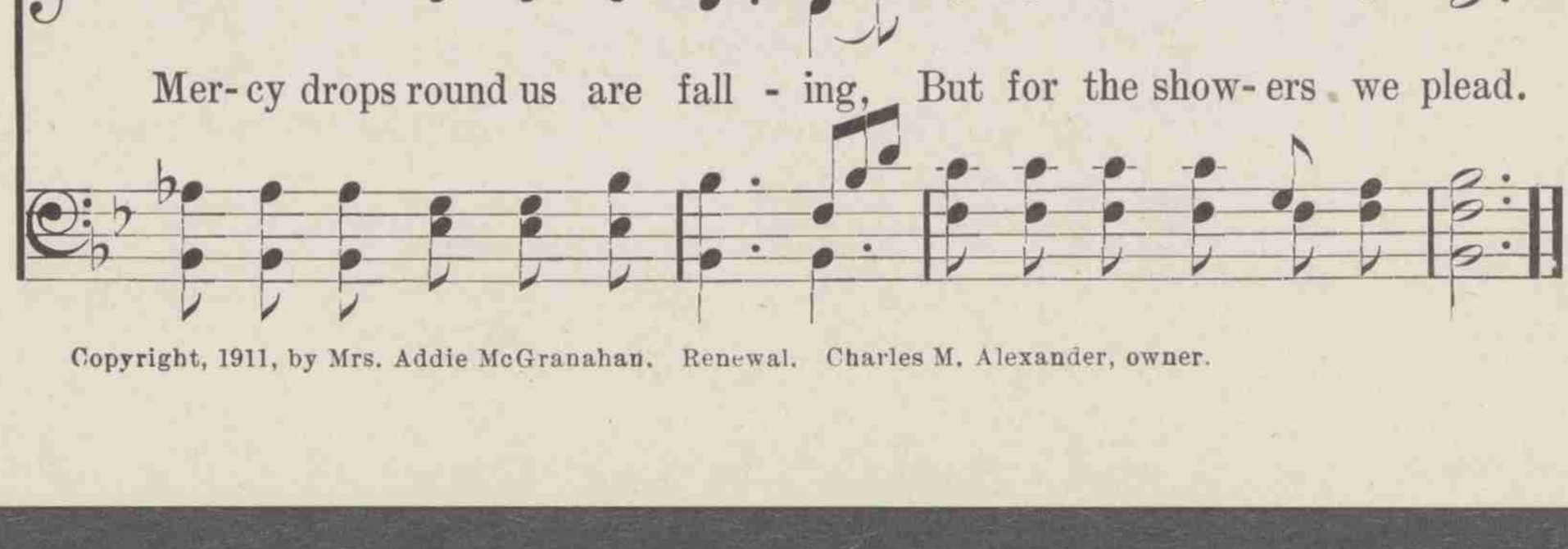
1. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing"—Pre-cious re - viv- ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing:" Send them up - on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,
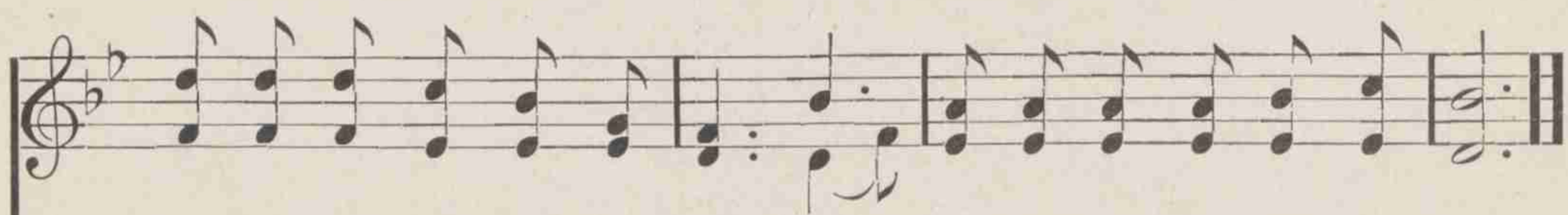


There shall be sea-sons re- fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav- iour a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re- fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!



CHORUS
Show - - - ers of bless - ing,



Show-ers, show-ers of bless - ing, Show - ers of bless- ing we need;



Mer- cy drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show- ers we plead.

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No. 21 The Breaking of the Day

G. W. S. G. W. SEDERQUIST

1. 'Tis almost time for the Lord to come, I hear the peo - ple say; The
2. The signs fore-told in the sun and moon, In earth and sea and sky, A -
3. It must be time for the waiting Church To cast her pride a - way, With
4. Go quick -ly out in the streets and lanes And in the broad high - way, And

stars of heav'n are growing dim, It must be the breaking of the day.
loud pro-claim to all man-kind, The com-ing of the Master draweth nigh.
gird -ed loins and burning lamps, To look for the breaking of the day.
call the maim'd, the halt, and blind, To be ready for the breaking of the day.

CHORUS

O it must be the break-ing of the day! O it must be the breaking of the day! The night is al-most gone, The day is com-ing on; O it must be the breaking of the day!

No. 22 He Knoweth the Way I Take

A. A. PAYN C. AUSTIN MILES

1. The clouds may hov - er o'er me, The storms a - bout me break,
2. 'Tis heav - en all a - round me; And if I sleep or wake
3. There may be heav - y sor - rows A - long my earth - ly way,
4. So if the day be drear - y, And if the nights be long,

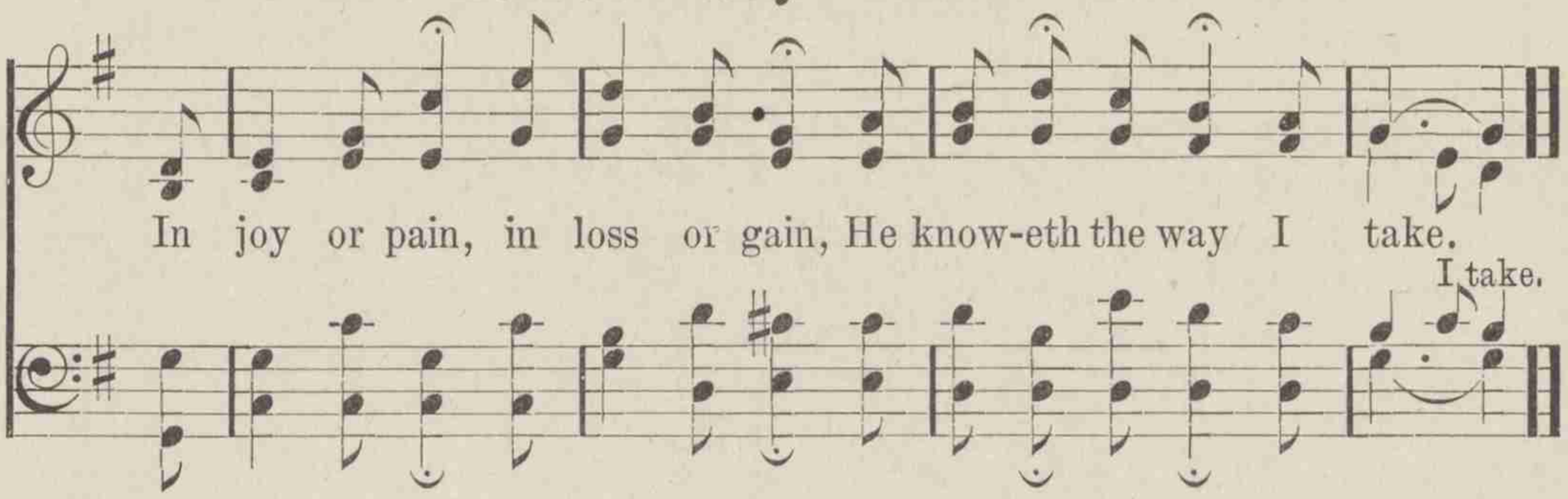
My Sav - iour's passed be - fore me And knows the way I take.
My Sav - iour's love sur-rounds me, He knows the way I take.
There is no dread "To- mor - row," But ev - er bright to - day.
And if my soul grows wea - ry, I'll sing this joy - ous song.

CHORUS

He know- eth the way I take, He know - eth the way I take,
I take, I take,
What-e'er be- tide He's at my side And nev - er will He for - sake.
He know- eth the way I take, He know- eth the way I take,
I take, I take,

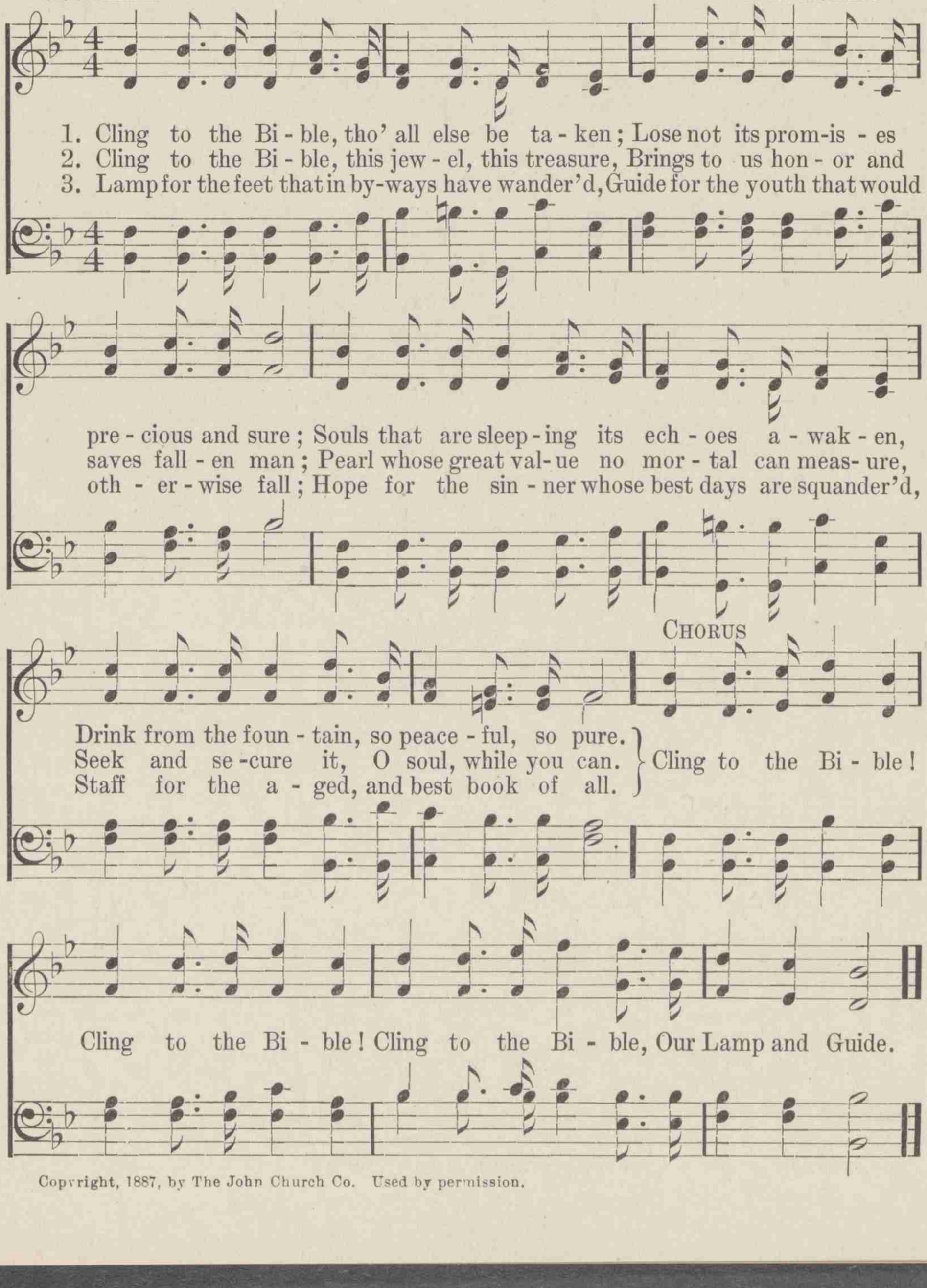
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He Knoweth the Way I Take—Concluded



No. 23 Cling to the Bible

M. J. SMITH J. R. MURRAY



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No. 24 Throw a Line

"There was none to help."—Isa. 63 : 5

I. N. McH. I. N. McHose

1. 'Mid the lightning's lu - rid flash, And the thunder's startling crash, There are voi - ces call - ing loud for help -ing hand; Shall we nev - er heed their cry?
2. 'Midst the break-ers near the coast They will sure - ly all be lost, If the sig - nal is not followed for a guide. O my broth -er, lend a hand;
3. Yes, the line that we will use Is the one the Saviour chose, With the scar - let thread so nice - ly in - ter-twined; It is strong and sure, and saves
4. When the storms of life are past, And we're land-ed safe at last, We shall greet each oth - er by the cry-stal sea. There no waves of trou-ble roll;

Shall we let them sink and die? And not e- ven throw a line to them from land?
Try to help them safe to land; Throw a line that reaches to the oth - er side.
Souls that struggle 'midst the waves; Throw it out to all the per-ish-ing you find.
There is joy in ev- 'ry soul, Saved by Je - sus' blood to all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS

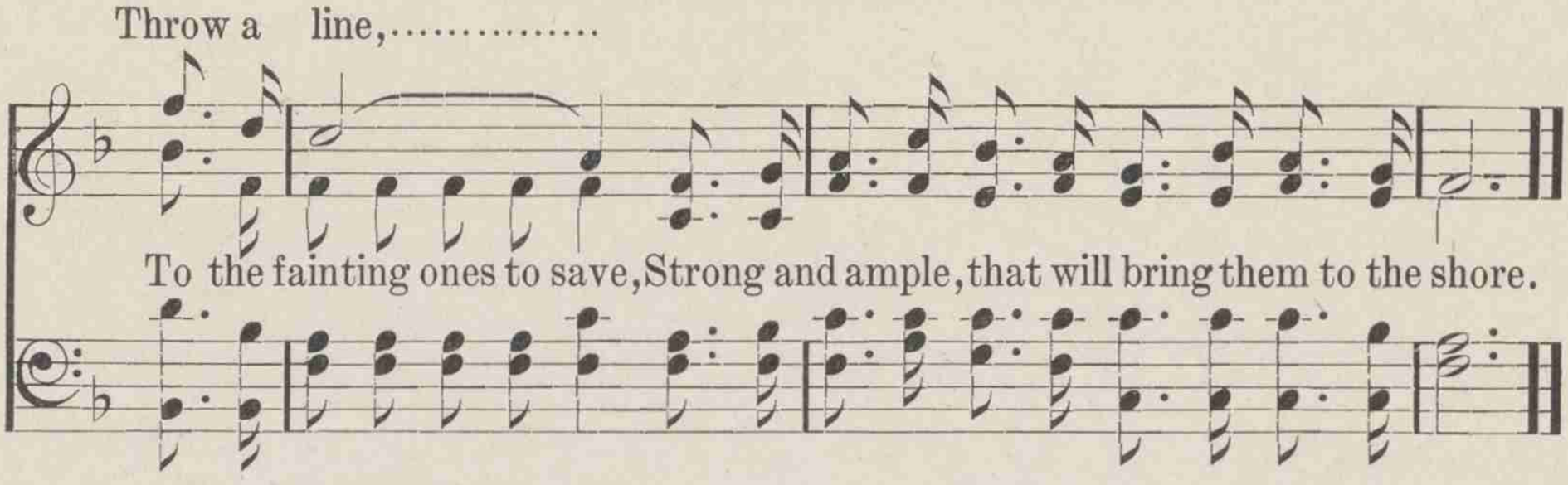
Throw a line,..... Throw a line,.....

Throw a line, sal-vation's line, Throw the crimson sav- ing line; Help the perishing to shore, While the breakers loudly roar; Throw it out beyond the wave,

Throw a line,.....

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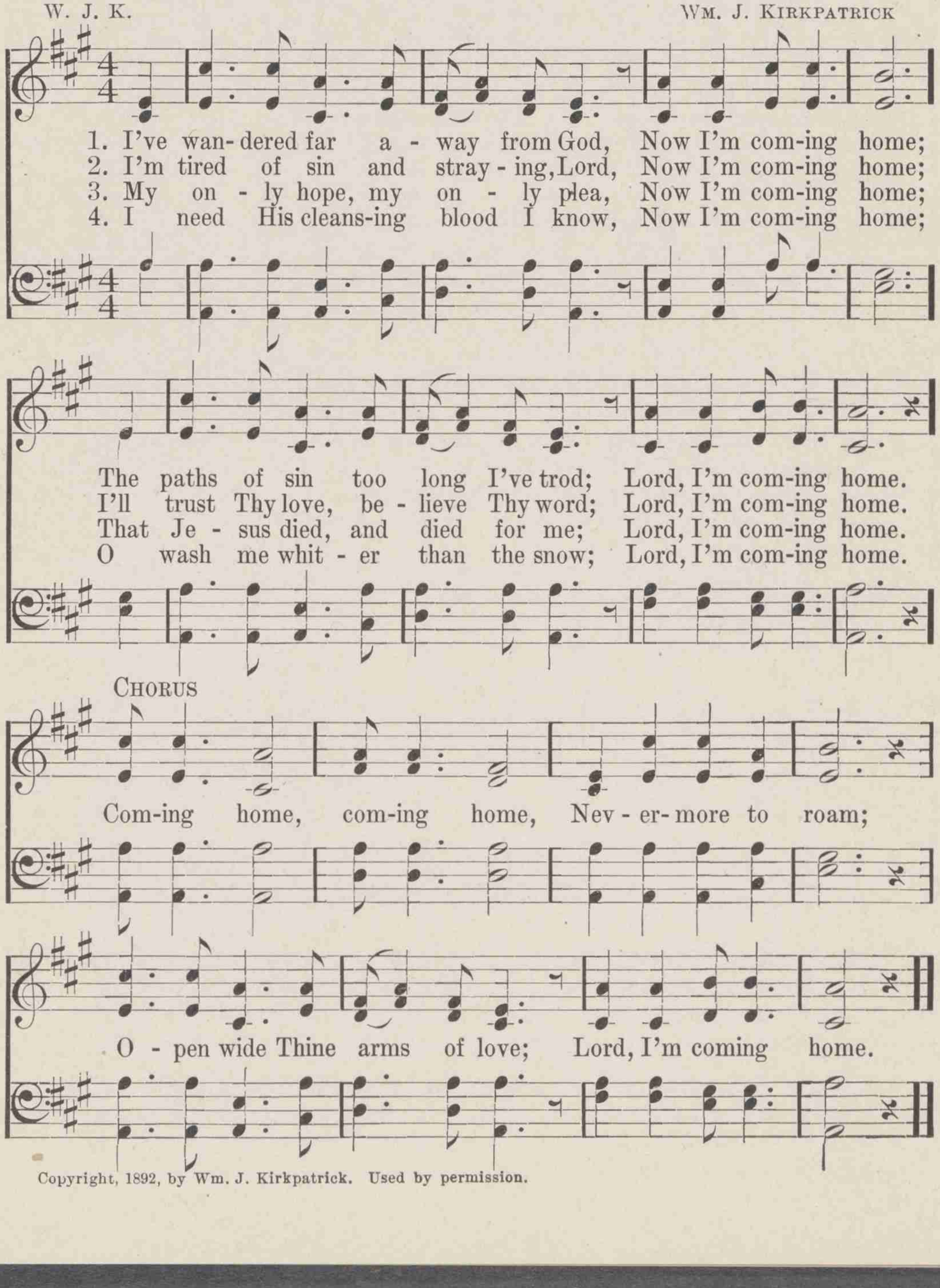
Throw a Line—Concluded



No. 25 Lord, I'm Coming Home

"But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."—Luke 15: 20

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick



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No. 26 The Crowning Day

EL. NATHAN JAMES MCGRANAHAN

1. Our Lord is now re - ject - ed, And by the world disowned, By the
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they The
3. Our pain shall then be o - ver, We'll sin and sigh no more, Be -
4. Let all that look for, has - ten The coming joy - ful day, By

man - y still neg-lect - ed, And by the *few* enthroned, But soon He'll come in
saints shall shine in glo - ry As Christ shall them array, The beauty of the
hind us all of sor-row, And naught but joy be -fore, A joy in our Re-
ear - nest con - se - cra - tion, To walk the narrow way; By gath'ring in the

glo - ry, The hour is draw - ing nigh, For the crowning day is
Sav - iour Shall daz - zle ev - 'ry eye, In the crowning day that's
deem - er, As we to Him are nigh, In the crowning day that's
lost ones, For whom our Lord did die, For the crowning day that's

CHORUS

com-ing by and by. Oh, the crowning day is coming, Is

com-ing by and by, When our Lord shall come in "pow - er" And

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The Crowning Day — Concluded

"glo - ry" from on high. Oh, the glo - rious sight will glad - den Each

waiting, watchful eye, In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

No. 27 Have Thine Own Way, Lord

A. A. P. GEO. C. STEBBINS

Slowly

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wounded and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my

Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mold me and make me
try me, Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
wea - ry Help me, I pray! Pow - er—all pow - er—
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it

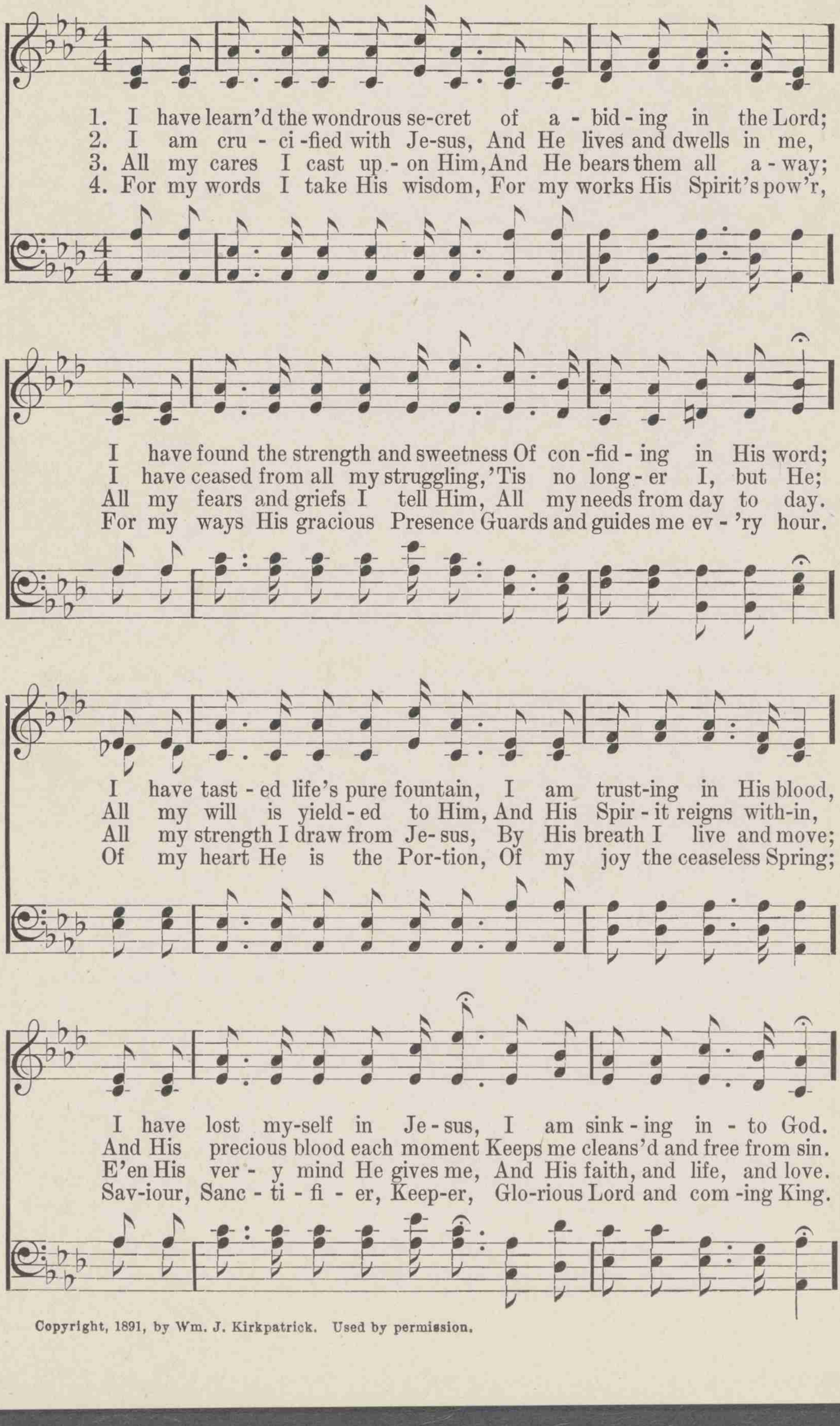
Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing Yield-ed and still.
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Humbly I bow.
Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav-iour di - vine!
Till all shall see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv- ing in me!

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No. 28 Abiding and Confiding

"Abide in Me, and I in you."—John 15 : 4

REV. A. B. SIMPSON REV. L. L. PICKETT



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Abiding and Confiding — Concluded

CHORUS

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

fid - - ing in His word, And I'm
fid - ing in His word, And con - fid - ing in His word, And I'm

hid - - ing, safely hid - ing, In the bosom of His love.
hid-ing, safely hid-ing, I am hiding, safe-ly hiding,

No. 29 The Last Hour

CLARA THWAITES (GERMANY. L. M.) BEETHOVEN

1. The sun-set burns a - cross the sky; Up-on the air its warn - ing cry
2. The work that centuries might have done Must crowd the hour of set - ting sun;
3. The fields are white to harvest. Weep, O tar-dy work- ers, as ye reap,
4. We hear His foot-steps on the way! O, work, while it is called to-day,

The cur - few tolls, from tower to tower. O children, 'tis the last, last hour!
And through all lands the sav-ing Name Ye must, in fer-vent haste, proclaim.
For wast-ed hours that might have won Rich harvests ere the set of sun.
Constrained by love, en- dued with power, O chil-dren, in this last, last hour!

No. 30 We Have an Anchor

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

PRISCILLA J. OWENS W. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storm of life, When the clouds un -
2. If 'tis safe - ly moor'd, 'twill the storm with- stand, For 'tis well se -
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of Fear, When the break-ers
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters

fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift and the ca - bles strain,
cured by the Saviour's hand ; And the ca - bles, pass'd from His heart to thine,
tell that the reef is near, Tho' the tem-pest rave and the wild winds blow,
cold chill our lat - est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,

REFRAIN

Will your an - chor drift, or firm re- main?
Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di-vine.
Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.

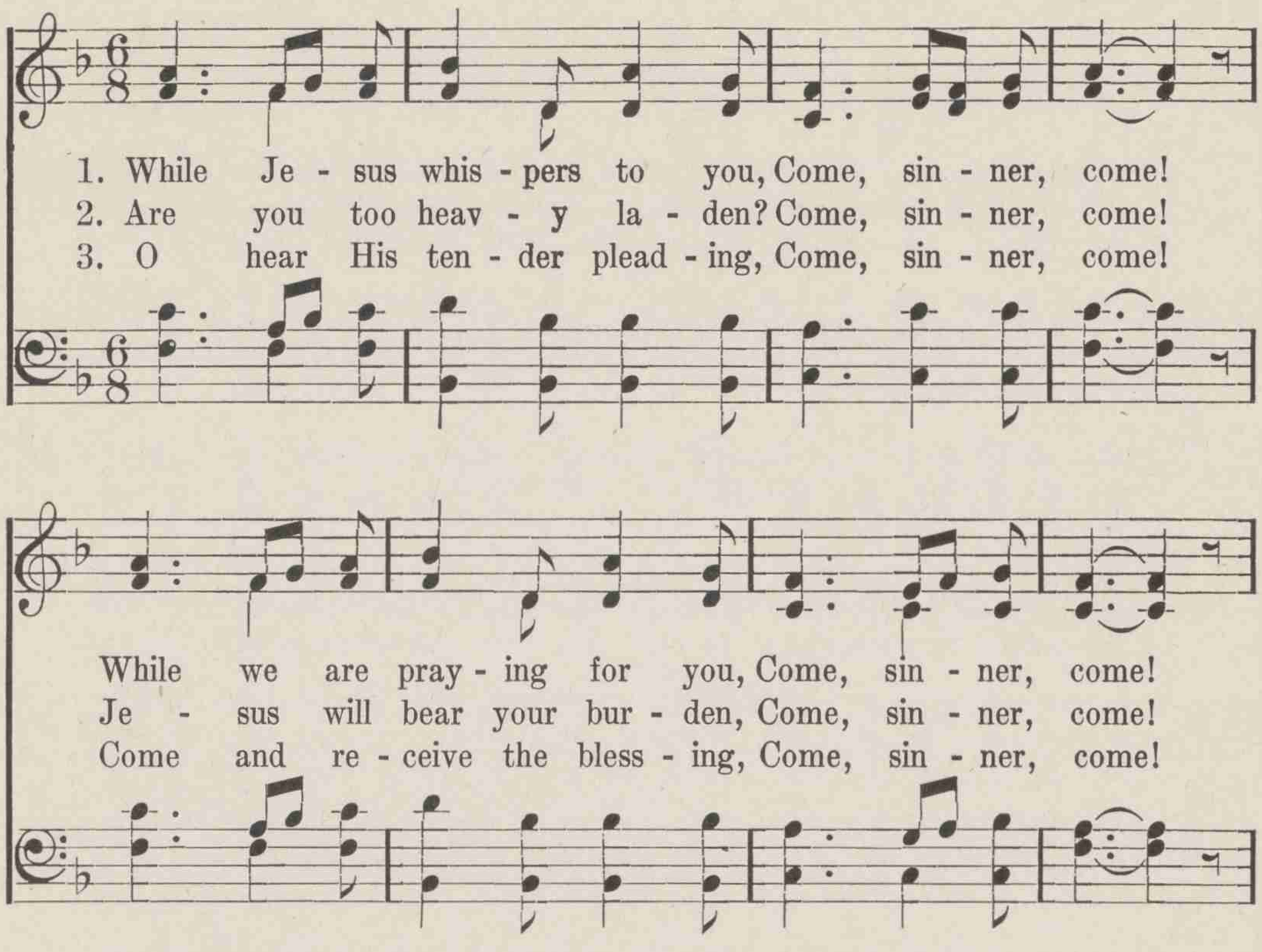
} We have an an-chor that keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the bil- lows roll; Fastened to the Rock which can- not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav- iour's love.

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No. 31 While Jesus Whispers

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden,
and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11 : 28

WILL. E. WITTER H. R. PALMER



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No. 32 Whiter Than Snow

(BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN)

E. R. LATTA "For sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. 13 : 1 H. S. PERKINS

Moderato.

1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;
3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Often has my heart gone a - stray:

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God; On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me, Wa - ter cannot wash them a - way.

Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to the Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;
Je - sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Leaning on Thy promise I go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di - vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS

Whit - - - - er than the snow,.....
Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow,

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Whiter Than Snow—Concluded

Whit - - er than the snow,..... Wash me in the
Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow,

rit.

blood of the Lamb,..... And I shall be whit-er than snow.
of the Lamb, than snow.

No. 33 Pass Me Not

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum-ble cry,
2. Let me at the throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust- ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me;

:S: FINE

While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace!
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee! Whom in heav'n but Thee?

D.S.—While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

CHORUS *D.S.*

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry;

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No. 34 A Shelter in the Time of Storm

"God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94 : 22. "Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy."—Ps. 61 : 3

J. V. C., chorus added — F. E. BELDEN

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de-fense by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
3. The rag-ing floods may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;

Se-cure what-ev-er may be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
We find in God a safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help-er, ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

CHORUS

Might-y Rock..... ..... in a wea-ry land, Cool-ing
Might-y Rock

Shade..... on the burn-ing sand, Faith-ful Guide..... for the
Cool-ing Shade — Faith-ful Guide

pil-grim band,— A shel-ter in the time of storm.

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No. 35 The Comforter Has Come

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever."—John 14 : 16

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. O spread the ti-dings round, Wher-ev - er man is found, Wher- ev - er
2. The long, long night is past, The morn-ing breaks at last; And hush'd the
3. Be- hold the King of kings, With heal - ing in His wings, To ev - 'ry
4. O bound-less Love di - vine! How shall this tongue of mine To wond'ring

hu- man hearts And hu- man woes a- bound; Let ev -'ry Christian tongue Pro-
dreadful wail And fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en hills The
cap-tive soul A full de-liv-'rance brings; And thro' the va- cant cells The
mor-tals tell The matchless grace divine,— That I, a child of sin, Should

CHORUS

claim the joy - ful sound: The Com-fort - er has come!
day ad-van- ces fast: The Com-fort - er has come!
song of triumph rings: The Com-fort - er has come!
in His im- age shine! The Com-fort - er has come!
} The Com-fort-er has

come, The Comforter has come! The Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n;

O spread the tidings round, Wherever man is found: The Com-fort-er has come!

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No. 36 Down Life's Valley With Jesus

C. G. MAYNARD

JAMES M. BLACK

1. Does your pathway al-ways lead Down life's valley with Je - sus? He'll sup-
2. Ev - 'ry cloud shall dis-ap-pear, Down life's valley with Je - sus; And the
3. Are you trust-ing as you go Down life's valley with Je - sus? O - ver-
4. Do not fear when sorrows come, Down life's valley with Je - sus, Brave-ly

CHORUS

ply your ev - 'ry need, Down life's valley with Him.
sky grow bright and clear, Down life's valley with Him.
com - ing ev - 'ry foe, Down life's valley with Him?
say, "Thy will be done," Down life's valley with Him.

} Down life's valley with

Je - sus, Walk-ing by your side, Down life's val -ley with Je - sus,
by your side,

As your on - ly Guide, Down life's val-ley with Je - sus, When the
on-ly Guide,

jour-ney's o'er, You shall wear a crown of life for- ev - er - more.
for- ev-er, for-ev- er- more.

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No. 37 The Name of Jesus

"Above . . . every name that is named."—Eph. 1 : 21

W. C. MARTIN E. S. LORENZ

1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re-peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev- er fails my heart to cheer,
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;

It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
Who bids all anx - ious fears depart— I love the name of Je - sus.
Its mu- sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex-alt the name of Je - sus.
Oh, let its prais - es ev- er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.

1. The precious name

CHORUS

"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;

"Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its worth- y praise for - ev - er.

Its worthy praise

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No. 38 The Earth Redeemed

H. DEF. HENRY DEFLUITER

1. A Rul - er comes whose right it is To hold e - ter - nal sway,
2. The long dark night of sin is o'er, The war - fare and the strife;
3. They en - ter ev - 'ry Sab - bath day, His courts with grateful praise,

The king-doms of the earth as chaff Be - fore Him flee a - way.
The King in love and grace be - stows On all e - ter - nal life.
To Him through all e - ter - ni - ty Their songs of vic - t'ry raise.

CHORUS

From north to south His children meet To lay their homage at His feet.

All heaven and earth be - fore Him fall, And crown Him Lord of all.

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No. 39 We're Marching to Zion

ISAAC WATTS — ROBERT LOWRY

Spirited

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

1. thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're marching on to Zi - on,
marching up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful ci - ty of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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No. 40 Nearer the Cross

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6 : 14

FANNY J. CROSBY Mrs. J. F. KNAPP

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com- ing near- er; Near-er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am com- ing near- er; Feasting my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope aspires I am com- ing near- er; Deep- er the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near - er; Near- er the cross where
soul on man- na sweet, I am com-ing near - er; Strong- er in faith, more
love my soul de- sires, I am com-ing near - er; Near- er the end of

Je - sus died, Near- er the fountain's crim- son tide, Near- er my Saviour's
clear I see Je - sus who gave Him-self for me; Near- er to Him I
toil and care, Near- er the joy I long to share, Near- er the crown I

wound-ed side, I am com- ing near - er, I am com- ing near - er.
still would be: Still I'm com- ing near - er, Still I'm com- ing near - er.
soon shall wear: I am com- ing near - er, I am com- ing near - er.

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No. 41 Praise Him! Praise Him!

"I will sing praises unto my God."—Ps. 146: 2

FANNY J. CROSBY CHESTER G. ALLEN

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeem- er! Sing, O earth—His won-der-ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-angel in
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeem- er! For our sins He suffered, and bled and died; He—our Rock, our hope of e- ter- nal sal-
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeem- er! Heav'nly por - tals, loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav- iour, reigneth for- ev- er and

D. S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex- cel-lent glo- ry; Strength and honor give to His ho- ly name! Like a shepherd,
va-tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the cru-ci - fied. Sound His prais-es!—
ever: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is coming
greatness; Praise Him! praise Him ever in joyful song!

FINE

Je-sus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
Je-sus who bore our sorrows, Love un-bound-ed, wonderful, deep, and strong;
o- ver the world vic- torious, Pow'r and glo - ry un-to the Lord be- long;

D.S.

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No. 42 Coming to the Cross

REV. WM. MCDONALD — WM. G. FISCHER

1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;
3. In Thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
4. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul; Per - fect - ed in Him I am;

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Soul and bod - y Thine to be Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

REFRAIN

I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry!
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.
(*Last*) Je - sus saves me, saves me now.

