HYMNS OF FAITH AND PRAISE



BY D. B. TOWNER

LORENZ PUBLISHING CO.
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Hymns of Faith and Praise

A COLLECTION OF

NEW AND STANDARD HYMNS

FOR

Sunday Schools, Young Peoples' Societies, Gospel and Social Meetings.

EDITED BY

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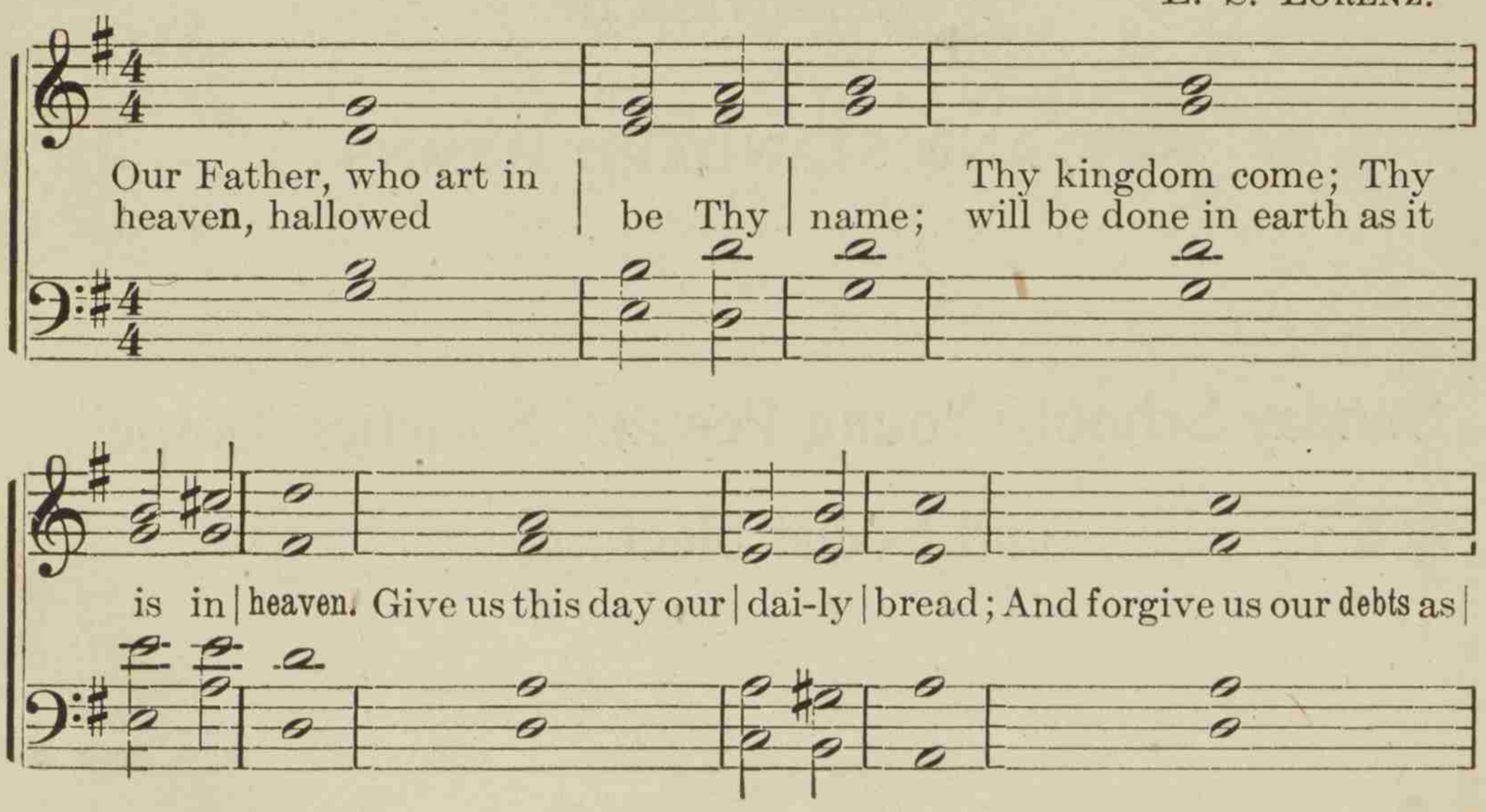
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Preface.

The Lord's Prayer.

E. S. Lorenz.



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Hymns of Faith and Praise.

No. 1. Crown Him with many Crowns.

MATHEW BRIDGES. Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY.

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love, Be - hold His hands and side,
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace; Whose pow'r a scep - tre sways
4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po - ten - tate of time;

Hark, how the heav'nly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau-ty glo - ri - fied.
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, Absorbed in pray'r and praise.
Cre - a - tor of all roll - ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub - lime:

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,
His reign shall know no end; And round His pierc - ed feet
All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me:

And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
But down-ward bends his burn-ing eye At mys-ter - ies so bright.
Fair flow'rs of par - a - dise ex - tend Their fragrance ev-er sweet.
Thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 2.

The Outstretched Hand.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Far a-bove the fierce tu-mult of life, A Hand that is
2. In the Hand with the print of the nails, Are rich-es and
3. Oh, the Hand that was wound-ed for me, Is hu-man, and
4. To the sin-bur-dened soul here be-low, That Hand is out-

scarred I can see; In the midst of the toil and the strife, Out-
bless-ings un-told; And a-gainst the whole world it pre-vails, So
yet is di-vine; From the bond-age of sin it sets free, It
stretched ev-'ry hour, And the least and the low-est may know The

CHORUS.

stretched in com-pas-sion to me.
strong to de-fend and up-hold.
car-ries this bur-den of mine.
touch of its in-fi-nite pow'r.

'Tis the Hand that was nailed to the cross, Outstretched from the glo-ry a-bove; 'Tis the Hand that was nailed to the cross, That beckons in ten-der-est love.

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No. 3.

It is His Will.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I ask not why ..... some days are fair, ... Why some are
2. By paths un-known ..... to me He leads, ... Thro' des - ert
3. It is His will ..... and I am blest, ... With Him, my

1. I ask not why some days are fair,

filled ..... with grief and care; ... D.S. *I ask not why, ... but trusting*
wilds ..... or flow'ry meads; ..... Where'er I go, ... He leads me
God, ... I leave the rest; ..... By troubled seas, ... by waters

why some are filled with grief and care; *I ask not why,*

FINE.

still, ... I on - ly know ..... it is His will .....
but trust-ing still, I on - ly know it is His will.

CHORUS.

It is His will, ... and I am sat - is - fied! It
It is His will, and I am ful - ly sat - is - fied!

D.S.

is His will, ... nor want I aught be - side.
It is His will, nor want I aught on earth be - side.

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No. 4. You'll Reap Whatsoever You Sow.

ELLA LAUDER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sow flow-ers and flow - ers will blos - som, A-round you wher-
2. Sow blessings, and bless-ings will rip - en, Sow hat - red and
3. Sow love, and its sweet-ness up - ris - ing, Shall fill all your
4. In faith sow the word of the Mas - ter, A bless-ing He'll
5. Preach Christ in His won-der - ful full - ness, That all His sal-

ev - er you go; Sow weeds and of weeds reap the har-vest, You'll
hat- red will grow, Sow mer- cy and reap sweet com-pas - sion, You'll
heart with its glow; Sow hope, and re-ceive its fru - it - ion, You'll
sure - ly be - stow, And souls shine like stars for your crowning, You'll
va-tion may know; Reap life thro' the a - ges e - ter - nal, You'll

CHORUS.

reap what-so - ev - er you sow. You'll reap, what-so - ev - er you
You'll reap, sure - ly reap what - so-

sow, . . . You'll reap what-so-ev - er you sow, . . . The
ev - er you sow, You'll reap, sure - ly reap what-so - ev - er you sow,

har-vest is cer-tain-ly com-ing, You'll reap what-so-ev-er you sow.

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No. 5.

Open Now the Door.

MARY B. WINGATE. SAMUEL D. SMITH.

1. Hark! a gen - tle hand is knock-ing, O - pen now the door;
2. Lo! He comes to bring thee par - don, O - pen now the door;
3. Do not grieve that heart so ten - der, O - pen now the door;
4. Bid Him stay, the meek and low - ly, O - pen now the door;

Once He bore the cru - el mock-ing, O - pen now the door.
Has - ten, ere thy con-science hard-en, O - pen now the door.
Lov - ing serv - ice thine to ren - der, O - pen now the door.
Wel-come in the guest so ho - ly, O - pen now the door.

CHORUS.

O - - - - pen now the door for Je - sus,
O - pen now the door, o - pen now the door for Je - sus,

O - pen wide the door, Haste, and give Him
O - pen wide the door,

O - pen wide the door,
O - pen wide the door,

roy - al wel-come, O - pen wide the door.
O - pen wide, o - pen wide the door.

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No. 6.

Nor Silver nor Gold.

JAMES M. GRAY, D.D. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, No rich - es of earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross
2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The guilt on my con-science too heav - y had grown; The blood of the cross
3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The ho - ly com-mand-ment for-bade me draw near; The blood of the cross
4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The way in - to heav - en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross

is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav - ior now
is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav - ior could
is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav - ior re-
is my on - ly foun-da-tion, The death of my Sav - ior re-

CHORUS.

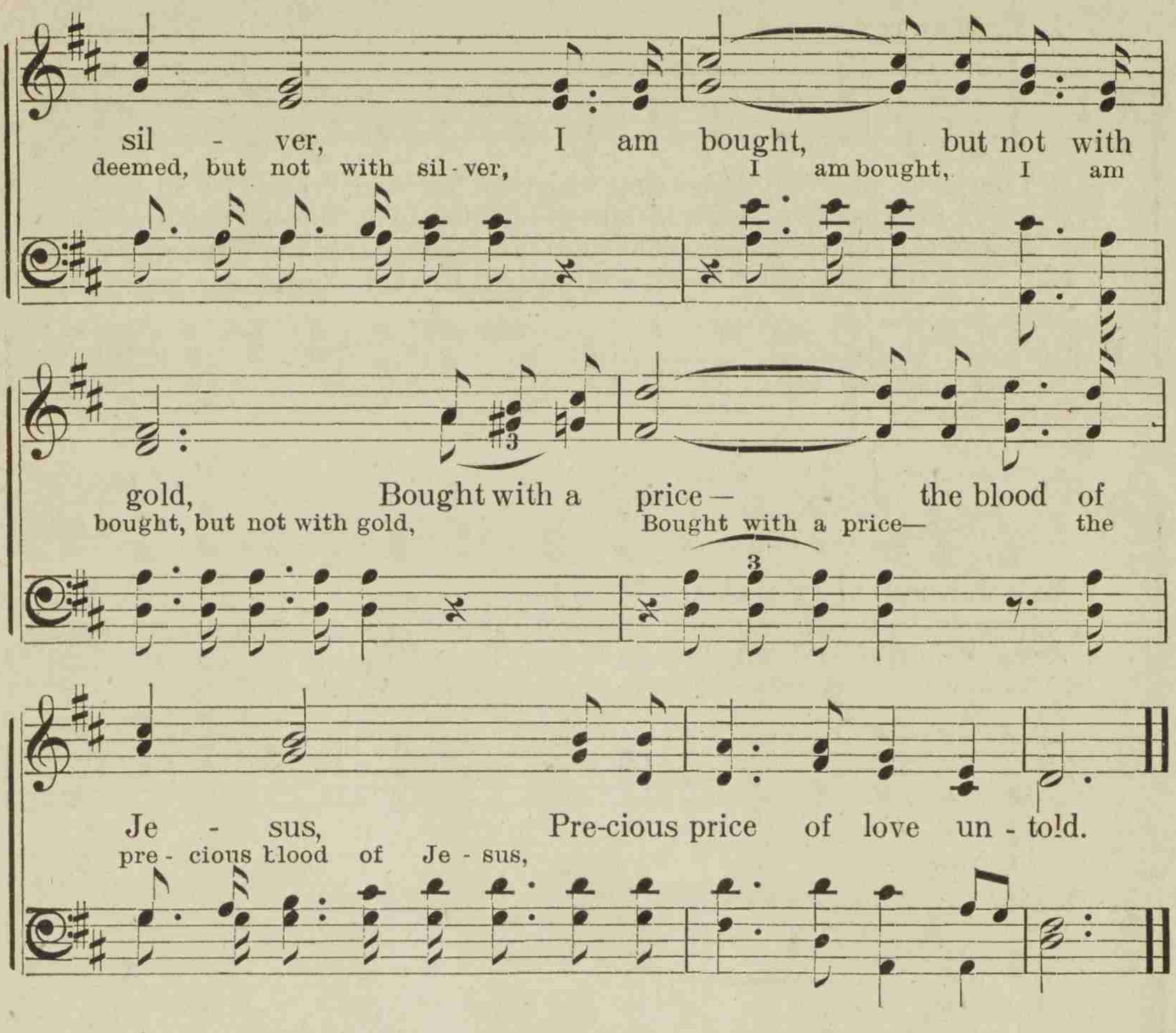
mak - eth me whole.
on - ly a - tone.
mov - eth my fear.
demption hath wrought.

I am re - deemed,..... but not with

I am re-deemed, I am re-
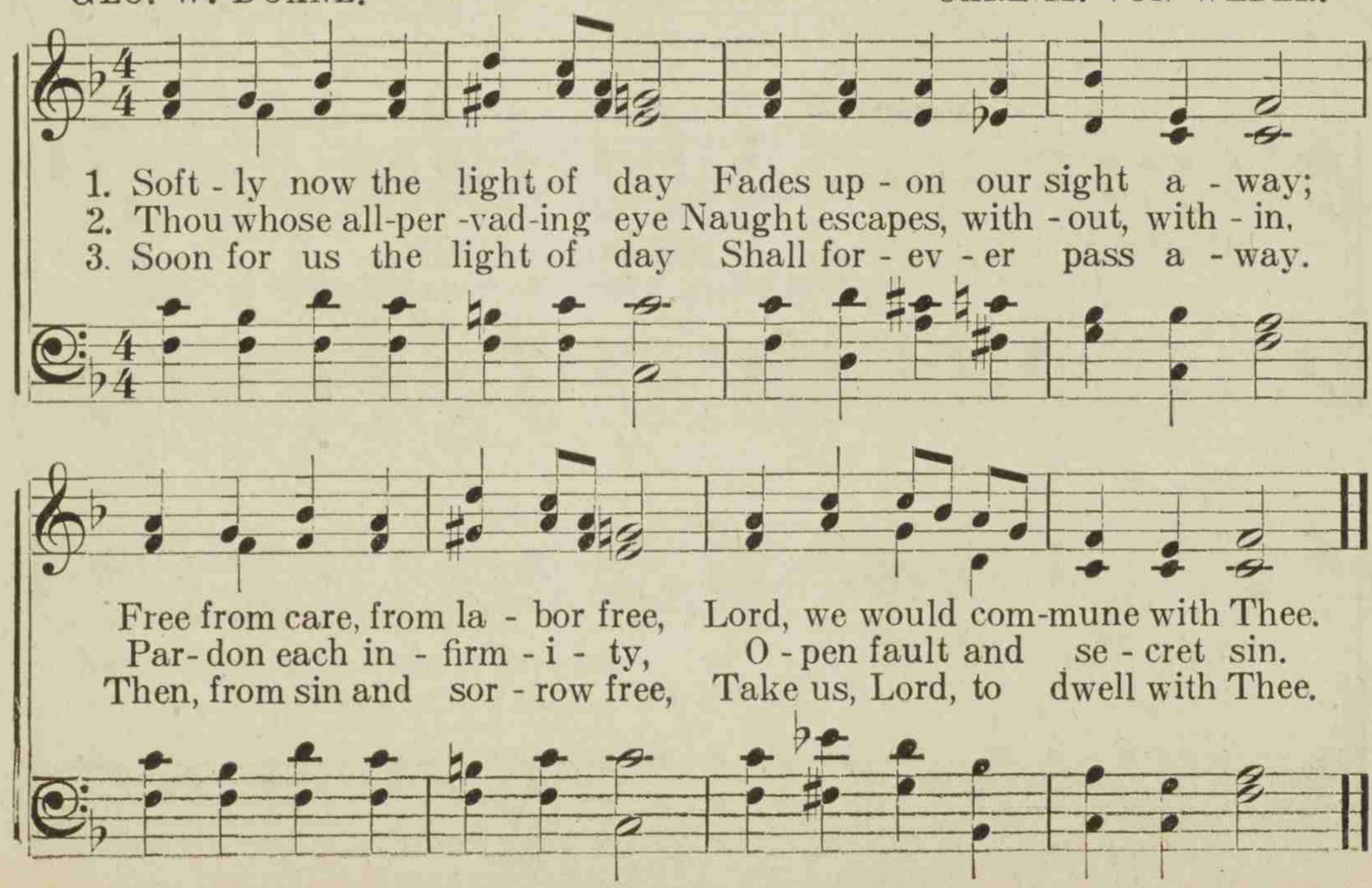
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Nor Silver nor Gold.—Concluded.



No. 7. Softly now the Light of Day.

GEO. W. DOANE. CARL M. VON WEBER.



No. 8.

The Spirit's Last Call.

E. E. HEWITT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There's a heav'nly voice that whispers To your in-most soul to-day:
2. Is your heart a-thirst, a-hun-gered? Come! a roy-al feast is spread;
3. Leave the earth-ly cares that bind you; Cast a-side the hind'ring weight;
4. En-ter now the Mas-ter's vineyard, Ere the shades of evening fall;

"Wand'ring child, O seek the Fa-ther; Je-sus is the Life, the Way."
Free-ly take the liv-ing wa-ter, Feed up-on the bro-ken Bread.
Quick-ly rise and fol-low Je-sus, Trust Him, ere it be too late.
An-swer, in the grace He gives you, An-swer now the Spir-it's call.

CHORUS.

Hear the lov - - ing in-vi-ta - - tion,
Hear the in-vi-ta - tion, the lov-ing in-vi-ta-tion,
Heed the tones . . . . that sweet-ly fall; For it
Heed the tones that fall, heed the tones that sweet-ly fall;
may be, O it may be The Spir-it's last and on-ly call!
For it may be, O it may be

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No. 9.

The Rest of Faith.

ANON. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Be - cause in a day of my days to come, There wait - eth a
2. Be - cause of a sub - tle sense of pain, Like a pulse - beat
3. In the har-vest-field shall I cease to glean, Since the bloom of

grief to be, Shall my heart grow faint, and my lips grow dumb;
thread - ed thro' The bliss of my thought, shall I dare re-frain
Spring hath fled? Shall I veil mine eyes to the noon-day sheen,

RESPONSE.

In this day that is bright for me?
From de-light in the pure and true?
Since the new of the morn hath sped?
} Nay, what-ev-er He sends from

day to day, I am sure His name is Love; And He nev - er will

let me lose my way To my rest in His home a - bove.

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No. 10.

Perfect Peace and Rest.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Like a riv-er glo - rious, Is God's perfect peace, O - ver all vic-
2. Hid-den in the hol - low Of His blessed hand, Nev-er foe can
3. Ev-'ry joy or tri - al Falleth from a - bove, Traced up- on our

to - rious, In its bright in-crease; Per-fect yet it flow - eth Ful - ler
fol - low, Nev-er trai-tor stand; Not a surge of wor - ry, Not a
di - al By the Sun of Love, We must trust Him ful - ly, All for

ev-'ry day, Per-fect, yet it grow - eth Deep-er all the way.
shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spir-it there.
us to do, They who trust Him whol - ly, Find Him wholly true.

CHORUS.

Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, Hearts are ful - ly blest;

Rall.

Find - ing, as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

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No. 11. Brave Hearts, True Hearts.

COLIN STERNE. H. E. NICHOL. Arr.

1. Je - sus calls for sol-diers, read-y, true and brave, Soldiers that will nev - er fal - ter! Ev - er quick to fol-low where His banners wave,
2. Boys and girls we want you, in the morn of youth, When the heart with life is bound-ing! Come and join our standard, come and fight for truth,
3. Come ye youths and maidens, in your strength and grace, Bring your gifts of art and beau-ty! Come and serve the Master, ev - er seek His face,
4. Come ye men and wo-men, let the ho - ly fire In your hearts be ev - er burn-ing! Come and guide and teach us, help us and in - spire

CHORUS.
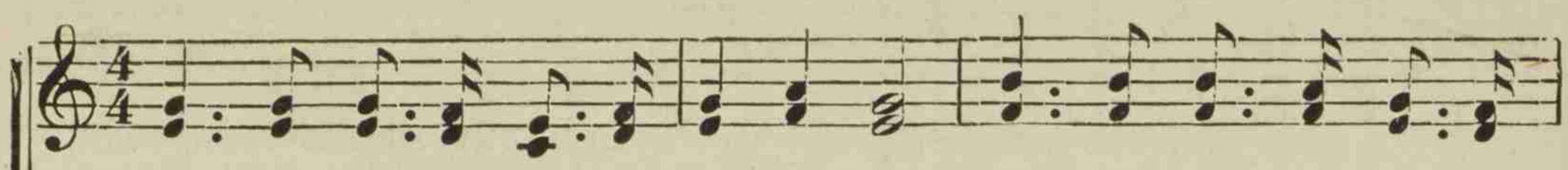
Strong with love, that ne'er can al - ter.
'Mid the e - vil hosts sur-round-ing.
Faith-ful in your love and du - ty.
Tru - est faith and ho - ly yearn-ing.
} Brave hearts, true hearts, fighting for the Mas-ter! Christian soldiers, bearing shield and sword! Let your voices ring, prais-ing loud your King, Sol-diers of the Cross, who serve the Lord!

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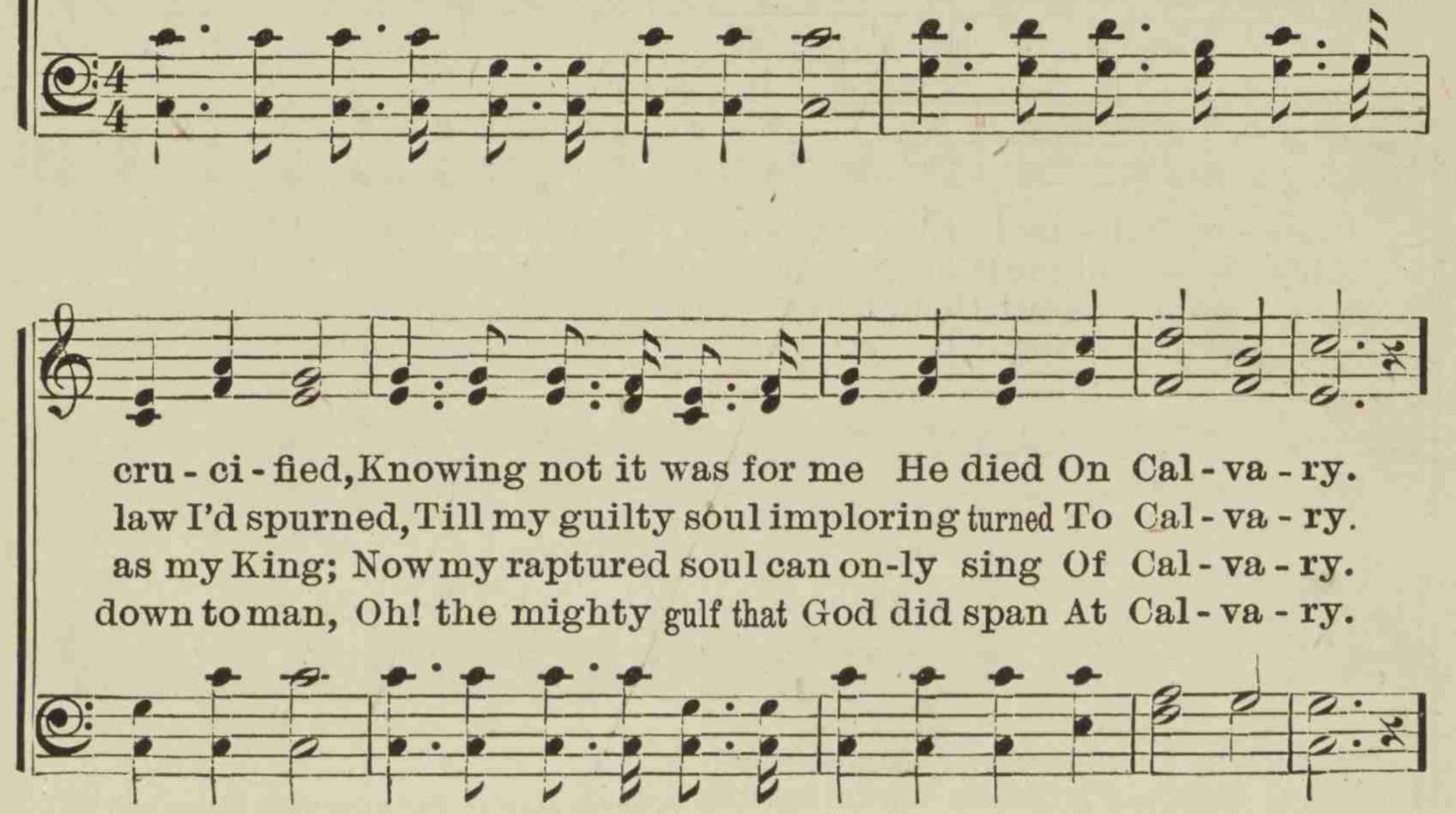
No. 12.

At Calvary.

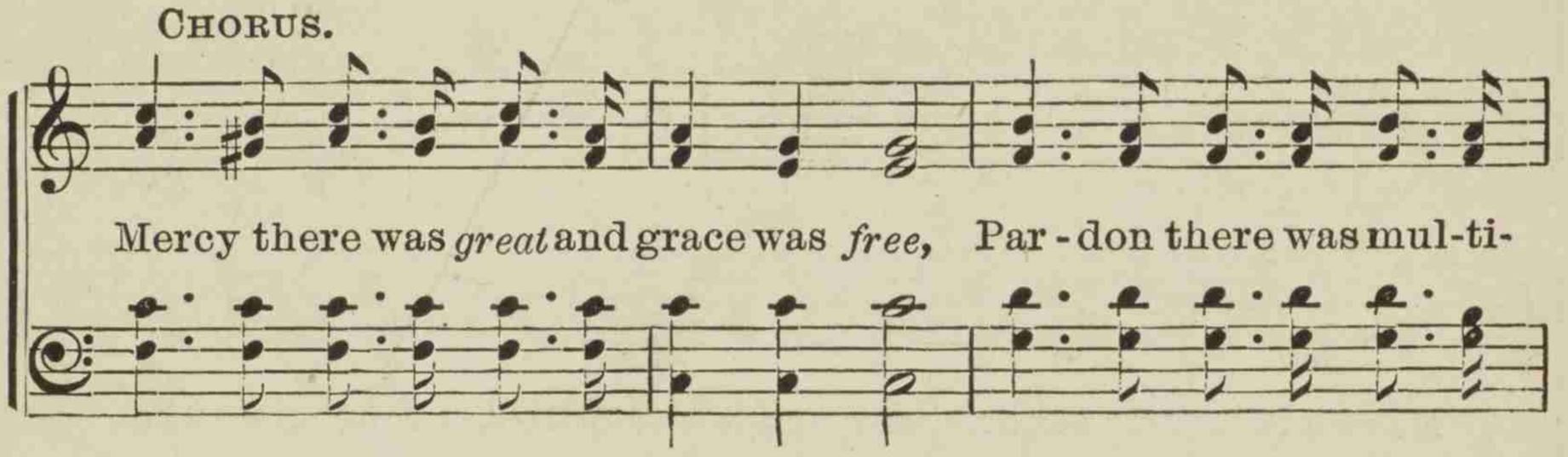
WM. R. NEWELL. D. B. TOWNER.



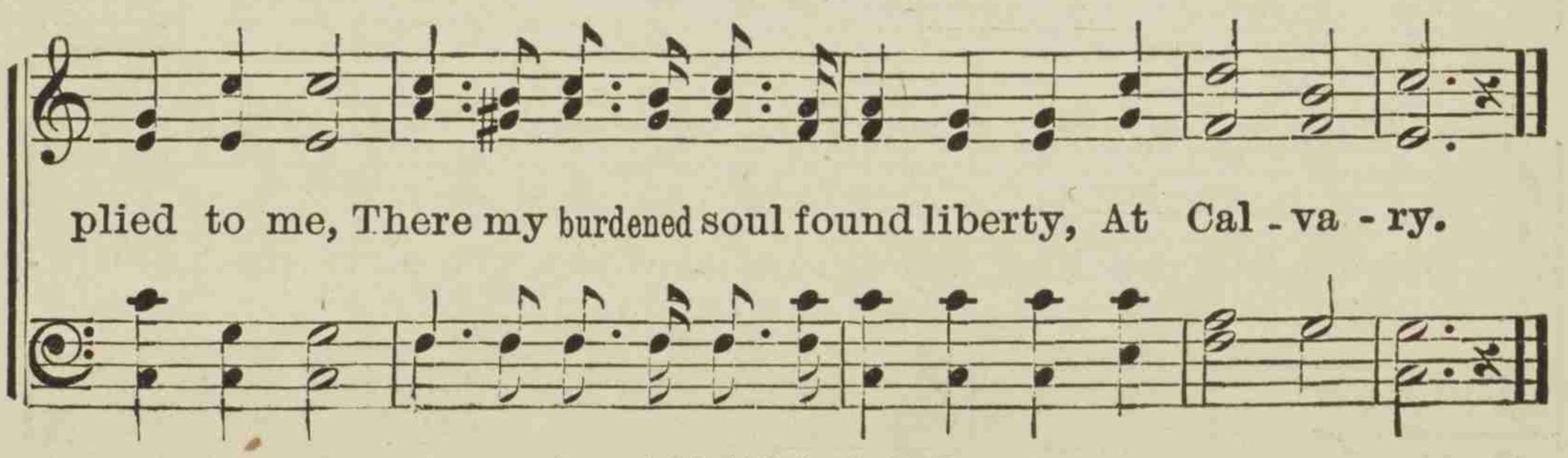
1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was cru - ci - fied, Knowing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
2. By God's word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the law I'd spurned, Till my guilty soul imploring turned To Cal - va - ry.
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry-thing, Now I glad - ly own Him as my King; Now my raptured soul can on-ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
4. Oh! the love that drew salvation's plan! Oh! the grace that brought it down to man, Oh! the mighty gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.



CHORUS.



Mercy there was *great* and grace was *free,* Par - don there was mul-ti- plied to me, There my burdened soul found liberty, At Cal - va - ry.



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No. 13.

He Heard My Voice.

KATHERINE O. BARKER. B. T. WORDEN.

1. I heard the blessed message, Salvation un - to men; I doubted, yet my
2. I strayed, when sorely tempted, From duty's narrow way; I lingered ere my
3. In sor-row heavy-heart-ed, I wait-ed by the way; I fainted, and I
4. When gladness was my portion And friends were fond and near, I sought the mighty

heart would rejoice; Then, tremblingly, in se-cret, I called up - on the Lord,
heart made its choice; Then humbly, but in earnest, I called up - on the Lord,
could not re-joice; Then tear-ful-ly and weak-ly I called up - on the Lord,
Friend of my choice; And fer-vent-ly with praises, I called up - on the Lord,

CHORUS.

And He heard my voice. So I will sing of His
And He heard my voice. So I will sing, I will

good-ness, My Re-deem-er and my choice, And I will
sing of His good-ness,

praise.... His name for-ev - - er, For He heard my voice.
And I will praise, I will praise His name forever, For He heard my voice.

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No. 14.

The Debt Unknown.

ROBERT MCCHEYNE. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When this pass - ing world is done, When has sunk yon glow-ing sun,
2. When I stand be-fore the throne, Dressed in beau - ty not my own;
3. When I hear the wick-ed call On the rocks and hills to fall,
4. When the praise of heav'n I hear, Loud as thun - ders to the ear;

When we stand with Christ in glo-ry, Look-ing o'er life's fin - ished sto-ry;
When I see Thee as Thou art, Love Thee with un - sin - ning heart;
When I see them start and shrink On the fier - y del - uge brink,
Loud as ma - ny wa - ters' noise, Sweet as harps me - lo - dious voice;

Then, dear Lord, shall I ful - ly know, Not till then, how much I owe,

Then, dear Lord, shall I ful - ly know, Not till then, how much I owe.

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No. 15.

Redeeming Love.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Like some sweet bird that upward flies, My soul to heav'nly heights would rise, And while I mount to worlds above Would sing of Christ's redeeming love.
2. Like some sweet flow'r of spring that wakes, When sun and show'r its slumber breaks, My soul would rise from doubt and gloom, And in His love e - ter-nal bloom.
3. Re - deem-ing love! Oh, can it be That Je-sus shed His blood for me? His glorious name I will a-dore, And praise and bless Him evermore.

CHORUS.

Re-deem-ing love..... re-deem-ing love!..... The grand-est theme, all themes a-bove; My soul with joy,..... her wings would prove, And sing of Christ's re-deem-ing love.
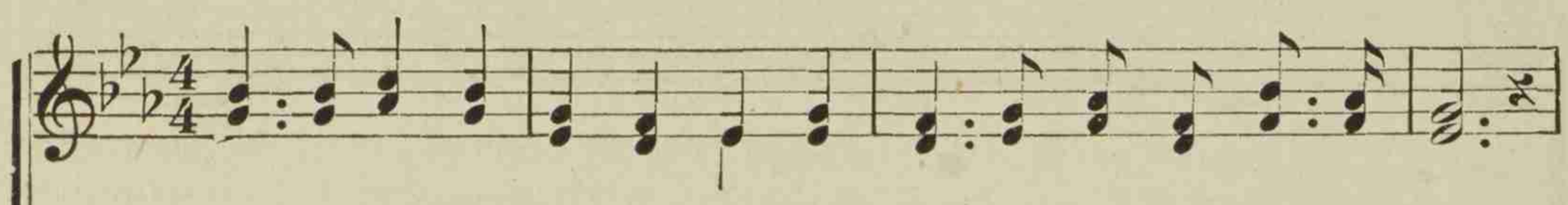
Re-deem-ing love, re-deem-ing love!

My soul her wings, her wings would prove,
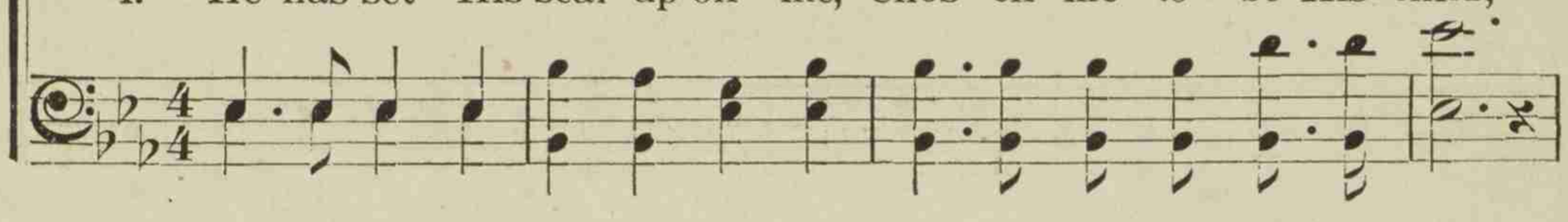
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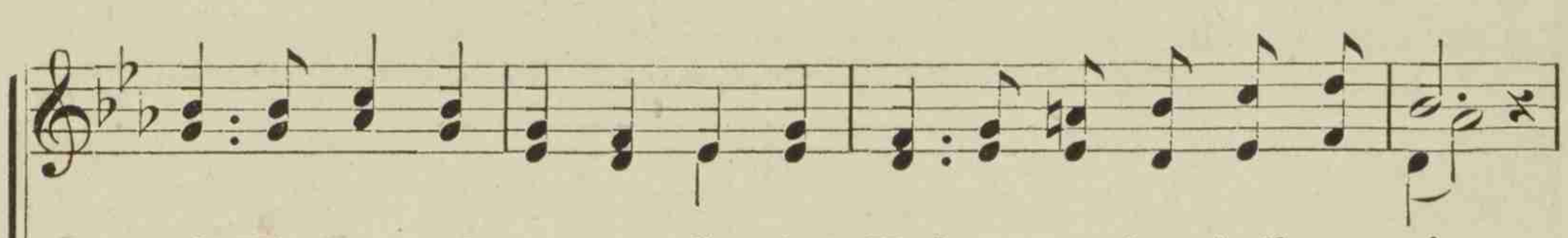
No. 16. He Has Set His Seal Upon Me.

EMMA PITT. D. B. TOWNER.
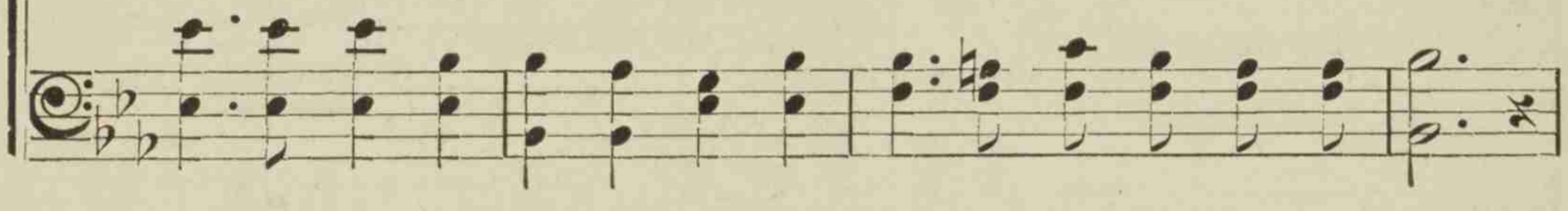


1. In my heart His King-don dwelleth Christ my sav-ior reigns with-in;
2. He has set His seal up-on me, I am His and He is mine;
3. So I have a con-stant ref-uge neath the shad-ow of His wings;
4. He has set His seal up-on me, Chos-en me to be His child;
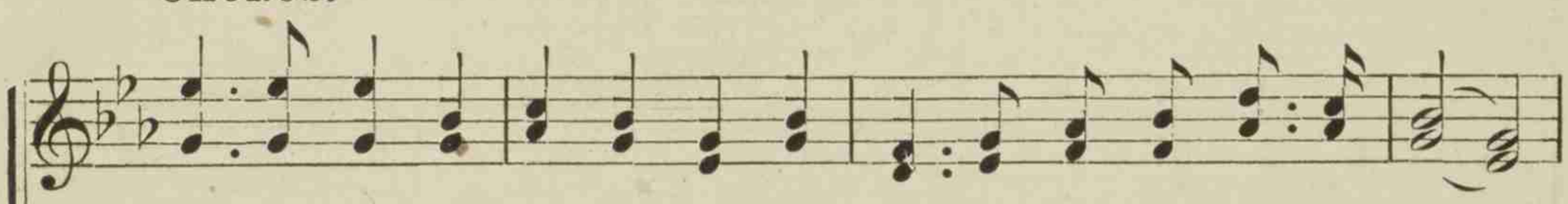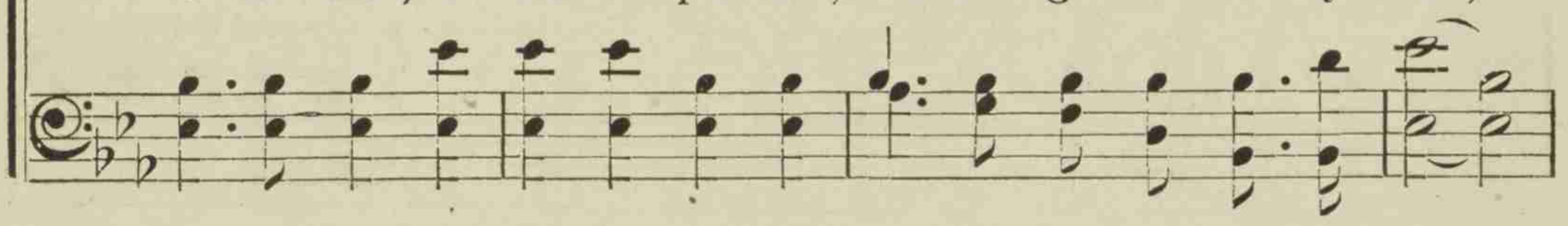




All His love and mer-cy tell-eth, He has par-doned all my sin.
I am rest-ing on His prom-ise, Safe-ly kept by strength di-vine.
In His per-fect love a-bid-ing, Still my soul ex-ult-ing sings.
He is wait-ing now to make me Ho-ly, pure and un-de-filed.
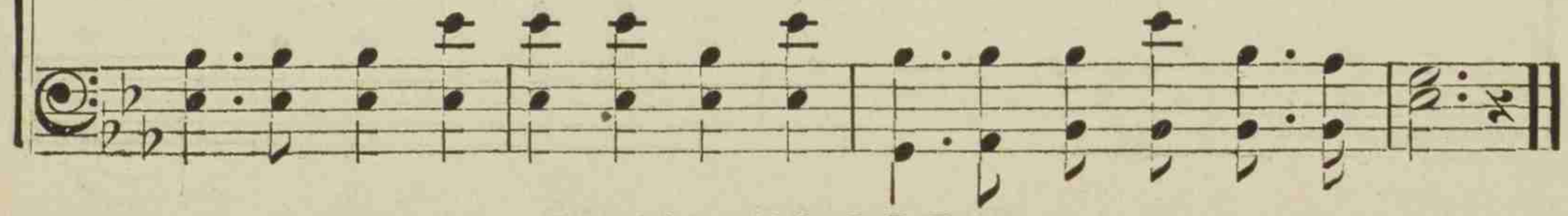


CHORUS.



O 'tis love, di-vine com-pass-ion, That for-giv-eth ev-'ry sin;
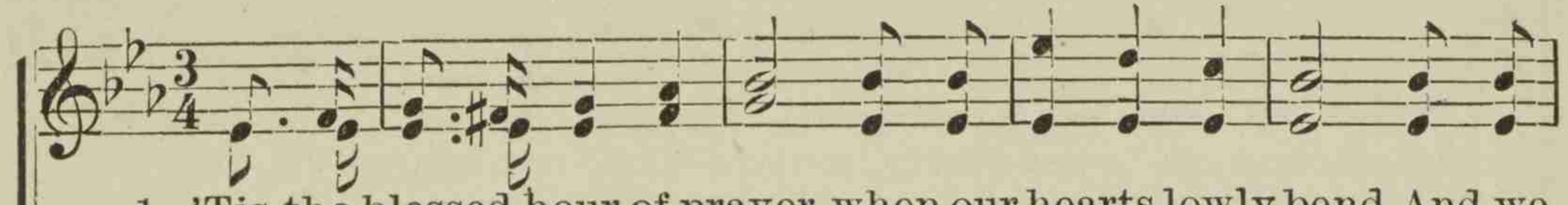


I may have His se-cret pres-ence And His Kingdom dwell with-in.



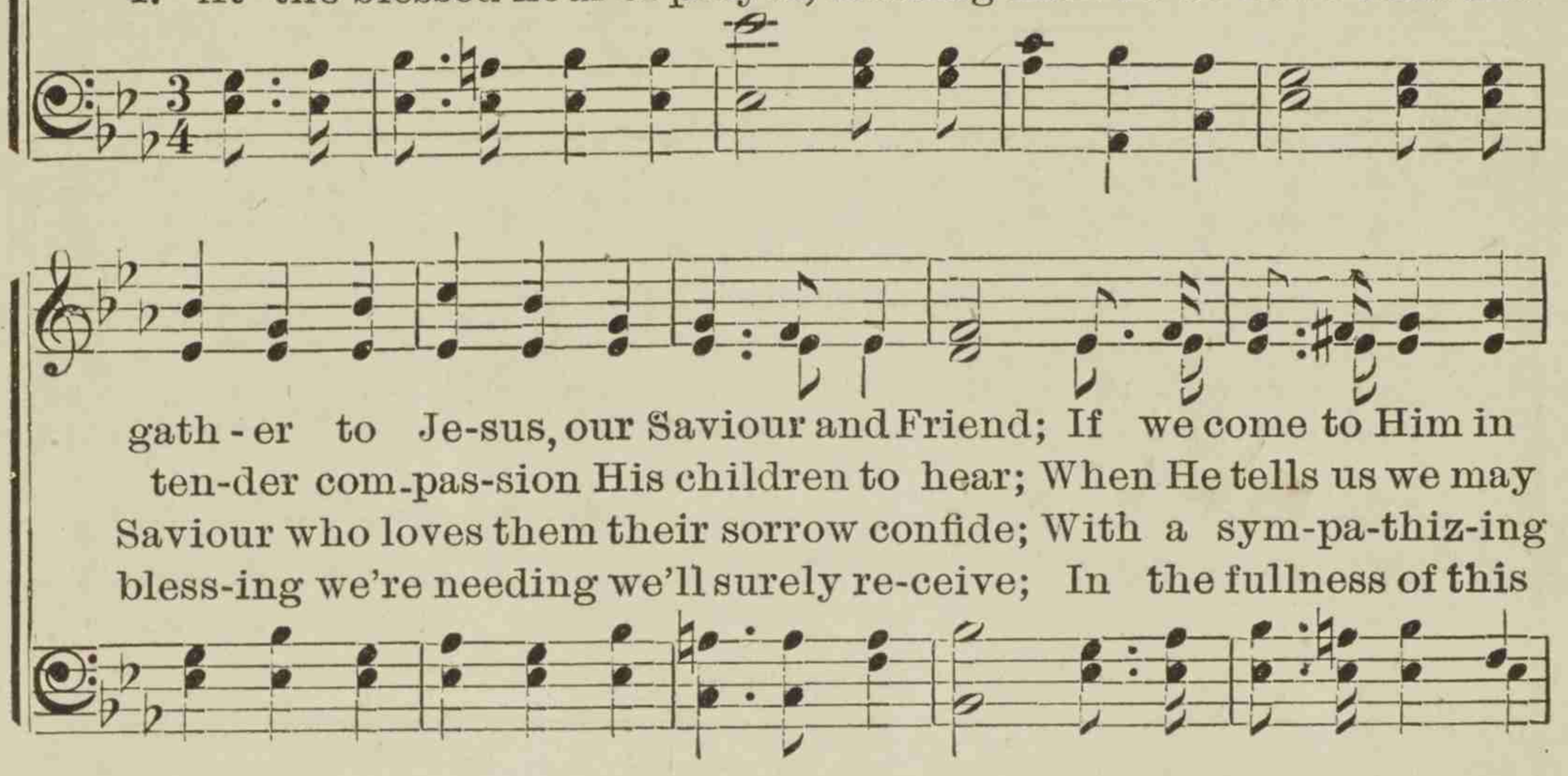
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No. 17. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.
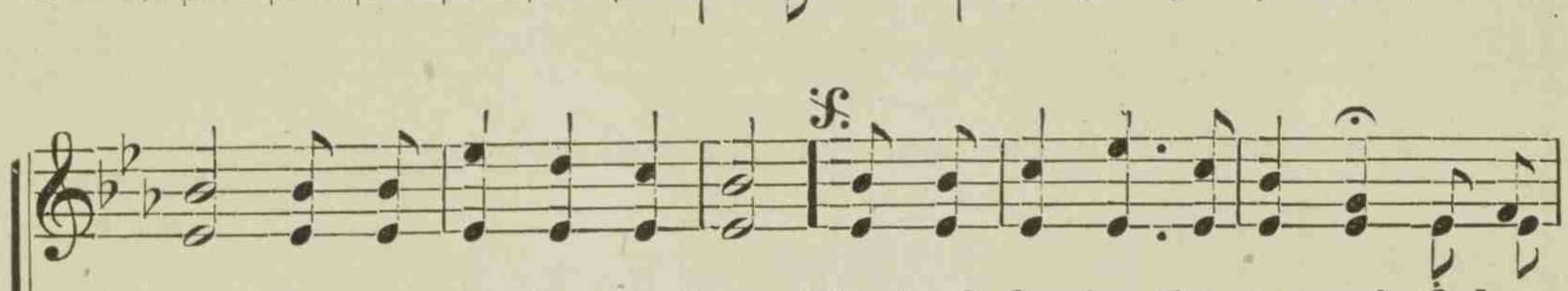
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.
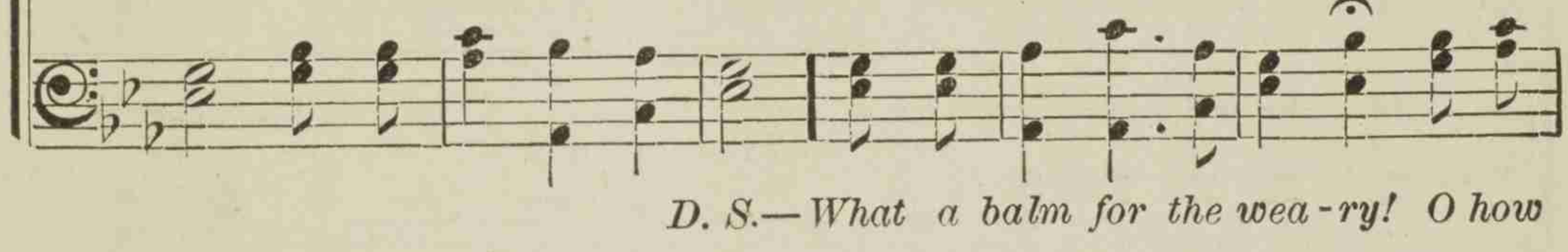


1. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried To the
4. At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting Him we be-lieve That the



gath - er to Je-sus, our Saviour and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten-der com-pas-sion His children to hear; When He tells us we may
Saviour who loves them their sorrow confide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing
bless-ing we're needing we'll surely re-ceive; In the fullness of this

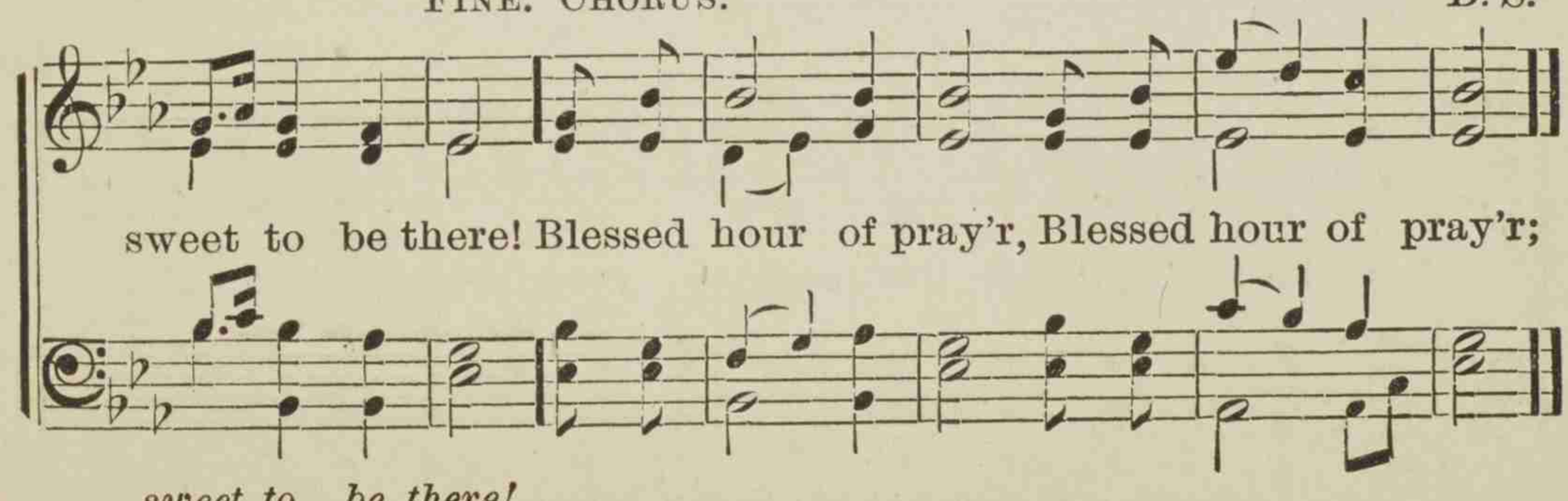


faith, His pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
cast at His feet ev-'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
heart He removes ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how



D. S.—What a balm for the wea-ry! O how

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*



sweet to be there! Blessed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r;

sweet to be there!

Copyright, 1880, by The Biglow & Main Co.

No. 18. Jesus will Save You To-day!

E. E. Hewitt. D. B. Towner.

1. Come, ye who are bear-ing the bur-den of sin, Je - sus will
2. Come hun - gry, come thirsty, come just as you are, Je - sus will
3. His grace, all - suf - fi-cient, will meet ev - 'ry need, Je - sus will
4. One "touch," meek and trustful, one pray'r from the heart, Je - sus will

save you to - day; "The blood of the Lamb" will give cleansing within;
save you to - day; The mer - ci - ful Shepherd hath sought you a-far,
save you to - day; His pow'r safe- ly keep you, His wisdom will lead,
save you to - day; O, take the rich blessings His love will im-part,

Chorus.

Je - sus will save you to-day. Je - sus will save you to - day, . . .
Will save you to-day.

Je - sus will save you to - day; . . . In Cal - va-ry's
will save you to - day;

flow be made whit - er than snow, Je - sus will save you to - day.

Copyright, 1901, by D. B. Towner.

No. 19.

Coming Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Like a way-ward child I wandered From my Father's house away,
2. I have wandered in the darkness, And my path was lone and drear,
3. O the rap-ture that a-waits me, When I reach my Father's door!
4. I will ask Him to for-give me, For the wrong that I have done,

But I hear His voice en-treat-ing, And I'm com-ing home to-day.
But my Fa-ther did not leave me, He was watching ev - er near.
Once with-in its blest en - clos-ure, I am safe for ev - er-more.
To re-ceive, ac-cept, and bless me, Thro' His well be - lov - ed Son.

REFRAIN.

Com - ing..... home, Com - ing..... home, For I can no
Com-ing, com - ing, Com - ing, com-ing,

long - er roam, I am sad and bro - ken -
no long - er roam,

heart - ed, And I'm com-ing, com - ing home.
I'm com - ing home.

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.

No. 20. Call Them In.

B. H. WINSLOW. J. H. ROSECRANS.

Ad lib. *pp*

1. In - to the fold of the Lord of love, Call them in, call them in;
2. In - to the joy of the Father's fold, Call them in, call them in;
3. In - to the serv - ice of Christ our King, Call them in, call them in;

Hear the sweet welcome from God a - bove, "Come un - to Me!"
Blessings are there which can ne'er be told, Come and re - joice!
Un - to the Mas - ter your tal - ents bring, Worth-y is He!

pp

Ye, who are wear-y, oh, hear the call, Hear and heed, hear and heed.
Give up your striving and just be-lieve, Hear and heed, hear and heed.
Wondrous the priv - i - lege Christ bestows, Hear and heed, hear and heed.
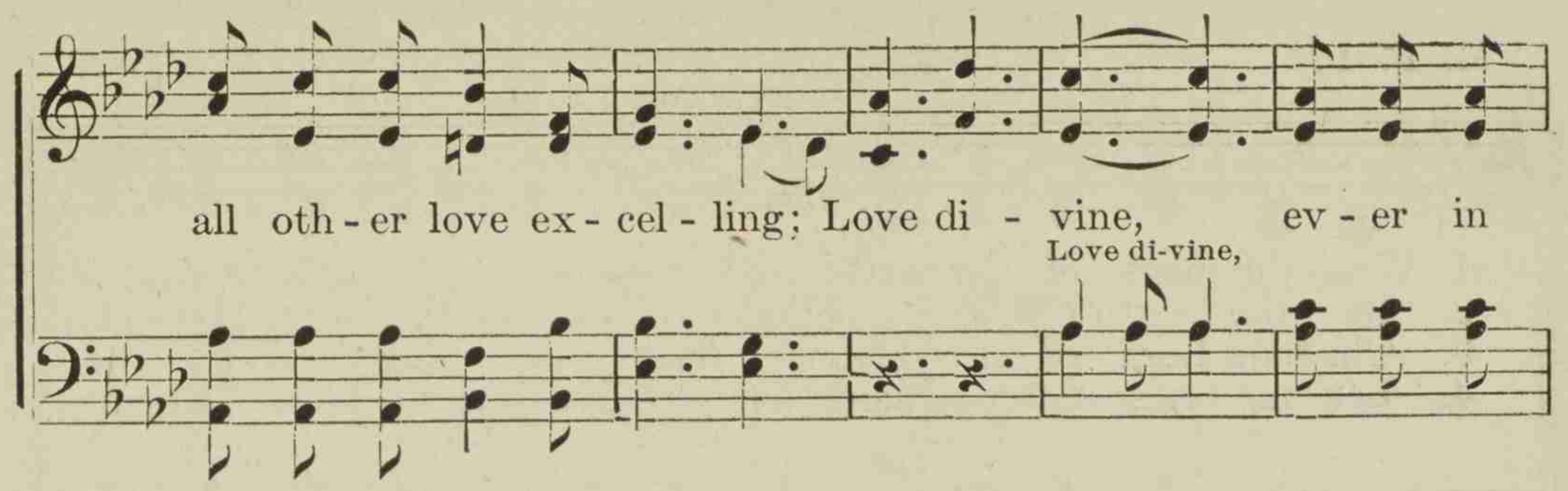
"Un - to the ut - ter-most," 'tis for all! Come with your burden and need.
Life is a gift we may all receive, Come, 'tis a blessing in - deed.
Mansions and crowns to His former foes, "Come," hear His loving voice plead.

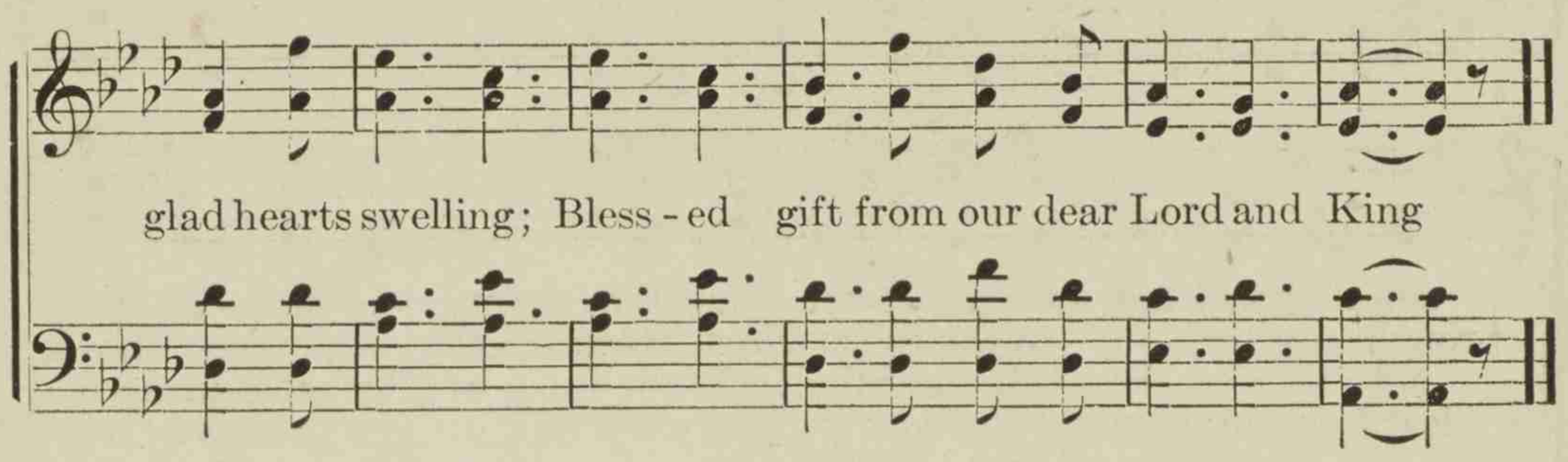
CHORUS. *A tempo ff.*

Love di - vine, deep-er than sins in-dwelling, Love di - vine.
Love di-vine, Love di - vine.

Copyright, 1901, by J. H. Rosecrans.

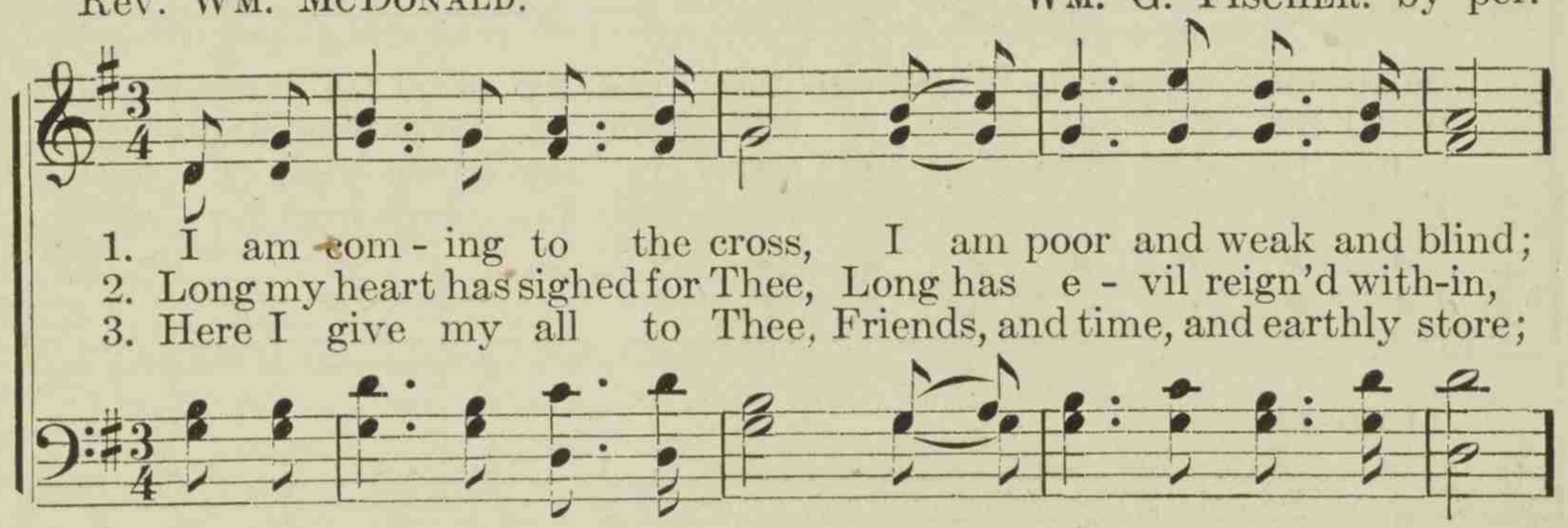
Call Them In.—Concluded.



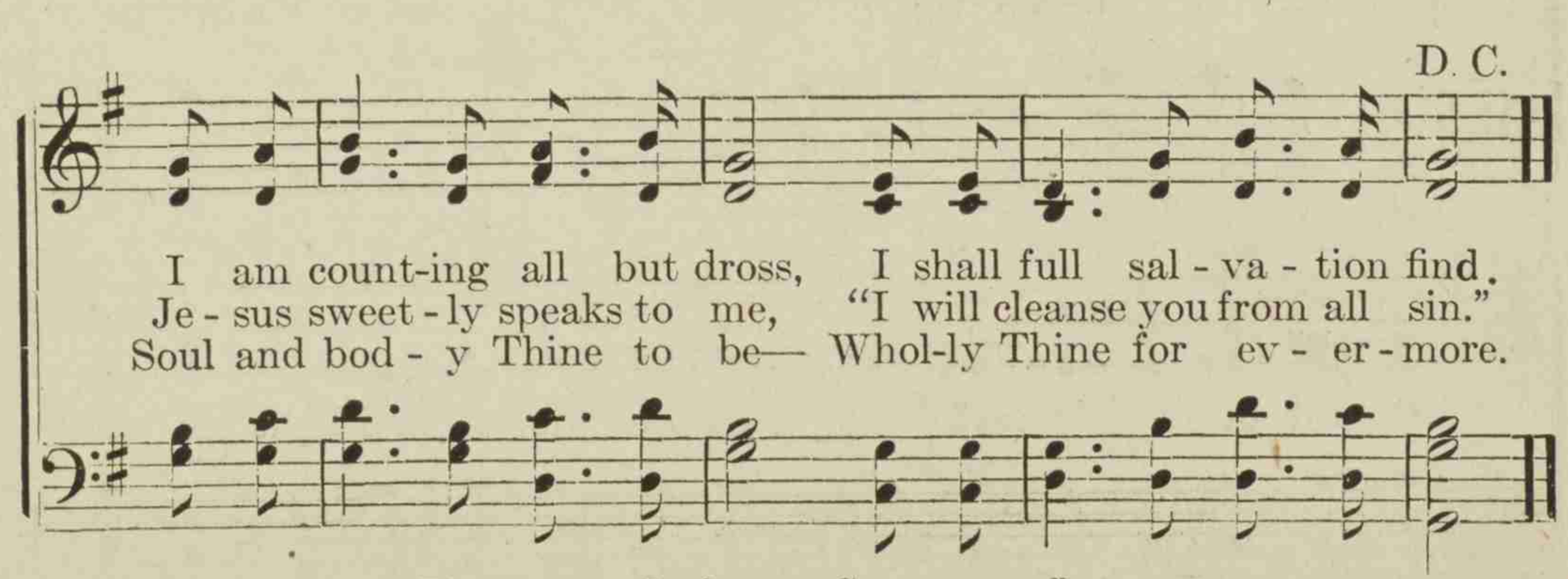


No. 21. I Am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. Wm. G. Fischer. by per.

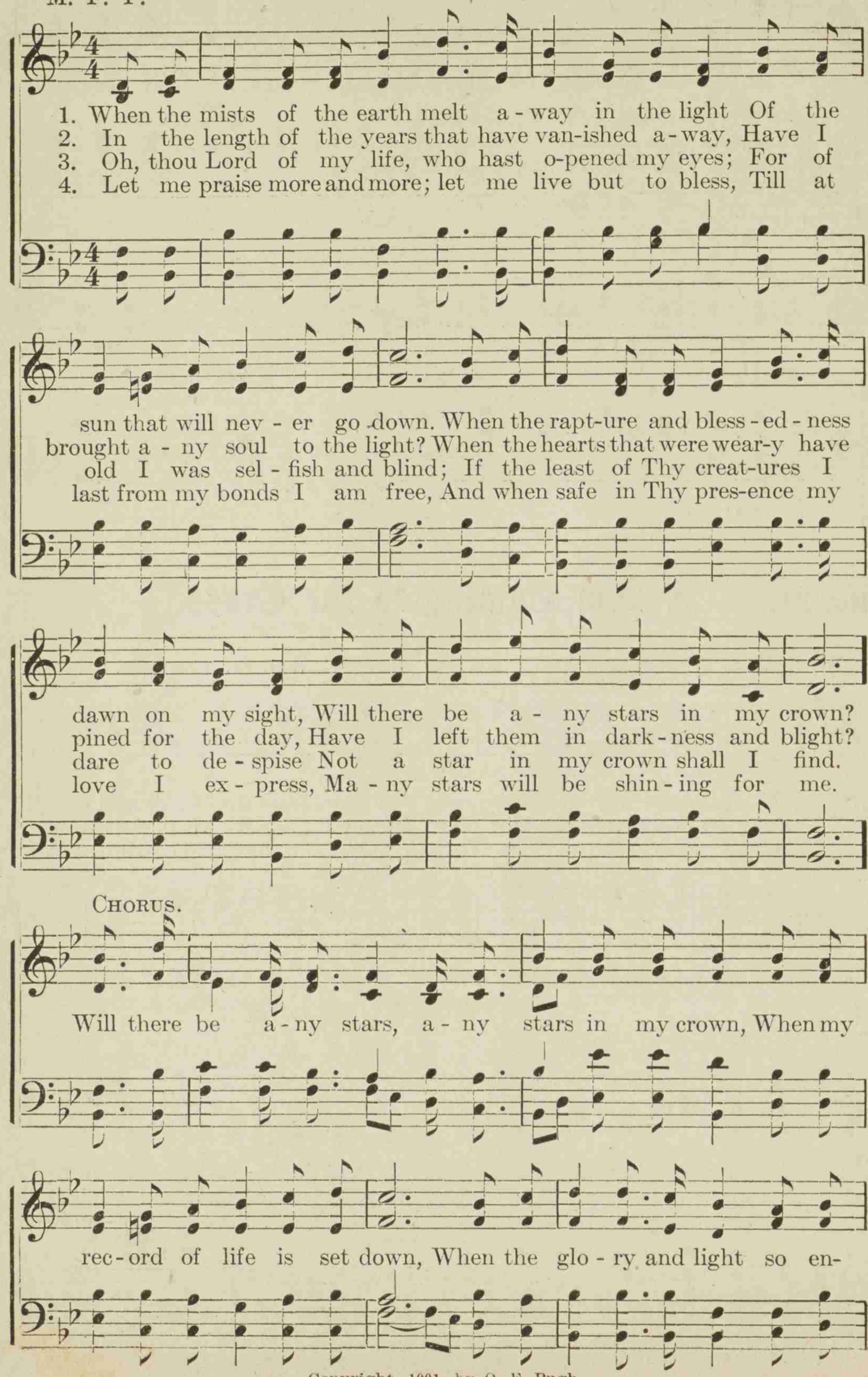


D. C.
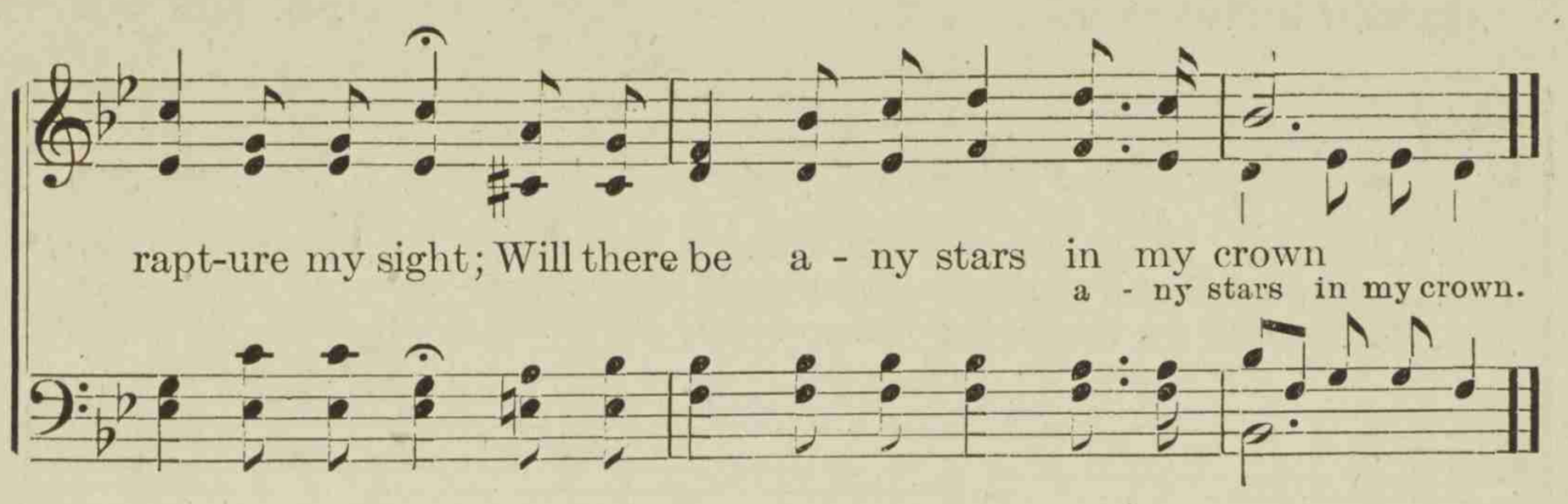


No. 22. Will There be Any Stars in My Crown?

M. F. P. O. F. Pugh.



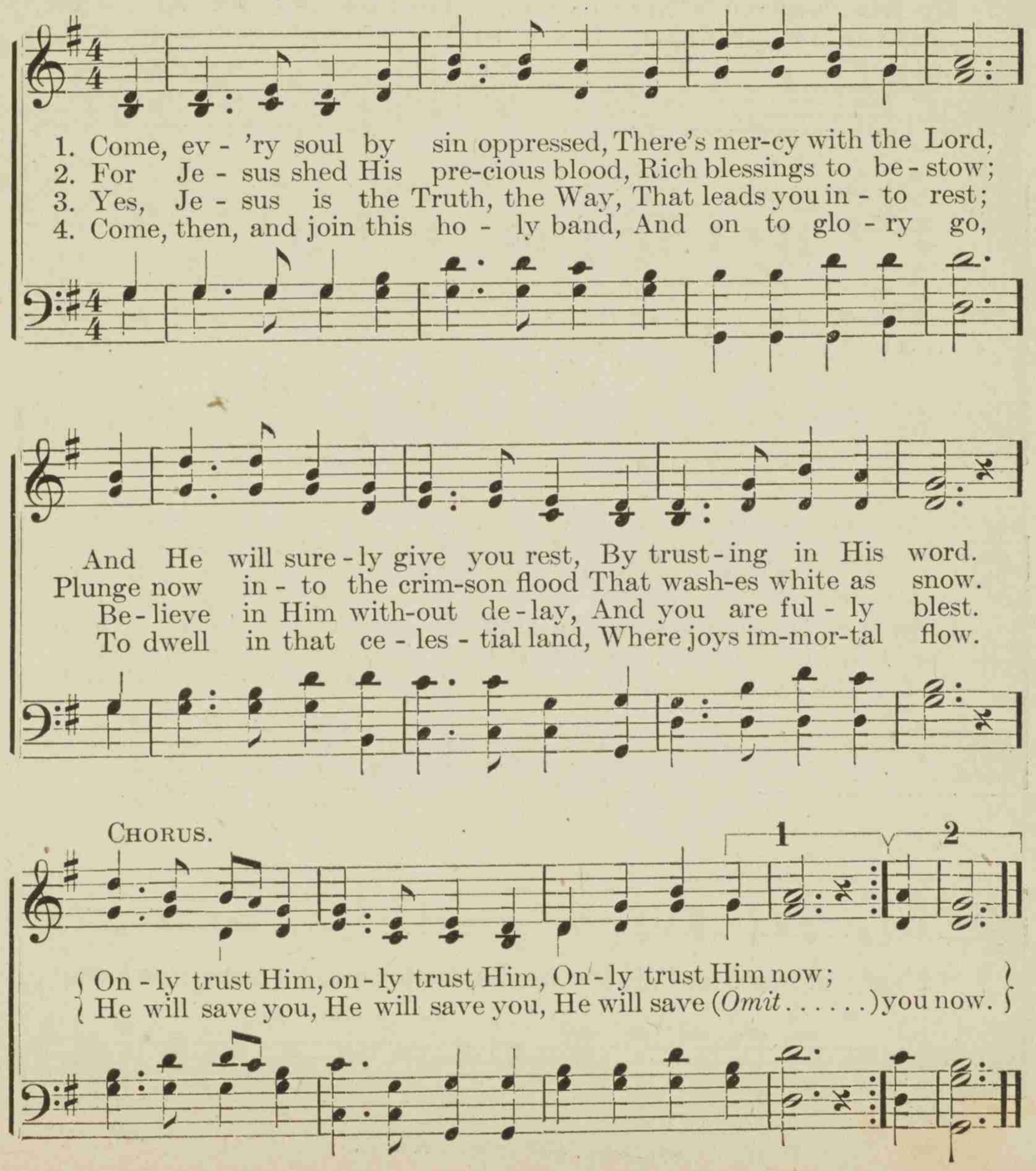
Copyright, 1901, by O. F. Pugh.

Will There be Any Stars.—Concluded.



No. 23. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.
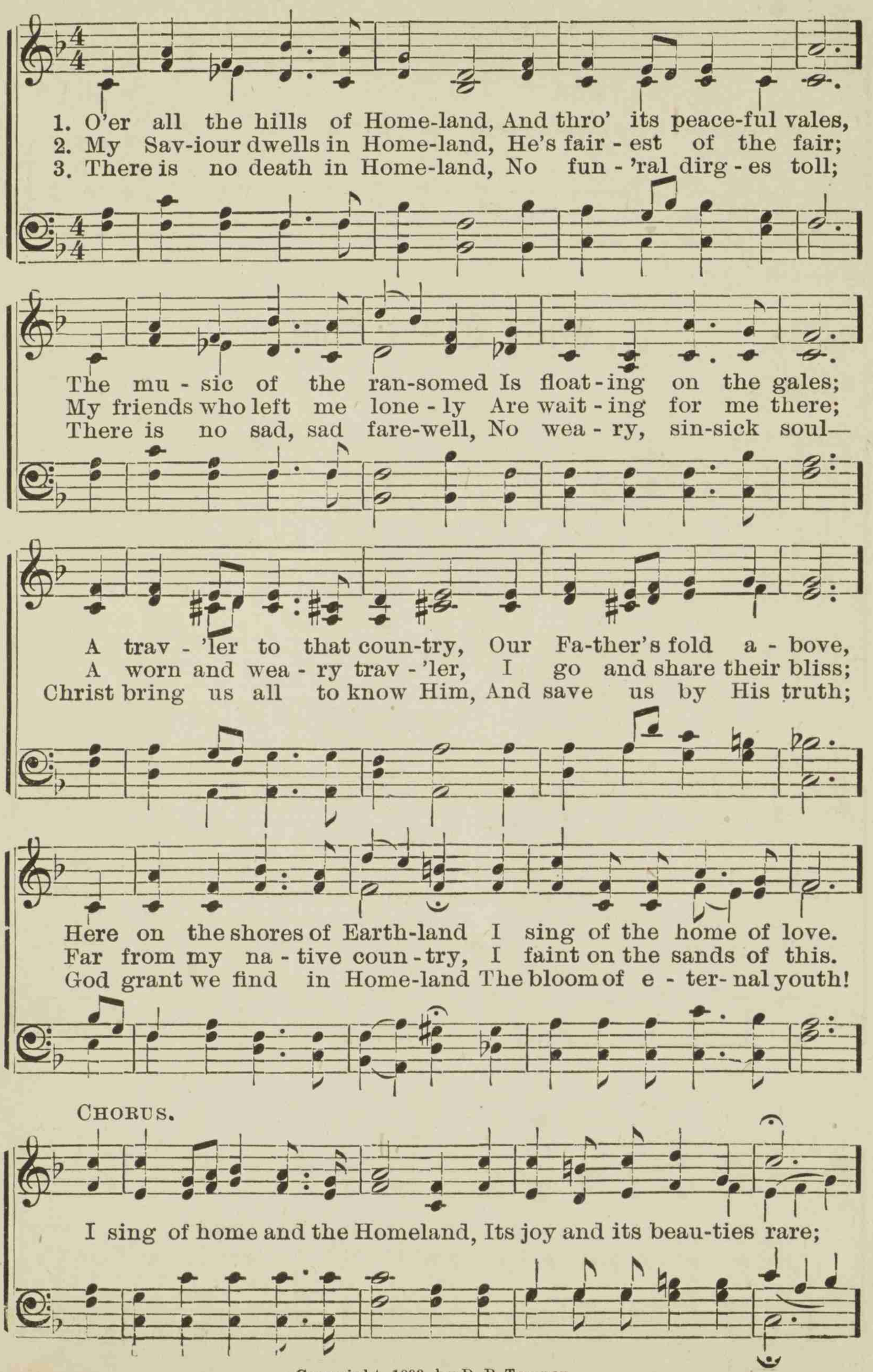


Chorus.

No. 24.

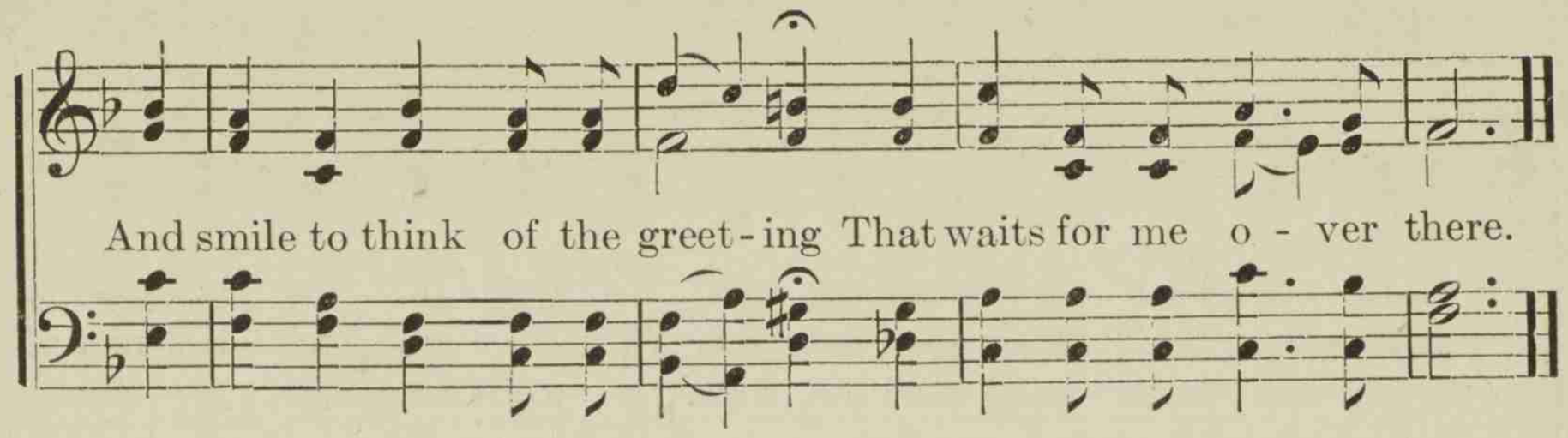
I Sing of the Home-land.

ANDREW SHERWOOD. D. B. TOWNER.



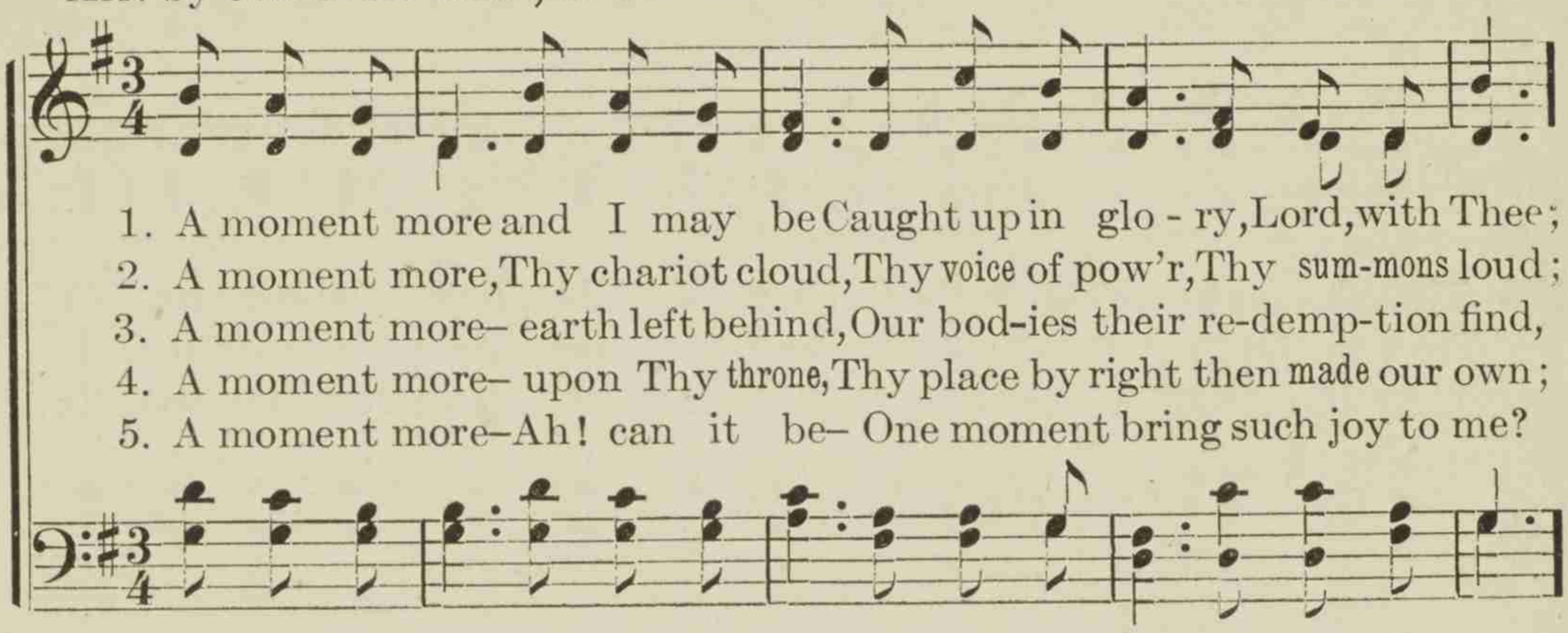
Copyright, 1893, by D. B. Towner.
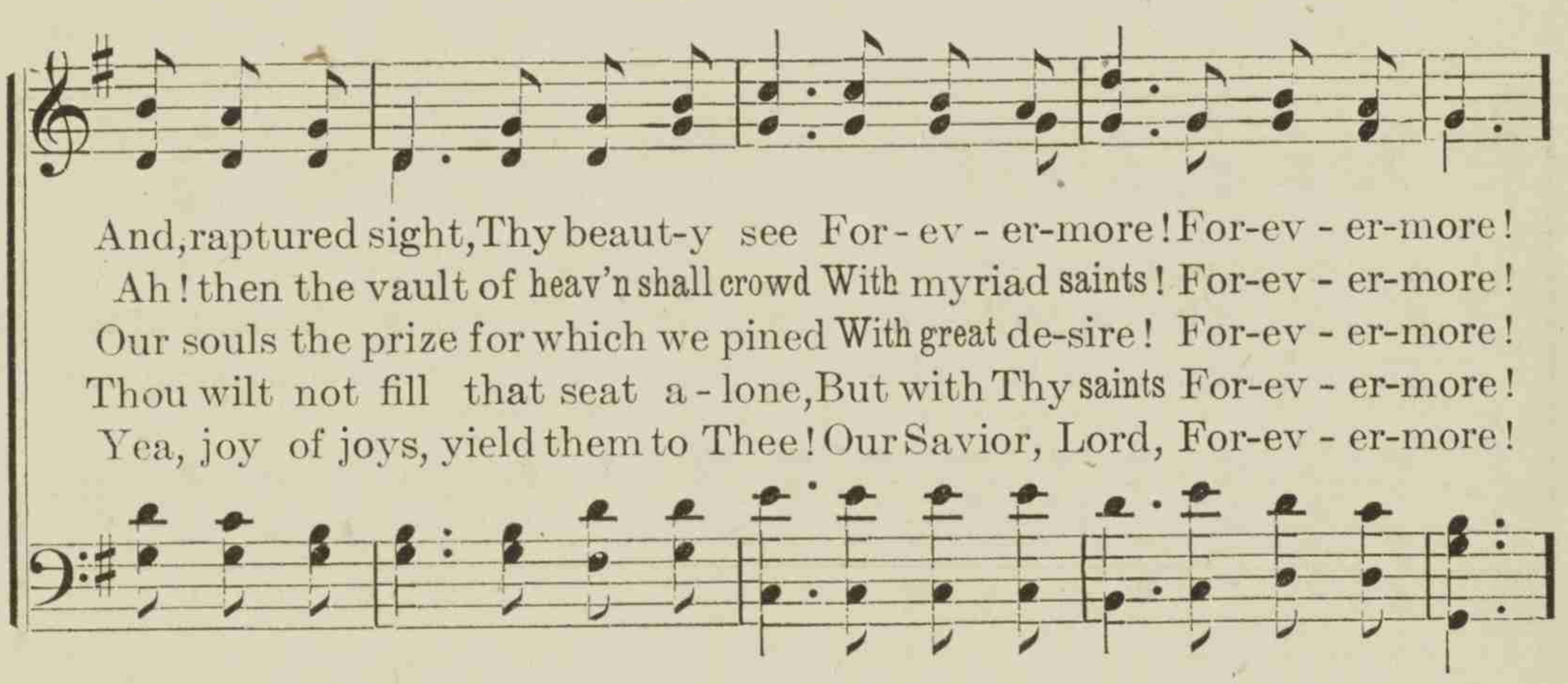
I Sing of the Home-land.—Concluded.

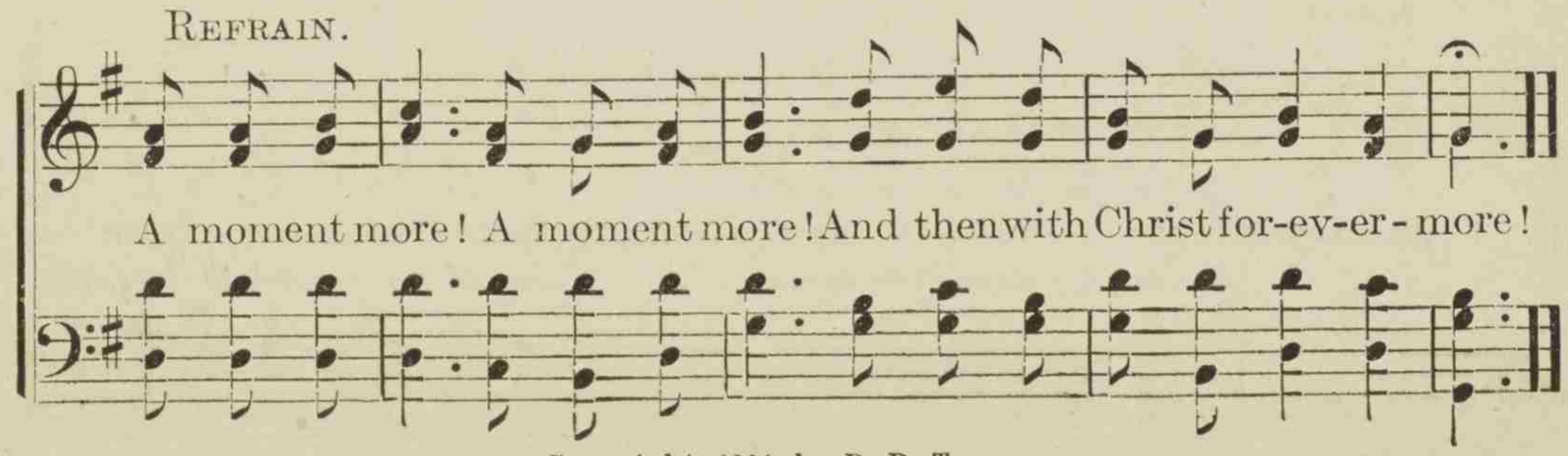


No. 25. In a Moment.

Arr. by JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. D. A. NIEL.







Copyright, 1901, by D. B. Towner.

No. 26. Jesus Hath Redeemed Me.

F. S. S. F. S. Shepard.

1. Je - sus hath re-deemed me and I glad - ly sing His praise,
2. Je - sus hath re-deemed me, hal - le - lu - jah to His name!
3. Je - sus hath re-deemed me, what a won-drous love is this!

That the world may know the wonders of His love; Tell-ing how to
From the pow'r of e - vil He hath set me free; Now with joy I
Gave His life a ran - som on the cru - el tree; Now my soul He

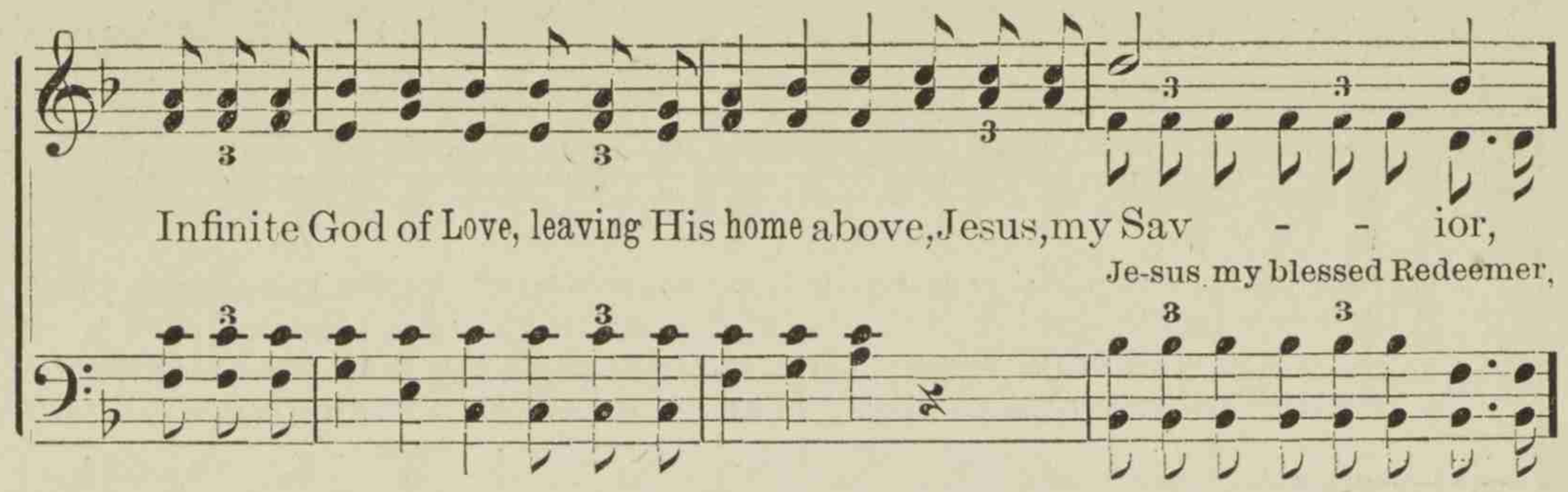
win me from the er - ror of my ways, Je - sus left His home a - bove.
has - ten all the goodness to pro-claim Of the Christ who died for me.
fill - eth with a sweet a - bid - ing bliss, And His Spir - it dwells in me.

