GOSPEL HYMNS

Consolidated,

Embracing Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4,

WITHOUT DUPLICATES.

PUBLISHED BY

The John Church Co.
74 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati,
19 East 16th Street, New York.

Biglow & Main,
76 East Ninth Street, New York,
81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

May be ordered of Booksellers and Music Dealers.

For List of Editions and Prices, see Page 406.

FENNER

GOSPEL HYMNS

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No. 1, 2, 3 AND 4.

WITHOUT MUSIC.

WITH

GOSPEL MEETINGS

AND

Other Religious Services.

PUBLISHED BY

Biglow & Main, 76 East Ninth St., New York.

Chicago: 215 Wabash Ave. Cincinnati: 176 Race St.

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PREFACE.

THIS collection embraces in one volume all the hymns and tunes, as used by D. L. MOODY, and others, found in "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs," (vol. 1,) "Gospel Hymns No. 2," compiled by P. P. BLISS and IRA D. SANKEY, "Gospel Hymns No. 3," and "Gospel Hymns No. 4," by IRA D. SANKEY, JAMES MCGRANAHAN and GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

The hymns from No. 2, No. 3 and No. 4, have been *renumbered* in consecutive order; all duplicates omitted.

We are sure that "**Gospel Hymns Consolidated,**" will prove acceptable and helpful to all who desire a large collection of favorite Gospel Songs.

THE PUBLISHERS.

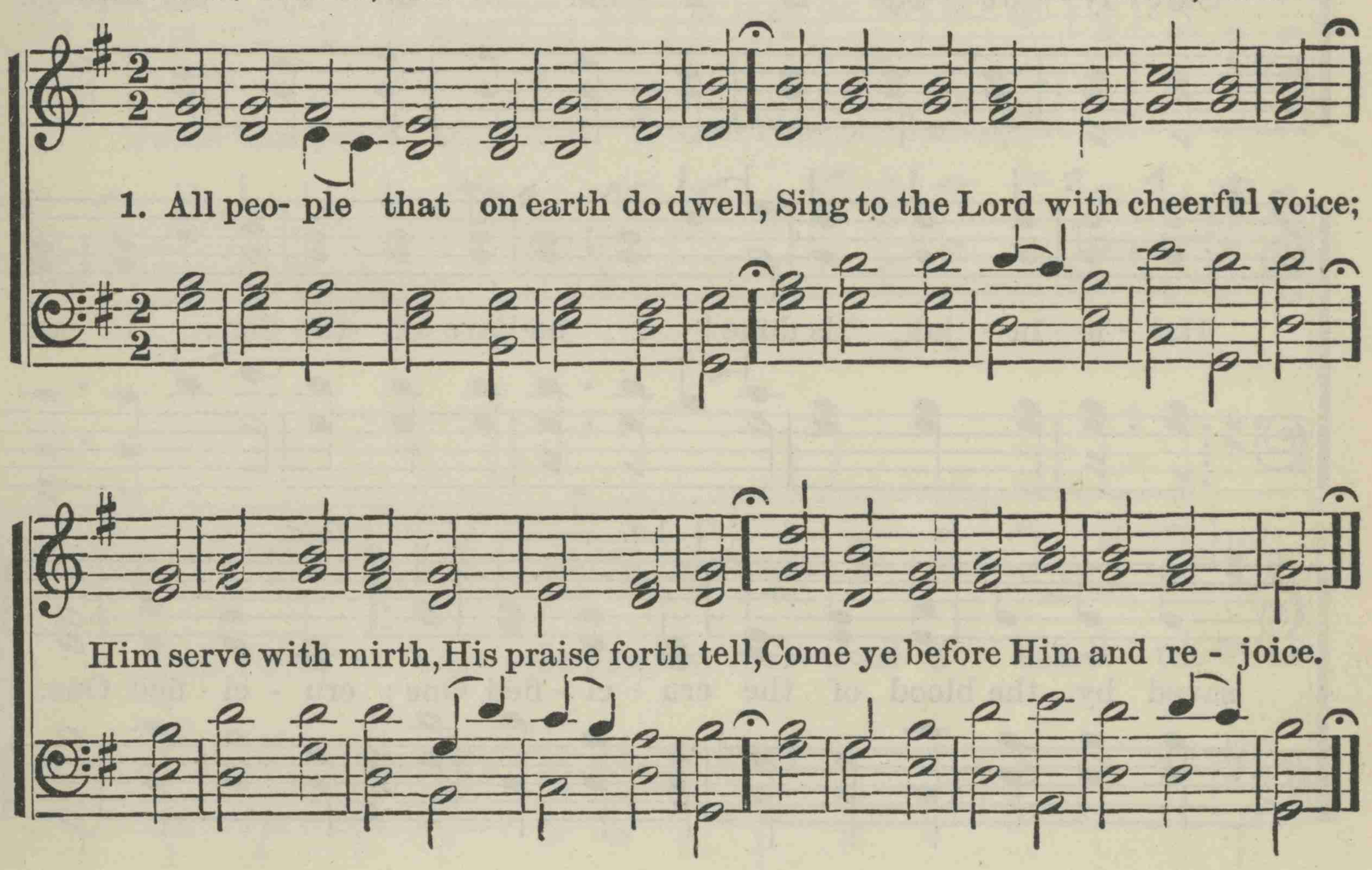
GOSPEL HYMNS

CONSOLIDATED.

No. 1. Old Hundred. L. M.

"Come before His presence with singing.—PSA. 100: 2.

REV. WM. KETHE, 1561. G. FRANC, 1545.



2

Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood.
And shall from age to age endure.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

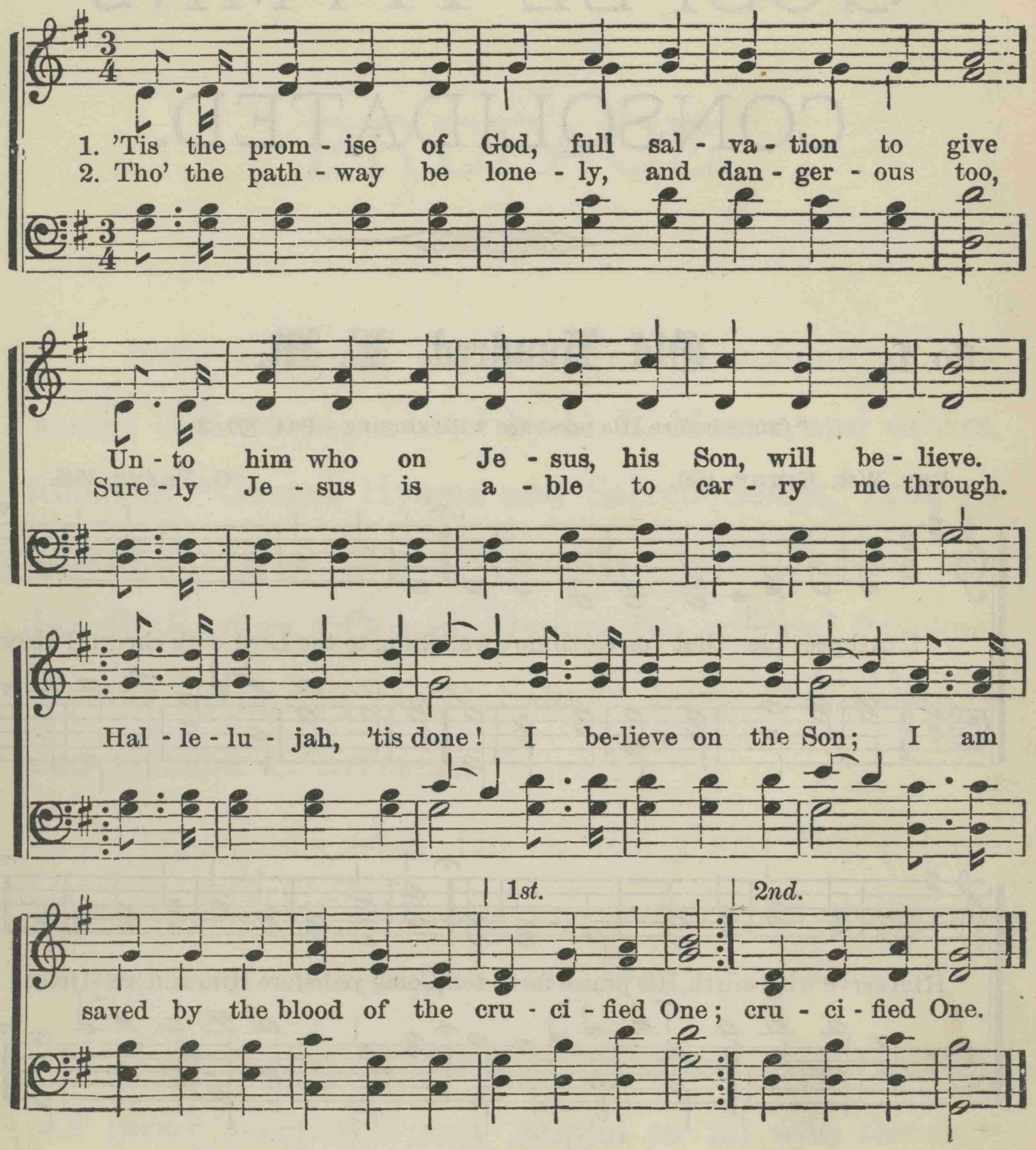
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bp. THOS. [illegible] 1697.

No. 2. Hallelujah, 'tis Done!

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN 3: 10.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

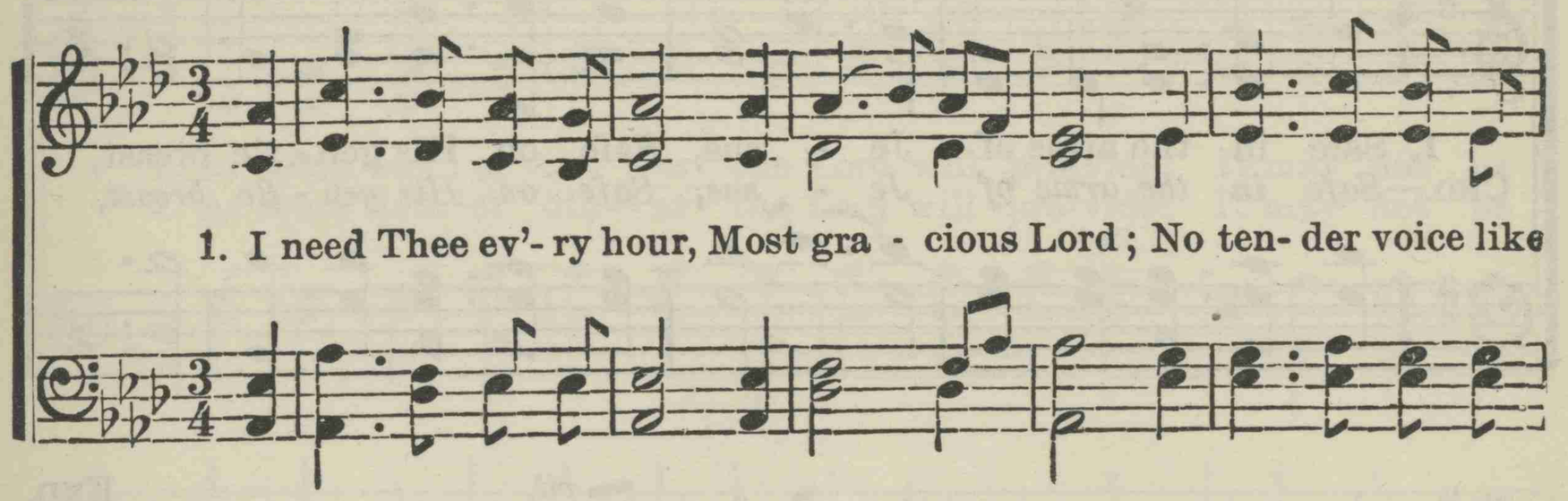
5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

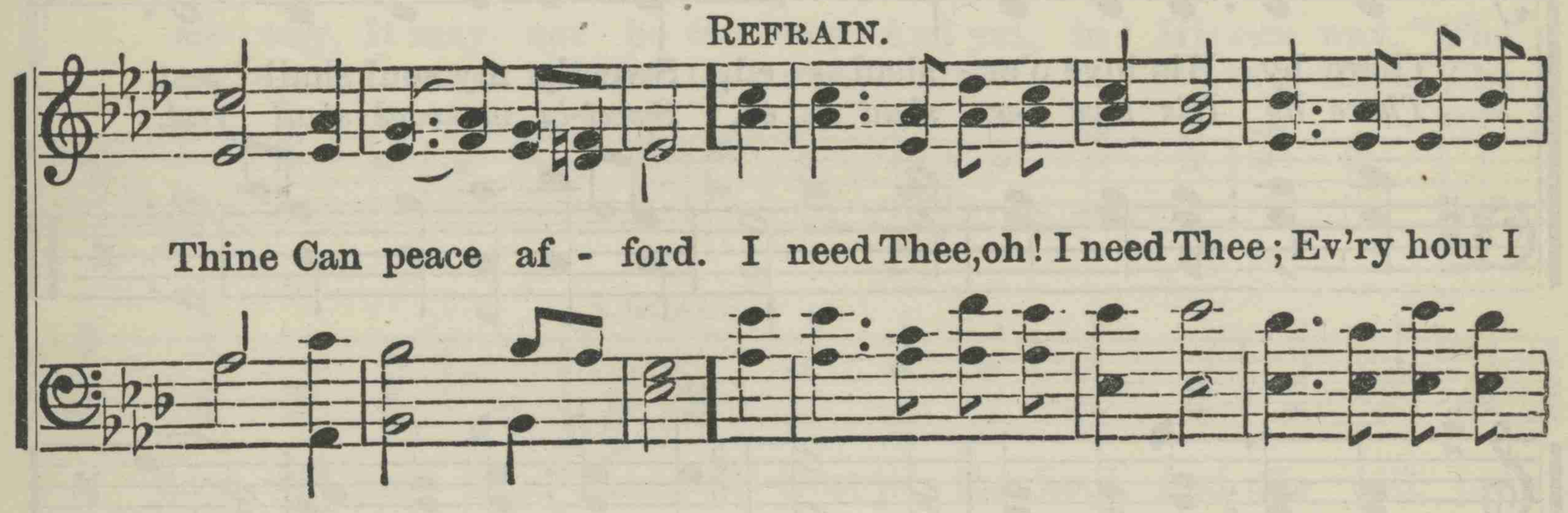
6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

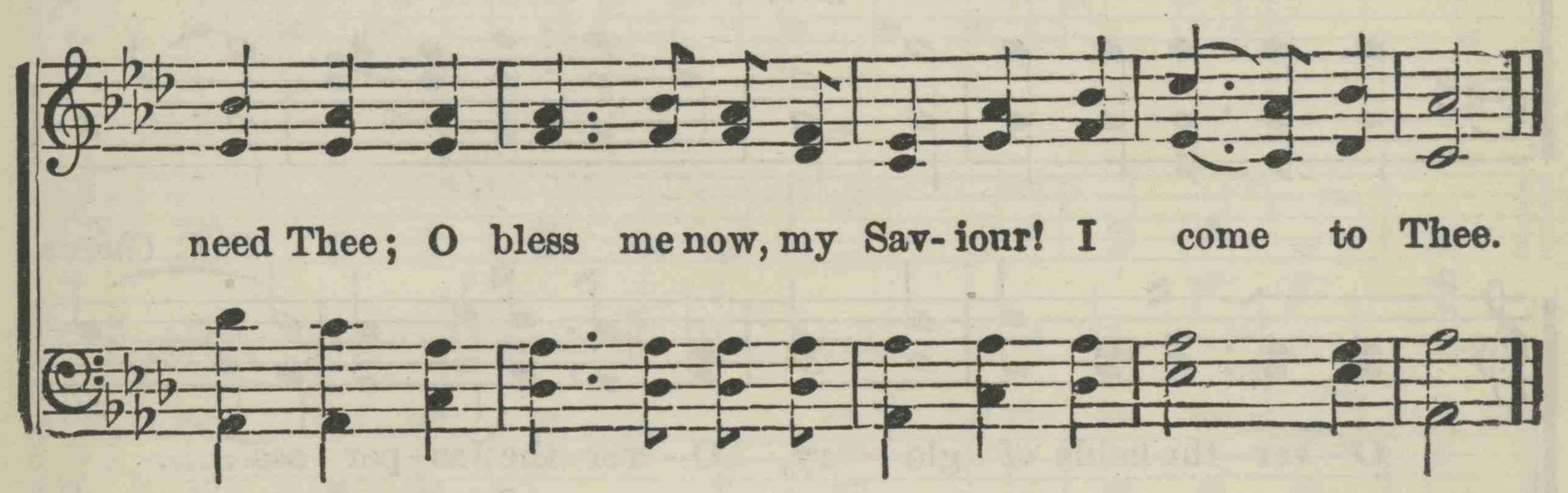
No. 3. I Need Thee Every Hour.

"Without Me ye can do nothing."—JOHN 15: 5.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.







2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.—*Ref.*

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.—*Ref.*

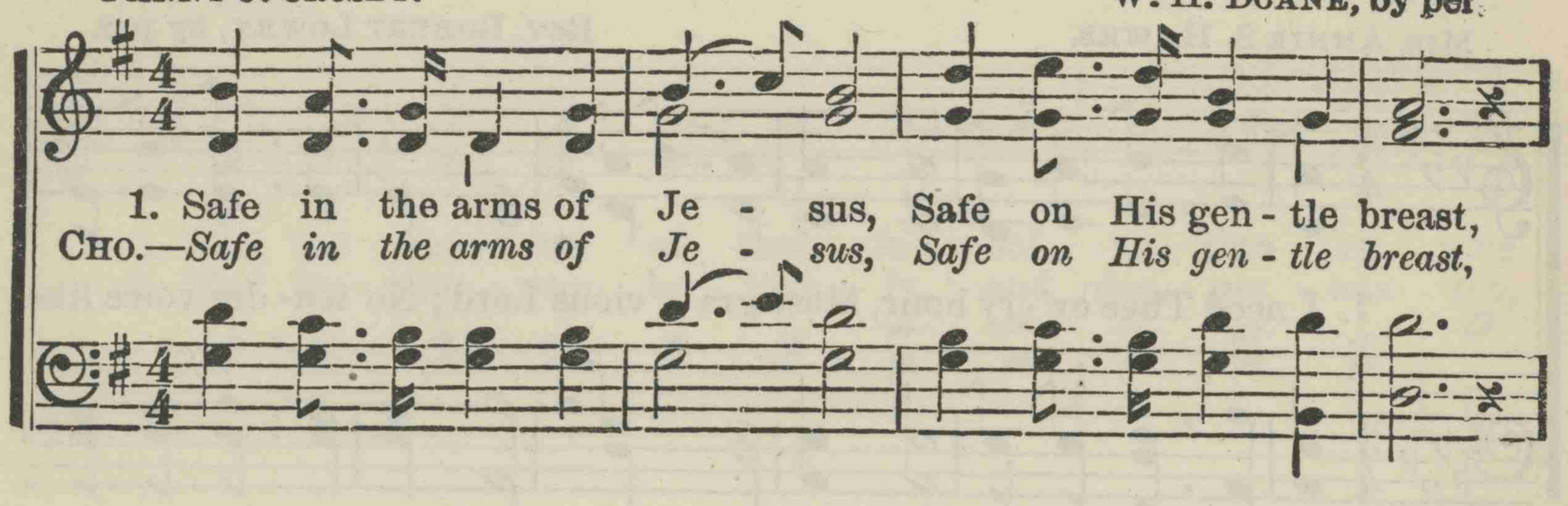
4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.—*Ref.*

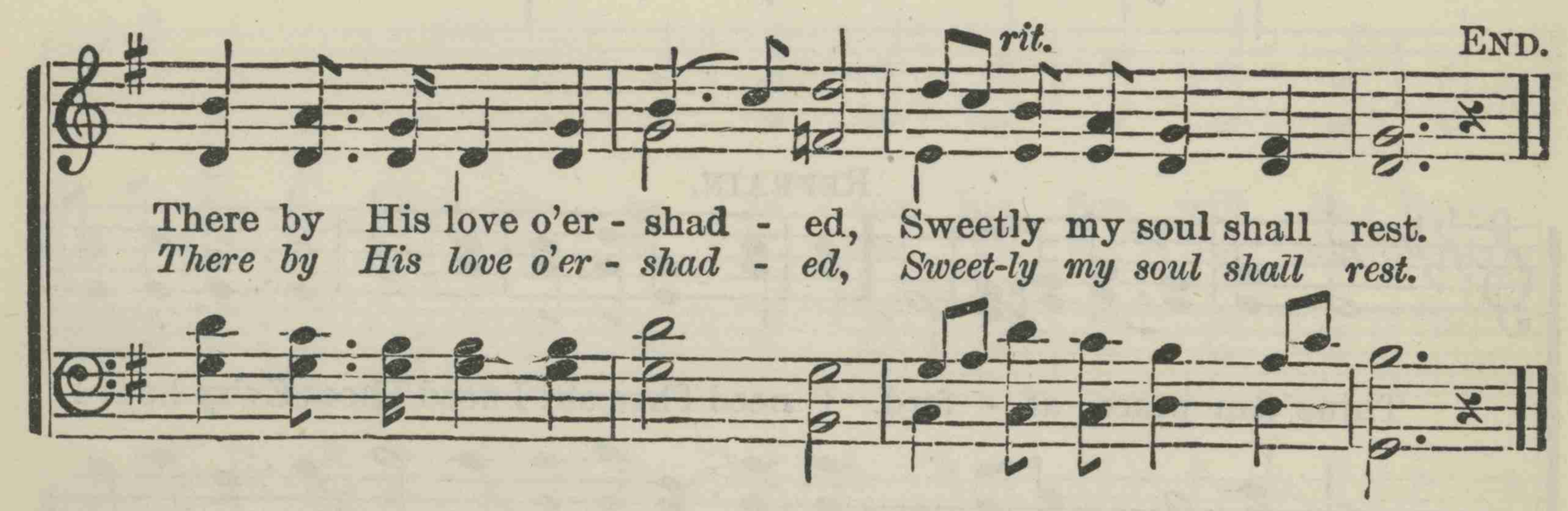
5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.—*Ref.*

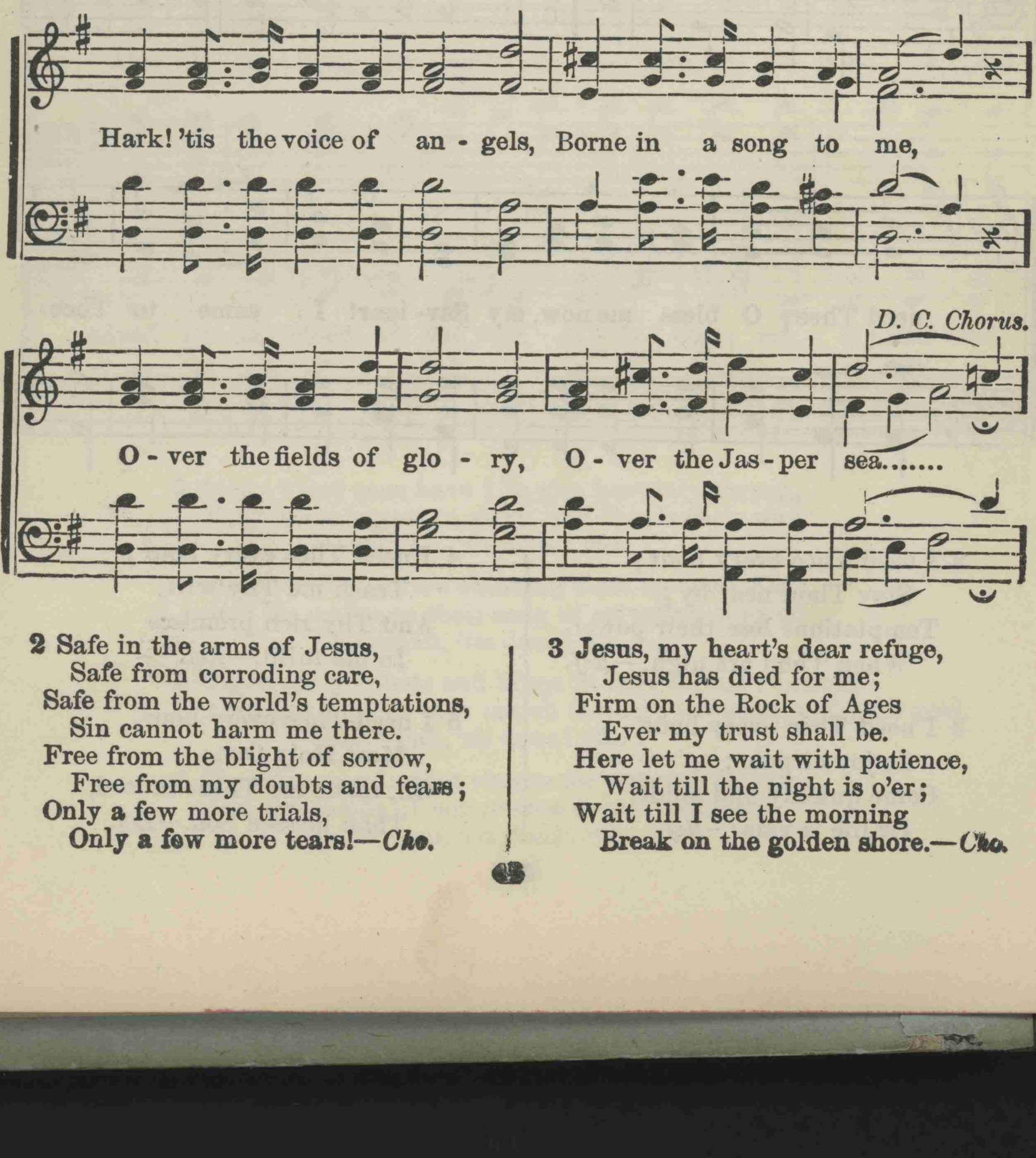
No. 4. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

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

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







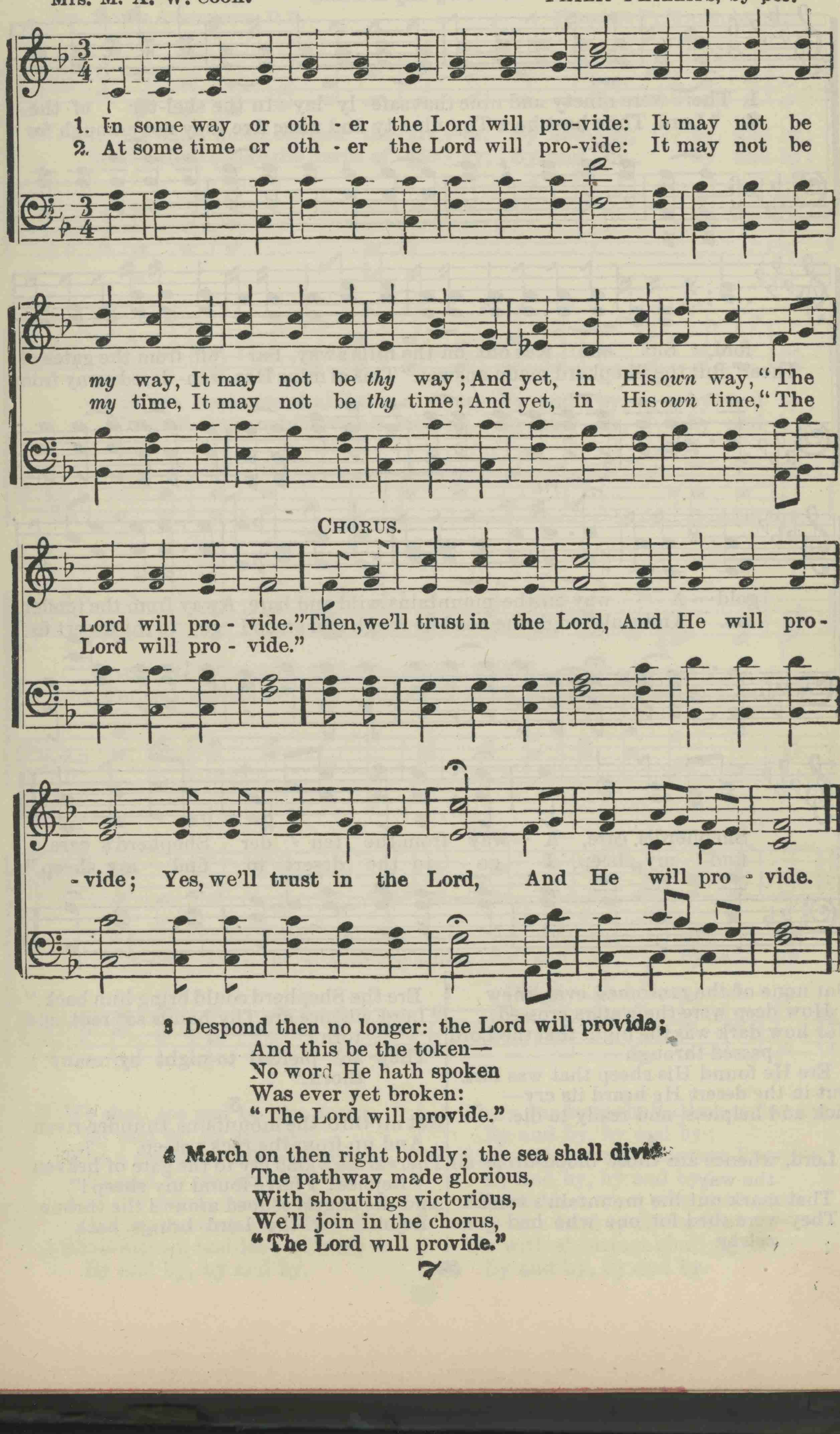
2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!—*Cho.*

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.—*Cho.*

No. 5 The Lord will Provide.

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

Mrs. M. A. W. COOK. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



3 Despond then no longer: the Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken:
"The Lord will provide."

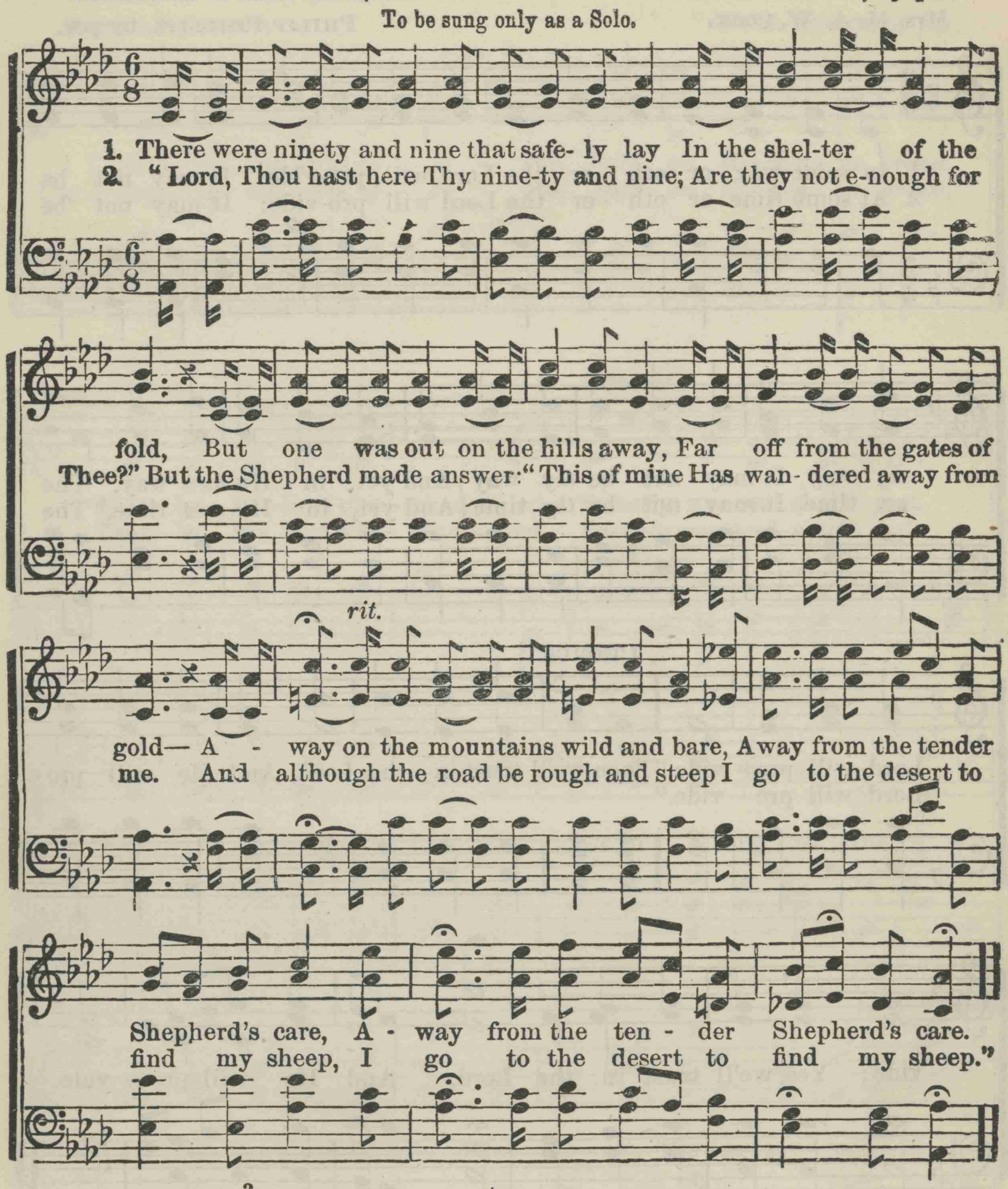
4 March on then right boldly; the sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

No. 6. The Ninety and Nine.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost."—LUKE 15: 6.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, 1868. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

To be sung only as a Solo.



3

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

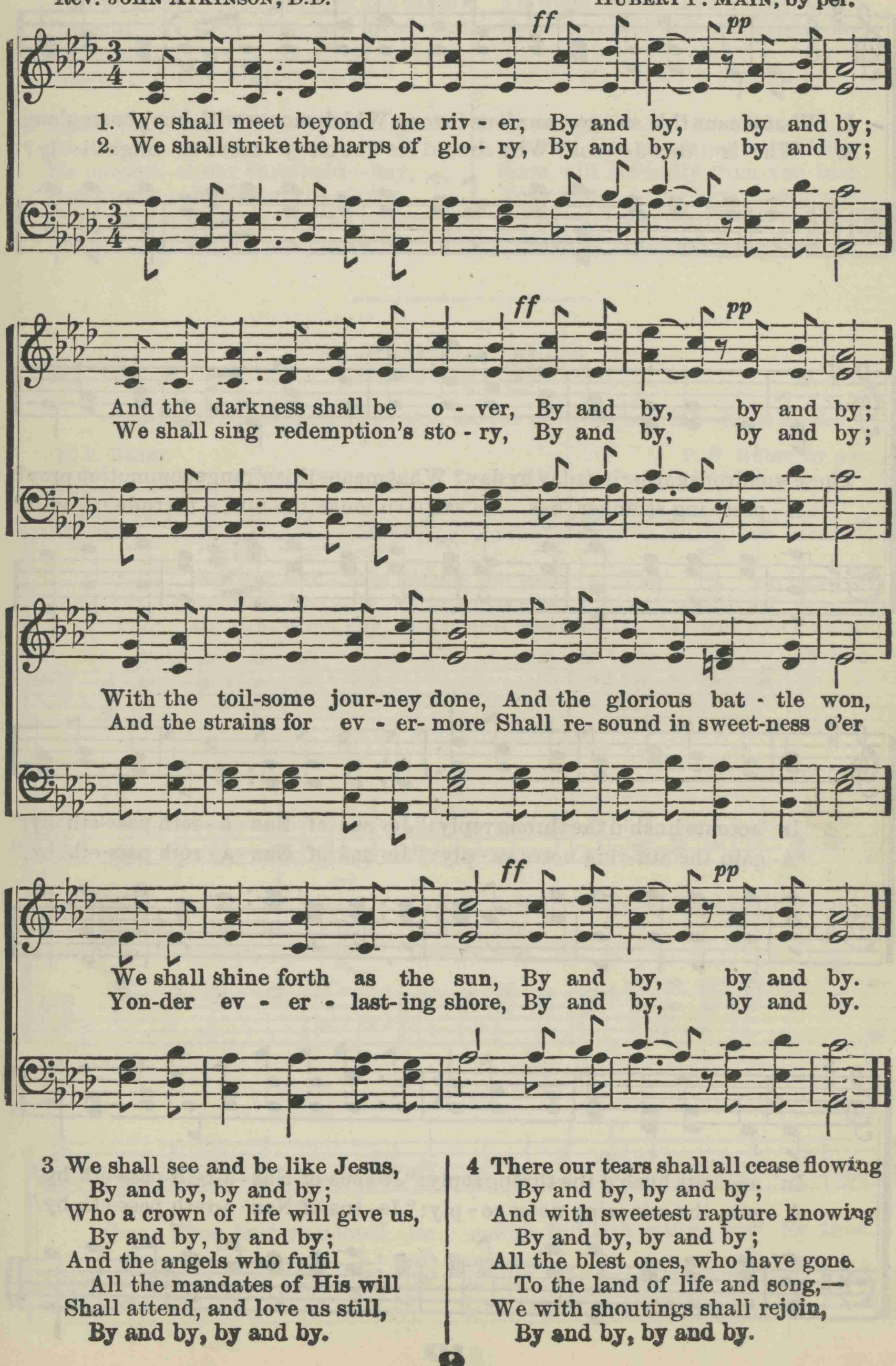
5

But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

No. 7. We Shall Meet By and By.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISAIAH 30: 10.

Rev. JOHN ATKINSON, D.D. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



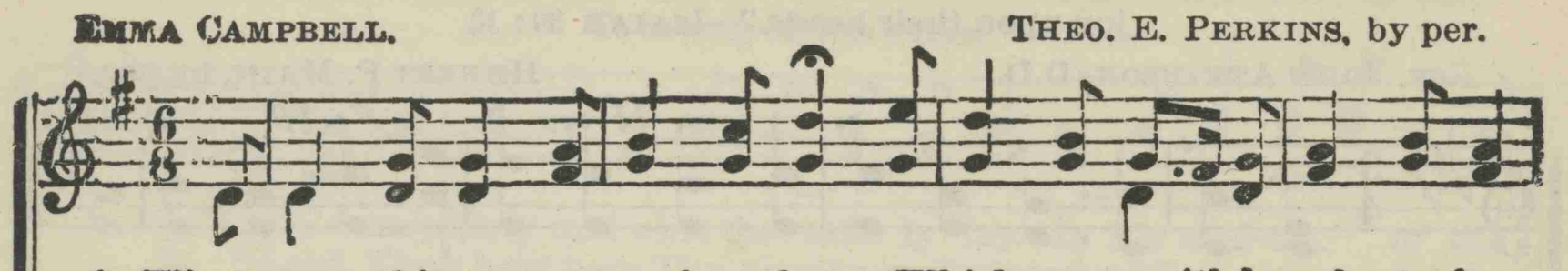
3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us,
By and by, by and by;
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of His will
Shall attend, and love us still,
By and by, by and by.

4 There our tears shall all cease flowing
By and by, by and by;
And with sweetest rapture knowing
By and by, by and by;
All the blest ones, who have gone
To the land of life and song,—
We with shoutings shall rejoin,
By and by, by and by.

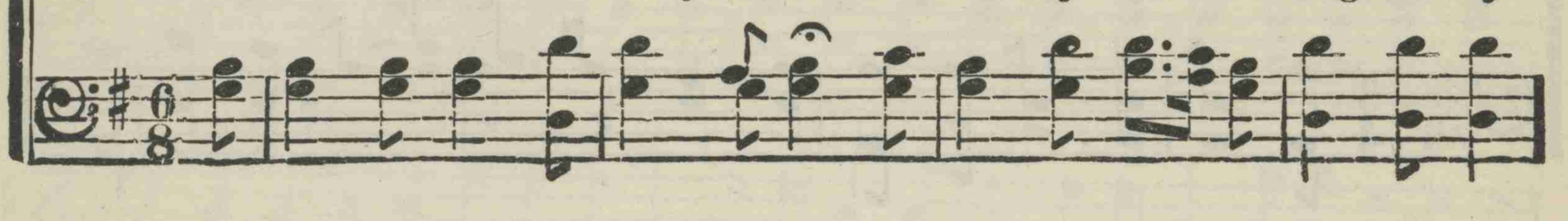
No. 8. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

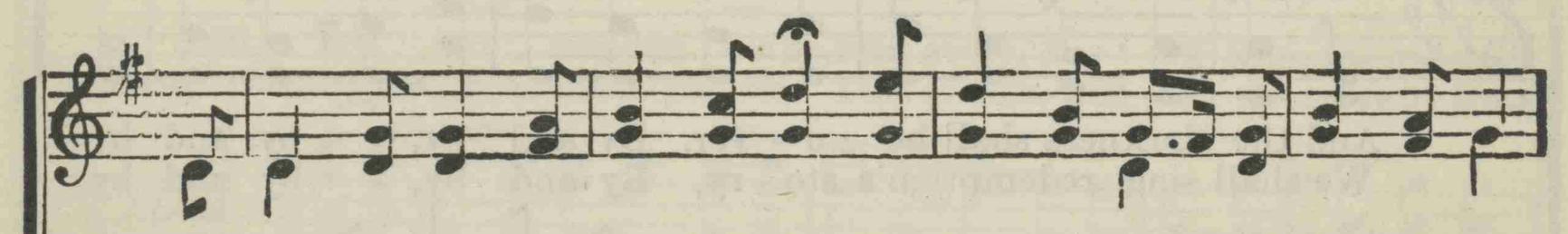
"He heard that is was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK 10: 47.

EMMA CAMPBELL. THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.

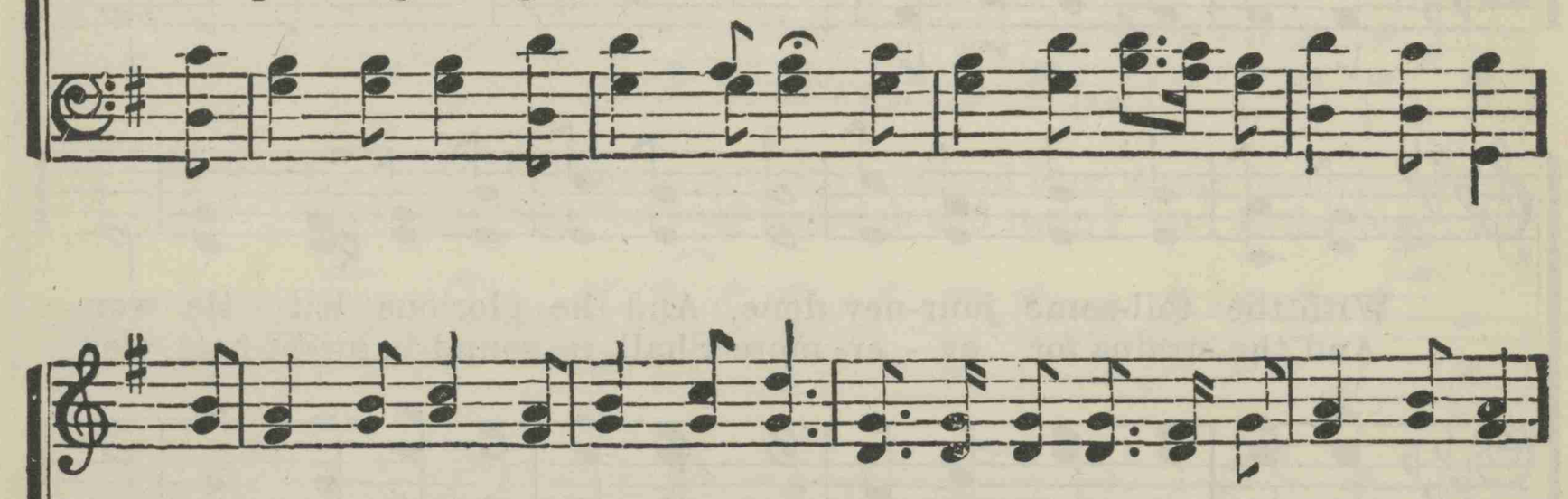


1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along
2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should He The cit - y move so might-i - ly?

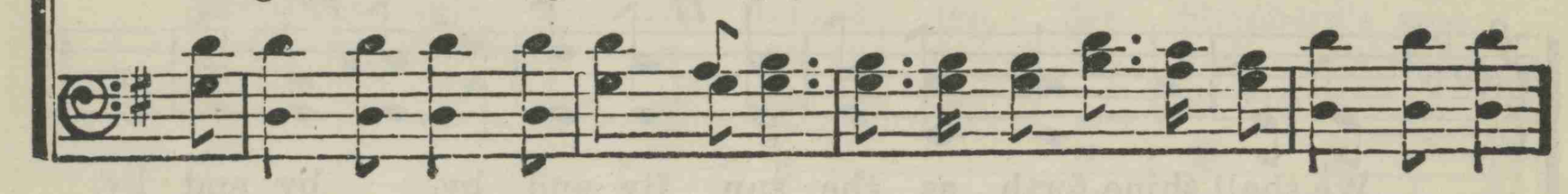


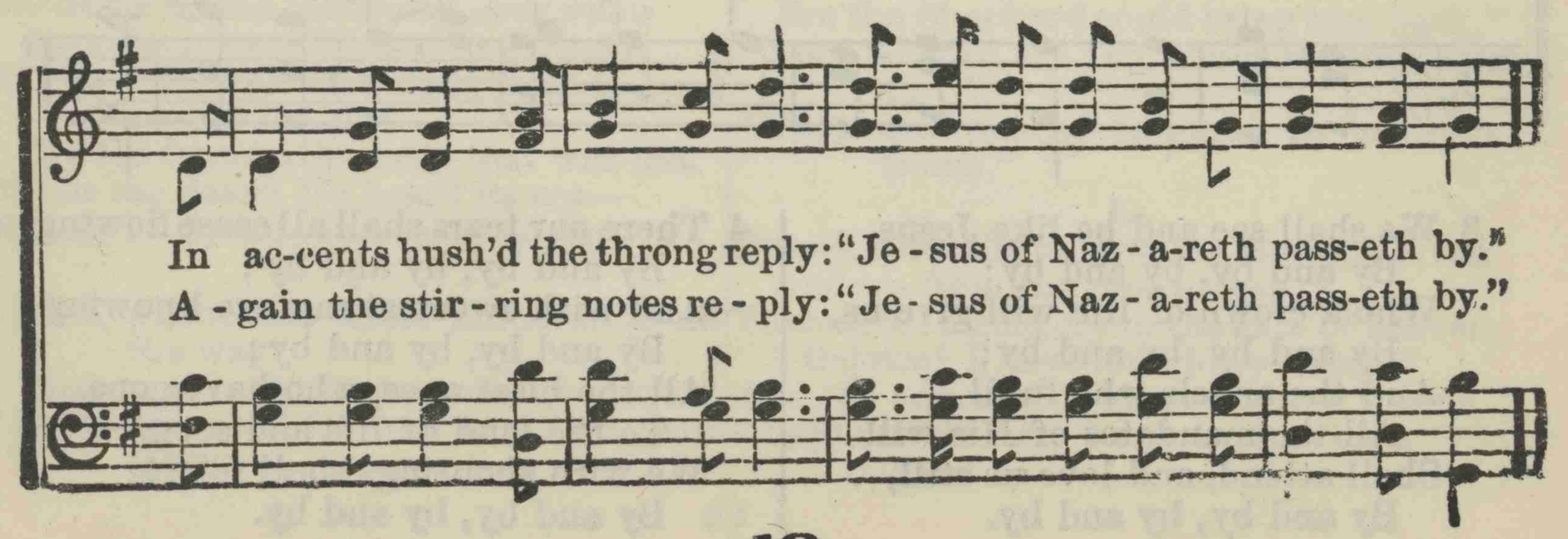


These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange commotion pray?
A pass - ing stranger, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?



In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je- sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
A- gain the stir-ring notes re - ply: "Je- sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."





In ac-cents hush'd the throng reply: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass-eth by."
A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass-eth by."

Jesus of Nazareth.—Concluded.

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

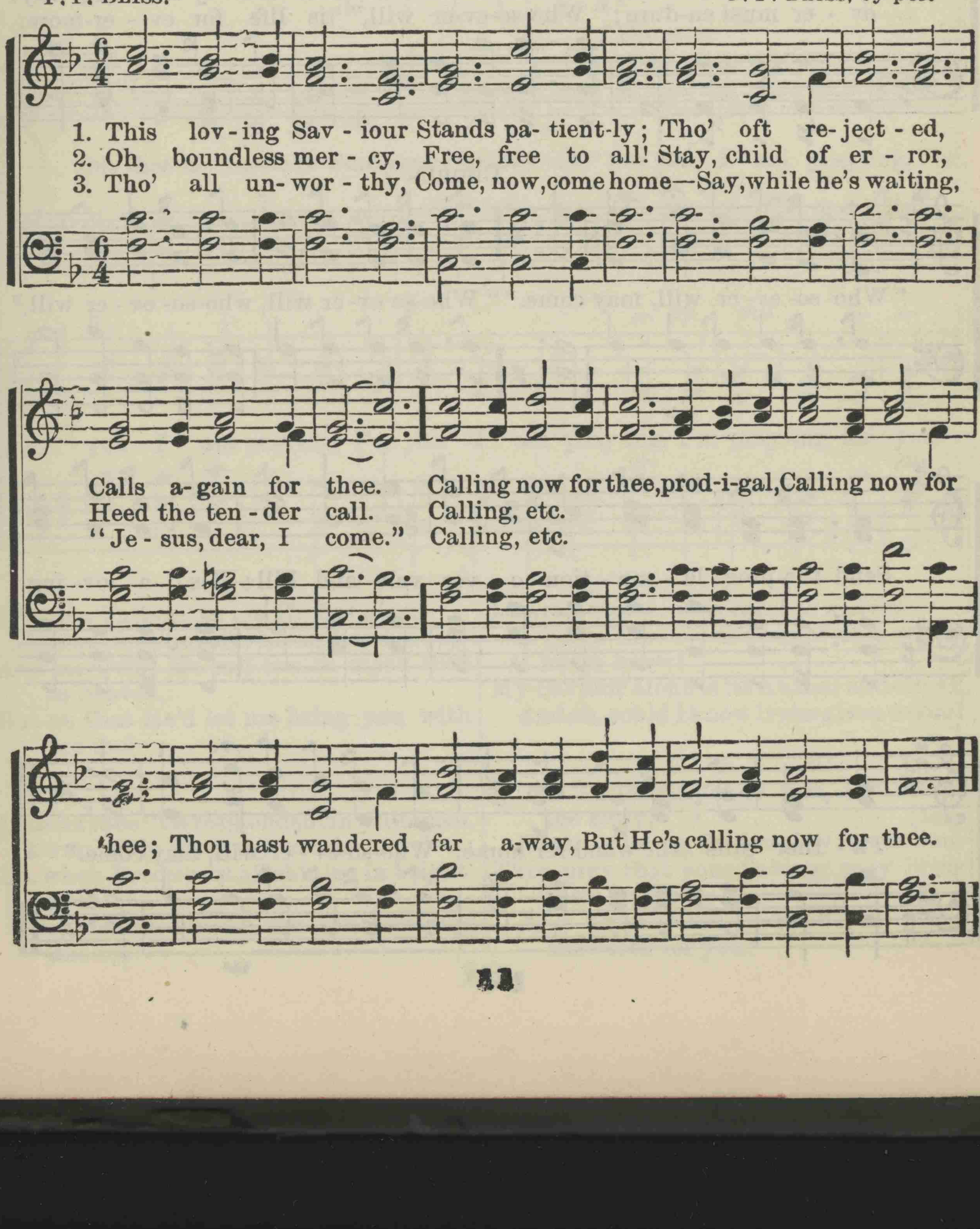
5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

No. 9. Calling Now.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—HEB. 3: 15.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

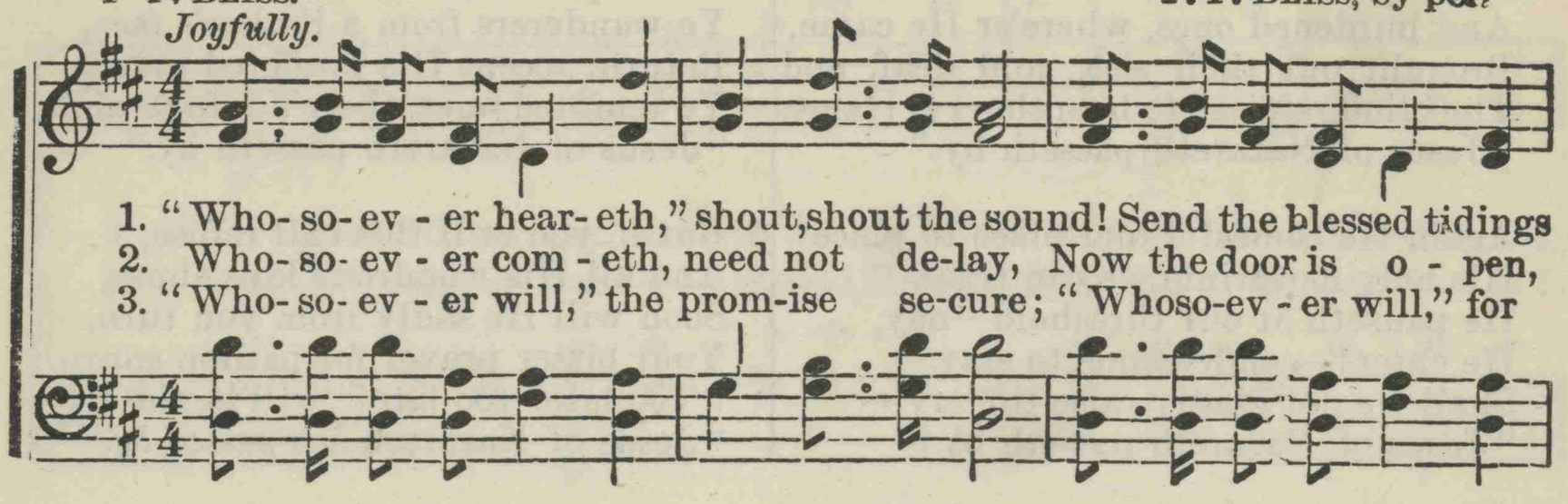


No. 10. "Whosoever Will."

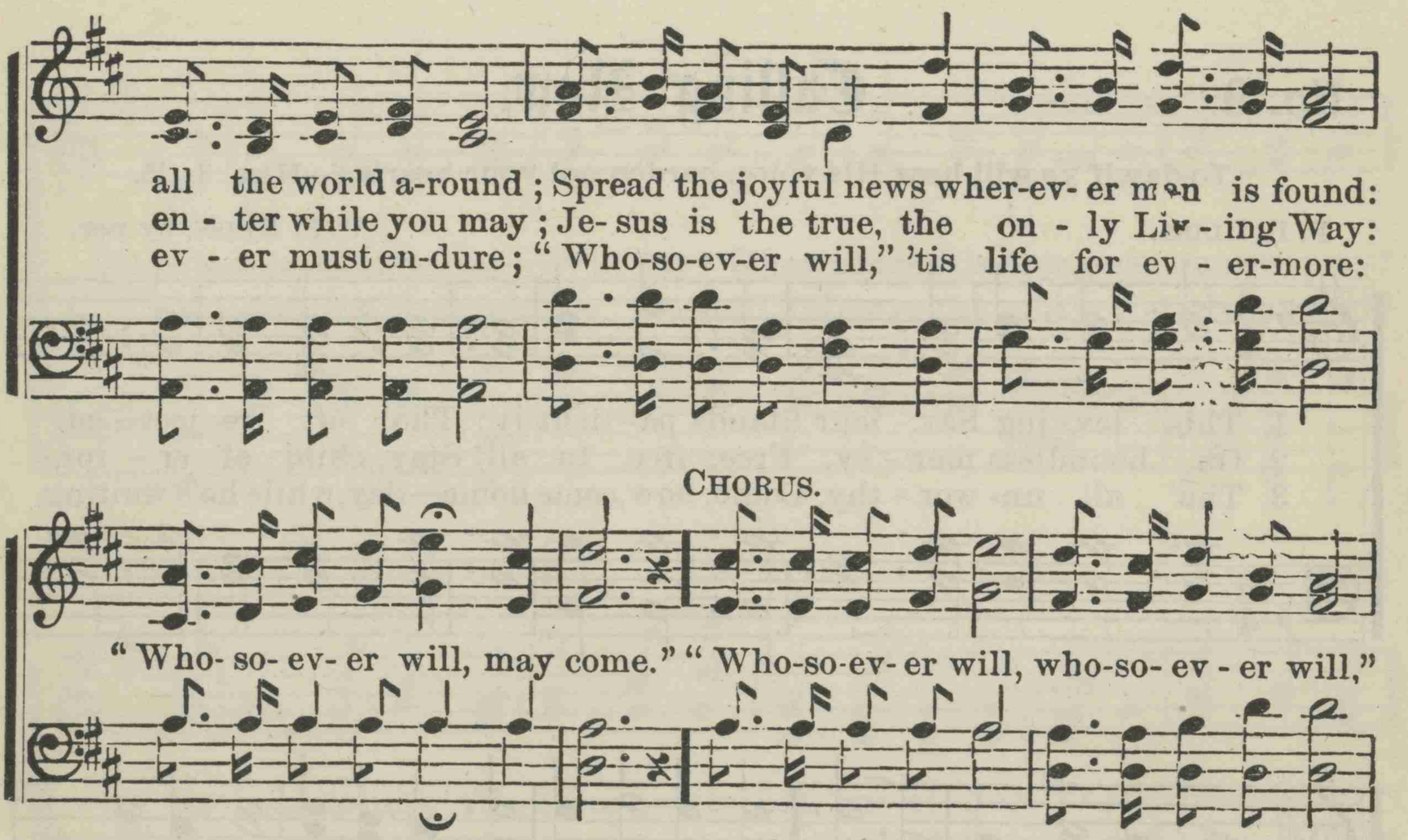
"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22 : 17.

P P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.

Joyfully.

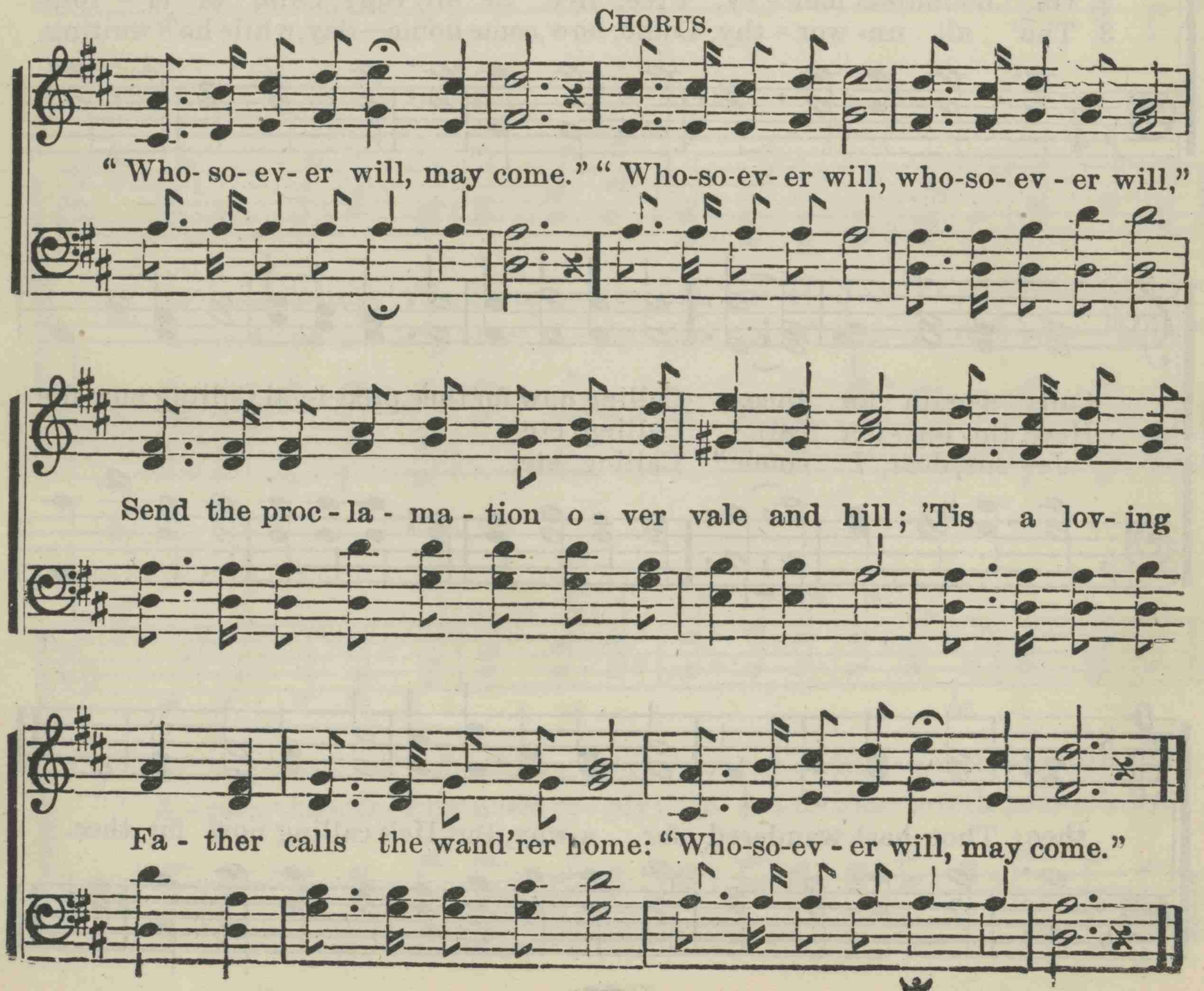


1. "Who- so- ev - er hear- eth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed tidings
2. Who- so- ev - er com - eth, need not de-lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who- so- ev - er will," the prom-ise se-cure; "Whoso-ev - er will," for



all the world a-round; Spread the joyful news wher-ev- er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je- sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en-dure; "Who-so-ev-er will," 'tis life for ev - er-more:

Chorus.



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

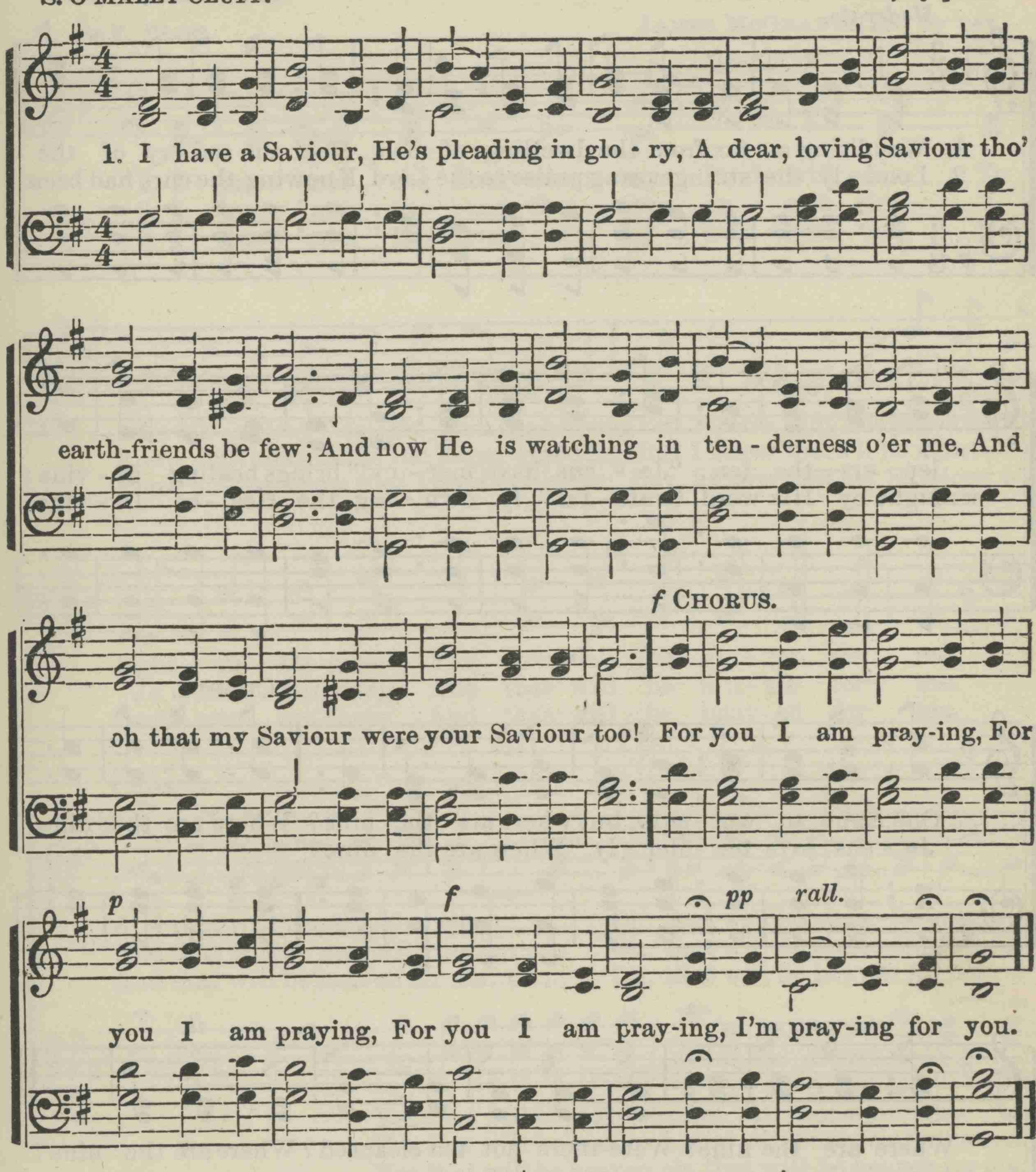
Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov- ing

Fa - ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who-so-ev - er will, may come."

No. 11. I Am Praying for You.

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

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



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.

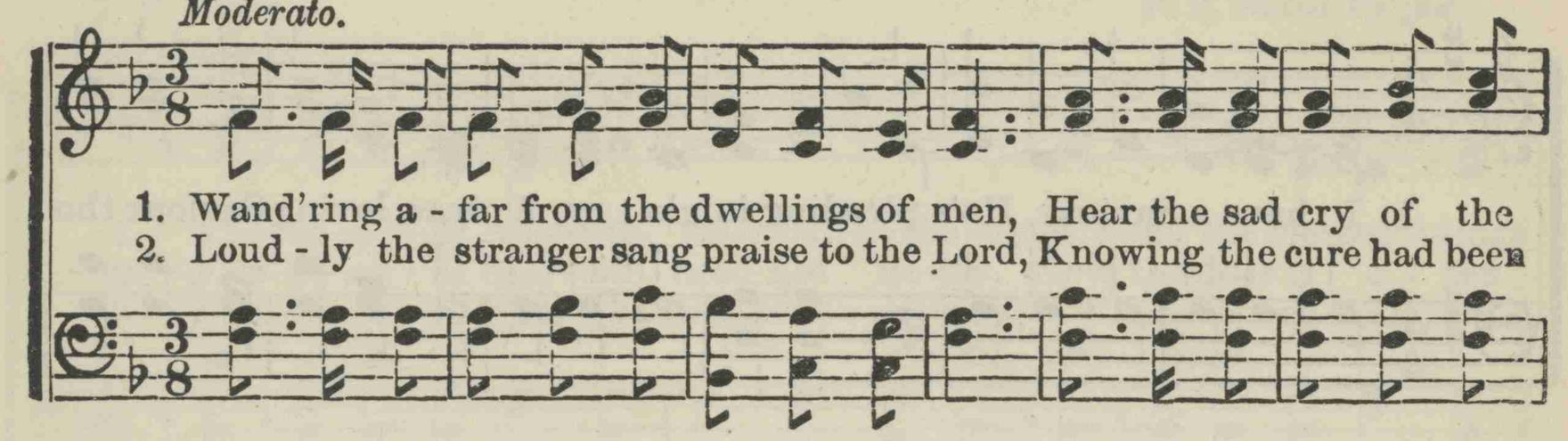
When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

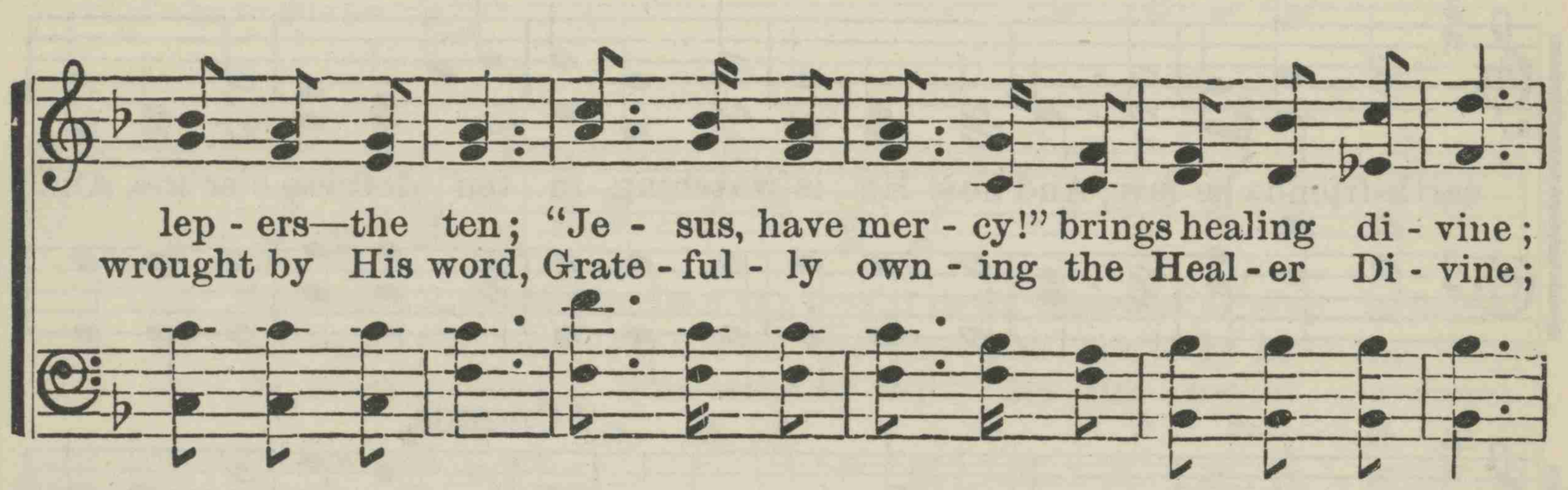
No. 12. Where Are the Nine?

Read LUKE 17: 12-19.

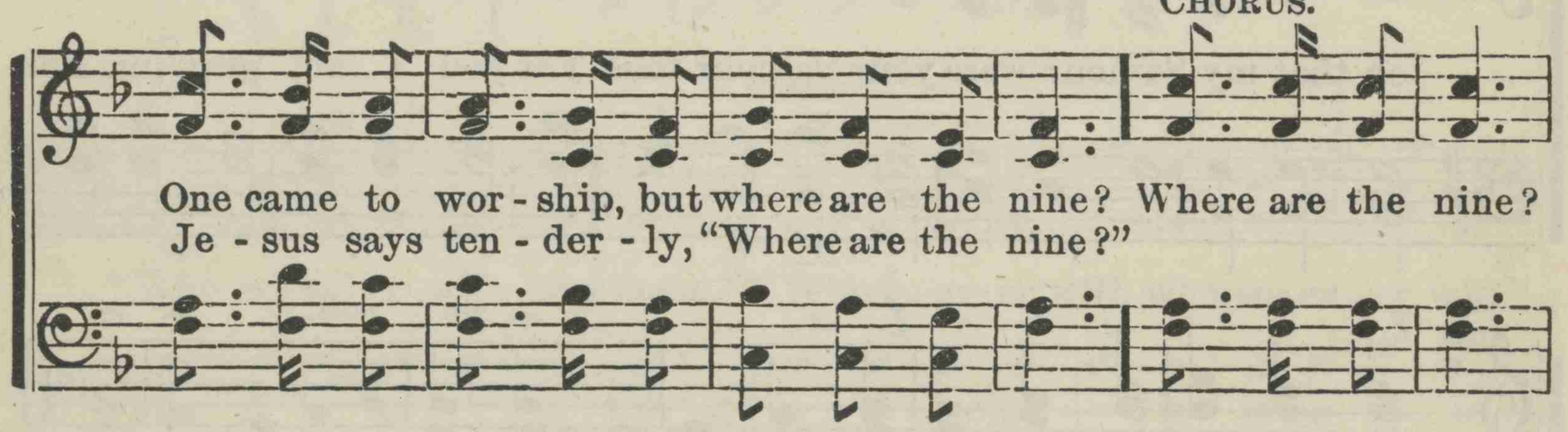
P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

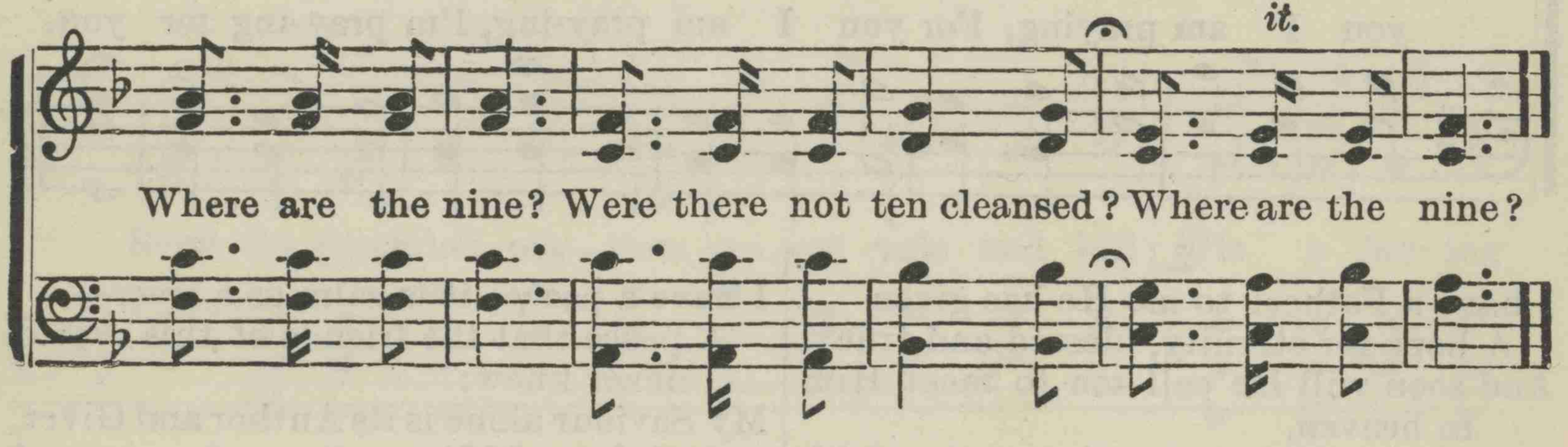
Moderato.





CHORUS.





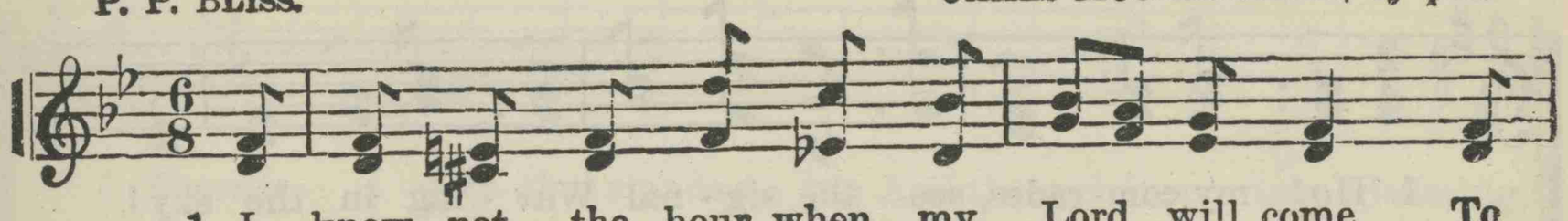
3 "Who is this Nazarene?" Pharisees say;
"Is He the Christ? tell us plainly, we pray."
Multitudes follow Him seeking a sign,
Show them His mighty works—Where are the nine?—*Cho.*

4 Jesus on trial to-day we can see,
Thousands deridingly ask, "Who is He?"
How they're rejecting Him, your Lord and mine!
Bring in the witnesses—Where are the nine?—*Cho.*

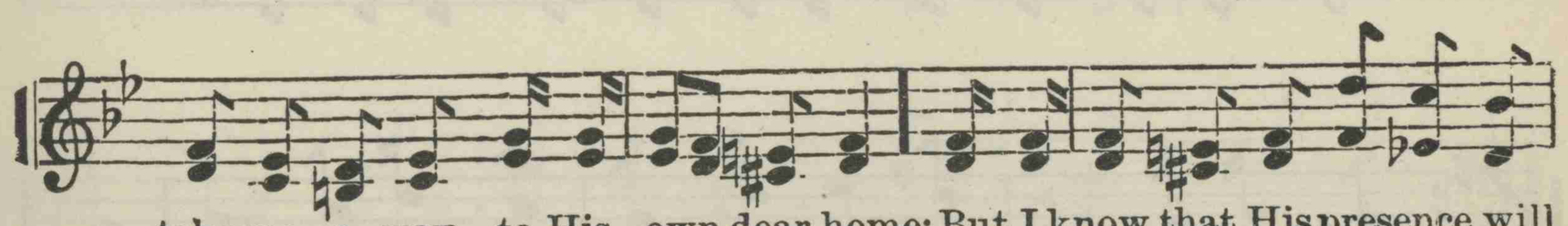
No. 13. That will be Heaven for Me.

"We know that, when He shall appear we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."—1 JOHN 3: 2.

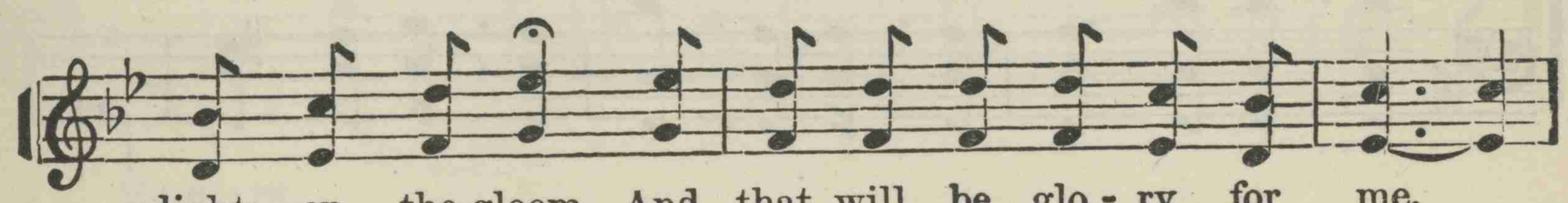
P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come To
2. I know not the song that the an - gels sing, I
3. I know not the form of my man - sion fair, I

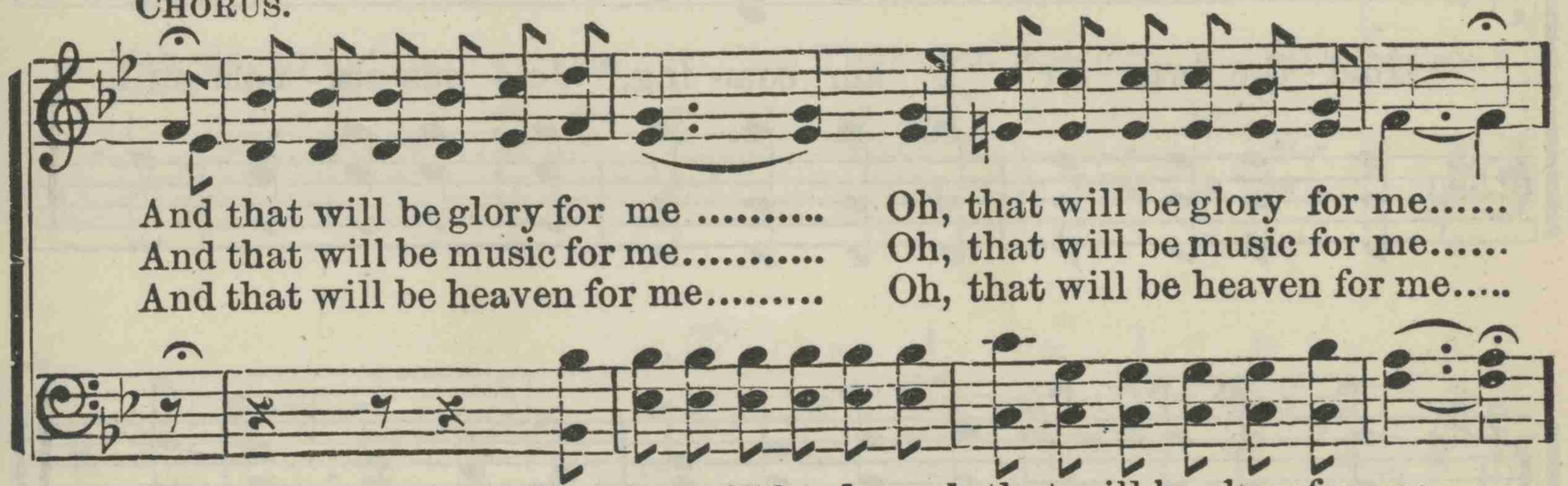


take me a- way to His own dear home; But I know that His presence will
know not the sound of the harps' glad ring; But I know there'll be mention of
know not the name that I then shall bear; But I know that my Sav-iour will



light - en the gloom, And that will be glo - ry for me.
Je - sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.
wel - come me there, And that will be heav- en for me.

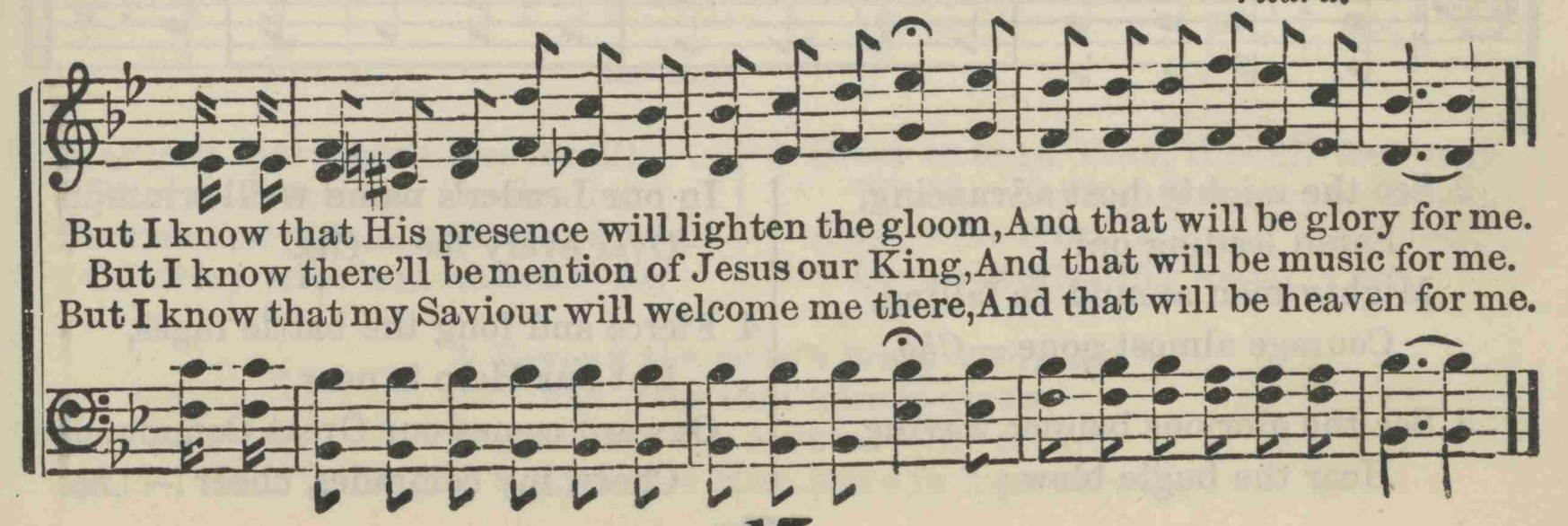
CHORUS.



And that will be glory for me ..... Oh, that will be glory for me.....
And that will be music for me..... Oh, that will be music for me.....
And that will be heaven for me..... Oh, that will be heaven for me.....

Yes, that will be glory, oh, that will be glory for me.....
Yes, that will be music, oh, that will be music for me.....
Yes, that will be heaven, oh, that will be heaven for me.

ritard.

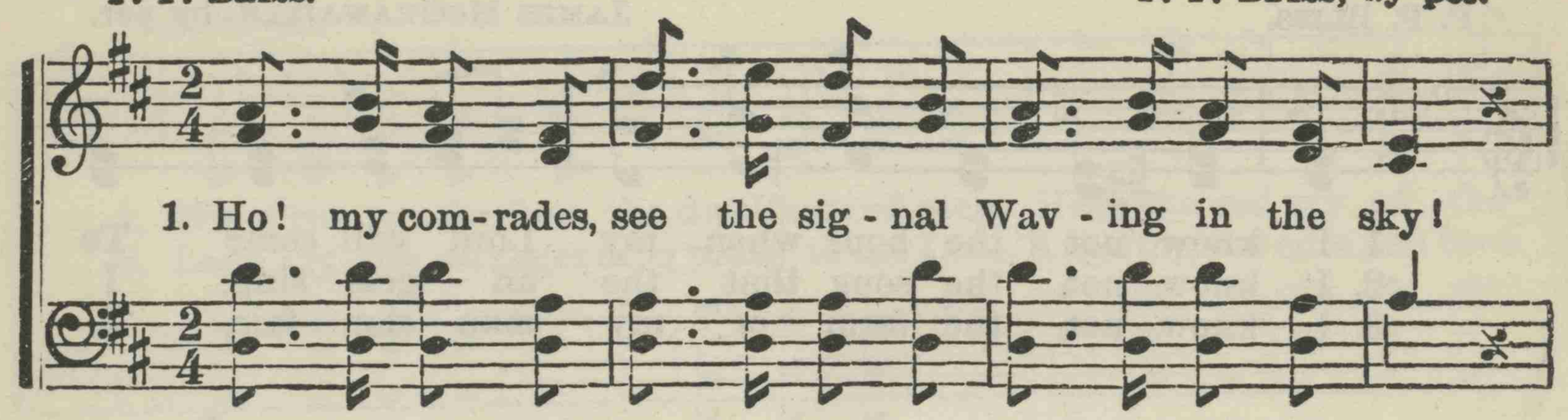


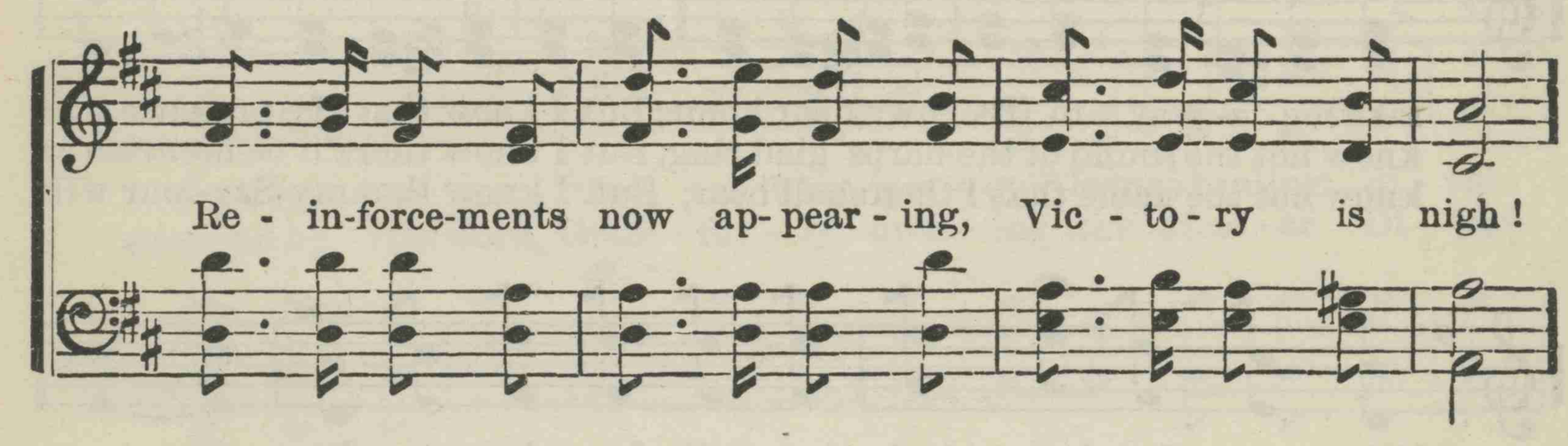
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glory for me.
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King, And that will be music for me.
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there, And that will be heaven for me.

No. 14. Hold the Fort.

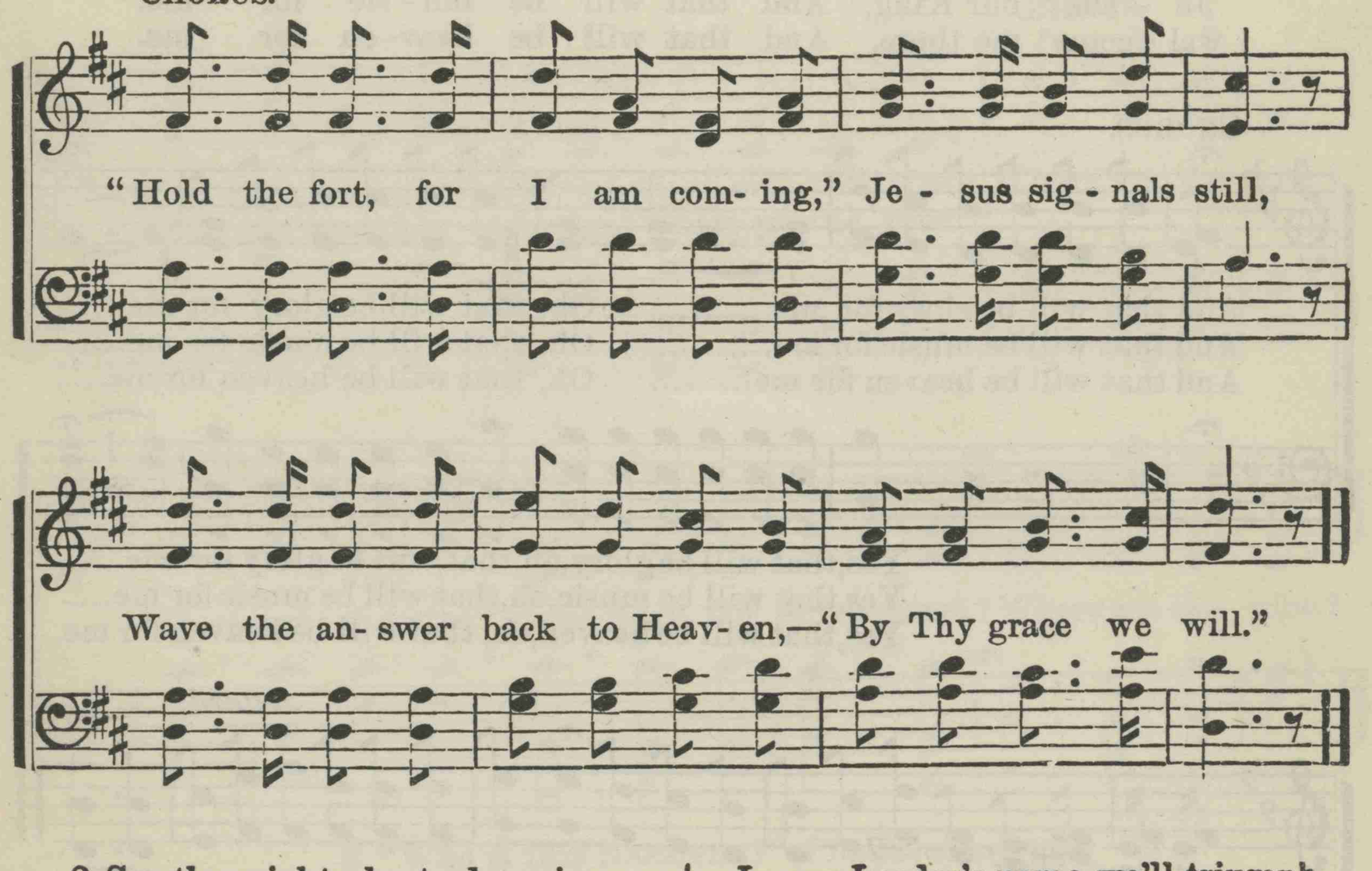
"That which ye have, hold fast till I come."—REV. 2: 25.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.





CHORUS.



2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on:
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.—*Cho.*

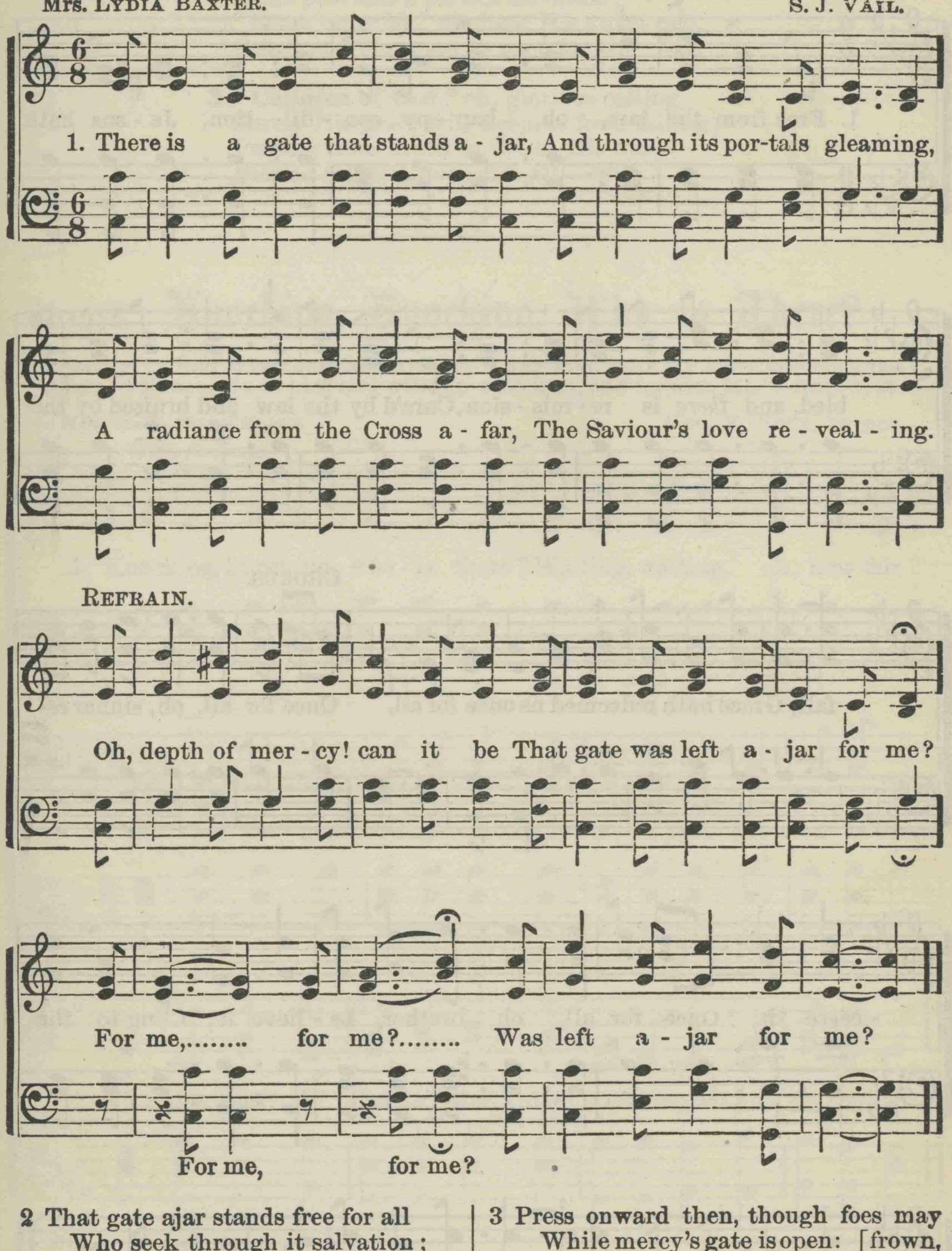
3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.—*Cho.*

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!—*Cho.*

No. 15. The Gate Ajar for Me.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—REV. 21 : 25.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. S. J. VAIL.



2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.—*Ref.*

3 Press onward then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open:
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.—*Ref.*

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.—*Ref.*

No. 16. Once for All.

"Justified by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." —ROMANS 3: 24.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Free from the law, oh, hap - py con - di - tion, Je - sus hath bled, and *there* is re - mis - sion, Curs'd by the law and bruised by the fall, Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

CHORUS.

Once for all, oh, sinner re- - ceive it, Once for all, oh, brother, be - lieve it; Cling to the Cross, the bur - den will fall, Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

Once for all.—Concluded.

2 Now are we free—there's no condemnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation;
"Come unto *Me*." oh, hear His sweet call,
Come, and He saves us once for all.—*Cho.*

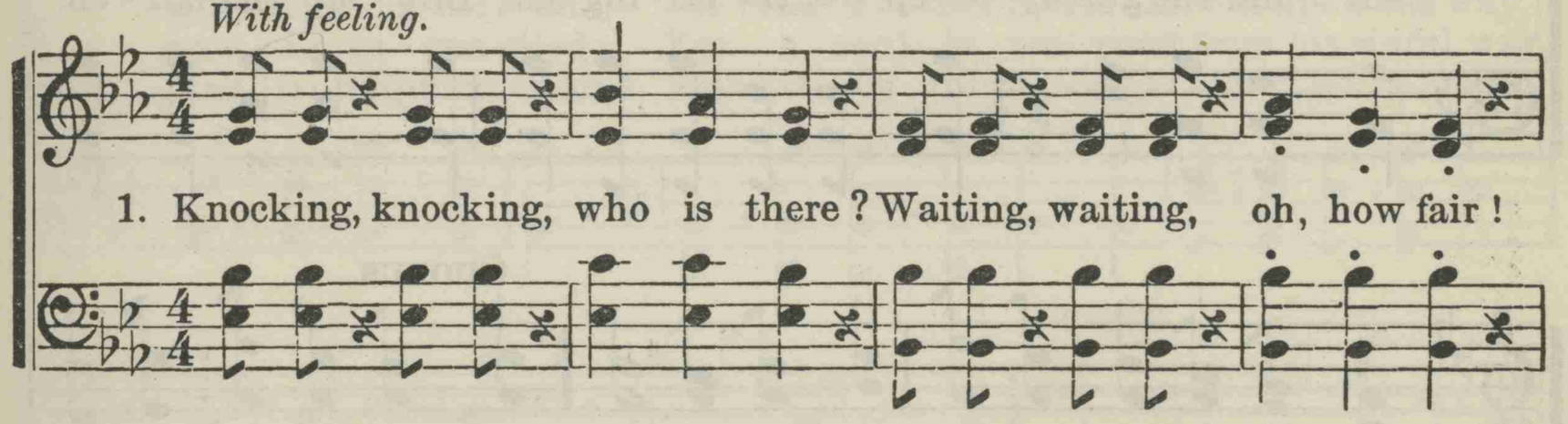
3 "Children of God," oh, glorious calling,
Surely His grace will keep us from falling;
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation once for all.—*Cho.*

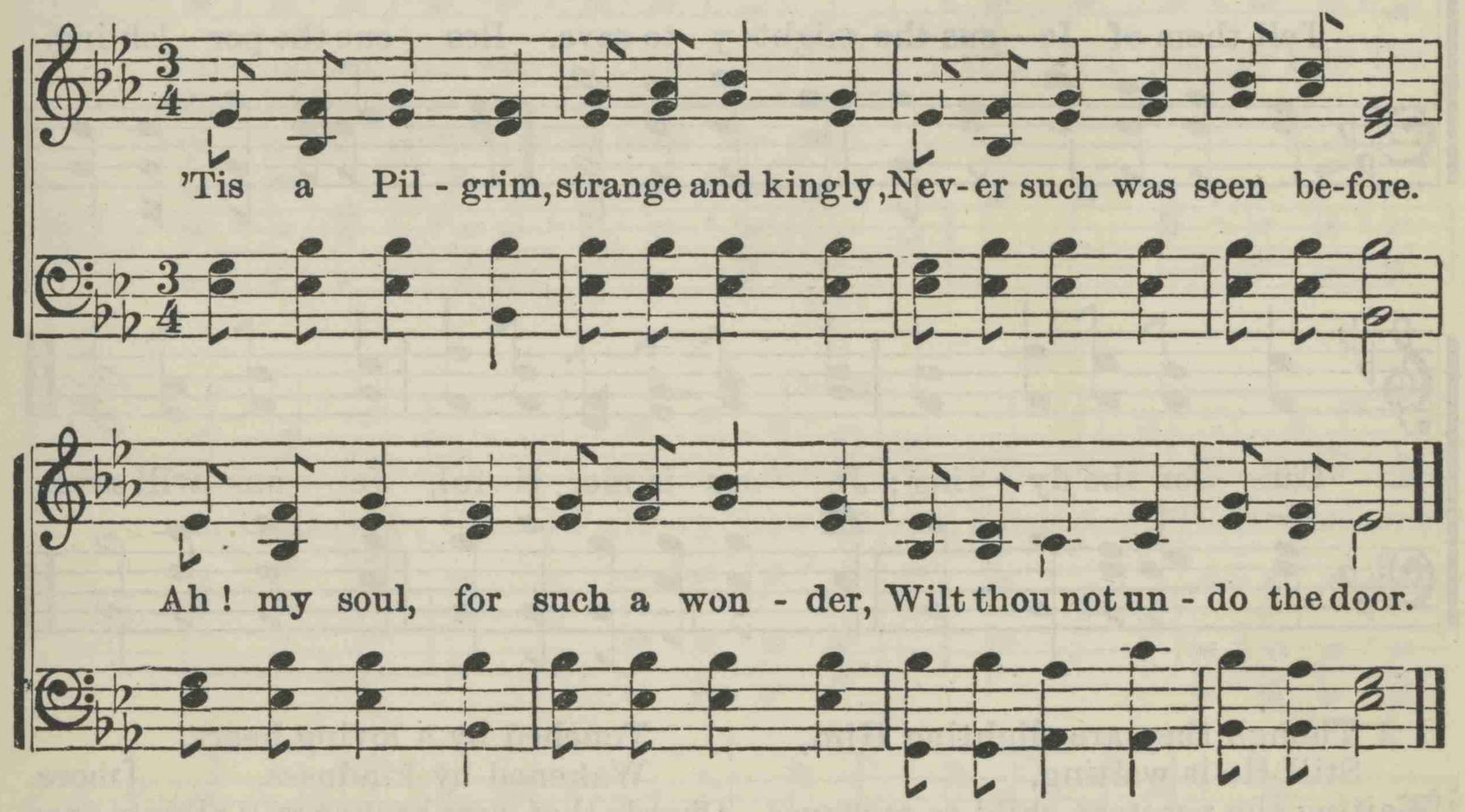
No. 17. Knocking, Knocking, Who is There?

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

Mrs. H. B. STOWE, arr. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

With feeling.





2

Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

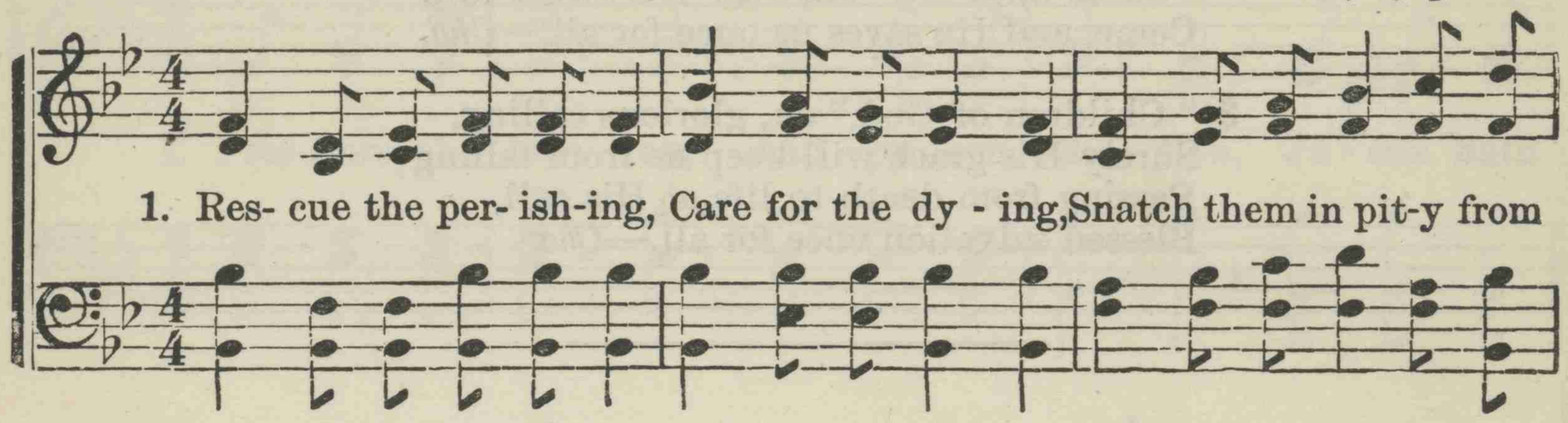
3

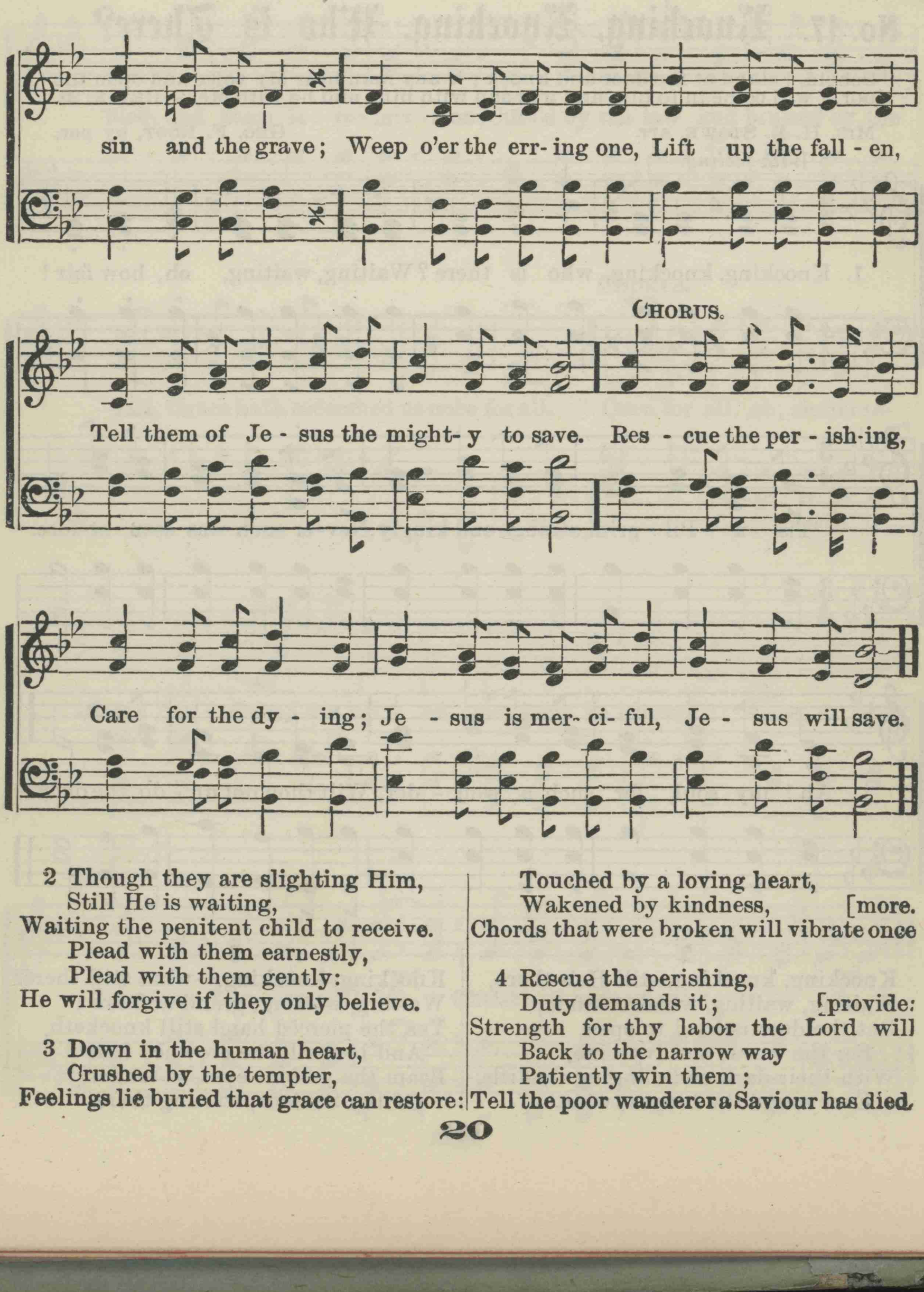
Knocking, knocking,—what still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the piercèd hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownèd hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

No. 18. Rescue the Perishing.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 23.

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





2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness, [more.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once

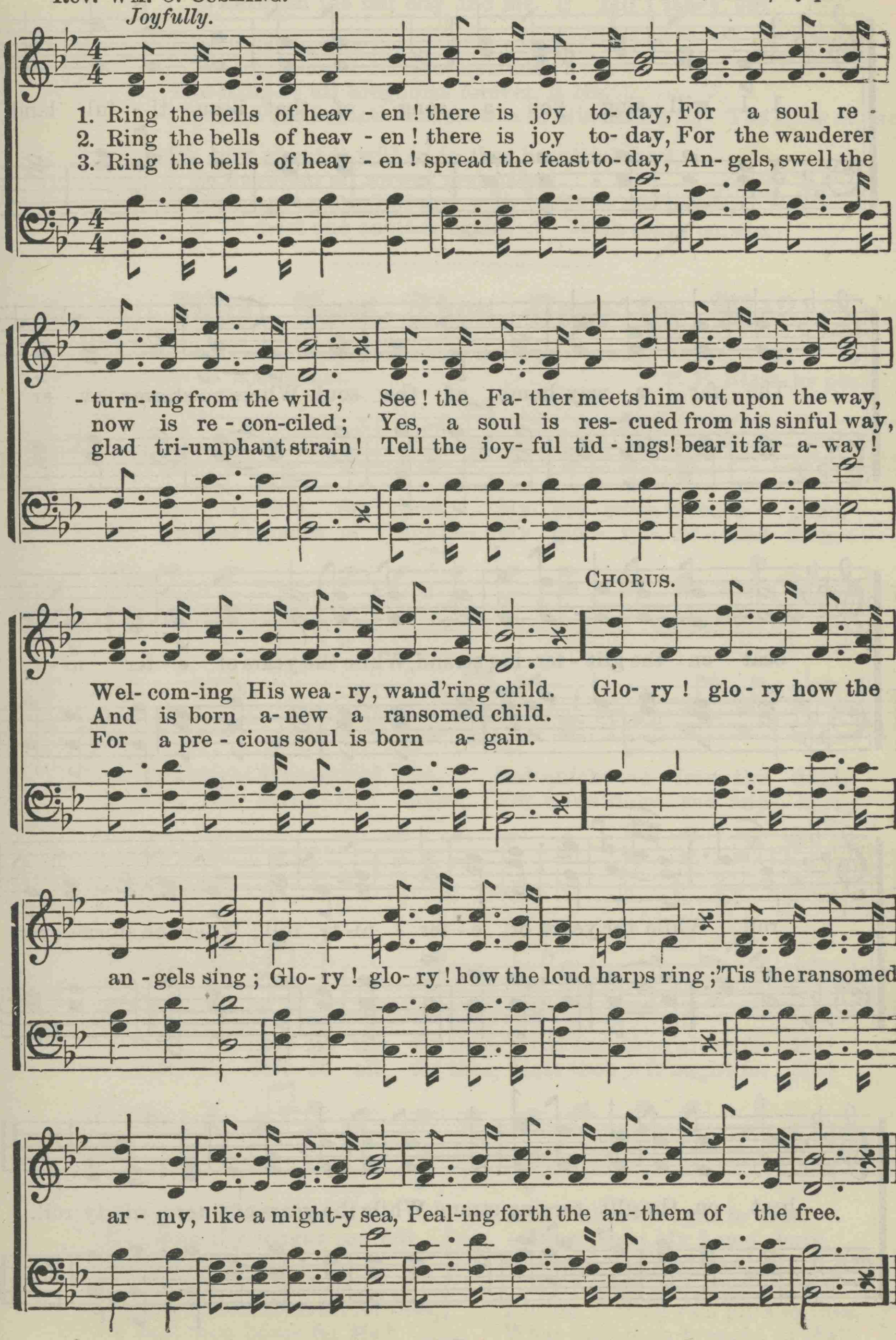
4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it; [provide:
Strength for thy labor the Lord will
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

No. 19. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15: 10.

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Joyfully.



No. 20. Home of the Soul.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
beat on the glit - ter- ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
roll. While the years of e - ter - ni- ty roll; Where no storms ever
beat on the glit- ter- ing strand, While the years of e- ter - ni - ty roll.

Home of the soul.—Concluded.

2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
‖: Between the fair city and me. :‖ Till I fancy, etc.

3 That unchangable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands,
The King of all kingdoms forever, is He,
‖: And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. :‖ The King of, etc.

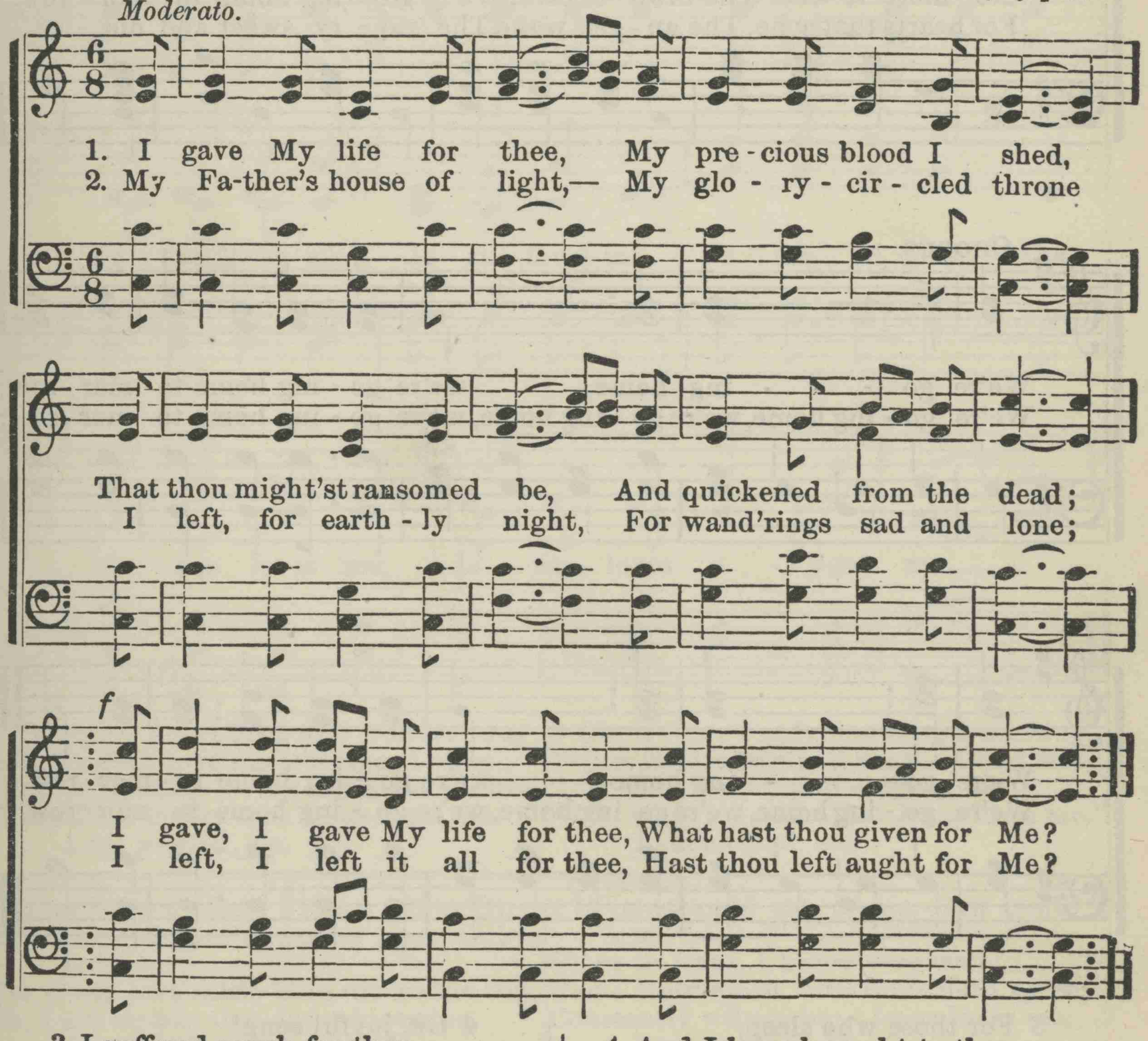
4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
‖: To meet one another again. :‖ With songs on, etc.

No. 21. What Hast Thou Done for Me?

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."—HEB. 9: 28.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Moderato.



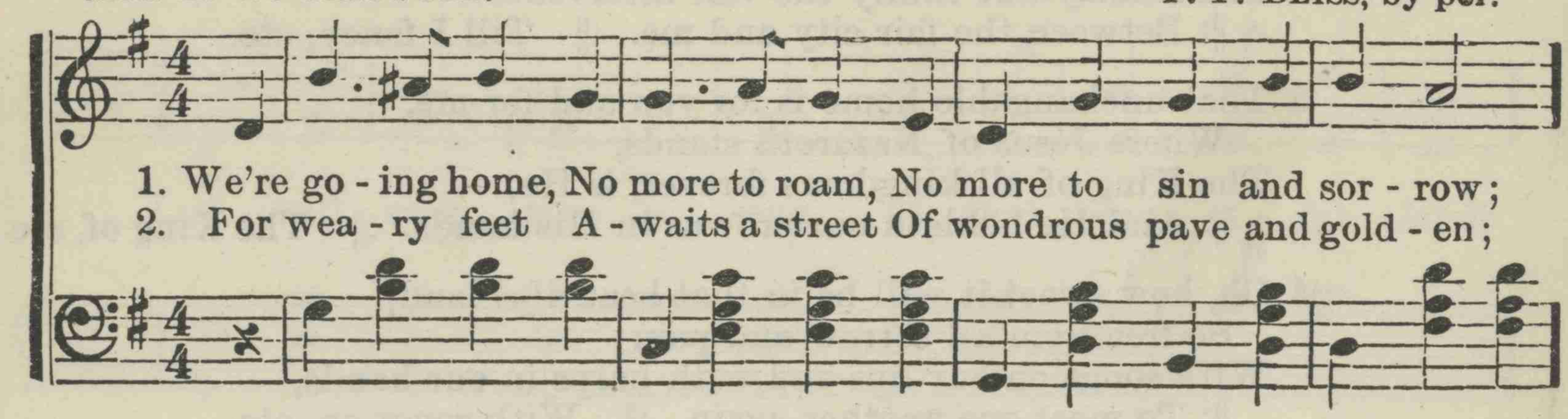
3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

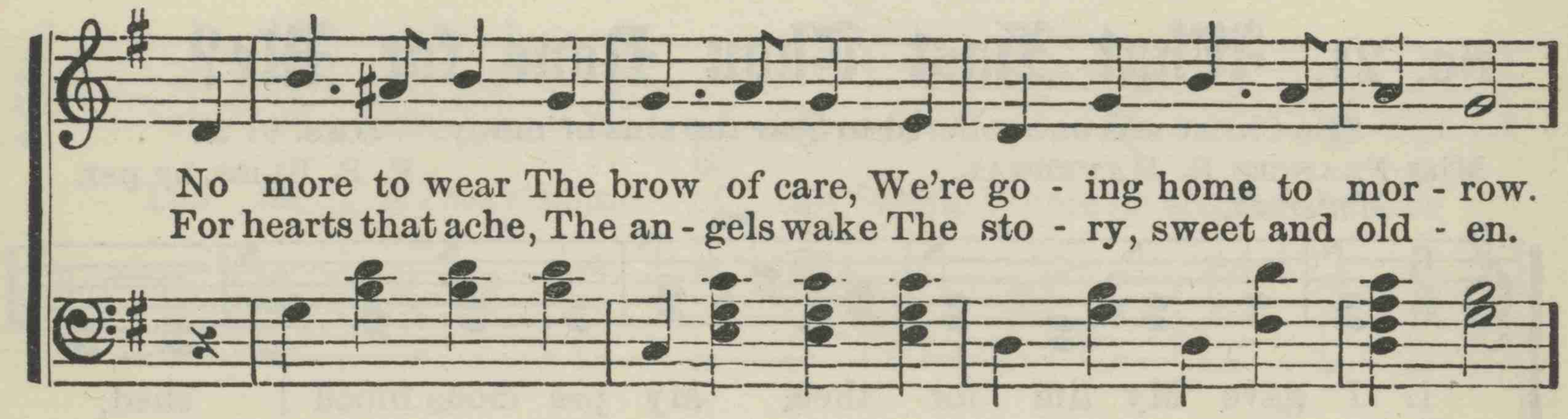
4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

No. 22. We're Going Home To-morrow.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. 5: 8.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. P. P. Bliss, by per.





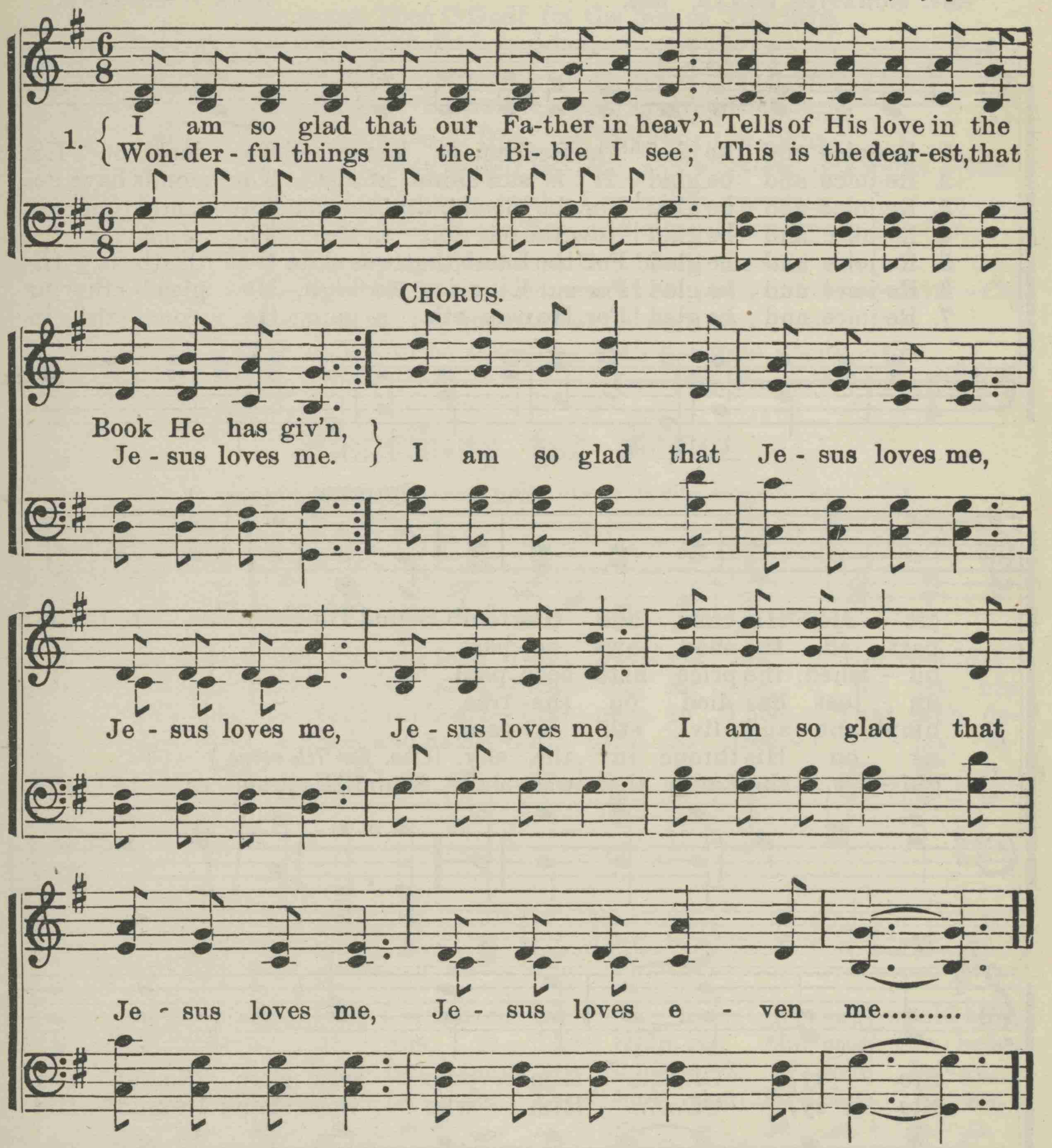
3 For those who sleep,
And those who weep,
Above the portals narrow,
The mansions rise
Beyond the skies—
We're going home to-morrow.

4 Oh, joyful song!
Oh, ransomed throng!
Where sin no more shall sever
Our King to see,
And, oh, to be
With Him at home forever.

No. 23. Jesus Loves Even Me.

"God is love."—1 JOHN 4:8.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the Great King,
This shall my song in eternity be:
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."
I am so glad, etc.

---

1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem:
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

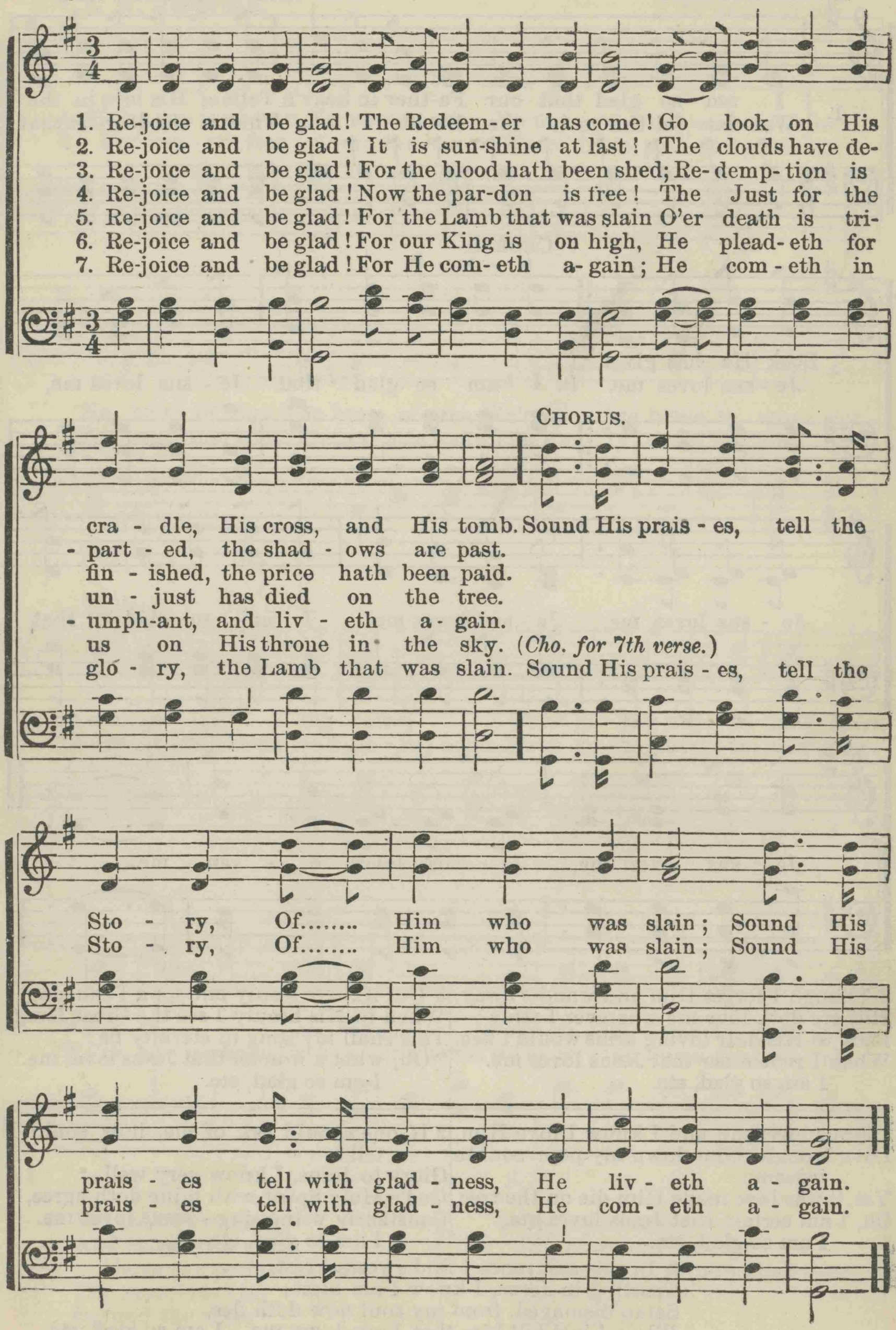
2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell?
Glory to Jesus, I know very well:
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing--Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me. I am so glad, etc.

No. 24. Rejoice and be Glad.

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

Rev. Horatius Bonar. 1874. John J. Husband.



No. 25. Revive us Again.

(Tune on Page 26.)

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—HAB. 3: 2.

1 We praise Thee O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.—*Cho.*

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.—*Cho.*

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us; and sought us, and guided our ways.—*Cho.*

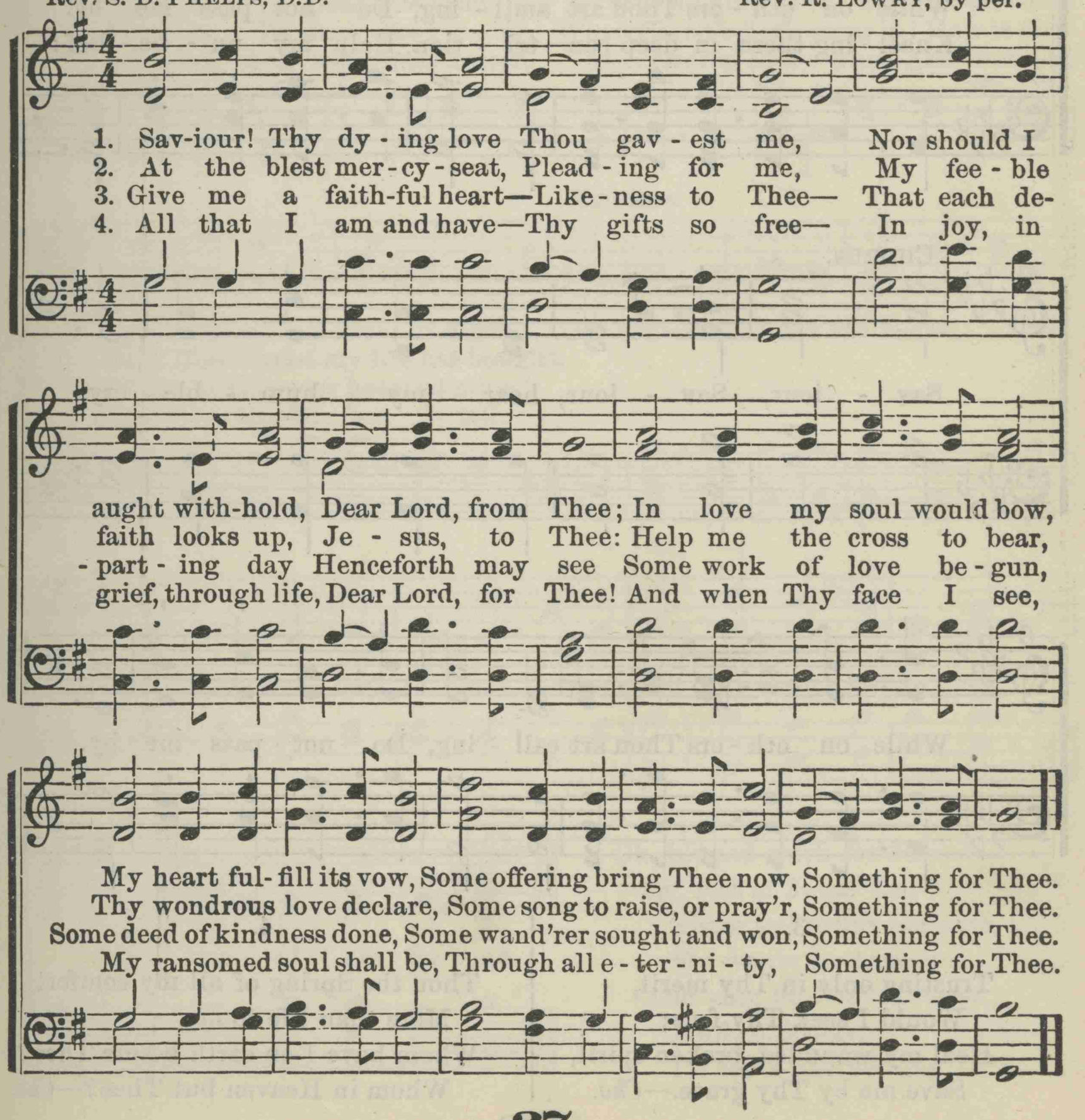
5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.—*Cho.*

Rev. WM. PATON MACKAY, 1866.

No. 26. Something for Jesus.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—ACTS 9: 6.

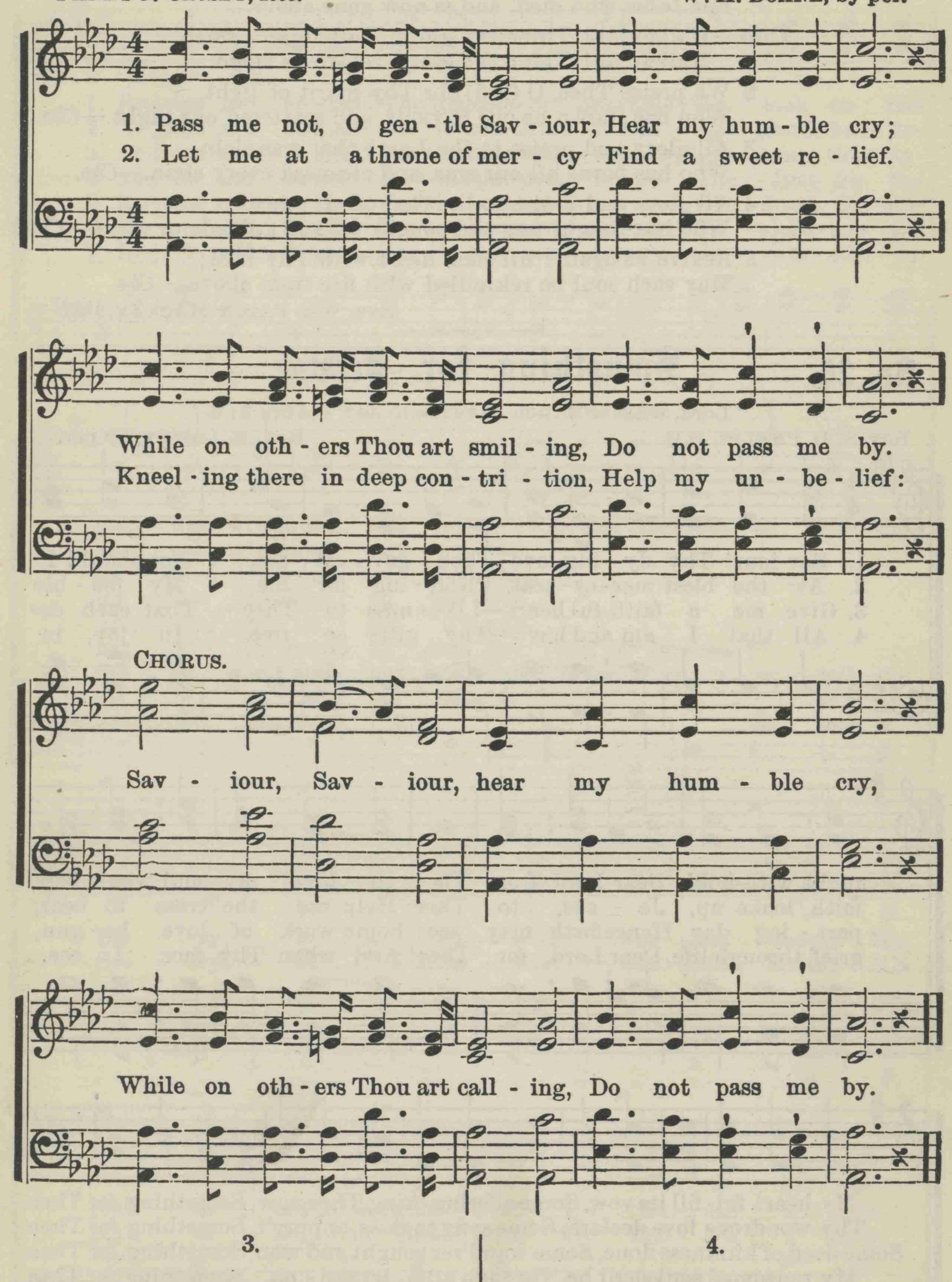
Rev. S. D. PHELPS, D.D. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



No. 27. Pass Me Not.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—ACTS 2: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868. W. H. DOANE, by per.



3.

Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.—*Cho.*

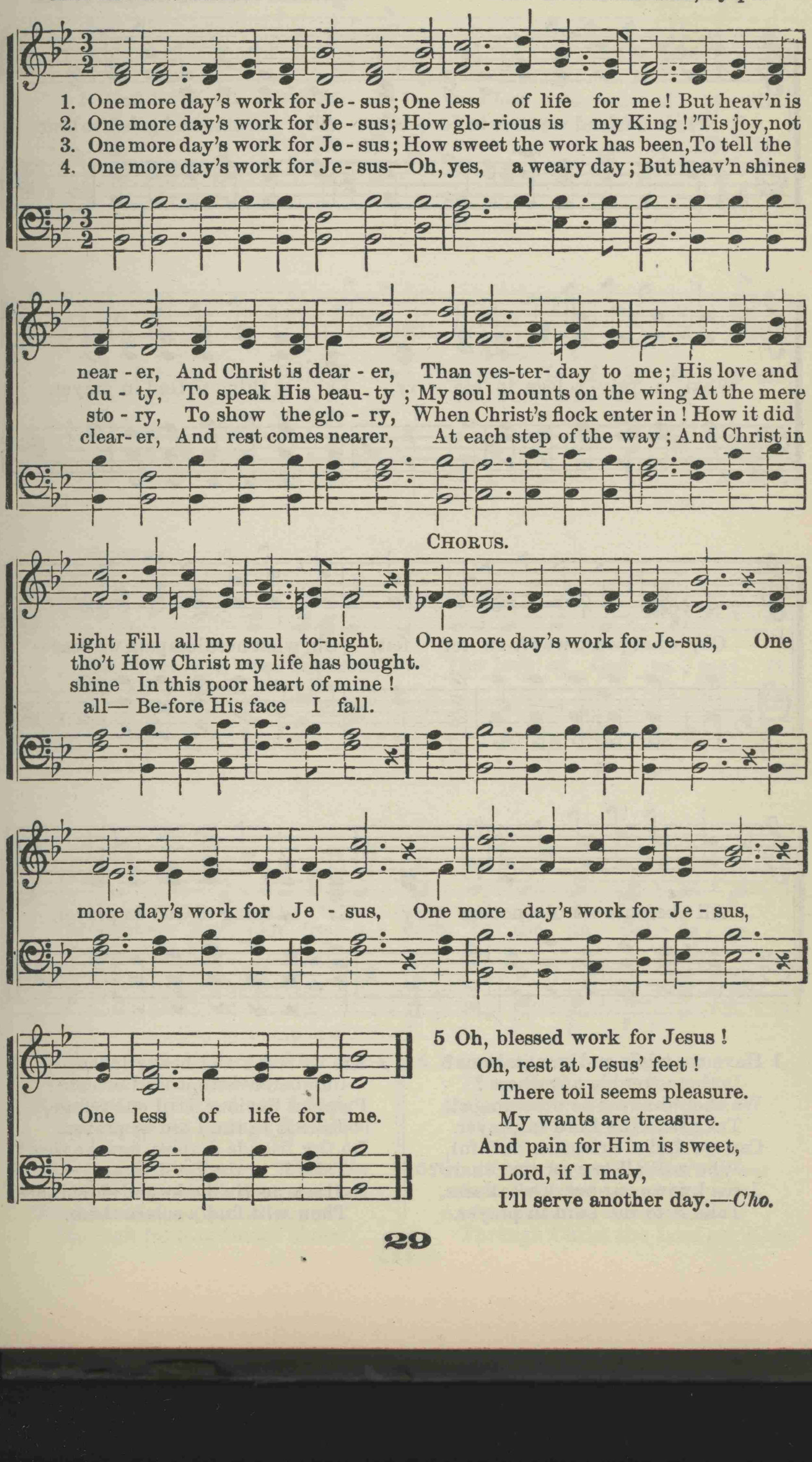
4.

Thou the Spring of all my comfort
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in Heaven but Thee?—*Cho.*

No. 28. One more Day's Work for Jesus.

"I must work the works of HIM that sent Me, while it is day."—JOHN 9: 4.

Miss ANNA WARNER. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

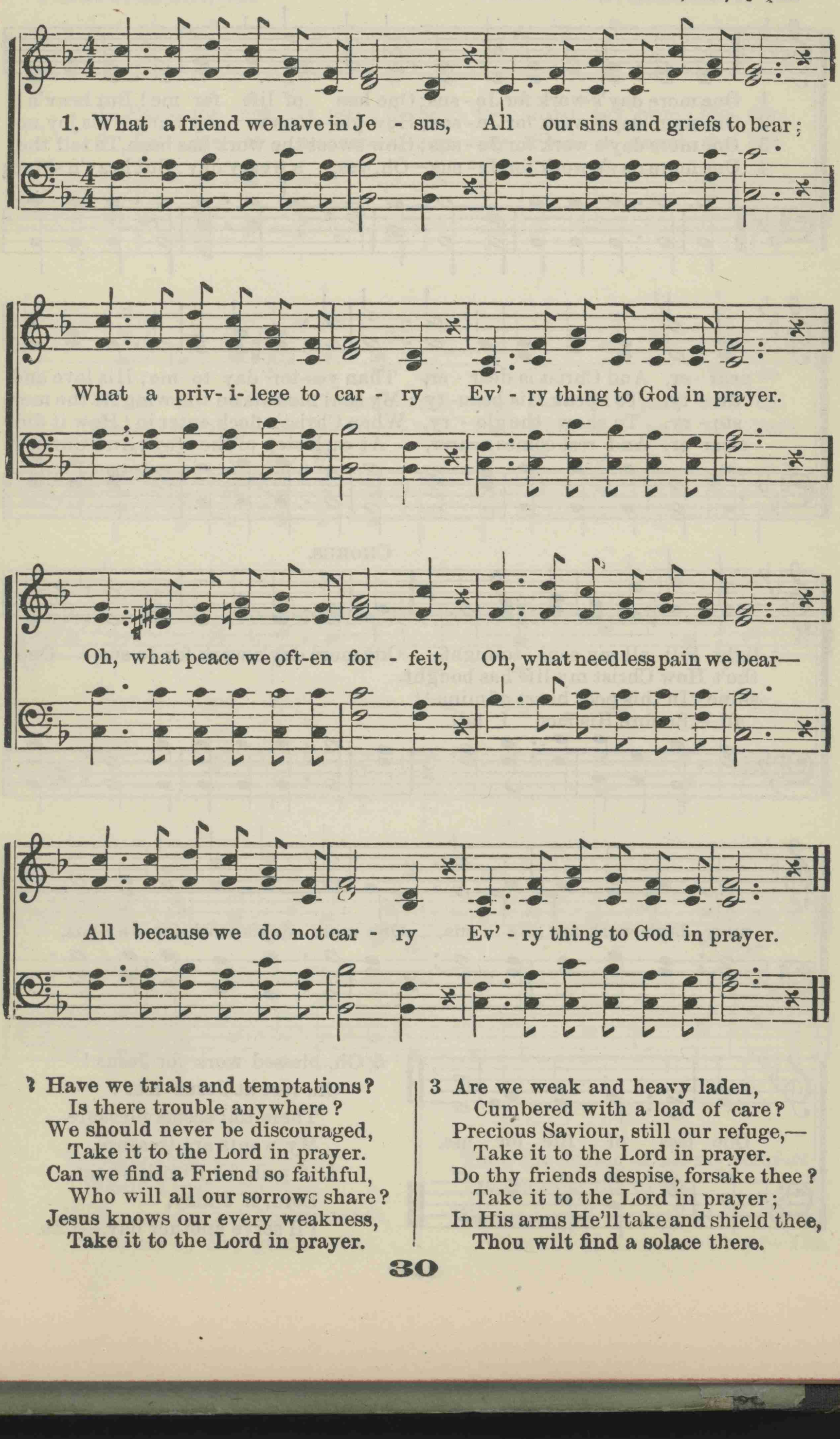


5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure.
My wants are treasure.
And pain for Him is sweet,
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.—*Cho.*

No. 29. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

"JUBILEE HARP." CHARLES C. CONVERSE, 1868, by per.



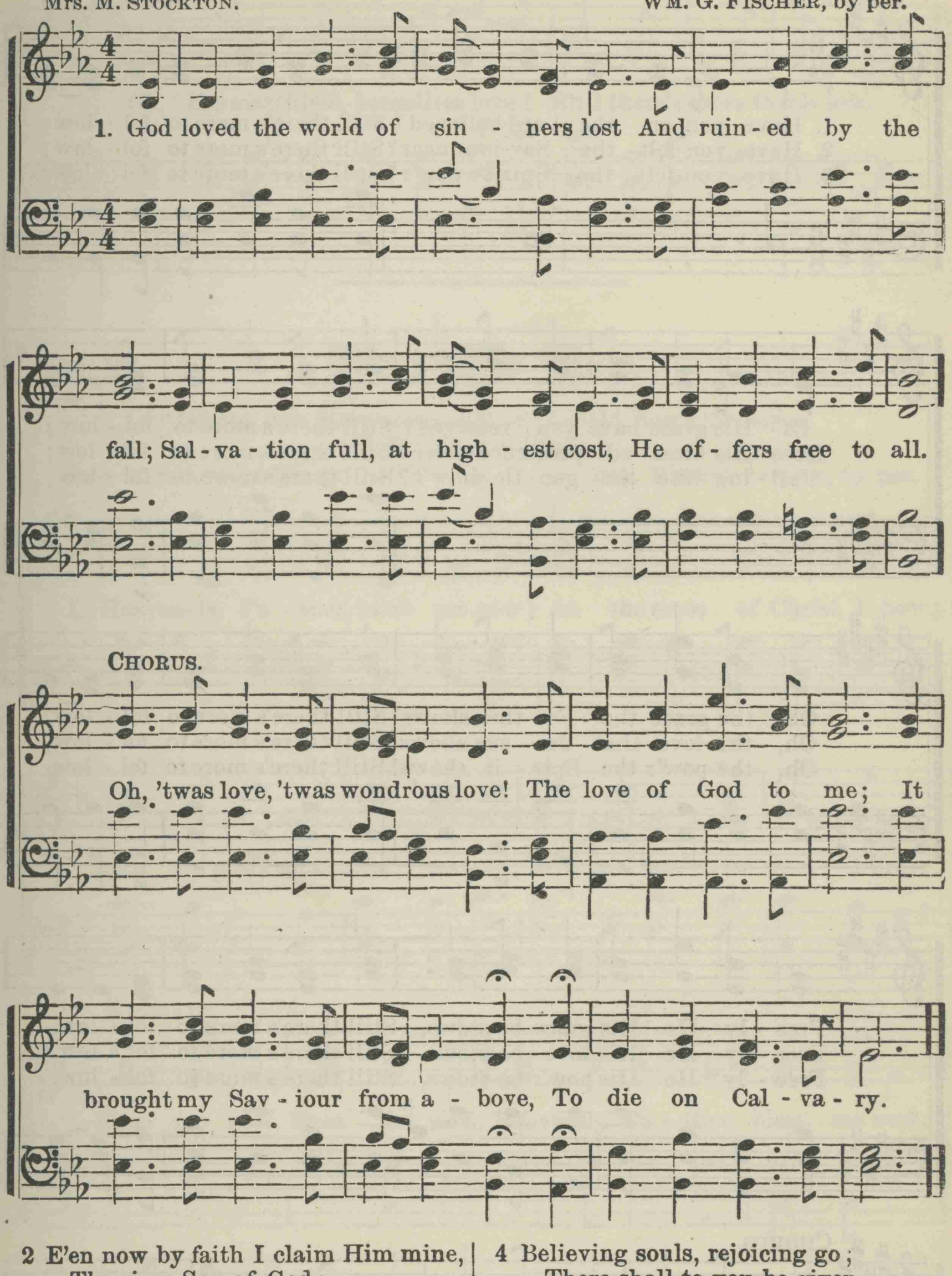
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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.

No. 30. Wondrous Love.

"God so loved the world."—JOHN 3 : 16.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.

No. 31. "More to Follow."

"Bring me yet a vessel."—2 KINGS 4: 6.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Have you on the Lord believed? Still there's more to fol - low;
2. Have you felt the Sav-iour near? Still there's more to fol - low;
3. Have you felt the Spirit's pow'r? Still there's more to fol - low;

Of His grace have you received? Still there's more to fol - low;
Does His bless - ed pres-ence cheer? Still there's more to fol - low;
Fall - ing like the gen- tle show'r? Still there's more to fol - low;

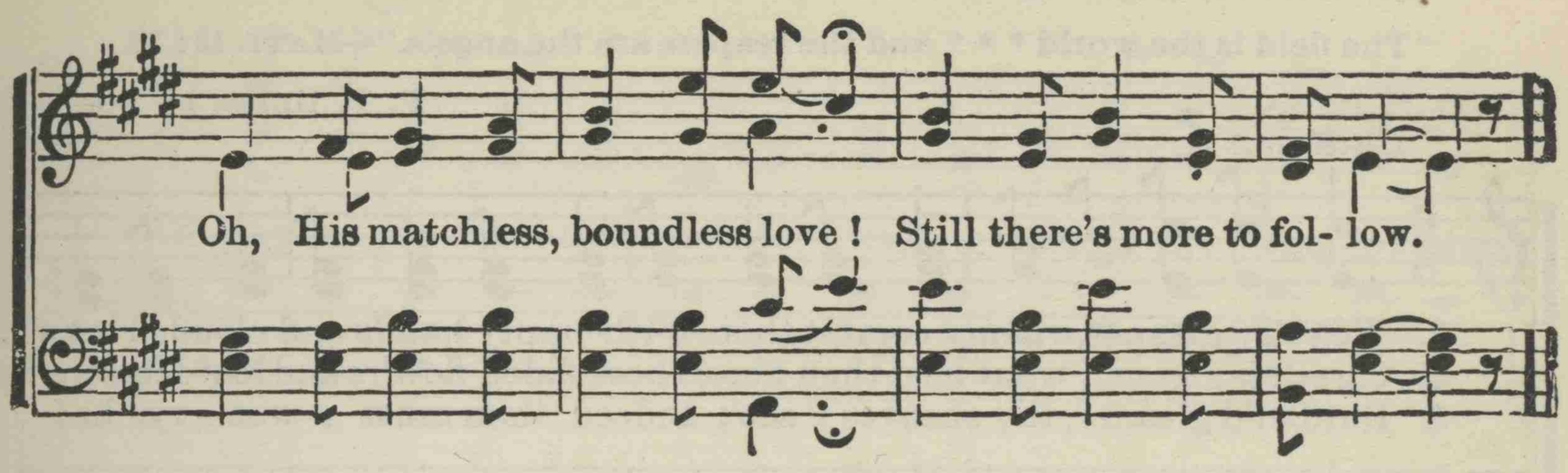
Oh, the grace the Fa - ther shows! Still there's more to fol - low,
Oh, the love that Je - sus shows! Still there's more to fol - low,
Oh, the pow'r the Spir - it shows! Still there's more to fol - low,

Free - ly He His grace be-stows, Still there's more to fol - low.
Free - ly He His love be-stows, Still there's more to fol - low.
Free - ly He His pow'r be-stows, Still there's more to fol - low.

CHORUS.

More and more, more and more, Al - ways more to fol - low,

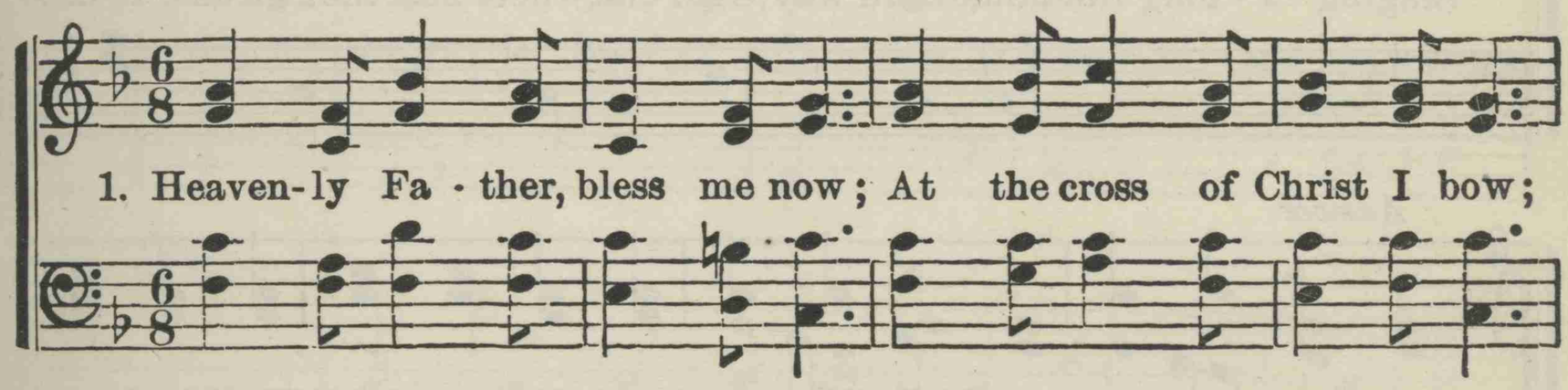
"More to Follow."—Concluded.

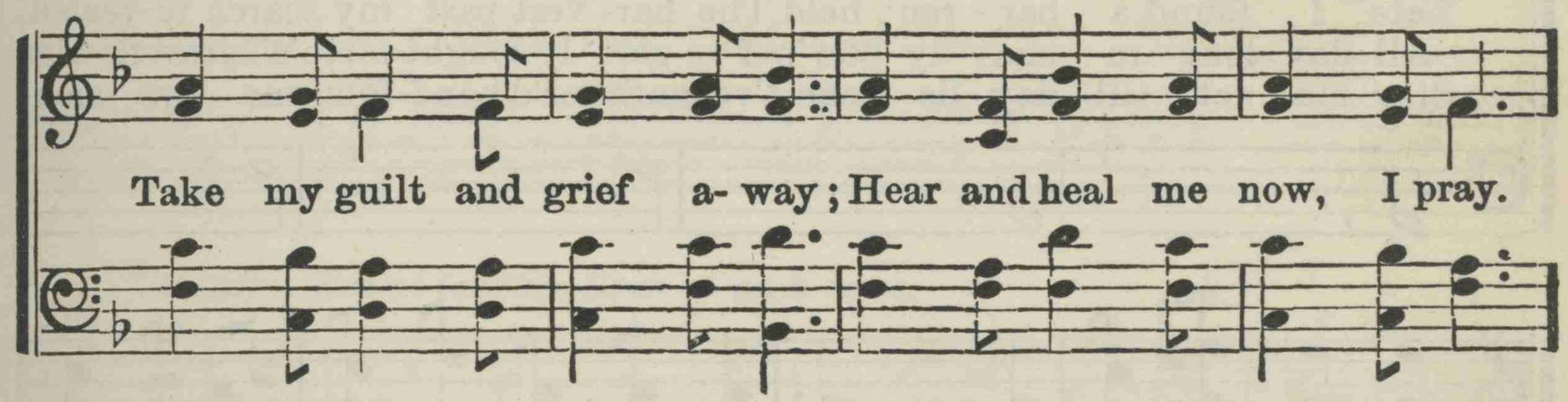


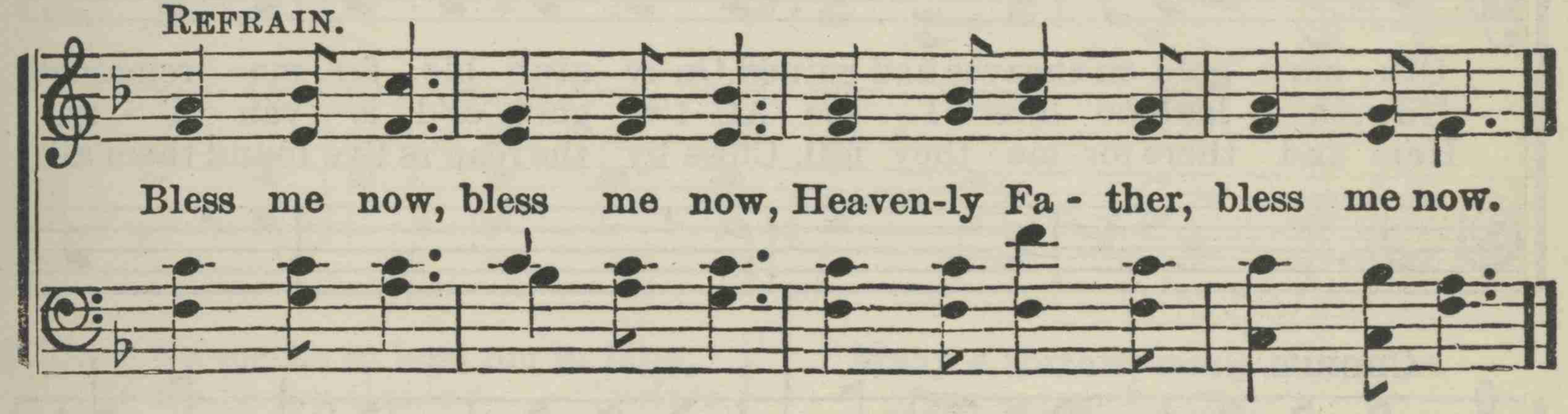
No. 32. Bless Me Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now's the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

Rev. Alexander Clark. Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.







2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,
Send Thy grace and show Thy power;
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord! *Ref.*

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die. *Ref.*

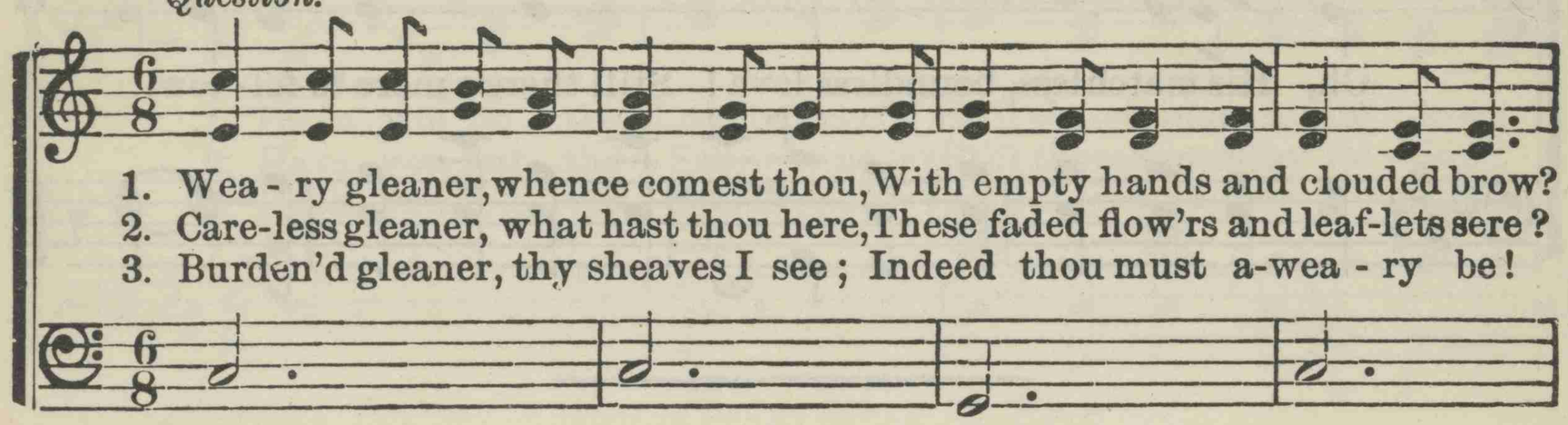
4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, thy Son, before;
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show Thy grace. *Ref*

No. 33. Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-Day?

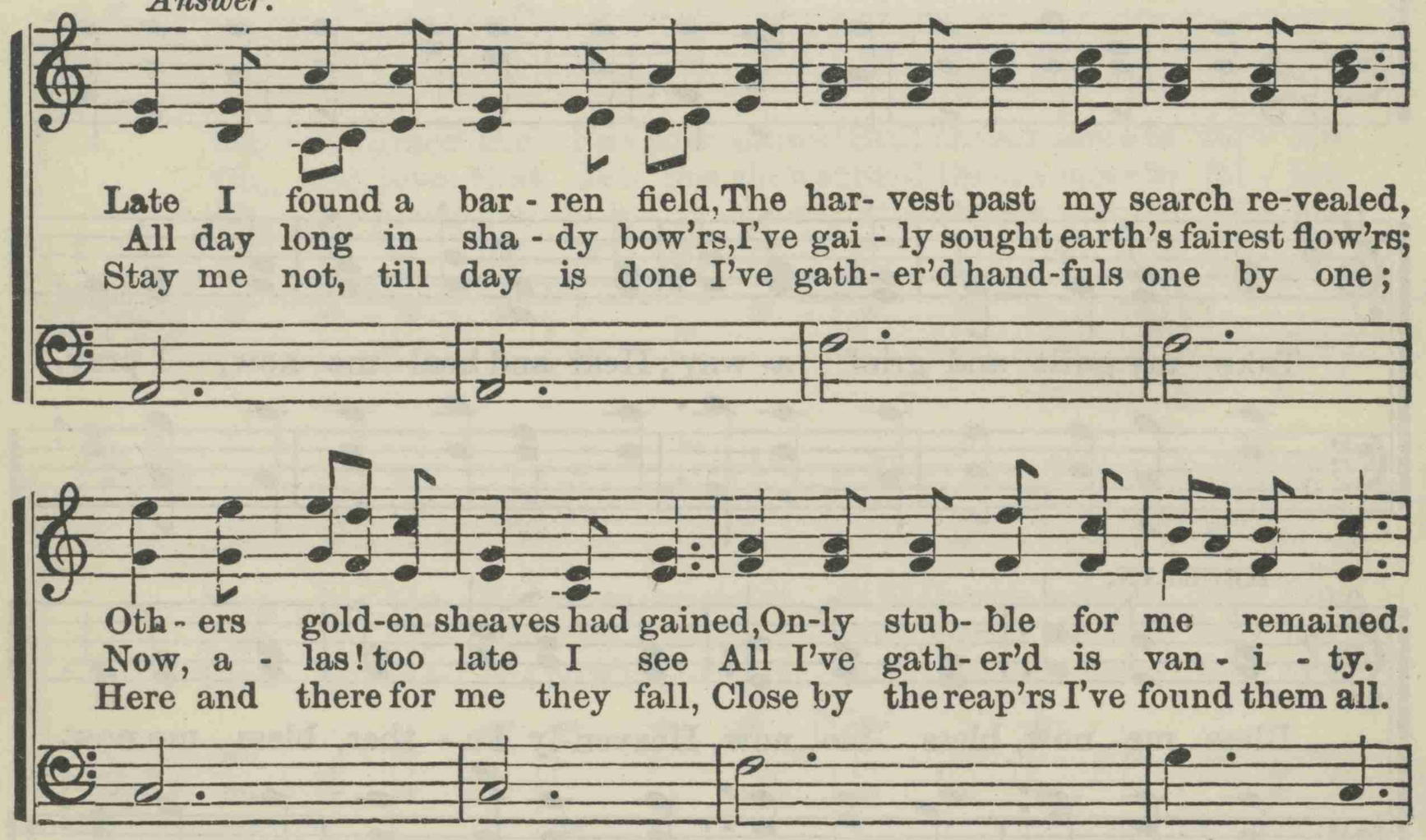
"The field is the world * * * and the reapers are the angels."—MATT. 13: 38.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

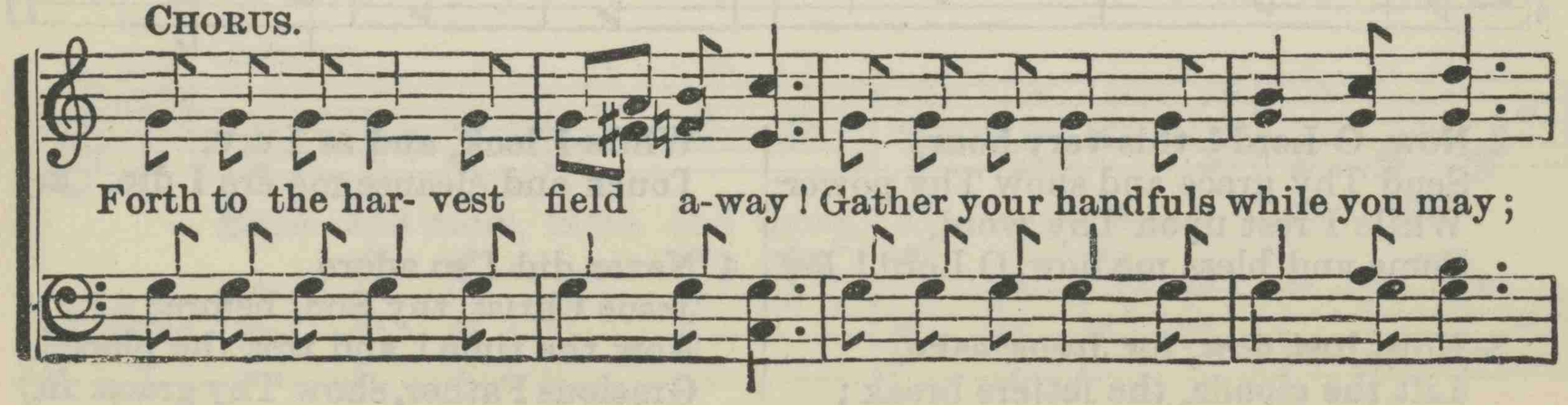
Question.



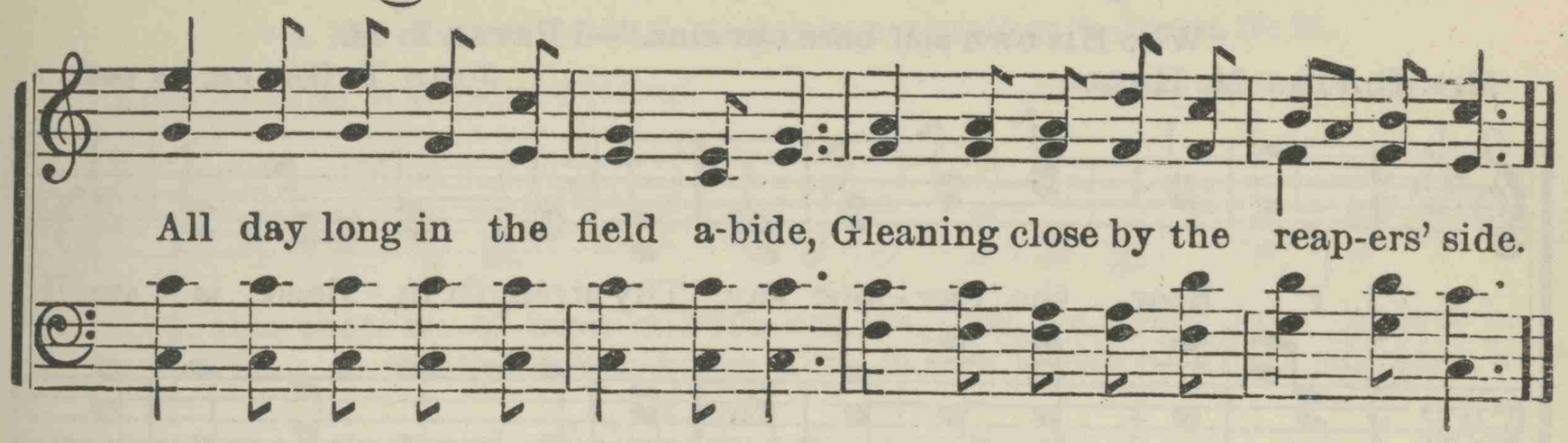
Answer.



CHORUS.



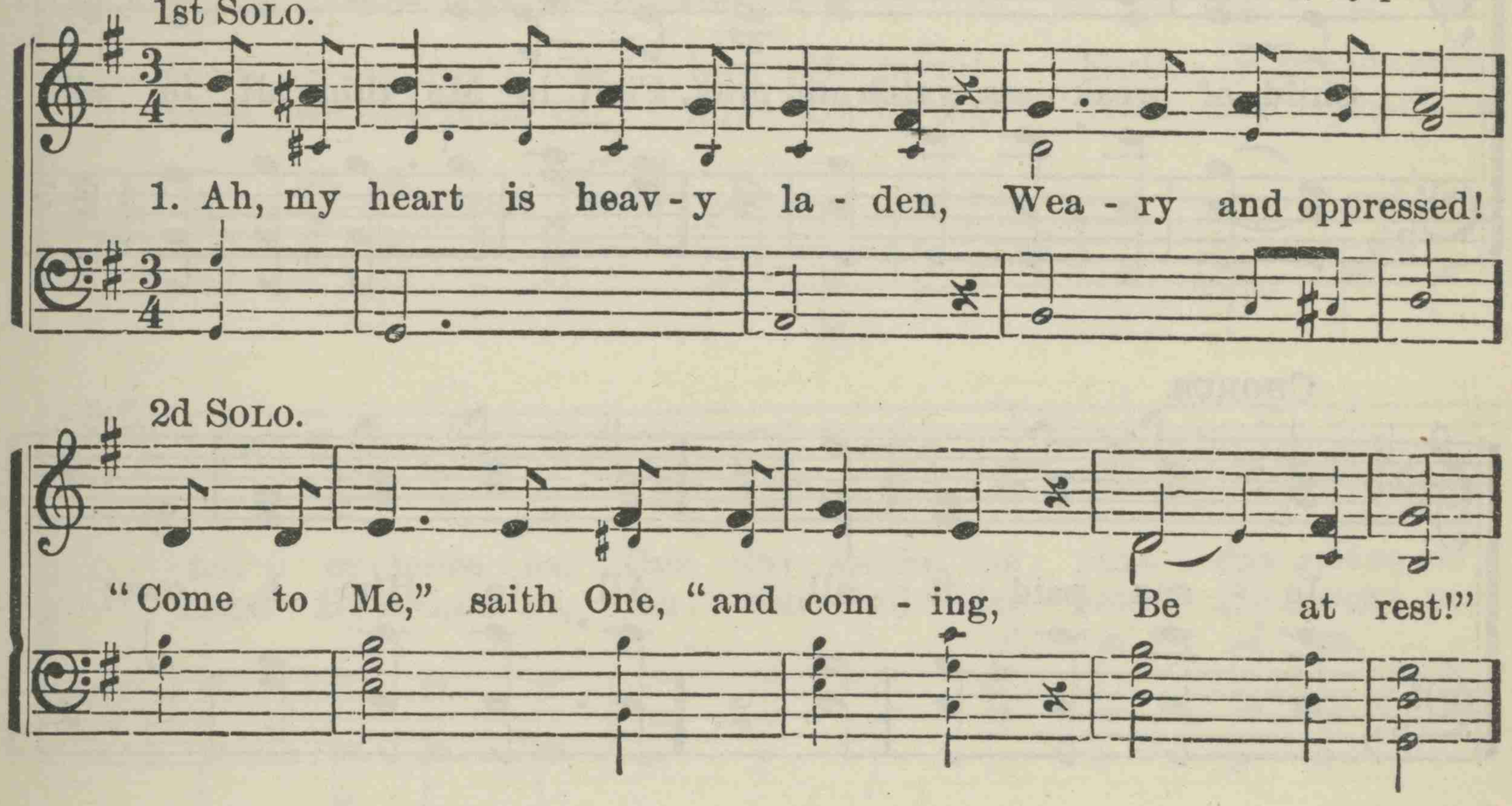
Where Hast Thou Gleaned?—Concluded.



No. 34. Ah, My Heart.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—MATT. 11: 28.

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE. P. P. BLISS, by per.



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide? [prints,
"In His feet and hands are wound-
And His side."—*Cho.*

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"—*Cho.*

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What's my portion here?
"Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
Many a tear."—*Cho.*

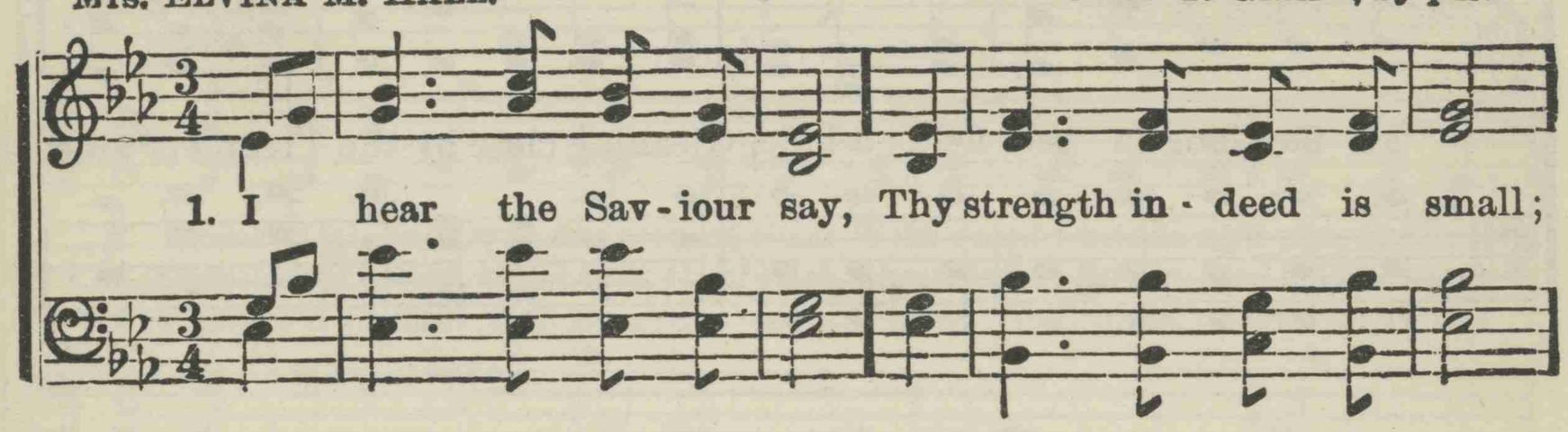
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What have I at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"—*Cho.*

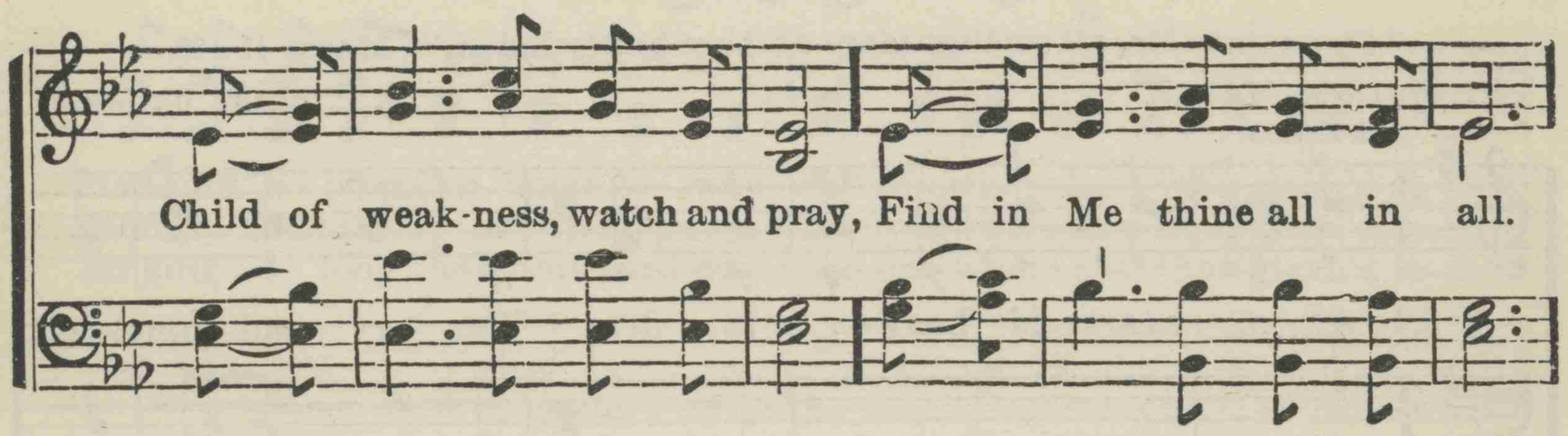
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"—*Cho.*

No. 35. All to Christ I Owe.

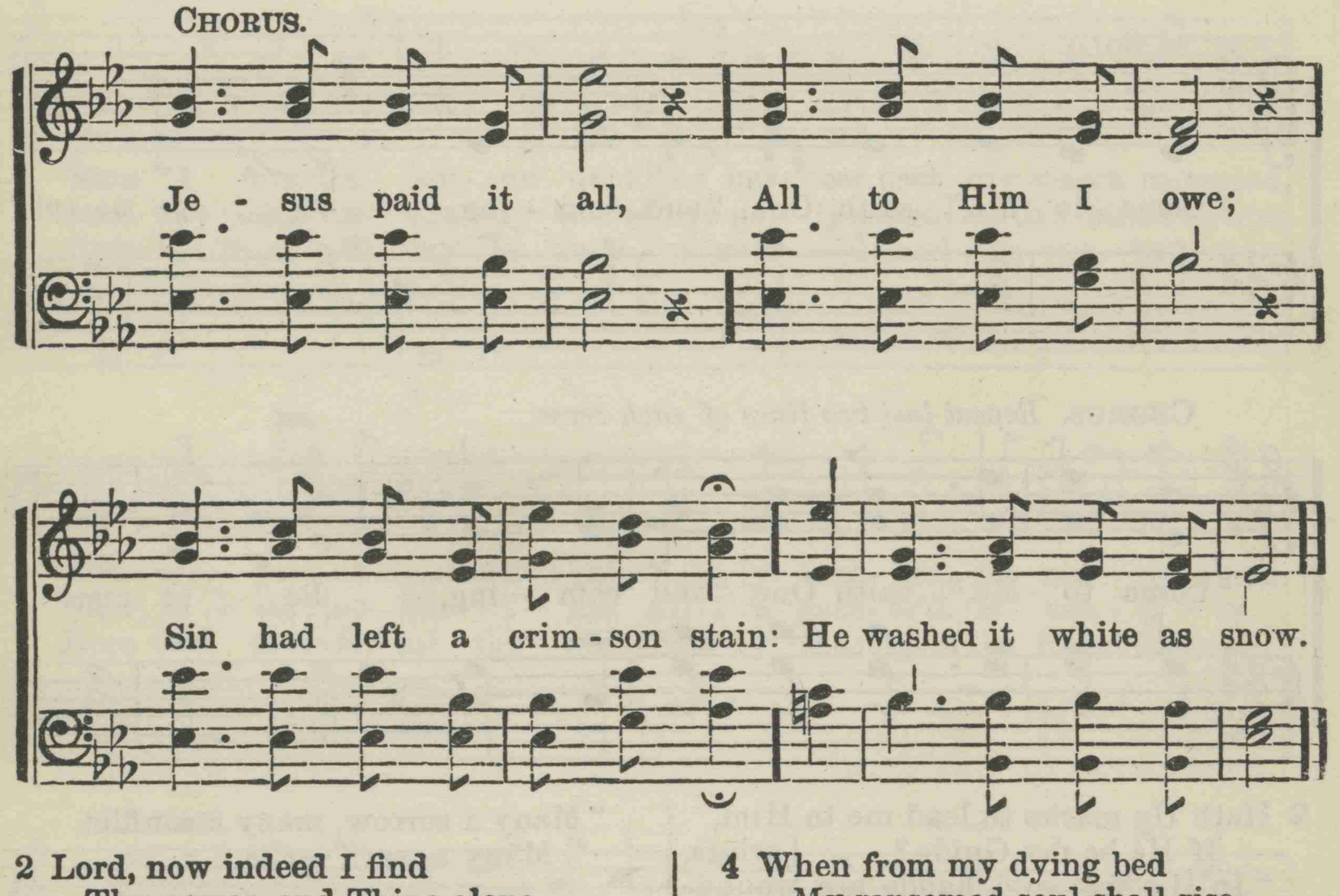
"Who His own self bare our sins."—1 PETER 2: 24.

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.





CHORUS.



2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.—*Cho.*

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

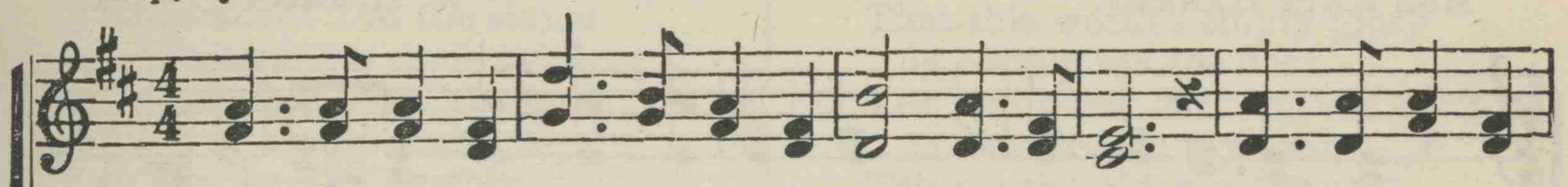
4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—*Cho.*

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

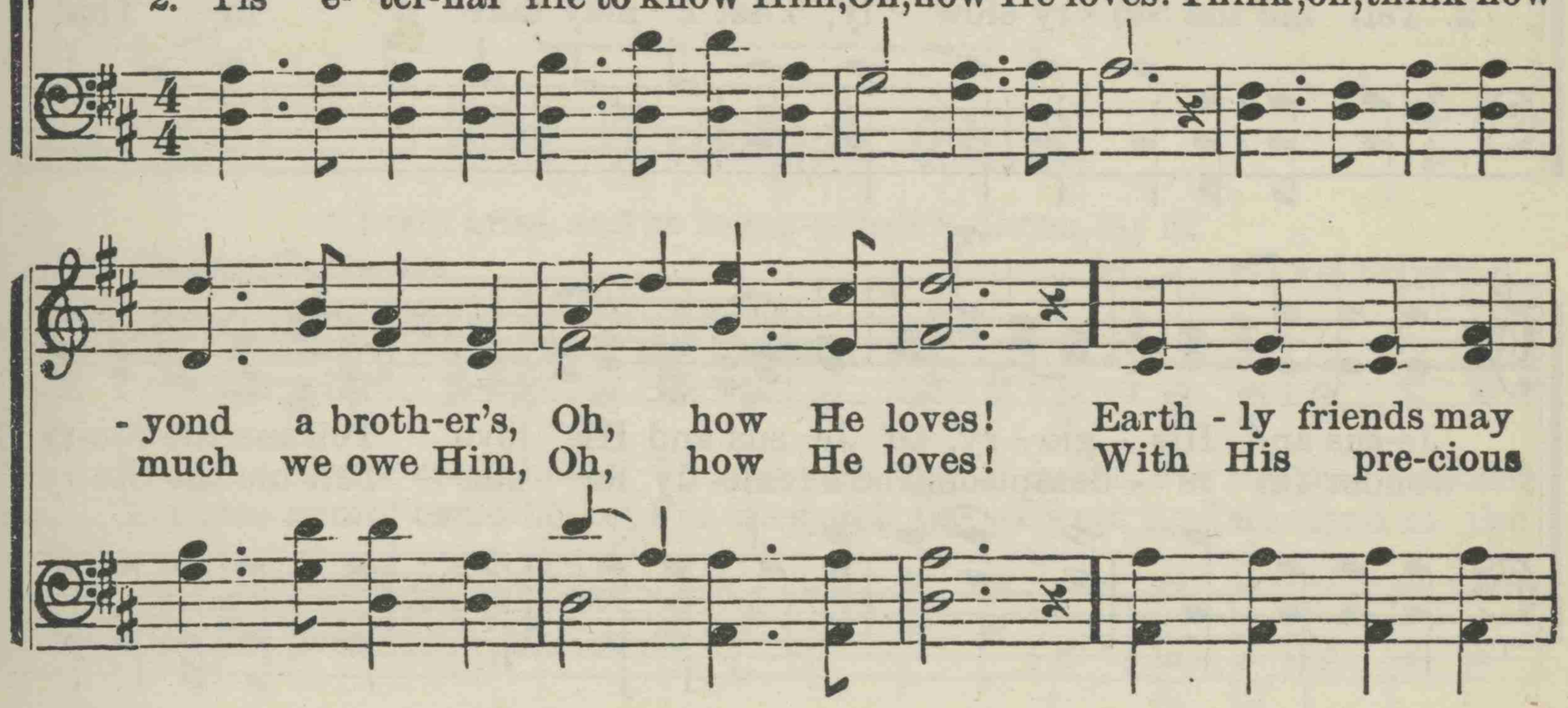
No. 36. Oh, how He Loves.

"A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

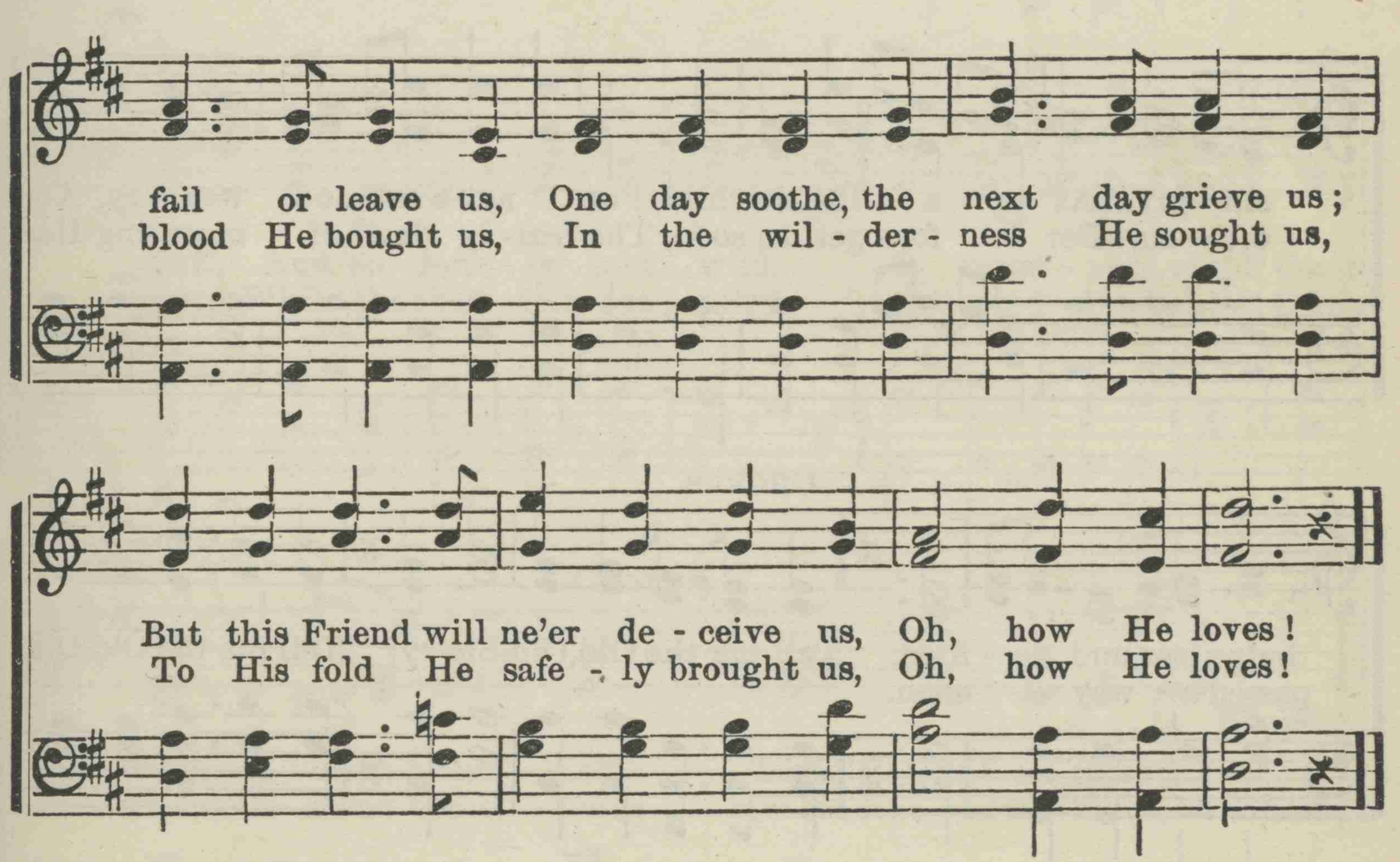
Adp. by Miss MARIANNE NUNN. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



1. One there is a- bove all oth- ers, Oh, how He loves! His is love be -
2. 'Tis e- ter-nal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves! Think, oh, think how



- yond a broth-er's, Oh, how He loves! Earth - ly friends may
much we owe Him, Oh, how He loves! With His pre-cious



fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
blood He bought us, In the wil - der - ness He sought us,

But this Friend will ne'er de - ceive us, Oh, how He loves!
To His fold He safe - ly brought us, Oh, how He loves!

3

Blessed Jesus! would you know him,
Oh, how He loves!
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow,
Oh, how He loves!

4

All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you,
Oh, how He loves!

No. 37. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—MARK 5: 19.

Miss KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That

Je-sus and His glo - ry, Of Je- sus and His love. Tell me the Sto-ry
wonder-ful re - demption, God's reme- dy for sin. Tell me the Sto-ry

sim- ply, As to a lit- tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear- ly dew" of morn-ing Has

CHORUS.

help- less and de - filed. Tell me the Old, Old Sto-ry, Tell me the Old, Old
passed a - way at noon.

Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.—Concluded.

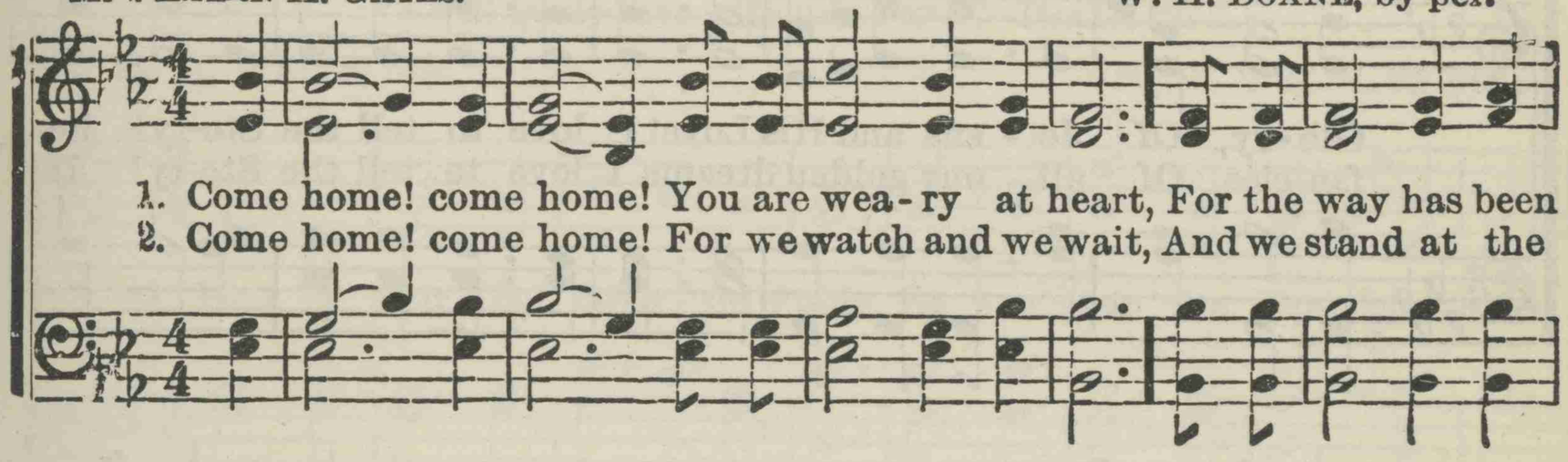
3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save;
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

No. 38. The Prodigal Child.

"I will arise, and go to my father."—LUKE 15: 18.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES. W. H. DOANE, by per.



3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh come home!

4 Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there,
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh come home!

No. 39. I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."—PSAL. 145: 5.

Miss KATE HANKEY, 1867. W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Je-sus and His
2. I love to tell the Story! More wonderful it seems, Than all the golden

Glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His Love! I love to tell the Sto-ry! Be-
fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the Sto-ry! It

- cause I know it's true; It sat-isfies my longings, As nothing else would do.
did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son, I tell it now to thee.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

I Love to Tell the Story.—Concluded.

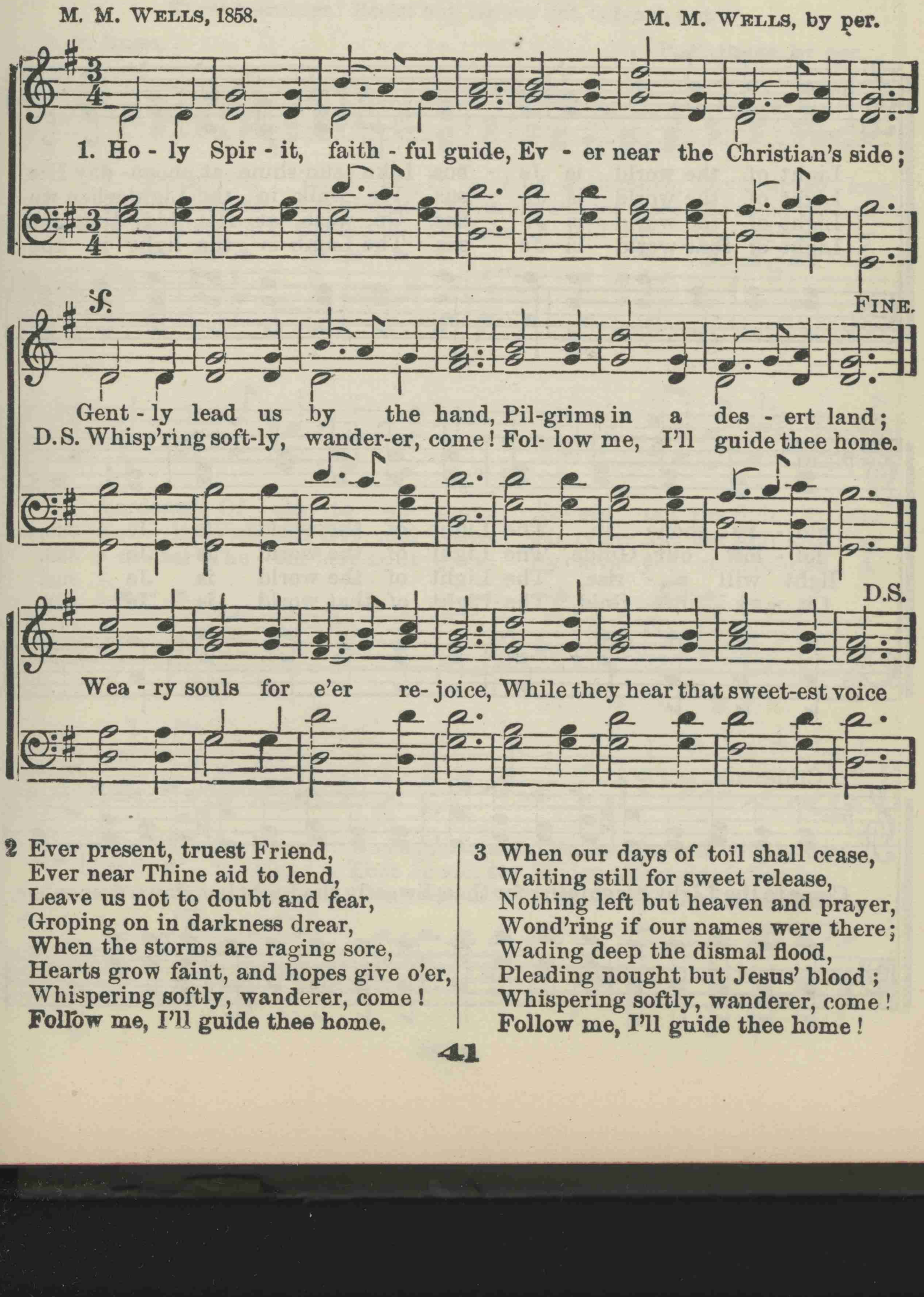
3 I love to tell the Story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the Story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG.
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

No 40. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—PSALM 32: 8.