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No. 43 Moment by Moment

"He that keepeth thee will not slumber."—Ps. 121 : 3

D. W. WHITTLE — MARY WHITTLE

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

CHORUS

Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
Moment by moment I'm un - der His care.
Moment by moment He thinks of His own.
Je - sus, my Sav-iour, a - bides with me still.
} Moment by moment I'm kept in His love; Moment by moment I've life from a - bove; Looking to Je-sus till glo-ry doth shine; Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

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No. 44 Lead Me, Saviour

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

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS

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 storm-y bil - lows roll; I am safe when Thou art
3. Sav - iour, lead me till at last, When the storm of life is past, I shall reach the land of
1. Sav - - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way; I am

safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a - bide (love a - bide).
nigh, All my hopes on Thee re - ly (I re - ly).
day, When all tears are wiped a - way (wiped a - way).
safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a - bide.

CHORUS

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

Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
changing stream of time, all the way.

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No. 45 Shall I Let Him In?

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

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER

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

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

Cold and proud is my heart with sin, Dark and cheerless is all with- in;
He can in - fi - nite love im- part, He can par- don this reb - el heart;
Bless - ed Sav-iour, a - bide with me, Cares and tri - als will light - er be;
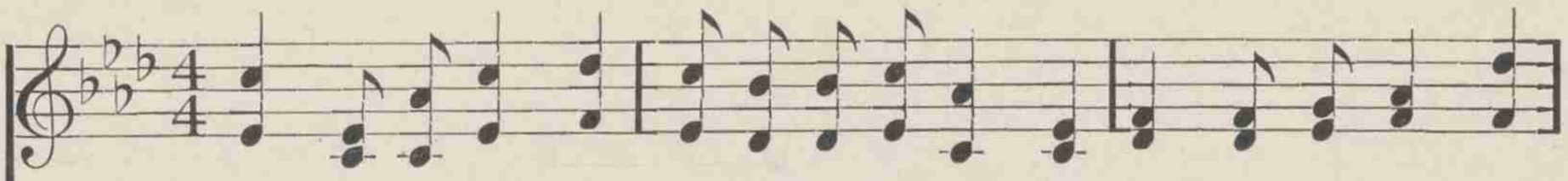
Christ is bid-ding me turn un - to Him; O shall I let Him in?
Shall I bid Him for - ev - er de- part Or shall I let Him in?
I am safe if I'm on - ly with Thee, O, bless - ed Lord, come in!

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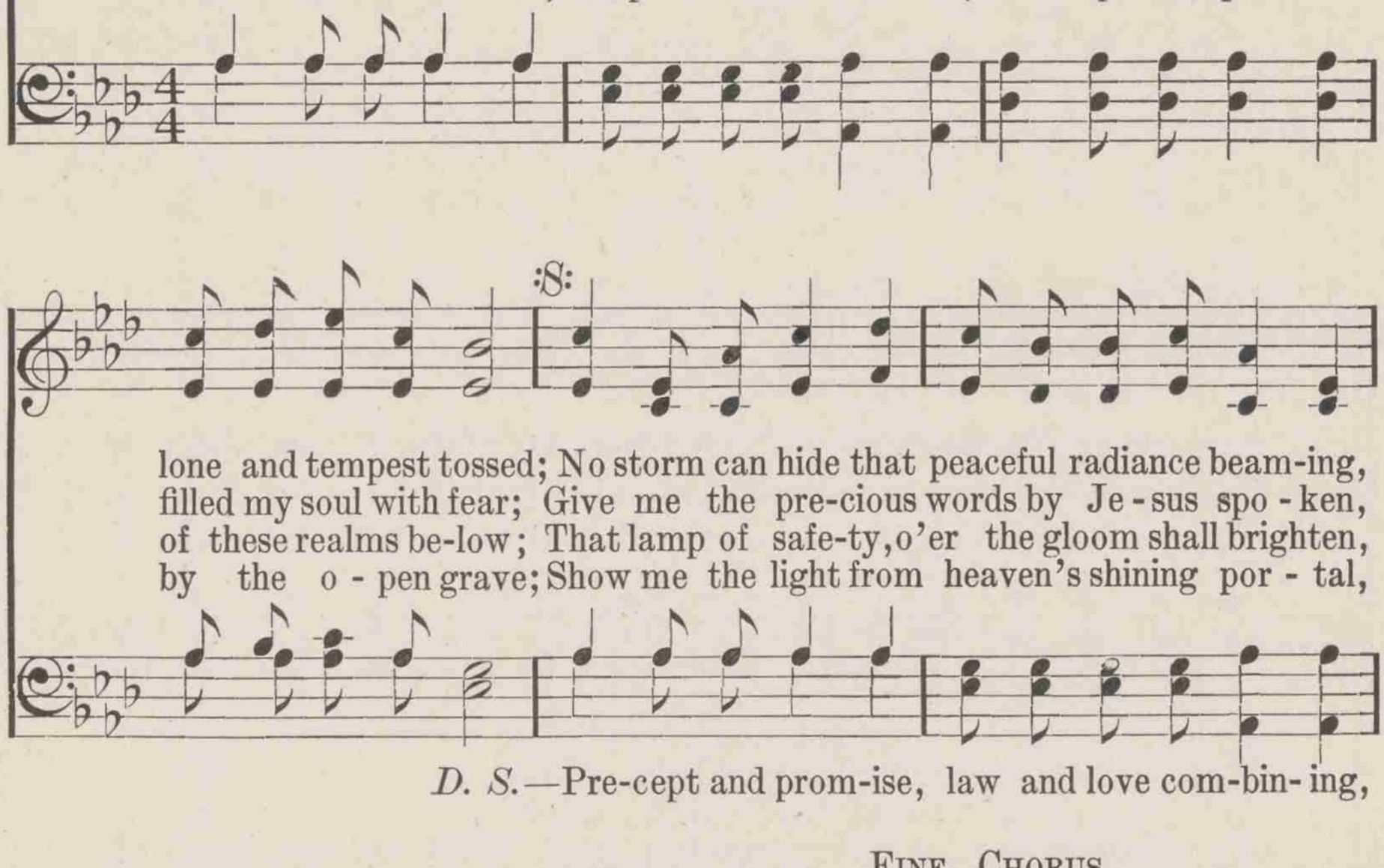
No. 46 Give Me the Bible

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." — Ps. 119 : 105

PRISCILLA J. OWENS E. S. LORENZ
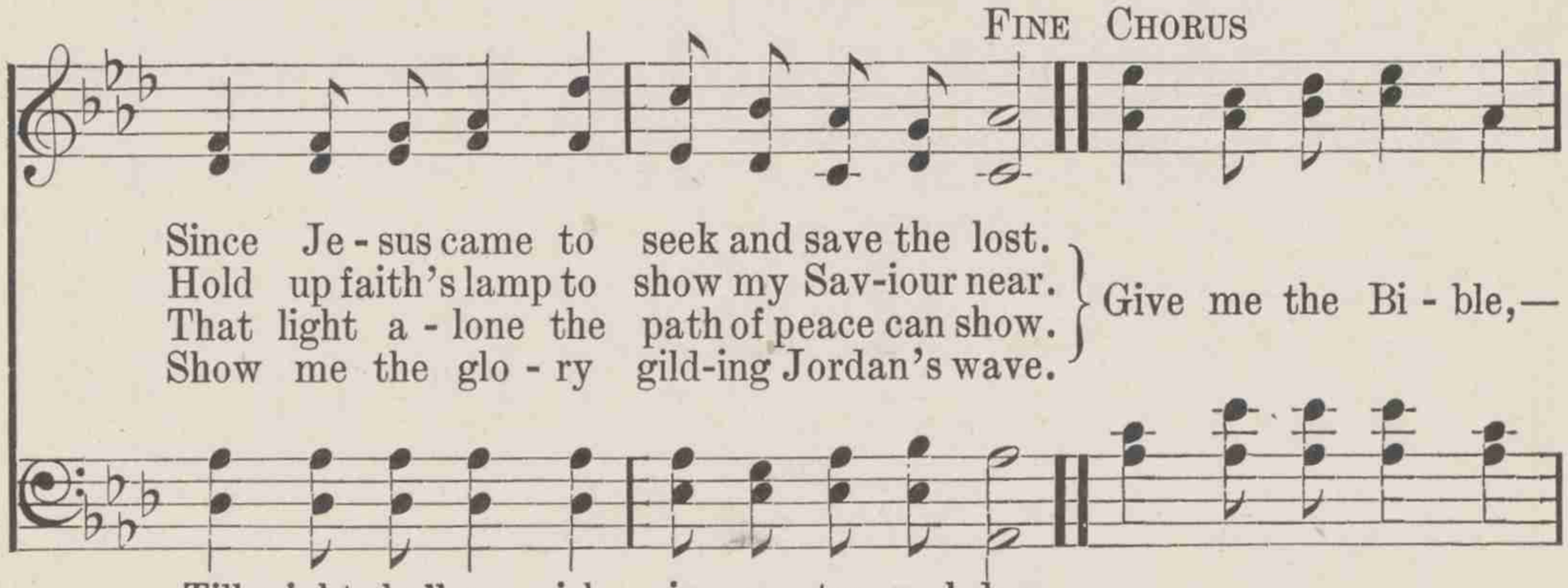


1. Give me the Bi - ble, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wand'rer lone and tempest tossed; No storm can hide that peaceful radiance beam-ing,
2. Give me the Bi - ble when my heart is bro- ken, When sin and grief have filled my soul with fear; Give me the pre-cious words by Je - sus spo - ken,
3. Give me the Bi - ble, all my steps en-light- en, Teach me the dan - ger of these realms be-low; That lamp of safe-ty, o'er the gloom shall brighten,
4. Give me the Bi - ble, lamp of life im-mor - tal, Hold up that splen -dor by the o - pen grave; Show me the light from heaven's shining por - tal,



D. S.—Pre-cept and prom-ise, law and love com-bin- ing,

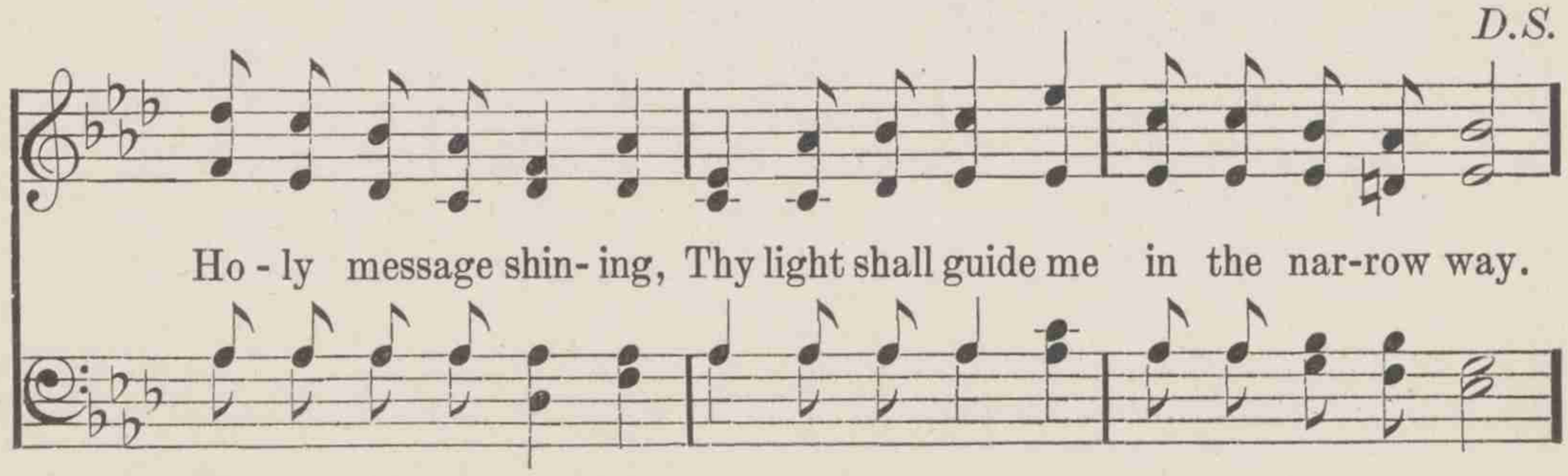
FINE CHORUS



Since Je - sus came to seek and save the lost.
Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav-iour near.
That light a - lone the path of peace can show.
Show me the glo - ry gild-ing Jordan's wave.
} Give me the Bi - ble,—

Till night shall van - ish in e - ter - nal day.

D.S.



Ho - ly message shin- ing, Thy light shall guide me in the nar-row way.

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No. 47 Blessed Hour of Prayer

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE

1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend,
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - iour draws near,
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt - ed and tried
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust - ing Him we be - lieve

And we gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - iour and Friend;
With a ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear;
To the Sav - iour who loves them their sor - rows con - fide;
That the bless - ings we're need - ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive,

If we come to Him in faith, His pro - tec - tion to share,
When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev - 'ry care,
With a sym - pa-thiz - ing heart He re-moves ev - 'ry care;
In the full - ness of this trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care;

:S: What a balm for the wea - ry! O how sweet to be there!

D.S.—What a balm for the wea - ry! O how sweet to be there!

CHORUS
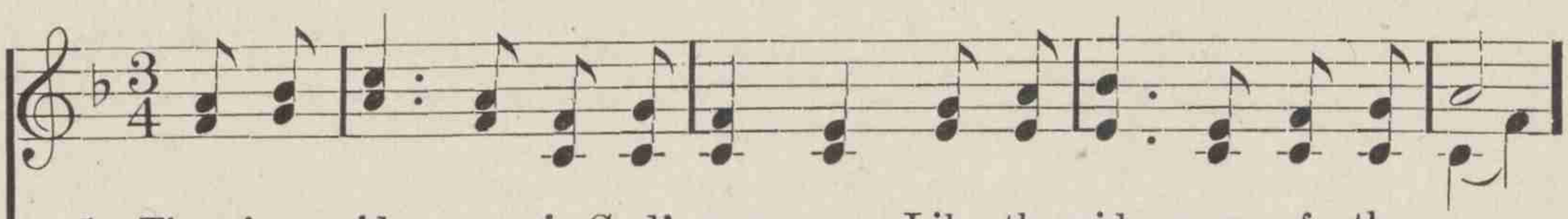
Bless - ed hour of prayer, Bless - ed hour of prayer,

FINE D.S.
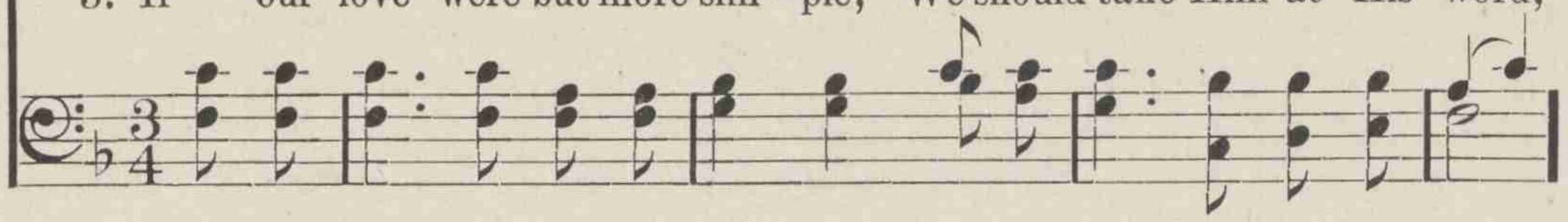
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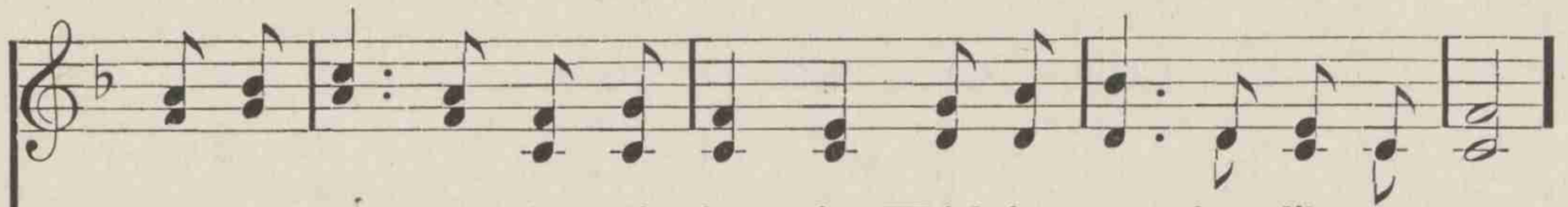
No. 48 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

F. W. FABER GEO. C. STEBBINS

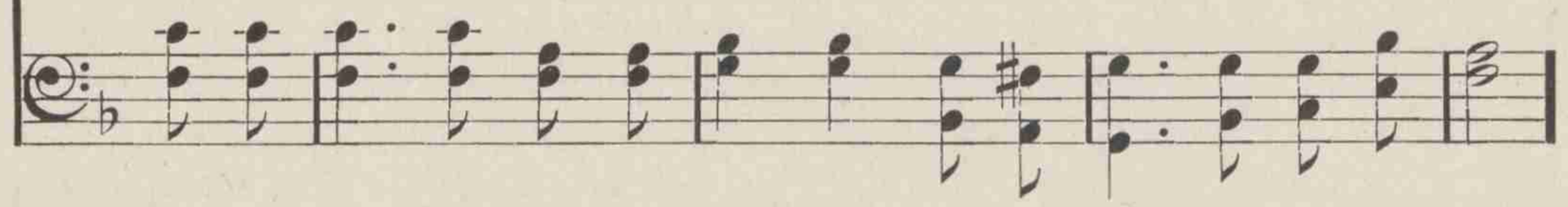


1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide- ness of the sea;
2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
3. There is plen - ti - ful Re-demp- tion In the blood that has been shed;
4. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas- ure of man's mind;
5. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;
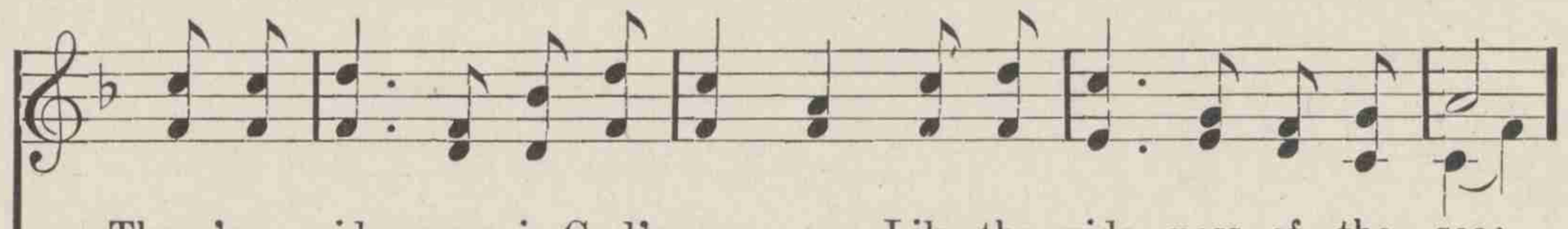




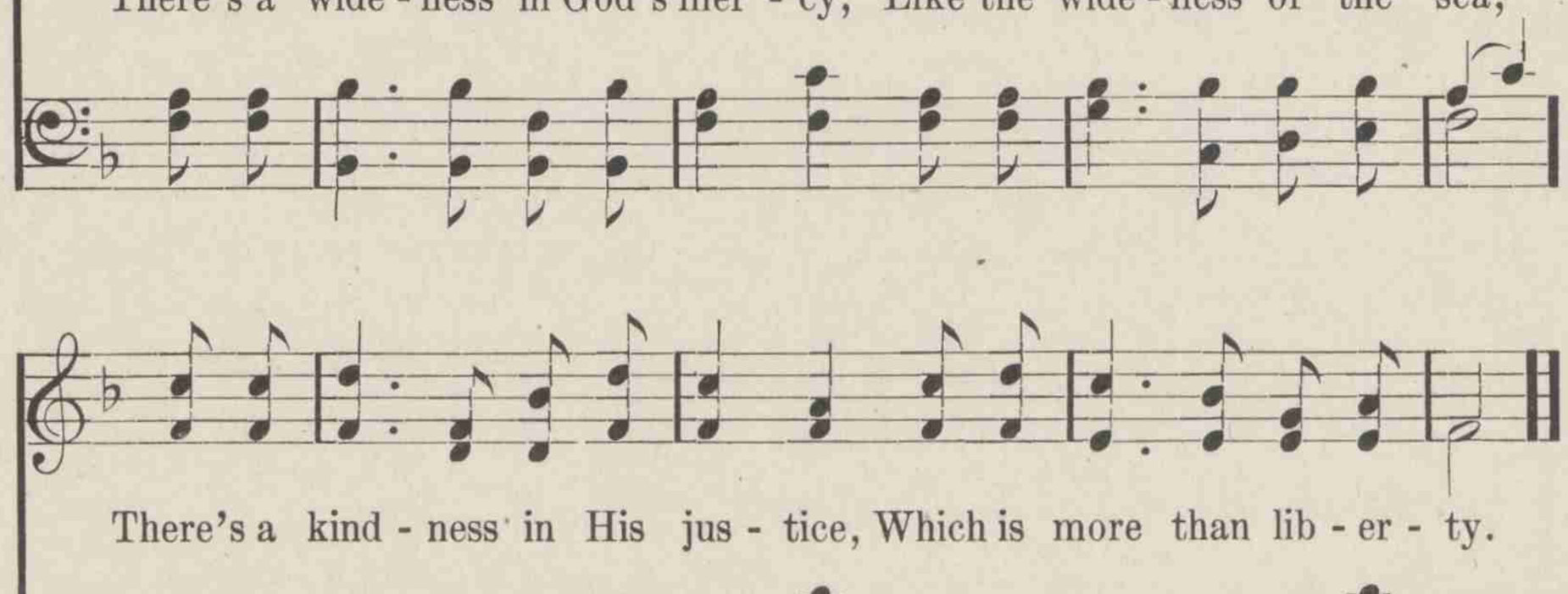
There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
There is joy for all the mem - bers In the sor - rows of the Head.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der- ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.
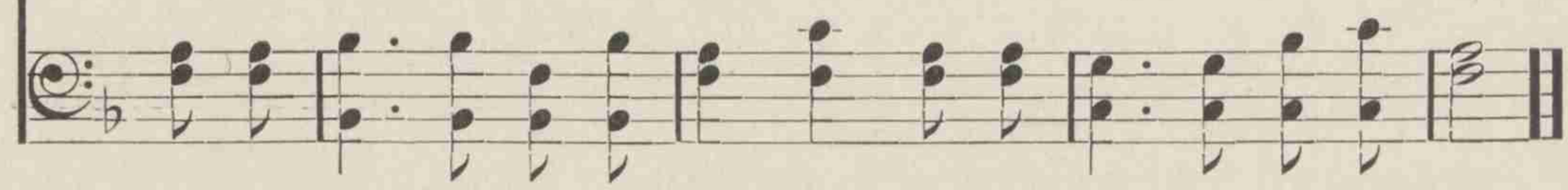


REFRAIN



There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;



There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.



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No. 49 Leave Me Not, O Gentle Saviour

LIZZIE ASHBAUGH HARRY J. KURZENKNABE

1. Leave me not, for I am lone - ly, And the way I can-not see;
2. Leave me not, for dark- ness gath- ers Round a - bout the path I tread;
3. Leave me not, for sin is near me; With temp-ta - tion life is fraught;

Lest I wan - der in - to dan - ger, Keep me, Sav-iour, near to Thee.
Leave me not, but let my footsteps Ev - er by Thy hand be led.
Then through all life's toilsome jour - ney, O my Sav-iour, leave me not.

REFRAIN

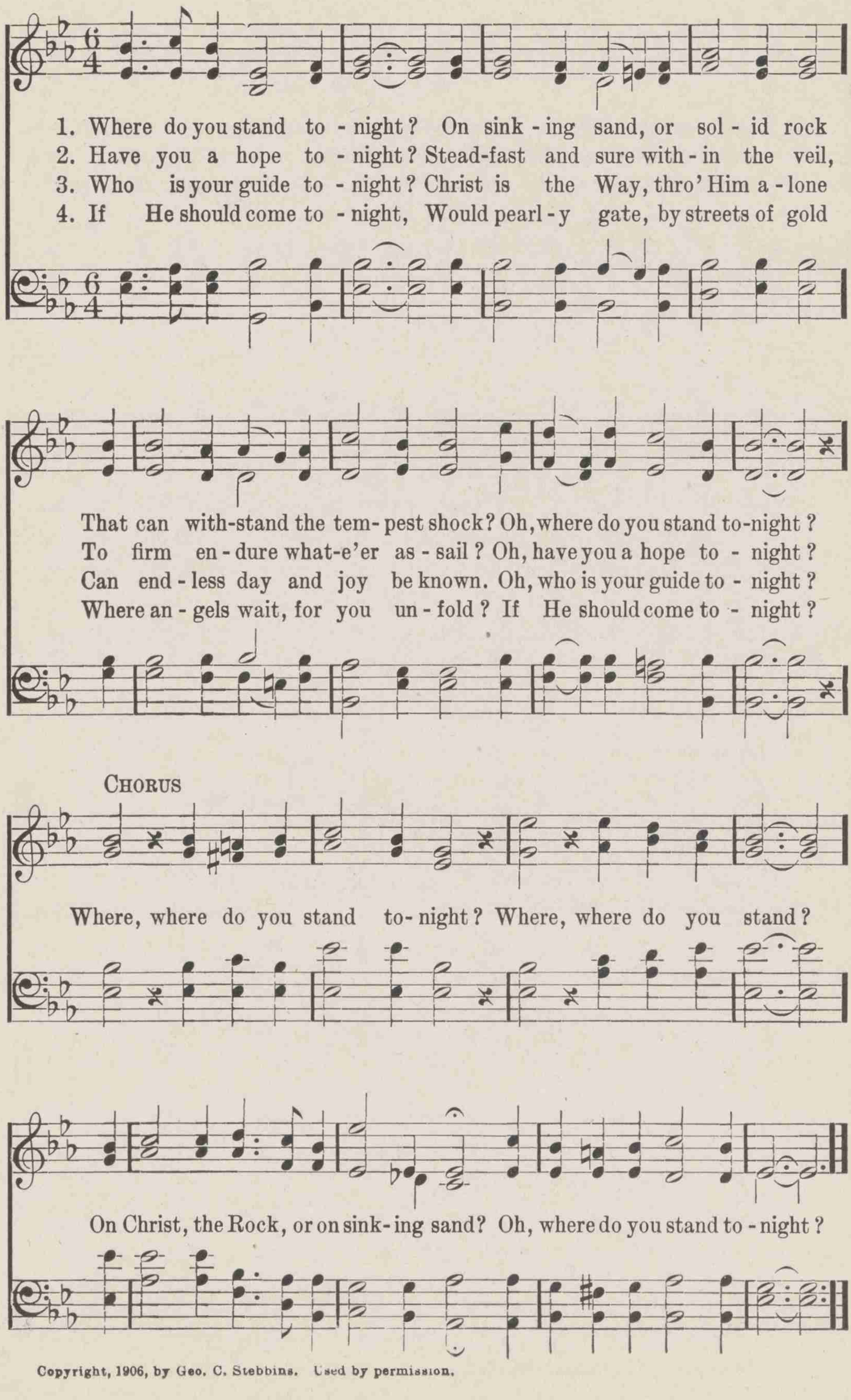
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Keep me near to Thee:
Leave me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour; Keep me near to Thee:

Lest I wan - der in - to dan - ger, Keep me, Sav- iour, near to Thee.

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No. 50 Where Do You Stand To-Night?

JNO. R. CLEMENTS GEO. C. STEBBINS



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No. 51

How Cheering!

ANON. (EXHORTATION. C. M.) S. HIBBARD

1. How cheer - ing is the Chris - tian's hope, While toil - ing here be - low! It
2. It points to us a land of rest, Where saints with Christ will reign, Where
3. A land where sin can nev - er come, Temp - ta - tions ne'er an - noy, Where
4. Fly, lin - g'ring mo - ments, fly, O fly, Dear Sav - iour, quick - ly come! We

1. It buoys us up while buoys us up while pass-ing thro' This wil - der - ness of woe, It
we shall meet the loved of earth, And nev - er part a - gain,— Where
hap - pi- ness will ev - er dwell, And that with-out al - loy, Where
long to see Thee as Thou art, And reach that bliss -ful home, We

1. It buoys us up while pass- ing thro' This wil-derness of pass- ing thro' This wil- der-ness of woe,..... It
buoys us up while pass - ing thro' This wil - der - ness of woe.
we shall meet the loved of earth, And nev - er part a - gain.
hap - pi - ness will ev - er dwell, And that with - out al - loy.
long to see Thee as Thou art, And reach that bliss-ful home.
woe,.....
buoys us up while pass- ing thro'

No. 52 What a Gathering That Will Be!

"Gather My saints together unto Me."—Ps. 50 : 5

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and fi-nal Judgment, when the hidden comes to light; When the
4. When the gold-en harps are sounding, and the an - gel bands proclaim In tri -

greet each oth- er by the crys-tal sea (crystal sea); When the Lord himself from
gath - er, and the saved and ransomed see (gladly see); Then to meet a - gain to-
Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see (we shall see); At the bid- ding of our
umphant strains the glorious ju - bi - lee (ju - bi - lee); Then to meet and join to

heav - en to His glory bids them come, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
geth - er, on the bright celestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
Saviour, "Come, ye blessed, to my right," What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!

CHORUS

What a gath - - 'ring, gath - 'ring, At the
What a gath'ring of the loved ones, when we meet with one an- oth- er,

sounding of the glorious ju - bi - lee! What a gath - 'ring,
jubilee! What a gath'ring, when the friends and all the

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What a Gathering That Will Be—Concluded

gath - 'ring, What a gath-'ring of the faith - ful that will be!
dear ones meet each other;

No. 53 To Do Thy Will

W. H. PIKE — MRS. W. H. PIKE

Duet—Tenor and Soprano

1. O gracious God, on Thee I wait, With Thine own self my be - ing
2. In tri - als oft I find my - self With soul op-press'd and bod - y
3. And when the glimpse of glo - ry comes, That gives my soul a hap - py

fill; As day by day my life I live, To do Thy will, Thy bless-ed will.
ill; There is a place where peace is found, 'Tis in Thy will, Thy ho - ly will.
thrill, My soul shall an- swer with de-light, "I love, dear Lord, to do Thy will."

CHORUS

To do Thy will, yes, that is all; To do Thy will, o - bey Thy

call; To follow, Lord, where Thou dost lead, To do Thy will is all I need.

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No. 54 Wondrous Love

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—John 3 : 16

H. H. W. H. H. WINSLOW

With feeling

1. There is par - don for the wan-d'rer In the depths of sin and shame,
2. Heard I Him at last, and look - ing, Saw the Man acquaint with grief,
3. Ah! the joy of that home com-ing Fad-eth not with flight of time;

Sweet for-give-ness for the sin - ner, At the sound of Je - sus' name.
Lis - tened to His ten - der plead - ing, Found in Him such sweet re - lief,
Days of dark-ness oft re - turn - ing Can - not hide the theme sub - lime,

Far I wandered from the por - tal, Though the door stood o - pen wide,
Wondrous love so free - ly sent me In that summons, "Child, come home,"
Wondrous, lift - ing love e - ter - nal, Sav - ing, keep - ing pow'r di - vine,
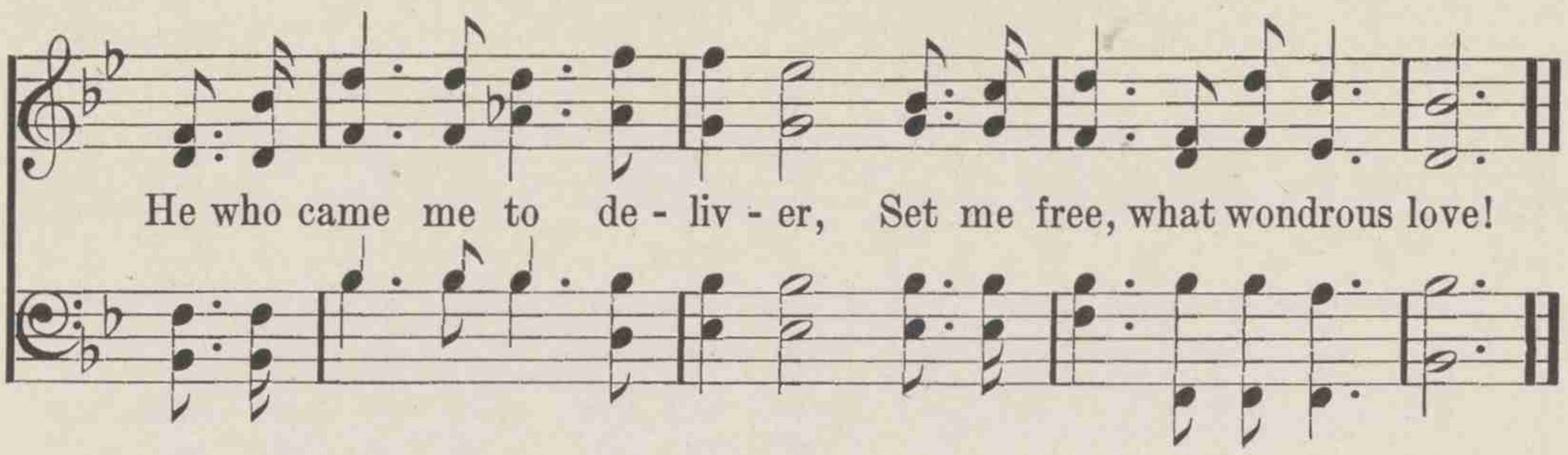
Knew not then that Christ my Sav - iour Bade me en - ter pur - i - fied.
Fal - t'ring steps could not pre-vent me, Trembling lips said, "Lord, I come."
Matchless gift of God to mor - tal—Praise the Lord, His love is mine!

CHORUS

Oh, the love of Christ my Sav - iour, He who left the realms a - bove,

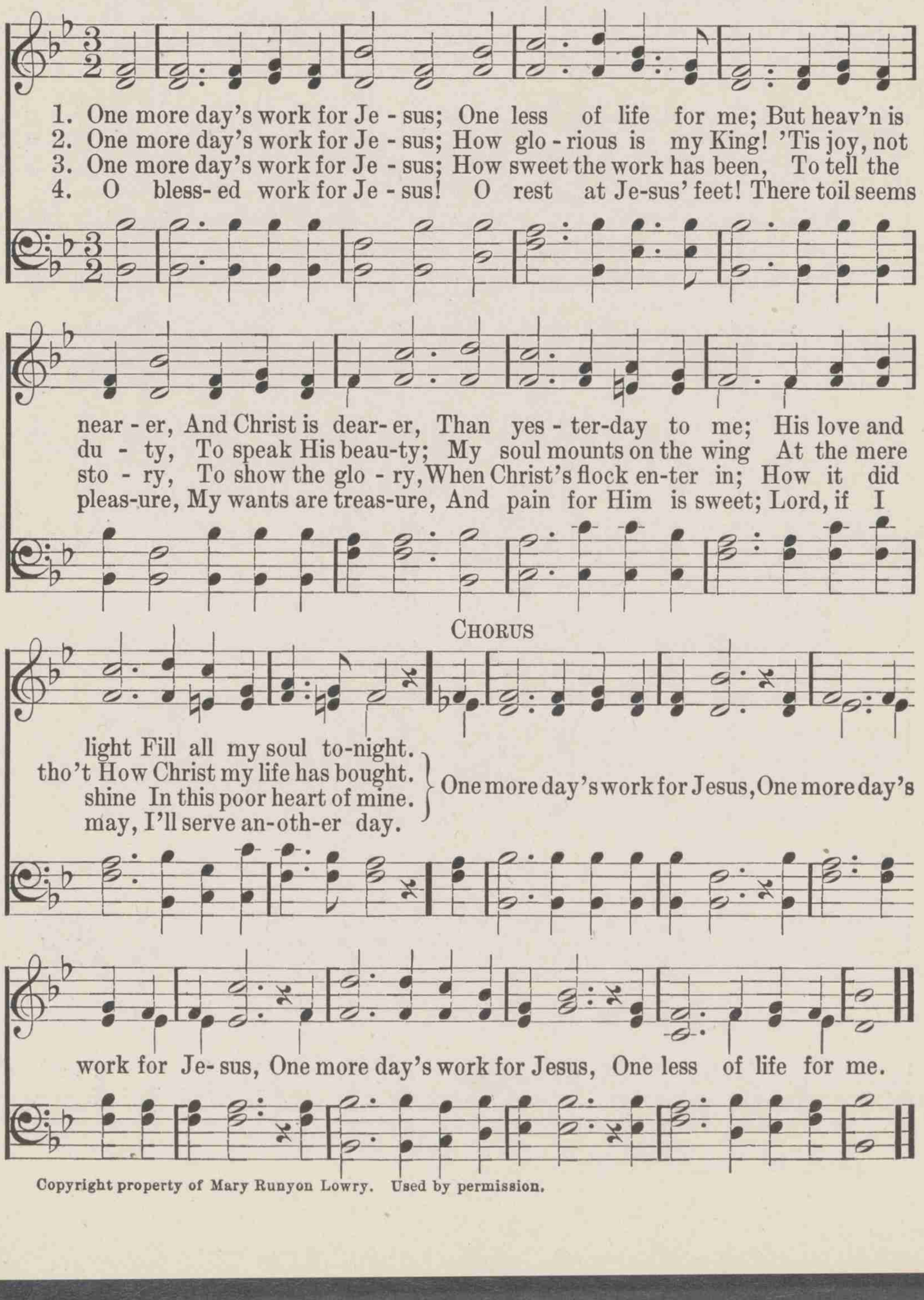
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Wondrous Love—Concluded



No. 55 One More Day's Work for Jesus

ANNA WARNER — ROBERT LOWRY



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No. 56 I Remember Calvary

REV. W. C. MARTIN J. M. BLACK

1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learn'd to trust Him so, And I re-mem-ber 'twas for me, That He was
2. O I de-light in His com-mand, Love to be led by His dear hand, His di-vine will is sweet to me, Hal-lowed by
3. On-ward I go, nor doubt, nor fear, Hap-py with Christ, my Sav-iour near, Trust-ing that I some day shall see Je-sus my

D.S.—For I re-

FINE CHORUS

slain on Cal-va-ry.
blood-stain'd Cal-va-ry.
Friend, of Cal-va-ry.