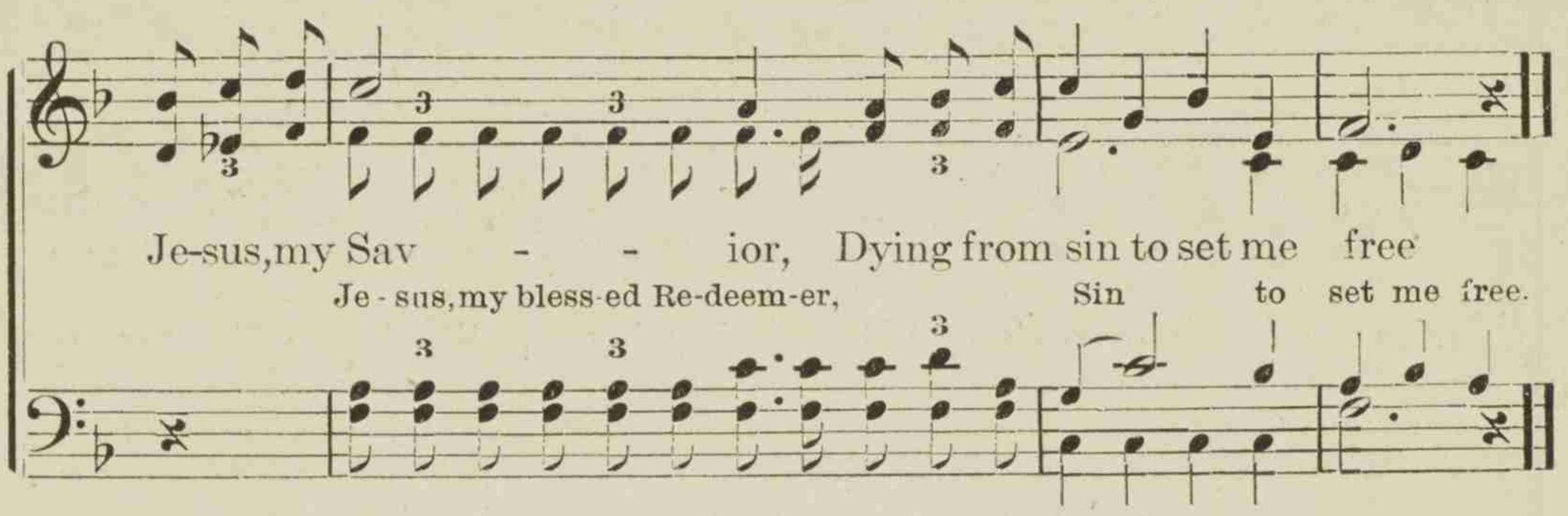
CHORUS.

Je-sus, my Sav - - - ior, Je-sus, my Sav - - - - ior,
Je - sus, my bless-ed Re-deem-er, Je-sus, my bless-ed Re-deem-er,

Copyright, 1897, by F. S. Shepard. Words and Music.

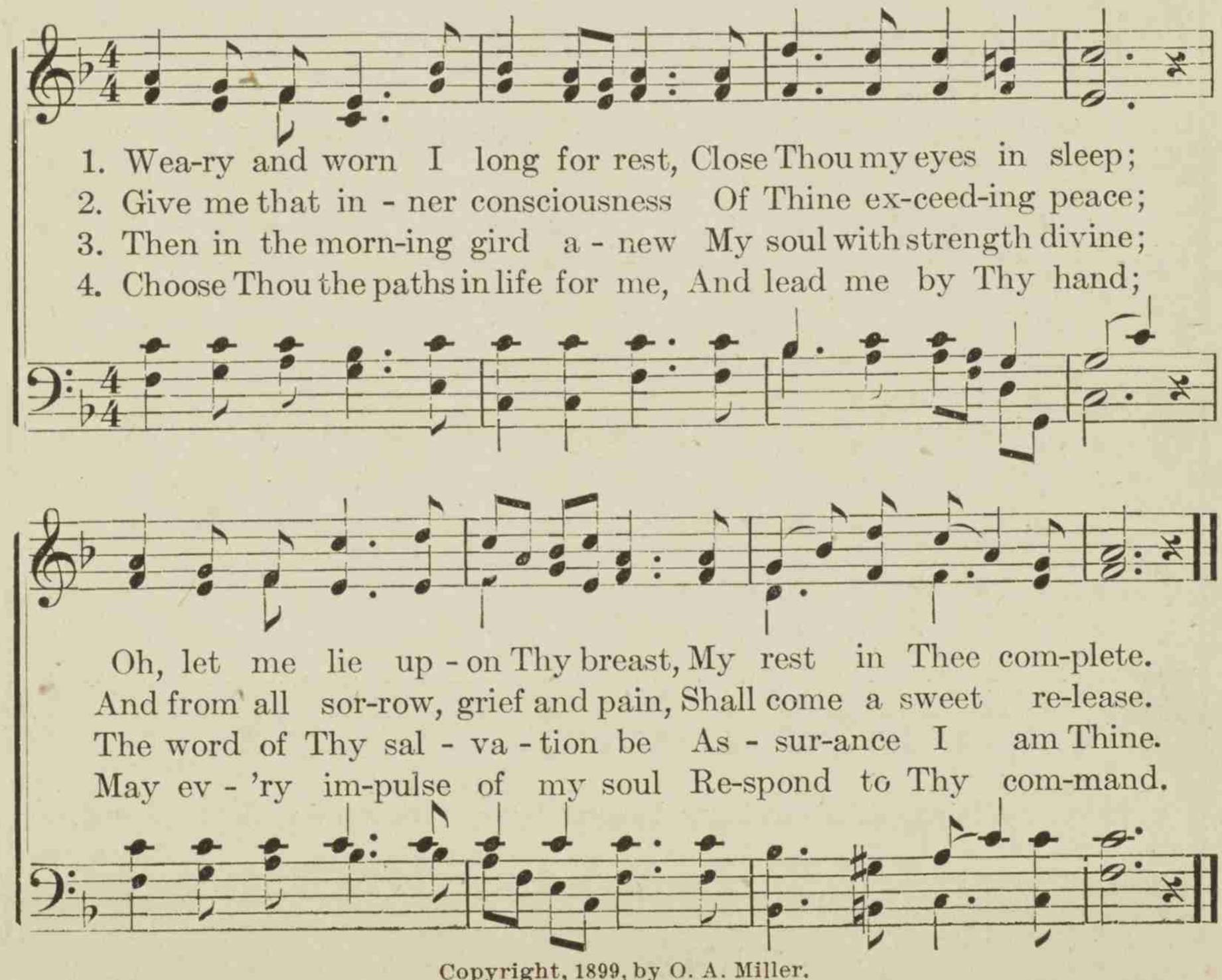
Jesus Hath Redeemed Me.—Concluded.





No. 27. Evening Hymn.
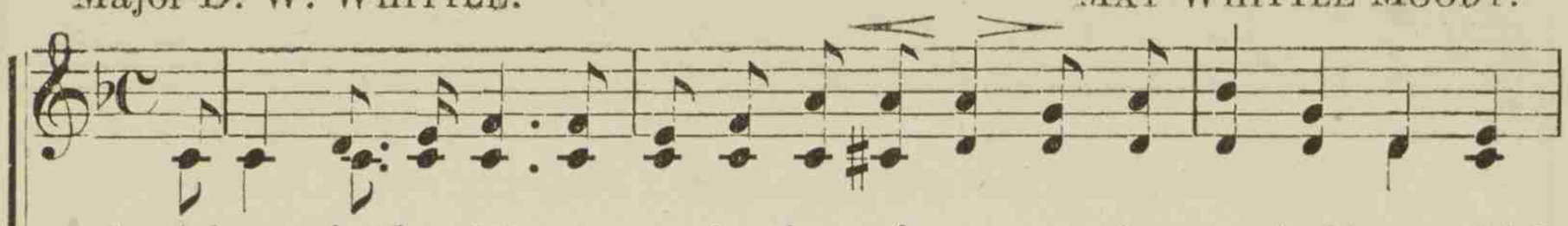
Mrs. E. M. Bohne. O. A. Miller.



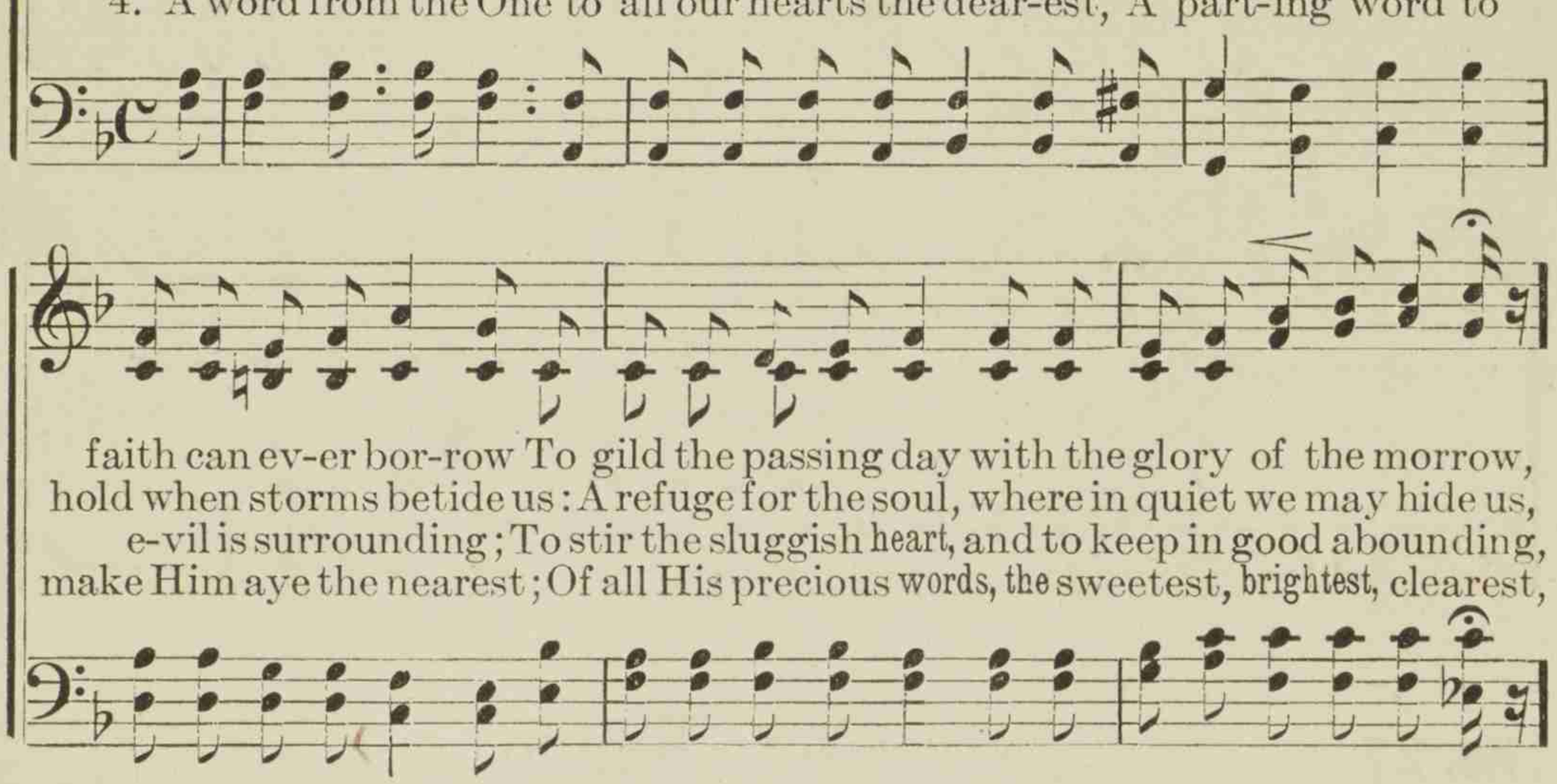
Copyright, 1899, by O. A. Miller.

No. 28. The Hope of the Coming of the Lord.
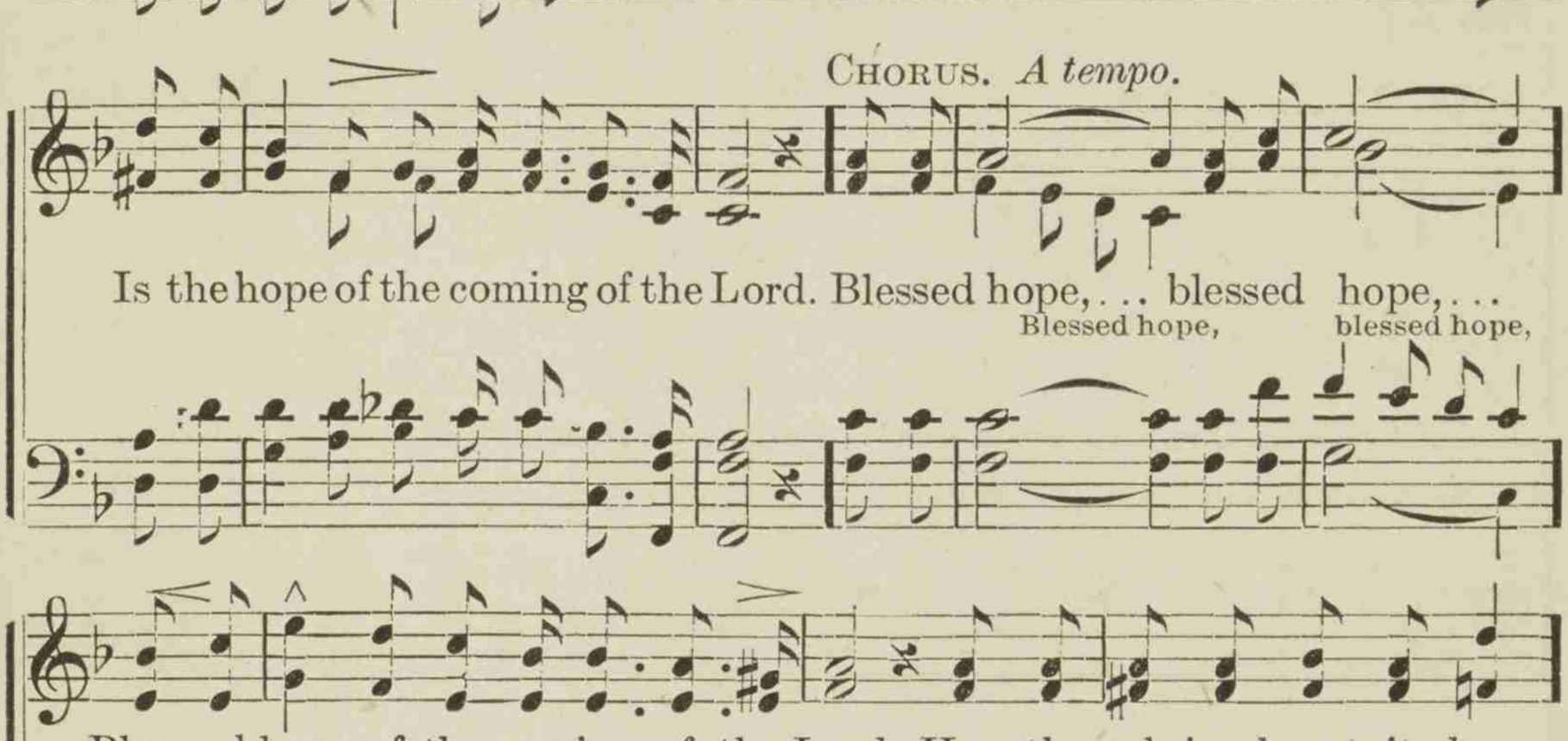
Major D. W. WHITTLE. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



1. A lamp in the night, a song in time of sor-row; A great glad hope which
2. A star in the sky, a beacon bright to guide us; An an-chor sure to
3. A call of command, like trumpet clearly sounding, To make us bold when
4. A word from the One to all our hearts the dear-est, A part-ing word to

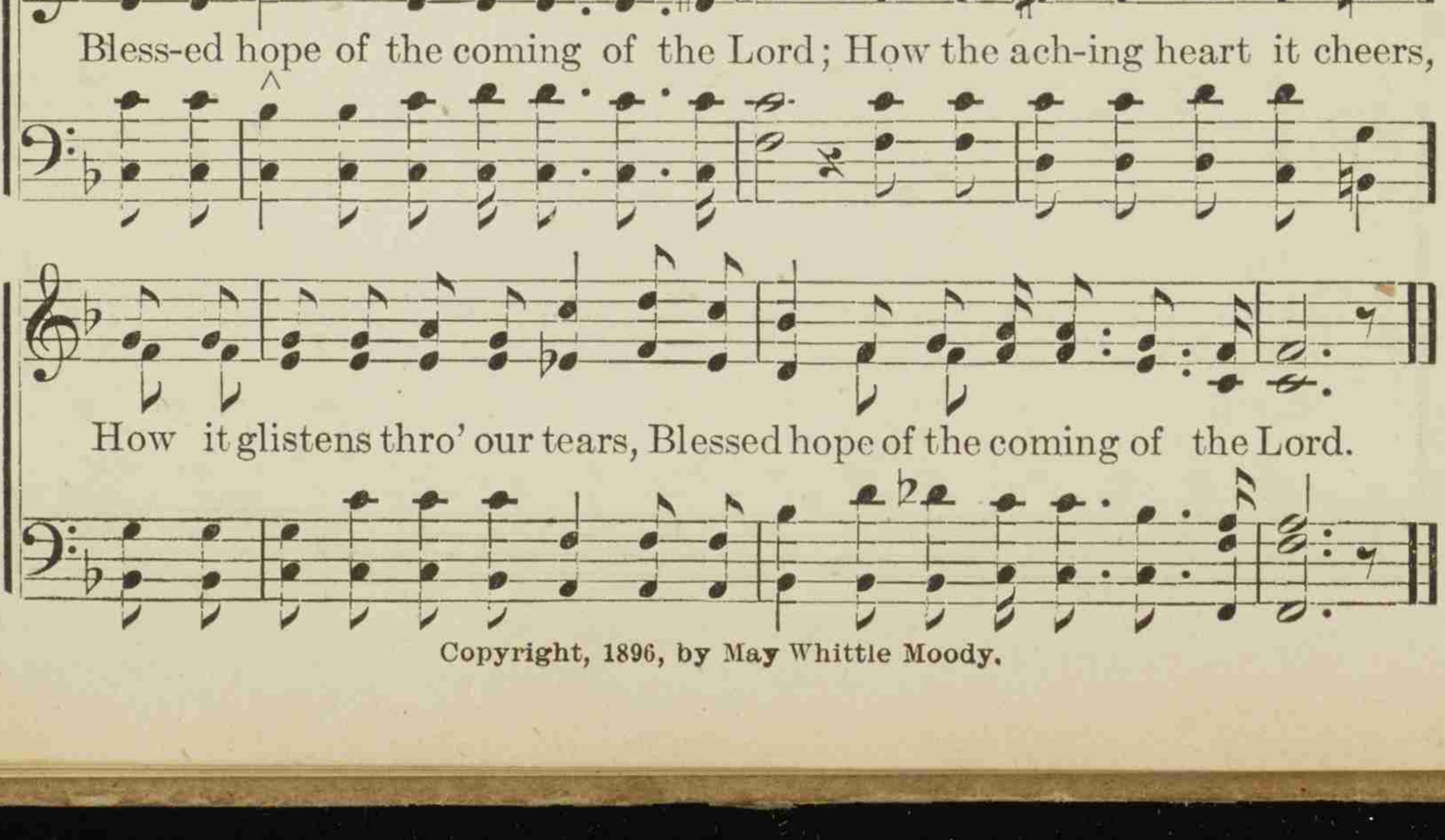


faith can ev-er bor-row To gild the passing day with the glory of the morrow,
hold when storms betide us: A refuge for the soul, where in quiet we may hide us,
e-vil is surrounding; To stir the sluggish heart, and to keep in good abounding,
make Him aye the nearest; Of all His precious words, the sweetest, brightest, clearest,



CHORUS. *A tempo.*

Is the hope of the coming of the Lord. Blessed hope, . . . blessed hope, . . .
Blessed hope, blessed hope,



Bless-ed hope of the coming of the Lord; How the ach-ing heart it cheers,

How it glistens thro' our tears, Blessed hope of the coming of the Lord.

Copyright, 1896, by May Whittle Moody.

No. 29. Go Ye into All the World.

Mrs. F. A. Breck. J. H. Burke.

1. There's a won - der - ful gos - pel that we must preach, And preach it in ev - 'ry land; There's ma - ny a na - tion that
2. There's a won - der - ful sto - ry of love to tell To hearts that are chained with sin: A won - der - ful cit - y where
3. There is won - der - ful par - don that all should know, And bless - ing that all should share; A won - der - ful heav - en where

we must reach— For that is the Lord's com - mand.
all may dwell, And we must in - vite them in.
all should go, And we must in - vite them there.

Chorus.

Go ye in - to all the world, And let not your la - bor cease;

Go ye in - to all the world, And preach the gospel of peace.

Copyright, 1901, by J. H. Burke.

No. 30. The Rock Once Riven.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There's a cleft in the sure Rock of A - ges, Where we all may find shel - ter and rest; Nev - er-more to be wea-ried with bur-dens, Nev-er-
2. In the cleft of the Rock there is cleansing, From it flow-eth the bright crimson flood, That will wash out the stains of the vil - est, If they
3. In the cleft of the Rock there is safe - ty, We will fear not the tempests wild shock, When around us the bil-lows are rag - ing, We will
4. Come, O come to the Rock that was riv - en, Come to Je - sus, why long - er de - lay? Un - to Him bring your sins and your sorrows, He will

CHORUS.

more with our sins be oppressed.
meek - ly come un - der the blood.
hide in the cleft of the Rock.
bless, He will save you to - day.

} From the cleft of the Rock that was riv - - - en, That was riv - en, poor sin-ner, for thee; Bless-ed Rock that was riv - en, streams of sal-va-tion are flowing, Ev-er flowing for you and for me.

of the

sal - va-tion are flowing,

Copyright, 1901, by D. B. Towner.

No. 31.

He Knows.

EMMA G. DIETRICK. EDWARD M FULLER.

1. O ach-ing heart, with sorrow torn, Thy Lord is near and knows; He
2. O fainting soul, with doubts op-pressed, Thy Lord is near and knows; He
3. O wea-ry head, that fain would rest, Thy Lord is near and knows; He
4. O lone-ly one, live thou thy best, Thy Lord is near and knows; He

knows it all— the feet way-worn, The wea-ry cares and woes, The
knows it all— how thou art press'd On ev-'ry side with foes, He
knows it all, and on His breast Thou mayest now re-pose; Drop
knows it all, sees ev-'ry test, Yes, ev-'ry tear that flows, Re-

load of grief in an-guish borne, Thy Lord is near, He knows.
waits to be thy cherished Guest;
ev-'ry care at His be-hest;
joice, faint heart, His way is best: Thy Lord is near, He knows.

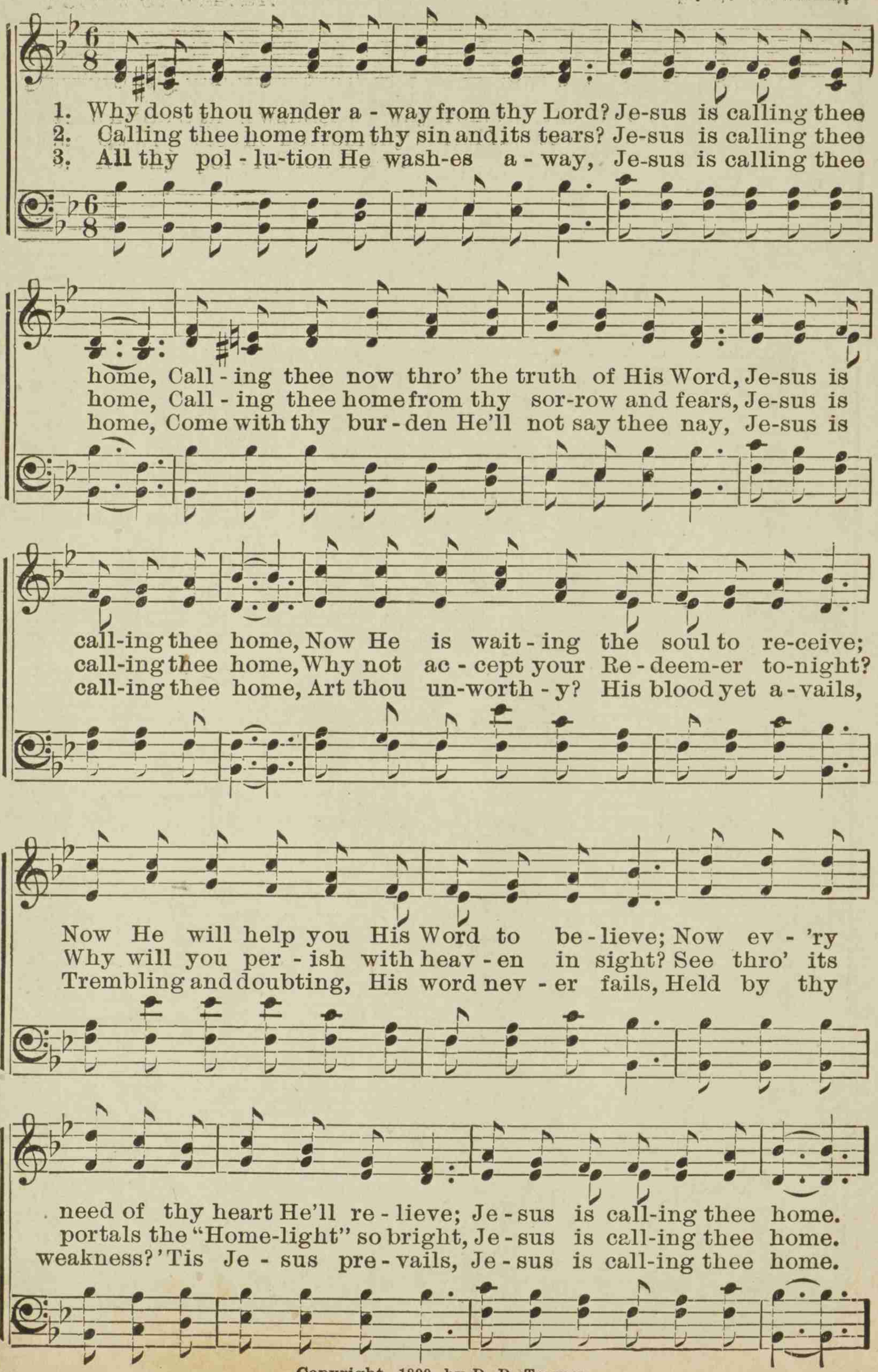
REFRAIN. *Rall.*

He knows, He knows, Thy Lord is near, He knows.
He knows, He knows,

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No. 32. Why Dost Thou Wander Away.
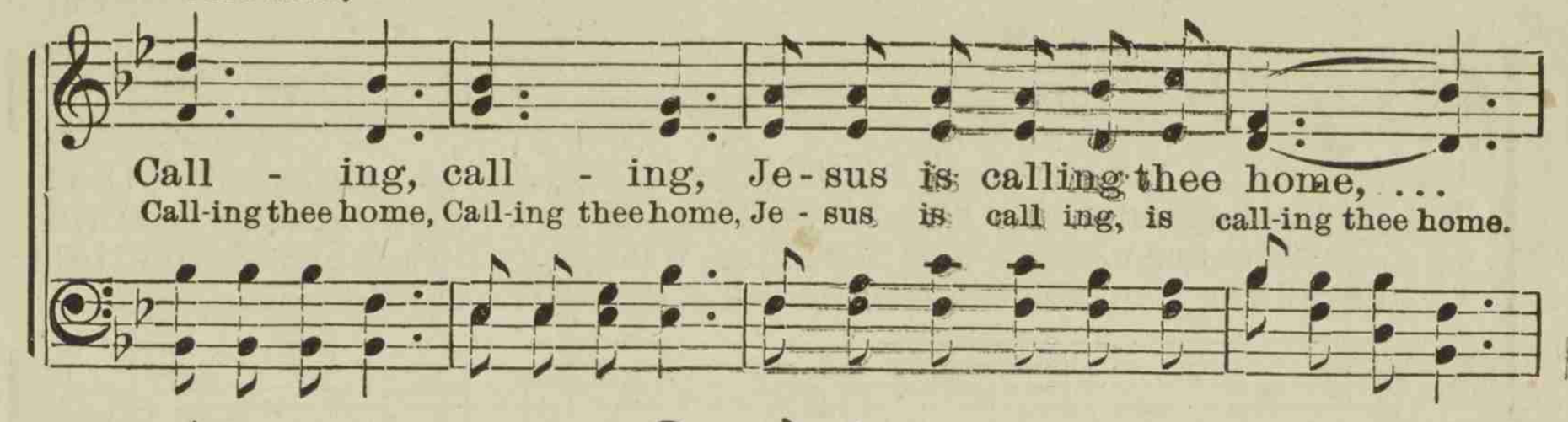
Rev. E. G. Wesley. D. B. Towner.
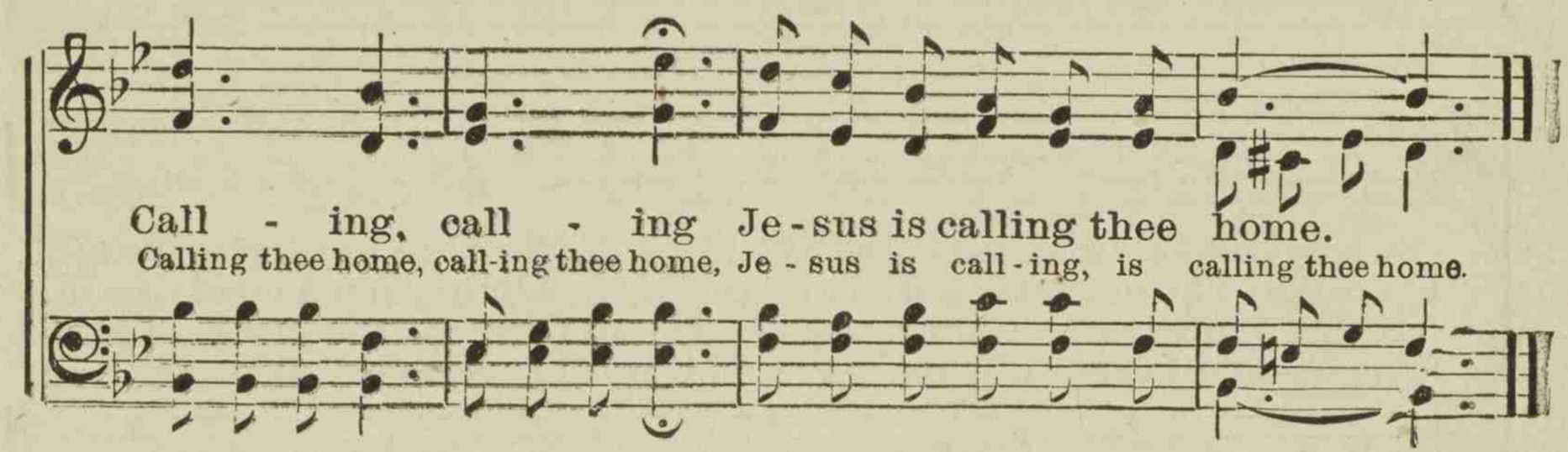


Copyright, 1899, by D. B. Towner.

Why Dost Thou Wander Away?—Concluded.

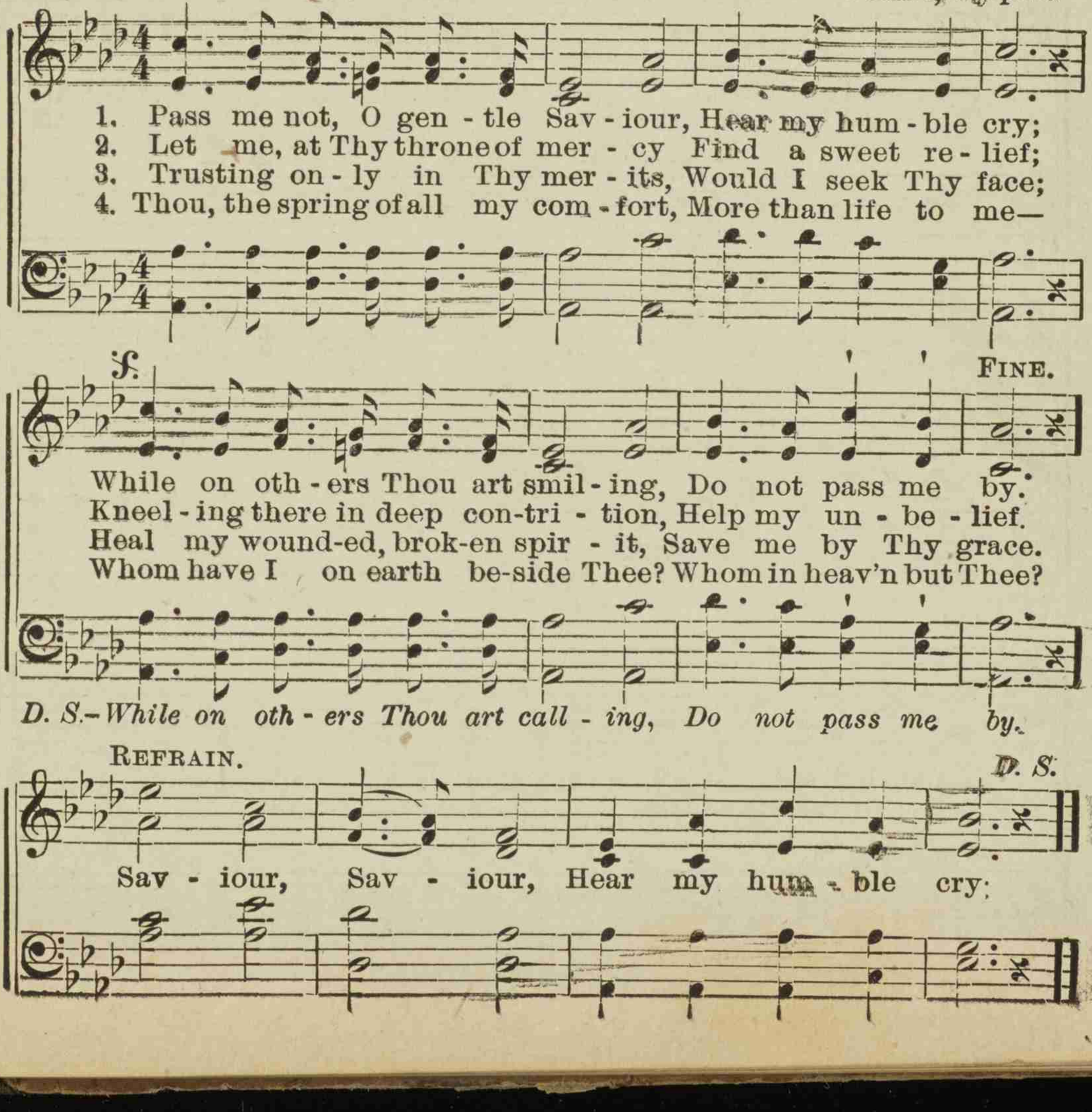
CHORUS.





No. 33. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.



No. 34.

The Better Land.

GURDON ROBINS. Arr. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In visions of enraptured tho't,
2. A land up-on whose blissful shore There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
3. Its skies are not like earthly skies, With varying hues of shade and light;
4. There sweeps no des-o-lat-ing wind A-cross the calm, serene a - bode.

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

CHORUS.

Oh, land of love, of joy and light, Thy glories gild earth's darkest night; Thy tranquil shore

Oh, land of love, of joy and light, Thy glories gild earth's darkest night, (earth's darkest night); Thy tranquil shore,

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

we, too, shall see, When day shall break

Copyright, 1897, by D. B. Towner.

No. 35. Tell Me More About Jesus.

E. S. L. E. S. Lorenz.

1. The mes-sage blest a-gain re-peat, Its prom-ise sure, its
2. My bur-den sore has rolled a-way, From Christ no more my
3. When doubts and fears my faith per-plex, When sin al-lures, and
4. What-e'er my lot, if good or ill, If strong in soul, or

com-fort sweet; His grace a-bound-ing, love com-plete,—
heart would stray, But help I need from day to day,—
tri-als vex, When all my strength temp-ta-tion wrecks—
weak in will, In life or death, my plead-ing still,—

CHORUS.

Tell me more a-bout Je-sus! Tell me more a-bout

Je-sus! Tell me more a-bout Je-sus! He is my

song, my Help-er strong; Tell me more a-bout Je-sus!

Copyright, 1900, by E. S. Lorenz.

No. 36. Sunshine in my Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in a - ny earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, lis - ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For blessings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

Chorus.

O there's sun - - - - shine, bless-ed sun - - - - shine,
O there's sun-shine in my soul, Bless - ed sun-shine in my soul,
While the peace-ful, hap-py moments roll; When
hap - py mo-ments roll;

Je - sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in my soul.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney.

No. 37. Full Surrender.

REBECCA S. POLLARD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sav - ior,'tis a full sur-ren-der; All I leave to fol - low Thee;
2. As I come in deep con-tri-tion At this con - se - crat - ed hour,
3. No with-hold-ing—full con-fess-ion; Pleasures, riches, all must flee;
4. Be this theme my song and sto-ry, Now and un - til life is o'er;
5. O, the joy of full sal-va-tion! O, the peace of love di - vine!

Thou, my lead-er and de - fend - er From this hour shalt ev - er be.
Hear, oh Christ, my heart's pe - ti - tion, Let me feel the Spir-it's power.
Ho - ly Spir - it, take pos-sess - ion! I no more, but Thou in me.
This my rap-ture—this my glo - ry Till I reach the shin - ing shore.
O, the bliss of con - se - cra - tion! I am His and He is mine.

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all! I sur - ren-der all!

I sur-ren-der all! I sur-ren-der all!

All I have I bring to Je - sus, I sur - ren - der all!

Copyright. 1900, by D. B. Towner.

No. 38.

When the Roll is Called.

J. M. B. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trump - et of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks e-ter-nal, bright and fair,
When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the (*Omit*)

2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing, when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share;
When His chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be- yond the skies, And the (*Omit.*)

3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter, from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;
Then when all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the (*Omit.*)

1

2

f. FINE. CHORUS.

roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. When the roll .... is called up yon - - - der, When the roll ..... is called up yon - - - der, When the roll ..... is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

When the roll is When the roll is called up yon - der, When the roll ..... is called up yonder, When the yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon - der,

D. S.
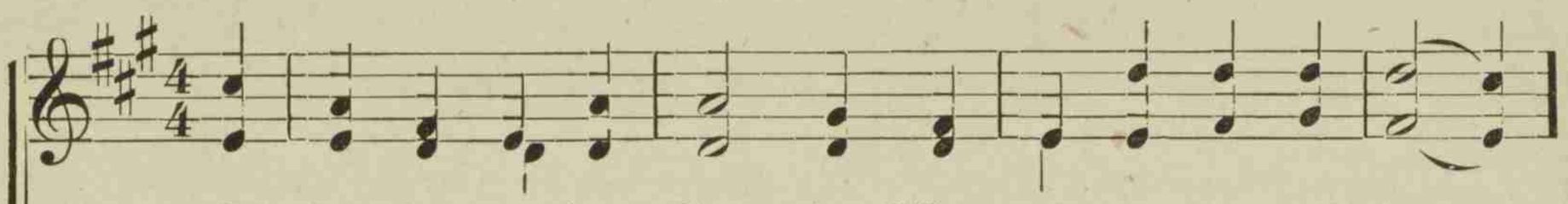
D. S.—roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

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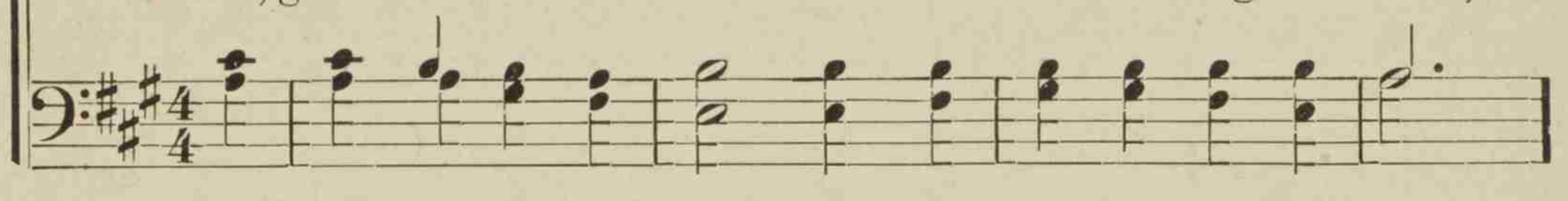
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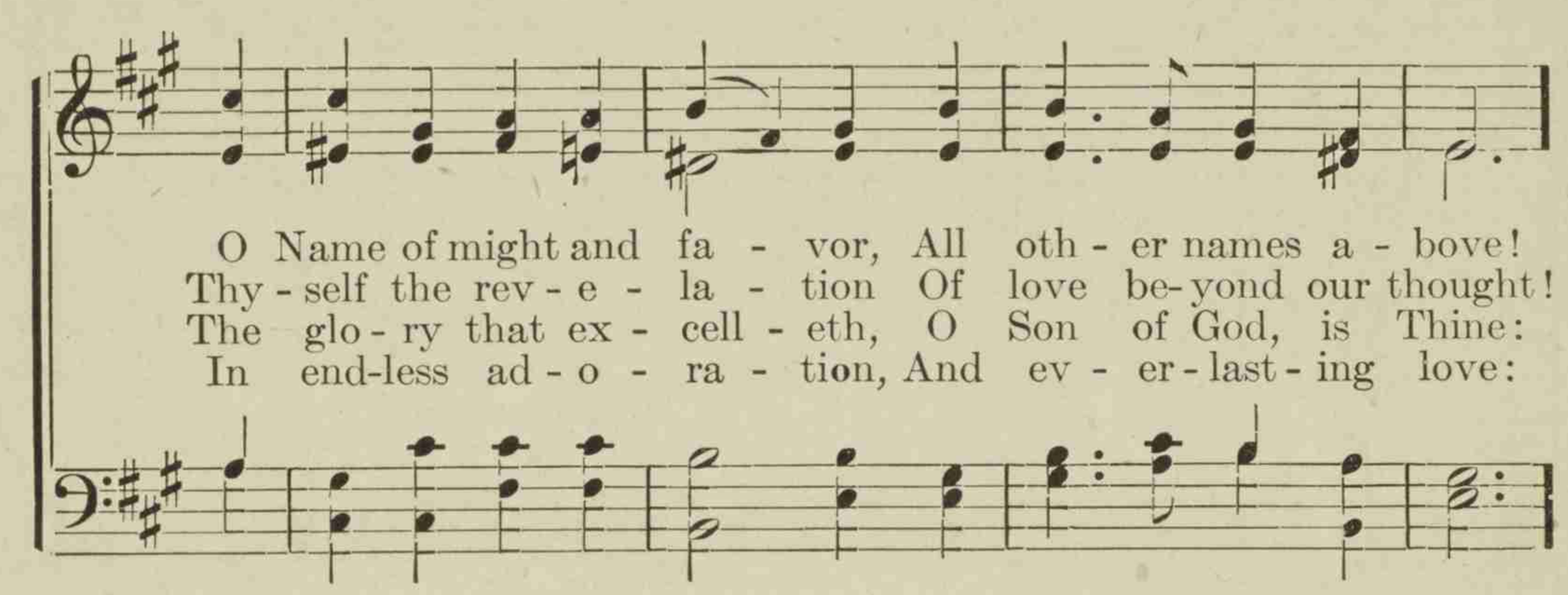
Our King.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. EDWARD M. FULLER.
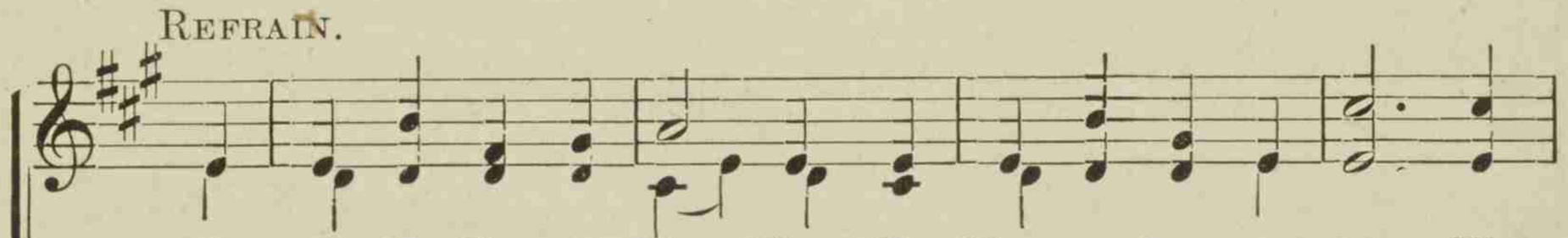


1. O Sav - ior, precious Sav - ior, Whom yet un-seen we love;
2. O Bring-er of sal - va - tion, Who wondrously hast wrought,
3. In Thee all full-ness dwell - eth, All grace and pow'r di - vine;
4. Oh, grant the con-sum - ma - tion Of this our song a - bove,
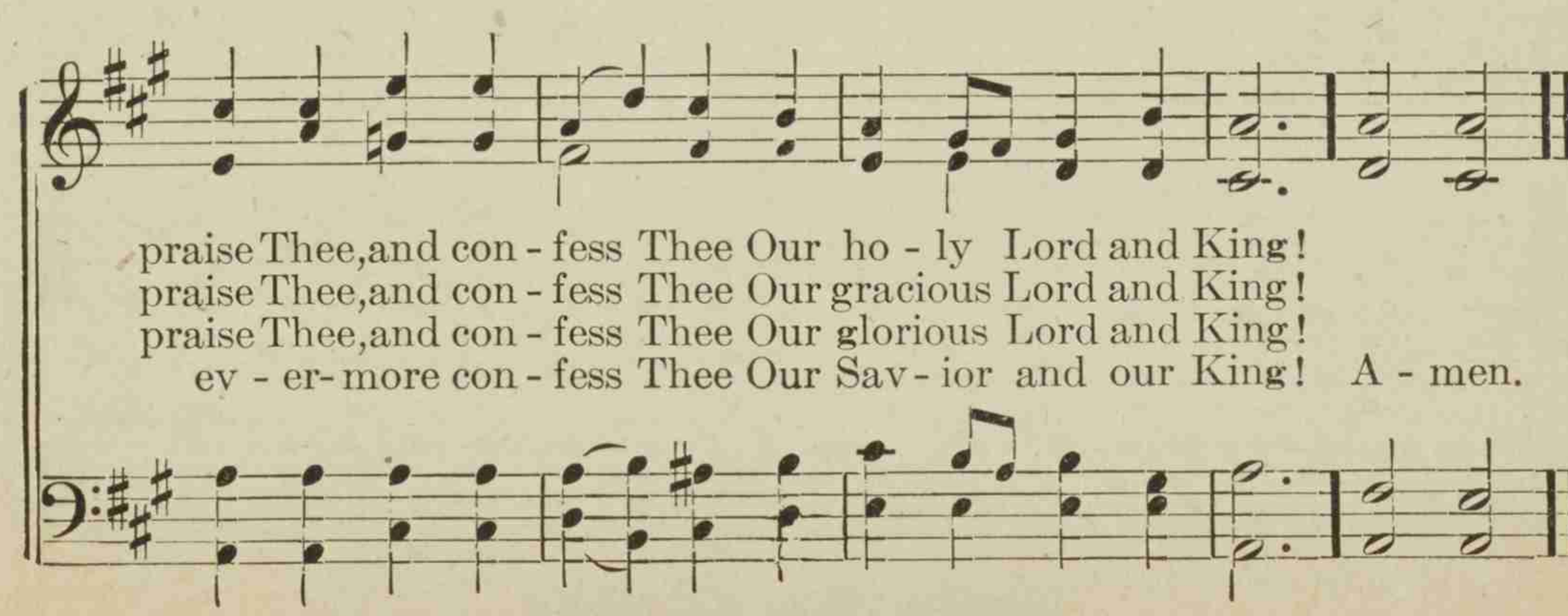




O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove!
Thy - self the rev - e - la - tion Of love be-yond our thought!
The glo - ry that ex - cell - eth, O Son of God, is Thine:
In end-less ad - o - ra - tion, And ev - er - last - ing love:

REFRAIN.



We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing; We
We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing; We
We wor-ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing; We
Then shall we praise and bless Thee, Where perfect prais-es ring, And



praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King!
praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our gracious Lord and King!
praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our glorious Lord and King!
ev - er - more con - fess Thee Our Sav - ior and our King! A - men.

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No. 40. Have You Told the Story.

CARY. C. S. COLBURN.

1. Have you told the sto-ry of the Savior's love, How He left the glo-ry
2. Have you told the sto-ry of re-lease from sin, Of the joy it gives you
3. Ma-ny souls are wand'ring in the darkest night, Tell to them the story,

of His home a-bove, Came to earth to suf-fer for the sins of men,
of the peace with-in, How the darkness lightens, shadows flee a-way,
hold them up the light; Let them know that "who-so-ev-er will, may come."

CHORUS.

Let us hear the sto-ry, tell it once a-gain.
Tell to all the sto-ry, tell it ev-'ry day.
Tell the sto-ry quickly, sit not i-dle, dumb.
} Tell the sweet old sto-ry, tell it o'er and o'er, Let the blessed tidings sound from shore to shore; Send the message fly-ing o-ver land and sea, Un-til all the world shall ring with vic-to-ry.

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No. 41. Endue Me With Power.

E. E. Hewitt. D. B. Towner.

1. Lord, conscious of weakness, I look up to Thee, Oh, give me the
2. A true con-se-cra-tion now help me to make, My all whol-ly
3. The world has sore need of Thy mercies, dear Lord, Oh, still thro' Thy
4. With-out Thee but weakness, al-might-y Thou art, Thy in-dwell-ing

bless-ing that's promised to me; New strength for Thy serv-ice I
yield-ed to use for Thy sake; Be Thou, in life's con-flict, my
peo-ple be glad-ness outpoured; Help me in my path-way, to
Spir-it shall fill all my heart; Some day I shall praise Thee in

need ev-'ry hour; Breathe, Savior, up-on me, en-due me with pow'r.
ref-uge and tow'r, Fill me with Thy Spir-it, en-due me with pow'r.
sow love's bright flow'r, And cast out the bri-ers, en-due me with pow'r.
E-den's sweet bow'r, But now, as Thy wit-ness, en-due me with pow'r.

Chorus.

May the ful-ness of Thy Spir-it Rest up-on me this

hour; And hence-forth a-bid-ing, En-due me with pow'r.
ver-y hour;

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No. 42. God Never Forgets.

REV. JAMES BRAND. C. S. COLBURN.

1. The mountains and val-leys may sink and de-cay, God nev-er for-
2. And youth with its buoyant hope painting the sky, God nev-er for-
3. Old age with its sil-ver hair rev'rend with years, God nev-er for-
4. Come then, ye that weep at the close of the day, God nev-er for-

gets, And time with its rest-less wings on-ward may flee,
gets, May furl its bright pin-ions bleed-ing and torn,
gets, In the cold vale of sor-row may pil-low its head,
gets, Yes, come with your bonds, and your cares, and your tears,

Meas-ur-ing cy-cles on cy-cles to be, Till He
Crushed to the earth by a proud world's scorn, And
Pray for the dy-ing and weep for the dead, And
Come with your blight-ed hopes, cher-ished for years, Come,

dips his grey plume in e-ter-ni-ty's sea, God nev-er for-gets.
die like a star at the ris-ing of morn, God nev-er for-gets.
drop from life's stage like a tear that is shed, God nev-er for-gets.
ban-ish forebod-ings and bur-y your fears, God nev-er for-gets.

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No. 43. Lead and Keep Me.

HARRIET E. JONES. H. A. HENRY.

1. Lov-ing Sav-ior, lead Thou me,..... Lest I wan-der far from
2. Oh, Thou ref-uge of my soul,..... Hold me in di-vine con-
3. Sav-ior, keep me day by day,..... All a-long my pil-grim

1. Lov - - ing Sav-ior, lead Thou me, Lest I

Thee..... I am safe when in Thy care,.....
trol;..... What-so - ev - er may be - tide,.....
way;..... When my earth-ly work is done,.....
wan-der far from Thee, I am safe when in Thy care,

CHORUS.

Thou wilt keep from ev - 'ry snare.
Lead and keep me by Thy side.
Lead me home, O bless - ed One.
Lead me,
Lead me, O my Sav - ior,

lead me, Sav-ior, lead me all the way,..... This my
nev - er let me stray, all the way, This

constant pray'r shall be,..... Sav-ior, lead me home to Thee.
my constant pray'r shall be,

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No. 44. I Know that My Redeemer.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Redeemer liv - eth, And on the earth.....
2. I know His promise nev-er fail - eth, The word He speaks,.....
3. I know my mansion He pre-par - eth, That where He is.....

again shall stand; I know e-ter-nal life He giv-eth, That grace and
it can-not die; Tho' cru-el death my flesh as-sail-eth, Yet I shall
there I shall be; O wondrous tho't, for me He car-eth, And He at

CHORUS.

pow'r..... are in His hand.
see.....Him by and by.
last..... will come for me.

} I know, I know.....

I know I know

that Je - sus liv - eth, And on the earth..... a - gain shall
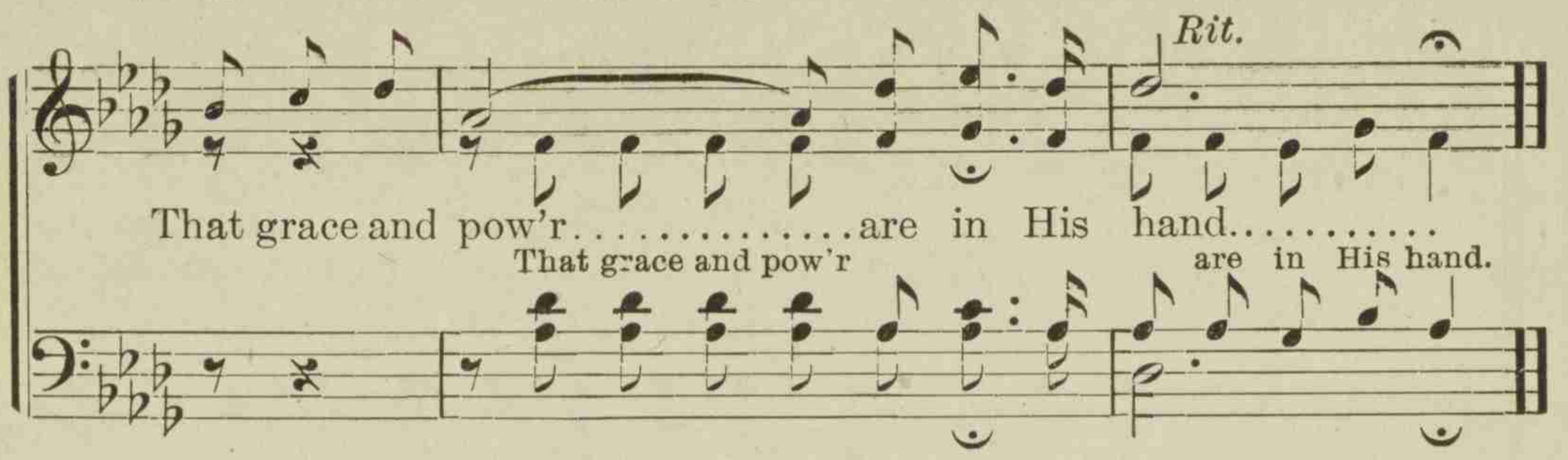
And on the earth

stand; I know, I know..... that life He giv - eth,

I know, I know

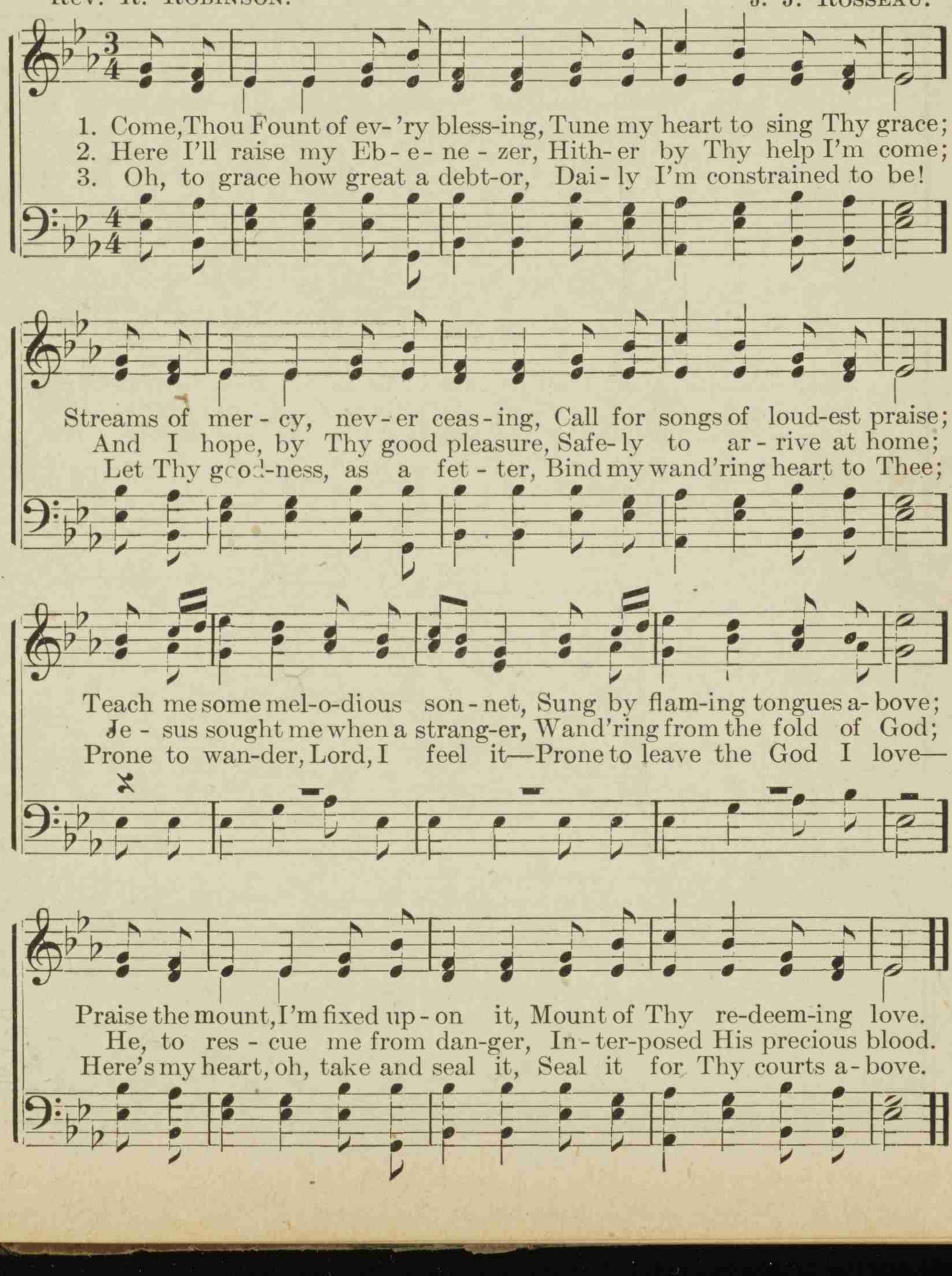
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I Know that My Redeemer.—Concluded.



No. 45. Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. Robinson. J. J. Rosseau.



No. 46.

Come Into the Fold.

A. A. P.

D. B. Towner.

1. Come in - to the fold, for the night shadows fall. Hear in the dis - tance the Shepherd's voice call. How canst thou tell what the
2. Come in - to the fold, for thy treach-er-ous path Lead-eth to cer - tain de-struc-tion and wrath; Un-der the flow - ers, with
3. Come in - to the fold, for a per - il - ous chill Creep-eth a- round thee, be-numb-ing thy will! Pause not to rea - son and

blackness may hide? Hast-en thee home to the good Shepherd's side.
fragrance so sweet, Pit-falls and snares wait thy wan-der-ing feet.
dare not to wait! One day's de-lay may be one day too late.

Chorus.
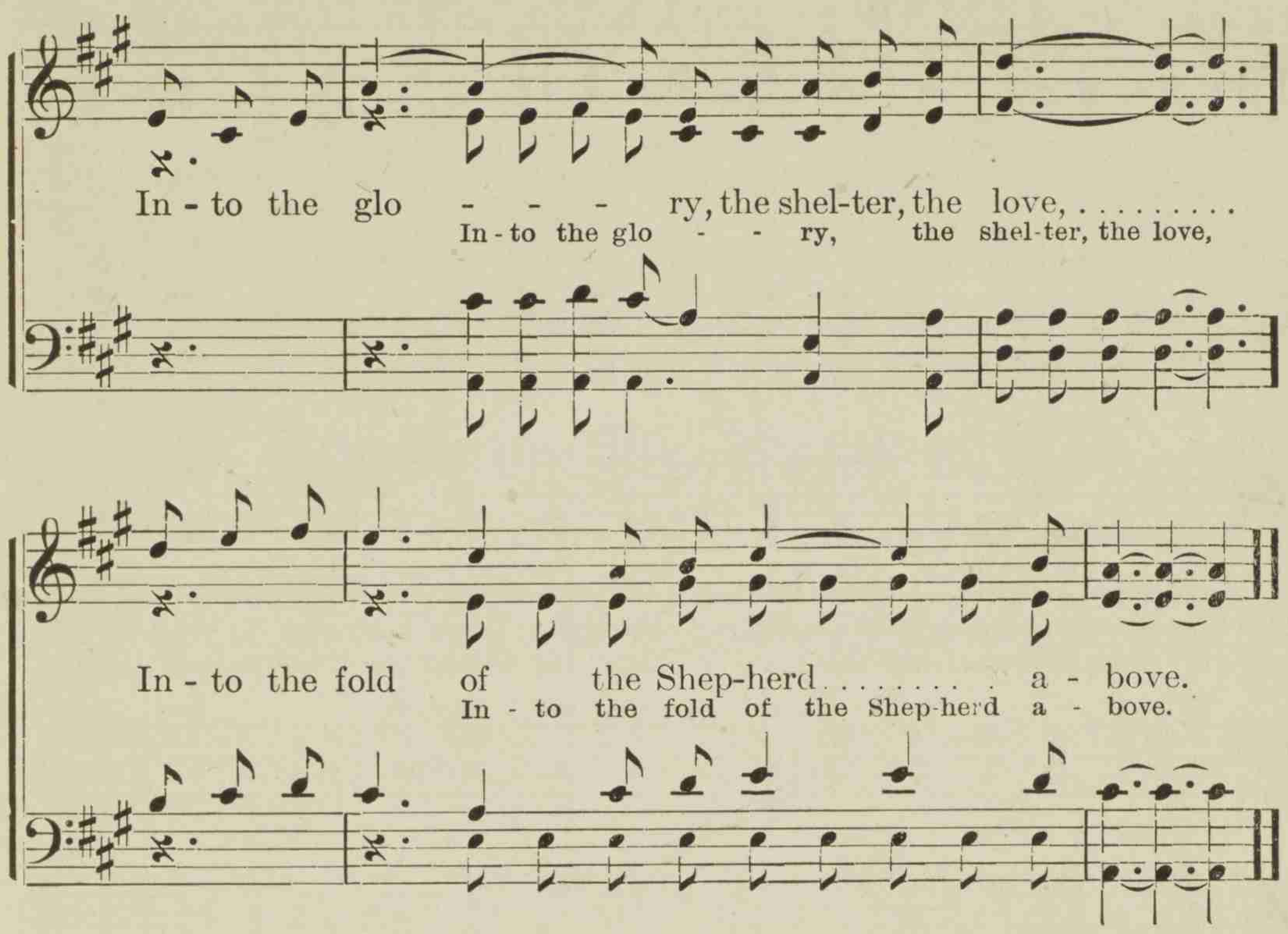
Come in-to the fold,..... Come in-to the fold,.....
Come in - to the fold, Come in - to the fold.

Rallentando.

Out of the dark - ness, the dan - - ger, the cold!.....
Out of the dark-ness, the dan-ger, the cold!.....

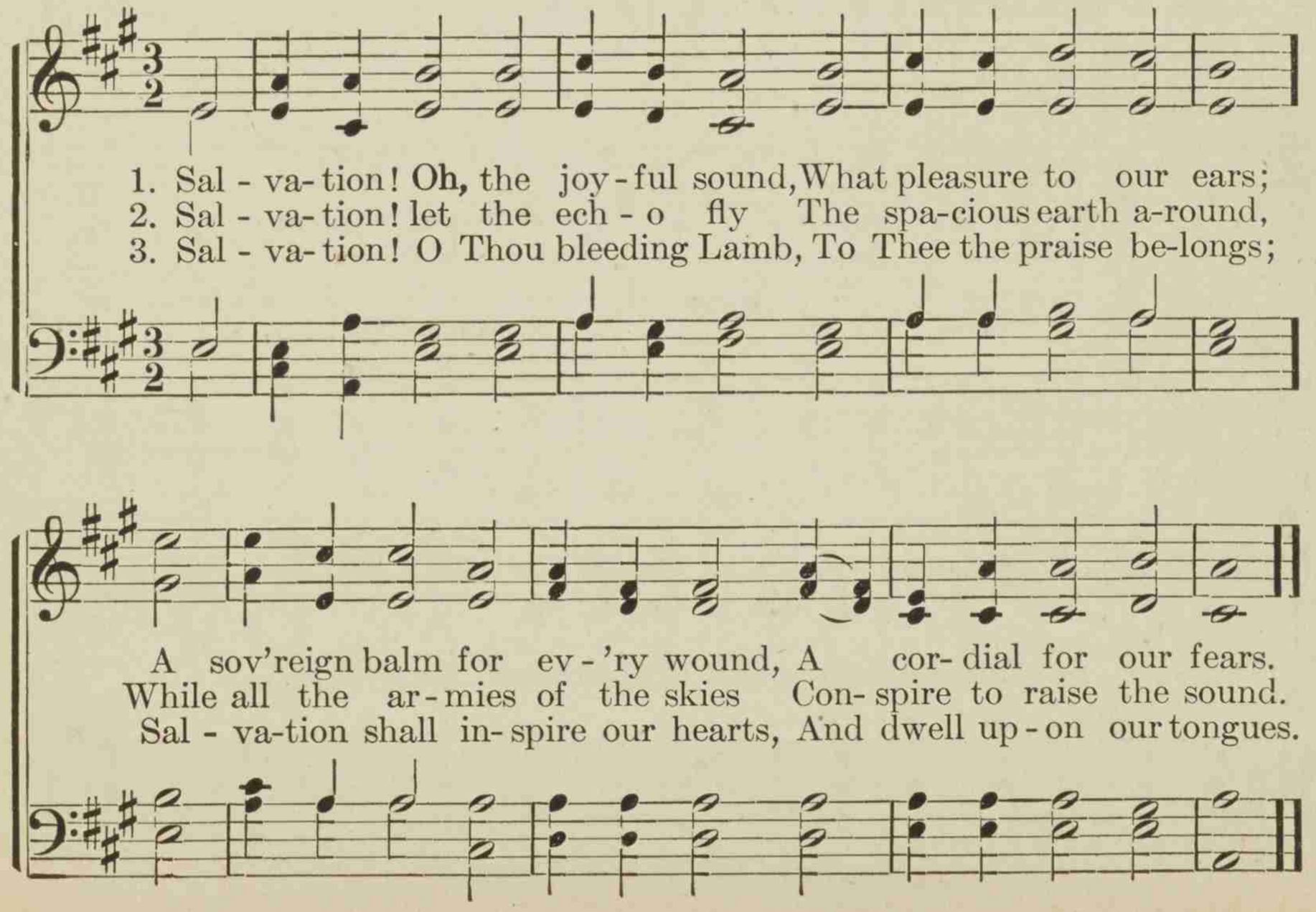
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Come Into the Fold.



No. 47. Salvation! Oh, the Joyful Sound.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



No. 48. Joy Among the Angels.

W. C. MARTIN. EDWARD M. FULLER.

1. When a wan - der - ing sin - ner re-turns to the fold, O'er the path-way of pen - i-tence trod-den of old, When he leaves the broad way
2. When a sin - ner comes in - to the King-dom of Light; When he flies from the wrong and em-brac-es the right; When he looks to the blood
3. When a lep - er is cleansed of the sick - ness of sin; When he o - pens his heart for the Lord to come in; When the Gos - pel of Je-
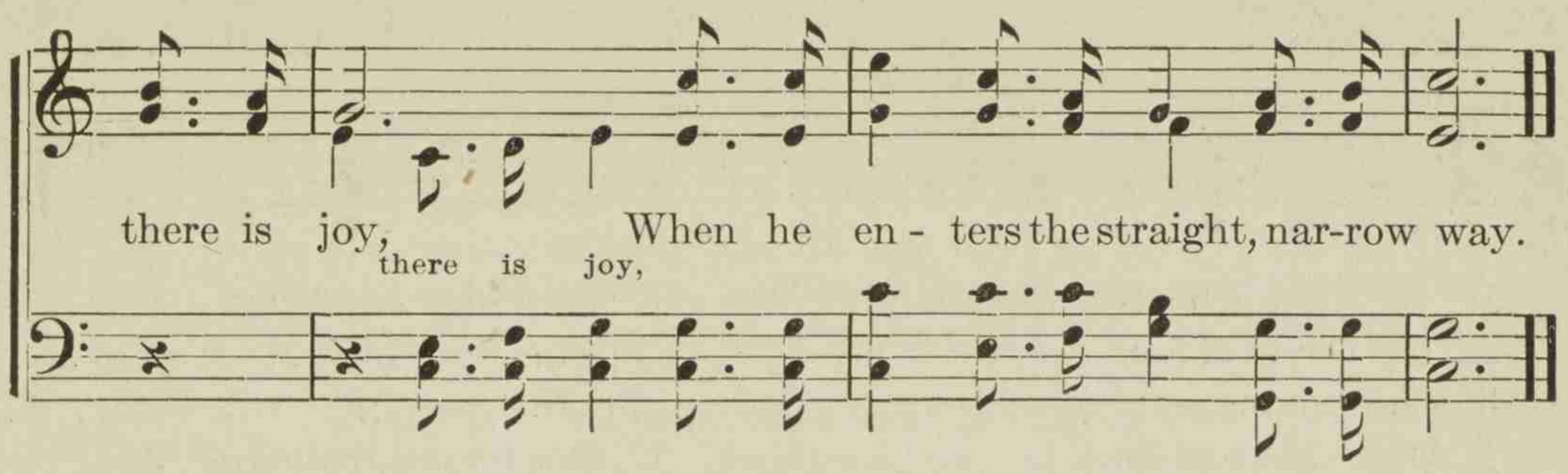
for the glo - ry un-told, There is joy a-mong the an-gels of God.
to re-move all his blight, There is joy a-mong the an-gels of God.
sus its vic - to - ries win, There is joy a-mong the an-gels of God.

REFRAIN.

There is joy, there is joy, When a sin - ner re-pents and no long - er doth stray; There is joy, there is joy, There is joy, there is joy,

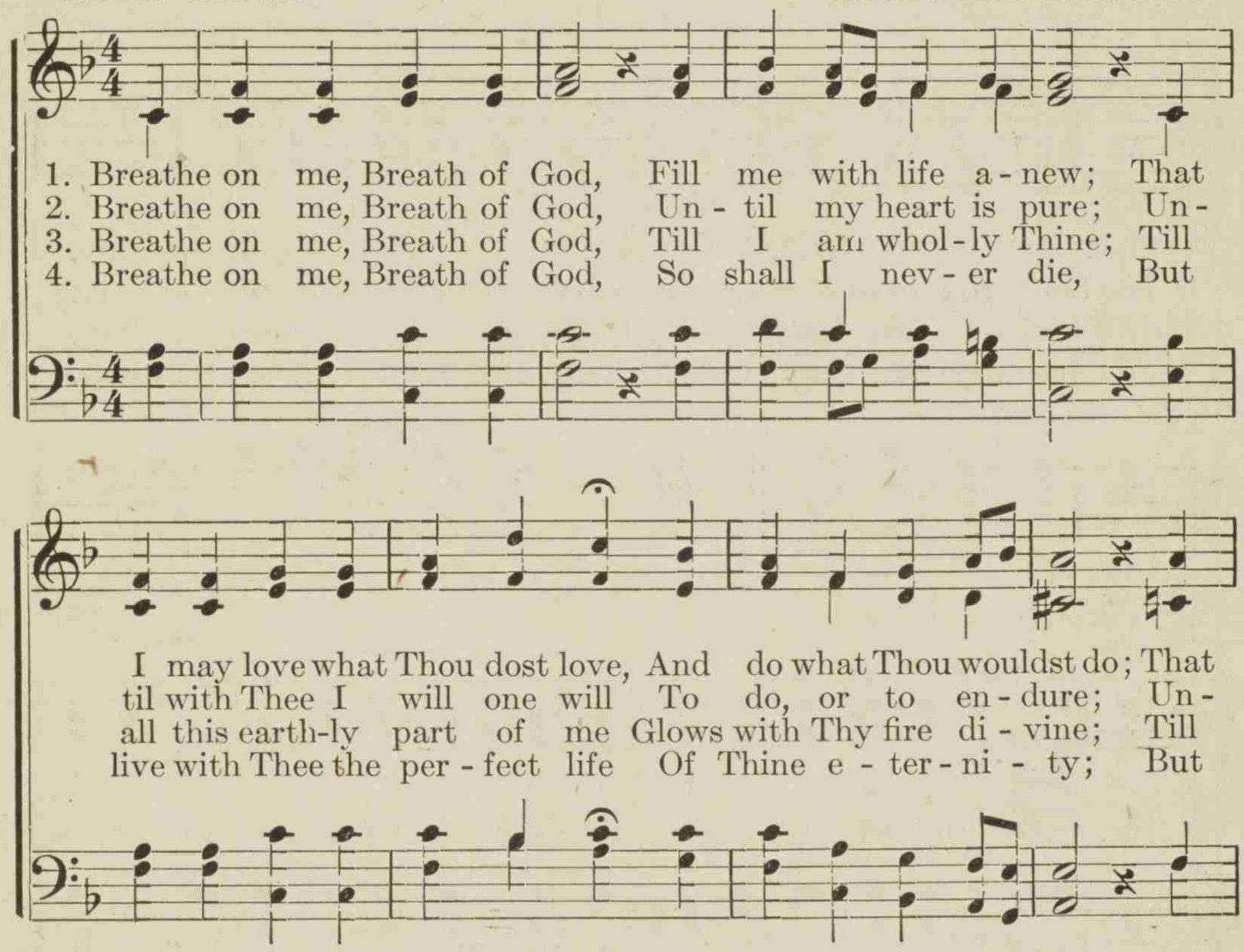
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Joy Among the Angels.—Concluded.



No. 49. Breathe on Me, Breath of God.

EDWIN HATCH. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



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No. 50. He Rolls the Sea Away.

EMMA PITT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. In an-cient days when Israel's host In dark-est bond-age lay,
2. The waves of sin swept o'er my soul, Temp-ta-tions held their sway,
3. Tho' doubts and fears obscure my path, With Je-sus I will stay,
4. Dear Je-sus, when in my last hour, I face t'ward realms of day,

The might-y pow'r of God was shown, He rolled the sea a-way.
The Lord spoke peace, and par-don gave, He rolled the sea a-way.
He'll keep me near His lov-ing heart, And roll the sea a-way.
Thy pres-ence then shall pi-lot me, And roll the sea a-way.

CHORUS.

He rolls the sea a-way, He rolls the sea a-way, With

Je-sus ev-er near, No foe have I to fear, He rolls the sea a-way.

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No. 51. Christ is More and More.

FRED SCOTT. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Christ is more and more to me, As the days go by; Dear- er than all
2. Christ is more and more to me, When temptations come; Greater than all
3 Christ is more and more to me, As the end draws near; Step by step the

else can be, By His presence nigh. Joys of earth last but a day,
foes can be—Strong to lead me home. Friendships are of light a- vail,
road I see, And the way is clear. Christ di- vine-ly leads a- long,

Gold and sil - ver fade a - way, Christ re-mains the same for aye,
When the pow'rs of sin as - sail; In His strength I can pre- vail,
In a way that is not wrong, And my heart is full of song,

REFRAIN.

As the days go by.
When temptations come. } More . . . . . and more, ... more . . . . . and
As the end draws near. } Christ is more and more to me! ev - er more and

more, ... As the moments come and go, Christ is more to me. . . . . .
more to me! and more to me.

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No. 52. Is It Nothing to You?

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Is it nothing to you that heaven's King Came down to this
2. Is it nothing to you that by and by You must trav-el
3. Is it nothing to you that some sweet day, In the heav- en - ly

world of woe, That He suffered and bled, and rose from the dead,
death's dark vale, Where Jor- dan's waves the path - way laves,
land so fair, You may join the song that the ran - som'd throng

REFRAIN.

That e - ter- nal life you might know?
And all but Christ doth fail?
Are for - ev - er sing - ing there?
} Is it nothing to you that

grace is free, And that God in His love doth call? Is it nothing to you?
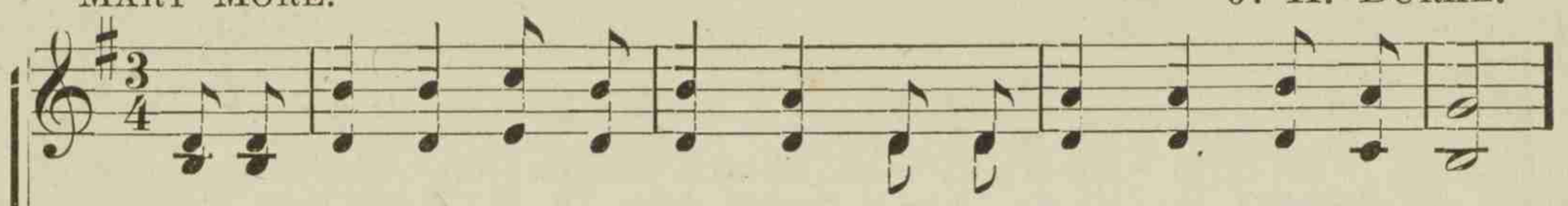
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Is it nothing to you? Is it nothing, nothing to you.
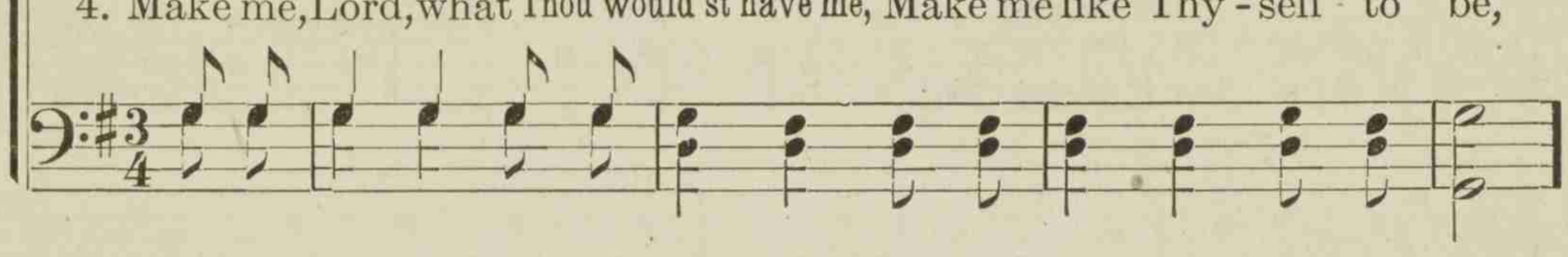
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No. 53. As I Am, O Jesus, Take Me.
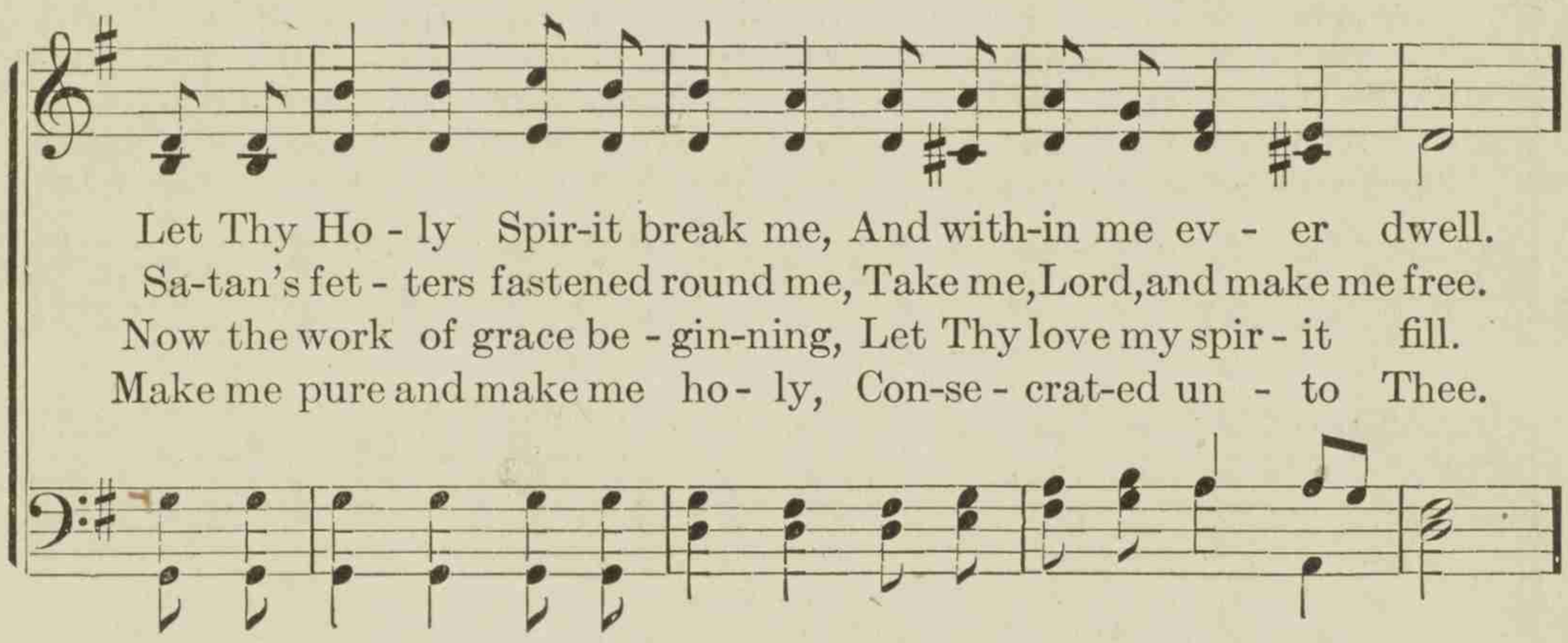
MARY MORE. J. H. BURKE.
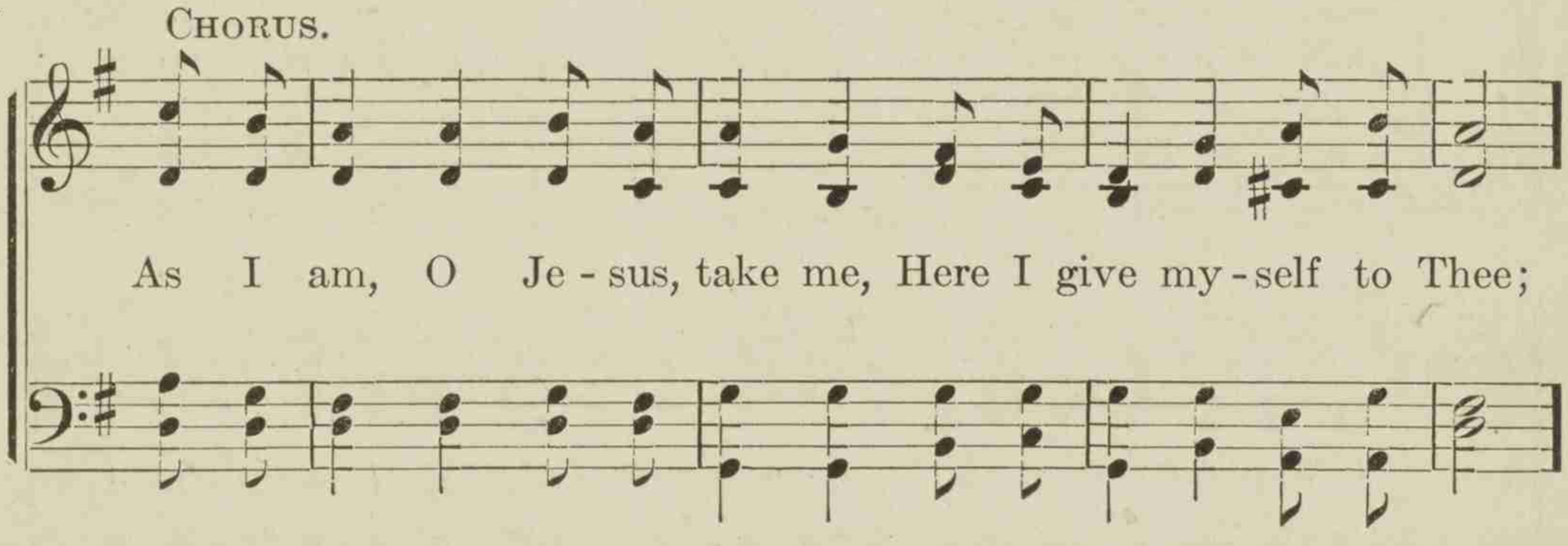


1. As I am, O Je - sus, take me, I no long - er will re - bel,
2. Take me, Lord, as Thou hast found me, Guilt-y, vile, and far from Thee,
3. Break me, Lord, from love of sin-ning, Break, O break my stubborn will,
4. Make me, Lord, what Thou would'st have me, Make me like Thy - self to be,
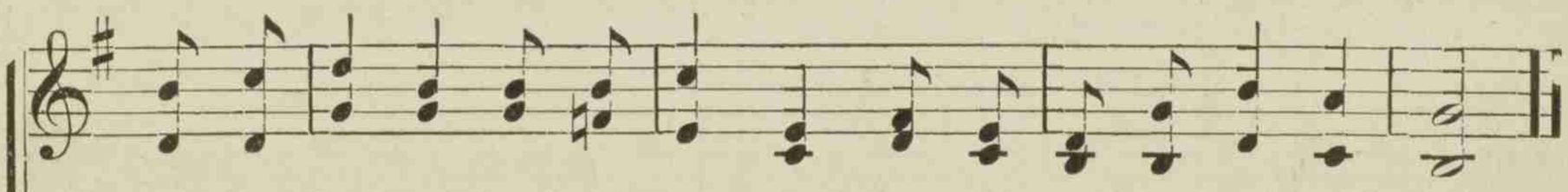


Let Thy Ho - ly Spir-it break me, And with-in me ev - er dwell.
Sa-tan's fet - ters fastened round me, Take me, Lord, and make me free.
Now the work of grace be - gin-ning, Let Thy love my spir - it fill.
Make me pure and make me ho - ly, Con-se - crat-ed un - to Thee.
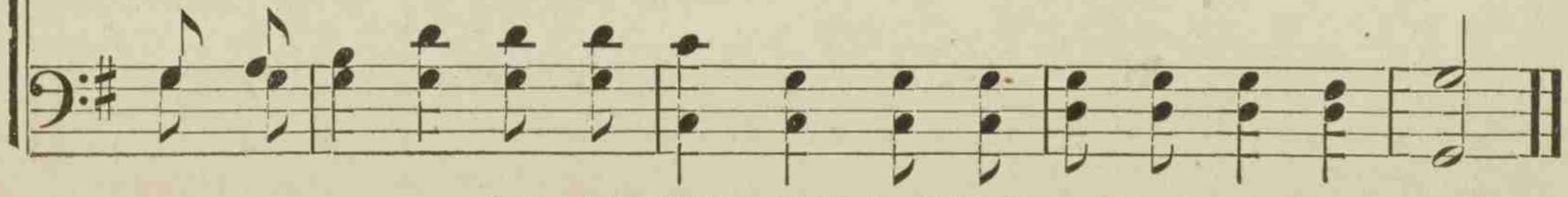


CHORUS.



As I am, O Je - sus, take me, Here I give my - self to Thee;



Sav - ior, take me, break, and make me, All that Thou would'st have me be.



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No. 54. Holiness Unto the Lord.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. "Call'd un - to ho - li-ness," church of our God, Pur-chase of Je-
2. "Call'd un - to ho - li-ness," chil - dren of light, Walk-ing with Je-
3. "Call'd un - to ho - li-ness," praise His dear name! This bless-ed se-
4. "Call'd un - to ho - li-ness," glo - ri - ous tho't! Up from the wil-
5. "Call'd un - to ho - li-ness," Bride of the Lamb, Wait-ing the Bride-

sus, re-deem'd by His blood; Call'd from the world and its
sus in gar-ments of white; Rai - ment un - sul - lied, un-
cret to faith now made plain. Not our own right - eous-ness,
der-ness wan - der - ings bro't, Out from the shad - ows and
groom's re - turn - ing a - gain; Lift up your heads for the

i - dols to flee, Call'd from the bond-age of sin to be free.
tar-nish'd with sin, God's ho - ly Spir - it a - bid - ing with - in.
but Christ with-in, Liv - ing and reign-ing and sav - ing from sin.
dark-ness of night, In - to the Ca-naan of per - fect de-light.
day draw-eth near, When in His beau - ty the King shall ap - pear.

CHORUS.
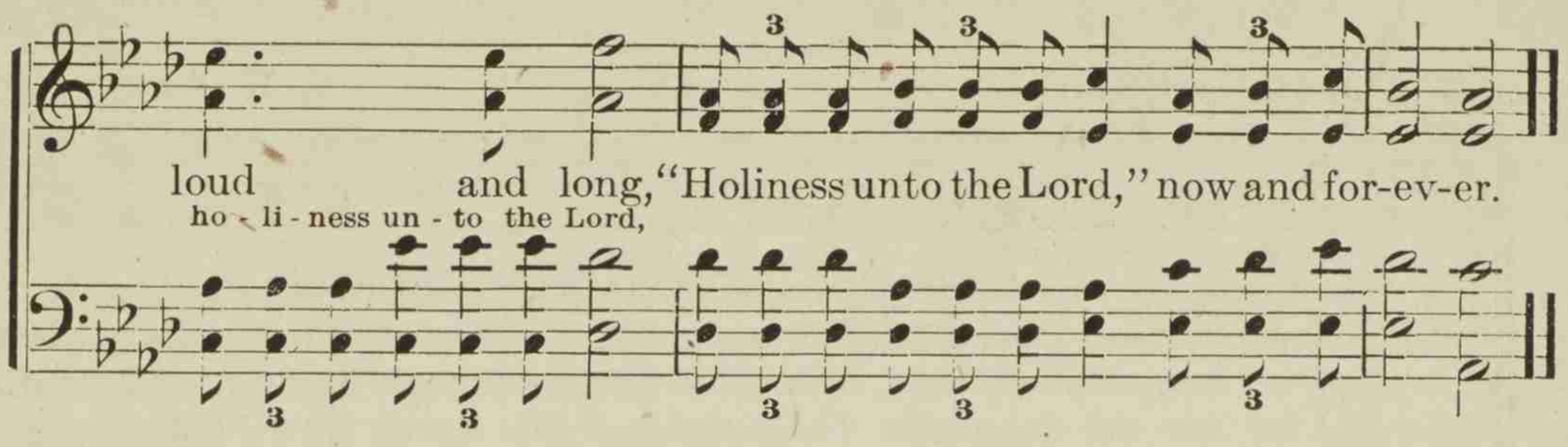
"Holiness unto the Lord," is our watchword and song, "Holiness unto the Lord,"

as we're march-ing a - long: Sing it, shout it, "Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," Sing

Cres.