M. M. WELLS, 1858. M. M. WELLS, by per.



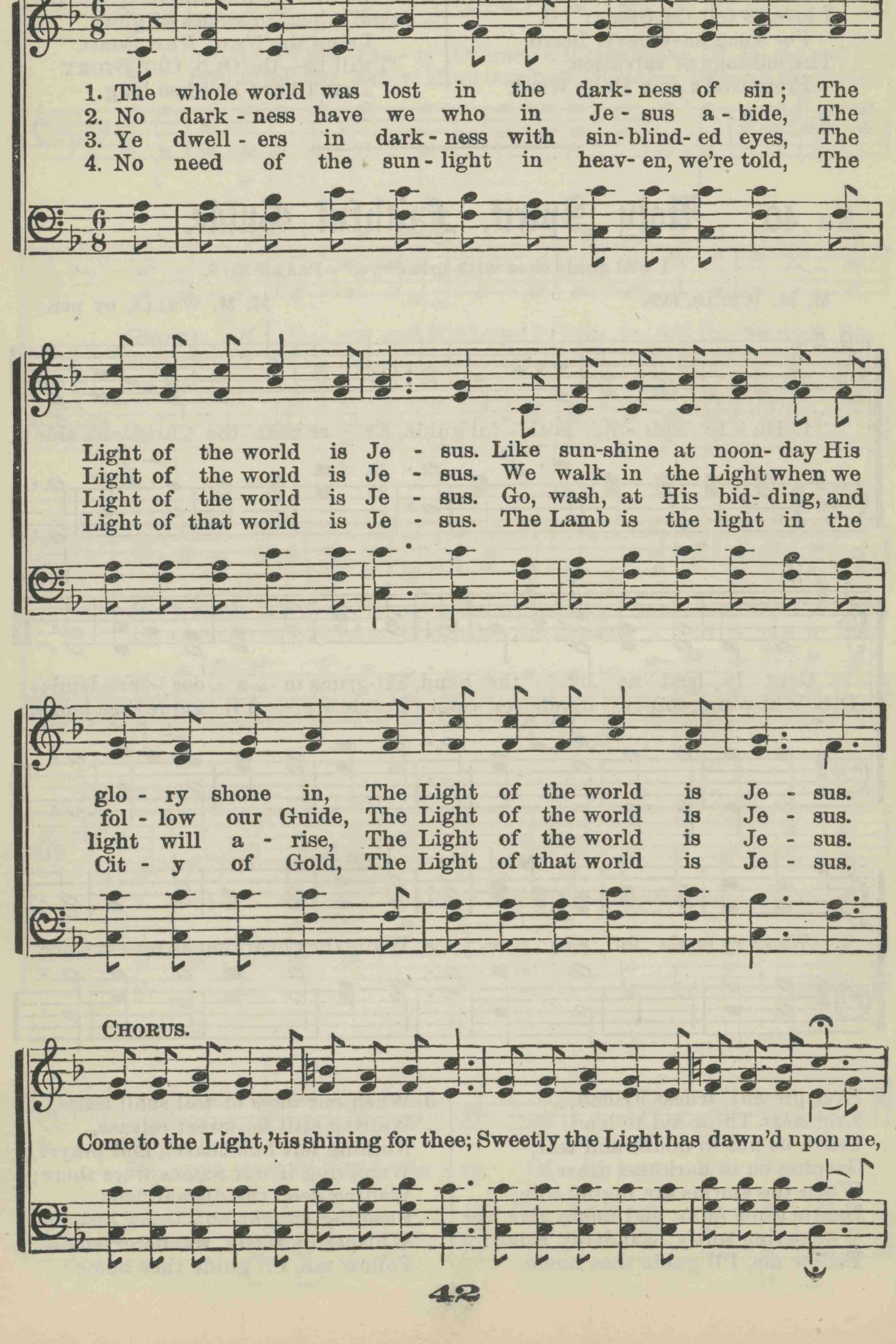
2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

No. 41. The Light of the World is Jesus.

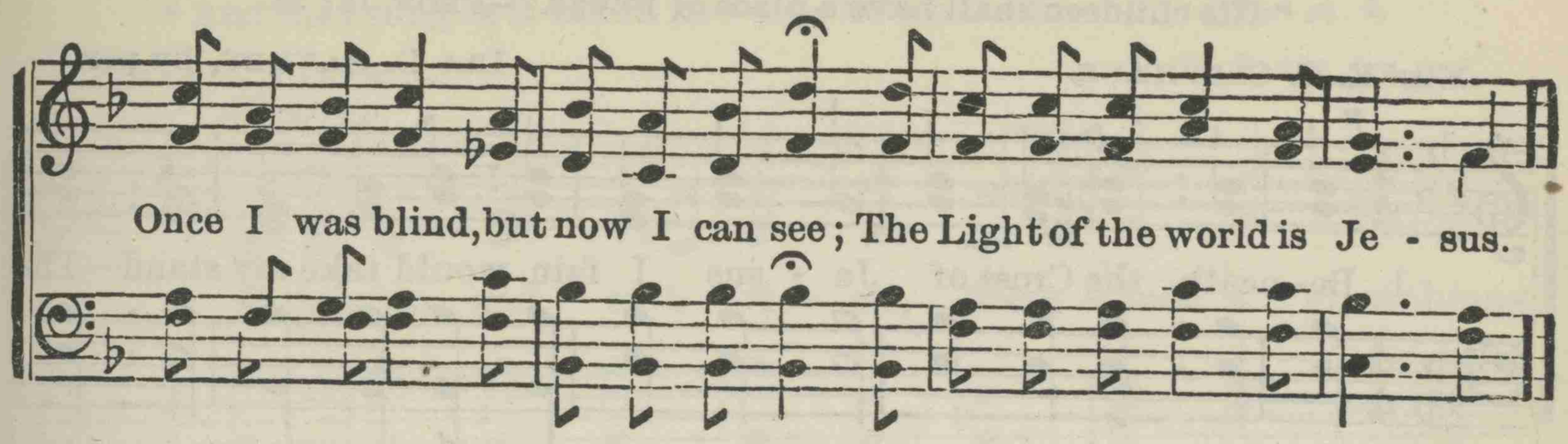
"I am the light of the world."—JOHN 9 : 5.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



CHORUS.

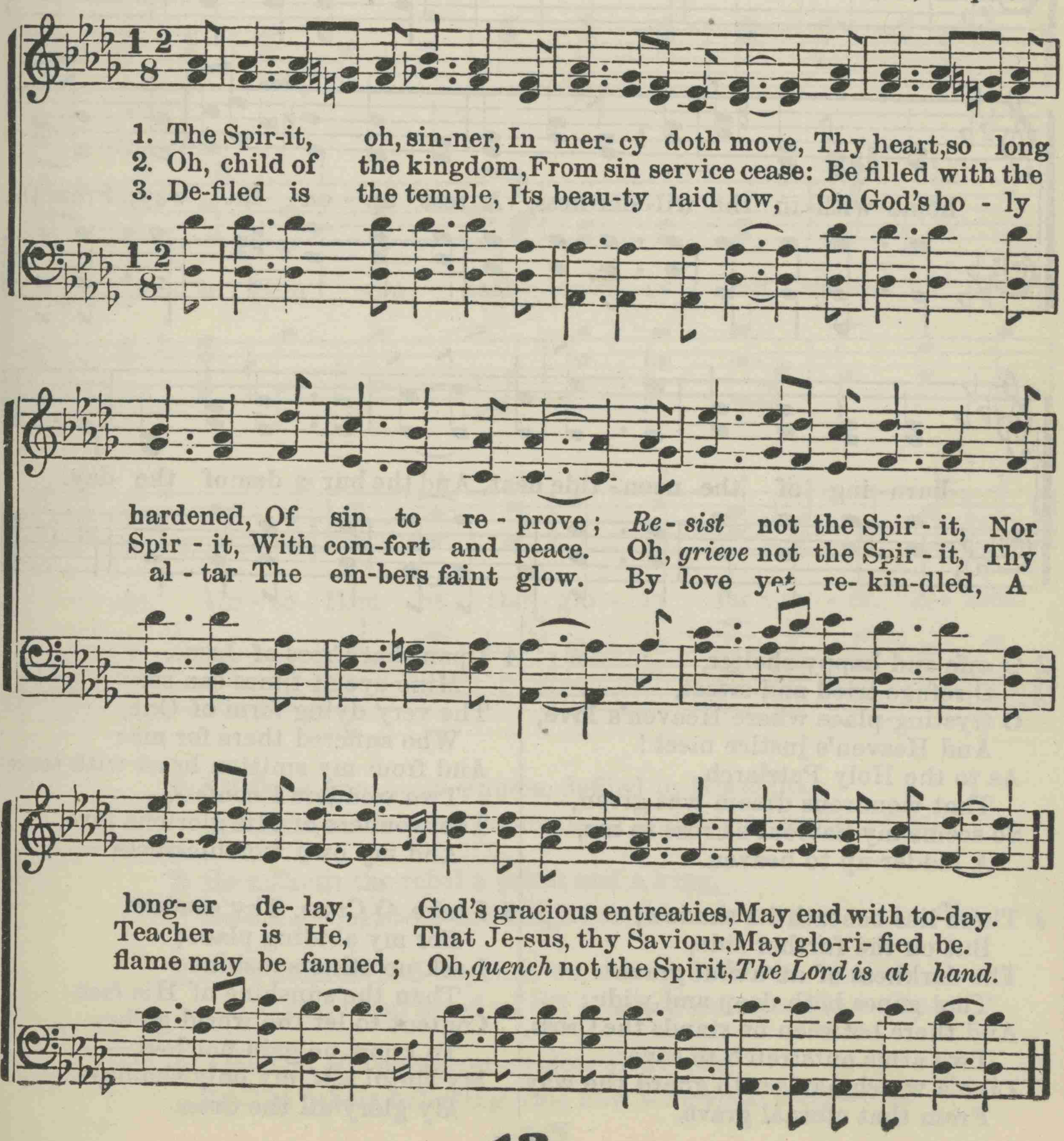
The Light of the World.—Concluded.



No. 42. The Holy Spirit.

Three warnings: Resist not, Grieve not, Quench not.

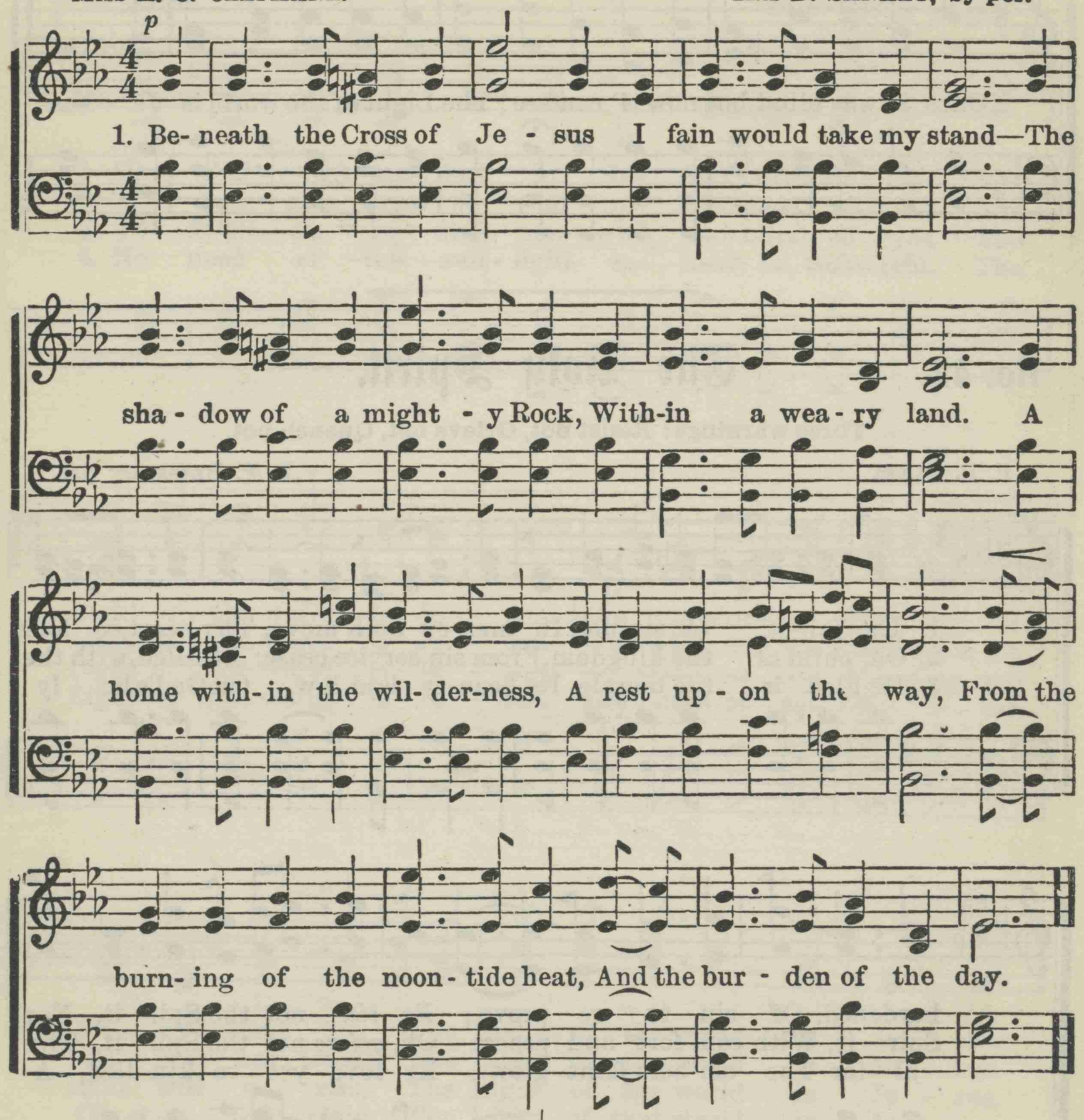
P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.



No. 43. The Cross of Jesus.

"His children shall have a place of refuge."—PROV. 14: 26.

MISS E. C. CLEPHANE. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love,
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the Holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretch to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

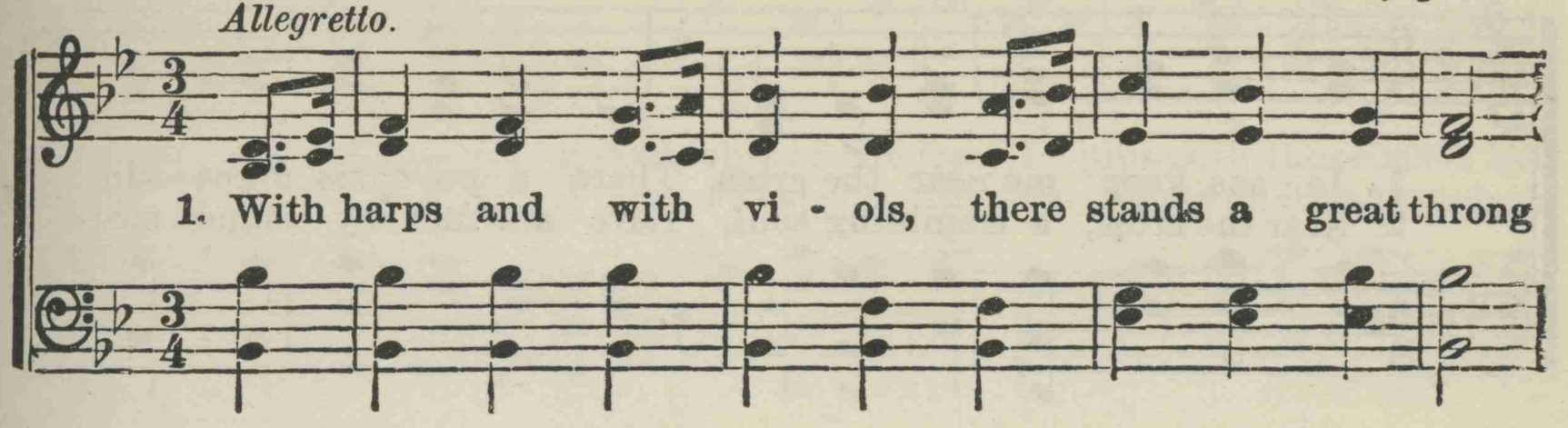
5 I take, O Cross, Thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,—
My glory all the Cross.

No. 44. The New Song.

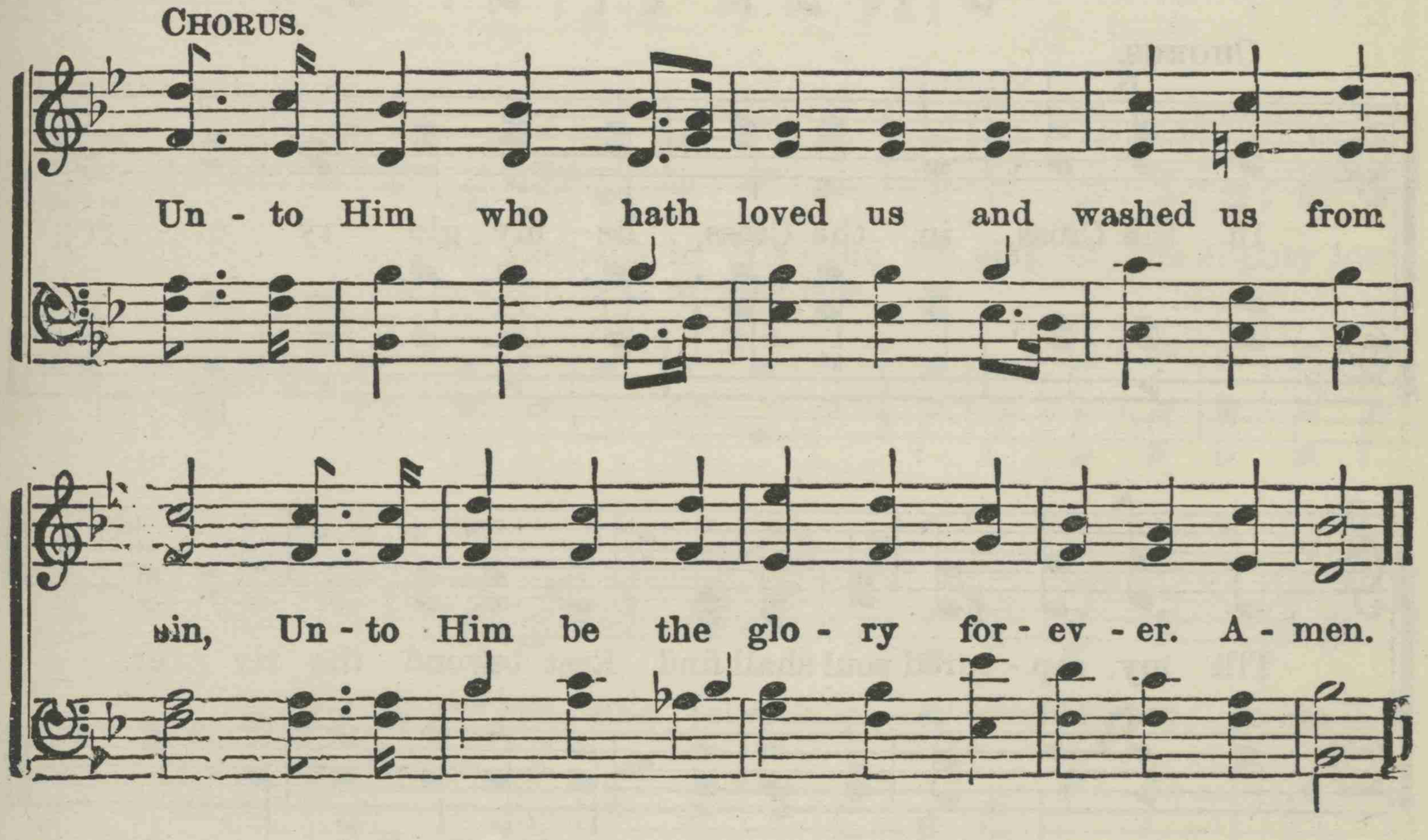
"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev. 14. 3.

Rev. A. T. Pierson. P. P. Bliss, by per.

Allegretto.



Chorus.



2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite.—*Cho.*

3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing—*Cho.*

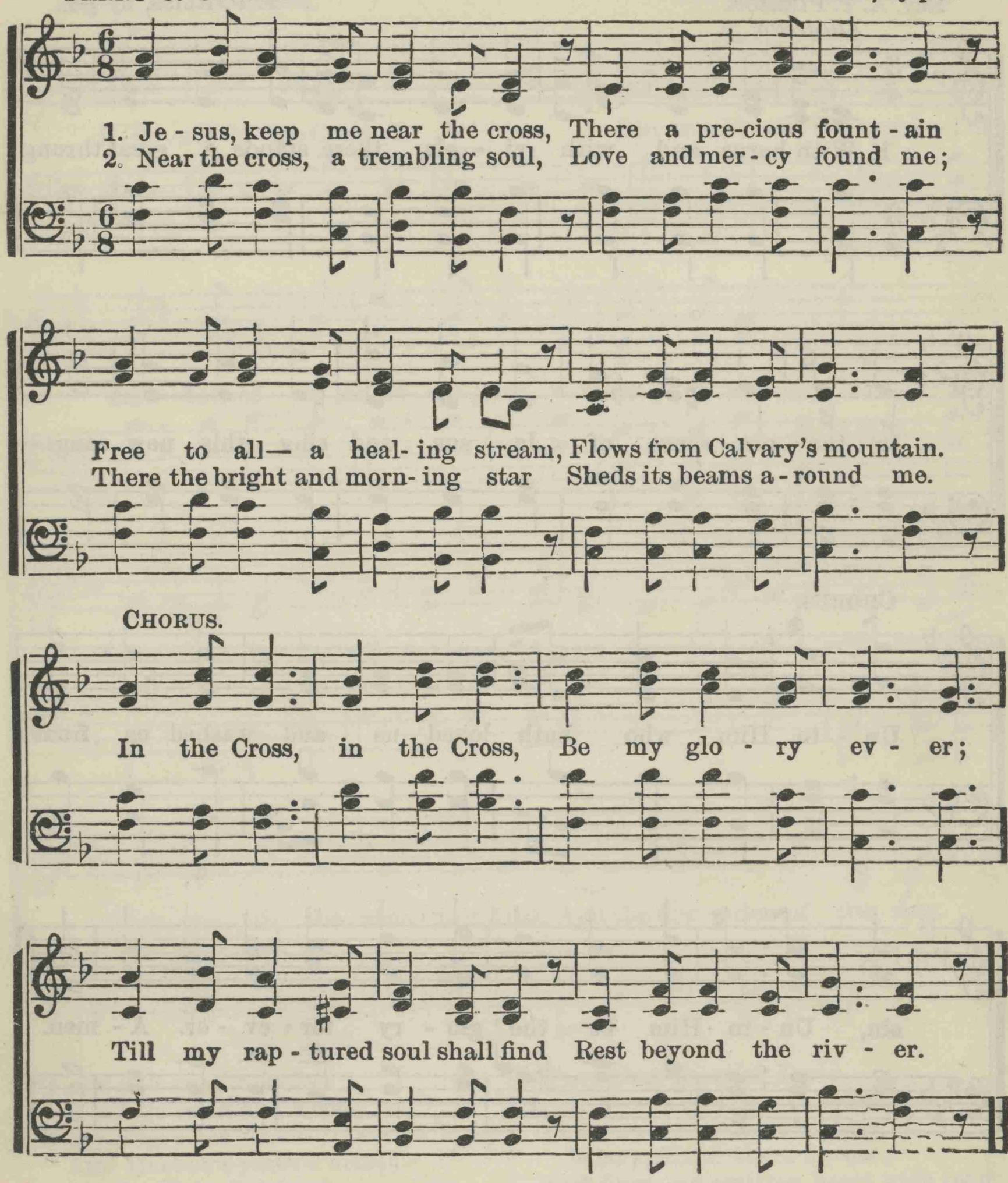
4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.—*Cho.*

5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,
So that others believing, this new song shall sing.—*Cho.*

No. 45. Near the Cross.

"Peace through the blood of His cross."—COLL. 1: 29.

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



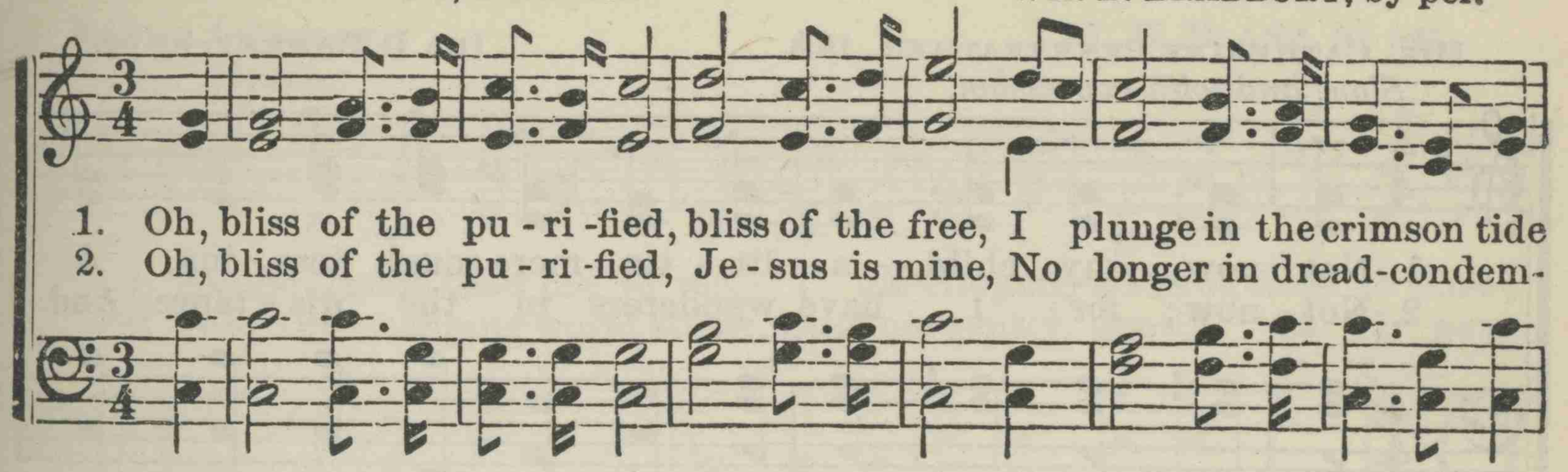
3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.—*Cho.*

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.—*Cho.*

No. 46. Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

"Mighty to save."—ISAIAH 63: 1.

Rev. FRANK BOTTOME, D.D. 1869. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.—*Cho.*

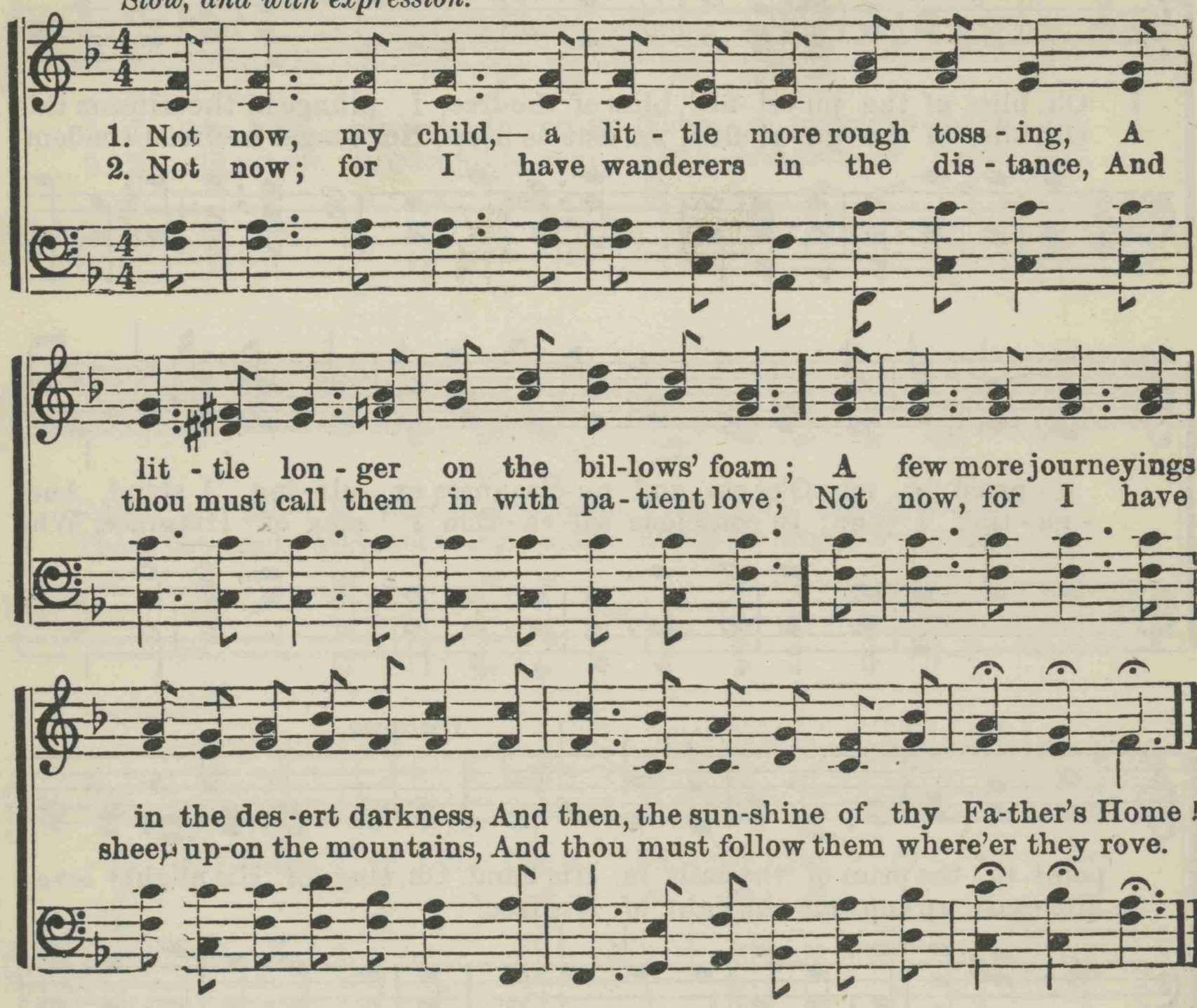
4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to save."—*Cho.*

No. 47. Not Now, My Child.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—PSALM 4: 6.

Mrs. CATHERINE PENNEFATHER. 1863. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

Slow, and with expression.



3 Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

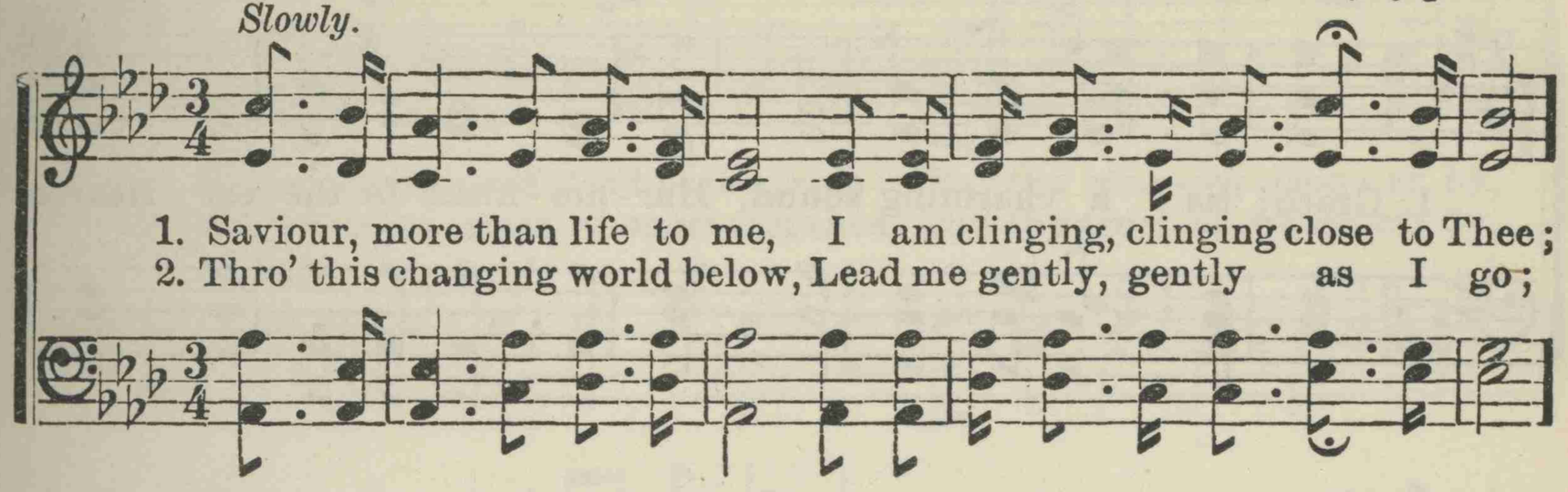
6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

No. 48. Every Day and Hour.

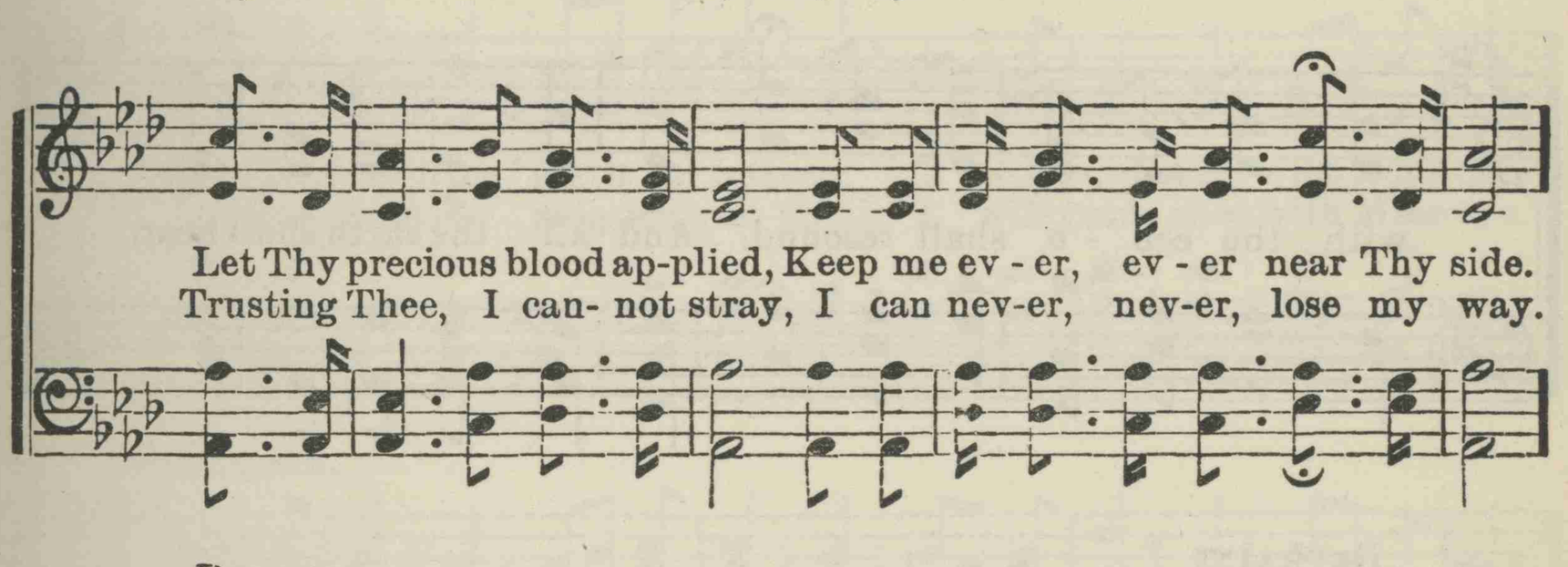
"Cleanse me from my sin."—Ps. 51: 2.

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

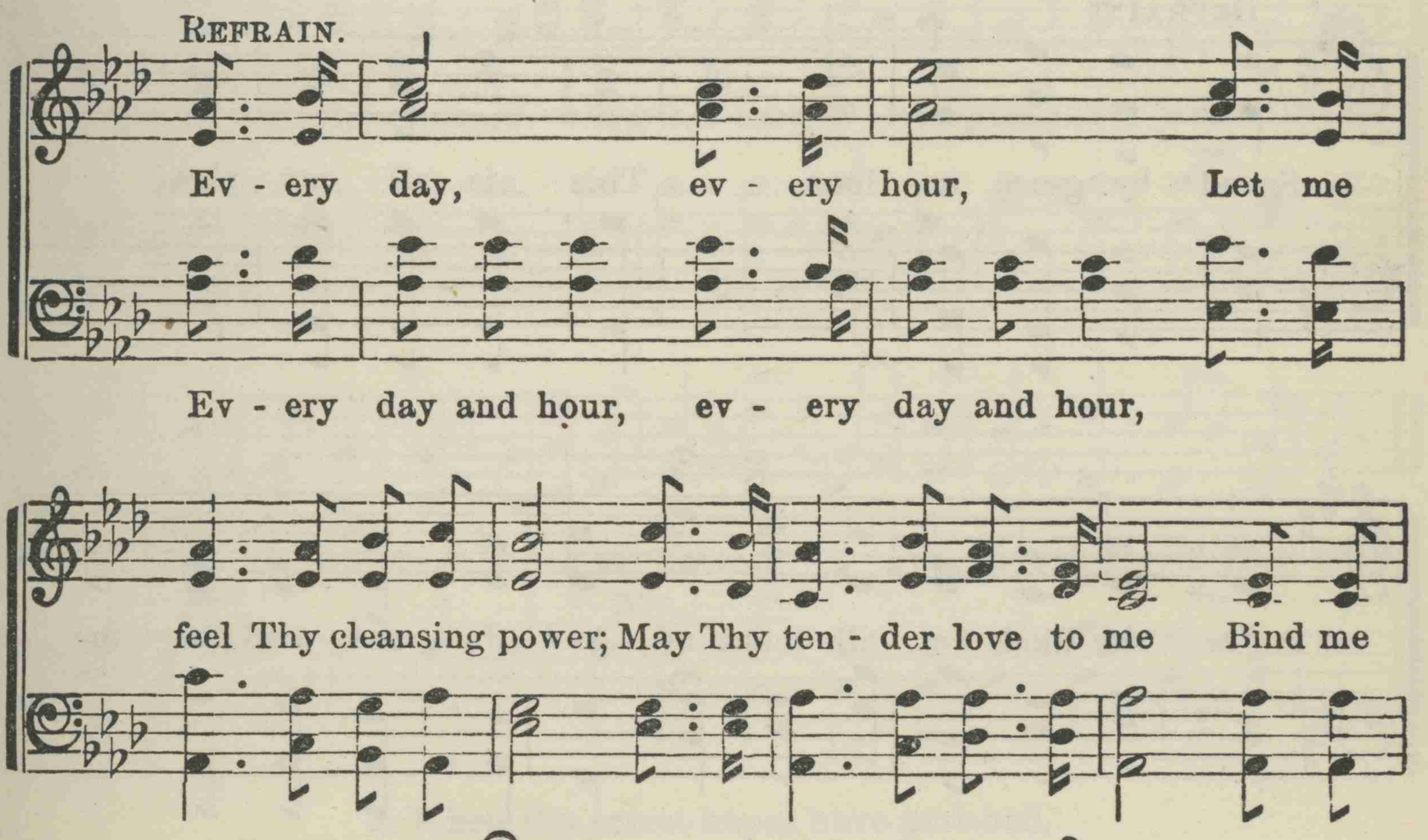
Slowly.



1. Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go;



Let Thy precious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can- not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er, lose my way.

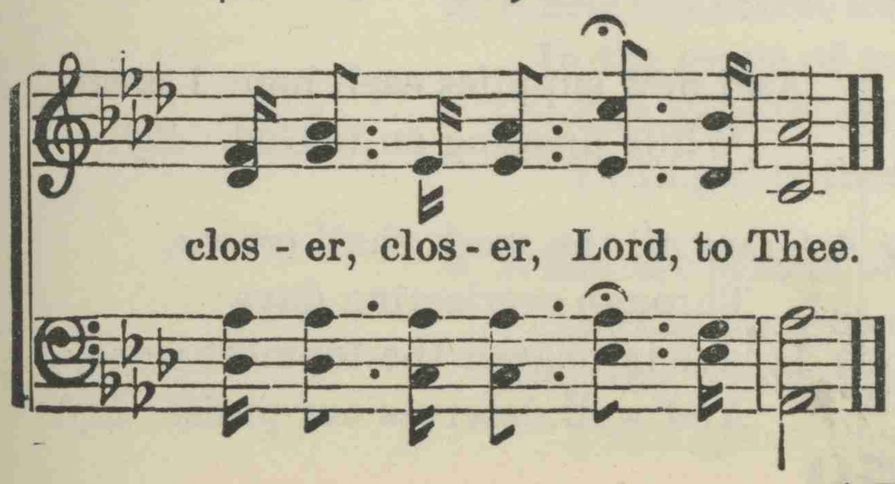


REFRAIN.

Ev - ery day, ev - ery hour, Let me

Ev - ery day and hour, ev - ery day and hour,

feel Thy cleansing power; May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me



clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

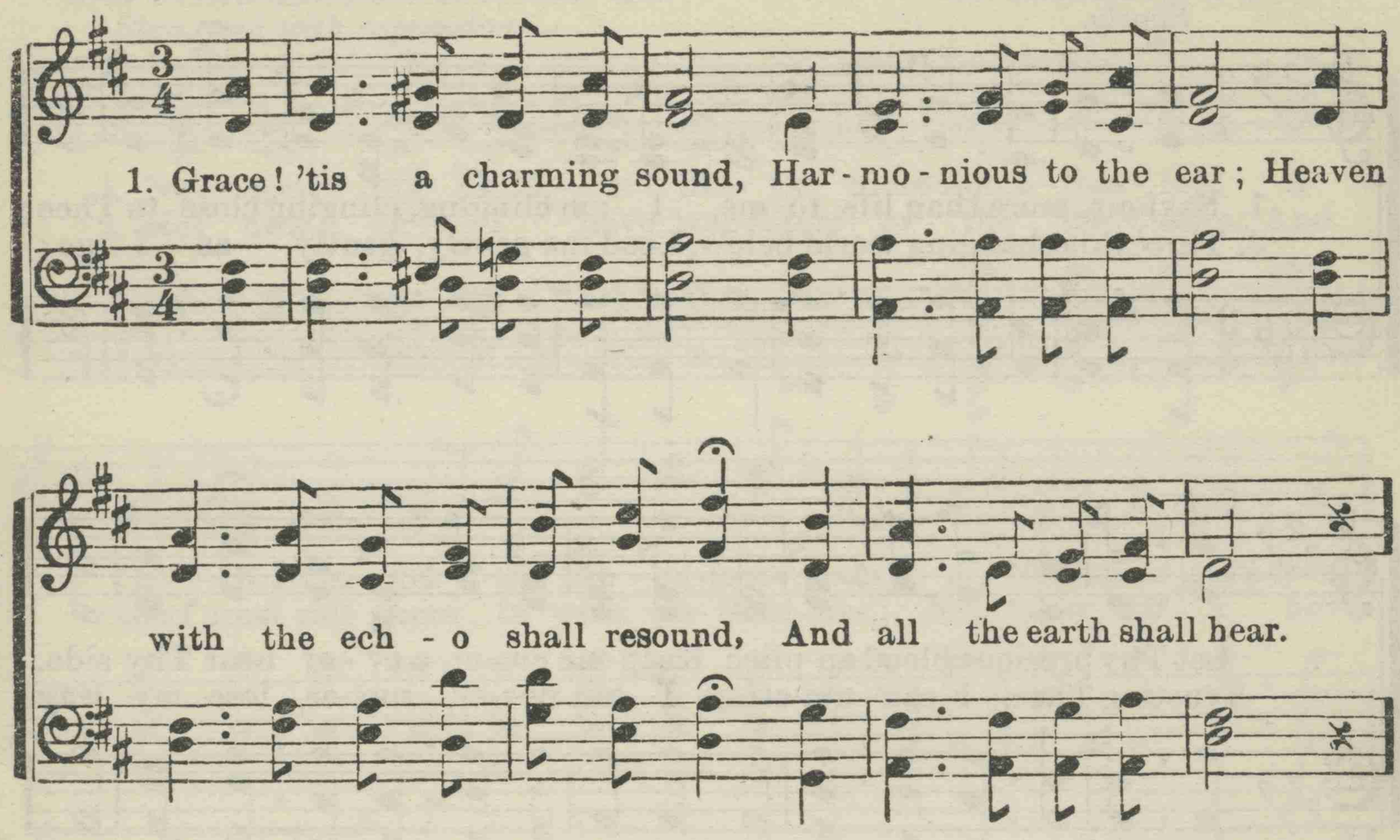
3

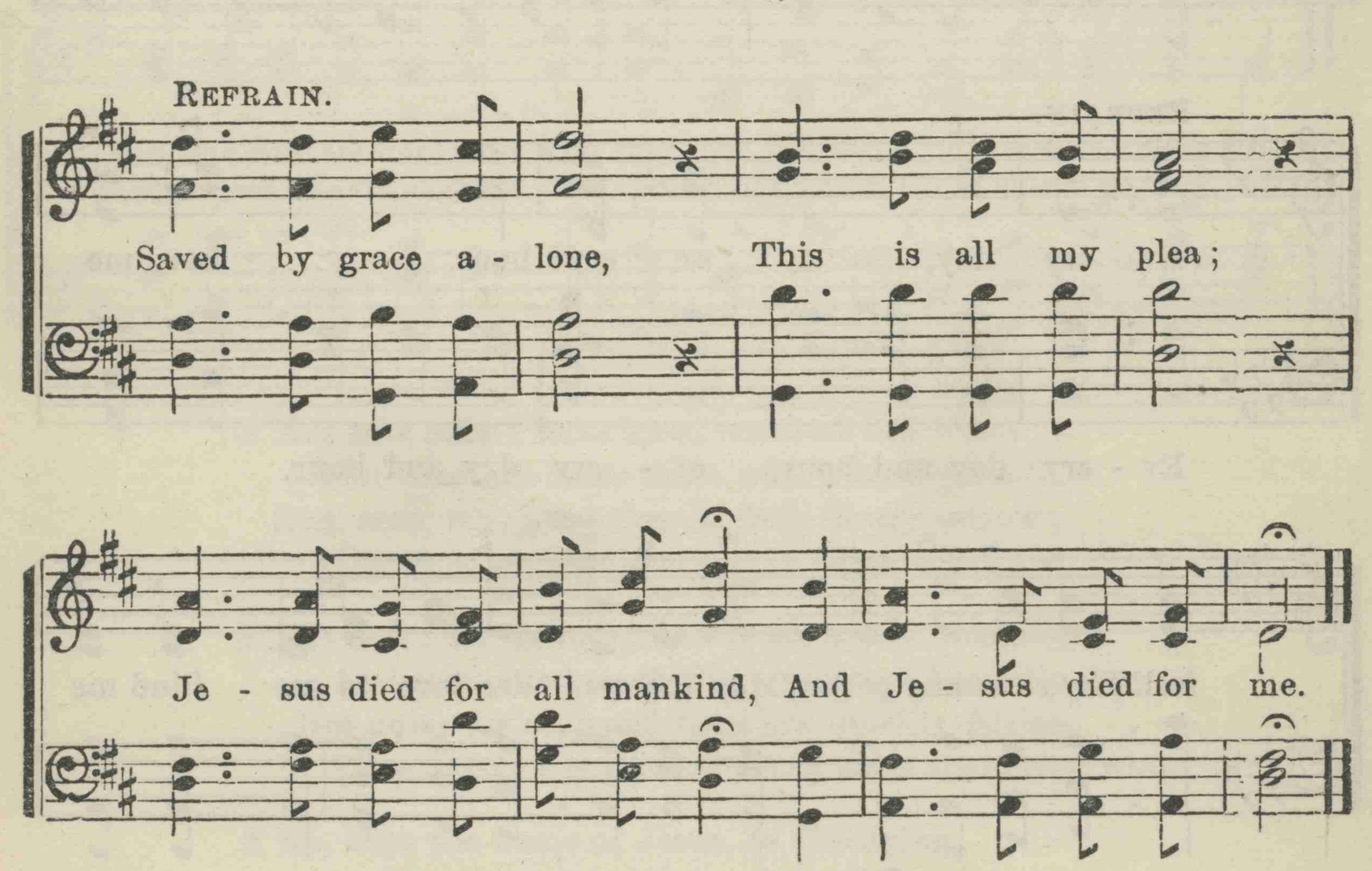
Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.
Ref. Every day and hour, &c.

No. 49. The Wondrous Gift.

"By grace are ye saved."—EPH. 2 : 8.

Dr PHILIP DODDRIDGE. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.





2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan. *Ref.*

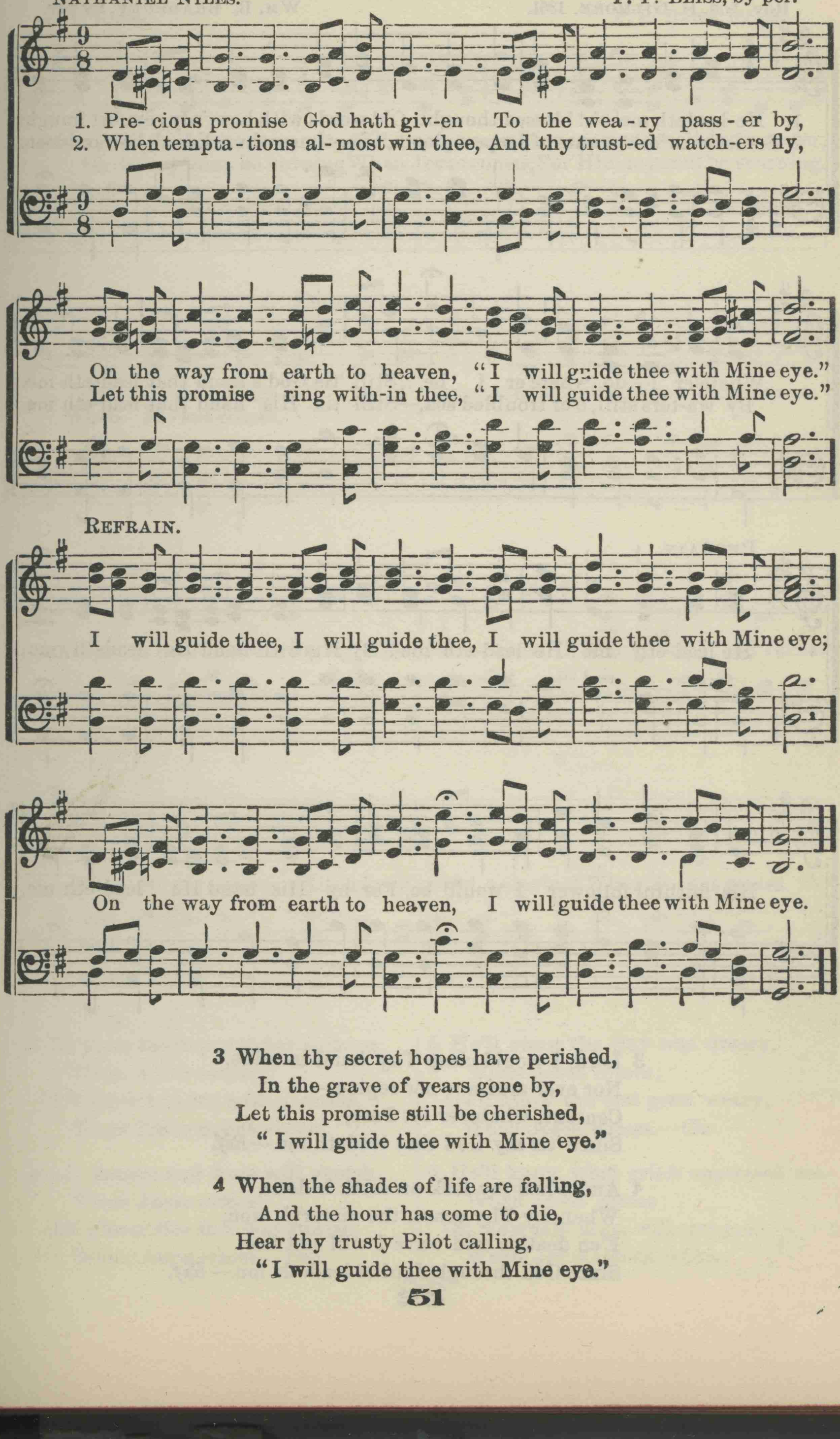
3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God. *Ref.*

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise. *Ref.*

No. 50. Precious Promise.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 PET. 1 : 4.

NATHANIEL NILES. P. P. BLISS, by per.



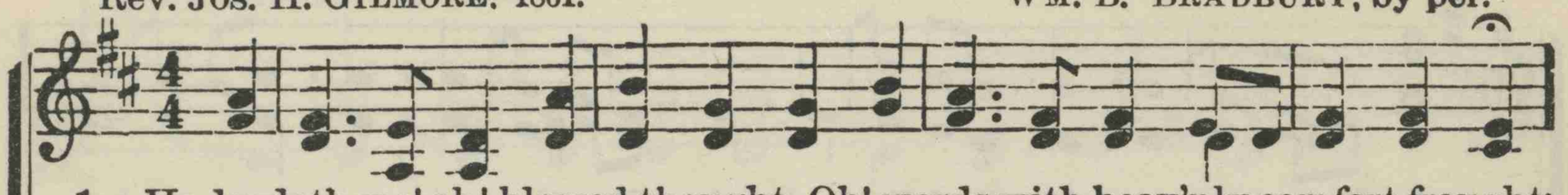
3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

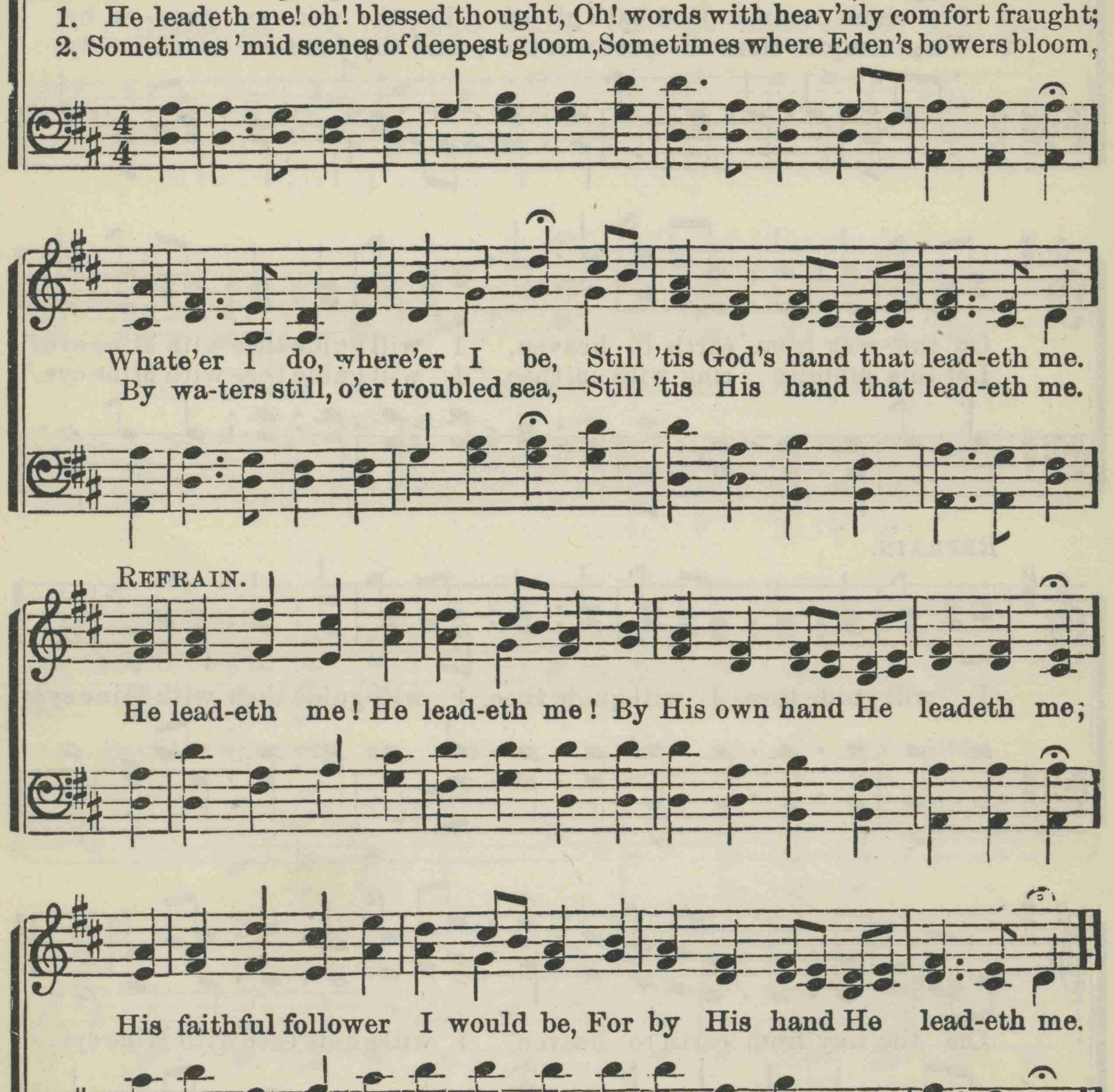
No. 51. He Leadeth Me.

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

Rev. JOS. H. GILMORE, 1861. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



1. He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,



Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

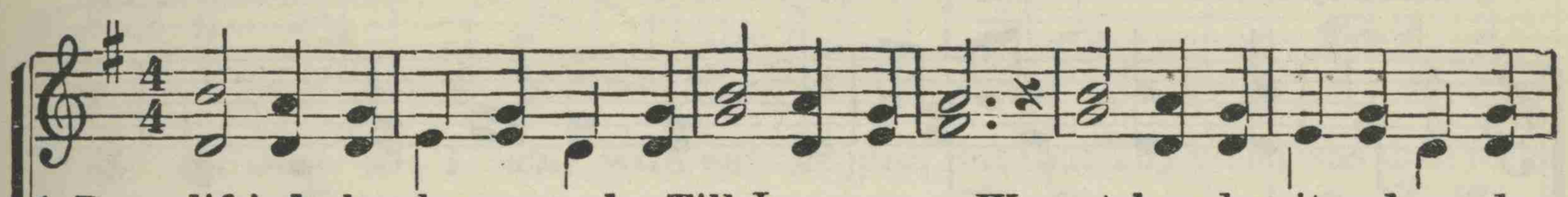
3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—*Ref.*

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—*Ref.*

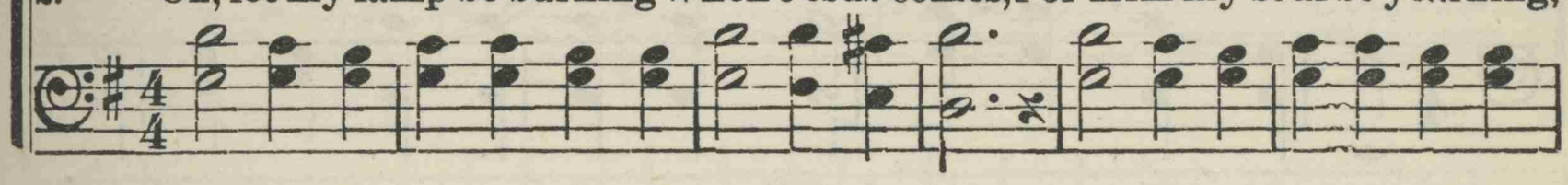
No. 52. When Jesus Comes.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—HEB. 9:28.

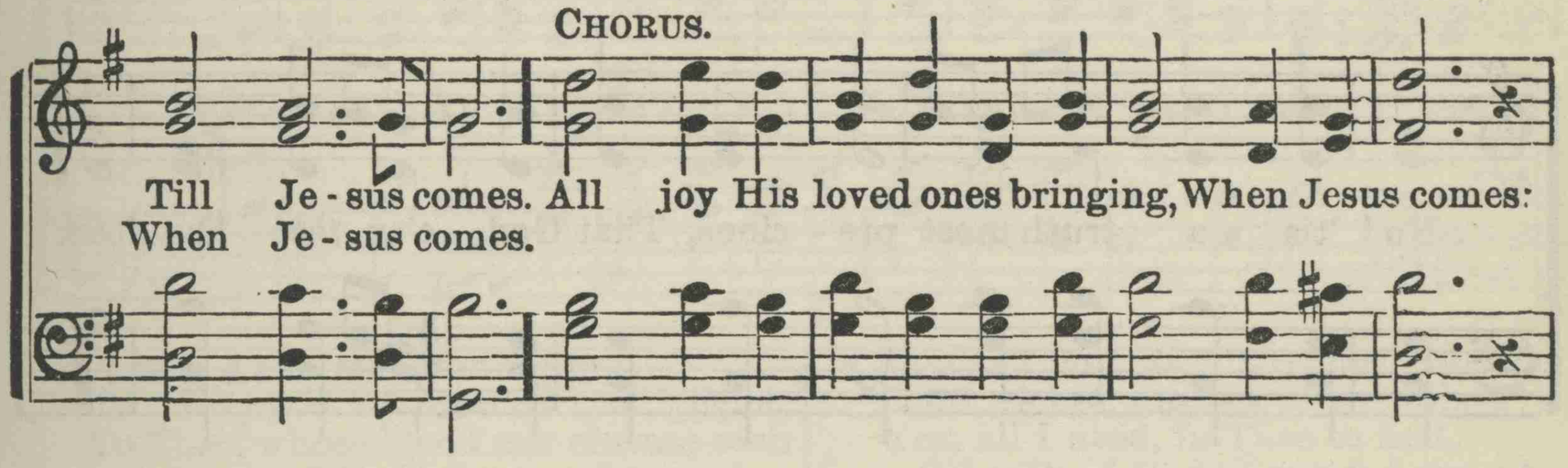
P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



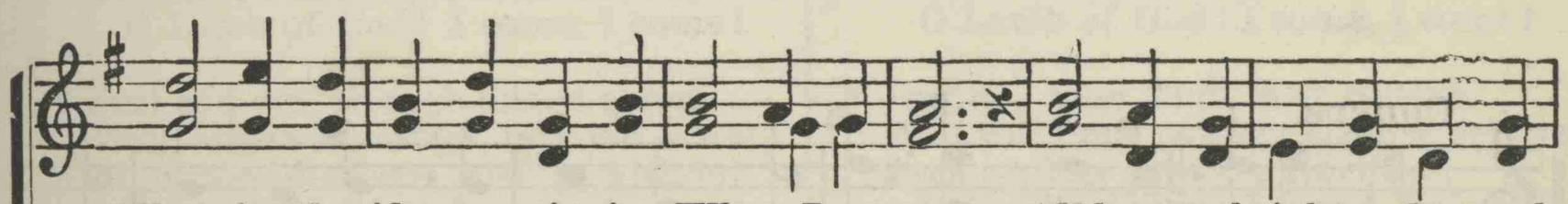
1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Jesus comes; We watch and wait and wonder,
2. Oh, let my lamp be burning When Jesus comes; For Him my soul be yearning,



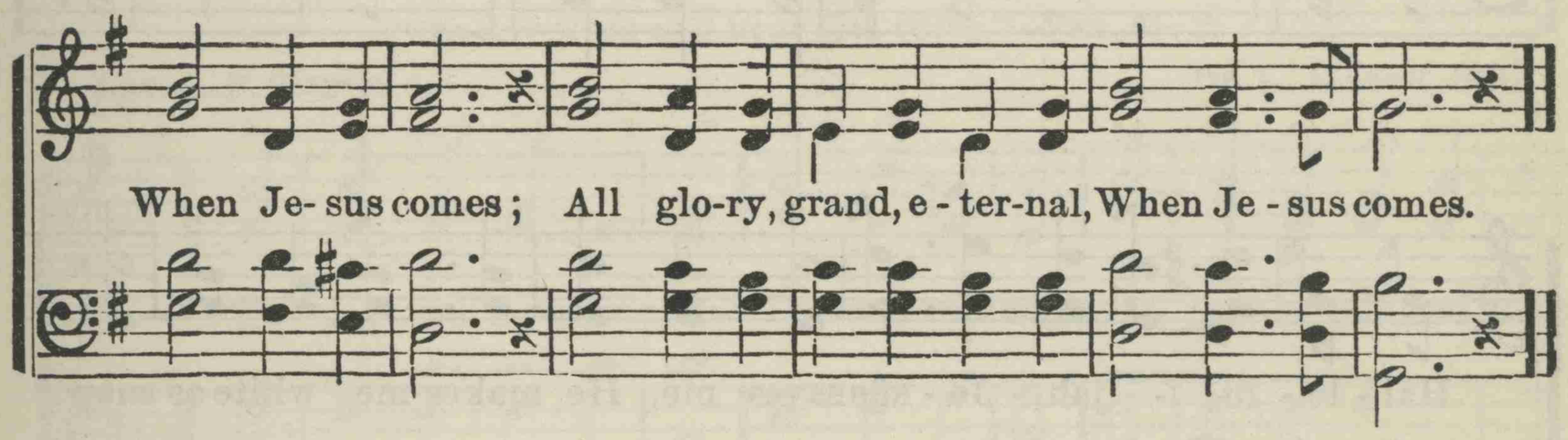
CHORUS.



Till Je - sus comes. All joy His loved ones bringing, When Jesus comes:
When Je - sus comes.



All praise thro' heaven ringing, When Jesus comes. All beauty bright and vernal,



When Je- sus comes; All glo-ry, grand, e - ter-nal, When Je - sus comes.

3 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes.—*Cho.*

4 All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes.—*Cho.*

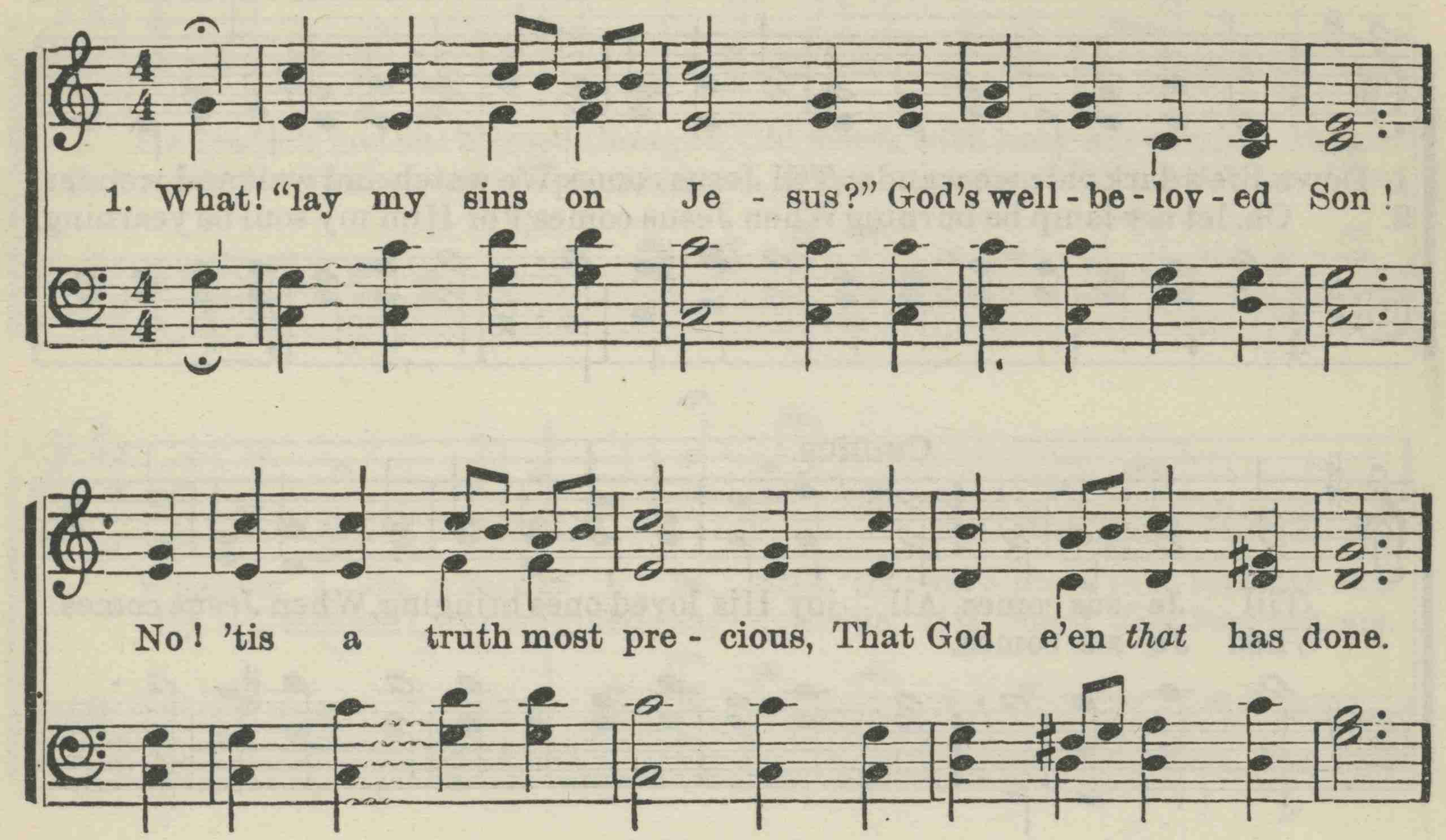
5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.—*Cho.*

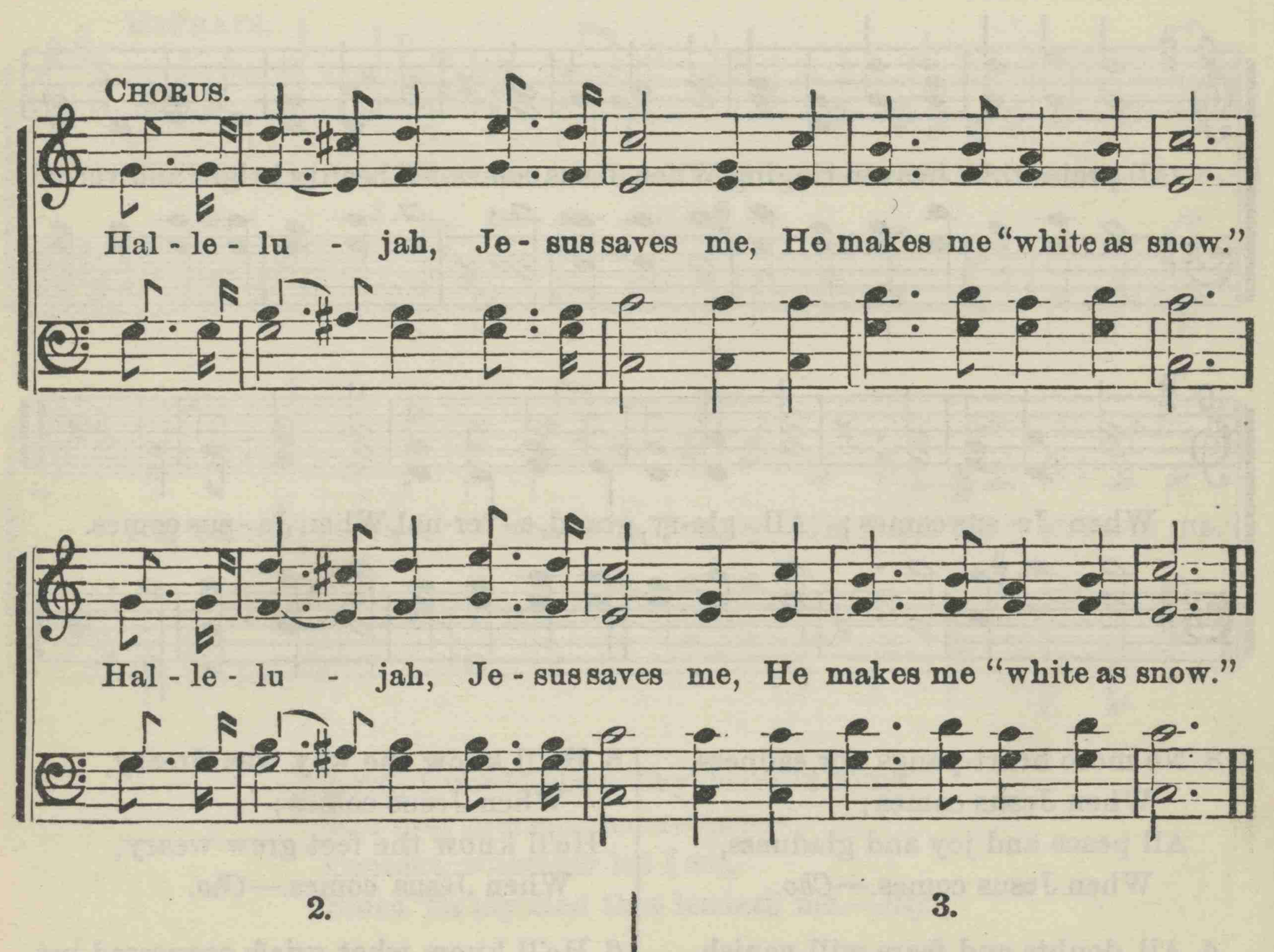
6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me.
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes.—*Cho.*

No. 53. White as Snow.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the LORD: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—ISA. 1: 18.

Words by L. N. P. P. BLISS, by per.





2.

Yes, 'tis a truth most precious,
To all who do believe,
God laid our sins on Jesus,
Who did the load receive.—*Cho.*

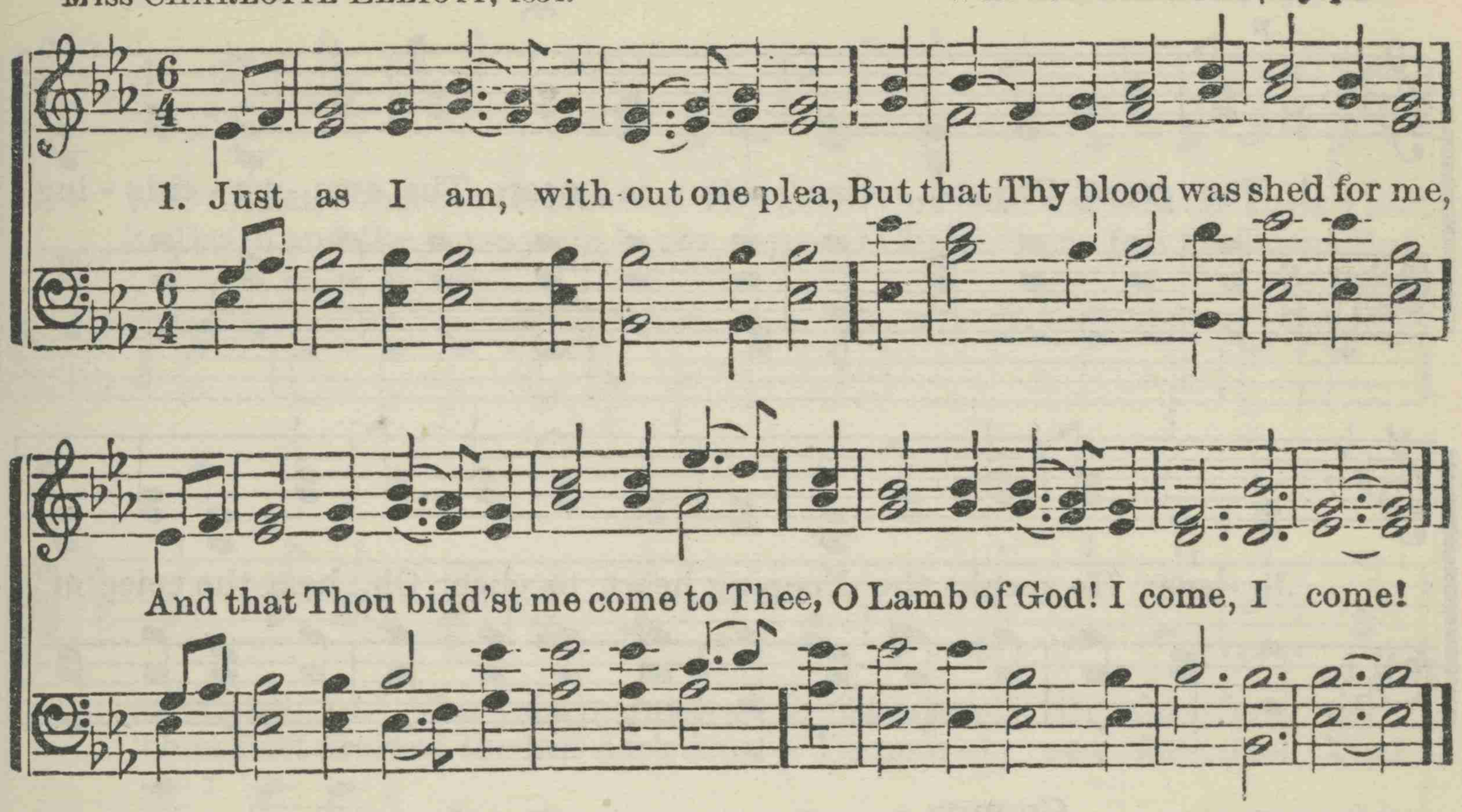
3.

What? "bring our guilt to Jesus?"
To wash away our stains;
The act is passed that freed us,
And nought to do remains.—*Cho.*

No. 54. Just as I Am. L. M.

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

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

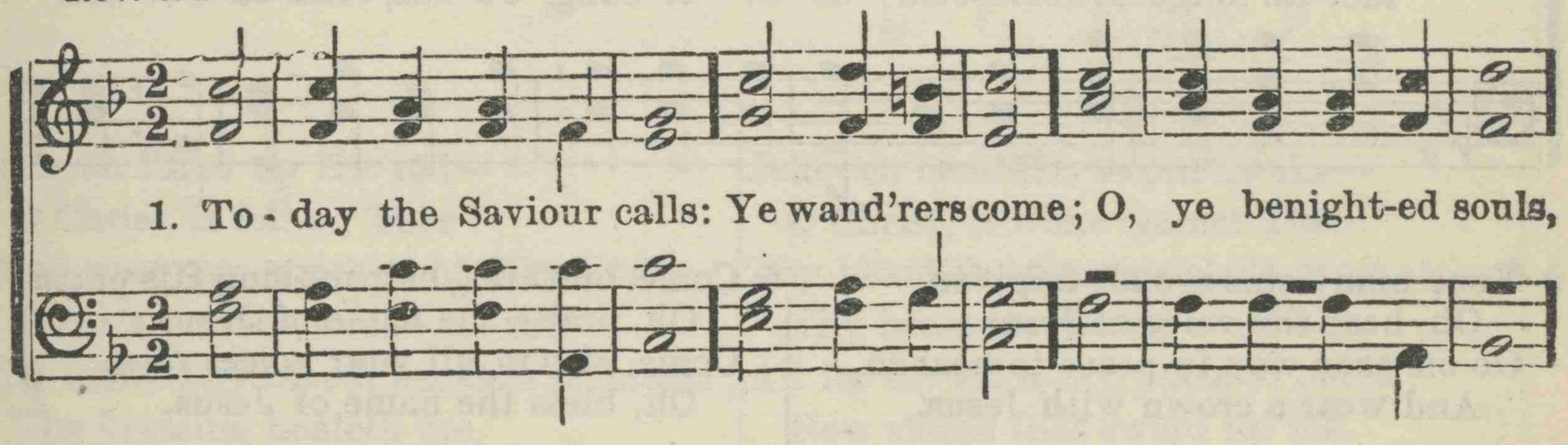
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

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!

No. 55. To-Day. 6s & 4s.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice."—PSA. 95: 7.

Rev. S. F. SMITH. Dr. L. MASON, 1831.



2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now:
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

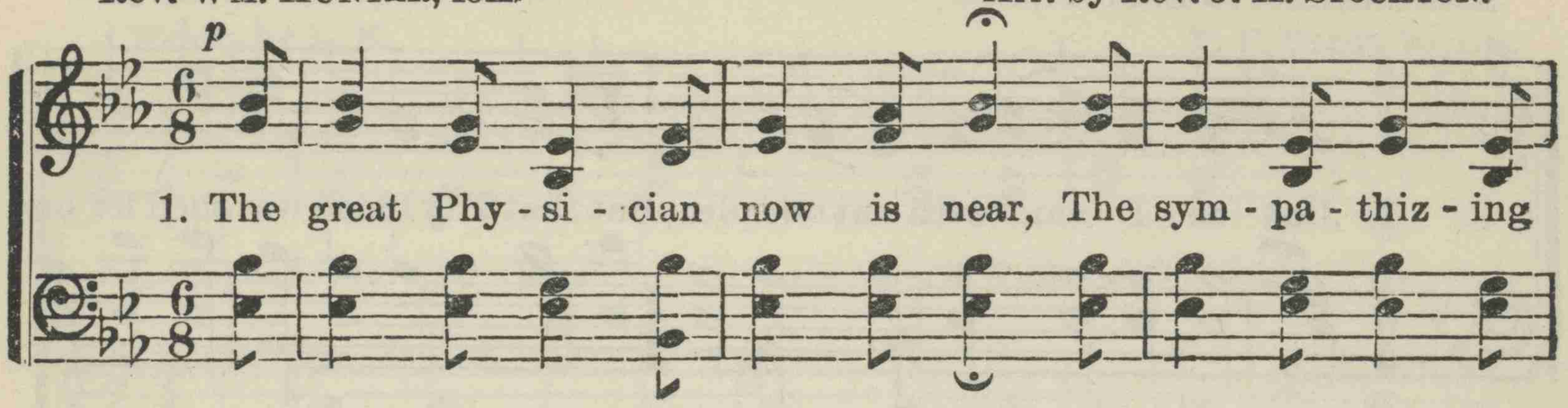
3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storms of justice falls
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away
'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 56. The Great Physician.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"—JER. 8: 22.

Rev. WM. HUNTER, 1842. Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the 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."

5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

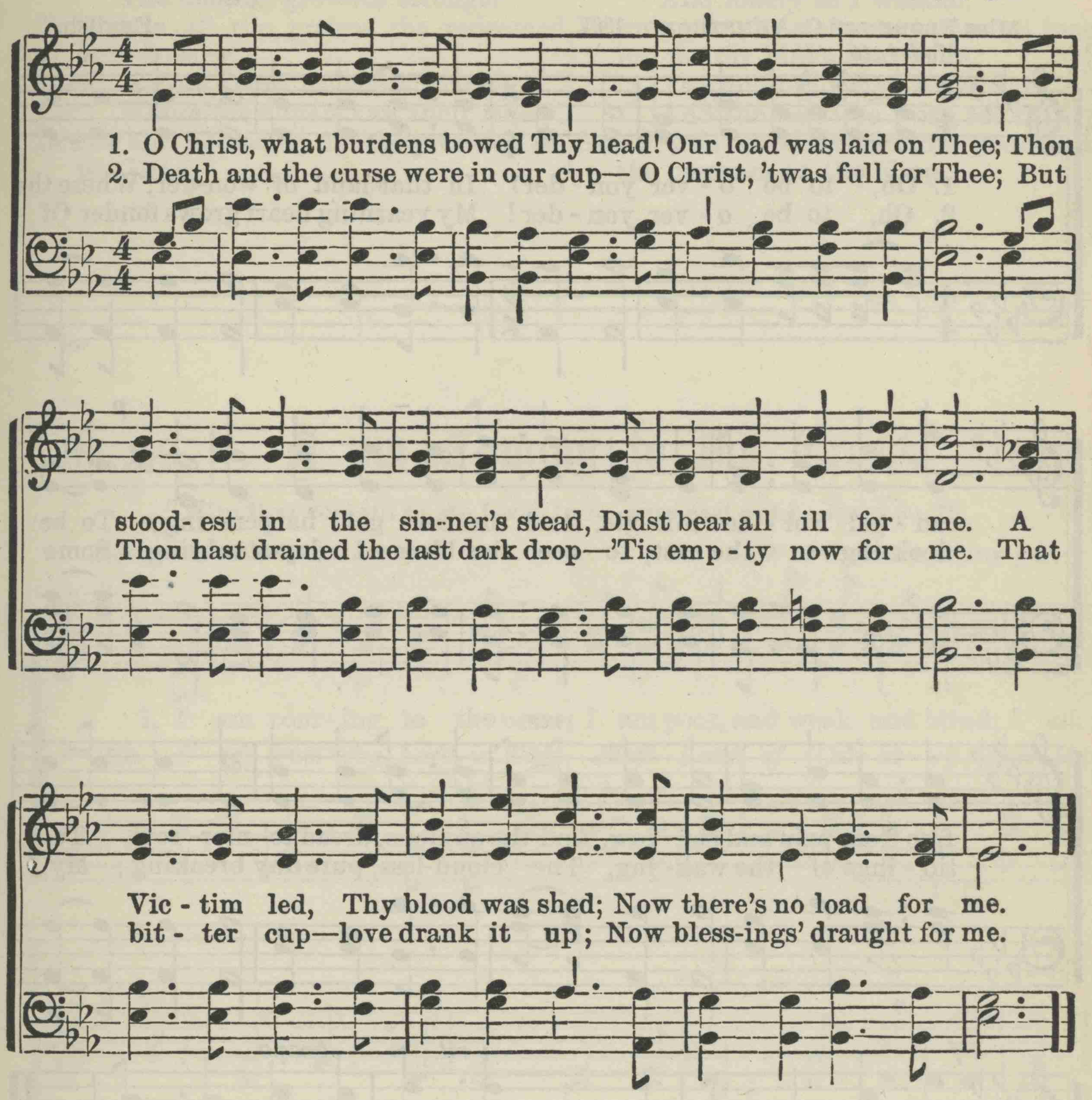
6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus:
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

No. 57. Substitution.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."—ISAIAH 53 : 5.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



3.

Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.

4.

The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me.

5.

Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6.

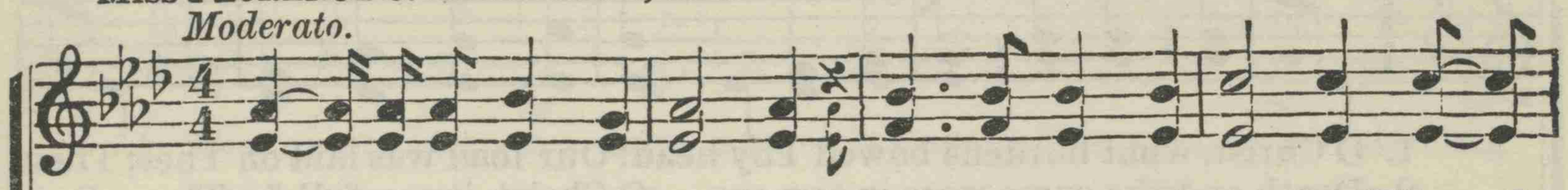
For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me!

No. 58. In the Presence of the King.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—PSALM 16: 11.

Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG, 1864. English.

Moderato.



3 Oh, to be over yonder!
Alas! I sigh and wonder
Why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart
to any earthly thing;
Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away for ever;
But there's no more separation in the
presence of the King.

4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling
Where angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the
vaulted heavens ring?
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning star is beaming?
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the presence of the King?

In the Presence of the King.—Concluded.

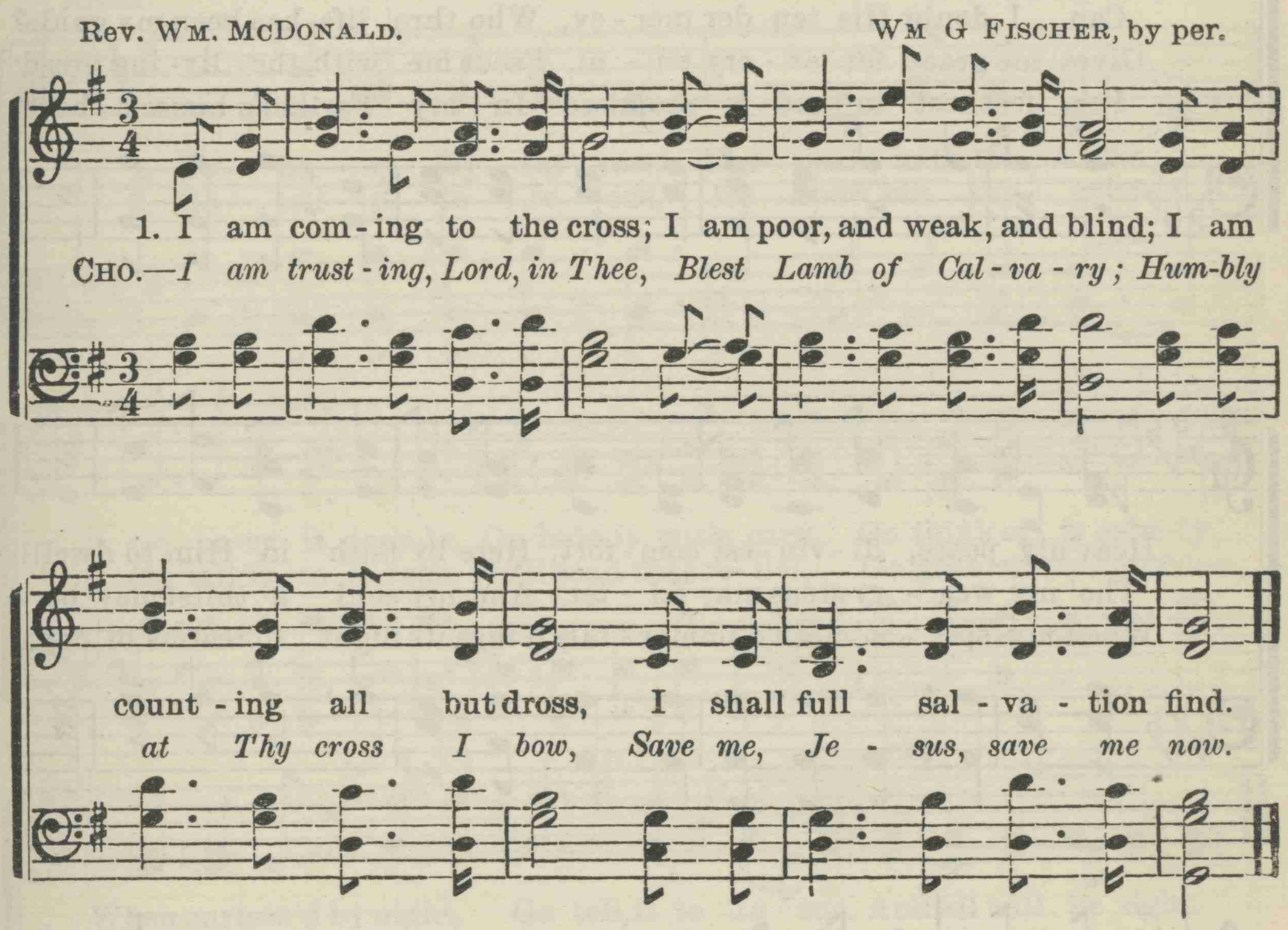
5 Oh, when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do sing
Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels vail their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.

6 Oh I shall soon be yonder,
And lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer– longing for the bird's fleet wing,
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder, in the presence of the King.

No. 59. I am Coming to the Cross.

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

Rev. WM. MCDONALD. WM G FISCHER, by per.



2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin. *Cho.*

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore. *Cho.*

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified. *Cho.*

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb. *Cho.*

No. 60. All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

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

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

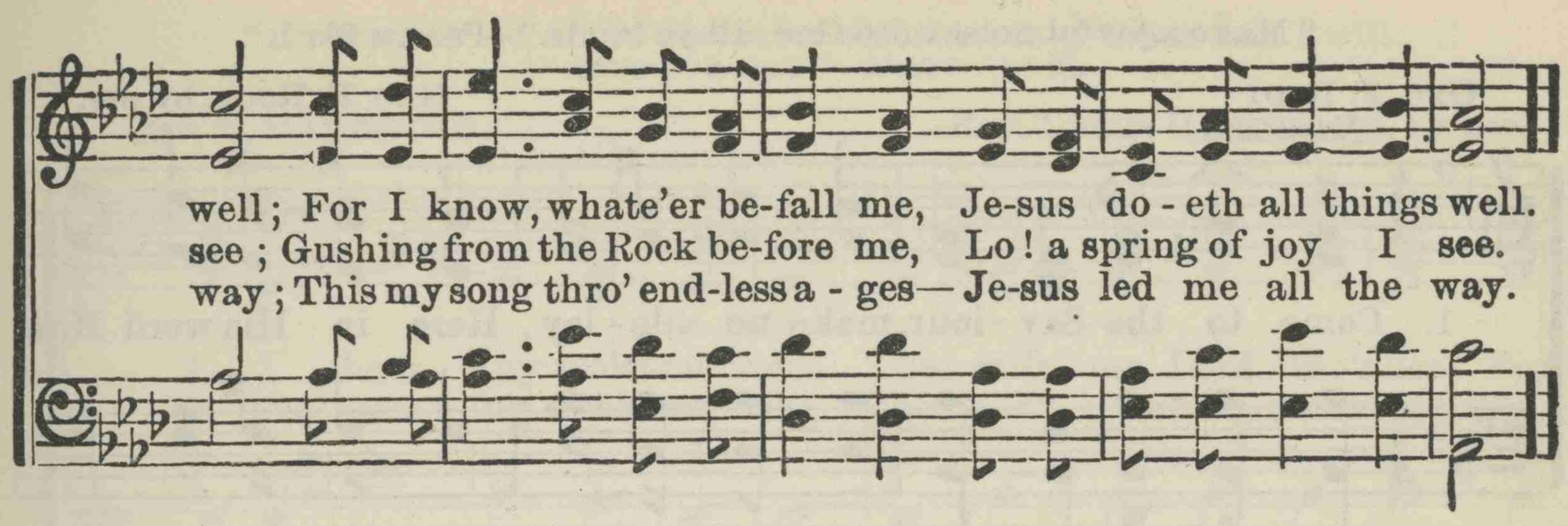
1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Saviour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Saviour leads me; Oh, the full - ness of His love!

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

Heav'nly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a- thirst may be,
When my spir - it, cloth'd immor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know whate'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things
Gushing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I
This my song through endless a - ges— Je - sus led me all the

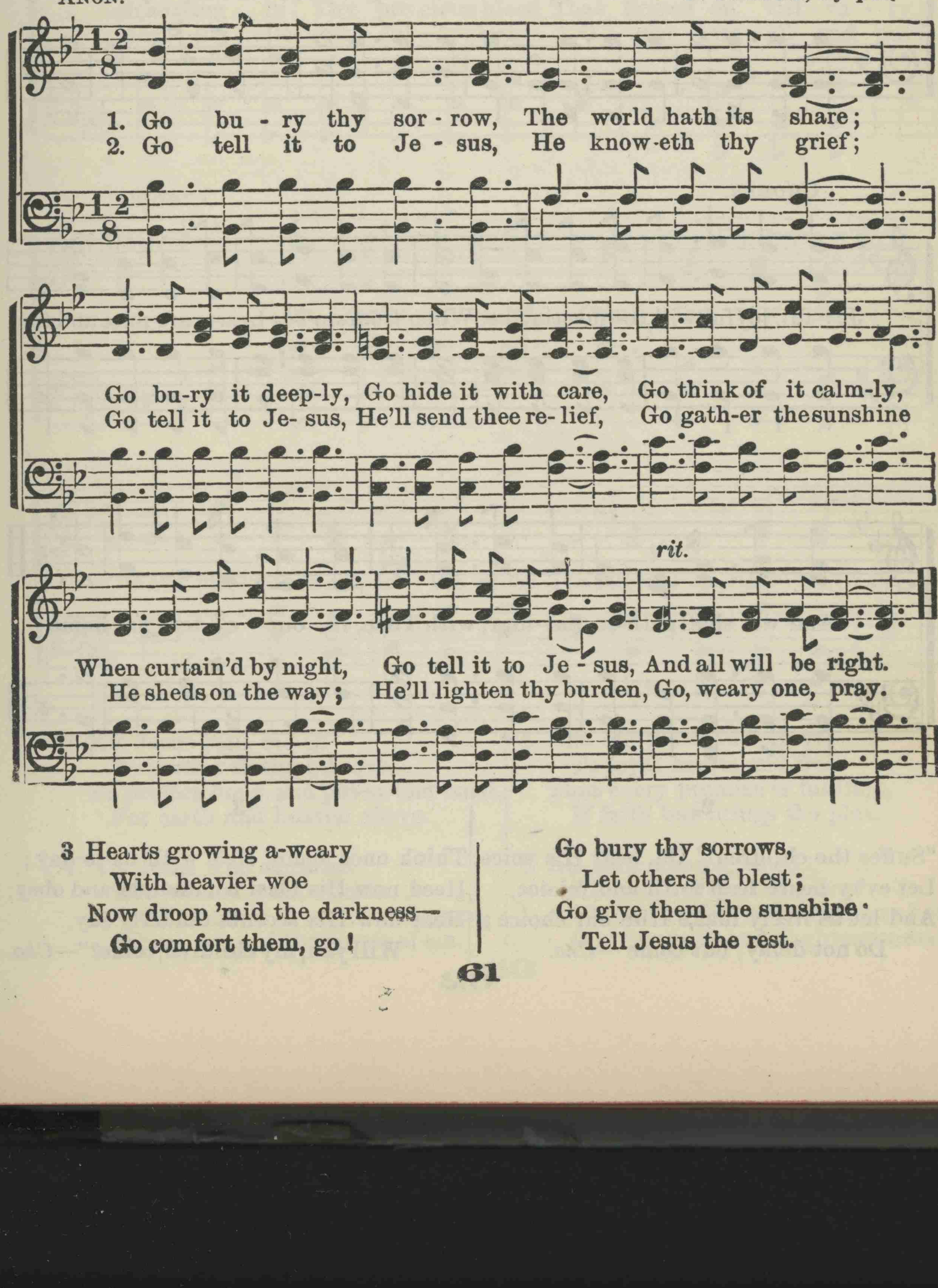
All the Way.—Concluded.



No. 61. Go Bury thy Sorrow.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH 35: 10.

ANON. P. P. BLISS, by per.



3 Hearts growing a-weary
With heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—
Go comfort them, go!

Go bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine
Tell Jesus the rest.

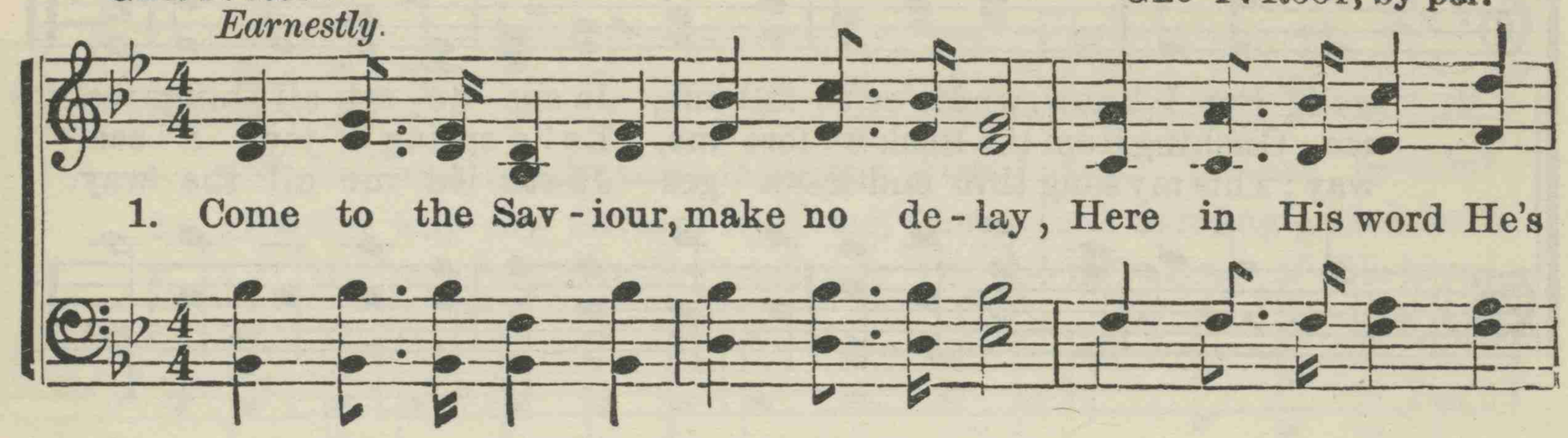
No. 62. Come to the Saviour.

"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."—PSALM 66: 1.

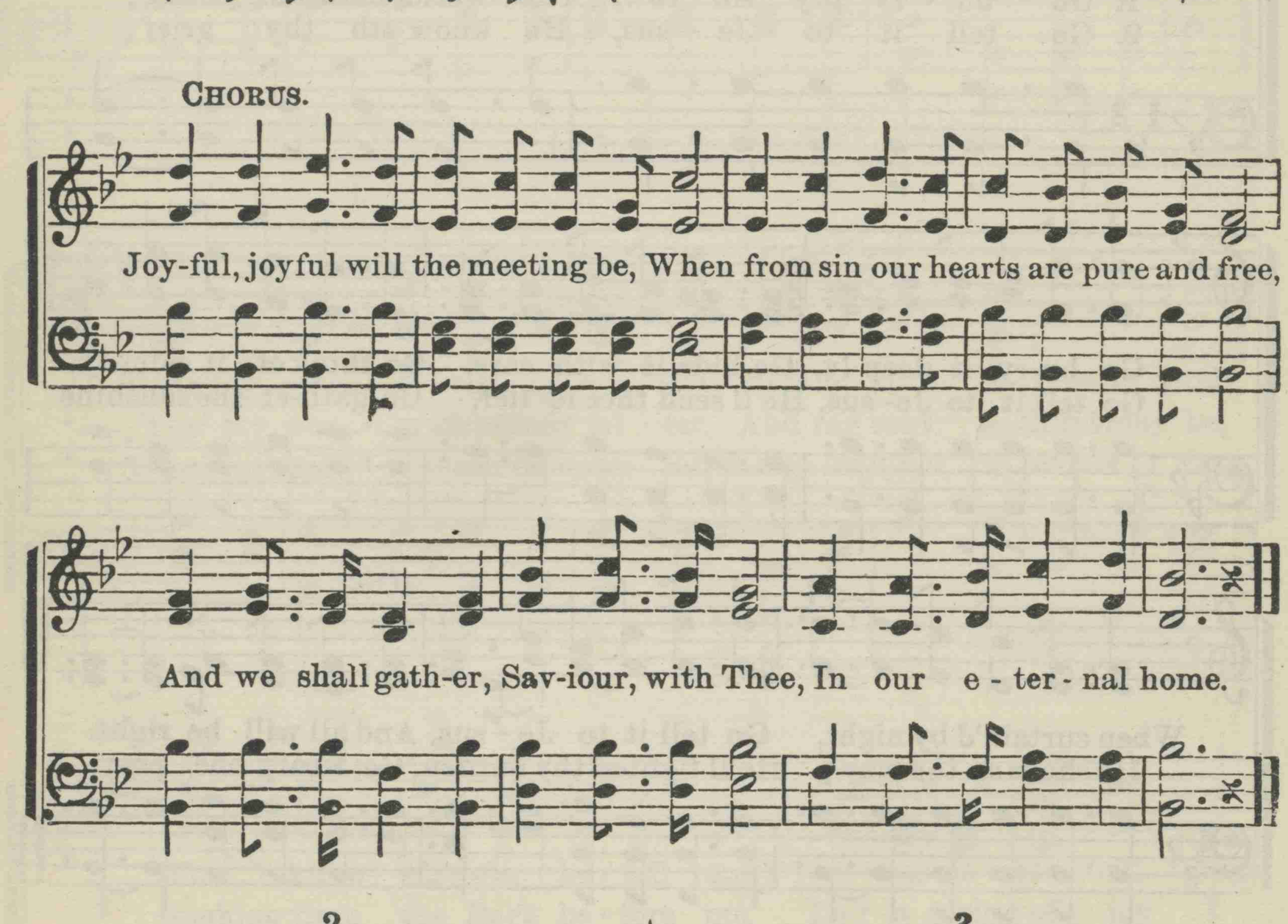
GEO. F. ROOT

Earnestly.

GEO F. ROOT, by per.



CHORUS.



2,

"Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice,
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come —*Cho.*

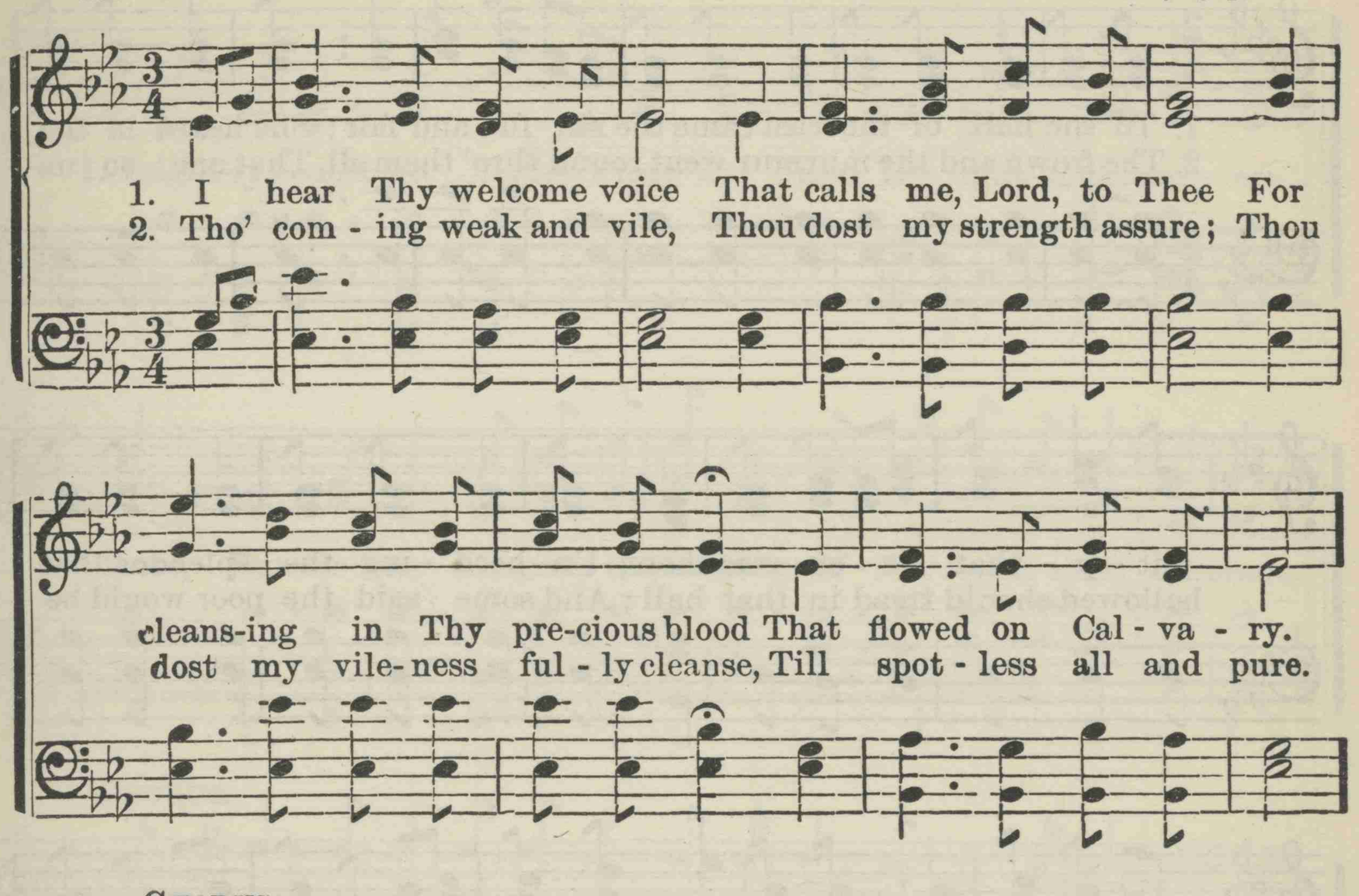
3.

Think once again, He's with us to-day;
Heed now His blest commands, and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?"—*Cho.*

No. 63. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

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

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. Rev. LEWIS HARTSOUGH, by per.



3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

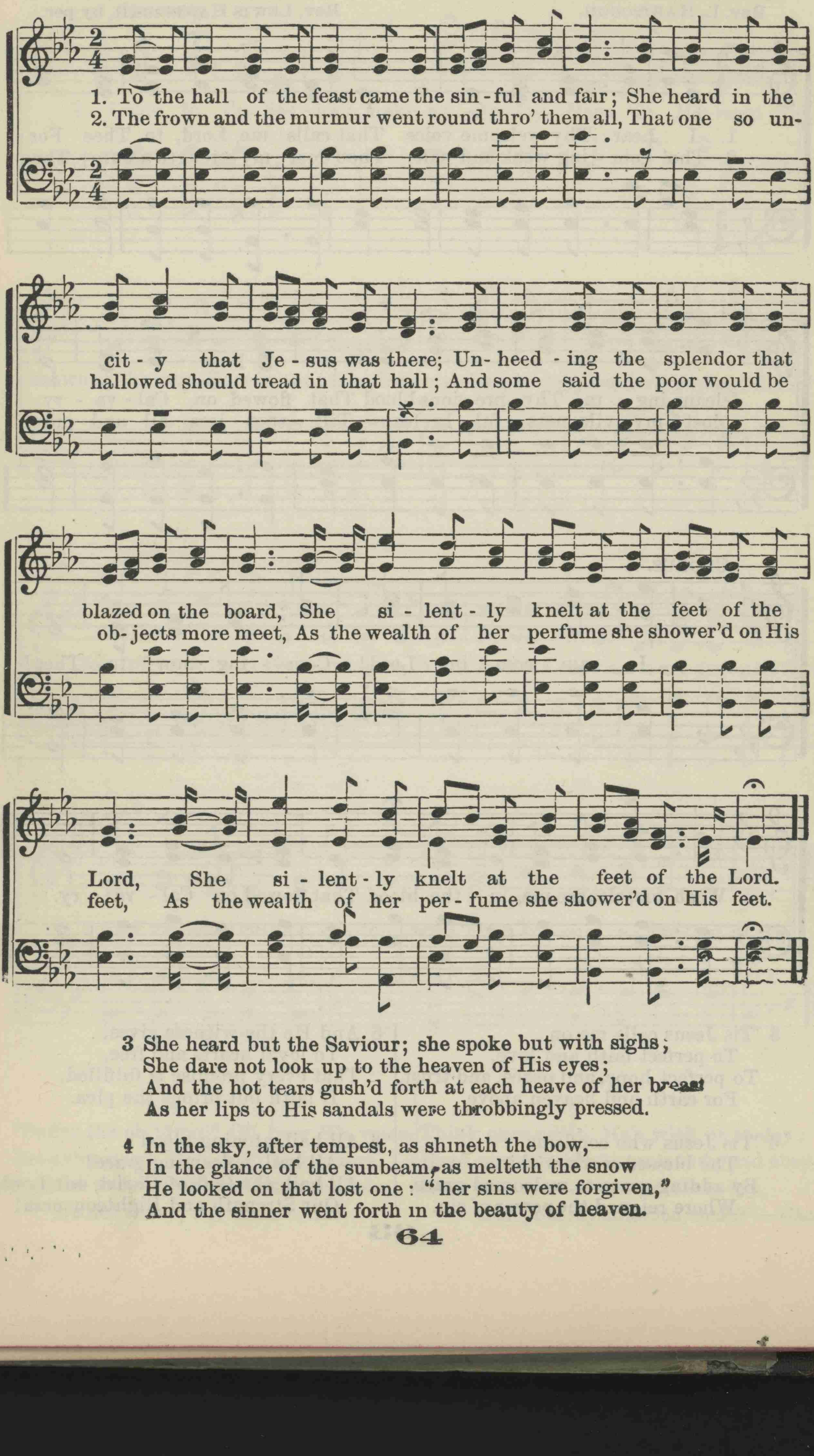
5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

No. 64. A Sinner Forgiven.

"He said unto her, thy sins are forgiven."—LUKE 7: 48.

JEREMIAH J. CALLAHAN. Arr. by I B. WOODBURY



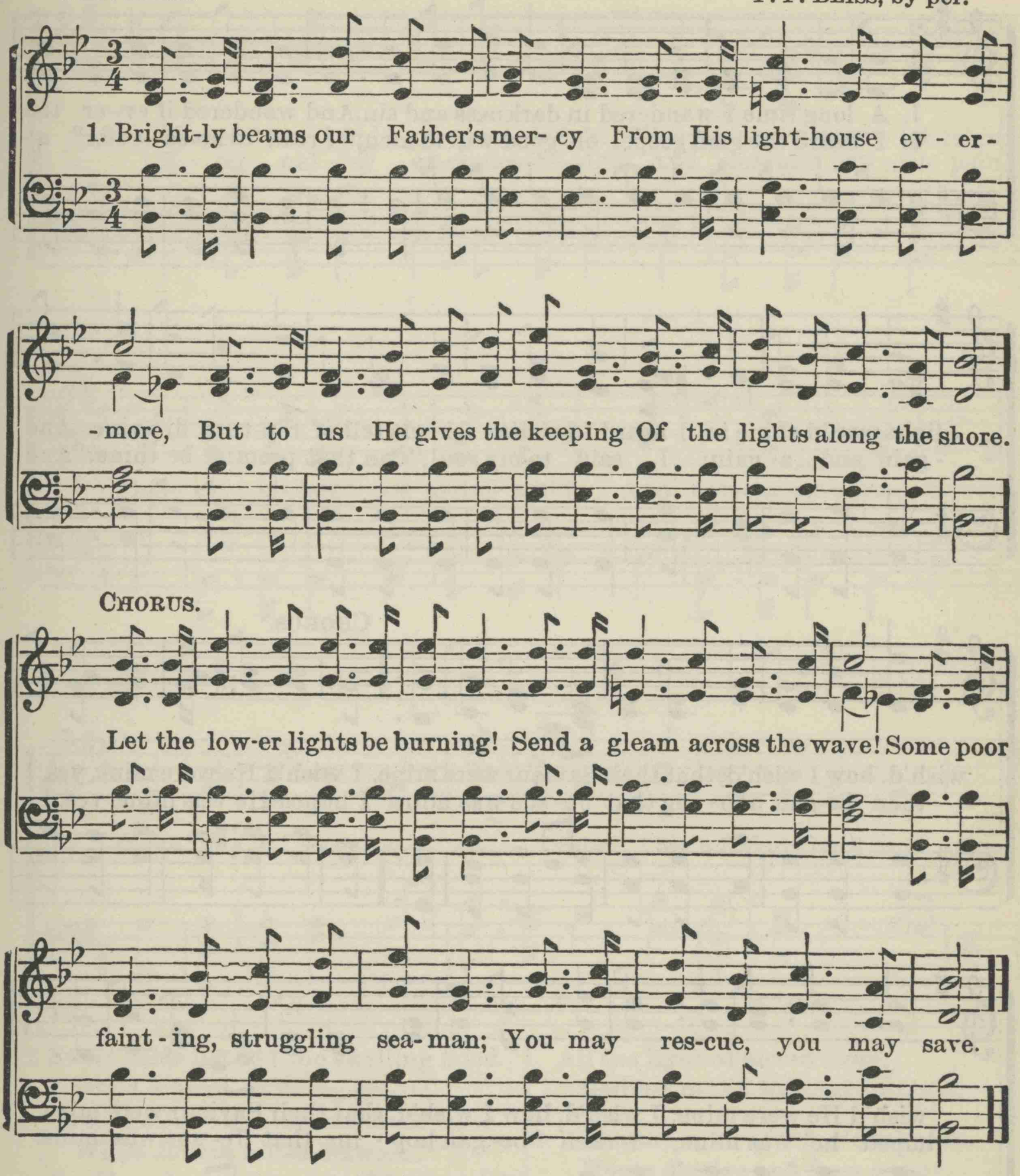
3 She heard but the Saviour; she spoke but with sighs;
She dare not look up to the heaven of His eyes;
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.

4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,—
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow
He looked on that lost one: "her sins were forgiven,"
And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven.

No. 65. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

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

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



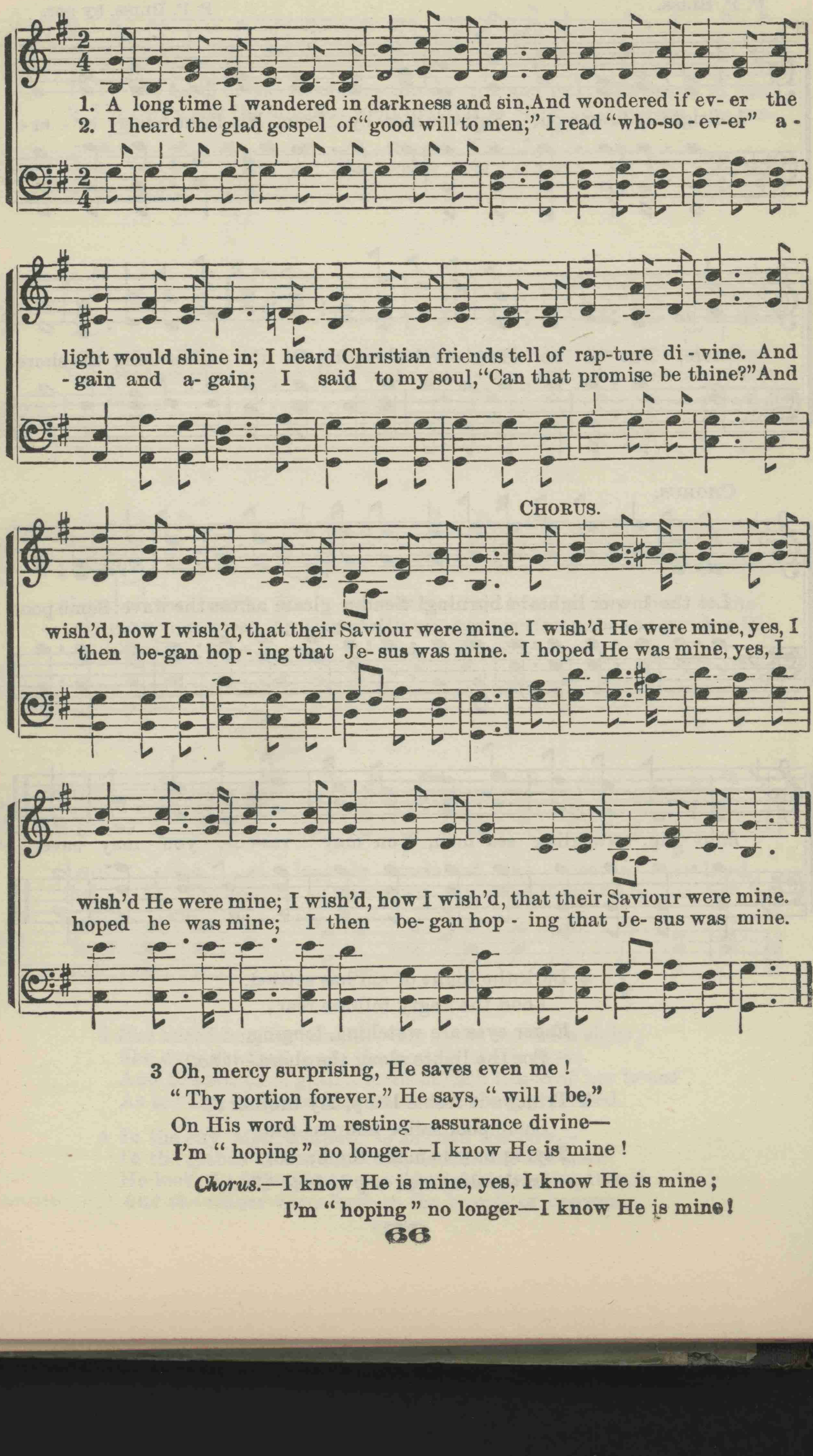
2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.—*Cho.*

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother:
Some poor sailor tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness *may be lost*—*Cho.*

No. 66. Wishing, Hoping, Knowing.

"My beloved is mine, and I am His."—SONGS OF SOLOMON 2: 16.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



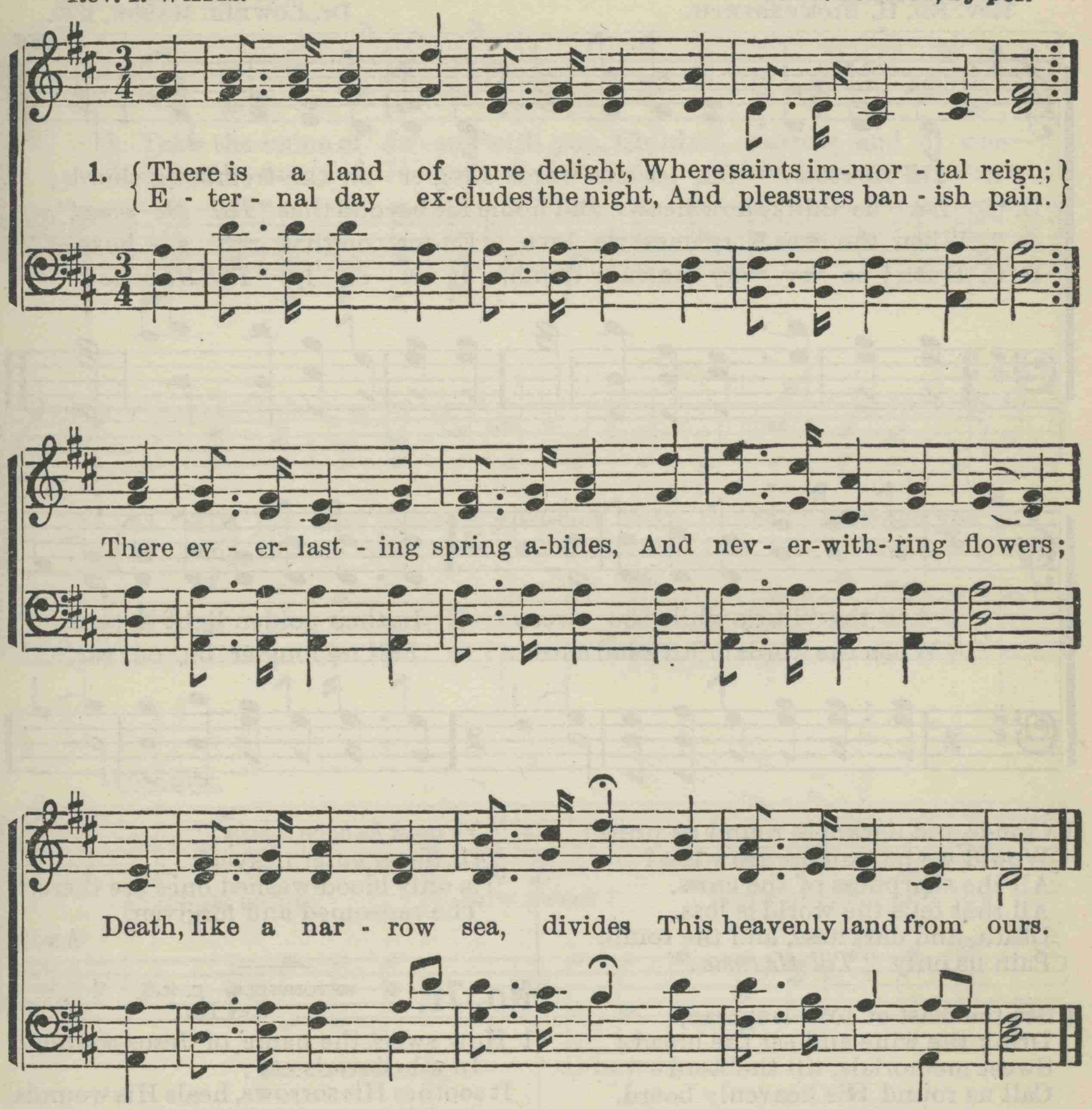
3 Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even me!
"Thy portion forever," He says, "will I be,"
On His word I'm resting—assurance divine—
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine!

Chorus.—I know He is mine, yes, I know He is mine;
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine!

No. 67. Varina. C. M. D.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

Rev. I. Watts. Geo. F. Root, by per.



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.

All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bain and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

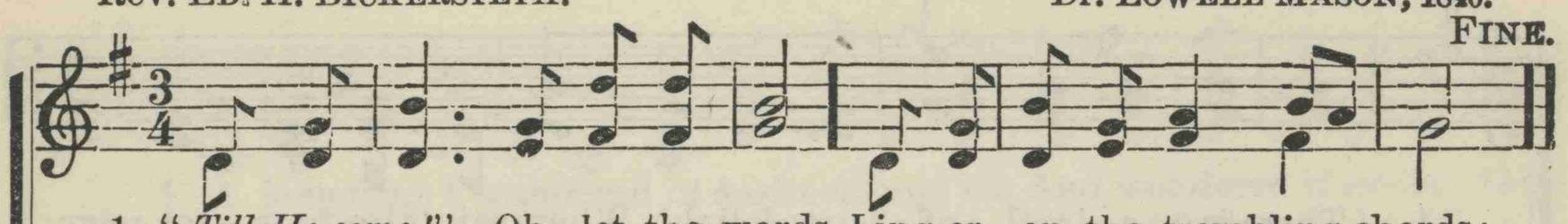
No. 68. Rathbun. 8s & 7s. Key C.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;

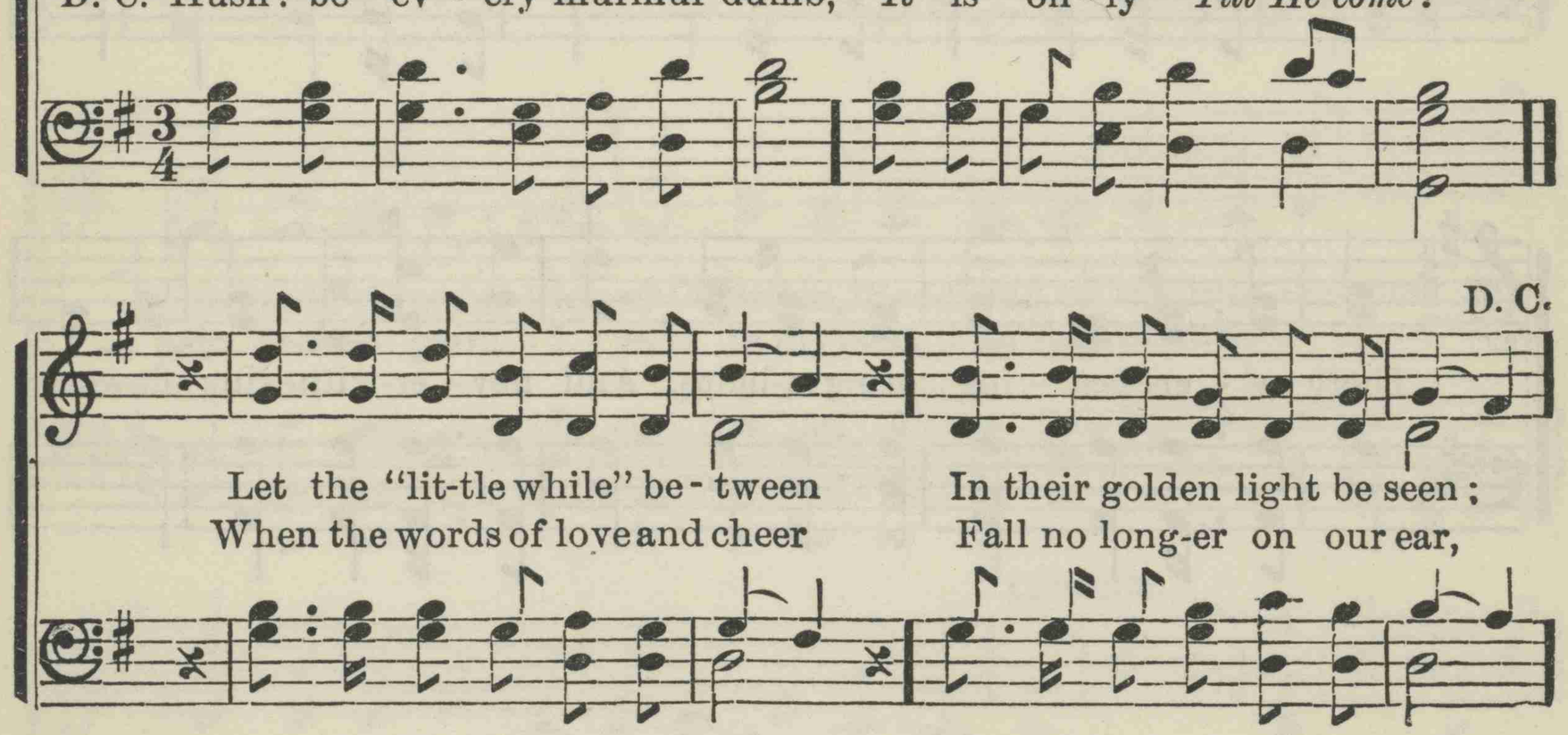
No. 69. Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

Rev. ED. H. BICKERSTETH. Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1840.



1. "*Till He come!*"—Oh, let the words Ling-er on the trembling chords;
D. C. Let us think, how heav'n and home Lie beyond that "*Till He come!*"
2. When the wea - ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a - bove.
D. C. Hush! be ev - ery murmur dumb, It is on - ly "*Till He come!*"



3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss.
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "*Till He come!*"

4 See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come!*"

No. 70.

DENNIS S. M.
Key F.

1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"*Ye must be born again!*"

2 "*Ye must be born again!*"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice —
'Tis *life* poor sinners need.

3 "*Ye must be born again!*"
And life *in Christ* must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis He *alone* can save.

4 "*Ye must be born again!*"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there,
The ransomed and forgiven.

ANON.

No. 71.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.
Key B♭.

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 treasure, 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.

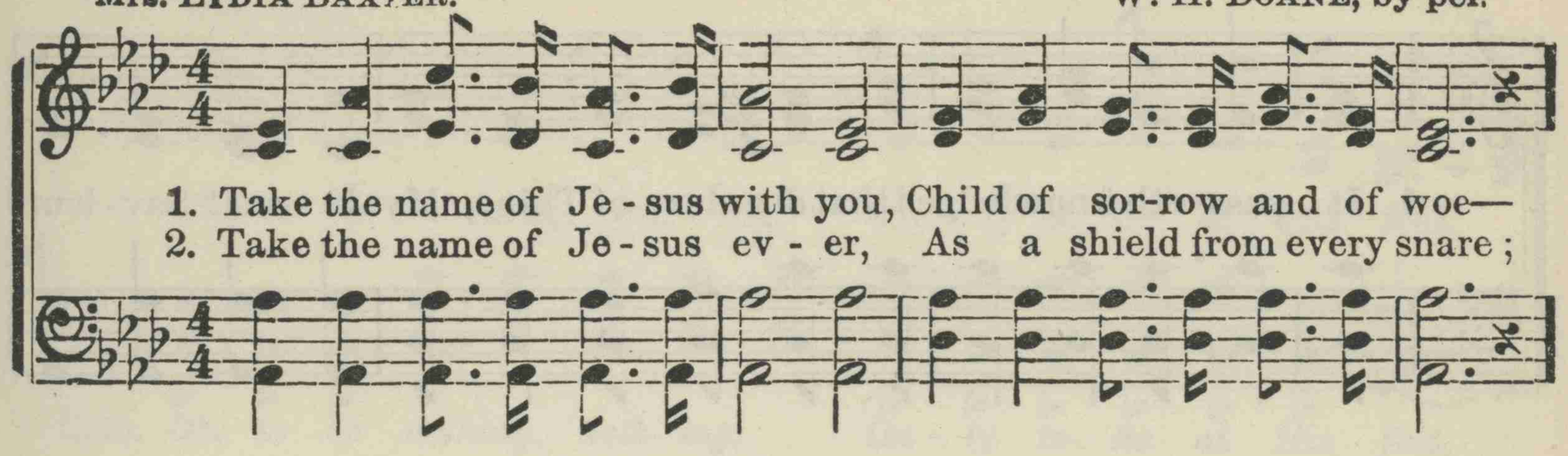
5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

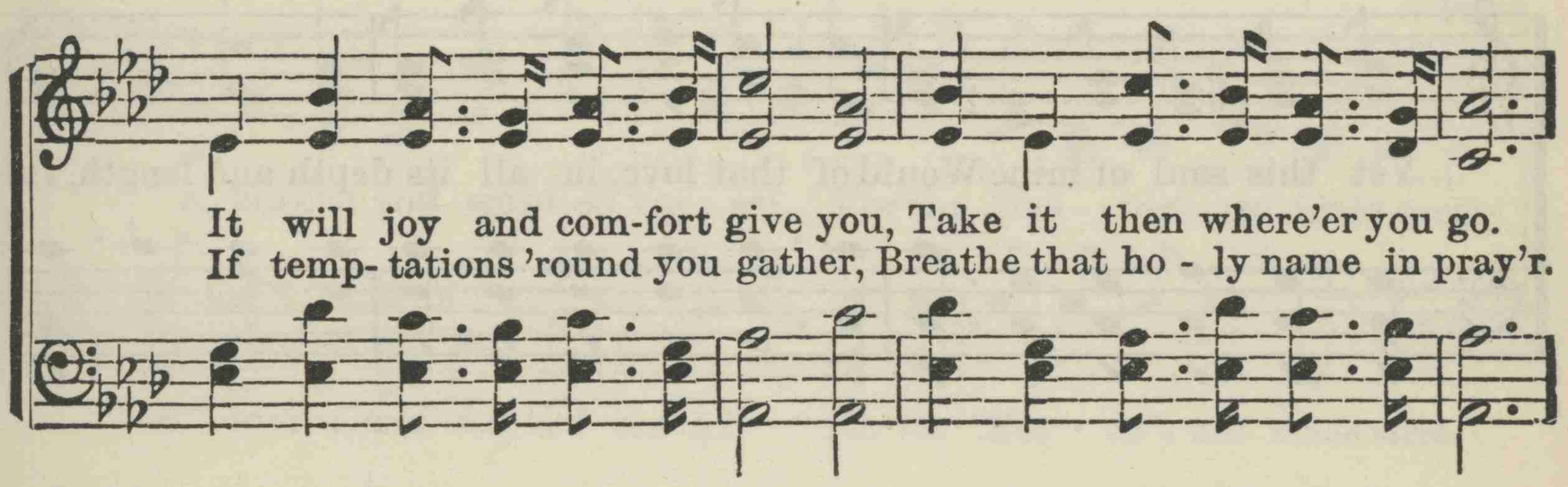
Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

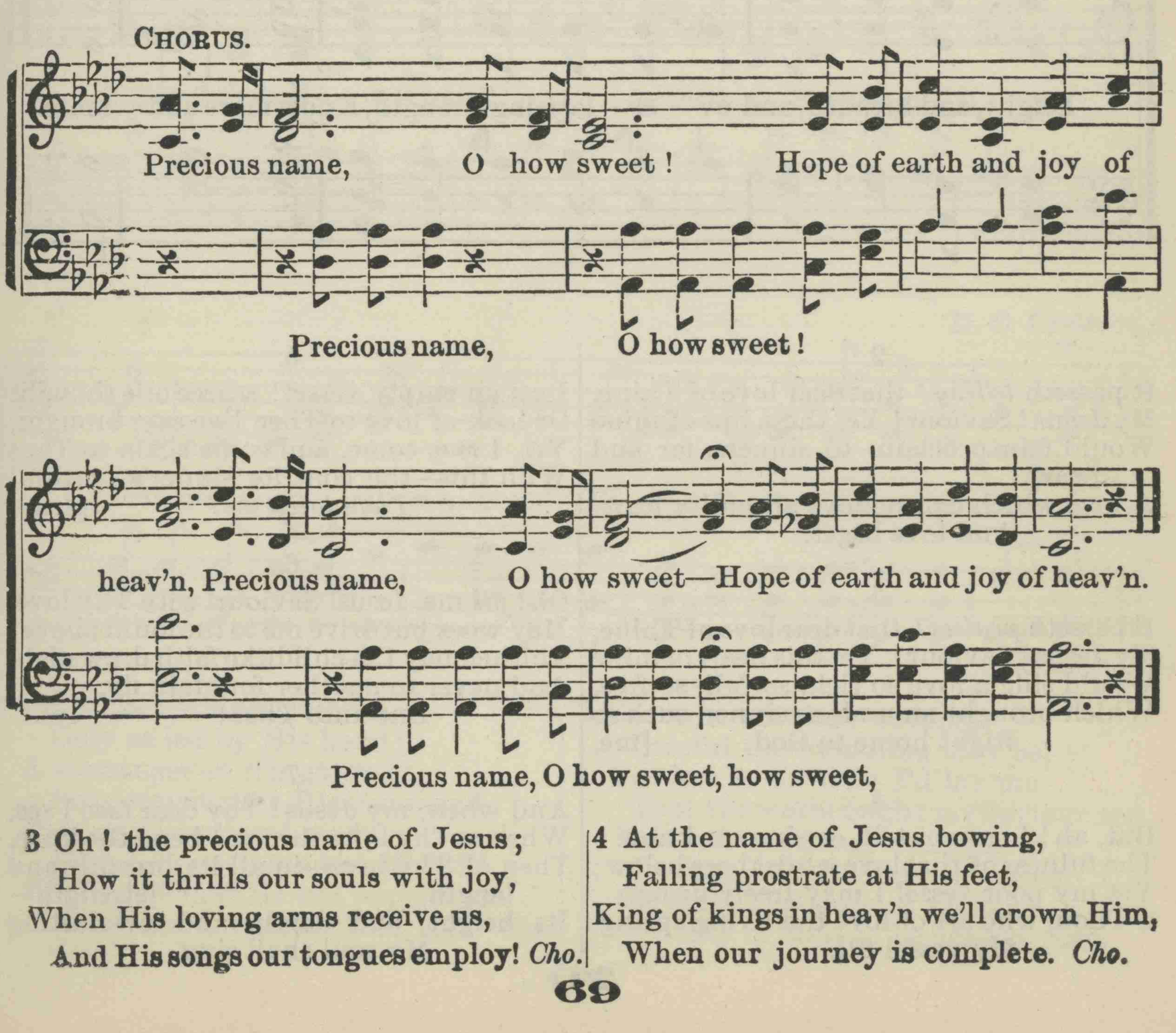
No. 72. The Precious Name.

"And blessed be His glorious name for ever."—PSA. 72 : 19.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE, by per.







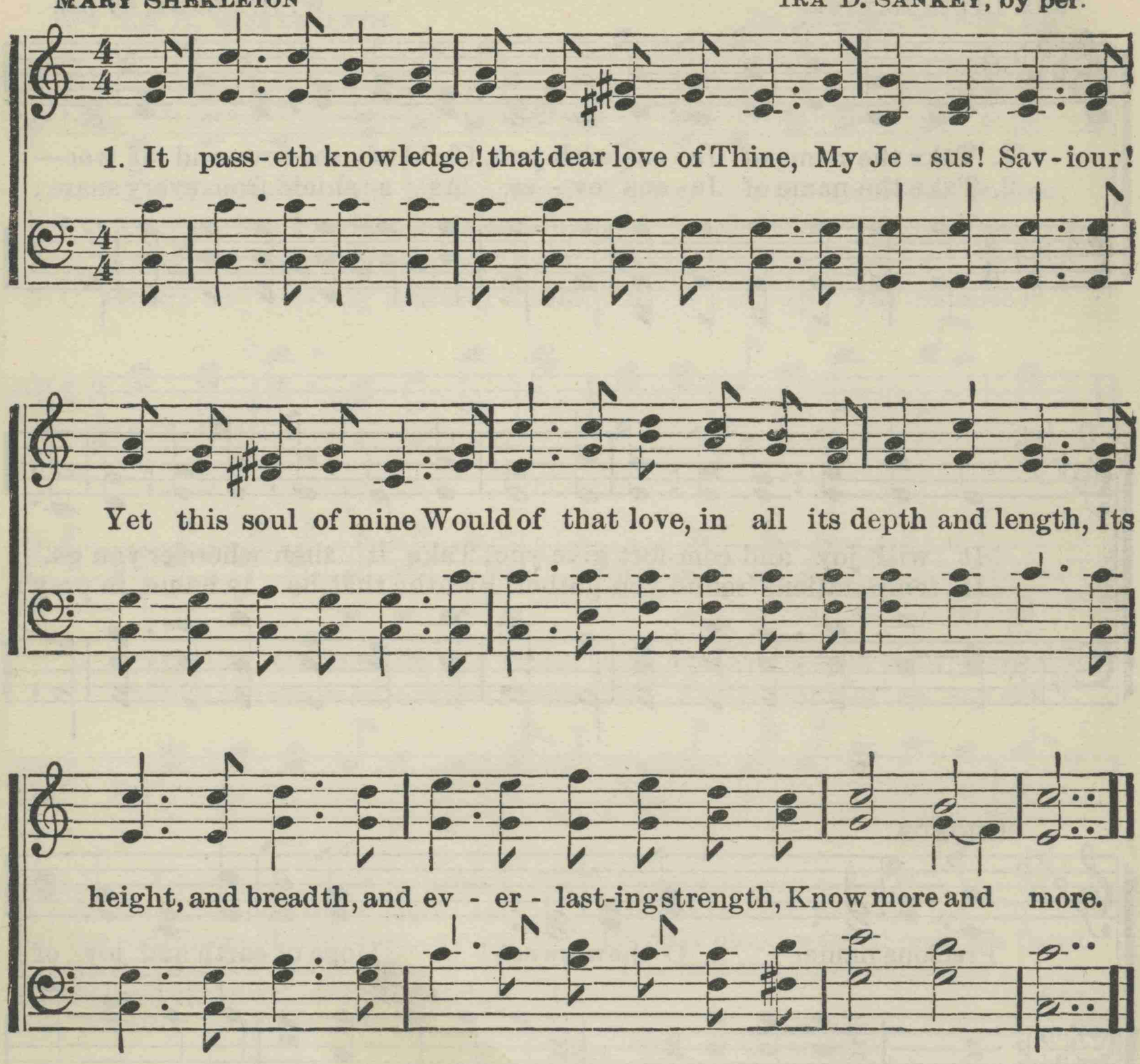
3 Oh ! the precious name of Jesus ;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ! *Cho.*

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete. *Cho.*

No. 73. "It Passeth Knowledge."

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—EPH. 3: 19.

MARY SHEKLETON IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



2.

It passeth *telling!* that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near,
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.

3.

It passeth *praises!* that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet this heart of mine
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,
Which brought an undone sinner, such as me,
Right home to God.

4.

But, ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know
The fulness of that love whilst here below;
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring,
O Thou, who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

5.

I *am* an empty vessel! scarce one thought
Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought,
Yet, I *may* come, and come again to Thee
With this—the contrite sinner's truthful plea—
"*Thou lovest me!*"

6.

Oh! *fill* me, Jesus! Saviour! with Thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount above;
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee!

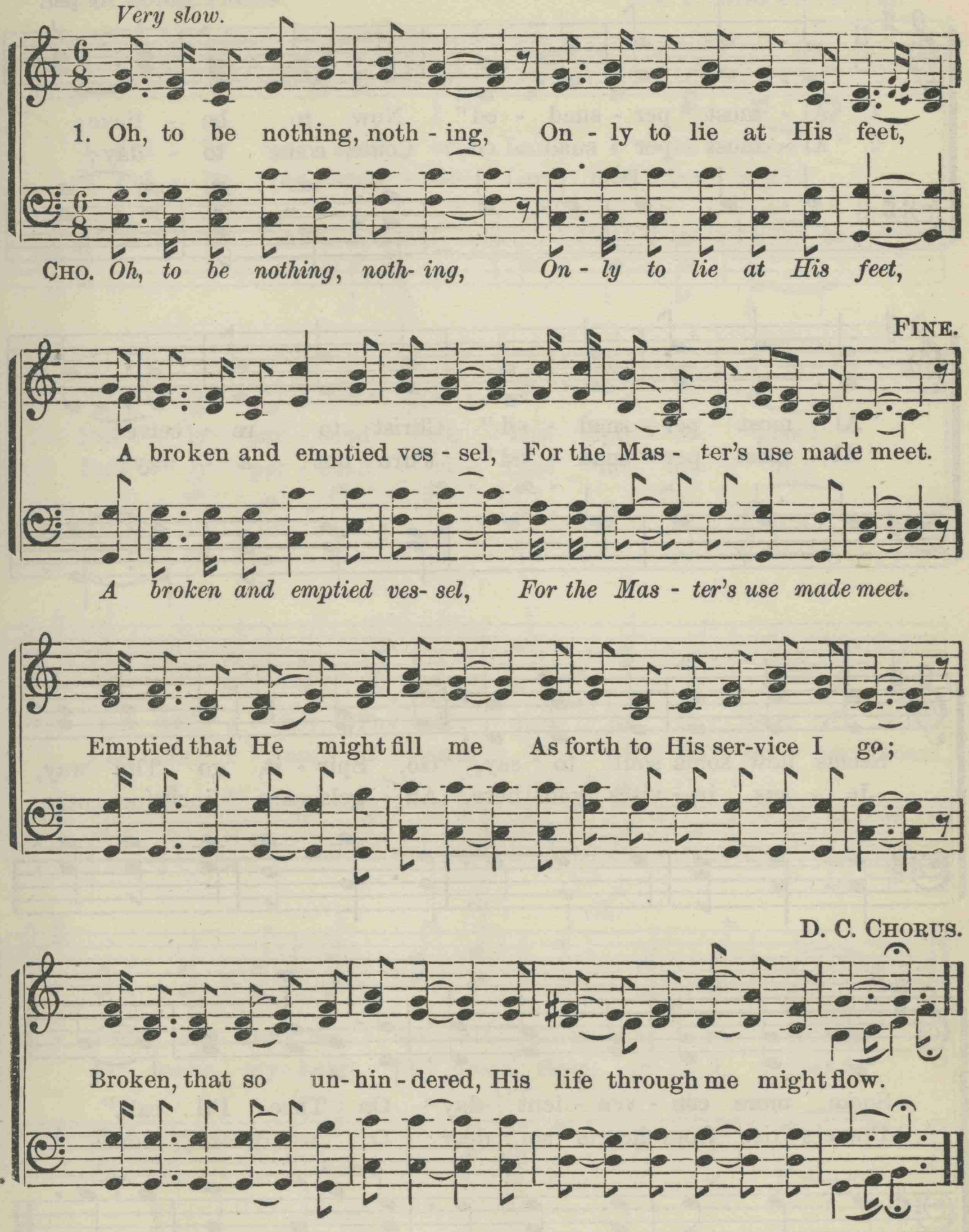
7.

And when, my Jesus! Thy dear face I see,
When at Thy lofty throne I bend the knee,
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting strength—
My soul shall sing.

No. 74. Oh, to be Nothing.

"Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth."—1 Cor. 3: 7.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR, 1869. R. GEO. HALLS. Arr. by P. P. BLISS.



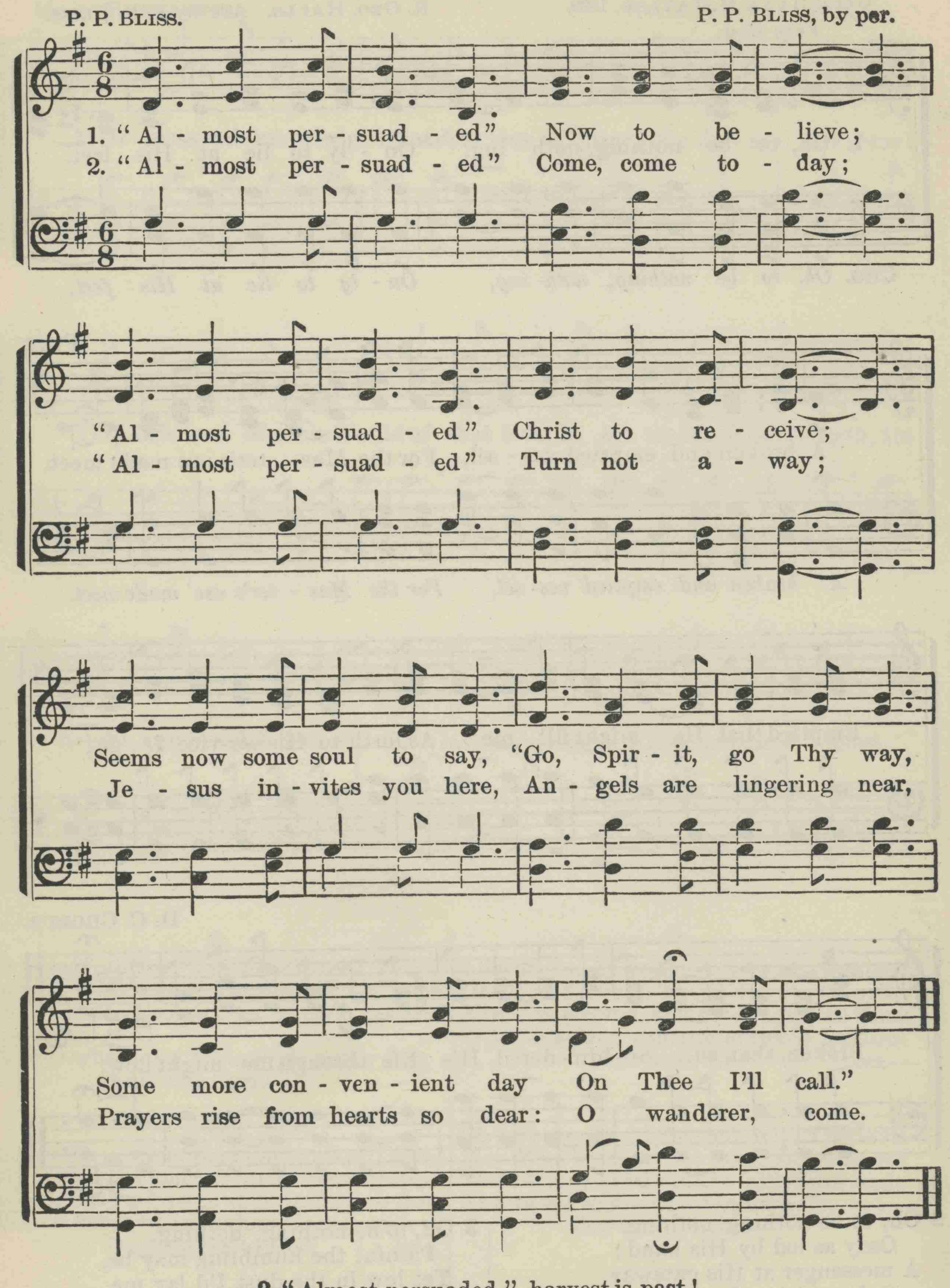
2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will,
Willing, should He not require me,
In silence to wait on Him still. *Cho.*

3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be,
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world might my Saviour see
Rather be nothing, nothing,
To Him let our voices be raised,
He is the Fountain of blessing,
He only is meet to be praised. *Cho.*

No. 75. Almost Persuaded.

"Almost Thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—ACTS 26: 28.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

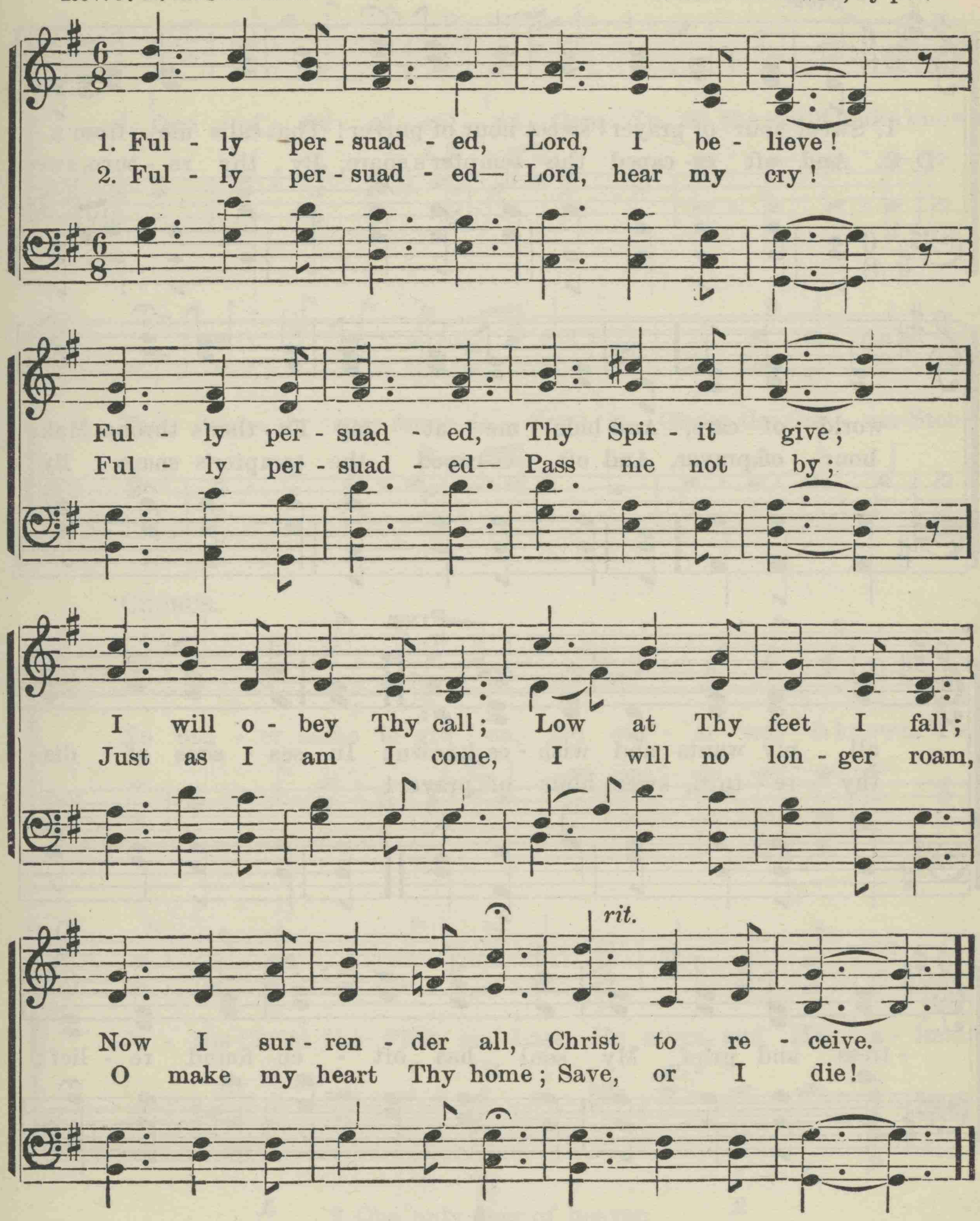


3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" can not avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost—*but lost!*"

No. 76. Fully Persuaded.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS 16: 31.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.



3.

Fully persuaded, no more opprest,
Fully persuaded, now I am blest:
Jesus is now my Guide,
I will in Christ abide;
My soul is satisfied
In Him to rest!

4.

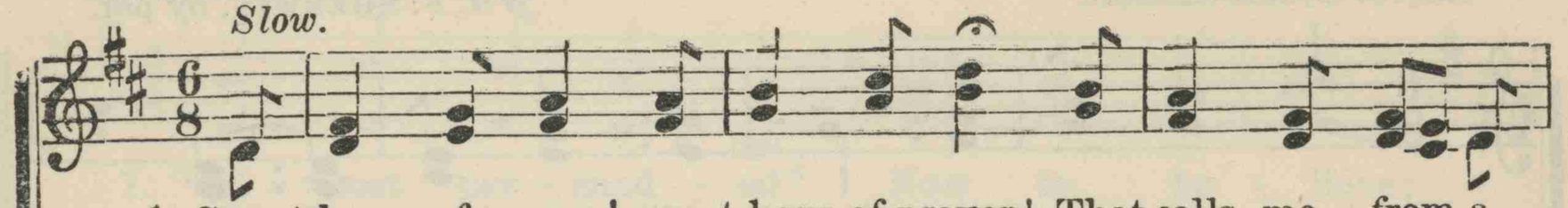
Fully persuaded, Jesus is mine;
Fully persuaded, Lord, I am Thine!
O make my love to Thee
Like Thine own love to me,
So rich, so full and free,
Saviour divine!

No. 77. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray."—PSALM 4 : 17.

Rev. W. W. WALFORD, 1846. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1859.

Slow.



2.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
‖: I'll cast on Him my every care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer !:‖

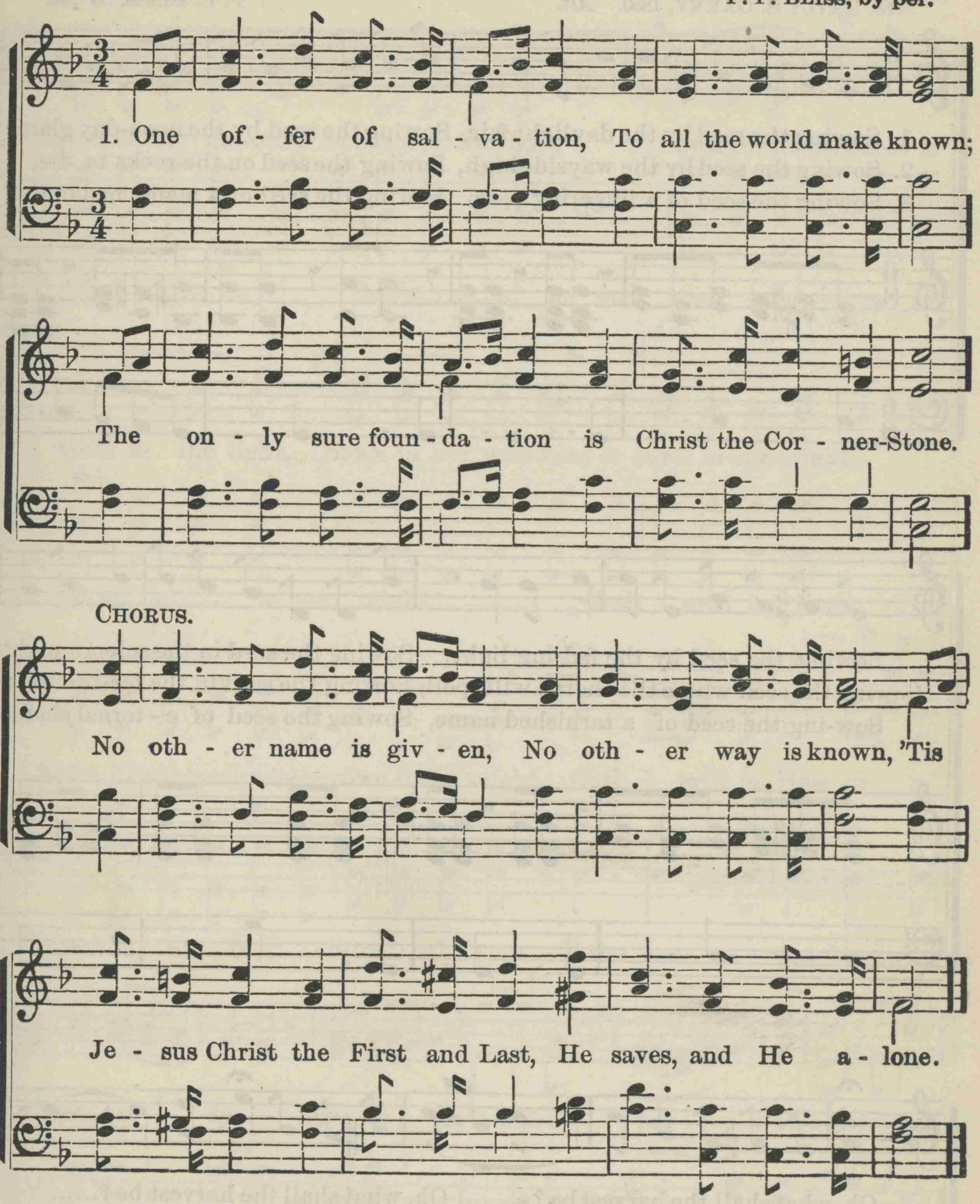
3.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖:And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!:‖

No. 78. No Other Name.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—ACTS 4: 12.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



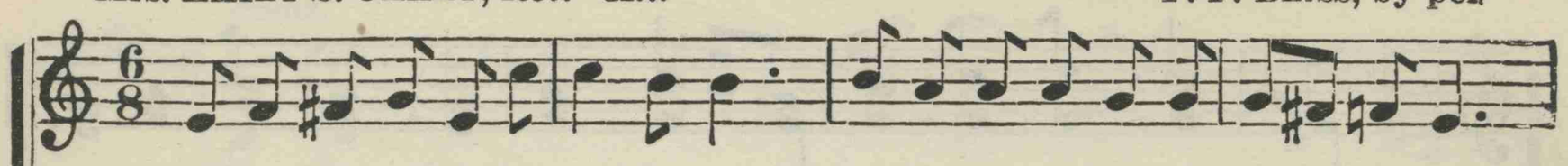
2 One only door of heaven
Stands open wide to-day,
One sacrifice is given,
'Tis Christ, the living way.—*Cho.*

3 My only song and story
Is—Jesus died for me;
My only hope of glory,
The Cross of Calvary.—*Cho.*

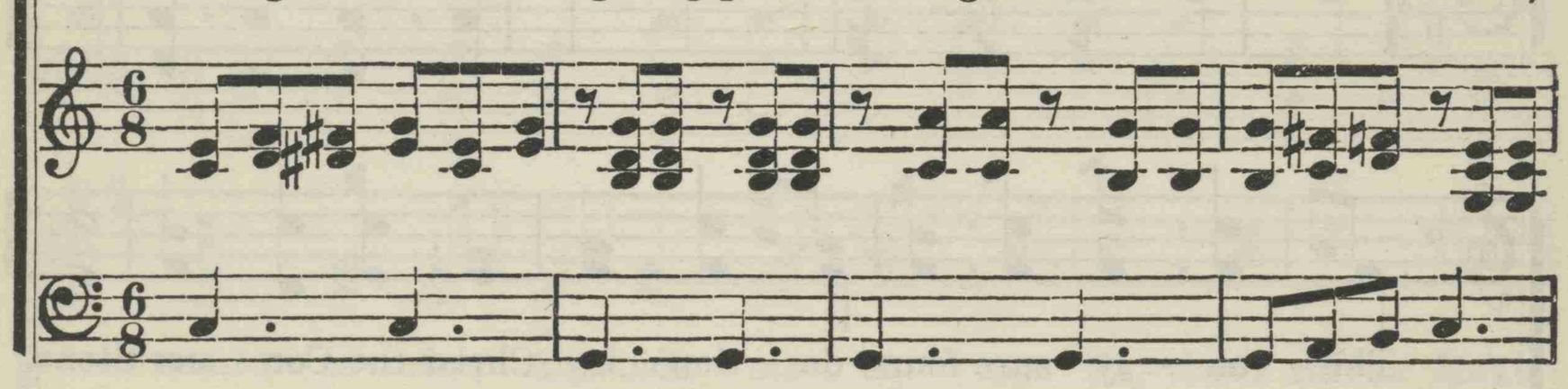
No. 79. What Shall the Harvest Be?

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. 6: 7.

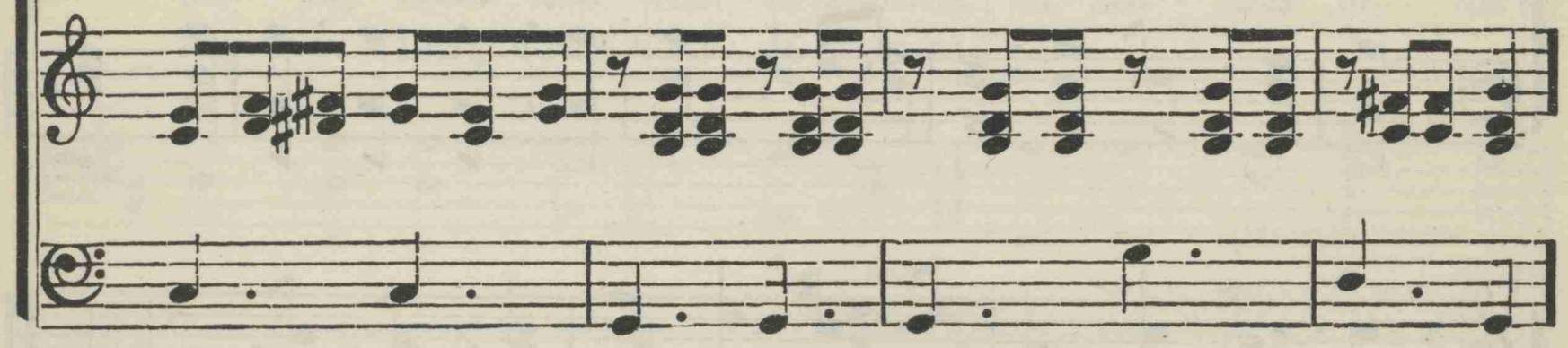
Mrs. EMILY S. OAKEY, 1850. *Alt.* P. P. BLISS, by per.



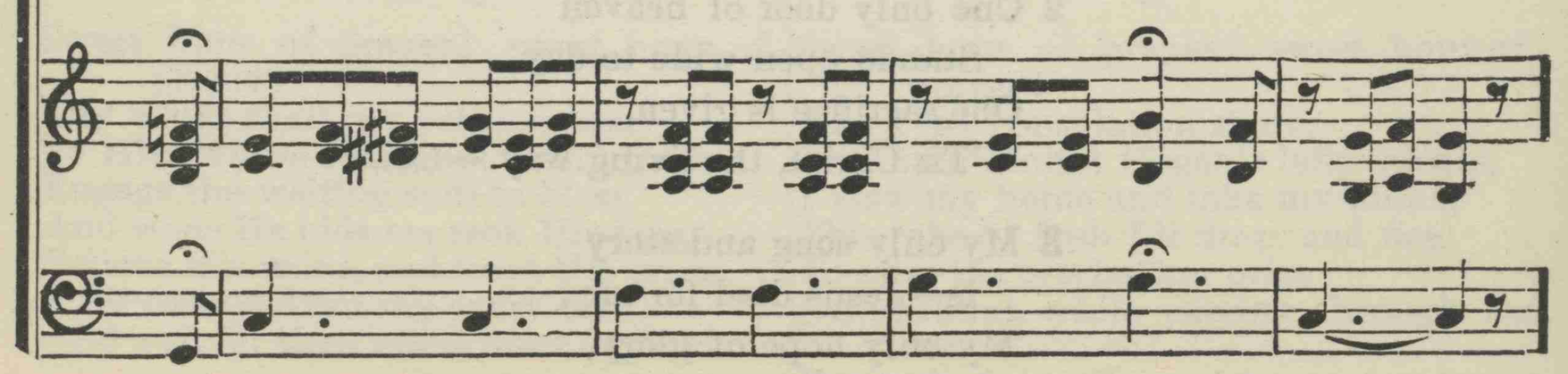
1. Sowing the seed by the daylight fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,



Sowing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer-tile soil;
Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of e-ternal shame;



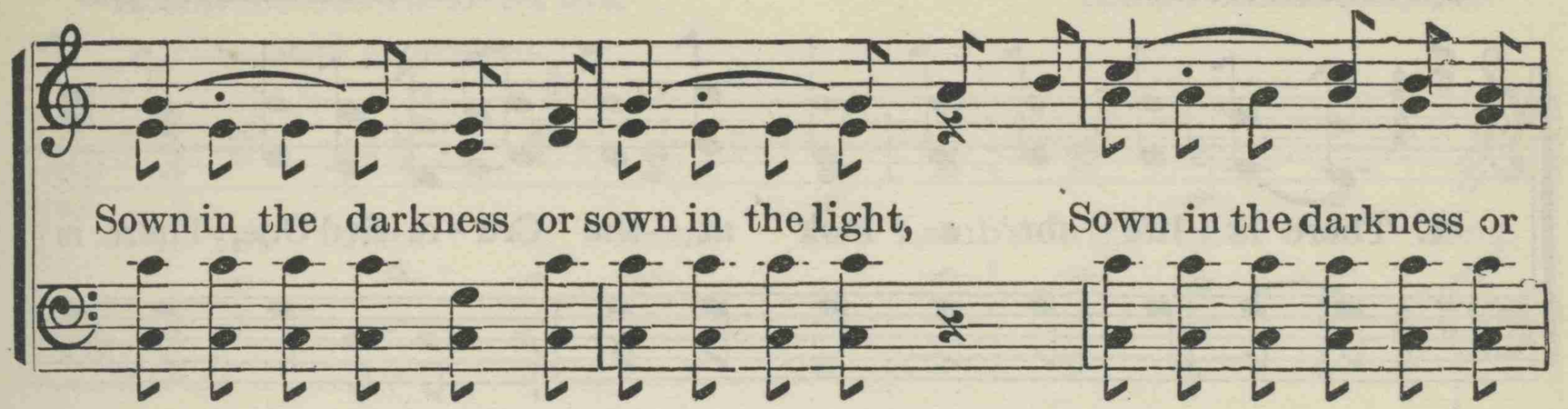
Oh, what shall the harvest be?.... .... Oh, what shall the harvest be?.....



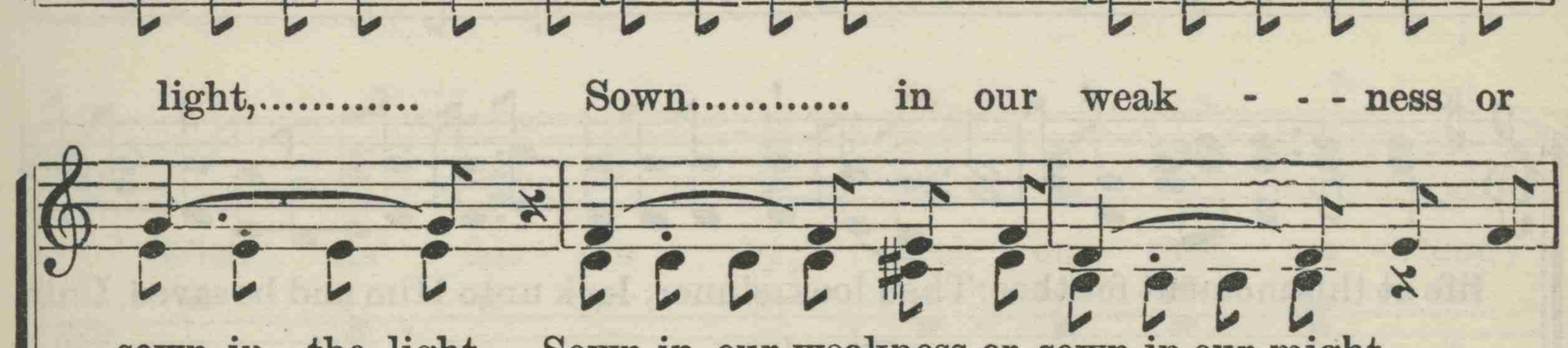
What Shall the Harvest Be?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Sown..... in the dark - - - - ness or sown..... in the

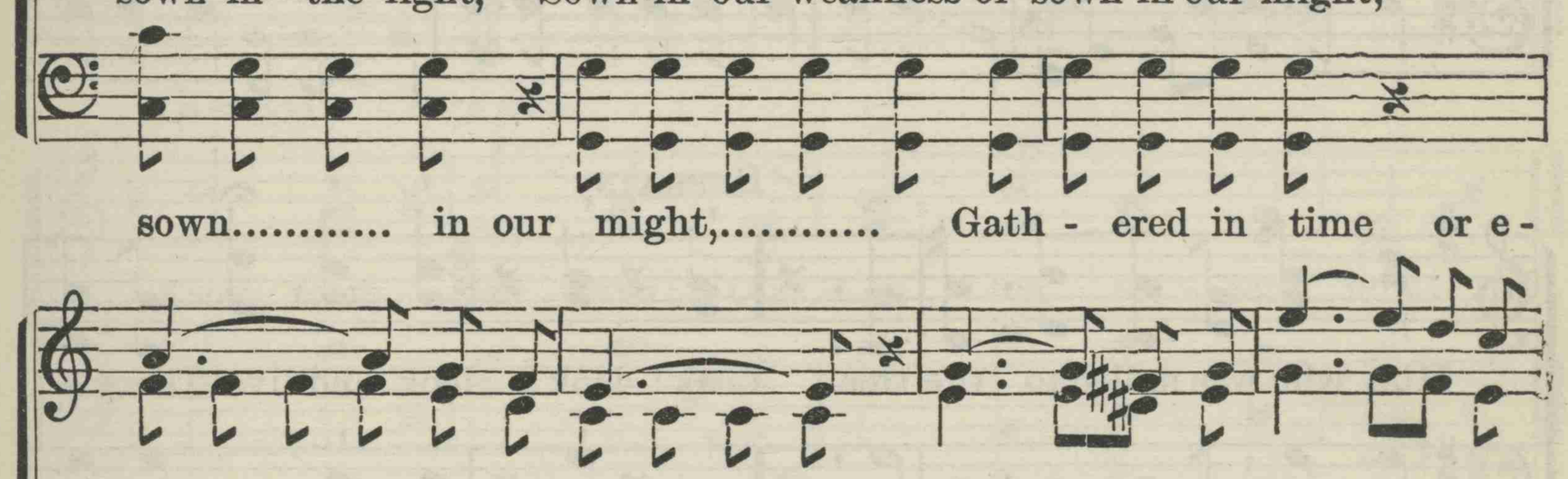


Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or

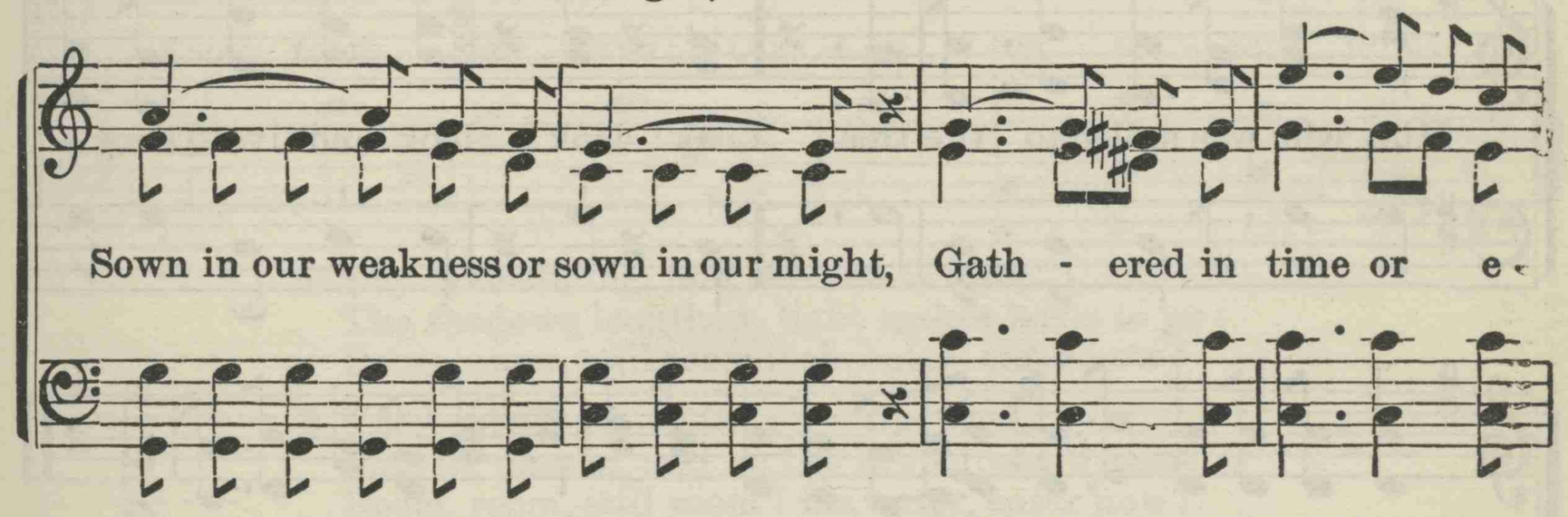


light,..... Sown..... in our weak - - - ness or

sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,

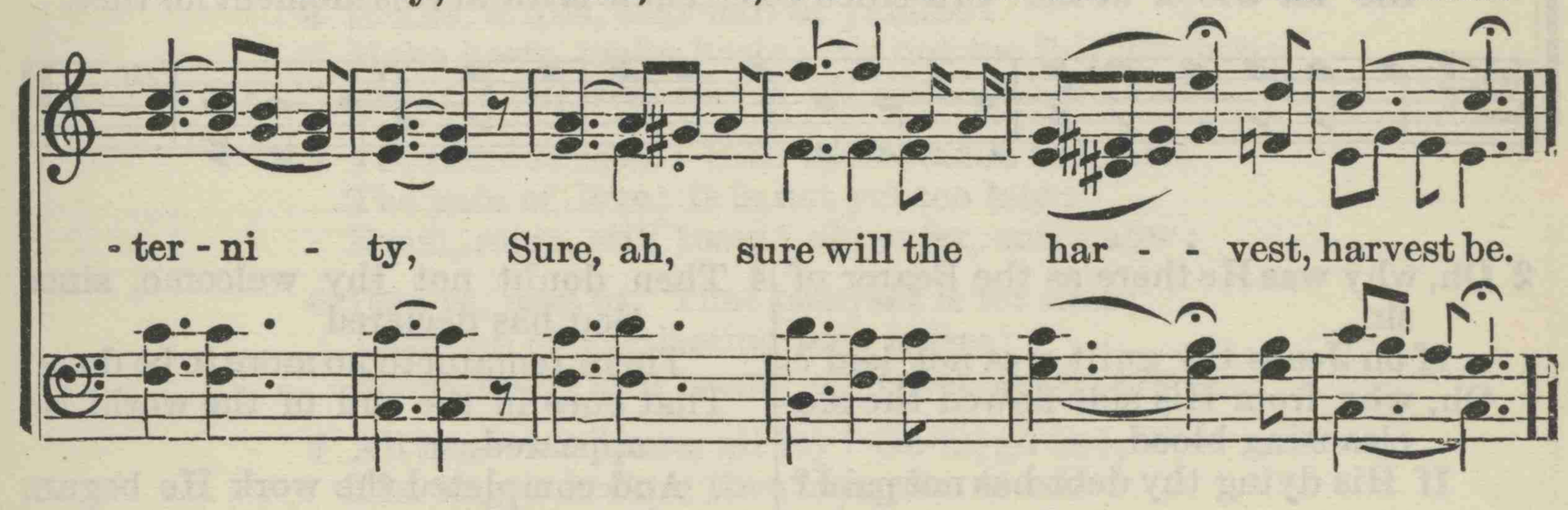


sown..... in our might,..... Gath - ered in time or e-



Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gath - ered in time or e-

-ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har- - - - vest be.....



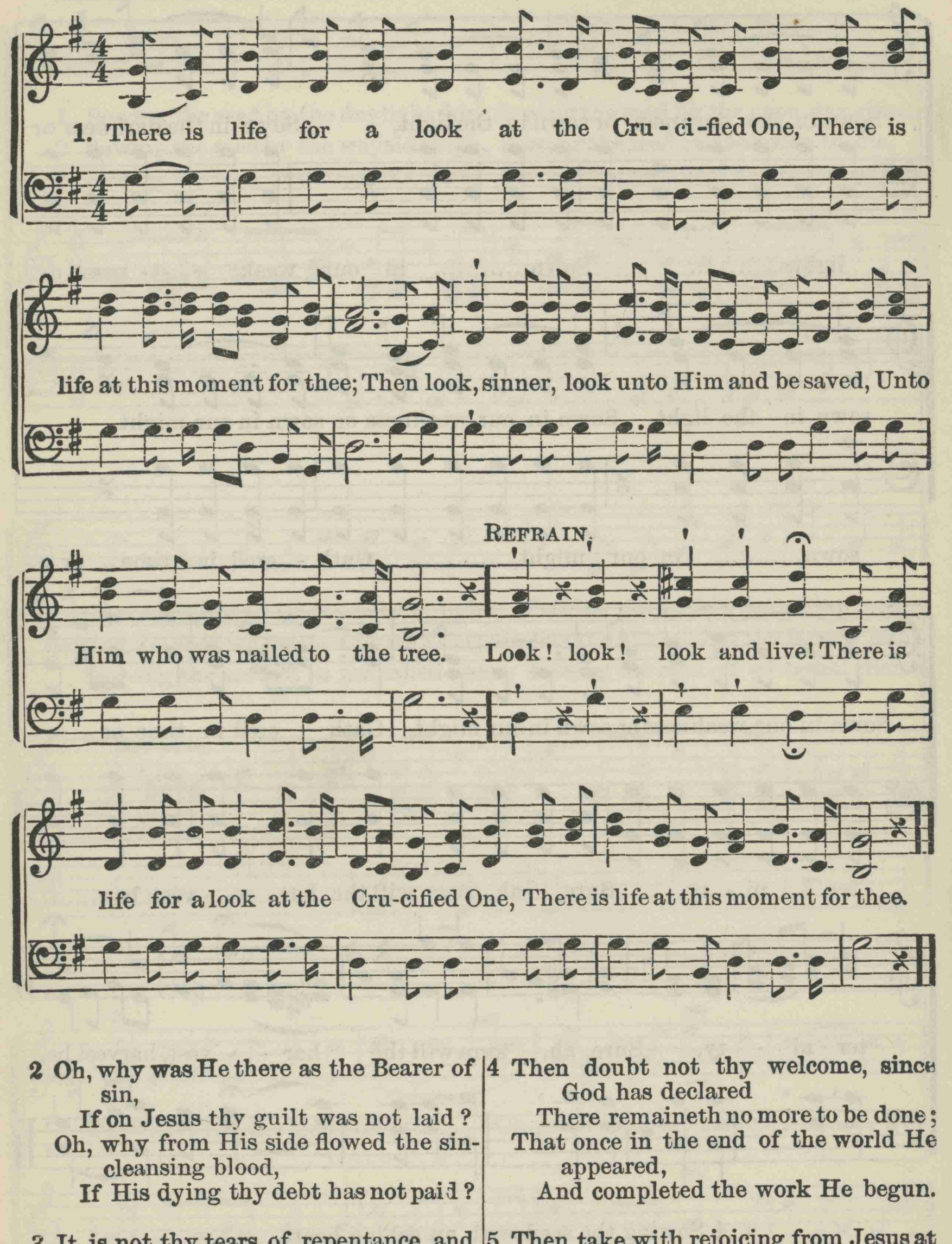
-ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - - vest, harvest be.

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

No. 80. There is Life for a Look.

"Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—ISAIAH 45: 22.

AMELIA M. HULL. Rev. E. G. TAYLOR, by per.



2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the *Blood*, that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die
Since Jesus thy righteousnes, lives.

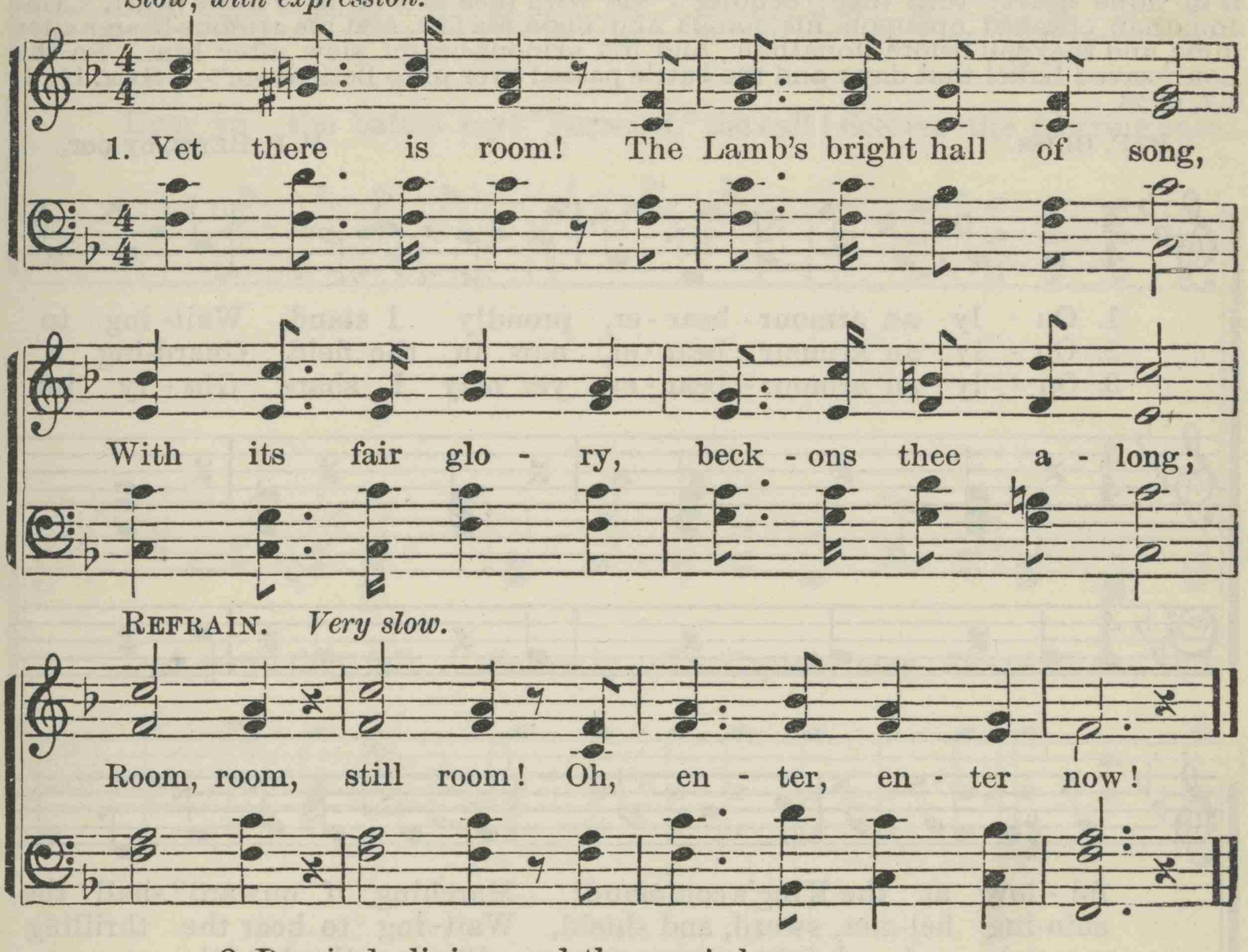
No. 81.

Yet There is Room.

"Yet there is room."—LUKE 14: 22.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1873. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

Slow, with expression.



2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast:
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now;

6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free;
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now;

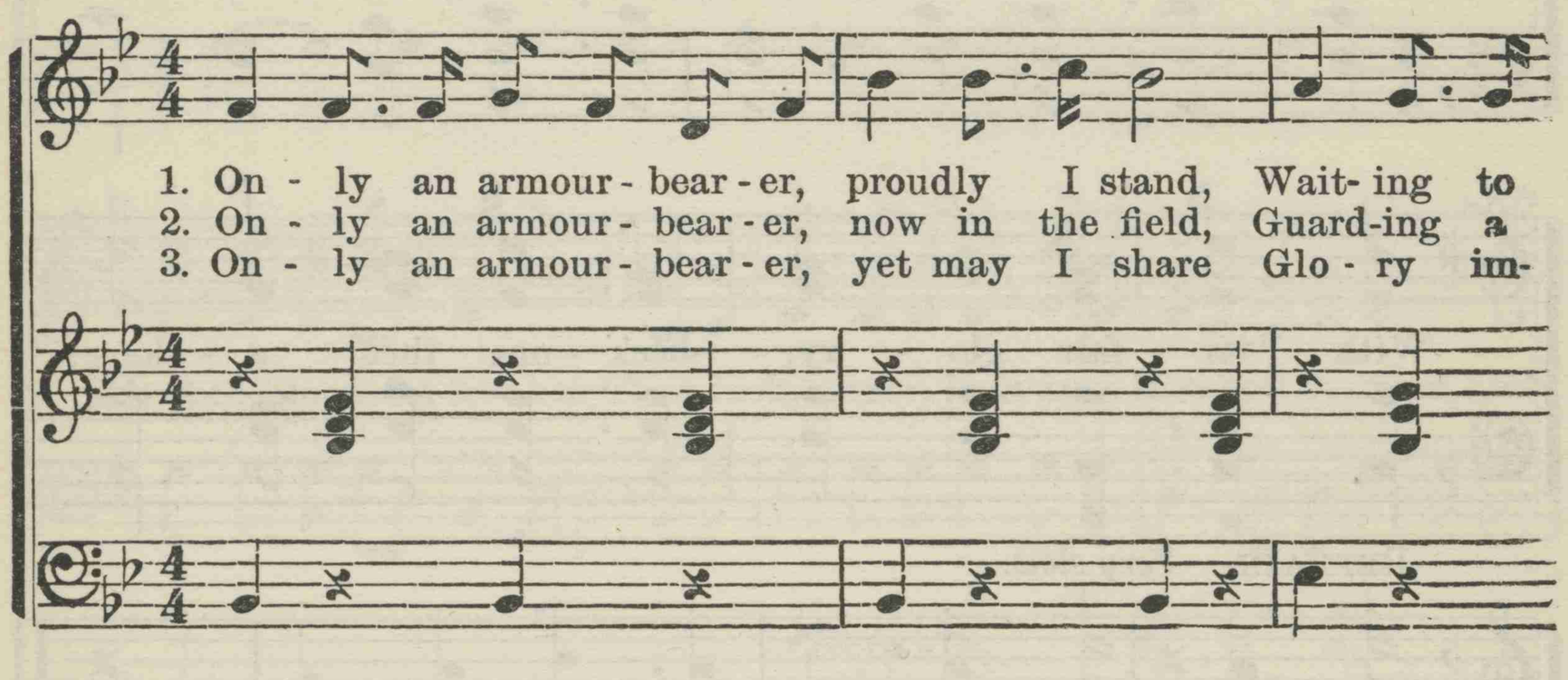
8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

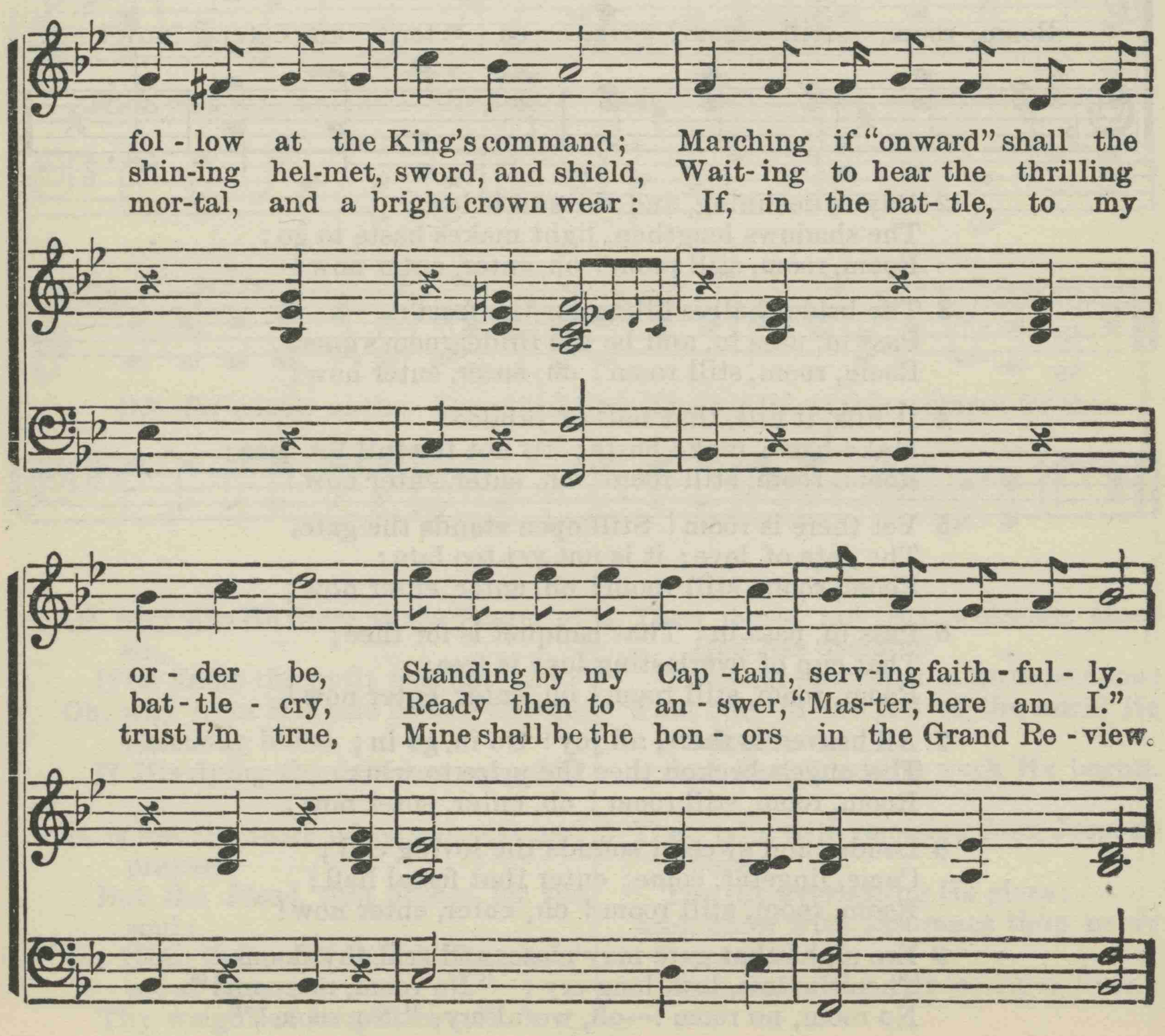
9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

No. 82. Only an Armour-Bearer.

"Now it came to pass upon a day, that Jonathan the son of Saul said unto the young man that bare his armour, Come, and let us go over to the Philistines' garrison that *is* on the other side; it may be that the LORD will work for us: for *there is* no restraint to the LORD to save by many or by few. And his armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that *is* in thine heart: turn thee; behold, I *am* with thee according to thine heart. And Jonathan climbed up upon his hands and upon his feet, and his armour-bearer after him: and they fell before Jonathan; and his armour-bearer slew after him. So the LORD saved Israel that day: and the battle passed over unto Beth-aven."—1 SAM. 14: 1, 6, 7, 13, 23.

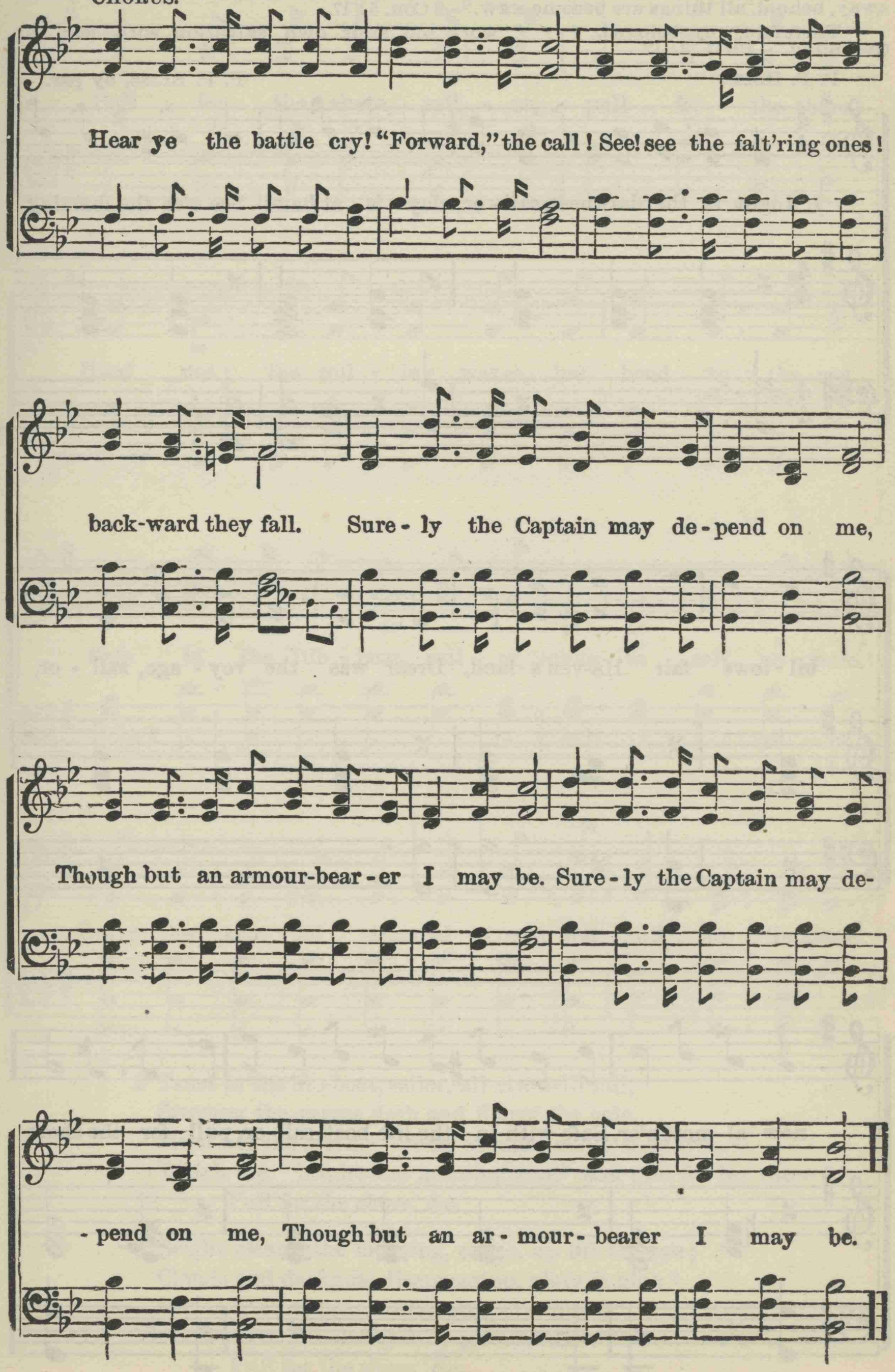
P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.