Je-sus shall lead me night and day, mem-ber Cal-va-ry.

D.S.

Je-sus shall lead me all the way, He is the tru-est Friend to me,

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No. 57 Give Me Jesus

FANNY J. CROSBY JNO. R. SWENEY

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com- fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His cross my trust shall be;

But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Through e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - iour watching o'er me, I can sing, though bil-lows roll.
Then throughout my pil-grim jour- ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, bright-er vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

CHORUS

Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!

Oh, the full - ness of re- demp-tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!

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No. 58 Seeking for Me

"I will both search My sheep, and seek them out."—Eze. 34 : 11

A. N. E. E. HASTY

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, to Beth - le-hem came, Born in a man- ger to sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful–blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me!
2. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free; Oh, it was wonderful–how could it be? Dying for me, for me!
3. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a - far from the fold, Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me!
4. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, shall come from on high—Sweet is the prom- ise as weary years fly; Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me!

REFRAIN

For me!..... For me!.....

Seek-ing for me! Seek-ing for me! Seek- ing for me! Seek-ing for me!
Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me!
Call - ing for me! Call-ing for me! Call - ing for me! Call- ing for me!
Com- ing for me! Com-ing for me! Com- ing for me! Com-ing for me!

Oh, it was won- der-ful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me!
Oh, it was won- der-ful—how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me!
Gen- tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call- ing for me, for me!
Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me!

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No. 59 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33 : 27

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

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -

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

REFRAIN

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

lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
lean-ing on Je - sus,

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

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No. 60 Jesus, I Come

"Deliver me, O my God."—Ps 71 : 4

W. T. SLEEPER GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Out of my bondage, sor-row and night, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail- ure and loss, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
3. Out of un- rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;

In - to Thy freedom, gladness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the glorious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to Thy bless- ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sickness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love, Out of despair in-to raptures a- bove,
Out of the depths of ru - in un-told, In - to the peace of Thy shel-ter-ing fold,

Out of my sin and in - to Thyself, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis- tress to ju -bi-lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Ev - er Thy glo -rious face to be- hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

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No. 61 Crown Him

"Thou hast crowned Him with glory and honor."—Ps. 8 : 5

REV. THOS. KELLY — Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious, See the "Man of sorrows" now,
2. Crown the Sav- iour! An -gels crown Him, Rich the tro-phies Je - sus brings,
3. Sin - ners in de - ri-sion crown'd Him, Mock-ing thus the Saviour's claim,
4. Hark! the bursts of ac - cla- ma-tion! Hark! these loud triumphant chords,

From the fight re - turn vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.
In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heav - en rings.
Saints and an - gels crowd a-round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name.
Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion, Oh, what joy the sight af- fords.

REFRAIN

Crown Him! crown Him, angels crown Him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

Crown Him! crown Him, an-gels crown Him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

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No. 62 I Am Coming, Lord

L. H. REV. L. HARTSOUGH

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee; For cleans-ing
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per- fect faith and love, To per - fect
4. All hail, a - ton - ing blood! All hail, re-deem-ing grace! All hail! the

in Thy precious blood, That flow'd on Cal- va- ry.
vile-ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot- less all, and pure.
hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.
gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness.

CHORUS.

I am com-ing, Lord!
Coming now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Calvary.

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No. 63 Near the Cross

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain Free to all, a
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer-cy found me; There the bright and
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me; Help me walk from

CHORUS.

heal - ing stream, Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
Morn-ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.

In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glo- ry ev - er; Till my raptur'd soul shall find Rest beyond the river.

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No. 64 Wondrous Love

Mrs. M. Stockton — Wm. G. Fischer

1. God loved the world of sin-ners lost And ru-ined by the fall; Sal-va-tion full, at high-est cost, He of-fers free to all.
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris-en Son of God; Redemption by His death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood.
3. Love brings the glorious fullness in, And to His saints makes known The blessed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.
4. Be - liev-ing souls, re - joic-ing go; There shall to you be giv'n A glorious foretaste here be-low, Of end-less life in heav'n.

Chorus

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me; It bro't my Saviour from a-bove, To die on Cal- va - ry.

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No. 65 Jesus Saves

Priscilla J. Owens — W. J. Kirkpatrick

1. We have heard a joyful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Spread the gladness all a- round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves; Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Tell to sin-ners far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye ocean caves; Earth shall keep her ju-bi - lee, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
3. Sing above the battle's strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; By His death and endless life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer-cy craves, Sing in triumph o'er the tomb, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
4. Give the winds a mighty voice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Let the na-tions now re- joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High- est hills and deepest caves; This our song of vic- to - ry, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.

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No. 66 I Love to Tell the Story

CATHARINE HANKEY — WILLIAM G. FISCHER

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true, It sat - is-fies my long-ing As noth-ing else can do.
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams; I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me, And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto-ry That I have loved so long.

CHORUS

I love to tell the sto-ry; 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

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No. 67 God Will Take Care of You

C. D. MARTIN — W. S. MARTIN

1. Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you; Beneath His wings of
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your
3. All you may need He will provide, God will take care of you; Nothing you ask will
4. No matter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, weary one, up -

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God Will Take Care of You—Concluded

CHORUS

love a-bide, God will take care of you.
path as-sail, God will take care of you.
be de-nied, God will take care of you.
on His breast, God will take care of you.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev'ry day,

O'er all the way, He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
take care of you.

No. 68 Draw Me Closer to Thee

"And I will cause him to draw near, and he shall approach unto Me."—Jer. 30: 21

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN J. H. TENNEY

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

Clos - er with-in Thine arms en - fold me, I seek a rest - ing place.
Fain would I feel Thine arms a - round me, And count my wand'rings o'er.
Quick- en, refine, and wash, and cleanse me, Till I am pure and free.

CHORUS

Clos - - er with the cords of love, Draw me to Thyself above;
Clos-er, clos-er with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to Thyself a - bove;

Clos - - er draw me To Thy-self a-bove.
Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to Thyself above, Draw me to Thy-self a - bove.

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No. 69 Glory to His Name

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN — REV. J. H. STOCKTON

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-bides with-in,
3. O precious Fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en-tered in,
4. Come to this Fountain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet,

CHORUS

There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.
There at the cross where He took me in, Glory to His name.
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean, Glory to His name.
Plunge in to-day and be made complete, Glory to His name.
} Glory to His name,

Glory to His name. There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.

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No. 70 Close to Thee

F. J. CROSBY — S. J. VAIL

1. Thou my ev - er-last-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me, All a-long my
2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be; Gladly will I
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shadows, Bear me o'er life's fit-ful sea: Then the gate of

REFRAIN

pilgrim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to
toil and suf-fer, on - ly let me walk with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to
life e- ter-nal, May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to

Thee, close to Thee; All a-long my pilgrim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
Thee, close to Thee; Gladly will I toil and suf-fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Thee, close to Thee; Then the gate of life e - ter-nal, May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

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No. 71 Jesus Is Coming Again

JESSIE E. STROUT — GEO. E. LEE

1. Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
2. Ech - o it, hill-tops, proclaim it, ye plains; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
3. Heavings of earth, tell the vast, wond'ring throng Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
4. Na - tions are an-gry,—by this we do know Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!

Cheer up, ye pilgrims, be joy - ful and sing; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
Com - ing in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
Tempests and whirlwinds the an-them pro-long; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!
Knowledge in-creas-es; men run to and fro; Je - sus is com-ing a-gain!

CHORUS

Com - ing a-gain, com-ing a-gain, Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!

No. 72 Nearer, Still Nearer

C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. MORRIS

1. Near - er, still near- er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so
2. Near - er, still near- er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an of - f'ring to
3. Near - er, still near- er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin with its fol - lies I
4. Near - er, still near- er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my

pre-cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me
Je - sus my King, On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart; Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign, All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride; Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' end-less a - ges, ev - er to be, Near - er, my

safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest," Shel-ter me safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest."
cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru- ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru- ci - fied.
Sav- iour, still near - er to Thee, Near - er, my Saviour, still near- er to Thee.

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No. 73 How Much I Need Thee

F. E. B. "Without Me ye can do nothing."—John 15 : 5 F. E. BELDEN

1. Bless- ed Lord, how much I need Thee! Weak and sin - ful, poor and blind;
2. Clothe me with Thy robe of meek-ness, Stained with sin this robe of mine;
3. Safe am I if Thou dost guide me,—Trust-ing self, how soon I fall!
4. Then what-e'er the fu - ture bring- eth, Smiles of joy, or tears of grief,

Take my trem-bling hand and lead me, Strength and sight in Thee I find.
Teach me first to feel my weak-ness, Then to plead for strength di- vine.
Walk life's rug - ged way be - side me, Thou, my light, my life, my all.
Still to Thee my spir - it cling - eth, Thou art still my soul's re - lief.

REFRAIN

Ev - 'ry hour, ev - 'ry hour, Bless- ed Lord, how much I need Thee!

Ev - 'ry hour, ev - 'ry hour, Sav-iour, keep me ev - 'ry hour.

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No. 74 He's Coming

Anon. Arranged

1. How sweet are the ti - dings that greet the pil-grim's ear As he
2. The moss - y old graves where the pil - grims sleep Shall be
3. There we'll meet ne'er to part, in our hap - py E - den home, Sweet
4. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain, Soon if

wan - ders in ex - ile from home! Soon, soon will the Sav - iour in
o - pen'd as wide as be - fore, And the mil- lions that sleep in the
songs of re-demp-tion we'll sing; From the North, from the South, all the
faith - ful, we all shall be there; O, be watch - ful, be hope - ful, be

He's Coming — Concluded

glo - ry ap-pear, And soon will the king - dom come.
might - y deep, Shall live on this earth once more.
ran - som'd shall come, And wor - ship our heav - en - ly King.
joy - ful till then, And a crown of bright glo - ry we'll wear.

CHORUS

He's com-ing, com-ing, com-ing soon, I know, Coming back to this earth a-gain;

And the wea-ry pilgrims will to glo-ry go, When the Saviour comes to reign.

No. 75 The Haven of Rest

"The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow."— Isa. 14: 3

H. L. GILMOUR GEO. D. MOORE

1. My soul in sad ex-ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin, and distressed,
2. I yield-ed my-self to His ten-der embrace, And faith taking hold of His Word,
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the OLD STORY so blest,
4. O come to the Saviour! He patiently waits To save by His pow-er di - vine;

Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make Me your choice;" And I entered the "Haven of Rest!"
My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul: The Ha-ven of Rest is my Lord.
Of Jesus, who'll save whosoev-er will have A home in the "Haven of Rest!"
Come, anchor your soul in the "Haven of Rest," And say, "My Beloved is mine."

D.S. —The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep, In Jesus I'm safe ev-er-more.

CHORUS

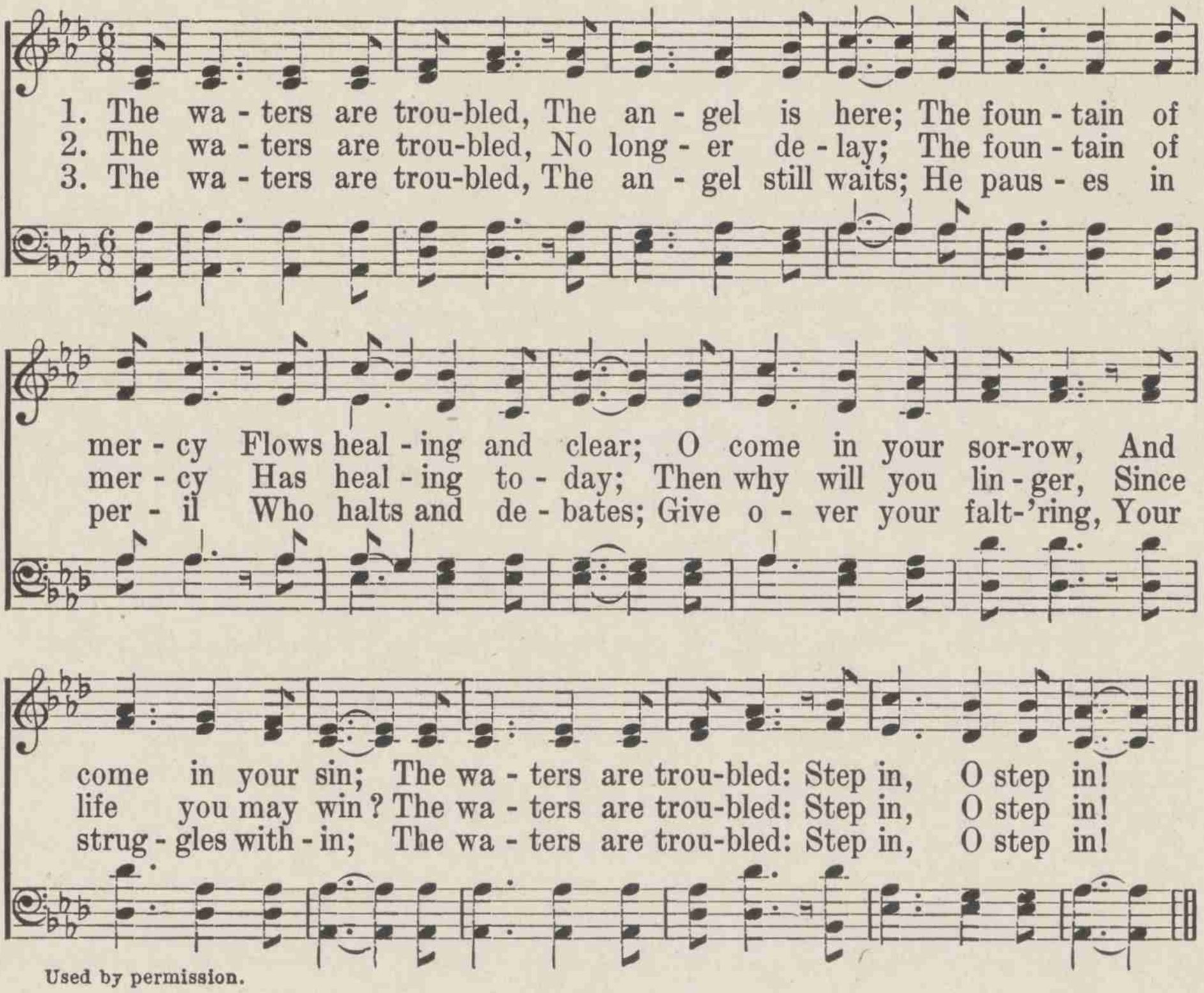
I've anchored my soul in the "Haven of Rest," I sail the wide seas no more;

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No. 76 The Waters Are Troubled

"An angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had."—John 5: 4

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. REV. S. MORRISON
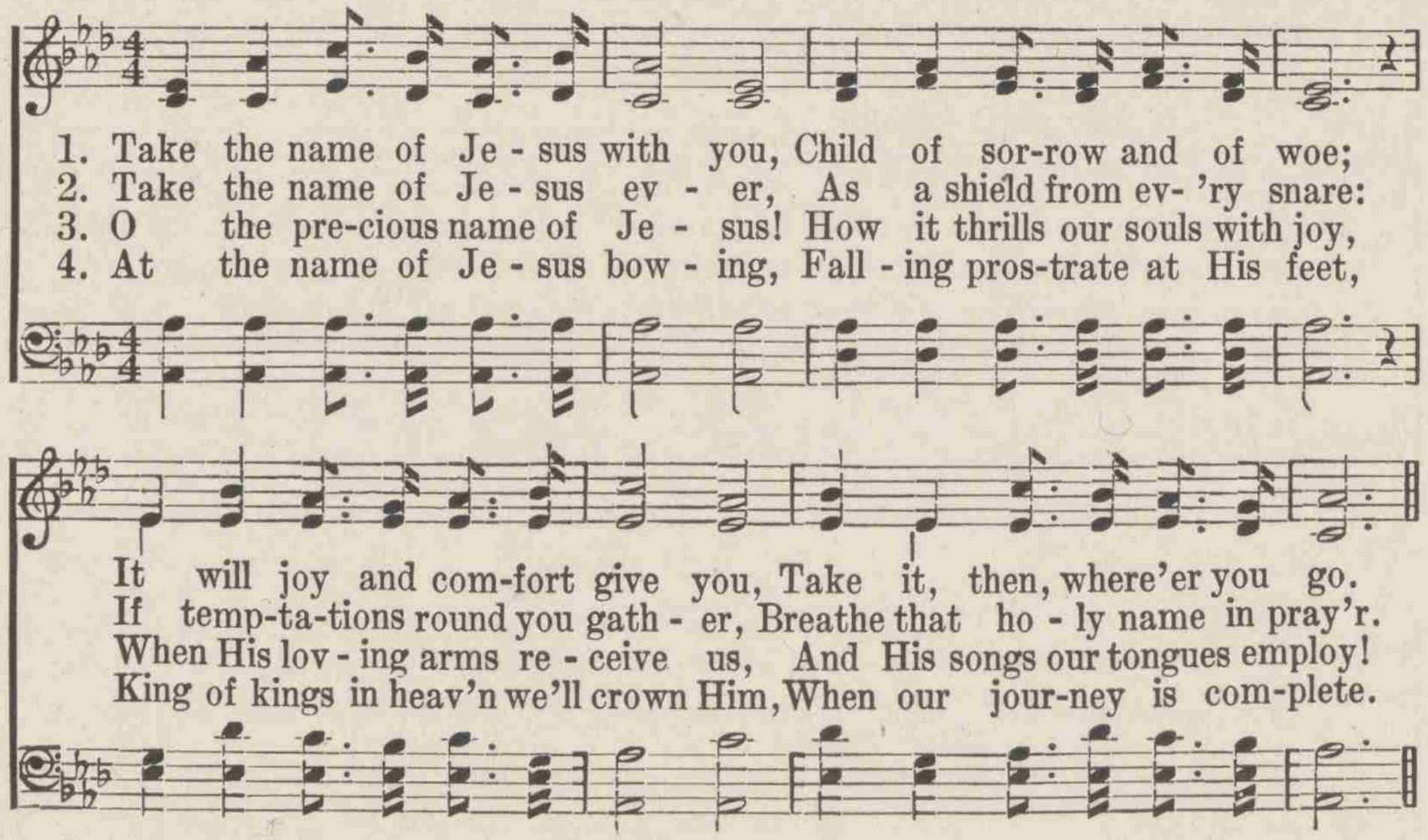


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No. 77 Precious Name

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."—1 Peter 2: 7

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER W. H. DOANE



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Precious Name—Concluded

REFRAIN

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

No. 78 The Lily of the Valley

C. W. FRY Cant. 2 : 1 Arr. from English Melody

1. I've found a friend in Je-sus, He's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's the fair-est of ten
2. He all my grief has tak-en, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation He's my
3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I live by faith and

thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val-ley, in Him a-lone I see
strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for Him for-sak-en, and all my i-dols torn
do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire a-bout me, I've nothing now to fear;

D.S.—Lil - y of the Val-ley, the bright and Morning Star;

FINE

All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow He's my comfort, in
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and
With His man-na He my hungry soul doth fill. Then sweeping up to glo - ry, I'll

He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul!

D.S.

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

No. 79 All the Way

FANNY J. CROSBY — Deut. 32: 12 — ROBERT LOWRY

1. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-iour leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!

Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Father's house a-bove;

Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Though my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When I wake to life im-mor-tal, Wing my flight to realms of day,

For I know whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way; way.

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No. 80 Saviour, More Than Life

FANNY J. CROSBY — W. H. DOANE

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

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Saviour, More Than Life — Concluded

REFRAIN

Ev -'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing
Ev -'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

pow'r; May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos- er, Lord, to Thee.

No. 81 Redeemed

"Thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul; Thou hast redeemed my life."— Lam. 3 : 58

FANNY J. CROSBY W. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Redeemed! how I love to pro-claim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed! and so hap-py in Je - sus! No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem- er, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beau- ty The King in whose law I de - light,

Redeemed thro' His in- fi- nite mer - cy, His child, and for-ev - er, I am.
I know that the light of His pres-ence With me doth con-tin-ual - ly dwell.
I sing, for I can-not be si - lent; His love is the theme of my song.
Who lov - ing- ly guardeth my footsteps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.

REFRAIN

Re - deemed, re - deemed, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed, redeemed,
Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child, and for - ev - er, I am.
Redeemed, redeemed,

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No. 82 Wonderful Words of Life

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS

1. Sing them o - ver a-gain to me, Wonder-ful words of Life; Let me more of their
2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all, Wonder-ful words of Life; Sin-ner, list to the
3. Sweet-ly ech- o the gos-pel call, Wonder-ful words of Life; Of- fer par-don and

beau-ty see, Wonderful words of Life; Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and duty,
lov - ing call, Wonderful words of Life; All so free-ly giv-en, Wooing us to heav-en,
peace to all, Wonderful words of Life; Je- sus, on - ly Saviour, Sanc-ti-fy for-ev - er,

REFRAIN

Beau-ti- ful words, won-der-ful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

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No. 83 Baptize Us Anew

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN

1. Bap - tize us a - new With pow'r from on high, With love, O re -
2. Un - wor- thy we cry, Un - ho - ly, un - clean, O wash us and
3. O heav- en - ly Dove, De-scend from on high! We plead Thy rich
4. O list the glad voice! From heav- en it came: Thou art my be -

CHORUS

fresh us! Dear Sav-iour, draw nigh.
cleanse us From sin's guilt - y stain.
bless - ing; In mer - cy draw nigh.
lov - ed, Well pleas - ed I am.

We hum- bly be-seech Thee, Lord

(*Last verse*)

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, dear

Je - sus, we pray, With love and the Spir - it bap- tize us to - day.
Lamb that was slain, We laud and a - dore Thee, A - men and A - men.

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No. 84 Wholly Thine

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN

1. I would be, dear Sav-iour, whol - ly Thine; Teach me how, teach me how;
2. What is world- ly pleas- ure, wealth or fame, With-out Thee, with-out Thee?
3. As I cast earth's transient joys be-hind, Come Thou near, come Thou near;

I would do Thy will, O Lord, not mine, Help me, help me now.
I will leave them all for Thy dear name, This my wealth shall be.
In Thy pres- ence all in all I find, 'Tis my com - fort here.

REFRAIN

Wholly Thine, wholly Thine, wholly Thine, this is my vow. Thine, O Lord, just now.
O Lord, O Lord,

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No. 85 My Jesus, I Love Thee

(GORDON. 11s.) A. J. GORDON

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-
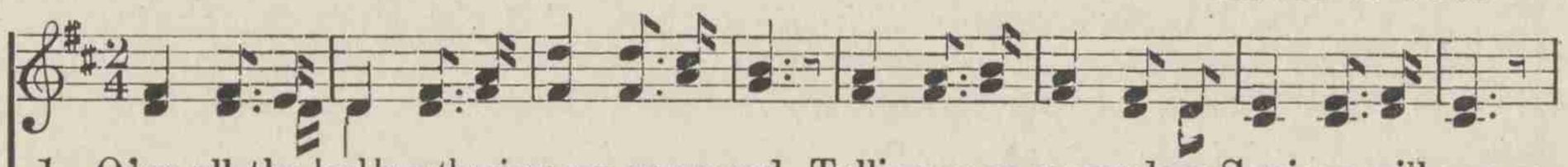
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav- iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
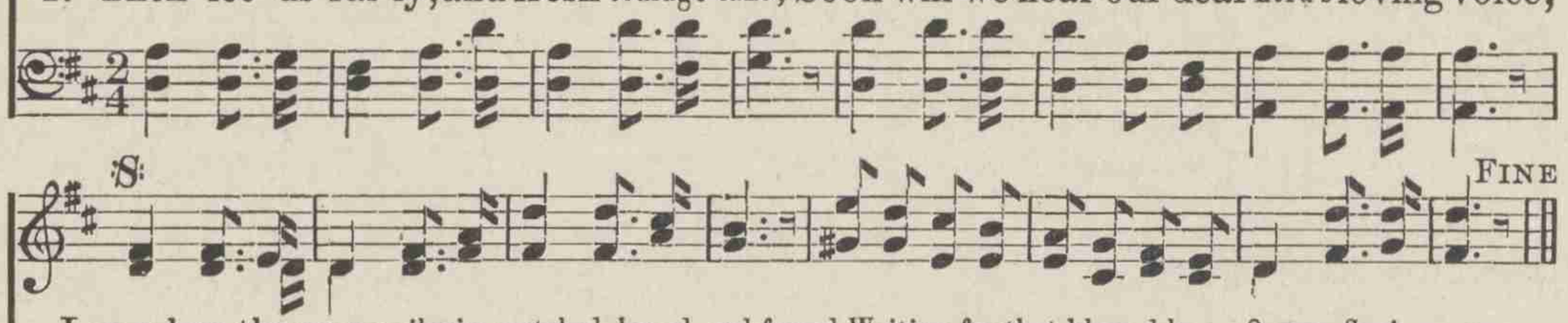
No. 86 Come, Saviour, Come

"And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth."—Luke 21: 25, 26
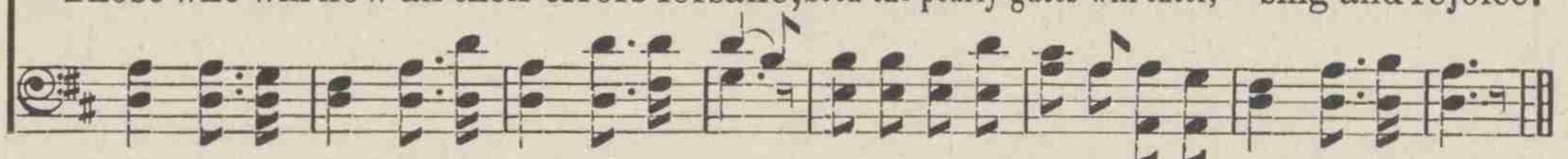
W. C. GAGE — HENRY C. WORK
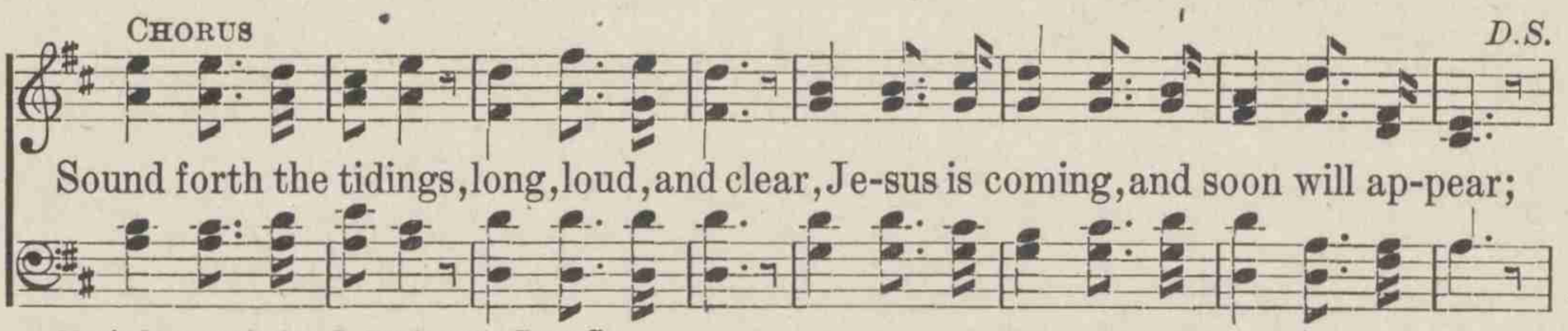


1. O'er all the land have the signs now appeared, Telling us soon our dear Saviour will come;
2. Signs in the sun and the moon and the stars, Faithfully show that the great day is near;
3. These, to the pilgrim, are o-mens of cheer, Toiling and sighing in life's gloomy way;
4. Then let us ral-ly, and fresh courage take; Soon will we hear our dear Lord's loving voice;



Long has the worn pilgrim watched, hoped, and feared, Waiting for that blessed hope; O come, Saviour, come.
Nations distressed by the rumors of wars, And the hearts of wicked men are failing for fear.
All, all proclaim that the Saviour is near, And the light is dawning of that soon-coming day.
Those who will now all their errors forsake, Soon the pearly gates will enter;—sing and rejoice.



D.S.—All hearts respond as we long for our home, "Quickly come, O blessed Jesus, come, Saviour, come."
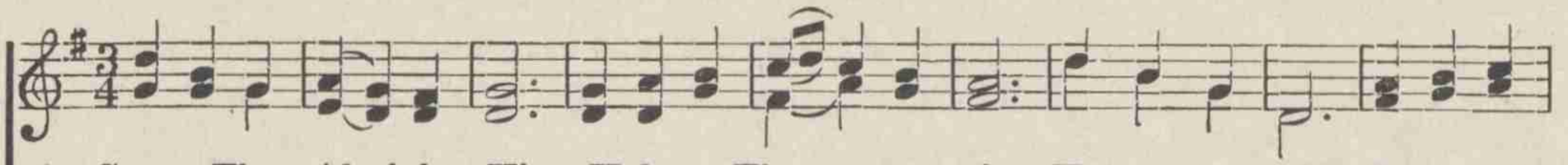


Sound forth the tidings, long, loud, and clear, Je-sus is coming, and soon will ap-pear;
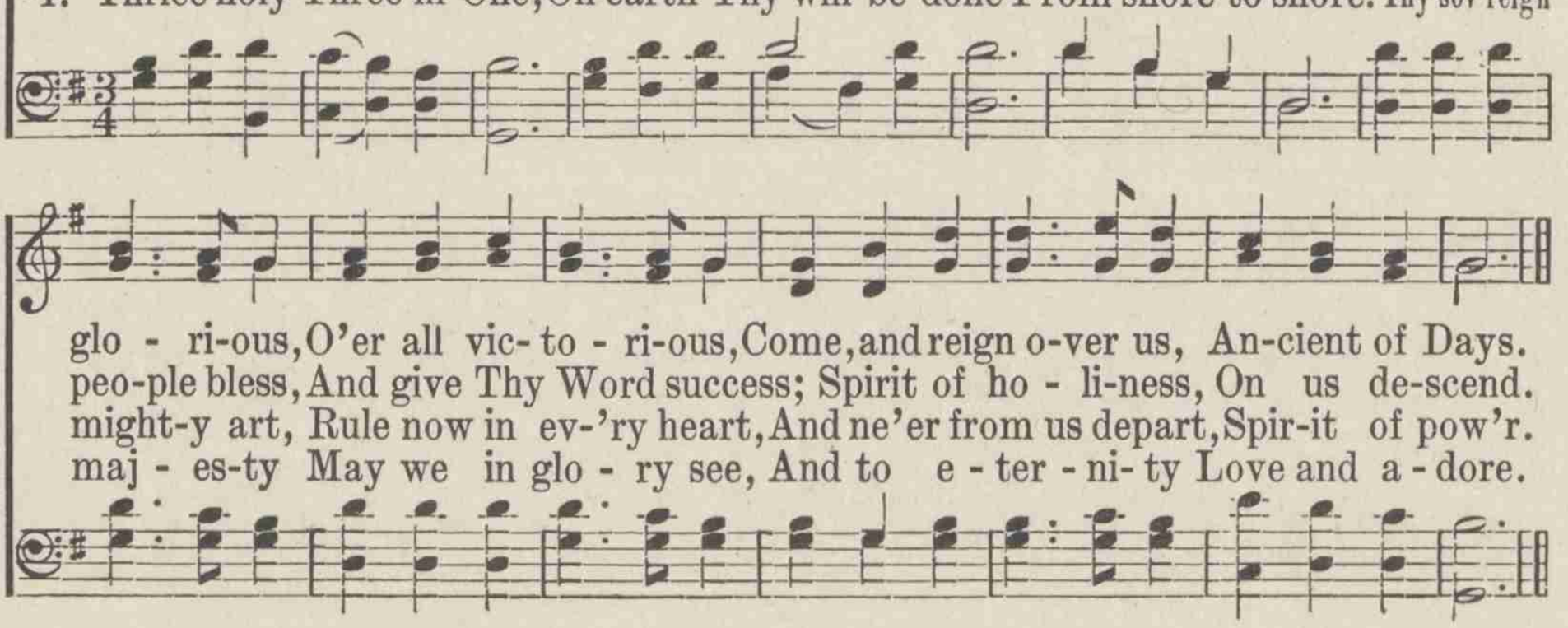
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No. 87 Come, Thou Almighty King

C. WESLEY — (ITALY. 6s 4s.) — GIARDINI



1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise. Father all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend. Come and Thy
3. Come, holy Com-fort-er, Thy sacred wit - ness bear In this glad hour. Thou who al-
4. Thrice holy Three in One, On earth Thy will be done From shore to shore. Thy sov'reign



glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic- to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.
peo-ple bless, And give Thy Word success; Spirit of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend.
might-y art, Rule now in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of pow'r.
maj - es-ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni- ty Love and a - dore.

No. 88 A Mighty Fortress

M. L. Tr. by F. H. HEDGE — MARTIN LUTHER

1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark nev-er fail - ing; Our help-er He a-
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be los-ing; Were not the right Man
3. And tho' this world, with devils fill'd, Should threaten to un-do us, We will not fear, for

mid the flood Of mortal ills pre-vail - ing. For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work his
on our side, The Man of God's own choosing. Doth ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is
God hath will'd His truth to triumph thro' us. Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life al-

woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And arm'd with cruel hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
He! Lord Sabaoth is His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the battle.
so; The bod-y they may kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His kingdom is for-ev - er.

No. 89 Coming Once Again

F. E. B. — (HUBERT. S. M. D.) — F. E. BELDEN

1. He's com-ing once a-gain, To set His peo-ple free; That where He is, in glo-ry
2. The earth shall quake with fear, The hear'ns shall flee a-way; And where shall guilty man ap-
3. A sword of liv-ing flame, The wicked shall devour; No tongue will lightly speak the

D.S.—He comes in maj - es-ty sub-
D.S.—The night of vengeance veils the
D.S.—But pray'rs and tears that come too

FINE — *D.S.*

bright, His saints may also be. Then lift the drooping head, Look up, rejoice and sing;
pear In that tremendous day? No ref-uge then is nigh, No shel-ter from the blast;
name Of Je-sus in that hour. No scorn, no words of hate, For His meek foll'wers then;

lime, Sal-va-tion's glorious King!
sky When mercy's day is past.
late, Shall mark earth's mighty men.

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No. 90 No, Not One!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG

Slow

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. Did ev - er saint find this friend for-sake him, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv- en? No, not one! no, not one!

S: FINE

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas- es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low- ly, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re- fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S.–There's not a friend like the low - ly Je- sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS *D.S.*

Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

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No. 91 Sleeping on Guard

ARTHUR W. FRENCH FRANK M. DAVIS

1. Out from the camp fire's red glow-ing, Cheer-ful - ly shed-ding the light,
2. Yonder Rum's camp lights are burn-ing, Hark to the rev - el - ry there!
3. Our aim is vig - i - lance ev - er, We can al - low no de - feat;

On to the pick - ets we're go - ing, For the long watch-es of night;
Wait-ing the con-flict's re- turn - ing, Scouts are a-broad ev - 'ry - where;
True-heart-ed sol- diers will nev - er Join in the cow-ard's re - treat;

Let us be care - ful that slum - ber Press not our eye- lids too hard,—
We must be watch-ful and read - y, See ev - 'ry en-trance is barred,
Wa - ry and watch-ful be keep - ing, Tho' the task be e'er so hard,

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Sleeping on Guard—Concluded

𝄋 FINE

Sure - ly not one of our num - ber Must be found sleep-ing on guard.
Keep- ing our heads cool and stead - y;— All is lost sleep-ing on guard.
Know-ing what dan-gers come creep-ing When we are sleep-ing on guard.

D.S.—Sure-ly not one of our num - ber Must be found sleep-ing on guard.

CHORUS *cres.* *D.S.*

Sleep-ing on guard,... ..... Sleep-ing on guard;..... No!
Sleep-ing on guard,

No. 92 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

GOULD SULLIVAN

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the church of Je - sus
3. Onward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voic-es

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy- al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Con-stant will re- main; Gates of hell can nev- er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the tri-umph song; Glo- ry, laud, and hon- or Un - to Christ, the King;

CHORUS

For- ward in - to bat- tle, See, His ban-ners go.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an- gels sing.
} Onward, Christian sol- diers!

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

No. 93 Even at the Door

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN

1. The com-ing King is at the door, Who once the cross for sin-ners bore;
2. The signs that show His com-ing near Are fast ful- fill - ing year by year,
3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not be- low for joy and peace,
4. Then in the glo-rious earth made new We'll dwell the countless a - ges thro';

But now the right-eous ones a - lone He comes to gath - er home.
And soon we'll hail the glo-rious dawn Of heaven's e - ter - nal morn.
Un - til the Sav-iour comes a - gain To ban - ish death and sin.
This mor - tal shall im-mor- tal be, And time, e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS

At the door, at the door, At the door, yes, e - ven at the door,
At the door, at the door,
He is com - ing, He is com - ing, He is e - ven at the door.
Com-ing a - gain, com-ing a - gain,

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No. 94 The Thought of Thee

BERNARD (ST. AGNES. C. M.) J. B. DYKES

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee, With sweetness fills the breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! O joy of all the meek!

