S. W. SHERRILL'S

HYMNS OF CALVARY

"Nothing in my hand I bring
Simply to thy Cross I cling".



ROCK OF AGES

EDITED BY

REV. W. T. DALE, D. D

PUBLISHED BY THE J. W. BURKE COMPANY, MACON, GA.

What Is Said of "Hymns of Calvary"

By those who have examined the book in MSS. and proof sheets

From REV. W. V. McADOO,

Superintendent Church Extension, Tennessee Synod, Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

IT was my privilege to be in the home of Rev. W. T. Dale, and to examine in part the manuscript of his new song book, "HYMNS OF CALVARY." One noticeable feature of the book is its adaptability to all the various church services. It contains many of the old hymns and tunes which our fathers sung—hymns which can never die, and it also contains many new songs.

Dr. Dale has had a wide experience in church music, and is a judge of the kind of songs that make a *really usable* book. It is just such a book as the church needs at this time, and we predict a wide demand for it.

July 27, 1903. W. V. McADOO.

From REV. W. R. PEEBLES,

Of the Tennessee Annual Confereace of the M. E. Church, South.

HAVING examined the manuscript of "HYMNS OF CALVARY" by Rev. W. T. Dale, I take pleasure in commending it to those for whom it has been prepared as well calculated to stir the religious emotions and help to a fuller and stronger Christian life. It contains many of the popular new songs of the day and more of the old campmeeting songs and choruses than any book of its class with which I am familiar. W. R. PEEBLES.

From REV. J. A. ELLISON,

Pastor M. E. Church, South, Jasper, Tenn.

AFTER having examined "HYMNS OF CALVARY," in manuscript, by Dr. W. T. Dale, it gives me great pleasure to recommend it as a song book of merit. The selections are varied and appropriate to religious services, Sunday Schools, the fireside and special services. They contain gospel sentiment and truth and will be sung with joy and profit to the people. I know of no book that is more up-to-date in every particular.

J. A. ELLISON.

From REV. M. A. HUNT,

Pastor Cumberland Presbyterian Church, South Pittsburgh, Tenn.

I HAVE examined the proof-sheets of a large part of Rev. W. T. Dale's new song book, entitled, "HYMNS OF CALVARY," and think the book will be a splendid production. It is arranged so conveniently that the user can turn to any of its many departments with very little trouble and find such music as will be adapted to any religious service. M. A. HUNT.

South Pittsburgh, Tenn., Nov. 20, 1903.

[04-008] [SP-000205]

S. M. Stanwell

R. J. Lamar, A. L.



Wm. Thos. Dale, D. D.,

"AT WORK"

COMPILING

"HYMNS OF CALVARY"

1903

Hymns of Calvary

A Choice Collection of

Old and New Century Hymns and Songs

For Evangelistic Services, Revivals, Prayer Meetings, The Sabbath-School, Young People's Societies, Missionary Meetings, Children's Services, Funerals, and Many other Special Occasions of Church Work and Worship.

....EDITED BY THE....

Rev. W. T. DALE, D. D.,

AUTHOR OF EIGHT OTHER SONG BOOKS, AND OTHER BOOKS, TRACTS, ETC.

PUBLISHED BY

THE J. W. BURKE COMPANY,

MACON, GA.

Special Contributors.

H. A. R. Horton.....Dallas, Tex.
Dr. H. R. Palmer....New York City
Will L. Thompson, E. Liverpool, O.
W. H. Doane.....Cincinnati, O.
J. H. Fillmore.....Cincinnati, O.
W. J. Kilpatrick.....Phila., Pa.
Geo. C. Hugg.....Philadelphia, Pa.
Geo. W. Lyon (dec.)....Atlanta, Ga.
J. L. Moore.....Bethlehem, Ga.
A. J. Showalter.....Dalton, Ga.
R. E. Winsett.....Ogden, Tenn.
Rev. L. L. Pickett....Willmore, Ky.
S. M. Brown.....Kansas City, Mo.
C. M. Tate.....Pennington Gap, Va.
A. Beirly.....Chicago, Ill.
J. H. Alleman.....Chicago, Ill.
Chas. Edw. Pollock.....Jefferson City; Mo.
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.....Benton Arbor, Mich.
Mrs. May Anderson Hawkins.....Avondale, Ala.
J. H. Tenny.....Georgetown, Mass.

Special Acknowledgement.

Evangelists, Rev. E. E. Hendrick, *Nashville, Tenn.;* Rev. G. W. Eichleberger, D. D., *Baltimore, Md.;* Rev. F. J. Tyler, *Columbia, Tenn.,* and Rev. A. G. Beecham, *Lebanon, Tenn.,* have our special thanks for suggestions which have aided in the preparation of this collection of songs.

Inscription.

This humble volume is respectively dedicated to all in every communion who desire to see "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," and who are longing for the coming of the Kingdom of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Copyright Notice.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1903, by Rev. W. T. DALE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Parties desiring to use any of the copyright hymns or tunes in this book must obtain the written permission of the owners of the copyright.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"HYMNS OF CALVARY," after many years spent in thoughtful and prayerful preparation, is herewith submitted to the public as a worthy successor to the Author's numerous other books which have preceded it.

In the arrangement of the subject-matter of the book, a good share of space has been given to "Songs of the Cross," as we owe our salvation to the death of Christ. And it is believed that the faithful rendering of these songs will not fail to draw the worshiper close to that Saviour who, when nothing less would suffice as a ransom for man's soul, freely gave Himself up to die, the "just for the unjust."

We have also used a good number of "Pentecostal Hymns," believing, as the Author does, that we should honor the Holy Spirit if we would have Him to honor our work. Besides, we are living in the dispensation of the Spirit, and should seek His guidance and blessing. It is also a time when teh people of God should "tarry in Jerusalem" for the enduement of divine power, which is absolutely necessary to efficiency in all religious work.

We have also used a large number of the "Songs of Our Fathers," which fired their hearts and led them on to victory, and which possess the necessary elements to fire our hearts today, and lead us forth to victory. This feature of the book will, we feel sure, be hailed with delight by many who desire to see a return of the revival spirit of our fathers, since these songs have been rejected by modern compilers.

This book is adapted to the wants of true worshipers in every Christian communion who desire a book thoroughly evangelical in doctrine and devotional in spirit.

The tastes of the people, both in the town and country, have alike been consulted, and it is believed a happy combination has been made which will be pleasing to all.

This book has been carefully classified, and its subject-matter divided into TWENTY-TWO DEPARTMENTS, thus facilitating its use.

It is also published in *Aikin's Seven-Character Notes*—the common sense notation which may be *read at sight.* And as *all* can read this notation, it has not been thought necessary by the Publishers to use any other, therefore there has been no *"round note"* edition prepared.

"HYMNS OF CALVARY" may be used in all the general services of the church where churches do not care to purchase a more expensive hymnal, and it will be found specially suited to use in Revivals, Prayermeetings, the Sabbath School, Young People's Societies, Children's Meetings, Special Occasions, such as receiving members, communion, etc., as also for Missionary Meetings, Funeral Occasions, etc.

We desire in this connection to acknowledge our obligation to Dr. H. R. Palmer, Will L. Thompson, Rev. E. A. Hoffman, H. A. R. Horton, Chas. Edw. Pollock, Prof. A. J. Showalter, W. H. Doane, J. H. Fillmore, D. E. Dortch, Geo. C. Hugg, Geo. W. Lyon, dec'd, J. L. Moore, W. J. Kilpatrick, Rev L. L. Pickett, S. M. Brown, Charlie D. Tillman, R. E. Winsett, Mrs. Robt. Lowry, and others, for valuable contributions to this work.

To authors and publishers who have kindly given permission to use some of their best copyrights, we hereby tender our grateful acknowledgements.

With an earnest prayer for the Divine blessing on these songs and upon all who sing them, we now submit "HYMNS OF CALVARY" to the crucible of a public test, confident that this our latest effort in the field of sacred song will be crowned with abundant success and the name of God be glorified thereby.

WM. THOS. DALE.

Franklin, Tenn., Feb. 4, 1904.

DEPARTMENT AND SUBJECT INDEX.

PART	I.	Songs of the Cross	1– 21
PART	II.	Sinner's Invited to the Cross	22– 40
PART	III.	Repentance at the Cross	41– 47
PART	IV.	Faith at the Cross	48– 59
PART	V.	Saved at the Cross	60– 76
PART	VI.	Taking up the Cross	77– 81
PART	VII.	The Christian Life	82–103
PART	VIII.	Pentecostal Hymns	104–114
PART	IX.	Hymns of Praise	115–127
PART	X.	Revivals and Prayer Meetings	128–149
PART	XI.	Songs of Our Fathers	150–163
PART	XII.	Songs of Beulah Land	164–167
PART	XIII.	Christian Testimony	168–171
PART	XIV.	Hymns for Special Occasions	172–183
PART	XV.	Children's Meetings	184–189
PART	XVI.	Young People's Societies	190–197
PART	XVII.	Missionary	198–208
PART	XVIII.	Christ's Second Coming	209–216
PART	XIX.	For Funeral Occasions	217–221
PART	XX.	Songs of Heaven	222–333
PART	XXI.	Home and Fireside Songs	234–241
PART	XXII.	Miscellaneous	242–286

Hymns of Calvary.

PART I.

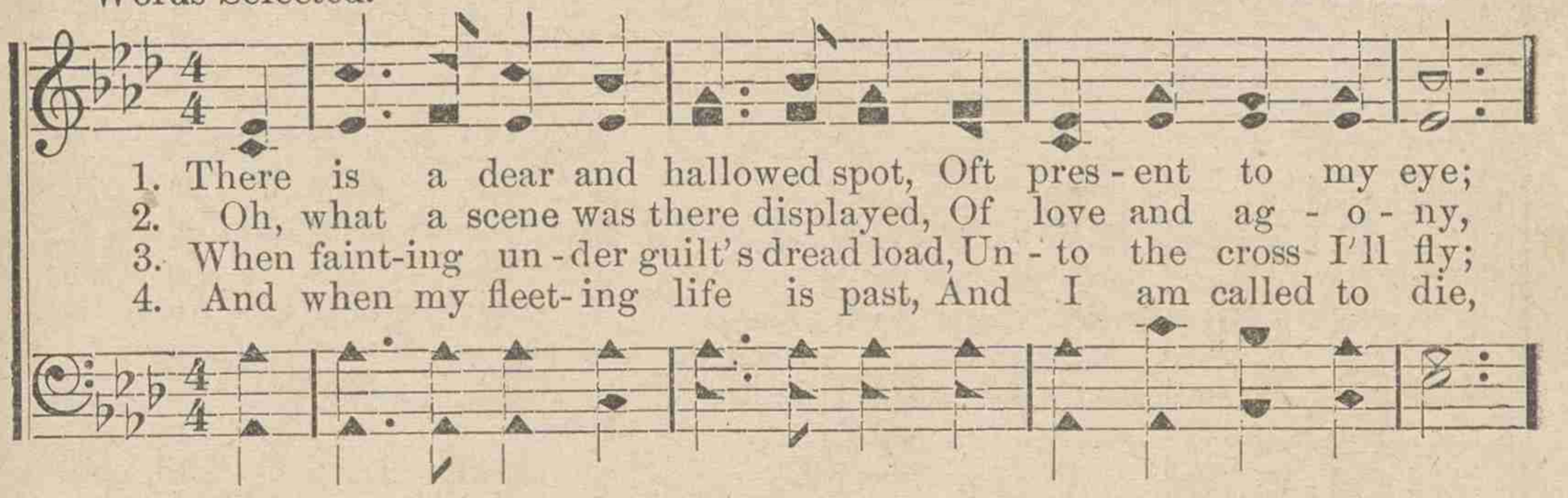
SONGS OF THE CROSS.

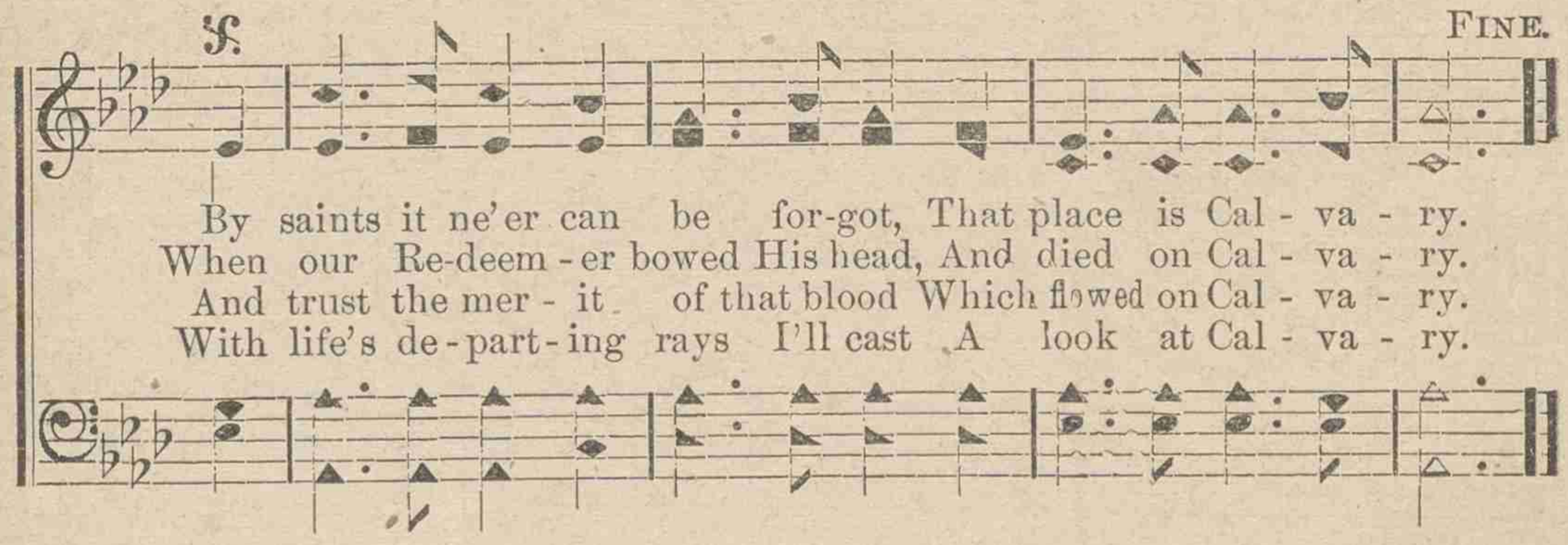
"God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

No. 1. Calvary. C. M.

"And when they were come to the place which is called CALVARY, there they crucified him."—LUKE 23: 33.

Words Selected. W. T. DALE.





Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 2. On the Cross of Calvary.

"And when they were come to the place which is called CALVARY, there they crucified Him." LUKE 23: 33.

W. T. D. W. T. DALE.

1. See the Sav-- iour as He goes, On His way to
2. See Him by our sins op - pressed, On His way to
3. Meek - ly as the Lamb of God, On His way to
4. "It is fin - ished" hear Him cry, On the cross of
5. Man to God is rec - on - ciled, By His death on

Cal - va - ry; Bend-ing 'neath our load of woes, On His way to
Cal - va - ry; Faint-ing, fall - ing and dis- tressed, On His way to
Cal - va - ry; Drinks the cup, en-dures the rod, On His way to
Cal - va - ry; While the rend - ing rocks re - ply, As He dies on
Cal - va - ry; I can now be - come His child, If I look to

CHORUS.

Cal - va - ry. On the cross of Cal - va - ry He died for me,

He died for me, He died for me; On the cross of

Cal - va - ry He died for me, And now I'm saved and free.

Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 3. Hallelujah for the Cross.

"God forbid that I should glory save, in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. W. T. DALE.

1. The cross it standeth fast, Hal- le - lu- jah! Hal- le - lu - jah! De - fy- ing
2. It is the old cross still, Hal- le - lu- jah! Hal- le - lu - jah! Its triumphs
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal- le - lu- jah! Hal- le - lu - jah! Our sins on

ev- ery blast, Hal- le - lu - jah for the cross; The winds of hell have blown,
let us tell, Hal- le - lu - jah for the cross; The grace of God here shown;
Je -sus laid, Hal- le - lu - jah for the cross; So 'round the cross we sing,

The world its hate hath shown, Yet 'tis not o - ver- thrown, Hal - le -
Thro' Christ the bless - ed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal - le -
Of Christ our off - er - ing, Of Christ our liv - ing King, Hal - le -

CHORUS.
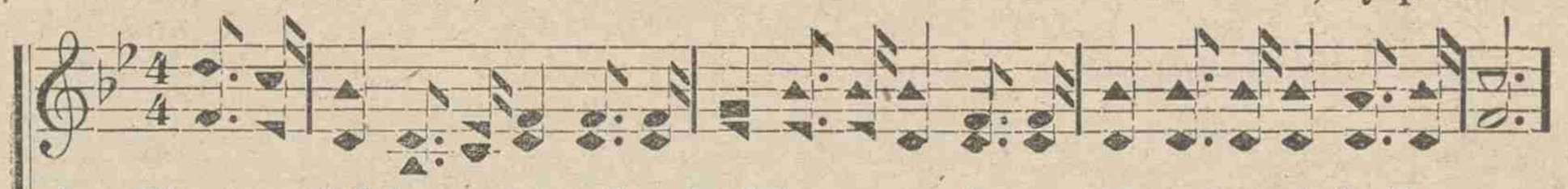
lu- jah for the cross. Hal- le - lu- jah! Hal- le - lu- jah! It ne'er shall suf-fer

loss; Hal- le - lu- jah! Hal- le - lu - jah! Hal- le - lu - jah for the cross.
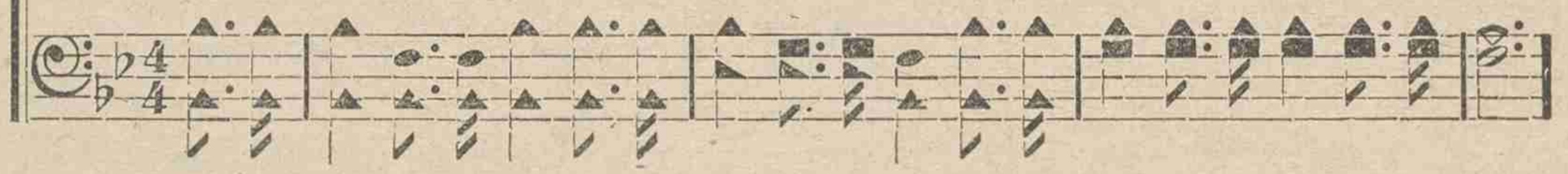
Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.
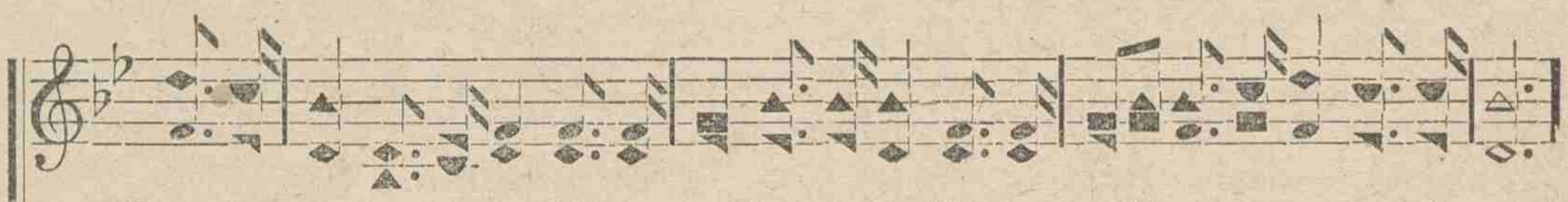
No. 4. Calvary, No. 2.

Rev. B. CARRADINE, D.D. Rev. L. L. PICKETT, by per.
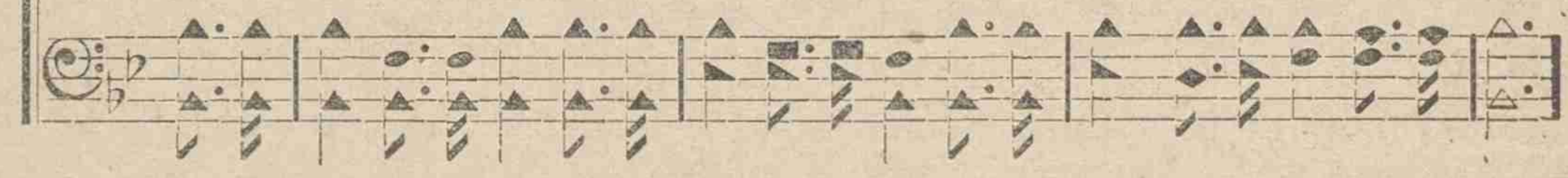


1. There's a hill lone and gray, In a land far a-way, In a coun-try beyond the blue sea,
2. Oh, so faint on the road, 'Neath the world's heavy load, Comes a thorn-crowned Man on the way!
3. Hark, I hear the dull blow Of the hammer swung low, They are nailing my Lord to the tree!
4. How they mock Him in death To His last lab'ring breath, While His friends sadly weep o'er the way!
5. Then the darkness came down, And the rocks rent around, And a cry pierced the sad-laden air!
6. Let the sun hide its face, Let the earth reel apace, O-ver men who their Saviour have slain!
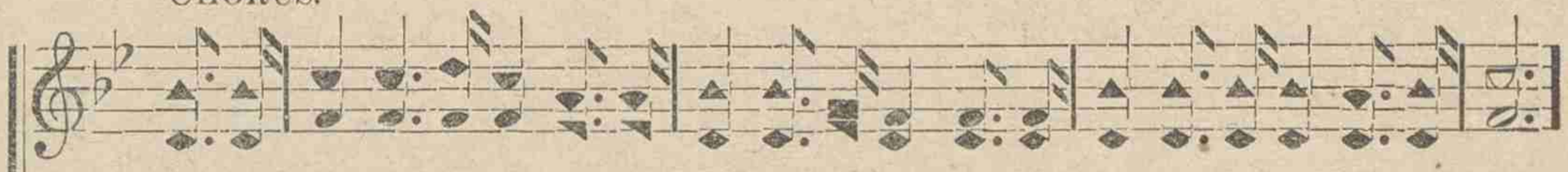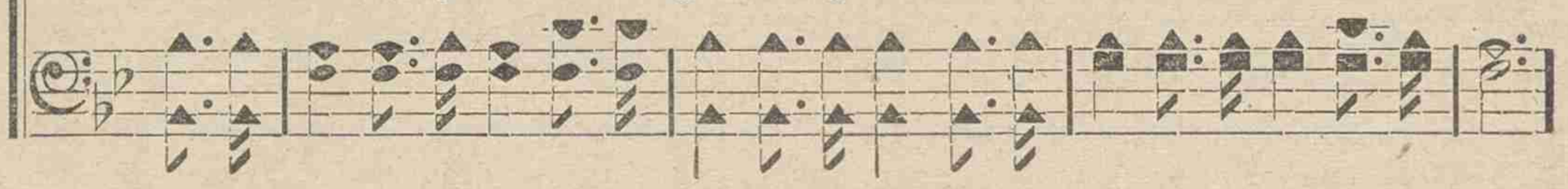




Where beneath that fair sky, Went a man forth to die, For the world and for you and for me.
With a cross He is bow'd, But still on thro' the crowd He's as-cending that hill lone and gray.
And the cross they upraise While the mul-ti-tude gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Cal-va-ry!
But tho' lone-ly and faint Still no word of complaint Fell from Him on that hil-lock of gray.
'T was the voice of our King, Who received death's dark sting, All to save us from endless despair.
But, be-hold! from the sod Comes the blessed Lamb of God, Who was slain, but is ris-en a-gain.
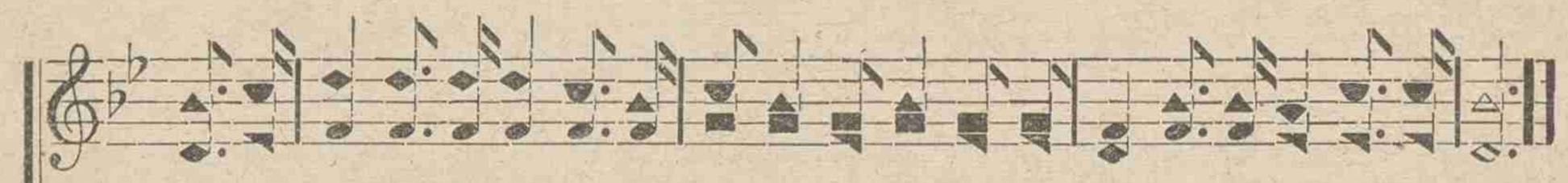


CHORUS.

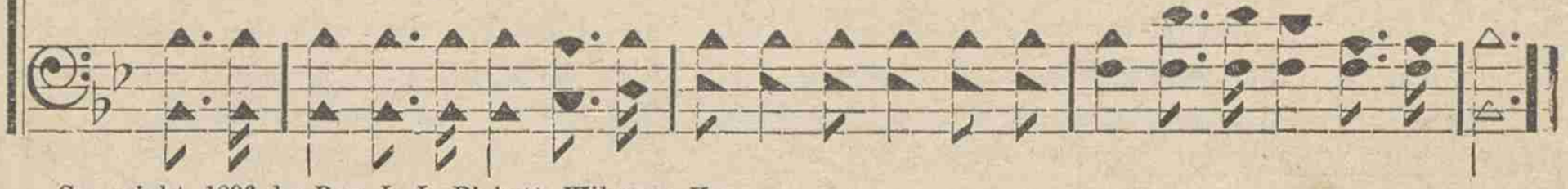


1-5. Oh, it bows down my heart, And the tear-drops will start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see;
6. Shout aloud, then, my soul, Let the glad tidings roll From the land to the ends of the sea!





For 't was there on its side Je-sus suffered and died, To re-deem a poor sin-ner like me.
Je-sus conquer'd the grave, And has ris-en to save The whole world, and to make us free.



Copyright, 1896, by Rev. L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

No. 5. On Calvary There Stood a Cross.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Theme from Rev. J. H. WELCH.
Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. On Cal - va - ry there stood a Cross, And nailed thereon was One
2. There the Re - deem- er gave His blood, To ran - som me from sin,
3. Up - on that Cross, that bit - ter Cross, My weight of guilt He bore,
4. Be - fore that Cross I weep and pray, And worship and a - dore,

Who was the bear - er of my sin, God's well be - lov - ed Son.
And made an end of all my guilt, And brought Re-demp-tion in.
Se - cured a clear-ance for my sins; My soul can ask no more.
And God's free grace I will ex - tol And laud for - ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

Oh, the blood of the Lamb! Oh, the blood of the Lamb
That was shed on Cal - va - ry! It was shed for you,
It was shed for me, When He died up - on the tree.

By per. of Hoffman Music Co.

No. 6. The Song of the Cross.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6 : 14.

C. H. MANN, arr. W. T. DALE, D.D.

1. It was on - ly a song, and the voice was unknown, But a pleasure at once to me gave, For it spoke of a rest in the future bright home,
2. It was on - ly a song, but its mu-sic was sweet, As the songs which the an - gels may sing; To the sin - ner it whispered of par-don complete,
3. On - ly list - en to-day, and this song you may hear, Tho' you've wandered a- far in - to sin; 'Tis the song of the cross, and its ac-cents are clear,
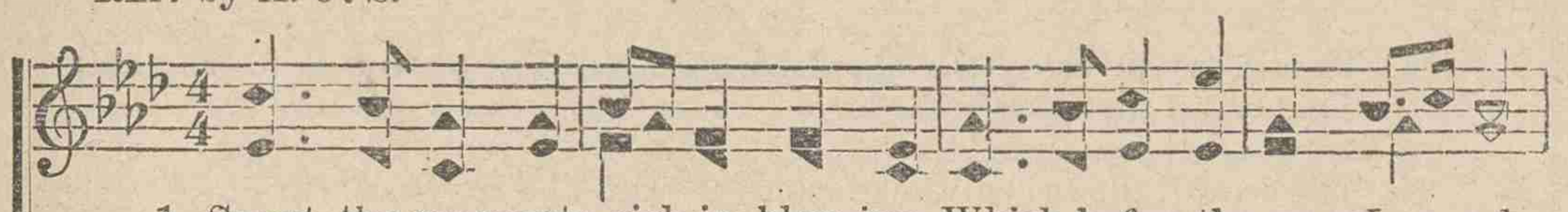
CHORUS.

And the love of a Friend that can save.
Sign'd and seal'd by the hand of our King.
Come, to Christ, He'll remove ev-'ry stain.
} 'Tis the song of the cross, and it's pleading for thee, Wilt thou come to the cross and be saved? Oh, it speaks of a rest in the future bright home, And the love of a Friend that can save.
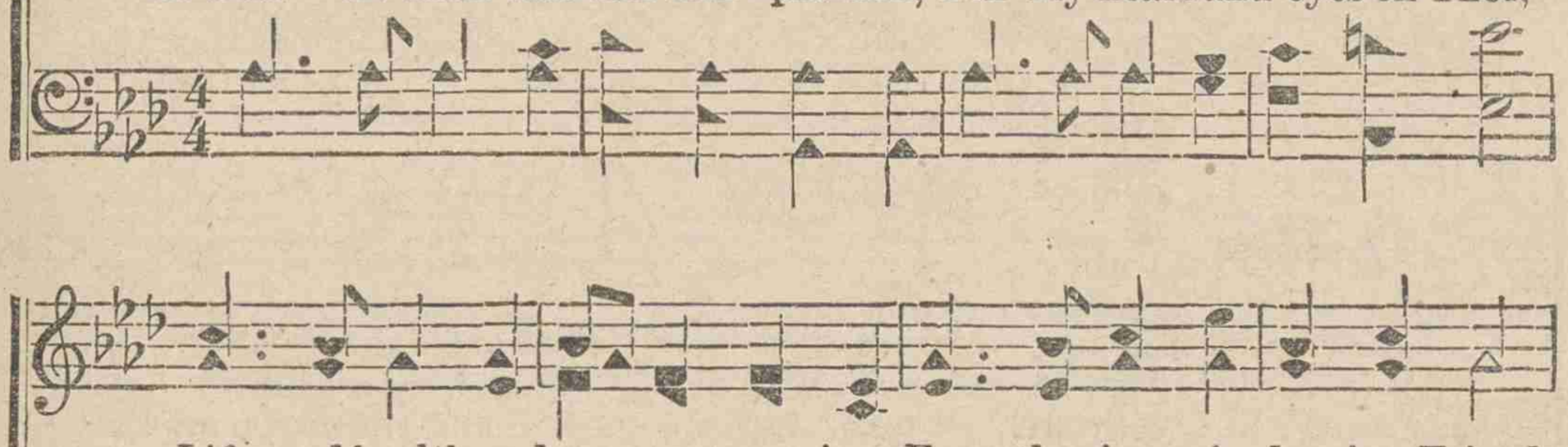
No. 7. Standing by the Cross.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother." etc.—JOHN 19: 25.

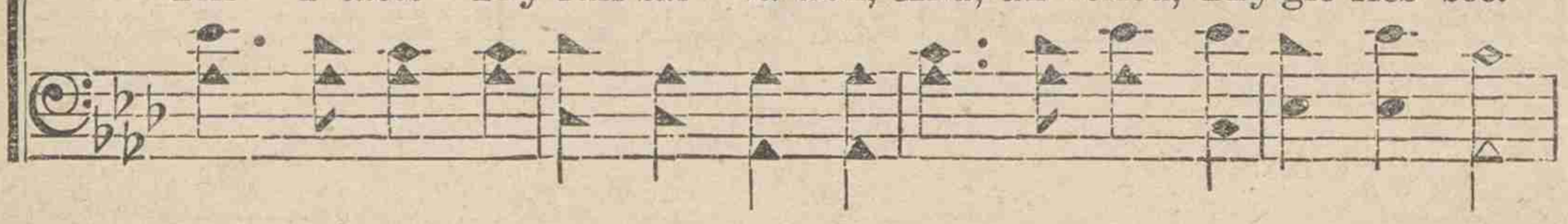
ALLAN SHIRLEY. A. J. SHOWALTER.
REF. by A. J. S.
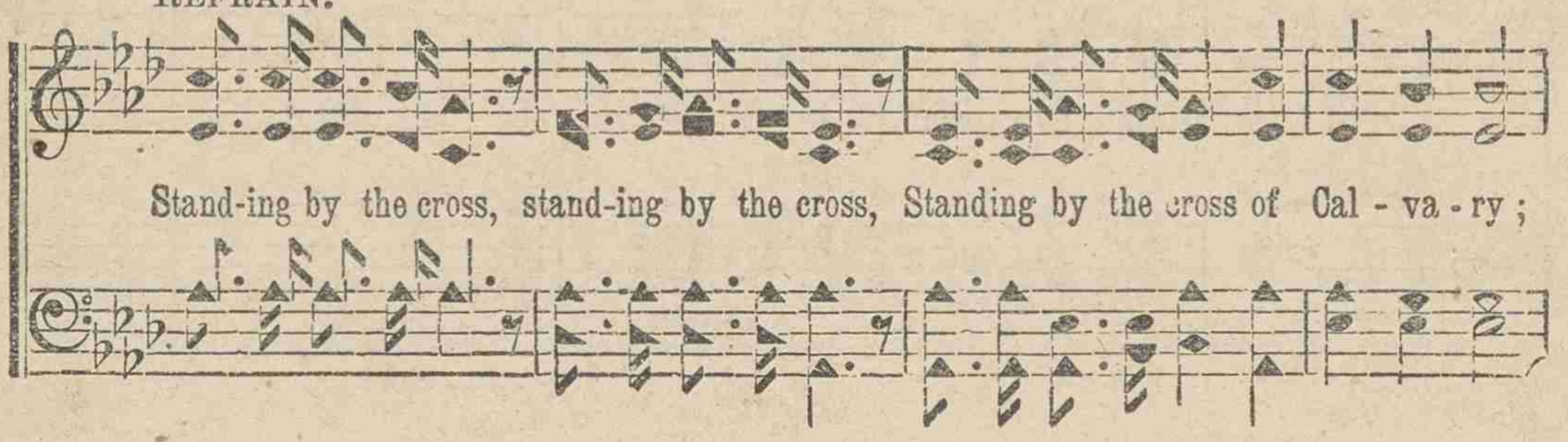


1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which before the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll rest for - ev - er view-ing, Mercy poured in streams of blood;
3. Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,
4. Here I feel my sins for - giv - en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze,
5. Still in cease-less con-tem - pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
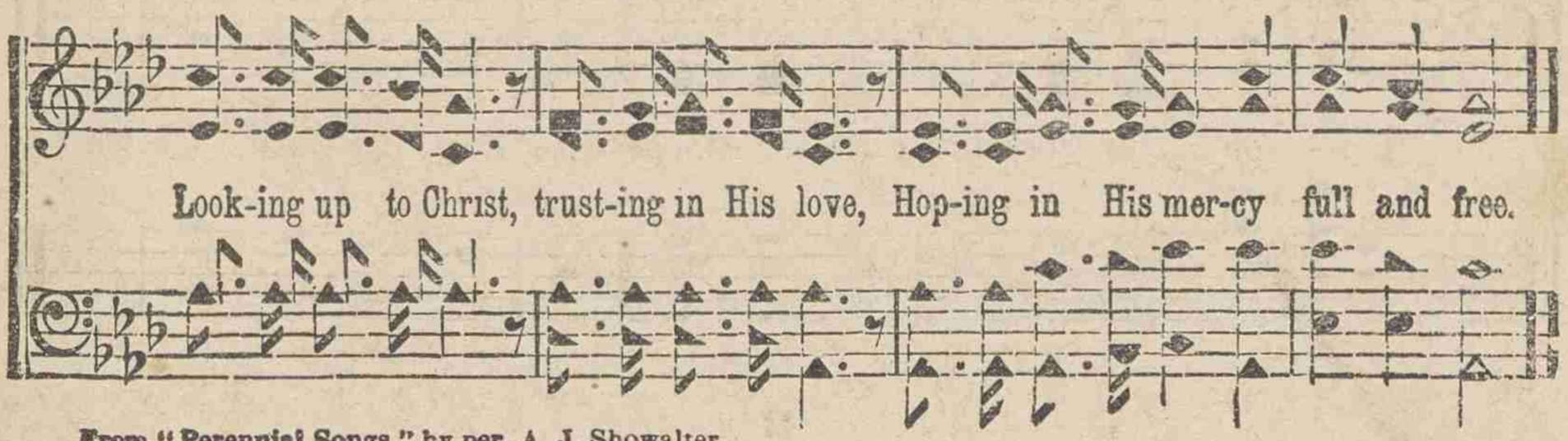


Life, and health and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy - ing Friend.
Pre-cious drops my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
While I see di-vine com-pas-sion, Beam - ing in His gracious eye.
And my thoughts are all of heav-en, And my lips o'er-flow with praise.
Till I taste Thy full sal - va-tion, And, un-veiled, Thy glo-ries see.



REFRAIN.



Stand-ing by the cross, stand-ing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Cal - va - ry;

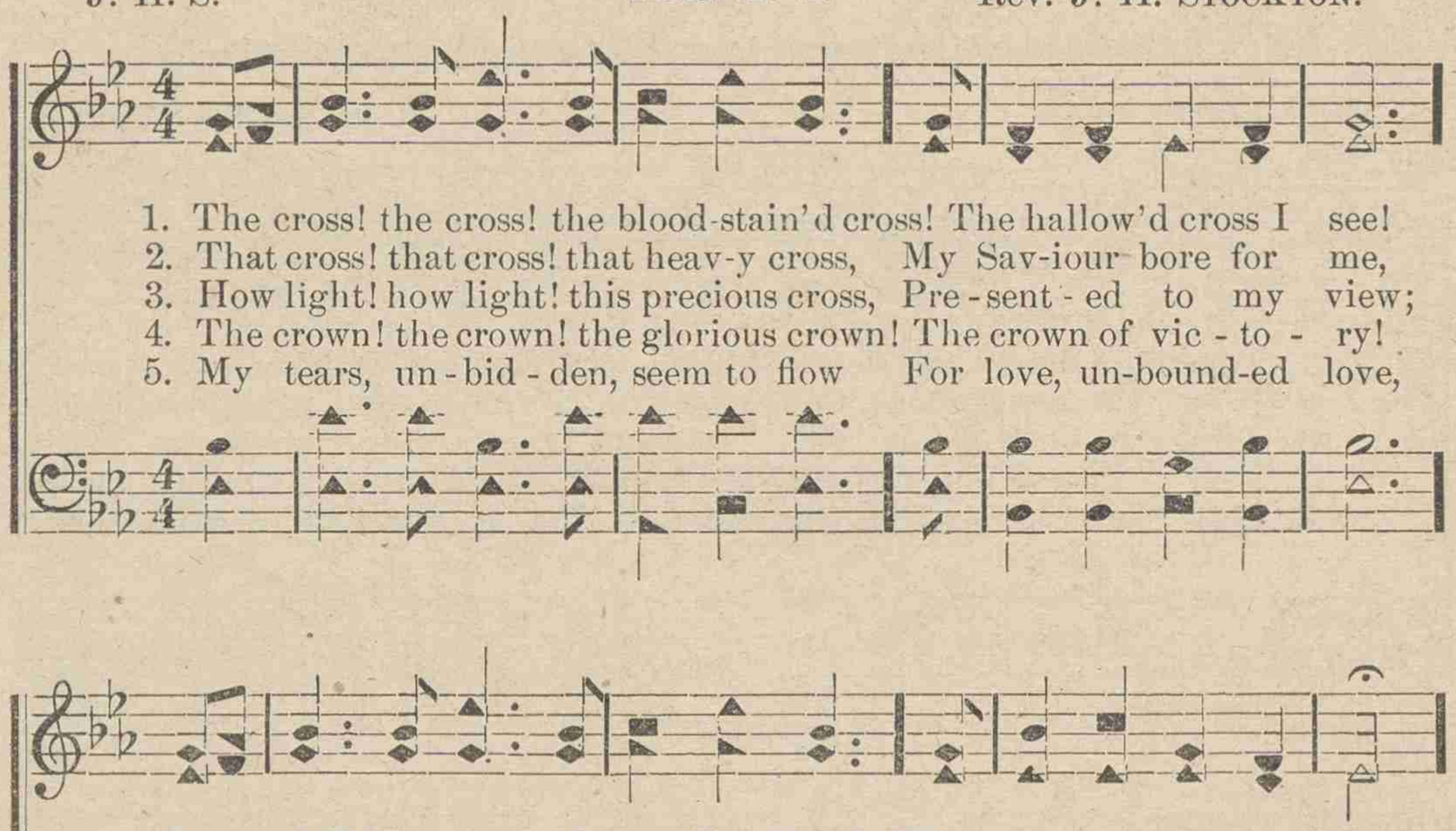


Look-ing up to Christ, trust-ing in His love, Hop-ing in His mer-cy full and free.

From "Perennial Songs," by per. A. J. Showalter.

No. 8. The Hallowed Cross.
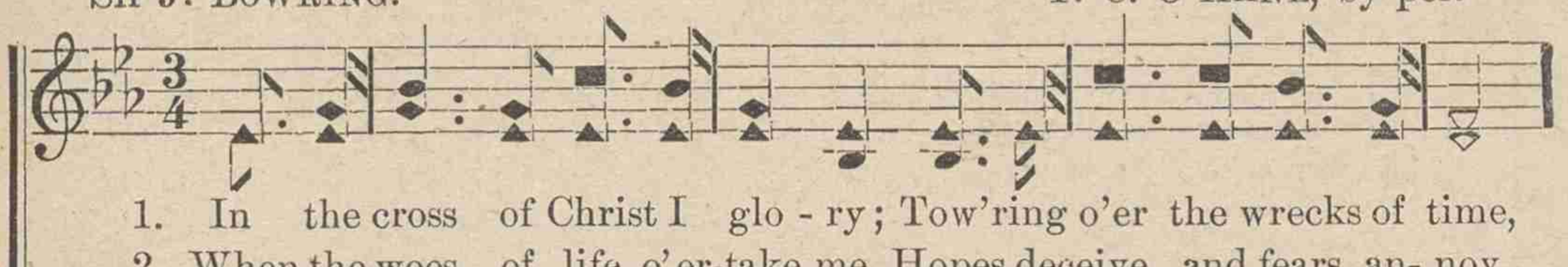
J. H. S. JOHN 12: 32. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.
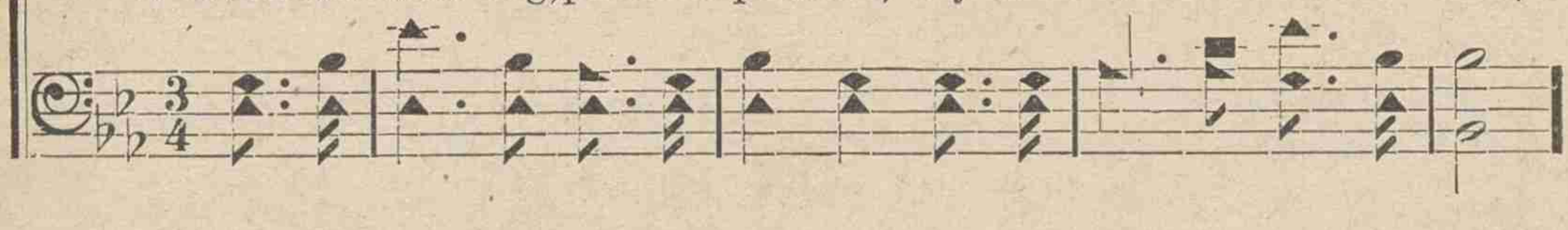


No. 9. The Cross of Christ. 8s. & 7s.

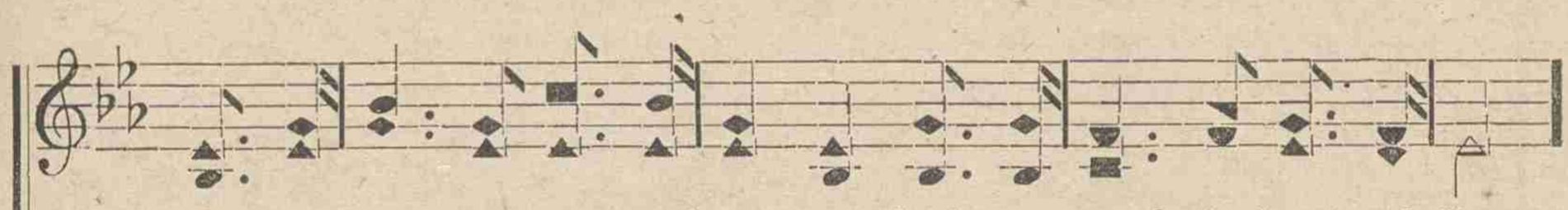
"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

Sir J. BOWRING. T. C. O'KANE, by per.
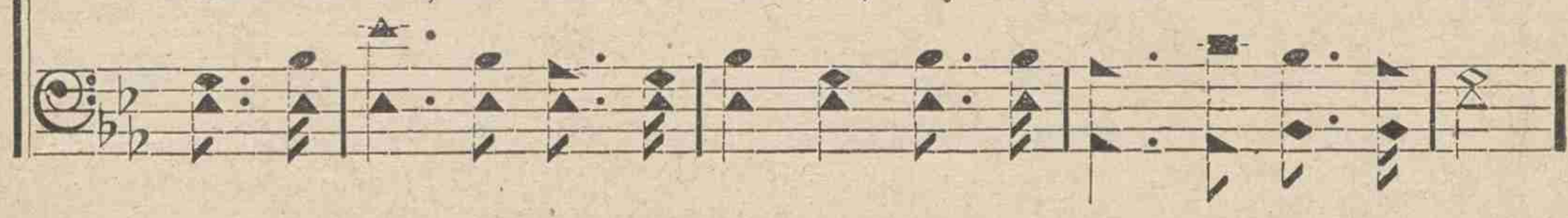


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry; Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time,
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an- noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless- ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
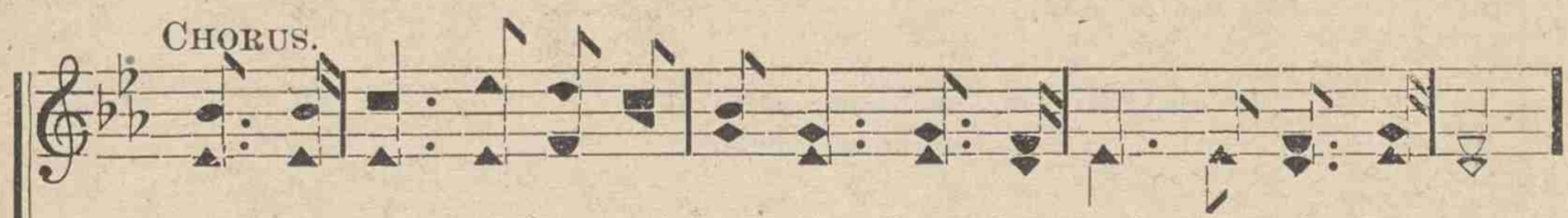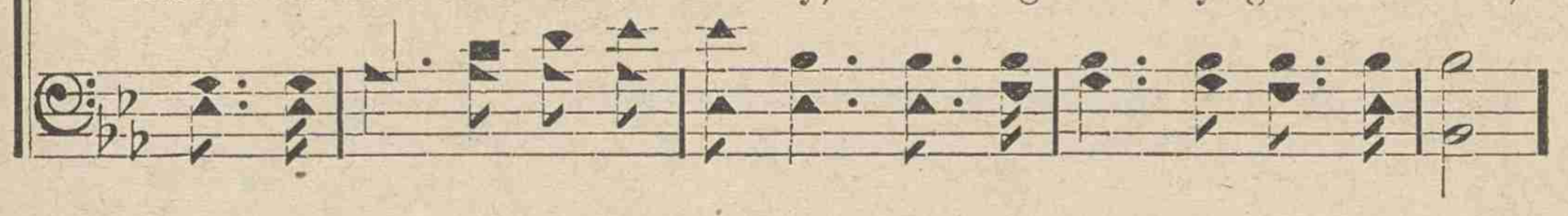




All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath- ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds new lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.
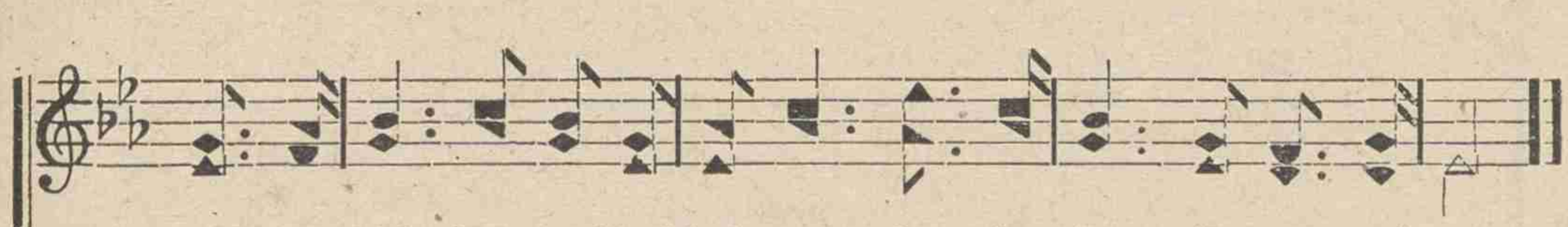


CHORUS.
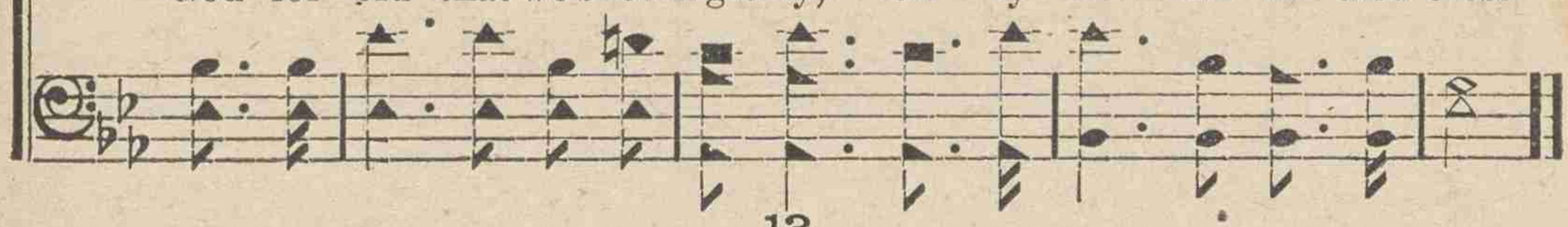


Round the cross of Christ we'll ral - ly, Count-ing earth - ly gain but dross,





God for- bid that we should glo-ry, On - ly in the sa - cred cross.



No. 10. O Wondrous Cross.

"Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree."—1 PETER 2: 24.

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

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

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

f.

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

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

FINE.

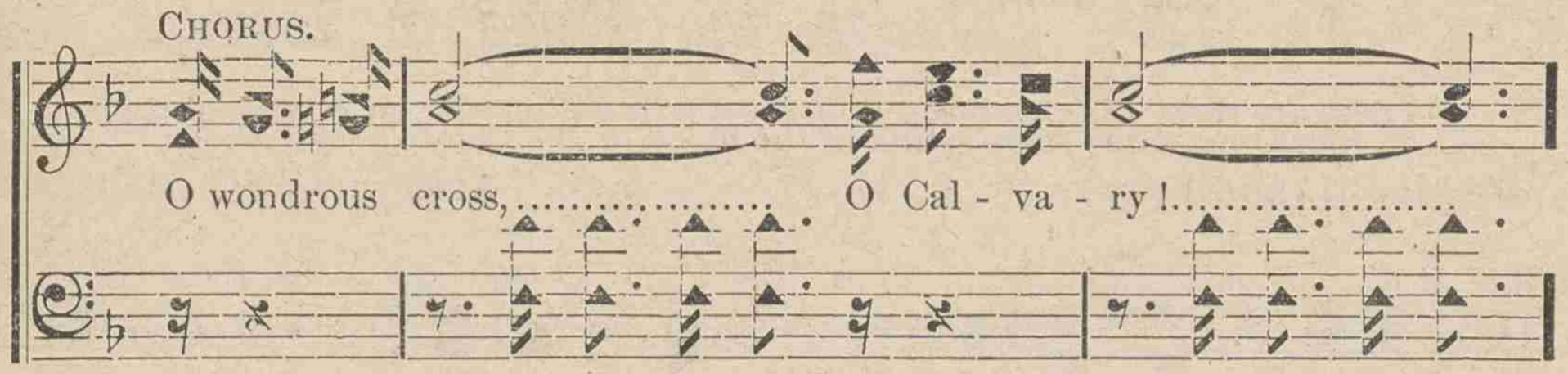
My Sav- iour died,..... yes, died for me;.....
I am re - deemed..... thro' grace di- vine.....
I need Thy flow..... each pass- ing hour.....
I've peace with God,..... and lib - er - ty.....

And for my sins *was cru - ci - fied.....*
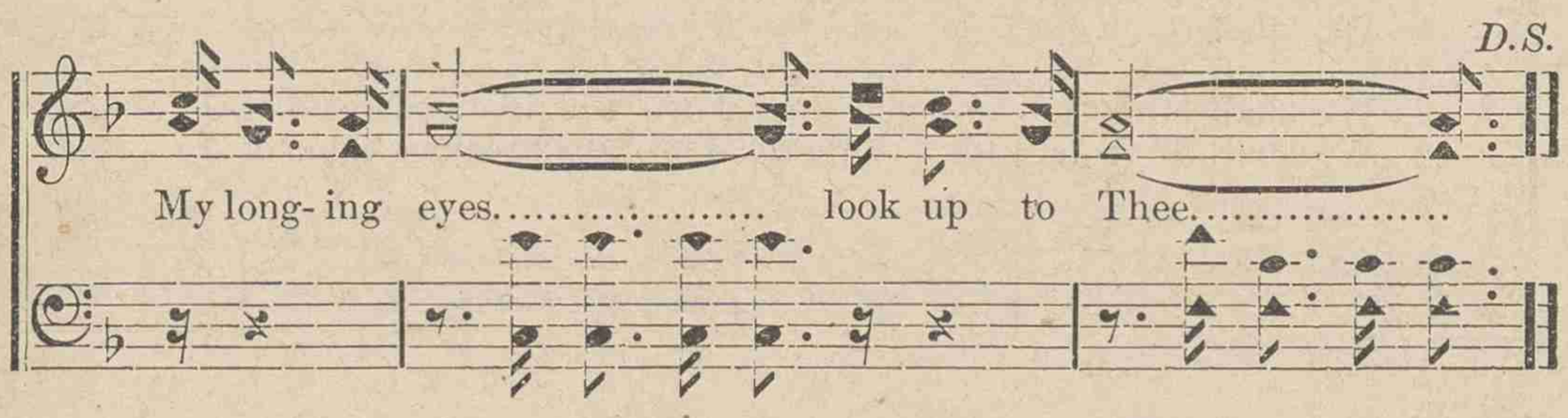
Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

O Wondrous Cross. Concluded.

CHORUS.
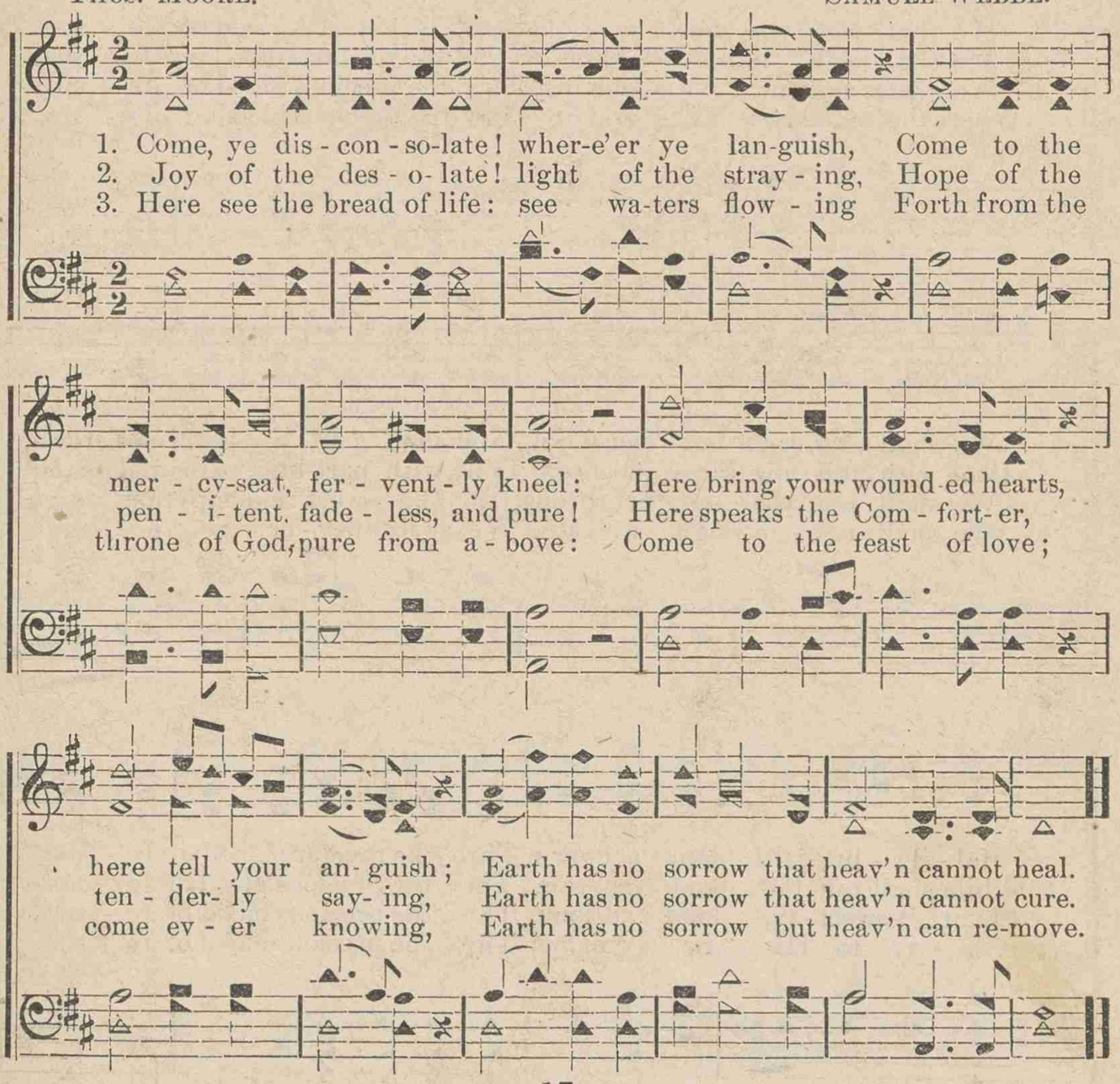


D.S.



No. 11. Come, Ye Disconsolate!

THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.



No. 12. Through the Blood of Jesus.

"These are they, which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7: 14.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES. A. J. ABBEY, arr. by J. H. T.

1. We shall reach our home some day, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus;
2. We shall sit up - on the right, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus;
3. We shall hear the an - gels sing, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus;
4. We shall dwell in safe - ty there, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus;

We shall tread the gold - en way, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus,
We shall wear "the robes of white," Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus,
We shall gaze up - on our King, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus,
Where the skies are ev - er fair, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus,

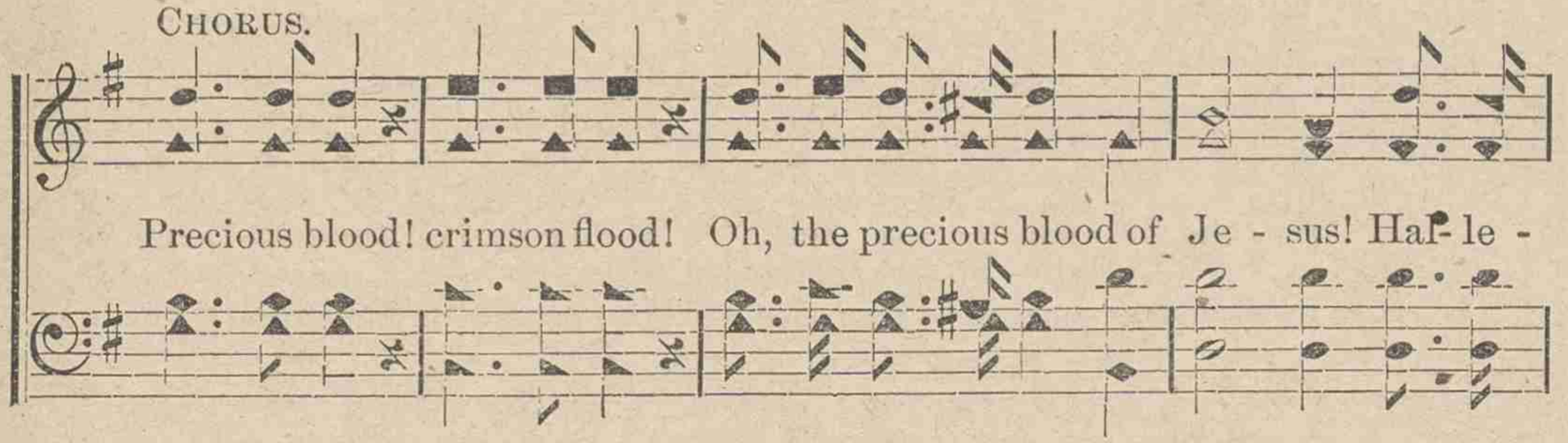
We shall lay each bur - den down, And shall gain a glo- rious crown,
Done with toil - ing cares and fears, Done with part-ings, pains and tears;
We shall join the up - per throng, In the sweet re-demp- tion song;
We shall nev - er sigh a - gain, We shall nev - er die a - gain;
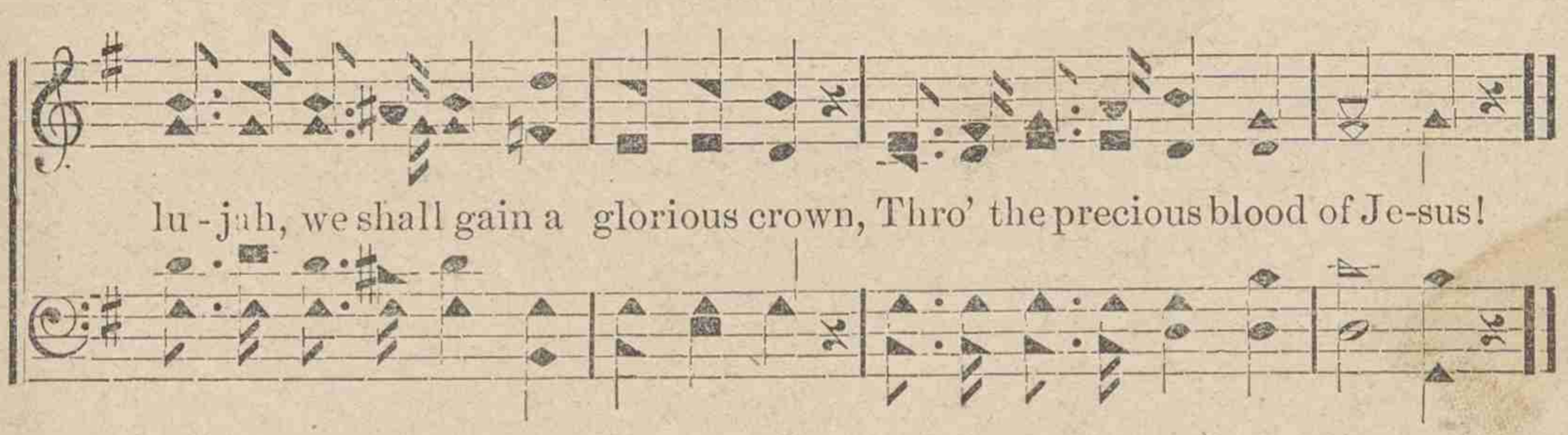
Hal - le - lu - jah! gain a crown, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus.
While shall roll the end- less years, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus.
Chant it sweet - ly, loud and long, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus.
Glo - ry to His ho - ly name, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus.

By permission.

Through the Blood of Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS.
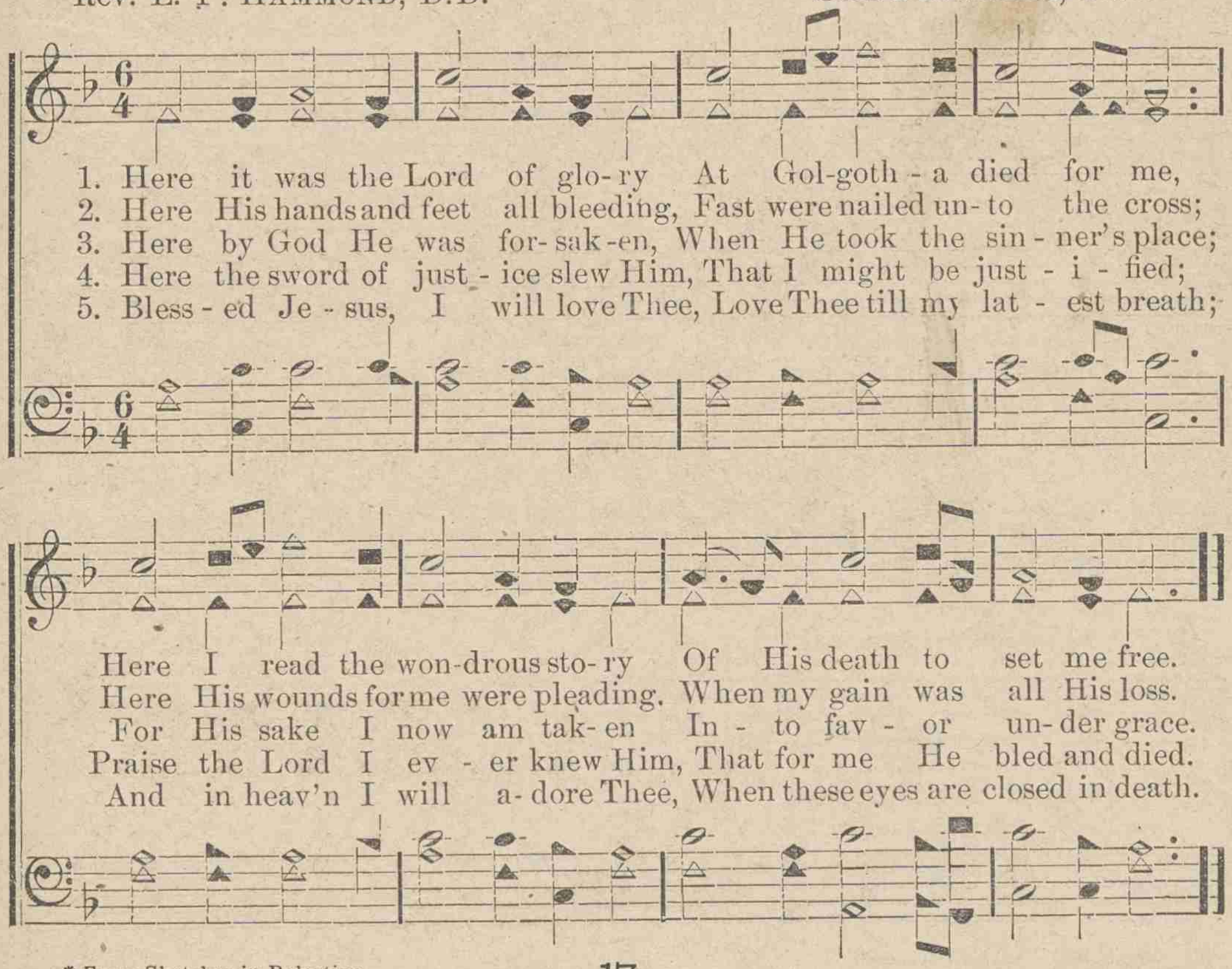




No. 13. Jesus on the Cross. 8s. & 7s.*

"Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us."—EPH. 5 : 2.

Rev. E. P. HAMMOND, D.D. STEPHEN JENKS, 1808.



* From Sketches in Palestine.

No. 14. Story of the Cross.

Rev. W. P. RIVERS. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

1. Oh, the gos - pel sto - ry tell Of the cross! (of the cross!) Let the
2. Let us plead the ho - ly name Of the cross! (of the cross!) And the
3. Oh, the song shall nev- er cease Of the cross! (of the cross!) Of the

e - cho rise and swell Of the cross! (of the cross!) Sing the
Sav-iour's pain and shame Of the cross! (of the cross!) For His
mer- cy, grace and peace, Of the cross! (of the cross!) For its

Saviour's grief and woe, How His blood did free - ly flow, Till the
name must be our plea, For sal - va - tion full and free, And in
glo - ry gilds the way, And it hath im - mor - tal ray, And we'll

CHORUS.

nations all shall know Of the cross!
death our hope must be Of the cross!
sing in heav'n for aye Of the cross!
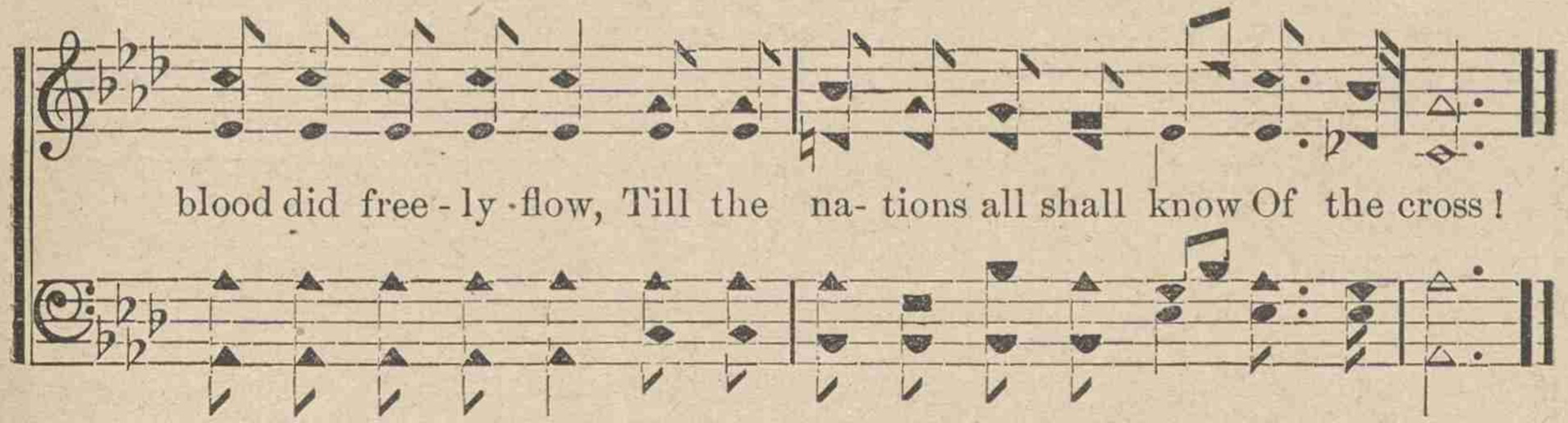
} Of the cross,..... of the

Of the cross on which the

cross!..... Sing the Sav-iour's grief and woe, How His
bless-ed Sav-iour died,
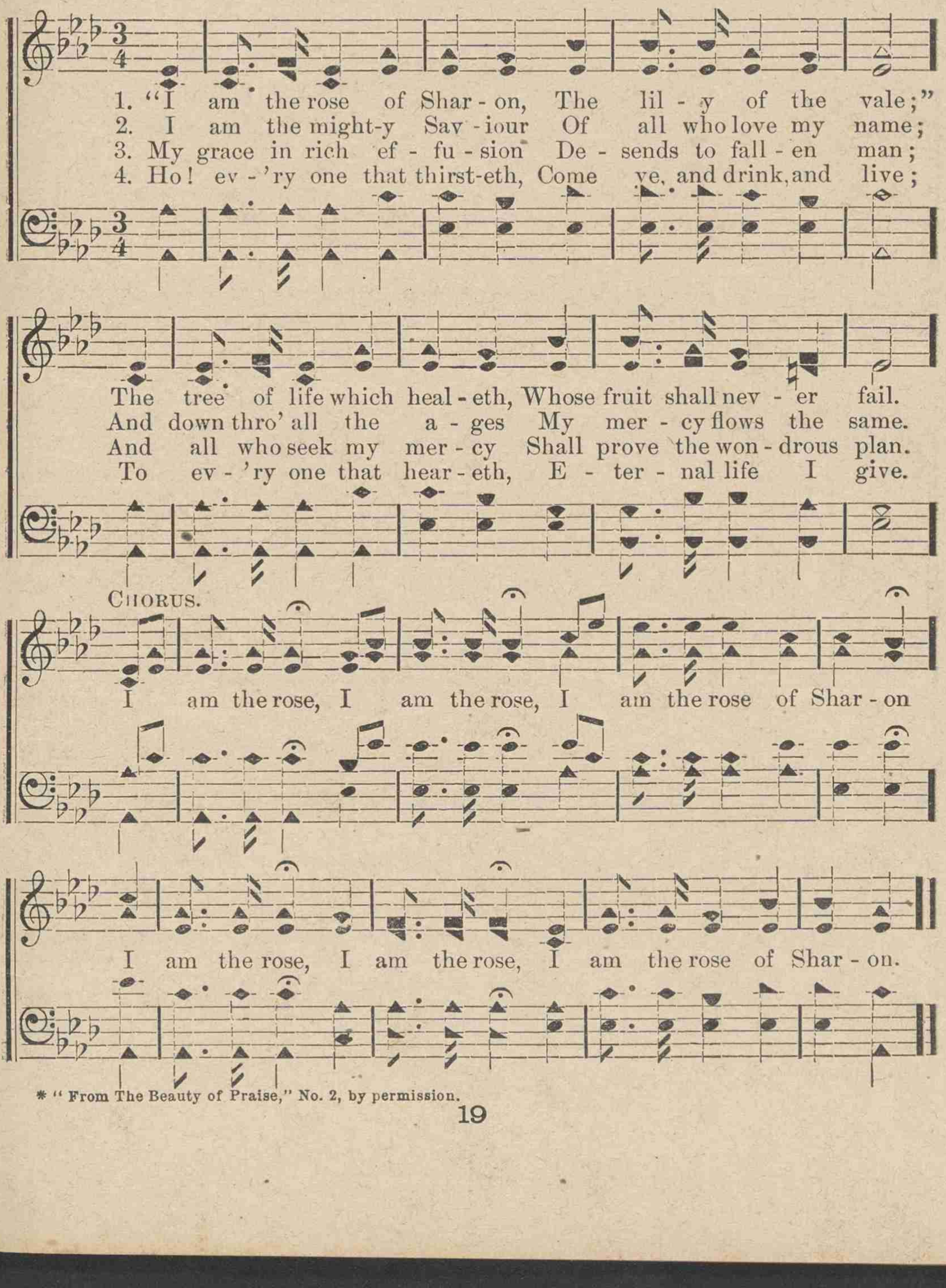
Copyright, 1886, by R. M. McIntosh.

Story of the Cross. Concluded.



No. 15. The Rose of Sharon.

Rev. Wm. T. Dale. Cant. 2 : 1. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

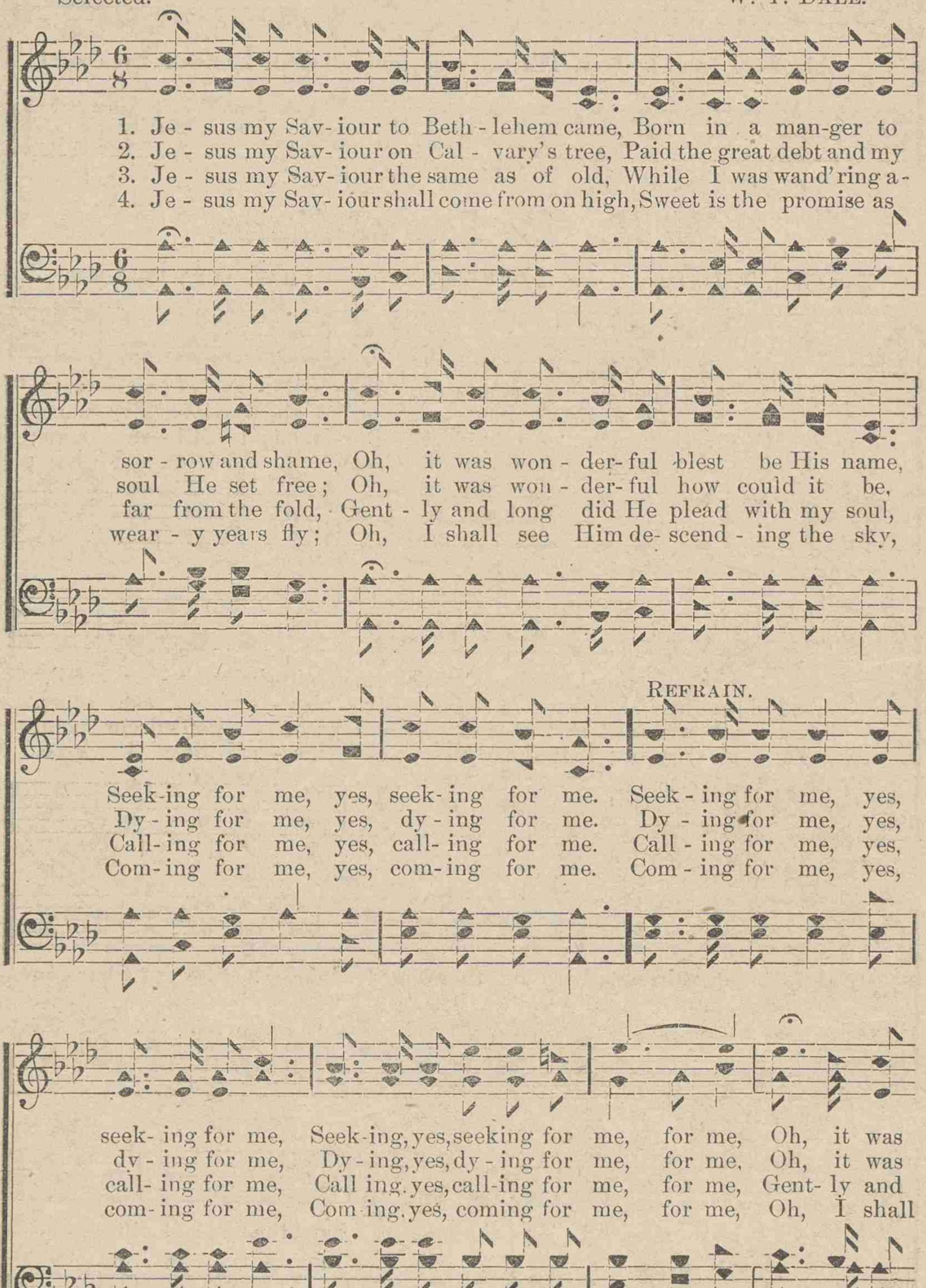


* "From The Beauty of Praise," No. 2, by permission.

No. 16. Seeking for Me.

"I will both search my sheep and seek them out" —EZEK. 34: 11.
"The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost."—LUKE 19: 10.

Selected. W. T. DALE.



W. T. Dale, owner.

Seeking for Me. Concluded.

won - der-ful blest be His name, Seeking for me, yes, seek-ing for me.
won - der-ful how could it be, Dy-ing for me, yes, dy- ing for me.
long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, yes, call-ing for me.
see Him de- scend- ing the sky, Com-ing for me, yes, com-ing for me.

No. 17. I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Rev. GEO. F. ROBERTSON.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st
2. I spent long years for thee, In wear - i-ness and woe, That one e -
3. My Fa-ther's house of light, My rain-bow cir-cled throne I left for
4. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bit-ter'st
5. And I brought down to thee, Down from My home a- bove, Sal - va- tion

REFRAIN.

ransomed be, And quickened from the dead, I gave, I gave,
ter - ni - ty, Of joy thou mightest know, I spent, I spent,
earth-ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone, I left, I left,
a - go - ny, To res- cue thee from hell, I've borne, I've borne,
full and free, My par-don and My love, I bring, I bring,
I gave, I gave

Rit......

I gave my life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I spent long years for thee, Hast thou spent one for Me?
I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

No. 18. Calvary! Dear Calvary!

ISAAC WATTS, D.D. LUKE 23: 33. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. When I sur - vey..... the wondrous cross,..... On which the
2. On Calv'ry's brow..... my Sav-iour died..... 'Twas there my
3. See, from His head,..... His hands, His feet,..... Sor-row and

Prince..... of glo-ry died,..... My richest gain..... I count but
Lord..... was cru-ci - fied..... 'Twas on the cross..... He bled for
love ..... flow mingled down;..... Did e'er such love..... and sorrow

loss,..... And pour con-tempt..... on all my pride.....
me,..... And purchased there..... my pardon free.....
meet,..... Or thorns compose..... so rich a crown.....

CHORUS.

O Cal - va-ry! dear Cal - va- ry! My long-ing heart is turned to thee;

O Cal- va - ry! dear Cal- va-ry! Speak to my heart from Calvary.

4 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies,
My Saviour bows His head and dies;
The opening veil reveals the way
To heaven's joys and endless day.
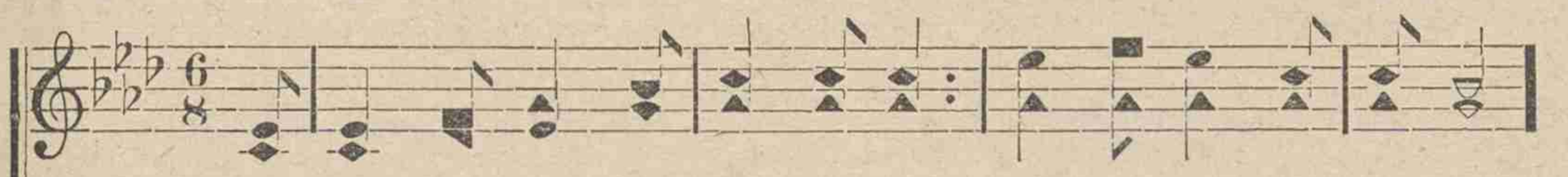
5 O Jesus, Lord, how can it be
That Thou shouldst give Thy life for me;
To bear the cross and agony,
In that dread hour on Calvary.

Used by per. of Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of Copyright.
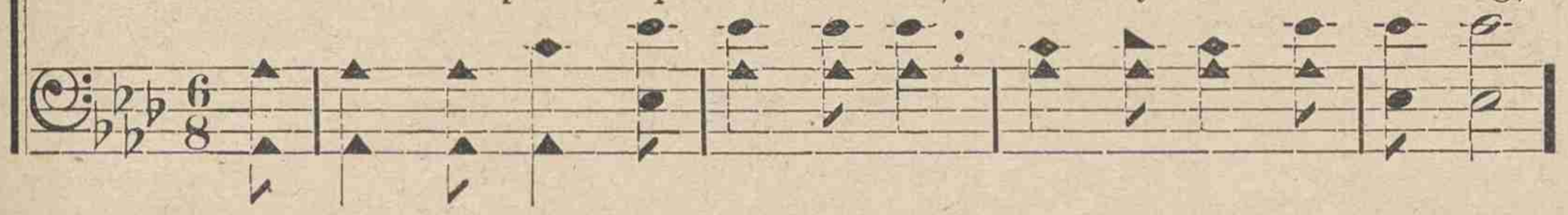
No. 19. Calvary's Stream is Flowing.

ZACH. 13: 1.

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS. W. T. DALE.
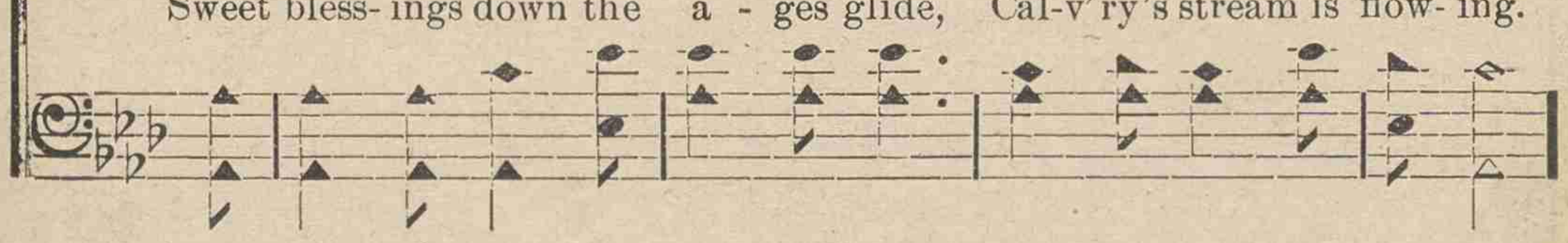


1. From that dear cross where Je - sus died, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
2. Come wash the stain of sin a- way; Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
3. For ev - 'ry con - trite wounded soul; Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
4. For ev - 'ry wea - ry ach- ing heart, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
5. With life and peace up - on its tide, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
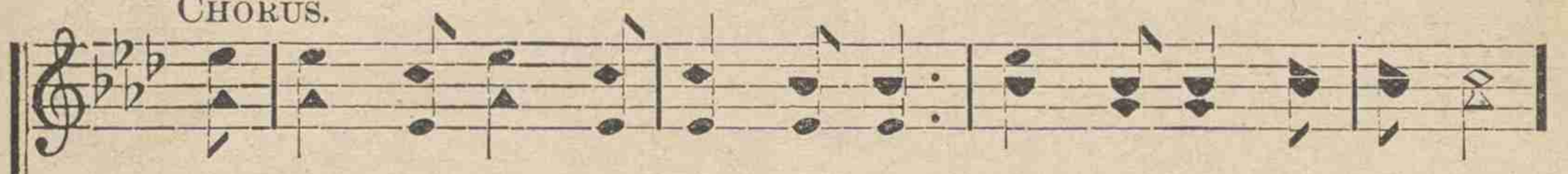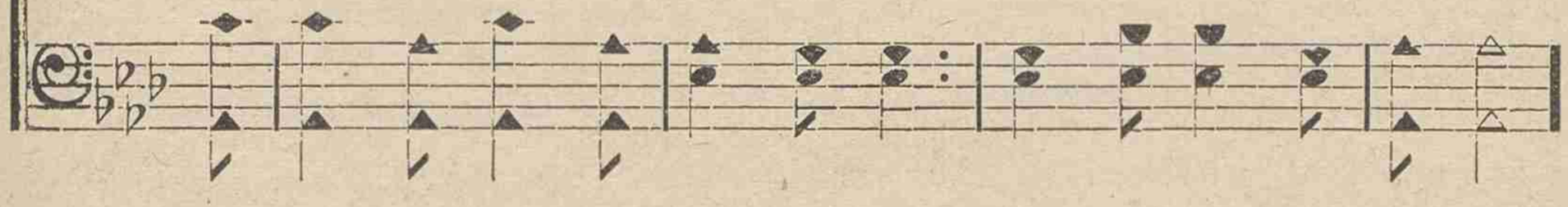




From bleed-ing hands and feet and side, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow- ing.
Come while 'tis called sal - va- tion's day, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow- ing.
O come just now and be made whole, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow- ing.
A ten - der heal - ing to im- part, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow- ing.
Sweet bless- ings down the a - ges glide, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow- ing.
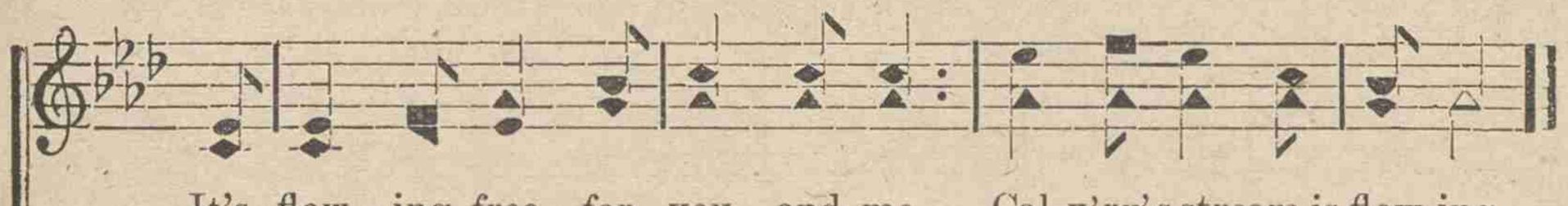


CHORUS.
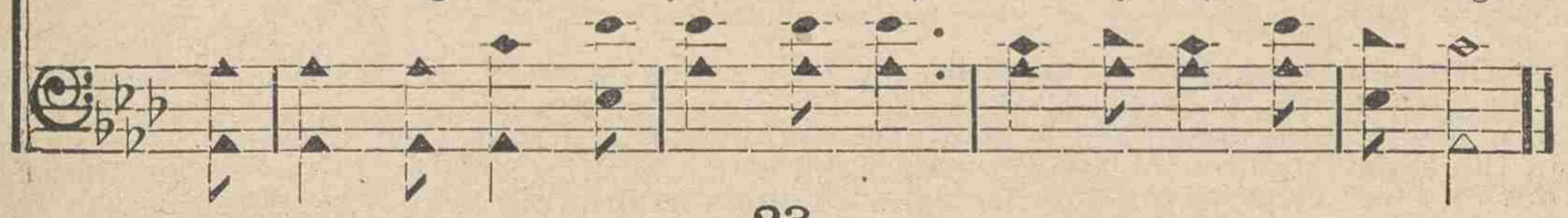


It's flow - ing free for you and me, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;





It's flow - ing free for you and me, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
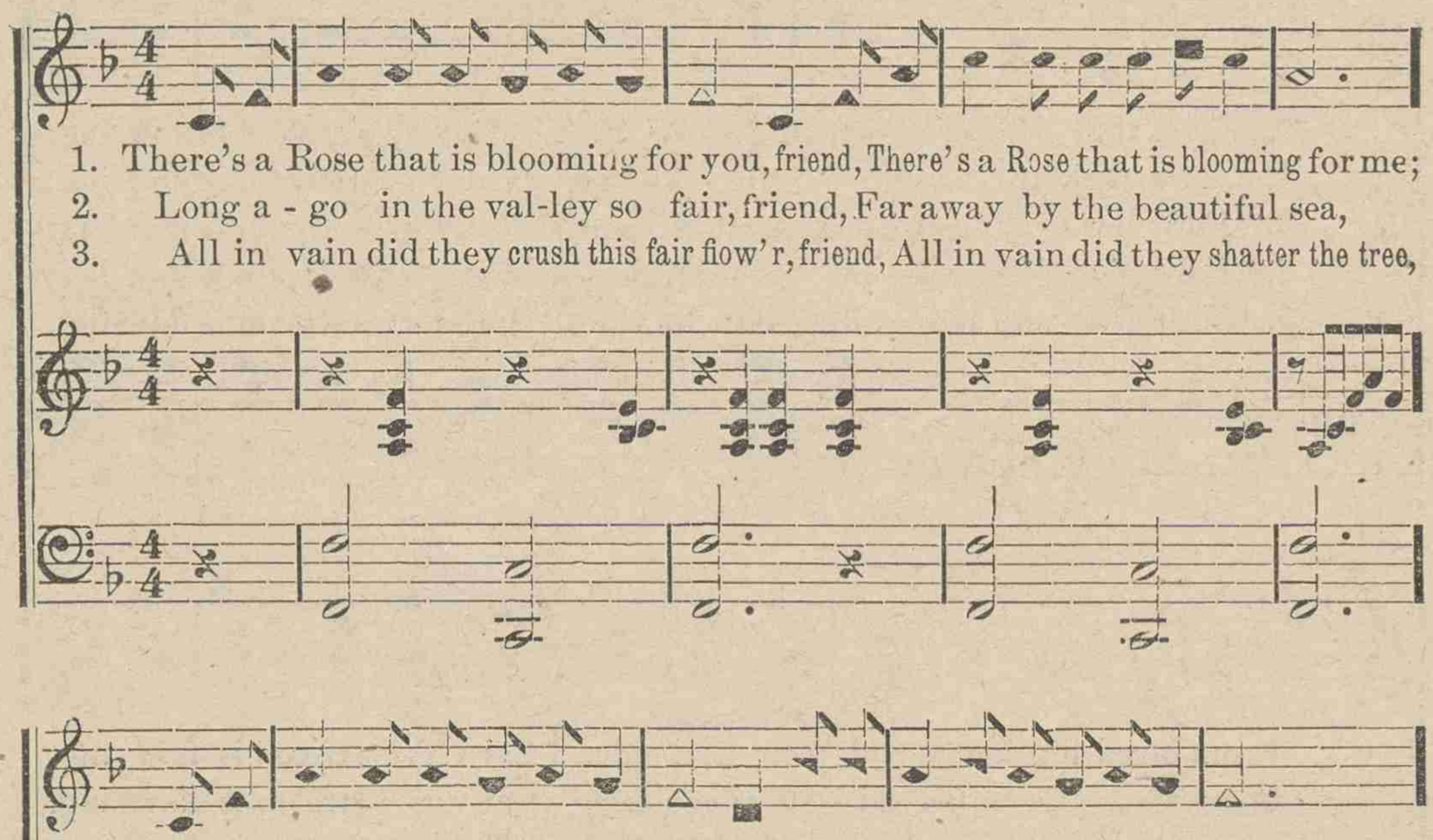


Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 20. The Rose of Sharon.*

"I am the Rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley."—CANT. 2: 1.
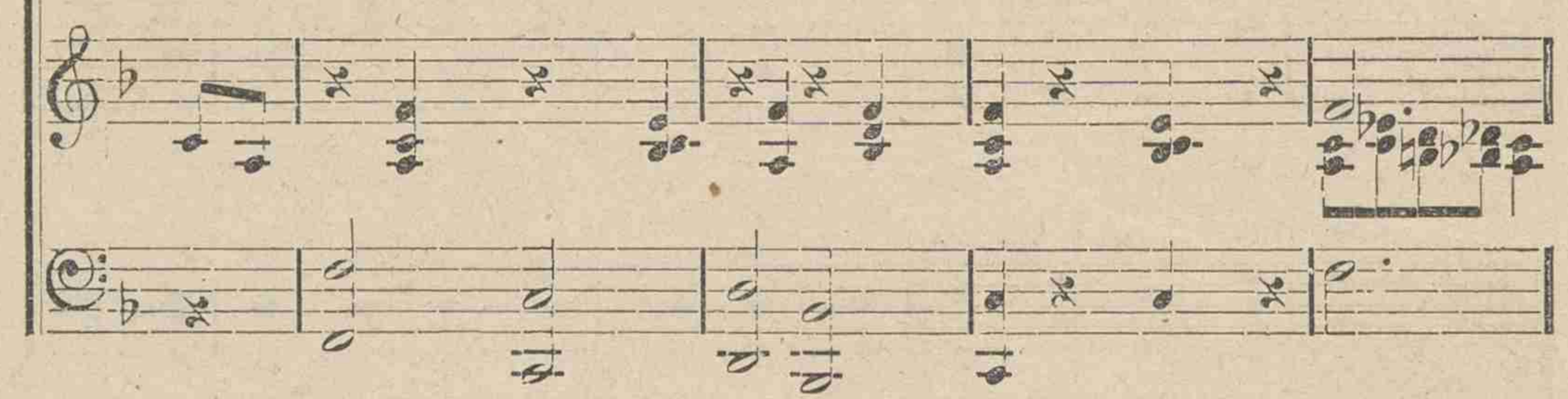
Inscribed to Mrs. PALMER.

Written March 8th, 1878. Words and Music by H. R. PALMER, by per.
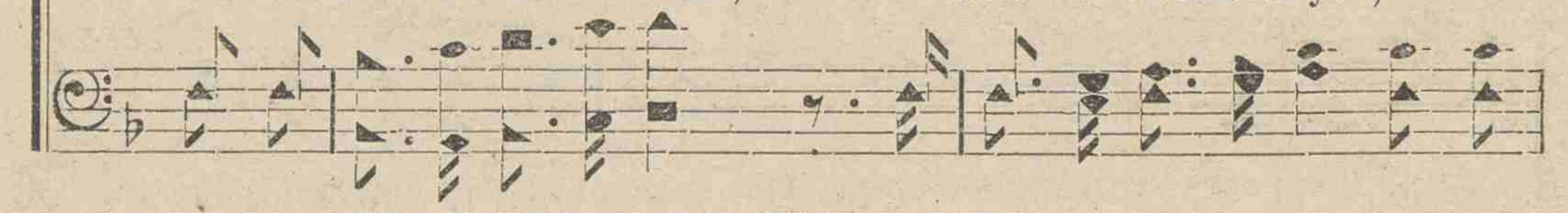


1. There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend, There's a Rose that is blooming for me;
2. Long a - go in the val-ley so fair, friend, Far away by the beautiful sea,
3. All in vain did they crush this fair flow'r, friend, All in vain did they shatter the tree,

Its perfume is pervading the world, friend, Its perfume is for you and for me.
This pure Rose in its beauty first bloom'd, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.
For its roots, deeply bedded, sprang forth, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.



REFRAIN.
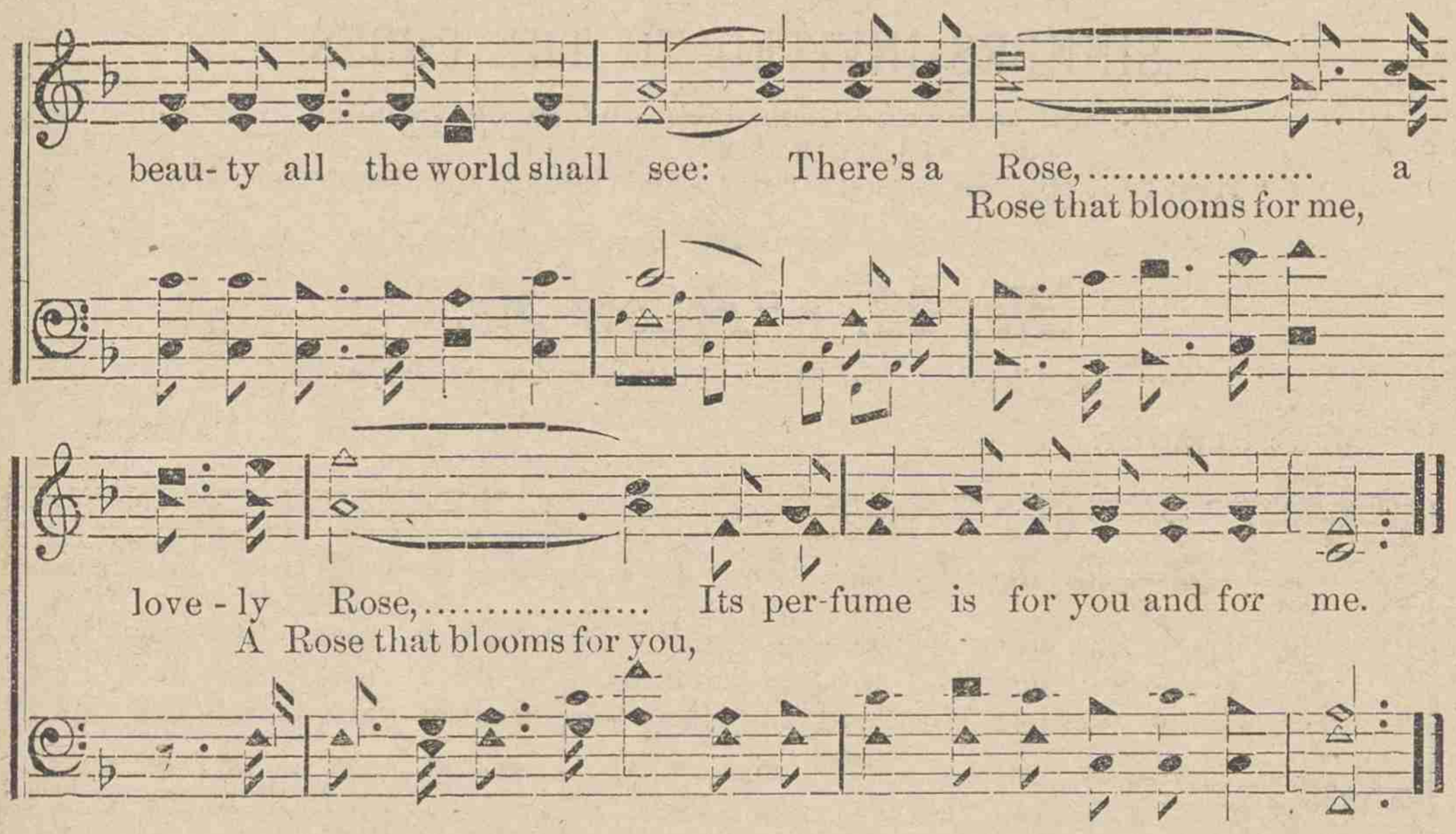
There's a Rose,..... a love - ly Rose,..... And its
Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you,



Copyrighted, June, 1878, by H. R. Palmer, Lock Box 2841, New York City.
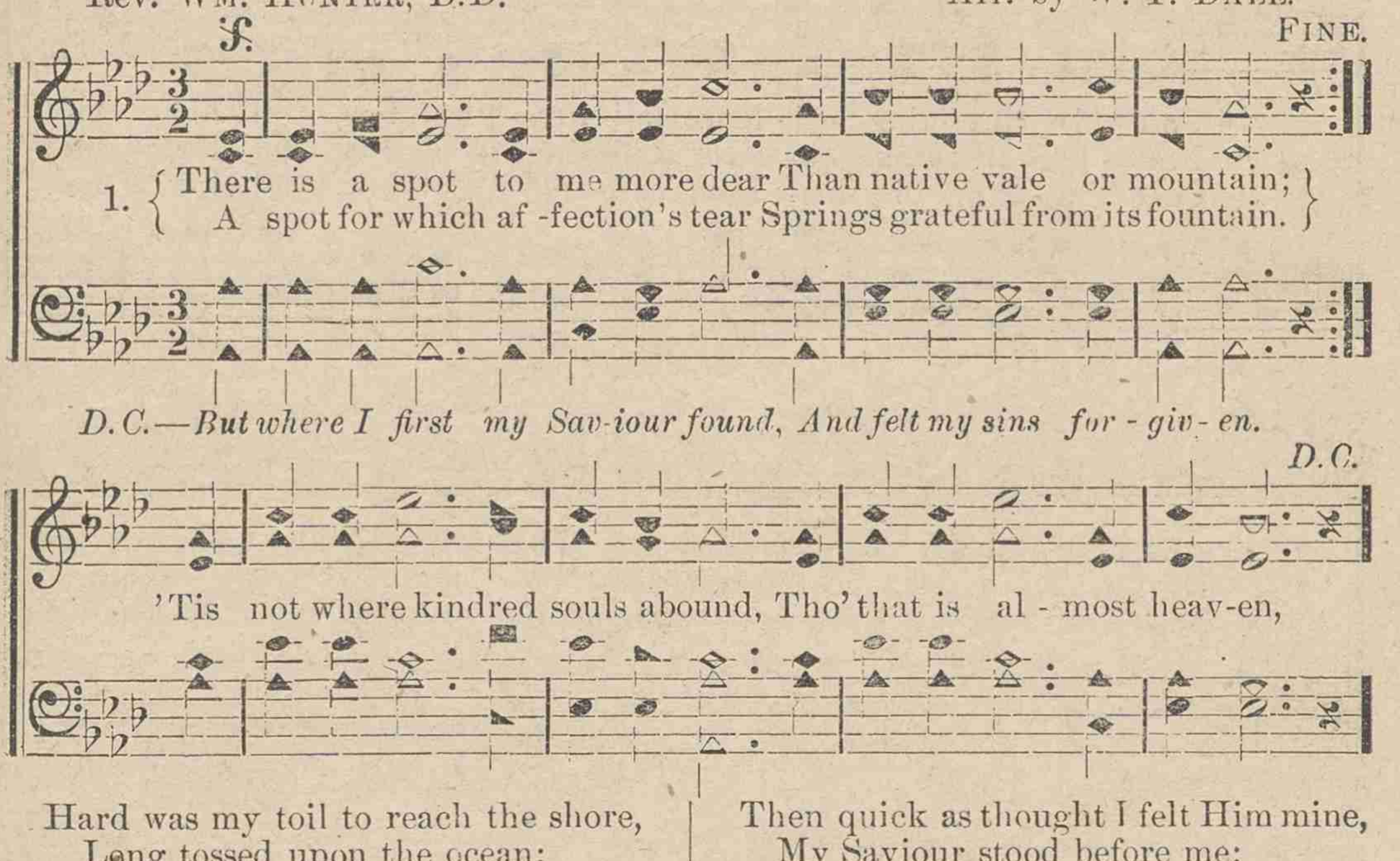
* Of the many names given to our Saviour, the Rose of Sharon is the most beautiful. This little hymn was written on the shores of the Mediterranean, amid the fragrance of ever-blooming roses, and beneath the matchless beauty of Italian skies. Thoughts of the Holy Land on the farther shore, and of the purity and loveliness of the life of our Saviour mingled unconsciously with the surrounding beauty, and took form in this little poem and melody.

The Rose of Sharon. Concluded.



No. 21. The Hallowed Spot.

Rev. Wm. Hunter, D.D. Arr. by W. T. Dale.



Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean:
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath the waves' commotion.
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error.

3 Sinking and panting as for breath
I knew not help was near me;
I cried, "Oh, save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me;"
Then quick as thought I felt Him mine,
My Saviour stood before me;
I saw His brightness round me shine,
And shouted "Glory, glory."

4 O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot
My heart shall linger round thee.
And when, from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

PART II.

SINNERS INVITED TO THE CROSS.
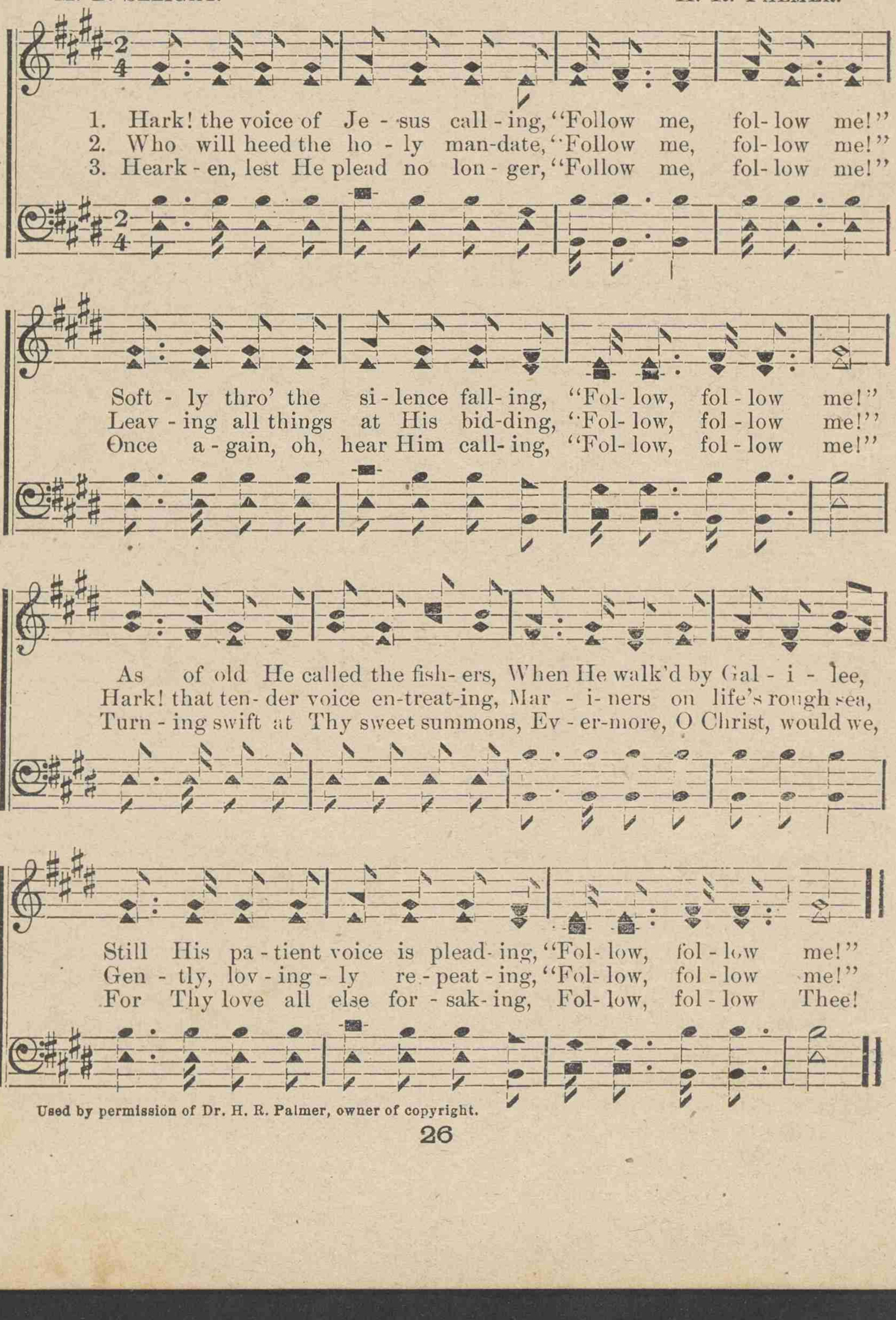
"Come to me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

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

No. 22. "Follow Me."

"And he saith unto them, Follow me."--MATT. 4: 19.

M. B. SLEIGHT. H. R. PALMER.
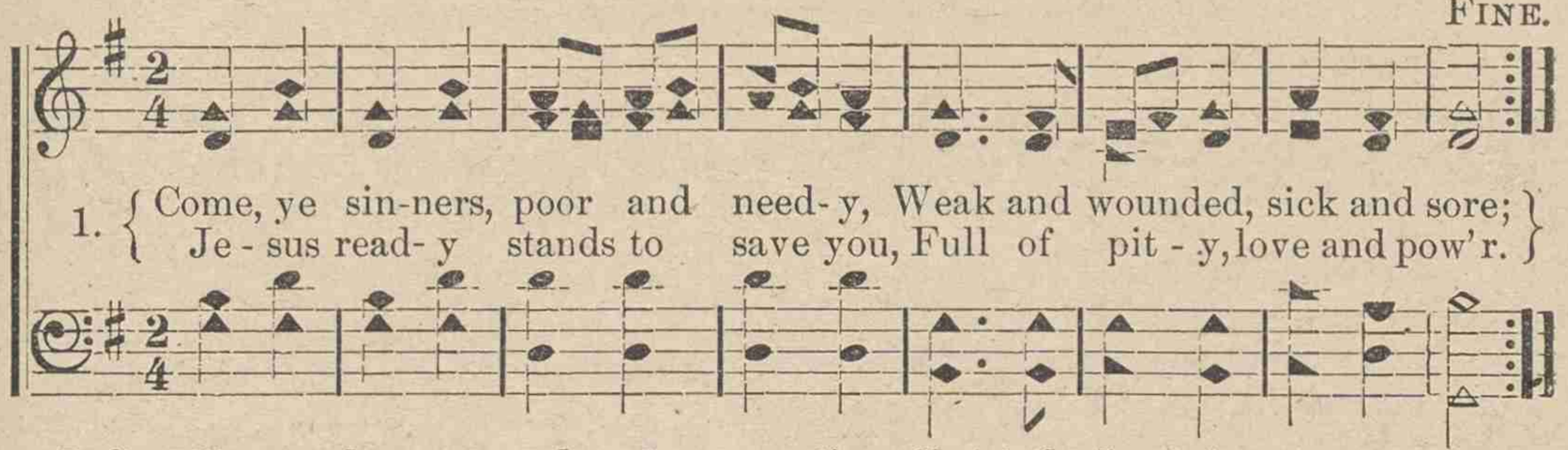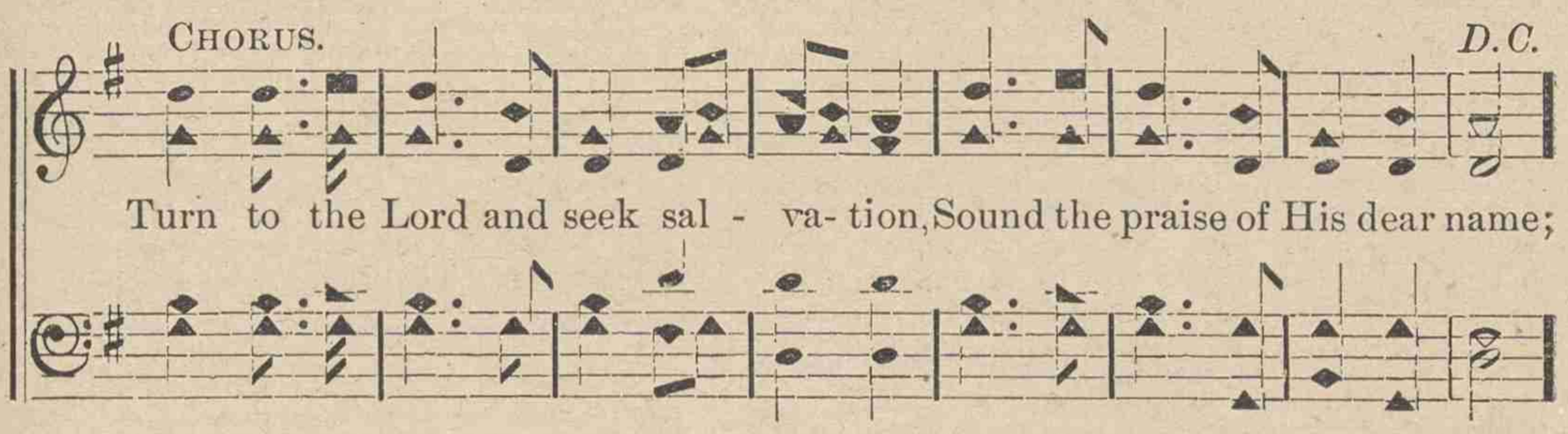


Used by permission of Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright.

No. 23. Turn to the Lord.

JOSEPH HEART, 1759. Anon, 1830.

FINE.
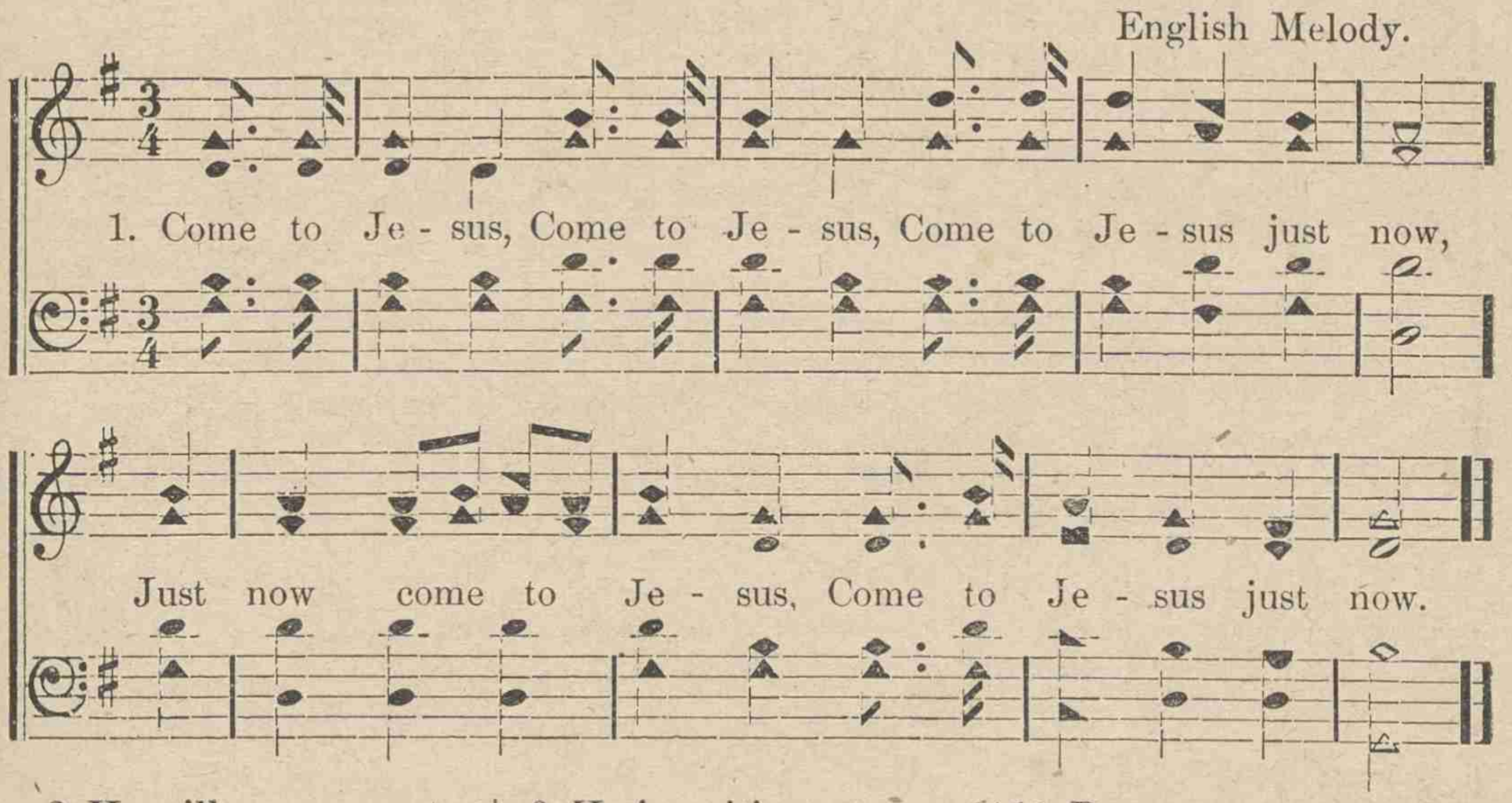




2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

No. 24. Come to Jesus just Now.

English Melody.



2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is ready, etc.
6 He is waiting, ete.
7 He'll forgive you, etc.
8 If you trust Him, etc
9 Oh, believe Him, etc.
10 Do not tarry, etc.
11 Don't reject Him, etc.
12 Call upon Him, etc.
13 He will hear you, etc.

No. 25. Jesus is Calling for Thee.

"The Master is come and calleth for thee."—JOHN 11: 28.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. When, as of old, in her sad - ness Ma - ry sat weep- ing a - lone,
2. Oh, when thy pleasures are flowing, Fad- ing thy hope and thy trust,
3. Down by the shore of death's riv-er, Sometime thy foot-steps shall stray,

Soft- ly the voice of her sis - ter Whis-pered "The Master has come."
When of the dearest earth-treas- ures Dust shall re - turn un - to dust.
Where waits a boatman to bear thee O - ver to in - fi - nite day.

So in the depths of thy sor - row, Gall tho' its fount-ain may be,
Then tho' the world may invite thee, Vain will its of - fer - ing be,
What then tho' dark be His shad - ow, If when His com-ing thou see,

List, for there cometh a whis - per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
List, for there cometh a whis - per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
Com-eth there softly a whis - per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.

CHORUS. *Repeat pp.*

Call - ing, call - ing, Je - sus is call-ing for thee.
Call-ing for thee, calling for thee,

By permission.

No. 26. Jesus Is Calling To-Day.

"The Master is come and calleth for thee."—JOHN 11: 28.

H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day, Call - ing for thee,
2. Je - sus is earn - est - ly plead - ing to - day, Plead - ing for thee,
3. Je - sus is wait - ing the wea - ry to bless, Wait - ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is call - ing, oh, hear His glad voice, Hear Him to - day,

call - ing for thee; Broth - er, dear broth - er, why long - er de - lay?
pleading for thee, Quench not the Spir - it, nor drive Him a - way,
wait - ing to - day, Come with re - pen - tance and hum - bly con - fess,
hear Him to - day, Come, all ye sad ones, and in Him re - joice,

CHORUS.

Life and sal - va - tion is free.
Lest He for - ev - er shall flee.
He will not turn thee a - way.
While He is pass - ing this way.

Call - ing, He's call - ing,
Call-ing, He's ten - der - ly call-ing for thee,
The Sav-iour is call - ing for thee,
Call - ing, He's
for thee, Call - ing, He's ten - der - ly
call - ing, The Sav - iour is call - ing for thee.....
call - ing for thee, for thee.

By per. H. A. R. Horton.

No. 27. Seeking the Lost.

Written after hearing a sermon by J. H. Boyet, D. D., from JAMES 5: 20.

A. J. B. A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. Will you go and speak to the lost ones here? To the ones who have gone astray?
2. Will you go and speak to the sinners blind, And who walk in mid-night gloom?
3. Will you tell them all if they will believe, That their souls will be truly blest?
4. Will you go and tell them the Saviour died, And provided for them the way?

Will you lead them back to the Shepherd's fold, From their wand'rings in sin's dark way?
Will you bear some light to their darken'd mind? Will you tell them their coming doom?
For the Saviour said that they shall receive Precious blessings of peace and rest.
If they ful - ly trust in the Cru - ci- fied He will pardon their sins to-day.

CHORUS.

Will you seek..... them now, Will you
Will you seek them now, Will you seek them now? Will you

show..... them the way?
show them the way? Will you show them the way? Some one may be lost,
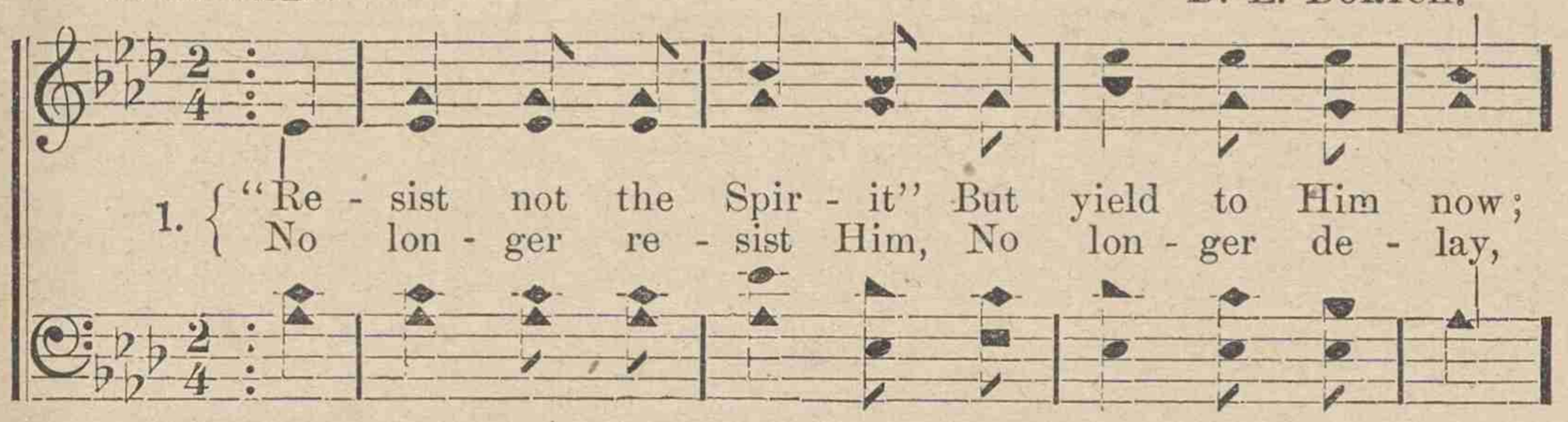
That you might lead home, To that bright land of per - fect day.
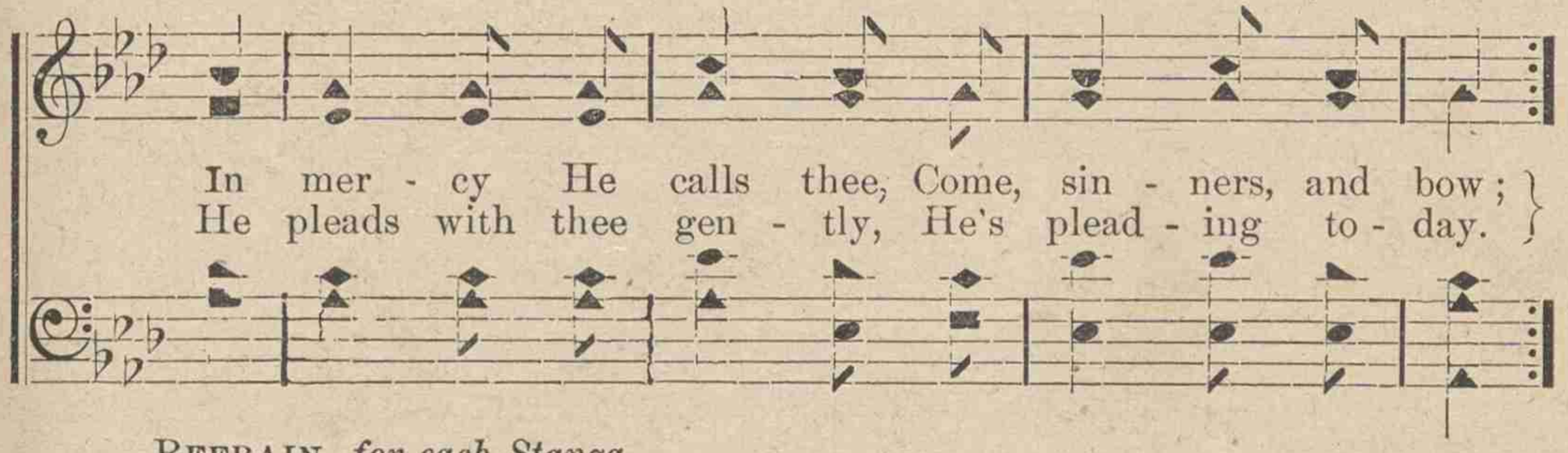
Copyright, 1889, by H. N. Lincoln. From "Song Land Messenger," by per.