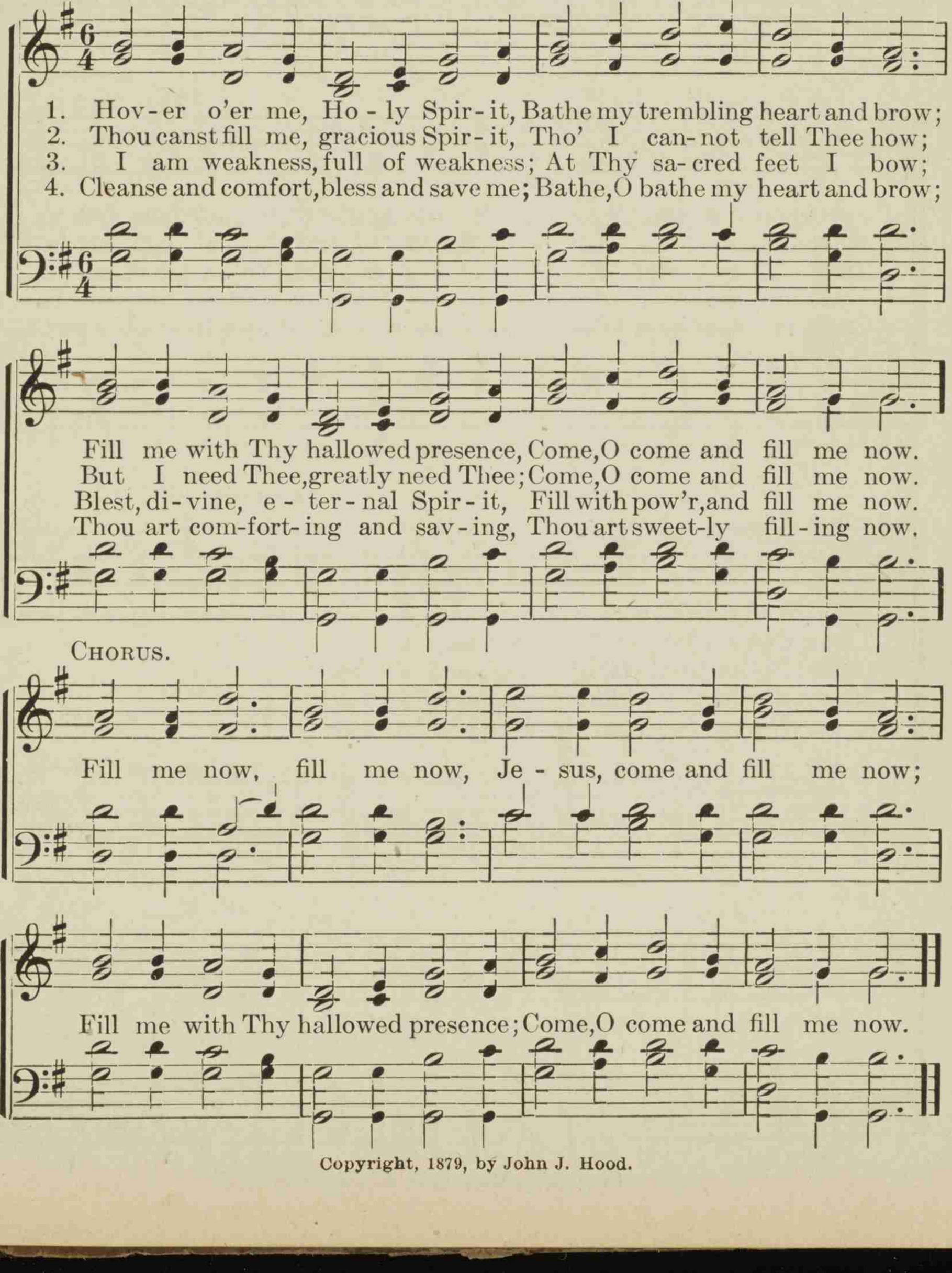
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Holiness Unto the Lord.—Concluded.



No. 55 Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes. D. D. Jno. R. Sweney.

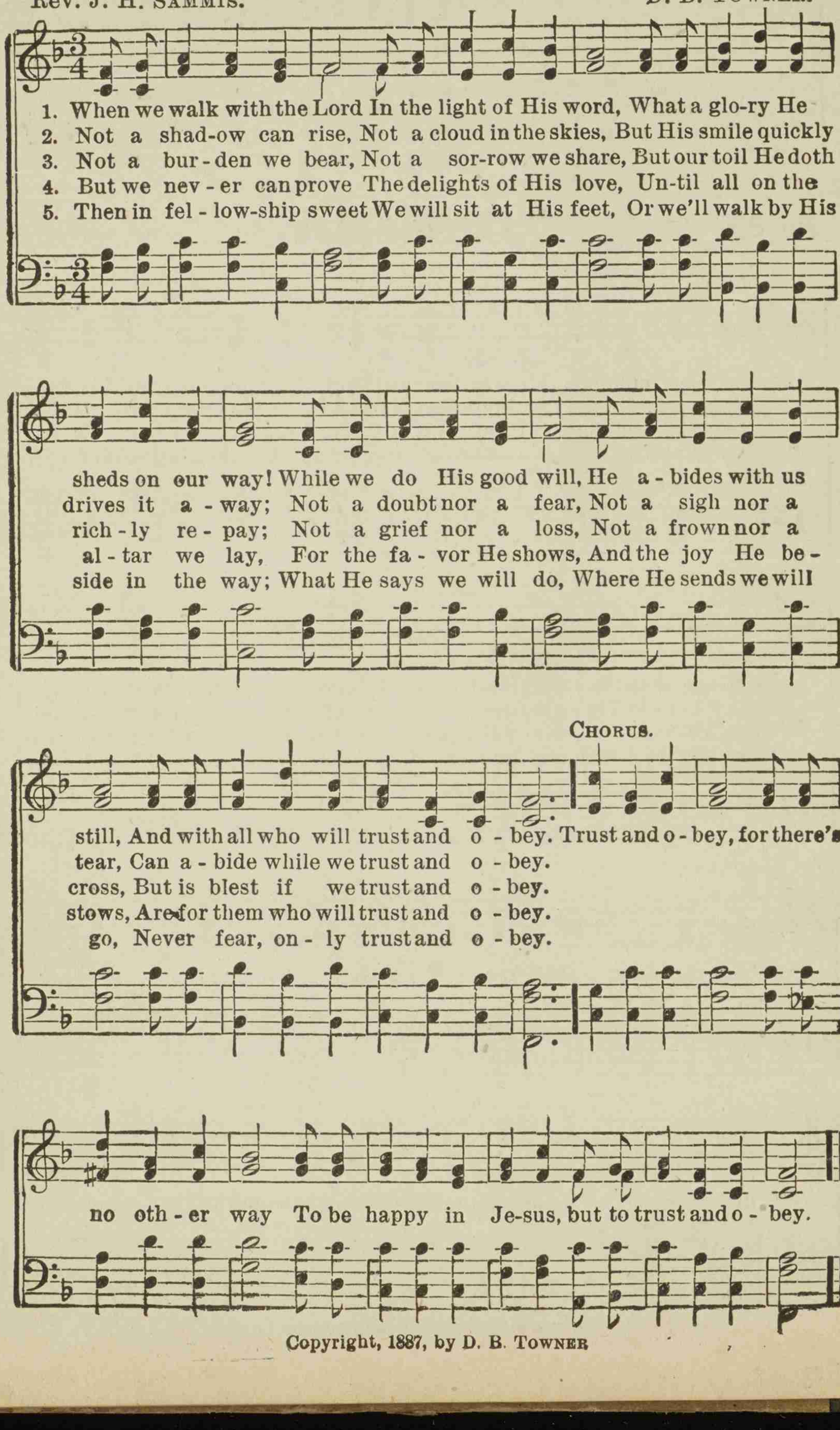


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No. 56.

Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



Copyright, 1887, by D. B. TOWNER

No. 57.

My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end - ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His blessed face, And the lus-tre of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the mer - cy, love and grace, That prepares for me a man-sion in the sky.
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our part-ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spotless white, He will lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him,
I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

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No. 58. This Wonderful Jesus.

Rev. NEAL A. McAULAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, won - der - ful love in the Sav-ior I see, To bleed on the cross for a sin - ner like me; I came as I was to that
2. Oh, won - der - ful light He now sheds on my way, To guide and di- rect me by night and by day; In sun-shine or shad - ow in
3. Oh, won - der - ful shield from all sor-row and care, He helps me so sweet-ly my bur - den to bear, When pressed by the tempt - er I
4. Oh, won - der - ful peace in His serv - ice I find, To work in His vine-yard my soul is in-clined; I'll tell the glad sto - ry of
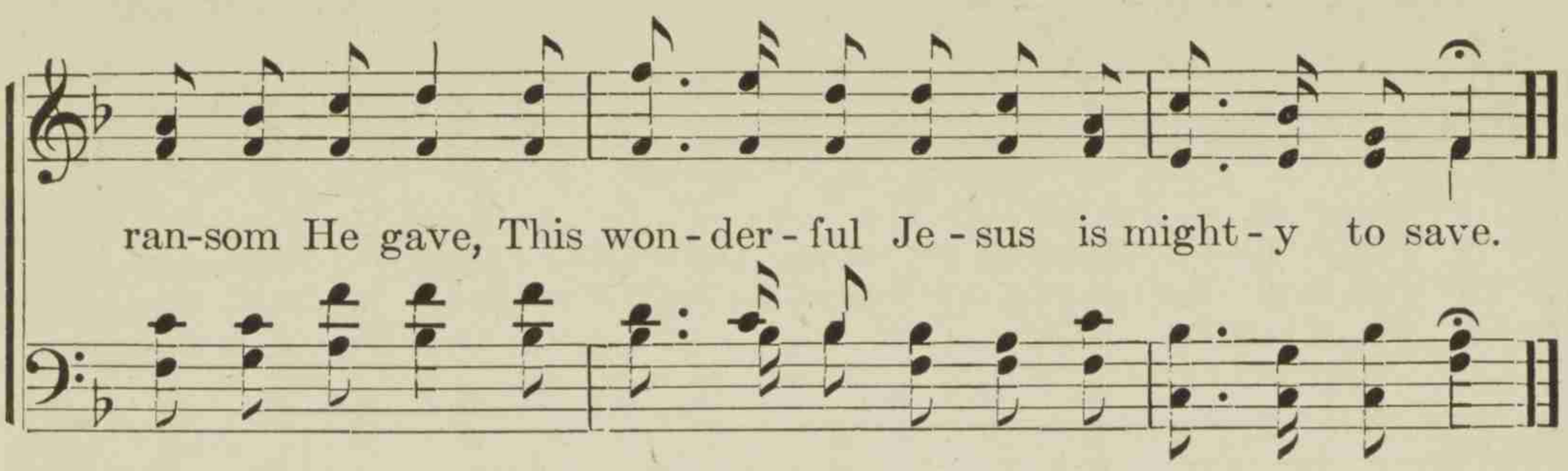
foun-tain di-vine, And now I re - joice for sal - va - tion is mine.
weal or in woe, His Spir - it will lead me where - ev - er I go.
lean on His arm, And lo, I am safe from all dan - ger and harm.
mer - cy and love, Till called to my rest in the man - sion a - bove.

CHORUS.

This won - der - ful Je - sus who came from a - bove, My soul to re- deem in His good-ness and love, To pur-chase my par - don the

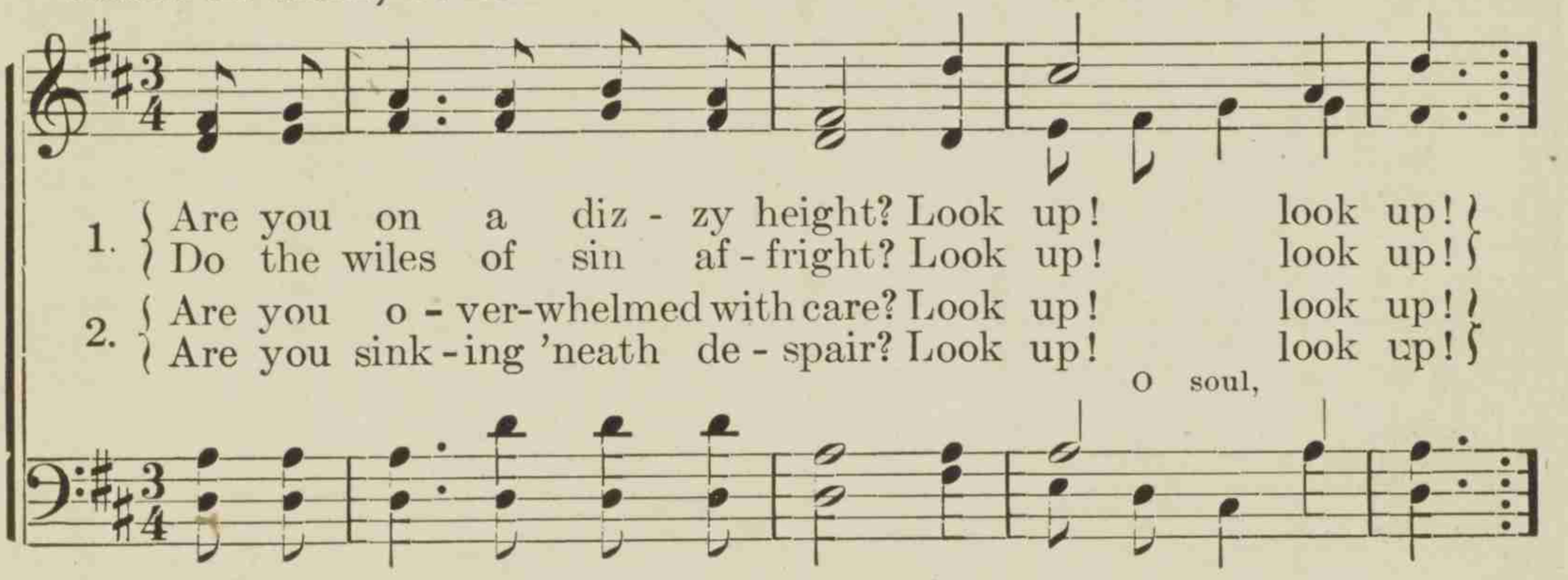
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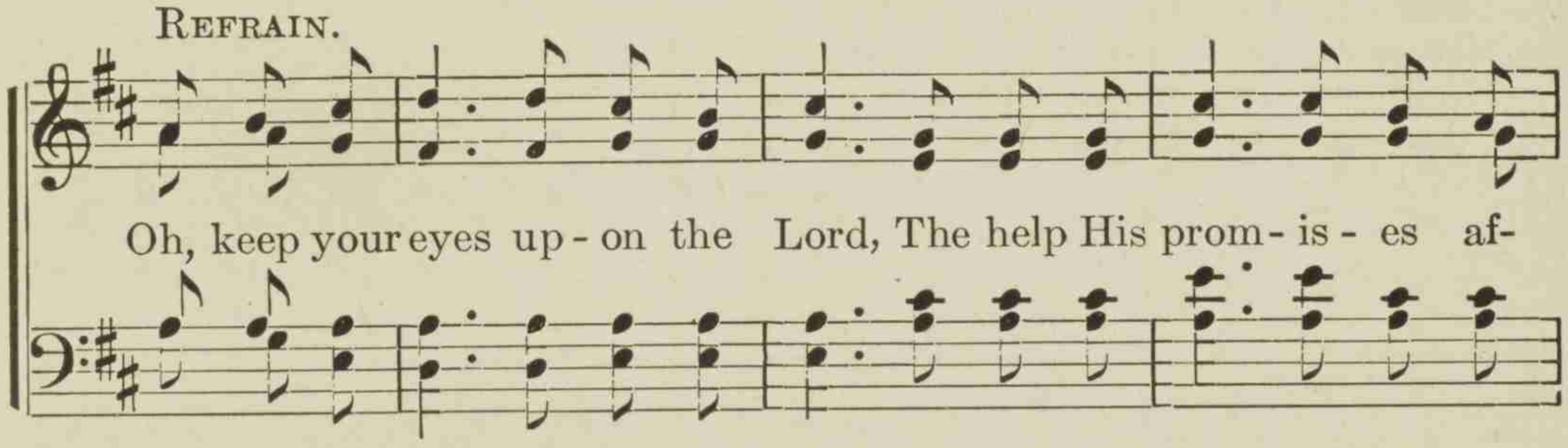
This Wonderful Jesus.—Concluded.



No. 59. Look Up!

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. D. A. NIEL.





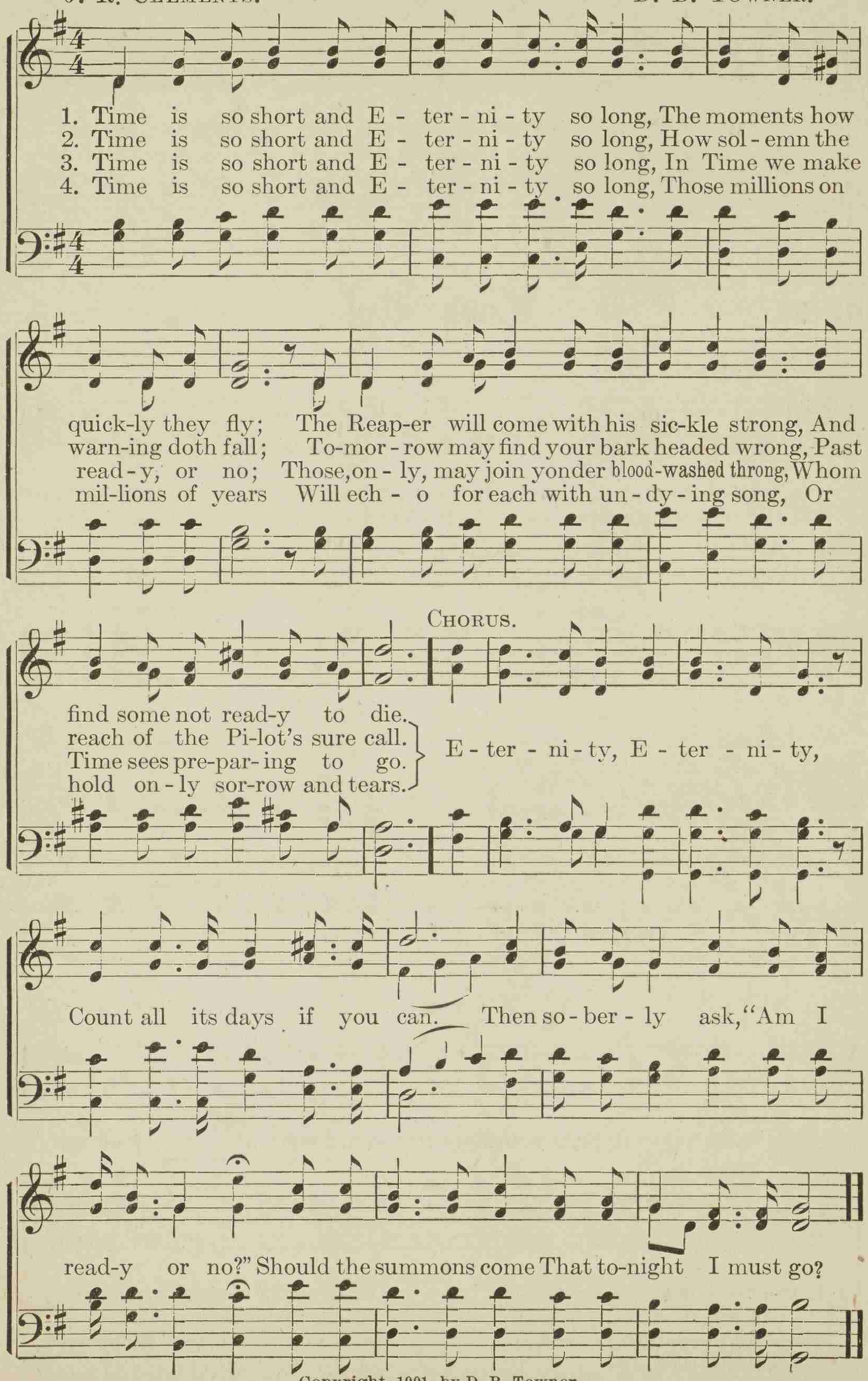
3 Is the loved one lost to view?
Look up! look up!
Days that separate are few,
Look up! look up!

4 Christian, never lose your heart,
Look up! look up!
From your birthright never part,
Look up! look up!

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No. 60. Time and Eternity.
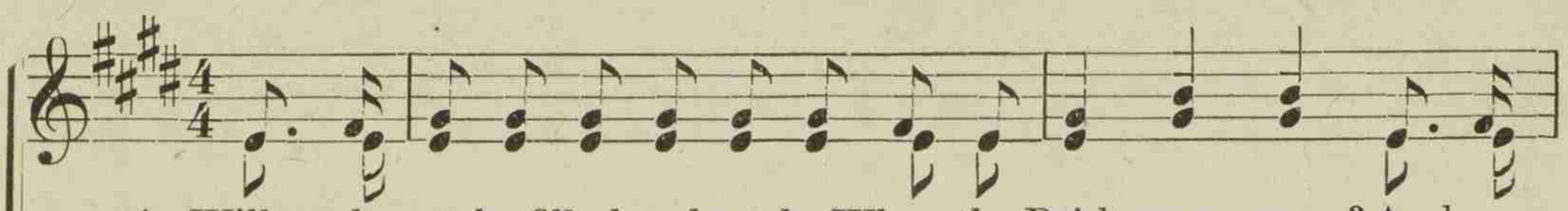
J. R. Clements. D. B. Towner.



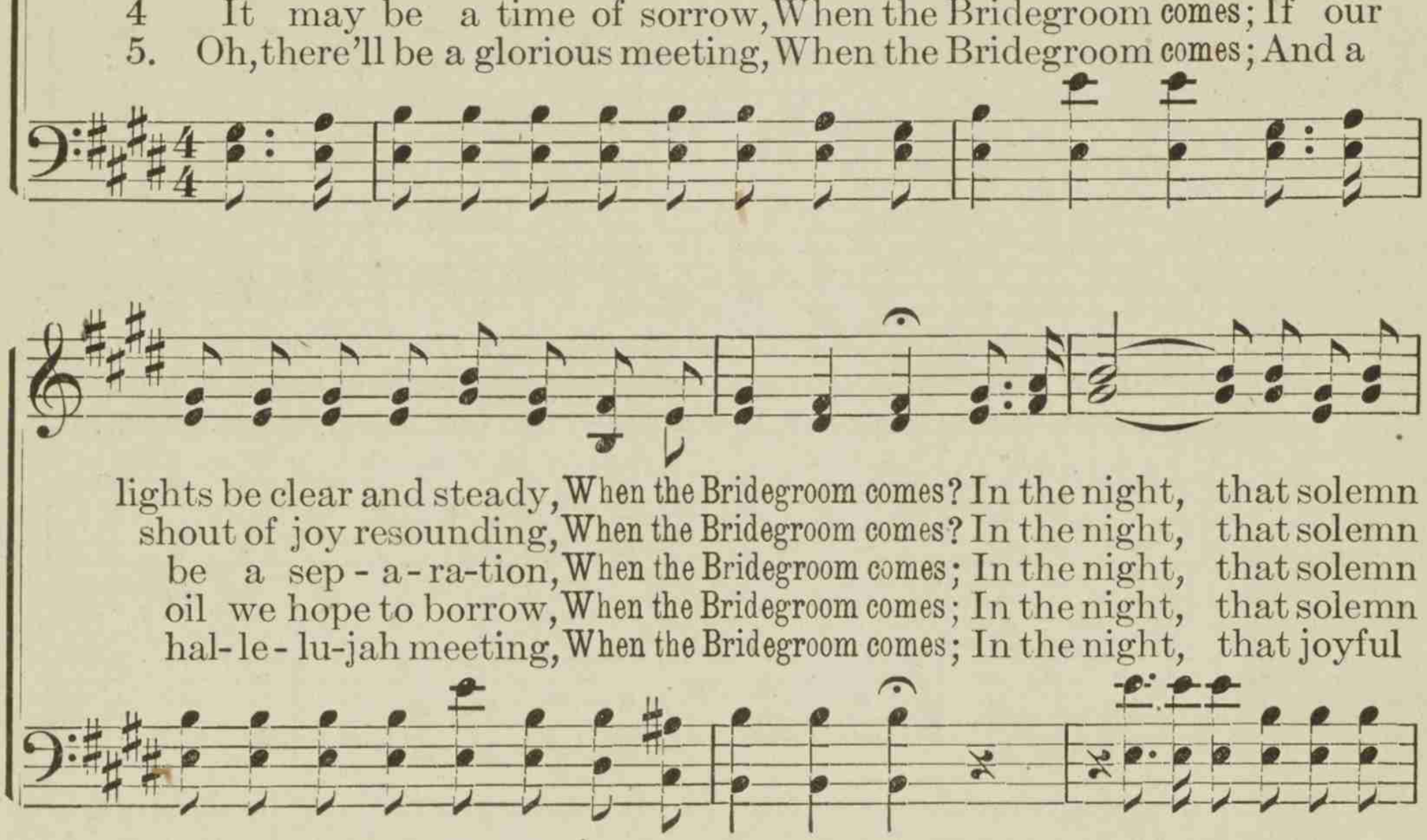
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No. 61. When the Bridegroom Comes.
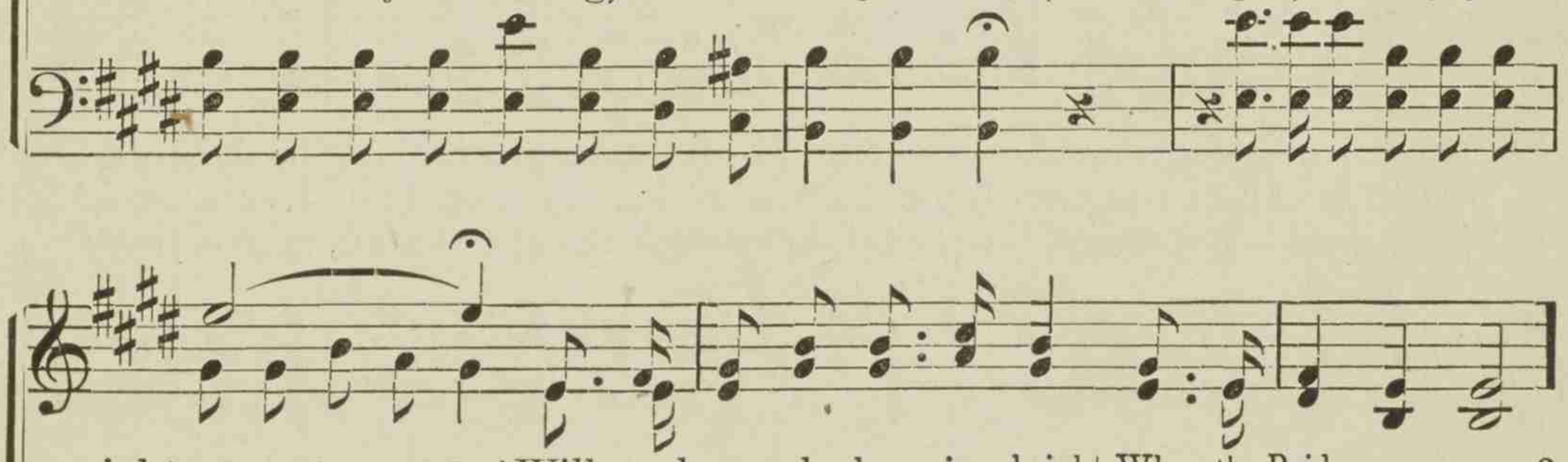
E. R. Latta. Alt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
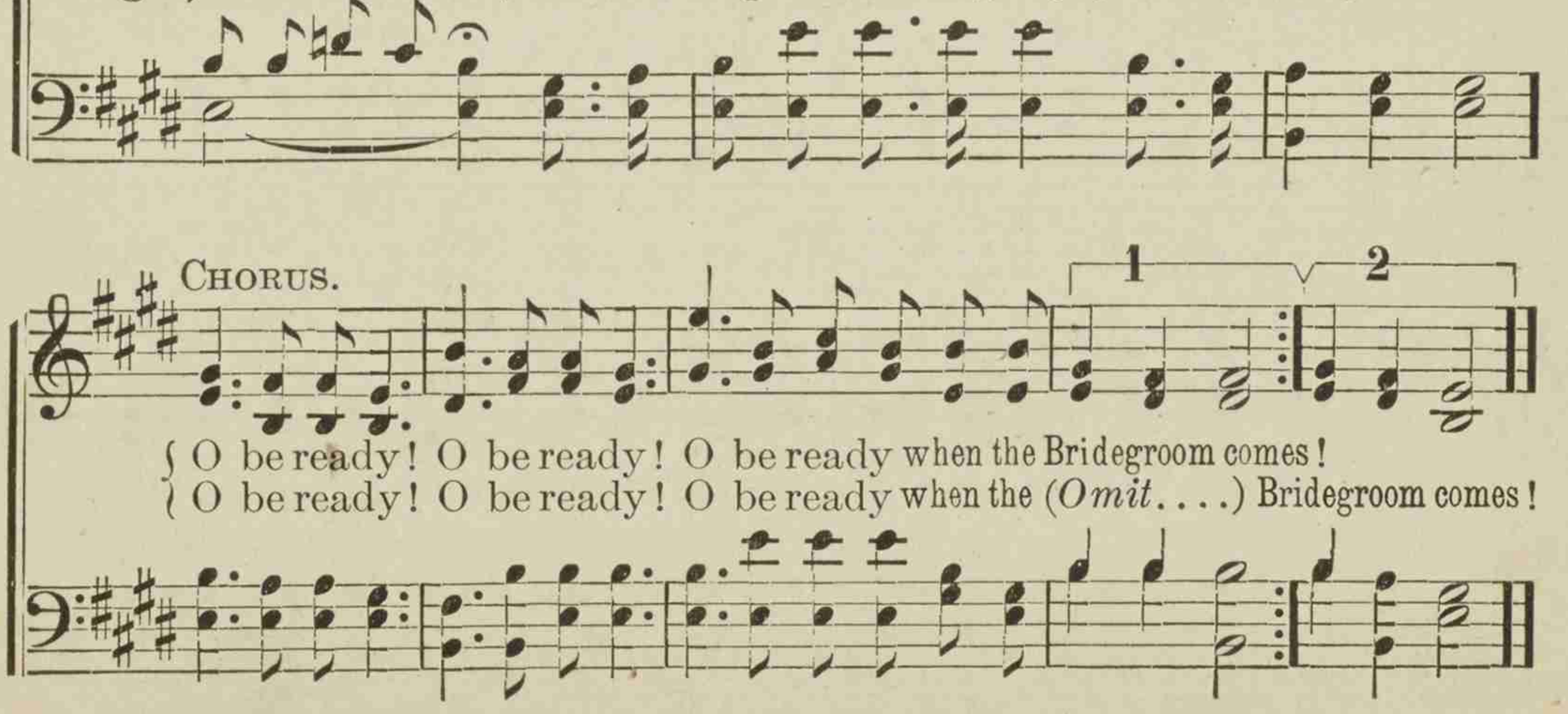


1. Will our lamps be filled and ready, When the Bridegroom comes? And our
2. Shall we hear a welcome sounding, When the Bridegroom comes? And a
3. Don't de-lay our prep-a-ra-tion Till the Bridegroom comes; Lest there
4. It may be a time of sorrow, When the Bridegroom comes; If our
5. Oh, there'll be a glorious meeting, When the Bridegroom comes; And a



lights be clear and steady, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, that solemn
shout of joy resounding, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, that solemn
be a sep-a-ra-tion, When the Bridegroom comes; In the night, that solemn
oil we hope to borrow, When the Bridegroom comes; In the night, that solemn
hal-le-lu-jah meeting, When the Bridegroom comes; In the night, that joyful



night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night, (that joy-ful night,) With our lamps all burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes.



{ O be ready! O be ready! O be ready when the Bridegroom comes!
{ O be ready! O be ready! O be ready when the (*Omit....*) Bridegroom comes!

Copyright, 1895, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 62.

Jesus Lives!

Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN. A. F. MYERS.

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

Send the welcome word a-long, Je-sus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Je-sus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Je-sus lives! See He breaks the prison wall,

Bore our sins up-on the tree; Now He lives to make us free, Je-sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind; Life in Je-sus all may find, Je-sus lives!
Throws aside the dreadful pall; Conquers death at once for all, Je-sus lives!

CHORUS.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you old-er grow, Always speak a
Wait not, wait not, Speak for

word for Je-sus, ev-'ry-where you go. Lift your joy-ful voic-es high,
Je - sus,

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Jesus Lives!—Concluded.

Repeat Chorus. pp

ff *Rit.*

Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, *Je-sus lives!*

No. 63. The Life of Joy.

Maj. D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

1. I've found the life of tru - est joy, My heart is o - ver-flow-ing;
2. Once self - ish joy I vain - ly tried, And sought the world for pleasure;
3. But now the truth that makes me free Is like a well up-spring-ing;

By day and night my glad em-ploy, This se - cret to be show-ing.
Now self with Christ is cru - ci - fied, And He is all my treas-ure.
The ris - en Christ now lives in me, And fills my soul with sing-ing.

Refrain. *Not too fast.*

Oh, the joy of lov - ing Je - sus, Oh, the gladness that is giv'n;

When we know the Fa-ther sees us One with Je - sus there in Heav'n.

Copyright, 1900, by May Whittle Moody.

No. 64.

To Live is Christ.

Words furnished by W. R. N. D. B. Towner.

1. To live is Christ henceforth for me; My one de - sire, His face to see; Morn, noon, and night, 'tis He a - lone Who fills my heart with joy unknown.
2. Wher - e'er I go may Christ be near, That all may know With Him I've been; Although it bring reproach and shame, He'll keep me true to His blest name.
3. Un - til these eyes my Sav - ior see, His path down here my path must be, "Out-side the camp I fol-low on—Because it leads me where He's gone."
4. Tho' hosts of foes my way im - pede, His arm of strength is all I need; With girded loins I still press on, For Christ my inmost heart hath won.
5. 'Tis sweet to tread the path He trod, Learning of Him to walk with God. His cross behind—His home be-fore—Himself to - day and ev - er-more.

Chorus.

A lit-tle while,..... then shall be heard..... His wel-come shout—..... His quick'ning word—..... Then shall I see.....

A lit-tle while, then shall be heard His welcome shout— His quick'ning word— Then shall I see

Copyright, 1901, by D. B. Towner.

To Live is Christ.—Concluded.

Rall.

Him face to face..... Where shines the glo - ry of His grace.

Him face to face, Where shines the glory

No. 65. Pray, Christian, Pray.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. Pray, Christian, pray, Al-ways and nev - er faint; God hears thy
2. Pray, Christian, pray, Prayer is a weap - on strong; Wield it a-
3. Pray, Christian, pray, Dark are the days and drear; Bar - ren the
4. Pray, Christian, pray, Plead ev -'ry prom - ise old; Oh for a

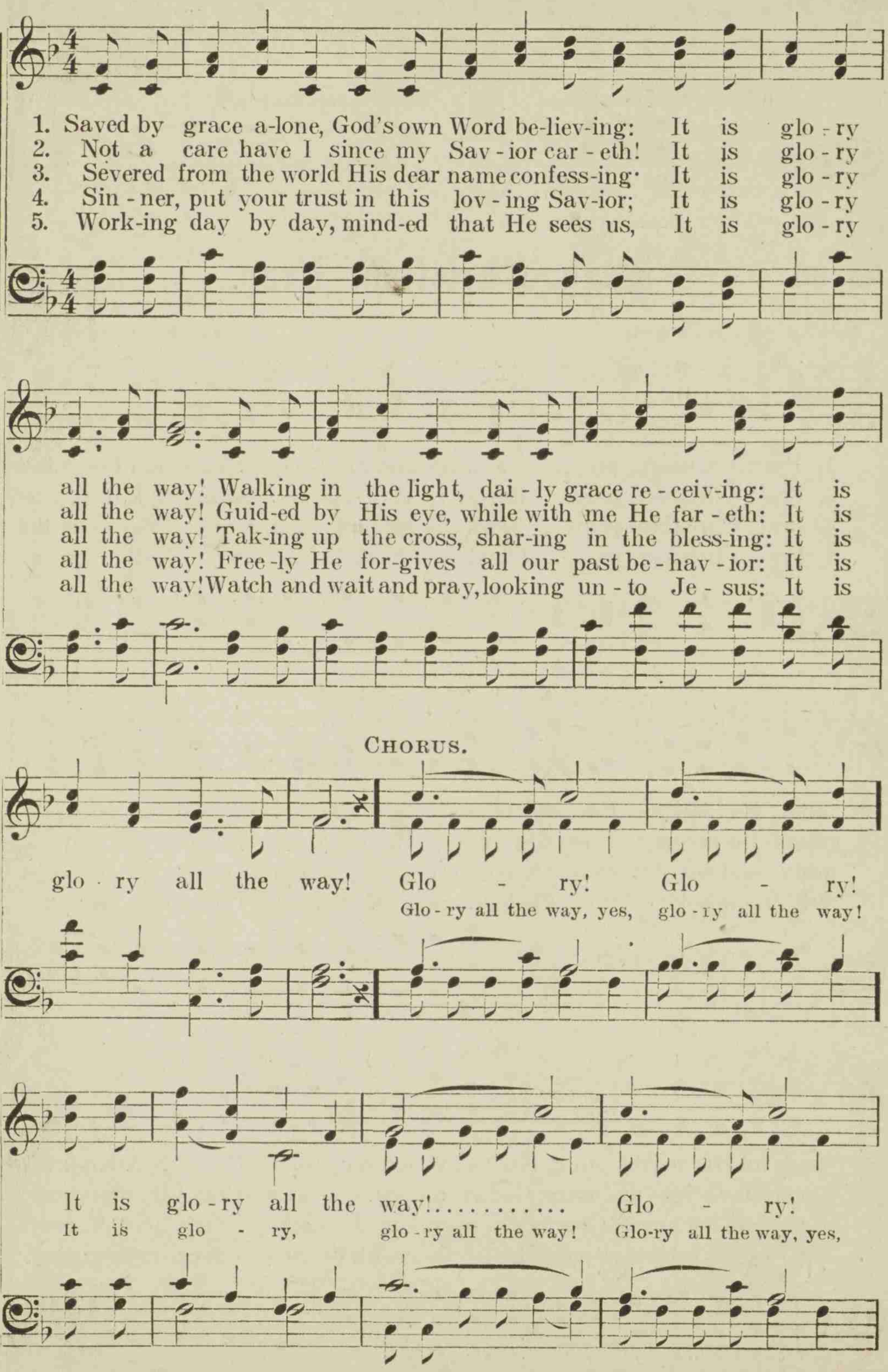
hum - ble plaint; Pray, Christian, pray. Ask for the need is sore;
gainst the wrong; Pray, Christian, pray. Weep for a world in pain;
fields and sear; Pray, Christian, pray. Faith should be free from care,
faith more bold; Pray, Christian, pray. Gath-er Thy Church all fair;

Seek for His se-cret store; Knock at His mercy's door; Pray, Christian, pray.
Un-der the blight and stain; God give it rest a - gain; Pray, Christian, pray.
Hope shall her harvest bear; Love never can de - spair; Pray, Christian, pray.
Is - ra-el's wastes re-pair; Hasten the crown to wear; Pray, Christian, pray.

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No. 66. Glory all the Way!

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.



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Glory all the Way!—Concluded.

Glo - - - ry! It is glo - ry all the way! .....
glo - ry all the way, It is glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry all the way!

No. 67. Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. FREDERICK C. MAKER.

1. Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad-ow For my a - bid - ing place;

The shad-ow of a might-y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf-fered there for me:
I ask no oth - er sun-shine than The sun-shine of His face;

A home with-in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my smit-ten heart with tears Two won-ders I con - fess,—
Con-tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

From the burning of the noon-tide heat, And the burden of the day.
The won-ders of His glo-rious love And my own worthlessness.
My sin - ful self, my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

No. 68. God is Everywhere.

R. W. RAYMOND. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Far out on the des - o - late bil - low The sail - or sails the sea,
2 Far down in the earth's dark bos-om, The min - er mines the ore.
3 Forth in - to the dread - ful bat - tle The stead-fast sol - dier goes,
4. Lord, grant as we sail life's o - cean, Or delve in its mines of woe:

A-lone with the night and the tempest, Where countless dangers be,
Death lurks in the dark be-hind him And hides in the rock be - fore,
No friend, when he lies a - dy - ing, His eyes to kiss and close,
Or fight in its ter - ri - ble con - flict This com-fort all to know,

CHORUS.

Yet never a - lone is the Christian, Who lives by faith and pray'r, For
4. v. That never a - lone is the Christian, Who lives by faith and pray'r, For

God is a Friend un-fail - ing, And God is ev - 'ry - where, For

Rallentando.

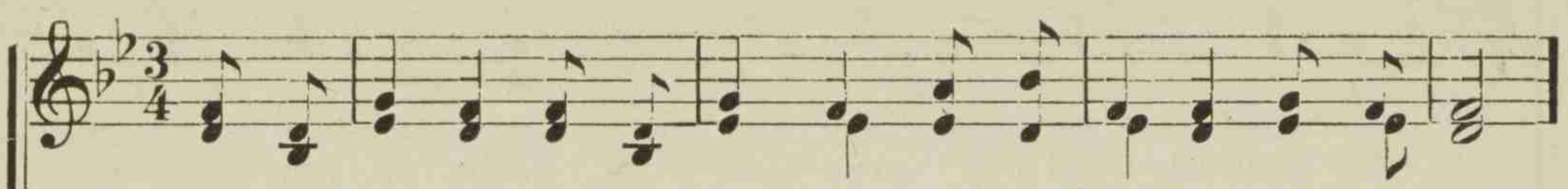
God is a friend un - fail - ing, And God is ev - 'ry - where.

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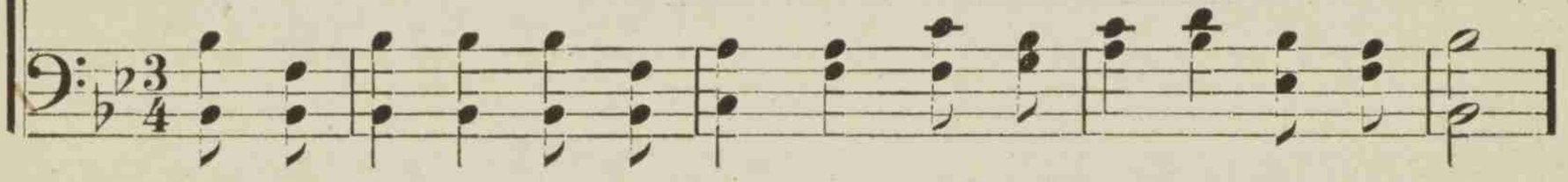
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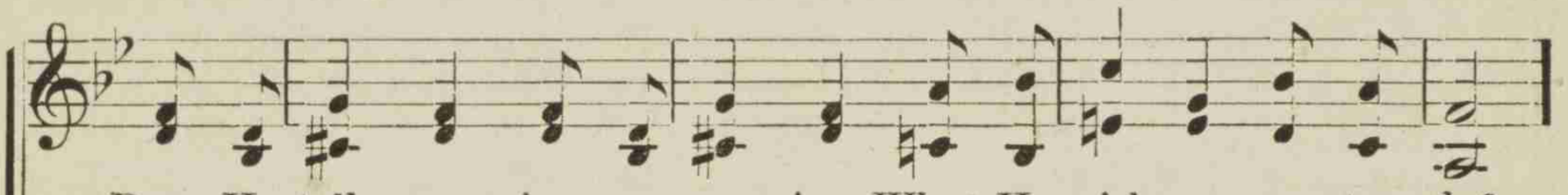
The Inner Circle.

FLORA KIRKLAND. W. S. WEEDEN.
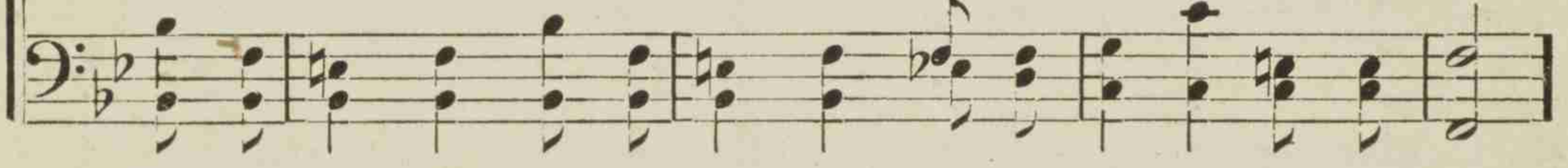


1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have chos-en you?"
2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol - lowed, As they went where'er He sent;
3. Or, if He shall choose to send us On some er-rand in His name,
4. Mas-ter, at Thy foot-stool kneel-ing, We, Thy children, humbly wait;
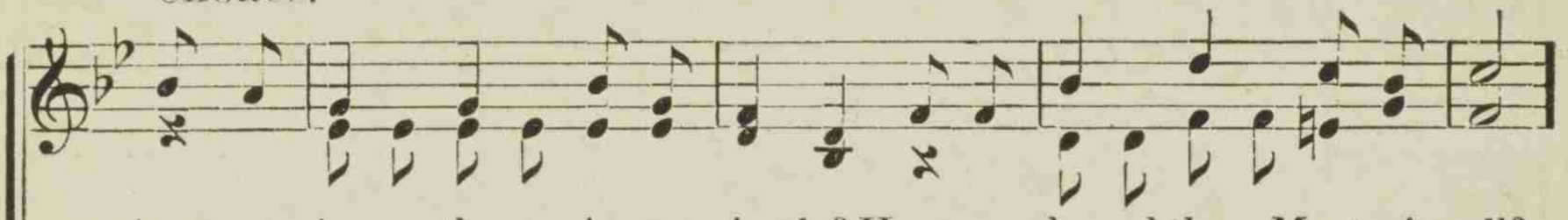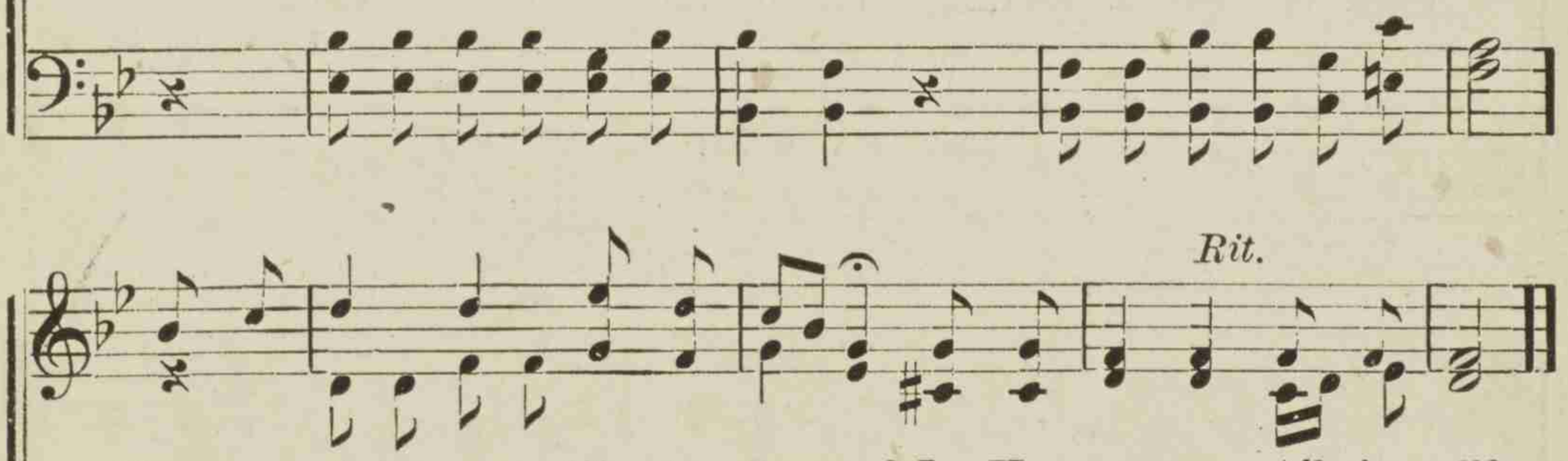




Does He tell you in com-mun - ion What He wish-es you to do?
So to - day we too, may fol - low, On His lead-ing still in - tent.
We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heaven's gate.



CHORUS.
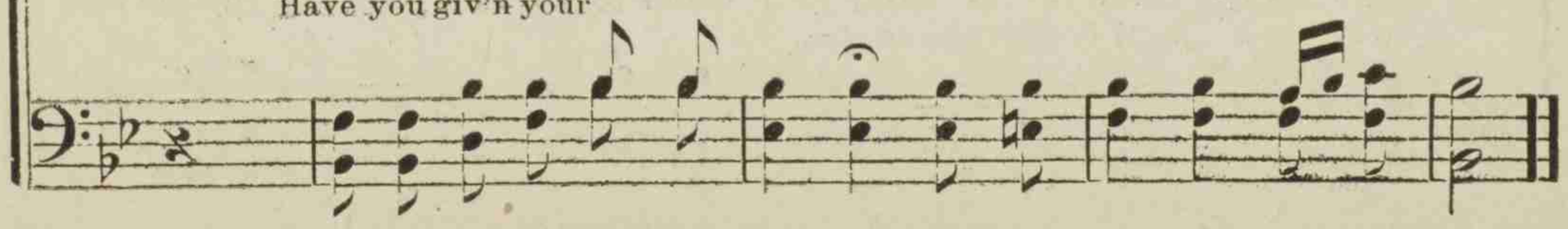


Are you in the in-ner cir-cle? Have you heard the Master's call?
Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?



Rit.

Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is He now your All in all?
Have you giv'n your



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No. 70. I Want to be Like Jesus.

A. A. P. D. B. Towner.

1. I want to be like Je - sus, God's own be - lov - ed Son,
2. In low - ly dai - ly serv - ice, In faith - ful min - is - try,
3. Like Him, with power re - sist - less, Up - on the bat - tle - field,
4. Like Him, with steadfast pur - pose To do my Fa - ther's will;

And mer - it ev - 'ry mo - ment My Fa-ther's sweet "Well done."
May Christ in all His beau - ty Be tru - ly formed in me.
A - gainst the hosts of Sa - tan The Spir - it's sword to wield.
E'en thro' the gar - den's an-guish, And on dark Cal-vary's hill.

Chorus.

Like Je - - sus, Like Je - - sus, I
I want to be like Je - sus, I want to be like Je - sus,

want to be in all things like my Lord..... Like Je - -
like my Lord, I want to be like

Rall.
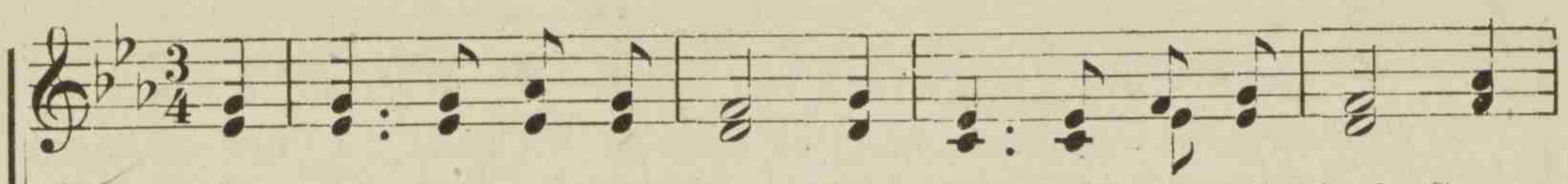
sus, Like Je - - sus, I want to be well-pleasing un-to God.
Je-sus, I want to be like Je - sus,

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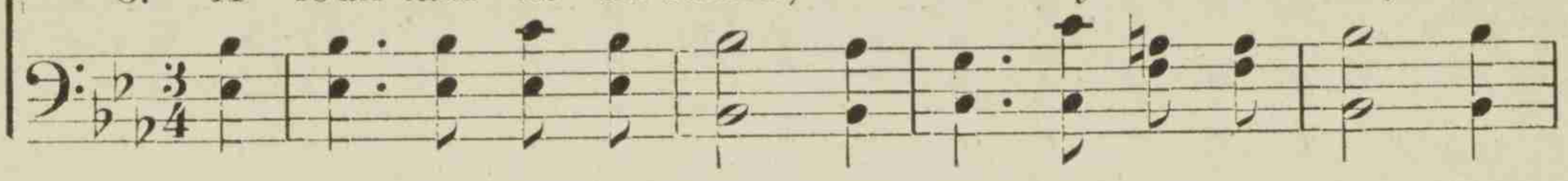
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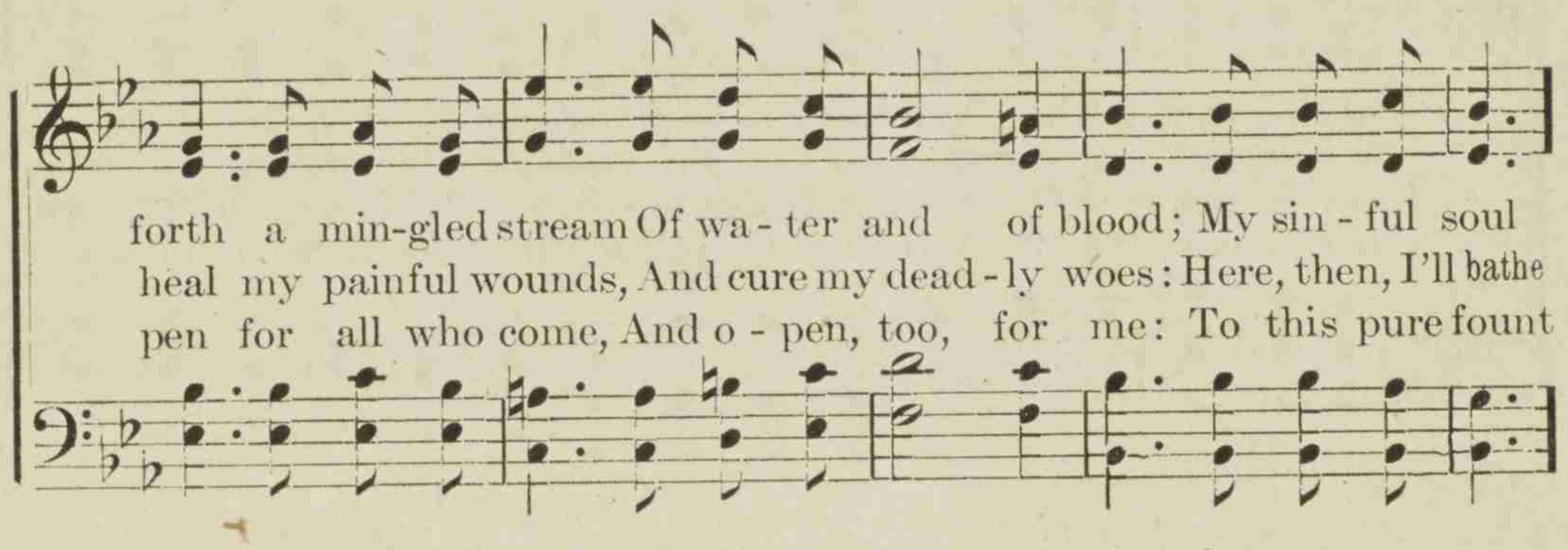
Jesus Crucified.

Anon. EDWARD M. FULLER.

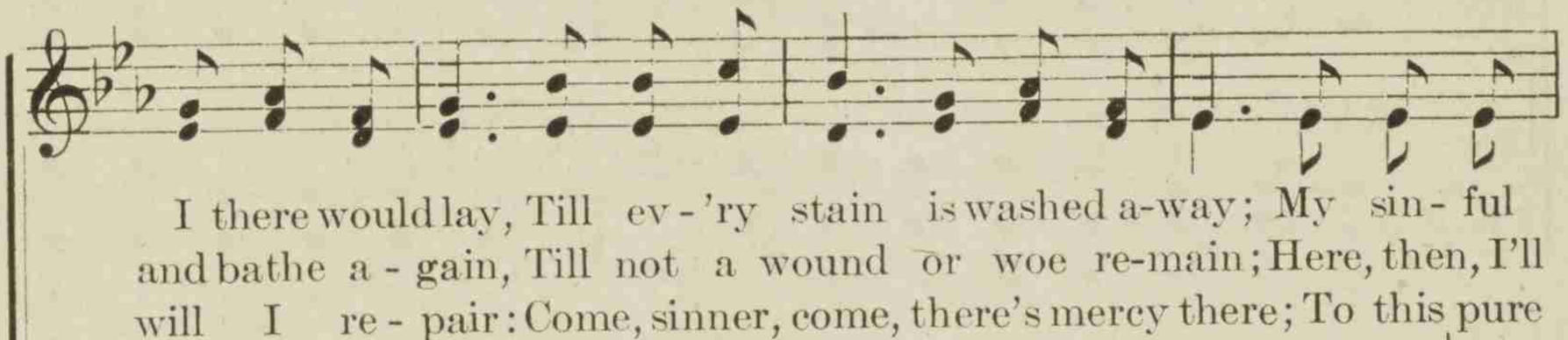


1. From Thy dear, pierced side, Un - spot - ed Lamb of God, Came
2. Forth from this sa-cred spring A sov-'reign vir-tue flows, To
3. A foun-tain 'tis un-sealed; Di - vine - ly rich and free, O-

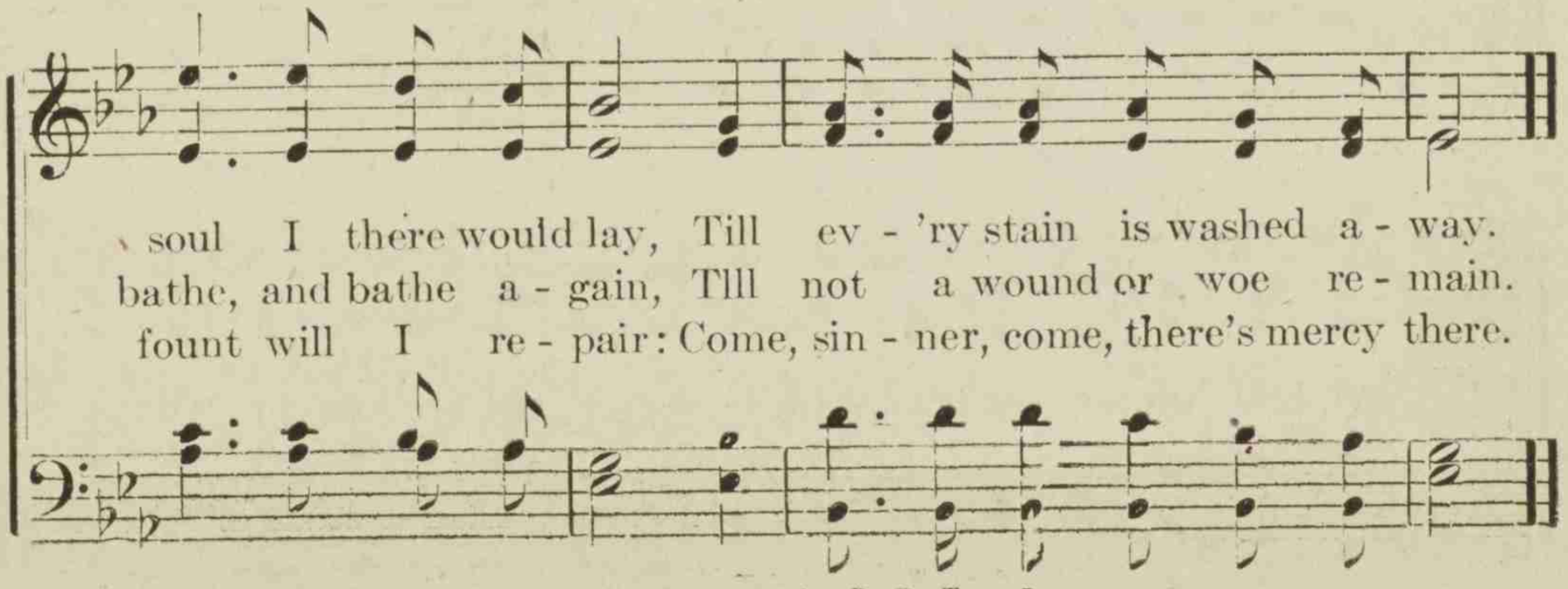




forth a min-gled stream Of wa - ter and of blood; My sin - ful soul
heal my painful wounds, And cure my dead - ly woes: Here, then, I'll bathe
pen for all who come, And o - pen, too, for me: To this pure fount



I there would lay, Till ev - 'ry stain is washed a-way; My sin - ful
and bathe a - gain, Till not a wound or woe re-main; Here, then, I'll
will I re - pair: Come, sinner, come, there's mercy there; To this pure



soul I there would lay, Till ev - 'ry stain is washed a - way.
bathe, and bathe a - gain, Till not a wound or woe re - main.
fount will I re - pair: Come, sin - ner, come, there's mercy there.

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No. 72.

I Never Can Tell It.

GRACE W. DAVIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. How great was my sin, and how heav - y my load, I nev - er, no,
2. The peace in my heart when His pardon He gave, I nev - er, no,
3. His com-fort in sor - row, the songs in the night, I nev - er, no,
4. The hope that some day I shall gaze on His face, I nev - er, no,

nev-er can tell it; Nor how much compassion and love Je-sus showed,
nev-er can tell it; How dai - ly I'm find-ing Him mighty to save,
nev-er can tell it; The knowledge that surely He'll bring all things right,
nev-er can tell it; And know the full depths of the rich - es of grace,

CHORUS

I nev - er, no nev - er can tell it. The sto - ry so sweet of God's

love to re-peat, I love and I long oft to tell it; 'Twill nev-er grow

old, half has nev - er been told, I nev-er, no nev - er can tell it.

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No. 73. Leave It to Him.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Why art thou sad, O troub-led soul? There's One that makes the
2. How - ev - er dark thy path may be, Tho' tri - als deep may
3. He can - not fail to lead thee right, To turn to day thy
4. He wipes the tears from sor- row's eyes, He calms to peace heart-
5. Sure He who sets the moun-tain fast, When all earth's clouds are

wound - ed whole; Up - on the Lord thy bur - den roll;
come to thee; He rules on high thy des - ti - ny;
dark - est night, And flood from heav'n thy path with light
bro - ken sighs, And points thee up - ward to the skies;
o - ver - past, Will jus - ti - fy His ways at last;

FINE.

Leave it to Him, Leave it to Him.....
Leave it to Him, Leave it to Him.

CHORUS.

Leave it to Him..... who knoweth all,..... Him who
Leave it to Him who knoweth all, Leave it to Him.

D. S.

marks.....the sparrow's fall, ... Who list-ens to the raven's call;
Leave it to Him who marks the sparrow's fall,

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No. 74. Praise God with the Cymbal.

JAMES M. GRAY. D.D. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Let us ex-alt the name of God to-geth-er, Let us ex-
2. Let us ex-alt the name of God to-geth-er, Who stooped in
3. Let us ex-alt the name of God to-geth-er, No things to
4. Let us ex-alt the name of God to-geth-er, Let the re-

tol His great and match-less fame; He hath cre-a-ted
Christ un-worth-y souls to win; His was the hand, and
come can sep-a-rate from Him; An-gels nor pow-ers,
deemed de-clare His won-drous praise! Ye hosts a-bove, as-

and hath left us nev-er, Boast ye of Him with heart and tongue aflame!
mer-cy was the lev-er, That raised us up when we were dead in sin.
life nor death can sev-er, Wake hal-le-lu-jahs! Raise a-loft the hymn.
sist our weak en-deav-or! Ex-alt His name throughout e-ter-nal days!
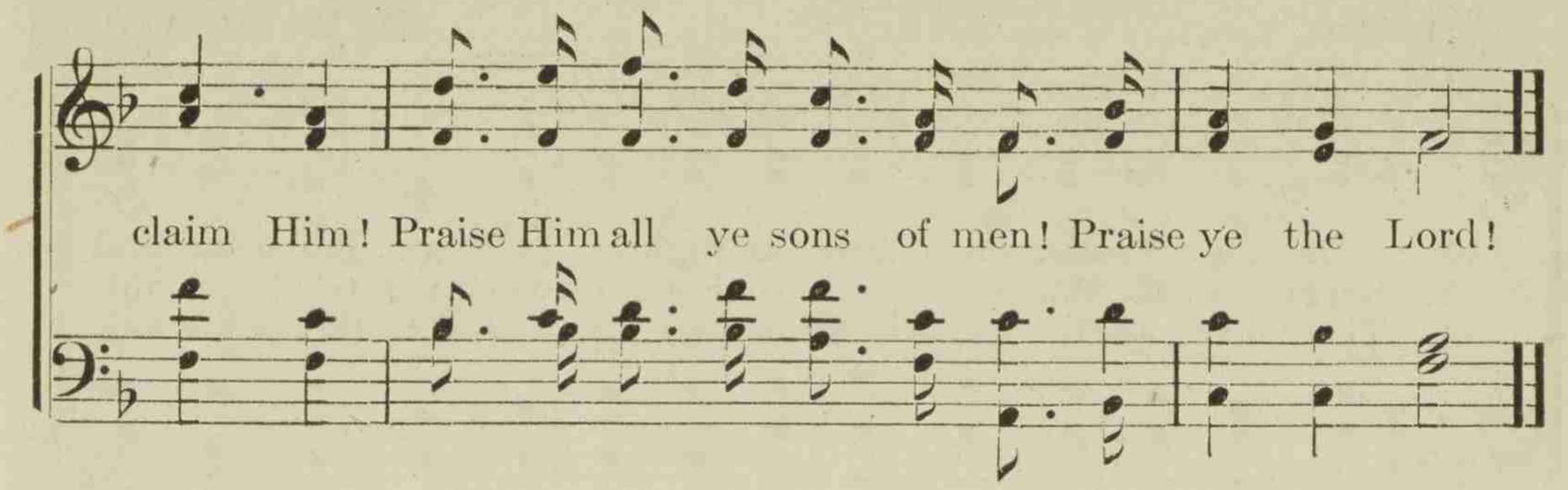
CHORUS.

Praise God with the cym-bal! Praise God with the tim-brel! Praise Him with shawm,

and with psal-ter-y and harp! Let trumpet proclaim Him! and voices ac-

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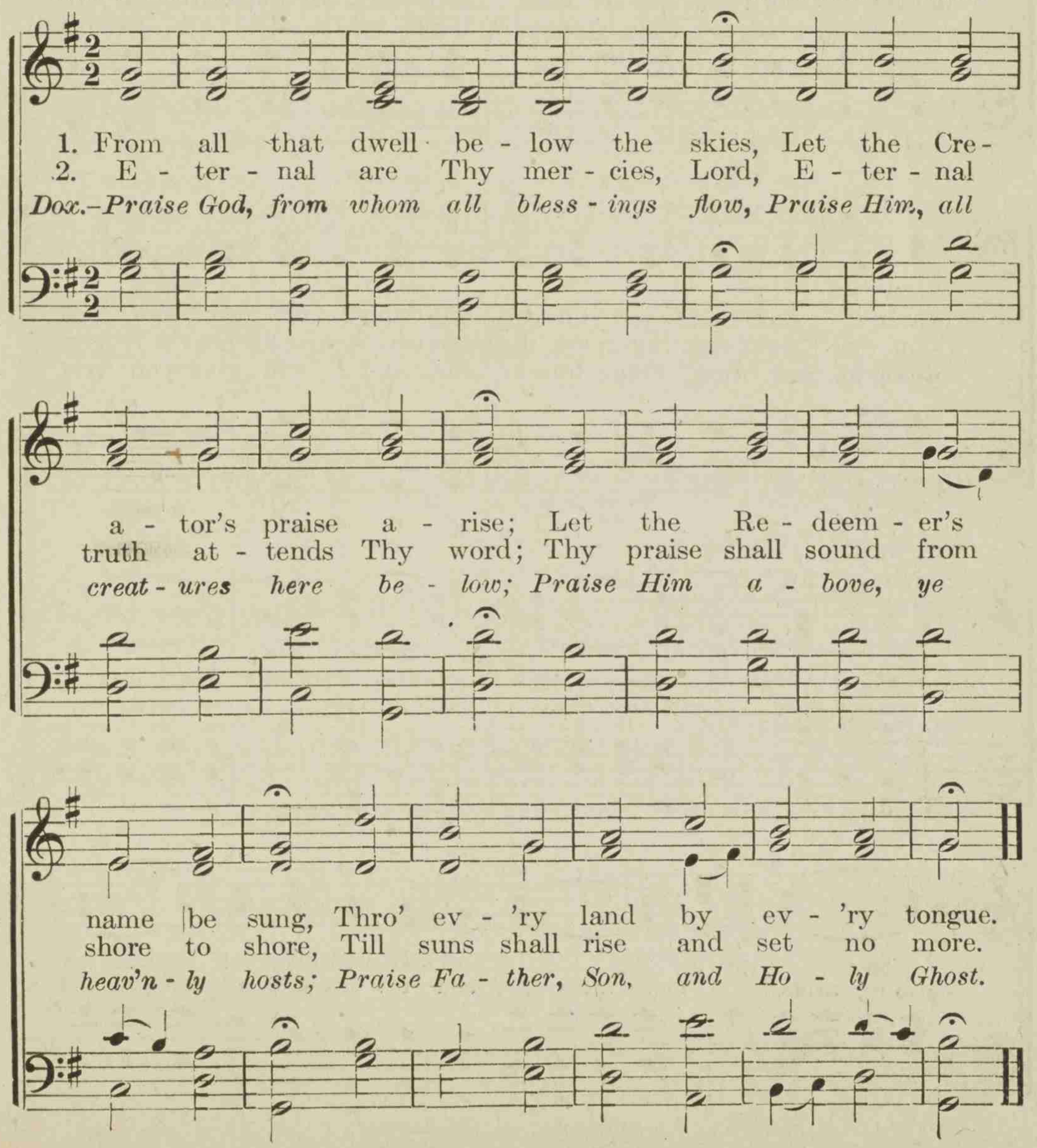
Praise God with the Cymbal.—Concluded.



No. 75. Old Hundred.

DOXOLOGY.

ISAAC WATTS. G. FRANC. 1545.



No. 76. I Will Give You Rest,

Andante. D. B. Towner.

1. Come un - to Me, when shad-ows dark-ly gath - er, When the sad heart is wea - ry and dis-tressed, Seek-ing for com - fort from your heav'n-ly Fath - er, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest.
2. Large are the man-sions in my Fath-er's dwell-ing, Glad are the homes that sor-rows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell-ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'n-ly hymn.
3. There, like an E - den blos-som - ing in glad-ness, Bloom the fair flow'rs the earth too rude-ly pressed; Come un - to Me, all ye who droop in sad - ness, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest.

CHORUS.

Come un - to Me, ... Come un-to Me, ...
Come, come, Come un - to Me, Come, come, Come un-to Me,

Come.... un - to Me, ... and I will give you rest.....
Come un - to Me, Come un-to Me, and I will give, will give you rest,

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I Will Give You Rest.—Concluded.

Rallentando.

I will give you rest,.... I will give you rest.....
I will give, will give you rest, I will give, will give you rest.

No. 77. No, Not One.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow and with feeling.

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. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ever saint find this friend forsake Him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift, like the Sav-ior giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

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!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sinner 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,

Used by per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of Copyright.

No. 78. Hear the Savior Pleading.

A. JOHNSON. O. A. MILLER.

1. Hear the lov-ing Sav-ior plead-ing, Hear Him pleading ten-der-ly,
2. Oh, thou wounded, broken-heart-ed, Who can find no peace or rest,
3. In My hand I'll hold and keep thee, And no one shall pluck thee out;
4. I am wait-ing, art thou com-ing? As thou art I will re - ceive;
5. All thy la - bor will not save thee, On - ly vain is all thy strife;

Will you not, O, wea-ry sin - ner, Will you not now come to Me?
Come, and I will com-fort give thee, Lay thy head up-on My breast.
Sin-sick heart, O hasten, hast-en, Come with all thy fears and doubt.
All thy sins I will for-give thee, If thou on - ly wilt be - lieve.
Cease thy do-ing; look to Je - sus, He a - lone can give thee life.

CHORUS.

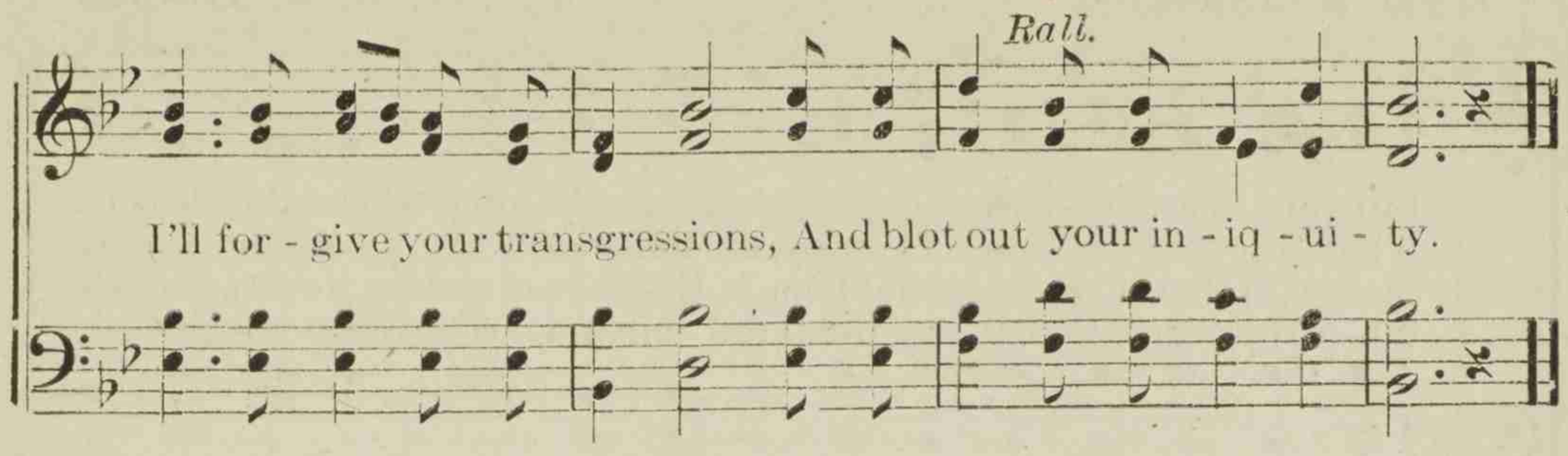
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let," saith the Lord, your God,
the Lord your God,

They shall be as white as snow, O, be-lieve for it is His Word.

Tho' your sins be red like crim - son, Like wool they shall be, (shall be,)

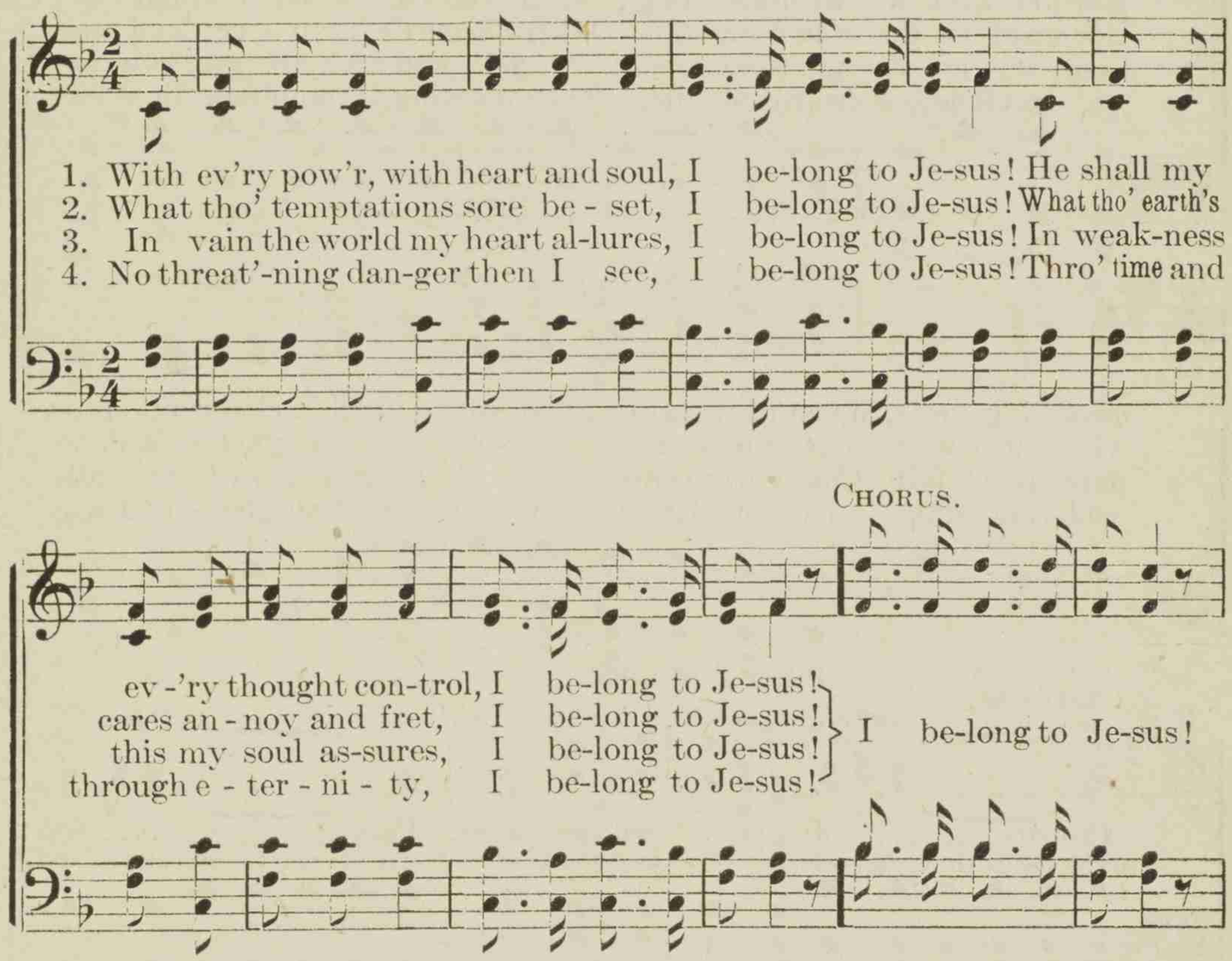
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Hear the Savior Pleading.—Concluded.



No. 79. I Belong to Jesus.

E. S. L. E. S. Lorenz.



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No. 80. The Coronation Day.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Lift your hearts, re-deemed ones, tho' the way be long, Cheer the des - ert
2. What are dai - ly con-flicts, what the toil-some way, Look-ing ev - er
3. Once with thorns they crown'd Him, in His days of shame, Je-sus, our Re-
4. When He comes to call us from the toil and strife, When He gives the

jour-ney with a tri-umph song; Wait your cor - o - na - tion dai - ly
for-ward to the crown-ing day; When the strife is o - ver and the
deem - er, ev - er glo-rious name; An-gels and arch-an - gels now be-
vic -tors fade-less crowns of life, Then the song tri-umph-ant thro' un-

draw - ing near, When the great Chief Shepherd shall in clouds ap - pear.
vic - 'try won, Then the rest for - ev - er and the glad well done.
fore Him fall, Christ is crowned for-ev - er King and Lord of all.
end - ing days Un - to Him that loved us we shall glad - ly raise.
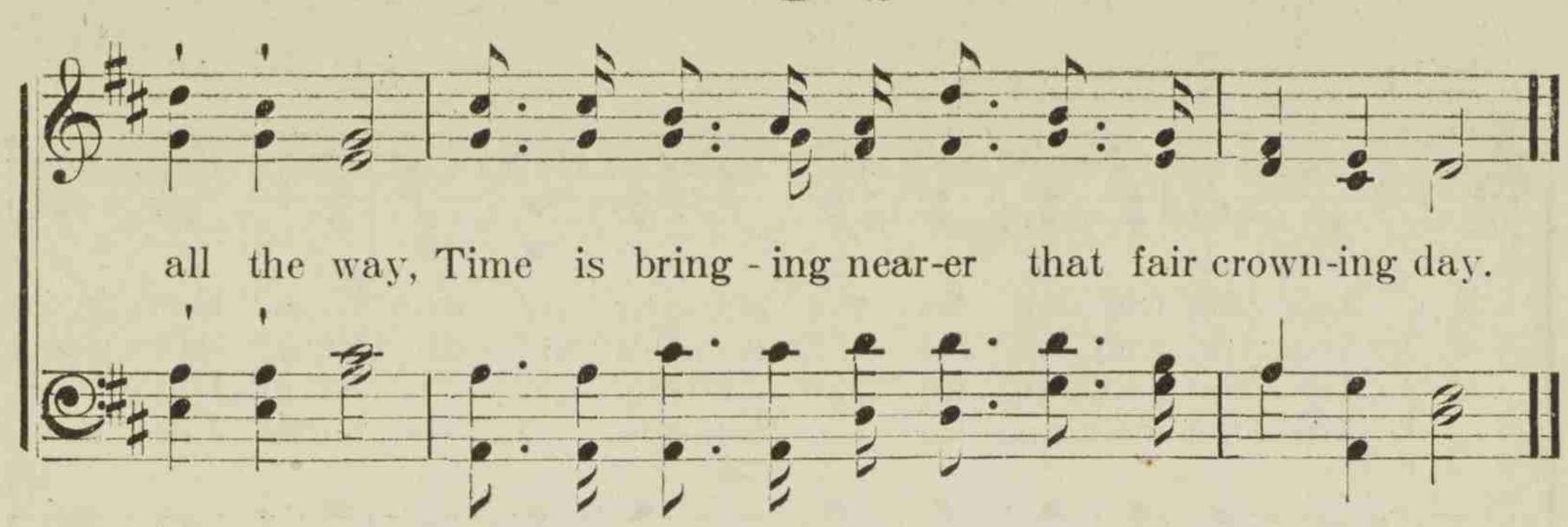
CHORUS.

Crowns..... of glo - ry we shall wear, Palms..... of
Crowns, beautiful crowns of glo - ry we shall wear, Palms of vic - to - ry, Palms of

vic - to - ry we shall bear. Sing..... the sto - ry
vic - to - ry we shall bear, Sing, joy - ful - ly sing the sto - ry
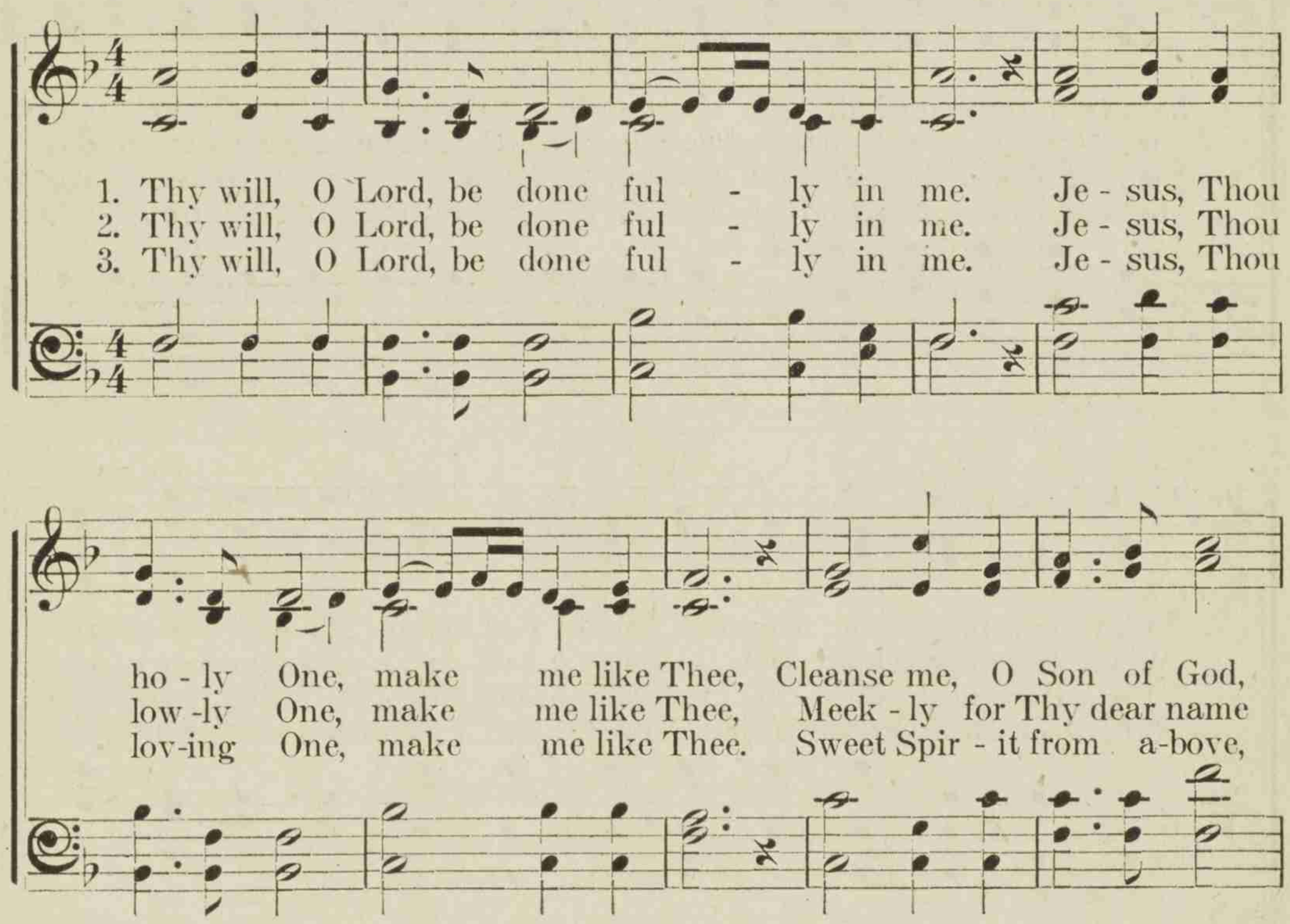
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The Coronation Day.—Concluded.



No. 81. Make Me Like Thee.

A. A. P. D. B. Towner.



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No. 82. The Coming of the King.

REBECCA S. POLLARD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Are you wait-ing for the com-ing of the King? Have your
2. Are you wait-ing for the com-ing of the King? Are you
3. Are you lis-t'ning for the com-ing of the King? Have your
4. Are you watching for the com-ing of the King? For the

lives been purged of all their sin and dross? With the healing blood applied,
read - y in your hearts and in your homes? Are you longing for the day
sins tho' scar-let, all been blot-ted out? Are they spotless robes you wear,
light to break resplendent in the east? For the gates to o-pen wide

Can you praise the Cru - ci - fied For your glo - ri - ous re-
When the mists shall roll a - way And re - veal the Lord of
For the meet - ing in the air, When de - scend-ing hosts pro-
When the Bride-groom with His bride Shall as - cend to cel - e-

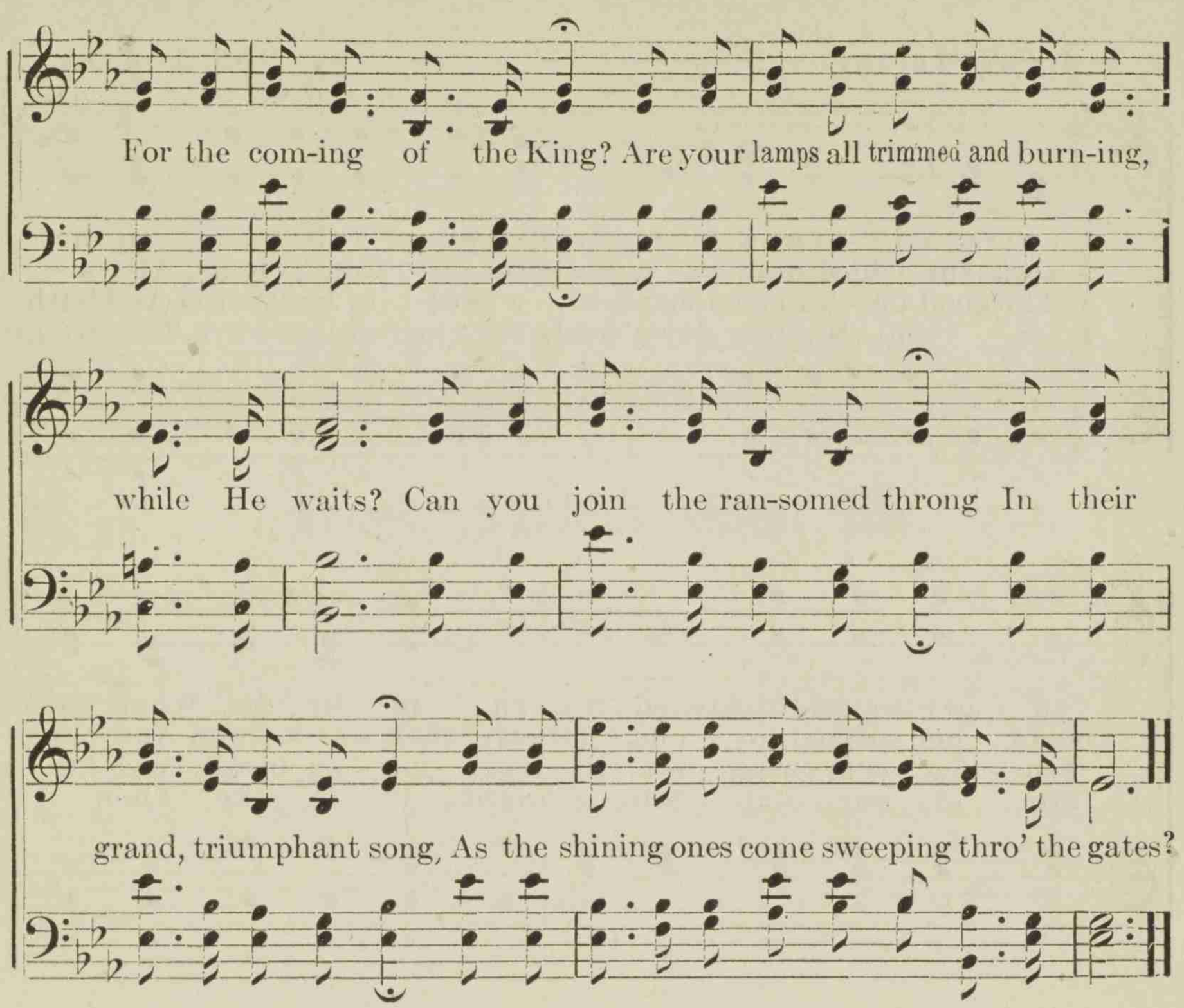
CHORUS.

demp-tion thro' the cross?
Glo - ry when He comes?
claim Him with a shout?
brate the mar - riage feast?

Are you look-ing for the King?