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet- er sound than Je - sus' name, The Sav-iour of man-kind.
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!

No. 95 Build on the Rock

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN

1. We'll build on the Rock, the liv - ing Rock, On Je - sus, the Rock of A - ges;
2. Some build on the sink-ing sands of life, On vi - sions of earth-ly treas-ure;
3. O build on the Rock, for-ev - er sure, The firm and the true foun-da- tion;

So shall we a-bide the fear-ful shock, When loud the tem-pest rag - es.
Some build on the waves of sin and strife, Of fame, and world- ly pleas-ure.
Its hope is the hope which shall en-dure, — The hope of our sal - va - tion.

CHORUS

We'll build on the Rock, We'll build on the Rock;
We'll build on the Rock, on the sol - id Rock, We'll build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock;

We'll build on the Rock, on the sol - id Rock, On Christ, the might-y Rock.

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No. 96 A Heart of Praise

C. WESLEY (BEATITUDO. C. M.) J. B DYKES

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God! A heart from sin set free,
2. A heart re-signed, sub - mis - sive, meek; My dear Re-deem- er's throne,
3. A heart in ev - 'ry tho't re-newed, And full of love di - vine,
4. Thy na - ture, gra - cious Lord, im- part, Come quick-ly from a - bove:

A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly shed for me.
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
Per - fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.
Write Thy new name up - on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.

No. 97 The Gate Ajar for Me

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER — S. J. VAIL

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its por - tals gleam-ing,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion;
3. Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown; While mercy's gate is o - pen

A ra-diance from the cross a - far, The Saviour's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
Ac - cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.

CHORUS

O depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?

For me,..... for me?..... Was left a - jar for me?
For me, for me?

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No. 98 Even Me

ELIZABETH CODNER — W. B. BRADBURY

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
   { Show'rs the thirst-y soul re-fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me;
2. { Pass me not, O gra- cious Fa - ther! Sin - ful though my heart may be;
   { Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy rest on me.

REFRAIN

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy rest on me.

3 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me!

4 Pass me not, O Holy Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.

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No. 99 Revive Us Again

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—Hab. 3: 2

WM. PATON MACKAY — Arr. from the English

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,—For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -

died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - iour, and scattered our night.
sins and has cleans'd ev-'ry stain.
sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

CHORUS

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 100 The Solid Rock

REV. EDWARD MOTE — (L. M. 61.) — WM. B. BRADBURY

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; I
2. When darkness seems to veil His face, I rest on His un-changing grace; In
3. His oath, His cov - e- nant, and blood, Support me in the whelming flood; When
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in Him be found; Clad

dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
ev - 'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil.
all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
in His righteousness a-lone, Faultless to stand be-fore the throne.

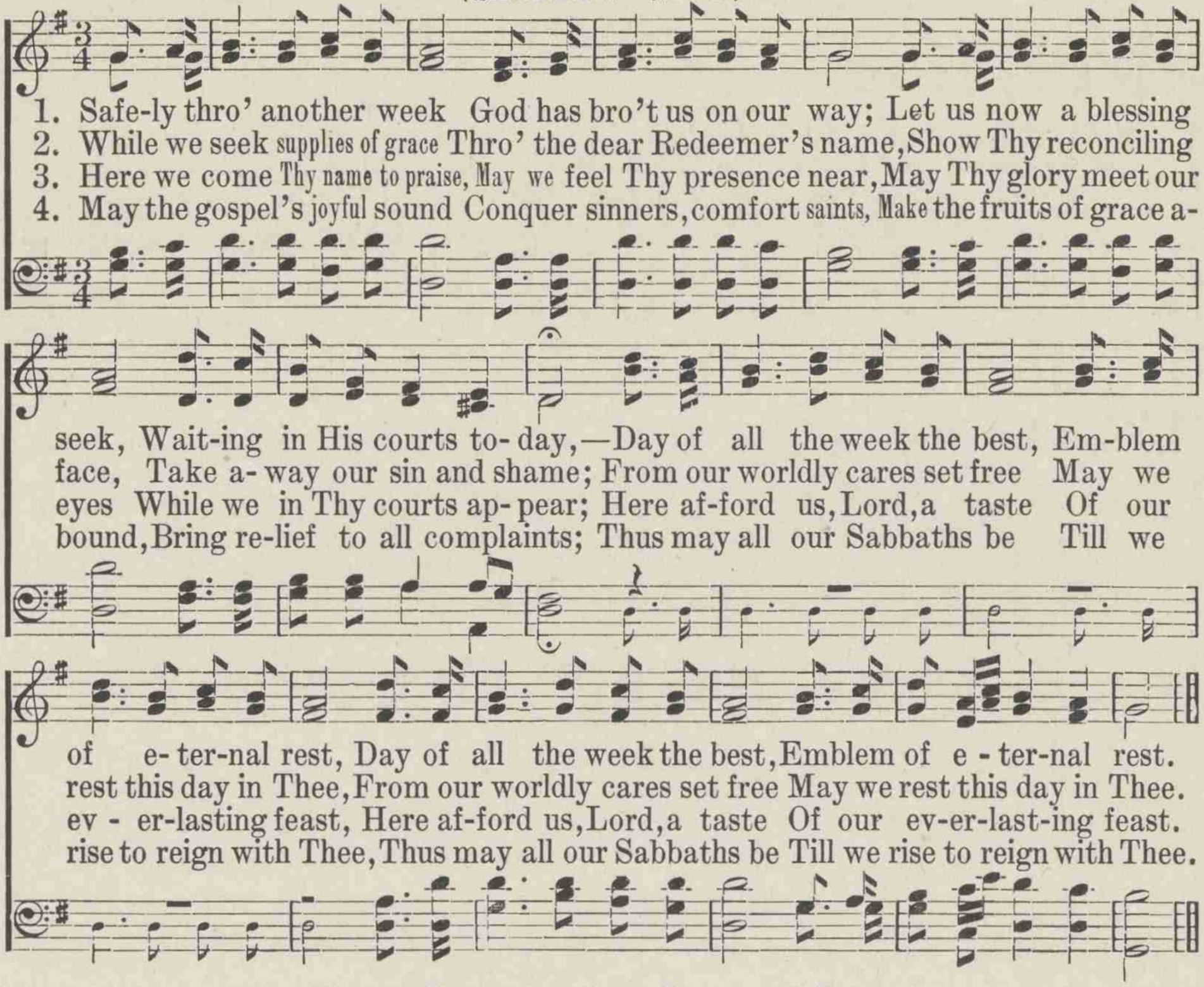
REFRAIN

On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All oth- er ground is sinking sand.

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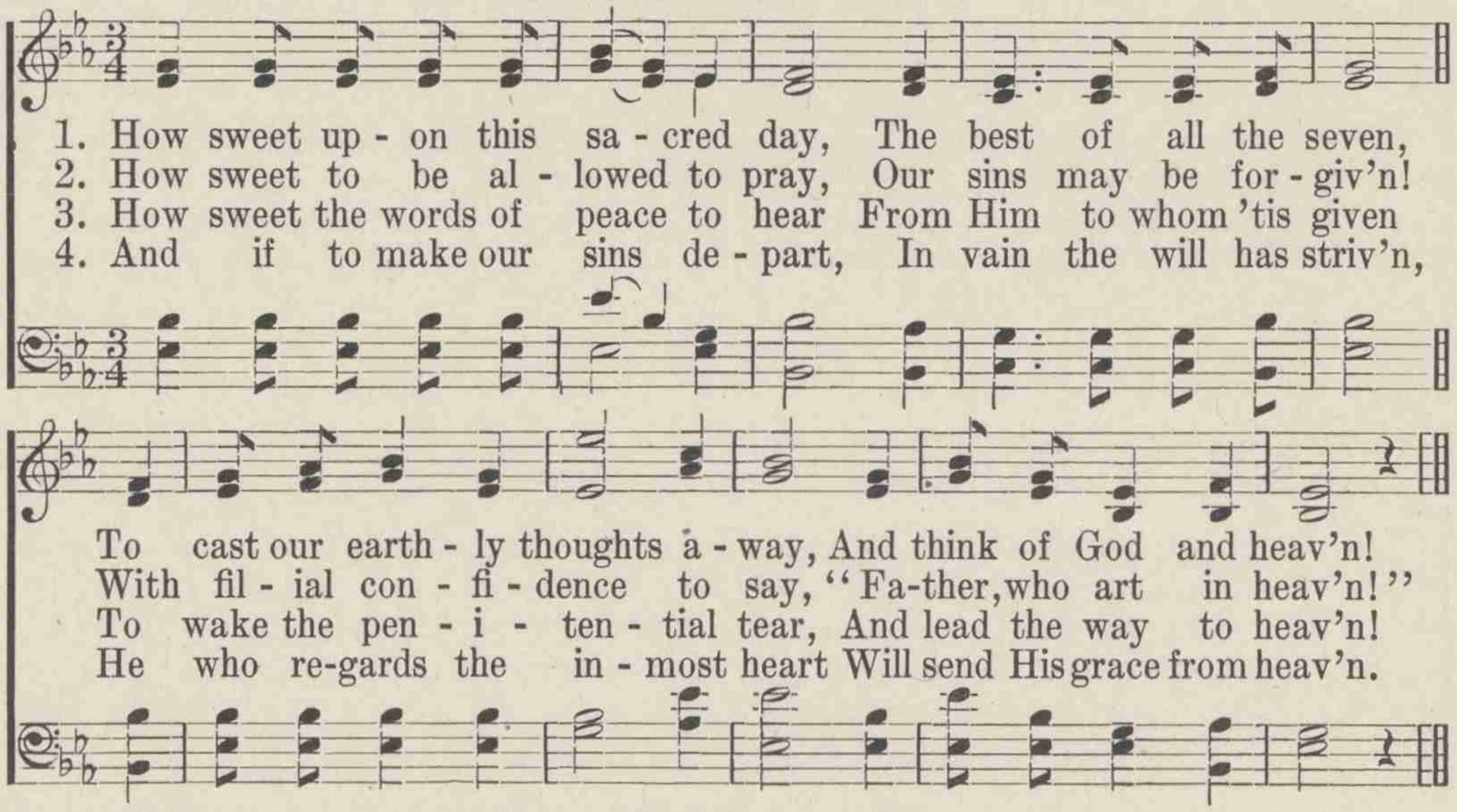
No. 101 Safely Through Another Week

J. NEWTON. (SABBATH. 7s. 6 l.) L. MASON



No. 102 How Sweet the Sacred Day

MRS. FOLLEN (ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.) GEORGE KINGSLEY



No. 103 How Bright a Day

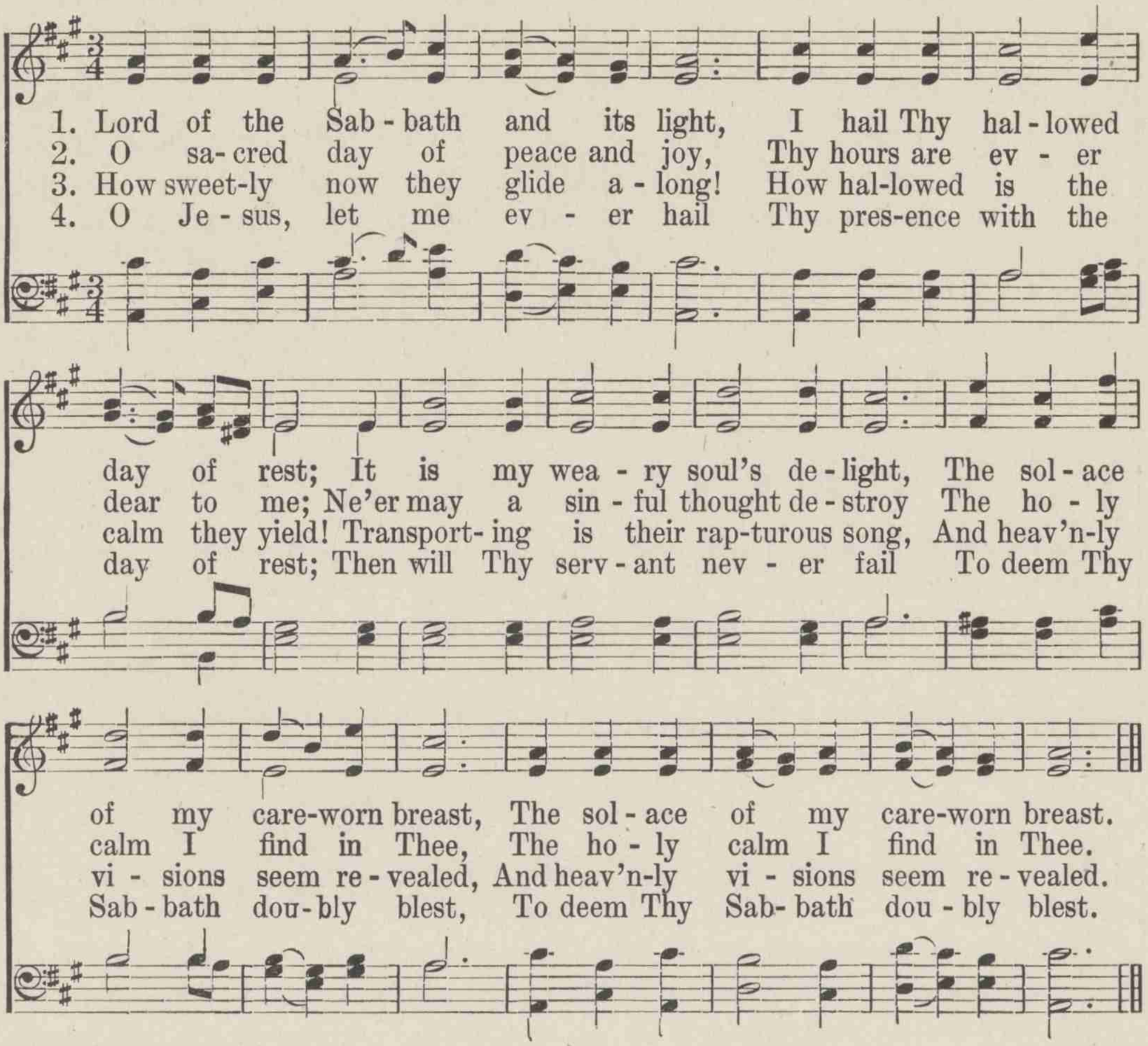
1 How bright a day was that which saw
Creation's work complete!
All nature owned her Maker's law,
And worshiped at His feet.

2 O Lord, bring back the reign of peace,
Let brighter days begin;
And teach vain creatures how to cease
From folly and from sin.

3 Let sinners be again made Thine,
Though once with vengeance cursed;
And let the holy Sabbath shine,
As glorious as at first. ANON.

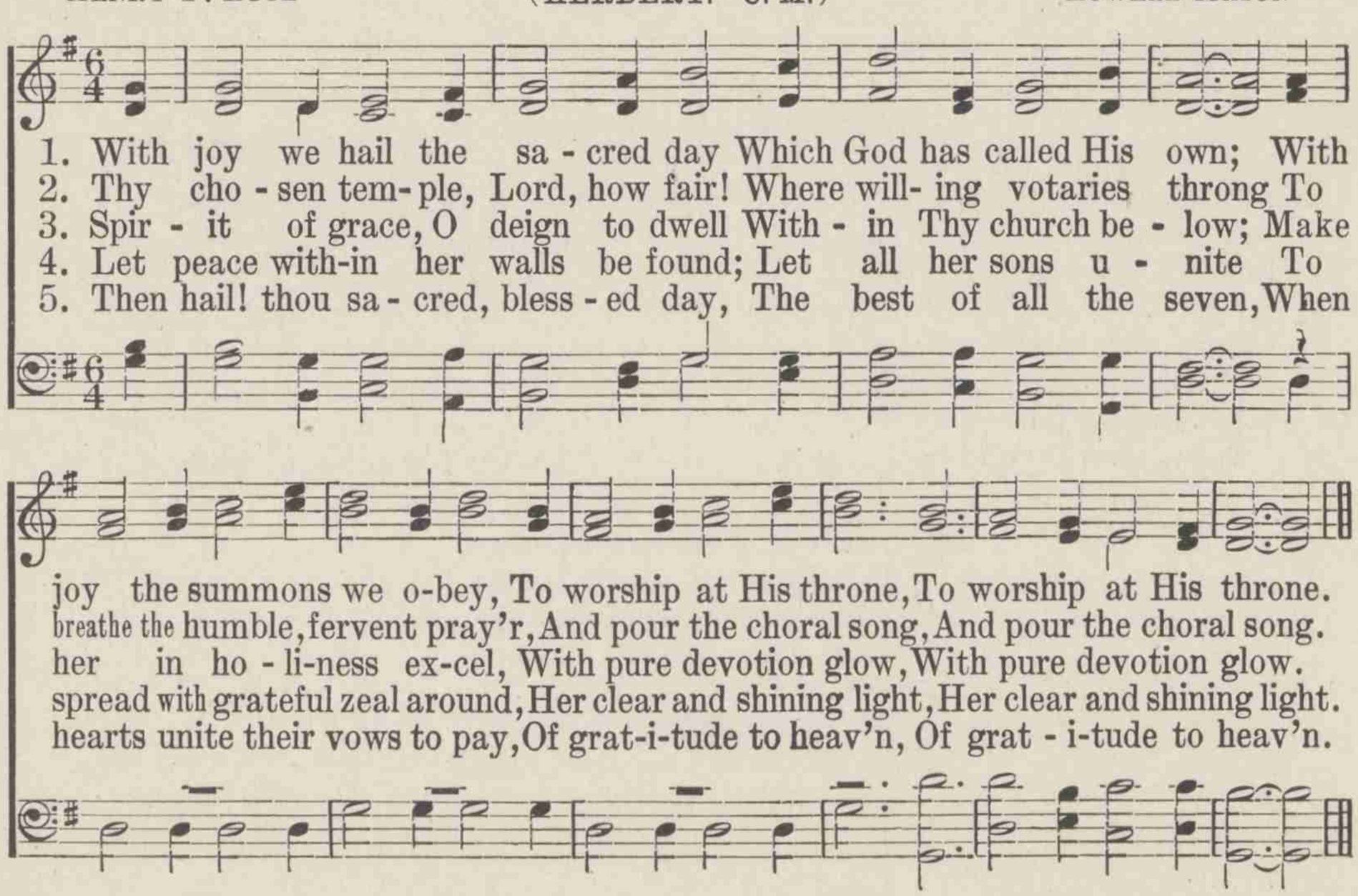
No. 104 Lord of the Sabbath

ANON. (PARK STREET. L. M.) FREDERICK M. A. VENNA



No. 105 We Hail the Sacred Day
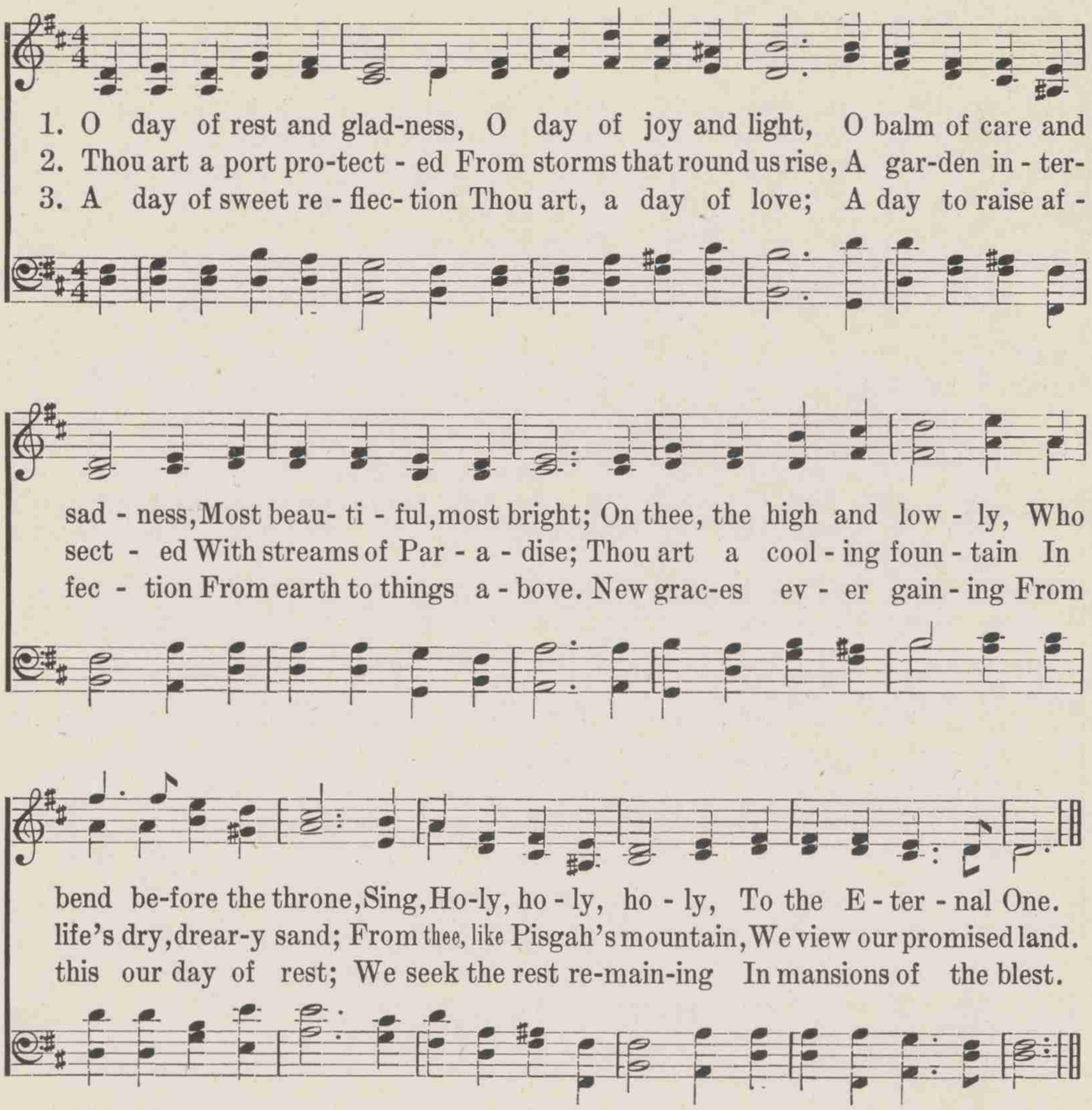
HENRY F. LYTE (HERBERT. C. M.) LOWELL MASON



No. 106 O Day of Rest and Gladness

(EWING. 7s & 6s. D.)

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH ALEX. EWING



No. 107 Jerusalem, the Golden

1 Jerusalem, the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation,
Sink heart and voice oppressed;
I know not, O I know not
What holy joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast,
And they who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

3 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY

No. 108 One Sweetly Solemn Thought

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—Heb. 11 : 16

PHŒBE CARY PHILIP PHILLIPS

1. One sweet - ly sol- emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm
2. Near - er my Fa-ther's house, Where man - y man-sions be; Near-
3. Near - er my go - ing home, Lay - ing my bur-dens down, Leav-

near - er to my home to-day, Than e'er I've been be- fore.
er the throne where Je-sus reigns, Near-er the crys - tal sea.
ing my cross of heav - y grief, Wear-ing my star - ry crown.

CHORUS

} Nearer my home,

Near-er my home; Nearer my home to-day, to-day, Than e'er I've been be-fore.

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No. 109 What a Friend We Have in Jesus

HORATIUS BONAR (CONVERSE. 8s & 7s. D.) C. C. CONVERSE

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp- ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y- where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - lad - en, Cumbered with a load of care?

𝄋S

FINE

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev- er be dis - cour - aged; Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre - cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge! Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

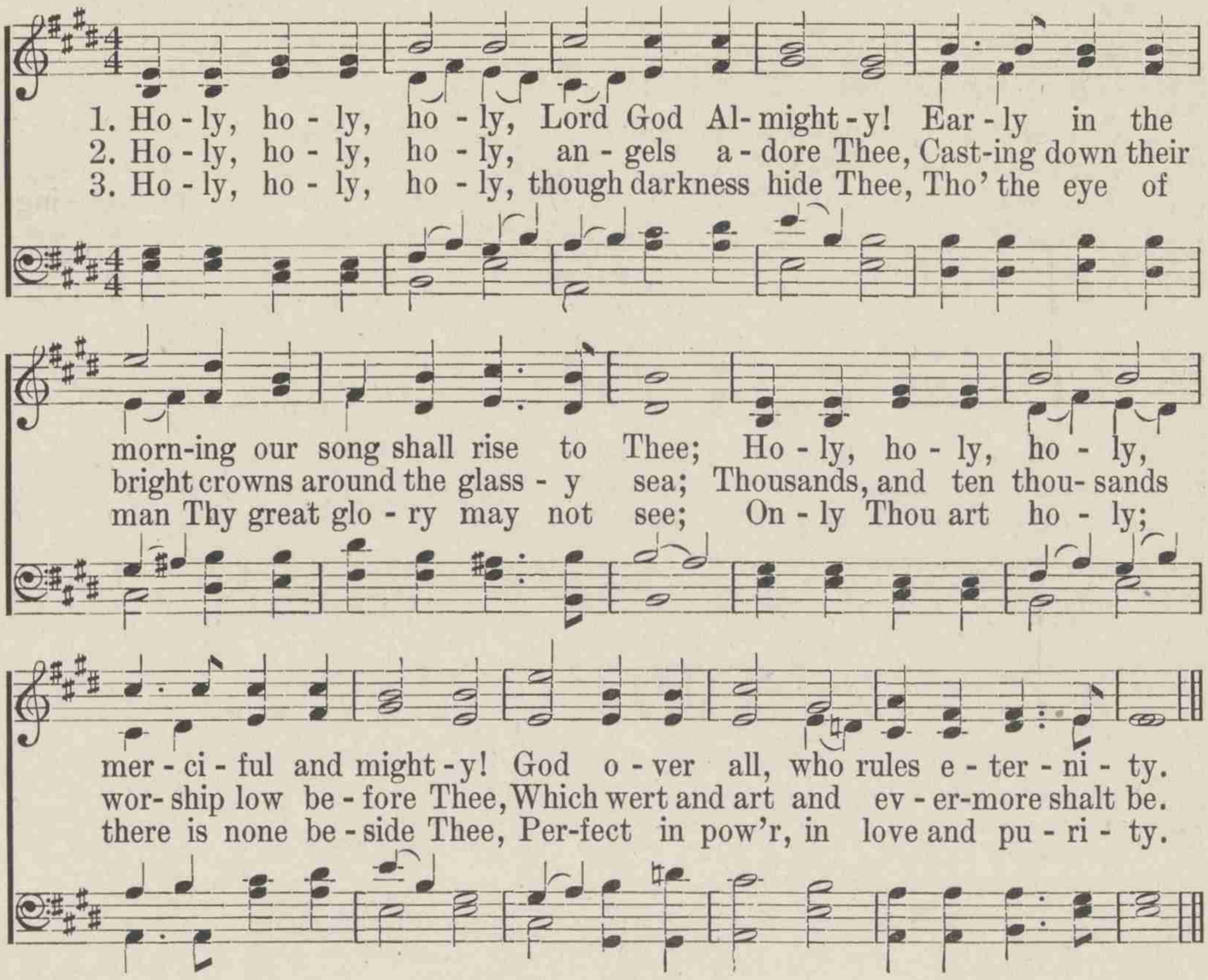
D.S.–All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
D.S.–Je - sus knows our ev- 'ry weak-ness; Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
D.S.–In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.

D.S.

O what peace we of - ten for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

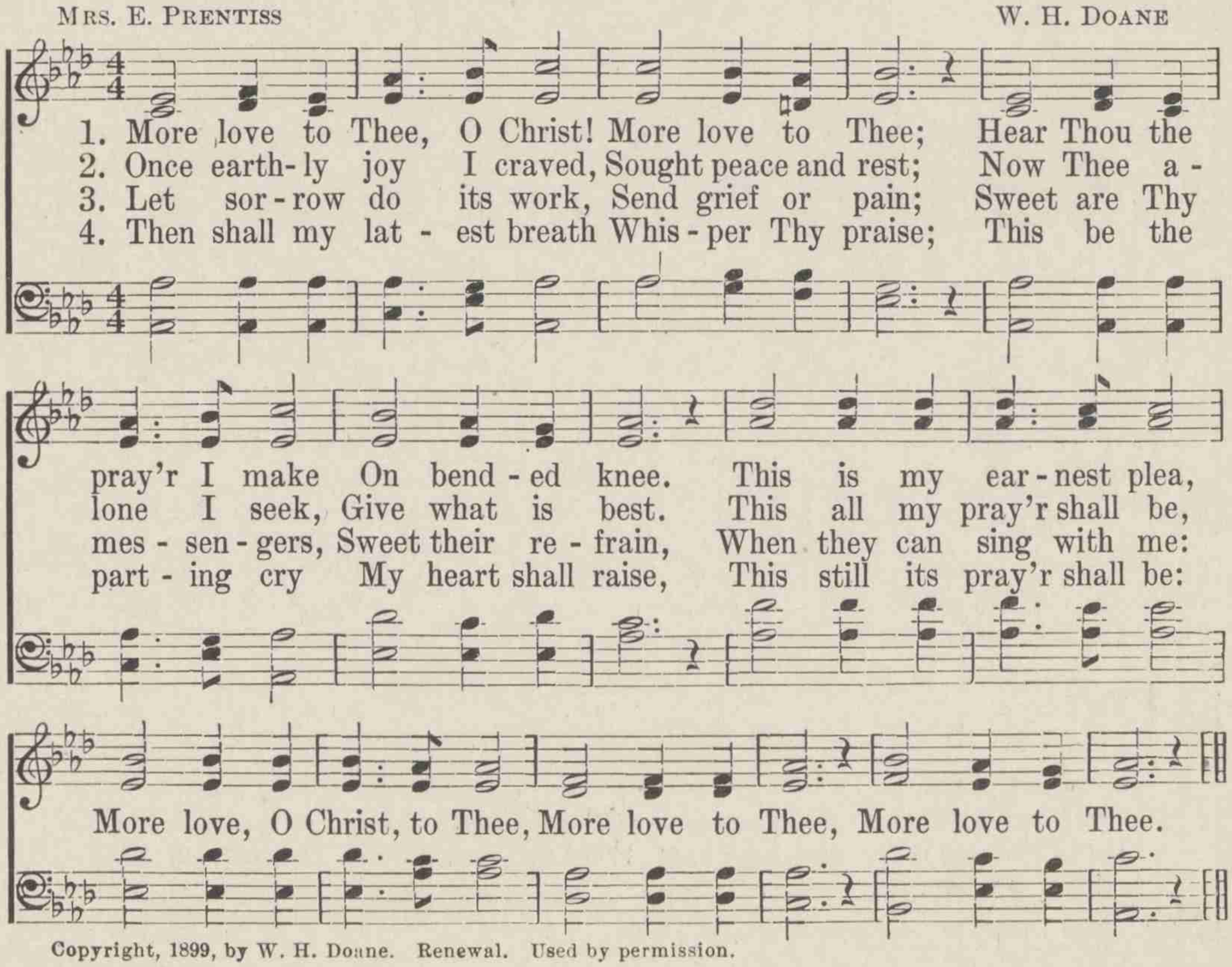
No. 110 Holy, Holy, Holy

R. HEBER (NICÆA. P. M.) JOHN B. DYKES



No. 111 More Love to Thee

MRS. E. PRENTISS W. H. DOANE



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No. 112 Crown Him With Many Crowns

M. BRIDGES (DIADEMATA.) G. J. ELVEY

1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne; Hark, how the heav'nly an-them drowns All mu-sic but its own! A-wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee, And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
2. Crown Him the Lord of Love: Be-hold His hands and side, Rich wounds yet vis-i-ble a-bove, In beau-ty glo-ri-fied: No an-gel in the sky Can ful-ly bear that sight, But down-ward bends His burning eye At mys-ter-ies so great.
3. Crown Him the Lord of Peace, Whose pow'r a scepter sways From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise: His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc-ed feet Fair flow'rs of Par-a-dise extend Their fragrance ever sweet.
4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po-ten-tate of time, Cre-a-tor of the roll-ing spheres, In-ef-fa-bly sub-lime! All hail, Re-deem-er, hail! For Thou hast died for me; Thy praise shall never, never fail Throughout e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 113 Jesus Paid It All

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL JOHN T. GRAPE

1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me Thine All in all."
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
3. Since noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim, I'll wash my gar-ments white, In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my tro-phies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

CHORUS

Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain: He wash'd me white as snow.

No. 114 Faith of Our Fathers

F. W. FABER (ST. CATHERINE. L. M. 61.) H. F. HEMY, alt.

1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir- tuous life.

Faith of our fa- thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

No. 115 "Whosoever Will"

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS

1. "Whosoever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
   Tell the joyful news wherever man is found: (*Omit*.....)
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not delay, Now the door is open, enter while you may;
   Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Living Way: (*Omit*.....)
3. "Whosoever will!" the promise is secure; "Whosoever will," for-ever must endure;
   "Whosoever will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more: (*Omit*.....)

"Who-so-ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev- er will:" Send the

D.S.–"Whosoever will may come."

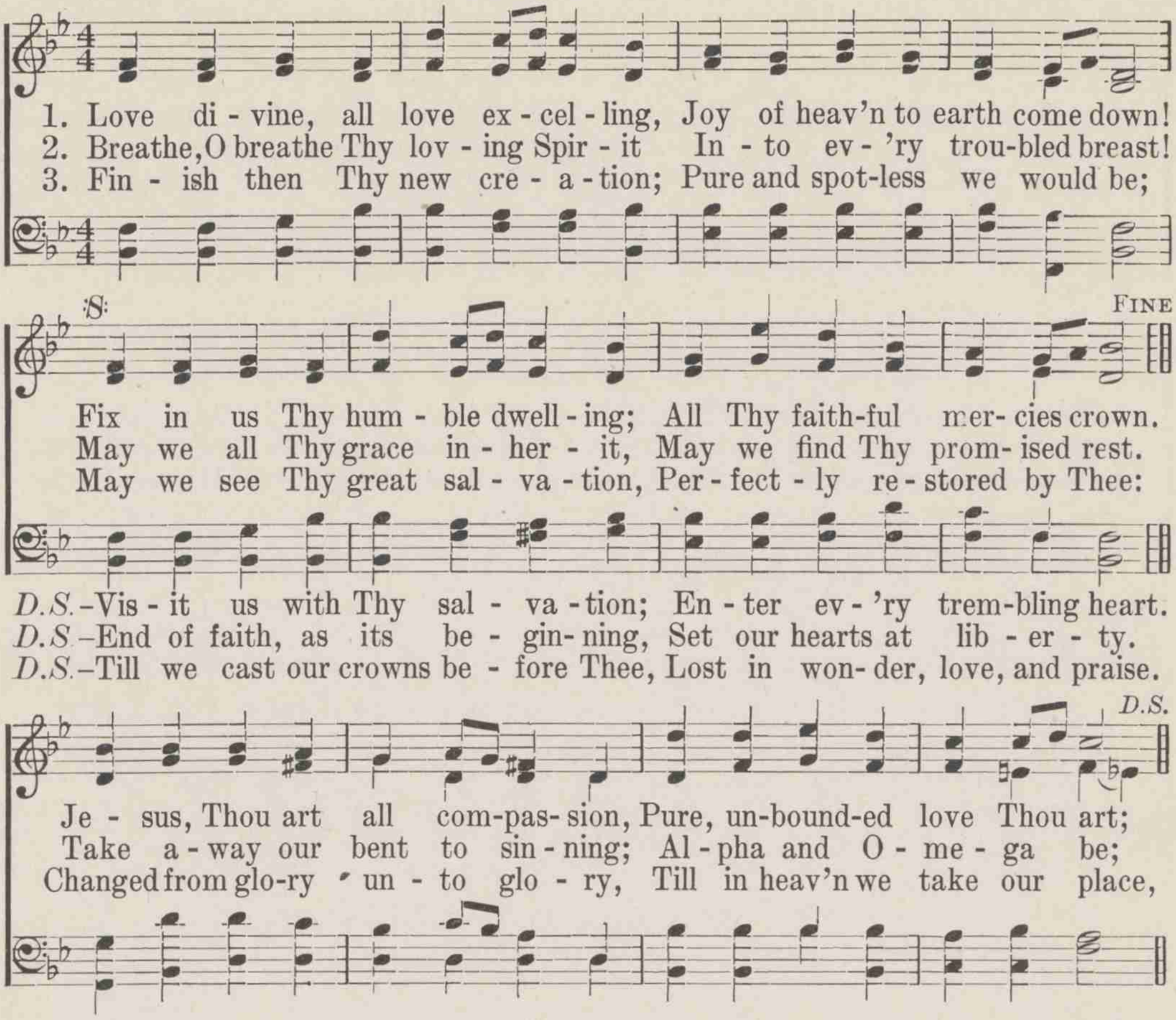
proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Fa-ther calls the wand'rer home:

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No. 116

Love Divine

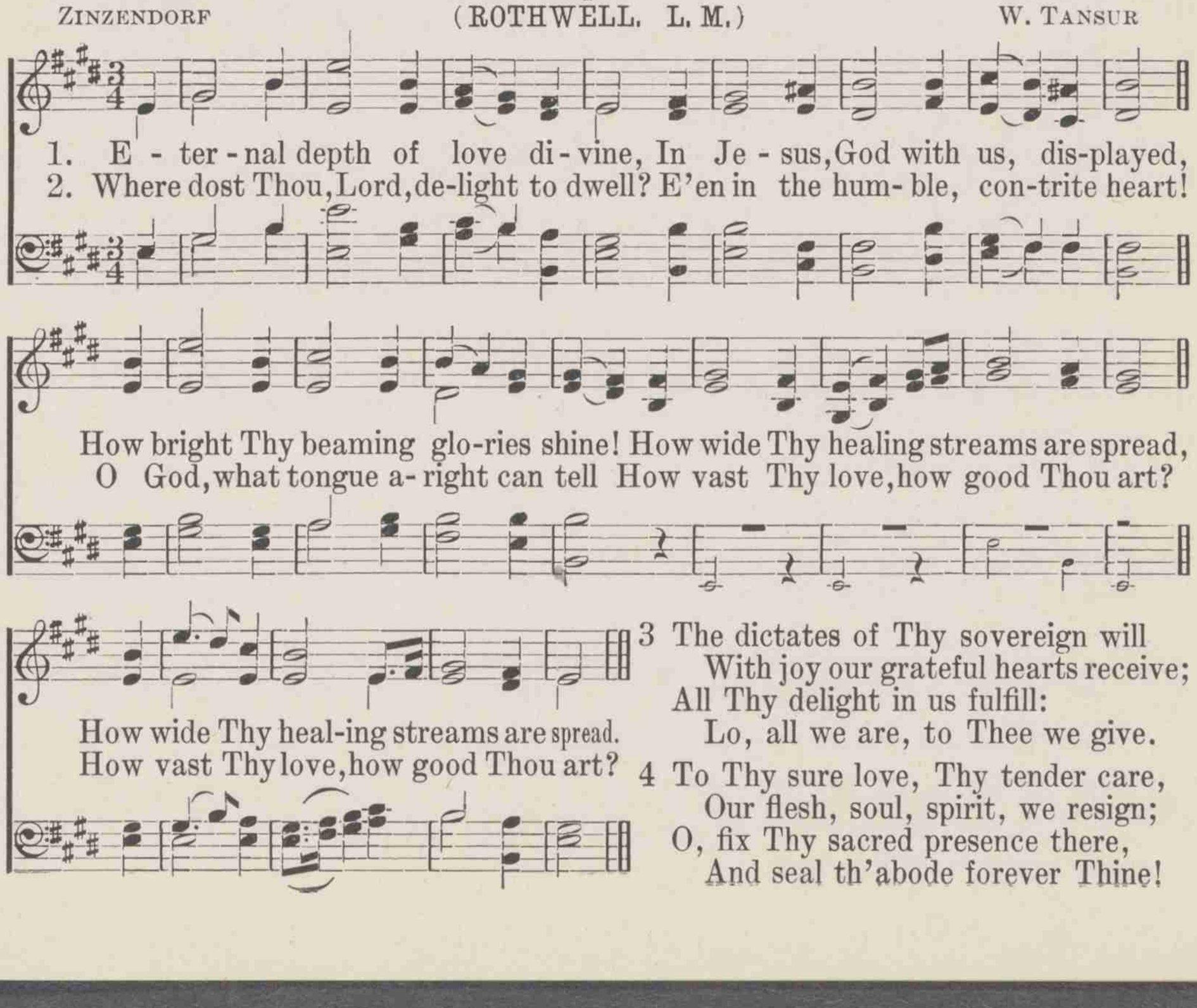
C. WESLEY (BEECHER. 8s 7s. D.) JOHN ZUNDEL



No. 117

Eternal Depth of Love

ZINZENDORF (ROTHWELL. L. M.) W. TANSUR



3 The dictates of Thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive;
All Thy delight in us fulfill:
Lo, all we are, to Thee we give.