Only an Armour-Bearer.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

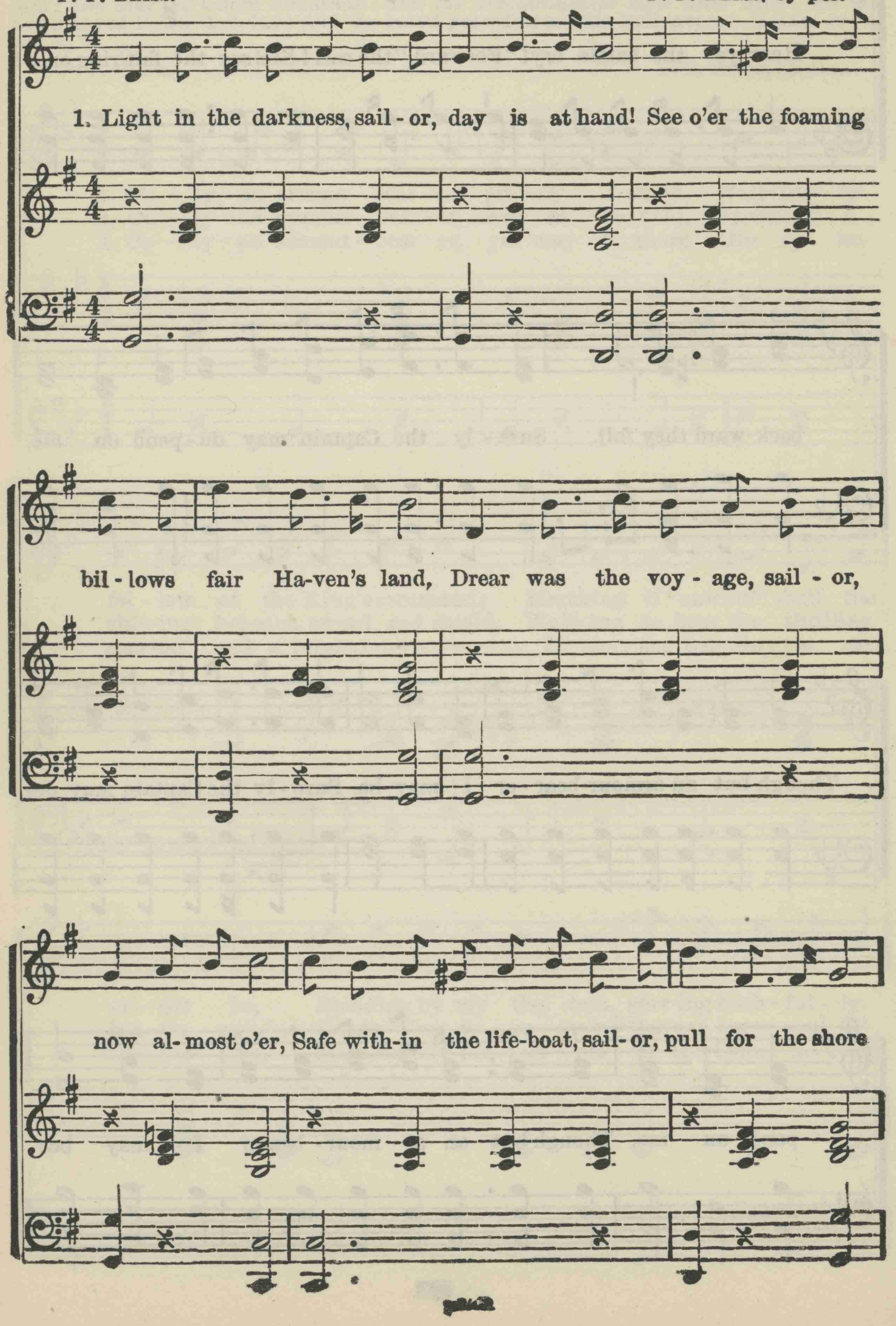


No. 83. Pull for the Shore.

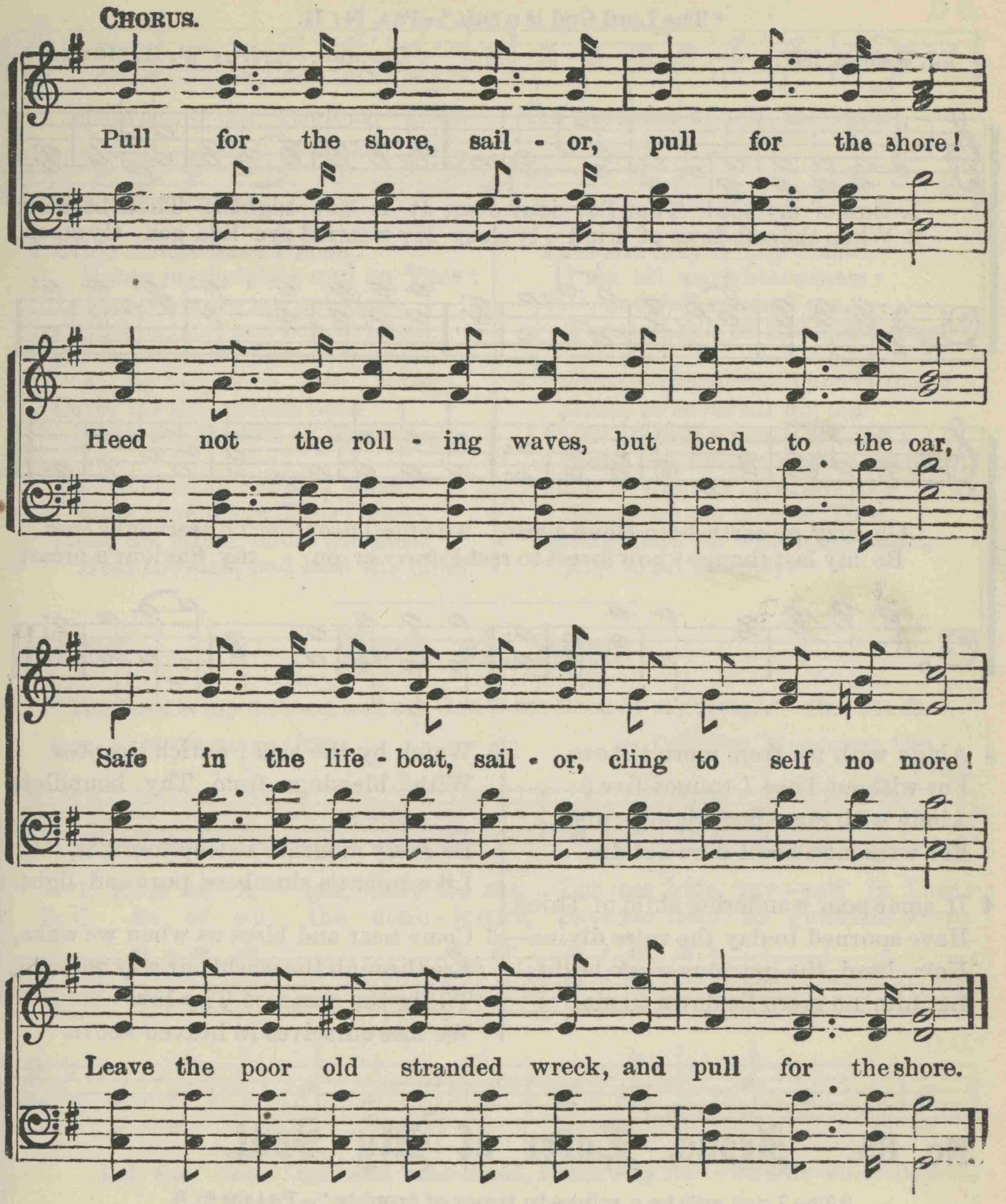
"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become NEW."—2 COR. 5: 17.

"Therefore, my beloved, * * * work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."—PHIL. 2: 12

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



Pull for the Shore.—Concluded.



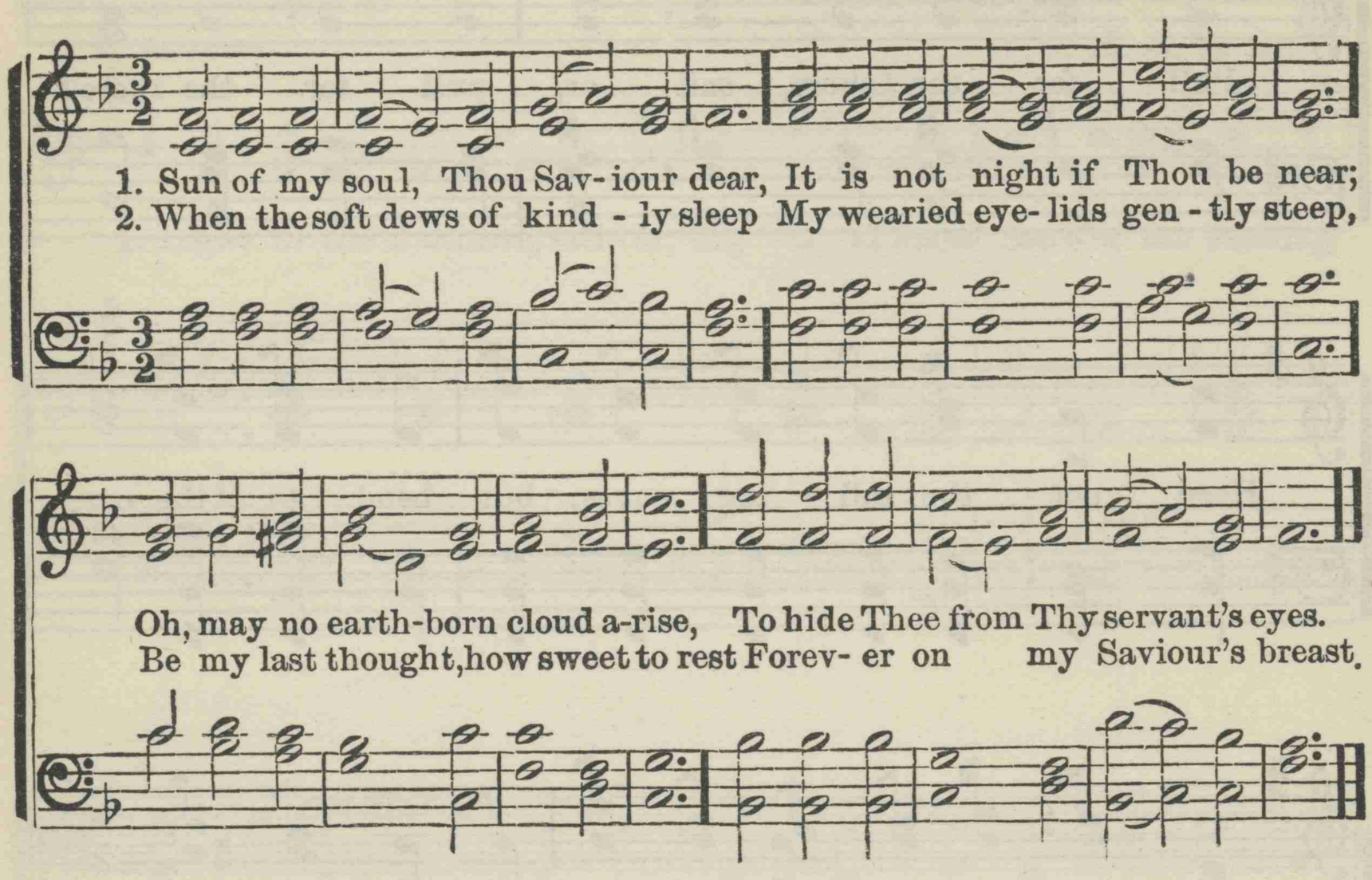
2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale,
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;
Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore
Pull for the shore, &c.

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye;
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore;
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore,
Pull for the shore, &c.

No. 84. Sun of My Soul.

"The Lord God is a sun."—PSA. 74: 11.

J. KEBLE, 1827. German. ARR. by W. H. MONK.



3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

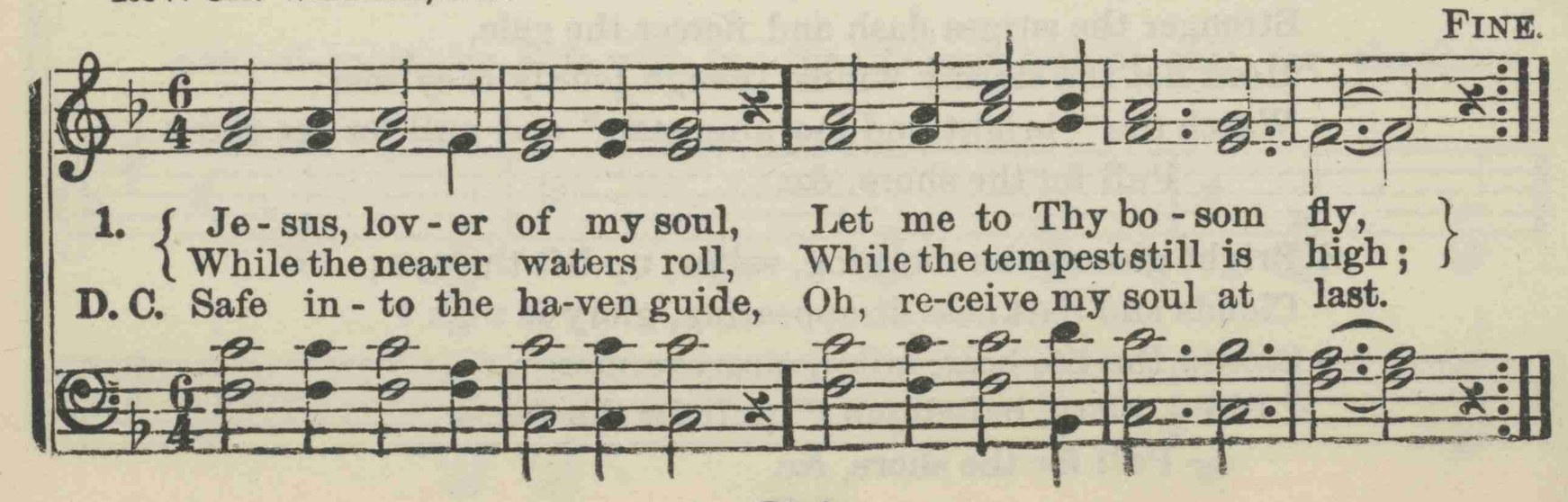
6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

No. 85. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

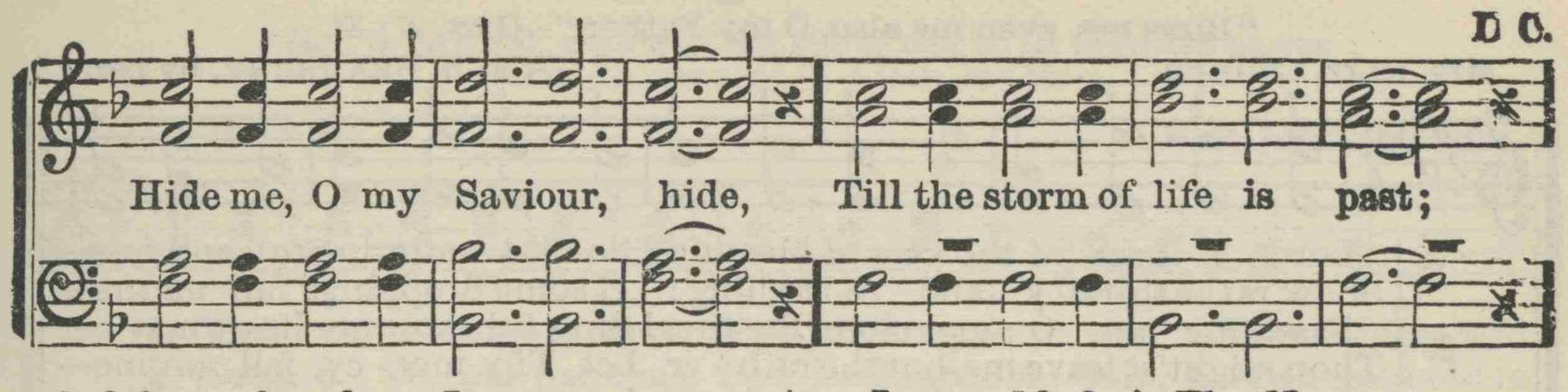
"The Lord will be a refuge in times of trouble."—PSALM 9: 9.

REV. CH. WESLEY, 1740. SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834.

FINE.



Jesus, Lover of My Soul.—Concluded.



2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

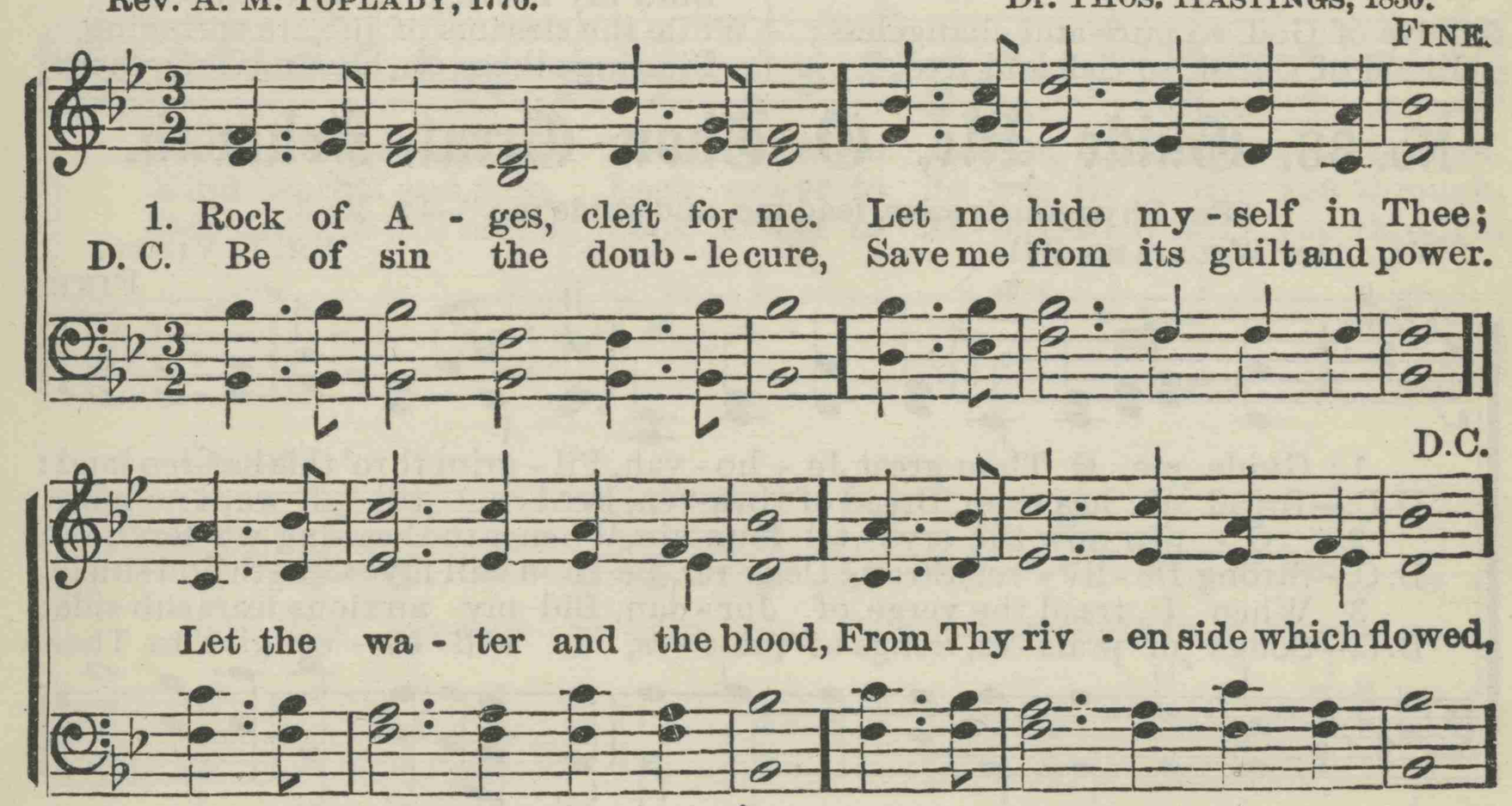
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace

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

No. 86. Rock of Ages.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—PSA. 94: 22.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS, 1830.



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

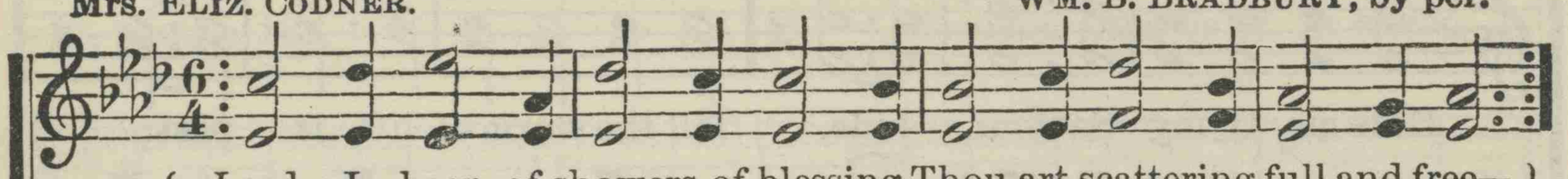
3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

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

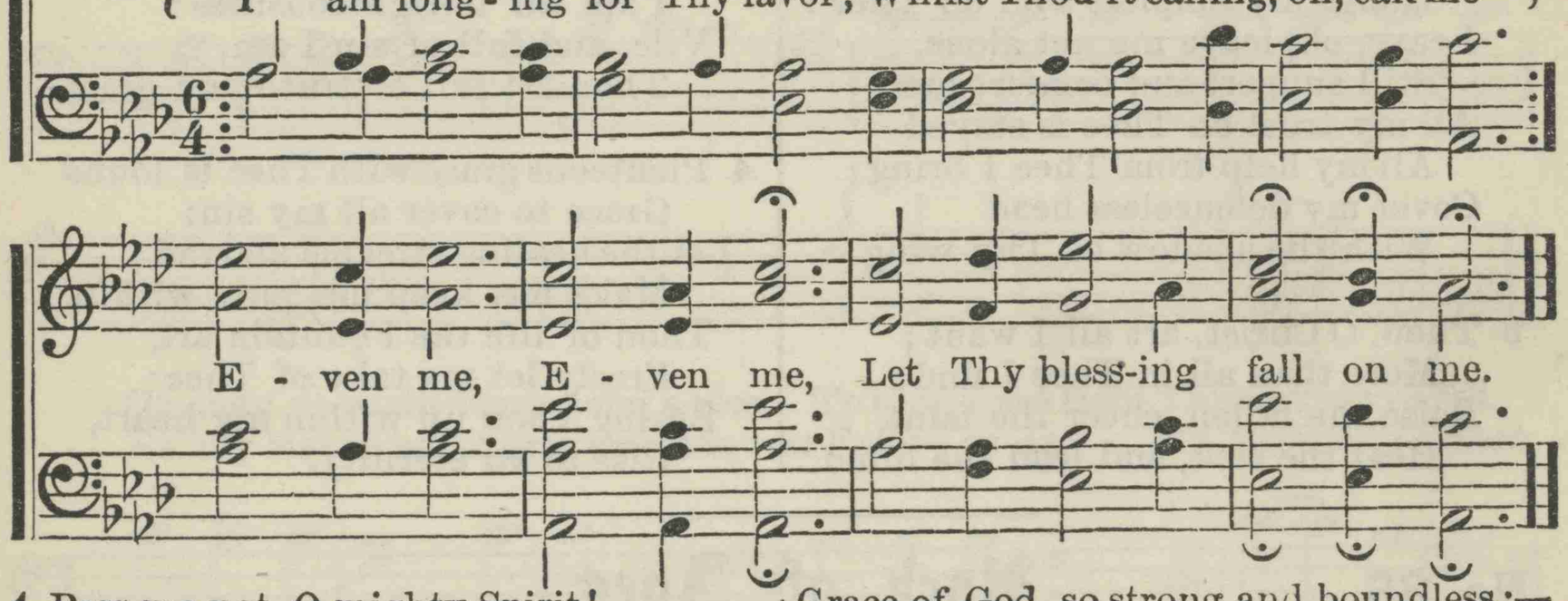
No. 87. Even Me.

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—GEN. 27: 38.

Mrs. ELIZ. CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free—
Show'rs the thirst-y land re-freshing; Let some droppings fall on me—
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther! Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy fall on me—
3. Pass me not, O ten-der Saviour! Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am long-ing for Thy favor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—



4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit, [me.
Speak the word of power to me.—Even

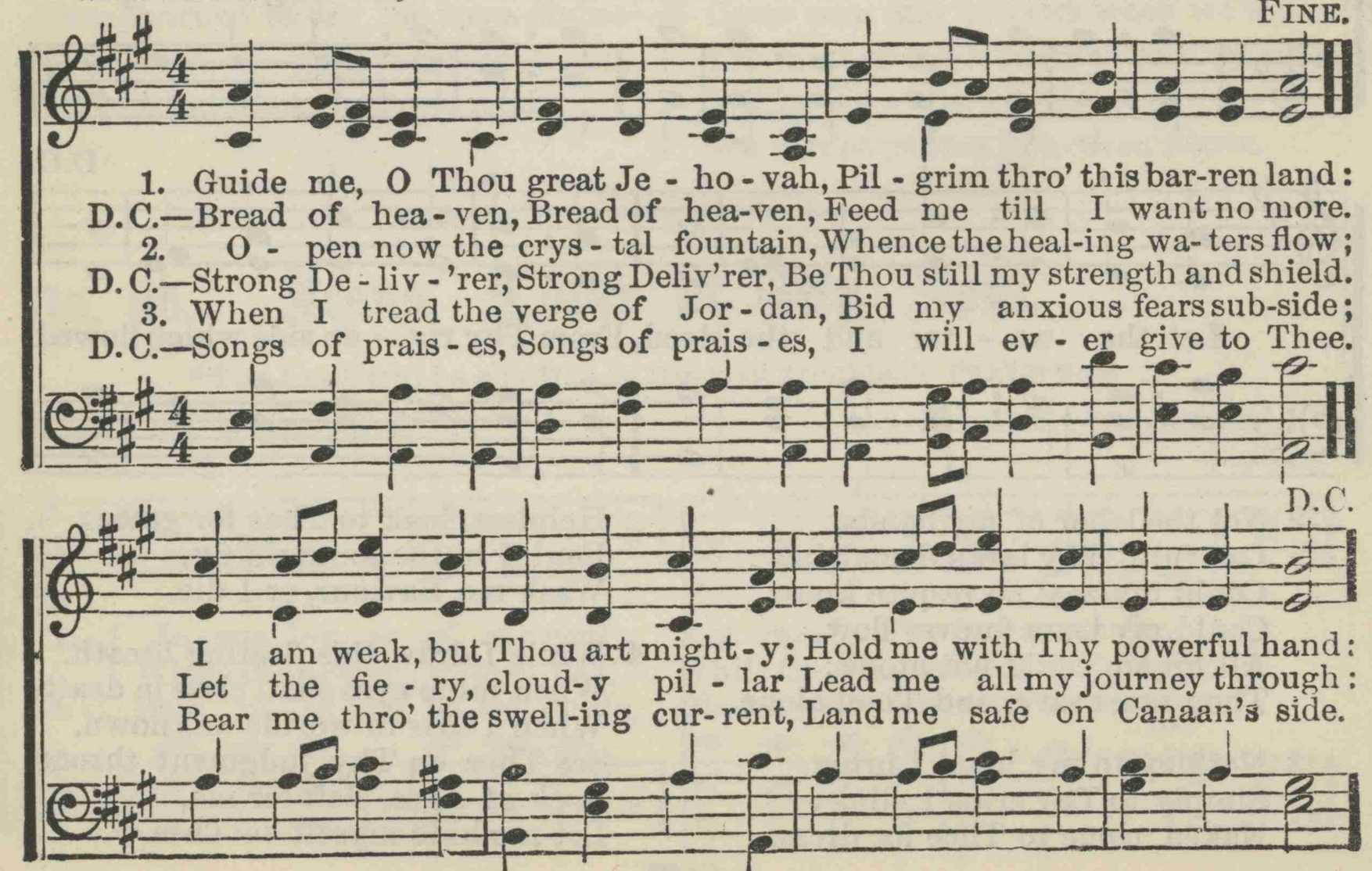
5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—
Magnify them all in me.—Even me.

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

No. 88. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

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

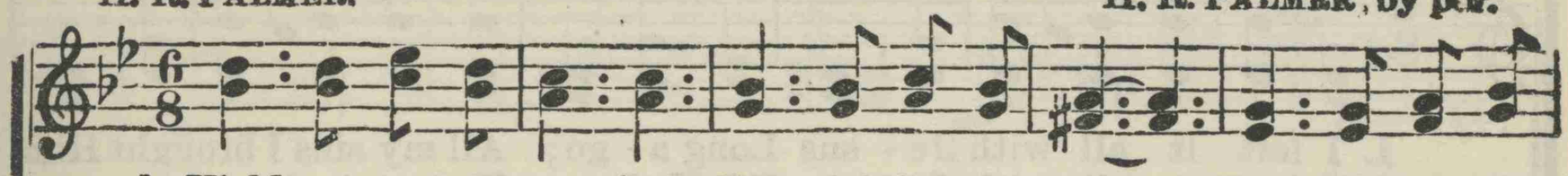
WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1771. WM. L. VINER.



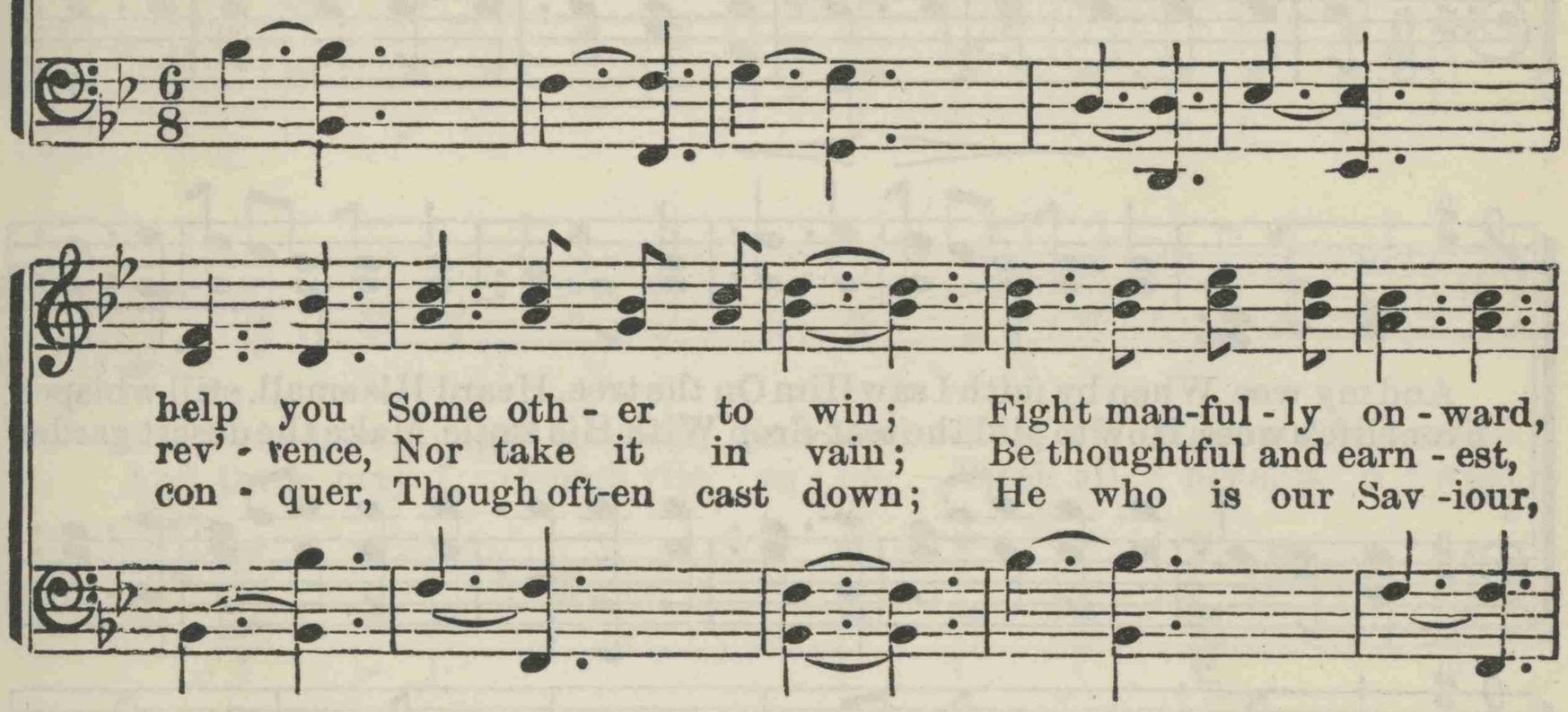
No. 89. Yield Not to Temptation.

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. 10: 13.

H. R. Palmer. H. R. Palmer, by per.

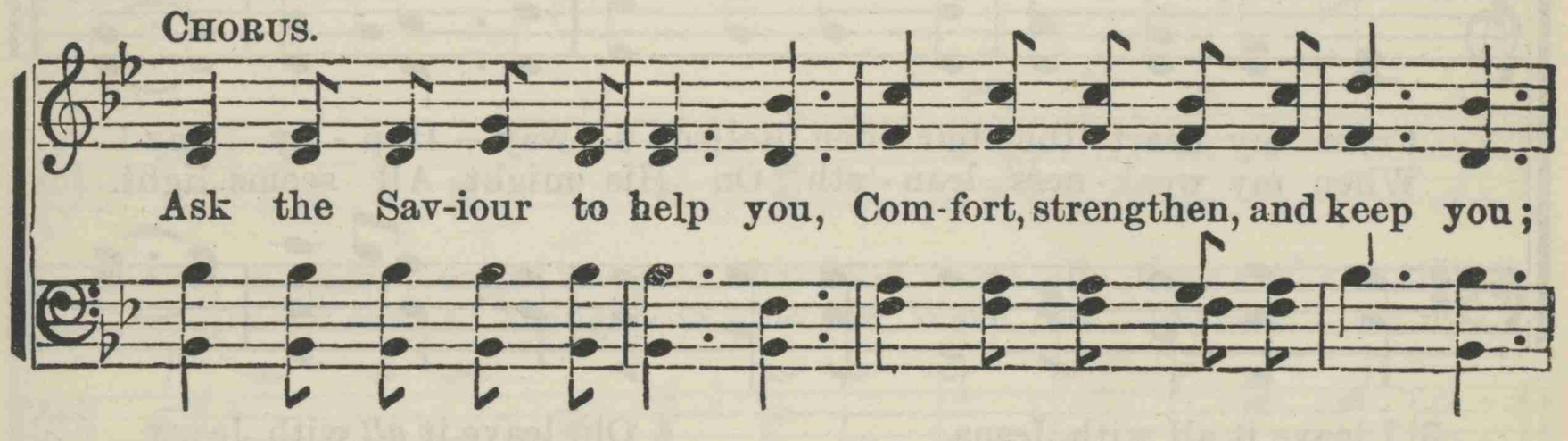


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each vict'ry will help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'-rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,
3. To him that o'ercom-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,



Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.
Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.
Our strength will renew, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.

Chorus.

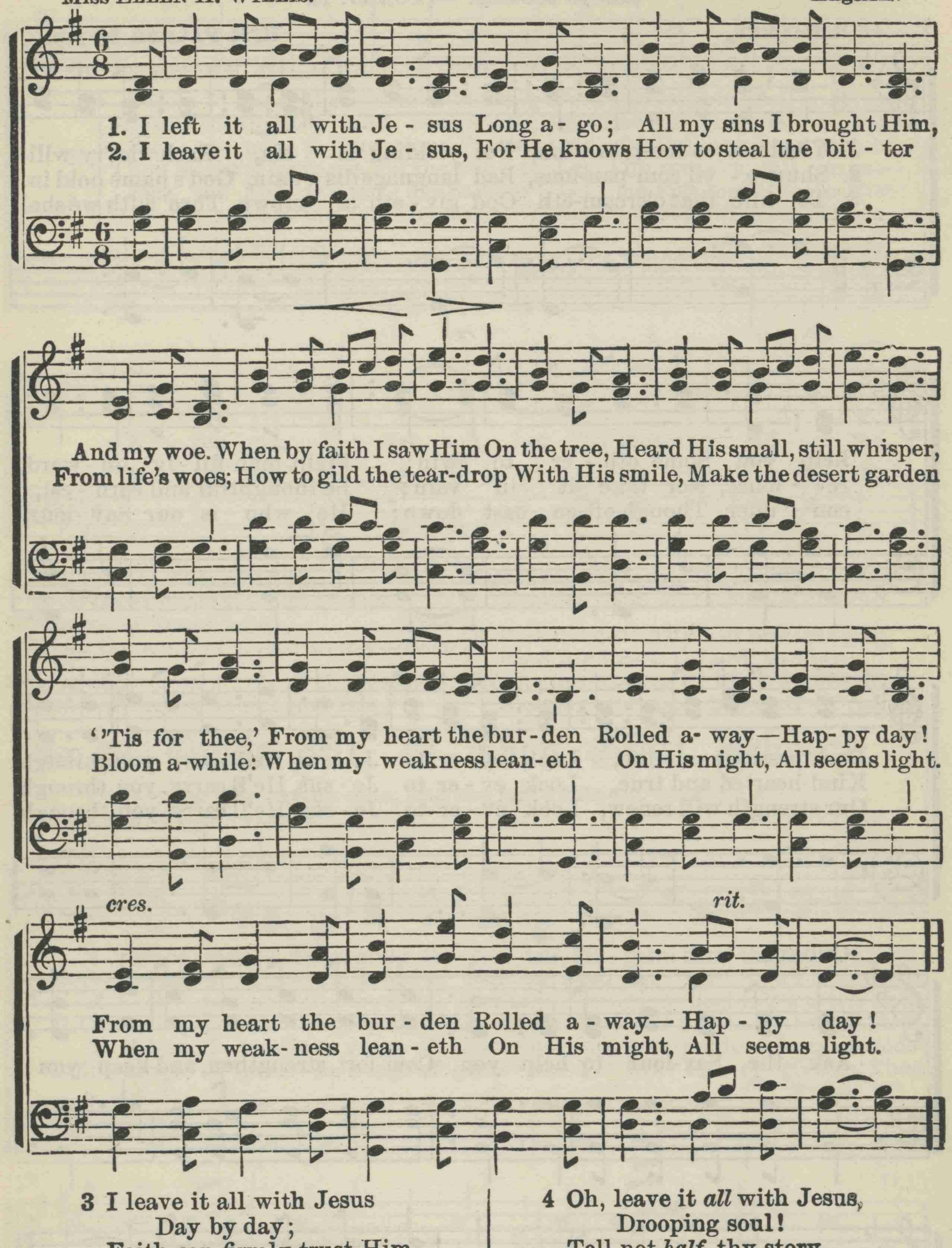


Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

No. 90. I Left it All with Jesus.

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

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS. English.



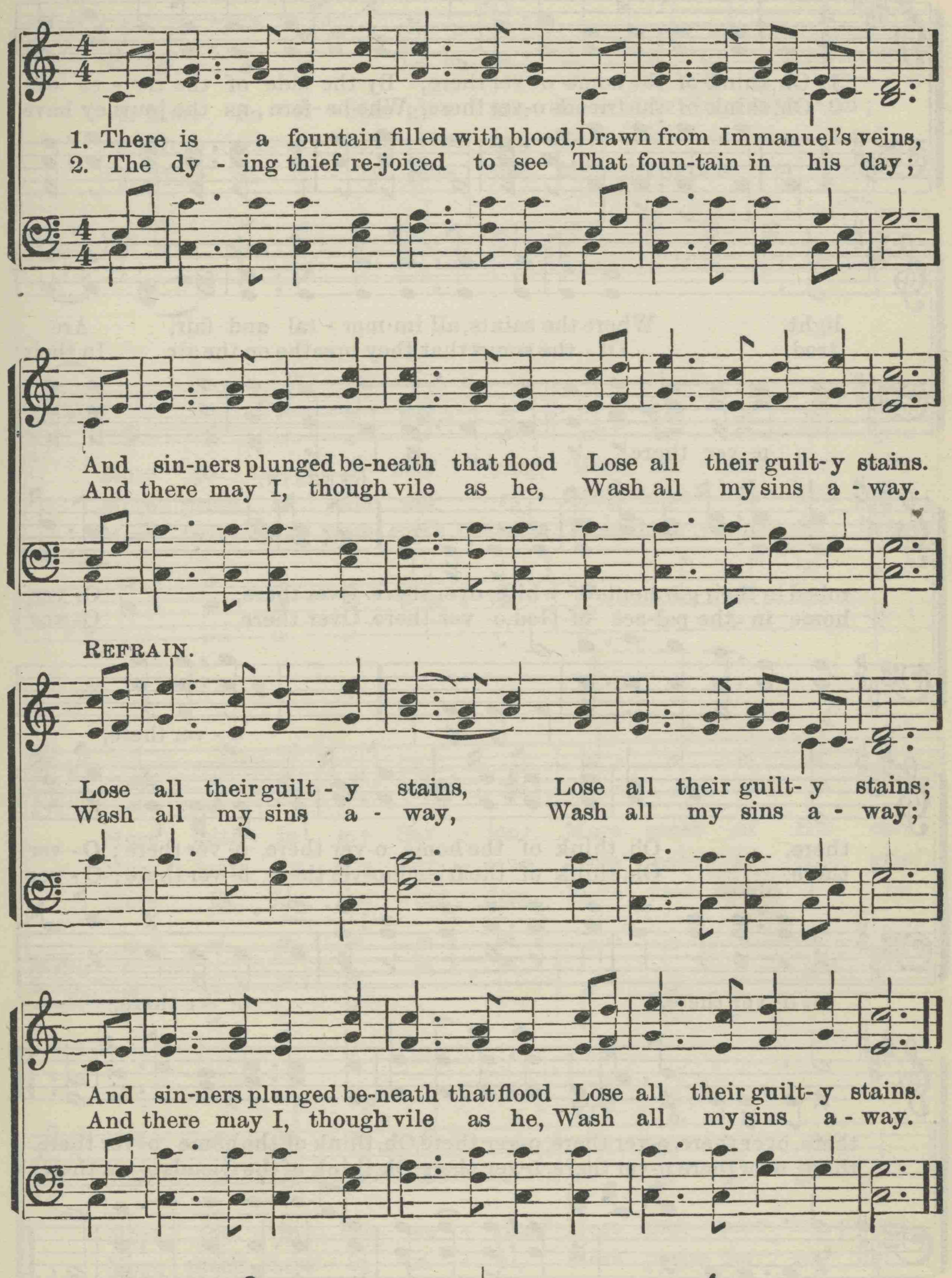
3 I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven
To abide At His side.

4 Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus,
Drooping soul!
Tell not *half* thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On His hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes *thee* room—Oh, come home!

No. 91. There is a Fountain.

"A Fountain opened for sin."—ZECH. 13: 1.

WM. COWPER, 1779. WESTERN MELODY.



3

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.—*Ref.*

4

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.—*Ref.*

No. 92. The Home Over There.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—PSALM 55: 6.

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
2. Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, Who be -fore us the journey have

light. Where the saints, all im-mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their

o- ver there,

REFRAIN.

robed in their garments of white, over there. Over there, O- ver
home in the pal-ace of God, o- ver there. Over there, O- ver

o - ver there,

there, Oh, think of the home o-ver there, o- ver there; O - ver
there, Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, o- ver there; O - ver

o- ver there, o- ver there,

there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the home o-ver there.
there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the friends o- ver there.

over there,

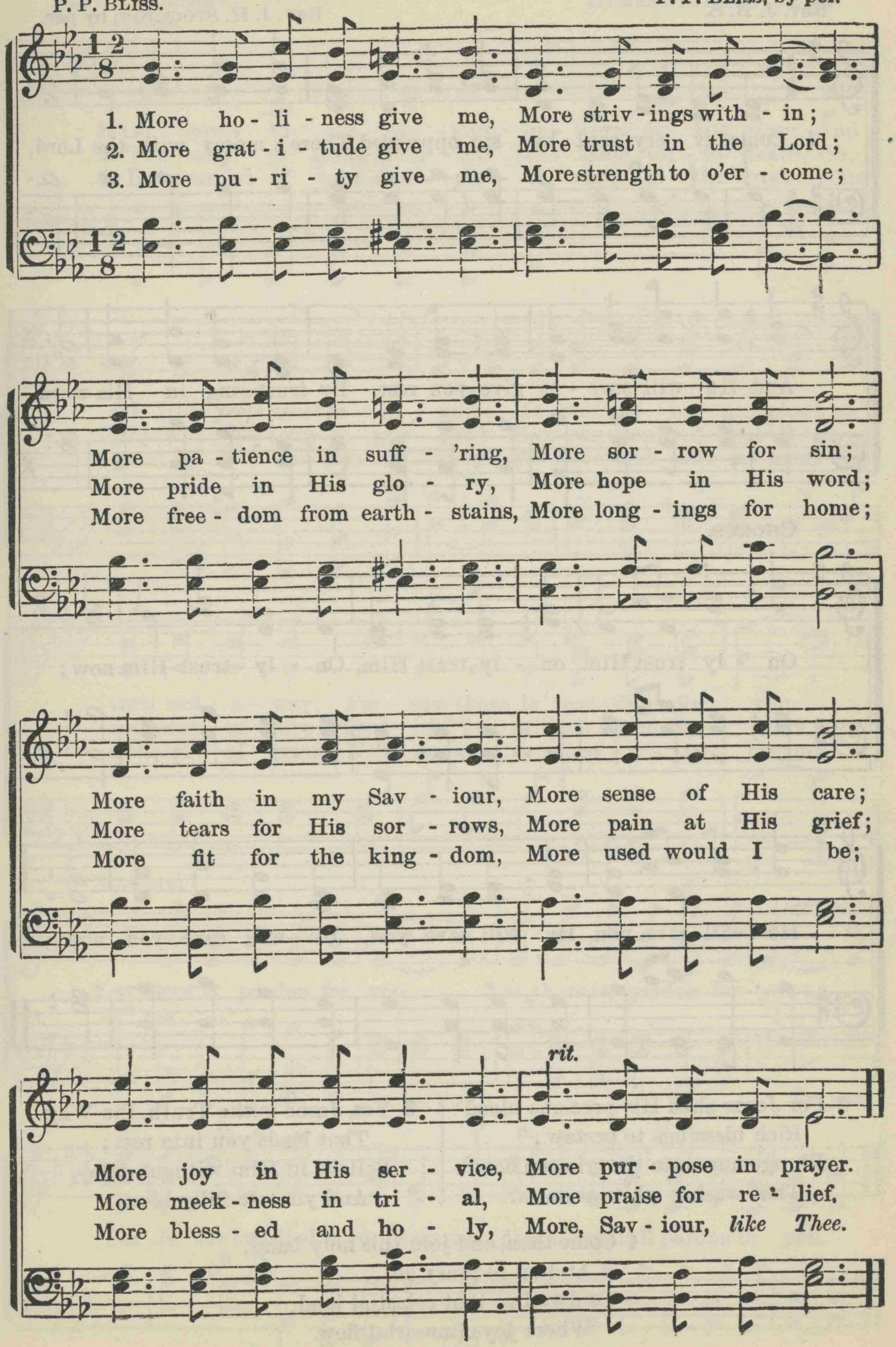
3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

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.

No. 93. My Prayer.

"Be ye therefore perfect."—MATT. 5: 48.

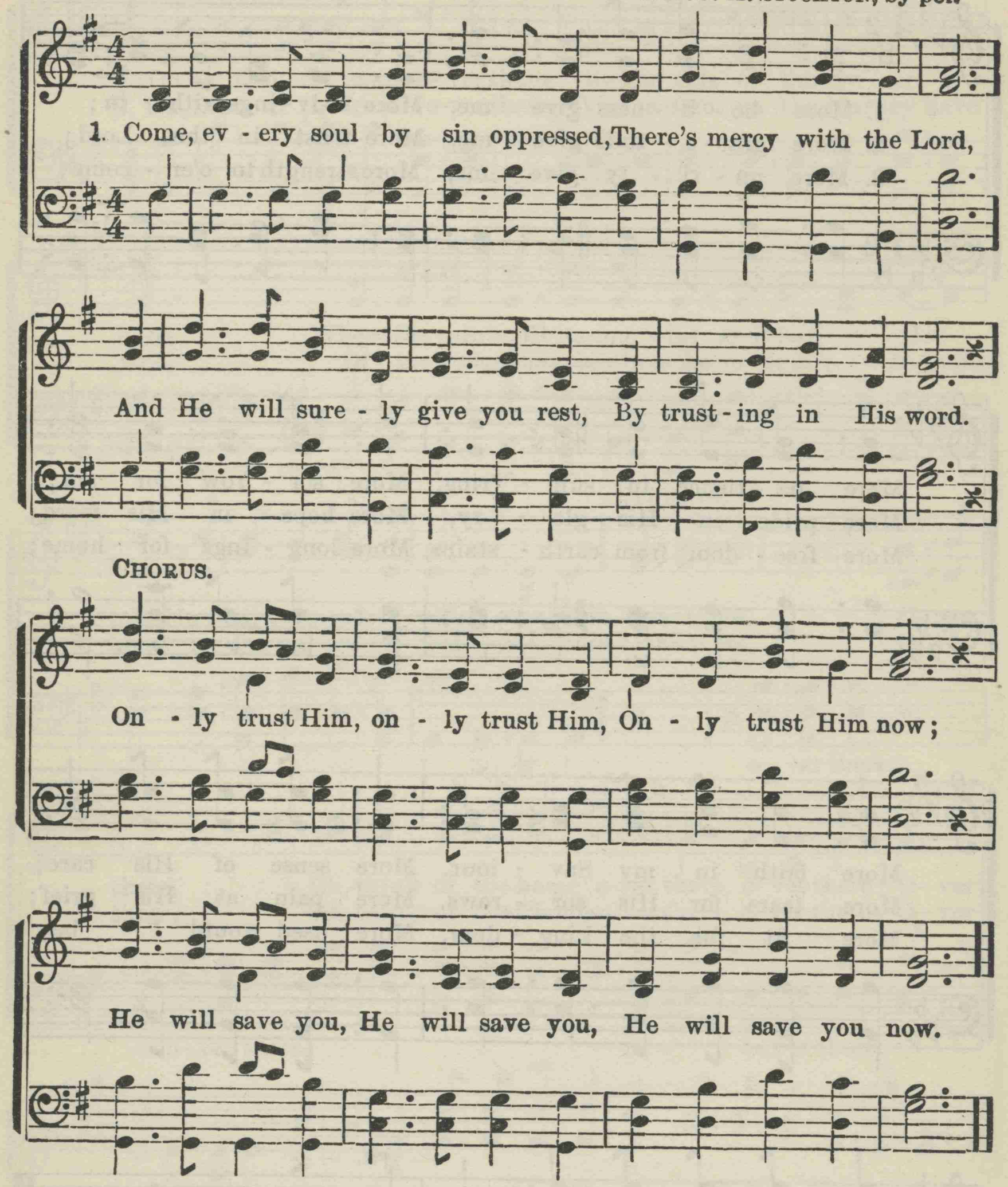
P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



No. 94. Only Trust Him.

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—MATT. 11 : 29.

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



2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

No. 95. Yes, There is Pardon for You.

"He will abundantly pardon."—ISA. 55: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

Slowly.

1. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, be - lieve in His name, And ask Him your heart to re - new; He waits to be gra- cious, O turn not a - way, For now there is par - don for you.
2. The way of trans-gress - ion that leads un - to death, Oh, why will you long- er pur - sue? How can you re - ject the sweet mes-sage of love That of - fers full par - don for you?
3. Be warned of your dan - ger; es - cape to the cross; Your on - ly sal va - tion is there; Be- lieve, and that mo-ment the Spir- it of grace Will an -swer your pen - i - tent prayer.

CHORUS.

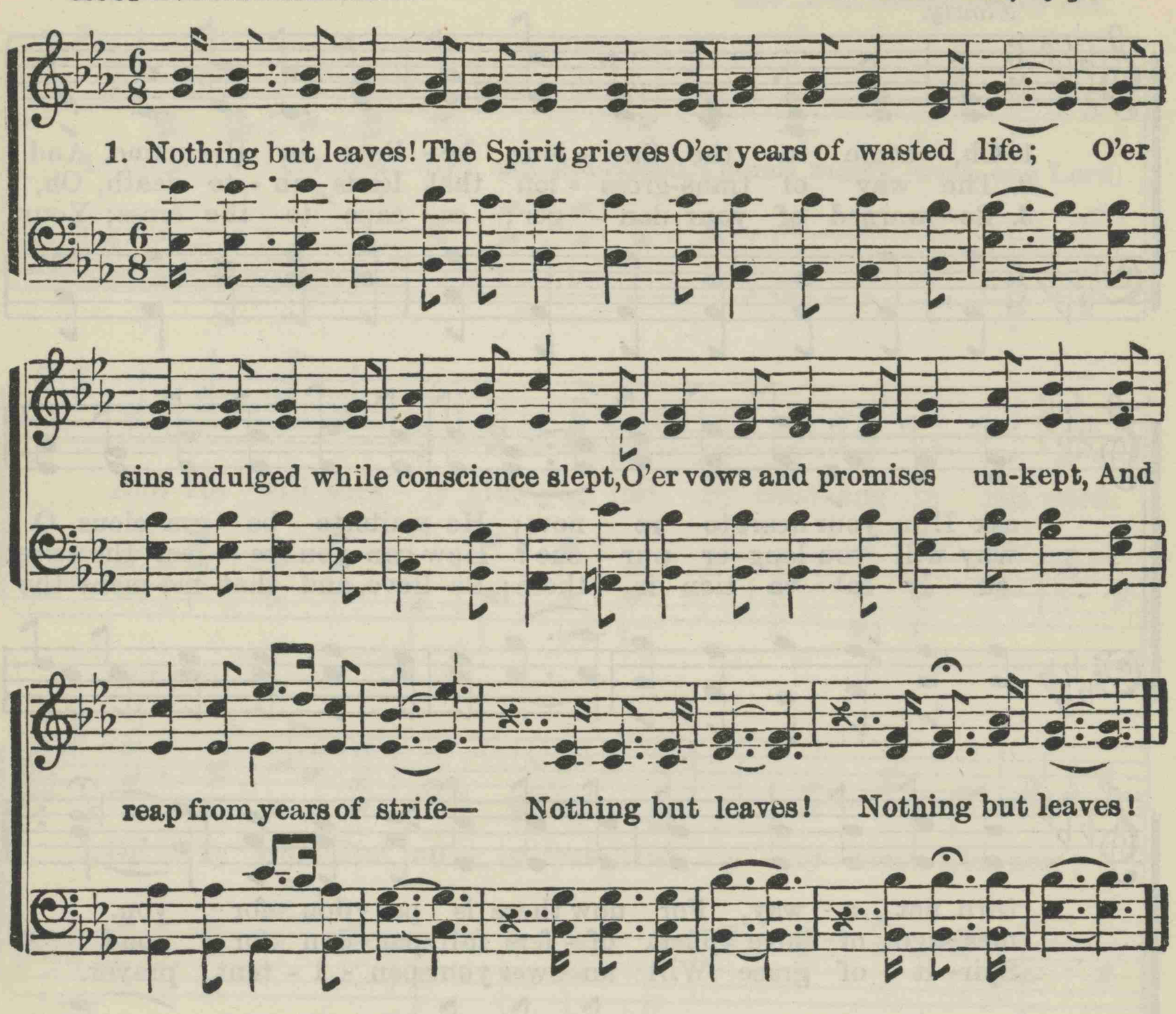
Yes, there is pardon for you,..... Yes, there is, pardon for you;..... for you, for you,

For Je - sus has died to re-deem you, And of-fers full pardon to you.

No. 96. Nothing but Leaves.

"And when He came to it He found nothing but leaves."—MARK 11 : 13.

LUCY EVELINA AKERMAN. SILAS J. VAIL, by per.



2 Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves,
Of life's fair ripening grain:
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—
Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—
Then reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3 Nothing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves
No veil to hide the past:
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and misspent day
We sadly find at last—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

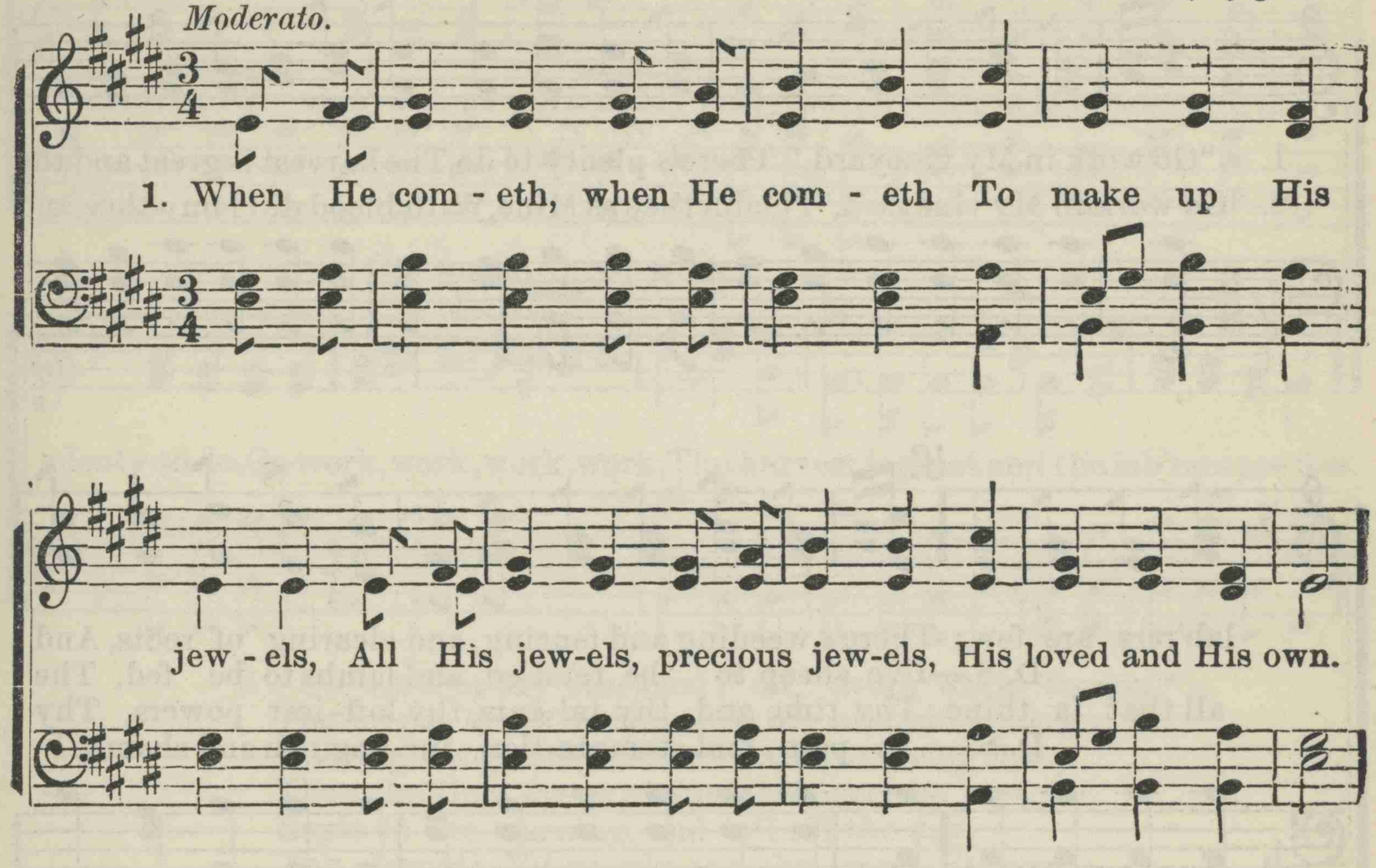
4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat
Lay down for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

No. 97. Jewels.

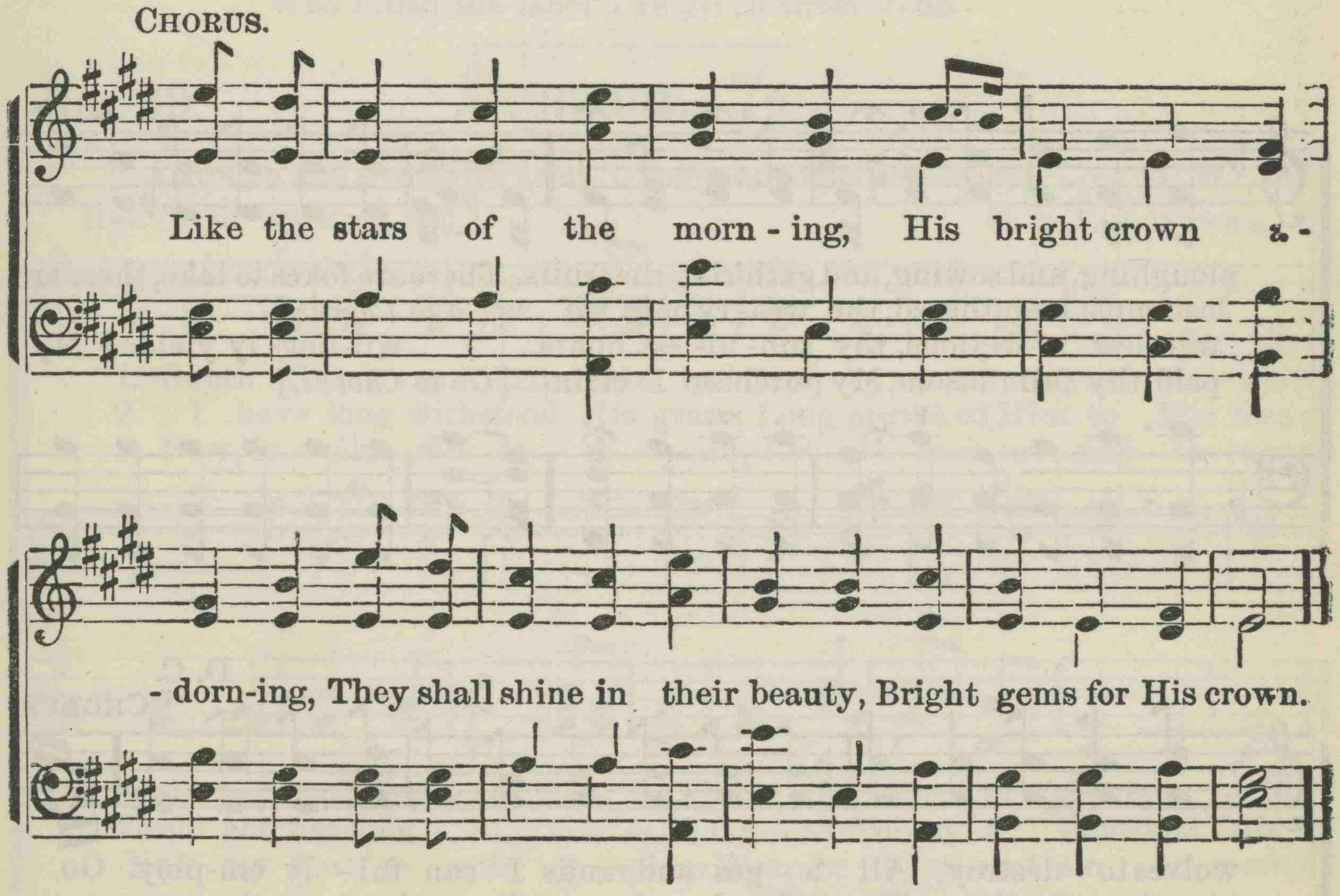
"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."—MALACHI 3: 17.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Moderato.



CHORUS.



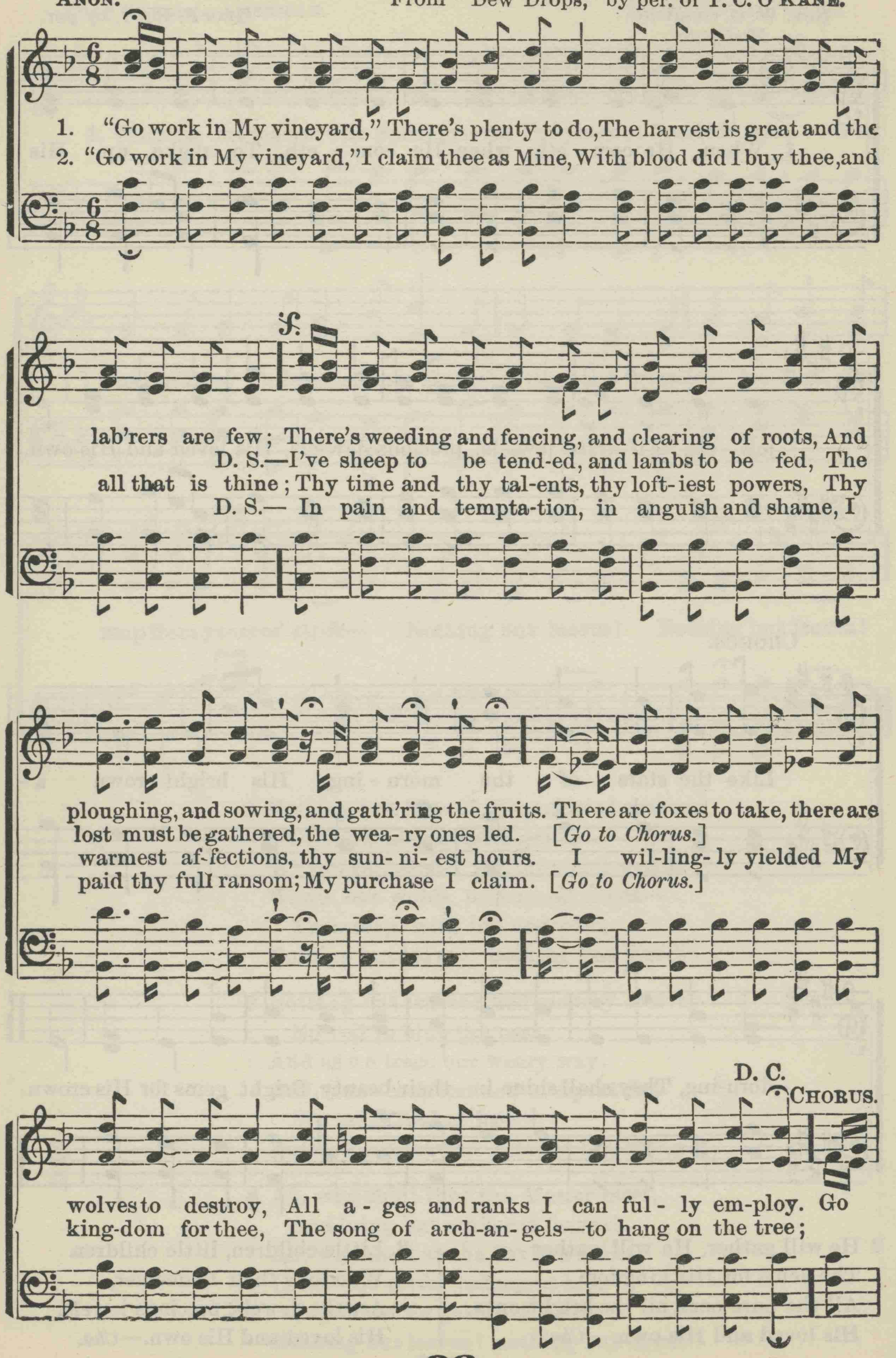
2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom:
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.—*Cho.*

3 Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.—*Cho.*

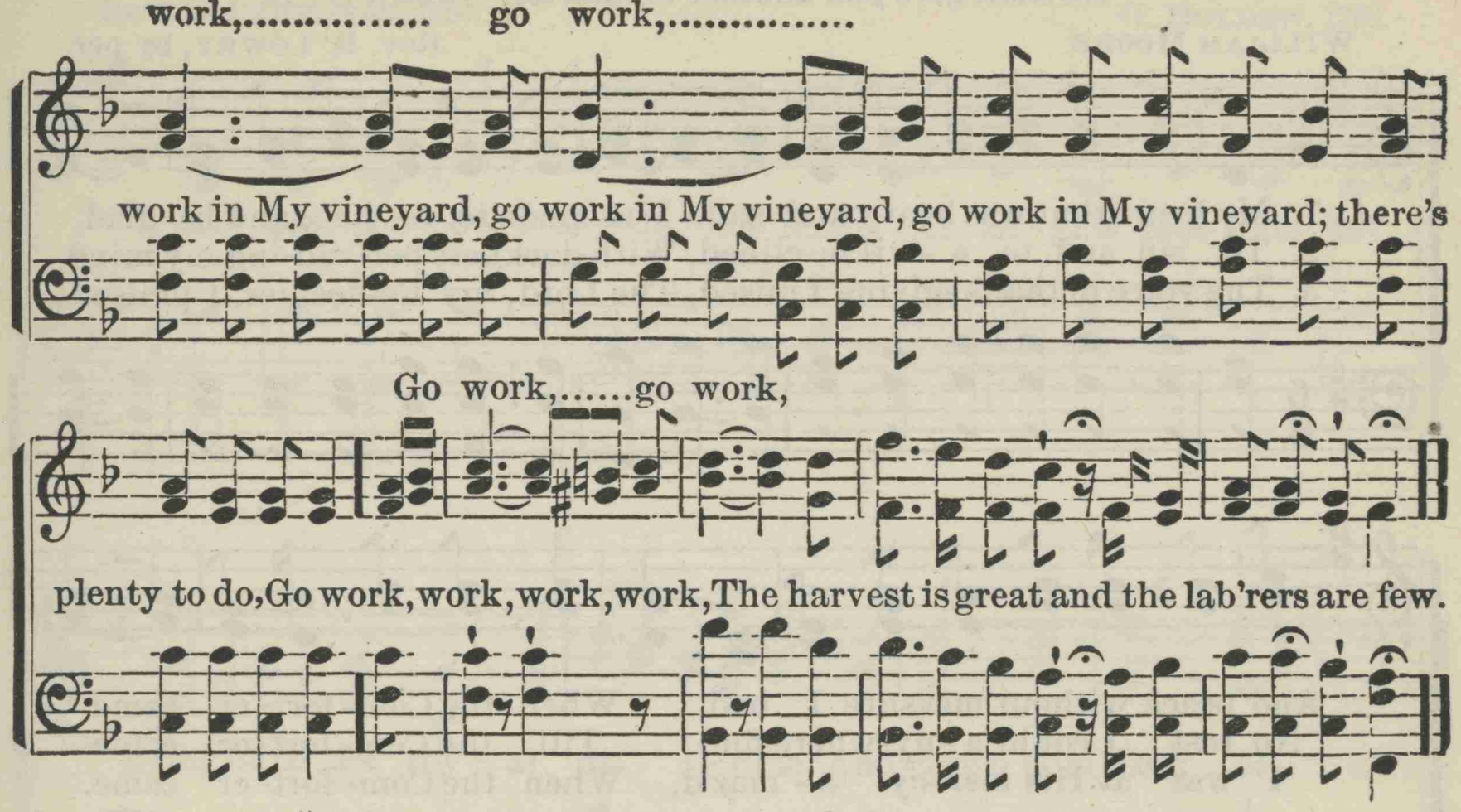
No. 98. Go Work in My Vineyard.

"Go work to-day in My vineyard."—MATT. 21 : 28.

ANON. From "Dew Drops," by per. of T. C. O'KANE.



Go Work in My Vineyard.—Concluded.

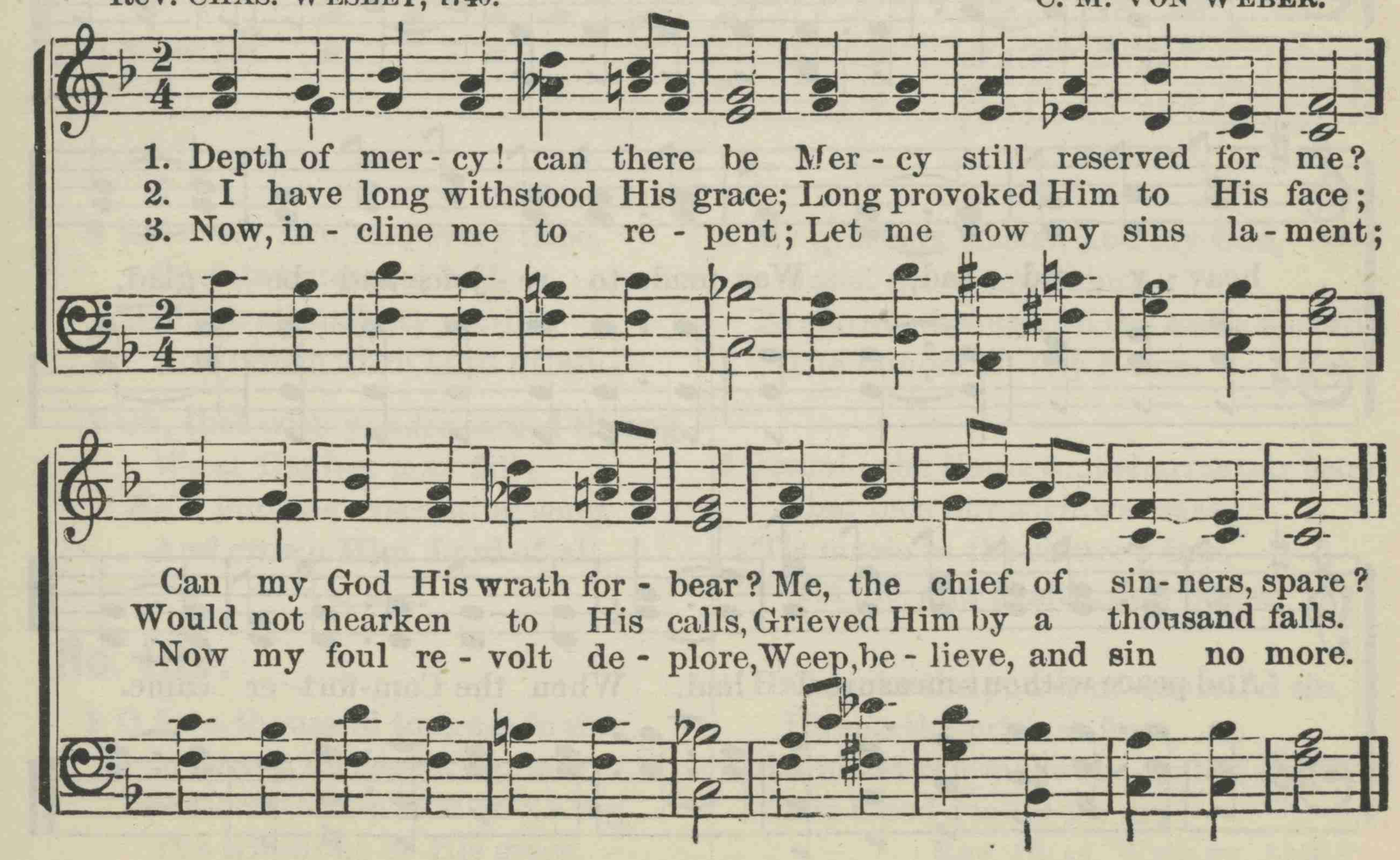


3 "Go work in My vineyard;" oh, "work while 'tis day,"
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away;
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast;
Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.
Begin in the morning, and toil all the day,
Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay;
And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent few,
Who finish the labor I've given them to do.

No. 99. Seymour. 7s.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. 51; 17.

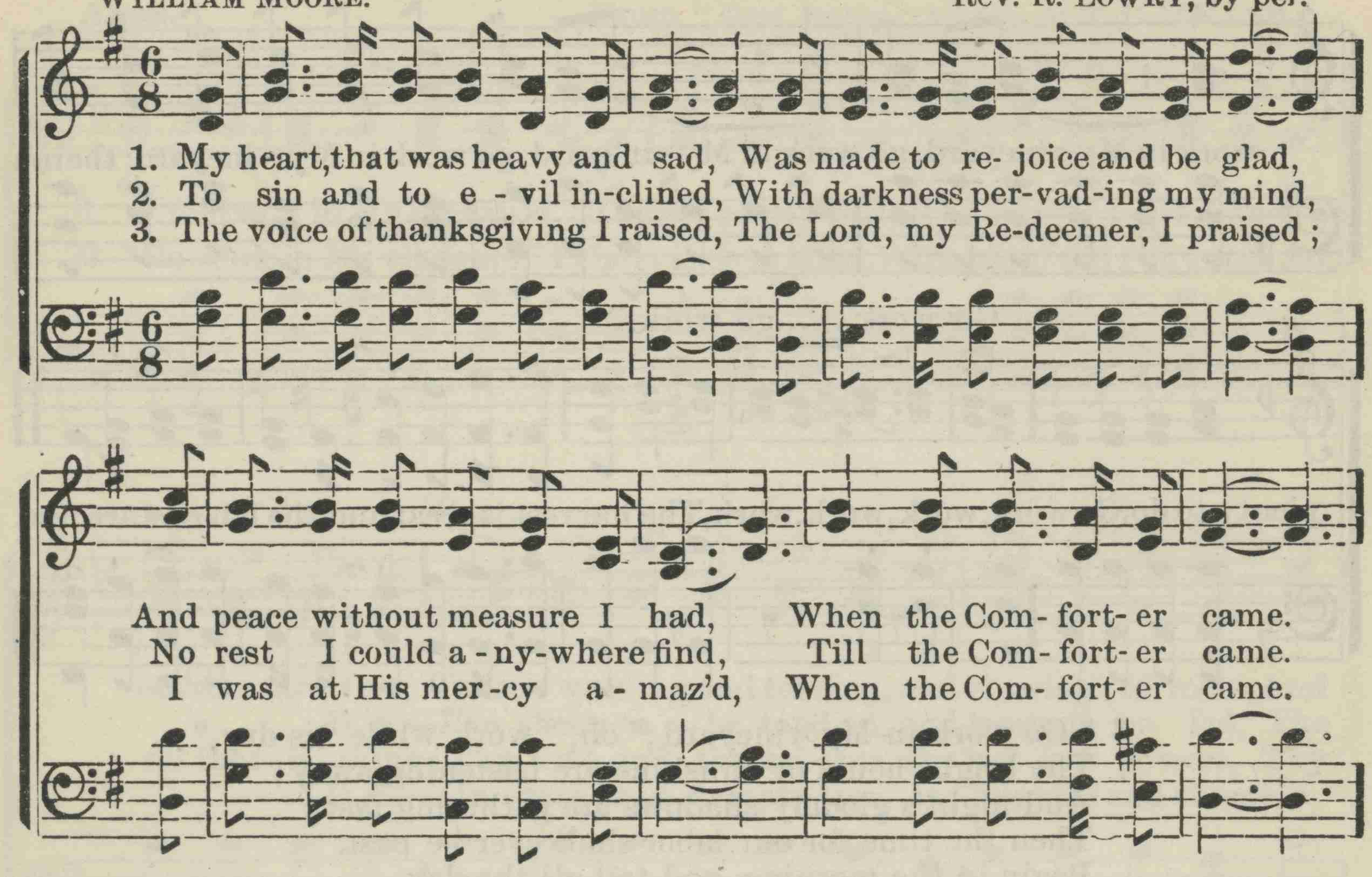
Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1740. C. M. Von Weber.



No. 100. When the Comforter Came.

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

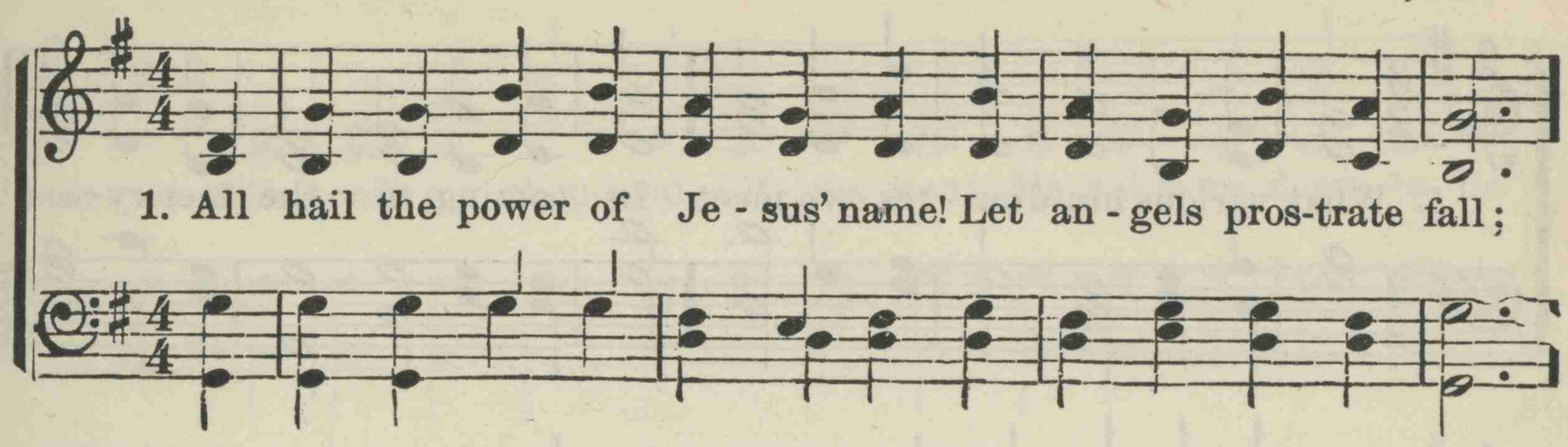
WILLIAM MOORE. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



REFRAIN.

No. 101. Coronation. C. M.

Rev. E. PERRONET, 1780. O. HOLDEN, 1793.



2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 102.

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.

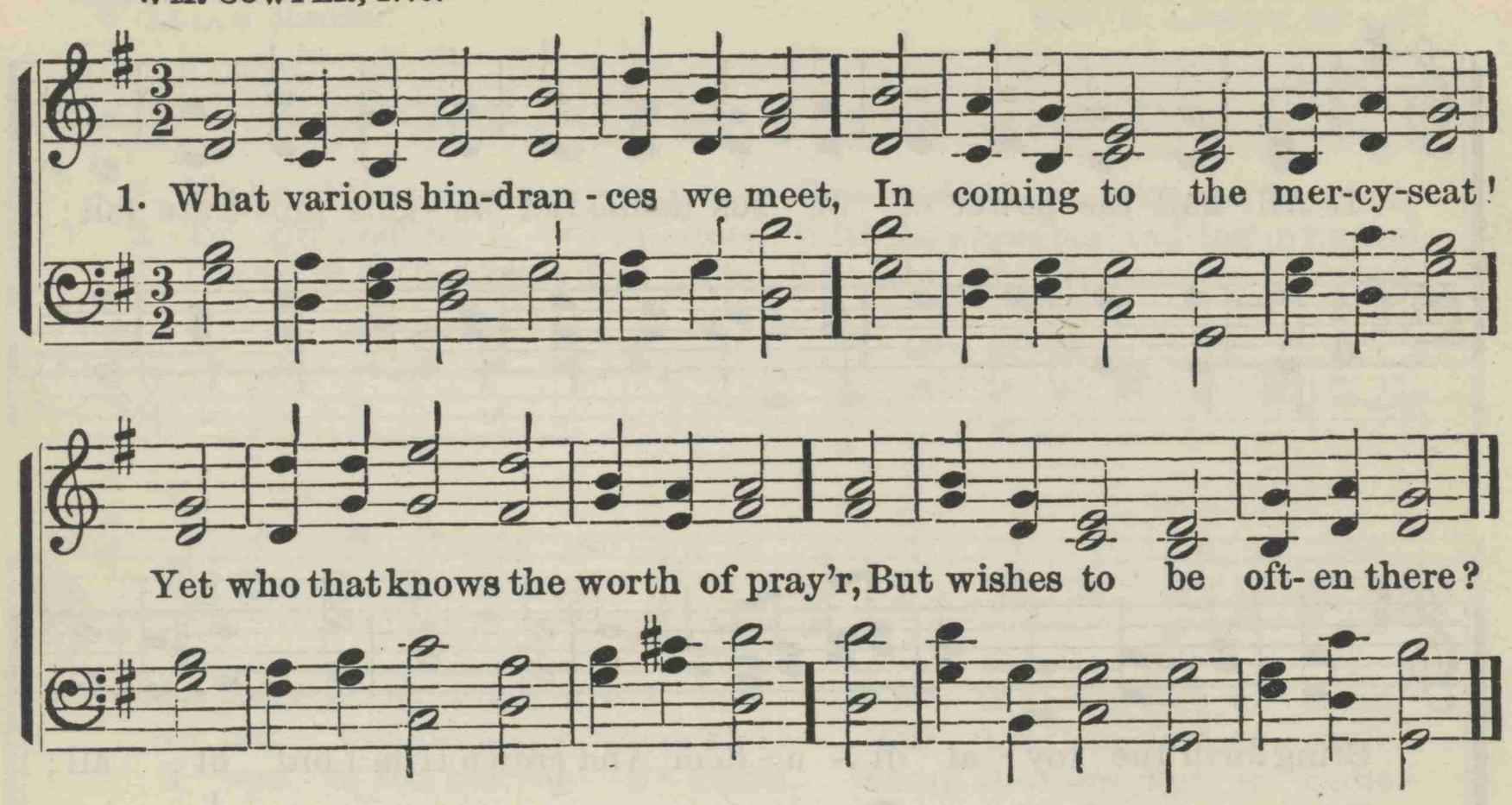
3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean:
His blood avail'd for me.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740.

No. 103. Rockingham. L. M.

WM. COWPER, 1779. Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1832.



2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

No. 104. L. M.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine;
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709.

No. 105. RETREAT. L. M. Key C.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

Rev. HUGH STOWELL, 1827.

No. 106. BENEVENTO. 7s. 8 lines. Key F.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of His own hands,-
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

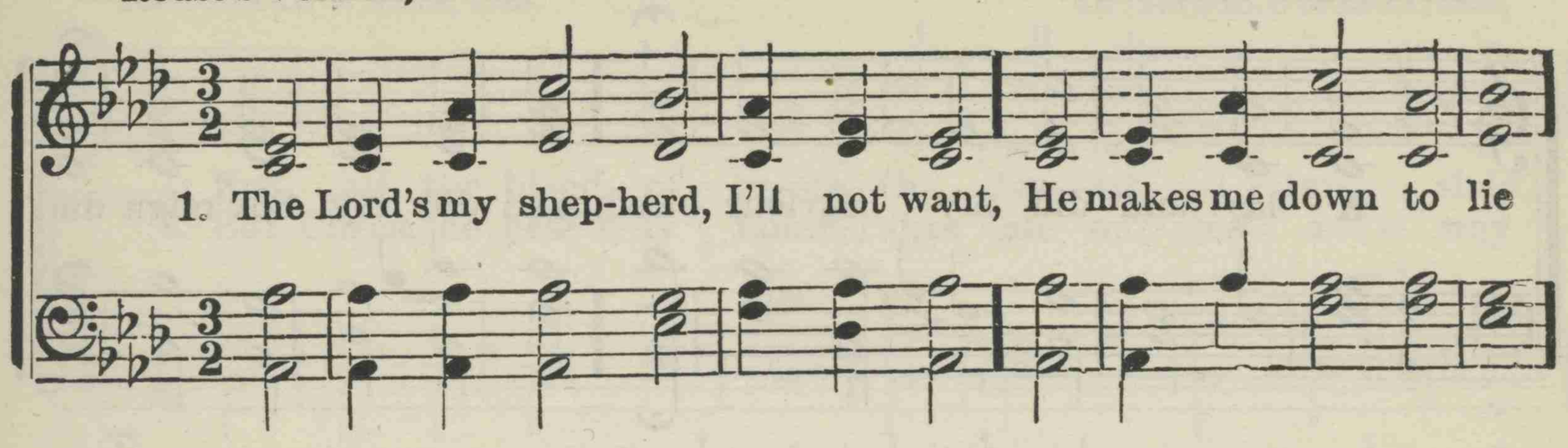
2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

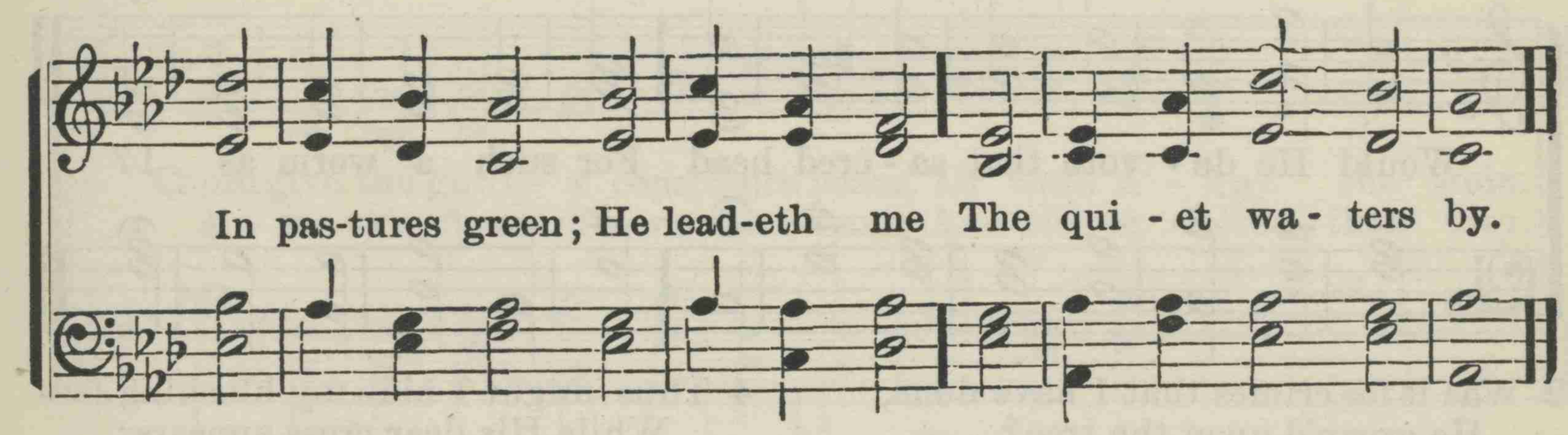
3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

Rev. C. WESLEY, 1745.

No. 107. Evan. C. M.

"Rouse's Version," 1643. PSALM 23. WM. H. HAVERGAL, 1847.





2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

No. 108. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or 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 hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

Rev. W. H. BATHURST, 1831.

No. 109. AZMON. C. M. Key A.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709.

No. 110. ANTIOCH. Key E♭.

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.

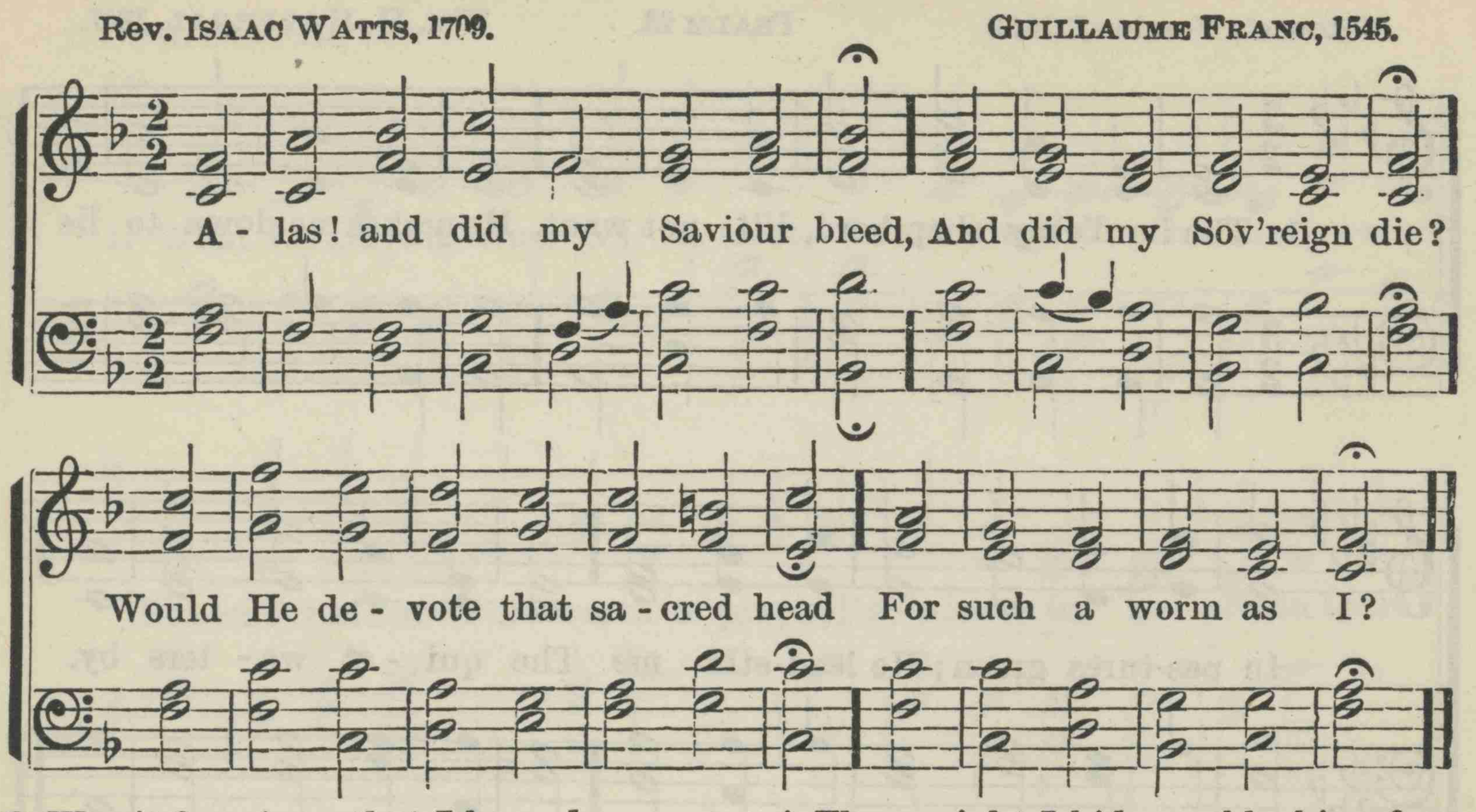
2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1719.

No. 111. Dundee. C. M.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709. GUILLAUME FRANC, 1545.



2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

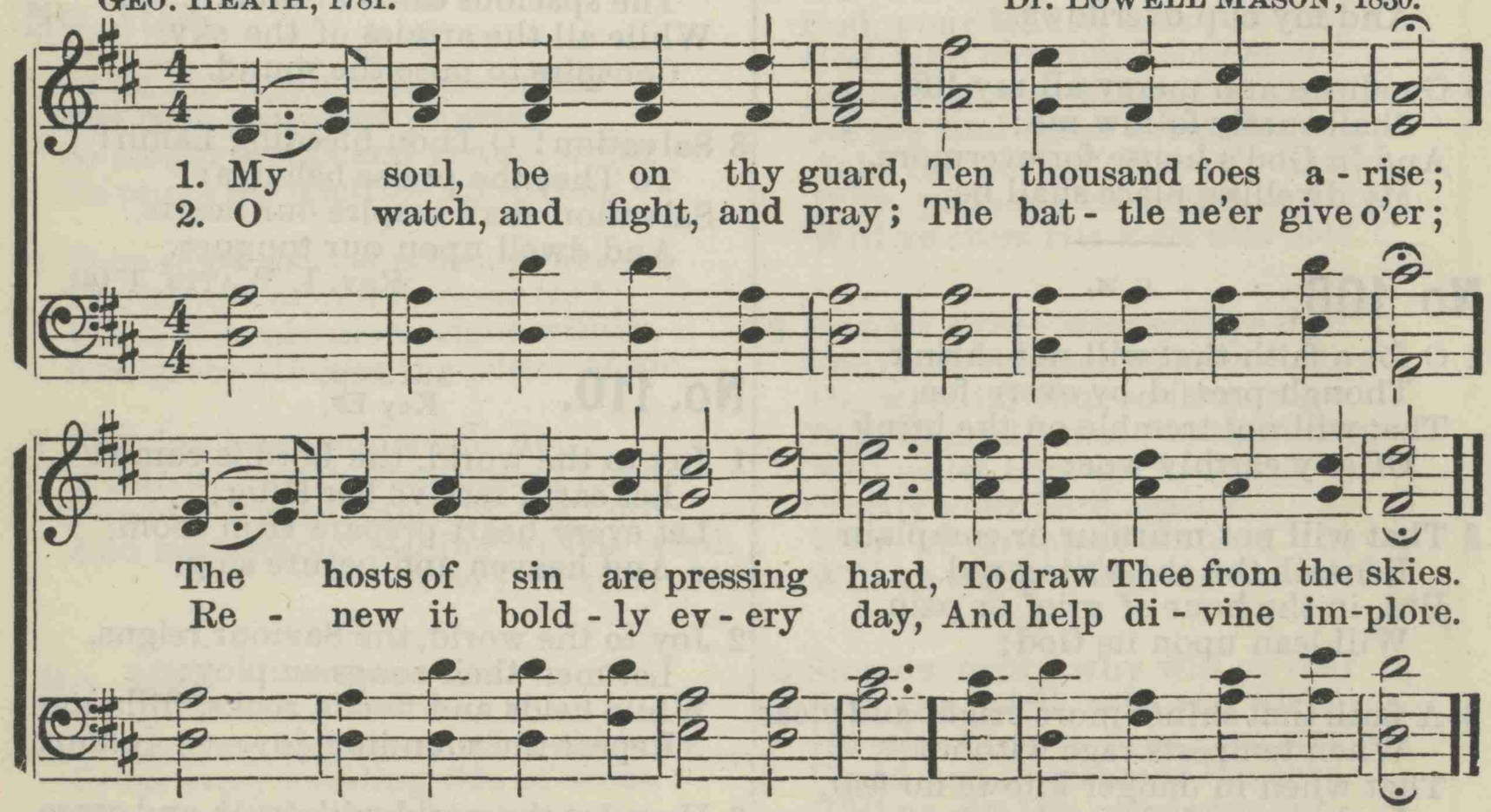
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine 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. 112. Laban. S. M.

GEO. HEATH, 1781. Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1830.

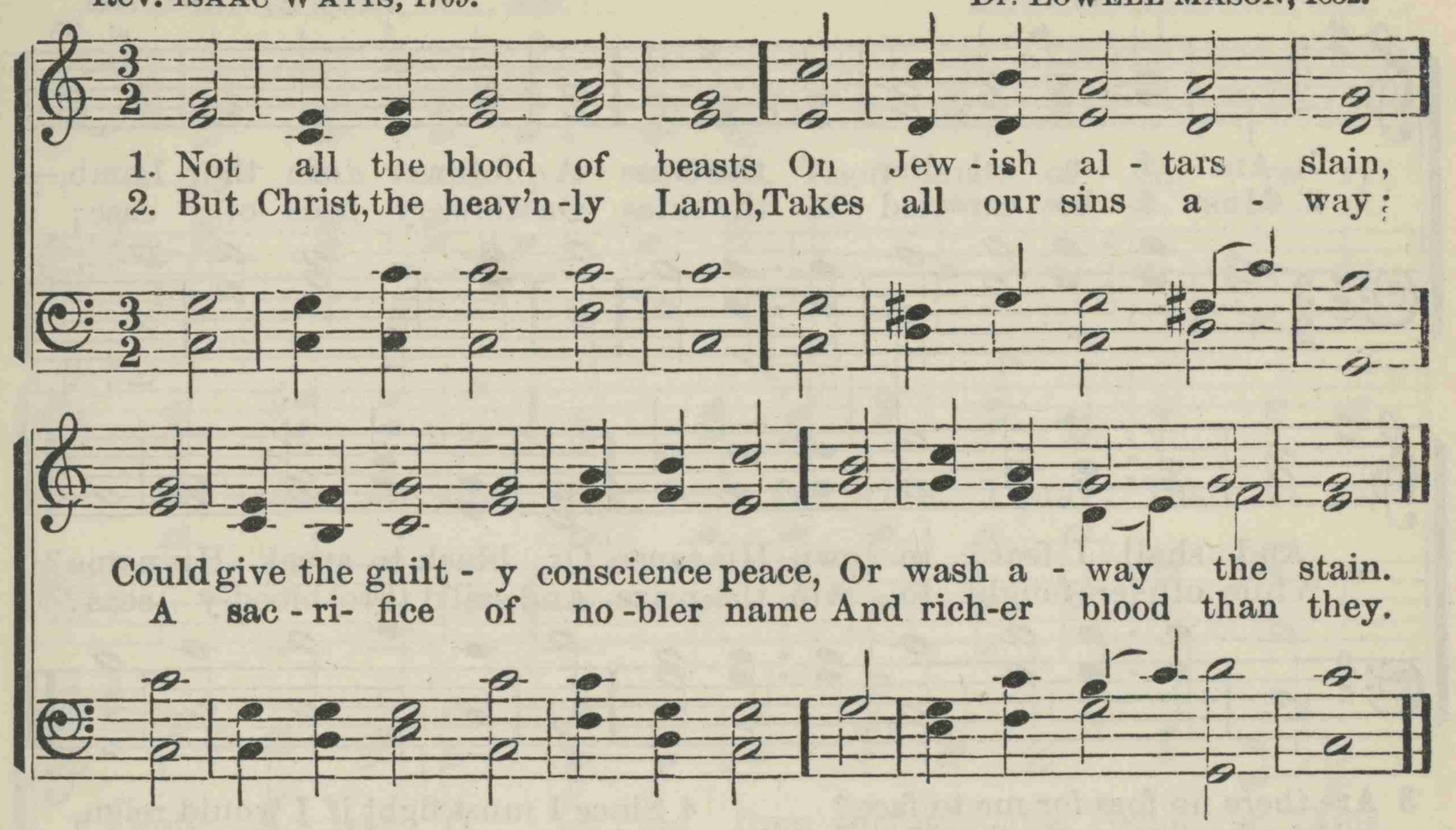


3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

No. 113. Boylston. S. M.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1832.

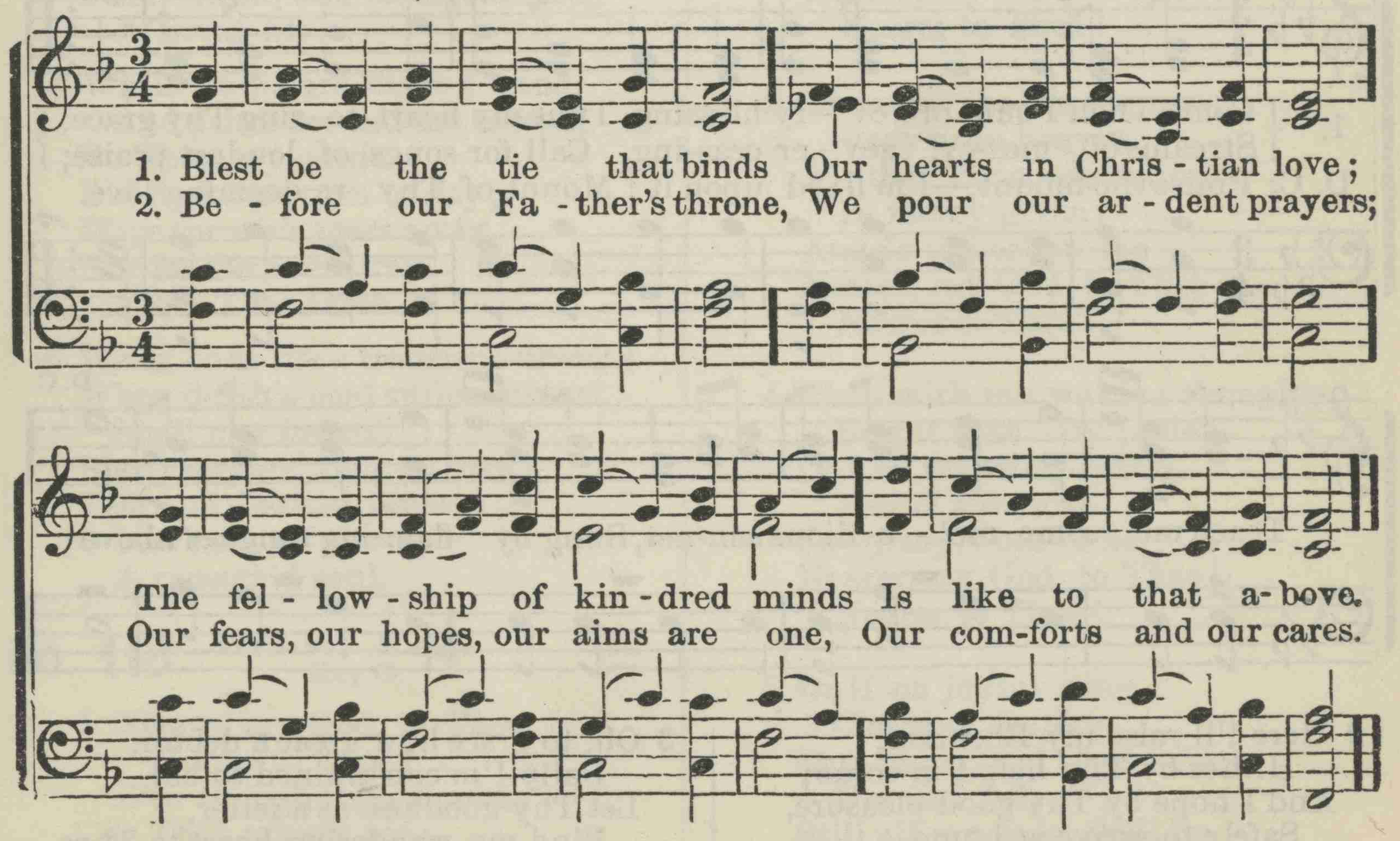


3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
While hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

No. 114. Dennis. S. M.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772. From H. G. NAGELI.

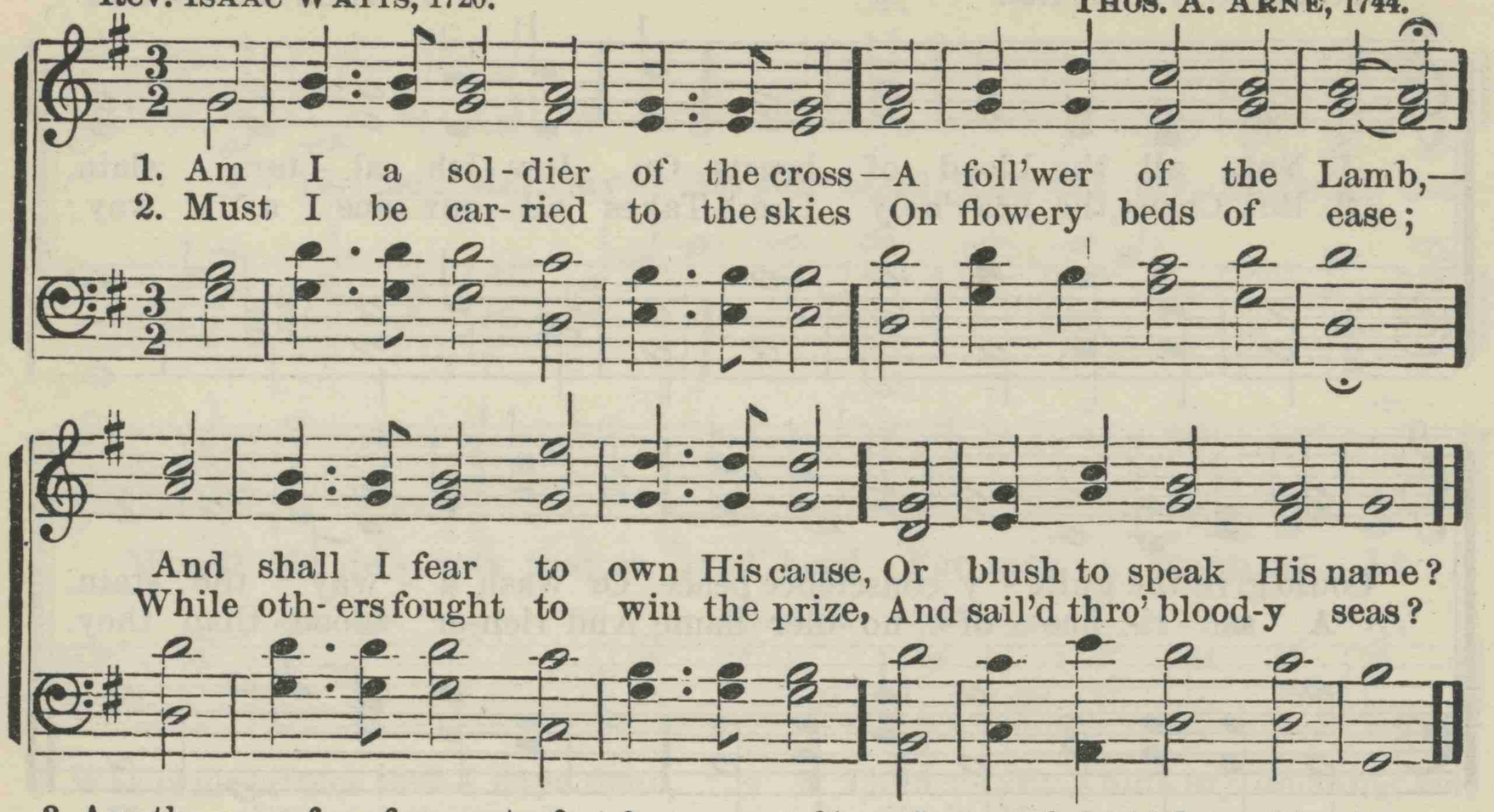


3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 115. Arlington. C. M.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1720. THOS. A. ARNE, 1744.



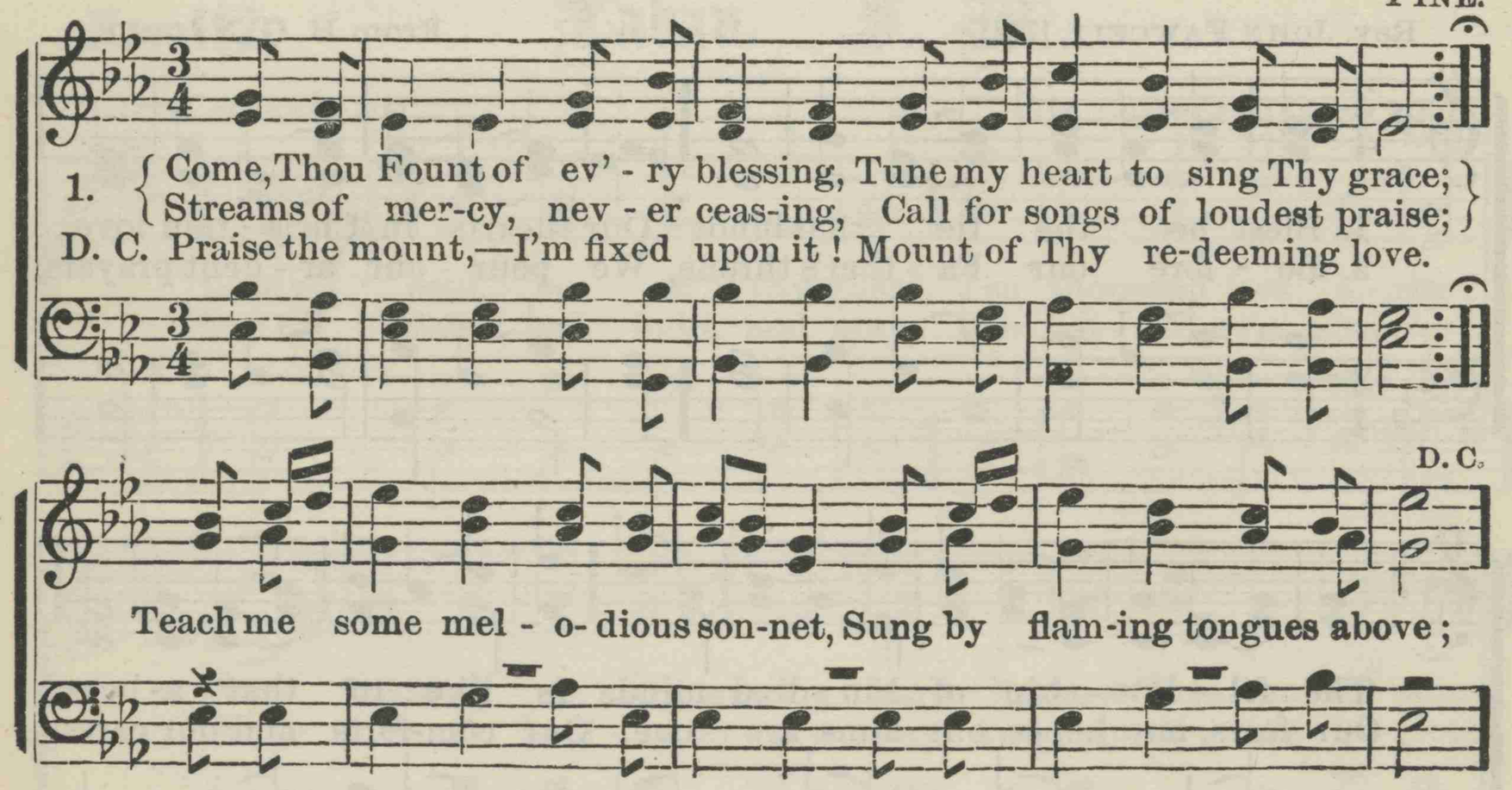
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 116. Nettleton. 8s & 7s.

Rev. R. ROBINSON, 1758. Old Melody, 1812.

FINE.

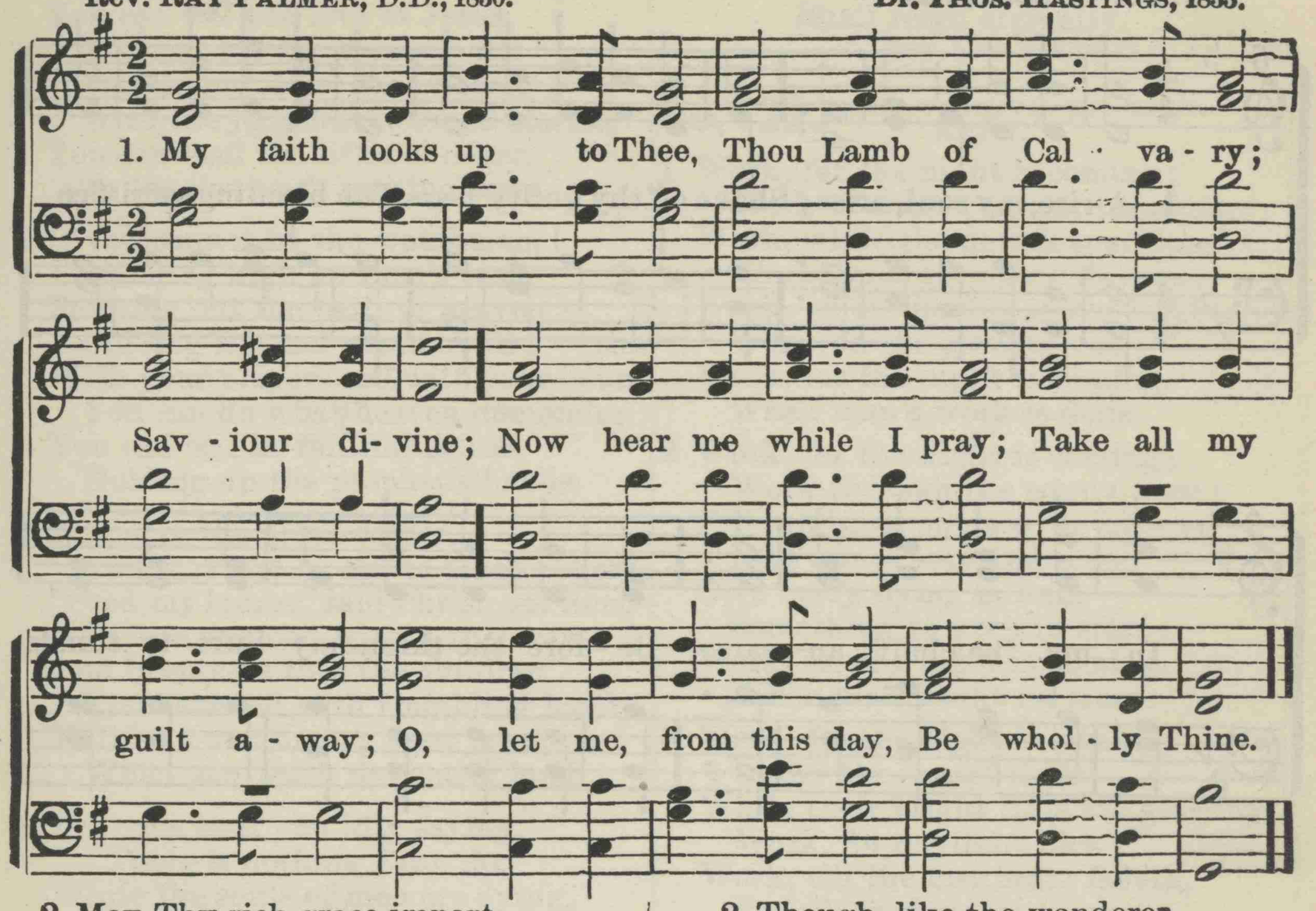


2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God!
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 117. New Haven. 6s & 4s.

Rev. RAY PALMER, D.D., 1830. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS, 1833.



2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

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 ransom'd soul.

No. 118. BETHANY. 6s & 4s. Key G.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

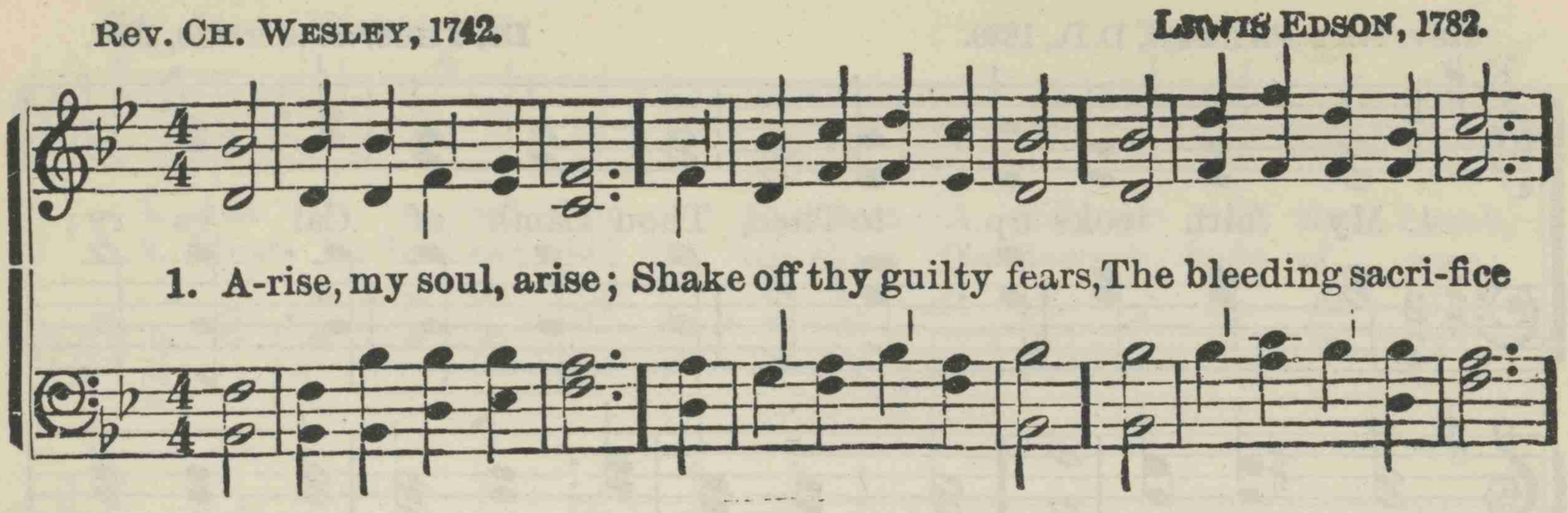
4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS, 1840.

No. 119. Lenox. 6s & 8s.

Rev. CH. WESLEY, 1742. LEWIS EDSON, 1782.



2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

No. 120.

"YOUR MISSION."
Key F.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,—
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee:
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in His sight.

No. 121.—*Concluded.*

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 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all; [ties
With your prayers and with your boun-
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

5 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach; [herd,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shep-
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

6 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!"

Rev. DAN'L. MARCH, 1869.

No. 121.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.
Key B♭.

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
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.

Rev. GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr. 1858

No. 122.

TUNE—WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.
Key F.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

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

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

ANNIE L. WALKER, 1860

No. 123.

EVAN. C. M.
Key A♭.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived
And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light,
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
'Till trav'ling days are done.

Rev. H. BONAR. 1857

No. 124. THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER. Key Eb.

1 Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God.

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, 1864.

No. 125. 40th PSALM. C. M.

1 I waited for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear;
At length to me He did incline
My voice and cry to hear.

2 He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
Establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify;
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

4 O blessed is the man whose trust
Upon the Lord relies;
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

SCOTCH VERSION

No. 126. SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s & 4. Key Eb.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rest care
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us
For our use Thy folds prepare;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

DOROTHY THRUPP, 1838

No. 127. ZION. 8s, 7s & 4. Key D.

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;
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;
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;
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 all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

Rev. JOS. HART, 1759.

No. 128. MARLOW. C. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 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?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers:
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

I. WATTS, 1709

No. 129. HE LOVED ME.

(*Tune on page 23.*)

1 Once I was dead in sin,
And hope within me died;
But now I'm dead to sin—
With Jesus crucified.
CHO.—And can it be that "He loved me,
And gave himself for me?"

2 Oh height I cannot reach,
Oh depth I cannot sound,
Oh love, O boundless love,
In my Redeemer found!
CHO.—And can it be, &c.

3 Oh cold, ungrateful heart
That can from Jesus turn,
When living fires of love
Should on His altar burn.
CHO.—And can it be, &c.

4 I live—and yet, not I,
But Christ that lives in me;
Who from the law of sin
And death hath made me free.
CHO.—And can it be, &c.

Rev. A. T. PIERSON

No. 130. THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME. P. M. Key C.

1 In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request,
CHO.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
CHO.—There is rest, &c.

3 Sing, O sing ye, heirs of glory!
Shout your triumphs as you go
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
CHO.—There is rest, &c.

Rev. SAM'L Y. HARMER, 1856.

No. 131.

BOYLSTON. S. M.
Key C.

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

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

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

Rev. BENJ. BEDDOME, 1787.

No. 132.

COME TO JESUS.
Key F.

1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now.

2 He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you just now;
Just now He will save you,
He will save you just now.

3 He is able, He is able,
He is able just now;
Just now He is able,
He is able just now.

4 He is willing, He is willing,
He is willing just now;
Just now He is willing,
He is willing just now.

5 He is waiting, He is waiting,
He is waiting just now;
Just now He is waiting,
He is waiting just now,

6 He will hear you, He will hear you,
He will hear you just now;
Just now He will hear you,
He will hear you just now.

7 He will cleanse you, He will cleanse you,
He will cleanse you just now;
Just now He will cleanse you,
He will cleanse you just now.

8 He'll renew you, He'll renew you,
He'll renew you just now;
Just now He'll renew you,
He'll renew you just now.

9 He'll forgive you, etc.

10 If you trust Him, etc.

11 He will save you, etc.

ENGLISH.

No. 133.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.
Key G.

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice.
And tell its raptures all abroad.
CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live rejoicing every day,
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 '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.
CHO.—Happy day, &c.

3 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possesed.
CHO.—Happy day, &c.

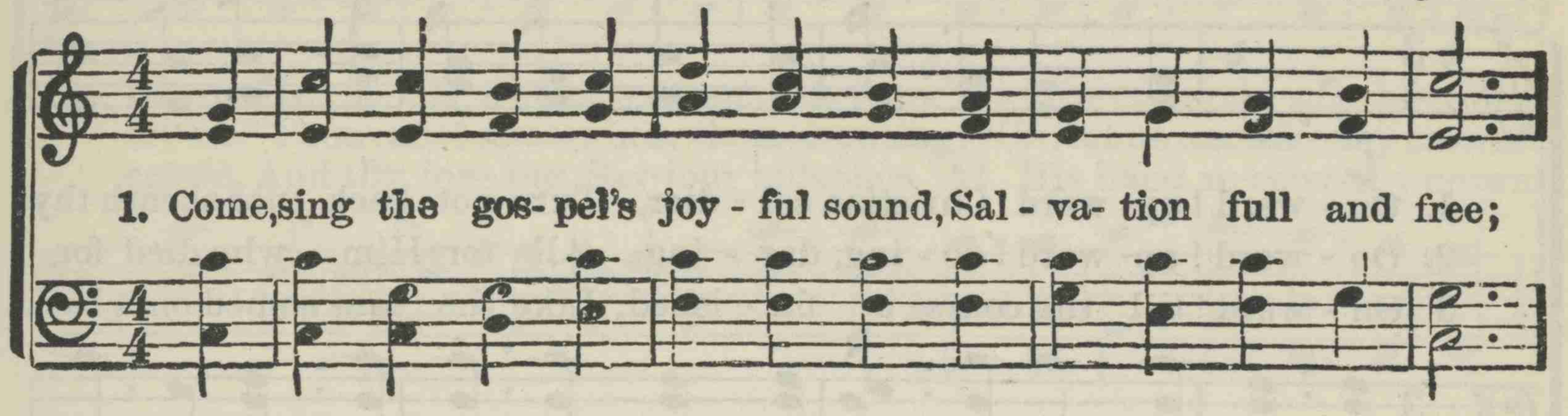
4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow
That vow renewed shall daily hear.
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
CHO.—Happy day, &c.

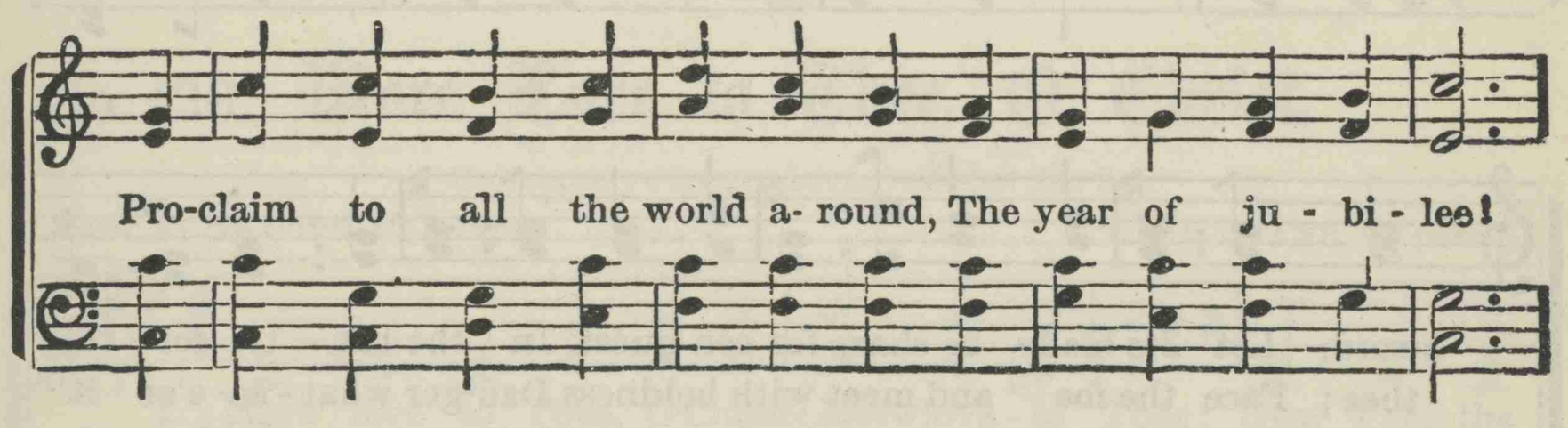
PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1755

No. 134. Salvation.

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared.—TITUS 2: 11.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.





2 Ye mourning souls, aloud rejoice;
Ye blind, your Saviour see!
Ye pris'ners, sing with thankful voice,
The Lord hath made you free!—*Cho.*

3 With rapture swell the song again,
Of Jesus' dying love;
'Tis peace on earth, good will to men,
And praise to God above.—*Cho.*

No. 135. Onward, Upward.

"Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3: 11.

FANNY J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

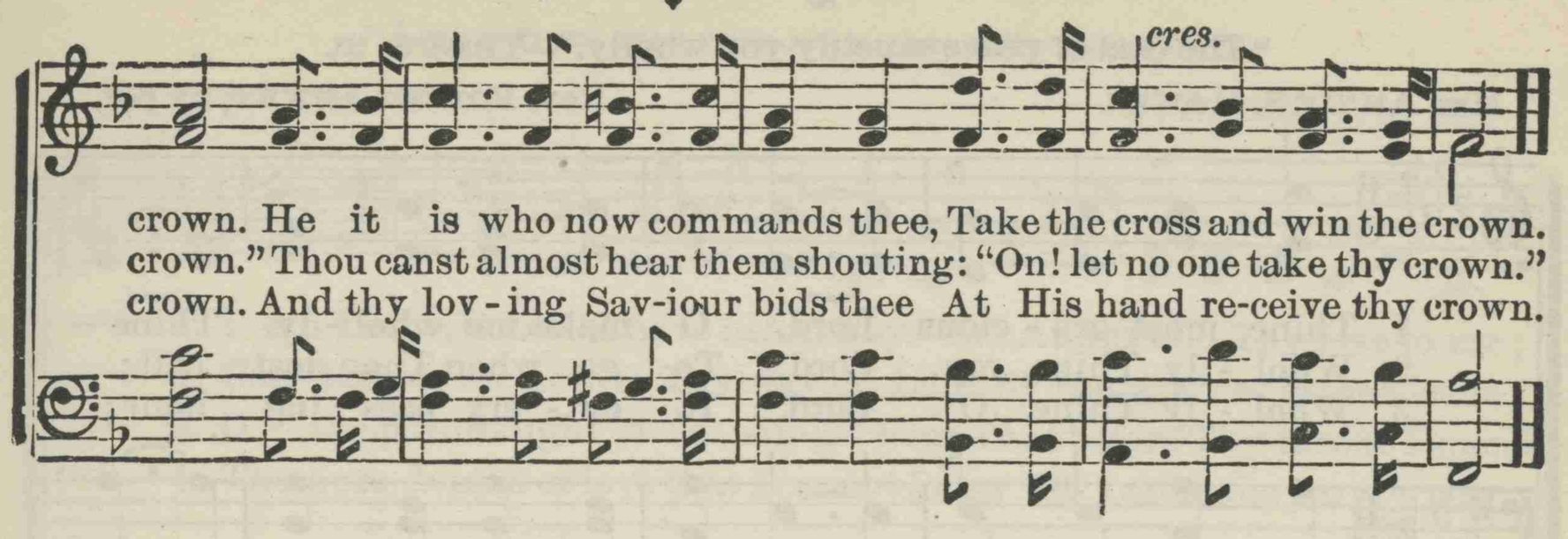
1. On - ward! up- ward! Christian sol - dier, Turn not back nor sheath thy
2. On - ward! up- ward! do - ing, dar - ing All for Him who died for
3. On - ward! till thy course is fin - ished, Like the ran- somed ones be-

sword, Let its blade be sharp for con-quest, In the bat - tle for the
thee; Face the foe and meet with boldness Dan-ger what - so- e'er it
- fore; Keep the faith thro' per - se - cu- tion, Nev - er give the bat - tle

Lord. From the great white throne e-ter - nal, God Him-self is look- ing
be. From the bat - tlements of glo - ry, Ho - ly ones are look- ing
o'er. On-ward! up - ward! till vic- to- rious, Thou shalt lay thy ar - mor

down; He it is who now commands thee, Take the cross and win the
down, Thou canst al - most hear them shouting: "On! let no one take thy
down, And thy lov - ing Sav-iour bids thee At His hand re-ceive thy

Onward, Upward!—Concluded.



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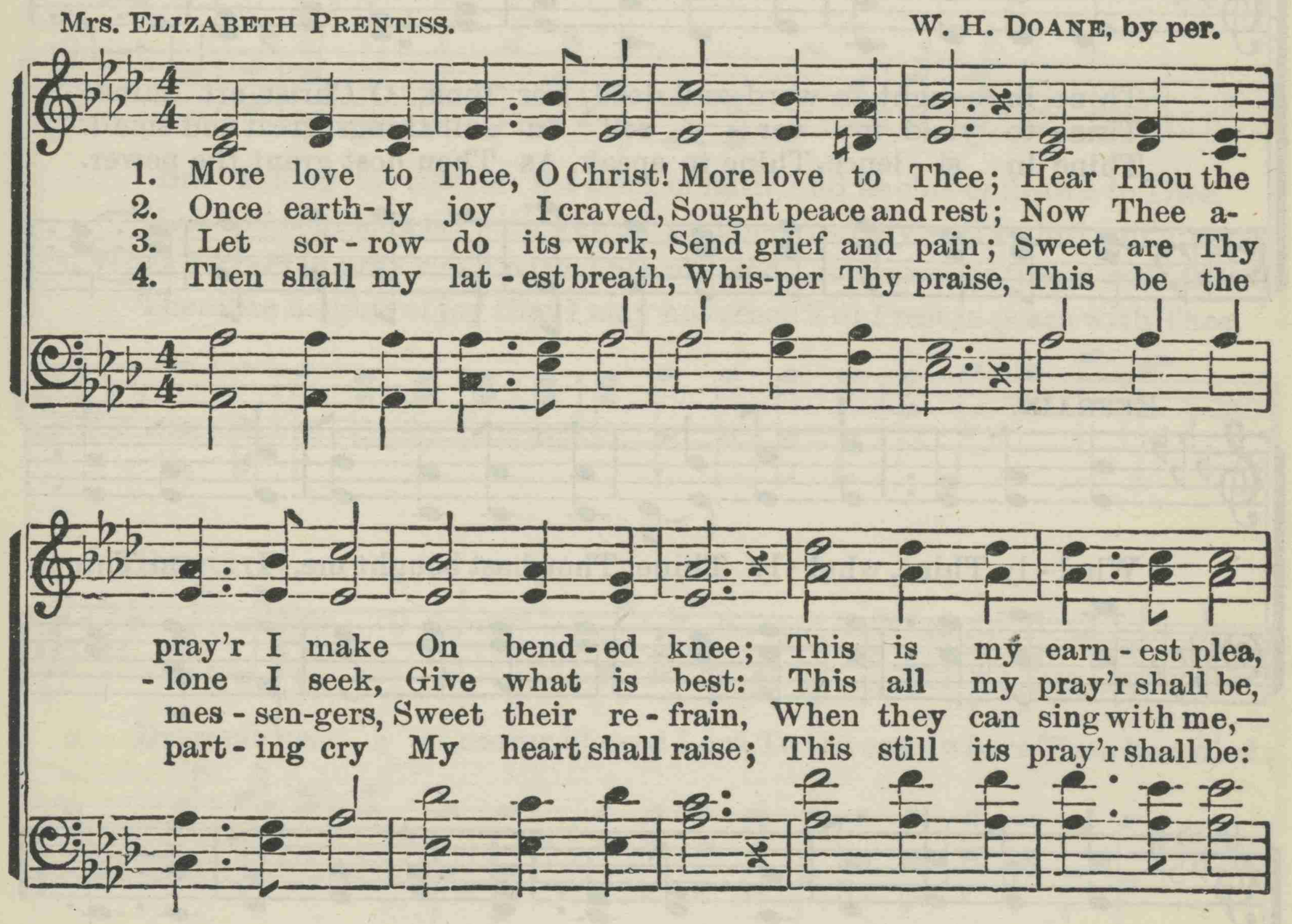
No. 136. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

"Continue ye in my love."—JOHN 15: 9.

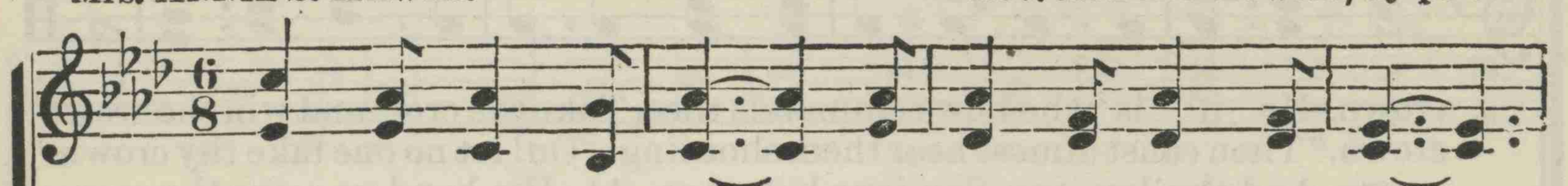
MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE, by per.



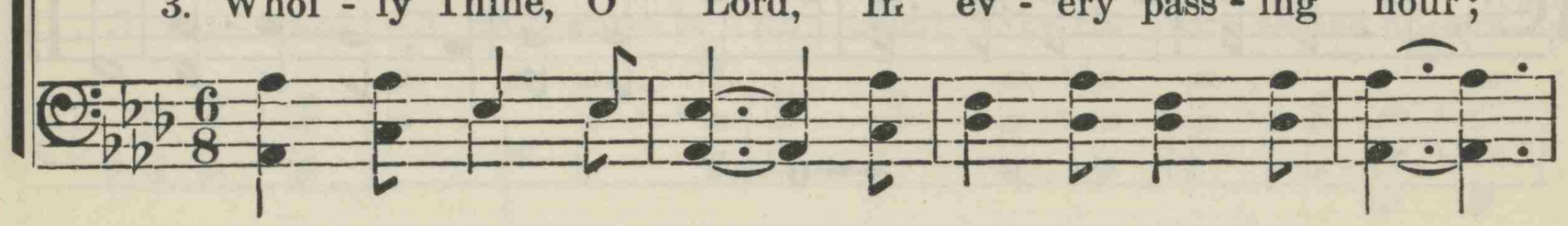
No. 137. Wholly Thine.

"The God of peace sanctify you wholly."—THES. 5: 23.

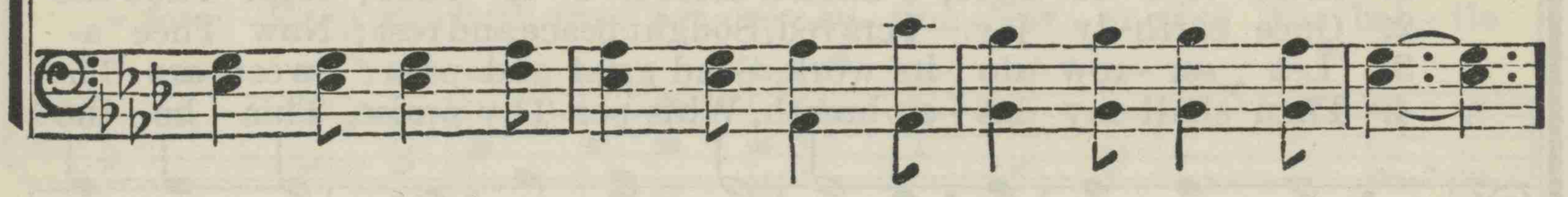
Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



1. Thine, most gra - cious Lord, O make me whol - ly Thine—
2. Whol - ly Thine, my Lord, To go when Thou dost call;
3. Whol - ly Thine, O Lord, In ev - ery pass - ing hour;



Thine in thought, in word, and deed, For thou, O Christ, art mine.
Thine to yield my ver - y self In all things, great and small.
Thine in si - lence, Thine to speak, As Thou dost grant the power.



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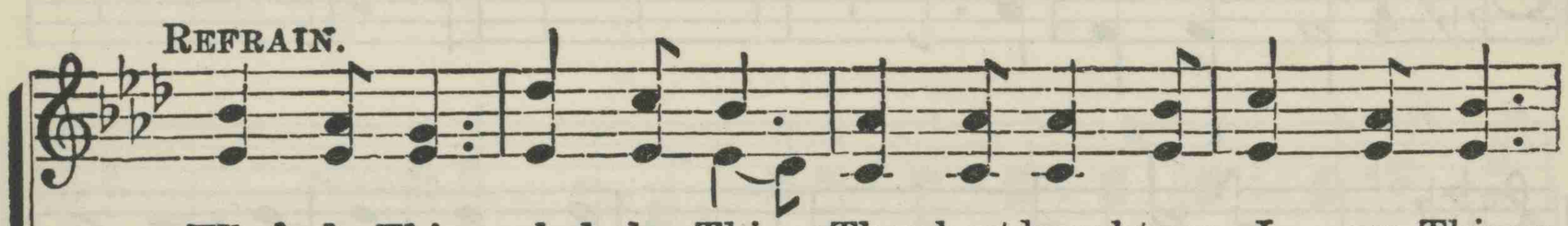
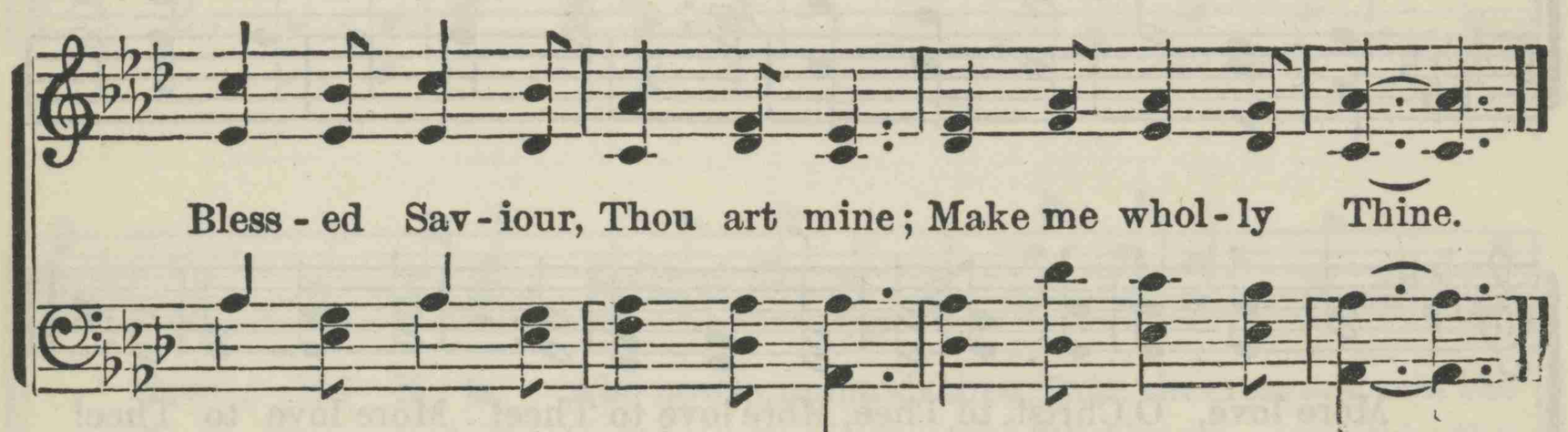


Whol - ly Thine, whol - ly Thine; Thou hast bought me, I am Thine;



Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thou art mine; Make me whol - ly Thine.

4.

Wholly Thine, O Lord,
To fashion as Thou wilt,—
Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul
Which Thou hast saved from guilt.—*Ref.*

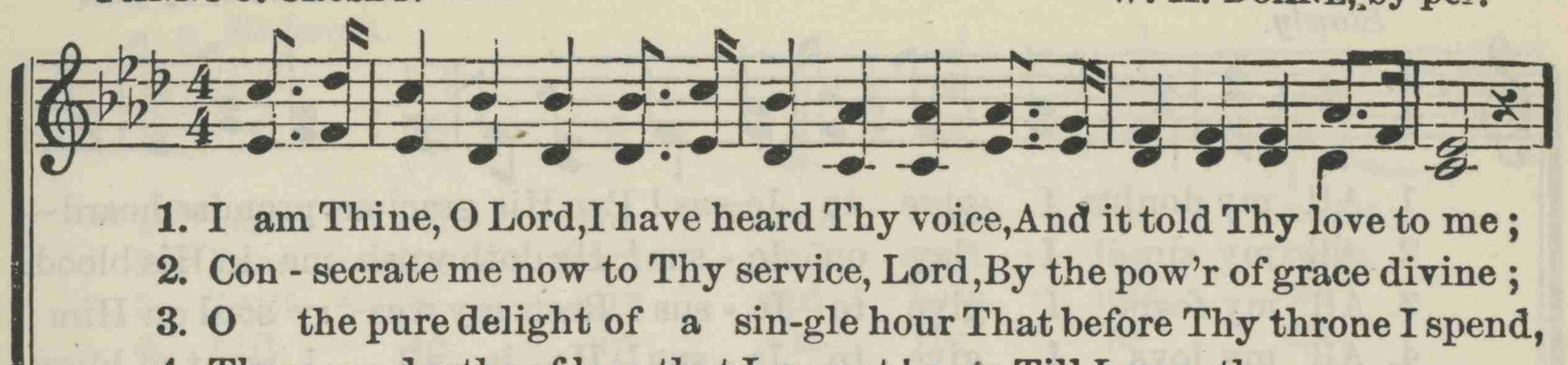
5.

Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,
For ever one with Thee—
Rooted, grounded in Thy love,
Abiding, sure, and free.—*Ref.*

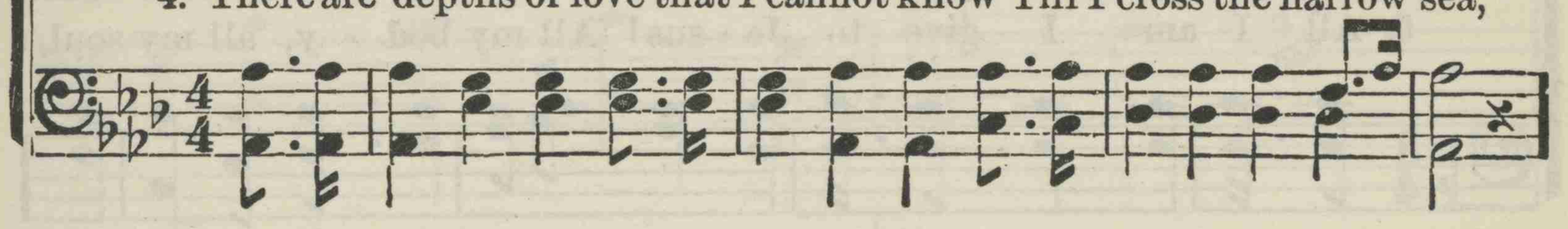
No. 138. Draw Me Nearer.

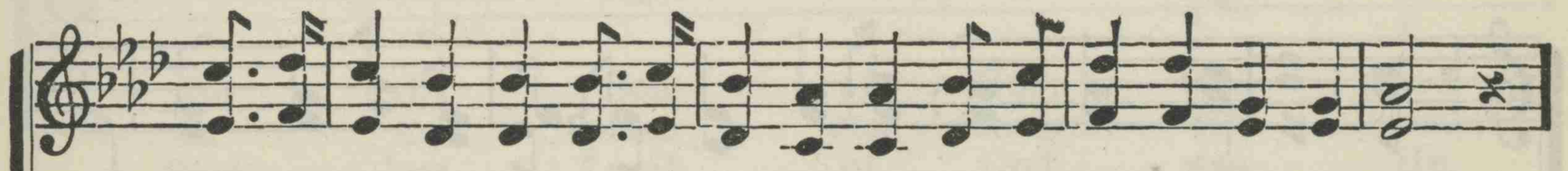
"Let us draw near with a true heart."—HEB. 10:22.

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

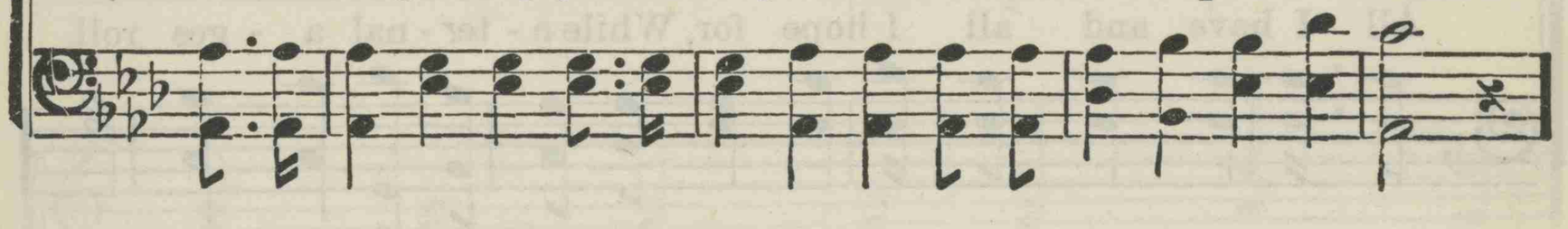


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - secrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace divine;
3. O the pure delight of a sin-gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea,

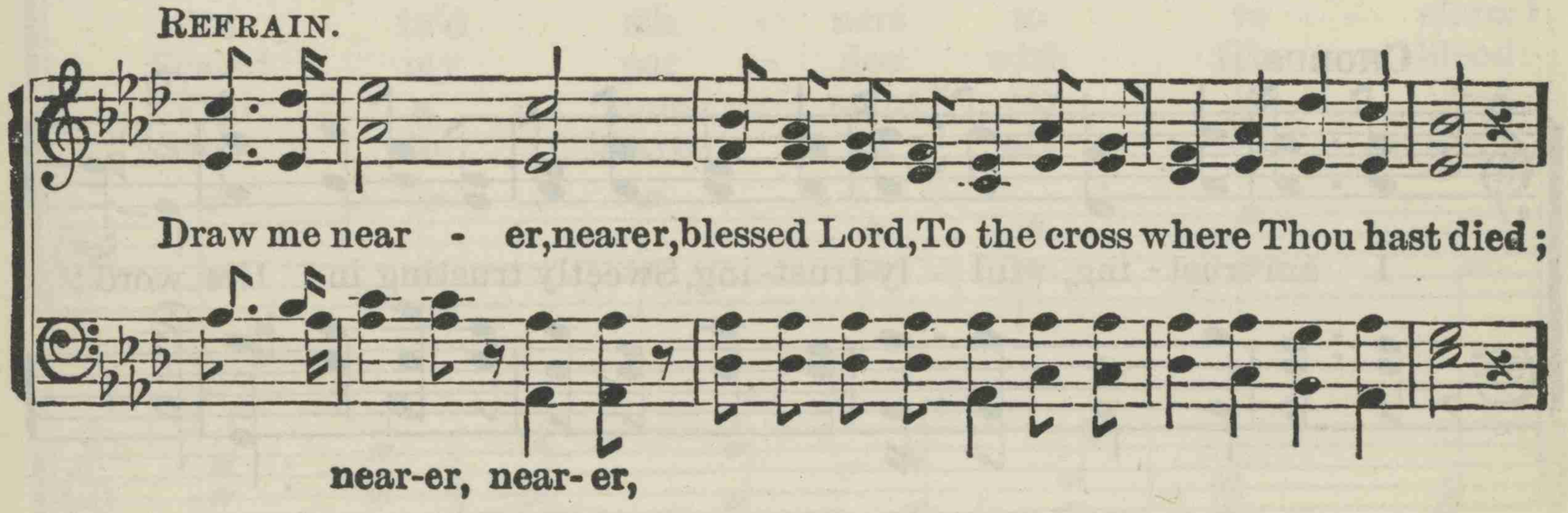




But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



REFRAIN.



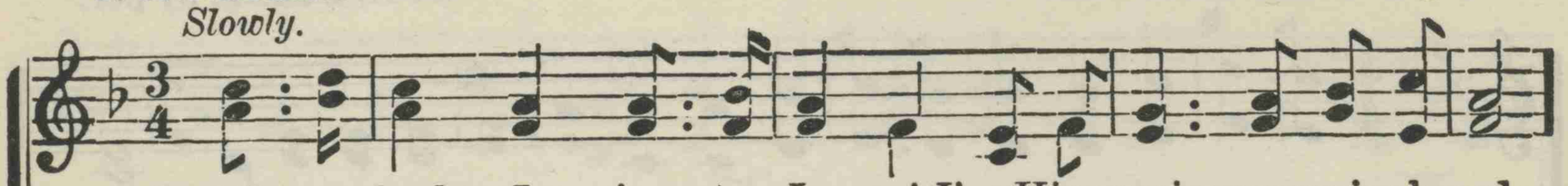
Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near- er,
Draw me near-er, nearer, nearer blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

No. 139. Fully Trusting.

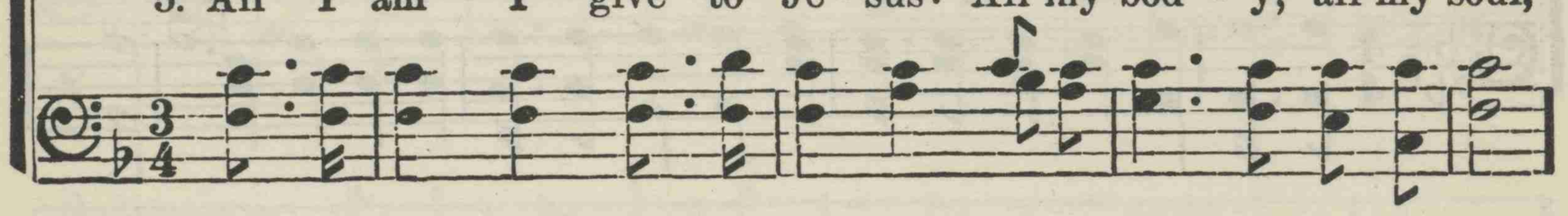
Fully I trust in Thy word."—Ps. 119 : 42.

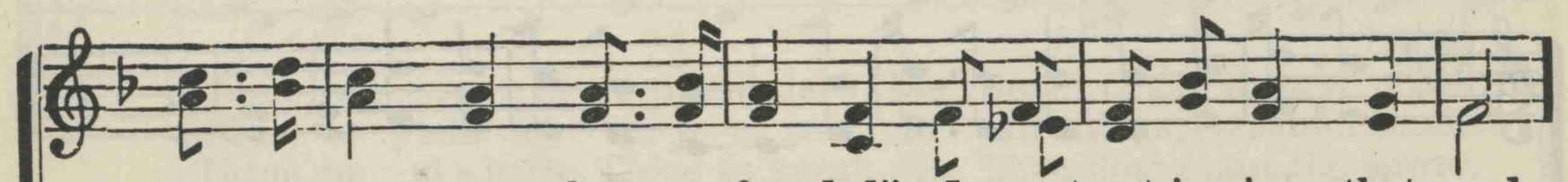
J. C. MORGAN. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

Slowly.

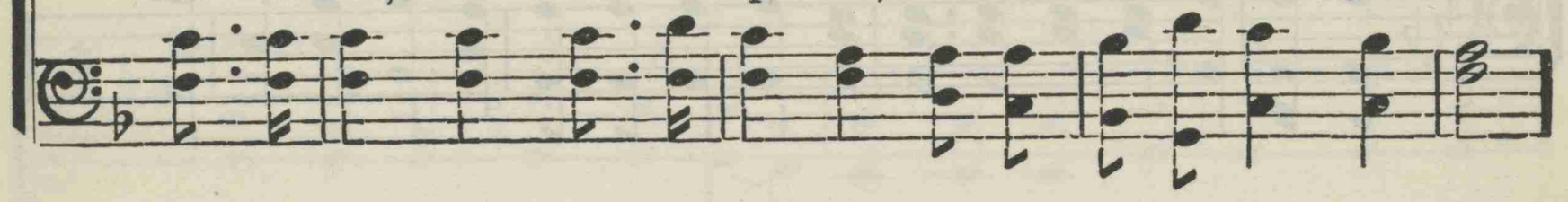


1. All my doubts I give to Je-sus! I've His gracious promise heard—
2. All my sin I lay on Je - sus! He doth wash me in His blood:
3. All my fears I give to Je - sus! Rests my wea- ry soul on Him;
4. All my joys I give to Je - sus! He is all I want of bliss:
5. All I am I give to Je - sus! All my bod - y, all my soul,

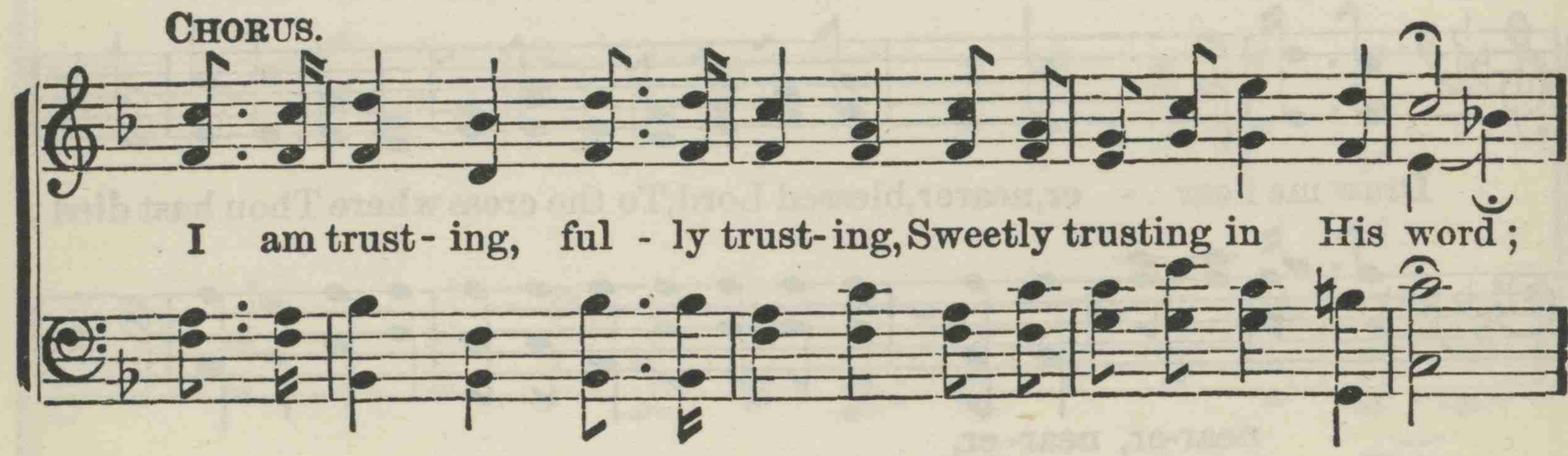




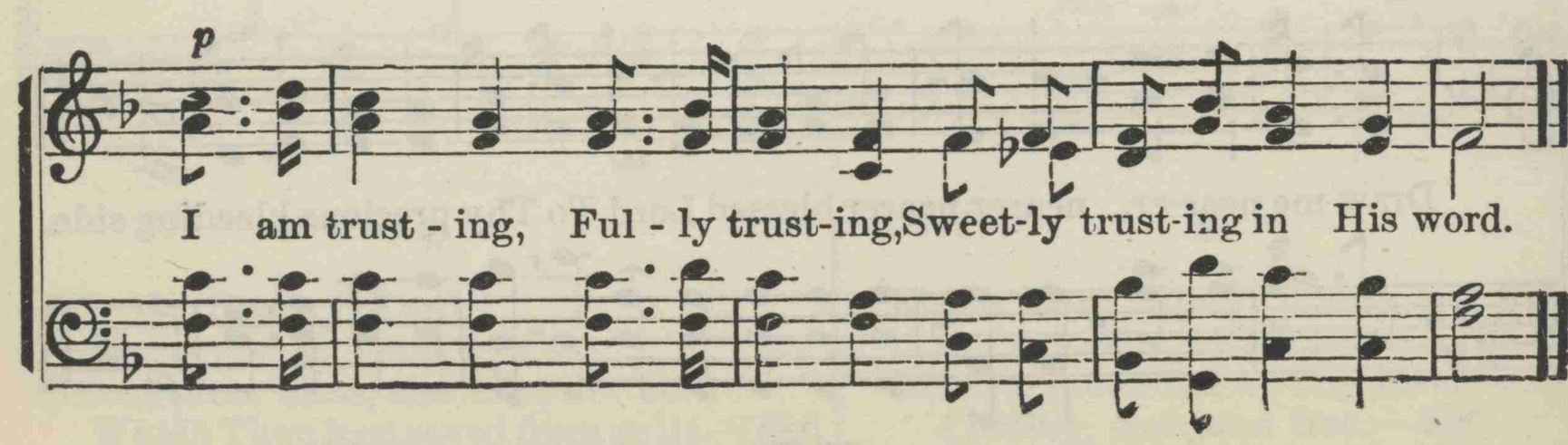
"I shall nev - er be con-founded"—I am trust-ing in that word.
He will keep me pure and ho - ly, He will bring me home to God.
Tho' my way be hid in darkness, Nev- er can His light grow dim.
He of all the worlds is Mas - ter—He has all I need in this.
All I have, and all I hope for, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.



CHORUS.



I am trust - ing, ful - ly trust-ing, Sweetly trusting in His word;

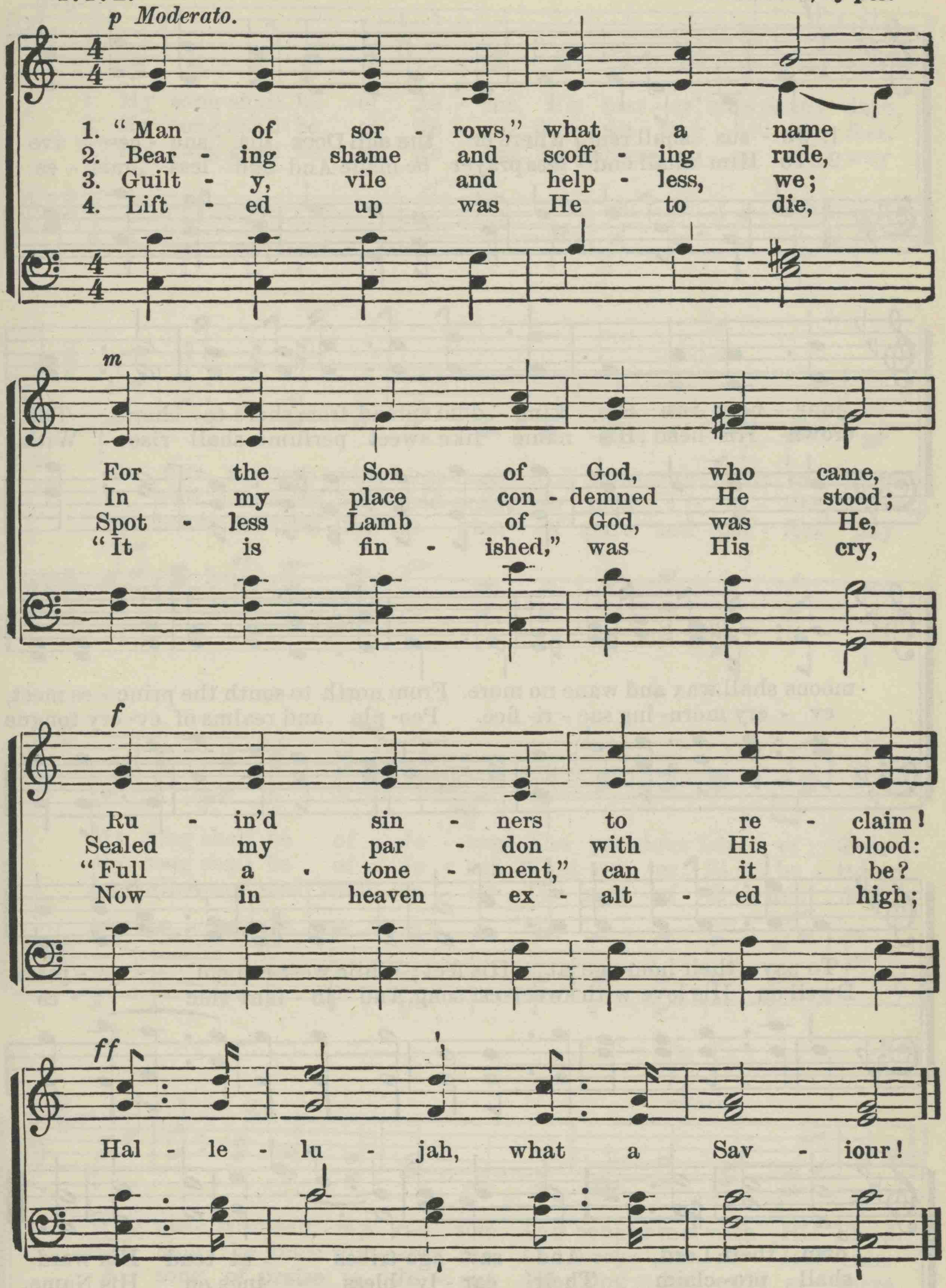


I am trust - ing, Ful - ly trust-ing, Sweet-ly trust-ing in His word.

No. 140. Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

"A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."—Isa. 53: 3.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss, by per.

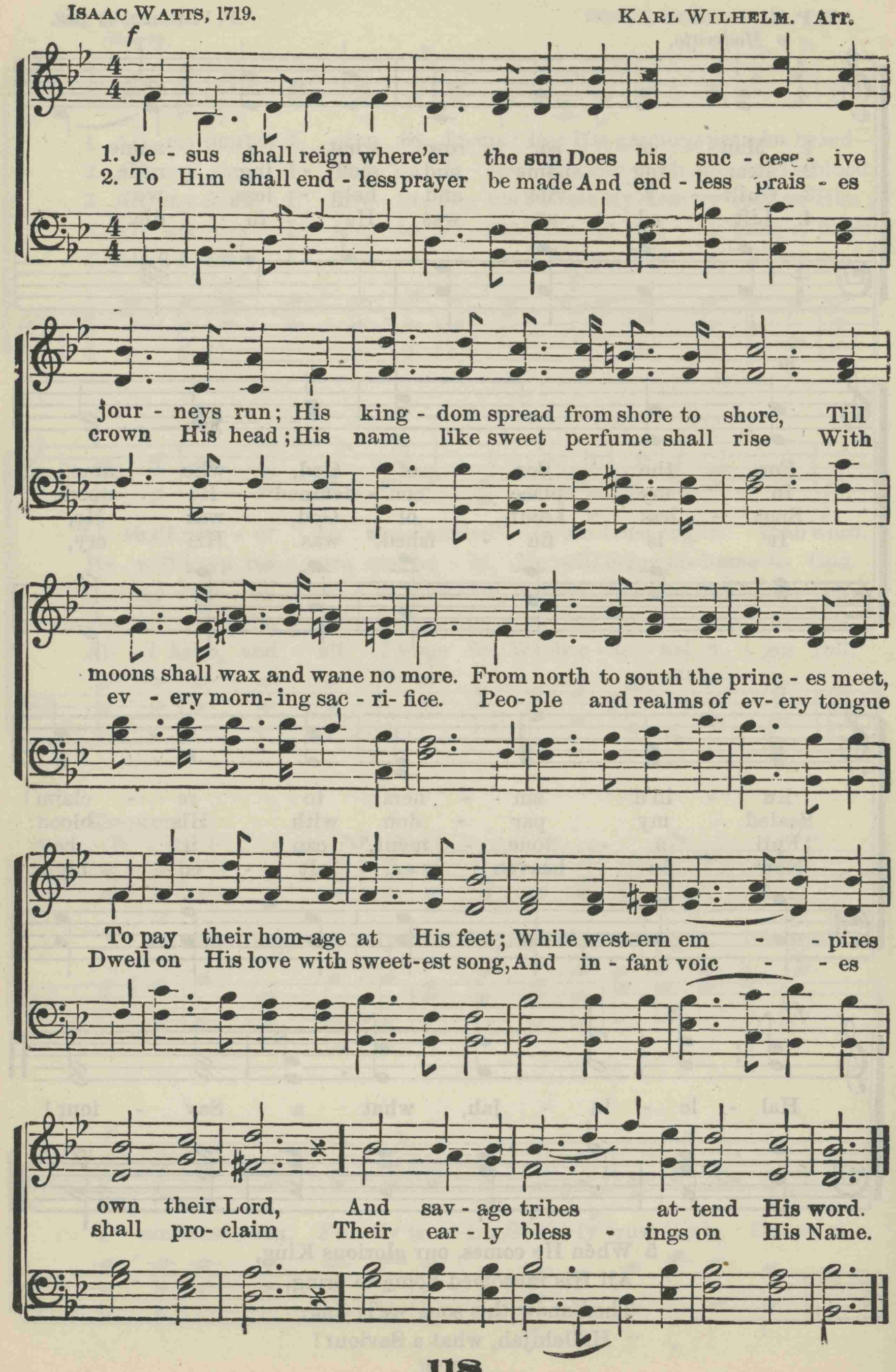


5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

No. 141. Jesus Shall Reign.

"The Lord is King forever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. KARL WILHELM. Arr.



No. 142. My Song shall be of Jesus.

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. 34 : 1.

Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days,
2. My song shall be of Je - sus, When, sit - ting at His feet,
3. My song shall be of Je - sus, While press-ing on my way

He fills my cup with bless-ings, And tunes my heart to praise;
I call to mind His good-ness, In med - i - ta - tion sweet;
To reach the bliss - ful re - gion Of pure and per - fect day.

My song shall be of Je - sus, The pre-cious Lamb of God,
My song shall be of Je - sus, What-ev - er ill be - tide;
And when my soul shall en - ter The gate of E - den fair,

ritard.

Who gave Him-self my ran - som, And bought me with His blood.
I'll sing the grace that saves me, And keeps me at His side.
A song of praise to Je - sus I'll sing for - ev - er there.

No. 143. Windows open toward Jerusalem.

"And his windows being open toward Jerusalem."—DAN. 6: 10.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Do you see the Hebrew captive kneeling, At morning, noon and night to pray? In his chamber he re-mem-bers Zi-on, Tho' in ex-ile far a-way. Are your windows o-pen toward Je-ru-sa-lem, Tho' as captives here a "lit-tle while" we stay? For the com-ing of the King in His glo-ry, Are you watching day by day?

2. Do not fear to tread the fie-ry furnace, Nor shrink the lion's den to share; For the God of Dan-iel will de-liv-er, He will send His an-gel there.

3. Children of the living God, take courage; Your great deliverance sweetly sing: Set your fac-es toward the hill of Zi-on, Thence to hail our com-ing King!

CHORUS.

No. 144. Only a Step to Jesus.

"Then come thou, for there is peace."—1 SAM. 20: 21.

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

1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now?
2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live;
3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace;
4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come, and say,

Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, To Him thy Sav - iour bow.
Lov-ing - ly now He's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
What hast thy heart de - cid - ed? The moments fly a - pace.
Glad - ly to Thee, my Sav - iour, I give my - self a - way.

REFRAIN.

On - ly a step, On - ly a step; Come, He waits for thee;

Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt receive a bless-ing;

Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

No. 145. To the Work.

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

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1871. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser - vants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a

fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the
fount - ain of Life let the wea - ry be led; In the
king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the

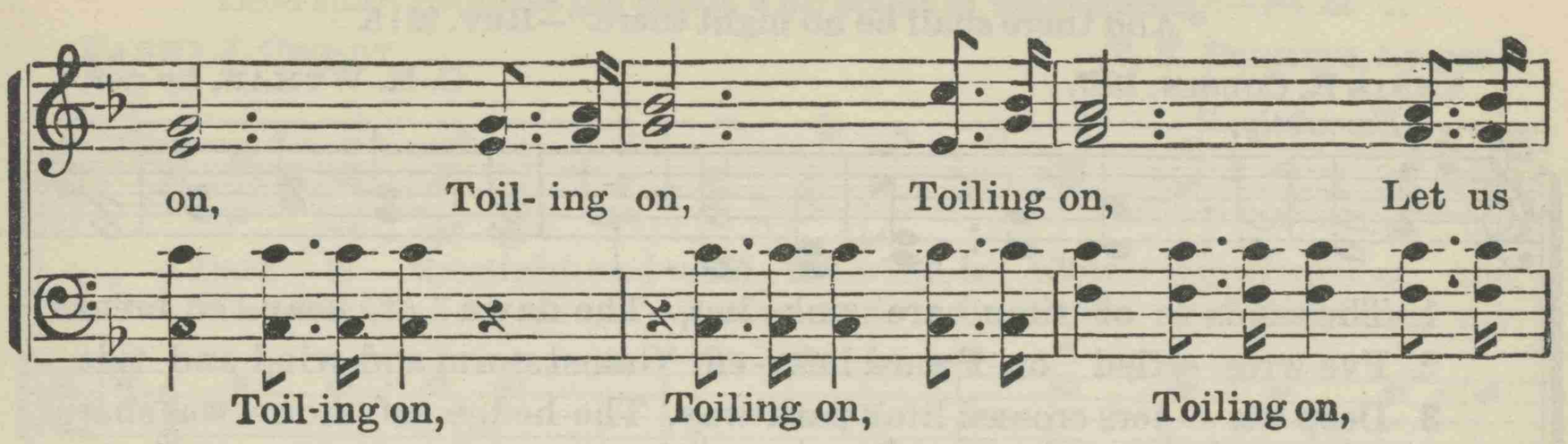
balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us
cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we
name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be In the
home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we

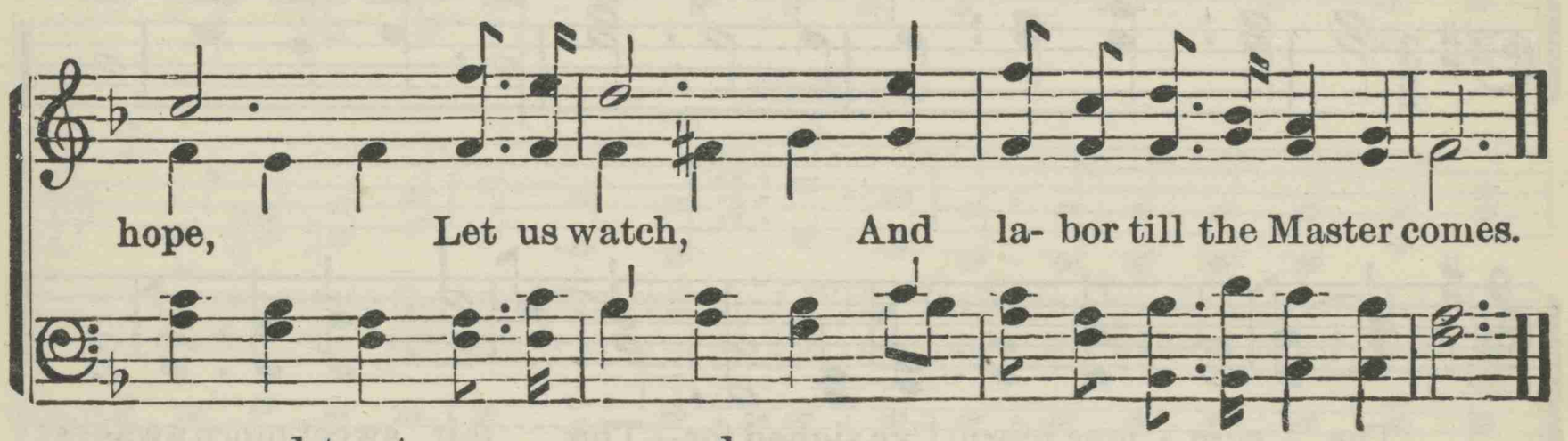
CHORUS

do with our might what our hands find to do. Toiling on, Toiling
her - ald the tidings, "*Sal - va - tion is free!*"
loud swelling chorus, "*Sal va - tion is free!*"
shout with the ransom'd "*Sal - va - tion is free!*"

Toil-ing on,

To the Work.—Concluded.



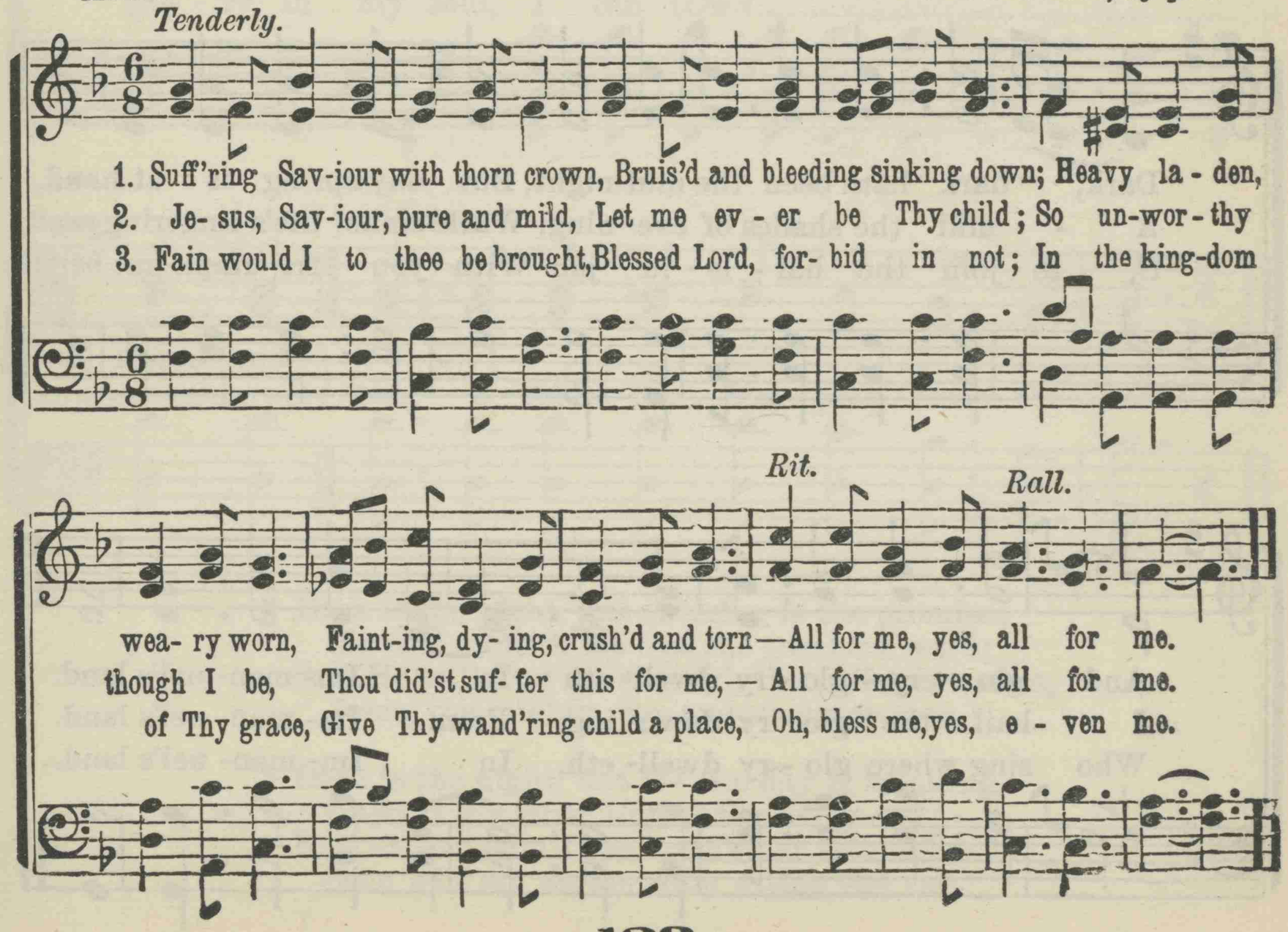


—o—

No. 146. All for Me.

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it on His head, and a reed in His hand."—MATT. 27 : 29.

ANON. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

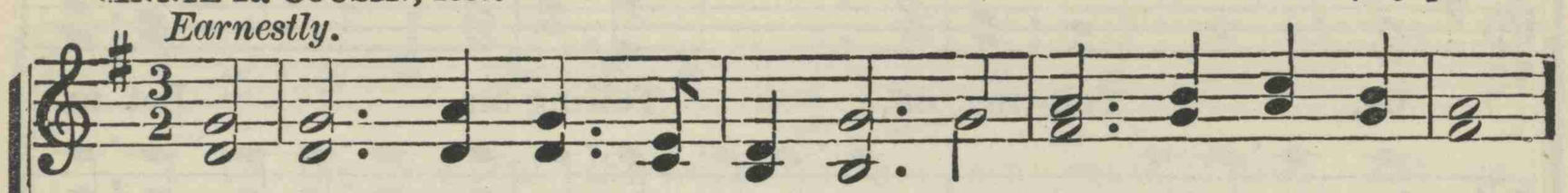


No. 147. Immanuel's Land.

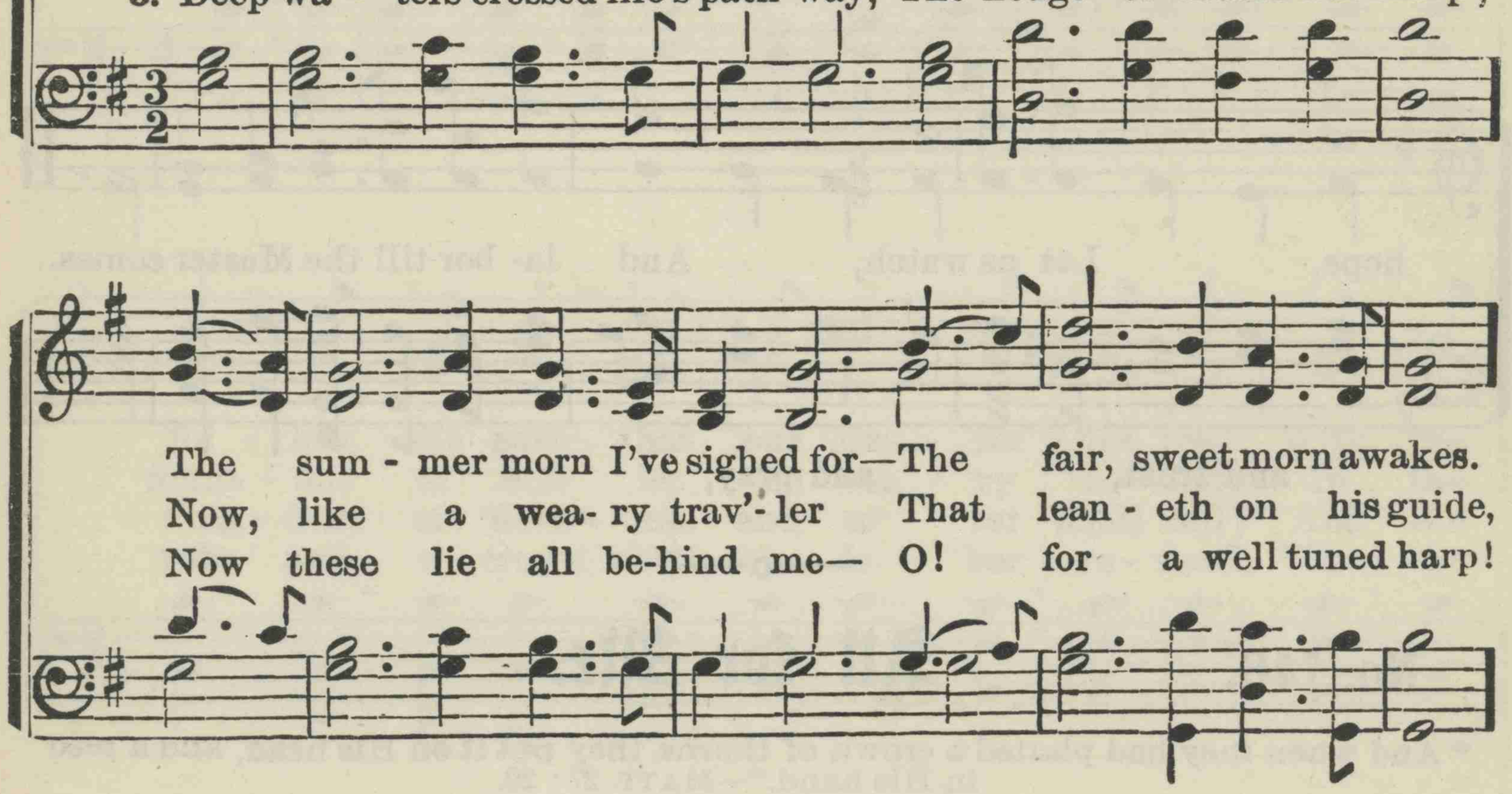
"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. 22:5.

ANNIE R. COUSIN, 1857. C. M. WYMAN, by per.

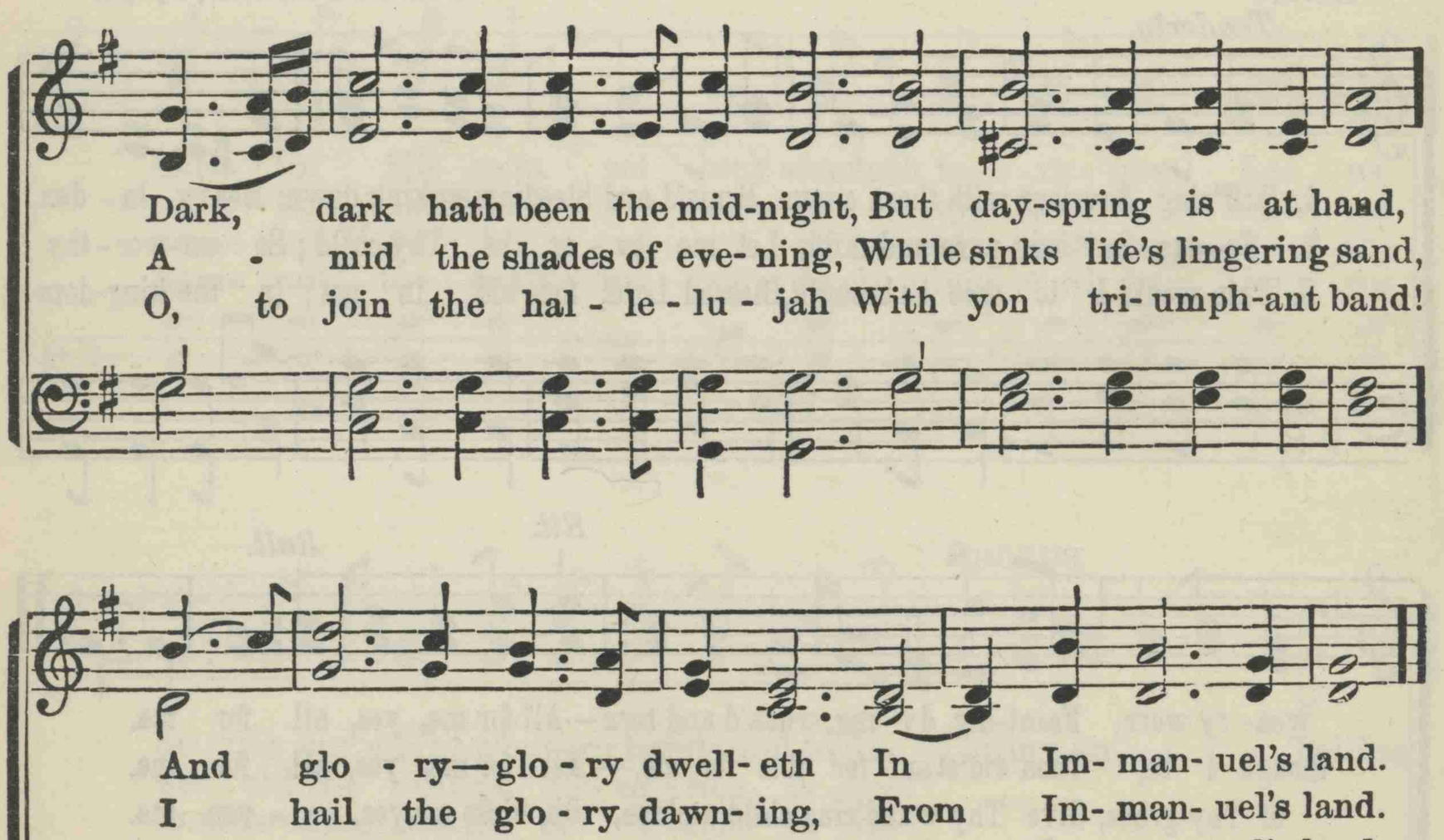
Earnestly.



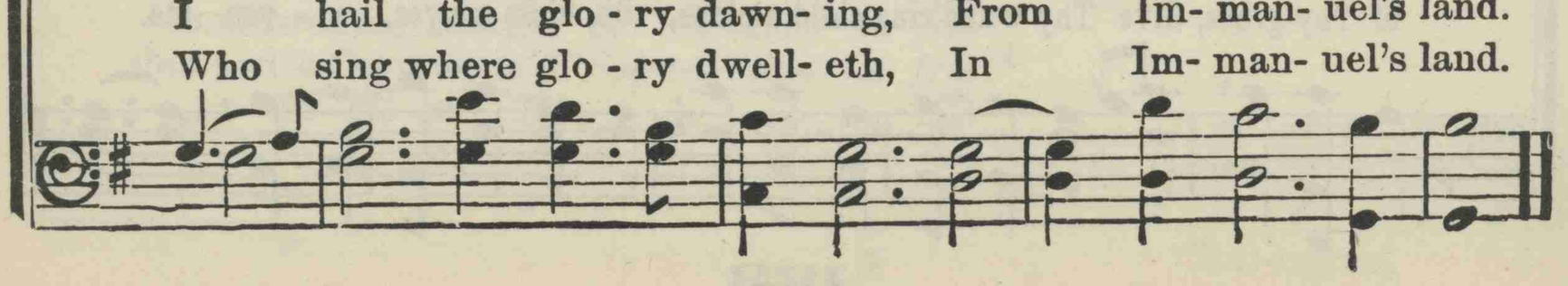
1. The sands of time are sink- ing, The dawn of heav- en breaks,
2. I've wres - tled on t'ward heav- en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
3. Deep wa - ters crossed life's path-way, The hedge of thorns was sharp;



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



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

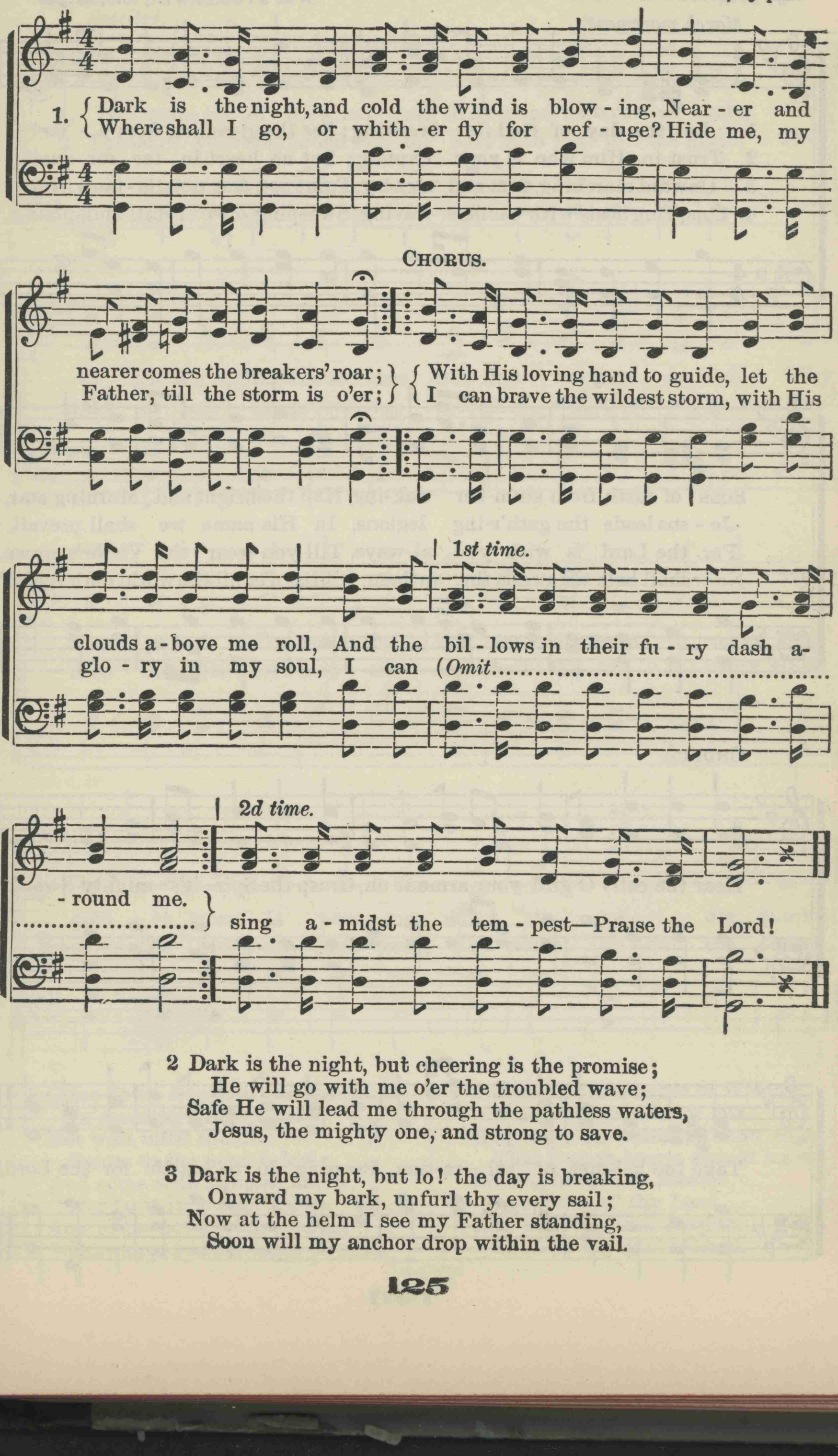


And glo - ry—glo - ry dwell- eth In Im- man- uel's land.
I hail the glo - ry dawn- ing, From Im- man- uel's land.
Who sing where glo - ry dwell- eth, In Im- man- uel's land.

No. 148. Dark is the Night.

"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Ps. 32 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. T. E. PERKINS, by per.



2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise;
He will go with me o'er the troubled wave;
Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters,
Jesus, the mighty one, and strong to save.

3 Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking,
Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail;
Now at the helm I see my Father standing,
Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.

No. 149. Hear the Call.

"Put on the whole armour of God."—EPH. 6: 11.

W. F. S. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1876, by per.

March movement.

1. Lo! the day of God is breaking; See the gleaming from a - far!
2. Trust in Him who is your Captain; Let no heart in ter - ror quail;
3 Onward marching, firm and stead-y, Faint not, fear not Sa - tan's frown,
4. Conq'ring hosts with banners waving, Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,

Sons of earth from slum-ber wak-ing, Hail the bright and Morning star.
Je - sus leads the gath'r-ing legions, In His name we shall prevail.
For the Lord is with you al-ways, Till you wear the Victor's crown.
Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem, "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

CHORUS.

Hear the call! O gird your armour on, Grasp the Spir - it's mighty Sword:

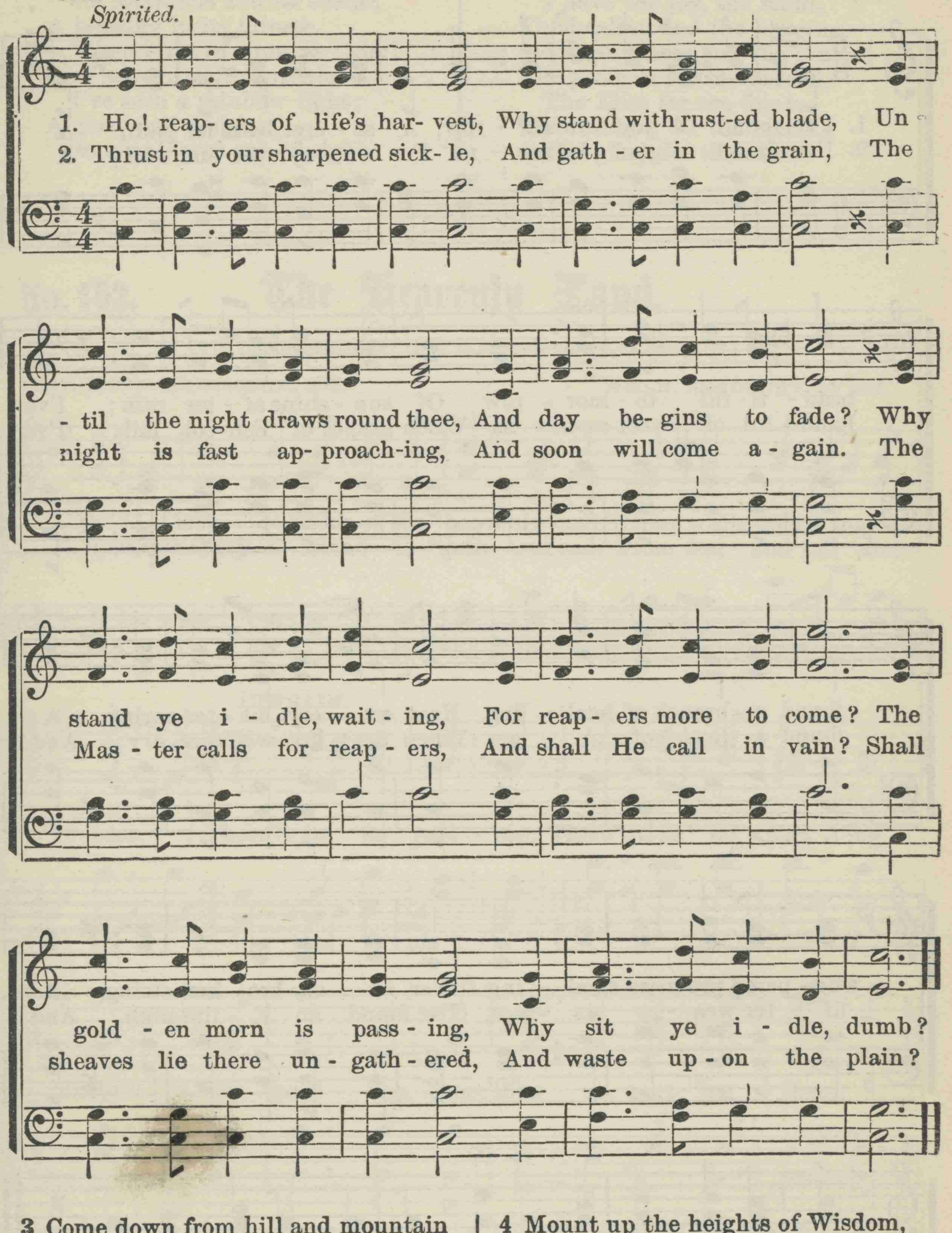
Take the hel-met of sal - va-tion, Pressing on to bat-tle for the Lord!