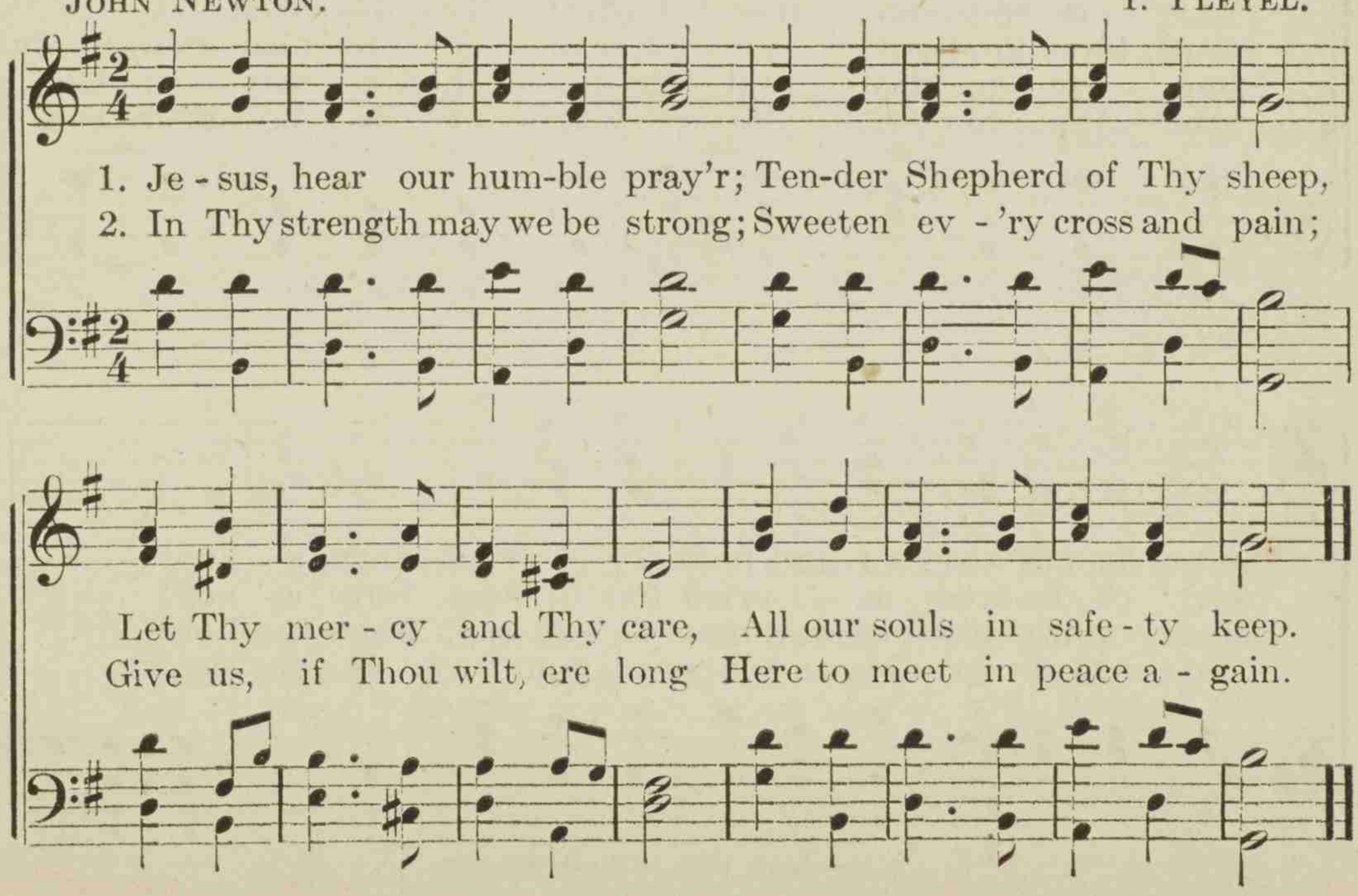
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The Coming of the King.—Concluded.



No. 83. Jesus, Hear Our Prayer.

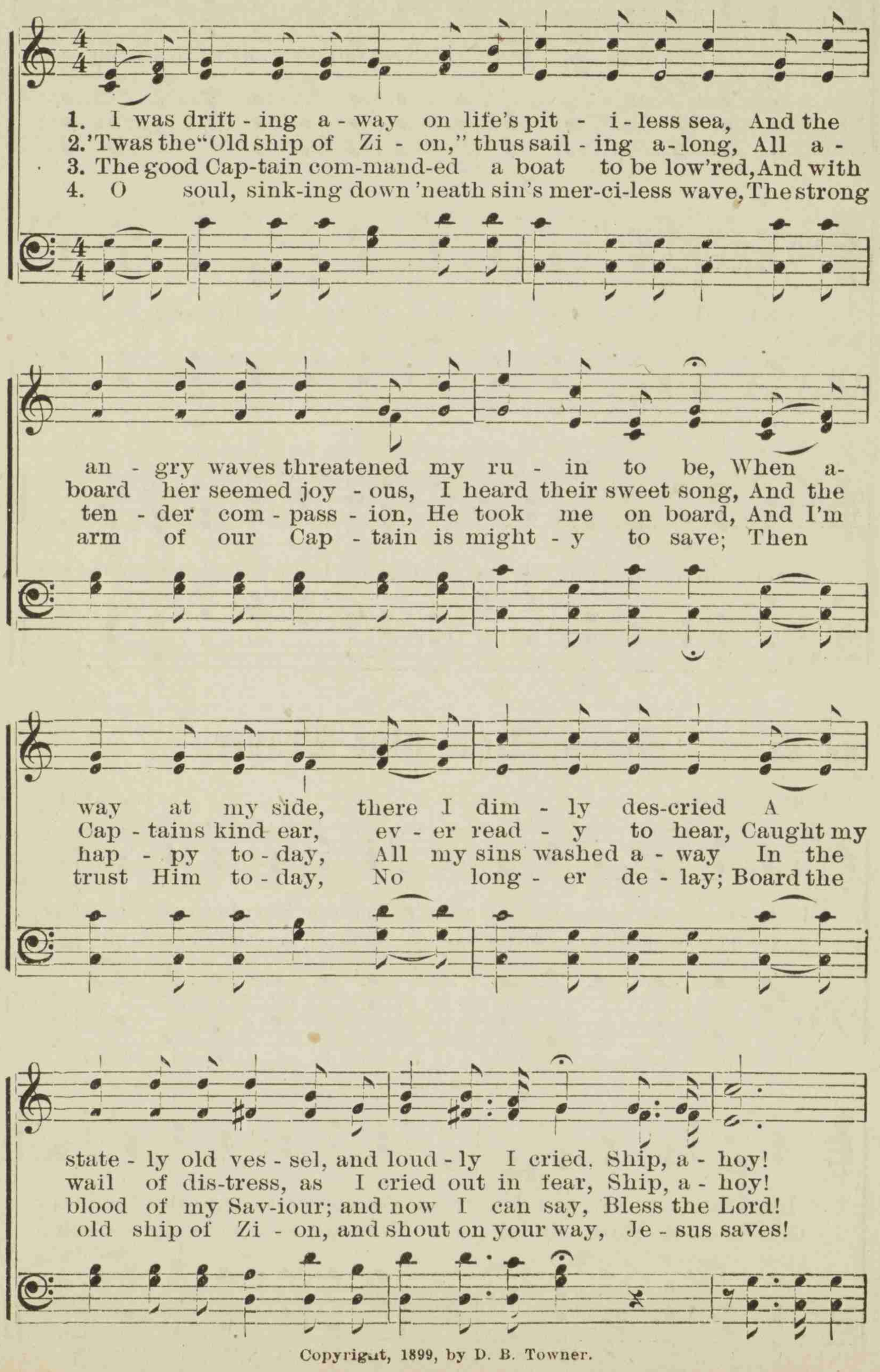
JOHN NEWTON. I. PLEYEL.



No. 84.

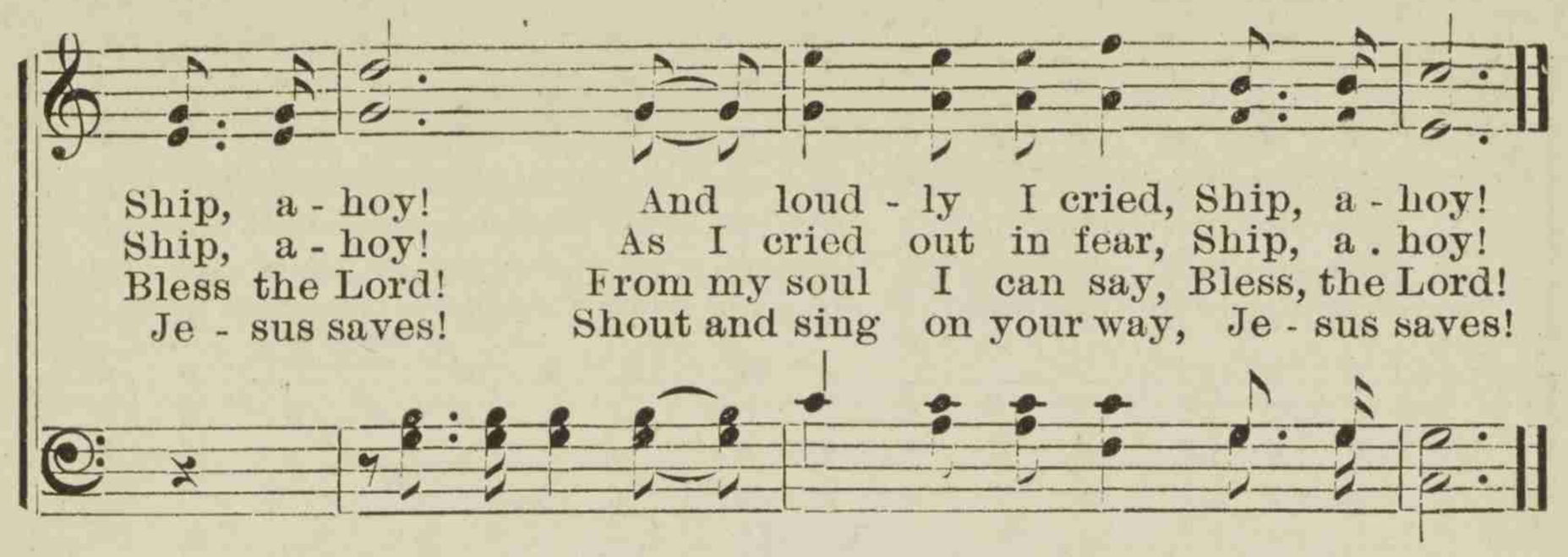
The Old Ship Zion.

M. J. CARTWRIGHT. D. B. TOWNER.
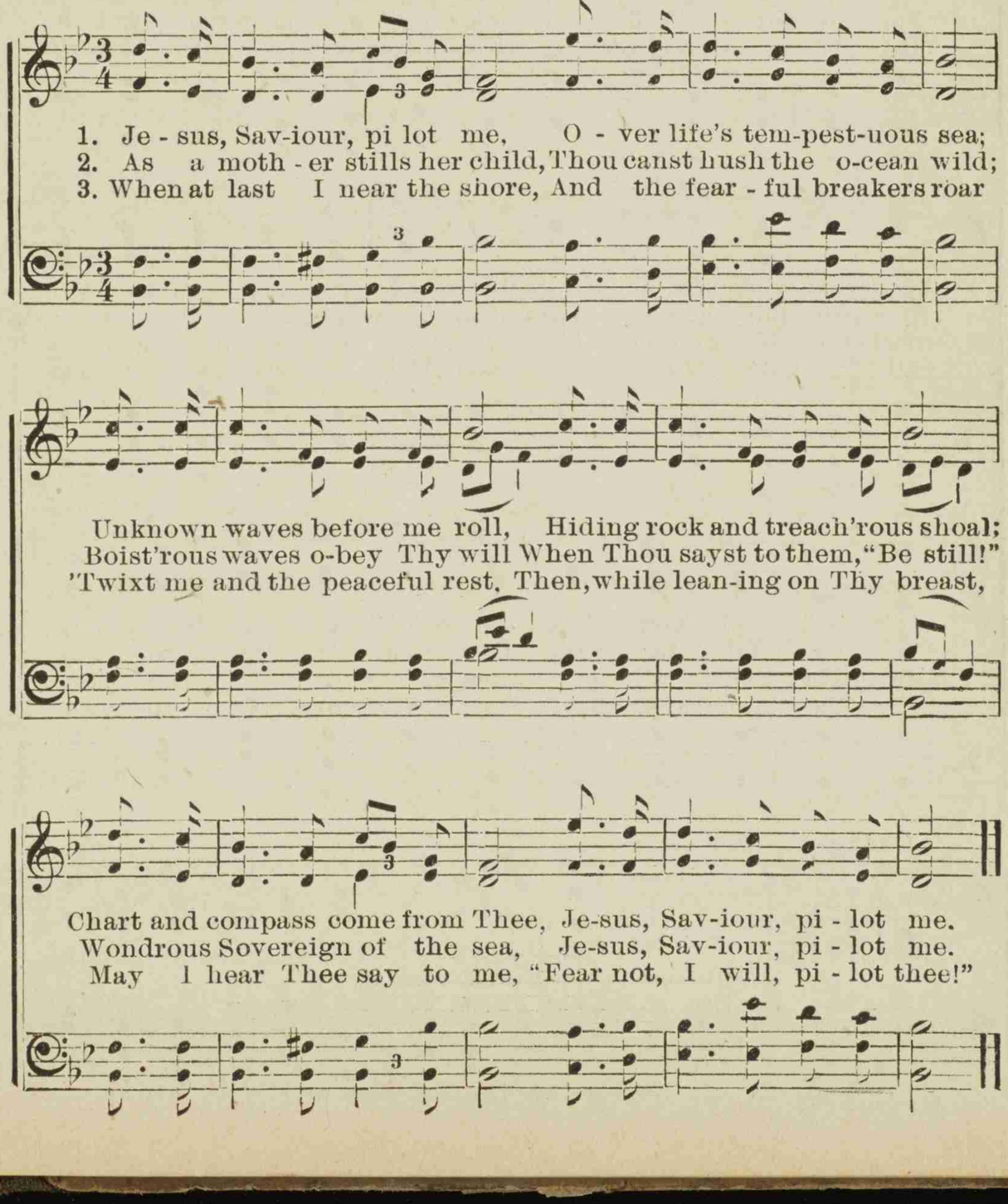


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The Old Ship Zion.—Concluded.



No. 85. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. Edward Hopper, D.D. 1871, alt. J. E. Gould.



No. 86. The Helping Hand of Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. B. T. Worden.

1. Take the help - ing hand of Je - sus, as you plod a - long the way,
2. Take the help - ing hand of Je - sus, and the pres-sure shall im-part
3. Take the help - ing hand of Je - sus; 'tis a might - y hand to save,
4. Take the help - ing hand of Je - sus when you reach the lone - ly vale,

It will give you strength and com - fort ev - 'ry day; 'Tis the
Hope and cour - age to your wea - ry, troub - led heart; Trust in
For it lift - ed Pe - ter, sink - ing in the wave; And its
He will nev - er - more for - sake you, nev - er fail; And the

hand that bore the nail-prints, bless - ed marks of Love Di - vine;
Him with full as - sur - ance when you're tempted, when you're tried;
touch gave pow'r and heal - ing to the need - y long a - go;
path shall glow with beau - ty, when His an - gels hov - er near,

It will lead you where the heav'n - ly sun - beams shine.
Can you fal - ter with the Mas - ter close be - side?
Still He waits, a gra - cious bless - ing to be - stow.
And the bright and pearl - y gates to you ap - pear.

Chorus.

Take His hand, help-ing hand; Then unmoved a - mid the
Take His hand, oh, take His help-ing hand,

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The Helping Hand of Jesus.—Concluded.

bat-tle you shall stand; It will cheer you ev-'ry day, It will
firm-ly stand;

guide you in His way, If you'll on-ly take the Sav-ior's help-ing hand.

No. 87. Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

Slowly.

1. Sav-ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er.

f.

Let Thy precious 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.

D. S.–*May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

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

No. 88. The Risen Lord.

WILLIAM W. HOW. D. B. TOWNER.

1. On wings of liv - ing light, At ear - liest dawn of day,
2. The keep - ers watching near, At that dread sight and sound,
3. Then rose from death's dark gloom, Un - seen by mor - tal eye,
4. Oh, let your hearts be strong! For we, like Him, shall rise,

Came down the an - gel bright, And rolled the stone a - way.
Fell down with sud - den fear, Like dead men to the ground.
Tri - umph - ant o'er the tomb, The Lord of earth and sky.
To dwell with Him ere long In bliss be - yond the skies!

CHORUS.

Your voic - es raise with one ac - cord, To

Your voic - es raise with one ac - cord, To

bless and praise your ris - en Lord, Your voic - es raise with

bless and praise your ris - en Lord, Your voic - es

one ac - cord, To bless and praise your ris - en Lord.

raise with one ac-cord,

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No. 89. Drifting Away From Jesus.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN. C. S. COLBURN.

1. Drift - ing a - way from Je - sus thy Lord; Drift-ing a -
2. Drift - ing a - way from the paths you once trod; Drift-ing a -
3. Drift - ing a - way from the cross where He died; Drift-ing a -
4. When wilt thou turn 'gainst the swift downward tide? When wilt con -

way from love for His word; Drift-ing a - way from
way from the peo - ple of God; Drift-ing a - way from
way from the wound in His side; Drift-ing a - way from a
fess this Je - sus de - nied? When, with thy face all a -

thought and from care; Drift-ing a - way from song and from
fel - low-ship sweet; Drift-ing a - way from the blest mer - cy -
seat on His throne; Drift-ing a - way in - to dark - ness un -
light with the day, When wilt thou cease from this drift - ing a -

prayer; Drift-ing a - way, drift - ing a - way from Je - sus.
seat; Drift-ing a - way, drift - ing a - way from Je - sus.
known; Drift-ing a - way, drift - ing a - way from Je - sus.
way, Drift-ing a - way, drift - ing a - way from Je - sus?

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No. 90. Fly to Thy Refuge.

W. W. PINSON, D. D. E. O. SELLERS.

1. Why build on the sandy foun-da-tion, Where torrents and tempests beat high?
2. Too long you have tarried al-read-y, The morning of life has pass'd by;
3. O, sweet is the pleading of Je-sus, And great is the love of His heart,

Why hide thy poor soul in the stub-ble When storms gather fast in the sky?
The sea-son of mer-cy is wan-ing, The sea-son of wrath draweth nigh.
But soon from the throne of His judgment His jus-tice shall bid you de-part.

The sun will not always be shining, The skies will not always be fair,
No lon-ger seek riches or pleasure, But think of how fearful the cost,
Then hark to the voice of His mer-cy, While now at the door He stands,

And when the blast falls in its fur - y, No time then for purpose or pray'r.
If all of earth's stores you gath-er, And then be e ter-nal-ly lost.
And weeps for your sins and your folly, And knocks with His nail-pierced hands.

REFRAIN.

Then, quick to thy refuge, To Cal va-ry fly; The soul that neglects it For-

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Fly to Thy Refuge.—Concluded.

Ad lib.

ev - er shall die, The soul that neg-lects it For-ev - er shall die.

No. 91. Nothing But Thy Blood.

Arr. for this work.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
3. Pienteous grace with Thee is found, Nothing but Thy blood can save me;
4. Thou of life the foun-tain art, Nothing but Thy blood can save me;

While the bil - lows near me roll, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me.
Leave, oh leave me not a - lone, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me.
Let the heal - ing streams abound, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me.

CHORUS.

No! no! Noth - ing do I bring, But by faith I cling

To Thy cross, O Lamb of God; Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

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No. 92. The Meeting Place is Over Yonder.

Words arr. C. S. Colburn.

1. The meeting place is o-ver yon-der, Just a lit-tle farther on; 'Tis a
2. The meeting place is o-ver yon-der, Day by day we're drawing near; Looking
3. The meeting place is o-ver yon-der, Where the weary are at rest; Let us

bright and glorious country, Where our treasures are all gone. Cherish'd flow'rs, but half un-
thro' the mists of earthland For the forms we hold so dear. They are watching, they are
then go on with patience, Tho' by care and grief oppress'd; Swift the wheels of time are

fold-en, Precious pearls that turned to dew; Je-sus holds them in His keep-ing,
wait-ing, Tho' by mor-tal eyes un-seen; Hidden from our narrow vis-ion,
turn-ing, And the years may not be long Ere we cross the darksome riv-er

CHORUS.

Till our pil-grim-age is thro'
By the vail that dips between.
To the summer land of song.

We shall meet them, we shall greet them, When life's

toils and cares are o'er; We shall meet, to part, no, never, When we reach the other shore.

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No. 93.

Wonderful Peace.

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 sweeter than psalm; In ce-les-tial like strains it un-
2. What a treas-ure I have in this won-der-ful peace, Bur-ied deep in the heart of my soul, So se-cure that no pow-er can
3. I am rest-ing to-night in this won-der-ful peace, Resting sweet-ly in Je-sus con-trol; For I'm kept from all dan-ger by
4. And me thinks when I rise to that Cit-y of peace, Where the Au-thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
5. Ah! soul, are you here with-out com-fort and rest, Marching down the rough pathway of time, Make Je-sus your friend ere the

ceas-ing-ly falls O'er my soul like an in-fi-nite calm.
mine it a-way, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
night and by day, And His glo-ry is flood-ing my soul.
ran-somed will sing, In that heav-en-ly kingdom will be.
shad-ows grow dark; O ac-cept of this peace so sub-lime,

CHORUS.

Peace! peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Fa-ther a-bove; Sweep o-ver my spirit for-ev-er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

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No. 94. Does Your Signal-light Shine?

REBECCA S. POLLARD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Does your sig - nal - light shine? Oh, my broth - er, say! Is it
2. Does your sig - nal - light shine, Far out o'er the wave, Where the
3. Does your sig - nal - light shine? Do you tell the lost Of God's
4. Does your sig - nal - light shine? Should the bride-groom come, Are you

light-ing the path of the feet that stray? Is it warn - ing the
life-boats are speed-ing some soul to save? Are you ear - nest - ly
won - der - ful love of Re-demp-tion's cost? Are you pray'r - ful - ly
read - y with sheaves for the har - vest Home? Have you souls who, re-

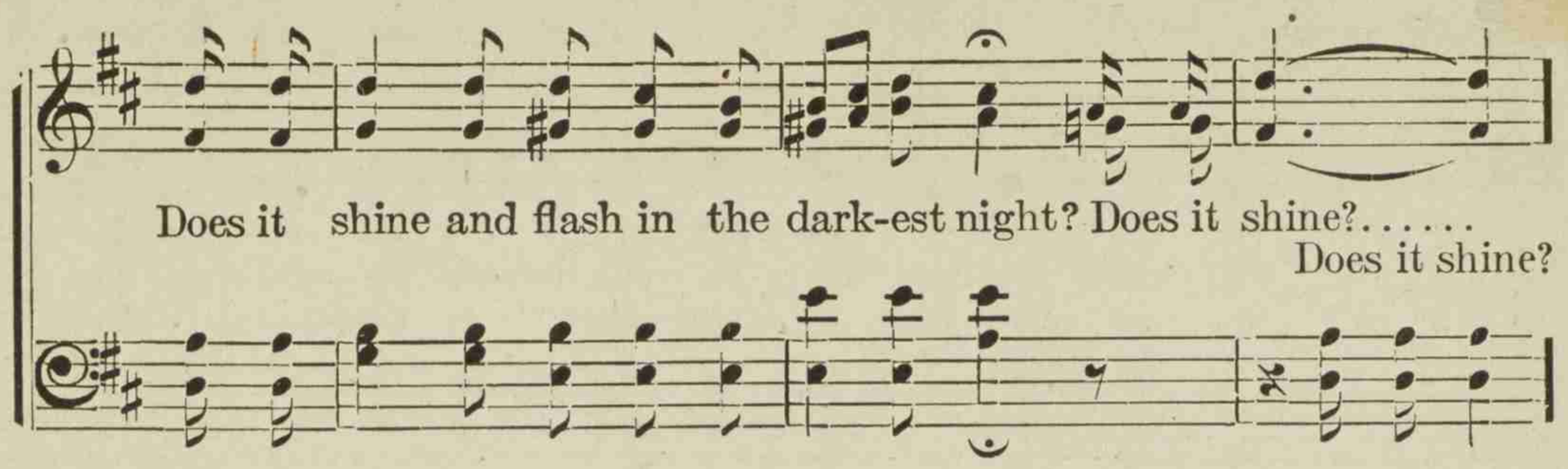
heed-less, who, un - a-wares Will sure - ly be caught in the
seek - ing the lost to win, Ere they sink neath the wreck-age of
tell - ing the sin-sick soul That the blood of Christ Je - sus can
deemed from the blight of sin, Are wait - ing His sum-mons to

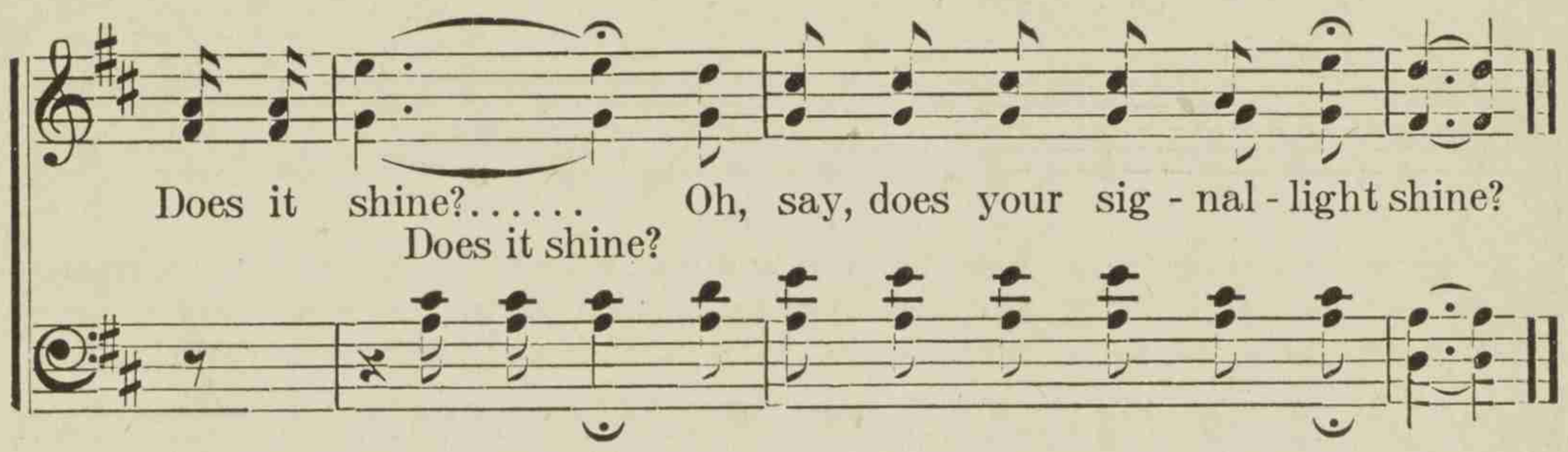
CHORUS.

tempter's snares?
lust and sin? Does it shine?..... Does it shine?.....
make it whole? Does it shine? Does it shine?
en - ter in?

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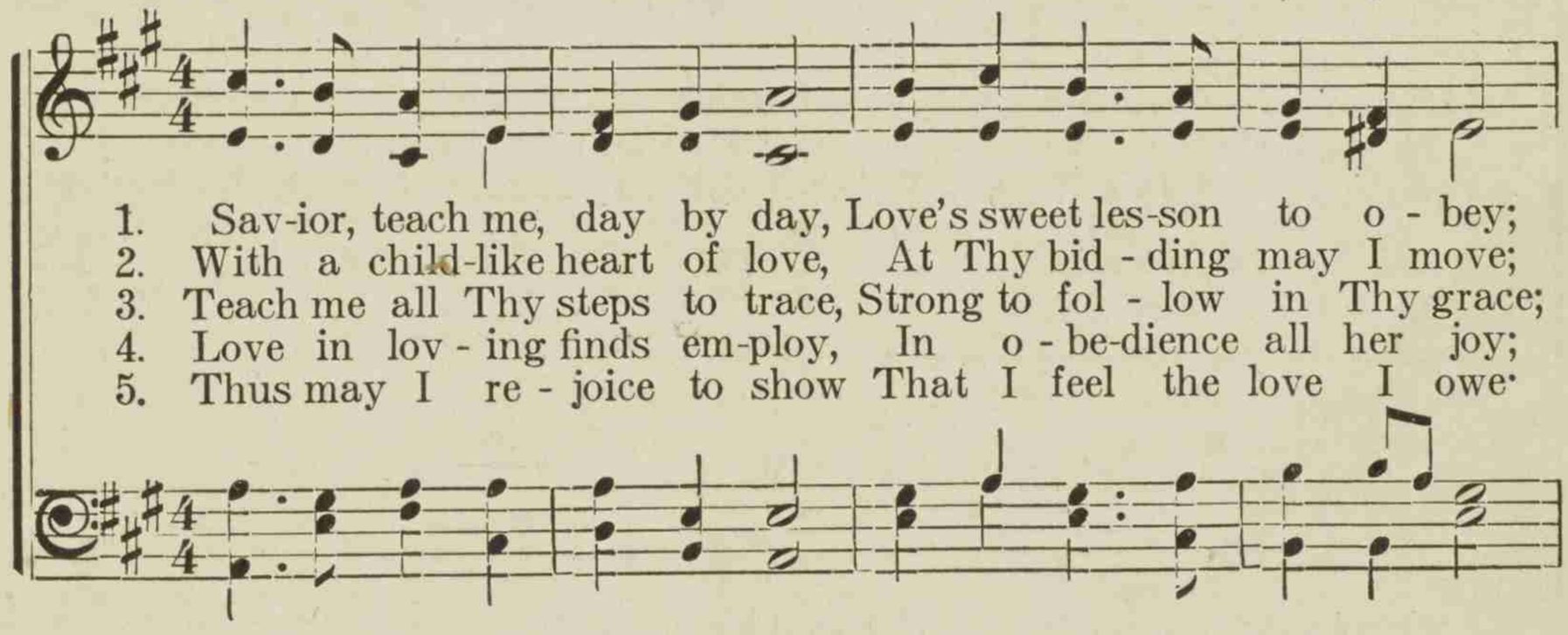
Does Your Signal-light Shine.—Concluded.
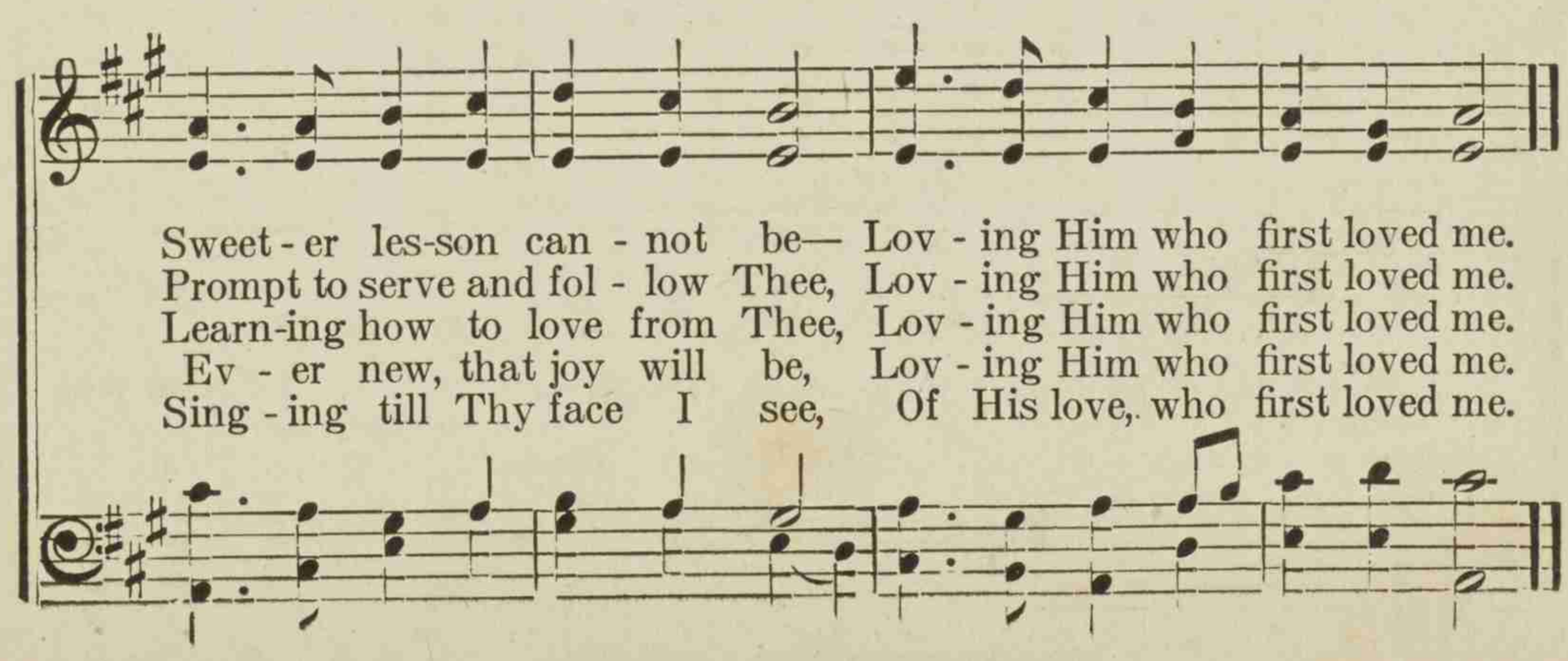




No. 95. Savior, Teach Me, Day by Day.

JANE E. LEESON. Arr. by T.





No. 96. When the Lilies I Consider.

R. Roberts. R. R. arr by J. H. Burke.
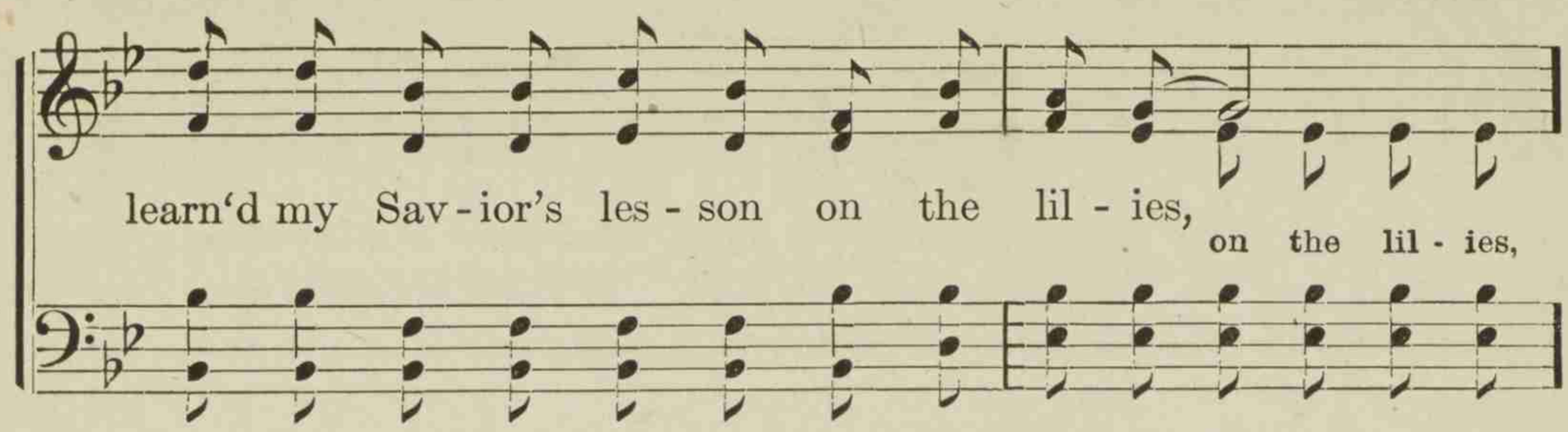
1. When the lil - ies I con - sid - er, (I con - sid - er,) How they grow so pure and fair, (so pure and fair,) Cloth'd in all their wondrous beau - ty, (wondrous beau - ty,) I can trust my Father's care. (my Father's care.)
2. I will cast my care on Je - sus, (care on Je - sus,) For He ev - er cares for me, (He cares for me,) And in ev - 'ry fier - y tri - al, (fier - y tri - al, He my strength and stay shall be. (my stay shall be.)
3. Ev - en as the lil - y grow-eth, (lil - y groweth,) In the great Cre - a - tor's care, (Cre - a - tor's care,) So I safe - ly rest in Je - sus, (rest in Je - sus,) Who will all my burdens bear. (my burdens bear.)
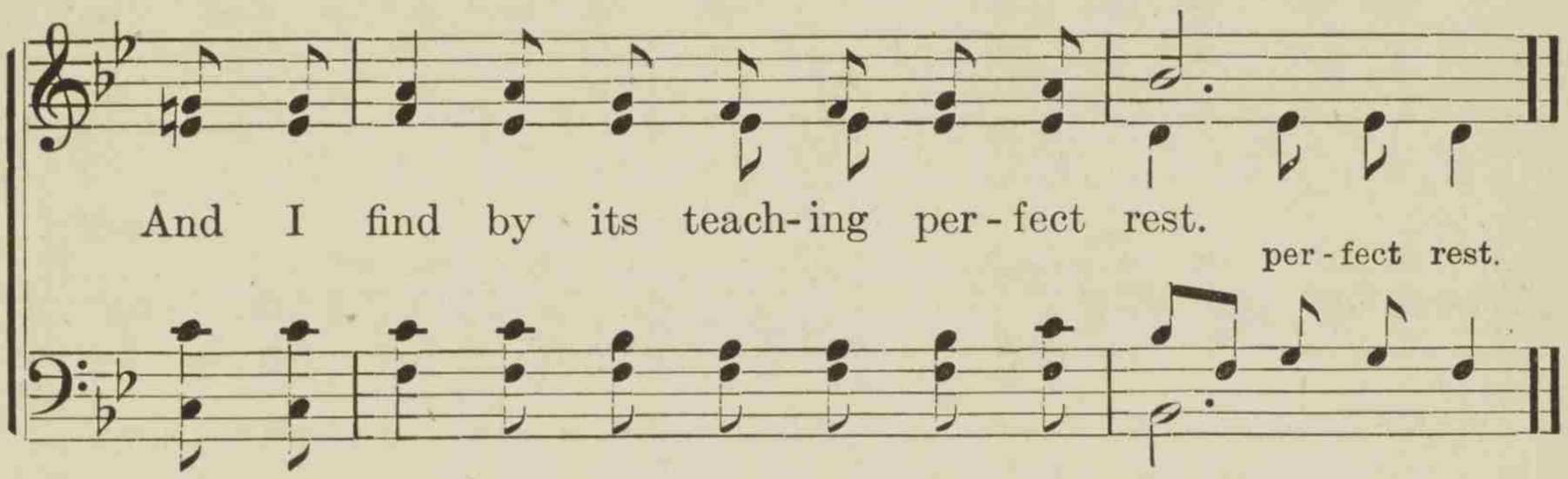
Chorus.

I was wea-ried, I was wor-ried with my trou - ble, with my trou - ble,
And my heart by its bur-den was op-pressed; Now I've was op-pressed;

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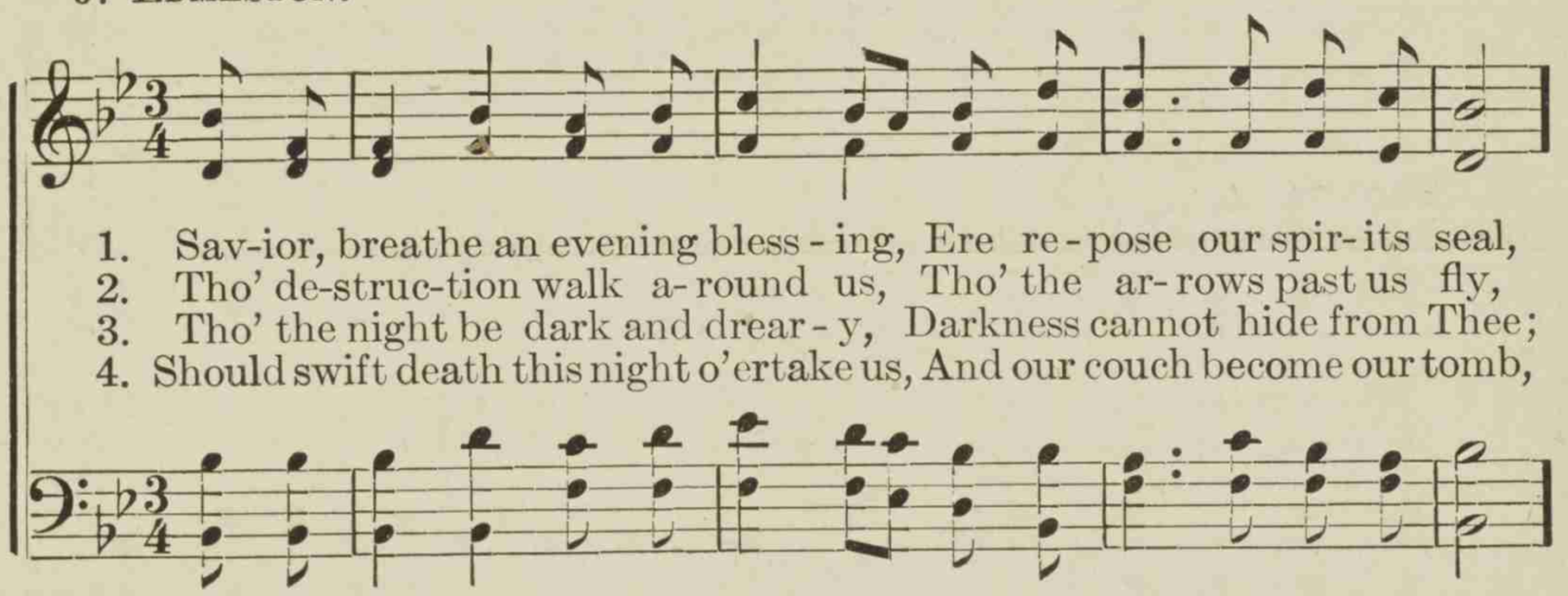
When the Lilies I Consider.—Concluded.

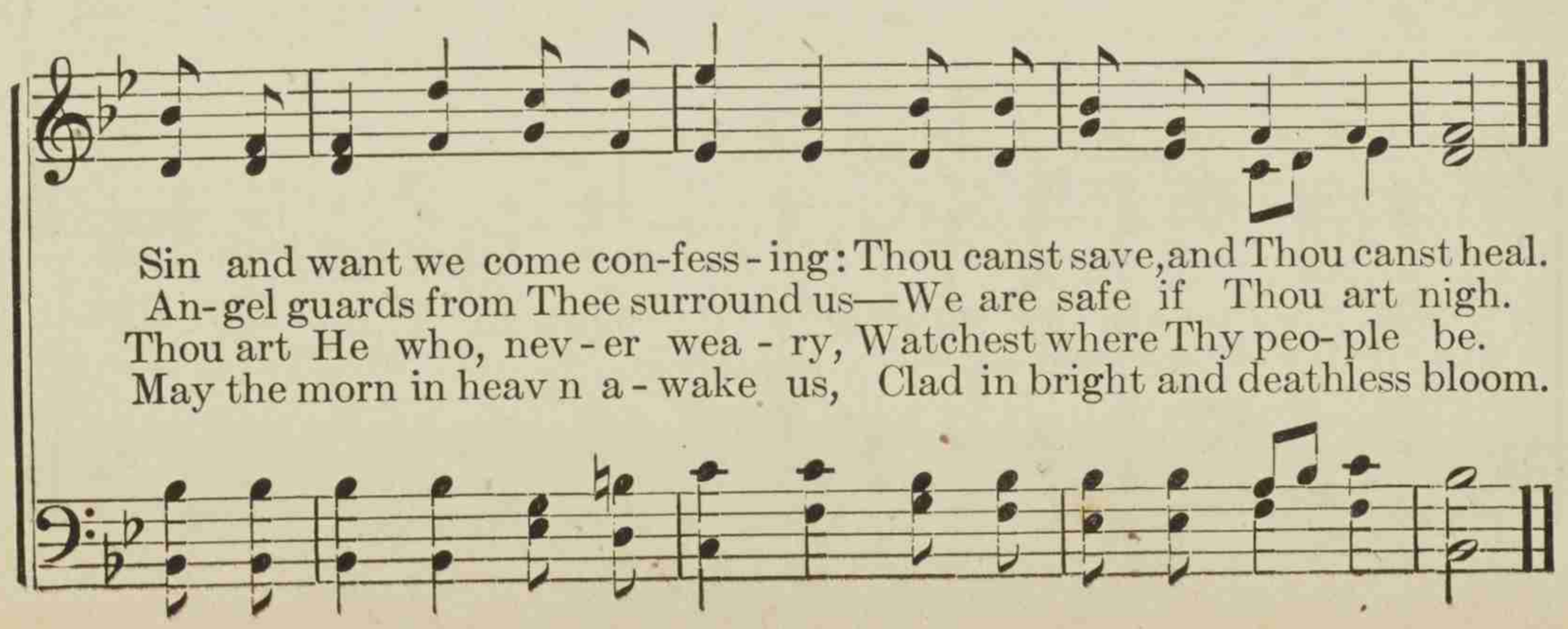




No. 97. Evening Blessing.

J. Edmeston. D. E. Jones.





No. 98. Jesus is My Savior.

MRS. O. A. MILLER. O. A. MILLER.

1. To all the world this song I'll sing, Je - sus is my Sav - ior.
2. Yes, Je - sus Christ, the Son of God, Is my bless-ed Sav - ior;
3. The chief of sin - ners once I was, Je - sus is my Sav - ior;
4. No work of mine sal - va - tion won, Je - sus is my Sav - ior;
5. He clothed me with His righteousness, Je - sus is my Sav - ior;

This mes-sage to lost souls I'll bring, Je - sus is my Sav - ior.
He shed for me His precious blood, Je - sus is my Sav - ior.
But He redeemed me on the cross, Je - sus is my Sav - ior.
But Christ a - lone the work hath done, Je - sus is my Sav - ior.
For - ev - er - more I'll sing of this, Je - sus is my Sav - ior.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is my Sav - ior, Je - sus is my Sav - ior, Thro'
Je - sus, Je - sus is my Sav-ior,

all e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing,..... Je - sus is my Sav - ior.
I'll sing,

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No. 99. Blessed be the Lord.

Psalm 28. D. B. Towner.

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

Chorus.

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

Blessed, blessed,

Bless - ed be the Lord,

Bless - ed be the Lord, Blessed, bless-ed, Bless-ed be the Lord,

Bless - ed be the Lord,

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

Be-cause He hath heard

Rallentando.

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

Be-cause He hath heard

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No. 100.

The Old Fireside.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There's a pic-ture fair and bright, hanging still on mem-'ry's wall;
2. While I look, the pictures change, and I see my moth-er's face;
3. Oh, the bless-ed days of old, when I felt my moth-er's hand,
4. When I long for voic-es hushed, and the touch of van-ished hands,

There I see my fa-ther take the Book di-vine; Dear home
In her hand, the Bi-ble, worn and stained with tears; But the
With its ten-der touch of love up-on my head, While the
In the dark-ness when death's an-gel spreads his wing, Let me

fac-es gath-er round, as the shad-ows soft-ly fall, And a
light is shin-ing still, and with-in the hal-lowed place There is
old, old sto-ry sweet, which a child can un-der-stand, From the
turn to moth-er's Book, with its com-forts and commands, For the

CHORUS.

light from out the pag-es seems to shine.
comfort for earth's grief and doubts and fears.
pag-es of the Book di-vine she read.
peace and hope its bless-ed pag-es bring.

Dear old Book,

Dear old Book,

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The Old Fireside.—Concluded.

Precious Book. On thy pag - es soiled and worn I love to

Pre-cious Book.

look. O thou balm for hearts that ache, For my

Pre - cious Book.

Rall.

saint-ed mother's sake, Thou art dear - er day by day, thou bless-ed Book.

No. 101. I Do Believe.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe?

Cho.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;

Repeat for Chorus.

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un-known, And love be-yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 102. Jesus Leads His Army.

ALFRED S. DYER. J. H. BURKE.

1. Hear; a voice is speak-ing, "Who will go to-day, Who my service
2. On God's might re-ly - ing Till the vict'ry's won, Satan's host de-
3. Hear the tramp of le - gions, Marching as they sing, "Glo-ry to our

1. "Who.....will go to - day,
2. Till.....the vict'ry's won,
3. March - - ing as they sing,

seek - ing, Will not say me nay; Who will hold my ban - ner
fy - ing, Gird our ar-mor on; For the cause that's ho - ly,
Lead - er, Glo-ry to our King." One in ho - ly pur - pose,

Will not say me nay;
Gird our ar-mor on;
Glo - ry to our King!"

Forward in the fight, 'Gainst my foes engaging, Stand for God and right."
For the right that's grand, For God's warfare solely, Join we heart and hand!
From the near and far, Hear the voic-es ring-ing, Marching to the war!

For - ward in the fight,
For the right that's grand,
From the near and far,
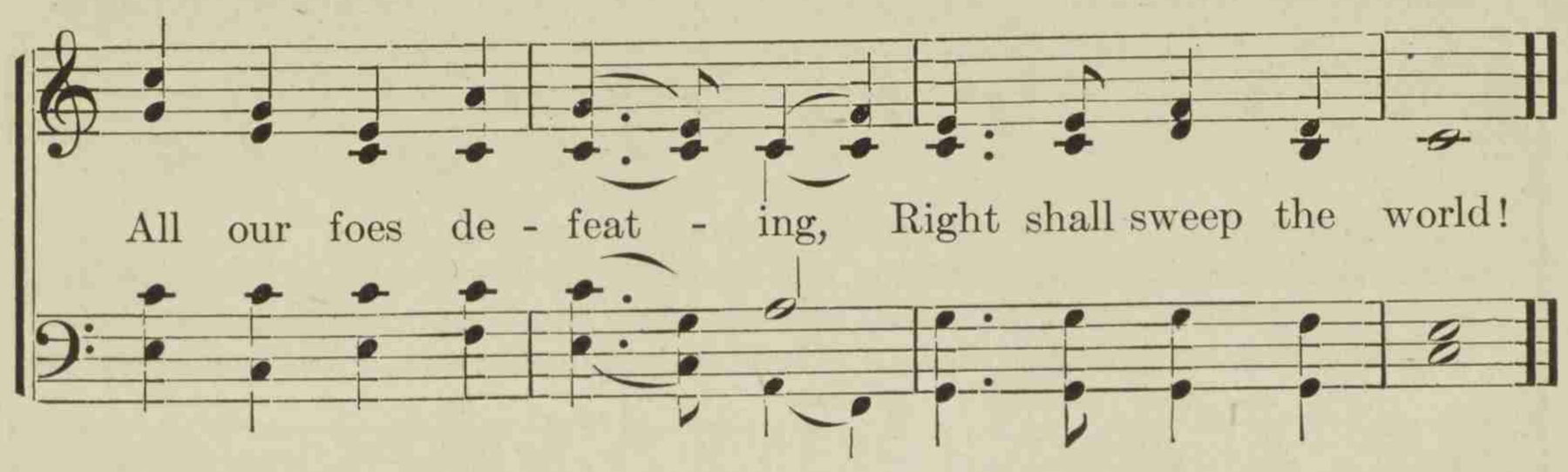
CHORUS.

Je - sus leads His ar - my 'Neath His flag un-furled,

'Neath His flag un - furled,

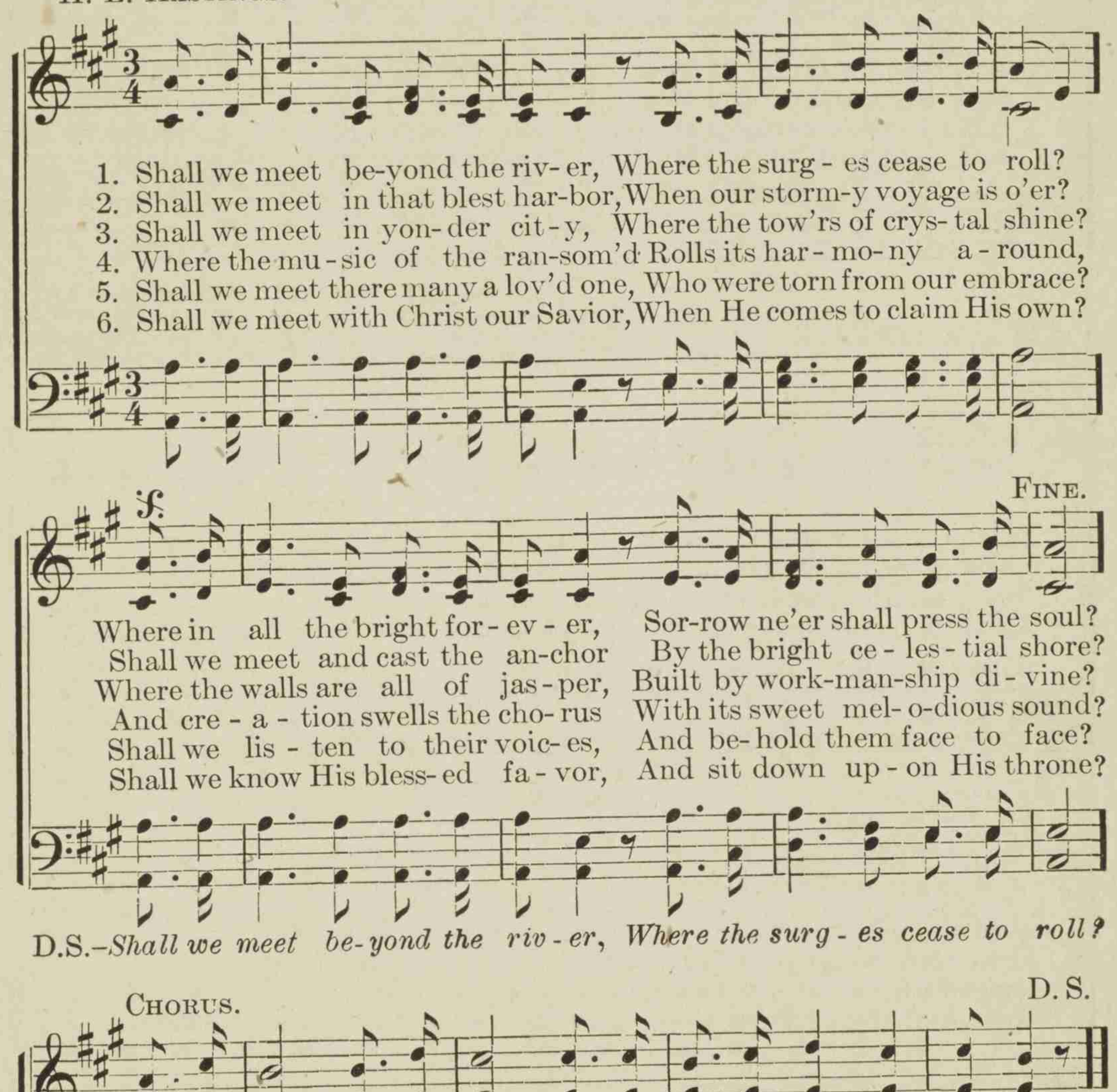
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Jesus Leads His Army.—Concluded.



No. 103. Shall We Meet.
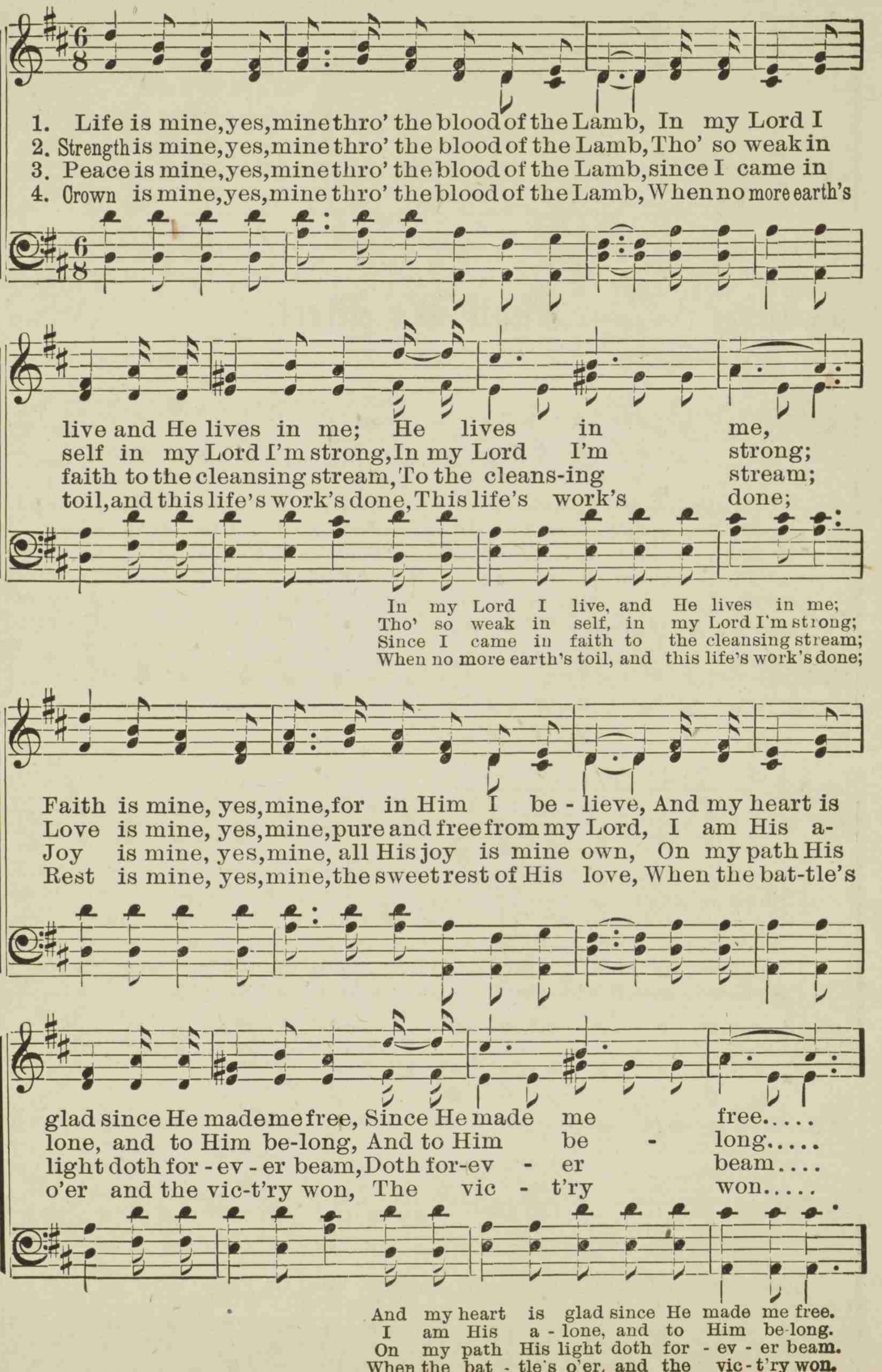
H. L. Hastings. Elisha S. Rice.



No. 104.

Life is Mine.

Rev. E. G. WESLEY. D. B. TOWNER.



Copyright, 1896, by D. B. Towner.

Life is Mine.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Life is mine, . . . faith is mine, . . . strength is mine, Love is

Life is mine,

faith is mine,

mine thro' the blood of the Lamb; Peace is mine, ... joy is

Peace is mine,

mine, . . . crown is mine, Rest is mine thro' the blood of the Lamb.

joy is mine,

No. 105. I'll Live for Him.

C. C. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I may live;
3. O Thou, who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be;*

O may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

No. 106. Jerusalem, My Happy Home.

FRANCES BAKER. B. T. WORDEN.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, When shall I come to thee?
2. Thy walls are made of precious stones, Most glorious to be - hold!
3. Thy gar - dens and thy pleasant streams My stud - y long have been;
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace, And cause me to as - cend,

When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold!
Such sparkling gems by hu - man eyes Have nev - er yet been seen.
Where con-gre-ga-tions ne'er break up, And prais - es nev - er end;

CHORUS.

I will meet you o - ver there in the New Je-ru - sa - lem! I will

meet you when the strife is o'er; I will meet you o - ver there

the strife is o'er;

in the New Je-ru - sa - lem! Oh, I'll meet you on that gold-en shore.

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No. 107.

"No More."

MAJ. D. W. WHITTLE. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. "No more the curse," O Christ, we praise Thee, Thy blood the triumph wins;
2. "No more of pain" and care-worn fac-es, No forms bowed with dis-ease;
3. "No more of night," the day is dawn-ing; The Lord is draw-ing near;
4. "No more the curse," no more the cry-ing, All thirst and hun-ger o'er;

The cross to which Thy love did raise Thee, Hath put a-way our sins.
O'er all the earth the Lord re-plac-es His par-a-dise of peace.
With Him shall come the longed-for morning When night shall dis-ap-pear.
No more the night, no more the dy-ing, No tears or sor-row more.

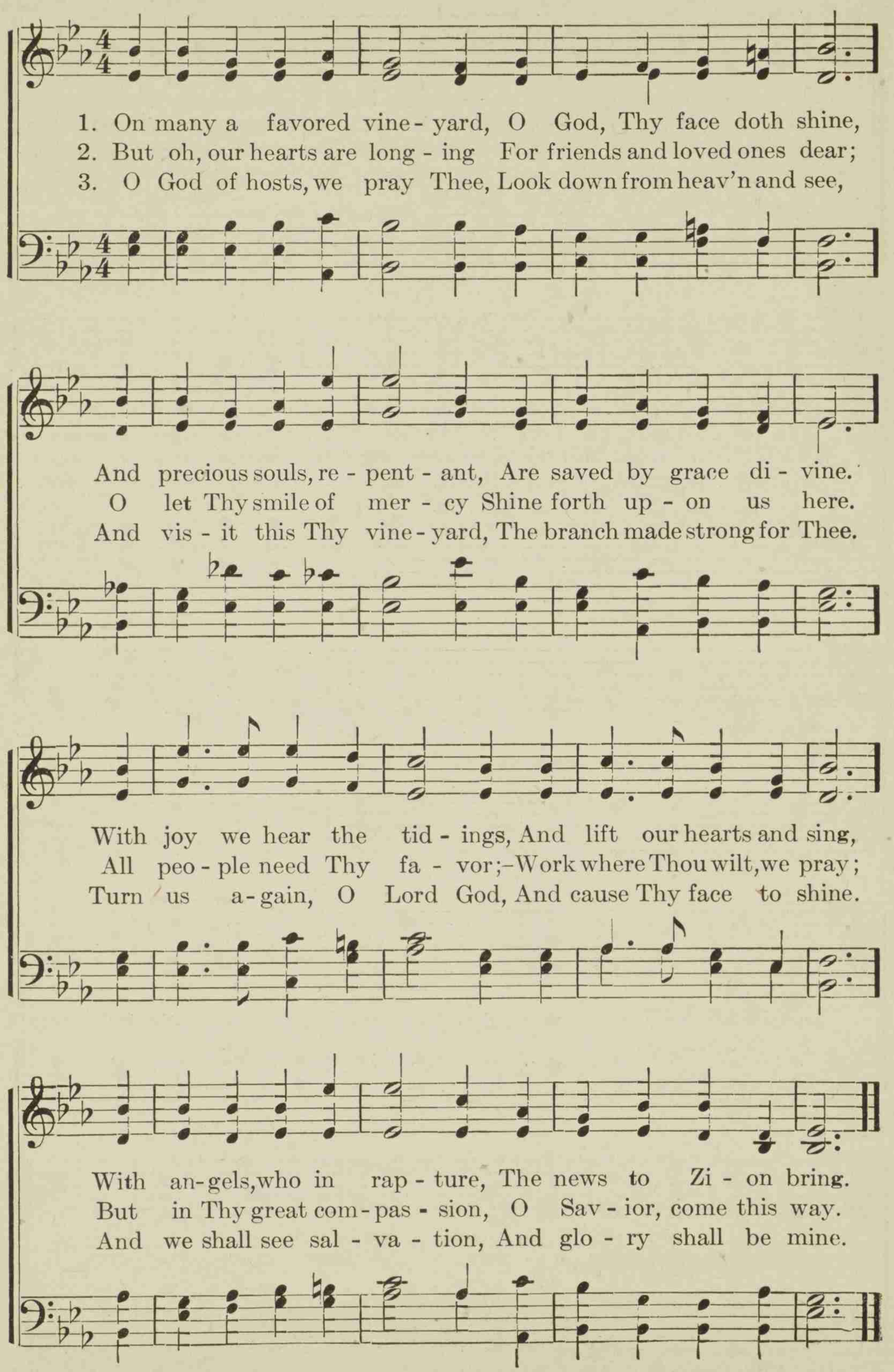
CHORUS.

"There shall be no more curse, Nei-ther sor-row nor cry-ing;
There shall be no more pain, Nei-ther dark-ness nor dy-ing;
And God shall wipe a-way All tears from their eyes."

Copyright, 1894, by May Whittle Moody.

No. 108. On Many a Favored Vineyard.

Rev. Henry Crocker. Edward M. Fuller.
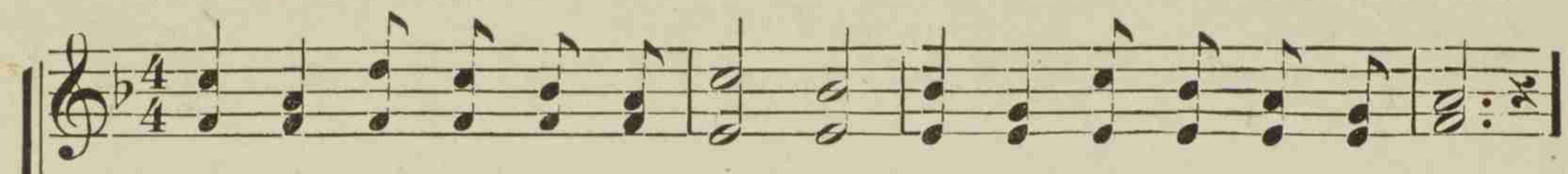


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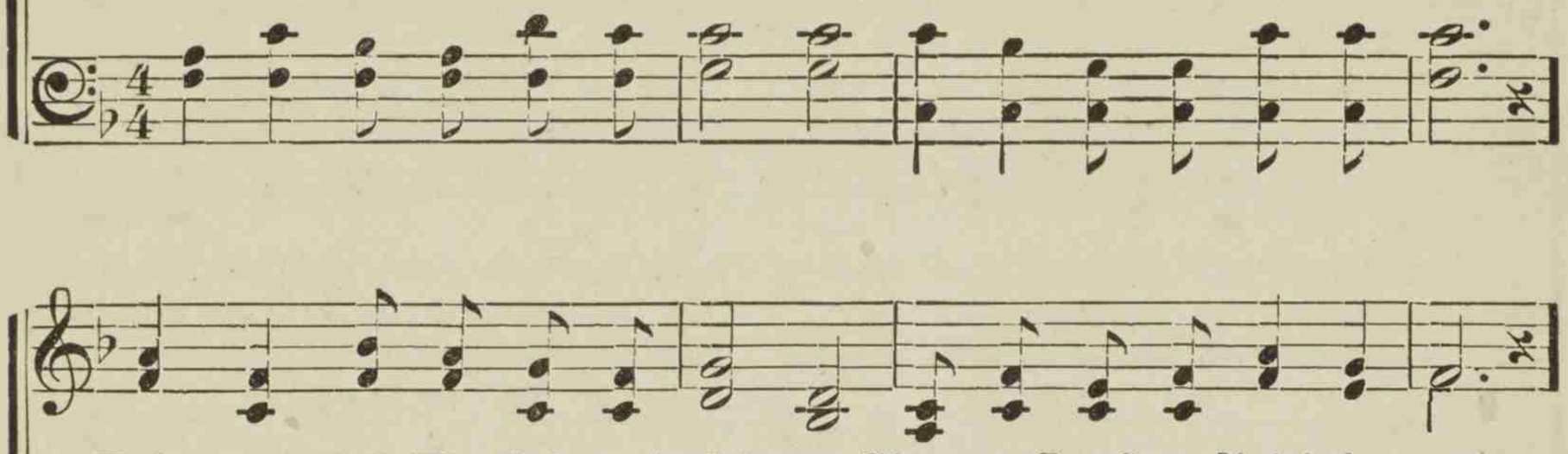
No. 109.

Draw Me Nearer.
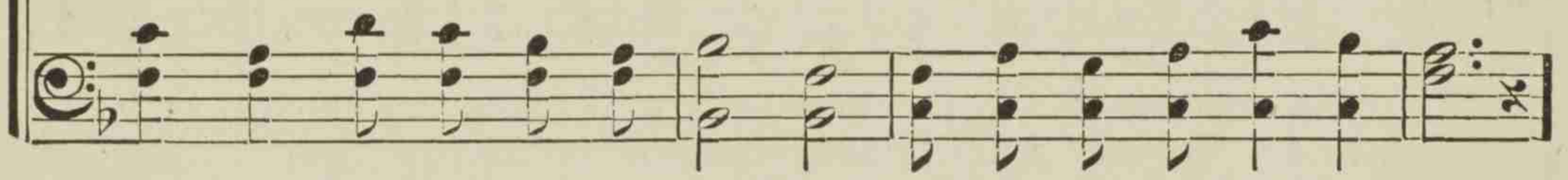
HELEN G. PIERCE. D. B. TOWNER.



1. Draw me near-er, Je-sus, nearer, When my heart grows faint with fear;
2. Ask! I hear Thee say, and ask-ing Heavens richest gifts are Thine.
3. So I come, dear Saviour, knocking, Knocking at sweet mercy's gate,
4. Thou in whom all full-ness dwelleth, Wilt Thou now impart to me,
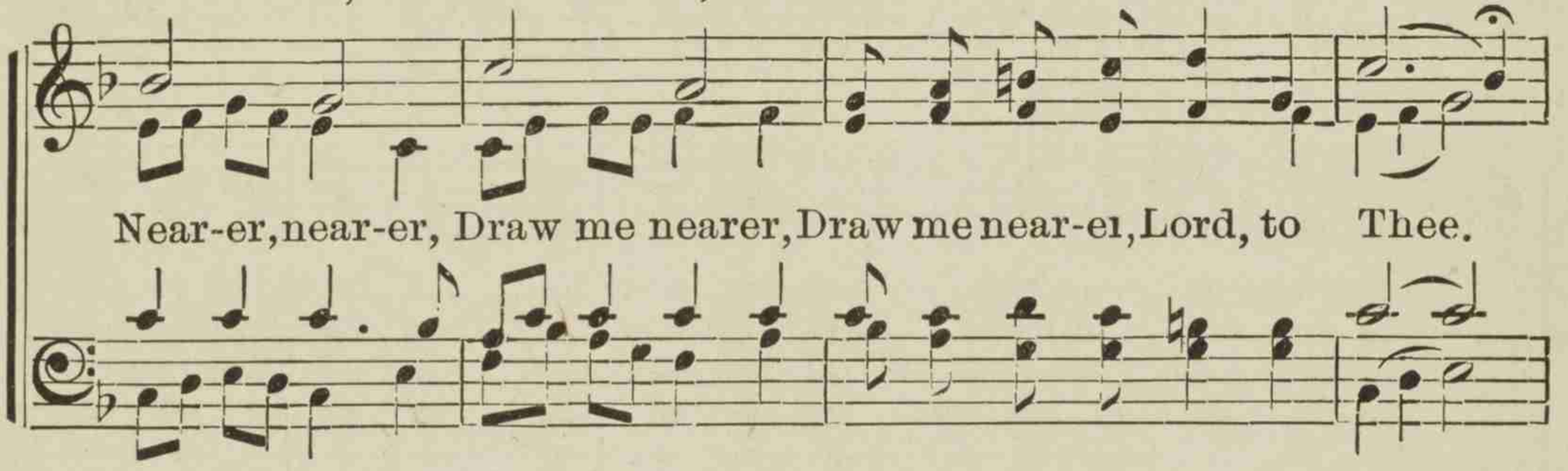


Help me catch Thy faintest whisper, Give me Lord a list-'ning ear.
Seek, Thou biddest me, and seek-ing, Thou shalt never fail to find.
Why should I for its un-lock-ing Still in doubt and darkness wait?
Something of Thy bless-ed na-ture, Draw me near-er, Lord, to Thee?
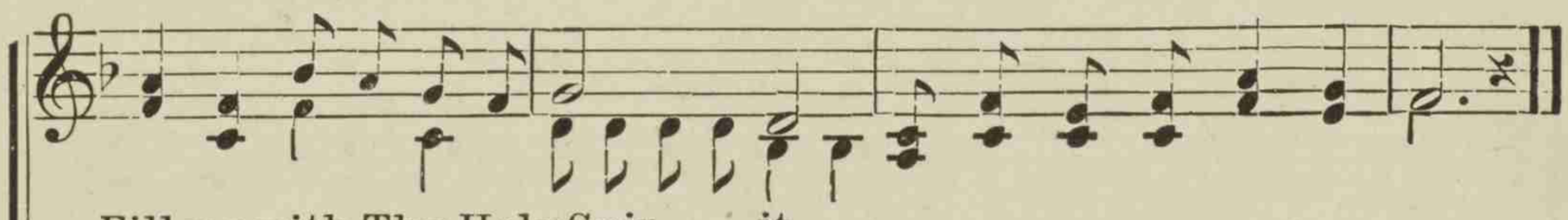


CHORUS.

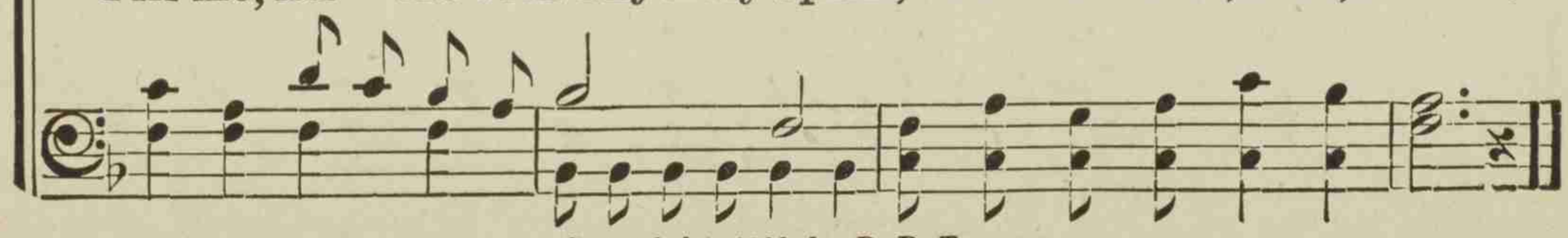
Near - er, Near - er,



Near-er, near-er, Draw me nearer, Draw me near-er, Lord, to Thee.



Fill me with Thy Holy Spir - it.
Fill me, fill me with Thy Holy Spirit, Draw me nearer, Lord, to Thee.



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No. 110. My Shepherd of Love.

REV. NEAL A. MCAULAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I was wand'ring a - way on the moun-tains of sin, Not a friend to as - sist me was near; There was dan-ger a-bout me, and sad-ness with-in, When the Shep-herd of love did ap - pear. He
2. And now I re - joice in my Shep-herd and Guide, For He leads me in past-ures so fair; By the riv - ers of grace, where in peace I a - bide, All His love and pro-tec-tion to share. Not a
3. Since Christ, the Good Shepherd His life for me gave, To re- deem me from sor-row and woe; For the an-guish He bore, me to ran-som and save, I will praise Him wher-ev-er I go. For His

led me so gen - tly o'er val - ley and hill, Till we came to His shel - ter - ing fold; Where se - cure I a - bide by the
foe can pre - vail while I lean on His arm, Tho' the shadows may dark - en my way; For His rod will de - fend me from
good-ness and mer - cy shall fol - low me here, To pre - pare me for Heav - en a - bove, Where in man - sions of glo - ry I

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My Shepherd of Love,—Concluded.

strength of His will, Sur-est ref-uge from dan-ger and cold.
e - vil and harm, While His staff is my com-fort and stay.
soon shall ap - pear, To a-bide with my Shep-herd of love.

CHORUS.

Oh, sweet is the blessed old Sto - ry, Glad message of grace from a-bove,

It tells of redemption and glo - ry, Thro' Je-sus, my Shepherd of love.

No. 111. The Lord Will Provide.

MRS. M. A. W. COOK. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In some way or oth-er The Lord will provide; It may not be my way,
2. At some time or oth-er The Lord will provide; It may not be my time,
3. Despond then no longer, The Lord will provide; And this be the to-ken—
4. March on, then, right boldly, The sea shall divide; The pathway made glorious

It may not be thy way, And yet in His own way, The Lord will provide.
It may not be thy time, And yet in His own time, The Lord will provide.
No word he hath spoken Was ev-er yet broken, The Lord will provide.
With shoutings victorious, We'll join in the chorus, The Lord will provide.

Copyright, 1878, by E. S. Lorenz.

No. 112.

A City Fair.

FLORA KIRKLAND. B. T. WORDEN.

1. A cit - y fair, lies just be-yond our vis - ion A cit - y
2. The tree of life is there with leaves of heal - ing, The crys-tal
3. Oh, joy of joys, to en - ter yon fair cit - y, To pass the

whose foun - da - tion stand-eth strong; 'Tis beau - ti - ful, be-yond our
riv - er flow - eth from the throne; The wondrous Heal - er reign-eth
pearl - y gate and jew - eled wall; To see the King, to give Him

com - pre - hen - sion, With fade-less light and rap-ture set to song.
there in glo - ry, The Christ of earth returned un - to His own.
joy - ous serv - ice, Where saints and an-gels low be - fore Him fall!

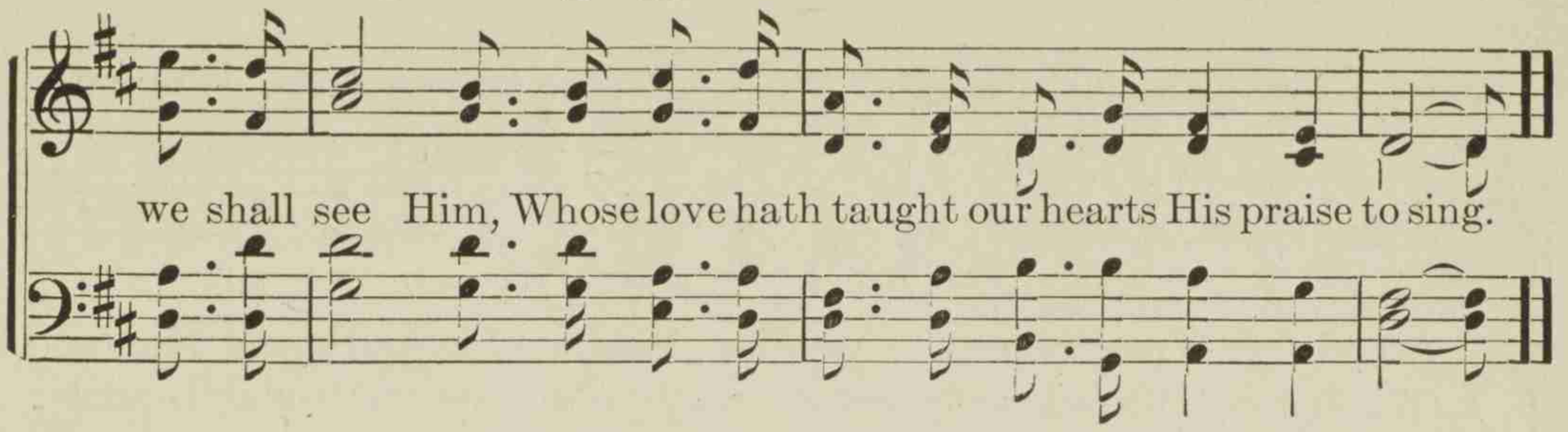
CHORUS.

We see by faith..... the mansioned cit - y, We hear by
We see by faith the man-sioned cit - y,

faith the voice of Christ our King; A veil with - drawn!..... and
A veil withdrawn!
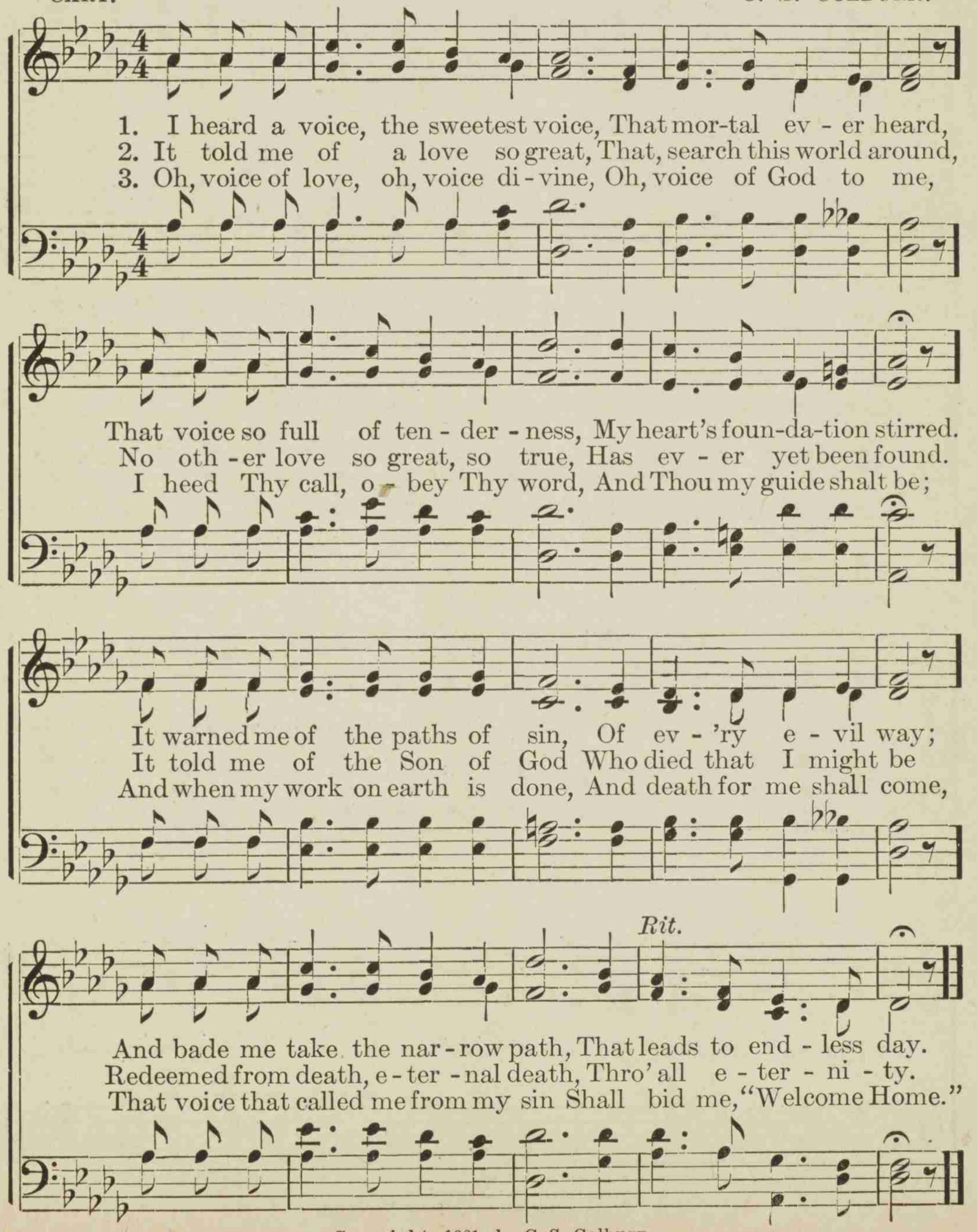
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A City Fair.—Concluded.



No. 113. I Heard A Voice.

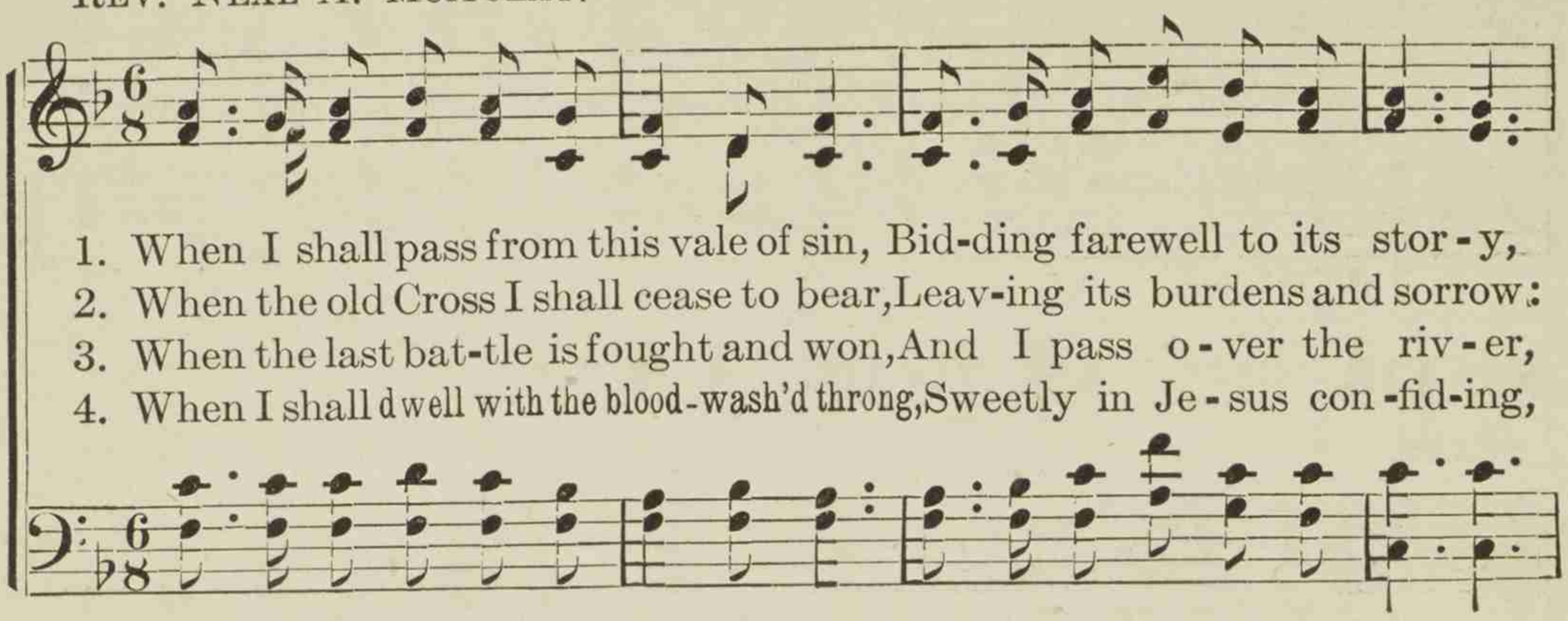
CARY. C. S. COLBURN.



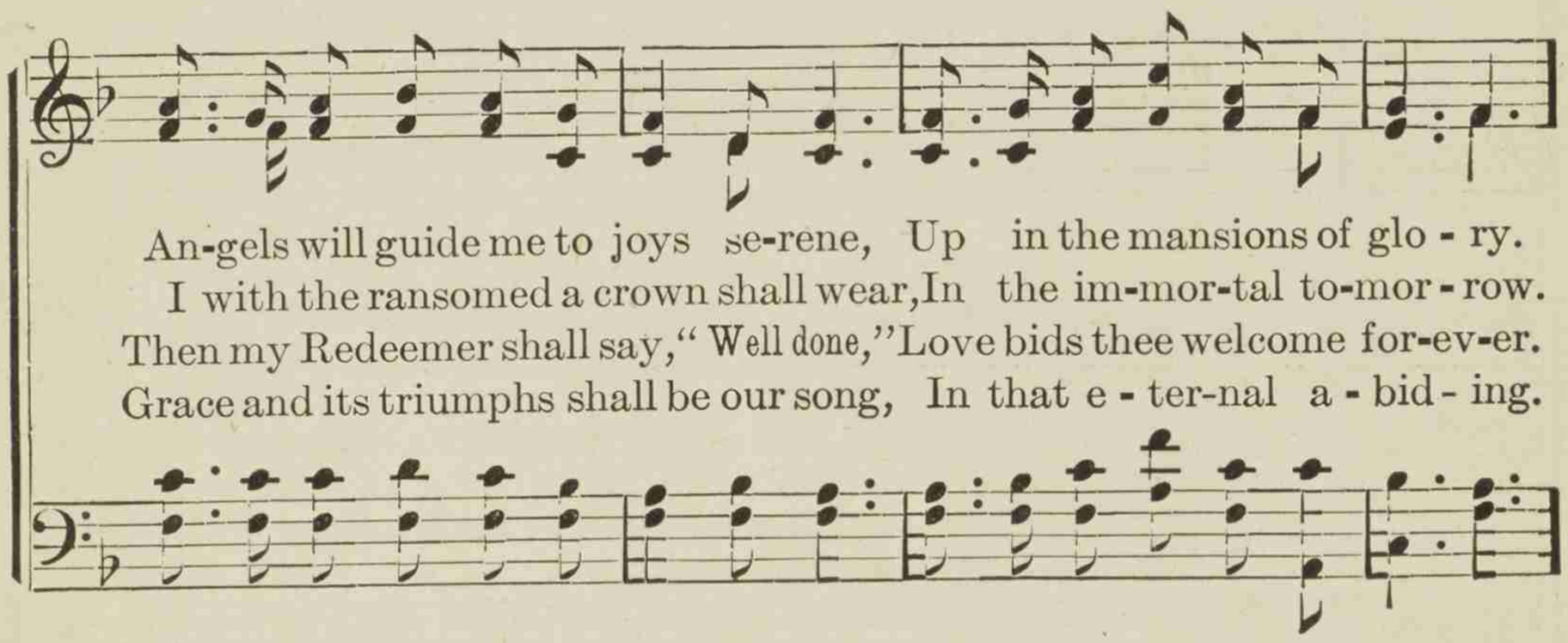
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No. 114. I Shall be Known up Yonder.

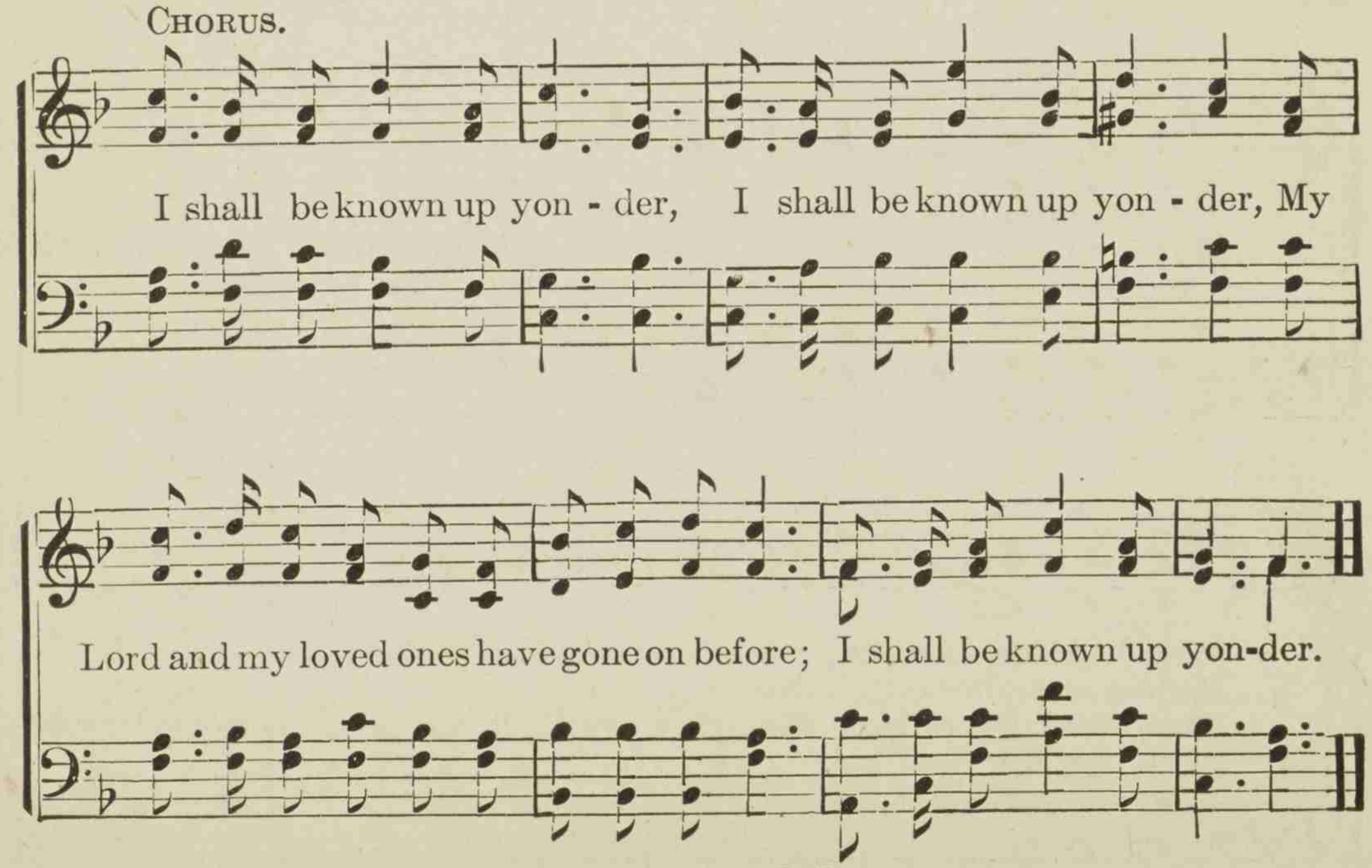
REV. NEAL A. MCAULAY. D. B. TOWNER.