No. 28 Three Warnings. 6s & 5s.
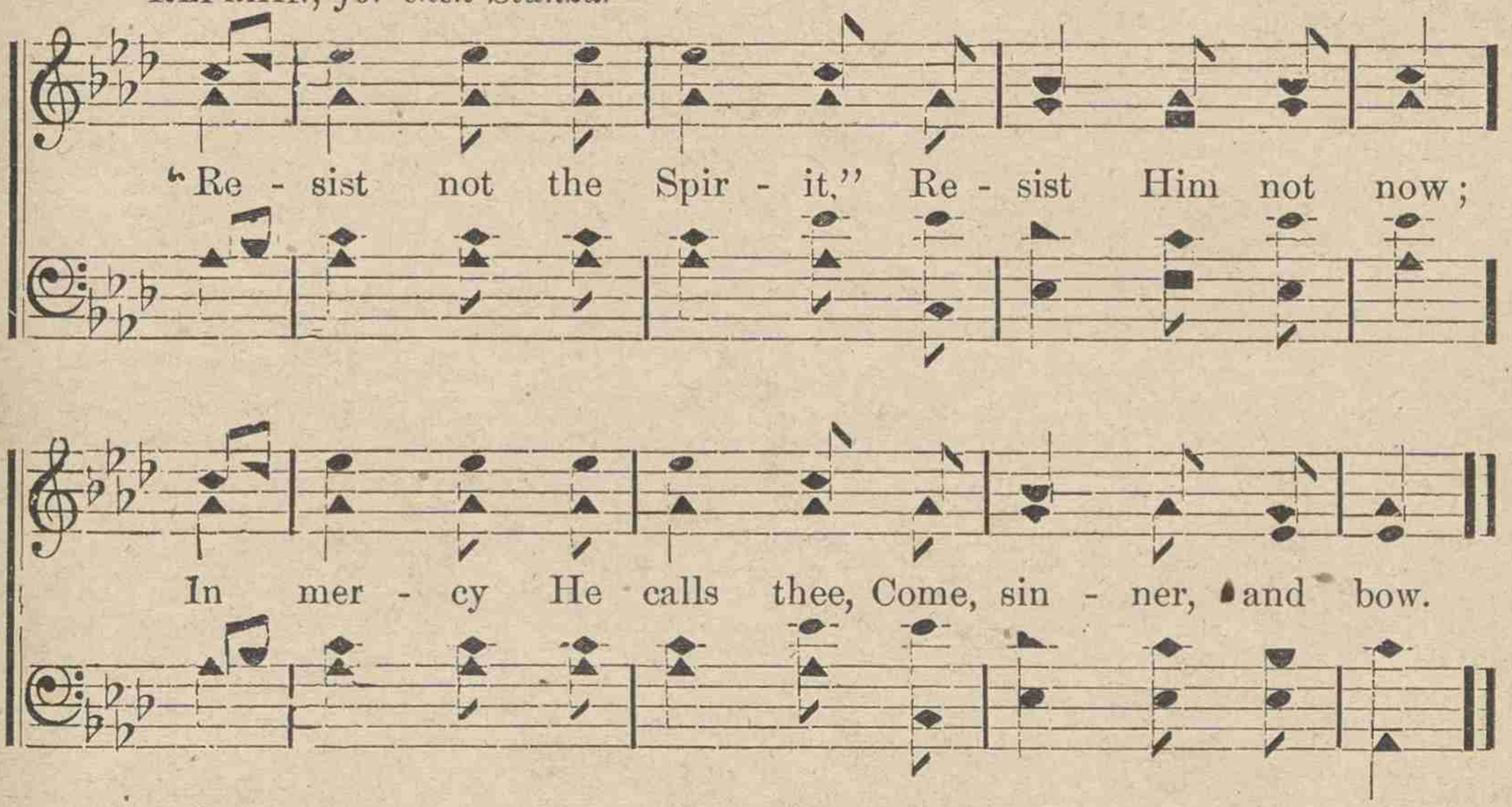
ACTS 7 : 51 ; 1 THES. 5 : 19 ; EPH. 4 : 30.

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





REFRAIN, *for each Stanza.*



2 Oh! "quench not the Spirit,"
His grace from above
Will warm thy affections,
And cause thee to love;
Thy heart, which is frozen,
Shall glow as the flame;
Thy spirit when ransomed,
His love shall proclaim.

REF.—Oh! "quench not the Spirit,"
Oh! quench Him not now;
In mercy He draws thee,
Come, sinner, and bow.

3 Oh! "grieve not the Spirit,"
He stands at the door,
He waits to be gracious,
He'll save thee this hour;
How long He's been waiting!
How long must He wait?
Oh, sinner, this moment
May close mercy's gate.

REF.—Oh! grieve not the Spirit,"
Oh! grieve Him not now;
In mercy He warns thee,
Come, sinner, and bow.

Copyright, 1880, by W. T. Dale.

No. 29. For You and for Me.

W. L. T. WILL. L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. pp *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call- ing for
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead- ing, Plead-ing for
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo-ments are pass - ing, Pass-ing from
4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has prom-is'd, Prom-is'd for

you and for me; See on the port-als He's wait-ing and watching,
you and for me? Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mer-cies,
you and from me; Shad-ows are gath-er- ing, death beds are com-ing,
you and for me; Though we have sinn'd He has mer-cy and par-don,

CHORUS. *m*

Watch-ing for you and for me. Come home, Come home;
Mer- cies for you and for me?
Com- ing for you and for me. Come home, Come home,
Par - don for you and for me.

cres. *pp* *ppp*

Ye who are wea-ry, come home, . . Earn- est- ly, ten- der- ly,

rit. *pp*

Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin- ner, come home!

By permission of Will. L. Thompson & Co., Chicago, Ill., and East Liverpool, Ohio.

No. 30. O, Why Not To-Night?

Rev. H. Bonar, D.D. J. Calvin Bushey.

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the
2. The mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud- ed
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re -
4. Our bless- ed Lord re-fus - es none, Who would to Him their souls u-

light, Poor sin - ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to - night.
sight, This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to - night.
- quite, Re - nounce at once thy stubborn will, Be saved, oh, to - night.
- nite, Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to - night.

Chorus.

Oh, why not to - night? Oh,
Oh, why not to - night? Why not to-night?
why not to - night? Wilt
Why not to - night? Why not to - night? Wilt
thou be saved? Then why not to- night?
thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?
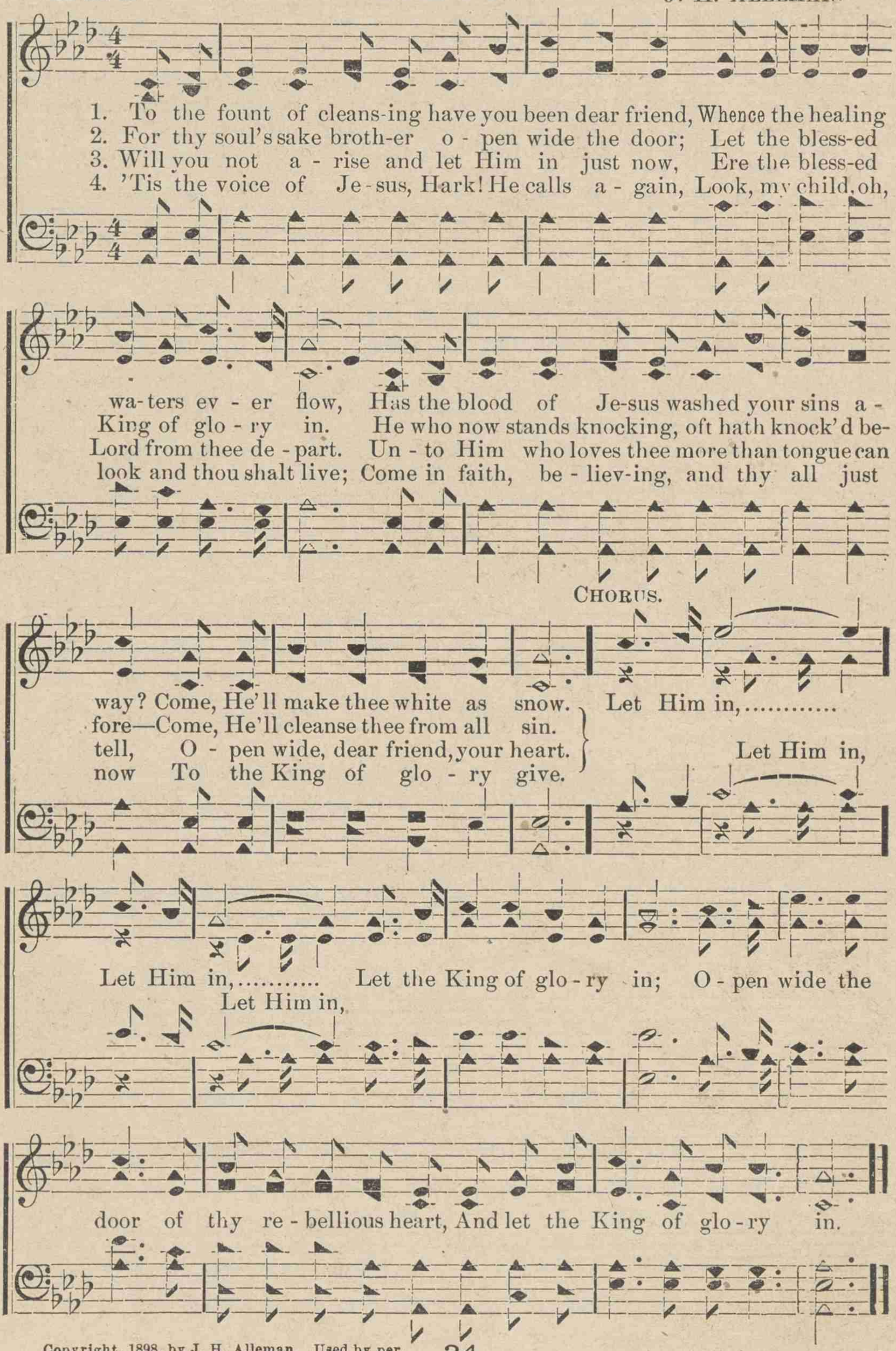
Re-entered and copyright, 1895, by J. H. Hall. Used by permission.

No. 31. Let the King of Glory in.

"Open wide your heart's door and let the King of glory in."

The words of Mrs. Brigadier Fielding, to whom this song is respectfully dedicated. J. H. A.

J. H. A. See PSALM 24: 7-9. J. H. ALLEMAN.

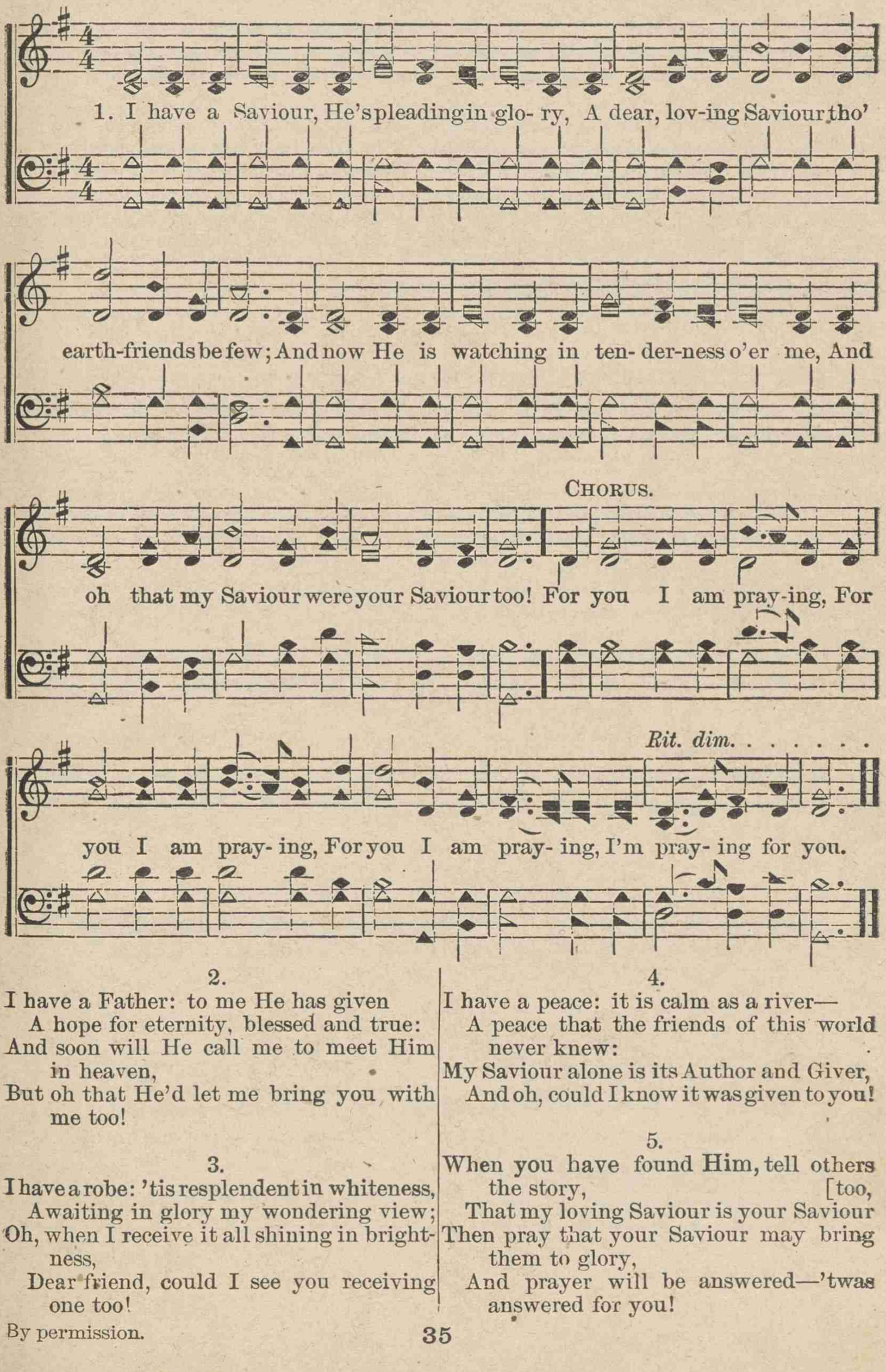


Copyright, 1898, by J. H. Alleman. Used by per.

No. 32. I'm Praying for You.

"Evening and morning, and noon will I pray."—Psa. 55: 17.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



2.

I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true:
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But oh that He'd let me bring you with me too!

3.

I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!

4.

I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew:
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

5.

When you have found Him, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too,
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!
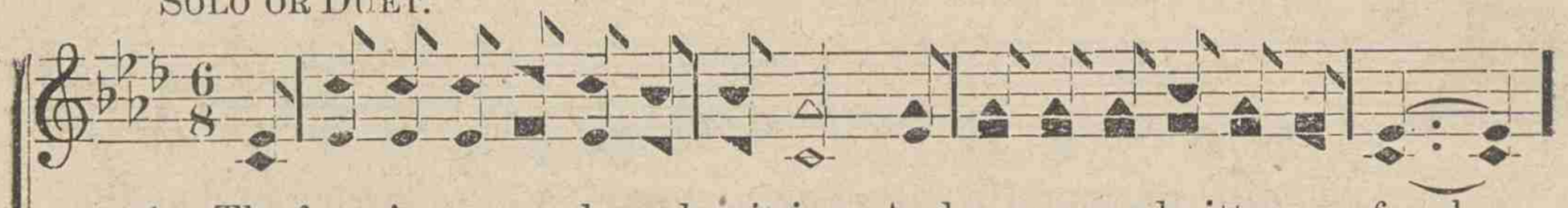
By permission.

No. 33. I Pray Thee—Have Me Excused.
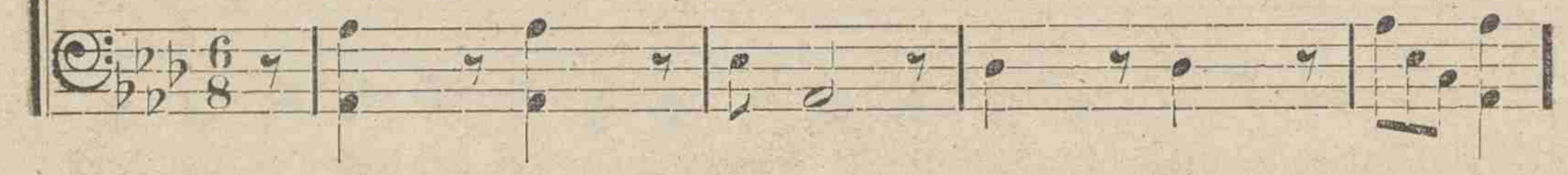
"And they all with one consent began to make excuse" Saying,
"I pray thee have me excused."—LUKE 14: 18.
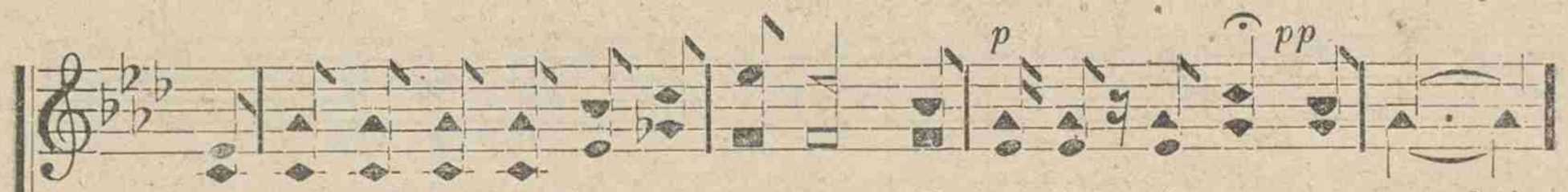
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, arr. W. T. DALE.

SOLO OR DUET.
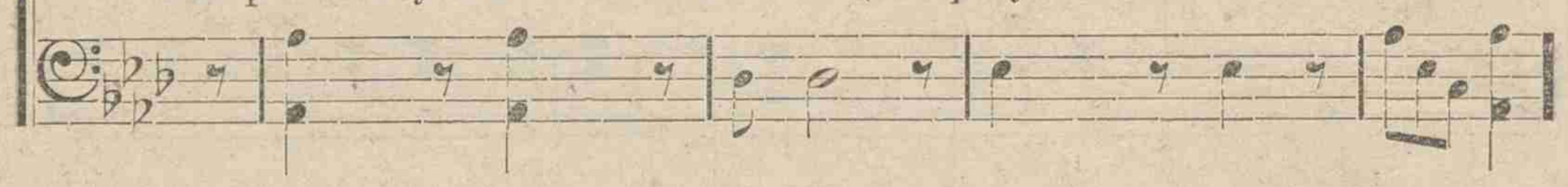


1. The feast is now ready and wait-ing, And none are admittance refused,
2. I know that I ought to love Je-sus, But all of my time is now used;
3. The tal-ents I got from my Master, Have not for His glory been used;
4. My heart is now filled with emotion, With weeping my eyes are suffused,
5. Some day I am hop-ing to love Him, Whose kindness and love I've abused;
6. If longer you wait un-re-pent-ant, And longer His love is a - bused,
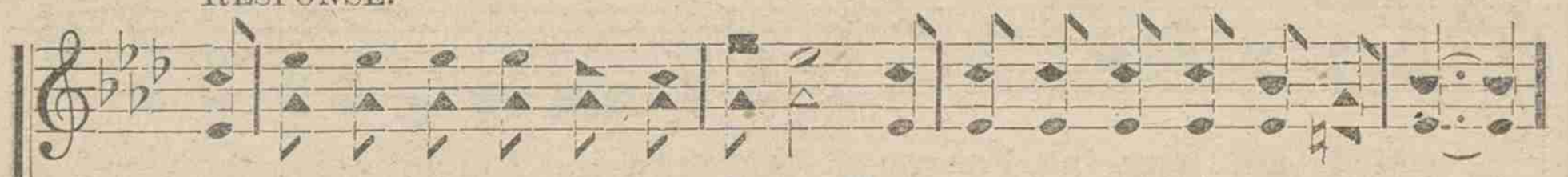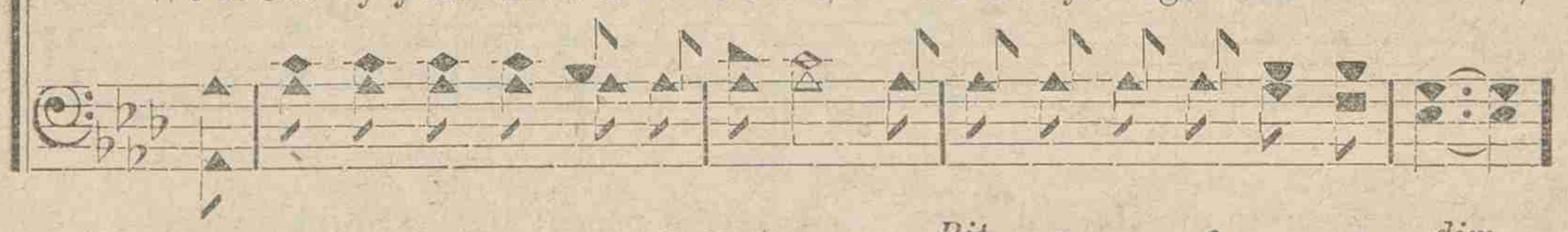




But cares of the world so en-gross me, "I pray thee—have me ex-cused."
In seeking the things that are earthly, "I pray thee—have me ex-cused."
I'd serve Him—but then I'm not ready, "I pray thee—have me ex-cused."
But I am not read-y, tell Je-sus, "I pray thee—have me ex-cused."
Some day, but not now, for the pres-ent "I pray thee—have me ex-cused."
The plea that you make will not answer, "I pray thee—have me ex-cused."



RESPONSE.
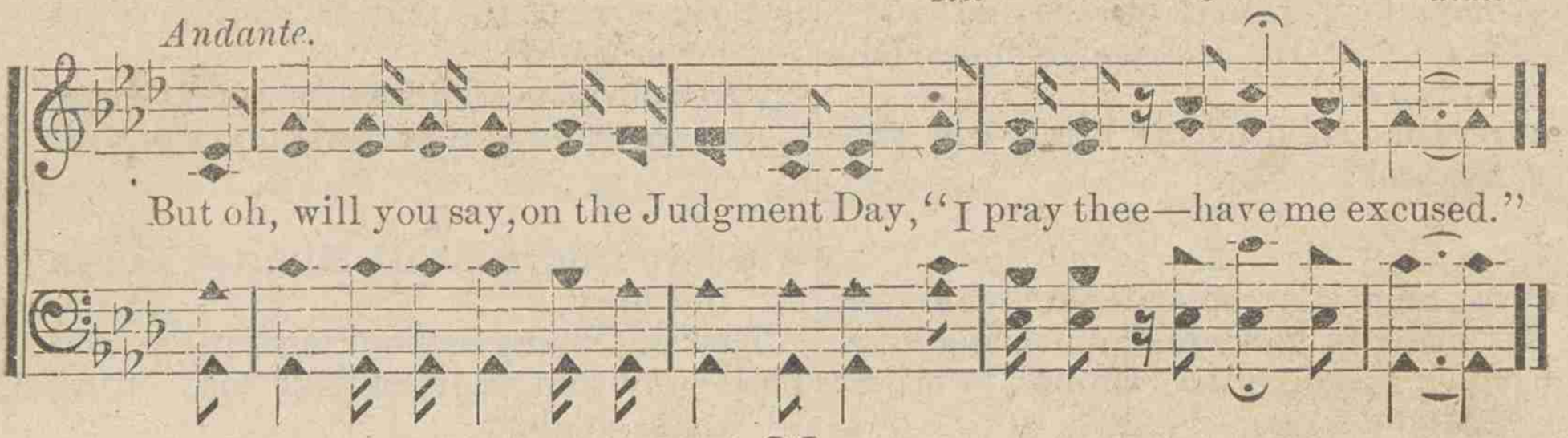


We'll car-ry your an-swer to Je-sus, Whose love you again have re - fused;



Rit - - e - - dim.

Andante.



But oh, will you say, on the Judgment Day, "I pray thee—have me excused."

Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 34. Are You Counting the Cost?

"For what shall a man be profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—MATT. 16: 26.

H. F. JAMES. W. T. DALE, D.D.

1. As you strive for the world for its fame and its joy, Have you care-ful - ly
2. In the crav-ing for wealth, for its glit- ter-ing show, In - to grief and de -
3. Leave the rich-es of earth, seek the treasures above, And thro' years that un-

count-ed the cost? Is the prize rich enough all your strength to employ, When to
spair you are cast; And you know not the peace heav'n alone can bestow, While your
ceas-ing-ly roll, Heav'nly pow'rs shall be yours with the fullness of love, And the

CHORUS.

win it the soul must be lost.
soul will be lost at the last.
life, endless life of the soul.
} Are you careful- ly counting the cost,

counting the cost,

Have you tho't what it means to be lost? For the joys that de-

to be lost,

cline do you heav-en resign? Are you counting the ter-ri- ble cost?
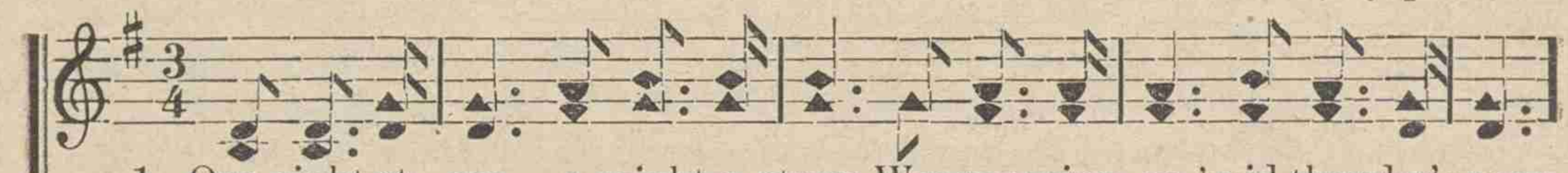
ter - ri- ble cost?

Copyright, 1901, by W. T. Dale.
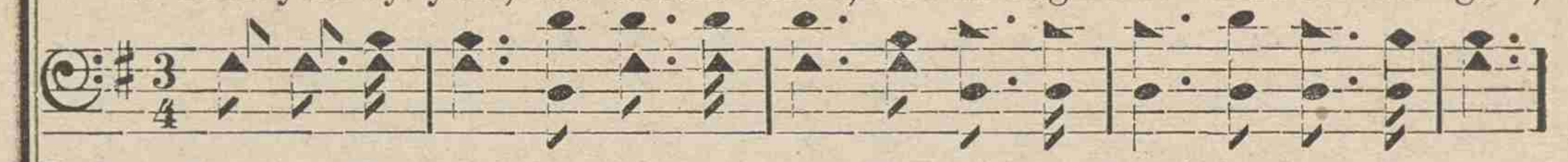
No. 35. The Old Ship.

This thrilling story was told with great effect during the tent meetings at Columbia, Tenn., by Rev. Sam. P. Jones.
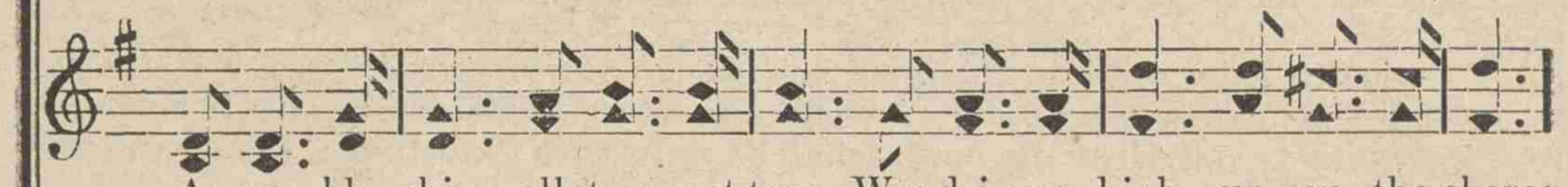
Rev. W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH, by per.
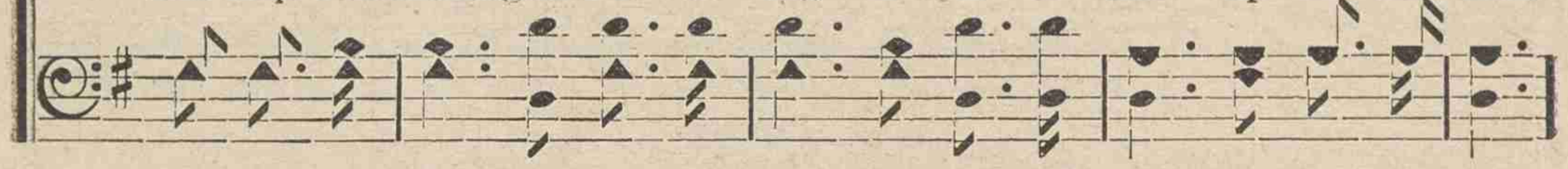


1. One night at sea, a might-y storm Was sweeping on 'mid thunder's roar;
3. Thus year by year, the seasons rolled, And as high tide would come a - gain,
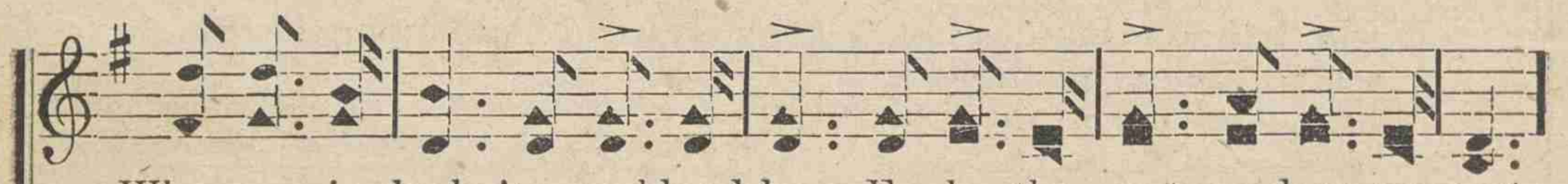


D.C. *2. But when the gen - tle spring returned, The ship would rise up - on the tide,*
D.C. *4. An ag- ed man, with sin all stained, Has drift-ed on the shores of time;*
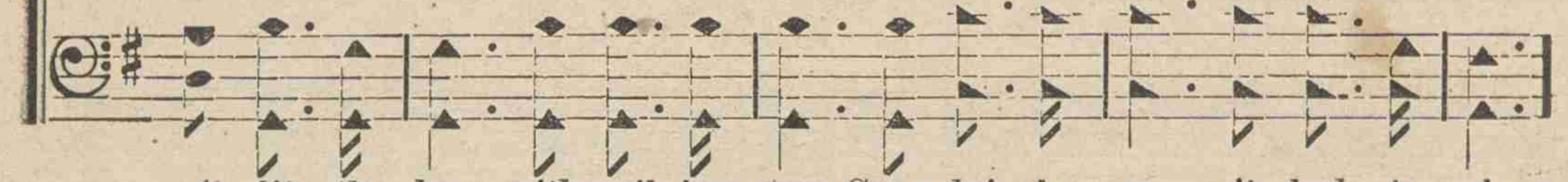


A no - ble ship, all tem-pest torn, Was driv-en high up - on the shore;
The ship would straighten as of old, As if to sail up - on the main.
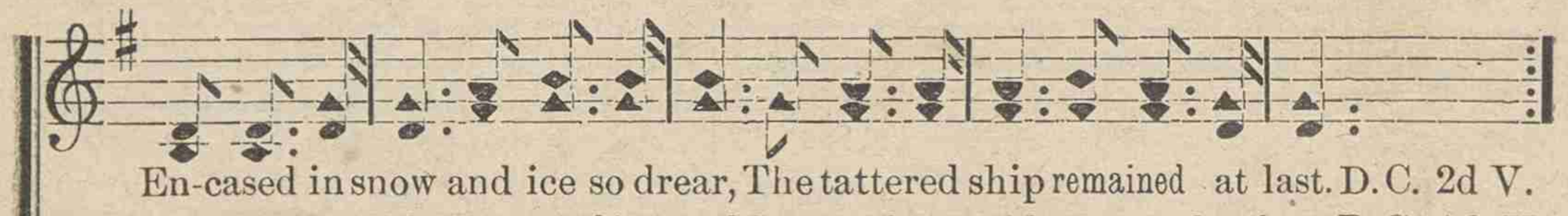


As tho' it for a voy- age yearn'd, And longed upon the sea to ride;
He hears the warn- ing oft proclaimed, To "launch out for a fair - er clime."
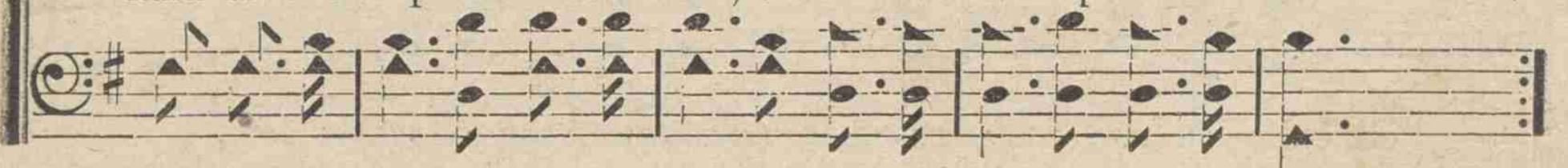


When morning broke 'twas cold and drear, For lo, the au-tumn days were past;
It did not go — nor brave the gale, And soon its sea - sons ail were o'er;



A lit - tle boy with smil- ing face Came dai - ly on its deck to play;
Thus when re - vi - val tides a - rise, He longs to start, and yet de - lays;



En-cased in snow and ice so drear, The tattered ship remained at last. D.C. 2d V.
And so the ship that would not sail, Remained a wreck up-on the shore. D.C. 4th V.

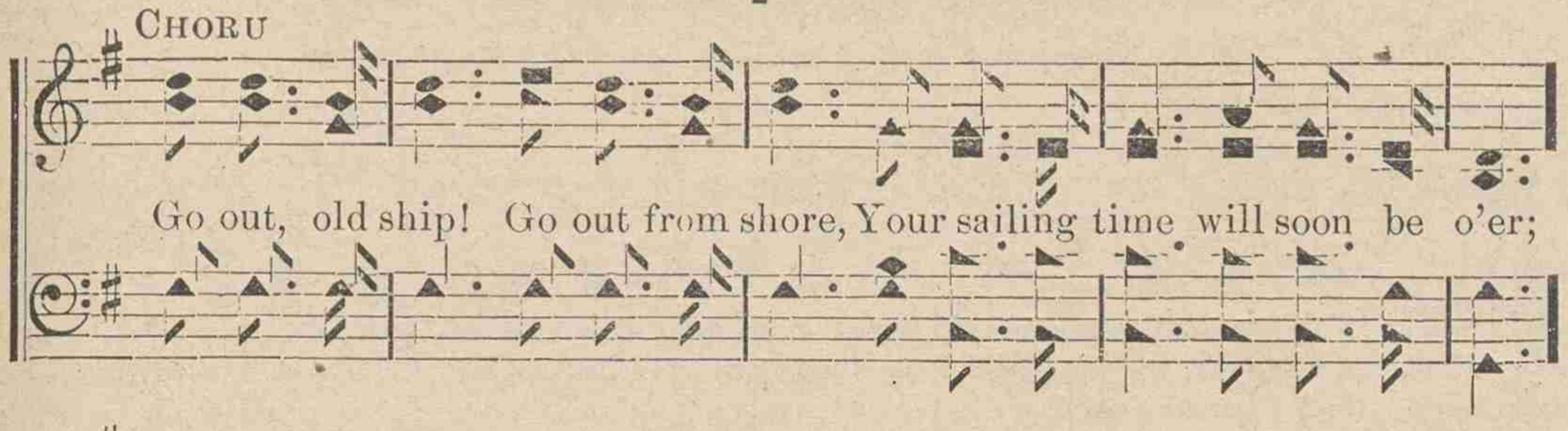


And when high tide came on a-pace, He to the ves- sel then would say. CHO.
The oft re - peat-ed sea- son flies, A wreck, he falls, and thus de - cays. CHO.

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

The Old Ship. Concluded.
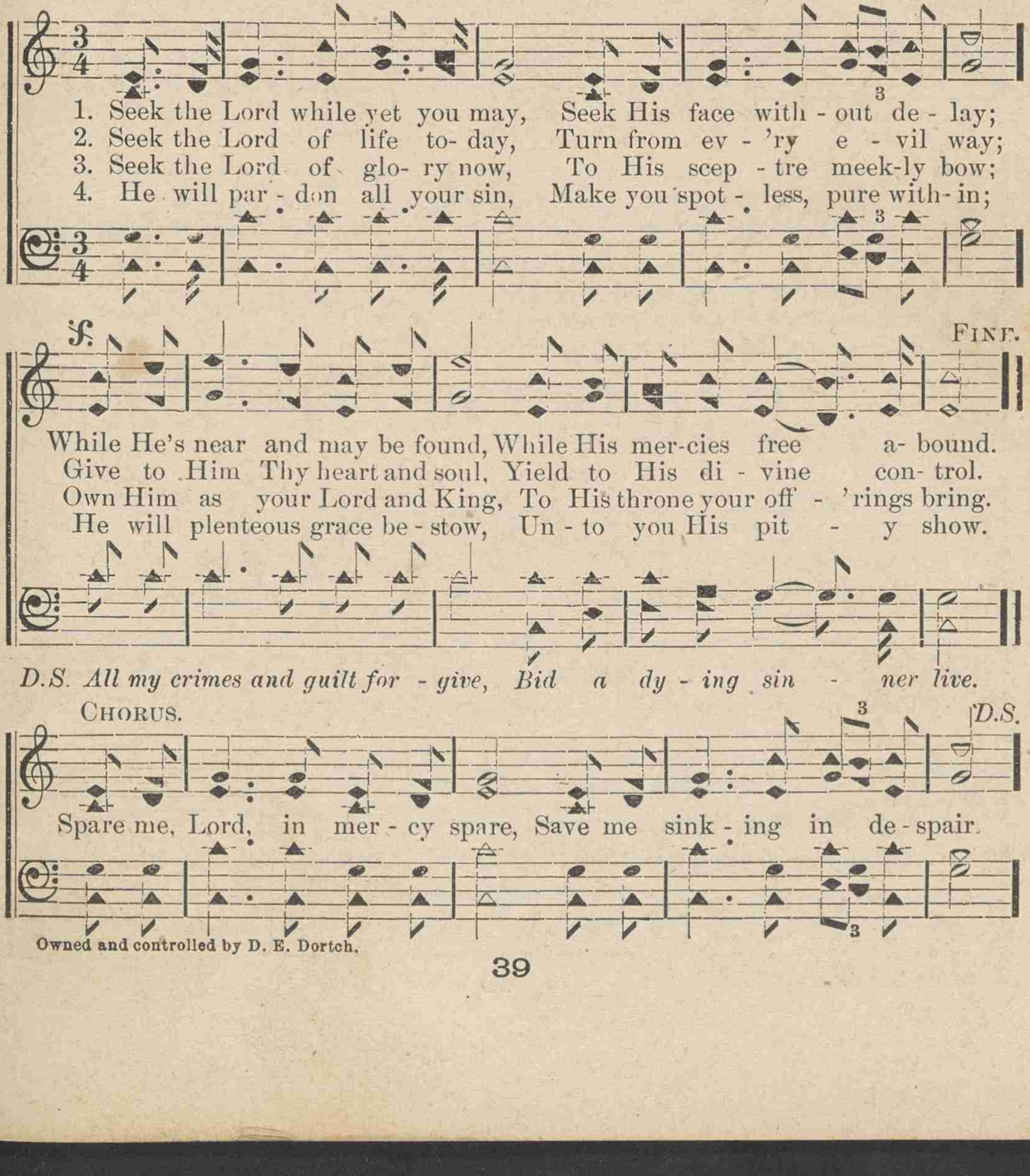
CHORU



No. 36. Seek the Lord.

"Seek the Lord, and ye shall live."—AMOS 5 : 6.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. E. HANKS.



CHORUS.

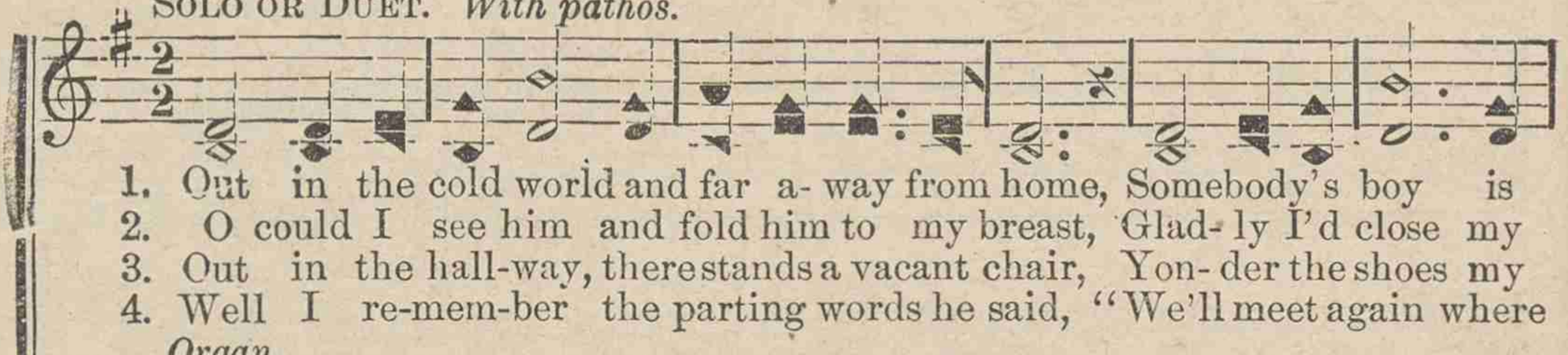
Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

No. 37. Bring Back My Boy.

"Is the young man Absalom safe?"—2 SAM. 18: 29.

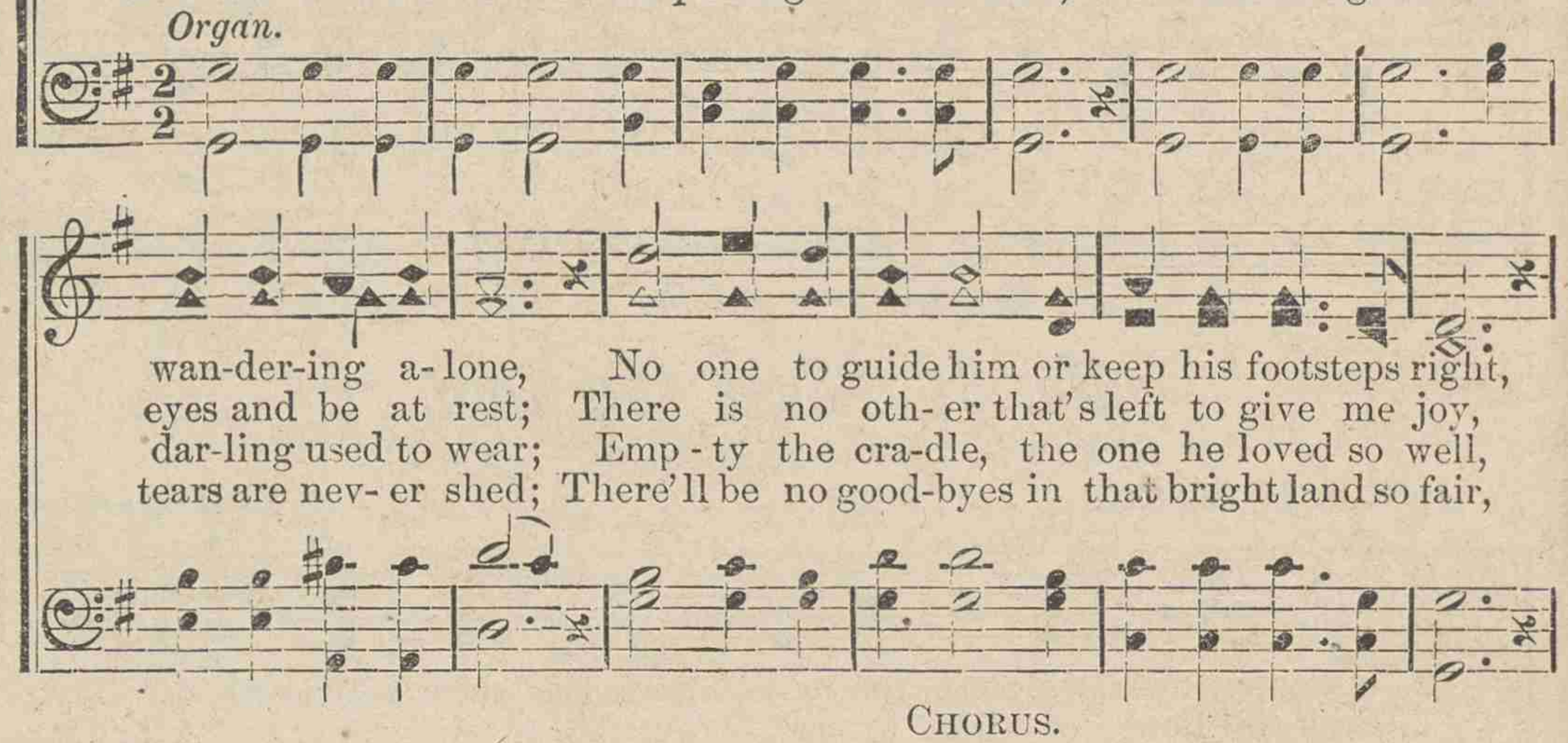
Words arranged. JUDSON L. MOORE.

SOLO OR DUET. *With pathos.*



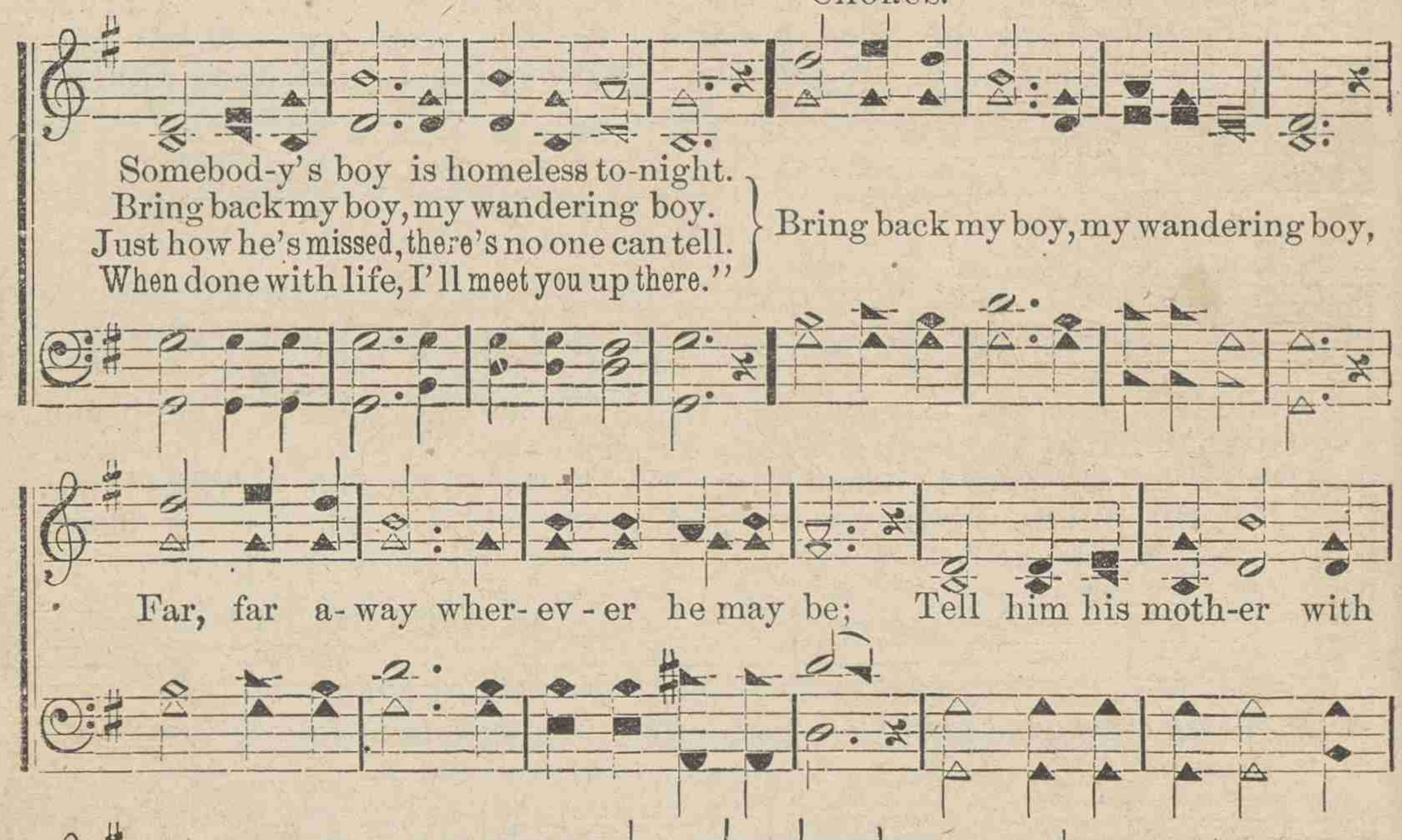
1. Out in the cold world and far a- way from home, Somebody's boy is
2. O could I see him and fold him to my breast, Glad- ly I'd close my
3. Out in the hall-way, there stands a vacant chair, Yon- der the shoes my
4. Well I re-mem-ber the parting words he said, "We'll meet again where

Organ.



wan-der-ing a- lone, No one to guide him or keep his footsteps right,
eyes and be at rest; There is no oth- er that's left to give me joy,
dar-ling used to wear; Emp - ty the cra-dle, the one he loved so well,
tears are nev- er shed; There'll be no good-byes in that bright land so fair,
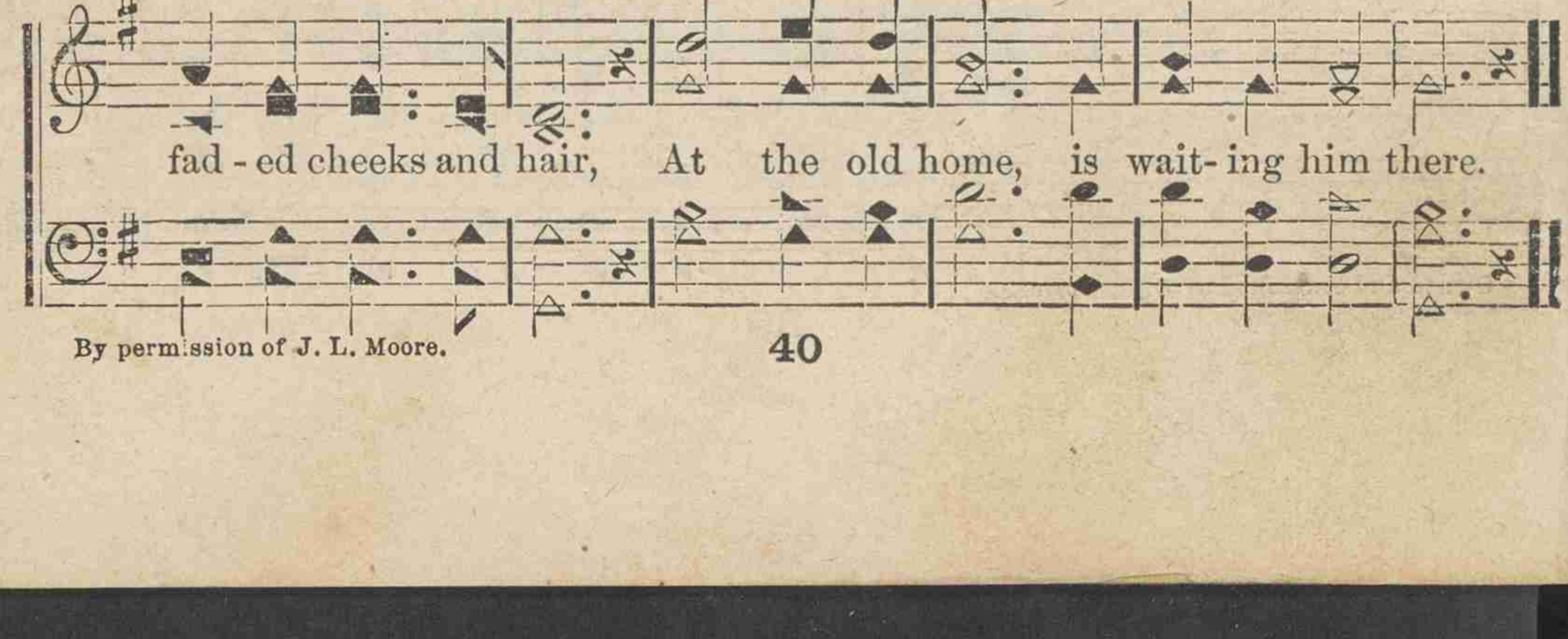
CHORUS.



Somebod-y's boy is homeless to-night.
Bring back my boy, my wandering boy.
Just how he's missed, there's no one can tell.
When done with life, I'll meet you up there."

} Bring back my boy, my wandering boy,

Far, far a- way wher- ev - er he may be; Tell him his moth-er with
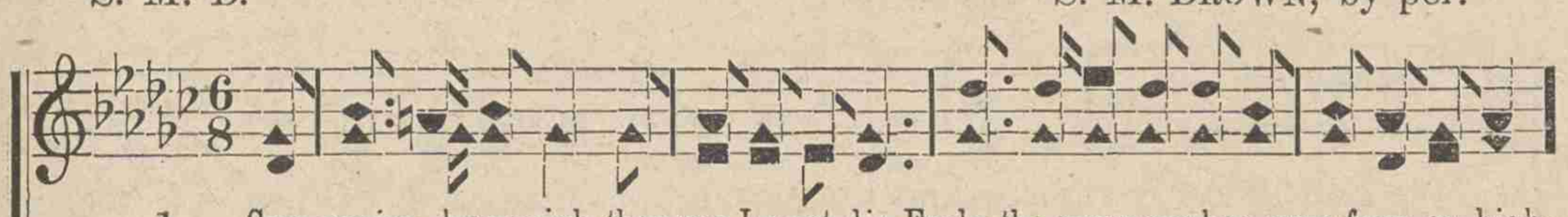


fad - ed cheeks and hair, At the old home, is wait- ing him there.

By permission of J. L. Moore.
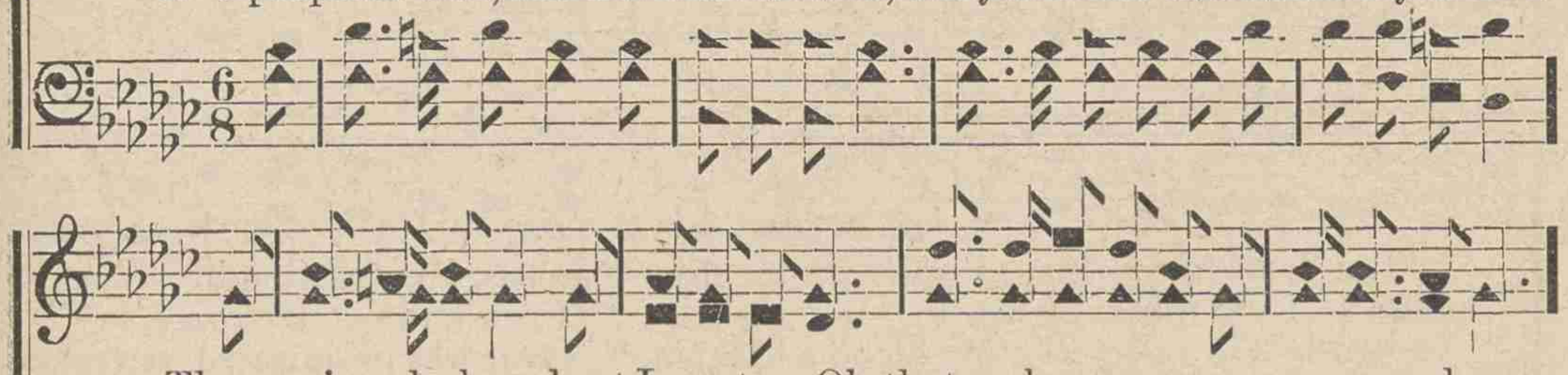
No. 38. Dying away from Home and Unprepared.

A solemn warning to young men who are unprepared to meet their God.
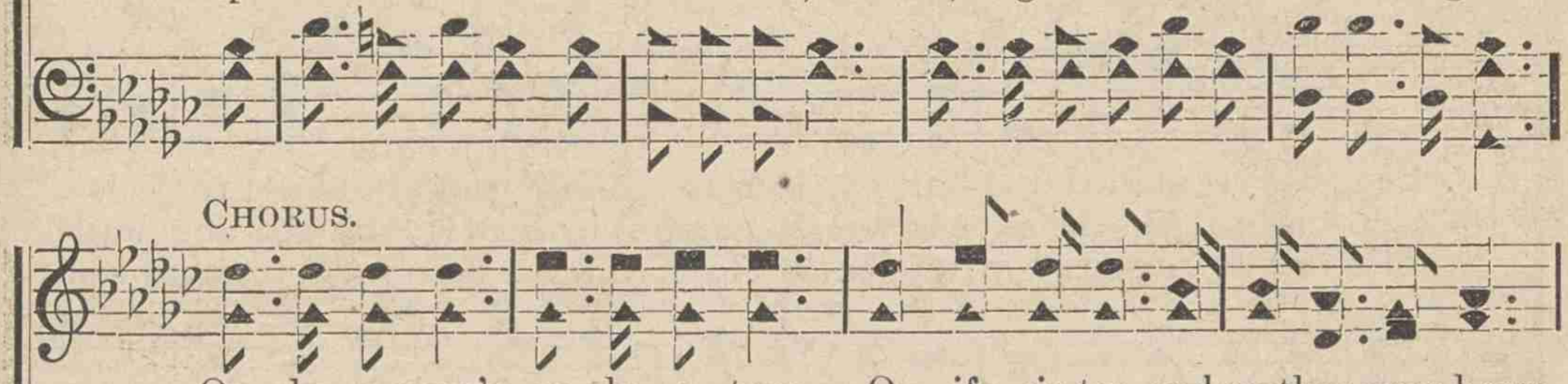
S. M. B. S. M. Brown, by per.



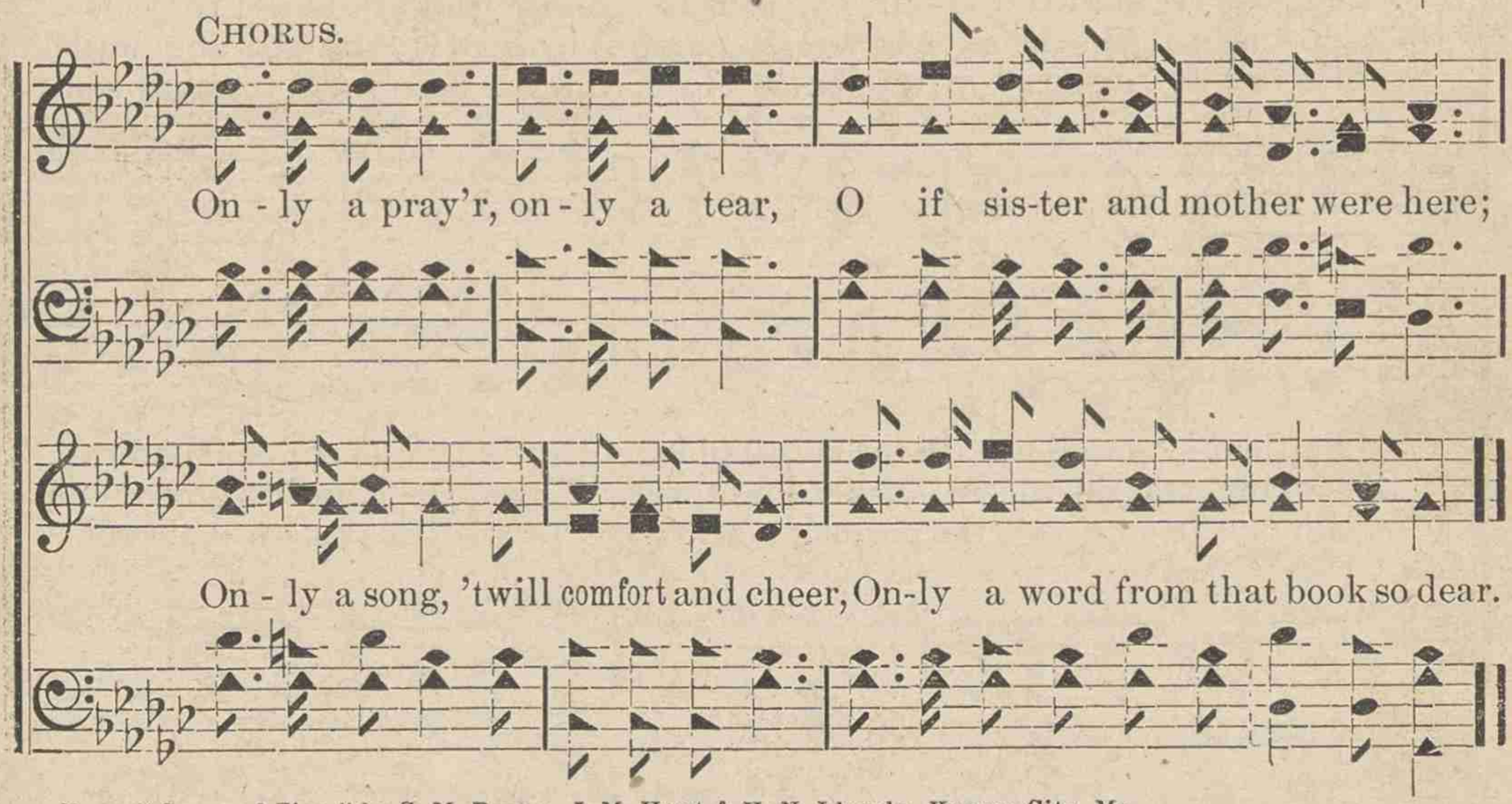
1. Com-panion, draw nigh, they say I must die, Early the summons has come from on high;
2. Ah, can you not bow and pray with me now, Sad the regret we have never learned how,
3. And can you not sing a song of His love, How He came down from the mansions above,
4. A - las, it is so; but thus it must be; No word of comfort or promise for me,
5. O people of God, who have His blest word, Will you not heed the command of your Lord?



The way is so dark, and yet I must go, Oh, that such sorrow you never may know.
To come before Him, who only can save, Leading in triumph thro' death and the grave,
To bleed and to die on Calvary's tree, Bringing salvation to sinners like me?
To die without God or hope in His Son, Covered in darkness, bereaved and undone.
And publish to all of Adam's lost race, Pardon, forgiveness, salvation thro' grace?



Chorus.



On - ly a pray'r, on - ly a tear, O if sis-ter and mother were here;
On - ly a song, 'twill comfort and cheer, On-ly a word from that book so dear.

From "Songs of Zion," by S. M. Brown, J. M. Hunt & H. N. Lincoln, Kansas City, Mo.

Note.—Two young men came to Kansas City, Mo. and were at work on the piers of one of the great R. R. bridges on the Missouri River. An accident occurred in which several men were injured, among them was one of these young men who was fatally crushed. He was taken to one of the tents, and being conscious he was told by the physician that he could live only a few hours. He requested his companions to pray with him and stated that he was unprepared to die. His friend assured him that he did not pray for himself and was not fit to pray for a dying man. Then he asked that a song might be sung, but was again assured that he knew no song appropriate to an occasion like that. Finally he begged that a bible might be brought and a few verses read to him before he died. The tents and cabins were searched and there was not a copy of the Word of God to be found, and so among his last words the dying man exclaimed:—"And is it possible that away from home and without a prayer, a song, or a verse of scripture, I am to be ushered into the presence of God unprepared?"

No. 39. Jesus is Waiting.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

Mrs. May Anderson Hawkins. W. T. Dale.

1. Soft-ly the Saviour is knocking to-night, Whispering, "O-pen to me;"
2. Weary and sor-row-ful, lone-ly and sad, Bear-ing a bur-den of sin;
3. Glad-ly I o-pen that He may come in, Prostrate I'll fall at His feet;

Ten-der-ly woo-ing my spir-it to say, "Je sus, I'm trusting in Thee."
Dare I to think He is say-ing to *me*, "O-pen and let me come in?"
Gent-ly He whispers, "My blood will atone," Never was promise so sweet.

Long has He tarried and wait-ed to give Blessings I would not re-ceive,
He is so gen-tle, so per-fect, so pure, Why does He lin-ger and wait?
Glo-ry to Je-sus, I'm un-der the blood, Sin has been swept from my soul;

Pa-tient-ly standing with heart full of love, Say-ing, "Repent, and be-lieve."
Knocking, and say-ing in trem-u-lous tones, "Open, the hour has grown late."
Glo-ry to Je-sus, the cleansing is wro't, Upward His praises shall roll.

Chorus.
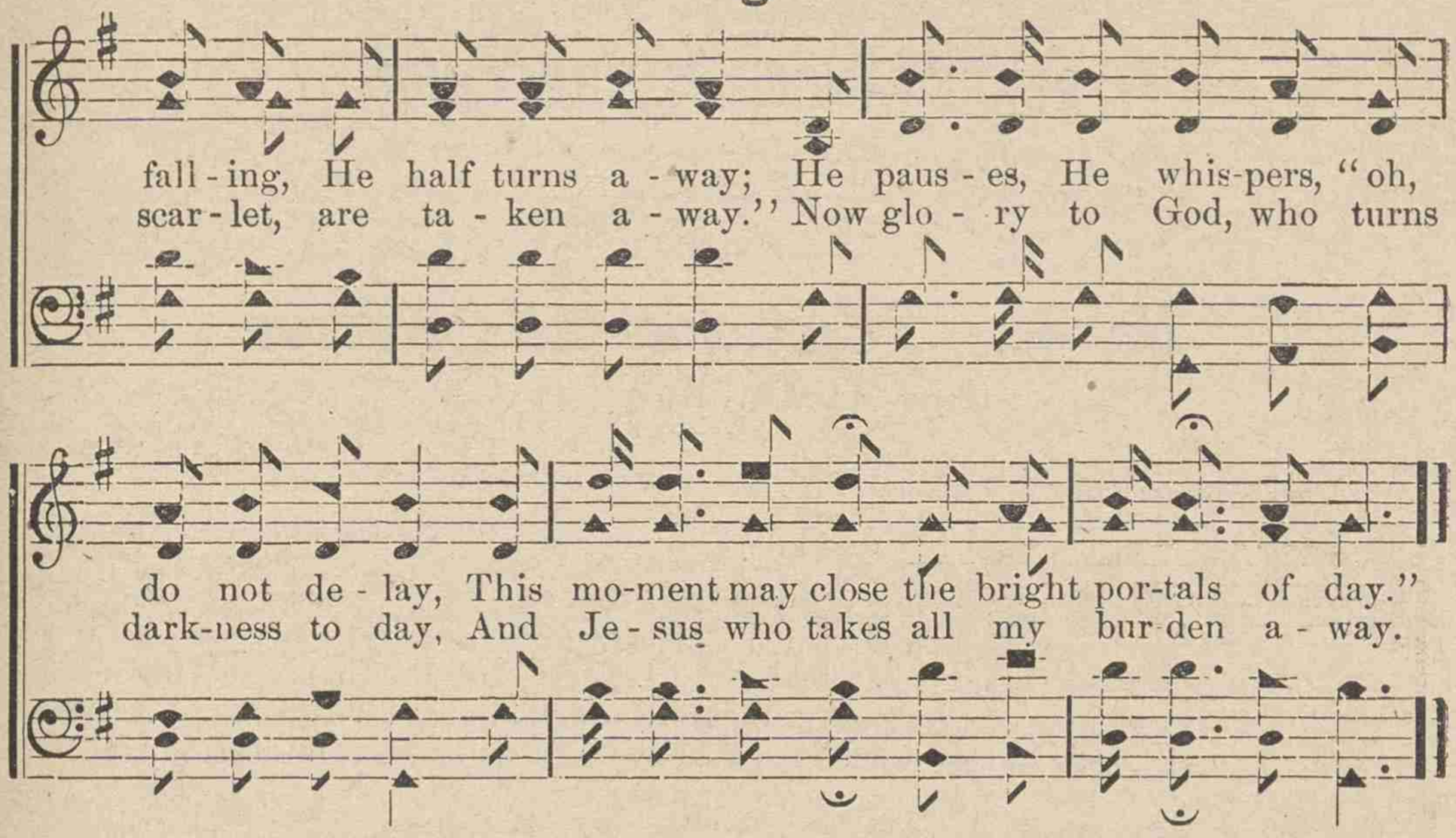
I hear His sweet mes-sage, oh, what shall I say? The night dews are

After last stanza.

I hear His sweet whis-per, oh, what does He say? "Thy sins, tho' like
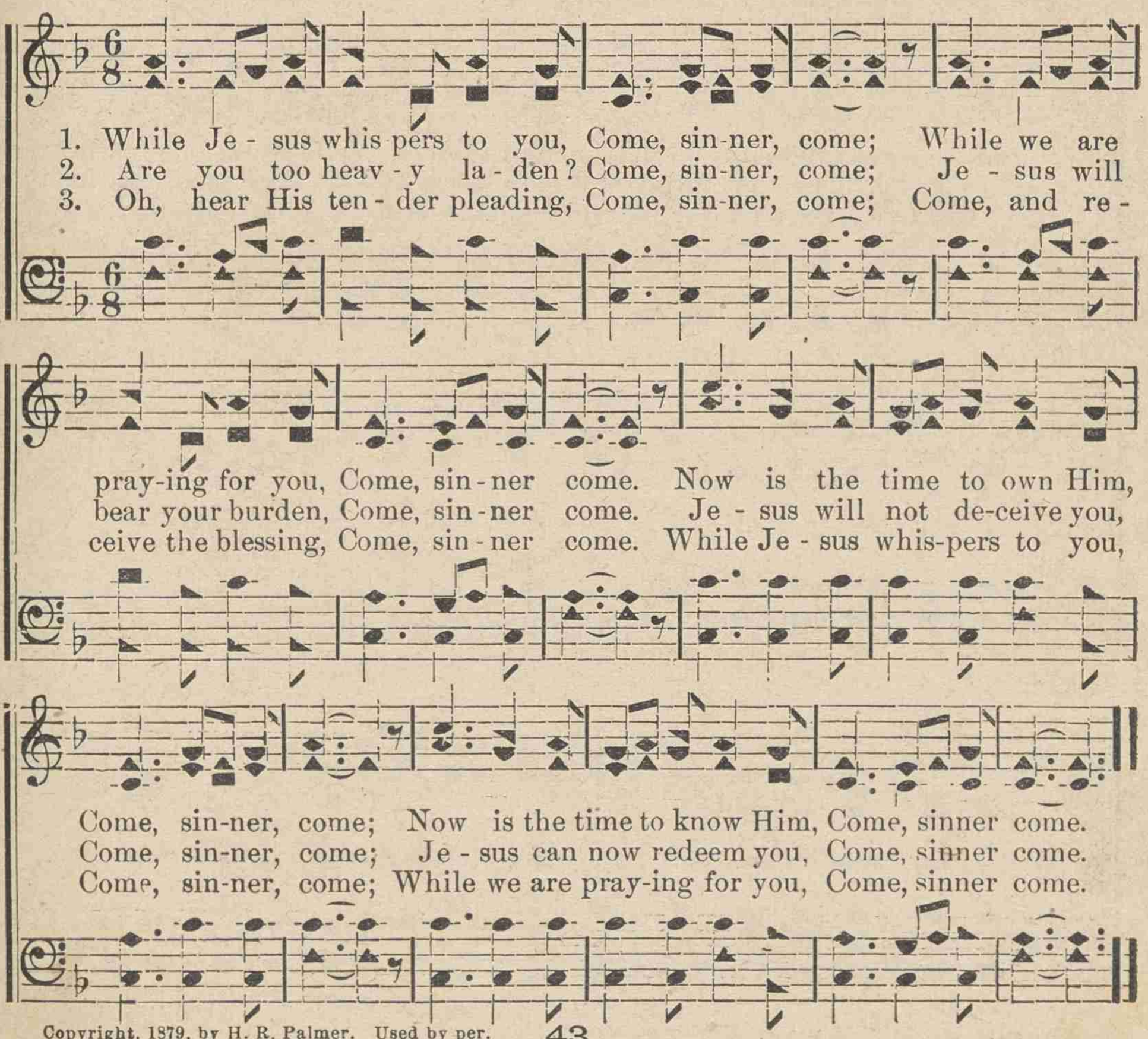
Copyright, 1895, by W. T. Dale.

Jesus is Waiting. Concluded.



No. 40. While Jesus Whispers to You.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.



Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer. Used by per.

PART III.

REPENTANCE AT THE CROSS.

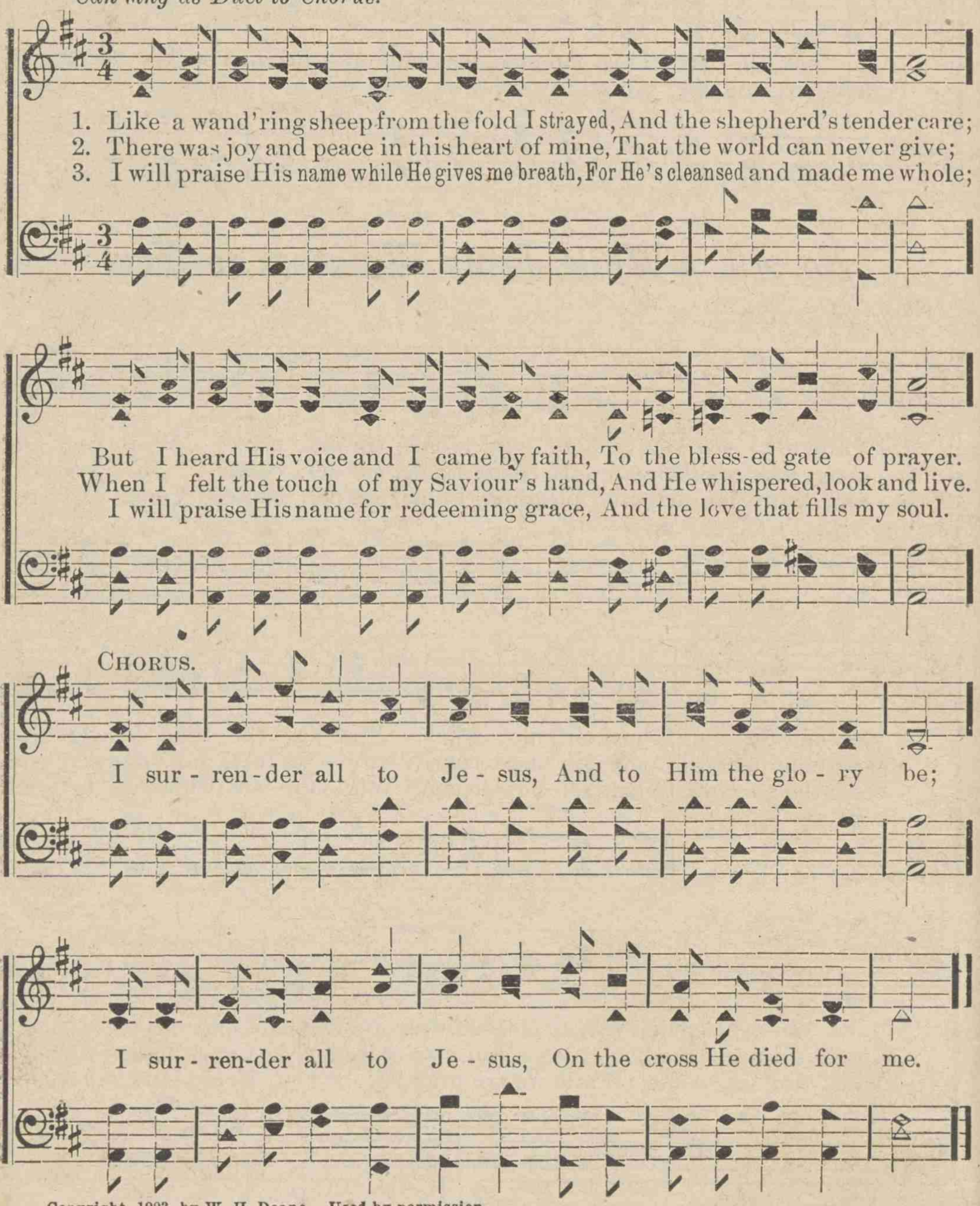
"God be merciful to me a sinner."—LUKE 18: 13.
"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—ACTS 9: 6.

No. 41. I Surrender All to Jesus.

"In thee I put my trust."—PSA. 141: 8.

* * * W. H. DOANE.

Can sing as Duet to Chorus.



Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.

No. 42. I Am Resolved.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am resolved no lon - ger to lin-ger, Charm'd by the world's delight;
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav-iour, Leaving my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol - low the Sav-iour, Faithful and true each day,
4. I am resolved to en - ter the kingdom, Leav-ing the paths of sin;
5. I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, without delay,

Things that are high-er, things that are no-bler, These have al-lured my sight.
He is the true one, He is the just one, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say - eth, do what He will- eth, He is the liv - ing way.
Friends may op-pose me, foes may be - set me, Still will I en - ter in.
Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it, We'll walk the heav'nly way.

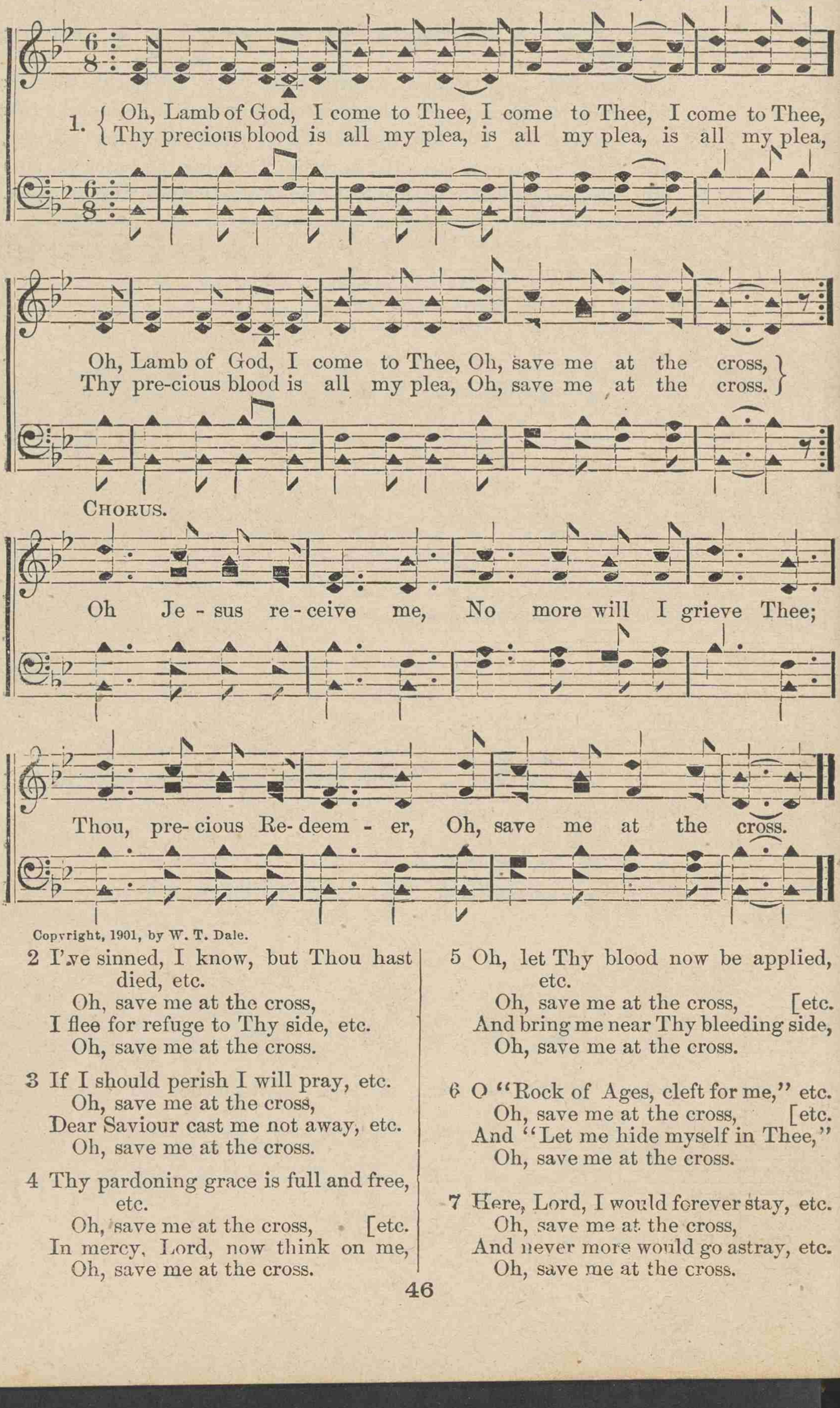
REFRAIN.

I will hast-en to Him, Hasten so glad and free,
I will hast-en, hast-en to Him, Hasten glad and free,
Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je- sus,

Copyright, 1896, by Fillmore Bros. Used by per.

No. 43. O, Save Me at the Cross.

W. T. D. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



Copyright, 1901, by W. T. Dale.

2 I've sinned, I know, but Thou hast died, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross,
I flee for refuge to Thy side, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross.

3 If I should perish I will pray, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross,
Dear Saviour cast me not away, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross.

4 Thy pardoning grace is full and free, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross, [etc.
In mercy, Lord, now think on me,
Oh, save me at the cross.

5 Oh, let Thy blood now be applied, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross, [etc.
And bring me near Thy bleeding side,
Oh, save me at the cross.

6 O "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," etc.
Oh, save me at the cross, [etc.
And "Let me hide myself in Thee,"
Oh, save me at the cross.

7 Here, Lord, I would forever stay, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross,
And never more would go astray, etc.
Oh, save me at the cross.

No. 44. Crimson Calvary Answers, "No!"

"When they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him * * * Then said Jesus, Father forgive them."—LUKE 23: 33-34.

W. T. D. W. T. DALE.

1. Shall I be condemned for ev - er, If I to the Lord draw near;
2. I am mourning o'er my fol - lies; I am weep-ing o'er my sin;
3. If I go and tell Him tru - ly, How I have His love a - bused,
4. While up - on the cross He suf-fered, Je-sus prayed with dy - ing breath,

If I sue for peace and par - don, Will He deign to hear my prayer?
For my guilt's become op - pres-sive, And a bur - den long has been;
How I've sinned a-gainst His mer - cy, And His par - don have re - fused,
"Fa-ther, oh, forgive them," cried He, "Save them from e - ter - nal death,"

Will He scorn my deep con - tri - tion, Will He not His grace be - stow?
Will the Lord be gra-cious to me, If I tell Him all my woe,
Will He grant His lov-ing fa - vor? When in pen - i - tence I go;
Am I worse than those who mocked Him, And who pierced Him long a-go,

Will He scorn my heart's pe - ti - tion? Crim-son Cal-v'ry answers, "No!"
Will he leave me in my anguish? Crim-son Cal-v'ry answers, "No!"
Or in wrath will He for - sake me? Crim-son Cal-v'ry answers, "No!"
Have I passed beyond His mer - cy? Crim-son Cal-v'ry answers, "No!"

FINE.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

Crim-son Cal - v'ry answers, "No!" Crimson Cal - v'ry answers, "No!"

Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 45. Blood of the Lamb.

KNOWLES SHAW. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I am sin - ful, and to Thee, Lord, in an - guish I would flee,
2. Blind and lost, I call for aid: Let Thy hand on me be laid—
3. Cleanse me in Thy pre-cious blood, Love's pure, crimson, streaming flood;

To the fount - ain let me go, Make me whit - er than the snow.
Thou a - lone canst, Lord, I know, Make me whit - er than the snow.
Robes of brightness, Lord, be-stow, Make me whit - er than the snow.

CHORUS.

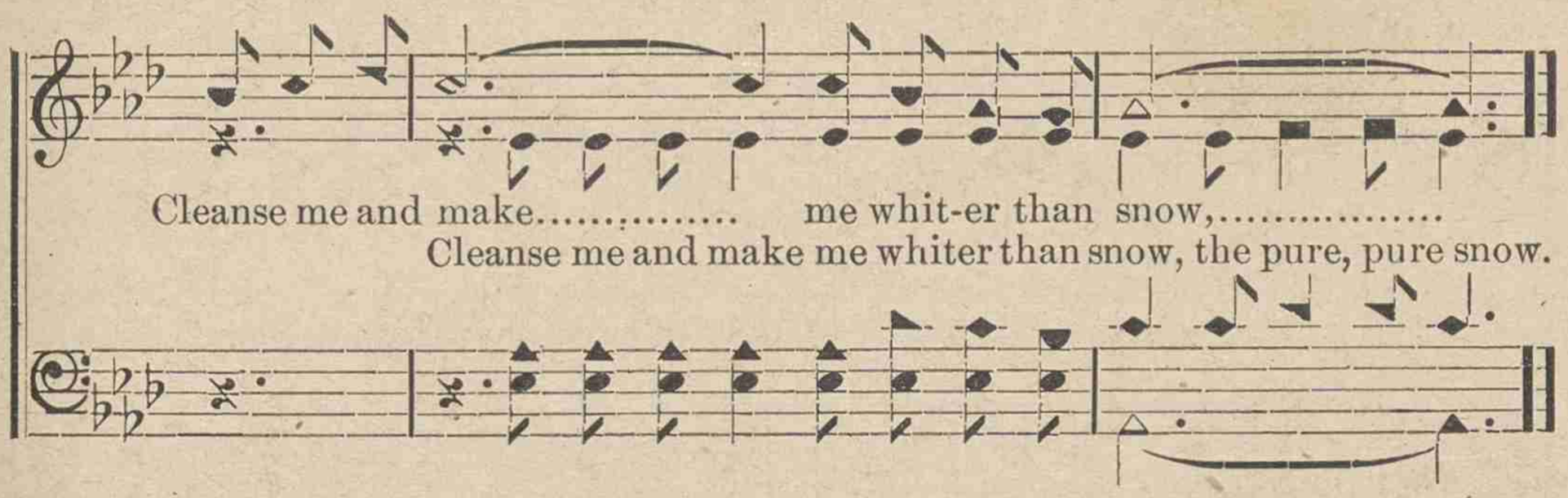
Blood of the Lamb!..... in Thy wonder-ful flow,.....
Blood of the Lamb! in Thy wonder-ful flow, Thy crimson flow,

Cleanse me and make..... me whit-er than snow,.....
Cleanse me and make me whiter than snow, the pure, pure snow,

Whit-er than snow,..... the beau-ti - ful snow,.....
Whit-er than snow, the beau-ti - ful snow, the beautiful snow,
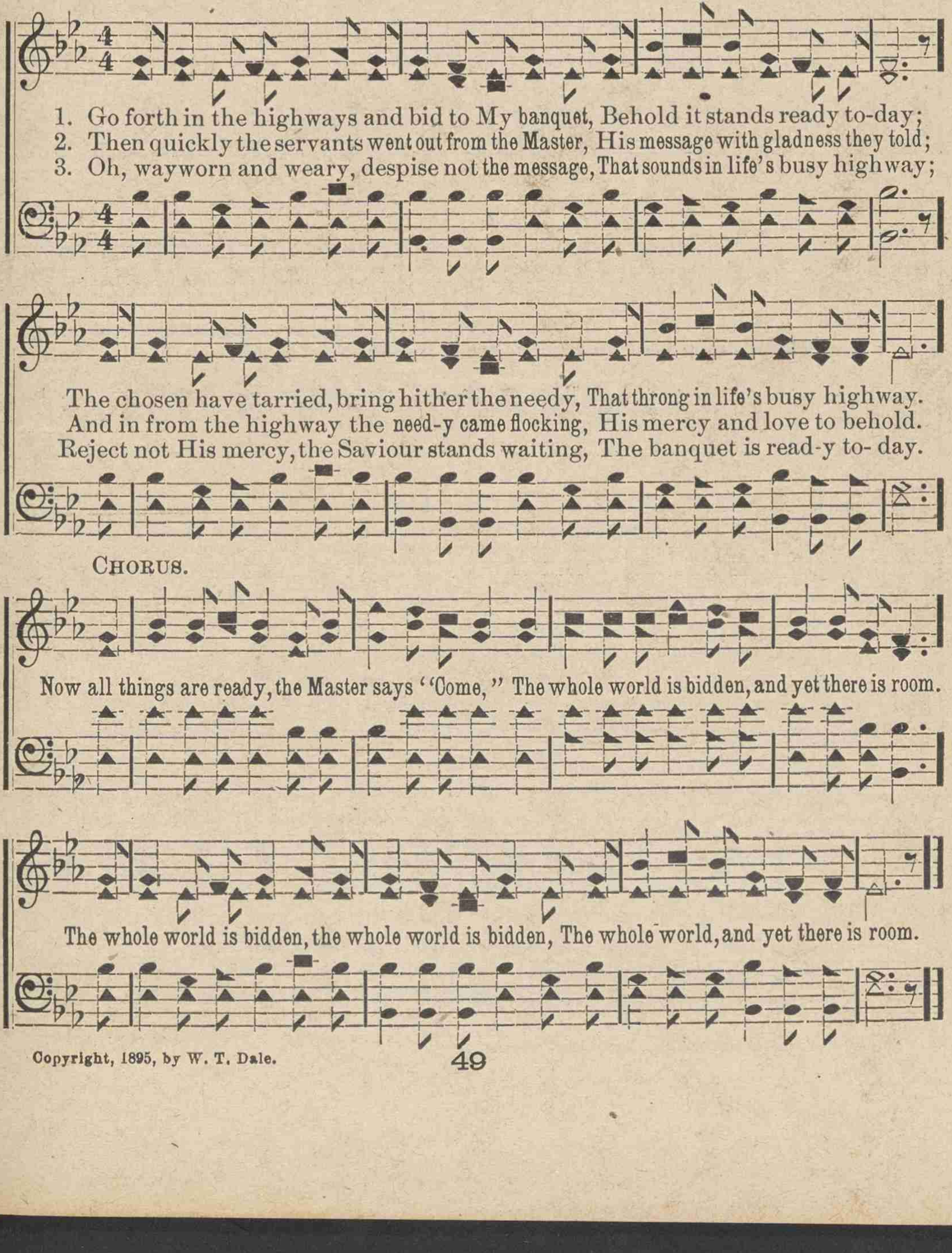
Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans. Used by per.

Blood of the Lamb! Concluded.



No. 46. The Banquet of Love.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER. LUKE 14: 16-24. W. T. DALE



Copyright, 1895, by W. T. Dale.

No. 47. The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. A sin- ner was wand'ring at e - ven- tide, The temp-ter was watching close by at his side, In his heart raged a bat - tle for right a-gainst wrong; But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song:
2. He lin-gered and list-ened to ev-'ry sweet chord; He re-member'd the time he once loved the Lord. Come on, says the temp-ter, come on with the throng, But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song:

pp 1 QUARTET. *To be sung very softly.*

Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly.

2

While the bil- lows near me roll, While the tem- pest still is high.

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O.

The Sinner and the Song. Concluded.

3. O temp-ter, de - part, I have serv'd thee too long, I fly to the

Saviour, He dwells in that song. O Lord, can it be that a

sin-ner like me, may find a sure ref-uge by com - ing to Thee?

QUARTET. *To be sung very softly.*

Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.

I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt for - give the dark past, and

pp QUARTET.

O re - ceive my soul at last,

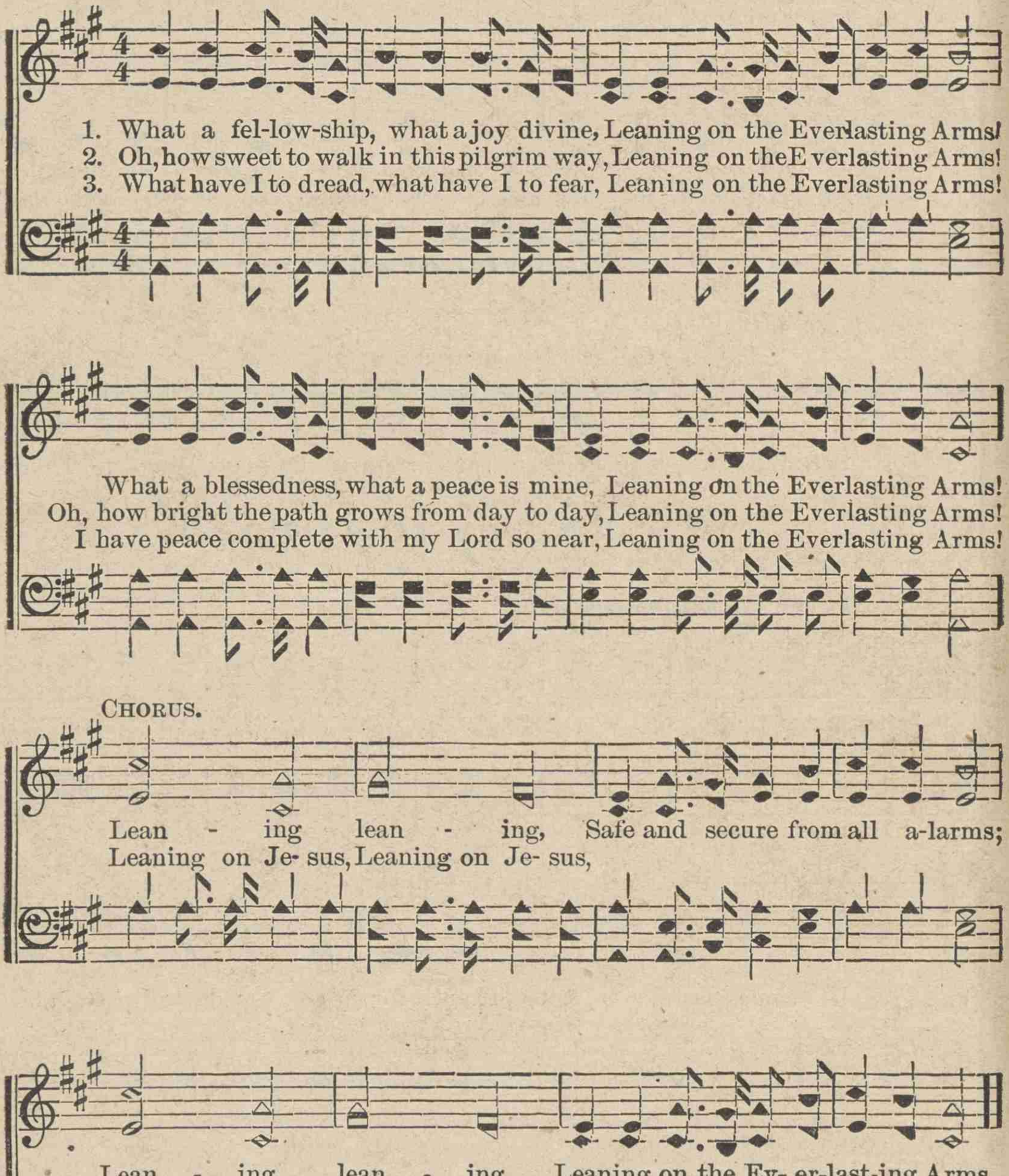
PART IV.

FAITH AT THE CROSS.

No. 48. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

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

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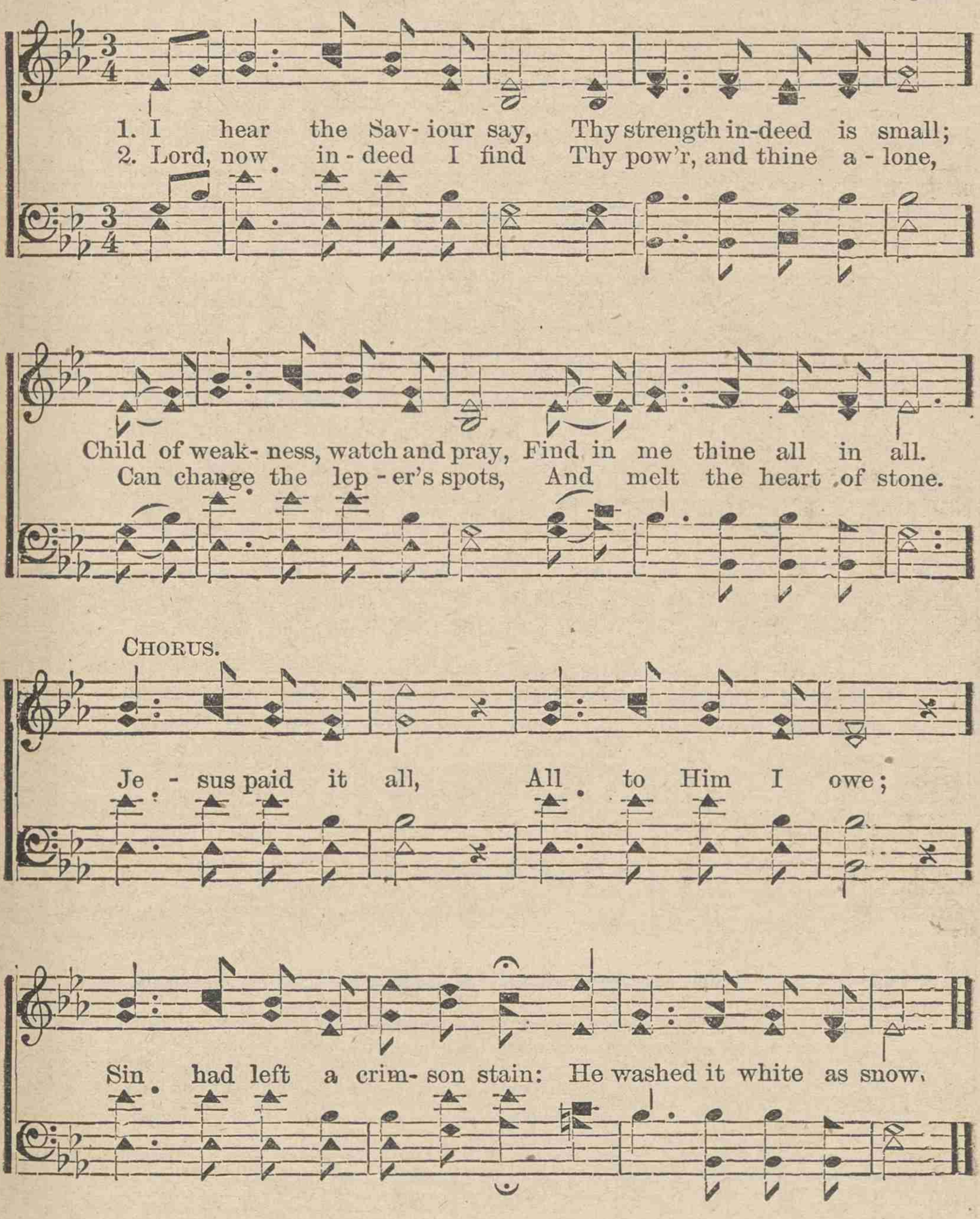


Copyright, 1887, by A. J. Showalter & Co., used by per.

No. 49. All to Christ I Owe.

"Who His ownself bare our sins in His own body on the tree."—1 PETER 2: 24.

Mrs. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.



3 Then down beneath His cross
I'll lay my sin-sick soul;
For naught have I to bring,
Thy grace must make me whole.

4 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim,—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

5 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

6 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

No. 50. Nearer the Cross.

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

Mrs. F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

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

Near - er the cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er;
Feast - ing my soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er;
Deep - er the love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er;

Near - er the cross where Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's
Strong - er in faith, more clear I see Je - sus, who gave Him-
Near - er the end of toil and care, Near - er the joy I

crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - iour's wound - ed side,
self for me; Near - er to Him I still would be;
long to share, Near - er the crown I soon shall wear,
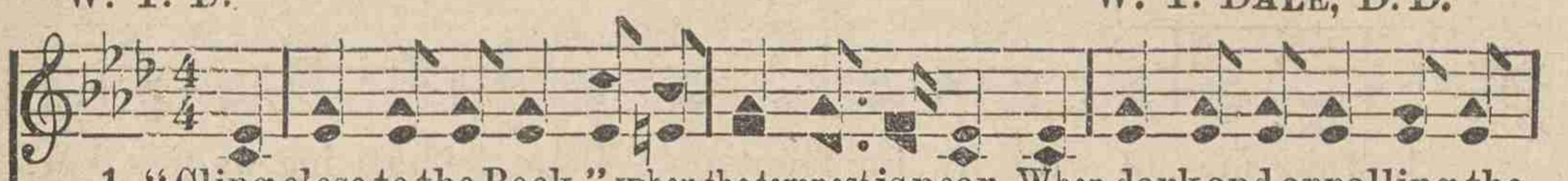
I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

By permission of Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.
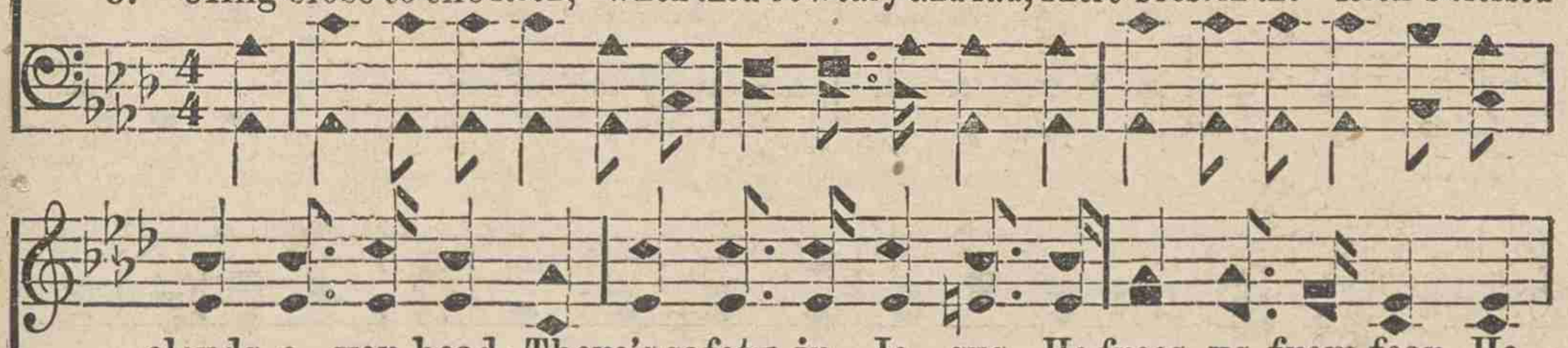
No. 51. Cling Close to the Rock.

"The Lord is my Rock."—Psa. 18 : 2.
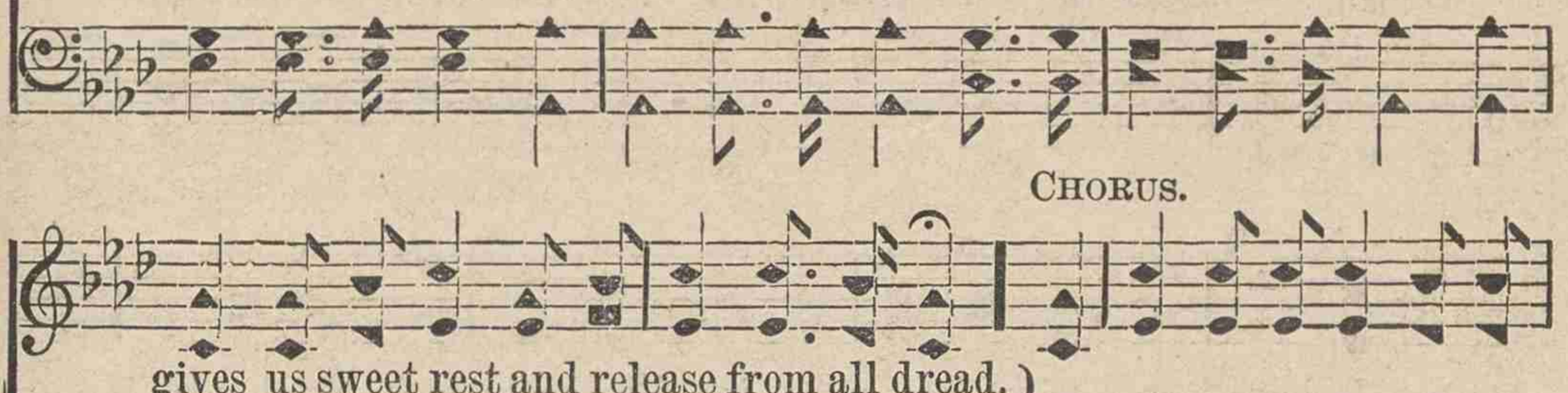
W. T. D. W. T. DALE, D. D.



1. "Cling close to the Rock," when the tempest is near, When dark and appalling the
2. "Cling close to the Rock," when thy friends have all fled, When sad and forsaken thou
3. "Cling close to the Rock," when thou'rt weary and sad, There's rest in the "Rock's blessed

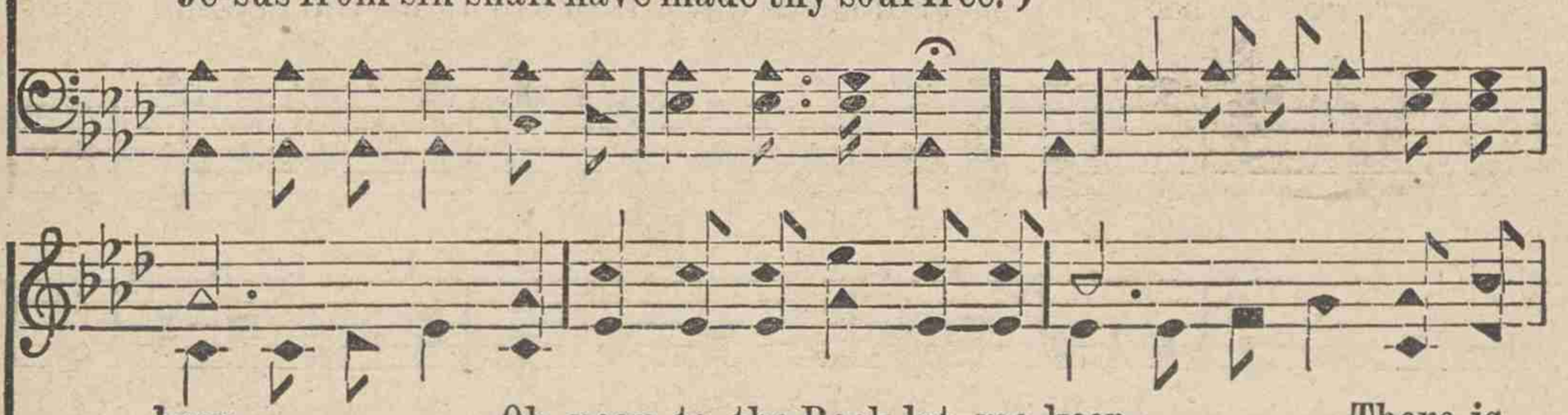


clouds o - ver-head; There's safety in Je - sus, He frees us from fear, He
stand-est a-lone; For nev - er thy Sav-iour will leave thee in dread, But
shad-ow for thee," Thy heart shall be light and thy spir - its be glad, When

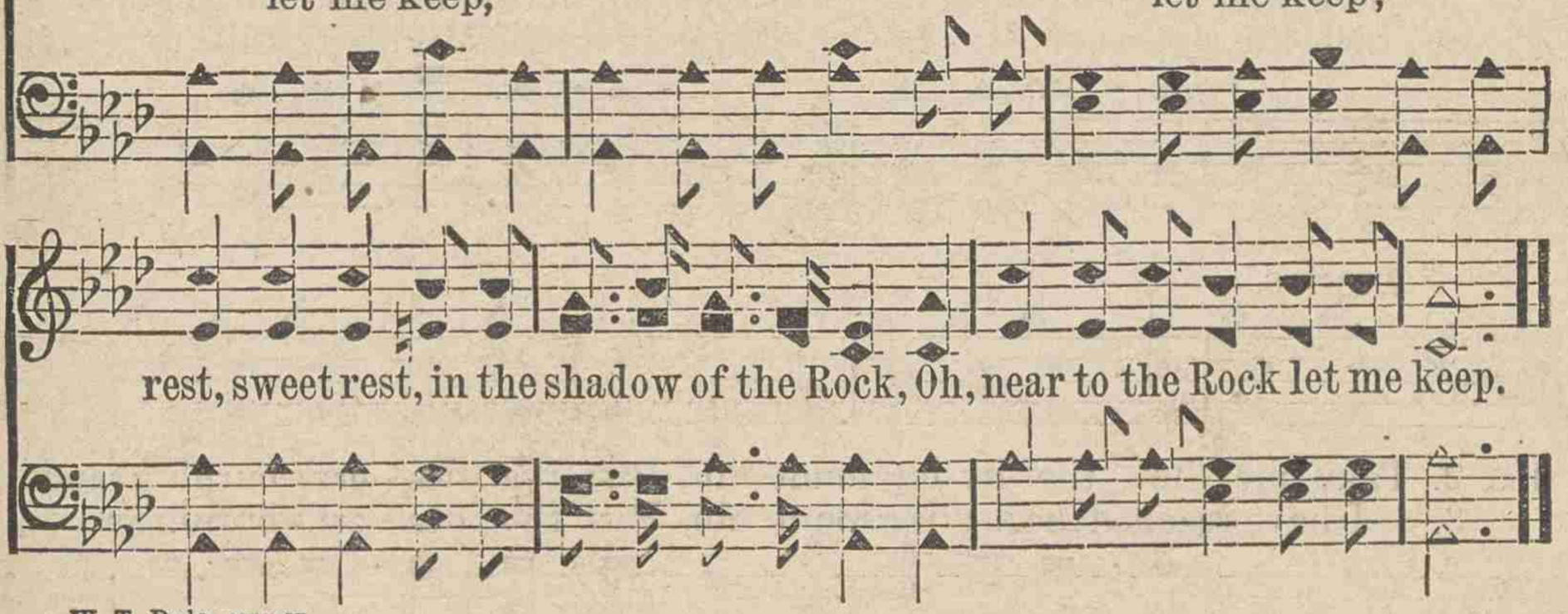


CHORUS.

gives us sweet rest and release from all dread.
comfort and cheer thee with grace from His throne.
Je-sus from sin shall have made thy soul free.
} Oh, near to the Rock let me



keep. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep; There is
let me keep, let me keep;



rest, sweet rest, in the shadow of the Rock, Oh, near to the Rock let me keep.

W. T. Dale, owner.

NOTE.—Little Johnny and his sister one day were going through a long, narrow railroad tunnel. The railroad company had built small clefts here and there through the tunnel. Johnny and his sister heard a train coming, and the sister just put her little brother in one cleft, and she hurried and hid in another. The train came thundering along, and as it passed, the sister cried out: "*Johnny, cling close to the rock! Johnny, cling close to the rock!*" and they were safe.—D. L. MOODY.

No. 52. Take Me to the Living Fountain.

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks so panteth my soul after thee, O God."—Psa. 42: 1.

Anon. W. T. Dale.

1. Take me to the liv- ing fount-ain, Where the heal- ing wa-ters flow;
2. Toil- ing in the trackless des - ert, Oft pur- sued and faint with fear;
3. Oh, the liv - ing streams of gladness, Oh, the cups of sa-cred cheer;

I am faint - ing in this des - ert, And my steps are weak and slow;
As the hart for ev - er pant - ing For the wa - ters cool and clear;
Oh, the good - ly palm trees waving, Tell me, are we drawing near?

I have heard of springs unfail - ing, Where the glo - ry cloud a- bides;
I have heard a wondrous sto - ry Of a land of rest and joy,
Now I see the sa- cred shad- ow, Gleams in light the crys-tal wave;

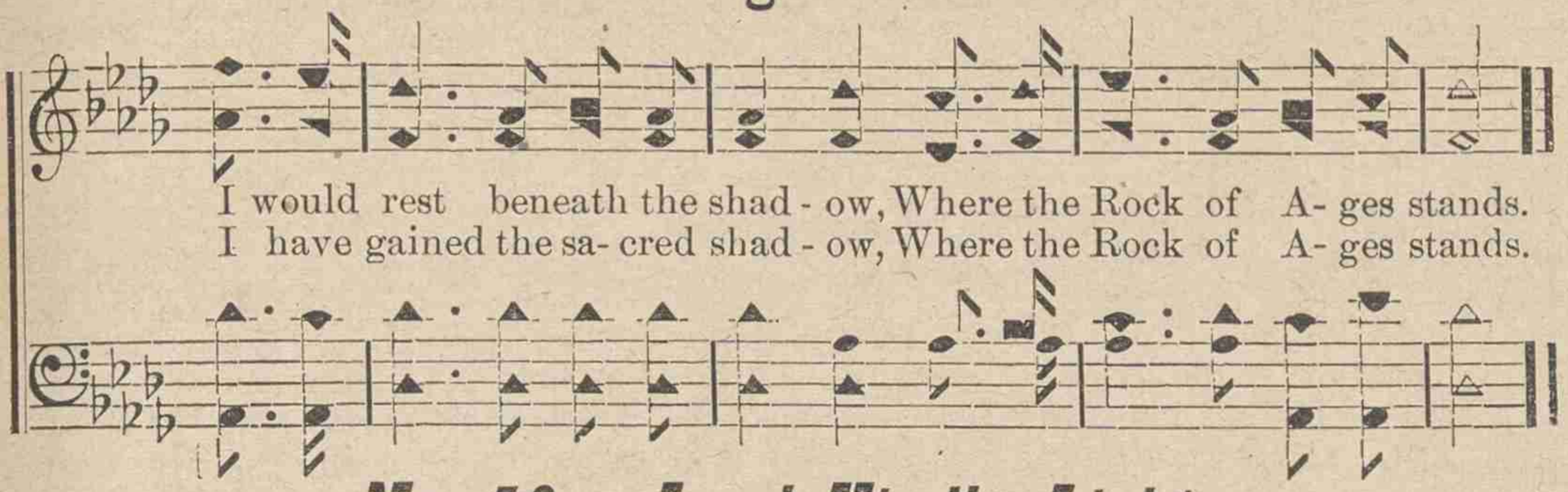
And be-neath its ho - ly shel - ter, Safe from ill the Spir- it hides.
Where the liv - ing walk in glo - ry, Naught can hurt and naught destroy.
List the strains of ho - ly rap - ture, Lives the Might- y still to save!

Chorus.

1 & 2. Take me to the liv-ing fount- ain, Past the des - ert's burning sands,
3. I have reached the healing fount- ain, Past the des - ert's burning sands,

W. T. Dale, owner.

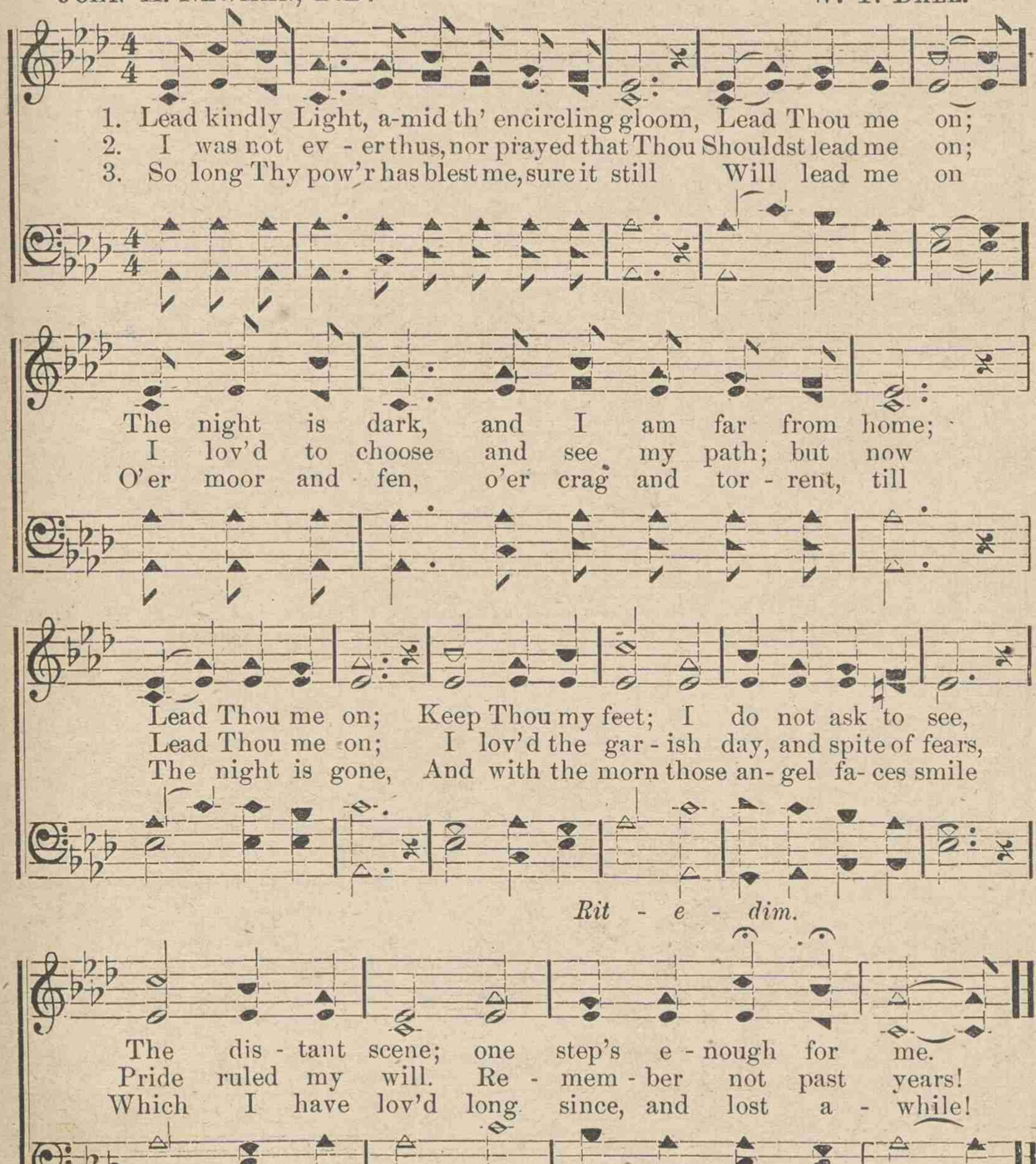
Take Me to the Living Fountain. Concluded.



No. 53. Lead Kindly Light.

President Wm. McKinley's favorite hymn.

JOHN H. NEWMAN, D.D. W. T. DALE.



No. 54. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

"For Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy."—Ps. 61: 3.

Anon. CHAS. EWD. POLLOCK.

With vigor.

From "The Beauty of Praise," No. 2. by per.

No. 55. Enter by the Blood of Jesus.

"Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus."—HEB. 10 : 19.

Rev. J. B. FOOTE. W. T. DALE.

1. The Holiest place stands o - pen wide, En-ter by the blood of Je - sus;
2. Oh, en - ter now this holi - est place, En-ter by the blood of Je - sus;
3. And here is cleans-ing full and free, En-ter by the blood of Je - sus;
4. Now here by faith you may pre- vail, En-ter by the blood of Je - sus;
5. Right here you can be sat - is - fied, En-ter by the blood of Je - sus;

The shadowing veil now hangs a - side, En-ter by the blood of Je - sus.
It's here Christ shows His shining face, En-ter by the blood of Je - sus.
And God's She - ki-nah you can see, En-ter by the blood of Je - sus.
And pass be- yond the sec - ond veil, En-ter by the blood of Je - sus.
For this is why the Sav- iour died, En-ter by the blood of Je - sus.