No. 150. Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

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

I. B. W. I. B. WOODBURY, by per.

Spirited.



3 Come down from hill and mountain
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with stronger sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet,
Shall be thy just reward.

No. 151. Joy in Sorrow.

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—JOHN 16:20.

MRS. JANE CREWDSON. IRA D. SANKEY, by per

1. I've found a joy in sor - row, A se - cret balm for pain, A
2. I've found a glad ho-san - na For ev - ery woe and wail; A

beau - ti - ful to - mor - row Of sun - shine af - ter rain; I've
hand - ful of sweet man - na When grapes of Esh-col fail; I've

found a branch of heal - ing Near ev - ery bit - ter spring, A
found a Rock of A - ges When des - ert wells are dry; And

whis- pered prom-ise steal - ing O'er ev - ery bro - ken string, A
af - ter wea - ry sta - ges, I've found an E - lim nigh. And

whis- pered prom-ise steal - ing O'er ev - ery bro - ken string.
af - ter wea - ry sta - ges, I've found an E - lim nigh.

Joy in Sorrow.—Concluded.

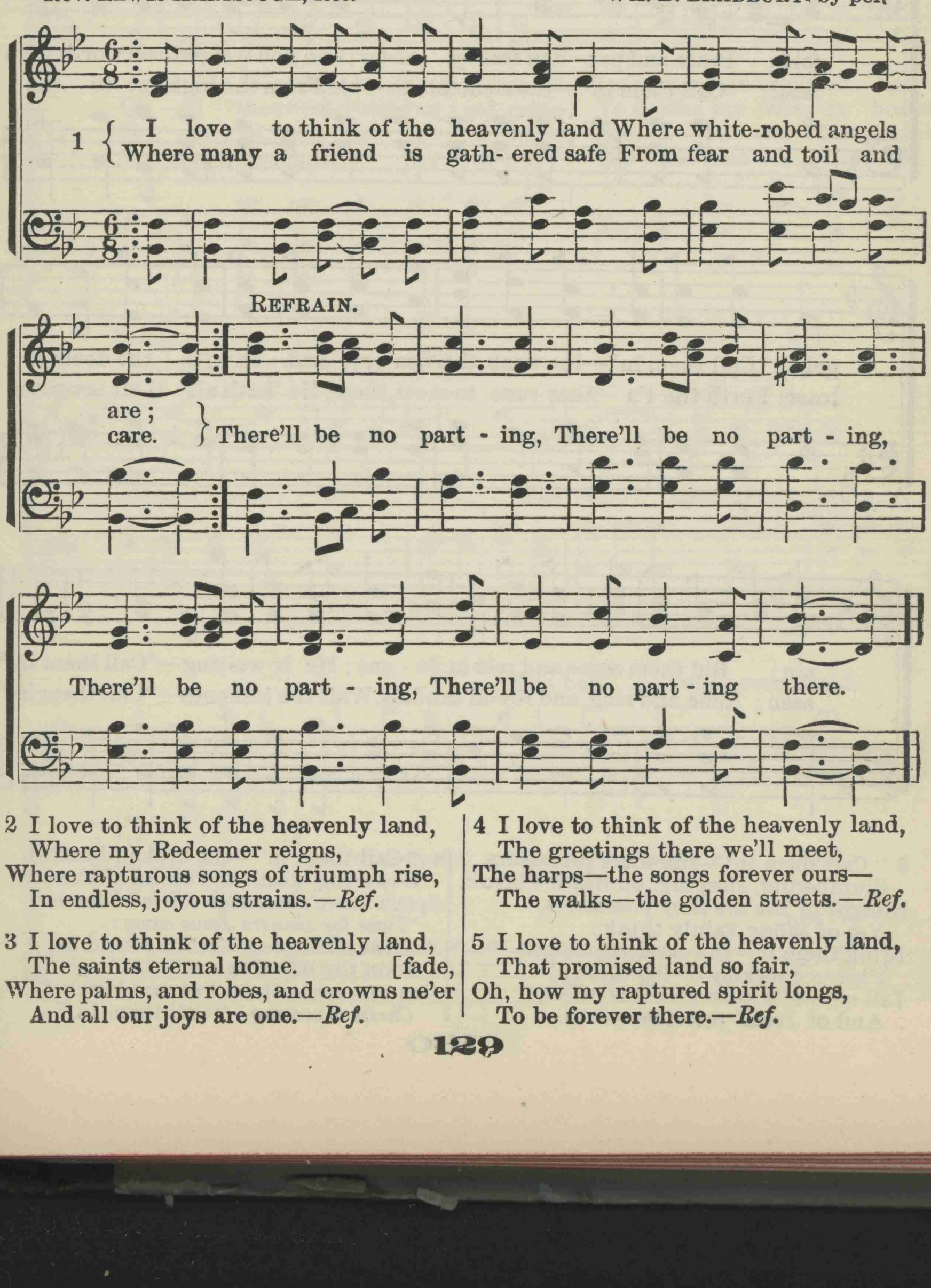
3 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade;
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade.
O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight.

4 My Saviour, Thee possessing,
I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm,
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint;
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint!

No. 152. The Heavenly Land.

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

Rev. LEWIS HARTSOUGH, 1858. WM. B. BRADBURY. by per.



2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.—*Ref.*

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints eternal home.
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.—*Ref.*

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.—*Ref.*

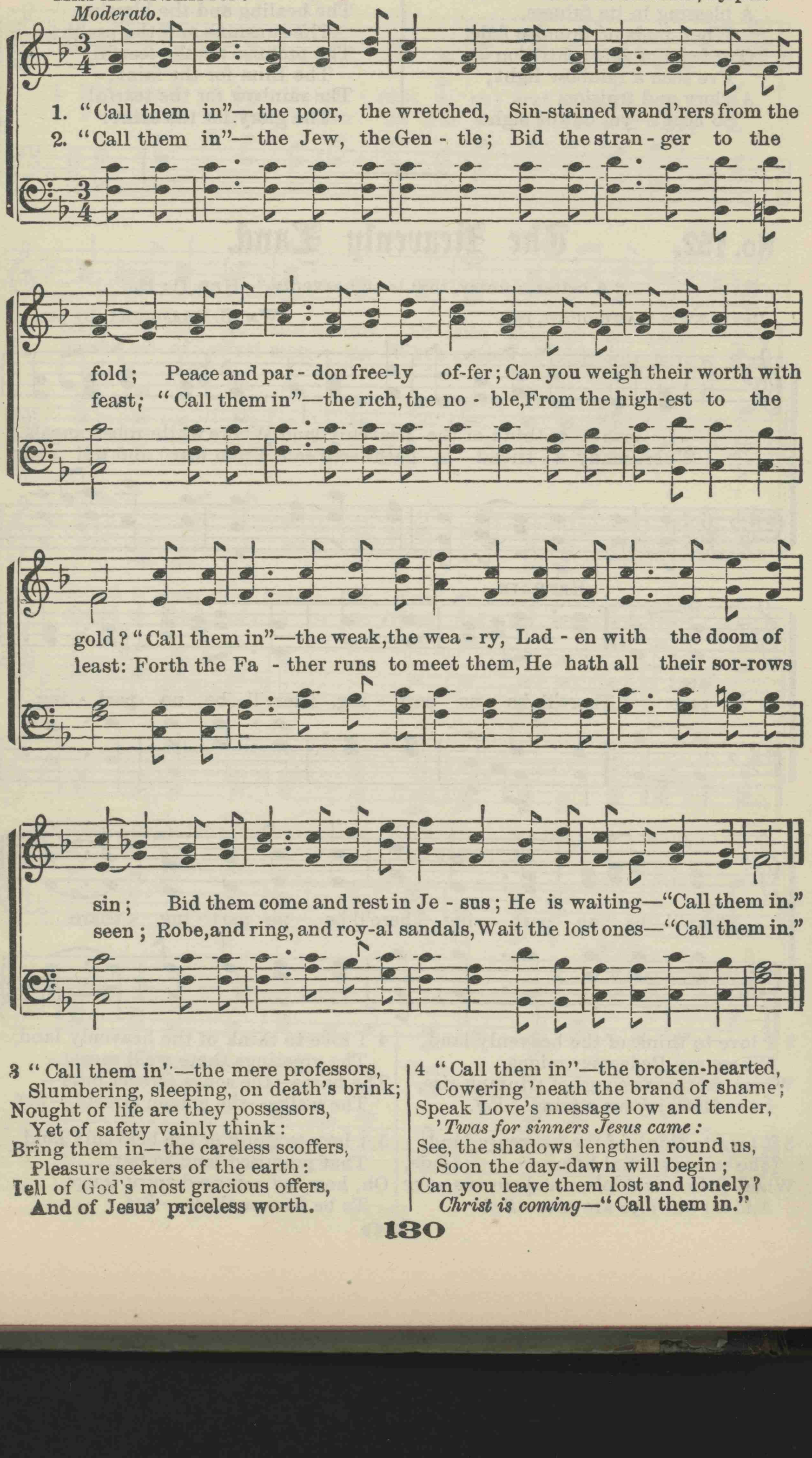
5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs,
To be forever there.—*Ref.*

No. 153. Call Them in.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—LUKE 14: 23.

Miss ANNA SHIPTON. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

Moderato.



3 "Call them in"—the mere professors,
Slumbering, sleeping, on death's brink;
Nought of life are they possessors,
Yet of safety vainly think:
Bring them in—the careless scoffers,
Pleasure seekers of the earth:
Tell of God's most gracious offers,
And of Jesus' priceless worth.

4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak Love's message low and tender,
'Twas for sinners Jesus came:
See, the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming—"Call them in."

No. 154. The Half was Never Told.

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

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of *grace* so full and free;
2. Of *peace* I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest
3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re - deem-er's feet;
4. And oh, what rap - ture will it be With all the host a - bove,

I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has rescued me.
Un - til the sweet-voiced an - gel came To soothe my wea - ry breast.
No re - al *joy* in life I know, But in His ser - vice sweet.
To sing through all e - ter - ni - ty The won - ders of His *love*.

CHORUS.

The half.....was never told,
The half was nev - er told, The half was nev-er told,
nev-er told, The half was nev-er, nev-er told,
The half.....was never told.

1. Of grace divine,
2. Of peace, etc.
3. Of joy, etc.
4. Of love, etc.

} so won-derful, The half was nev - er told.

nev - er told.

No. 155. Oh, Where are the Reapers?

"I will say to the reapers: gather the wheat into my barn."—MATT. 13: 30.

EBEN E. REXFORD. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Moderato.

1. Oh, where are the reapers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all: The wheat may be there,
3. The fields all are ripening, and far and wide The world now is wait-
4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gath - er to-geth-

from the fields of sin; With sick - les of truth must the work be done,
though the weeds are tall; Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
- ing the har - vest tide; But reap - ers are few, and the work is great,
- er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har-vest come,

CHORUS.

And no one may rest till the "harvest home." Where are the reapers! Oh,
But gath-er from all for the home on high.
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."

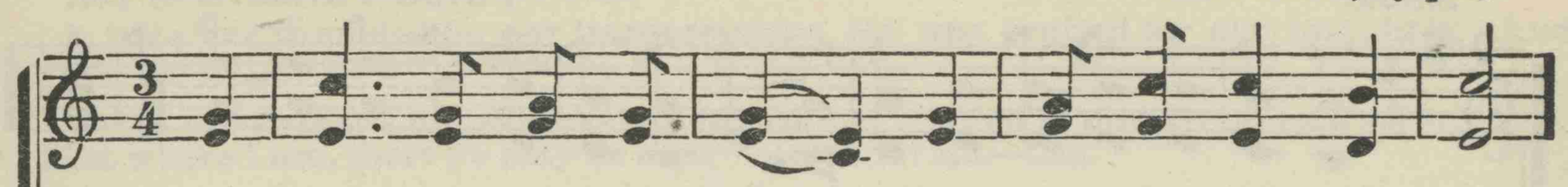
who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "har-vest home?" Oh,

who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

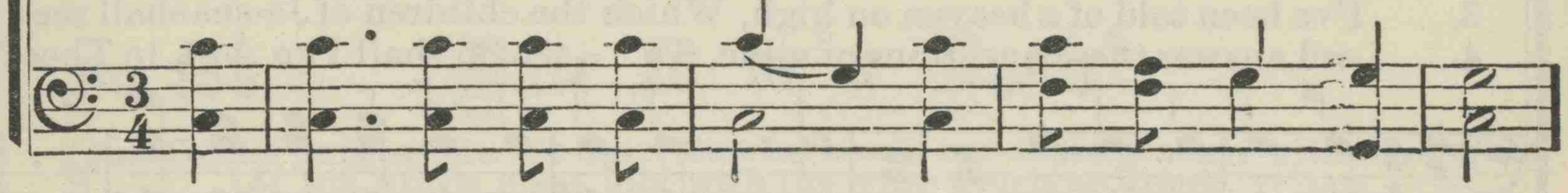
No. 156. I Bring my Sins to Thee.

"In returning and rest ye shall be saved."—Isa. 30 : 15.

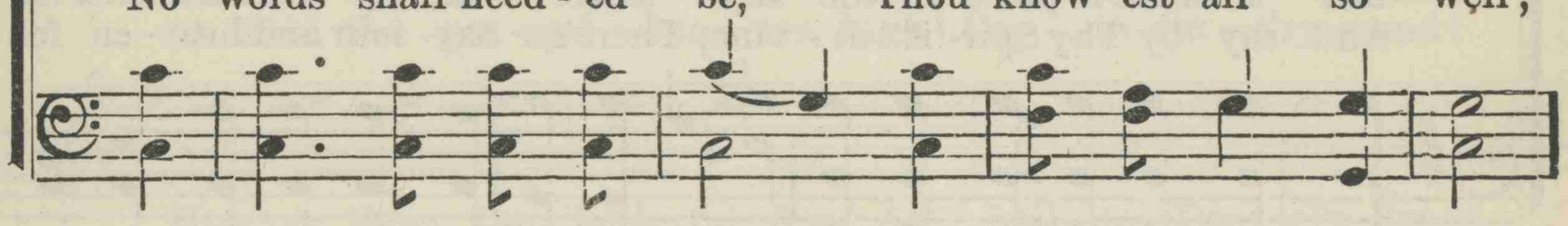
Frances Ridley Havergal. P. P. Bliss, by per.



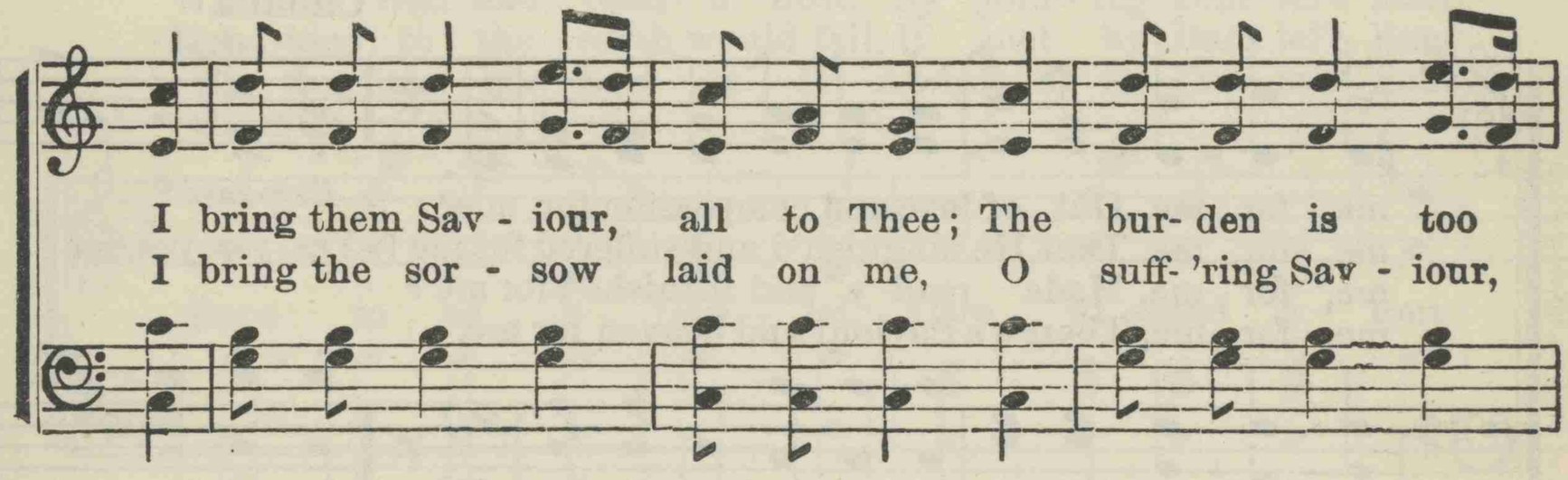
1. I bring my *sins* to Thee, The sins I can - not count,
2. I bring my *grief* to Thee, The grief I can - not tell;



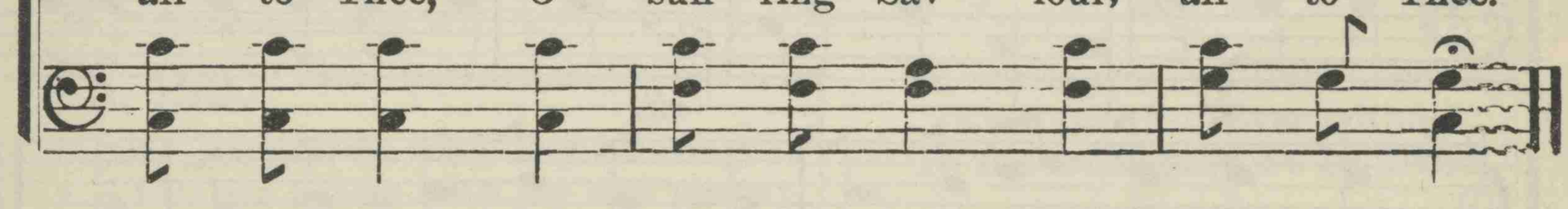
That all may cleansed be In Thy once o - pened Fount;
No words shall need - ed be, Thou know- est all so well;



I bring them Sav - iour, all to Thee; The bur- den is too
I bring the sor - sow laid on me, O suff- 'ring Sav - iour,



great for me, The bur - den is too great for me.
all to Thee, O suff- 'ring Sav - iour, all to Thee.



3 My *joys* to Thee I bring,
The joys thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven,
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

4 My *life* I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone,
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King

No. 157. Song of Salvation.

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

ANON. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a won-der- ful love it must be;
2. I've heard how He suffered and bled, How He languish'd and died on the tree;
3. I've been told of a heaven on high, Which the children of Je-sus shall see;
4. Lord, answer these questions of mine, To whom shall I go but to Thee?

But did He come down from a-bove, Out of love and compas- sion for
But then is it an - y-where said, That He lan-guish'd and suffered for
But is there a place in the sky Made read - y and furnished for
And say by Thy Spir- it di - vine, There's a Sav- iour and heav- en for

CHORUS.

me, for me, Out of love and compassion for me? *Response.**
me, for me, That He languish'd and suffered for me! Yes, yes, yes, for
me, for me, Made read- y and furnished for me?
me, for me, There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

me, for me, Yes, yes, yes, for me; Our Lord from a - bove in His

rit.

in - fin - ite love, On the cross died to save you and me.

* The Response, or Scripture text, to be read for each verse, before singing the Chorus.

Song of Salvation.—Concluded.

1. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 TIM. 1 : 15.—*Cho.*

2. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. And with His stripes we are healed."—ISA. 53 : 5.—*Cho.*

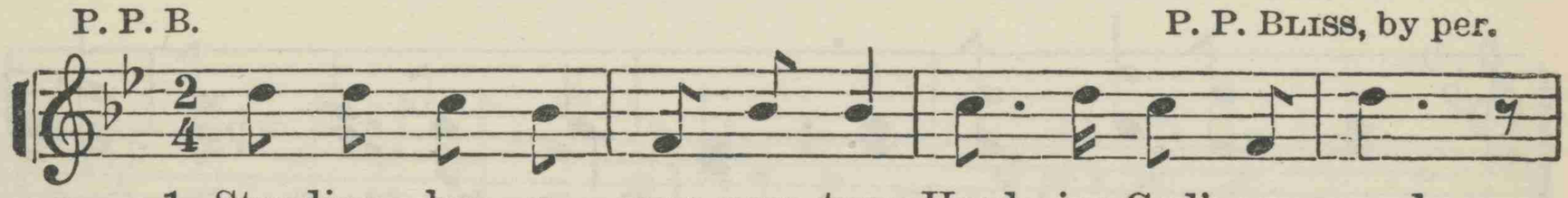
3. "In my Father's house are many mansions.....I go to prepare a place for you..... That where I am, there ye may be also."—JOHN 14: 2, 3.—*Cho.*

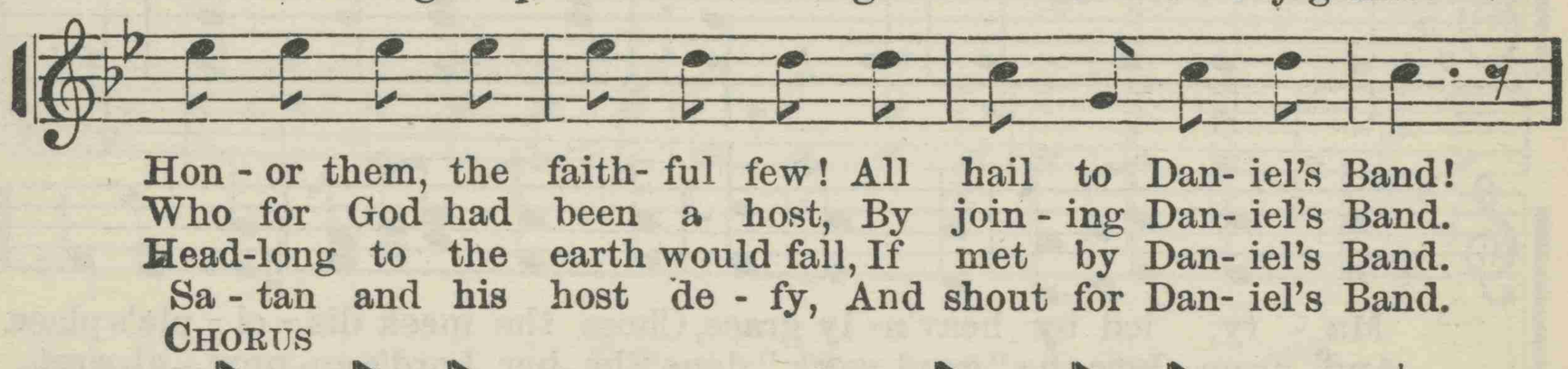
4. "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." —REV. 21 : 6, 7.—*Cho.*

No. 158. Dare to be a Daniel.

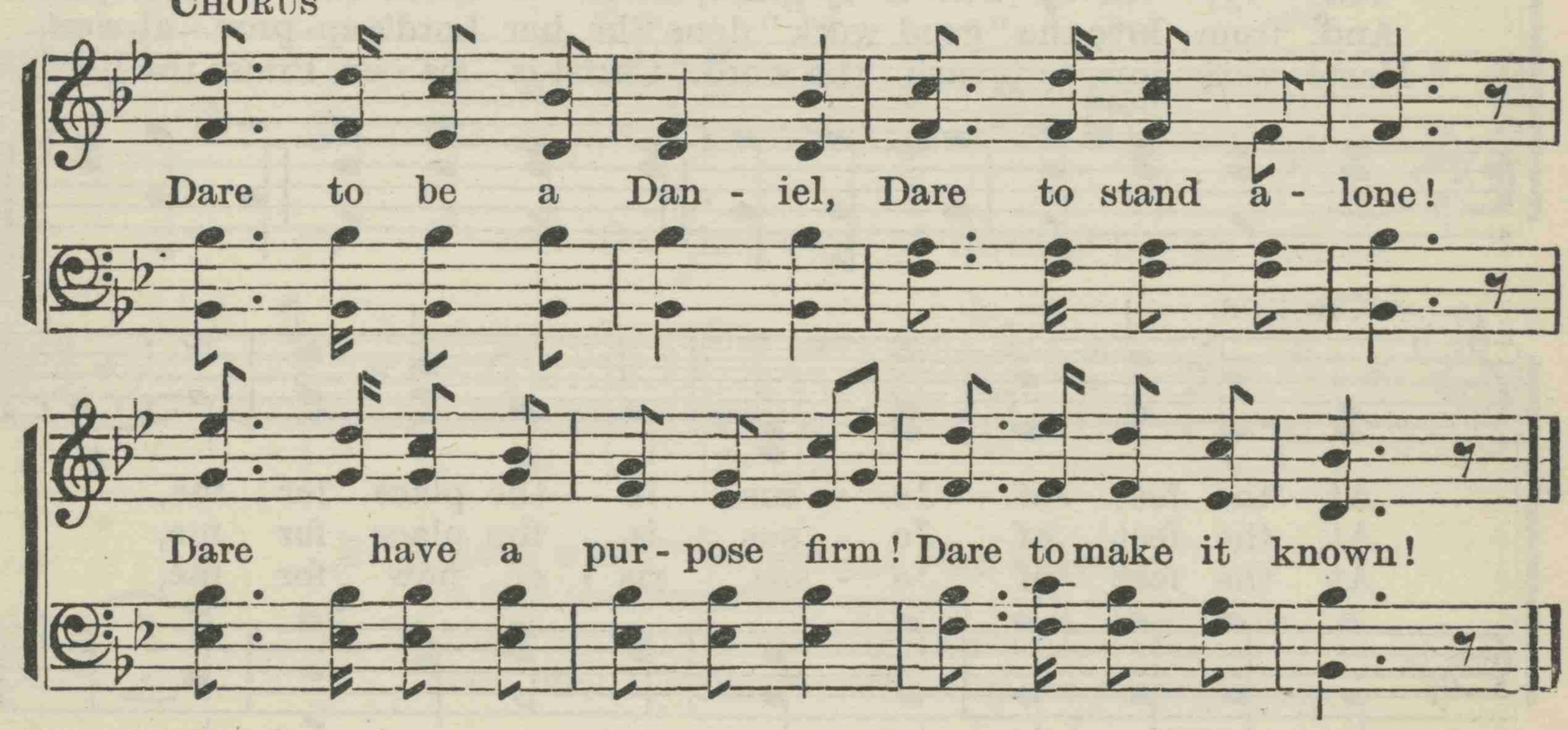
"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank."—DAN. 1 : 8.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.





CHORUS



No. 159. *Tune*—GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us, O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful, Ever faithful,
To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

JOHN FAWCETT, D.D., 1774.

No. 160. At the Feet of Jesus.

"Mary which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word."—LUKE 10:39.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Moderato.

1. At the feet of Je - sus, List - 'ning to His word:
2. At the feet of Je - sus, Pour - ing per - fume rare,
3. At the feet of Je - sus, In that morn - ing hour,

Learn - ing wis - dom's les - son From her lov - ing Lord:
Ma - ry did her Sav - iour, For the grave pre - pare:
Lov - ing hearts re - ceiv - ing Res - us - rec - tion power:

Ma - ry, led by heav'n- ly grace, Chose the meek dis - ci - ple's place.
And, from love the "good work" done, She her Lord's ap- prov - al won.
Haste with joy to preach the word: "Christ is ris - en, Praise the Lord!"

CHORUS.

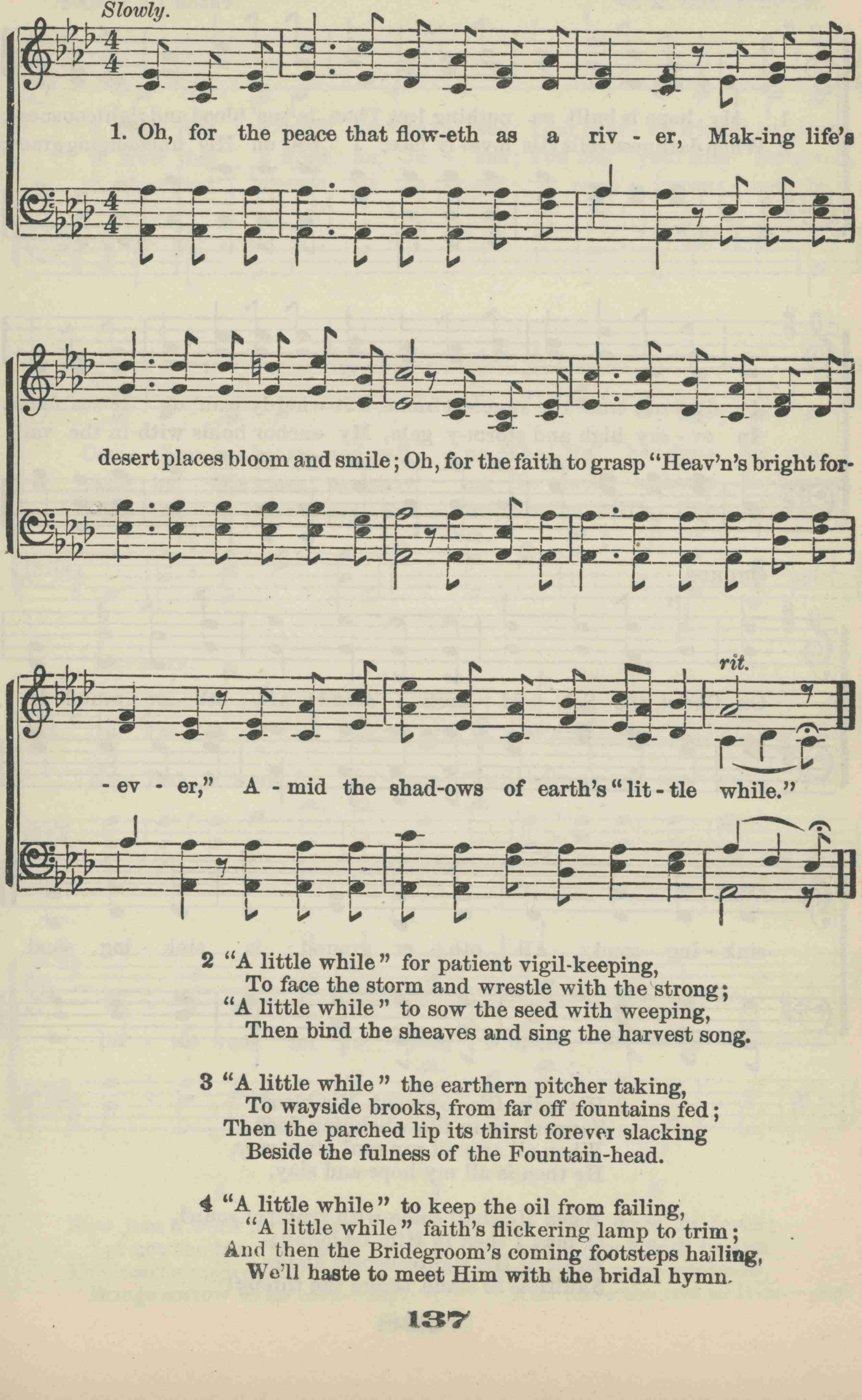
At the feet of Je - sus is the place for me,
At the feet of Je - sus is the place for me,
At the feet of Je - sus, ris - en now for me,

There a hum - ble *learn* - *er* would I choose to be.
There in sweet - est *ser* - *vice* would I ev - er be.
I shall sing His *prais* - *es* through e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 161. A Little While.

"What is this that he saith a little while."—JOHN 16: 17.

MRS. JANE CREWDSON. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



2 "A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm and wrestle with the strong;
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

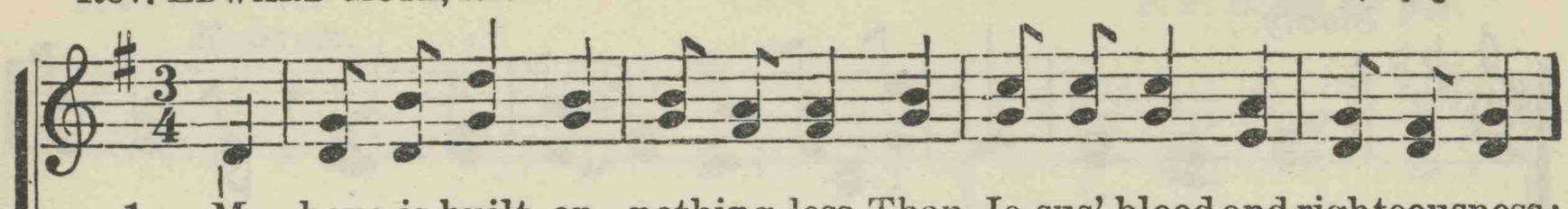
3 "A little while" the earthern pitcher taking,
To wayside brooks, from far off fountains fed;
Then the parched lip its thirst forever slacking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

4 "A little while" to keep the oil from failing,
"A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

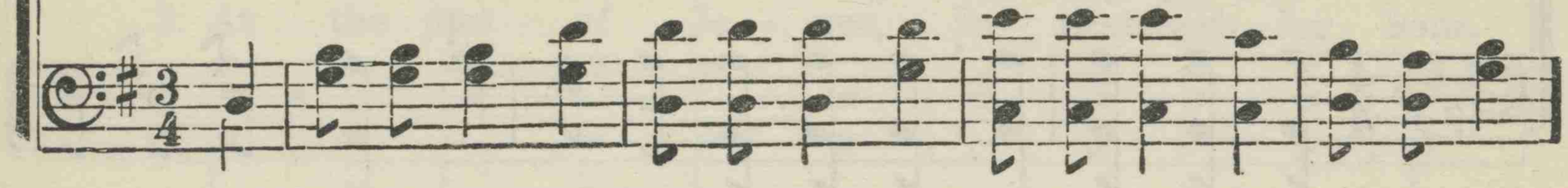
No. 162. The Solid Rock.

"The Lord is my defence, and rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

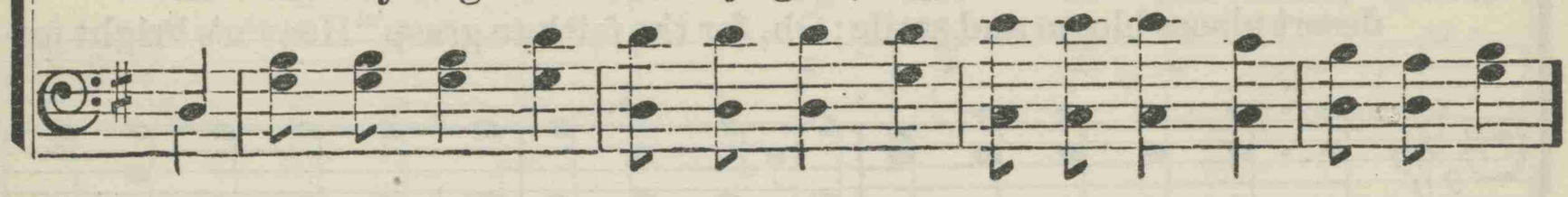
Rev. EDWARD MOTE, 1825. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



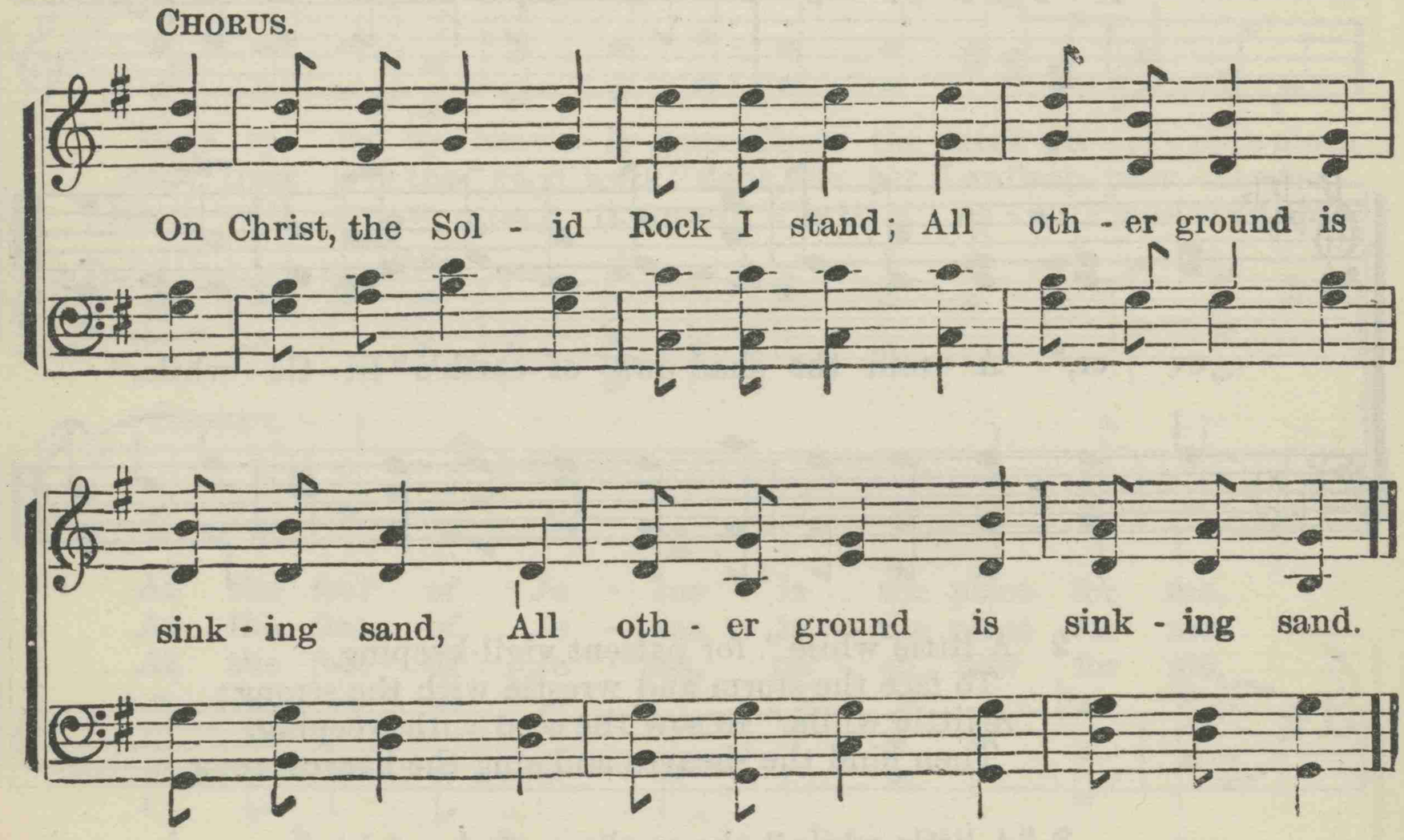
1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His unchanging grace;



I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-ery high and storm-y gale, My anchor holds with-in the vail.



CHORUS.



On Christ, the Sol-id Rock I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

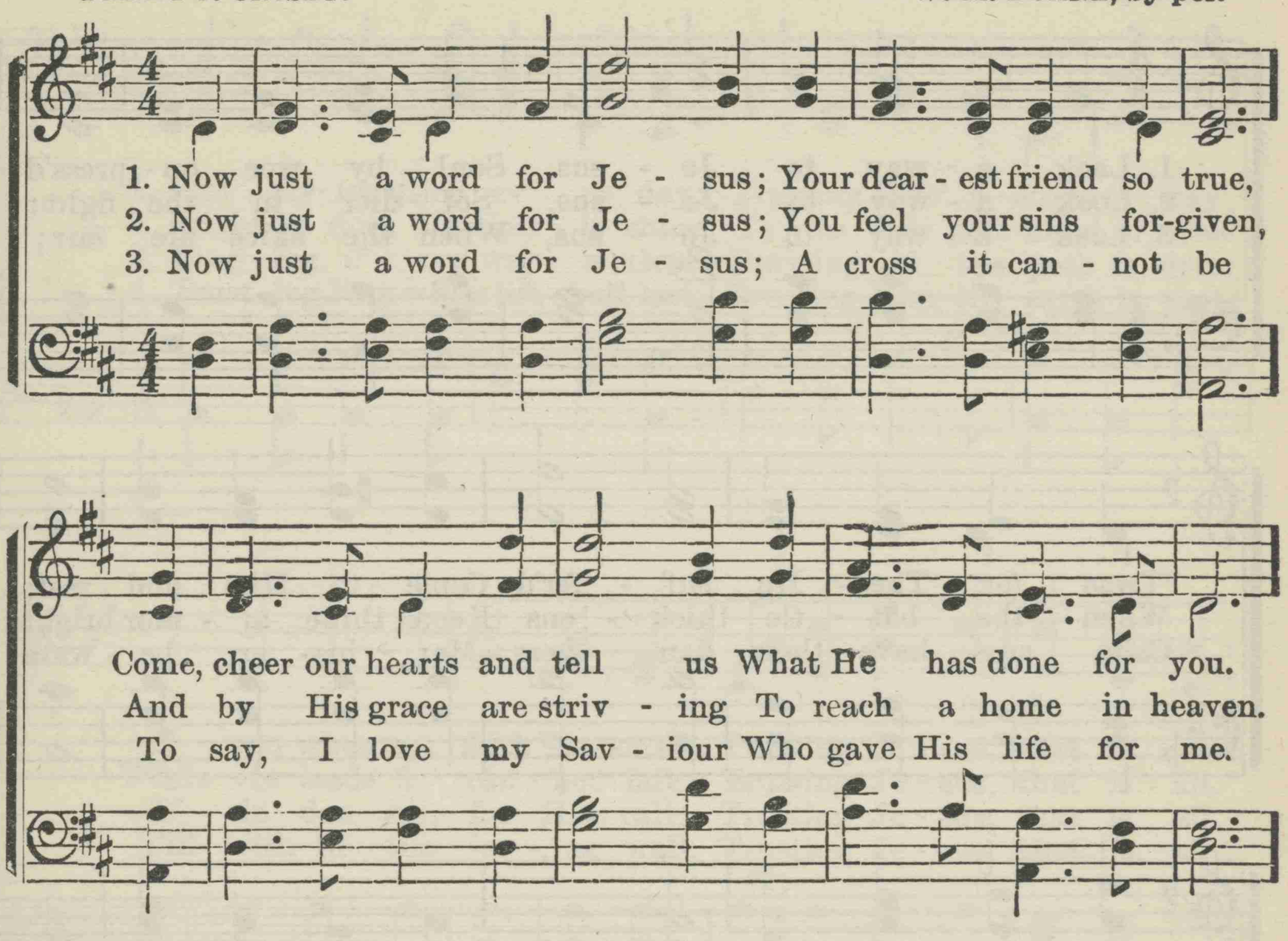
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in Him be found;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

No. 163. Just a Word for Jesus.

"Wilt thou not tell."—EZEK. 24 : 19.

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



4

Now just a word for Jesus;
Let not the time be lost;
The heart's neglected duty
Brings sorrow to its cost.—*Ref.*

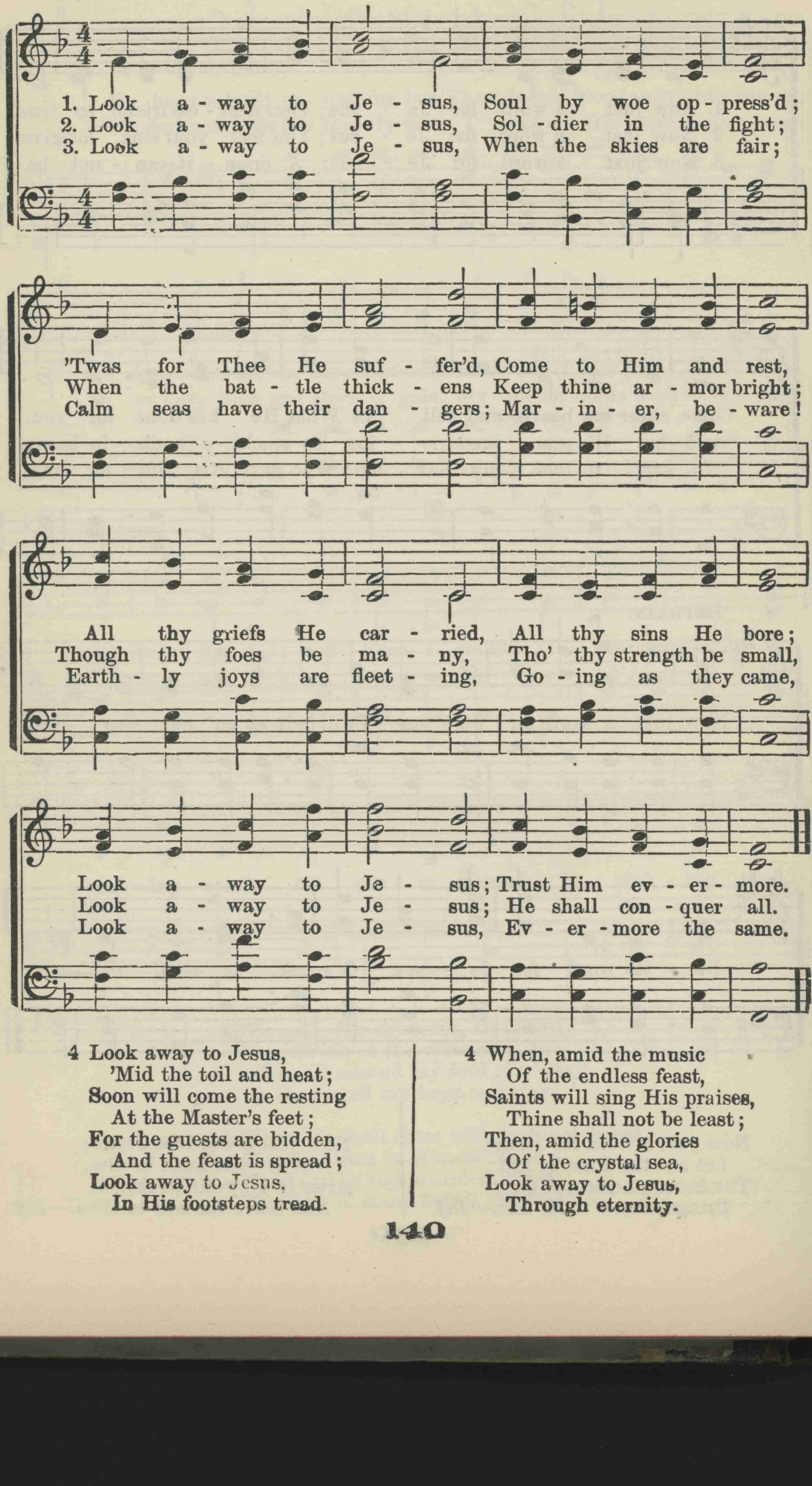
5

Now just a word for Jesus;
And if your faith be dim,
Arise in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to Him.—*Ref.*

No. 164. Look Away to Jesus.

"Looking unto Jesus."—HEB. 12: 2.

Rev. HENRY BURTON. P. P. BLISS, by per.



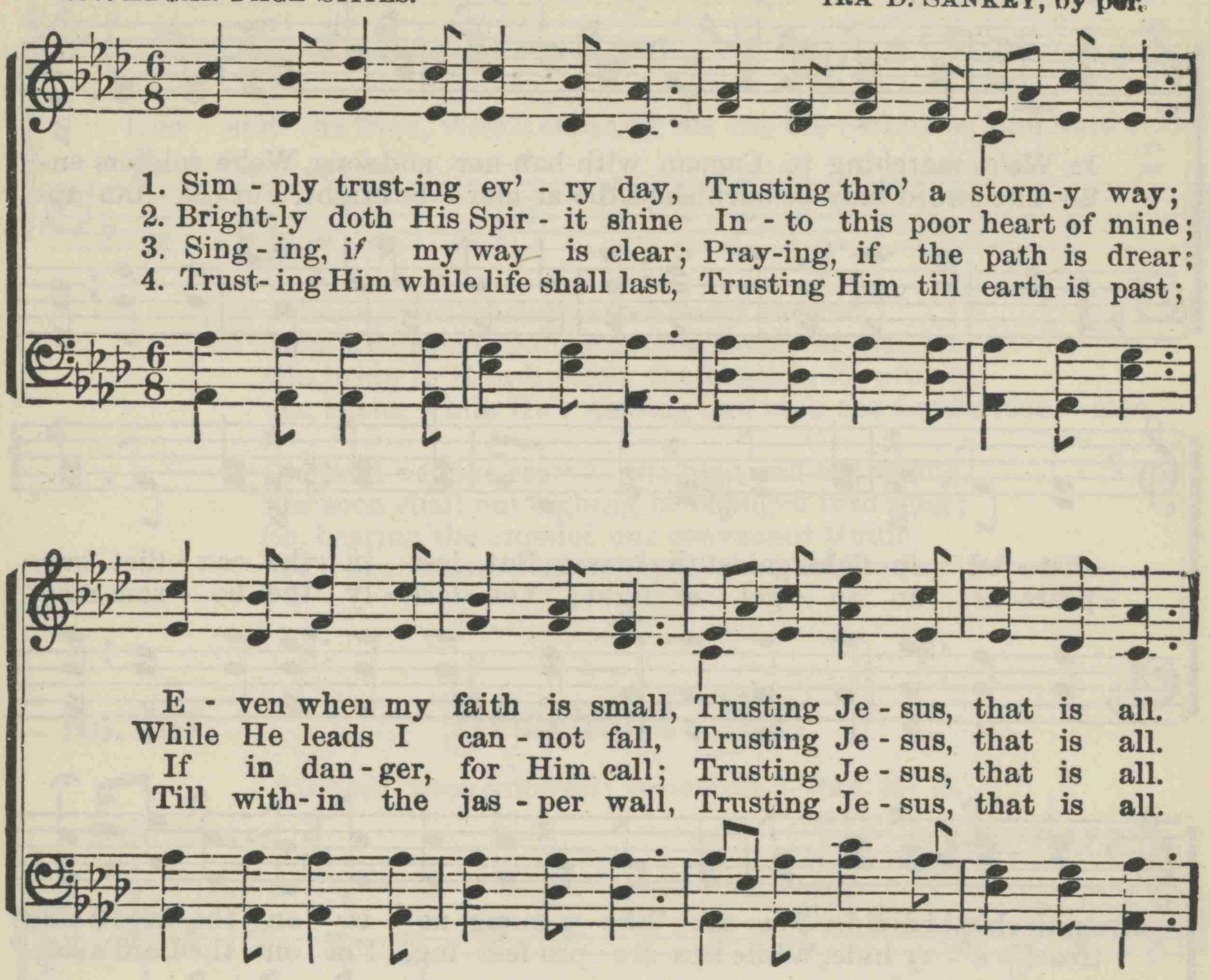
4 Look away to Jesus,
'Mid the toil and heat;
Soon will come the resting
At the Master's feet;
For the guests are bidden,
And the feast is spread;
Look away to Jesus,
In His footsteps tread.

4 When, amid the music
Of the endless feast,
Saints will sing His praises,
Thine shall not be least;
Then, amid the glories
Of the crystal sea,
Look away to Jesus,
Through eternity.

No. 165. Trusting Jesus, That is All.

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

Rev. EDGAR PAGE STITES. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



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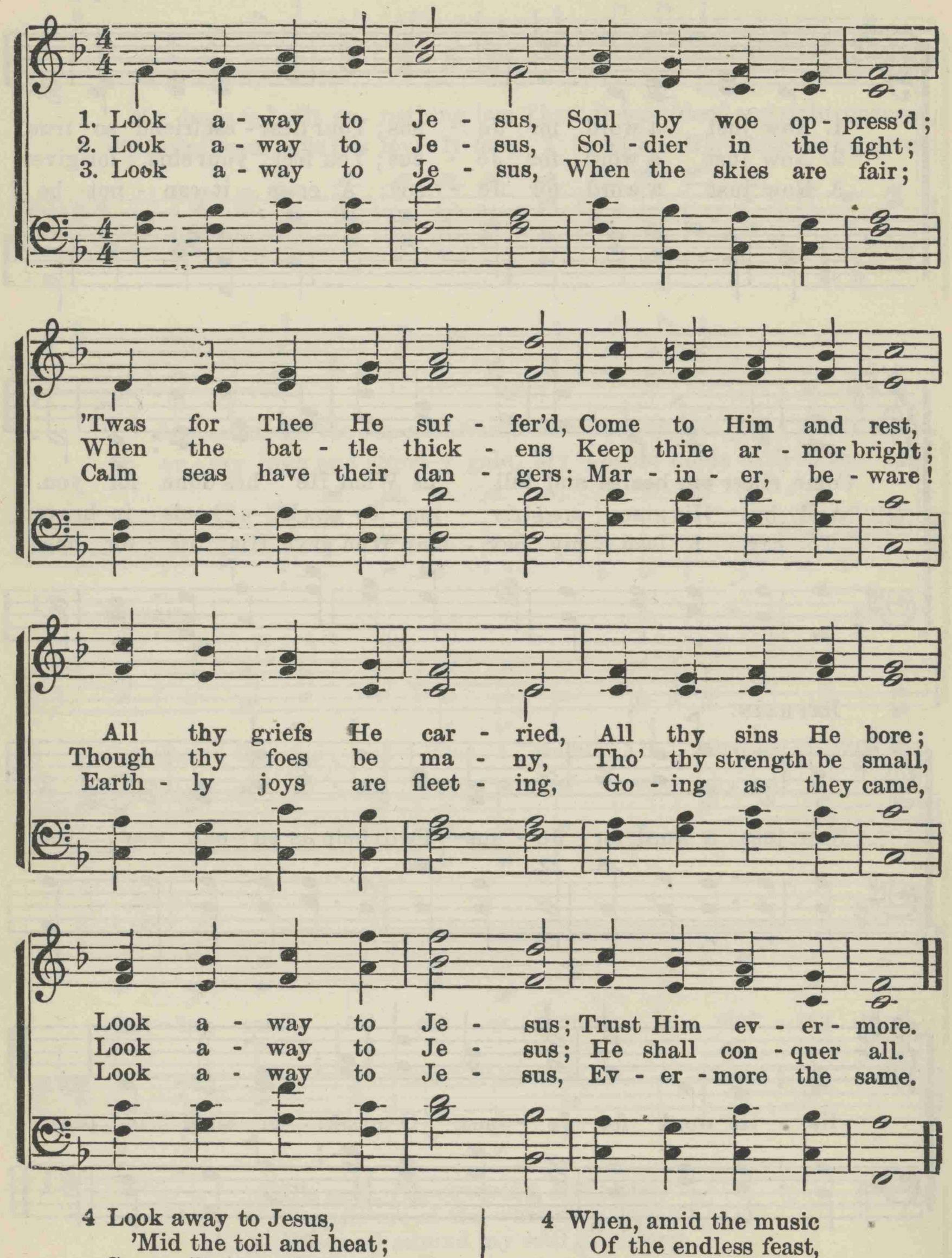

4 Look away to Jesus,
'Mid the toil and heat;
Soon will come the resting
At the Master's feet;
For the guests are bidden,
And the feast is spread;
Look away to Jesus,
In His footsteps tread.

4 When, amid the music
Of the endless feast,
Saints will sing His praises,
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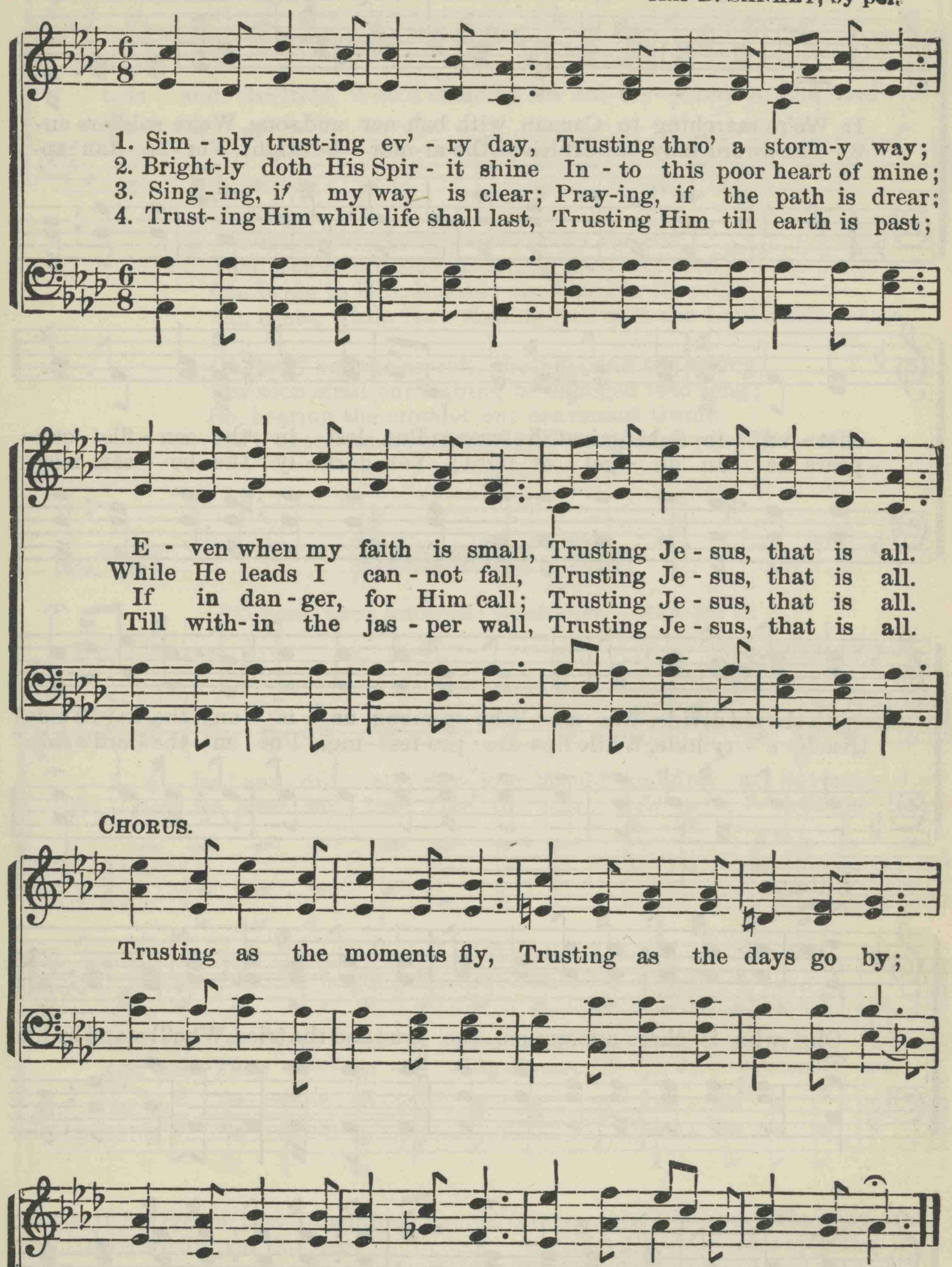


No. 166. Who's on the Lord's Side?

"Who is on the Lord's side."—Ex. 32: 26.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. We're marching to Canaan with ban-ner and song, We're soldiers en-
2. The sword may be burnished, the ar-mor be bright, For Sa - tan ap-

- list - ed to fight 'gainst the wrong; But, lest in the con - flict our
- pears as an an - gel of light; Yet dark - ly the bo - som may

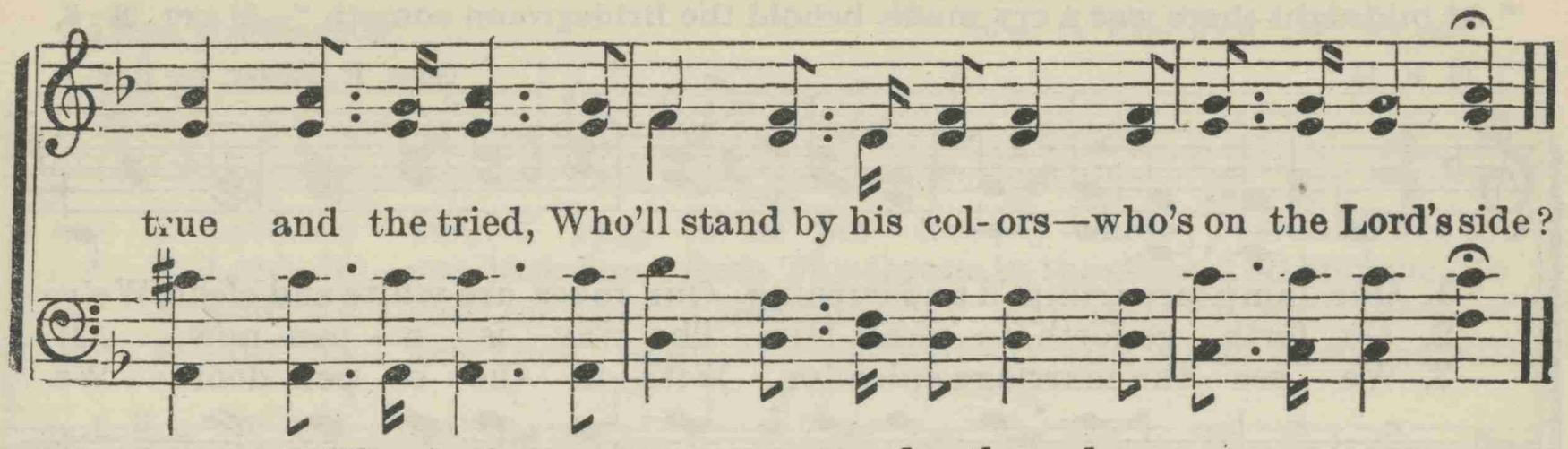
strength should divide, We ask, Who a-mong us is on the Lord's side?
treach - e - ry hide, While lips are pro-fess - ing, "I'm on the Lord's side."

Chorus.

Oh, who is there a-mong us, the true and the tried, Who'll stand by his

col - ors—who's on the Lord's side? Oh, who is there a-mong us, the

Who's on the Lord's Side?—Concluded.



3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,
Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God?
Oh, bring to Him humbly the heart in its pride;
Oh, haste, while He's waiting and seek the Lord's side.—*Cho.*

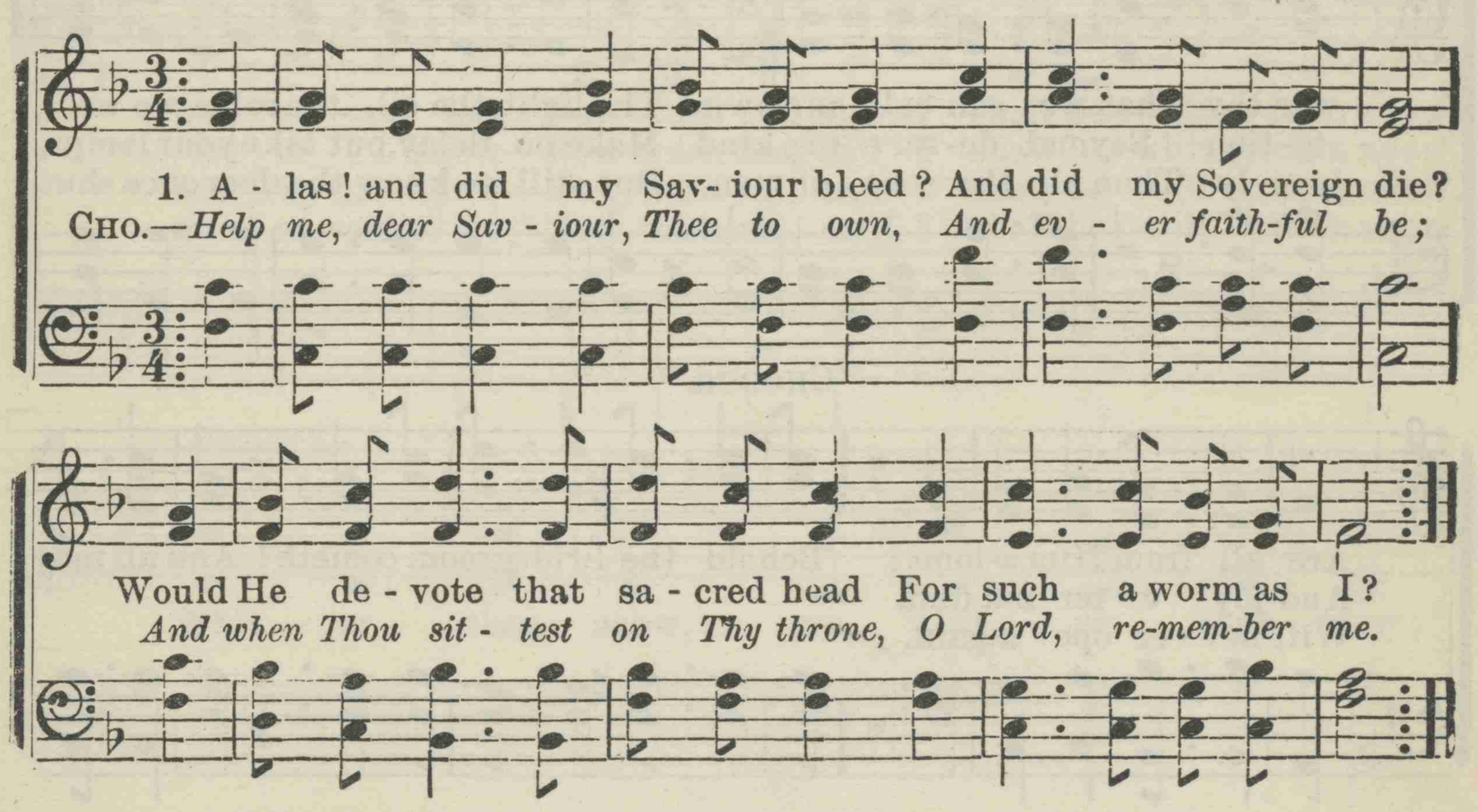
4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain and the wrong,
For soon shall our sighing be changed into song;
So, bearing the cross of our convenant Guide,
We'll shout, as we triumph, "*I'm on the Lord's side.*"—*Cho.*

—o—

No. 167. Remember Me.

"O Lord, Thou knowest; remember."—JER. 15: 15.

ISAAC WATTS. ASA HULL, by per.



2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.—*Cho.*

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin.—*Cho.*

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
Whilst His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Cho.*

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.—*Cho.*

No. 168. Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh.

"At midnight there was a cry made, behold the Bridegroom cometh."—MATT. 25: 6.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Our lamps are trimm'd and burning, Our robes are white and clean, We've tar-ried for the Bridegroom, Oh, may we en-ter in? We know we've nothing
2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him, The way is o - pen now, All light-ed with the glo-ry That's streaming from His brow. Accept the in - vi -
3. We see the marriage splendor With- in the o - pen door; We know that those who enter Are blest for-ev- er- more. We see He is more

wor-thy That we can call our own—The light, the oil, the robes we wear,
- ta- tion Beyond de- serv- ing kind; Make no delay, but take your lamps,
love- ly Than all the sons of men, But still we know the door once shut,

CHORUS.

Are all from Him a-lone. Behold the Bridegroom cometh! And all may
And joy e - ter- nal find.
Will nev - er ope a-gain.

enter in, Whose lamps are trimm'd and burning, Whose robes are white and clean.

No. 169. Whiter than Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER, 1872, by per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en- treat; I wait, bless- ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa-tient - ly wait; Come now, and with-

- ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev' - ry i - dol, cast
make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing. I
- in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

out ev' - ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
- ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
nev - er said'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

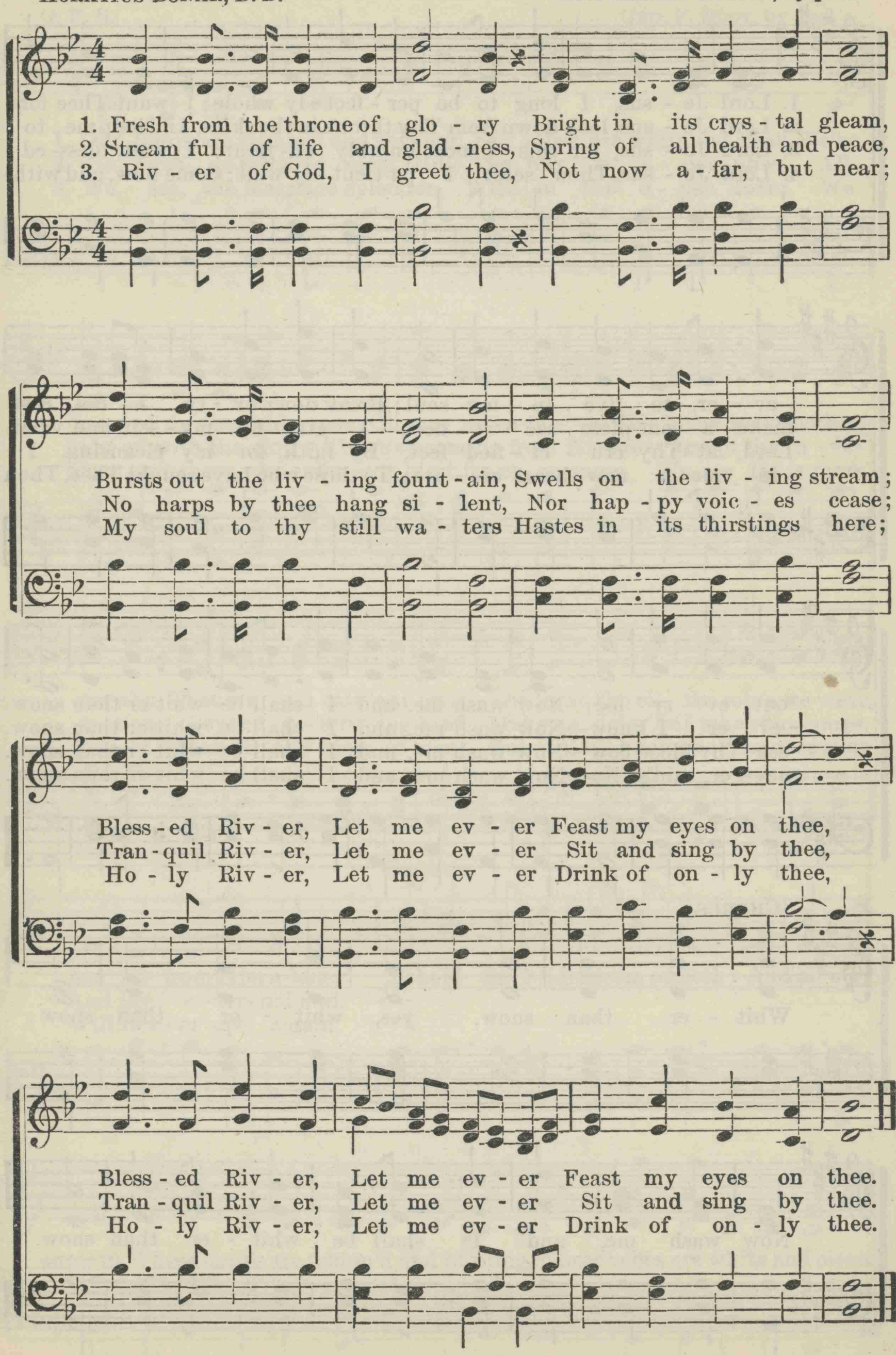
CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

No. 170. Blessed River.

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

Horatius Bonar, D. D. Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.

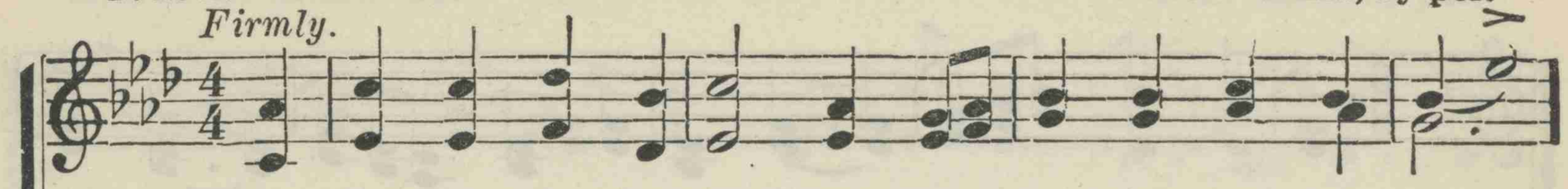


No. 171. My High Tower.

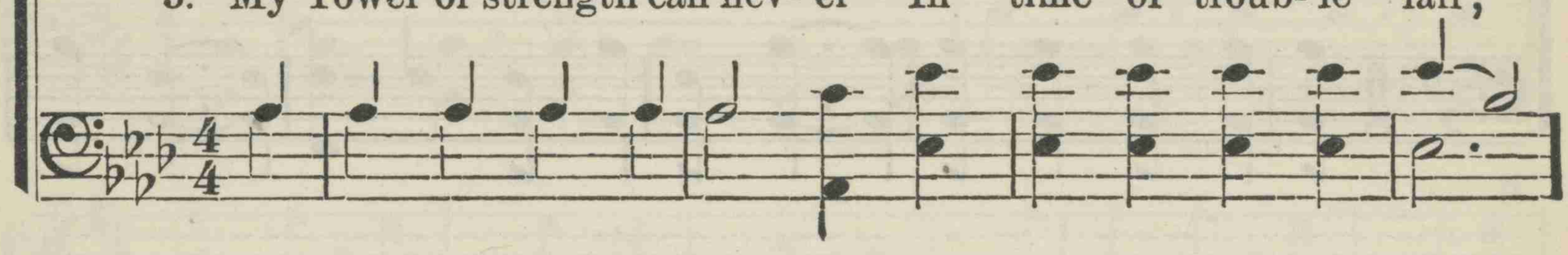
"The Lord is my Rock.....and my high Tower."—Ps 18:2.

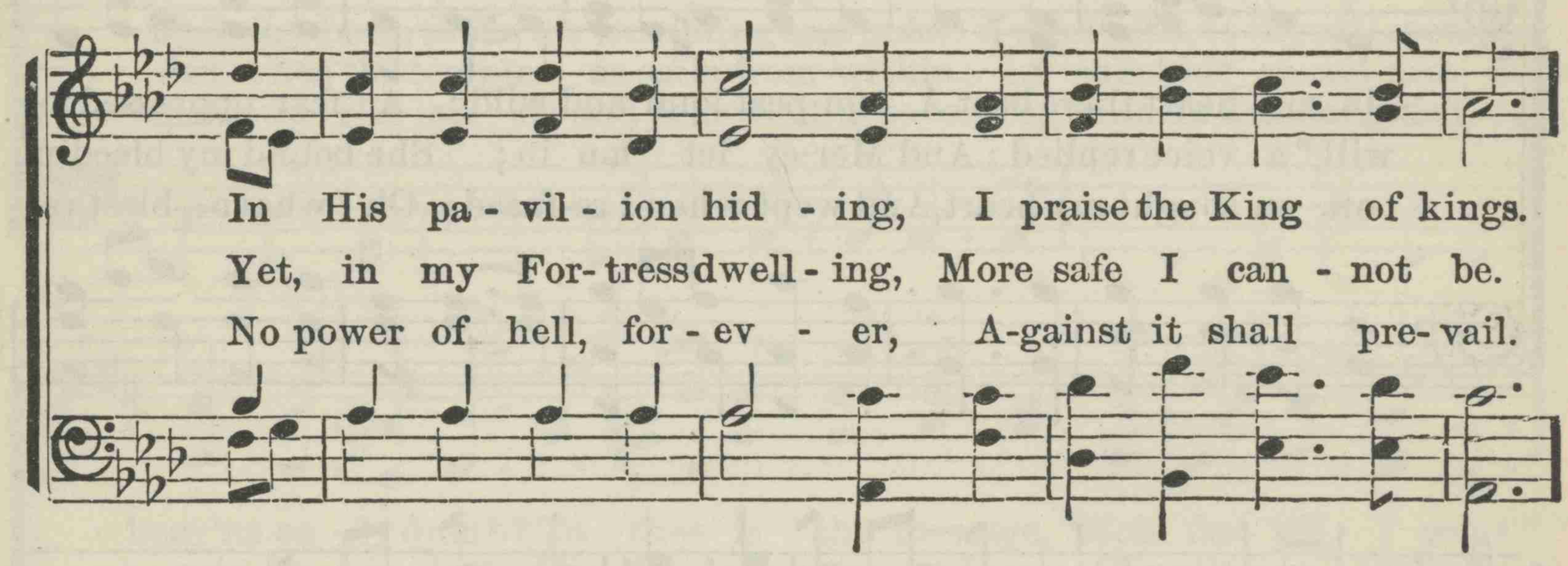
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss, by per.

Firmly.

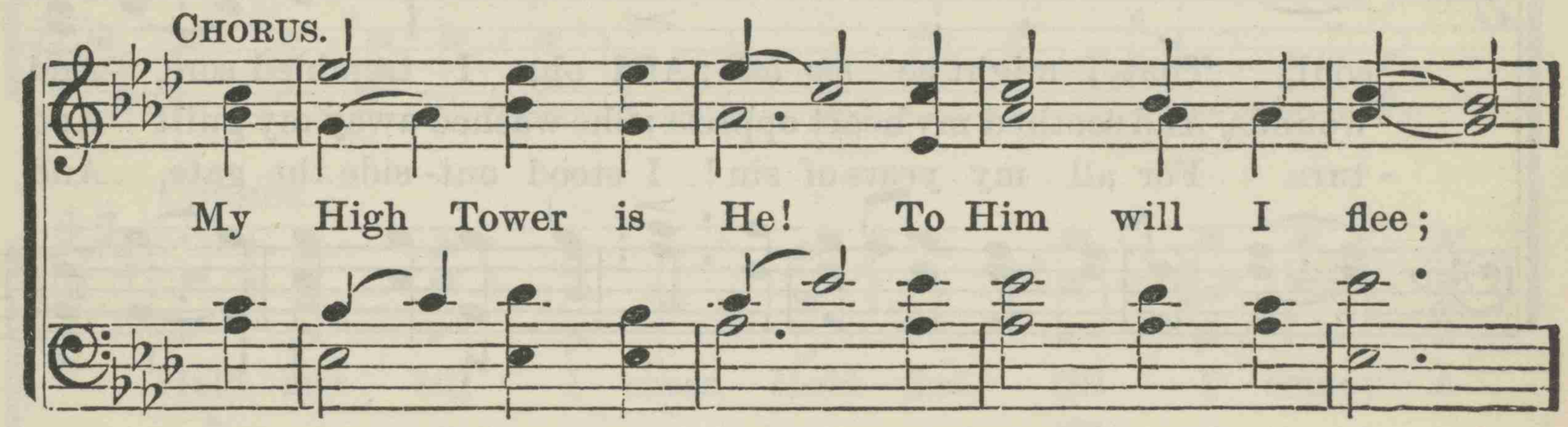


1. In Zi - on's Rock a - bid - ing, My soul her tri- umph sings;
2. Wild waves are round me swell-ing, Dark clouds a - bove I see;
3. My Tower of strength can nev- er In time of troub- le fail;





In His pa - vil - ion hid - ing, I praise the King of kings.
Yet, in my For- tress dwell - ing, More safe I can - not be.
No power of hell, for - ev - er, A-gainst it shall pre- vail.



Chorus.

My High Tower is He! To Him will I flee;

In Him con- fide, In Him a - bide; My High Tower is He!

No. 172. I Stood Outside the Gate.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate."—MATT. 7 : 13.

Miss JOSEPHINE POLLARD. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. I stood out - side the gate, A poor, way - far - ing child; With-
2. Oh, "Mer-cy!" loud I cried, "Now give me rest from sin!" "I
3. In Mer-cy's guise I knew The Sav-iour long a - bused, Who

- in my heart there beat A tem-pest loud and wild; A fear oppressed my
will," a voice replied; And Mer-cy let me in; She bound my bleeding
oft- en sought my heart, And wept when I re-fused; Oh! what a blest re-

soul, That I might be *too late*; And oh, I trembled sore, And
wounds, And soothed my heart oppress; She washed away my guilt And
- turn For all my years of sin! I stood out- side the gate, And

prayed out- side the gate, And prayed out - side..... the gate.
gave me peace and rest, And gave me peace..... and rest.
Je - sus let me in, And Je - sus let..... me in.

No. 173. Hold Fast till I Come.

That which ye have already, hold fast till I come."—Rev. 2: 25.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Oh, spir - it, o'erwhelmed by thy fail - ures and fears, Look up to thy Lord, tho' with trembling and tears: Weak Faith, to thy call seem the heav'ns on - ly dumb? To thee is the message, "Hold fast till I come."
2. Hold fast when the world would al - lure thee to sin; Hold fast when the tempter as-sails from within; In sunshine or sad-ness, in gain or in loss, To fal - ter were madness; Oh, cling to the cross.
3. Thy Sav - iour is com - ing in ten - der - est love, To make up His jew - els and bear them a-bove: Oh, child, in thine anguish, de- - spair-ing or dumb, Re - member the message, "Hold fast till I come."

Chorus.

Hold fast till I come, Hold fast till I come; A bright crown a - waits thee; Hold fast till I come.

No. 174. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12: 10.

Mrs. Albert Smith. S. J. Vail, by per.

1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams, Ly-ing all a-round our path; Let us keep the wheat and ros-es, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff, Let us find our sweetest com-fort In the blessings of to-day, With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ars from the way. Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, For our reap-ing by and by.

2. Strange we nev-er prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that we should slight the vio-lets Till the lovely flowers are gone! Strange that summer skies and sun-shine Nev-er seem one half so fair, As when winter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air.

Chorus.

ad lib.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.—Concluded.

3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?—
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

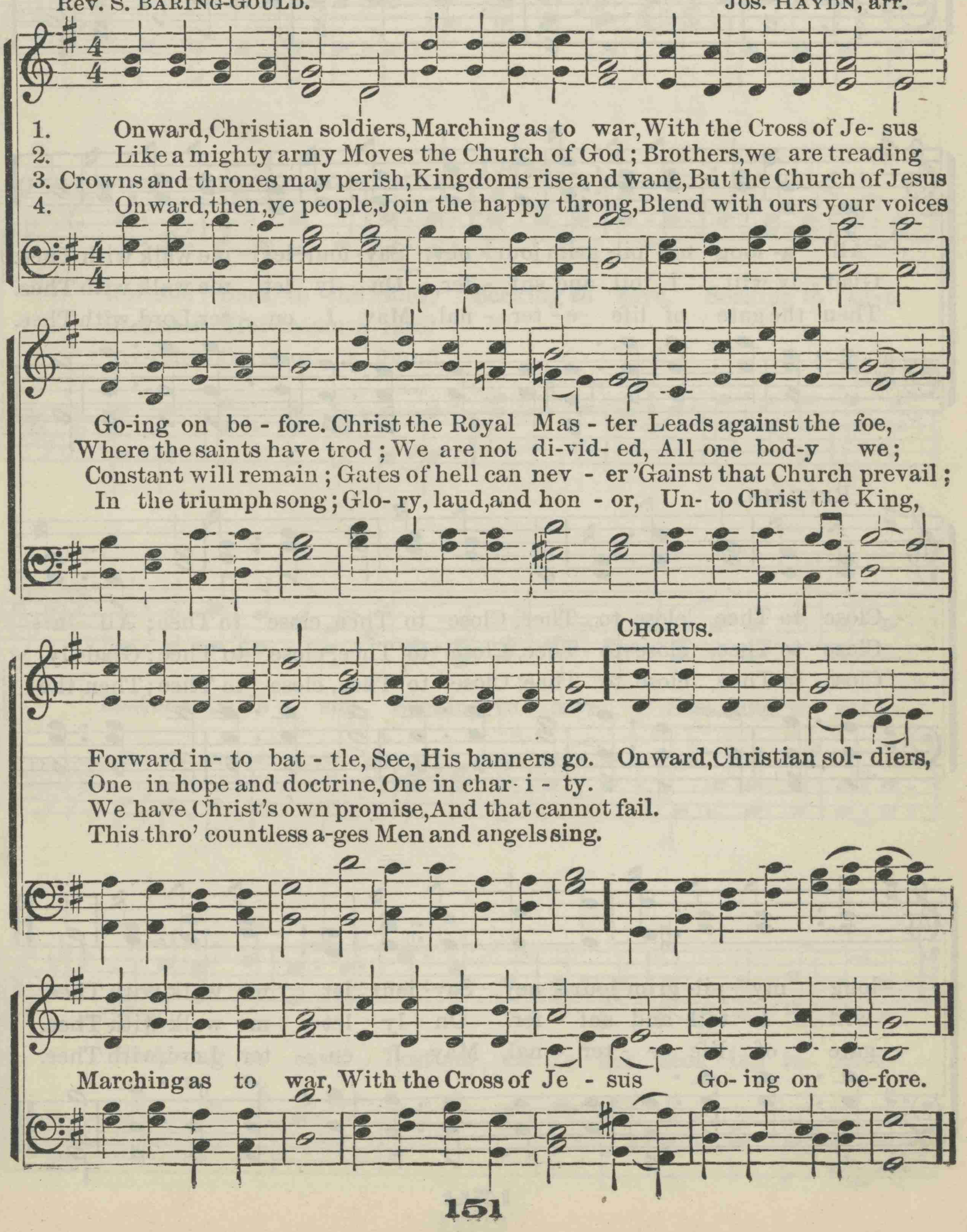
4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

—o—

No. 175. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

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

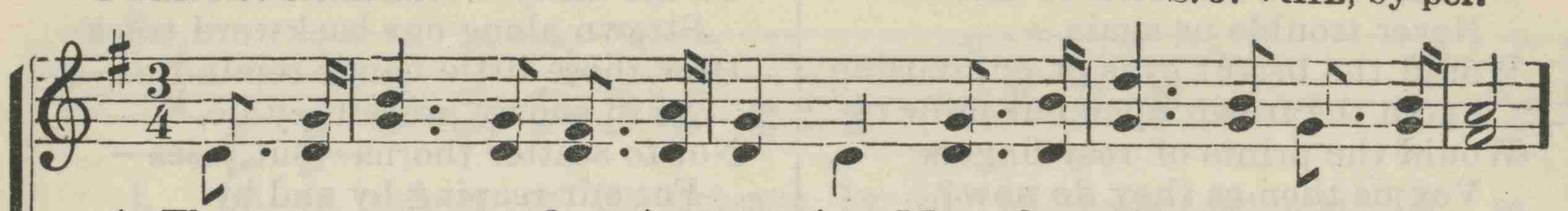
Rev. S. BARING-GOULD. JOS. HAYDN, arr.



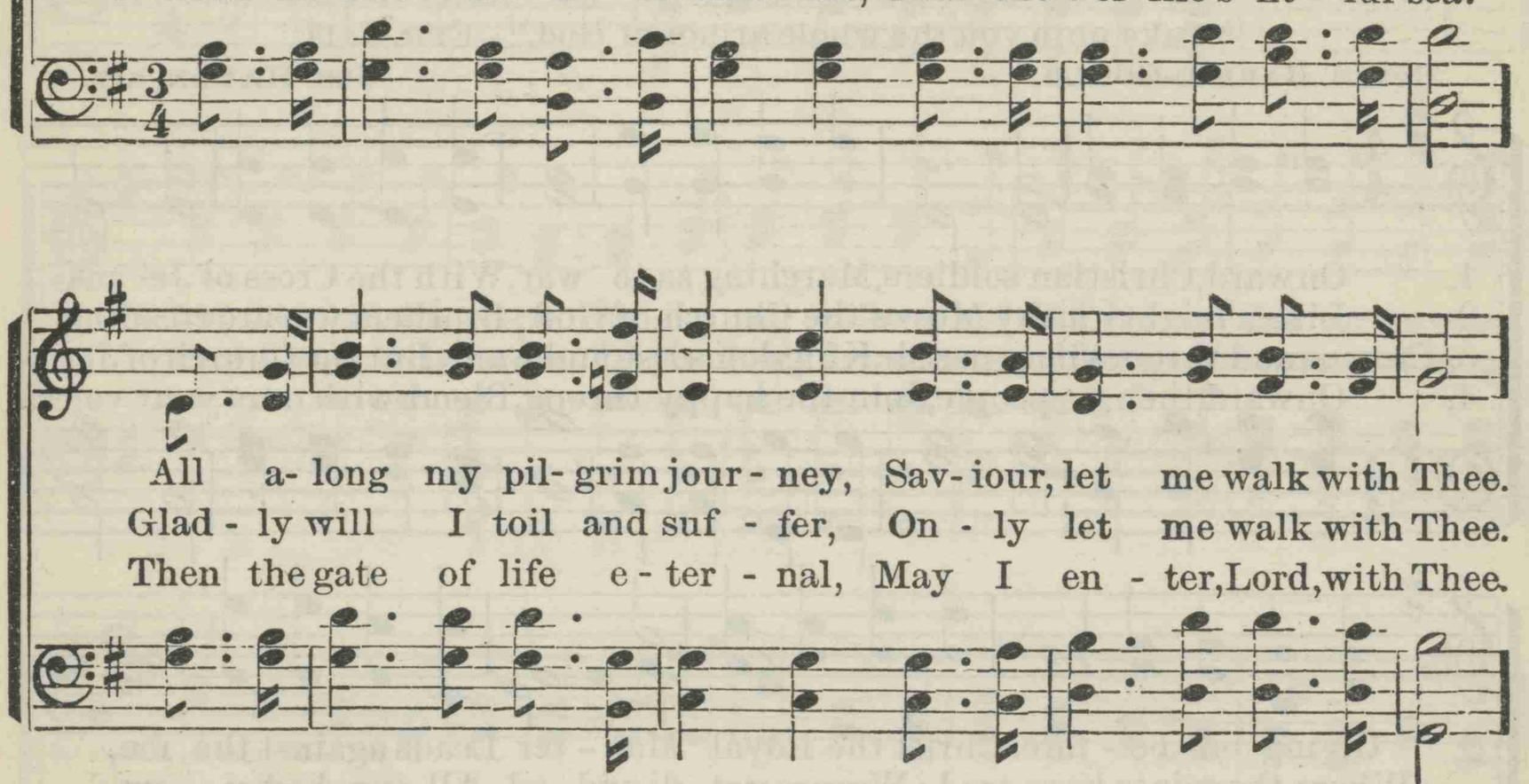
No. 176. Close to Thee.

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

FANNY J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL, by per.

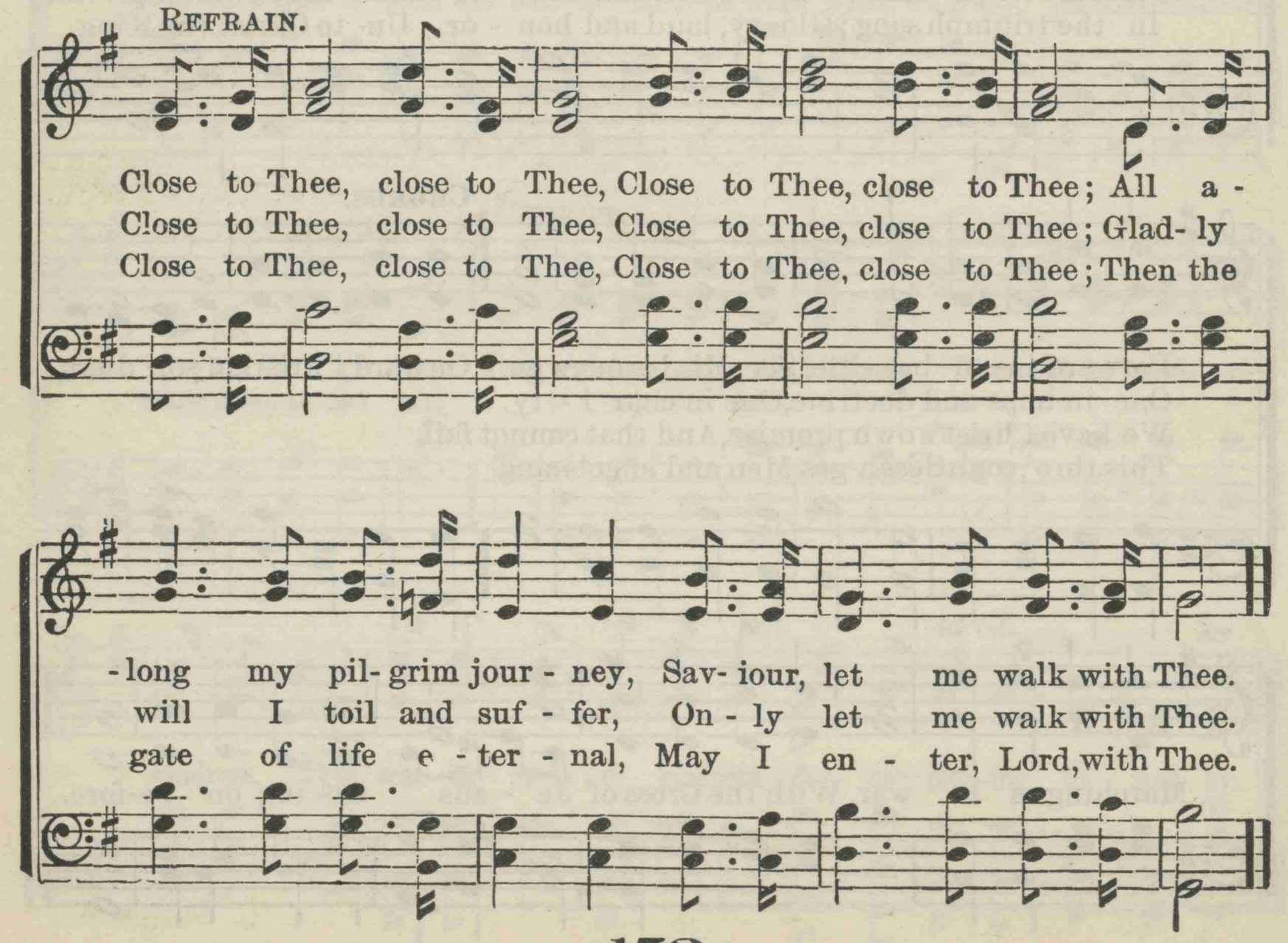


1. Thou my ev - ev- last- ing por- tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world- ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad- ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea:



All a- long my pil- grim jour - ney, Sav- iour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN.

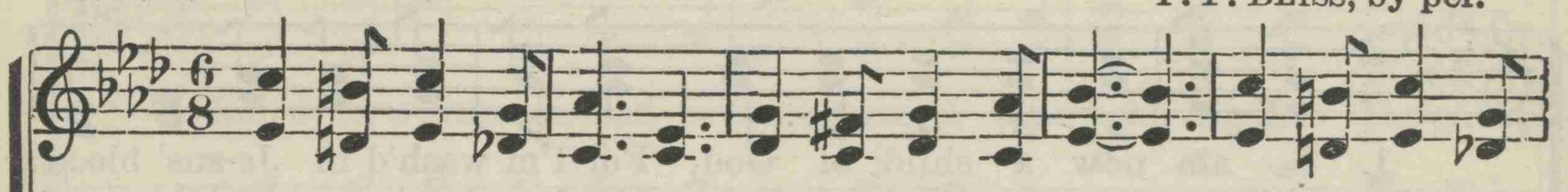


Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; All a - long my pil- grim jour - ney, Sav- iour, let me walk with Thee.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Glad- ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

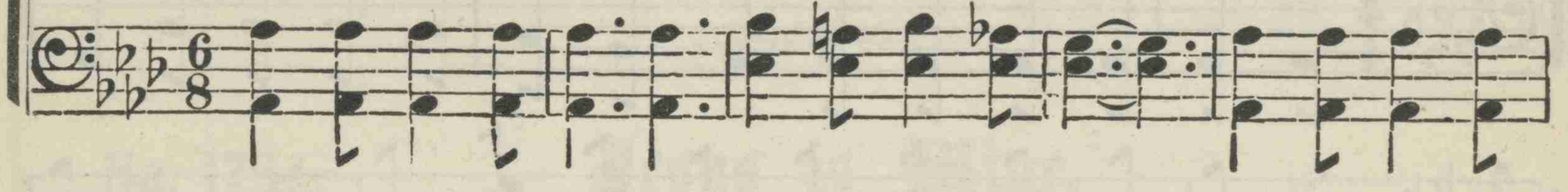
No. 177. Seeking to Save.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19: 10.

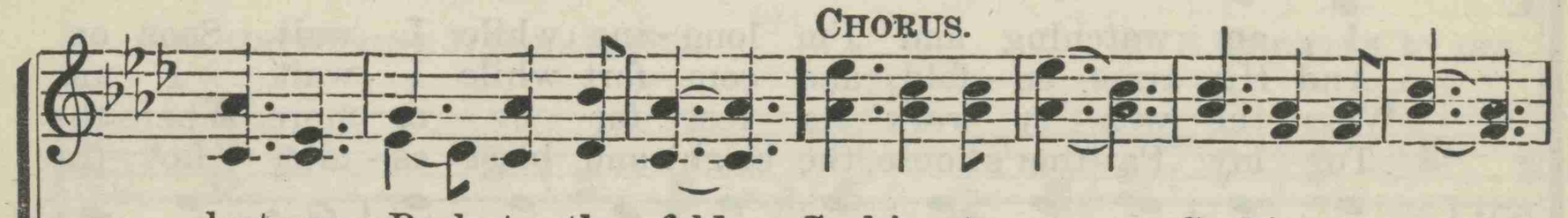
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.



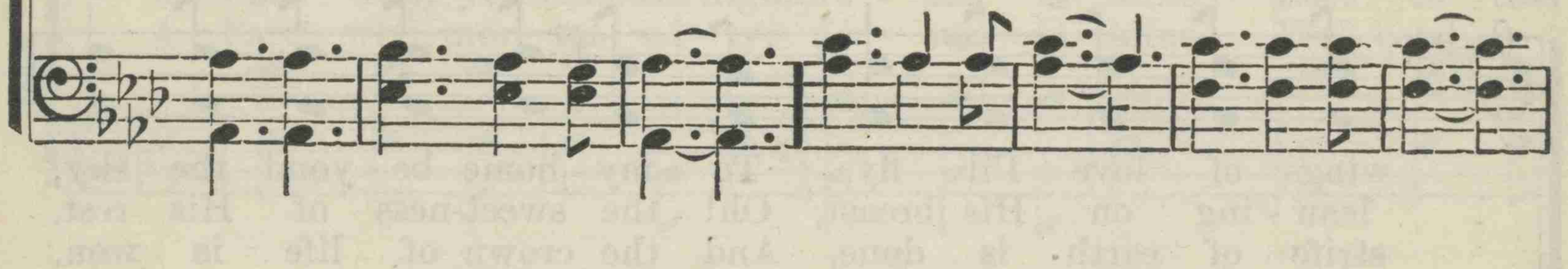
1. Ten - der-ly the Shepherd, O'er the mountains cold, Goes to bring his
2. Pa- tient-ly the own - er Seeks with earnest care, In the dust and
3. Lov-ing - ly the Fath-er Sends the news a - round: "He once dead now

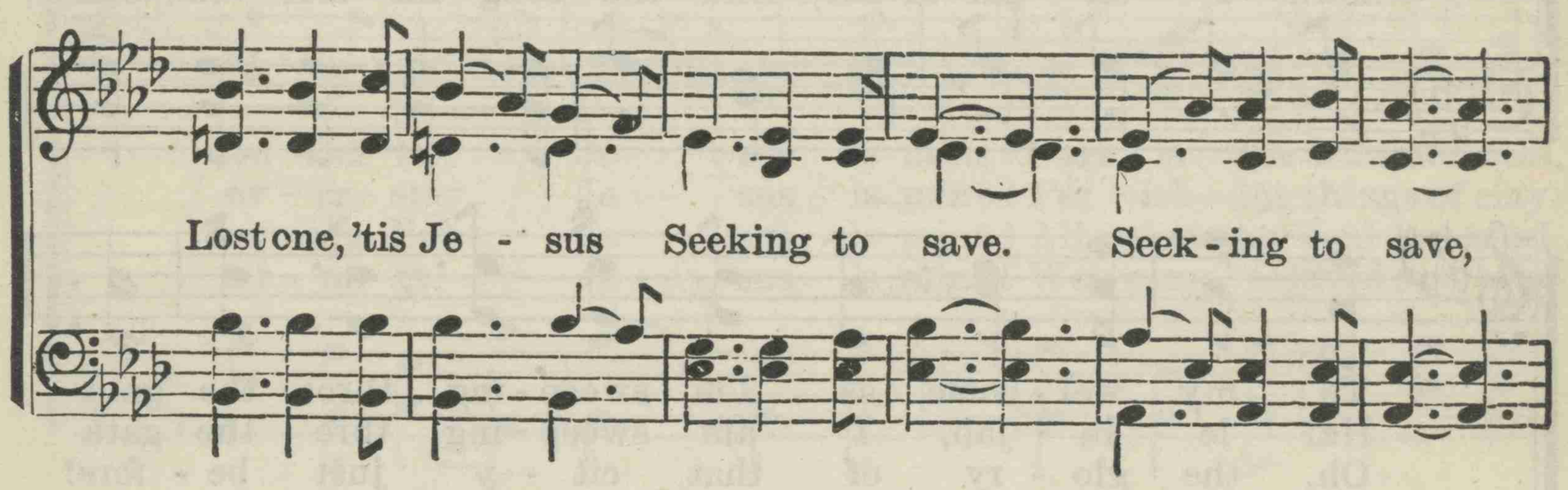


CHORUS.

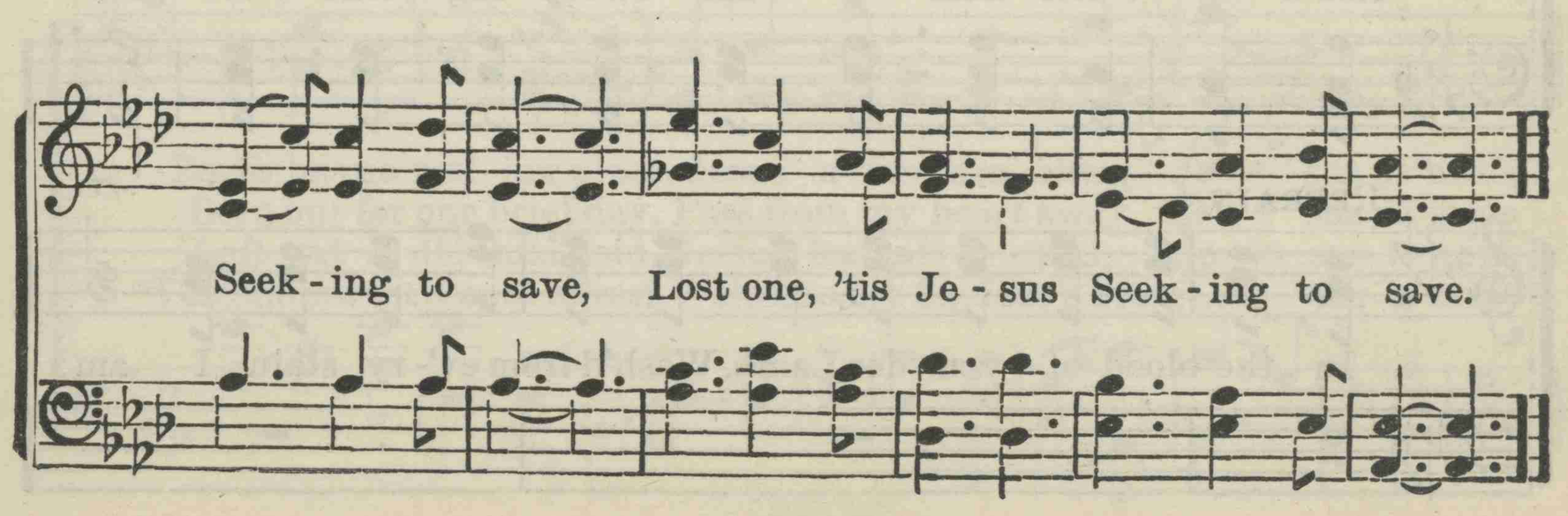


lost one Back to the fold. Seeking to save, Seeking to save,
darkness Her treasure rare.
liv-eth— Once lost is found.





Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seeking to save. Seek - ing to save,



Seek - ing to save, Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek - ing to save.

No. 178. I am Sweeping thro' the Gate.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day."—Rev. 21 : 25.

Rev. John Parker. Philip Phillips, by per.

1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je-sus' blood;
2. Oh! the bless-ed Lord of light, He up-holds me by His might:
3. I am sweeping thro' the gate Where the bless-ed for me wait:
4. Burst are all my pris-on bars, And I soar be-yond the stars;

I am watching and I'm long-ing while I wait. Soon on
And His arms en-fold, and com-fort while I wait. I am
Where the wea-ry work-ers rest for-ev-er-more. Where the
To my Fa-ther's house, the bright and blest es-tate. Lo! the

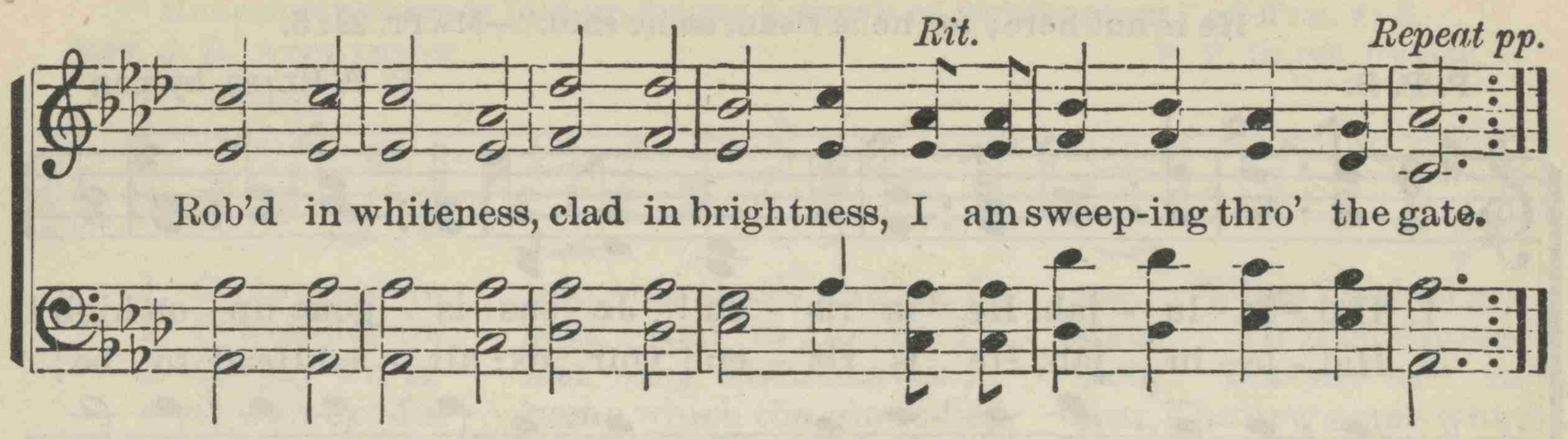
wings of love I'll fly, To my home be-yond the sky,
lean-ing on His breast, Oh! the sweet-ness of His rest,
strife of earth is done, And the crown of life is won,
morn e-ter-nal breaks, And the song im-mor-tal wakes,

To my wel-come, as I'm sweep-ing thro' the gate.
Hal-le-lu-jah, I am sweep-ing thro' the gate.
Oh, the glo-ry of that cit-y just be-fore!
Rob'd in white-ness I am sweep-ing thro' the gate.

Refrain.

In the blood of yon-der Lamb, Wash'd from ev'-ry stain I am;

I am Sweeping through the Gate. —Concluded.

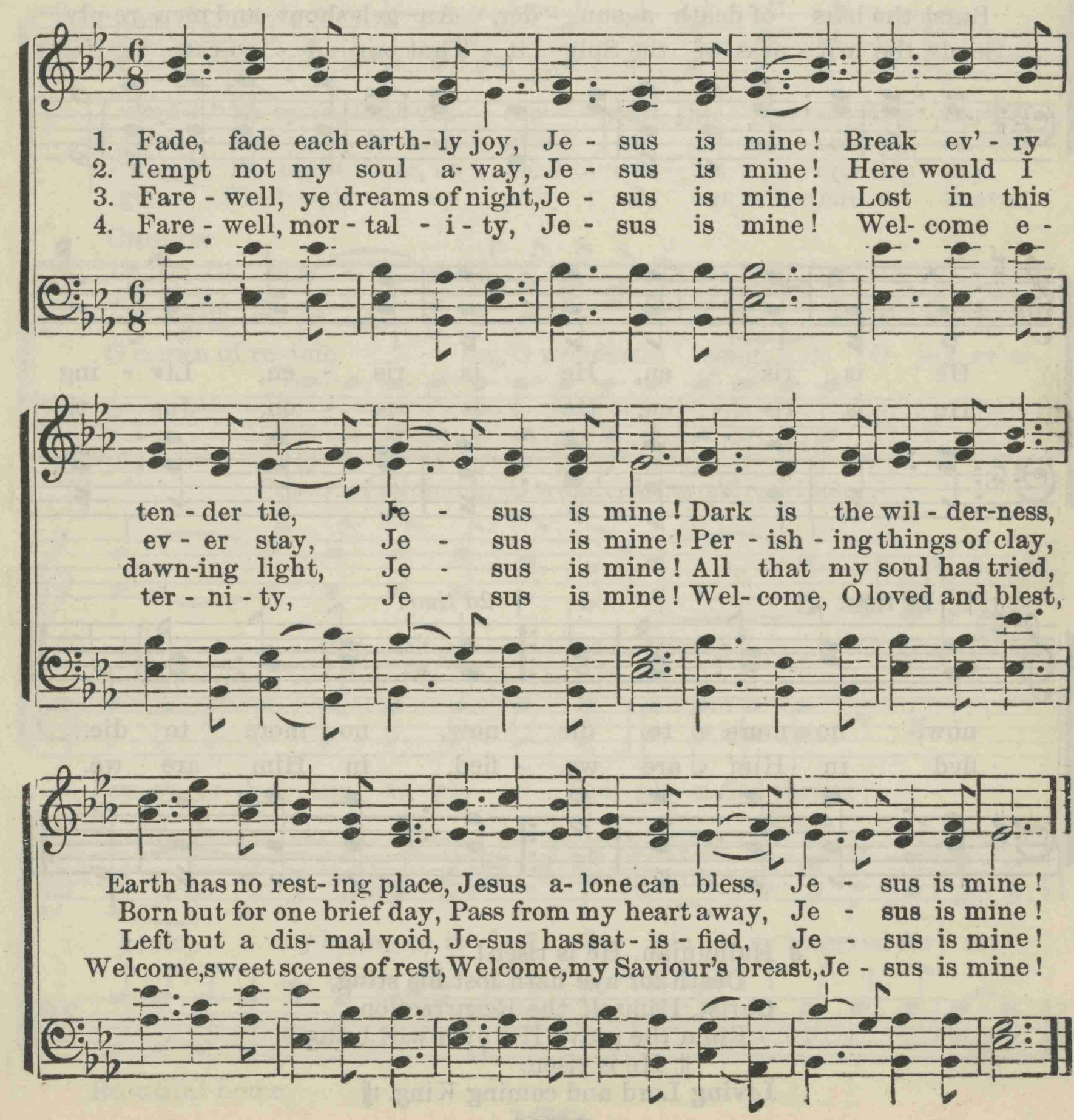


—o—

No. 179. Jesus is Mine.

"My beloved is mine."—SONG OF SOLOMON 2: 16.

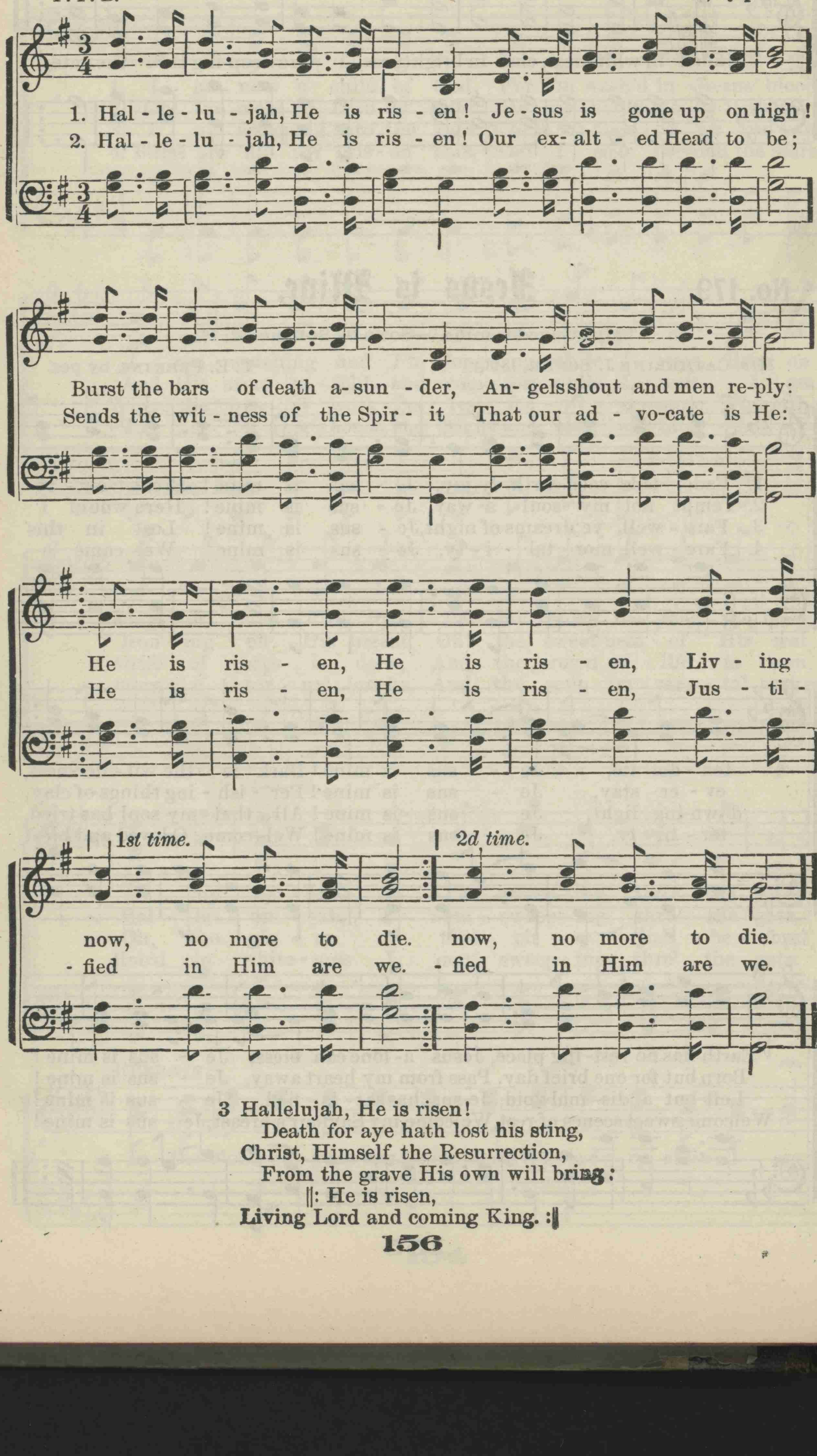
Mrs. CATHERINE J. BONAR, 1843. T. E. PERKINS, by per.



No. 180. Hallelujah, He is Risen!

"He is not here; for he is risen, as he said."—MATT. 23:6.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.



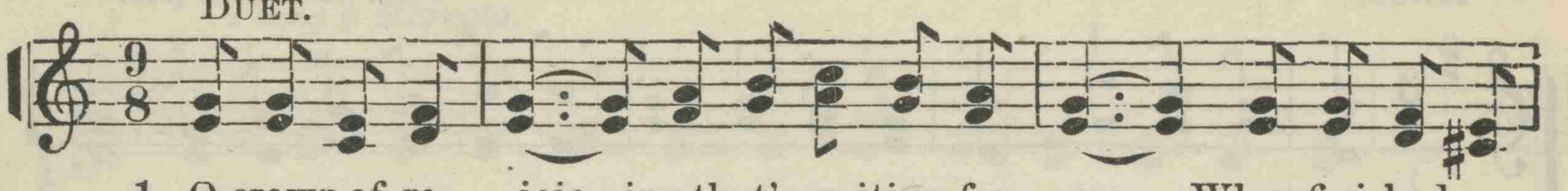
3 Hallelujah, He is risen!
Death for aye hath lost his sting,
Christ, Himself the Resurrection,
From the grave His own will bring:
‖: He is risen,
Living Lord and coming King. :‖

No. 181. O Crown of Rejoicing.

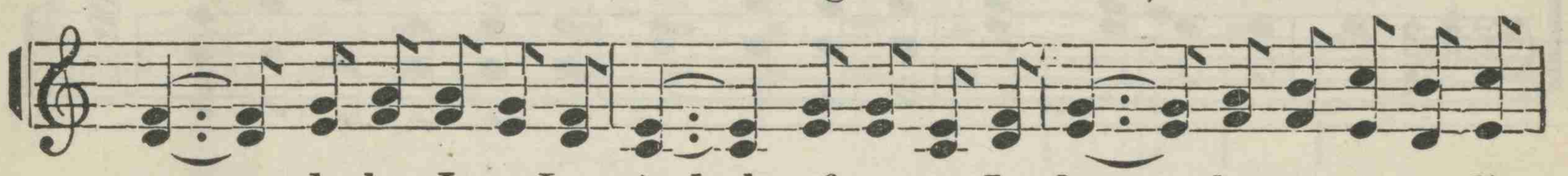
"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousess."—2 TIM. 4: 8.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

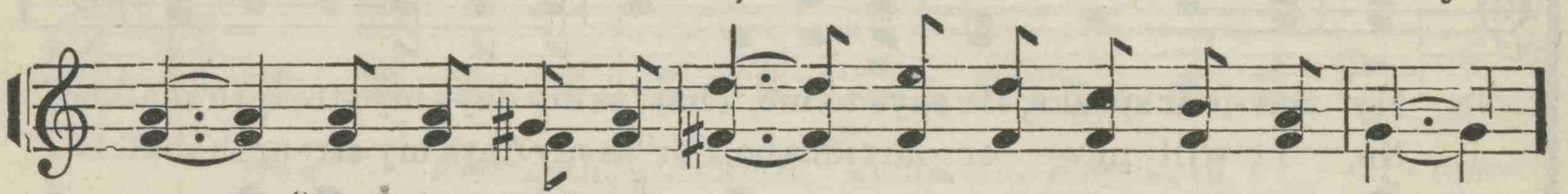
DUET.



1. O crown of re - joic - ing that's waiting for me, When finished my
2. O won-der-ful song that in glo - ry I'll sing, To Him who re-
3. O joy ev- er - last - ing when heaven is won, For- ev- er in
4. O won-der-ful name which the glo-ri-fied bear, The new name which

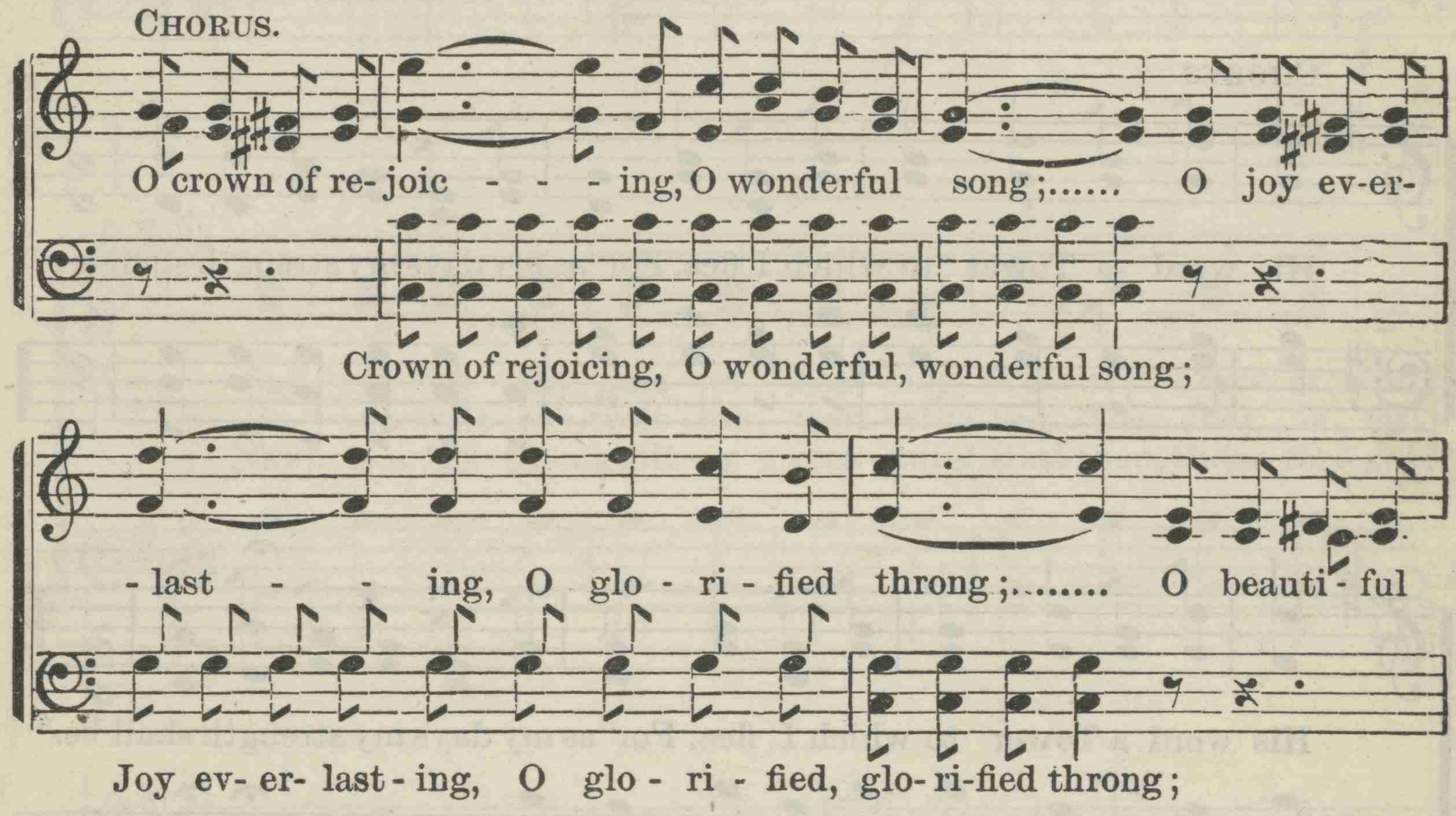


course, and when Jesus I see, And when from my Lord comes the sweet sounding
- deemed me to Jesus my King; All glo-ry and hon - or to Him shall be
glo - ry to shine as the sun; No sorrow nor sighing—these all flee a-
Je - sus-bestows on us there; To him that o'er-com- eth 'twill on-ly be

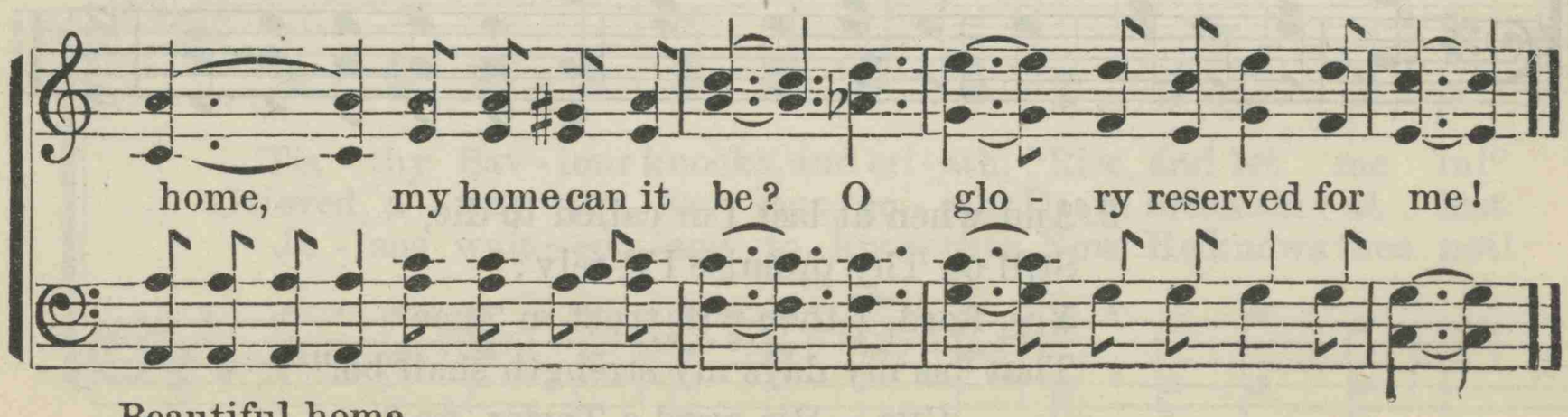


word: "Re-ceive, faith-ful ser - - vant, the joy of thy Lord."
given, And prais- es un - ceas - ing for- ev- er in heaven.
- way, No night there, no shad - ows—'tis one end-less day.
given, Blest sign of ap - prov - al, our wel-come to heaven.

CHORUS.



O crown of re- joic - - - ing, O wonderful song;..... O joy ev-er-
Crown of rejoicing, O wonderful, wonderful song;
- last - - ing, O glo - ri - fied throng;..... O beauti - ful
Joy ev- er- last - ing, O glo - ri - fied, glo- ri-fied throng;

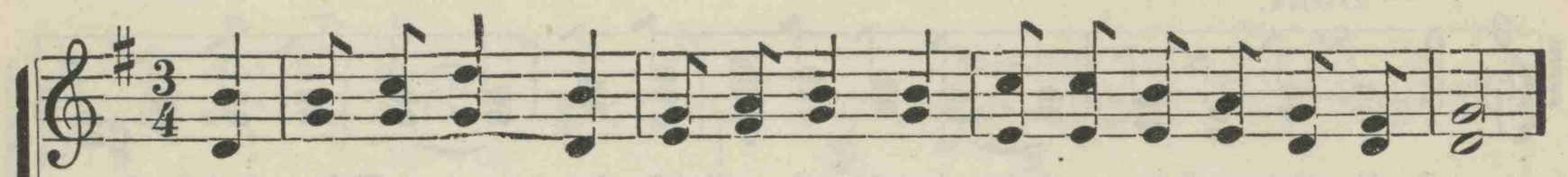


home, my home can it be? O glo - ry reserved for me!
Beautiful home,

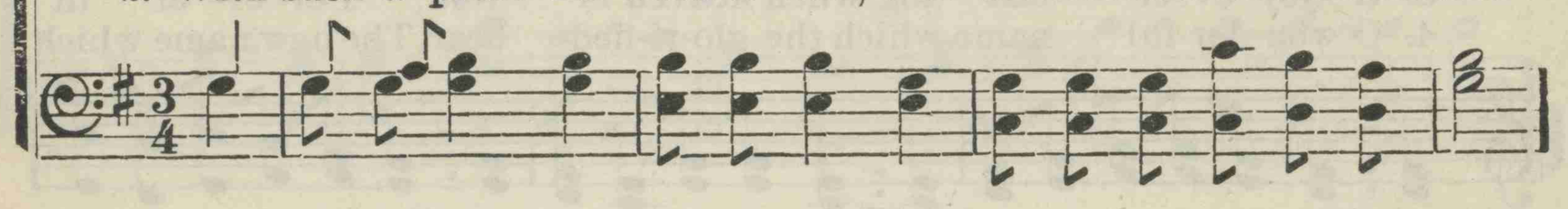
No. 182. His Word a Tower.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be?"—DEUT. 33 : 25.

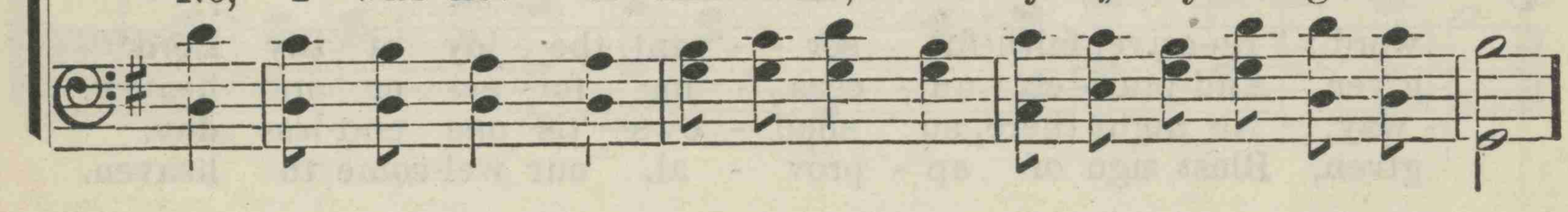
ANON. P. P. BLISS, by per.



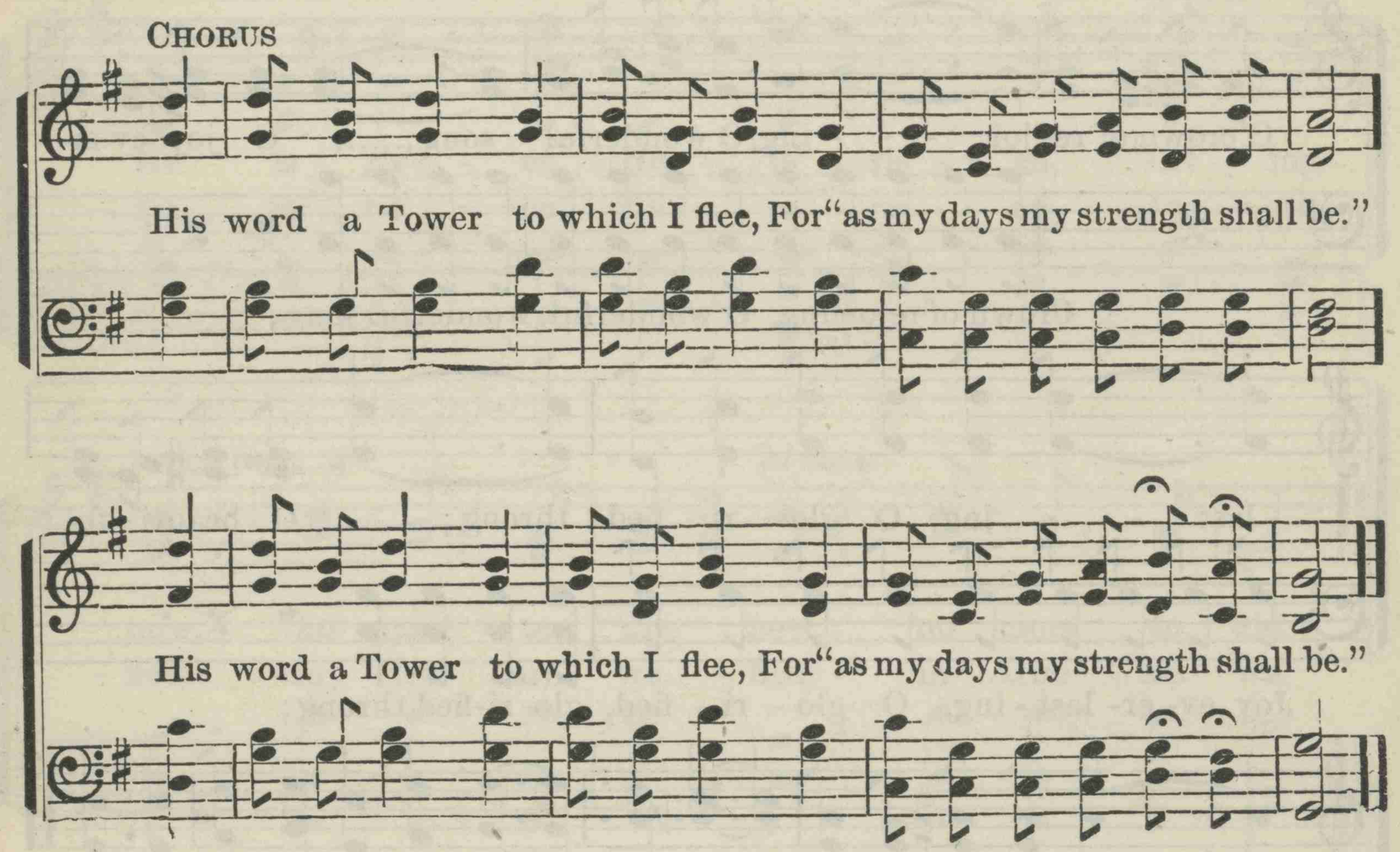
1. While foes are strong and danger near, A voice falls gently on my ear:
2. With such a prom- ise need I fear, For all that now I hold most dear?



My Sav-iour speaks, He says to me, That "as my days my strength shall be."
No, I will nev - er anxious be, For "as my days my strength shall be."



CHORUS



His word a Tower to which I flee, For "as my days my strength shall be."

His word a Tower to which I flee, For "as my days my strength shall be."

3 And when at last I'm called to die,
Still on Thy promise I'll rely;
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee,
That "as my days my strength shall be."

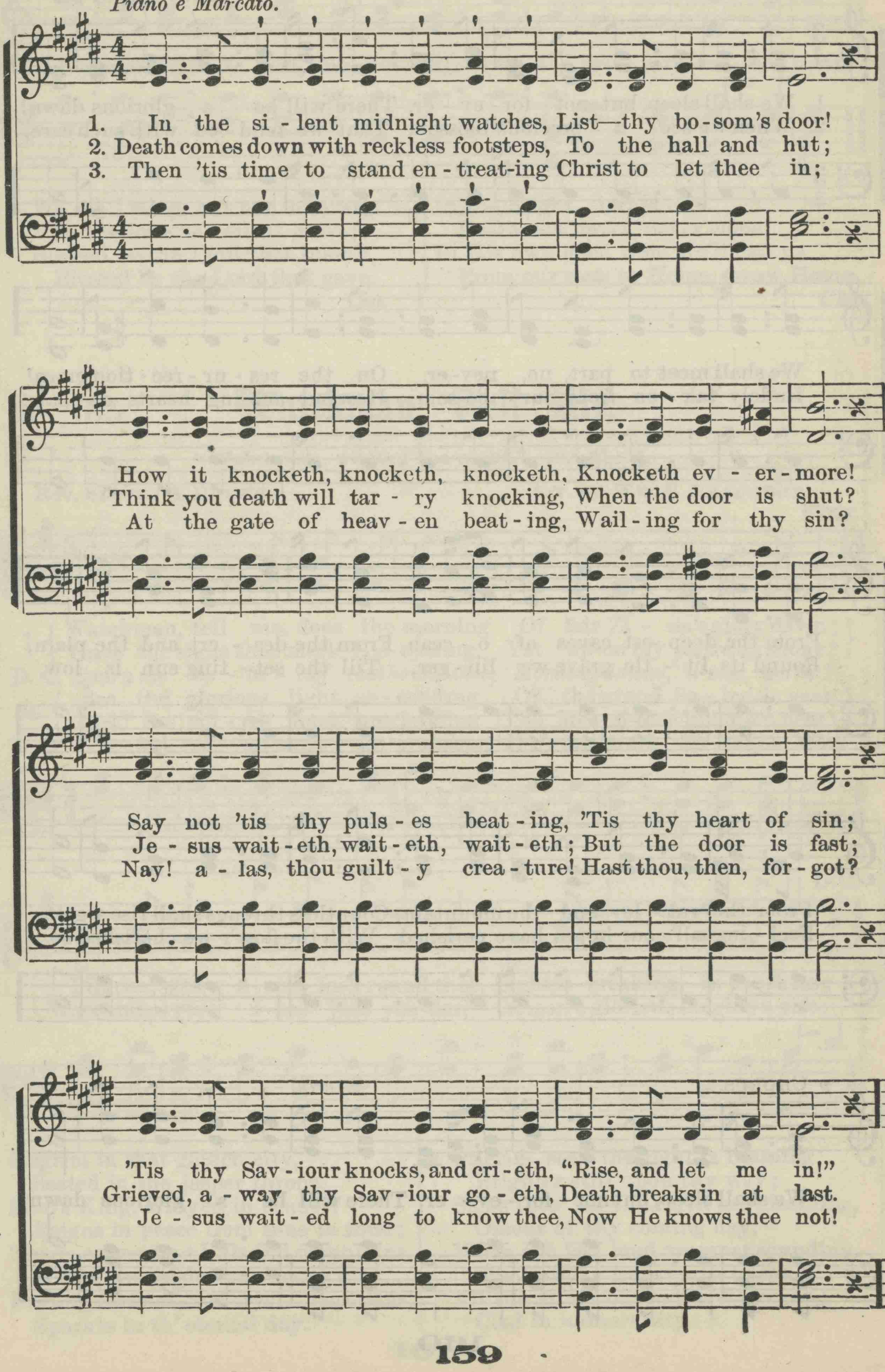
CHO.—His word a Tower, &c.

No. 183. In the Silent Midnight Watches.

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

Rev. A. C. Coxe, D. D. Geo. F. Root, by per.

Piano e Marcato.



No. 184. We shall Sleep, but not Forever.

"Sown in corruption....raised in incorruption."—1 Cor. 15: 42.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. S. J. Vail, by per

1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn!
2. When we see a precious blossom That we tend - ed with such care,

We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn!
Rudely tak - en from our bo-som, How our ach-ing hearts de-spair!

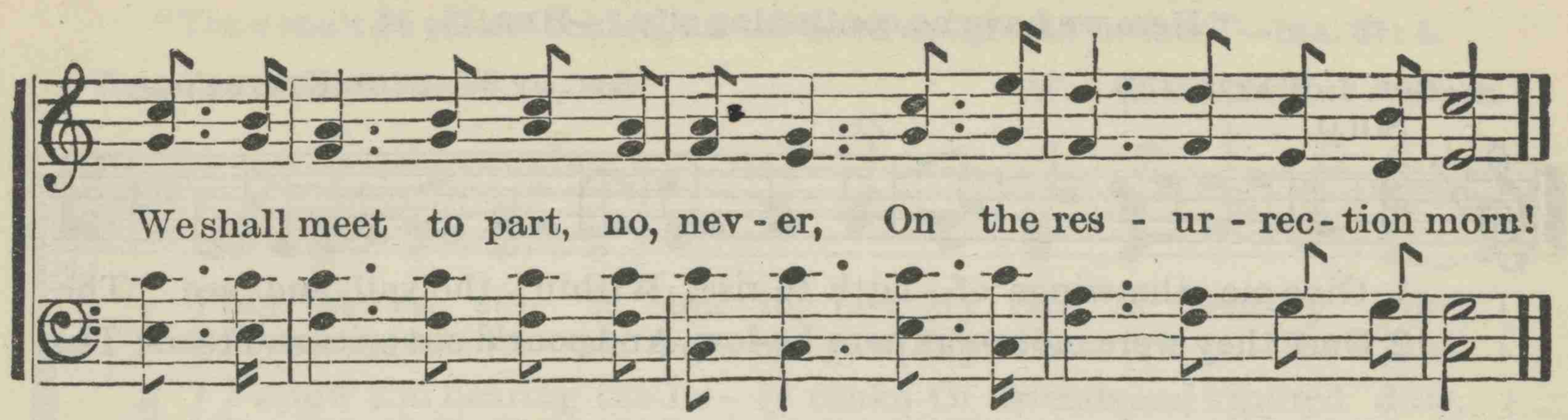
From the deep -est caves of o - cean, From the des - ert and the plain,
Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger, Till the set - ting sun is low,

From the val - ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise a-gain.
Feel - ing all our hopes have perished With the flow'r we cherished so.

p Chorus. *cres.*

We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn;

We shall Sleep.—Concluded.



3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
Cho.

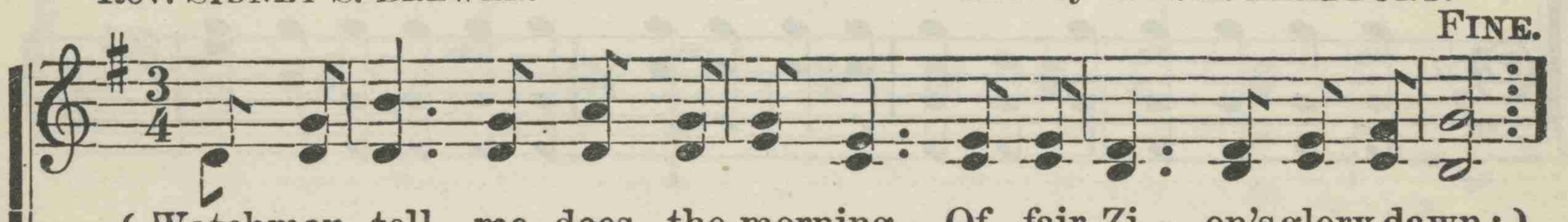
In the bright, eternal city
Death can never, never come!
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest, to Home, sweet Home.
Cho.

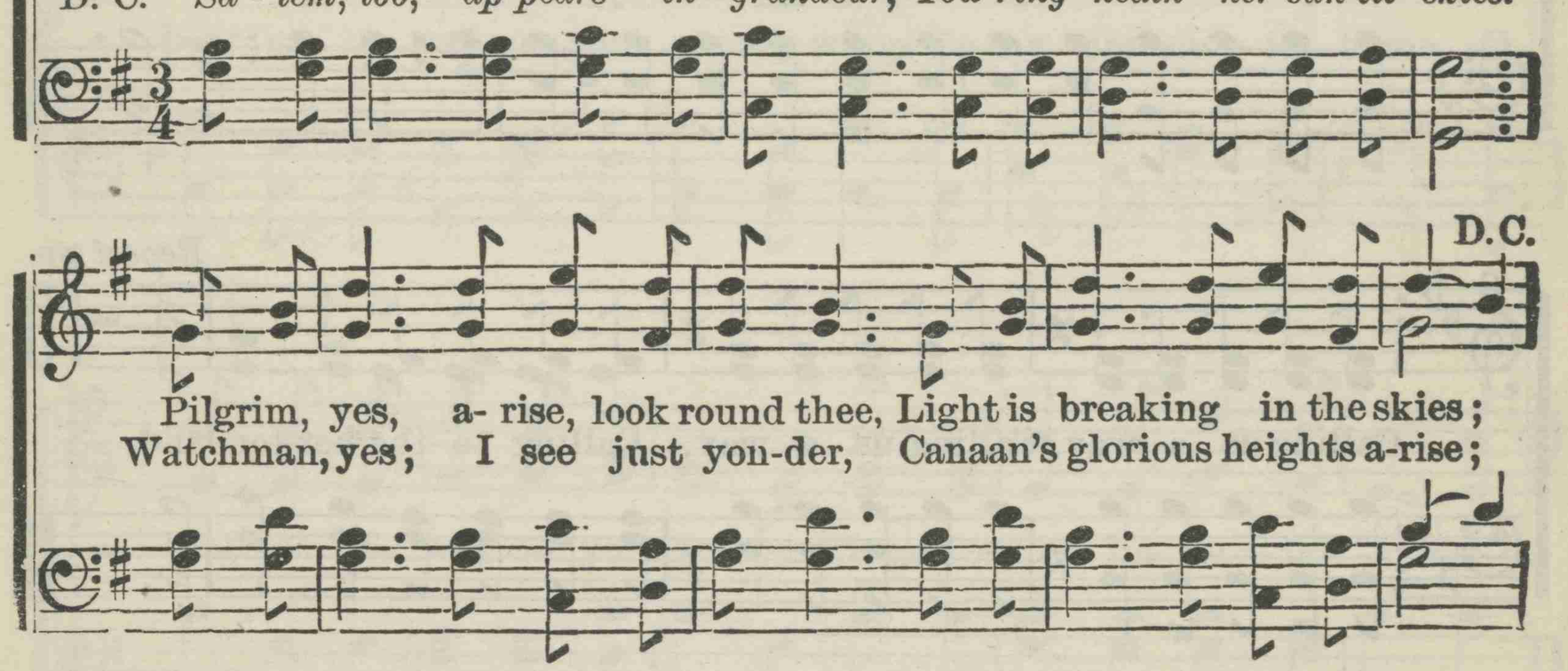
No. 185. Watchman, Tell Me.

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

Rev. SIDNEY S. BREWER. Arr. by WM. B. BRADBURY.

FINE.





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 th' eternal day.

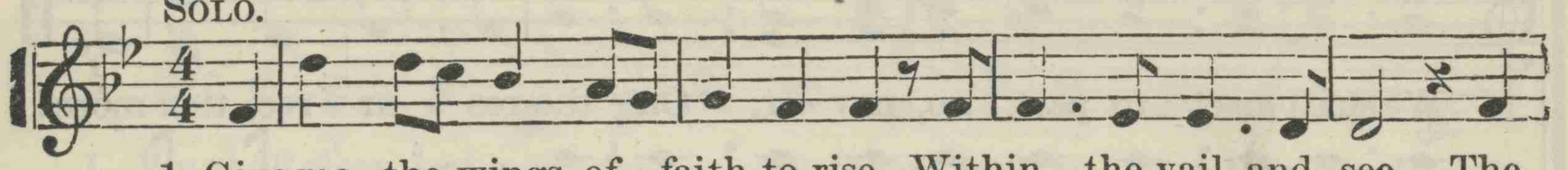
4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of thy coming day,
When the last loud trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from earth to sea,
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

No. 186. Give me the Wings of Faith.

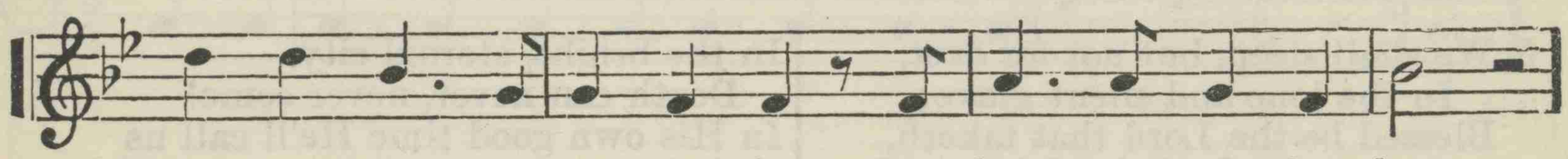
"Here we have no continuing city."--HEB. 13: 14.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709. Arr. by WALTER KITTREDGE.

SOLO.

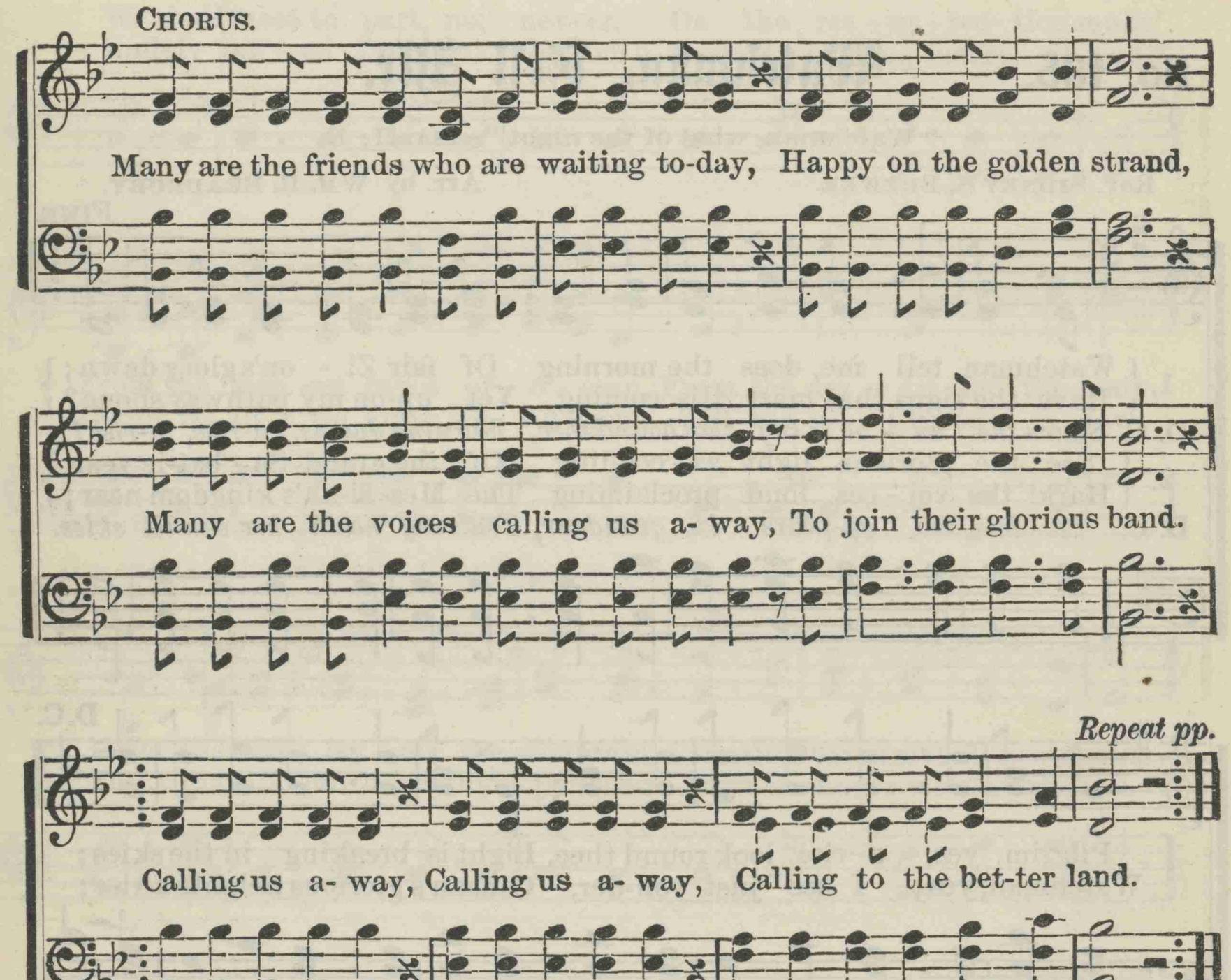


1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, Within the vail, and see The
2. Once they were mourners here be-low, And pour'd out cries and tears; They



saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be.
wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

CHORUS.



Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand,

Many are the voices calling us a- way, To join their glorious band.

Repeat pp.

Calling us a- way, Calling us a- way, Calling to the bet-ter land.

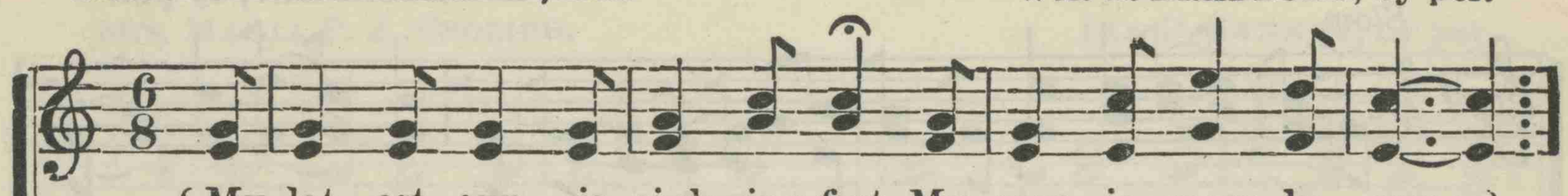
3.

I asked them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
Cho.—Many are the friends, &c.

No. 187. The Land of Beulah.

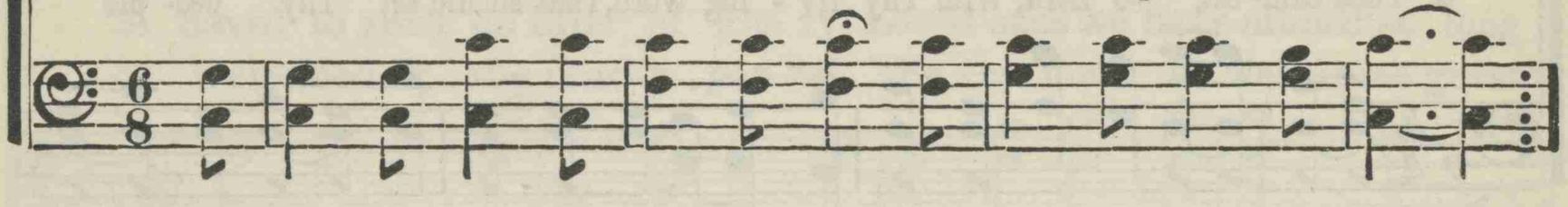
"Thou shalt be called Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee."—ISA. 62: 4.

Rev. JEFFERSON HASCALL, 1860. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

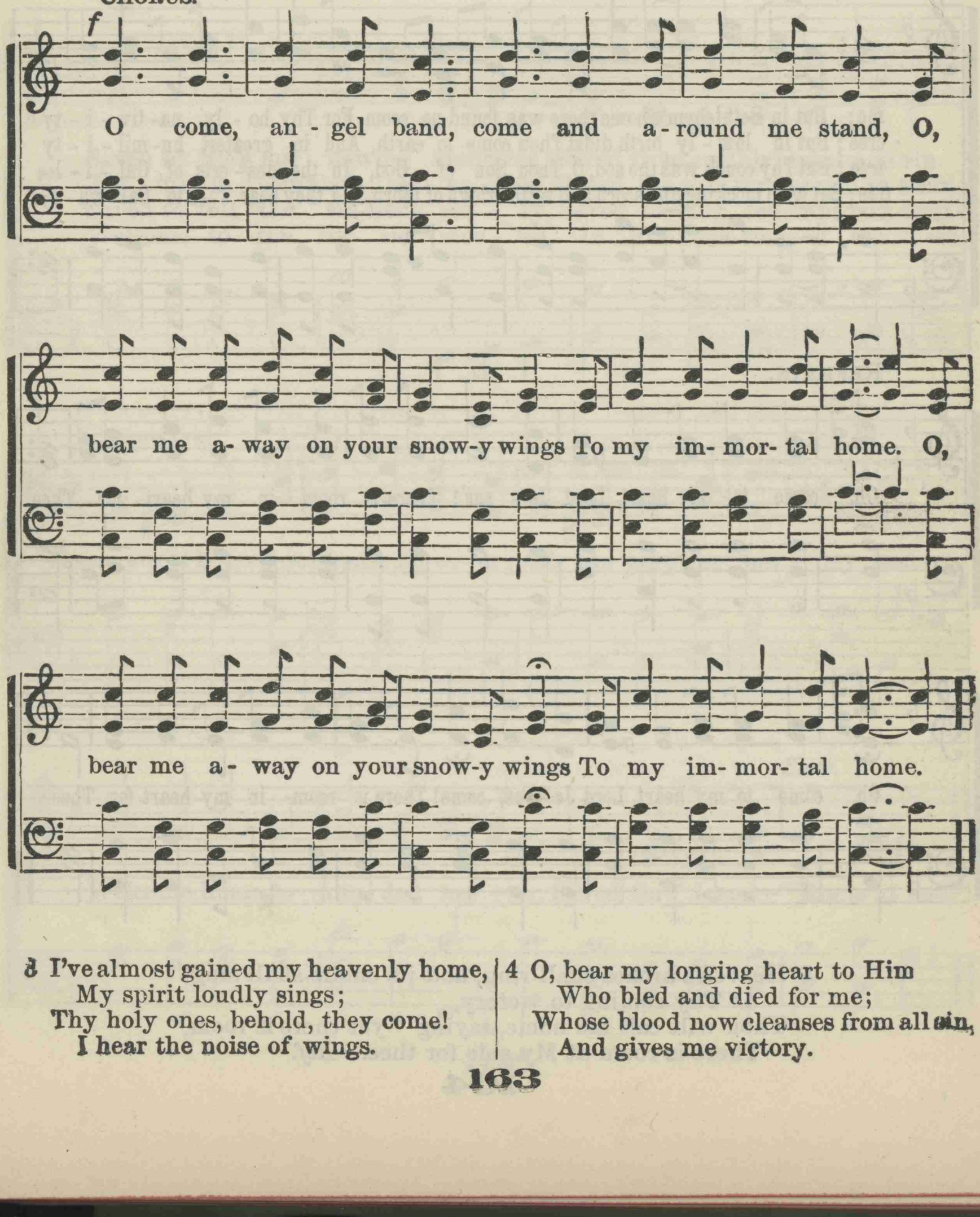


1. My lat-est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near-ly run;
   My strongest tri-als now are past, My tri-umph is be-gun.

2. I know I'm nearing the ho-ly ranks Of friends and kindred dear,
   For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near.



CHORUS.



3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
Thy holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

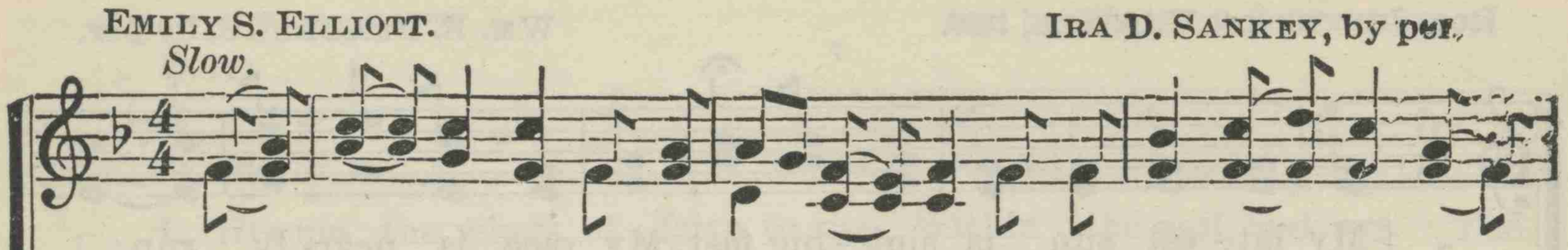
4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

No. 188. Room for Thee.

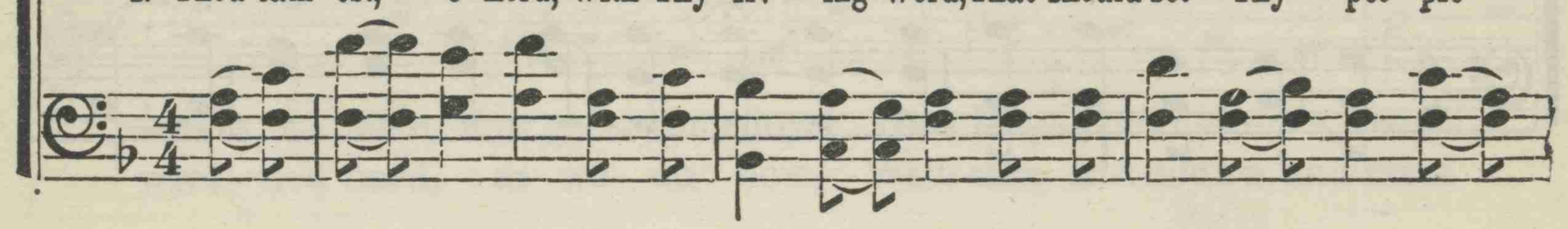
"There was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE 2: 7.

EMILY S. ELLIOTT. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

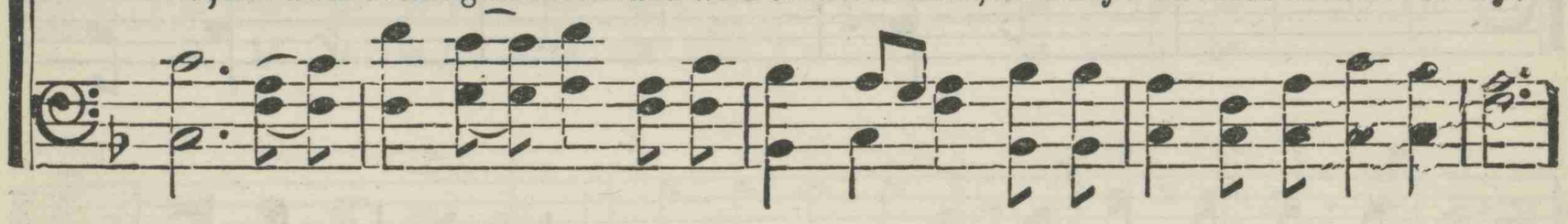
Slow.



1. Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou cam - est to earth for me;
2. Heav'ns arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Of Thy birth, and Thy roy - al de - cree;
3. Fox-es found their rest, and the birds had their nests, In the shade of the ce - dar tree;
4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with Thy liv - ing word, That should set Thy peo - ple free;



But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room, For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.
But in low - ly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in greatest hu - mil - i - ty.
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee.
But with mocking and scorn and with crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Cal - va - ry.



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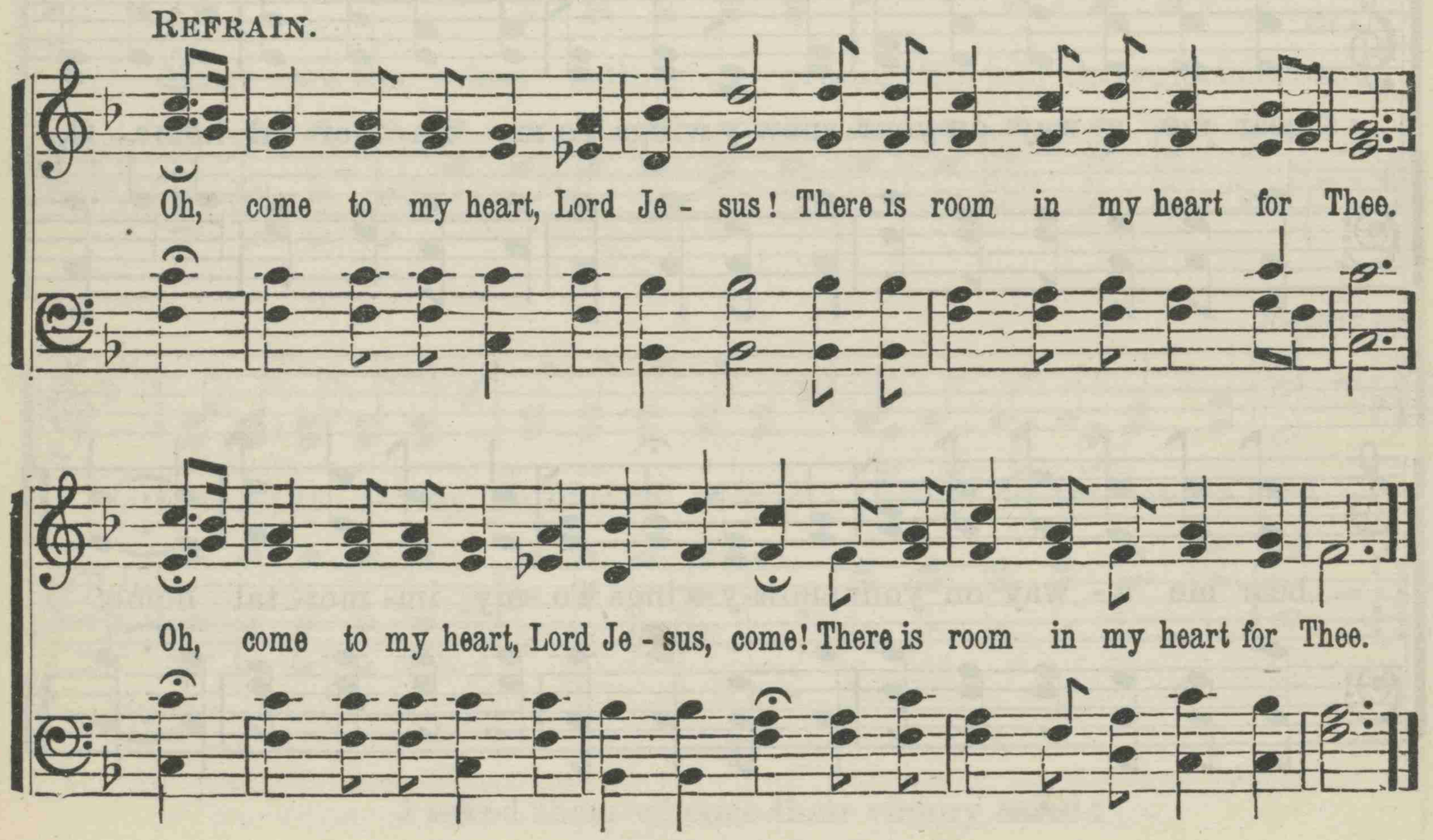


Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, come! There is room in my heart for Thee.

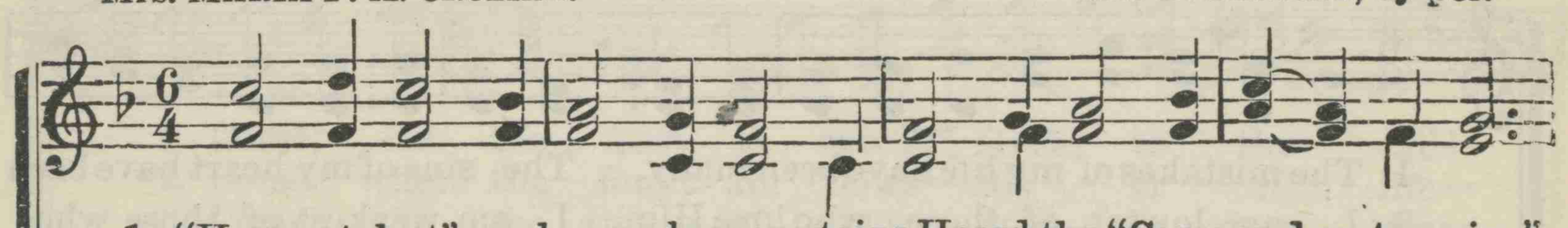
5 Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Thou wilt call me home, saying "yet there is room,"
There is room at My side for thee.—*Ref.*

No. 189. Home at Last.

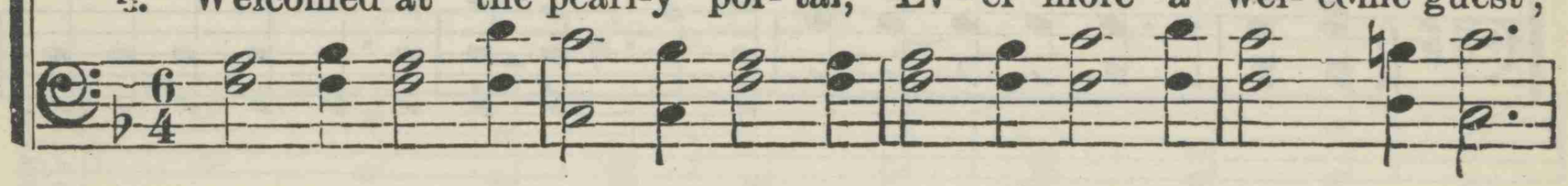
"In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14: 2

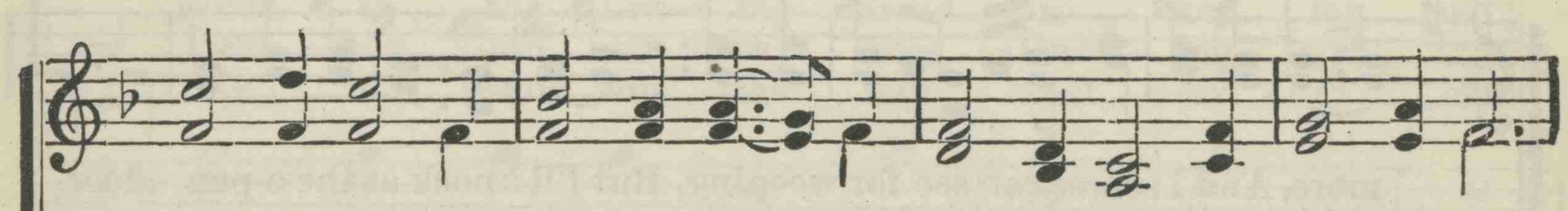
"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."—Rev. 21: 4.

Mrs. MARIA P. A. CROZIER. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

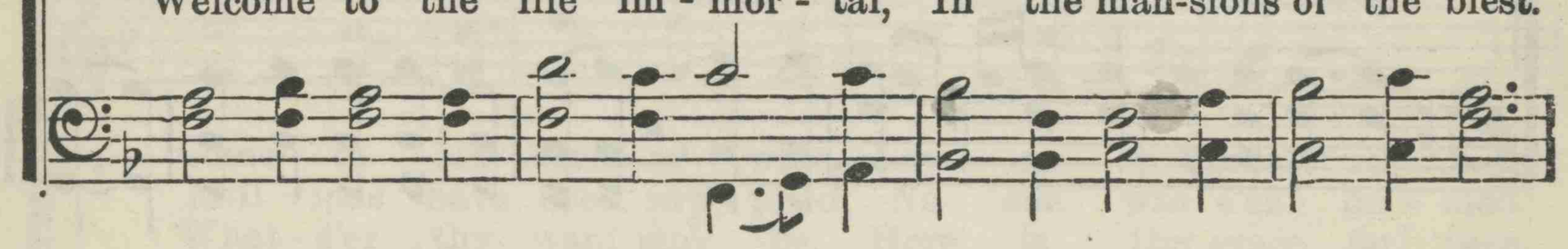


1. "Home at last" on heavenly mountains, Heard the "Come and en-ter in;"
2. Free at last from all tempta - tion, No more need of watch - ful care;
3. Saved to greet on hills of glo- ry Loved ones we have missed so long;
4. Welcomed at the pearl-y por- tal, Ev - er more a wel- come guest;





Saved by life's fair flowing fountains, Saved from earthly taint and sin.
Joy - ful in complete sal - va - tion, Given the vic- tor's crown to wear.
Saved to tell the sin-ner's sto - ry, Saved to sing redemption's song.
Welcome to the life im - mor - tal, In the man-sions of the blest.



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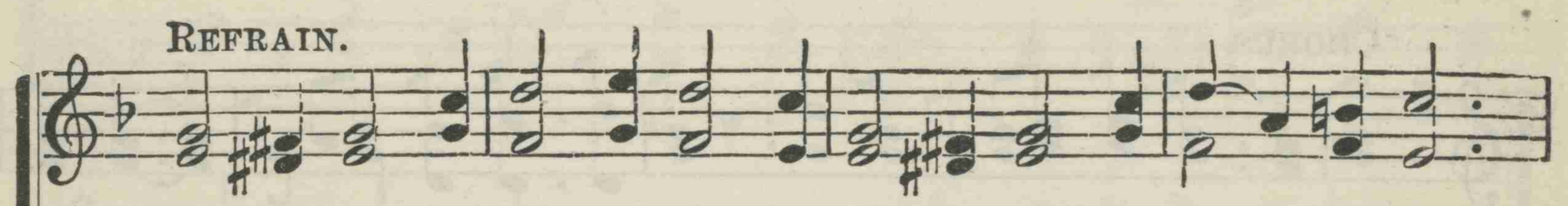
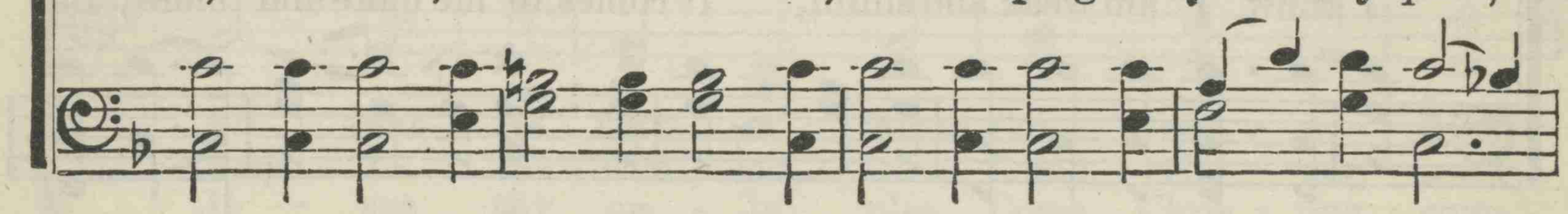
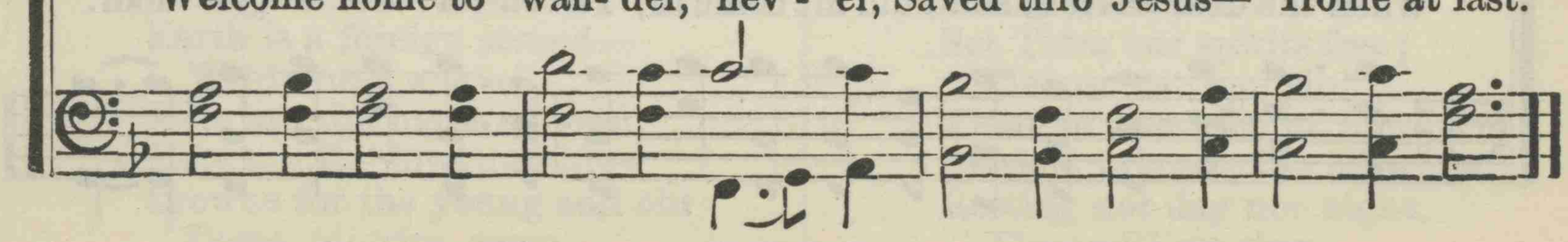


"Home, sweet home," our home for-ev- er; All the pil-grim- jour - ney past;



Slow.

Welcome home to wan- der, nev - er, Saved thro' Jesus—"Home at last."

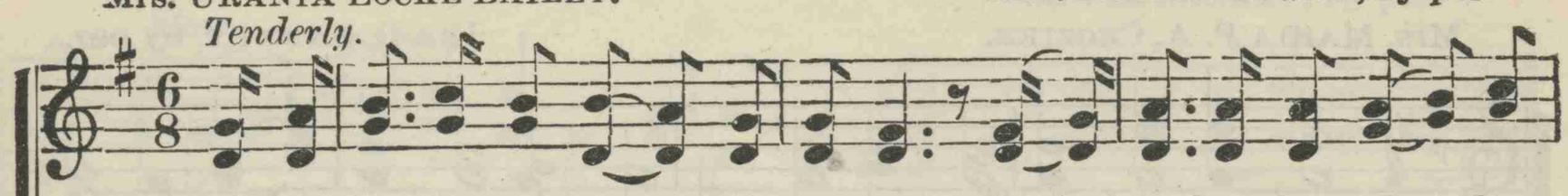


No. 190. The Mistakes of my Life.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—REV. 3: 8.

Mrs. URANIA LOCKE BAILEY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

Tenderly.



1. The mistakes of my life have been many, The sins of my heart have been more, And I scarce can see for weeping, But I'll knock at the o-pen door.
2. I am lowest of those who love Him, I am weakest of those who pray; But I come as He has bidden, And He will not say me nay.
3. My mistakes His free grace will cov- er, My sins He will wash a- way, And the feet that shrink and falter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.
4. The mistakes of my life have been many, And my spir-it is sick with sin, And I scarce can see for weeping, But the Saviour will let me in.

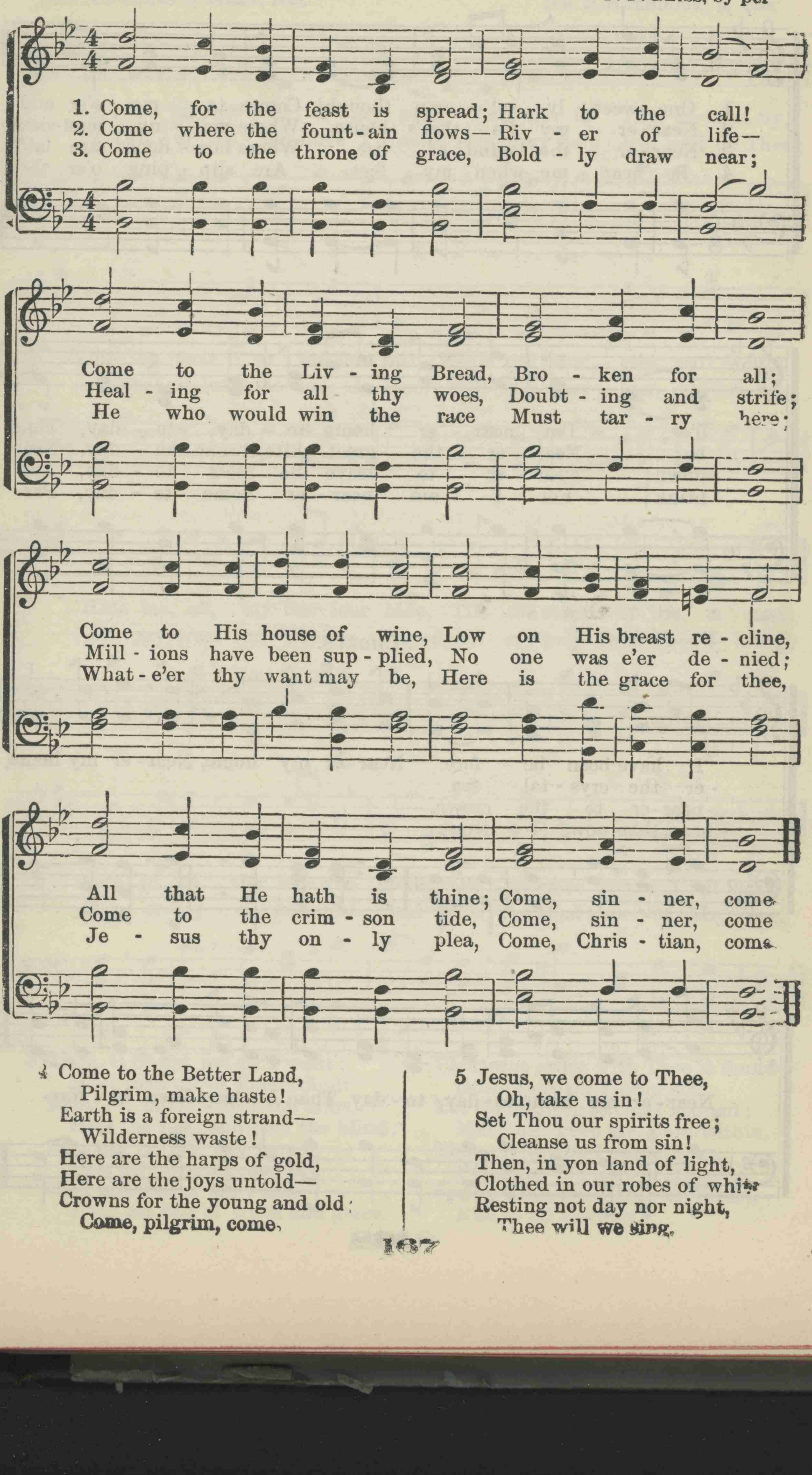
CHORUS.

I know I am weak and sinful, It comes to me more and more; But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll en-ter the o- pen door.

No. 191. Come; for the Feast is Spread.

"Come: for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14: 17.

Rev. HENRY BURTON. P. P. BLISS, by per



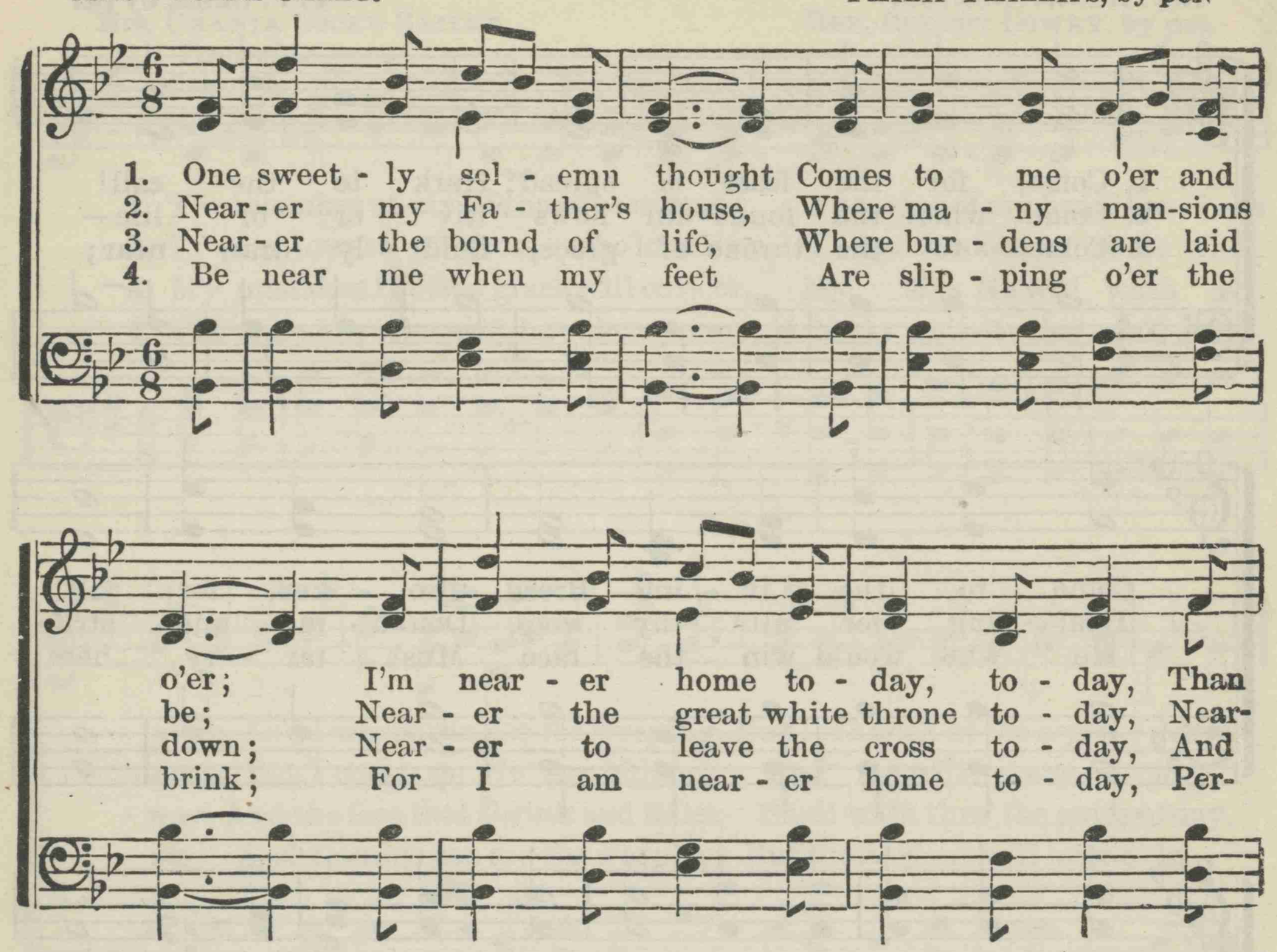
4 Come to the Better Land,
Pilgrim, make haste!
Earth is a foreign strand—
Wilderness waste!
Here are the harps of gold,
Here are the joys untold—
Crowns for the young and old:
Come, pilgrim, come.

5 Jesus, we come to Thee,
Oh, take us in!
Set Thou our spirits free;
Cleanse us from sin!
Then, in yon land of light,
Clothed in our robes of white
Resting not day nor night,
Thee will we sing.

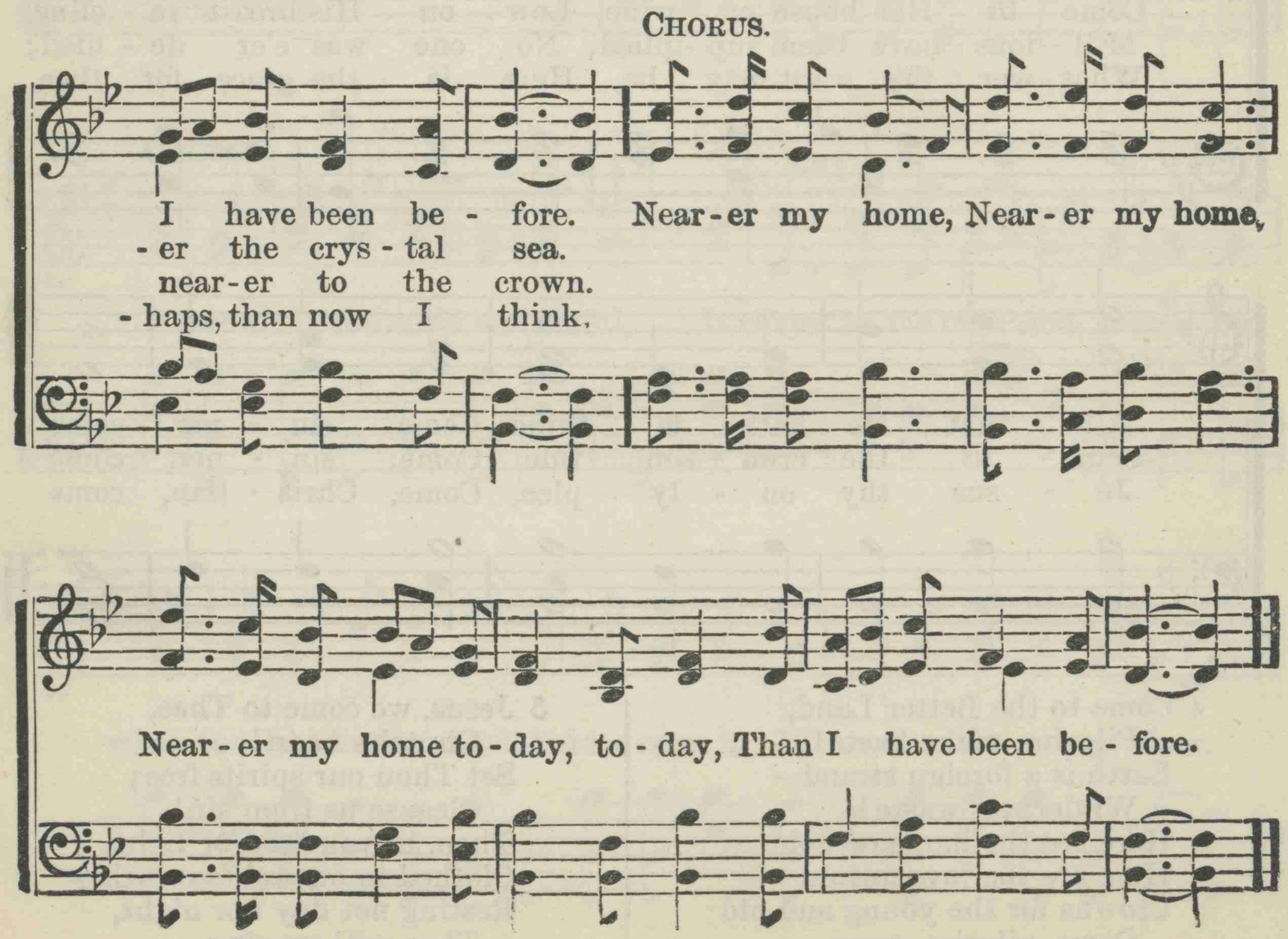
No. 192. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

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

Miss PHOEBE CAREY. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



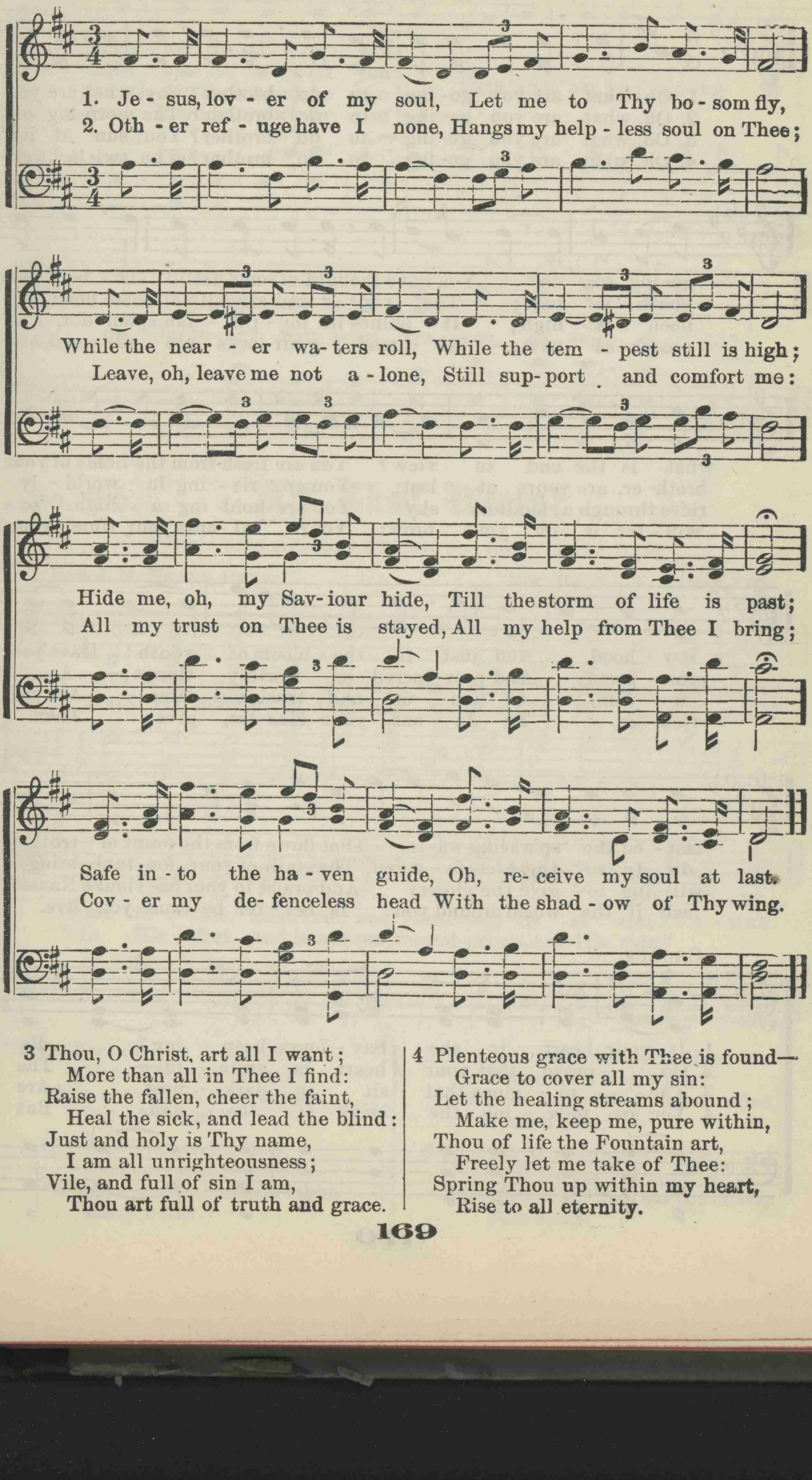
CHORUS.



No. 193. Refuge. 7s.

"The Lord also will be a refuge.....in times of trouble."—Ps. 9: 9.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740. Jos. P. HOLBROOK, by per.



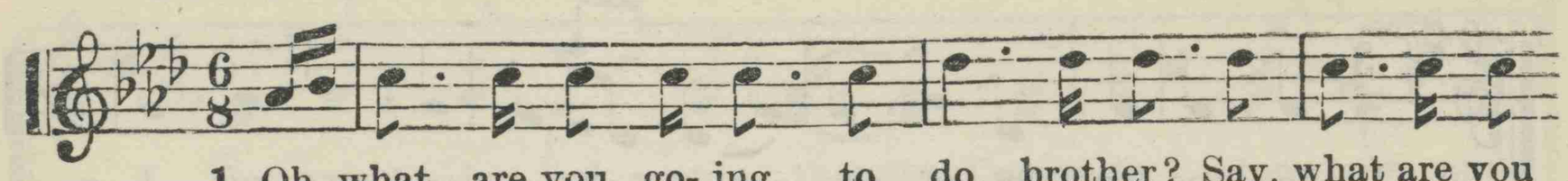
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

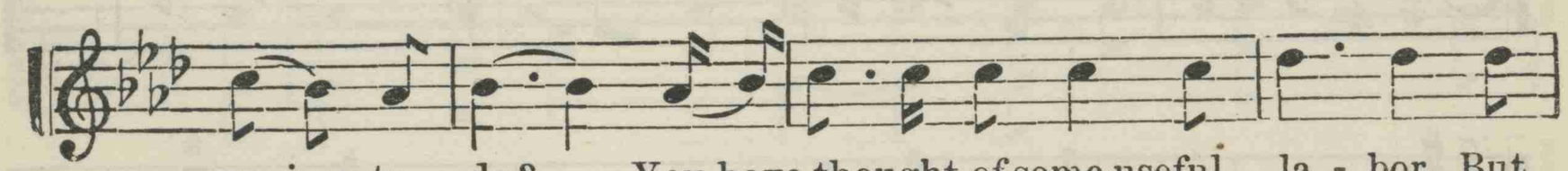
No. 194. Oh, what are You Going to Do?

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

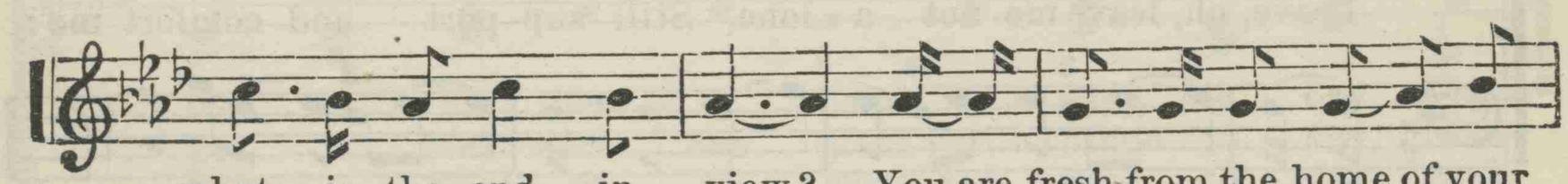
FANNY J. CROSBY, 1867. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



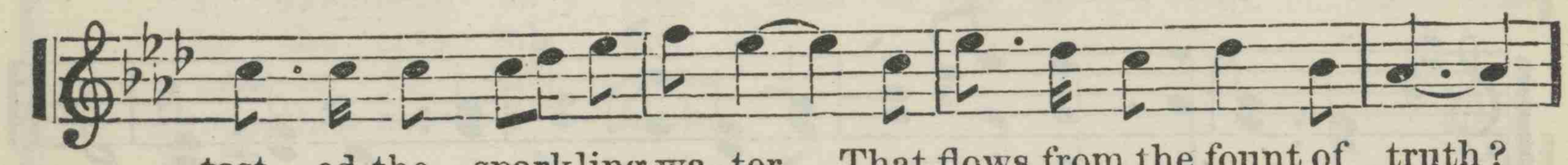
1. Oh, what are you go- ing to do, brother? Say, what are you go- ing to do? You have thought of some useful la - bor, But
2. Oh, what are you go- ing to do, brother? The morn-ing of youth is past; The vig - or and strength of man- hood, My
3. Oh, what are you go- ing to do, brother? Your sun at its noon is high; It shines in me - rid - ian splen- dor, And
4. Oh, what are you go- ing to do, brother? The twi- light ap- proach- es now;— Al - read- y your locks are sil- vered, And



what is the end in view? You are fresh from the home of your
broth- er, are yours at last: You are ris - ing in world - ly
rides through a cloudless sky: You are hold- ing a high po -
win - ter is on your brow: Your tal - ents, your time, your

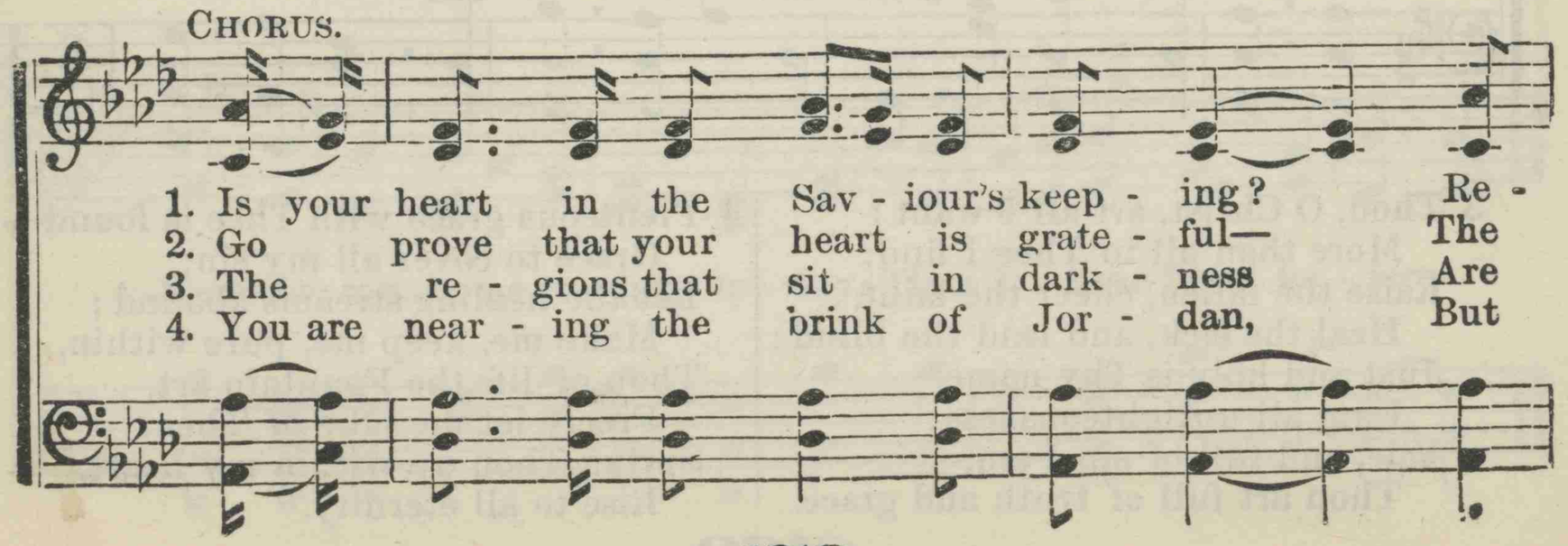


boy - hood, And just in the bloom of youth! Have you
pros - pects, And pros - pered in worldly things;— A.....
- si - tion, Of hon - or, and trust, and fame;— Are you
rich - es, To Je - sus, your Mas- ter, give; Then



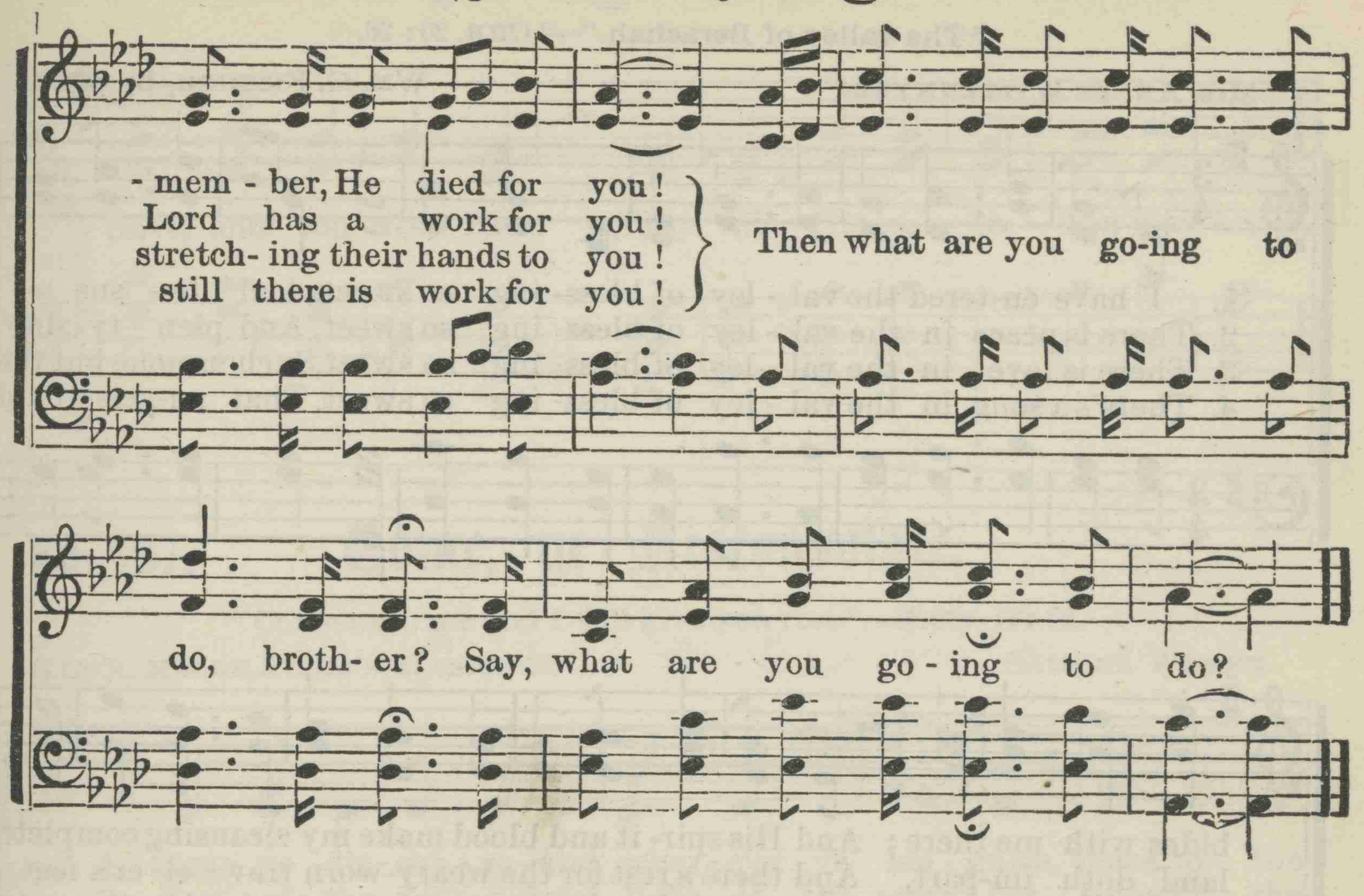
tast - ed the sparkling wa- ter That flows from the fount of truth?
du - ty to those less fa - vored, The smile of your for- tune brings.
will- ing to give the glo - ry And praise to your Sa- viour's Name?
ask if the world around you Is bet - ter be- cause you live.