1. When I shall pass from this vale of sin, Bid-ding farewell to its stor-y,
2. When the old Cross I shall cease to bear, Leav-ing its burdens and sorrow:
3. When the last bat-tle is fought and won, And I pass o-ver the riv-er,
4. When I shall dwell with the blood-wash'd throng, Sweetly in Je-sus con-fid-ing,



An-gels will guide me to joys se-rene, Up in the mansions of glo-ry.
I with the ransomed a crown shall wear, In the im-mor-tal to-mor-row.
Then my Redeemer shall say, "Well done," Love bids thee welcome for-ev-er.
Grace and its triumphs shall be our song, In that e-ter-nal a-bid-ing.



CHORUS.

I shall be known up yon-der, I shall be known up yon-der, My Lord and my loved ones have gone on before; I shall be known up yon-der.

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No. 115. Holy Spirit From Above.

H. R. P. Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it from a-bove, Fill our hearts with Thy pure love;
2. Take our sin - ful tho'ts a - way; Lead, O lead us lest we stray;
3. With the al - tar's sa - cred fire, Touch our lips, our hearts in-spire;
4. Bless-ed Source of heav'n-ly light, Now dis-perse the gloom of night,

O in - spire us with Thy zeal; May each soul Thy pres-ence feel.
Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, May each soul in Thee a - bide.
O il - lume us by Thy grace; In each soul Thy im - age trace.
In our hearts for - ev - er shine; Fill each soul with joy di - vine.

f CHORUS. *Don't hurry.*

Ho - ly Spir - it, from Thy throne a - bove, Fill us with

the Sav - ior's dy - ing love; Now de - scend up - on us,

Heav'n-ly Dove; Come, Thou bless - ed Com-fort - er. * A - men.

* After last verse.

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No. 116. Comfort in the Savior's Love.

E. E. HEWITT. B. T. WORDEN.

1. For all the ma-ny tri-als that come up-on us here, There's sol-ace when we look a-bove; The light that shines from Je-sus, the dark-est sky will clear, There is com-fort in the Sav-ior's love.
2. There's blessed con-so-la-tion in ev-'ry word di-vine When whis pered by the Heav'n-ly Dove; Thro' rifted clouds of sor-row, the beams of joy will shine, There is com-fort in the Sav-ior's love.
3. He'll send us grace suf-fi-cient; His strength will make us strong; He'll gent-ly guide our feet a-bove; In troub-le and temp ta-tion He'll fill our hearts with song, There is com-fort in the Sav-ior's love.
4. When at the Mas-ter's summons, our dear ones pass a-way To bless-ed mansions built a-bove; The Lord will still be with us, and grate-ful-ly we'll say, There is com-fort in the Sav-ior's love.
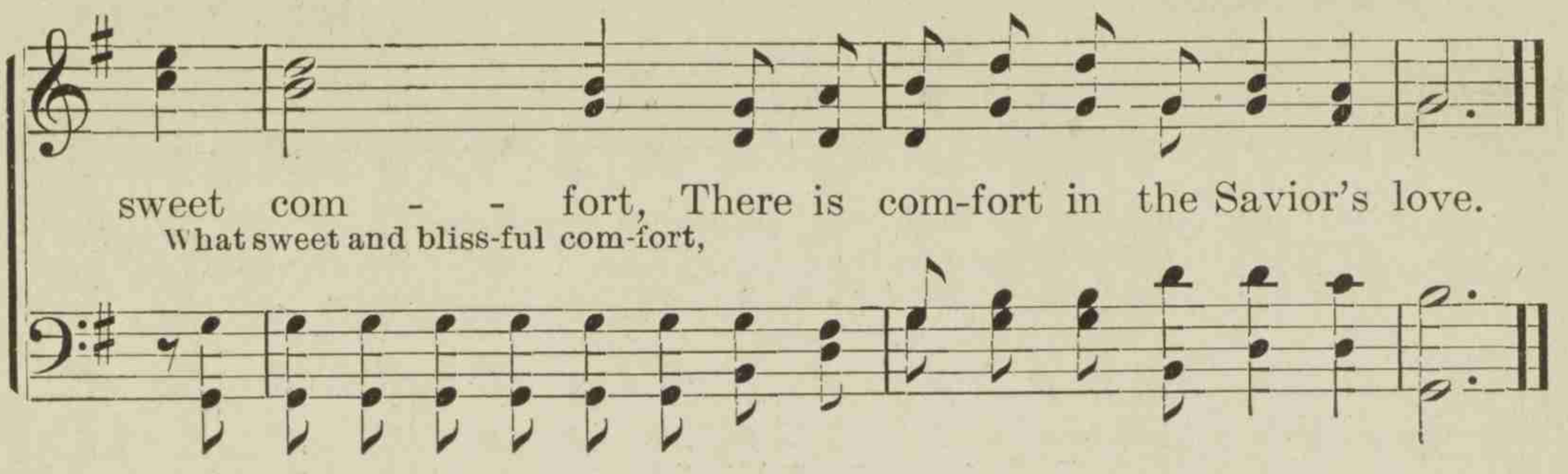
CHORUS.

O what com - - - fort, sweet com - - - fort, When trust-ful-ly we look a-bove; O what com - - fort, look a-bove, O what sweet and blissful comfort,

O what sweet and bliss-ful com-fort, what sweet and bliss-ful com-fort,
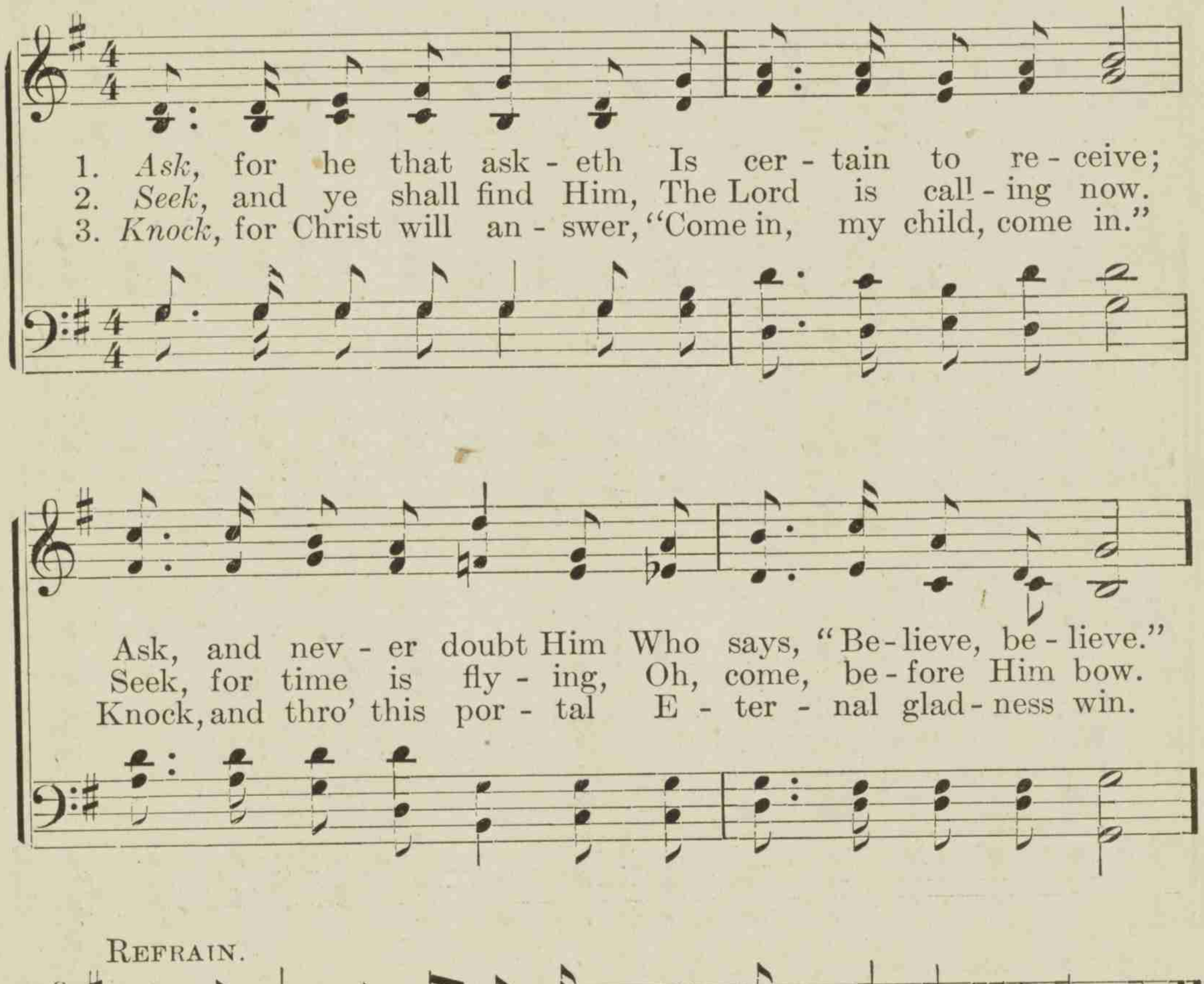
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Comfort in the Savior's Love.—Concluded.

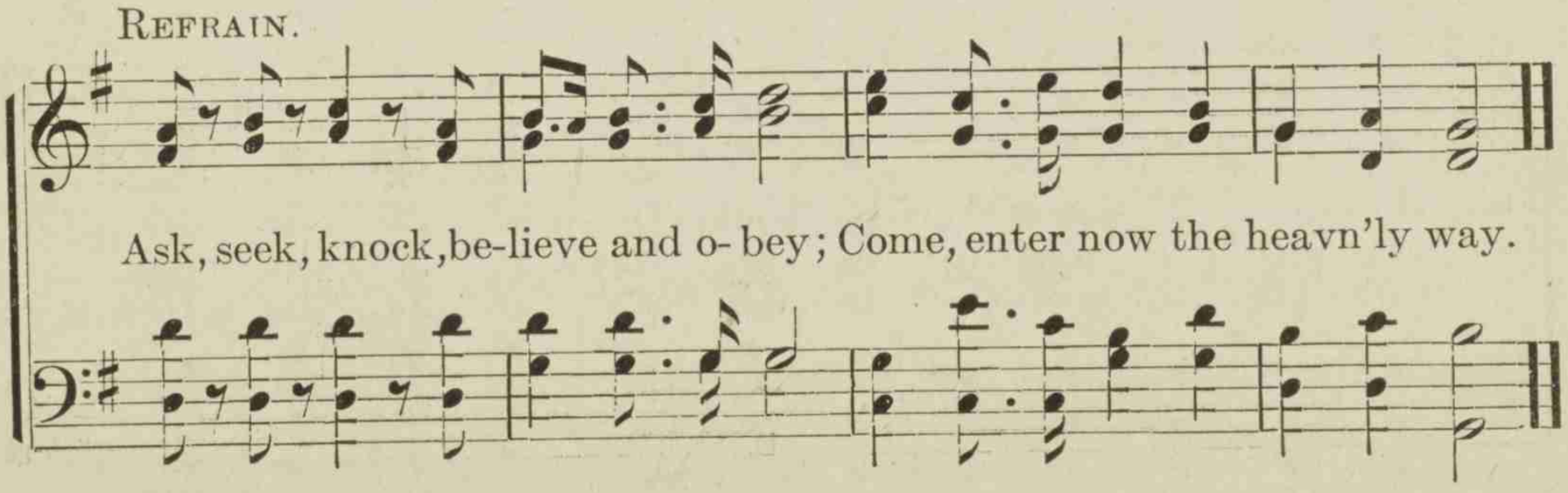


No. 117. Ask, Seek, Knock.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. R. T. OWEN.



REFRAIN.



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No. 118. Down at Jesus' Feet.

Words arranged. D. B. Towner.

1. Tired of my - self, and my sins, and my way, Down at Je - sus'
2. Af - ter the long wea - ry years now I rest, Down at Je - sus'
3. You who are wea - ry, and sin - ful, and sad, Fall at Je - sus'

feet, There with my bur - den I laid me one day,
feet, Just where He par-doned me, just where He blest,
feet, Come to the Hope of the hope - less - ly bad.

Down at Je - sus' feet; Gave Him my sins to be washed in His blood,
Down at Je - sus' feet; There ev - 'ry morn-ing I cast me a - new,
Fall at Je - sus' feet; Sins melt a-way while you kneel there and pray,

Gave Him my - self to be taught to be good, Asked Him to
Wait - ing His or - ders for what I should do, Read - y to
Doubt-ings will cease as you hear Je - sus say, "Soul, I am

do it, I knew that He would, Down at Je - sus' feet.
serve eith - er ma - ny or few, Down at Je - sus' feet.
wait - ing to bless thee to - day," Fall at Je - sus' feet.

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No. 119. There is Power in the Blood.

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 passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whit-er 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?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va-ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais-es to sing?

CHORUS

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

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

pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

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No. 120. Through Me.

KATE OSBORNE BARKER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I am on-ly a toil-er of hum-ble es-tate, And of-ten at fault may be; But Thou, in Thy mer-cy so lov-ing and great, Can'st
2. I am on-ly a keep-er of some-bod-y's door, And ev- er on watch must be; To men, who in pass-ing shall en-ter no more, O
3. I am on-ly a wan-der-er o- ver life's way, Where ma-ny a wreck I see; Grant, Lord, that my hand may help some one some day, O
4. I am on-ly a suf-fer-er, learn-ing to wait Till I shall from earth be free— O grant me an en-trance at Heaven's fair gate, Lord,
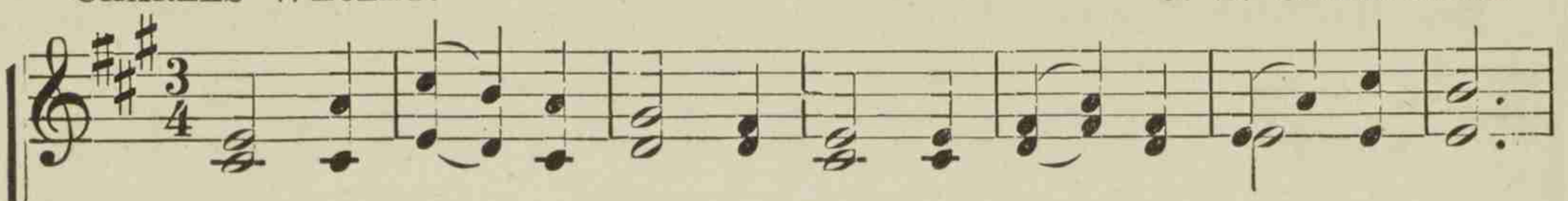
CHORUS.

let Thy light shine thro' me. Let Thy light shine thro' me,
thro' me,
Let Thy light shine thro' me;..... O strengthen my faith, new
thro' me;
cour-age in-spire, And let Thy light shine thro' me.....
thro' me
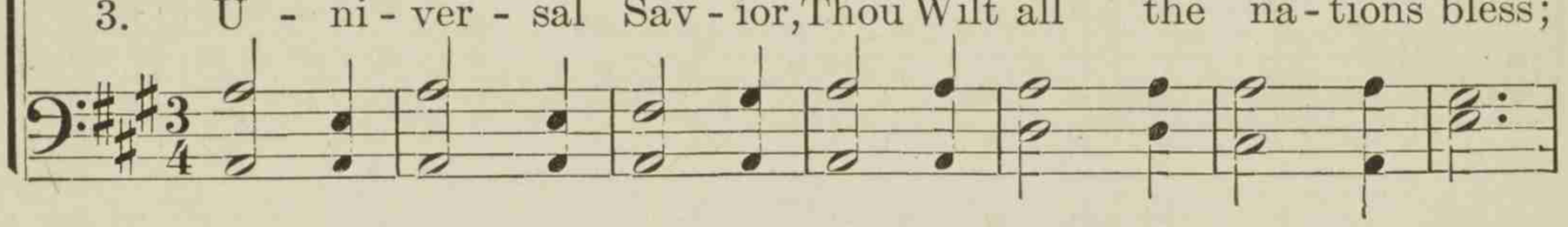
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No. 121. A Missionary Hymn.
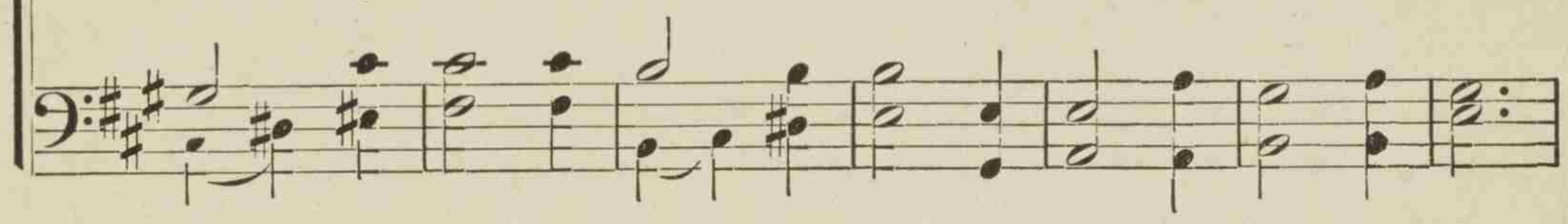
CHARLES WESLEY. C. S. CHAMPNESS.
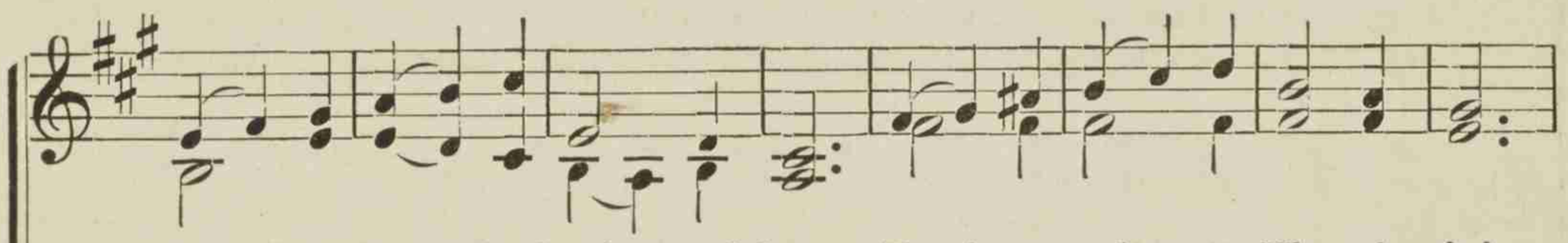


1. Sav - ior, whom our hearts a - dore, To bless our earth a - gain,
2. Where they all Thy laws have spurned, Where they Thy name pro-fane,
3. U - ni - ver - sal Sav - ior, Thou Wilt all the na - tions bless;
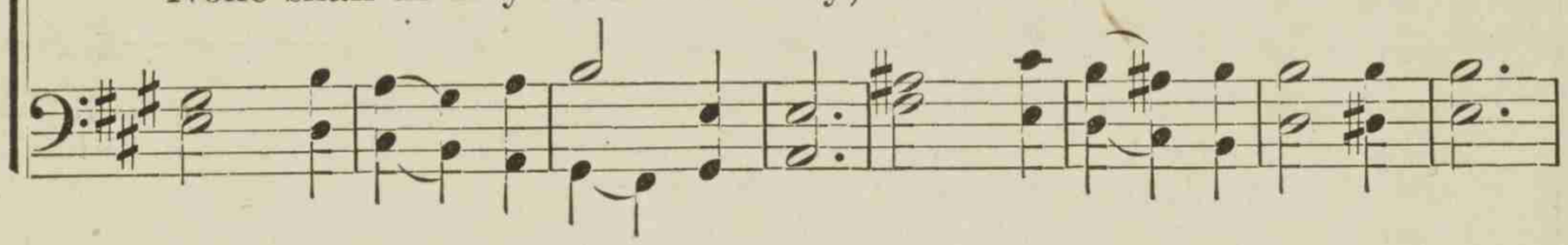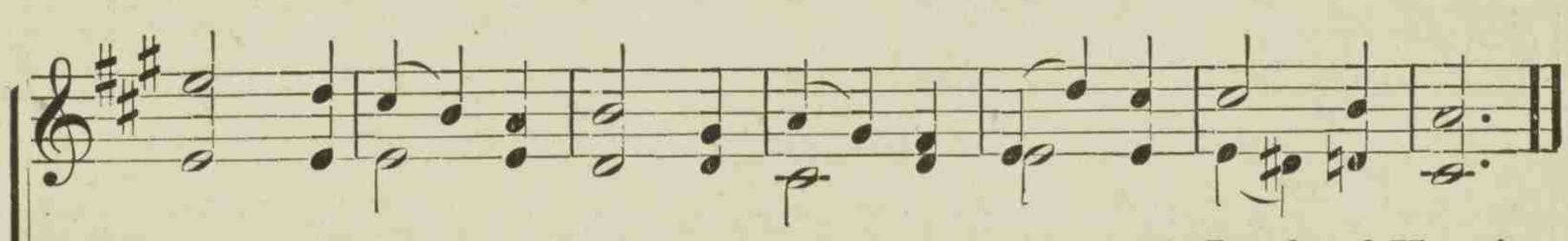


Now as-sume Thy roy - al pow'r, And o'er the na-tions reign.
Where the ru-ined world hath mourned, With blood of mil-lions slain;
Ev - 'ry knee to Thee shall bow, And ev - 'ry tongue con-fess;
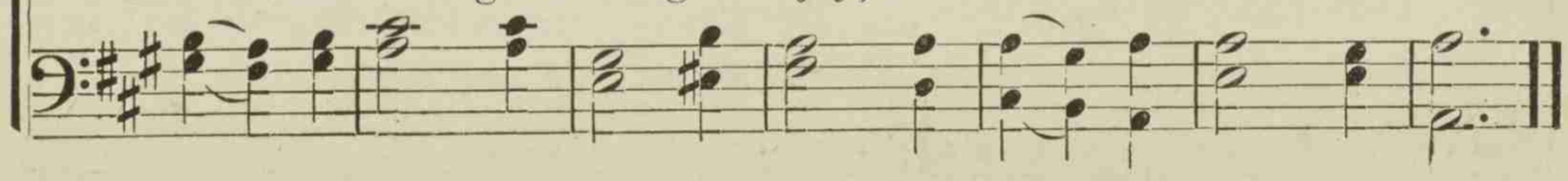




Christ, the world's de-sire and hope, Pow'r complete to Thee is giv'n;
O - pen there the'e-the-real scene, Claim the heathen tribes for Thine,
None shall in Thy mount de-stroy, War shall then be learnt no more;





Set the last great em - pire up, E - ter - nal Lord of Heav'n.
There the end - less reign be - gin In ma - jes - ty di - vine.
Saints shall their great King en - joy, And all man-kind a - dore.



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No. 122.

On the Rock.

Mrs. Harriet E. Jones. D. B. Towner.

1. He brought me up from the mir - y clay, Glo-ry to His name!
2. I rest in peace when the waves rise high, Glo-ry to His name!
3. He brought me up from the mir - y clay, Glo-ry to His name!

I find sweet rest on the Rock to - day, Glo-ry to His name!
I have no fear when the storms sweep by, Glo-ry to His name!
And that is why I re - joice to - day, Glo-ry to His name!

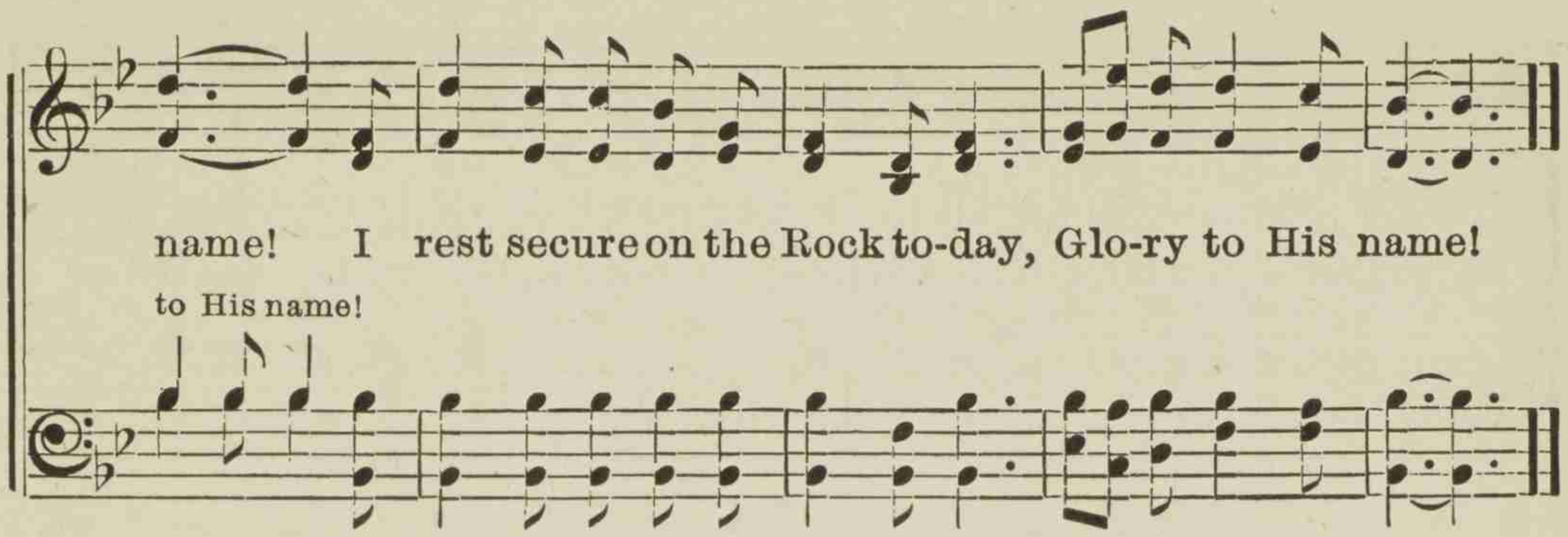
My heart is full of the glad new song, I join in praise with the ran-somed throng, My faith is bright and my hope is strong,
I'm safe, I'm safe, in the cleft I hide, In storm and calm, in my Lord a - bide, O sweet the rest of His shel - t'ring side,
My rock is Christ and my safe - ty sure, My rock is Christ and I shall en - dure, Till safe at home with the host made pure,

Chorus.

Glo-ry to His name! Glo-ry to His name! Glo - ry to His
Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name! Glo - ry, glo - ry

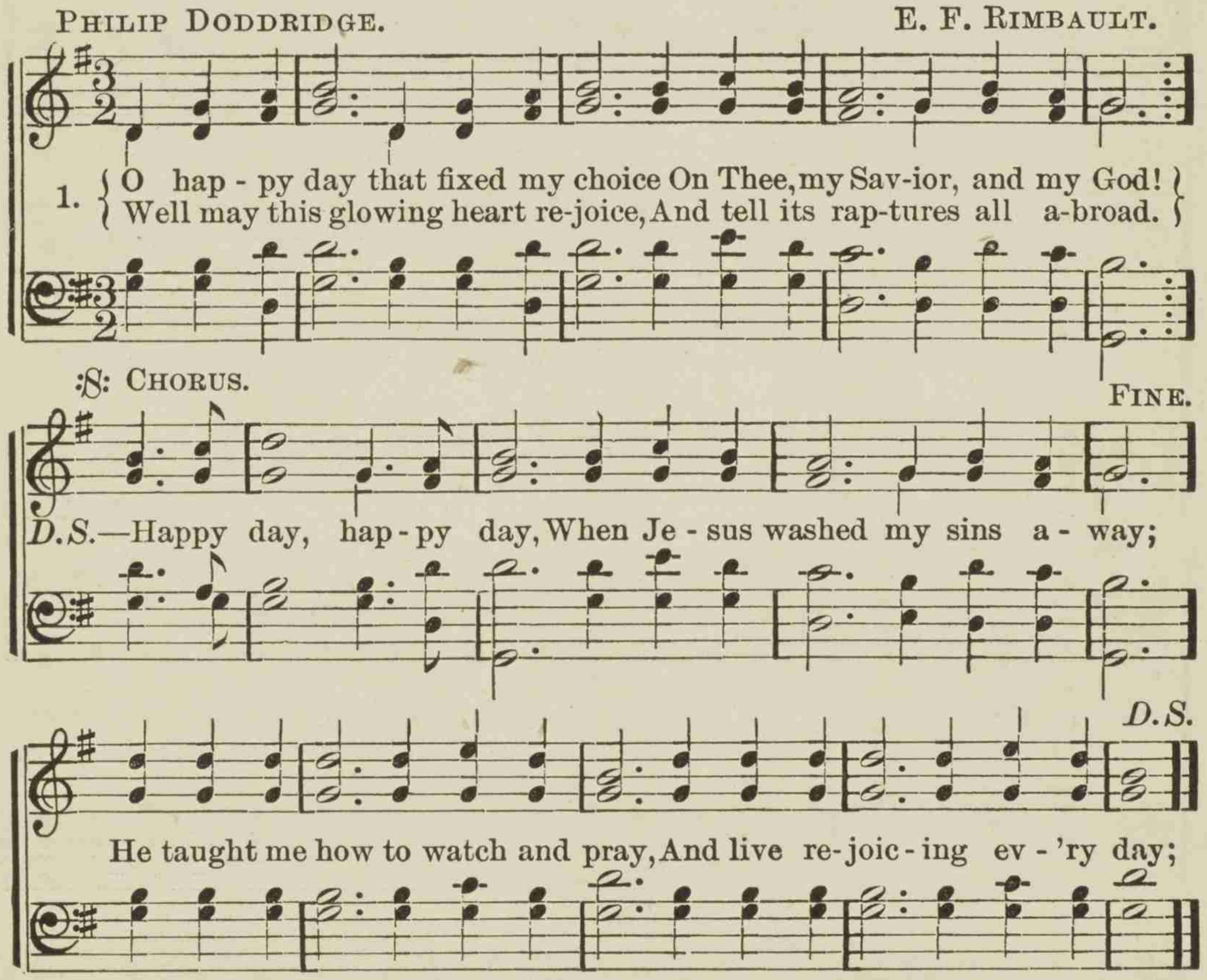
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On the Rock.—Concluded.



No. 123. O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.



2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

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

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 124. Steadily Marching On.

FANNY J. CROSBY. H. R. PALMER.

1. Praise ye the Lord, joy-ful-ly sound ho-san-na, Praise the Lord with glad ac-
2. Praise we the Lord, He is the King e - ter-nal, Glo - ry be to God on

claim. Lift up your hearts un-to His throne with gladness, Mag-ni-fy His
high. Praise we the Lord, tell of His lov-ing kindness, Join the cho-rus

ho - ly name. Marching a-long un-der His banner bright, Trusting
of the sky. Still marching on, cheer-i - ly marching on, In the

in His mer-cy as we go, (trusting we go,) His light divine ten-der-ly
ranks of Je - sus will we go, (ev - er we'll go,) Home to our rest, joy-ful-ly

o'er us will shine, We shall be guided by His hand now and for-ev - er.
home where the blest, Gather and praise the Savior's name, praise Him forever.

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Steadily Marching On.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Steadily marching on, with our banners waving o'er us; Steadily marching

on, while we sing the joy-ful chor-us, Stead-i-ly marching on, pil-lar and

cloud go-ing be-fore us, To the realms of glo-ry, to our home on high.

No. 125. Jesus Spreads His Banner O'er Us.

R. PARK. I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Je-sus spreads His ban-ner o'er us, Cheers our famished souls with food;
2. Pre-cious ban-quet, bread of Heav-en; Wine of gladness, flow-ing free;
3. In Thy tri - al and re - jec - tion; In Thy suff'rings on the tree;

He the ban-quet spreads be-fore us, Of His mys-tic flesh and blood.
May we taste it, kind - ly giv - en In remembrance, Lord, of Thee!
In Thy glo - rious res- ur -rec-tion; May we, Lord, re-mem-ber Thee!

No. 126. My Soul is Filled with Singing.

W. C. MARTIN. EDWARD M. FULLER.

1. Be-fore I found my Sav - ior, I had a load of care; No com - fort in my sor - row, No help my yoke to bear: But now that I know Je - sus, And all my cares are gone, My soul is filled with sing - ing, And my lips are filled with song.

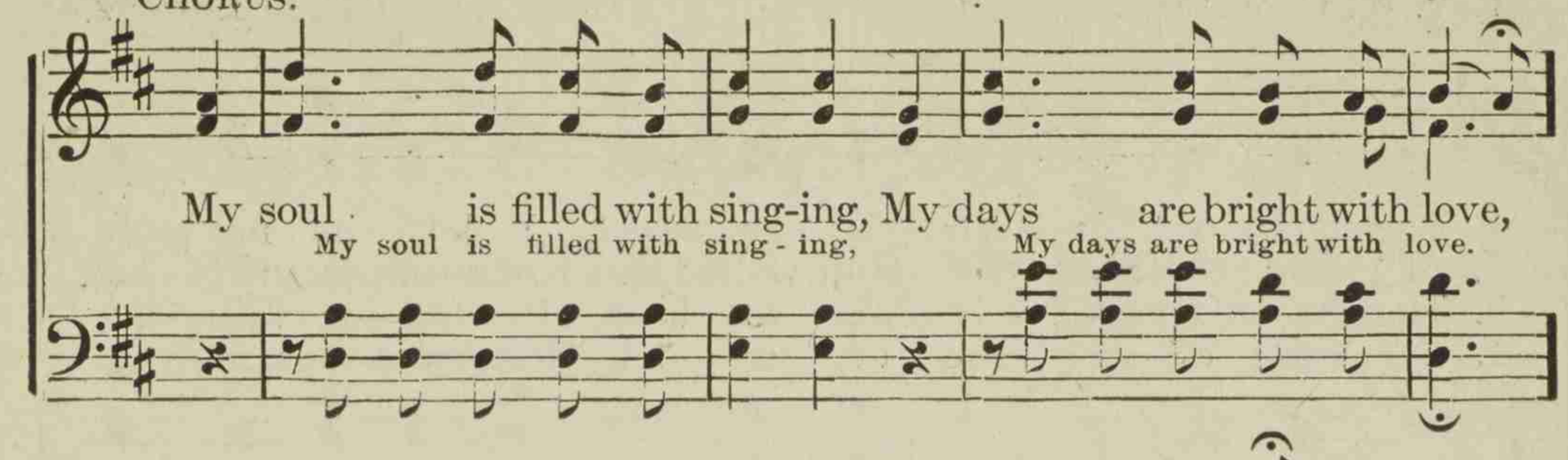
2. Since I have found the Sav - ior, My heart is free and light; My days no more are drear - y, No sad - ness comes with night: But joy is mine un - ceas - ing, And sun - shine floods my way; I'm on the road to heav - en, And to ev - er - last - ing day.

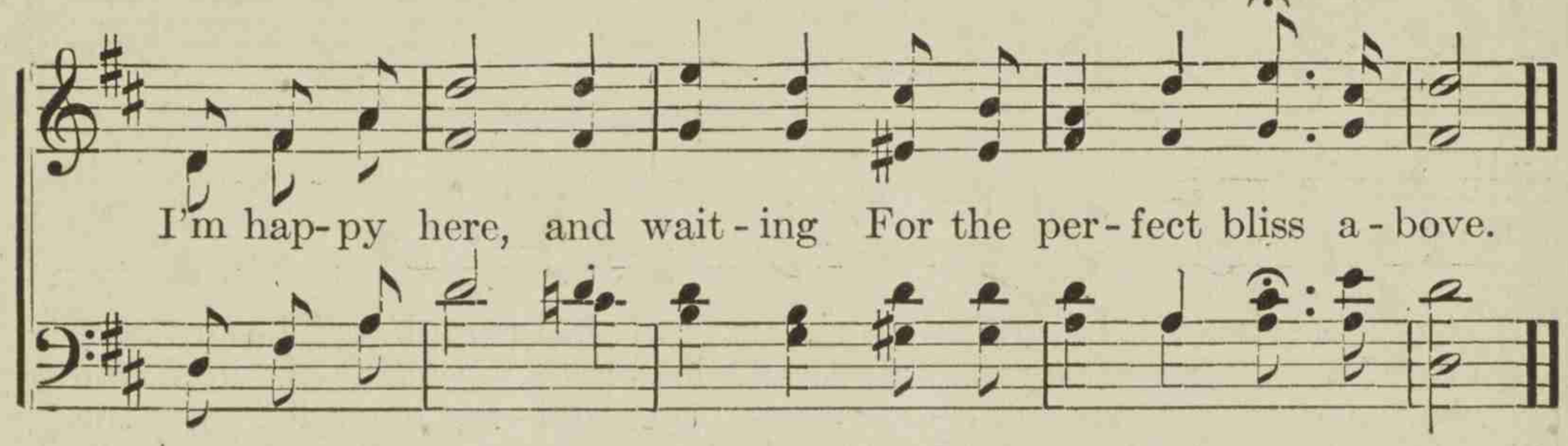
3. I'm ev - er look - ing homeward Where per - fect bliss a-waits; Where crowns a - wait our com - ing, Be - yond the pearl - y gates. My heart is filled with long - ing To pass those por - tals fair, And greet the friends and an - gels Who a - wait my com - ing there.

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My Soul is Filled with Singing.—Concluded.
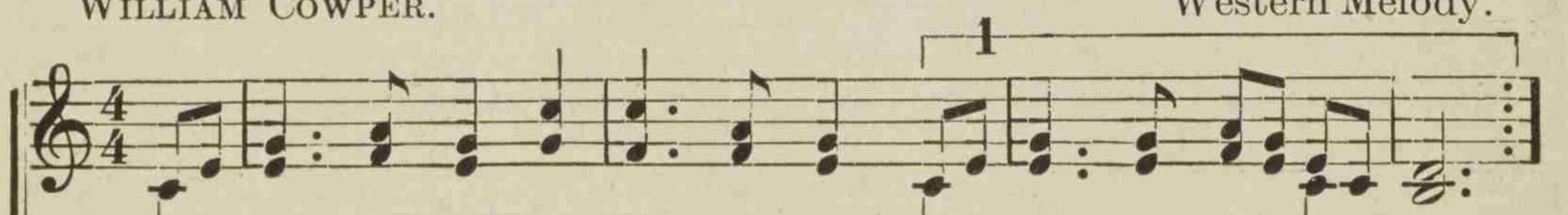
CHORUS.
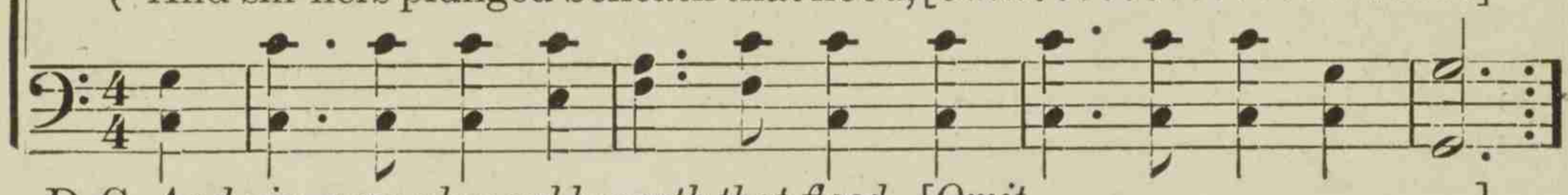


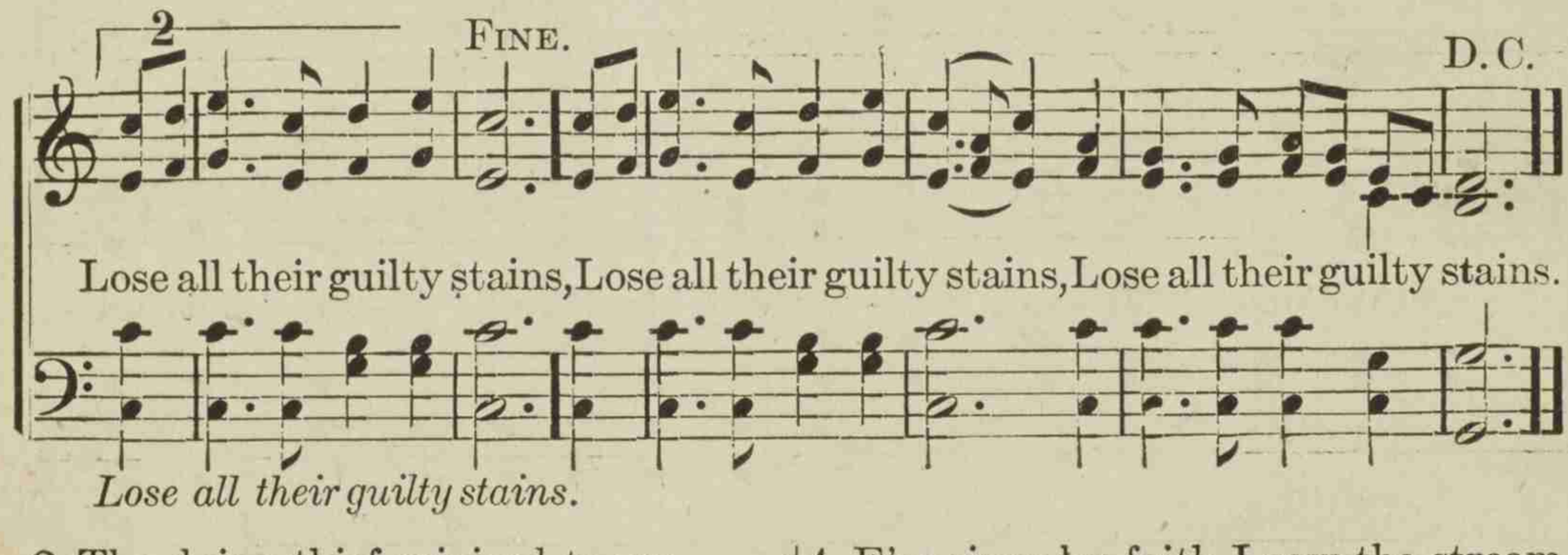


No. 127. There is a Fountain Filled With Blood.

WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.







2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

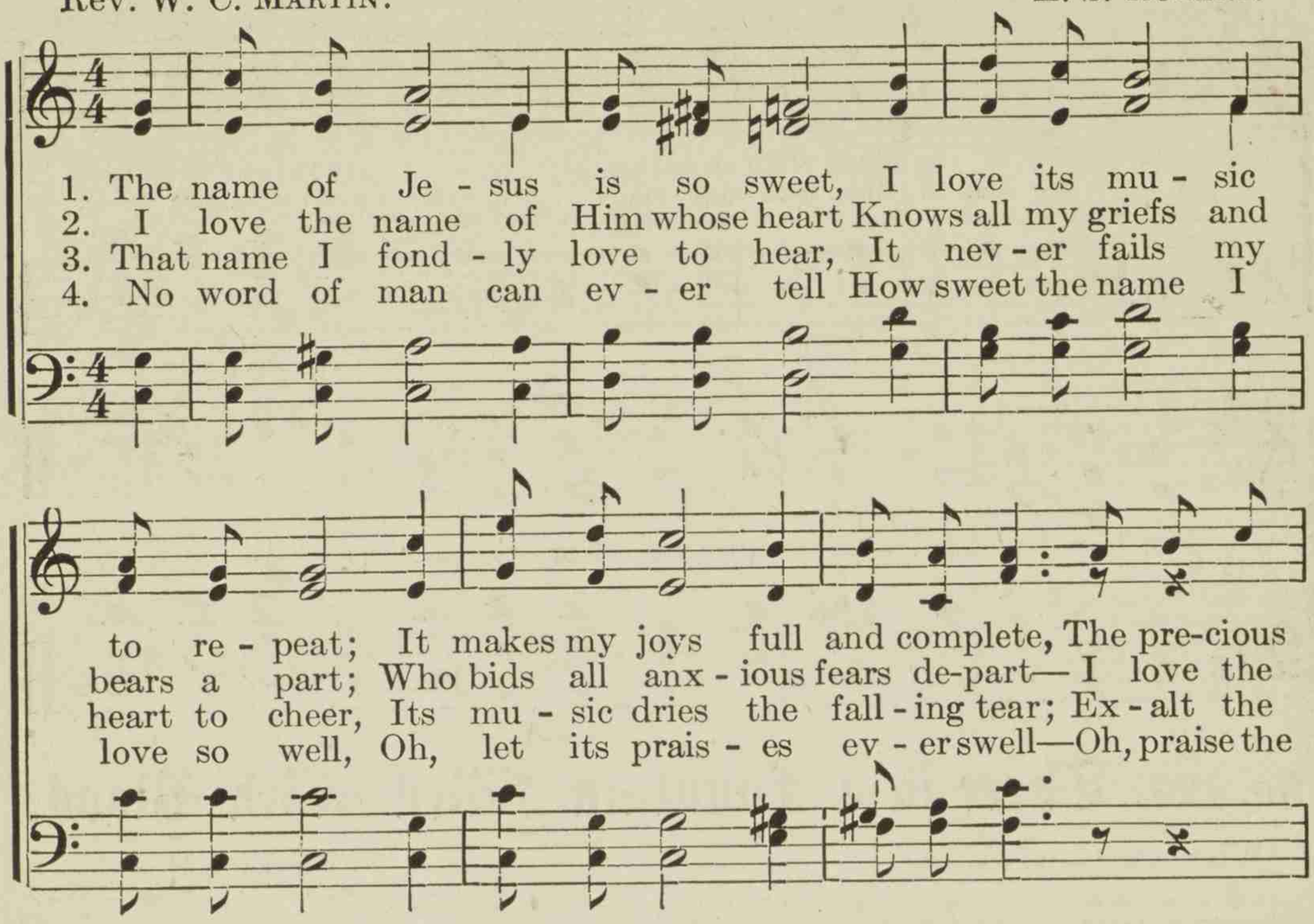
3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
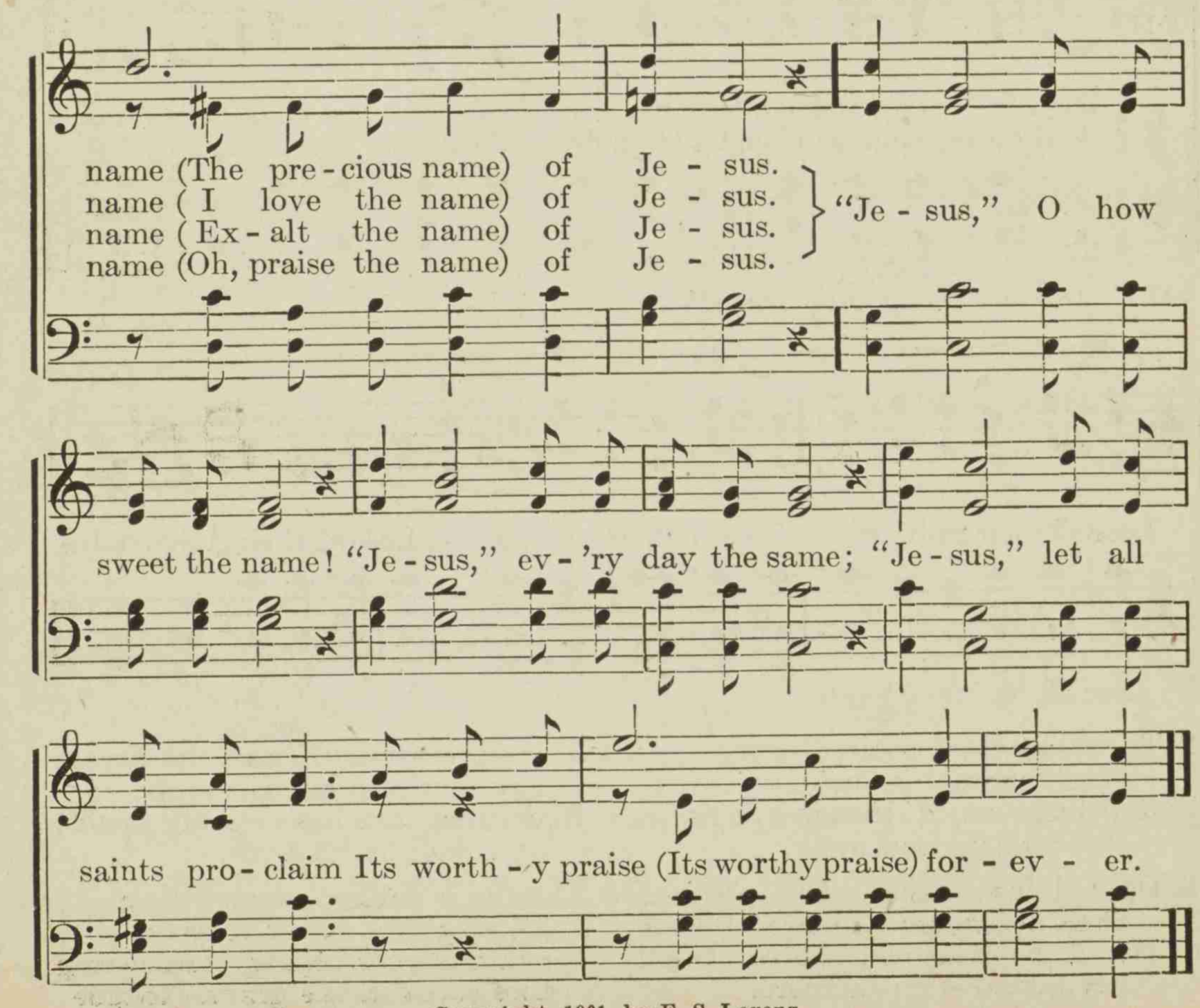
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 128. The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. C. Martin. E. S. Lorenz.
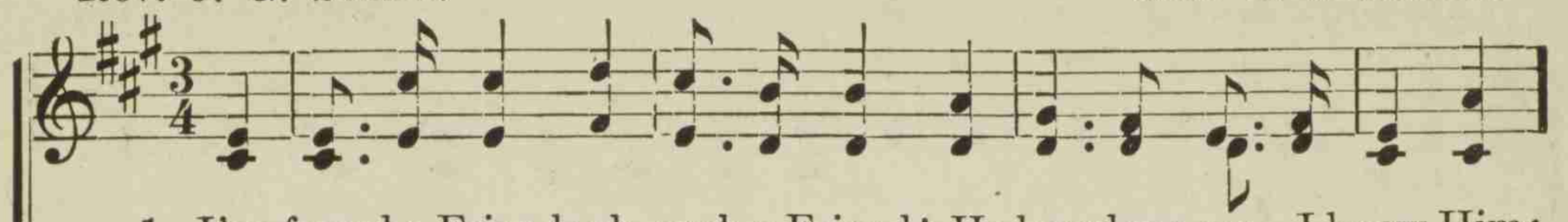


Chorus.



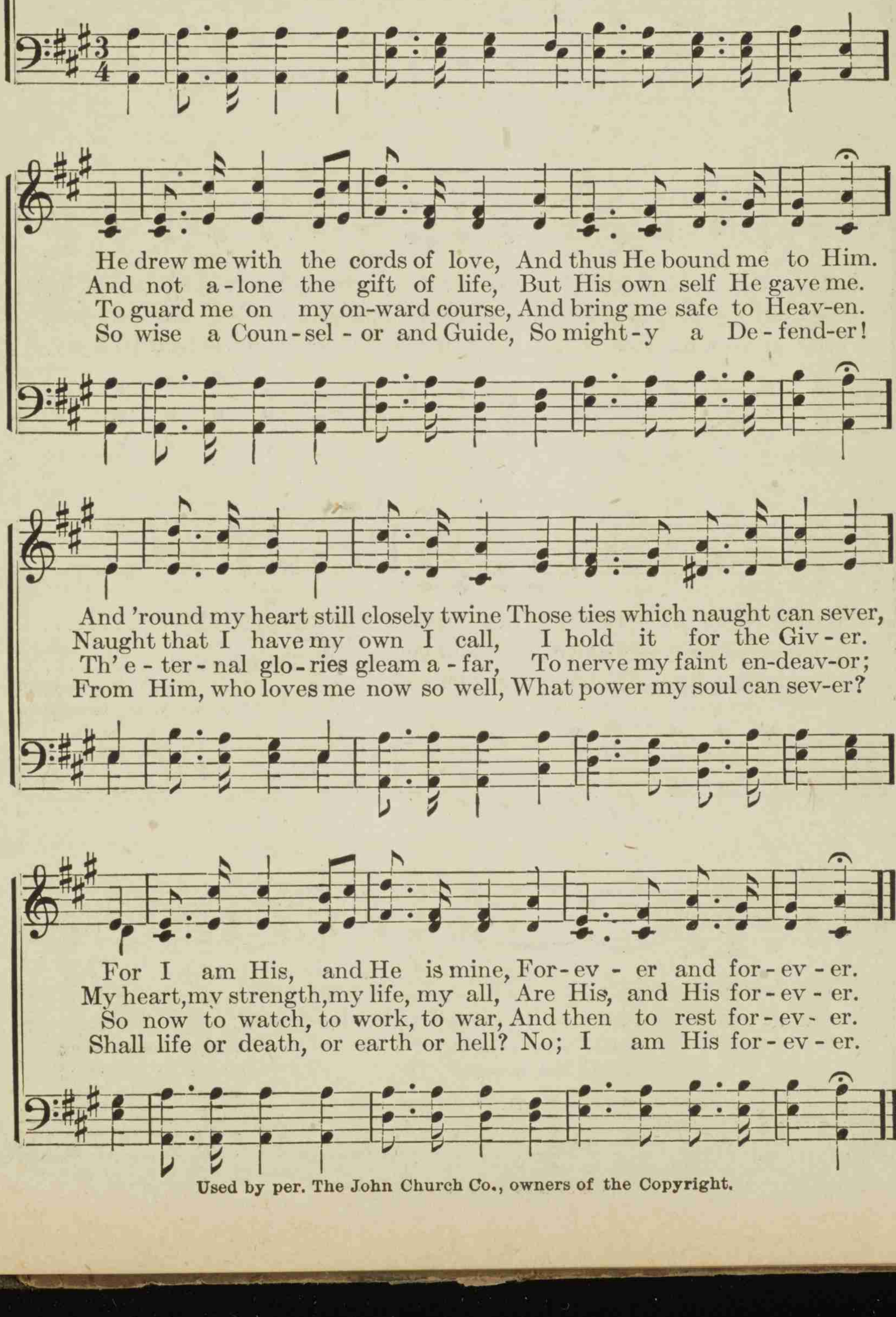
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No. 129. I've Found a Friend.

Rev. J. G. Small. Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten-der,



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to Heav-en.
So wise a Coun - sel - or and Guide, So might - y a De - fend-er!
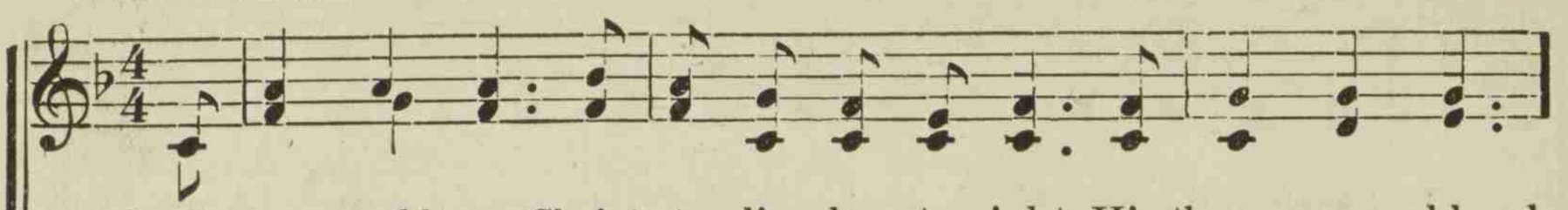
And 'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er.
Th' e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or;
From Him, who loves me now so well, What power my soul can sev-er?

For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

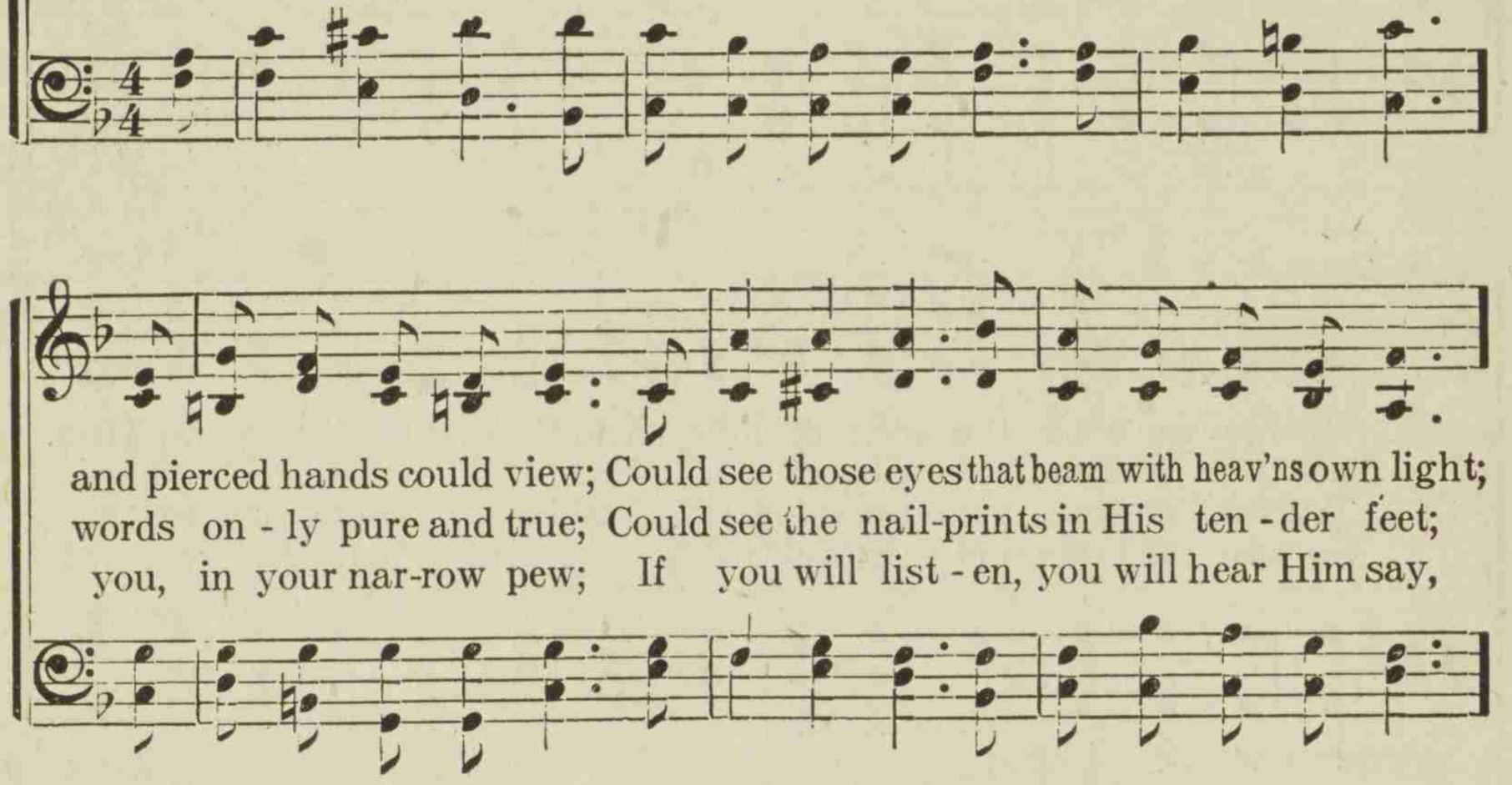
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No. 130. Would You Believe?
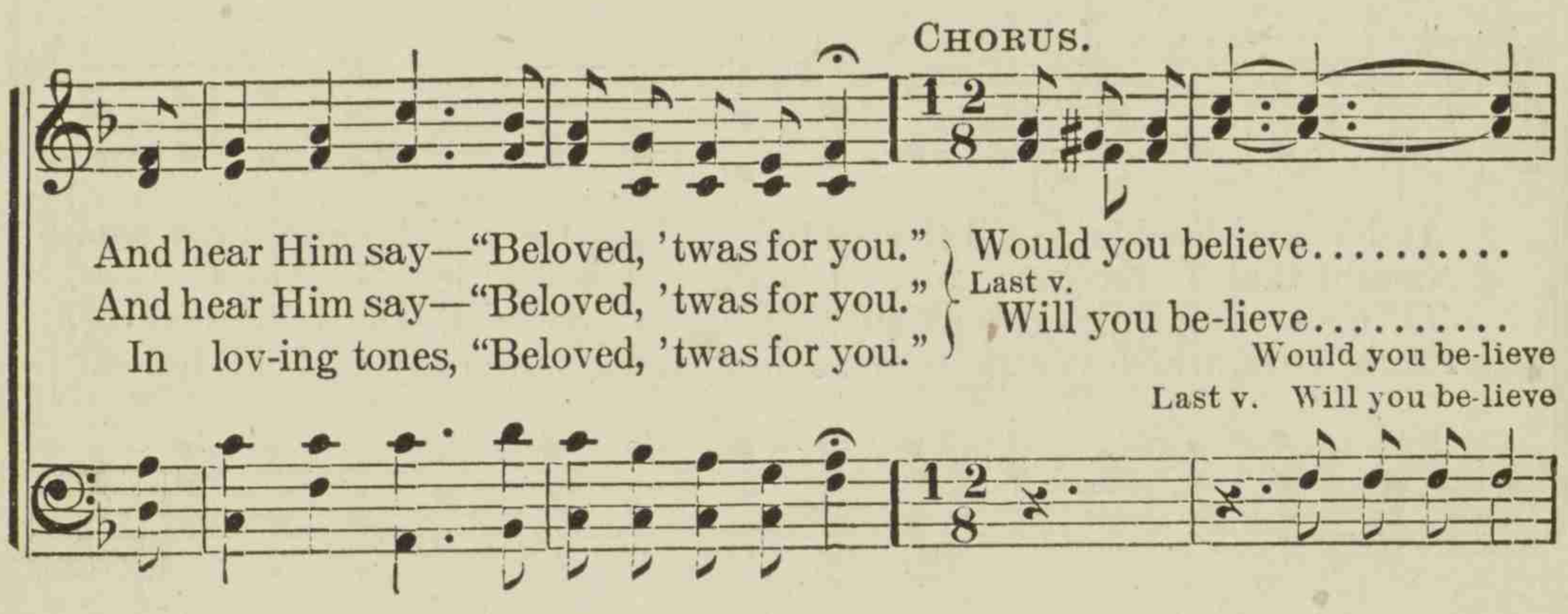
CAROLINE SAWYER. D. B. TOWNER.



1. If you could see Christ standing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head
2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake
3. He whisp-ers to your heart, turn not a - way, For He's be - side

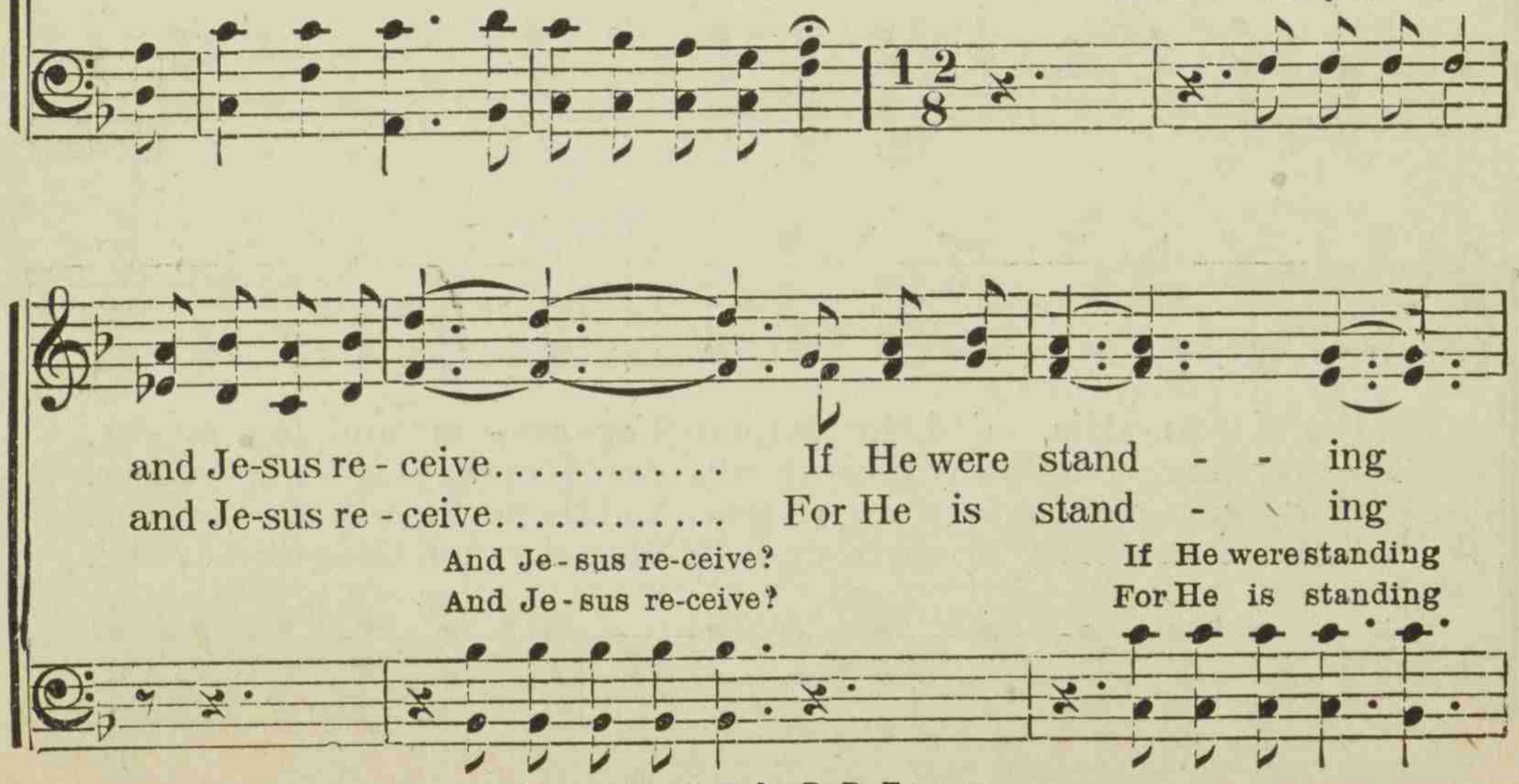


and pierced hands could view; Could see those eyes that beam with heav'ns own light;
words on - ly pure and true; Could see the nail-prints in His ten - der feet;
you, in your nar-row pew; If you will list - en, you will hear Him say,



CHORUS.

And hear Him say—"Beloved, 'twas for you." Would you believe.....
And hear Him say—"Beloved, 'twas for you." Last v. Will you be-lieve.....
In lov-ing tones, "Beloved, 'twas for you." Would you be-lieve
Last v. Will you be-lieve



and Je-sus re - ceive..... If He were stand - - ing
and Je-sus re - ceive..... For He is stand - ing
And Je - sus re-ceive? If He were standing
And Je - sus re-ceive? For He is standing

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Would You Believe?—Concluded.

here?..... Would you be - lieve,..... and Je - sus re-
here,..... Will you be - lieve,..... and Je - sus re-
here, were stand-ing here? Would you be - lieve,
here, is stand-ing here, Will you be - lieve,

ceive?..... If He were stand - ing..... here...
ceive?..... For He is stand - ing..... here...
and Je - sus re-ceive? If He were stand-ing, if He were standing here....
and Je - sus re-ceive? For He is stand-ing, for He is stand-ing here....

No. 131. There's a Wideness.

FREDERICK W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

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-ior; There is heal - ing in His blood.
There is joy for all the members 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 the Lord.

No. 132. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

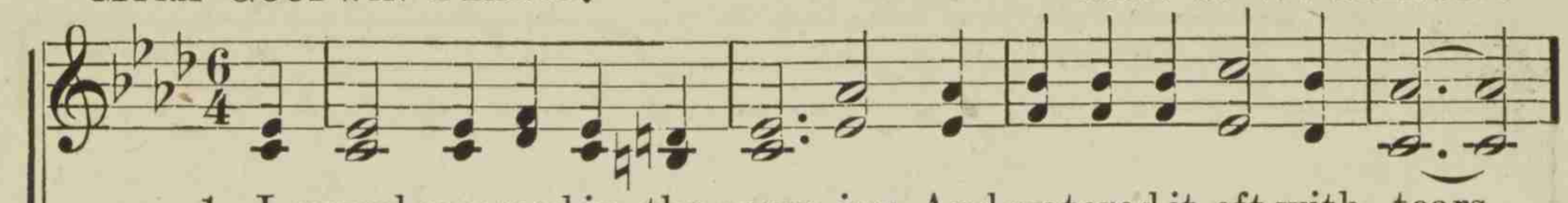
lean - - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, Lean - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,
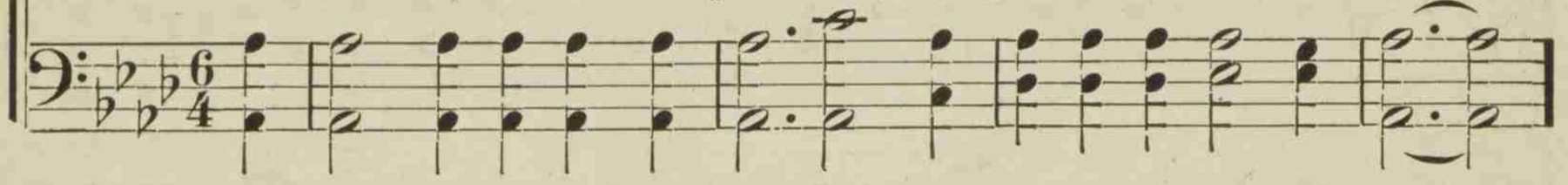
By per. A. J. Showalter.

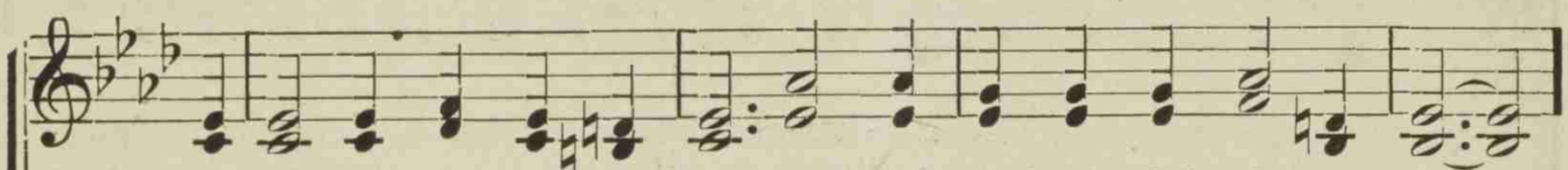
No. 133. God Gives the Increase.

MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ. REV. S. W. SPENCER.
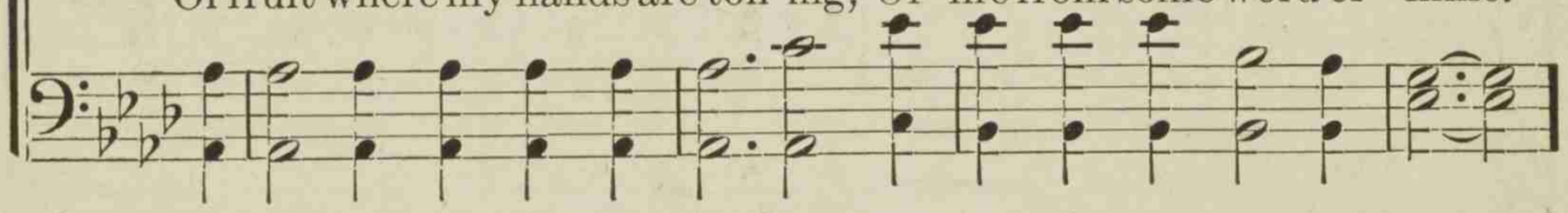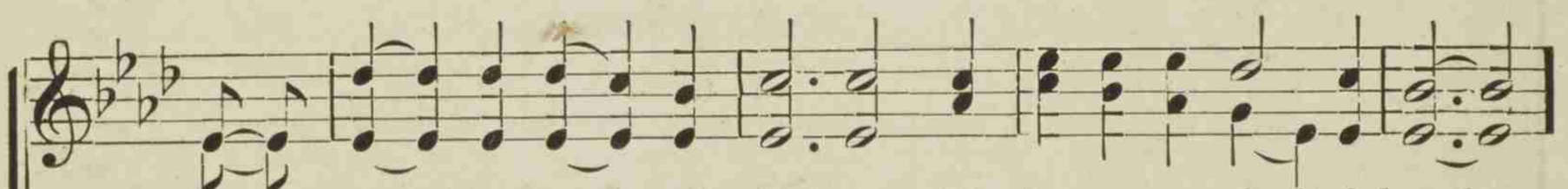


1. I sowed my seed in the morn-ing, And watered it oft with tears,
2. I broke my bread with thanksgiving, Rejoiced that my little store,
3. I spoke some words to the sin-ful, Pleading with quiv-er-ing breath,
4. I rest on this bless-ed prom-ise, Nor grieve when I see no sign



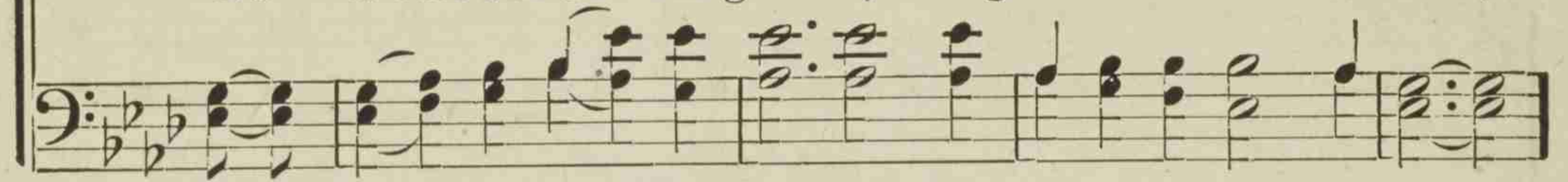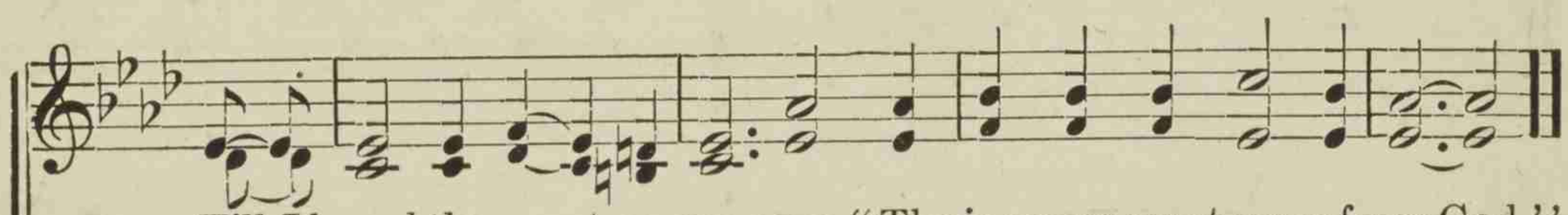


And prayed that I might be glean-ing Rich grain thro' the fu-ture years;
Could help God's suf-fer-ing chil-dren, And prayed that I might give more.
For I would have died in an-guish To have saved a soul from death;
Of fruit where my hands are toil ing, Or life from some word of mine.



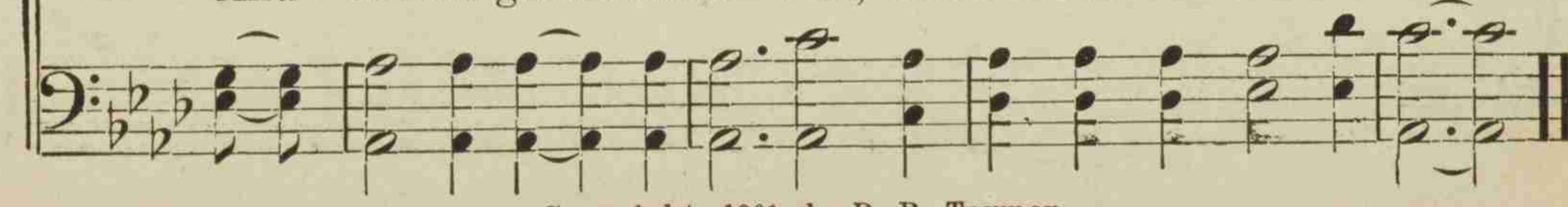


But I waited, with heart de-spair-ing, O'er barren, un-fruit-ful sod,
But I heard the cry of hunger From those who around me trod
Yet they passed the truth un-heed-ing, And cared not for love or rod;
No ef-fort will be for-got-ten, Though I rest be-neath the sod,





Till I heard the sweet as-sur-ance, "The increase must come from God."
For a loaf to feed a thousand, The increase must come from God.
But I said, "Mine was the message, The increase can come from God."
And oth-ers gather the har-vest, The increase will come from God.



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No. 134.

My Redeemer.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His wondrous love to me;
On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.

2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es - tate to save,
In His boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.

3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-umph-ant pow'r I'll tell,
How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.

4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'nly love to me;
He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.

Chorus.

Sing, oh! sing,..... of my Re-deem - er, With His blood.....
Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, With His blood He pur-chased me,
He pur-chased me; With His blood He pur-chased me;

He purchased me;..... On the cross..... He sealed my par - don,
He sealed my par - don, On the cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the

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My Redeemer—Concluded.

Repeat pp after last verse.

debt..... And made me free,.....
and made me free, and made me free.

No. 135. The Sands of Time are Sinking.

ANNE R. COUSIN. Arr. from CHRETIEN URHAN.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
2. I've wres - tled on t'ward heav - en, 'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide,
3. Deep wa - ters crossed life's path-way, The hedge of thorns was sharp;

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes:
Now, like a wea - ry trav - 'ler That lean - eth on his guide,
Now these lie all be - hind me— O! for a well- tuned harp!

Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, but day-spring is at hand,
A - mid the shades of ev - 'ning, While sinks life's ling'ring sand;
O! to join the hal - le - lu - jah With yon tri-umph-ant band!

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man-uel's land.
I hail the glo - ry dawn - ing, From Em - man-uel's land.
Who sing where glo - ry dwell - eth, In Em - man-uel's land.

No. 136. Nothing shall be Impossible to You.

E. E. Hewitt. B. T. Worden.

1. Loy - al - ly serv- ing Je - sus, day by day, Trust-ful - ly ask- ing
2. Glo - ri - ous Rock of A - ges! Here we stand; Won-der - ful faith that
3. Numberless pray'rs His Spir - it shall in- spire, Cleans-ing the soul with

Him to guide the way, Ut - ter - ly yield - ing to His pur-pose true,
foll-ows God's com-mand, Mar-vel-ous treas-ures o - pen to our view;
pure, re - fin - ing fire; Linked with the power that ev-'ry-thing can do;

Chorus.

Nothing shall be im-pos-si-ble to you. Won - - - - - der-ful
Oh, what a won-der-ful prom-

prom-ise to those who do His will; Nothing shall be im - pos - si-ble, our
ise

God is reign-ing still; Won - - - - - - der - ful prom-ise, 'Tis
Oh, what a won-der-ful prom - - ise,

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Nothing Shall be Impossible.—Concluded.

search-ing us thro' and thro'; Nothing shall be im - pos - si-ble to you.

No. 137. Precious Name.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you Child of sor-row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev'ry snare;
3. Oh! the precious name of Je - sus, How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall-ing prostrate at His feet.

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in pray'r.
When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ.
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

REFRAIN.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and Joy of heaven; Precious
Precious name, O how sweet!

name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and Joy of heaven.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

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No. 138. Praise Waiteth for Thee.

PSALM 65. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Praise waits for Thee in Zi - on, To Thee vows paid shall be;
2. Blest he whom Thou hast chos - en, And un - to Thee brought nigh;
3. We shall in rich a - bun-dance, Be sat - is - fied with grace,
4. O God of our sal - va - tion, We plead with Thee in prayer;

O Thou of prayer the hear - er, All flesh shall come to Thee.
Who hath for hab - i - ta - tion The courts of God on high.
And filled with all the good-ness Of Thy most ho - ly place.
Thy right-eous-ness makes an - swer By things which fear-ful are.

CHORUS.

Praise wait-eth for Thee, Praise
Praise waiteth for Thee, waiteth for Thee, O God in Zi - on, Praise waiteth for Thee,

wait-eth for Thee, And un - - to
wait - eth for Thee, O God in Zi - on, And un - to Thee, O God,

Thee shall the vow be per - form - ed.
Un - to Thee, O God, un - to Thee shall the vow be per - form - ed.

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No. 139.

At the Cross.

E. R. LATTA. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. There is par-don, full and free At the cross, What-so-e'er our
2. There's a peace that none can tell In the Savior's
3. There's a joy that all may feel If in hum-ble
4. There's a hope that will en-dure At the cross, It is like an

sins may be, At the cross; Let us now the Lord entreat With our
"all is well!" Let us seek that peace to prove, That is
faith they kneel Let us taste that joy so great, Ere it
an-chor sure, At the cross; Let us now that hope obtain That shall

burden'd souls to meet, And bestow that pardon sweet, At the cross.
shower'd from above, Thro' the Master's dying love,
be for us, too late, Mercy will not al-ways wait,
nev - er prove in vain, While believing we re-main, At the cross.

CHORUS.

At the cross, At the cross, There's re-
There's re-demp-tion there for thee, There's re-demp-tion there for thee,

1 2

demption there for me, At the cross; there for me, At the cross.
At the cross, at the cross.

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No. 140. Saving Grace.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O golden day, when light shall break And dawn's bright glories shall un-
2. Life's upward way, a nar-row path, Leads on to that fair dwelling-
3. I dim-ly see my journey's end, But well I know who guideth

fold, When He who knows the path I take, Shall
place, Where, safe from sin, and storm and wrath, They
me. I fol-low Him, that won-drous Friend Whose

pp

ope for me the gates of gold..... Earth's lit-tle while will
live who trust re-deem-ing grace.... Sing, sing, my heart a-
match-less love is full and free..... And when with Him I

Rall.

soon be past, My pil-grim song will soon be o'er, The
long the way, The grace that saves will keep and guide, Till
en-ter in, And all the way look back to trace, The
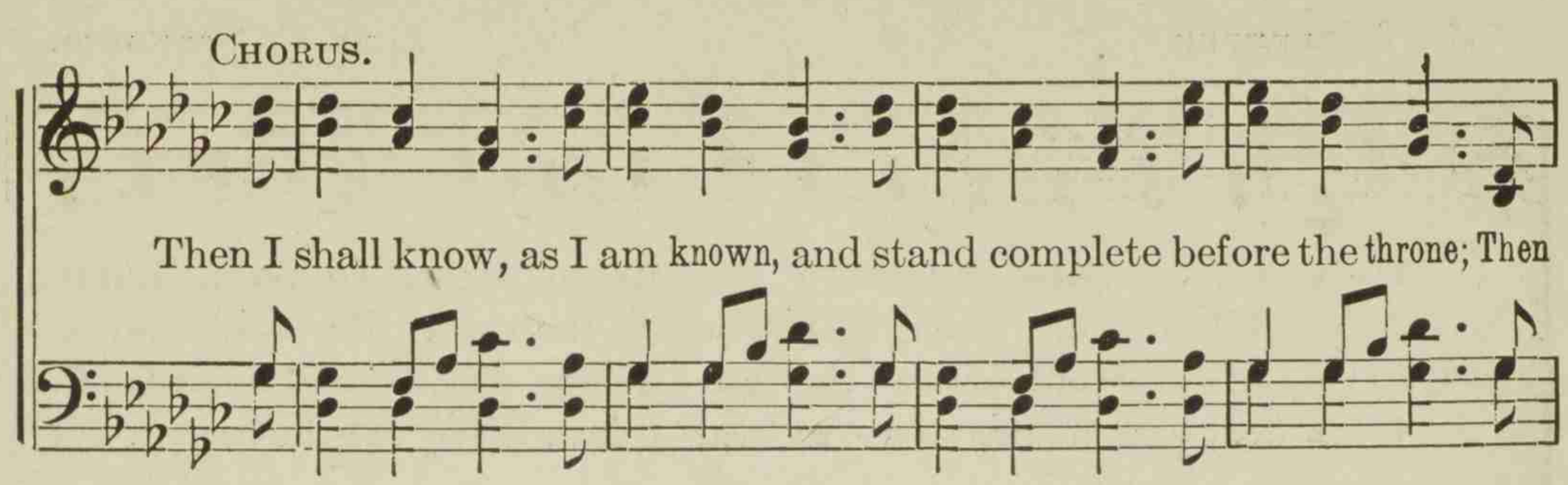
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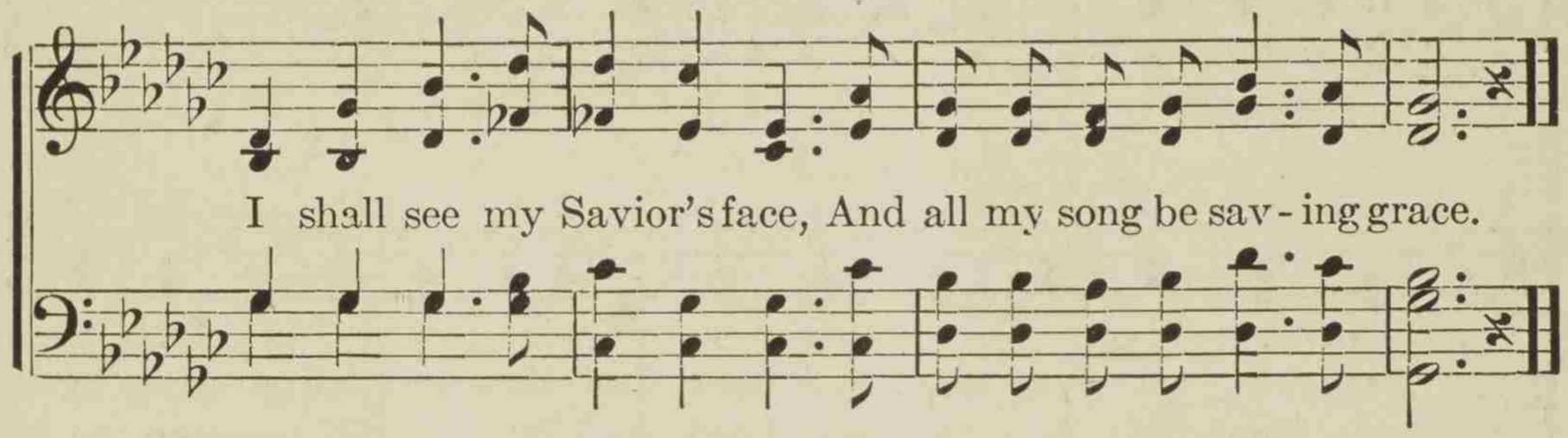
grace that saves, shall time outlast, And be my theme on yonder shore.
breaks the glorious crowning day, And I shall cross to yonder side.
conqueror's palm I then shall win, Thro' Christ, and His redeeming grace.

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Saving Grace.—Concluded.

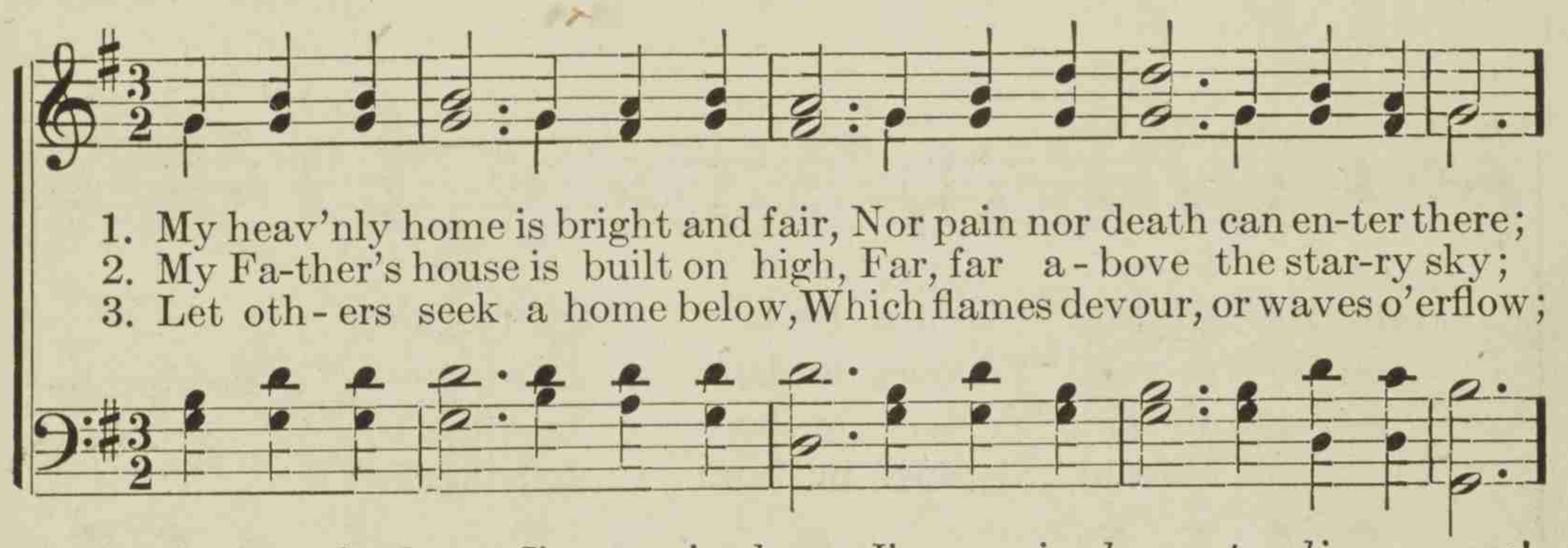
CHORUS.



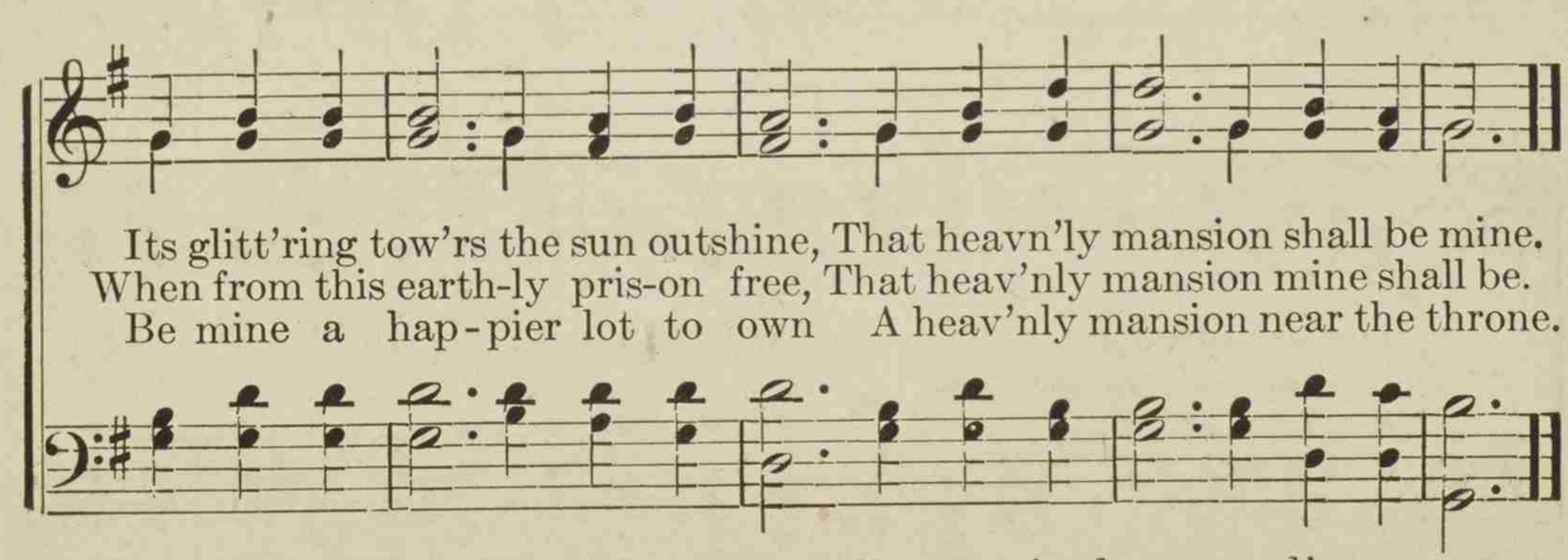


No. 141. I'm Going Home.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. WM. MILLER.