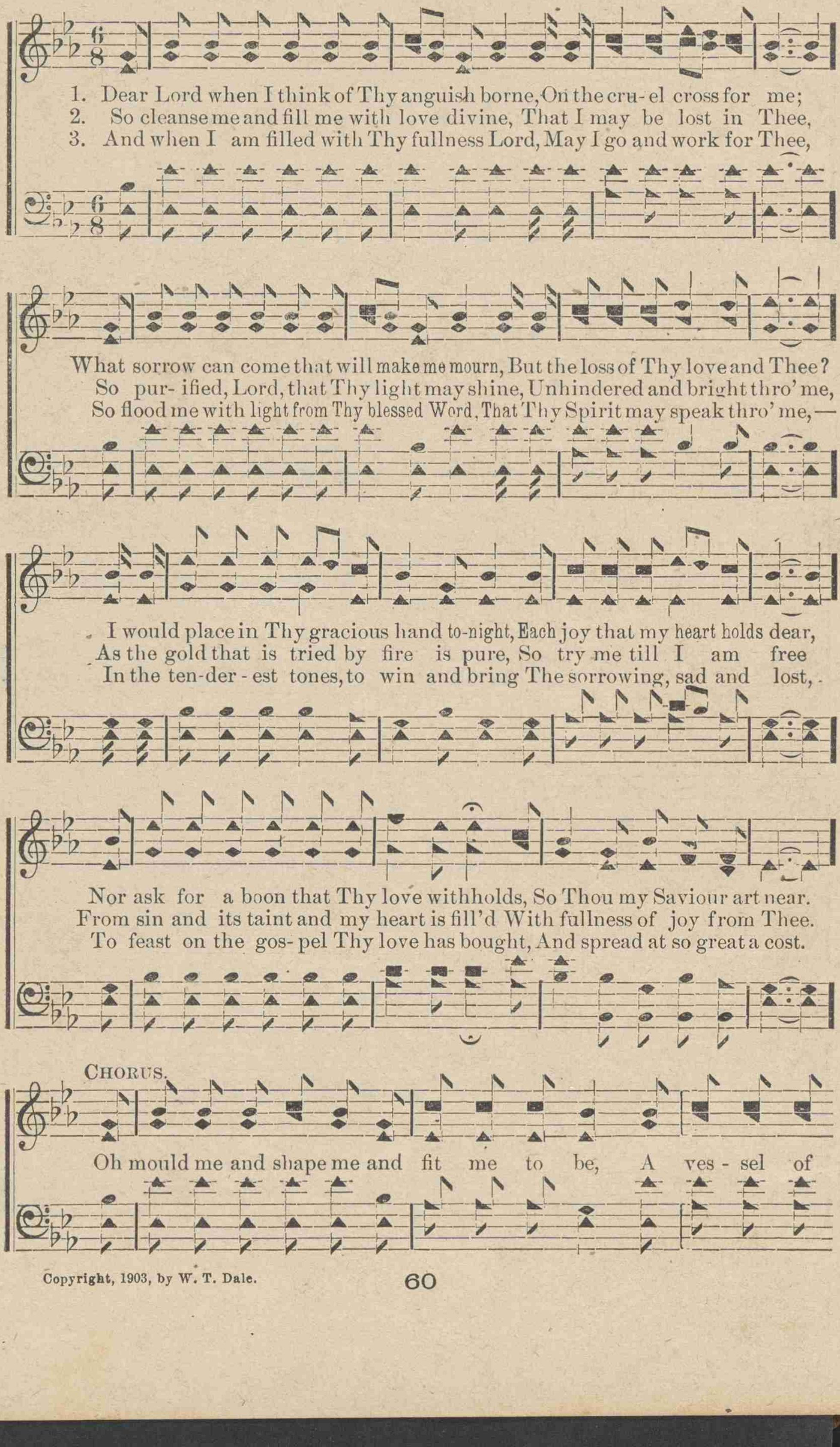
CHORUS.

Be - yond the sec - ond veil, Pure love and joy pre - vail, God's prom - ise ne'er can fail, En - ter by the blood of Je - sus.

Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.
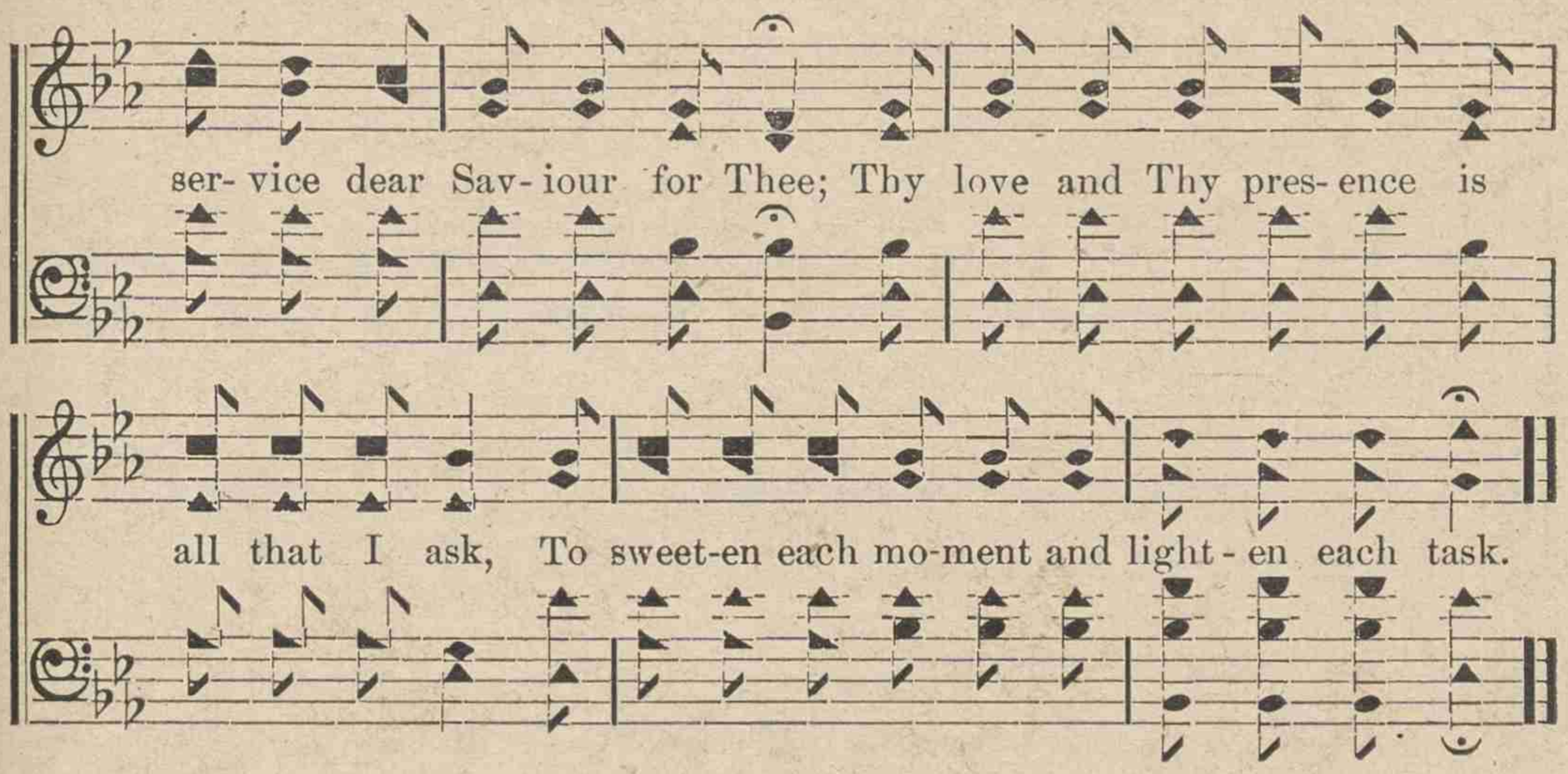
No. 56. All-Sufficient Love.

Mrs. MAY ANDERSON HAWKINS. W. T. DALE.
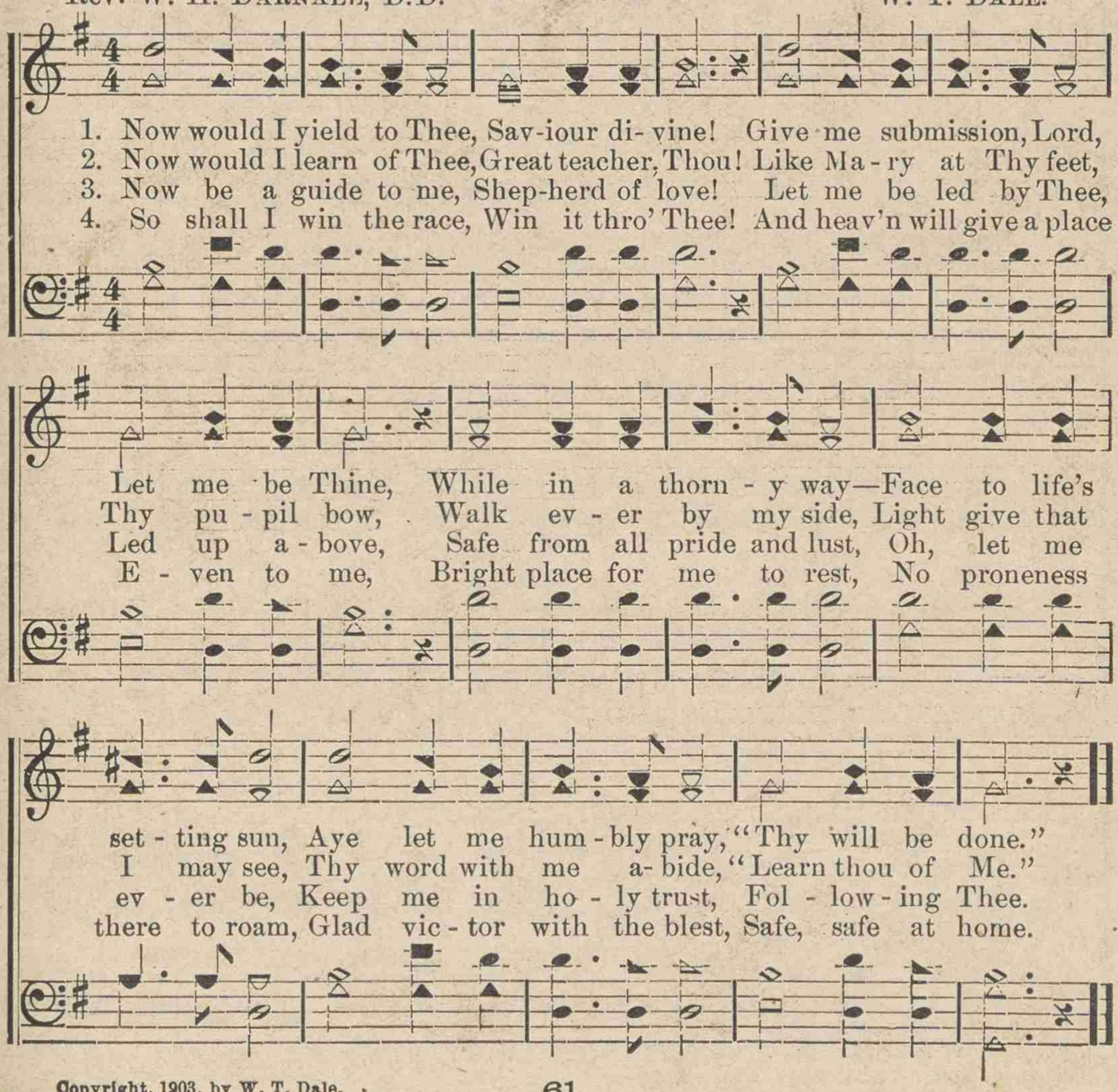


Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

All-Sufficient Love. Concluded.



No. 57. "Thy Will be Done."

Rev. W. H. DARNALL, D.D. MATT. 26: 42. W. T. DALE.



Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 58. Speak to Me, Jesus.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend."—Ex. 33: 11.

L. L. P. Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in tend - 'rest tone;
2. Speak to Thy chil - dren ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way;
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst re - veal Thy will;

Whisper in lov-ing kind-ness: "Thou art not left a - lone." O - pen my
Fill them with joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in
Let me know all my du - ty, Let me Thy law ful - fill. Lead me to

heart to hear Thee, Quickly to hear Thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with
con - se - cra - tion Yield their whole lives to Thee, Hast-en Thy com - ing
glo - ri - fy Thee, Help me to show Thy praise, Glad-ly to do Thy
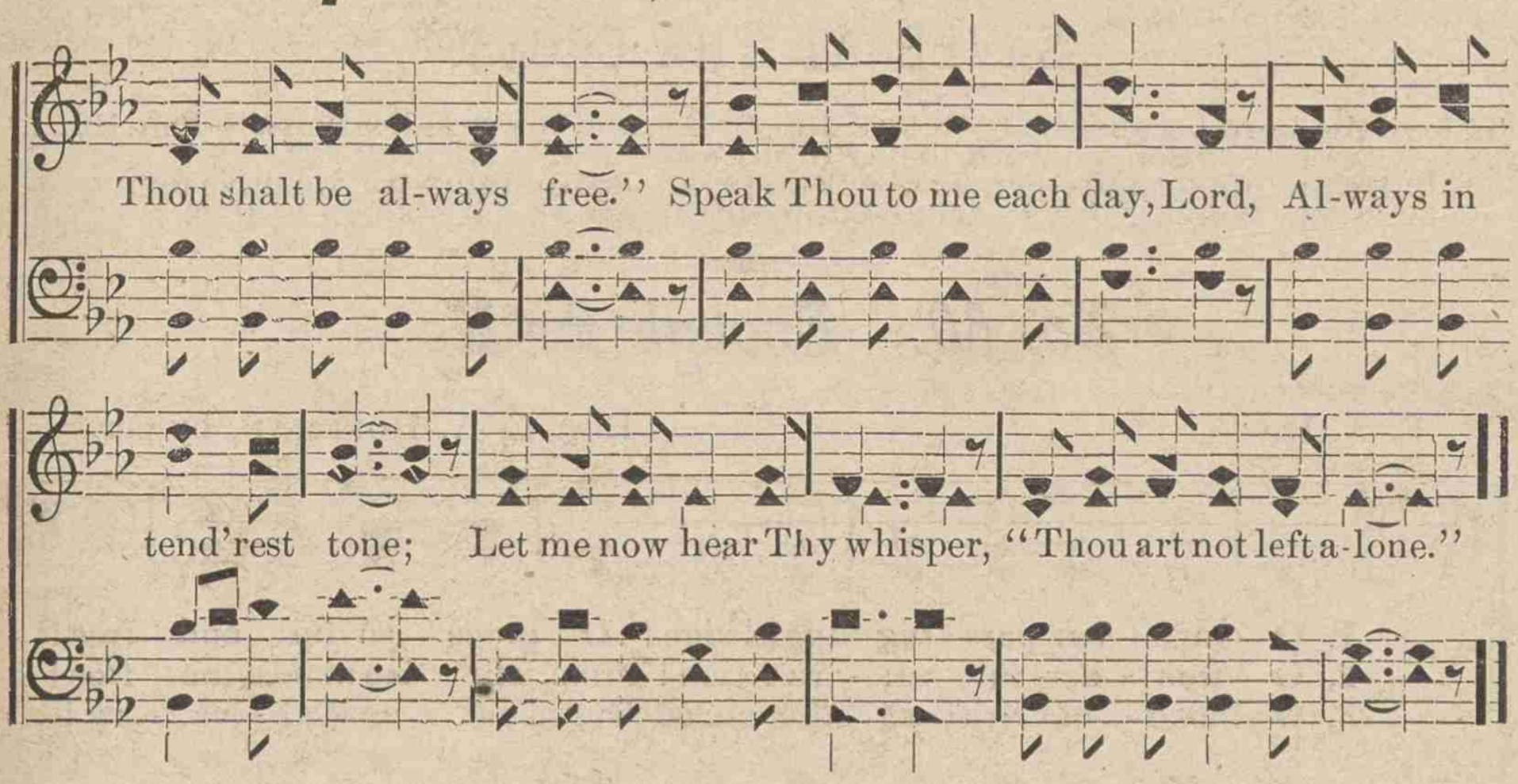
CHORUS.

prais - es, Let me in Thee re - joice.
king-dom, Till our dear Lord we see.
bid-ding, Hon-or Thee all my days.
} Speak Thou in soft - est whispers,

Whispers of love to me; "Thou shalt be al - ways conq -'ror,

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

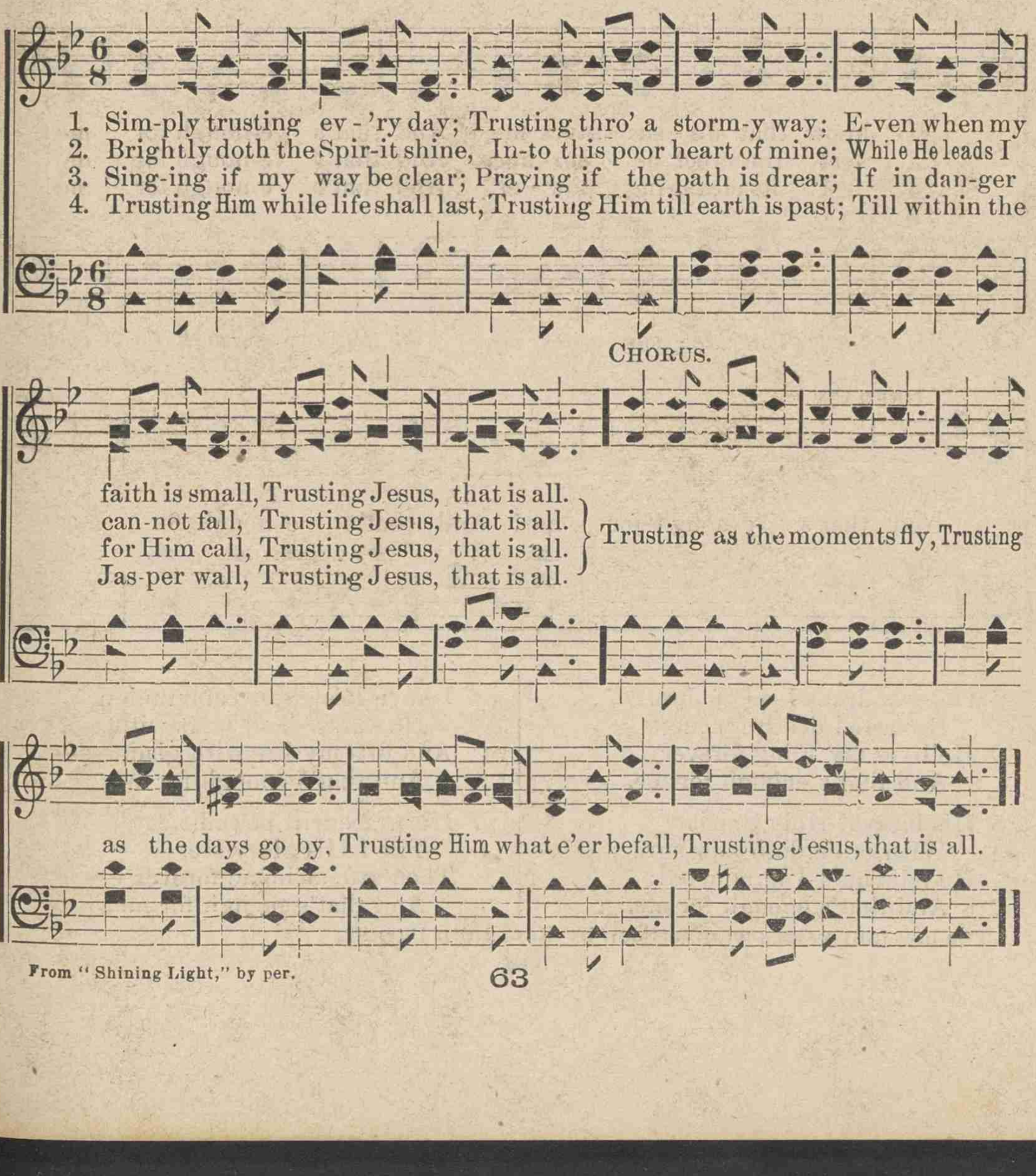
Speak to Me, Jesus. Concluded.



No. 59. Trusting Jesus, That is All.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."—Job 13: 15.

Edgar Page. J. H. Tenney.



From "Shining Light," by per.

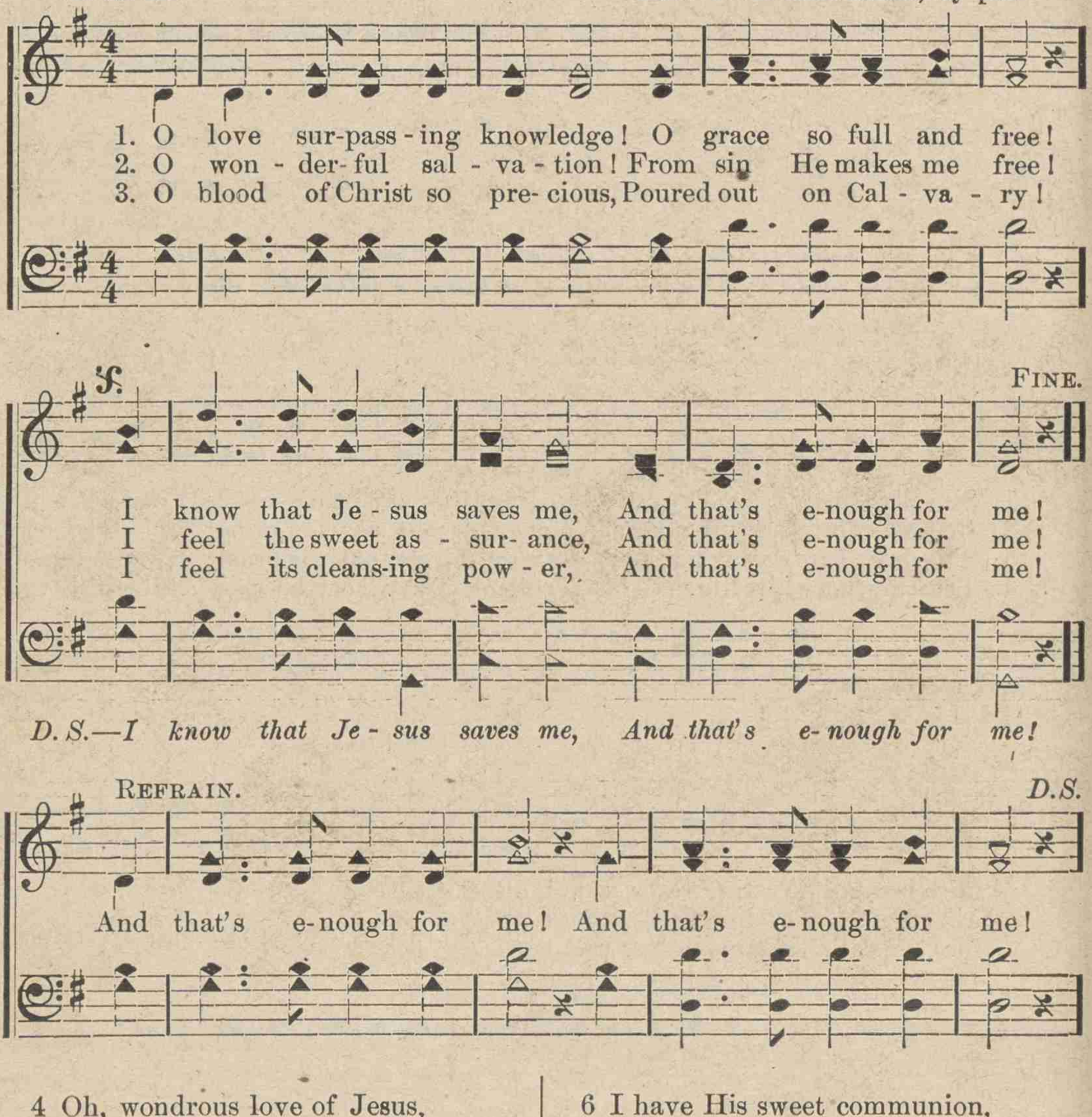
PART V.

SAVED AT THE CROSS.

"I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice and my supplications."—PSA. 116 : 1.
"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21 : 28.
" He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, we have found the Messias. * * * And he brought him to Jesus."—JOHN 1 : 41-42.

No. 60. Enough for Me.

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



4 Oh, wondrous love of Jesus,
He tasted death for me;
He lives my King forever,
And that's enough for me.

5 His blessed Holy Spirit
With mine doth now agree;
He tells me--I'm adopted:
And that's enongh for me.

6 I have His sweet communion,
He walks—and talks with me,
And fills my life with gladness—
And that's enough for me.
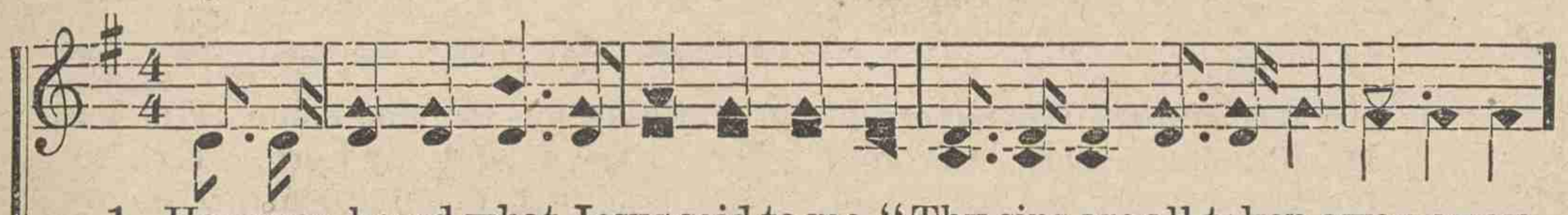
7 His grace will be sufficient,
Till I His glory see,
Then safe at home forever—
And that's enough for me.

The last four verses were written by Rev. John Parker.
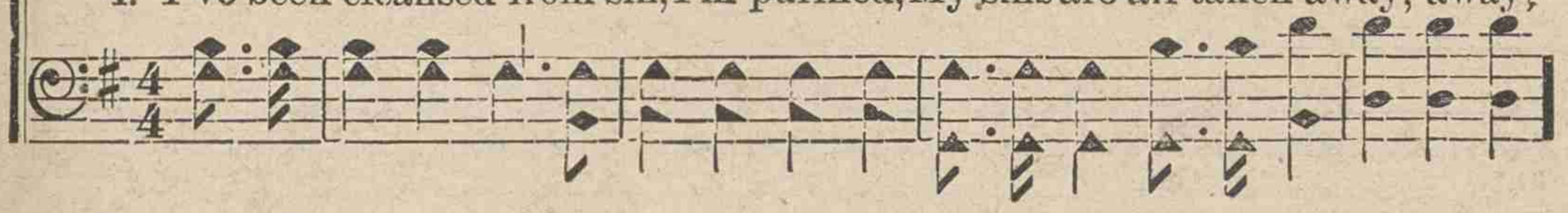
No. 61. My Sins are All Taken Away.
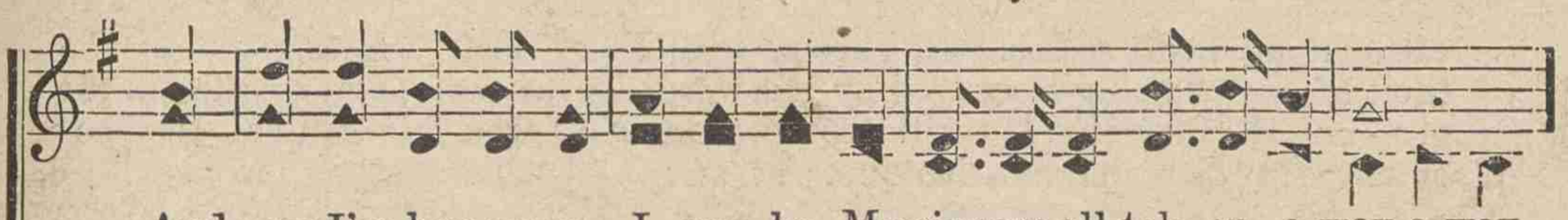
"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN 1: 7.

Arr. by W. T. D. Rev. WM. T. DALE.
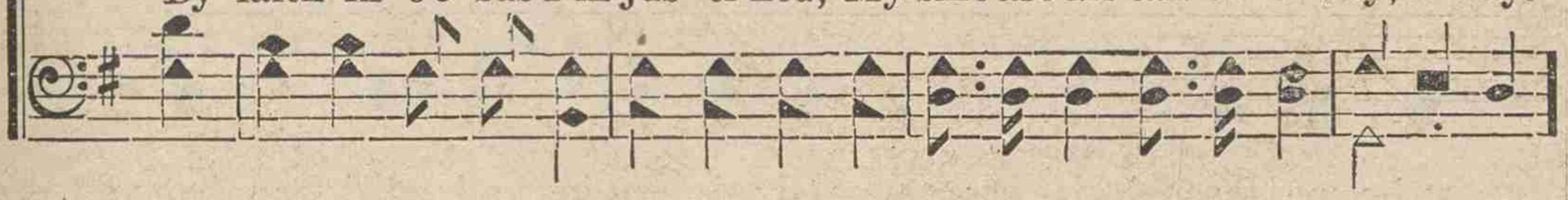


1. Have you heard what Jesus said to me, "Thy sins are all taken away, away,
2. Praise the Lord for grace so free and full, My sins are all taken away, away,
3. See the cleansing streams of Mercy flow, My sins are all taken a-way, away,
4. I've been cleansed from sin, I'm purified, My sins are all taken away, away,
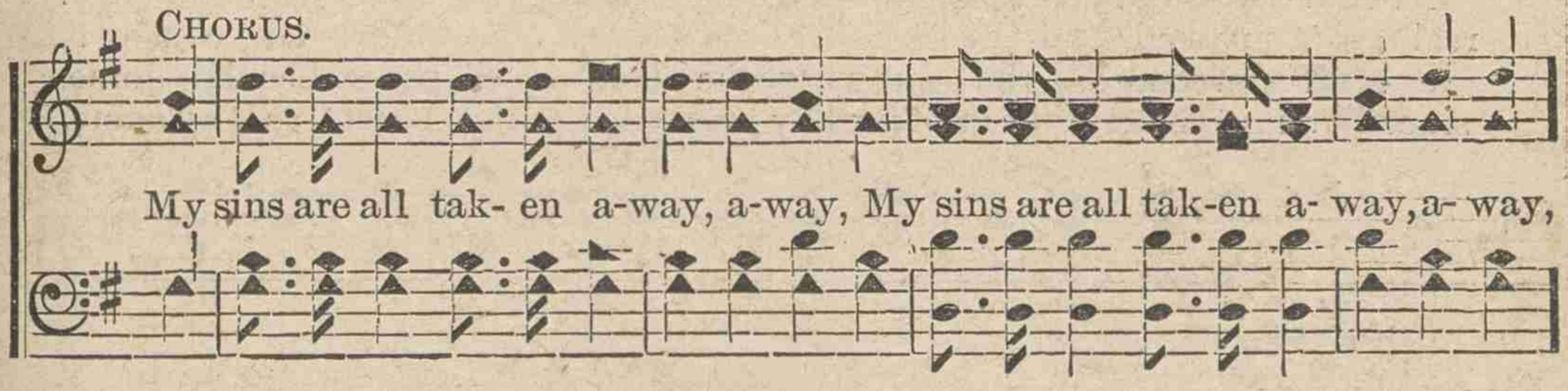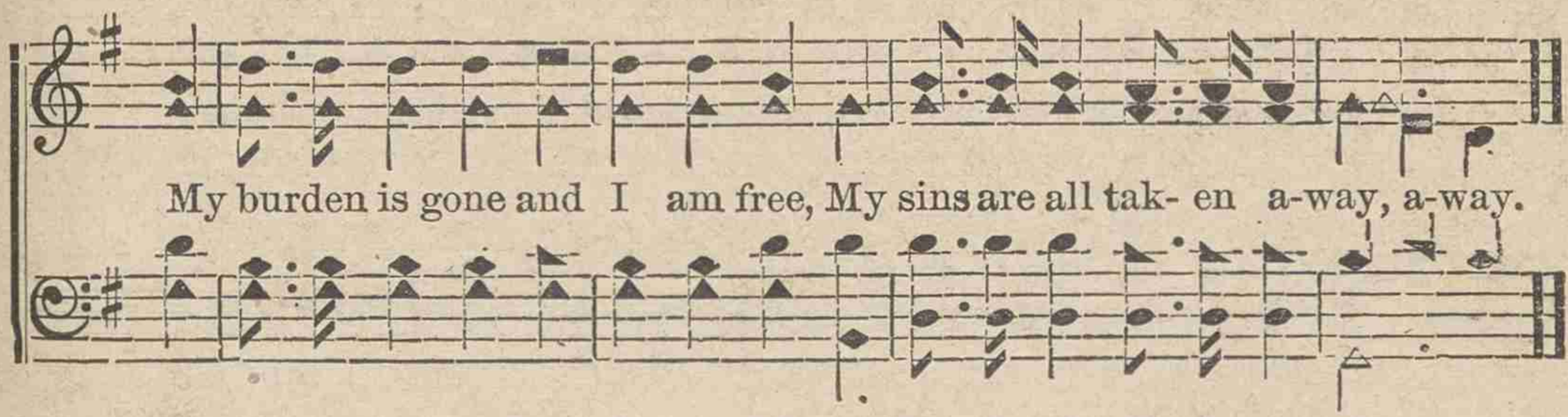




And now I'm hap-py as I can be, My sins are all tak- en a-way, a-way.
Tho' once like crimson they're now as wool, My sins are all taken away, away.
Tho' once like scarlet, they're white as snow, My sins are all taken away, away.
By faith in Je- sus I'm jus- ti-fied, My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way.



CHORUS.



My sins are all tak- en a-way, a-way, My sins are all tak-en a- way, a- way,



My burden is gone and I am free, My sins are all tak- en a-way, a-way.

5 Oh, the crimson tide has cleansed my soul,
My sins are all taken away,
The blood of Jesus has made me whole,
My sins are all taken away.

6 And the Spirit witnessing to me,
"Thy sins are all taken away,"
Now gives assurance of victory,
My sins are all taken away.

7 So I praise the Lord, as on I go,
My sins are all taken away,
My soul is happy, for I do know,
My sins are all taken away.

8 When we meet around the throne above,
My sins are all taken away,
We'll sing in heaven Redeeming Love,
My sins are all taken away.

Copyright, 1894, by Wm. T. Dale.

No. 62. He Has Come.

Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. He has come! He has come! my Re-deem - er has come, He has
2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord, Ev - 'ry
3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi - est heart, He has
4. He has come! to a- bide and ho - ly must be The

tak - en my heart as His own chos-en home; At last I have giv - en the
tho't of my be - ing is swayed by His word; He has come! and He rules in the
giv - en His word that He will not depart: No trou- ble can en - ter, no
place where my Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my pray-er, Lord,

wel-come He sought, He has come and His com-ing all glad-ness has bro't.
realm of my soul, And His scep - tre is love, O bless - ed control!
e - vil can come To the heart where the God of peace has His home.
since Thou art come, Make meet for Thy pres- ence my heart as Thy home.

CHORUS.

Joy! joy is mine, My Saviour divine, Comes to abide with me, with me;
abide with me,

Rit.

Comes to a-bide, ev-er to a-bide, My own loving Saviour a - bid-eth with me.
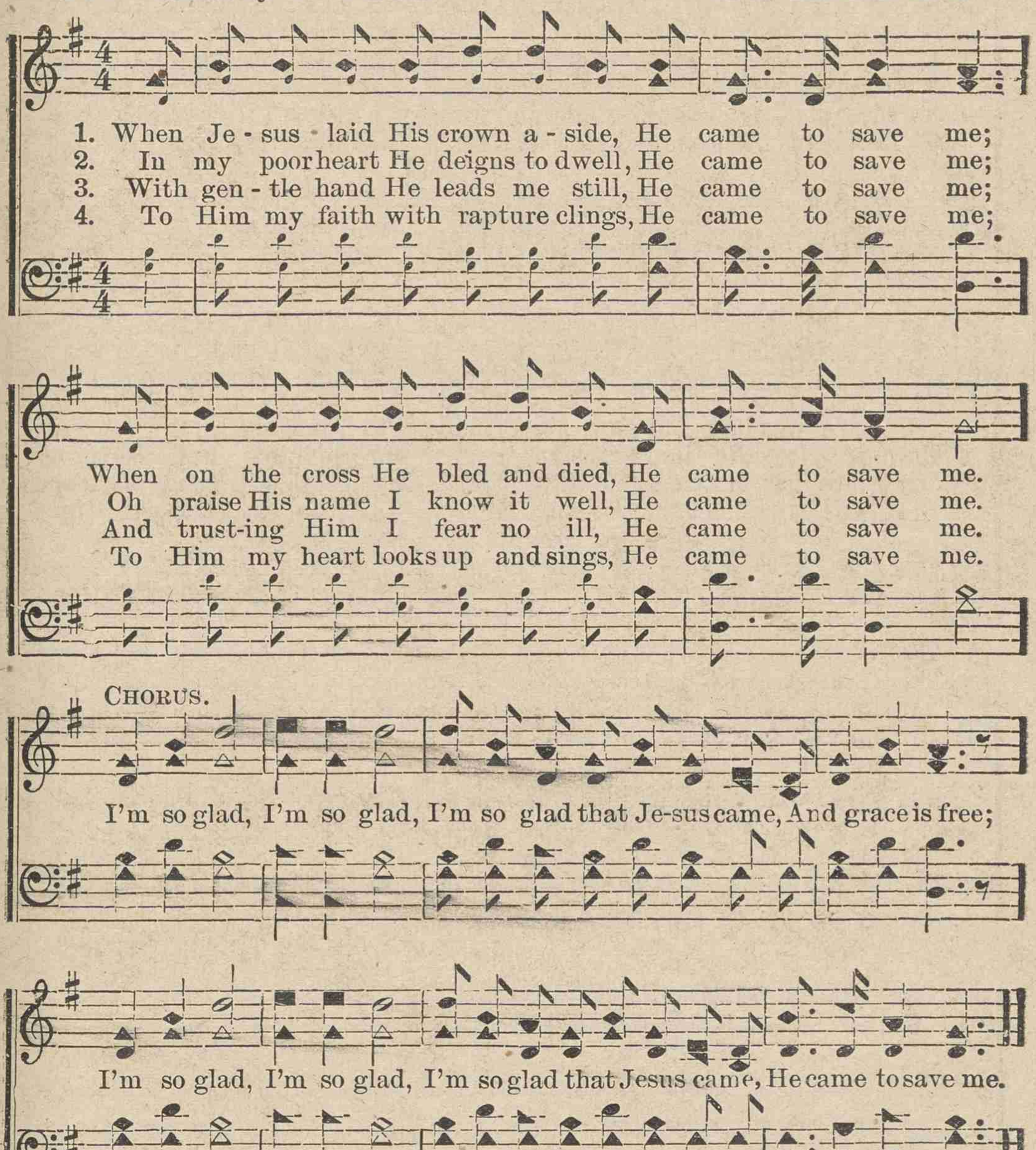
Copyright, 1882, by Joseph F, Knapp. Used by per.

No. 63. He Came to Save Me.

"For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost."—MATT. 19: 11.

HARRIET E. BLAIR.
Last 4 stanzas by W. T. DALE.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



5 In my temptations here I'll sing,
He came to save me;
When trials come to Him I'll cling,
He came to save me.

6 And when I bow my head in death,
He came to save me;
I'll shout with my expiring breath,
He came to save me.

7 I'll shout His praises here below,
He came to save me;
And when to heaven I shall go,
He came to save me.

8 I'll sing His praise forever more,
He came to save me;
His precious name I will adore,
He came to save me.
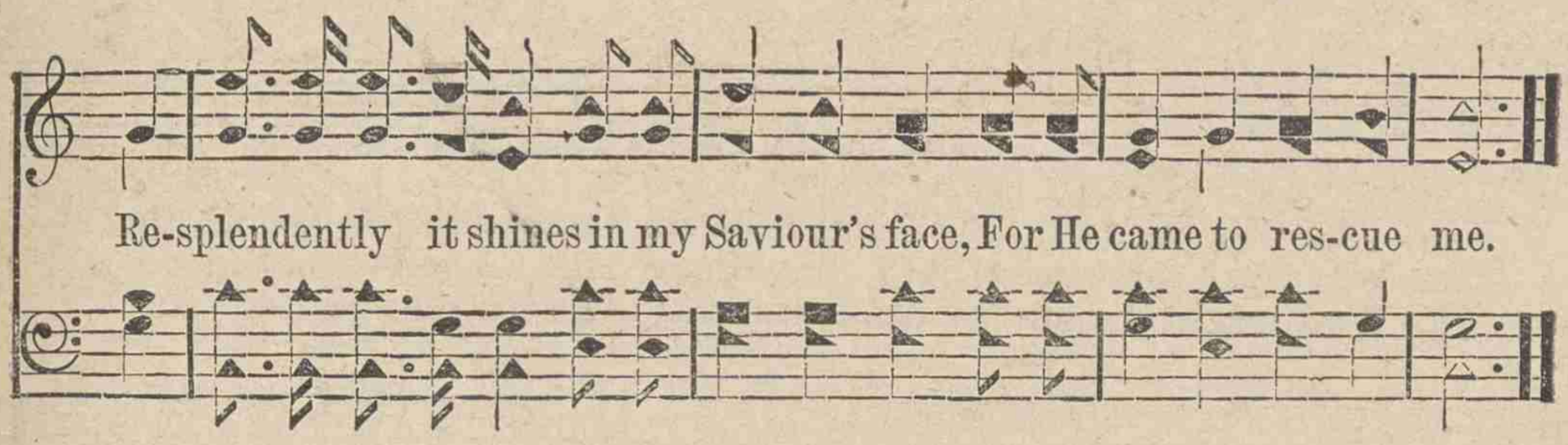
Copyright, 1885, by W. J. Kirkpatrick, used by per.

No. 64. He Came to Rescue Me.

Rev. J. NEWTON. Ref. by E. R. E. ROBERTS.

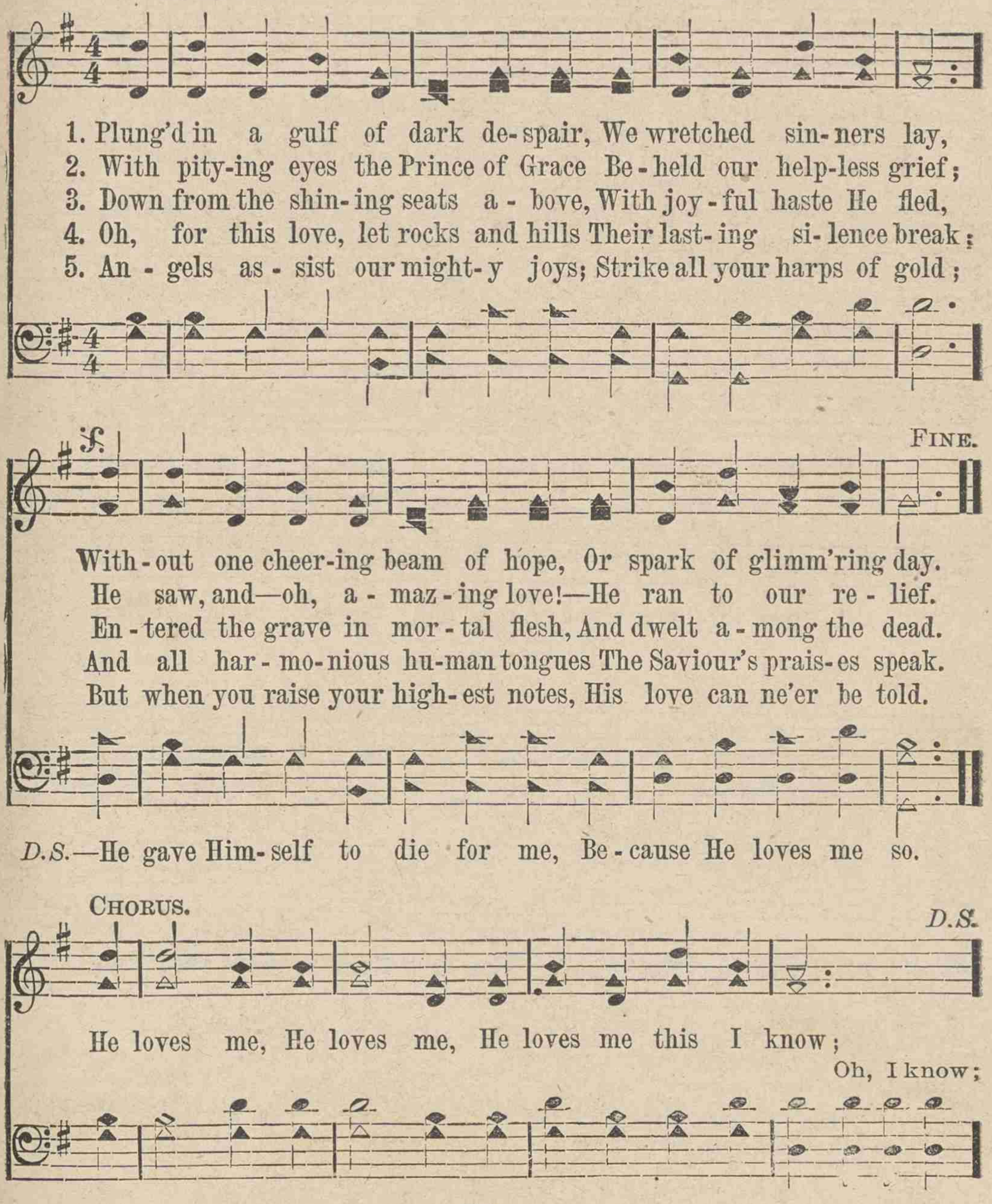
From "Perenial Songs," per. granted to W. T. Dale by Edward Roberts

He Came to Rescue Me (Concluded).



No. 65. He Loves Me.

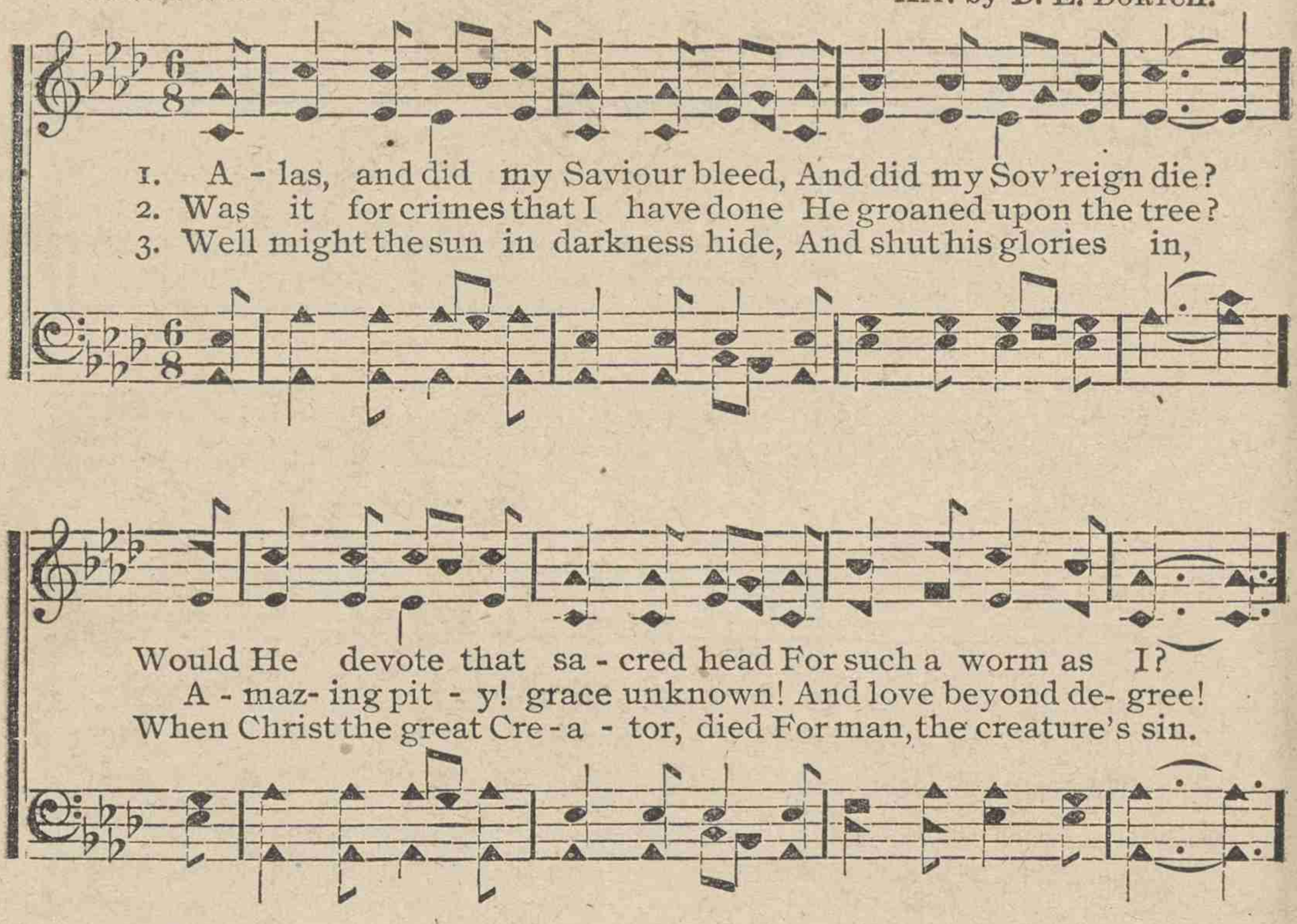
Rev. I. WATTS, D.D. Arr. by W. T. DALE, D.D.
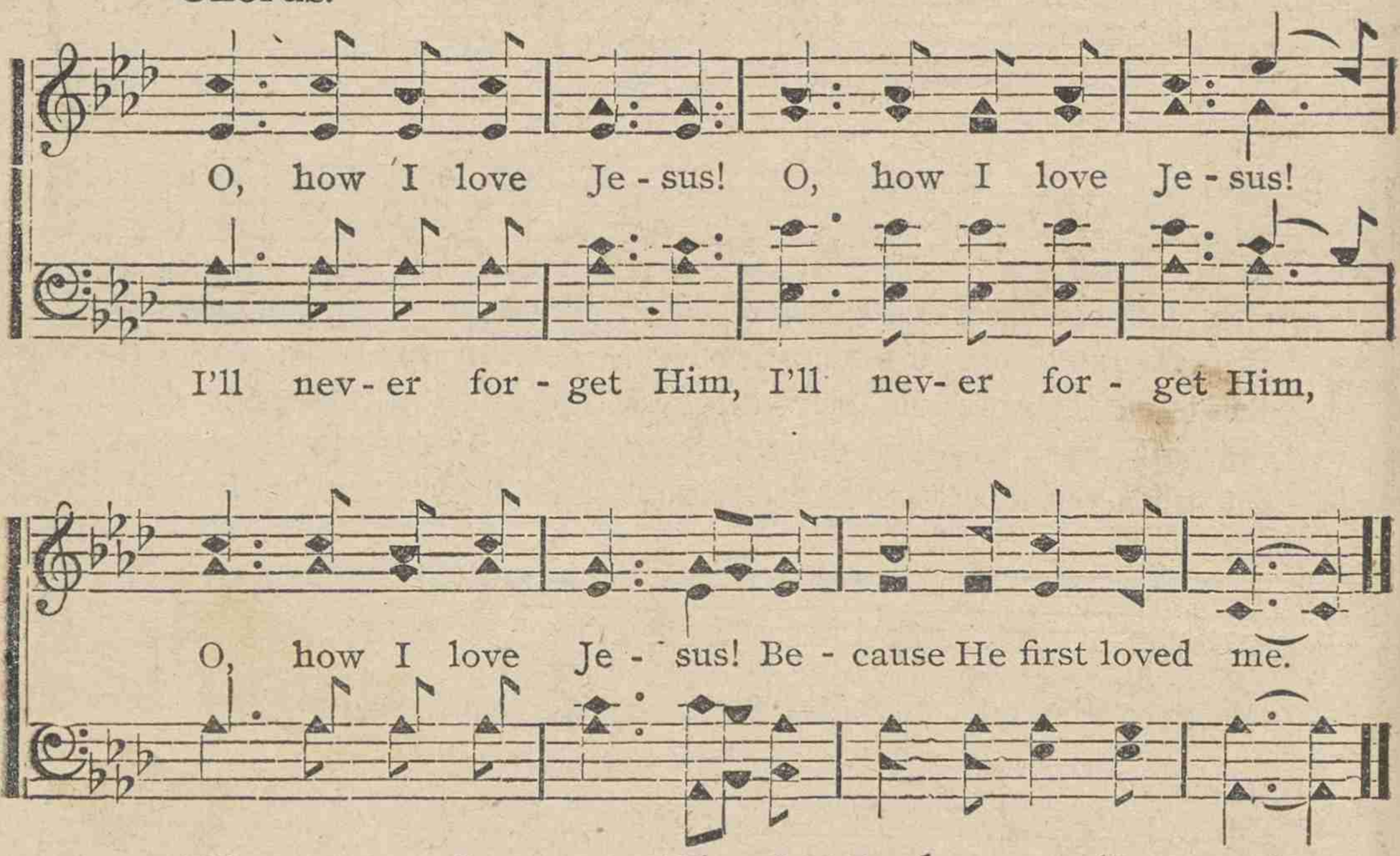


CHORUS.

No. 66. O How I Love Jesus.

Rev. I. WATTS. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



Chorus.



4

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt, my eyes, to tears.

5

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 67. Hallelujah, I'm Saved.

"Saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation."—Isa. 45 : 17.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY. W. T. DALE, D.D.

1. How hap-py are they, Who their Saviour o - bey, And have laid up their treasures a - bove; Tongue can never express, The sweet comfort and peace,
2. That comfort was mine, When the favor di-vine, I first found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart it believed, What a joy I received,
3. 'Twas a heav-en be-low. My Re-deem-er to know, And the an-gels could do noth-ing more, Than to fall at His feet, And the sto - ry re-peat,
4. Je - sus all the day long, Was my joy and my song, Oh, that all His sal - va-tion might see; "He hath loved me" I cried, "He hath suffered and died,
5. On the wings of His love, I was carried a - bove All sin and temp- ta- tion and pain, I could not be-lieve, That I ever should grieve,
6. Oh, the rap-turous height, Of that ho - ly delight, Which I felt in the life- giv-ing blood; Of my Saviour possessed, I was per-fect-ly blest,

CHORUS.

Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
What a heav- en in Je - sus' sweet name.
And the Lov - er of sin-ners a - dore."
To re-deem a poor reb - el like me.
That I ev - er should suf-fer a - gain.
As if filled with the fullness of God.

Hal - le - lu-jah, I'm sav'd!

Hal-le- lu-jah, I'm sav'd! Hal-le- lu-jah, I'm sav'd! Thro' the blood of the Lamb.

W. T. Dale, owner.

No. 68. Jesus of Nazareth.

"Is not this the carpenter's son?"—MATT. 13: 55. See also MARK 6: 3.

This hymn is supposed to have been written about 200 years ago, but not published then.

An English Hymn. W. T. DALE.

1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God, And knew not the
2. I oft read with pleas-ure to soothe or en-gage, The won-der-ful
3. When free grace a-woke me by light from on high, I cried, "Je-sus
4. My ter-rors all van-ished be-fore that sweet name, My guilt-y fears
5. E'en tread-ing the val-ley and shad-ow of death, This watch-word shall

dan-ger-ous path that I trod; Tho' friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
truths of the God given page, But when I saw pictured the blood on the tree,
save me, oh, save or I die!" He saw my deep sor-row, He answered my plea,
banished, with boldness I came To drink of the fountain, life-giving and free,
ral-ly my faltering breath, For while from life's burdens my God sets me free,

REFRAIN.

Je-sus of Naz'reth was nothing to me. Nothing to me, noth-ing to me,
Je-sus of Naz'reth seem'd something to me. Something to me, something to me,
Je-sus of Naz'reth was something to me. Something to me, something to me,
Je-sus of Naz'reth was all things to me. All things to me, all things to me,
Je-sus of Naz'reth my comfort shall be. Comfort shall be, com-fort shall be,

No, Je-sus of Naz'reth was noth-ing to me; Noth-ing to me, no,
Yes, Je-sus of Naz'reth seem'd something to me; Something to me, yes,
Yes, Je-sus of Naz'reth was something to me; Something to me, yes,
Yes, Je-sus of Naz'reth was all things to me; All things to me, yes,
Yes, Je-sus of Naz'reth my comfort shall be; Comfort shall be, yes,

Jesus of Nazareth. Concluded.

noth-ing to me, Je - sus of Naz-'reth was noth-ing to me.
something to me, Je - sus of Naz-'reth seem'd something to me.
something to me, Je - sus of Naz-'reth was something to me.
all things to me, Je - sus of Naz-'reth was all things to me.
com-fort shall be, Je - sus of Naz-'reth my com-fort shall be.

No. 69. None of Self and All of Thee.

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

Words arr. from MONOD. D. E. DORTCH.

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

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

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

Copyright, 1885, by D. E. Dortch.

No. 70. The Ninety and Nine.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. Luke 15 : 4-7. W. T. DALE, D. D.

1. There were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shel - ter of the fold,
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine, Are they not e-nough for Thee?"
3. But none of the ransomed ever knew How deep were the waters crossed;
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the moun-tain's track?"
5. Far up the mountains, thunder-riven, From the side of the rocky steep,

But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of gold—
But the Shepherd replied, "This one of mine Has wandered away from me;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
They were shed for one who had gone astray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.
There arose a glad shout to the gate of heav'n, "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"

A - way on the mountains wild and bare, A - way from the Shepherd's
The way may be wild and rough and steep, I go to the des- ert to
Away in the des-ert He heard its cry, So fee-ble and helpless and
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to-night by
And the angels echoed around the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings

Rit-e-dim.

ten - der care, A - way from the Shep- herd's ten - der care.
find my sheep, I go to the des - ert to find my sheep."
read-y to die, So fee - ble and help-less and read - y to die.
ma-ny a thorn," They are pierced to - night by ma - ny a thorn."
back His own," "Re - joice, for the Lord brings back His own.

No. 71. "I Have Launched My Ship To-night."

W. T. D. "Launch out into the deep."—Luke 5: 4. W. T. DALE, D.D.

1. I have heard the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus to-night, How He left the bright mansions a - bove; How He came to re-deem me from
2. I have lin-gered too long on the wild rock - y coasts, Where the shores are all lone-ly and bare; I've de-layed to embark for the
3. Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus, who saves me from sin, By the death that He died on the tree; For the grace of His Spir-it a -
4. On the o - cean of love He was first to em-bark, On His mis - sion of mer-cy and love; "When He came to the shores of in -
5. Will you, sin-ners, now launch out your ship and set sail, For that cit - y re-splendent with light Ere you're caught in the waves of the

er - ror and blight, And to fill my poor heart with His love.
heav - en - ly ports, But I'll sail for that coun-try so fair.
bid - ing with - in, Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm free.
i - qui - ty dark," To light us and lead us a - bove.
judg - ment gale, And are wreck'd in e - ter - ni - ty's night?

CHORUS.

My compass is set and my sails they are spread, I'll sail for that city of light;
And out on the ocean all boundless I'll ride, "I have launched my ship to-night."

W. T. Dale, owner.

NOTE.—A fine looking stranger, after hearing a little maiden give testimony of "Our Father's love," at a Sabbath night meeting in the Pacific Garden in Chicago, was truly converted, and on leaving said "*I have launched my ship to-night.*"

No. 72. I Have Been to the Cross.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT, by per.

1. I have been to the cross, Where my Saviour bled and died; To a -
2. I have been to the cross. I've embraced the precious Lord; All my
3. I have been to the cross, I've obtained His precious love; And I

tone for my sins, He was scourged and crucified: There, with thorns His head was crown'd,
par-don complete, I am trusting in His word: Hal-le - lu - jah to His name,
cher - ish the hope, Of a glorious crown above: Oh, the joy I can't for-get,

All the world on Him had frown'd, But for me the balm was found, With His
I am free from guilt and shame; And I'll tell a-broad His fame, Be His
Which in Je-sus' love is met, I am lean-ing on Him yet, And in

CHORUS.

precious blood applied.
precious name a dored.
Him I live and move.

} Glo - ry! glo-ry! I am sing-ing all the day;

He is mine, and I am His, And I'll trust Him all the way.

Copyright, 1896, by J. H. Kurzenknabe.

No. 73. I've Been Washed in the Blood.

Answer to, "Are you washed in the Blood?"

W. T. D. W. T. DALE, D. D.

1. I am just from Je-sus, who has cleansed my soul, I've been washed in the
2. I am dai-ly trusting Je-sus, at my side, I've been washed in the
3. I am working in the vineyard of the Lord, I've been washed in the
4. I am list'ning now to hear the Bridegroom's voice, I've been washed in the
5. Yes, I'm watching for the coming of my Lord, I've been washed in the

blood of the Lamb; By the blood of Je-sus I have been made whole,
blood of the Lamb; I am sweet-ly rest-ing in the Cru-ci-fied,
blood of the Lamb; I am trust-ing in the promise of His word,
blood of the Lamb; How His com-ing will each faithful heart re-joice,
blood of the Lamb; He will come ac-cord-ing to His faith-ful word,

CHORUS.

I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb. I've been washed, I've been in the blood,
washed, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb; And my robe is in the blood, of the Lamb;
spotless, it is white as snow, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb. of the Lamb.

No. 74. I'm Satisfied with Jesus Here.

W. E. CATLIN. Cho. by B. BOOTH. W. T. DALE, D. D.

1. I've found the pearl of greatest price, More precious far than gold; No jew-el
2. He is so precious now to me, The fair-est of the fair; There's not a
3. The sun can nev-er shine so fair, He's brighter than the day; His presence

has been found so bright, His wealth can ne'er be told: The rose of Sharon bright and
thing in heav'n or earth, That can with Him compare; He's power, glory, and has
fills my heart with joy, And drives all care a-way, To know He is my dearest

pure, The fair-est from a-bove No earth-ly jew-el is so fair, He's
wealth, He did redemption bring, My Friend, my Comforter, my Guide, My
friend, My pres-ent help in need, Is all my heart could wish for here, 'Tis

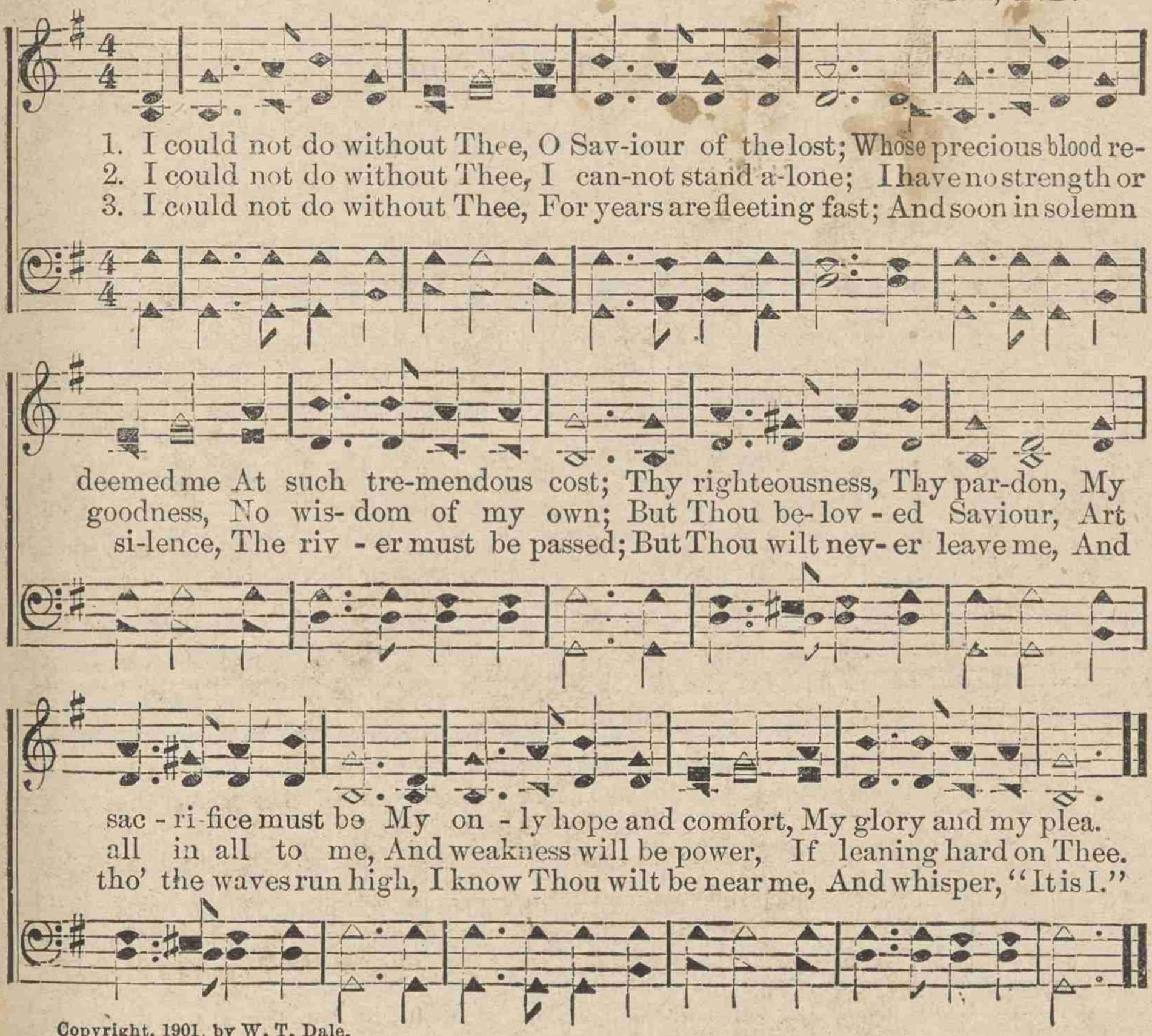
CHORUS.

God's own gift of love.
Sav-iour and my King.
hap-pi-ness in-deed.
} I'm sat-is-fied with Je-sus here, He's ev-'ry-

thing to me; His dy-ing love has won my heart, And now He sets me free.

No. 75. I Could Not Do Without Thee.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL. W. T. DALE, D.D.



Copyright, 1901, by W. T. Dale.

No. 76. A Pilgrim Stranger. 7s & 6s.

HEB. 11 : 13.

Tune, "I Could Not Do Without Thee."

1 I am a pilgrim stranger,
I'm seeking for my home;
A home beyond the river,
Where surges cease to foam;
This world is full of troubles,
And trials all the way,
But glorious mansions wait me
In realms of endless day.

2 There golden fruits are waving
Upon the heavenly trees;
And odors sweet and fragrant,
Are borne on every breeze;
No chilling blasts of winter,
Shall blight the joys above,
Nor sickness ever enter,
That home of light and love.

3 There Jesus waits to welcome,
And crown me with the blest,
Oh, when shall I be near Him,
And on His bosom rest?
Blest Saviour, I am coming
To swell the ranks above,
And sing the joyful anthem
Of sweet redeeming love.

4 I have some friends in Heaven,
That land of light and song;
Oh, when shall I be with them,
And swell the blissful throng?
Lo, then in Eden's palace,
I'd ever make my home,
And here a lonely pilgrim,
I never more should roam.

W. T. DALE.
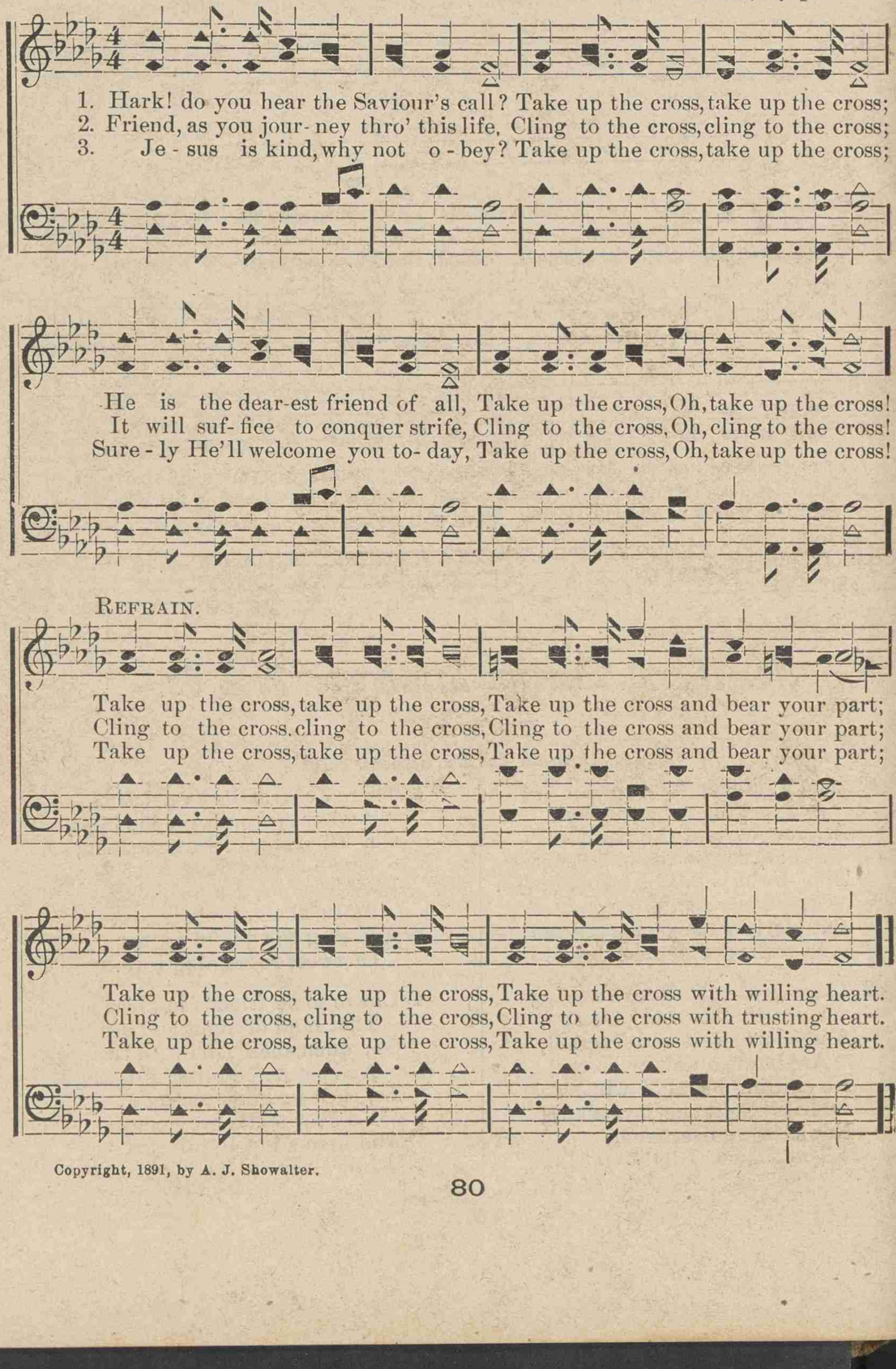
PART VI

TAKING UP THE CROSS.

No. 77. Take Up the Cross.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me."—LUKE 9 : 23.

AMANDA SMILEY. J. F. KING, by per.

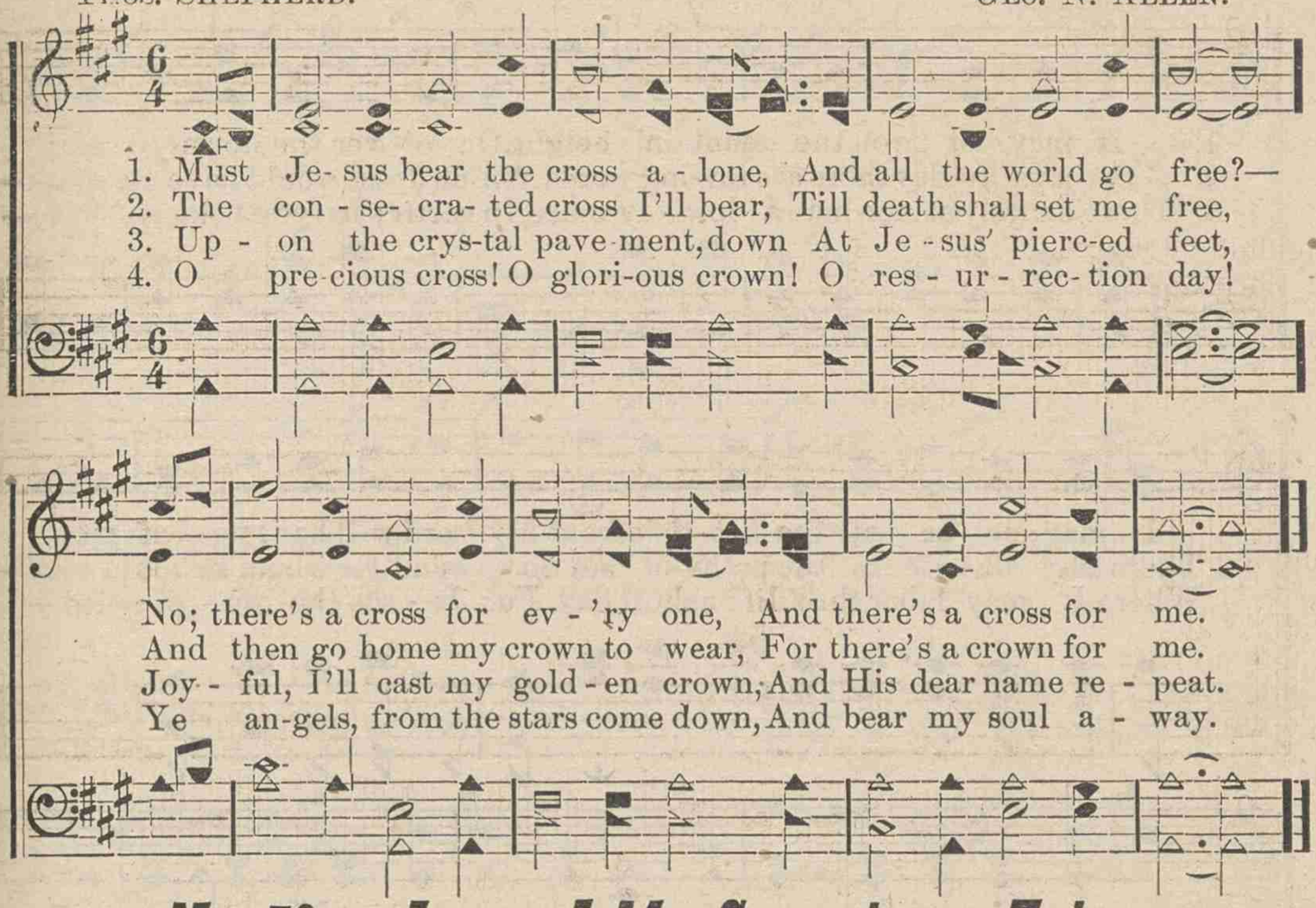


Copyright, 1891, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 78. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

"And he bearing his cross went forth."—JOHN 19: 17.
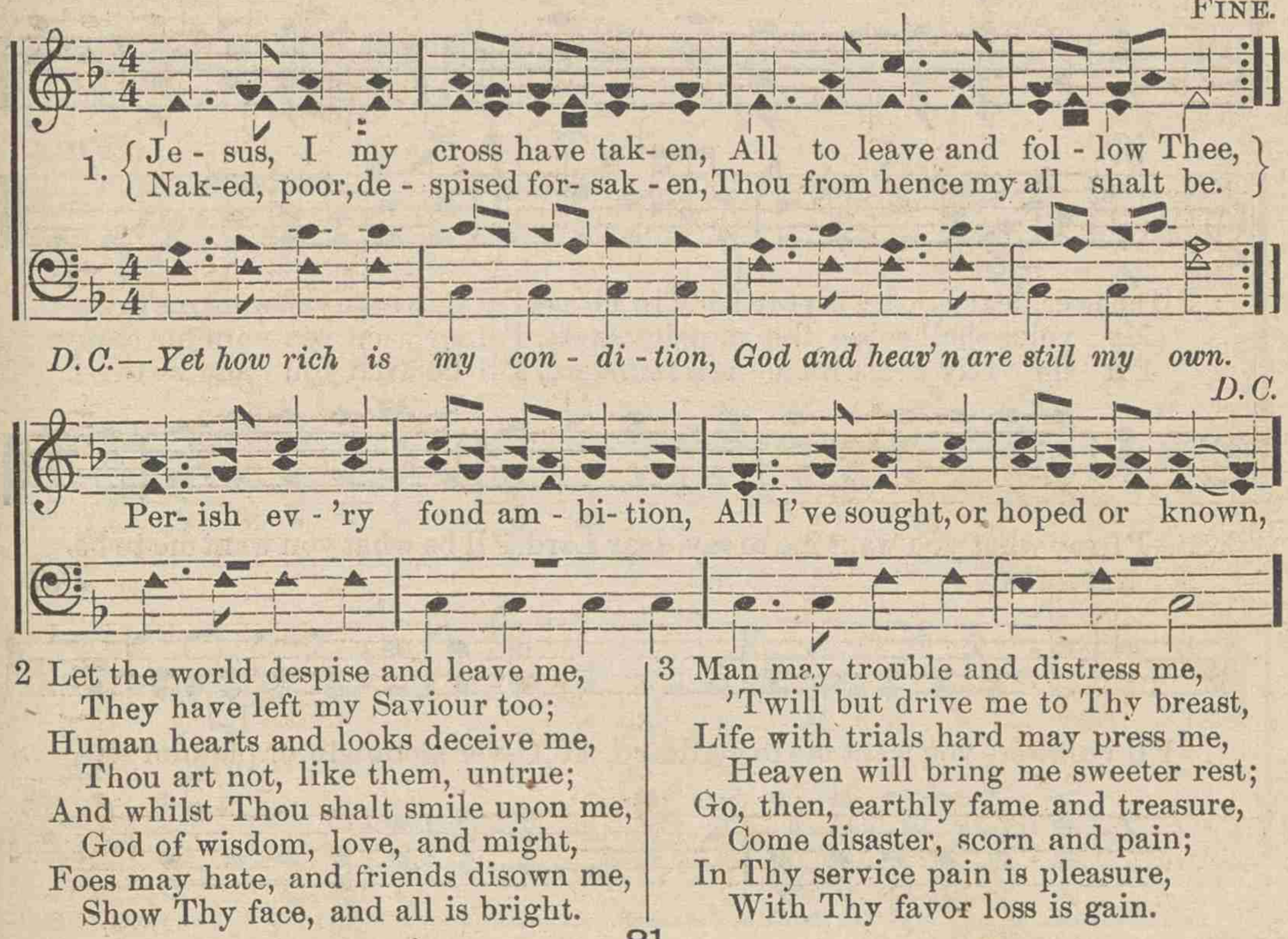
THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.



No. 79. Jesus, I My Cross have Taken.

"He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."—MATT. 10: 37.

Miss GRANT. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest;
Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain;
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor loss is gain.

No. 80. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

(CONSECRATION.)

MARY BROWN. Mrs. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

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

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

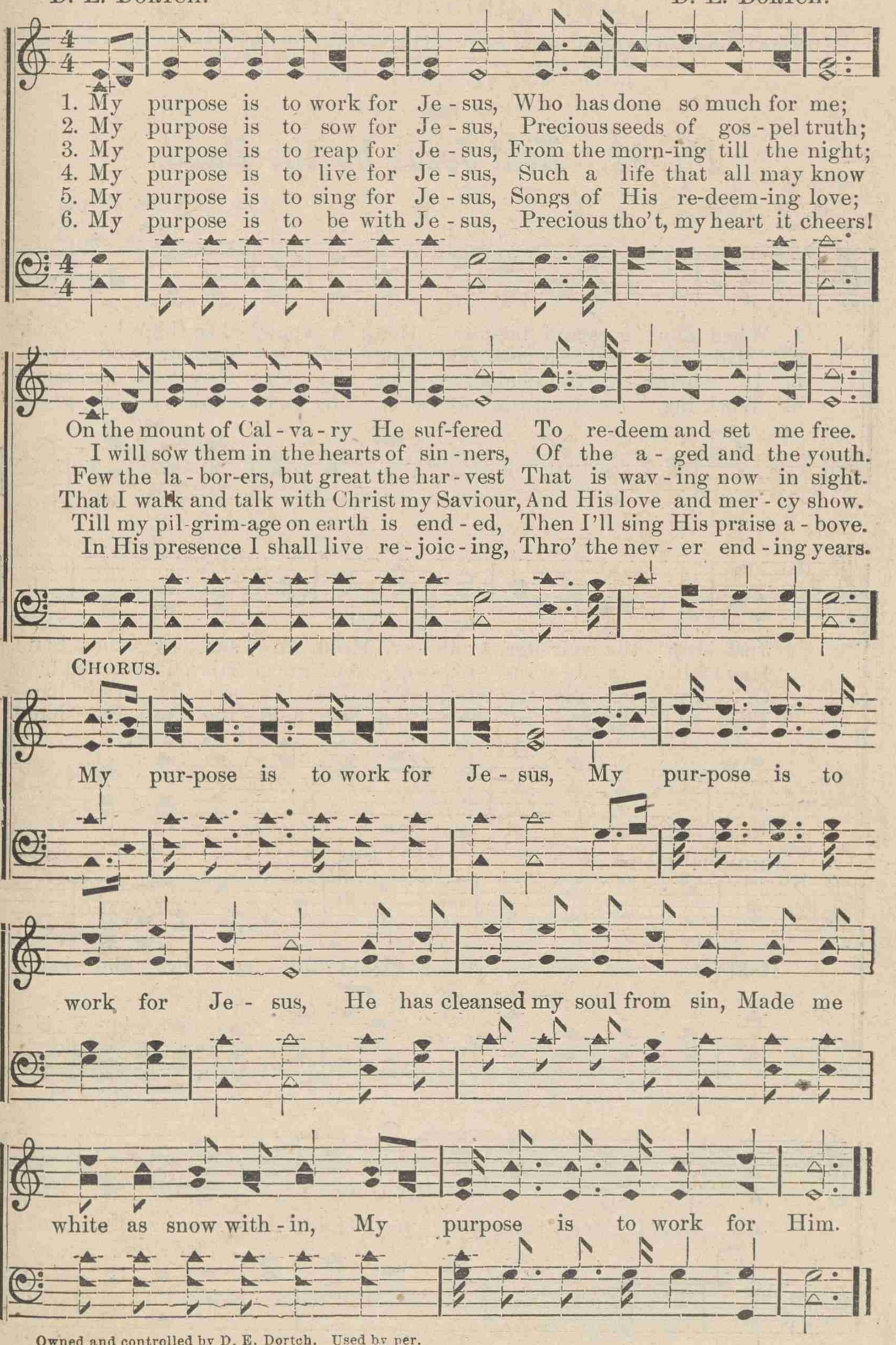
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

Used by the kind permission of Mrs. Carrie E. Rounsefell. Published in sheet form by W. E. Rounsefell, 18 Blodgett St., Manchester, N. H. Price 5 cts.

No. 81. My Purposes.

"Every purpose is established by counsel."—PROV. 20: 18.

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



Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch. Used by per.

PART VII.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal iife, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses."—1 TIM. 6: I2.

No. 82. Hold Jesus by the Hand.

G. W. LYON. J. L. MOORE, by per.

1. When dan - gers and temp-ta - tions, A - round thee thick-ly stand,
2. 'Mid storms and tem-pests rag - ing, On o - cean or on land,
3. If shrink - ing from some serv - ice Our Fa - ther doth com-mand,
4. Work-ing and trust-ing ev - er, Thy tri - umph will be grand!

Just keep thy cour-age, broth - er, Hold Je - sus by the hand.
Have faith in Je - sus ev - er, And grasp His outstretched hand.
O, lay a - side thy weak-ness,—Hold Je - sus by the hand.
Then, go thy way re - joic - ing, Still hold - ing to His hand.

CHORUS.

Hold Je - sus by the hand, Hold Je - sus by the hand;
All thro' life's toil-some jour - ney, Hold Je - sus by the hand.

Owned by J. L. Moore.

No. 83. We're Marching to Zion.

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

ISAAC WATTS. ROBERT LOWRY.

Spirited.

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

in a song with sweet ac- cord, Join in a song with sweet ac- cord,
chil-dren of the heavenly King, But chil-dren of the heavenly King,
fore we reach the heavenly fields, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields,
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

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

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

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti- ful, beau - ti- ful Zi - on; We're
We're marching on to Zi - on,

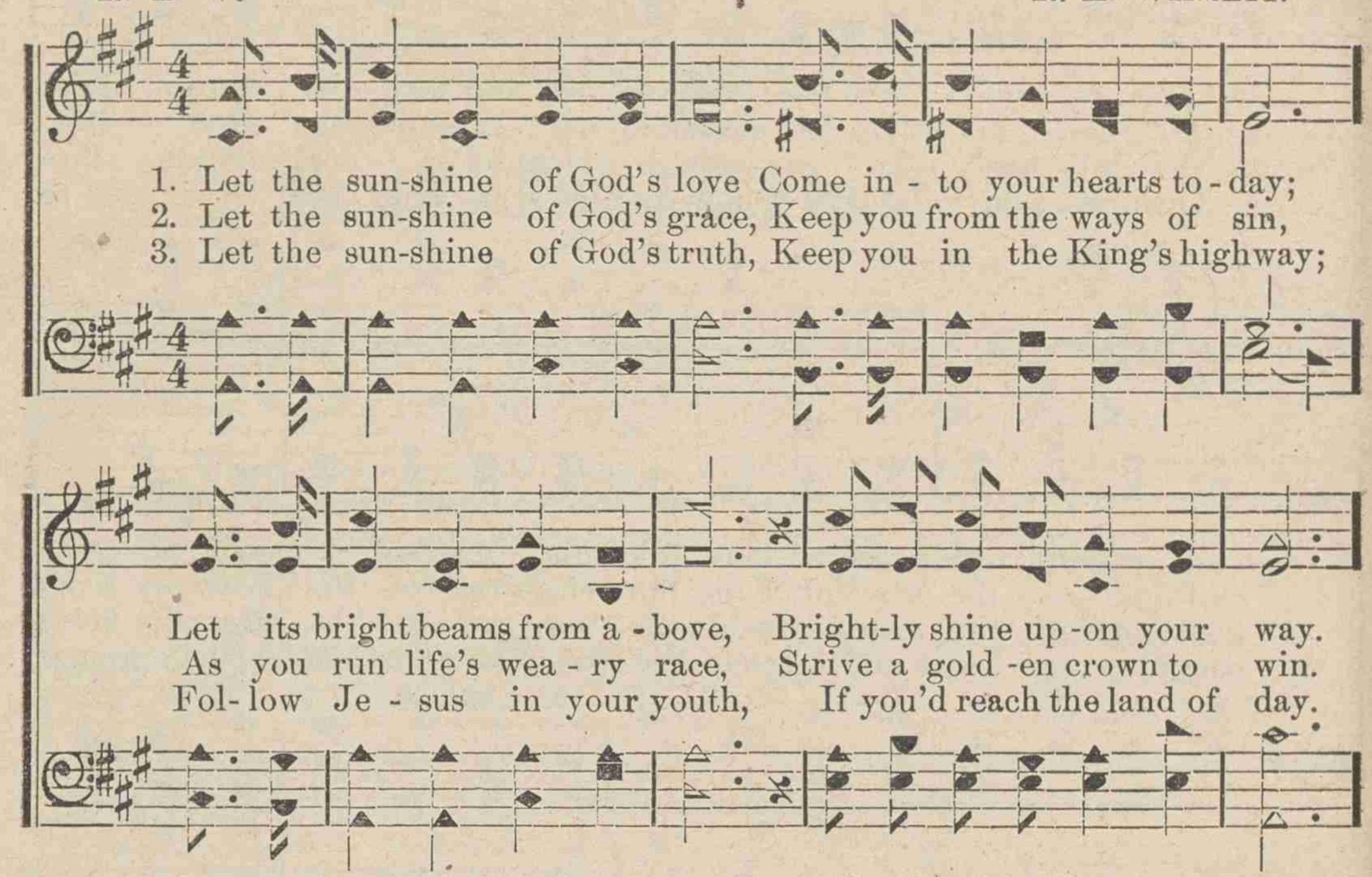
marching up-ward to Zi - - on, The beau- ti - ful cit- y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

Copyright property of Mrs. Mary Runyan Lowry. Used by per.

No. 84. Let the Sunshine In.

"The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—PROV. 4: 18.

R. E. W. R. E. WINSETT.



Copyright, 1903, by R. E. Winsett, Ogden, Tenn.

No. 85. Walking in the Sunlight.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Walking in the sunlight, on I go each day, Trav'ling to a land be -
2. Walking in the sunlight of a Father's love, Pressing on with swift and
3. Walking in the sunlight, close to Je - sus' side, Fearing naught, I journey
4. Walking in the sunlight till I catch a sight .Of the Cit- y's pearl- y

yond com - pare; Sing- ing of God's mer - cies all a- long the way,
will - ing feet; Rest e - ter - nal waits me in that land a- bove,
on the way; In my weak-ness cling - ing to my trust - y Guide,
gates a - bove; Je - sus' pres-ence scat - ters dark - est shades of night,

REFRAIN.

Walk - ing in the sun-light bright and fair.
Walk - ing in the sun-light glad and sweet.
Walk - ing in the sun-light, day by day.
Walk - ing in the sun-light of God's love.
} Walking in the sun-light,
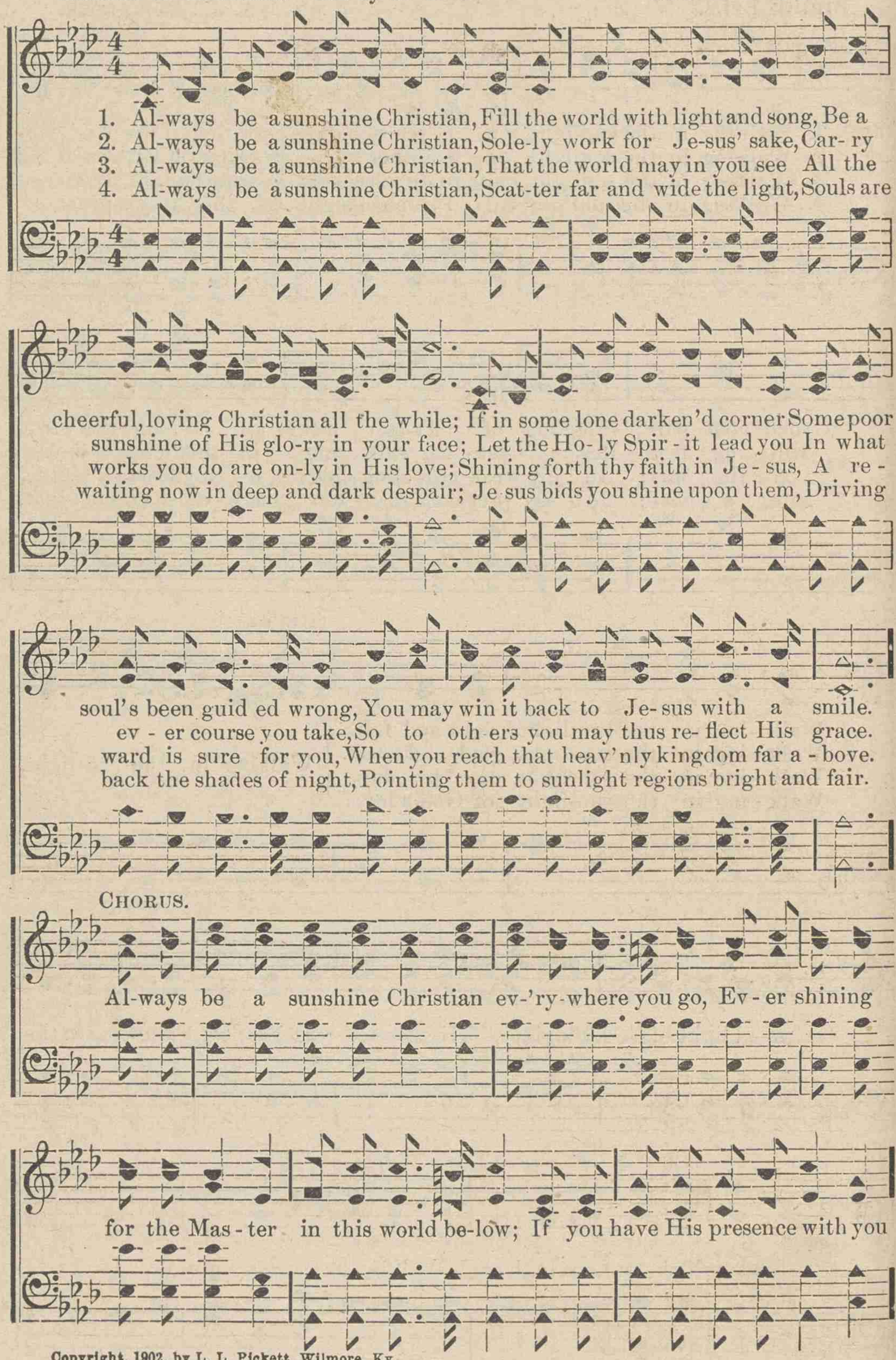
bless-ed light of God, Singing of His mercies' ceaseless flow, Following in the

pathway which my Lord hath trod, Walking in the sun-light, on I go.

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.
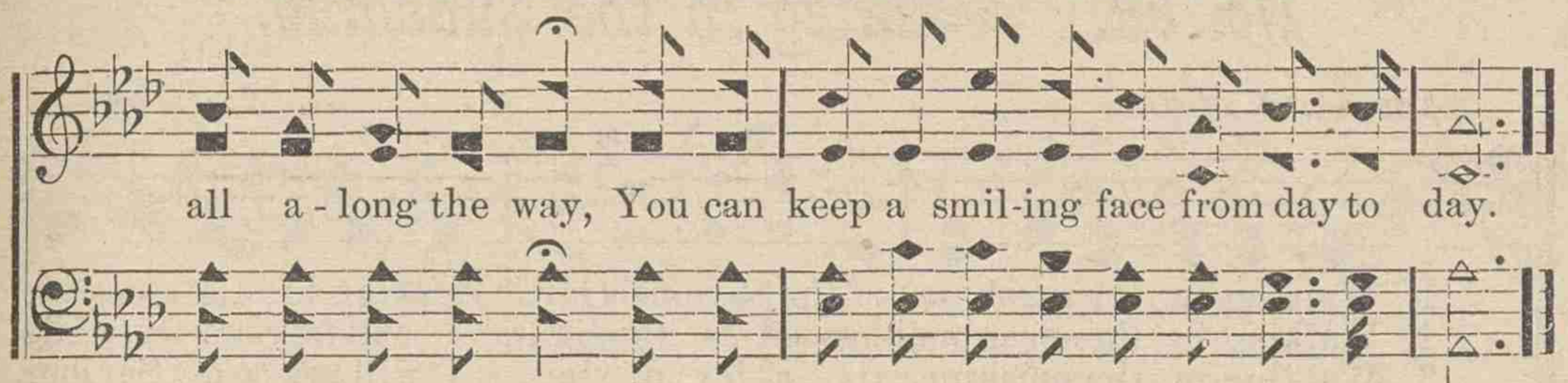
No. 86. Be a Sunshine Christian.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. 4th by L. L. P. JNO. R. BRYANT.
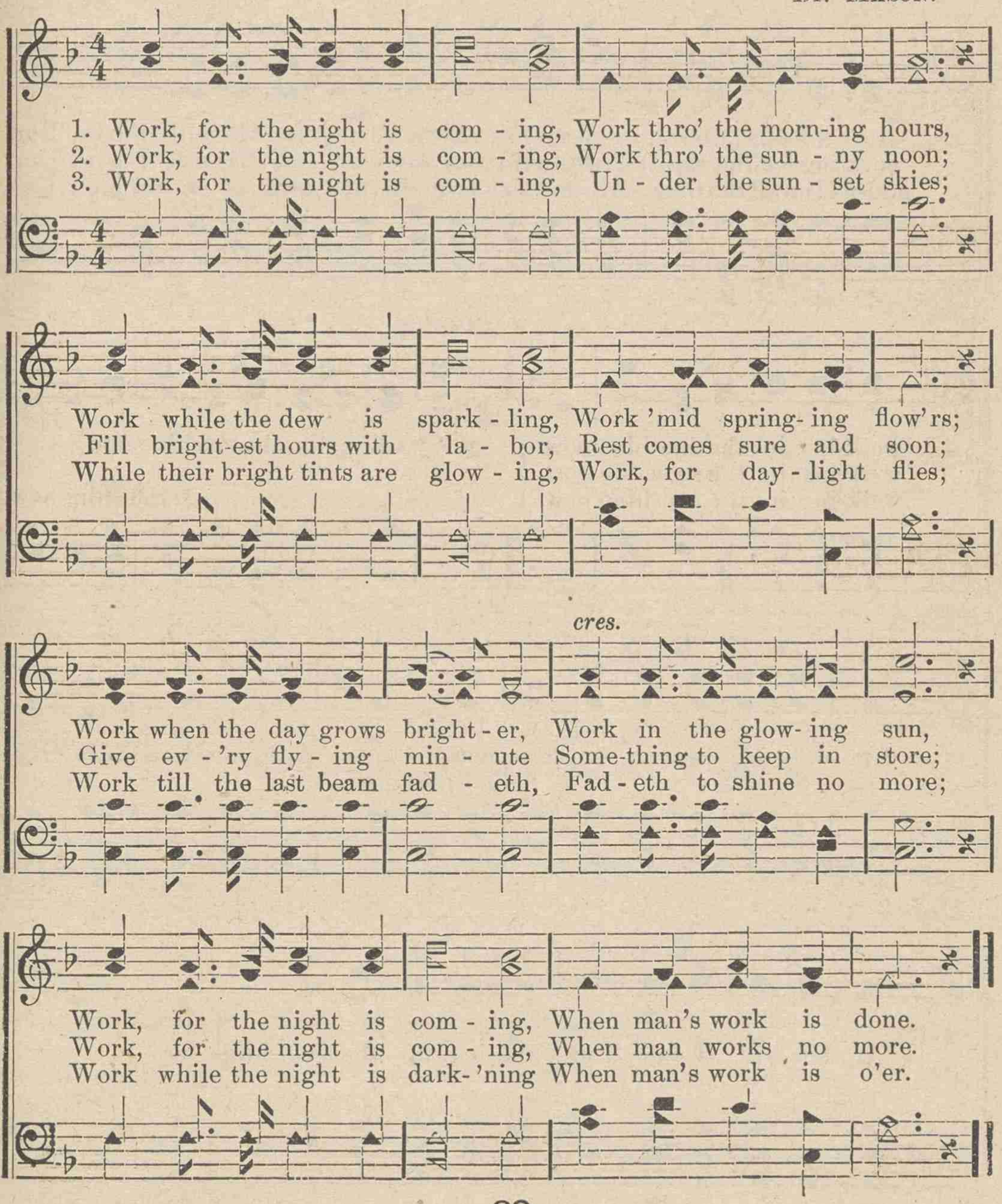


Copyright, 1902, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

Be a Sunshine Christian. Concluded.



No. 87. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Dr. MASON.



No. 88. Walking in the Sunshine.

ROBT. H. WALTON. G. W. LYON.

1. Walking in the sunshine of the Saviour's love, Walking in the sunshine
2. Walking in the sunshine, bless-ed is the light, I will fear no foe, while
3. Walking in the sunshine, 'tis a joy di-vine, I will praise my Saviour,

to a home a-bove; Je - sus has redeemed me, at His will I bow, I'm
work-ing for the right; Trusting in my Sav-iour, at His will I bow, I'm
praise Him all the time; All my sins forgiv'n, no care is on my brow, I'm

CHORUS.

walk-ing in the sunshine now. I'm walk-ing in the sunshine now,
walk-ing in the sunshine now.
walk-ing in the sunshine now. Sunshine now,

I'm walk-ing in the sun-shine now, Keep-ing close to Je - sus,
Sunshine now,

At His will I bow, I'm walk-ing in the sun-shine now.
Sunshine now.

By per. G. W. Lyon.

No. 89. Scatter Bright Smiles.

G. W. L. G. W. Lyon.

1. Scat-ter bright smiles all a- round you, They cheer like the beau - ti - ful
2. Scat-ter bright smiles all a- round you, More pre-cious than treasures of
3. Scat-ter bright smiles all a- round you, Re - mem-ber the weak and op -
4. Scat-ter bright smiles all a- round you, We nev-er know where they may

rain, That falls on the with - er - ing flow - ers, And makes them bloom
gold, They light- en the bur-dens of oth - ers, They cheer up the
press'd, Oh! smile on the poor and the need - y, And com - fort the
fall, Then ev - er be read - y and will - ing, To scat - ter bright

CHORUS.

sweet - ly a - gain.
young and the old.
sad and dis - tress'd.
smiles o - ver all.
} Then scatter bright smiles, they will never be lost,

Re - mem - ber your mis - sion be - low; Scat - ter bright smiles,
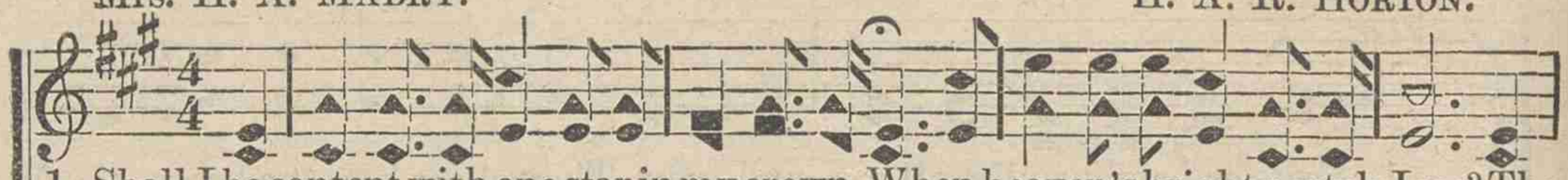
scat - ter bright smiles, Wher - ev - er, wher - ev - er you go.

By permission of G. W. Lyon.
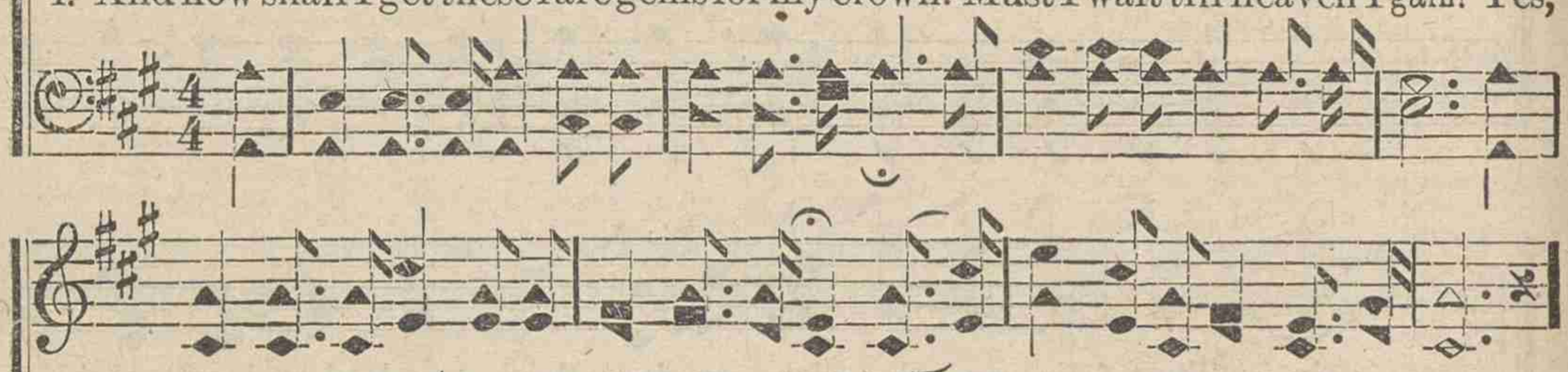
No. 90. Working for the Crown.

1 Cor. 9: 25.
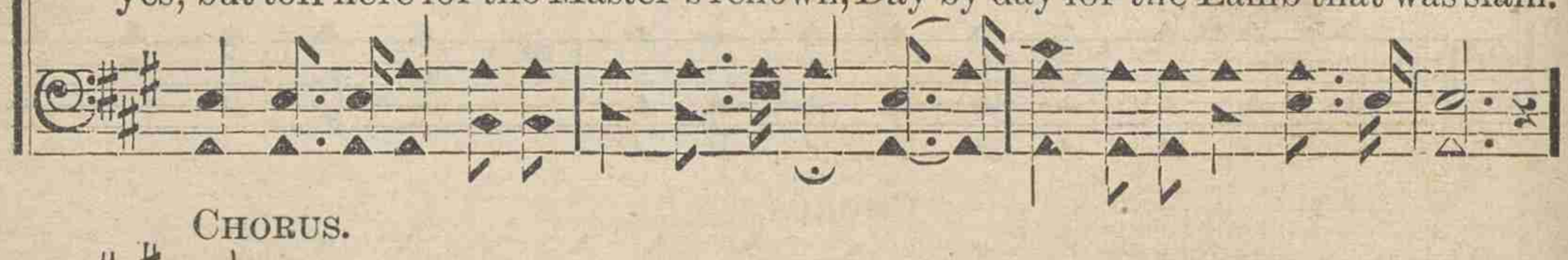
Mrs. H. A. Mabry. H. A. R. Horton.
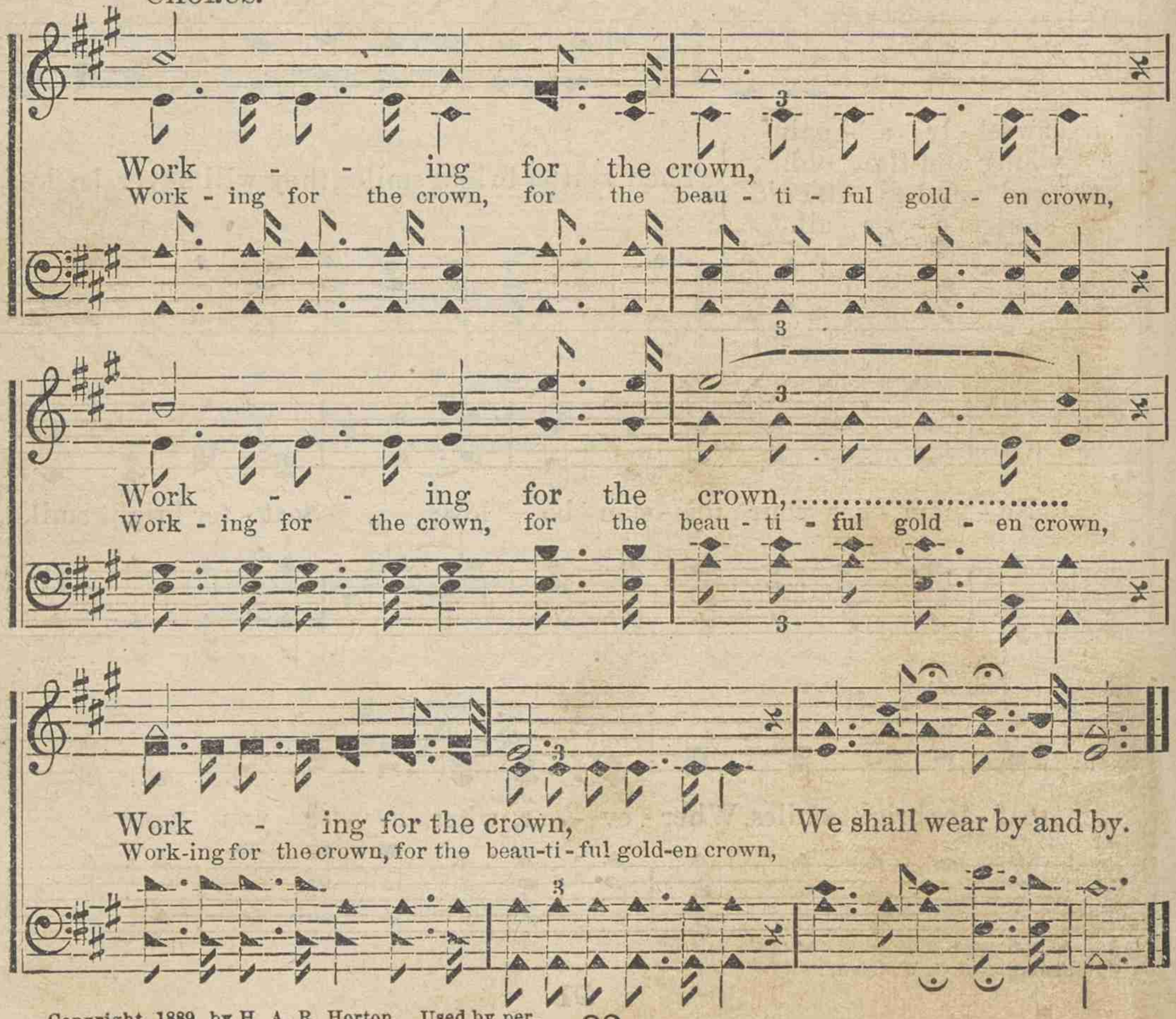


1. Shall I be content with one star in my crown, When heaven's bright portals I see? The
2. When, Lord, must I work? shall I go in the heat, To white and to wide harvest fields, Where
3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My task then quite plain I can see, And
4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my crown? Must I wait till heaven I gain? Yes,



answer comes back—strive a cluster to win, And the way will be brighter for thee.
work is so great and the labor' rs so few, And the promise a bounti-ful yield?
now having found it I'll la-bor and wait, For wholly Thine, Lord, would I be.
yes, but toil here for the Master' s renown, Day by-day for the Lamb that was slain.



Chorus.



Copyright, 1889, by H. A. R. Horton. Used by per.

No. 91. Will there be any Stars in My Crown?

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."—DAN. 12: 3.

W. T. D. W. T. DALE.

1. There's a home far a-way in that beau - ti - ful land, Where I'll dwell when my
2. Help me Lord as I la - bor for souls here each day, Ere the summer of
3. Then with shouting I'll come as my sheaves I shall bring Gathered from precious

sun has gone down; But oh, tell me, I pray, when in heav-en I stand,
life shall have flown, Ev - er watch-ful to be, as I la - bor and pray,
seed I have sown; Then I'll stand in the pres-ence of Je - sus, my King

CHORUS.

"Will there be an - y stars in my crown?"
So I'll gain ma-ny stars for my crown.
And receive from His hand a bright crown.
} Will there be a - ny stars shining

bright in my crown, When the sun of my life has gone down? When the time comes to

Rit......
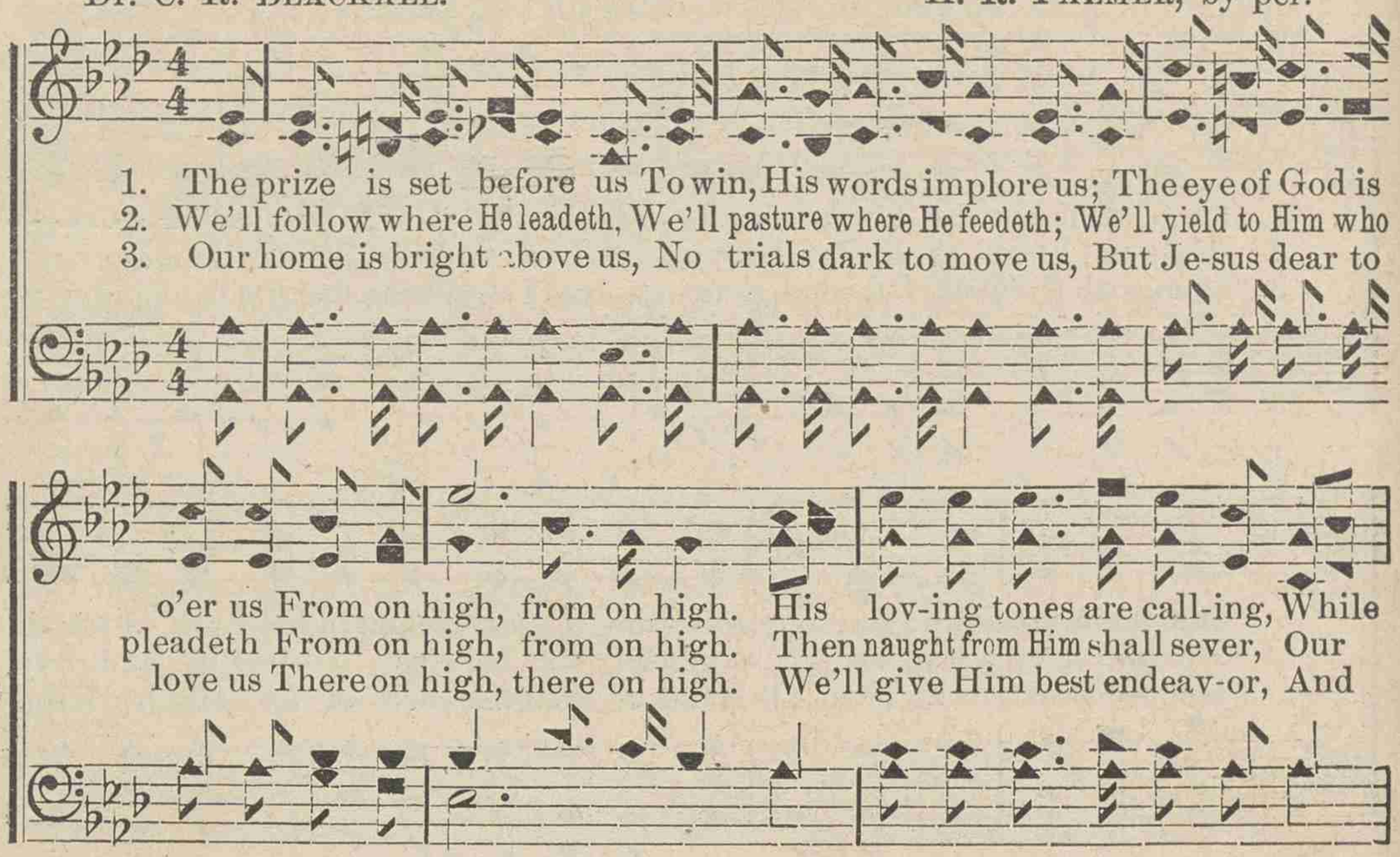
die, and I soar up on high, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?.....
in my crown?

Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 92. Triumph By and By

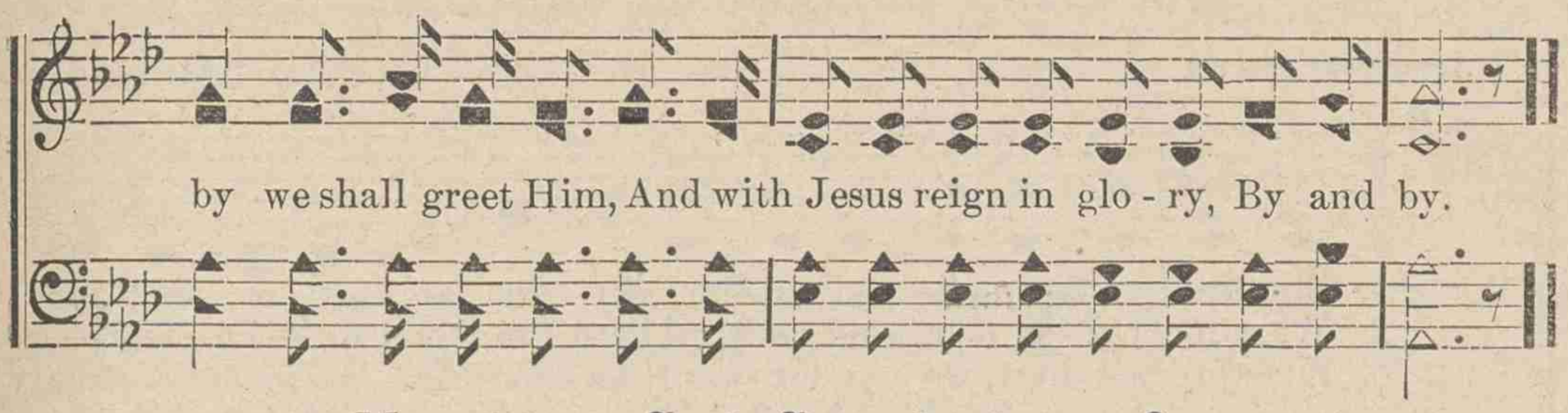
"We are more than conquerors through him that loved us. —Rom. 8: 37.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. H. R. Palmer, by per.



Used by per. of Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of the copyright.

Triumph By and By. Concluded.



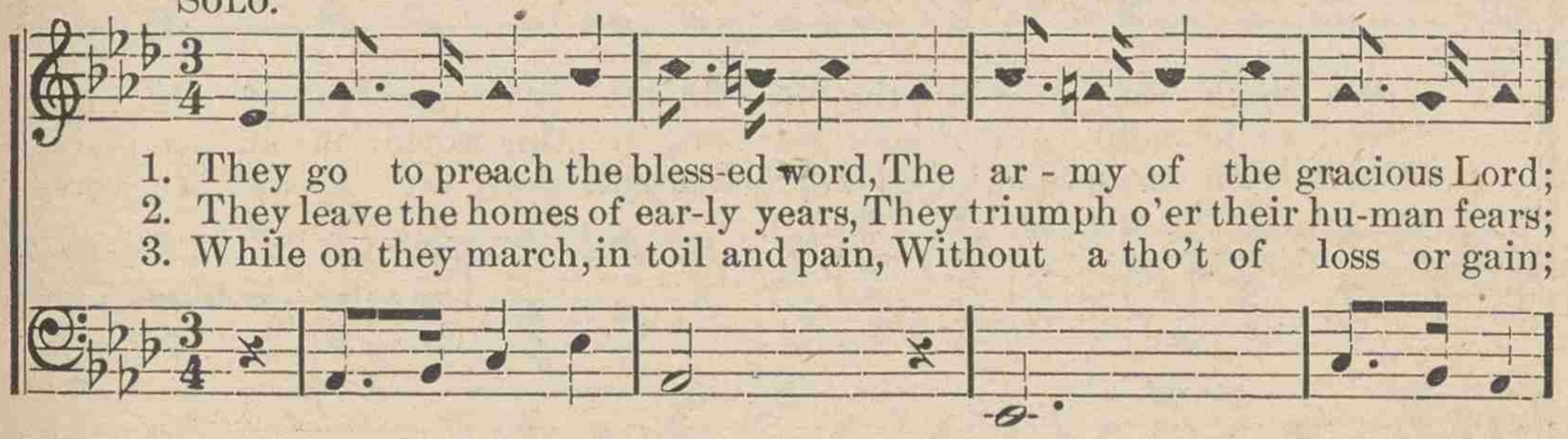
No. 93. God Speed them On.

(MISSIONARY SONG.)
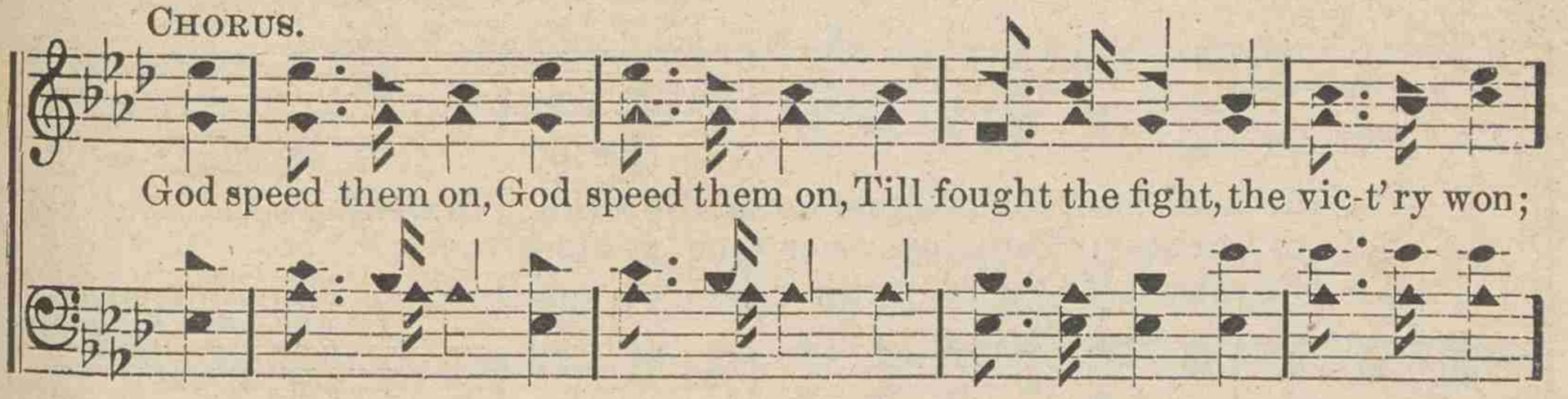
"And they departed, and went through the towns, preaching the gospel, and healing everywhere."—LUKN 9 : 6.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. E. HANKS, by per.

SOLO.



CHORUS.



Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

No. 94. Soldiers of the Lord.

JOSHUA SMITH. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. We are sol-diers true and val- iant, in the ar - my of the Lord,
2. We are bold - ly marching on-ward, with the Right we're keeping pace,
3. For-ward, sol-diers, ev - er for- ward! let there be no room for fear,

We shall con- quer in the bat - tle, by the pow - er of His word,
And we'll help to make for Je - sus, in this world of sin a place,
Christ will more than keep His promise with the loy - al and sin - cere,

If we nev - er faint nor fal - ter, we shall sure - ly nev - er fail,
For the cross shall be our stand-ard, and we'll nev - er turn a - side,
On- ward! comrades, ev - er on-ward! till all na-tions 'neath the sun,
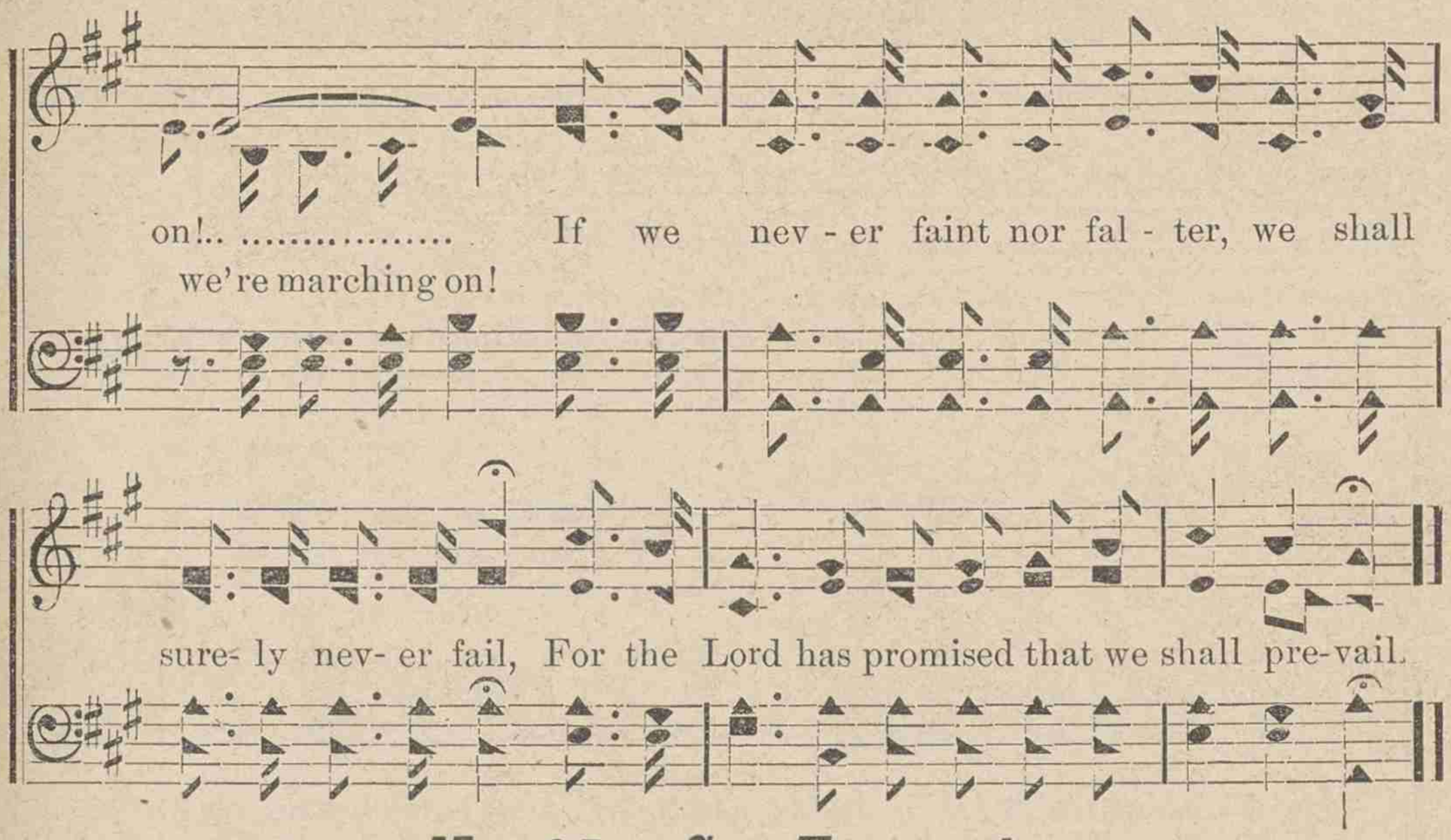
CHORUS.