CHORUS.



1. Is your heart in the Sav - iour's keep - ing? Re -
2. Go prove that your heart is grate - ful— The
3. The re - gions that sit in dark - ness Are
4. You are near - ing the brink of Jor - dan, But

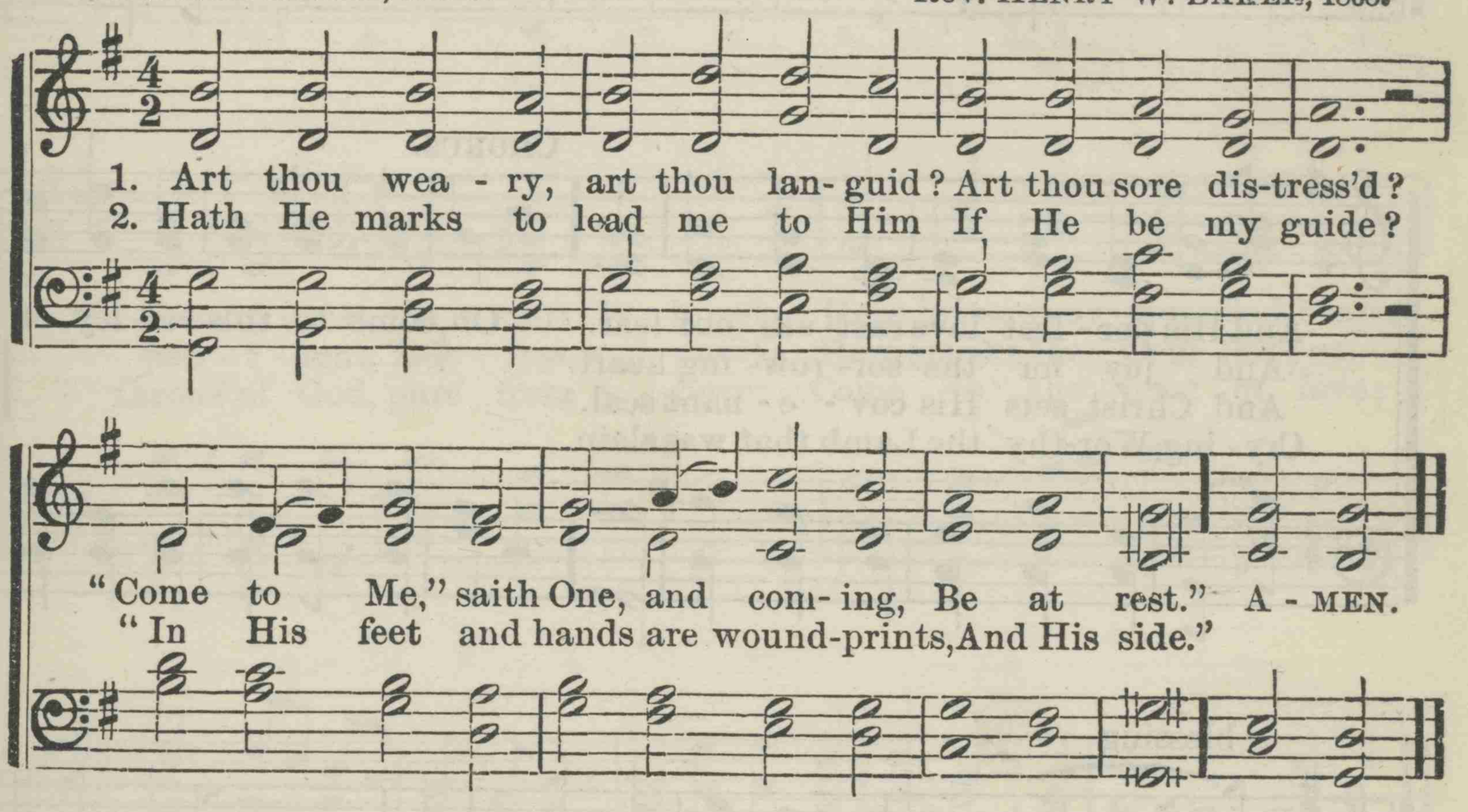
Oh, what are You Going to Do?—Concluded.



No. 195. Art Thou Weary?

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11:28.

Rev. J. M. NEALE, trans. Rev. HENRY W. BAKER, 1868.



3 Is there diadem as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my future here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

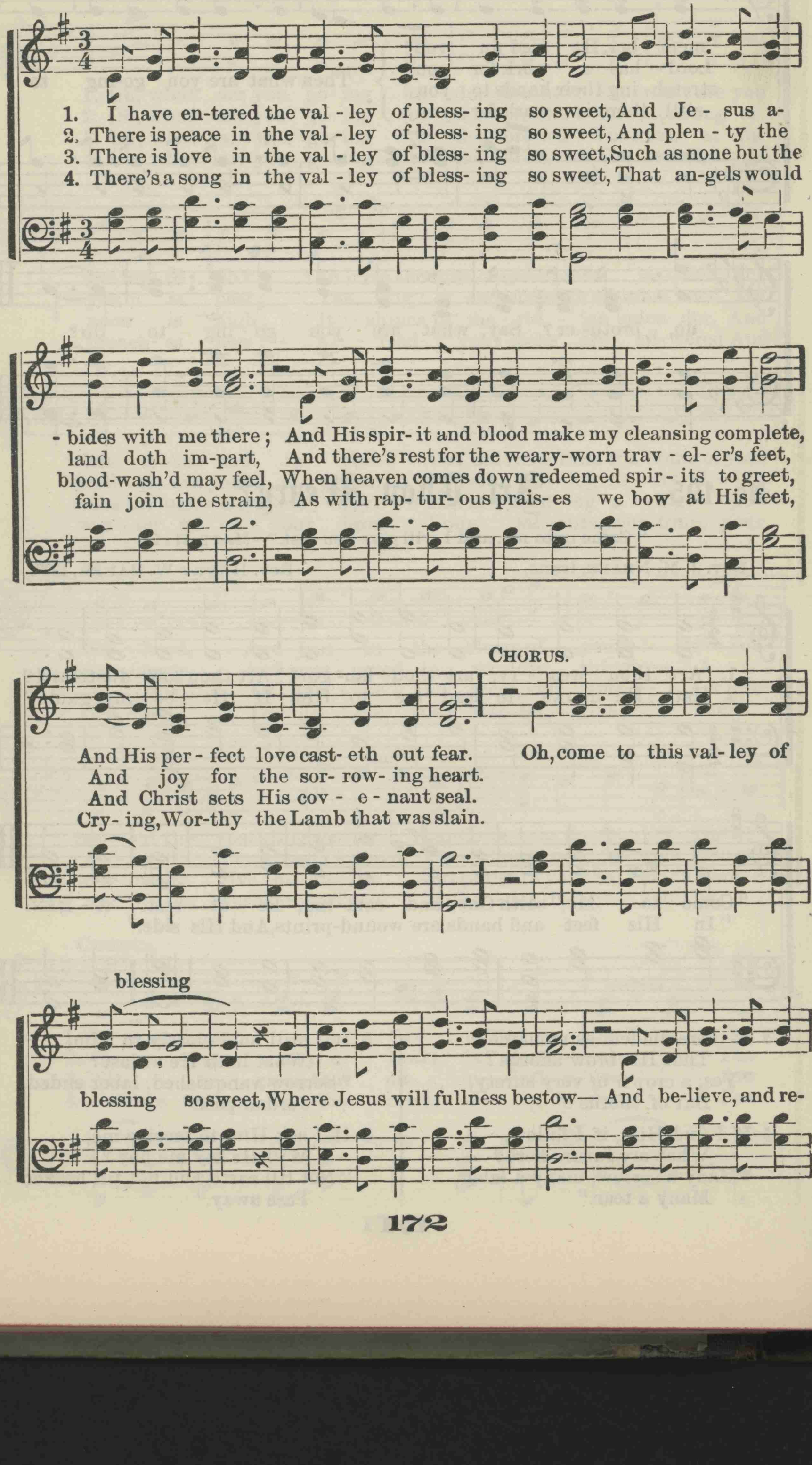
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

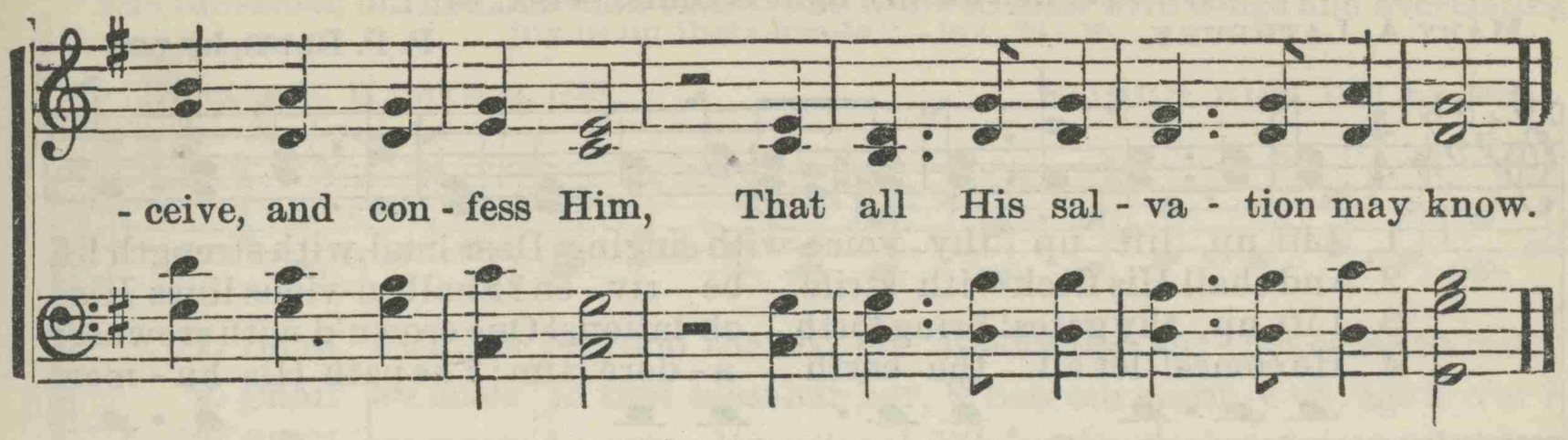
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

No. 196. The Valley of Blessing.

"The valley of Berachah."—2 CHR. 20 : 26.

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

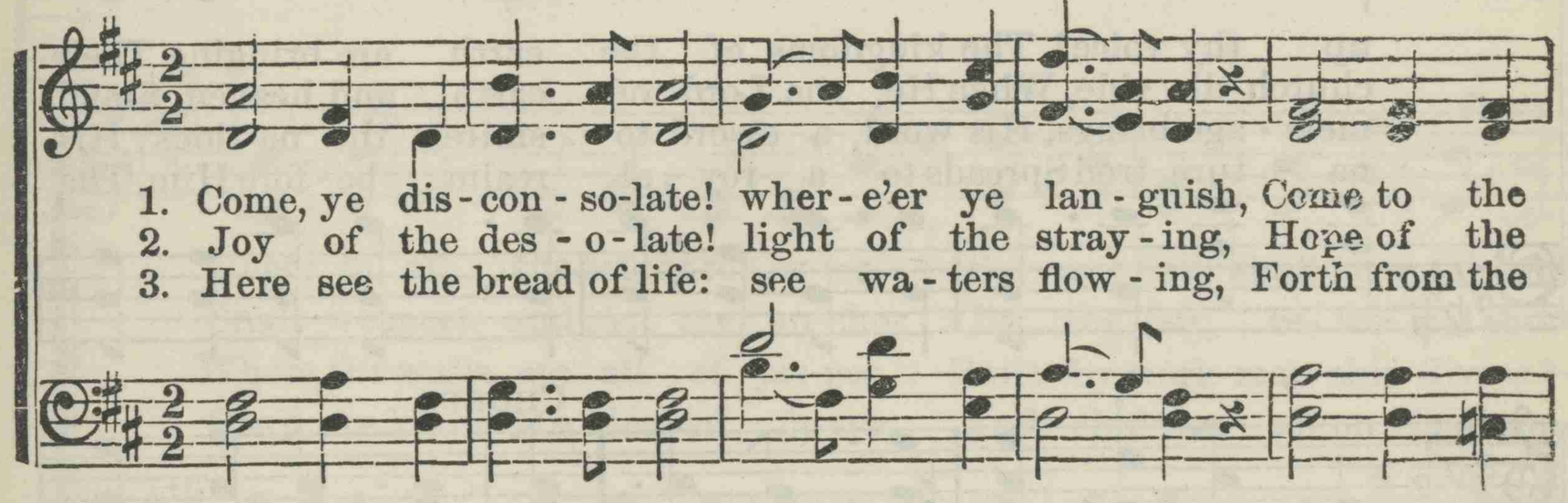


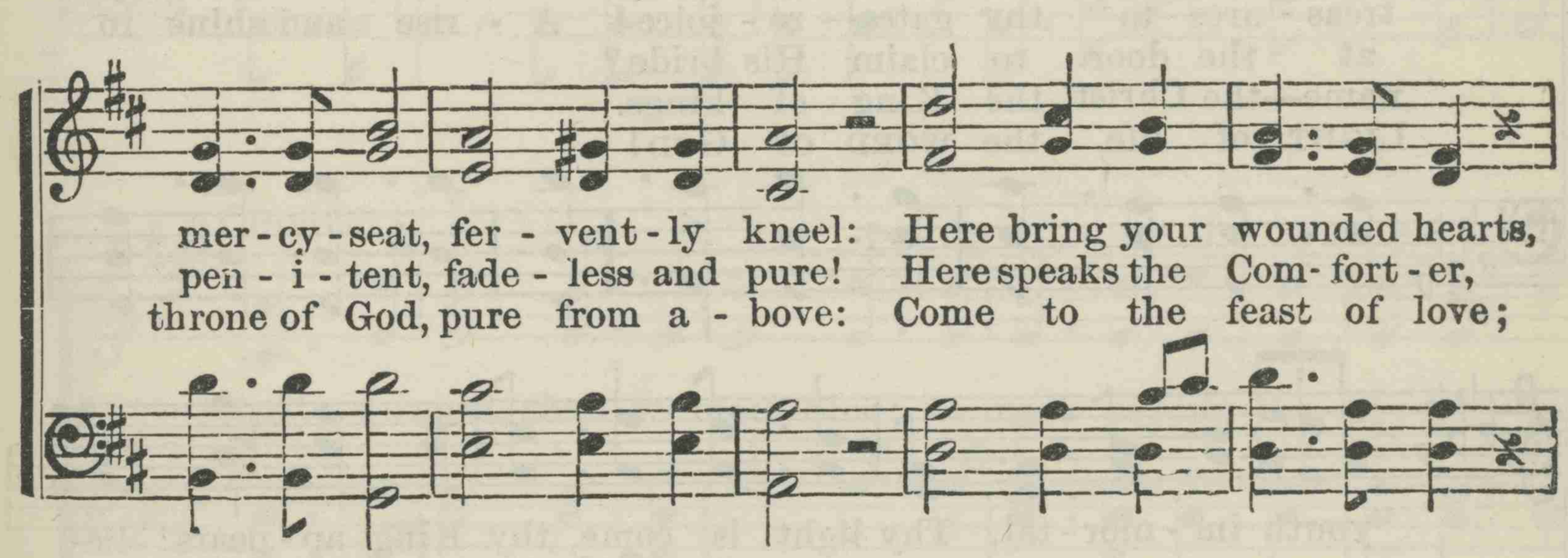


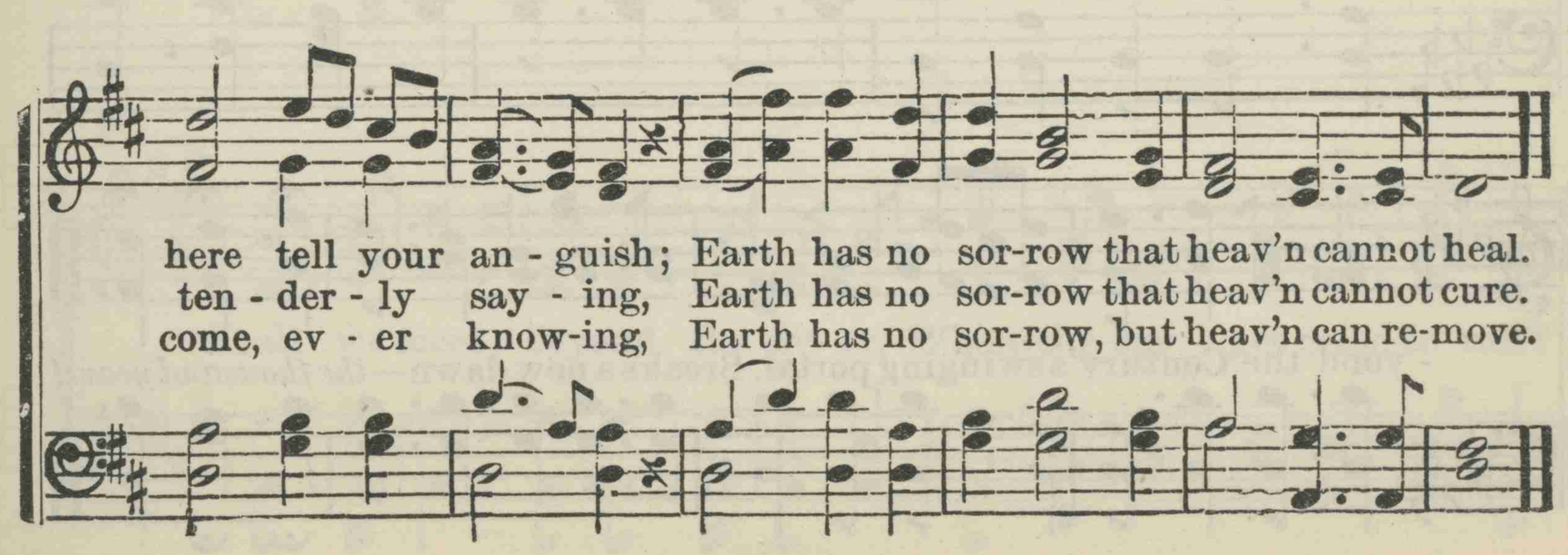
No. 197. Come, ye Disconsolate.

"Come unto me and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

THO'S. MOORE & THO'S. HASTINGS. SAMUEL WEBBE.







No. 198. Arise and Shine.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."—ISA. 60: 1.

MARY A. LATHBURY. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing, Dear land, with strength lift up thy voice! The kingdoms of the earth are bringing Their
2. And shall His flock with strife be riv - en? Shall en-vious lines His church di - vide, When He, the Lord of earth and heaven, Stands
3. Lift up thy gates! bring forth ob-lations! One crown'd with crowns, a mess - age brings, His word, a sword to smite the na-tions; His
4. He comes! let all the earth a - dore Him; The path His hu - man na - ture trod Spreads to a roy - al realm be - fore Him, The

CHORUS.

treas - ures to thy gates— re - joice! A - rise and shine in
at the door to claim His bride?
name—the Christ, the King of kings.
LIGHT of life, the WORD OF GOD!

youth im - mor - tal, Thy light is come, thy King ap - pears! Be-

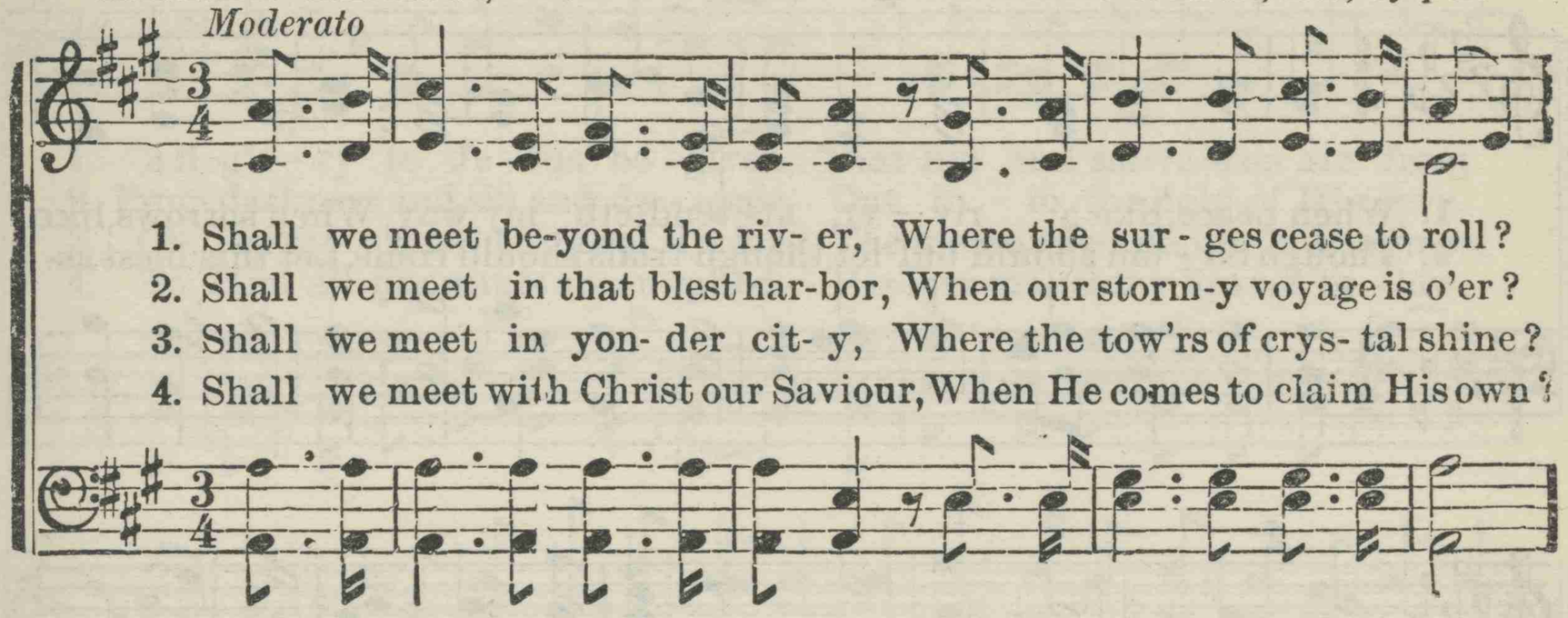
- yond the Century's swinging portal, Breaks a new dawn—*the thousand years!*

No. 199. Shall we Meet?

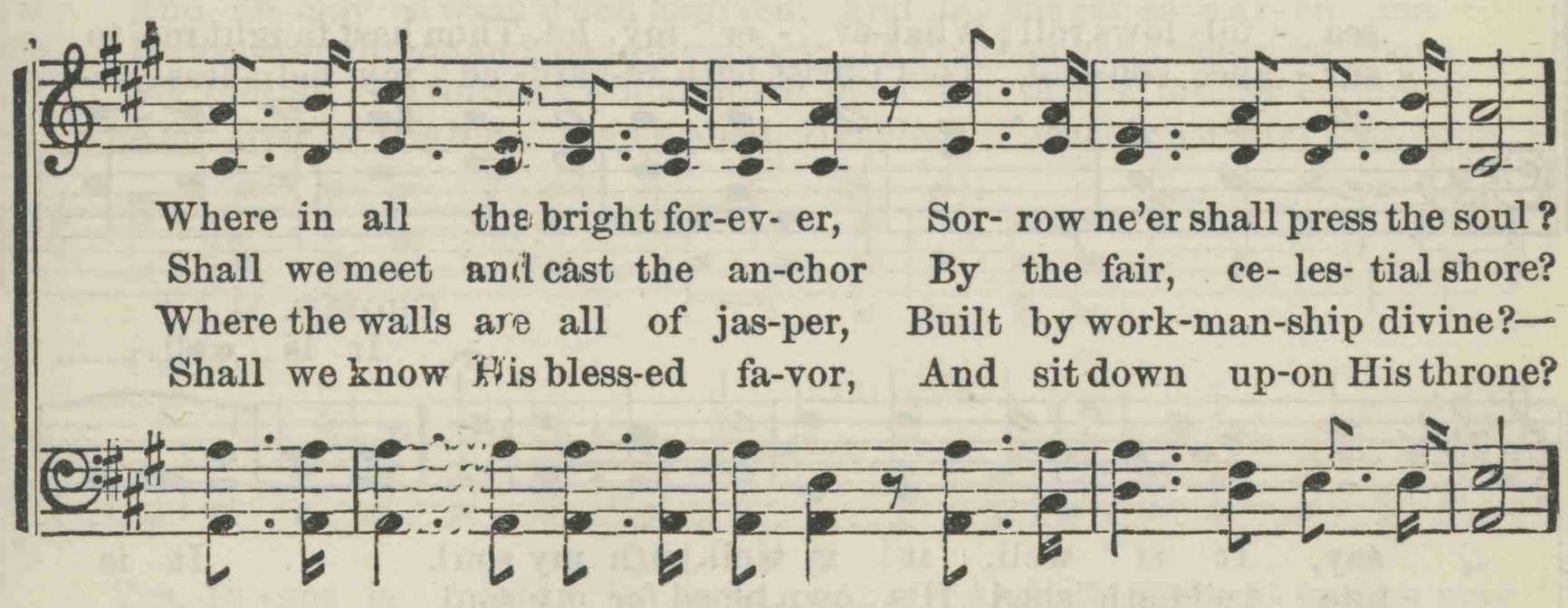
"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISA. 30 : 10.

HORACE L. HASTINGS, 1858. ELIHU S. RICE, 1866, by per.

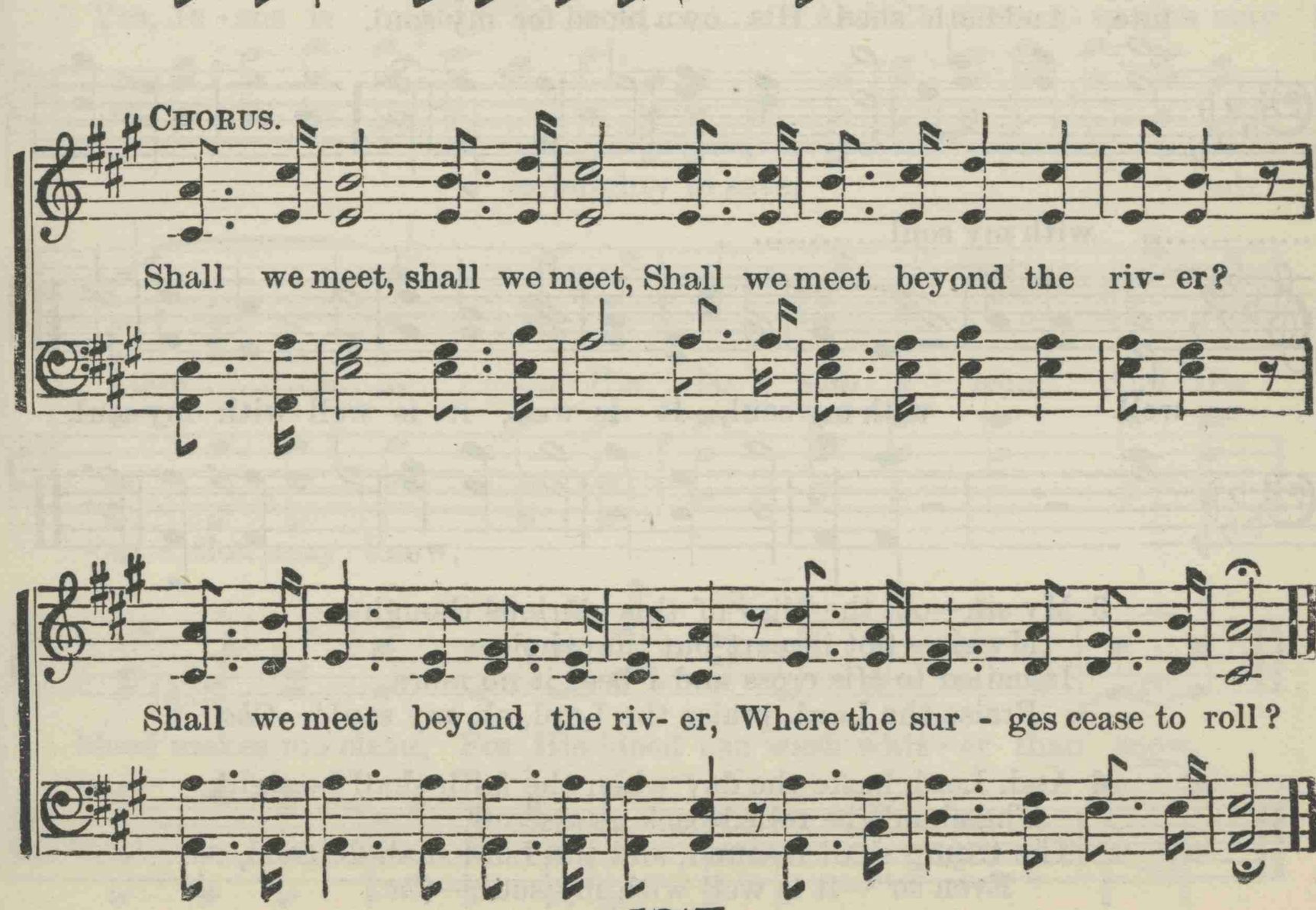
Moderato



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv- er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon- der cit- y, Where the tow'rs of crys- tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

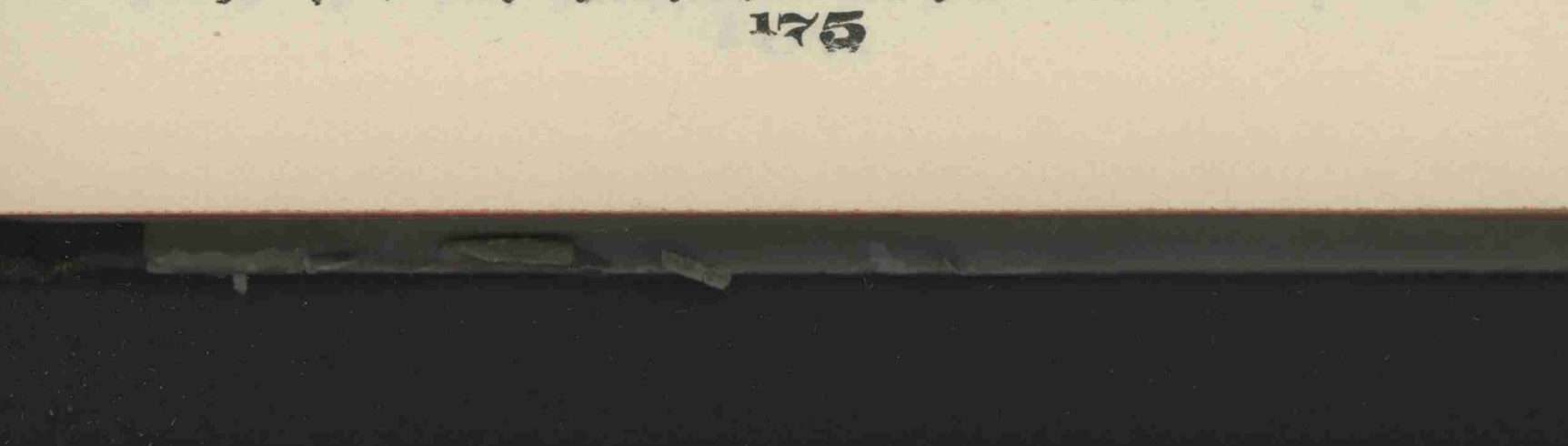


Where in all the bright for-ev- er, Sor- row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair, ce- les- tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship divine?—
Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on His throne?



CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv- er?

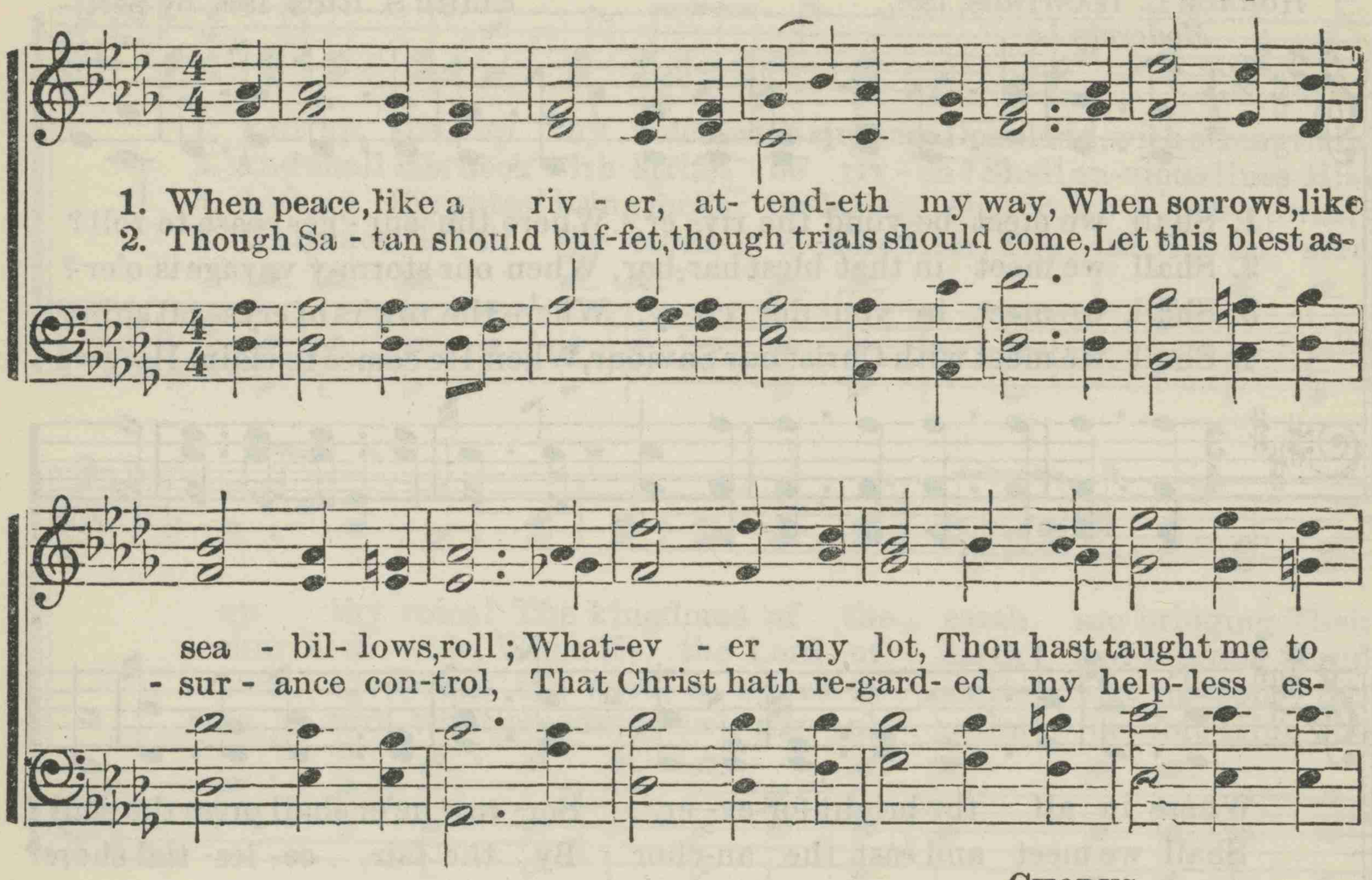


Shall we meet beyond the riv- er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

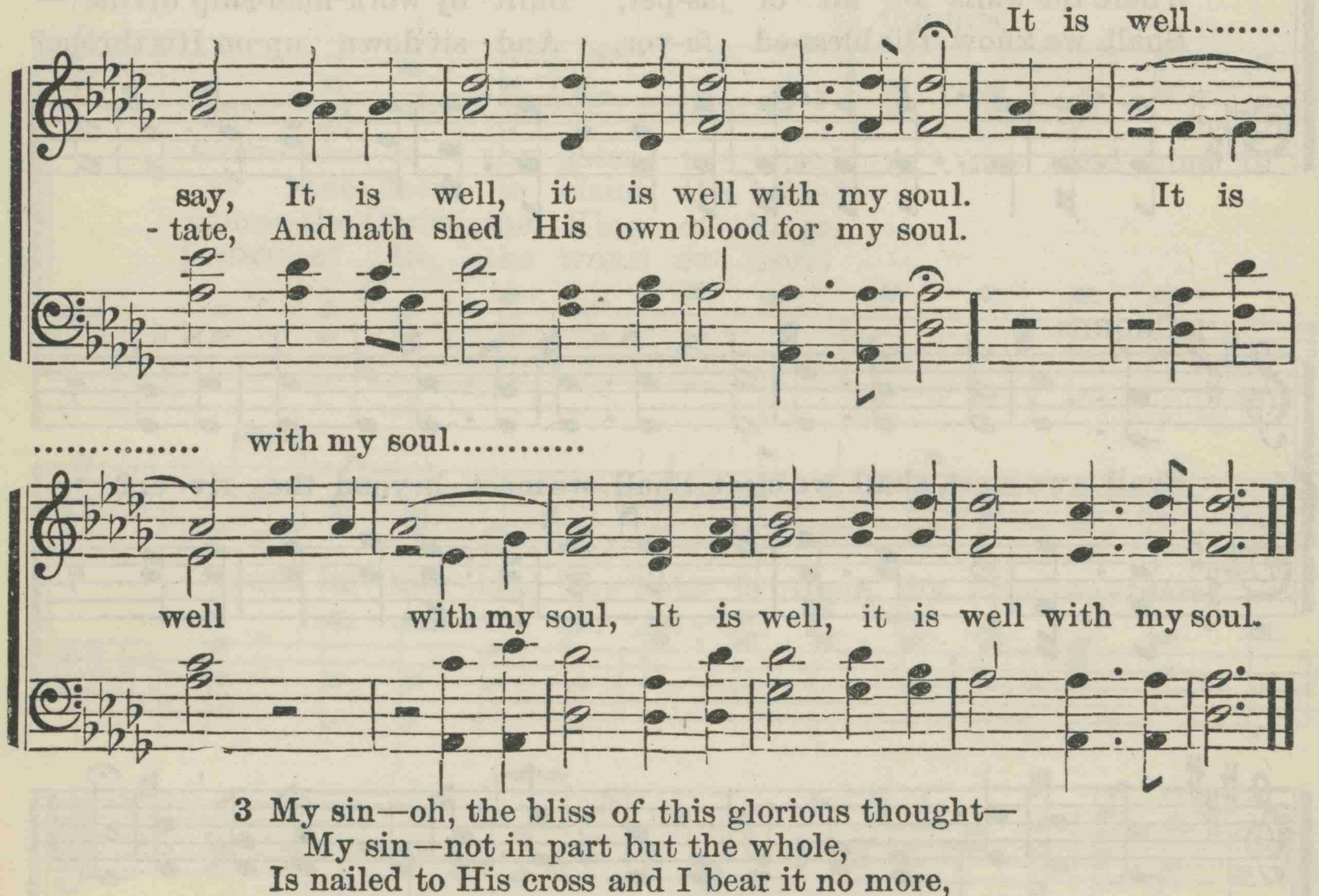
No. 200. It is Well with My Soul.

"He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. 55 : 18.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS, by per.



CHORUS.



3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!—*Cho.*

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.—*Cho.*

No. 201. Jesus is Mighty to Save.

"Mighty to save."—ISA. 63: 1.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

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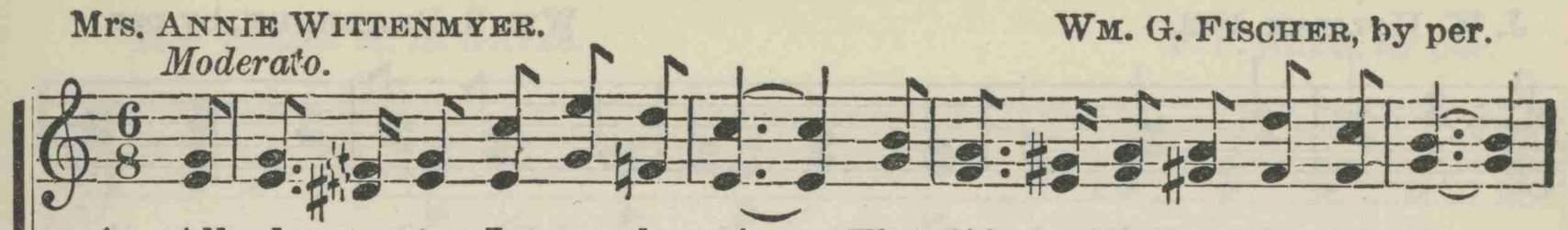
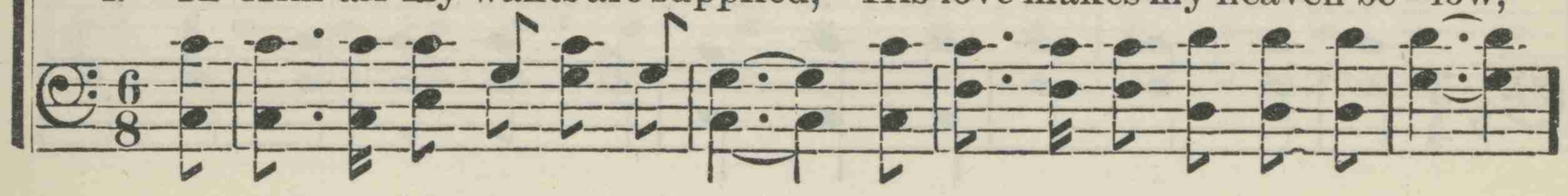
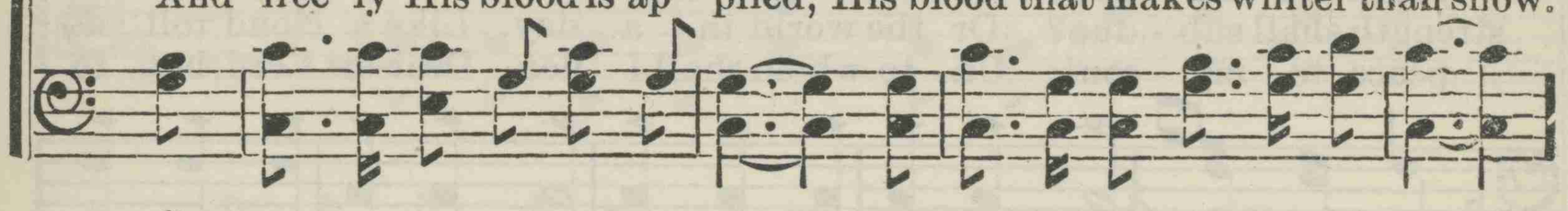


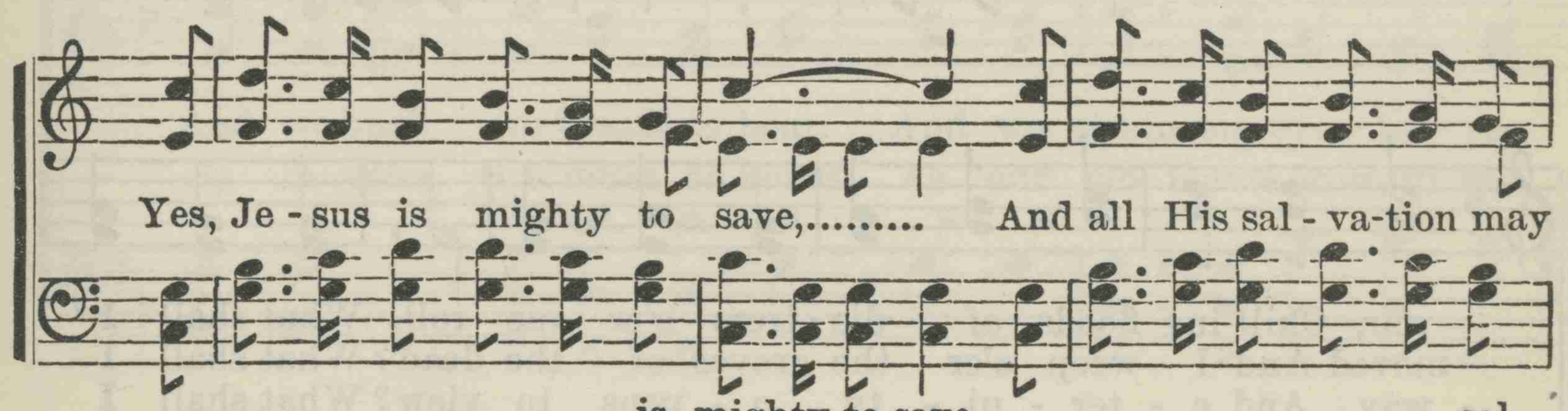
1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be given, That life and sal-va-tion are free;
2. From darkness and sin and de - spair, Out in - to the light of His love,
3. Oh, the rapturous heights of His love, The measureless depths of His grace,
4. In Him all my wants are supplied, His love makes my heaven be - low,



And all may be wash'd and forgiven, And Je - sus can save ev- en me.
He has brought me and made me an heir, To kingdoms and mansions above.
My soul all His fullness would prove, And live in His lov-ing em-brace.
And free- ly His blood is ap - plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.



CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus is mighty to save,..... And all His sal - va-tion may know..... On His bo - som I lean, And His - va - tion may know,

is mighty to save, sal-

blood makes me clean, For His blood can wash whit - er than snow.

No. 202. What shall I do to be Saved?

"What must I do to be saved?"—ACTS. 16 : 30.

J. W. HOLMAN, 1852. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sor - rows that
2. O! what shall I do to be saved When the pleas-ures of
3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sick - ness my
4. O! Lord look in mer - cy on me, Come, O come and speak

bur-den my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at
youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re-
strength shall sub - due? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll a-
peace to my soul: Un - to whom shall I flee, Dear-est Lord, but to

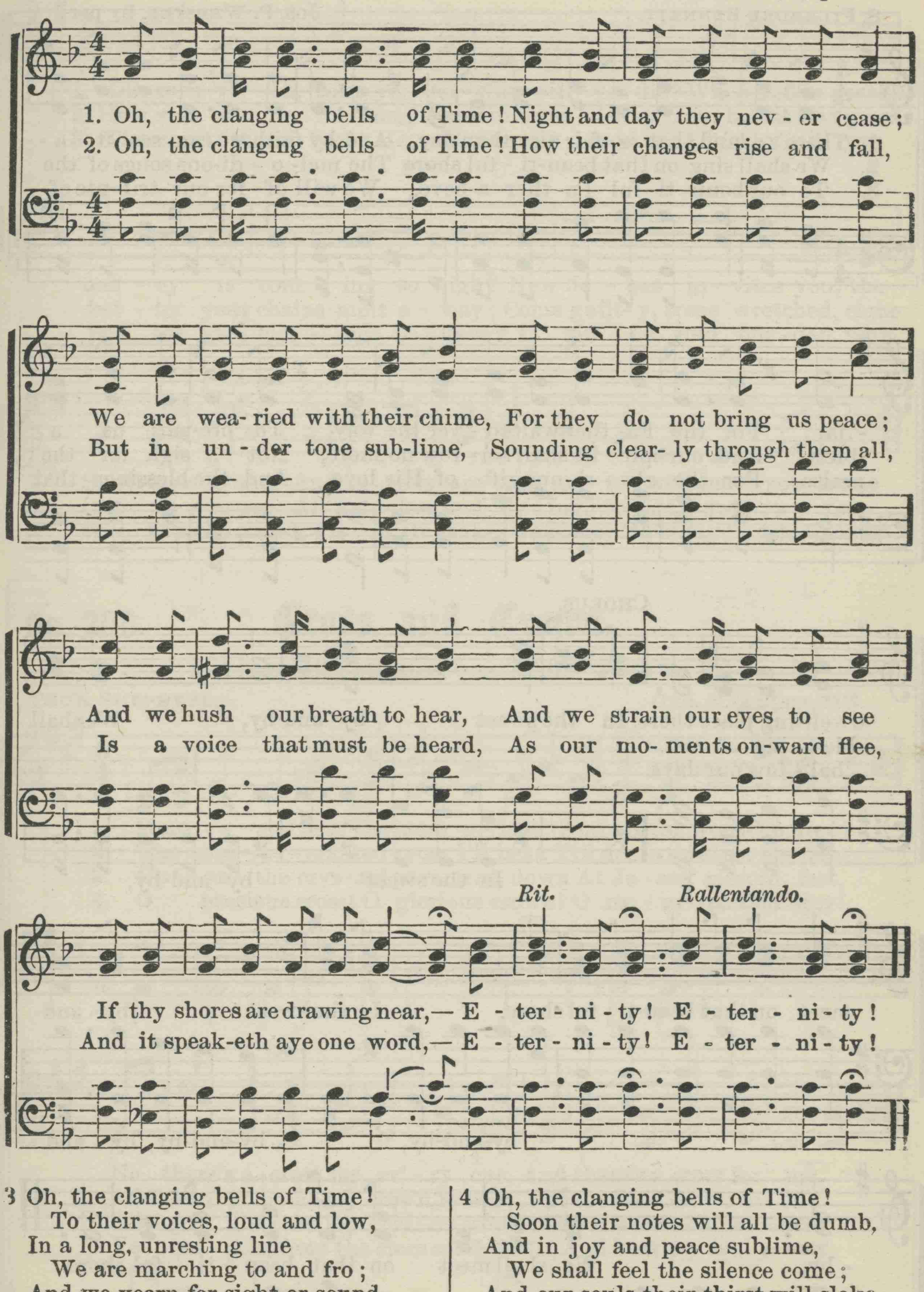
war, Chill-ing floods of dis - tress o'er me roll. What shall I
- moved And I weep o'er the graves of the dead? What shall I
- way, And e - ter - ni - ty o - pens to view? What shall I
Thee, Thou canst make my poor, bro - ken heart whole. That will I

do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do! that will I do! To Je - sus I'll go and be saved!

No. 203. Eternity!

"Remember how short my time is."—Ps. 89 : 47.

Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates. P. P. Bliss, by per.



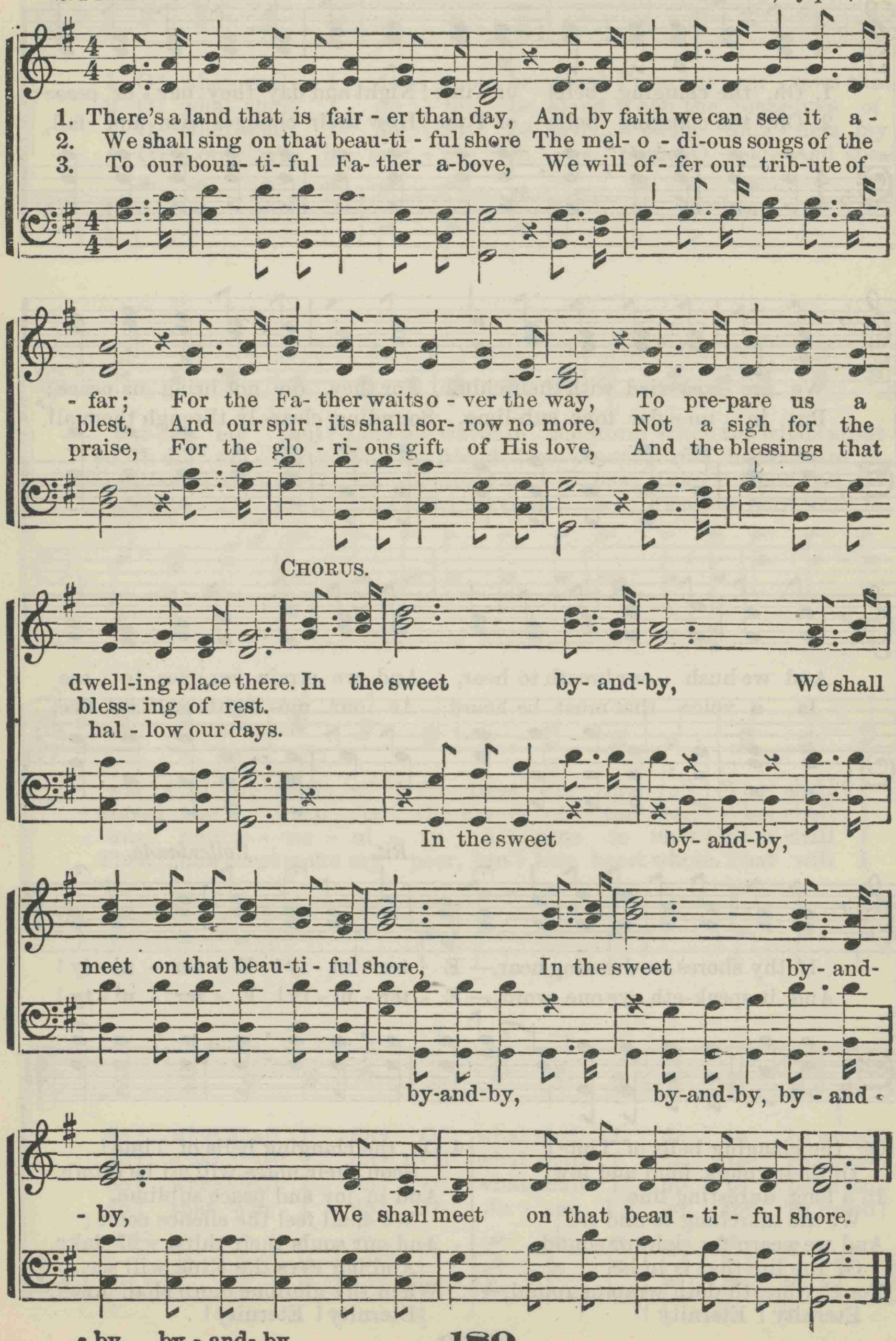
3 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
To their voices, loud and low,
In a long, unresting line
We are marching to and fro;
And we yearn for sight or sound,
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round,—
Eternity! Eternity!

4 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
Soon their notes will all be dumb,
And in joy and peace sublime,
We shall feel the silence come;
And our souls their thirst will slake,
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break,—
Eternity! Eternity!

No. 204. Sweet By-and-By.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISA. 35: 10.

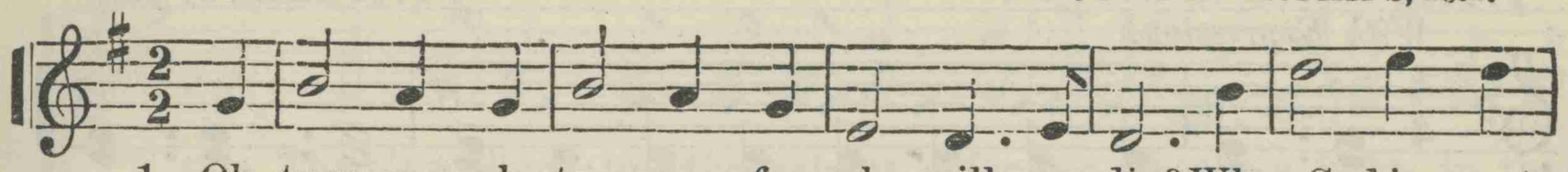
S. FILLMORE BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER, by per.



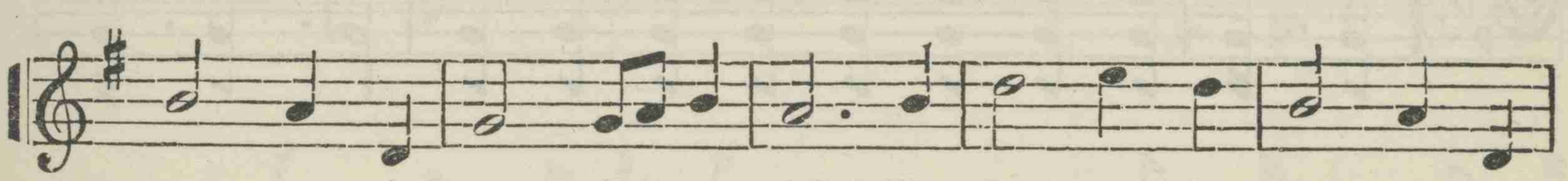
No. 205. Expostulation.

"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die?"—EZE. 33: 11.

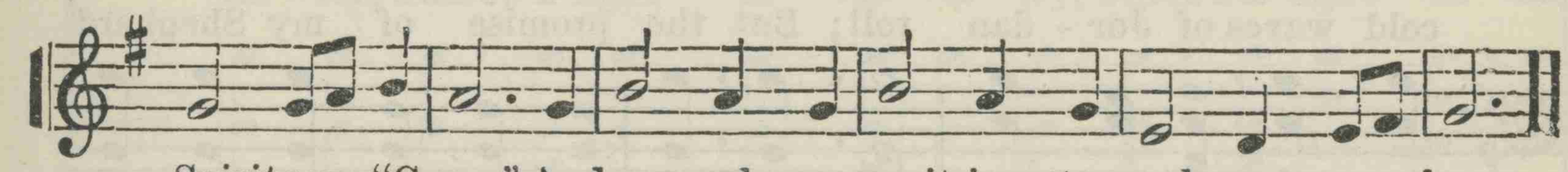
J. H. Rev. JOSIAH HOPKINS, 1830.



1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die? When God in great
2. How vain the de - lu - sion, that while you de-lay, Your hearts may grow
3. The con-trite in heart He will free - ly receive, Oh! why will you



mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you. the
bet - ter your chains melt a - way; Come guilt- y, come wretched, come
not the glad mes - sage be - lieve? If sin be your bur - den, why

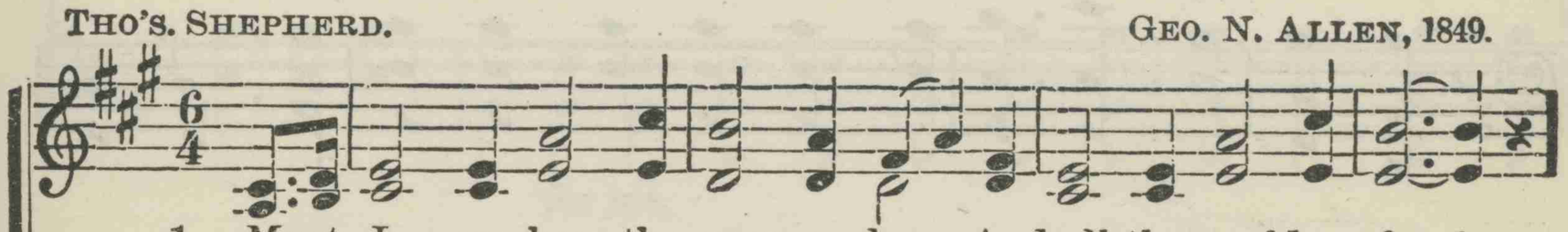


Spirit says, "Come," And an - gels are wait-ing to welcome you home
just as you are All help- less and dy - ing, to Je - sus re - pair.
will you not come? 'Tis you He makes welcome; He bids you come home

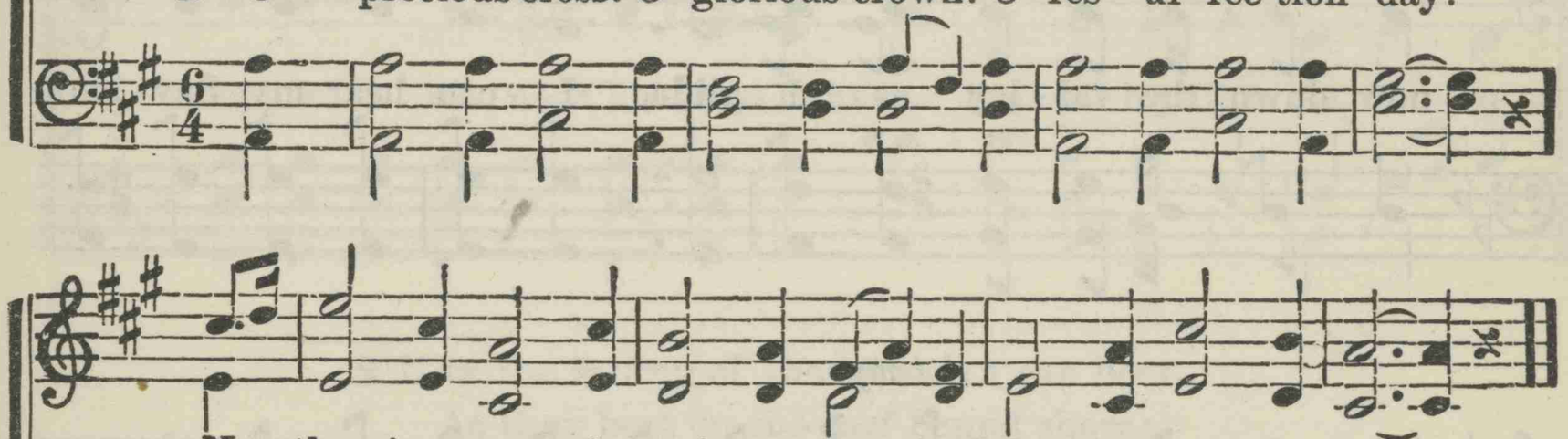
No. 206. Cross and Crown.

"And he bearing his cross, went forth."—JOHN 19: 17.

THO'S. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN, 1849.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - cra- ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' piercéd feet,
4. O precious cross! O glorious crown! O res - ur- rec-tion day!



No, there's a cross for ev' - ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold- en crown, And His dear name re-peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a- way.

No. 207. There's a Light in the Valley.

"Though I walk through the valley * * * I will fear no evil."—PSA. 23: 4.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

With Expression.

1. Through the val - ley of the shad - ow I must go, Where the

cold waves of Jor - dan roll; But the promise of my Shepherd

Slower.

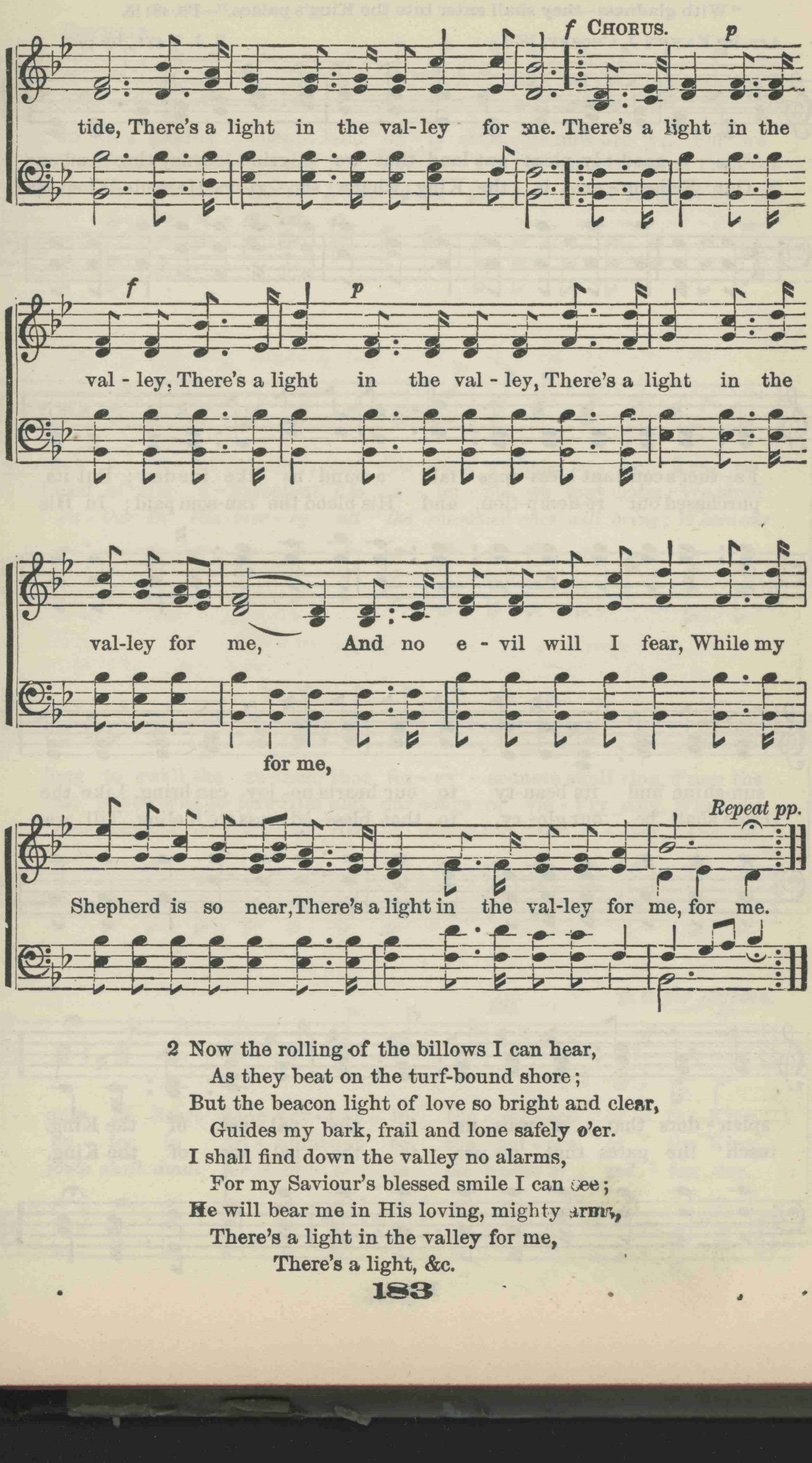
will I know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul. E - ven

now down the val - ley as I glide, I can hear my Sav - iour

A tempo.

say, "Fol - low me!" And with Him I'm not a - fraid to cross the

There's a Light in the Valley.—Concluded.

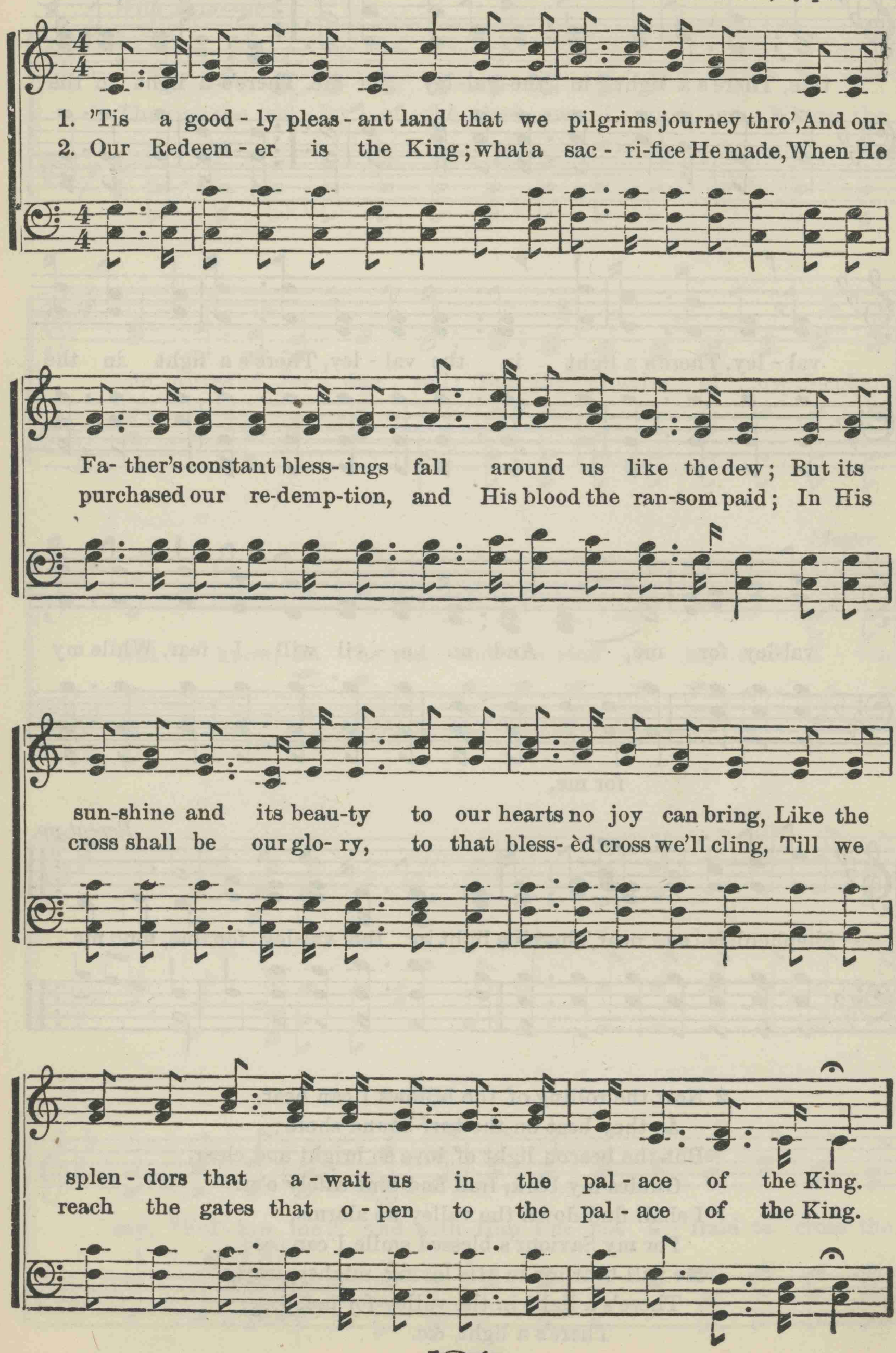


2 Now the rolling of the billows I can hear,
As they beat on the turf-bound shore;
But the beacon light of love so bright and clear,
Guides my bark, frail and lone safely o'er.
I shall find down the valley no alarms,
For my Saviour's blessed smile I can see;
He will bear me in His loving, mighty arms,
There's a light in the valley for me,
There's a light, &c.

No. 208. The Palace of the King.

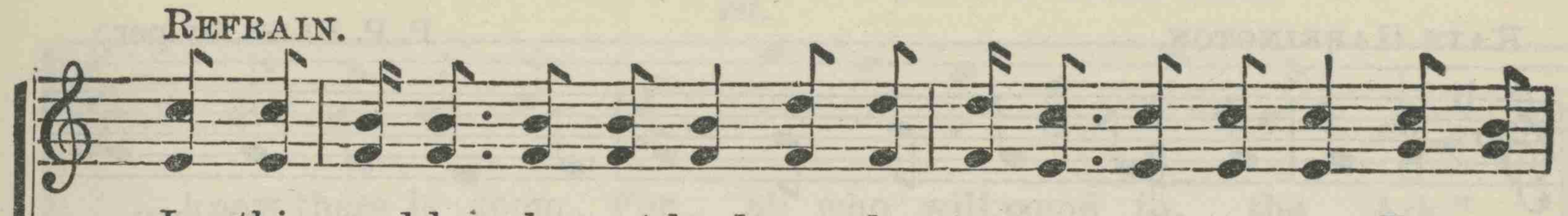
"With gladness—they shall enter into the King's palace."—Ps. 48:15.

Arr. by FANNY J. CROSBY, 1876. S. J. VAIL, by per.

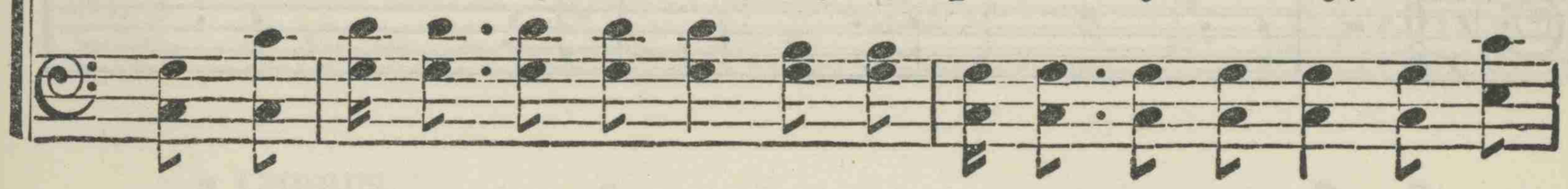


The Palace of the King.—Concluded.

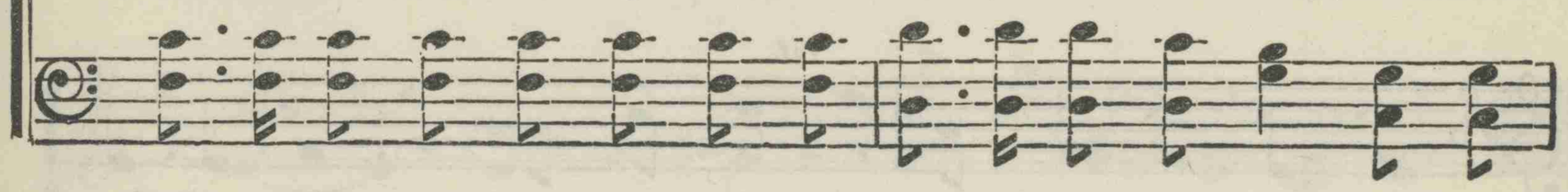
REFRAIN.



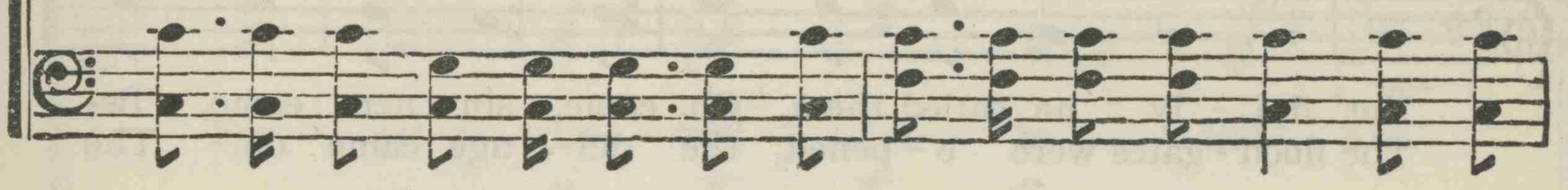
In this good-ly pleasant land on - ly strangers now are we, For we
We shall see Him bye and bye, hal - le - lu - jah to His name! Thro' the
D.C. *O the pal- ace of the King, roy - al pal- ace of the King; Where our*



seek a bet - ter country, and 'tis there we long to be; Yes, we
blood of His a - tonement, life e - ter - nal we may claim; We shall
Fa - ther in His mer - cy all the ransomed ones will bring; Where our



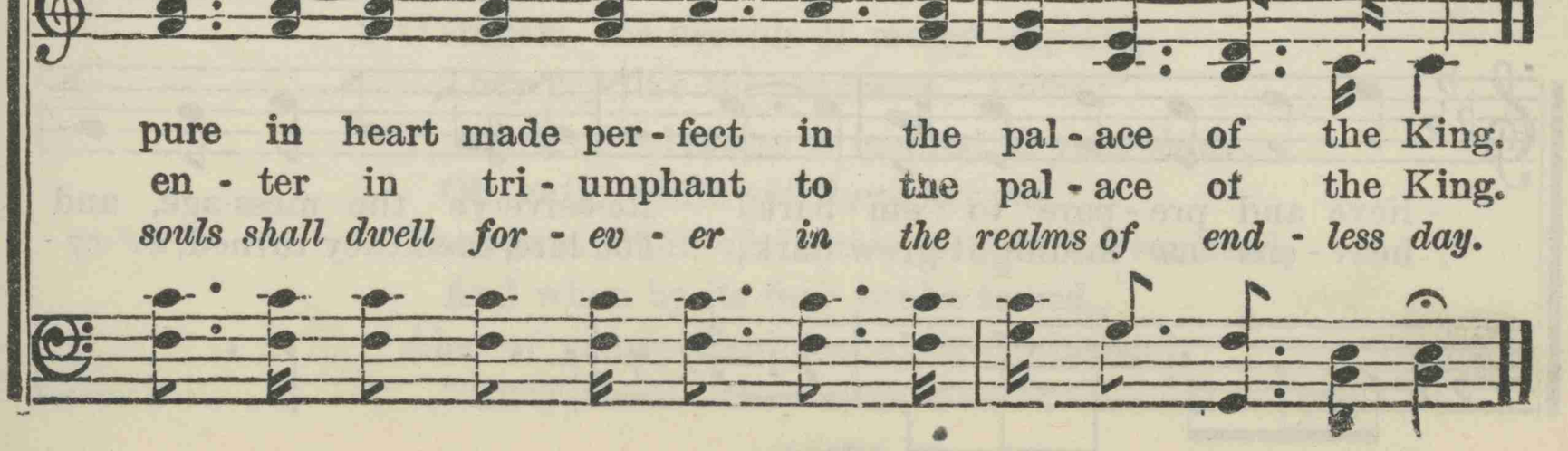
long to swell the an-them that for - ev - er-more shall ring, From the
cast our crowns be- fore Him and our songs of vic - t'ry sing, When we
sor - rows and our tri - als like a dream will pass a - way, And our



D. C. *for Refrain.*

Rit.

pure in heart made per - fect in the pal - ace of the King.
en - ter in tri - umphant to the pal - ace of the King.
souls shall dwell for - ev - er in the realms of end - less day.



No. 209. Out of the Ark.

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—GEN. 7: 1.

KATE HARRINGTON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. They dream'd not of dan - ger, those sin - ners of old, Whom
2. He could not a - rouse them, un - heed - ing they stood, Un-

No - ah was chos - en to warn; By fre-quent transgressions their
- mov'd by his warn - ing and prayer; The prophet passed in from the

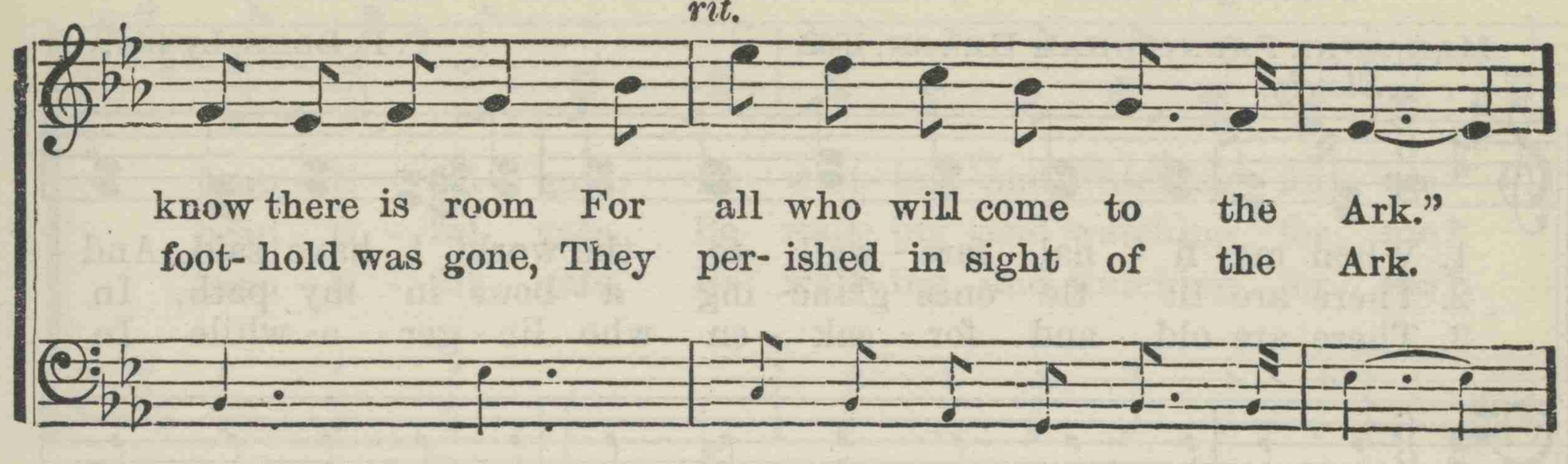
rit.

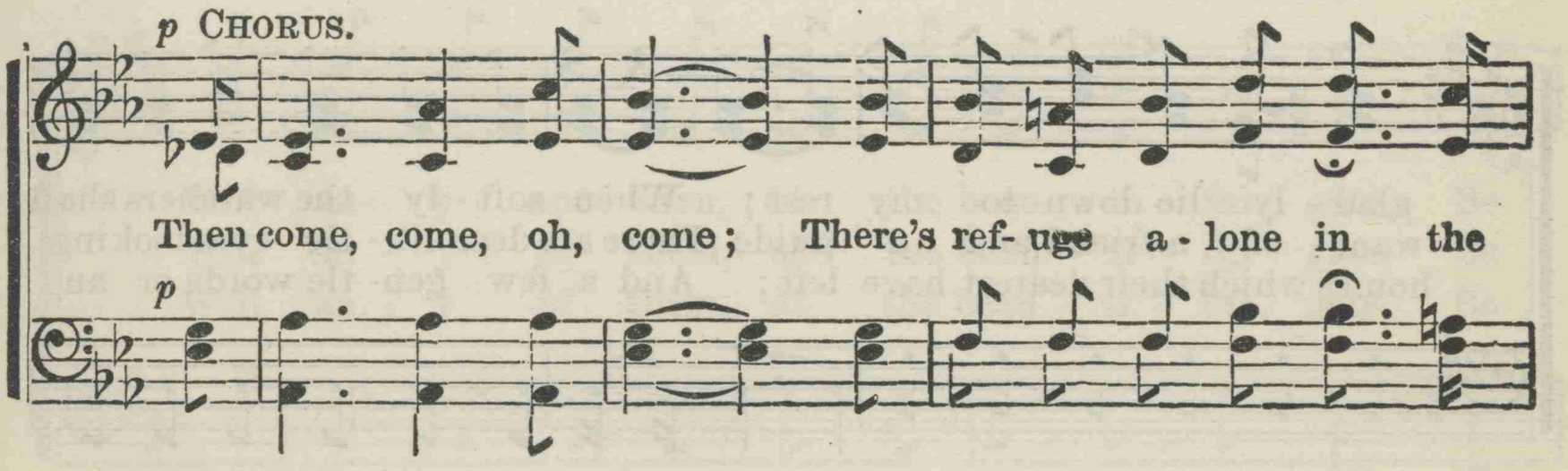
hearts had grown cold, They laugh'd his en - treat - ies to scorn:
on - com - ing flood, And left them to hope - less de - spair:

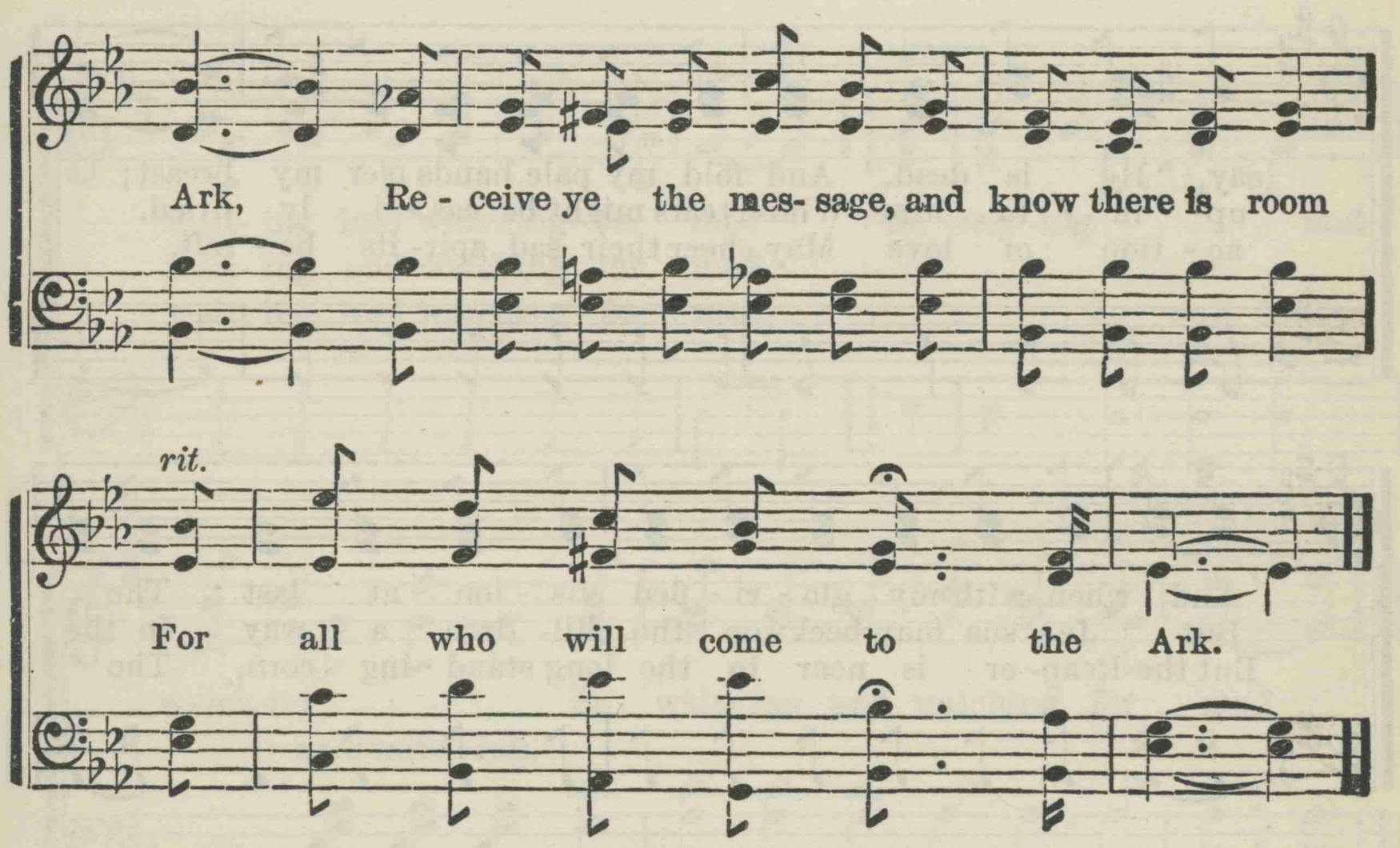
Yet dai - ly he called them, "Oh, come, sin - ners, come, Be-
The flood - gates were o - pened, the del - uge came on, The

- lieve and pre - pare to em - bark! Re-ceive ye the mess-age, and
heav - ens as midnight grew dark, Too late, then they turned, ev'-ry

Out of the Ark.—Concluded.







3 O sinners, the heralds of mercy implore,
They cry like the patriarch, "Come;"
The Ark of salvation is moored to your shore,
Oh, enter while yet there is room!
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark over head,
And when by its fury you're tossed,
Alas, of your perishing souls 'twill be said,
"They heard—they refused—*and were lost!*"—*Cho.*

No. 210. Waiting and Watching for Me.

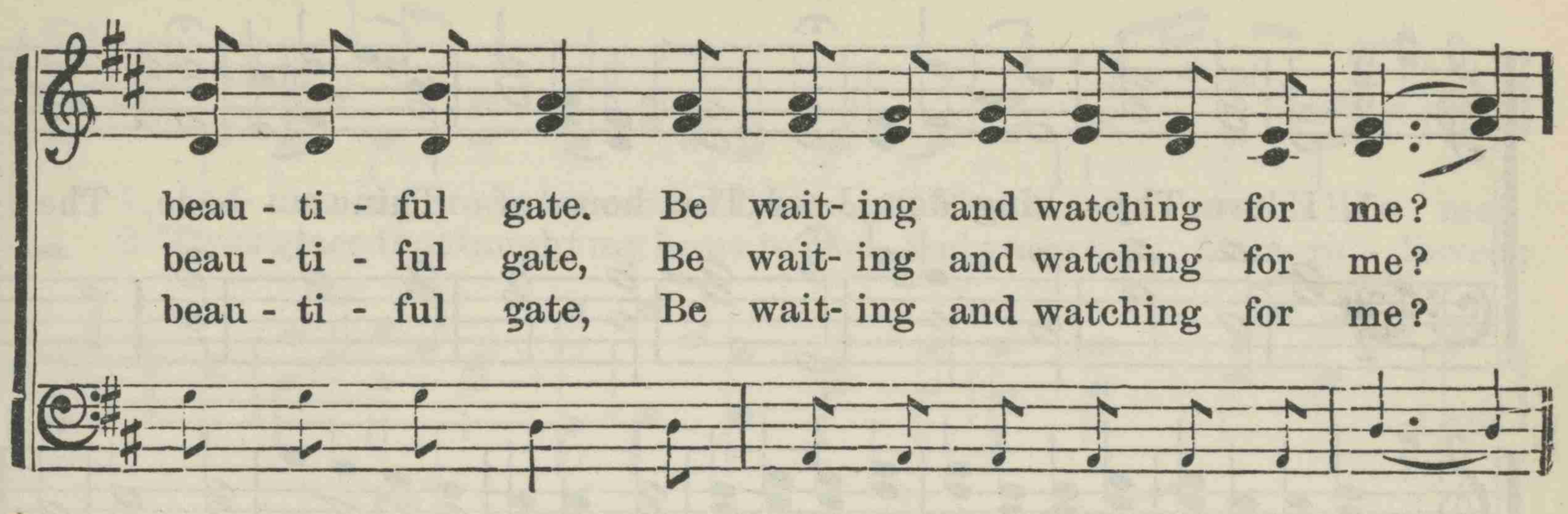
"I shall go to him * * * he shall not return to me."—2 SAM. 12: 23.

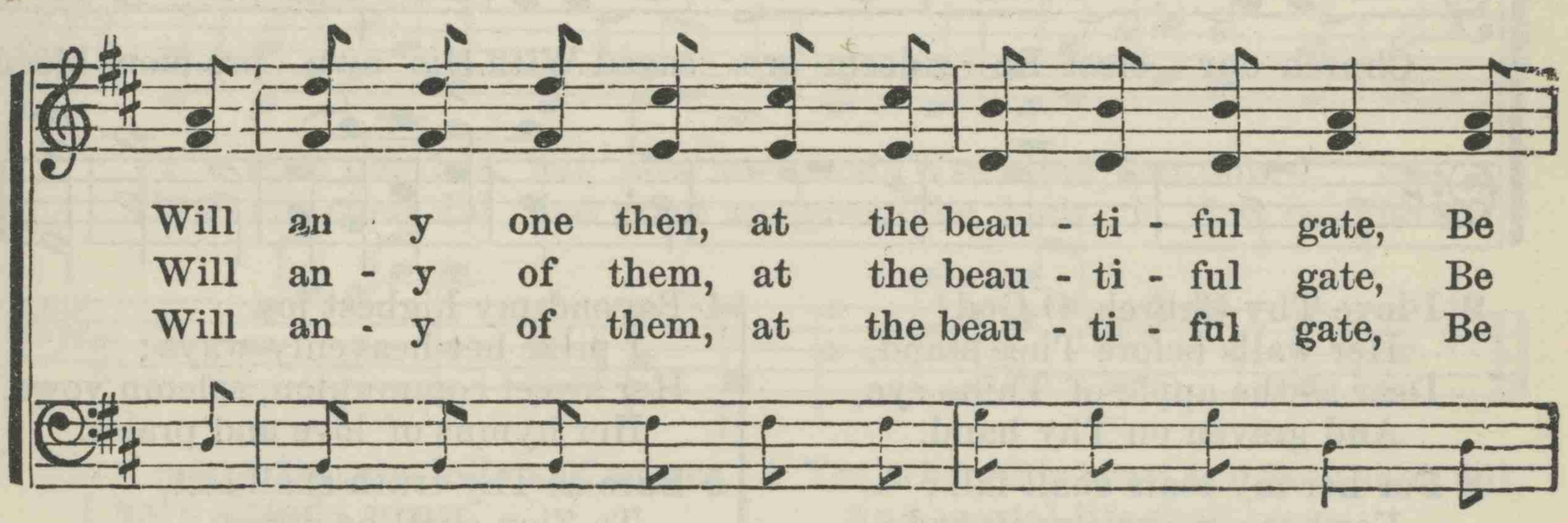
MARIANNE FARNINGHAM HEARN, 1862. P. P. BLISS, by per.

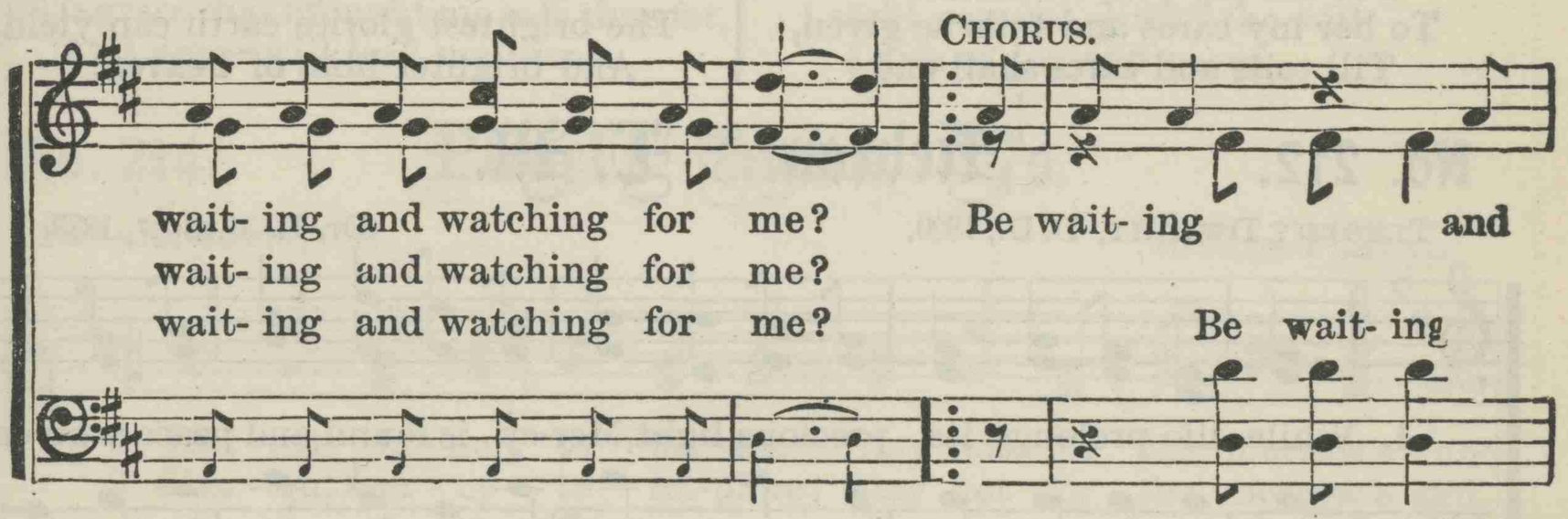
Slowly.

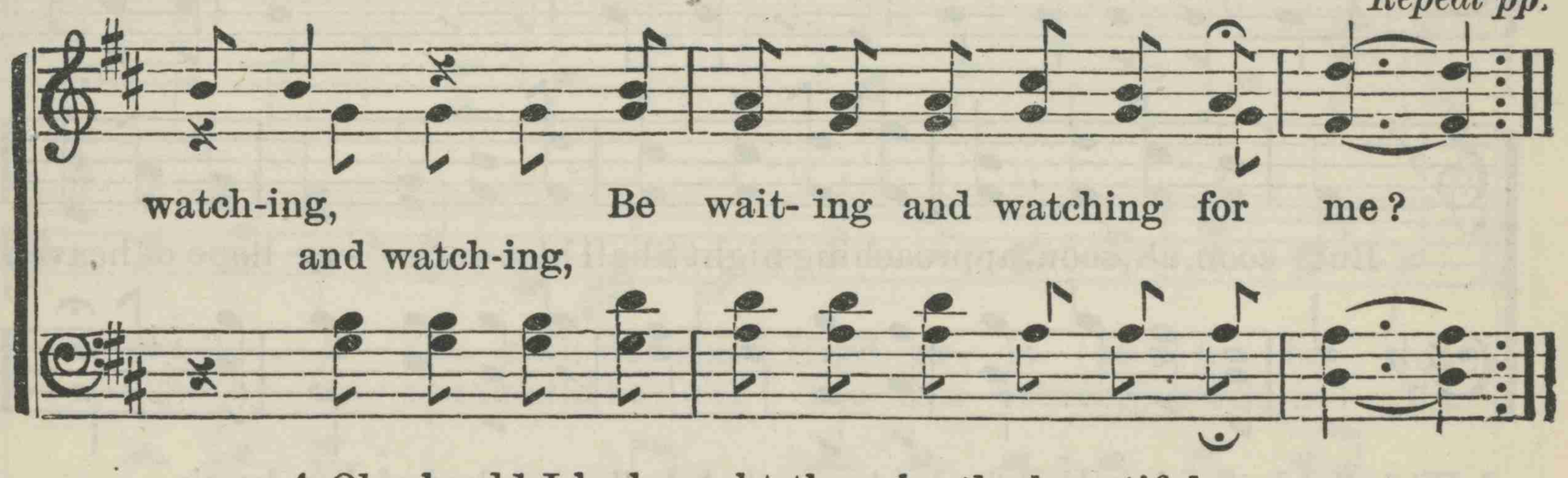
1. When my fi - nal fare - well to the world I have said, And glad - ly lie down to my rest; When soft - ly the watchers shall say, "He is dead," And fold my pale hands o'er my breast; And when, with my glo - ri - fied vis - ion at last The walls of "That Cit - y" I see, Will an - y one then at the
2. There are lit - tle ones glanc- ing a - bout in my path, In want of a friend and a guide; There are dear lit - tle eyes looking up in - to mine, Whose tears might be eas - i - ly dried. But Je - sus may beck- on the chil- dren a - way In the midst of their grief and their glee— Will an - y of them, at the
3. There are old and for - sak - en who lin - ger a- while In homes which their dearest have left; And a few gen- tle words or an ac - tion of love May cheer their sad spir- its be - reft. But the Reap- er is near to the long stand - ing corn, The wea - ry will soon be set free— Will an - y of them, at the

Waiting and Watching for Me.—Concluded.





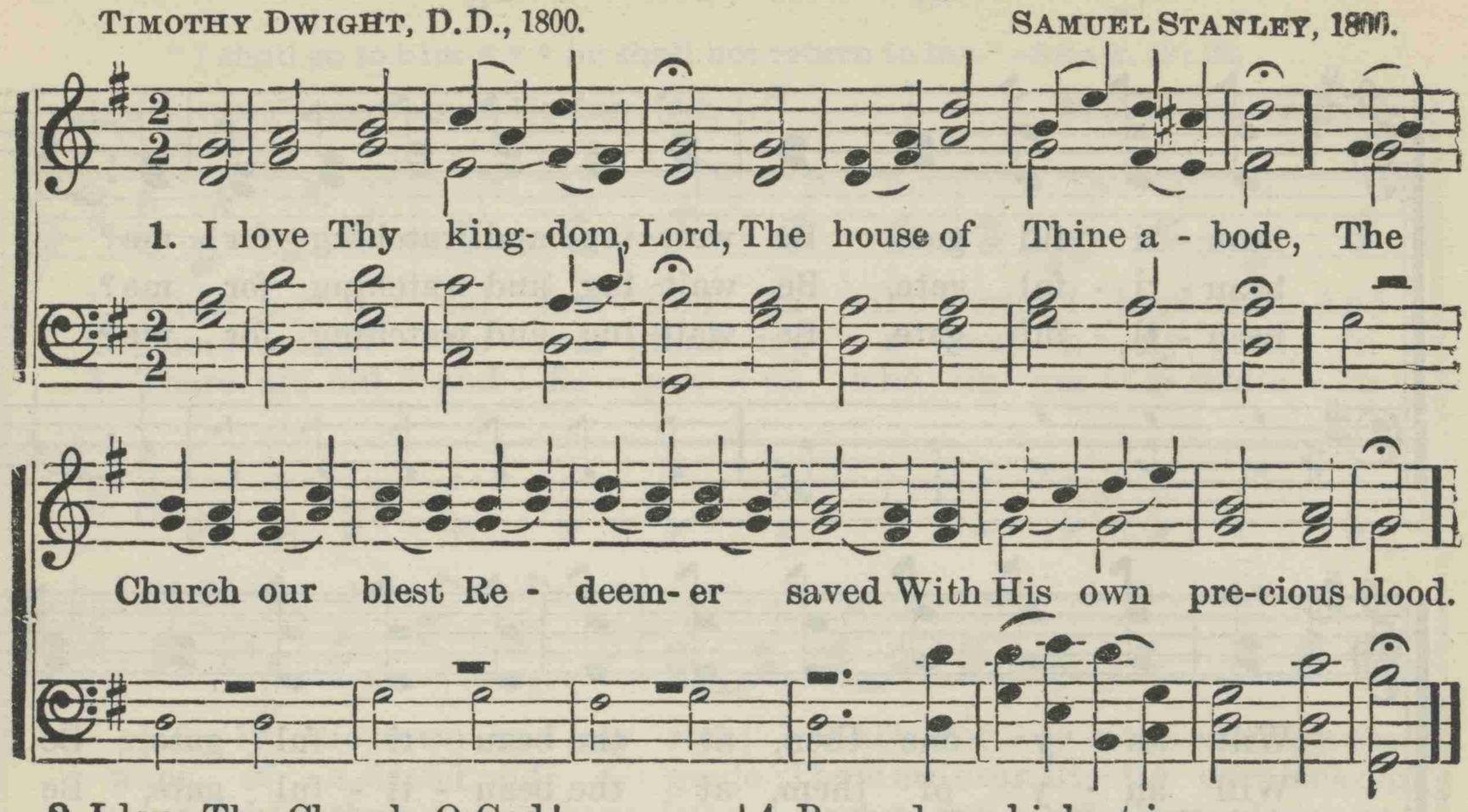




4 Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace
Of Him who delights to forgive,
Though I bless not the weary about in my path,
Pray only for self while I live,—
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be,
‖: Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me! :‖—*Cho.*

No. 211. Shirland. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D., 1800. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.



2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

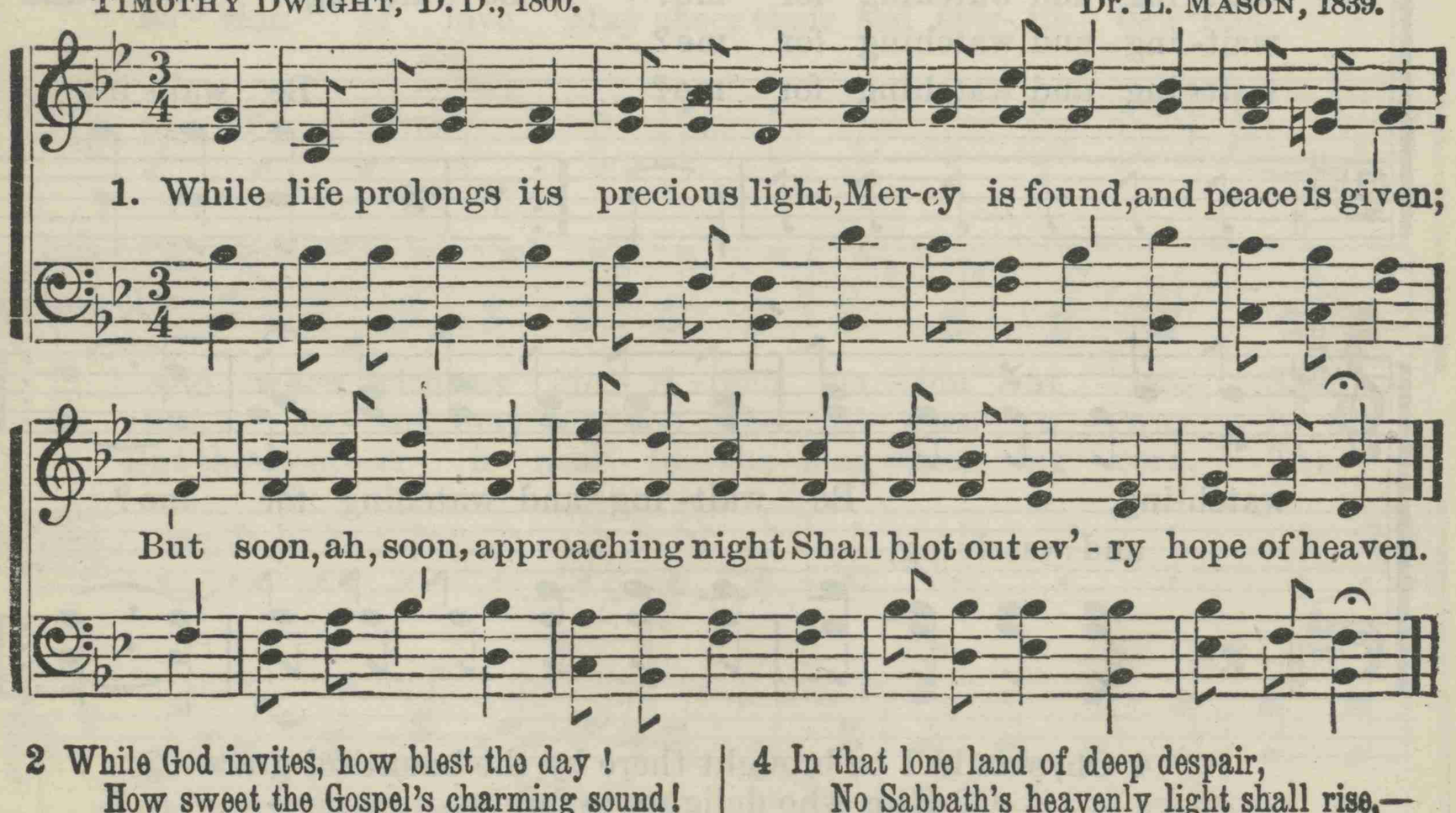
3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 212. Hebron. L. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D., 1800. Dr. L. MASON, 1839.



2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

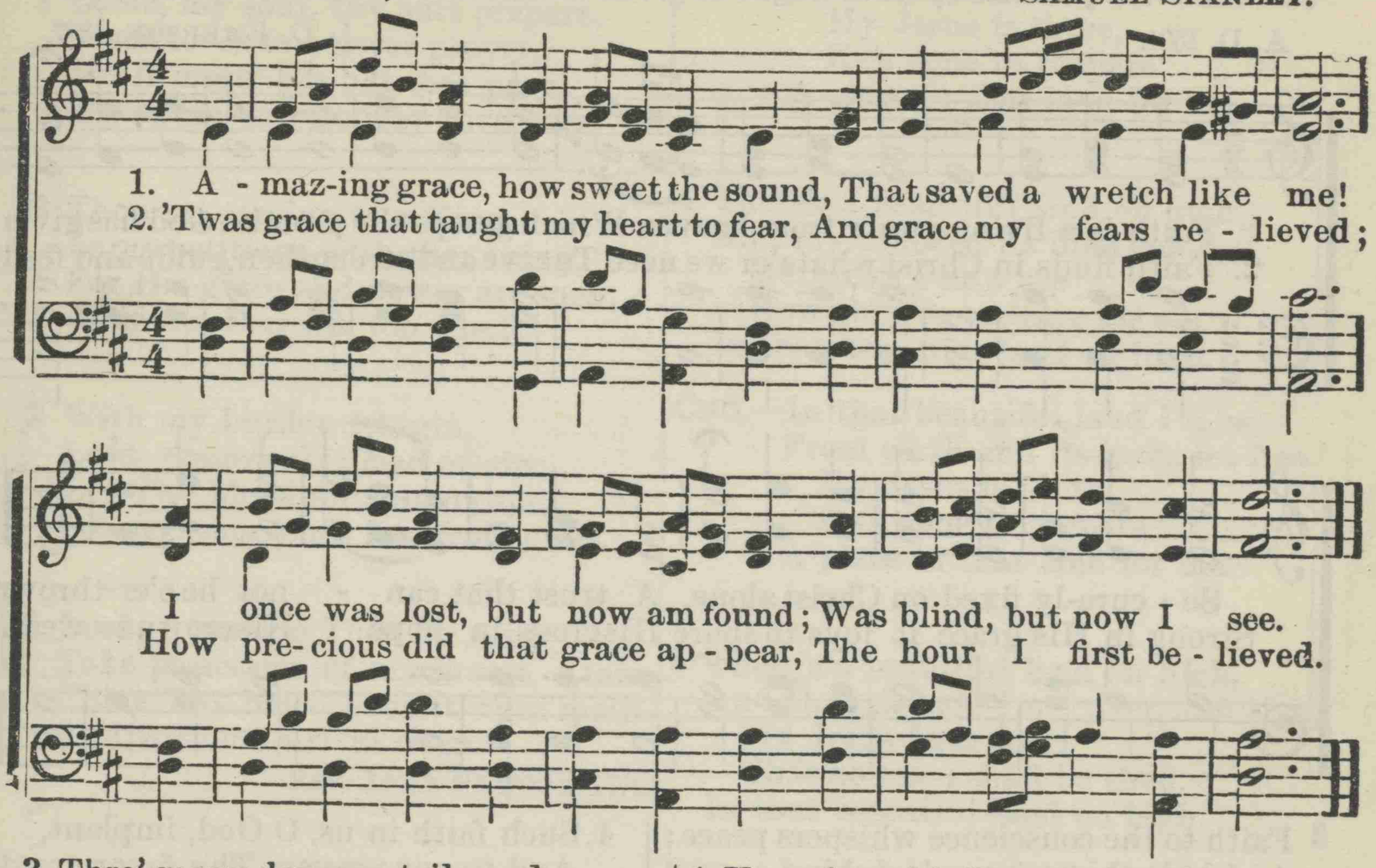
3 Soon, borne on times's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,—
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

No. 213. Warwick. C. M.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. SAMUEL STANLEY.

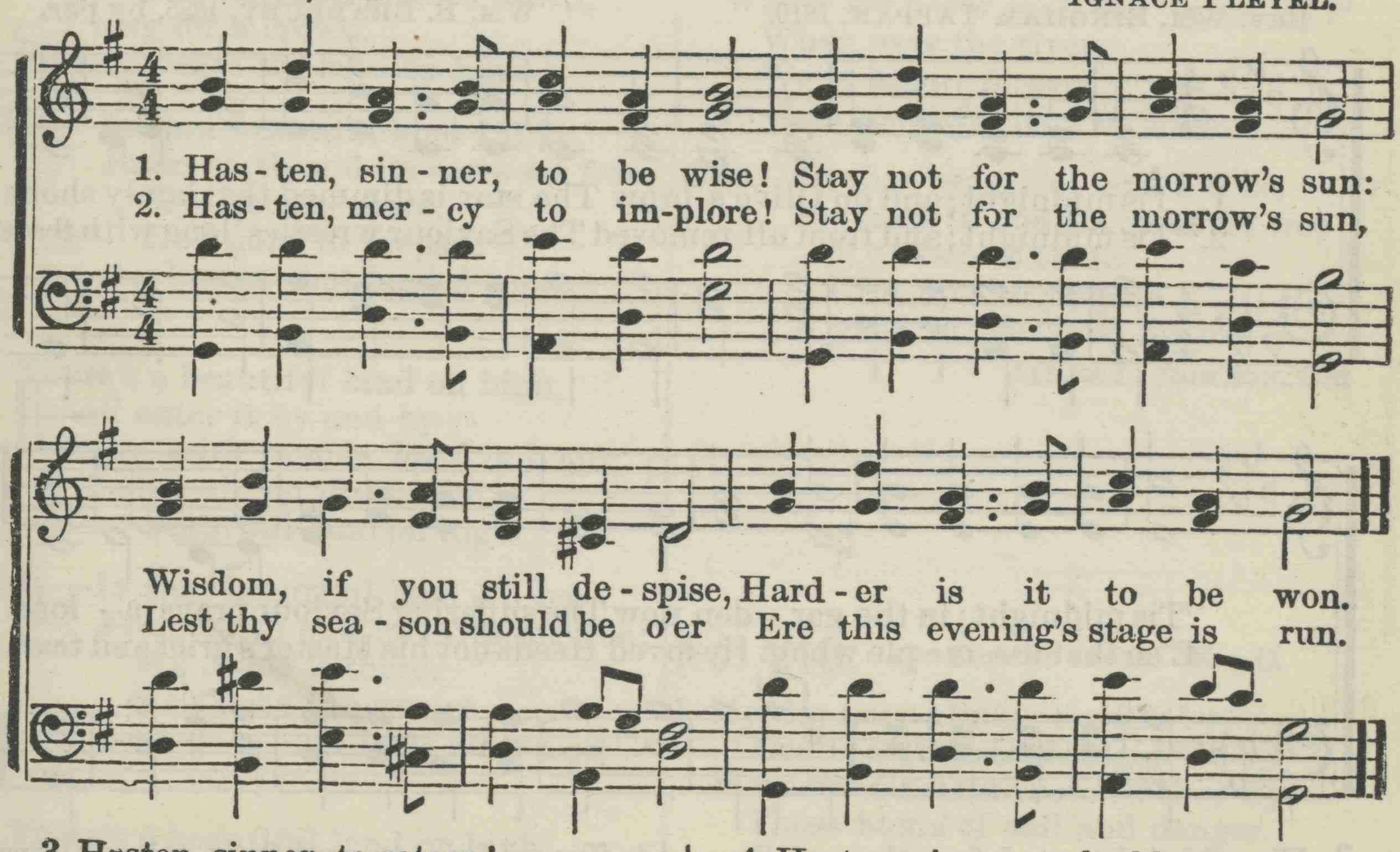


3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

No. 214. Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

THOMAS SCOTT, 1773. IGNACE PLEYEL.



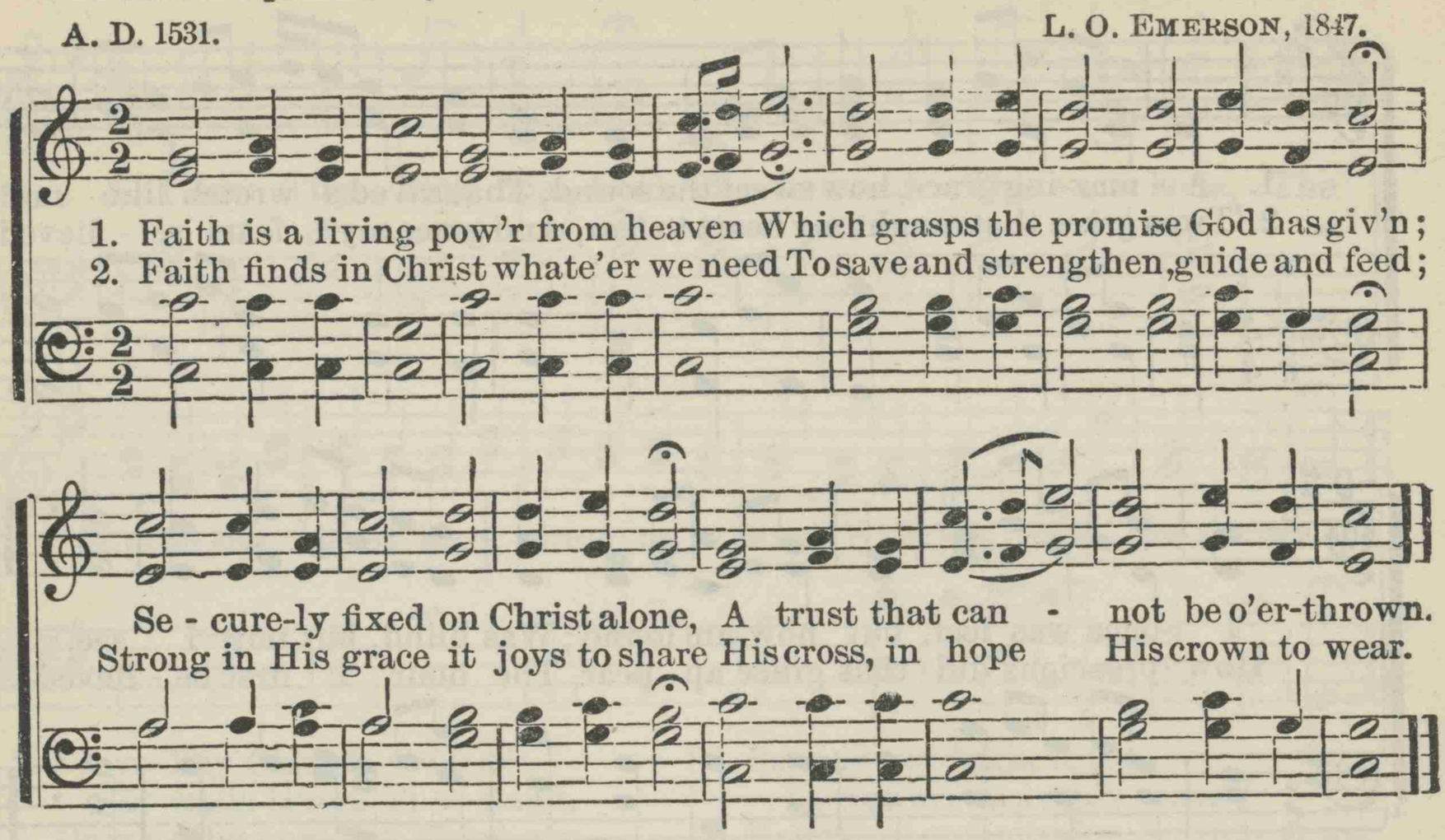
3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

No. 215. Sessions. L. M.

"That the promise by faith might be given to them that believe."—GAL. 3: 22.

A. D. 1531. L. O. EMERSON, 1847.



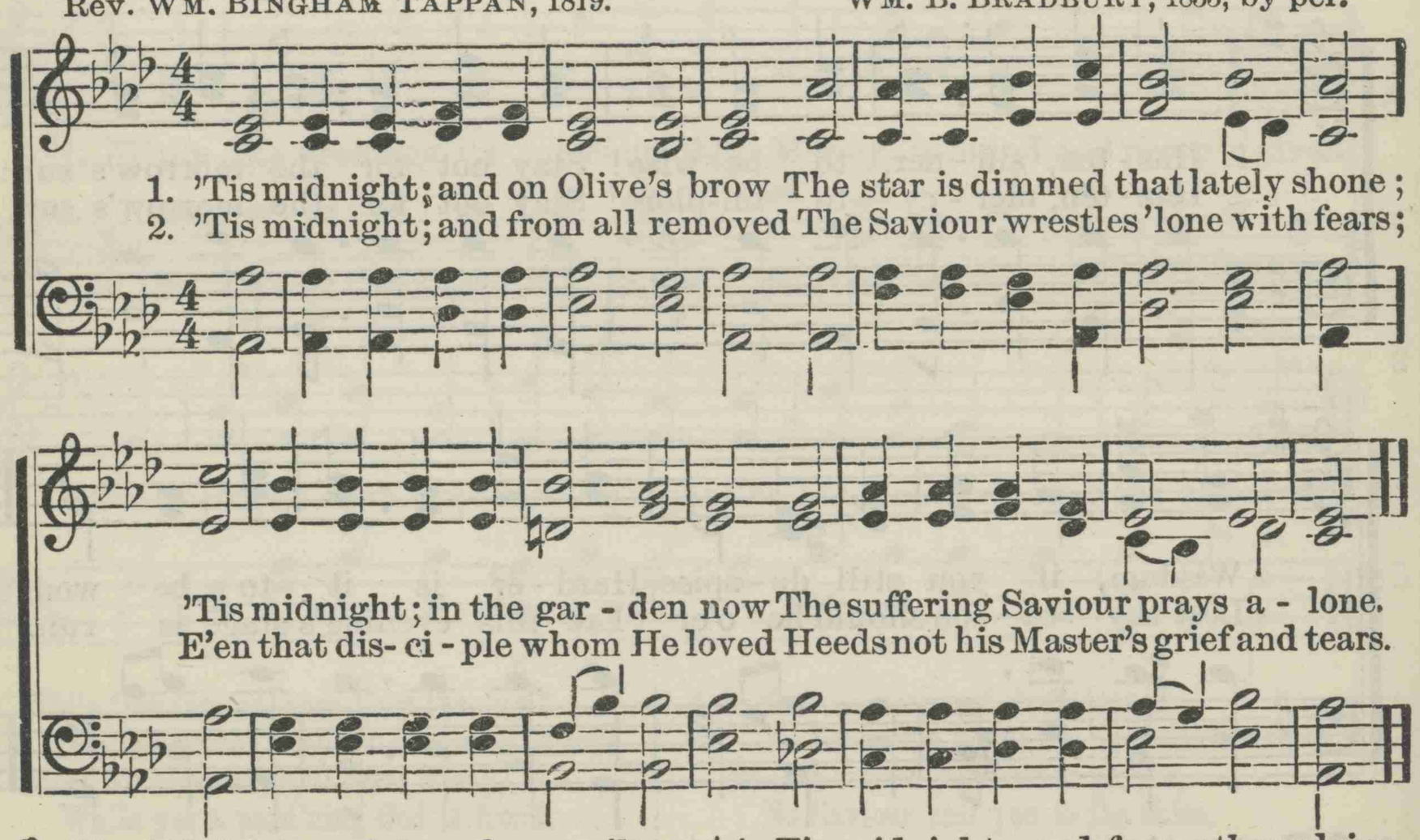
3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace;
And bids the mourner's sighing cease;
By faith the children's right we claim,
And call upon our Father's name.

4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers Thy favor grant
In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,
Who is our fount of health alone.

No. 216. Olive's Brow. L. M.

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."—MATT. 26: 38.

Rev. WM. BINGHAM TAPPAN, 1819. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1855, by per.



3 Tis midnight; and for others guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

No. 217. HENDON. Key D.

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

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

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

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

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

No. 218. P. M. Key E.

1 There's a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,—
When by sorrows pressed down,
I long for a crown,
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

2 There's a beautiful land on high,
I shall enter it by and by;
There, with friends, hand in hand,
I shall walk on the strand,
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

3 There's a beautiful land on high,
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way
To the realms of day,
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy,
Methinks I now see
How they're waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

5 There's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said,
That no tears shall be shed,
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

6 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good-by!"
When over the river
We're happy forever,
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

JAMES NICHOLSON, 1856

No. 219. THE SHINING SHORE. Key G.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethern dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says Come, and there's our home,
Forever, O forever.

CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

Rev. DAVID NELSON, 1835.

No. 220. 8s & 7s. Key C.

1 We are waiting by the river,
We are watching by the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon He'll come to bear us o'er.

2 Though the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.

3 And the bright celestial city,—
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

4 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them
When we too have crossed the tide.

5 When we've passed the vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

Miss MARY P. GRIFFIN.

No. 221. TUNE—G. H. I. NO. 24

1 My God I have found
The thrice blessed ground,
Where life, and where joy, and true comfort abound.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

2 'Tis found in the blood
Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my surety with God

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

3 He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the surety and sinners are free.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

4 And though here below
'Mid sorrow and woe,
My place is in heaven with Jesus I know.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

5 And this I shall find
For such is His mind,
"He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

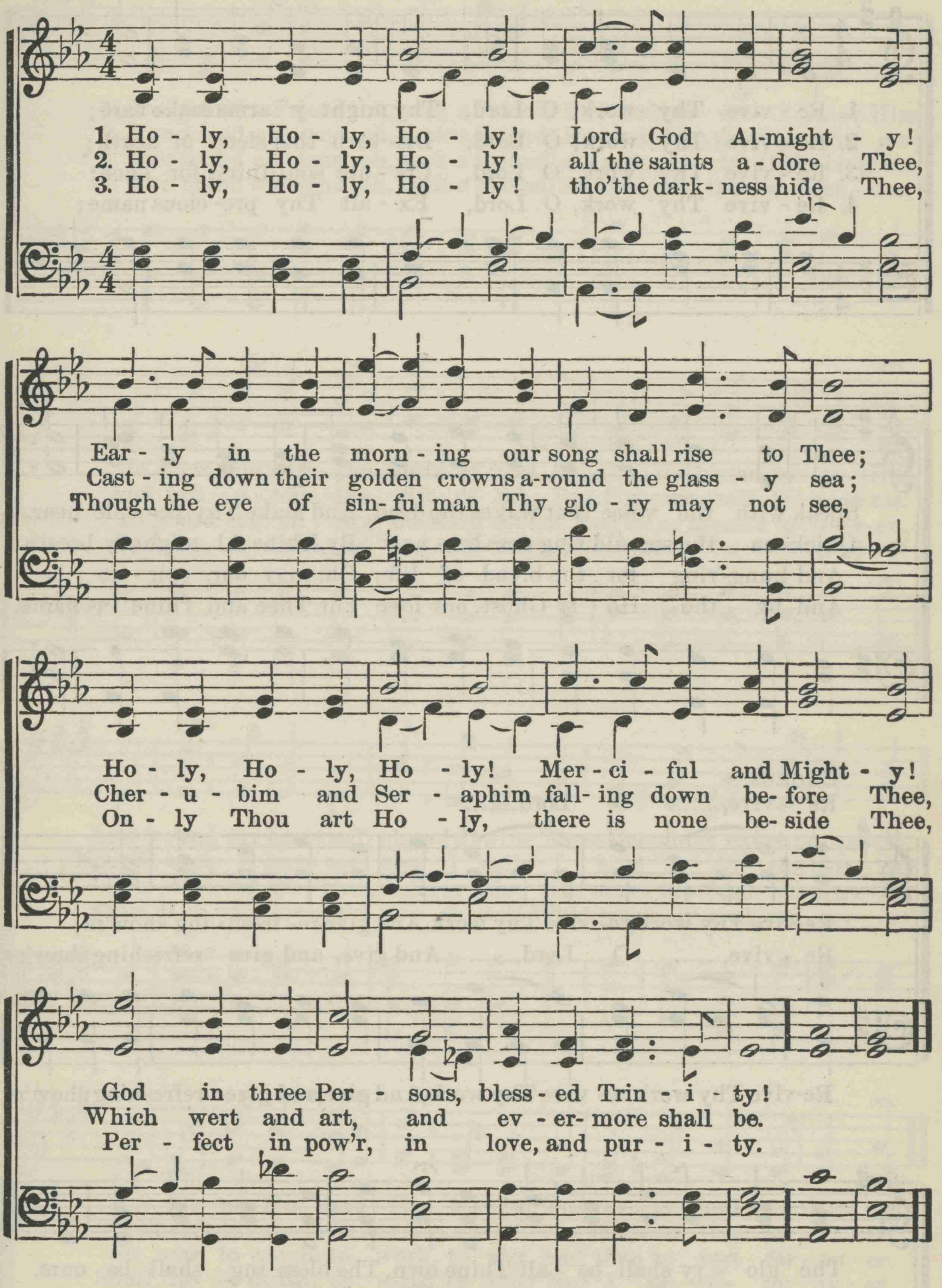
CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

Rev. JOHN GAMBOLD.

No. 222. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—REV. 4: 8.

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

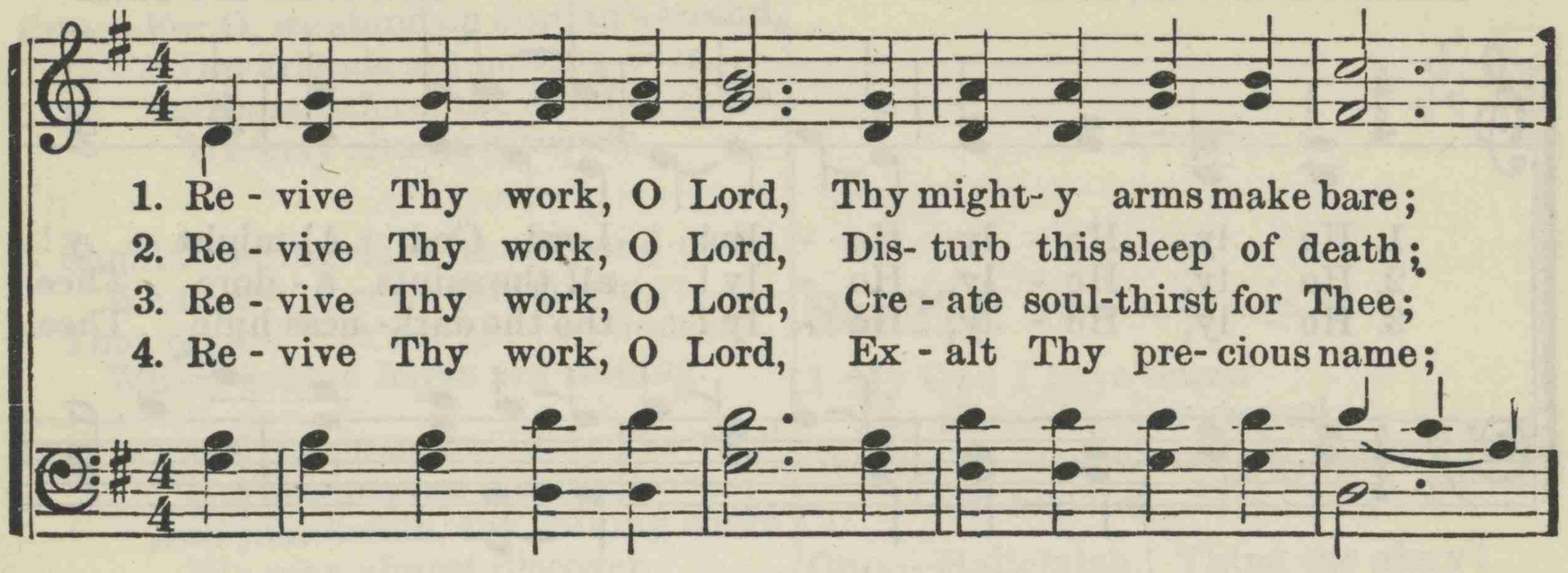


4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons, blesséd Trinity! Amen.

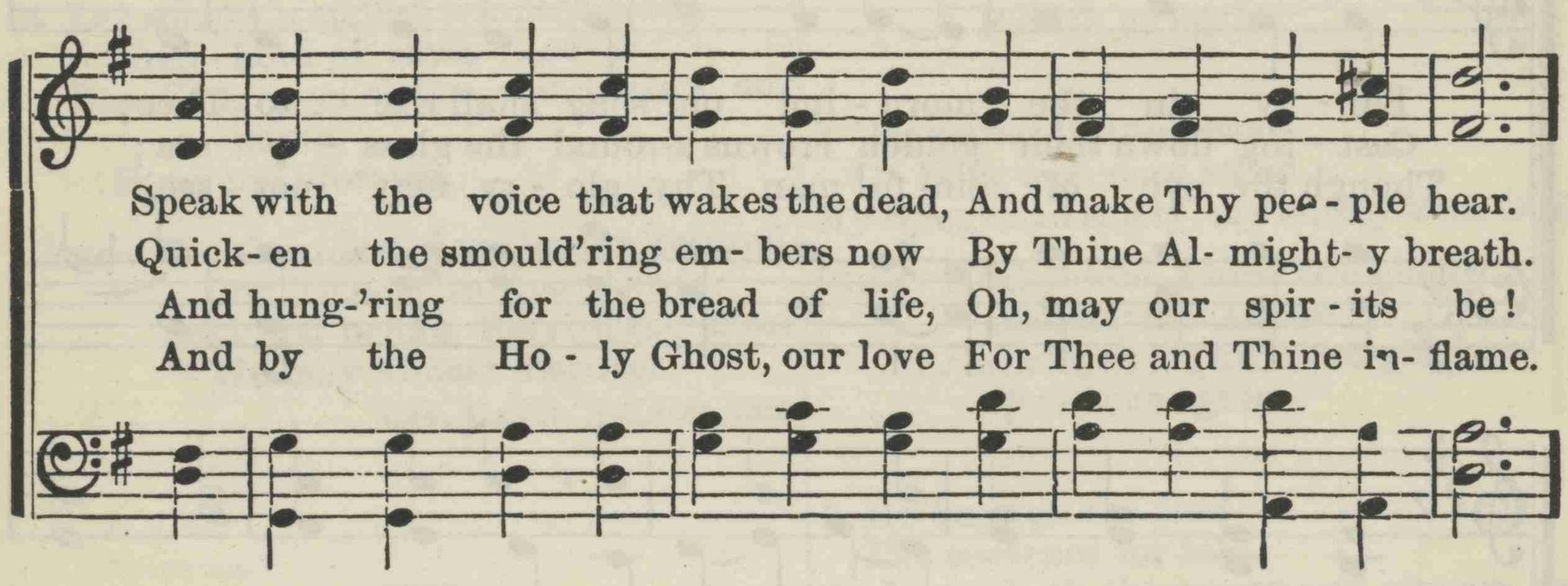
No. 223. Revive Thy Work.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—HAB. 3 : 2.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1860. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



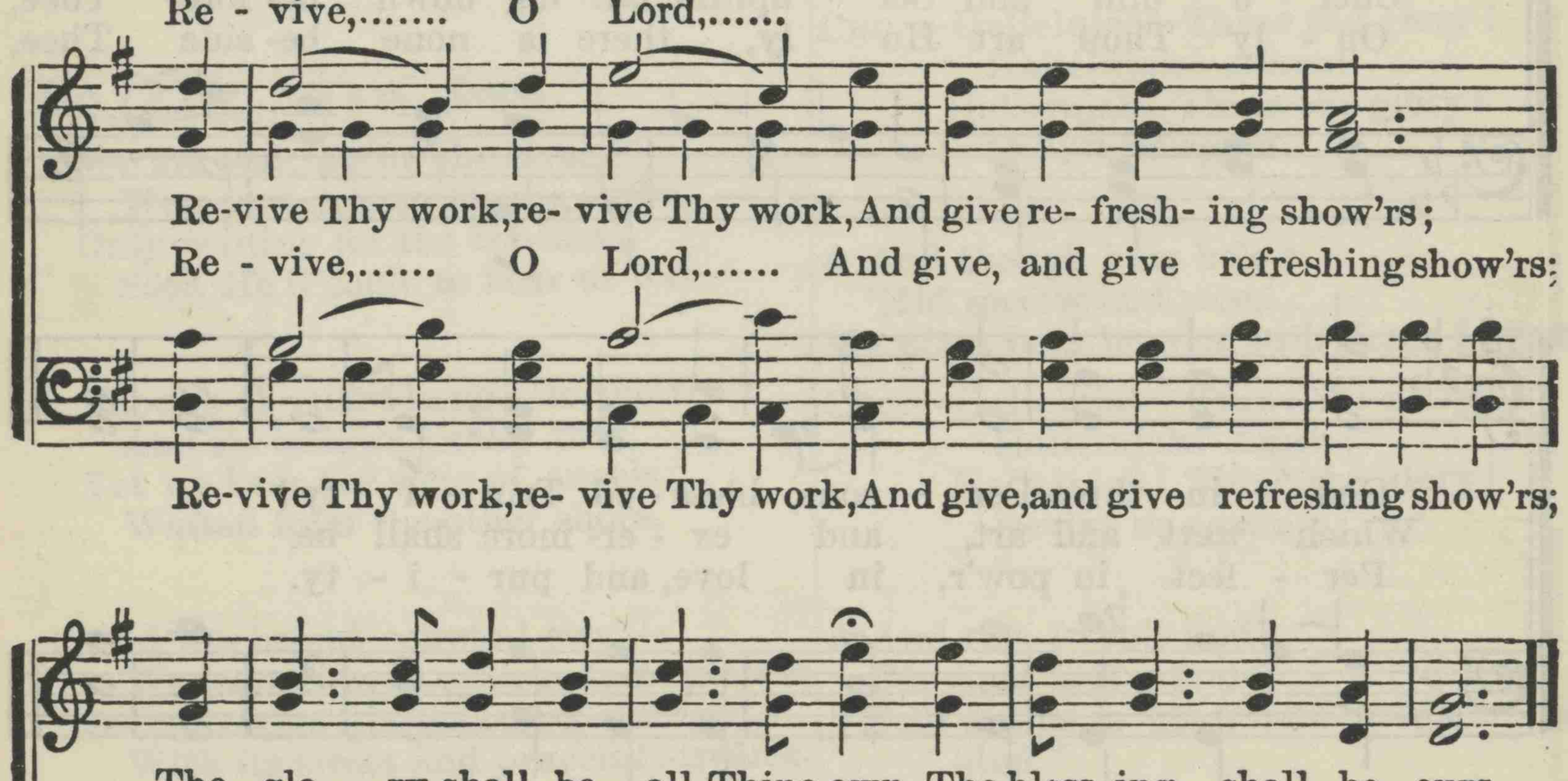
1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might- y arms make bare;
2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Dis- turb this sleep of death;
3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee;
4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt Thy pre- cious name;



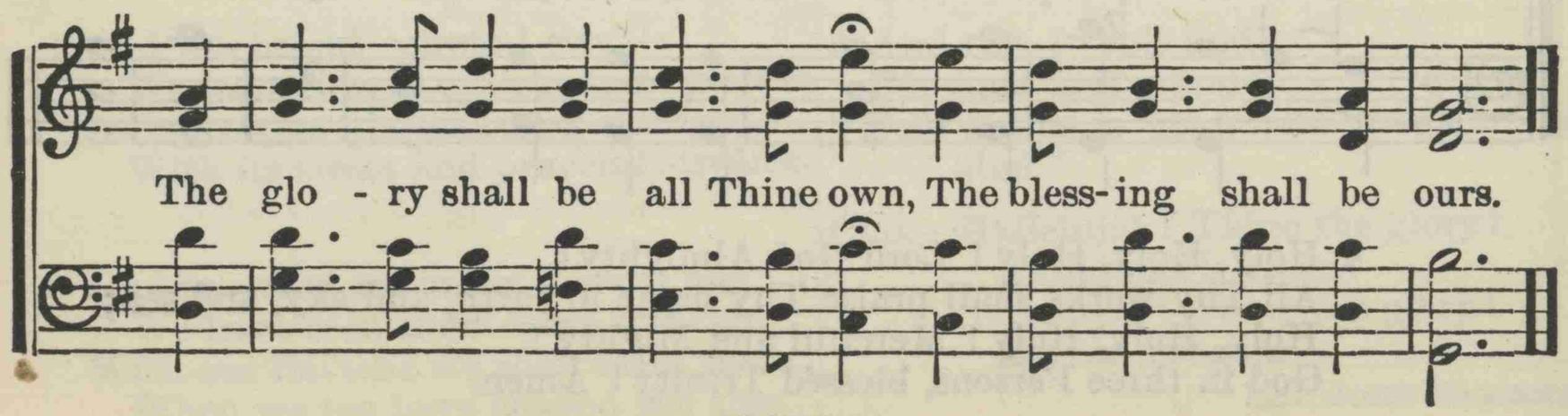
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.
Quick- en the smould'ring em- bers now By Thine Al- might- y breath.
And hung-'ring for the bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be!
And by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in- flame.

CHORUS.

Re - vive,..... O Lord,.....



Re-vive Thy work,re- vive Thy work,And give re- fresh- ing show'rs;
Re - vive,..... O Lord,..... And give, and give refreshing show'rs;



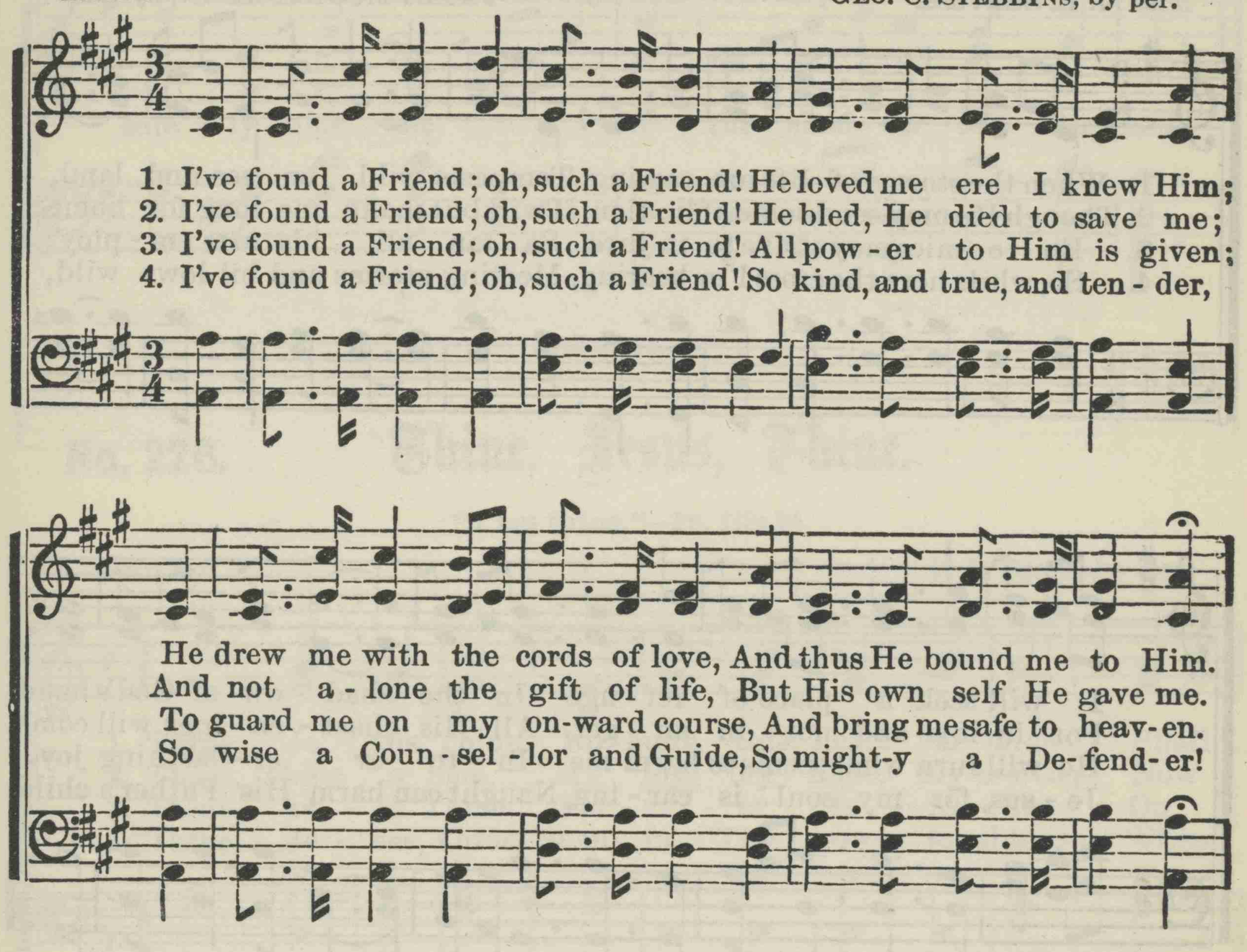
Re-vive Thy work,re- vive Thy work,And give,and give refreshing show'rs;

The glo - ry shall be all Thine own, The bless- ing shall be ours.

No. 224. I've Found a Friend.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



No. 225. He will Hide Me.

"In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me."—ISA. 49: 2.

Miss M. E. SERVOSS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. When the storms of life are rag-ing, Tempests wild on sea and land,
2. Though He may send some afflic-tion, 'Twill but make me long for home;
3. En - e - mies may strive to in-jure, Sa - tan all his arts em - ploy;
4. So, while here the cross I'm bearing, Meeting storms and bil-lows wild,

I will seek a place of ref - uge In the shad - ow of God's hand.
For in love and not in an - ger, All His chast - en - ings will come.
He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er - last - ing joy.
Je - sus, for my soul is car - ing, Naught can harm His Father's child.

CHORUS.

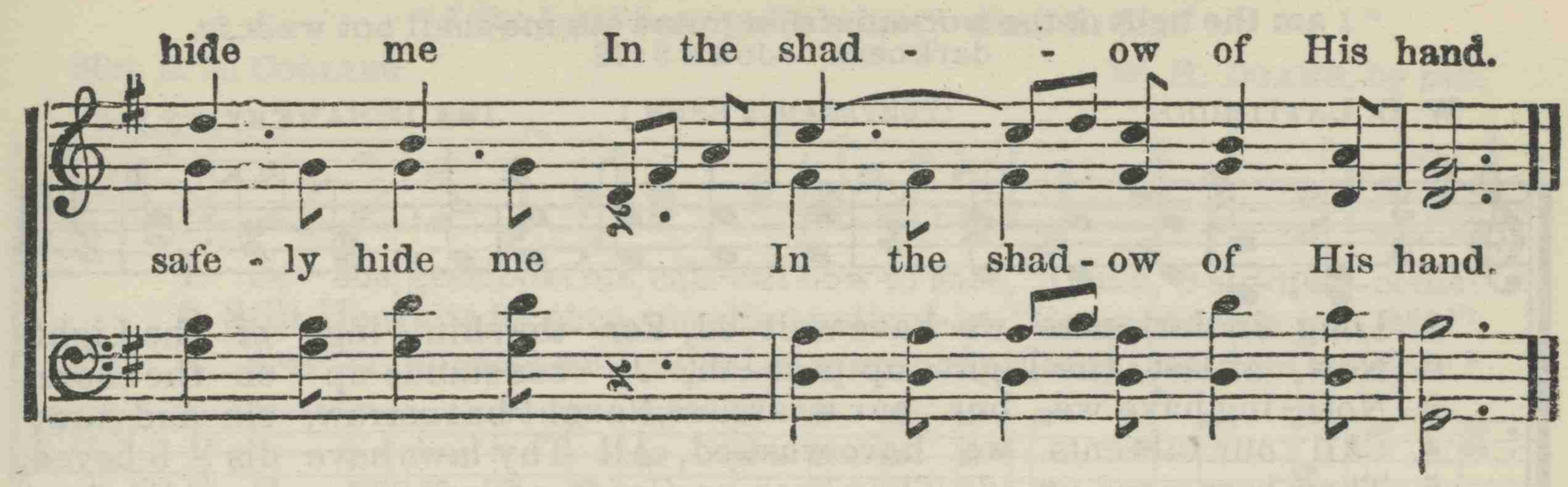
He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no

He will hide me, He will hide me,

harm..... can e'er be - tide me; He will hide me, safe-ly

Where no harm can e'er be - tide me; He will hide me,

He will Hide Me.—Concluded.

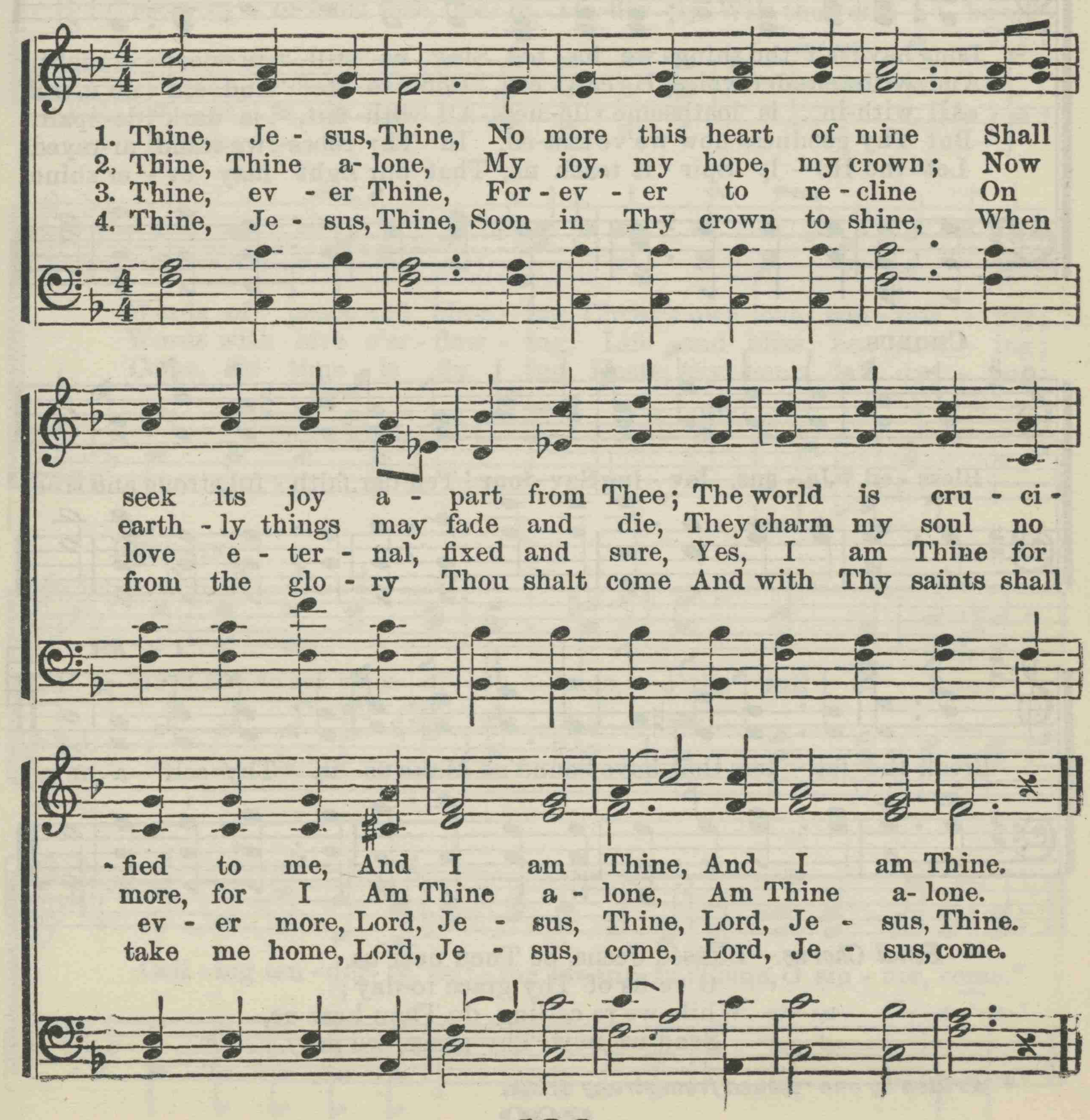


—o—

No. 226. Thine, Jesus, Thine.

"I am thine."—Ps. 119: 94.

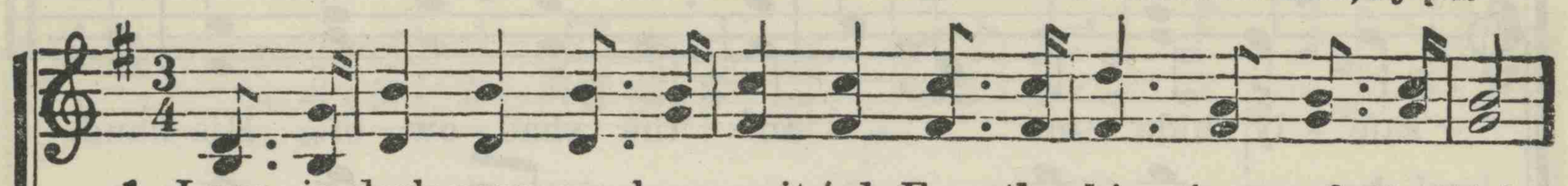
ENGLISH. P. P. BLISS, by per.



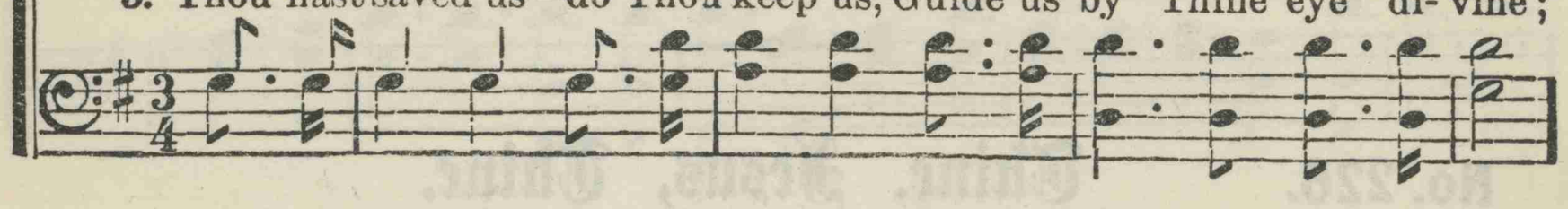
No. 227. Out of Darkness into Light.

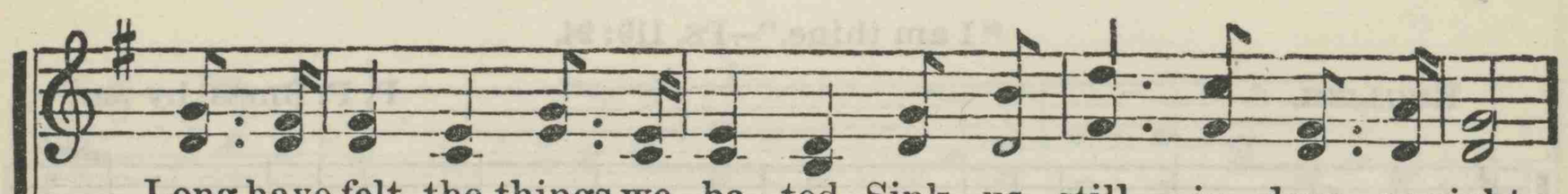
"I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."—JOHN 8 : 12.

W. O. LATTIMORE.* (TEMPERANCE HYMN.) IRA D. SANKEY, by per

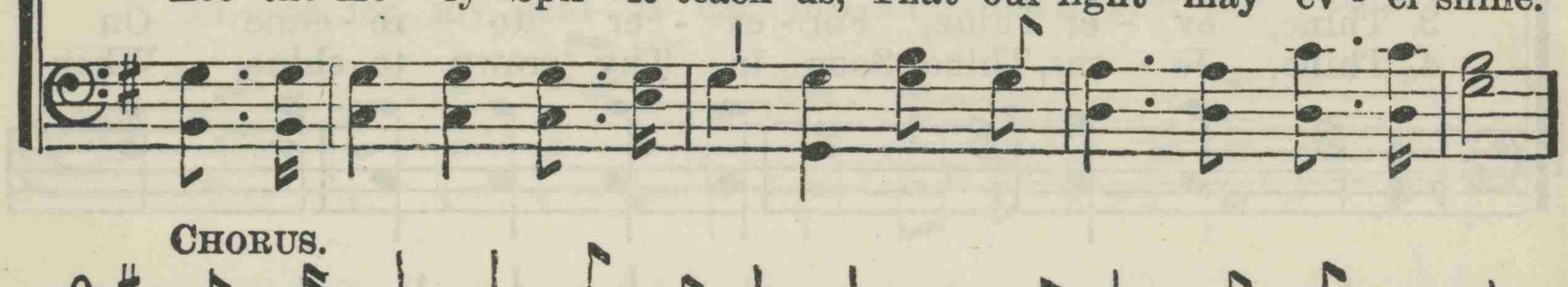


1. Long in dark-ness we have wait-'ed, For the shin - ing of the Light;
2. Now, at last, the Light ap-pear-eth, Je - sus stands up - on the shore;
3. Noth-ing have we, but our weakness, Naught but sorrow, sin and care;
4. All our tal- ents we have wast-ed, All Thy laws have dis - o-beyed;
5. Thou hast saved us—do Thou keep us, Guide us by Thine eye di- vine;

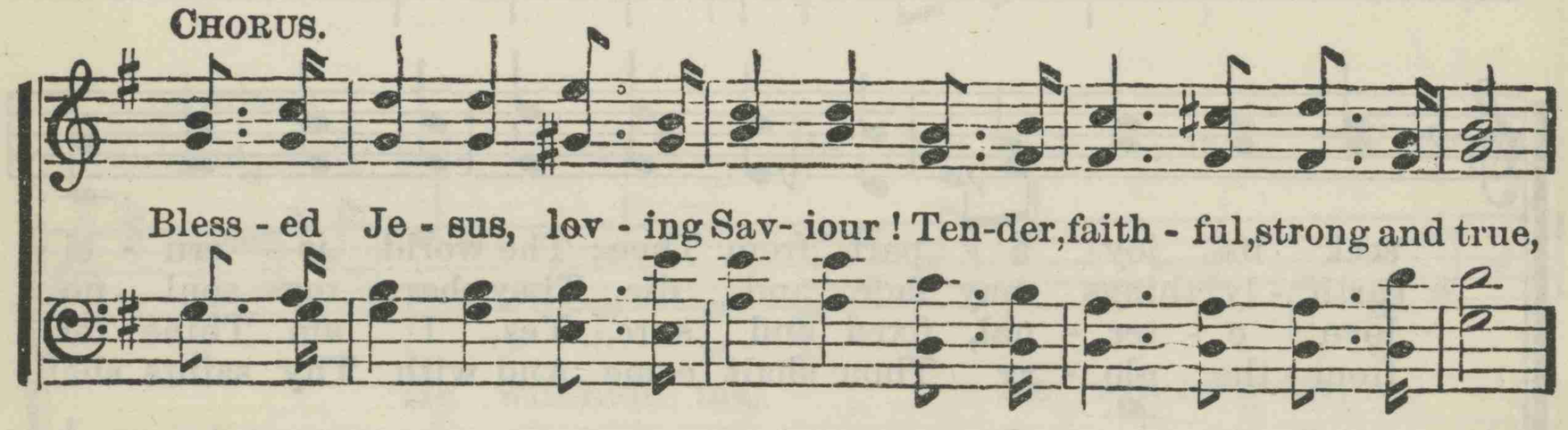




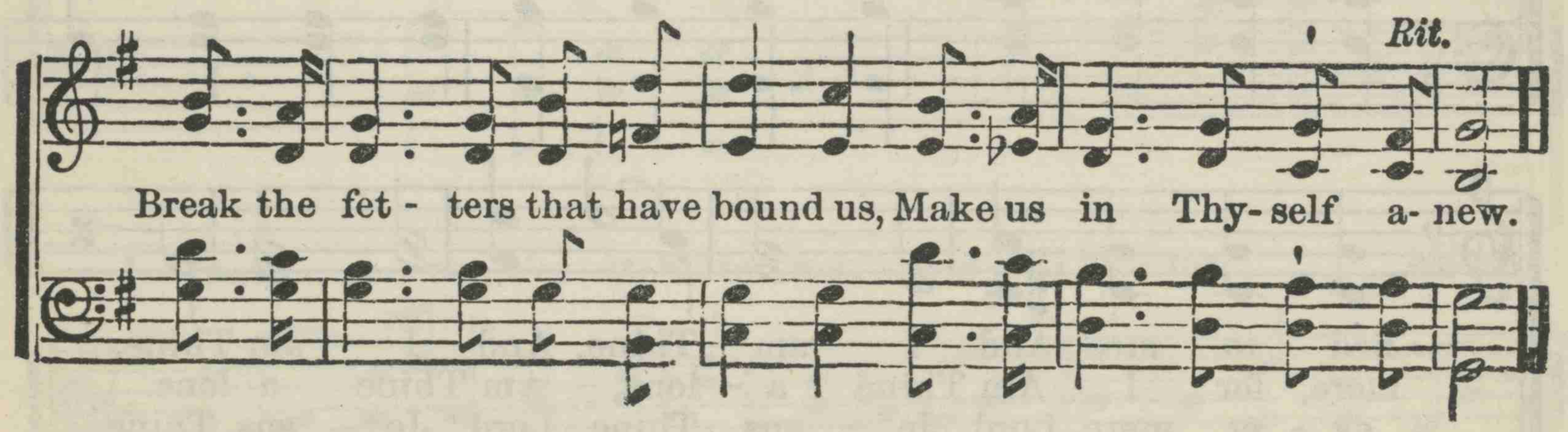
Long have felt the things we ha - ted, Sink us still in deep - er night.
And, with ten- der voice, He call - eth, "Come to Me" "and sin no more!"
All with-in, is loathsome vile- ness, All with- out, is dark de- spair.
But Thy goodness now we've tast-ed, In Thy robes we stand ar-rayed.
Let the Ho - ly Spir - it teach us, That our light may ev - er shine.



CHORUS.



Bless - ed Je - sus, lov - ing Sav- iour! Ten-der, faith - ful, strong and true,



Rit.

Break the fet - ters that have bound us, Make us in Thy- self a- new.

Final Chorus.—Blesséd Jesus, be Thou near us,
Give us of Thy grace to-day;
While we're calling, do Thou hear us,
Send us now Thy peace, we pray.

* *Written by one rescued from strong drink.*

No. 228. Jesus Calls Thee.

"I the Lord have called thee."—ISA. 42: 6.

Mrs. S. A. COLLINS. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Je - sus, gracious One, call-eth now to thee, "Come, O sin-ner, come!"
2. Still He waits for thee, pleading patient-ly, "Come, O come to Me!"
3. Wea - ry, sin-sick soul, called so graciously, Canst thou dare re - fuse?

Calls so ten - der- ly, calls so lov - ing- ly, "*Now*, O sin - ner, come."
"Heav- y - la - den one, I thy grief have borne, Come and rest in Me."
Mer - cy of-fered thee, free- ly, ten-der - ly, Wilt thou still a - buse?

Words of peace and bless - ing, Christ's own love con - fess - ing;
Words with love o'er - flow - ing, Life and bliss be - stow - ing;
Come, for time is fly - ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy - ing;

REFRAIN.

Hear the sweet voice of Je - sus, Full, full of love;

Call - ing ten - der- ly, call - ing lov-ing- ly, "Come, O sin - ner, come."

No. 229. My Redeemer.

"O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."—Ps. 19: 14.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His wond'rous love to me;
2. I will tell the wond'rous sto-ry, How my lost es - tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri-umph - ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mercy, He the ran - som free- ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv- eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.

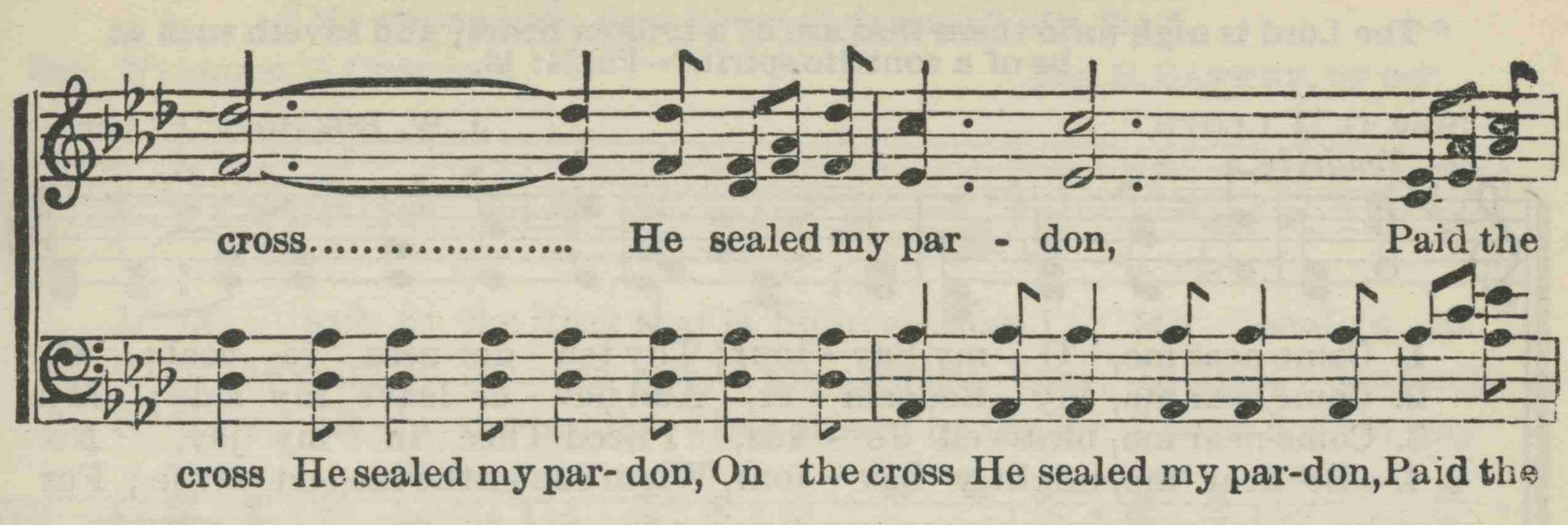
CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing..... of my Re-deem - er, With His blood.....

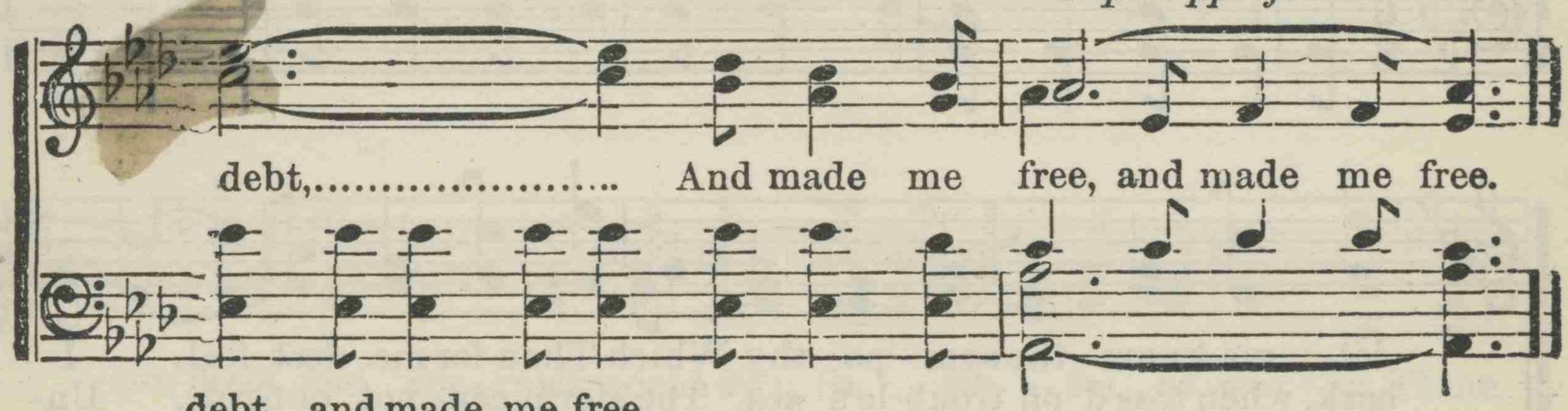
Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, With His blood He purchased me, He purchased me;..... On the blood..... He purchased me;

blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me; On the

My Redeemer.—Concluded.



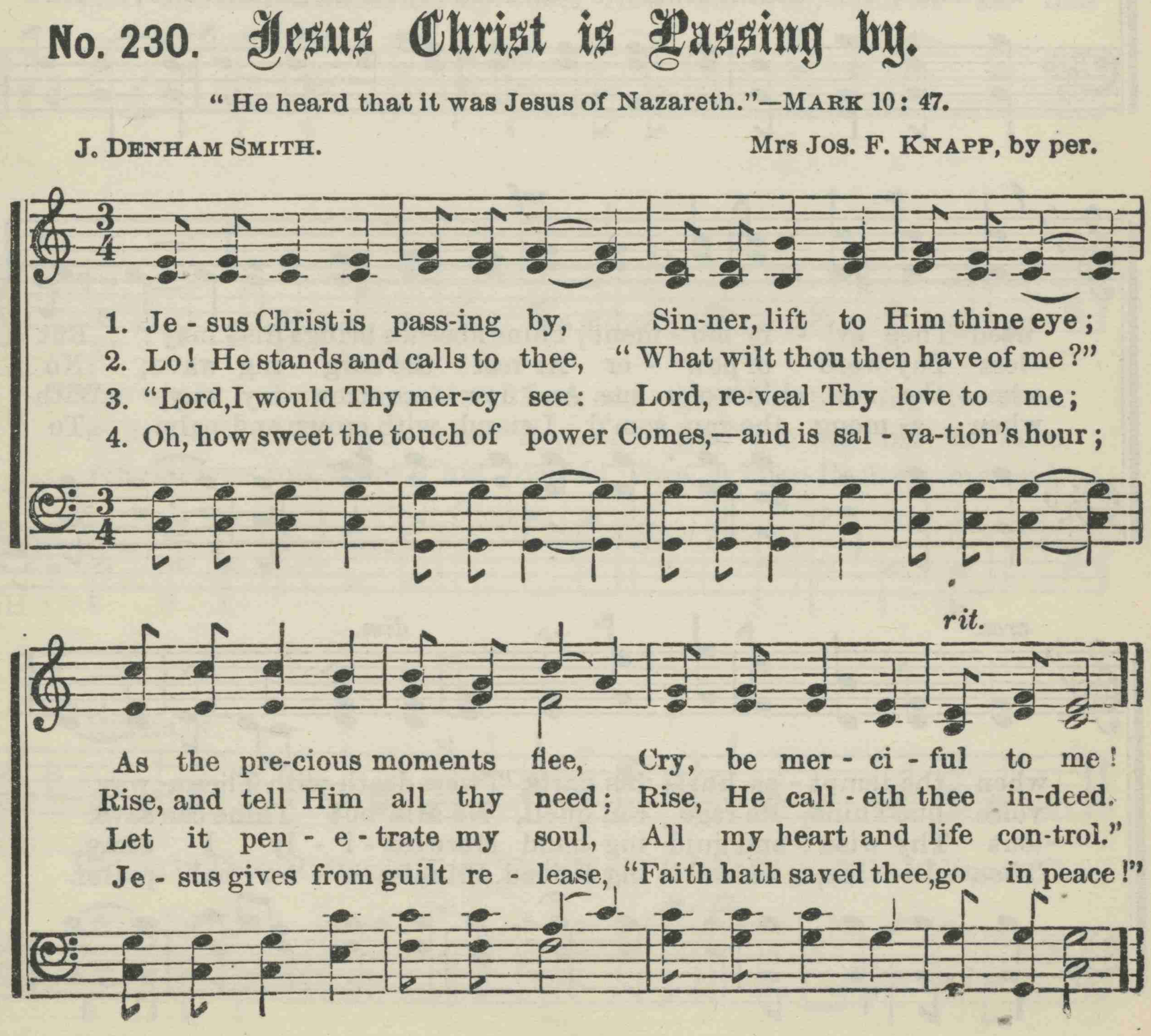
Repeat pp after last verse.



No. 230. Jesus Christ is Passing by.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK 10: 47.

J. DENHAM SMITH. Mrs JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

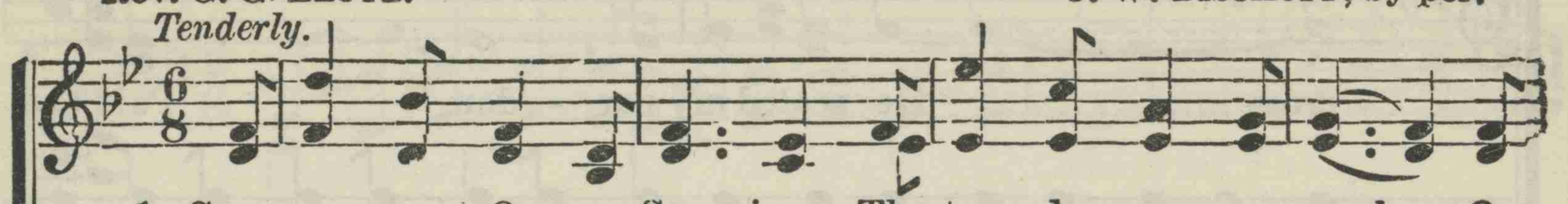


No. 231. Come near Me.

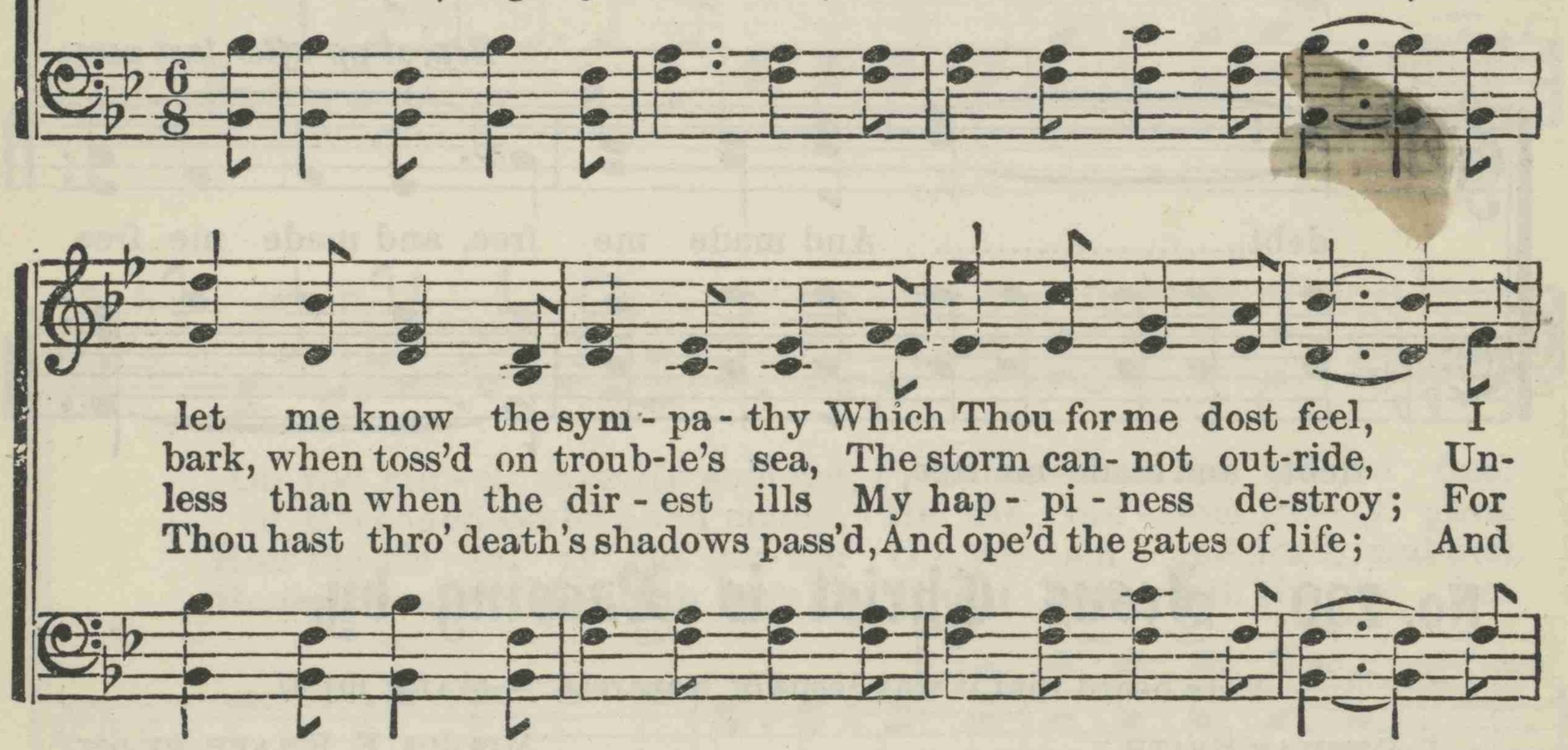
"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."—Ps. 34: 18.

Rev. G. G. LLOYD. J. W. BISCHOFF, by per.

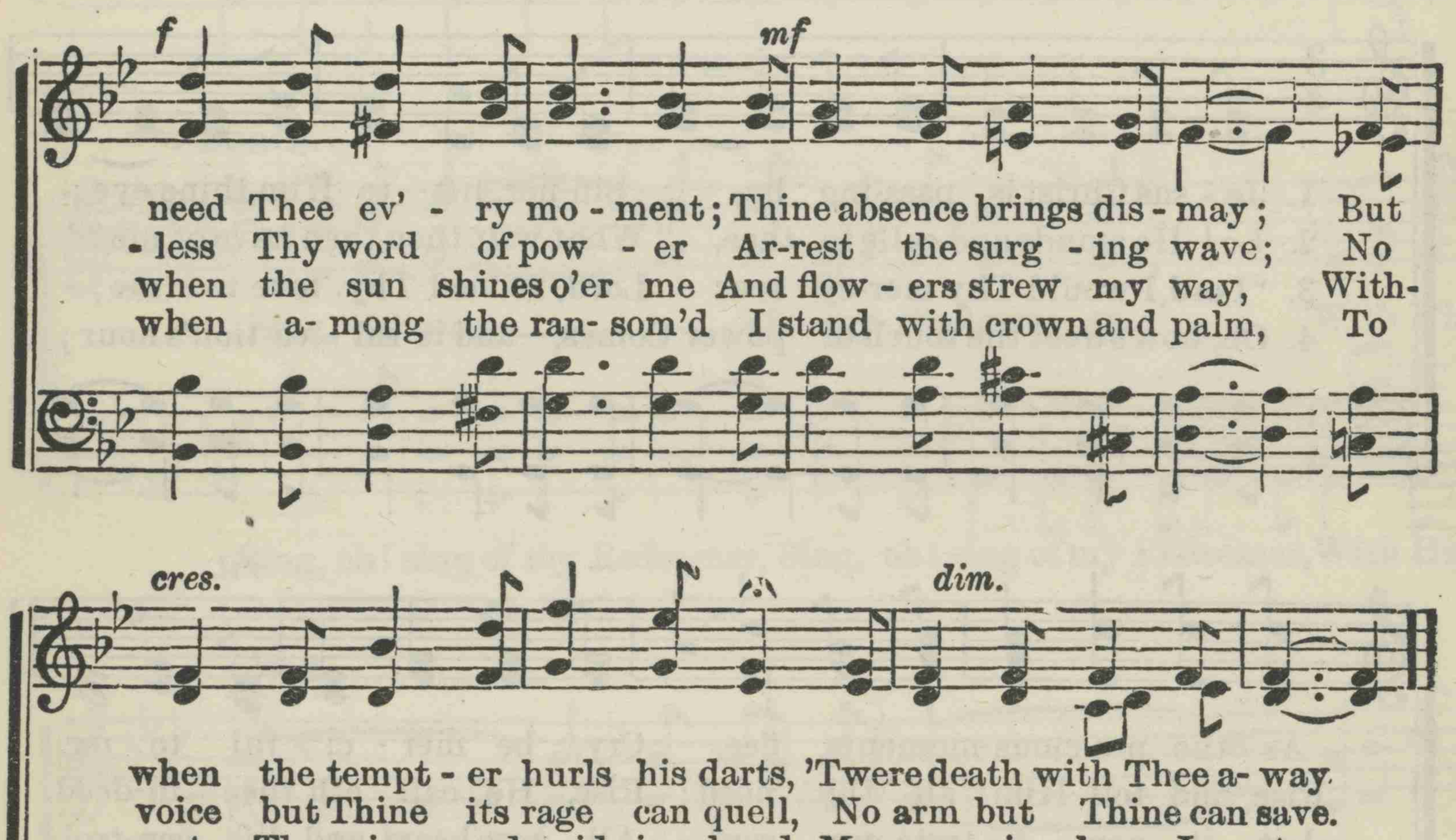
Tenderly.



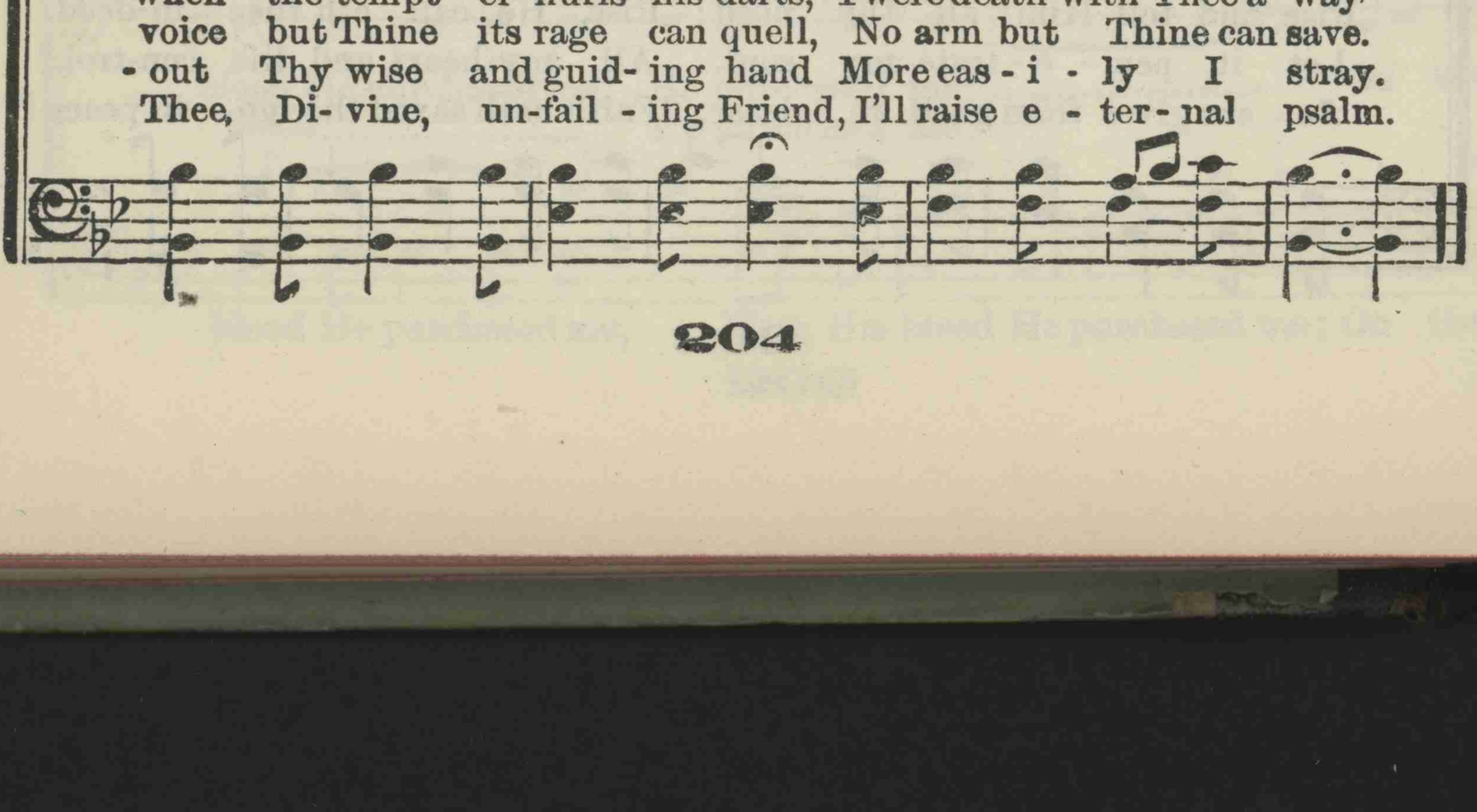
1. Come near me, O my Sav - iour; Thy ten - der-ness re- veal; O,
2. Come near me, my Redeem - er, And nev - er leave my side; My
3. Come near me, bless - ed Je - sus, I need Thee in my joy, No
4. Be near me, might-y Sav - iour, When comes the lat- est strife; For



let me know the sym - pa - thy Which Thou for me dost feel, I
bark, when toss'd on troub-le's sea, The storm can- not out-ride, Un-
less than when the dir - est ills My hap - pi - ness de-stroy; For
Thou hast thro' death's shadows pass'd, And ope'd the gates of life; And



need Thee ev' - ry mo - ment; Thine absence brings dis - may; But
- less Thy word of pow - er Ar-rest the surg - ing wave; No
when the sun shines o'er me And flow - ers strew my way, With-
when a- mong the ran- som'd I stand with crown and palm, To

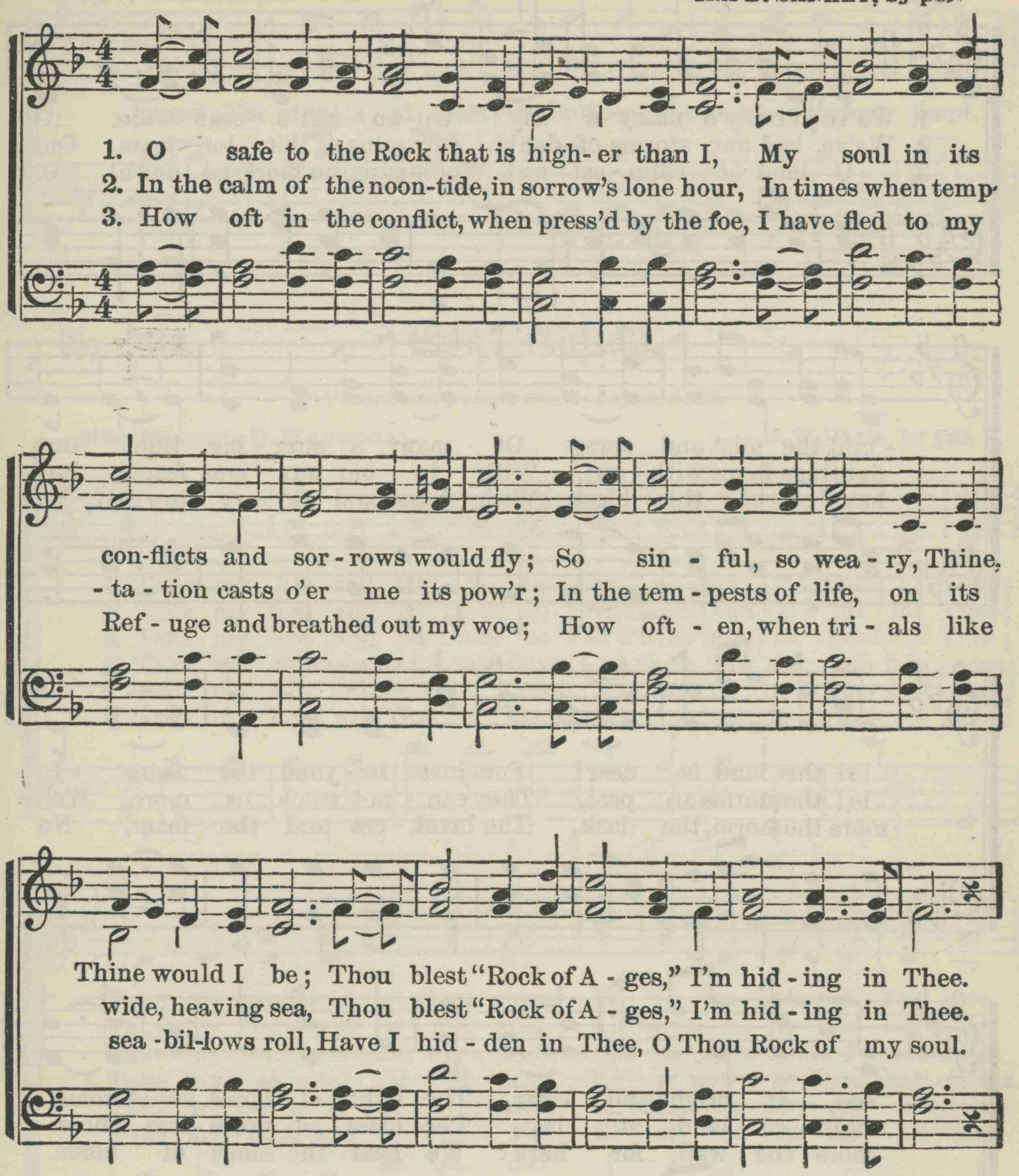


when the tempt - er hurls his darts, 'Twere death with Thee a- way.
voice but Thine its rage can quell, No arm but Thine can save.
- out Thy wise and guid- ing hand More eas - i - ly I stray.
Thee, Di- vine, un-fail - ing Friend, I'll raise e - ter - nal psalm.

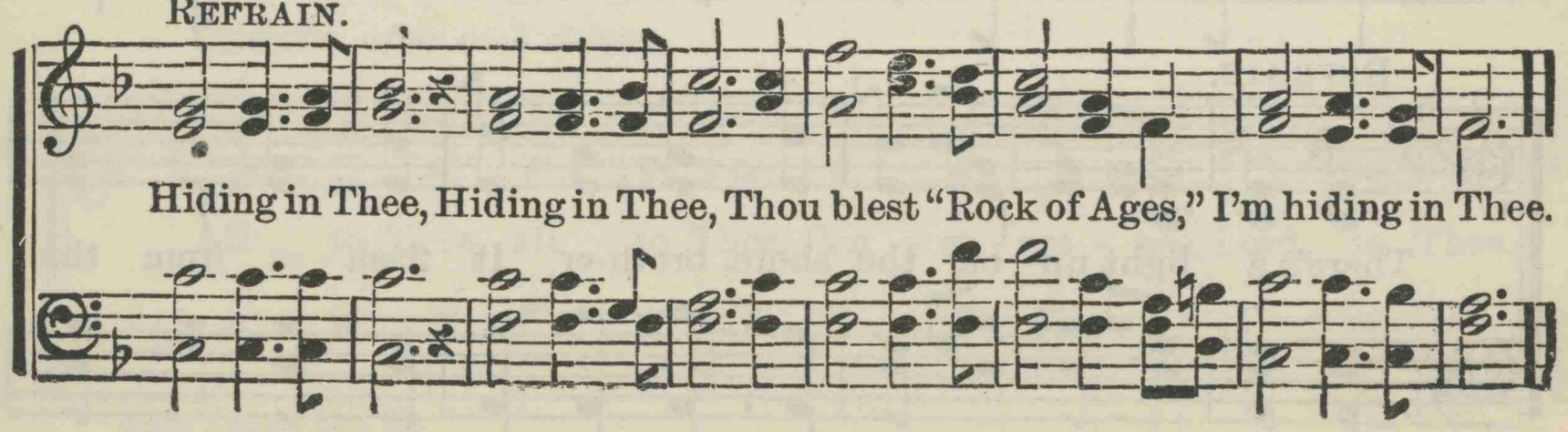
No. 232. Hiding in Thee.

"My strong rock, for a house of defence."—Ps. 31 : 2.

Rev. WILLIAM O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



REFRAIN.



No. 233. A Light upon the Shore.

"No night there."—Rev. 21 : 25.

Rev. Henry Burton, M. A. James McGranahan, by per.

1. We've journey'd many a day Up - on an o - cean wide, A -
2. We've had our storms of doubt, Our rains of bit - ter tears, Our
3. O land of calm - est rest, Where suns no more go down! O

- mid the mist and spray Of many a surg - ing tide; But,
fightings fierce with - out, With - in our anx - ious fears; But,
hav - en of the blest, With bliss and glo - ry crown'd! No

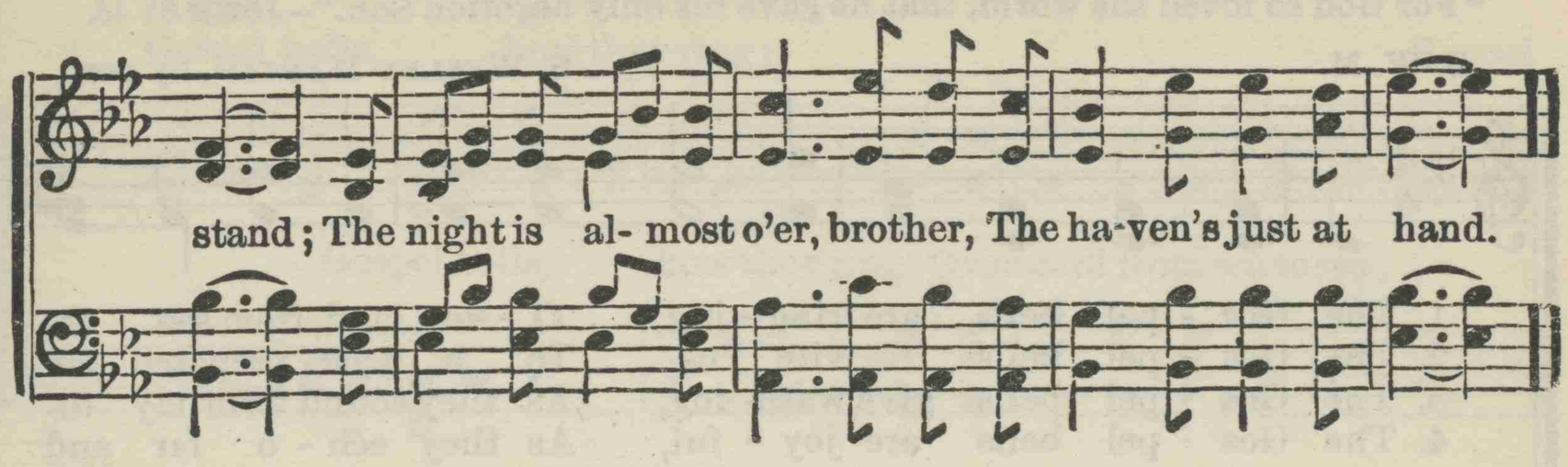
lo! the land is near! For just be - yond the foam I
lo! the storms are past, They can - not reach us more; We've
more the storm, the dark, The break - ers and the foam, No

see it bright and clear, The light of home, sweet home.
sight - ed land at last, The bless - ed storm - less shore.
more the wail, for hark! We hear the songs of home.

Refrain.

There's a light up - on the shore, broth-er, It flash - es from the

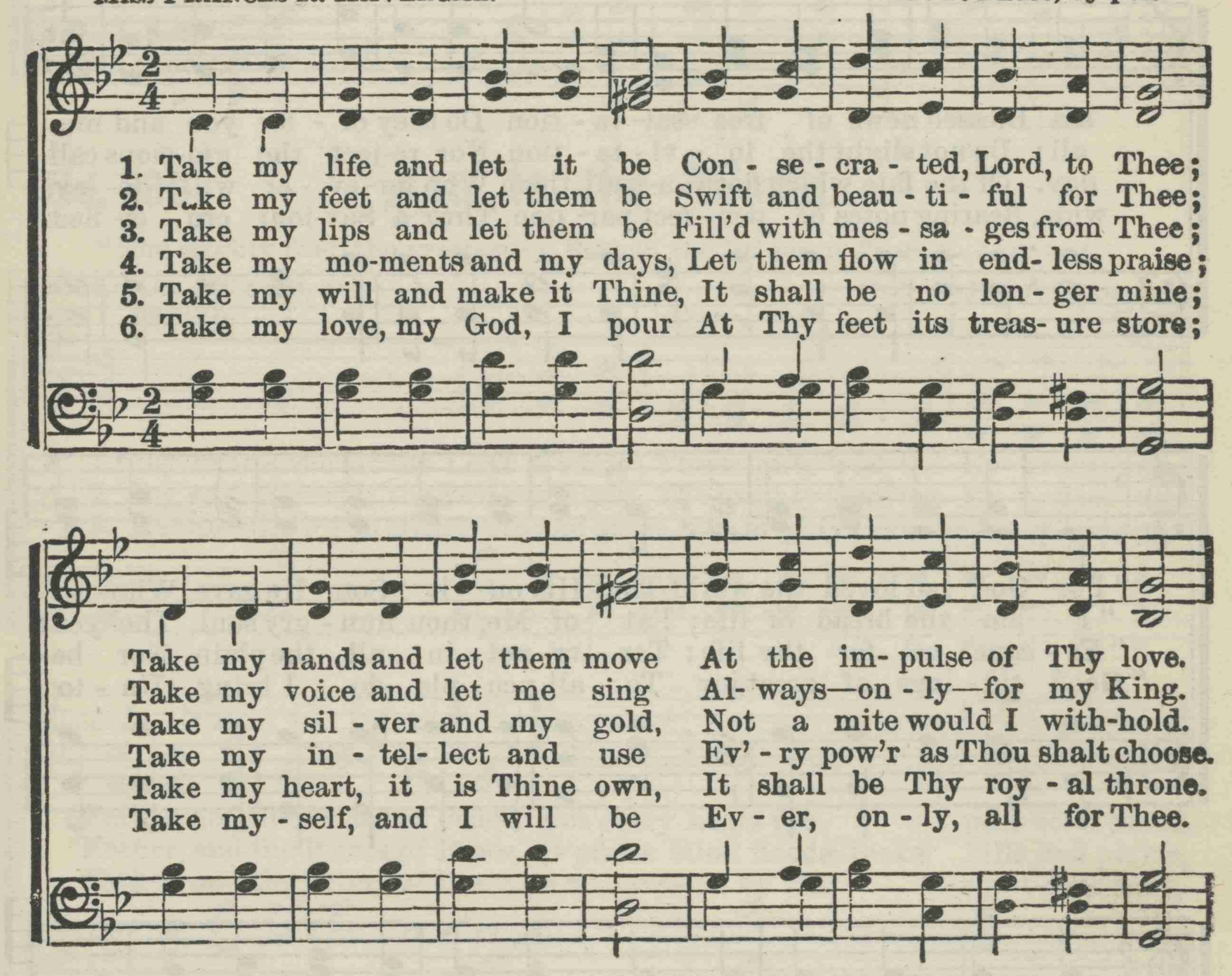
A Light upon the Shore.—Concluded.