CHO—*I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more!*



To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more

No. 142. Ye Must Be Born Again.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at- tend to the word So sol-emn-ly
3. Oh, ye who would en-ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the
4. A dear one in heav-en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti-ful

way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas- ter made an-swer in
ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this message to
ran-somed the song of the blest; The life ev - er - last-ing if
gate may be watch-ing for thee; Then list to the note of this

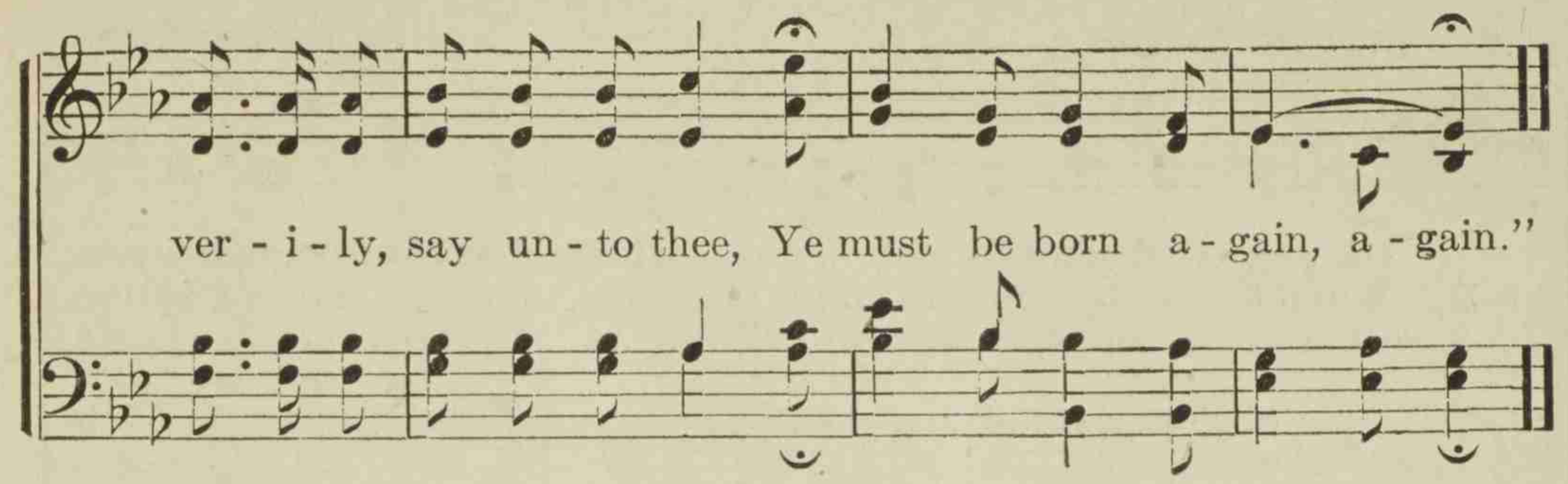
CHORUS.

words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain (again)."
you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain (again)."
ye would ob-tain, "Ye must be born a - gain (again)."
sol-emn re-frain, "Ye must be born a - gain (again)."

"Ye must be born a-gain (again)," "Ye must be born a-gain (a-gain), I ver - i - ly,

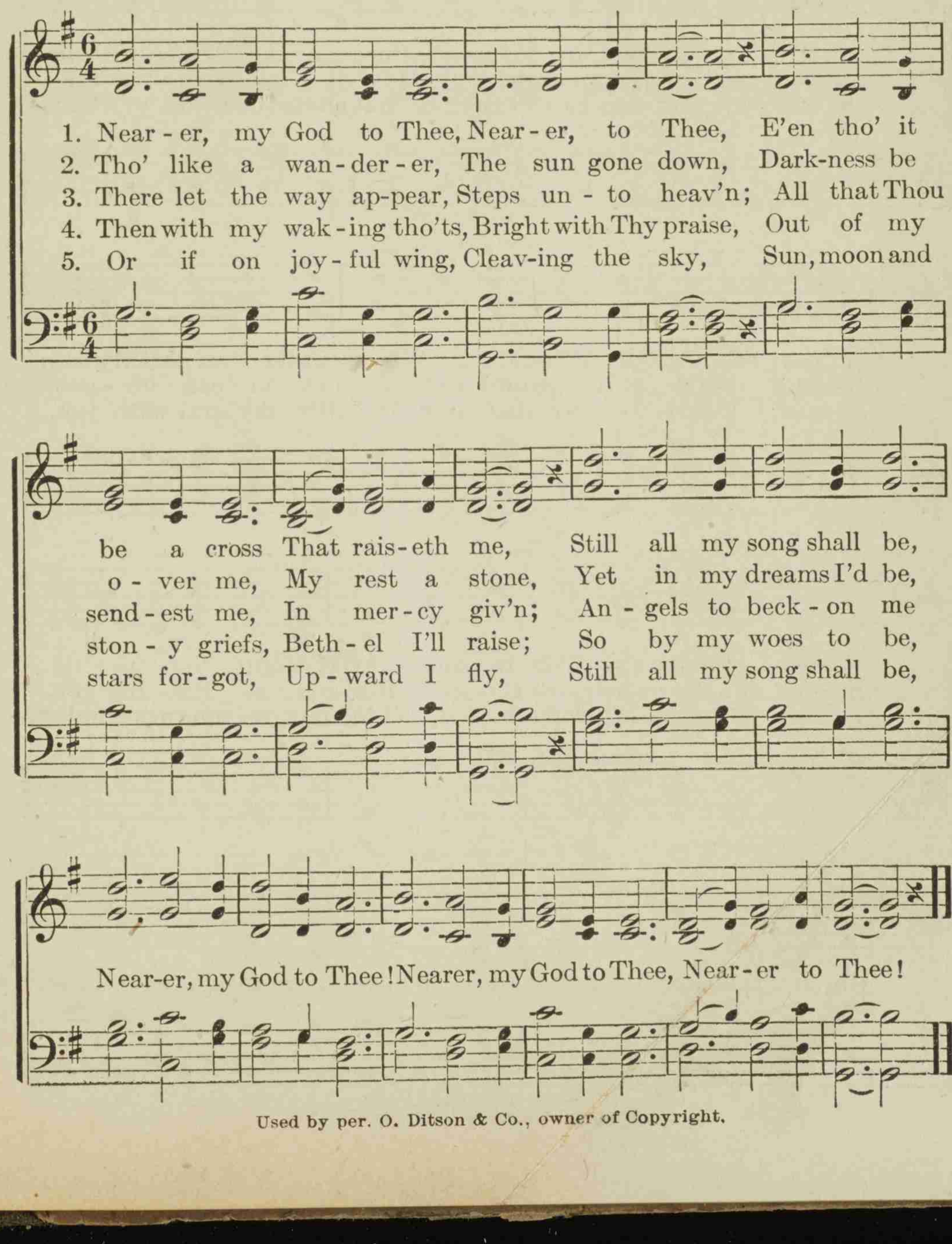
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Ye Must Be Born Again.—Concluded.



No. 143. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.



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No. 144. Immanuel, Prince of Peace.

ANDREW SHERWOOD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, sing that song to me a-gain, Whose charm doth never cease,
2. When I, a lisp-ing in-fant, lay Up-on my mother's knee,
3. Oh, song of songs, that grows sublime As on-ward roll the years;

Of Him who died for sin-ful men: Im-man-uel, Prince of Peace.
She told me in the twilight gray, How Je-sus died for me;
Oh, sto-ry wov-en in-to rhyme, That melts the heart to tears;

The peer-less One of all the throng Who've walked our earthly sod;
She sang a song of heav'n and God I nev-er can for-get;
I love, I love to hear that song, It fills my soul with joy.

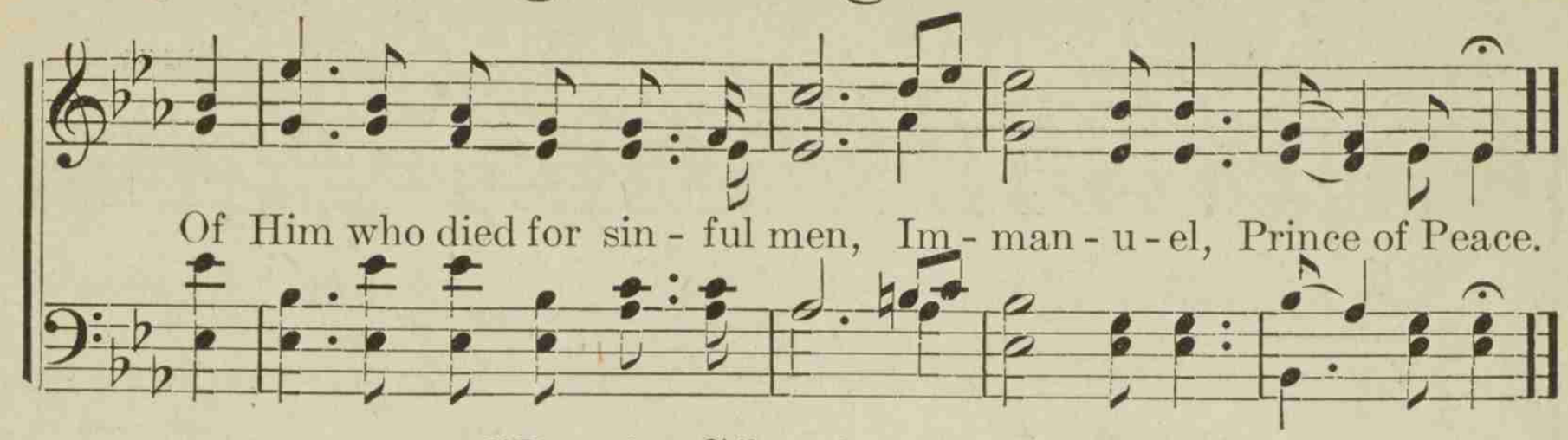
The sweetest name that lives in song: Christ Je-sus, Son of God.
And tho' she sleeps beneath the sod, Her song is liv-ing yet.
To Him all songs of praise be-long Which mor-tal tongues employ.

CHORUS.

Oh, sing that song to me a-gain, Whose charm doth nev-er cease.
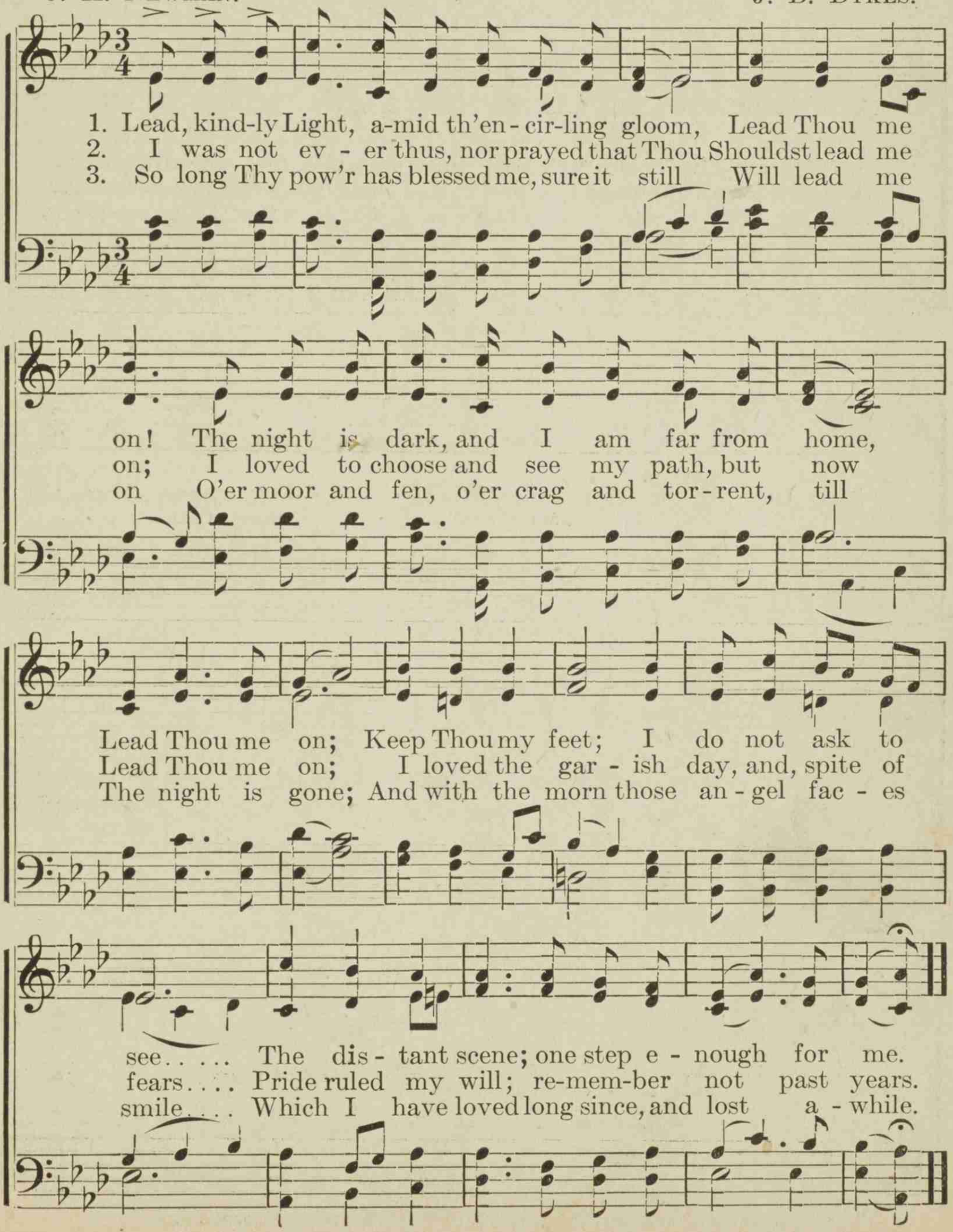
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Immanuel, Prince of Peace.—Concluded.



No. 145. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.



No. 146. The Holiest Name.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Dear-est name in earth or heav-en, Sweetest name my heart hath known,
2. To my heart it brings a bless-ing, And my lips take up the strain,
3. Oh, my soul would swell the chor-us, Sing-ing His re-deem-ing love,

By the Fa-ther it was giv-en To His well be-lov-ed Son.
And His wondrous name con-fess-ing, Tell its sweet-ness o'er a-gain.
And as-cribe e-ter-nal prais-es To the name all names a-bove.

CHORUS.

'Tis the ho-li-est name, 'Tis the ho-li-est name; From the
Bless-ed name! bless-ed name!
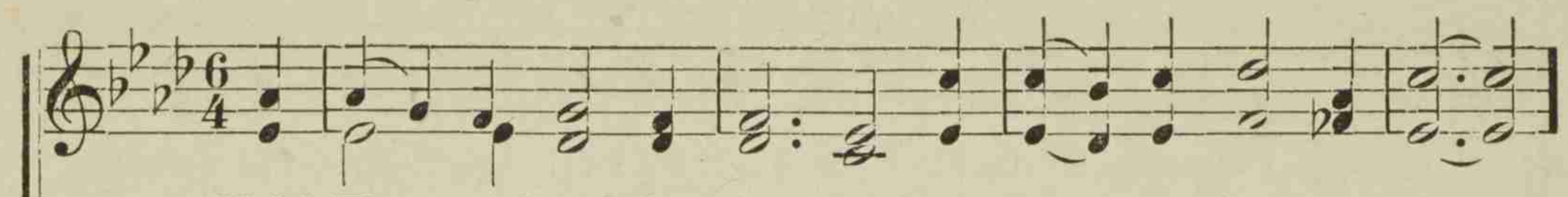
Fa-ther's lips to the earth it came. Bro't by an-gels of light,
Bless-ed name!

In the still-ness of night, Was the dear, dear name of Je-sus.
bless-ed name!
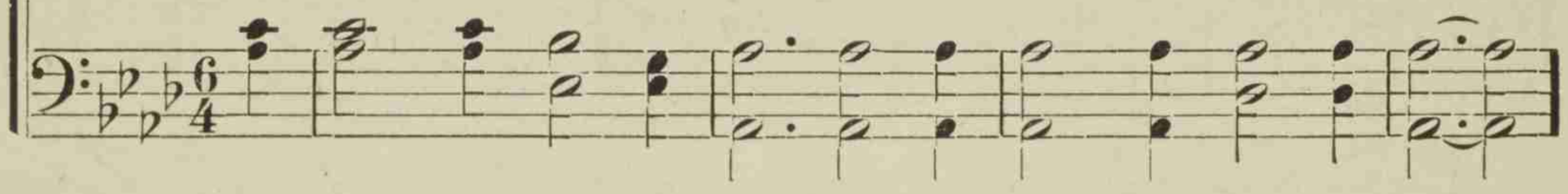
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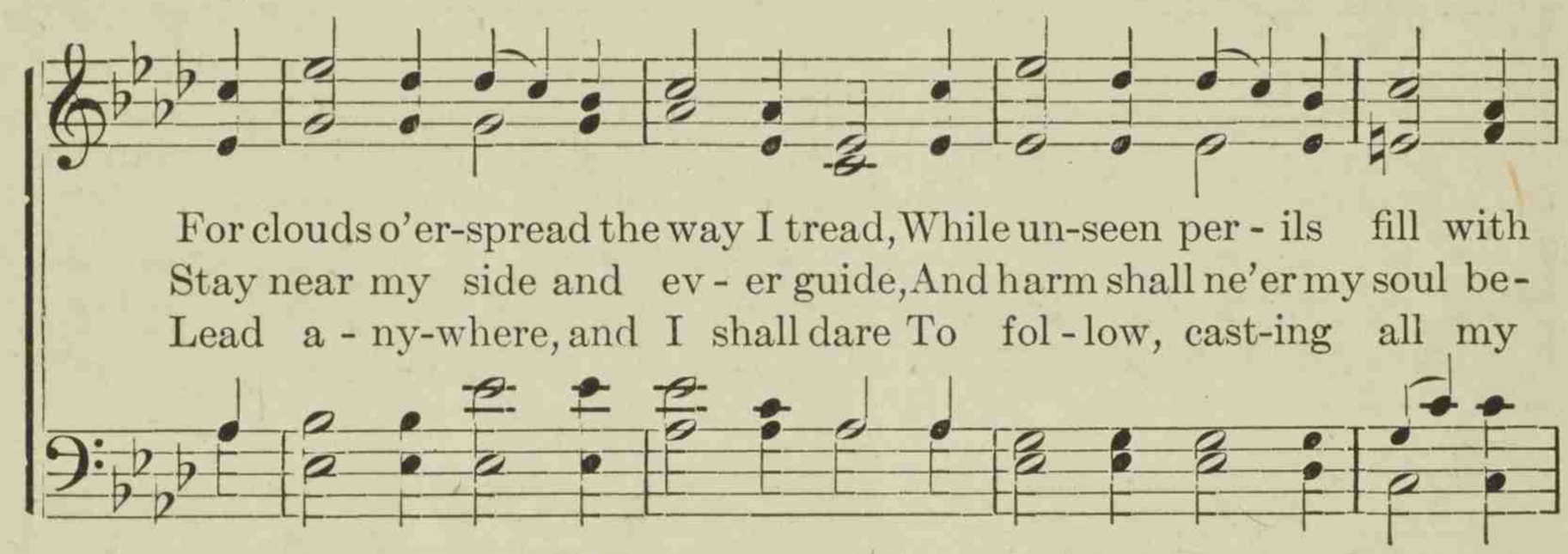
No. 147. Hold Thou My Hand.

W. C. MARTIN. EDWARD M. FULLER.
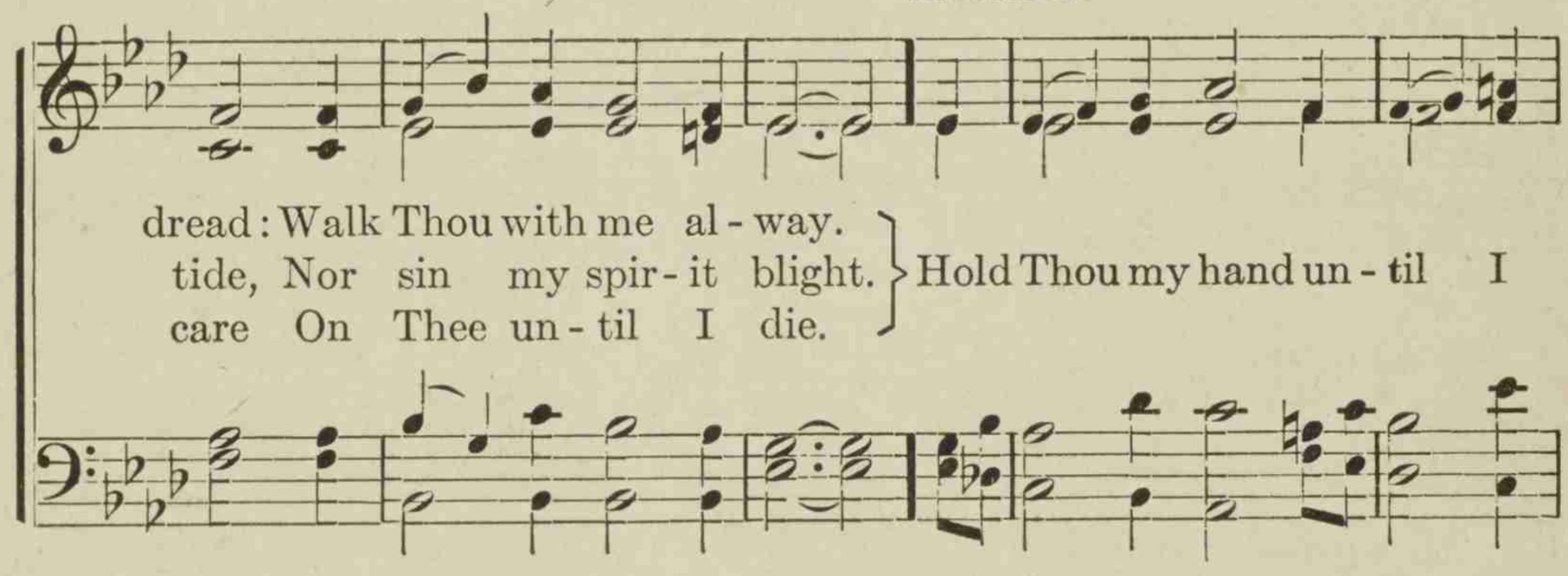


1. Hold Thou my hand, dear Sav - ior, And lead me day by day,
2. I shall not fear, dear Sav - ior, Pro - tect - ed by Thy might.
3. I'll fol - low Thee, dear Sav - ior, And on Thy word re - ly.





For clouds o'er-spread the way I tread, While un-seen per - ils fill with
Stay near my side and ev - er guide, And harm shall ne'er my soul be-
Lead a - ny-where, and I shall dare To fol - low, cast-ing all my

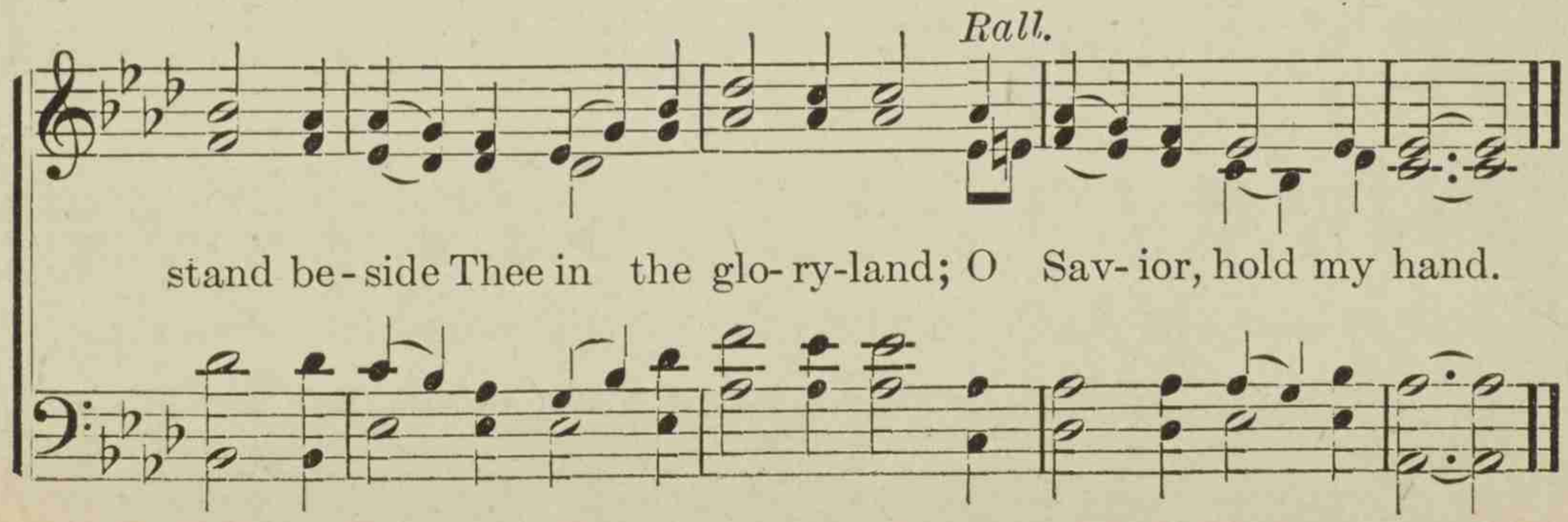
REFRAIN.



dread: Walk Thou with me al - way.
tide, Nor sin my spir - it blight.
care On Thee un - til I die.

} Hold Thou my hand un - til I

Rall.



stand be - side Thee in the glo - ry-land; O Sav - ior, hold my hand.

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No. 148.

It's Just Like Him.

W. L. S. Rev. W. L. STONE.

1. Oh, I love to read of Je - sus and His love, How He left His Fa-ther's mansion far a-bove, How He came on earth to live, How He came His life to give, Oh, I love to read of Je - sus and His love.
2. Oh, I love to read of Je - sus as He went Ev-'ry-where, to do His Fa-ther's will in-tent; How He gave the blind their sight, How He gave the wronged ones right, How He swift deliv'rance to the cap-tive sent.
3. Oh, I love to read of Je - sus on the tree, For it shows how great the love that died for me; And the blood that from His side Flowed, when on the cross He died, Paid my debt and ev - er-more doth make me free.
4. Oh, my dear and pre-cious Sav-ior, at Thy feet Here I give my-self and all I have complete; I will serve Thee all my days With a heart all filled with praise, And I'll thank Thee face to face when we shall meet.

CHORUS.

"It's just like Him" to take my sins a - way, To make me glad and free, To keep me day by day; "It's just like Him" to give His life for me,

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It's Just Like Him.—Concluded.

That I might go to heav - en and ev - er with Him be.

No. 149. Only a Word.

E. S. L. E. S. Lorenz.

1. On - ly a word for Je - sus, Spo-ken in fear with sense of need;
2. On - ly a word for Je - sus, Gen - tle and low with fal-t'ring breath;
3. On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a wav-'ring soul to hear;
4. On - ly a word for Je - sus, Fee - ble the love and praise ap-pear;

Yet, with the Mas - ter's bless-ing, Thou-sands that word may feed.
Yet, with the Spir - it's thrill-ing, Win - ning a soul from death.
Yet, thro' in-creas - ing a - ges, Wid - en its help and cheer.
An - gels their songs are ceas - ing, Glad the new note to hear.

Chorus.

Give me a word for Thee, Mas - ter! Give me a word for Thee!

To speak Thy praise, Some soul to raise, Oh, give me a word for Thee.

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No. 150.

O Borderland.

FLORA KIRKLAND. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Do you know the place where the lost one meets With the Sav - ior
2. You may look just now, at this ve - ry hour, To the Lamb of
3. 'Tis the act of faith brings the soul sweet peace, For the Mas-ter

strong and true? 'Tis the bor - der-land of yon coun-try fair, He is
God so true, When the sin - ner seeks, he will sure-ly find, That the
ne'er says "nay." He will seek for one on the mountain drear; He is

CHORUS.

wait-ing there for you.
Lord is seek- ing too.
seek-ing you to - day.

O bor-der - land!..... O bor-der-

O bor - der-land!

land!..... Not far from heav en's gate, Where love and

O bor - der-land! Not far from heaven's gate,
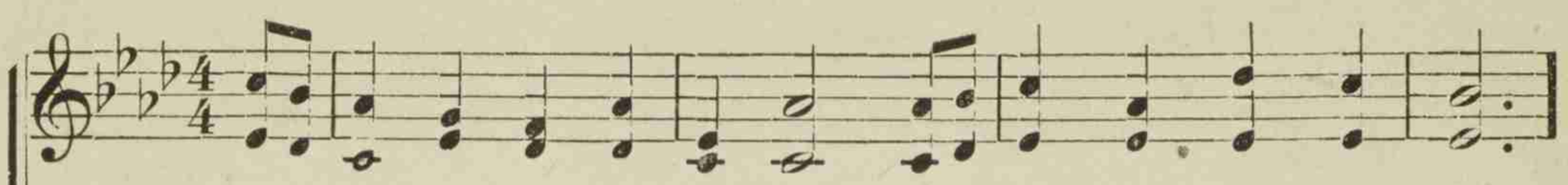
light..... and per-fect peace..... For faith's acceptance wait.

Where love and light, and perfect peace
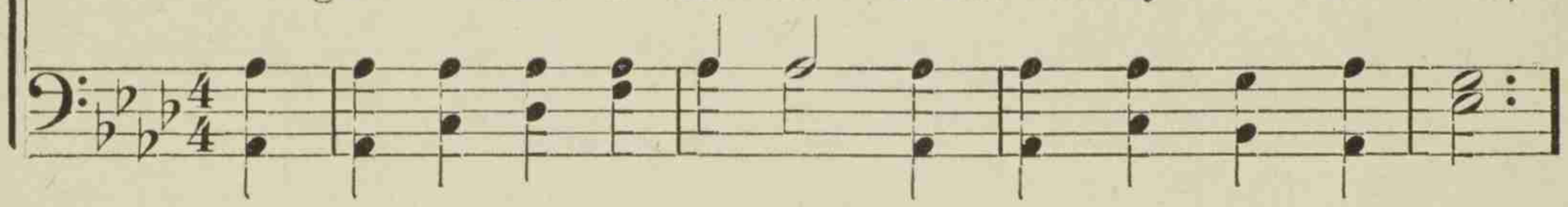
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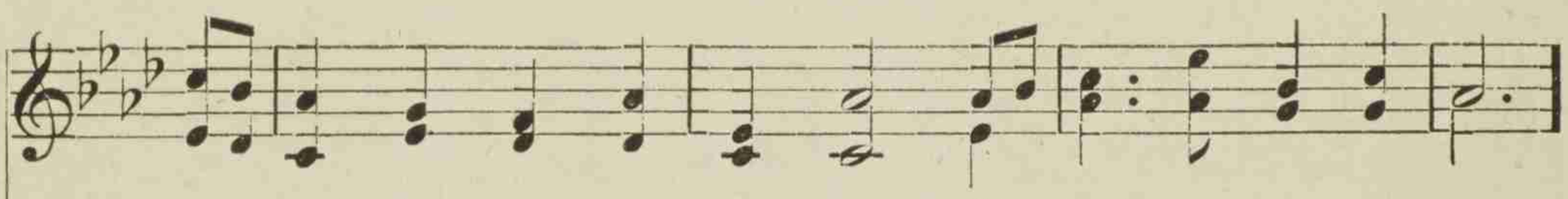
No. 151. I'm Glad I Have a Savior.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. J. S. HENDRICKS.
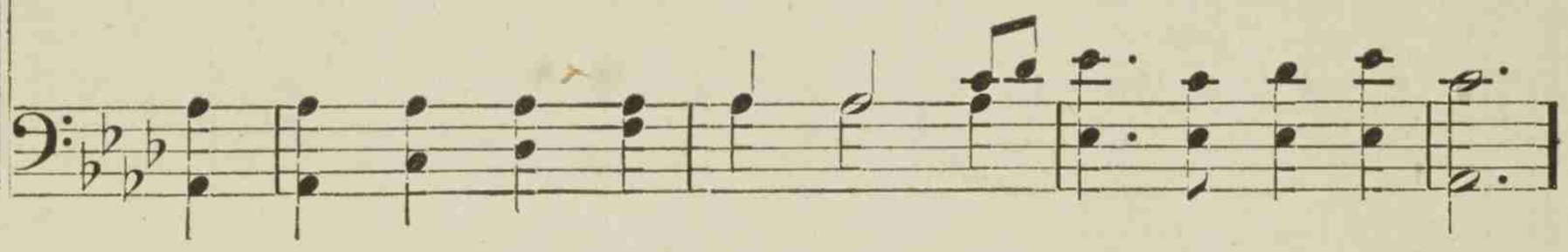


1. I'm glad I have a Sav - ior Who came to res - cue me;
2. I'm glad I have a Sav - ior Who sought His wand'ring sheep,
3. I'm glad I have a Sav - ior Who hears and an-swers pray'r;
4. I'm glad I have a Sav - ior Whose mer - cy is so free;
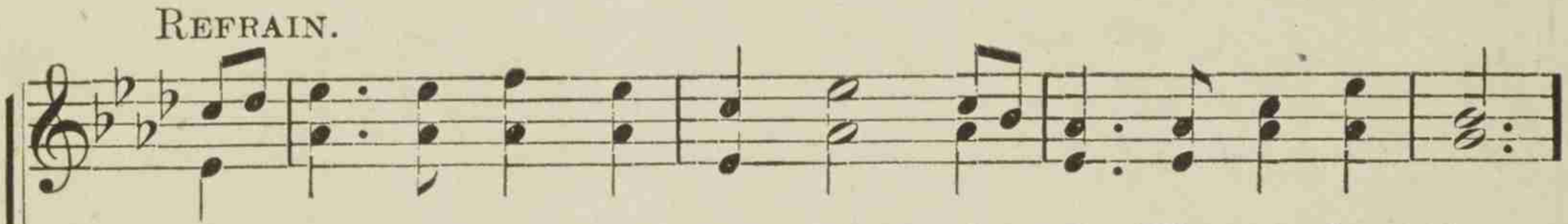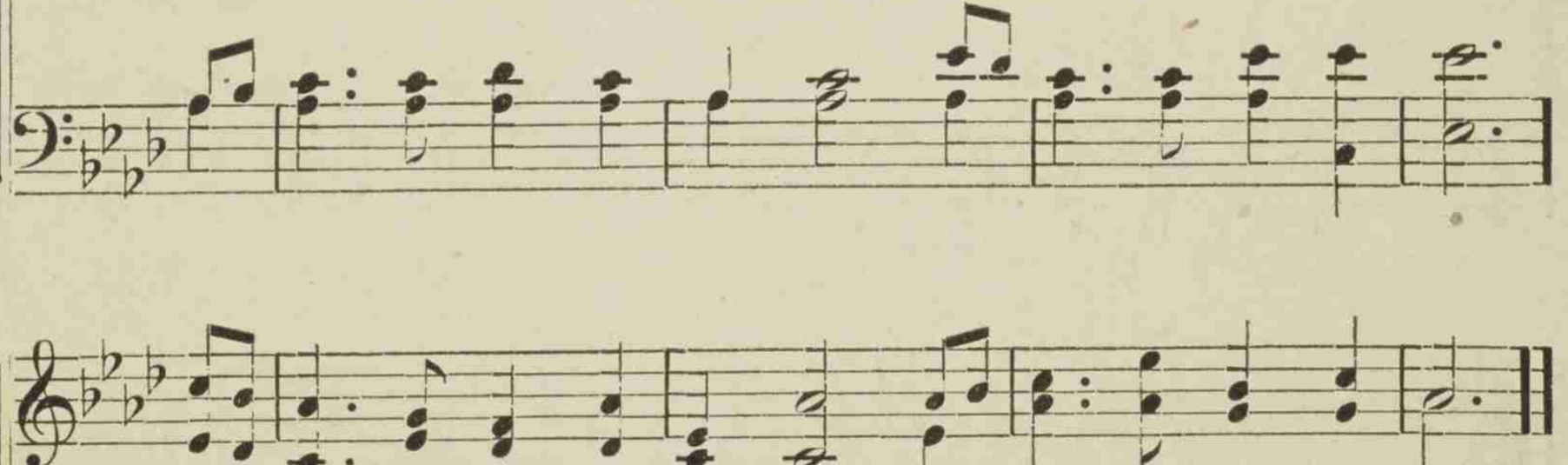




When sunk in sin and ru - in He died to set me free.
Who brought me home re - joic - ing, And still doth safe-ly keep.
My bur-dens and my sor - rows He ten - der-ly doth bear.
O come, poor soul, and trust Him, There's gladness, too, for thee.



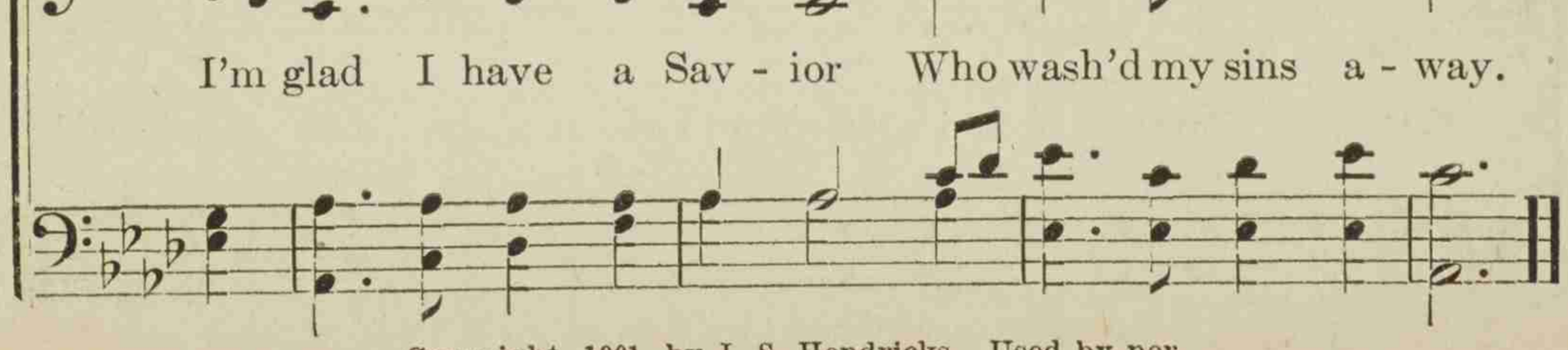
REFRAIN.



I'm glad I have a Sav - ior, I praise Him ev - 'ry day;
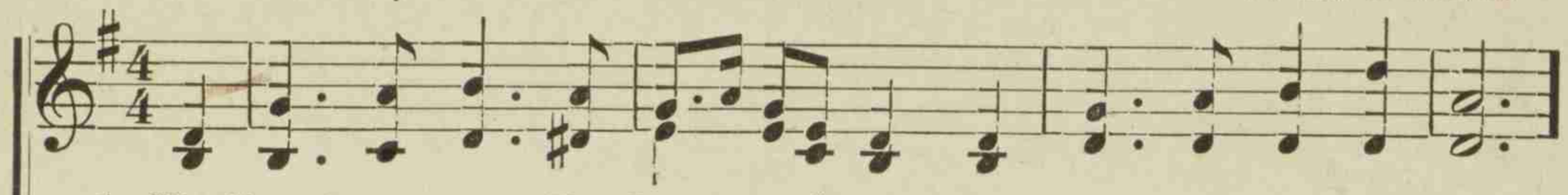


I'm glad I have a Sav - ior Who wash'd my sins a - way.
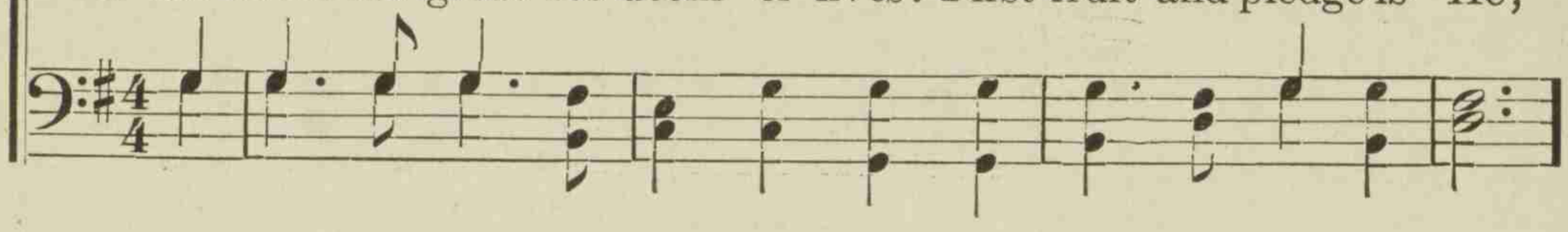


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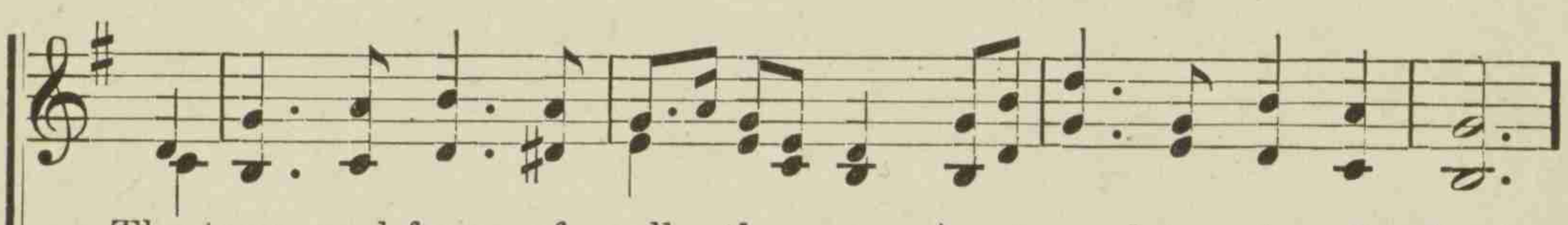
No. 152. All Hail! the Risen Lord!.

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. J. H. BURKE.
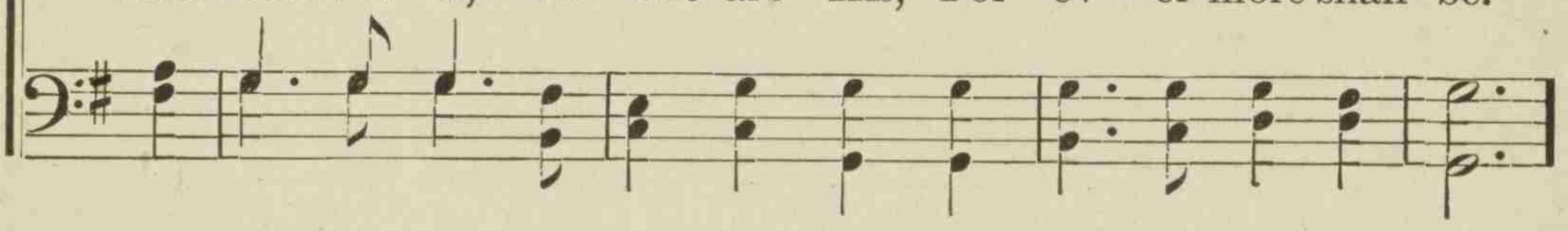


1. He lives! our great Re-deem - er lives! Earth's gladdest songs employ;
2. He lives! our great Re-deem - er lives! A man in glo - ry crown'd;
3. He lives! our great Re-deem - er lives! His Spir - it from a - bove,
4. He lives! our great Re-deem - er lives! First-fruit and pledge is He;
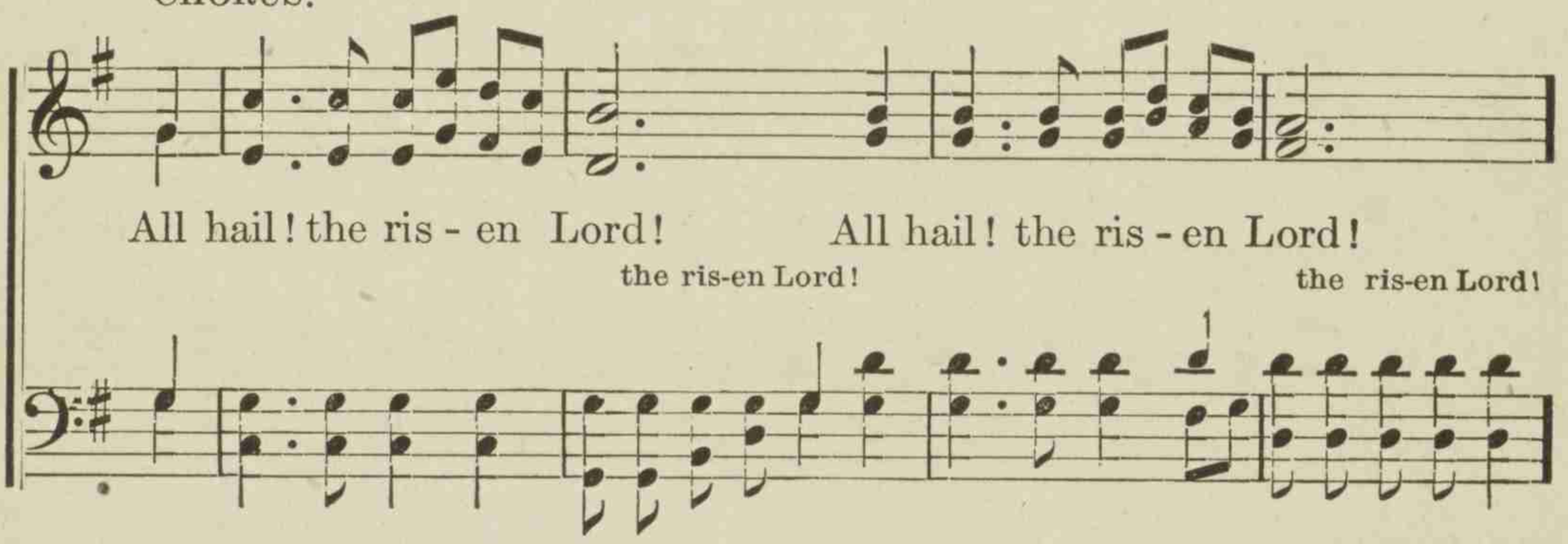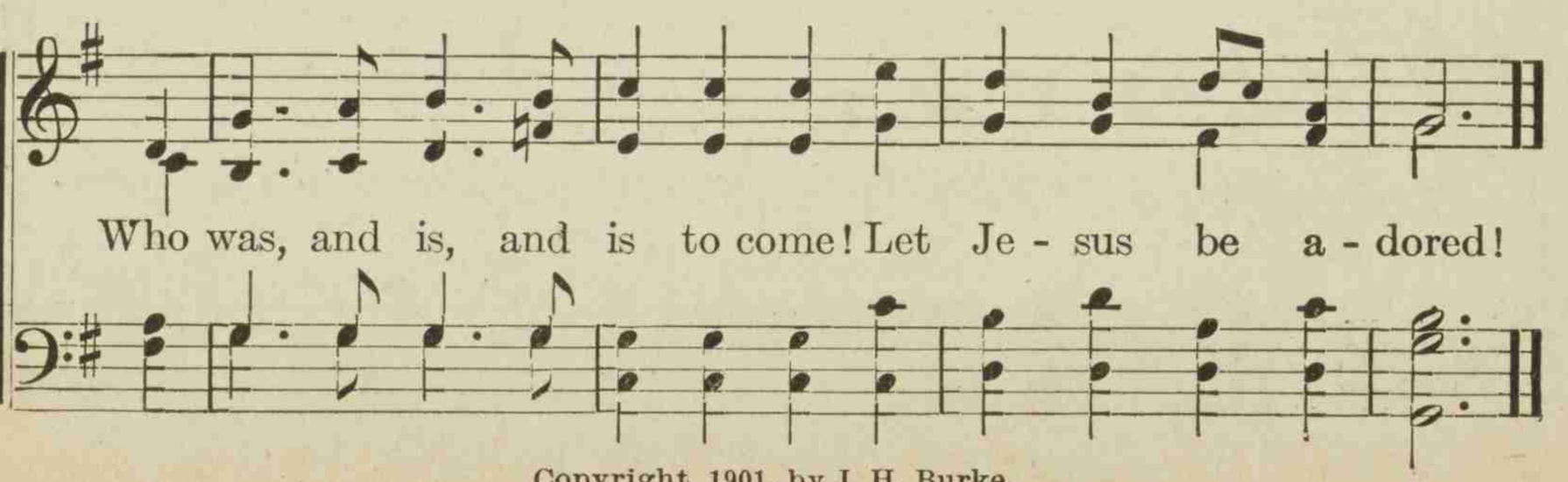




The tears and fears of all the years Are turned to notes of joy!
He bears our names, and pleads our claims, Our Ad - vo-cate is found!
We who be-lieve, do now re - ceive, And all His gifts of love.
That where He is, we who are His, For - ev - er-more shall be.



CHORUS.



All hail! the ris - en Lord! All hail! the ris - en Lord!
the ris-en Lord! the ris-en Lord!
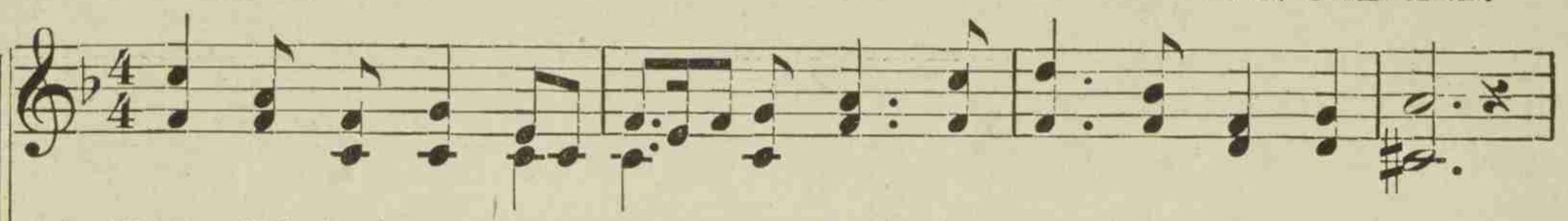


Who was, and is, and is to come! Let Je - sus be a - dored!

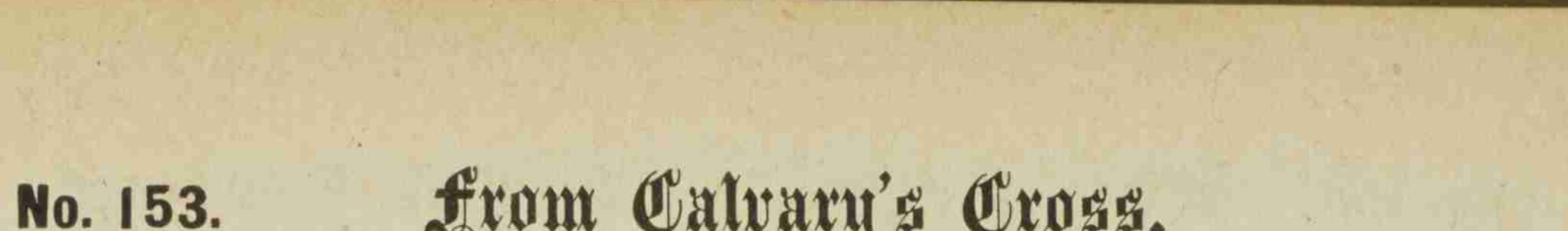
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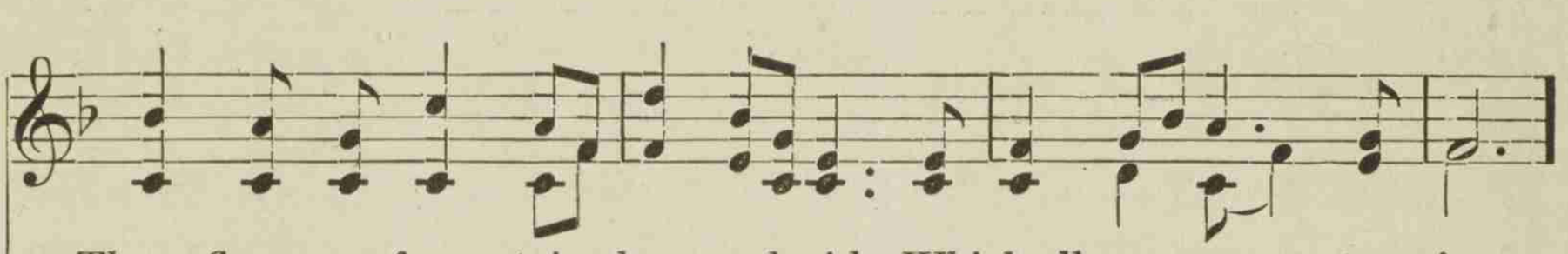
No. 153. From Calvary's Cross.

FRED SCOTT. F. S. SHEPARD.
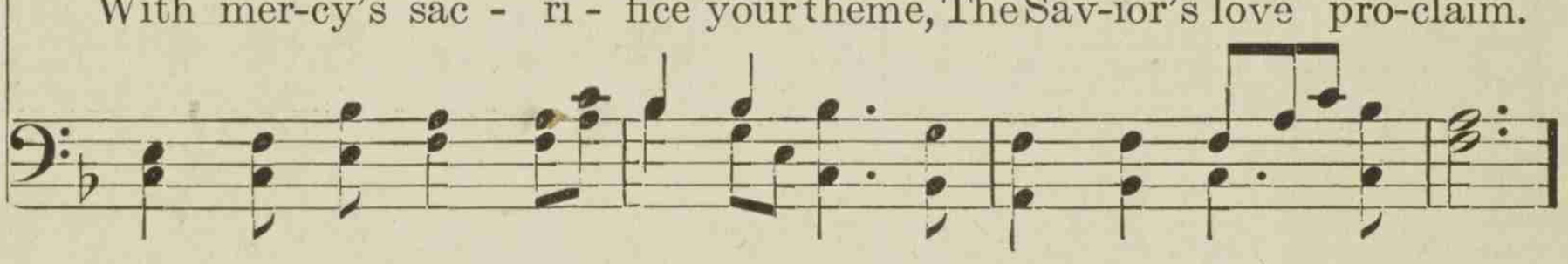


1. From Calv'ry's cross, where Je - sus died A ran - som for all sin;
2. Its cleans-ing wa - ters free - ly flow, By Je - sus' blood supplied;
3. Yes, there is heal - ing in the stream, Oh, bless His ho - ly name!
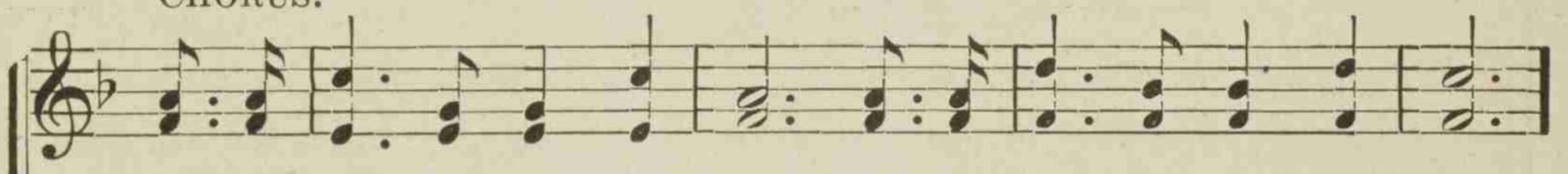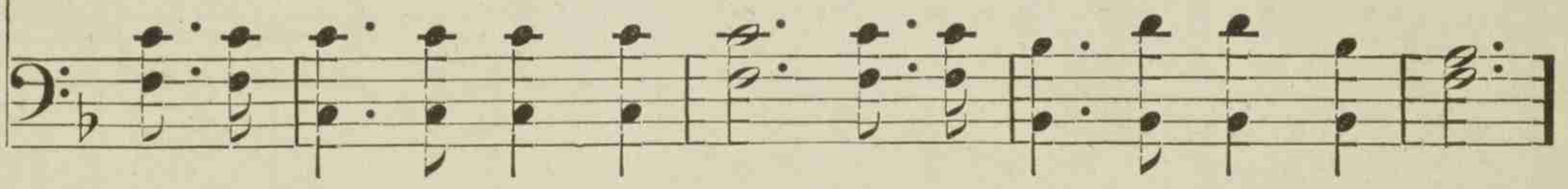




There flows a foun - tain deep and wide, Which all may en - ter in.
And wash the souls as white as snow, That plunge be-neath its tide.
With mer-cy's sac - ri - fice your theme, The Sav-ior's love pro-claim.
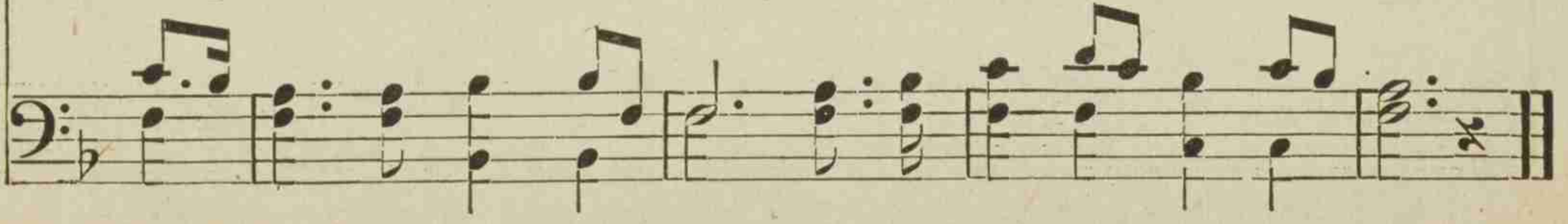


CHORUS.



Oh, the blood, the pre - cious blood! Now by faith the stream I see;
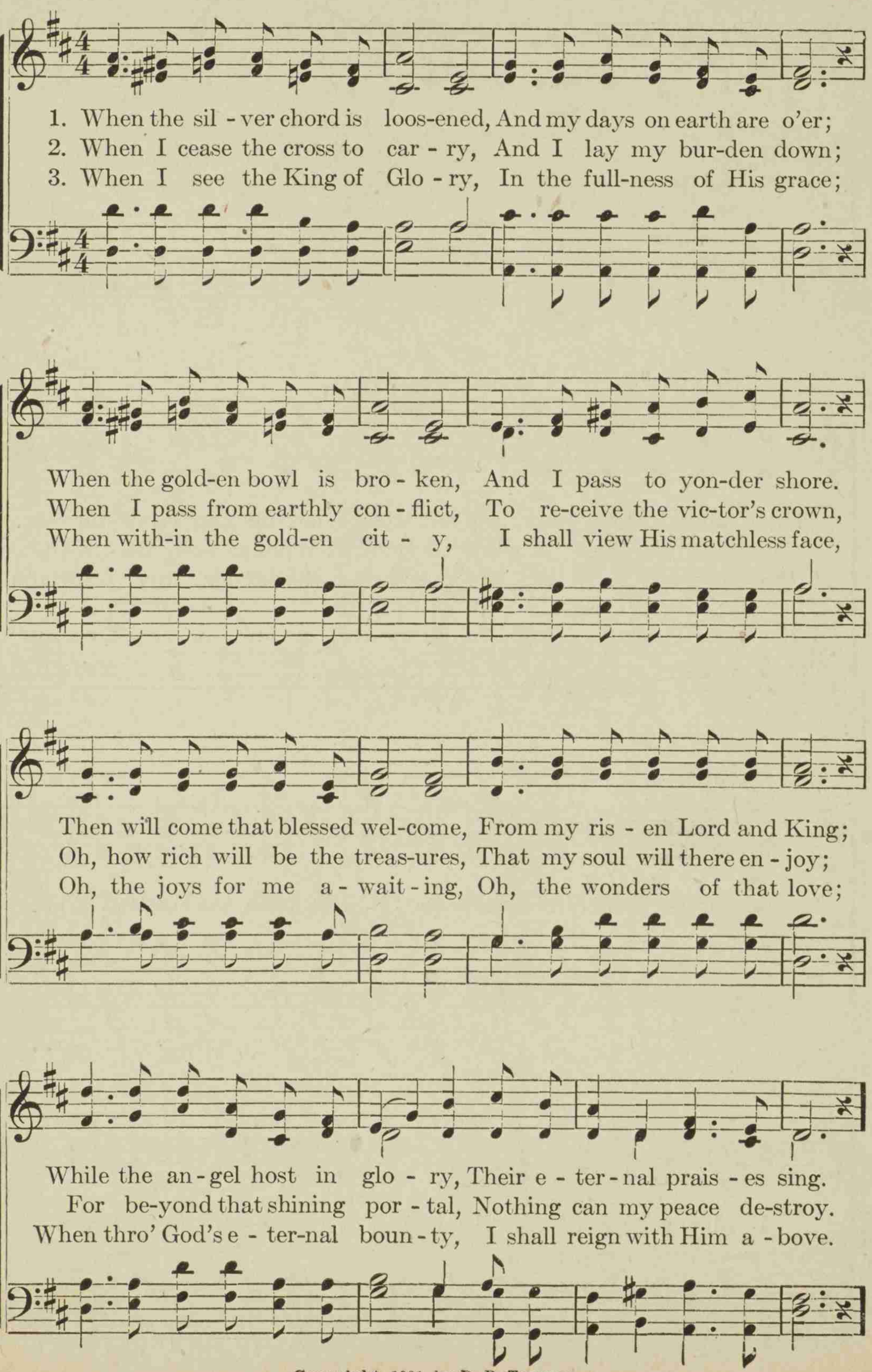


I plunge be-neath the flood, And it cleans-eth e - ven me.



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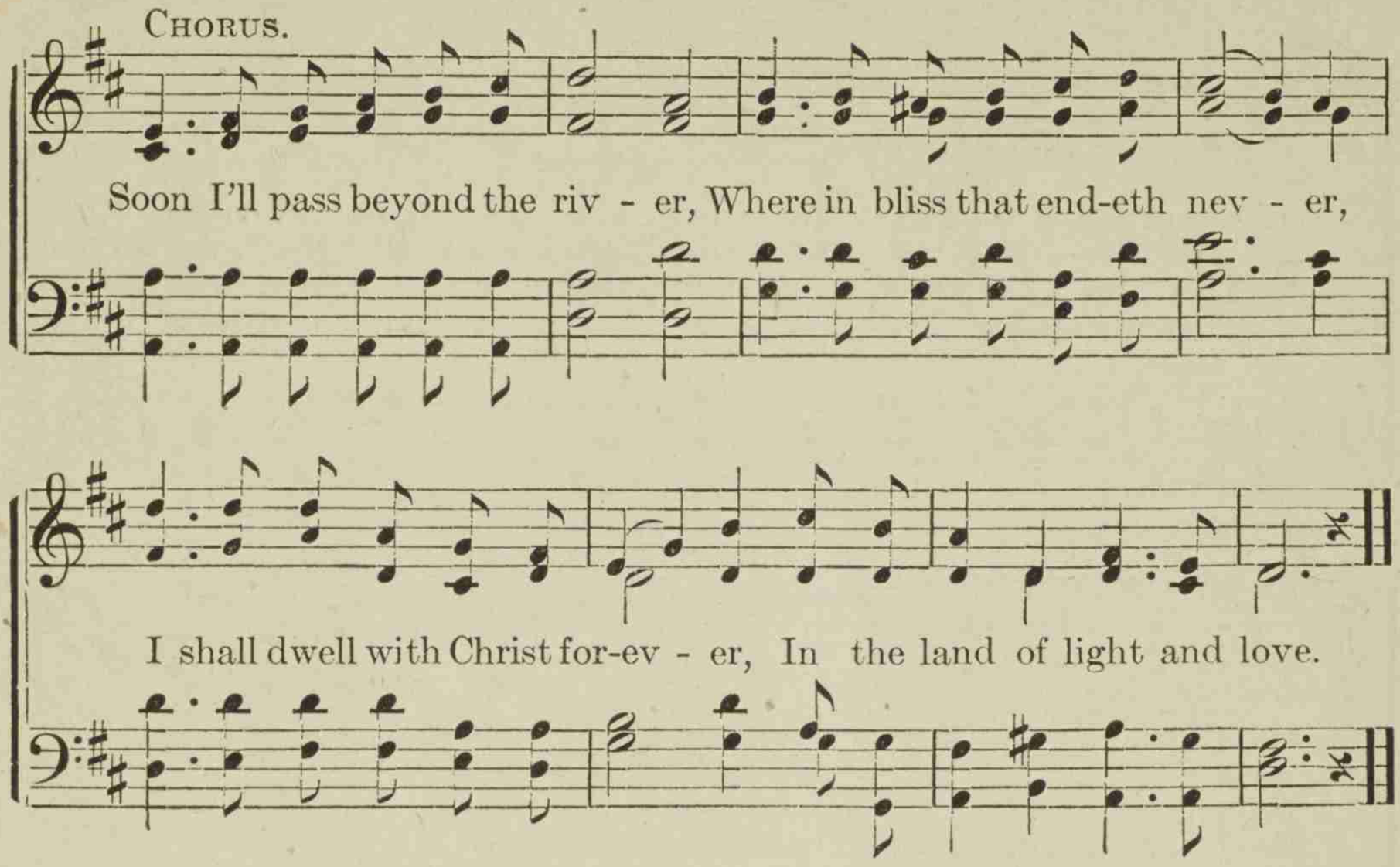
No. 154. When the Silver Chord is Loosened.

Rev. Neal A. McAulay. D. B. Towner.



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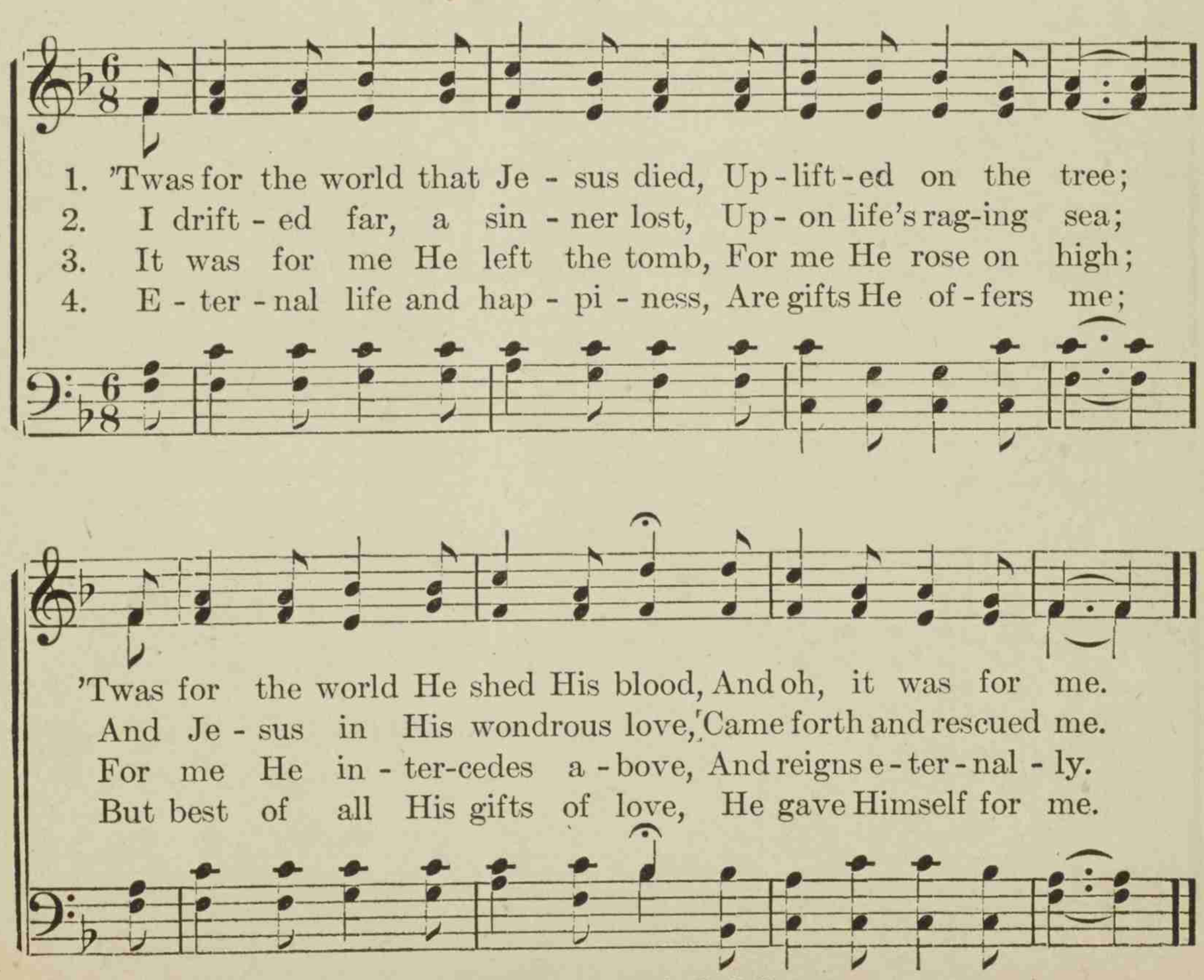
When the Silver Chord.—Concluded.



No. 155.

For Me.

D. W. Cram. C. S. Colburn.



Copyright, 1901, by C. S. Colburn.

No. 156. When Thou hast Shut Thy Door.

E. E. Hewitt. Adam Geibel.

1. Come near to Thy Fa - ther, and tell Him thy need, When
2. He "se - eth in se - cret," He knows all thy grief, When
3. Tho' low at the cross falls the pen - i - tent tear, When
4. There drink-ing so free - ly from heav - en - ly springs, When

thou..... hast shut thy door; His
thou..... hast shut thy door His
thou..... hast shut thy door, His
thou..... hast shut thy door, Re-

thou hast shut thy door, When thou hast shut thy door;

love and His mer-cy, his prom - is - es plead, When thou..... hast
com-fort - ing Spir - it will bring thee re - lief, When thou..... hast
read - y for-give-ness will bring thee good cheer, When thou..... hast
newed, day by day, thou shalt find ea-gle wings, When thou..... hast

thou hast shut thy door;

Chorus.

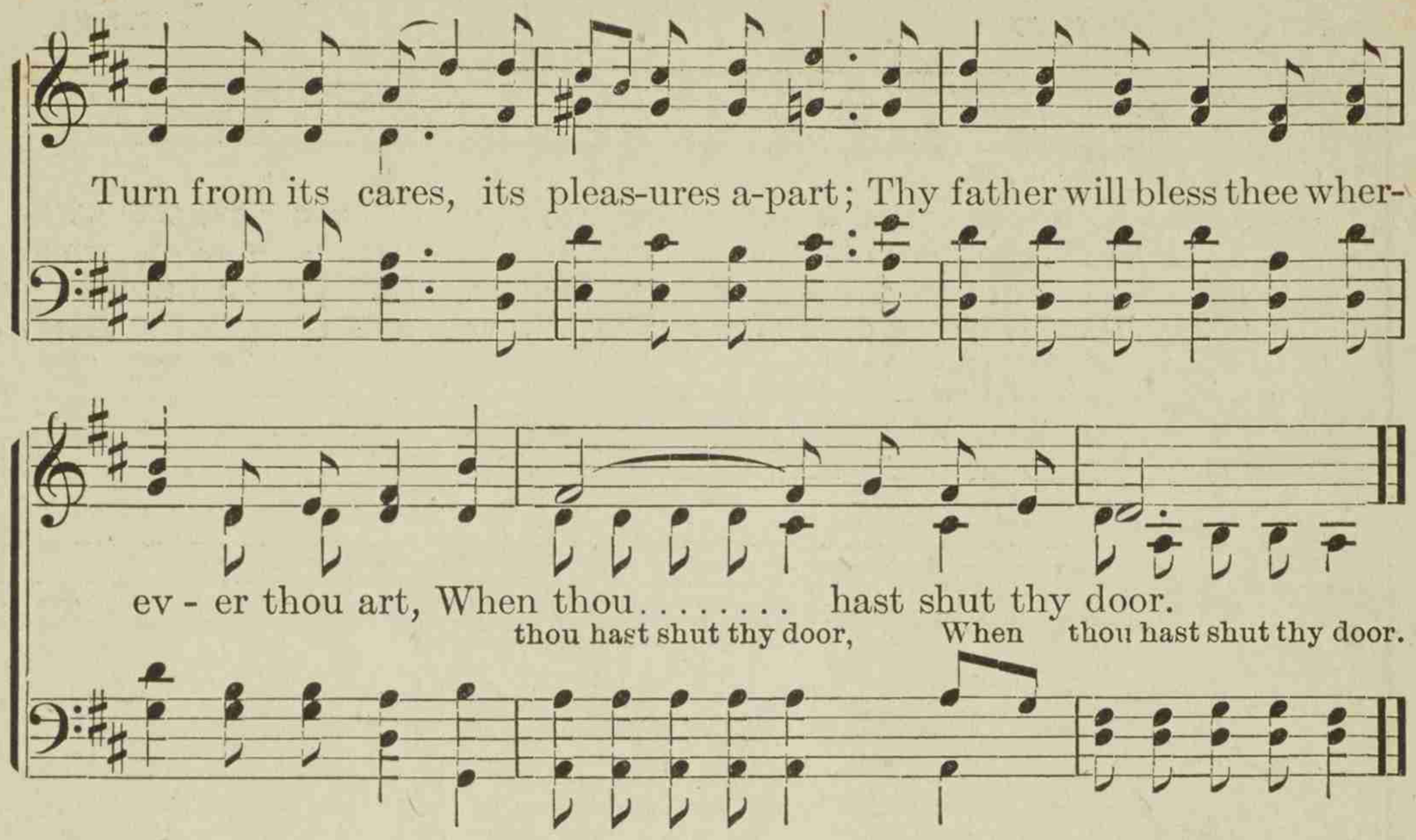
shut thy door.....
shut thy door.....
shut thy door.....
shut thy door.....

Close on the world the door of thy heart

When thou hast shut thy door.

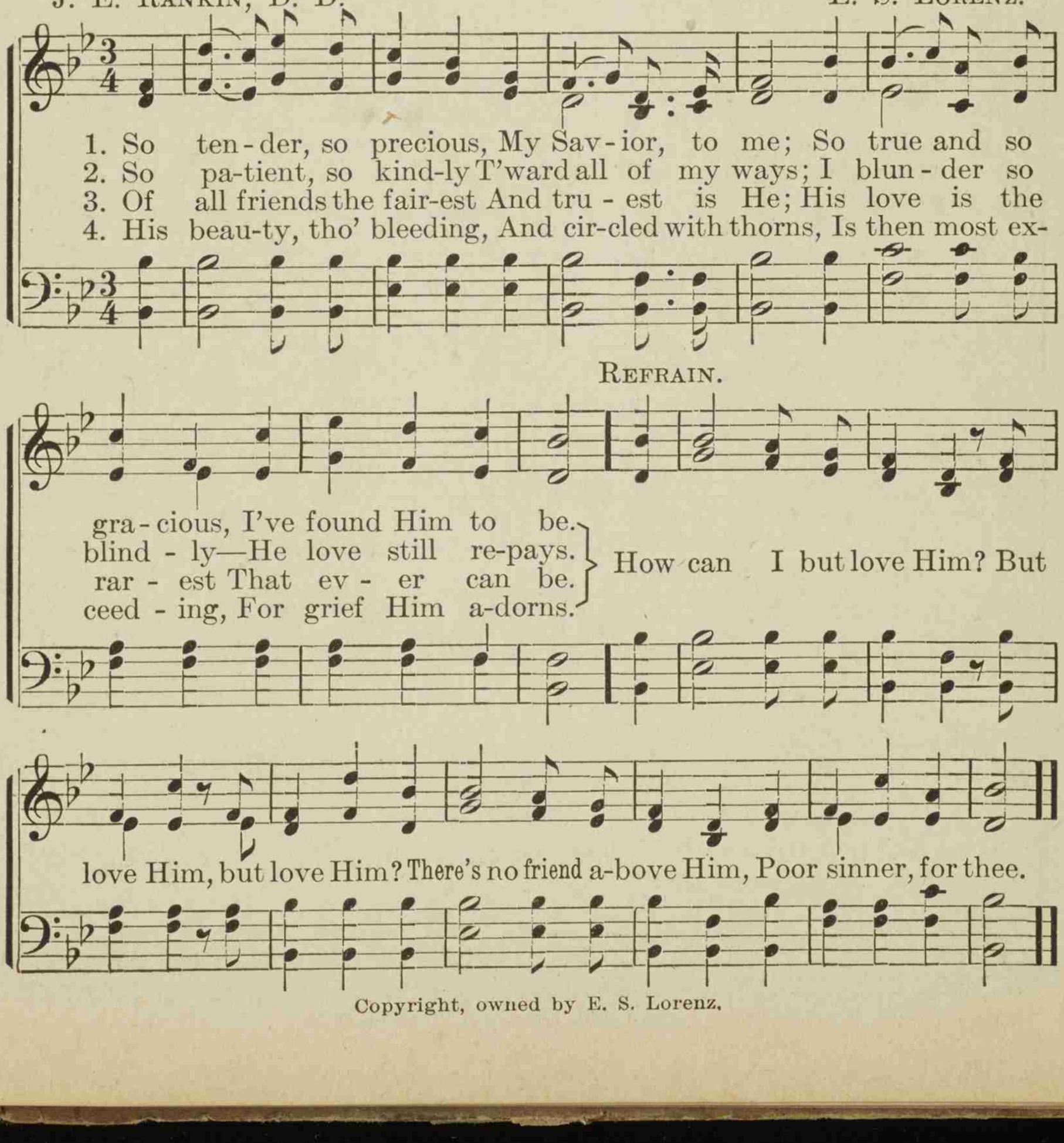
Copyright, 1897, by E. S. Lorenz.

When Thou hast Shut.—Concluded.



No. 157. How Can I but Love Him?

J. E. Rankin, D. D. E. S. Lorenz.



Copyright, owned by E. S. Lorenz.

No. 158. I can Conquer Every Foe.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. In the world I must meet trib-u - la - tion, I must grapple with fiercest foes; But I march in the conq'ring bat-tal - lion, And my
2. I will take the whole ar-mor of Je - sus, To be read-y when He shall call; But He gives no discharge in this war-fare, And the
3. I may see not the way that He lead-eth, But my Cap-tain I cannot doubt, And the shock of the bat - tle shall ech - o With the
4. At the last, when the conflict is o - ver, And the glo - ri - ous vict'ry won; Then the king-dom of glo - ry for - ev - er, We shall

CHORUS.
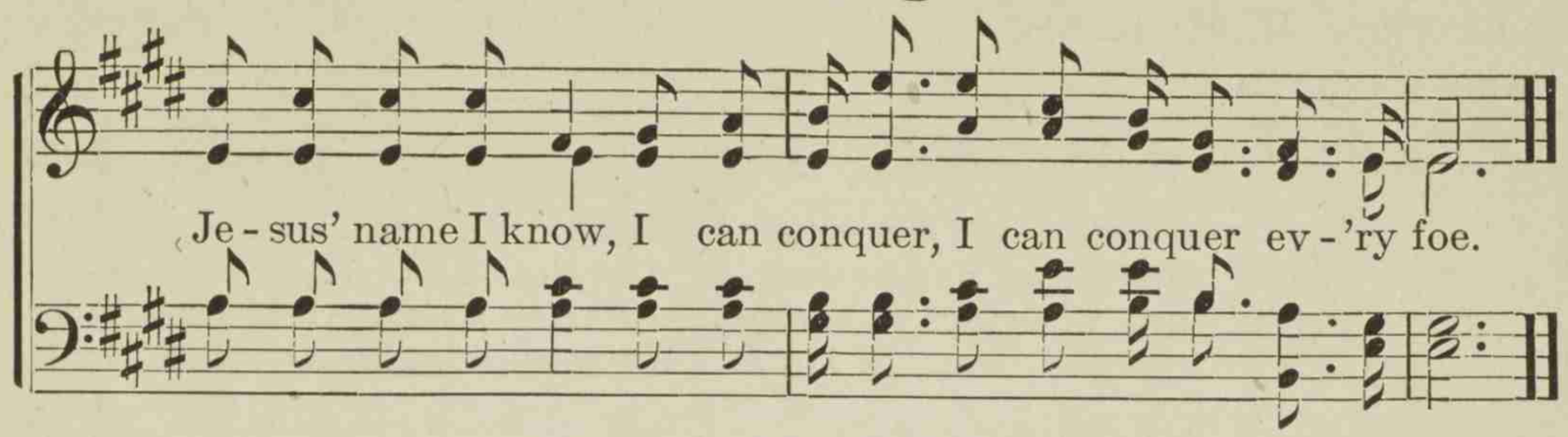
cour-age with dan - ger grows.
summons rings out to all.
vic-tor's tri - umph-ant shout.
en - ter with Christ the Son.

Then lift up the ban-ner of the cross, It nev - er can suf - fer shame or loss, And tri-umph-ant - ly I go, for in

ban - ner, the ban - ner of the cross,
suf - fer suf - fer shame or loss,

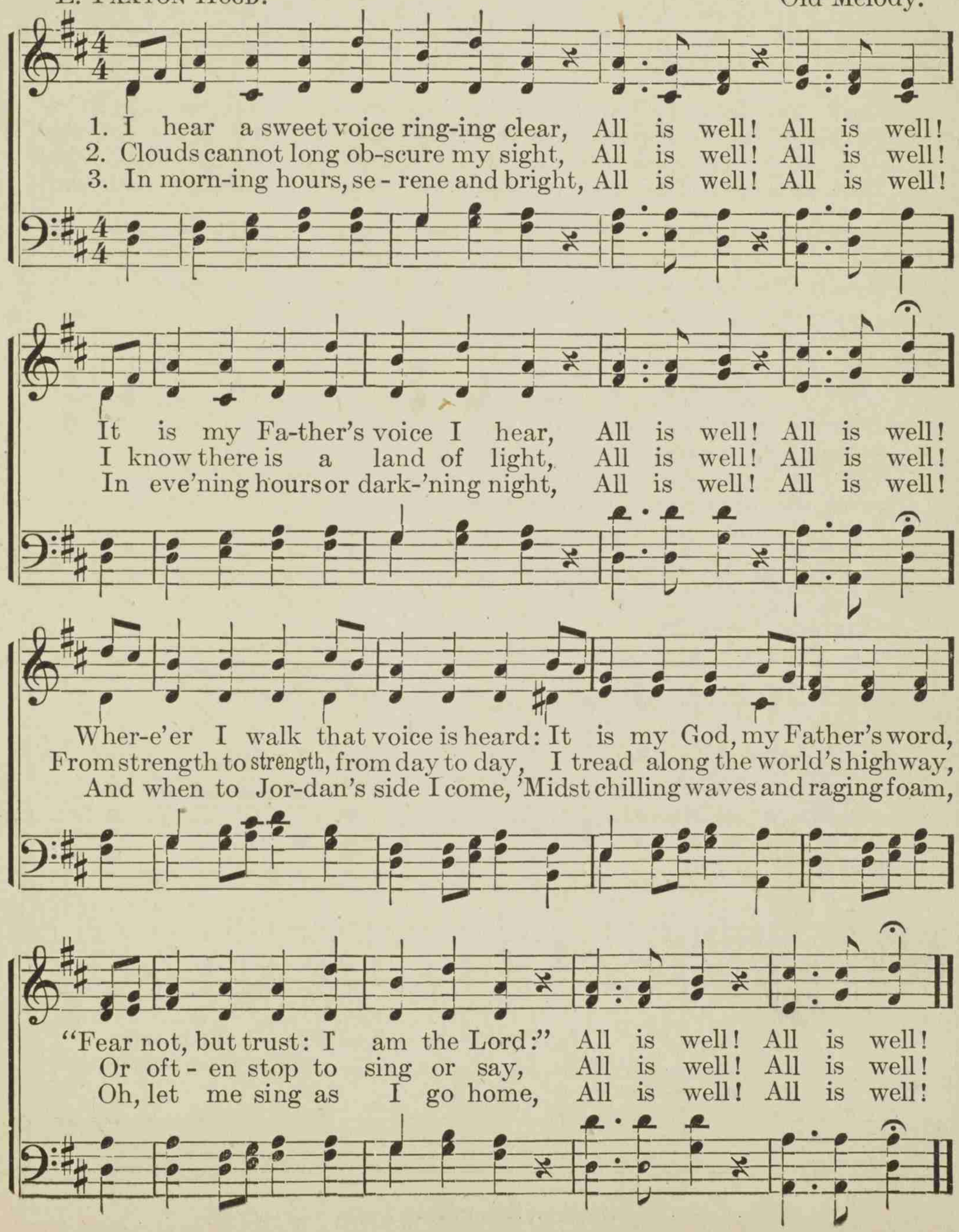
Copyright, 1901, by D. B. Towner.

I Can Conquer Every Foe.—Concluded.



No. 159. All is Well.

E. Paxton Hood. Old Melody.



No. 160. Awake, Thou That Sleepest.

BEATRICE M. HURDITCH. J. H. BURKE.

1. A - rise and shine; O Christian, do not slum - ber; Thou may'st not rest too long to hide the light; Let ev - 'ry step be "Christ" a-
2. "A-rise!" says Christ, and lie not in the shad - ow, Thou dost not gath - er prof - it from such rest; Leave not thy first love for the
3. Rise up, then, Christian, and pur-sue thy jour - ney, And Christ shall be thy con - fi-dence and stay; The light of His sweet smile shall
4. As ris - ing sun, when in His brightness shin-ing, Doth chase the dark-ness of the night a - way; So may thy path, in this dark

long thy path-way, For it will lead thee up to heaven's height.
sake of pleas - ure; To live to God is to be tru - ly blest.
rest up - on thee, His pres-ence shall go with thee all the way.
world of sor - row, Shine more and more un - til the per-fect day.

CHORUS.

A - wake, ... thou that sleep - est, And a - rise from the dead, And Christ shall give thee, shall give thee light.

a - wake, sleep-est a - wake, a - rise,
the dead, and Christ shall give give thee light.

Copyright, 1901, by J. H. Burke.

No. 161.

Give me the Bible.

P. J. O. 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 radiance peaceful beaming,
2. Give me the Bi - ble, when my heart is broken, When sin and grief have filled my soul with fear; Give me the pre-cious words by Je-sus spoken,
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 splendor 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 - ior near.
That light a - lone, the path of peace can show.
Show me the glo - ry gilding Jordan's wave.
} Give me the Bi - ble!

Thy 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. 162. I Long for that Beautiful Home.

Mrs. O. A. Miller. O. A. Miller.

Moderato.

1. I long for that beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Home, Where God in His glo - ry now sits on His throne; Where saints in pure wor - ship be-
2. I long for that beau-ti - ful Home now on high, Where sor-row and sigh - ing can nev - er draw nigh, Where naught that de - fil - eth can
3. At home on that shin-ing and beau-ti - ful shore, Life's troub-les and tri - als can reach me no more; The toil and the care of the
4. The cru - ci - fied, ris - en and glo - ri - fied Son, I'll meet in that bright and that beau - ti - ful Home; With joy I shall shout as with

fore Him do bend, And glad hal - le - lu - jahs its wide por-tals rend.
e'er en - ter in, And I shall be free from the temptings of sin.
heat of the day, To rest and sweet peace shall for-ev-er give way.
an-gels I sing, All glo - ry to God and to Je - sus our King.

Chorus.

Home.. beau-ti-ful Home.... Bright beau - ti - ful Home,....
Beau - ti - ful Home, beau-ti - ful Home, beau - ti-ful Home,

Copyright, 1899, by O. A. Miller.

I Long for that Beautiful Home.—Concluded.

Repeat softly after last verse.

I long for the peace and the glad sweet release Of that Home, beautiful Home.

No. 163. Wait till the Morning Dawns.

E. E. Hewitt. E. S. Lorenz.

1. The shades of night will pass a-way, Wait till the morn-ing dawns;
2. Loved fac - es we a - gain shall see, Wait till the morn-ing dawns;
3. The King's bright beau-ty we'll be-hold, Wait till the morn-ing dawns;

No cloud shall dim the per-fect day, Wait till the morn-ing dawns.
Sweet home re - un - ions then shall be, Wait till the morn-ing dawns.
And sing His praise to harps of gold, Wait till the morn-ing dawns.

Chorus.

Wait! Wait! Wait till the morning
Wait but a lit - tle while! Wait but a lit - tle while!
dawns. All hail the day-spring from on high, Wait till the morn-ing dawns.

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No. 164. Walking through the Valley.

JAMES M. GRAY, D.D. D. B. TOWNER.

1. The walk thro' the val-ley the saint doth not fear, The rod and the staff of the Shep-herd ap-pear; The o'er-flow-ing prais-es as soul pass-eth hence, As-cend un-to heav-en as sweet frankincense.
2. The storm on the mountain breaks not in the vale, Nor hin-ders the song of the sweet night-in-gale; Tho' bare are the hill-sides, the val-ley is green, And still are the wa-ters that flow in be-tween.
3. God watcheth our bed-side, no harm lurketh near; He smootheth our pil-low and dri-eth our tear; The heav-en-ly glo-ry vouch-safes to our view, And lightens the val-ley with ra-di-ant hue.
4. No tongue can describe, and no language can paint How dear to the Lord is the death of the saint; Till jour-ney be end-ed, and val-ley be past, And sin-ner meet Sav-ior in glo-ry at last!

CHORUS.

Precious is the death of the saint! Sinner by redemption restored!
Redemption restored;
Precious are his footsteps, passing thro' the vale, Precious in the sight of the Lord.

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No 165.

I Must Tell Jesus.

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

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these bur-dens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me; He ev - er
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles; He is a kind, com- pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de-liv - er, Make of my bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-ior, One who can help my tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, And He will help me O-ver the
4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is

Chorus.

loves and cares for His own.
troub - les quick - ly an end.
cares and sor-rows will share.
world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

Rit.

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No. 166. His Grace is Sufficient for Me.

Rev. Ernest G. Wesley. B. T. Worden.

1. So glad is my soul in my Sav-ior to-night; He owns me His child and I walk in the light. He calls me, I fol-low, my
2. His love nev-er changes, tho' oft times I stray; He nev-er for-sakes me, by night or by day. His prom-ise sustains me, I
3. I glo-ry in Je-sus, my Sav-ior and friend; His grace e'er sur-rounds me to help and de-fend. With cour-age I fol-low where-
4. His strength thro' life's journey my heart doth sustain, E'er full and a-bound-ing till heav-en I gain; And then in His mansions of

Lord knoweth where; My Sav-ior is with me, then why should I care?
trust and pre-vail; I can-not but conquer, for how can I fail?
ev-er He leads; My soul in rich pastures He con-stant-ly feeds.
glo-ry and praise My life shall o-bey Him thro' ne'er-ending days.

Chorus.

His grace is suf-fi-cient for me, (for me,) His grace is suf-
His grace, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me, His grace, His

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His Grace is Suffieient for Me.—Concluded.

fi - cient for me, (for me.) So I trust and wait, yes,
grace is suf - fi - cient for me,

trust and wait, For His grace is suf - fi- cient for me, (for me)
His grace is suf - fi - cient for me.

No. 167. The Great Physician.

WILLIAM HUNTER. Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phy- si - cian now is near, The sym-pa- thiz-ing Je- sus;
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, O hear the voice of Je- sus;
3. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear No oth - er name but Je- sus;
4. The chil-dren, too, both great and small, Who love the name of Je- sus,

FINE.

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je- sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je- sus.
O how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Je- sus.
May now ac - cept the gra-cious call To work and live for Je- sus.

D;S.—*Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.*

CHORUS. D.S.

Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue;

No. 168.

Facing the Foe.

COLIN STERNE. H. E. NICHOL. Arr.

1. What is the noise of bat - tle? What are the loud a - larms?
2. They are the Mas - ter's sol - diers, Ev - er a - lert and strong,
3. Will you not come and join them? They are in need of you;
4. So shall you fight and con - quer, So shall the foe be slain,

Borne a - long is the shout of men, The clash of arms!
They will nev - er give way to sin, Or yield to wrong;
You can en - ter the might - y ranks Of brave and true,
So the king - dom of Je - sus Christ Shall come a - gain!