For the Lord has promis'd that we shall prevail.
But to Christ our Captain ev - er true a- bide.
To the cause of Je- sus are for - ev - er won.
} Marching on, ... yes, Marching on,

march-ing on! ..... Sol- diers true ..... we're marching
yes, marching on! Soldiers true,

Copyright, 1889, by A. Beirly. Used by per.
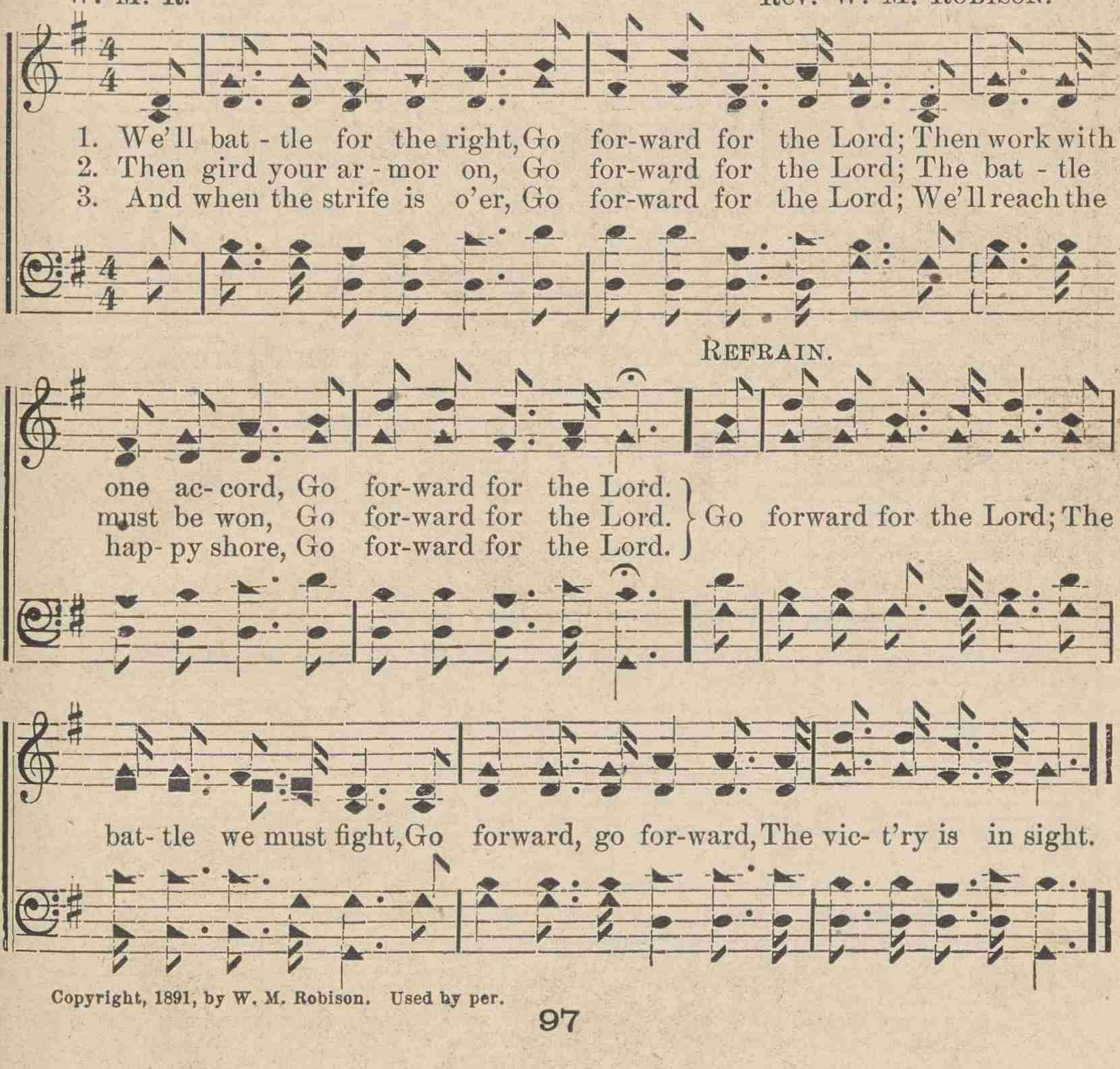
Soldiers of the Lord. Concluded.



No. 95. Go Forward.

(MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO AND CHORUS.)

W. M. R. Rev. W. M. Robison.



Copyright, 1891, by W. M. Robison. Used by per.

No. 96. We Are Christian Soldiers.*

"Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 TIM. 2: 3.

W. G. T. Rev. W. G. TEMPLETON.

1. We are Chris- tian sol - diers, Fight-ing for our King,
2. Je - sus is our Cap - tain, In His name we go,
3. See! the foes re - treat - ing, Fly - ing from the field,

'Gainst the pow'rs of dark - ness, Loy - al hearts we bring;
Clad in God's whole arm - or, We will meet the foe;
We will give no re - spite, Till to God they yield;

Je - sus' cross our ban - ner, Streaming to the breeze, Where it leads we'll
Fierce the bat - tle ra - ges, Wrong against the right, But we'll gain the
Then to Him the glo - ry, We will glad - ly give, For in Him we

CHORUS.

fol - low, O - ver land or seas.
vic - t'ry, For with God we fight.
con - quer, And in Him we live.
} We are Christian sol - diers,

Fighting for our King; To His roy - al ar - my Valiant hearts we bring.

*This song was dedicated to the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in session at Denver, Col., May, 1899, by the Author.

Copyright, 1901, by W. T. Dale.

No. 97. See the Waving Banners.

F. M. DAVIS. J. L. MOORE.

Con Energy.

1. All a- long the wayside, Proudly moving on, Bands of valiant soldiers,
2. Strong the foes of heaven, In their might array, Fearful is the bat - tle,
3. Forward! no sur- ren-der! Hold out to the last, Heaven waits to crown you,

To the fight they come; See the wav- ing ban- ners Flash a-gainst the sky!
Shall the right give way? No! the an- swer-ing heav'ns Ech- oes the re - ply,
When the bat - tle's past, Cheer up, fainting spir - its, Shout the bat - tle cry,

CHORUS.

Je- sus re - en- forc - es, Vic- to - ry is nigh.
Je- sus re - en- forc - es, Vic- to - ry is nigh.
Je- sus re - en- forc - es, Vic- to - ry is nigh.
} Vic-to - ry, yes vic- to - ry,

vic- to - ry is nigh, Je- sus re - en-forc- es, vic- to - ry is nigh, See the

waving banners Flash against the sky, Jesus re - enforc-es, Vic - to-ry is nigh.

Lyon & Moore.

No. 98. Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way;
2. Thou, the ref-uge of my soul When life's stormy bil-lows roll;
3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,
2. I am safe when Thou art nigh,
3. To the land of end-less day,

CHORUS.

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

Lead me, lead me, I would in Thy love a-bide.

Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray;..... Gent - ly down the stream of time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sav-iour, all the way. (all the way.)

Rit. e dim.

From "Carols of Joy," by per.

No. 99. Lead Me On.

Words Arr. H. A. R. HORTON.

With animation.

1. Trav'ling to the bet - ter land O'er the des-ert's scorching sand,
2. When at Ma - rah, parch'd with heat, I the sparkling fount-ain greet,
3. When I stand on Jor-dan's brink, Nev-er let me fear or shrink;
4. When the vic - to - ry is won, And e - ter-nal life be - gun,

Fa - ther, let me grasp Thy hand; Lead me on, Oh, lead me on!
Make the bit - ter wa - ter sweet; Lead me on, Oh, lead me on!
Hold me Fa - ther, lest I sink; Lead me on, Oh, lead me on!
Take my hand and lead me on: Lead me on, Oh, lead me on!

CHORUS.

Take my hand..... and lead me on;..... ..... Lead me on to that
Take my hand and lead me on, lead me on;

bet - ter land,..... Lead me on;..... Oh, lead me
bet - ter land, Lead me on;

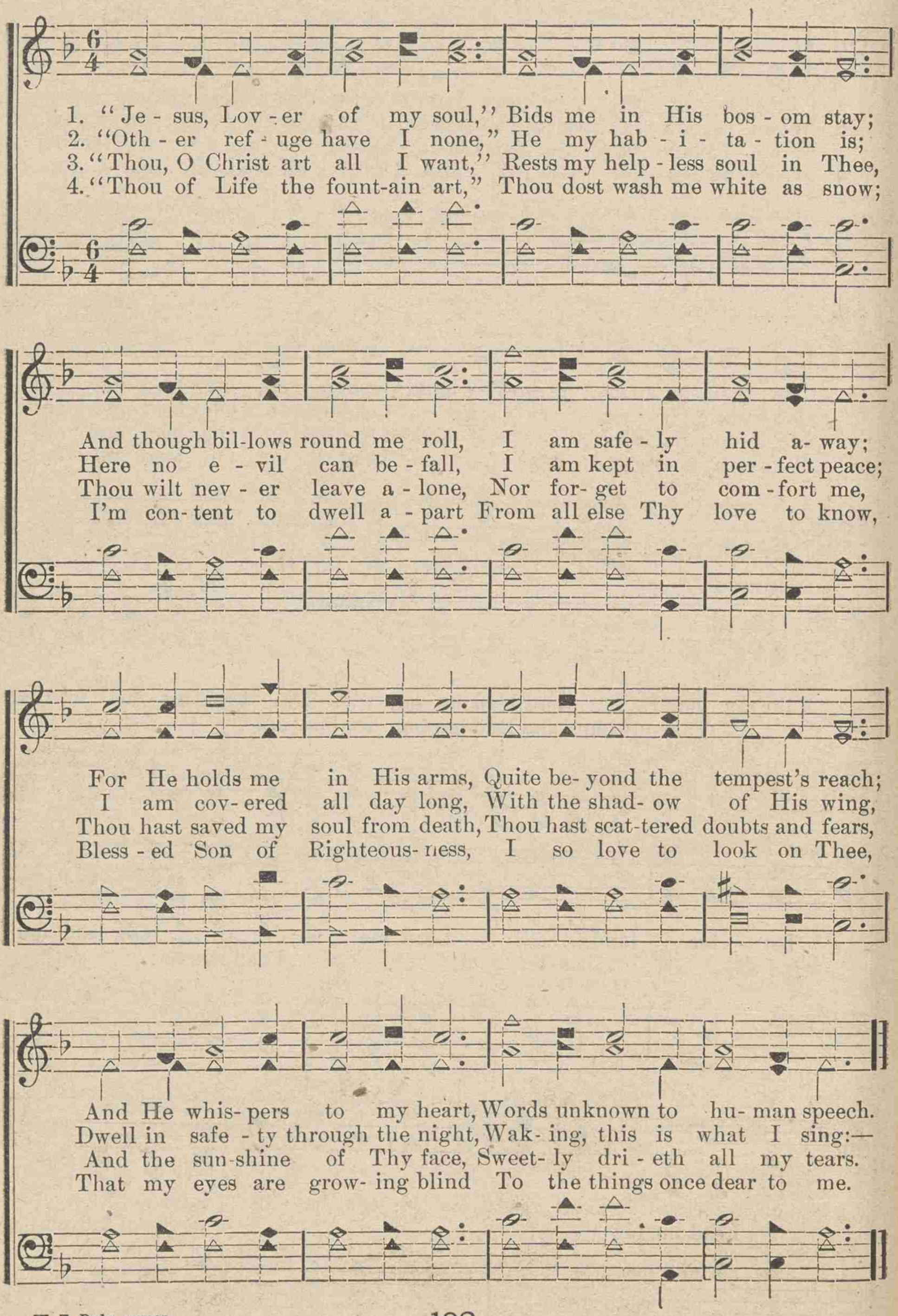
on,..... Lead me on to that bet - ter land.....
Lead me on, Lead me on.

Copyright, 1895, by H. A. R. Horton. Used by per.

No. 100. The New Song.

"He hath put a new song in my mouth."—PSA. 40: 3.
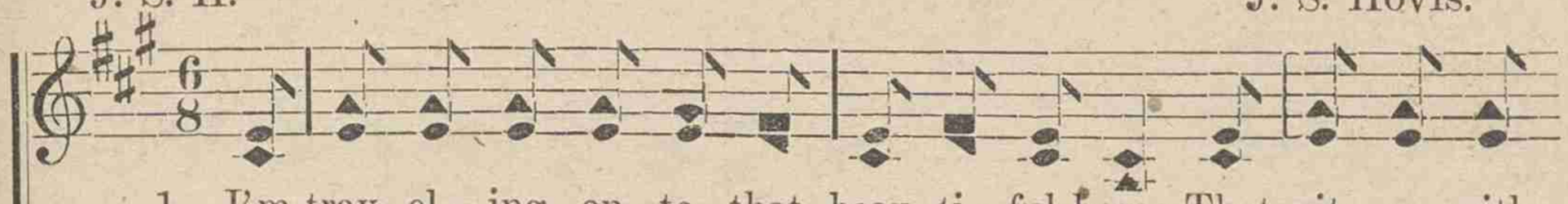
MARTHA A. EATON. W. T. DALE.
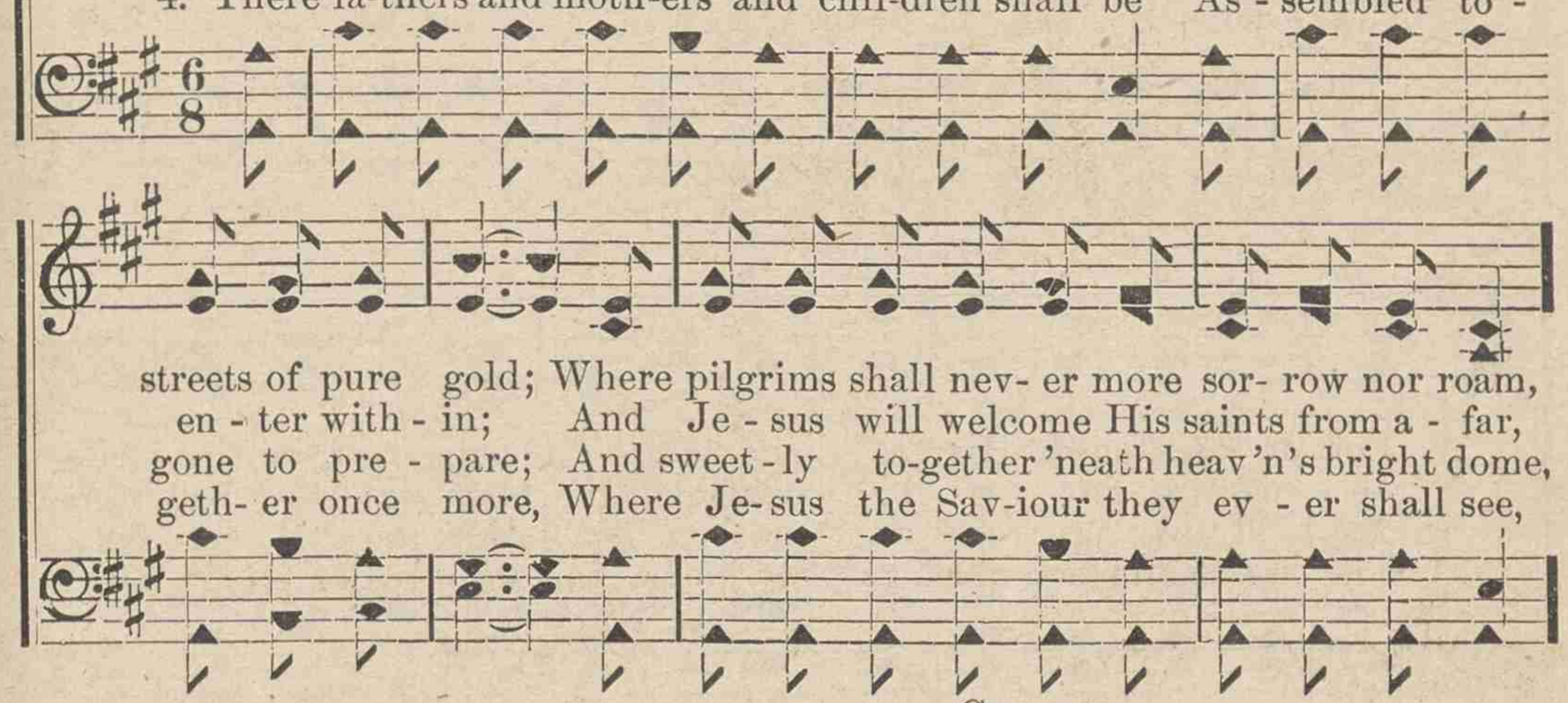


No. 101. I'm Watching and Waiting.

"And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."--HEB. 11: 13.

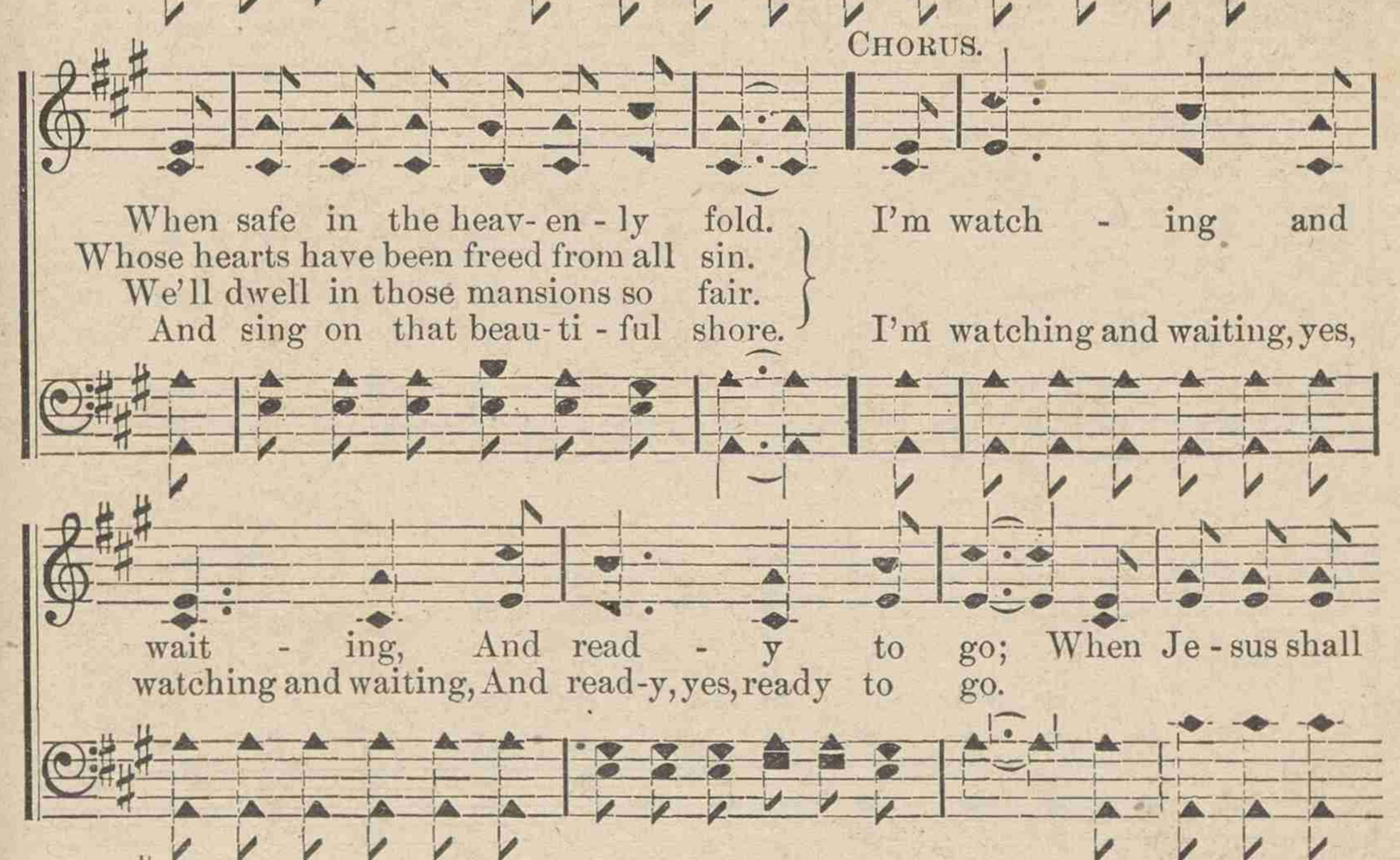
J. S. H. J. S. HOVIS.



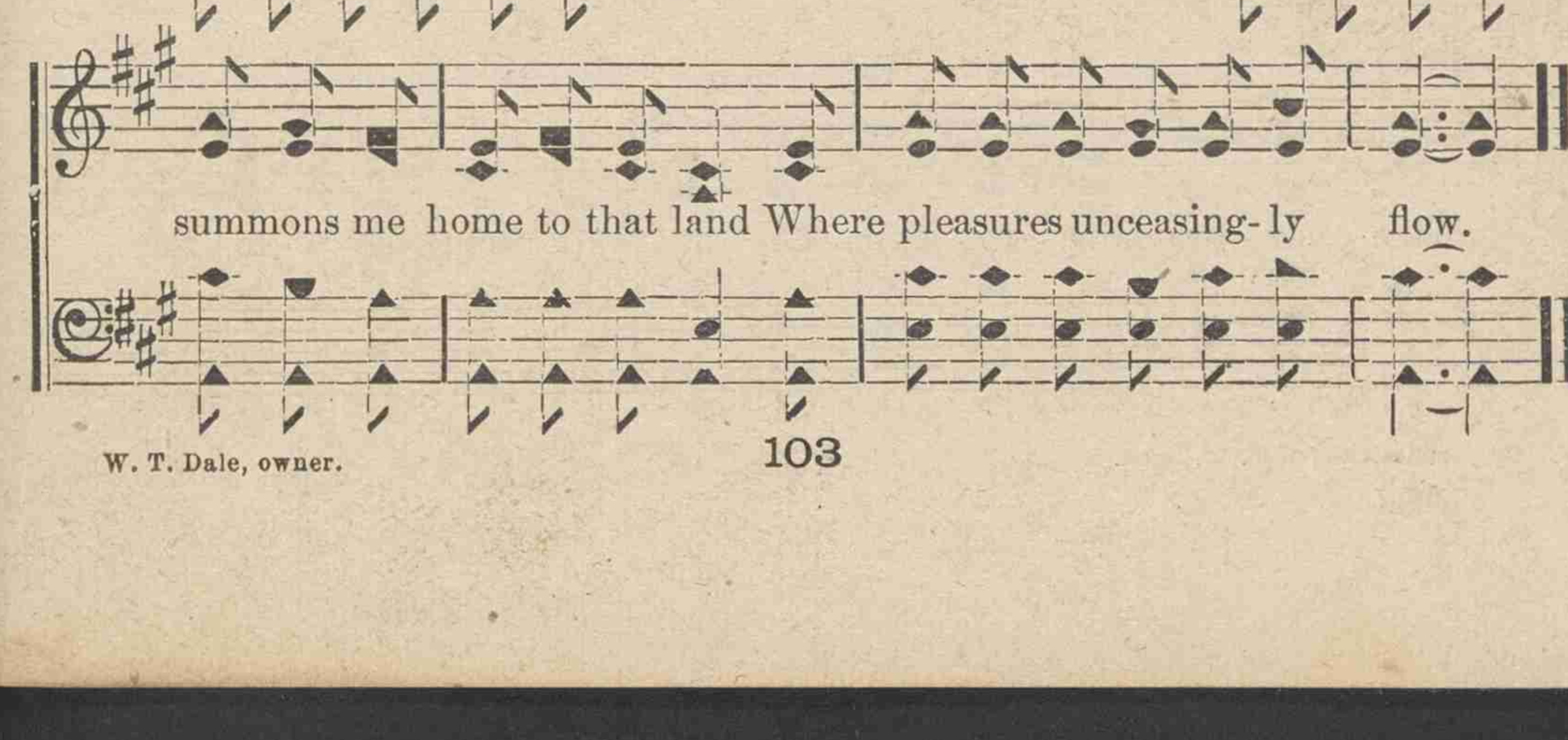
1. I'm trav- el - ing on to that beau- ti - ful home, That cit - y with
2. The heav-en - ly gates are now stand-ing a - jar, For all who would
3. The ransom'd shall come and shall en - ter that home, Which Jesus has
4. There fa-thers and moth-ers and chil-dren shall be As - sembled to -



streets of pure gold; Where pilgrims shall nev- er more sor- row nor roam,
en - ter with - in; And Je - sus will welcome His saints from a - far,
gone to pre - pare; And sweet - ly to-gether 'neath heav'n's bright dome,
geth- er once more, Where Je- sus the Sav-iour they ev - er shall see,



CHORUS.



When safe in the heav- en - ly fold. I'm watch - ing and
Whose hearts have been freed from all sin.
We'll dwell in those mansions so fair.
And sing on that beau- ti - ful shore. I'm watching and waiting, yes,

wait - ing, And read - y to go; When Je - sus shall
watching and waiting, And read-y, yes, ready to go.

summons me home to that land Where pleasures unceasing- ly flow.

No. 102. The Way to Heaven.

G. W. L. G. W. Lyon.

Allegretto.

1. The way to heav'n is beau - ti - ful, And full of light and life,
2. No day will e'er so cloud - y be, But hope will brighter grow,
3. The way may sometimes seem too steep, But with the Sav-iour's hand
4. Take cour-age, then, O wear - y soul, 'Twill not be ver - y long

For Je - sus sheds His ra - diance there, And helps us thro' the strife.
Je - sus is ev - er by our side, His bless-ings to be - stow.
To hold us up as we go on, We'll reach the bet - ter land.
Till we shall reach our heav'n- ly home, And sing re-demption's song.

Chorus.

Let us walk in the heav'n - ly way, Let us
Let us walk in the heav'n - ly way,

walk in the heav'n - ly way, Where the light di -
Let us walk in the heav'n - ly way,
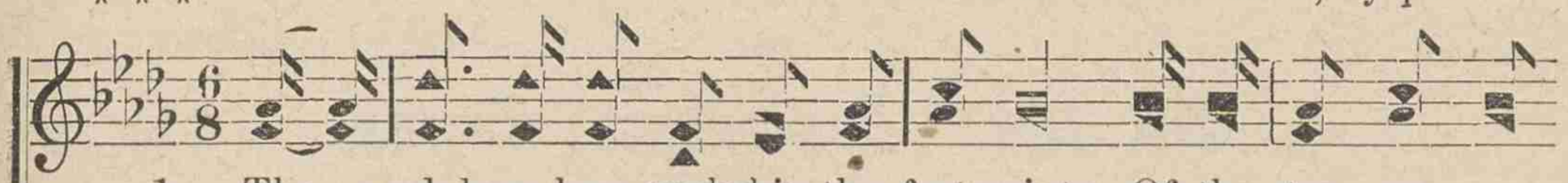
vine nev - er fails to shine, Let us walk from day to day.

By permission of Geo. W. Lyon.
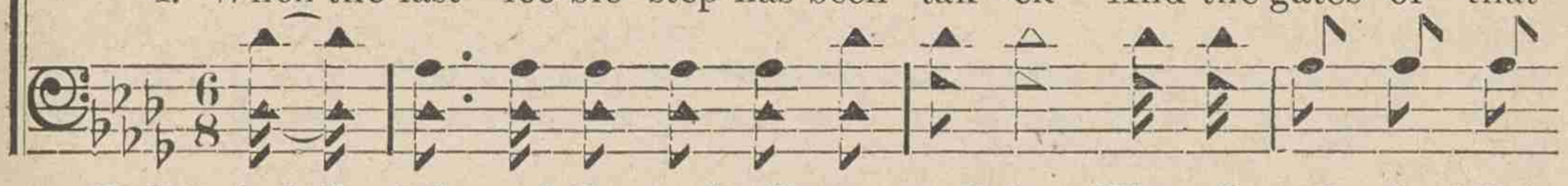
No. 103. When I Get to the End of the Way.
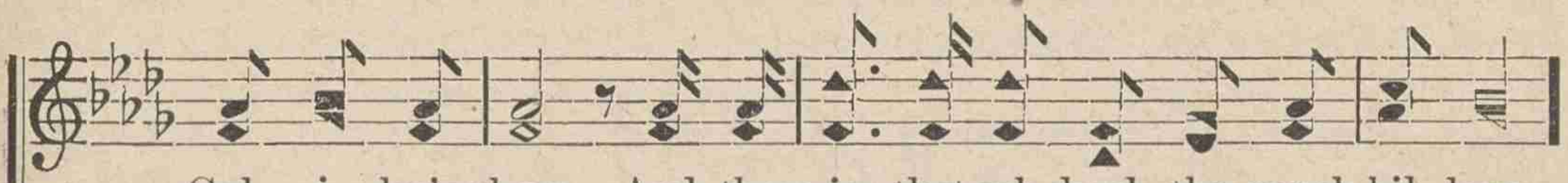
* * *

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, by per.
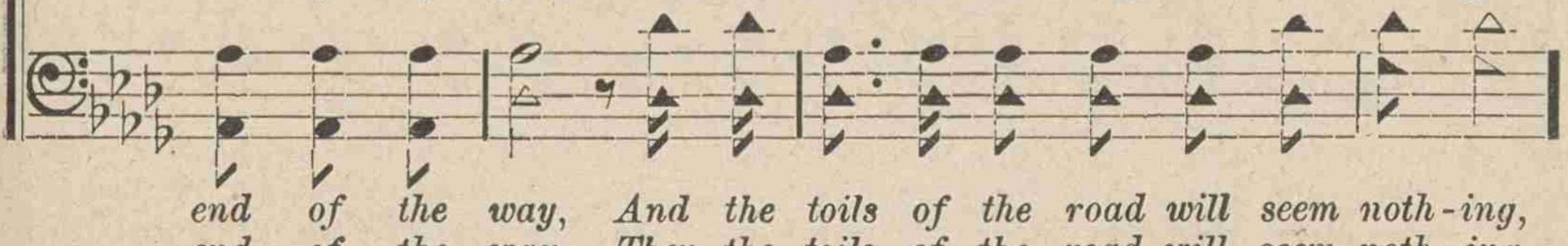


1. The sands have been washed in the foot-prints Of the stran-ger on
2. There are hills, ma-ny hills to climb up-ward, So I oft - en am
3. And He loves me too well to for - sake me Or to give me one
4. When the last fee-ble step has been tak - en And the gates of that



D. C.—And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing, When I get to the
Last.—Then the toils of the road will seem noth-ing, When I get to the
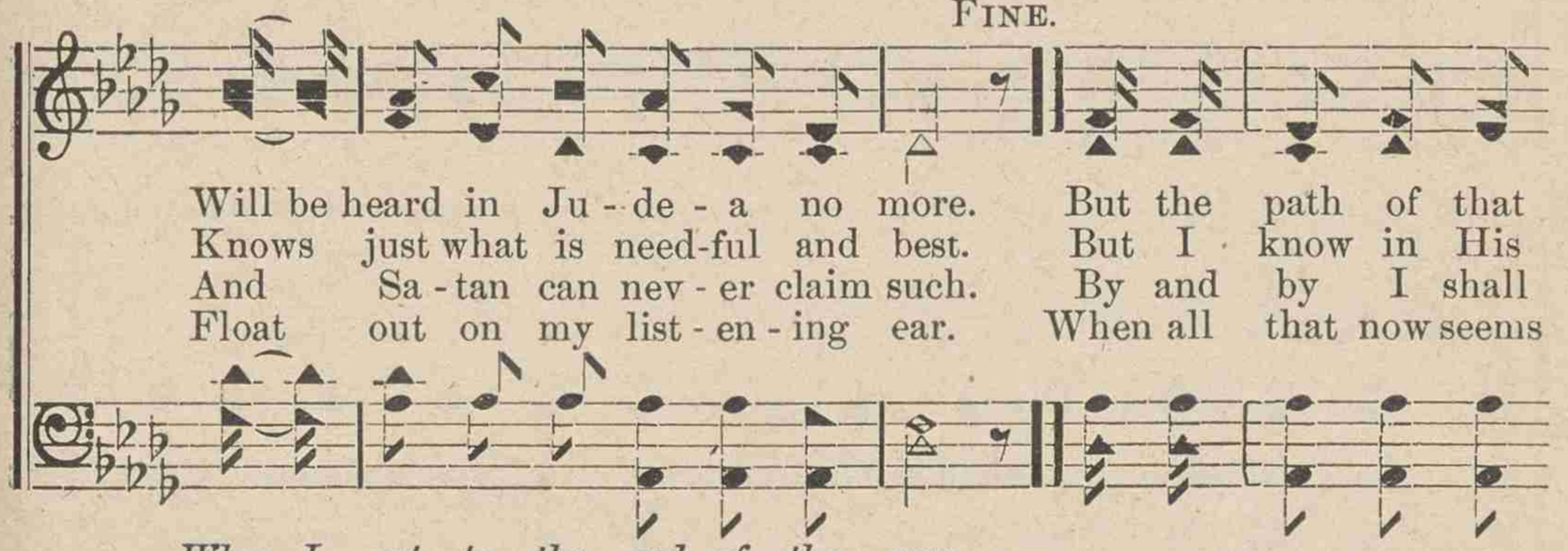


Gal - i - lee's shore, And the voice that sub-dued the rough bil - lows,
long - ing for rest, But then He who ap-points me my path-way,
tri - al too much, All His peo - ple have been dear - ly purchased,
cit - y ap - pear And the beau - ti - ful songs of the an - gels
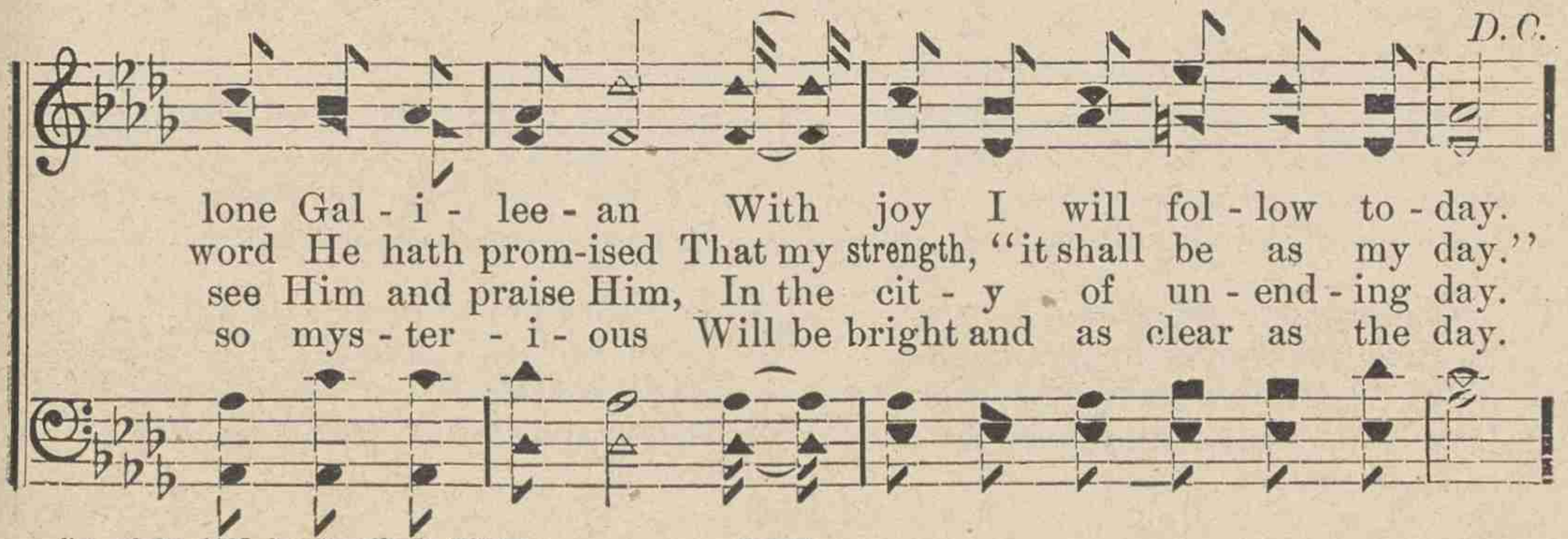


end of the way, And the toils of the road will seem noth - ing,
end of the way, Then the toils of the road will seem noth - ing,

FINE.



Will be heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that
Knows just what is need-ful and best. But I know in His
And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall
Float out on my list - en - ing ear. When all that now seems

When I get to the end of the way.
When I get to the end of the way.



D. C.

lone Gal - i - lee - an With joy I will fol - low to - day.
word He hath prom-ised That my strength, "it shall be as my day."
see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un - end - ing day.
so mys - ter - i - ous Will be bright and as clear as the day.

Copyright, 1895, by Charlie D. Tillman.
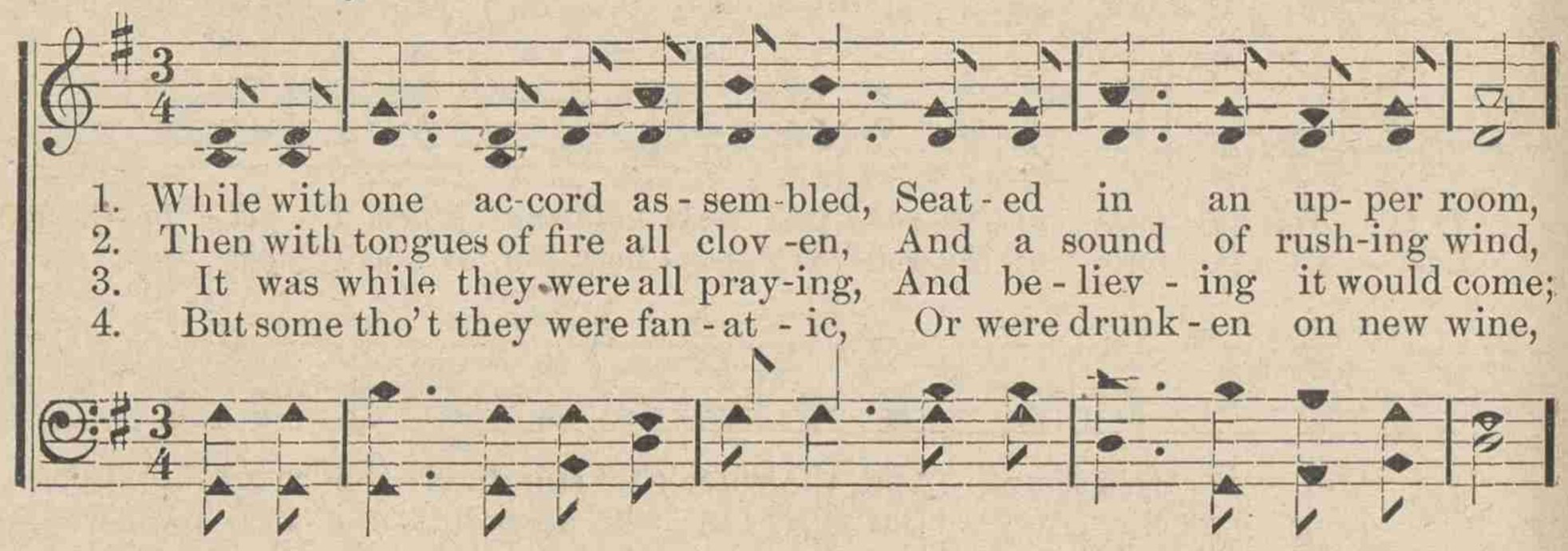
PART VIII.

PENTECOSTAL HYMNS.

No. 104. Pentecostal Power.

"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."—Acts 1: 8.

Words arr. by W. T. D. W. T. Dale.



5 And three thousand were converted,
And were added to the Church,
By the Holy Spirit's power,
Jesus promised should come down.

6 And the martyrs had this power,
As they triumphed in the flames,
'Twas the Holy Spirit's power,
Jesus promised should come down.

7 And our fathers had this power,
Yes, and we may have it, too,
'Tis the Holy Spirit's power,
Jesus promised should come down.

8 And that power on us 'tis falling,
For I feel it in my soul,
'Tis the Holy Spirit's power,
Jesus promised should come down.

Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 105. The Comforter.

"When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father."—JOHN 15: 26.

HARRIET AUBER. W. T. DALE.

1. Our blest Re-deem-er ere He breathed His ten-der last fare - well,
2. He came in semblance of a dove With shelt'ring wings out-spread,
3. He came sweet influence to im-part, A gra-cious will-ing guest,
4. And His that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,
5. And ev - 'ry vir - tue we pos-sess, And ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won,
6. Spir - it of pur - i - ty and grace, Our weakness pity-ing see;

A guide, a Com - fort - er bequeathed With us to dwell.
The heal - ing balm of peace and love, On earth to shed.
While He can find one will - ing heart, Where-in to rest.
That checks each tho't, that calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.
And ev - 'ry tho't of ho - li - ness, Are His a - lone.
O make our hearts Thy dwell - ing place, And meet for Thee.

REFRAIN.

O Com - fort- er, sweet Com-fort- er, Come dwell within my heart,

Rit.
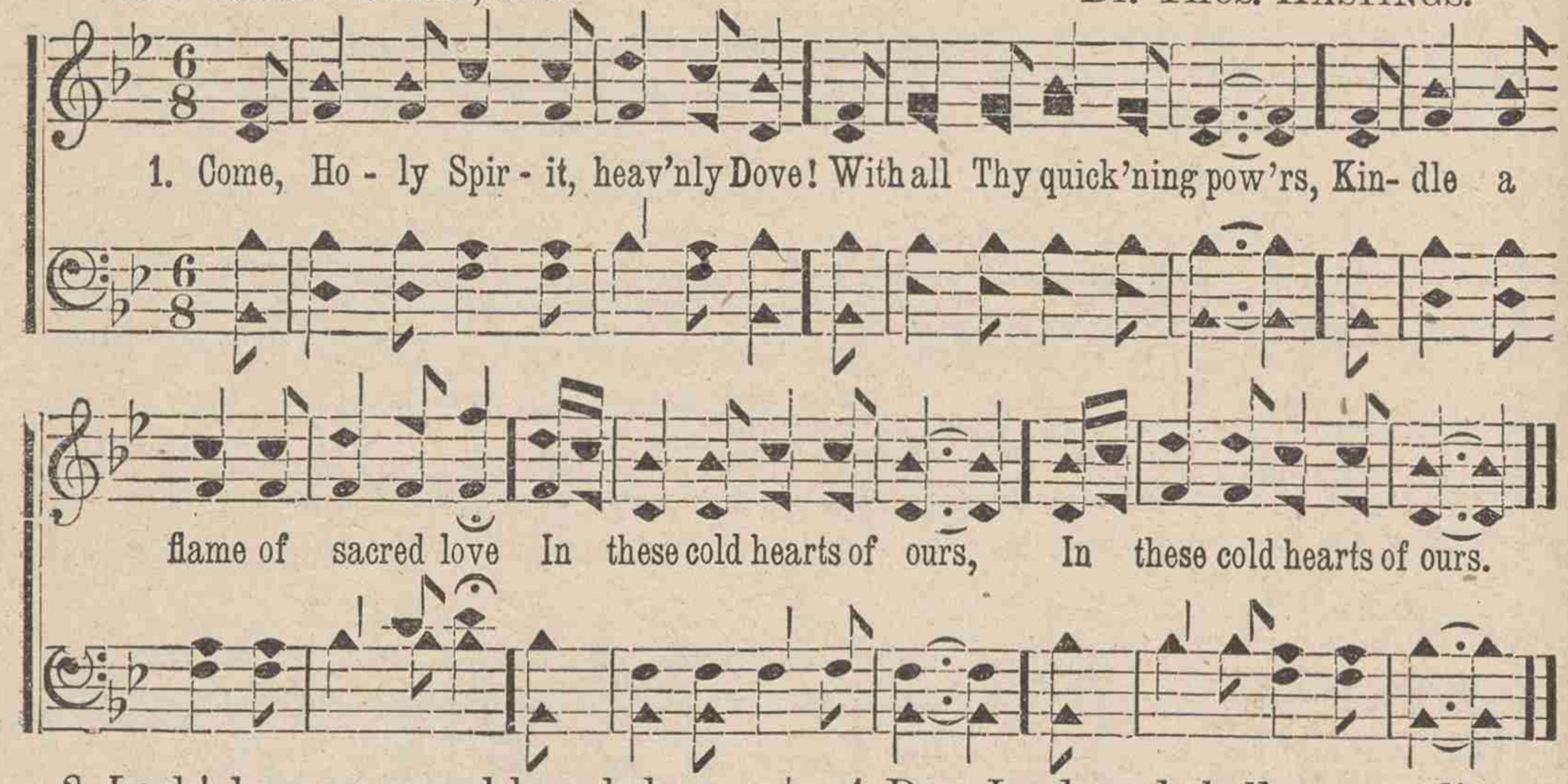
Di - rect, con-trol, re - new the whole, But ne'er de - part.

Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 106. Come, Holy Spirit. C. M. (Ortonville.)

"When the Comforter is come."—JOHN 15: 26.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, D.D. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



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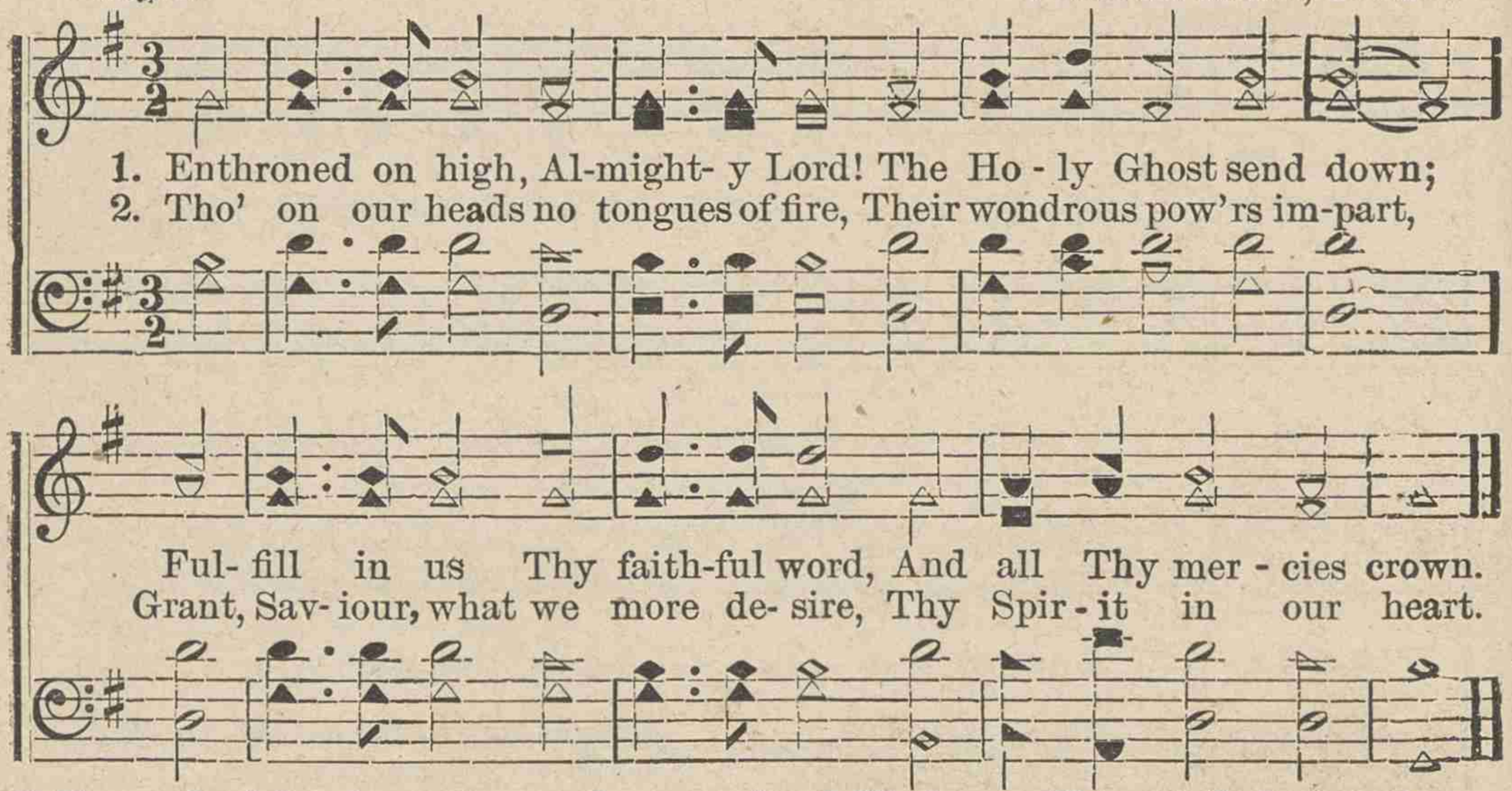
4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

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

No. 107. Arlington. C. M.

"Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence."—ACTS 1: 5.

Arr. THOS. A. ARNE, 1744.



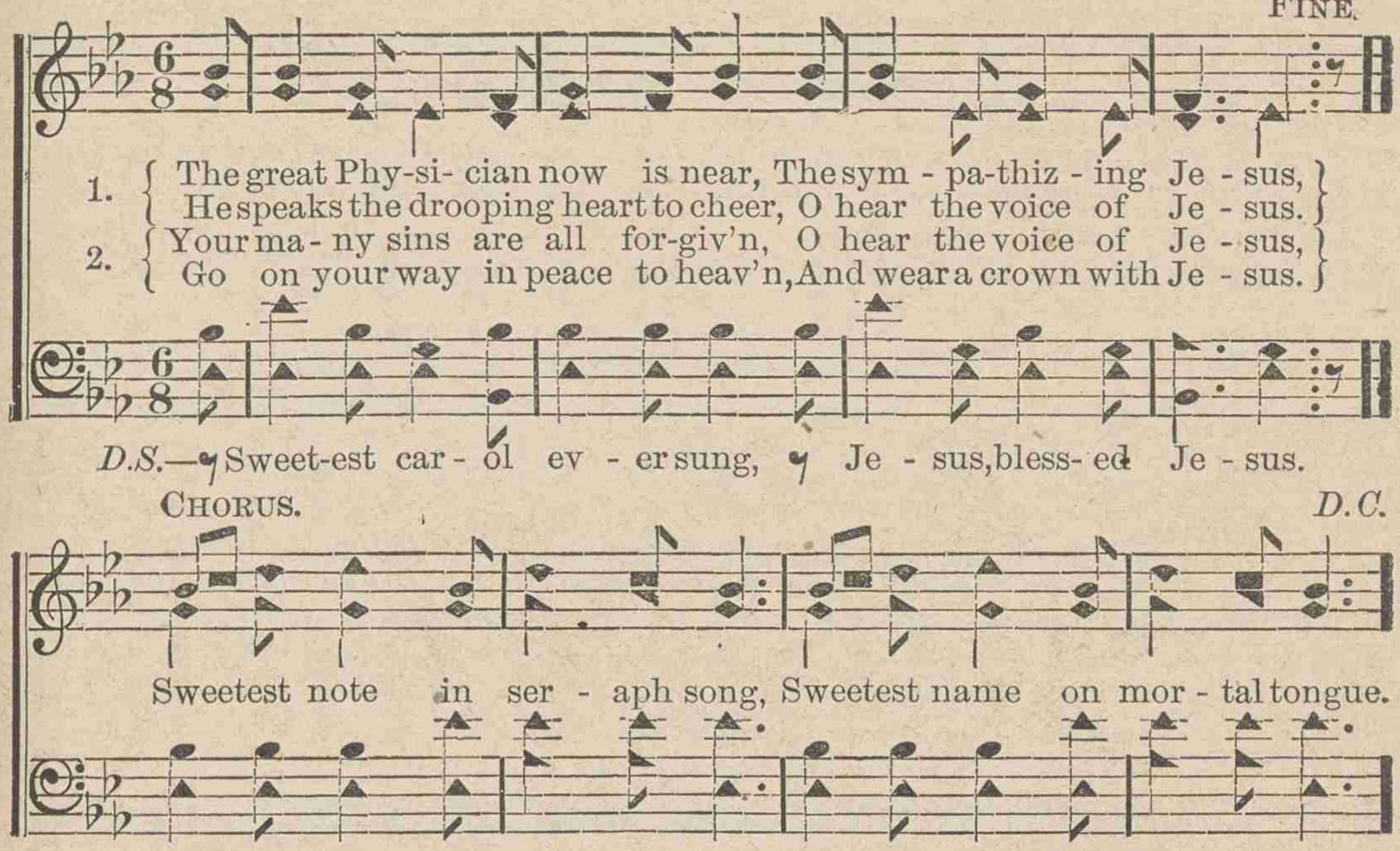
3 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

4 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-spring well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

No. 108. The Great Physician.

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

FINE.



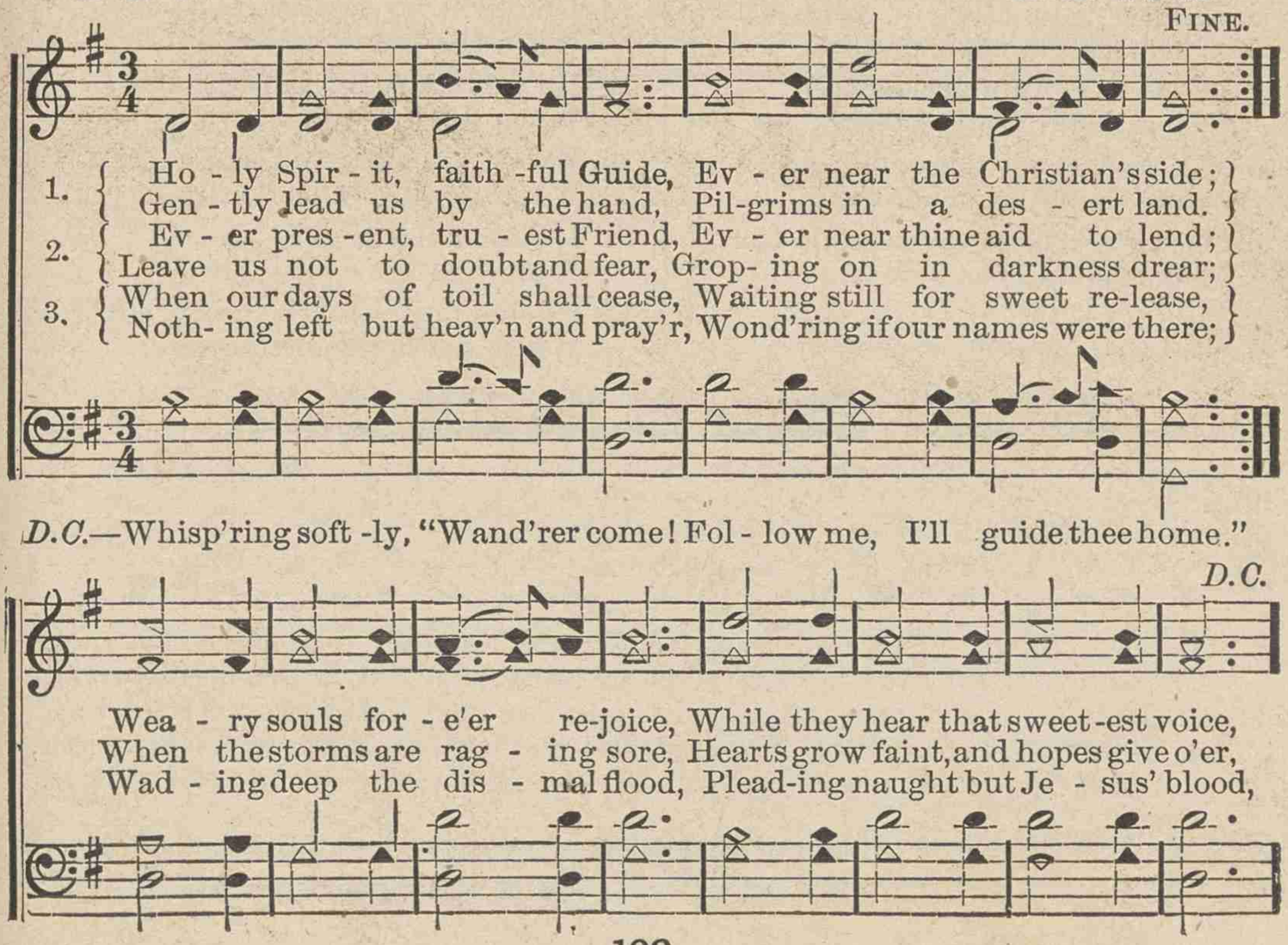
3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus:
O how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

No. 109. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

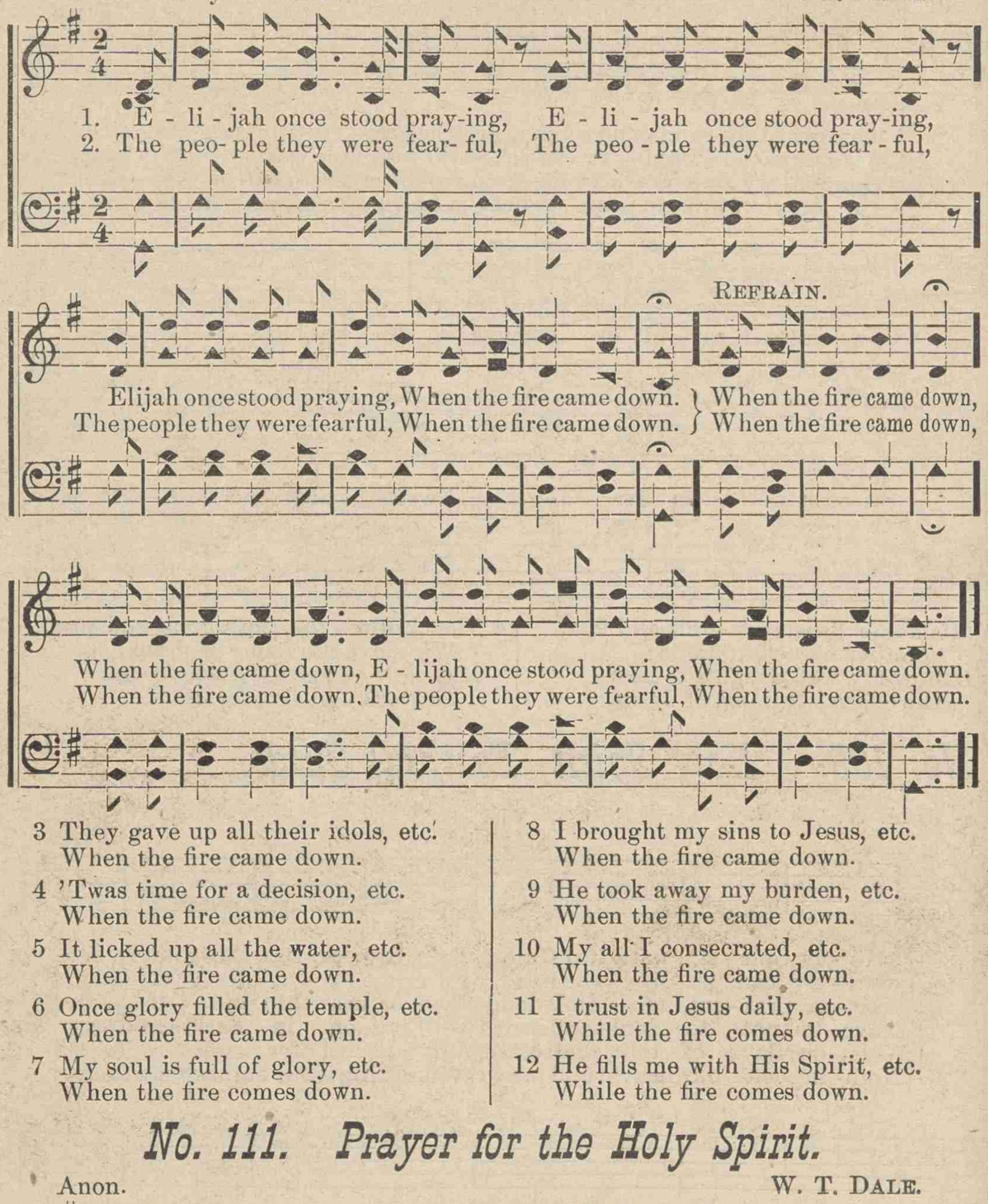
M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.

FINE.



No. 110. When the Fire Came Down.

Words arr. by W. T. D. 1 KINGS 18: 36-39. W. T. DALE.



3 They gave up all their idols, etc.
When the fire came down.

4 'Twas time for a decision, etc.
When the fire came down.

5 It licked up all the water, etc.
When the fire came down.

6 Once glory filled the temple, etc.
When the fire came down.

7 My soul is full of glory, etc.
When the fire comes down.

8 I brought my sins to Jesus, etc.
When the fire came down.

9 He took away my burden, etc.
When the fire came down.

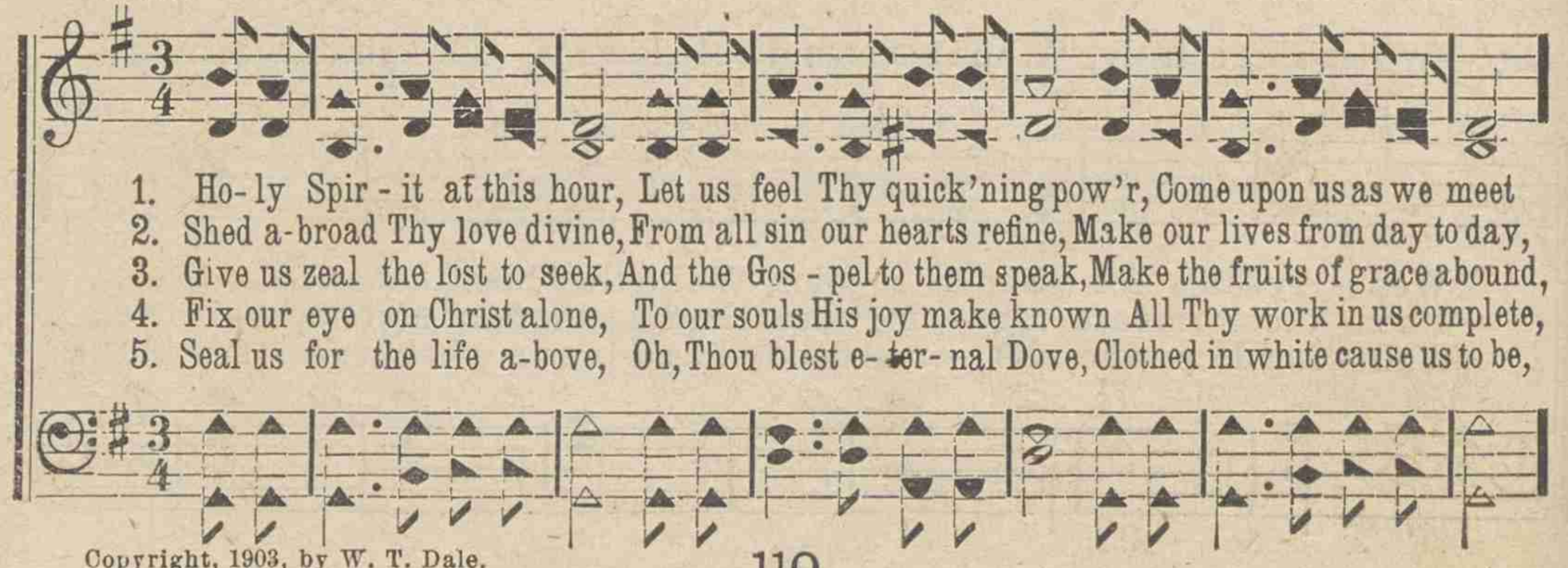
10 My all I consecrated, etc.
When the fire came down.

11 I trust in Jesus daily, etc.
While the fire comes down.

12 He fills me with His Spirit, etc.
While the fire comes down.

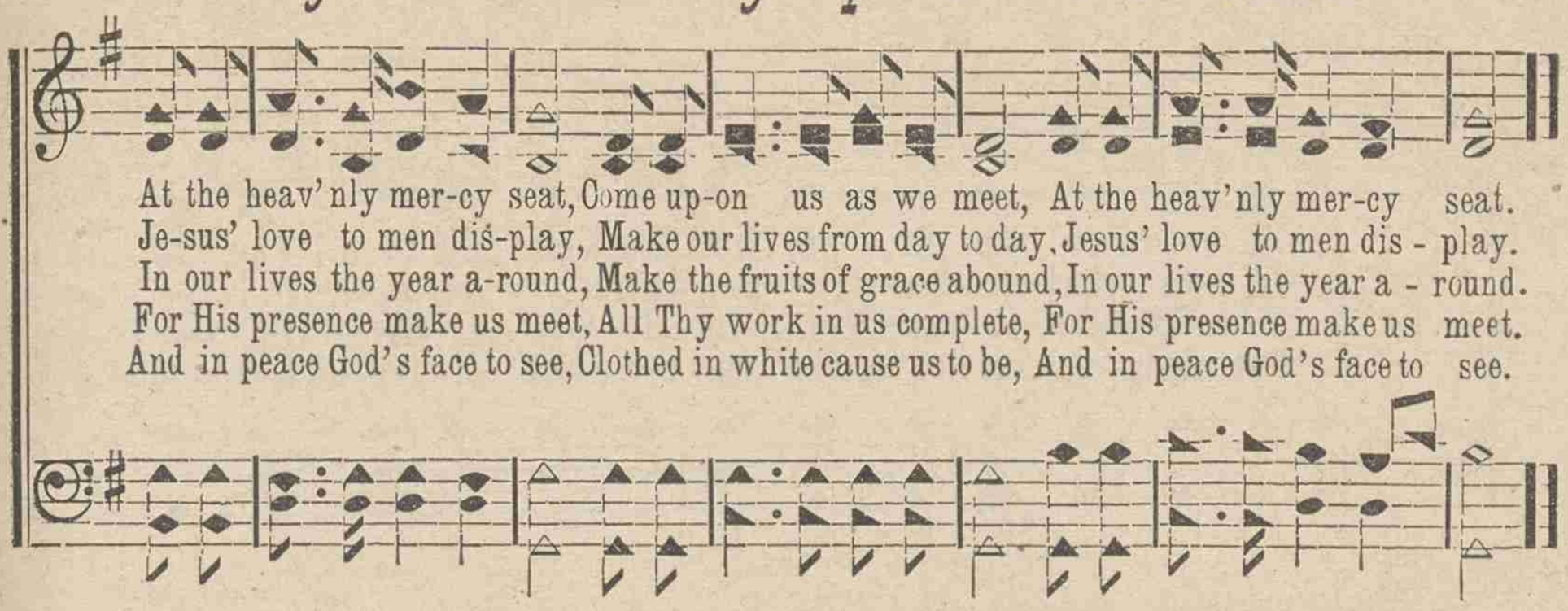
No. 111. Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

Anon. W. T. DALE.
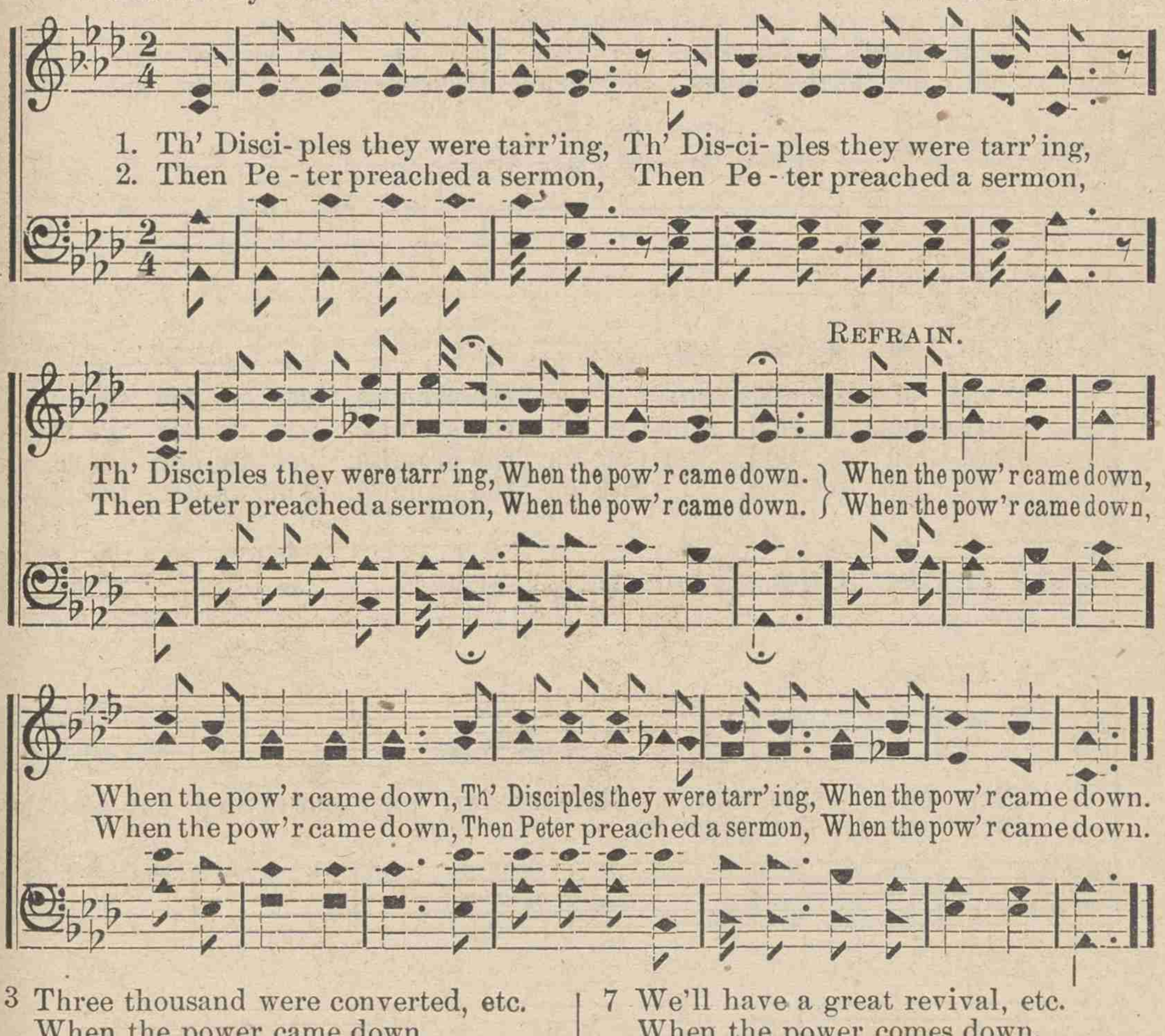


Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

Prayer for the Holy Spirit. Concluded.



No. 112. When the Power Came Down.

Words arr. by W. T. D. W. T. DALE.



3 Three thousand were converted, etc.
When the power came down.

4 They had a great revival, etc.
When the power came down.

5 Their hearts were sad and heavy, etc.
Till the power came down.

6 But Jesus took their burden, etc.
When the power came down.

7 We'll have a great revival, etc.
When the power comes down.

8 Lord, send a mighty shower, etc.
When the power comes down.

9 And make Thy people happy, etc.
When the power comes down.

10 And we will ever praise Thee, etc.
When the power comes down.

No. 113. Step Out on the Promise.

The Highway. Rev. W. T. DALE.
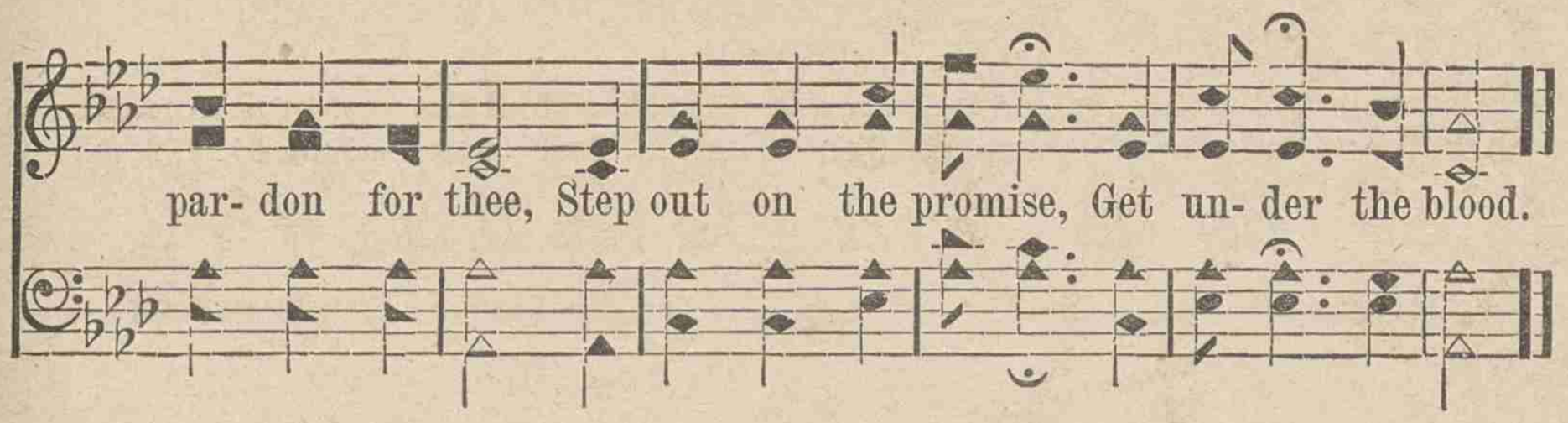
1. Oh, mourn-er in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je- sus is wait - ing to com-fort you now; Fear not to re - ly on the
2. Oh, ye that are hun- gry and thirst-y re-joice, For ye shall be filled, do you hear that sweet voice, In- vit - ing you now to the
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - i - qui - ty free, Oh, poor troubled soul, there's a prom-ise for thee; There's rest wea- ry one in the
4. The prom-ise can't save, tho' the prom-ise is true, 'Tis th' blood we get un - der that cleanses us thro'; It cleans-es me now, hal - le -

word of thy God, Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
ban- quet of God; Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
bos - om of God, Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
lu - jah to God, I rest on the promise, I'm un-der the blood.

CHORUS.

Step out, step out, Oh, mourn-er, step out; Step out on the prom- ise,
Step out on the prom- ise,
prom-ise of Je - sus thy God, Step out, step out, There's
Step out on the prom - ise,

Step Out on the Promise (Concluded).
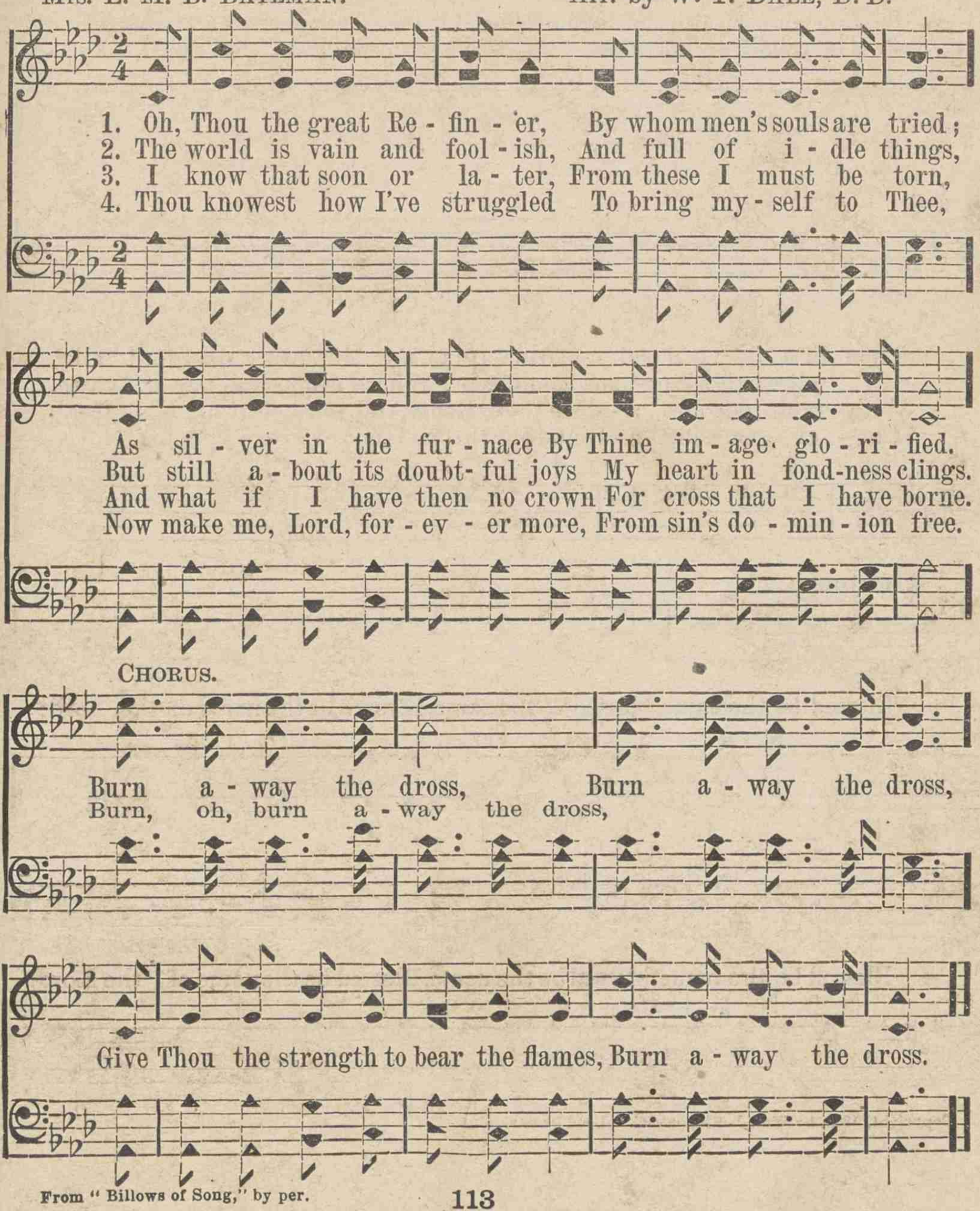


No. 114. Burn Away the Dross.

"He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."—Mal. 3 : 3.

Mrs. L. M. B. BATEMAN.

Theme from S. P. CREASINGER.
Arr. by W. T. DALE, D. D.



From "Billows of Song," by per.

PART IX.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

"Praise waiteth for thee, O God in Zion, and unto thee shall the vow be performed. Oh, thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come."—PSA. 65: 1, 2.

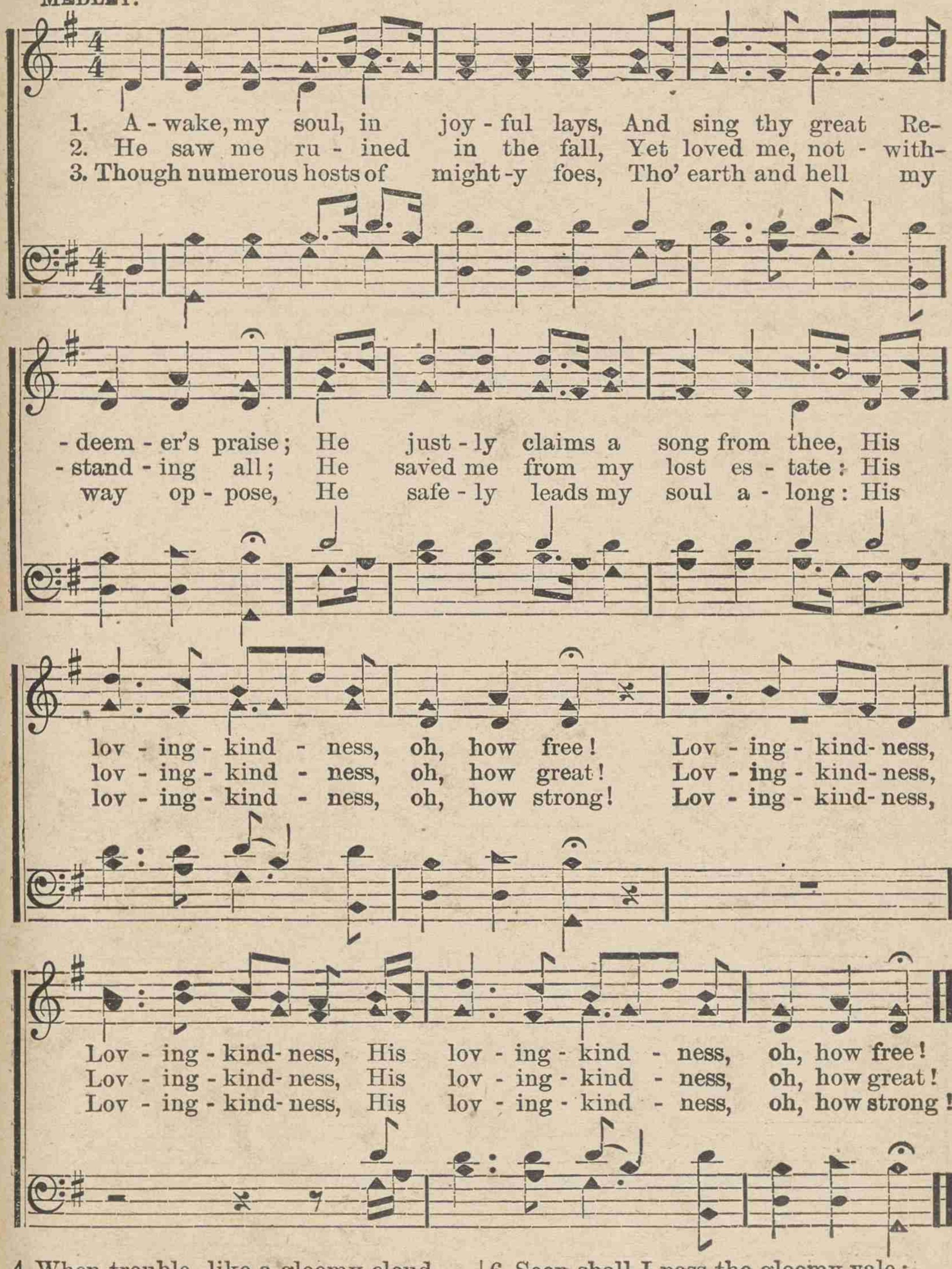
No. 115. Blessed be the Name.

W. H. CLARK. Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

No. 116. Loving-Kindness. L. M.

MEDLEY.



4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail:
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!
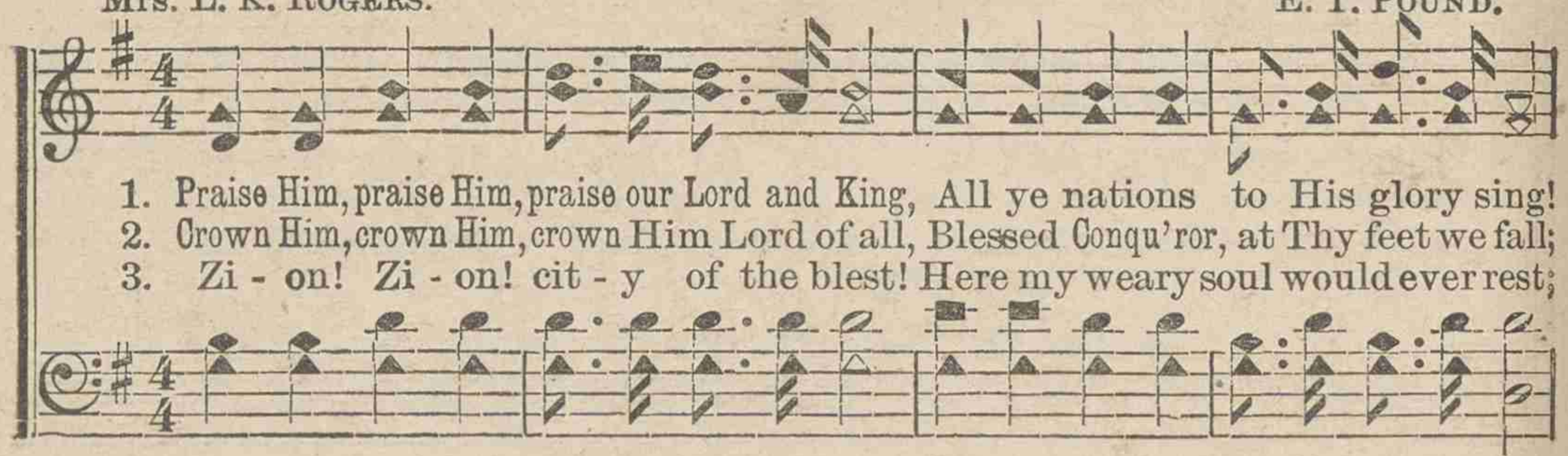
7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies!

No. 117. Praise Him With Joy.
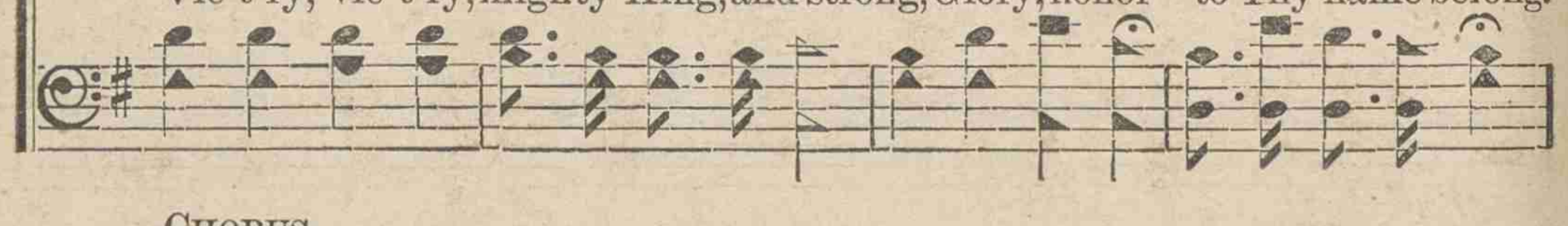
"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."—Ps. 149: 2.

Mrs. L. K. Rogers. E. T. Pound.

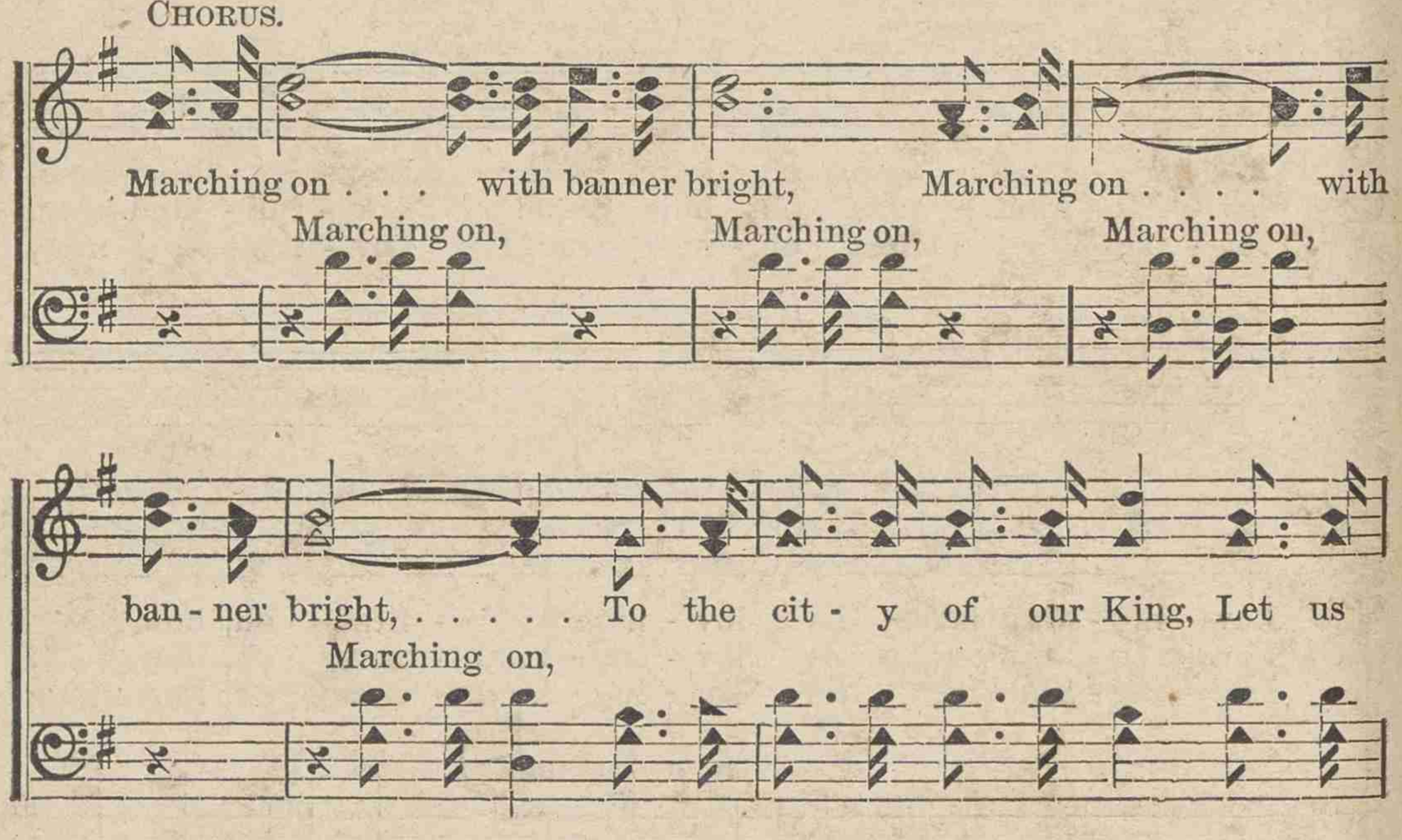
1. Praise Him, praise Him, praise our Lord and King, All ye nations to His glory sing!
2. Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all, Blessed Conqu'ror, at Thy feet we fall;
3. Zi - on! Zi - on! cit - y of the blest! Here my weary soul would ever rest;
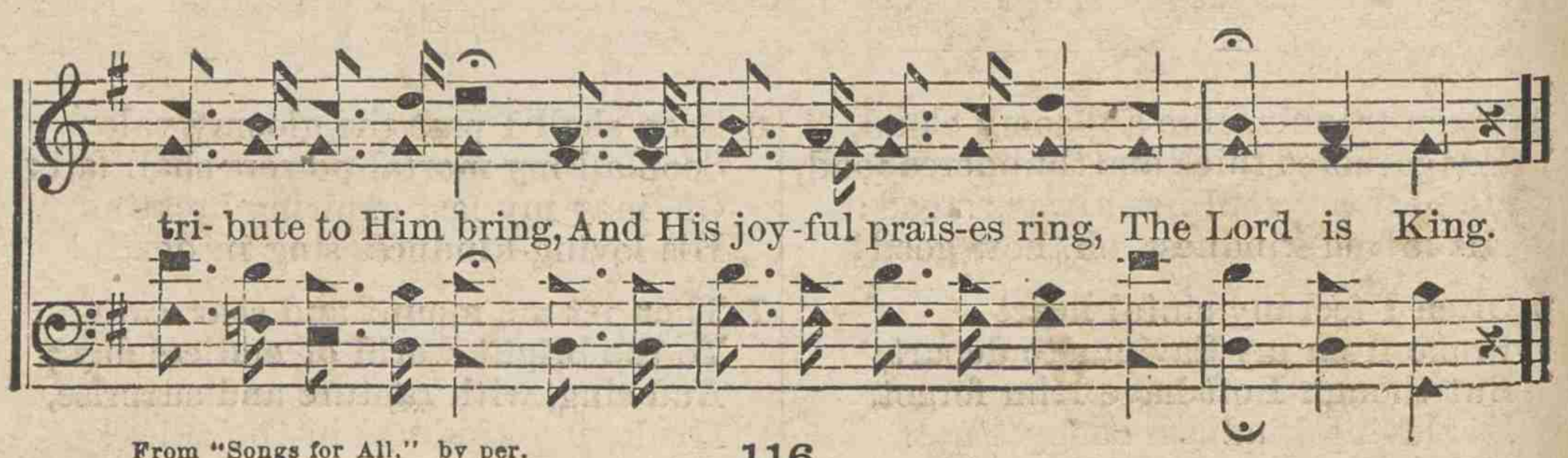


He hath led us all a-long the way, Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him all the day.
Wea-ry pil-grim, all the journey o'er, Joy and gladness reign forev-er more.
Vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry, mighty King, and strong, Glory, honor to Thy name belong.



Chorus.
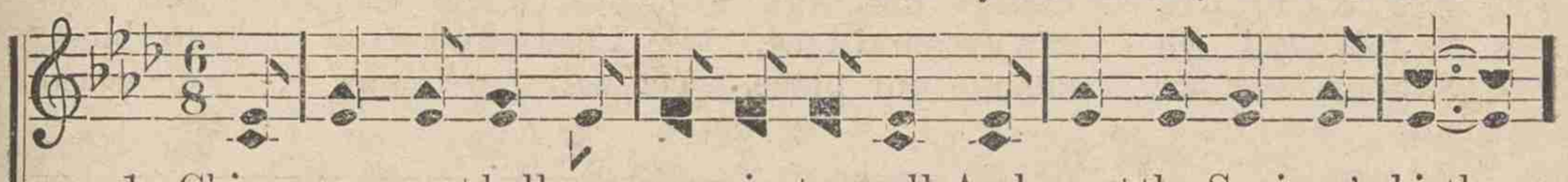




From "Songs for All," by per.
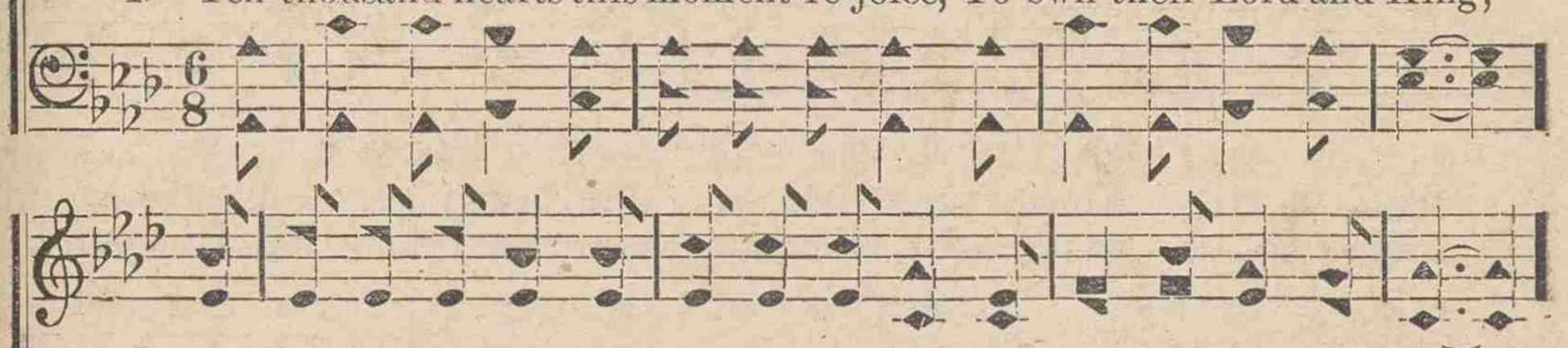
No. 118. A Christmas Carol.

"A multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest."—LUKE 2: 13, 14.
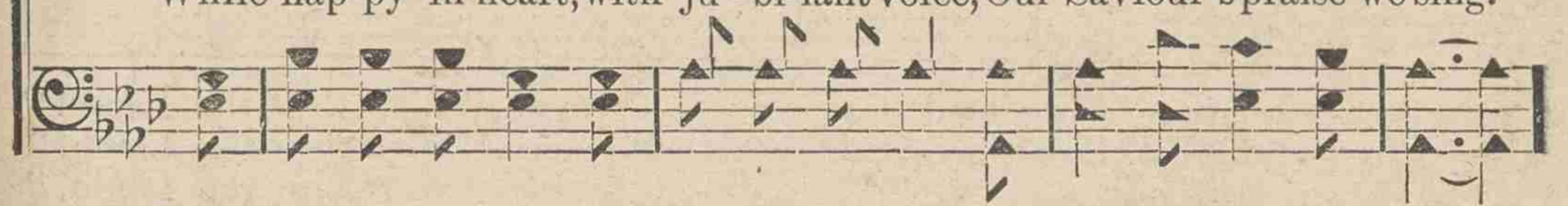
Words suggested and Melody by Miss PEARL GERTRUDE DALE.
Arr. by her father, W. T. DALE.
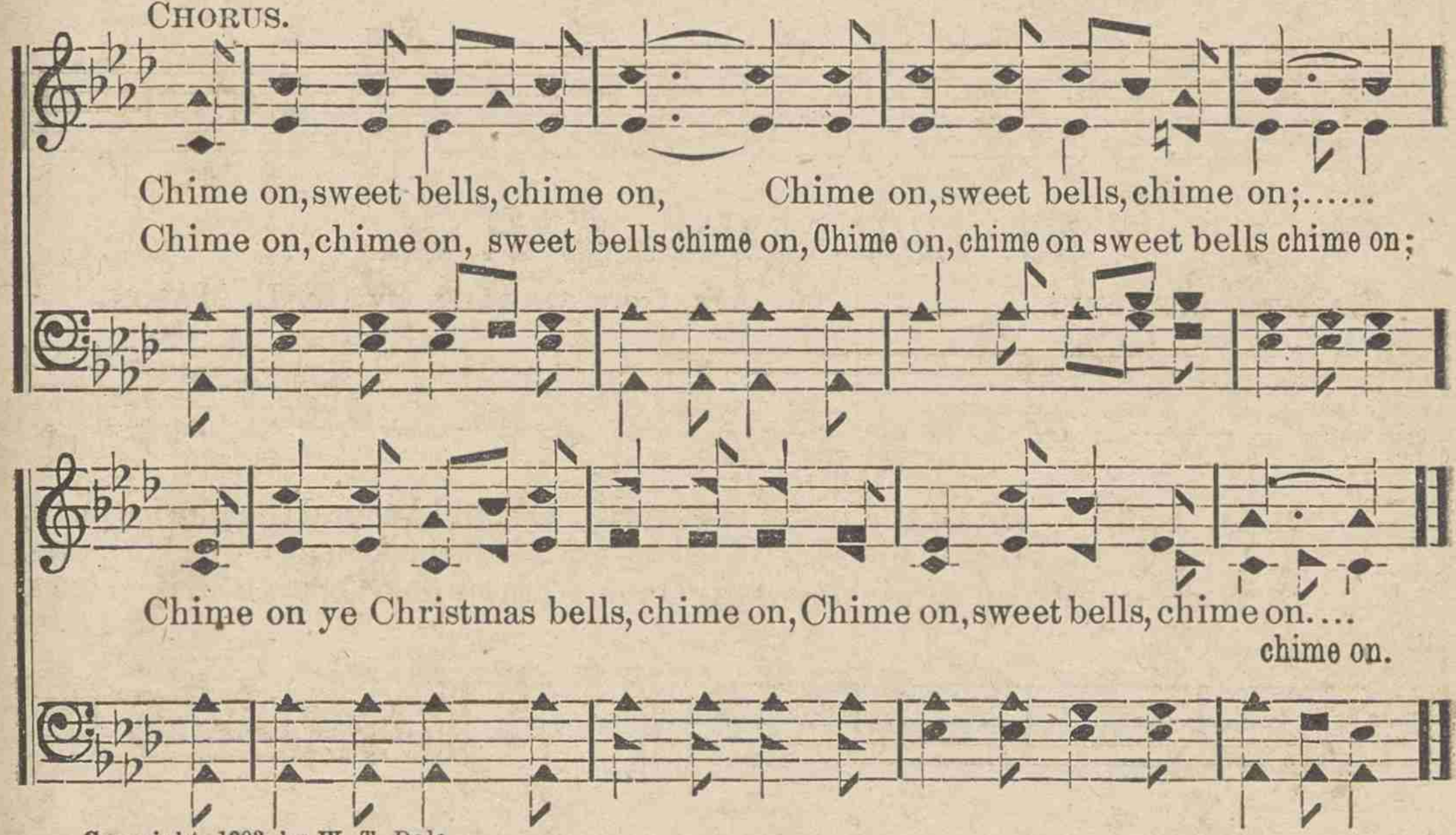


1. Chime on, sweet bells, your music to swell, And greet the Saviour's birth;
2. 'Tis Christmas tide, and mer-ry are we, As we our voic - es raise;
3. Now let our hearts with praises o'erflow, And all the world re - joice;
4. Ten thousand hearts this moment re-joice, To own their Lord and King;



For hap- py are we, His prais-es to tell In glad and joy - ous mirth.
In sweet-est ac-cord, both hap-py and free, And sing the Saviour's praise.
For Je- sus was born His pow-er to show, Now lift each heart and voice.
While hap-py in heart, with ju - bi-lant voice, Our Saviour's praise we sing.

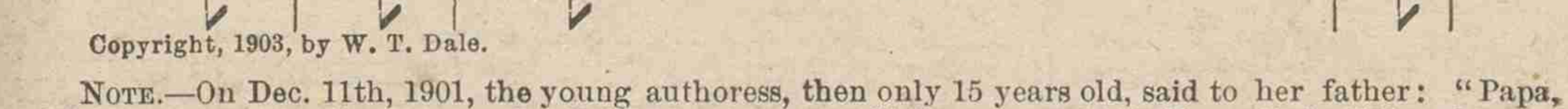


CHORUS.



Chime on, sweet bells, chime on, Chime on, sweet bells, chime on;.....
Chime on, chime on, sweet bells chime on, Chime on, chime on sweet bells chime on;

Chime on ye Christmas bells, chime on, Chime on, sweet bells, chime on....
chime on.



Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

NOTE.—On Dec. 11th, 1901, the young authoress, then only 15 years old, said to her father: "Papa, while you are composing songs, why don't you compose a Christmas carol?" He replied: "Daughter, as you are thinking about it, why don't you compose one? What would you like?" And immediately she began and sung the above melody and first stanza. Her father then copied the tune and helped her out on the remaining stanzas and chorus. This was at Wartrace, Tenn. But she did not live to see the song in print. For on Monday morning, August 10th, 1903, at Jasper, Tenn., she suddenly fell "asleep in the arms of Jesus." And now she is singing the "Song of Moses and the Lamb" with her mother, two brothers, Willie and Oscar; two sisters, Mamie and Lula, and many other loved ones in the land of the "sweet bye and bye."

No. 119. Worthy the Lamb.

JAMES ALLEN. FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Glo - ry to God on high! Let heav'n and earth re - ply.
2. Join all ye ran - som'd race, Our Lord and God to bless;
3. Soon must we change our place, Yet will we nev - er cease

"Praise ye His name!" His love and grace a - dore, Who all our
Praise ye His name! In Him we will re - joice, And make a
Prais-ing His name; To Him our songs we bring; Hail Him our

sor - row's bore; Sing loud for ev - er-more, "Wor- thy the Lamb!"
joy - ful noise, Shout-ing with heart and voice, "Wor- thy the Lamb!"
gra - cious King; And, thro' all a - ges sing, "Wor- thy the Lamb!"

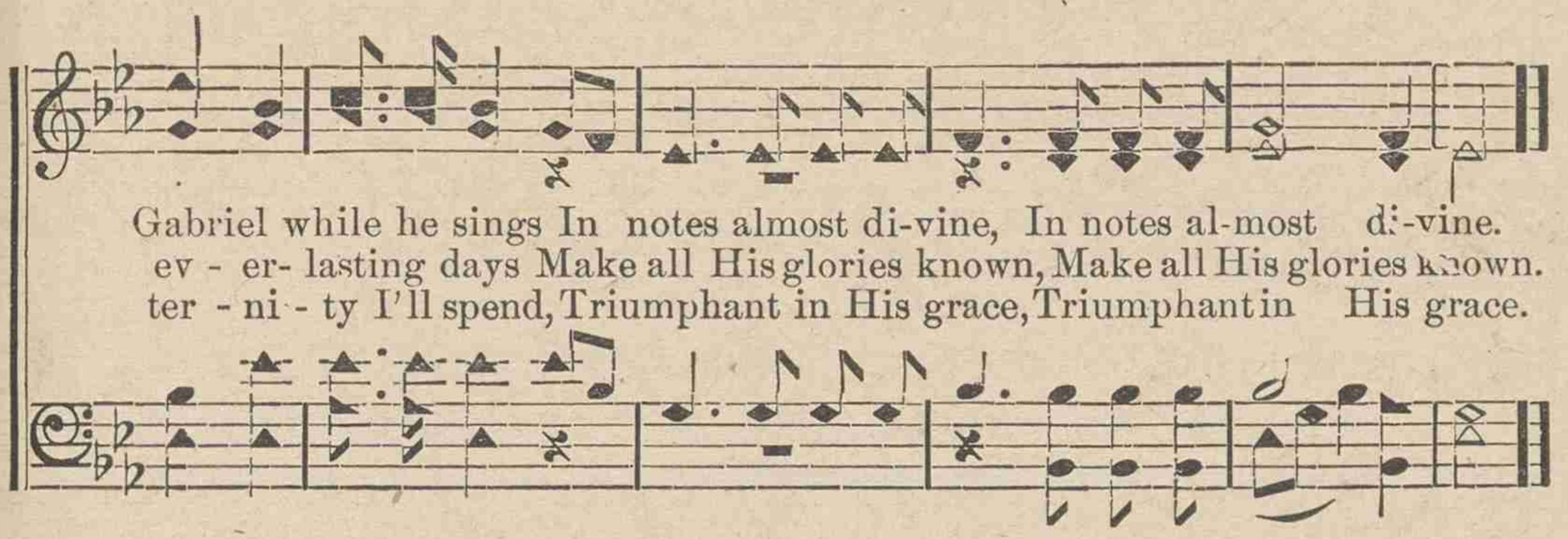
No. 120. Ariel. C. P. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. Arr. from MOZART, by Dr. L. MASON.

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
2. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
3. Well—the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,

Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
Ex - alt-ed on His throne. In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to
And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e -
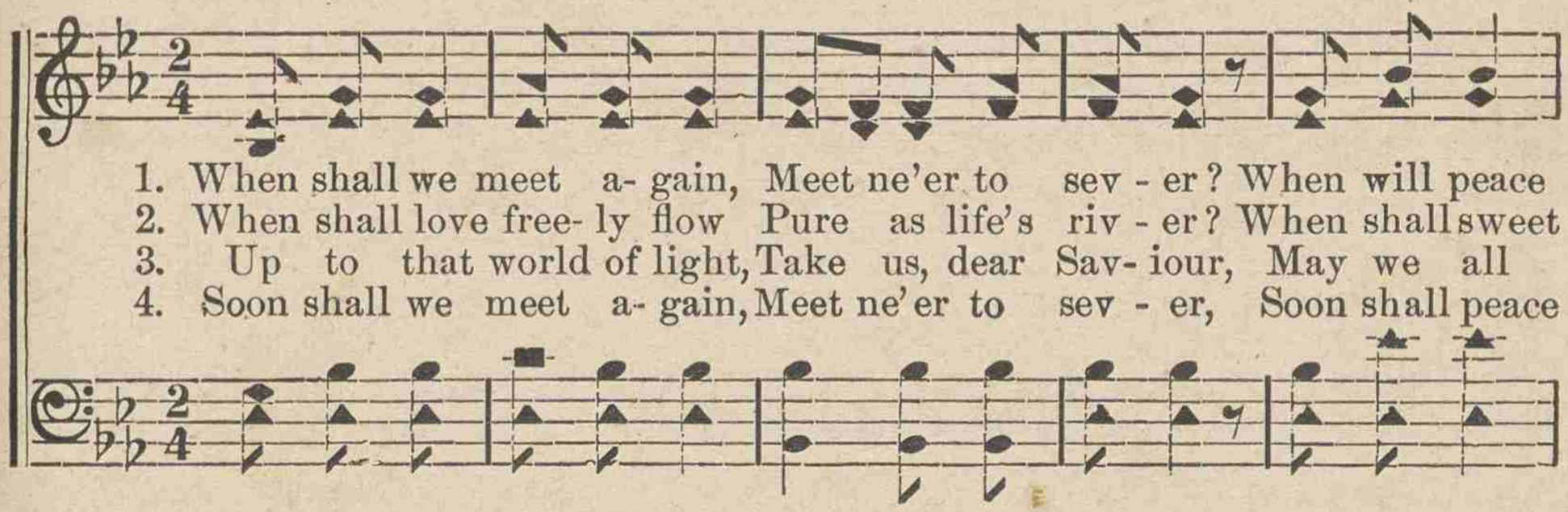
Ariel. Concluded.
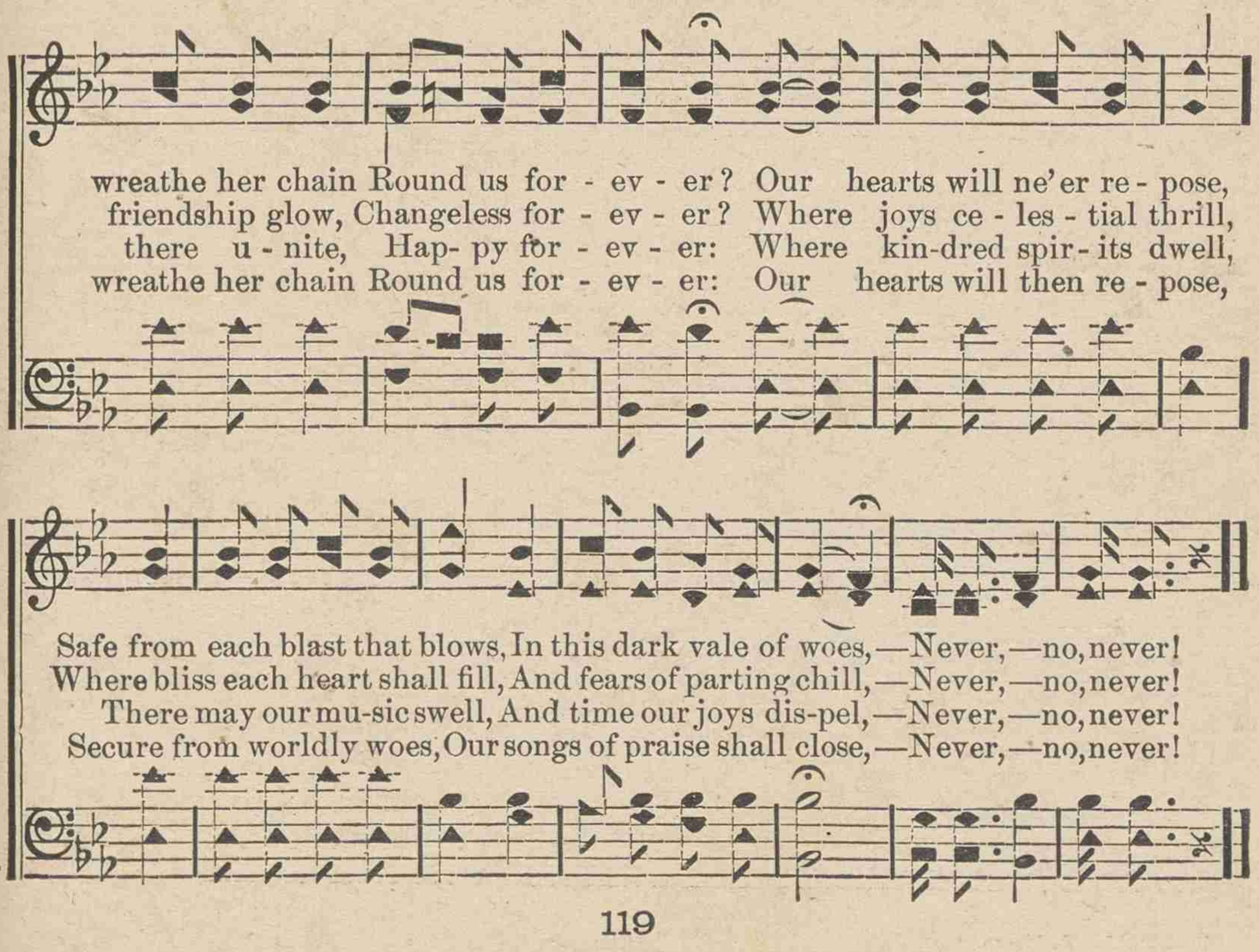


No. 121. Unity. 6s, 5s.

(FOR CLOSE OF SERVICE.)

S. F. SMITH. LOWELL MASON.
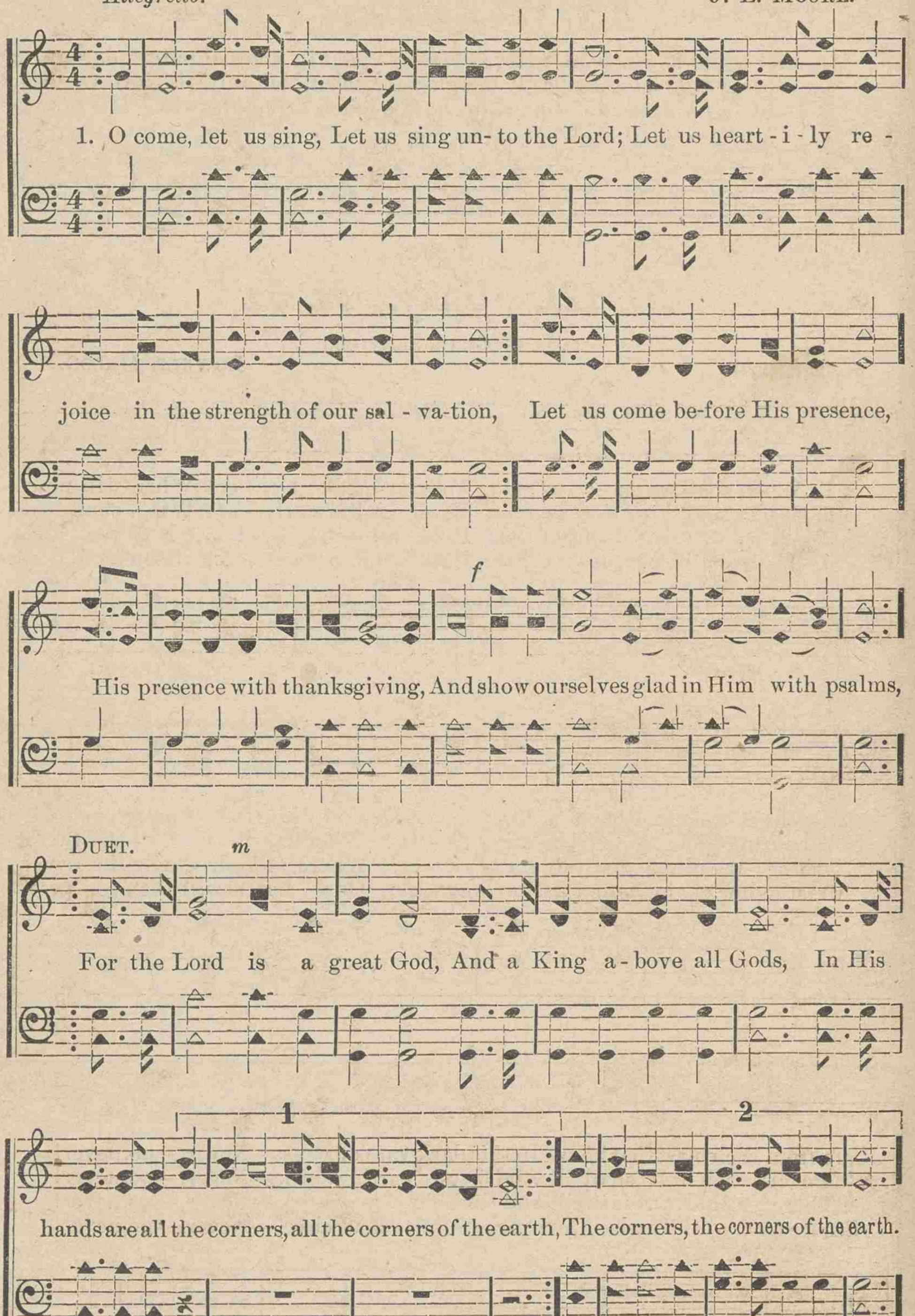




No. 122. O Come, Let Us Sing.
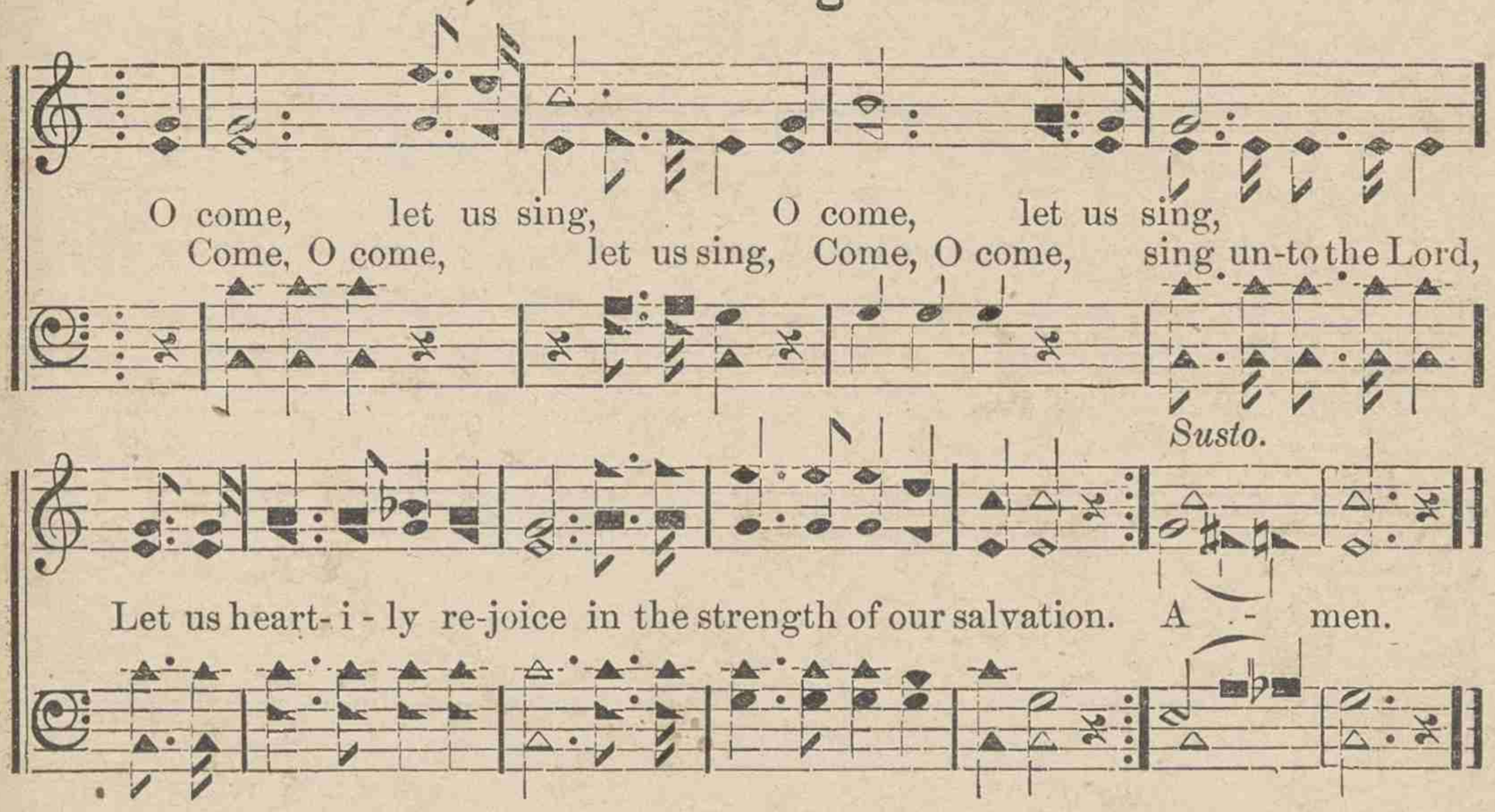
(ANTHEM.)

Allegretto. J. L. MOORE.



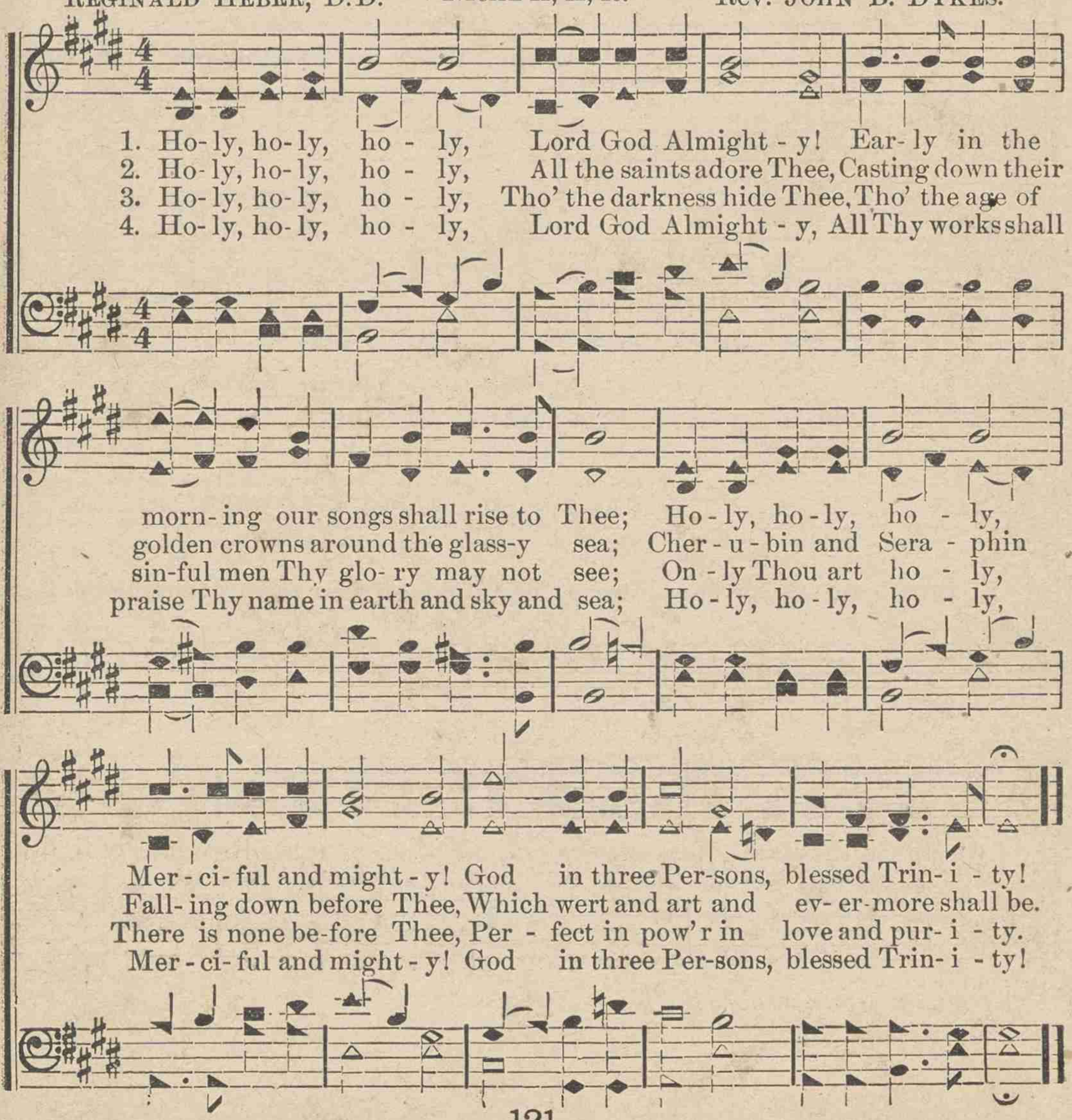
By per. of J. L. Moore.