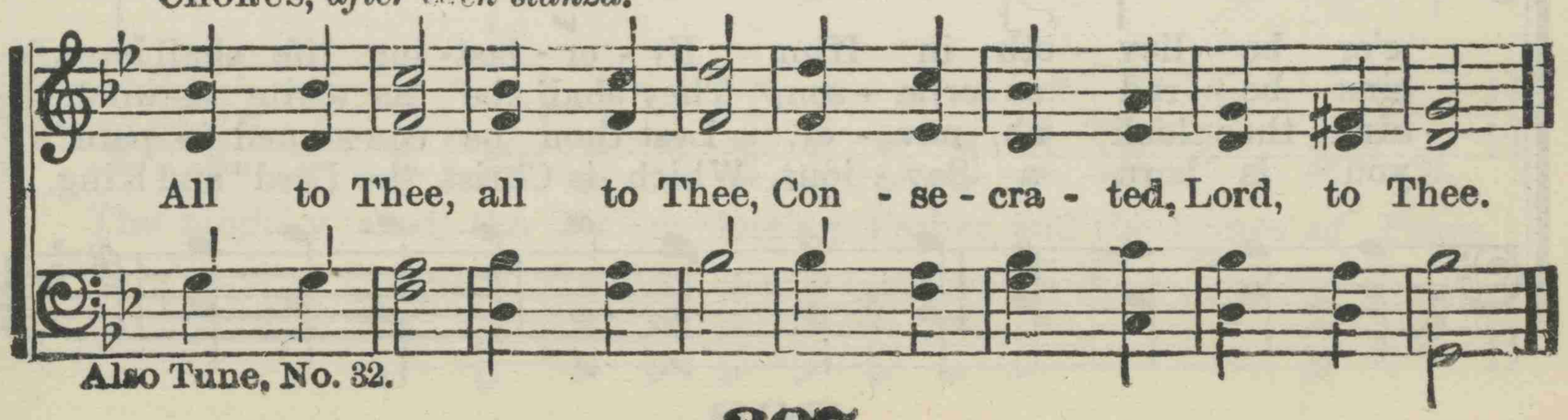
No. 234. Consecration.

"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. 6: 19.

Miss Frances R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss, by per.



Chorus, *after each stanza.*

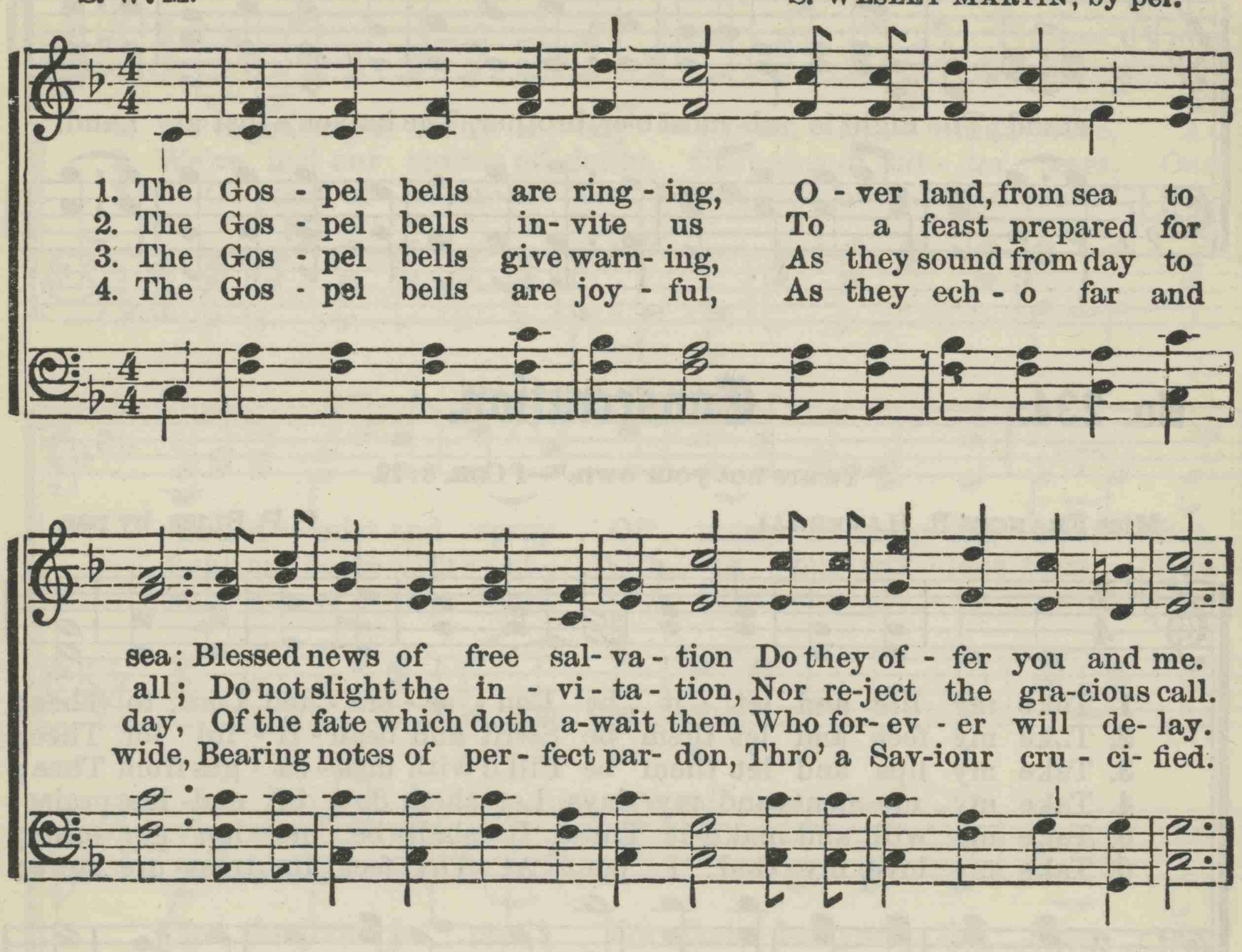


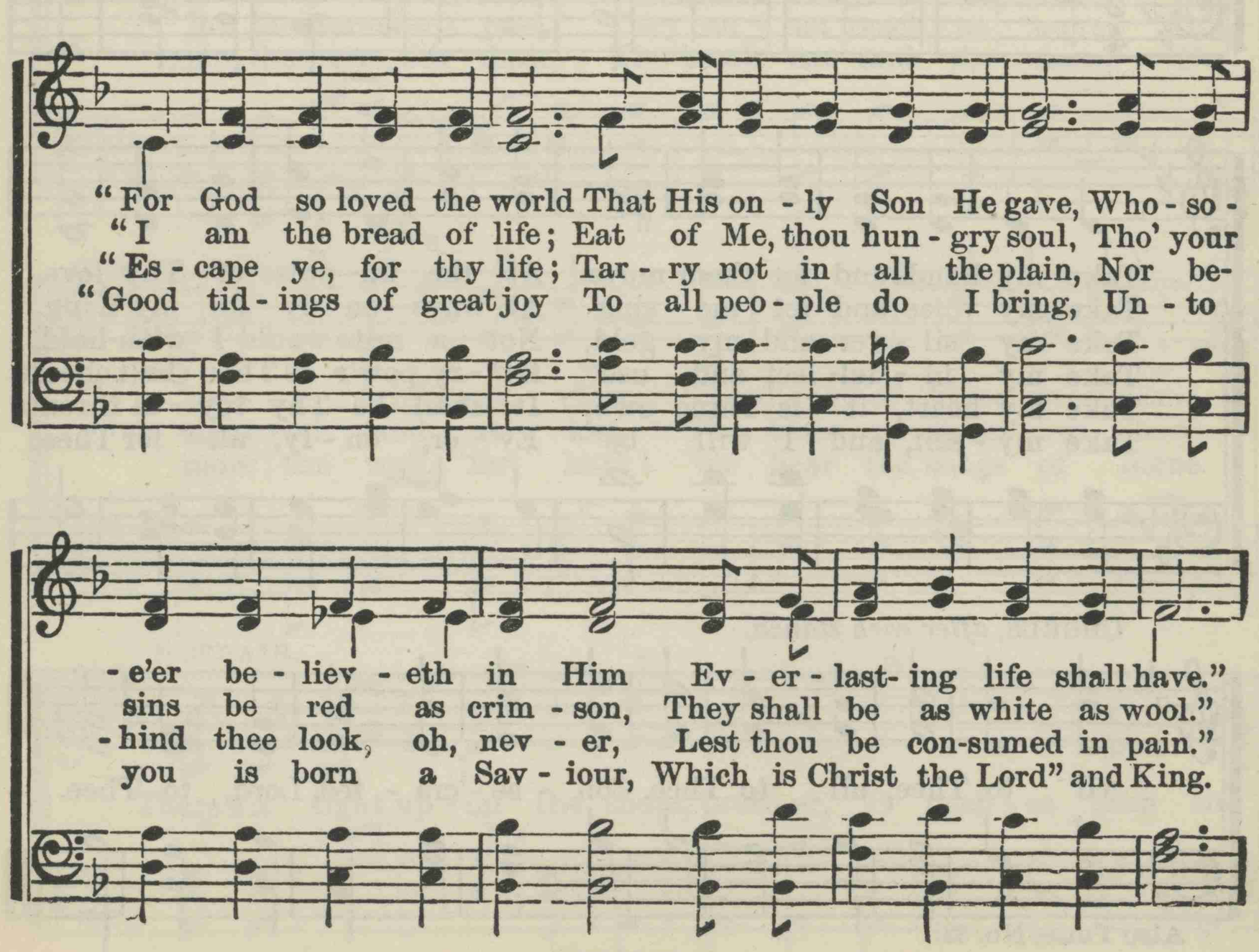
Also Tune, No. 32.

No. 235. The Gospel Bells.

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

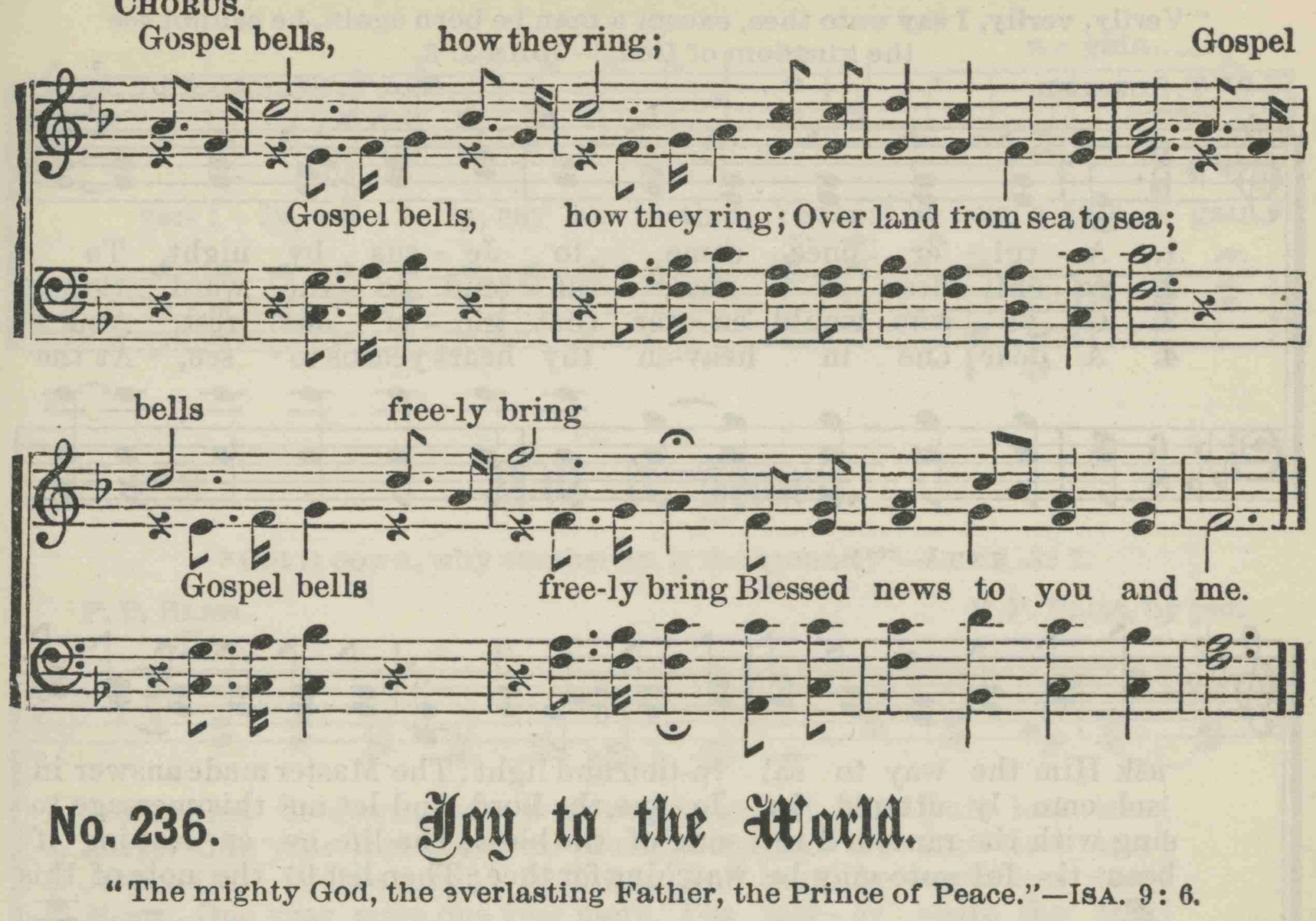
S. W. M. S. WESLEY MARTIN, by per.





The Gospel Bells.—Concluded.

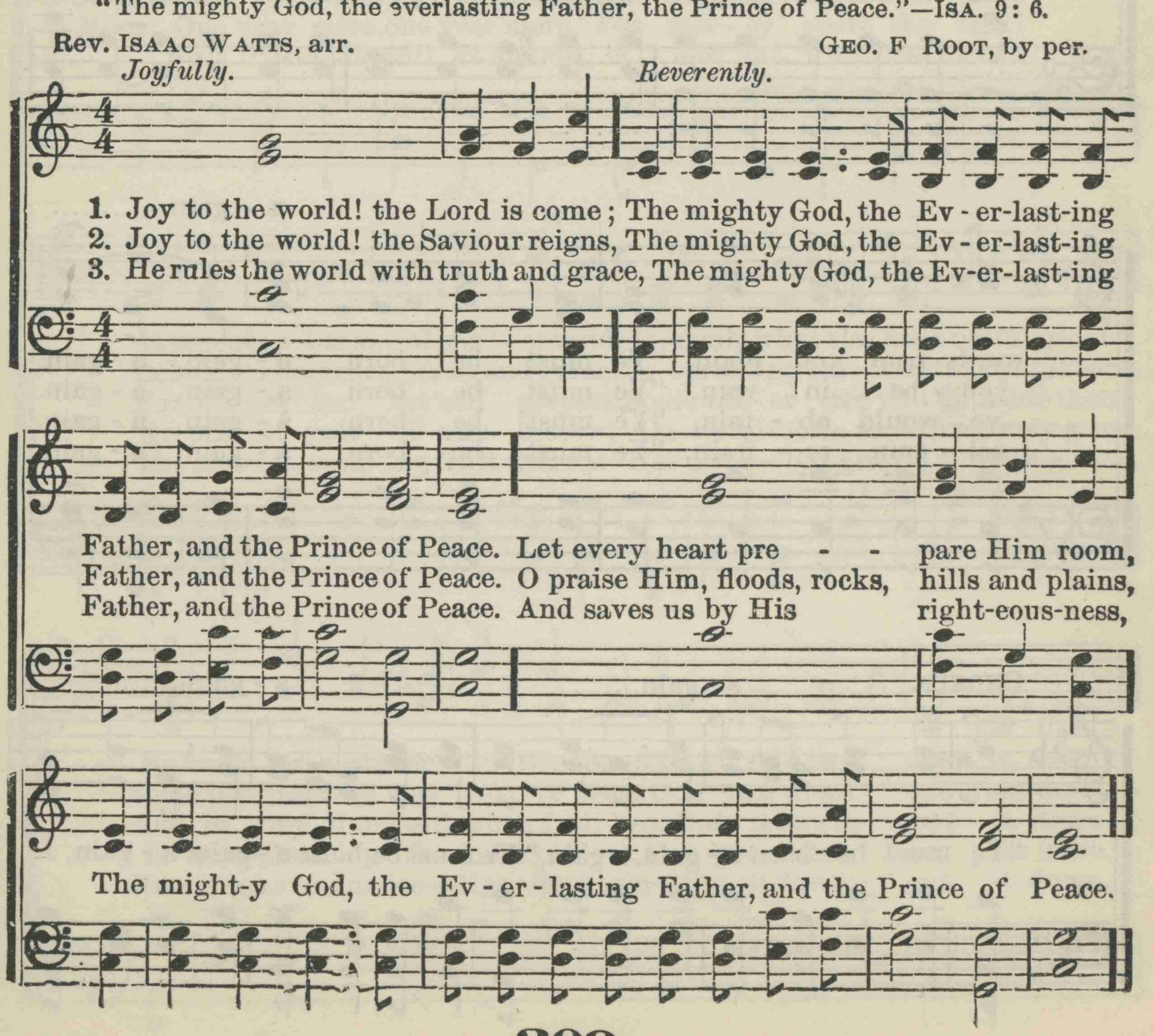
CHORUS.



No. 236. Joy to the World.

"The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—ISA. 9: 6.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, arr. GEO. F ROOT, by per.



No. 237. Ye must be Born again.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—JOHN 3: 3.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

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

ask Him the way to sal - va-tion and light; The Master made answer in
sol - emn - ly uttered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this message to
sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest; The life ev - er - last-ing if
beau - ti - ful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this

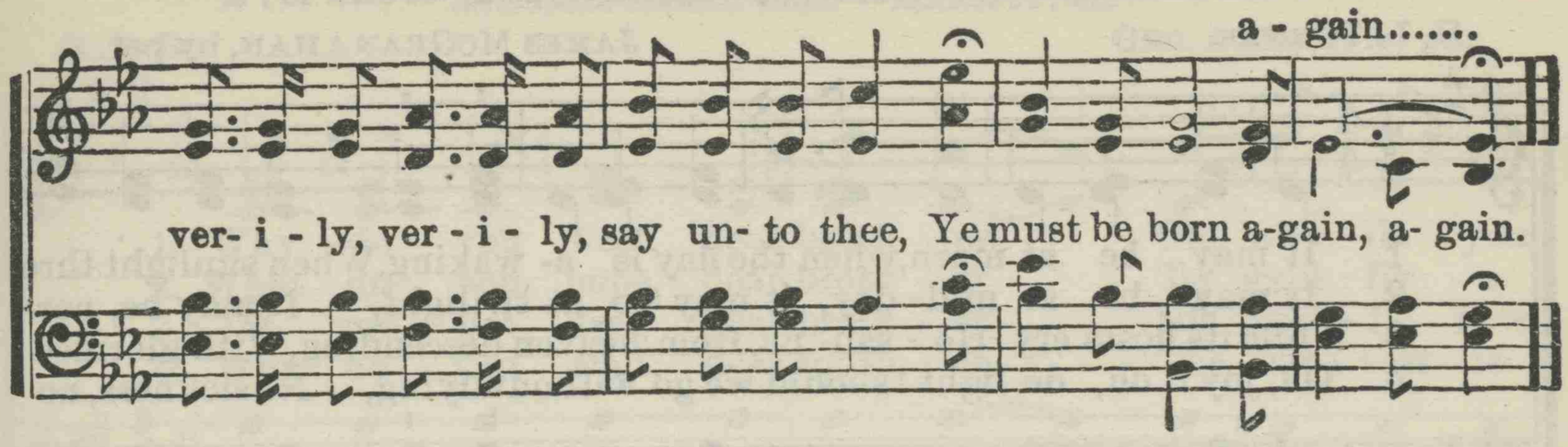
words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."

a - gain.....

CHORUS. a - gain,..... a - gain,.....

"Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain," Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain, I

Ye must be Born again.—Concluded.

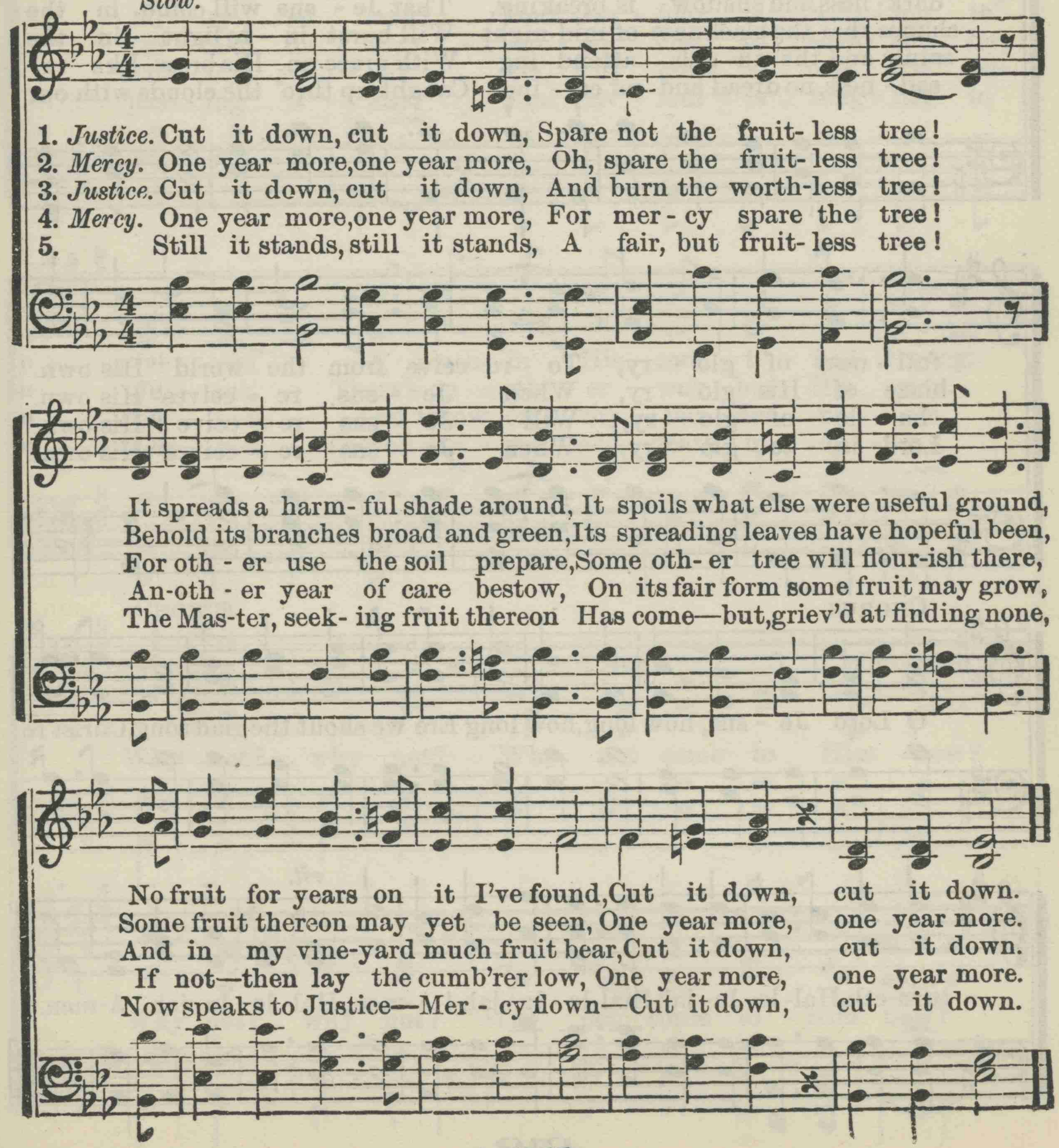


No. 238. Cut it Down.

"Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"—LUKE 13: 7.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Slow.



1. *Justice.* Cut it down, cut it down, Spare not the fruit- less tree!
2. *Mercy.* One year more, one year more, Oh, spare the fruit- less tree!
3. *Justice.* Cut it down, cut it down, And burn the worth-less tree!
4. *Mercy.* One year more, one year more, For mer - cy spare the tree!
5. Still it stands, still it stands, A fair, but fruit- less tree!

It spreads a harm- ful shade around, It spoils what else were useful ground,
Behold its branches broad and green, Its spreading leaves have hopeful been,
For oth - er use the soil prepare, Some oth- er tree will flour-ish there,
An-oth - er year of care bestow, On its fair form some fruit may grow,
The Mas-ter, seek- ing fruit thereon Has come—but, griev'd at finding none,

No fruit for years on it I've found, Cut it down, cut it down.
Some fruit thereon may yet be seen, One year more, one year more.
And in my vine-yard much fruit bear, Cut it down, cut it down.
If not—then lay the cumb'rer low, One year more, one year more.
Now speaks to Justice—Mer - cy flown—Cut it down, cut it down.

No. 239. Christ Returneth.

"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—JOHN 15 : 3.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a- waking, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid- day, it may be at twilight, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry Ho - san- na, from heaven descending, With glorified
4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go without dying, No sickness, no

dark- ness and shadow is breaking, That Je - sus will come in the
- chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the
saints and the an- gels attend- ing With grace on His brow, like a
sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full - ness of glo - ry, To re- ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Je - sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-

rit.

- turn-eth, Hal- le- lu- jah! hal-le - lu- jah! A-men, Hal- le - lu- jah! A-men.

No. 240. Why do You Wait?

"Arise, He calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is

tar - ry so long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to
fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but
striv - ing with - in? Oh, why not ac - cept His sal-
pass - ing a - way, Your Sav - iour is long - ing to

give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
- va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin.
bless you, There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

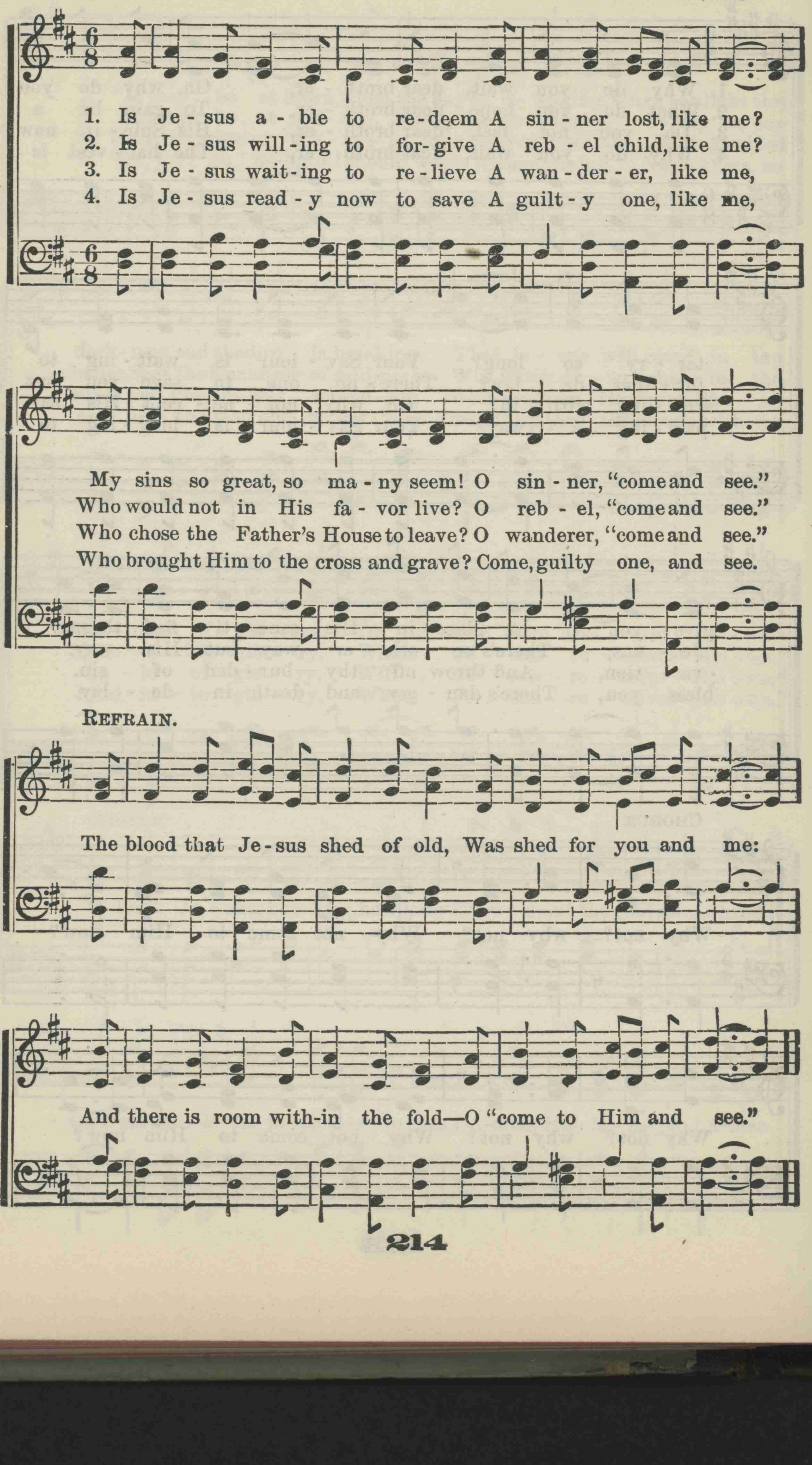
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

No. 241. Is Jesus able to Redeem?

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11: 28.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



No. 242. Verily, Verily.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. O what a Saviour that He died for me! From condem-na-tion He hath made me free; "He that be-liev-eth on the Son" saith He,
2. All my in-iq-ui-ties on Him were laid, All my in-debt-ed-ness by Him was paid; All who be-lieve on Him, the Lord hath said,
3. Tho' poor and need-y I can trust my Lord, Tho' weak and sin-ful I be-lieve His word; O glad mes-sage! ev'-ry child of God,
4. Tho' all unworthy, yet I will not doubt, For him that com-eth, He will not cast out, "He that be-liev-eth," O the good news shout,

CHORUS.

"*Hath* ev-er-last-ing life." "Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly,
"*Have* ev-er-last-ing life."
"*Hath* ev-er-last-ing life."
"HATH ev-er-last-ing life."

I say un-to you, Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly" mes-sage ev-er new;

"He that be-lieveth on the Son" 'tis true, "*Hath* ev-er-last-ing life."

No. 243. The Lamb is the Light thereof.

"And the Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. 21 : 23.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

1. If nev - er the gaze of sun and moon, On the bless- ed home a -
2. And thus saith the page of Ho - ly Writ Of the land of song and
3. Then fol - low Him, till the eye grows dim, And the soul, as ark- freed

- bove, From whence, are its rays of won - drous noon? Oh! "the
love, "The glo - ry of God did light - en it, And the
dove, Shall speed a - way to realms of day, Where "the

Chorus.

Lamb is the light there- of." They shall walk in white, there shall
be no night In the fade - less home a - bove; And the
shout shall ring as the ransomed sing, Oh! "the Lamb is the light thereof."

No. 244. How Happy are We.

"He that keepeth the law, happy is he."—PROV. 29: 18.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Oh, how hap - py are we, Who in Je - sus a - gree, And ex-
2. When u - nit - ed to Him, We par - take of the stream Ev - er
3. We re - mem - ber the word Of our cru - ci - fied Lord, When He
4. Come, Lord, from the skies And command us to rise To the

- pect His re - turn from a - bove; We sit'neath His vine, and de-
flow - ing in peace from the throne, We in Je - sus be - lieve, and the
went to pre - pare us a place, "I will come in that day and will
mansions of glo - ry a - bove; With Thee to as - cend and e-

- light - ful - ly join In the praise of His ex - cel - lent love.
spir - it re - ceive, That pro - ceeds from the Fa - ther and Son.
take you a - way, And ad - mit to a sight of my face."
- ter - ni - ty spend, In a rap - ture of heav - en - ly love.

CHORUS.

Oh, how happy are we Who in Je-sus a-gree, How happy, how happy are we.

No. 245. Blessed Hope.

"That ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope."—1 THESS. 4: 13.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Bless - ed hope that in Je - sus is giv - en, In our sor - row to cheer and sus - tain, That soon in the mansions of
2. Bless - ed hope in the word God has spo - ken, All our peace by that word we ob - tain; And as sure as God's word was ne'er
3. Bless - ed hope! how it shines in our sor - row, Like the star o - ver Beth-le-hem's plain, That it may be, with Him, ere the
4. Bless - ed hope! the bright star of the morn - ing, That shall her - ald His com-ing to reign; Oh, the glo - ry that waits its fair

Heav - en, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
bro - ken, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
mor - row, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
dawn - ing, When we meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.

CHORUS.

Blessed hope,..... blessed hope,.....We shall meet with our lov'd ones again,

Blessed hope, blessed hope,

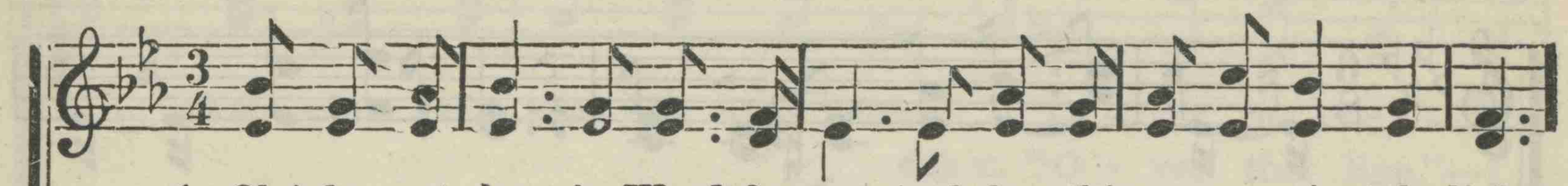
Blessed hope,..... blessed hope,.....We shall meet with our lov'd ones again.

Blessed hope, blessed hope,

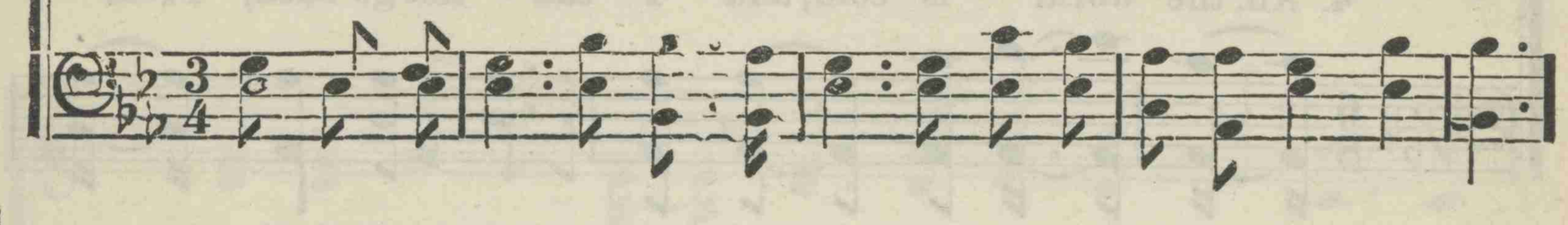
No. 246. Why not To-night?

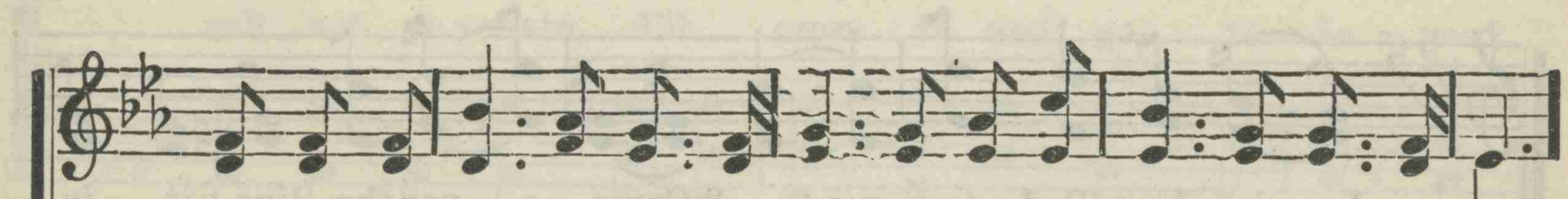
"How long halt ye between two opinions?"—1 KINGS 18: 21.

ELIZA REED, 1842. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

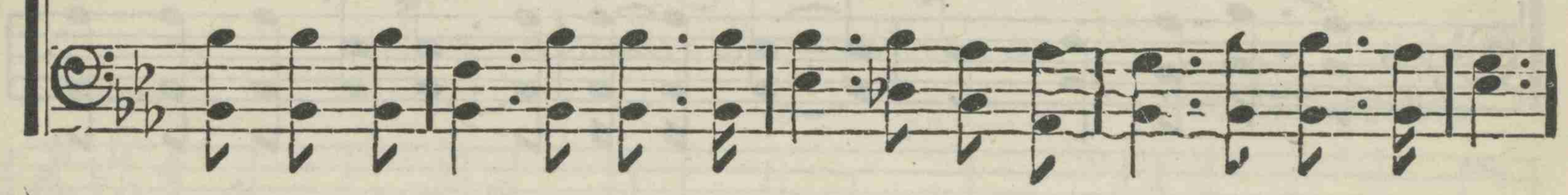


1. Oh! do not let the Word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. The world has nothing left to give—It has no new, no pure de-light;
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls unite;

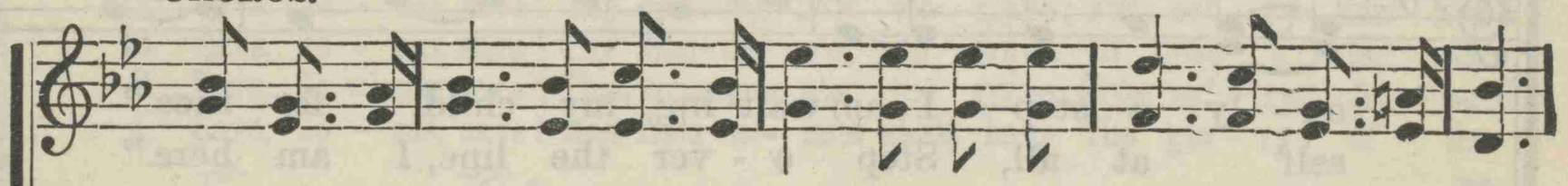




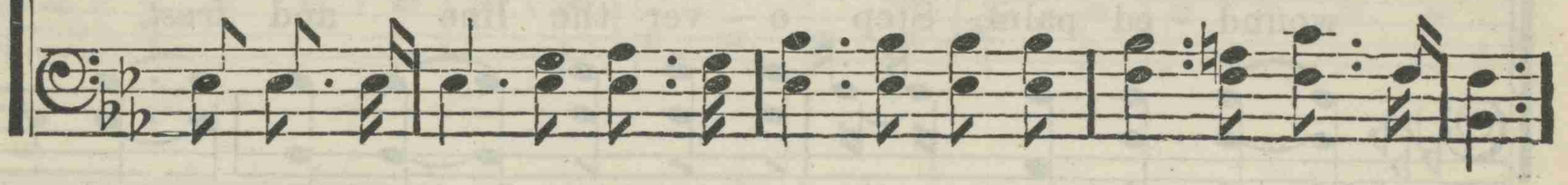
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart; Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
This is the time! Oh, then be wise! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
Oh, try, the life which Christians live! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
Then be the work of grace begun! Thou would'st be saved—*Why not to-night?*

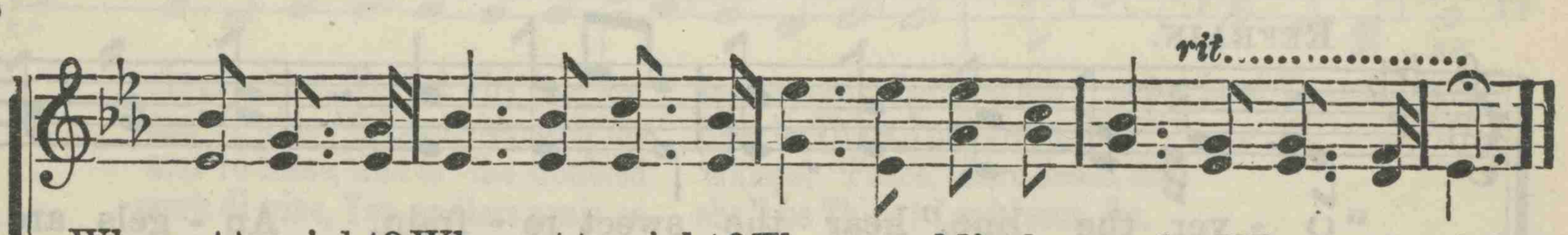


CHORUS.

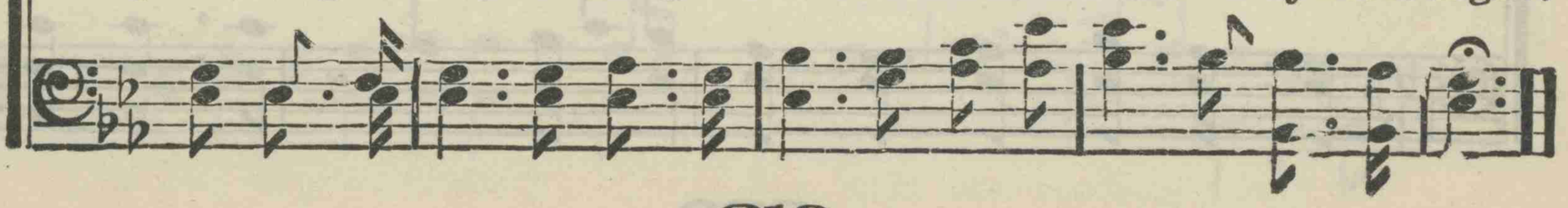


Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?





Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?



No. 247. Over the Line.

"Let him come unto me."—JOHN 7: 37.

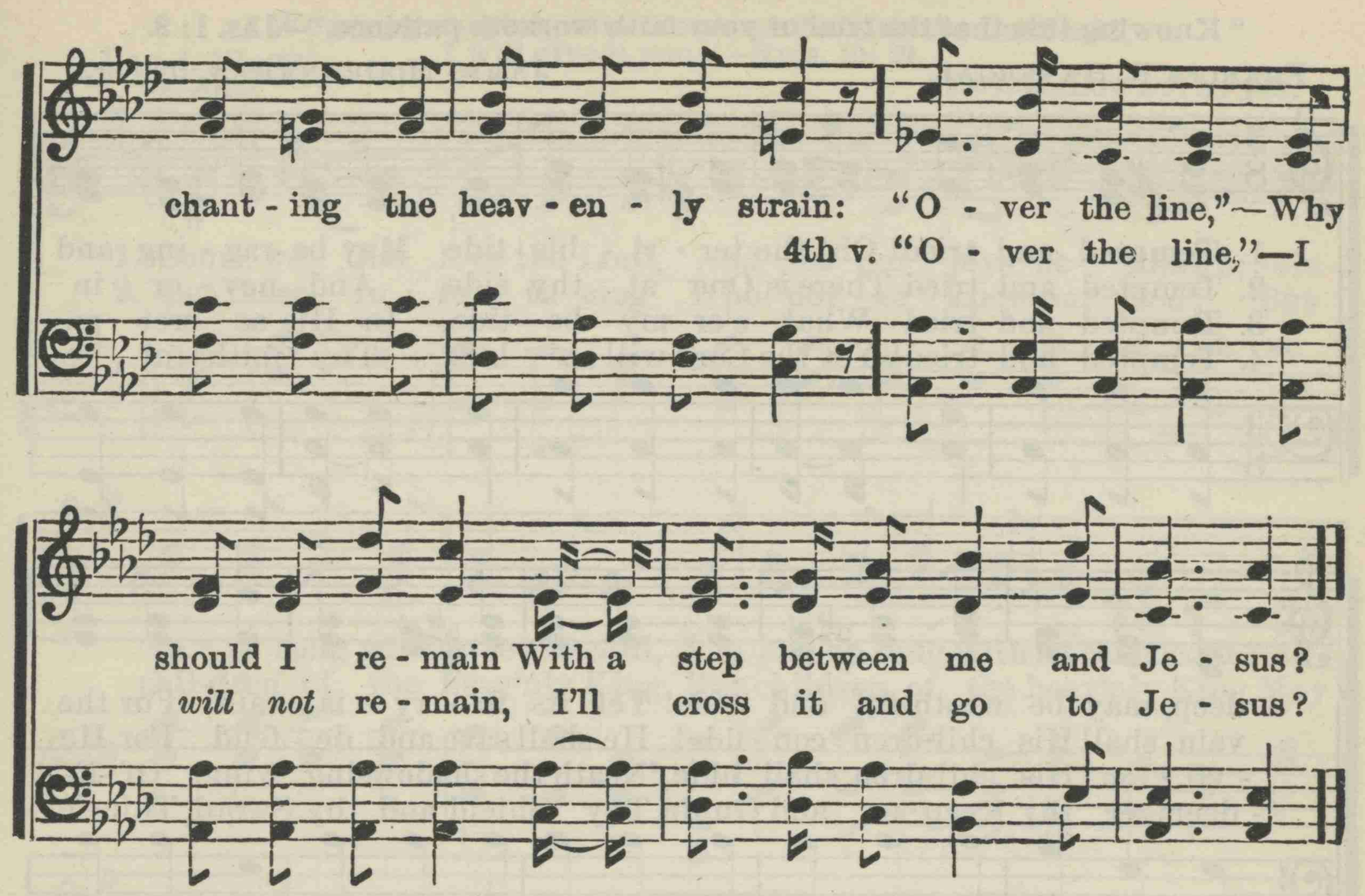
Mrs. N. K. BRADFORD. EDWARD H. PHELPS, by per.

1. Oh, ten - der and sweet was the Mas - ter's voice As He lov - ing - ly called to me, "Come o - ver the line, it is on - ly a step— I am wait - ing, my child, for thee."
2. But my sins are ma - ny, my faith is small, Lo! the an - swer came quick and clear; "Thou need - est not trust in thy self at all, Step o - ver the line, I am here."
3. But my flesh is weak, I tear - fully said, And the way I can - not see; I fear if I try I may sad - ly fail, And thus may dis - hon - or Thee.
4. Ah, the world is cold, and I can - not go back, Press for - ward I sure - ly must; I will place my hand in His wound - ed palm, Step o - ver the line and *trust.*

REFRAIN.

"O - ver the line," hear the sweet re - frain, An - gels are

Over the Line.—Concluded.

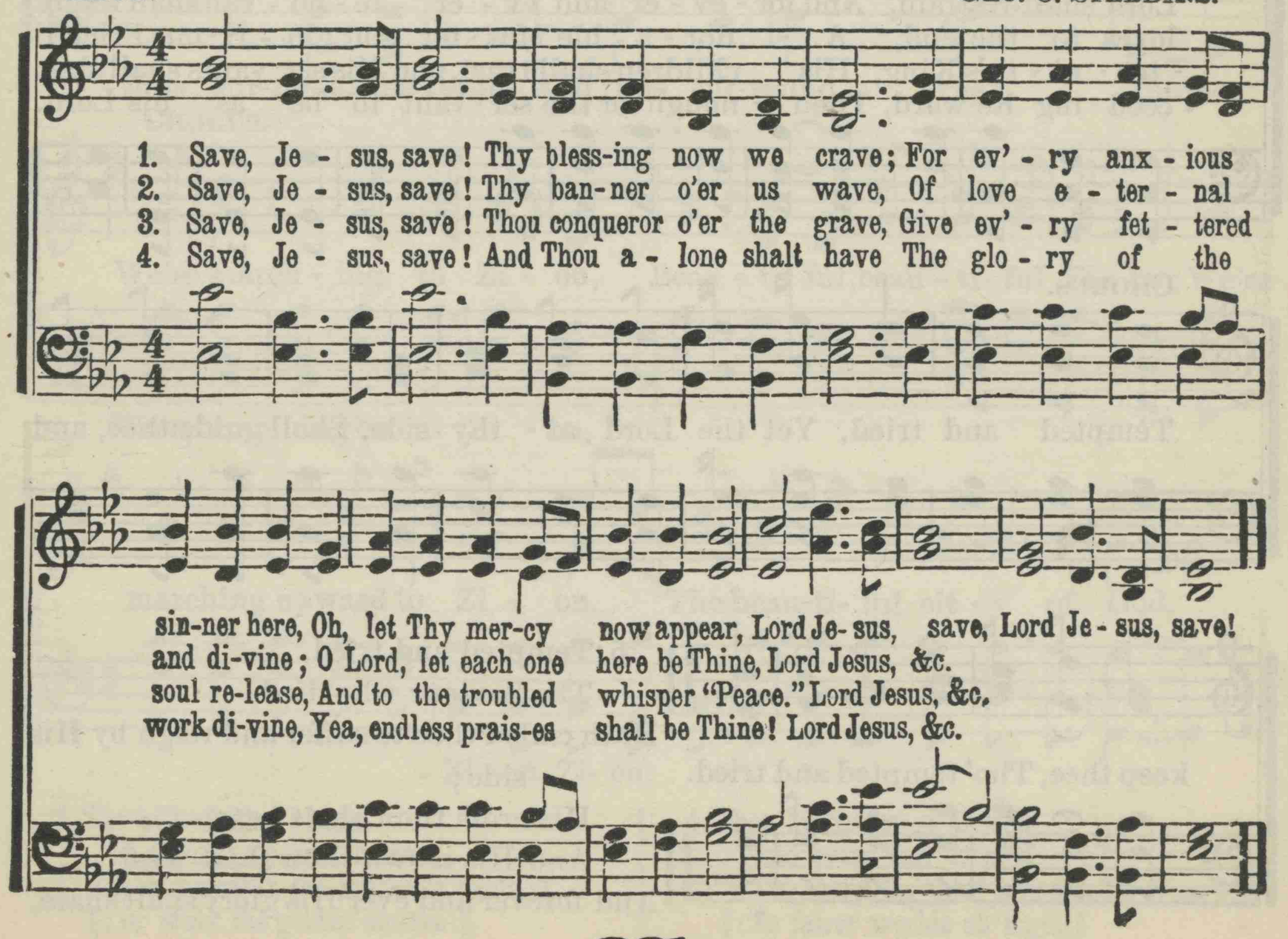


—o—

No. 248. Save, Jesus, Save!

"Lord, save me,"—MATT. 14: 30.

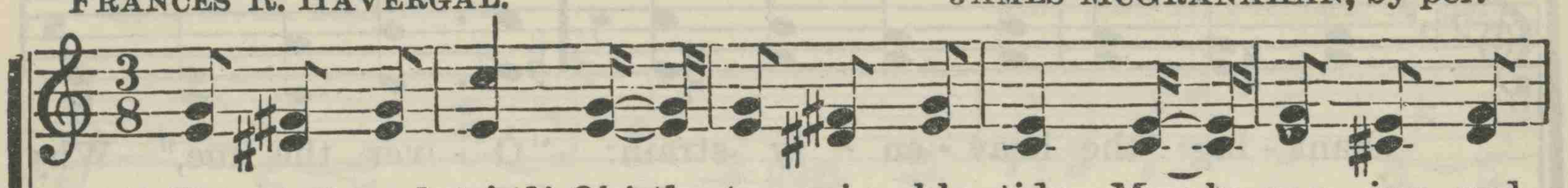
ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



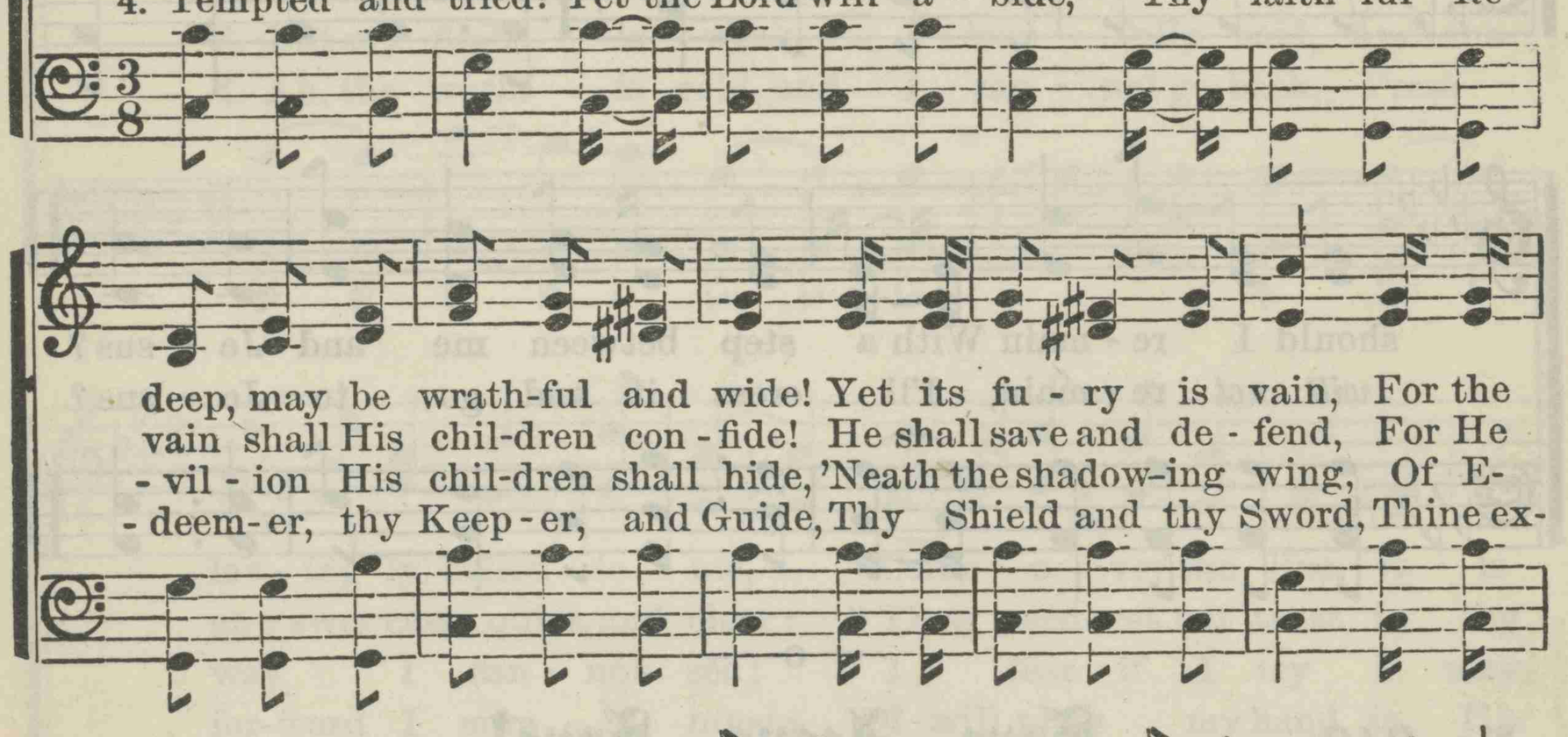
No. 249. Tempted and Tried.

"Knowing this that the trial of your faith worketh patience."—JAS. 1: 3.

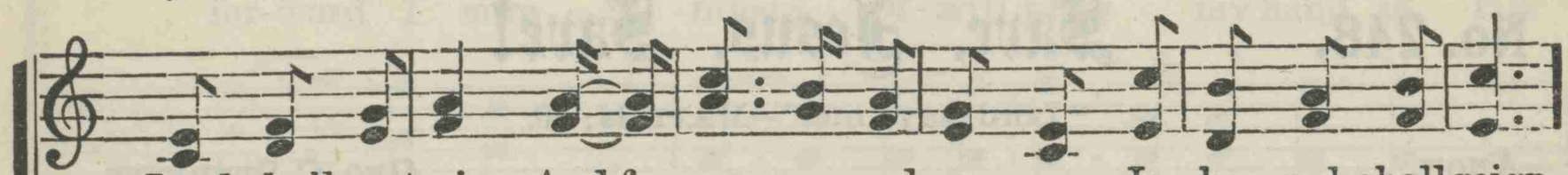
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



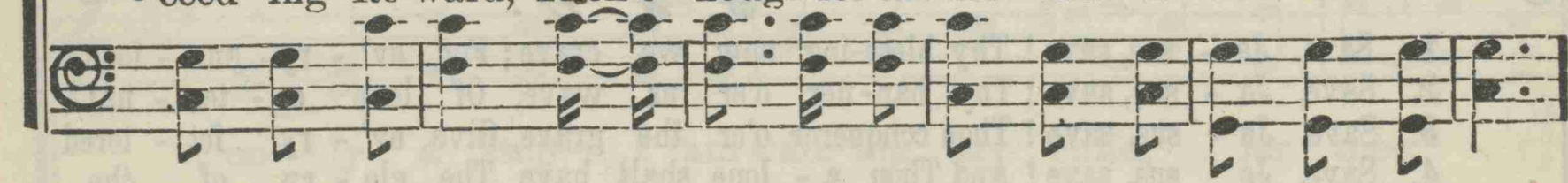
1. Tempted and tried! Oh! the ter - ri - ble tide May be rag - ing and
2. Tempted and tried There is One at thy side, And nev - er in
3. Tempted and tried What - e'er my be - tide, In His se - cret pa-
4. Tempted and tried! Yet the Lord will a - bide, Thy faith - ful Re-



deep, may be wrath-ful and wide! Yet its fu - ry is vain, For the
vain shall His chil-dren con - fide! He shall save and de - fend, For He
- vil - ion His chil-dren shall hide, 'Neath the shadow-ing wing, Of E-
- deem - er, thy Keep - er, and Guide, Thy Shield and thy Sword, Thine ex-

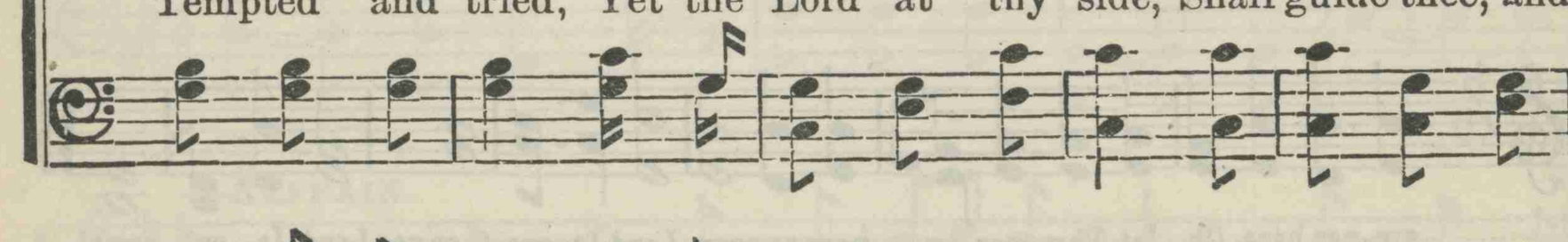


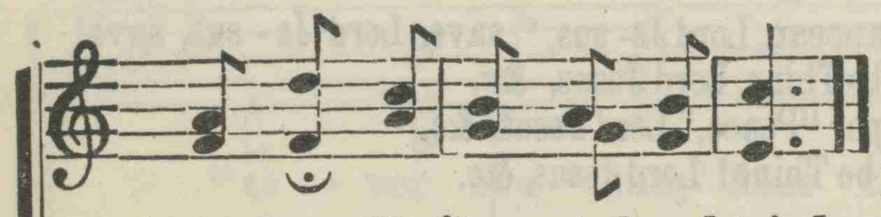
Lord shall restrain, And for - ev - er and ev - er Je - ho - vah shall reign.
loves to the end, A - dor - a - ble Mas - ter and glo - ri - ous Friend!
- ter - ni - ty's King, His children shall trust, and His ser - vants shall sing.
- ceed - ing Re-ward, Then e - nough for the ser - vant to be as his Lord.



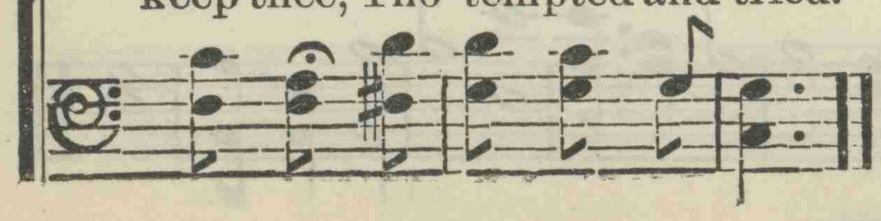
CHORUS.

Tempted and tried, Yet the Lord at thy side, Shall guide thee, and





keep thee, Tho' tempted and tried.



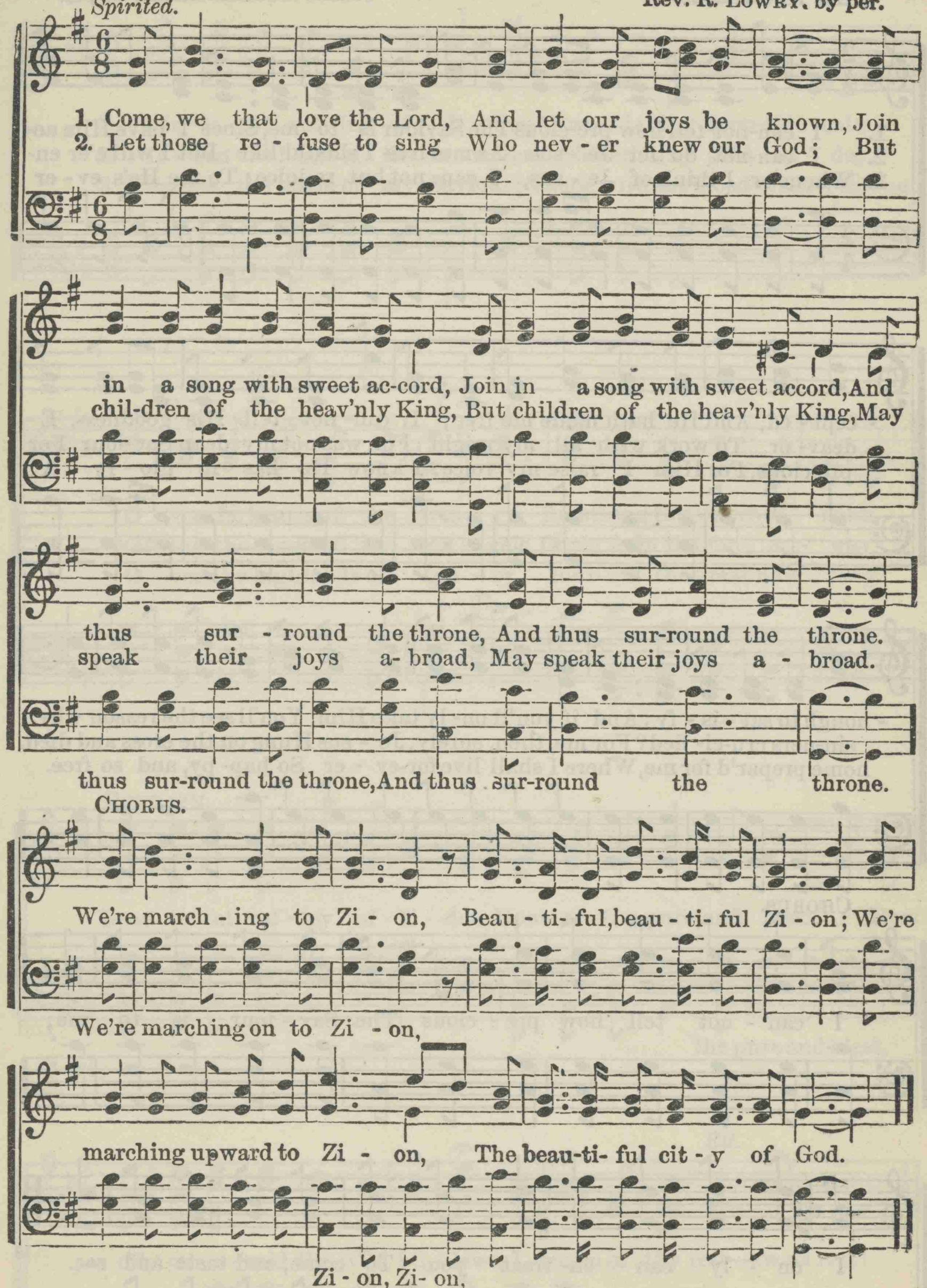
5 Tempted and tried,
The Saviour who died,
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side;
His cross thou shalt bear,
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And forever and ever His glory shalt share.

No. 250. We're Marching to Zion.

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

Rev. I. WATTS. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

Spirited.



3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
‖: Before we reach the heavenly fields,:‖
‖: Or walk the golden streets.:‖

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
‖: We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,:‖
‖: To fairer worlds on high.:‖

No. 251. I cannot Tell how Precious.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 PETER 2: 7.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. I can-not tell how pre-cious The Saviour is to me, Since I have Him ac-
2. I can-not do for Je - sus As much as I should like; But I will e'er en-
3. Whene'er I think of Je - sus, I can- not but re-joice; To me He's ev - er

- cept - ed, And He hath made me free; I can- not tell His goodness, E -
- deav- or To work with all my might; For, was not my dear Sav-iour For
pre-cious, For Him I raise my voice: I know He has in glo - ry A

- nough to sat - is - fy; And if you'll on- ly take Him, You'll see the reason why.
sin-ners cru-ci- fied? For me, then, surely, Je - sus Hung on the cross and died.
home prepar'd for me, Where I shall live for-ev - er So hap- py, and so free.

CHORUS.

I can - not tell how pre - cious The Sav - iour is to me;

I on - ly can en- treat you To come, and taste and see.

No. 252. Beautiful Valley of Eden.

"A rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING — WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
2. O-ver the heart of the mourn-er Shineth thy gold-en day,
3. There is the home of my Saviour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng,

O-ver the hearts of the wea-ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.
Waft-ing the songs of the an-gels Down from the far a-way
O-ver the highlands of glo-ry Roll-eth the great new song.

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den, Home of the pure and blest, How oft-en a-mid the wild bil-lows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

the pure and blest,

Rit.

No. 253. I'll Stand by You.

This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Fierce and wild the storm is rag - ing Round a help - less bark.
2. Wea - ry, helpless, hopeless sea - men Faint-ing on the deck,
3. On a wild and storm-y o - cean, Sink-ing neath the wave,
4. Dar - ing death thy soul to res - cue, He in love has come,

On to doom 'tis swift-ly driv - ing, O'er the wa - ters dark!
With what joy they hail their Sav - iour, As he hails the wreck!
Souls that per - ish heed the mes - sage, Christ has come to save!
Leave the wreck and in Him trust - ing, Thou shalt reach thy home!

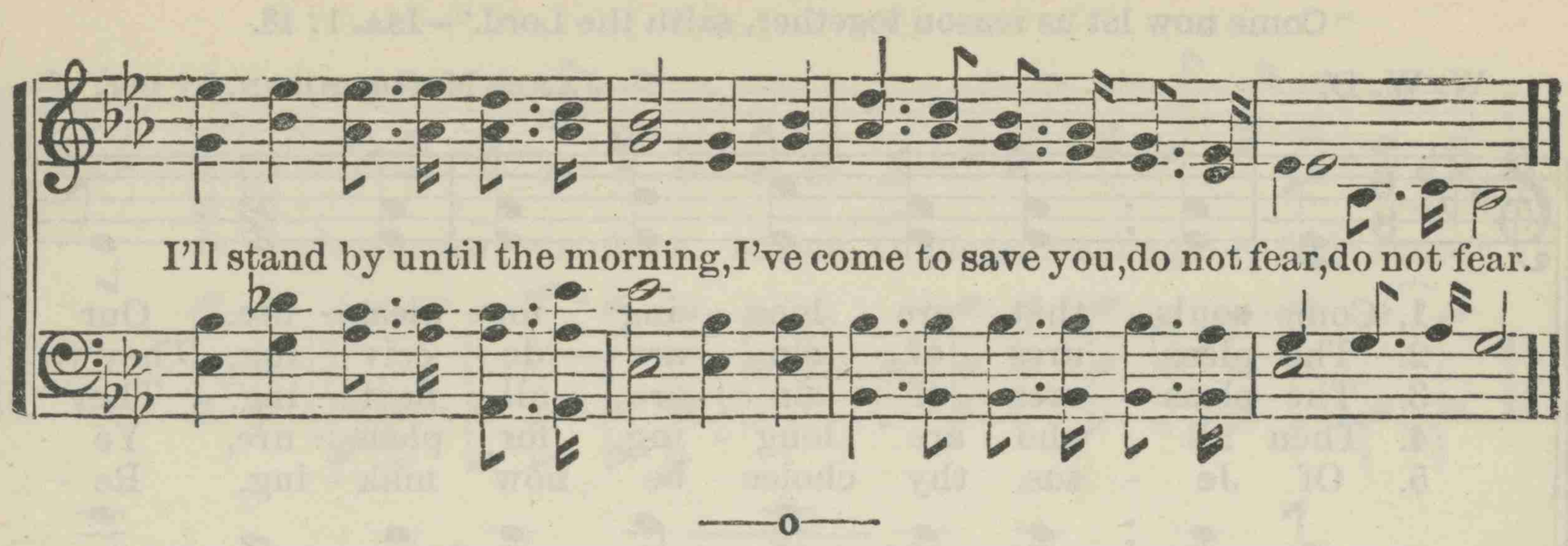
CHORUS.

Joy,..... behold the Sav - iour, Joy,..... the message hear,

Joy, O joy, be - hold the Saviour, Joy, O joy, the message hear,

"I'll stand by un-til the morning, I've *come* to save you, do not fear," Yes,

I'll Stand by You.—Concluded.



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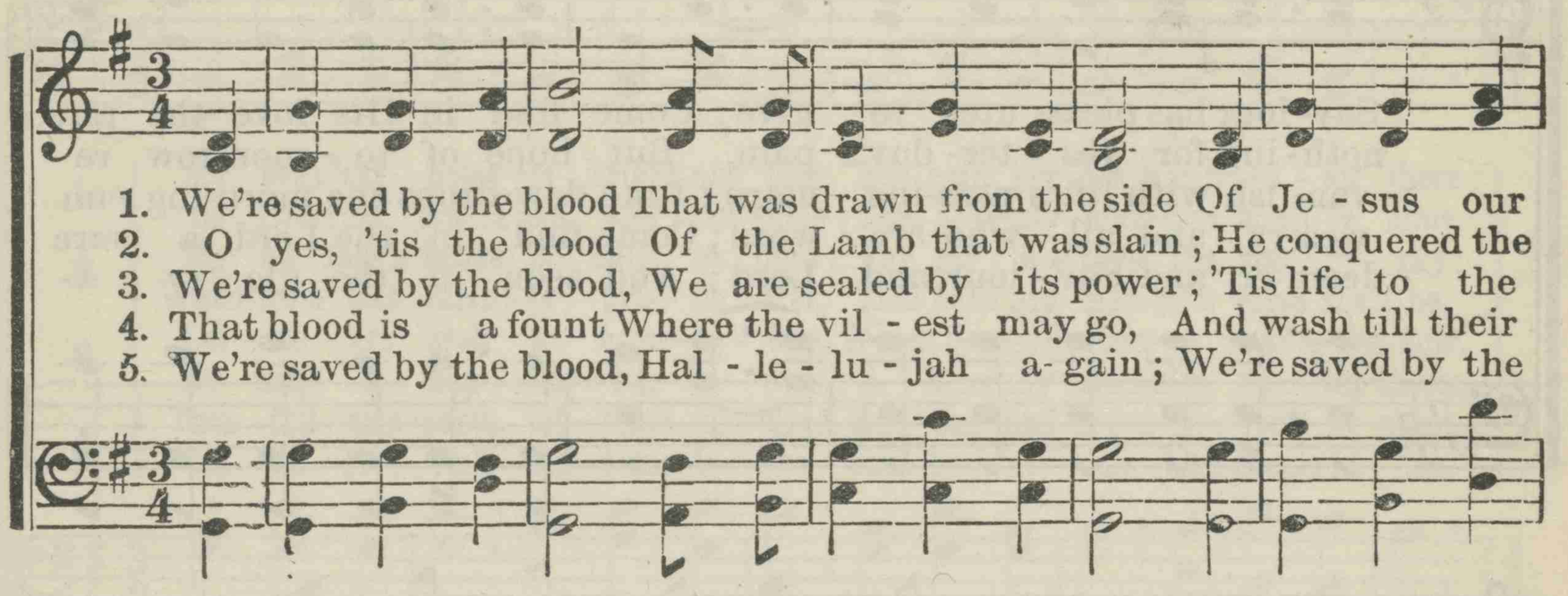
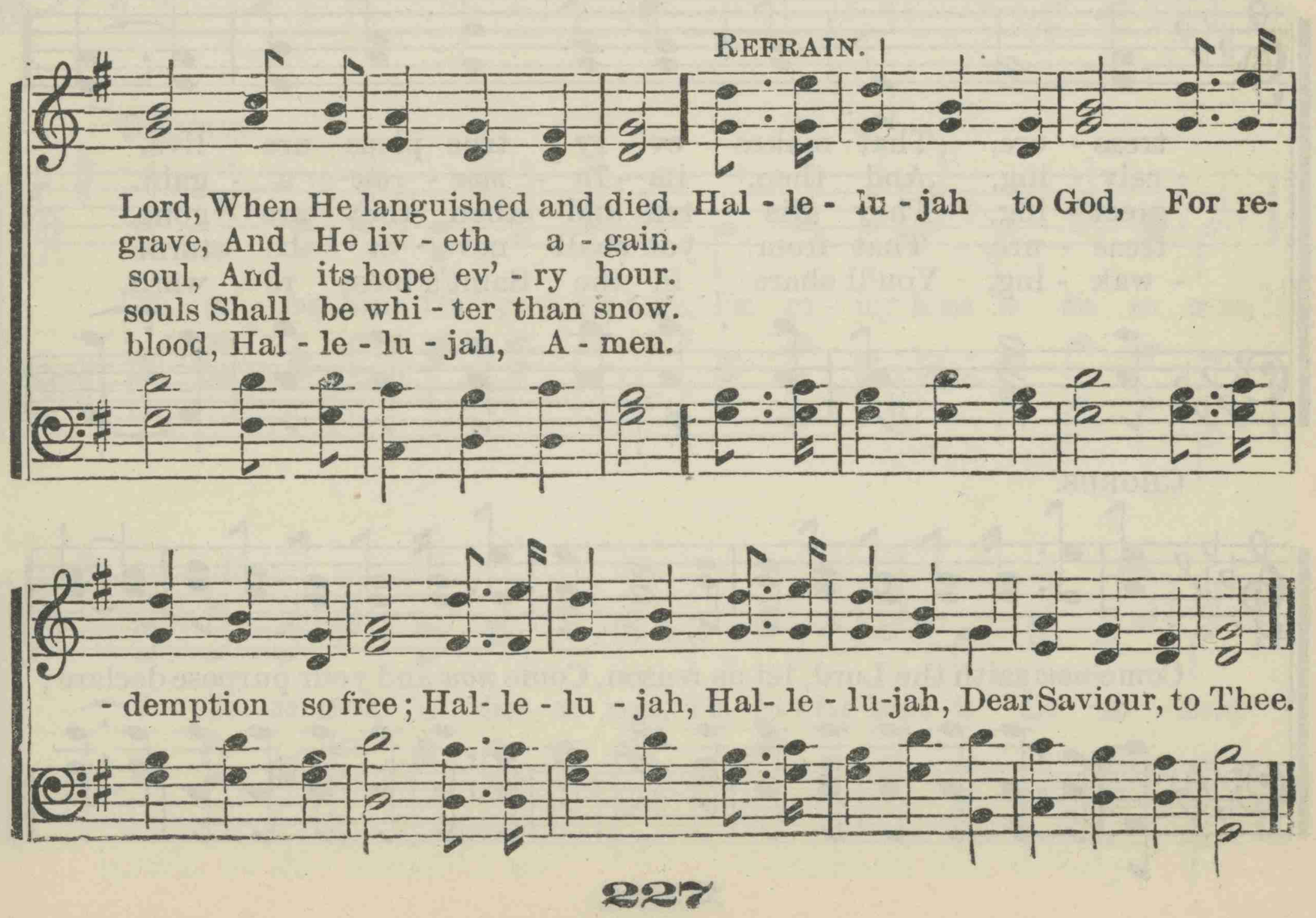
No. 254. Saved by the Blood.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN 1 : 7.

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

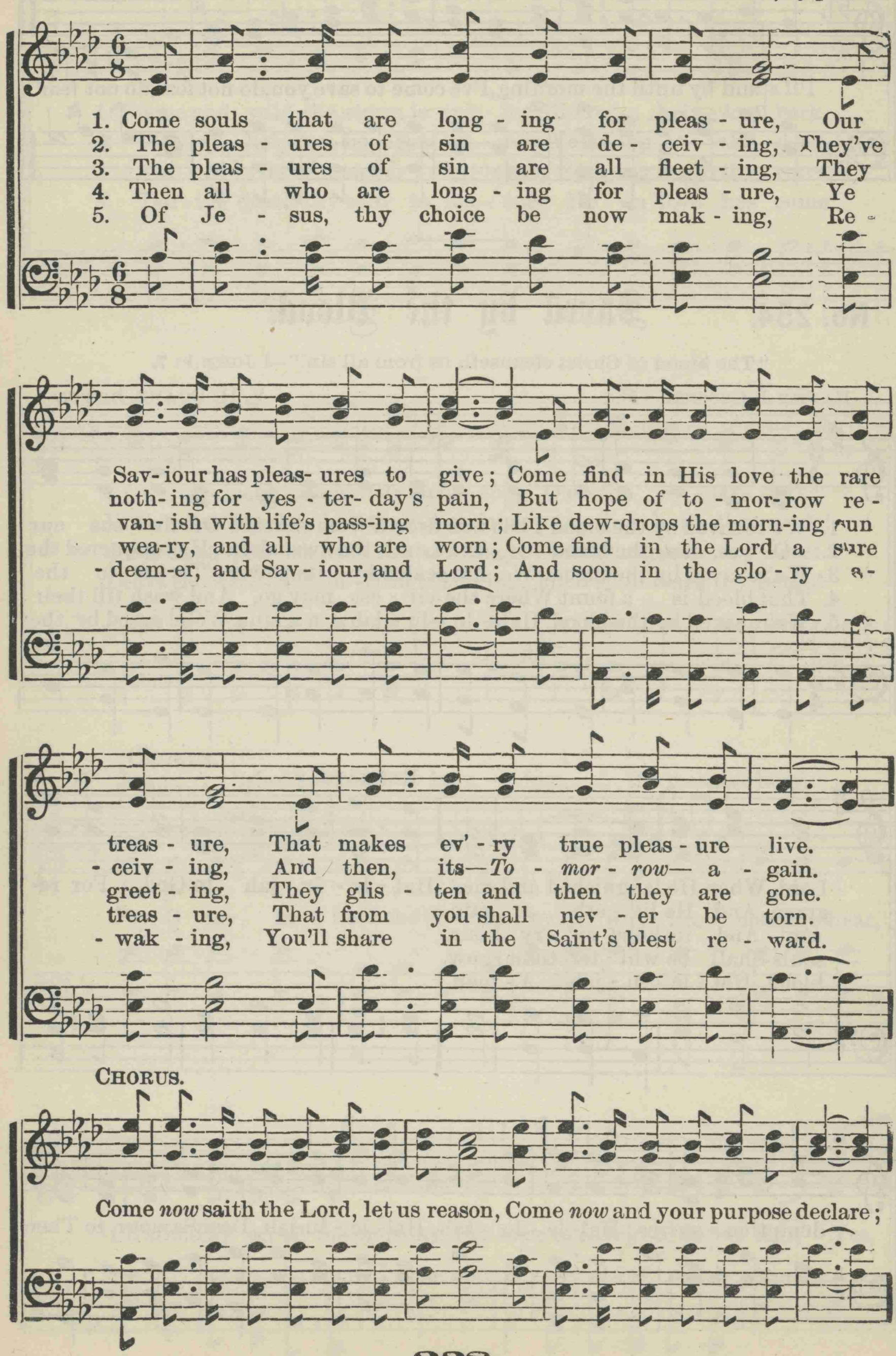




No. 255. Come now saith the Lord.

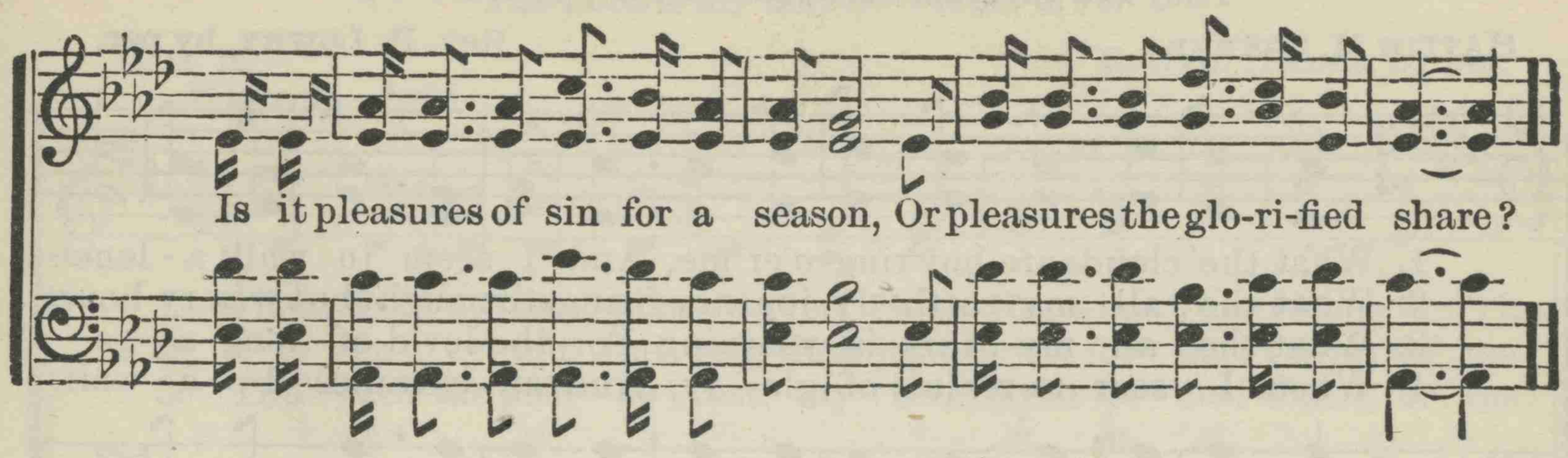
"Come now let us reason together, saith the Lord."—Isa. 1: 18.

W. W. D. JAMES McGRANHAN, by per.



CHORUS.

Come now saith the Lord.—Concluded.



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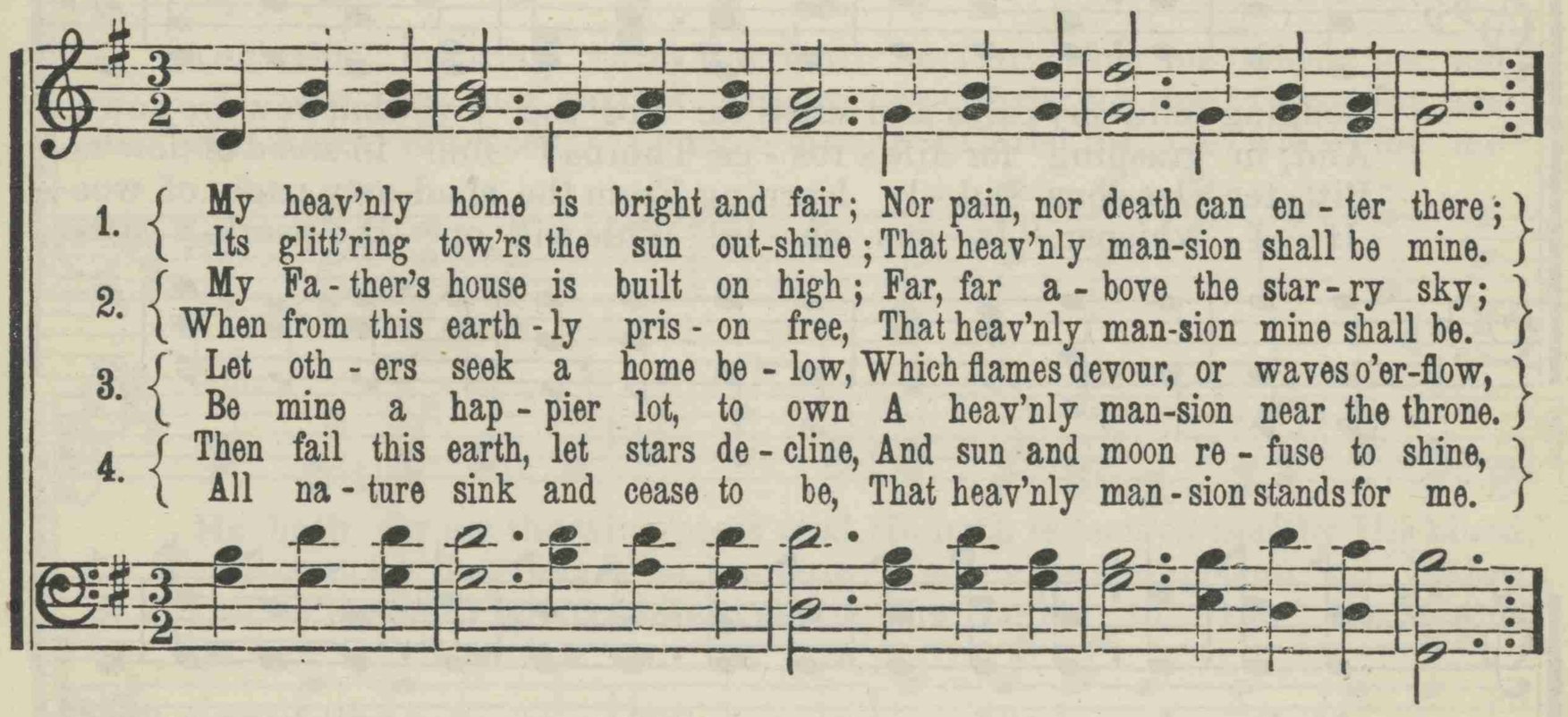
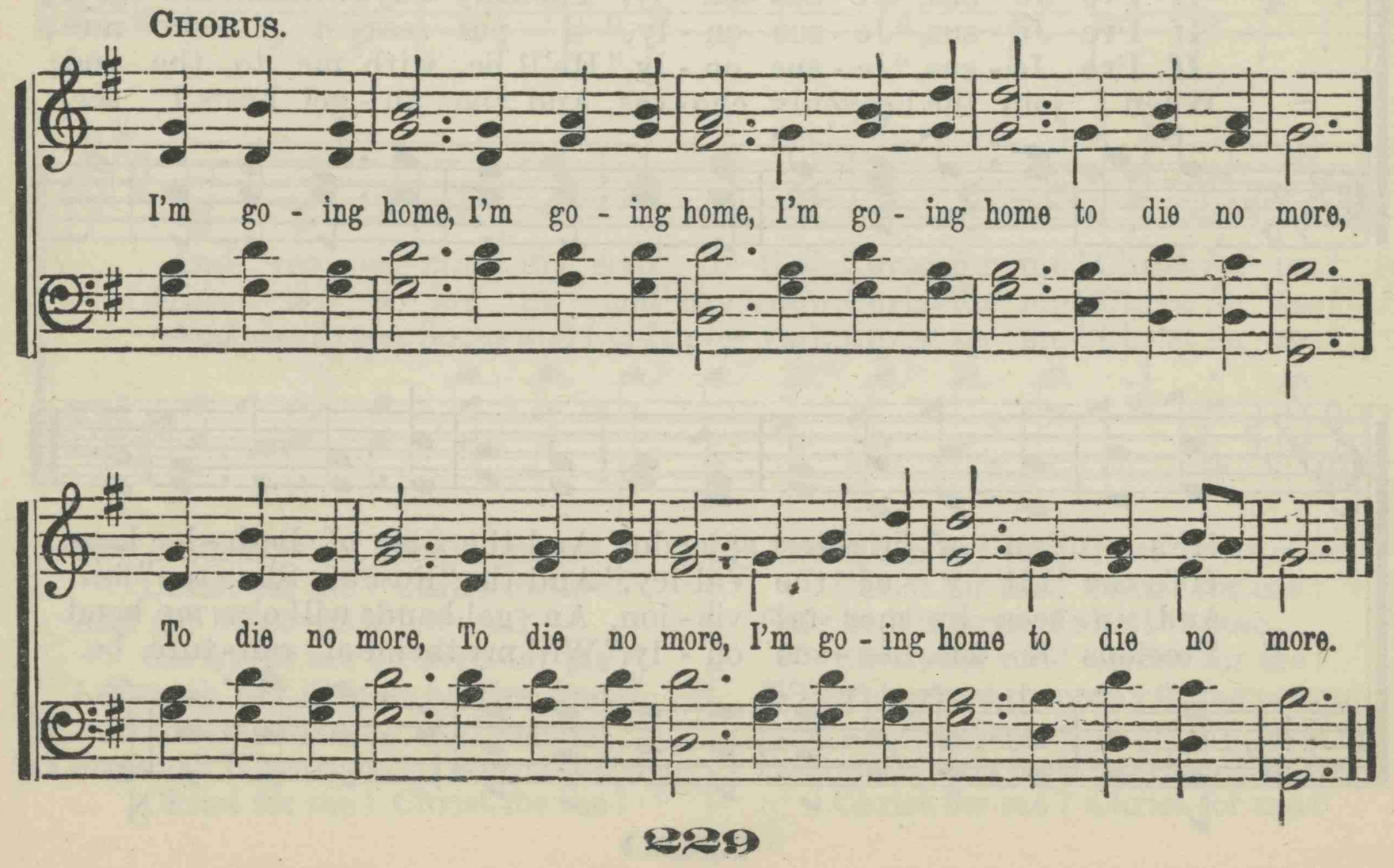
No. 256. I'm going Home.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

Rev. WILLIAM HUNTER. Arr. by WILLIAM MILLER, M.D.



CHORUS.



No. 257. Jesus Only.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17: 8.

HATTIE M. CONREY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a - lone—
2. What tho' all my earth - ly journey Bringeth naught but wea-ry hours,
3. What tho' all my heart is yearning For the lov'd of long a - go—
4. When I soar to realms of glo - ry, And an entrance I a - wait,

Longing 'mid my cares and cross-es, For the joys that now are flown—
And, in grasping for life's ros - es, Thorns I find in-stead of flow'rs—
Bit - ter les-sons sad - ly learning From the shad-owy page of woe—
If I whisper, "Je - sus on - ly!" Wide will ope the pearl - y gate;

If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," Then my sky will have a gem;
If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," I pos - sess a clus-ter rare;
If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," He'll be with me to the end;
When I join the heavenly cho - rus, And the an - gel hosts I see,

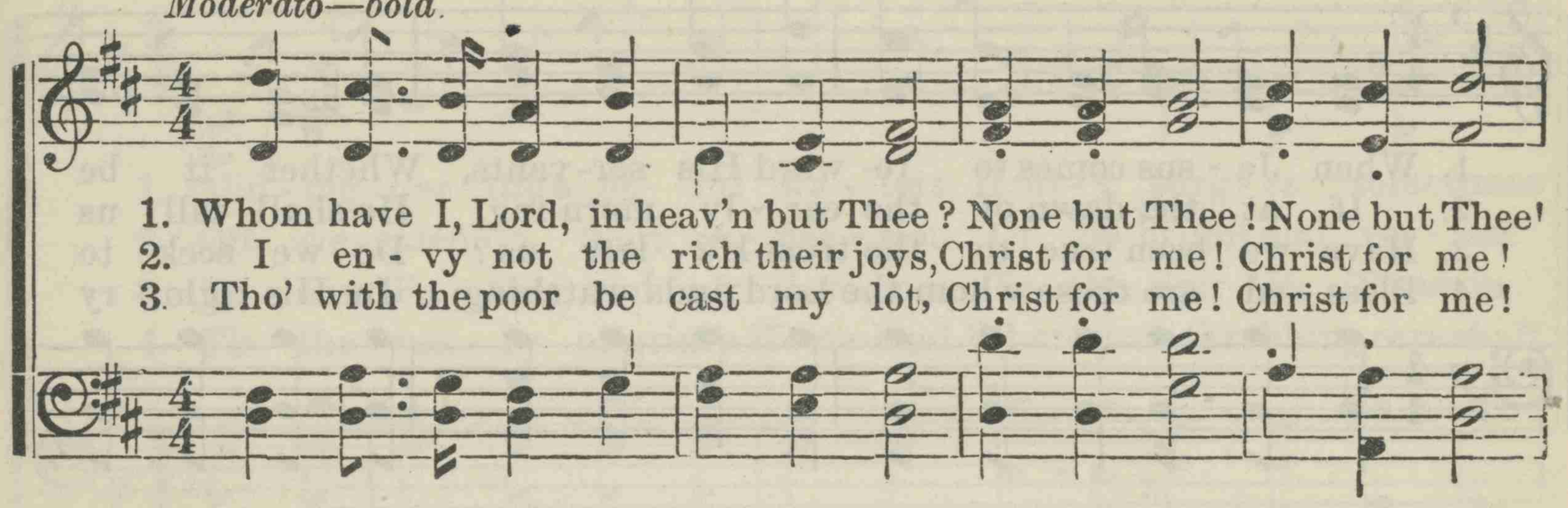
He's a Sun of brightest splendor, And the Star of Beth - le - hem.
He's the "Lil - y of the Val-ley," And the "Rose of Sha - ron" fair.
And, un - seen by mor - tal vis - ion, An - gel bands will o'er me bend.
Precious Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," Will my theme of rap - ture be.

No. 258. Christ for Me.

"The Lord is my helper."—HEB. 13: 6.

R. G. H. R. GEO. HALLS, by per.

Moderato—bold.



1 Tho' I am now on hostile ground,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
And sin beset me all around,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Let earth her fiercest battles wage,
And foes against my soul engage,
Strong in His strength I scorn their rage,
Christ for me! Christ for me!

5 And when my life draws to its close,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Safe in His arms I shall repose,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
When sharpest pains my frame pervade,
And all the powers of nature fade,
Still will I sing thro' death's cold shade,
Christ for me! Christ for me!

No. 259. Will Jesus Find us Watching?

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—MATT 24 : 42.

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

1. When Je - sus comes to re- ward His ser- vants, Whether it be noon or night,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us one by one,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best?
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry they shall share;

Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch-ing,
When to the Lord we re- store our tal- ents,
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

REFRAIN.

Rit.

With our lamps all trimm'd and bright? Oh, can we say we are read- y, brother?
Will He an- swer thee—Well done?
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch- ing there?

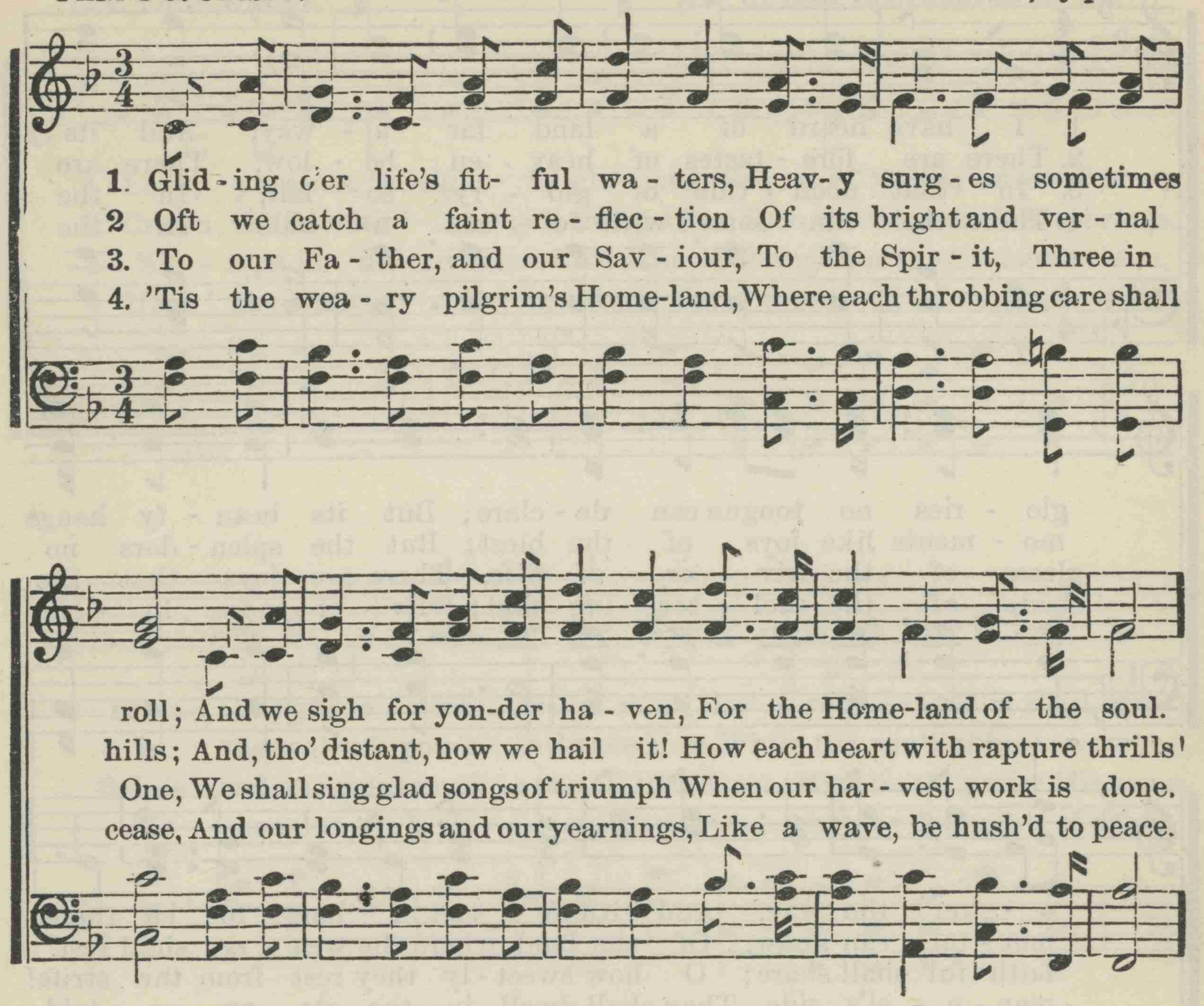
Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He find you and me still watching,

Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

No. 260. Blessed Home-Land.

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

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



No. 261. To be There.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."—PHIL. 1: 23.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. I have heard of a land far a - way, And its
2. There are fore - tastes of heav - en be - low, There are
3. In that noon - tide of glo - ry so fair, In the
4. There the ran - somed with Je - sus a - bide In the

glo - ries no tongue can de - clare; But its beau - ty hangs
mo - ments like joys of the blest; But the splen - dors no
gleam of the riv - er of life, There are joys that the
shade of the shel - ter - ing fold; Ev - er - more by Im-

o - ver the way, And with Je - sus I long to be there.
mor - tal can know, Of the land where the wea - ry shall rest.
faith - ful shall share; O how sweet - ly they rest from the strife!
- man - u - el's side, They shall dwell in the glo - ry un - told.

REFRAIN.

To be there, to be there, And with Je - sus I long to be

To be there, to be there,

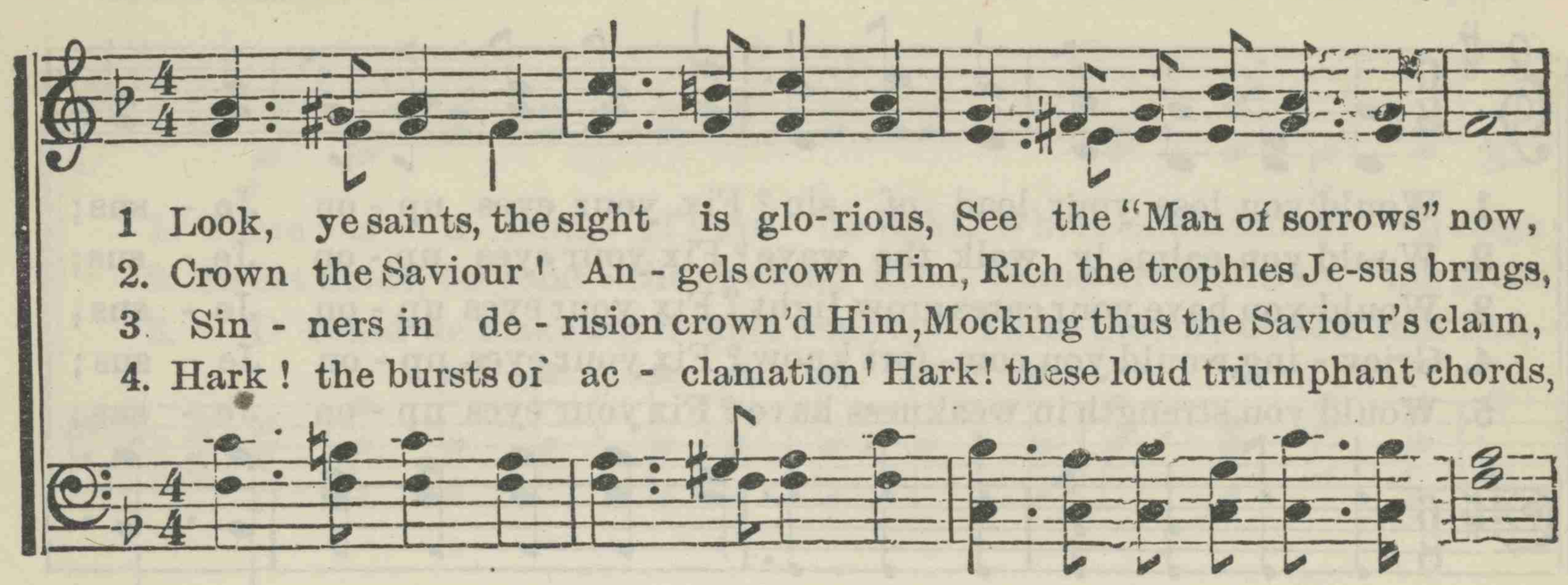
there; To be there, to be there,... And with Jesus I long to be there.

to be there; To be there, to be there,

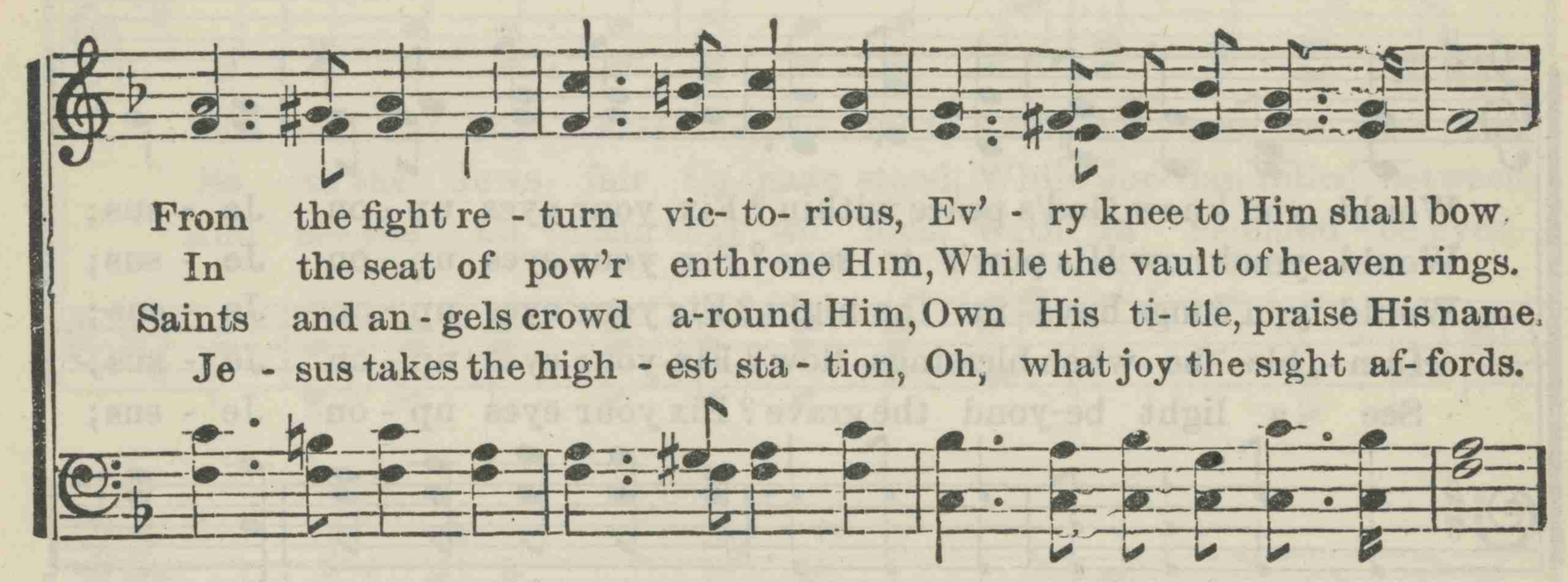
No. 262. Crown Him.

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

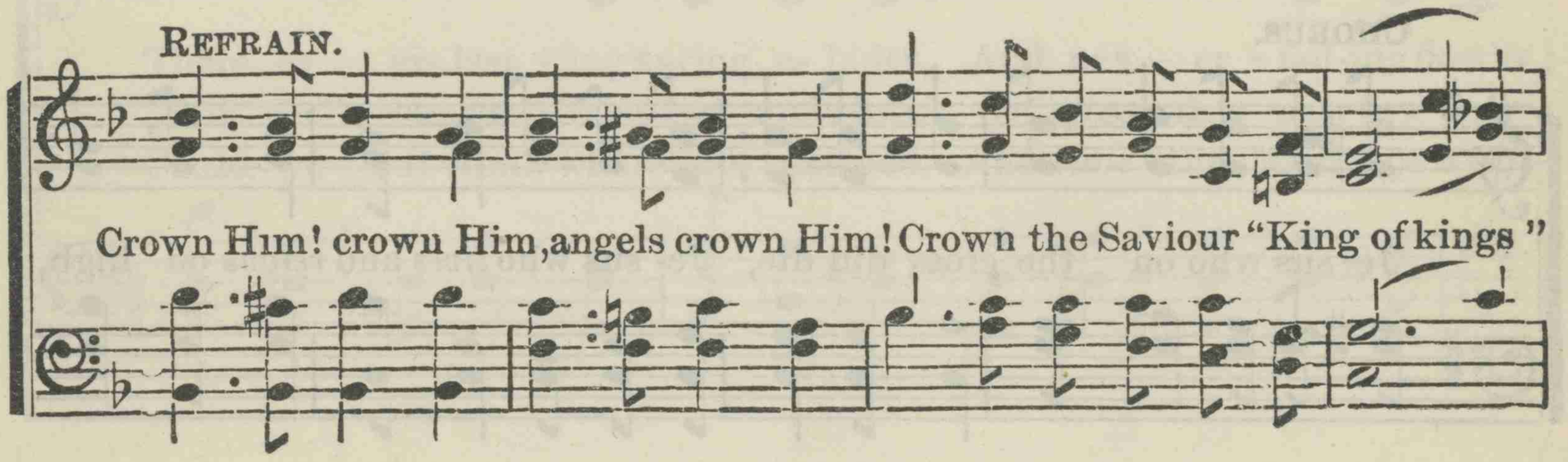
Rev. THOS. KELLY. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS



1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious, See the "Man of sorrows" now,
2. Crown the Saviour! An - gels crown Him, Rich the trophies Je-sus brings,
3. Sin - ners in de - rision crown'd Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,
4. Hark! the bursts of ac - clamation! Hark! these loud triumphant chords,

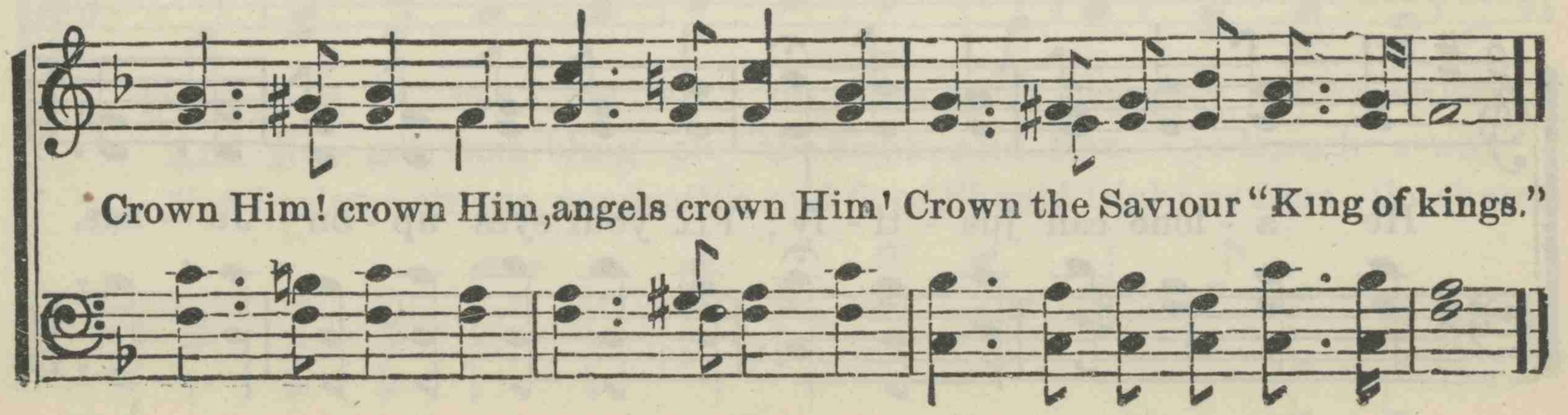


From the fight re - turn vic- to- rious, Ev' - ry knee to Him shall bow.
In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heaven rings.
Saints and an - gels crowd a-round Him, Own His ti- tle, praise His name.
Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion, Oh, what joy the sight af- fords.



REFRAIN.

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

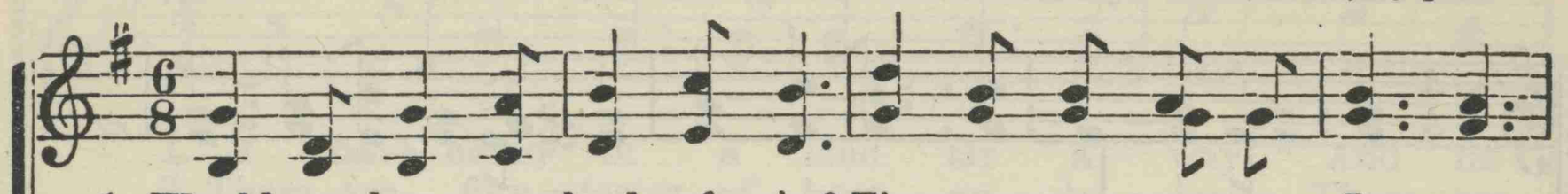


Crown Him! crown Him, angels crown Him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

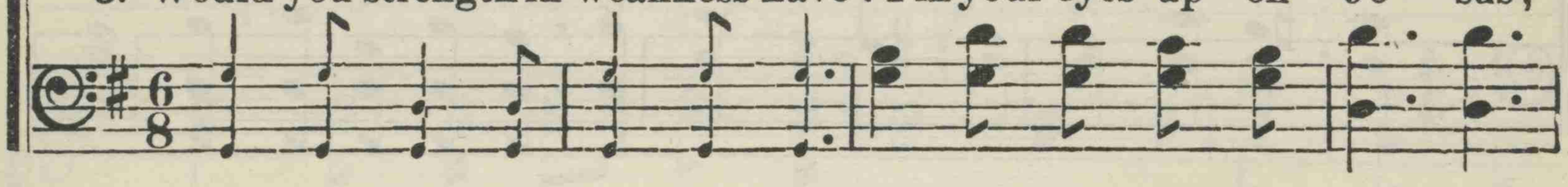
No. 263. Fix your Eyes upon Jesus.

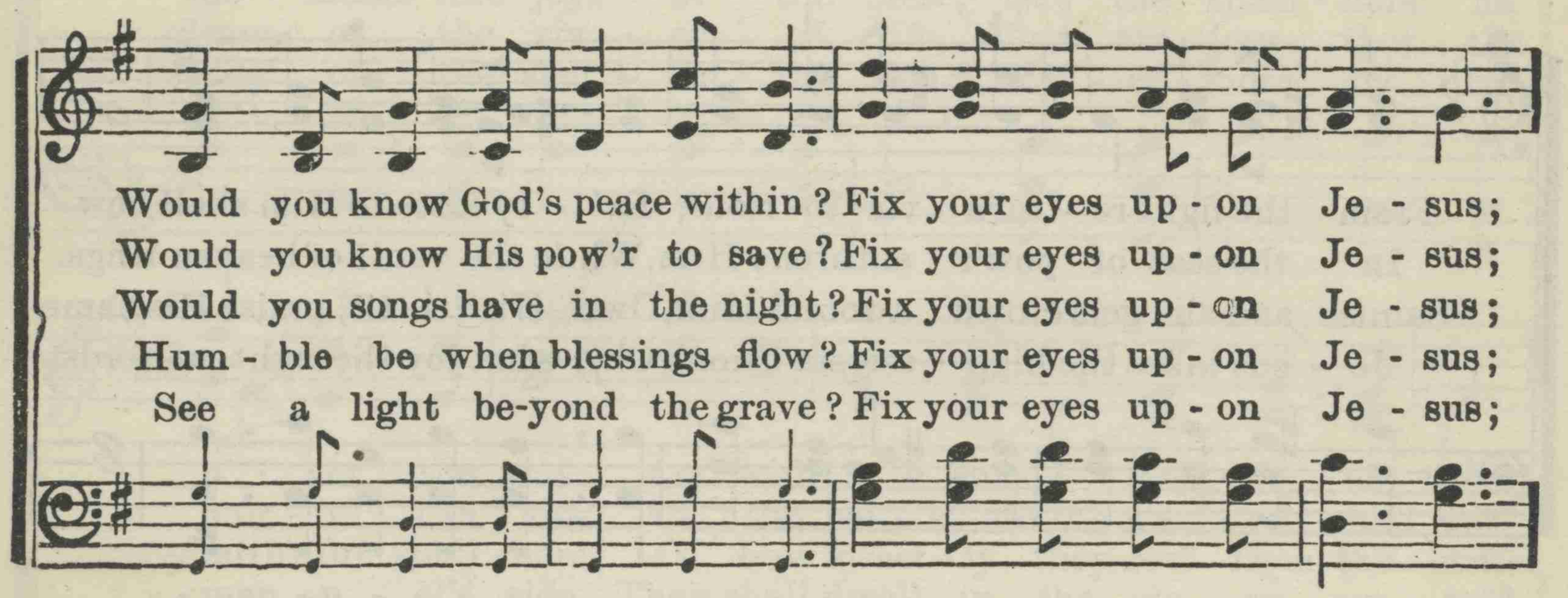
"Look unto me and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

W. W. D. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

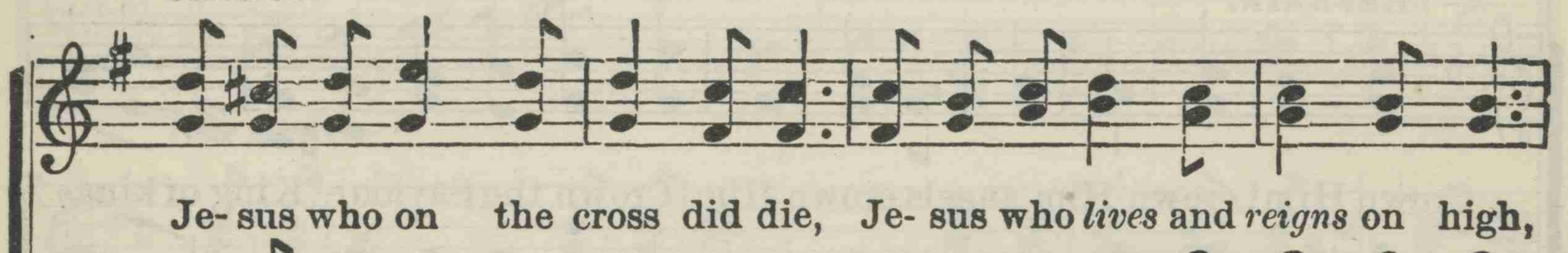


1. Would you lose your load of sin? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
2. Would you calm- ly walk the wave? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
3. Would you have your cares grow light? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
4. Griev - ing, would you com- fort know? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
5. Would you strength in weakness have? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;



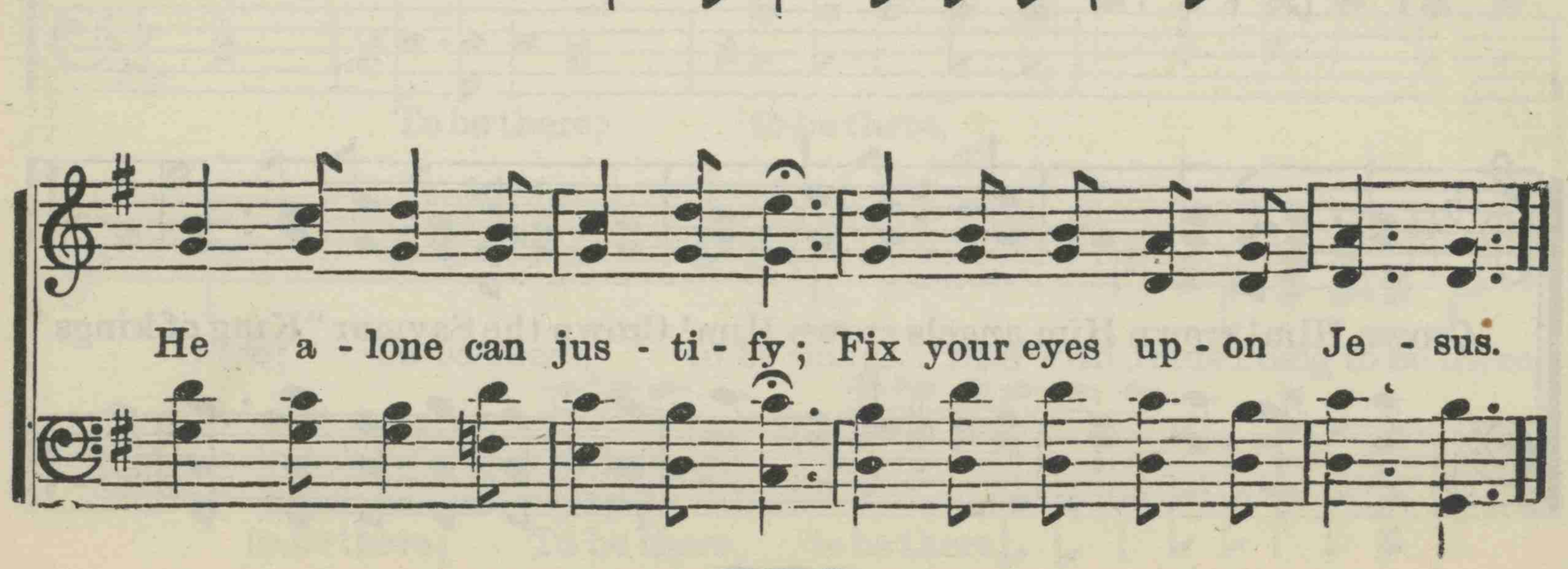


Would you know God's peace within? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
Would you know His pow'r to save? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
Would you songs have in the night? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
Hum - ble be when blessings flow? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;
See a light be-yond the grave? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;



CHORUS.

Je- sus who on the cross did die, Je- sus who *lives* and *reigns* on high,

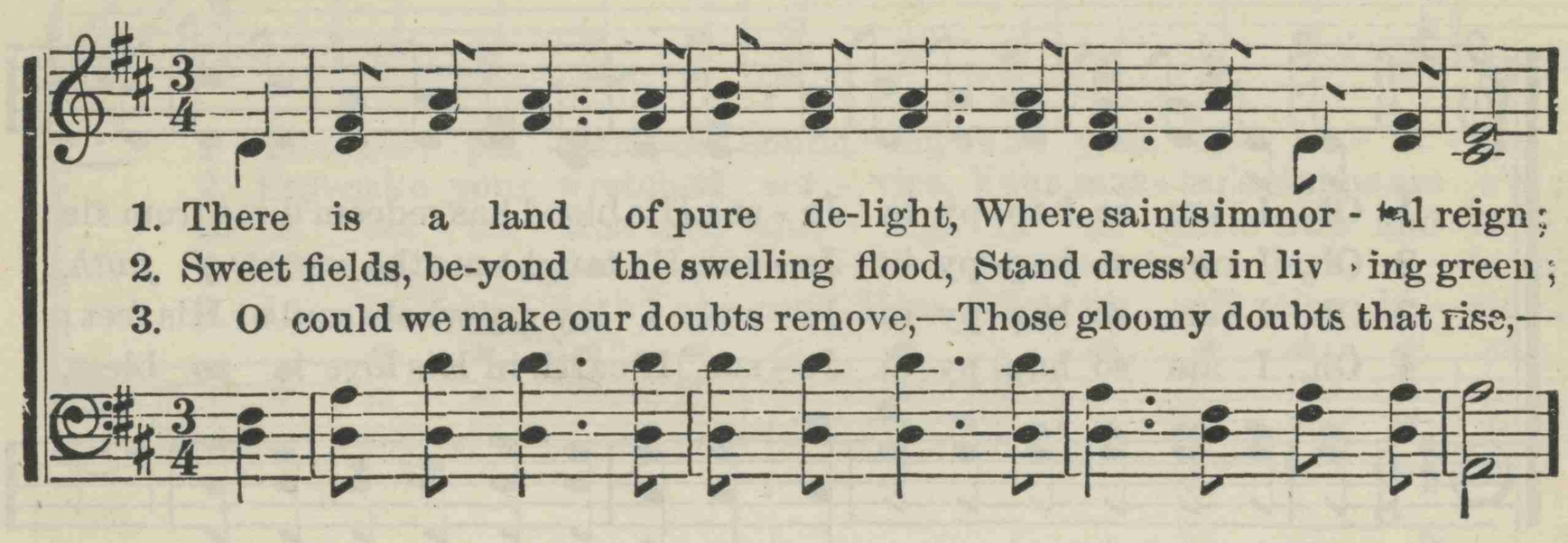


He a - lone can jus - ti - fy; Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus.

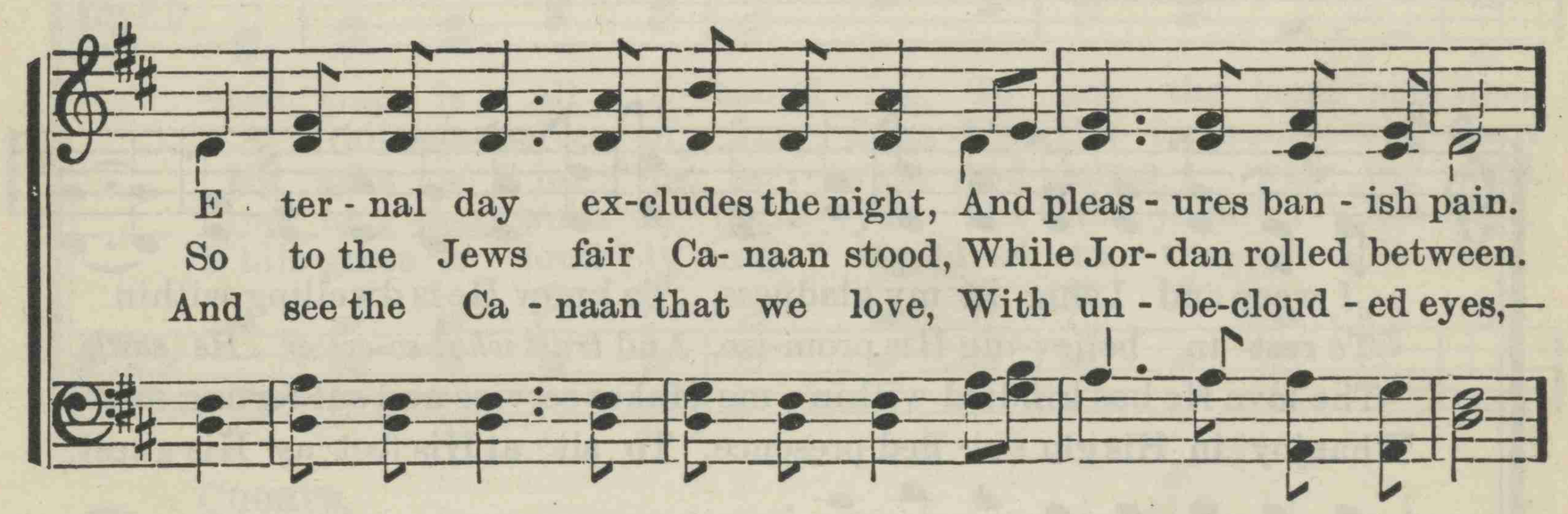
No. 264. The Heavenly Canaan.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISA. 33: 17.

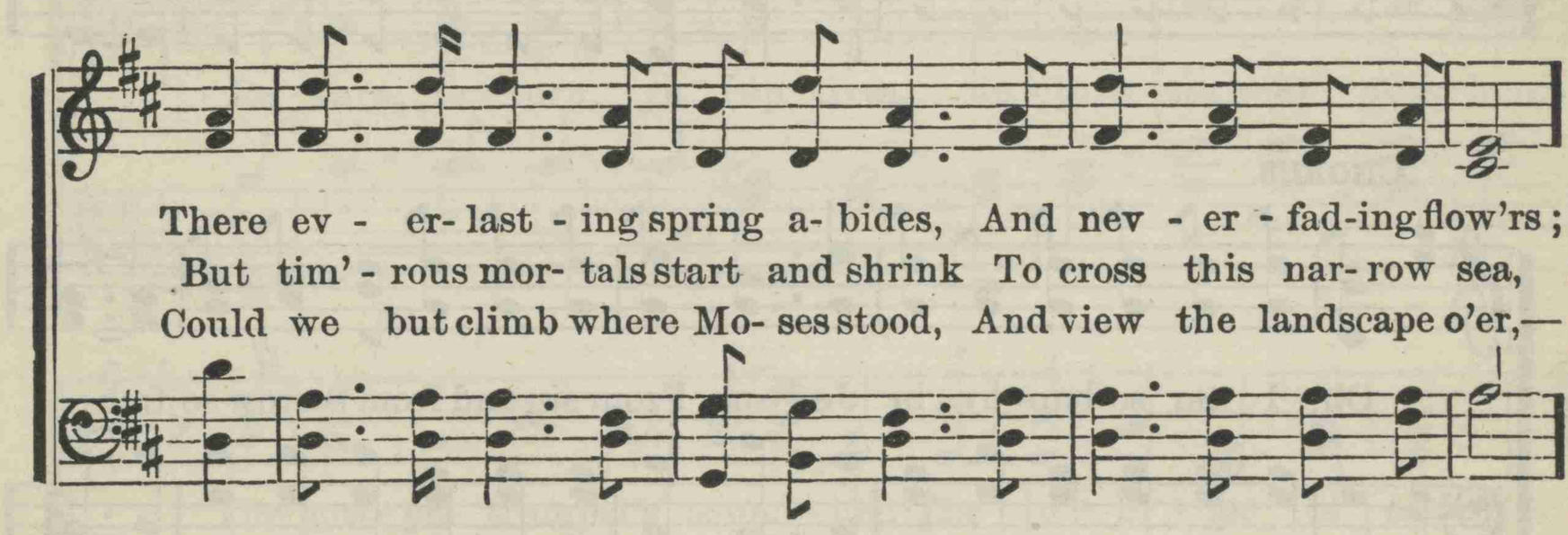
Rev. ISAAC WATTS. WILLIAM HENRY OAKLEY, by per.



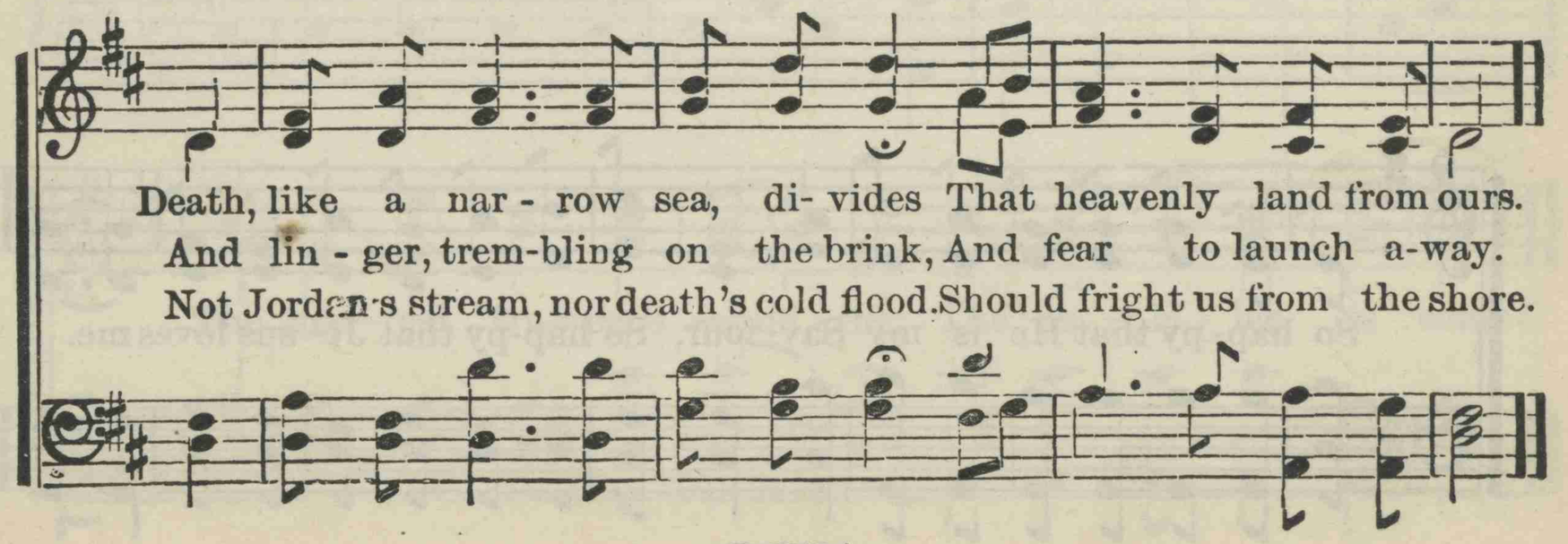
1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor - tal reign;
2. Sweet fields, be-yond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green;
3. O could we make our doubts remove,—Those gloomy doubts that rise,—



E ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
So to the Jews fair Ca- naan stood, While Jor- dan rolled between.
And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be-cloud - ed eyes,—



There ev - er- last - ing spring a- bides, And nev - er - fad-ing flow'rs;
But tim' - rous mor- tals start and shrink To cross this nar- row sea,
Could we but climb where Mo- ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,—

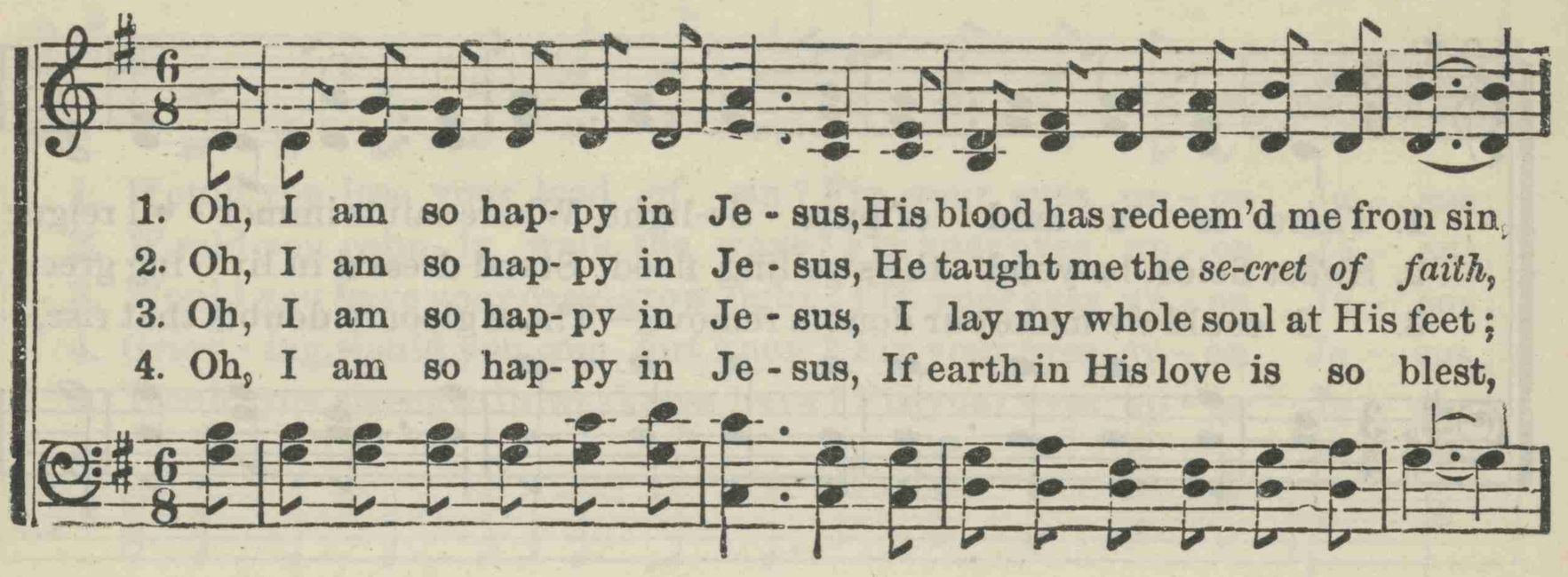


Death, like a nar - row sea, di- vides That heavenly land from ours.
And lin - ger, trem-bling on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.

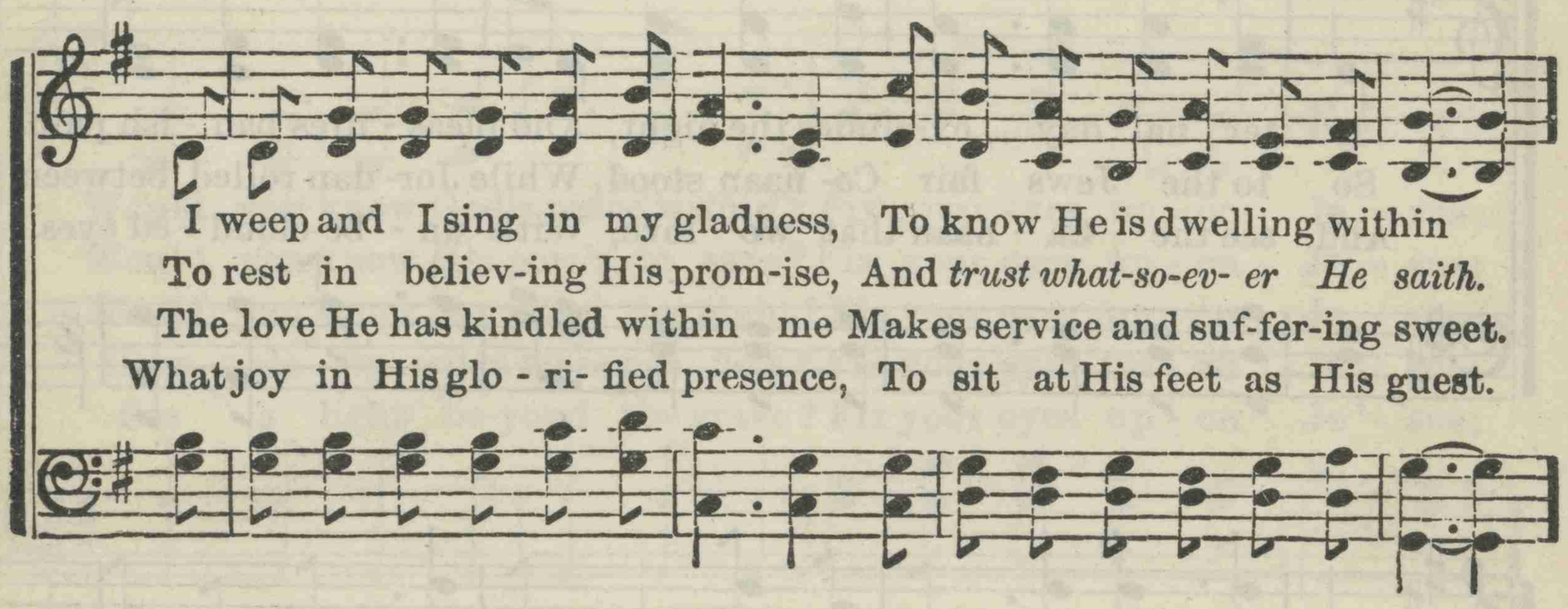
No. 265. Oh, I am so Happy in Jesus.

"Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants."—1 KINGS 10 : 8.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

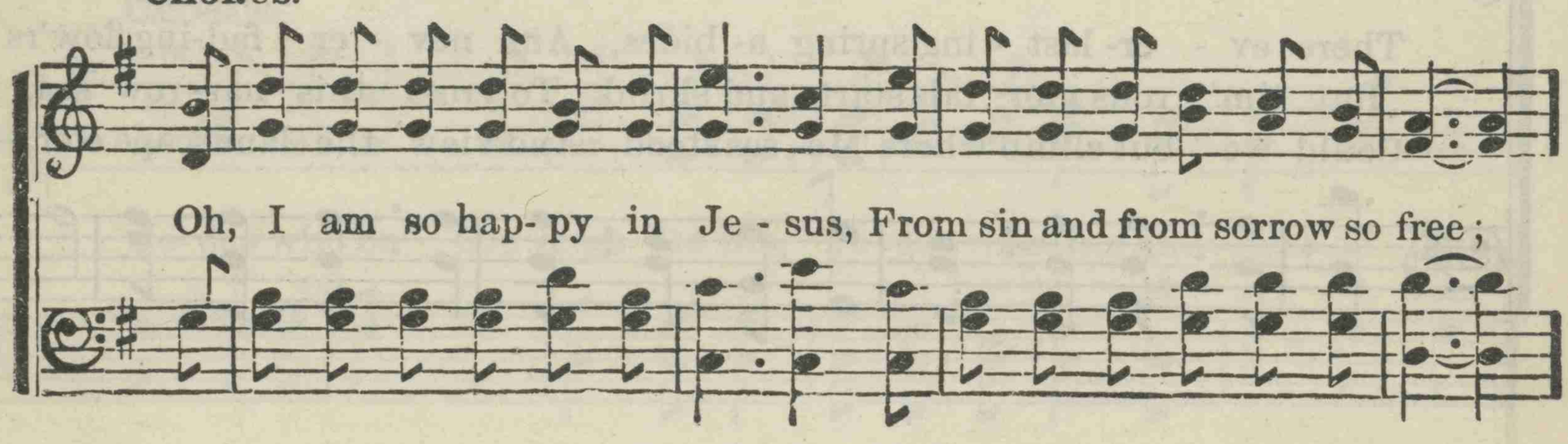


1. Oh, I am so hap- py in Je - sus, His blood has redeem'd me from sin,
2. Oh, I am so hap- py in Je - sus, He taught me the *se-cret of faith,*
3. Oh, I am so hap- py in Je - sus, I lay my whole soul at His feet;
4. Oh, I am so hap- py in Je - sus, If earth in His love is so blest,

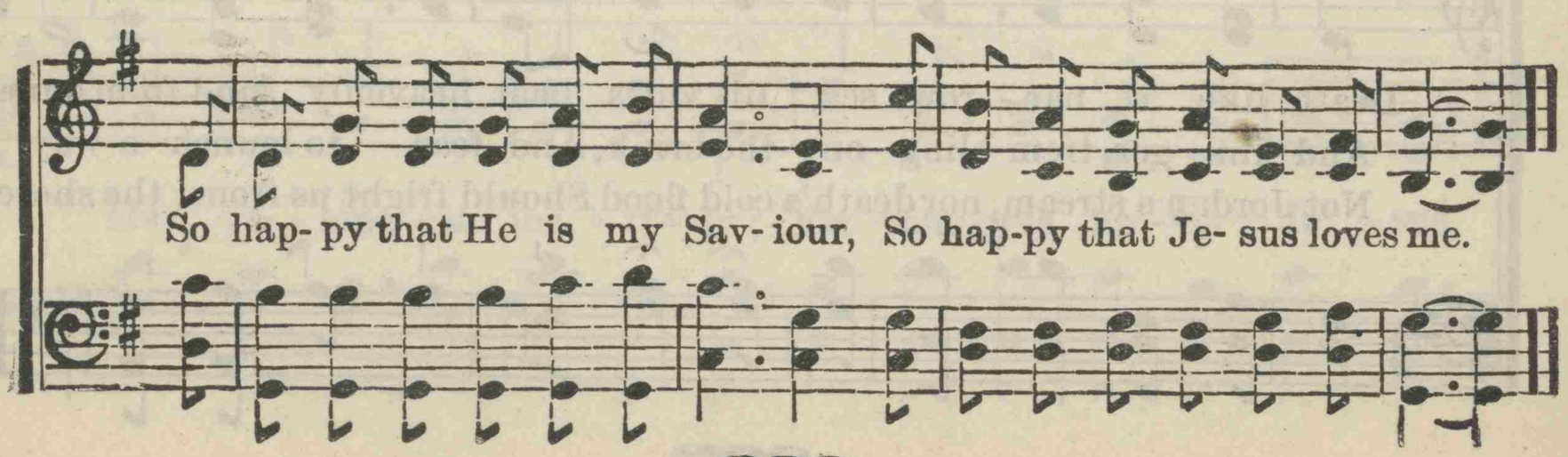


I weep and I sing in my gladness, To know He is dwelling within
To rest in believ-ing His prom-ise, And *trust what-so-ev- er He saith.*
The love He has kindled within me Makes service and suf-fer-ing sweet.
What joy in His glo - ri- fied presence, To sit at His feet as His guest.

CHORUS.



Oh, I am so hap- py in Je - sus, From sin and from sorrow so free;

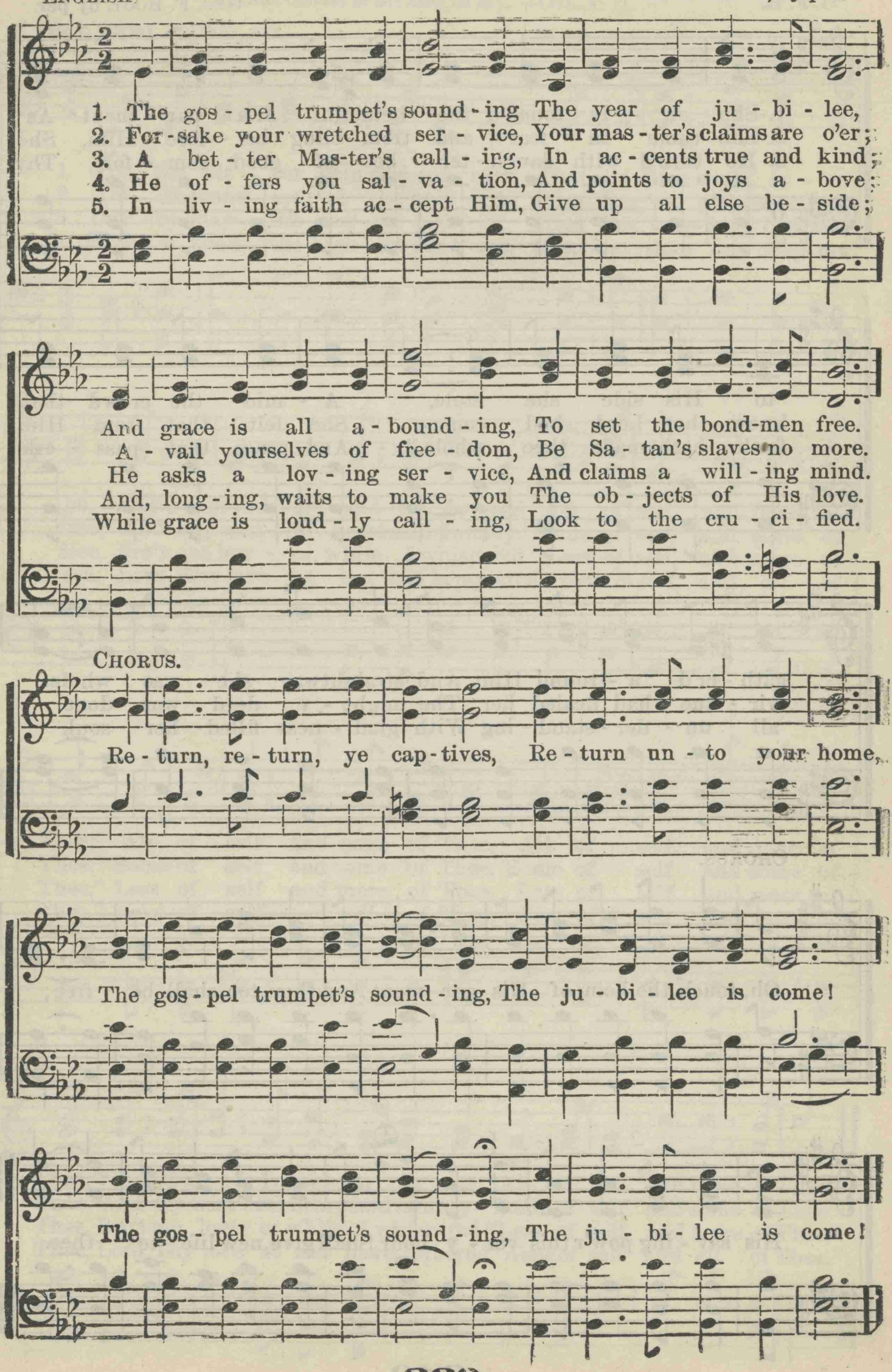


So hap- py that He is my Sav- iour, So hap-py that Je- sus loves me.

No. 266. The Gospel Trumpet's Sounding.

LEV. 25: 8-13.

ENGLISH. R. S. THAIN, by per.



No. 267. The Hem of His Garment.

"If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole."—MATT. 9: 21.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. She on - ly touch'd the hem of His gar - ment As
2. She came in fear and trem - bling be - fore Him, She
3. He turn'd with "daugh - ter be of good com - fort, Thy

to His side she stole, A - mid the crowd that
knew her Lord had come, She felt that from Him
faith hath made thee whole," And peace that pass - eth

gath - er'd a - round Him, And straightway she was whole.
vir - tue had healed her, The might - y deed was done.
all un - der - stand - ing With glad - ness filled her soul.

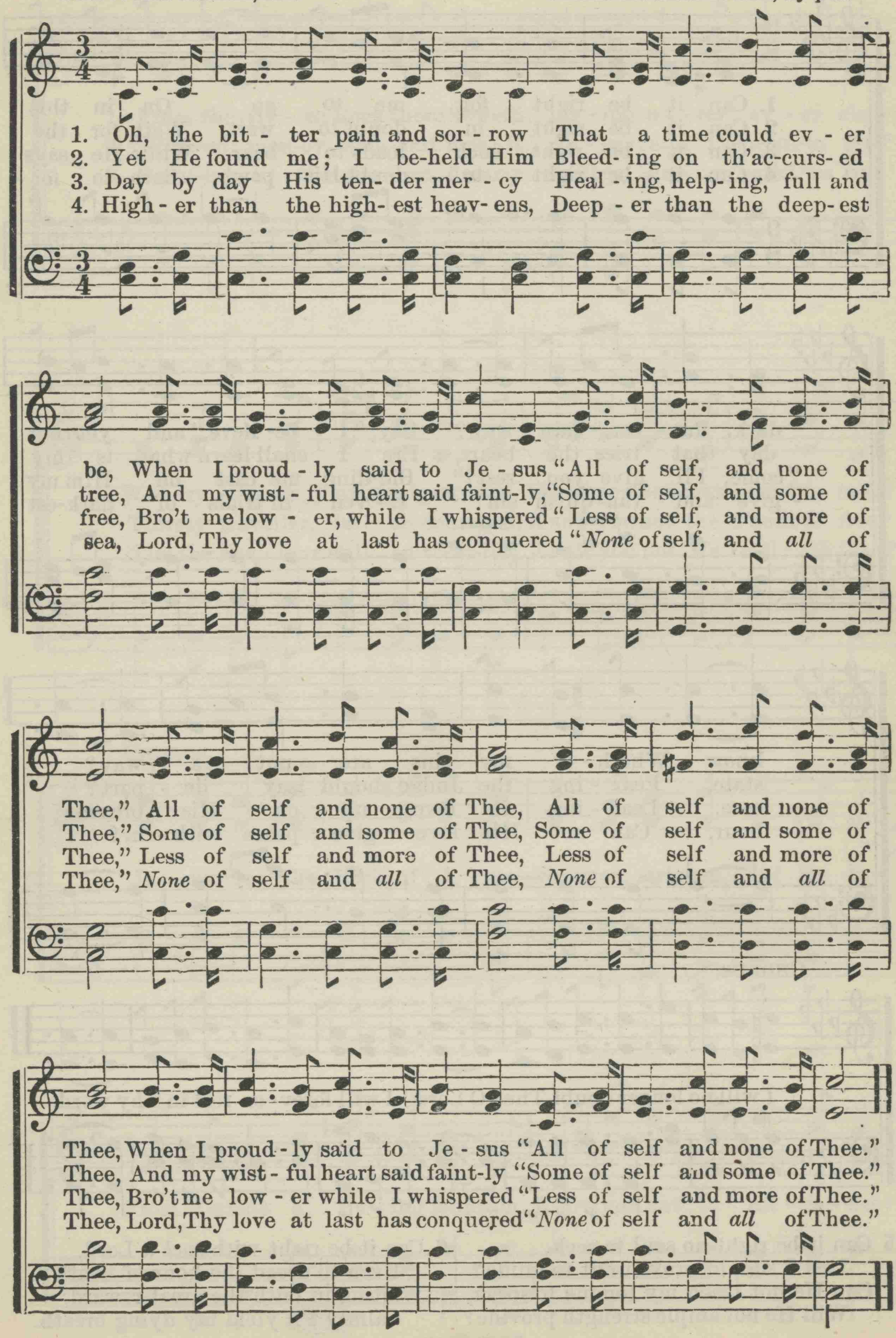
CHORUS.

Oh, touch the hem of His gar - ment And thou, too, shall be free;
His sav - ing pow'r this ver - y hour Shall give new life to thee.

No. 268. "None of self and all of Thee."

"But Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

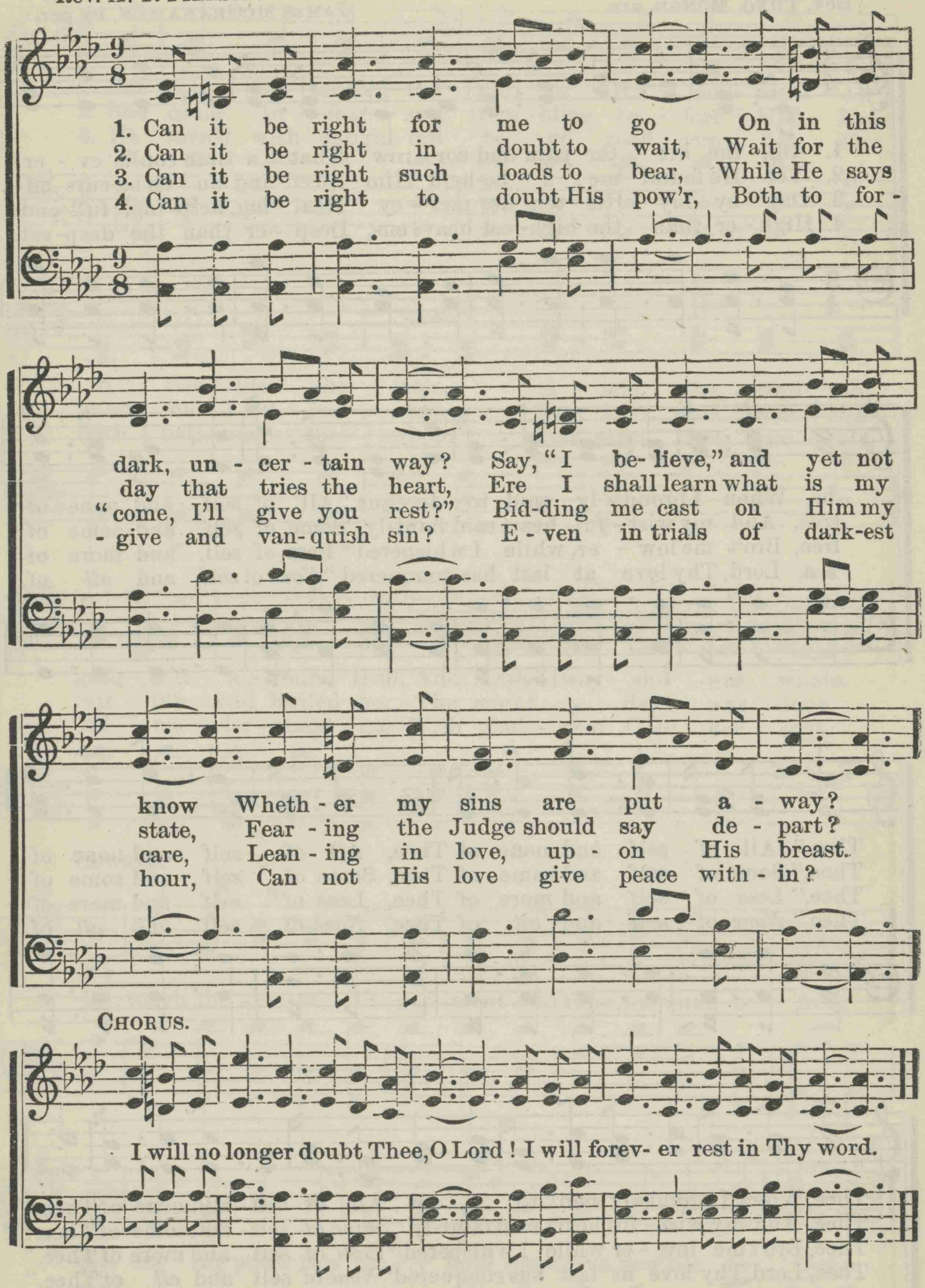
Rev. Theo. Monod, arr. James McGranahan, by per.



No. 269. Can it be Right?

"Wherefore didst thou doubt?"—MATT. 14: 31.

Rev. A. T. PIERSON. P. P. BLISS, by per.



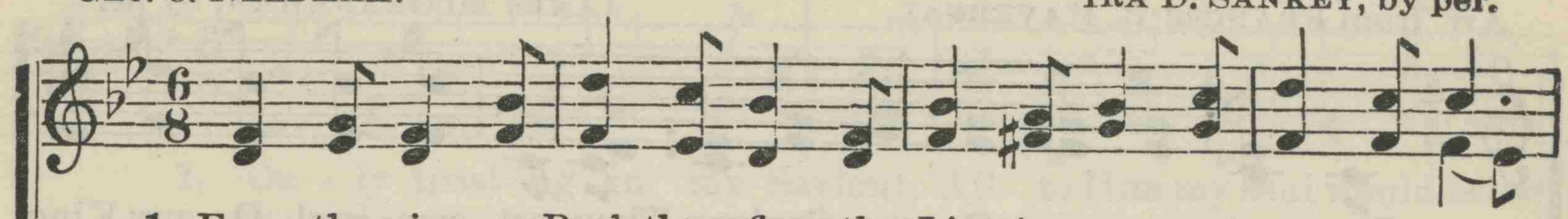
5 Can it be right no soul to seek,
Lest I should prove unfit to guide?
Can He not teach my tongue to speak,
Will He not ample strength provide?

6 Can it be right with *such* a Lord,
Even to dread the hour of death?
Waiting in faith the great reward,
Calmly I'll yield my dying breath.

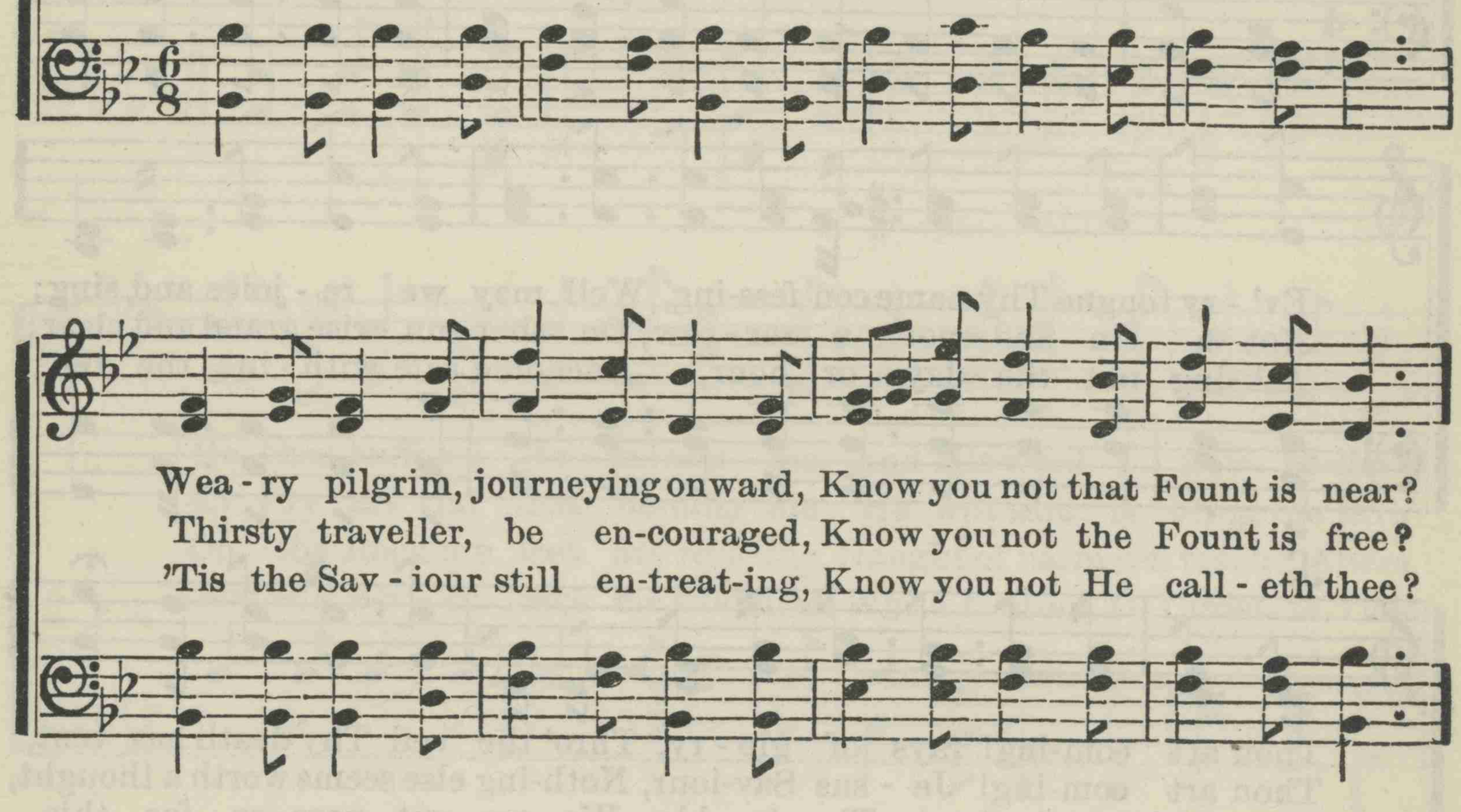
No. 270. The Smitten Rock.

"They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ"—1 Cor. 10 : 4.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

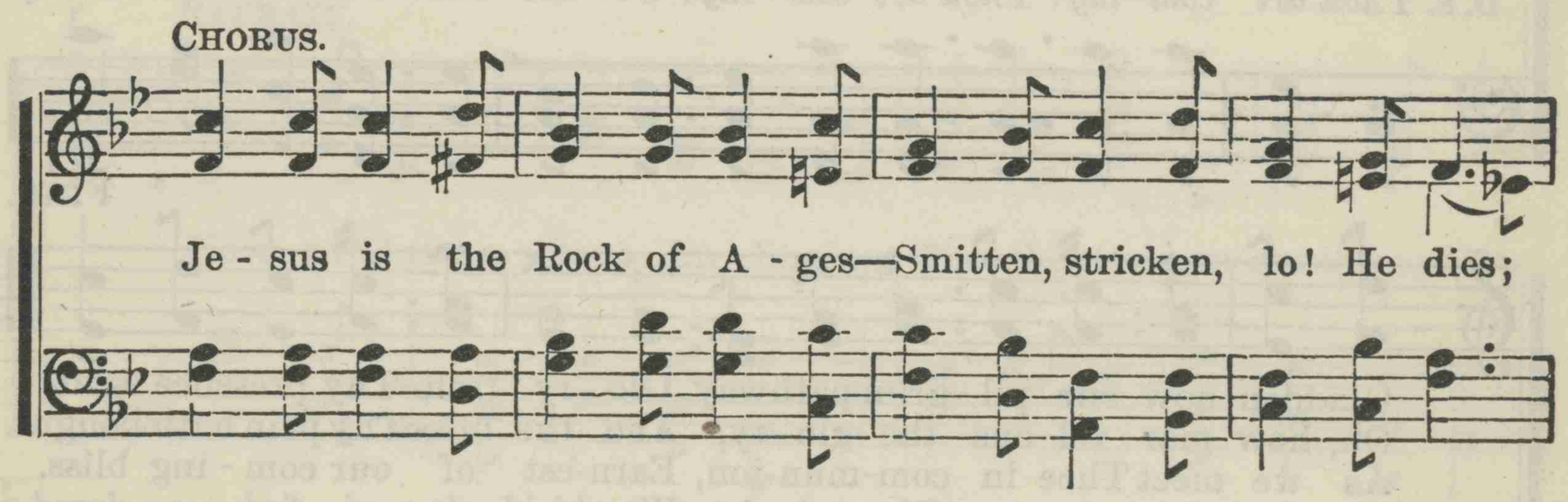


1. From the riv - en Rock there floweth, Liv - ing wa - ter ev - er clear;
2. "With-out mon-ey, with - out mer - it," Je - sus calls, "Come un-to Me,"
3. Faint-ing in the des - ert, drear-y, Guilt-y sin - ner, hark! 'tis He!



Wea - ry pilgrim, journeying onward, Know you not that Fount is near?
Thirsty traveller, be en-couraged, Know you not the Fount is free?
'Tis the Sav - iour still en-treat-ing, Know you not He call - eth thee?

CHORUS.



Je - sus is the Rock of A - ges—Smitten, stricken, lo! He dies;
From His side a liv - ing fountain, Know you not it sat - is - fies?

No. 271. Thou art Coming!

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

Arr. from FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per

1. Thou art com-ing, O my Saviour, Thou art com-ing! O my King,
2. Thou art com-ing, not a shad-ow, Not a mist and not a tear,
3. Thou art com-ing, we are wait-ing With a hope that can-not fail,

Ev'-ry tongue Thy name con-fess-ing, Well may we re-joice and sing;
Not a sin and not a sor-row, On that sun-rise grand and clear;
Ask-ing not the day or hour, Anchored safe with-in the veil;

Thou art com-ing! rays of glo-ry, Thro' the veil Thy death has rent,
Thou art com-ing! Je-sus Sav-iour, Noth-ing else seems worth a thought,
Thou art com-ing! at Thy ta-ble We are wit-ness-es for this,
D. S. *Thou art com-ing! Thou art com-ing! Je-sus our be-lov-ed Lord,*

FINE.

Gladden now our pil-grim pathway, Glo-ry from Thy presence sent.
Oh, how mar-vel-ous the glo-ry, And the bliss Thy pain hath bought.
As we meet Thee in com-mun-ion, Earn-est of our com-ing bliss.
O the joy to see Thee reigning, Worship'd, glo-ri-fied, a-dored.

CHORUS. D. S.

{ Thou art com-ing, Thou art com-ing, We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
{ Thou art com-ing, we shall see Thee, And be like Thee on that day.

No. 272. Only Trusting in my Saviour.

"Jesus Christ and him crucified."—1 Cor. 2: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. On - ly trust-ing in my Saviour, All to Him my soul would leave;
2. On - ly trust-ing, noth-ing doubting, This is all that I can do;
3. There are breakers in the dis-tance, Yet no dan-ger will I fear;
4. On - ly trust-ing, on - ly trust-ing, This is joy and life to me;

He has suffered to redeem me, And His word I now be-lieve.
Ev' - ry tri - al that be-falls me He will safe - ly bring me thro'.
On the Rock my feet are rest-ing, Naught of harm can reach me here.
Thou wilt nev - er leave me friendless While I cling, O Christ, to Thee.

REFRAIN.

Now to Christ a - lone I'm clinging, Tho' the tempest round me blow;

Heed-ing not the clouds a-bove me, Dreading not the waves be-low.

No. 273. There is a Green Hill far away.

"And they took Jesus and led him away."—JOHN 19: 16.

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall;
2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth-er good enough, To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His precious blood.
He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS.

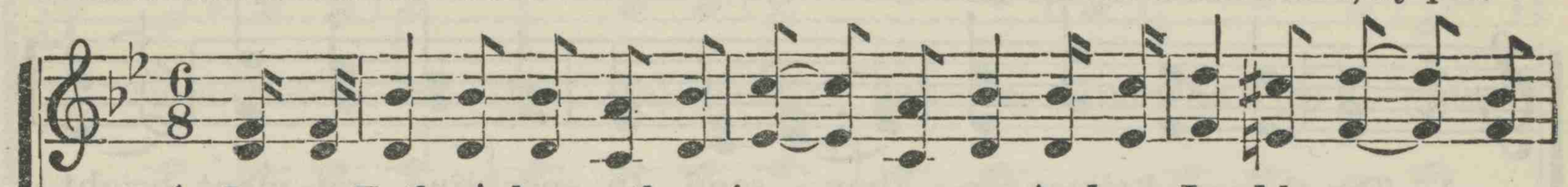
Oh! dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;
And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

Rit.

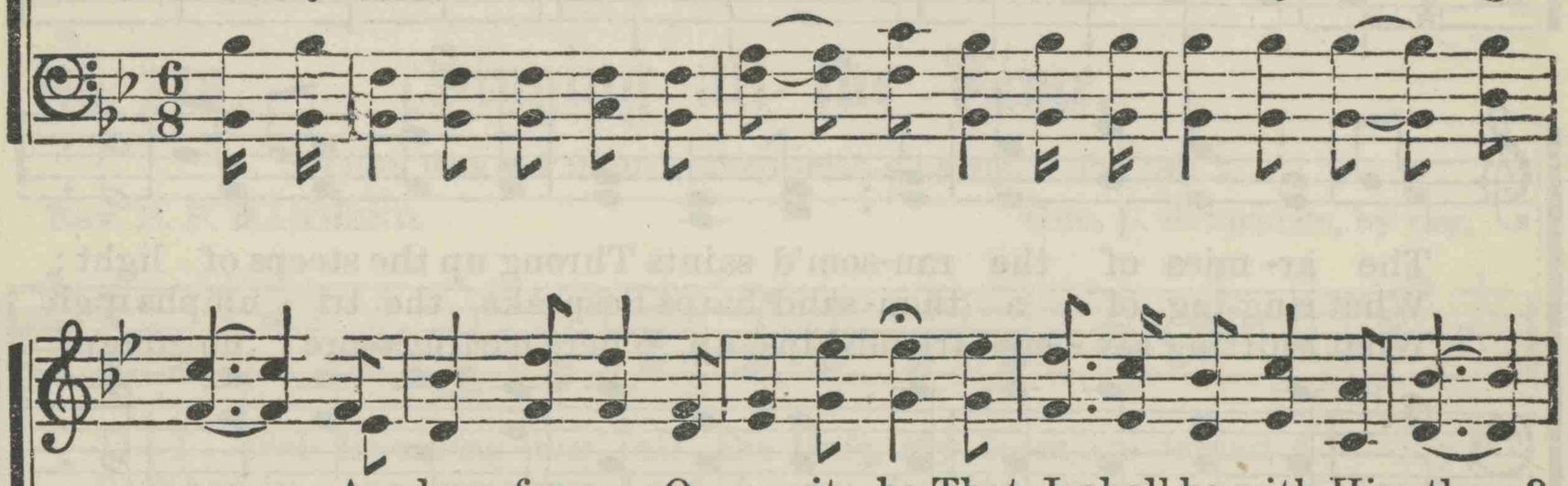
No. 274. Forever with Jesus there.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

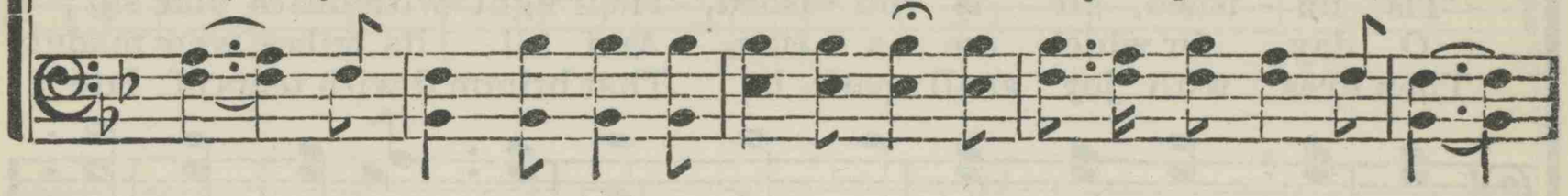
Rev. ARTHUR T. PIERSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



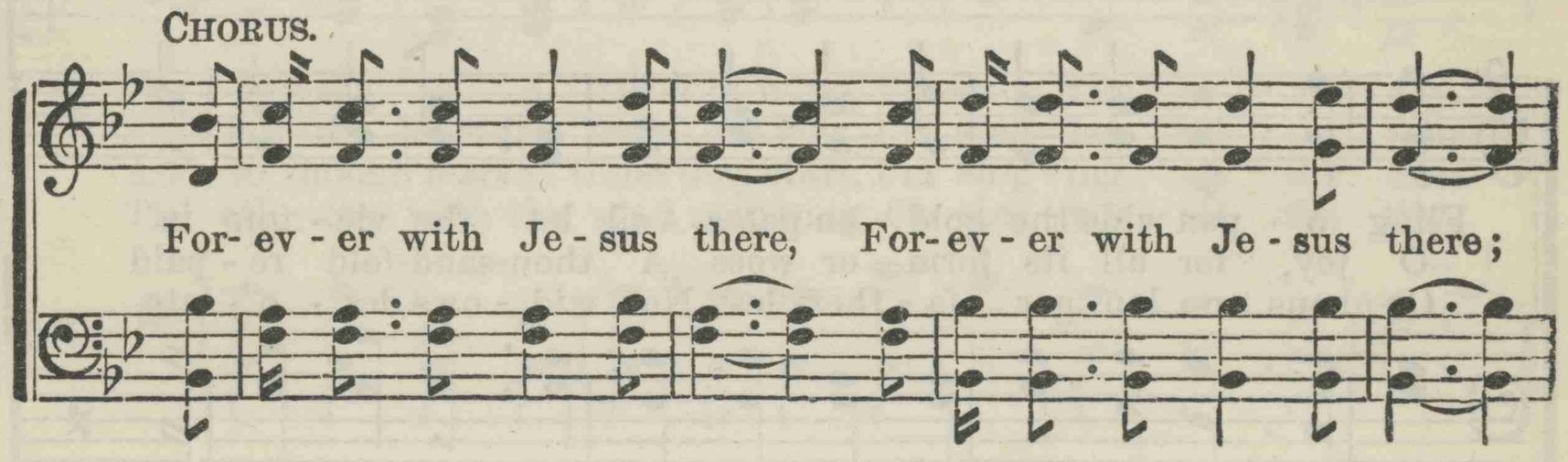
1. In my Father's house there is many a room, And my Lord has gone to pre-
2. In my Father's house there is end - less day, With no cloud of sorrow or
3. In my Father's house there's no want or woe, And there can be no more
4. In my Father's house there is no more death, For the life of God wo
5. In my Father's house there are blessed saints, Who His holy im - age



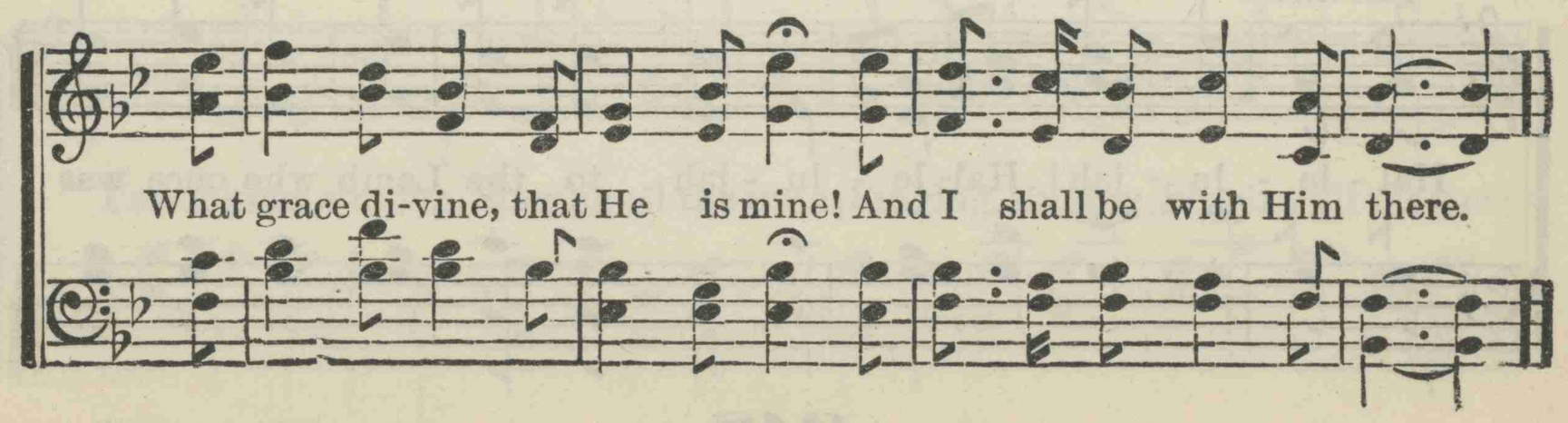
- pare A place for me; O can it be That I shall be with Him there?
care, No tearful eyes, no groans or sighs, They know who are with Him there.
pray'r; For what beside can God provide, Since we shall be with Him there.
share; No thought of sin can en-ter in, For we shall be with Him there.
bear; They find in this their sweetest bliss, That they may be with Him there.



CHORUS.



For- ev - er with Je - sus there, For- ev - er with Je - sus there;



What grace di-vine, that He is mine! And I shall be with Him there.

No. 275. Ten Thousand Times.

"The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand."--REV. 5: 11.

HENRY ALFORD, D. D. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. Ten thousand times ten thou - sand, In sparkling rai- ment bright,
2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fill all the earth and sky!
3. O, then what rap-tured greet - ings On Canaan's hap - py shore!

The ar- mies of the ran-som'd saints Throng up the steeps of light;
What ring-ing of a thou-sand harps Bespeaks the tri - umphs nigh!
What knitting sev - ered friendships up, Where partings are no more!

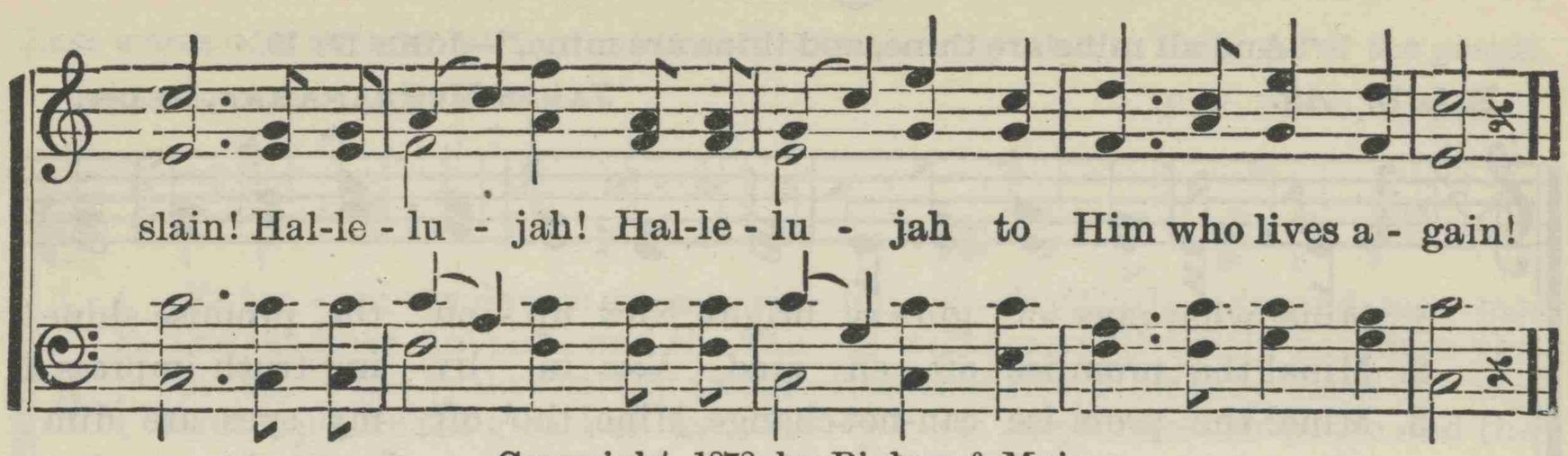
'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin;
O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!
Then eyes with joy shall spark- le, That brimm'd with tears of late;

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
O joy, for all its form - er woes A thou-sand-fold re - paid
Or-phans no lon- ger fa - ther- less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal- le - lu - jah to the Lamb who once was

Ten Thousand Times.—Concluded.



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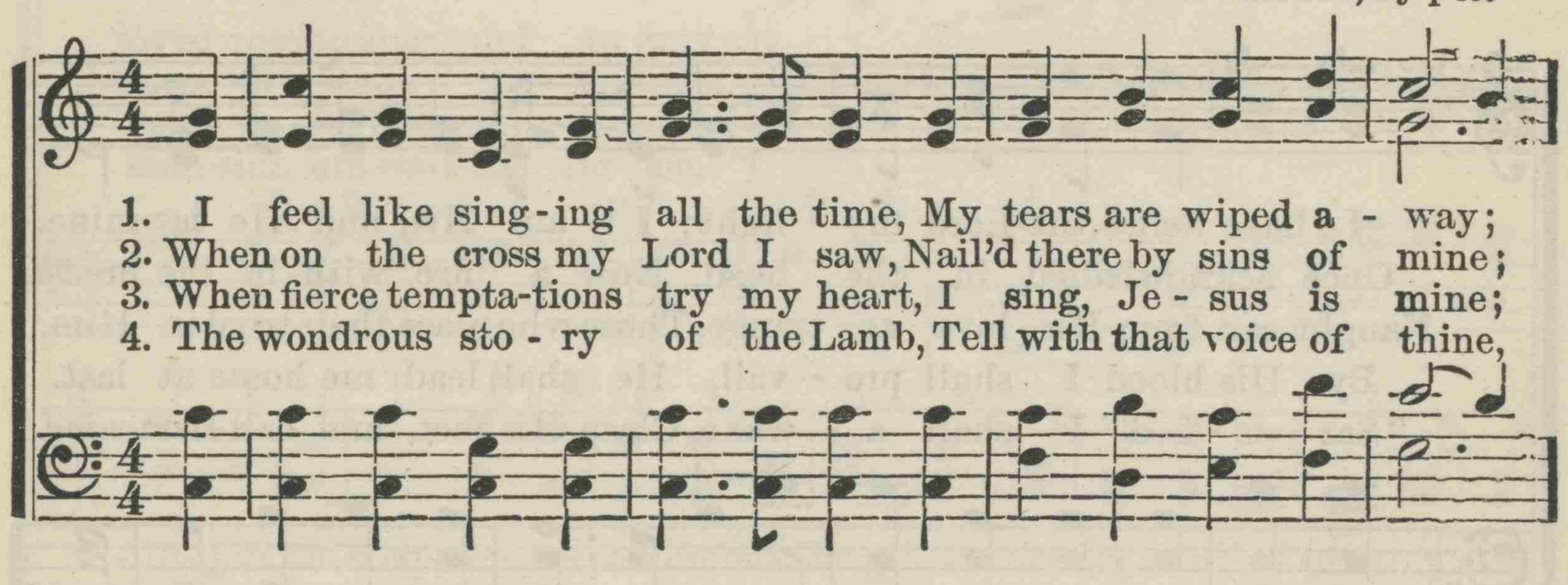
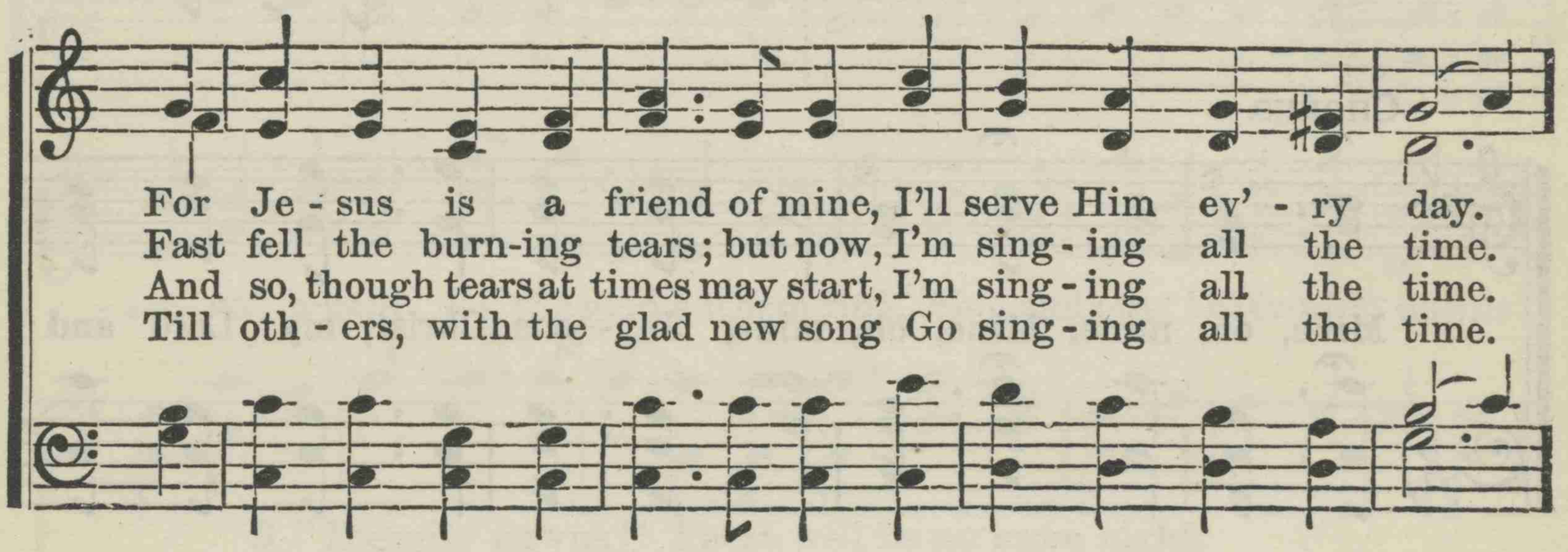
No. 276. Singing all the Time.

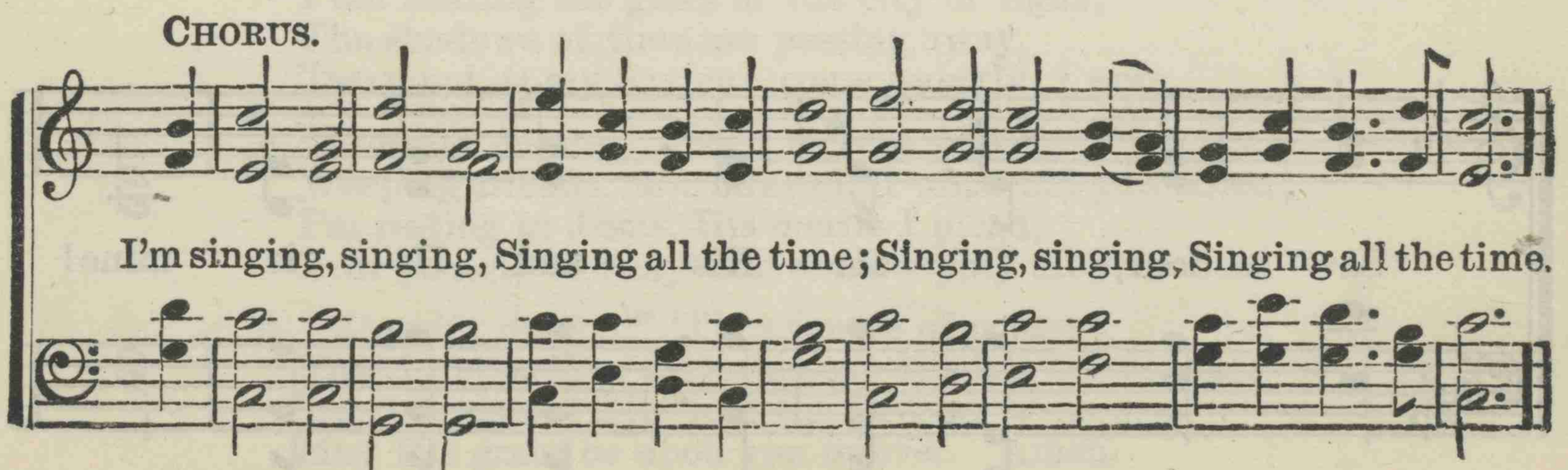
"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126: 2.

Rev. E. P. HAMMOND. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.





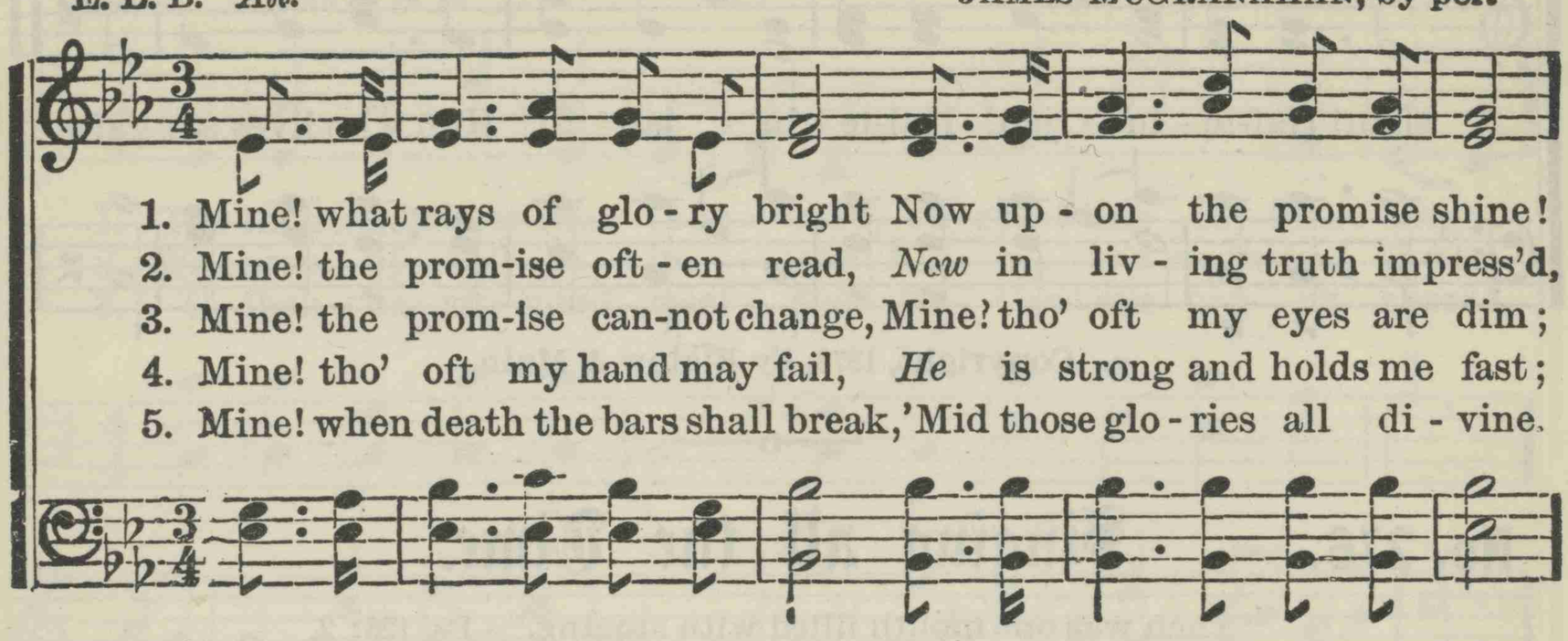
CHORUS.



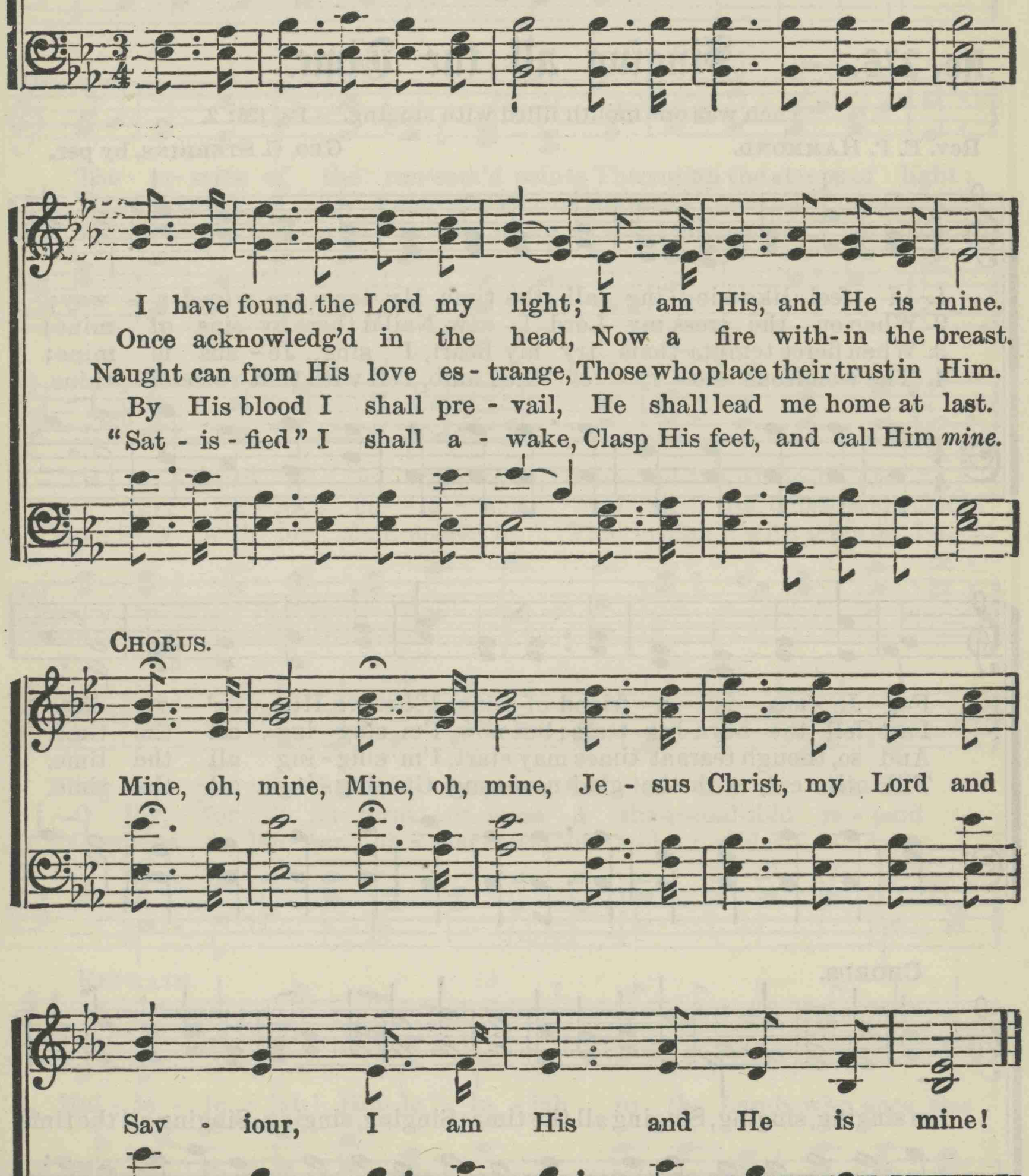
No. 277. Mine!

"And all mine are thine, and thine are mine."—JOHN 17: 10.

E. L. B. *Alt.* JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



1. Mine! what rays of glo - ry bright Now up - on the promise shine!
2. Mine! the prom-ise oft - en read, *Now* in liv - ing truth impress'd,
3. Mine! the prom-ise can-not change, Mine! tho' oft my eyes are dim;
4. Mine! tho' oft my hand may fail, *He* is strong and holds me fast;
5. Mine! when death the bars shall break, 'Mid those glo - ries all di - vine.



I have found the Lord my light; I am His, and He is mine.
Once acknowledg'd in the head, Now a fire with-in the breast.
Naught can from His love es - trange, Those who place their trust in Him.
By His blood I shall pre - vail, He shall lead me home at last.
"Sat - is - fied" I shall a - wake, Clasp His feet, and call Him *mine.*

CHORUS.

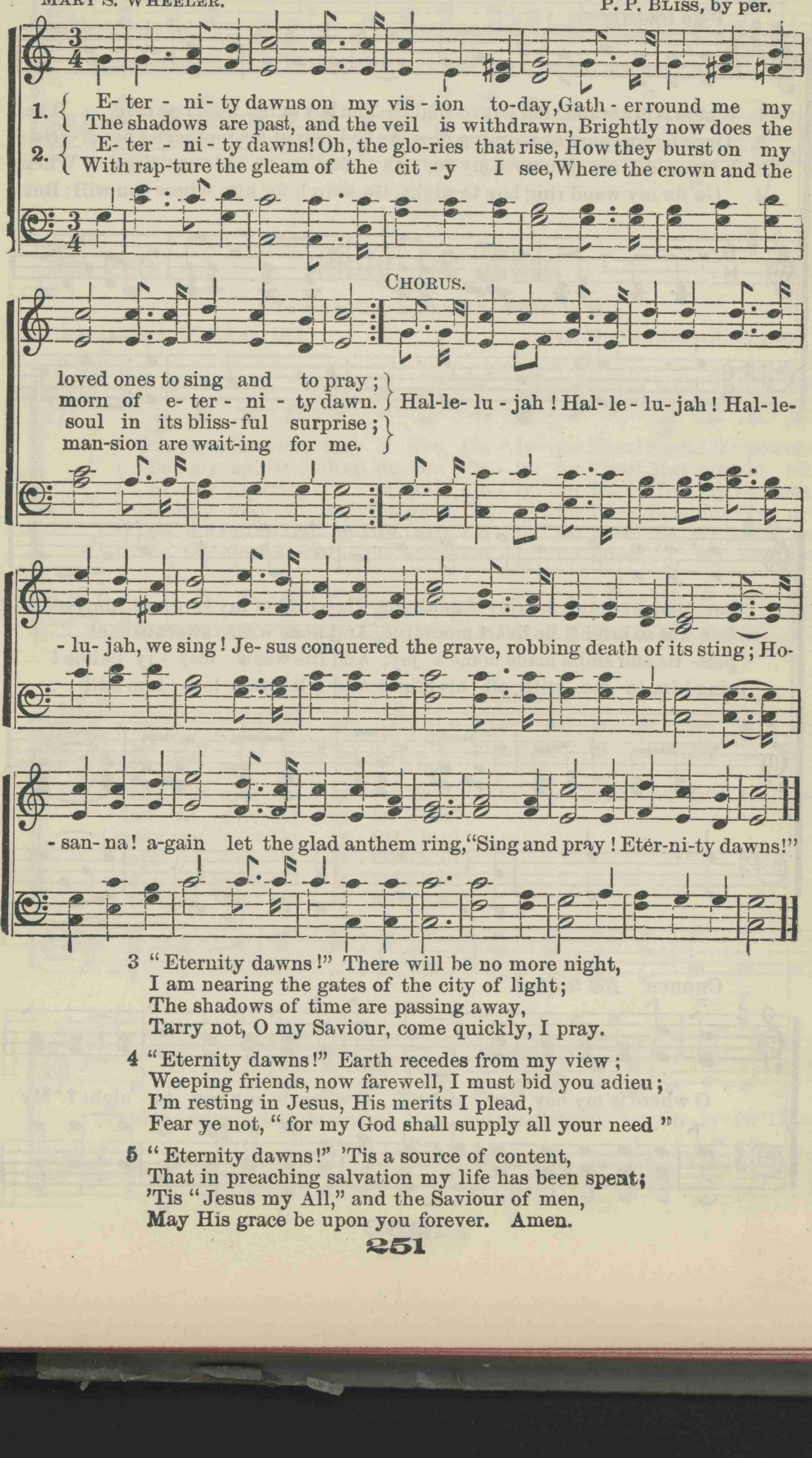
Mine, oh, mine, Mine, oh, mine, Je - sus Christ, my Lord and

Sav - iour, I am His and He is mine!