4 To Thy sure love, Thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign;
O, fix Thy sacred presence there,
And seal th'abode forever Thine!

No. 118 Almost Persuaded

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS

1. "Al - most per- suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per- suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per- suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per- suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per- suad - ed," har - vest is past; "Al - most per- suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here; An - gels are
doom comes at last; "Al - most" can-not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near; Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail: "Al - most—but lost."

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No. 119 Yield Not to Temptation

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vict'ry will help you
   Fight man-ful- ly onward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev - 'rence,
   Be thoughtful and ear-nest, Kind-hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
3. To him that o'er-cometh, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall conquer
   He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will renew, Look ev - er to Je - sus,

1 2 CHORUS

Some oth- er to win; He'll car-ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car-ry you thro'.
Tho' of- ten cast down; He'll car-ry you thro'.
} Ask the Saviour to help you,

Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

By permission of Mrs. H. R. Palmer.

No. 120 Closer, Lord, to Thee

E. G. TAYLOR, D. D. Alt. GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Clos - er, Lord, to Thee I cling, Clos - er still to Thee; Safe beneath Thy shelt'ring wing I would ev - er be; Rude the blast of doubt and sin, Fierce as-saults without, with-in, Help me, Lord, the bat-tle win; —Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.
2. Clos - er yet, O Lord, my Rock, Ref- uge of my soul; Dread I not the tempest shock, Tho' the bil-lows roll. Wildest storm can-not a-larm, For, to me, can come no harm, Leaning on Thy lov-ing arm; —Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.
3. Clos - er, Lord, to Thee I come, Light of life Di - vine; Thro' the ev - er Bless- ed Son, Joy and peace are mine; Let me in Thy love a - bide, Keep me ev - er near Thy side, In the "Rock of A-ges" hide, —Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

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No. 121 Blessed Jesus, Meek and Lowly

ANNIE R. SMITH (AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.) SPANISH, FROM MARECHIO

1. Bless-ed Je-sus, meek and lowly, With us here take Thine abode; We would fain like Thee be ho - ly, Humbly walking with our God. We would Thy sweet Spir-it cher-ish, Welcome in our hearts Thy stay; Lest with-out Thine aid we per-ish, O abide with us, we pray!
2. Guide us in the path of heaven, Rugged tho' that path may be; Let each bit-ter cup that's given, Serve to draw us near-er Thee. In Thy footsteps traced be-fore us, There we see earth's scorn and frown; There is suff'ring ere the glo-ry, There's a cross before the crown.
3. In Thy vineyard let us la - bor, Of Thy goodness let us tell; All is ill with-out Thy fa- vor, With Thy presence all is well. While the evening shadows gather, Thro' this dreary night of tears, Tarry with us, O our Sav-iour, Till the morning light appears.
4. Then with Thee may we for-ev-er Reign with all the good and blest, Where no sin from Thee can sev- er, Where the weary are at rest; There to praise the matchless Giver, There with angels to a-dore Him who did thro' grace de-liv-er Us from death for-evermore.

No. 122 I Love Thee Better, Lord

F. R. HAVERGAL R. E. HUDSON

1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy;
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng;
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad;
4. O Sav - iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, mine! What will Thy pres- ence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS

The half has nev- er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
nev - er told,
The half has nev- er yet been told, The blood it cleanseth me.
nev-er told, cleanseth me.

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No. 123 Abide With Me

HENRY F. LYTE (EVENTIDE. 10s.) WM. H. MONK

1. A-bide with me! fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a-way;
3. I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r.
4. I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;

When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a- bide with me!
Change and de-cay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, a-bide with me!
Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me!
Where is death's sting? where grave, Thy vic-to-ry? I triumph still, if Thou a-bide with me.

No. 124 Blessed Be the Name

CHAS. WESLEY. Alt. R. E. HUDSON

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing: Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

The glo-ries of my God and King, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the foul-est clean, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

CHORUS

Bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.

Bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.

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No. 125 Depth of Mercy

(ALETTA. 7s.)

C. WESLEY WM. B. BRADBURY

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
2. I have long with-stood His grace, Long pro-voked Him to His face,
3. There for me the Sav-iour stands, Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;

Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not heark-en to His calls, Griev'd Him by a thou-sand falls.
God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps, and loves me still.

No. 126 Blessed Assurance

F. J. CROSBY — MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP

1. Blessed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a foretaste of glo-ry di - vine!
2. Perfect submission, perfect de - light, Visions of rapture now burst on my sight.
3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am happy and blest,

Heir of sal - va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir- it, wash'd in His blood.
An - gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove Ech-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love.
Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Fill'd with His goodness, lost in His love.

CHORUS

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

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No. 127 Sweet Hour of Prayer

WILLIAM W. WALFORD (L. M. D.) WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1 2 FINE

1. { Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care, / And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and (*Omit*)..... } wish-es known!
2. { Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear / To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the wait-ing (*Omit*)..... } soul to bless.
3. { Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I Thy con-so - la-tion share / Till from Mount Pis- gah's loft-y height I view my home and (*Omit*)..... } take my flight.

D. C.—And oft escap'd the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet (*Omit*)..... hour of pray'r.
D. C.—I'll cast on Him my ev'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet (*Omit*)..... hour of pray'r.
D. C.—And shout while passing through the air, "Fare-well, fare- well, sweet (*Omit*)..... hour of pray'r!"

D. C.

In sea- sons of dis- tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be- lieve His word, and trust His grace,
In my im- mor- tal flesh I'll rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize,

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No. 128 When the King Shall Claim His Own

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels; and then He shall reward every man according to his works."—Matt. 16: 27

L. D. SANTEE — EDWIN BARNES

1. In the glad time of the har-vest, In the grand mil-len-nial year,
2. O the rap-ture of His peo-ple! Long they've dwelt on earth's low sod,
3. Long they've toil'd with-in the har-vest, Sown the pre-cious seed with tears;
4. We shall greet the loved and lov-ing, Who have left us lone-ly here;

When the King shall take His scep-ter, And to judge the world ap-pear,
With their hearts e'er turn-ing homeward, Rich in faith and love to God.
Soon they'll drop their heav-y bur-dens In the glad mil-len-nial years;
Ev-'ry heart-ache will be ban-ished When the Sav-iour shall ap-pear;

Earth and sea shall yield their treas-ure, All shall stand be-fore the throne;
They shall share the life im-mor-tal, They shall know as they are known,
They shall share the bliss of heav-en, Nev-er-more to sigh or moan;
Nev-er grieved by sin or sor-row, Nev-er wea-ry or a-lone:

Just a-wards shall then be giv-en, When the King shall claim His own.
They shall pass the pearl-y por-tal, When the King shall claim His own.
Star-ry crowns shall then be giv-en, When the King shall claim His own.
O we long for that glad mor-row When the King shall claim His own.

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No. 129 Old Hundred

(L. M.) — GUILLAUME FRANC

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here be-low;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

No. 130 Christ Is Coming

J. R. MACDUFF — GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Christ is com - ing! let cre - a - tion From her groans and trav-ail cease;
2. Long Thy ex - iles have been pin - ing, Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
3. With that "bless-ed hope" be- fore us, Let no harp re-main un-strung;

Let the glo - rious proc - la - ma - tion Hope re- store and faith in-crease:
But, in heav'n- ly ves-ture shin - ing, Soon they shall Thy glo - ry see.
Let the might - y ran-somed cho - rus On-ward roll from tongue to tongue.

CHORUS

Christ is com - ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Thou bless-ed Prince of Peace!
Christ is com - ing! Christ is com - ing! Come, Thou bless-ed Prince of Peace.

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No. 131 Homeward Bound

W. F. WARREN — (10s & 7s. P.) — J. W. DADMUN

FINE

1. Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
   Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
2. Wild-ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
   Look! yon-der lie the bright heav-en-ly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
3. In - to the har - bor of heav'n now we glide, We're home at last, home at last;
   Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil-ver tide, We're home at last, home at last.

D.C.—Prom-ise of which on us each is bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
D.C.—O how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail! We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
D.C.—Glo - ry to God! we shall shout ev-er-more; We're home at last, home at last.

D.C.

Far from the safe quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's ce-les-tial a-bode,
Stead-y, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel; Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;
Glo - ry to God! all our dangers are o'er, We stand secure on the glo-ri-fied shore;

No. 132 The Matchless Worth

S. MEDLEY (ARIEL. C. P. M.) L. MASON

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth,
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dread-ful guilt
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ter He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will take me home,

Which in my Sav-iour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'n-ly strings, And
Of sin and wrath di-vine! I'd sing His glo-rious right-eous-ness, In
Ex-alt-ed on His throne; In loft-iest songs of sweet-est praise, I
And I shall see His face; Then, with my Sav-iour, Broth-er, Friend, A

vie with Gabriel while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
which all-perfect heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
would to ev-er-last-ing days Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known.
blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

No. 133 Come, Gracious Spirit

SIMON BROWNE (WARE. L. M.) GEORGE KINGSLEY

1. Come, gracious Spir-it, heav'nly Dove, With light and com-fort from a-bove;
2. To us the light of truth dis-play, And make us know and choose Thy way;
3. Lead us to ho-li-ness,—the road That we must take to dwell with God;
4. Lead us to God, our fi-nal rest, To be with Him for-ev-er blest;

Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide; O'er all our tho'ts and steps pre-side.
Plant ho-ly fear in ev-'ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de-part.
Lead us to Christ, the liv-ing way, Nor let us from His pre-cepts stray.
Lead us to heav'n, its bliss to share—Fullness of joy for-ev-er there!

No. 134 His Loving-Kindness

SAMUEL MEDLEY — WESTERN MELODY

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might- y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov- ing- kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es- tate, His lov- ing- kind-ness, oh, how great!
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov- ing- kind-ness, oh, how strong!
He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov- ing- kind-ness, oh, how good!

Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how free!
Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how great!
Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how strong!
Lov - ing-kind-ness, lov - ing-kind-ness, His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how good!

No. 135 Praise the King of Heaven

H. F. LYTE — (REGENT SQUARE. 8s 7s. 6l.) — H. SMART

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet thy trib- ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis-tress;
3. Frail as sum-mer's flow'r we flour - ish, Blows the wind, and it is gone;

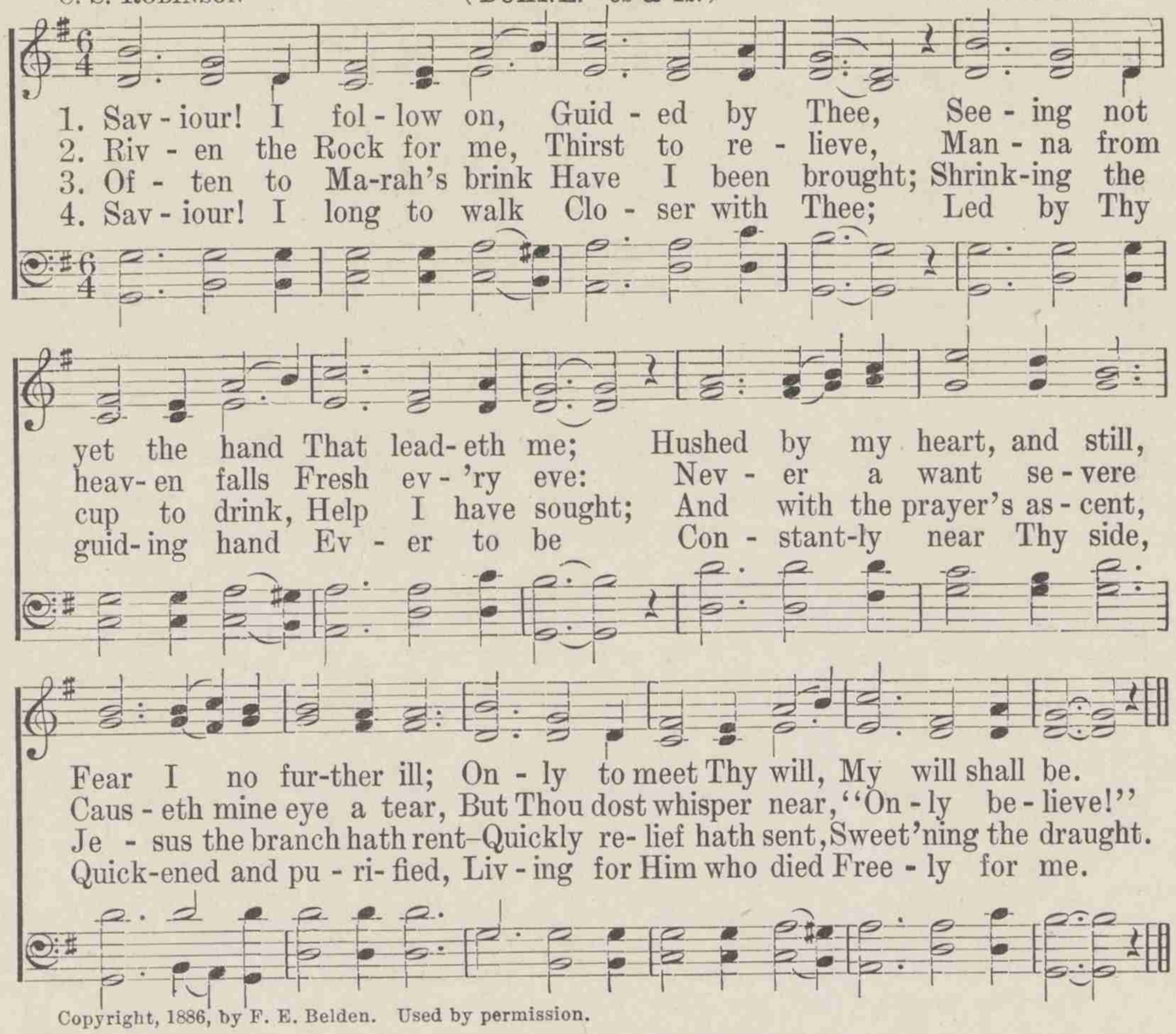
Ransomed, healed, re- stored, for - giv - en, Who like thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him, still the same for - ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
But, while mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en-dures un - chang-ing on.

Praise Him! praise Him! Praise Him! praise Him! Praise the ev - er - last- ing King!
Praise Him! praise Him! Praise Him! praise Him! Glo-rious in His faith- ful- ness.
Praise Him! praise Him! Praise Him! praise Him! Praise the high e - ter - nal One!

No. 136

I Follow On

C. S. ROBINSON (DOANE. 6s & 4s.) F. E. BELDEN

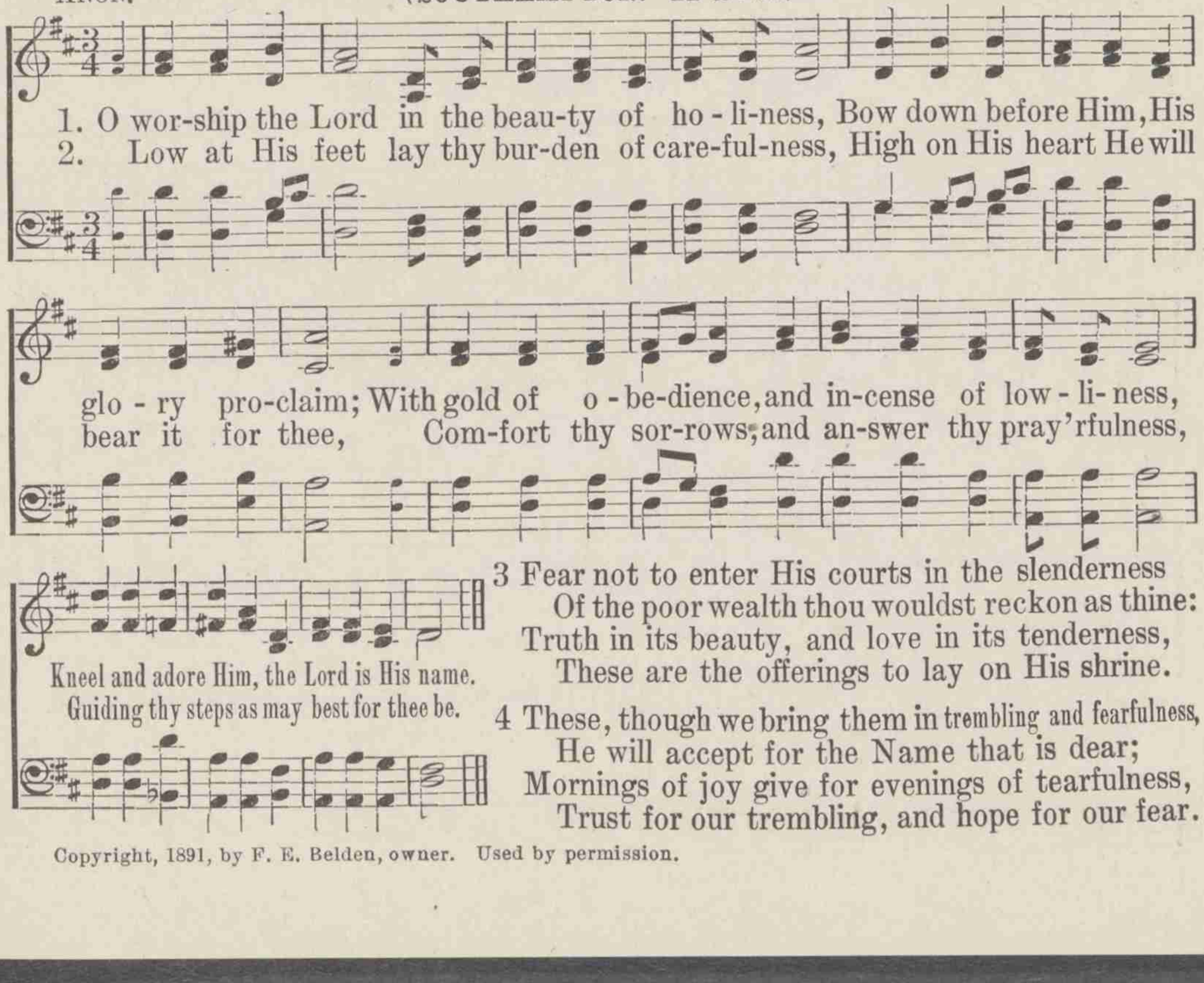


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No. 137

In the Beauty of Holiness

ANON. (SOUTHAMPTON. 12 & 10s.) EDWIN BARNES



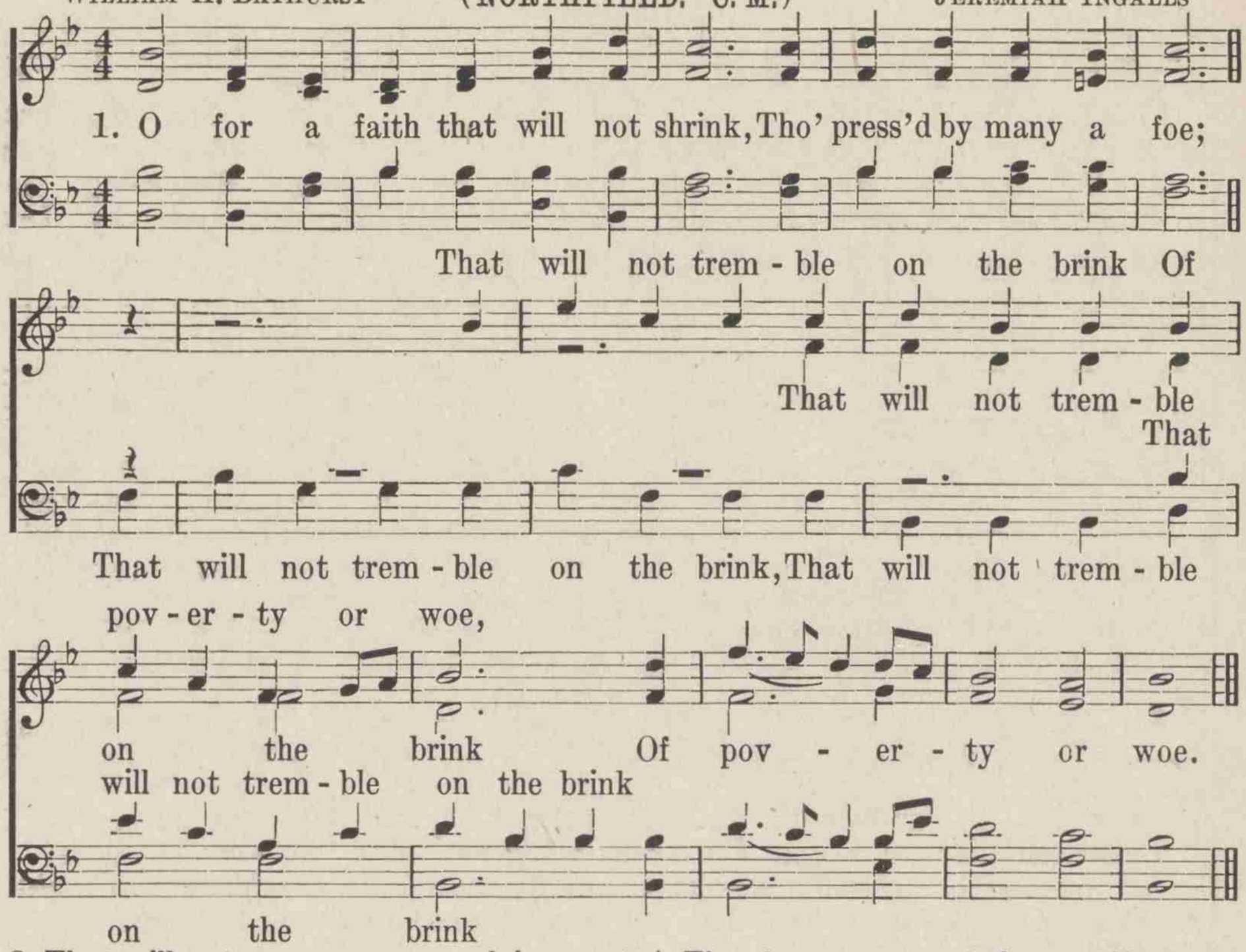
3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine:
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

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No. 138 O for a Faith!

WILLIAM H. BATHURST (NORTHFIELD. C. M.) JEREMIAH INGALLS



2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God.

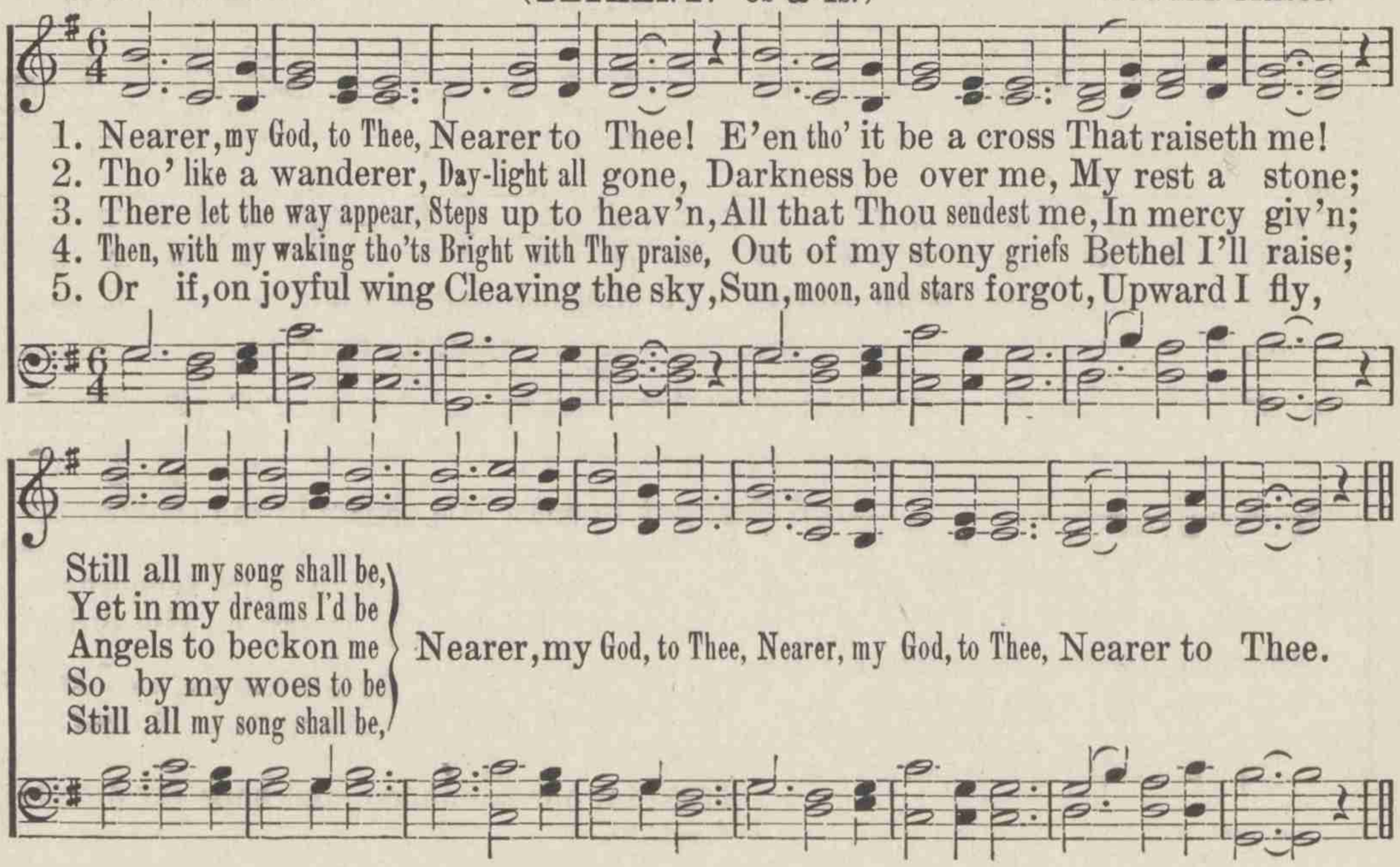
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.

5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

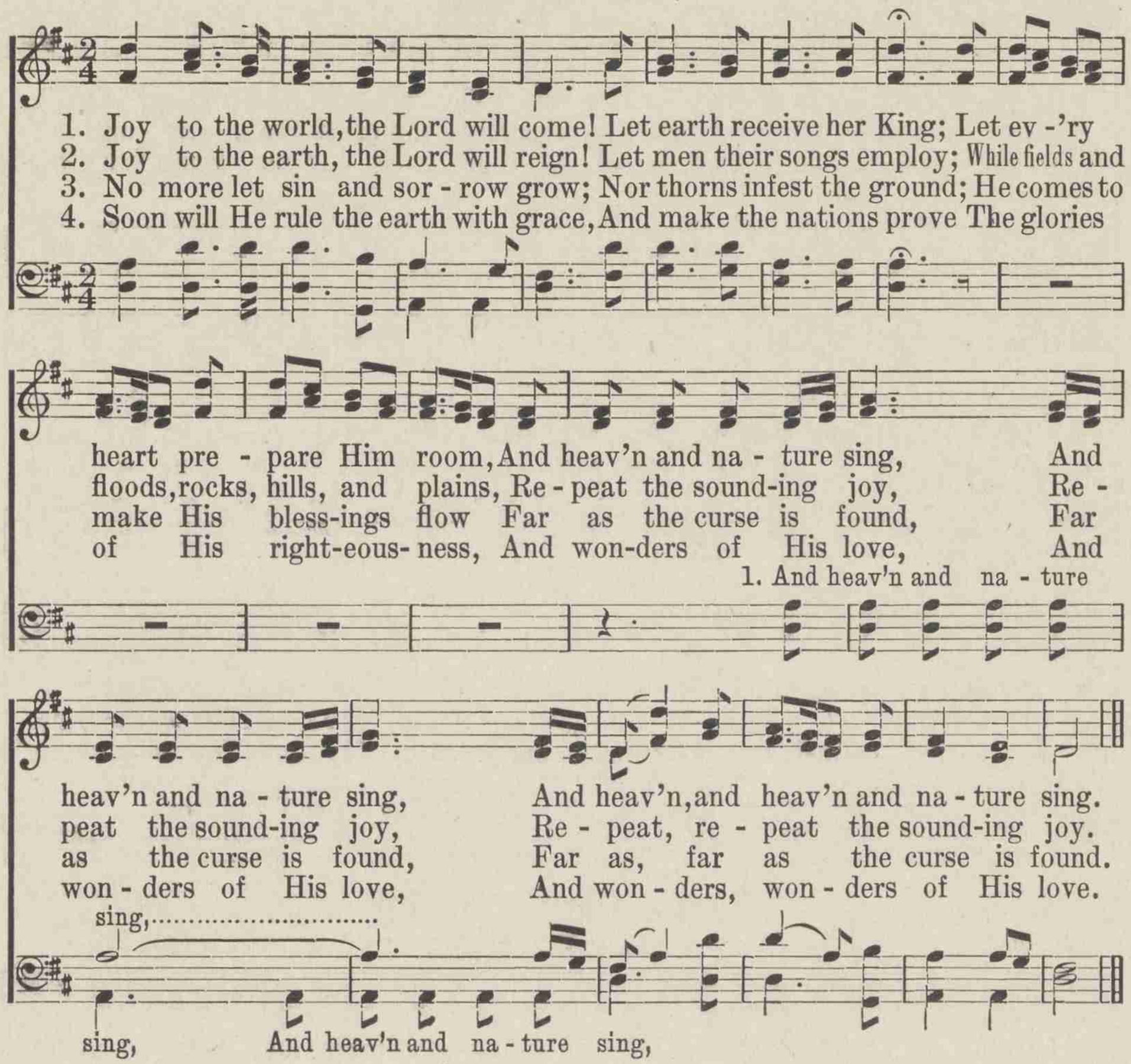
No. 139 Nearer, My God, to Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS (BETHANY. 6s & 4s.) LOWELL MASON



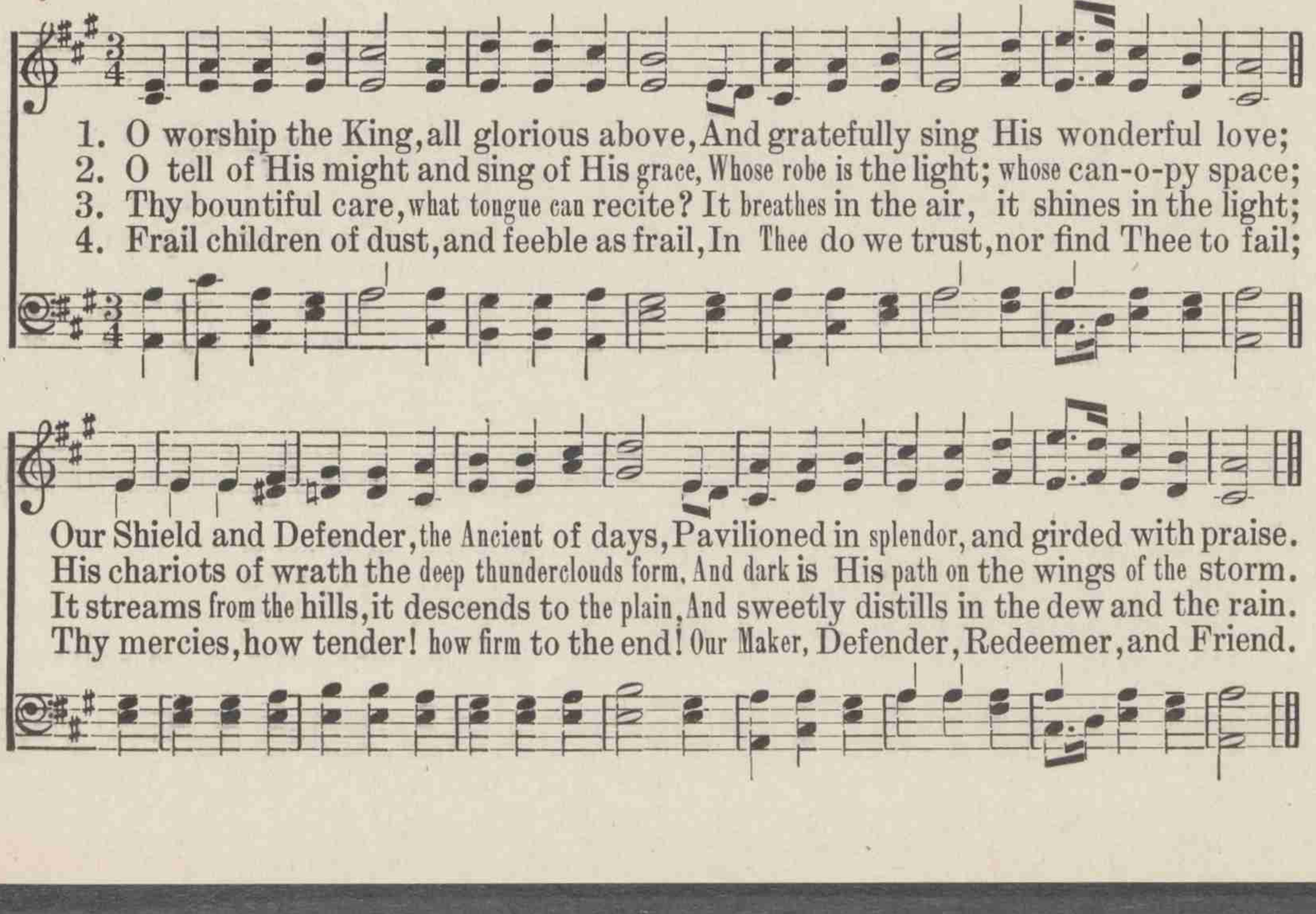
No. 140 Joy to the World

ISAAC WATTS (ANTIOCH. C. M.) GEORGE F. HANDEL



No. 141 O Worship the King

ROBERT GRANT (LYONS. 10s & 11s.) FRANCIS J. HAYDN



No. 142

As Thou Wilt

(JEWETT. 6s. D.)

B. SCHMOLKE

C. M. VON WEBER
Arr. by F. E. B.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept
fu - ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove

rit.

Con-duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
And sorrowed oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
I trav-el calm-ly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

No. 143

Zion's Glad Morning

(WESLEY. 11s 10s.)