See where the flag is fly - ing! See where the swords are bright!
They are the knights of sto - ry, Banners of Christ they bear,
Boys with your hearts of cour - age, Girls with your hearts of love,
So when your life is o - ver, End - ed the grief and pain,

Hark to the song of the war - ri - ors brave Of truth and right!
On - ward they go in the might of the Lord To do and dare!
En - ter and join in the work of the Lord Who reigns a - bove!
Ye who were comrades of bat - tle on earth In heav'n shall reign!

CHORUS.

Fac - ing the foe to - geth - er, Fight - ing the fight of faith,

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Facing the Foe.—Concluded.

Strong in Him who leads us on, And true till death!

Fac-ing the foe to-geth-er, Fight-ing the fight of faith,

Strong in the might of the Lord, our God, And true (and true) till death!

No. 169. Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING—GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je-sus, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re-pose;
3. Grant to lit-tle chil-dren Vis-ions bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night-watch-es, May Thine an-gels spread
5. When the morn-ing wak-ens, Then may I a-rise,

Shad-ows of the ev-'ning Steal a-cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless-ing May our eye-lids close.
Guard the sail-ors toss-ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a-bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin-less In Thy ho-ly eyes.

Steal a-cross the sky.

No. 170.

Abide in Me.

E. O. S.

E. O. SELLERS.

Andante.

1. "A-bide in me," it is His word, "and I in you will dwell,"
2. A-bide in me, thou art the branch, O bless-ed word di - vine;
3. "Ask what ye will," O prom-ise sweet, thro, a - ges still the same,

A-bide in me, O Ho-ly One, and I thy love shall tell.
'Tis sweet to feel we rest se-cure up-on the "Liv-ing Vine."
There's bless-ing sweet and pow'r di-vine, when asked in Je - sus' name.

CHORUS.

"A - bide.. in me,.... and I.... in you," He that a-
"A - bide in me, and I in you,"

bides.... shall find Him true;.. Ask what ye will,..... it
He that a-bides, He that abides shall find Him true, Ask what ye will,

is.... His word, for there is pow'r.. in Je - sus, the Lord.
it is His word, for there is pow'r, is pow'r in Je-sus, the Lord.
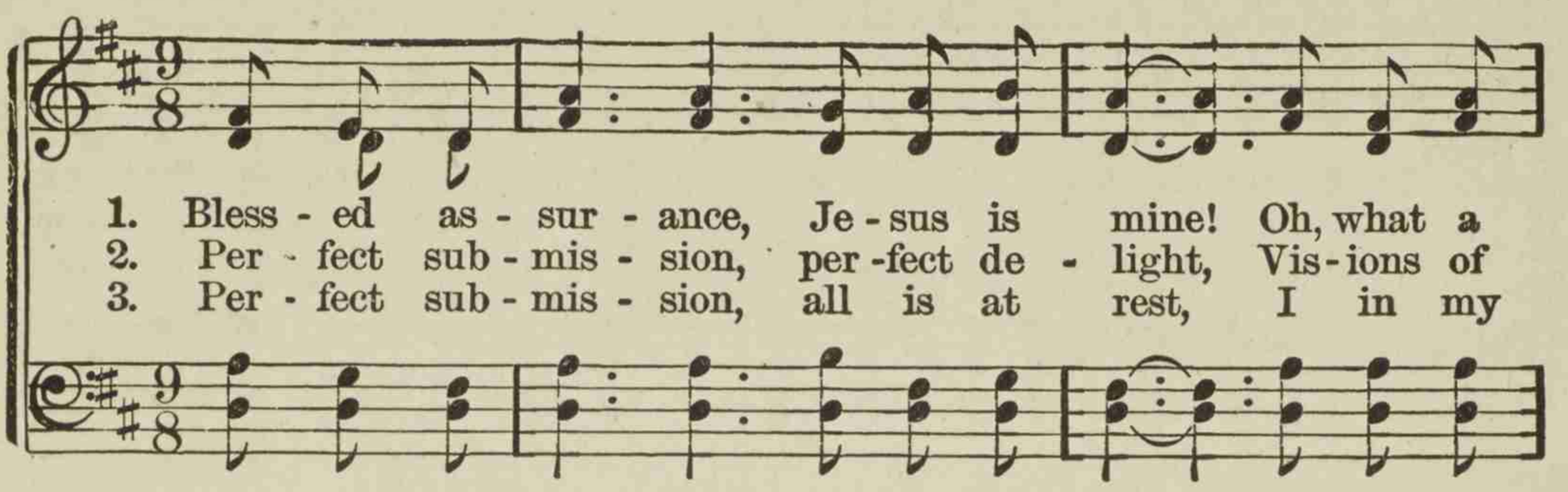
Rall.
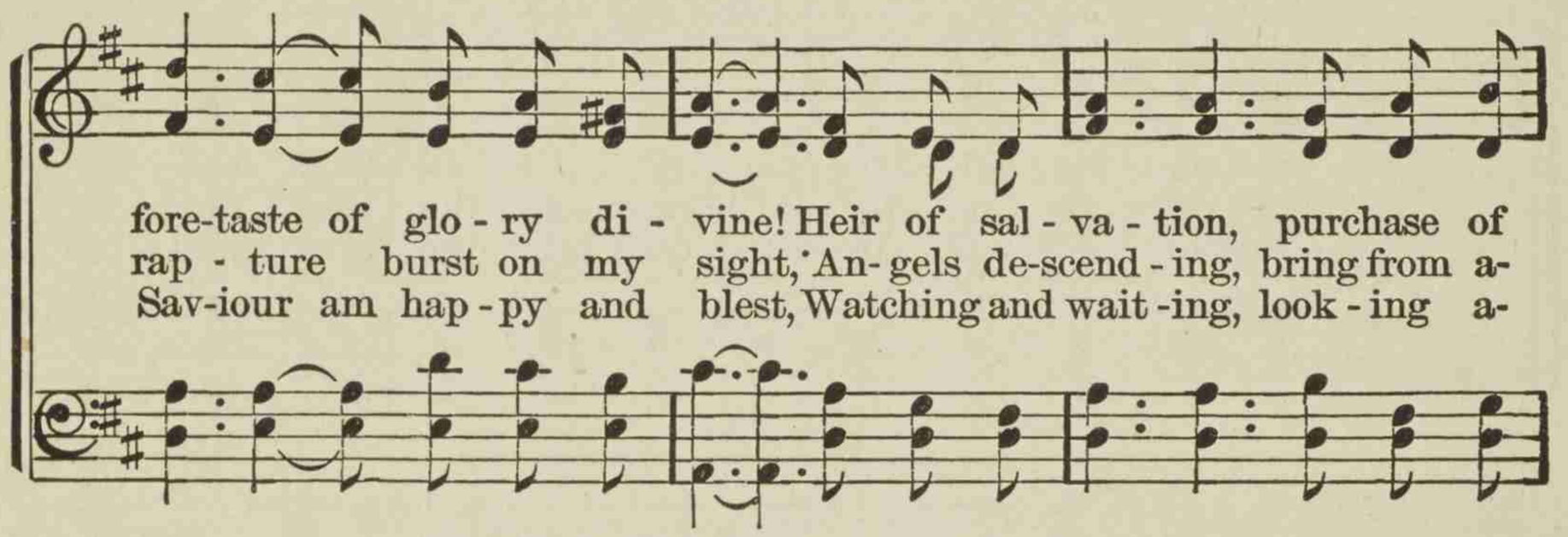
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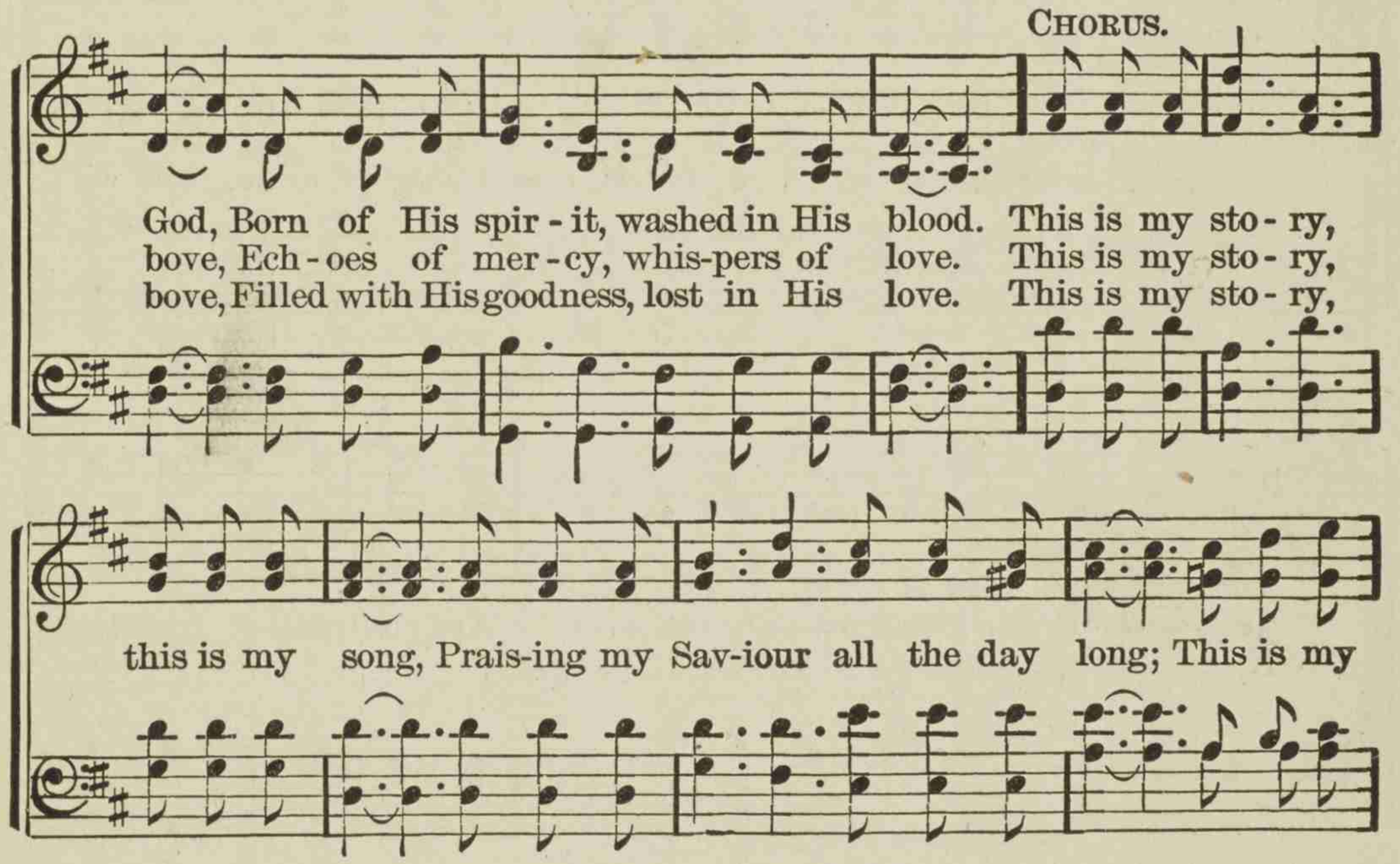
Blessed Assurance.
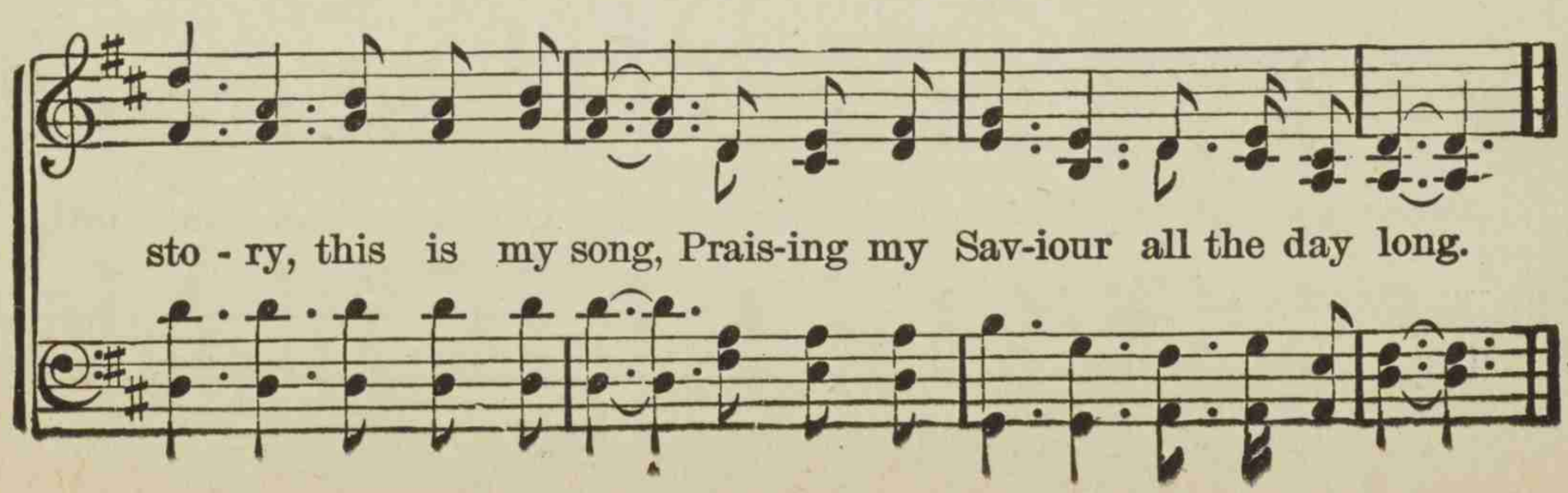
F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.





CHORUS.





No. 172.

Are You Ready?

CARY. C. S. COLBURN.

1. I am watch-ing, I am wait-ing For the com - ing of the Lord,
2. He may call me in the morning, Or at noon the call may come,
3. God has giv - en all this prom-ise, Full of grace and love di - vine,

For that com - ing in whose glo - ry I shall share; And the
He may call me in the dark - ness of the night; Be it
Who - so - ev - er will be-lieve on Christ the Son, Shall be
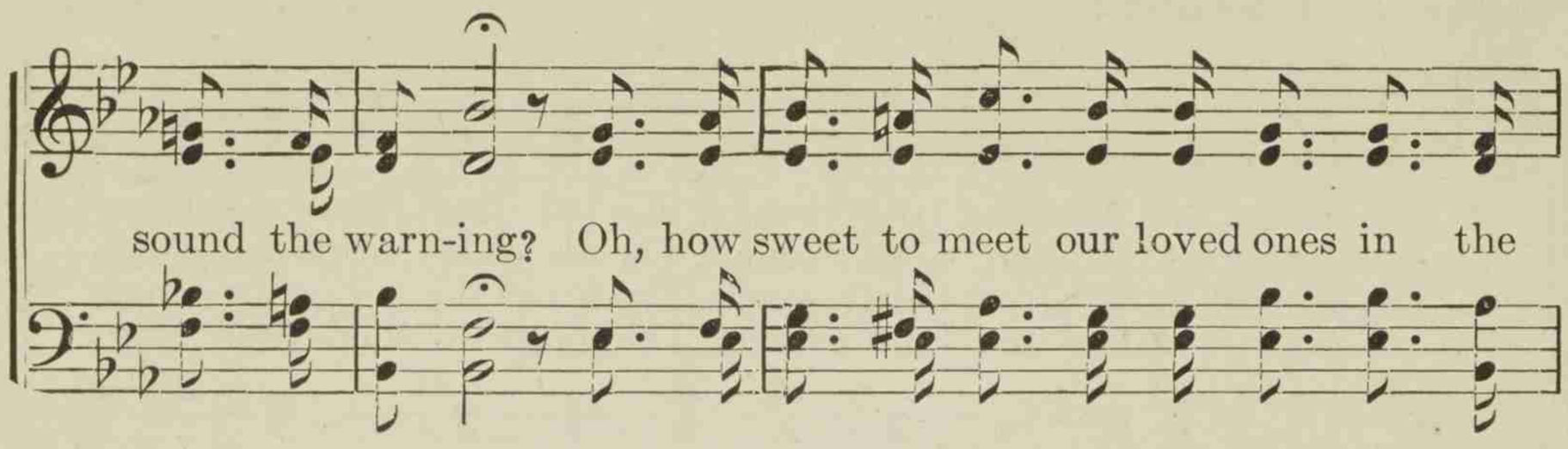
times are fast ful - fill - ing as re-cord - ed in His word, For His
morn-ing, noon, or ev-'ning, I'll be read - y then to go, There to
saved—oh, pre-cious promise, I am His and He is mine, And with

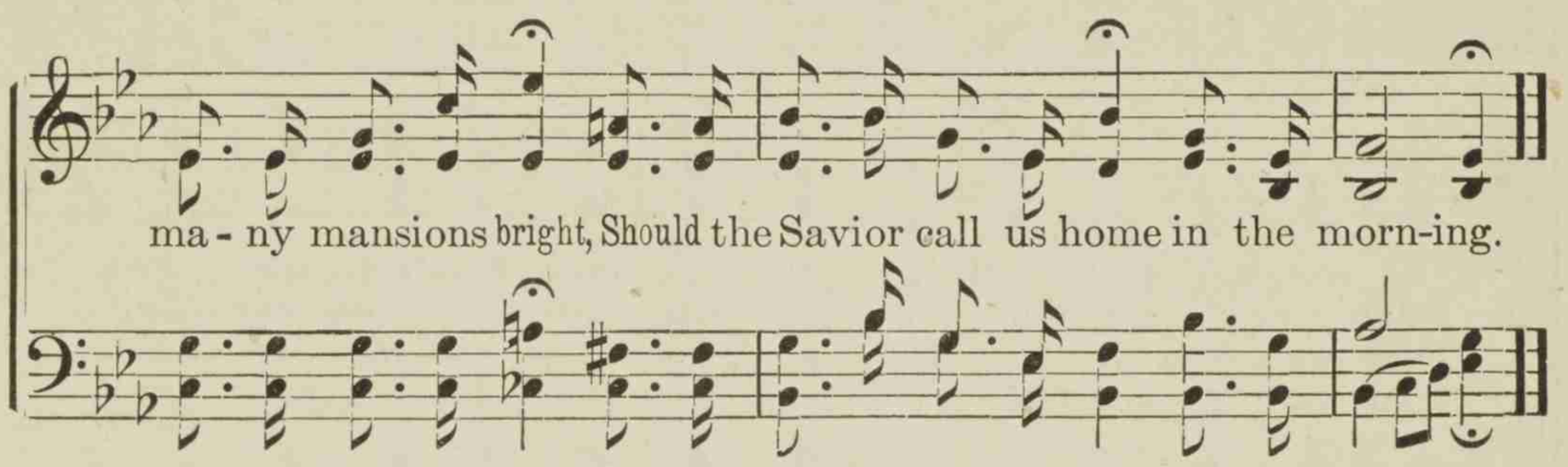
CHORUS.

com-ing with His an - gels in the air.
walk with Him in garments pure and white.
Him I soon shall be, the vic - t'ry won.
} Are you read-y for His com-ing, if He should come to-night, Should the an - gel of the Lord

Copyright, 1901, by C. S. Colburn.
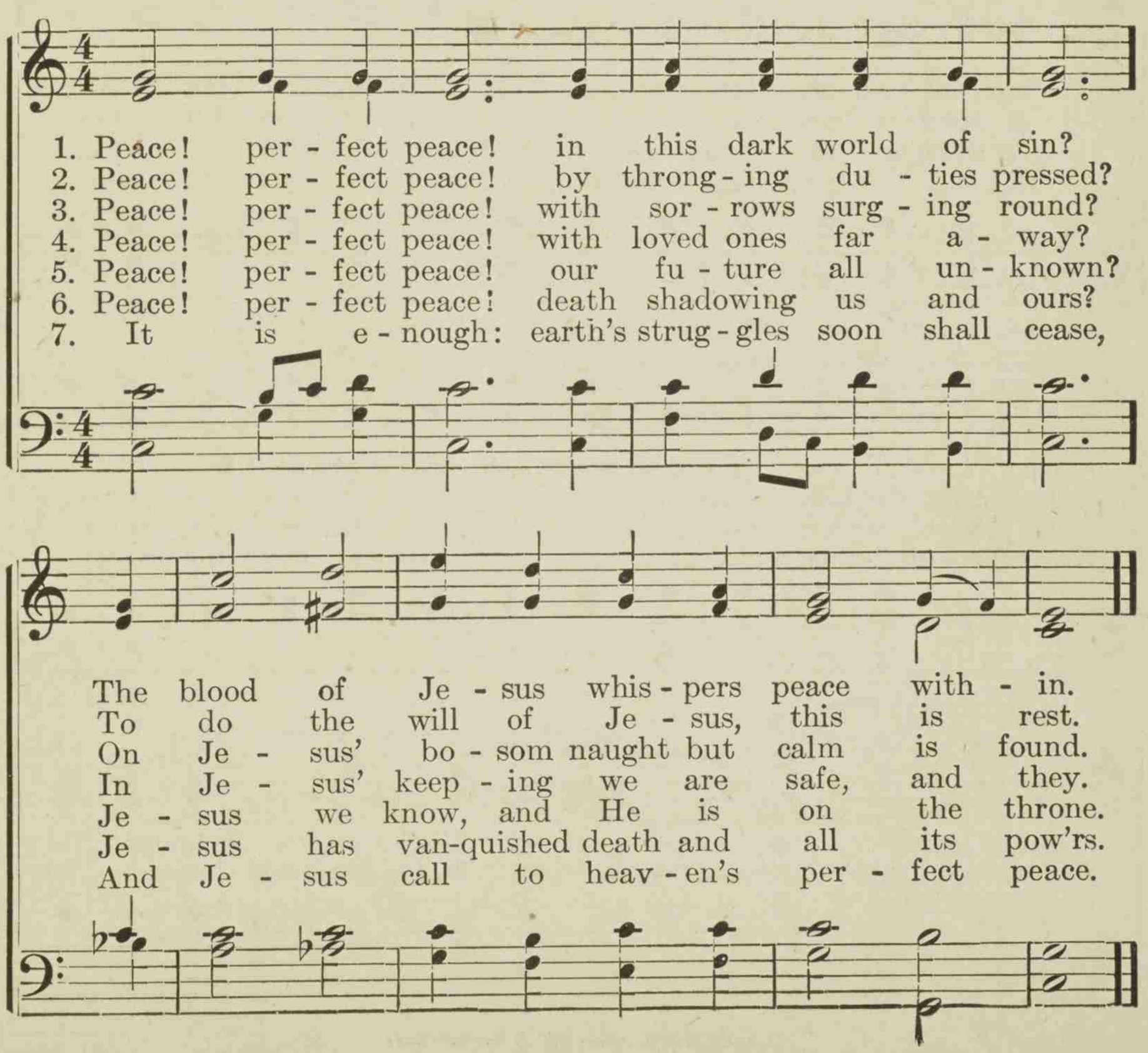
Are You Ready.—Concluded.





No. 173. Peace, Perfect Peace.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH. G. T. CALDBECK.



No. 174. The Lord's Songs.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. No songs are like the Lord's songs, In - spi - red from a - bove,
2. No songs are like the Lord's songs, The song the con-trite sings,
3. No songs are like the Lord's songs, The songs the pil - grim sings,
4. No songs are like the Lord's songs, The songs the shep-herds sing,

The songs of grace and glo - ry, Of faith and hope and love.
When to the cross of Je - sus His faith de - pend - ent clings;
They waft him to the Home-land, For song hath ev - er wings;
That sigh a - mong the val - leys, Or from the hill tops ring;

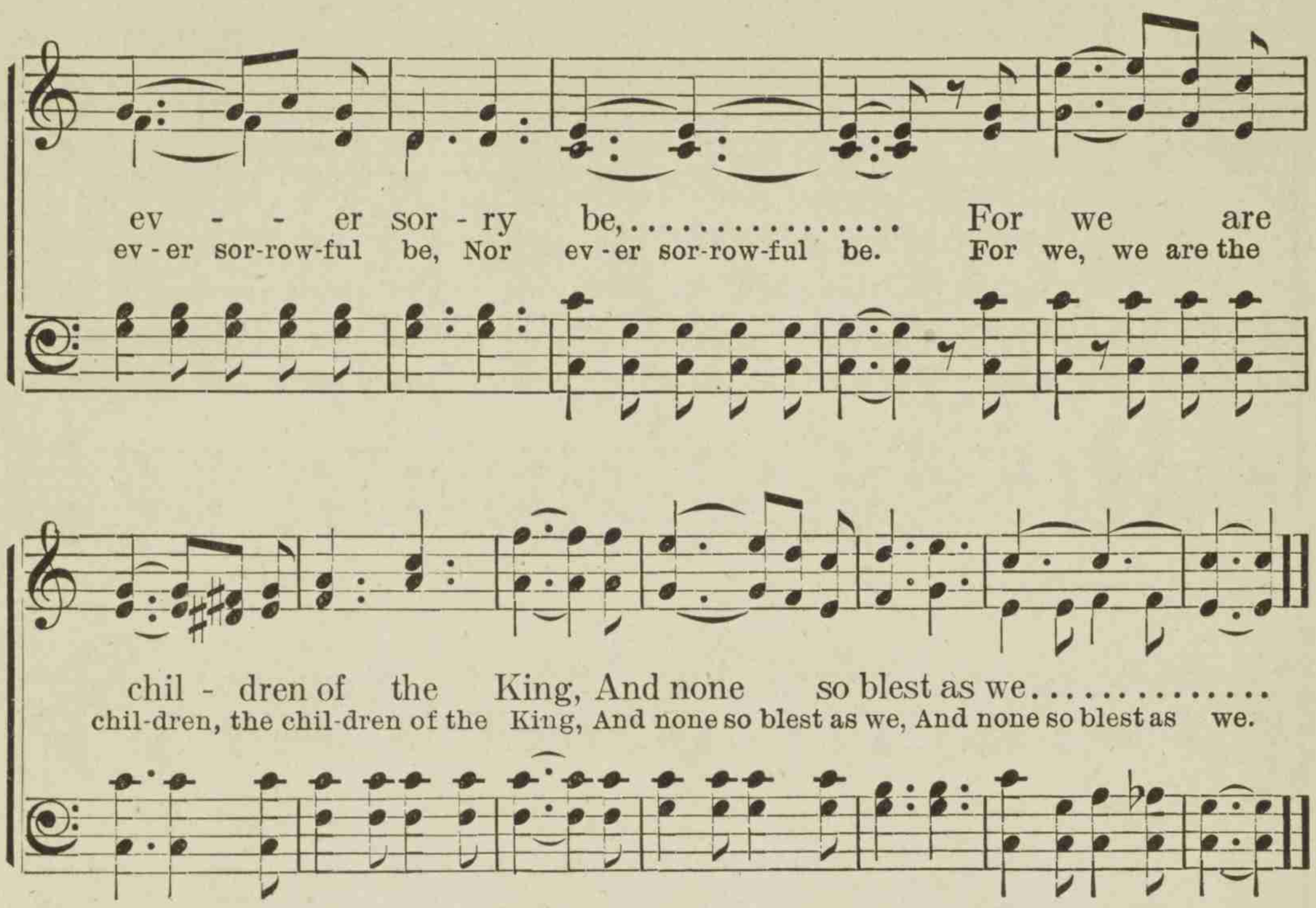
They ban - ish all our sad-ness, Our sigh - ing and our tears;
A song so meek and low - ly, As there his wist - ful eyes
So when the heart grows wea - ry, And toil - some day is long,
But in the glad home bring-ing, Oh, what a song we'll sing,

They crown all ho - ly glad-ness, And scat - ter all our fears.
Be - hold the Lamb most ho - ly, His bleed - ing sac - ri - fice.
Or night is lone and drear - y, He cheers the way with song.
When through the heav-ens wing - ing Our way to meet the King.

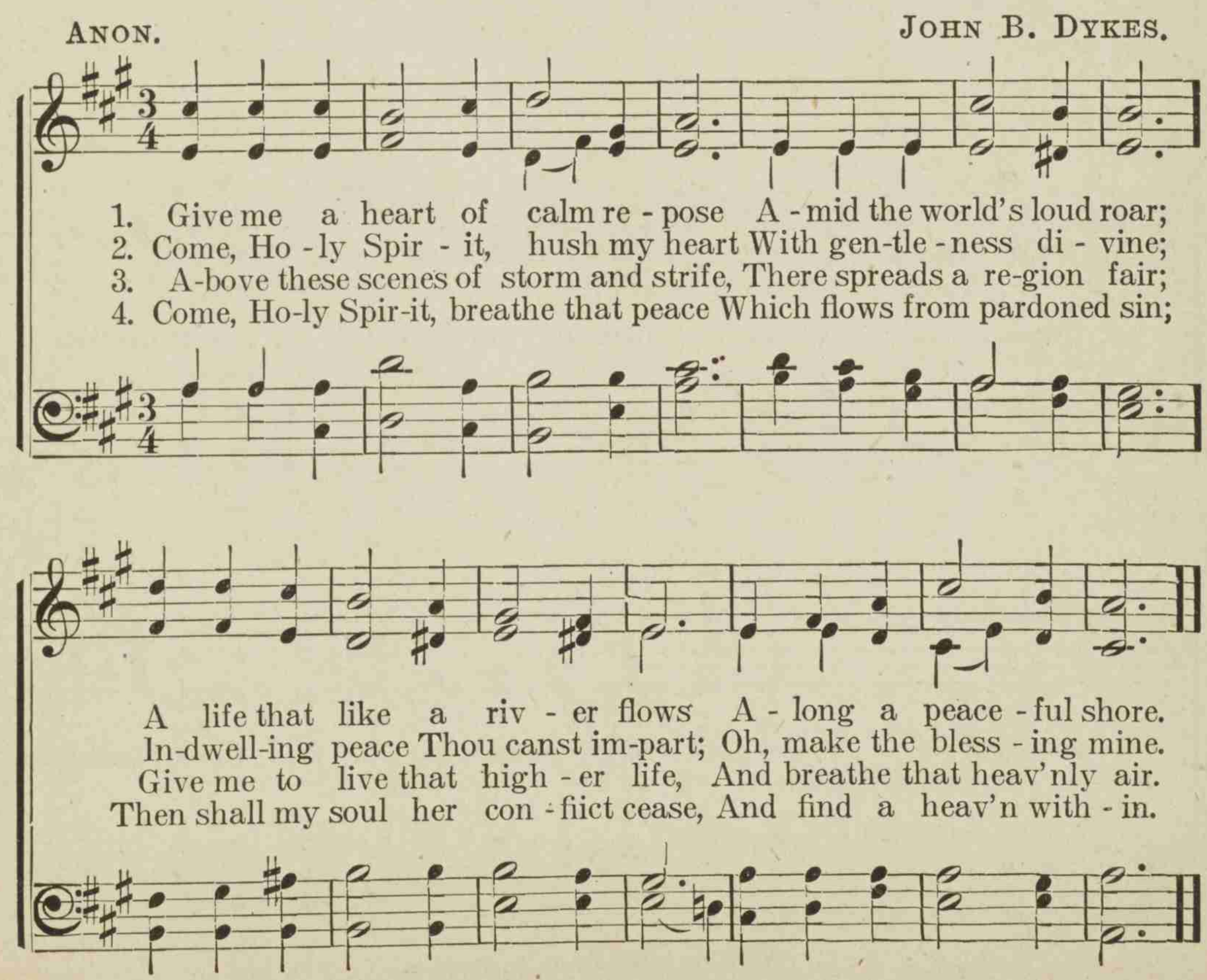
CHORUS.

Then sing the songs of Zi - on, sing; Nor
Then sing, joy-ful - ly sing the songs of Zi - on, joy - ful-ly sing, Nor

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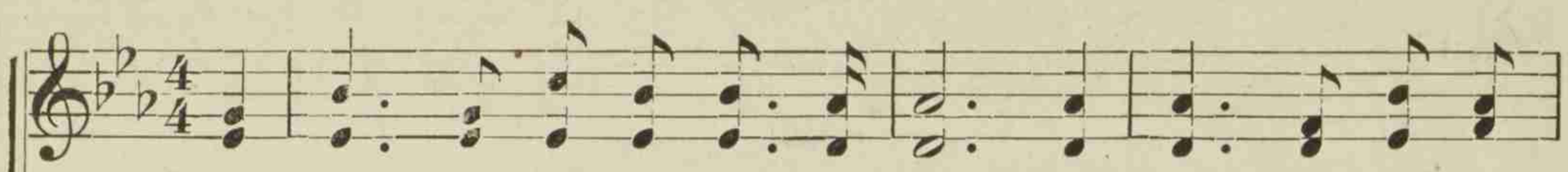


No. 175. Give Me a Heart of Calm Repose.

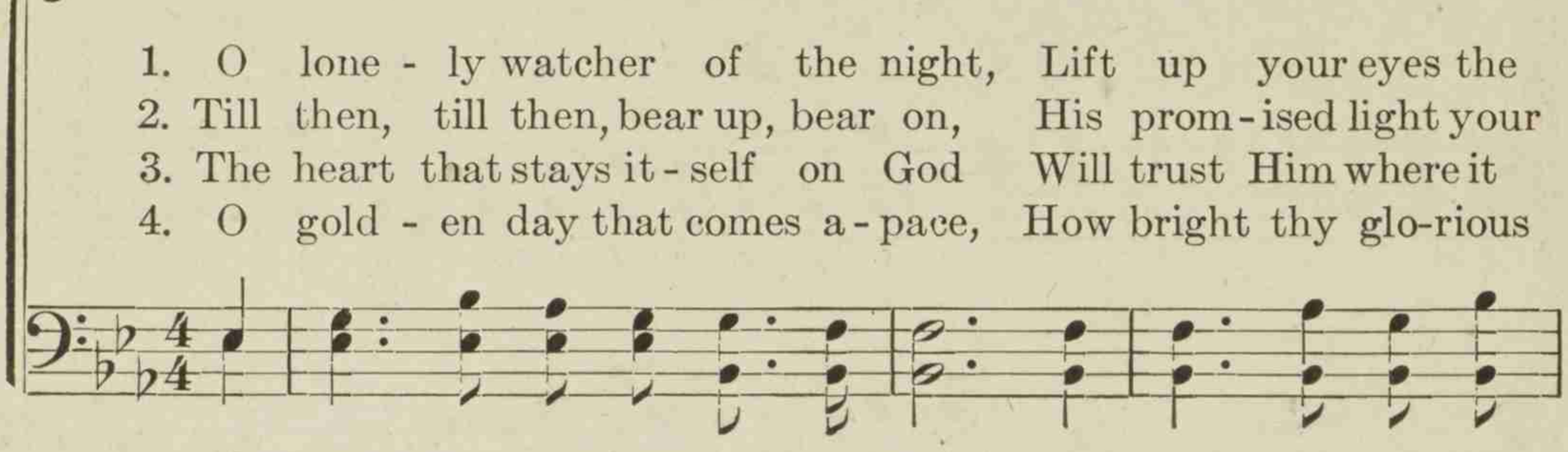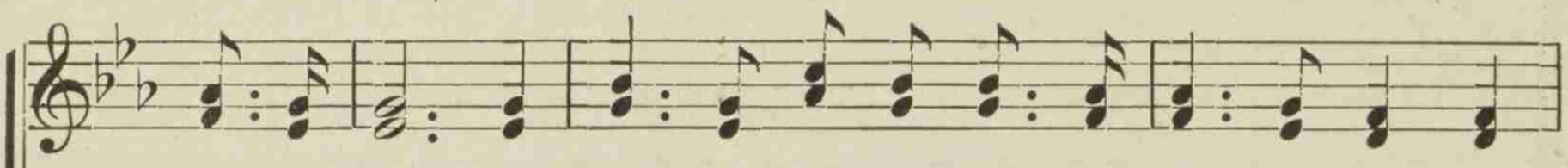


No. 176. Until the Day Breaks.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.
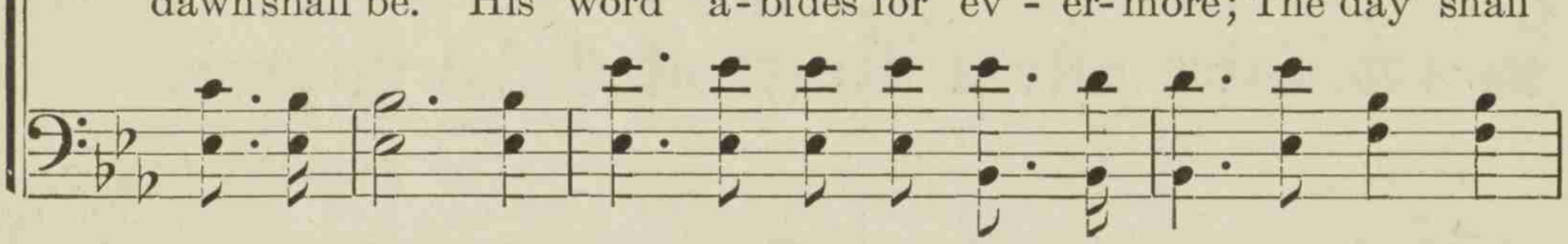


1. O lone - ly watcher of the night, Lift up your eyes the
2. Till then, till then, bear up, bear on, His prom - ised light your
3. The heart that stays it - self on God Will trust Him where it
4. O gold - en day that comes a - pace, How bright thy glo-rious
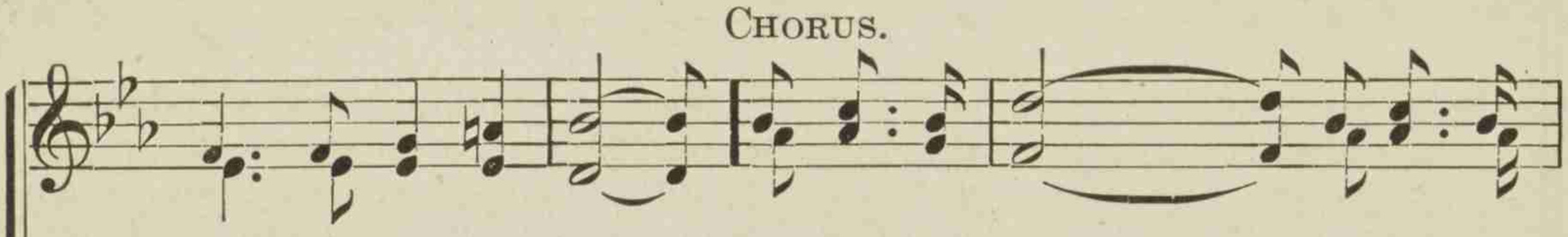




dawn to see; Your heav - y bur-den shall but press Till day shall
hope and plea; Ex - ult - ant joy shall ban - ish grief When day shall
can - not see, And in the night He giv - eth songs, Till day shall
dawn shall be. His word a - bides for ev - er - more; The day shall

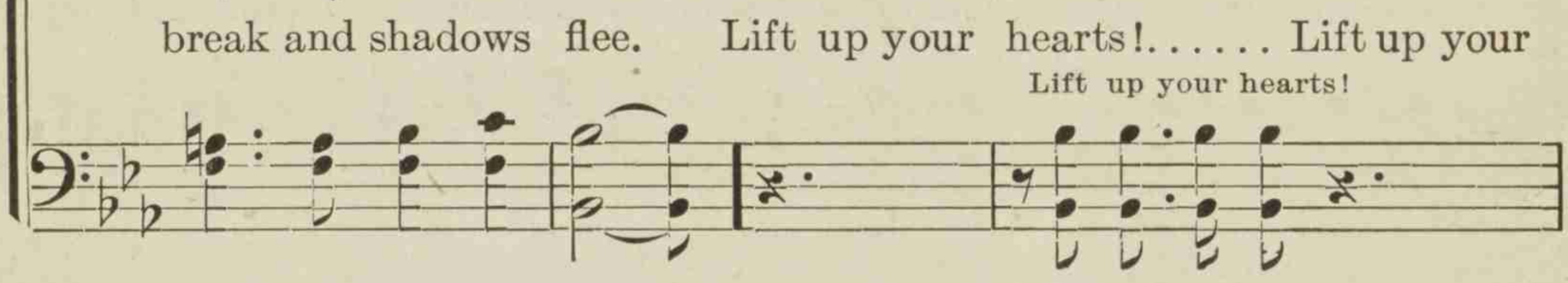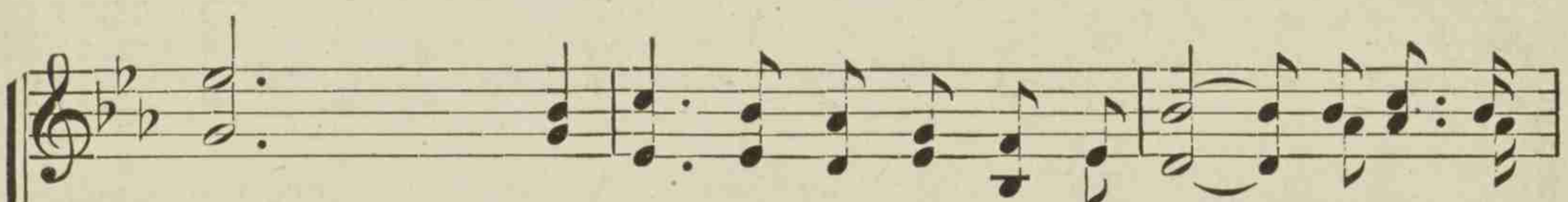


CHORUS.



break and shadows flee. Lift up your hearts!..... Lift up your

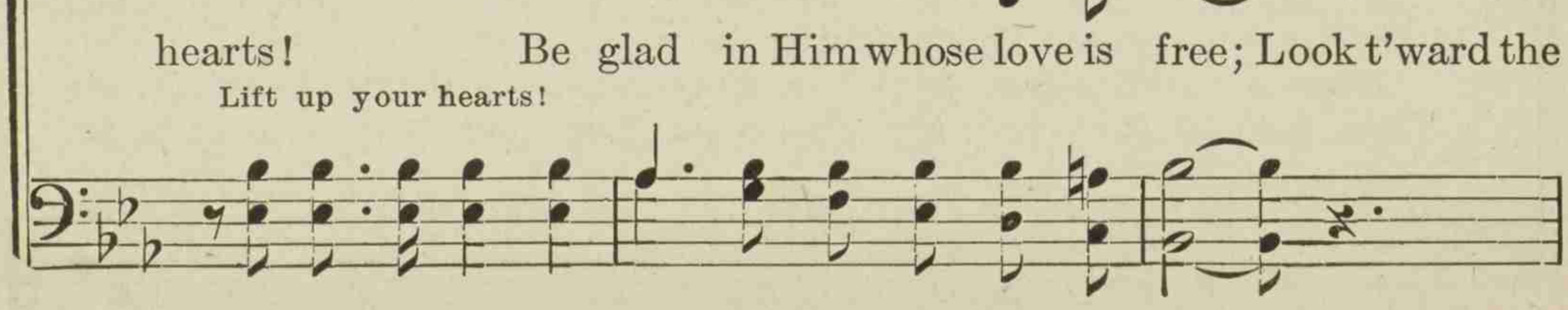
Lift up your hearts!
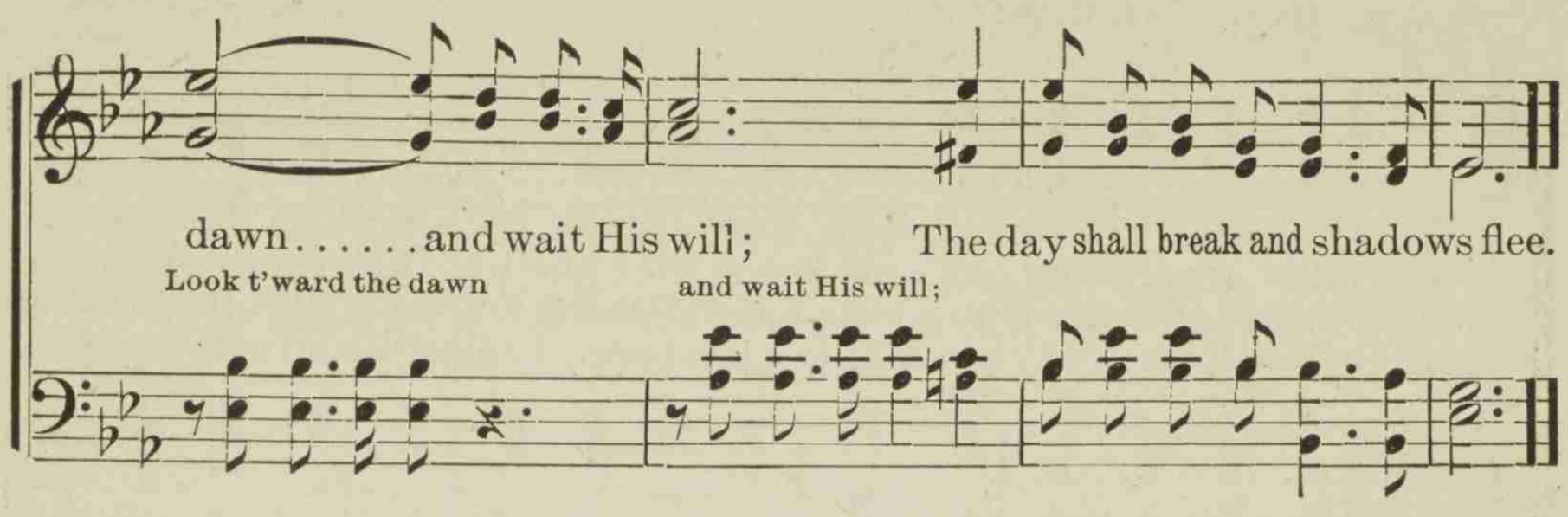




hearts! Be glad in Him whose love is free; Look t'ward the

Lift up your hearts!
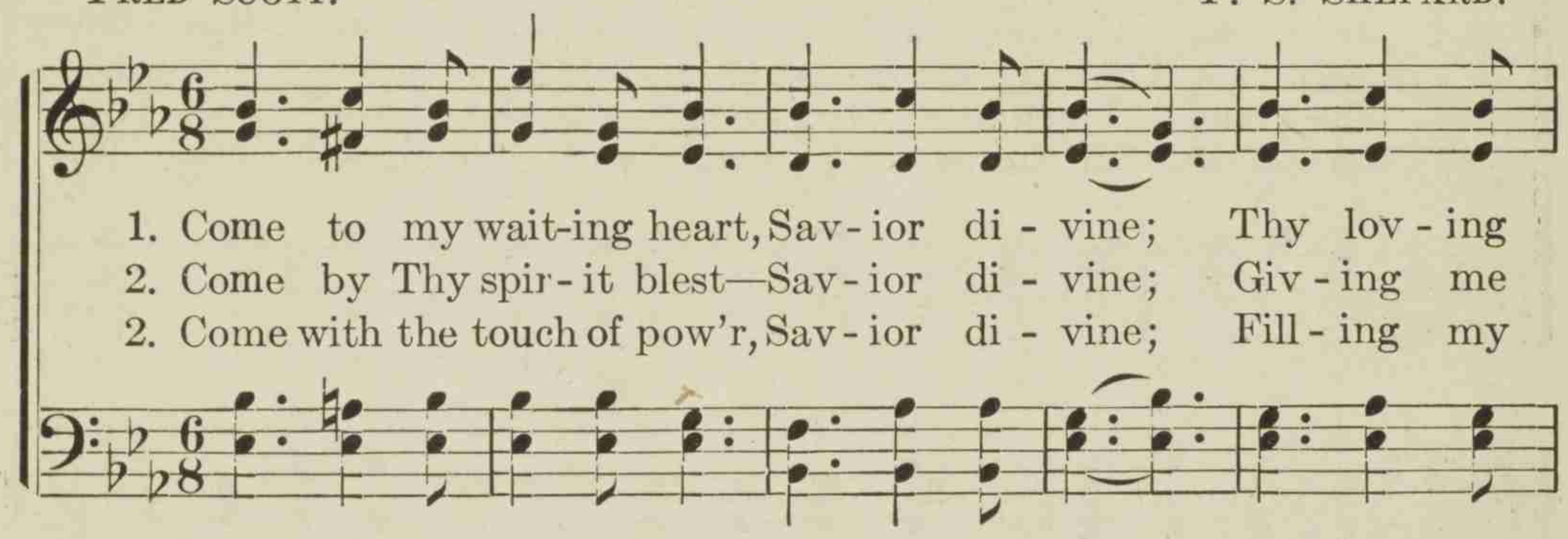


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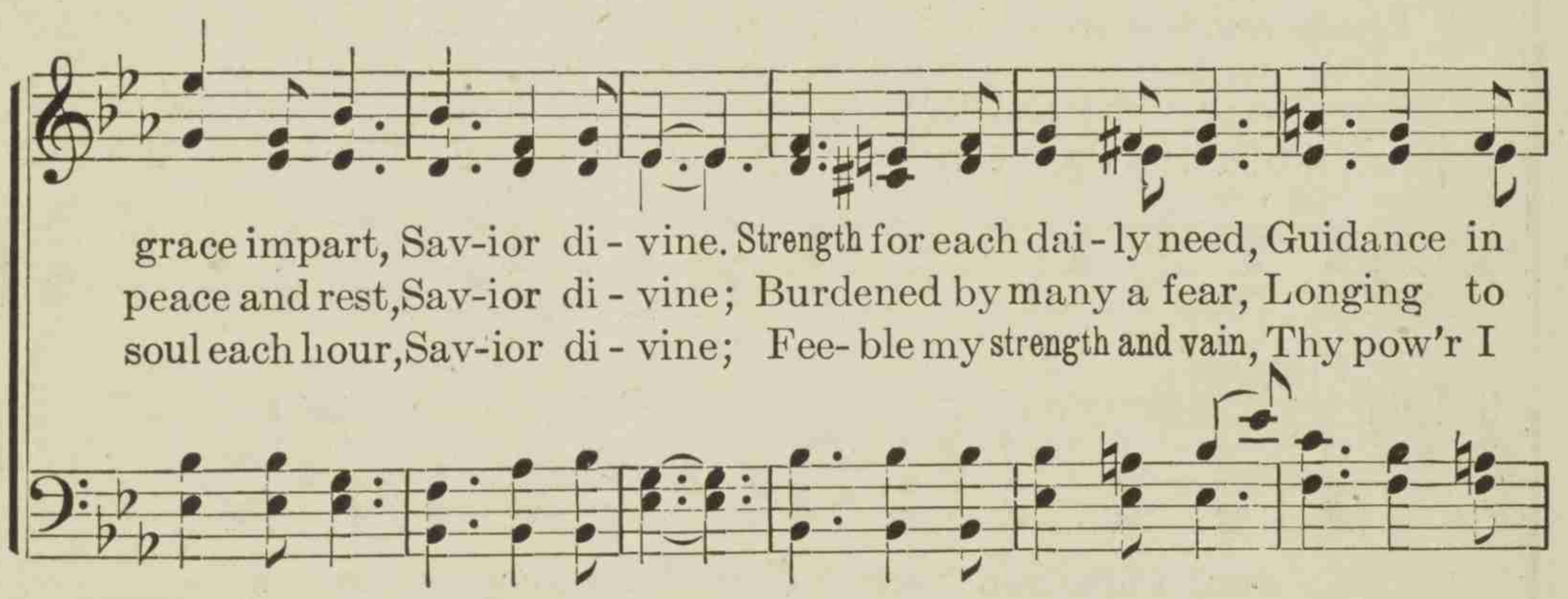
Until the Day Breaks.—Concluded.

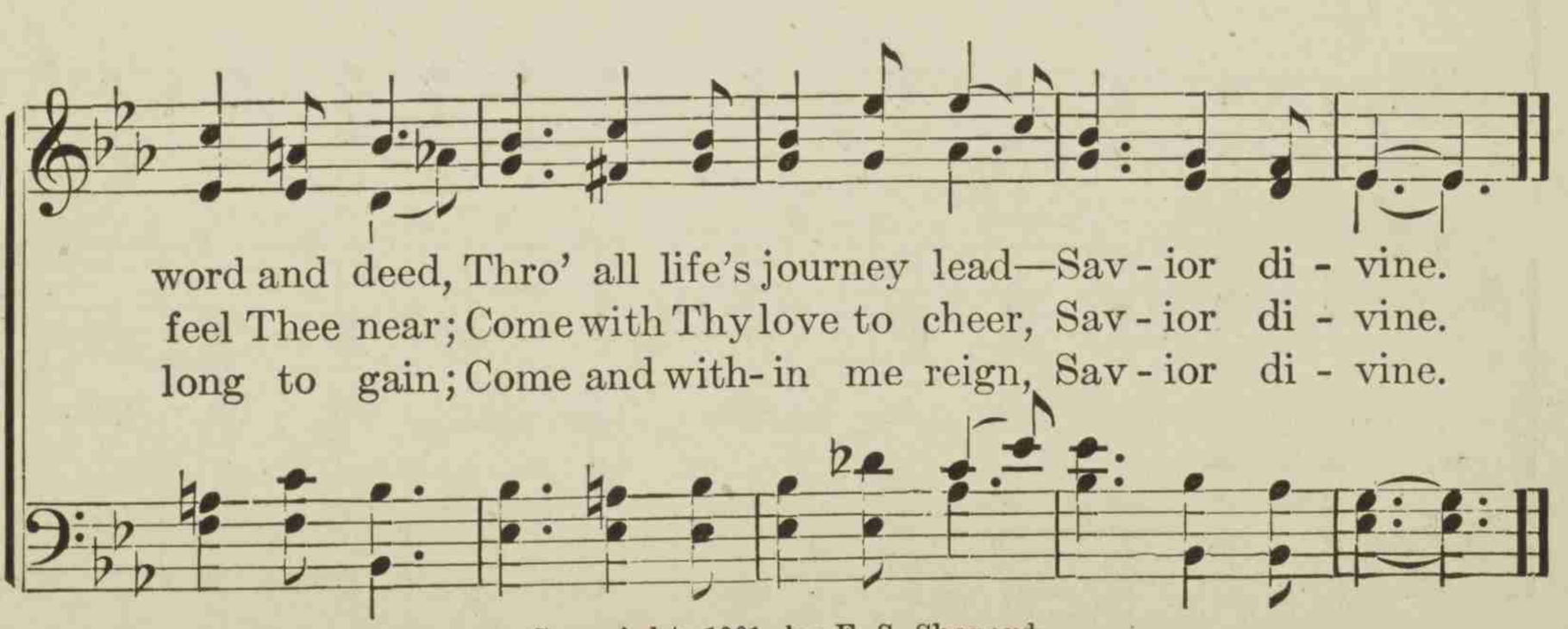


No. 177. Savior Divine.

FRED SCOTT. F. S. SHEPARD.







Copyright, 1901, by F. S. Shepard.

No. 178. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,
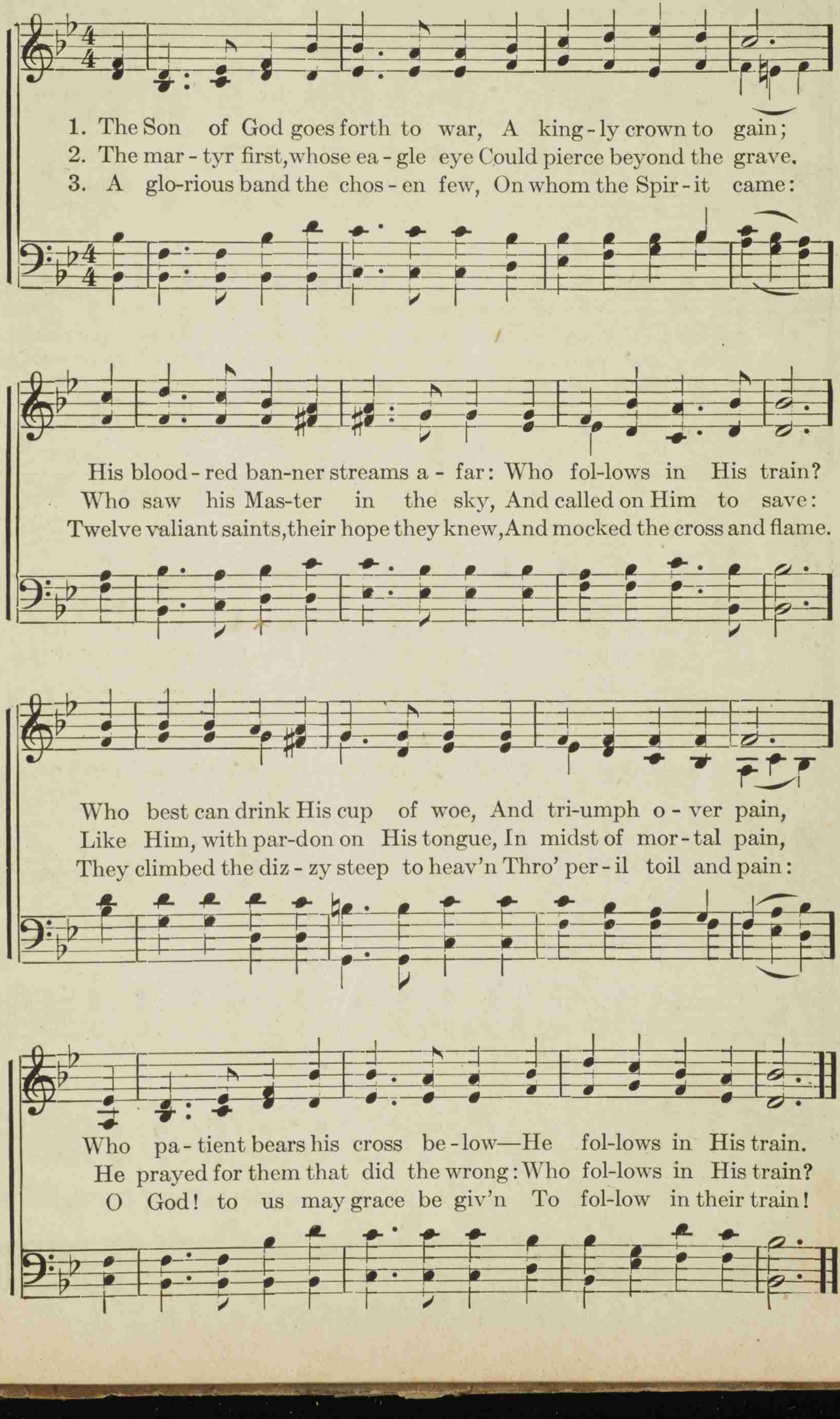
Leads a-gainst the foe; for-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!
All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Un-to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 179. The Son of God.

REGINALD HEBER. HENRY S. CUTLER.



No. 180. Let us Arise.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Do you slum-ber in your tent, Chris-tian Sol-dier, While the
2. Can yon lin-ger in your tent, Chris-tian Sol-dier? Sa-tan's
3. Let us rise in ho-ly wrath, Chris-tian Sol-diers, Crush the

foe is spread-ing woe thro' the land? Do you note his ris-ing pow'r,
smil-ing o'er your i-dle de-lay; Thousands per-ish while you wait,
e-vil 'neath the heel of our might! Counting cost, no long-er wait,

D.S.—*Though our numbers may be few,*

Grow-ing bold-er ev-'ry hour? Will he not our land de-
While you coun-sel and de-bate; Heed you not their aw-ful
For-ward, man-hood of the State! For in God your strength is

God will lead us grand-ly through, And our arms with strength en-

Fine. Chorus.

vour, while you stand?
fate, as they stray?
great for the right.

Let us a-rise! all u-nite! Let us a-

due by His might.

D. S.

rise! in our might! Let us a-rise! speak for God and the right.

Copyright, 1885, by E. S. Lorenz.

No. 181. Anywhere With Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Anywhere with Je-sus I can safe-ly go, An-y-where He leads me in this world be-low. An-ywhere without Him, dearest
2. Anywhere with Je-sus I am not a-lone, Oth-er friends may fail me, He is still my own. Tho' His hand may lead me o-ver
3. Anywhere with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the darkling shadows round a-bout me creep. Knowing I shall wak-en nev-er

joys would fade, An-ywhere with Je-sus I am not a-fraid.
drear-est ways, An-ywhere with Je-sus is a house of praise.
more to roam, An-ywhere with Je-sus will be home, sweet home

CHORUS.

An-y-where! an-y-where! Fear I can-not know.

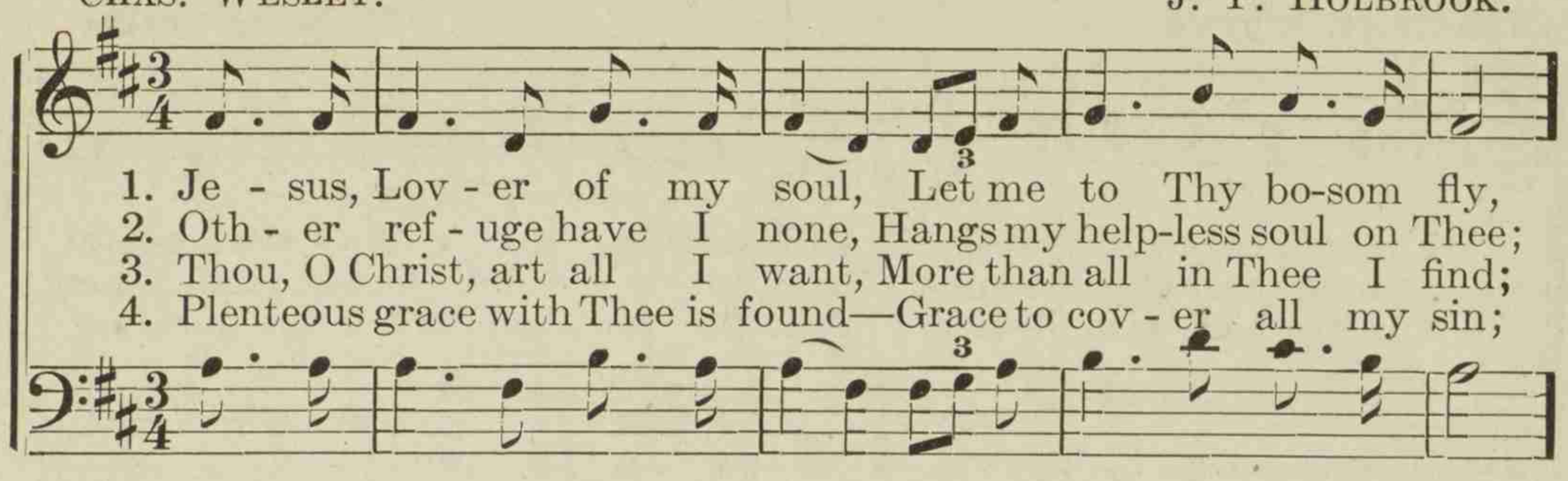
An-y-where with Je-sus I can safe-ly go.

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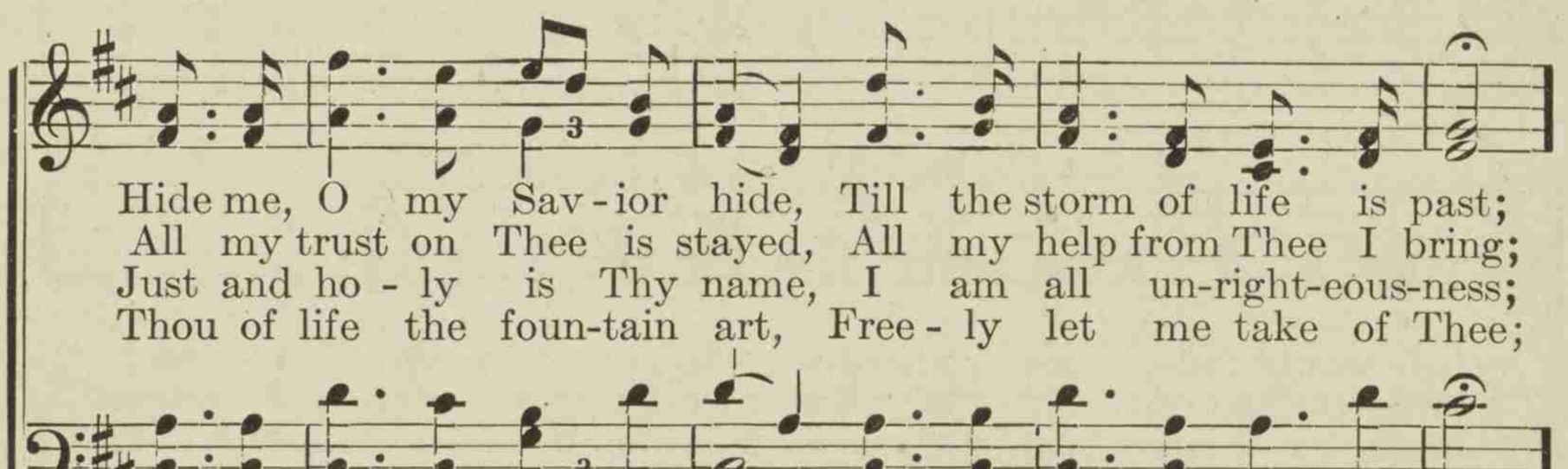
No. 182. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHAS. WESLEY. J. P. HOLBROOK.

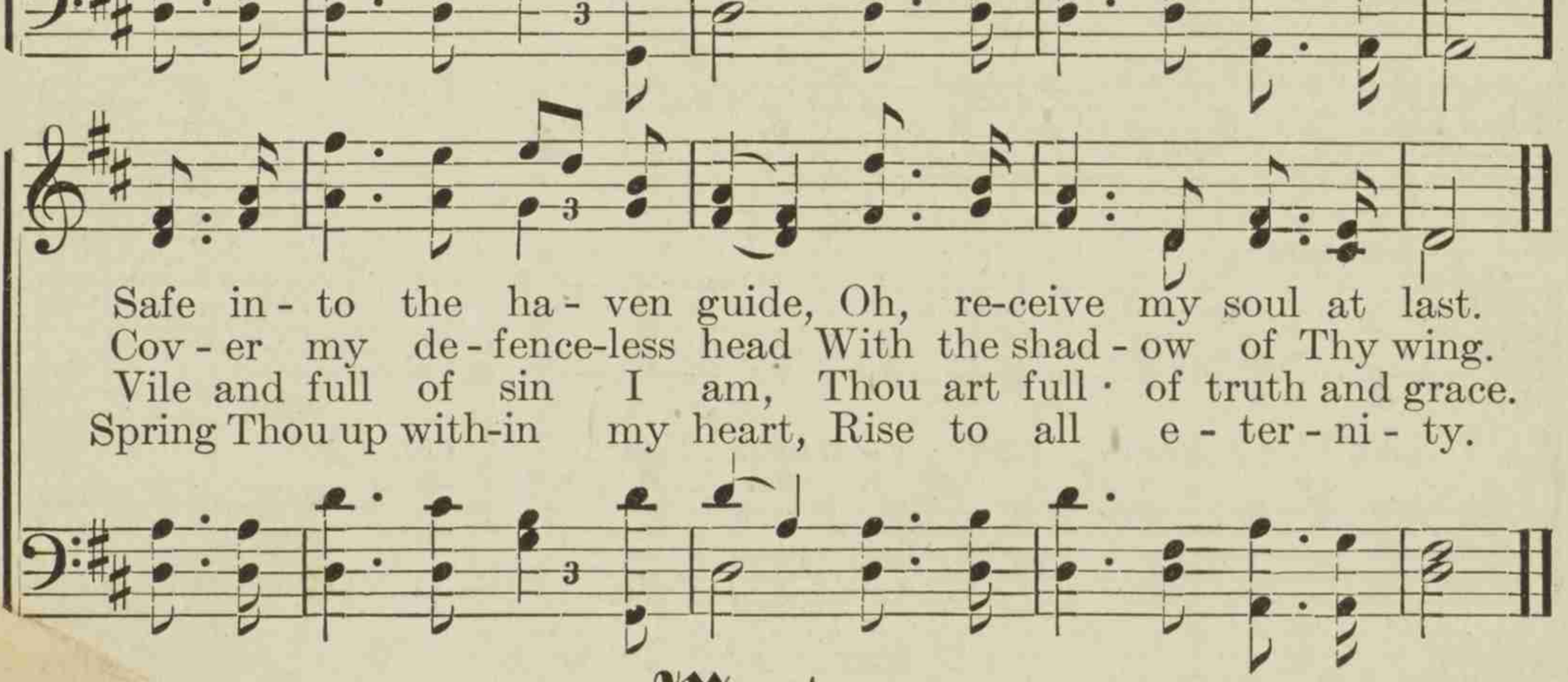
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cov - er all my sin;



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



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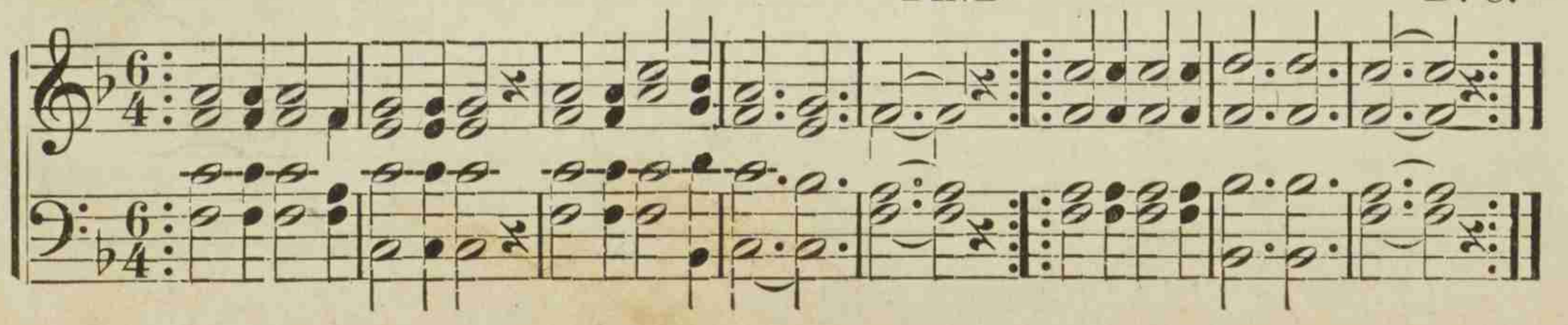


Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full · of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 183. Martyn.

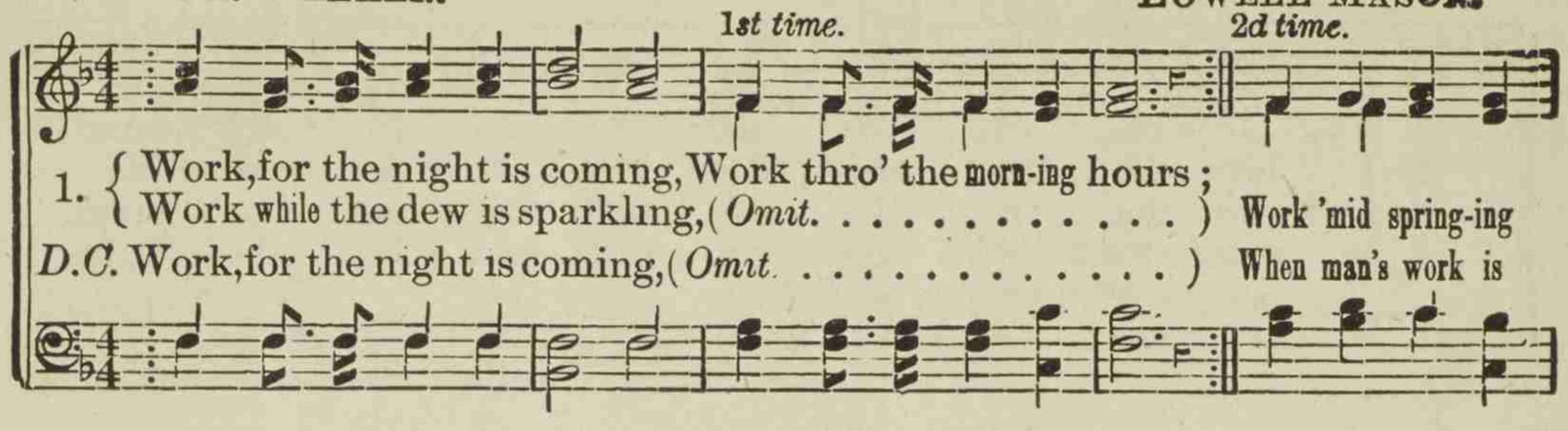
S. B. MARSH.

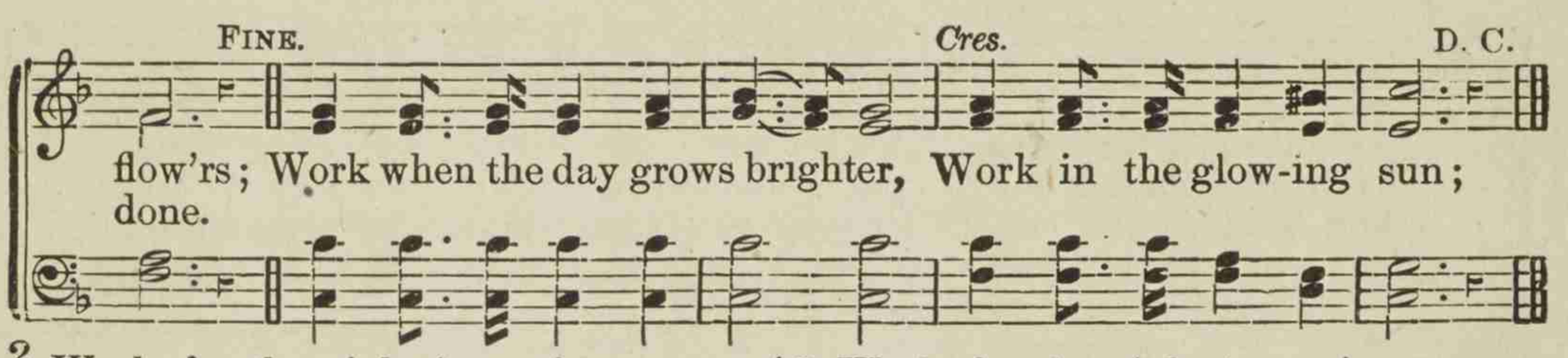
FINE. D. C.



No. 184. Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER. LOWELL MASON.
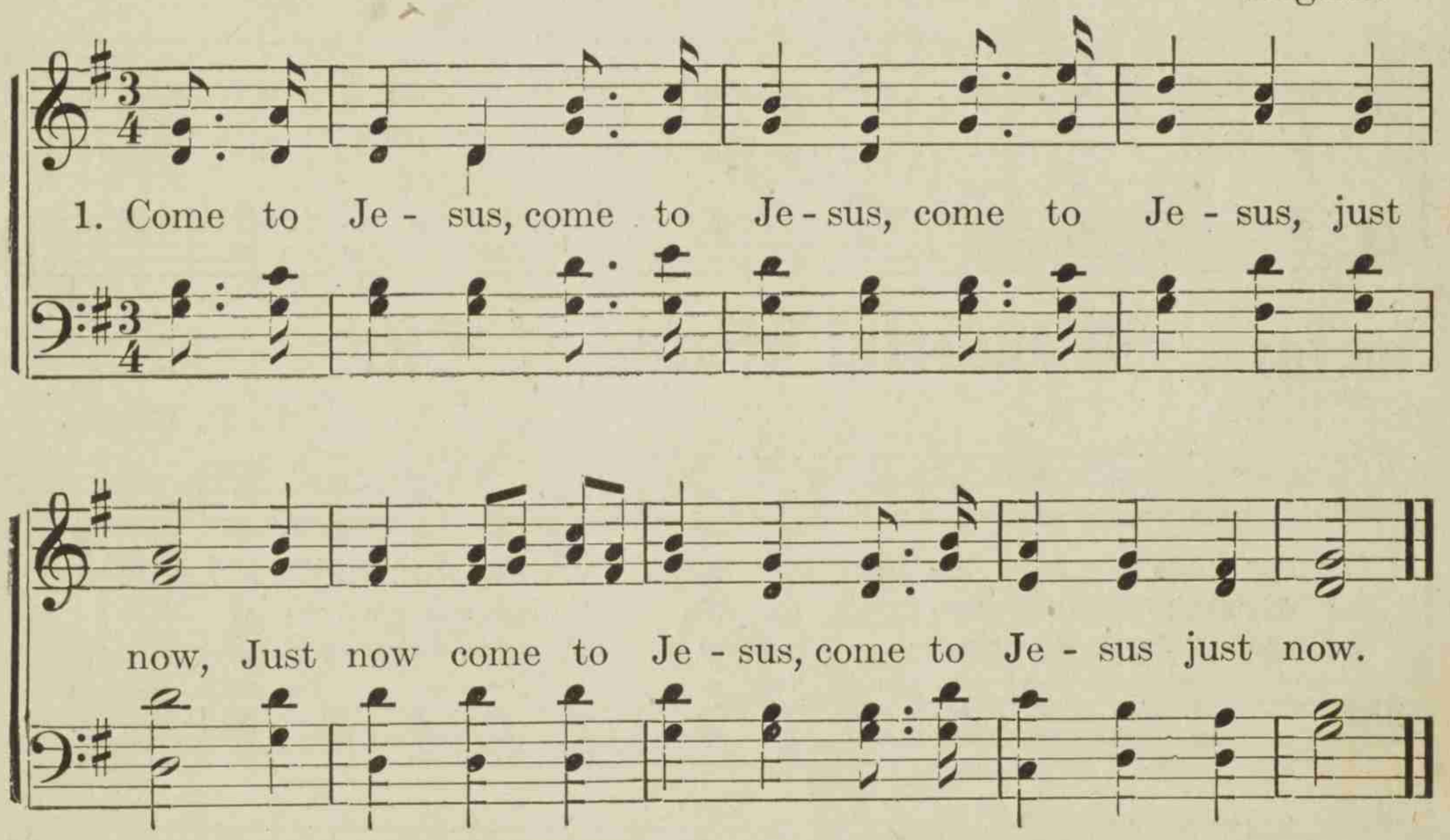




2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

By per. O. DITSON & Co., owners of copyright.

No. 185. Come to Jesus.

English.



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

No. 186. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON. By per.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine;
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light

For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur-chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art thou,
I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 187. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed one, gives to all Won-der-ful words of life;
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of life.
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of life.

By per. The JOHN CHURCH Co.,

Wonderful Words of Life.—Concluded.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er;

Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of life, life.

No. 188. All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. Alt. John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Sav-ior say, Thy strength indeed is small; Come to me—I'll be thy stay, Find in me thine all in all.
2. For nothing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—Jesus died my soul to save, And bless - ed be His name.
3. When from my dy-ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, "Jesus died my soul to save," Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
4. And when, before the throne, I stand in Him complete, "Jesus died my soul to save," My lips shall still re - peat.

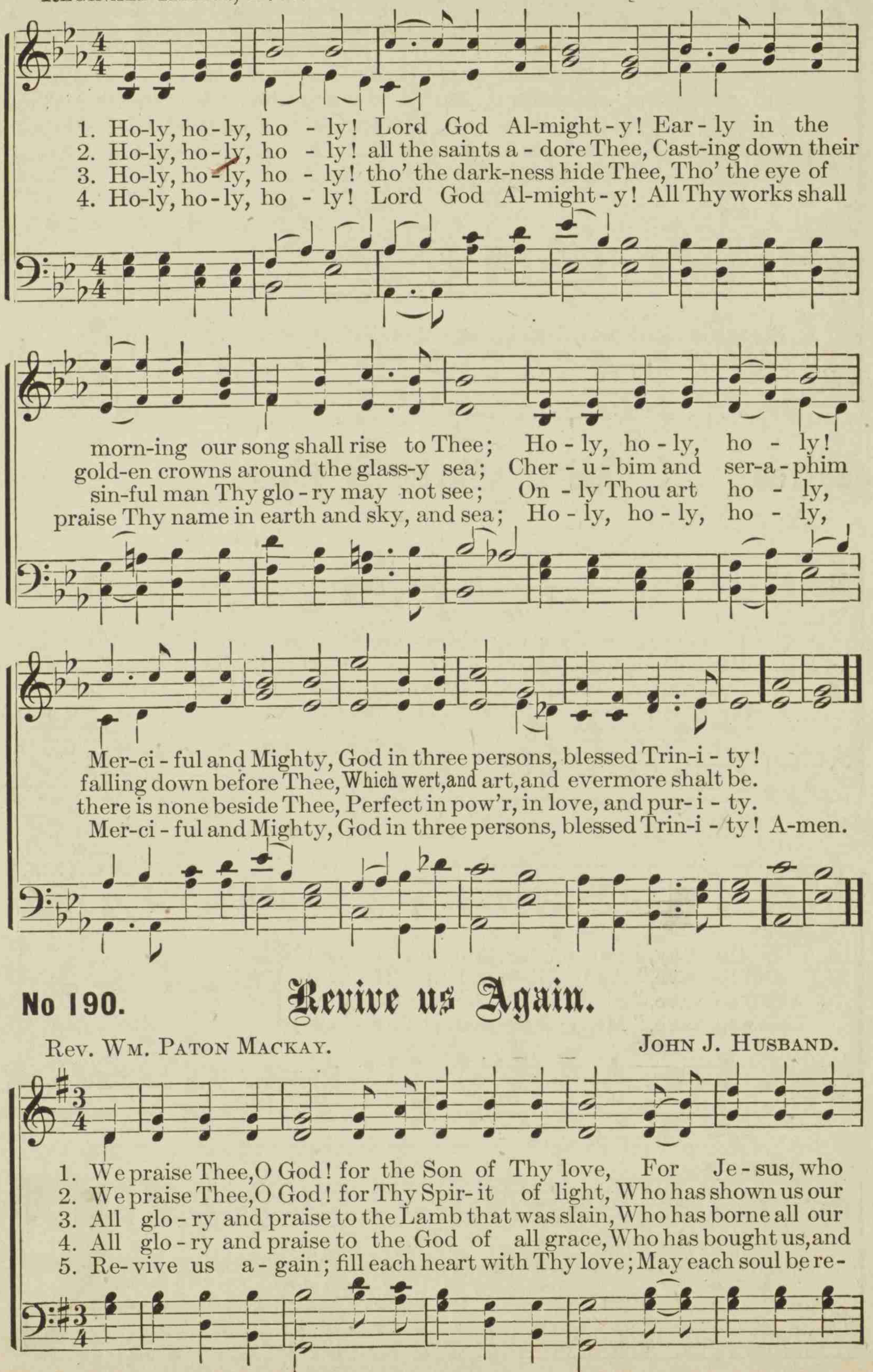
Chorus.

Je - sus died for me,

All to Him I owe—Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

No. 189. Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!

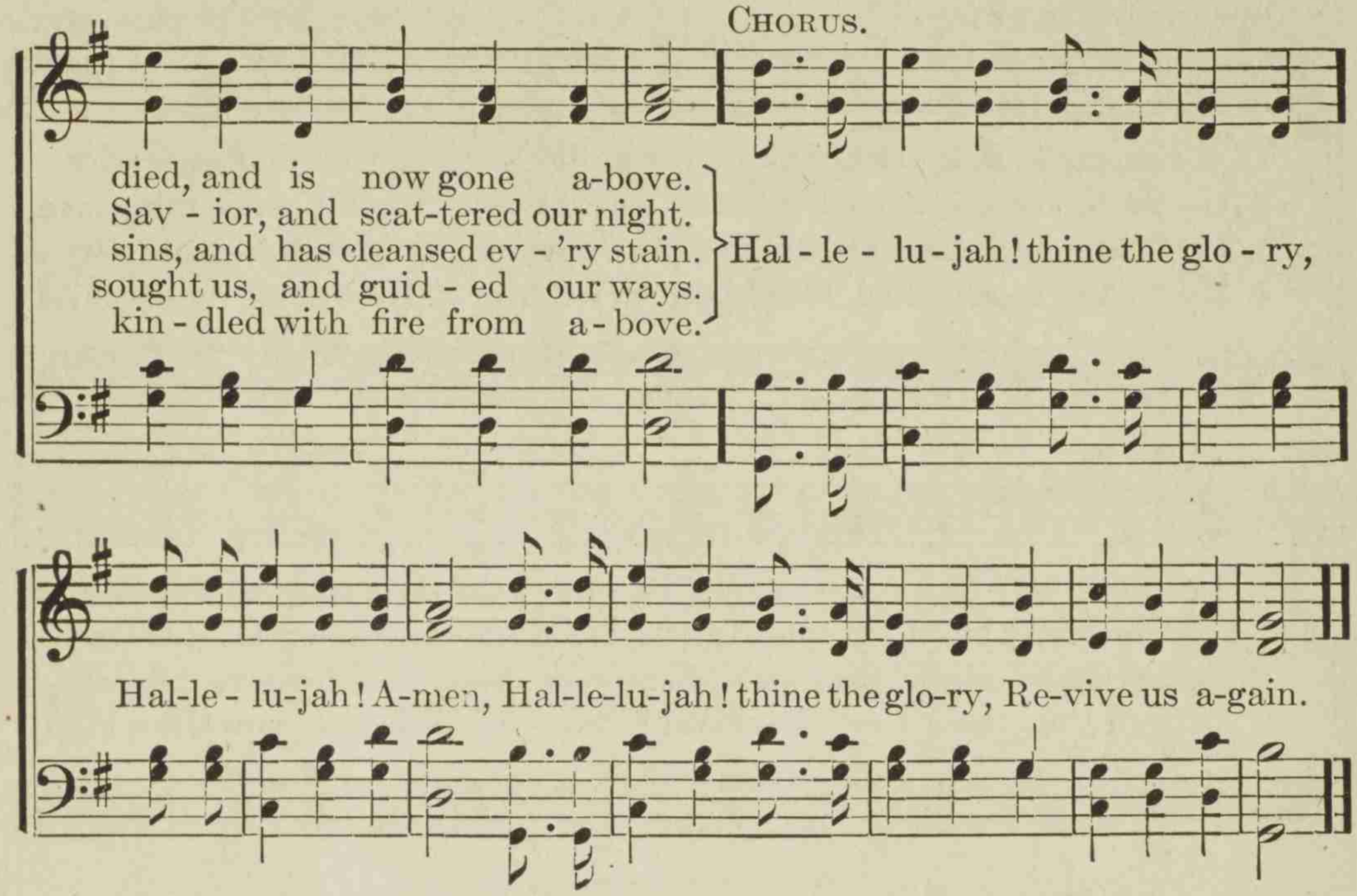
REGINALD HEBER, D. D. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



No 190. Revive us Again.

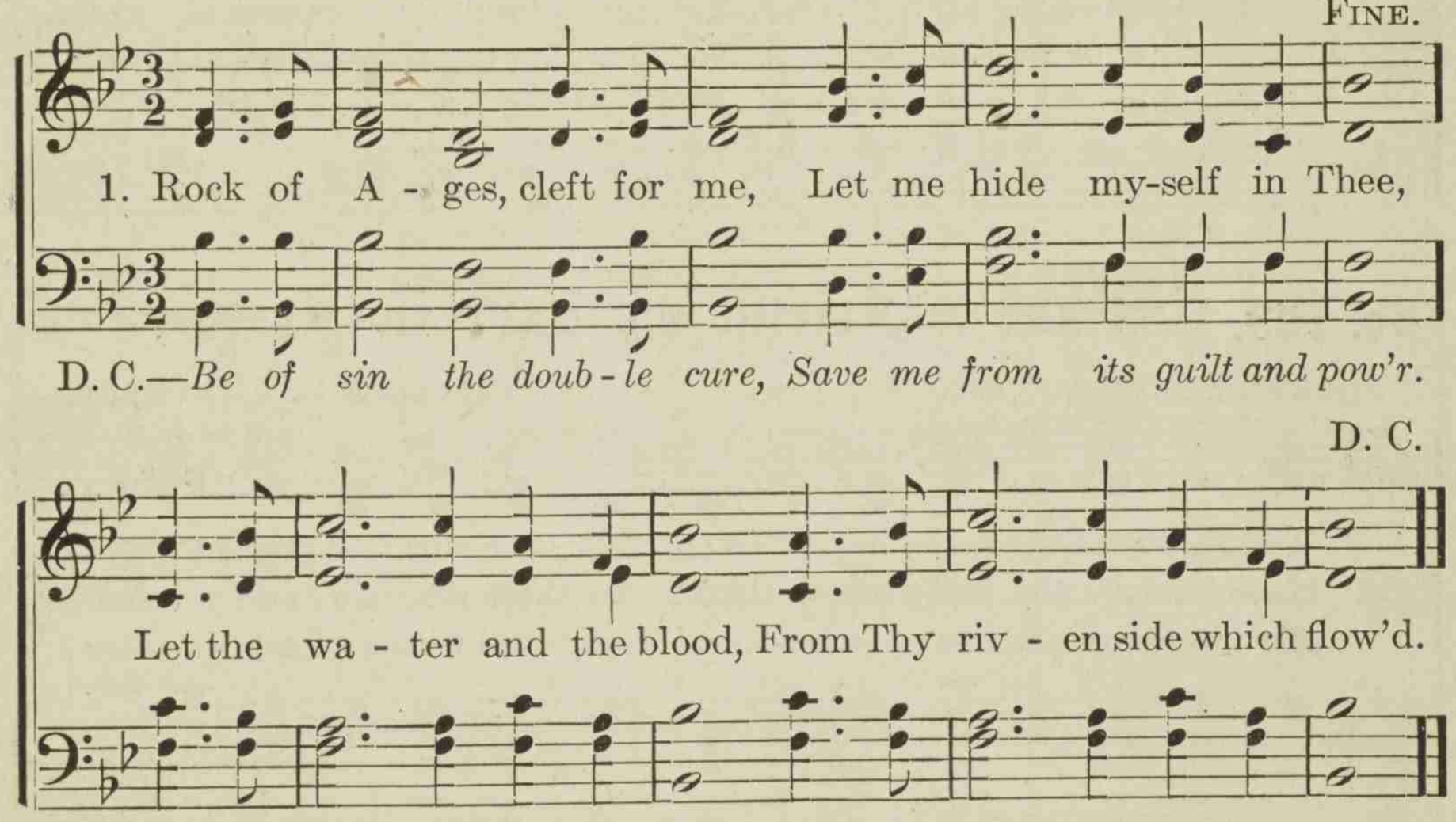
Rev. WM. PATON MACKAY. JOHN J. HUSBAND.

Revive us Again.—Concluded.



No. 191. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thos. Hastings.



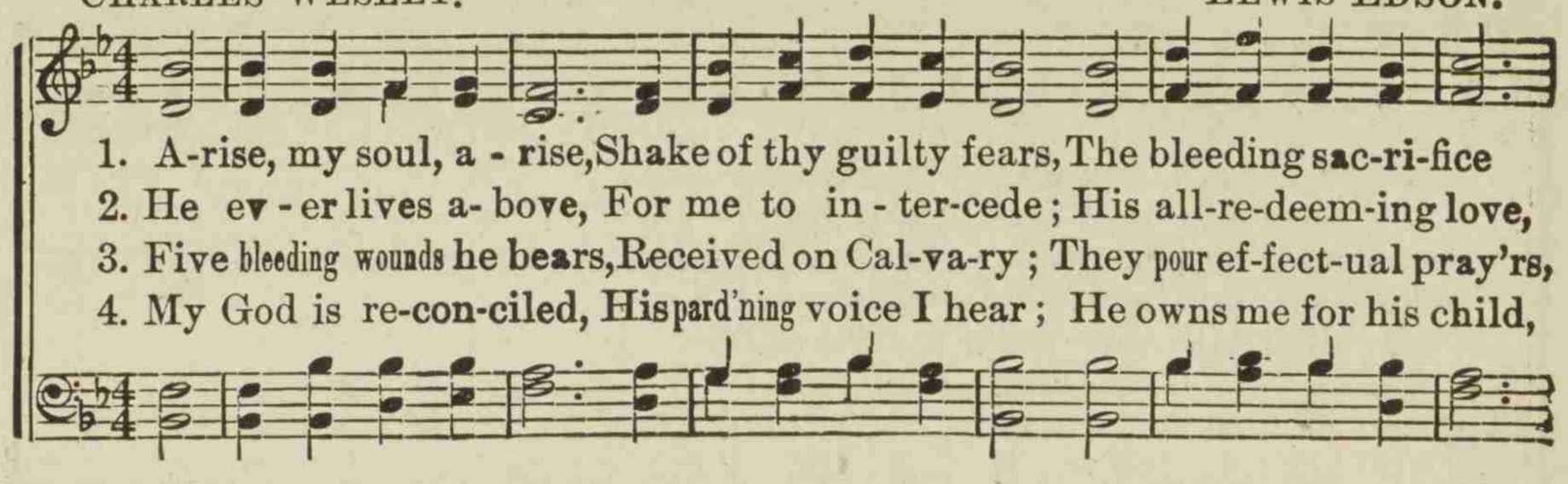
2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

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

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death.
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

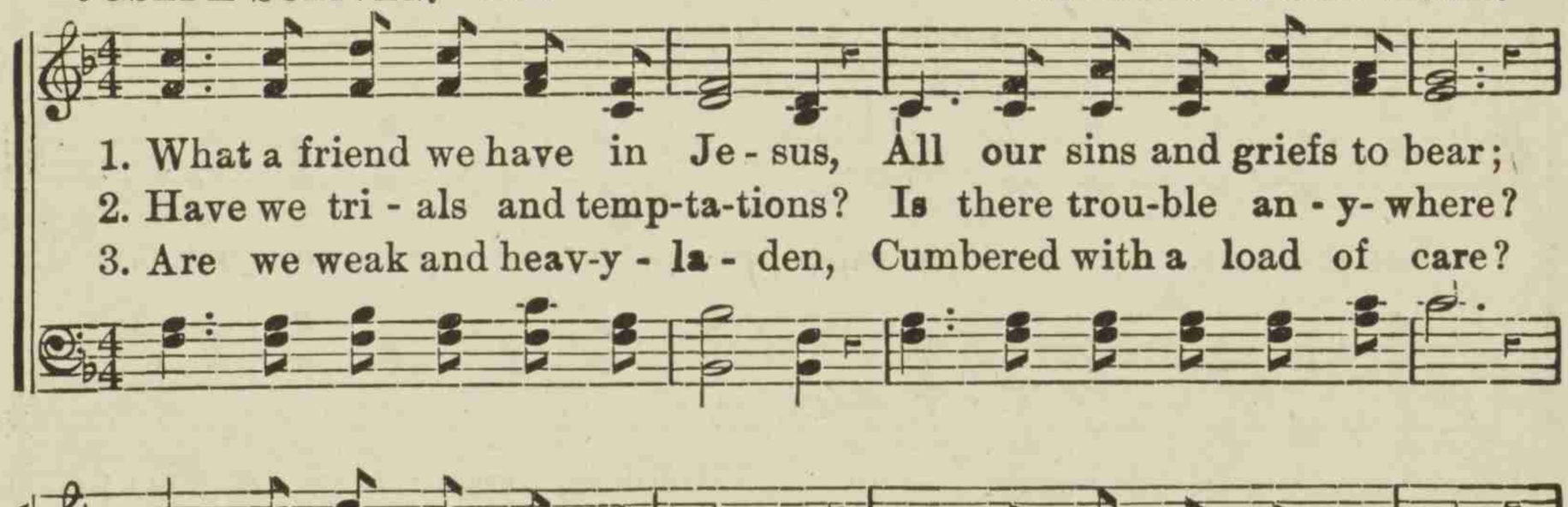
No. 192. Arise, my Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.