No. 278. "Sing and Pray!"

Last words of a faithful minister of Christ, who recently died in the hope of the gospel.

MARY S. WHEELER. P. P. BLISS, by per.



3 "Eternity dawns!" There will be no more night,
I am nearing the gates of the city of light;
The shadows of time are passing away,
Tarry not, O my Saviour, come quickly, I pray.

4 "Eternity dawns!" Earth recedes from my view;
Weeping friends, now farewell, I must bid you adieu;
I'm resting in Jesus, His merits I plead,
Fear ye not, "for my God shall supply all your need."

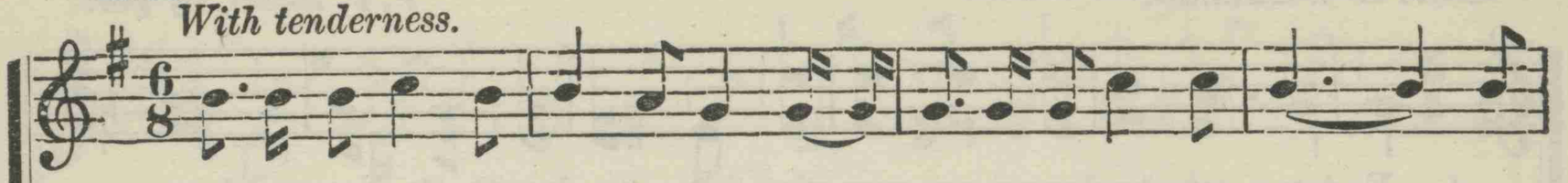
5 "Eternity dawns!" 'Tis a source of content,
That in preaching salvation my life has been spent;
'Tis "Jesus my All," and the Saviour of men,
May His grace be upon you forever. Amen.

No. 279. Where is my Boy to-night?

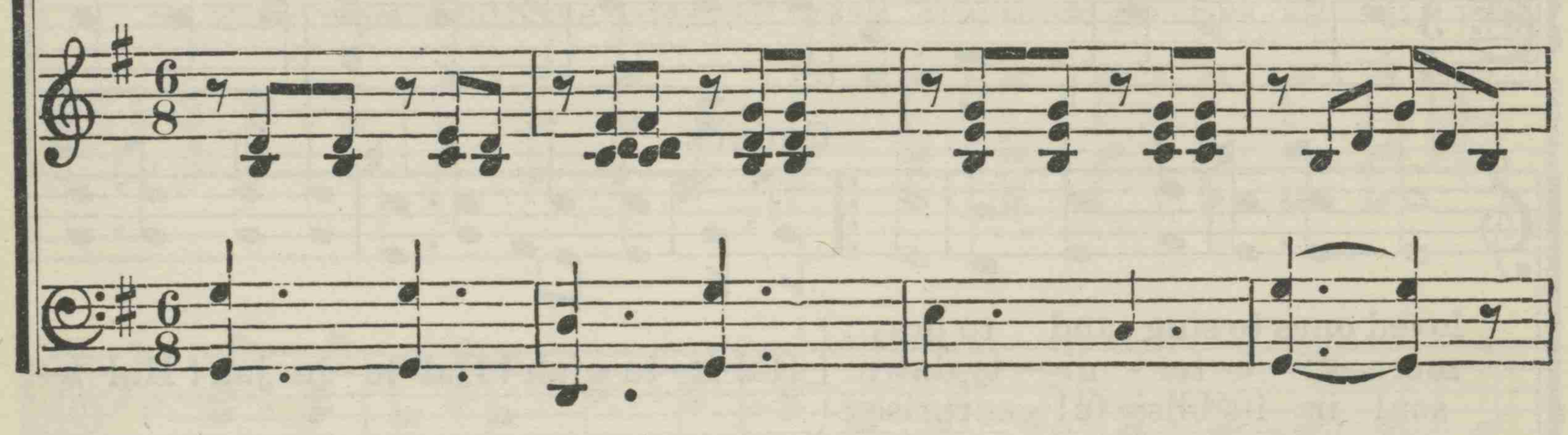
"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—PROV. 10 : 1.

R. L. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

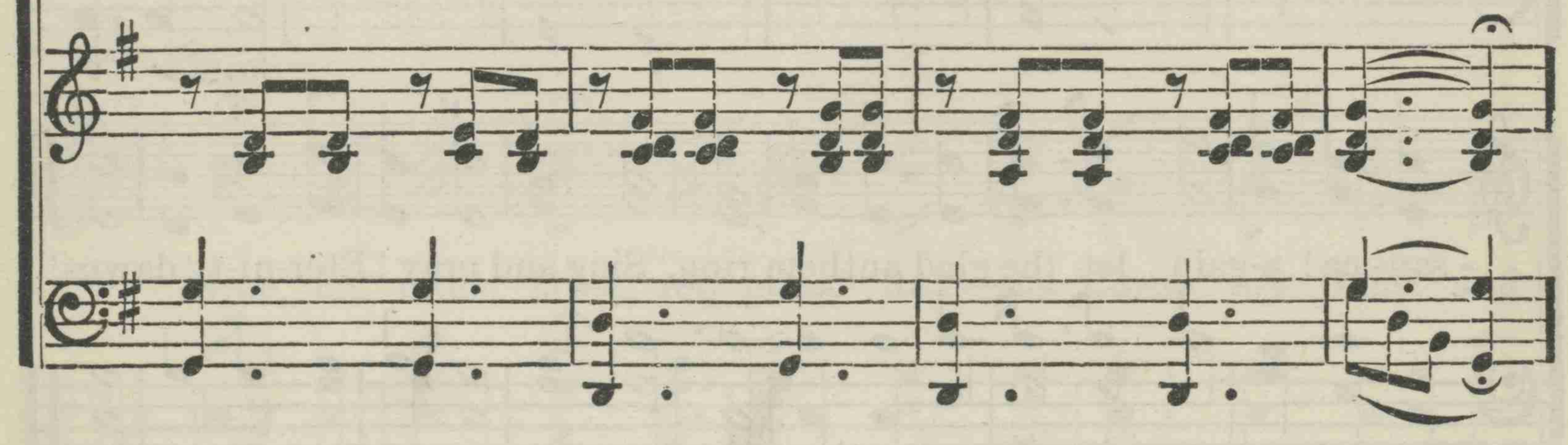
With tenderness.



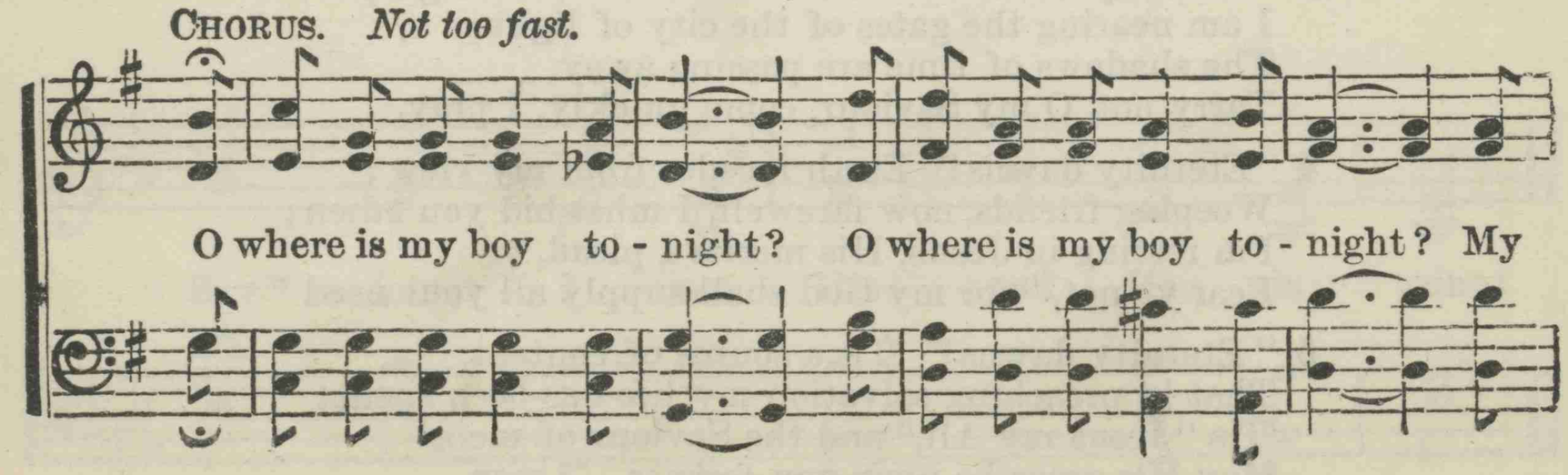
1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tend'rest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morning dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old- en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But



boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prat- tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

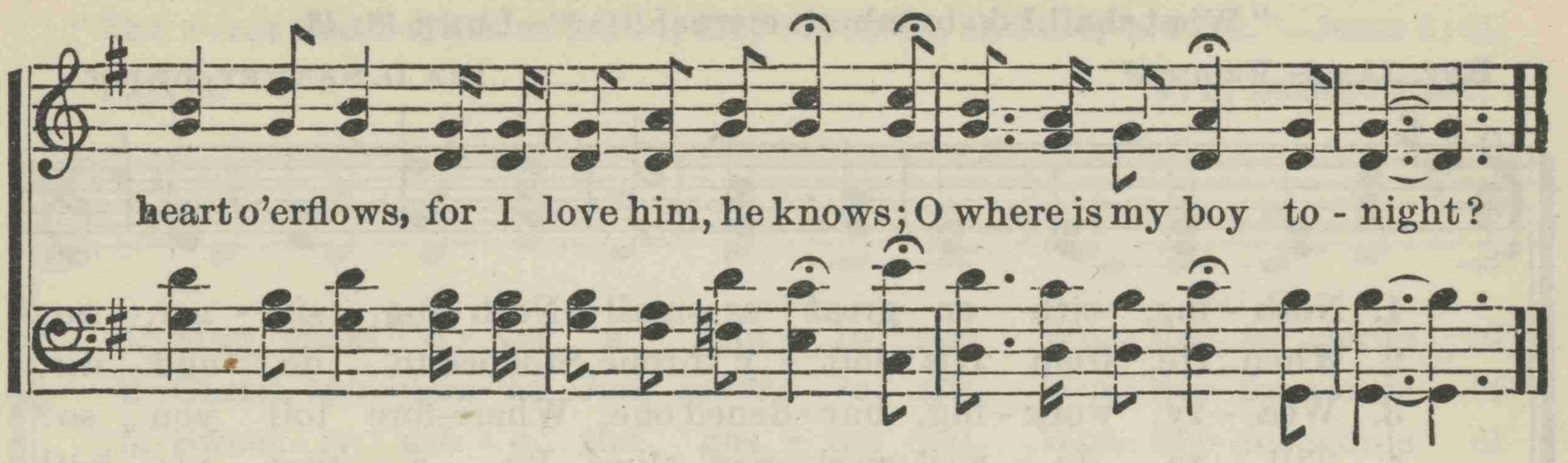


CHORUS. *Not too fast.*



O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My

Where is my Boy to-night?—Concluded.



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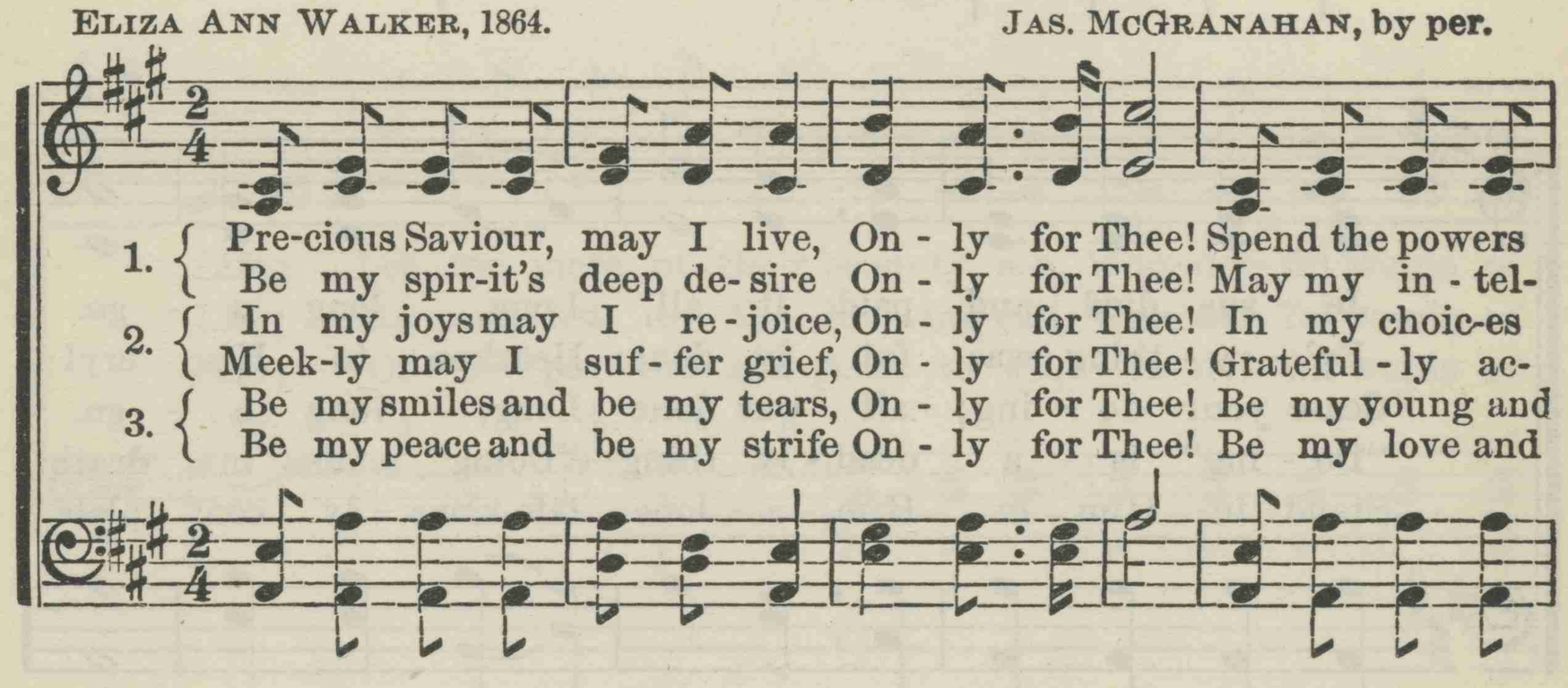
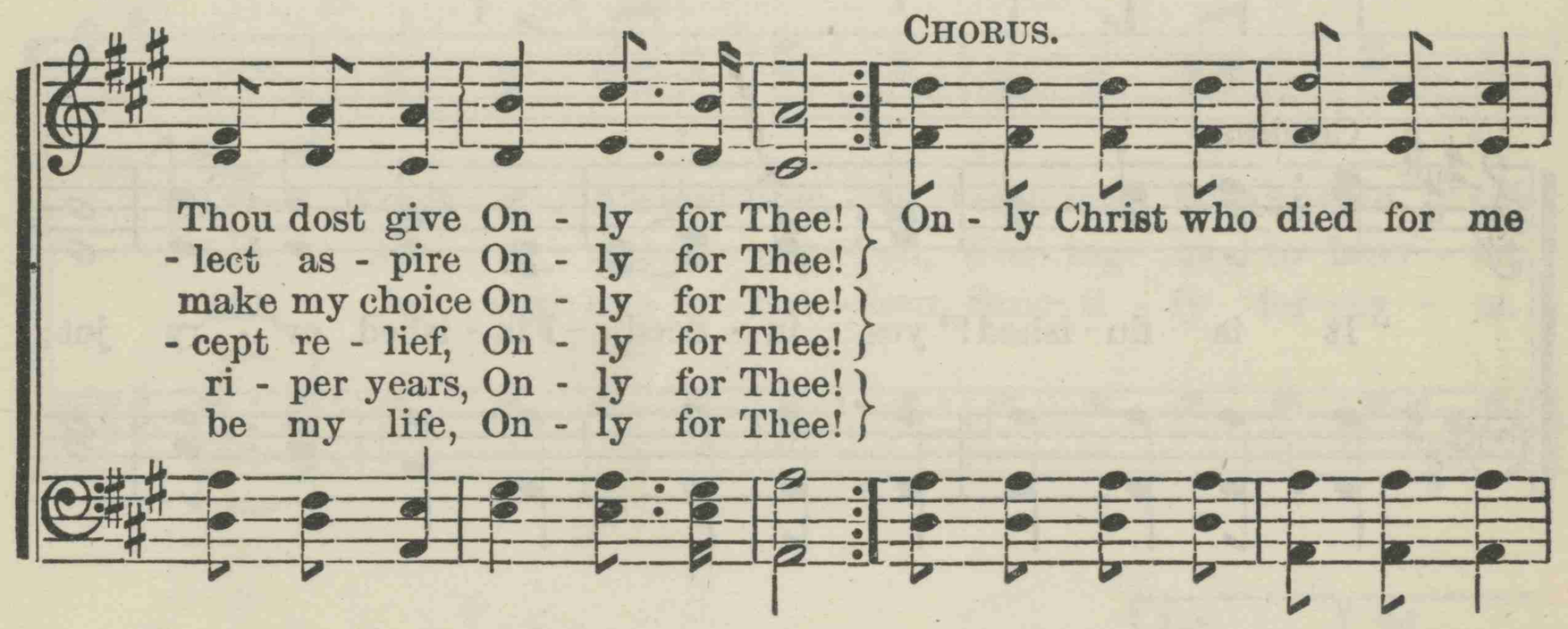
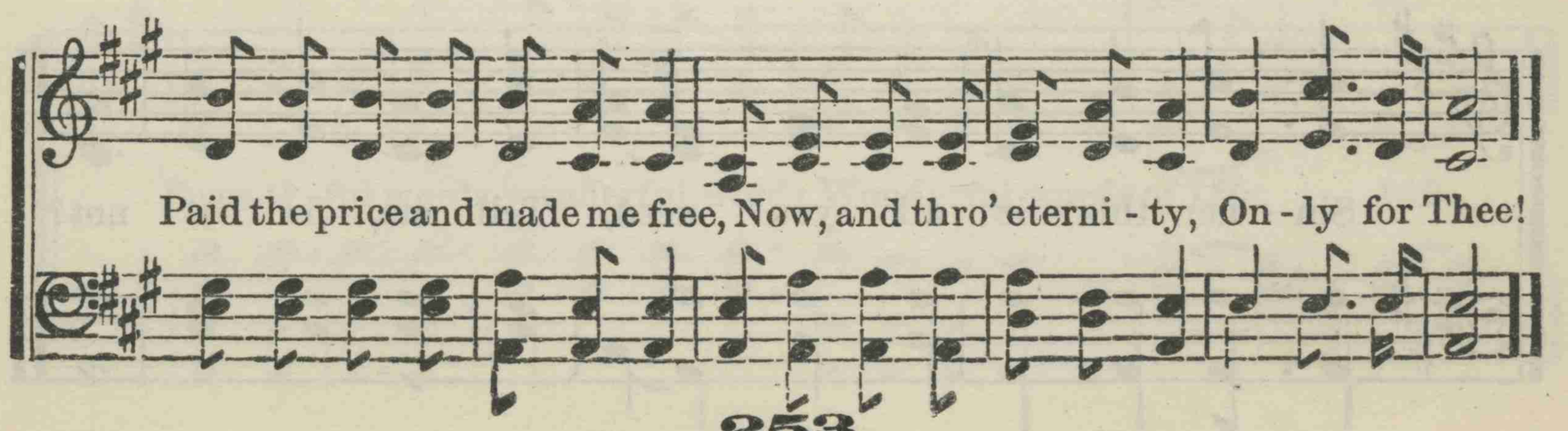
No. 280. Only for Thee.

"To me to live is Christ."—PHIL. 1 : 21.

ELIZA ANN WALKER, 1864. JAS. MCGRANAHAN, by per.



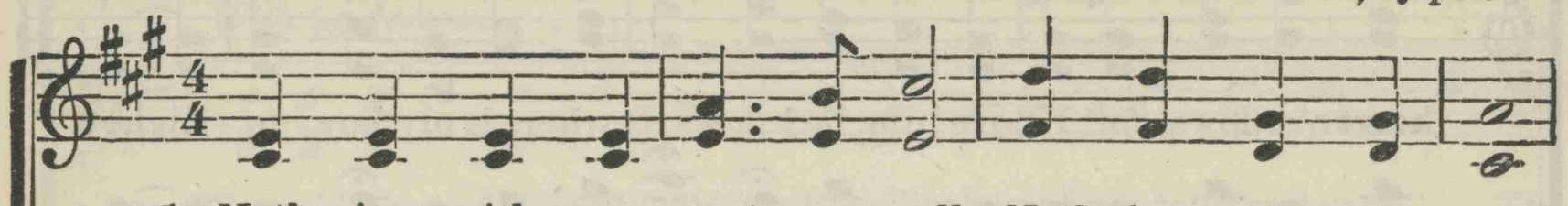




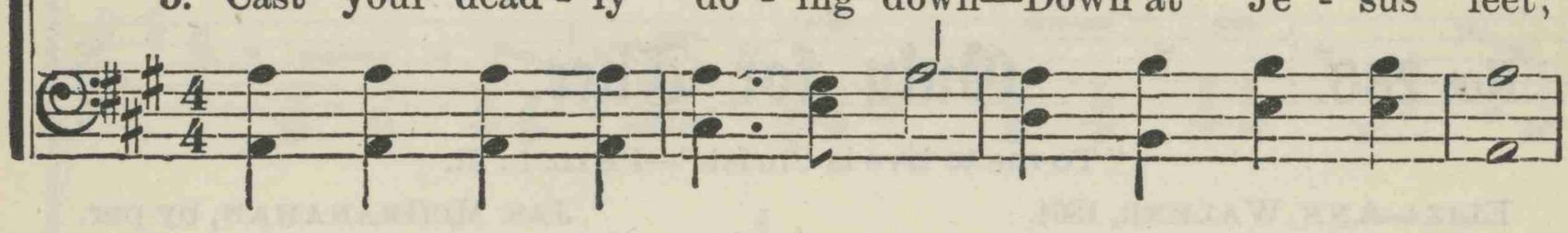
No. 281. It is Finished!

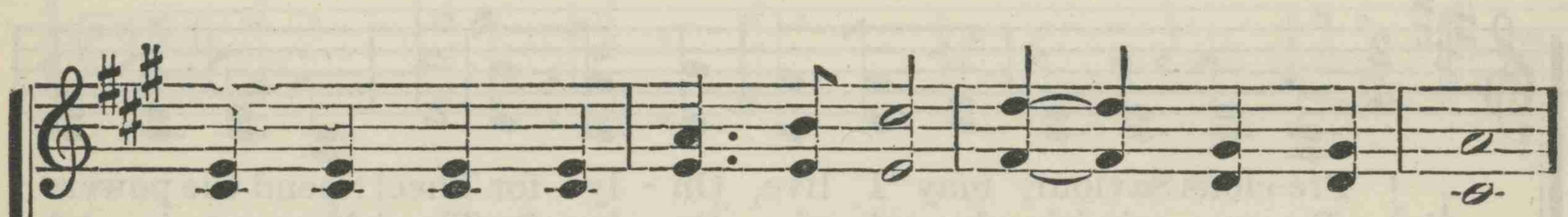
"What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"—LUKE 18: 18.

Rev. JAMES PROCTOR — IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

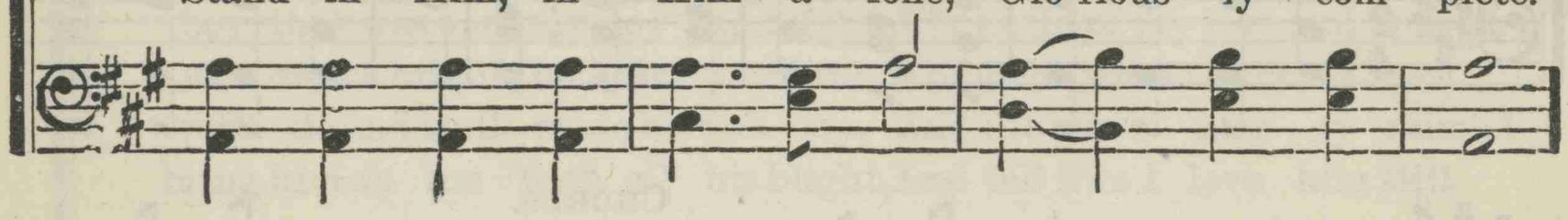


1. Noth - ing, eith - er great or small—Noth - ing, sin - ner, no;
2. When He, from His loft - y throne, Stooped to do and die,
3. Wea - ry, work - ing, bur - dened one, Where-fore toil you so?
4. Till to Je - sus' work you cling By a sim - ple faith,
5. Cast your dead - ly "do - ing" down—Down at Je - sus' feet;

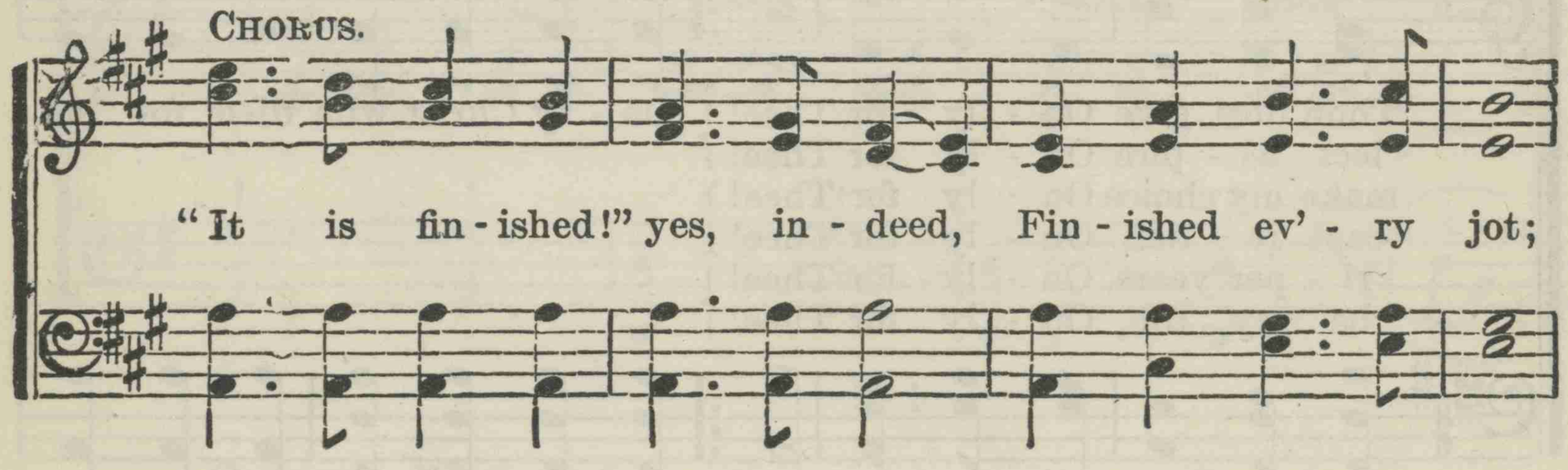




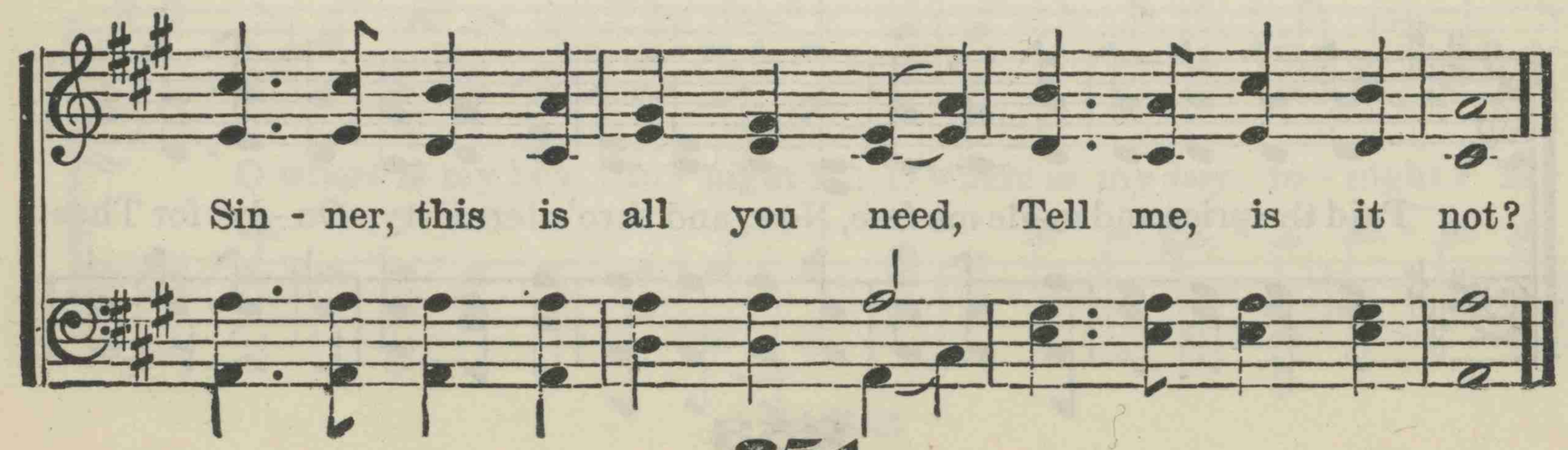
Je - sus died and paid it all, Long, long a - go.
Ev' - ry - thing was ful - ly done: Hearken to His cry!
Cease your do - ing; all was done Long, long a - go.
"Do - ing" is a dead - ly thing—"Doing" ends in death.
Stand in Him, in Him a - lone, Glo-rious - ly com - plete.



CHORUS.



"It is fin - ished!" yes, in - deed, Fin - ished ev' - ry jot;

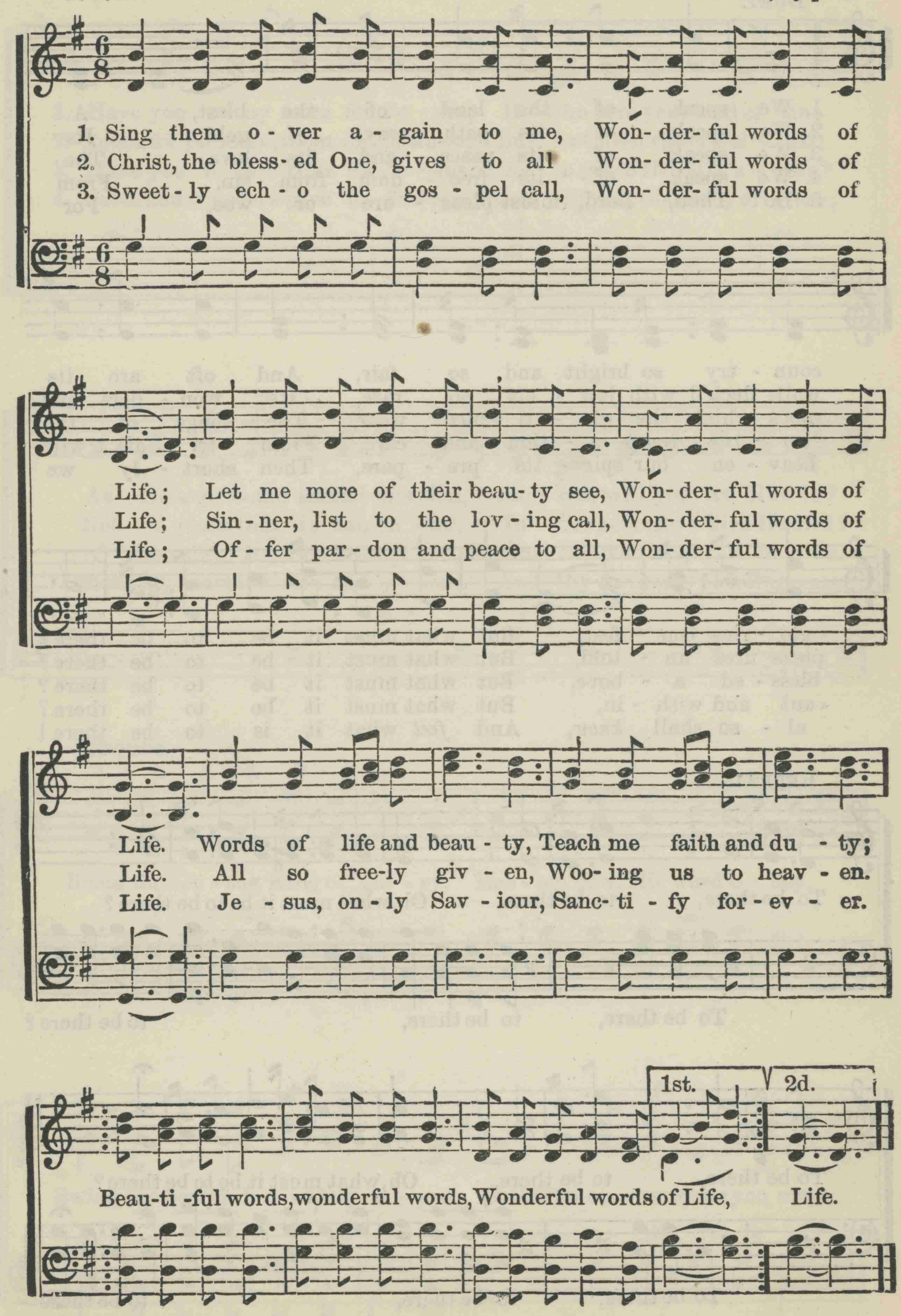


Sin - ner, this is all you need, Tell me, is it not?

No. 282. Wonderful Words of Life.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—JOHN 6:61.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

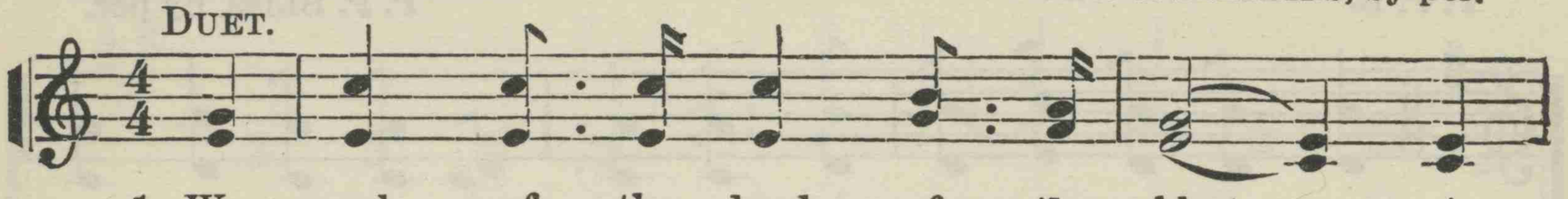


No. 283. What must it be to be There?

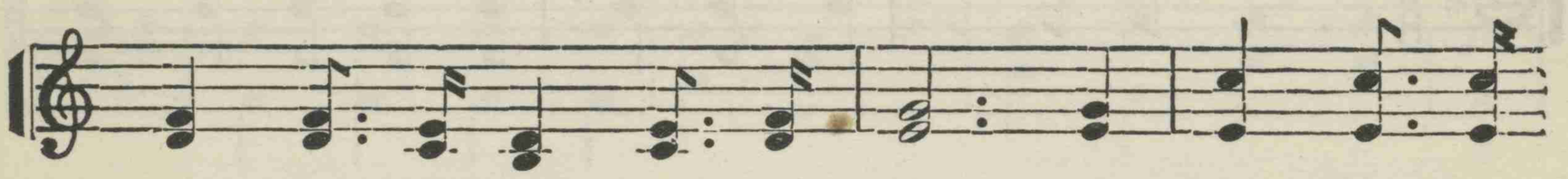
"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."—REV. 21: 4.

Mrs. ELIZARETH MILLS. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

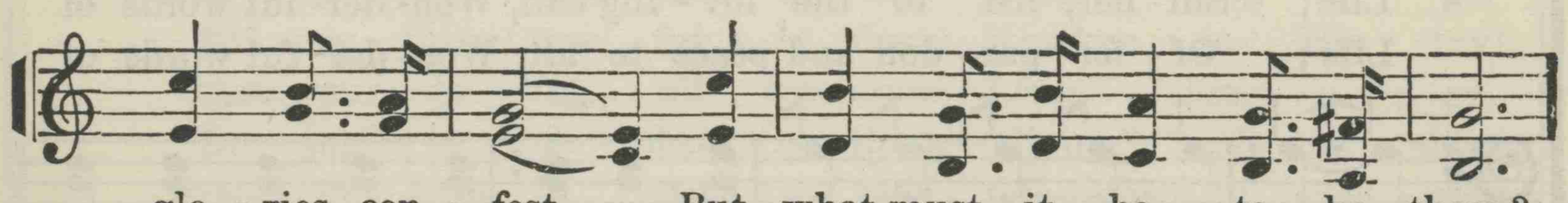
DUET.



1. We speak of the land of the blest, A
2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, Its
3. We speak of its peace and its love, The
4. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From
5. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleas - ure or woe, For

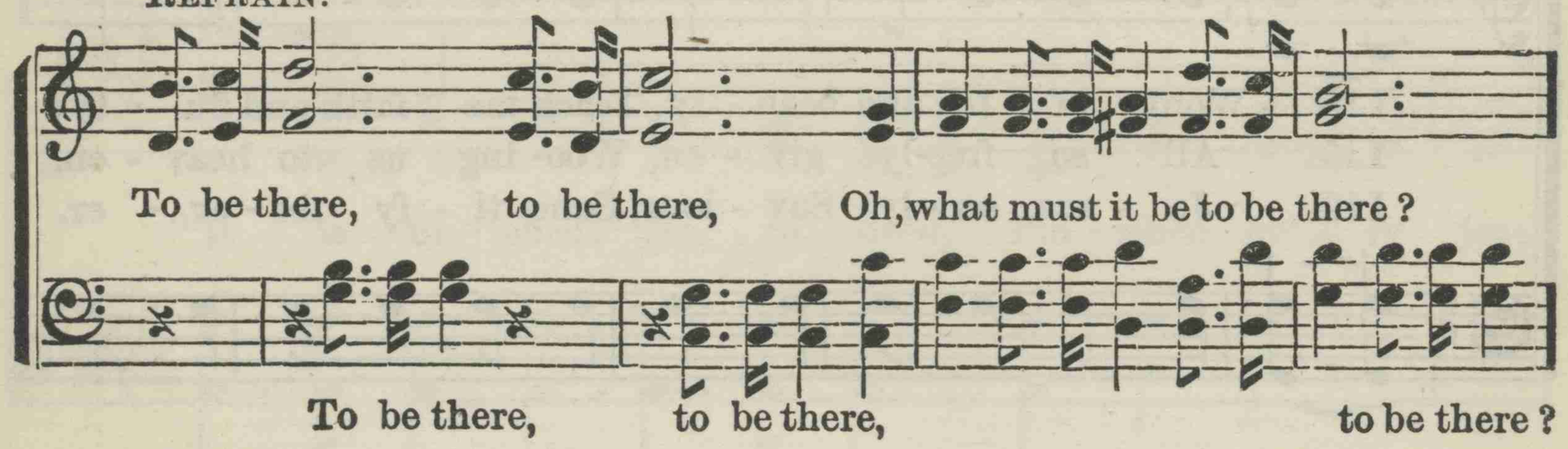


coun - try so bright and so fair, And oft are its
walls deck'd with jew - els so rare, Its won - ders and
robes which the glo - ri - fied wear, The songs of the
sor - row, temp- ta - tion and care, From tri - als with-
heav - en our spir - its pre - pare, Then short - ly we



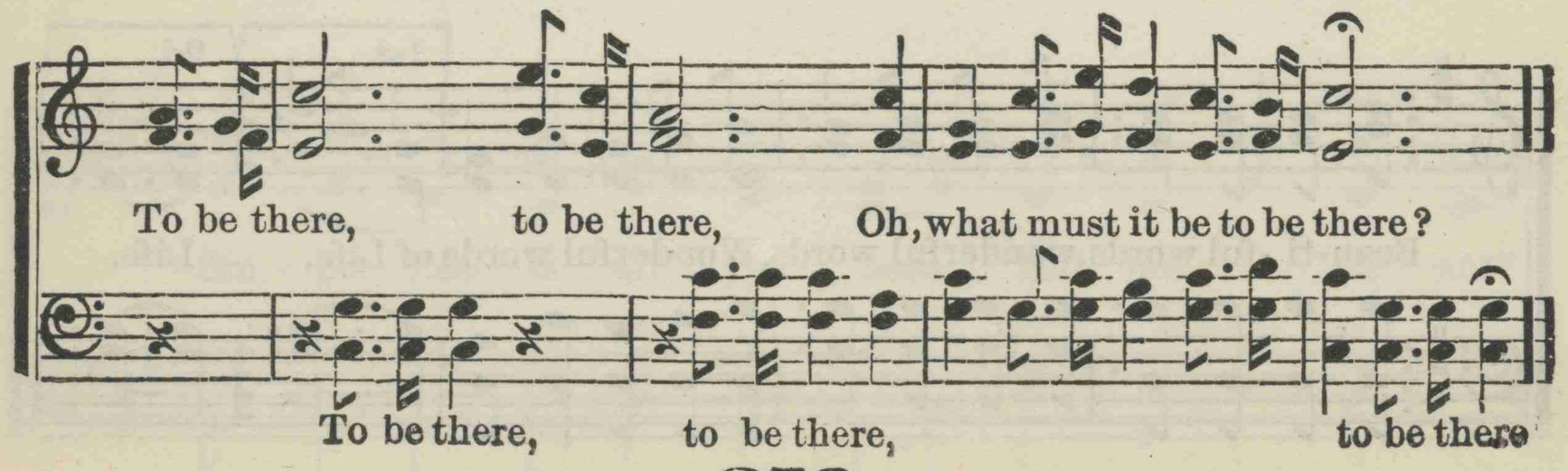
glo - ries con - fest, But what must it be to be there?
pleas- ures un - told, But what must it be to be there?
bless - ed a - bove, But what must it be to be there?
- out and with - in, But what must it be to be there?
al - so shall *know*, And *feel* what it is to be there!

REFRAIN.



To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?

To be there, to be there, to be there?



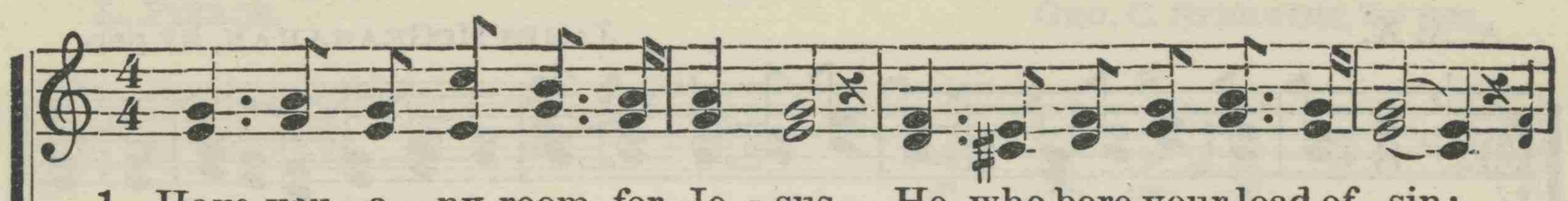
To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?

To be there, to be there, to be there

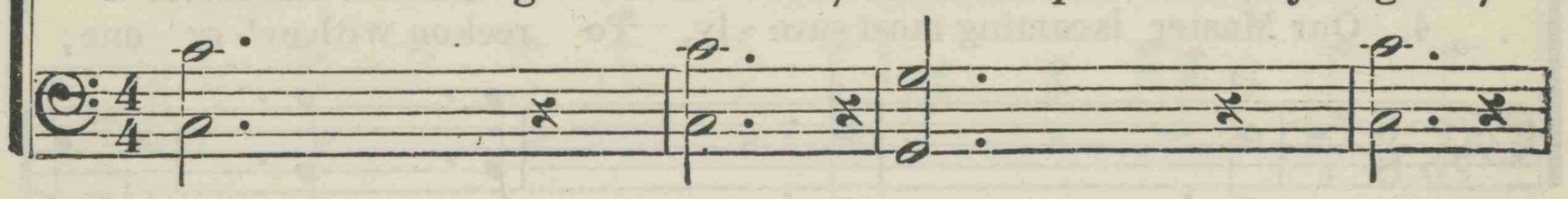
No. 284. Have you any Room for Jesus?

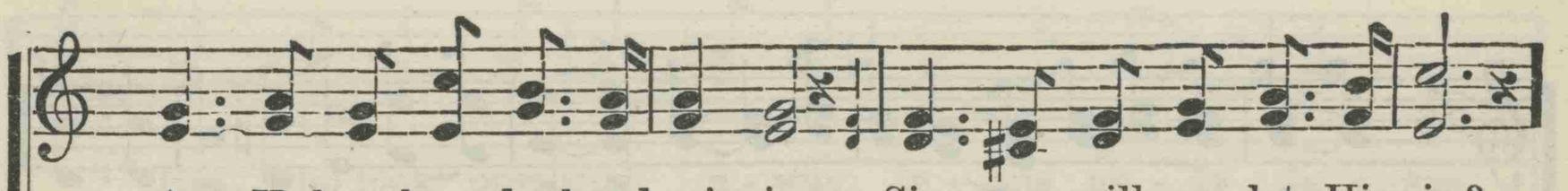
"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

Arr. by W. W. D. C. C. Williams, by per.

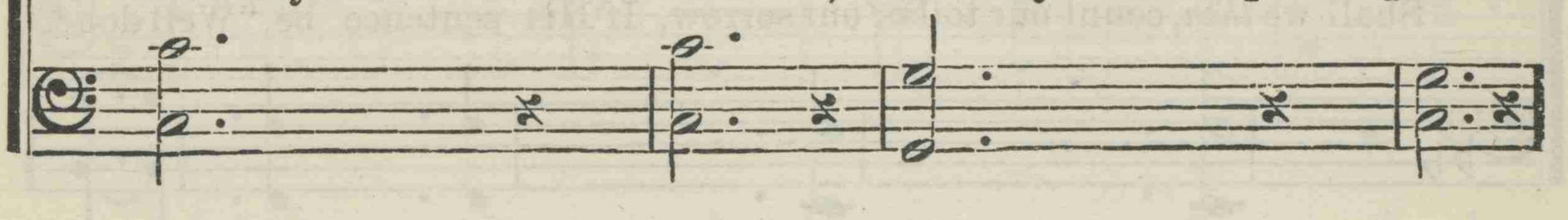


1. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, He who bore your load of sin;
2. Room for pleasure, room for business, But for Christ the cru-ci - fied;
3. Have you a - ny time for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?
4. Room and time now give to Je - sus, Soon will pass God's day of grace;

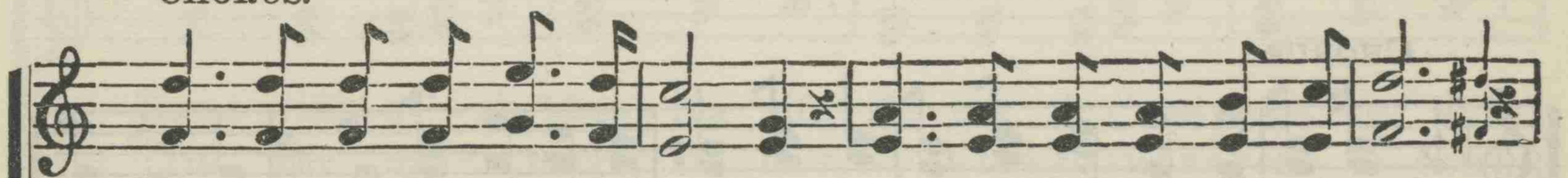




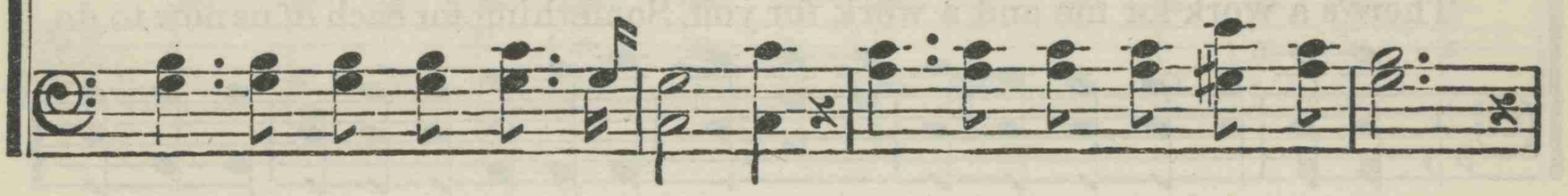
As He knocks and asks ad-mis-sion, Sin - ner, will you let Him in?
Not a place that He can en - ter, In the heart for which He died?
O to - day is time ac-cept - ed, To-mor - row you may call in vain.
Soon thy heart left cold and si - lent, And thy Saviour's pleading cease.



Chorus.



Room for Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Has - ten now, His word o - bey,



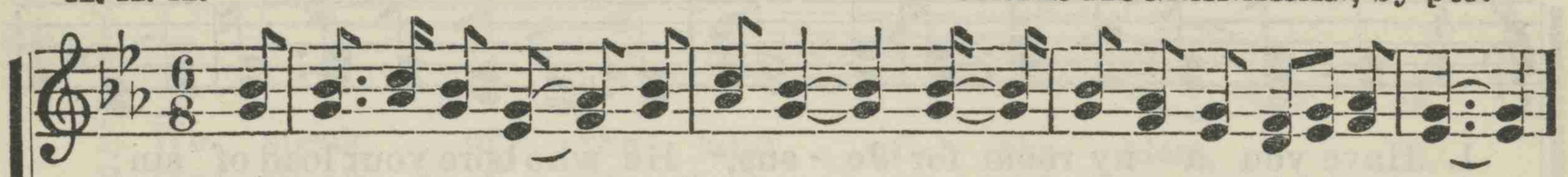
Swing the heart's door widely o - pen, Bid Him en - ter while you may.



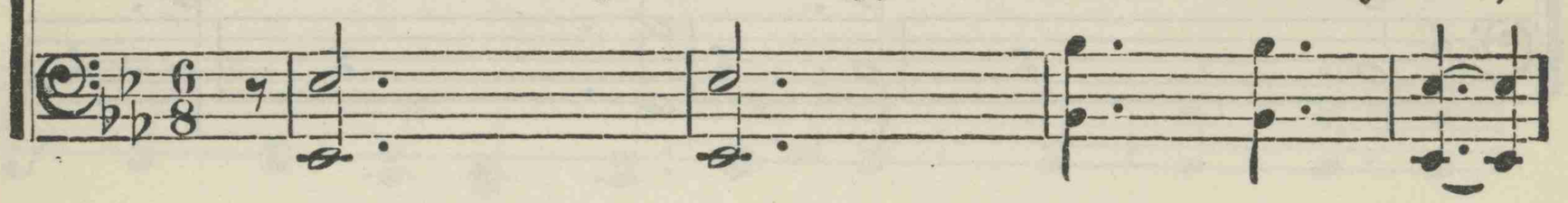
No. 285. There's a Work for each of Us.

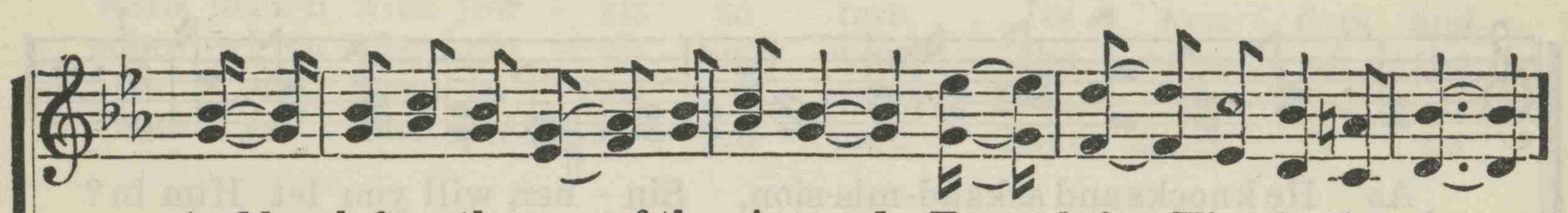
"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his home, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work."—MARK 13: 34.

A. A. A. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

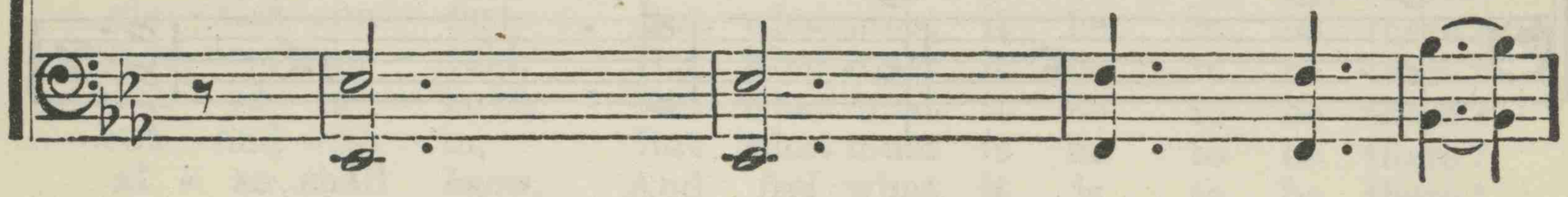


1. Our Master has taken His jour-ney To a country that's far a - way,
2. In this "little while," doth it matter, As we work, and we watch, and we wait,
3. There's only one thing should concern us, To find just the task that is ours;
4. Our Master is coming most sure - ly, To reckon with ev'- ry one;

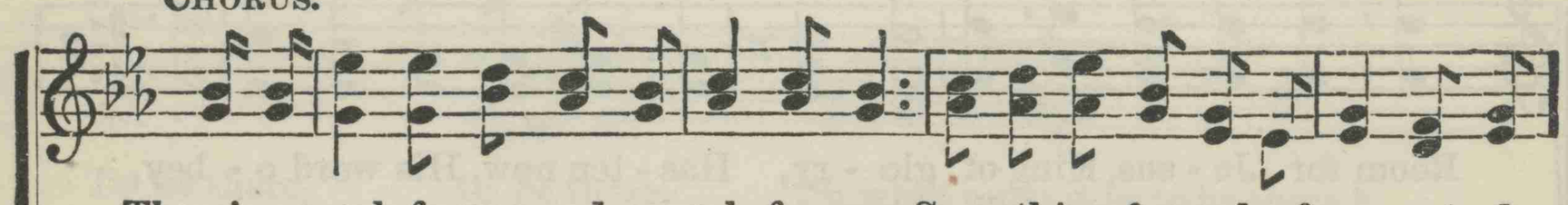




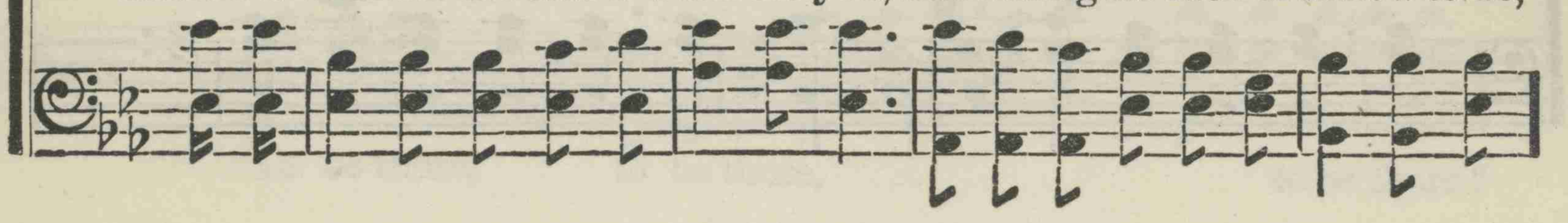
And has left us the care of the vineyard, To work for Him day by day.
If we're filling the place He assigns us, Be its ser - vice small or great.
And then, having found it, to *do* it With all our God-given pow'rs.
Shall we *then*, count our toil or our sorrow, If His sentence be, "Well done."

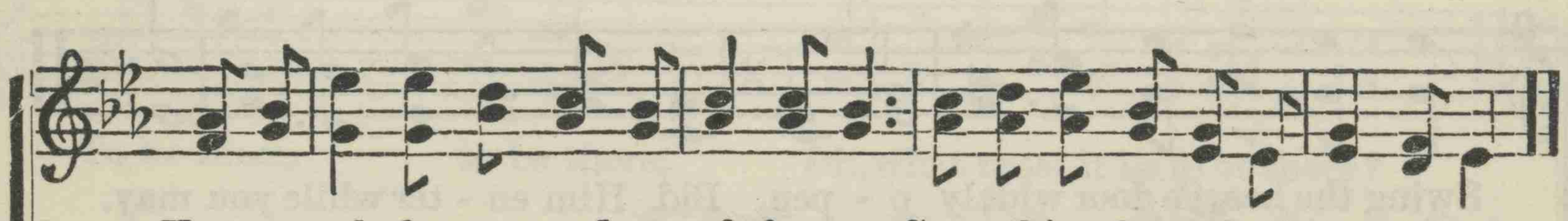


CHORUS.

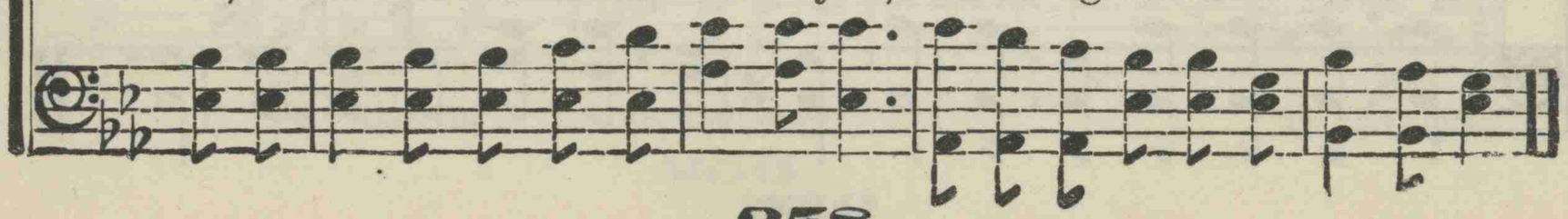


There's a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do,





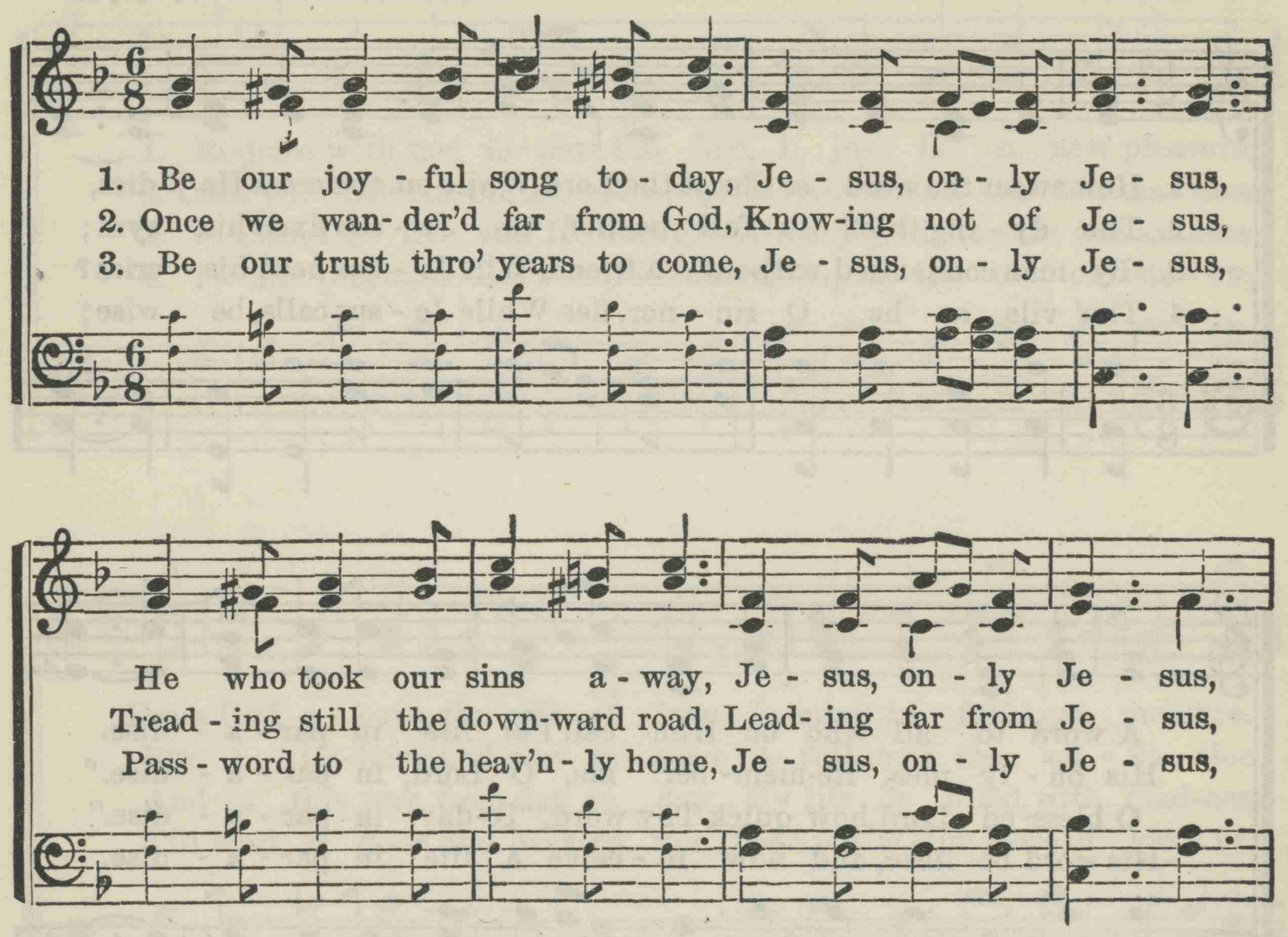
Yes, a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do.



No. 286. Jesus, only Jesus.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17: 8.

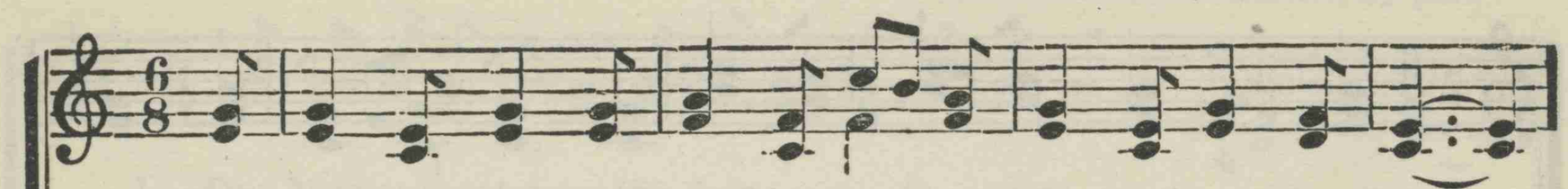
L. PIERCE. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



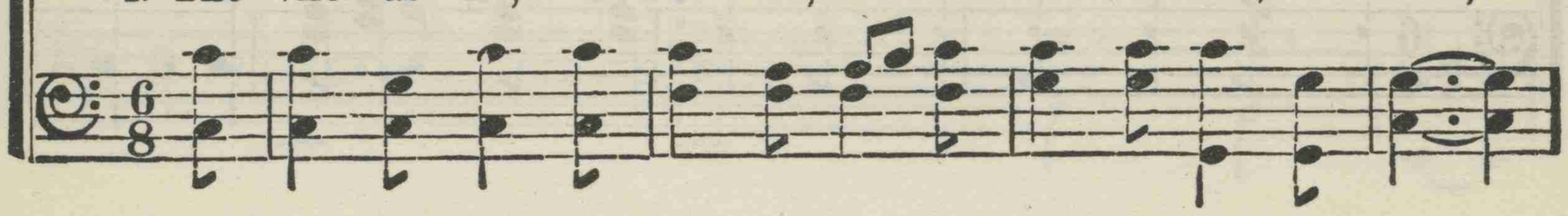
No. 287. Paradise.

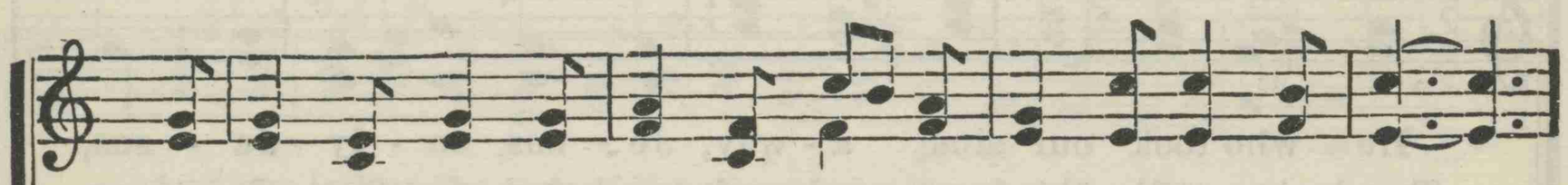
"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."—LUKE 23 : 43.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

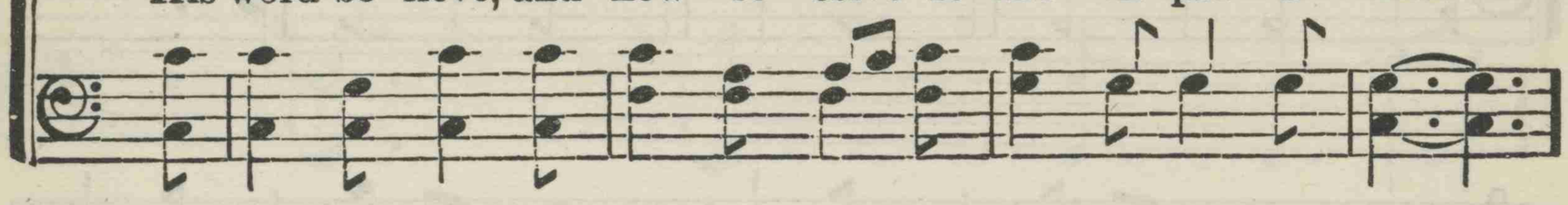


1. How sweet the word of Christ the Lord, While on the cross He dies,
2. The dy - ing thief, in full be-lief, On Je - sus fixed his eyes;
3. By man condemn'd, without a friend, Will Je - sus heed his cries?
4. Tho' vile as he, O sin - ner, flee While Je - sus calls, be wise;

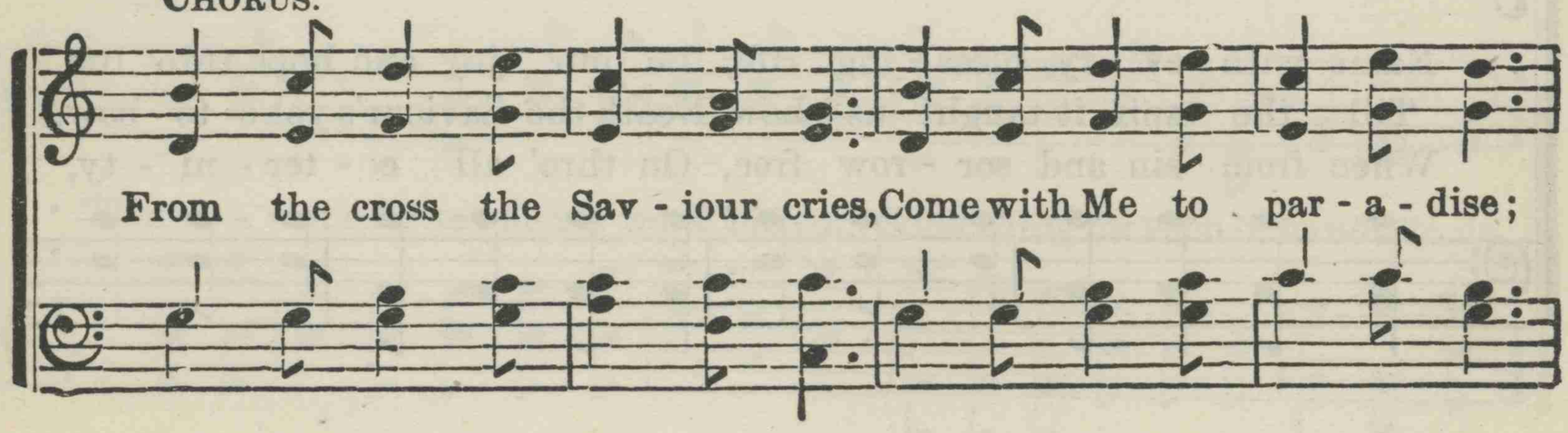




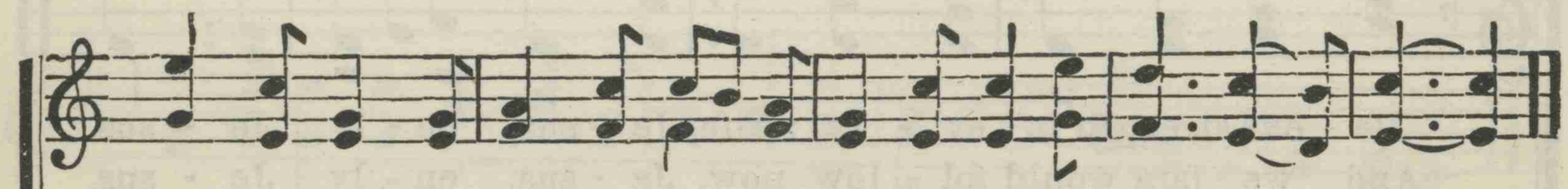
A word to all who on Him call For life in par - a - dise.
His on - ly plea, "Re-mem- ber me, O Lord, in par - a - dise."
O bless- ed Lord, how quick Thy word, "To-day in par - a - dise."
His word be- lieve, and now re - ceive A life in par - a - dise.



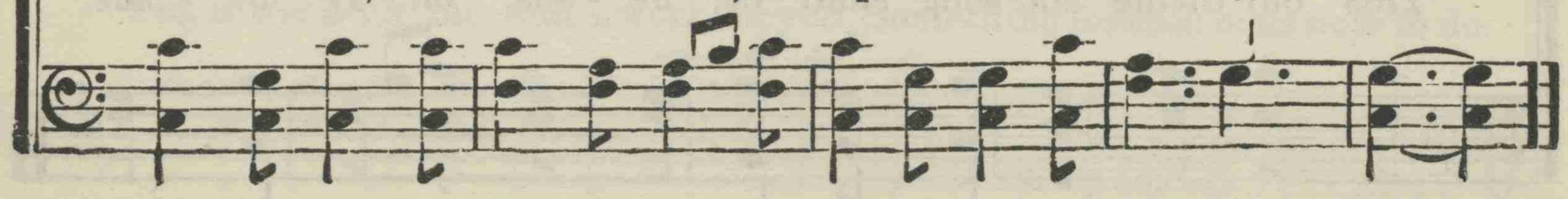
CHORUS.



From the cross the Sav - iour cries, Come with Me to par - a - dise;



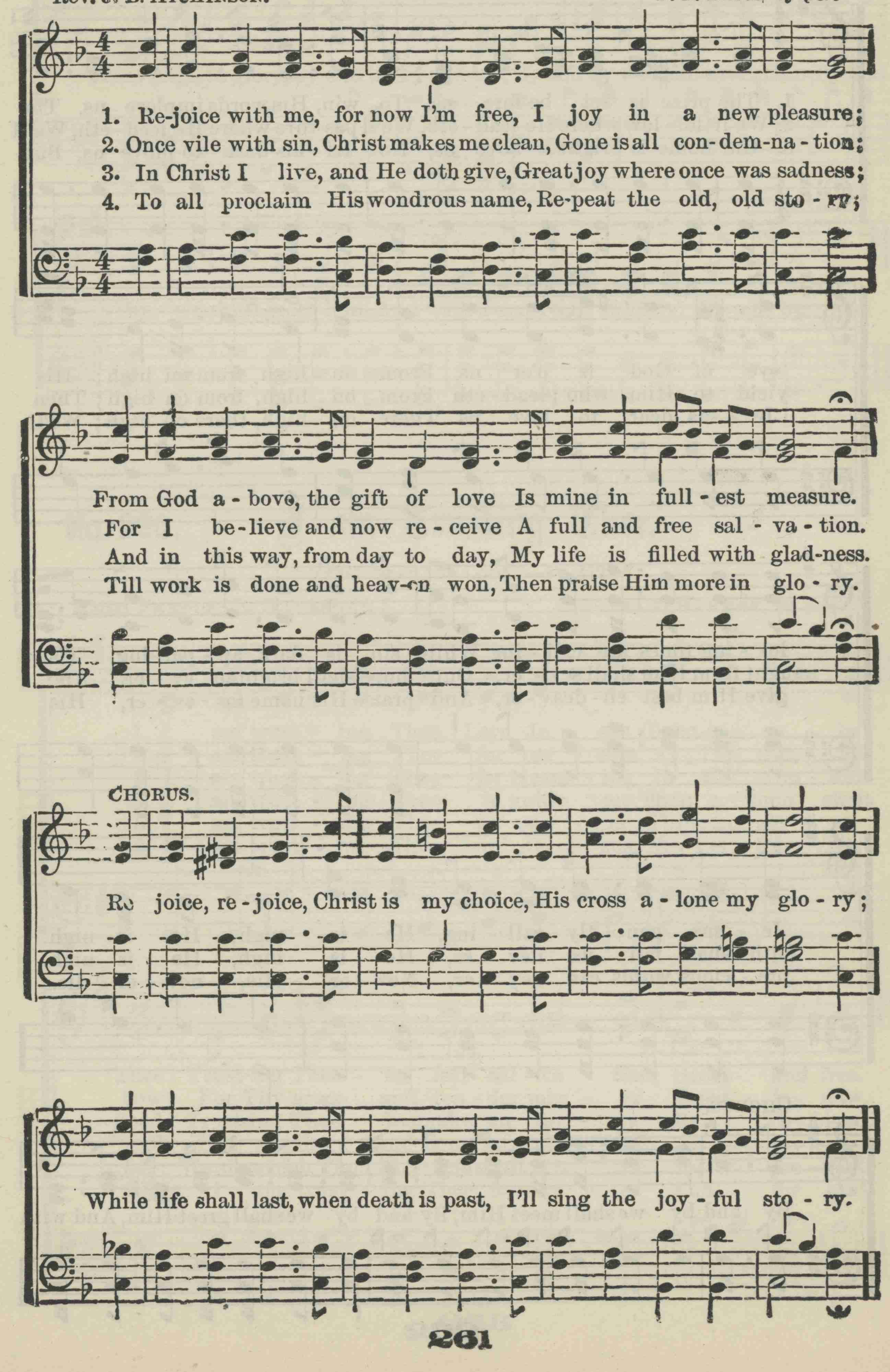
Look to Me, believe and live, Ac-cept the life I free - ly give.



No. 288. Rejoice with Me.

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

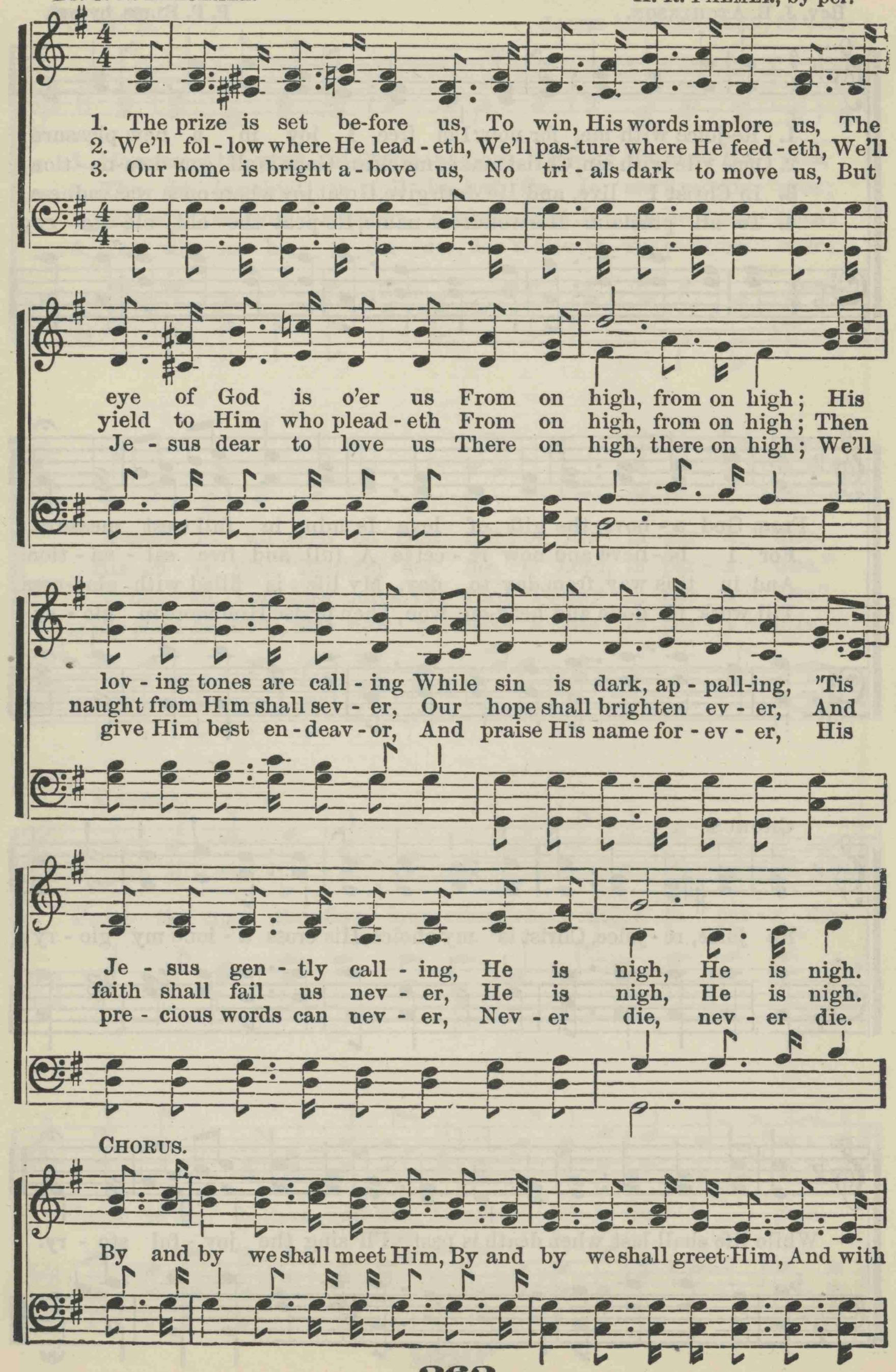
Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. P. P. BLISS, by per.



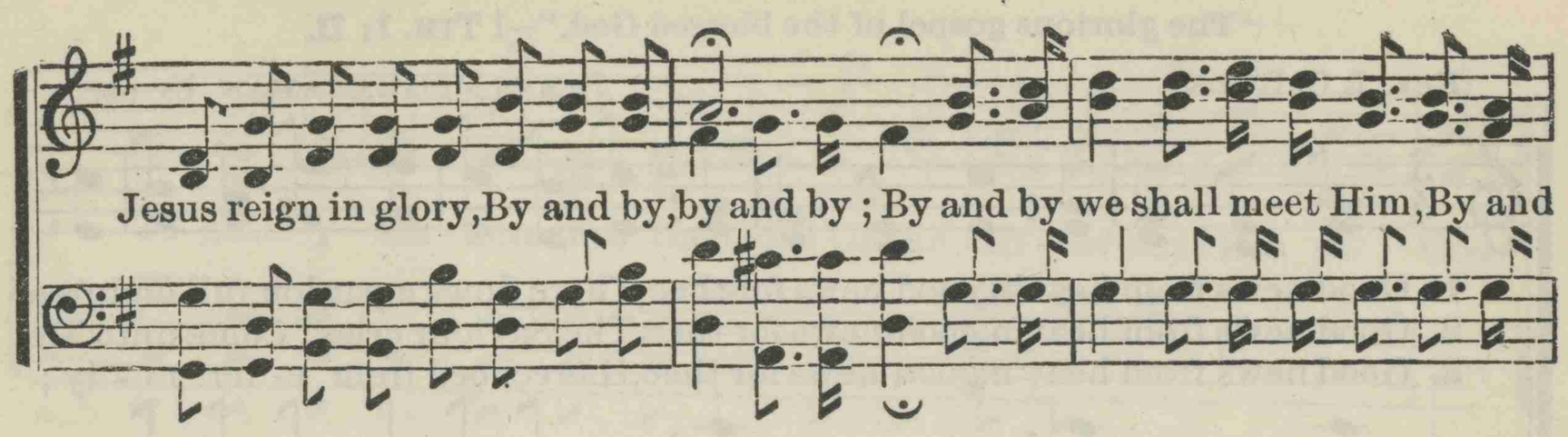
No. 289. Triumph By and By.

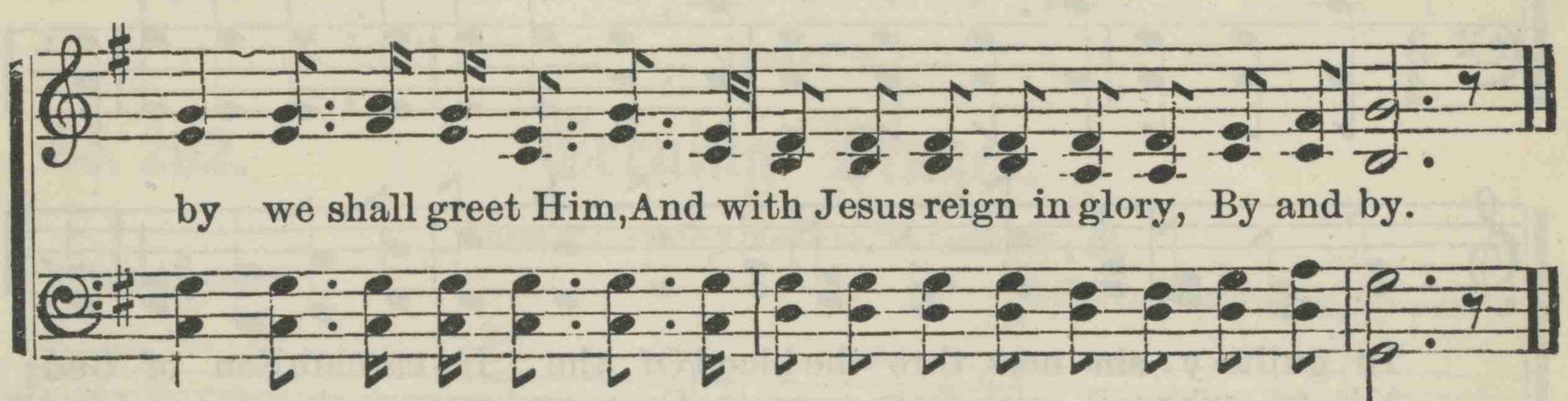
"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 14.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER, by per.



Triumph By and By.—Concluded.





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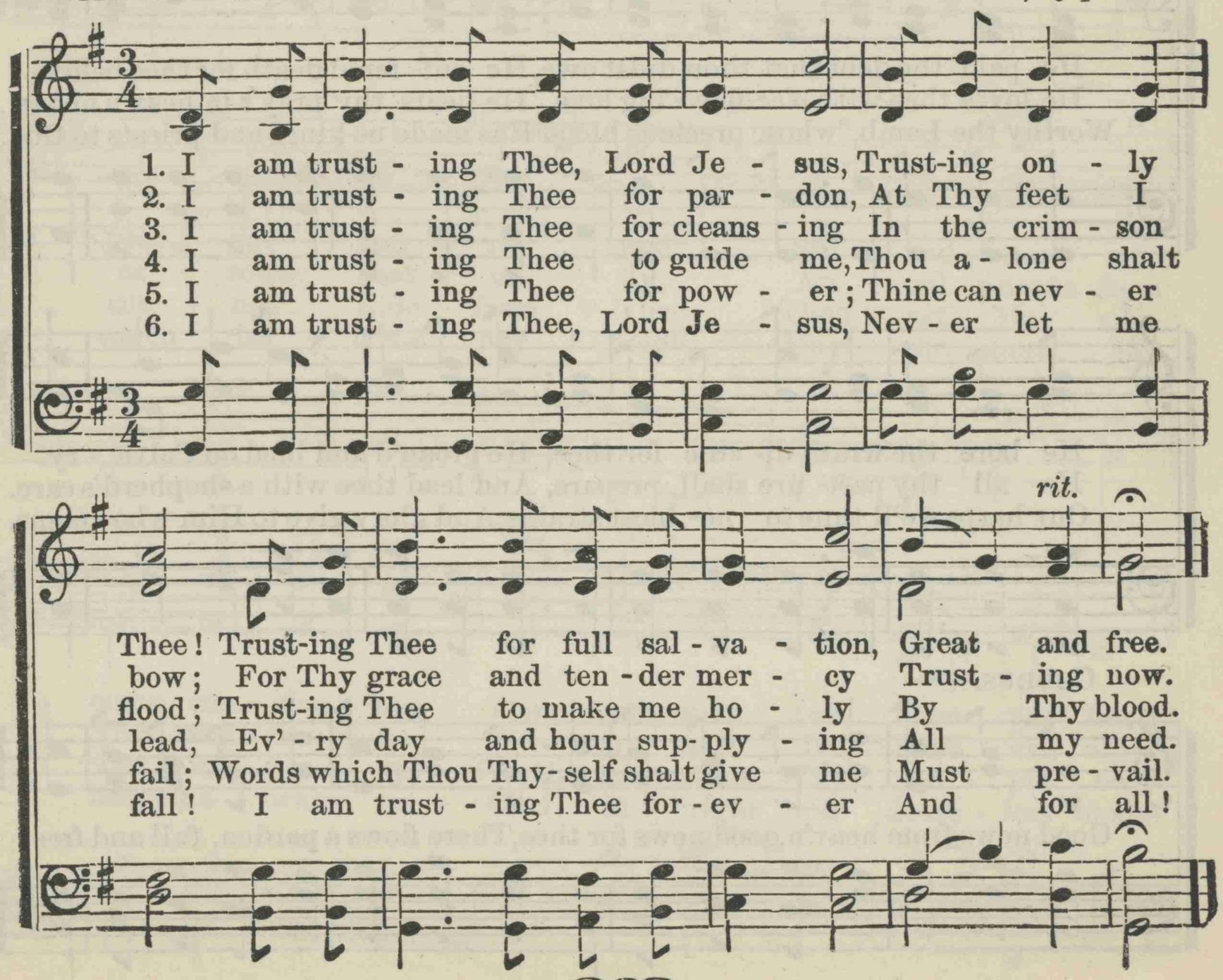
No. 290. I am Trusting Thee.

"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112 : 7.

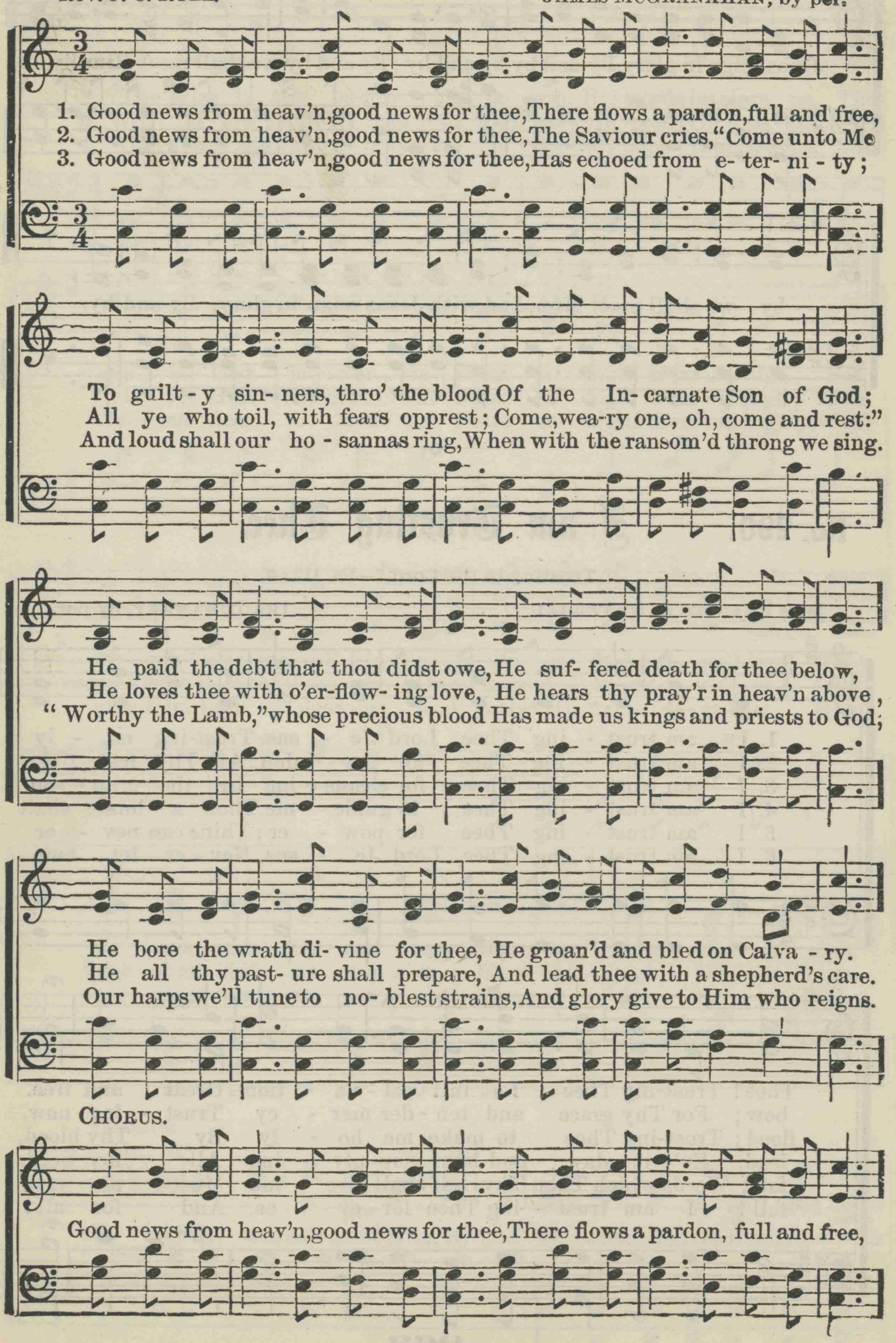
Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



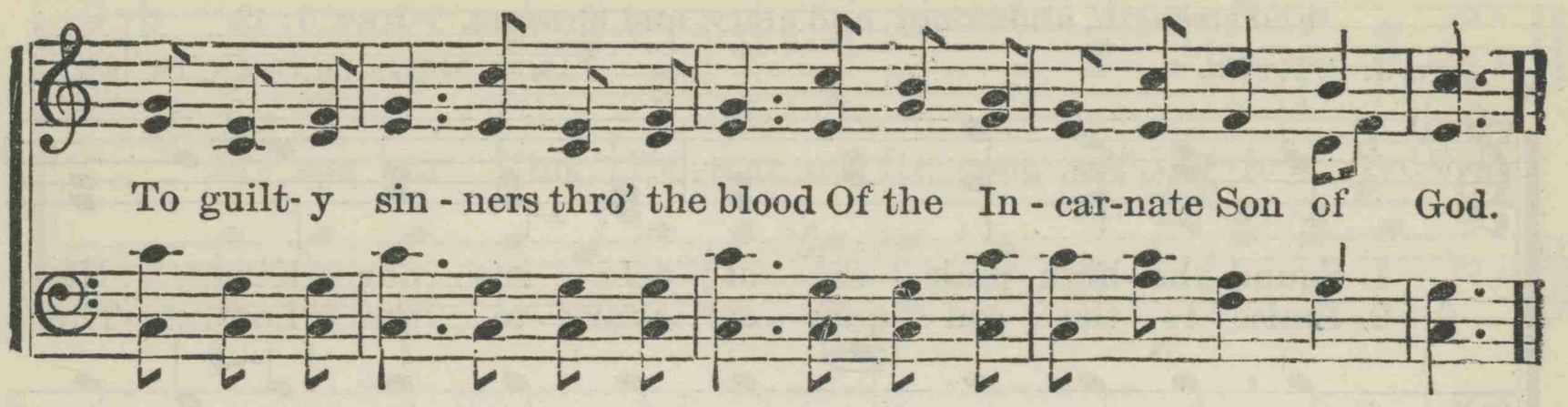
No. 291. Good News.

"The glorious gospel of the blessed God."—1 Tim. 1: 11.

Rev. J. C. Ryle. James McGranahan, by per.



Good News.—Concluded.



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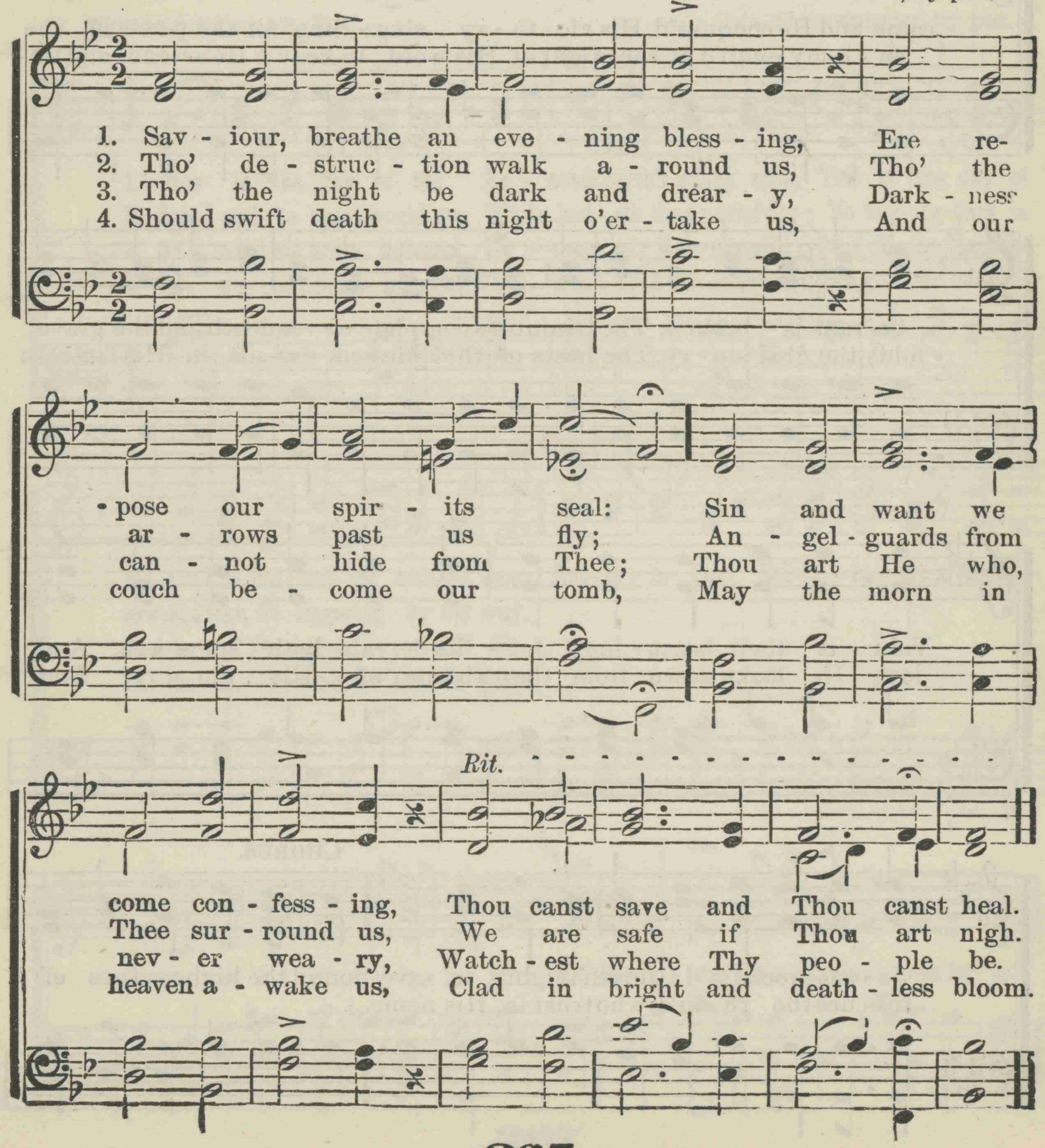
No. 292. Evening Prayer.

"Bless me—O my Father."—GEN. 27 : 38.

J. EDMESTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



No. 293. Sound the High Praises.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5: 12.

Rev. J. C. Ryle. James McGranahan, by per.

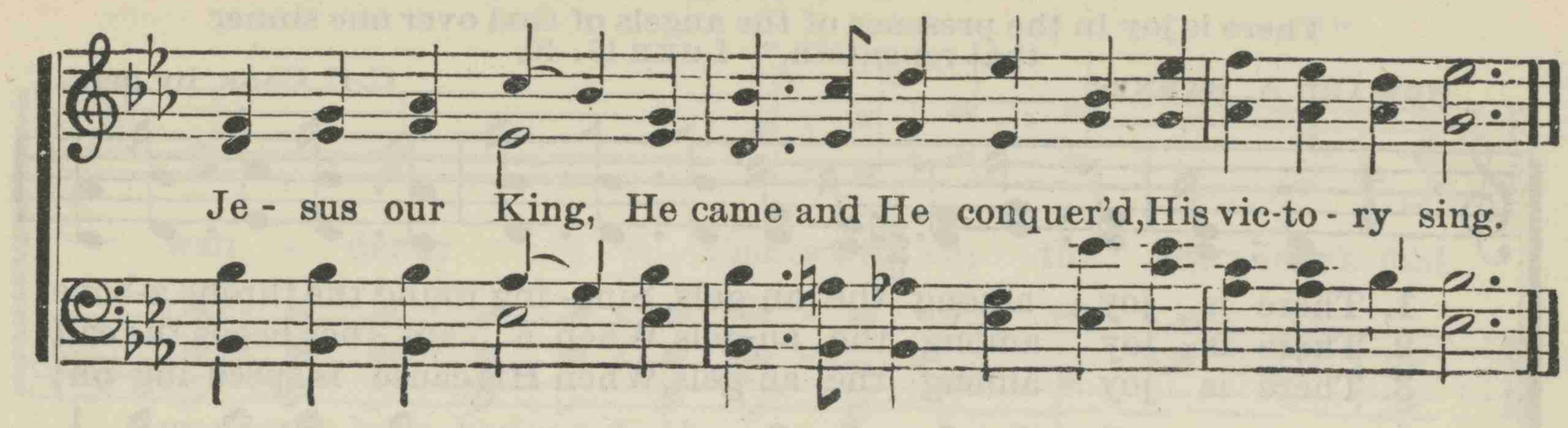
1. Sound the high prais - es of Je - sus our King, He came and He conquer'd, His vic - to - ry sing; Sing, for the pow'r of the ty - rant is broken, The triumph's complete o - ver death and the grave; Vain is their boast - ing, Je - ho - vah hath spo - ken, And

2. Praise to the con - quer - er! Praise to the Lord, The en - e-my quail'd at the might of His word; In heav'n He ascends and un - folds the glad sto - ry, The hosts of the blessed ex - ult in His fame: In love He looks down from the throne of His glo - ry, And

Chorus.

Je - sus proclaim'd Himself mighty to save. Sound the high prais-es of res-cues the ru - in'd who trust in His name.

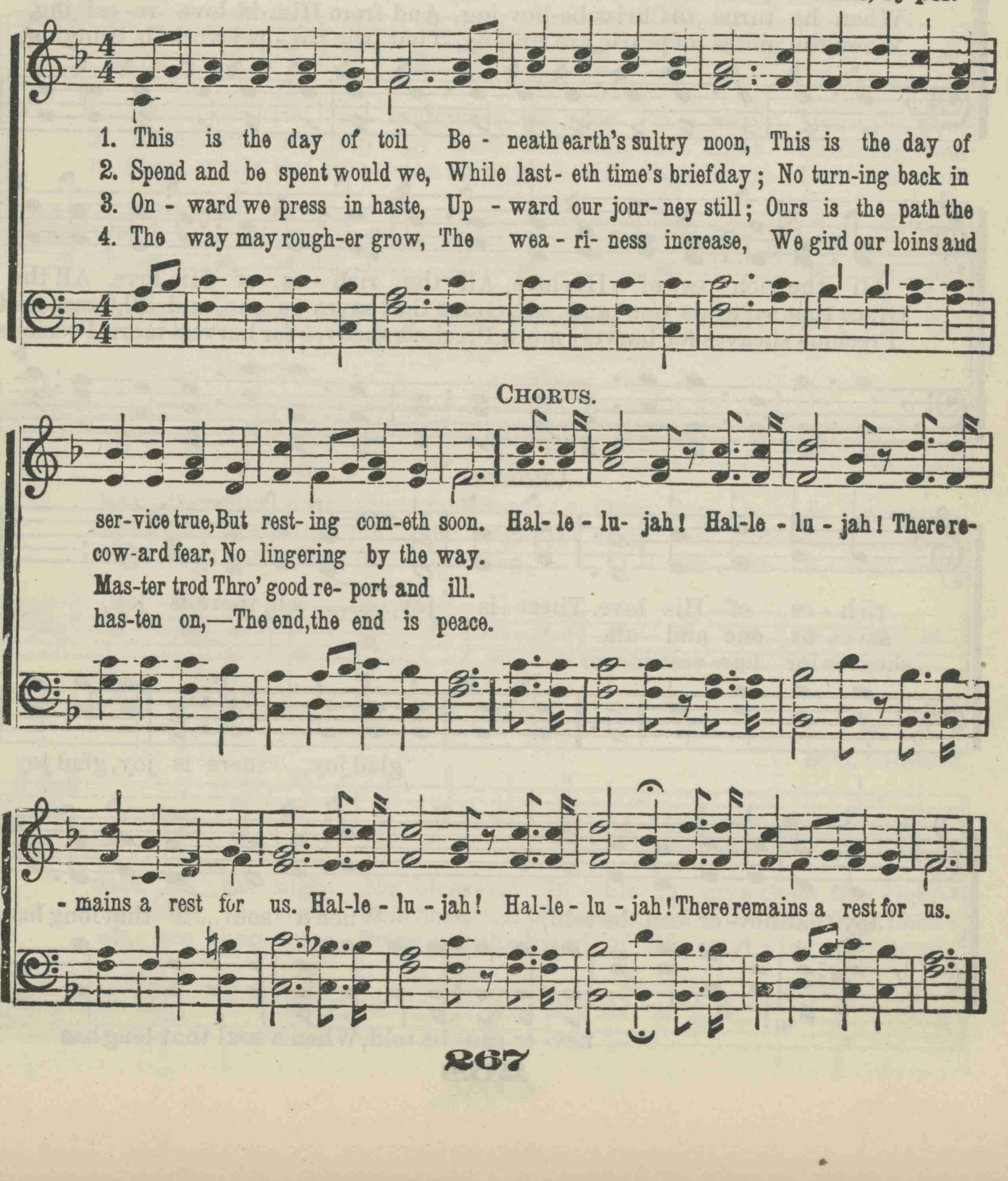
Sound the High Praises.—Concluded.



No. 294. Pressing On.

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

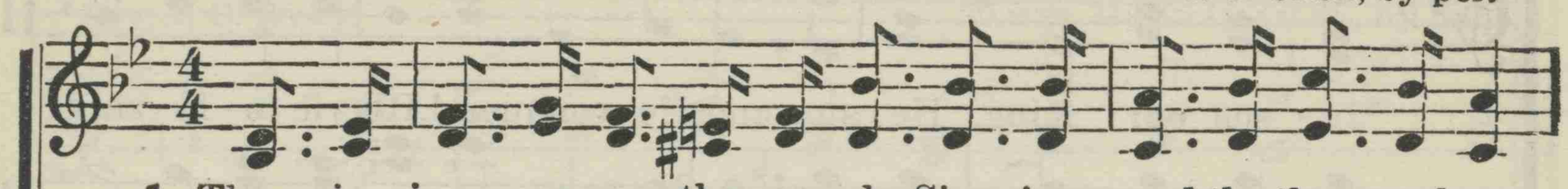
HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



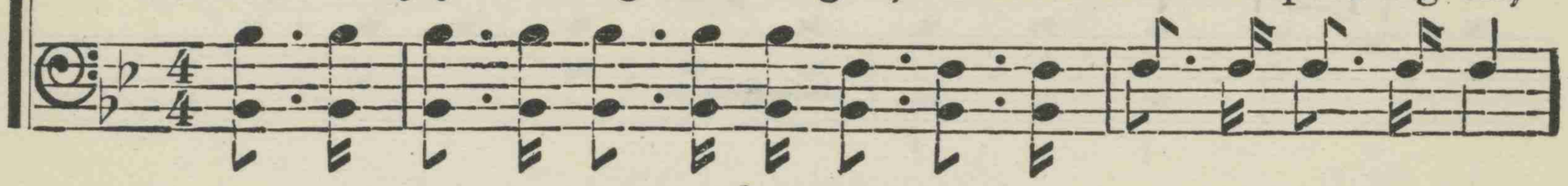
No. 295. There is Joy among the Angels.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15: 10.

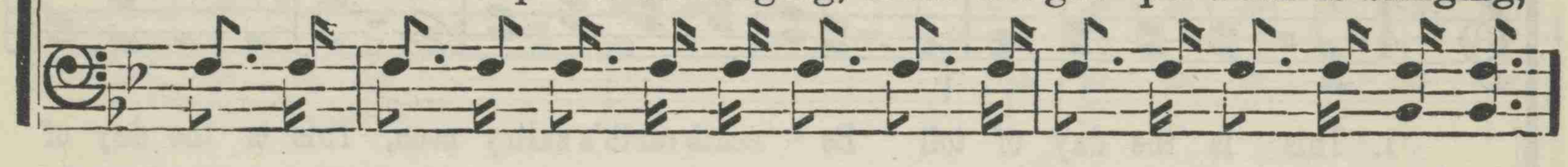
EDWARD A. BARNES. C. C CASE, by per.



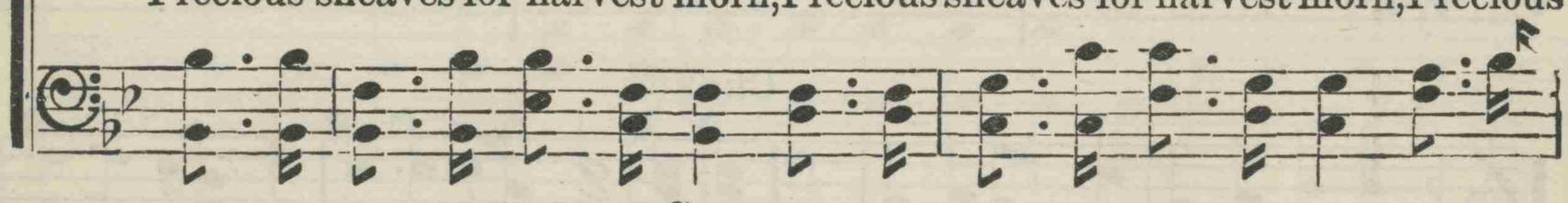
1. There is joy among the an-gels, Sing- ing round the throne a-bove,
2. There is joy among the an-gels, When a sin - ner heeds the call;
3. There is joy among the an-gels, When His cause is speed-ing on;



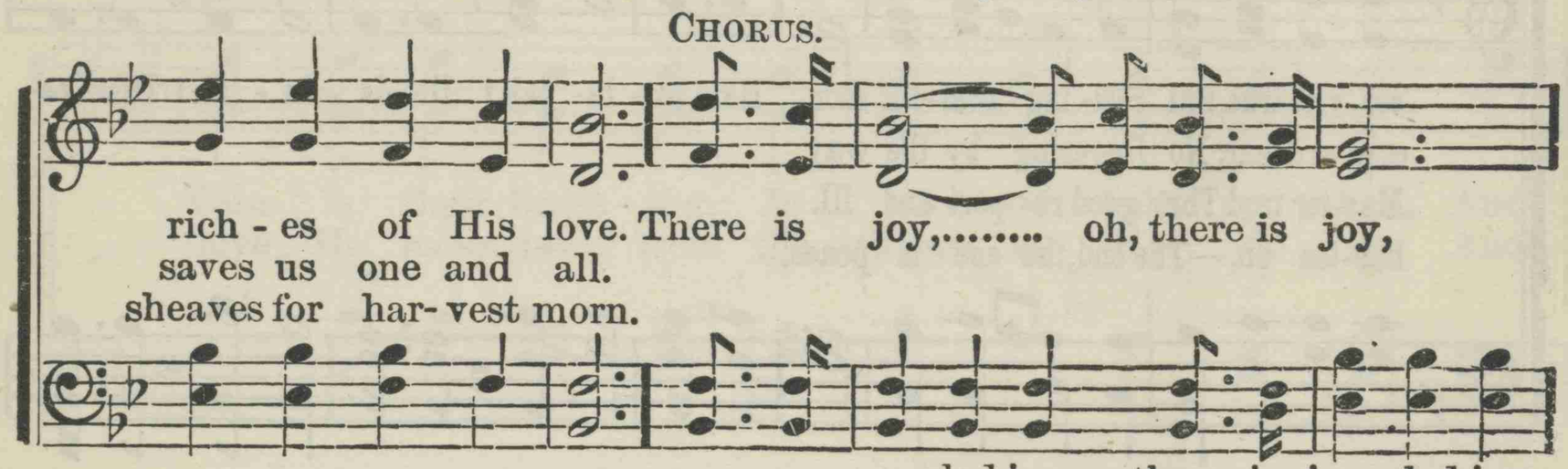
When re - pent- ant tears are flowing, While the ris - en Lord is showing
When he turns to Christ be-liev-ing, And from Him is love re- ceiving,
When the notes of praise are ringing, That the gos - pel work is bringing,



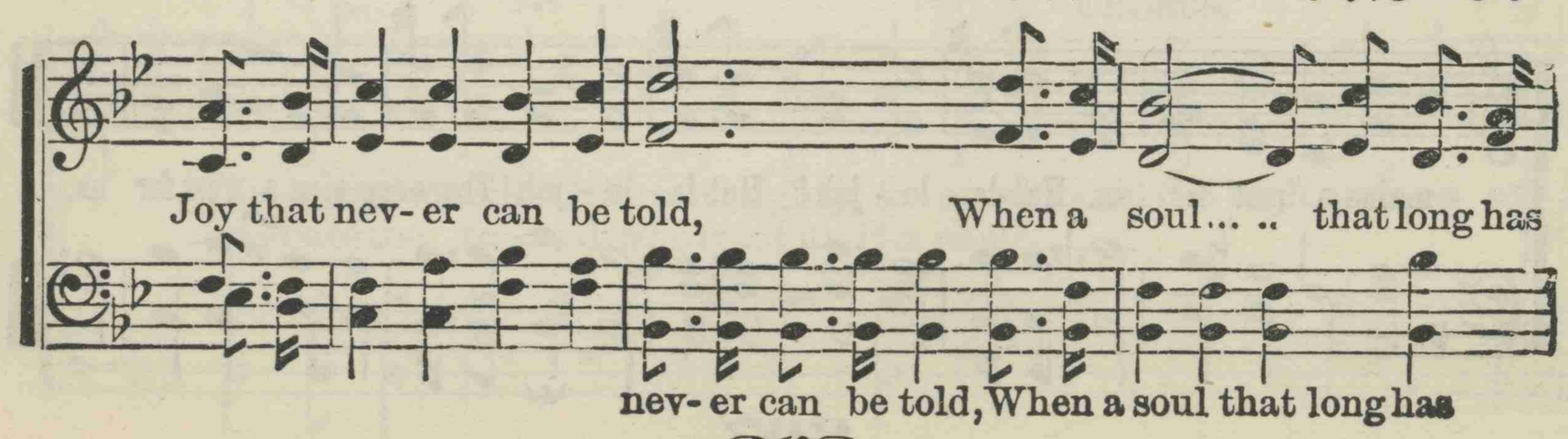
All the rich - es of His love, All the rich - es of His love, All the
Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that
Precious sheaves for harvest morn, Precious sheaves for harvest morn, Precious



CHORUS.

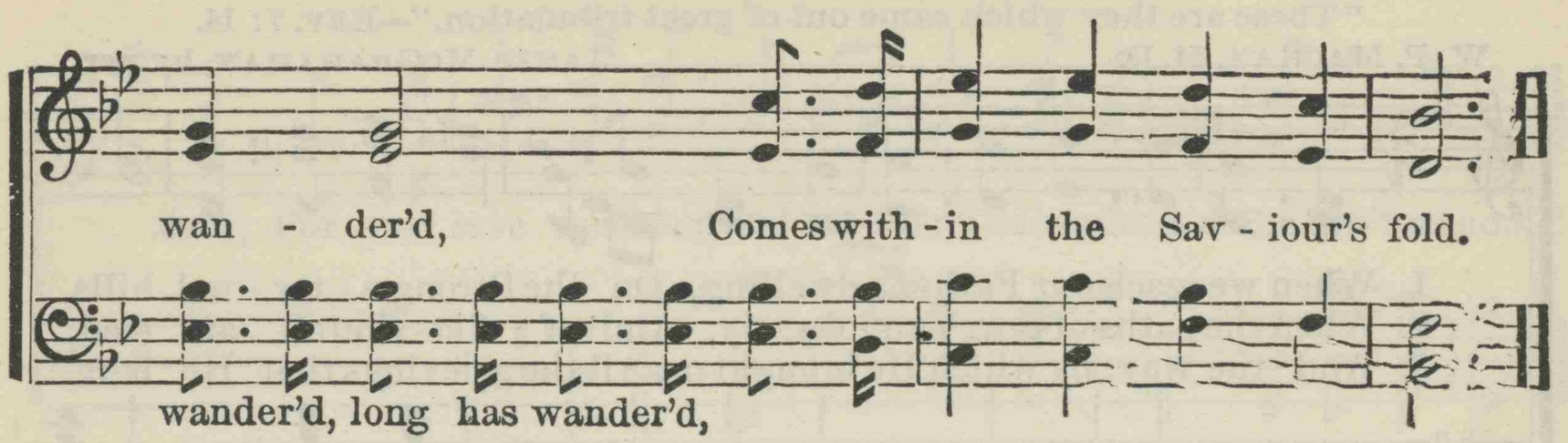


rich - es of His love. There is joy,..... oh, there is joy,
saves us one and all.
sheaves for har- vest morn.
glad joy, there is joy, glad joy



Joy that nev- er can be told, When a soul..... that long has
nev- er can be told, When a soul that long has

There is Joy.—Concluded.

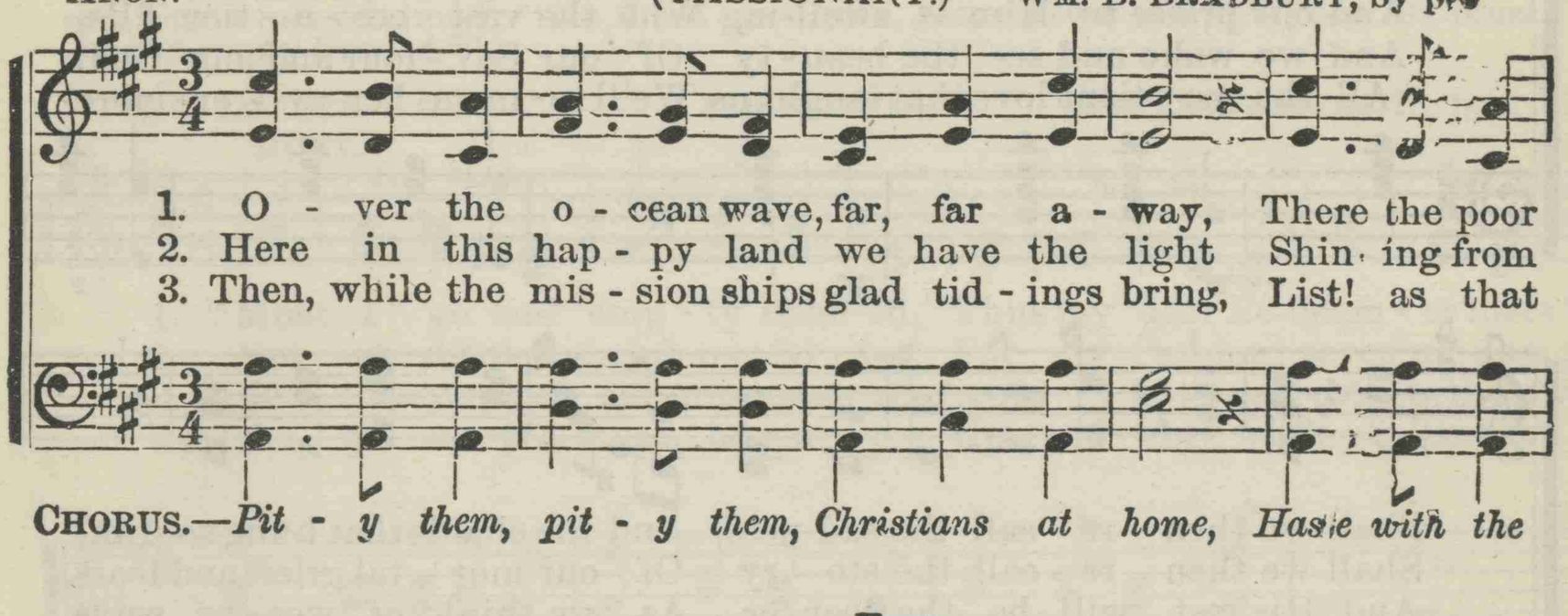


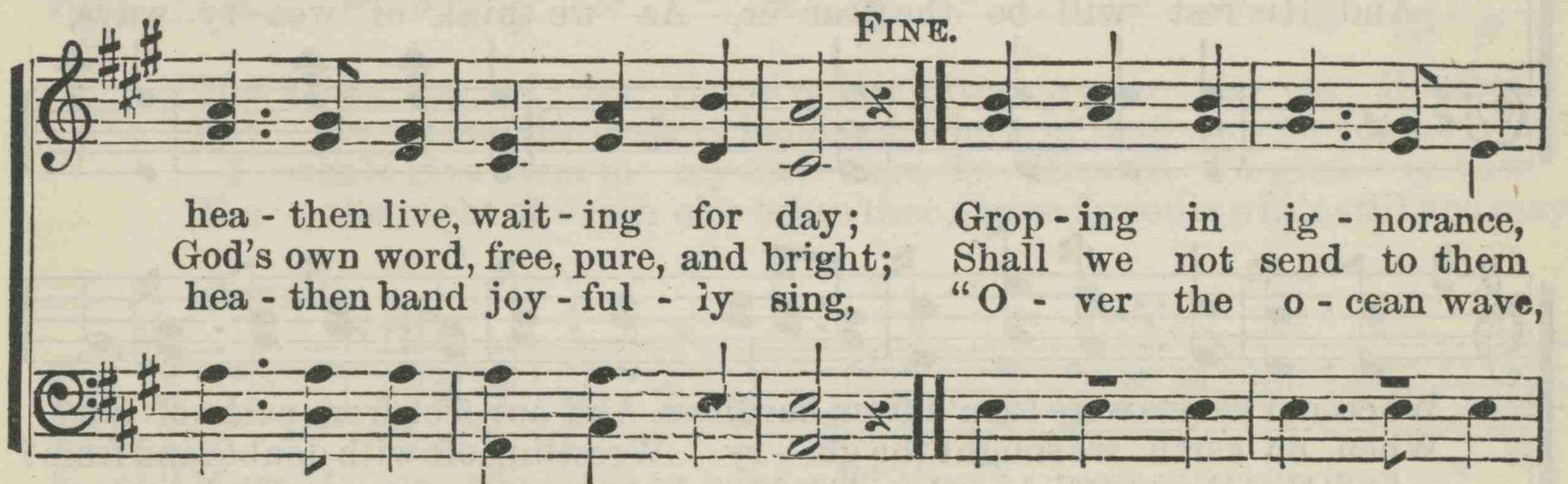
—o—

No. 296. Over the Ocean Wave.

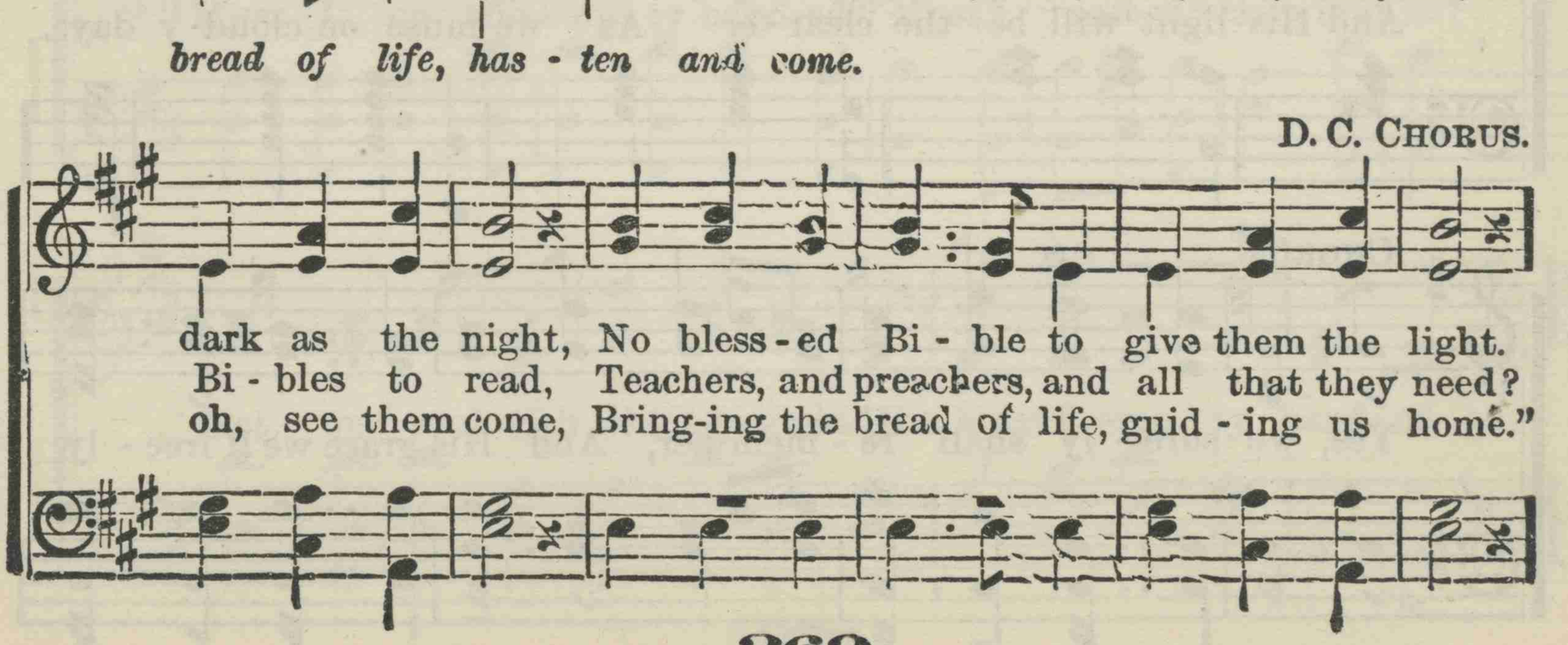
"I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."—Ps. 2: 8.

ANON. (MISSIONARY.) WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.





D. C. CHORUS.



No. 297. Memories of Earth.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."—Rev. 7: 14.

W. P. Mackay, M. D. James McGranahan, by per.

1. When we reach our Father's dwelling, On the Strong e - ter - nal hills,
2. When the paths of pray'r and du - ty, And af - flic - tion all are trod,
3. And the way by which He brought us, All the grievings that He bore,

And our praise to Him is swell-ing Who the vast cre - a - tion fills,
And we wake and see the beau - ty Of our Sav - iour and our God,
All the pa - tient love that taught us, We'll re - mem - ber ev - er - more,

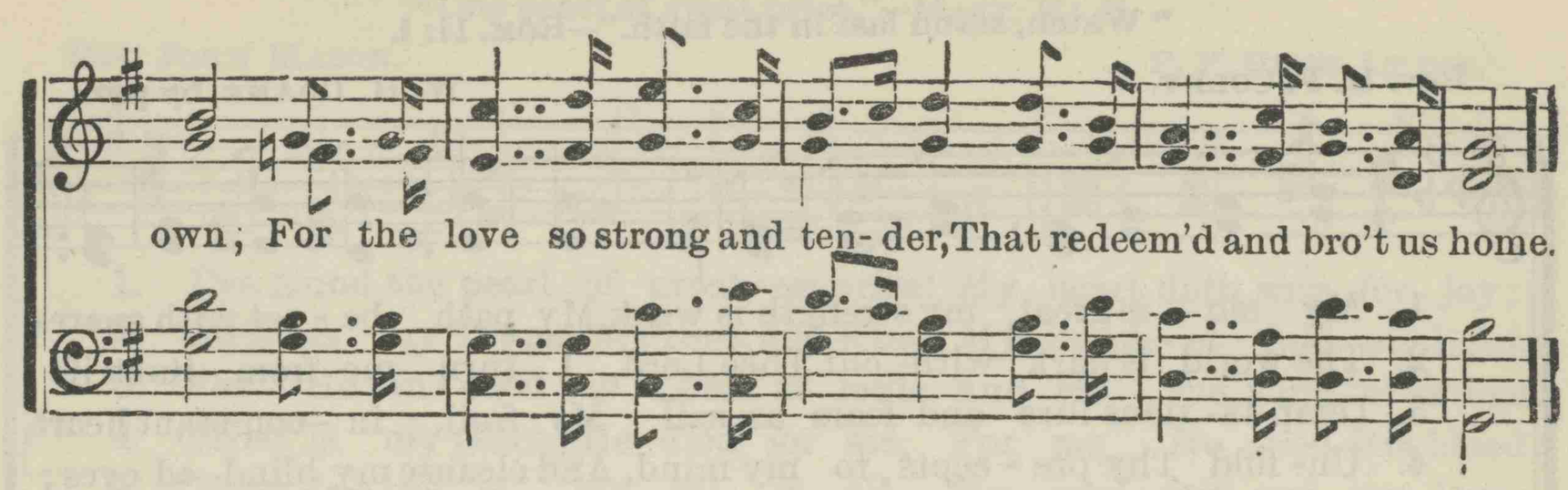
Shall we then re - call the sad-ness, And the clouds that hung so dim,
Shall we then re - call the sto - ry Of our mor - tal griefs and tears,
And His rest will be the dear - er, As we think of wea - ry ways,

When our hearts were turn'd from hardness, And our feet from paths of sin?
When on earth we sought the glo - ry Wrestling oft with doubts and fears?
And His light will be the clear - er As we muse on cloud - y days.

Chorus.

Yes, we sure - ly shall re - mem-ber, And His grace we'll free - ly

Memories of Earth.—Concluded.



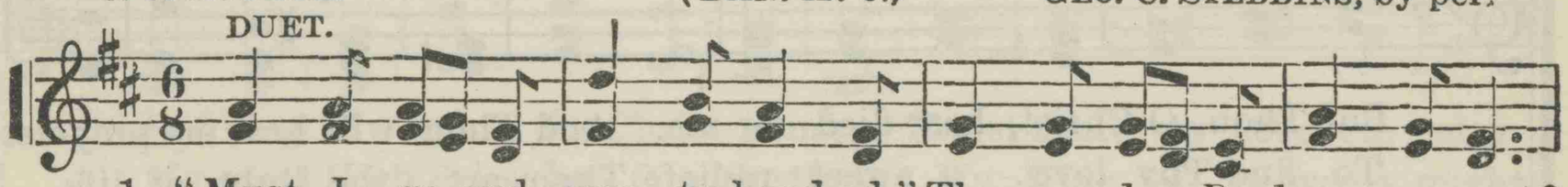
—o—

No. 298. Must I Go and Empty Handed?

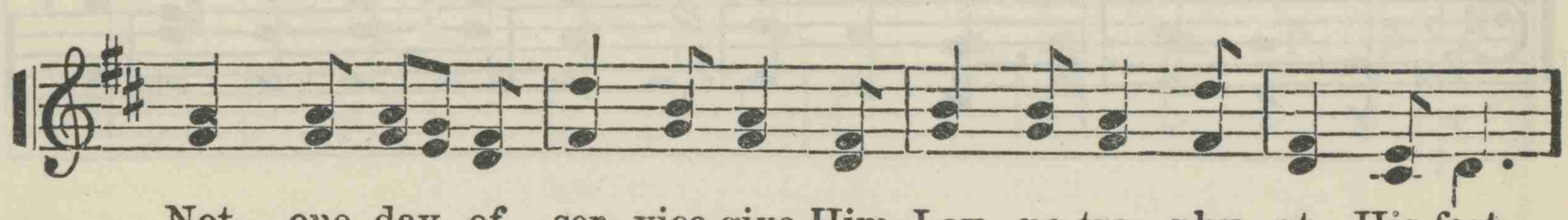
After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly 30 years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go and empty handed?*"

C. C. LUTHER. (DAN. 12: 3.) GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

DUET.

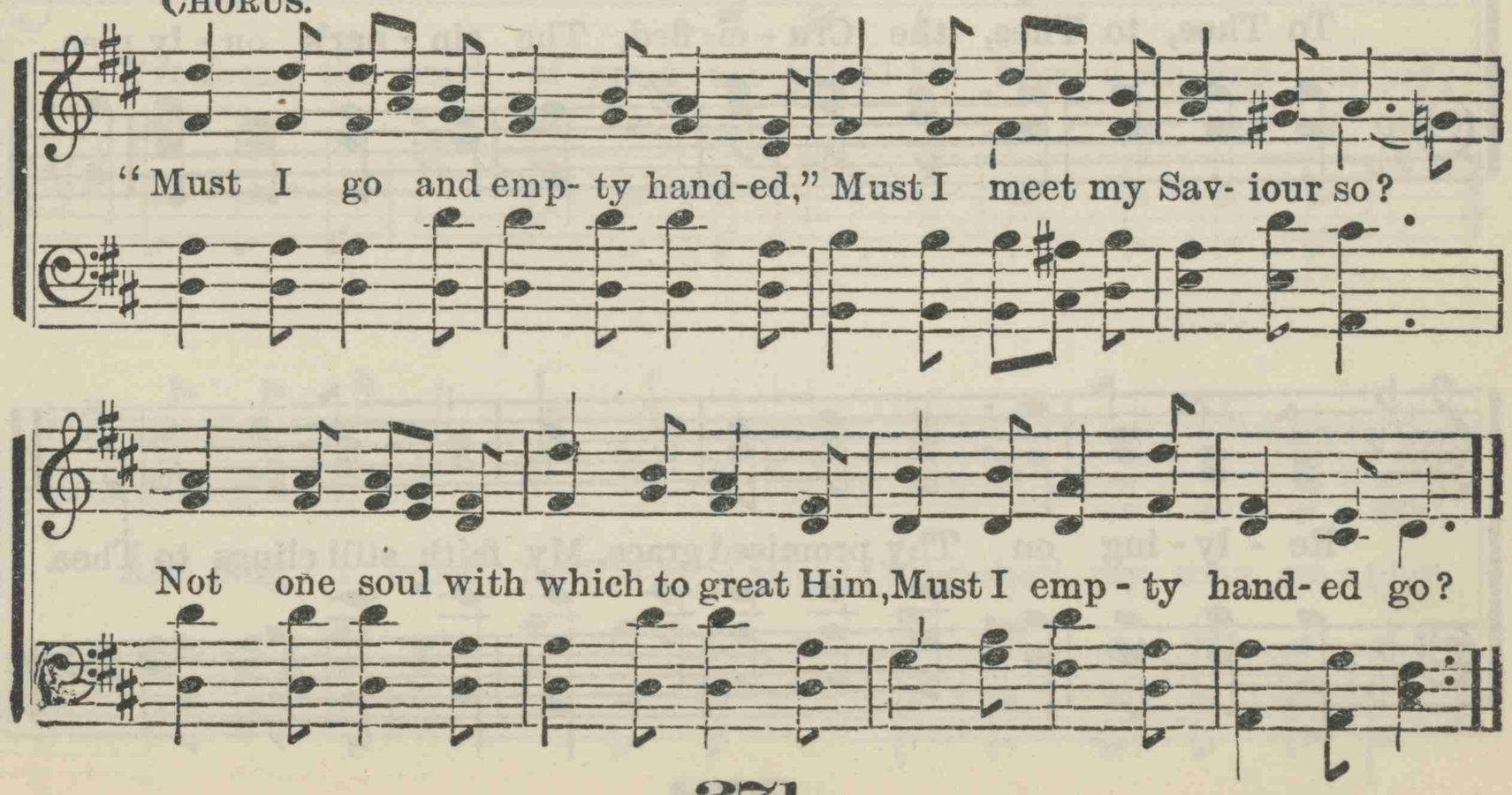


1. "Must I go and emp - ty hand-ed," Thus my dear Re-deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav-iour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin- ning wast-ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a-rouse, be earn- est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,



Not one day of ser- vice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet.
But to meet Him emp- ty hand- ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav- iour, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er-takes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

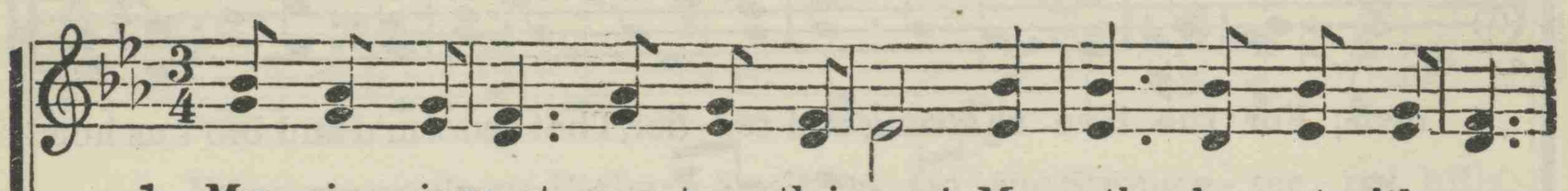
CHORUS.



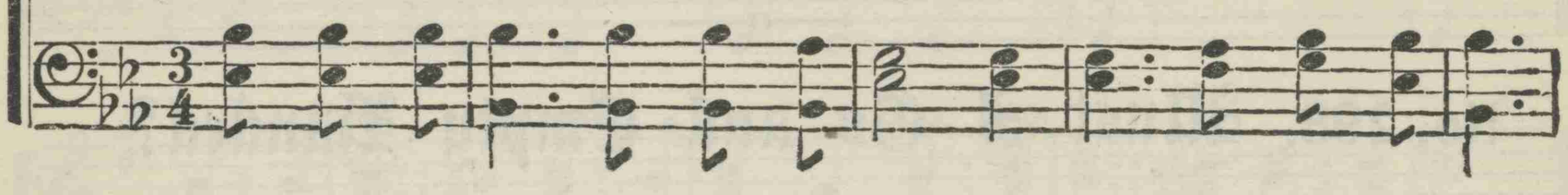
No. 299. My Faith still Clings.

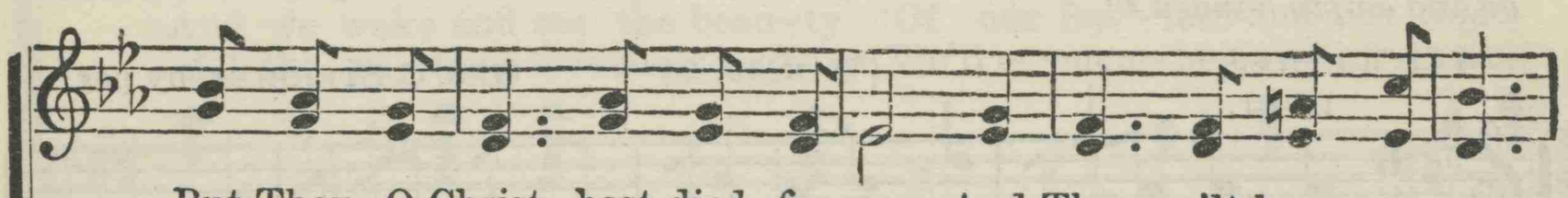
"Watch, stand fast in the faith."—ROM. 14: 1.

Rev. H. F. COLBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

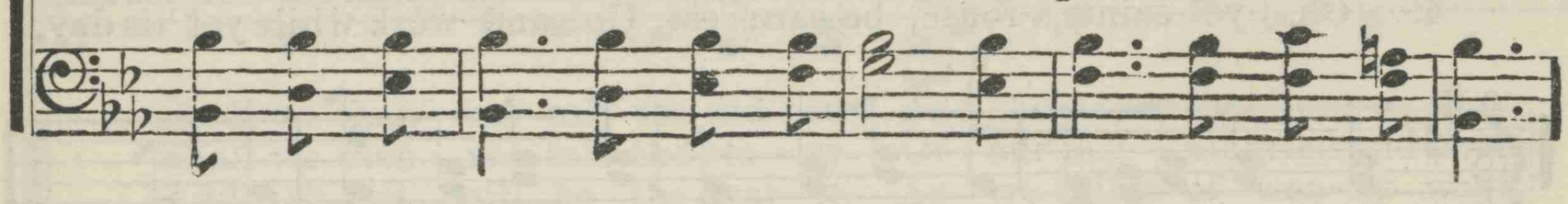


1. My sin is great, my strength is weak, My path be - set with snares;
2. The world is dark with- out Thee, Lord, I turn me from its strife
3. Temp-ta- tions lure and fears as- sail My frail, in - con-stant heart,
4. Un- fold Thy pre - cepts to my mind, And cleanse my blind- ed eyes;





But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me, And Thou wilt hear my prayers.
To find Thy love a sweet re-lief; Thou art the light of life.
But pre- cious are Thy prom - is- es, And they new strength impart.
Grant me to work for Thee on earth, Then praise Thee in the skies.



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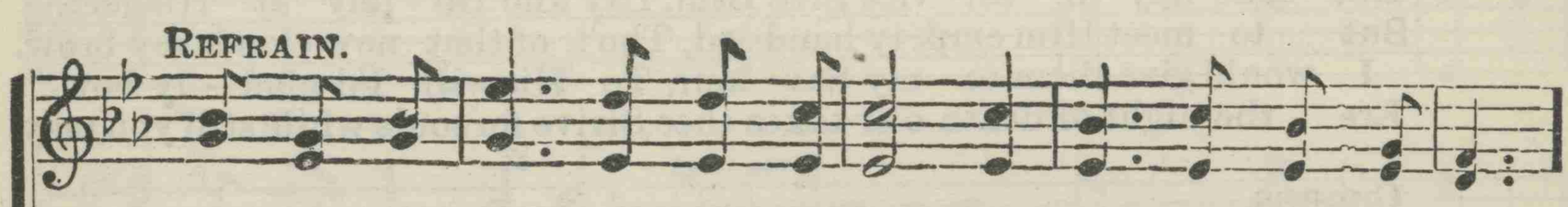
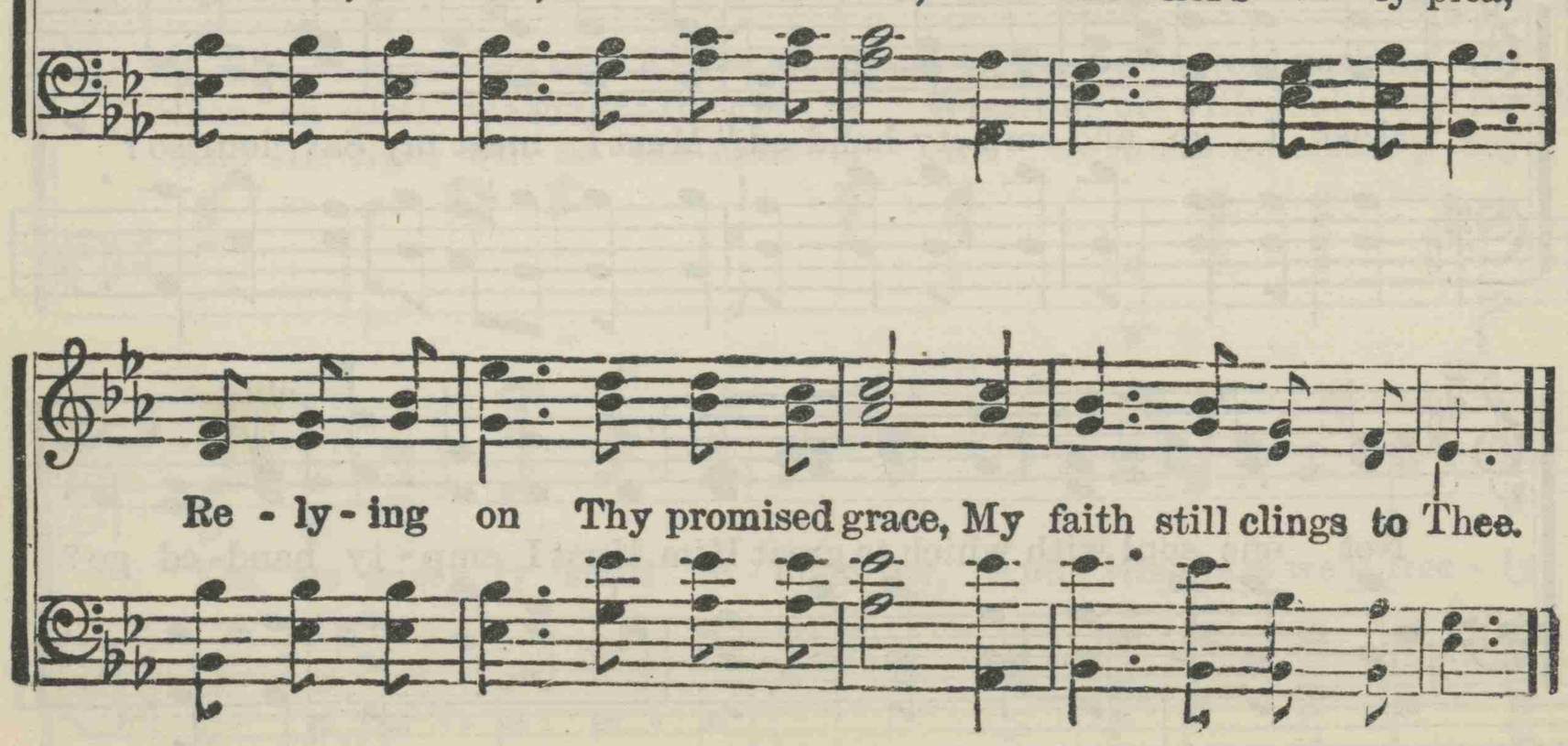


To Thee, to Thee, the Cru - ci- fied, The sin - ner's on - ly plea,

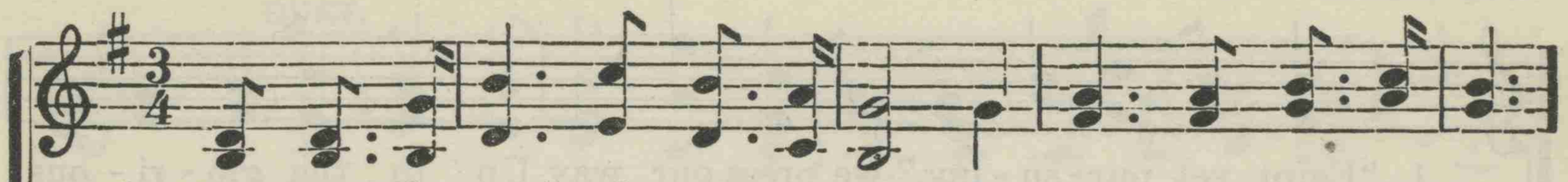


Re - ly - ing on Thy promised grace, My faith still clings to Thee.

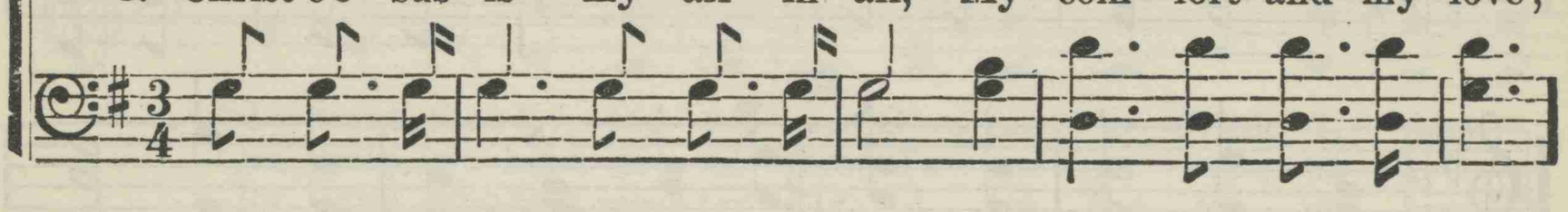
No. 300. The Pearl of Greatest Price.

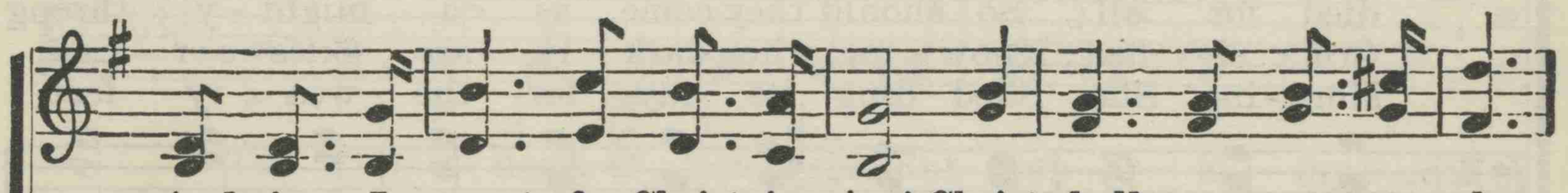
"One pearl of great price."—MATT. 13: 46.

Rev. JOHN MASON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

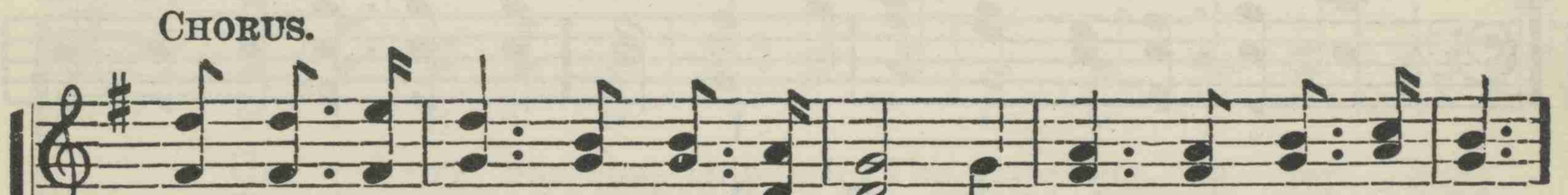


1. I've found the pearl of great-est price! My heart doth sing for joy;
2. Christ is my Proph-et, Priest, and King; My Proph-et full of light,
3. For He in-deed is Lord of lords, And He the King of kings;
4. Christ is my peace; He died for me, For me He shed His blood;
5. Christ Je-sus is my all in all, My com-fort and my love;

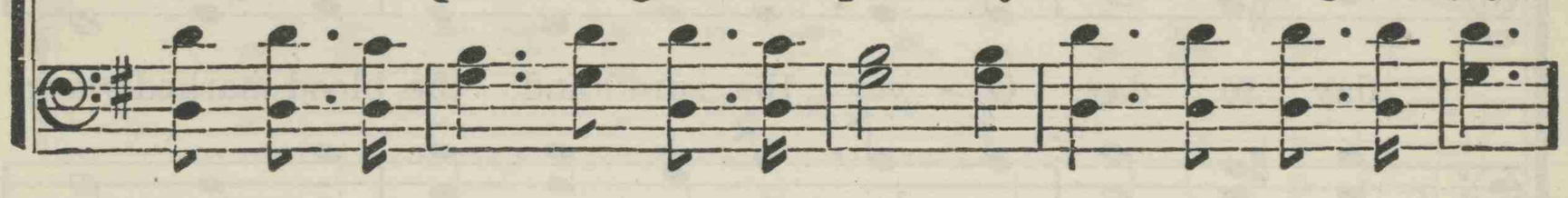




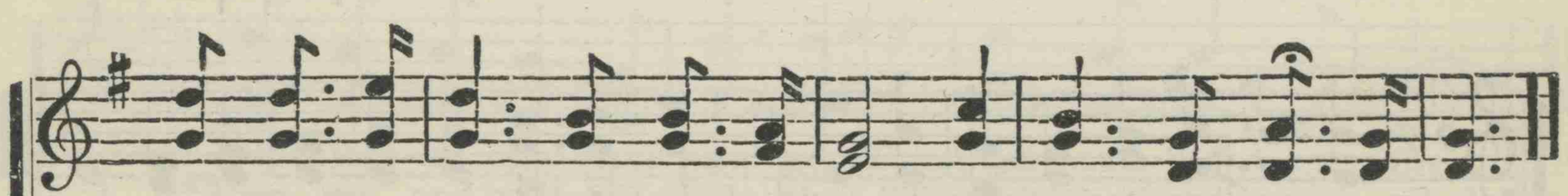
And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song em-ploy.
My great High Priest be-fore the throne, My King of heavenly might.
He is the Sun of Right-eous-ness, With heal-ing in His wings.
And as my wond'rous Sac-ri-fice, Of-fered Him-self to God.
My life be-low, and He shall be My joy and crown a-bove.



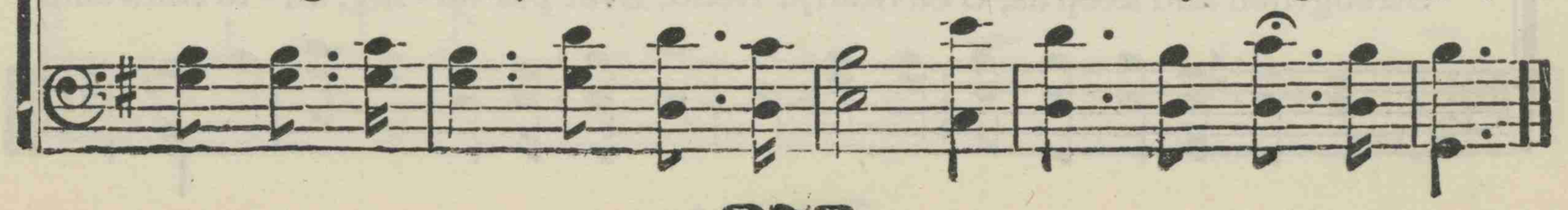
CHORUS.



I've found the pearl of great-est price! My heart doth sing for joy;



And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song em-ploy.



No. 301. Faint, yet Pursuing.

(JUDGES 8: 4).

Mrs. E. W. GRISWOLD. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," we press our way Up to the glo-ri-ous gates of day; Fol-low-ing Him who has gone be-fore,
2. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," whate'er be-fall, He who has died for us, died for all; So should they come, as a might-y throng
3. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," till e-ven-tide, Un-der the cross of the Cru-ci-fied; Know-ing, when dark-ly are skies o'er-cast,
4. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," the eye a-far Sees thro' the dark-ness the Morn-ing Star, Shed-ding its ray for the wea-ry feet,

CHORUS.

O-ver the path to the brighter shore. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," from
Bear-ing His ban-ner a-loft with song.
Sor-row and sigh-ing will end at last.
Keep-ing the way, to the gold-en street.

day to day, O-ver the sure and the blood-marked way;

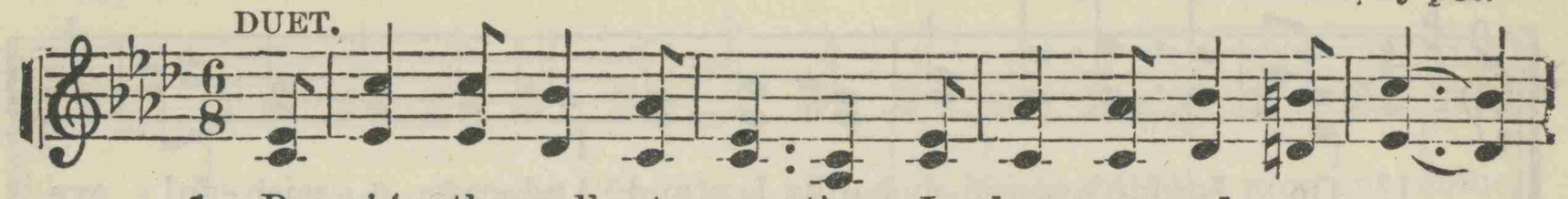
Strengthen and keep us, O Saviour, Friend, Ever pur-su-ing, un-to life's end.

No. 302. Ho, every One that Thirsteth.

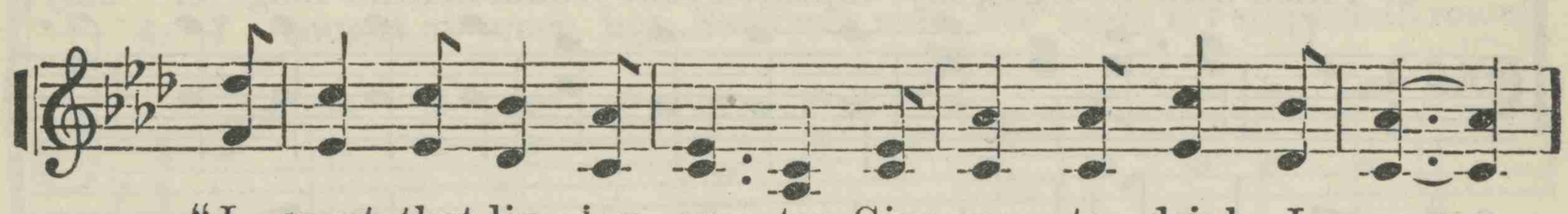
"Come ye, buy and eat."—ISA. 55: 1.

ANON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

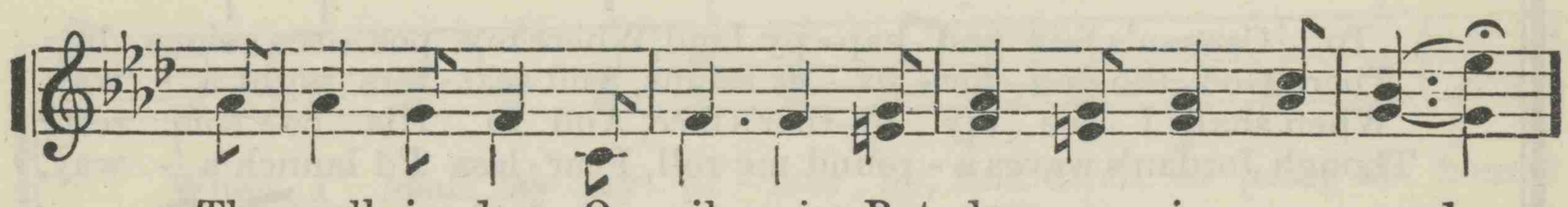
DUET.



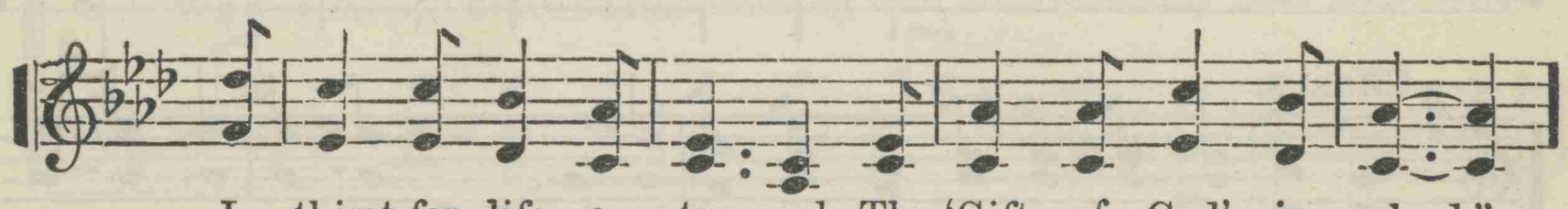
1. Be - side the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say:
2. Be - side the pool Be - thes - da, I hear a mourn-ful cry:
3. While seat - ed on the hill - side, The hun-gry ones were fed



"I want that liv - ing wa - ter, Give me to drink, I pray;
"No help, no hope is of - fered To one so weak as I;"
By Him who said most tru - ly: "I am the liv - ing bread;"

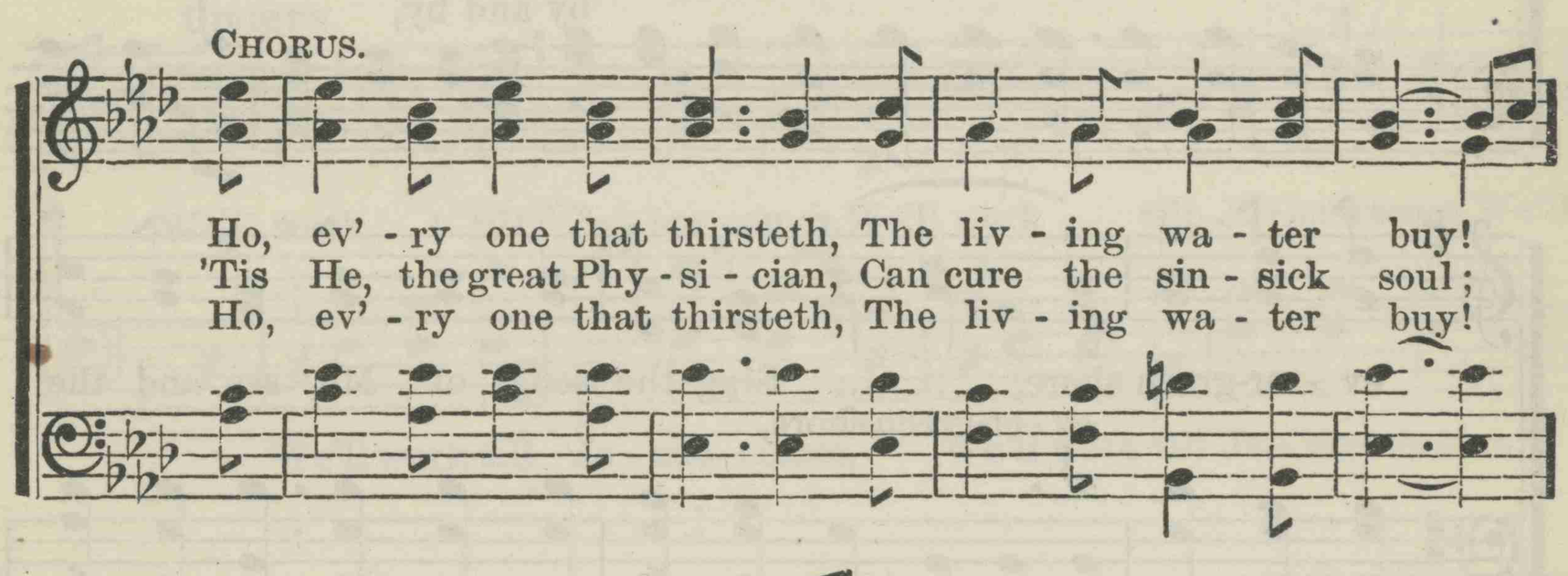


The well is deep, O pil - grim, But deep - er is my need;
Oh, cease thy sad com-plain-ing, The gos - pel gives thee cheer;
'Tis He, the heavenly man - na, Who doth our souls re - store;

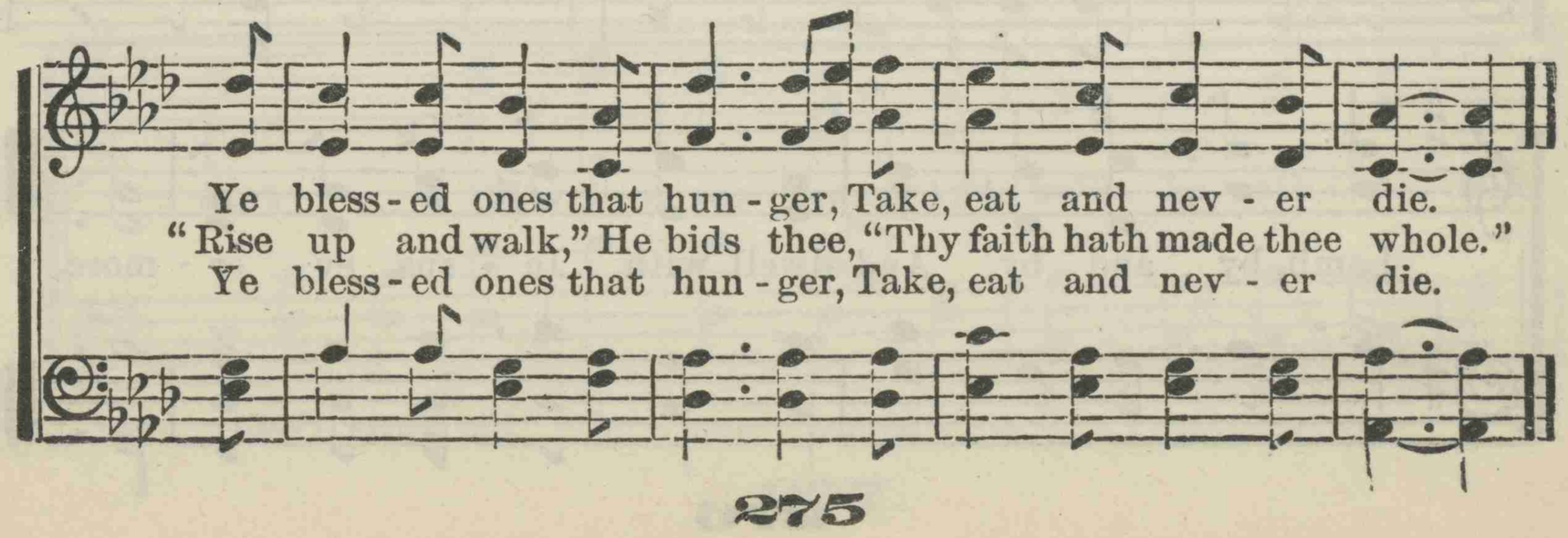


I thirst for life e - ter - nal, The 'Gift of God' in - deed."
Come to the house of mer - cy, For Christ the pool is here.
By faith of Him par - tak - ing We live for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



Ho, ev' - ry one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!
'Tis He, the great Phy - si - cian, Can cure the sin - sick soul;
Ho, ev' - ry one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!



Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.
"Rise up and walk," He bids thee, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.

No. 303. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

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

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.

3. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.

3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest?

4. Filled with de-light, my raptured soul Would here no long-er stay;
Though Jordan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.

CHORUS.

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-cross on the by and by,
ev-er-green shore,..... Sing the song of Mo-ses and the ev-er-green shore,
Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.

No. 304. We'll Work till Jesus comes.

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

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS. Dr. WM. MILLER.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful sheltering dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con - duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

CHORUS.

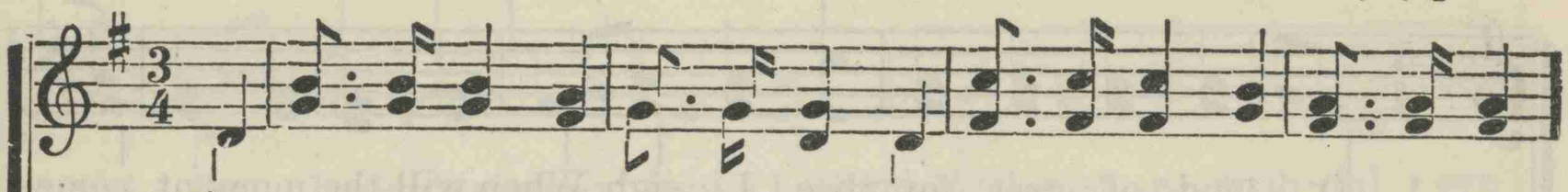
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,

work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.
We'll work till Je - sus comes,

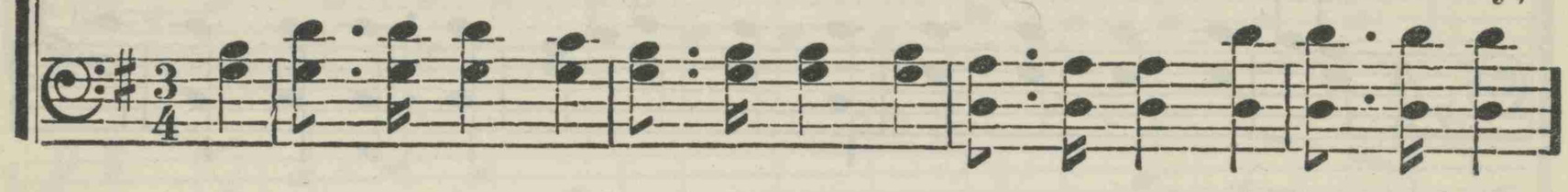
No. 305. Beulah Land.

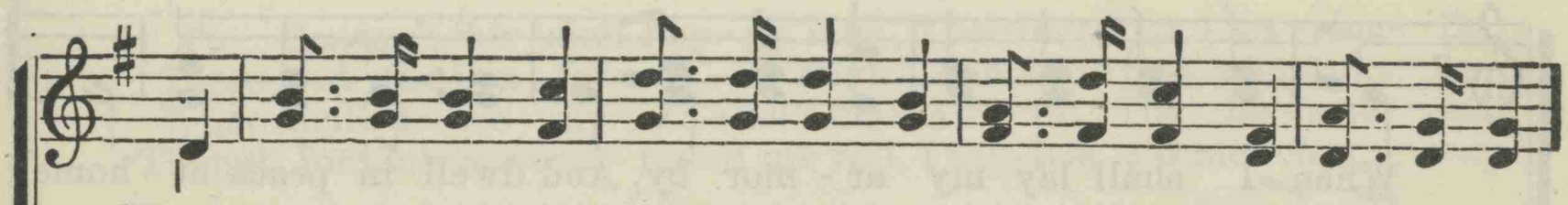
"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35: 10.

Rev. Edgar Page Stites. Jno. R. Sweney, by per.

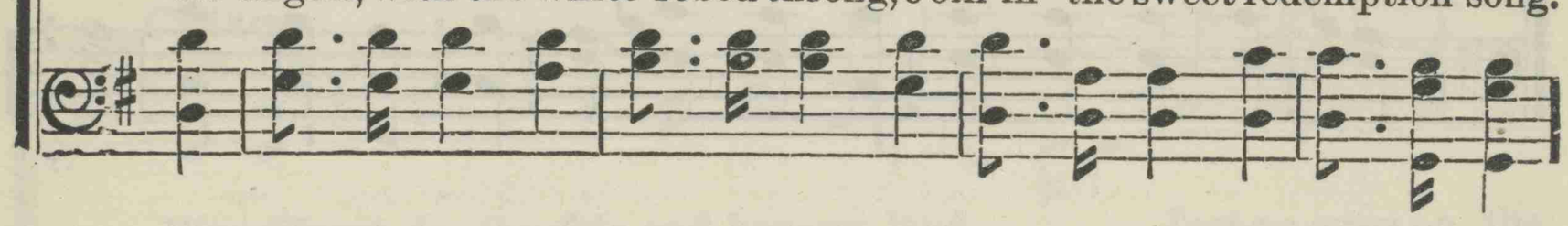


1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free-ly mine;
2. The Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet perfume up-on the breeze Is borne from ev-er ver-nal trees,
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heaven's mel-o-dy,

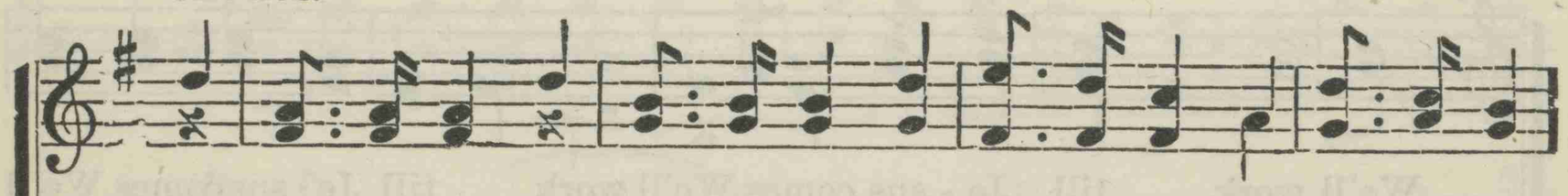




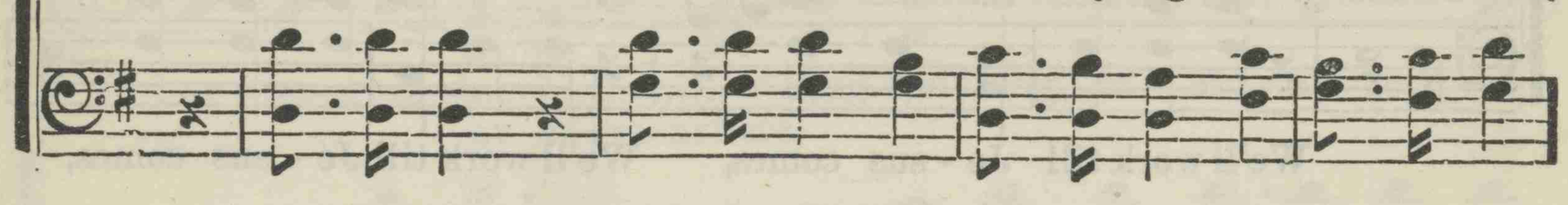
Here shines undimm'd one bliss-ful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way.
He gen-tly leads me with His hand, For this is heaven's bor-der-land.
And flow'rs that nev-er fad-ing grow Where streams of life for-ev-er-flow.
As angels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet redemption song.



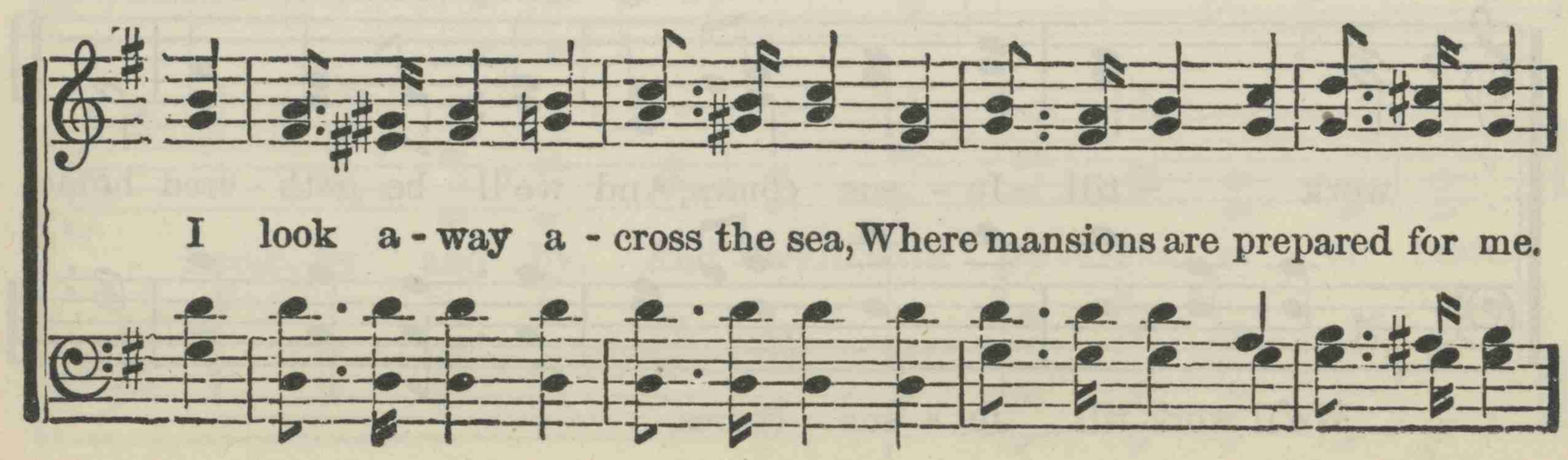
Chorus.



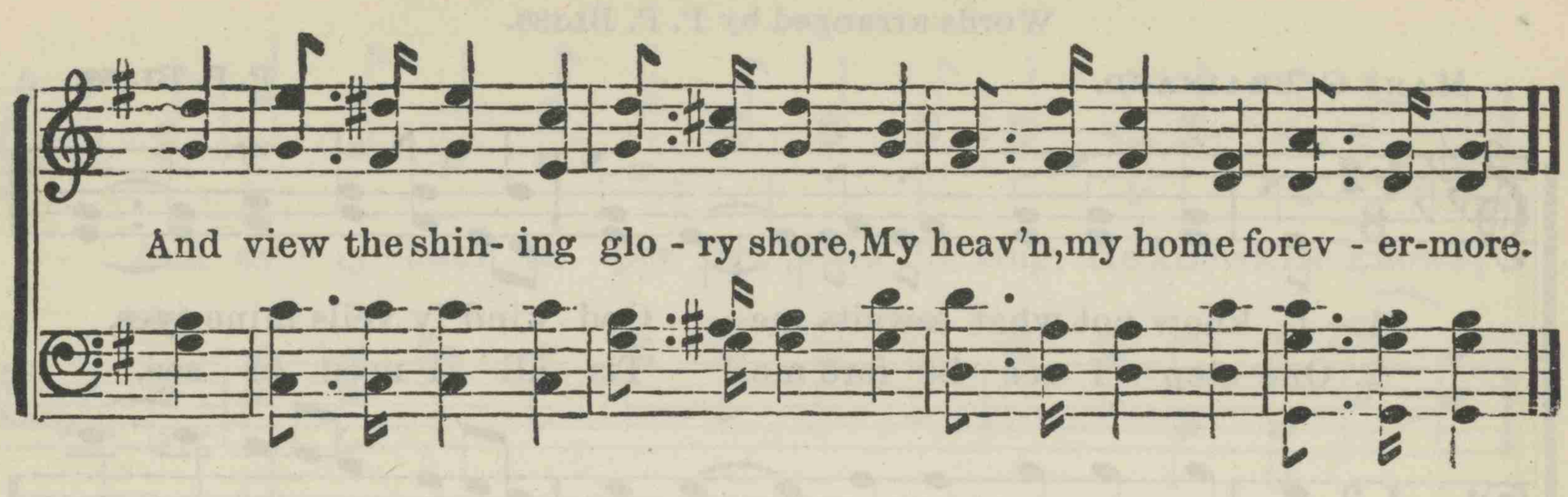
O Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,



I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me.

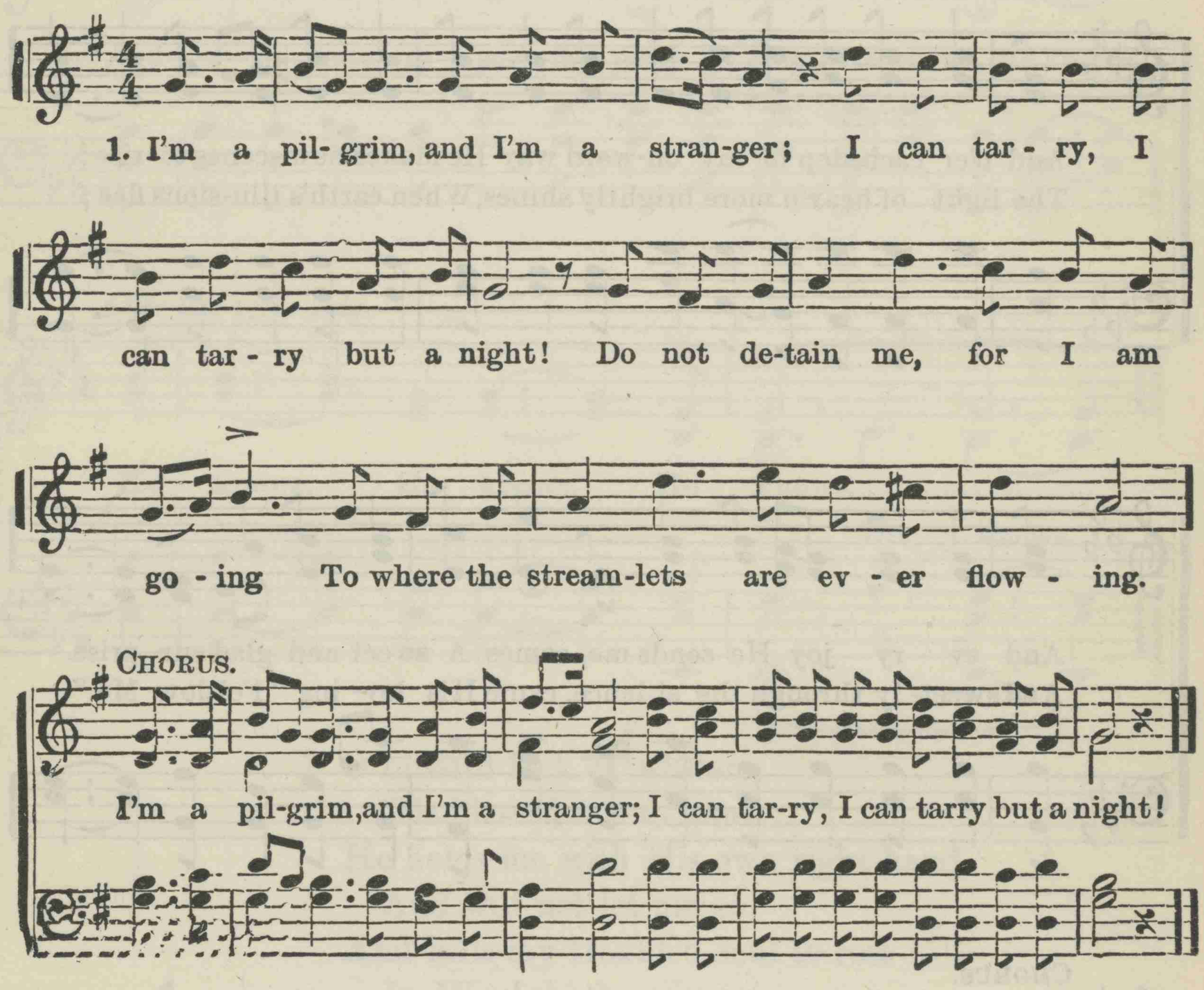


Beulah Land.—Concluded.



No. 306. I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana Shindler. Italian Air.



2 Of that city, to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying:—*Cho.*

3 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary:—*Cho.*

No. 307. He Knows.

Words arranged by P. P. BLISS.

MARY G. BRAINARD. P. P. BLISS.

1. I know not what a-waits me, God kind-ly veils mine eyes,
2. One step I see be- fore me, 'Tis all I need to see,

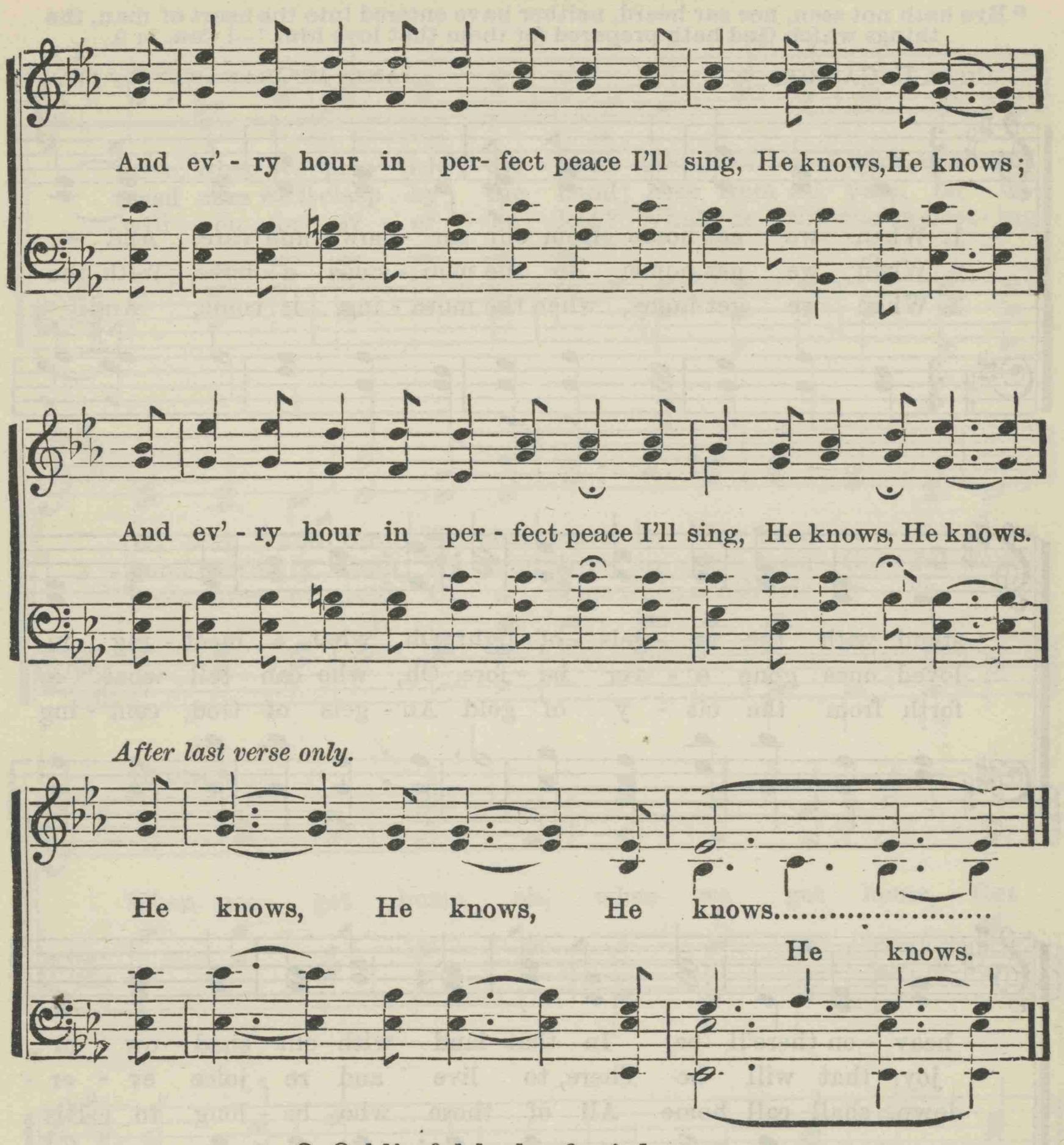
And o'er each step of my on-ward way He makes new scenes to rise;
The light of heav'n more brightly shines, When earth's illu-sions flee;

And ev'- ry joy He sends me, comes A sweet and glad sur- prise.
And sweet- ly through the si-lence, came His lov- ing "Fol-low Me."

CHORUS.

Where He may lead I'll fol - low, My trust in Him re - pose;

He Knows.—Concluded.



3 O blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.

4 So on I go not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rathed walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

No. 308. When we get Home.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. 2: 9.

Chas. H. Gabriel — James McGranahan, by per.

1. When we get home from our sor - sow and care, And we
2. When we get home to the man - sions a - bove, With the
3. When we get home, when the morn - ing is come, And

stand with the an - gels of light, Oh, what a meet - ing in
loved ones gone o - ver be - fore, Oh, who can tell what a
forth from the cit - y of gold An - gels of God, com - ing

heav - en there'll be, In that land with- out shad - ow or
joy that will be There, to live and re - joice ev - er -
down, shall call home All of those who be - long to His

night; Sor - row and care, trib - u - la - tion and pain We'll
- more: An - gels will praise, the Re-deem - er will smile, And
fold; Will you be there, broth-er, loved ones to greet, Or

When we get Home.—Concluded.

leave, when we pass thro' the tomb Clouds of de - spair, storms of
loved ones we'll clasp by the hand; Free from all pain, far be-
will you for - ev - er be lost? What is thy choice fleet - ing

tri - al and care We shall leave for that beau - ti - ful home.
- yond earth - ly stain, We shall dwell in that beau - ti - ful land.
pleas - ures of earth, Or a home when death's riv - er is cross'd.

CHORUS.

When we get home, oh, when we get home, Get

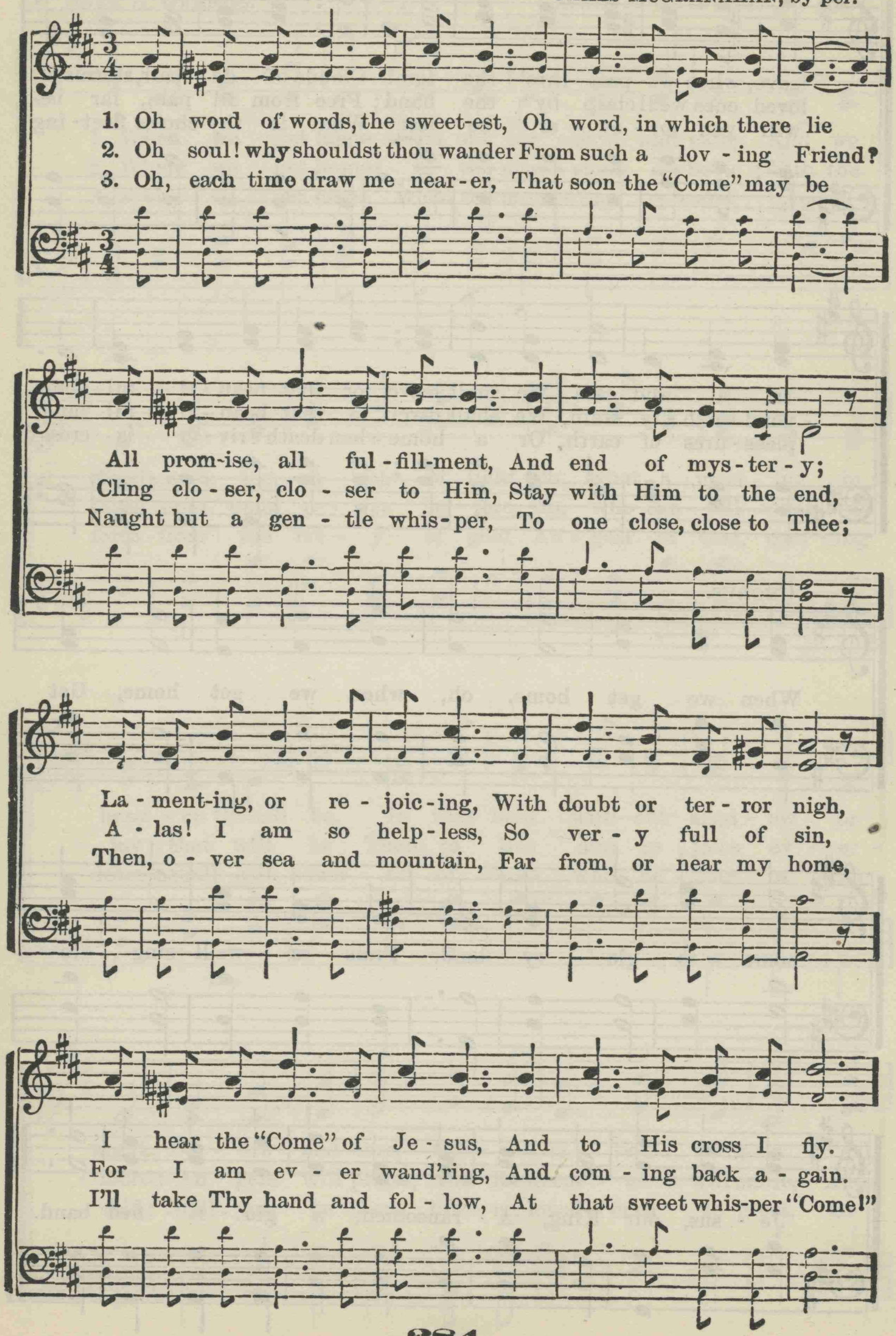
home to glo - ry land, Prais - es we'll sing to

Je - sus, our King, A ransomed, a glo - ri - fied band.

No. 309. "Come."

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will you rest."—MATT. 11 : 28.

Mrs. JAMES GIBSON JOHNSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



"Come."—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Come, oh, come to me,..... Come, oh, come to me,.....

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, Come, come,

Wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Come, oh, come to me,

me, Oh,

Come, oh, come to me,..... Come, oh, come to me,.....

Come, come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come, come,

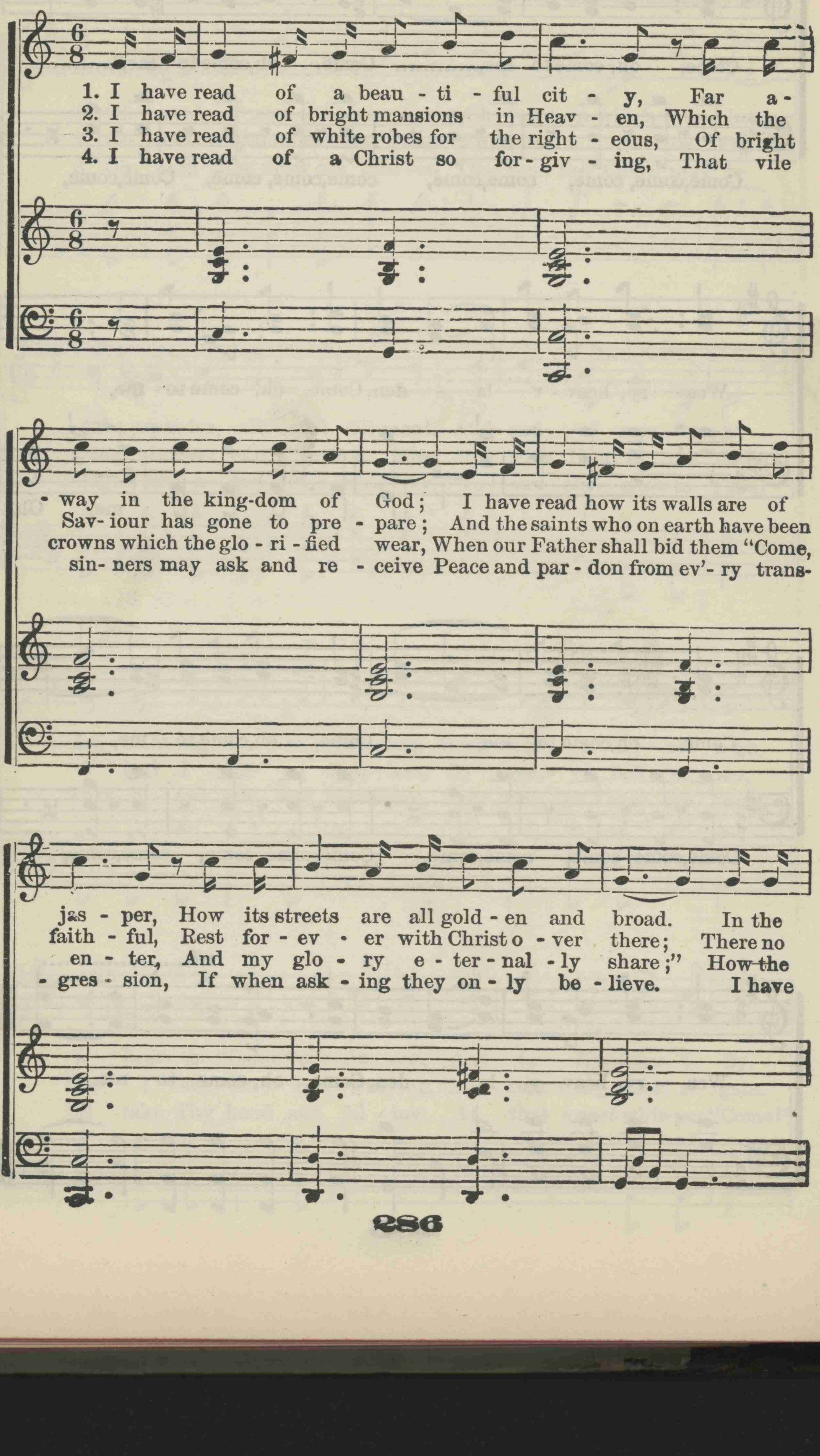
rit.....

Wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Come, oh, come to me.

No. 310. Not Half has ever been Told.

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—REV. 21: 18.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. O. F. PRESBREY, by per.



Not Half has ever been Told.—Concluded.

midst of the street is life's riv - er, Clear as crys - tal and pure to be-
sin ev - er en - ters, nor sor - row, The in - hab - i - tants nev - er grow
righteous are ev - er - more blessed As they walk thro' the streets of pure
read how He'll guide and protect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His

hold; But not half of that city's bright glory To mortals has ever been told.
old; But not half of the joys that await them To mortals has ever been told.
gold; But not half of the wonderful sto-ry To mortals has ever been told.
fold; But not half of His goodness and mercy To mortals has ever been told.

CHORUS.

Not half has ev - er been told;..... Not half has ev- er been told;..... Not
been told; been told;

Repeat the Chorus p.

half of that cit - y's bright glo- ry To mortals has ev - er been told.

No. 311. Are you coming Home to-night?

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

Arranged. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Are you com-ing Home, ye wand'rers, Whom Je - sus died to win,
2. Are you com-ing Home, ye lost ones? Be - hold your Lord doth wait:
3. Are you com-ing Home, ye guilt - y, Who bear the load of sin;

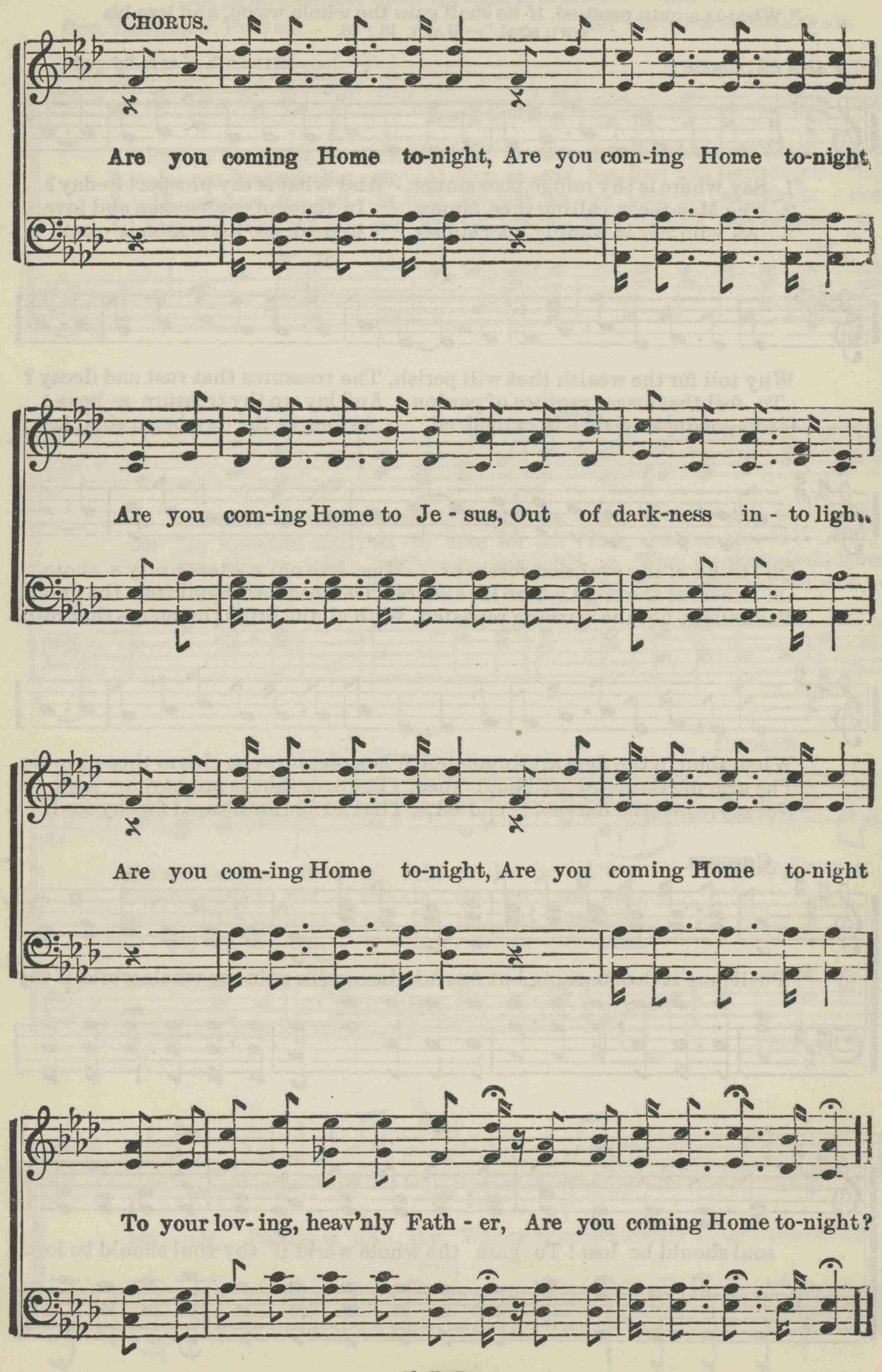
All foot-sore, lame and wea - ry, Your garments stain'd with sin;
Come, then no long - er lin - ger, Come ere it be too late;
Out - side you've long been stand - ing, Come now and ven - ture in;

Will you seek the blood of Je - sus To wash your garments white;
Will you come and let Him save you, O trust His love and might;
Will you heed the Sav-iour's prom - ise, And dare to trust Him quite;

Rit.....

Will you trust His precious prom-ise, Are you coming Home to-night?
Will you come while He is call- ing, Are you coming Home to-night?
"Come un - to me," saith Je - sus, Are you coming Home to-night?