WESLEY

L. MASON

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn- ing, Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn- ing, Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je-

lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hush'd be the ac-cents of sor- row and
proph - ets of Is - rael fore- told; Hail to the mil-lions from bond-age re-
cop - ious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the moun-tain tops ech - oes are
ho - vah as - cend-ing on high; Fall'n are the en- gines of war and com-

mourn-ing, Zi - on in tri- umph be - gins her mild reign.
turn - ing; Gen - tile and Jew the blest vis - ion be - hold.
ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver-dure, and min - gle in song.
mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend- ing the sky. A - MEN.

No. 144 The Son of God Goes Forth to War

REGINALD HEBER (ALL SAINTS.) H. S. CUTLER

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, And tri-umph o- ver pain, Who patient bears his cross below—He follows in His train.
2. The martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw His Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save; Like Him, with pardon on His tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in His train?
3. A glorious band, the chosen few On whom the Spir-it came: Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame. They climbed the dizzy steep to heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain: O God! to us may grace be giv'n To follow in their train.

No. 145 I Bring My Sins to Thee

F. R. HAVERGAL (6s & 8s.) T. C. O'KANE

1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can - not count, That all may cleans-ed be, In Thy once o-pened Fount: I bring them Sav - iour, all to Thee; The bur - den is too great for me.
2. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I can - not tell; No words shall need- ed be, Thou know - est all so well: I bring the sor - row laid on me, O suf - f'ring Sav - iour! all to Thee.
3. My heart to Thee I bring, The heart I can - not read,— A faith-less, wand'ring thing, An e - vil heart in - deed: I bring it, Sav - iour, now to Thee, That fix'd and faith - ful it may be.
4. My life I bring to Thee, I would not be my own; O Sav - iour, let me be Thine, ev - er Thine a - lone. My heart, my life, my all, I bring To Thee, my Sav - iour, and my King.

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No. 146 How Firm a Foundation

G. KEITH (PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.) J. READING

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sorrow shall
3. "When thro' fie-ry tri-als thy pathway shall lie, My grace all-suf-fi-cient shall
4. "The soul that on Je-sus doth lean for re-pose, I will not, I will not de-

ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said Who un-to the
not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-
sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll nev-er, no

Sav-iour for ref-uge have fled, Who un-to the Sav-iour for ref-uge have fled?
to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est distress."
sume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-fine."
nev-er, no nev-er for-sake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake."

No. 147 The Lord Is My Shepherd

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread,
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O, what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek— by the path which my forefathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn—Thy kingdom of love.

J. MONTGOMERY

No. 148 Conformed to Thee

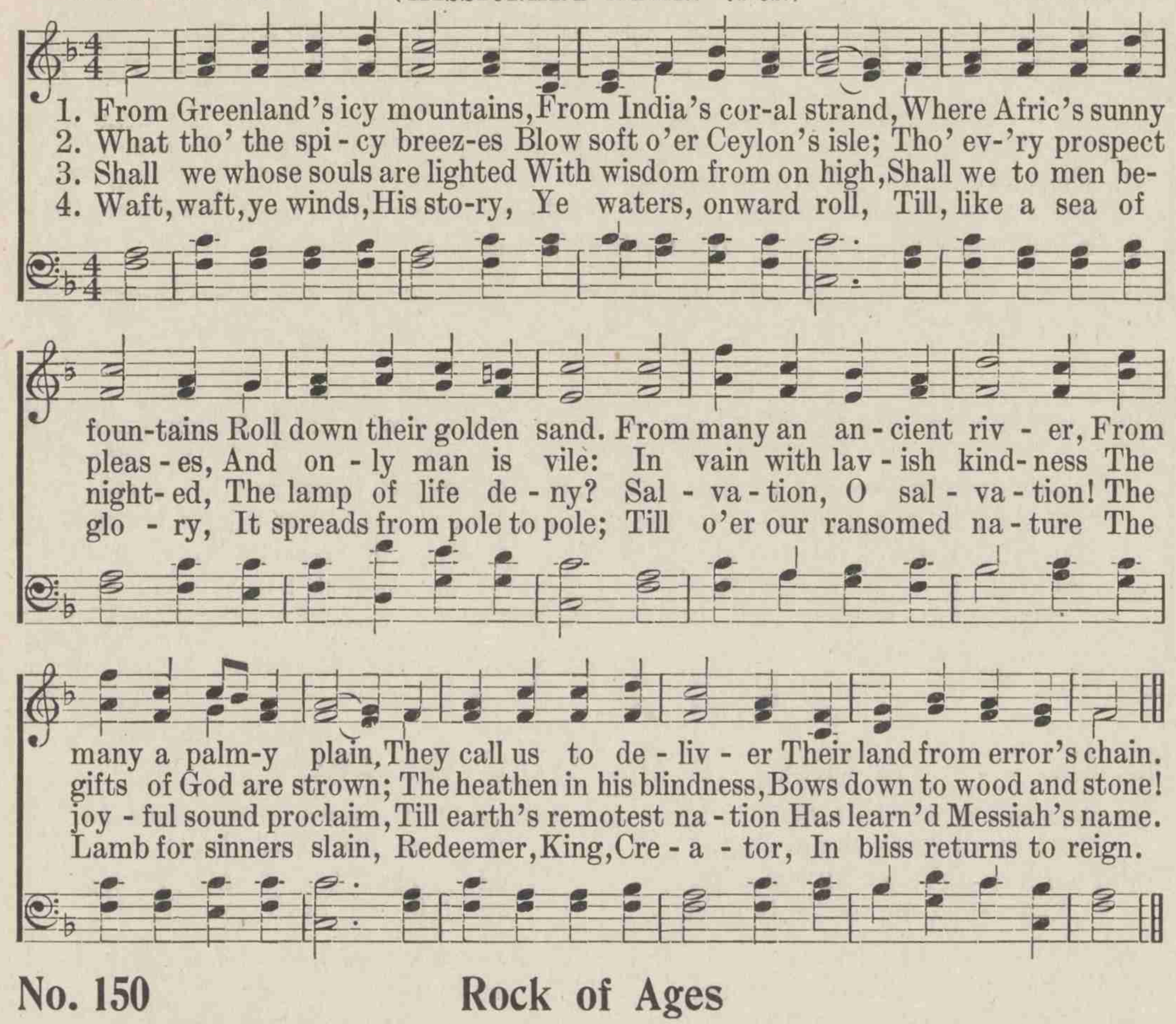
C. WESLEY (HOLLEY. 7s.) G. HEWS

1. When, my Sav-iour, shall I be Per-fect-ly con-formed to Thee?
2. On-ly Thee con-tent to know, Ig-no-rant of all be-low;
3. Ful-ly in my life ex-press All the heights of ho-li-ness;

Poor and vile in my own eyes, On-ly in Thy wis-dom wise;
On-ly guid-ed by Thy light, On-ly might-y in Thy might.
Sweet-ly let my spir-it prove All the depths of hum-ble love.

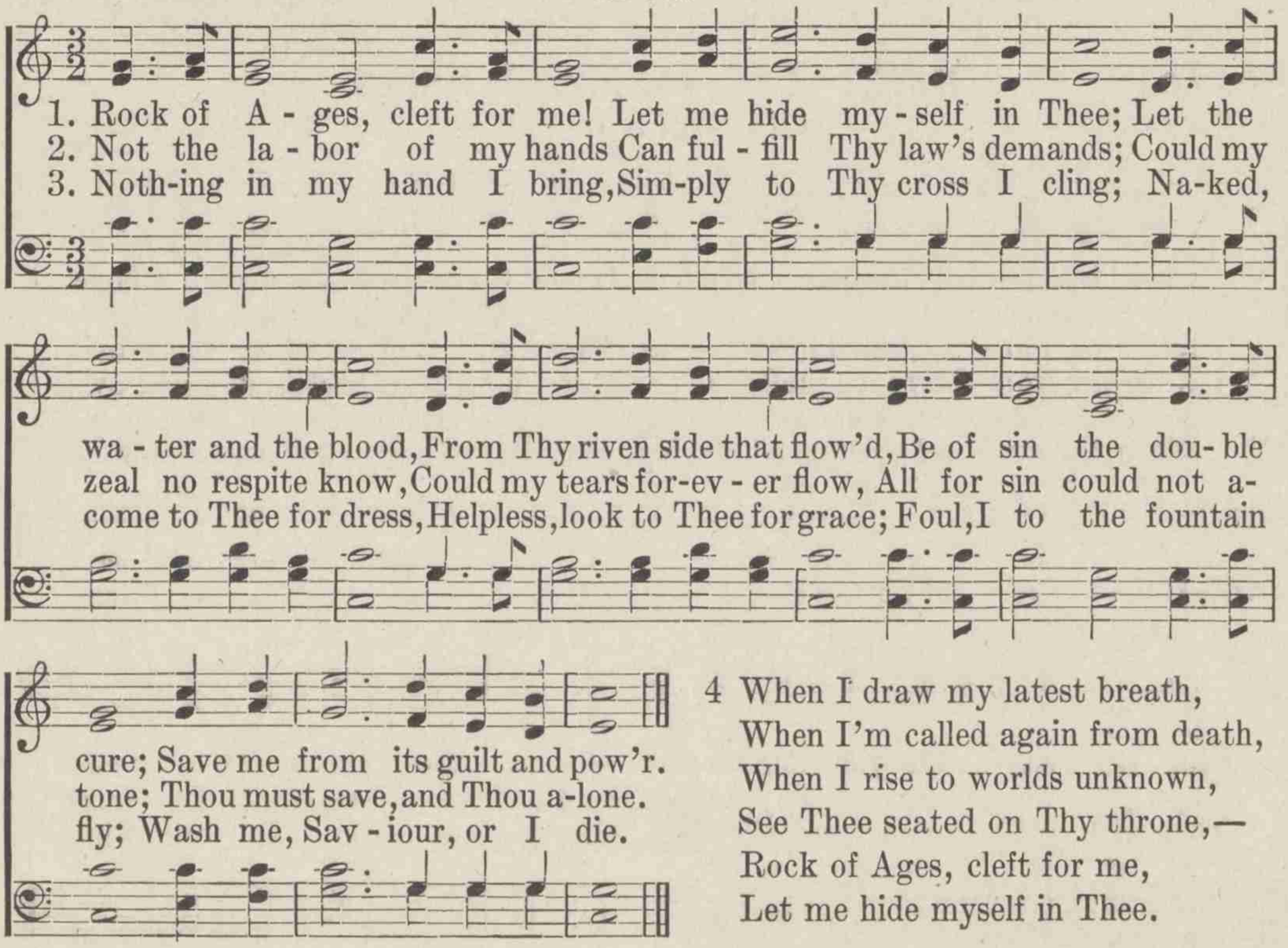
No. 149 From Greenland's Icy Mountains

REGINALD HEBER (MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s 6s.) L. MASON



No. 150 Rock of Ages

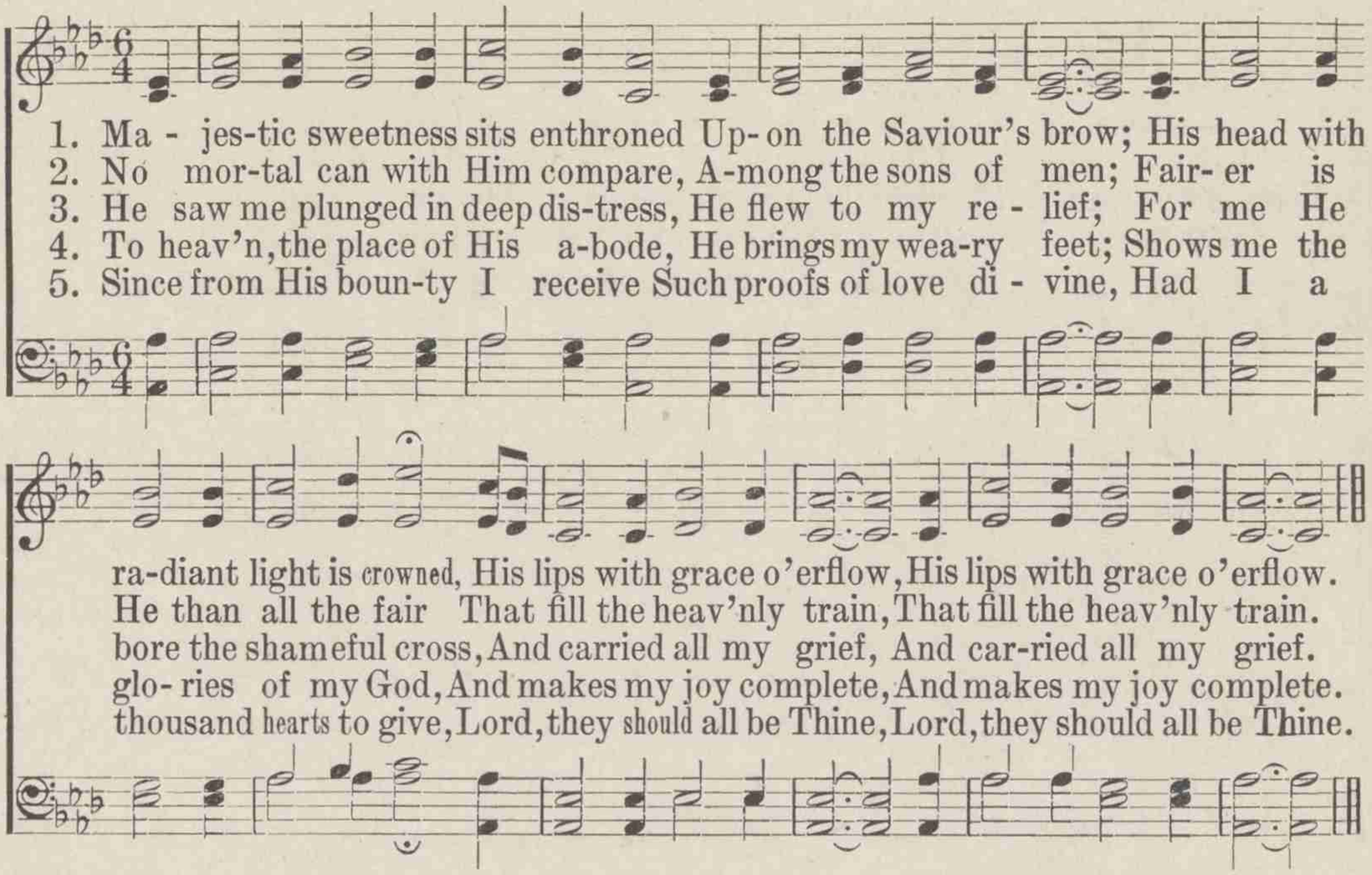
AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY (7s 6l.) THOMAS HASTINGS



4 When I draw my latest breath,
When I'm called again from death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee seated on Thy throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 151 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

SAMUEL STENNETT (ORTONVILLE. C. M.) THOMAS HASTINGS



No. 152 A Glory in the Word We Find

1 A glory in the word we find
When grace restores our sight;
But sin has darkened all the mind,
‖: And veiled the heavenly light. :‖

2 When God's own Spirit clears our view,
How bright the doctrines shine!
Their holy fruits and sweetness show
‖: The author is divine. :‖

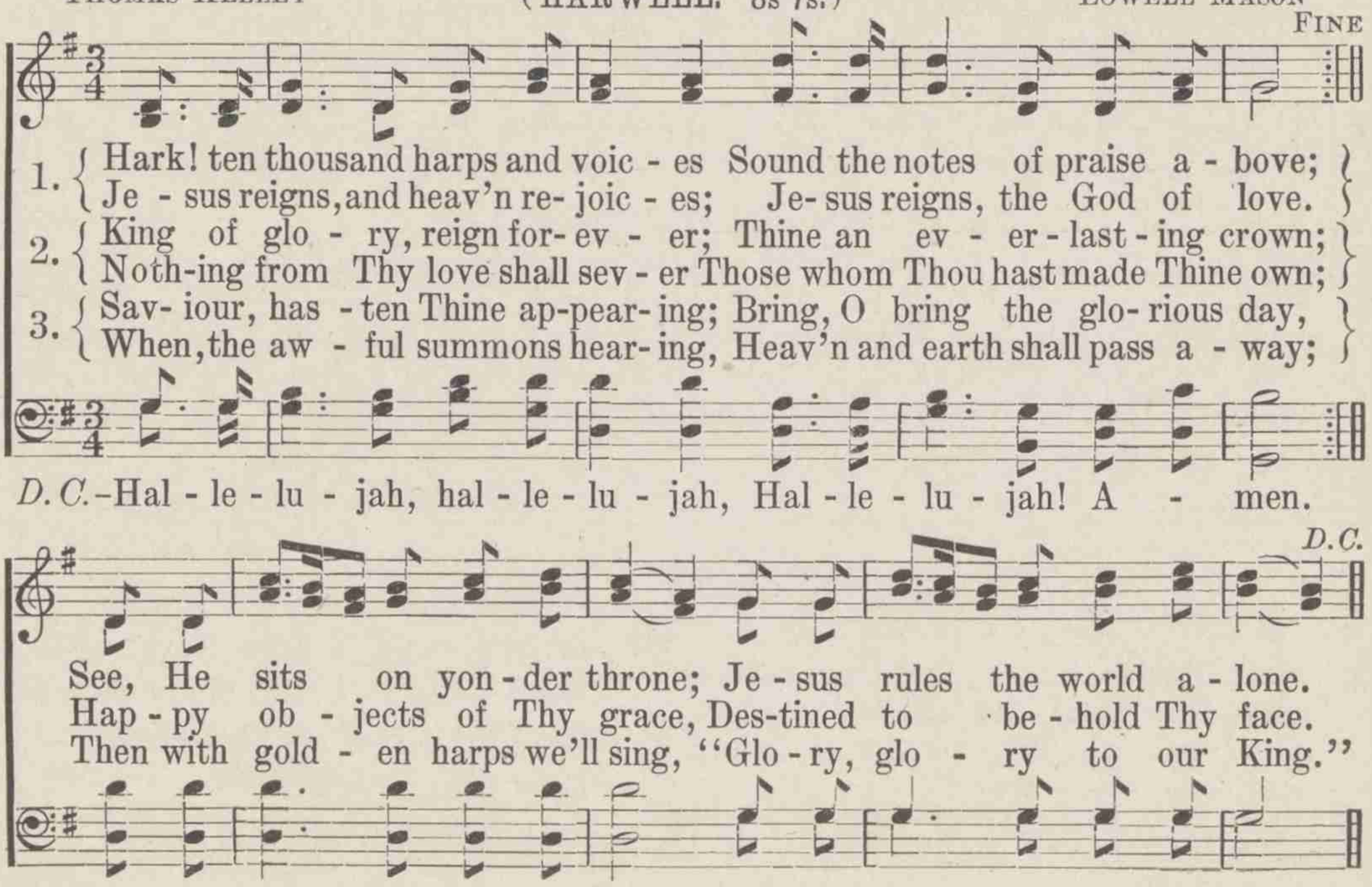
3 How blest are we, with open face
To view Thy glory, Lord,
And all Thy image here to trace,
‖: Reflected in Thy word! :‖

4 O teach us, as we look, to grow
In holiness and love,
That we may long to see and know
‖: Thy glorious face above. :‖

CAMPBELL'S COLLECTION.

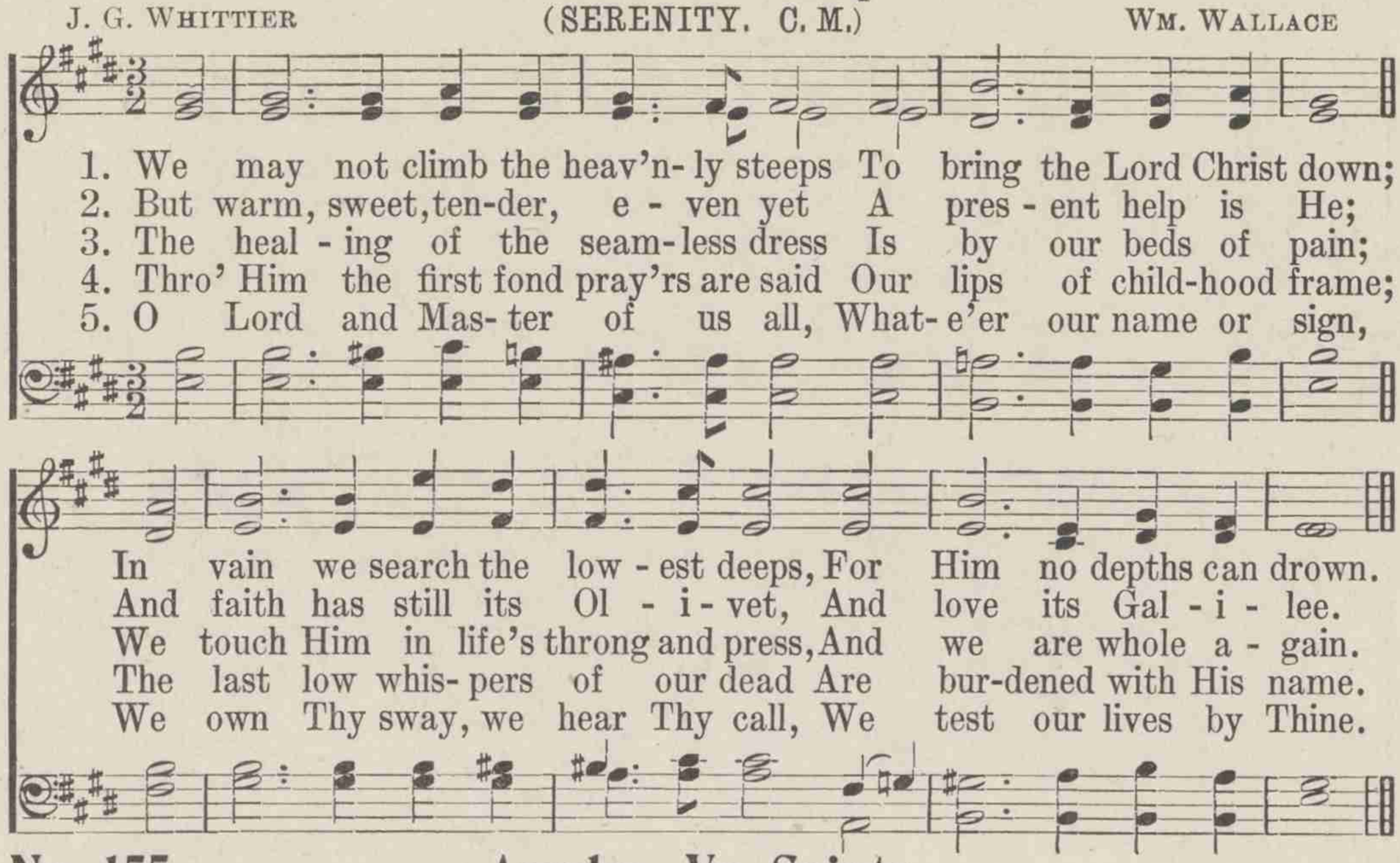
No. 153 Hark! Ten Thousand Harps

THOMAS KELLEY (HARWELL. 8s 7s.) LOWELL MASON



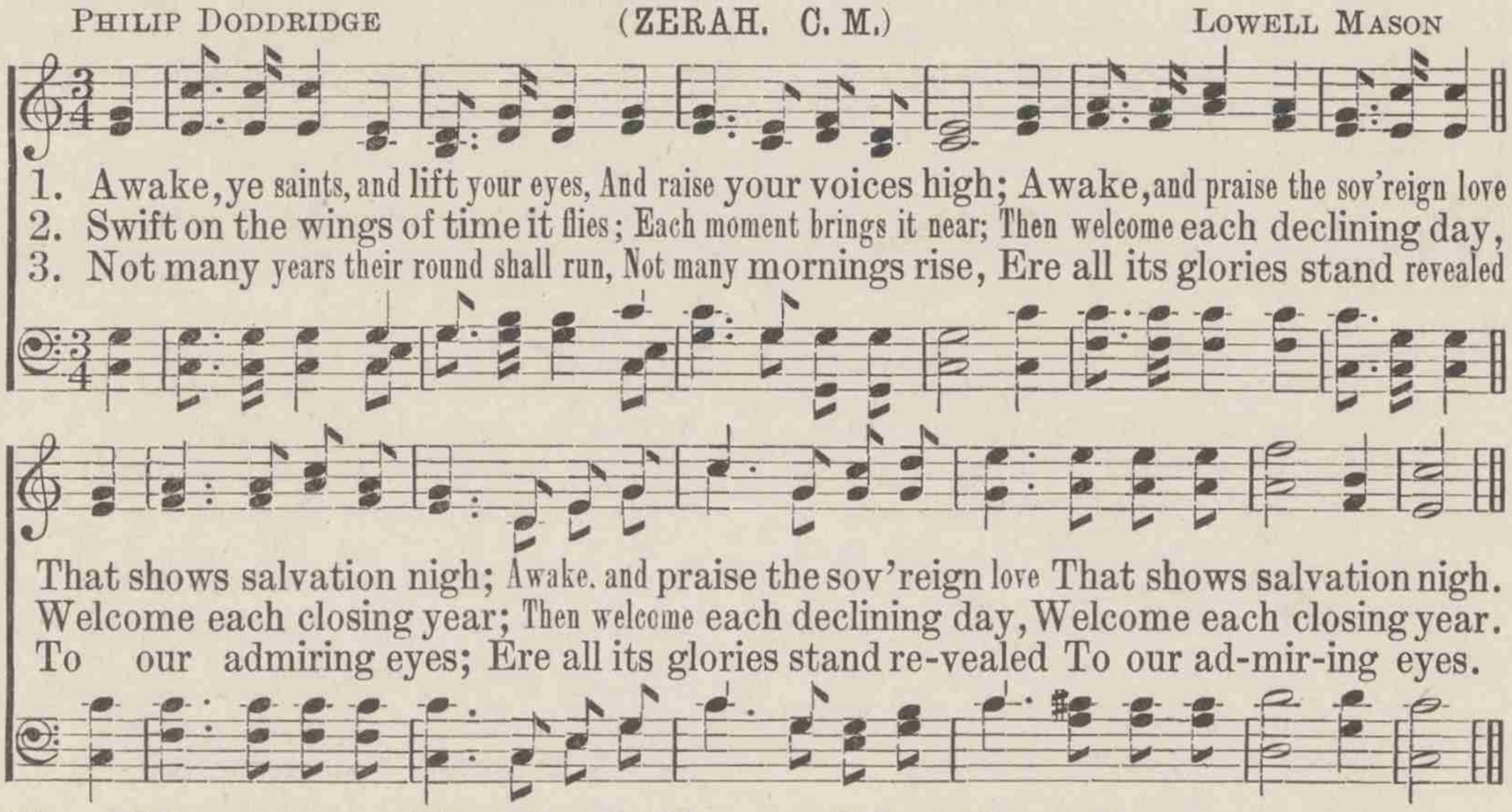
No. 154 A Present Help

J. G. WHITTIER (SERENITY. C. M.) WM. WALLACE
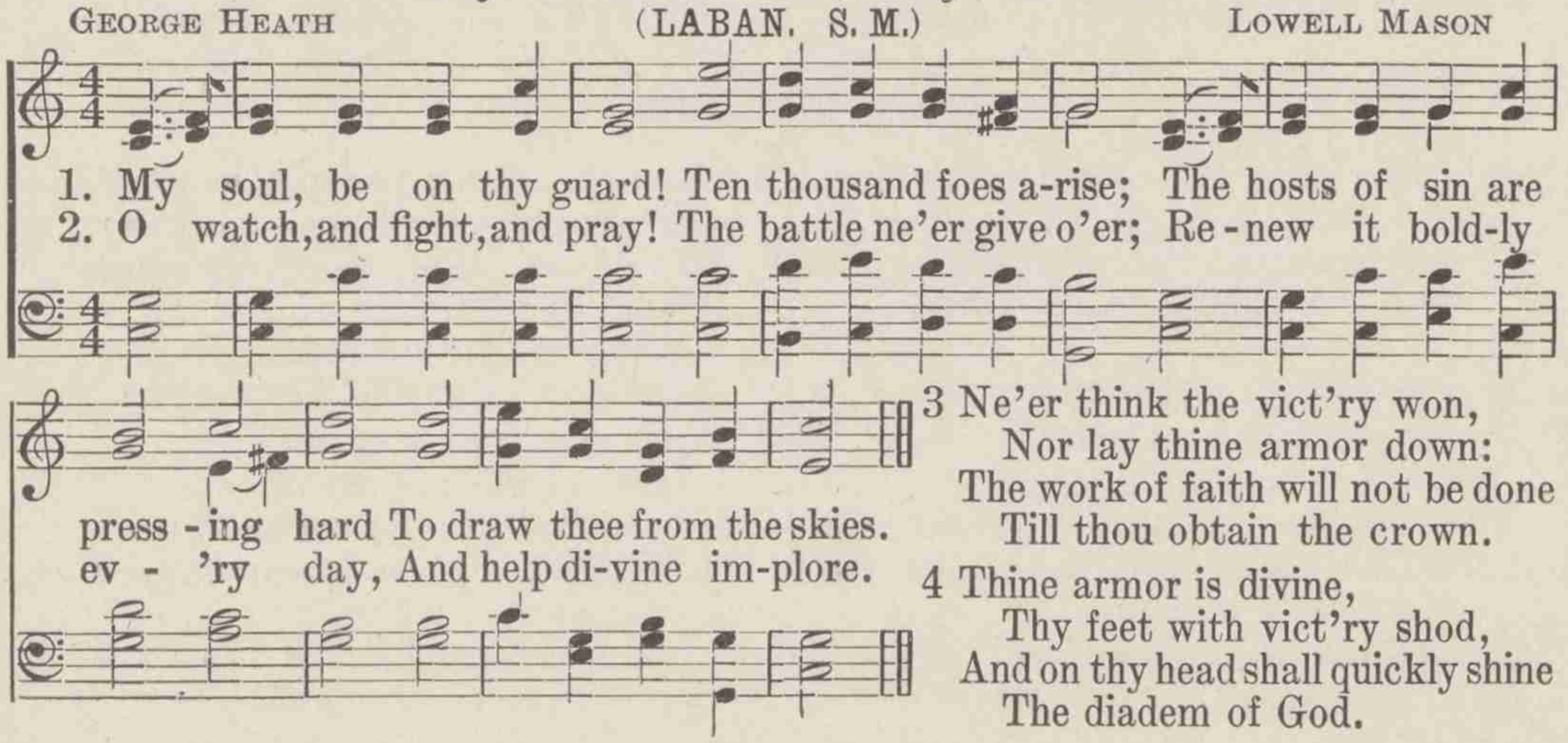


No. 155 Awake, Ye Saints

PHILIP DODDRIDGE (ZERAH. C. M.) LOWELL MASON



No. 156 My Soul Be on Thy Guard

GEORGE HEATH (LABAN. S. M.) LOWELL MASON

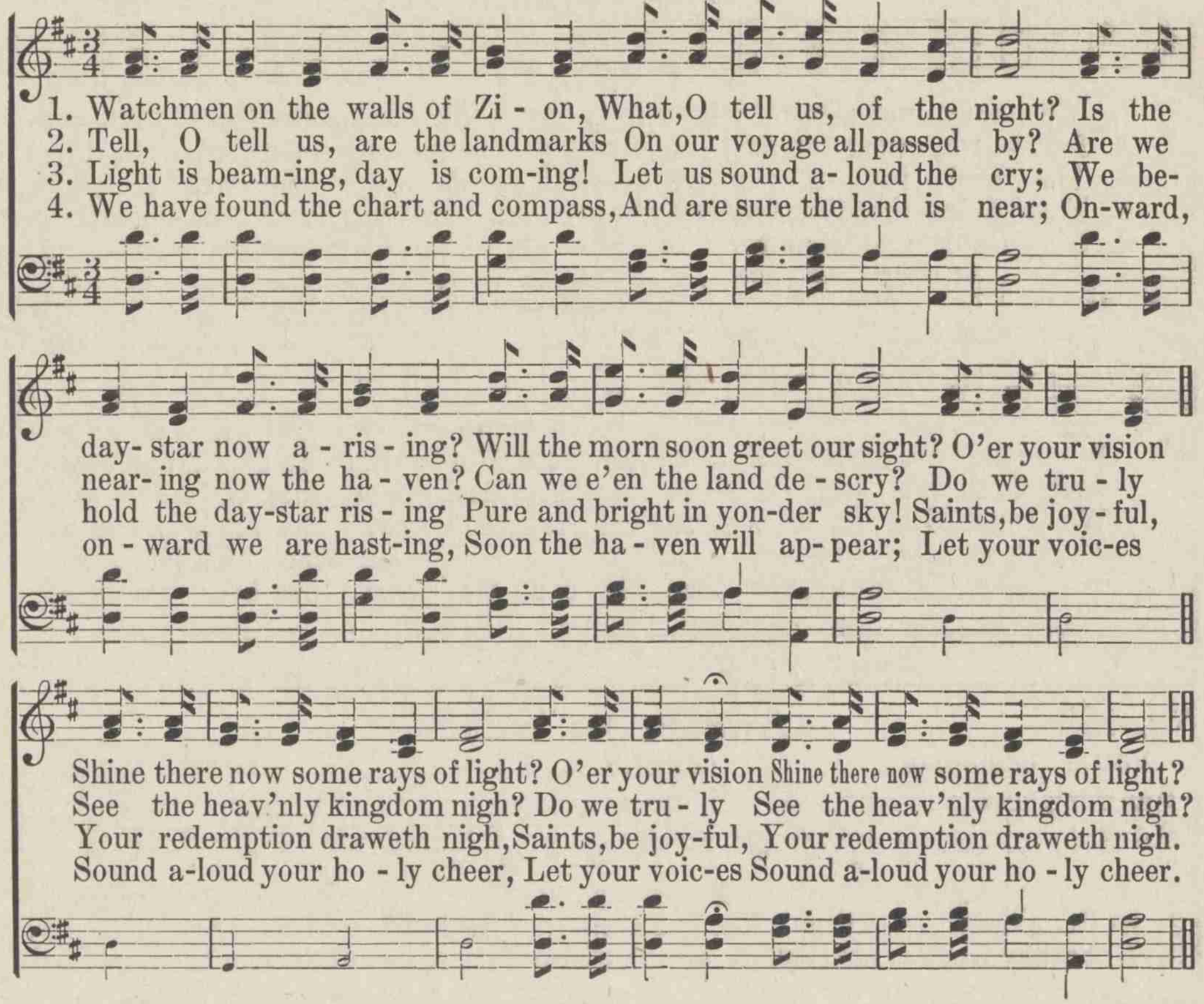


3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with vict'ry shod,
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

No. 157 Watchmen, Tell Us of the Night

ANON. (ZION. 8s 7s & 4s.) THOMAS HASTINGS



No. 158 Come, My Saviour

1 O'er the distant mountain breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
‖: 'Tis the Saviour
On His bright returning way. :‖

2 O Thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where Thy light I do not see:
‖: O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me? :‖

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
‖: O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised land. :‖

4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning
To restore me to my home;
‖: Come, my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come! :‖

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

No. 159 Lo! He Comes

1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Countless angels, Him attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
‖: Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign. :‖

2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
‖: Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see! :‖

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him, must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day,—
‖: "Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! Come away!":‖

4 Yea, amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thy eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make Thy righteous sentence known;
‖: O come quickly,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own! :‖

CHARLES WESLEY

No. 160 Awake, My Soul

PHILIP DODDRIDGE (ARLINGTON. C. M.) THOMAS A. ARNE

1. A - wake, my soul! stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on;
2. 'Tis God's all an - i - mat- ing voice, That calls thee from on high;
3. A cloud of wit - ness - es a-round Hold thee in full sur - vey;
4. Blest Sav-iour, in - tro - duced by thee, Our race have we be - gun;

A heav'n-ly race de- mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.
'Tis He whose hand pre- sents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye.
For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And on - ward urge thy way.
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at Thy feet We'll lay our tro - phies down.

No. 161 Nearness to God

B. CLEVELAND (NAOMI. C. M.) NAEGELI

1. O could I find, from day to day, A near - ness to my God,
2. Lord, I de - sire with Thee to live A - new from day to day,
3. Blest Je - sus, come, and rule my heart, And make me whol - ly Thine,

Then would my hours glide sweet a - way, While lean - ing on His word.
In joys the world can nev - er give, Nor ev - er take a - way.
That I may nev - er - more de - part, Nor grieve Thy love di - vine.

No. 162 Light Divine

ANDREW REED (MERCY. 7s.) GOTTSCHALK

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine,
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine,
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine,

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my darkness in - to day.
Long has sin, with- out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme, and reign a- lone.

No. 163 I Will Follow Thee

J. L. E. (8s & 7s. P.) JAMES L ELGINBURG

1. I will fol - low Thee, my Sav-iour, Where-so - e'er my lot may be.
2. Though the road be rough and thorn - y, Track-less as the foam-ing sea,
3. Though I meet with trib - u - la- tions, Sore - ly tempt- ed though I be;
4. Though Thou lead'st me thro' af-flic-tion, Poor, for- sak - en though I be;

:S: FINE

Where Thou go - est I will fol - low; Yes, my Lord, I'll fol - low Thee.
Thou hast trod this way be - fore me, And I'll glad - ly fol - low Thee.
I re- mem-ber Thou wast tempted, And re - joice to fol - low Thee.
Thou wast des - ti - tute, af - flict - ed, And I on - ly fol - low Thee.

D.S.–And tho' all men should for-sake Thee, By Thy grace I'll fol - low Thee.