O Come, Let Us Sing. Concluded.



No. 123. Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER, D.D. NICAE 11, 12, 10. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.



No. 124. The King of Glory. (Anthem.)

Rev. W. T. DALE. PSALM 24: 7-10. Rev. W. G. TEMPLETON.

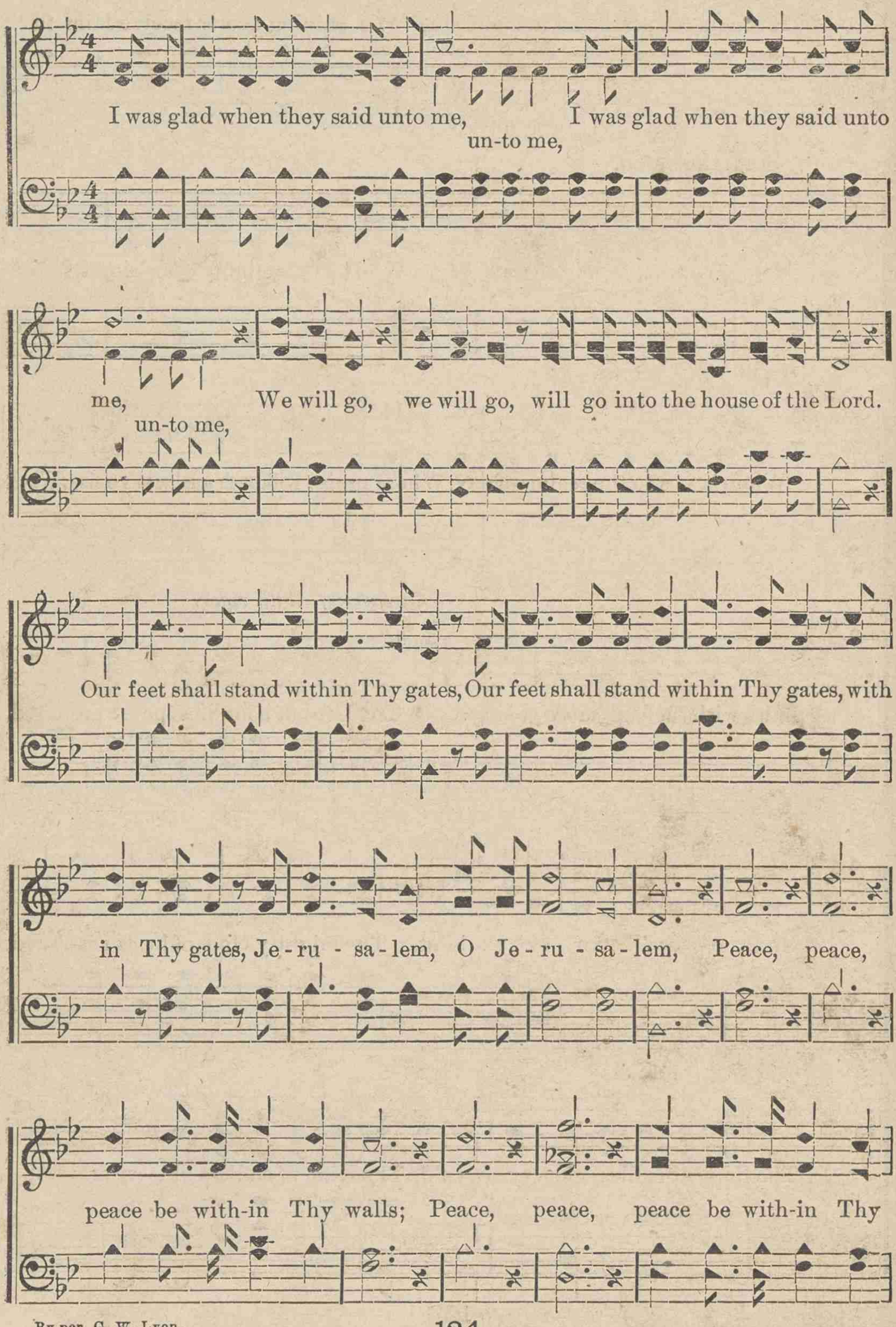
Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

The King of Glory. Concluded.

No. 125. I Was Glad.
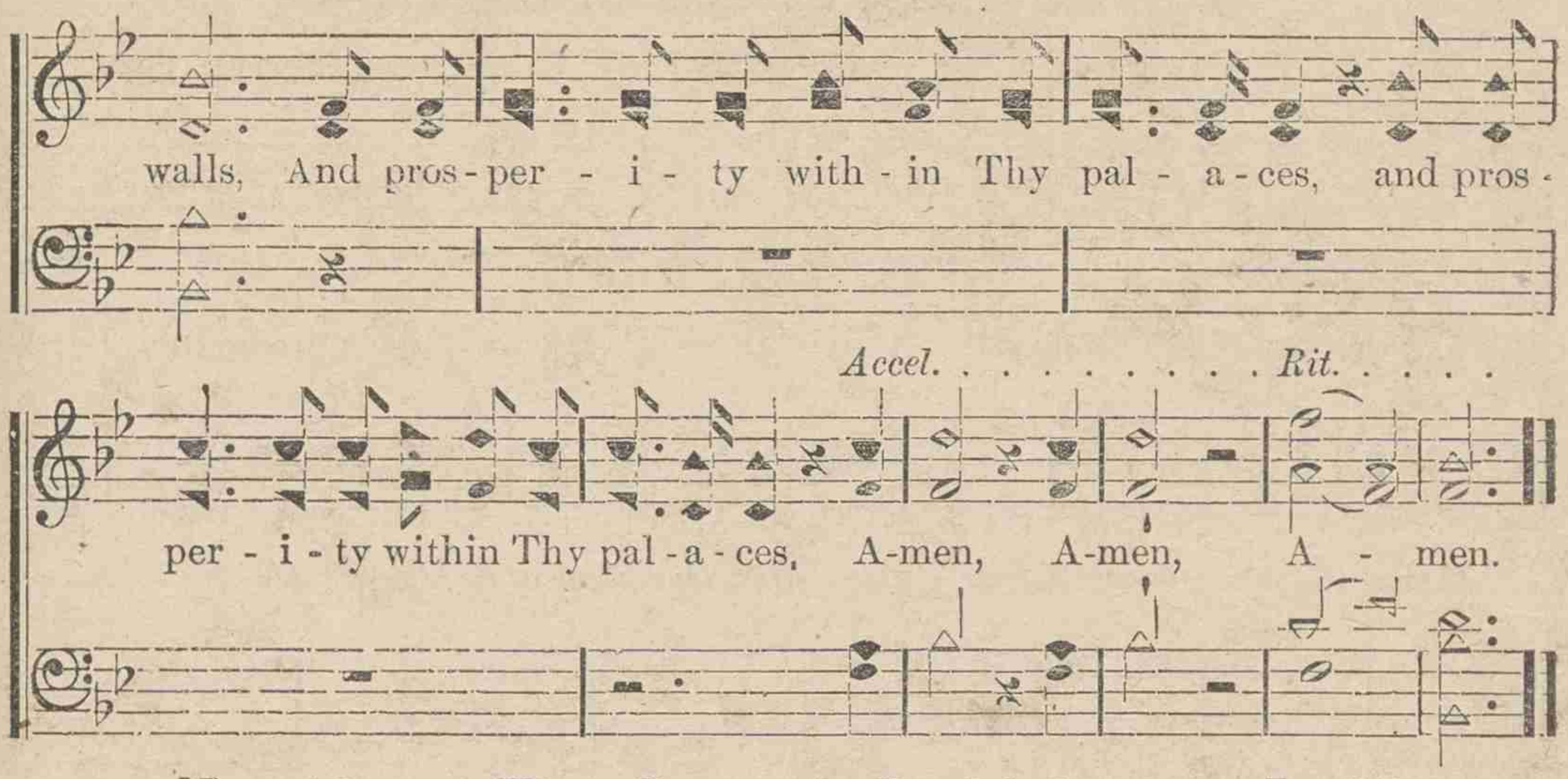
(OPENING ANTHEM.)

PSALM 122. G. W. LYON.



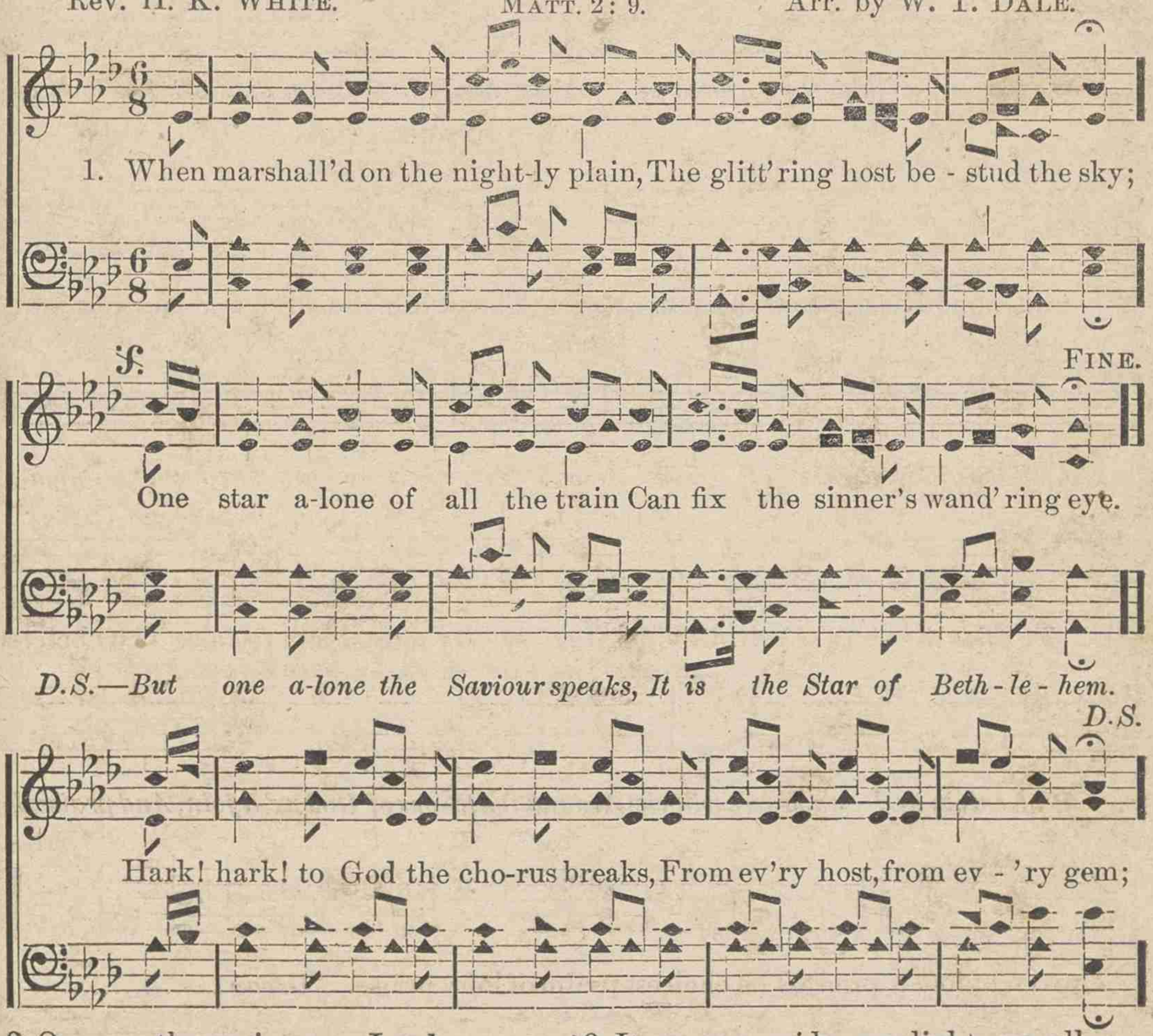
By per. G. W. Lyon.

I Was Glad. Concluded.



No. 126. The Star of Bethlehem. L. M.

Rev. H. K. WHITE. MATT. 2: 9. Arr. by W. T. DALE.
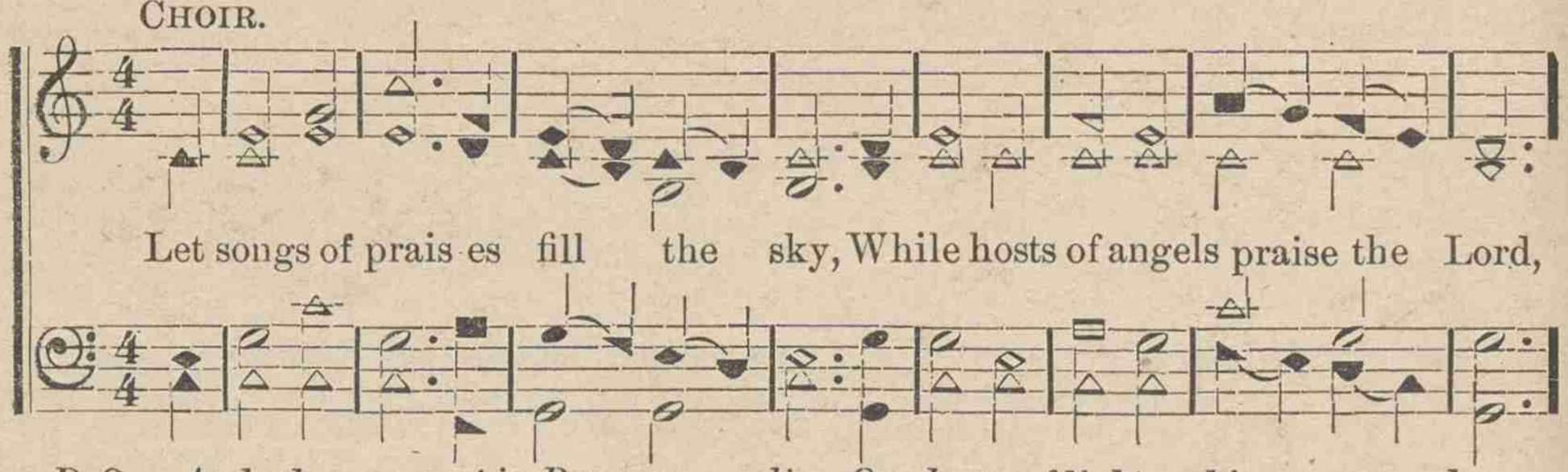


2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed,
The wind that tossed my foundering bark:
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forbodings cease:
And, thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

No. 127. A Hymn of Praise.

Rev. W. T. DALE. (ANTHEM.) R. PORTER ORR.

CHOIR.



Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

A Hymn of Praise. Concluded.

CHOIR.

High raise..... the an - them, swell..... the song, And

spread re-demp - tion's notes a-round; And while the a - ges

roll..... a - long, The prais - es of our God re- sound.

CONGREGATION.

Let loud and long hos - an - nas rise From all who dwell be - low the skies,

Ye harp- ers strike each tuneful chord, And wake the praises of the Lord,

Ritardando. *D.C.*

And wake the prais - es of the Lord. *Organ*.....
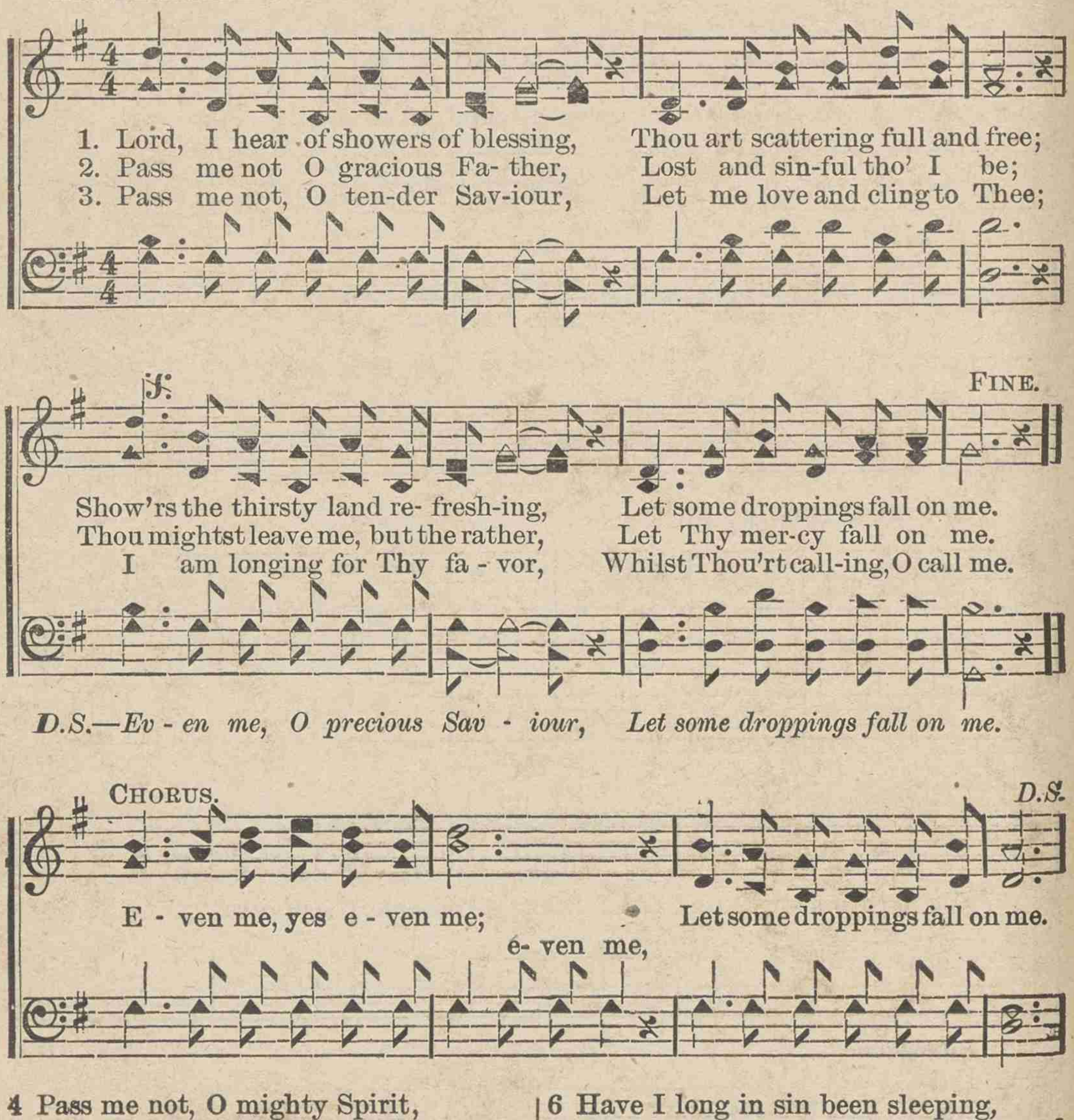
PART X.

REVIVALS AND PRAYER MEETINGS.

No. 128. Even Me.

"There shall be showers of Blessing."—EZEK. 31: 26.
"Bless me, even me, O my Father."—GEN. 27: 34.

MRS. ELIZABETH CONDER. D. E. DORTCH.



FINE.

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

5 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me.

6 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me.

7 Love of God so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ so pure and free,
Grace of God so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.

No. 129. Showers of Blessing.

"There shall be showers of blessing."—EZEK. 34 : 26.

W. T. D. W. T. DALE.

1. "There shall be show-ers of blessing," Falling like rain from a - bove;
2. "There shall be show-ers of blessing," Wat'ring our spirits a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of blessing," Streams of His mercy we need,
4. "There shall be show-ers of blessing," Now on each heart may they fall;
5. "There shall be show-ers of blessing," Fill-ing our land with de - light;
6. "There shall be show-ers of blessing," Showers of bless-ing on all;

There shall be "times of re - fresh-ing," Fill-ing our hearts with His love."
Clouds o'er the land are now ris - ing, Fill'd with "abundance of rain."
Lord, do Thou grant a re - fresh-ing, While for Thy mer - cy we plead.
While to our God we're con - fess - ing, Lord, grant Thy blessing to all.
Show-ers of bless-ing, re - viv - ing, Giv - ing us songs in the night.
Glo - ry to God! they are com - ing, Show-ers of bless - ing now fall.

CHORUS.

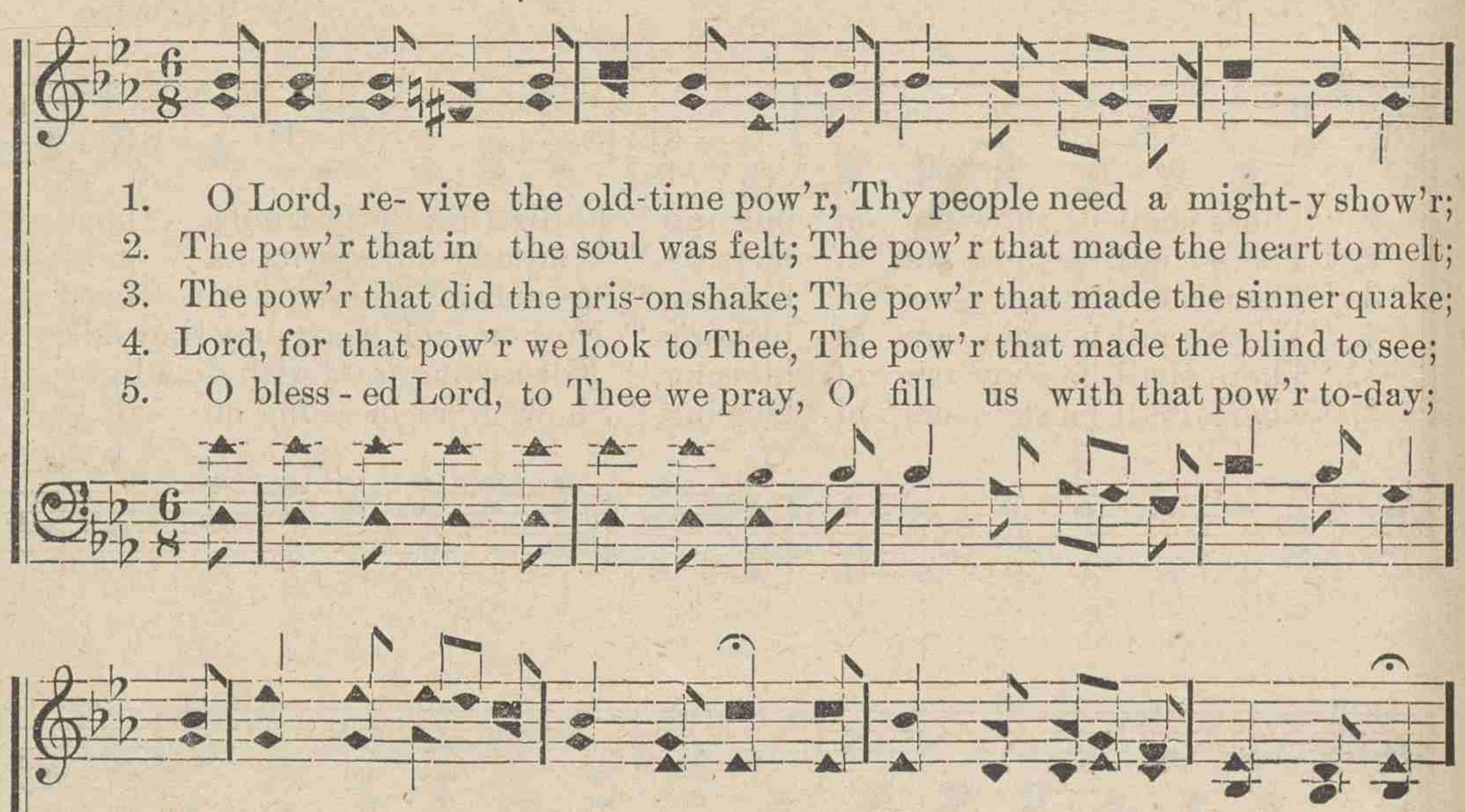
Show - ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of blessing to - day;
Showers of blessing, yes, showers of blessing, Show-ers of bless-ing, of blessing to-day;

Drops of His mer-cy are fall - ing, But for the showers we pray.

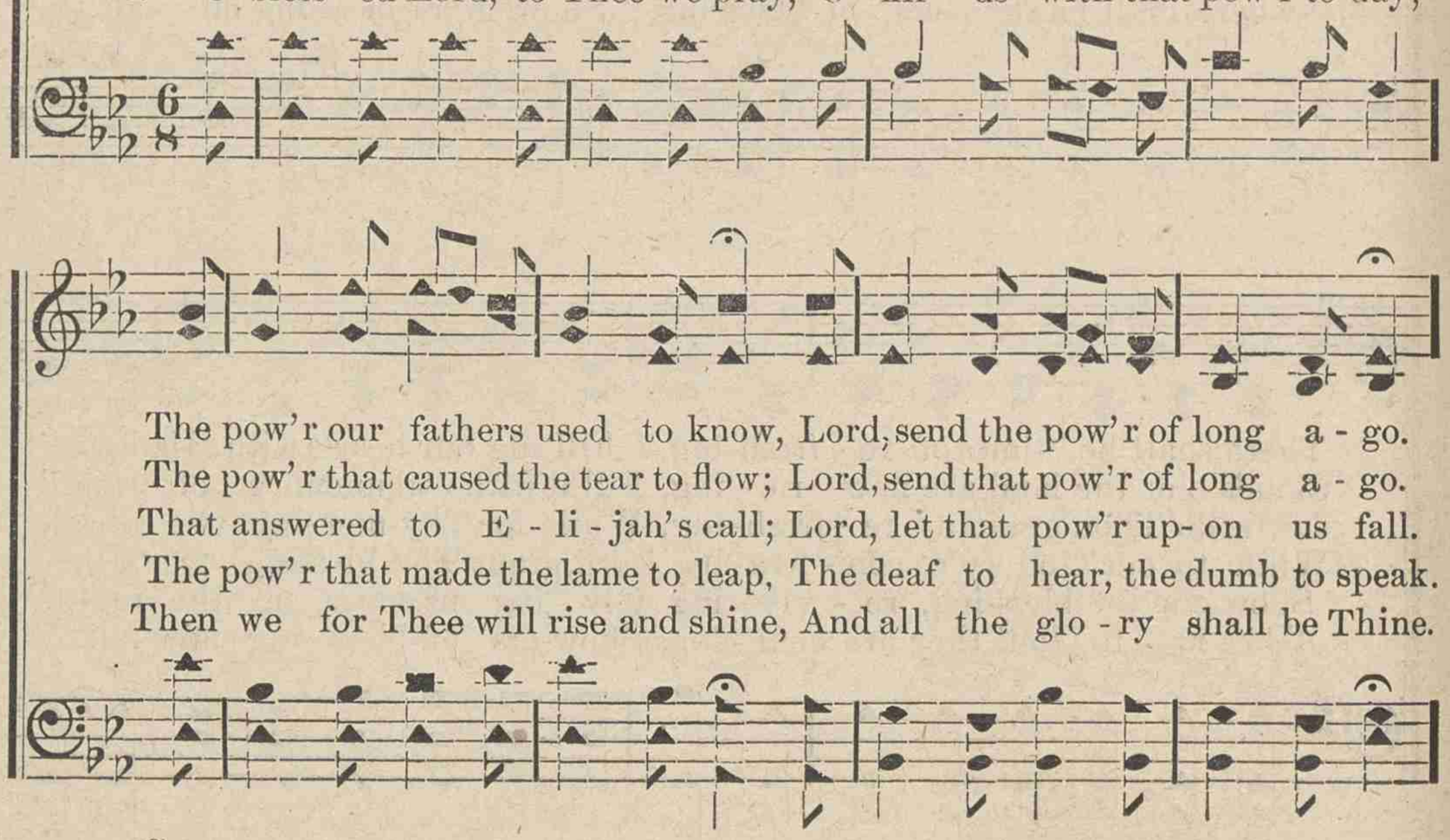
Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 130. The Old-Time Power.

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

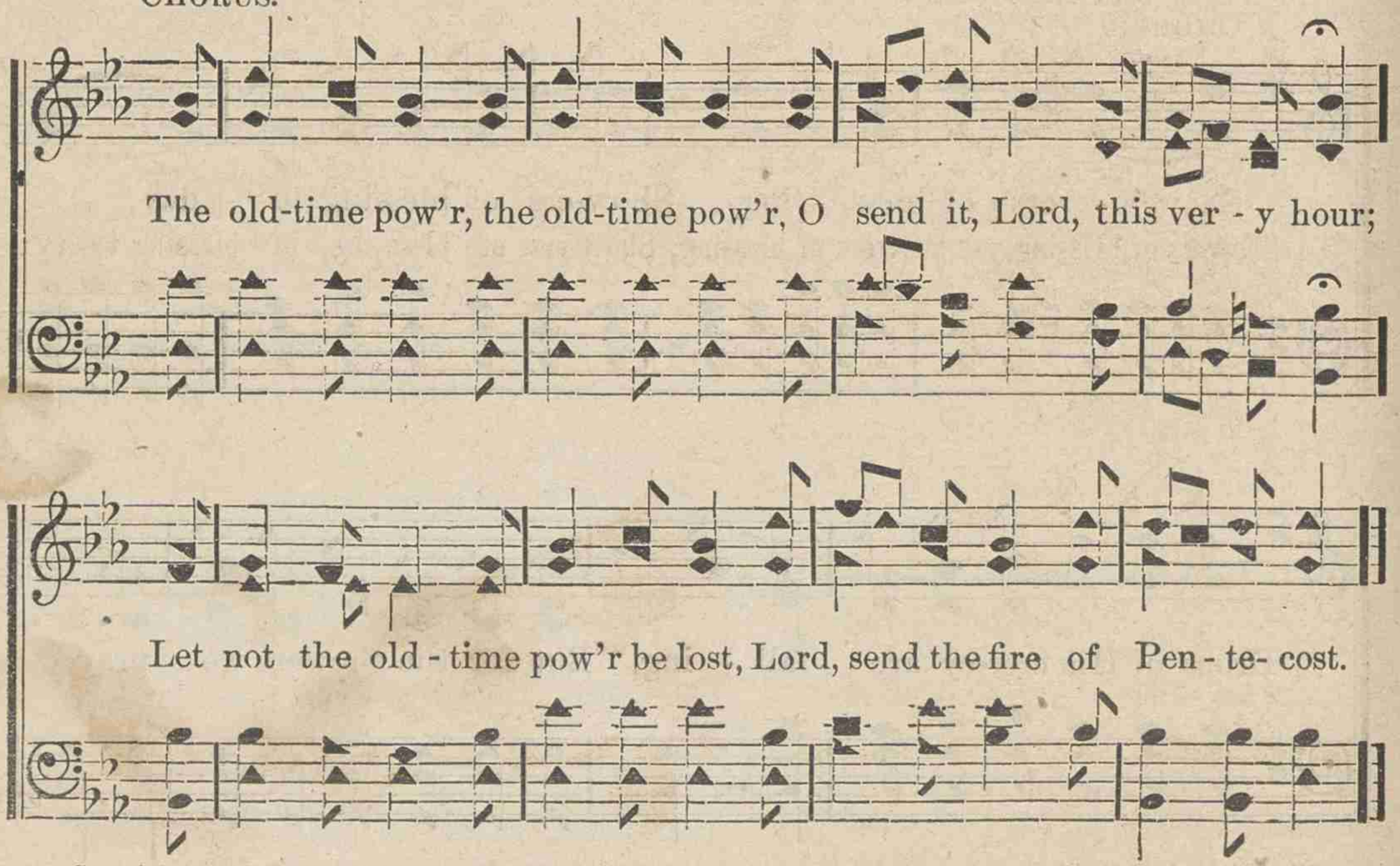


1. O Lord, re- vive the old-time pow'r, Thy people need a might-y show'r;
2. The pow'r that in the soul was felt; The pow'r that made the heart to melt;
3. The pow'r that did the pris-on shake; The pow'r that made the sinner quake;
4. Lord, for that pow'r we look to Thee, The pow'r that made the blind to see;
5. O bless - ed Lord, to Thee we pray, O fill us with that pow'r to-day;



The pow'r our fathers used to know, Lord, send the pow'r of long a - go.
The pow'r that caused the tear to flow; Lord, send that pow'r of long a - go.
That answered to E - li - jah's call; Lord, let that pow'r up- on us fall.
The pow'r that made the lame to leap, The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak.
Then we for Thee will rise and shine, And all the glo - ry shall be Thine.

CHORUS.



The old-time pow'r, the old-time pow'r, O send it, Lord, this ver - y hour;

Let not the old - time pow'r be lost, Lord, send the fire of Pen - te- cost.

Copyright, 1898, by Geo. C. Hugg. Used by per.

No. 131. I Must Tell Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—1 PETER 5: 7.

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

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub- les, He is a kind, com -
3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav- iour, One who can help my
4. Oh, how the world to e - vil al- lures me! Oh, how my heart is

burdens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me; He ev - er
passionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de- liv - er, Make of my
burdens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus and He will help me O- ver the

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 can - not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; Je - sus can help me, Je- sus a - lone.

Rit.

Copyright, 1894, by The Hoffman Music Co. Used by per.

No. 132. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray."—PSALM 55: 17.
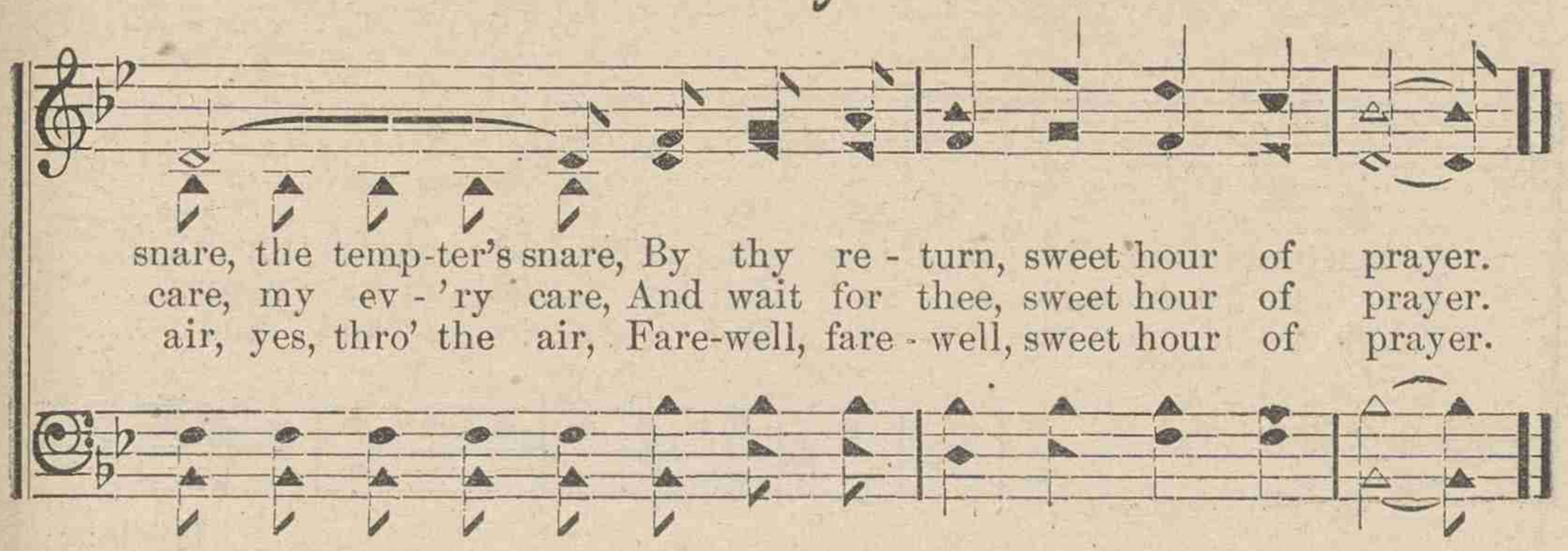
Rev. W. W. WALFORD. Rev. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. Sweet hour of prayer,..... sweet hour of prayer,..... That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at..... my Fa-ther's throne, my Fa- ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known;
2. Sweet hour of prayer,..... sweet hour of prayer,..... Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear To Him whose truth..... and faith- ful - ness, and faith - ful - ness, En- gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
3. Sweet hour of prayer,..... sweet hour of prayer,..... May I thy con - so - la - tion share, Till, from Mount Pis - - gah's loft - y height, its loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;

In sea- sons of..... dis- tress and grief,..... My soul has oft - en found re - lief; And oft es - caped..... the tempter's
And since He bids..... me seek His face,..... Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him..... my ev - 'ry
This robe of flesh..... I'll drop and rise..... To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize; And shout while pass - - ing thro' the

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

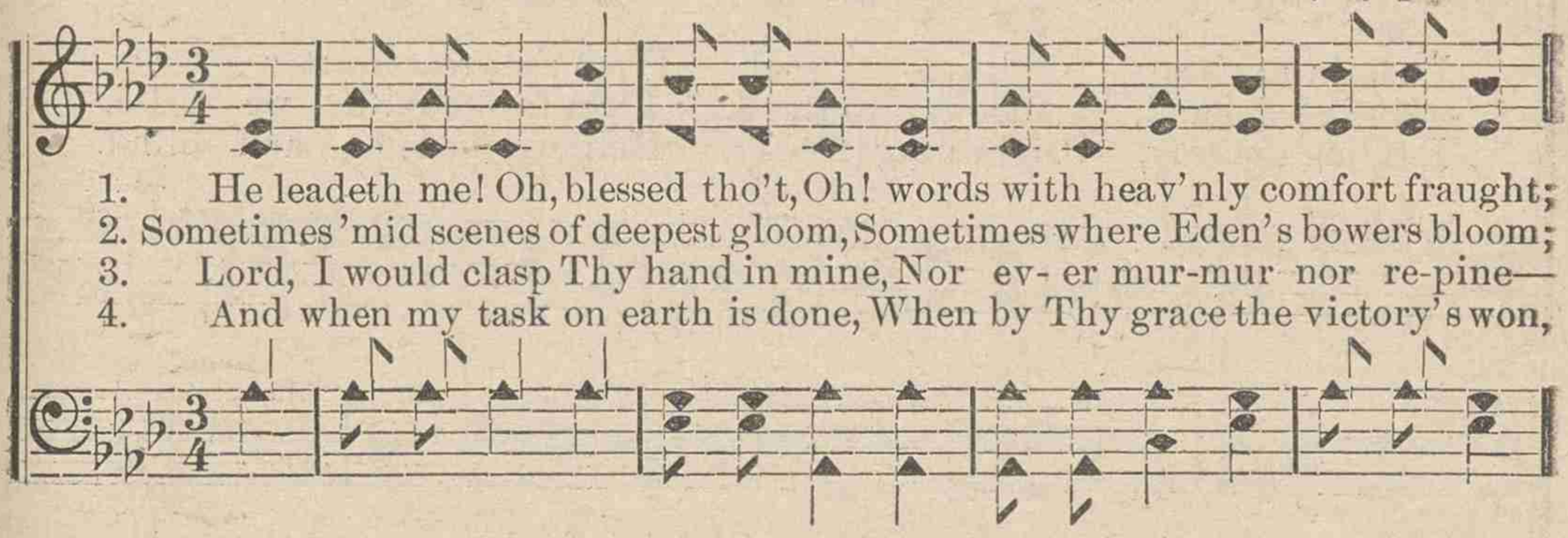
Sweet Hour of Prayer. Concluded.
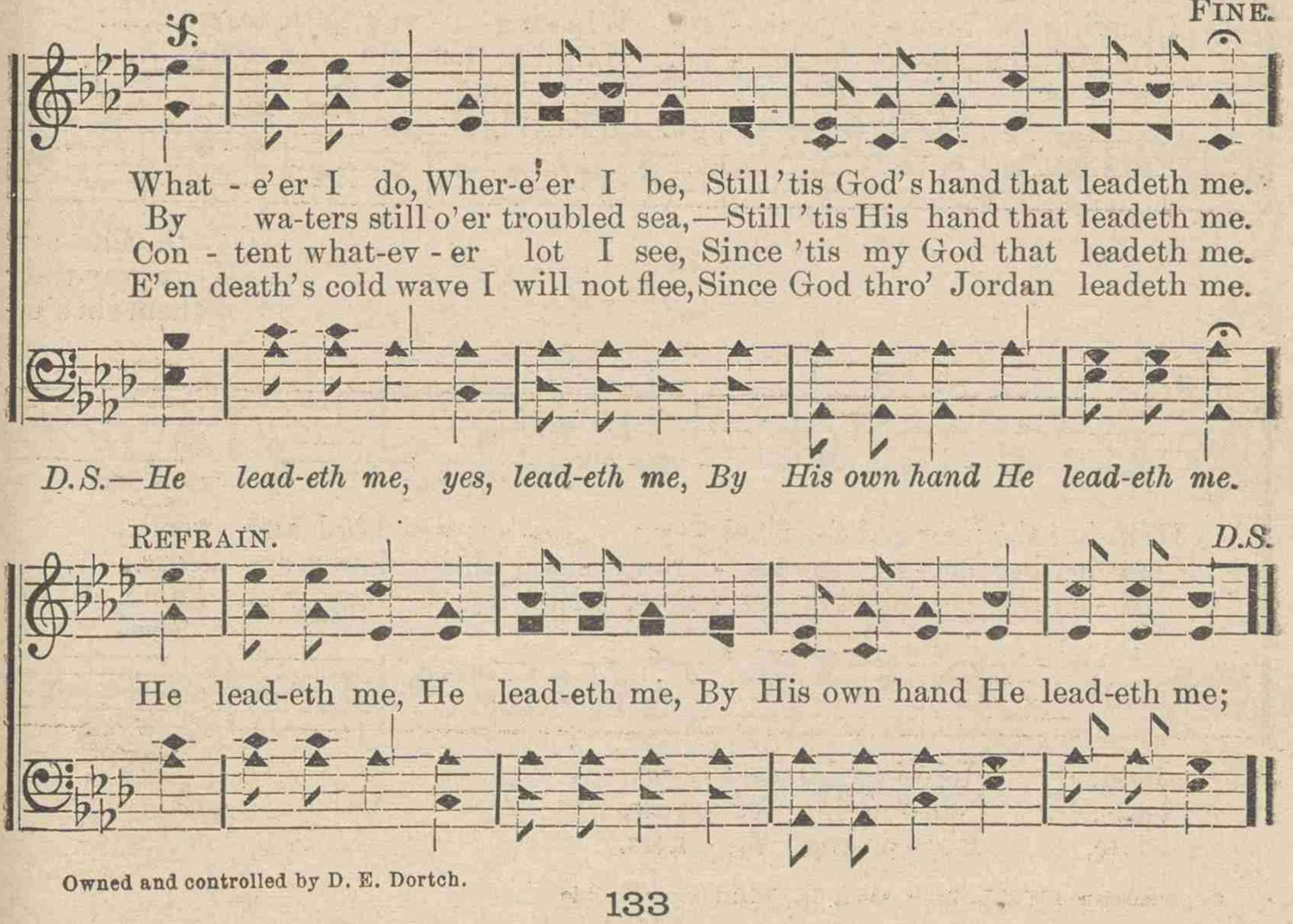


No. 133. He Leadeth Me.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."--Ps. 23: 2.

Rev. JAS. H. GILMORE. Rev. D. E. DORTCH, by per.





Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

No. 134. Oh, to be More Like Jesus.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;.....
2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Help-ing the fall - en to rise;.....
3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer - ci-ful, lov-ing and kind;.....

His love;
to rise;
and kind;

Deep in my heart, Fill-ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove.
Giv-ing a hand, Bidding, to stand, Firm in the faith we prize.
Leading the way, Bright'ning the day, Helping the lame and blind.

Je - sus came loving and cheering, Giv - ing the hun - gry food,.....
Cheering the brok - en heart - ed, Wip - ing a - way their tears,.....
Je - sus came saving the fall - en, Help-ing them sin o'er-come.....

the hun-gry
a-way their
them sin o' er-

pp

Help-ing the poor and the need - y, Je - sus was kind and good.
Com-fort-ing ma - ny in sor - row, Ban - ish-ing doubts and fears.
Res - cu-ing per-ish - ing sin - ners, Bring-ing the way-ward home.

food, Help-ing the need - y,
tears, Com-fort-ing sor - row,
come, Res - cu-ing sin - ners.

By permission of Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, Ohio

Oh, to be More Like Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Guid-ing the sin - ner a - bove;
Nev - er cease trying, Liv-ing or dy-ing, Working for God and love.

No. 135. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

GEN. 28: 11-22.

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be—
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone. Yet in my dreams I'd be
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs, Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be

Near er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

No. 136. Closer to Thee.

Rev. W. T. DALE. S. J. PERRY.

With expression.

1. Clos- er to Thee, O blessed Re-deem - er, Draw us still clos - er each day and hour; Clos- er and clos - er, Je-sus, my Sav- iour, Draw us still
2. Clos- er to Thee, when trials a - wait us, Clos- er to Thee when Sa- tan is near; Clos- er to Thee, when courage is weakened, Strengthen our
3. Clos- er to Thee, when sorrows surround us, Clos- er to Thee when earth's com-forts flee; Clos- er to Thee, when earth's friends are failing, Closer dear
4. Clos- er to Thee, when life is re- .ced - ing, Clos- er and clos - er when death shall come; Clos- er to Thee, while crossing death's river, Closer to

REFRAIN.

clos - er, by Thy great pow'r.
hearts and keep us from fear.
Sav - iour, clos- er to Thee.
Thee in heav-en our home.

} Clos- er to Thee, oh, precious Re - deem - er, Clos- er to Thee, we earn-est - ly pray; Clos - er to Thee, in tho't and in purpose, Draw us dear Saviour, closer to Thee.

Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 137. Draw Me Near Thee.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. ROSECRANS.

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

Hold, oh, hold me, in Thy fa - vor When the ev'ning shades are nigh!
Claiming Thee my Lord and Mas- ter—Trusting Thee with- out sur - cease!
Let me fol- low in Thy lead- ing Till I reach fair Zi - on's hill!

CHORUS.

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

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

oth - er By Thy might - y sav-ing pow'r!.....
tain as can no oth-er By Thy mighty, by Thy mighty saving pow'r!

Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans. By per.

No. 138. A Blessing In Prayer.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Mas-ter's feet, There is fa - vor now at the
2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend a-bove is a
3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its
4. There is perfect peace tho' the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the

mer - cy seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there; There is
Friend in - deed, We may cast on Him ev - 'ry grief and care; There is
ills and strife, When the pow-ers of sin would the soul en-snare, There is
seek - ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in His home so fair; There is

CHORUS.

al-ways a bless-ing, a blessing in pray'r. There's a blessing in pray'r in be -
lieving pray'r, When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear, Then a Father's
love will re-ceive us there; There is al - ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r.

Copyright, 1887, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by permission.

No. 139. Remembered Blessings.

"When I remember these things I pour our my soul in me."—PSALM. 42: 4.

As arranged and sung by Rev. W. T. Dale.

G. L. B. GEO. L. BROWN, by per.

1. I sang one day, a sad, sweet song, 'Twas at the twi-light hour;
2. So fill'd was I, I sang no more, My heart o'er-flow'd with bliss;
3. Thus oft my Sav-iour comes to me, When all is lone and still;
4. I praise the Lord, the fire still burns With pen - te - cost - al flame;

A flame of love came gen - tly down,—I felt its melt-ing pow'r.
With tear - ful eye and throb-bing breast, I knelt in thankful - ness.
Each bless - ing makes me long the more, To do His ho - ly will.
The al - tar of my soul's a - glow, All glo - ry to His name.

CHORUS.

Oh the bless - ing and the pow - er that the Lord gave me then, I nev - er shall for-get, I nev - er shall for-get, E - ven now 'tis stealing o - ver me a - gain and a - gain, It lin - gers with me yet.

No. 140. The Lily of the Valley.

"I am the Rose of Sharon, and the *Lily of the Valley*." SONG OF SOLOMON, 2: 1.

C. W. FRY. English Melody. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. I have found a Friend in Je-sus, He's ev - 'ry- thing to me, He's the fair-est of ten thous-and to my soul; The "Lil - y of the Val-ley"
2. He all my griefs has tak-en, And all my sor-rows borne, In temp- ta-tion He's my strong and mighty tower; I have all for Him for-sak- en,
3. He will nev - er, nev-er leave me, Nor yet for- sake me here, While I live by faith and do His bless- ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me,

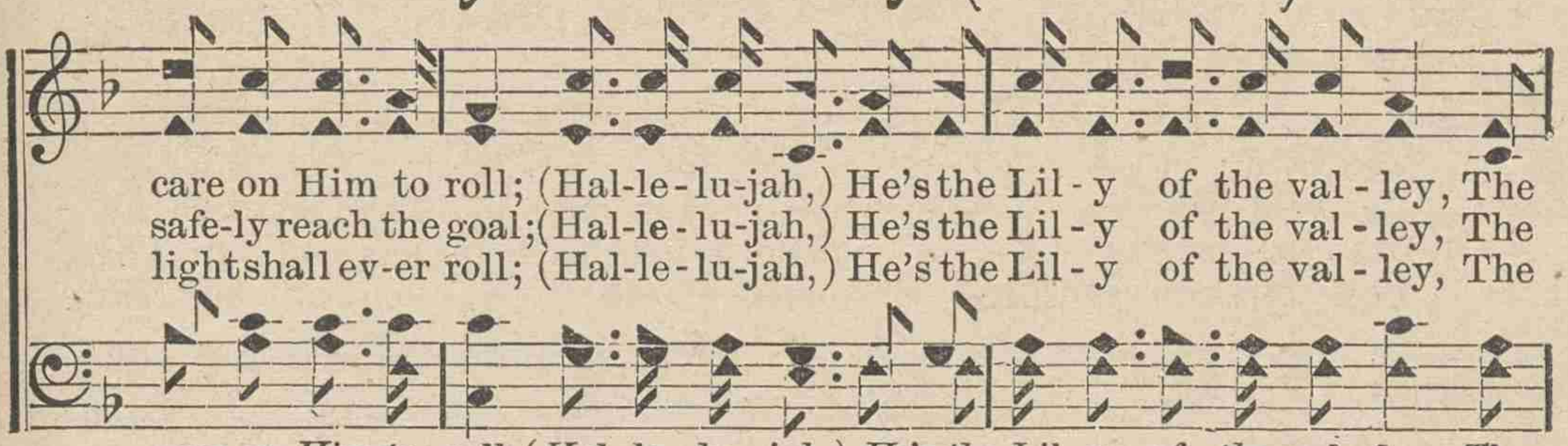
In Him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
And all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
I've noth-ing now to fear, With His man-na He my hun-gry soul will fill.

f.

In sor-row He's my comfort, In trouble He's my stay, He tells me ev-'ry
Tho' all the world forsake me, And Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Je-sus I shall
Then sweeping up to glo - ry, To see His bless-ed face, Where rivers of de -
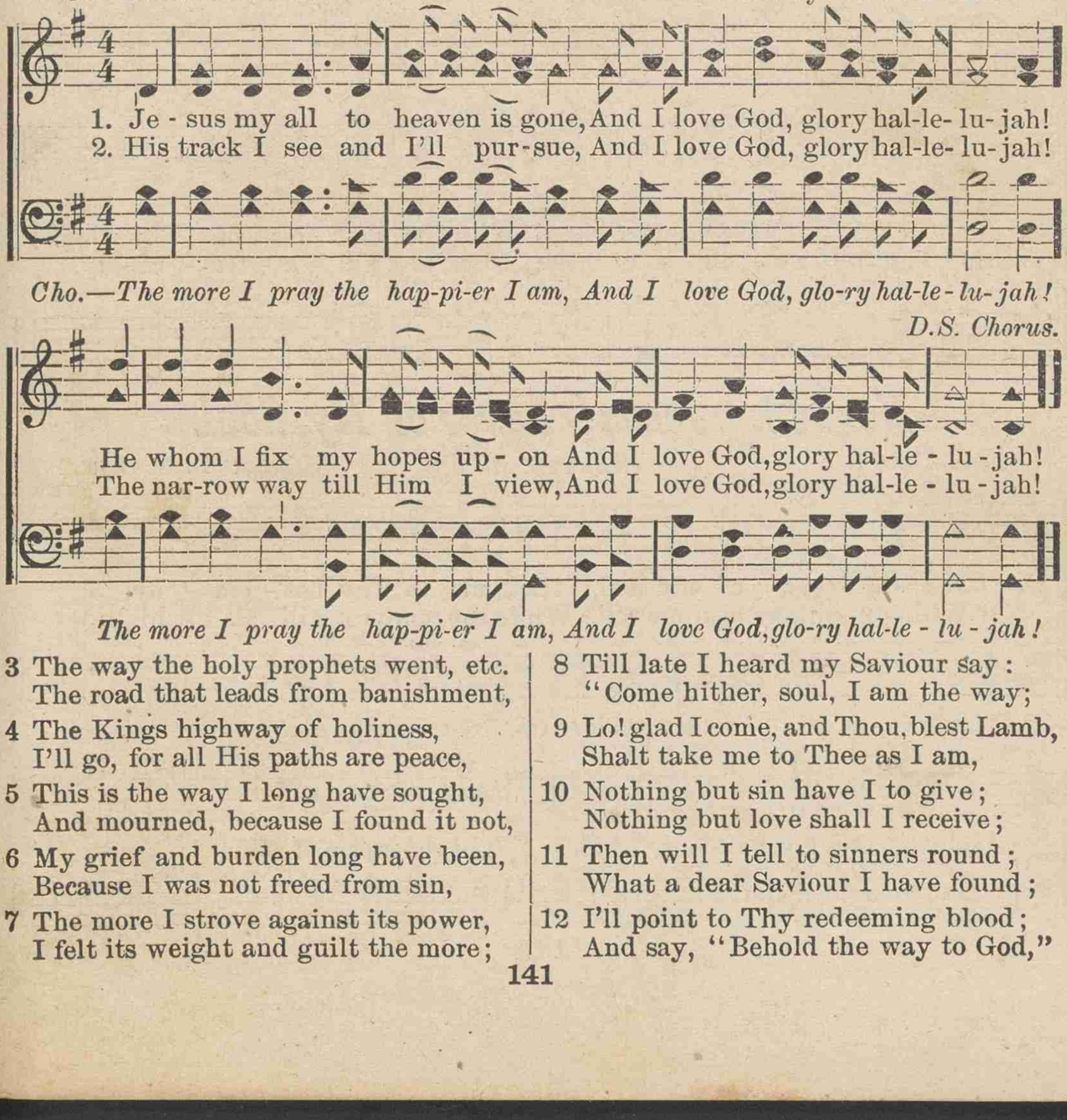
D.S.—In sor-row He's my com-fort, In trouble He's my stay; He tells me ev-'ry

The Lily of the Valley (Concluded).



141. *The More I Pray.*

Old Revival Chorus. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



3 The way the holy prophets went, etc.
The road that leads from banishment,

4 The Kings highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace,

5 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned, because I found it not,

6 My grief and burden long have been,
Because I was not freed from sin,

7 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;

8 Till late I heard my Saviour say:
"Come hither, soul, I am the way;

9 Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am,

10 Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive;
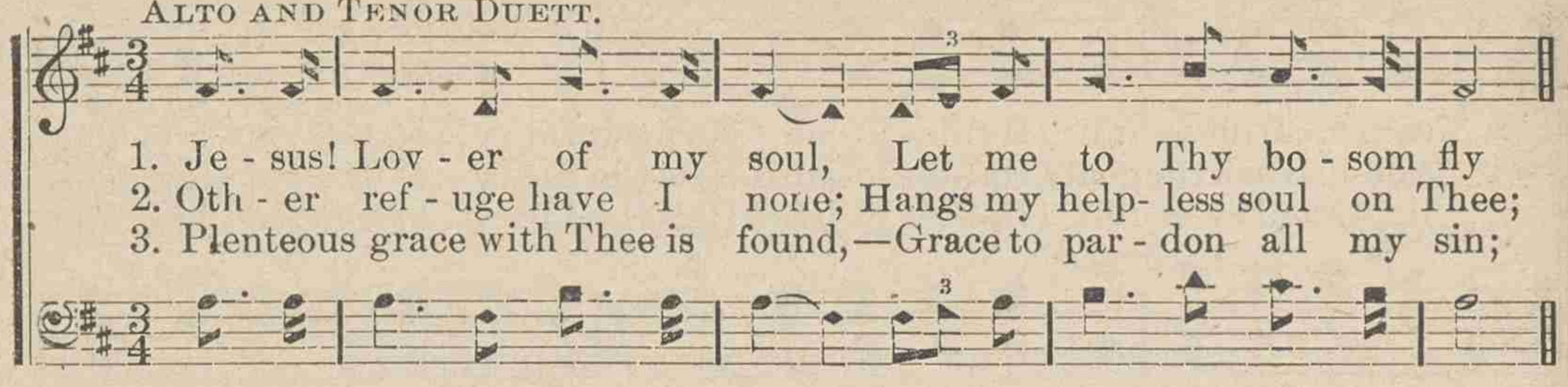
11 Then will I tell to sinners round;
What a dear Saviour I have found;

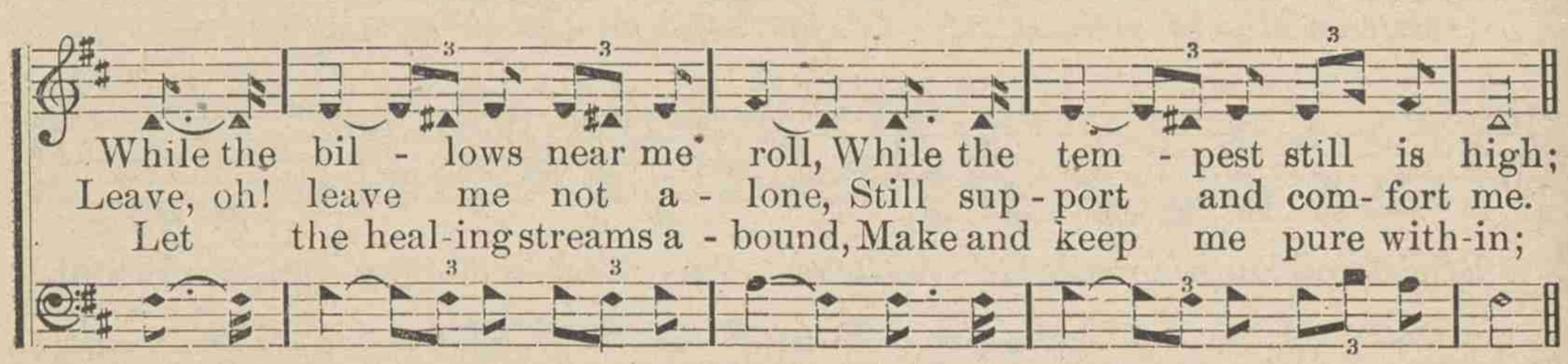
12 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood;
And say, "Behold the way to God,"

No. 142. Jesus! Lover of My Soul.

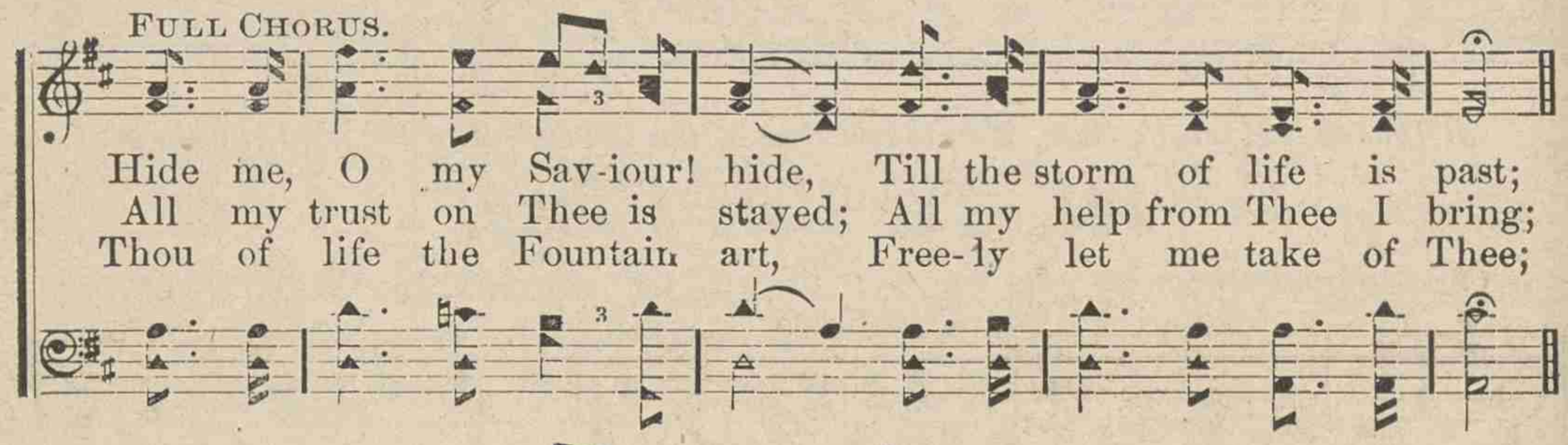
Rev. CHAS. WESLEY. (REFUGE. 7s. D.) JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.
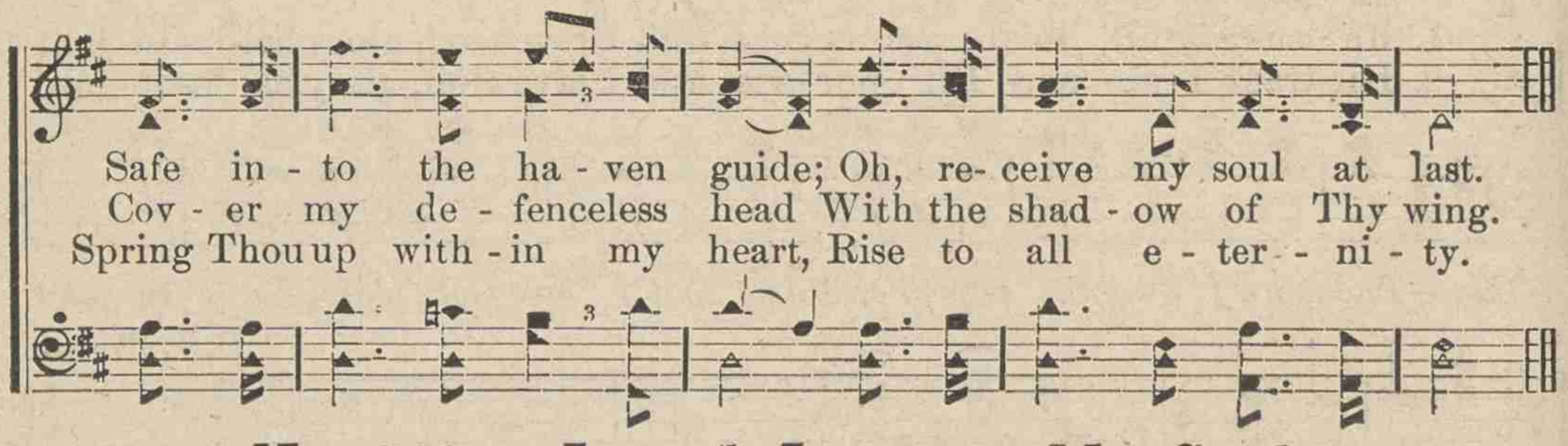
ALTO AND TENOR DUETT.





FULL CHORUS.
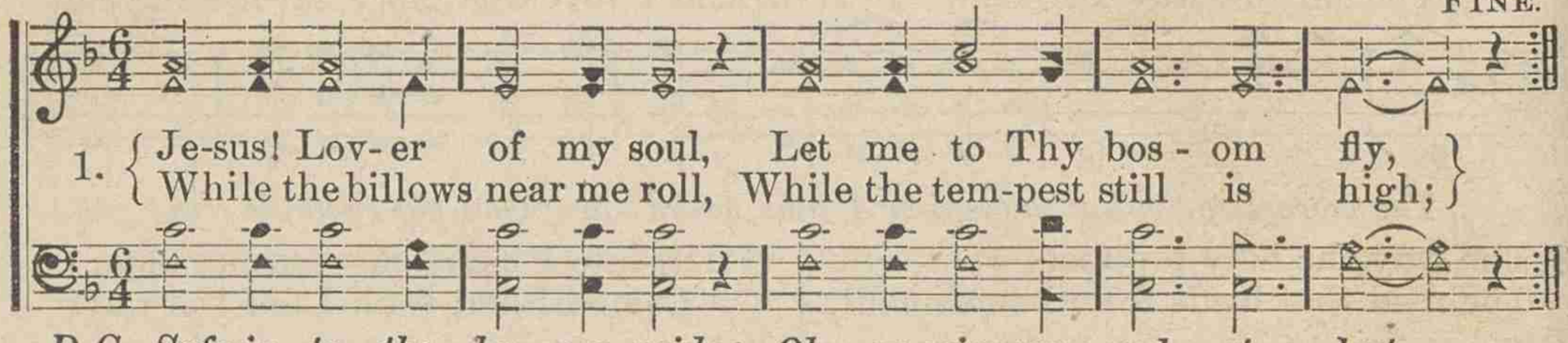




No. 143. Jesus! Lover of My Soul.
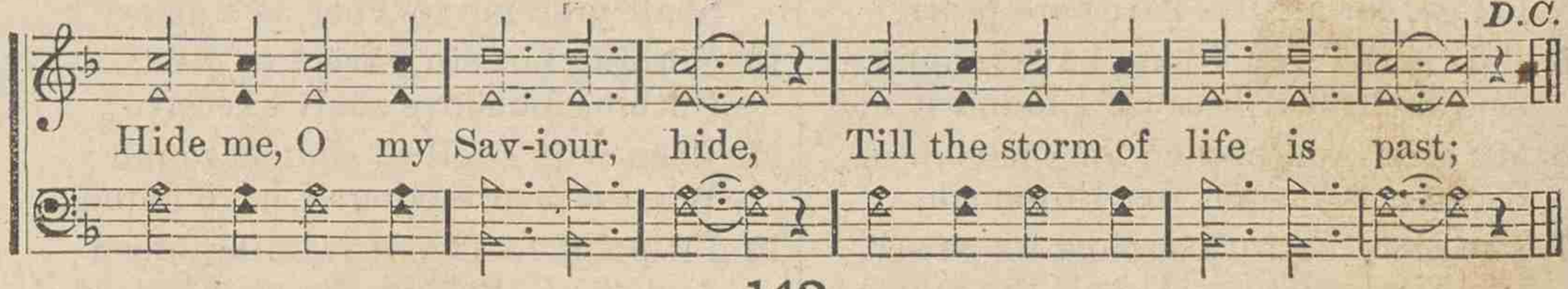
(Second Tune.) (MARTYN. 7s. D.) SIMEON B. MARSH.

FINE.
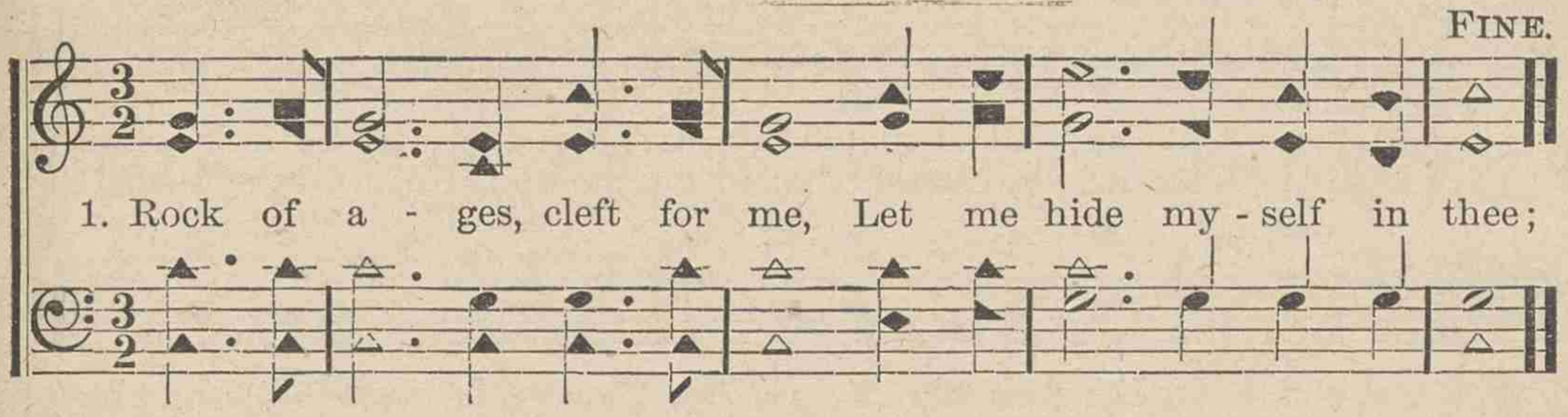


D.C.–Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.

D.C.



No. 144. Toplady. 7s. 6 lines.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOMAS HASTINGS.

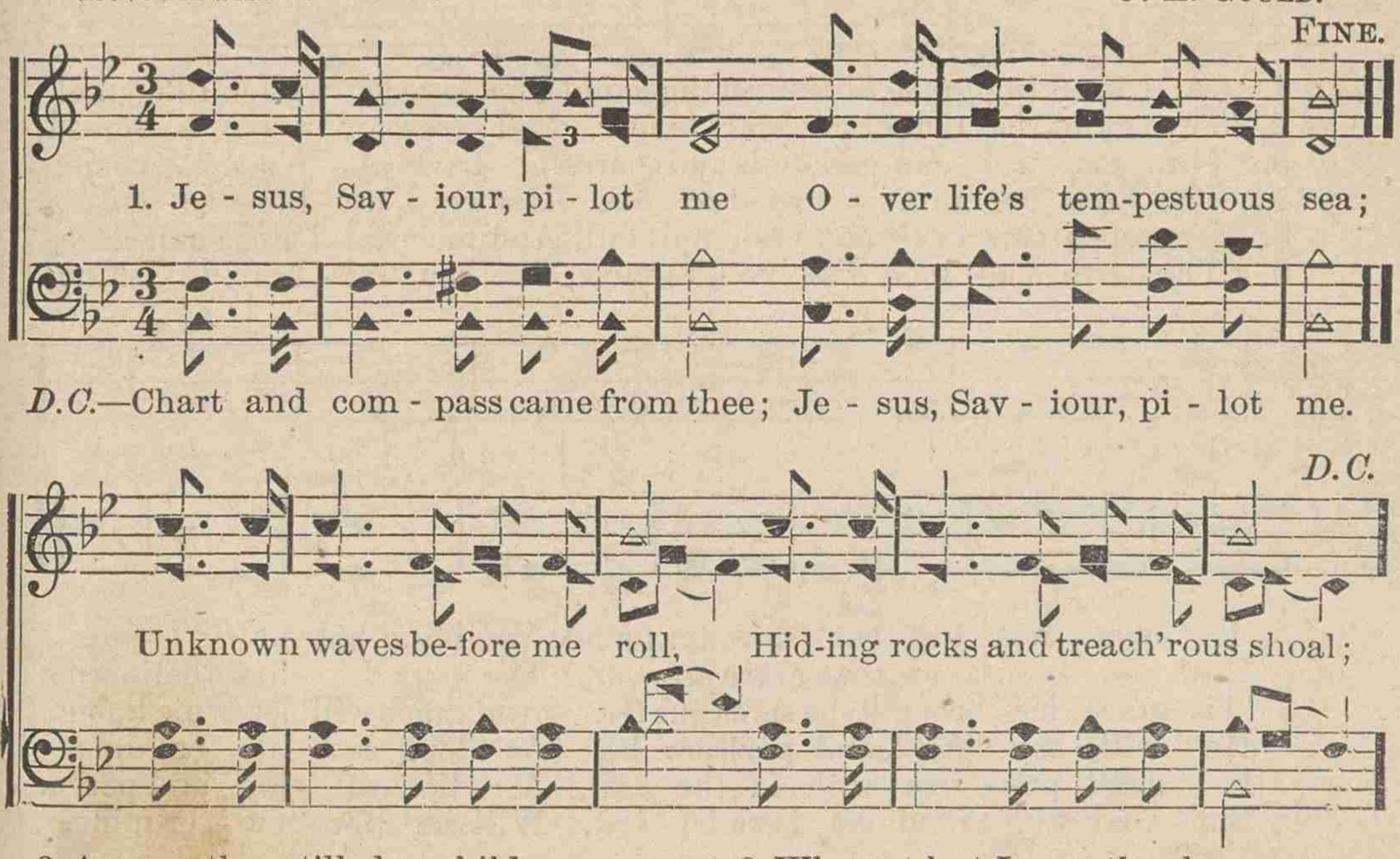


2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 145. Pilot Me. 6 lines.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



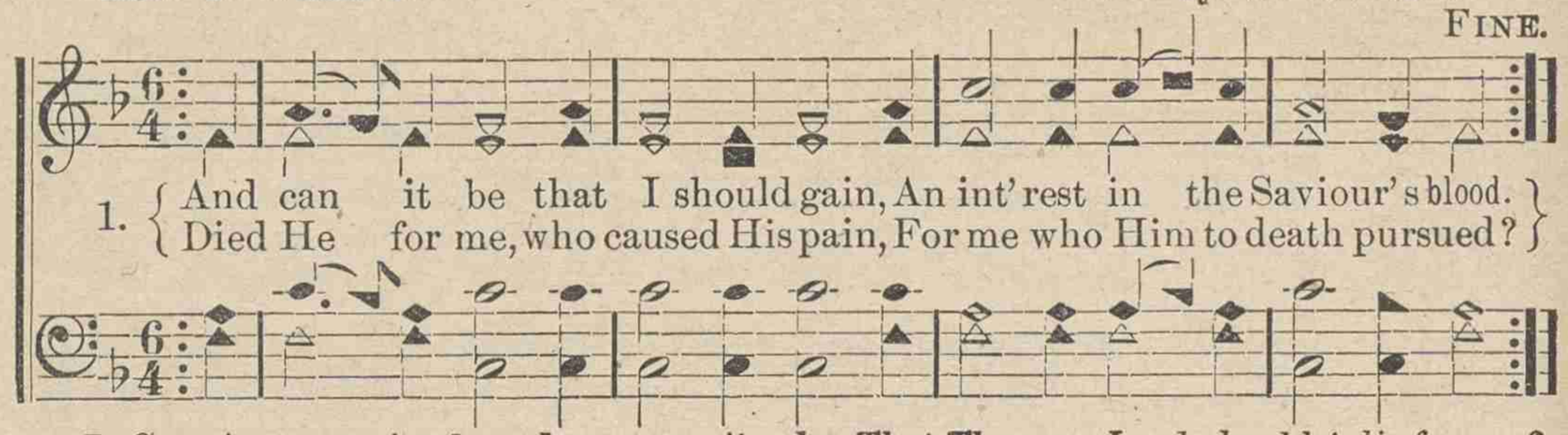
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey thy will
When thou sayest to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

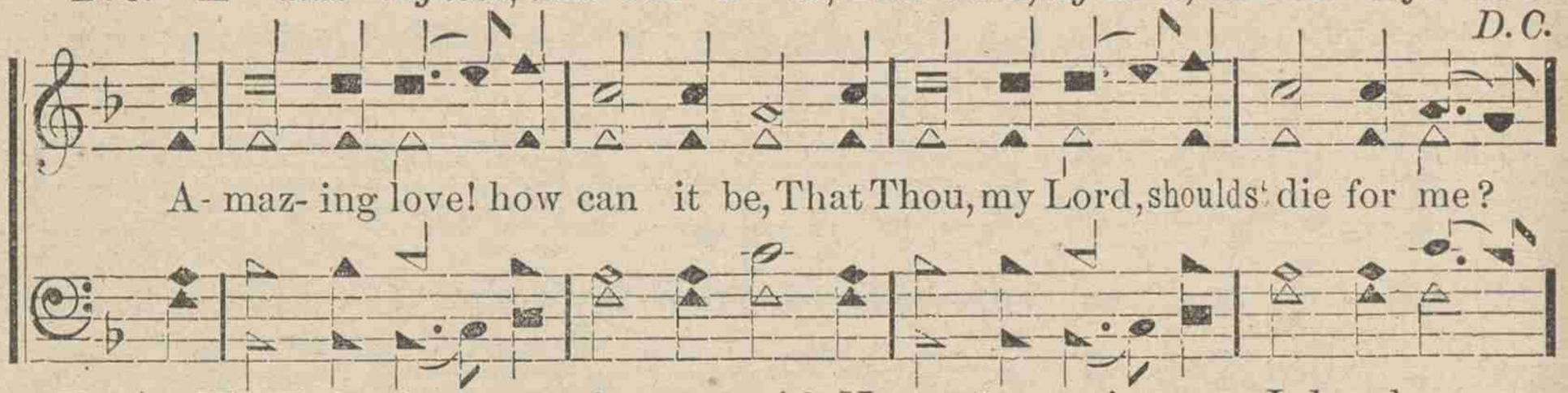
No. 146. And Can It Be?

Rev. C. WESLEY. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

FINE.



D.C.



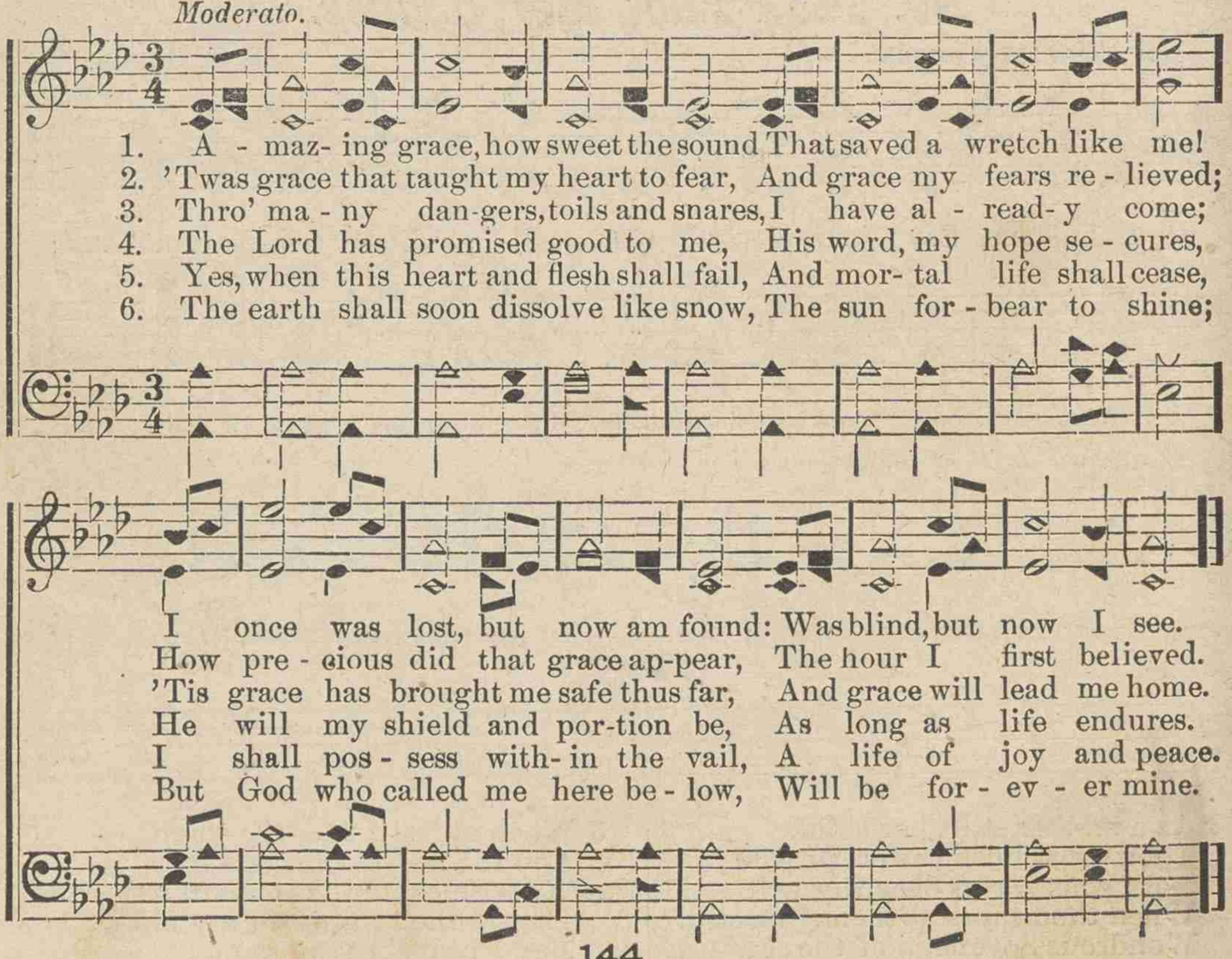
He left His Father's throne above;—
So free, so infinite His grace;—
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me.

3 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, with all in Him, is mine;
Alive in Him my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th'eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

No. 147. Harmony Grove. C. M.

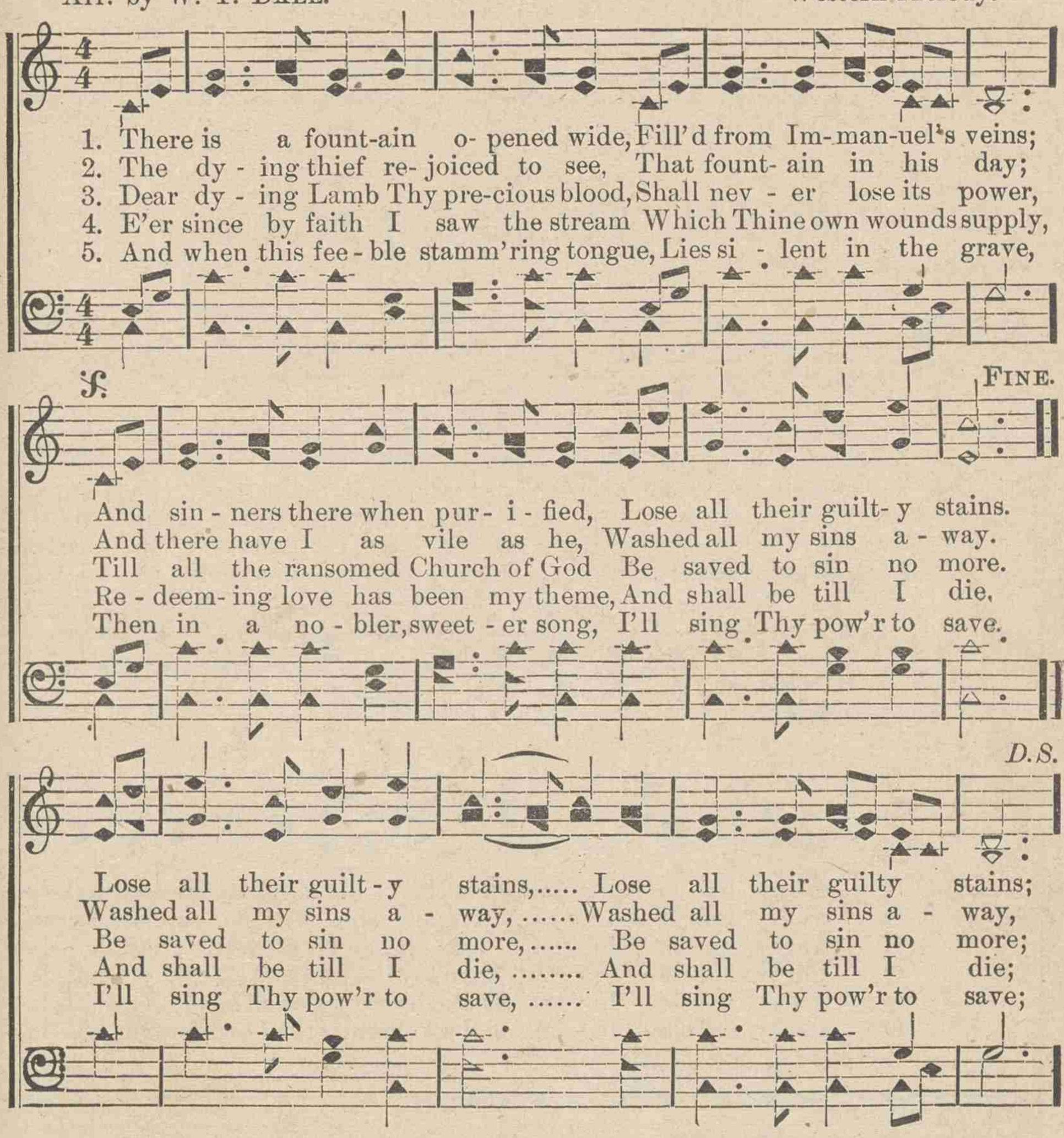
Rev. JOHN NEWTON. WM. WALKER. Arr. by W. T. D.

Moderato.



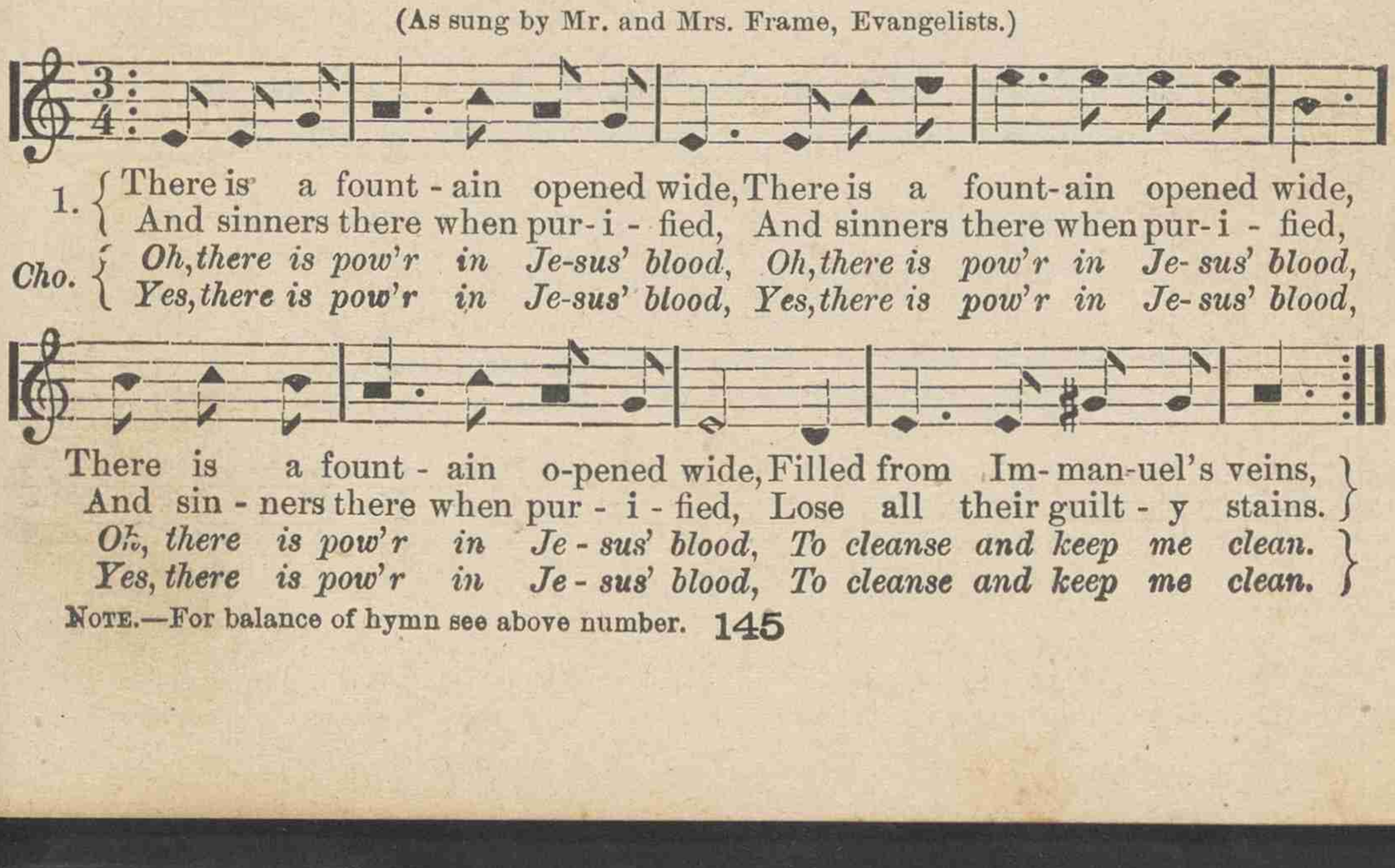
No. 148. The Fountain Filled With Blood.

WM. COWPER, 1779. ZECH. 13: 1.
Arr. by W. T. DALE. Western Melody.



No. 149. There is Power in Jesus' Blood.

(As sung by Mr. and Mrs. Frame, Evangelists.)



NOTE.—For balance of hymn see above number.
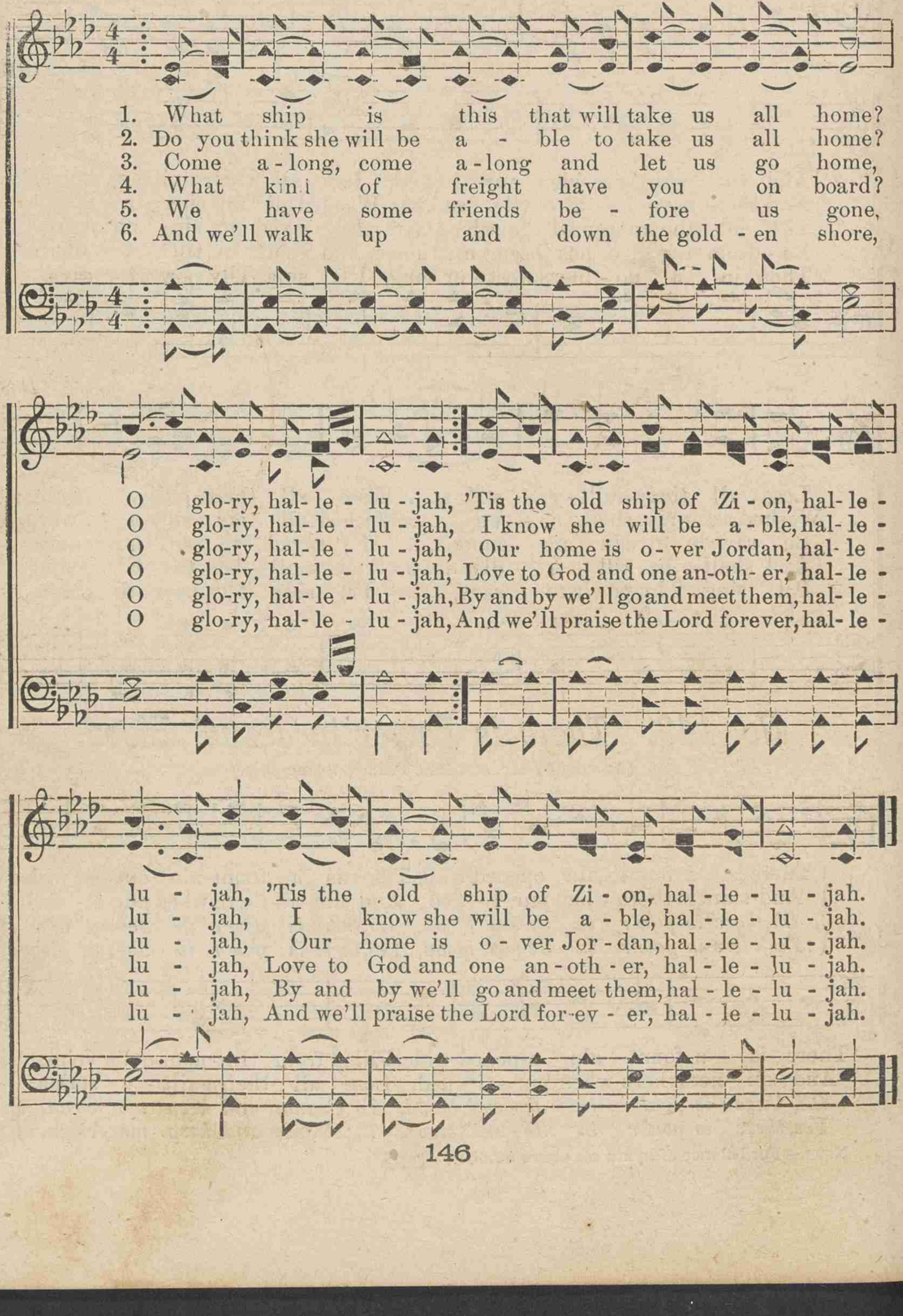
PART XI

SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

"I remember the days of old."—PSA. 143: 5.
"Then shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord, as in the days of old, and as in former years."—MAL. 3: 4.
"Call to remembrance the former days."—HEB. 10: 32.

No. 150. The Old Ship of Zion.

Revival Song. Arr. by W. T. D.

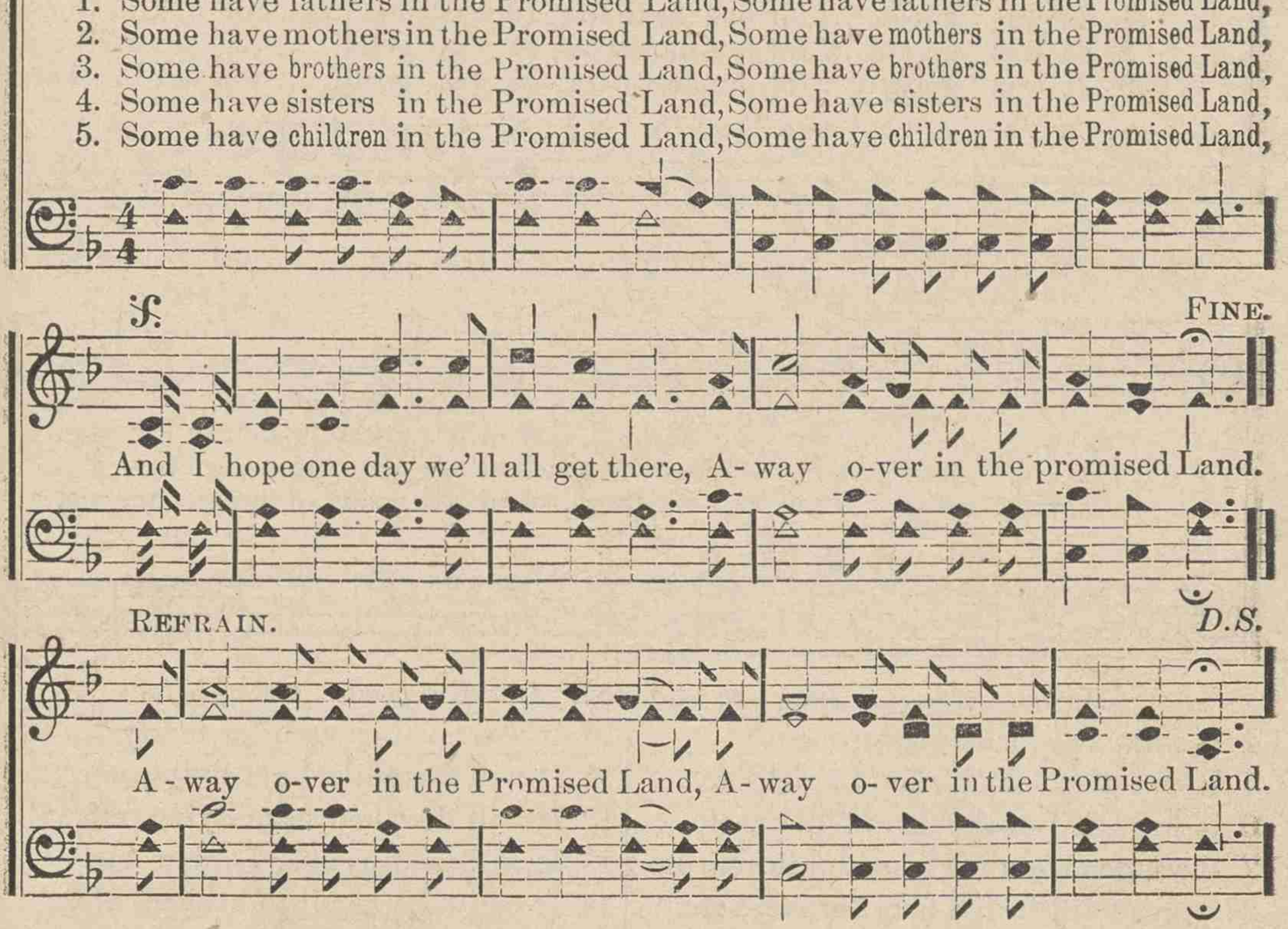


No. 151. Away Over in the Promised Land.

Old Revival Song. Arr. by W. T. D.

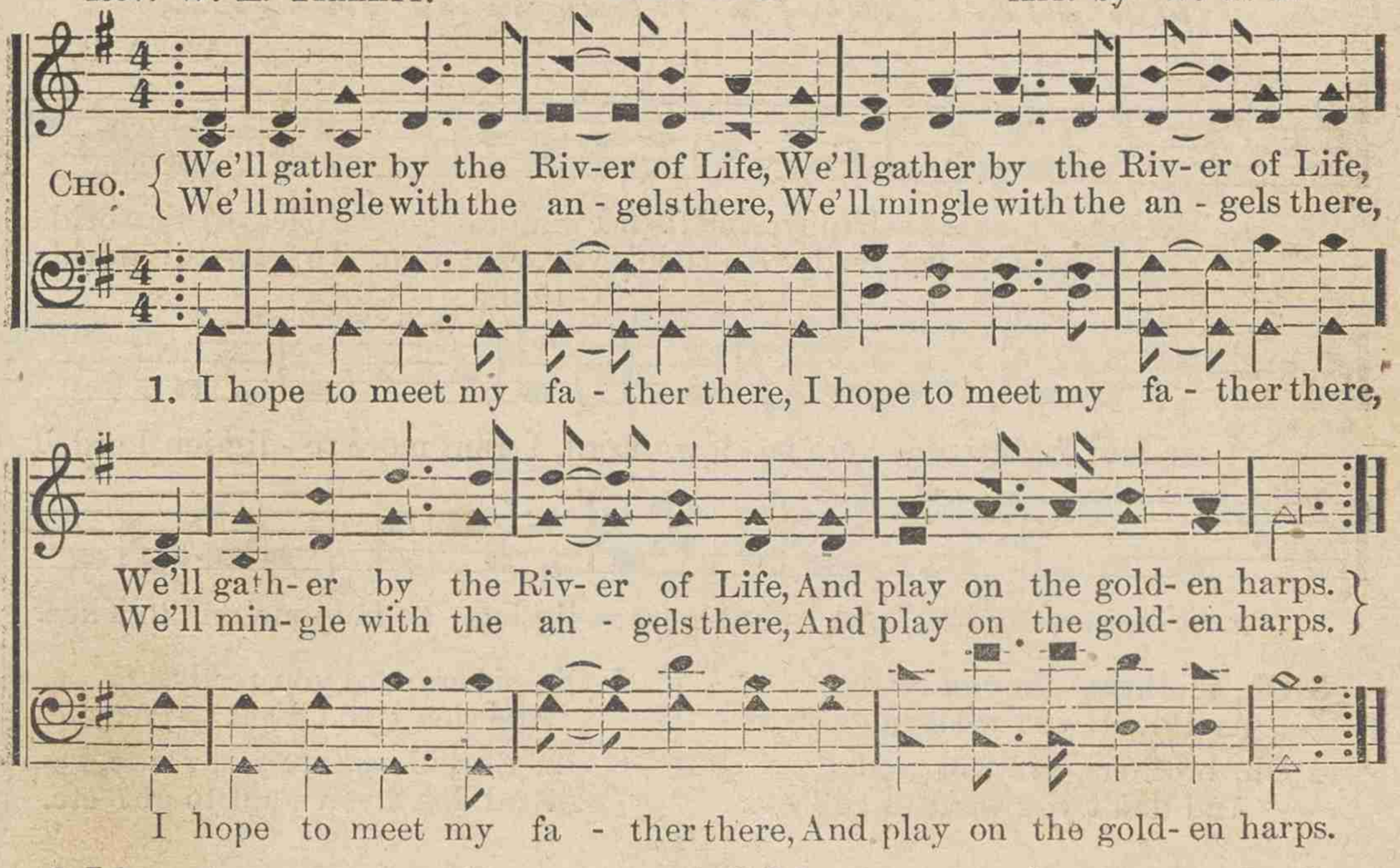


1. Some have fathers in the Promised Land, Some have fathers in the Promised Land,
2. Some have mothers in the Promised Land, Some have mothers in the Promised Land,
3. Some have brothers in the Promised Land, Some have brothers in the Promised Land,
4. Some have sisters in the Promised Land, Some have sisters in the Promised Land,
5. Some have children in the Promised Land, Some have children in the Promised Land,



No. 152. By the River of Life.

Rev. W. E. TILLETT. REV. 22: 1. Arr. by W. T. D.

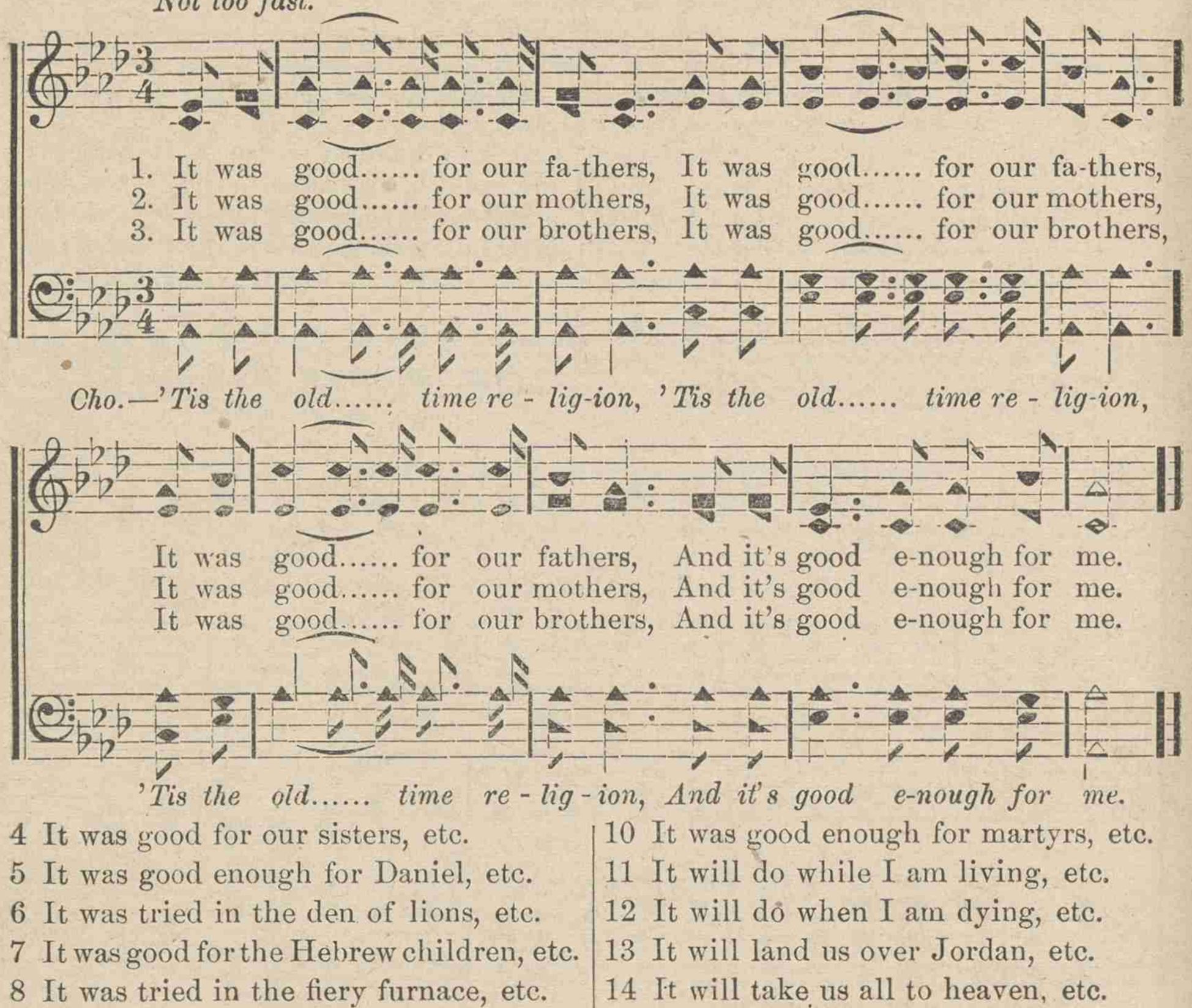


2 I hope to meet my mother, etc.
3 I hope to meet my brothers, etc.
4 I hope to meet my sisters, etc.
5 I hope to meet these mourners, etc.
6 I hope to meet these preachers, etc.
7 I hope to meet these sinners, etc.

No. 153. Old Time Religion.

Revival Song. Arr. by W. T. DALE.
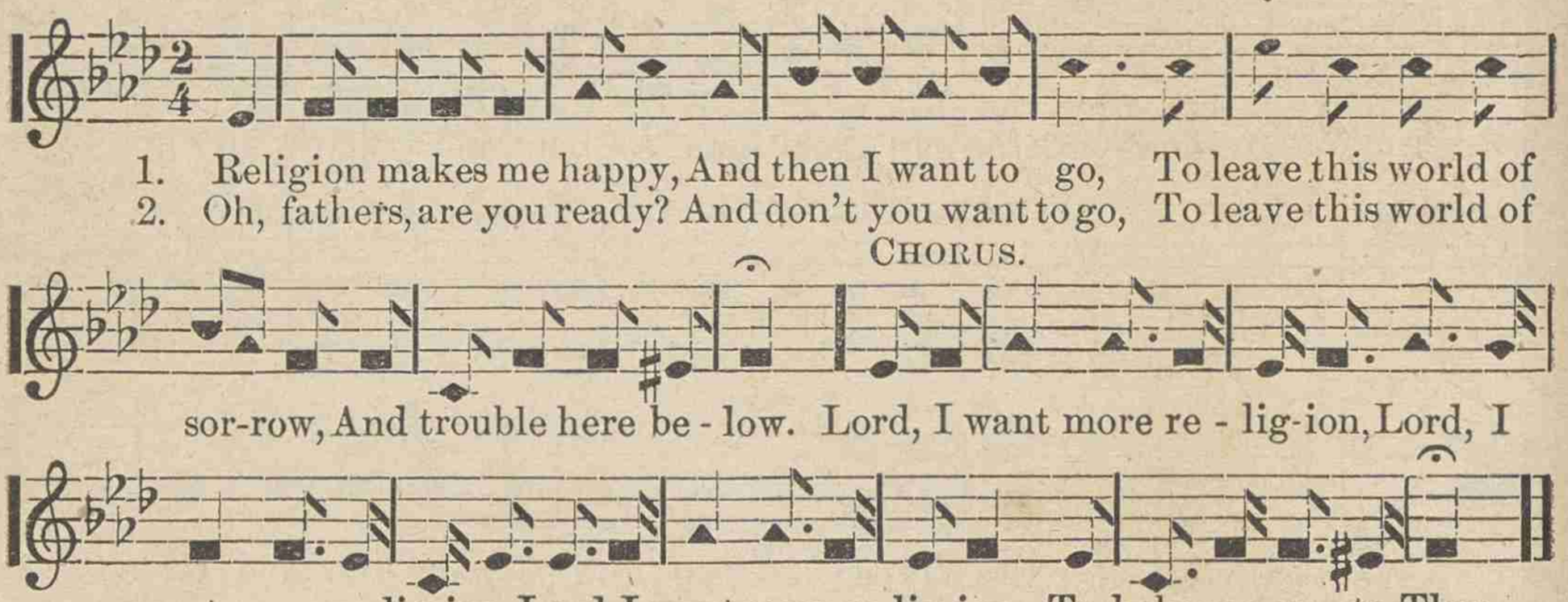
Not too fast.



4 It was good for our sisters, etc.
5 It was good enough for Daniel, etc.
6 It was tried in the den of lions, etc.
7 It was good for the Hebrew children, etc.
8 It was tried in the fiery furnace, etc.
9 It was good for Paul and Silas, etc.
10 It was good enough for martyrs, etc.
11 It will do while I am living, etc.
12 It will do when I am dying, etc.
13 It will land us over Jordan, etc.
14 It will take us all to heaven, etc.
15 It will give us joy forever, etc.

No. 154. Lord, I Want More Religion.

Arr. by W. T. D.
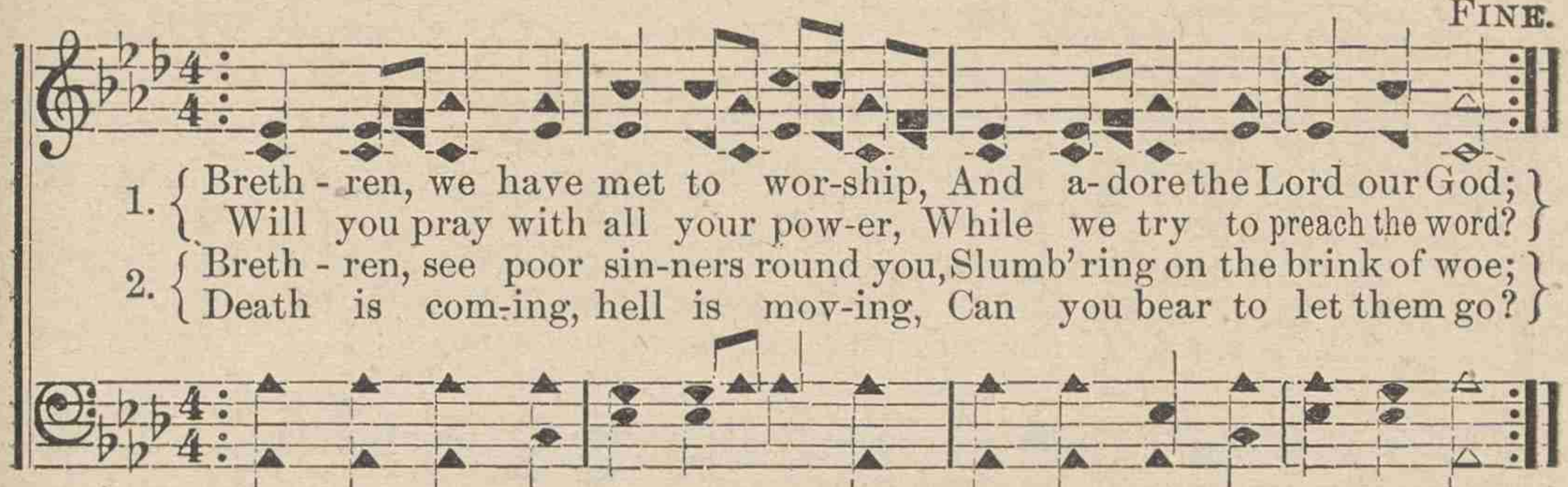


3 Oh, mothers, are you ready,
And don't you want to go? etc.
4 Oh, brothers, are you ready,
And don't you want to go? etc.
5 Oh, sisters, are you ready,
And don't you want to go? etc.
6 Oh, Christians, are you ready,
And don't you want to go? etc.

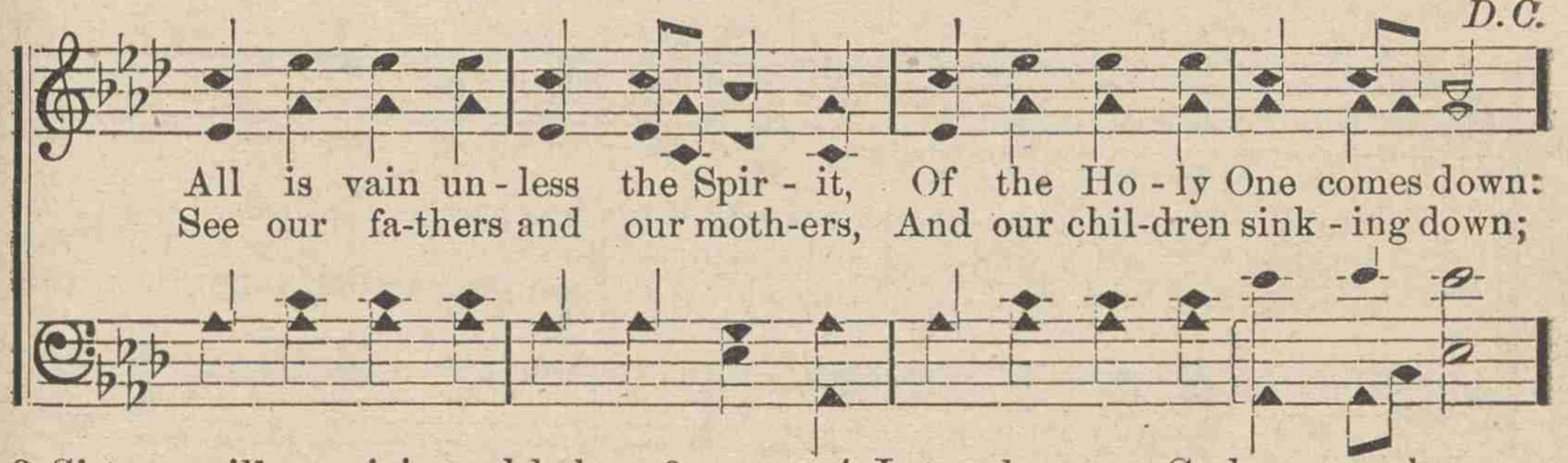
No. 155. Holy Manna. 8s & 7s.

Rev. GEO. ASKINS, 1820. (AN OPENING SONG.) Arr. by W. T. DALE.

FINE.



D.C.

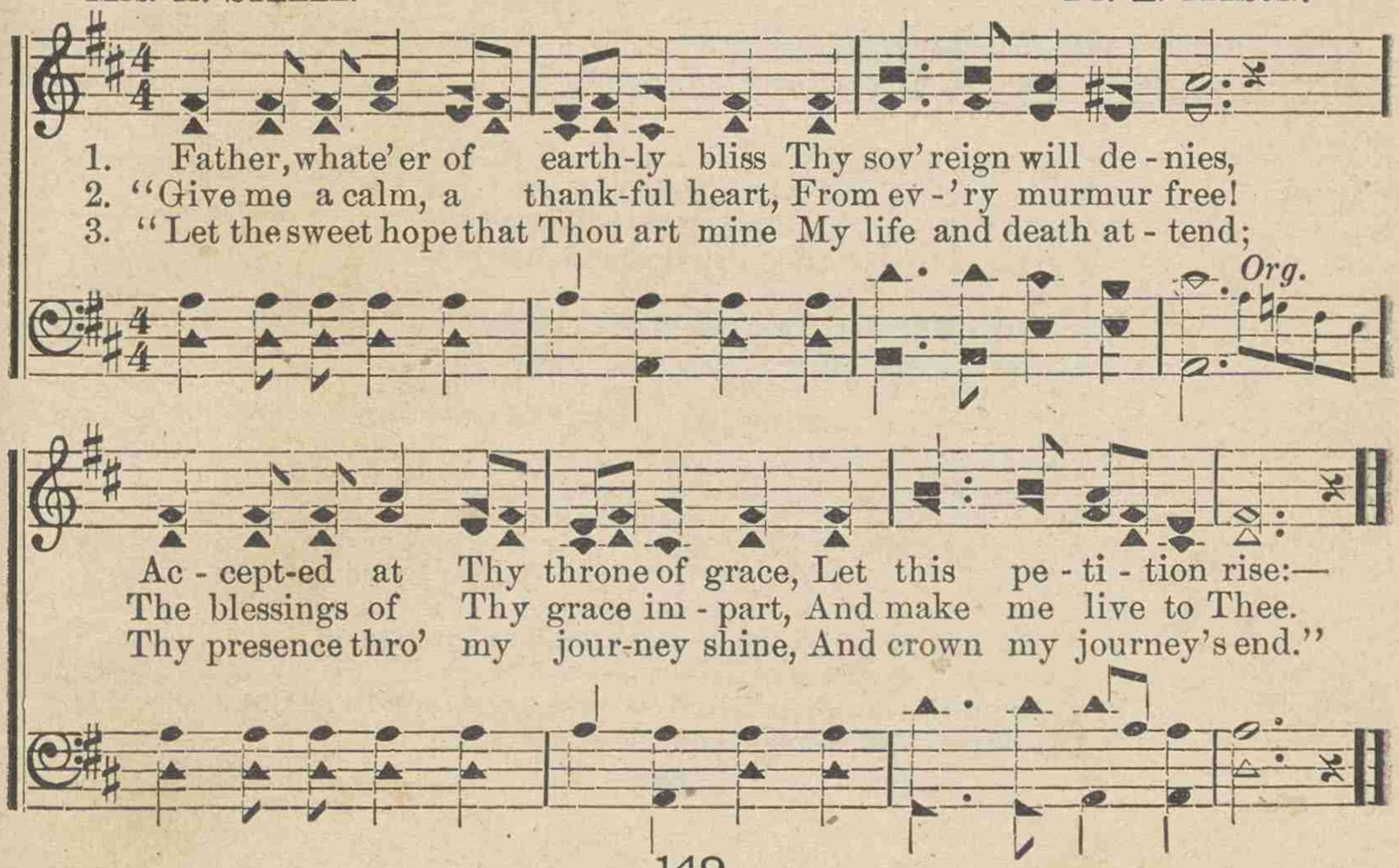


3 Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sister aided him;
Will you help the trembling mourners
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that He will be found,
Sisters, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

4 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too;
Let us love and pray for sinners
Till our God makes all things new,
Then He'll call us home to heaven
At His table we'll sit down;
Christ will gird Himself and serve us,
With sweet manna all around.

No. 156. Naomi.

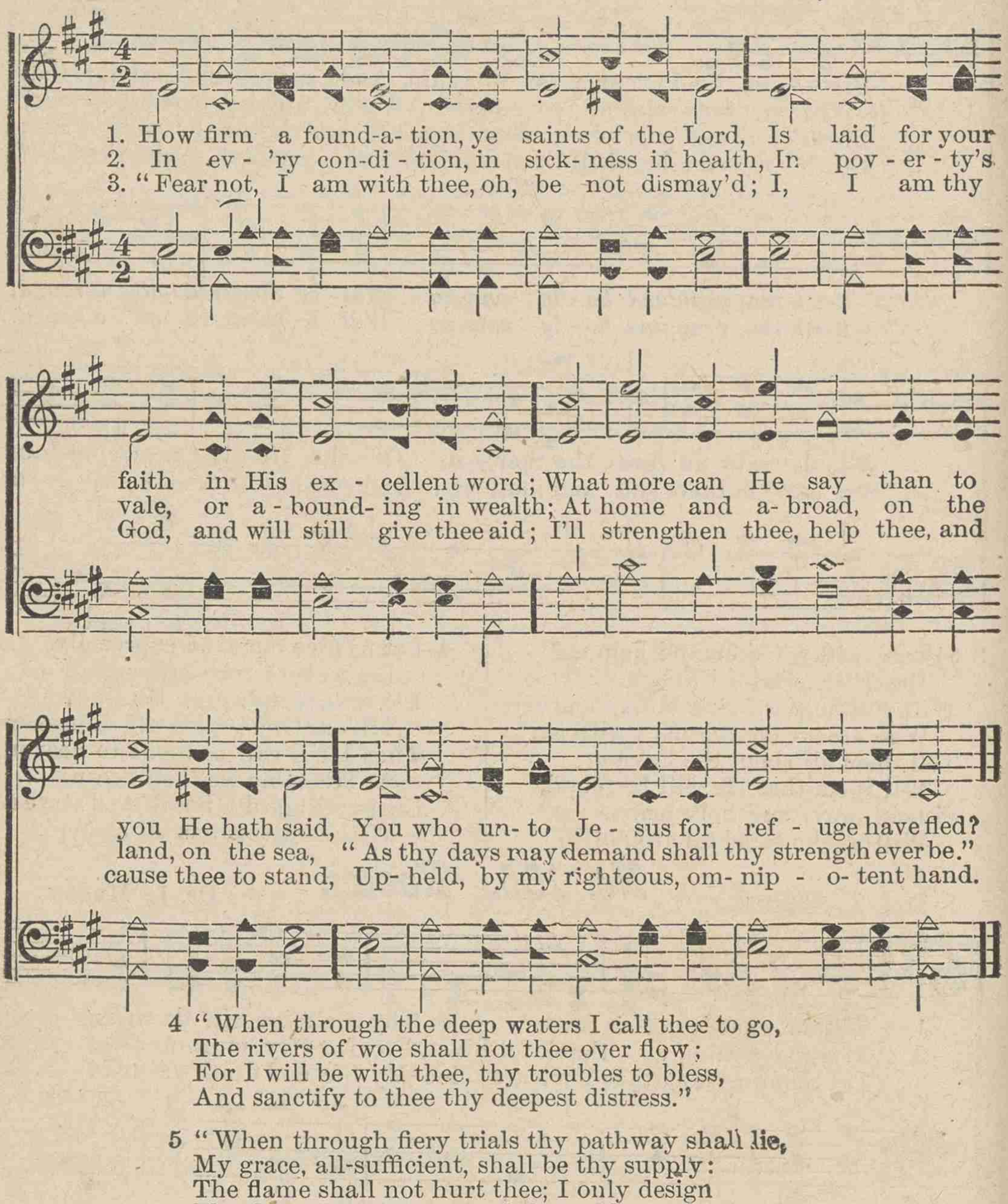
Mrs. A. STEELE. Dr. L. MASON.



No. 157. How Firm A Foundation. 11s.

"Exceeding great and precious promises."—2 PETER. 1: 4.

KIRKHAM. Arr. by W. T. D.



4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee over flow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal unchangeble love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

No. 158. Building Up the Temple of the Lord.

Revival Song. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

CHORUS.

We are build-ing up the tem-ple, Build-ing up the tem-ple,
Building up the tem-ple of the Lord; We are building up the tem-ple,
Build-ing up the tem-ple, Build-ing up the tem-ple of the Lord.

1. O fa-thers, won't you help us? O fathers, won't you help us?
2. O mothers, won't you help us? O mothers, won't you help us?
3. O brothers, won't you help us? O brothers, won't you help us?
4. O sis-ters, won't you help us? O sis-ters, won't you help us?
5. O Christians, won't you help us? O Christians, won't you help us?
6. O neighbors, won't you help us? O neighbors, won't you help us?

O fathers, won't you help us? We are building up the temple of the Lord.
O mothers, won't you help us? We are building up the temple of the Lord.
O brothers, won't you help us? We are building up the temple of the Lord.
O sis-ters, won't you help us? We are building up the temple of the Lord.
O Christians, won't you help us? We are building up the temple of the Lord.
O neighbors, won't you help us? We are building up the temple of the Lord.