No. 193. What a Friend we have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.



What a Friend.—Concluded.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for-feit, Oh, what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

No. 194. Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per- ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish - ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing ones, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re-ceive. Plead with them earnest - ly, Plead with them gently;
grace can re-store: Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kindness,
Lord will pro-vide. Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus, the might- y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve.
Chords that were broken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav-iour has died.

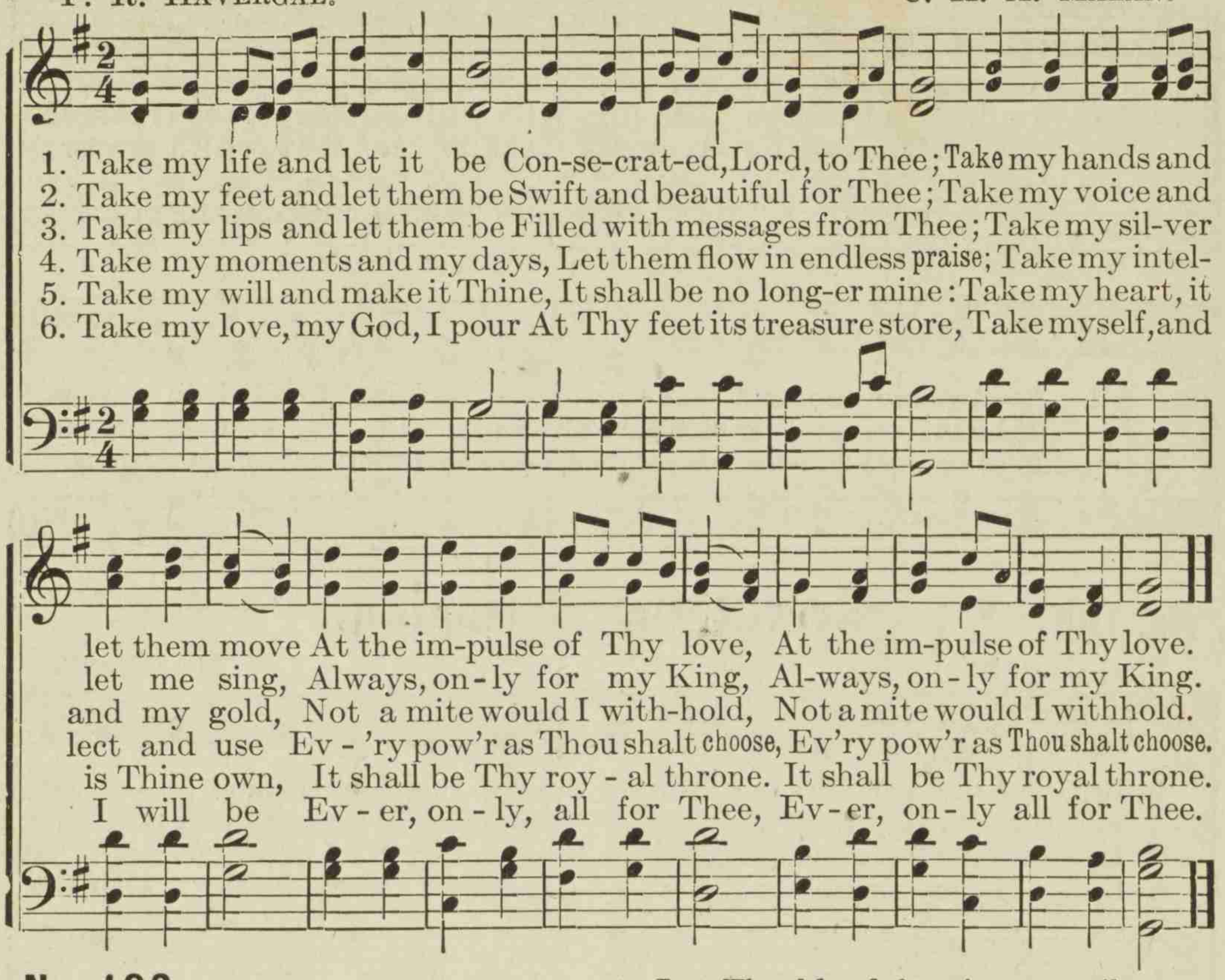
Res-cue the per-ish-ing,

Care for the dy - ing: Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. DOANE.

No. 195. Take My Life and Let it Be.

F. R. HAVERGAL. C. H. A. MALAN.



1. Take my life and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee; Take my voice and let me sing, Always, on-ly for my King, Al-ways, on-ly for my King.
3. Take my lips and let them be Filled with messages from Thee; Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I withhold.
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Take my intel-lect and use Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
5. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long-er mine: Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne. It shall be Thy royal throne.
6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store, Take myself, and I will be Ev-er, on-ly, all for Thee, Ev-er, on-ly all for Thee.

No. 196.

1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word [be.":‖
‖:"As thy days thy strength shall

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to Thee,
God has promised needful grace[be.":‖
‖:"As thy days thy strength shall

3 Days of trial, days of grief
In succession thou may'st see,
This is still thy sweet relief [be.":‖
‖:"As thy days thy strength shall

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure
With Thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive and sure— [be.":‖
‖:"As thy days thy strength shall

Wm. F. Lloyd.

No. 197.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer.
He Himself has bid thee pray,
‖:Therefore will not say thee nay. :‖

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such,
‖:None can ever ask too much. :‖

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt
‖:Set my conscience free from guilt.:‖

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right main-
‖:And without a rival reign. :‖ [tain

Rev. John Newton.

No. 198. *Tune—Italian Hymn No. 199.*

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world:
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from His lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

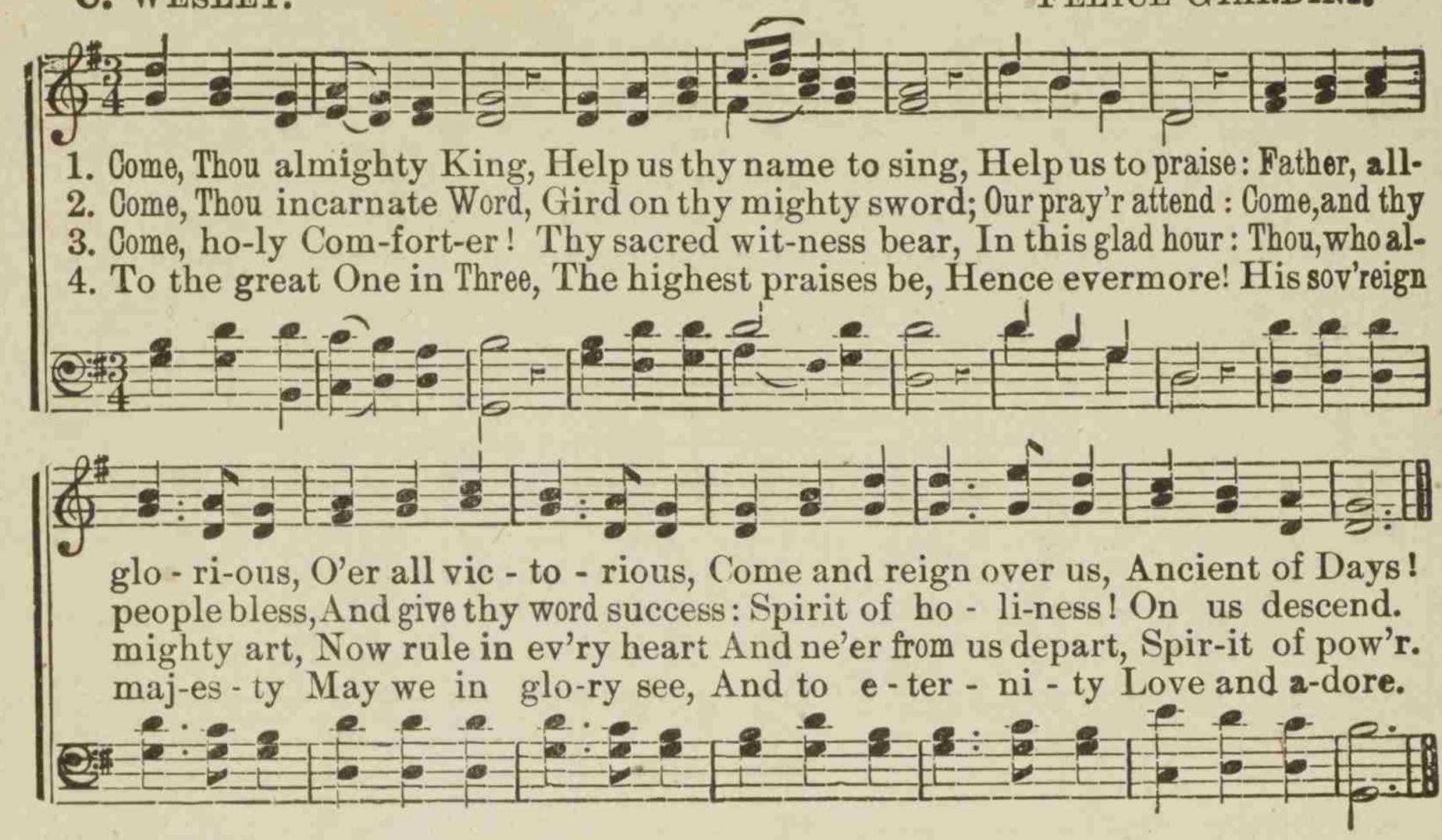
2 Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who His message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear
He will their Friend appear,
He will be nigh.

3 Ye who, forsaking all
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

Thos. Kelly.

No. 199. Italian Hymn.

C. WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.



No. 200.

1 Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply;
Praise ye his name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing forever more,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Ye who surround the throne,
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising his name:
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad—
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

No. 201. Olivet.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.

No. 202. Coronation.

E. Perronet. Oliver Golden.

1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3 Oh, that with yon - der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 203. Just as I am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

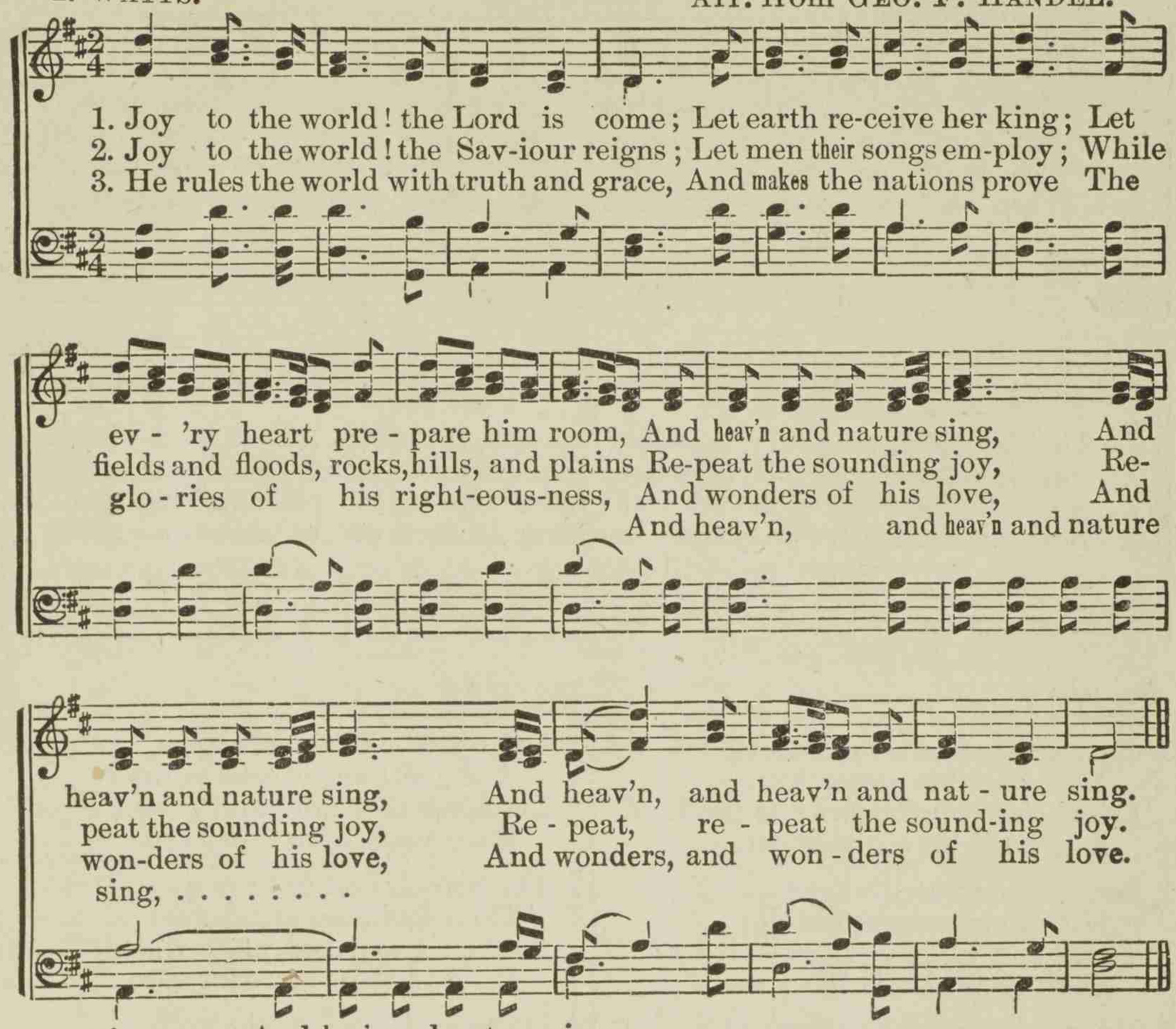
1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
4. Just as I am—Thy love unknown Has bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;

And that Thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

No. 204.

Antioch.

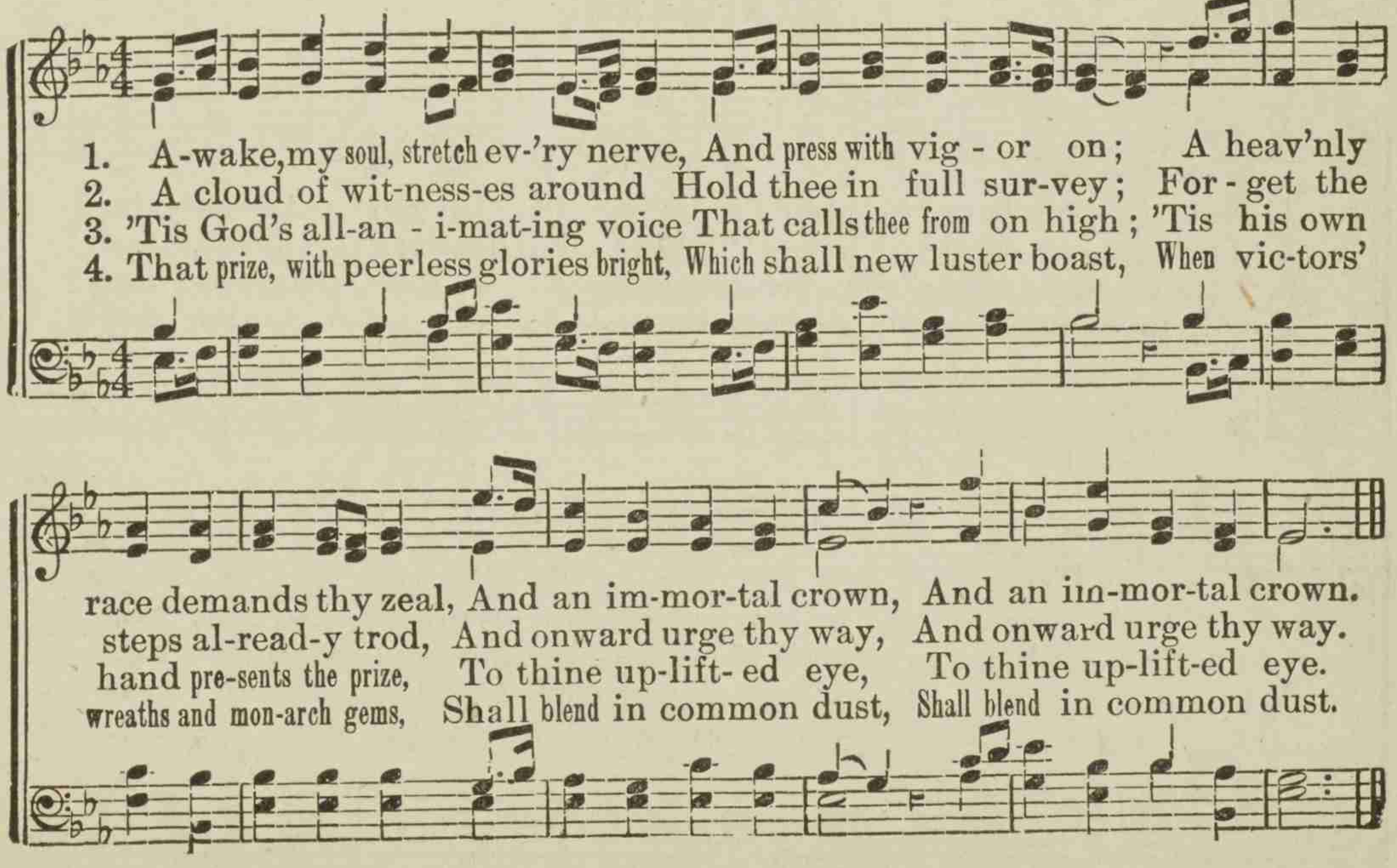
I. WATTS. Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.



No. 205.

Christmas.

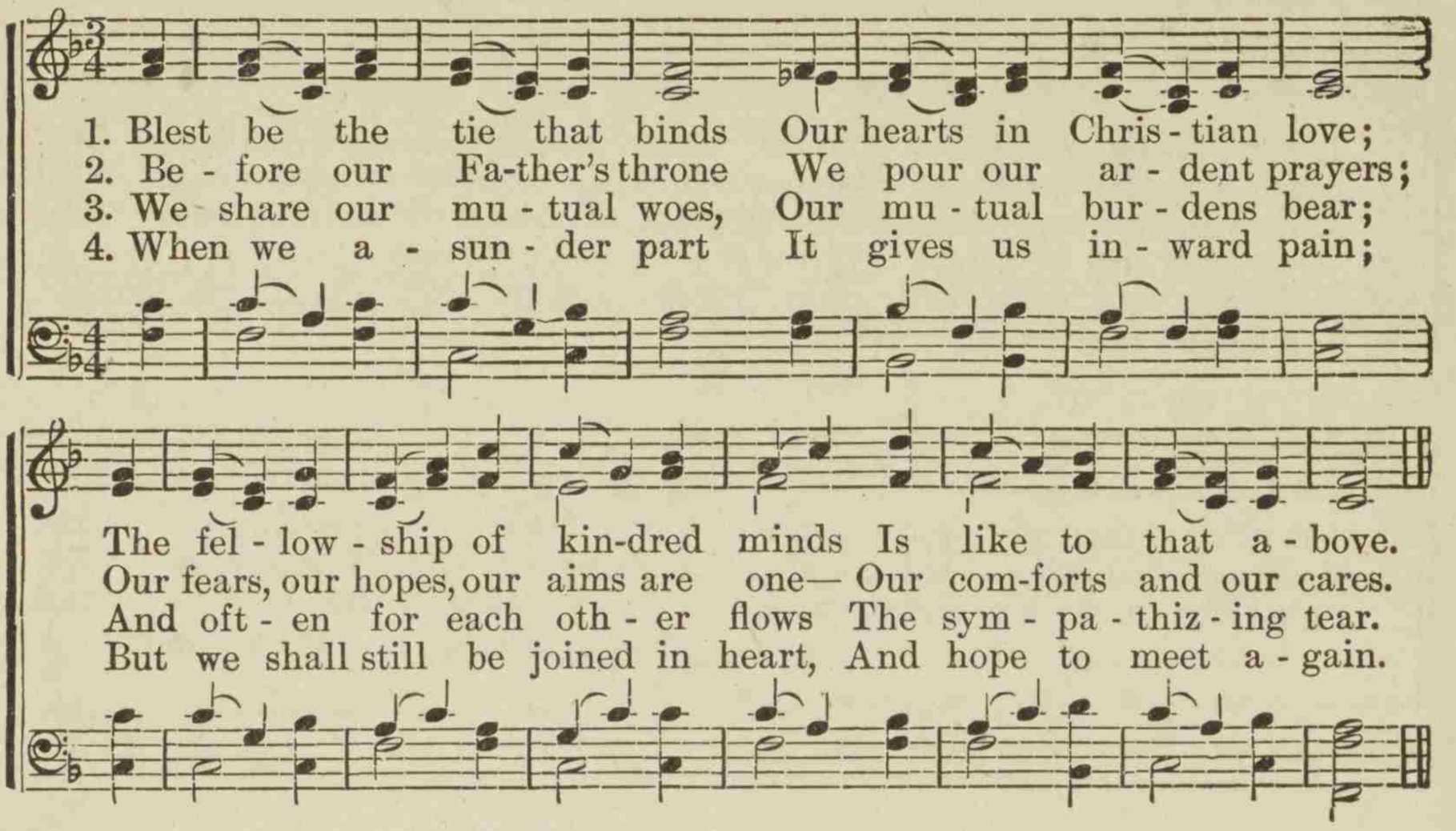
G. F. HANDEL.



No. 206.

Dennis.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1772. From H. G. Nageli.



No. 207.

1 How gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are;
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.

3 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

No. 208.

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

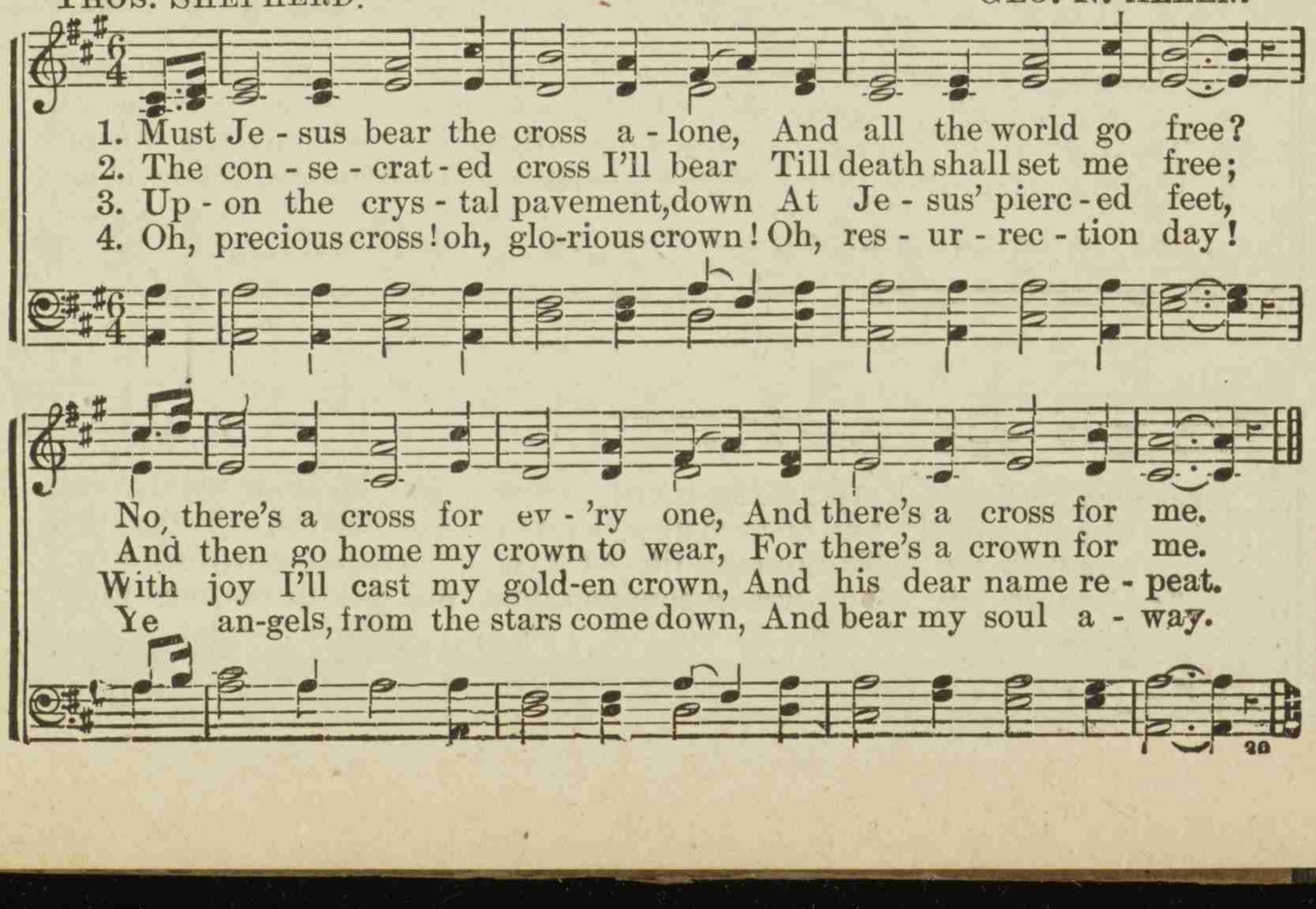
2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, oh, my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

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

No. 209.

Maitland.

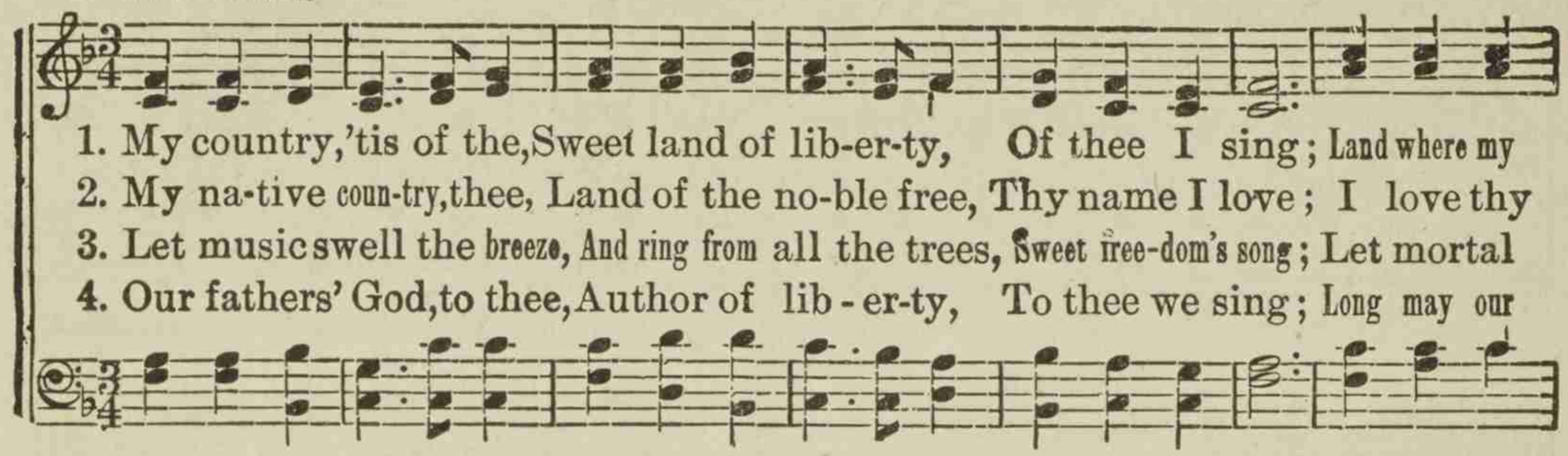
Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.



No. 210.

America.

S. F. SMITH.



No. 211.

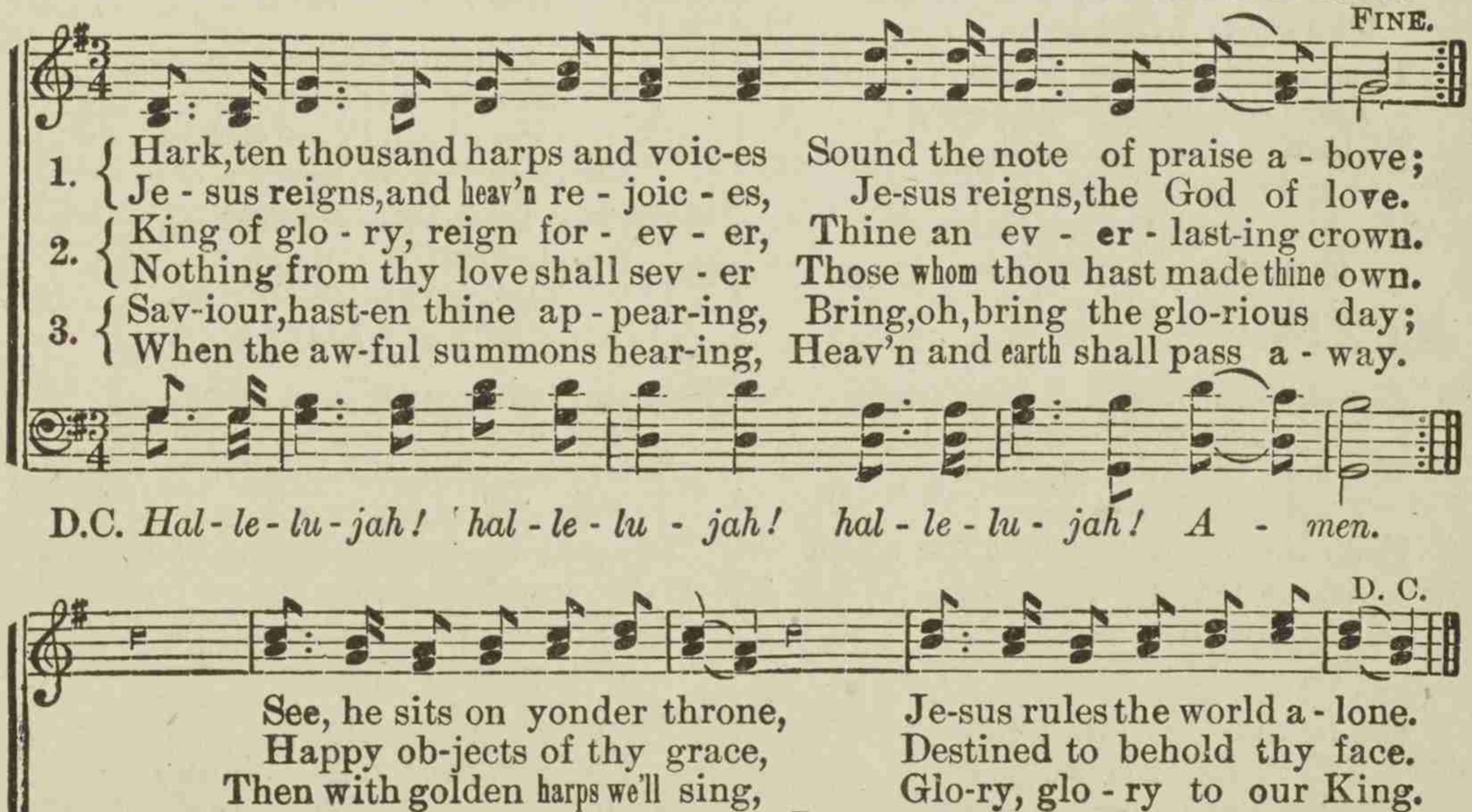
1 God bless our native land;
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night.
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait.
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the state.

No. 212.

Harwell.

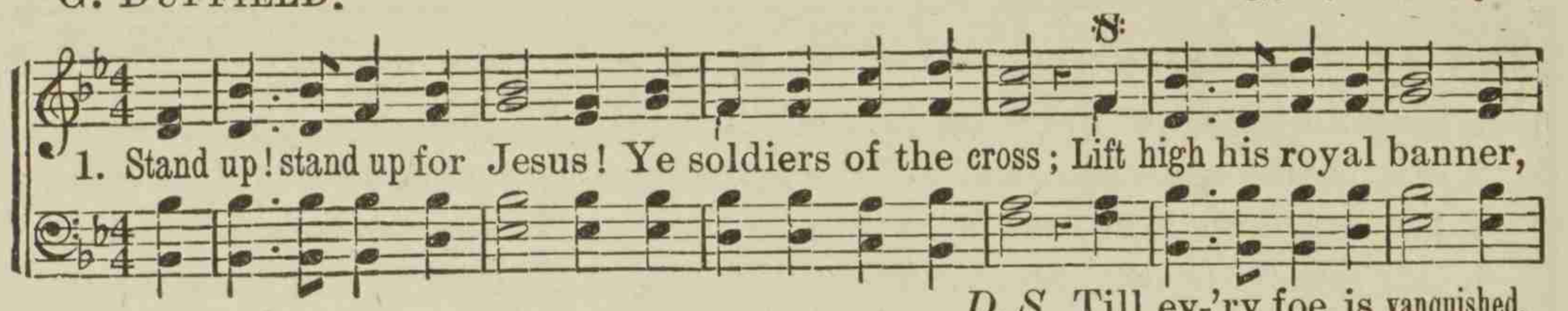
T. KELLY. LOWELL MASON.



No. 213.

Webb.

G. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.



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!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 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. 214.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

No. 215.

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
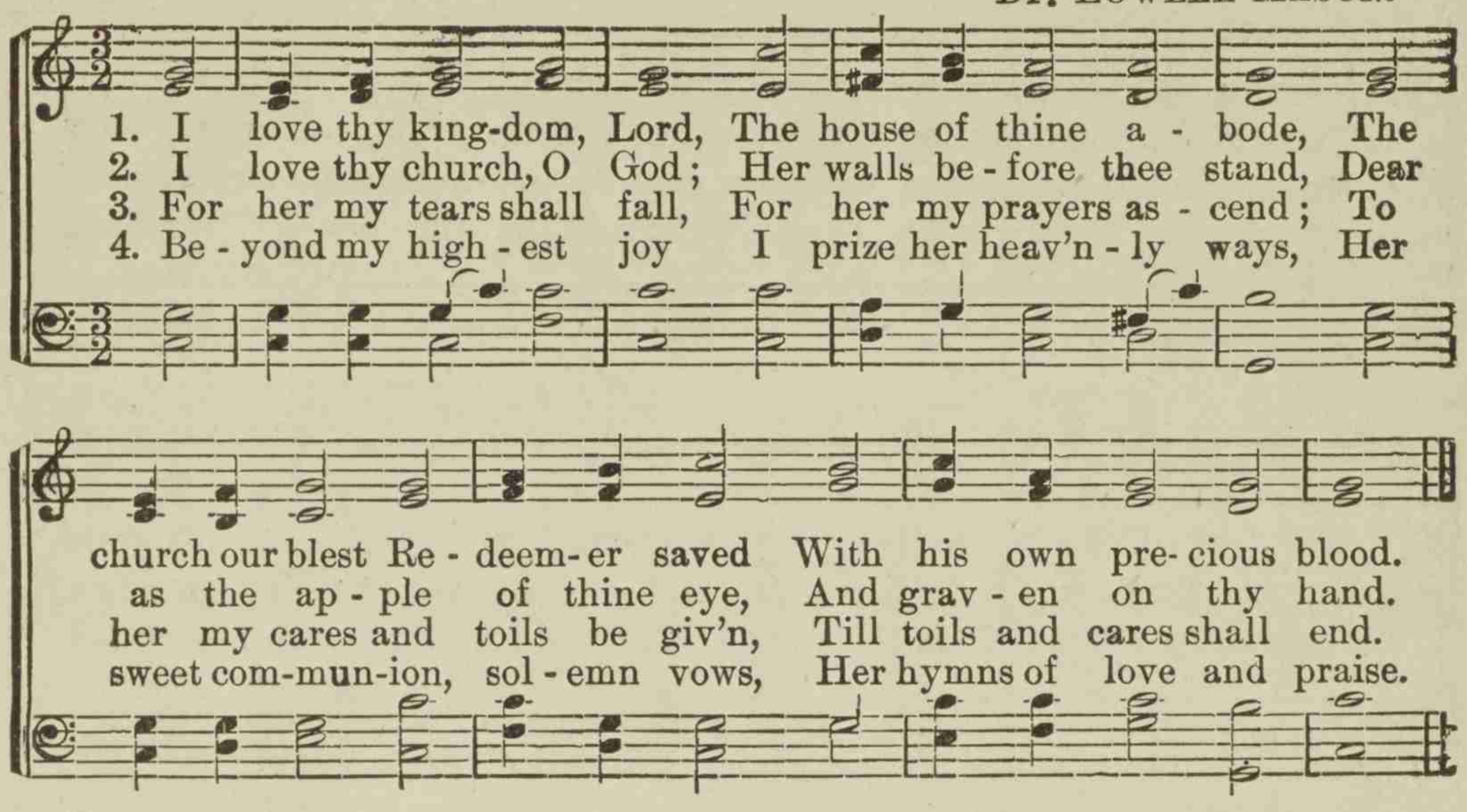
2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding.
I can not but rejoice.

No. 216. Boylston.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 217.

1 Oh, come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.

No. 218.

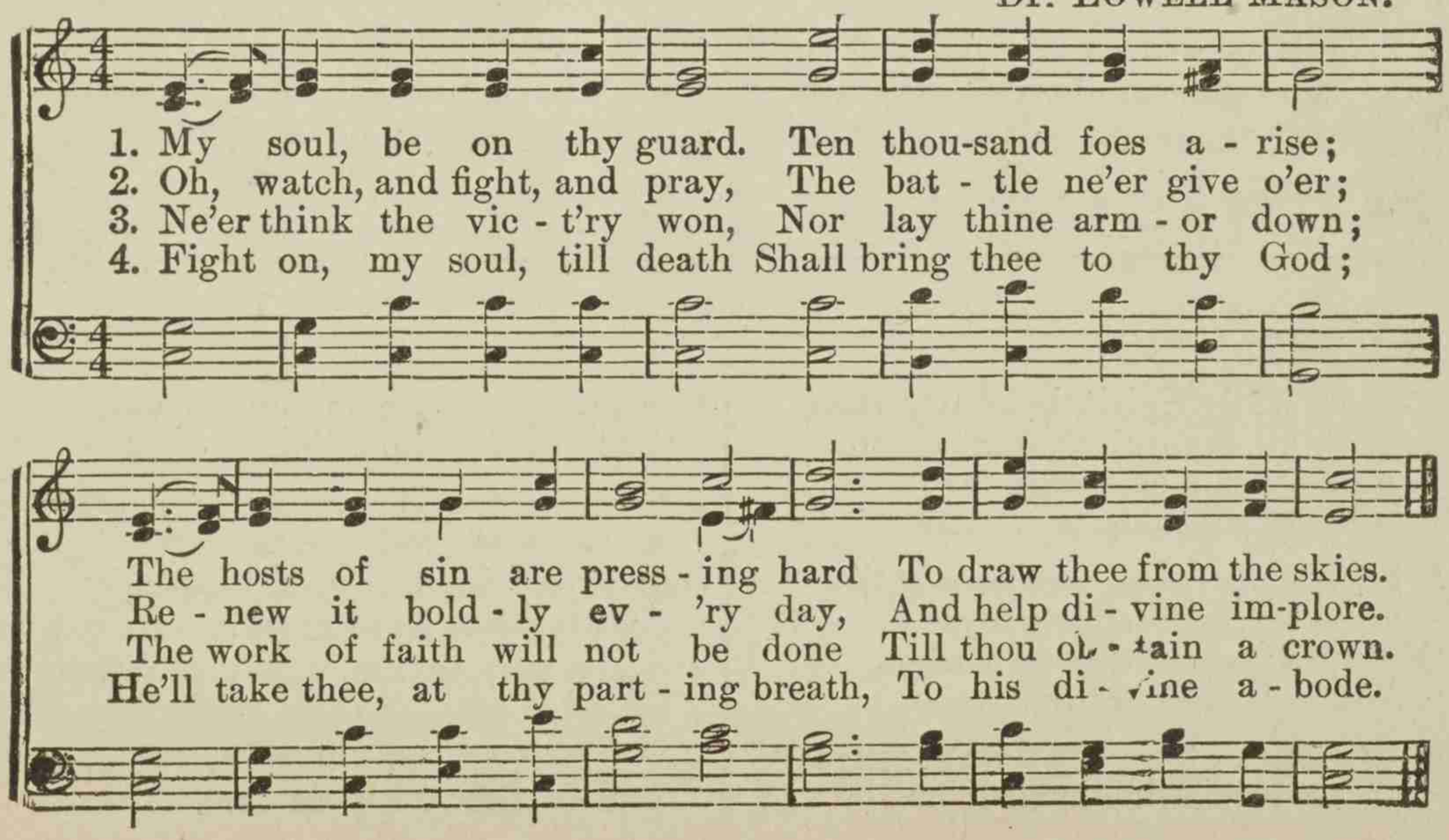
1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

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

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

No. 219. Laban.

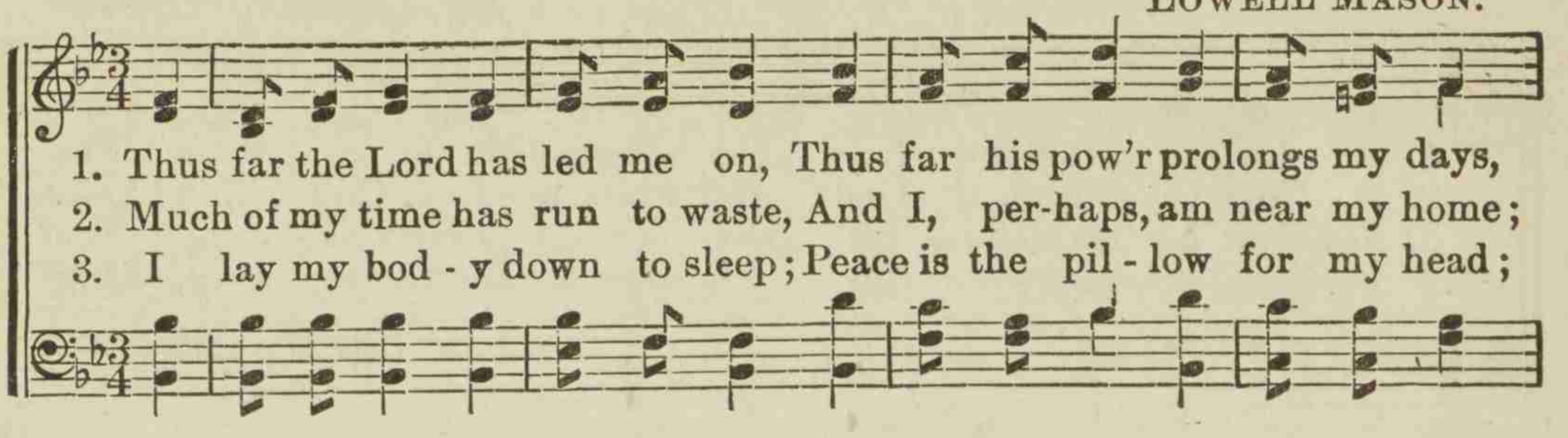
Dr. Lowell Mason.

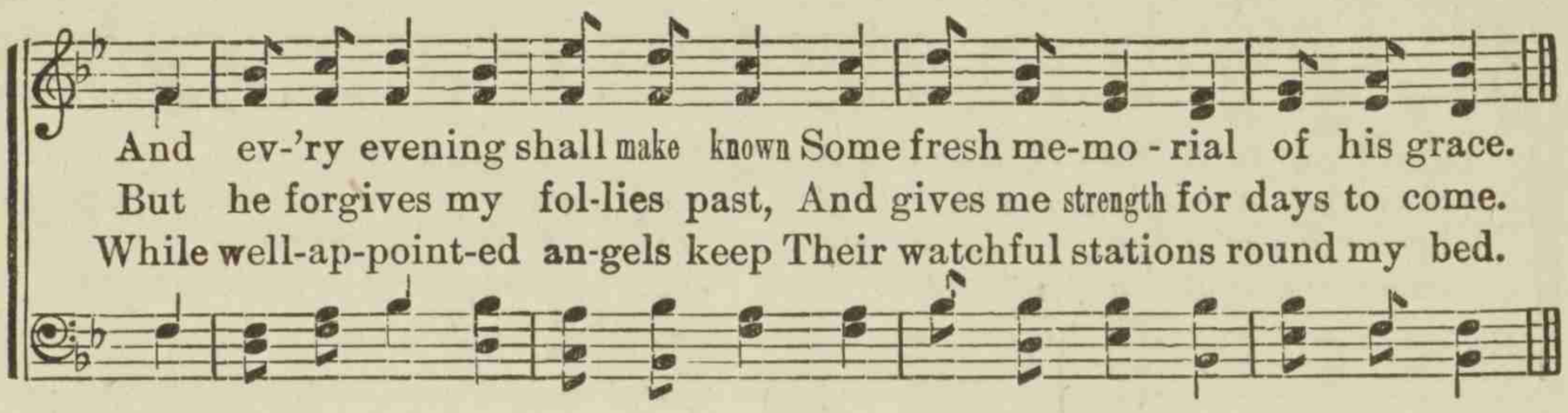


No. 220.

Hebron.

LOWELL MASON.

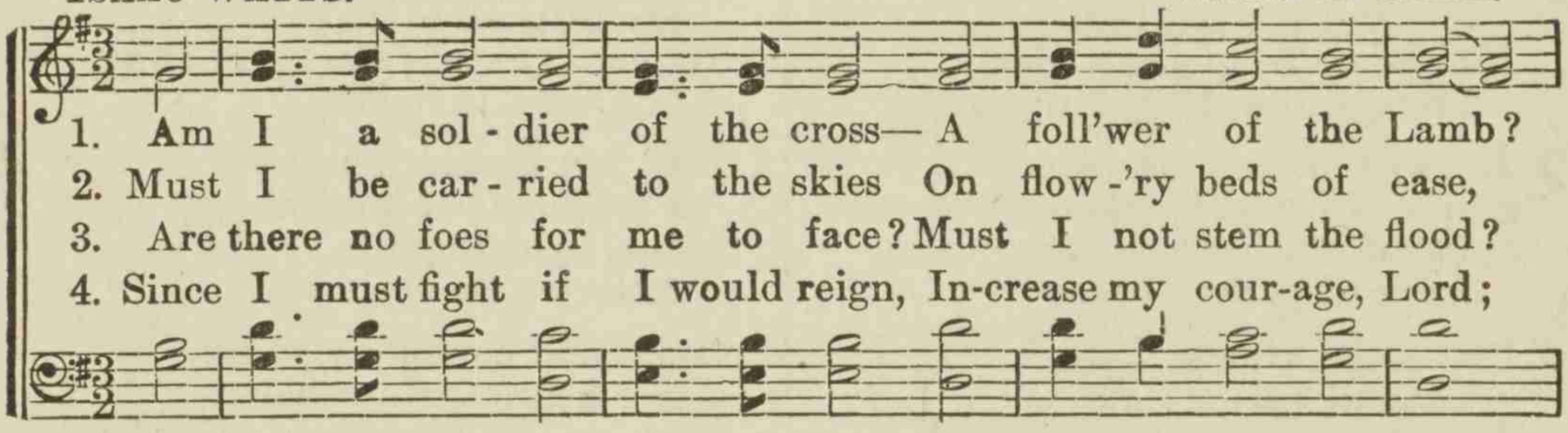


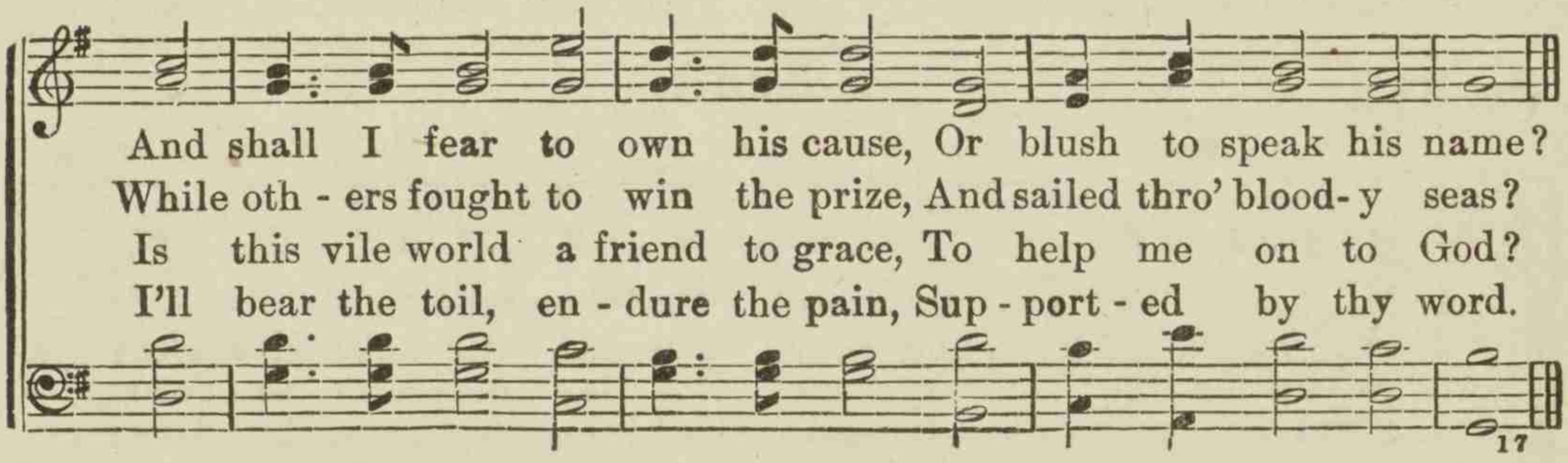


No. 221.

Arlington.

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. A. ARNE.





No. 222.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues.
And our devotion dies.

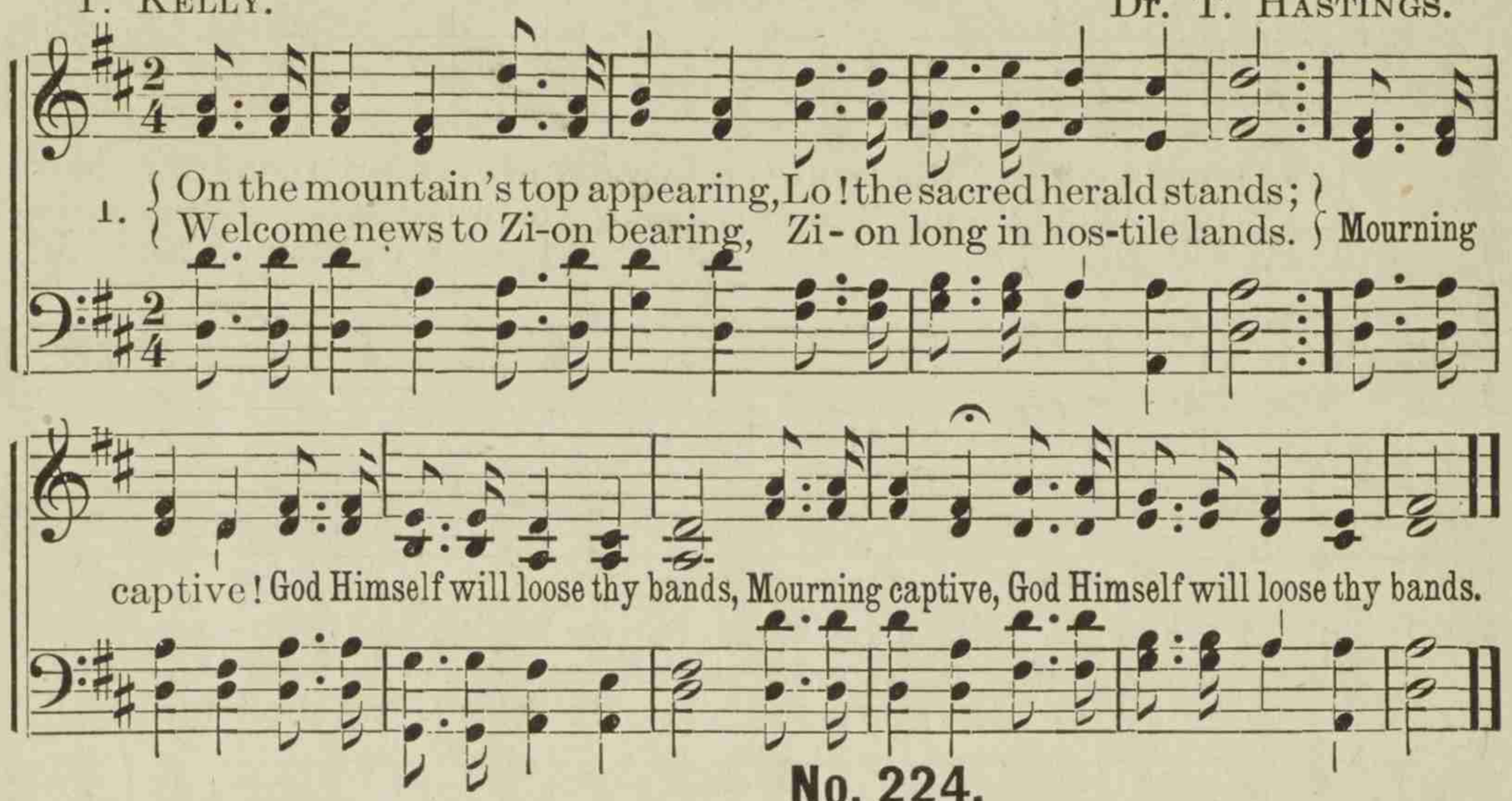
4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

No. 223.

Zion.

T. KELLY. Dr. T. HASTINGS.



No. 224.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning:
Zion still is well-beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee:
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely end.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God, thy Savior, will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day.
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

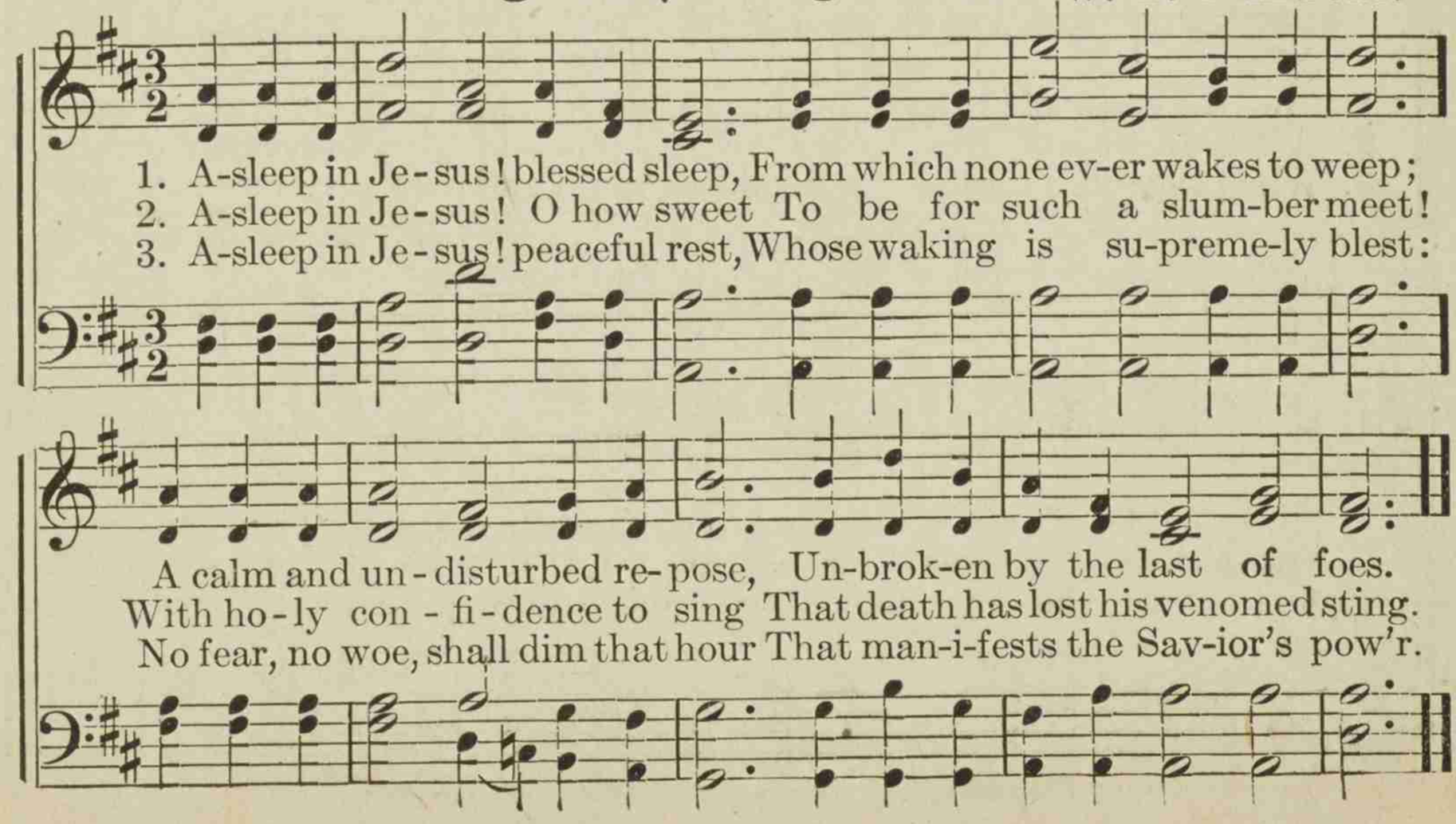
2 Kingdom's wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night.
And redemption
Freely purchased win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease,
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase.
Sway thy sceptre,
Savior, all the world around.

No. 225.

Asleep in Jesus.

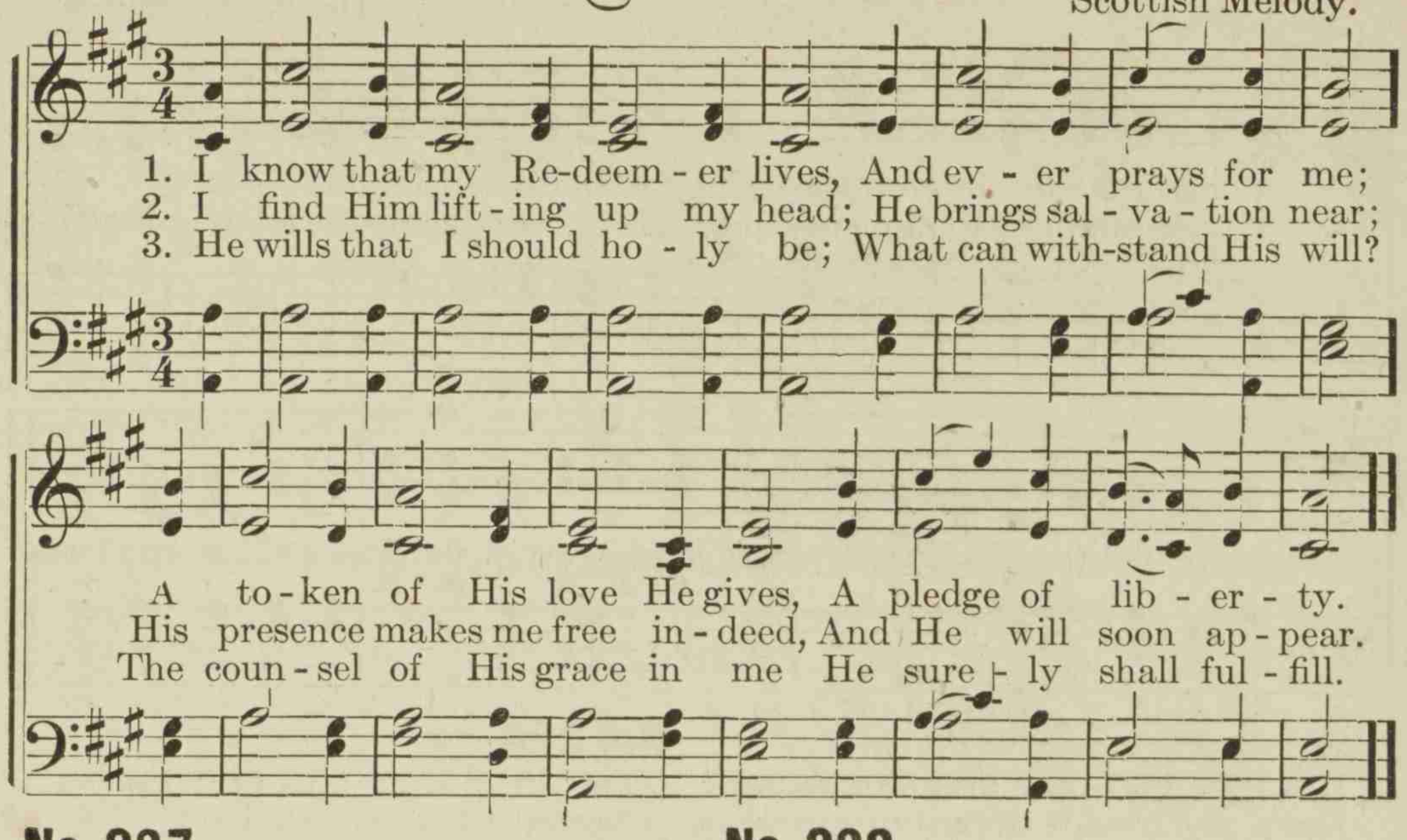
W. B. BRADBURY.



No. 226.

Balerma.

Scottish Melody.



No. 227.

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can
Nor can the memory find (frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 Oh, hope of every contrite heart!
Oh, joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

No. 228.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend His cause;
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

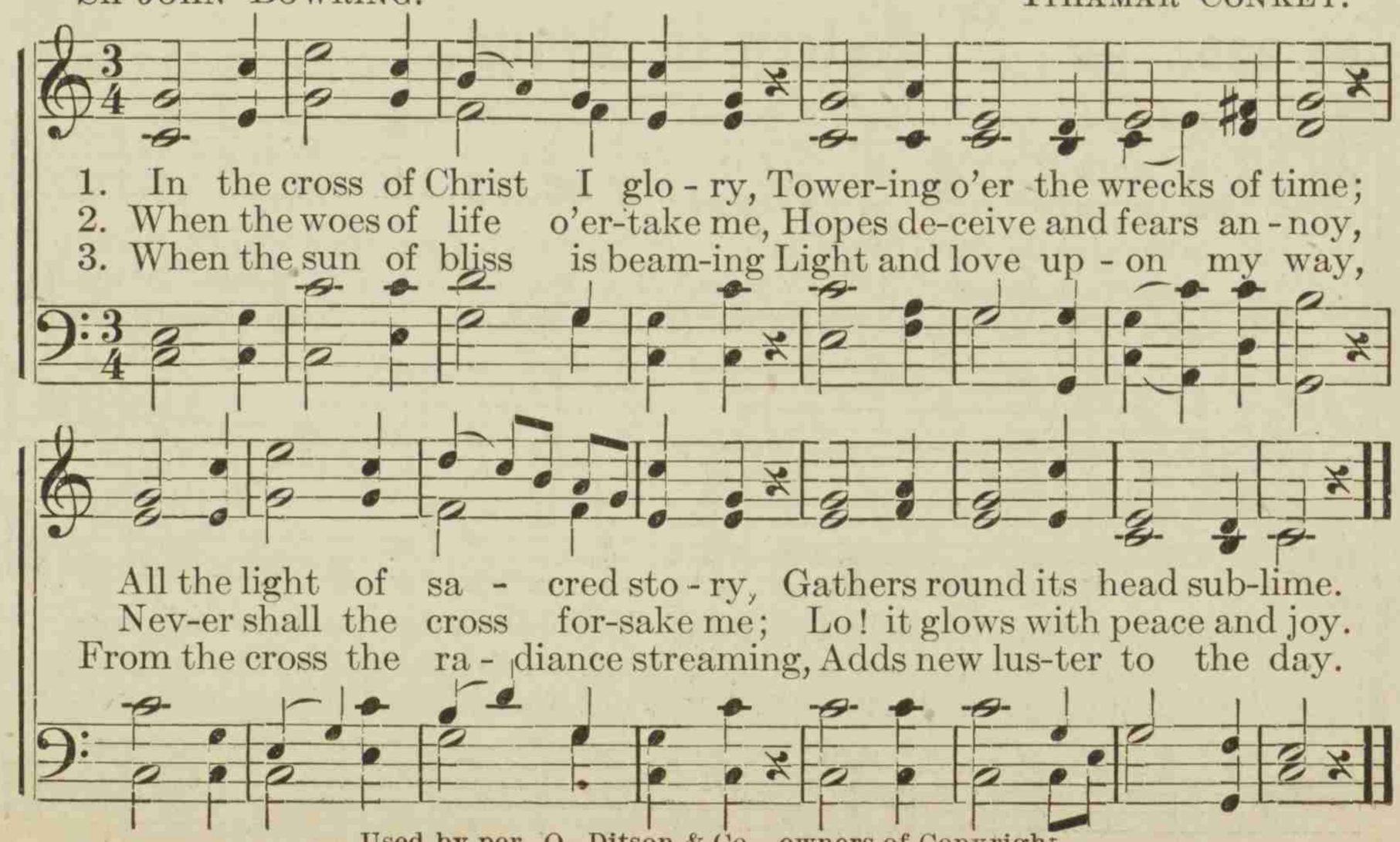
2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

No. 229.

In the Cross of Christ.

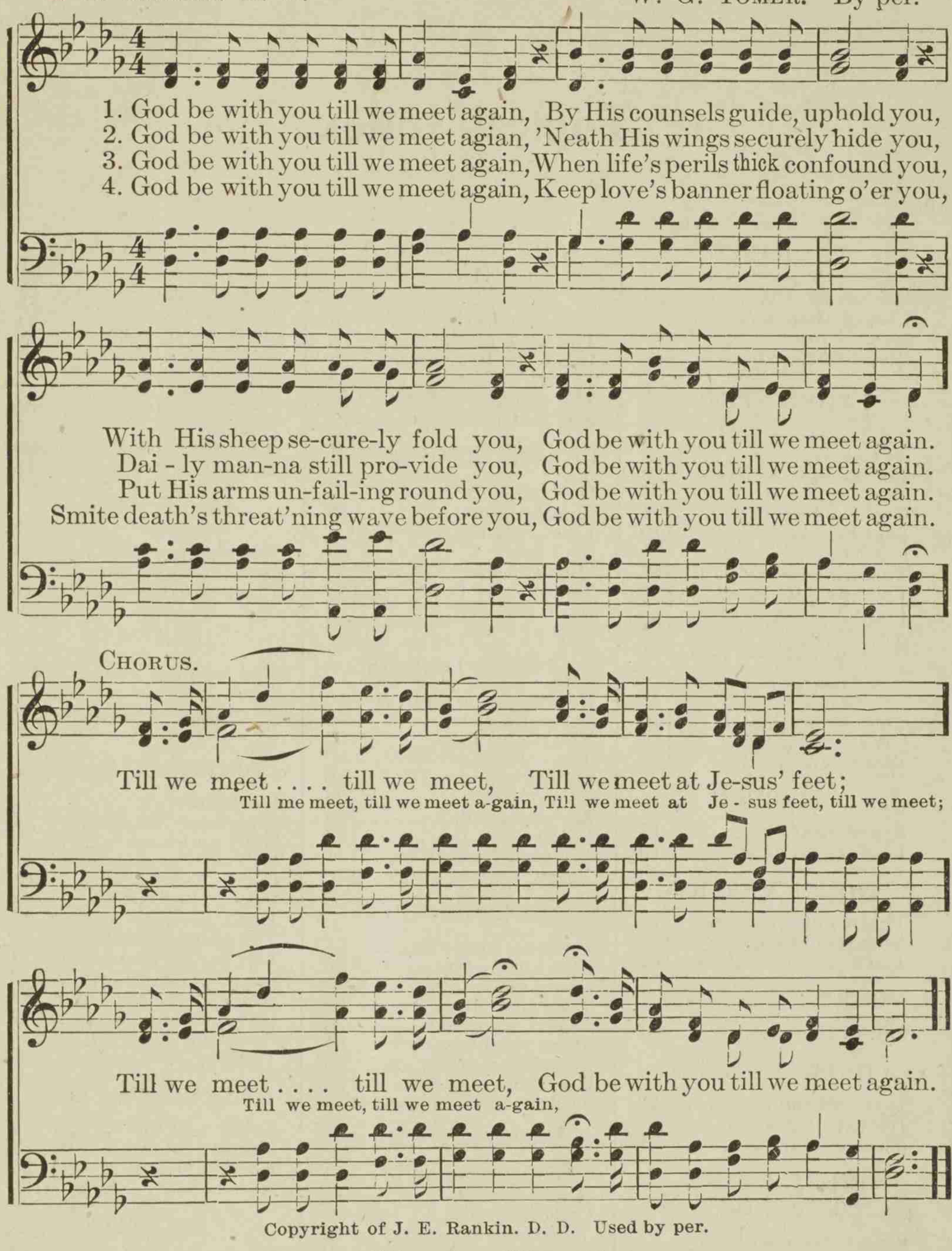
Sir John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.



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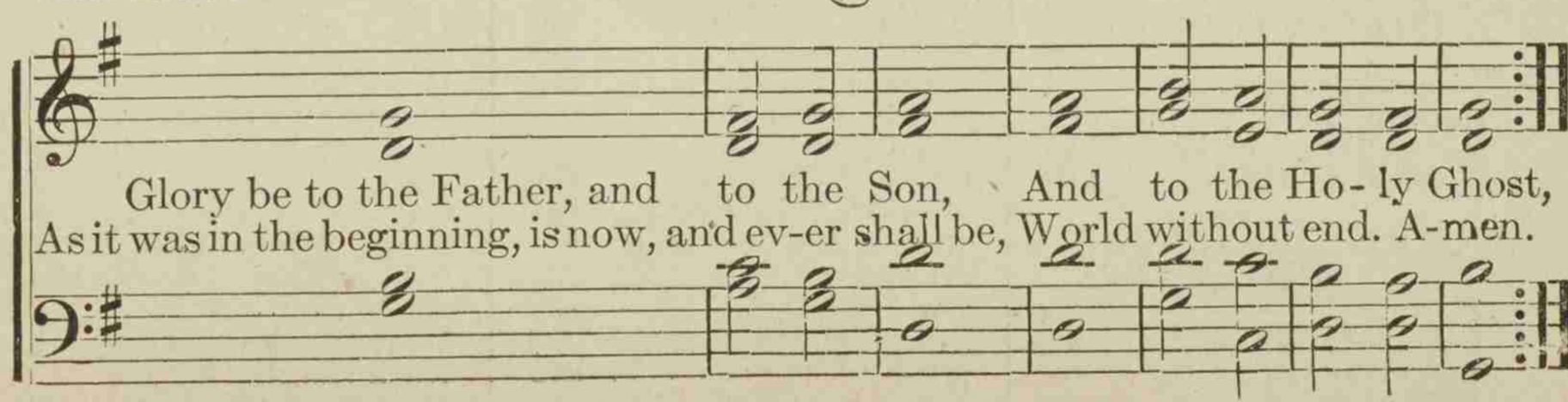
No. 230. God be With You.

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Topical Index.

ASSURANCE.

	NO.
He has set His	16
I know that my	44
Jesus is my	98
Blessed assurance	171

ATONEMENT.

Nor silver nor gold	6
At Calvary	12
The Rock once riven	30
Jesus crucified	71
Nothing but Thy	91
I do believe	110
Life is mine	104
There is power	119
There is a fountain	127
From Calvary's cross	153
All to Christ I owe	188
Rock of ages	191

BIBLE, THE

The old fireside	100
Give me the Bible	161
Wonderful words	187

CHILDREN.

Brave hearts	11
I belong to Jesus	79

CHRIST A SAVIOR

This wonderful Jesus	58
Immanuel Prince	144
The Great Physician	167

CHRIST, BIRTH OF

Joy to the world	204

CHRIST, DEATH OF

Is it nothing to you	52
Beneath the cross	67
Jesus crucified	71

CHRIST, EXALTATION OF

Crown Him with	1
Our King	39
Hark ten thousand	212

CHRIST, LOVE OF

The outstretched hand	2
Redeeming love	15
My shepherd of love	110
Comfort in the	116

CHRIST, RESURRECTION OF

I know that my	44
The risen Lord	88
All hail the risen	152

CHRIST, SECOND COMING OF

	No.
In a moment	25
The hope of the	28
When the Bridegroom	61
To live is Christ	64
The coming of the	82
Are you ready	172

CHRIST, COMING TO

He heard my cry	13
Coming home	19
I am coming	21
As I am	53
O happy day	123
Ye must be born	142
Arise my soul	192
Just as I am	203

CHRISTIAN JOY

Perfect peace and	10
Sunshine in my	36
The life of joy	63
The coronation day	80
Comfort in the	116
O happy day	123
My soul is filled	126
Leaning on the	132
I'm glad I have	151
Peace, perfect peace	173

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Holiness unto the	54
Trust and obey	56
Glory all the way	66
The inner circle	69
I want to be like	70
Make me like	81
Wonderful peace	93
Give me a heart	175
The Son of God goes	179

CHRISTIAN WORK.

You'll reap what	4
Brave hearts	11
Call them in	20
Will there be any	22
Go ye into all	29
Does your signal light	94
God gives the increase	133
Nothing shall be	136
Only a word	149
I can conquer	158
Awake thou that	160
Facing the foe	168
Onward Christian	178
Work for the night	184
Rescue the perishing	194
Awake my soul	205
Did Christ o'er	208
Stand up, stand up for	213
My soul be on	219
Am I a soldier	221

CONSECRATION.

	No.
I am coming	21
Full surrender	37
Come Thou fount	45
To live is Christ	64
The inner circle	69
I belong to Jesus	79
I'll live for Him	105
Take my life	195
Must Jesus bear	209
And can I yet	218

CHURCH, THE

The old ship Zion	84
Onward Christian	78
I love thy Kingdom	216

DISMISSAL.

God be with you	230
Jesus, hear our prayer	83
Evening blessing	97
Blest be the tie	206

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

He knows	31
God never forgets	42
Lead and keep	43
He rolls the sea	50
God is everywhere	68
Leave it to Him	73
Jesus, Savior, pilot	85
The helping hand	86
The Lord will provide	111
Lead, kindly light	145
Hold, Thou, my hand	147
How gentle God's	207
Sometimes a light	215
Thus far the Lord	220

EVENING HYMNS.

Softly now the	7
Evening hymn	27
Evening blessing	97
Now the day is over	169

ETERNITY.

In a moment	25
Time and eternity	60

FAITH.

It is His will	3
The rest of faith	9
Trust and obey	56
Look up	59
Leave it to Him	73
Jesus, Savior, pilot	85
I do believe	101
All is well	159
Wait till the morning	163
Until the day breaks	176
My faith looks up	201

INDEX.

FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST.

	No.
'Tis the blessed hour.	17
No, not one.....	77
Every day and hour.	87
Draw me nearer.....	109
I've found a friend..	129
Leaning on the.....	132
Abide in Me.....	170
Anywhere with.....	181
Jesus, lover of.....	182

FUNERALS.

The meeting place...	92
Shall we meet.....	103
Walking thro' the....	164
Lead, kindly light...	145
Jesus, lover of my....	182
Rock of ages.....	191
Asleep in Jesus.....	225

GOD'S LOVE.

When the lillies I....	96
There's a wideness...	131

GRACE.

He has set His seal..	16
Through me.....	120
Saving grace.....	140
His grace is	166
Wait, my soul.....	196

HEAVEN.

I sing of the.....	24
The Better Land....	34
My Savior first.....	57
The coronation day..	80
The meeting place...	92
Shall we meet.....	103
Jerusalem, my happy	106
No more.....	107
A city fair.....	112
I shall be known....	114
The sands of time...	135
I'm going home.....	141
When the silver chord	154
I long for the beautiful	162

HOLY SPIRIT.

Endue me with.....	41
Breathe on me.....	49
Fill me now.....	55
Holy spirit from.....	115
Give me a heart.....	175
O come and dwell....	217
Come, Holy Spirit...	222

INVITATION.

The outstretched hand	2
Open now the door..	5
The spirit's last call.	8
Jesus will save you..	18
Call them in.....	20
Only trust Him.....	23
Why dost thou.....	32
Come unto me.....	46
Is it nothing to.....	52
I will give you rest..	76
Hear the Savior.....	78
Fly to thy refuge....	90
I heard a voice.....	113
Would you believe...	130
O borderland.....	150
Come to Jesus.....	185

JUDGMENT.

When the roll is.....	38

LOVE TO CHRIST.

Christ is more and...	51
My Savior first of...	57
Savior, teach me....	95
The name of Jesus...	128
Precious name.....	137
It's just like Him....	148
How can I but love..	157
My Jesus I love.....	186

MISSIONARY.

Go ye into all.....	29
Jesus leads His.....	102
On many a favorite..	108
A missionary hymn..	121
Sound, sound the....	198
The morning light is.	214
On the mountain's top	223
O'er the gloomy.....	224

NATIONAL.

My country, 'tis of..	210
God bless our native .	211

PRAISE

Crown Him with....	1
Jesus hath redeemed	26
Our King.....	39
I never can tell it....	72
Praise God with the..	74
Old Hundred	75
On the rock.....	122
Steadily marching...	124
My Redeemer.....	134
Praise waiteth for ...	137
Immanuel Prince....	144
The holiest name....	146
The Lord's songs	174
Holy, holy, holy.....	189
Revive us again	190
Come, Thou Almighty	199
Glory to God.....	200
All hail the power....	202
Joy to the world.....	204
Hark, ten thousand..	212

PRAYER.

He heard my voice ...	13
'Tis the blessed hour.	17
Pass me not	33
Lead and keep me...	43
Pray, Christian pray .	65
Make me like thee...	81
Blessed be the Lord..	99
Ask, seek, knock	117
Nearer my God.....	143
Lead, kindly light....	145
When thou hast shut	156
I must tell Jesus.....	165
Savior divine	177
What a friend.....	193
Come, my soul.....	197

SALVATION.

The debt unknown ..	14
Jesus will save	18
Jesus hath redeemed.	26
Salvation, O the.....	47
Joy among the.....	48
This wonderful Jesus ..	58
Life is mine	104
No more	107
Down at Jesus' feet..	118
On the rock	122
At the cross	139
For me	155

TEMPERANCE.

Does your signal light.	94
Let us arise	180
Rescue the perishing..	194

TESTIMONY FOR CHRIST.

Tell me more.....	35
Have you told	40
Jesus lives.....	62
My Redeemer.....	134
Only a word	149

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Jesus spreads His....	125

WARNING.

You'll reap what....	4
The spirit's last call..	8
Is it nothing to.....	52
Drifting away	89
My soul be on.....	219

YOUNG PEOPLE.

Brave hearts.....	11
Jesus lives.....	62
Jesus leads His.....	102
Steadily marching...	124
My soul is filled.....	126
Nothing shall be.....	136
I can conquer.....	158
Facing the foe	168
Onward, Christian...	178
Let us arise.....	180

INDEX.

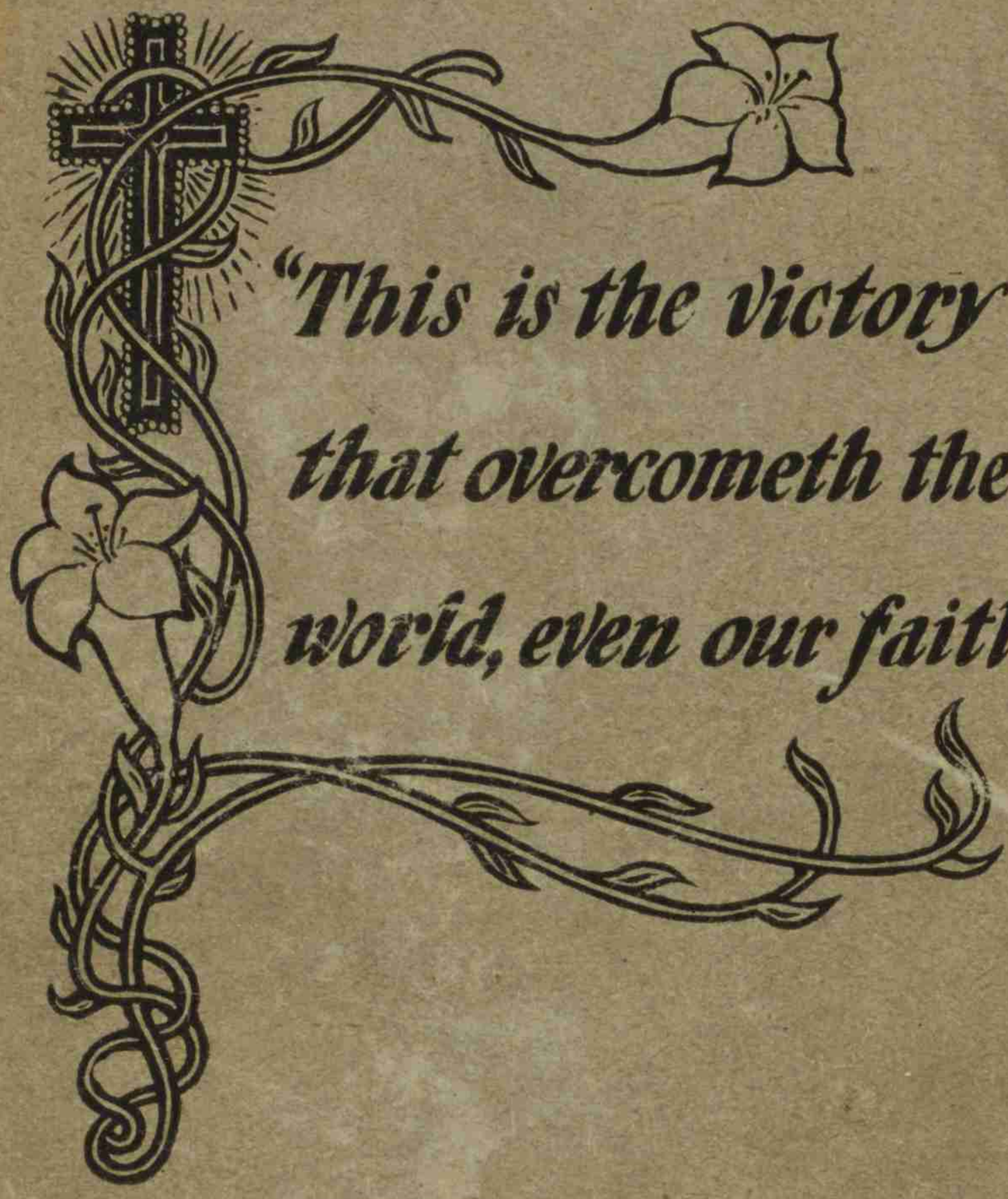
Titles in SMALL CAPS—First Lines in Roman.

	No.
A	
A CITY FAIR	112
A lamp in the night	28
A MISSIONARY HYMN	121
A moment more	25
ABIDE IN ME	170
Alas and did my	101
ALL HAIL THE RISEN LORD	152
All hail the power	202
ALL IS WELL	159
ALL TO CHRIST I OWE	188
AMERICA	210
And can I yet delay	218
ANYWHERE WITH JESUS	181
ANTIOCH	204
Arise and shine	160
ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE	192
ARE YOU READY	172
Are you waiting for	82
AS I AM, O JESUS, TAKE	53
ASK, SEEK, KNOCK	117
ASLEEP IN JESUS	225
AT THE CROSS	139
Awake, my soul	205
AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST	160
B	
BALERMA	226
Because in a day	9
Before I found my	126
BENEATH THE CROSS	67
Blest be the tie	206
BLESSED BE THE LORD	99
BRAVE HEARTS	11
BREATHE ON ME	49
BOYLSTON	216
C	
CALVARY	12
CALL THEM IN	20
CHRIST IS MORE	51
Come, every soul	23
COME INTO THE FOLD	46
Come, my soul, my	197
Come near to thy Father's	156
COME, THOU FOUNT	45
COME TO JESUS	185
Come to my waiting heart	177
COME UNTO ME	76
Come, ye who are	18
COMFORT IN THE SAVIOR'S	116
COMING HOME	19
CORONATION	202
CROWN HIM WITH MANY	1
D	
Dearest name in	146
Dear Lord, I need thee	180
DENNIS	206
Did Christ o'er sinners	208
Do you know the place	150
DOES YOUR SIGNAL-LIGHT SHINE	94
DOWN AT JESUS' FEET	118
DRAW ME NEARER	109
DRIFTING AWAY	89
E	
ENDUE ME WITH POWER	41
EVERY DAY AND HOUR	87
EVENING BLESSING	97
EVENING HYMN	27
F	
FACING THE FOE	168
Far above the fierce	2
FILL ME NOW	55
FLY TO THY REFUGE	90
For all the many	116
FOR ME	155
FROM CALVARY'S CROSS	153
FULL SURRENDER	37
G	
Give me a heart of	175
GIVE ME THE BIBLE	161
GLORY ALL THE WAY	66
Glory be to the Father	231
Glory to God on high	200
GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD	29
GOD BE WITH YOU	230
GOD GIVES THE INCREASE	133
GOD IS EVERYWHERE	68
GOD NEVER FORGETS	42

	No.
H	
Hark, a gentle hand	5
He Has Set His Seal	16
He Heard My Voice	13
He Knows	31
He lives, our great	152
He Rolls the Sea Away	50
Hear, a voice is	102
Hear the Savior Calling	78
His Grace Is Sufficient	166
Holy, Holy, Holy	189
Holy Spirit From	115
Holiness Unto the Lord	50
Hold, Thou, My Hand	147
How I Can But Love Him	157
How gentle God's command.	207
I	
I am Coming to the Cross	21
I ask not why	3
I am only a toiler	120
I am watching, I am	172
I Am Resting	161
I Belong to Jesus	79
I Can Conquer Every Foe	158
I Do Believe	101
I Heard a Voice	113
I hear a sweet voice	159
I hear the Savior say	188
I heard the blessed	13
I Know That My Redeemer	44
I know that my Redeemer	226
I love Thy Kingdom, Lord	216
I Long for that	162
I Must Tell Jesus	165
I Never Can Tell It	72
I Need Thee, Lord	180
I Shall be Known	114
I Sing of the Home-Land	24
I sowed my seed	133
I Want to Be Like Jesus	70
I was wandering	110
I Will Give You Rest	76
I will sing of my Redeemer	134
I'll Live for Him	105
I'm Glad I Have a Savior	151
I'm Going Home	141
I'm not ashamed to	228
I've Found a Friend	129
I've found the life of joy	63
If you could see	130
Immanuel, Prince of Peace	144
In a Moment	25
In the Cross of Christ	229
Is it Nothing to You?	52
It is Well	3
It's Just Like Him	148
Italian Hymn	199
J	
Jesus Calls for Soldiers	11
Jesus Crucified	71
Jesus Hath Redeemed Me	26
Jesus is My Savior	98
Jesus Leads His Army	102
Jesus, Lover of My Soul	182
Jesus Spreads His Banner	125
Jesus, the very thought	227
Jesus Will Save You	18
Jerusalem, My Happy Home	106
Joy Among the Angels	48
Joy to the World the Lord	204
Just as I Am	203
L	
Laban	219
Lead and Keep Me	43
Lead, Kindly Light	145
Leave it to Him	73
Let Us Arise	180
Life is Mine	104
Lift your hearts	80
Like a river glorious	10
Look Up	59
M	
Make Me Like Thee	81
Must Jesus bear the Cross	219
My faith looks up to Thee	201
My heavenly home is	141
My Jesus, I Love Thee	186
My Redeemer	134
My Shepherd of Love	81
My soul, be on thy guard	219
My Soul is Filled with Singing,	126
N	
Nearer, My God, to Thee	143
No More	107
No, Not One	77
Nor Silver Nor Gold	6
Nothing But Thy Blood	91
Nothing is Impossible	136
Now the Day is Over	169
O	
O Borderland	150
O Golden Day	140
O Happy Day	123
O'er the gloomy hills	224
Oh, come and dwell in me	217
Olivet	201
Old Hundred	75
Only a Word	149
On the mountain's top	223
Onward, Christian Soldier	178
On many a favored	108
On the Rock	122

INDEX.

	No.
Only Trust Him	23
Open Now the Door	5
Our King	39
P	
Pass Me Not	33
Peace, Perfect Peace	173
Perfect Peace and Rest	10
Pray, Christian, Pray	65
Praise God with the Cymbal	74
Praise Waiteth for Thee	138
Praise Ye the Lord	124
Precious Name	137
R	
Redeeming Love	15
Rescue the Perishing	194
Revive Us Again	190
Rock of Ages	191
S	
Salvation, O the Joyful	47
Saving Grace	140
Savior Divine	177
Savior, Teach Me	95
Savior, more than life	87
Shall We Meet	103
Sound the Truth	198
Softly Now the Light of Day	7
Some time a light surprises	215
Stand up, stand up for	213
Steadily Marching on	124
Sunshine in My Soul	36
T	
Take My Life	195
Take the name of Jesus	137
Tell Me More About Jesus	35
The Better Land	34
The Coronation Day	80
The Coming of the King	82
The Debt Unknown	14
The Great Physician	196
The Helping Hand of	86
The Holiest Name	146
The Hope of the Coming	28
The Inner Circle	69
The Life of Joy	63
The Lord's Songs	174
The Lord Will Provide	111
The Meeting Place	92
The morning light is	214
The Name of Jesus	128
The Old Fireside	100
The Outstretched Hand	2
The Rest of Faith	9
The Risen Lord	88
The Rock Once Riven	30
The Sands of Time	135
The Son of God	179
The Spirit's Last Call	8
This Wonderful Jesus	58
There is a Land	34
There is a Fountain Filled	127
There is Power in the Blood	119
There's a Wideness in God's	131
Through Me	120
Time and Eternity	60
'Tis the Blessed Hour	17
To Live is Christ	64
Trust and Obey	56
U	
Until the Day Breaks	176
W	
Wait, my soul, upon the Lord	196
Wait till the Morning	163
Walking Through the Valley	164
We praise Thee, O God	190
Webb	213
Wonderful Words of Life	187
Work, for the Night is Coming	184
What a Friend We Have in	193
When the Silver Chord	154
Y	
Ye Must be Born Again	142
You'll Reap Whatsoever You	4
Z	
Zion	223



"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."