CHORUS *D.S.*

I will fol - low Thee, my Sav-iour, Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;

No. 164 Redeeming Love
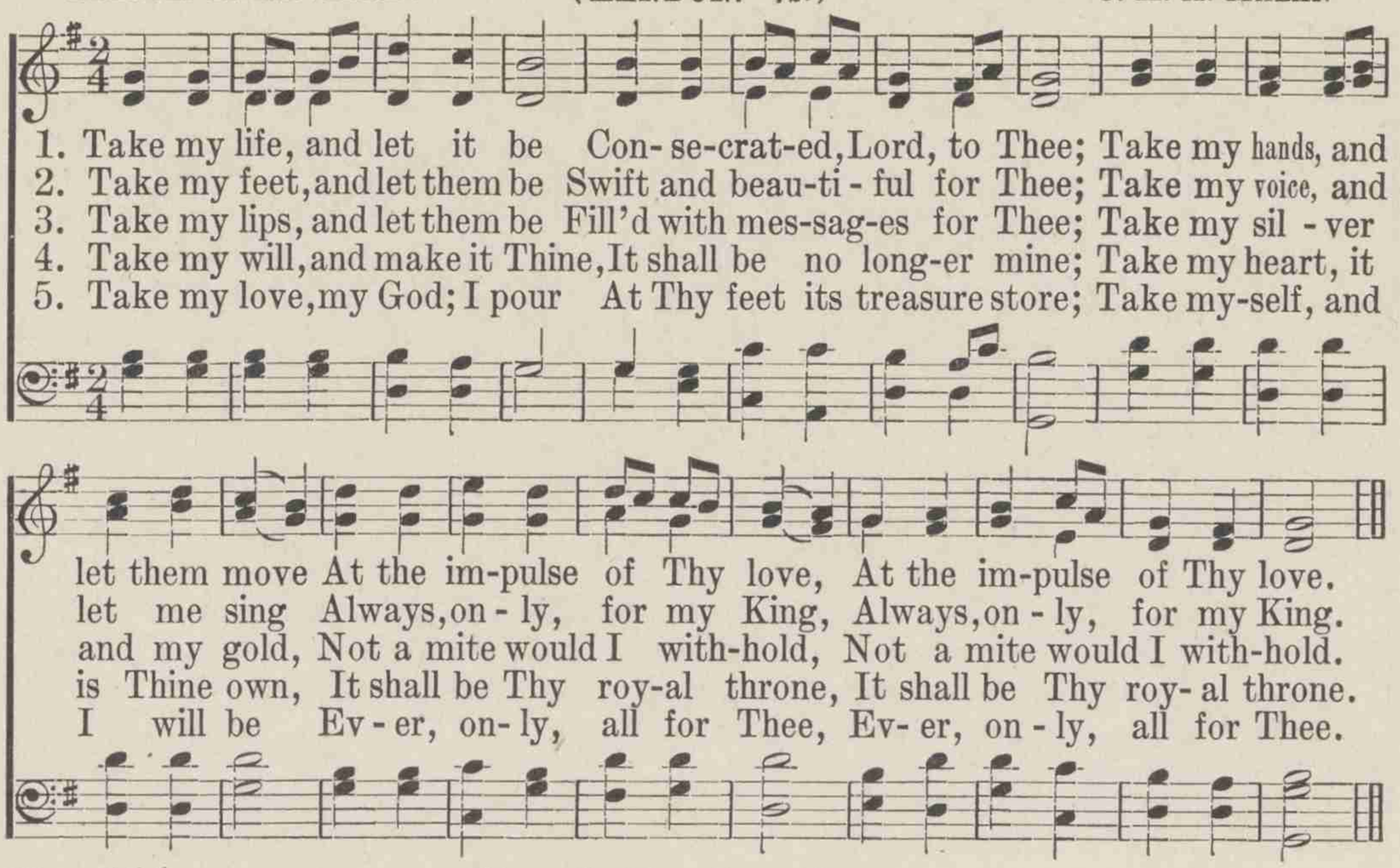
R. F. COTTRELL (WOODLAND. C. M.) NATHANIEL D. GOULD

1. The wonders of redeeming love Our highest tho'ts exceed; The Son of God comes
2. He gives Himself, His life, His all, A sin- less Sac- ri- fice. For man He drains the
3. And now before His Father's face His precious blood He pleads; For those who seek the
4. He knows the frailties of our frame, For He has borne our grief; Our great High Priest once
5. His love will not be sat- is-fied, Till He in glo- ry see The faith-ful ones for

from a-bove, The Son of God comes from a-bove For sin - ful man to bleed.
cup of gall, For man He drains the cup of gall, For man the vic-tim dies.
throne of grace, For those who seek the throne of grace His love still in-ter-cedes.
felt the same, Our great High Priest once felt the same, And He can send re - lief.
whom He died, The faith- ful ones for whom He died From sin for- ev- er free.

No. 165 A Surrendered Life
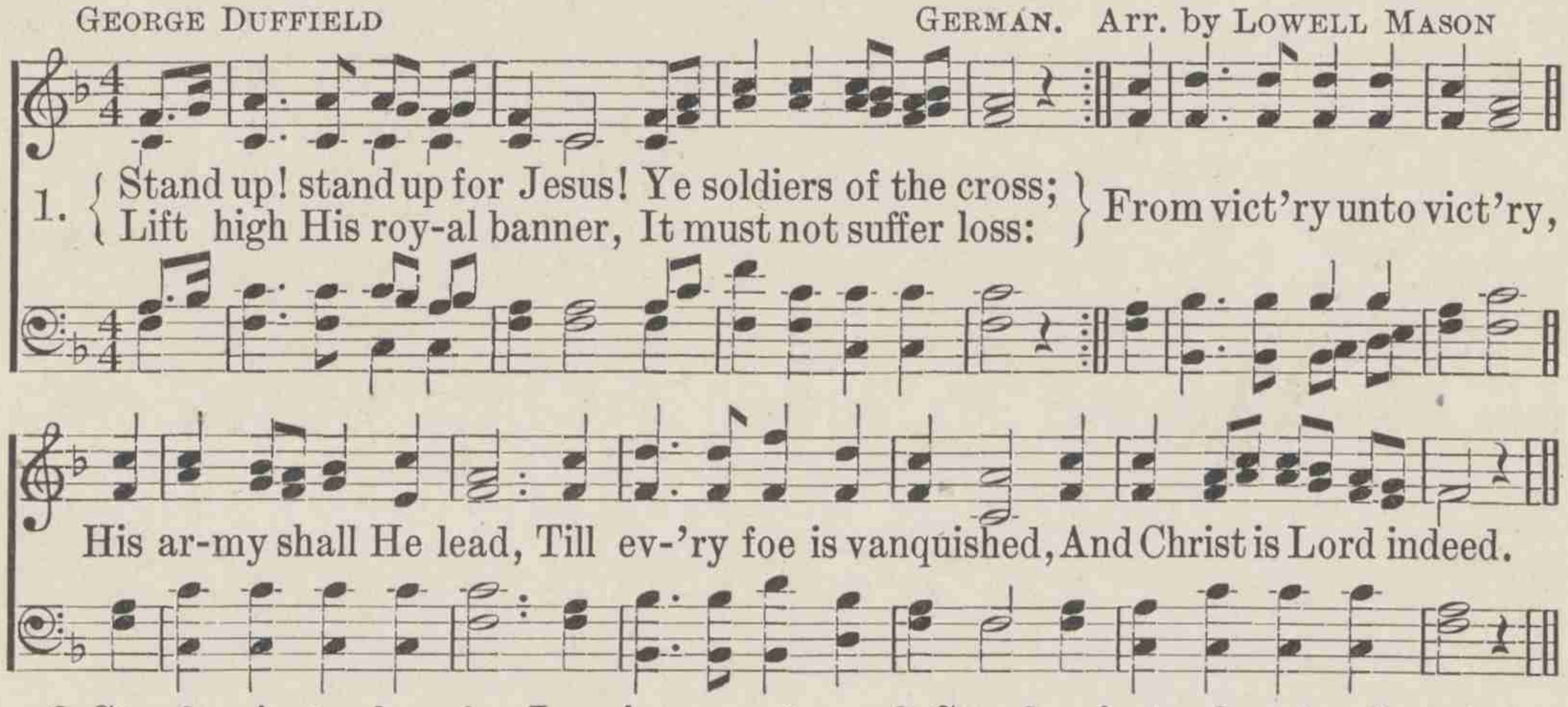
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL (HENDON. 7s.) C. H. A. MALAN



No. 166 Stand Up for Jesus

(MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D.)

GEORGE DUFFIELD GERMAN. Arr. by LOWELL MASON



2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men, now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes:
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 167 My Strong Salvation

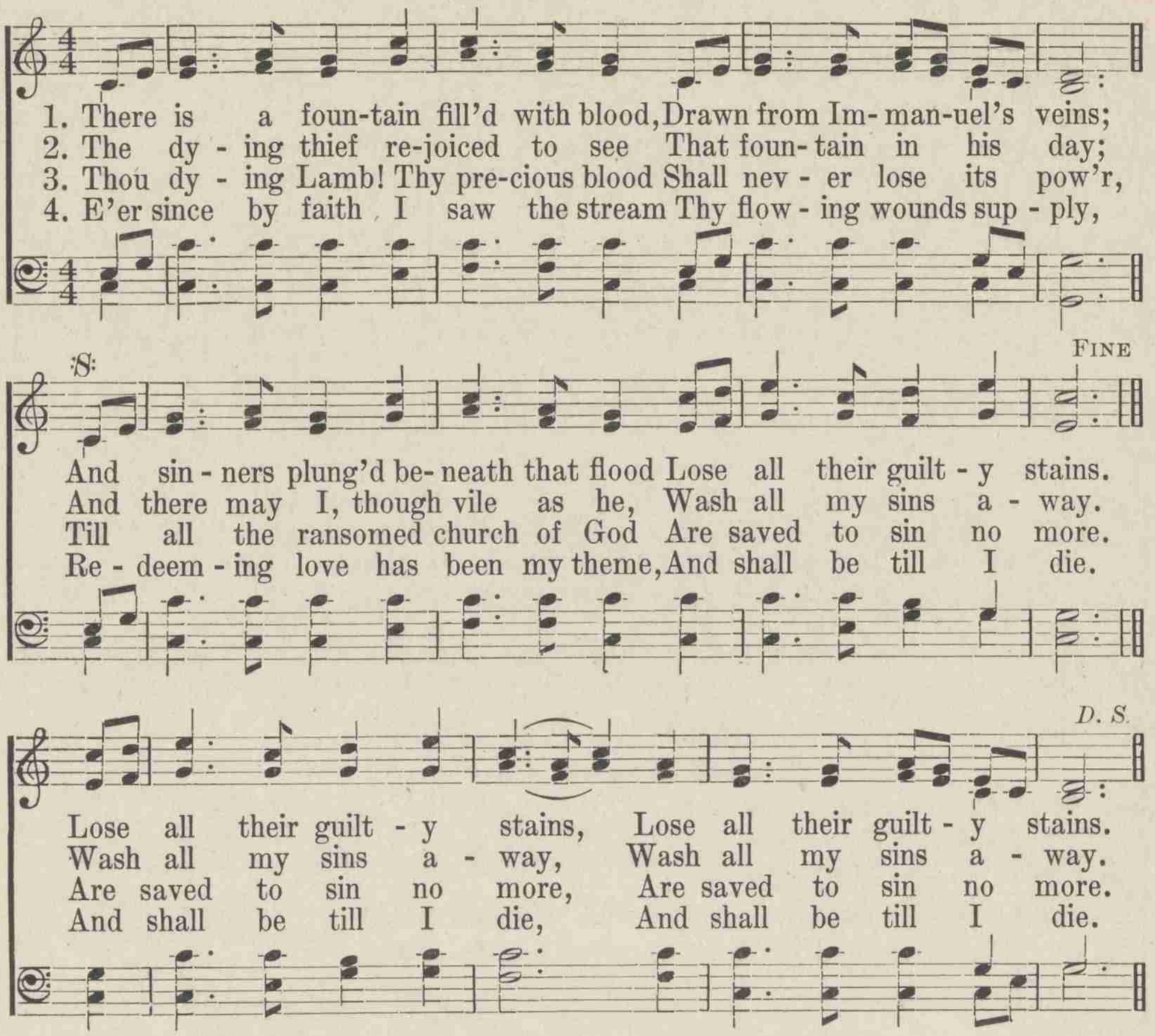
1 God is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near;
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate:
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy day shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace!

JAMES MONTGOMERY

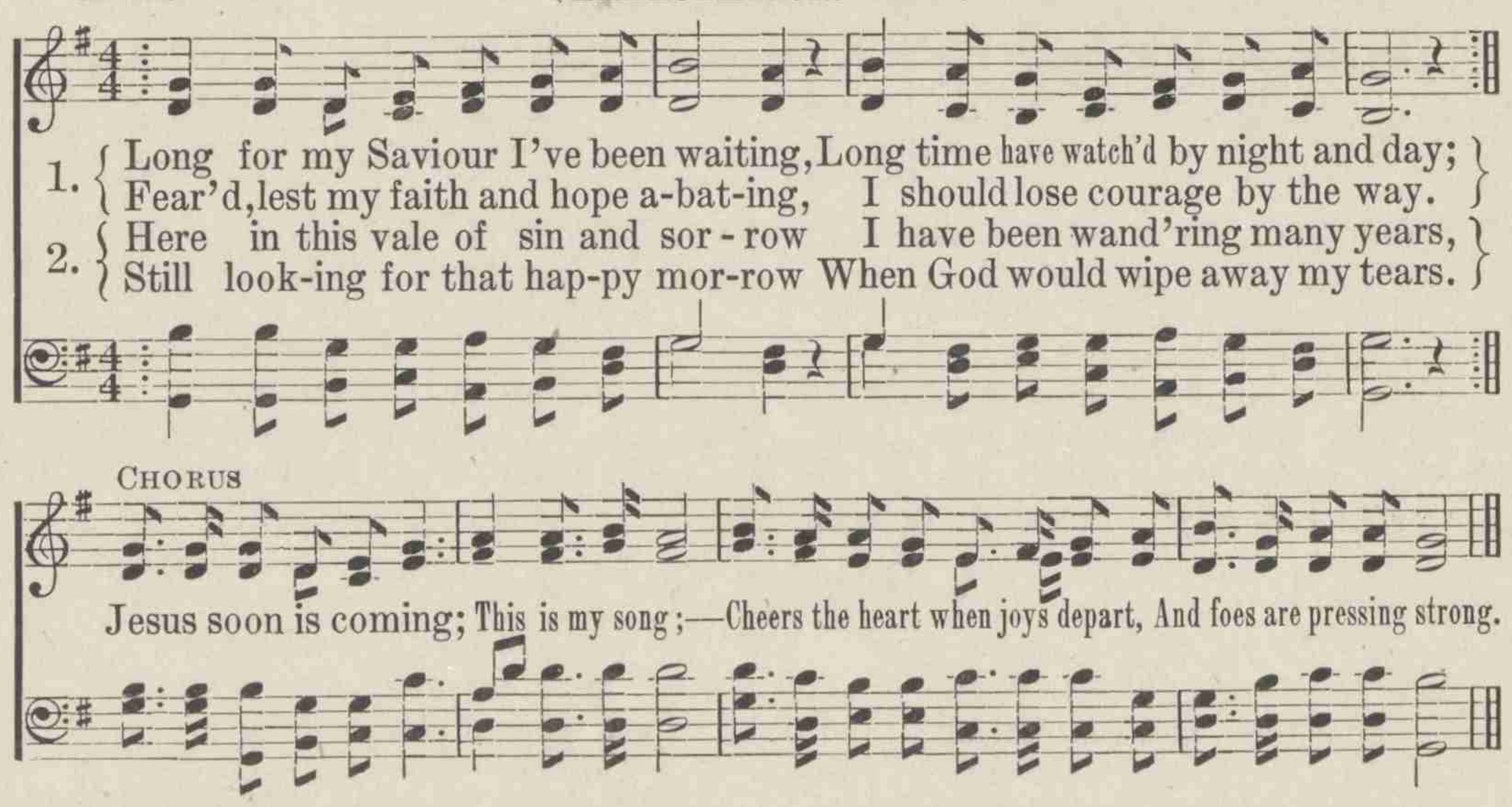
No. 168 There Is a Fountain

WILLIAM COWPER (FOUNTAIN. C. M.) UNKNOWN



No. 169 Long for My Saviour I've Been Waiting

ANON. (EXPECTATION. P. M.) ARRANGED

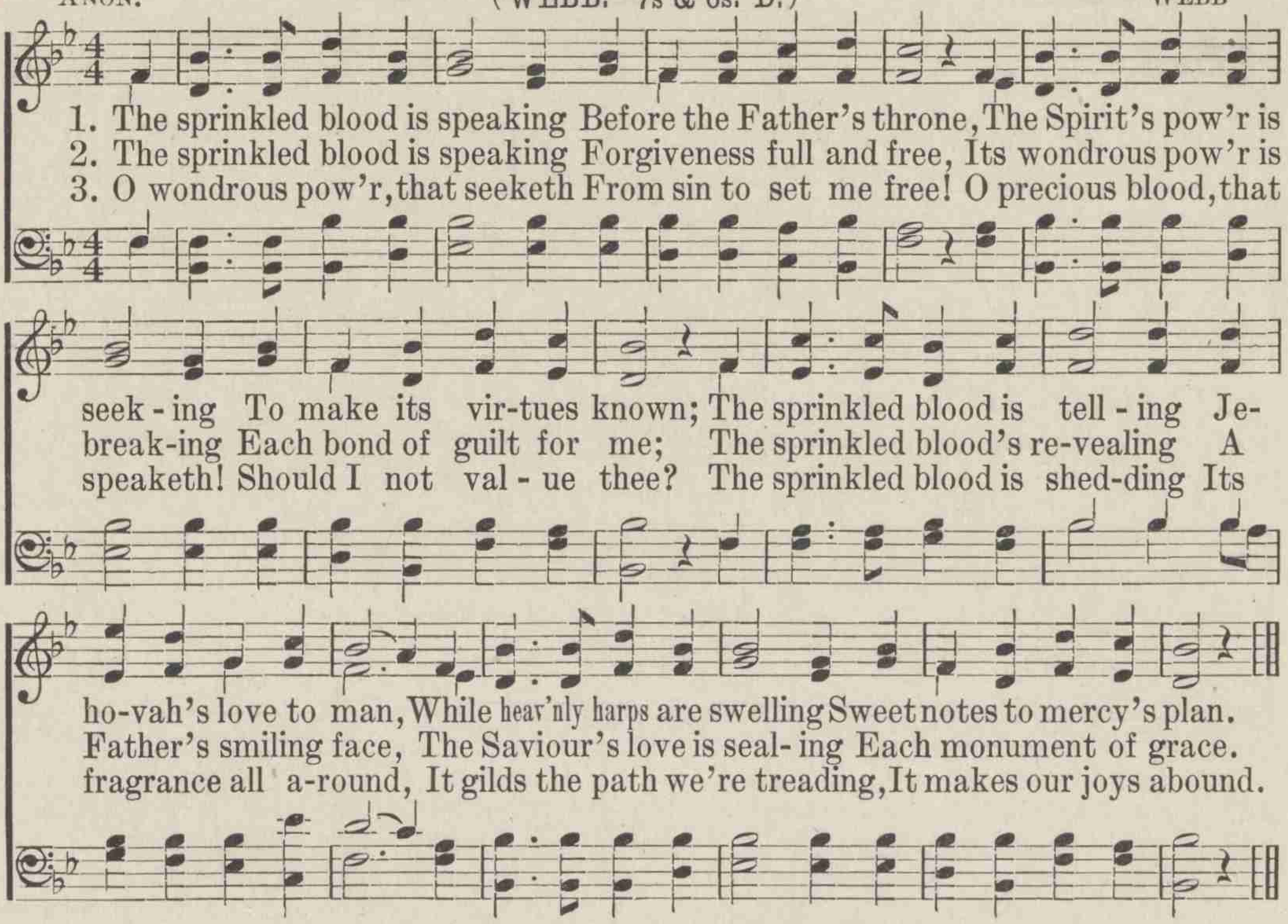


3 Ofttimes the tempter comes in power,
Fain then would lead my steps astray;
But when the clouds begin to lower,
Hope turns the darkness into day.

4 O it will be but little longer
I must these many woes endure;
Then let my faith and hope grow stronger;
My Father's promise still is sure.

No. 170 The Sprinkled Blood

ANON. (WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.) WEBB



No. 171 How Long, O Lord Our Saviour

1 How long, O Lord our Saviour,
Wilt Thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of Thy so long delay.
O when shall come the moment,
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of Thy glory
Shall on Thy people dawn?

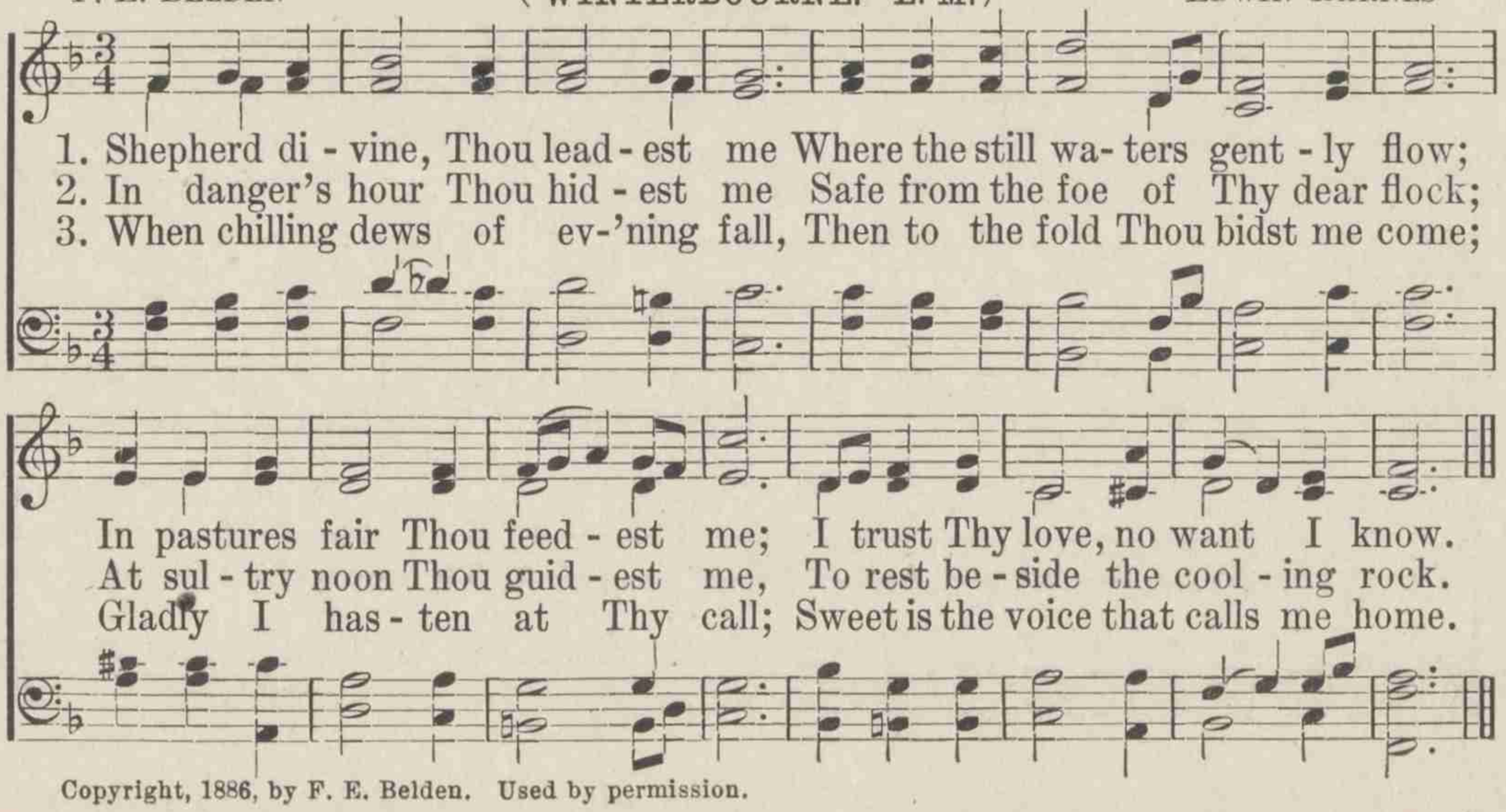
2 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt Thou Thy household leave?
So long hast Thou now tarried,
Few Thy return believe.
Immersed in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord, we see;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome Thee.

3 O, wake Thy slumbering people;
Send forth the solemn cry;
Let all the saints repeat it,—
"The Saviour draweth nigh!"
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy Thy face to see.

ANON.

No. 172 Shepherd Divine
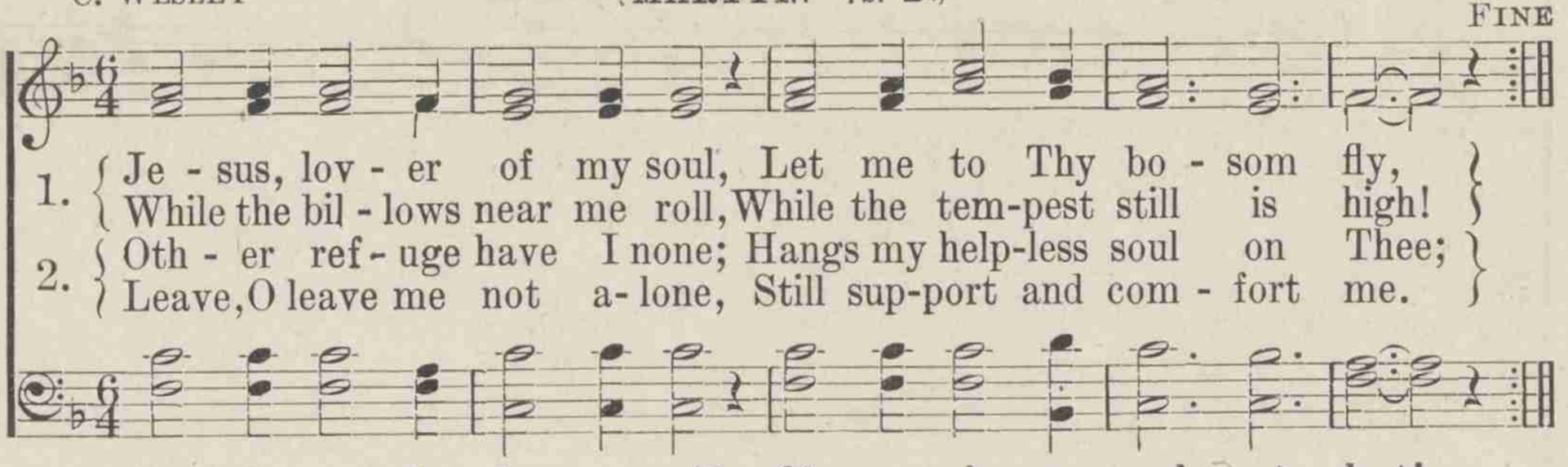
F. E. BELDEN (WINTERBOURNE. L. M.) EDWIN BARNES
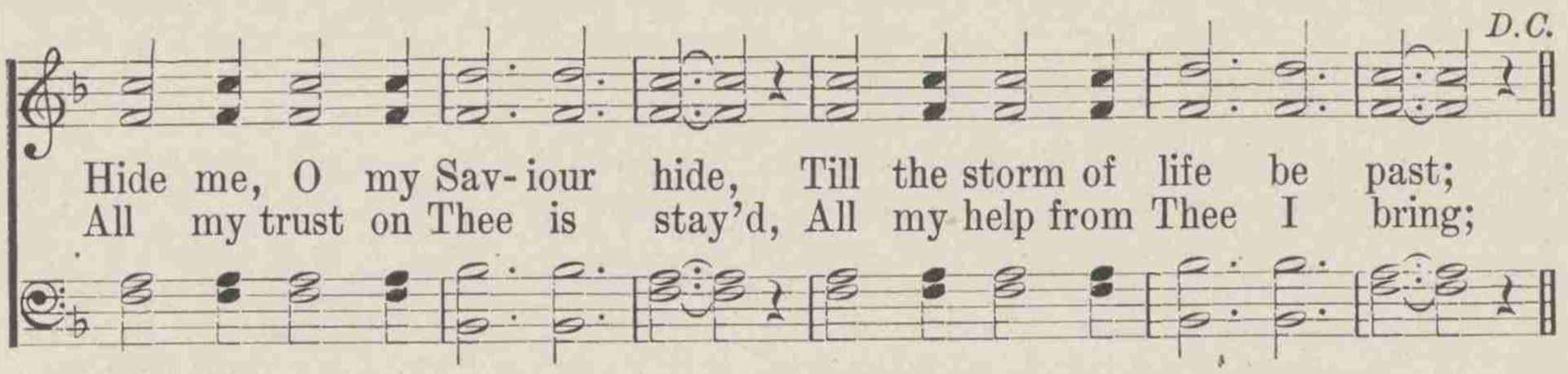


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No. 173 Jesus, Lover of My Soul

C. WESLEY (MARTYN. 7s. D.) S. B. MARSH





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

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

No. 174 Jesus, Merciful and Mild

1 Jesus, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child:
On no other arm but Thine
Would my weary soul recline;
Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou canst bid the sinner live,
Guide the wanderer, day by day,
In the strait and narrow way.
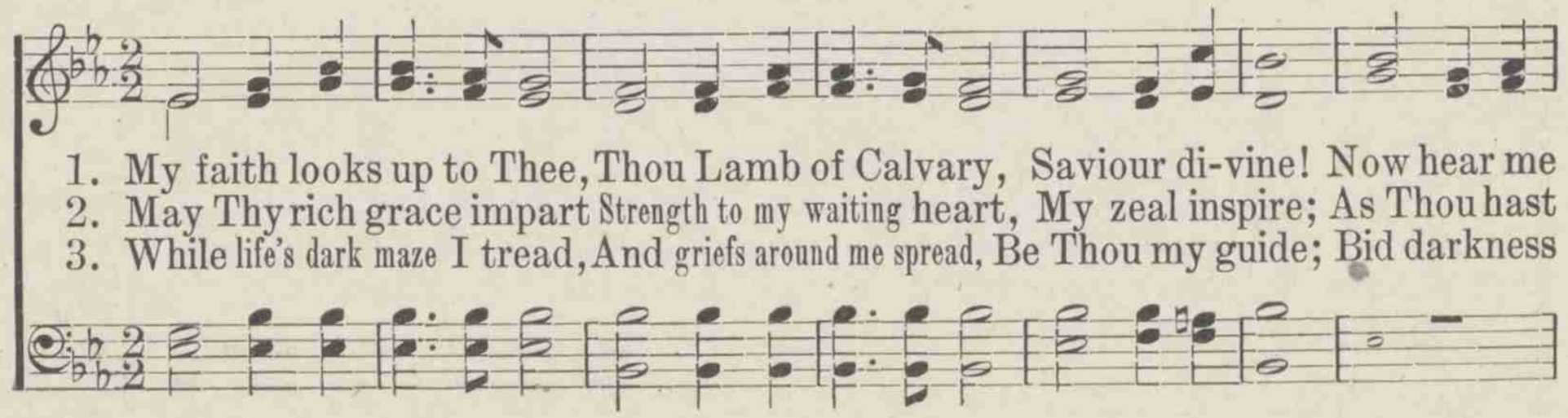
2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling place;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour all divine,
Hast Thou made me truly Thine?
Hast Thou bought me by Thy blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?
Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me Thine own image bear;
Let me love Thee more and more,
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.
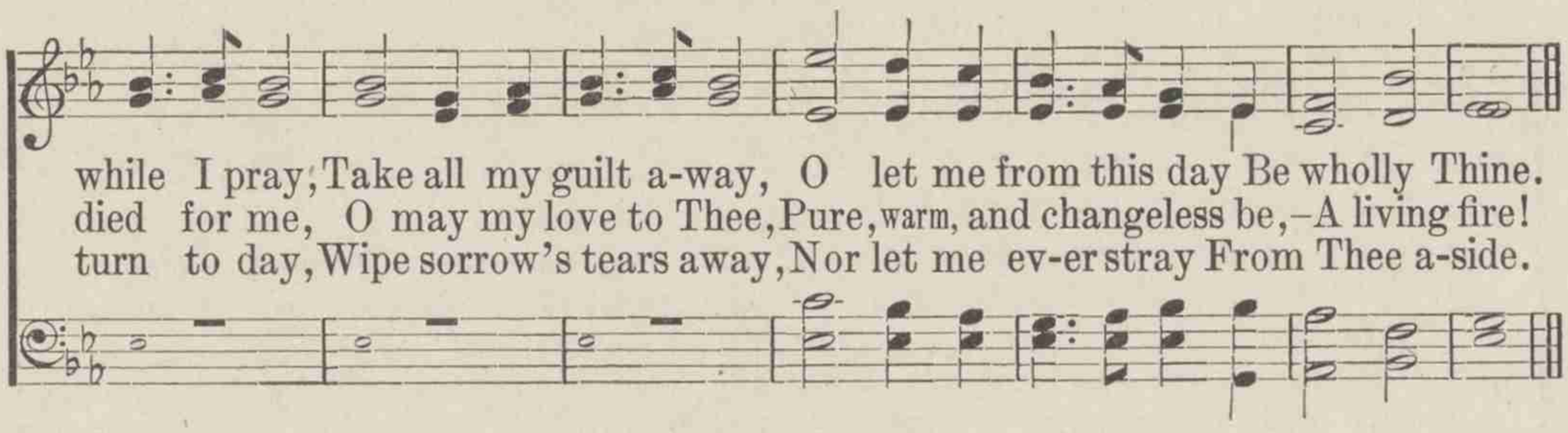
THOMAS HASTINGS

No. 175 My Faith Looks Up to Thee

RAY PALMER (OLIVET. 6s & 4s.) LOWELL MASON

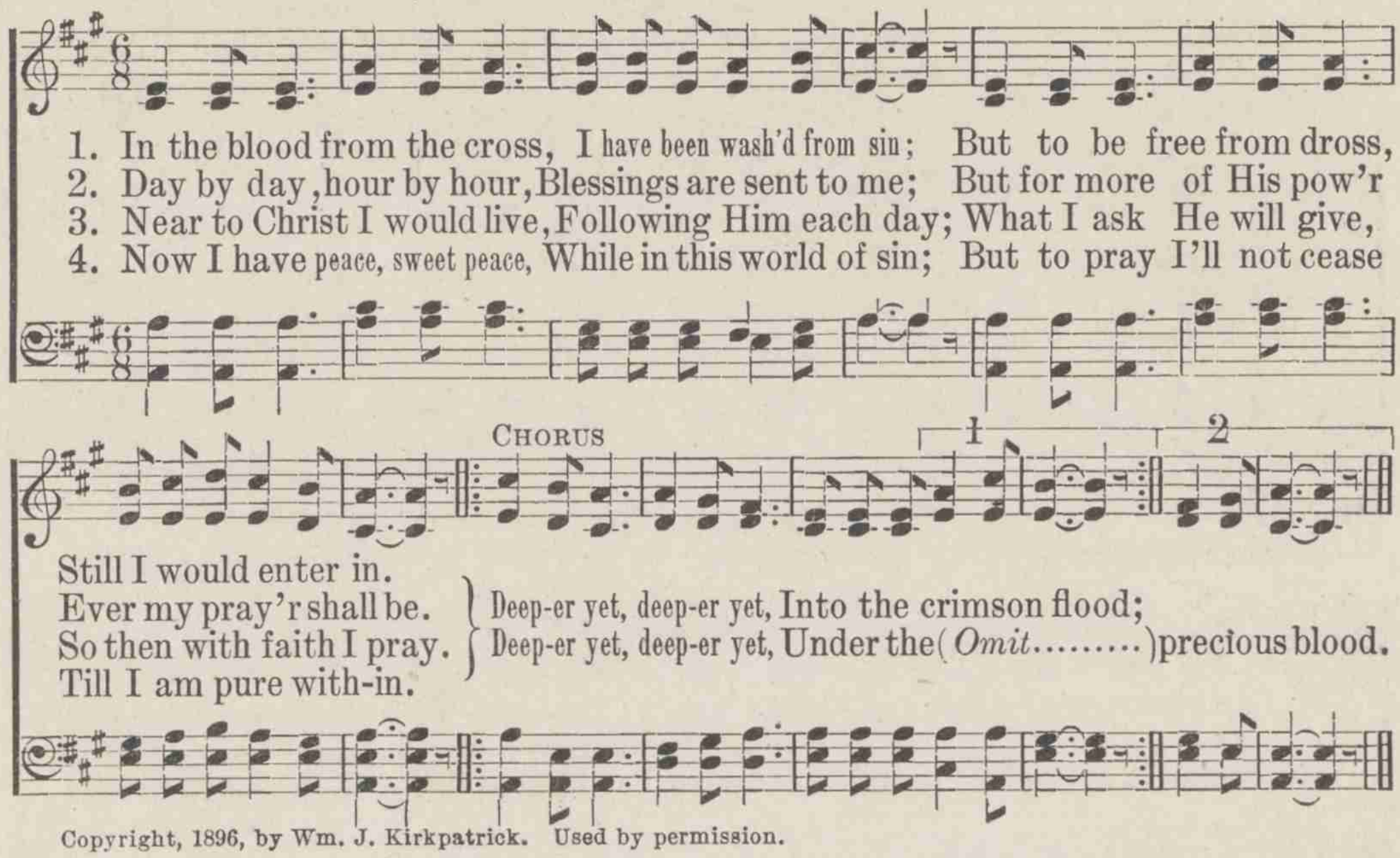


My Faith Looks Up to Thee—Concluded



No. 176 Deeper Yet

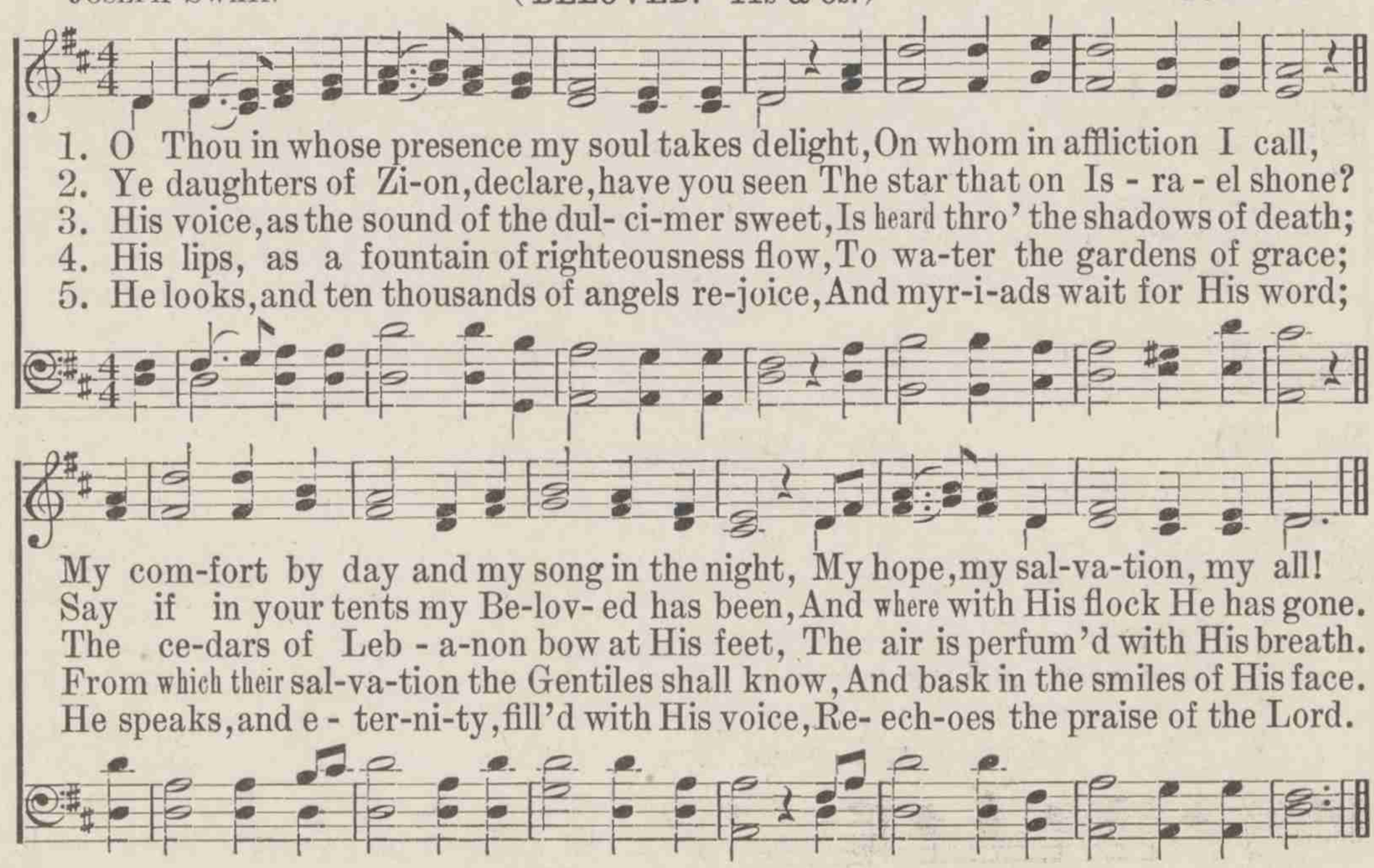
REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



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No. 177 My Salvation, My All

JOSEPH SWAIN (BELOVED. 11s & 8s.) F. LEWIS



No. 178

Watchman, Tell Me

S. S. BREWER (DAWNING. 8s & 7s. D.) W. B. BRADBURY

FINE

1. Watchman, tell me, does the morn-ing Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn?
   Have the signs that mark His com- ing Yet up - on thy pathway shone?
2. Watchman, see, the light is beam-ing Bright-er still up - on thy way;
   Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming, O- mens of the com-ing day
3. Watchman, see, the land is near- ing, With its ver-nal fruits and flow'rs;
   On, just yon - der,—O how cheering! Bloom for - ev - er E-den's bow'rs.