W. T. Dale, owner.

No. 159. The Way our Father's Traveled.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. The way our fa - ther's trav - eled is good e - nough for me,
2. The world may sneer and tell me I'll nev - er reach the goal,
3. When bowers of sin en - tice me to rest my wea - ry feet,
4. Mill - ions are now in glo - ry, in shin - ing white ar - rayed,

They fol-lowed in the foot- steps that led from Cal - va - ry,
That good works are suf - fi - cient to save a hu - man soul,
I find in Christ my Sav- iour, a safe, a sure re - treat,
Who trav - eled this same path-way, and oft - en were dis-mayed,

f.

It led them up to glo - ry, that land of end - less day,
But while the world is talk- ing, I still will watch and pray,
He tells me to press on- ward, and not look back, nor stay,
But hap- py now in glo - ry they sing both night and day,

D.S.—My Sav - iour goes be - fore me, I fol - low Him each day;
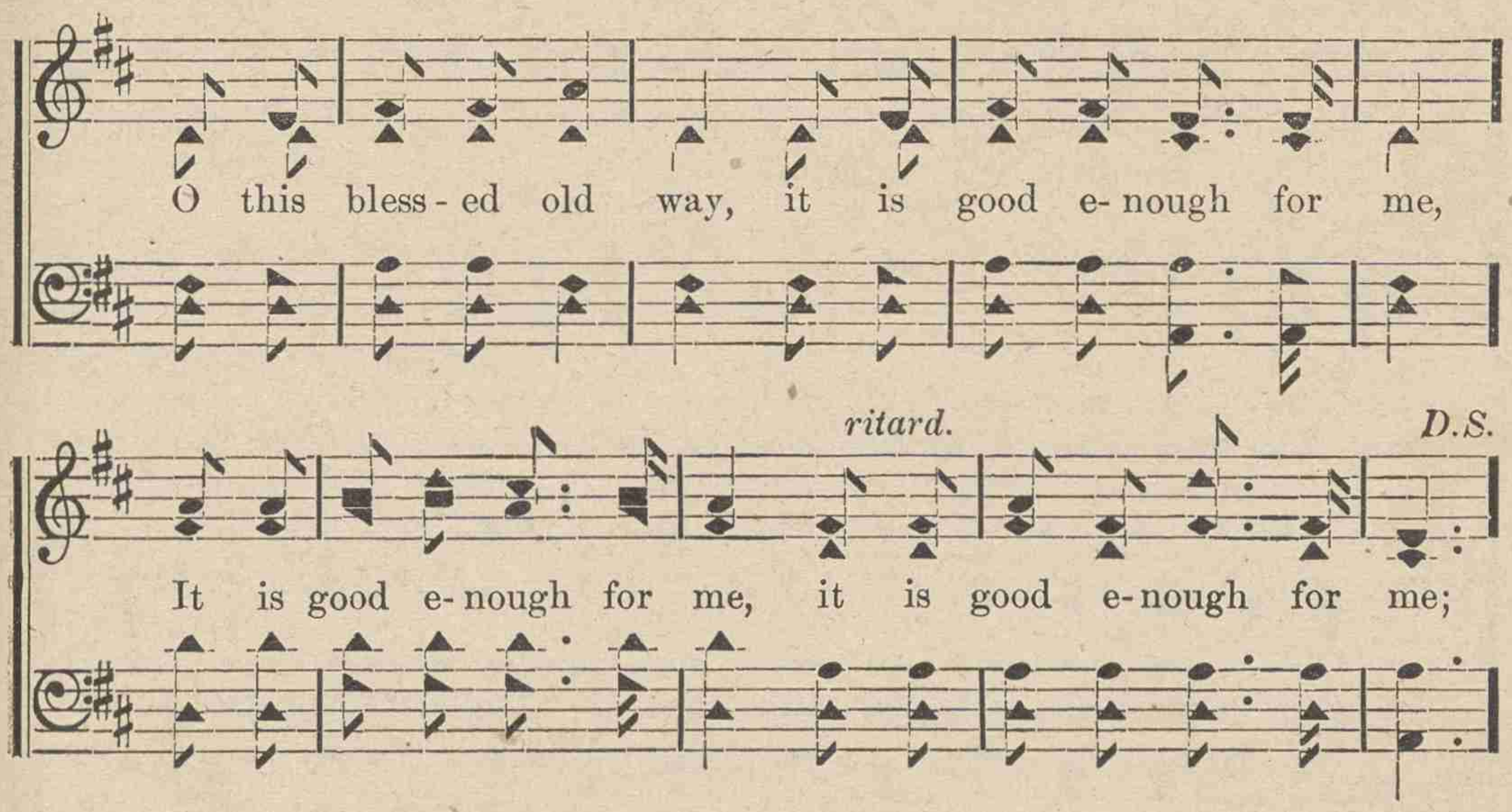
FINE.

I ex - pect to get to heav - en by the same old way.

I ex - pect to get to heav - en by the same old way.

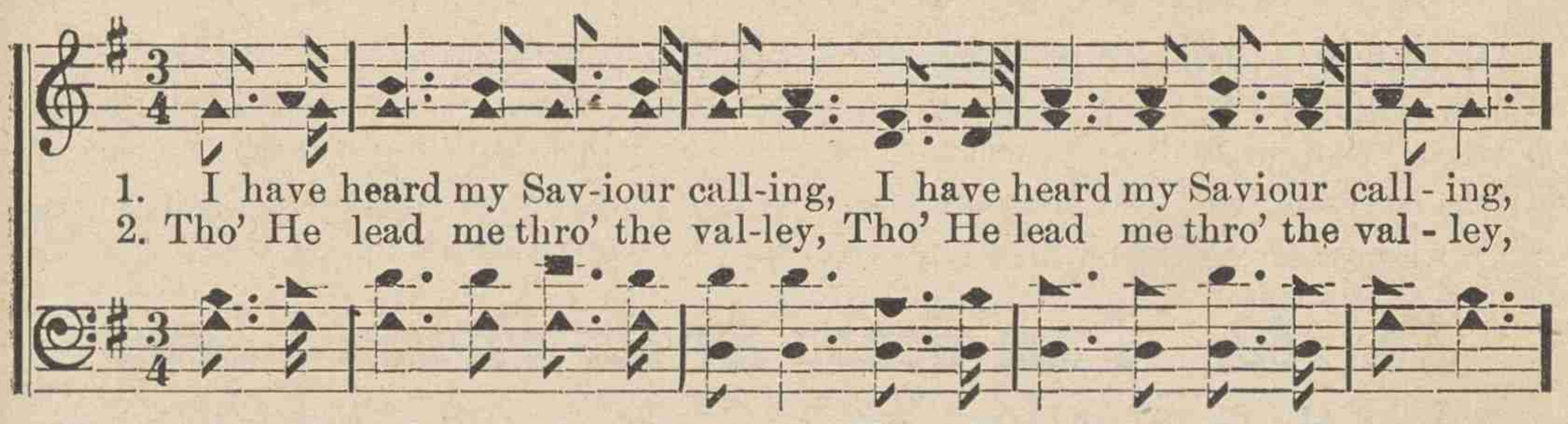
Copyright, 1895, by Geo. C. Hugg. By per.
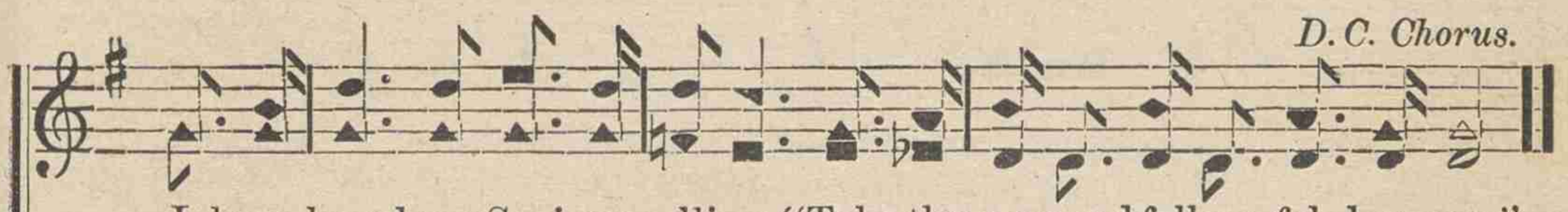
The Way our Father's Traveled. Concluded.



No. 160. I'll Go with Him All the Way.

GEO. W. COLLINS. Arr. for this work.





3 ‖: Tho' He lead me thro' the garden, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

4 ‖: Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 ‖: Tho' He lead me to the conflict, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 ‖: I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

7 ‖: Tho' He lead thro' fiery trials, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
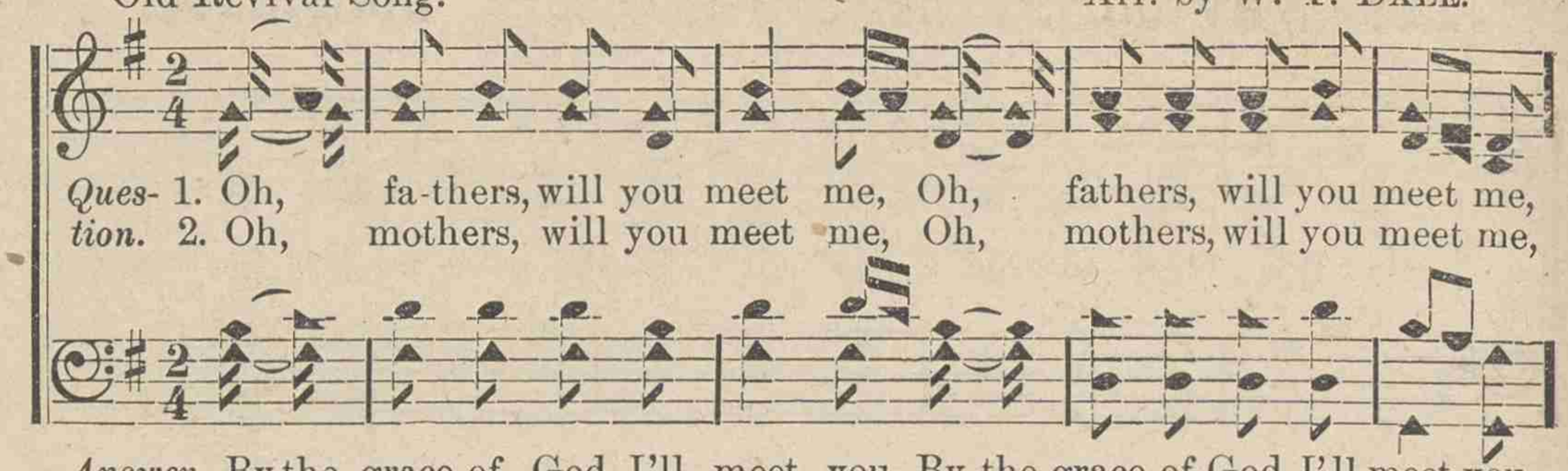
8 ‖: I will follow on to know Him, :‖
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.
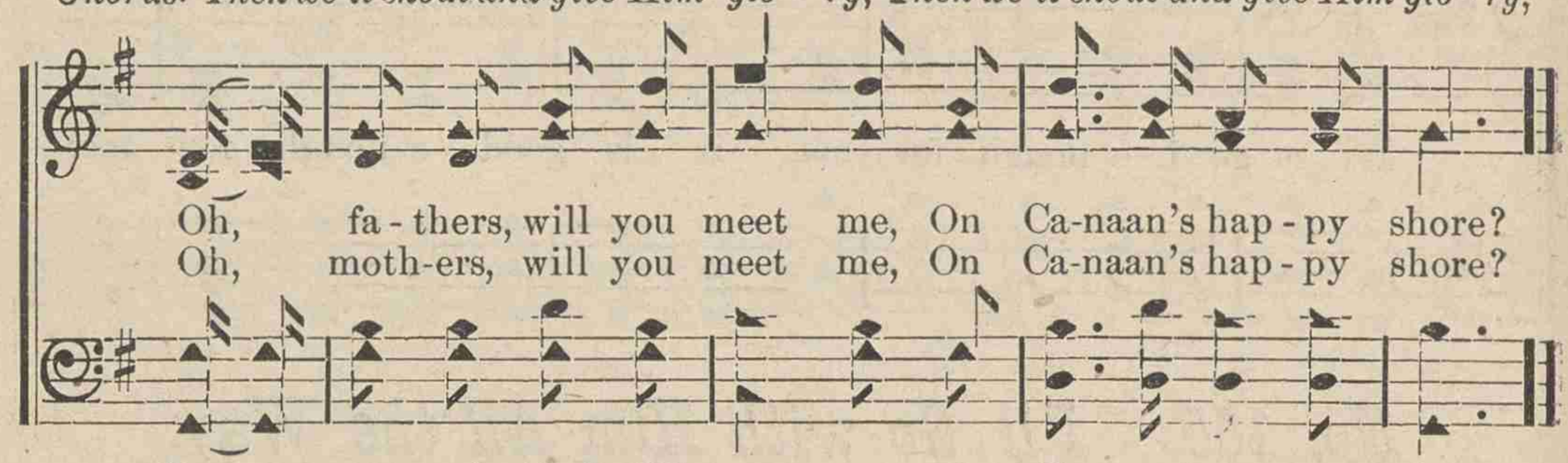
9 ‖: He will give me grace and glory, :‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

10 ‖: Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :‖
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 161. Will You Meet Me?

Old Revival Song. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



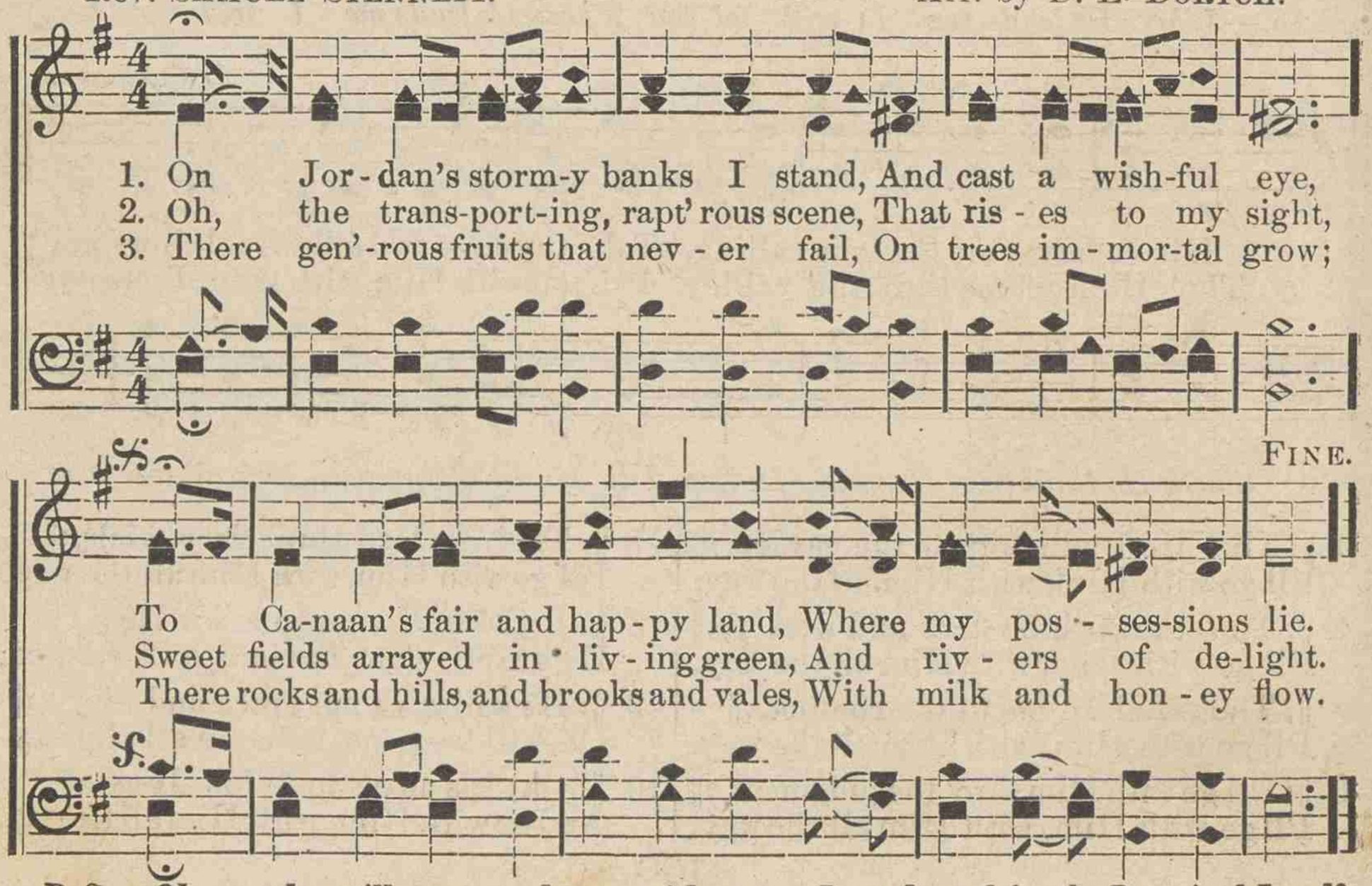


3 Oh, brothers, will you meet me, etc.
4 Oh, sisters, will you meet me, etc.
5 Oh, Christians, will you meet me, etc.
6 Oh, converts, will you meet me, etc.
7 Oh, mourners, will you meet me, etc.
8 Oh, sinners, will you meet me, etc.
9 He'll forgive you, if you ask Him, etc.
In earnest faith and prayer.

Ans.—Then I promise I will meet you, etc.
On Canaan's happy shore.
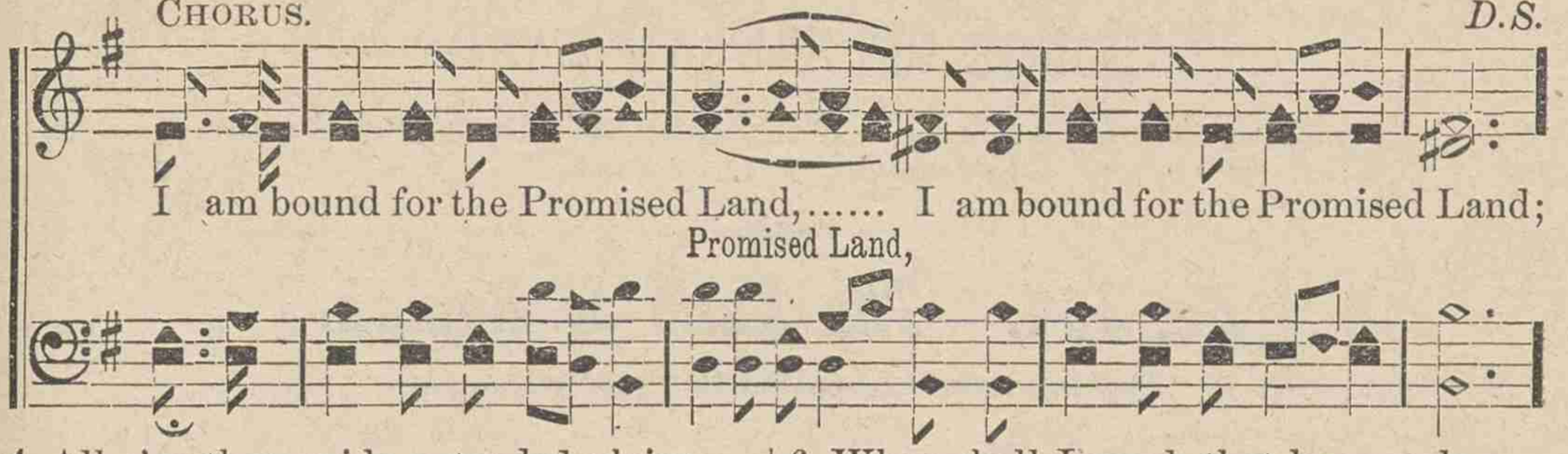
No. 162. I am Bound for the Promised Land.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. DEUTERONOMY 34: 1-4. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



I am Bound for the Promised Land. Concluded.

CHORUS. D.S.



4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

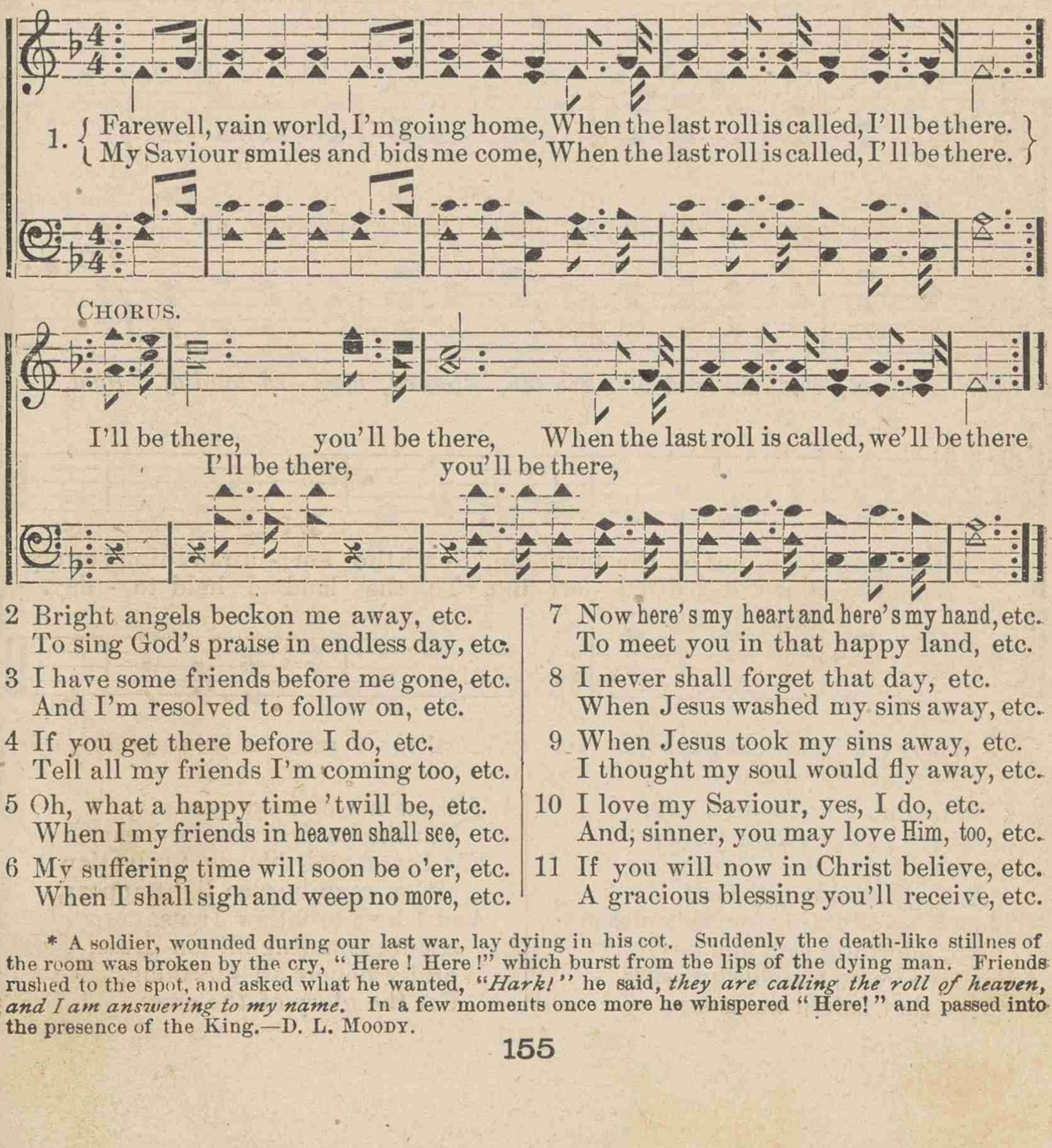
5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 163. When the Last Roll is Called.*

Words selected by Rev. N. D. CRAWFORD. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



2 Bright angels beckon me away, etc.
To sing God's praise in endless day, etc.

3 I have some friends before me gone, etc.
And I'm resolved to follow on, etc.

4 If you get there before I do, etc.
Tell all my friends I'm coming too, etc.

5 Oh, what a happy time 'twill be, etc.
When I my friends in heaven shall see, etc.

6 My suffering time will soon be o'er, etc.
When I shall sigh and weep no more, etc.

7 Now here's my heart and here's my hand, etc.
To meet you in that happy land, etc.

8 I never shall forget that day, etc.
When Jesus washed my sins away, etc.

9 When Jesus took my sins away, etc.
I thought my soul would fly away, etc.

10 I love my Saviour, yes, I do, etc.
And, sinner, you may love Him, too, etc.

11 If you will now in Christ believe, etc.
A gracious blessing you'll receive, etc.

* A soldier, wounded during our last war, lay dying in his cot. Suddenly the death-like stillnes of the room was broken by the cry, "Here! Here!" which burst from the lips of the dying man. Friends rushed to the spot, and asked what he wanted, "*Hark!*" he said, *they are calling the roll of heaven, and I am answering to my name.* In a few moments once more he whispered "Here!" and passed into the presence of the King.—D. L. MOODY.

PART XII.
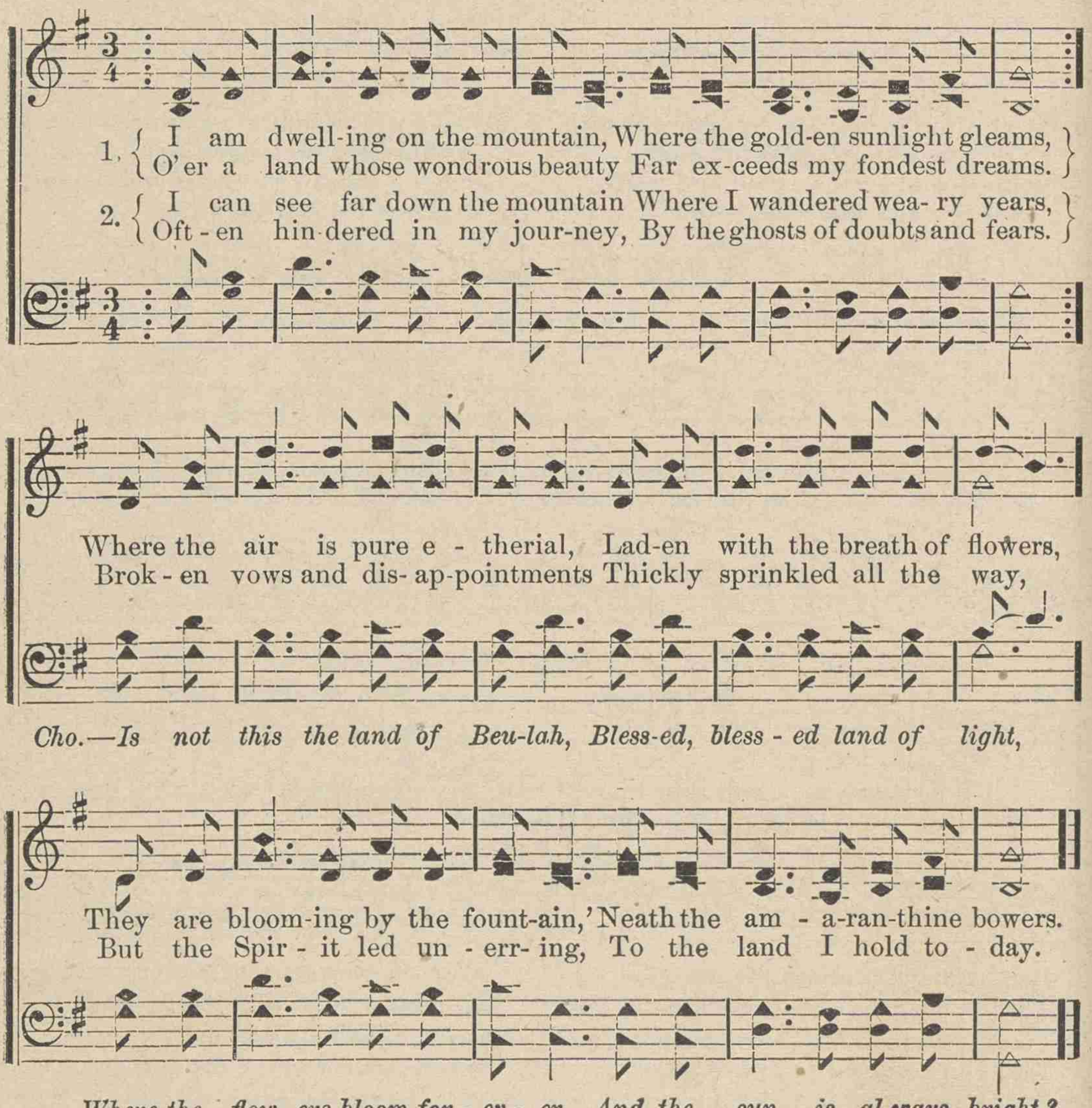
SONGS OF BEULAH LAND.

For a beautiful description of the LAND OF BEULAH, see "The Pilgrim's Progress" by John Bunyon, Chapter 19th.

No. 164. The Land of Beulah.

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

Rev. WM. HUNTER, D. D. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



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

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear;
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear,
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross;
Worldly honors all forsaking,
For the glory of the cross.

No. 165. In the Land of Beulah.

(In memory of my mother, Mrs. MARY PHAGAN DALE.)

"Christian at Work." Chorus and music by W. T. DALE.

1. There is a coun - try calm and fair, Where soft the mo- ments glide,
2. Be- side the hill a riv - er runs; I hear it murm- 'ring low,
3. And rest-ing in those meadows fair, Are pilgrims aged and worn;
4. And now they wait 'neath qui- et skies, The summons of the King,
5. And when the shin - ing ones draw near, And take them by the hand,

And heav'nly hills in gold - en air Rise on the far - ther side.
And swift-ly pass the shin- ing ones A-bove it to and fro.
Their heads are crown'd with silver hair, They long have bur - dens borne.
Who wipes, himself, from wea- ry eyes, The tears of sor - row - ing.
They cross with- out a pang of fear, Un - to a dear - er land.

CHORUS.

{ O Beu - lah land, ... fair Beu - lah land, ...
{ And fountains flow, ... on ev - 'ry hand, ...

O Beu-lah land, fair Beu-lah land,
And fountains flow, on ev-'ry hand,

Sweet vale of peace I see,
They sweetly (*Omit.*) . . . . . flow, they flow for me. . . .
they sweetly flow for me, for me.

Copyright, 1895, by W. T. Dale.

No. 166. O Beulah Land.

Anon. W. T. DALE.

1. O Beu-lah land, ... fair Beu-lah land, . . . Up- on the
2. O Beu-lah land, ... bright Beulah land, . . . I feel my
3. O Beu-lah land, ... sweet vale of peace, . . . Whose ver- y

1. O Beulah land, fair Beulah land,

shore . . . . of earth I stand, ... And look a - cross . . .
rapt - - ured soul ex - pand, ... As I with ea - -
air . . . . . is full of bliss, ... I lin- ger in . . . .

Up-on the shore of earth I stand, of earth I stand, And look across

the narrow sea . . . That sep- a - rates . . . that land from me (land from me.)
ger faith be - hold . . Yon walls of jas - - per, gates of gold (gates of gold.)
thy bow'rs of pray'r . . The fragrance of . . . . God's love is there (love is there.)

the narrow sea, That separates that land from me (land from me.)
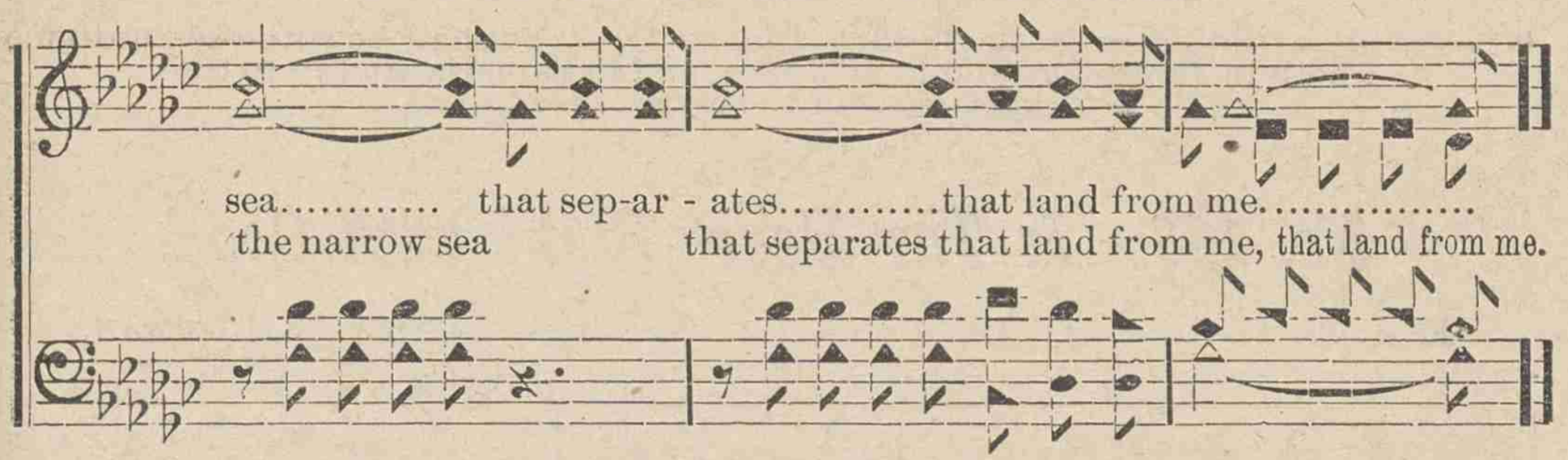
CHORUS.

O Beu-lah land, ... sweet Beulah land . . . . Up- on thy
O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,

high - est mount I stand, . . And look a - cross . . . the narrow
Upon thy highest mount I stand, mount I stand, And look across

Copyright, 1895, by W. T. Dale.

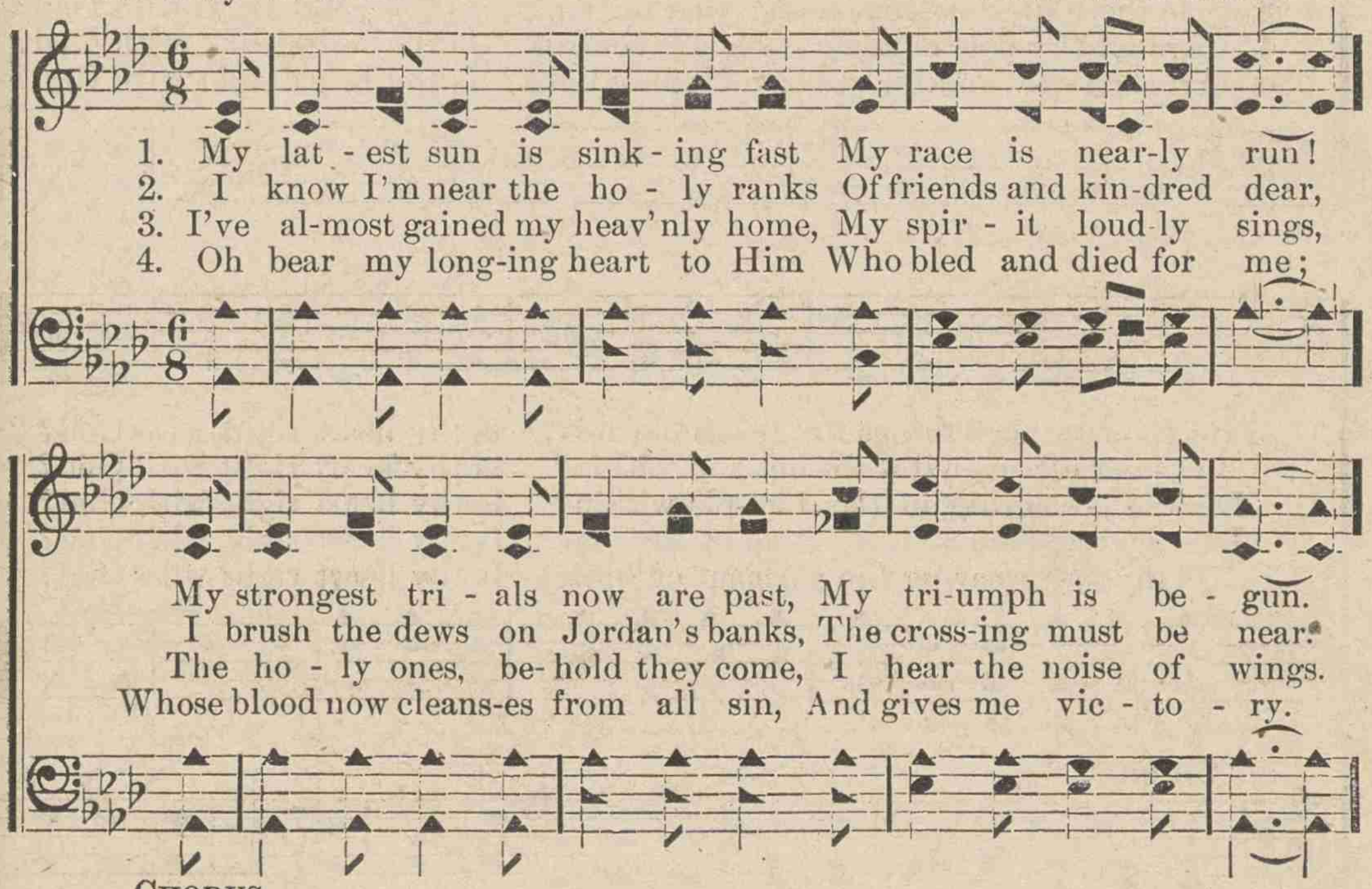
O Beulah Land. Concluded.
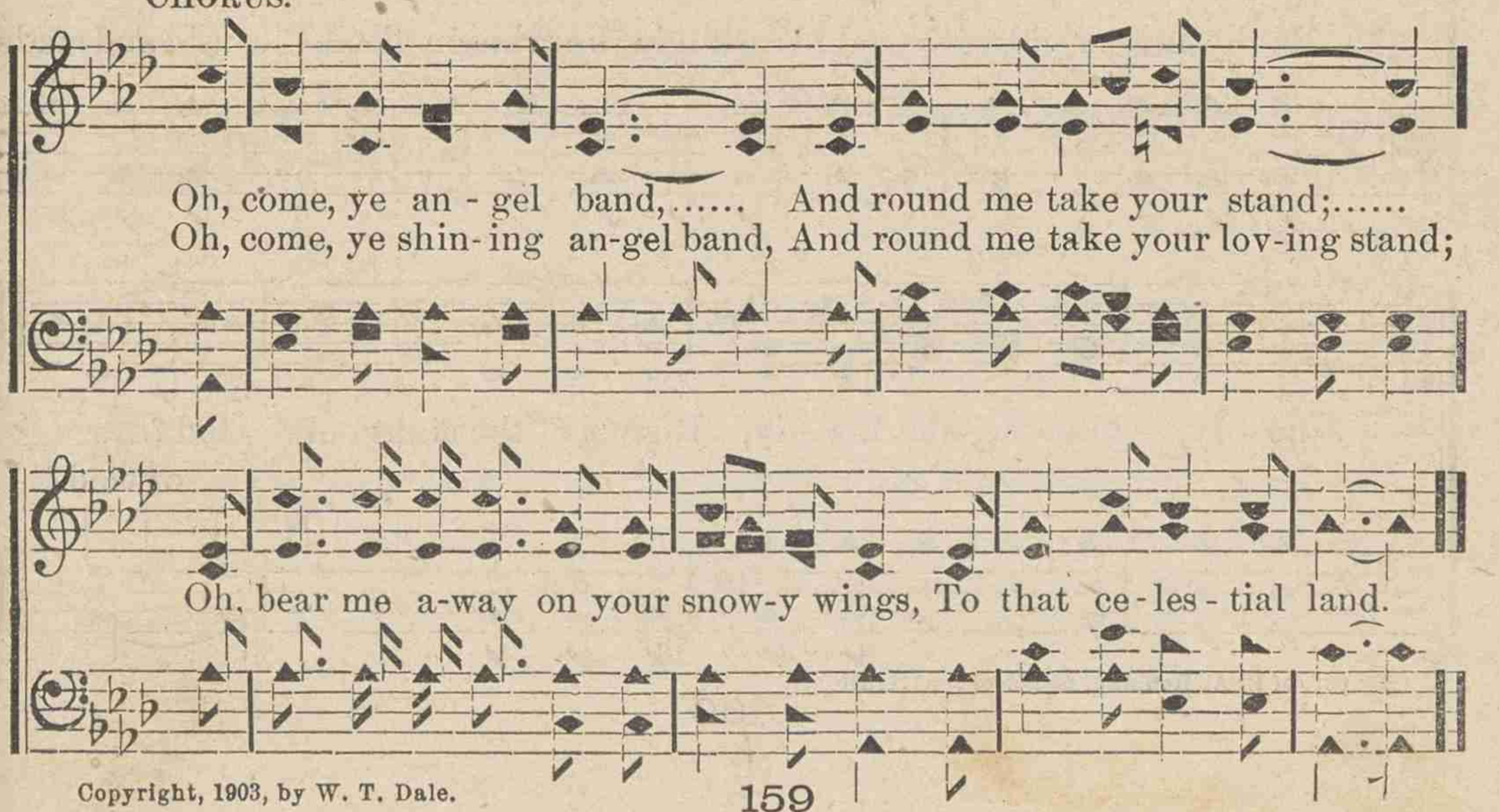


No. 167. Oh! Come, Ye Angel Band.

Rev. JEFFERSON HASCALL.
Chorus by W. T. D.

Rev. W. T. DALE.



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.
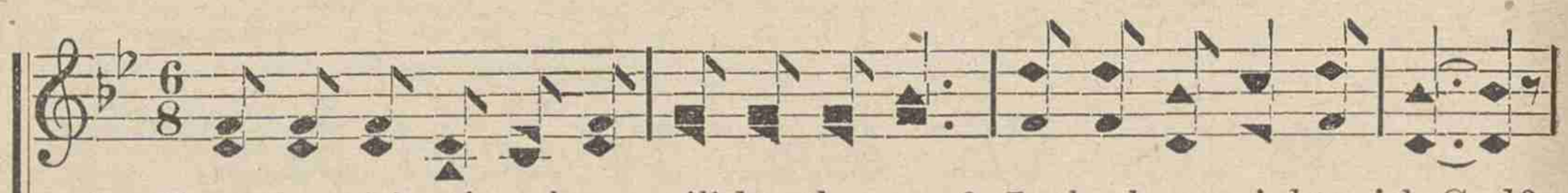
PART XIII.

CHRISTIAN TESTIMONY.

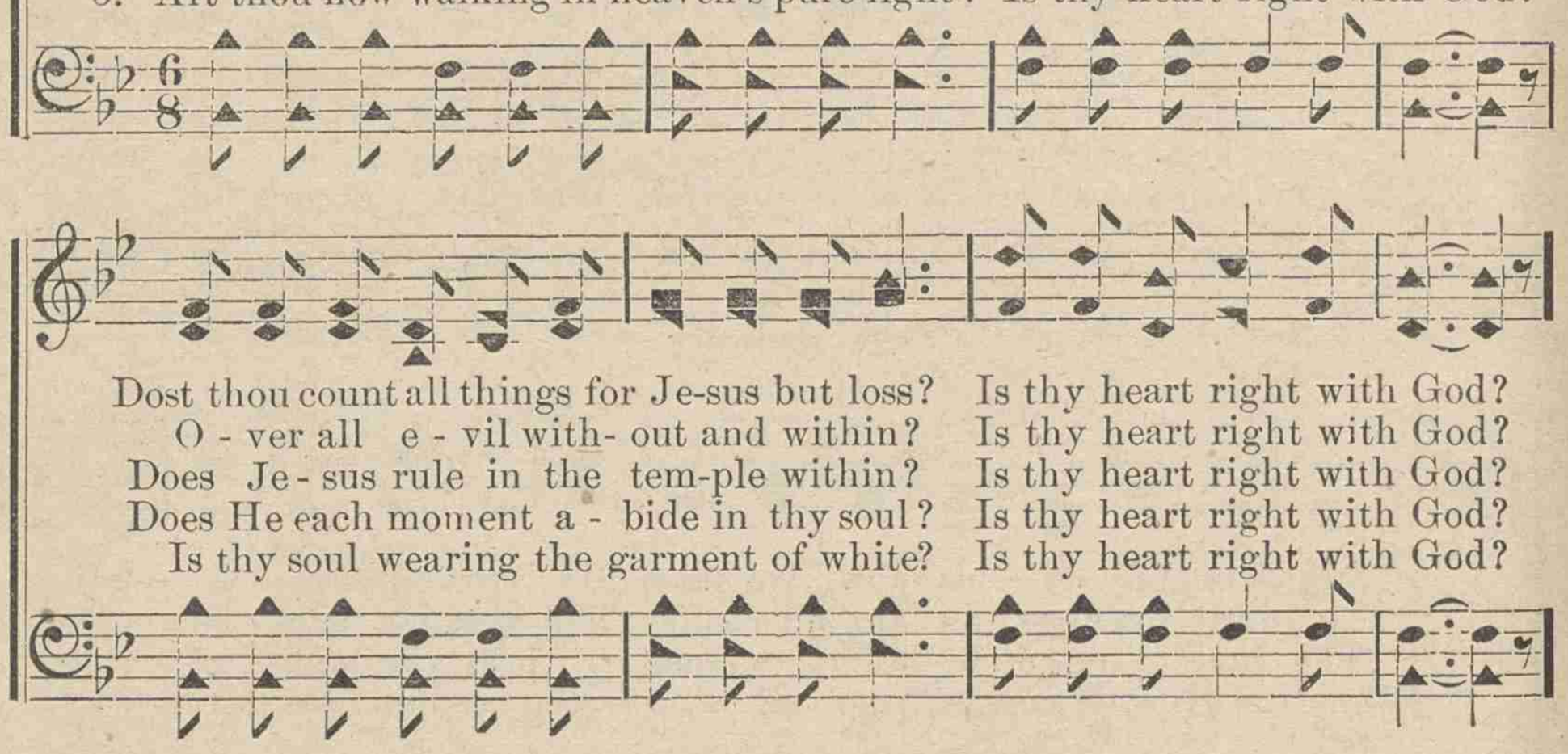
"Ye are my witnesses saith the Lord."—ISA. 43 : 10. "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth."—ACTS 1 : 8.

No. 168. Is Thy Heart Right with God?

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

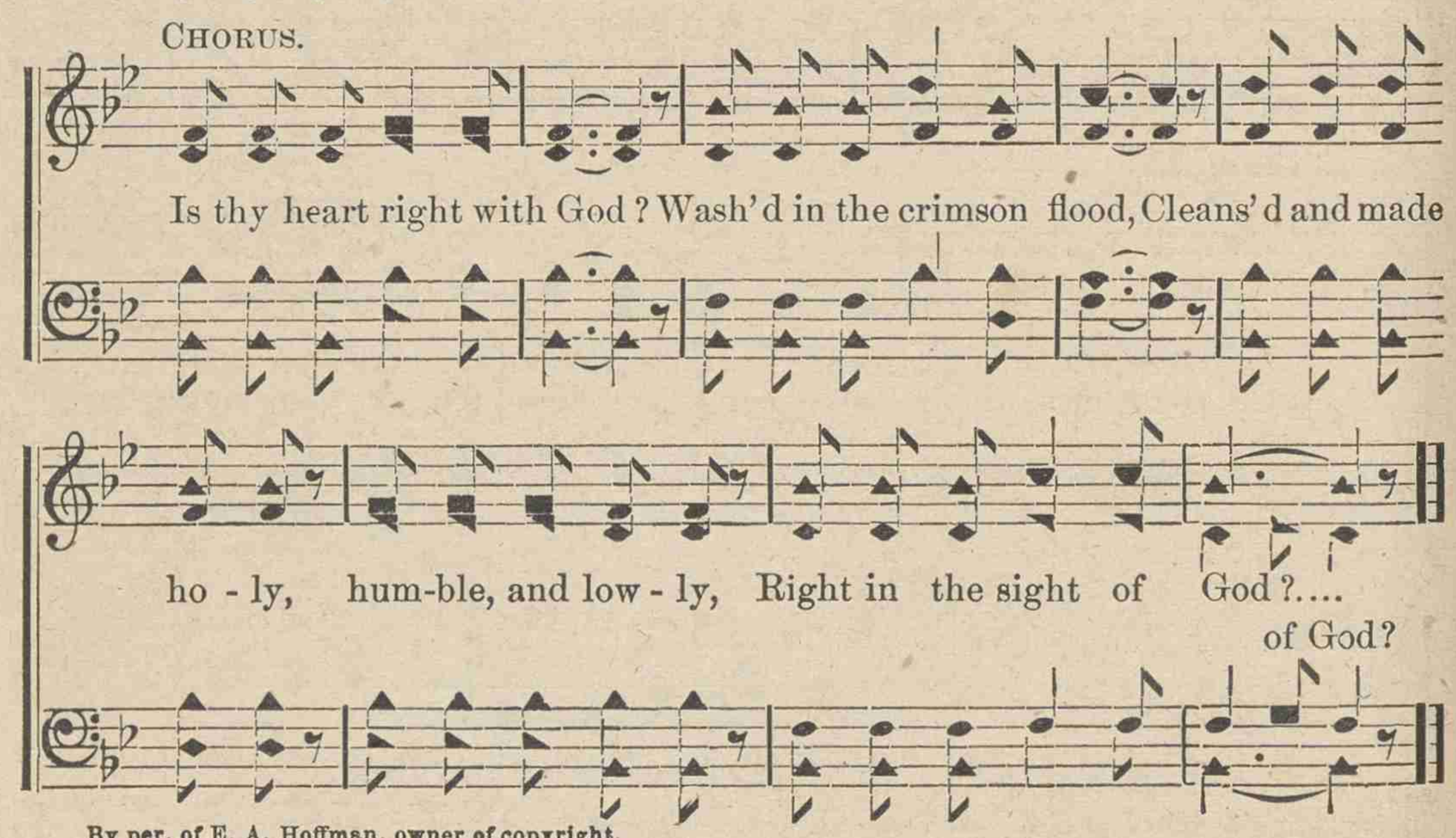


1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more condem-na- tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je- sus' control? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?



Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with- out and within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God? Wash'd in the crimson flood, Cleans'd and made ho - ly, hum-ble, and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?....
of God?

By per. of E. A. Hoffman, owner of copyright.

No. 169. Is My Name Written There?

"Rejoice because your names are written in Heaven."—LUKE 10: 20.

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heav-en, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name written there?
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, Oh, my Sav-iour! Is suf-fi-cient for me; For Thy promise is writ-ten, In bright let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful ci-ty, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied be-ings. In pure garments of white; Where no e-vil thing cometh, To de-spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Yes, my name's written there.

CHORUS.

Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

CHORUS for 2d & 3d Verses. Yes, my name's. &c.

In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?

2d & 3d V.—Yes, my name's &c.

No. 170. The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. from melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, by per.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once

hold- eth the wealth of the world in His hands! The ru - bies and dia-
wander'd o'er earth as the poor- est of them, But now He is reign-

- monds, the sil - ver and gold, Of the earth are all His; He has
- ing for - ev - er on high, And will give me a home in

CHORUS.

rich - es un- told.
heav'n by and by.
} I'm the child of a King, The child of a King;

With Je - sus my Sa - iour, I'm the child of a King.

3 I once was an outcast, a stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an "alien" by birth,
But I've been adopted, my name's written down,
As an heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, oh, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there;
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

No. 171. Blessed Assurance.

"The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and *assurance* forever."—ISA. 32: 17.

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

1. Blessed as- sur- ance, Je- sus is mine! Oh, what a fore- taste of
2. Perfect sub- mis- sion, per-fect de- light, Visions of rap- ture now
3. Perfect sub- mis- sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am

glo- ry di- vine! Heir of sal- va- tion, purchase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, Angels de- scending, bring from a- bove Ech- oes of
hap- py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a- bove, Filled with his

CHORUS.

Spir- it, washed in His blood.
mer- cy, whispers of love.
goodness, lost in His love.

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

Copyright, 1873, by Jos. F. Knapp.

PART XIV.

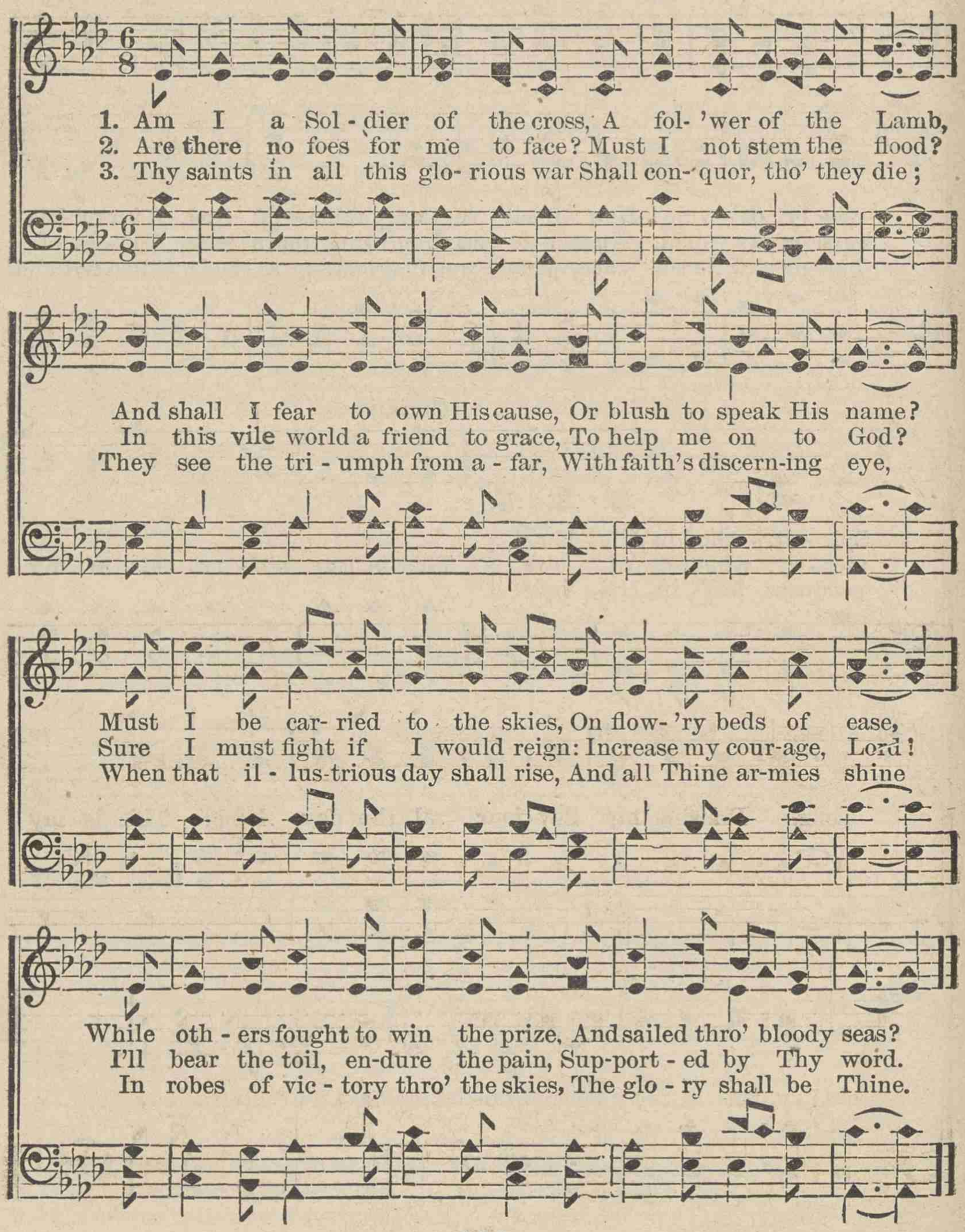
HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

No. 172. Am I A Soldier? C. M.

"Endure hardness as a good Soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 TIM. 2: 3.

Uniting with the Church, to to be used when inviting the Candidates to come **forward.**

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. Arr. by Rev. D. E. DORTCH.
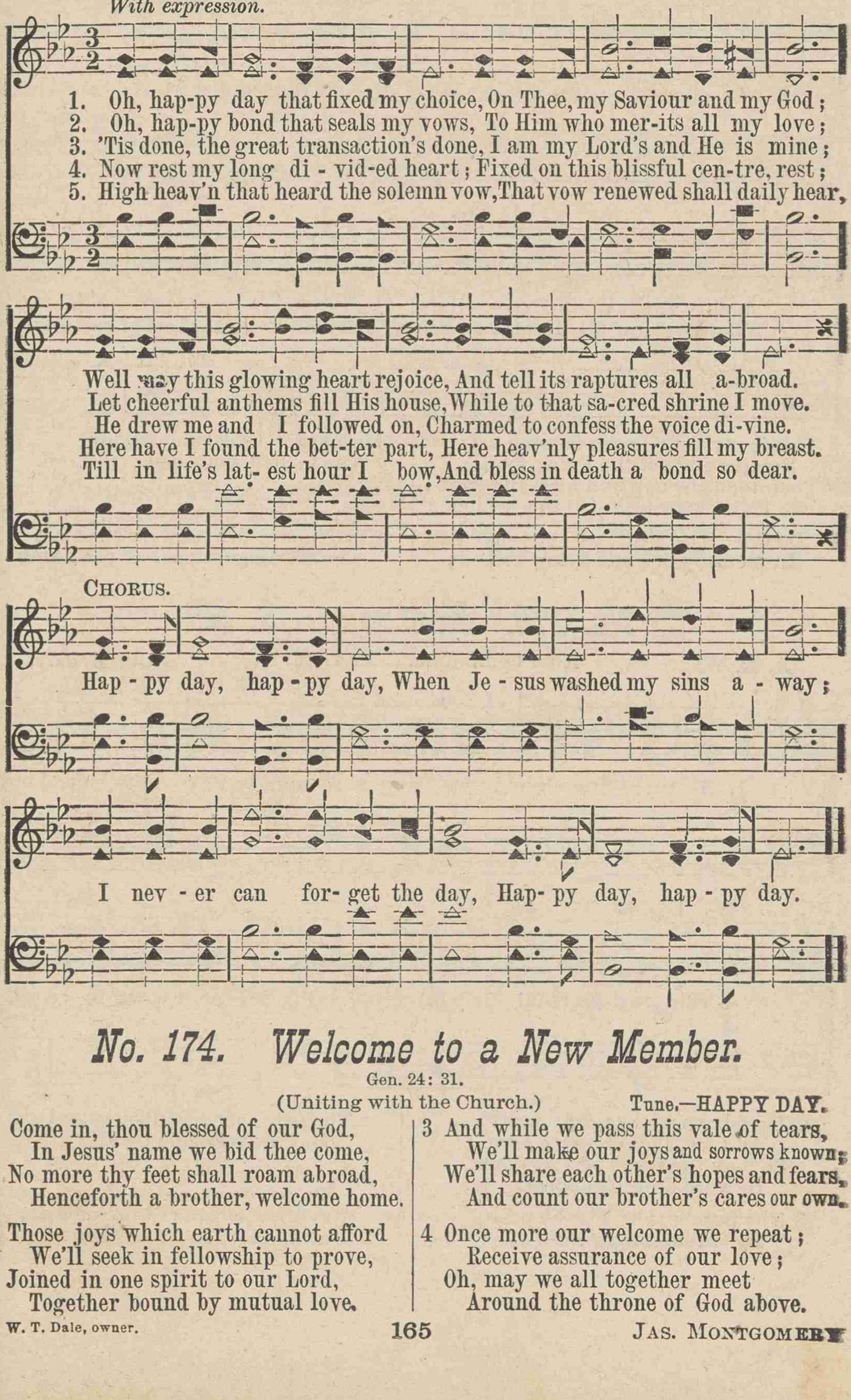


No. 173. Happy Day.

"My heart is fixed."—Psalm 57 : 7.
(Uniting with the Church.)

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. W. T. DALE, D. D.

With expression.



No. 174. Welcome to a New Member.

Gen. 24: 31.
(Uniting with the Church.) Tune.—HAPPY DAY.

1 Come in, thou blessed of our God,
In Jesus' name we bid thee come,
No more thy feet shall roam abroad,
Henceforth a brother, welcome home.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

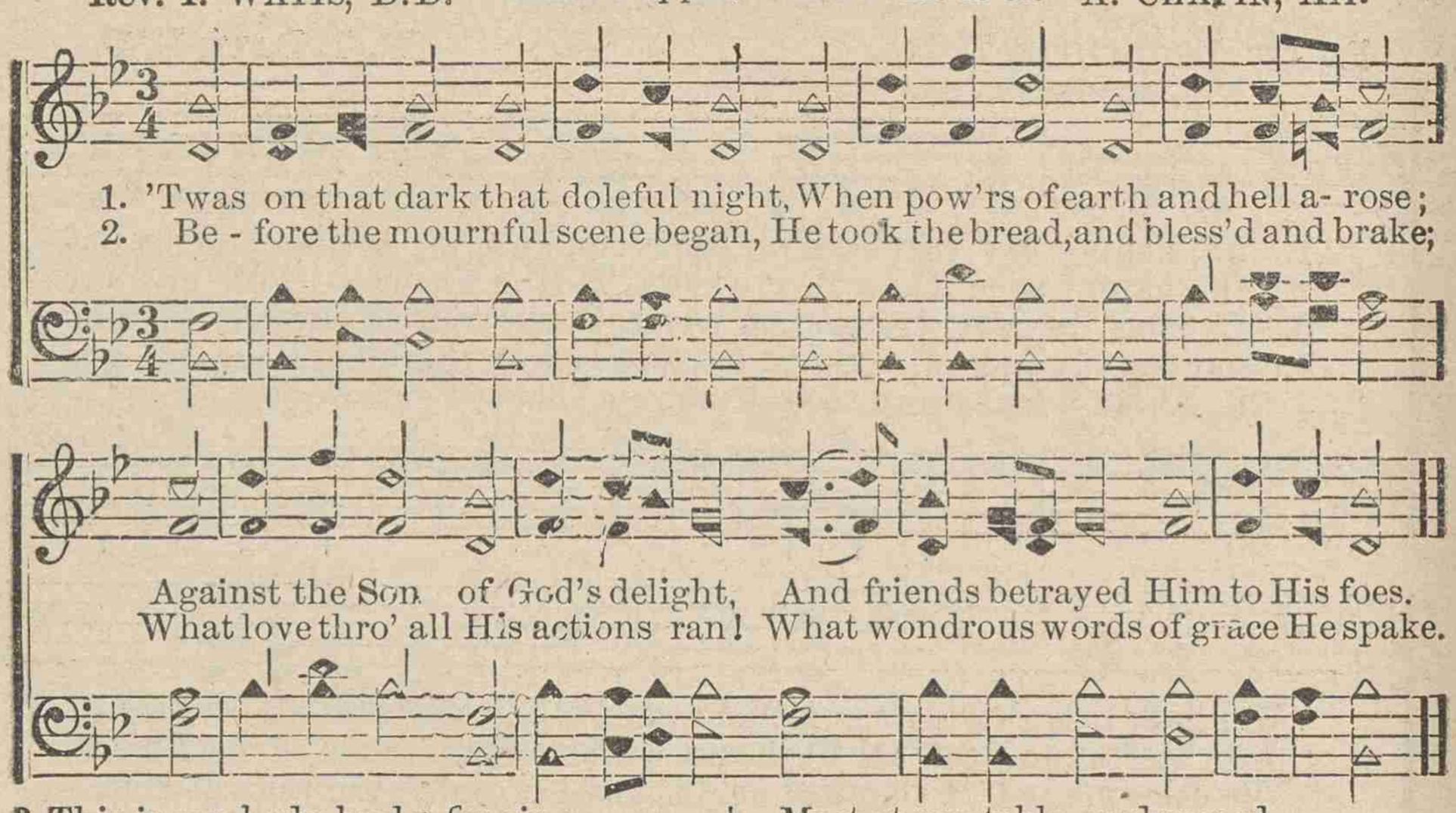
3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count our brother's cares our own.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
Oh, may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

JAS. MONTGOMERY

No. 175. Rockbridge. L. M.

Rev. I. WATTS, D.D. "Lord's Supper."—MATT. 26: 26-30. A. CHAPIN, Arr.
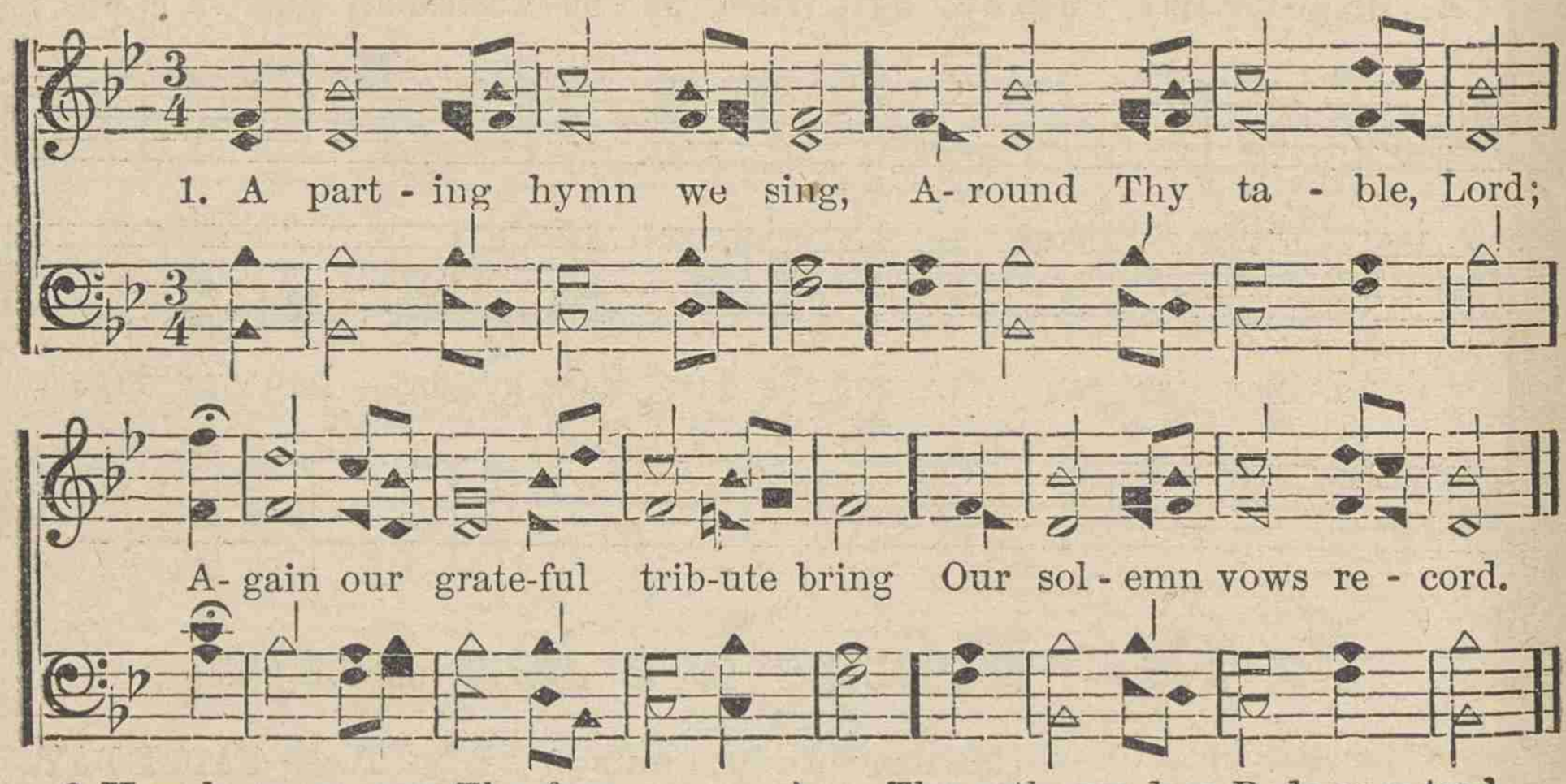


3 This is my body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;
Then took the cup and blest the wine;
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record,
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate;
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

No. 176. Kentucky. S. M.

A. R. W. After Communion. MATT. 26: 30. Old Melody.



2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here,
So may the savor of Thy grace,
In word and life appear.

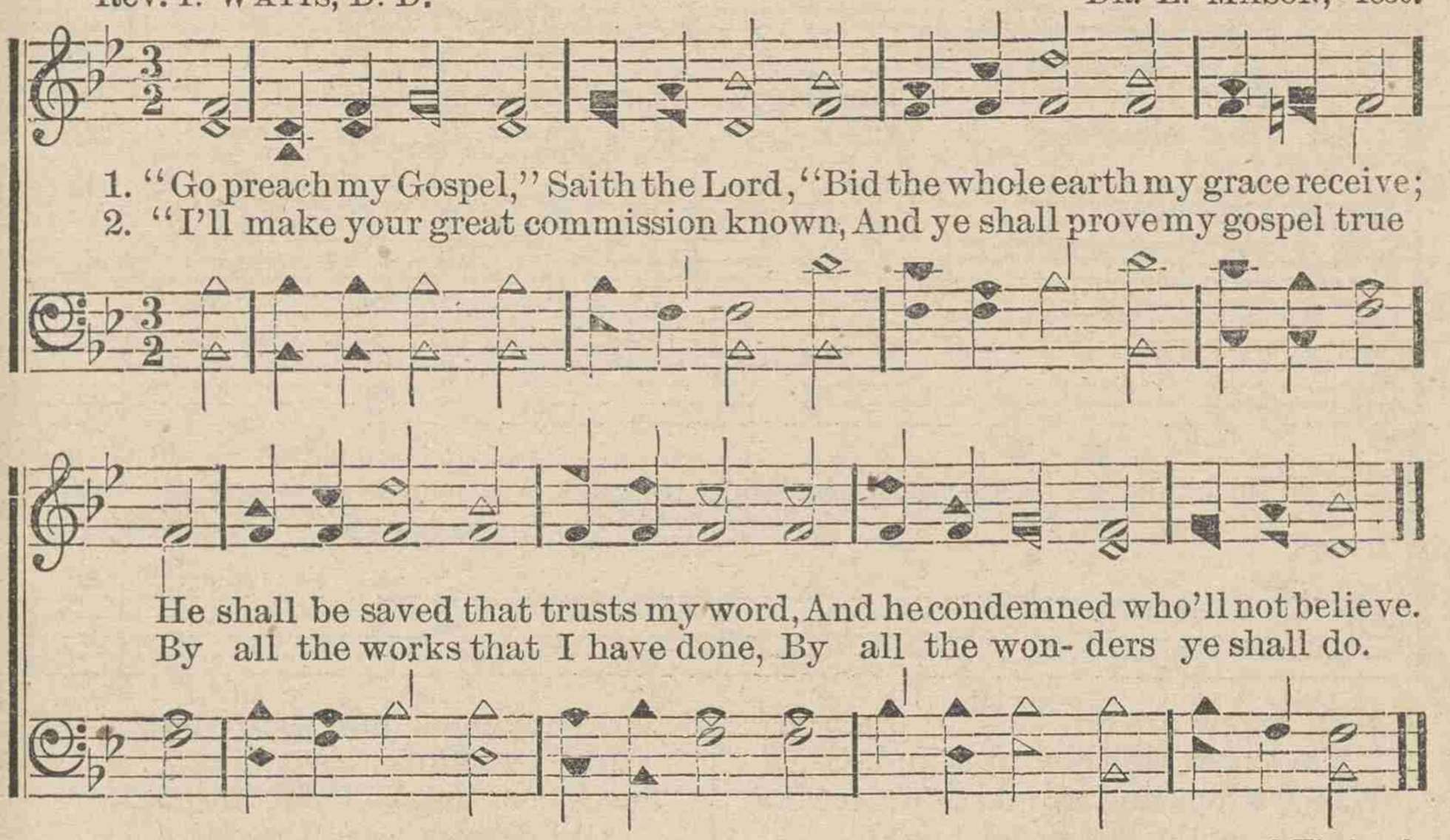
3 The purchase of Thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love,
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

No. 177. Hebron. L. M.

The Great Commission.—Matt. 28: 19, 10. Mark 16: 15, 16.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. DR. L. MASON, 1830.



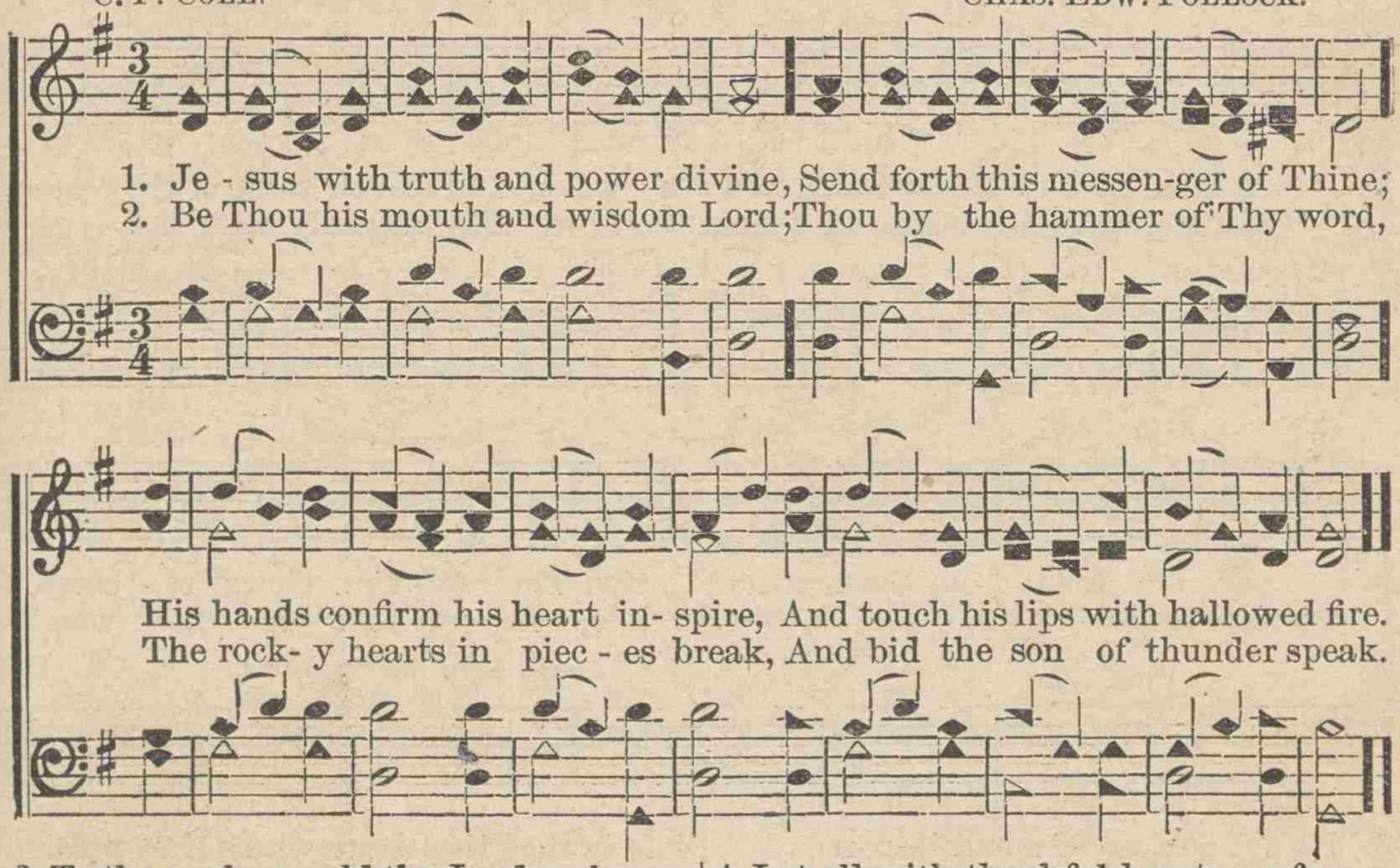
3 "Teach all the nations my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted to my hands;
I can destroy and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone round His head,
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode,
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

No. 178. McPherson. L. M.

On Ordination of a Minister.

C. P. COLL. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

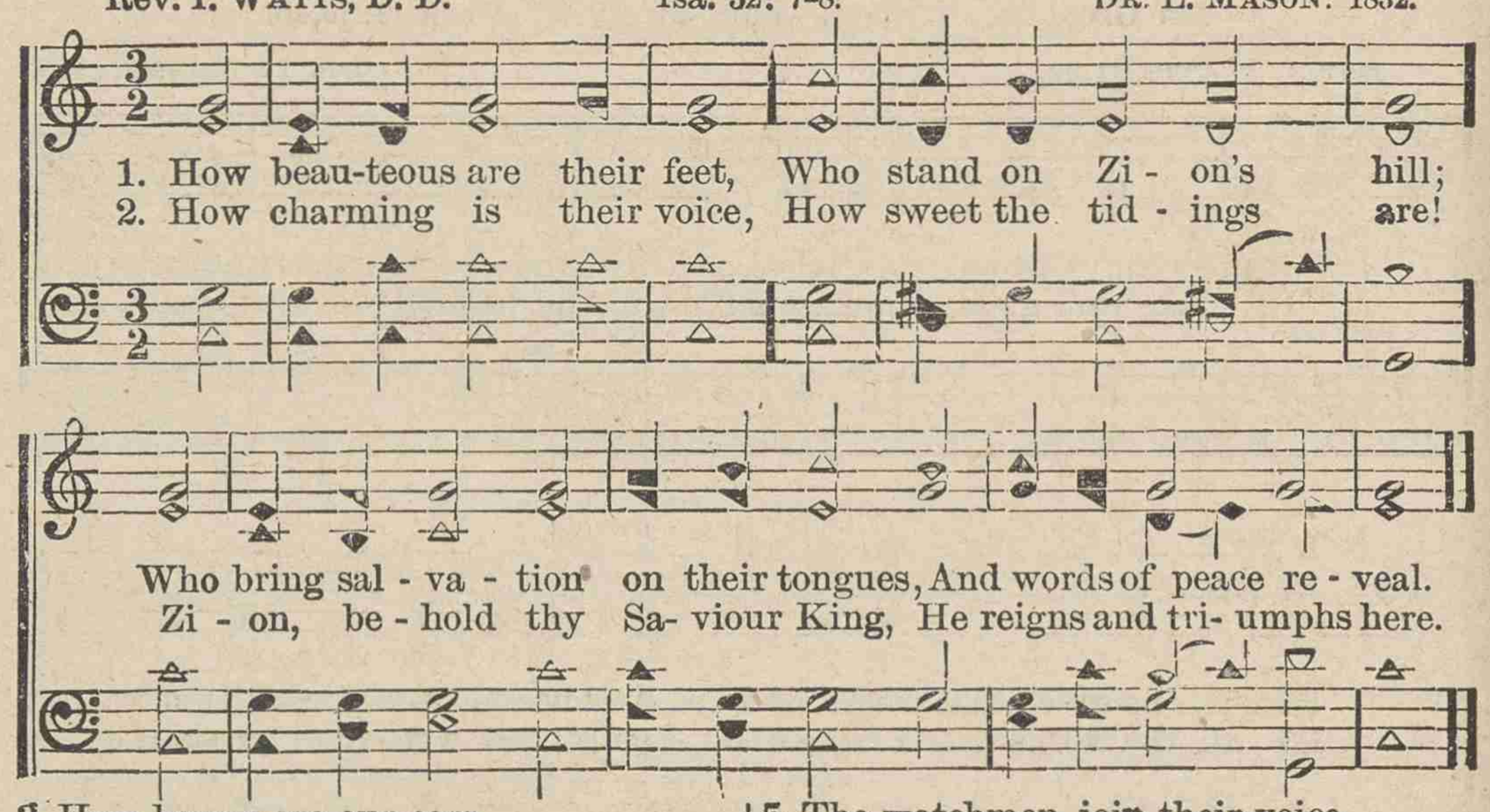


3 To those who would the Lord embrace,
Give him to preach the word of grace;
Sweetly their yielding bosoms move,
And melt them with the fire of love.

4 Let all with thankful hearts confess,
The welcome messenger of peace,
And power in his report be found,
And in Thy work may he abound.

No. 179. Boylston. S. M.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. Isa. 52: 7-8. DR. L. MASON. 1832.



3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought but never found.

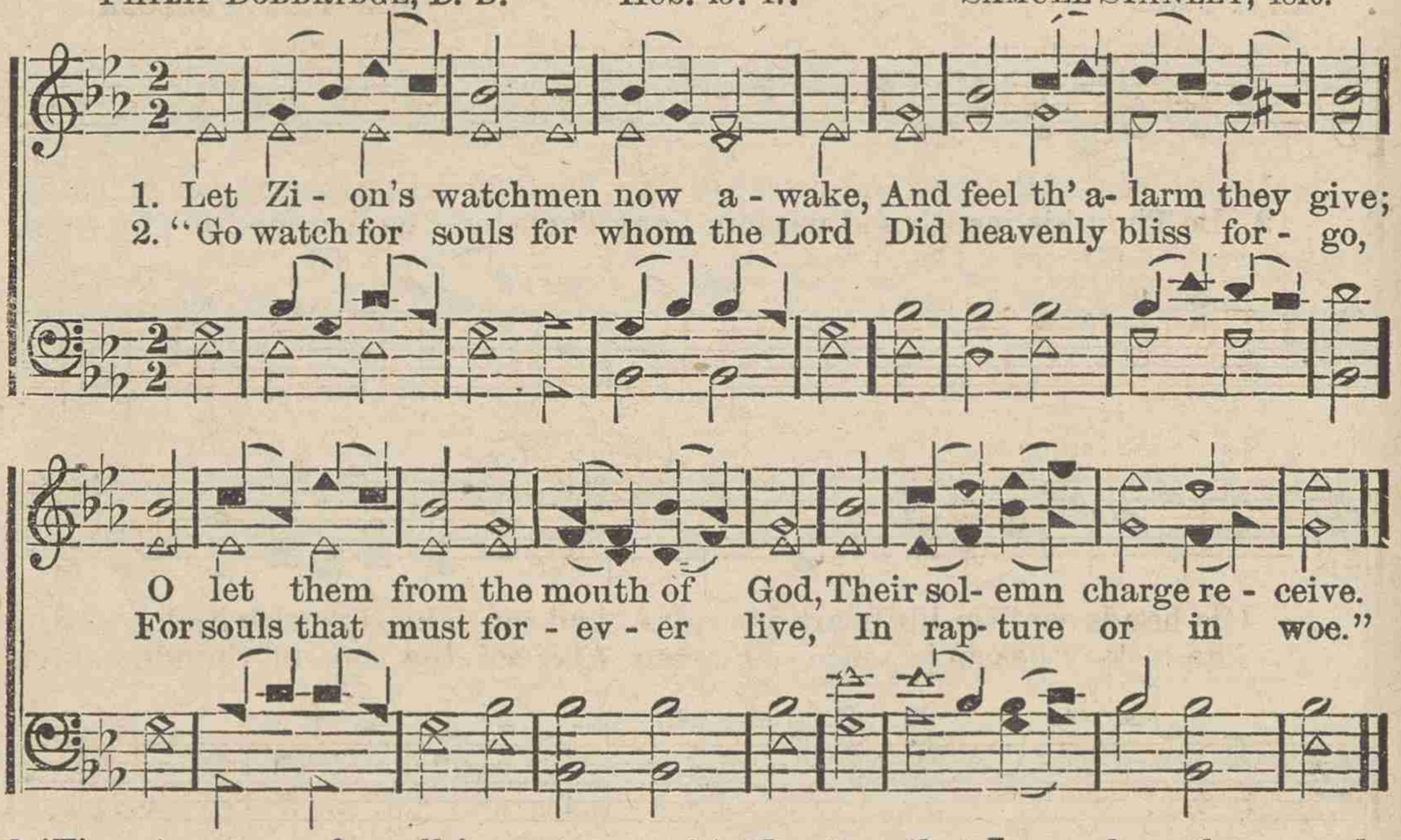
4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ,
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold,
Their Saviour and their God.

No. 180. Warwick. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. Heb. 13: 17. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1810.



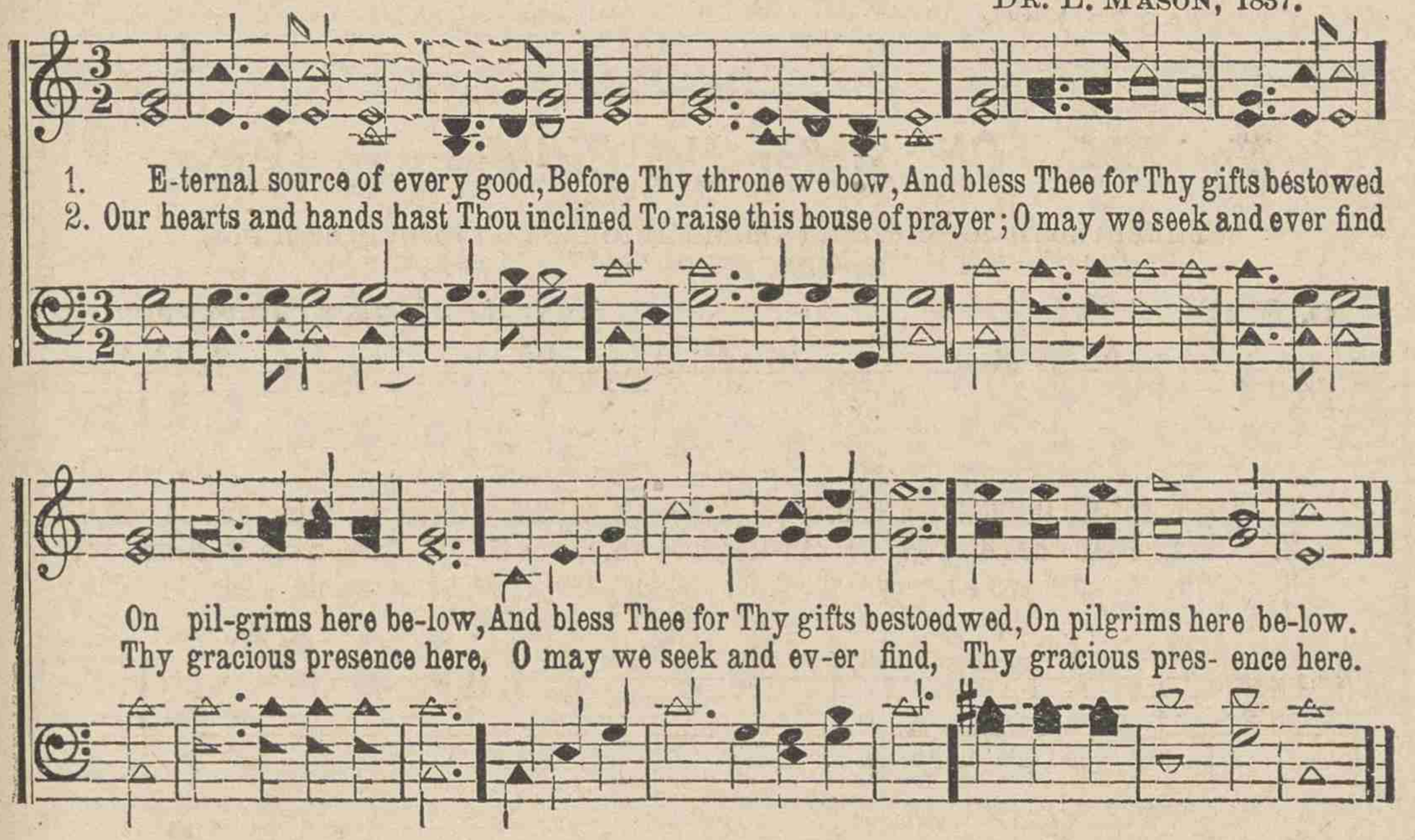
3 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart
And filled a Saviour's hands.

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see,
And may Thy Spirit guard their hearts
That they may watch for Thee.

No. 181. Zerah. C. M.

Dedication of a Church.

DR. L. MASON, 1837.



3 Lord, may Thy heralds long proclaim,
The wonders of Thy grace,
And sinners taught to fear Thy name
Abundantly increase.

4 Here may Thy children sweetly feed
On manna sent from heaven;
Drink freely at the fountain head,
Whence living streams are given.

5 Here let our off-spring and their sons
Be of the Saviour blest,
And thus, while time its circuit runs
Find here a settled rest.

6 To the eternal, Sacred Three,
The great mysterious One,
Now may this house devoted be;
To Thee and Thee alone.

No. 182.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.
Dedication of a Church.

1 To Thee this temple we devote,
Our Father and our God,
Accept it Thine and seal it now,
Thy Spirit's blest abode.

2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
The voice of praise arise;
Oh, may each lowly service prove,
Accepted sacrifice.

3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
And weep before the Lord;
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,
And here his vows record.

4 Here may affliction dry the tear,
And learn to trust in God,
Convinced it is a Father smites,
And love that guides the rod.

5 Peace be within these sacred walls,
Prosperity be here;
Long smile upon Thy people Lord,
And ever-more be near.

J. R. SCOTT.

No. 183.

ARLINGTON. C. M.
Dedication of a Church.

1 Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power
Oh, come, Great Spirit come.

2 Come as the light,—to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dove and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

A. REED.

PART XV.
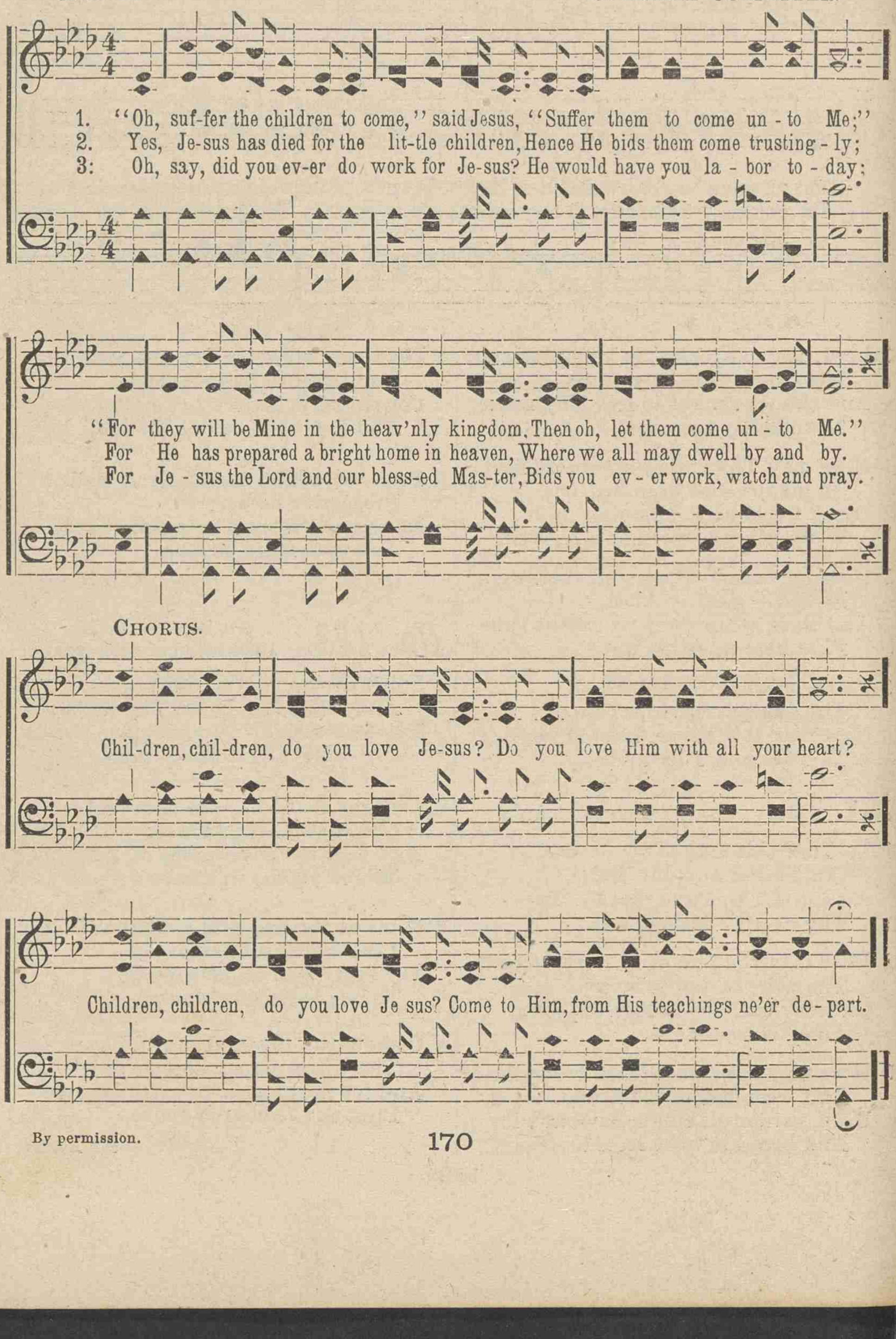
CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.

"The children crying in the temple and saying, hosanna to the Son of David. * * * Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."—MATT. 21: 15-16.

No. 184. Oh, Suffer the Children to Come.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."—MARK 10: 14.

O. B. C. O. BURKE CULPEPPER.



By permission.

No. 185. This Is the Sweetest Story.

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS. C. E. POLLOCK.

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

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

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

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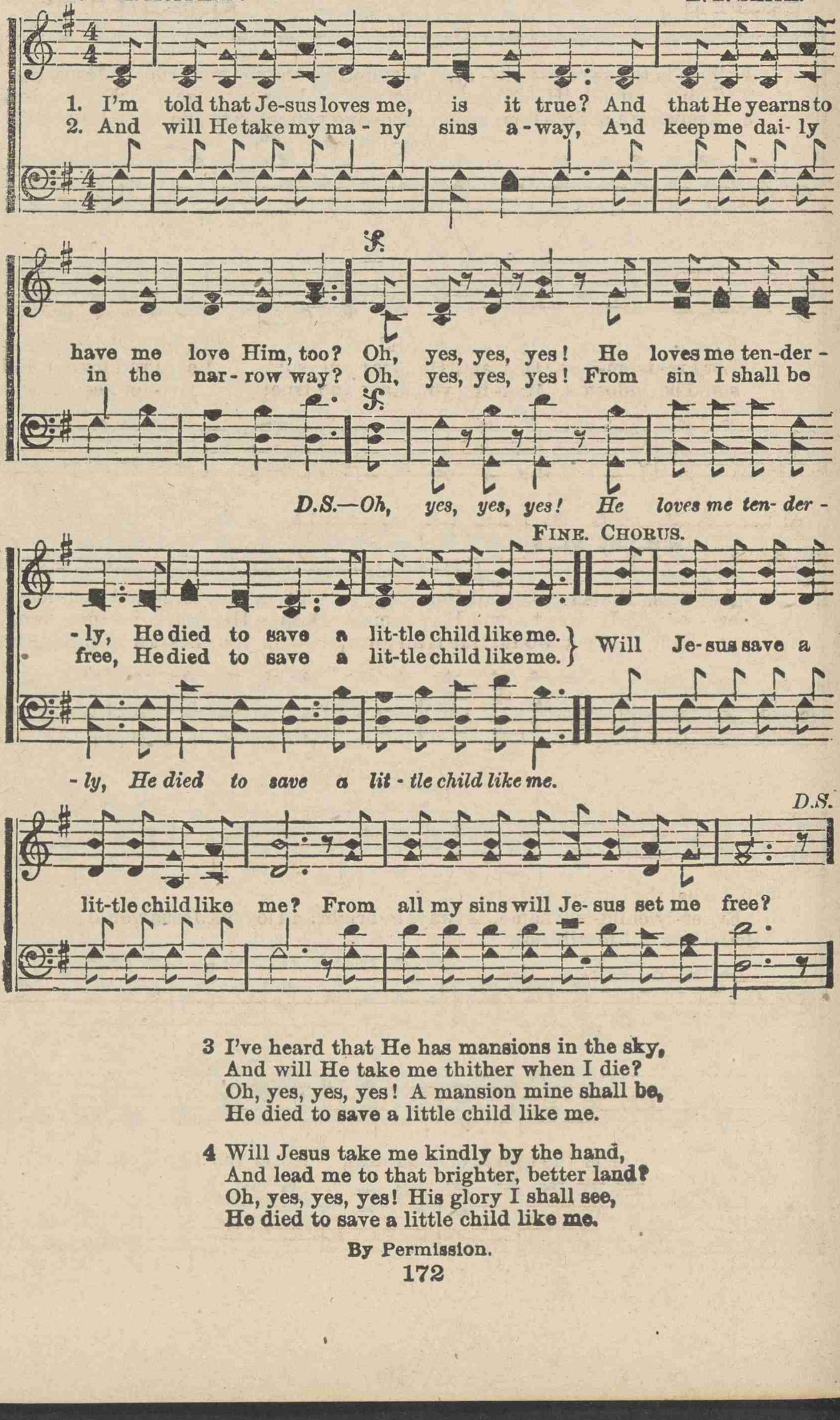
Think what the Lord would say.
Ev- er- y child-ish name. Always be bright and joyous, Jesus would have you
Sweetness of life will flow.

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

No. 186. Will Jesus Save Me?

"Suffer little children to come unto Me."—LUKE 18 : 16.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. E. B. SMITH.



3 I've heard that He has mansions in the sky,
And will He take me thither when I die?
Oh, yes, yes, yes! A mansion mine shall be,
He died to save a little child like me.

4 Will Jesus take me kindly by the hand,
And lead me to that brighter, better land?
Oh, yes, yes, yes! His glory I shall see,
He died to save a little child like me.

By Permission.

No. 187. Coming, Yes, We're Coming.

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

Anon. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. How sweet the call of Mercy, In - vi-ting every heart, To come and love the Sa-viour Ere youthful days depart; 'Tis in the Ho- ly Bi - ble, These precious words we see; "For-bid ye not the children, But let them come to me,"
2. Oh may His Spirit teach us, To know and do the right, To walk as He com mands us, That we may see the light; The bless-ed light that shin- eth, A- long the narrow way, And always groweth brighter, Un-to the per-fect day.
3. Our Saviour loves the children, On them His hands He laid, Within His arms He held them, And blessed them while He prayed; And still His mercy calls them, Just now we hear Him say; "I want your hearts, dear children, I want your love to-day."

CHORUS.

Com- ing, yes we're com - ing, Com - ing, yes we're com - ing,
Com- ing, com - ing, Com - ing, com - ing,

Repeat pp.

Com- ing, yes we're com - ing, Dear Sa - viour to Thy fold.
Com- ing, com - ing,

No. 188. The White-Robed Band.

C. M. T. "Clothed in white robes."—Rev 7 : 9. C. M. Tate.

1. The white-robed band of Je-sus Christ our Lord Are on their journey home;
2. The white-robed band we see them as they go From Egypt thro' the sea;
3. The white-robed band, let them be small or great Wherever they may be;
4. The white-robed band when mortal life is o'er, Shall gather' round the throne,

And by His Spir - it and His blessed Word, They' re guided safely on.
And hear their shouts of triumph o'er their foes, And songs of vic- to - ry.
Shall ev - er share our Saviour's blest estate, Prepared for you and me.
There grief and sor - row they shall know no more, While in that blissful home.

Yes, Christ will guide His own each day, And with un- err - ing hand,
Now come to Christ with-out de - lay, And fol - low His com-mand,
The blood of Christ will cleanse your soul Pre-pare you for that land;
There pleas - ure and e - ter - nal joy And peace at God's right hand,
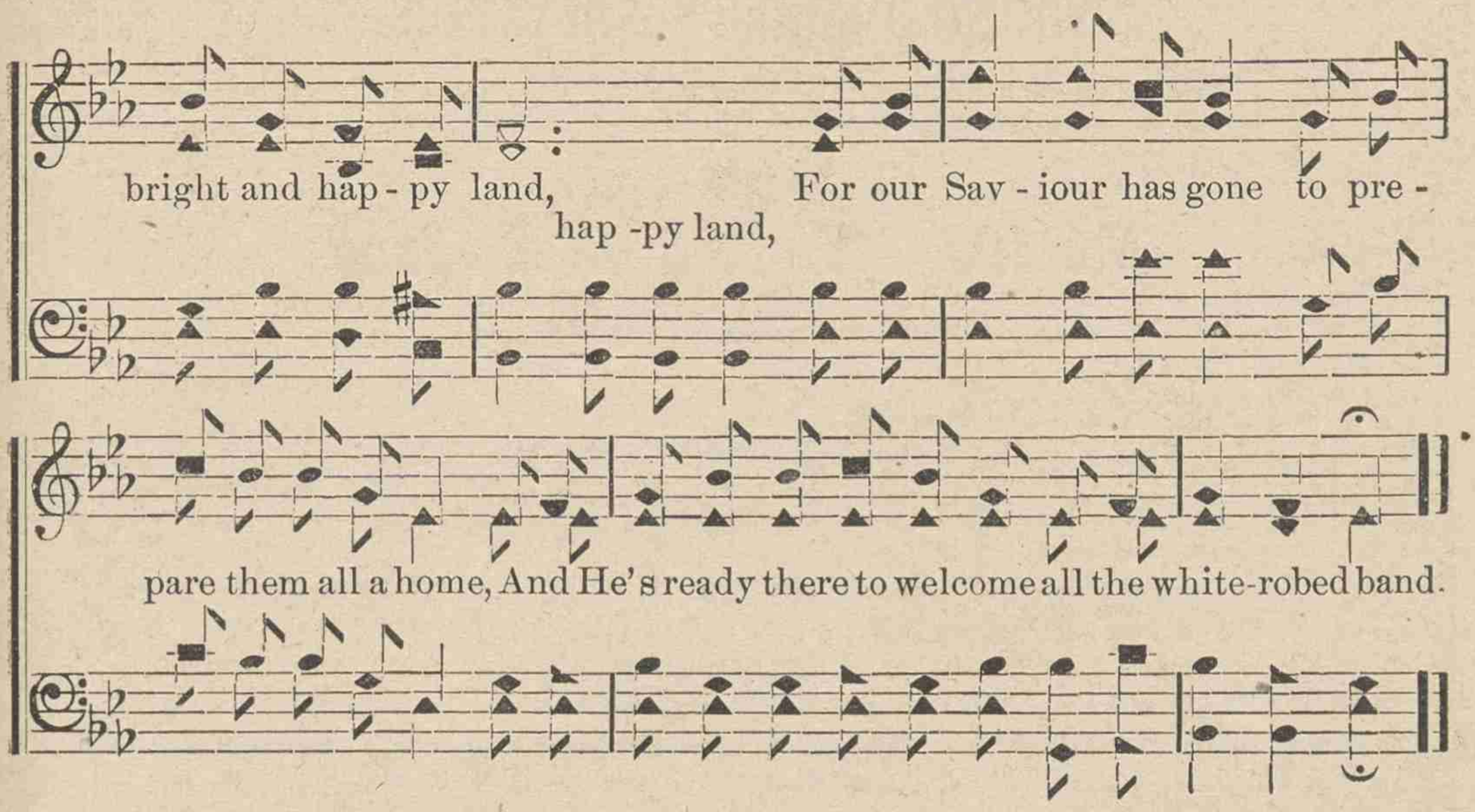
Shall lead those on who seek the narrow way, And join the white-robed band.
For - sake your vile and vain and sinful ways, And join the white-robed band.
If you'll your bur- dens on the Saviour roll, And join the white-robed band.
Are wait- ing those who tru - ly seek the Lord, And join the white-robed band.

CHORUS.

Oh, that beau - ti - ful white-robed band, Shall en - ter that
Oh, that beau - ti - ful white-robed, white-robed band,

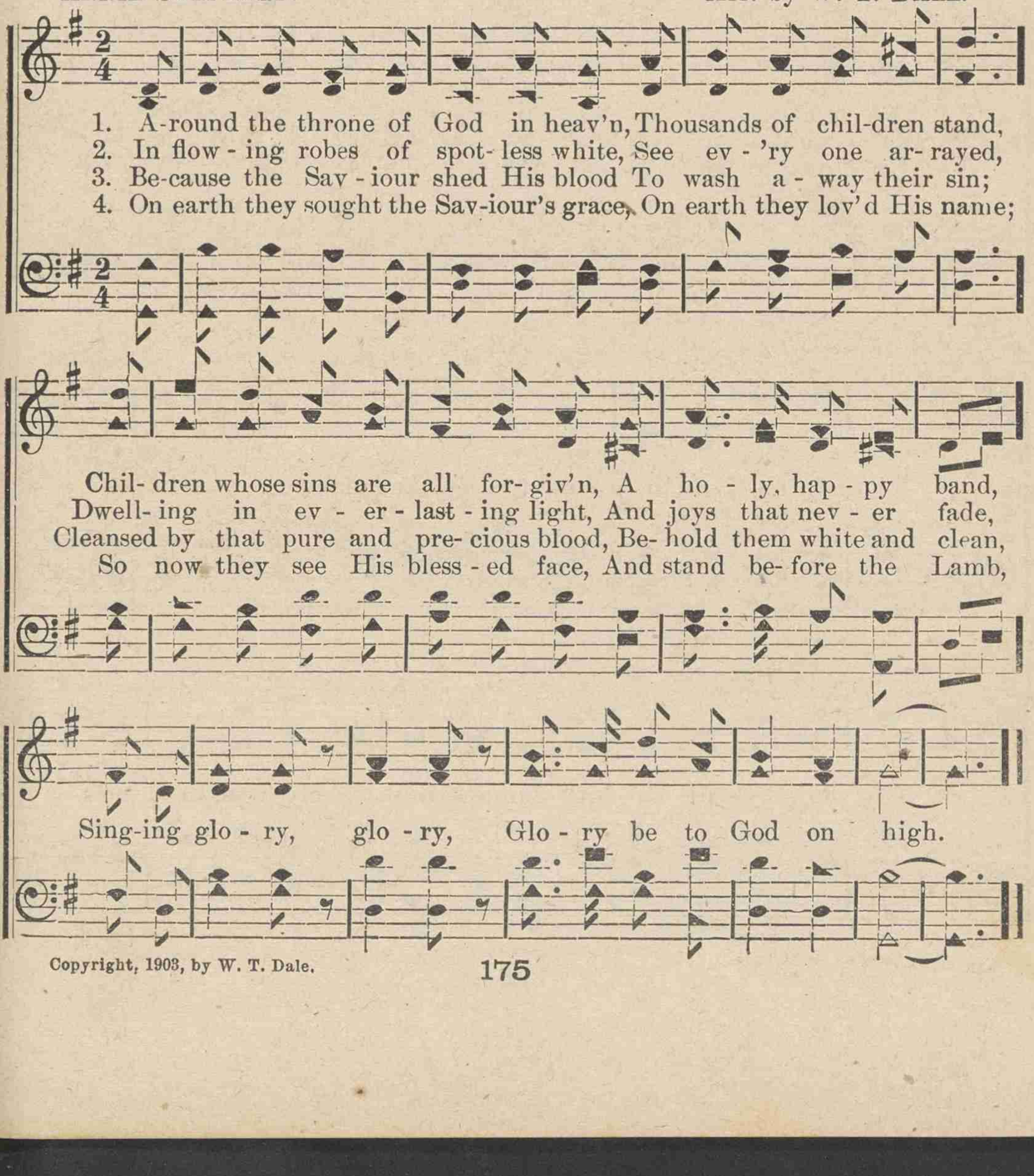
Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

The White-Robed Band. Concluded.



No. 189. Around the Throne of God.

ANNIE SHEPHERD. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

PART XVI.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

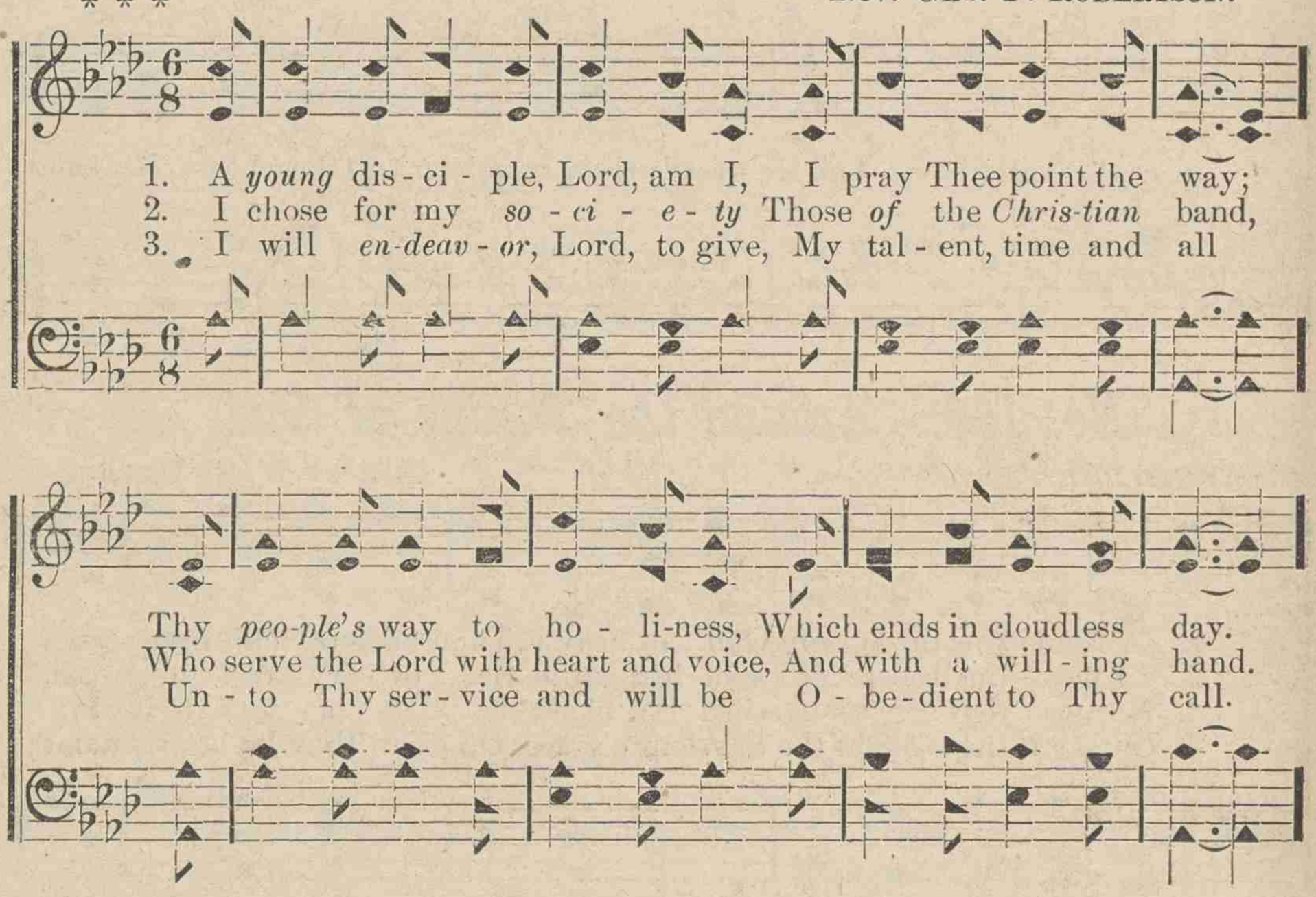
"Put on the whole armor of God that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil."—EPH. 6: 11.

No. 190. Y. P. S. C. E. Song.

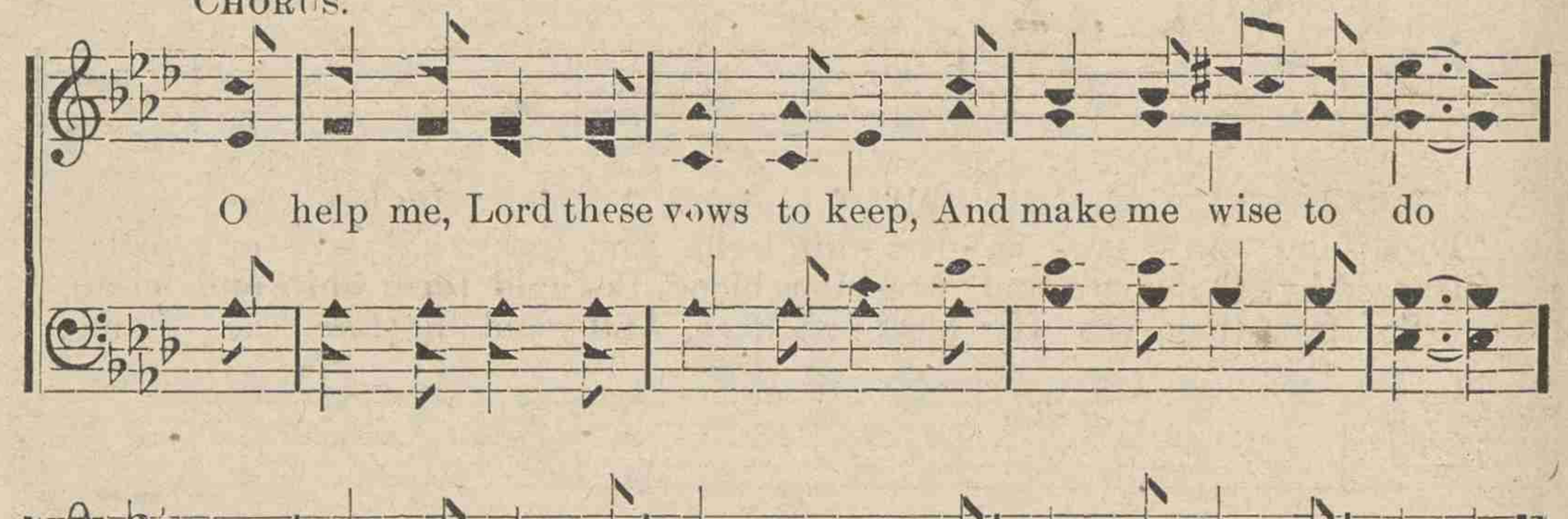
Written specially for this work.

Rev. GEO. F. ROBERTSON.

* * *



CHORUS.
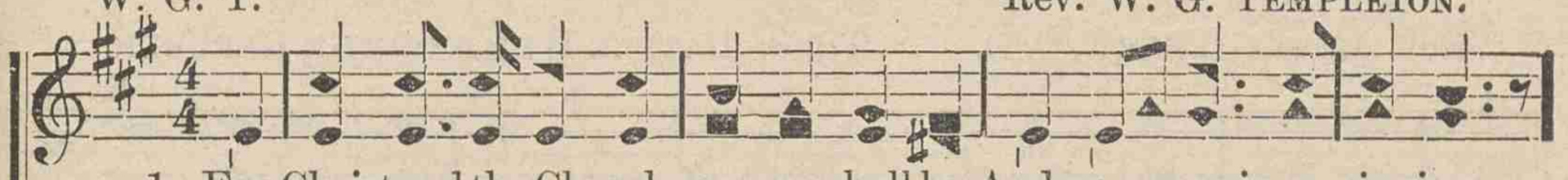


Copyright, 1893, by W. T. Dale.
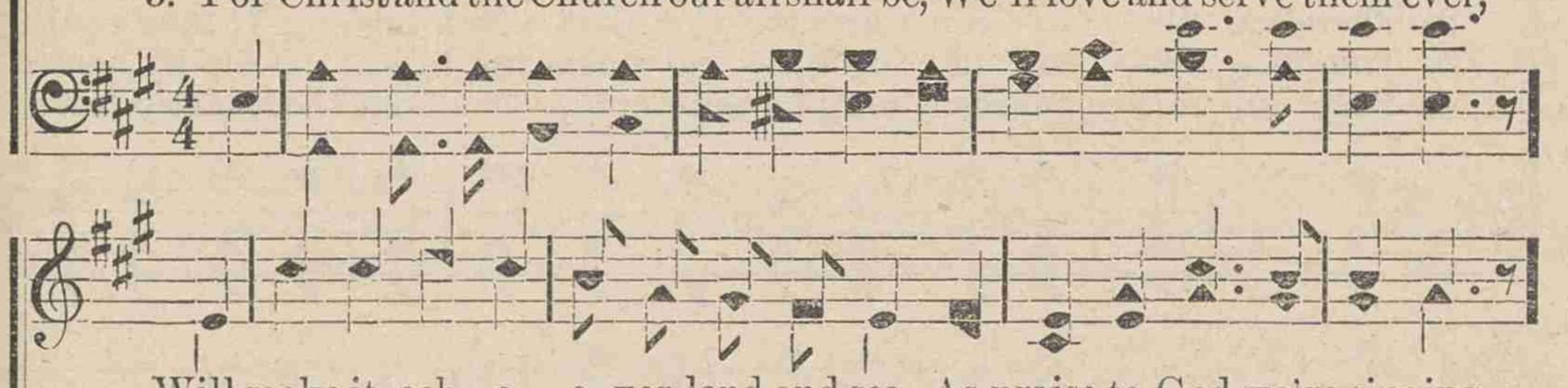
No. 191. For Christ and the Church.

(CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONG.)
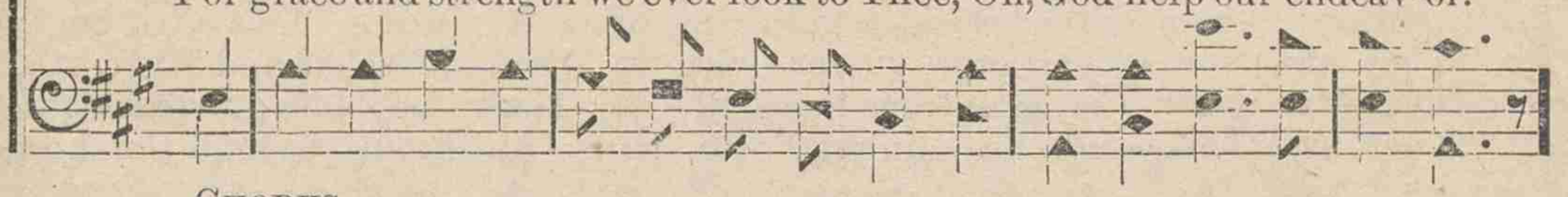
W. G. T. Rev. W. G. TEMPLETON.
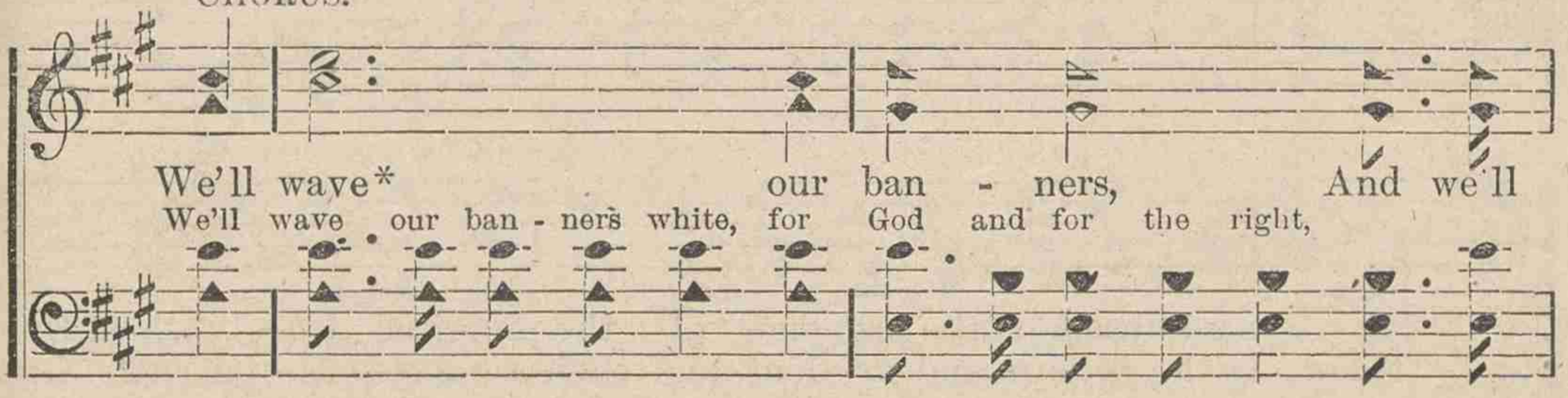


1. For Christ and the Church our song shall be, And we, our voic-es ringing,
2. For Christ and the Church our hearts shall be, For free and full sal-va- tion,
3. For Christ and the Church our all shall be, We'll love and serve them ever,
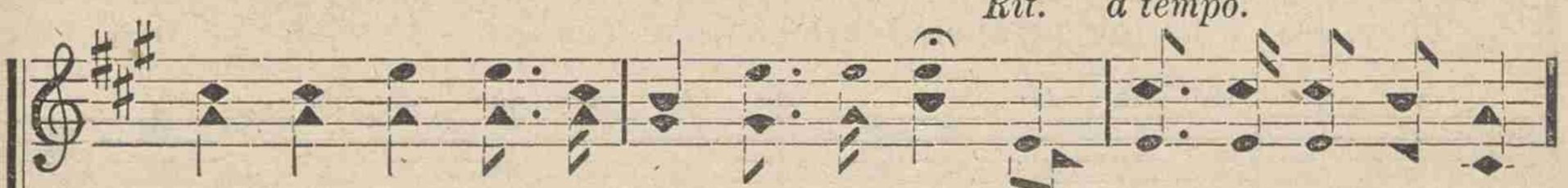


Will make it ech - o o- ver land and sea, As praise to God we're singing.
We'll shout the news and sing our ju-bi- lee In ev-'ry clime and na-tion.
For grace and strength we ever look to Thee, Oh, God help our endeav-or.



CHORUS.
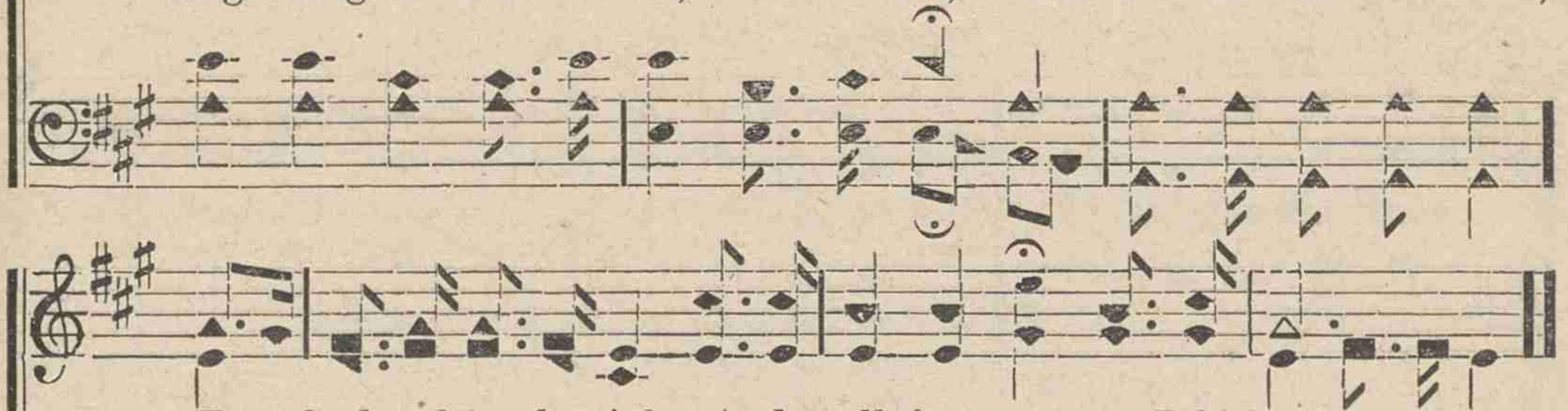


We'll wave* our ban - ners, And we'll
We'll wave our ban - ners white, for God and for the right,
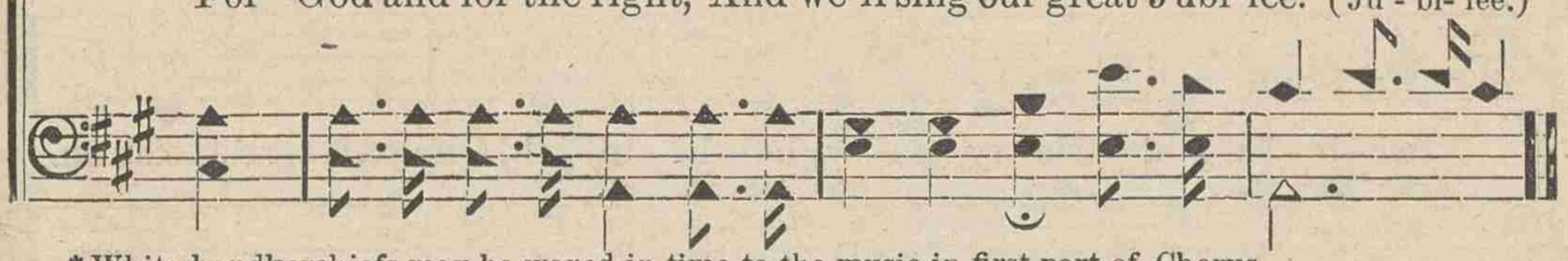


Rit. a tempo.

sing our great Ju - bi - lee, Ju - bi - lee, We'll wave our ban ners white,



For God and for the right, And we'll sing our great Jubi-lee. (Ju - bi- lee.)