D. C.–Gird Thy brid - al robes a- round thee, Morning dawns, a - rise! a - rise!
D. C.–All the saints of God, now sleep-ing, Clad in im - mor - tal - i - ty.
D. C.–See the mil-lions, hear them sing- ing, Soon the pil - grim will be there.

D.C.

Pil-grims, yes! a - rise, look round thee; Light is break- ing in the skies;
When the Ju - bal trump-et, sounding, Shall a- wake from land and sea
Hark! the cho - ral strains are ring-ing, Waft - ed on the balm - y air;

No. 179

Pilot Me

EDWARD HOPPER (GOULD. 7s 61.) J. E. GOULD

FINE

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea!
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

D. C.–Chart and com- pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
D. C.–Wondrous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
D. C.–May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

D.C.

Un- known waves be- fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Bois-t'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them: "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

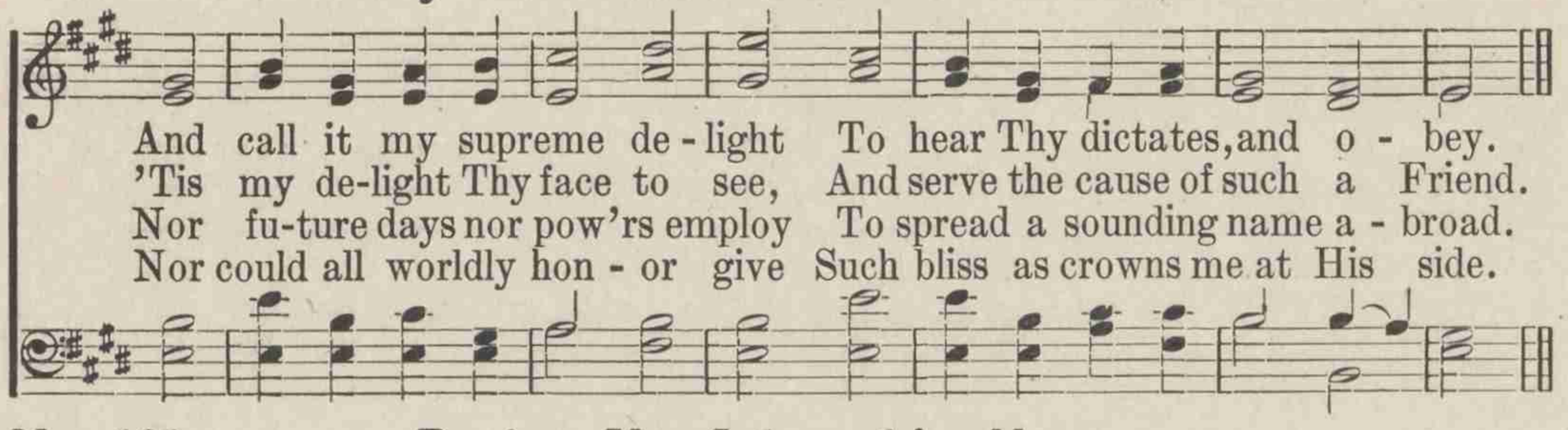
No. 180

My Gracious Lord

PHILIP DODDRIDGE (LEBANON. L. M.) CHESTER G. ALLEN

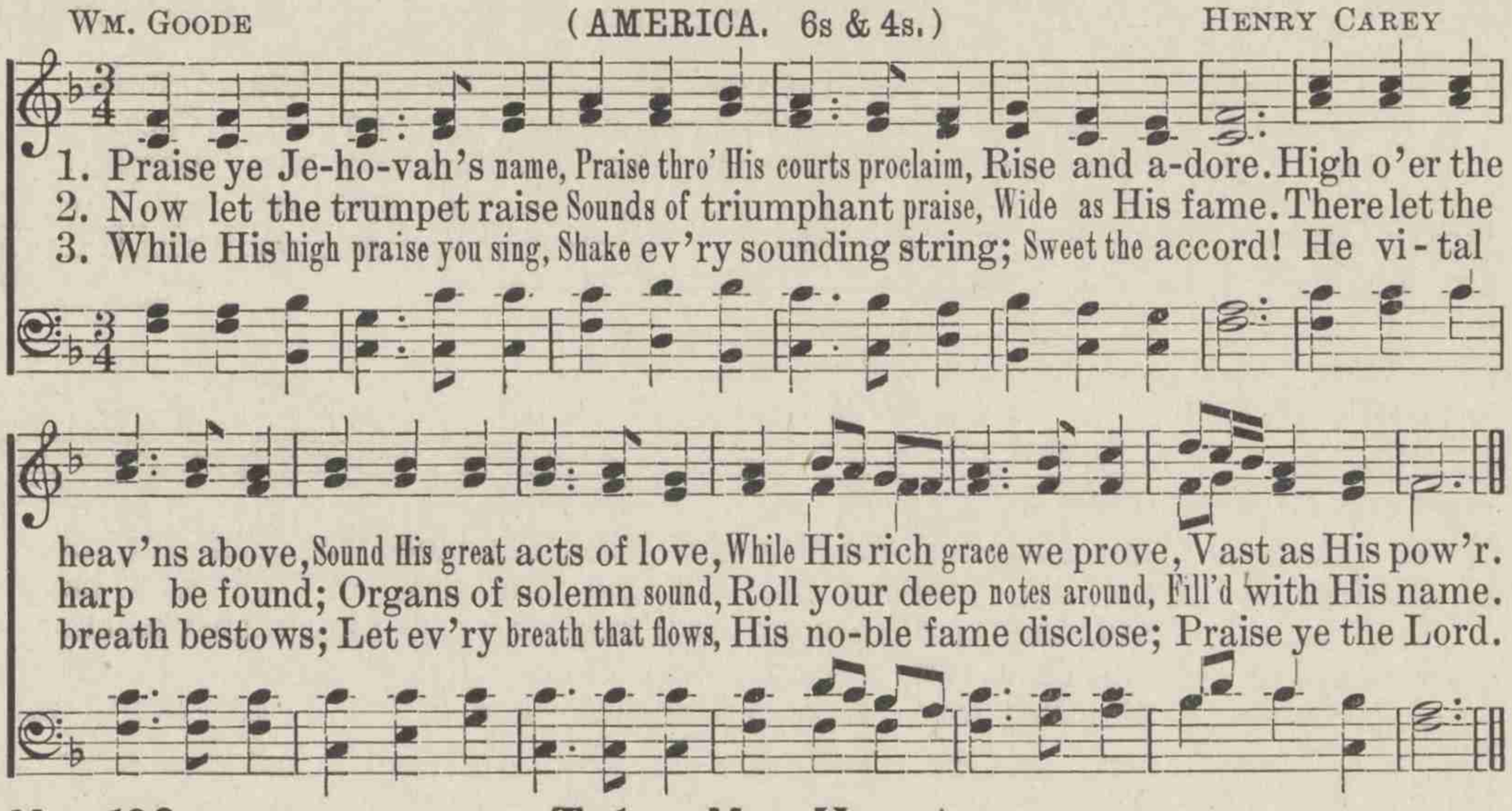
1. My gracious Lord, I own Thy right To ev -'ry serv-ice I can pay,
2. What is my be- ing but for Thee,—Its sure support, its no- blest end?
3. I would not sigh for world-ly joy, Or to increase my worldly good;
4. 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,—To Him who for my ran- som died;

My Gracious Lord — Concluded



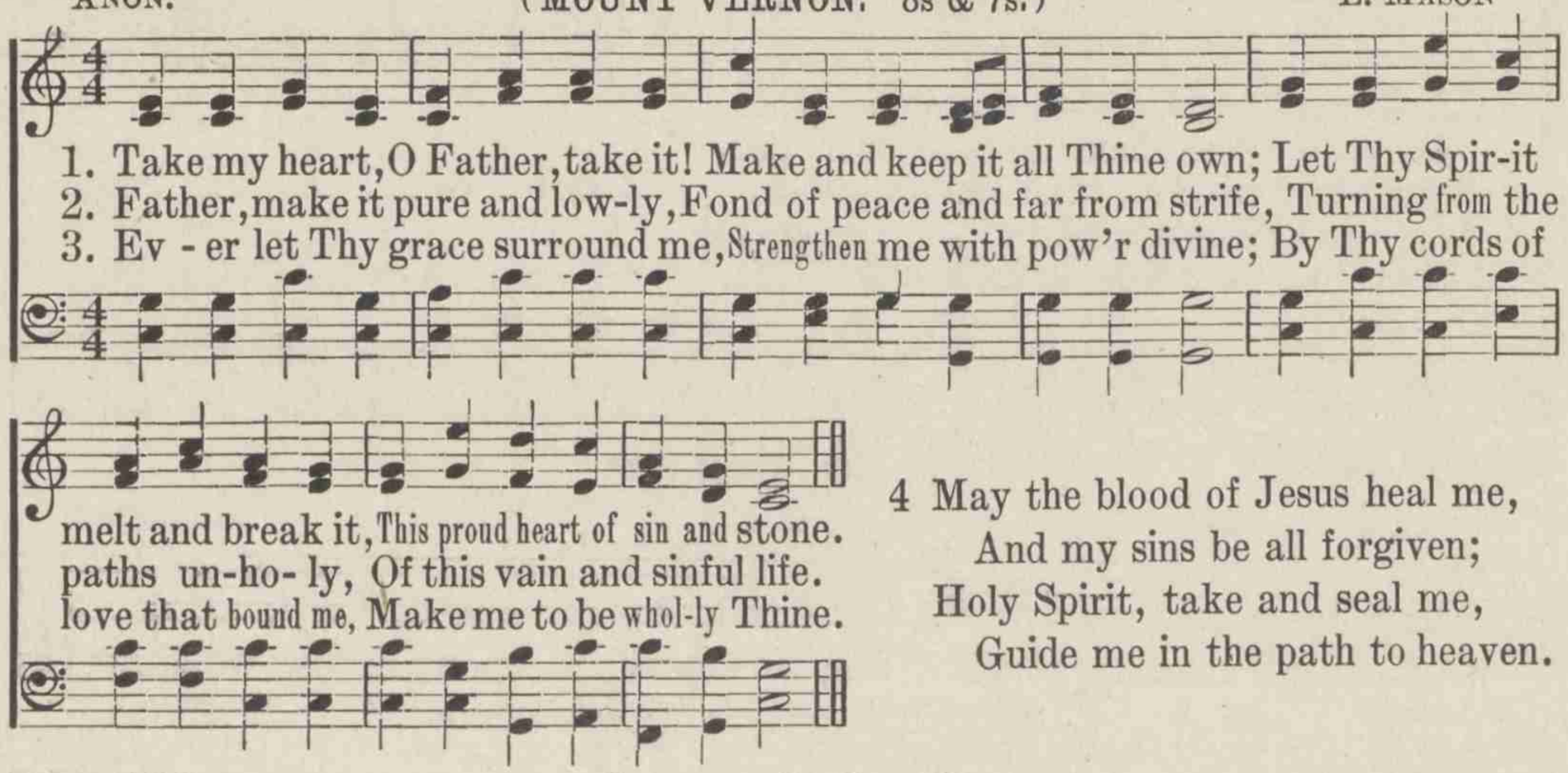
No. 181 Praise Ye Jehovah's Name

WM. GOODE (AMERICA. 6s & 4s.) HENRY CAREY



No. 182 Take My Heart

ANON. (MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.) L. MASON



4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

No. 183 Jesus Calls Us

1 Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me!"

2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, "Christian, love me more!"

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,—
"Christian, love Me more than these!"

4 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER

No. 184 A Closer Walk With God

WM. COWPER (MANOAH. C. M.) FRANCIS J. HAYDN

1. O for a clos - er walk with God! A calm and heav'n-ly frame,
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

2. The dear- est i - dol I have known, Whate'er that i - dol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor-ship on - ly Thee.

3. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;
So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

No. 185 Just as I Am

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT (WOODWORTH. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With man - y a con- flict, man-y a doubt—
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve;
5. Just as I am, Thy love I own Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar-rier down:

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
"Fight-ings with-in, and fears without,"
Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve,
Now to be Thine, and Thine a - lone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

No. 186 I Do Believe

CHARLES WESLEY (C. M.) ARRANGED

1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No other help I know; If Thou withdraw Thy-

CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now believe That Je-sus died for me, And that He shed His

self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?

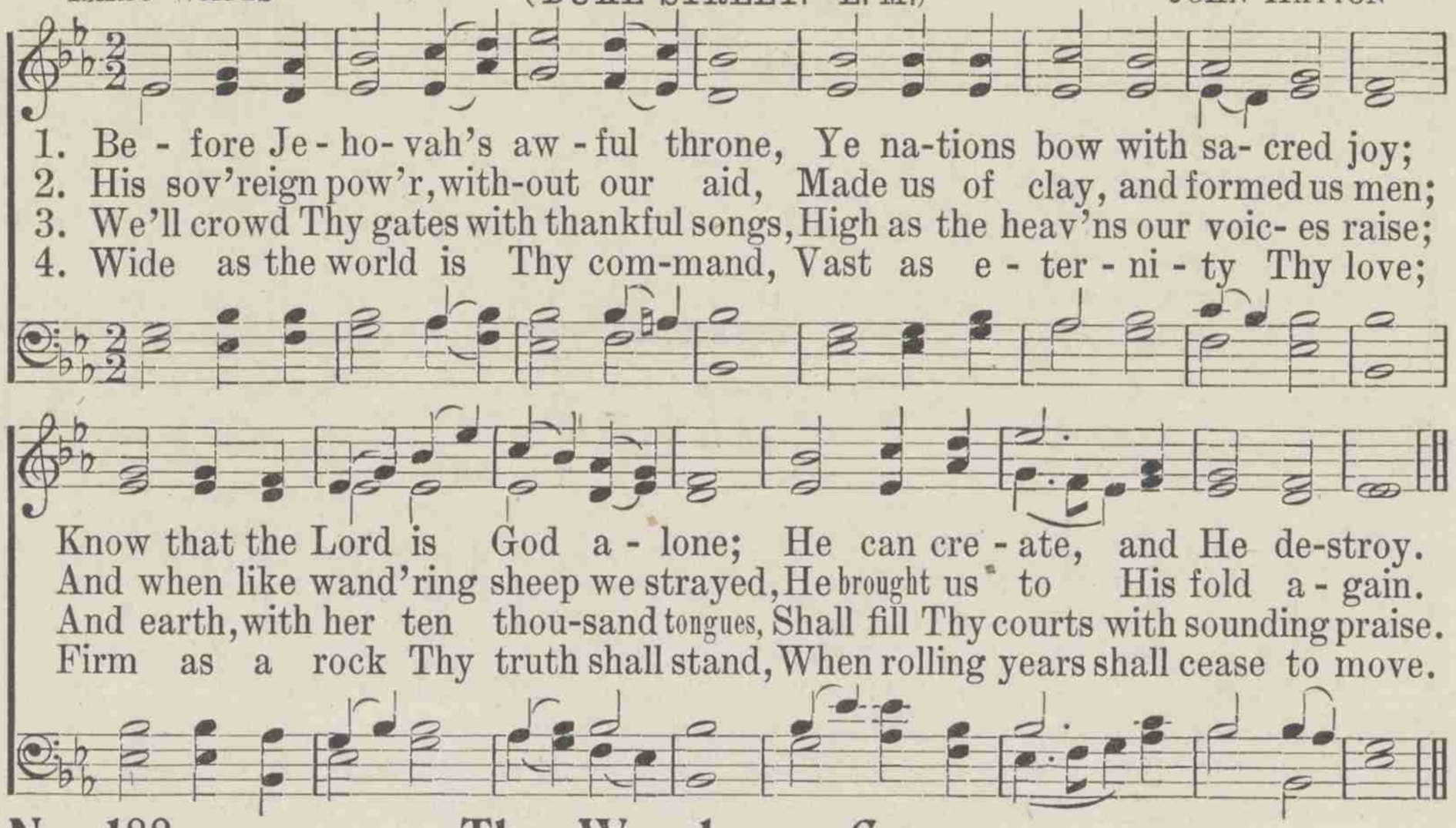
pre-cious blood From sin to set me free.

2 On Thy dear Son I now believe,
O let me feel Thy power;
And all my varied wants relieve,
In this accepted hour.

3 Author of faith! to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

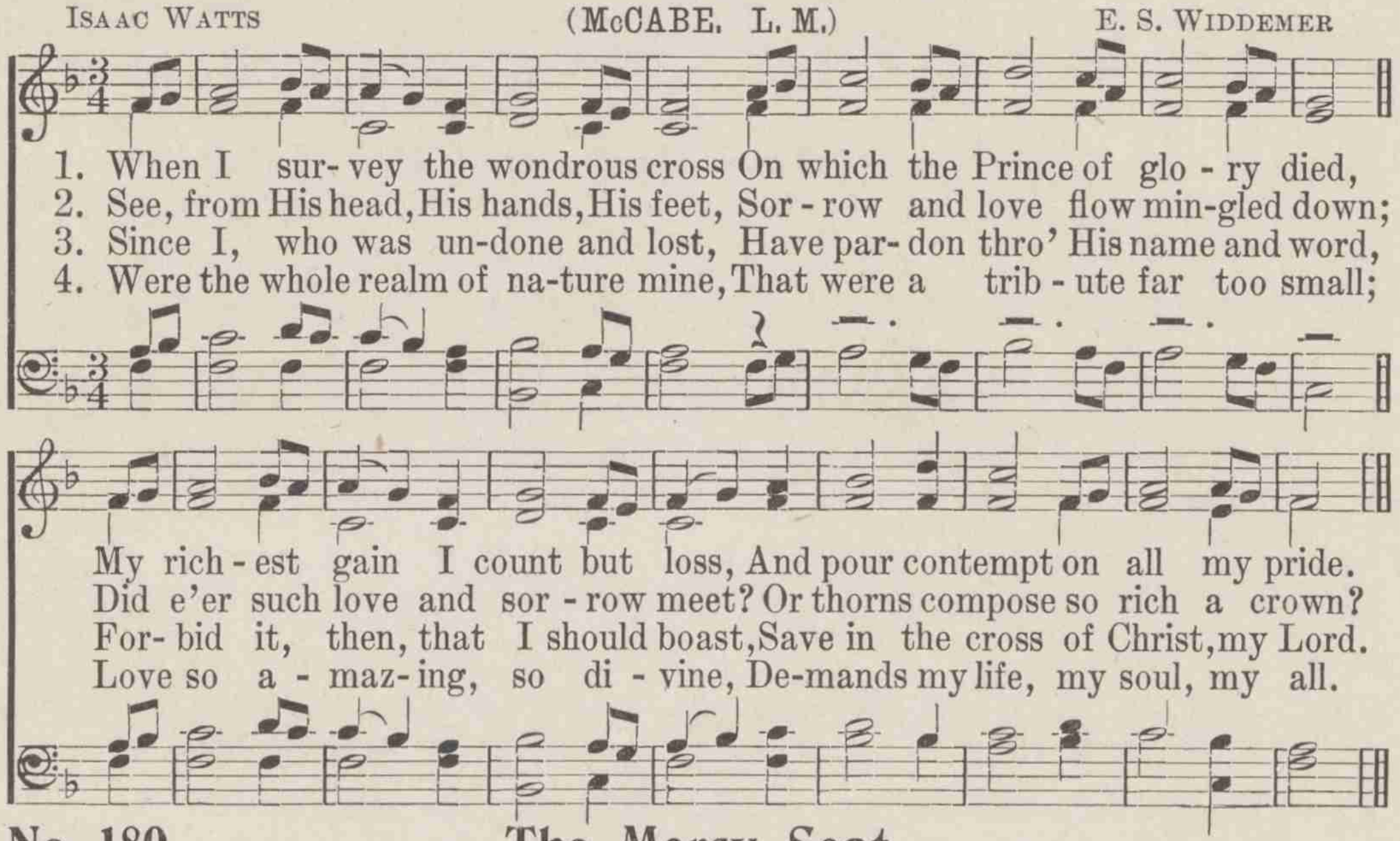
No. 187 Before Jehovah's Awful Throne

ISAAC WATTS (DUKE STREET. L. M.) JOHN HATTON



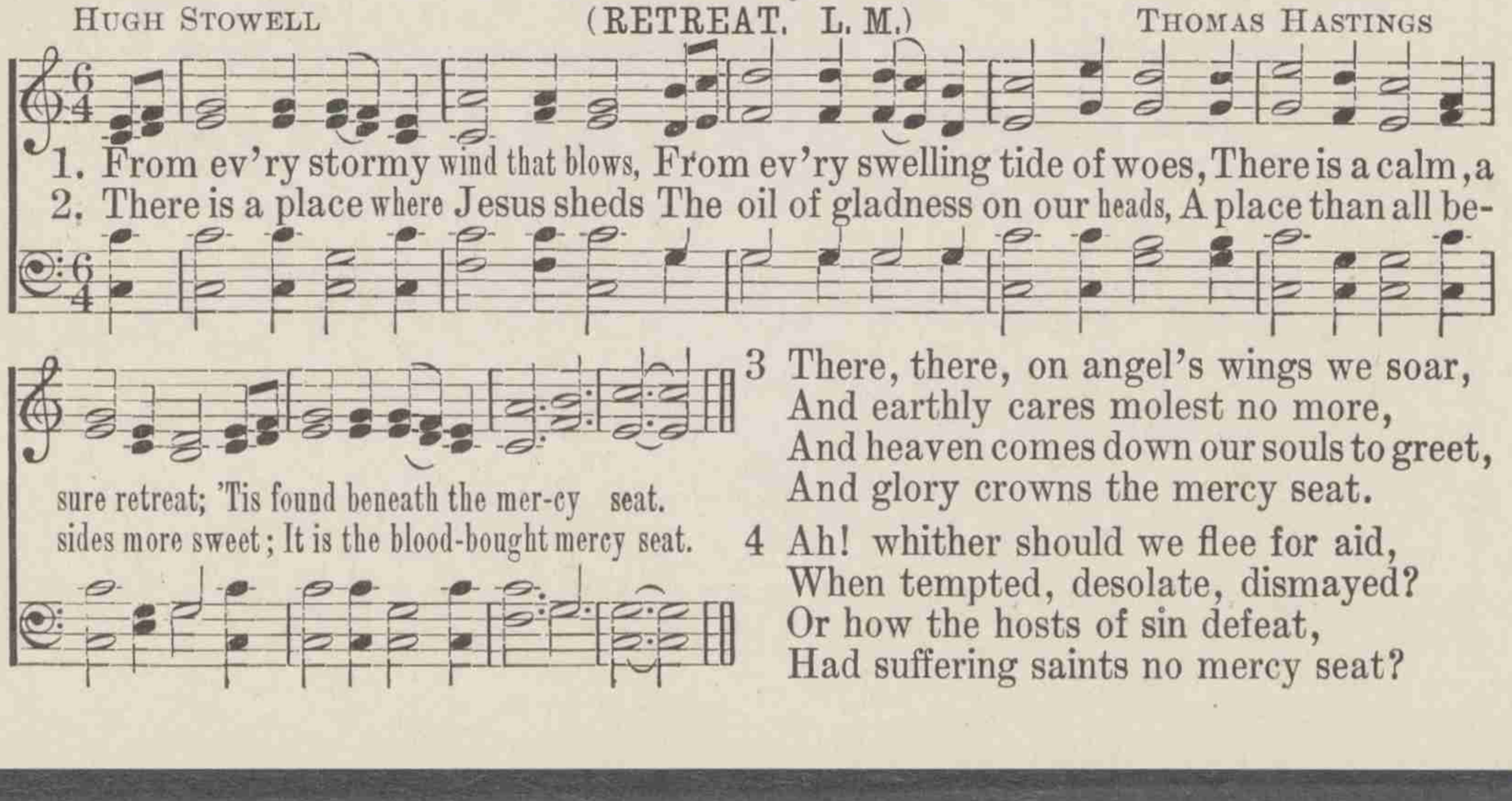
No. 188 The Wondrous Cross

ISAAC WATTS (McCABE. L. M.) E. S. WIDDEMER



No. 189 The Mercy Seat

HUGH STOWELL (RETREAT. L. M.) THOMAS HASTINGS

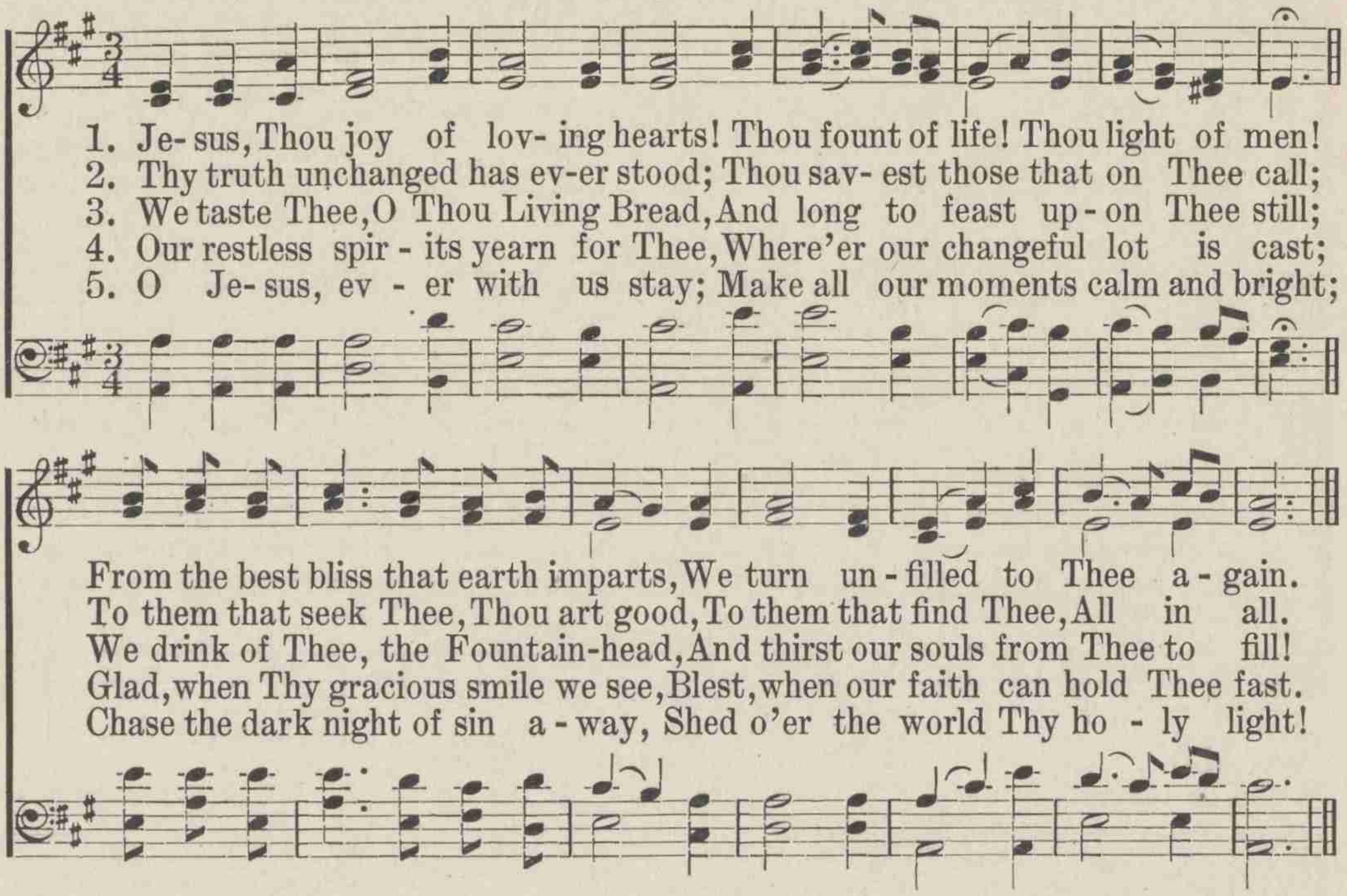


3 There, there, on angel's wings we soar,
And earthly cares molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.

4 Ah! whither should we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of sin defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

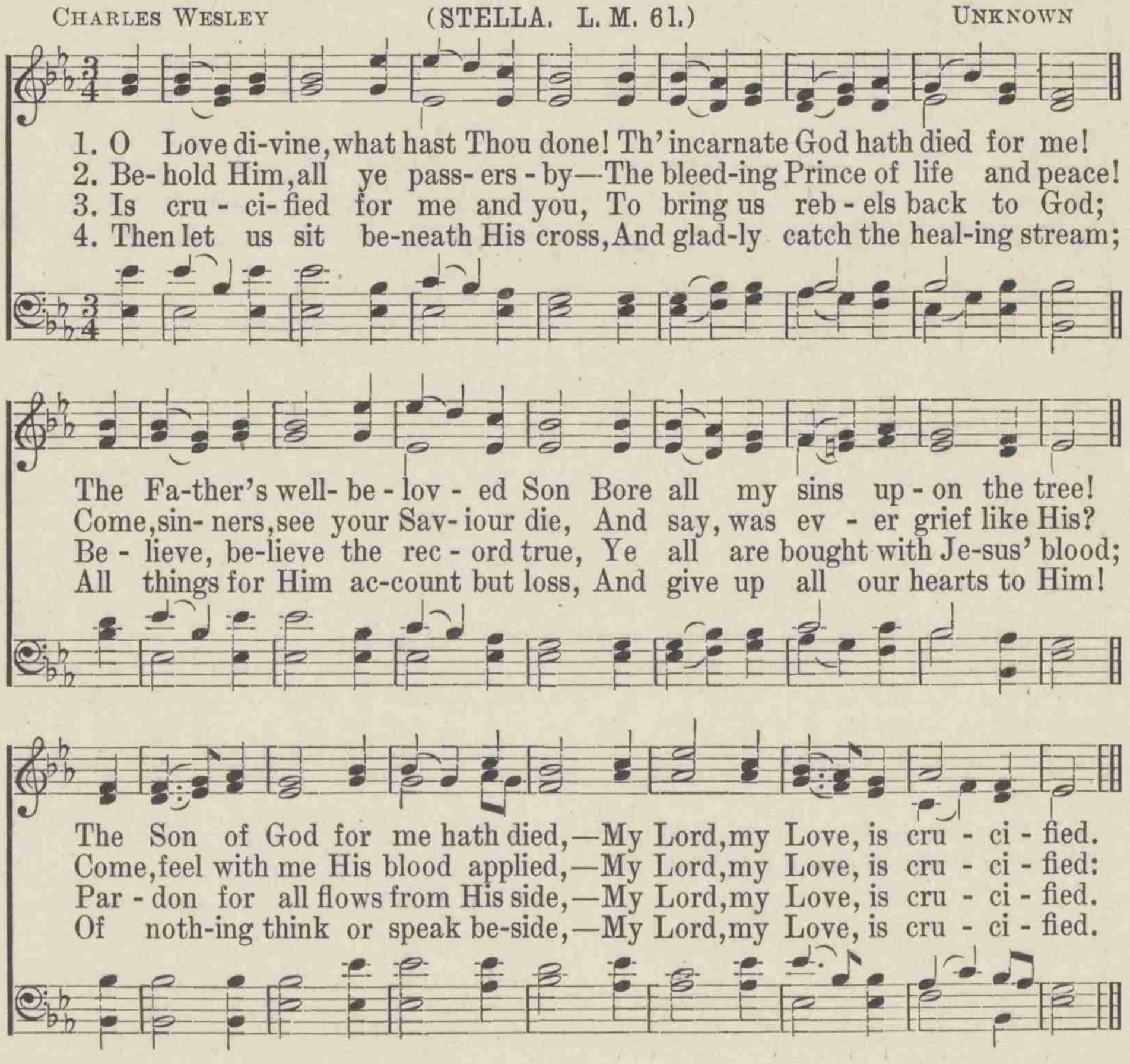
No. 190 Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (MIGDOL. L. M.) LOWELL MASON



No. 191 The Son of God Hath Died for Me

CHARLES WESLEY (STELLA. L. M. 61.) UNKNOWN



No. 192 His Eye Is on the Sparrow

MRS. C. D. MARTIN CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Why should I feel discouraged, Why should the shadows come, Why should my heart be lone- ly And long for heav'n and home, When Jesus is my por - tion? My
2. "Let not your heart be troubled," His tender word I hear, And resting on His good-ness, I lose my doubts and fears, Tho' by the path He lead- eth But
3. When-ev- er I am tempt-ed, When-ev-er clouds a- rise, When songs give place to sigh - ing, When hope within me dies, I draw the clos- er to Him, From

con- stant friend is He: His eye is on the spar - row, And I
one step I may see: His eye is on the spar - row, And I
care He sets me free: His eye is on the spar - row, And I

know He watches me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
know He watches me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
know He cares for me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me:

CHORUS

I sing be-cause I'm hap-py,..... I sing be-cause I'm free,. ....
I'm hap-py, I'm free,

rall.

For His eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watches me.

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