*White handkerchiefs may be waved in time to the music in first part of Chorus.

Copyright, 1894, by H. A. R. Horton, & W. G. Templeton, used by per.

No. 192. Another Pentecost.

For Epworth Leagues and Christian Endeavor Societies.

Rev. LEVI GILBERT, D. D. Tune: BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

1. Mine eyes have seen the to - kens of a - noth- er Pen - te- cost,
2. There's a fire of con - se- cra - tion that is kind-ling in our youth,
3. There's a fer - vor of re - vi - val burn- ing bright in ma-ny hearts,
4. They un- furl Im-man- uel's ban-ner, and, be - hold, the thousands rise!

Mine ears have heard the gath'ring of a ded - i - ca - ted host,
They are vow - ing heart - y ser - vice to the Mas- ter and His truth,
There's a glow of gen- 'rous loy - al - ty their no - ble pur-pose starts,
They are look - ing up in pray'r to Him en-throned beyond the skies,

My soul has felt the pres-ence of the promised Ho - ly Ghost, Our
Their faith is pure and ar- dent, and their works are gos - pel proof, Our
'Tis the spir - it of the fa- thers and the zeal that Christ imparts, Our
They are lift - ing up their broth-er from the ru - in where he lies, Our

CHORUS.

youth are marching on. Glo- ry, glo- ry, hal- le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo- ry,

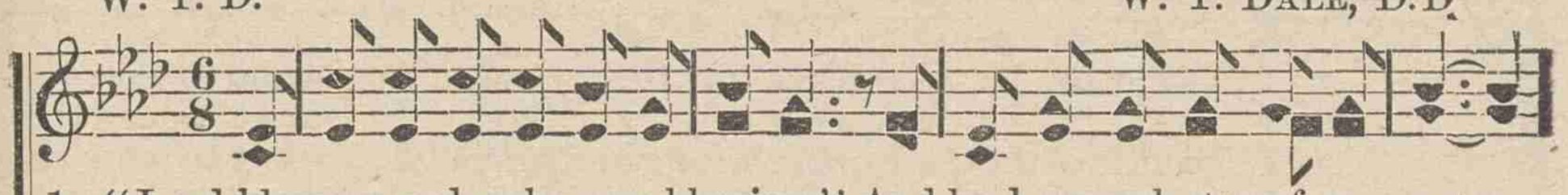
hal - le - lu- jah! Glo- ry, glo- ry, hal- le - lu- jah! Our youth are marching on.

No. 193. Make Me a Blessing.
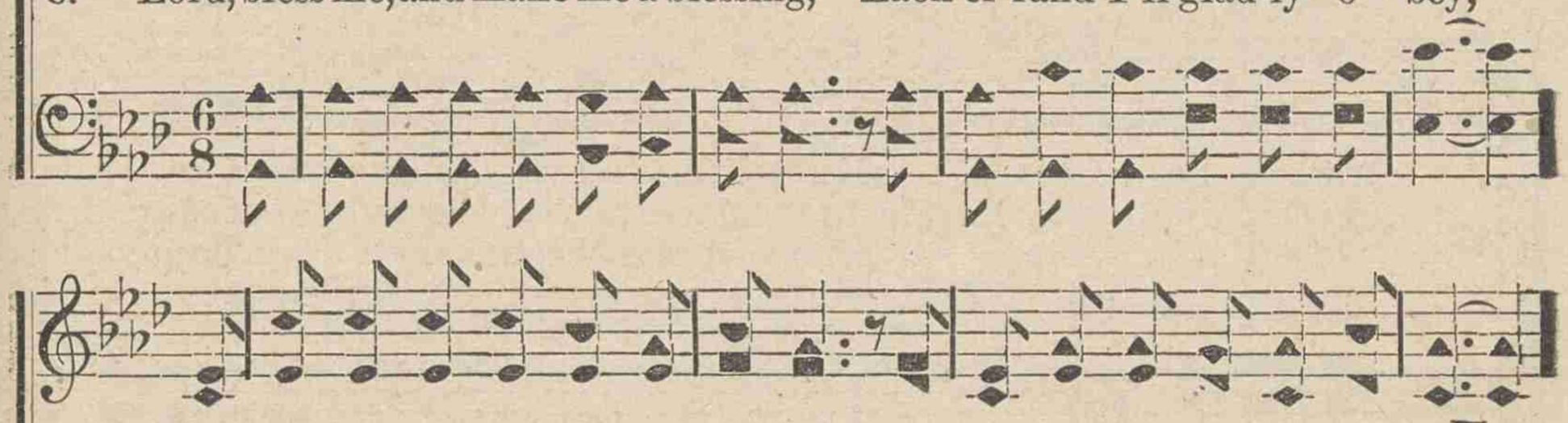
"Lord, bless me, and make me a blessing."—Rev. D. B. UPDEGRAFF.

"I will bless thee,.....and thou shalt be a blessing."—GEN. 12: 2.
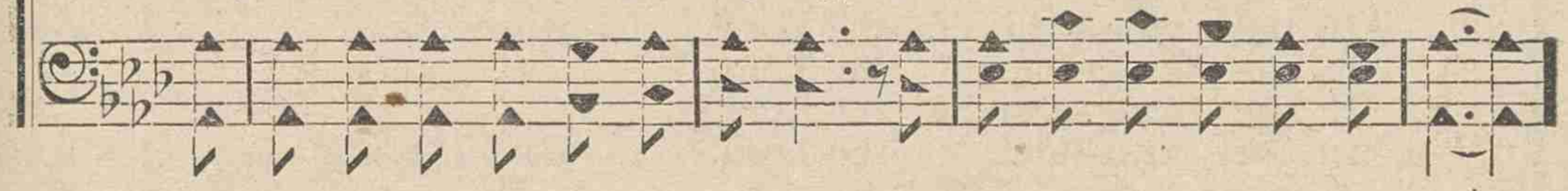
W. T. D. W. T. DALE, D.D.
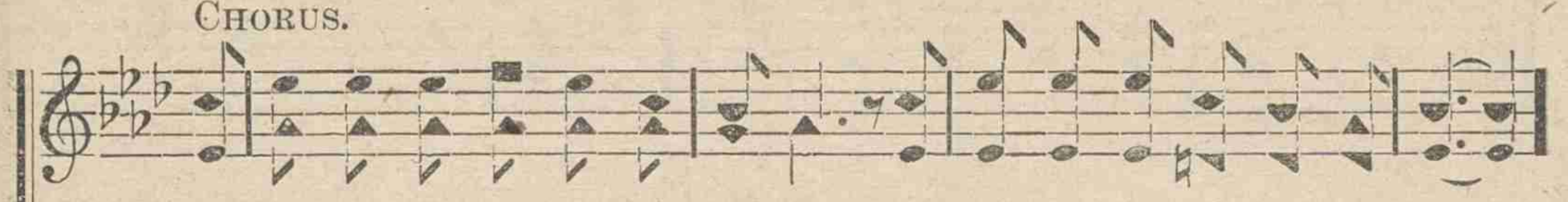


1. "Lord, bless me, and make me a blessing," And lead me each step of my way;
2. "Lord, bless me, and make me a blessing," In saving some soul that's a - stray,
3. "Lord, bless me, and make me a blessing," For some of Thy sheep are a - stray,
4. "Lord, bless me, and make me a blessing," For some who have wander'd away,
5. "Lord, bless me, and make me a blessing," Thy will I would glad-ly o - bey,
6. "Lord, bless me, and make me a blessing," Each er-rand I'll glad-ly o - bey,



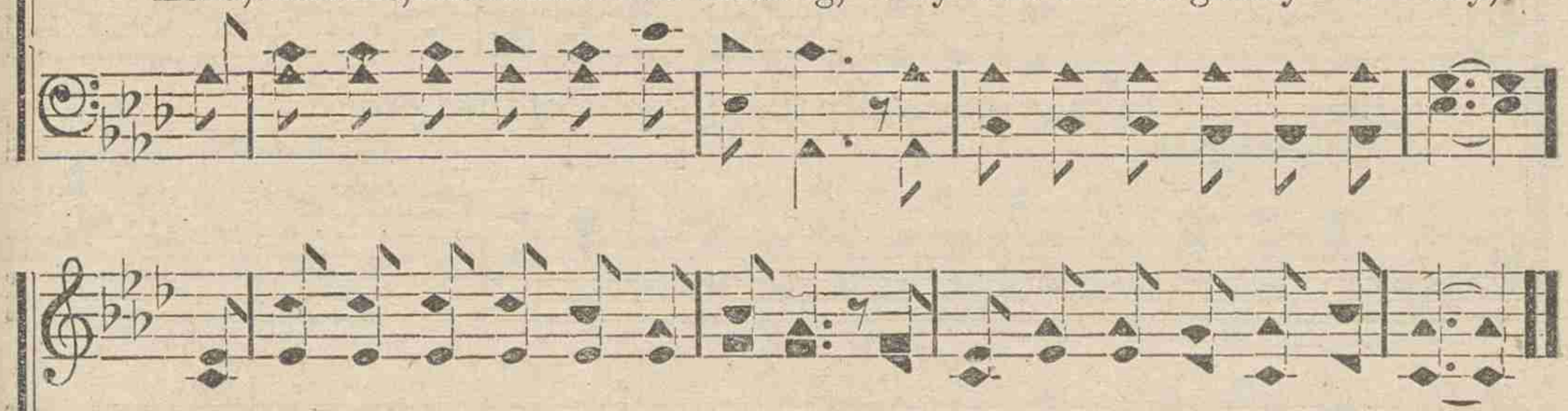
Oh, use me in sav-ing poor sin-ners, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
Oh, help me to say or do something, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
Oh, help me to find them and save them, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
Are call-ing for help and are dy - ing, Oh, help me to help them to - day.
Oh, take me, and fill me and use me, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
Oh, send me in haste to be help-ing; And make me a bless-ing to - day.



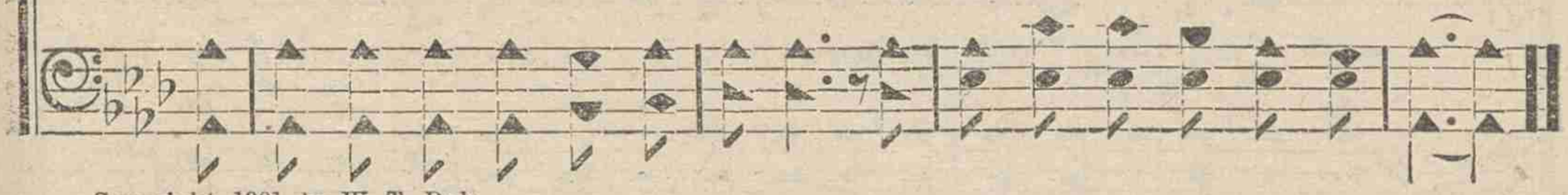
CHORUS.



"Lord, bless me, and make me a blessing, Thy call I will gladly o - bey,



Oh, fit me for serv-ice and use me, And make me a bless-ing to - day.



Copyright, 1901, by W. T. Dale.

No. 194. I Want to Be a Worker.

I. B. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and
2. I want to be a worker ev'-ry day, I want to lead the
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in
4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

trust his ho- ly word; I want to sing and pray, and be bus-y ev'-ry day
err-ing in the way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love,
Je-sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a happy home
err-ing to thy word That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die

Chorus.

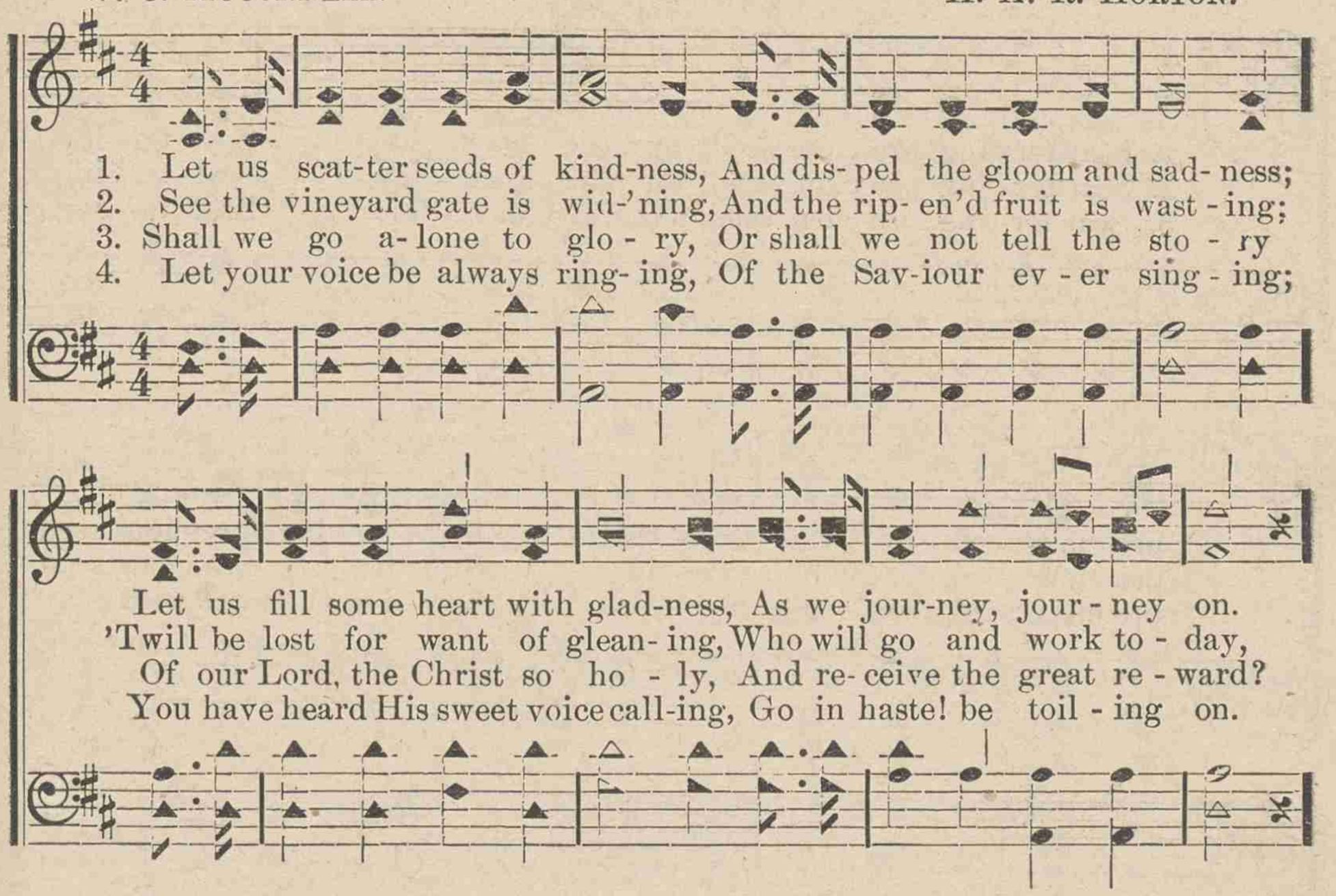
In the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work, I will
In the king-dom of the Lord.
In the king-dom of the Lord.
In the king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will

pray In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; I will
work and pray of the Lord;

work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev'- ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

No. 195. Toiling On.

W. C. McConnell. H. A. R. Horton.



Used by permission of H. A. R. Horton.

No. 196. Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. OGDEN. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat-ter- ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat- ter- ing
2. Scat-ter- ing pre-cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat- ter- ing
3. Scat-ter- ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat- ter- ing

pre-cious seed by the hill - side; Scat- ter- ing pre-cious seed
pre-cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat- ter- ing pre-cious seed
pre cious seed, trust - ing ev - er; Sow - ing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way.
trust-ing, know- ing, Sure- ly the Lord will send it the rain.
and en - deav - or, Trust-ing the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.

Sow - - ing in the morn - - ing, Sow - - ing at the
Sow - - ing in the eve - - 'ning,
Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noontide,

noon - - tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way.....
Sowing the precious seed; by the way.
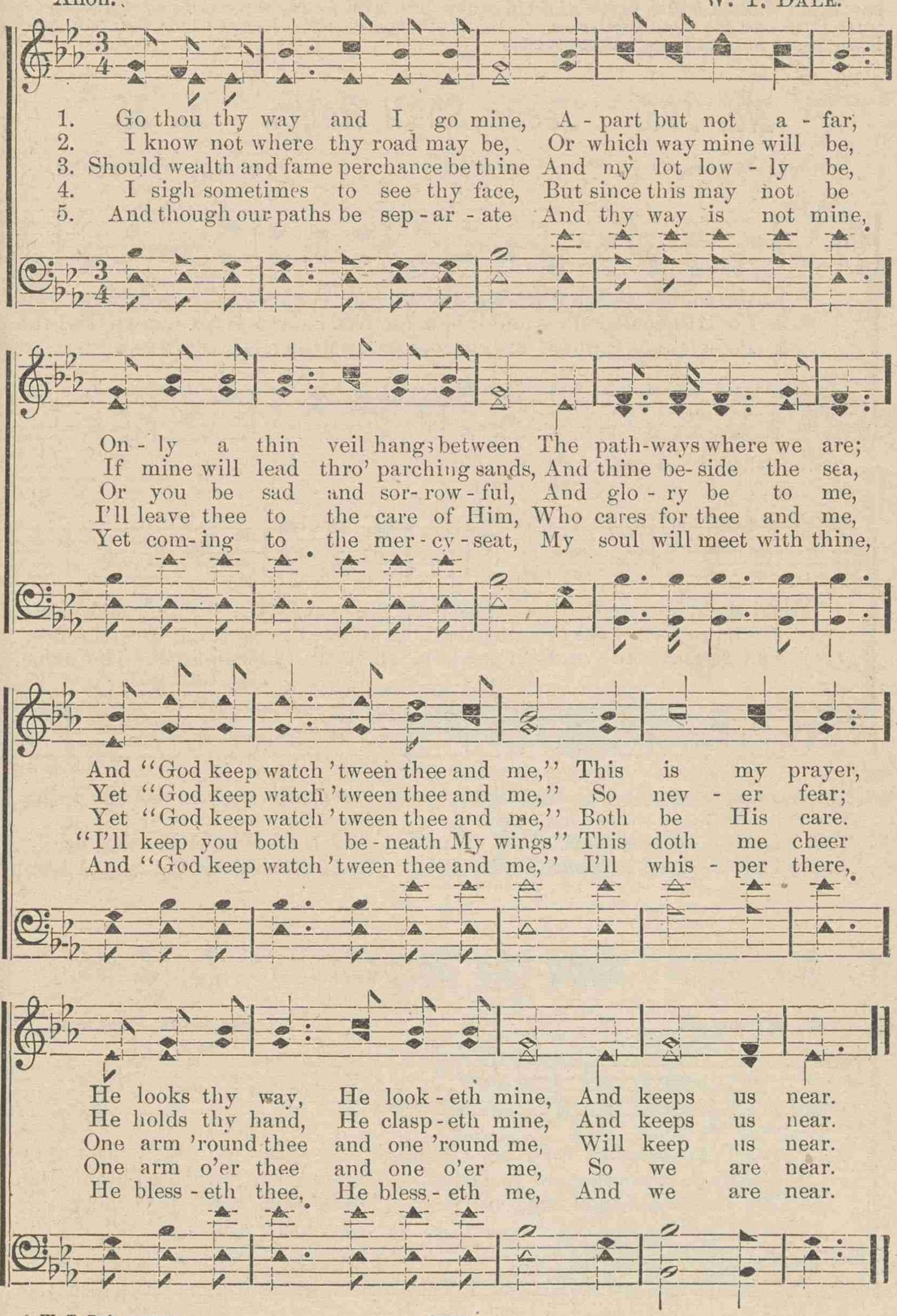
By per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright.

No. 197. Mizpah.

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

(CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR BENEDICTION.)

Anon. W. T. DALE.



W. T. Dale, owner.

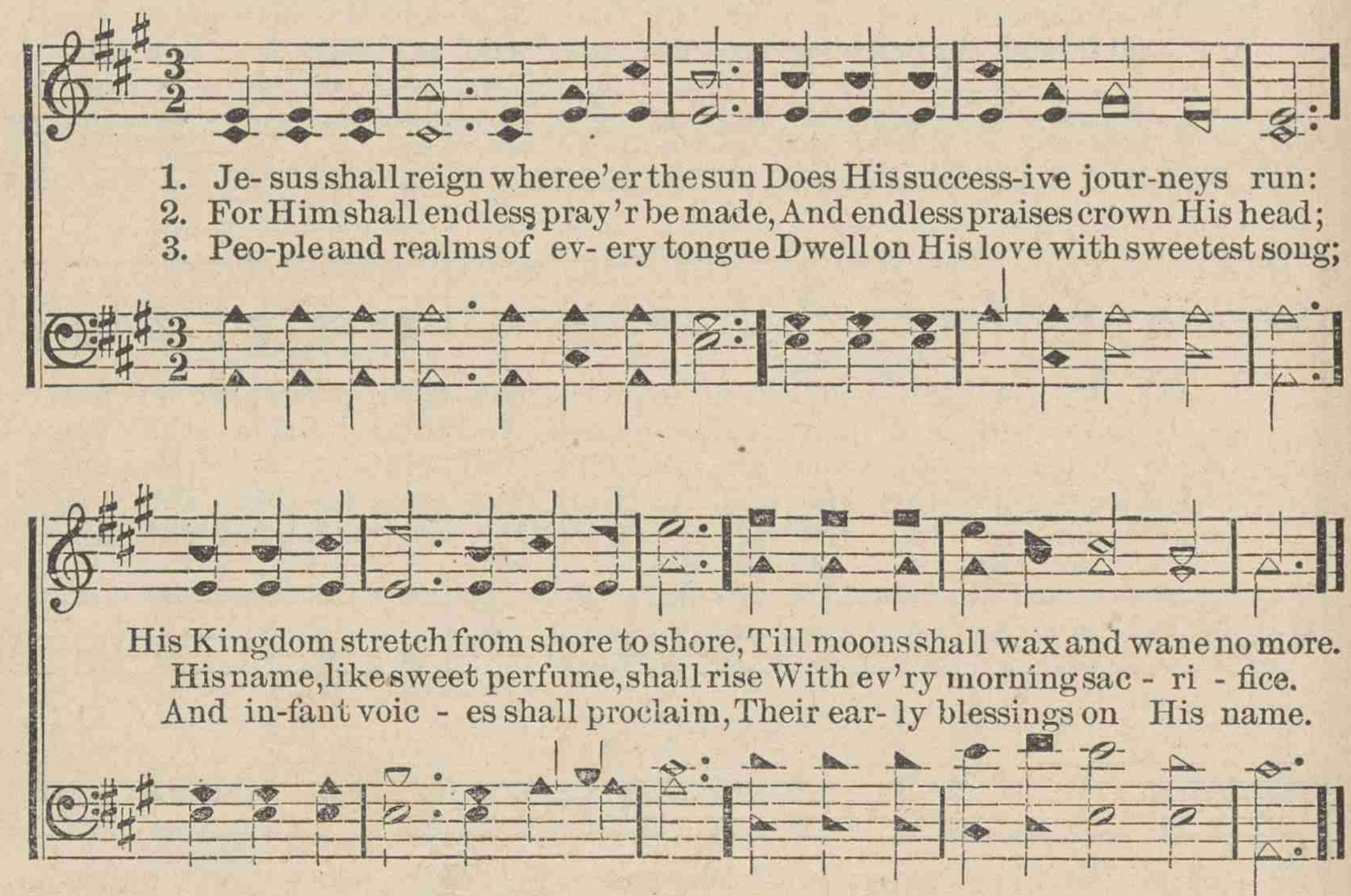
PART XVII.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark 16: 15. I saw and behold a white horse and He that sat on him had a bow and a crown was given unto Him and He went forth conquering and to conquer."—Rev. 6: 2. "Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16: 9.

No. 198. Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. Psalm 72 CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

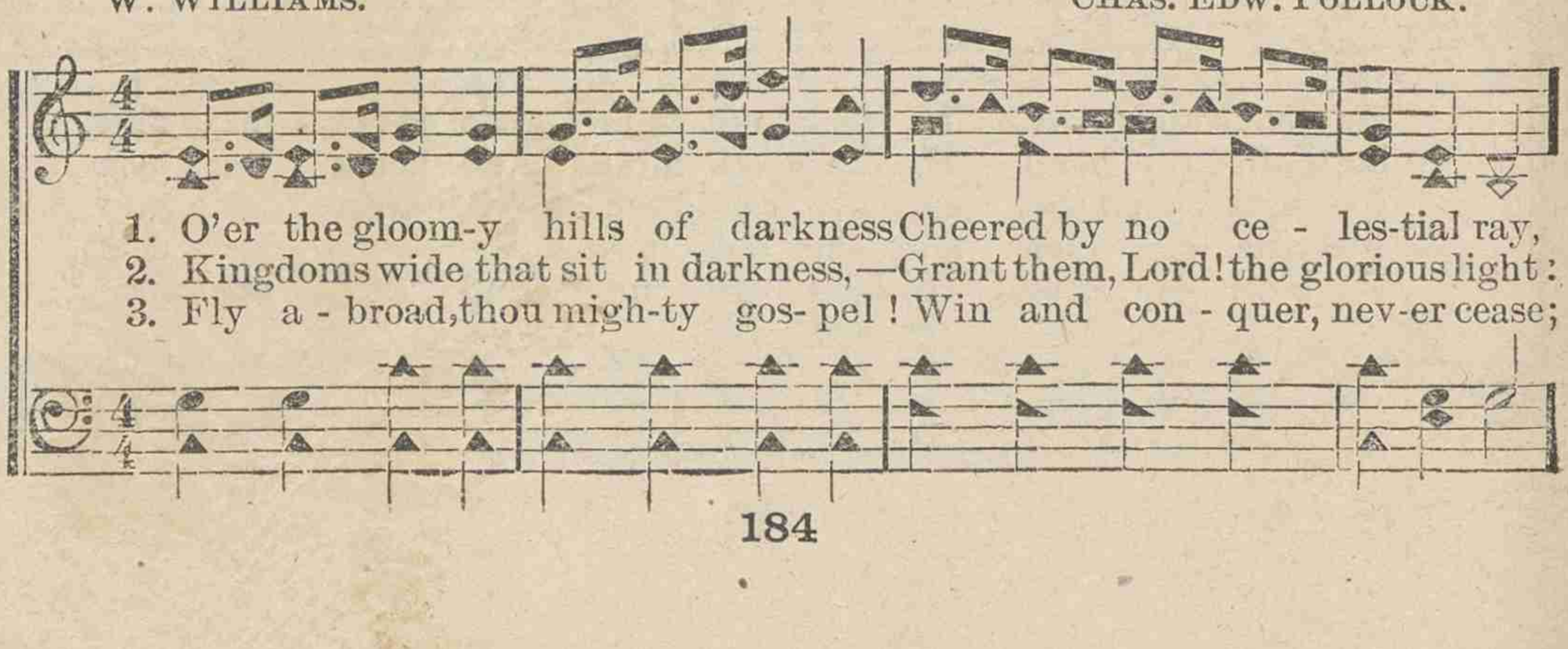


4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest.
And all the son's of want are blest.

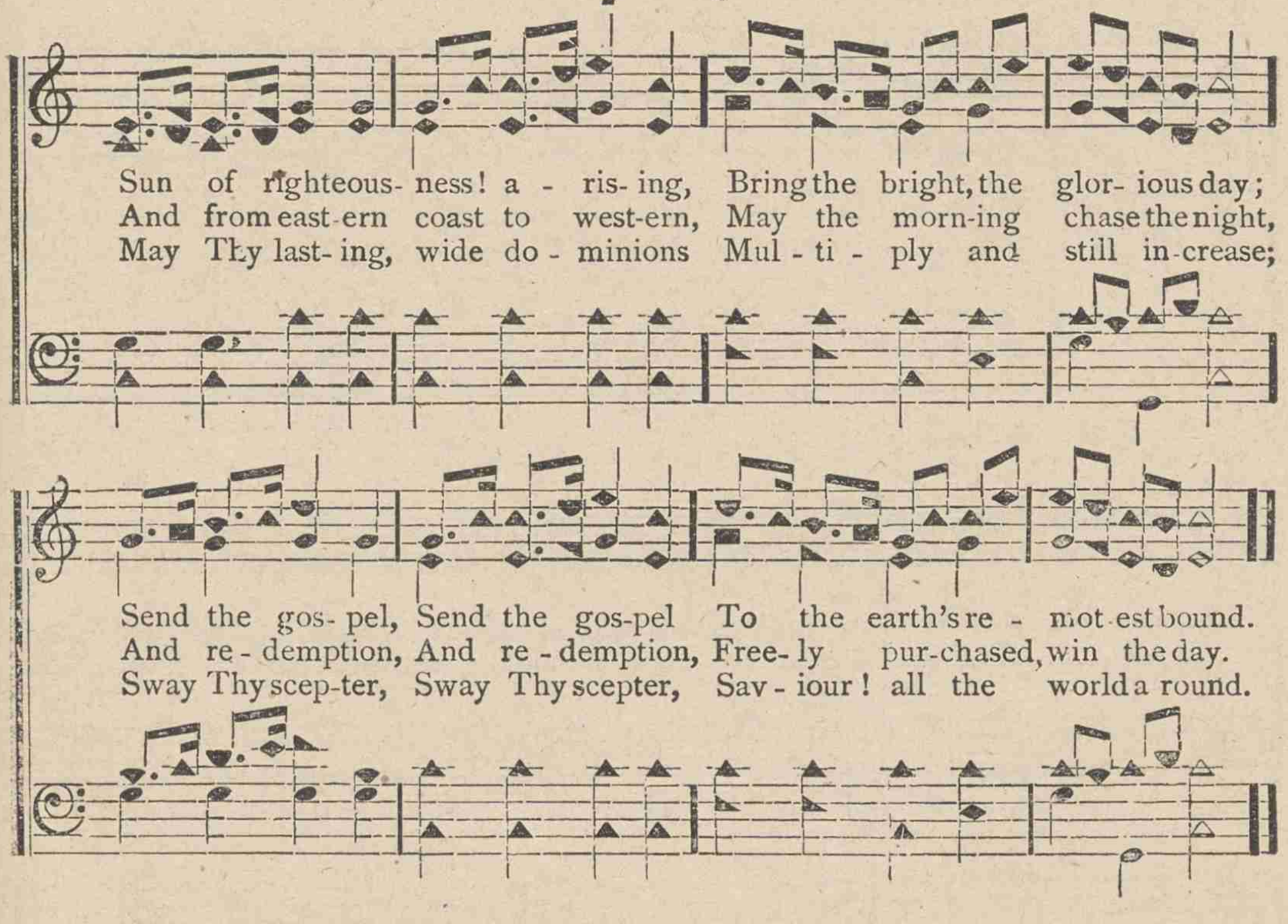
5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

No. 199. Send the Gospel. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

W. WILLIAMS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

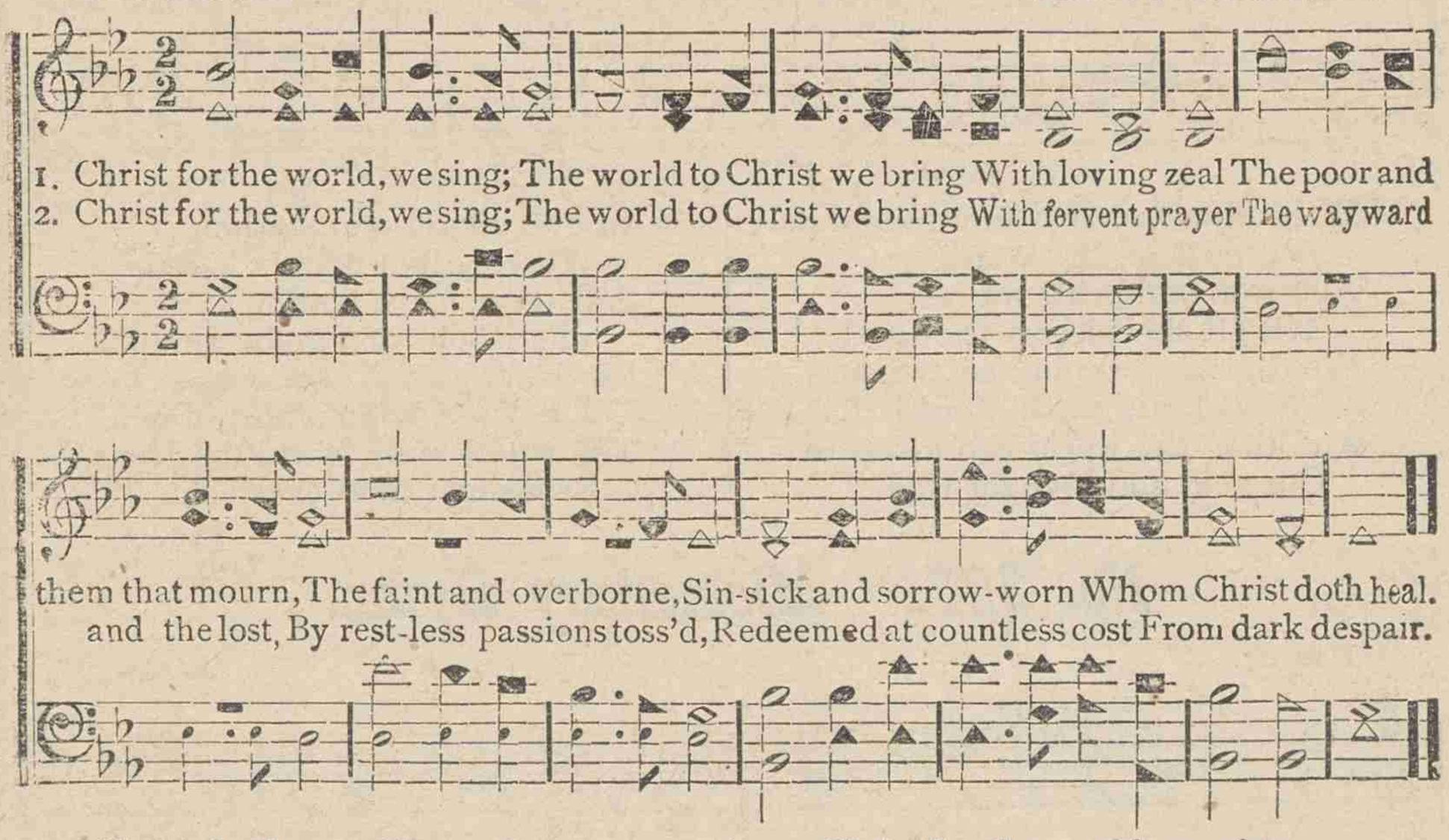


Send the Gospel (Concluded).



No. 200. Christ for the World. 6s & 4s.

S. WALCOTT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



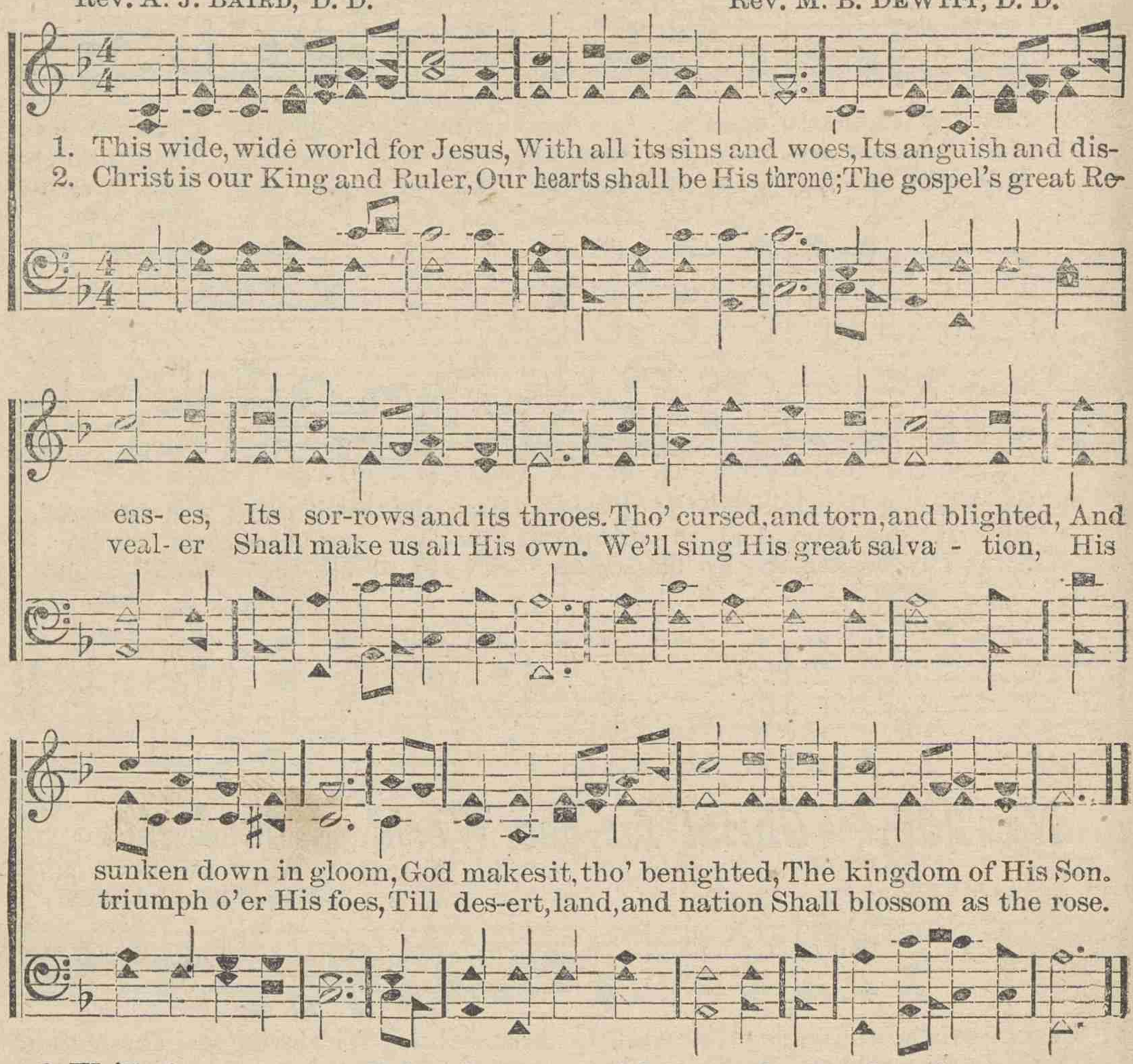
3 Christ for the world, we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world, we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;
The new-born soul whose days
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

No. 201. This Wide World for Jesus.

PSALM 2: 8.

Rev. A. J. BAIRD, D. D. Rev. M. B. DEWITT, D. D.

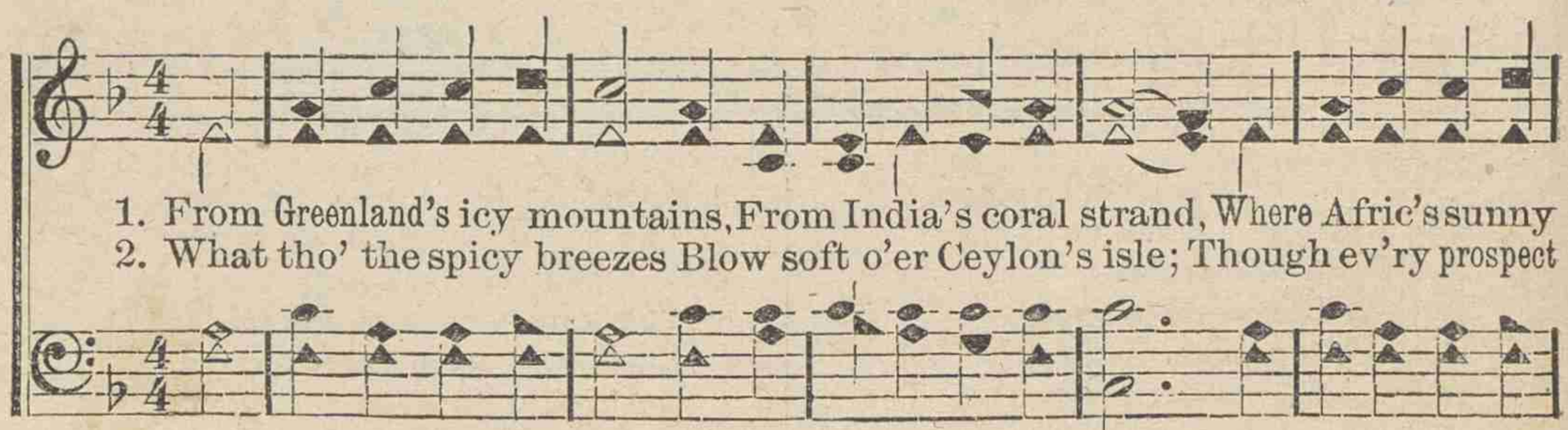


3 We'll give our sons and daughters
Evangels of His word,
And sow beside all waters,
Till all shall know the Lord.
We'll give our gold and treasure
To send His truth abroad,
And then the world can measure
Our zeal and love for God.
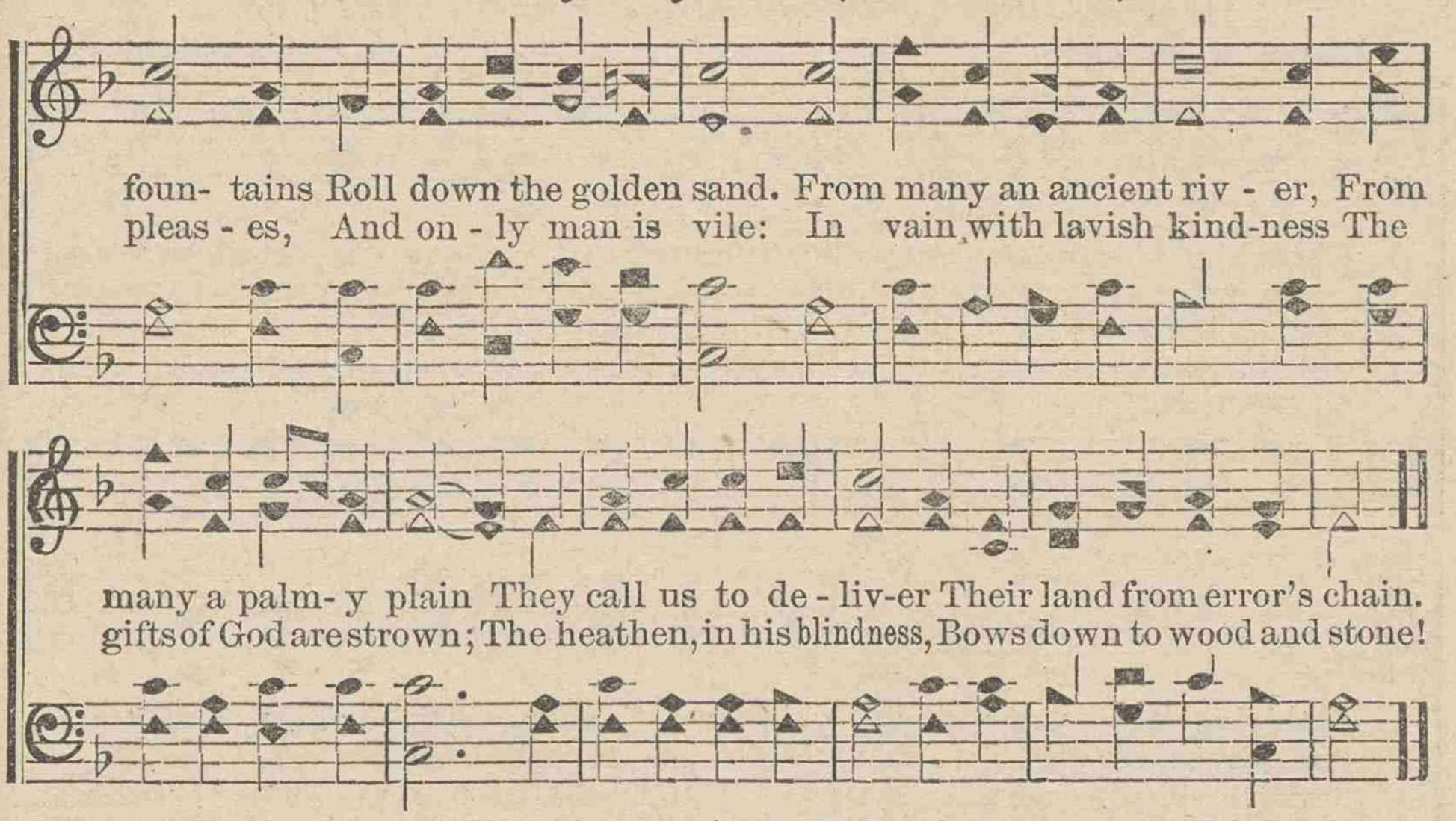
4 In every land and station,
Where fallen man is found,
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The whole vast globe around.
Oh, let this spirit seize us,
The wide, wide world to win,
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Redeemed from every sin.

No. 202. Missionary Hymn.

HEBER. L. MASON.



Missionary Hymn (Concluded).
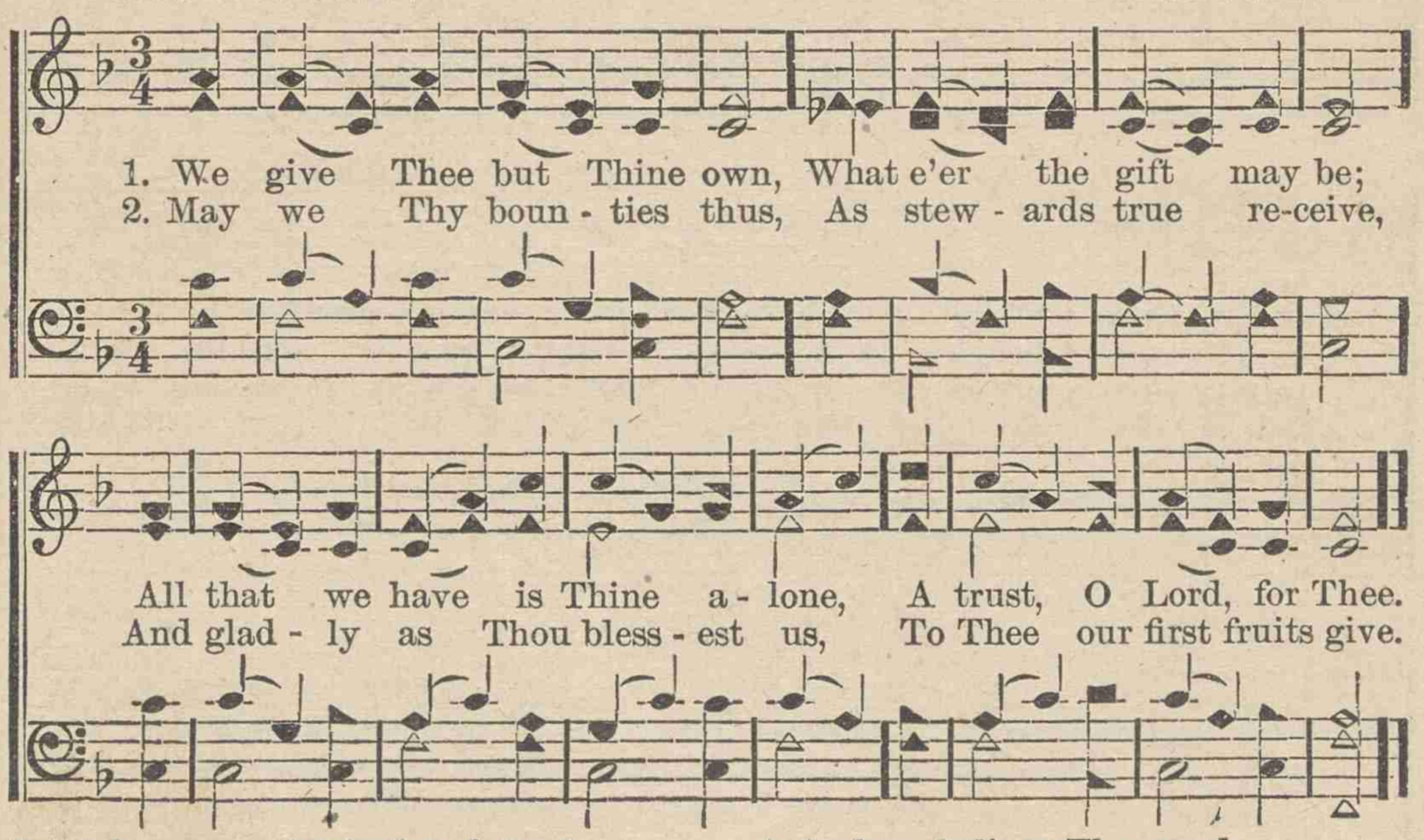


3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 203. Dennis. S. M.

Mrs. W. J. DARBY. From H. G. NAGELI.



3 O! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Saviour bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 And we believe Thy word
Though dim our faith may be,
And every thing we do, O Lord,
We do it as to Thee.

No. 204. Church of God, Awake!

"Awake, awake, put on thy strength O Zion."—Isa. 52: 1.

Emily J. Bugbee. O. S. Grinnell.

1. Church of God, whose conqu'ring banners Float a - long the glorious years,
2 In your cost - ly tem -ples pray- ing, "Let Thy king-dom come, we pray,"
3. Grace and glo - ry He hath sent you, Cast your lines in pla - ces fair,
4. Shake the earth and rend the heav - en, Wake Thy sleep-ing chil-dren, Lord,

Gath'ring har - vest rich and gold - en, Sown in pov - er - ty and tears;
Are but words of i - dle mean - ing If with these we turn a - way;
Scat-ter bless - ings now He bids you O'er His peo- ple ev - 'ry-where;
Till His meas - ure full and e - ven, Has been rendered at Thy word;

On-ward press, the cross is bend - ing Far to- ward the morn-ing skies,
Boundless wealth to you is giv - en, From His hands who owns it all,
Till the mill - ions in the twi - light Of the far - off O- rient land,
Then from out her chains of sor - row Shall the earth redeemed a - rise,
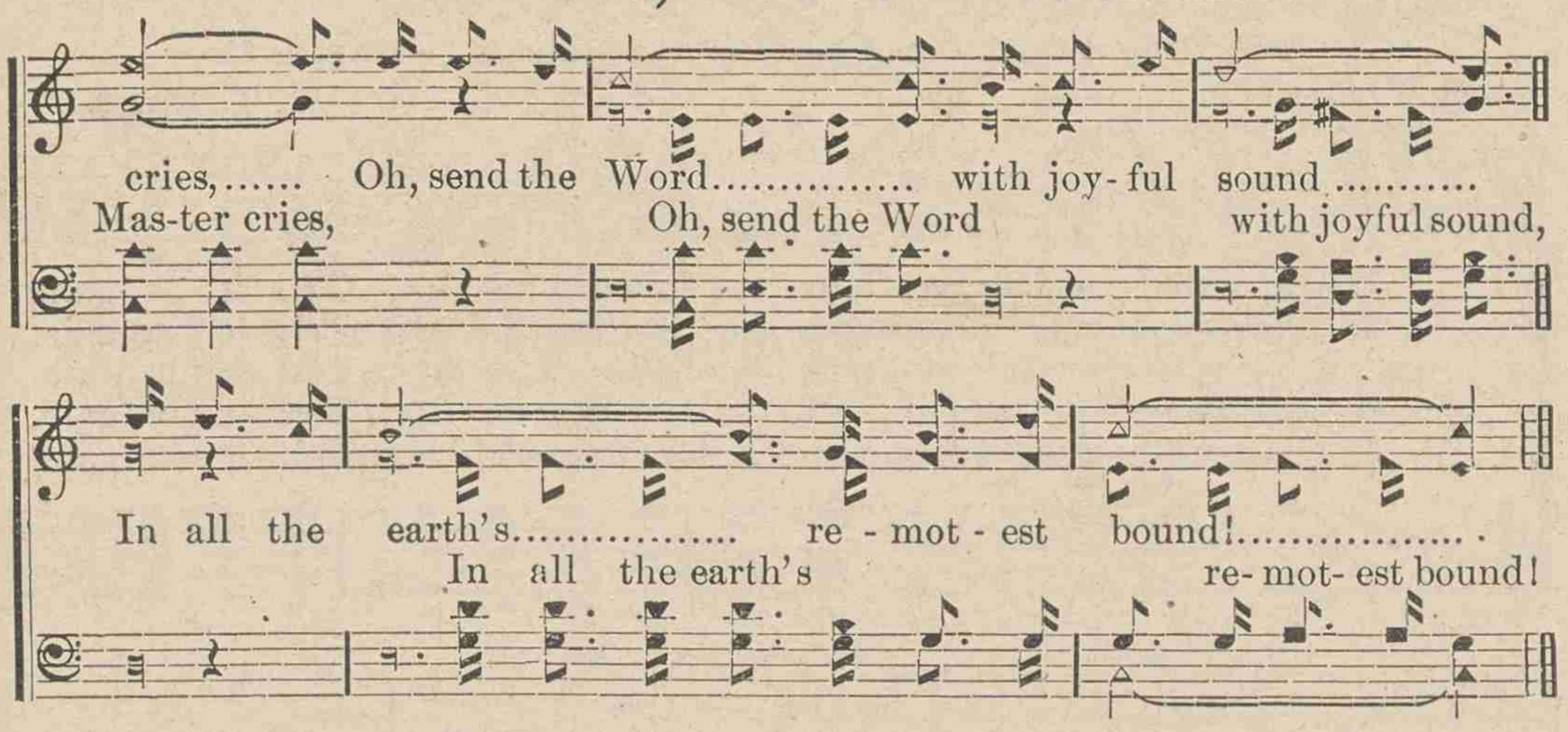
Speed- y dawn of light por-tend - ing; Church of God, a- wake! a - rise!
And His eye beholds in heav - en, What ye ren - der back for all.
In the gra - cious morning splen- dor Of the gos- pel light shall stand.
And the fair mil - len- nial mor- row Dawn with o - pal tint - ed skies.

Chorus.

Church of God,..... awake! a - rise!.....Christ, your Head..... and Master
Church of God, a - wake! a - rise! Christ, your Head and

By per. of A. Beirly.

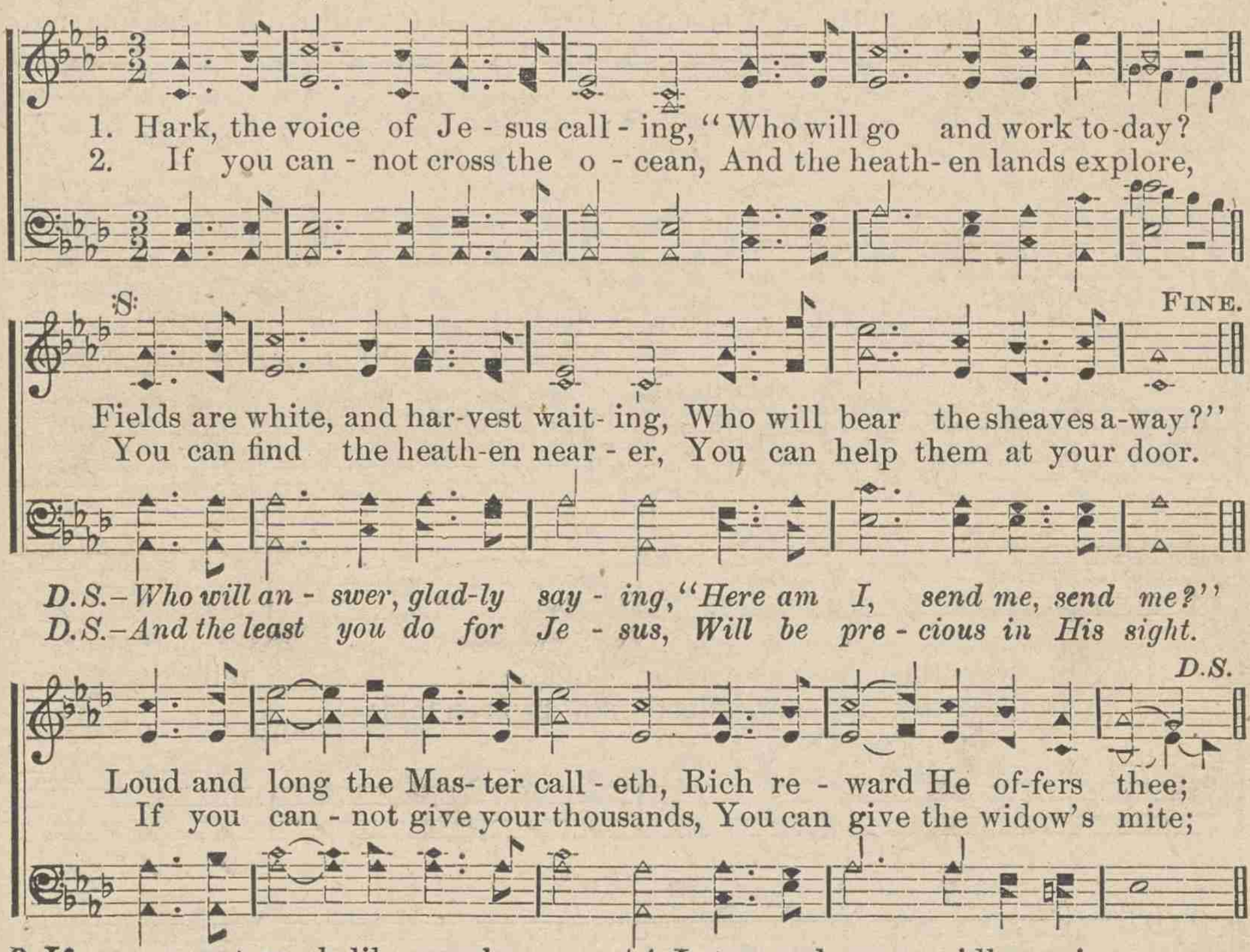
Church of God, Awake! Concluded.



No. 205. Hark, the Voice of Jesus Calling.

"Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, here am I; send me."—ISA. 6: 8.

DANIEL MARCH, D.D. From Marechio.



3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task He gives you, gladly;
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

No. 206. Tell It Again.

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

S. T. CARTER. W. T. DALE.

1. Oh, what a dear Sav-iour to love sin-ful men, Tell it a-gain,
2. Oh, what a great ran-som the Saviour did pay, Tell it a-gain,
3. Oh, what a full fountain is flow-ing in love, Tell it a-gain,
4. Oh, come to this fountain, 'tis flow-ing to-day, Tell it a-gain,
5. Oh, wash at this fountain, be liev-ing you'll know, Tell it a-gain,

tell it a-gain; To shed His own blood for the cleansing of sin,
tell it a-gain; To save from the wrath of the great Judgment Day,
tell it a-gain; It's flow-ing most free-ly our sins to re-move,
tell it a-gain; Your sins tho' like mountains 'twill wash them a-way,
tell it a-gain; Your sins tho' like scar-let 'twill make them like snow,

CHORUS.

Tell it, go tell it a-gain. Tell it, go tell it a-gain,
Tell it, go tell it, yes, tell it a-gain,

Oft has the sto-ry been told;..... Go tell it, just
Oft has the sto-ry, sweet sto-ry been told;
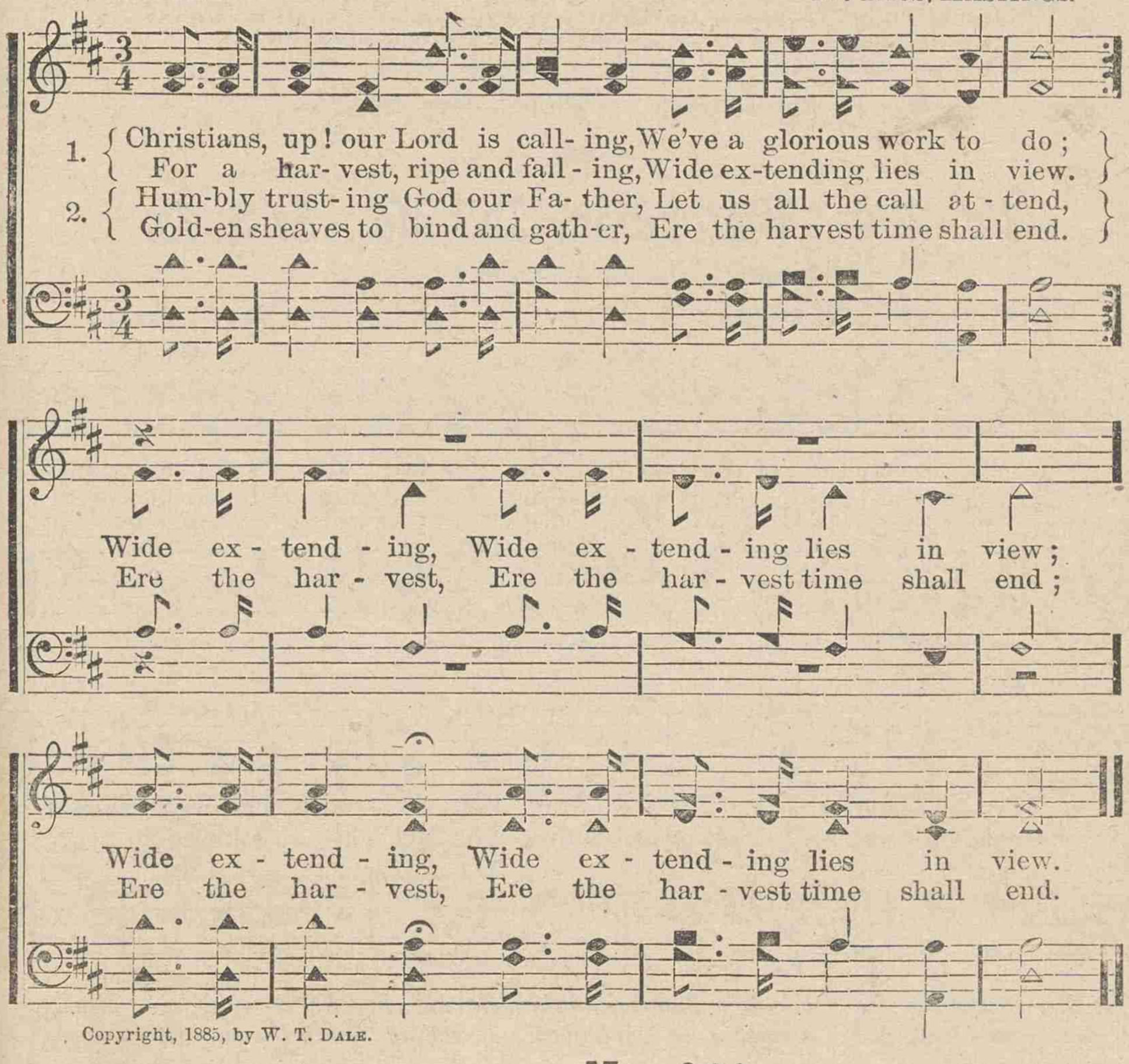
tell it, Go tell it a-gain, 'Twill nev-er, 'twill nev-er grow old.

Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 207. Christians, Up! Our Lord Is Calling.

MATT. 9: 37, 38.

W. T. DALE. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



Copyright, 1885, by W. T. DALE.

3 Let us all be up and doing,
Rising at the early dawn;
Let us all our task pursuing
In the harvest labor on,
In the harvest, etc.

4 In the harvest, spread before us,
There's abundant work for all;
And our Master calleth for us,
Who will follow at His call?
Who will follow, etc.

5 For a world in sin is lying,
Sinking in the shades of night,
Sinners 'round us now are dying,
Christians, can you bear the sight?
Christians, can you, etc.

6 Now there's work to do for Jesus,
And the harvesters are few;
No excuse will e'er release us,
For there's work for all to do, [to do.
Yes, a glorious, yes, a glorious work

No. 208. 8s, 7s & 4s. ISA. 52: 7.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has 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 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God, thy Saviour, will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

KELLY.

PART XVIII.
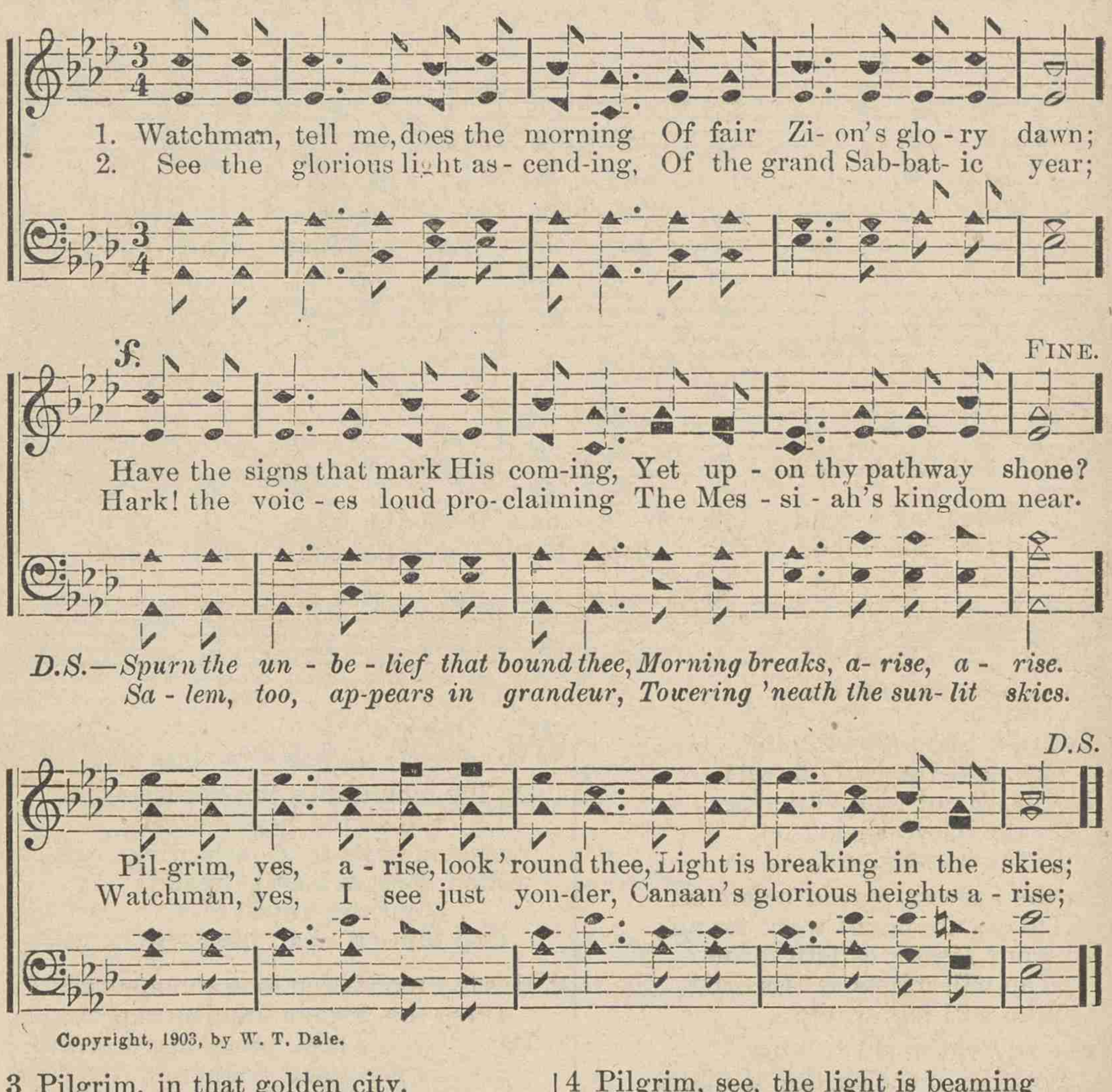
CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

"When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory."—MATT, 25: 31. "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven"—ACTS 1: 11. "Behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him."—REV. 1: 7.

No. 209. Watchman, Tell Me. 8s & 7s.

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

Rev. SYDNEY S. BREWER. W. T. DALE.



Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

3 Pilgrim, in that golden city,
Seated in the jasper throne,
Zion's King arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone,
There on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Sparkle in eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see, the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day,
When the last loud trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from sea to sea,
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

No. 210. O When Shall I See Jesus.

"I will come again and receive you unto myself."—JOHN 14: 3.

TUNE, "Annie Laurie."

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with Him a - bove;
2. When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin,
3. But now I am a sol - dier, My Captain's gone be - fore,
4. And if I hold out faith - ful, A crown of life He'll give;
5. When- e'er you meet with troubles And tri - als on your way,
6. Gird on the heav'nly arm - or, Of faith, and hope, and love;

And drink the flow - ing fount-ain, Of ev'- er - last - ing love?
And with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end - less pleas- ure in?
He's giv - en me my or - ders, And bade me ne'er give o'er.
And all His va - liant sol - diers, Shall ev - er with Him live.
O cast your care on Je - sus, And don't for - get to pray.
And when the com - bat's end - ed, You'll reign with Him a - bove.

CHORUS.

Christ is all in all to me; And His glo - ry I shall see;

And be- fore I'd leave my Sav- iour, I'd lay me down and die.

Arrangement owned by W. T. Dale.

No. 211. Jesus Is Coming Again.

"I will come again."—JOHN 14: 3. REV. 19: 7, 8; 22: 20.

Rev. R. L. HARRIS. Words arr. W. T. DALE, D.D.

1. Spread the news of the com-ing of the Sav-iour a-gain,
2. Keep your lamps trimmed and burning for the time draw-eth nigh,
3. Howl and weep all ye na-tions who have gone far a-stray,
4. Lo! His signs are now gath-'ring as the light on us dawns,
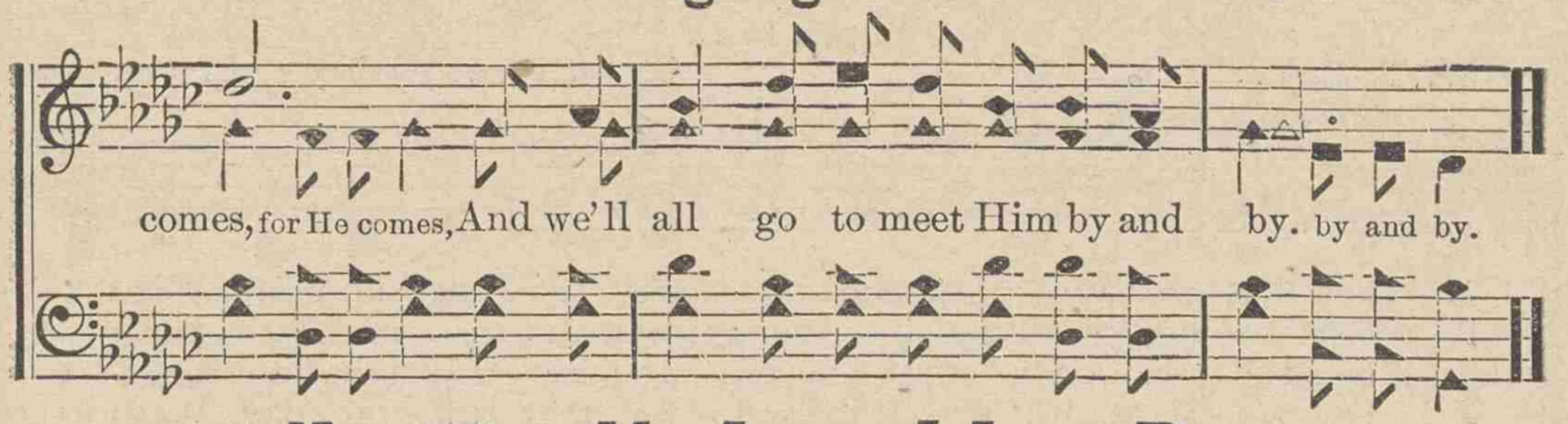
For His signs are ap-pear-ing in the skies; Shout ye burdened in spir-it who have travailed in pain, For He comes to wipe your weeping eyes.
When the saints that go weep-ing shall re-joice; For we'll mount up to meet Him as He comes in the sky, When we hear the porter's welcome voice.
For the time sure-ly com-eth by and by; When your vain, emp-ty pleasures shall like clouds flee a-way, When you hear the shouting in the sky.
For the bride's dress'd in lin-en clean and white; And the Bridegroom is coming whom she's look'd for so long, With ten thousand, thousand saints in light.

CHORUS.

Rise and shout, hal-le-lu-jah for He comes; Rise and shout, hal-le-lu-jah for He comes, Rise and shout, hal-le-lu-jah for He comes, Rise and shout, hal-le-lu-jah for He comes,

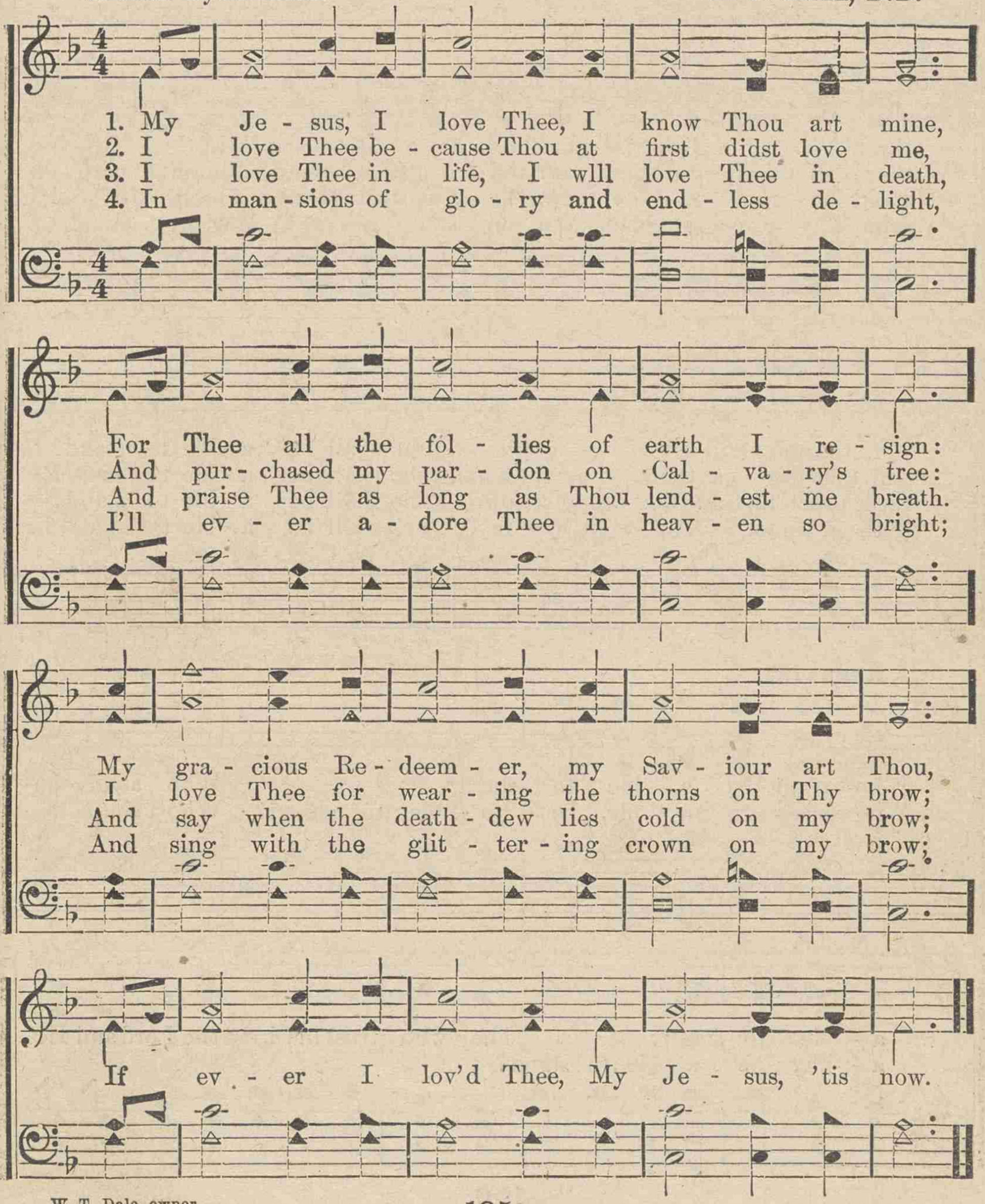
W. T. Dale

Jesus Is Coming Again.—Concluded.



No. 212. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"London Hymn Book." W. T. DALE, D.D.



No. 213. When That Awful Day Shall Come.

RET. 6: 17.

W. T. DALE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.
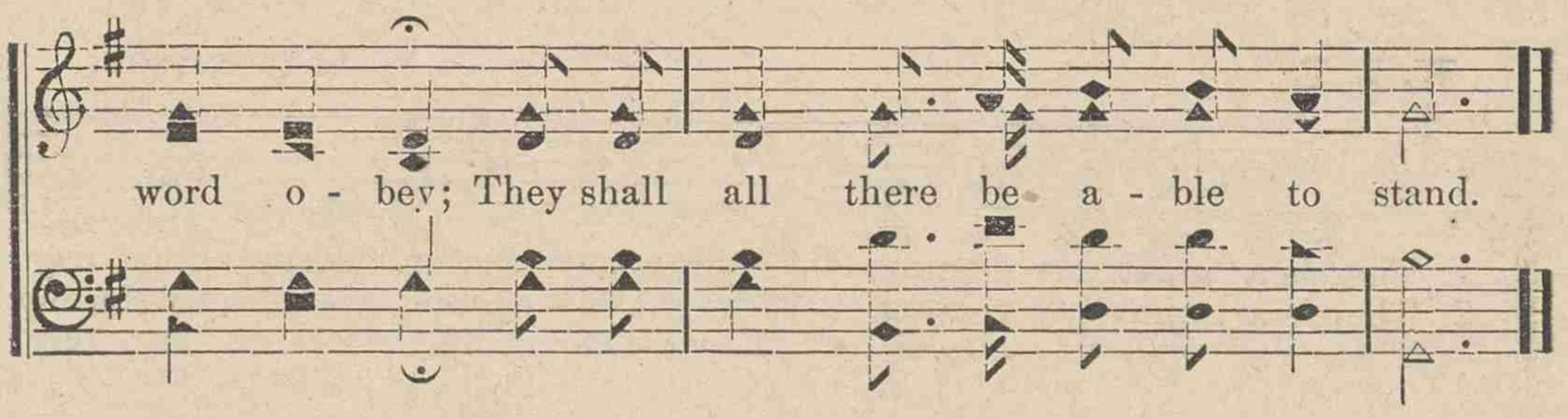
With expression.

1. When that aw - ful day shall come and the Judge ap-pears, What a throbbing of all hearts, quak-ing there with fears; 'Mid the fall - ing of the stars and the flam-ing spheres, Who shall be a - ble to stand?
2. When the dead shall gath - er there from the sea and land, Gath'ring there in might - y throngs at the Lord's com-mand, Who shall gath - er there in My right hand, Who shall be a - ble to stand?
3. When the se - crets of all hearts Je - sus will make known, As we stand to - geth - er there 'round the great white throne, And the Judge shall there proclaim those that are His own, Who shall be a - ble to stand?
4. O pre - pare us, gra-cious Lord, for that aw - ful day, Wash us in Thy pre-cious blood, take our sins a - way; May we stand to - geth - er there in Thy bright ar - ray, Then we'll be a - ble to stand.

REFRAIN.
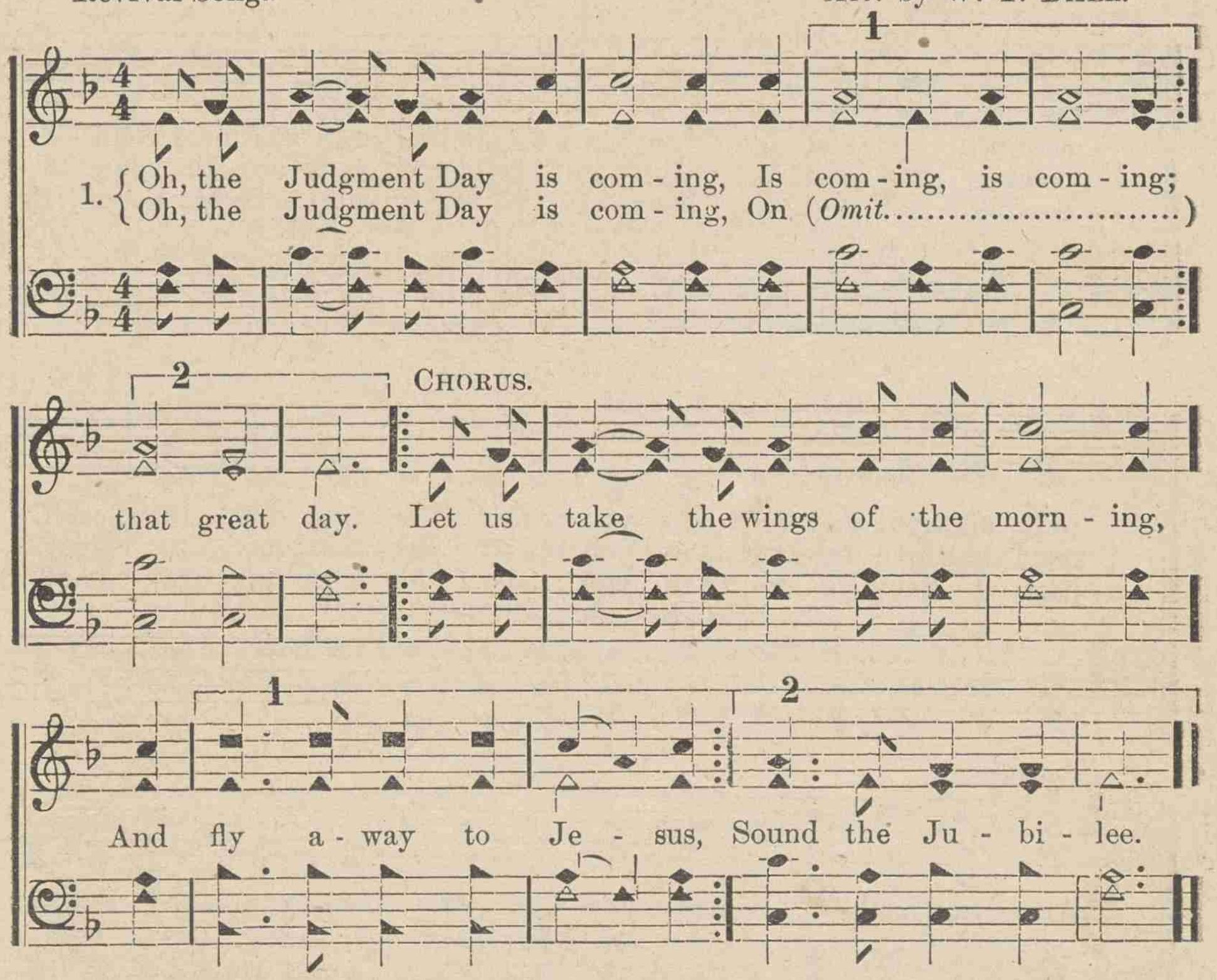
Who shall be a - ble to stand? Who shall be
Who shall be a - ble, be a - ble to stand? Who shall be
a - ble to stand? They who trust in Christ the Lord and His
a - ble, be a - ble to stand?

When That Awful Day Shall Come. Concluded.



No. 214. The Judgment Day.

Revival Song. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



2 Oh, the moon will be a bleeding,
A bleeding, a bleeding,
Oh, the moon will be a bleeding,
On that great day.—CHO.

3 Oh, the stars will be a falling, etc.

4 Oh, the earth will be a quaking, etc.

5 Oh, the cities will be falling, etc.

6 Oh, the graves will be a bursting, etc.

7 Oh, the dead will be arising, etc.

8 Oh, the saints will be a shouting, etc.

9 Oh, the wicked will be wailing, etc.
CHO.—For they took not the wings of the morning,
To fly away to Jesus,
For they took not the wings of the morning,
To sound the Jubilee.

10 Let the rocks and the mountains hide us,
Now hide us, now hide us,
Let the rocks and the mountains hide us,
On this great day.
CHO.—For we took not the wings of the morning, etc.

NOTE.—I first heard this song sung in a revival meeting which I held at Fosterville, Tenn., Nov. 1893.

Copyright, 1896, by W. T. Dale.

No. 215. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day

coming by and by, When the saints and the sin- ners shall be
coming by and by, But its bright-ness shall on - ly come to
coming by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part - ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
part I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are you read-y for the

Judgment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y For the Judgment day?

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co. East Liverpool O. and Chicago, Ill.

No. 216. O! Who Shall be Able to Stand?

"For the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"—REV. 6:17.

W. T. DALE. G. W. BROWN.

1. There's a great Judg-ment day that is com-ing we know, Is com-ing to one and all; For the Judge shall descend in His
2. Then the right-eous and wick-ed to-geth-er shall meet, To judgment they shall be brought; And the Judge shall proclaim to the
3. Then there'll be great re-joic-ing of hap-py ones there, Who followed the Sav-iour here; When they hear Him de-clare "Come ye
4. But there'll be lam-en-ta-tion and mourning that day, When Je-sus shall say "de-part;" And the wick-ed shall flee from His
5. O pre-pare us, dear Lord, for Thy com-ing ere long, The judgment of that great day; When the saints shall rejoice in Thy

power divine, And shall judge both great and small.
righteous, "Well done." The wicked, "I know you not."
bless-ed of mine, And en-ter my home so fair.
presence a-way, What rending of ev-'ry heart.
presence with song, The wicked be driv'n a-way.

REFRAIN.

When Jesus comes and the judgment is set, O! who will be on His right hand? When the trumpet shall sound and the nations have come, O! who shall be a-ble to stand?

Copyright, 1896, by W. T. Dale.

PART XIX.
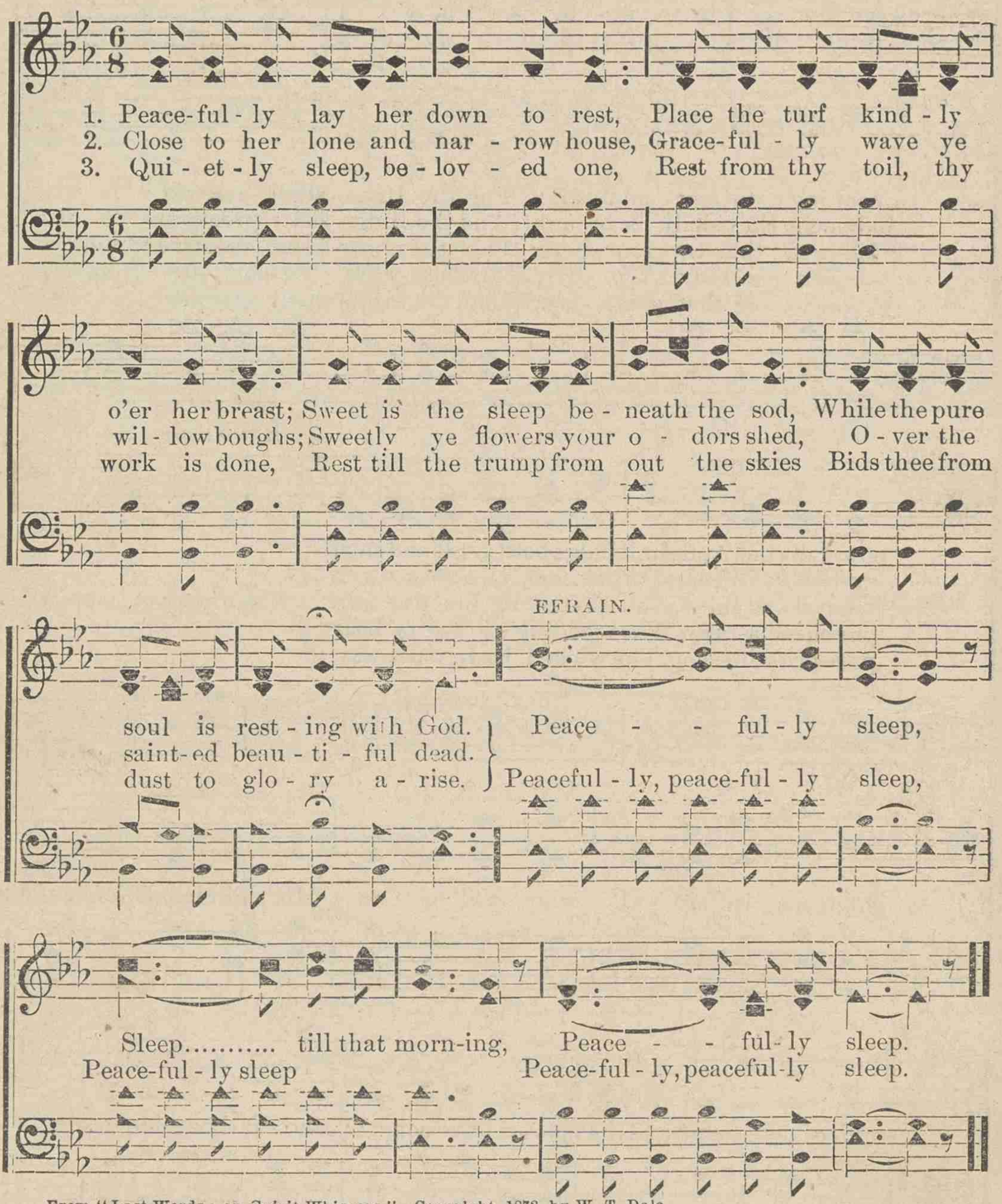
FOR FUNERAL OCCASIONS.

"Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth;
Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors,
and their works do follow them."—REV. 14: 13.

No. 217. Peacefully Sleep.

"She is not dead but sleepeth."—LUKE 8: 52.

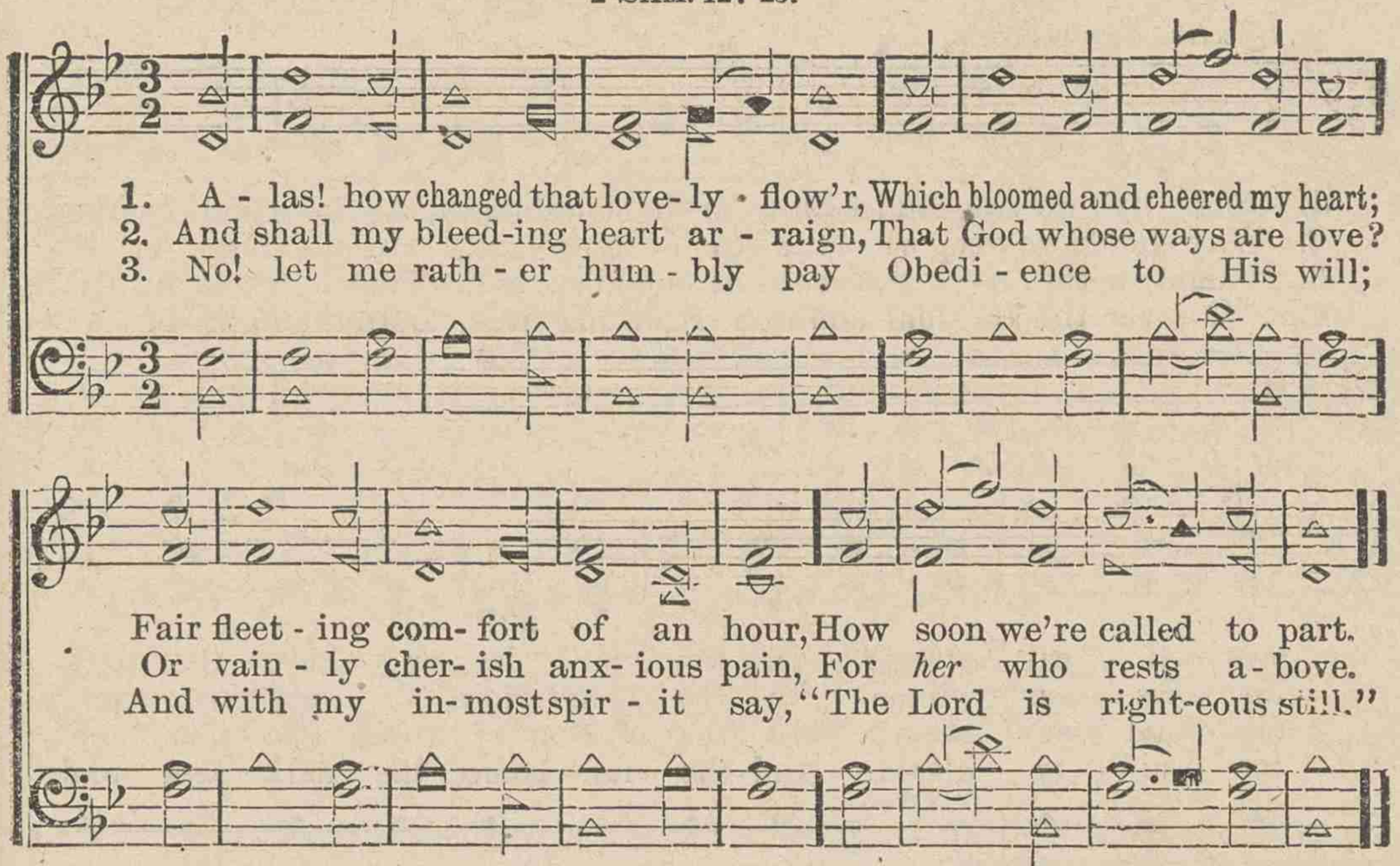
Anon. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



From "Last Words; or, Spirit Whispers." Copyright, 1878, by W. T. Dale.

No. 218 Balerma. C. M.

2 SAM. 12: 23.



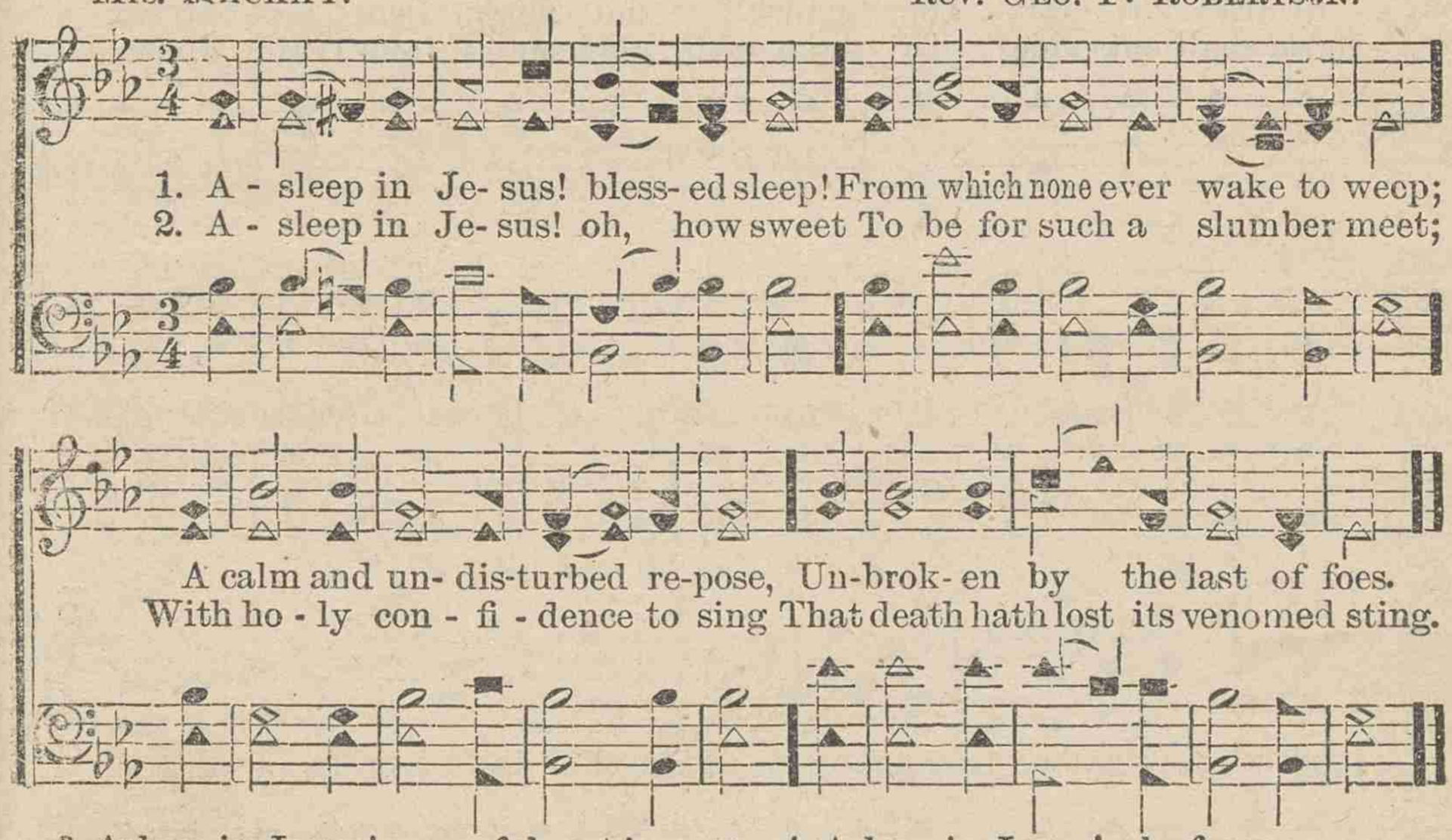
4 From adverse blasts and low'ring storms
Her favored soul He bore,
And with yon bright angelic forms,
She lives to die no more.

5 Why should I vex my heart or fast,
No more *she'll* visit me:
My soul will mount to *her* at last,
And there my child I'll see.

NOTE.—By changing *italicised* pronouns, will suit for either a boy or girl.

No. 219 Asleep in Jesus.

Mrs. MACKAY. Rev. GEO. F. ROBERTSON.



3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Copyright, 1891, by A. J Showalter. Used by per.

No. 220. Death is Only a Dream.

C. W. RAY. Music and Refrain by A. J. BUCHANAN.

Effective as a Solo.

1. Sad - ly we sing and with trem - u lous breath, As we stand by the
2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest, In the bos - om of
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap pall, Tho' it fright- ful - ly
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush- ing tide, Doth the light of e

mys - ti - cal stream, In the val - ley and by the dark
Je - sus su - preme, In the man - sions of glo - ry pre -
dis - mal may seem, In the arms of their Sav - iour no
ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ran - somed the dark - ness and

riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
storm shall out - ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

REFRAIN.

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream And glo - ry be-yond the dark stream, How

peaceful the slumber, How happy the waking, For death is on-ly a dream.

Owned by H. A. R. Horton and R. M. McIntosh. Used by per.

No. 221. Home, Sweet Home.

"I would not live alway."—JOB 7 : 16.

W. H. MUHLENBURGH, D.D. Arr. by W. T. DALE, D.D.

1. "I would not live alway," I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm rises
2. "I would not live alway," thus fettered by sin, Temptation without, and cor-
3. "I would not live alway," no welcome the tomb, Since Jesus hath lain there I
4. Who, who would live alway, a - way from his God, Away from yon heaven, that
5. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet, Their Saviour and brethren trans-

dark o'er the way: The few lur - id mornings that dawn on us here:
rup- tion with-in: E'en the rap- ture of par - don is mingled with fears:
dread not its gloom: There sweet be my rest till He bid me a - rise,
bliss- ful a - bode, Where the rivers of pleas- ure flow o'er the bright plains,
port - ed to greet; While the anthems of rap- ture un - ceas-ing - ly roll,

CHORUS.

Home, home,

Are e-nough for life's woes, full e- nough for its cheer.
And the cup of thanksgiving with pen - i - tent tears.
To hail Him in triumph de-scend-ing the skies.
And the noontide of glo-ry e - ter - nal- ly reigns.
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Home, sweet home, home,
[sweet home, my

sweet, sweet home, I soon shall be rest - ing;

happy home, sweet home; I soon shall rest with Je-sus there; In heav- en my home.
sweet home.

Copyright, 1901, by W. T. Dale.

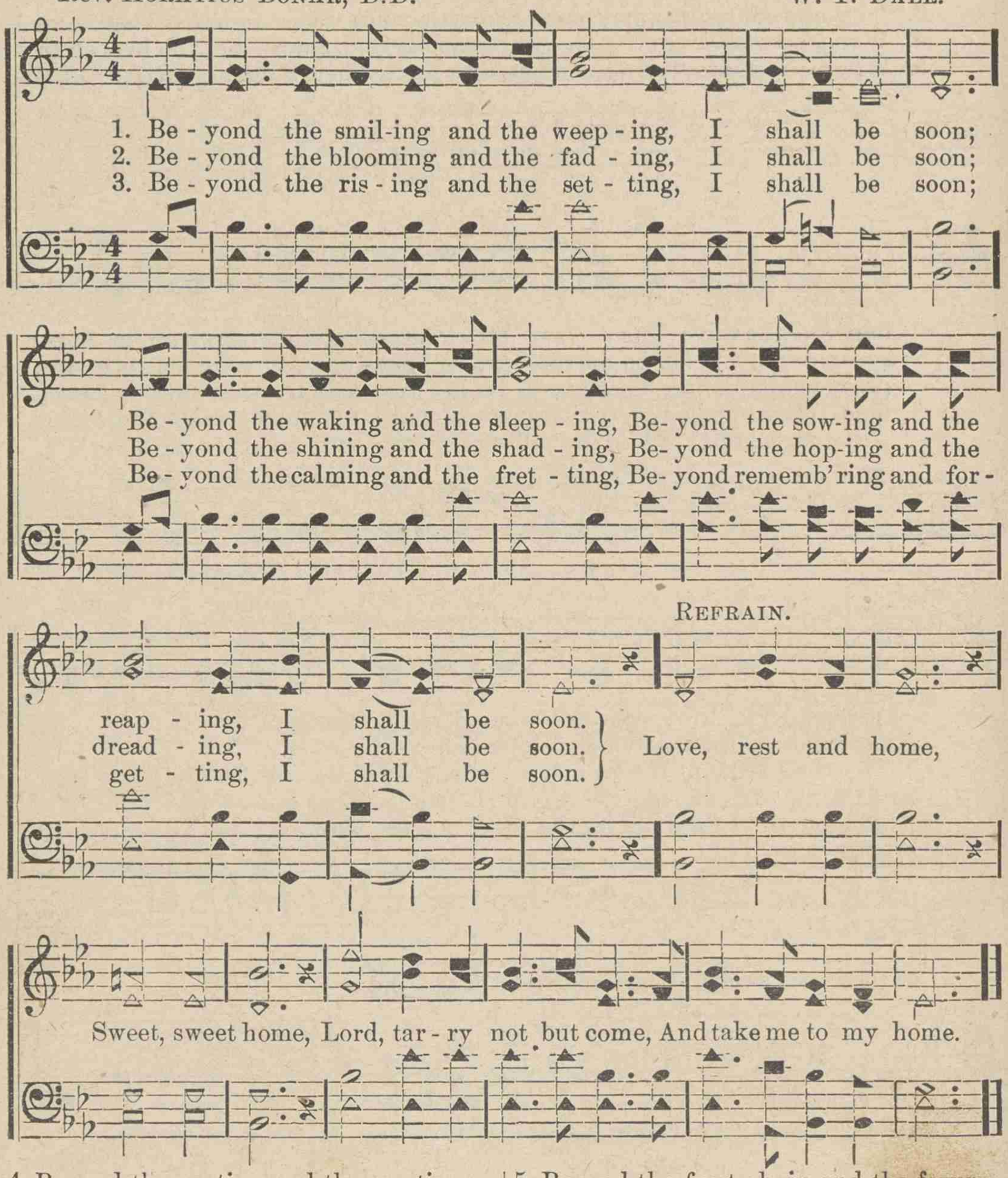
PART XX.

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

"And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem,.....and had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates.....and the twelve gates were twelve pearls,.....and the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—REV. 21: 10, 12, 21, 25.

No. 222. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. W. T. DALE.
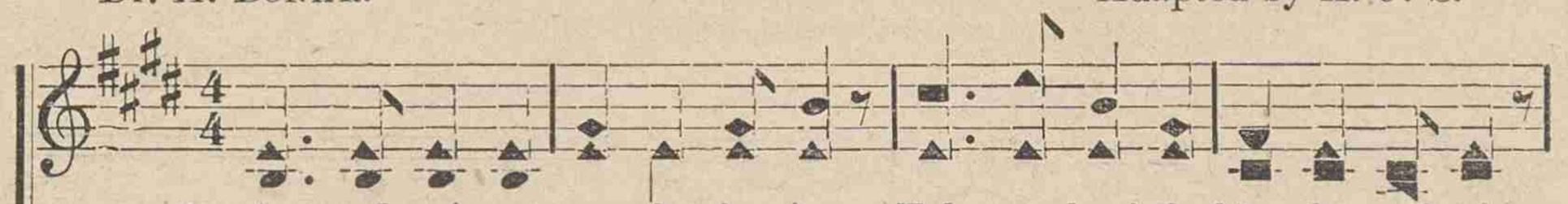


4 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
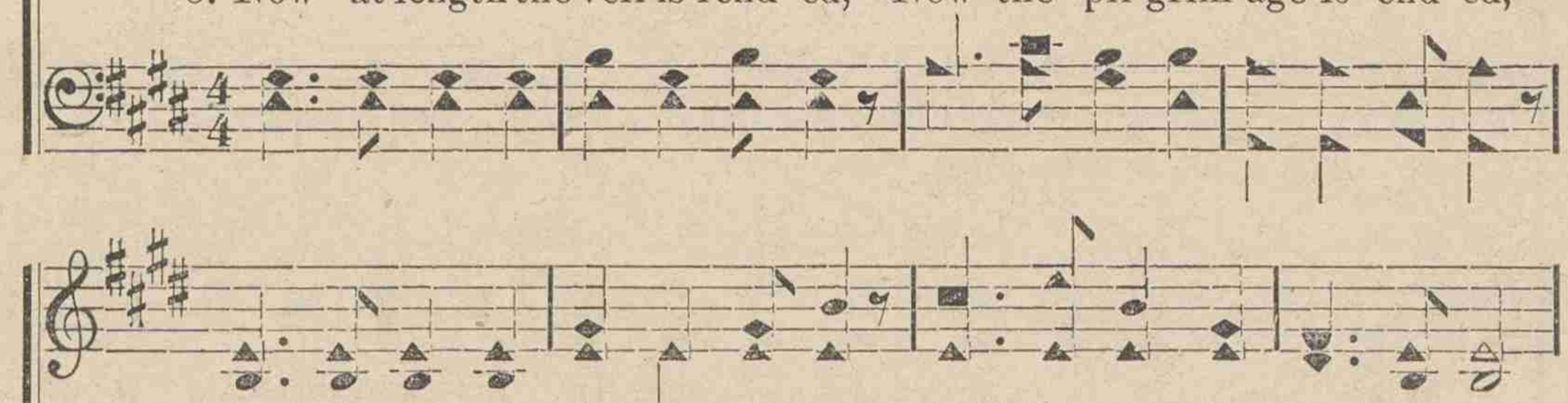
Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 223. 'Tis Heaven at Last.
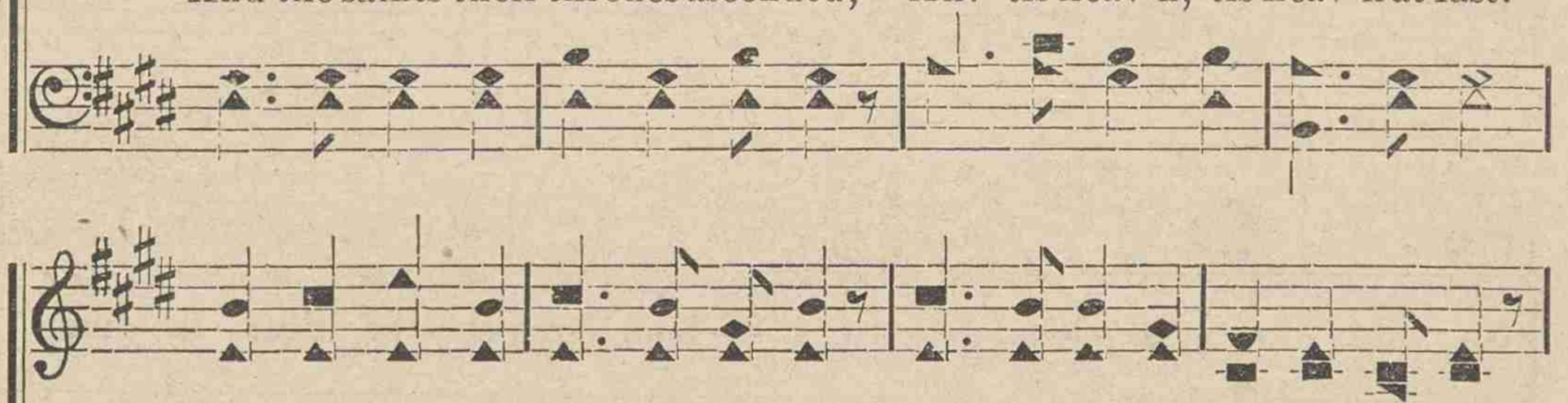
Dr. H. BONAR. Adapted by A. J. S.
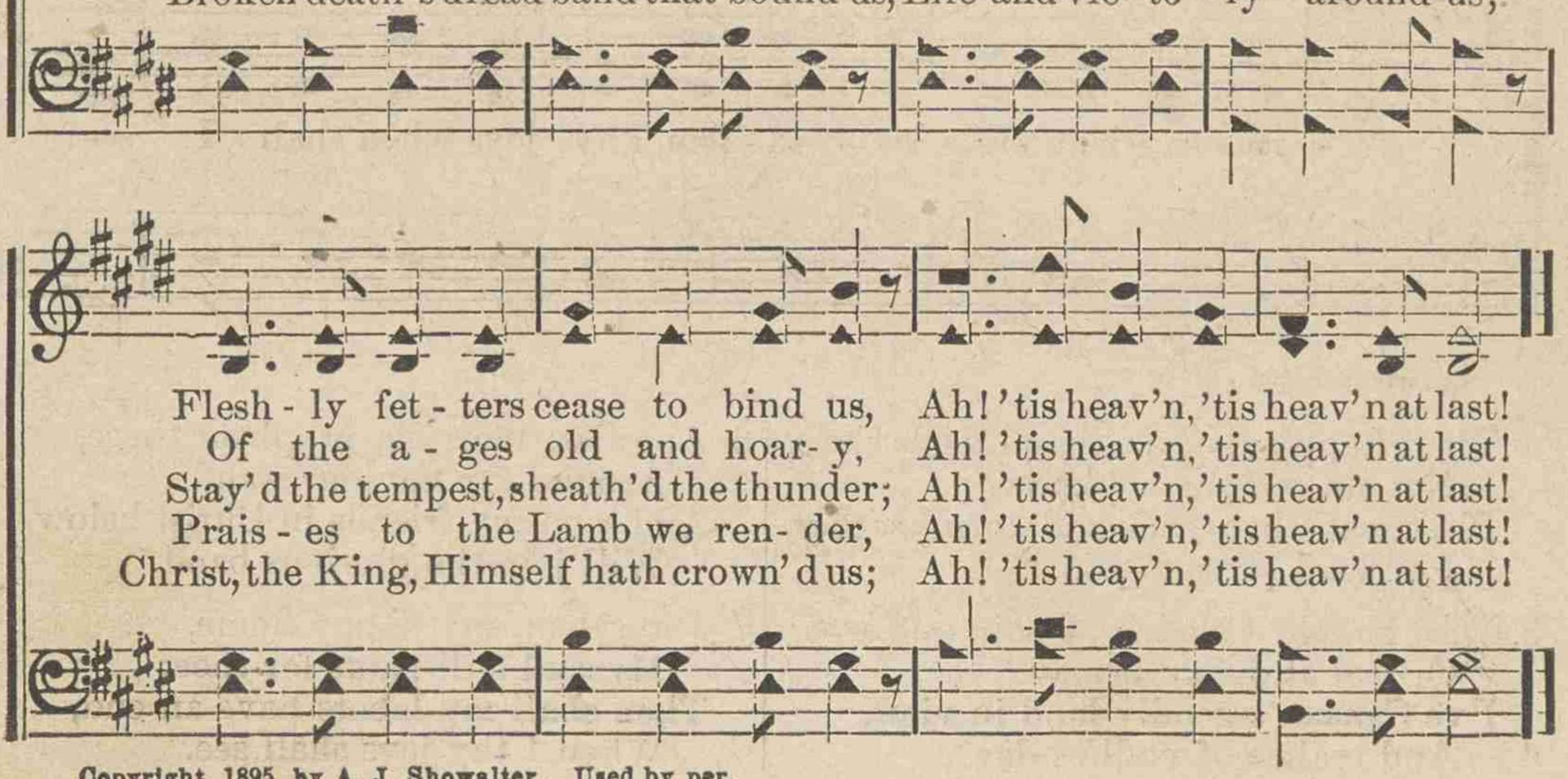


1. An - gel voic-es, sweet-ly sing-ing, Ech- oes thro' the blue dome ringing,
2. On the jas- per threshold standing, Like a pilgrim safe- ly land-ing,
3. Soft- est voic- es, sil-ver peal-ing, Fresh-est fragrance, spir-it-healing,
4. Not a teardrop ev - er fall- eth, Not a pleasure ev - er pall-eth,
5. Now at length the veil is rend- ed, Now the pil-grim-age is end- ed,



News of wondrous gladness bringing, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
See, the strange bright scene expanding, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Hap - py hymns a-round are steal-ing, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Song to song, for - ev - er call- eth; Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
And the saints their thrones ascended; Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!



Sin for - ev - er left be-hind us, Earth- ly vis ions cease to blind us,
What a cit - y! what a glo - ry! Far beyond the brightest sto - ry
Not a bro-ken blos- som yon-der Not a link can snap a - sun-der,
Christ Himself the liv - ing splendor, Christ the sun-light mild and tender,
Broken death's dread band that bound us, Life and vic- to - ry around us;



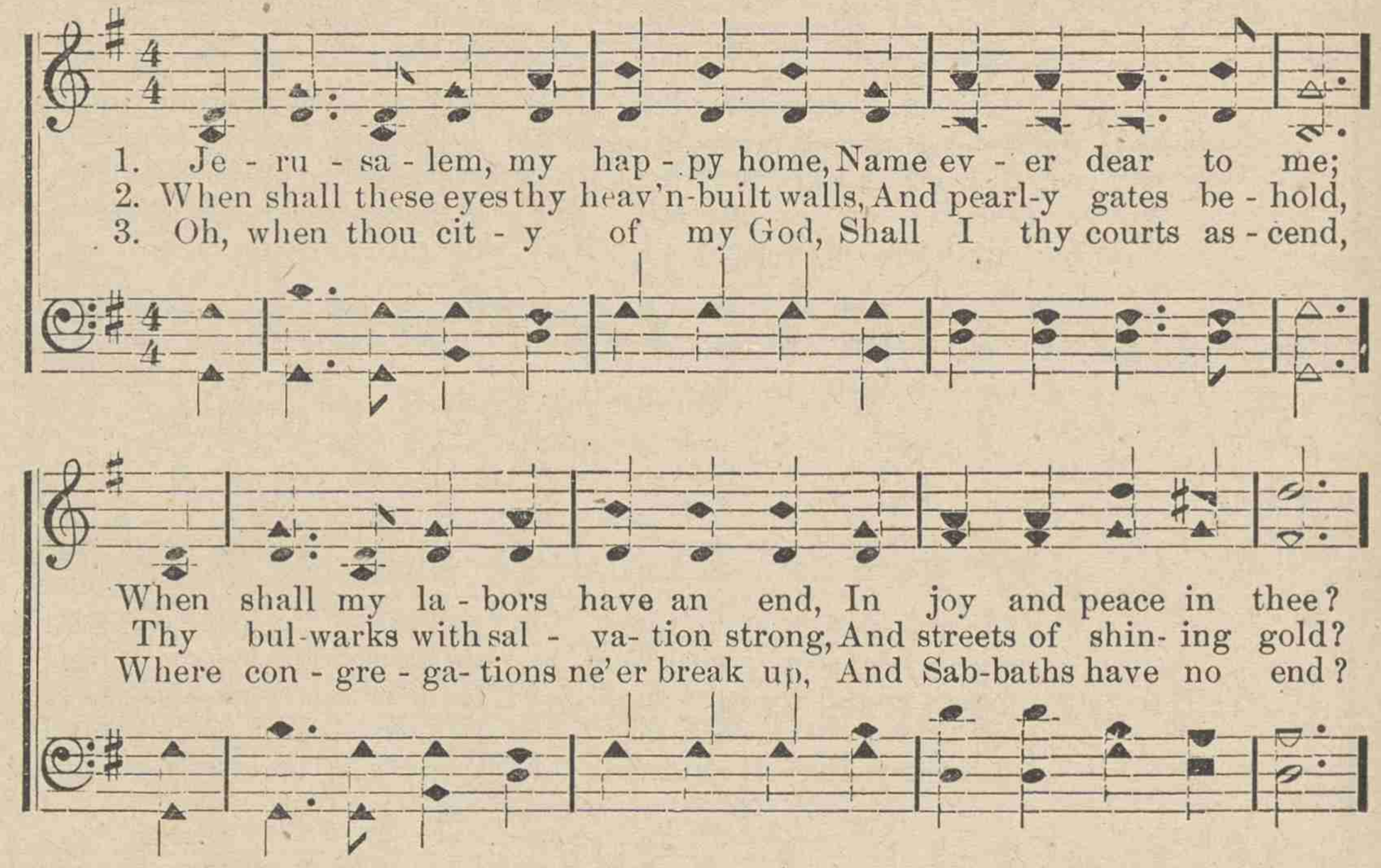
Flesh - ly fet - ters cease to bind us, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Of the a - ges old and hoar- y, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Stay'd the tempest, sheath'd the thunder; Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Prais - es to the Lamb we ren- der, Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!
Christ, the King, Himself hath crown'd us; Ah! 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!

Copyright, 1895, by A. J. Showalter. Used by per.

No. 224. Jerusalem.

"But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God; the heavenly Jerusalem."—HEB. 12: 22.

Anon. W. T. DALE.



Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know,
Blest seats thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

No. 225. Only a Little While.

"Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more."—JOHN 14: 19.
"A little while, and ye shall not see me."—JOHN 16: 16.

GEO. W. LYON. W. T. DALE.

1. On - ly a lit- tle while to wan-der, In the mist-y val - ley here,
2. On - ly a lit- tle while to suf - fer, Earth- ly loss, and care and pain,
3. On - ly a lit- tle while—be pa-tient—Till our crosses we lay down,

Then we shall pass the pearly gate-way To a land all bright and fair.
Then we shall lay a- side our bur-dens, And with Christ in glo- ry reign.
And wear thro' all the years e - ter - nal, Spotless robe and jeweled crown.

CHORUS.

On - ly a lit - tle while, On - ly a lit - tle while,

Till on earth no more we roam, On - ly a lit - tle while,

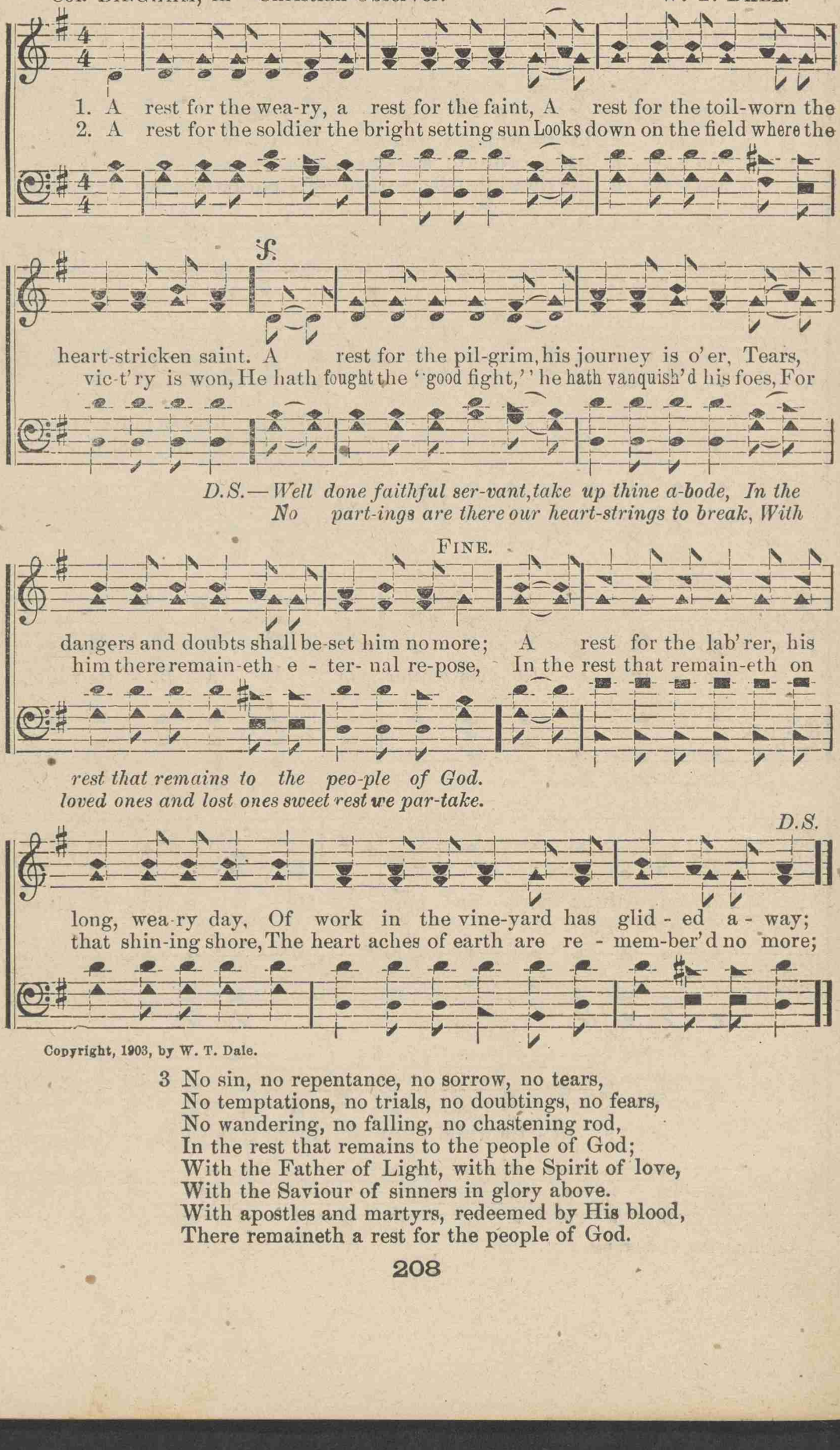
On - ly a lit - tle while Then we'll dwell with Christ at home.

Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 226. There Remaineth a Rest.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

Col. BINGHAM, in "Christian Observer." W. T. DALE.



Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

3 No sin, no repentance, no sorrow, no tears,
No temptations, no trials, no doubtings, no fears,
No wandering, no falling, no chastening rod,
In the rest that remains to the people of God;
With the Father of Light, with the Spirit of love,
With the Saviour of sinners in glory above.
With apostles and martyrs, redeemed by His blood,
There remaineth a rest for the people of God.

No. 227. Will You Be There?

Anon. RAN. C. STOREY.

1. Be- yond this life of hope and fears, Be-yond this world of grief and
2. Its glorious gates are closed to sin, Naught that defiles can en - ter
3. No drooping form, no tear - ful eye, No heav - y head, no wea- ry
4. Oh, will you be in that fair land, And with the saints and an- gels

tears, There is a re - gion fair; It knows no change and no de-cay—No
in To mar its beau- ty rare; Up - on that bright e - ternal shore Earth's
sigh, No pain, no grief, no care; But joys which mor- tals may not know, Like
stand, And all its glo-ries share; And there with Christ for - ev- er stay—In

night ob- scures its end - less day; Oh, say, will you be there?
bit - ter curse is known no more; Oh, say, will you be there?
peace - ful riv - ers ev - er flow; Oh, say, will you be there?
that e - ter - nal, hap - py day; Oh, say, will you be there?

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 228. The Open Gate.

"On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates."—Rev. 21: 13.

Miss Lizzie Underwood. S. C. Hanson.

1. I've heard them singing a- gain and again, Of a gate that stands a - jar,
2. A wel - come home at the o - pen gate, From a band of an-gels bright,
3. The sin - ner's Friend as He reaches down With a Saviour's wondrous love;

Of a sun - lit clime and gold- en plain, And a sin- less land a - far;
For the ran-som'd soul they stand and wait As it gains the land of light.
Who pre-pares a mansion, robe and crown, In His shining courts a- bove;

But when I have pass'd thro' the chilly tide, And have enter'd my home above;
We may never know of the joy un-told, Of the bliss of the oth-er side,
Will gather His flock safe in- to the fold, In His fold beyond the tide,

Fine.

I be - lieve the gate it will o - pen wide, On its gold-en hinge of love.
But when I come to the gate of gold, I be - lieve 'twill o-pen wide.
And as they approach to the gate of gold, I be - lieve 'twill o-pen wide.

D.S.—rest in peace on the oth - er side, It will o - pen wide for me.

Chorus. D.S.

It will o- pen wide, yes, o-pen wide, I'll pass thro' its por- tals free, And

No. 229. "They Shall Walk With Me in White."

C. M. T. REV. 3: 4. C. M. TATE.

1. In that land be-yond com-pare, With its flow-ers rich and rare,
2. In that land of fade-less green, Which no mor-tal eyes have seen,
3. In that land of end-less rest, We shall meet the pure and blest,
4. In that land of joy and song, We shall gath-er with the throng,

Where e-ter-nal day shall ban-ish the night; Those with garments white as snow,
We shall reach the shining riv-er so bright; There the saints shall ever be,
Who have left this world with heaven in sight; We from earth shall soar away,
Who have fought the Christian battles for right; We shall bid this world adieu,

Shall the bless-ed Saviour know, For He says, "They shall walk with Me in white."
From all pain and sorrow free, Je-sus says, "They shall walk with Me in white."
To the realms of perfect day, Then we'll walk, ev-er walk with Christ in white.
And with mortals formed anew, We shall walk, ev-er walk with Christ in white.

CHORUS.

"They shall walk with Me in white," In that land of fadeless light; Those with garments white and clean, With the Saviour shall be seen, For He says, "They shall walk with Me in white."

Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 230. We Shall Know Each Other There.

H. A. R. H. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. When our jour-ney here is o'er, And we reach the oth - er shore, Spotless
2. Oh, ye sad and wea- ry toss'd, Je-sus came to save the lost, And we'll
3. We shall know as we are known, When the golden streets we roam, And each

robes and crowns we'll wear, By-and-by, by-and-by, There we'll hear the music sweet,
meet Him in the air, By-and-by, by-and-by, At the pearl-y gates a-bove,
oth-er's glo- ry share, By-and-by, by-and-by, Far be-yond this mortal sight,

Rit. ad lib.

And the an-gel's fa - ces greet, We shall know each other there by-and-by.
In that land of joy and love, We shall know each other there by-and-by.
With our friends we shall unite, And we'll know each other there by-and-by.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll know..... each oth-er there,..... We shall know each other
Yes, we'll know each other there, each other there,

there, by - and - by,..... 'Tis a bless- ed tho't to me, In that
by - and- by,

Copyright, 1895, by H. A. R. Horton. Used by per.

We Shall Know, etc. Concluded.

Rit. ad lib.

land beyond the sea, We shall know each other there, by-and-by.....
by- and-by.

No. 231. Beyond the Mystic River.

Rev. JNO. W. HOLT. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. There is a home of won-drous beau-ty, Love - ly and bright;
2. This home is one of bliss im - mor-tal; Hap - py we'll be,
3. There in that land of song and beau-ty, All heav - en rings
4. Je - sus is dai - ly call - ing loved ones, Home one by one;

Built by our blessed, lov- ing Saviour, Hid from our mor-tal sight.
When walking thro' the streets of glo - ry, From ev- 'ry care set free.
With prais- es to our blest Redeem- er, Sav- iour, and King of kings.
We too shall cross the mys-tic riv - er, When all our work is done.

CHORUS.

"O my heart is fond - ly yearn-ing, Yon-der courts to roam;"
Glad - ly each moment draws me nearer To my e- ter - nal home.

No. 232. Calling Us Away.

TUNE, "Tenting On the Old Camp Ground."

ISAAC WATTS, D.D. WALTER KITTRIDGE.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With-in the vail and see,
2. Once they were mourners here be-low, And poured out cries and tears,
3. I asked them whence their vic-t'ry came, They, with u-nit-ed breath,
4. They marked the footsteps that He trod, His zeal inspired their breast;
5. Our glo-rious Lead-er claims our praise, For His own pat-tern giv'n,

The saints a-bove how great their joys, How bright their glories be.
They wres-tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
As-cribe their conquest to the Lamb, Their triumph to His death.
And foll-'wing their in-car-nate God, Pos-sess the promised rest.
While the long cloud of wit-ness-es, Show the same path to heav'n.

CHORUS.

Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the gold-en strand.

Many are the voic-es call-ing us a-way, To join their glo-rious band;

Repeat pp.

1 2

Calling us a-way, calling us a-way, Calling to the bet-ter land, land.

No. 233. The Home Over There.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. TULLIUS C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv- er of light,
2. Oh, think of the friends o- ver there, Who be - fore us the journey have trod,

o- ver there,

Where the saints, all im-mor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, over there.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal- ace of God, over there.

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, o - ver there,
O- ver there, O- ver there, Oh, think of the { home / friends }
O- ver there,

o - ver there, o - ver there; O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver

there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the { home / friends } o - ver there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

PART XXI

HOME AND FIRESIDE SONGS.

No. 234. My Mother's Bible.

Dedicated to W. W. Brakefield, Cowan, Tenn.

W. C. MARTIN, Noank, Conn. W. T. DALE.

1. It is old and stain'd with time, It is much the worse for wear;
2. Oh, how oft she sat a - lone, With it o - pen on her knee,
3. And the ba - bies left be- hind, When her dear one fell a - sleep,
4. Then from that dear book she read Of the home prepared a - bove,
5. It is old and stain'd with years, Ma - ny pa - ges now are torn,

But I prize it as her choic - est leg - a - cy;
When her soul was lone - some in her wid - owed years;
Oft she gath - ered in the eve - ning by her side;
Of the life that may be had for just a look,
And it has no beau - ty left that men can see;

'Twas her friend when in her prime, 'Twas her stay in years of care,
Oth - er com - fort had she none, But the Bi - ble seem'd to be,
And she told them God was kind, That the help - less He would keep,
And our hearts she gent - ly led, Till like her we learn'd to love,
But it dried my moth - er's tears, Cheer'd her heart when so for - lorn,

Moth - er's Bi - ble is a pre - cious thing to me.
Quite e - nough to calm her heart and dry her tears.
And that or- phans 'neath His wings might safe - ly hide.
Christ as Sav - iour, and the Bi - ble as His book.
And it is the dear - est thing on earth to me.

Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 235. The Broken Pinion.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.
Words arr. by W. T. D.

Music by W. T. DALE.

1. As I walked thro' the woodland meadows, Where the thrushes sweetly sing,
2. Then I found a young life strick-en, Hurt by sin's se-duc-tive art,
3. But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion, Kept an-oth - er from the snare,

There I found on a bed of moss - es A bird with a bro - ken wing,
And it touched me with Christ-like pit-y, And I took him to my heart,
And the life that sin had strick-en Raised an - oth-er from de - spair,

So I healed it, and each morn- ing It would sing its sweet old strain,
And he lived with no - bler pur - pose, And he strug-gled not in vain,
For our Christ the mighty heal - er, Has a balm for ev -'ry pain,

But the bird with the broken pin-ion, Nev-er soared as high a - gain,
But the life that sin had strick-en, Nev-er soared as high a - gain,
And the soul that has felt His healing, Higher still shall soar a - gain,

But the bird with the broken pinion, Nev-er soared as high a - gain.
But the life that sin had stricken, Nev-er soared as high a - gain.
And the soul that has felt His healing, Higher still shall soar a - gain.

Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 236. Farewell, Old Bell.*

Tenderly inscribed to Mrs. W. A. Lusby, Wartrace, Tenn.

Rev. W. A. LUSBY. W. T. DALE.

1. Fare-well, old bell! Four sweet and pre-cious years, Thy voice has called us to the house of prayer; 'Tis sad to think thy Sab-bath tones of cheer,
2. Fare-well, old bell! In sad or joy-ous mood, Thy faith-ful notes our hearts with music fill; Thy tongue of steel hath told us o'er and o'er,
3. Fare-well, old bell! Ten thousand mem'ries rise, As thy strong tones rise on the air a-bove, Of friend-ship true, those strong and ten-der ties,
4. Fare-well, old bell! How oft thy gen-tle calls, At Christmas tide to children's ears have come, To share the gifts that lov-ing hands have borne,
5. Fare-well, old bell! Thy sound to us is dear, Our sor-row in thy heart thou dost in-case, From out thy shrine, strong, tender hands have borne,
6. Fare-well, old bell! May we not hope a-gain, If heav-en's bound'ry lies not far a-way, To hear thy tones so loved in days of yore,

REFRAIN.

Our hearts shall miss, our ears shall cease to hear.
Of love's sweet journey up to Zion's hill.
That Christian spirits bind in deathless love.
And keep the time wherein our Christ was born.
The precious dust to its last rest-ing place.
In that blest home—that land of cloudless day.

Farewell, old bell! Farewell, old bell

Rit - e - dim.

Whose tones melodious swell, Farewell, old bell, Farewell, old bell! farewell, farewell!
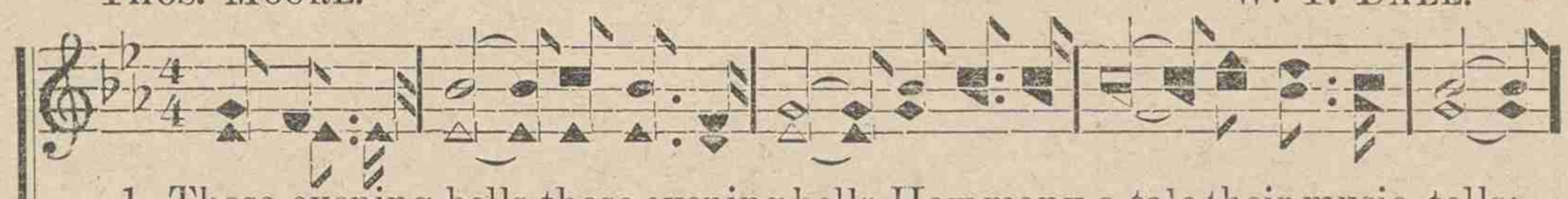
*NOTE —These lines were suggested to the writer by the ringing of the church bell the last sabbath he spent in Winchester, Tenn., in the fall of 1901, and were written on a sick bed while the service in the church was in progress. Brother Lusby, who was a Methodist minister, was buried the following Christmas eve.

Copyright, 1903, by W. T Dale.

No. 237. Those Evening Bells.

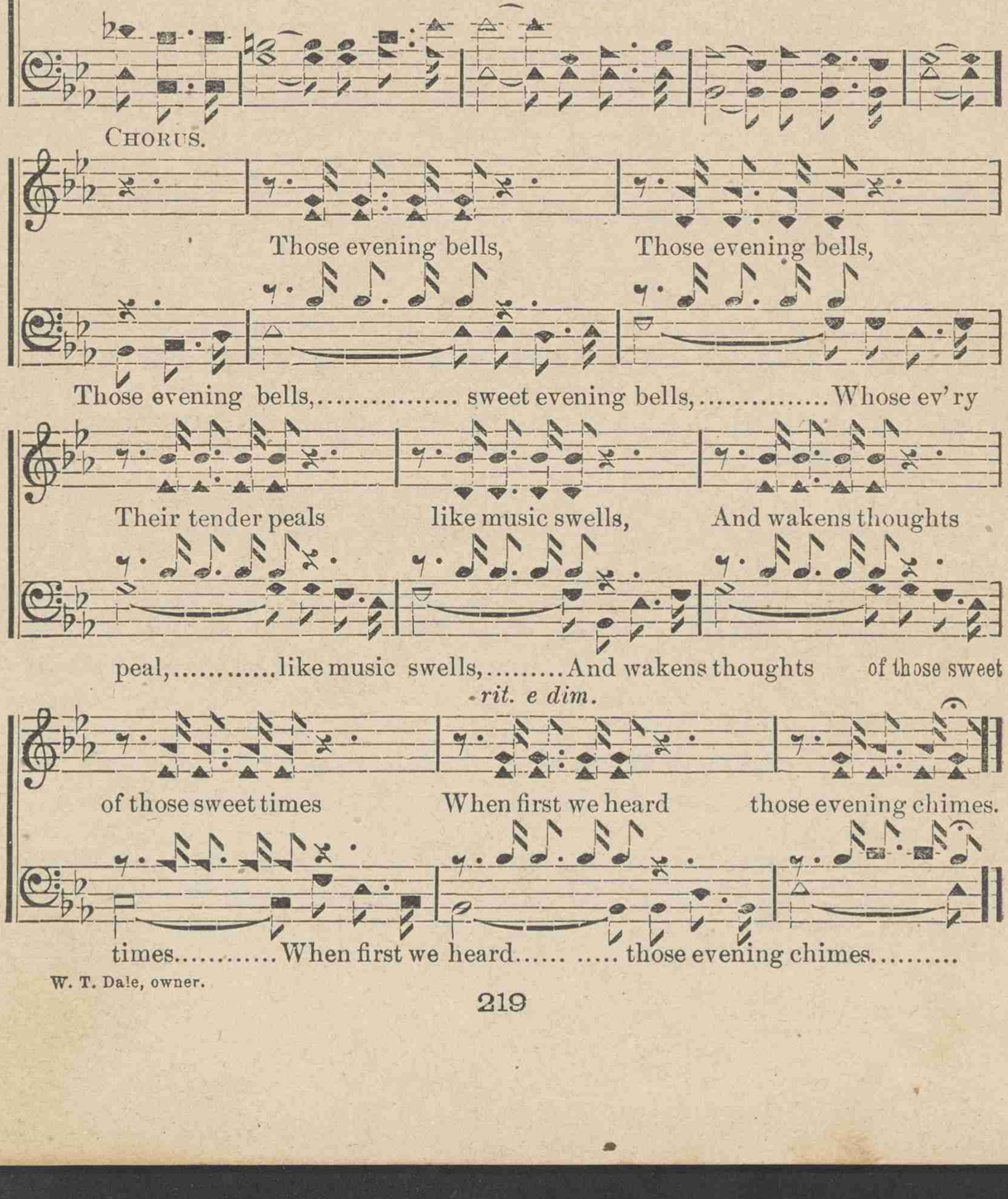
(AN EVENING SONG.)

THOS. MOORE. W. T. DALE.



1. Those evening bells, those evening bells, How many a tale their music tells;
2. Those joyous hours are pass'd a- way, And many a heart that then was gay,
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tuneful peal will still ring on,

Of youth and home, and that sweet time, When last I heard their soothing chime.
Within the tomb now darkly dwells, And hear no more those evening bells.
While other bards will walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.



CHORUS.

Those evening bells, Those evening bells,

Those evening bells,..... sweet evening bells,..... Whose ev' ry

Their tender peals like music swells, And wakens thoughts

peal,..... like music swells,..... And wakens thoughts of those sweet

rit. e dim.

of those sweet times When first we heard those evening chimes.

times..... When first we heard..... ..... those evening chimes.....
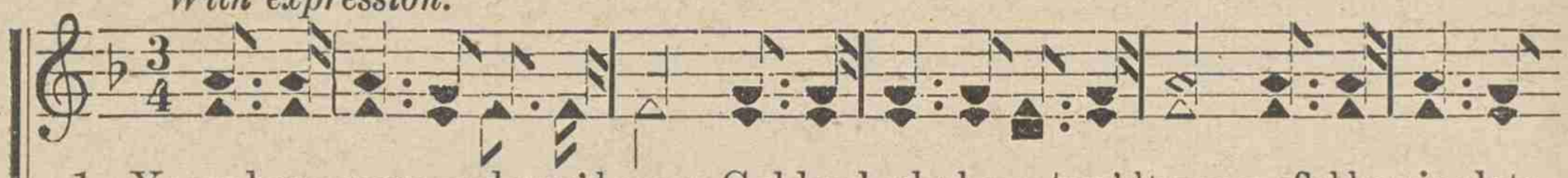
W. T. Dale, owner.

No. 238. The Wanderer's Return.
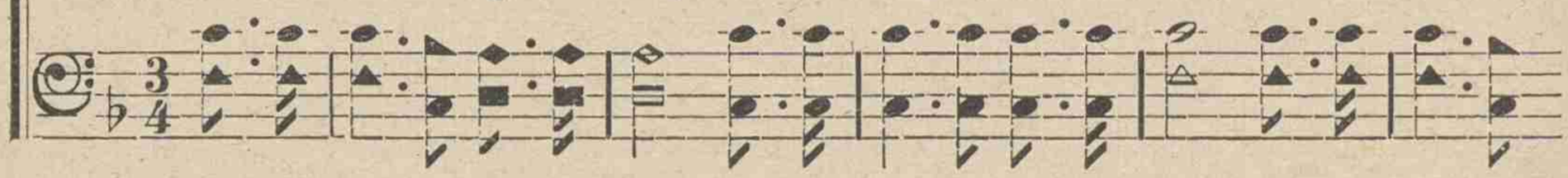
Written for Rev. W. T. Dale, D.D.

THOS. MOORE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.
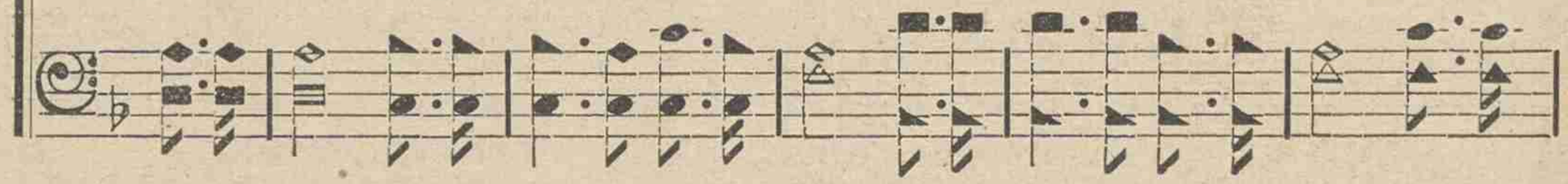
With expression.
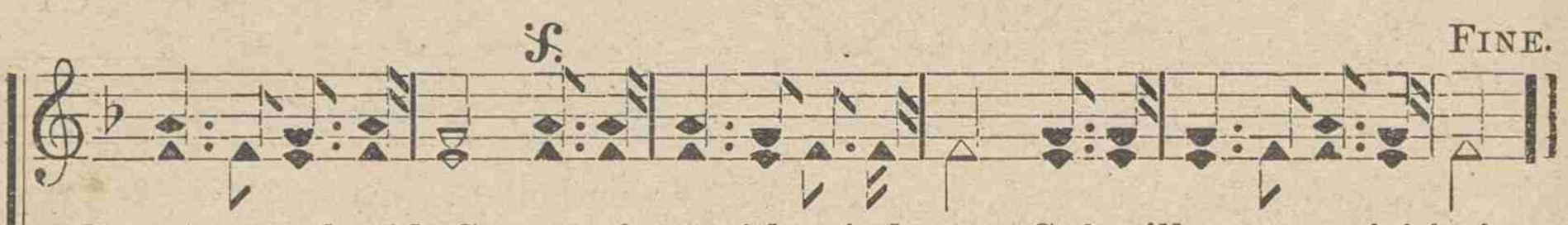


1. Years have come and pass'd away, Golden locks have turn'd to gray; Golden ringlets
2. But the chords, with magic pow'r, Take me back to childhood's hour; To a cot be -
3. Where is now that happy group Once so full of joy and hope? Happy voic - es
4. Father's counsels, mother's pray'rs, Round the children ev'rywhere; In my dreams I
5. Soon I'll be among the blest, Where the weary are at rest; Soon I'll tread the
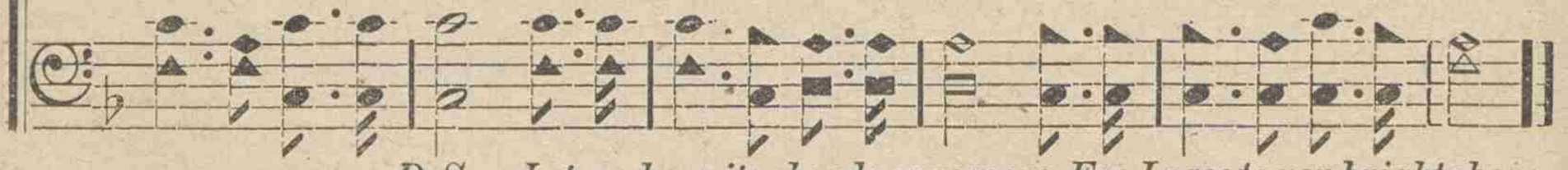


once so fair Time has chang'd to silv'ry hair. But I'm near the other side, Soon I'll
side the sea, Where I knelt at mother's knee. But that mother now has gone, Calm she
full of glee, None are here to speak to me. All a-lone upon this stream, Old-en
have them yet—Longing hearts cannot forget. Fathers, brothers, sisters too, All were
golden shore, Singing praises ev - er-more. See, my boat is on the stream I can
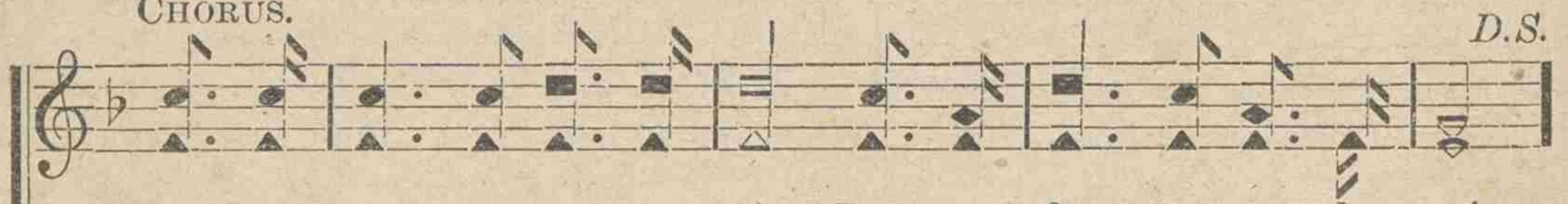




launch upon the tide, Soon my boat, with noiseless oar, Safe will pass to yon bright shore.
sleeps beneath a stone, While I wander here alone, Sighing for a bet-ter home.
days seem but a dream; Soon I'll meet with lov'd ones gone, Soon again we'll meet at home.
call'd and had to go; I a-lone am left to-day, Dear old home has pass'd away.
see the waters gleam; Soon I'll be where angels roam—Dear old harp, I'm going home.

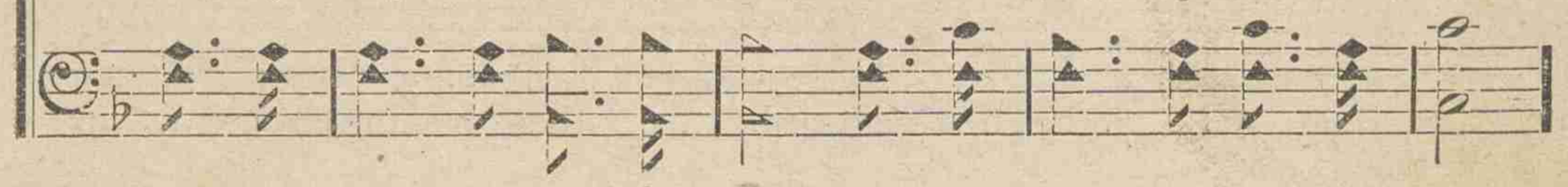


D.S.—Let me hear its chords once more, Ere I pass to yon bright shore.

CHORUS.



Bring my harp to me a - gain, Let me play one gen - tle strain;



No. 239. Mother, Home and Heaven.

LANTHE. R. A. GLENN, by per.

DUET. *With expression.*

1. In the ho - ly hush of night, mother, A vis - ion came to me;
2. And it whispered me of by - gone hours Of your sweet sad eyes and mild;
3. With an-gel - ic forms we dwelt, mother, In a far off shad-owy land;

In float- ing robes of sil - v'ry light, And whispered me of thee.
When last we part - ed bathed in tears, For me your wayward child.
With a gold - en gleam of light a- round, The pale ser- aph - ic band.

I felt a soft kiss on my brow, Like that which thou hadst giv'n;
And low we talked 'neath the moon's clear light, On that fair and cloudless ev'n,
And oh, it was a bliss di- vine, To know my sins for-giv'n;

CHORUS.

With much expression.

And heard the dear words in my ear, Of mother, home and heav'n.
And how I vow'd I'd ne'er forget My mother, home and heav'n.
That I the glorious goal had won, Of mother, home and heav'n.
} Mother, home and heav'n,

Mother, home and heav'n, I heard the dear words in my ear, Of mother, home and heav'n.

No. 240. The Old Fashioned Home.

Dedicated to the old people who are now living in the past.

Furnished by
Rev. J. W. SIMMONS.

Words and Music
arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. There's an old fashioned house in a lone shady grove, Where the songs of the birds fill the air:
2. There's an old eight day clock on its bare white-washed walls, With its slow moving pend' lum and hands;
3. There's an old fa-ded car-pet that cov- ers the floor, It was wov'n in an old fashioned loom,

There's an old bro-ken gate by the old ruined road. And the signs of de-cay are ev-'ry-where.
There's a fire in the old fashioned fire-place so wide. With its old fashioned kettle, pots and pans.
There's an old bro-ken latch on the old swinging door, In the cor- ner an old fashioned broom.

There's an old gray-haired woman you'll find sitting there, She is darning her old fashioned hose;
There's an old woman's husband now old sitting there, He is dream-ing of days long gone by;
There's an old Bi-ble, too, ly-ing on the old stand, And a hymn book now old ly-ing by;
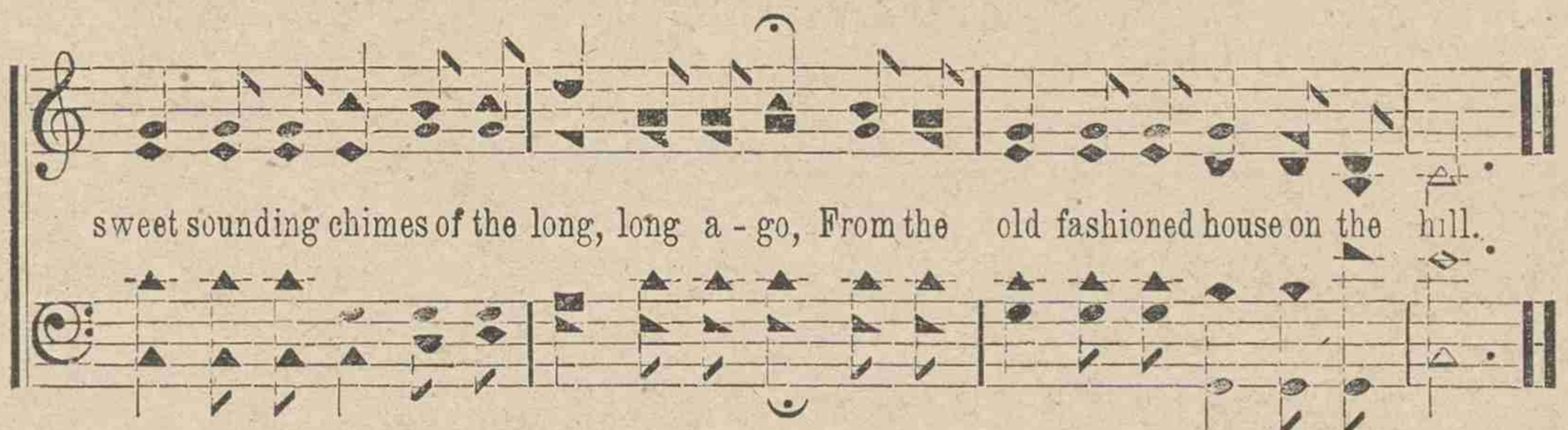
There's an old fa-ded cap on her sil-very hair, And she's dressed in her old fashioned clothes.
May he live ma-ny years with his kind, loving wife, May no woe ev-er come to cause a sigh.
They have sung its good songs o'er and o'er many years, May they sing them when they meet on high.

CHORUS

Hear those bells, sweet mem-'ry bells, They fill my soul with a thrill; Oh, the

Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.
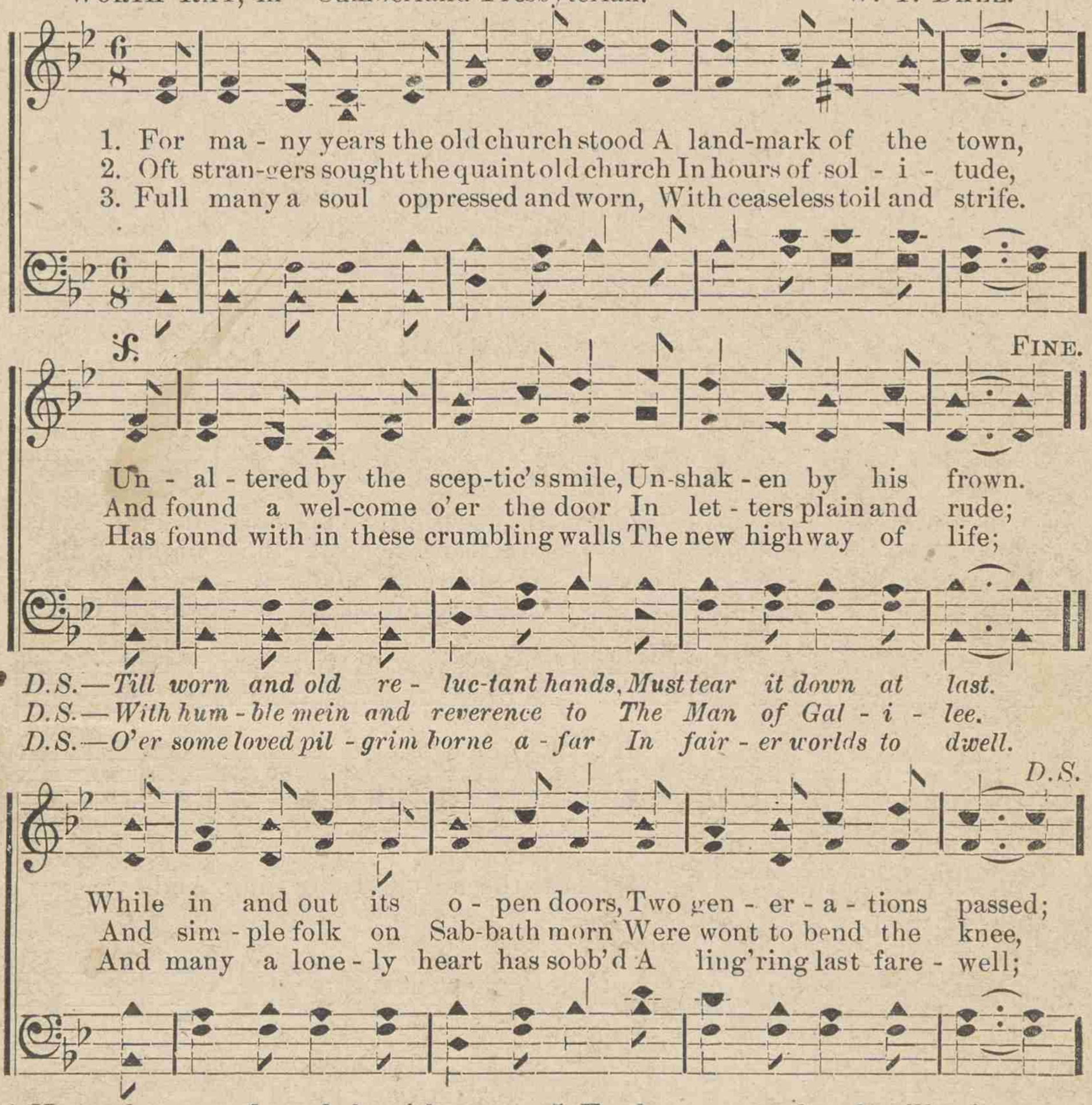
The Old Fashioned Home. Concluded.



No. 241. The Passing of the Old Church.

"What is the cause that the former days were better than these?"—Eccl. 7: 10.
"The former things are passed away."—Rev. 21: 4.

Worth Ray, in "Cumberland Presbyterian." W. T. Dale.



4 No costly pews adorned the aisle
No rugs adorned the floor,
The vines grew round the window ledge,
The green grass by the door;
The pastor taught a homely creed,
Salvation full and free,—
A fragrant doctrine wafted off
The hills of Tennessee.

5 Ere long a new church will arise,
Above this sacred sod;
And sóme great preacher will supplant,
The humble man of God.
But clustered round the layman's heart,
Fond mem'ries will recall
The old, old church whose altar was
The dearest after all.

Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

PART XXII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 242. "I Hear the Angels."

Last words of Mrs. L. J. Dale, to whose memory this song is dedicated.

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL, Zeandale, Kan. W. T. DALE.

1. I'll an-chor safe at home, My feet are in the stream, 'Tis Je - sus
2. His love is o - ver all, His prom-ise will not fail, Tho' gath'ring
3. Oh, per-fect trust in God, Oh, loved one gone be - fore, Your faith will
4. "Good-night," belov-ed ones, God bless you, safe- ly keep You in His

bids me come, So ends life's transient dream: Now heaven's perfect day,
shades of gloom May o'er our hearts pre - vail; The Lord my Shepherd is,
cheer our hearts Till time and tears are o'er; And we shall meet a - gain,
lov - ing care, Till where none ev - er weep, "Good morn-ing," we shall say,

Is dawn- ing on my sight, A step to Par - a - dise; And
My Shep-herd and my Guide, He'll lead me past the night, Be -
Where sor - rows nev - er come To join the glad a - men, In
In yon - der sun - ny land, The storms are past a - way, God's

CHORUS.

I am past the night.
yond the storm-y tide.
yon - der peaceful home.
peace we'll un- der- stand.

"I hear the an - gels sing - ing, And Je - sus
bids me come, The bells of heav'n are ring-ing, And I shall soon be home."

No. 243. Coronation. C. M.

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

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. O 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. 244. O for a Thousand Tongues.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

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

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.
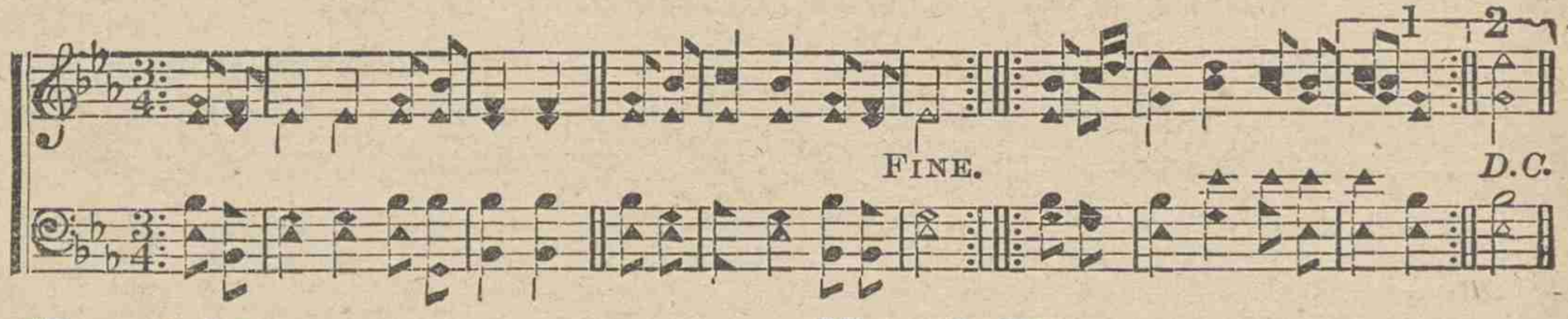
No. 245. Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

J. BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

Nettleton. 8s, 7s. D.



No. 246. Come, Thou Fount.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

R. ROBINSON.

No. 247. What a Friend.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
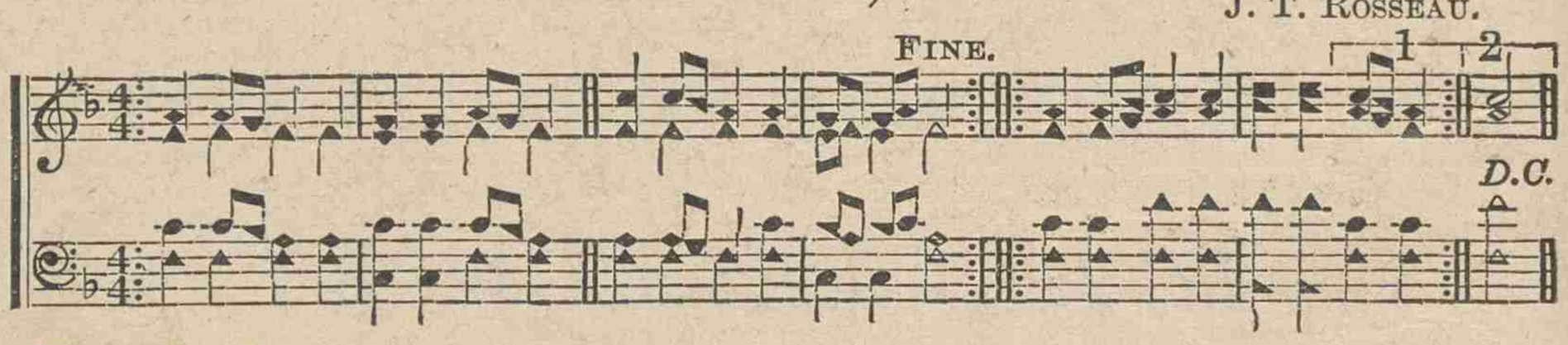
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

Greenville. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.



No. 248. Come, Ye Sinners.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

JOSEPH HART.

No. 249. The Pilgrim's Guide.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

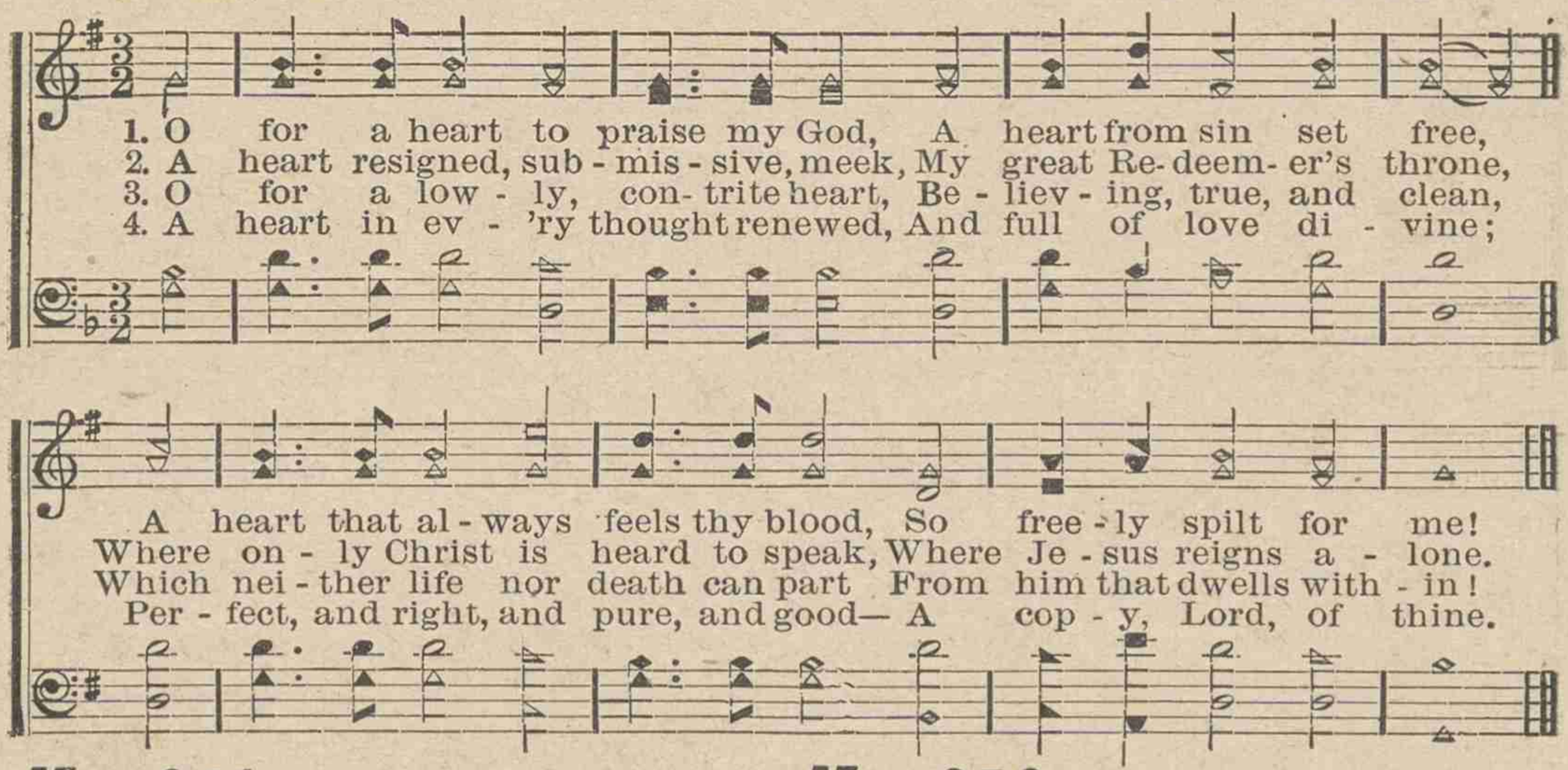
2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

No. 250. Arlington. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.



No. 251. O for a Faith. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

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

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

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

No. 252. Am I a Soldier? C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

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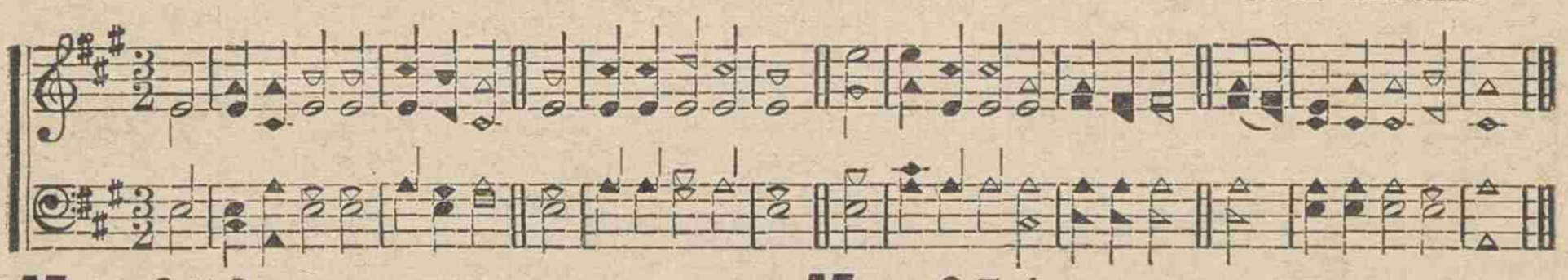
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

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

ISAAC WATTS.

Azmon. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



No. 253. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 254. The Dearest Name. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
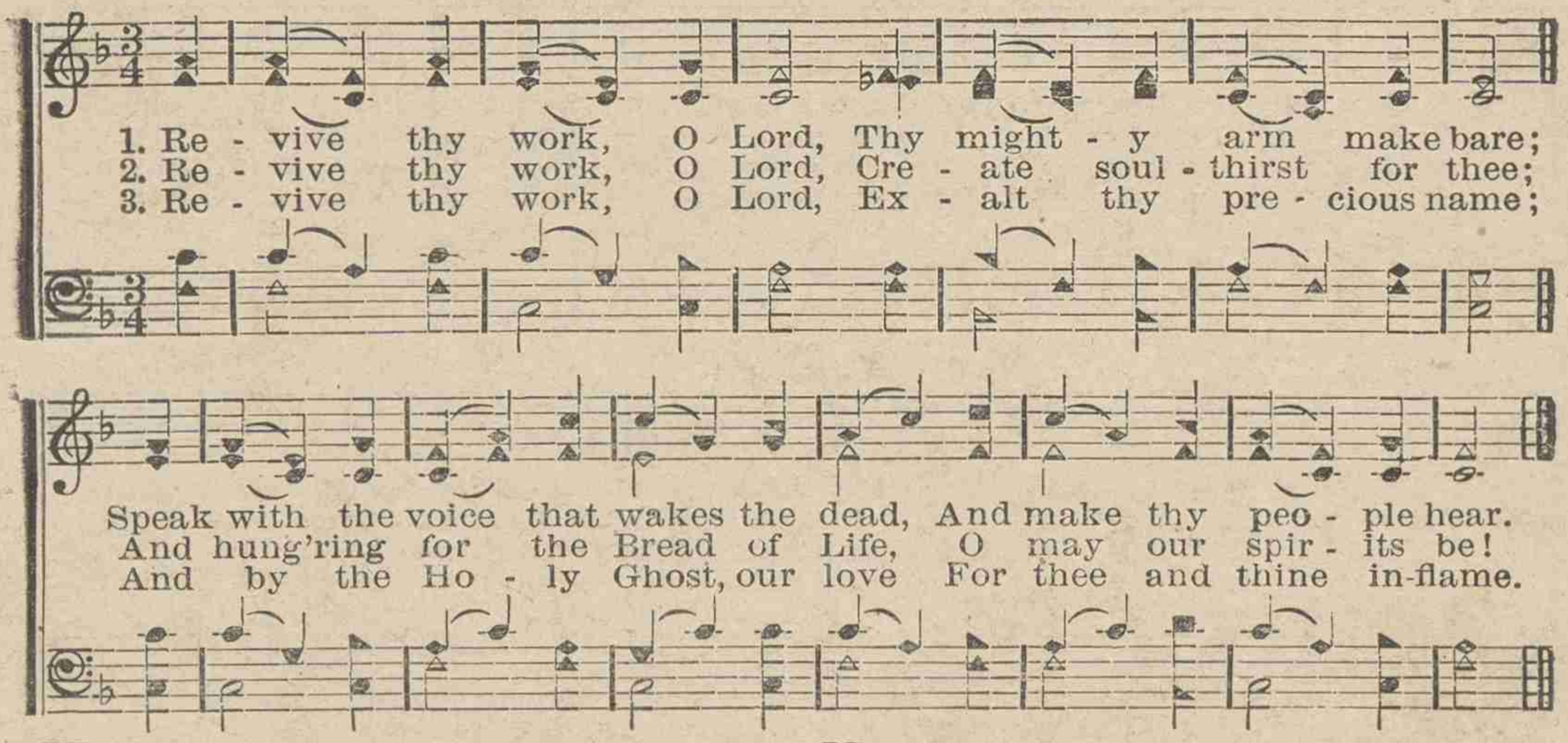
3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

No. 255. Dennis. S. M.

ALBERT MIDLANE. H. G. NÄGELI.



No. 256. Blest Be the Tie. S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT.

No. 257. A Charge to Keep. S. M.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!
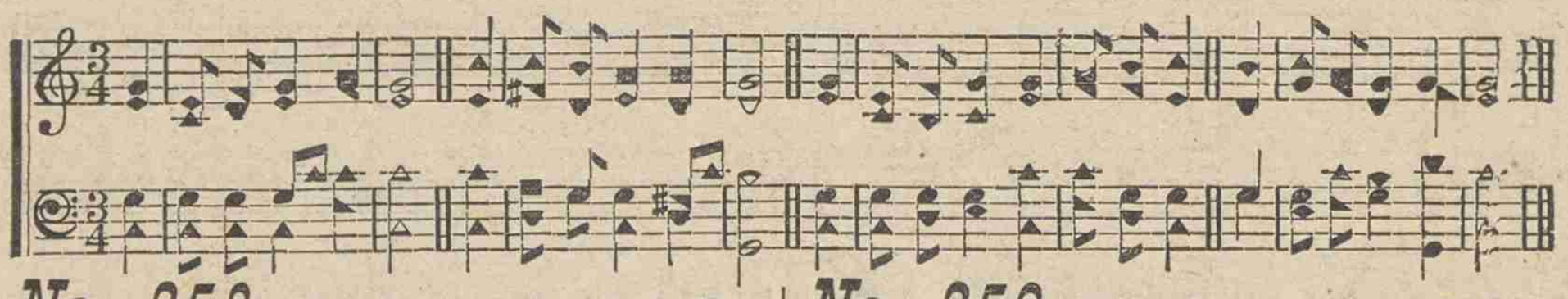
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHAS. WESLEY

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



No. 258. And Can I Yet Delay? S. M.

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

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

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

No. 259. Evils of Intemperance. S. M.
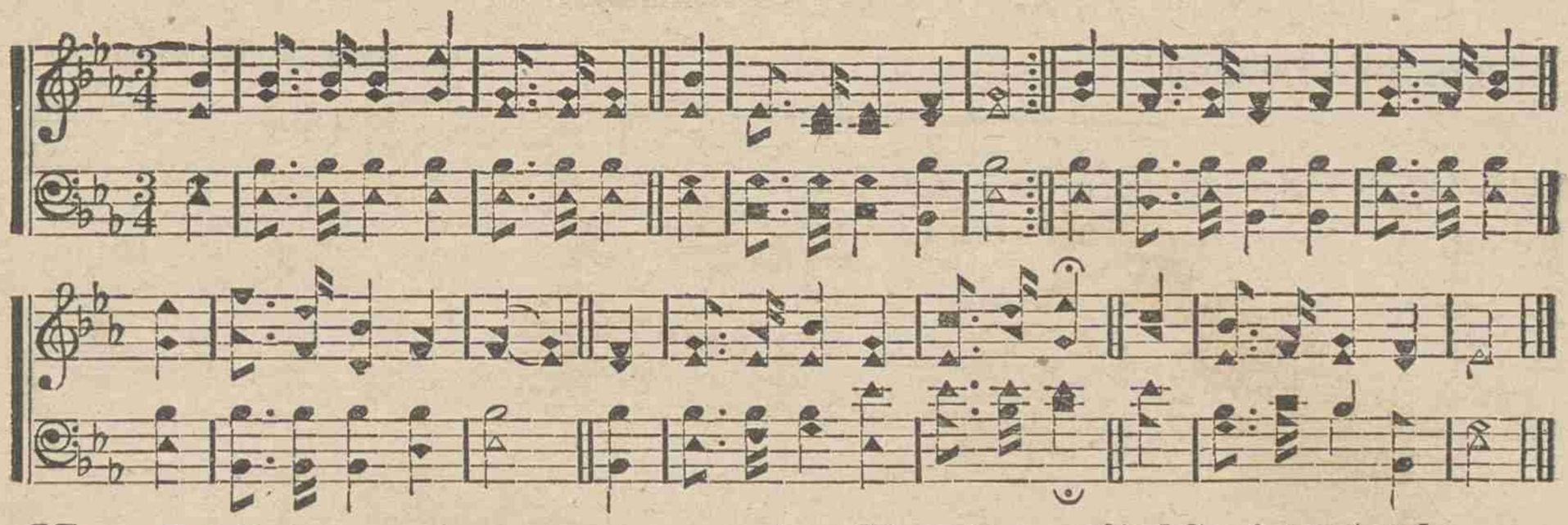
1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

Varina. C. M. D.



No. 260. How Happy.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight;—
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast."

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 261. There Is a Land of Pure Delight.
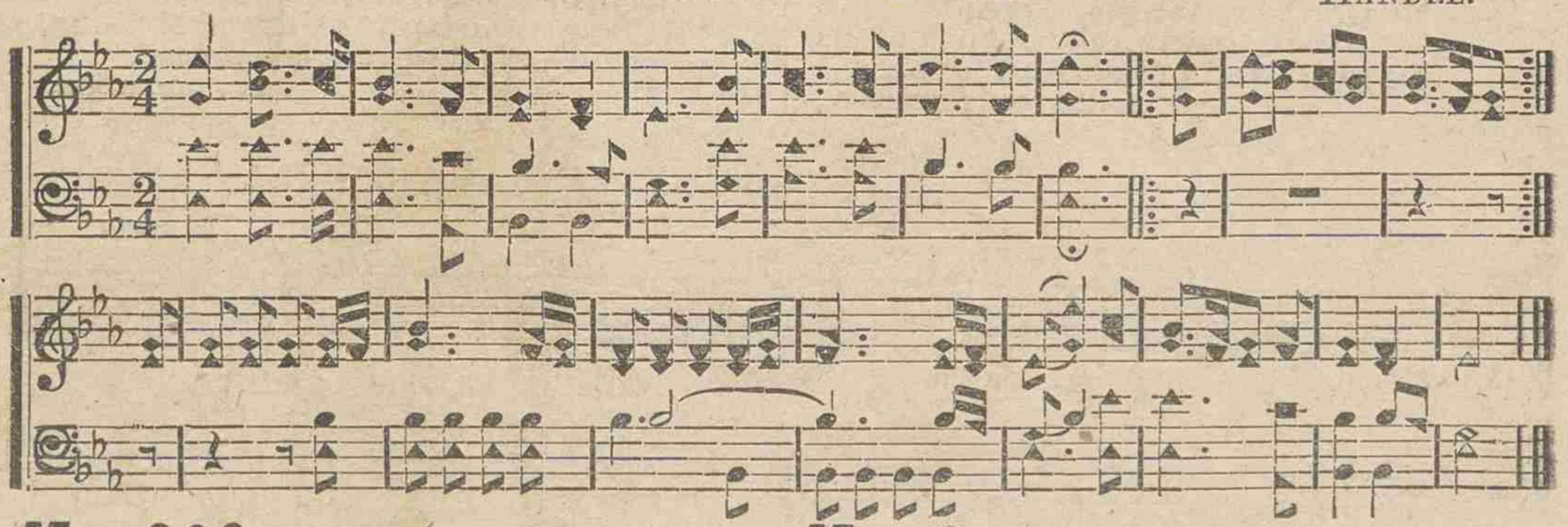
1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

Antioch. C. M.

HANDEL.



No. 262. Joy to the World!

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground,
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 263. Father of Mercies.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

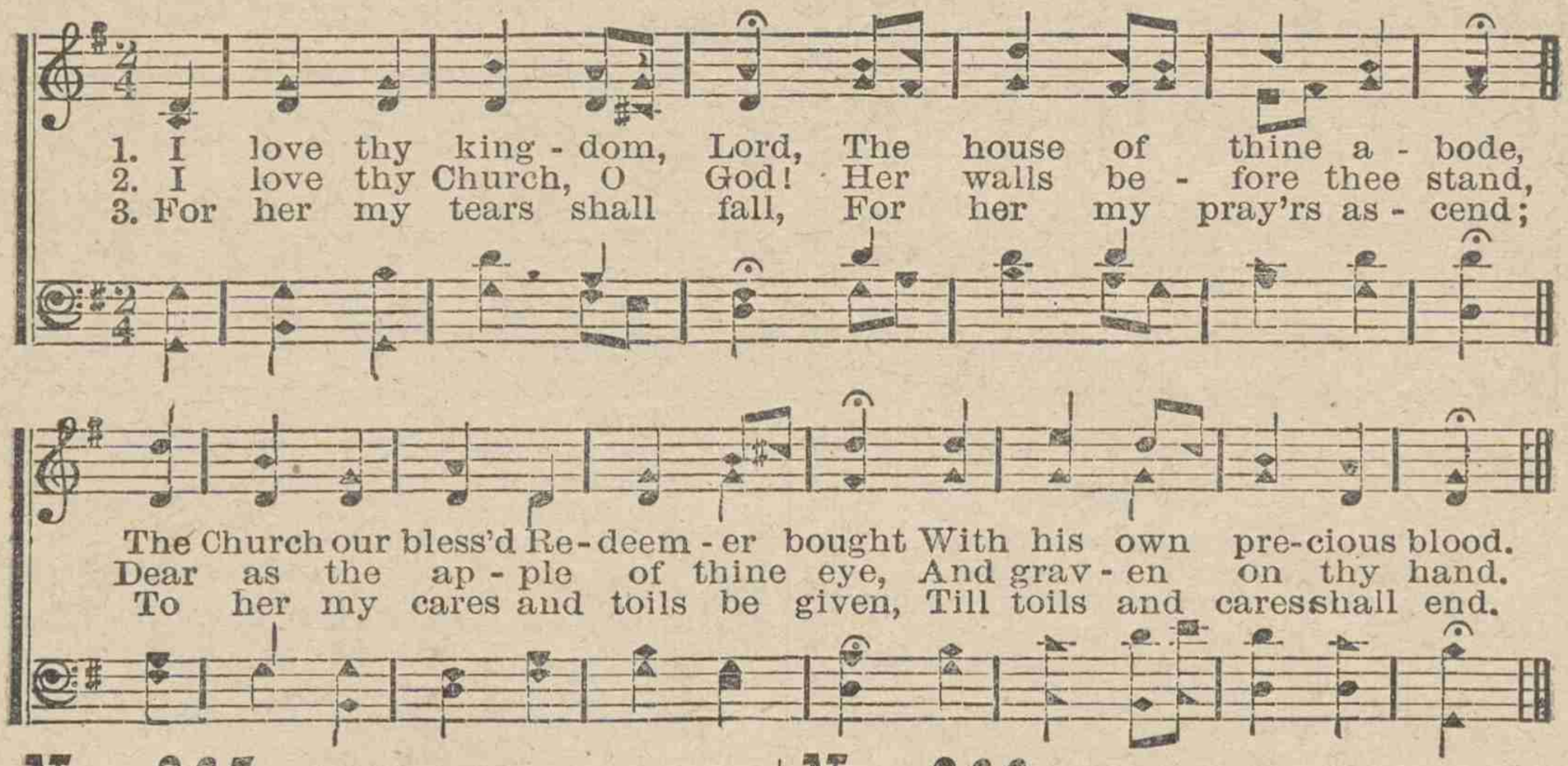
3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE.

No. 264. St. Thomas. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. GEORGE F. HANDEL.



No. 265. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

No. 266. Grace!

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to my ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
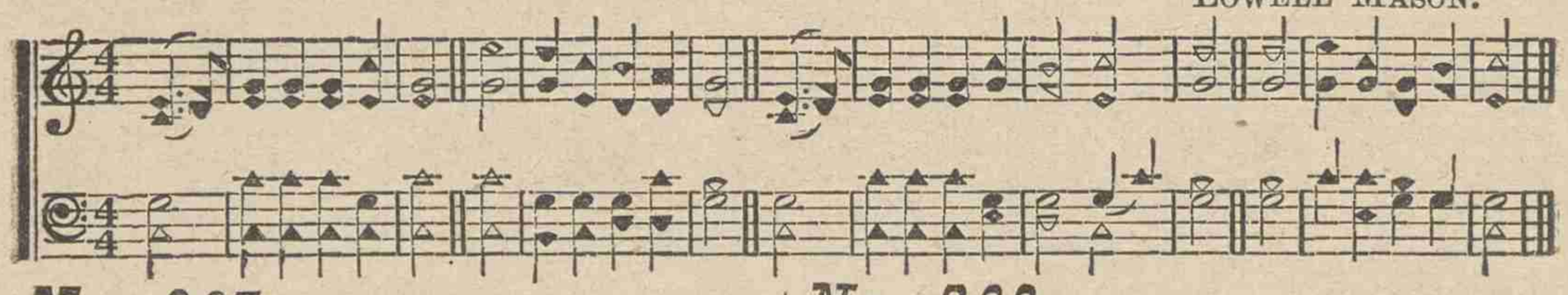
3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

Laban. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



No. 267. Spirit of Faith.

1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his name.

4 The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 268. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

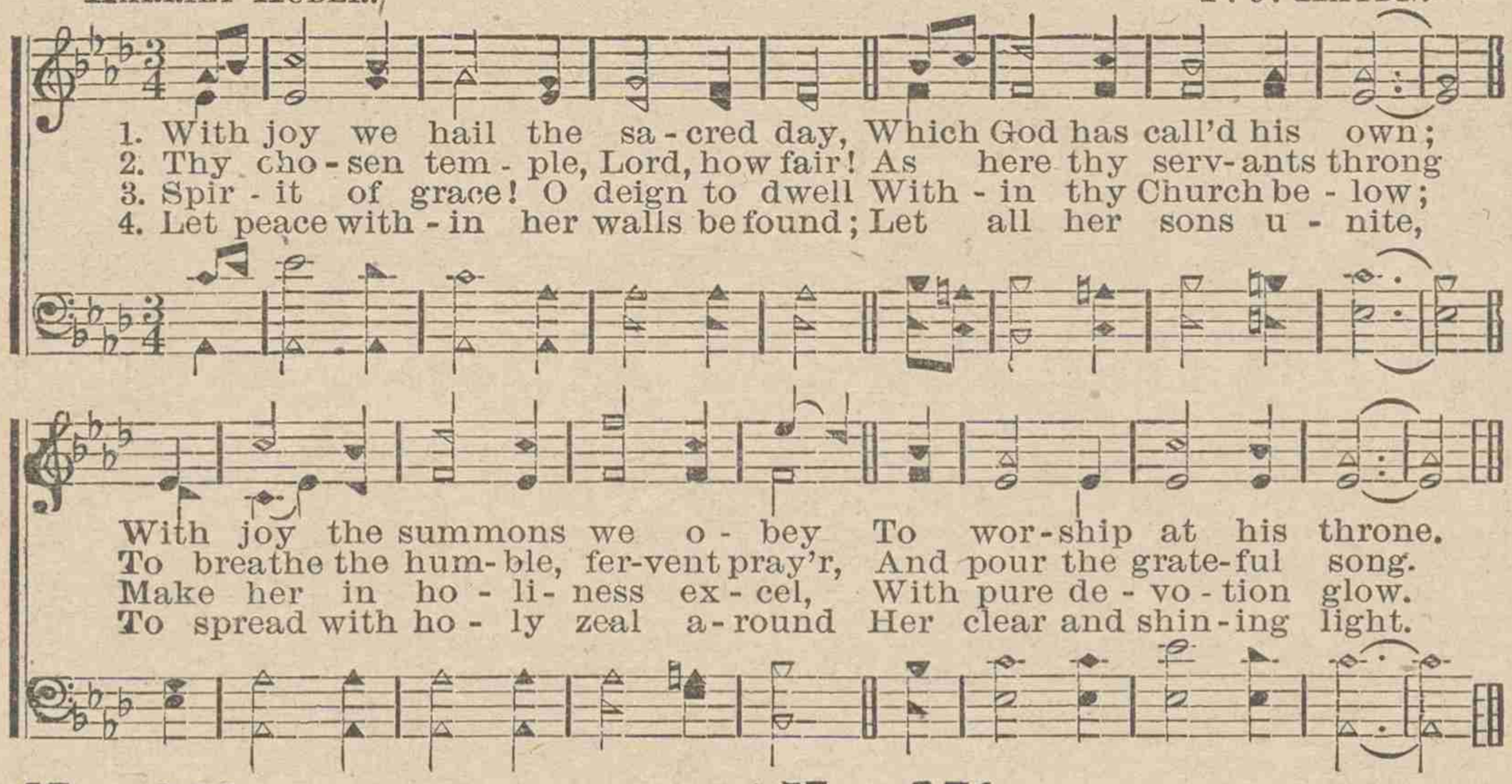
3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

GEORGE HEATH.

No. 269. Manoah. C. M.

HARRIET AUBER. F. J. HAYDN.



No. 270. There Is No Sorrow.

1 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to thee:
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

JANE CREWDSON.

No. 271. Thou Art the Way.

1 Thou art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

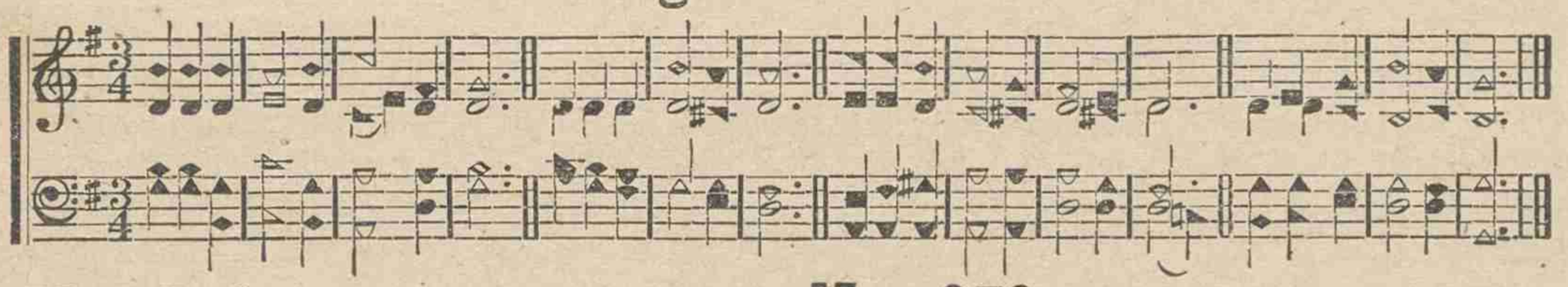
3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

St. Agnes. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.



No. 272. There Is an Eye.

1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the shades of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That list'ning ear to gain.

4 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

JOHN AIKMAN WALLACE.

No. 273. Jesus, the Very Thought.

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

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!
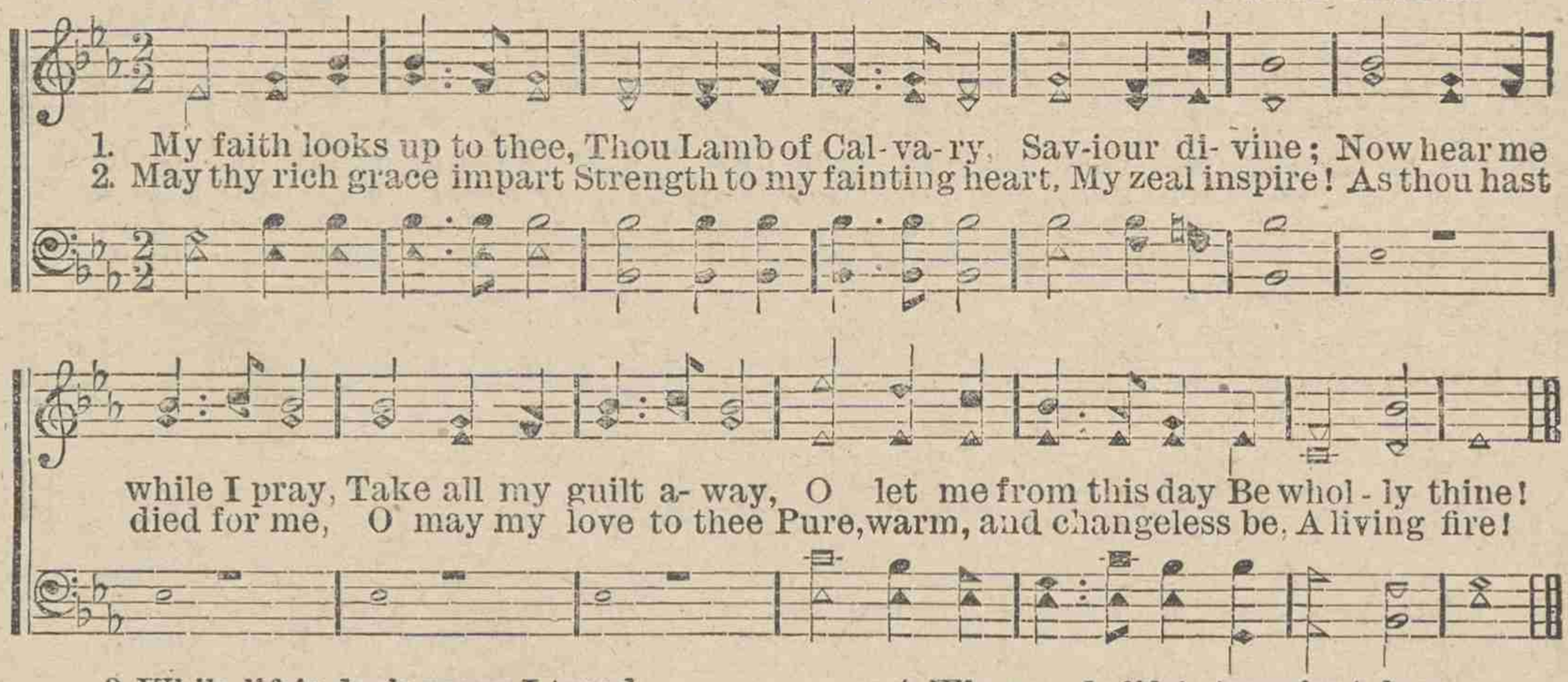
3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.
TR BY EDWARD CASWALL.

No. 274. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

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

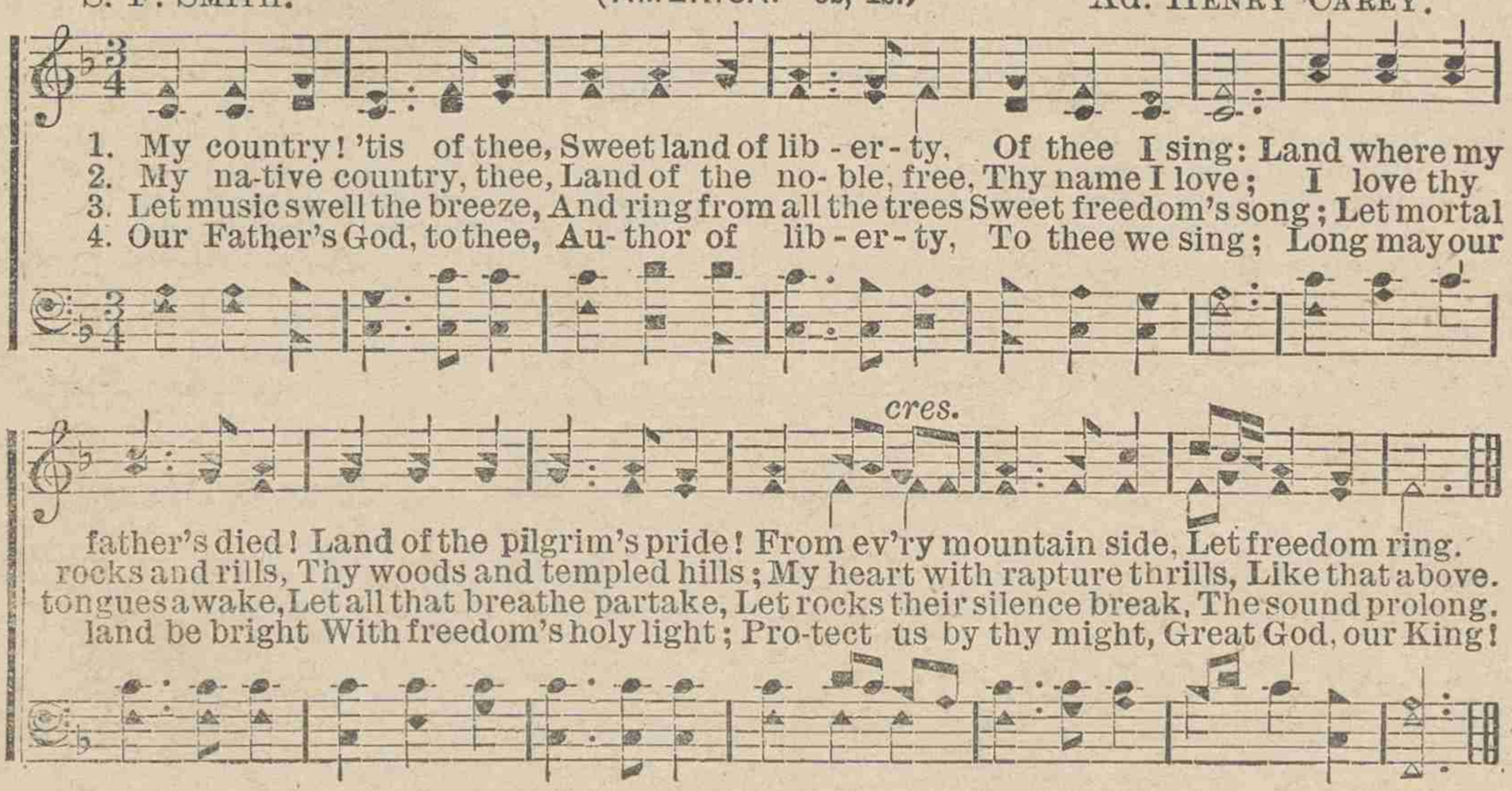


3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

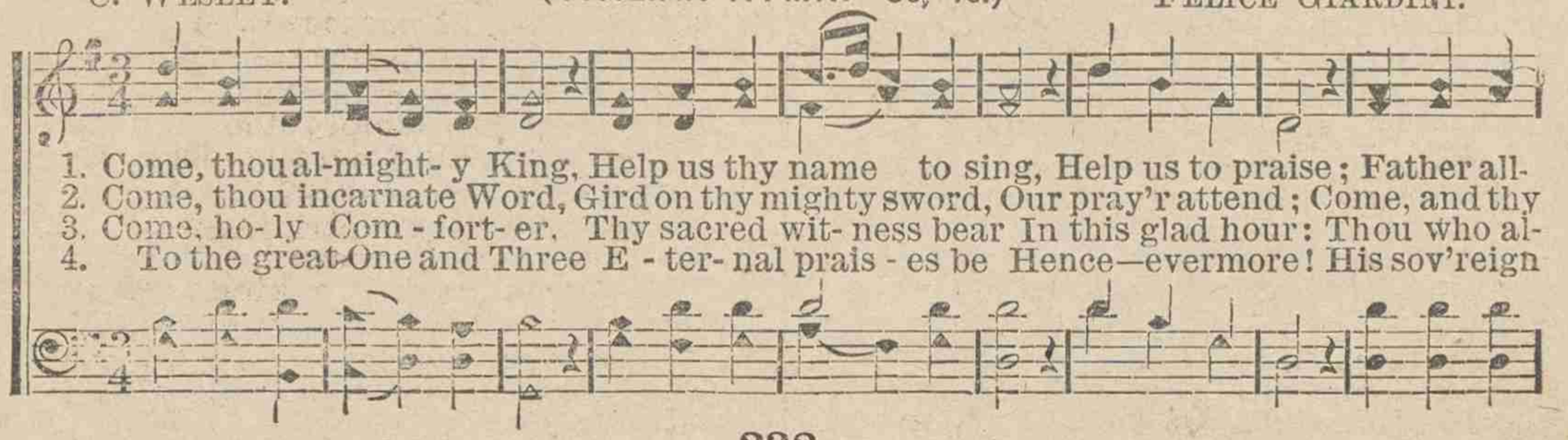
No. 275. My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.) Ad. HENRY CAREY.

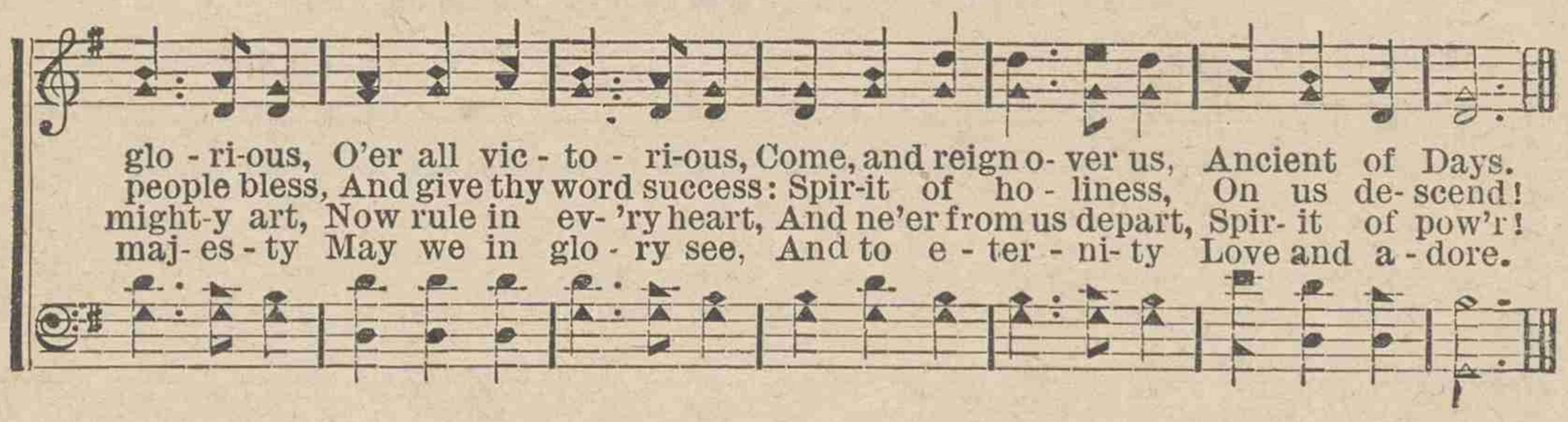


No. 276. Come, Thou Almighty King.

C. WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.
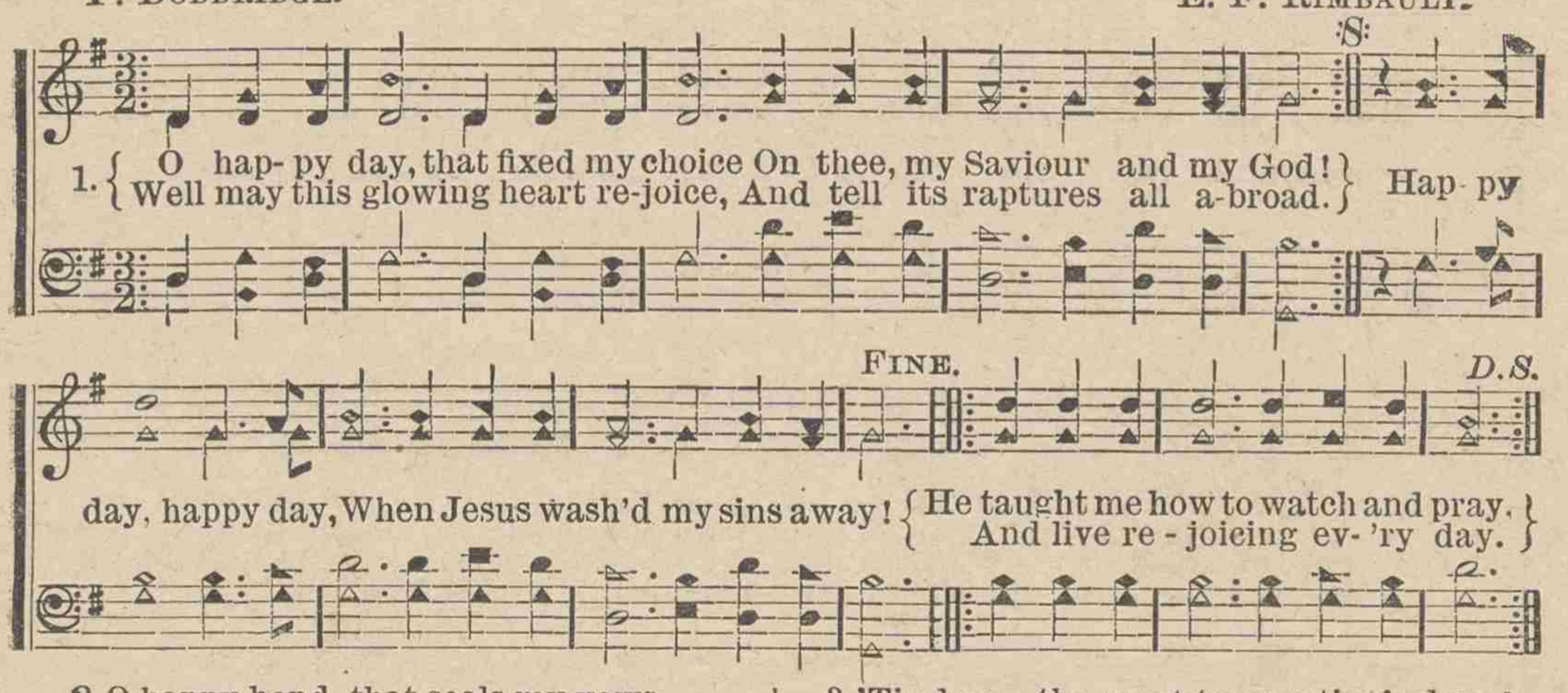


Come, Thou Almighty King (Concluded).



No. 277. Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

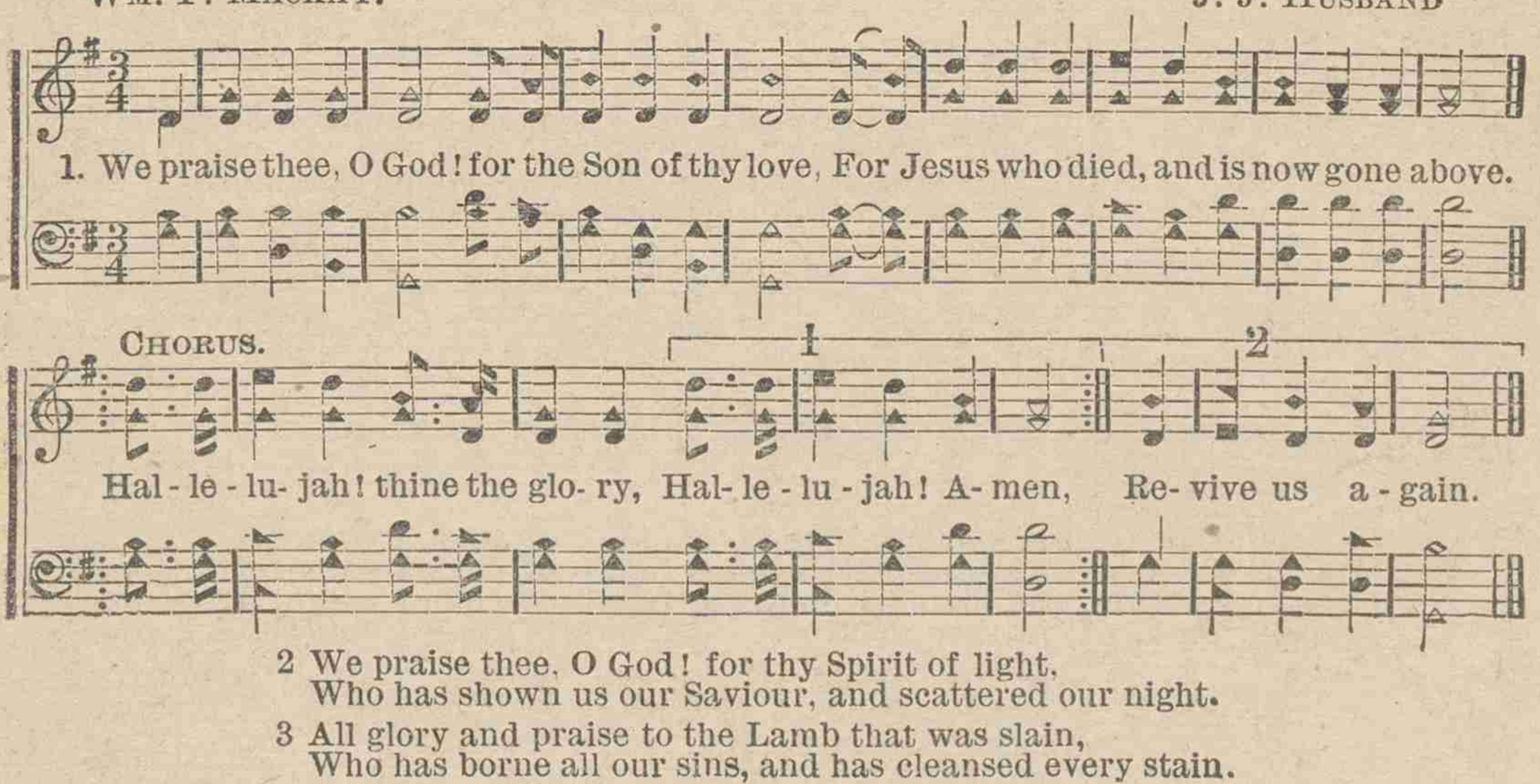


2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

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.

No. 278. Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND



2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

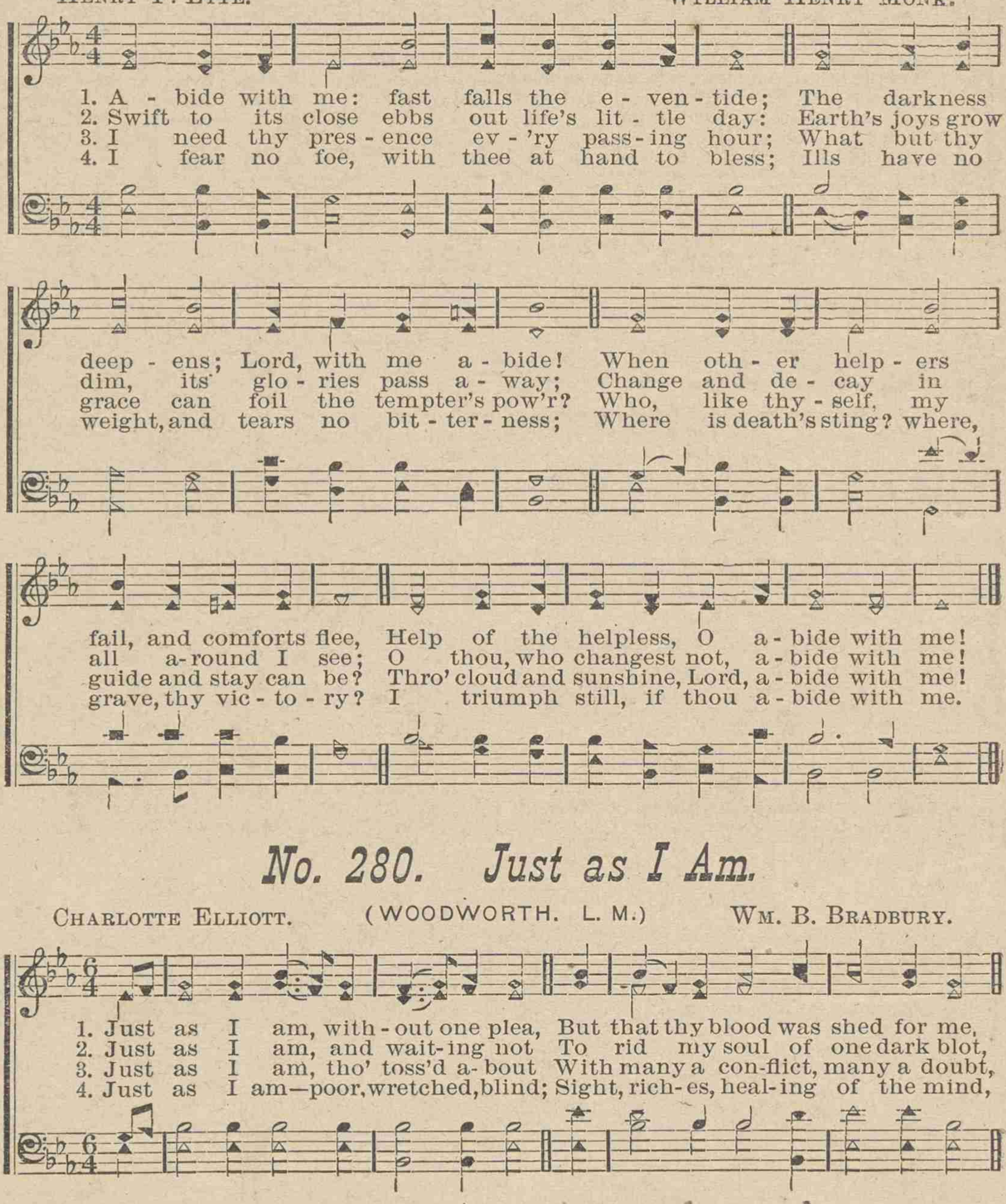
3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

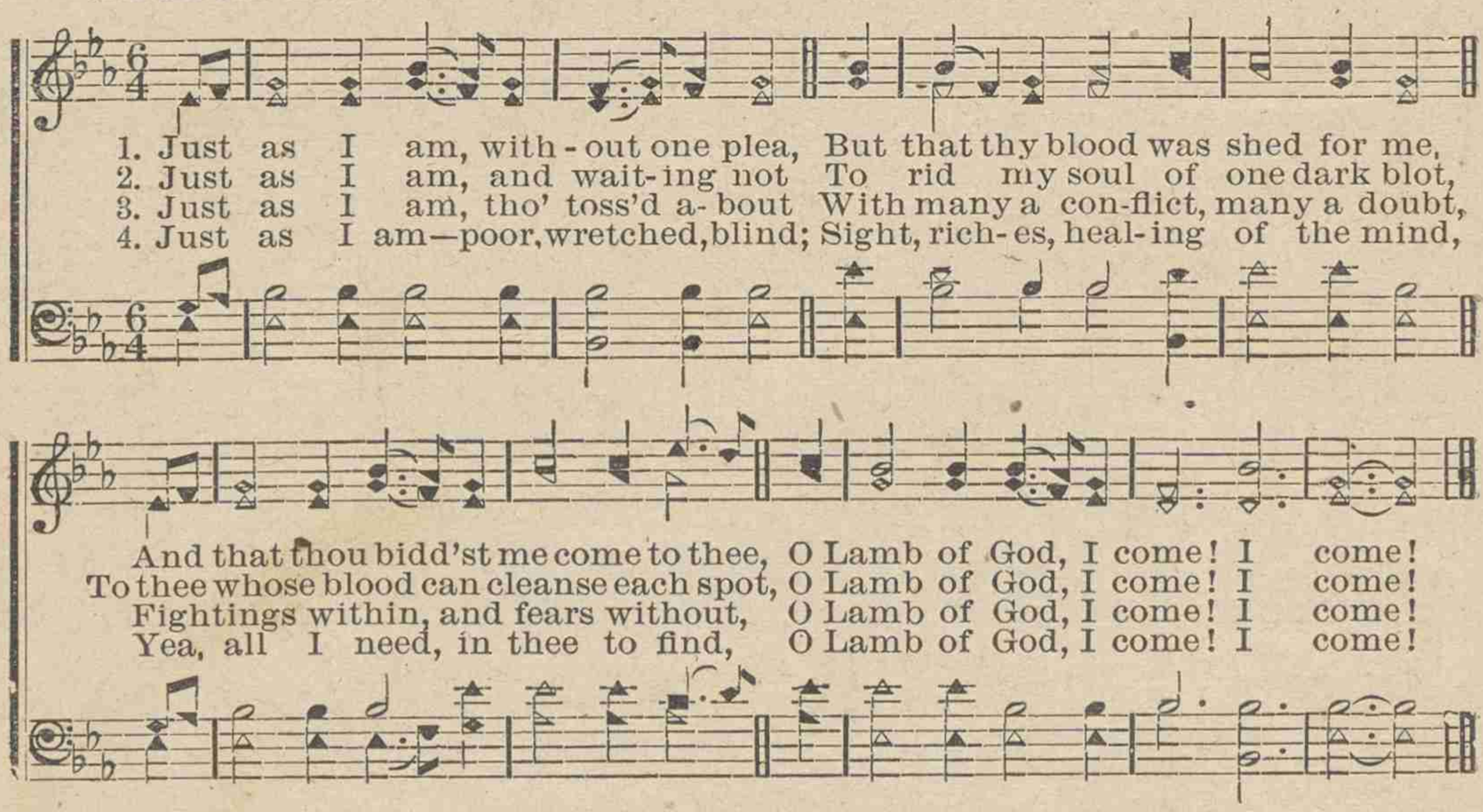
No. 279. Eventide. 10s.

HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



No. 280. Just as I Am.

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

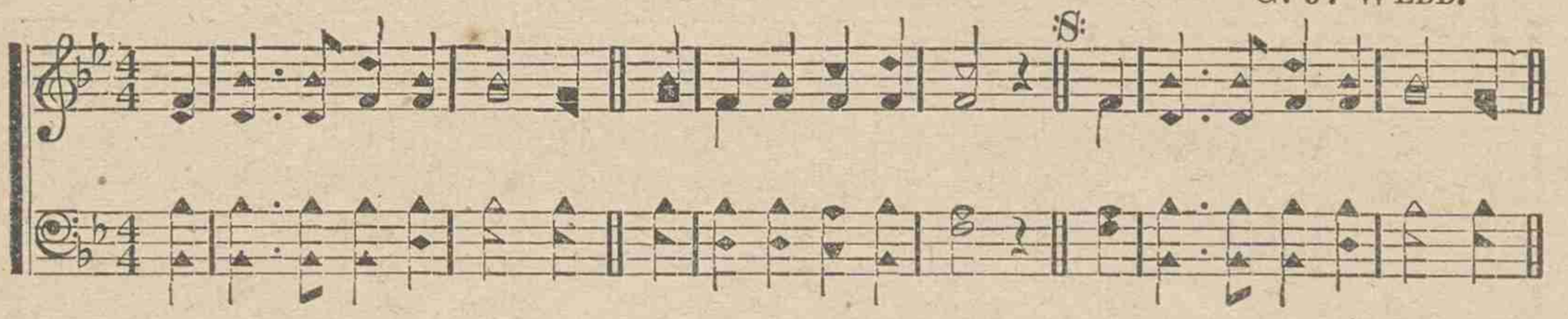


5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Webb. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.



No. 281. Stand Up for Jesus!

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

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

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

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

No. 282. The Morning Light.

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

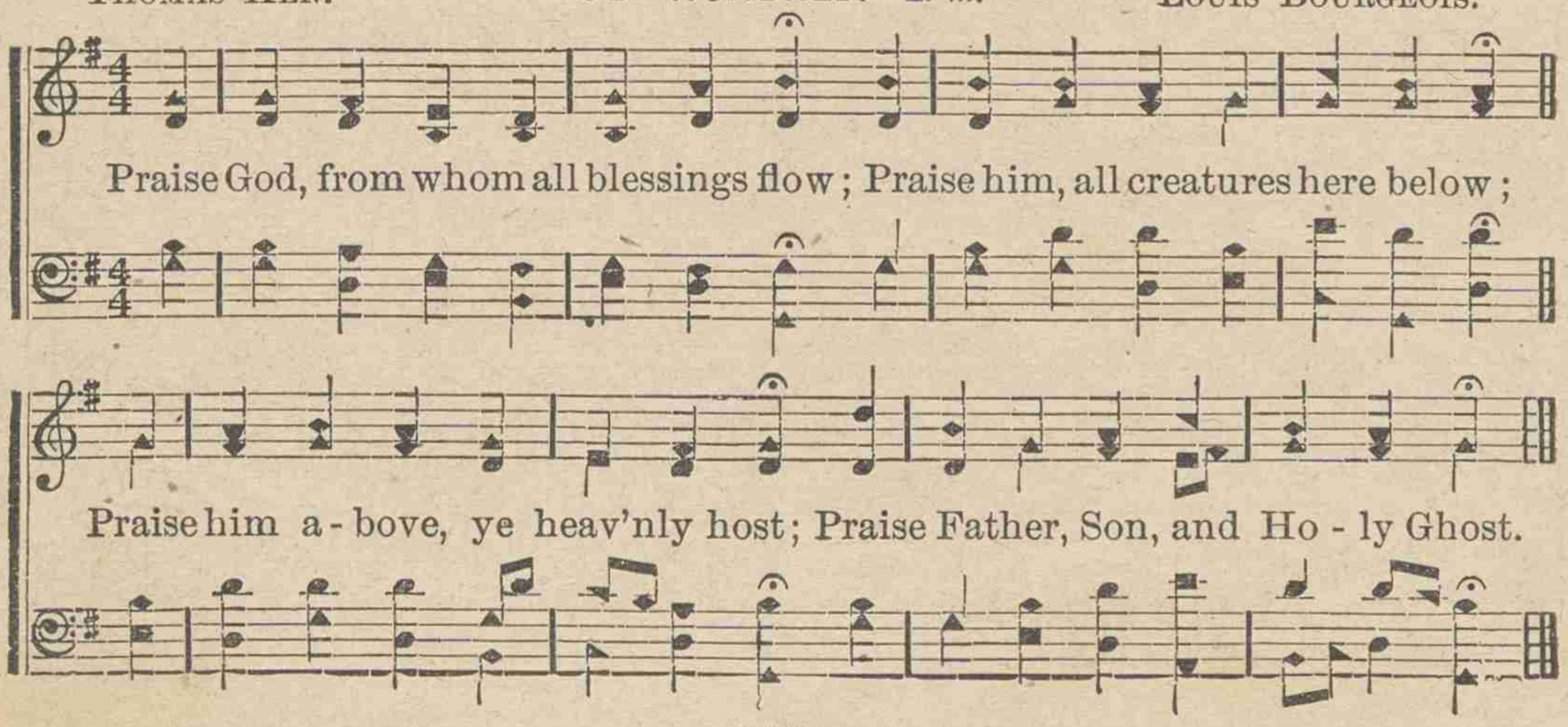
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

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

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

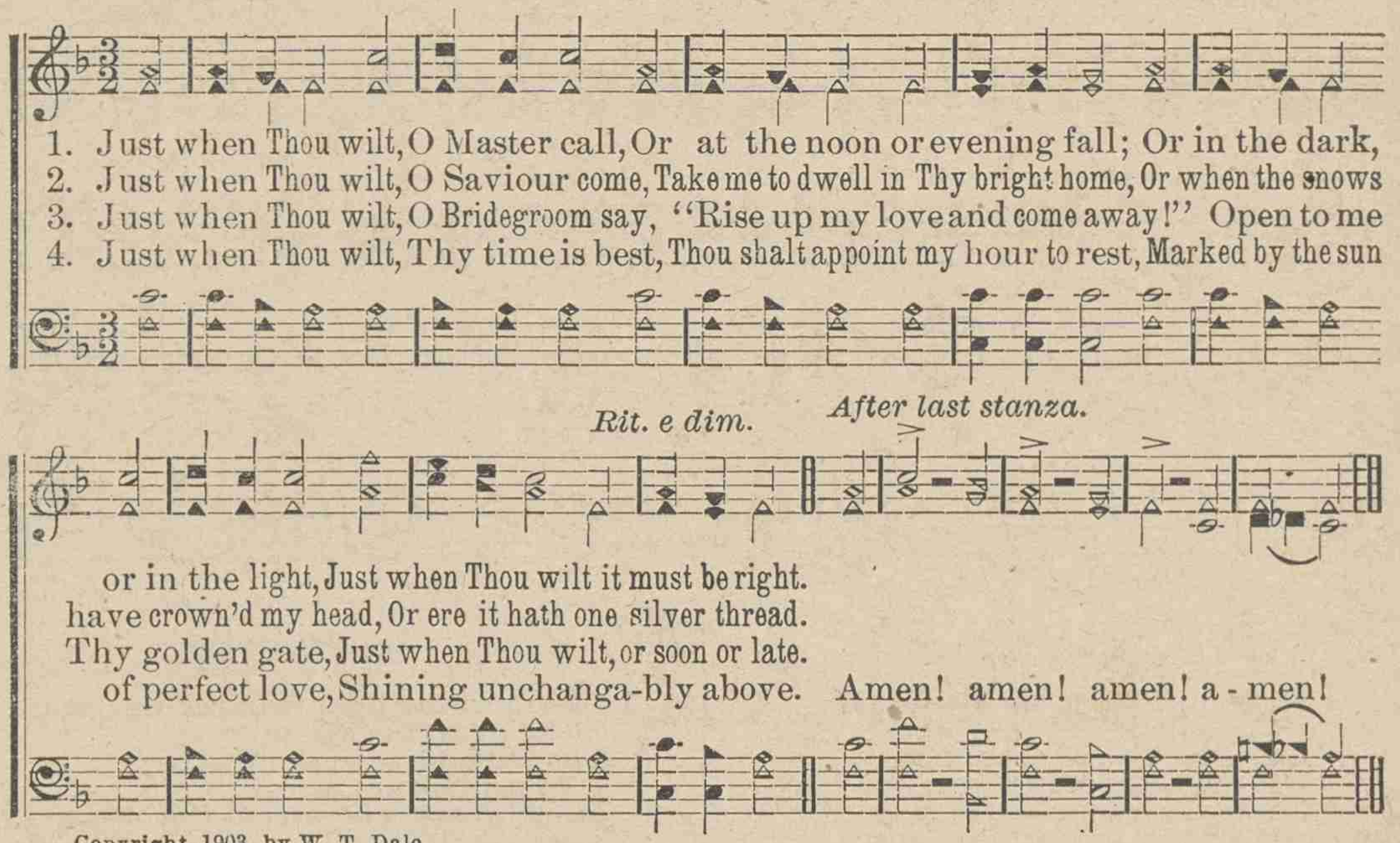
No. 283. Praise God.

THOMAS KEN. OLD HUNDRED. L. M. LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



No. 284. Just When Thou Wilt.

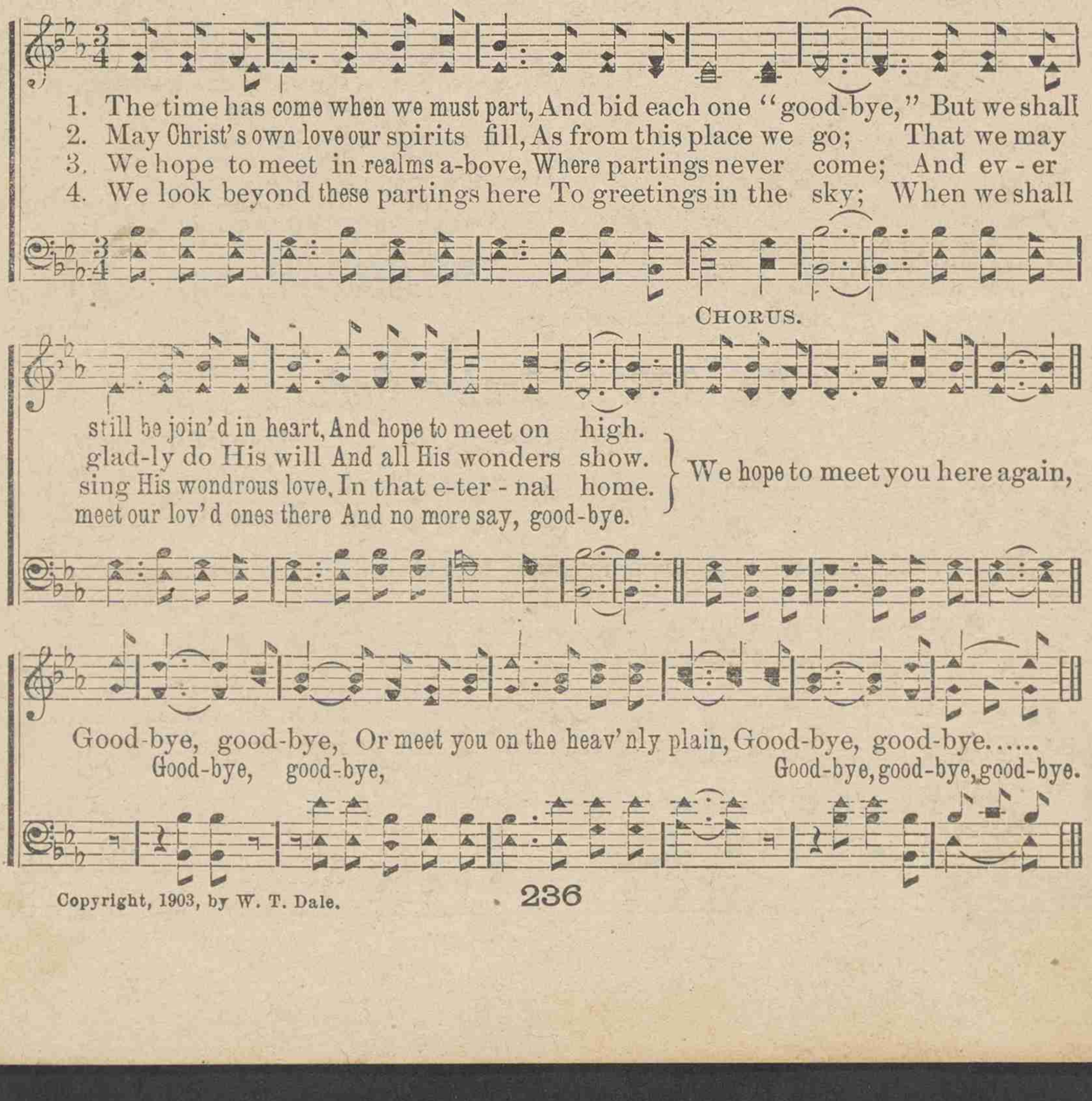
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. W. T. DALE.



Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 285. Good-Bye.

W. T. D. (FOR CLOSE OF SERVICE.) W. T. DALE.



Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

No. 286. No More Good-Byes.

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

E. R. LATTA. Rev. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Where the crystal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom; Where no chill - ing frost can fall On flow'rs that sweet - ly bloom; Where the
2. There the sav'd again shall meet, Who have clasped the parting hand; Fathers, moth - ers, chil - dren dear A- round the throne shall stand. There no
3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev-er sor-row more; Where no sick - ness e'er can come, Where death has lost his power; Where they

glo - ry of the Lord Shines thro' all the cloud-less skies, There, as
tem-pest e'er shall blow, There no dis - mal cloud a - rise, And in
feel no weight of care, And no tears be - dim the eyes, All the

glo - ry of the Lord, In that home be- yond the skies, While the

FINE. CHORUS.

end-less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes. No more good-byes,.....
that e - ter-nal home Shall be no more good-byes.
sav'd shall meet again, And speak no more good-byes.

No more good-byes,

end-less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.

D.S.

No more good-byes,..... O bless-ed thought!..... No more good-byes.
No more good-byes, O blessed thought!

Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros. Used by per.

GENERAL INDEX.

TITLES IN SMALL CAPITALS; *Titles and First Lines combined, in Italics;* First Lines in common type.

No.

A

A BLESSING IN PRA..138
A CHRISTMAS CAROL118
A HYMN OF PRAISE....127
A PILGRIM STRANG.. 76
A SHELTER IN TIME 54
ALL SUFFICIENT LOV 56
ALL TO CHRIST I OWE 49
AMERICA, 6s and 4s....275
AM I A SOLDIER.....172
And Can It Be.....146
ANOTHER PENTECOST192
ANTIOCH, C. M.....262
ARE YOU COUNTING.. 34
ARIEL, C. P. M..... 120
ARLINGTON, C. M.....250
AROUND THE THRONE189
Asleep In Jesus.....219
AWAY OVER IN THE....151
AZMON, C. M.....253
Abide with us.....279
A Charge to Keep..257
Alas and did my.... 66
Alas how changed..218
All along the way- 97
All hail the power.243
All praise to Him....115
Always be a sun-.... 86
Amazing grace..64-147
Am I a Soldier of....252
And can I yet delay258
Angelvoices sweet-223
A parting hymn....176
A rest for the weary226
As I walked thro'....235
A sinner was wan- 47
As you strive for.... 34
Awake my soul in..116
A young disciple, ..190

B

BALERMA, C. M.....218
BE A SUNSHINE CH - 86
BEYOND THE MYSTIC. 231
BLESSED ASSURANCE171
BLESSED BE THE NAM115
BEYOND THE SMILING222
BLOOD OF THE LAMB 45
BOYLSTON, S. M..179-258
BRING BACK MY BOY 37
BUILDING UP THE.....158
BURN AWAY THE.....114
BY THE RIVER OF.....152
Blest be the tie that256
Brethren, we have..155

C

CALLING US AWAY.....232
CALVARY, (*Dale*)..... 1
CALVARY, No 2 (*Pickett*) 4
CALVARY'S STREAM.. 19
CALVARY, DEAR CAL- 18
CHRISTIANS UP! OUR207
CHRIST FOR THE.....200
CHURCH OF GOD.....204
CLING CLOSE TO THE 51
CLOSER TO THEE..... 136
COME HOLY SPIRIT....106
COME TO JESUS JUST. 24
COME YE DISCONSO- 11
COMING, YES, WE'RE187
CORONATION, C. M.....243
CRIMSON CALVARY.... 44
Chime on sweet.....118
Come in, thou bles-174
Come Thou Almig-276
Come Thou Fount.246
Come ye sinners23-248
Come we that love. 83
Companion draw.... 38

D

DEATH IS ONLY A 220
DENNIS, S. M.....203-255
DOXOLOGY. L. M 283
DRAW ME NEAR.....137
DYING AWAY FROM.... 38
Dear Lord when I.. 56

E

ENOUGH FOR ME..... 60
ENTER BY THE BLOOD 55
EVEN ME 128
EVENTIDE.....279
Elijah once stood...110
Enthroned on high107
Eternal source of....181

F

FAREWELL OLD BELL236
"FOLLOW ME," 22
FOR CHRIST AND THE191
FOR YOU AND FOR..... 29
Farewell vain worl163
Father of mercies..263
Father, whate'er of156
For many years the241
Forever here my....253
From Greenland's.202
From that dear cro. 19

G

GOD SPEED THEM ON 93
GO FORWARD..... 95
GOOD BYE..... 285
GREENVILLE, 8s & 7s..248
Give me the wings232
Glory to God ou.....119
Go forth in the hig 46
"Go preach My.....177
Go thou thy way ...197
Grace, 'tis a charm-266
Guide me, O Thou 249

H

HALLELUJAH FOR..... 3
HALLELUJAH, I'M..... 67
HAPPY DAY (new).....173
HAPPY DAY (old).....277
Hark the Voice of.....205
HARMONY GROVE.....147
HEBRON, L. M 177
HE CAME TO RESCUE 64
HE CAME TO SAVE..... 63
HE HAS COME..... 62
He Leadeth Me.....133
HE LOVES ME..... 65
HOLD JESUS BY THE.. 82
Holy, holy, holy!.....123
HOLY MANNA.....155
Holy Spirit, faithful..109
HOME, SWEET HOME221
How firm a founda-157
Hark, do you hear.. 77
Hark, the voice of.. 22
Have thy affections168
Have you heard..... 61
Here it was the Lord 13
High raise your.....124
Holy Spirit, at this111
How happy are they 67
How happy every..260
How sweet the call 187
How sweet the..... 254

I

I AM BOUND FOR THE162
I AM RESOLVED..... 42

No.

I Could Not Do..... 75
I Gave My Life for 17
I Have Been to the 72
I Have Launched.... 71
"I Hear the Ange..242
I'll go where You.. 80
I'll go with Him all160
I'm Praying for You 32
I'm Satisfied with.. 74
I'm Watching and..101
I Must Tell Jesus..131
In the Land of Beu-165
"I Pray Thee—..... 33
I Surrender all to 41
Is My Name Writ-169
Is Thy Heart Right168
Italian Hymn.....276
I Want to be a.....194
I was Glad.....123
I've been Washed.... 73
I am dwelling on....164
I am just from Je- 73
I am sinful and to 45
I am the rose of.... 15
I have a Saviour.....32
I have found a fri..140
I have heard my....160
I have heard the.... 71
I hear the Saviour 49
I'll anchor safe at..242
I love Thy king-....264
I'm told that Jesus186
I'm traveling to.....101
In that land beyond229
In the cross of Chr-245
I once was a stran- 68
I sang one day a....139
It is old and stained234
It may not be on the 80
It was good for our153
It was only a song.. 6
I've found the pearl 74
I've heard them.....228
I would not live al-221

J

Jerusalem 224
Jesus, I my cross have 79
Jesus is Calling for 25
Jesus is Calling to-..26
Jesus is Coming Ag.211
Jesus is Waiting..... 39
Jesus Lover of My.....142
Jesus of Nazareth. 68
Jesus on the Cross. 13
Jesus Shall Reign.198
Just as I am.....280
Just when Thou.....284
Jerusalem, my hap-224
Jesus my all to.....141

No.

Jesus my Saviour.. 16
Jesus, Saviour, pi-145
Jesus, the very tho.273
Jesus with truth....178
Joy to the world....262

K

Kentucky, S. M 176

L

Laban, S. M.....267
Lead Kindly Light 53
Lead me on. 99
Lead me Saviour. ... 98
Leaning on the Ev. 48
Let the King of..... 31
Let the Sunshine.... 84
Lord, I Want More154
Loving Kindness.....116
Let songs of praise127
Let us scatter seeds195
Let Zion's watch-180
Like a wandering 41
Lord, bless me and193
Lord, I care not for169
Lord, I hear of sh..128

M

Make me a Blessing193
Manoah, C. M.....269
Martyn, 7s D..... 143
McPherson, L. M.....178
Missionary Hymn....202
Mizpah.. 197
Mother, Home and.239
Must Jesus Bear the.. 78
My Jesus, I Love.....212
My Mother's Bible.234
My Purposes..... 81
My Sins are all.....61
Mine eyes have.....192
Mourn for the thou'259
My Country, 'tis of.275
My faith looks up..274
My Father is rich..170
My latest sun is sin'167
My soul, be on thy.268

N

Naomi, C. M.....156
Nearer, My God to..135
Nearer the Cross.. 50
Nettleton, 8s & 7s....246
No More Goodbyes..286
None of Self and.. 69
Now would I yield.. 57

O

O Beulah Land.... 166
O Come et Us Sing 122
O Come Ye Angel....167
O Wondrous Cross.. 10
Oh, How I Love Jes'. 66
Oh, Save Me at the 43
Oh, Suffer the.....184
Oh, to be more like.134
Oh, When Shall I..210
Oh, Who Shall Be..216
Oh, Why Not To-ni 30
Old Time Religion..153
Old Hundred, L.M.283
Olivet, 6s & 4s 274
On Calvary there 5
On the Cross of Cal 2
Only a Little Whi..225
O could I speak th..120
O love surpassing.. 60
O mourner in Zion..113
Oh do not let the wo 30
Oh fathers will you161
Oh, for a heart to..250
Oh, for a faith that251
Oh for a thousand..244
Oh Lamb of God I.. 43
Oh, the bitter sha'.. 69
Oh the gospel story 14
Oh the Judgment..214
Oh think of the ho' 233
Oh Thou the Great114
Oh what a dear Sa..206
On Jordan's Storm162
On the mountain's208
One night at sea.... 35
Our blest Redeemer105
Out in the cold wo- 37

P

Peacefully Sleep..217
Pentecostal Pow'r 104
Pilot Me 145
Praise Him with joy117
Pray'r for the Hol 111
Peacefully lay her..217
Plunged in a gulf.. 65

S

Scatter Bright Sm- 89
Scattering Preci-..196
See the Waving Ba- 97
Seek the Lord..... 36
Seeking for Me..... 16
Send the Gospel....199
Showers of Bless-129
Soldiers of the Lo- 94
Speak to Me Jesus.. 58
Standing by the Cr- 7

No.

STEP OUT ON THE PR-113
STORY OF THE CROSS 14
ST. AGNES, C. M.....272
ST. THOMAS, S. M.....264
Sweet hour of prayer..132
Sadly we sing and..220
Saviour lead me..... 98
See the Saviour as 2
Shall I be condemn- 44
Shall I be content.. 90
Simply trusting..... 59
Softly and tenderly 29
Softly the Saviour.. 36
Some have fathers..151
Spirit divine attend183
Spirit of faith come267
Spread the news of211
Stand up for Jesus..281
Sweet the moments 7

T

TAKE ME TO THE LIV- 52
TAKE UP THE CROSS 77
TELL IT AGAIN.....206
THE BANQUET OF LO- 46
THE BROKEN PINION235
THE CHILD OF A KI-170
THE COMFORTER.....105
THE CROSS OF CHRI- 9
THE FOUNTAIN FILL- 48
THE GREAT PHYSIC-108
THE HALLOWED CR- 8
THE HALLOWED SPOT 21
THE HOME OVER TH'233
THE JUDGMENT DAY214
THE KING OF GLORY124
THE LAND OF BEU-..164
THE LILY OF THE VA-140
THE MORE I PRAY....141
THE NEW SONG.....100
THE NINETY AND NI- 70
THE OLD SHIP 35
THE OLD SHIP OF ZION150
THE OLD FASHIONED240
THE OLD TIME POW-130
THE OPEN GATE.....228
THE PASSING OF THE241
THE ROSE OF SHAR- 15
THE ROSE OF SHAR- 20
THE SINNER AND THE 47
THE SONG OF THE CR- 6
THE STAR OF BETH-..126

No.

THE WANDERER'S 238
THE WAY TO HEAV-..102
THE WAY OUR FATH-159
THE WHITE-ROBED....188
THERE IS POWER IN..149
THERE'S A GREAT.....215
THERE REMAINETH A226
THEY SHALL WALK..229
THIS IS THE SWEET-..185
THIS WIDE WORLD....201
THOSE EVENING.....237
THY WILL BE DONE.. 57
THREE WARNINGS.... 28
THROUGH THE BLOOD 12
'TIS HEAVEN AT LAST223
TOILING ON.....195
TOPLADY, 7s, 6 lines..144
TRIUMPH BY AND BY 92
TRUSTING JESUS, TH- 59
TURN TO THE LORD.. 23
The cross it stand- 3
The cross, the cross 8
The Disciples they112
The feast is now.... 33
The holiest place.... 55
The Lord's our..... 54
The prize is set..... 92
The sands have.....103
There is a dear and 1
There is a spot to.. 21
There is a hill..... 4
There is a rose that 20
There's a home far 91
There shall be show129
There is a fountain148
There is a country..165
There's a great jud-216
There is a home of.. 231
There's an old fash240
There is an eye.....272
There is no sorrow,270
They go to preach.. 93
Thou art the Way—271
To the fount of cle- 31
To Thee this tem-..183
Traveling to that.... 99
'Twas on that dark175

U

UNITY, 6s & 5s.....121
Upon the cross my 10

No.

V

VARINA, C. M.....260

W

WALKING IN THE SUN 85
WALKING IN THE SUN 88
WARWICK, C. M.....180
WATCHMAN TELL ME209
WEBB, 7s & 6s.. 281
WELCOME TO A NEW..174
WE SHALL KNOW EA230
WE'RE CHRISTIAN SO 96
WE'RE MARCHING TO 83
WHEN I GET TO THE103
WHEN THAT AWFUL213
WHEN THE FIRE CA'110
WHEN THE LAST RO'163
WHEN THE POWER....112
WHILE JESUS WHIS- 40
WILL JESUS SAVE ME186
WILL THERE BE ANY 91
WILL YOU BE THERE227
WOODWORTH, L. M....280
WORK FOR THE NI'T 87
WORKING FOR A CRO- 90
WORTHY THE LAMB..119
We are building up158
We are soldiers true 94
We give Thee but..203
We shall reach our 12
We'll battle for..... 95
We'll gather by the152
What a fellowship 48
What a friend we..247
What ship is this..150
When as of old in.. 25
When danger and.. 82
When I survey the 18
When Jesus laid Hi 63
When marshalled 126
When our journey..230
Where the crystal 286
While with one ac-104
Will you go and.. 27
Will you meet me 161
With joy we hail..269

Y

Y. P. S. C. E. SONG....190

Z

ZERAH, C. M.....181

From REV. A. G. BEECHAM,

Of the Theological Seminary, Lebanon, Tenn., who has been abroad and spent several months in Rome and visited other places and cities of note in Europe.

IT has been my pleasure for a long time to be a distant admirer of Rev. W. T. Dale. D.D., and his songs, but it has been my pleasure at last to come face to face with the sweet-spirited man and to spend a night with him and his most excellent family in their new home in Franklin, Tenn. I have found him to be one of the most interesting men, as well as the most loyal in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The entire evening was busily spent in showing me the beauty, the strength, the melody, the plan, the theology, and the general utility of his new song book, "HYMNS OF CALVARY." It was with untiring energy that many of the songs were played and sung from the various departments of the book, until I cried, "It is enough." It is with a full knowledge of the book and the crying need for just such a book that I cheerfully add my testimony to that of others who have unhesitatingly spoken in praise of "HYMNS OF CALVARY." It is truly his greatest work in song, and I would respectfully urge that it be adopted and used throughout the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

A. G. BEECHAM.

Lebanon, Tenn., Jan. 14, 1904.

The following Testimonial is from Three of Franklin's Ablest Ministers.

HAVING examined the proof sheets of "HYMNS OF CALVARY," by Rev. W. T. Dale, D.D., we, the undersigned, take pleasure in commending the book as being eminently worthy of a place in Private, Social and Public Worship, as also in all special services of the church including the Sabbath School, Prayer-meeting and Revivals.

The book is carefully compiled by one who is thoroughly familiar with a pastor's needs.

P. A. SOWELL, *Presiding Elder, M. E. Ch., South, Franklin Dist., Tennessee Conf.*

J. W. HANNER, D.D., *Pastor M. E. Ch., South, Franklin, Tenn.*

W. J. MCMILLAN, *Pastor Presbyterian Church, Franklin, Tenn.*

Jan. 27, 1904.

From the REV. PROF. EDWIN W. DORAN, Ph.D.

A College Instructor and Post Graduate of the State University of Illinois.

IT has given me much pleasure to examine the proof-sheets of "HYMNS OF CALVARY." just as the work goes to press, and to sing over with Dr. W. T. Dale, the Author, a large number of inspiring songs contained in this most excellent book. Taking into consideration the admirable arrangement of the collection of hymns and songs, the character of the music, both new and old, and the spirit of devotion which pervades the entire book, I know of nothing published which more fully meets the requirements for a book to be used in Sunday Schools, Young People's Societies, Gospel Services, or general work of the Church. It deserves to be widely used, and it will no doubt accomplish great good in helping to spread the "good tidings."

Champaign, Ill., Feb. 8, 1904. EDWIN W. DORAN.