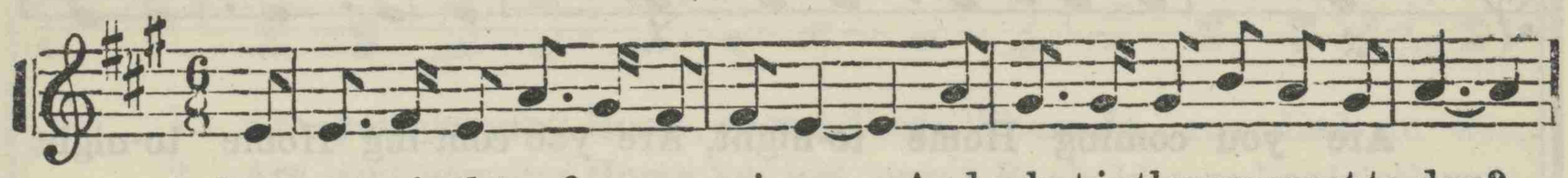
Are you coming Home?—Concluded.



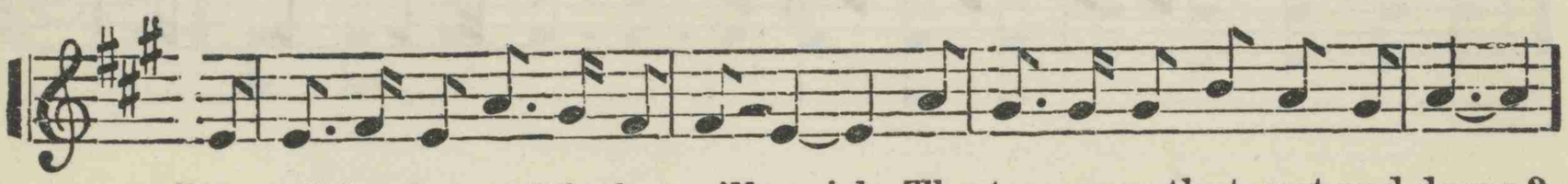
No. 312. Where is Thy Refuge?

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."—MATT. 16 : 26.

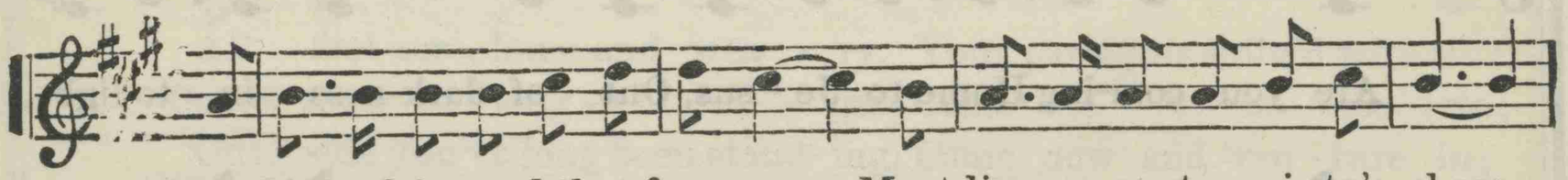
FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL, by per.



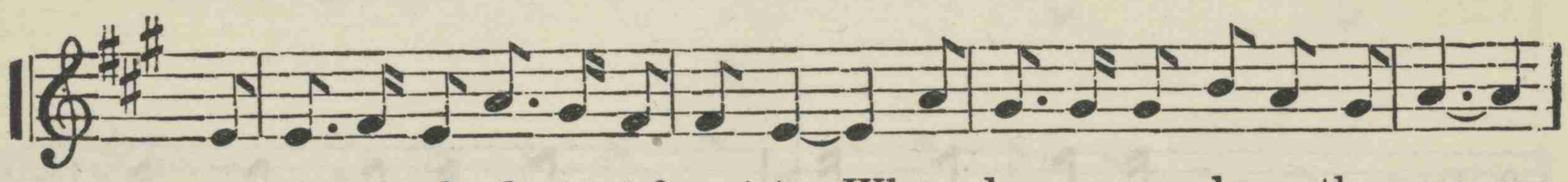
1. Say, where is thy refuge, poor sinner, And what is thy prospect to-day?
2. The Mas-ter is calling thee, sinner, In tones of compassion and love,
3. As summer is waning, poor sinner, Repent, ere the season is past;



Why toil for the wealth that will perish, The treasures that rust and decay?
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon, And lay up thy treasure a- bove:
God's goodness to thee is extend- ed, As long as the day-beam shall last;

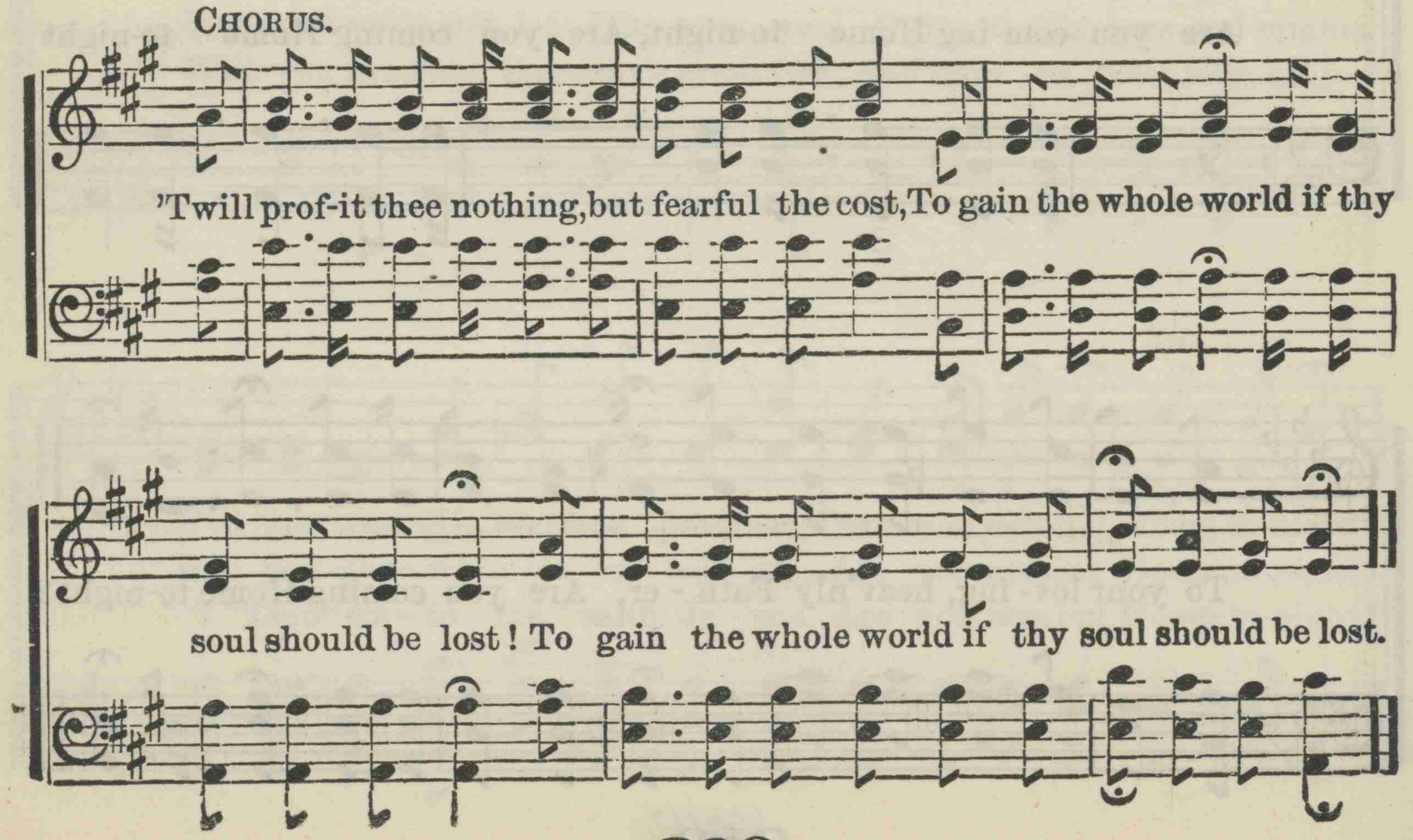


Oh! think of thy soul, that forev- er Must live on e - ter- ni- ty's shore,
Oh! kneel at the cross where He suffered, To ransom thy soul from the grave:
Then slight not the warning repeated With all the bright moments that roll,



When thou, in the dust art forgot-ten, When pleasure can charm thee no more.
The arm of His mercy will hold thee, The arm that is mighty to save.
Nor say, when the harvest is end-ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.

CHORUS.

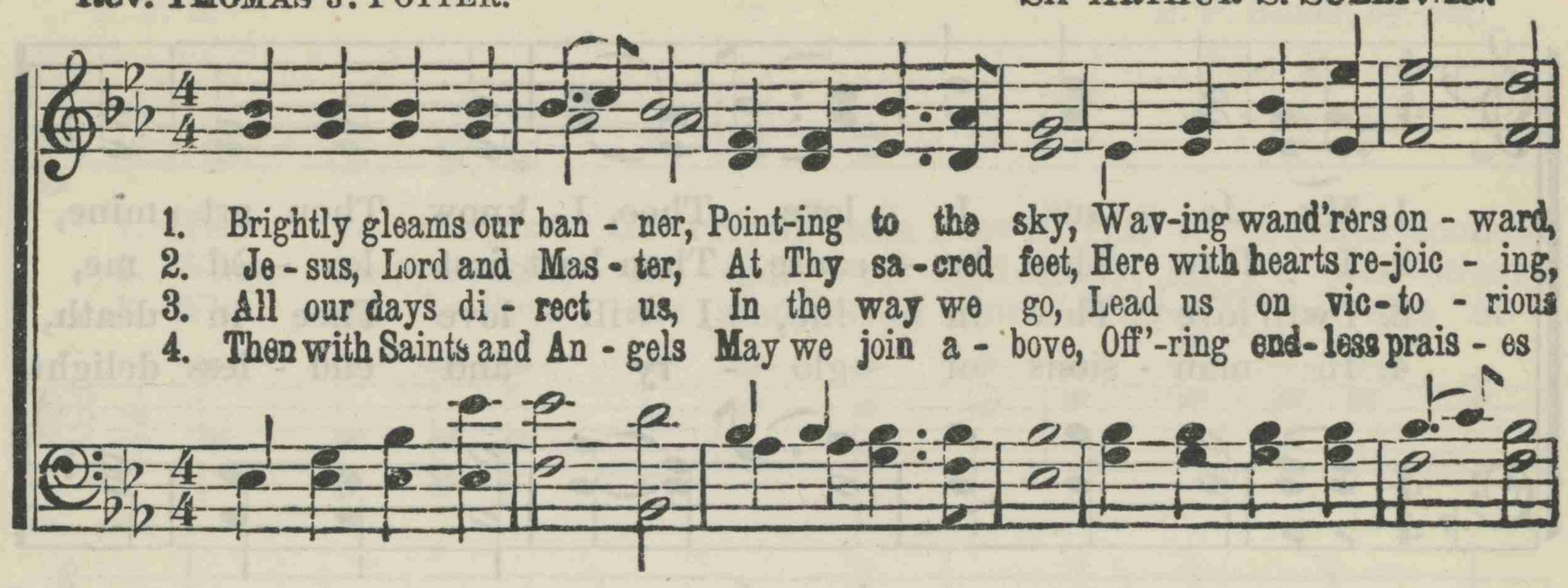


'Twill prof-it thee nothing, but fearful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost! To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost.

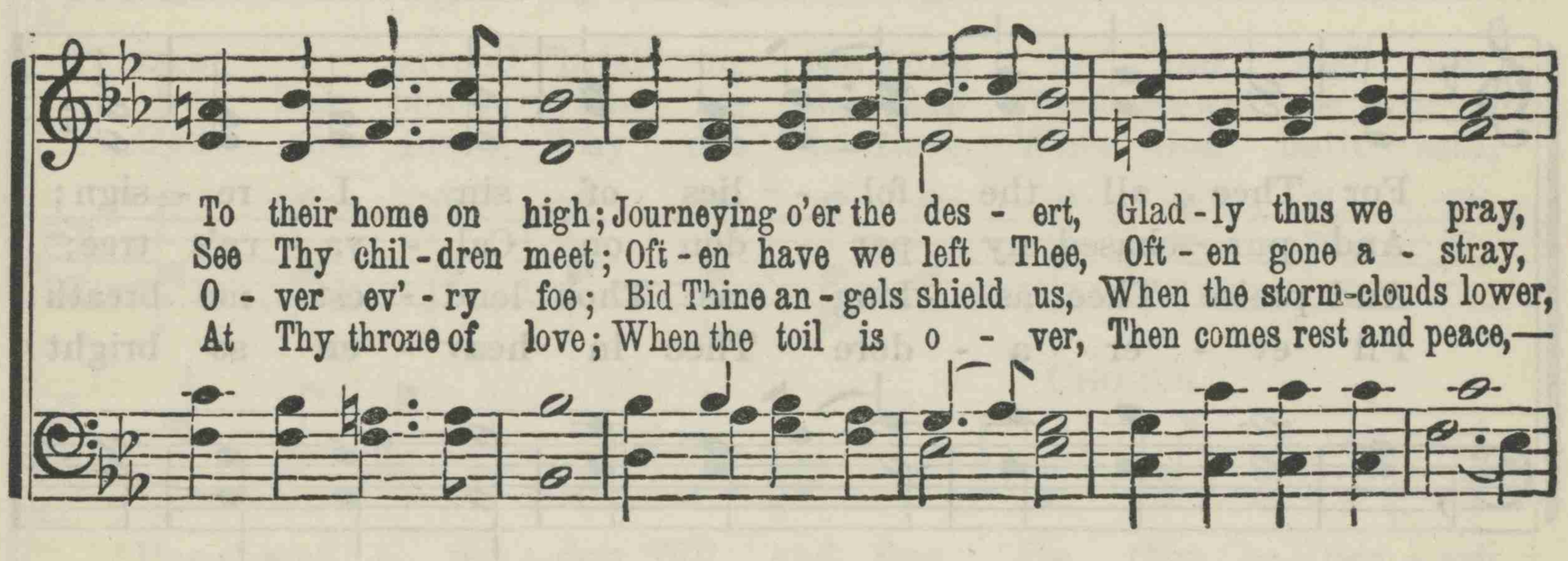
No. 313. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains."—ISA. 13: 2.

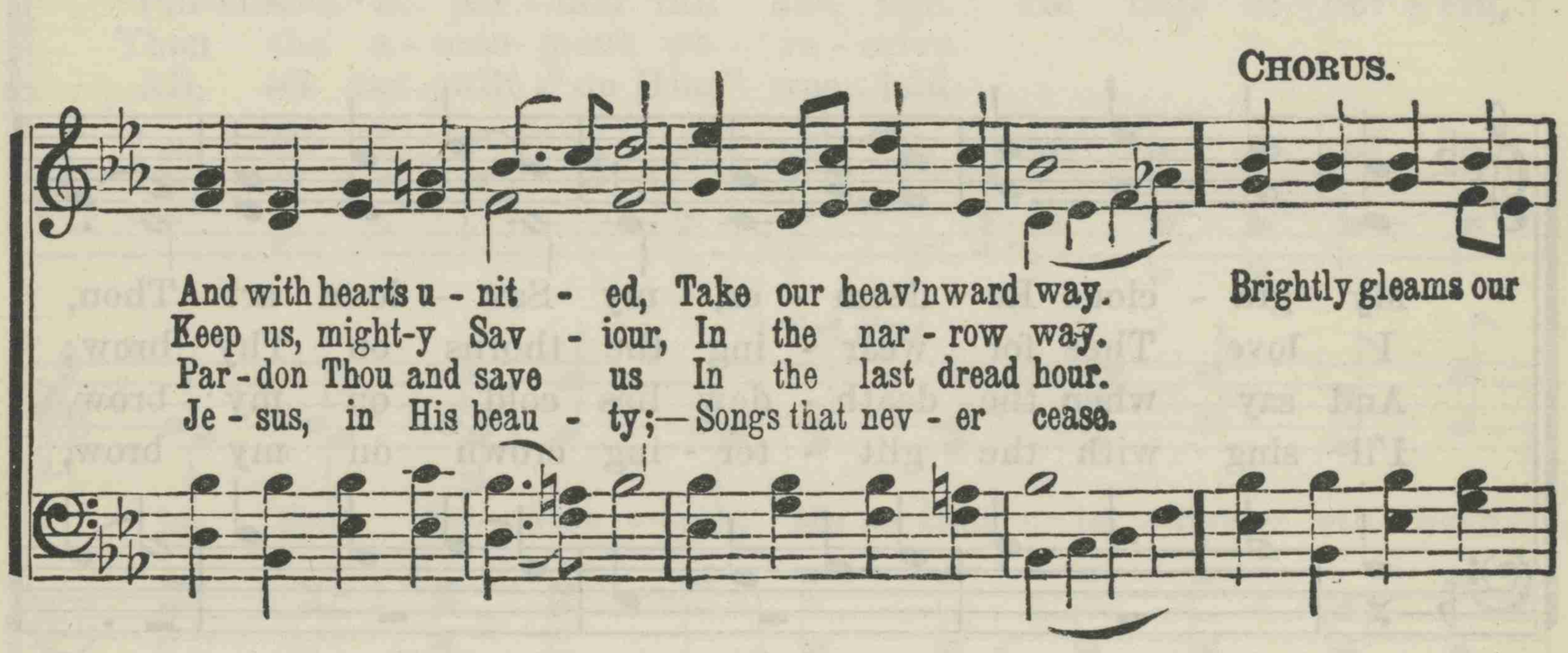
Rev. THOMAS J. POTTER. Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on - ward,
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic - ing,
3. All our days di - rect us, In the way we go, Lead us on vic - to - rious
4. Then with Saints and An - gels May we join a - bove, Off'-ring end - less prais - es

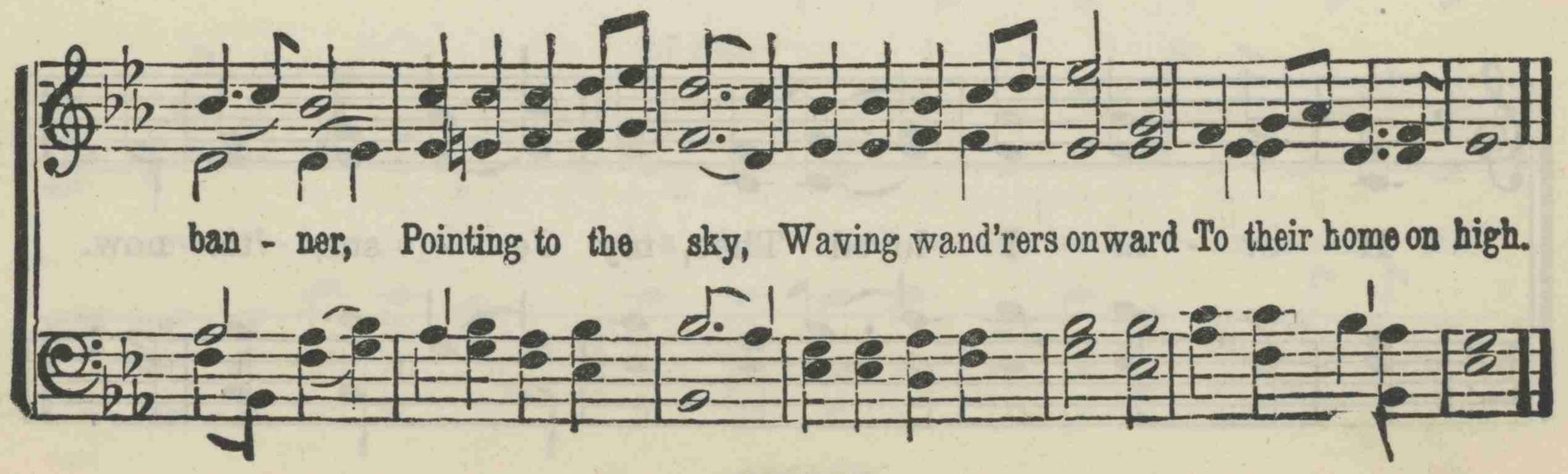


To their home on high; Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
See Thy chil - dren meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray,
O - ver ev' - ry foe; Bid Thine an - gels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower,
At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,—



CHORUS.

And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'nward way. Brightly gleams our
Keep us, might-y Sav - iour, In the nar - row way.
Par - don Thou and save us In the last dread hour.
Je - sus, in His beau - ty;—Songs that nev - er cease.



ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers onward To their home on high.

No. 314. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—JOHN 17 : 10.

London Hymn Book, 1864. A. J. GORDON, by per

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - èd me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less delight,

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

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

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

No. 315. He that Believeth.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Hear ye the glad Good News from heav'n? Life to a death-doomed
2. When we were lost, the Son of God Made an a- tone- ment
3. Why not be-lieve the glad Good News? Why still the voice of

race is given! Christ on the cross for you and me
by His blood: When we the glad Good News be - lieve,
God re - fuse? Why not be- lieve, When God hath said,

CHORUS.

Pur-chased a par - don full and free. He that be - liev - eth,
Then the a - tone- ment we re - ceive.
All, *all* our guilt "on Him" was laid.

1*st time.*

he that be - liev - eth, He that be - liev - eth hath

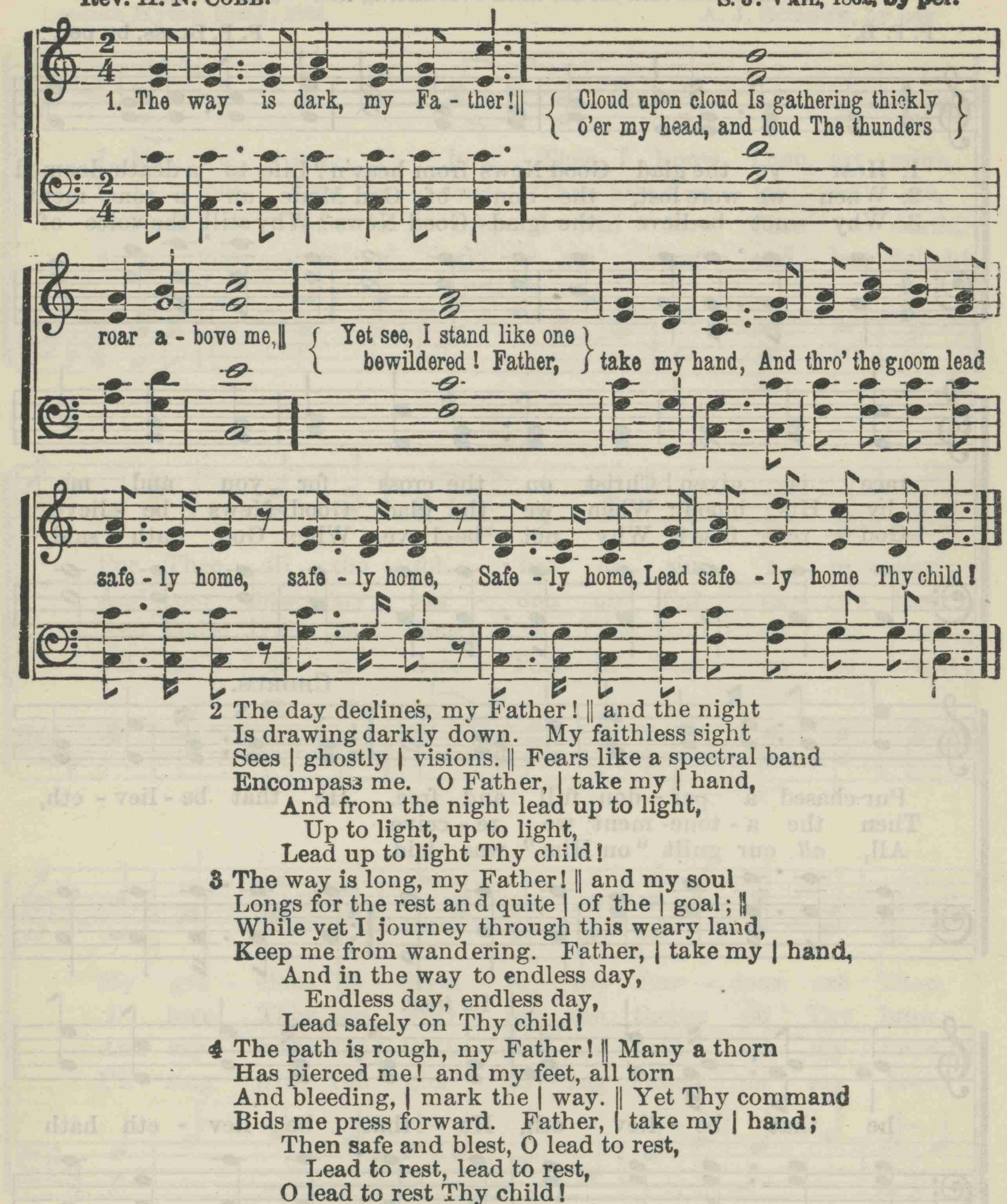
2*d time.*

ev - ev- last-ing life; He that be- liev- eth hath ev- er- lasting life.

No. 316. Father, Take my Hand.

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

Rev. H. N. Cobb. S. J. Vail, 1862, by per.



2 The day declines, my Father! ‖ and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees | ghostly | visions. ‖ Fears like a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, | take my | hand,
And from the night lead up to light,
Up to light, up to light,
Lead up to light Thy child!

3 The way is long, my Father! ‖ and my soul
Longs for the rest and quite | of the | goal; ‖
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, | take my | hand,
And in the way to endless day,
Endless day, endless day,
Lead safely on Thy child!

4 The path is rough, my Father! ‖ Many a thorn
Has pierced me! and my feet, all torn
And bleeding, | mark the | way. ‖ Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand;
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,
Lead to rest, lead to rest,
O lead to rest Thy child!

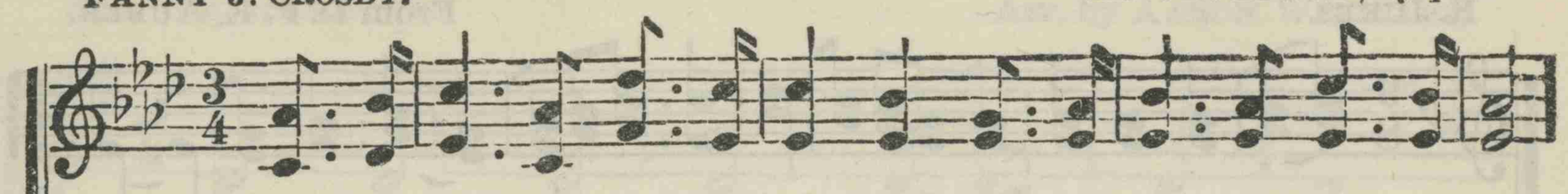
5 The throng is great, my Father! ‖ Many a doubt
And fear of danger compass me about;
And foes op- | press me | sore. ‖ I cannot stand
Or go, alone. O Father! | take my | hand;
And through the throng, lead safe along,
Safe along, safe along,
Lead safe along Thy child.

6 The cross is heavy, Father! ‖ I have borne
It long, and | still do | bear it. ‖ Let my worn
And fainting spirit, rise to that bright land
Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand;
And, reaching down, lead to the crown,
To the crown, to the crown,
Lead to the crown Thy child.

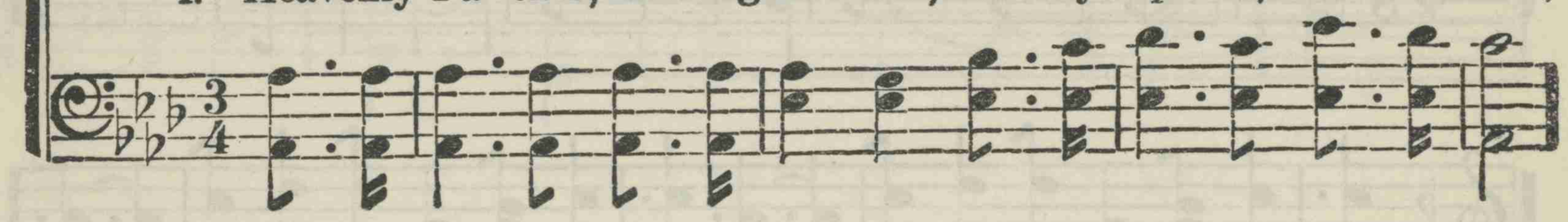
No. 317. Parting Hymn.

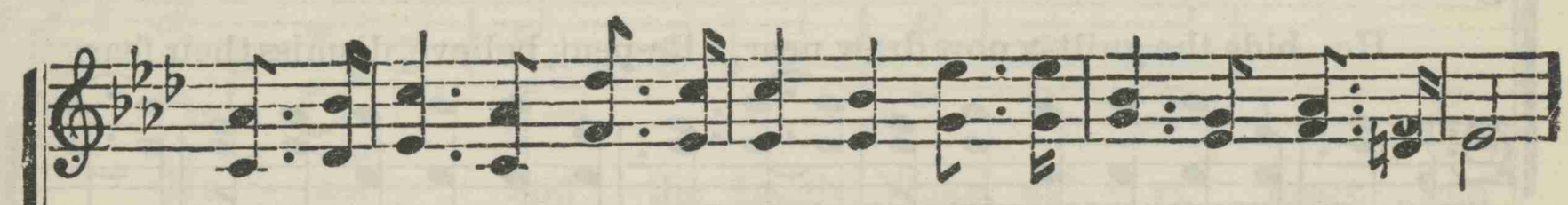
"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps, 129: 8.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

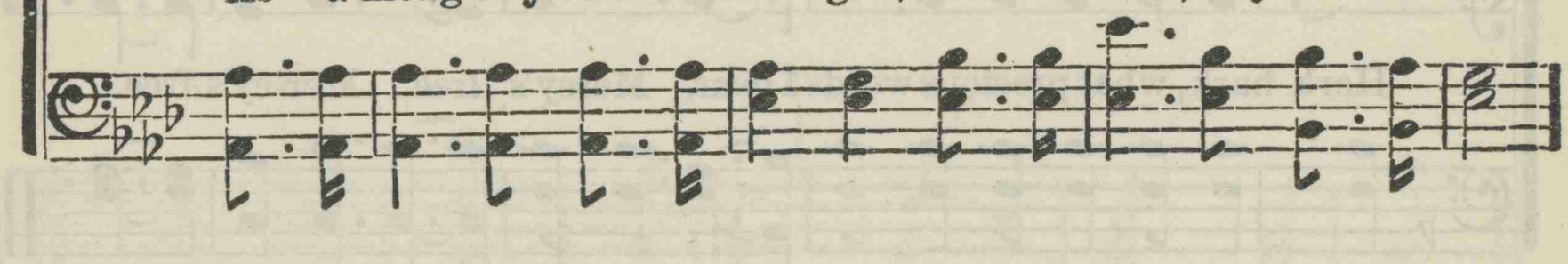


1. Heavenly Fa - ther, we beseech Thee, Grant Thy blessing ere we part;
2. Lov - ing Sav - iour, go Thou with us, Be our com-fort and our stay;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell with-in us, May our souls Thy tem - ple be;
4. Heavenly Fa - ther, Lov - ing Sav - iour, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three in One,

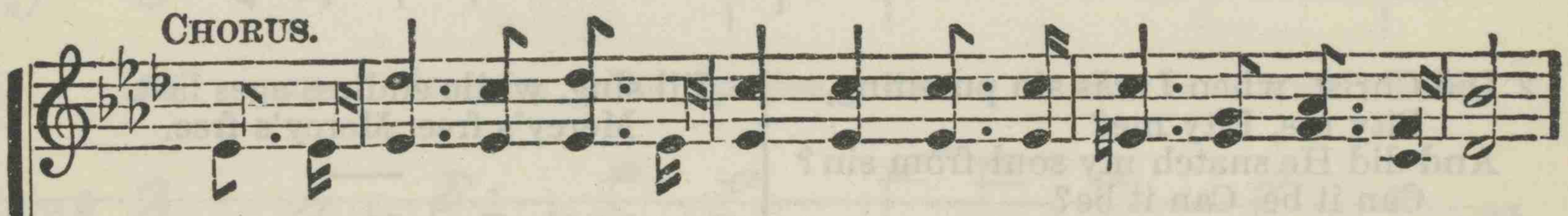




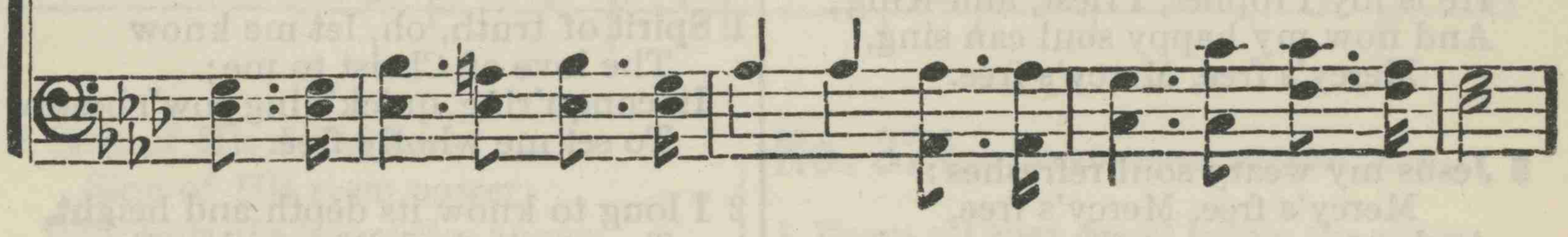
Take us in Thy care and keeping, Guard from e - vil ev' - ry heart.
Grate-ful praise to Thee we ren - der, For the joy we feel to - day.
May we tread the path to glo - ry, Led and guid - ed still by Thee.
As a-mong Thy saints and an - gels, So on earth, Thy will be done.



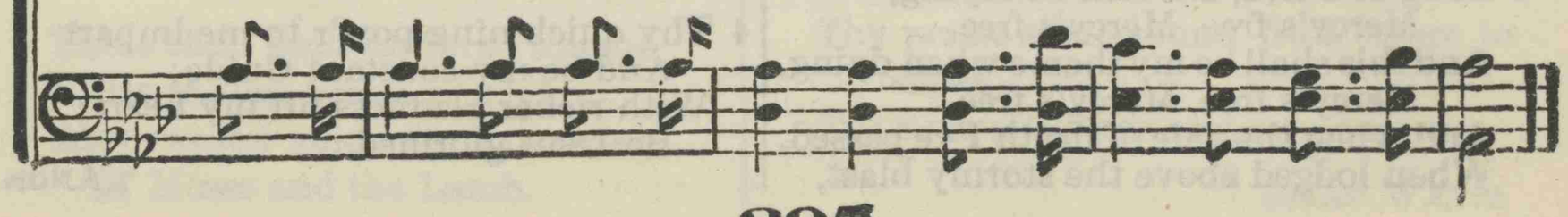
CHORUS.



Bless the words we here have spoken, Offered pray'r and cheerful strain;



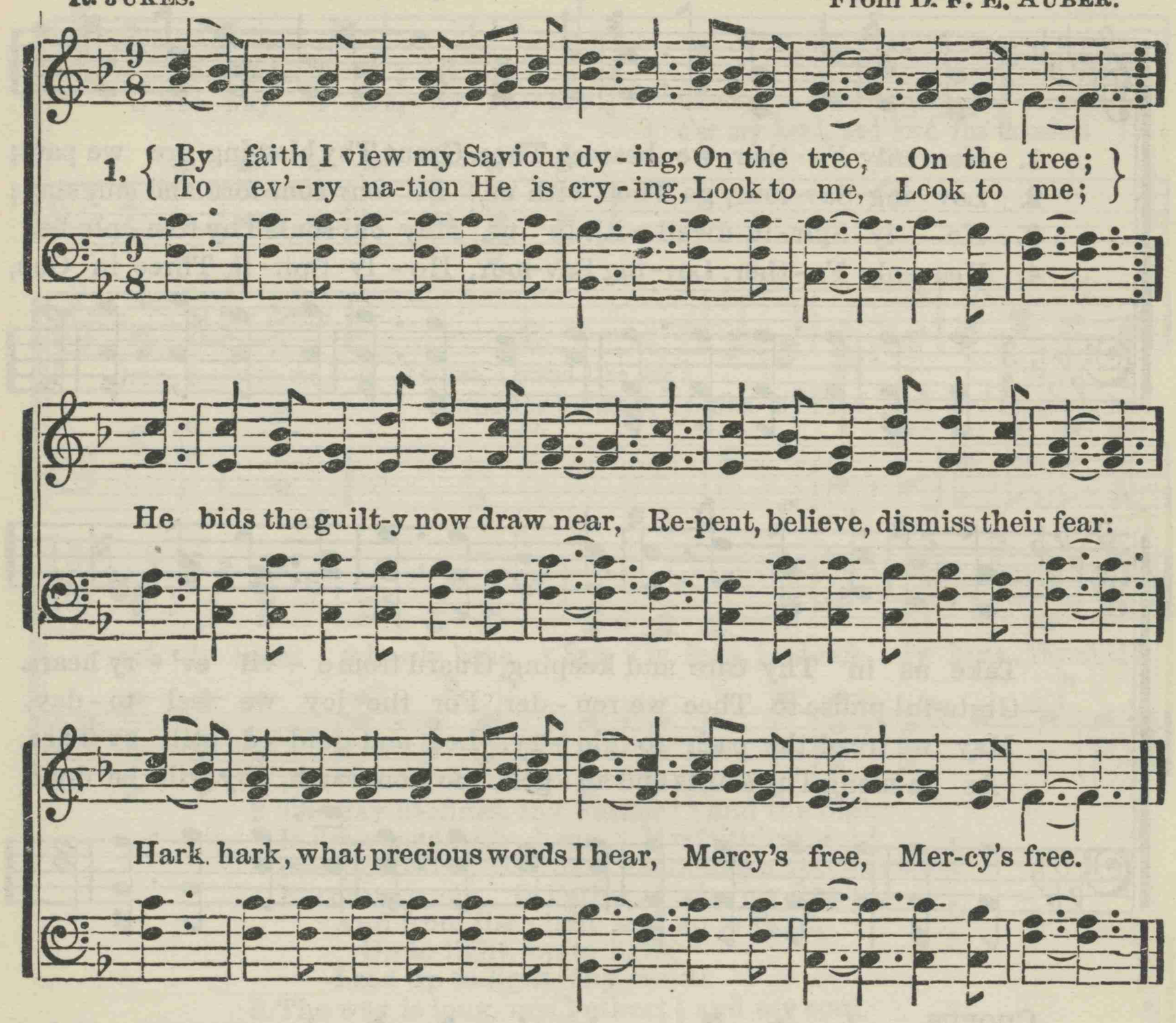
If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee, Grant we all may meet a - gain.



No. 318. Mercy's Free.

"Without money and without price."—ISA. 55: 1.

R. JUKES. From D. F. E. AUBER.



2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, Pity me?
And did He snatch my soul from sin?
Can it be, Can it be?
Oh, yes! He did salvation bring;
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes:
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, Unto me;
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove,
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free,
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

No. 319.

Tune—MEAR. C. M. Key F.

1 Spirit of truth, oh, let me know
The love of Christ to me;
Its conqu'ring, quick'ning pow'r bestow
To set me wholly free.

2 I long to know its depth and height,
To scan its breadth and length;
Drink in its ocean of delight,
And triumph in its strength.

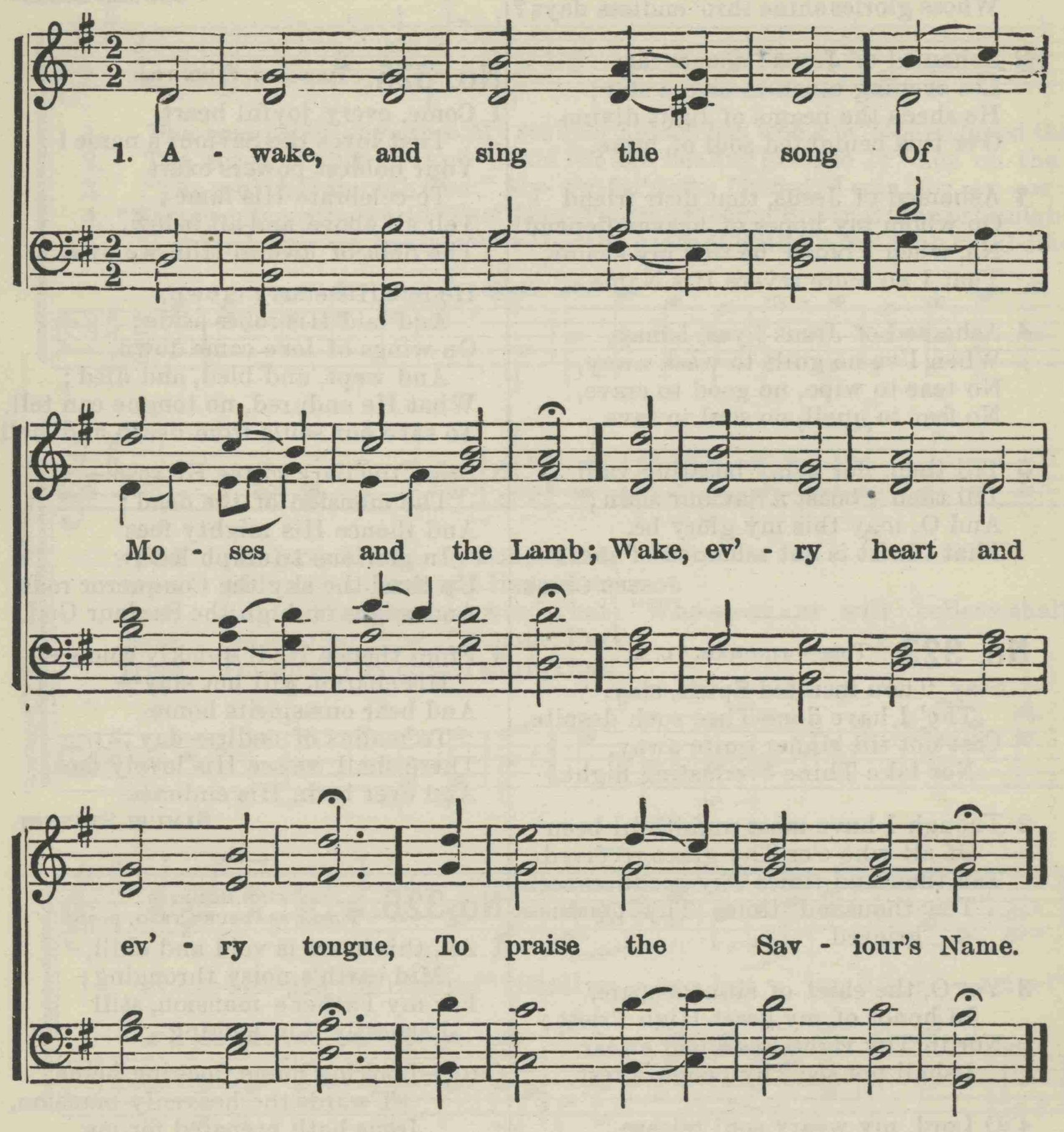
3 It is Thine office to reveal
My Saviour's wond'rous love;
Oh, deepen on my heart Thy seal,
And bless me from above.

4 Thy quick'ning pow'r to me impart
And be my constant Guide;
With richer gladness fill my heart;
Be Jesus glorified.

ANON

No. 320. St. Thomas. S. M.

Rev. Wm. Hammond. Arr. by Aaron Williams.



2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His risen power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, th'eternal King.

4 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

No. 321. Tune—Duke Street. L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts

No. 322. Tune—WARD. L. M.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

No. 323. Tune—WINDHAM. L. M.

1 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done Thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved.

3 Yet O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see Thy people's rest.

4 O Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 324. Tune—ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1 O Holy Spirit, come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh, tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
Oh, work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

OSWALD ALLEN.

No. 325. Tune—NO. 1, NO. 119.

1 Come, every joyful heart,
That loves the Saviour's name!
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him we owe.

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endured, no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell

3 From the dark grave He rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up thro' the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be in His embrace.

SAMUEL STENNET.

No. 326. LOOKING HOME. Tune—BRADBURY TRIO, p. 160.

1 Ah, this heart is void and chill,
'Mid earth's noisy thronging;
For my Father's mansion, still
Earnestly, I'm longing.

CHO.—Looking home, looking home,
T'wards the heavenly mansion,
Jesus hath prepared for me,
In His Father's kingdom.

2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.

3 Oh, to be at home, and gain
All for which we're sighing;
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.

4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!
There no more to sever;
Soon we'll meet around the throne
Praising God forever.

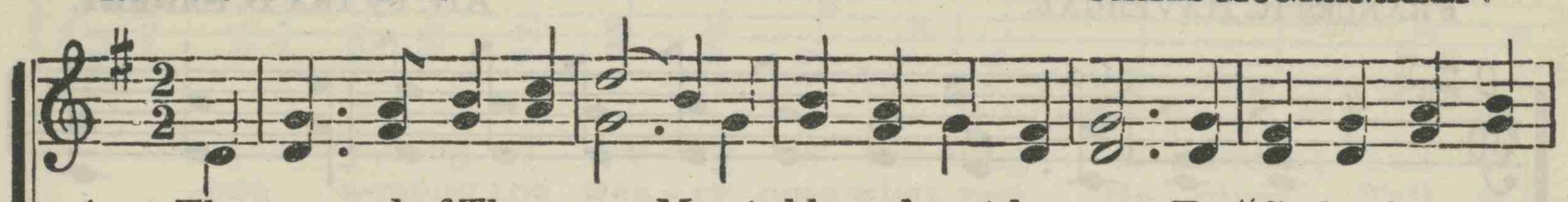
C. J. T. SMITH.

Copyright, 1876, by James McGranahan.

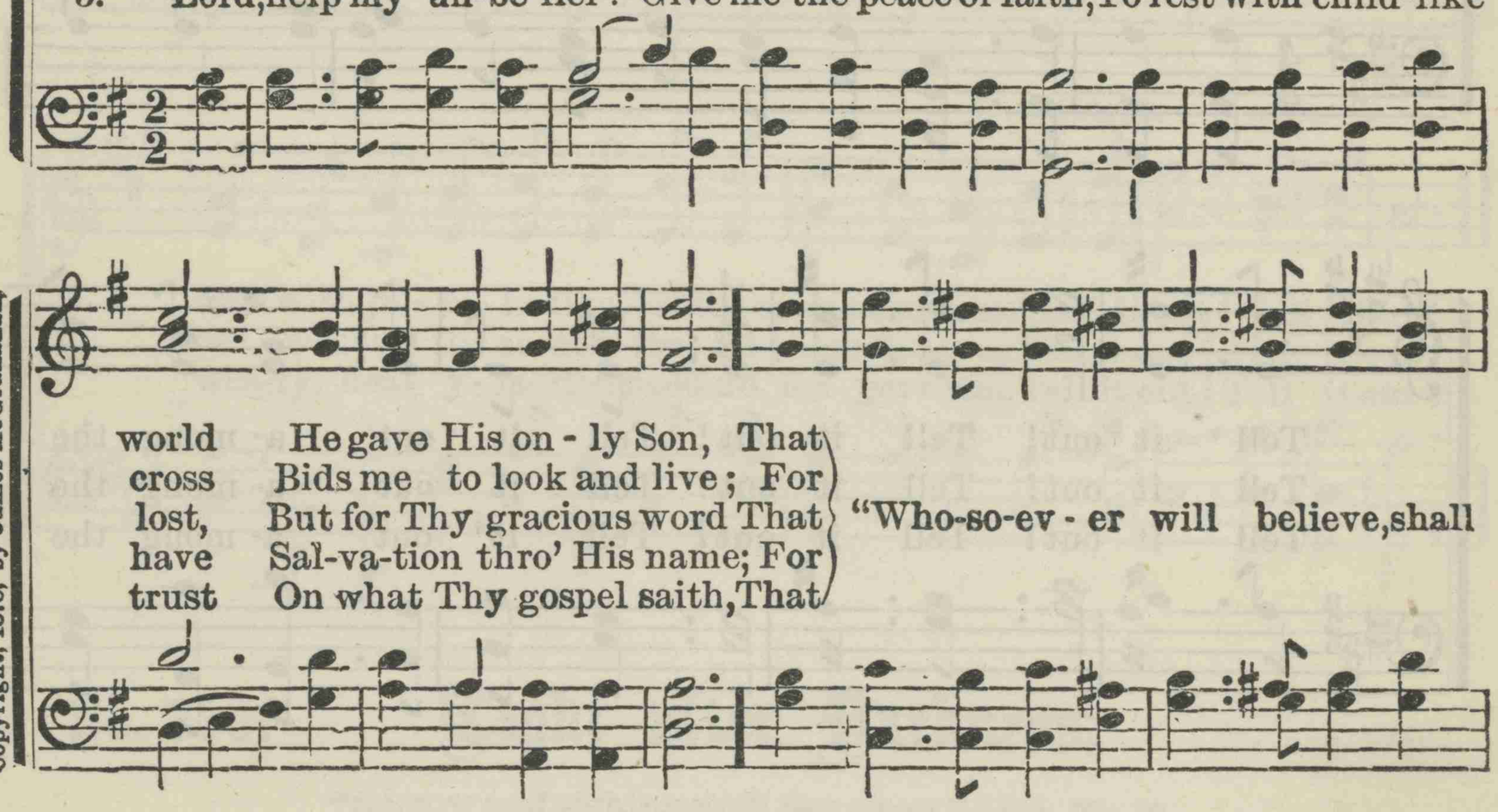
No. 327. The Gospel of Thy Grace.

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

Rev. A. T. PIERSON. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

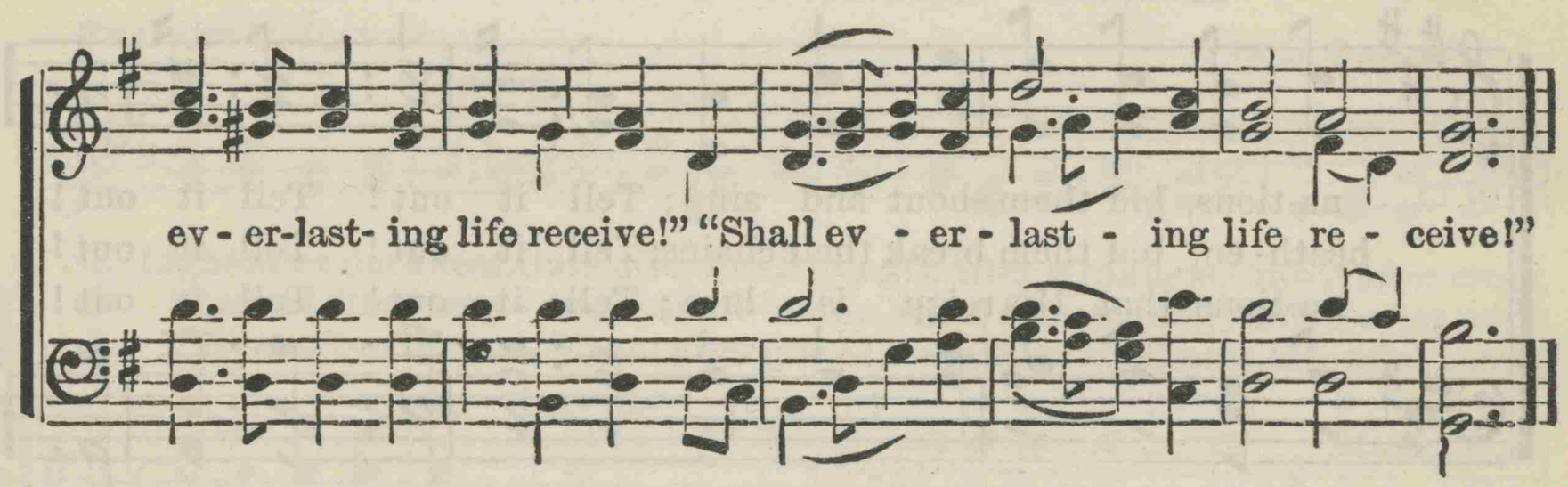


1. The gos- pel of Thy grace My stubborn heart has won, For "God so loved the
2. The ser-pent "lift- ed up" Could life and healing give, So Je - sus on the
3. "The soul that sinneth dies:" My aw-ful doom I heard; I was for ev - er
4. "Not to condemn the world" The "Man of sorrows" came; But that the world might
5. "Lord, help my un-be-lief!" Give me the peace of faith, To rest with child-like



world He gave His on - ly Son, That
cross Bids me to look and live; For
lost, But for Thy gracious word That
have Sal-va-tion thro' His name; For
trust On what Thy gospel saith, That

"Who-so-ev - er will believe, shall



ev - er-last- ing life receive!" "Shall ev - er - last - ing life re - ceive!"

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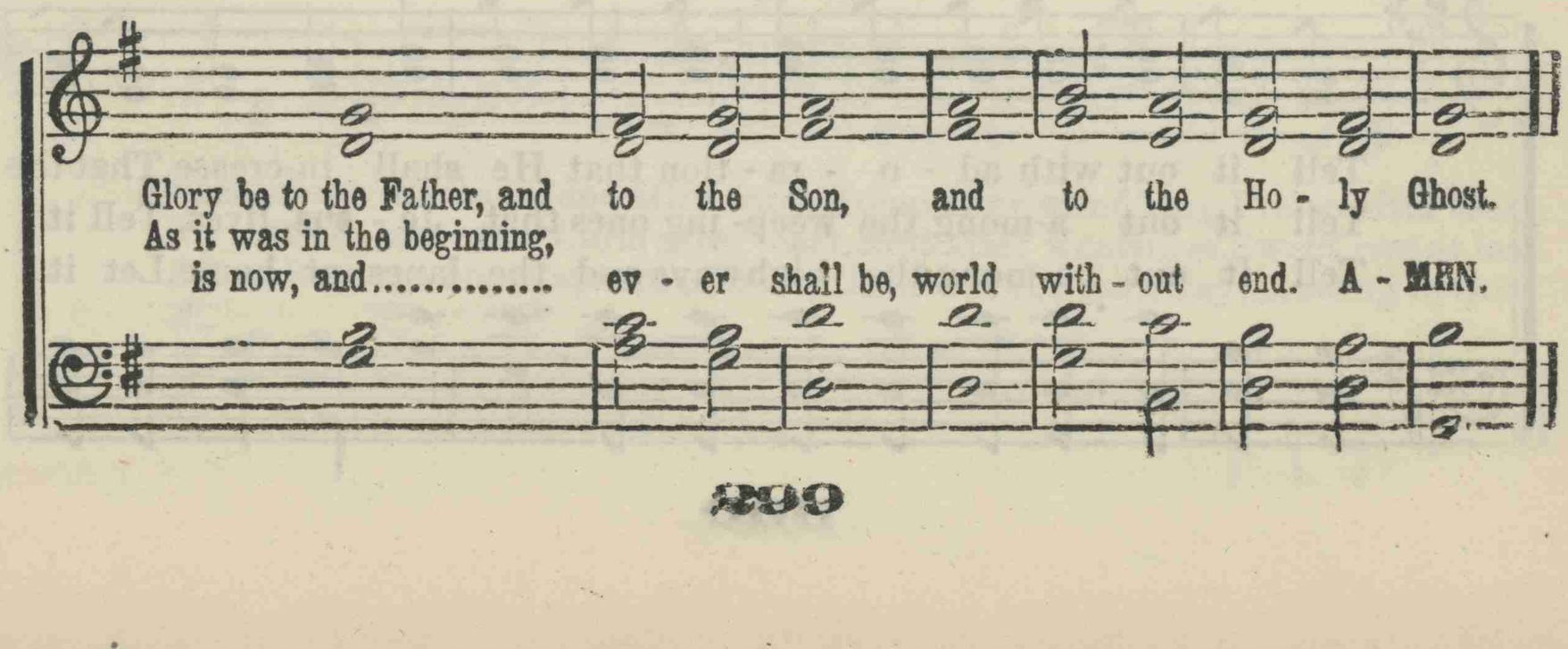
No. 328. Gloria Patri.

ANON.

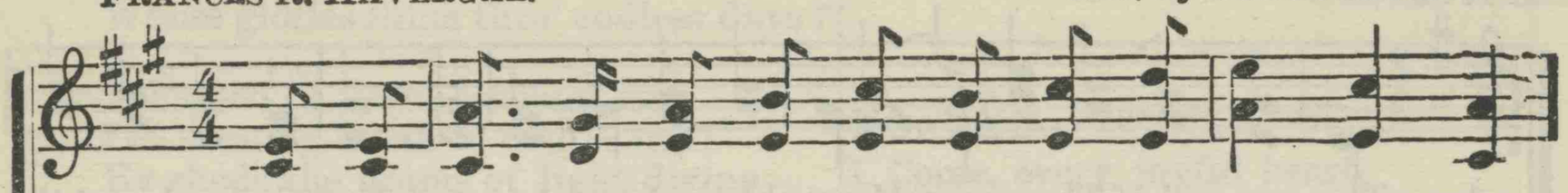


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost.
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and..... ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - MEN.

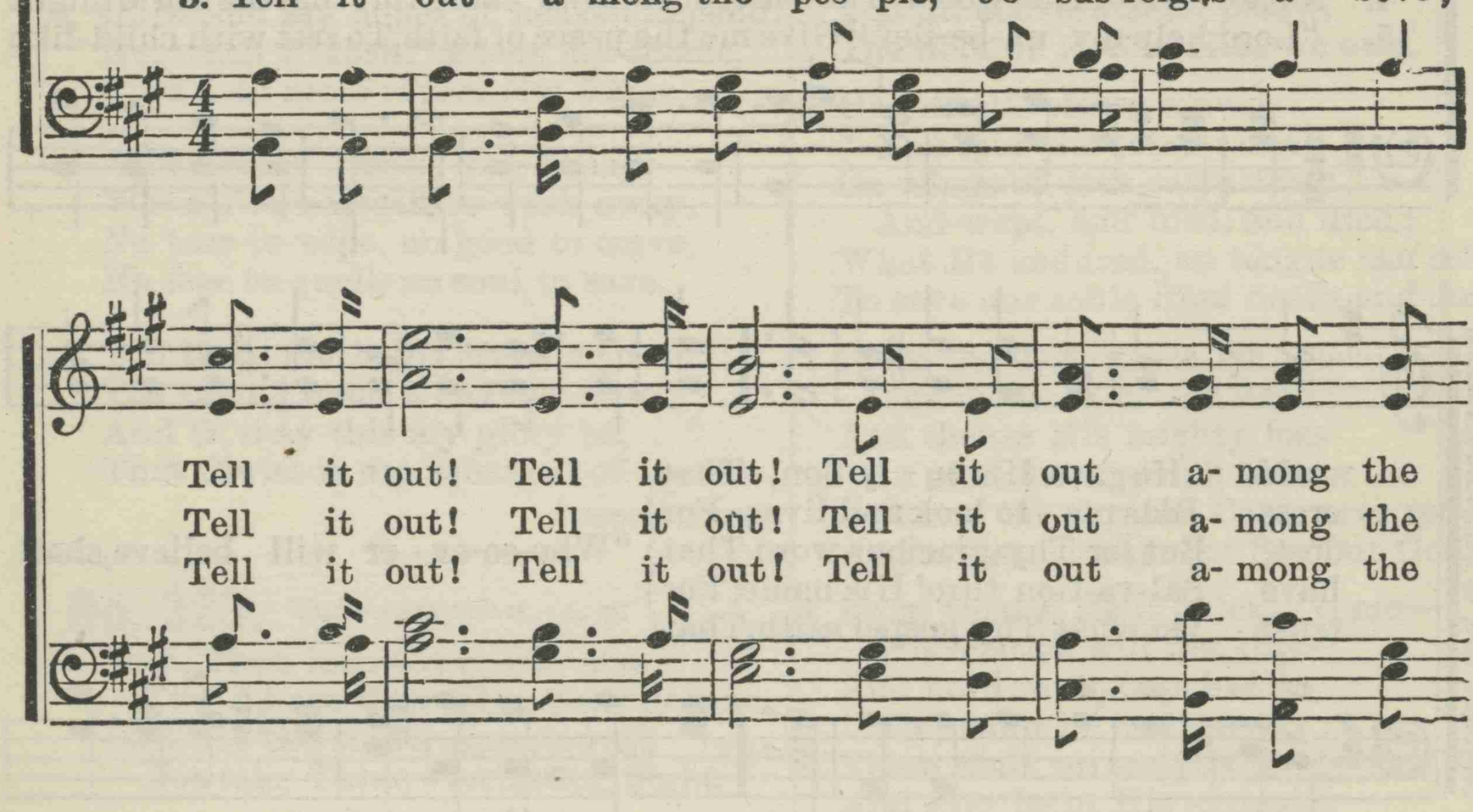
No. 329. Tell it Out.

"The Lord is King for ever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Tell it out a- mong the na-tions that the Lord is King;
2. Tell it out a- mong the peo- ple that the Sav - iour reigns;
3. Tell it out a- mong the peo- ple, Je - sus reigns a - bove;



Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a- mong the
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a- mong the
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a- mong the

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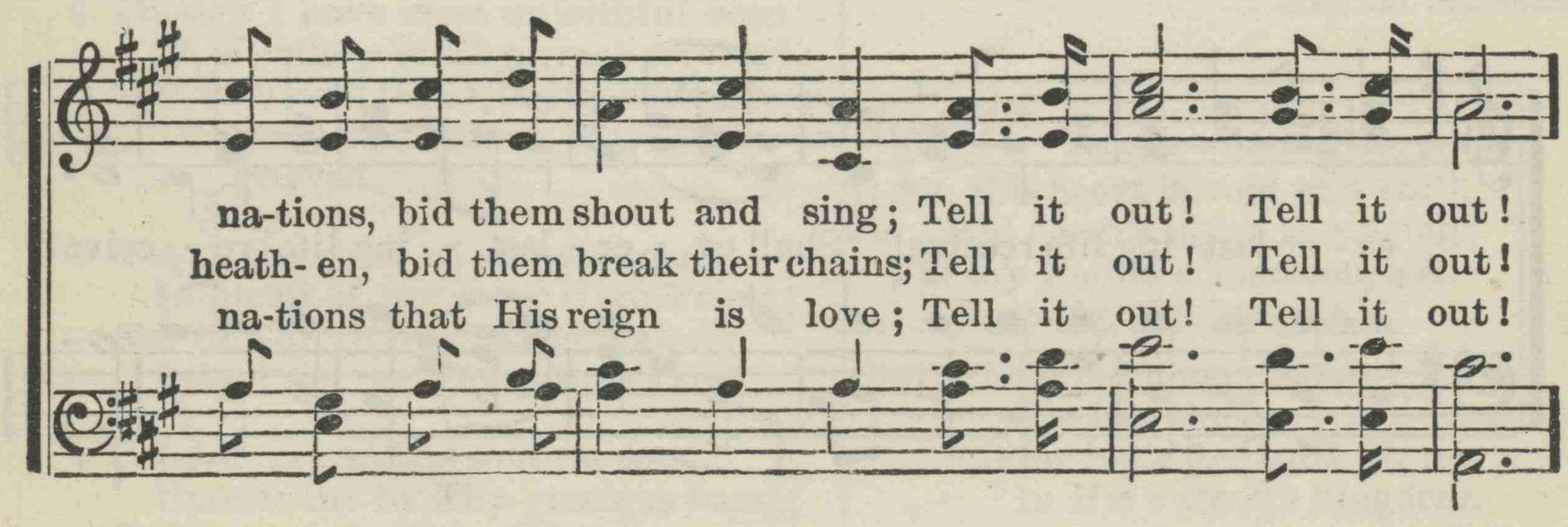
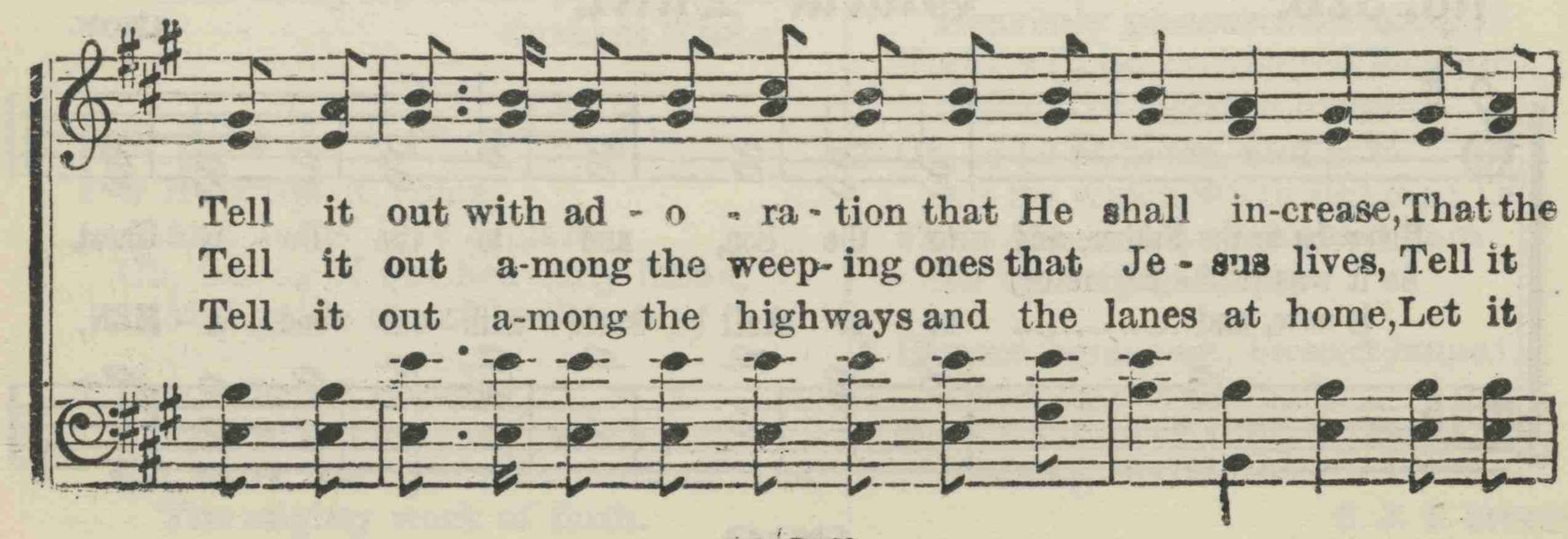
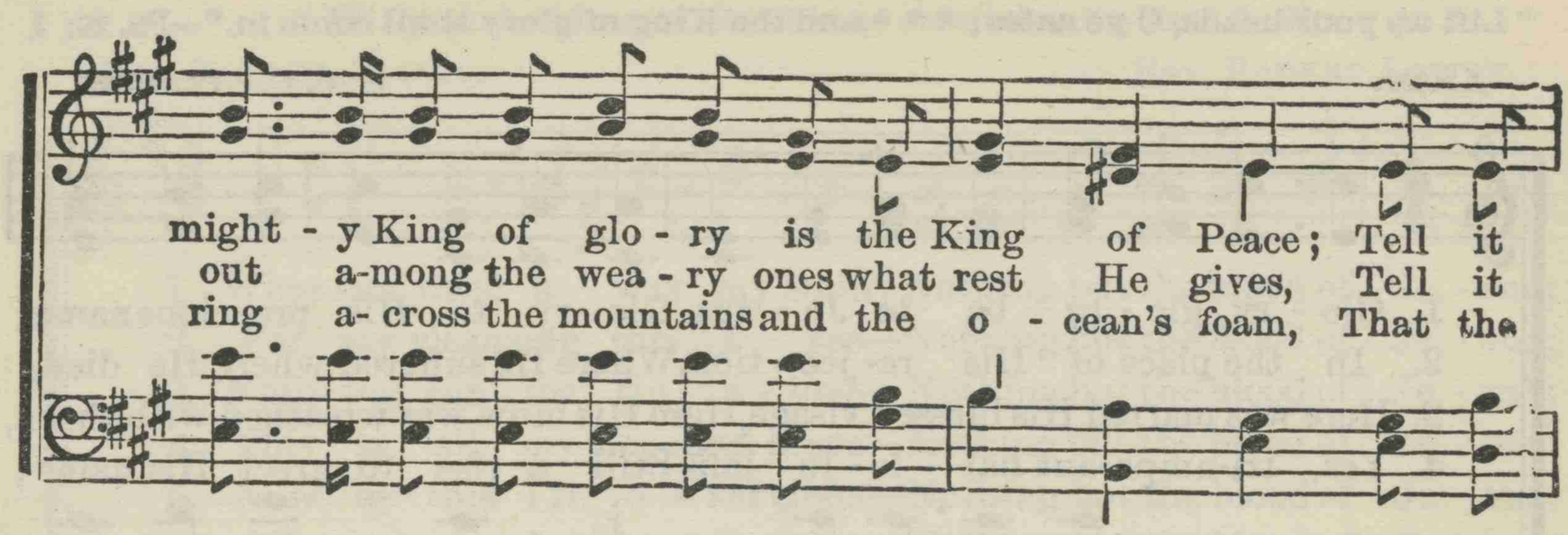


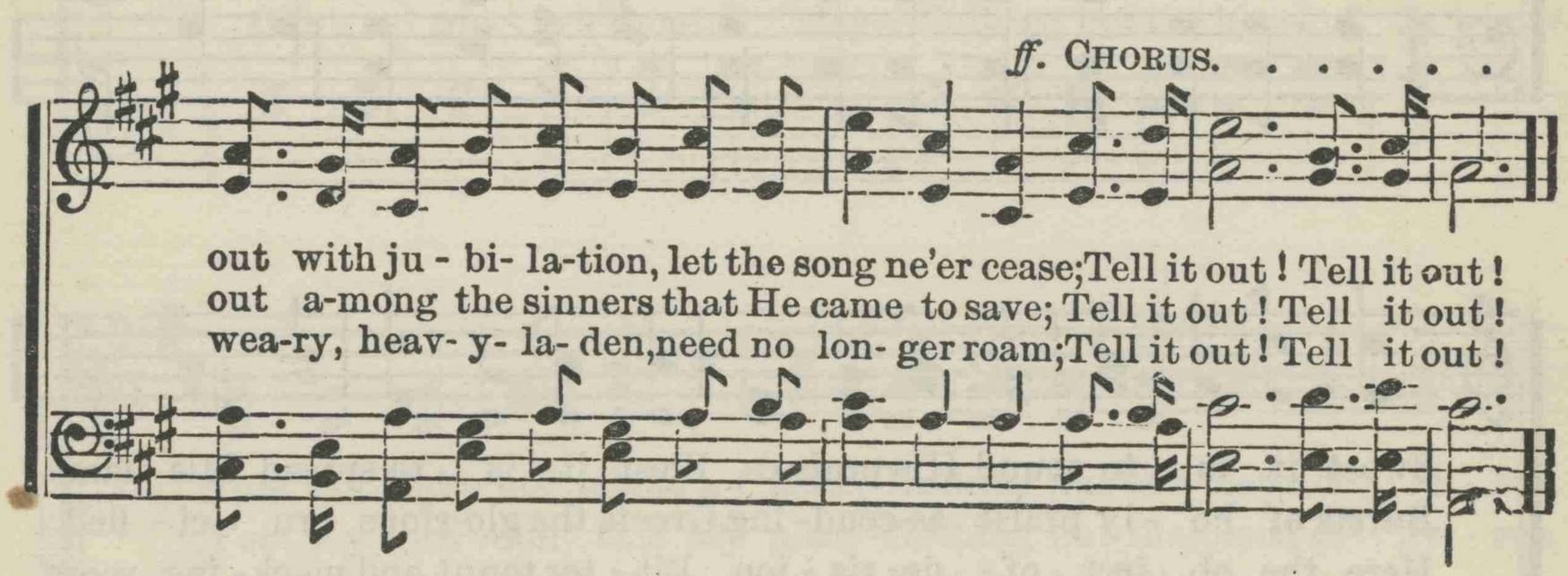
na-tions, bid them shout and sing; Tell it out! Tell it out!
heath- en, bid them break their chains; Tell it out! Tell it out!
na-tions that His reign is love; Tell it out! Tell it out!



Tell it out with ad - o - ra - tion that He shall in-crease, That the
Tell it out a-mong the weep- ing ones that Je - sus lives, Tell it
Tell it out a-mong the highways and the lanes at home, Let it

Tell it Out.—Concluded.





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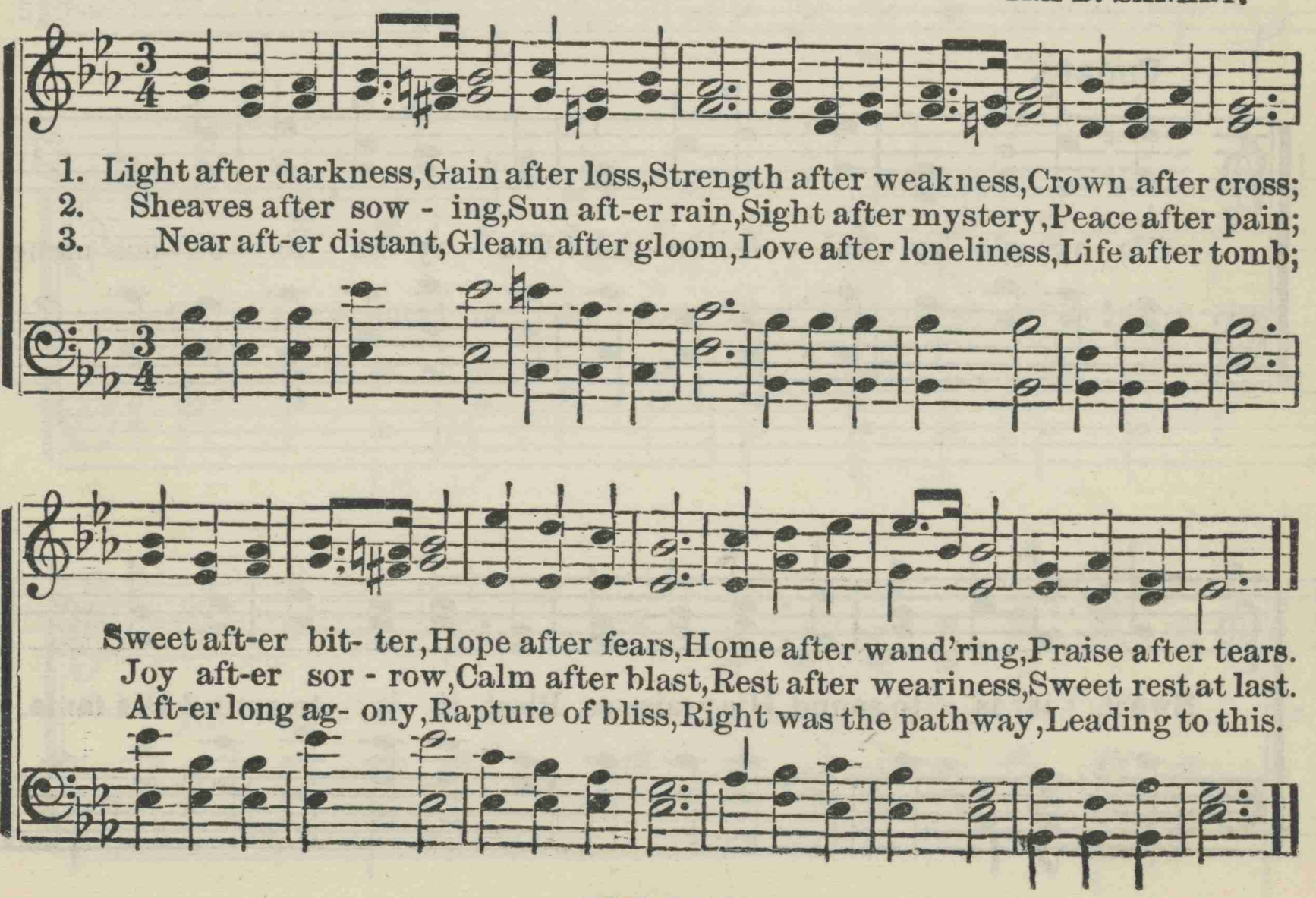
No. 330. Light after Darkness.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISA. 35: 10.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY.



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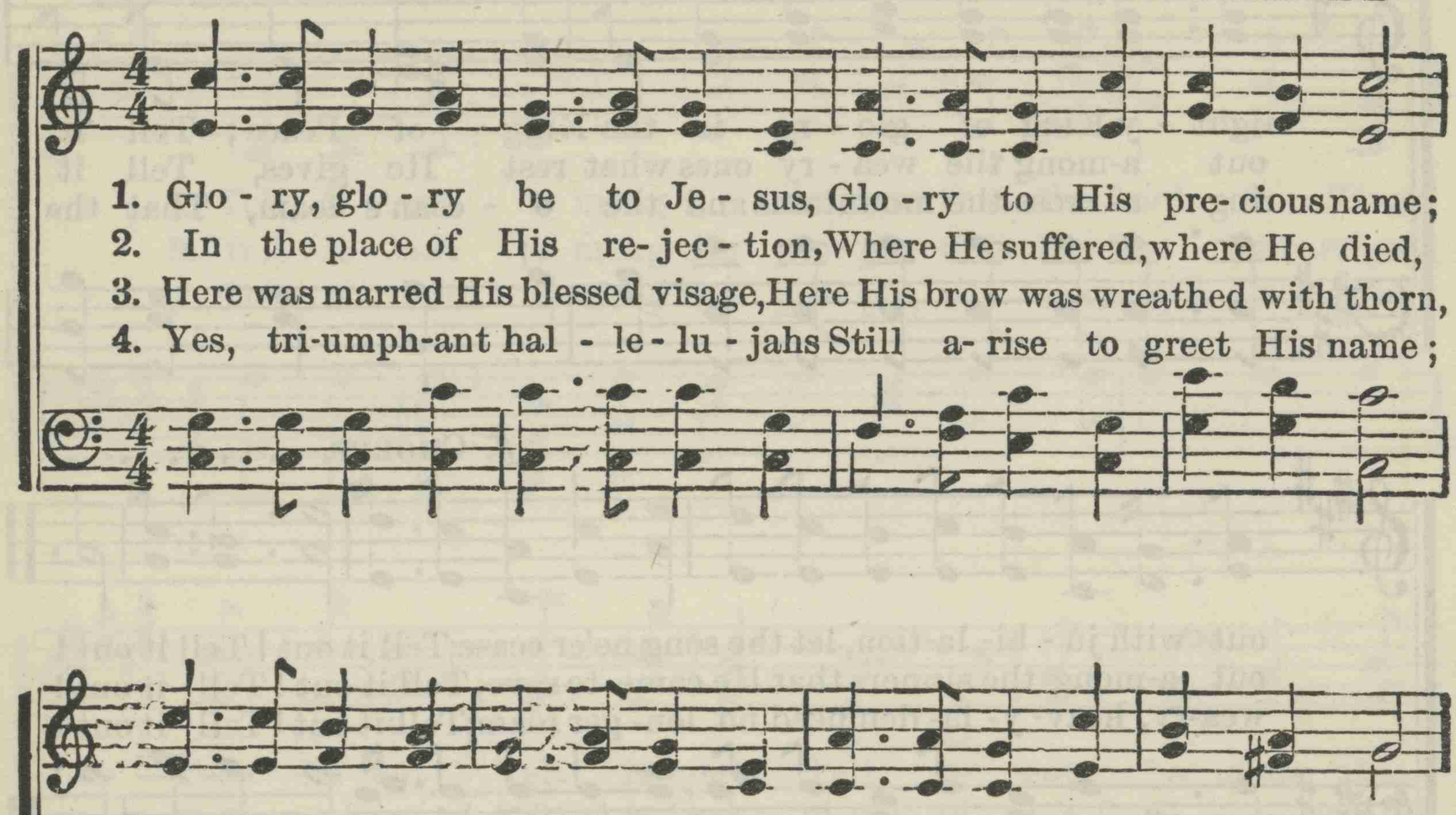
No. 331. Glory be to Jesus' Name.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; * * * and the King of glory shall come in."—Ps. 24: 7.

ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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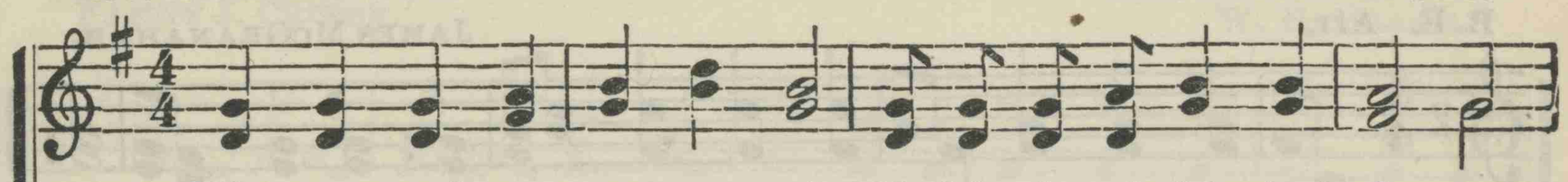
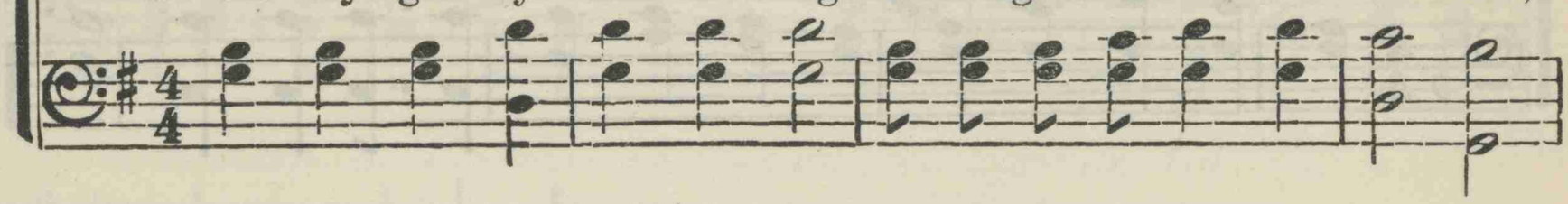
No. 332. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

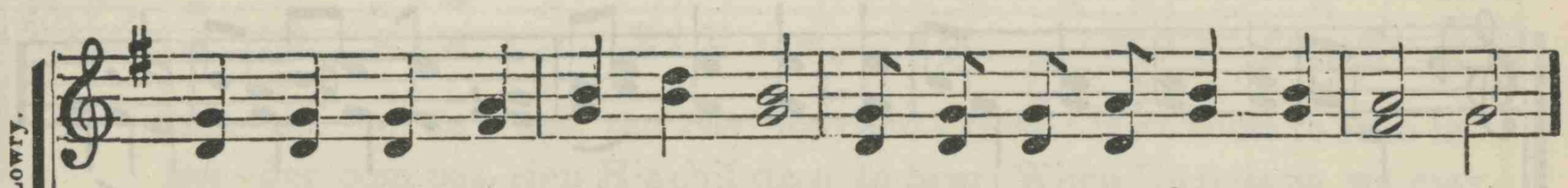
"Without shedding of blood is no remission."—HEB. 9: 22.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

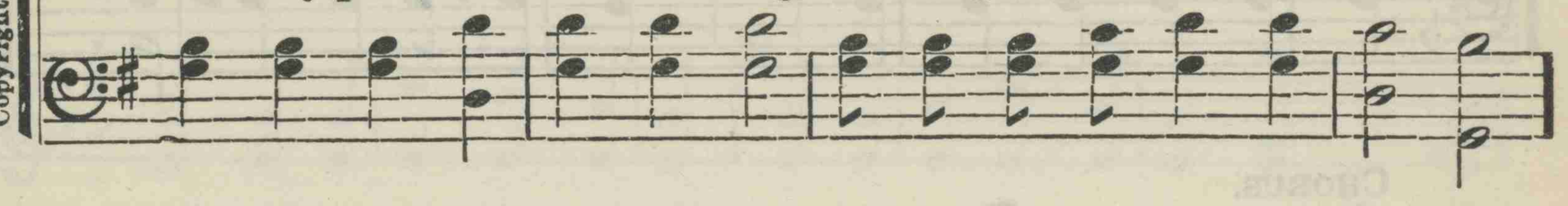


1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my cleansing this I see—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
5. Now by this I'll o - ver come—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
6. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;





What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my par-don this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my righteousness—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Now by this I'll reach my home—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
All my praise for this I bring—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.



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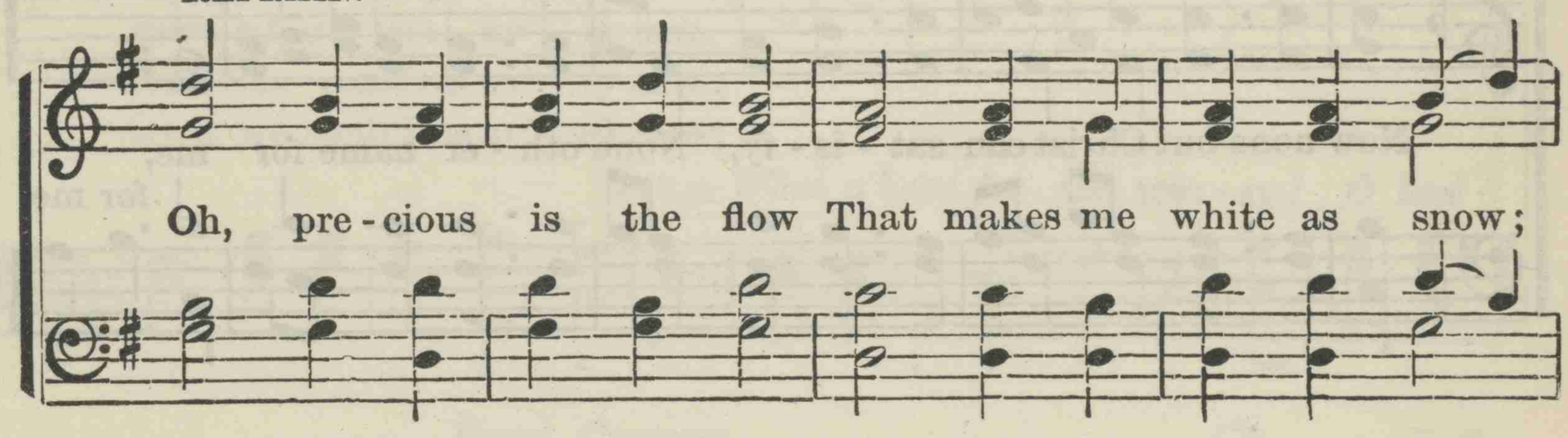
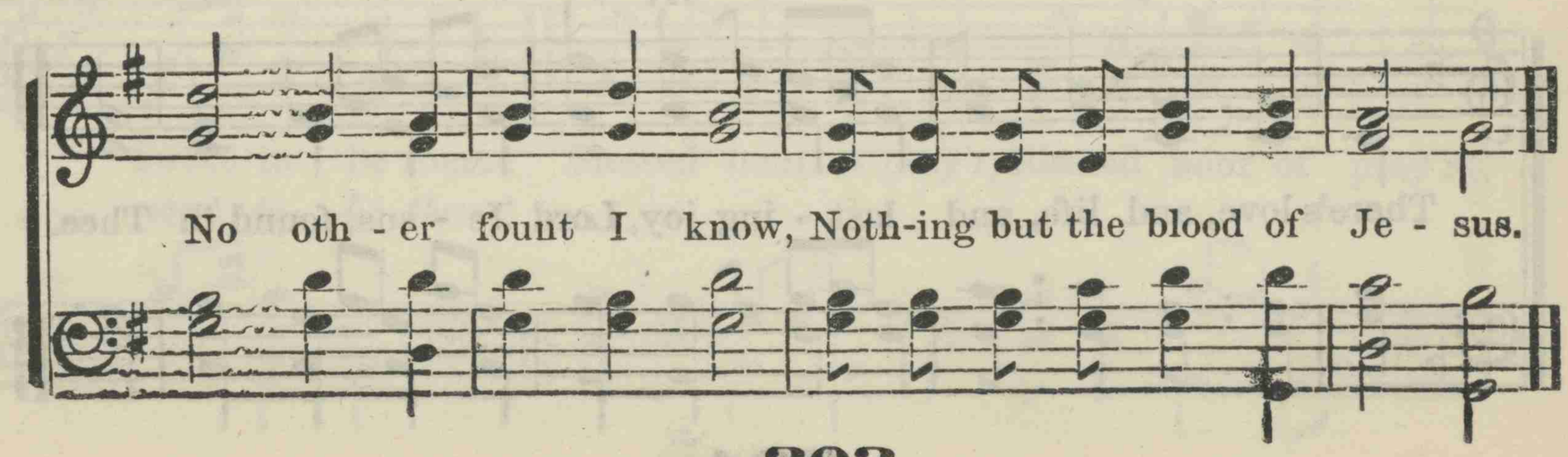
REFRAIN.



Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;



No oth - er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

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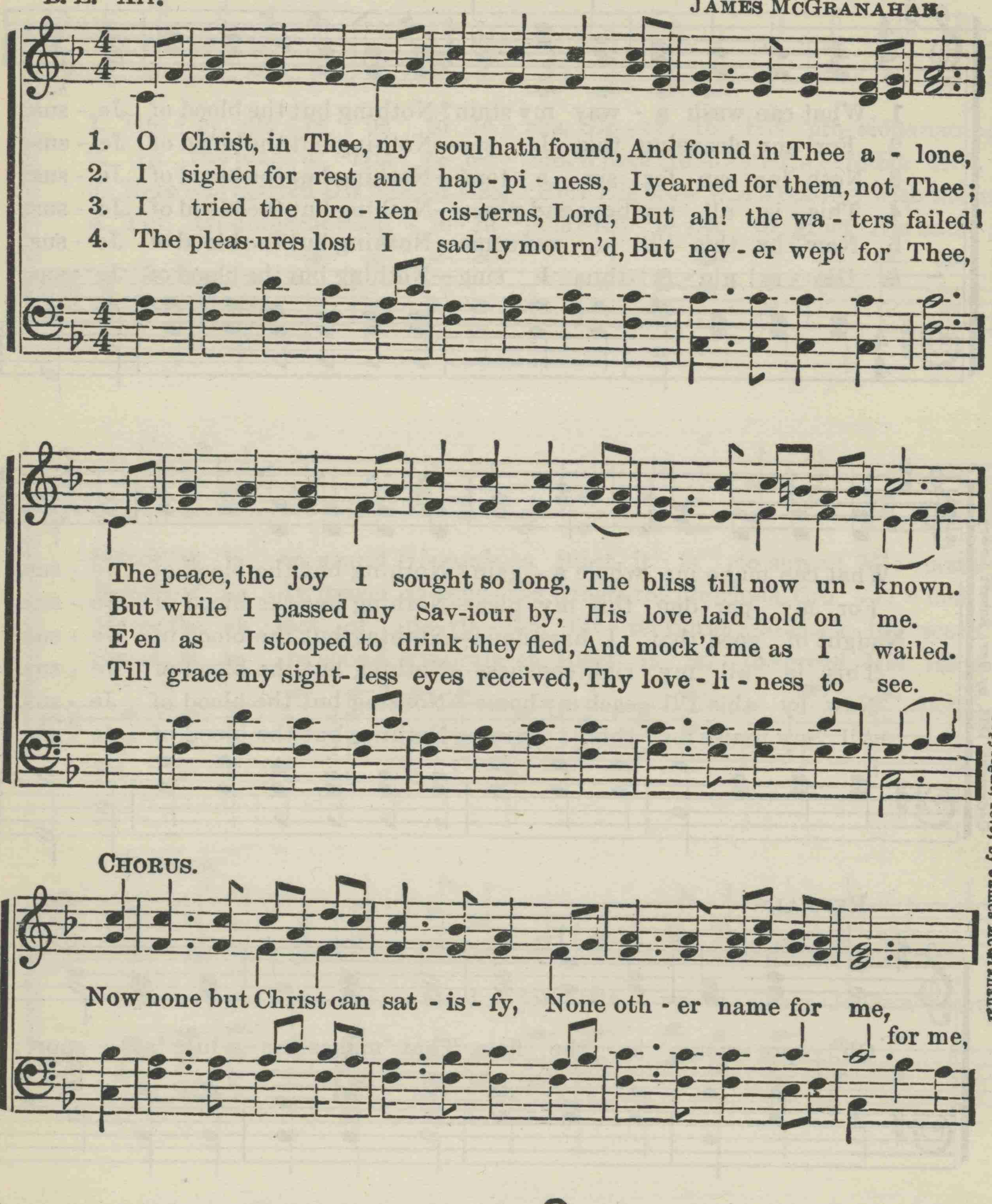
No. 333. None but Christ can Satisfy.

"We also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."—ROM. 5: 118.

B. E. Arr. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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No. 334. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

—went into the temple at the hour of prayer.—Acts 3: 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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

gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav- iour and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com-pas- sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav- iour who loves them their sorrow confide; With a sym - pa-thiz-ing
blessing we're needing we'll sure - ly re-ceive, In the full-ness of this

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

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

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

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

Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main.

No. 335. Come, Prodigal, Come.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

MABEL C. FROST. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O soul in the far a - way coun - try, A - wea - ry, and
2. A - rise! and come back to thy Fa - ther, He'll meet thee while
3. Although thou hast sinned a-gainst heav - en, And weak and un-

fam-ished, and sad, There's rest in the home of thy Fa - ther,
yet on the way; As- sured of His ten- der com - pas - sion,
wor- thy may be; He of - fers thee full res - to - ra - tion,

CHORUS.

His wel-come will make thy heart glad. Come, come, prod - i - gal,
O why wilt thou lon - ger de - lay.
And par- don a - bun- dant and free.

come, And wan - der no lon - ger a - far from home; Come, come,

prod - i - gal, come, A wel- come a- waits in thy Fa - ther's home.

Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 336. We shall Reign.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."—2 Tim. 2: 12.

Geo. C. Needham. C. C. Case.

1. When the Lord from heav'n ap-pears, When are ban - ished all our fears,
2. When our eyes the King shall see, In His glo - rious Ma - jes - ty,
3. Debt-ors to His matchless grace, At His feet our crowns will place,
4. Let this hope now pu - ri - fy Those who on Thy word re - ly;

When the sleep - ers from the tomb, With the watch-ers reach their home.
When to Him we're call'd a - bove, Partners of His joy and love.
And as a - ges roll a - long, Still will sing the glad new song.
Com - fort to our hearts af - ford, 'Till the com - ing of the Lord.

Chorus.

Then en - throned our Lord with Thee, We shall reign.....

Then enthroned our Lord with Thee, We shall reign

E - ter - nal - ly,..... Then en - throned..... our Lord with

E - ter - nal - ly, Then enthroned our

Thee,..... We shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Lord with Thee, We shall reign e - ter - - nal - ly.

Copyright, 1880, by C. C. Case.
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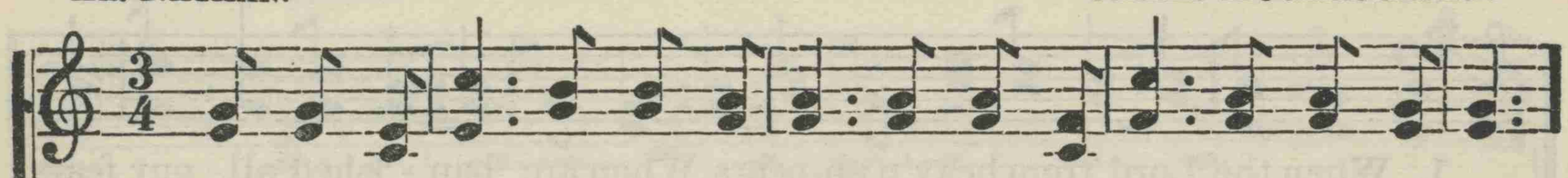
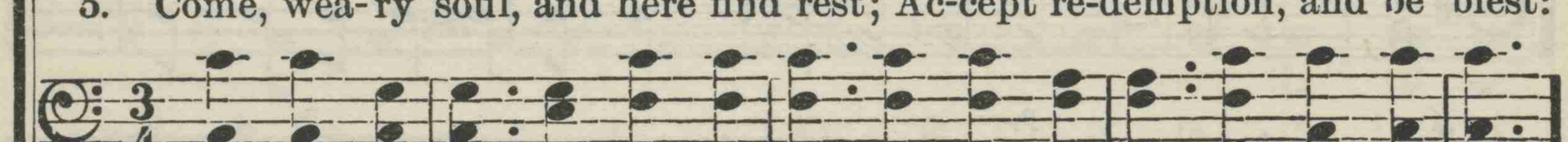
No. 337. Redemption Ground.

"The redemption of their soul is precious."—Ps. 49: 8.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

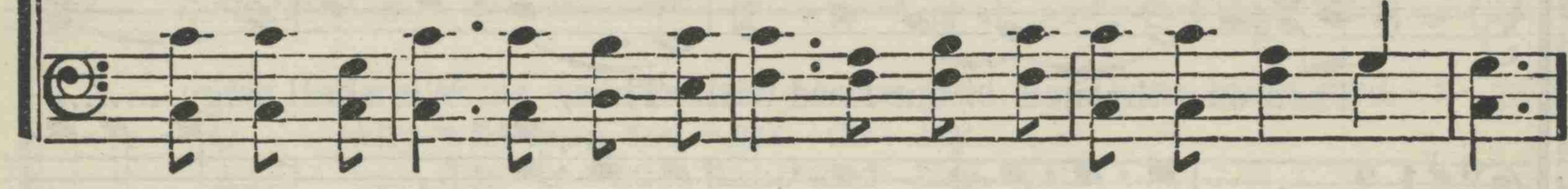


1. Come, sing, my soul, and praise the Lord, Who hath redeem'd thee by His blood;
2. Once from my God I wandered far, And with His ho - ly will made war:
3. O joy-ous hour when God to me A vis - ion gave of Cal - va - ry:
4. No works of mer - it now I plead, But Je - sus take for all my need;
5. Come, wea-ry soul, and here find rest; Ac-cept re-demption, and be blest:





Delivered thee from chains that bound, And bro't thee to re - demption ground.
But now my songs to God a-bound; I'm standing on re - demption ground.
My bonds were loosed, my soul unbound; I sang up-on re - demption ground.
No righteousness in me is found, Ex - cept up - on re - demption ground.
The Christ who died, by God is crown'd To par - don on re - demption ground.



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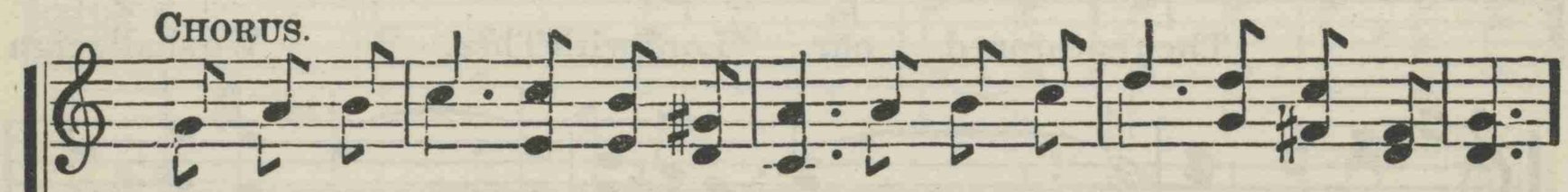
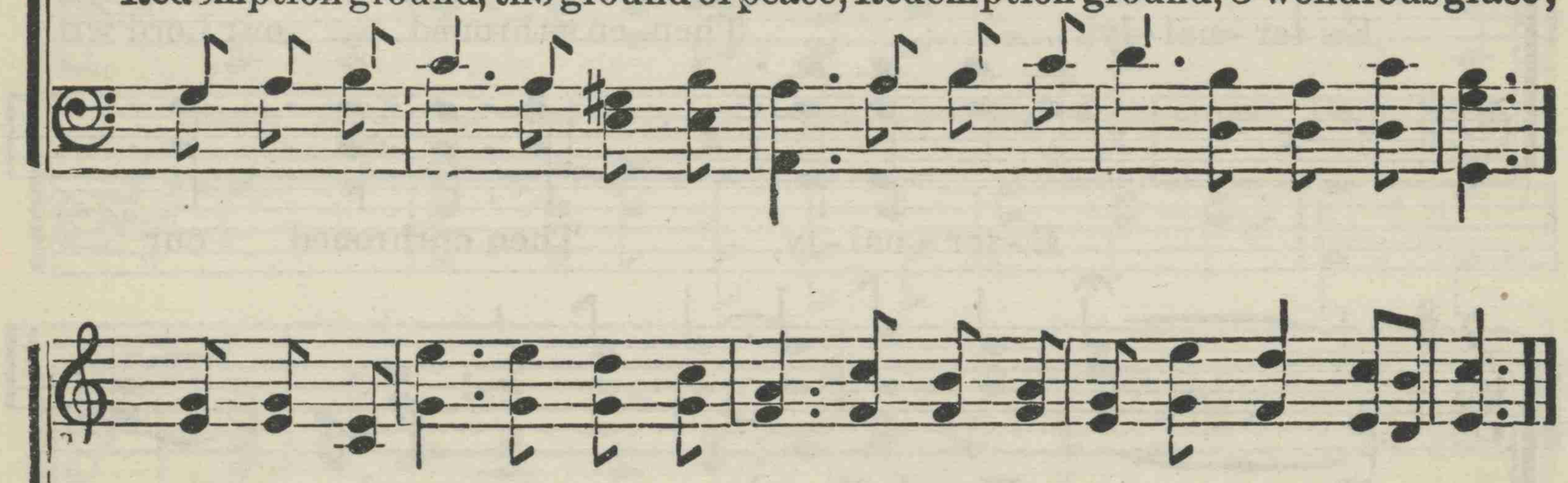
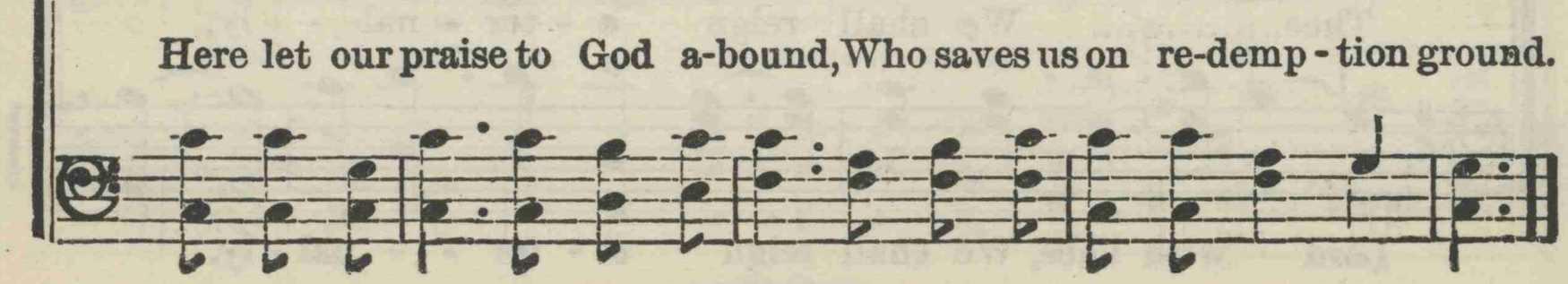
CHORUS.



Redemption ground, the ground of peace, Redemption ground, O wondrous grace;



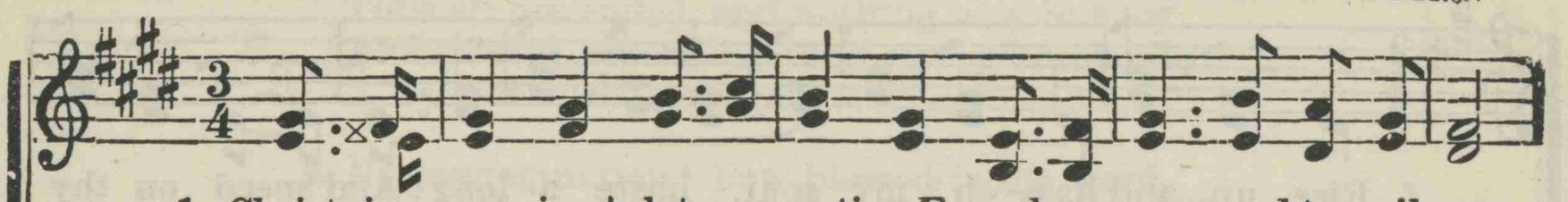
Here let our praise to God a-bound, Who saves us on re-demp - tion ground.



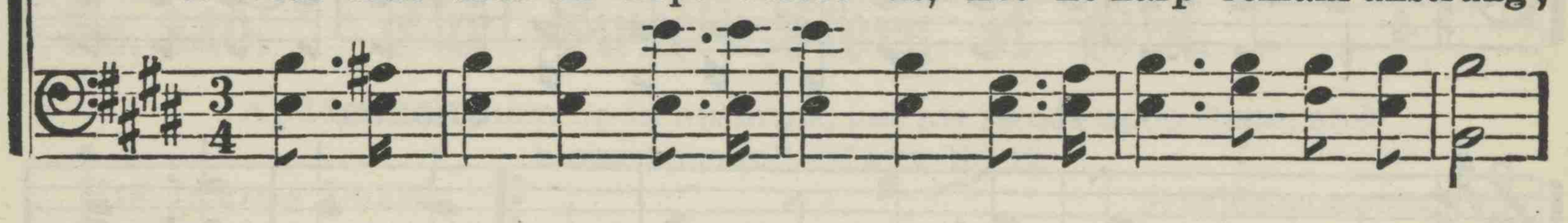
No. 338. Christ is Coming.

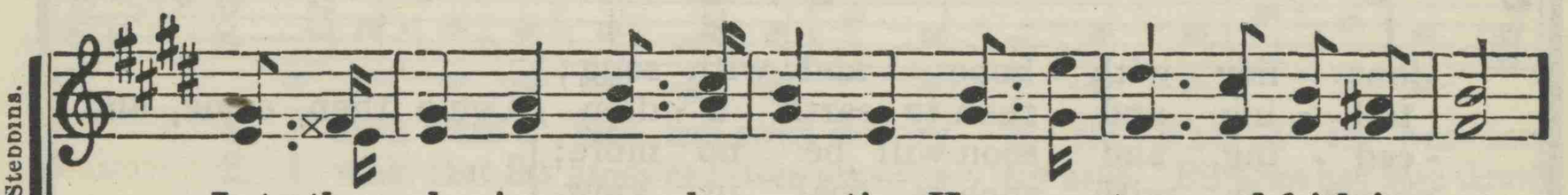
"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works."—MATT. 16 : 27.

J. R. MACDUFF. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

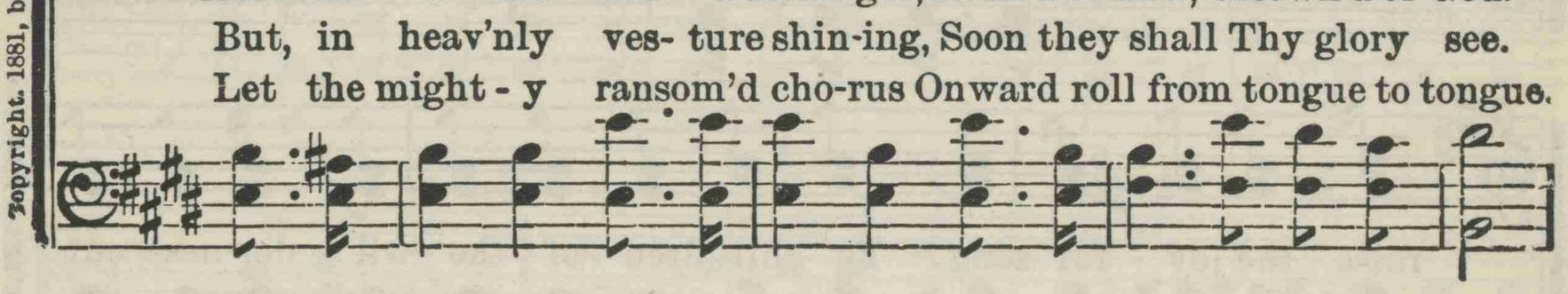


1. Christ is com- ing! let cre - a-tion From her groans and travail cease;
2. Earth can now but tell the sto - ry Of Thy bit- ter cross and pain;
3. Though once cradled in a man- ger, Oft no pil - low but the sod;
4. Long Thy ex - iles have been pining, Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
5. With that "bless-ed hope" before us, Let no harp remain unstrung;





Let the glo-rious pro-clam- a - tion Hope re-store and faith increase:
She shall yet be - hold Thy glo - ry When Thou comest back to reign.
Here an a - lien and a stran-ger, Mock'd of men, disown'd of God.
But, in heav'nly ves- ture shin-ing, Soon they shall Thy glory see.
Let the might - y ransom'd cho-rus Onward roll from tongue to tongue.



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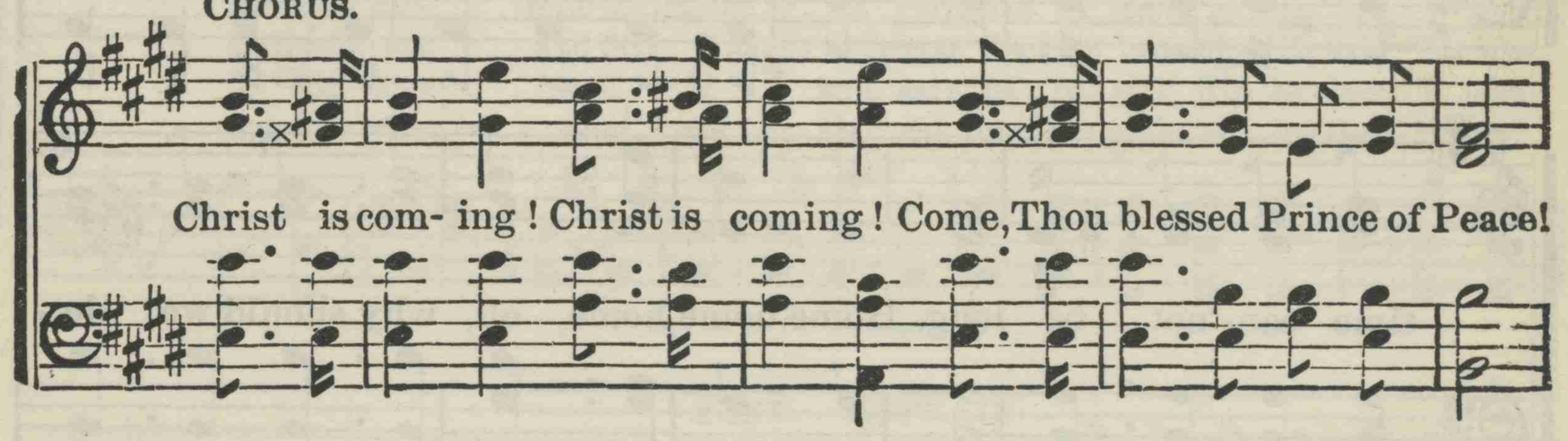
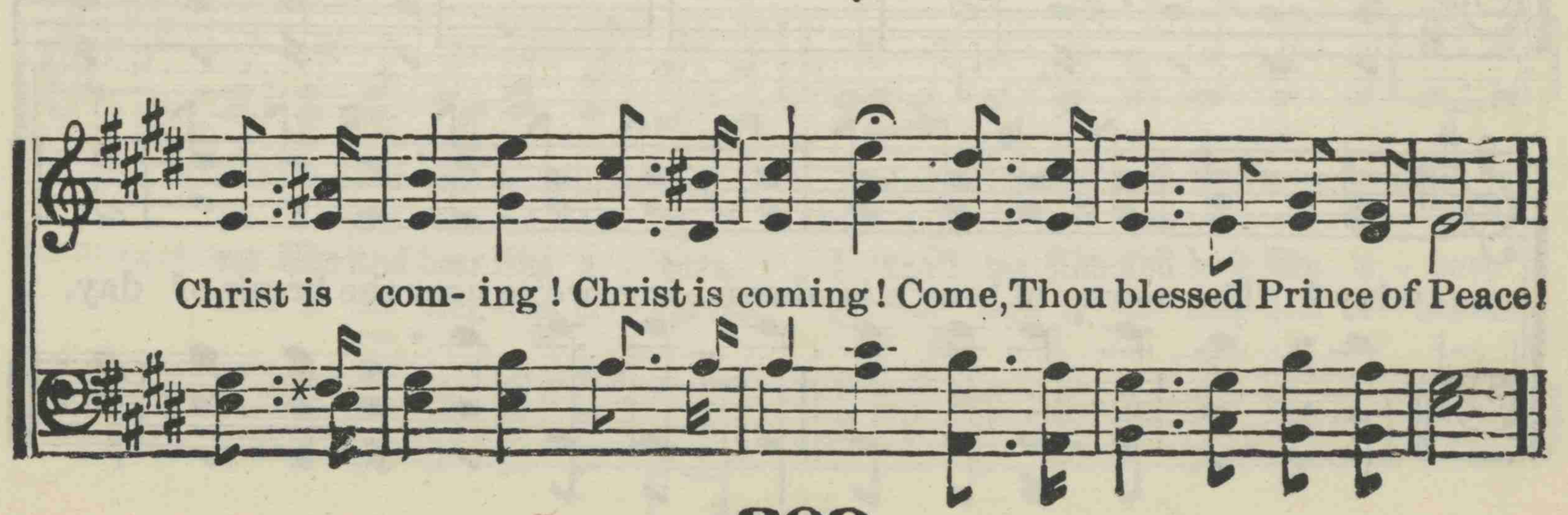
CHORUS.



Christ is com- ing! Christ is coming! Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

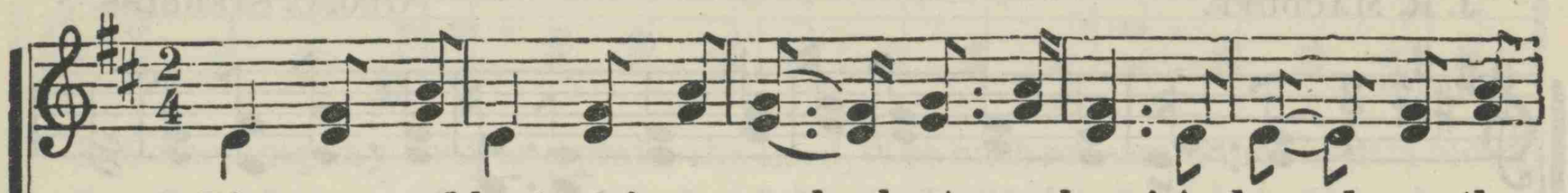


Christ is com- ing! Christ is coming! Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

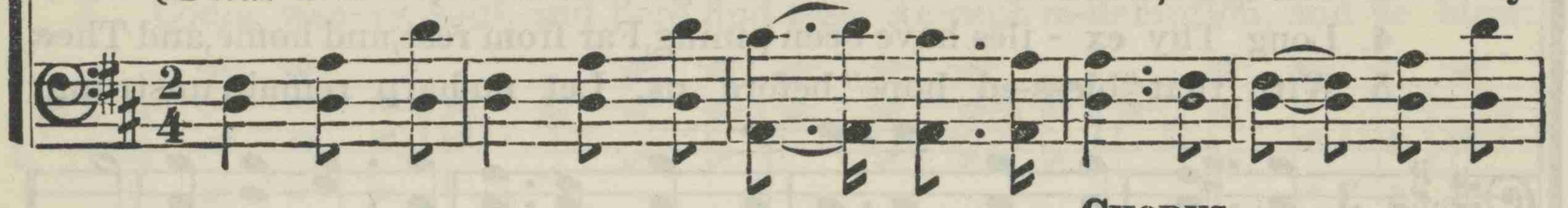
No. 339. Rise Up and Hasten.

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."—SONG OF SOL. 2: 10.

J. DENHAM SMITH. Arr. Arr. by JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. Rise up, and hast- en! my soul, haste a- long! And speed on thy
Home, home is near- ing, 'tis coming in - to view, A lit- tle more of
2. Why should we lin - ger when heaven lies be- fore! While earth's fast re-
Pleas- ures and treasures which once here we knew, No more can they



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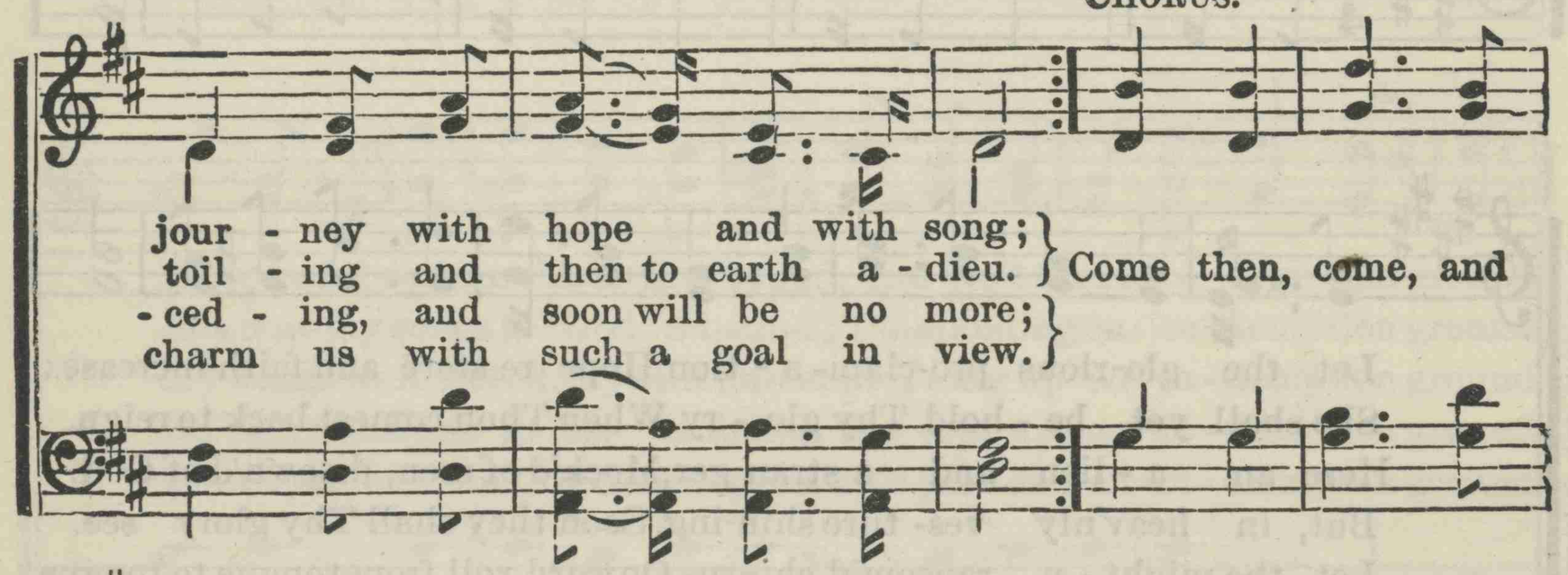
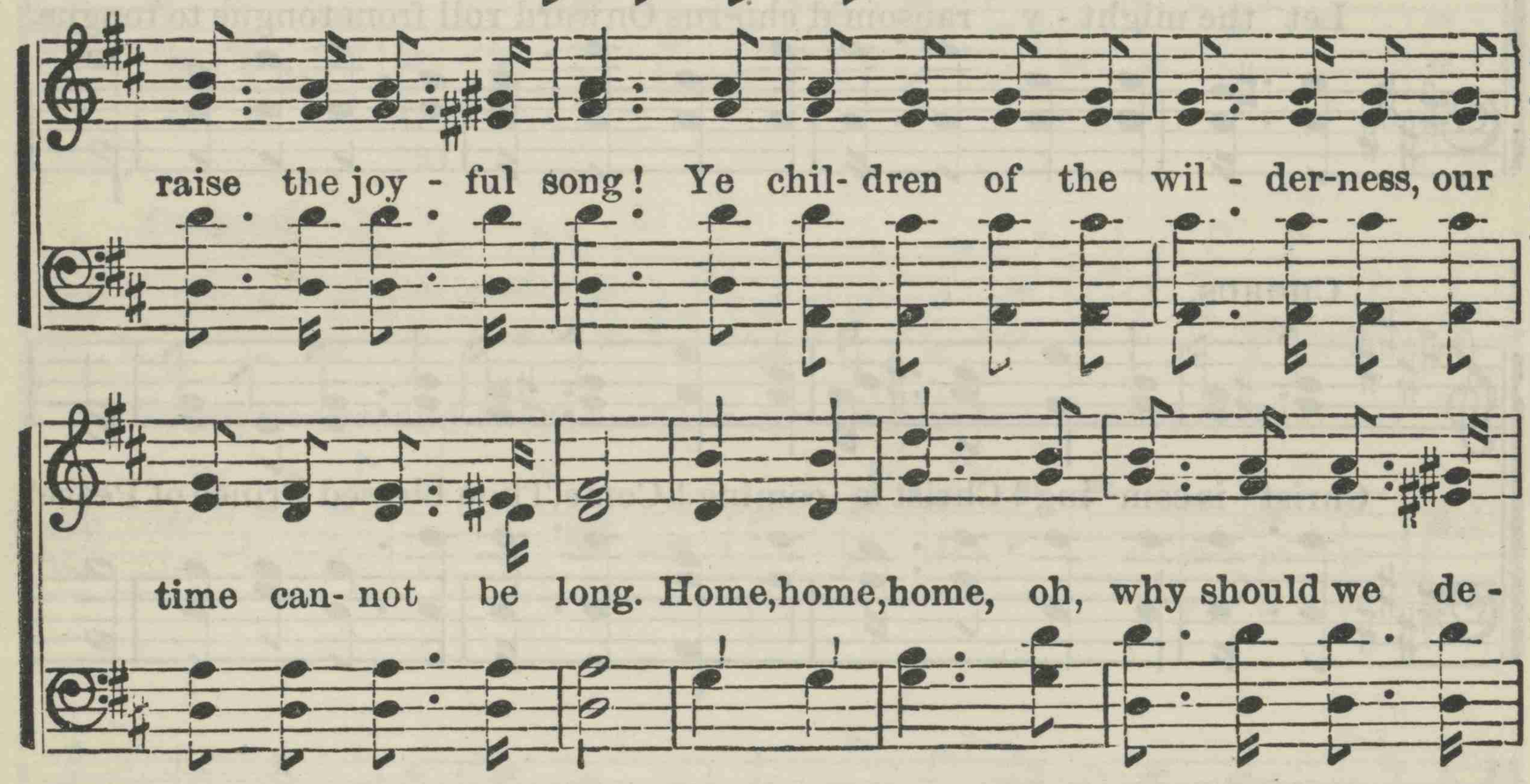
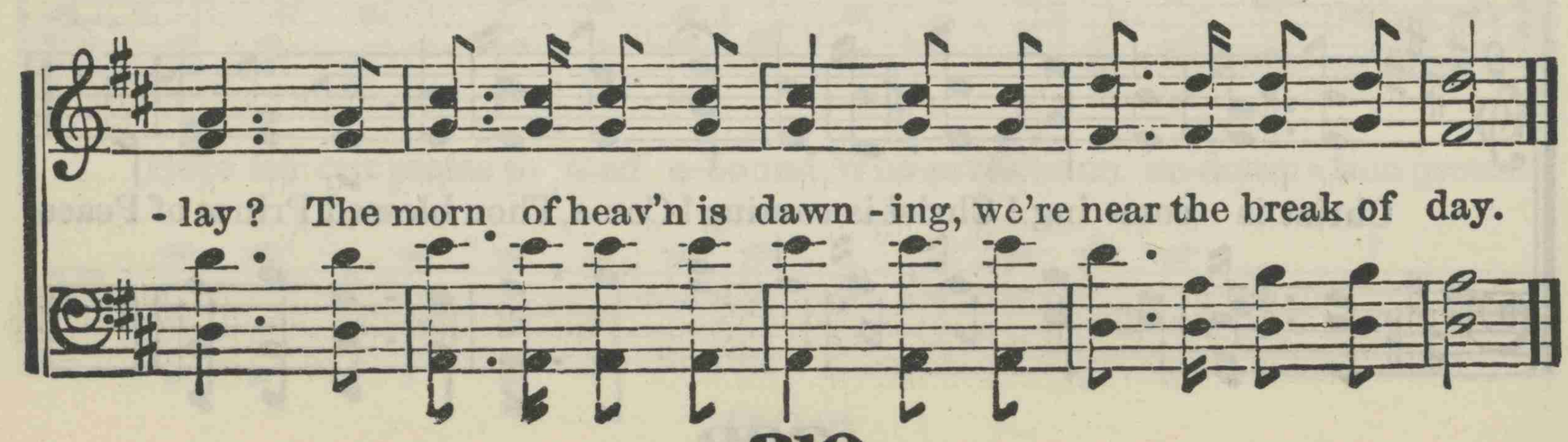


jour - ney with hope and with song;
toil - ing and then to earth a - dieu.
- ced - ing, and soon will be no more;
charm us with such a goal in view.
Come then, come, and



raise the joy - ful song! Ye chil- dren of the wil - der-ness, our

time can- not be long. Home, home, home, oh, why should we de -



- lay? The morn of heav'n is dawn - ing, we're near the break of day.

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Rise Up and Hasten.—Concluded.

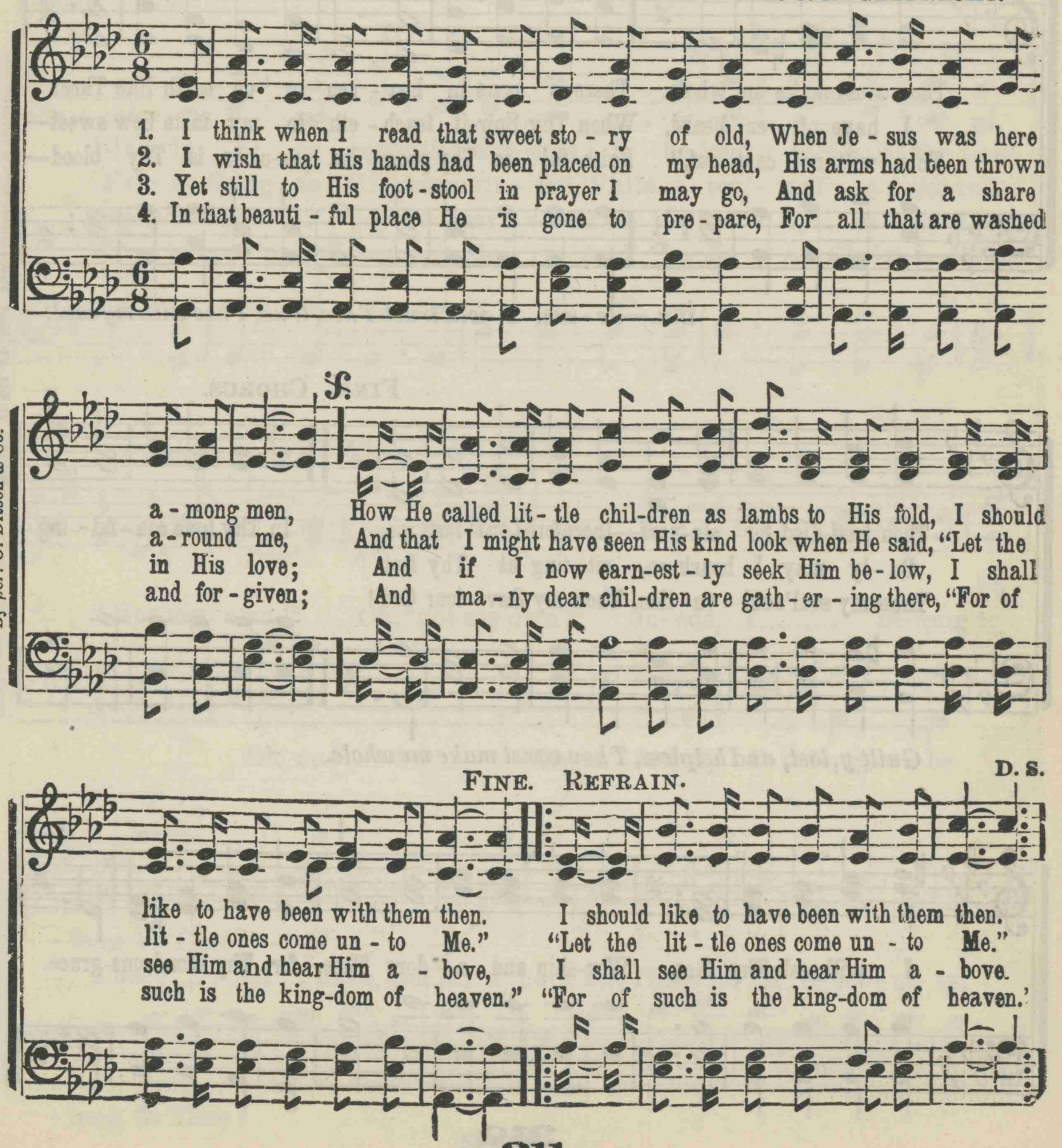
3 Loved ones in Jesus they've passed on before,
Now resting in glory, they weary are no more;
Toils all are ended, and nothing now but joy,
And praises, ascending their ever glad employ.
Come then, come, &c.

4 No condemnation! how blessed is the word,
And no separation! forever with the Lord;
He will be with us who loved us long before,
And Jesus, our Jesus, is ours for evermore.
Come then, come, &c.

No. 340. The Sweet Story of Old.

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

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE. J. C. ENGLEBRECHT.



By per. O. Ditson & Co.

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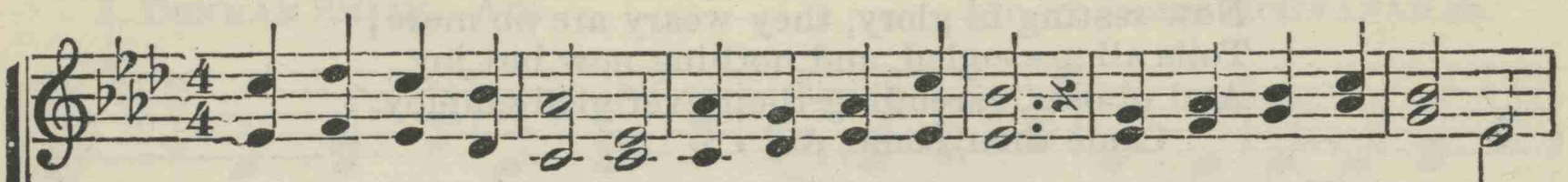
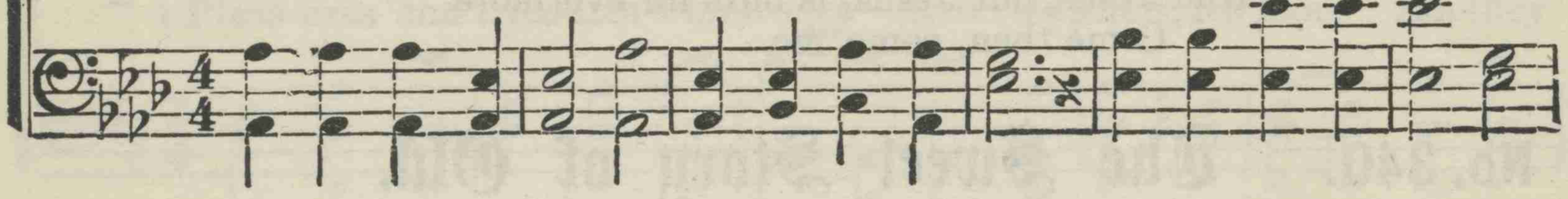
No. 341. Jesus, I will Trust Thee.

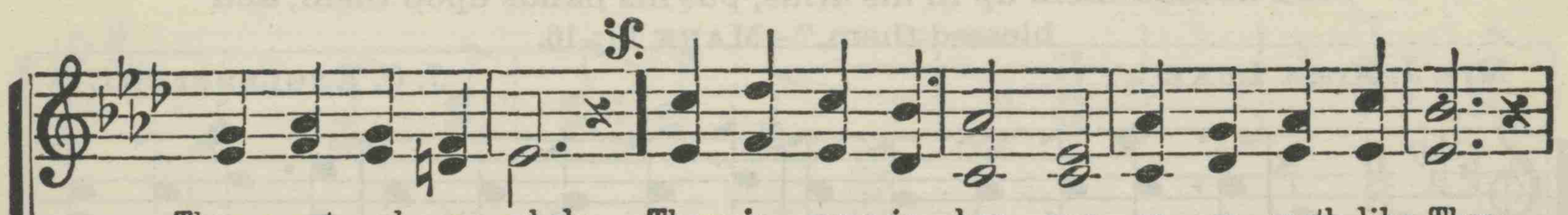
"I will trust in Thee."—Ps. 55: 23.

MARY J. WALKER. IRA D. SANKEY.

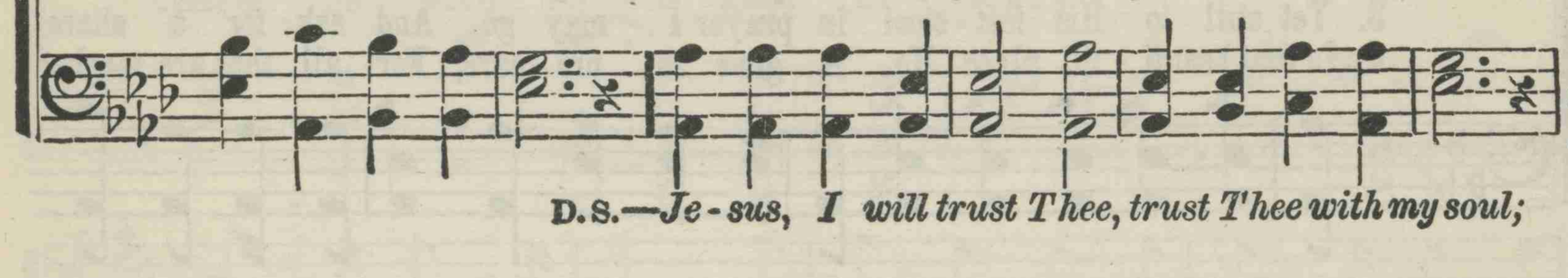


1 Je - sus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul; Guilt - y, lost, and helpless,
2. Je - sus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy writ-ten word, Since Thy voice of mer-cy
3. Je - sus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee with-out doubt: "Who - so - ev - er com-eth,



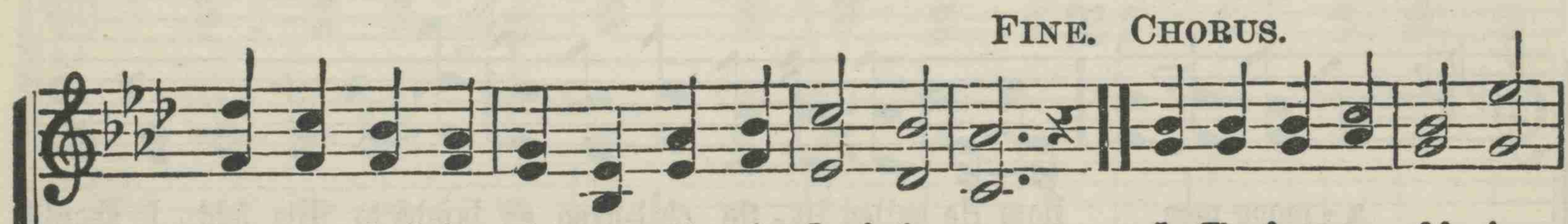


Thou canst make me whole. There is none in hea - ven or on earth like Thee:
I have oft - en heard, When Thy Spir-it teach - eth, to my taste how sweet—
Thou wilt not cast out," Faith-ful is Thy prom - ise, pre-cious is Thy blood—

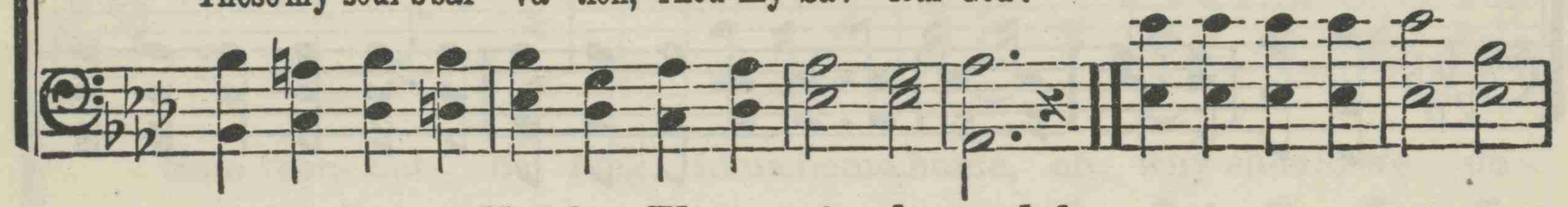


D.S.—*Je - sus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;*

FINE. CHORUS.

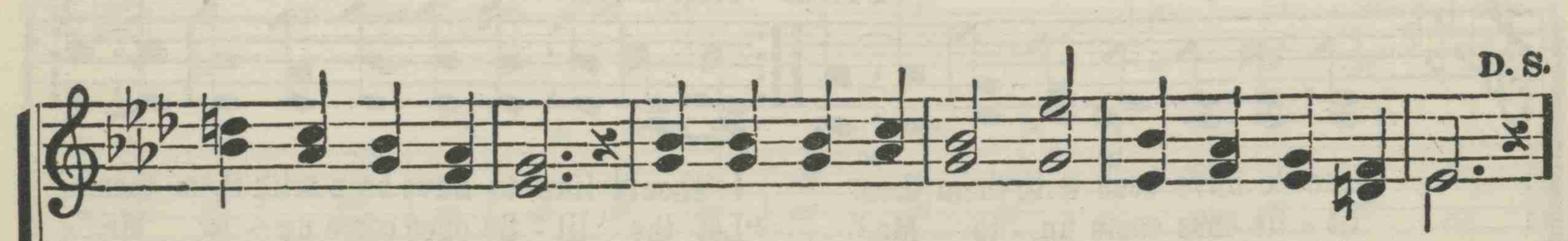


Thou hast died for sin-ners—therefore Lord for me. In Thy love con - fid - ing
On - ly may I heark-en, sit - ting at Thy feet.
These my soul's sal - va - tion, Thou my Sav - iour God!



Guilt-y, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.

D.S.



I will seek Thy face, Wor-ship and a - dore Thee, for Thy wondrous grace.

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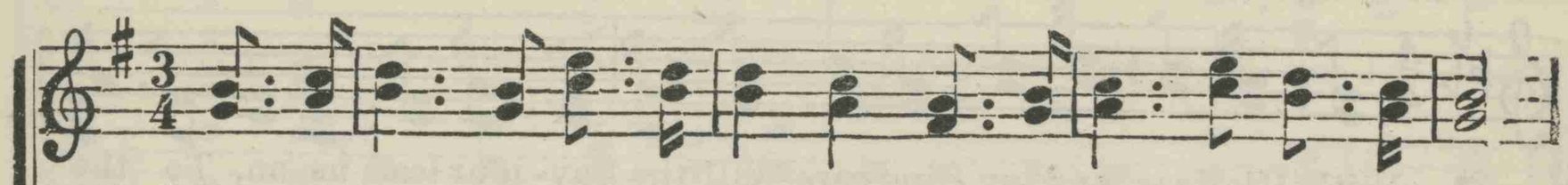
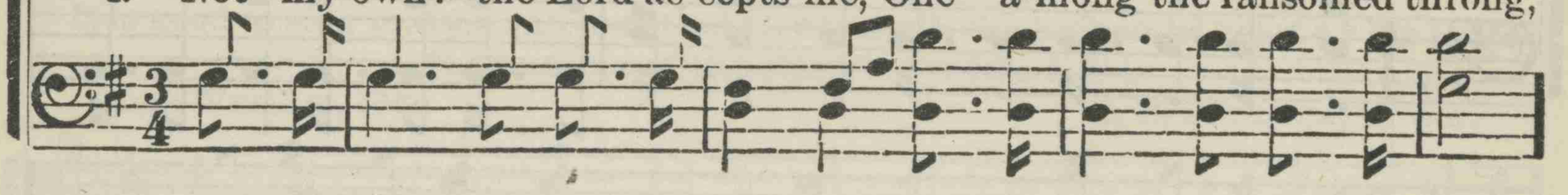
No. 342. Not My Own.

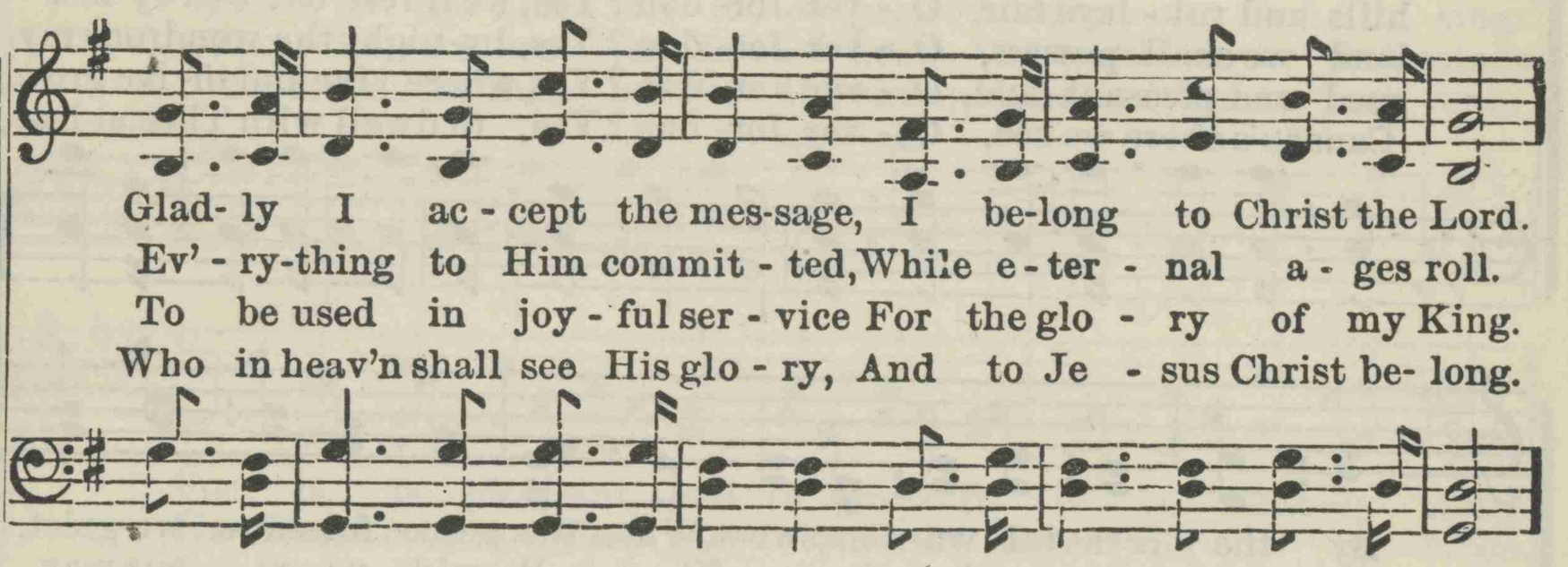
"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price."—1 Cor. 6: 19, 20.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan



1. "Not my own," but saved by Je - sus, Who redeemed me by His blood,
2. "Not my own!" to Christ, my Saviour, I be-liev - ing, trust my soul;
3. "Not my own!" my time, my ta- lent, Free - ly all to Christ I bring,
4. "Not my own!" the Lord ac-cepts me, One a-mong the ransomed throng,





Glad- ly I ac - cept the mes-sage, I be-long to Christ the Lord.
Ev' - ry-thing to Him commit - ted, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.
To be used in joy - ful ser - vice For the glo - ry of my King.
Who in heav'n shall see His glo - ry, And to Je - sus Christ be- long.

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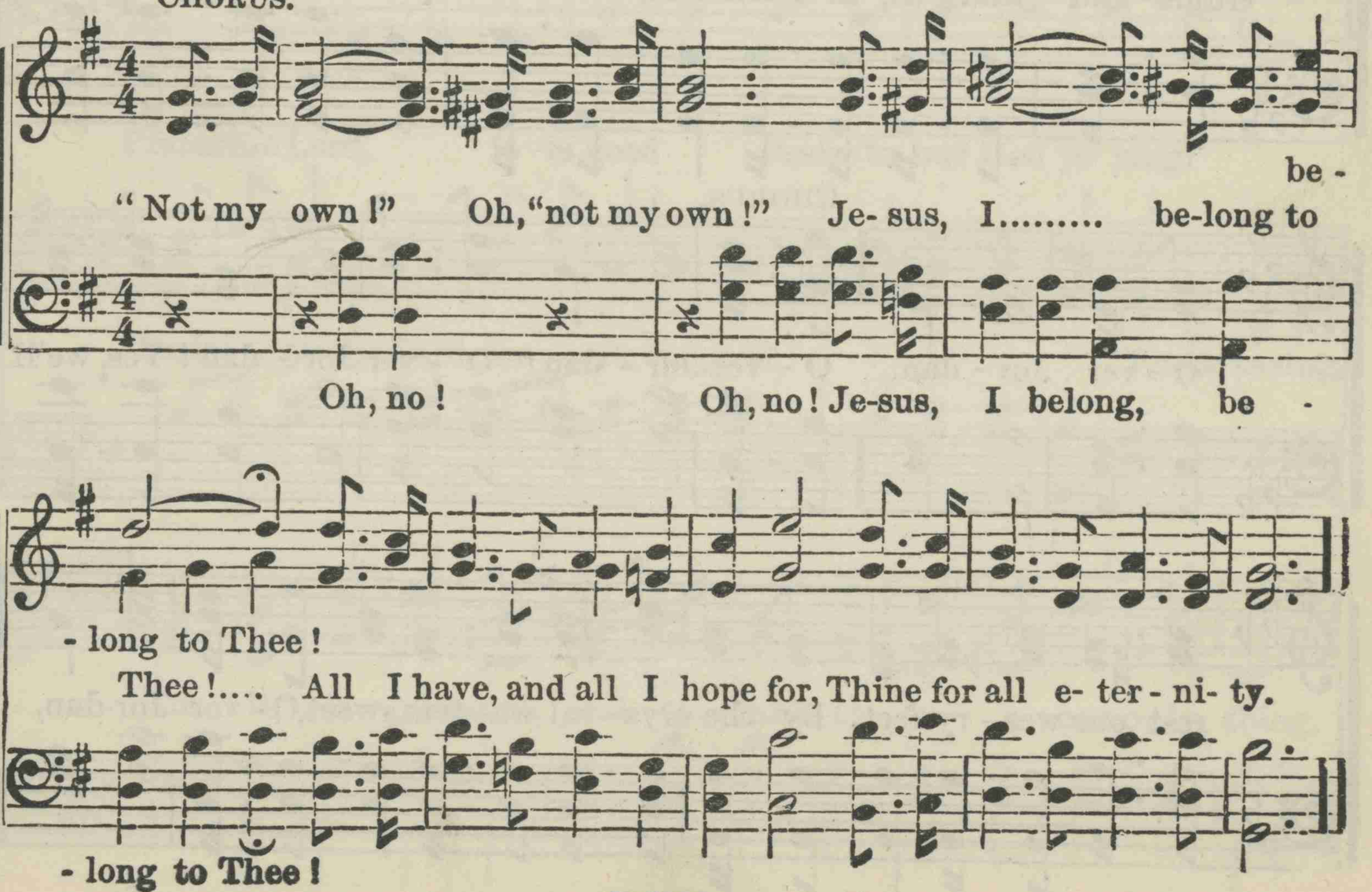
Chorus.



"Not my own!" Oh, "not my own!" Je- sus, I..... be-long to

Oh, no! Oh, no! Je-sus, I belong, be -

- long to Thee!

Thee!.... All I have, and all I hope for, Thine for all e- ter - ni- ty.

- long to Thee!

No. 343. Over Jordan.

(Read DUET. 11: 31. 8: 7, 8.)

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. J. R. MURRAY

1. With His dear and lov - ing care, Will the Sav- iour lead us on, To the
2. Through the rock-y wil - derness, Will the Sav- iour lead us on, To the
3. With His strong and mighty hand, Will the Sav- iour lead us on, To that
4. In the Promised Land to be, Will the Sav- iour lead us on, Till fair

hills and val - leys fair, O - ver Jor- dan? Yes, we'll rest our wea-ry feet
land we shall possess, O - ver Jor- dan? Yes, by night the wondrous ray,
good and pleasant land, O - ver Jor- dan? Yes, where vine and ol- ive grow,
Canaan's shore we see, O - ver Jor- dan? Yes, to dwell with Thee, at last,

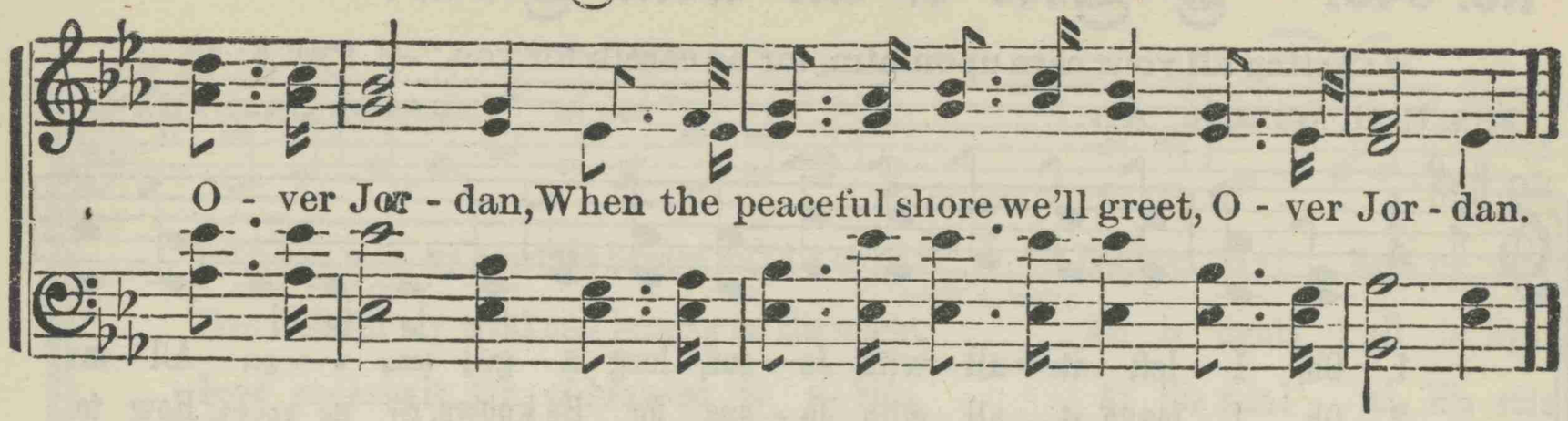
By the crys- tal wa- ters, sweet, When the peace- ful shore we greet,
Cloud - y pil - lar by the day, They shall guide us on our way,
And the brooks and fountains flow, Thirst nor hun- ger shall we know,
Guide and lead us, as Thou hast, Till the part- ed wave be passed,

CHORUS.

O - ver Jor - dan. O - ver Jor - dan! O - ver Jor - dan! Yes, we'll rest our wea - ry feet, By the crys - tal wa- ters sweet, O - ver Jor-dan,

From "Pure Diamonds," by per. Brainard & Sons.

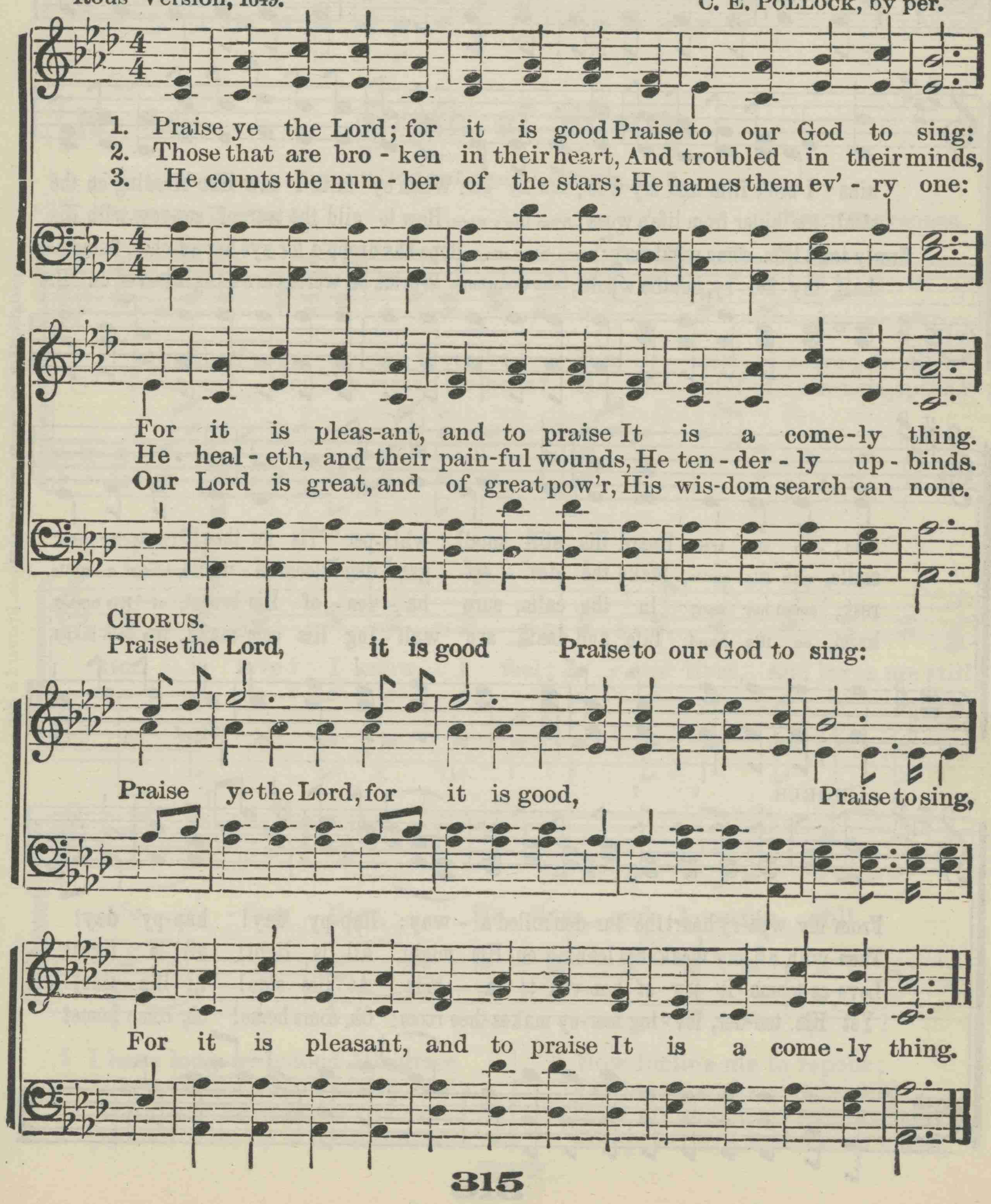
Over Jordan.—Concluded.



No. 344. Praise Ye the Lord.

"It is good to sing praises unto our God; He healeth the broken in heart * * He telleth the number of the stars."—Ps. 147 : 1, 3, 4.

Rous' Version, 1649. C. E. POLLOCK, by per.



From "Pure Diamonds," by per. Brainard & Sons.

No. 345. I Left it all with Jesus.

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

Mrs. E. H. WILLIS. Arr. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Oh, I left it all with Je - sus, long a - go; long a - go; All my
2. Oh, I leave it all with Je - sus, for He knows, for He knows. How to
3. Oh, I leave it all with Je - sus, day by day; day by day; Faith can
4. Leave, oh, leave it all with Je - sus, droop-ing soul; droop-ing soul; Tell not

sins I bro't Him and my woe; and my woe; When by faith I saw Him bleeding on the
steal the bitter from life's woes; from life's woes; How to gild the tear of sor-row with His
firmly trust Him, come what may; come what may; Hope has dropp'd for aye her an-chor, found her
half thy sto - ry, but the whole; but the whole; Worlds on worlds are hanging ever on His

tree; on the tree; Heard His still small whis-per "'Tis for thee!" "'Tis for thee!"
smile, with His smile, Make the des - ert gar - den bloom a - while, bloom a - while,
rest; found her rest; In the calm, sure ha - ven of His breast, of His breast,
hand, on His hand, Life and death are wait - ing His com-mand, His com-mand,

CHORUS.

From my wea-ry heart the bur-den rolled a - way: Hap-py day! hap-py day!
Then with all my weakness leaning on His might, All is light! all is light!
Love es-teems it joy of hea-ven to a - bide At His side! at His side!
Yet His ten-der, lov - ing mer-cy makes thee room: Oh, come home! oh, come home!

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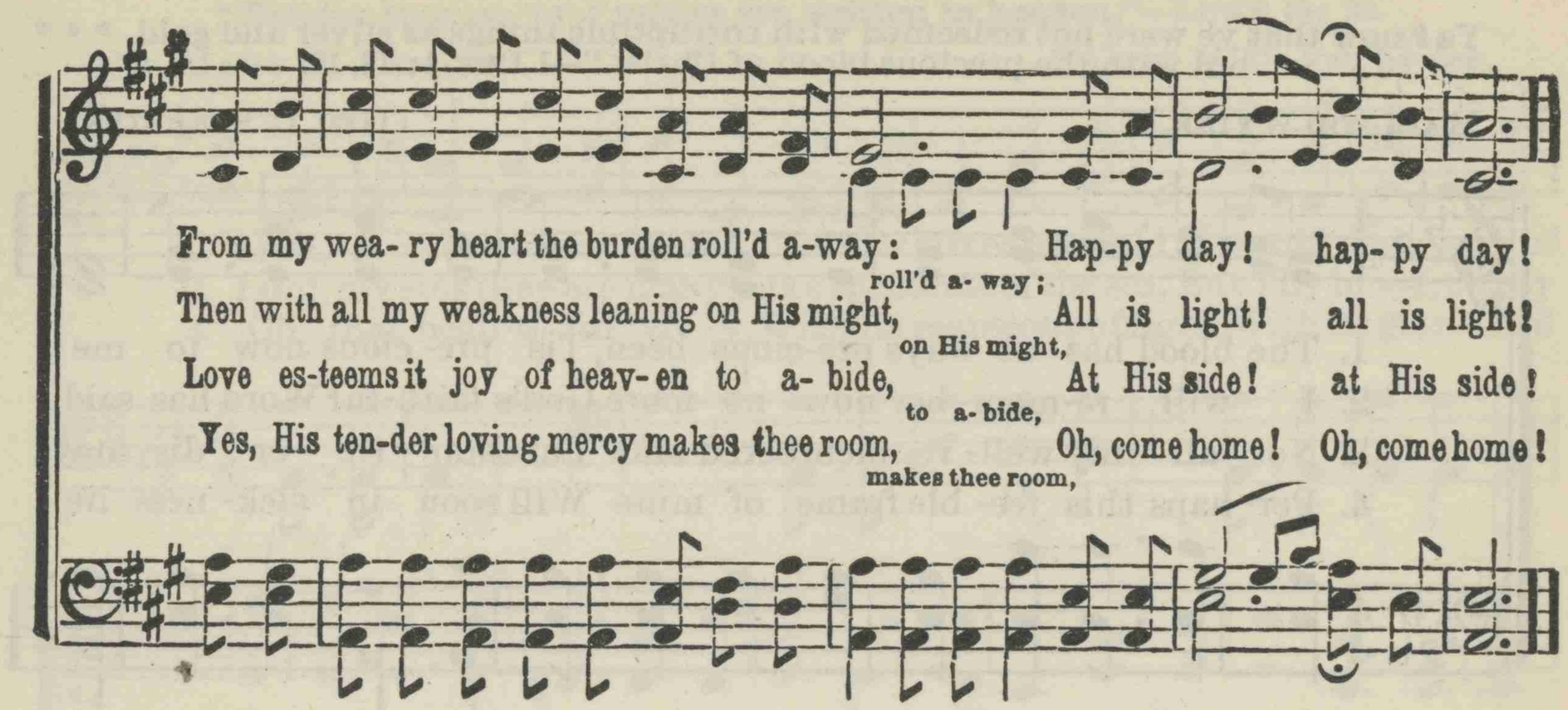
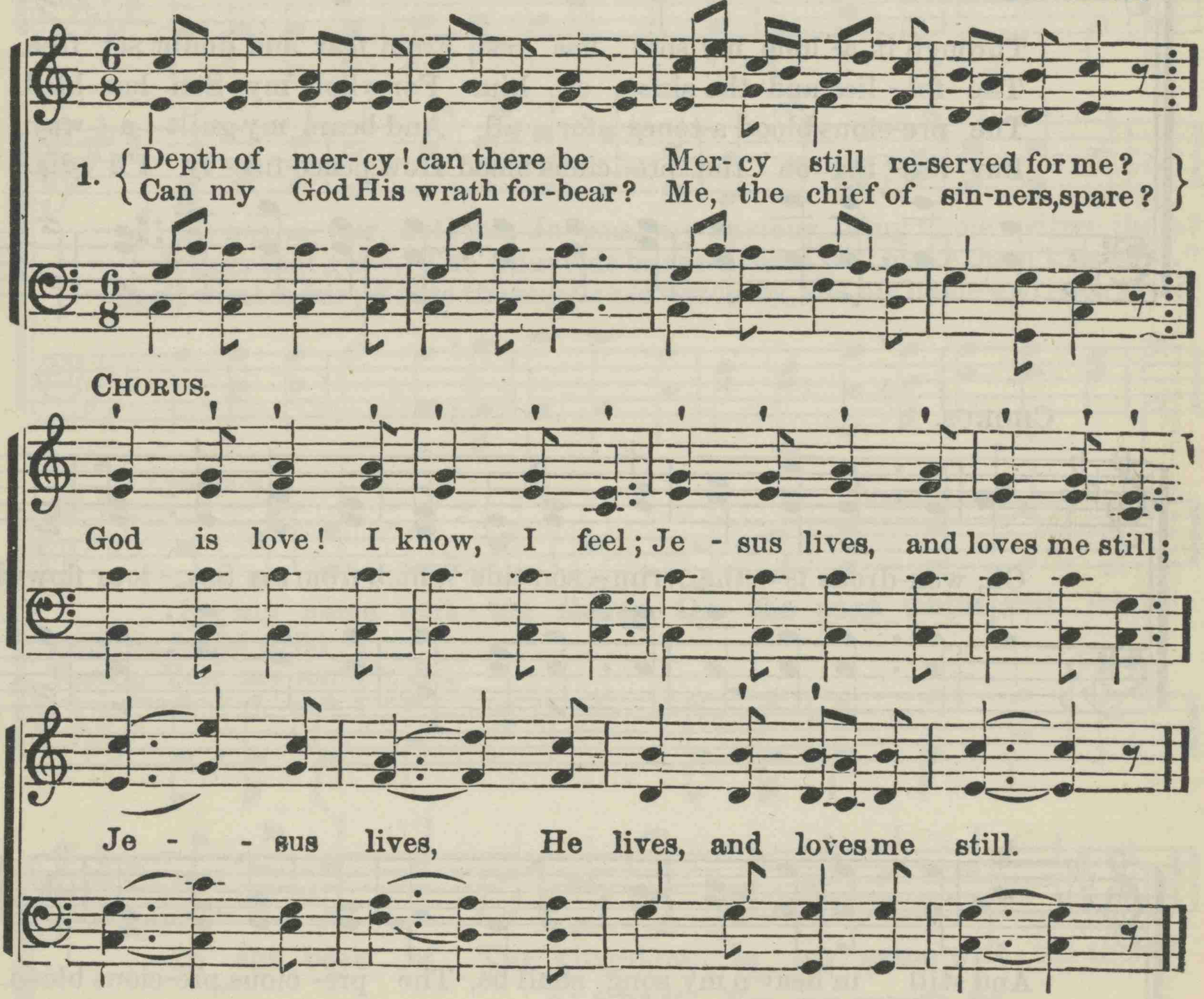
I Left it all with Jesus.—Concluded.



No. 346. Depth of Mercy.

"God is Love."—1 JOHN, 4: 8.

CHARLES WESLEY. From Stevenson.



2 I have long withstood His grace
Long provoked Him to His face:
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

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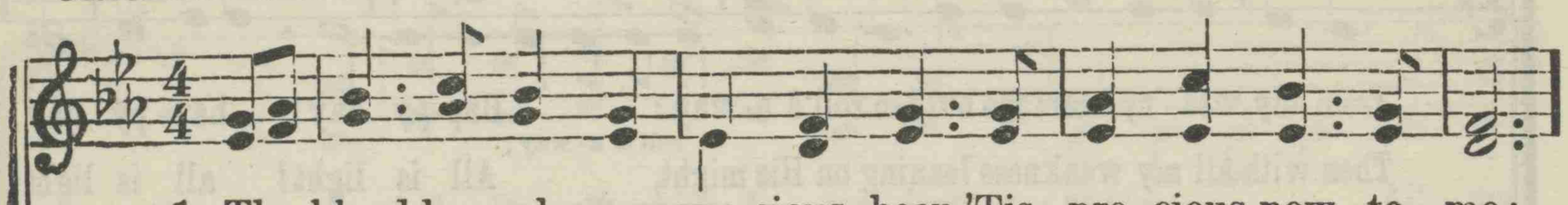
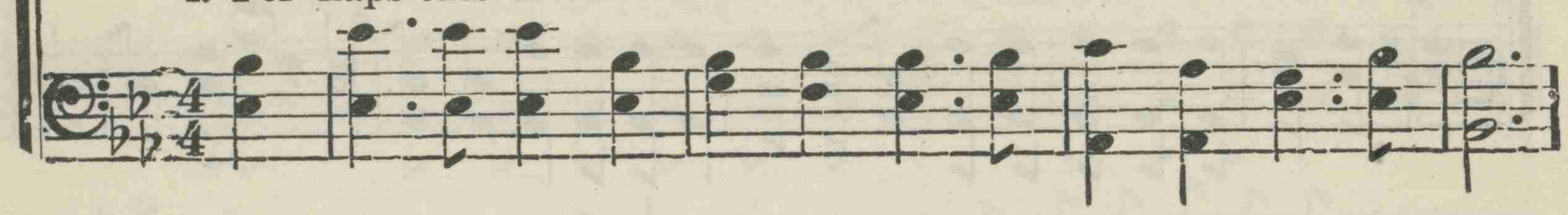
No. 347. Precious Blood.

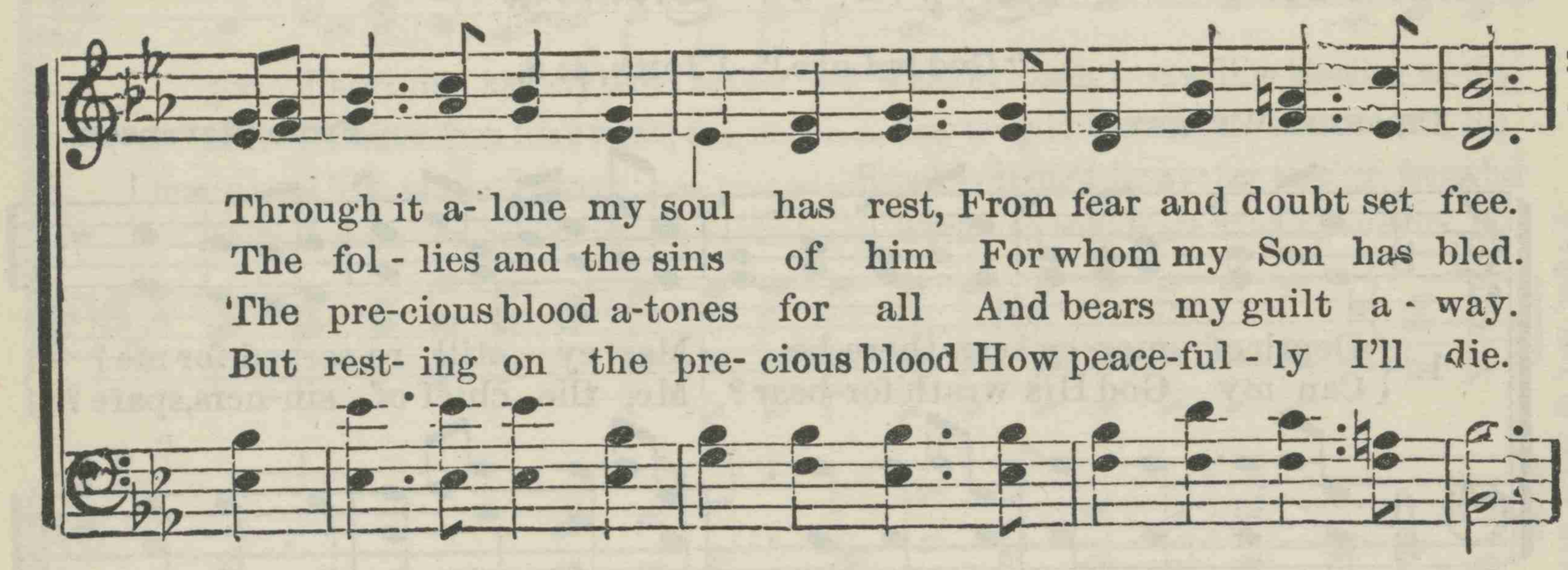
"Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold * * * but with the precious blood of Christ."—1 PET. 1: 18, 19.

MACLEOD WYLIE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. The blood has al- ways pre-cious been,'Tis pre- cious now to me;
2. I will re-mem- ber now no more,God's faith-ful Word has said,
3. Not all my well- re- membered sins Can star - tle or dis- may;
4. Per- haps this fee- ble frame of mine Will soon in sick- ness lie

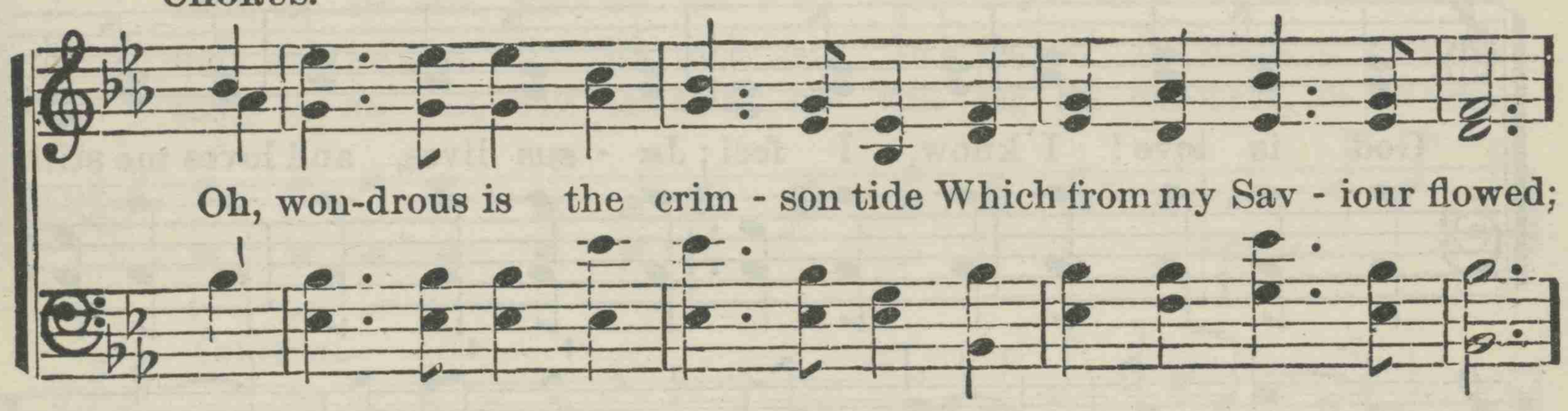




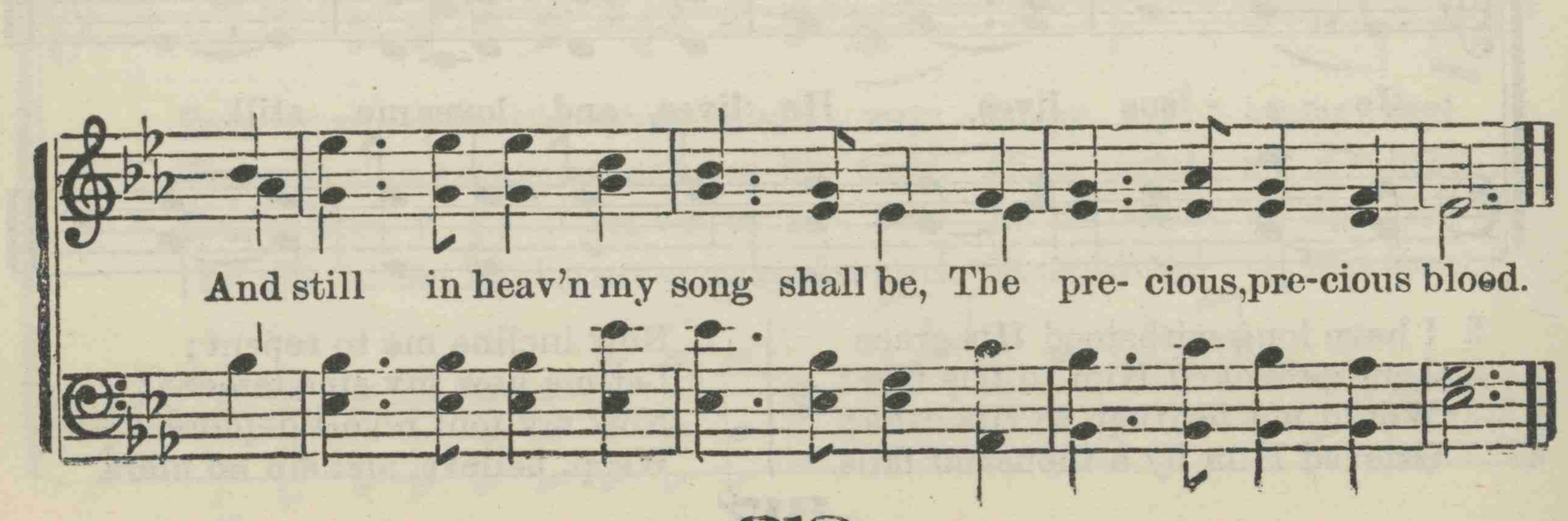
Through it a- lone my soul has rest, From fear and doubt set free.
The fol - lies and the sins of him For whom my Son has bled.
'The pre-cious blood a-tones for all And bears my guilt a - way.
But rest- ing on the pre- cious blood How peace-ful - ly I'll die.

Copyright, 1881, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

CHORUS.



Oh, won-drous is the crim - son tide Which from my Sav - iour flowed;

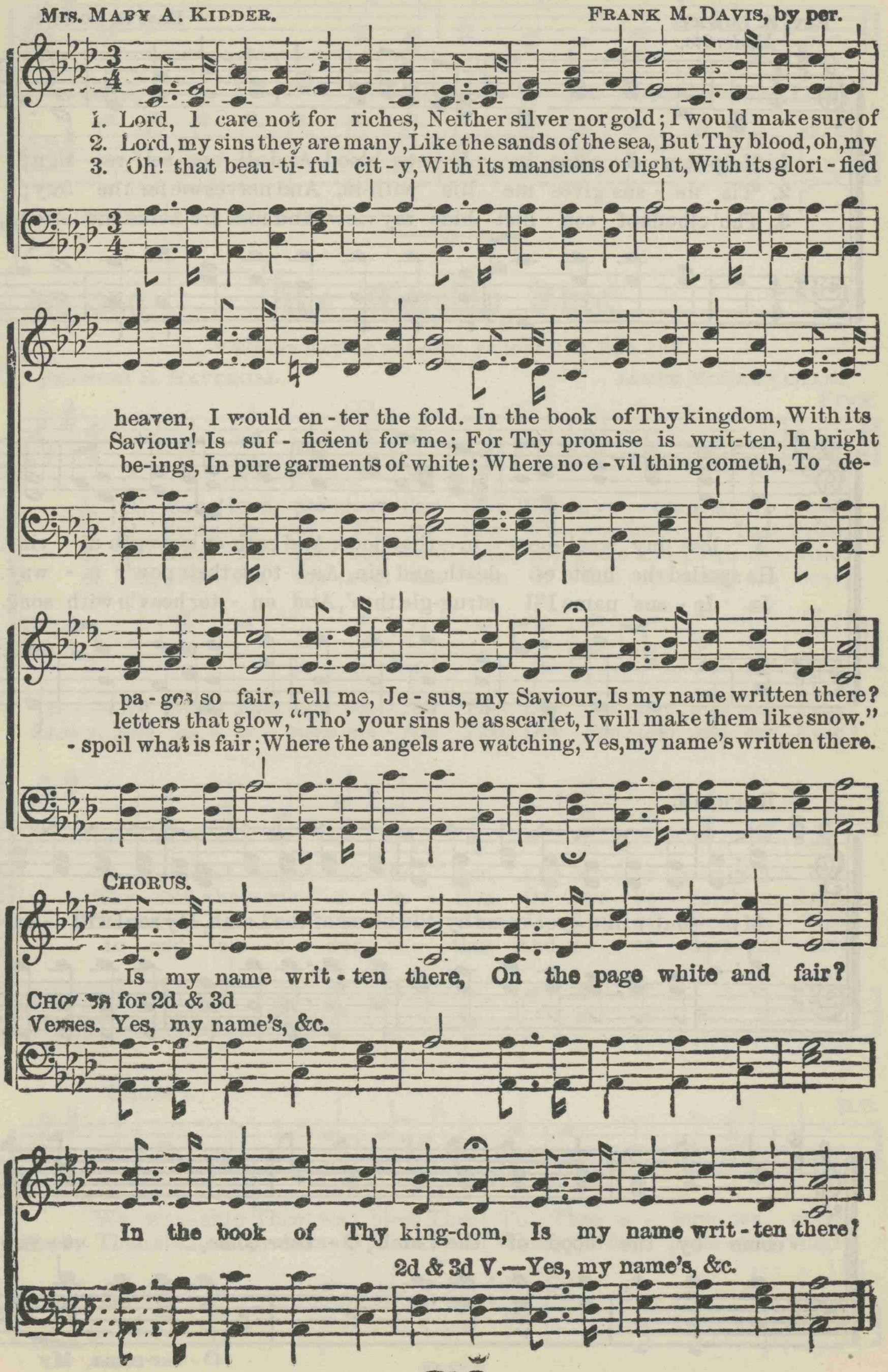


And still in heav'n my song shall be, The pre- cious,pre-cious blood.

No. 348. 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.



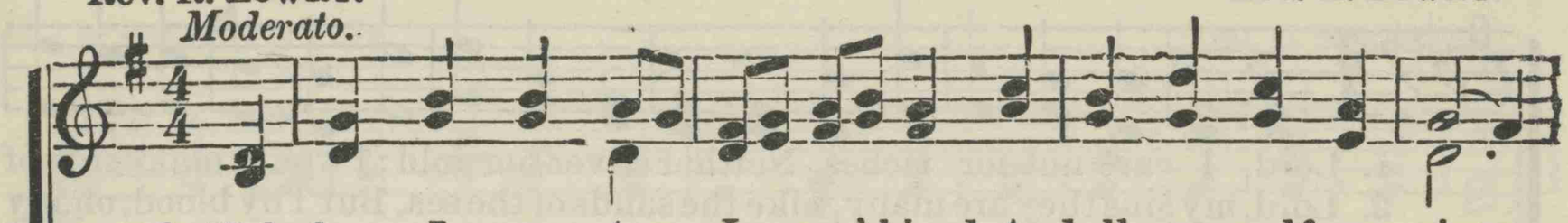
Copyright, 1881, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

No. 349. My Soul will Overcome.

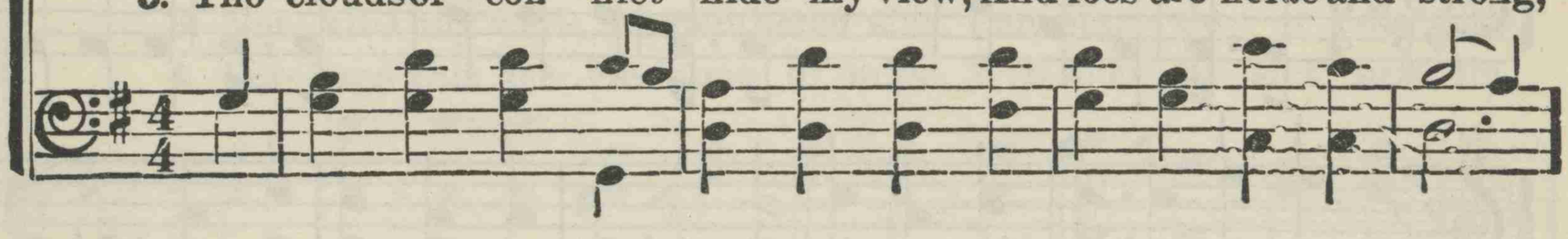
"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 12: 11.

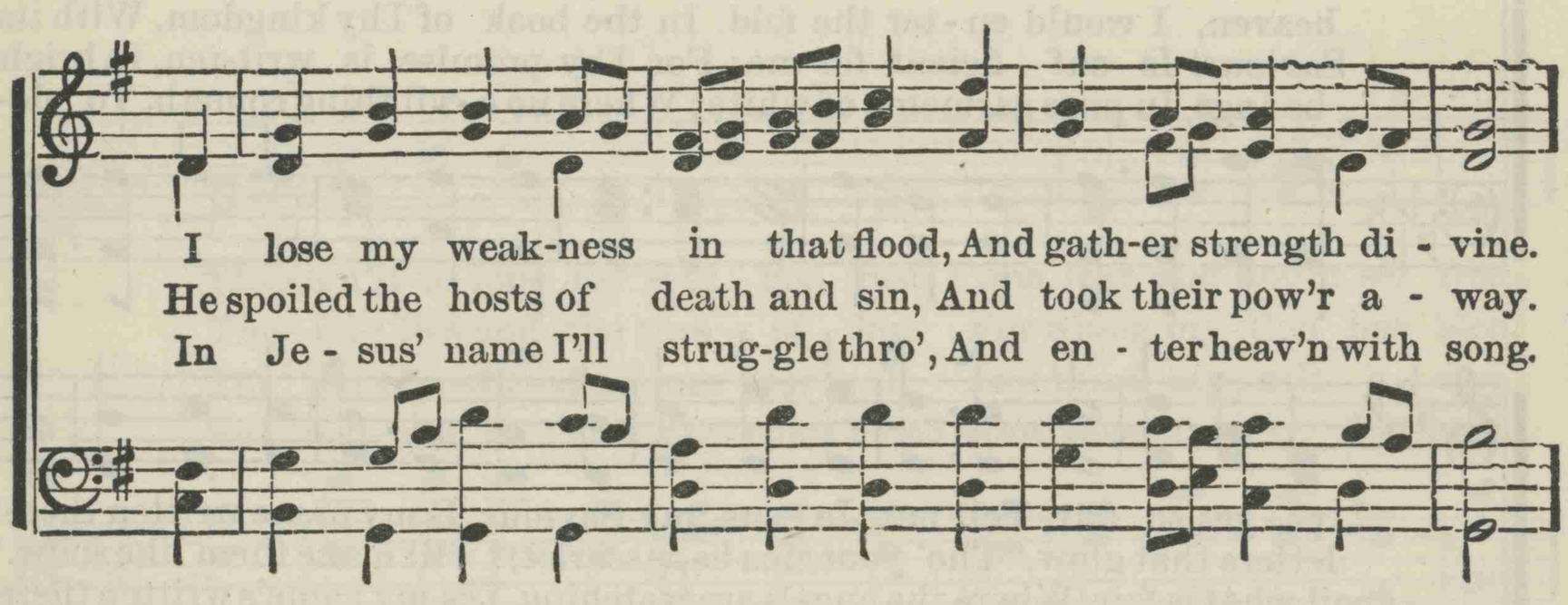
Rev. R. Lowry. Rev. R. Lowry.

Moderato.



1. Help-less I come to Je - sus' blood, And all my - self re - sign;
2. 'Tis Je - sus gives me life with-in, And nerves me for the fray;
3. Tho' clouds of con - flict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong,

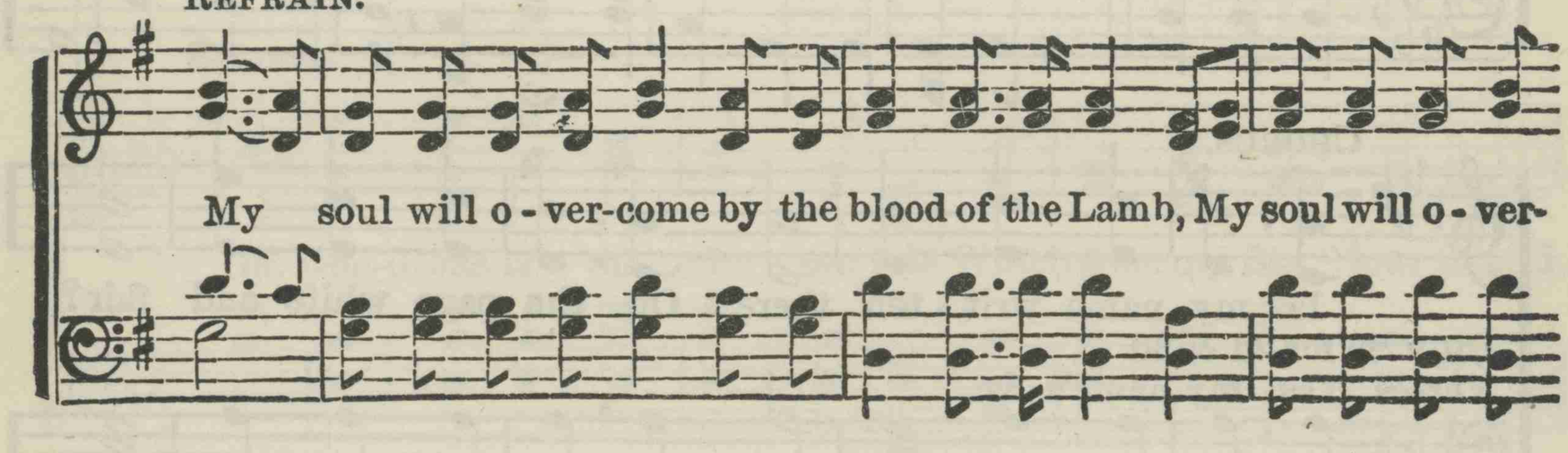




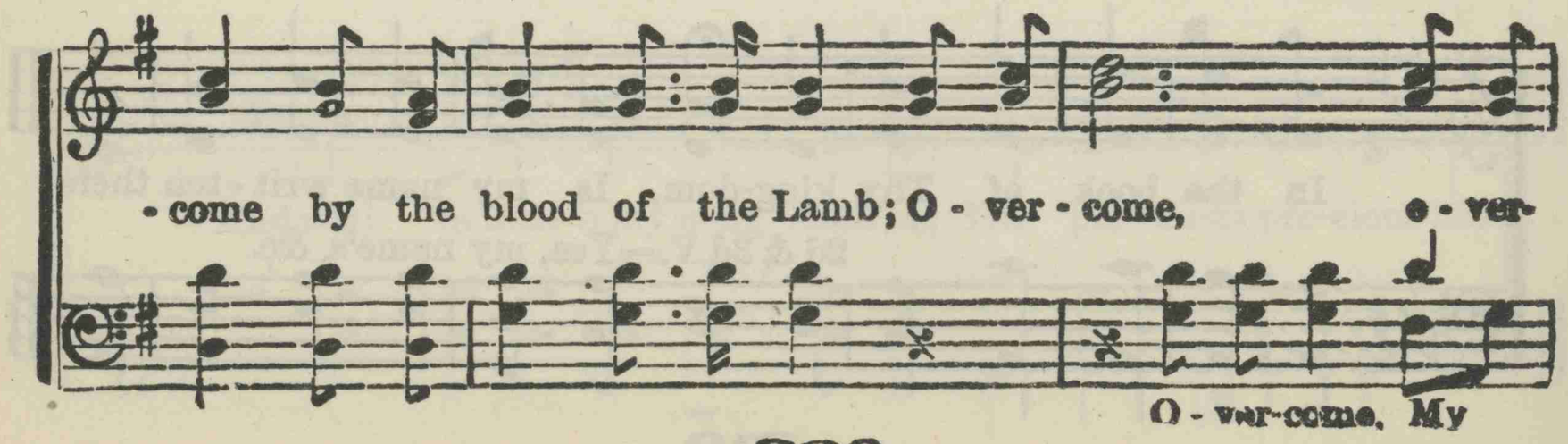
I lose my weak-ness in that flood, And gath-er strength di - vine.
He spoiled the hosts of death and sin, And took their pow'r a - way.
In Je - sus' name I'll strug-gle thro', And en - ter heav'n with song.

Copyright, 1876, by Rev. R. Lowry.

Refrain.



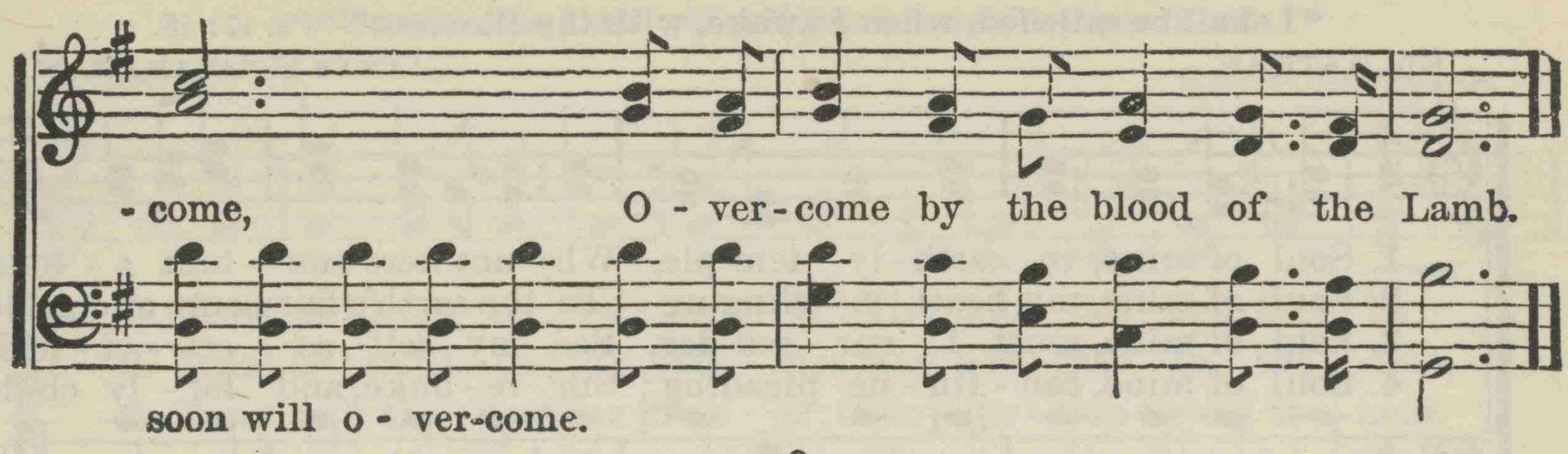
My soul will o - ver-come by the blood of the Lamb, My soul will o - ver-



- come by the blood of the Lamb; O - ver - come, o - ver-

O - ver-come, My

My Soul will Overcome.—Concluded.



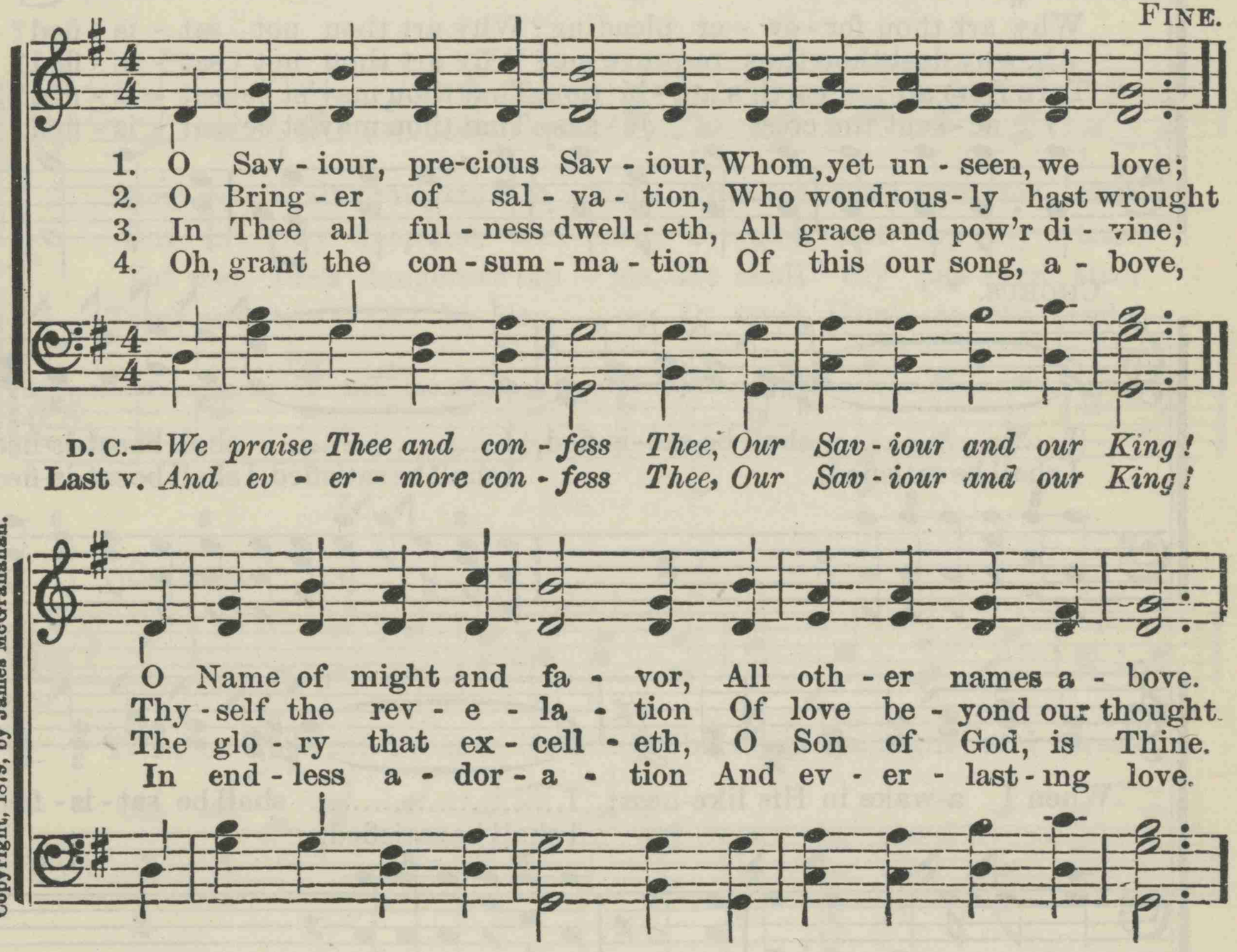
—o—

No. 350. We Worship Thee.

"Whom having not seen, ye love."—1 PET. 1: 8.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

FINE.



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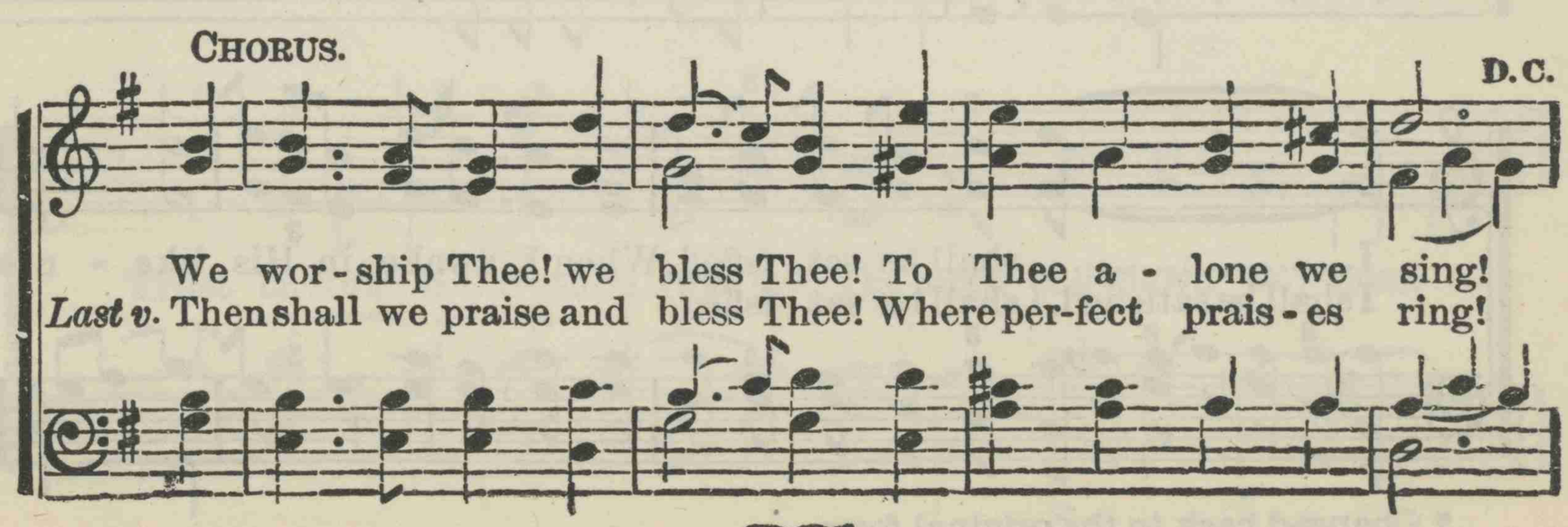
CHORUS.



No. 351. I shall be Satisfied.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Soul of mine, in earth-ly tem-ple, Why not here con - tent a - bide?
2. Soul of mine, my heart is clinging To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
3. Soul of mine, must I sur - ren-der, See my-self as cru - ci - fied;
4. Soul of mine, con - tin - ue pleading; Sin re-buke, and fol - ly chide;

Why art thou for-ev - er pleading? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
Ah, why dost thou thus re-prove me? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
Turn from all of earth's am - bi - tion, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?
I ac - cept the cross of Je - sus, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied.

CHORUS. *

I..... shall be sat-is-fied, I..... shall be sat-is-fied,
I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied, I shall be sat-is-fied,

When I a-wake in His like-ness; I..... shall be sat - is - fied,
I shall be satisfied,

I..... shall be sat - isfied, When I awake in His like - ness.
I shall be satisfied, I shall be sat - isfied,

* Changed back to the original form.

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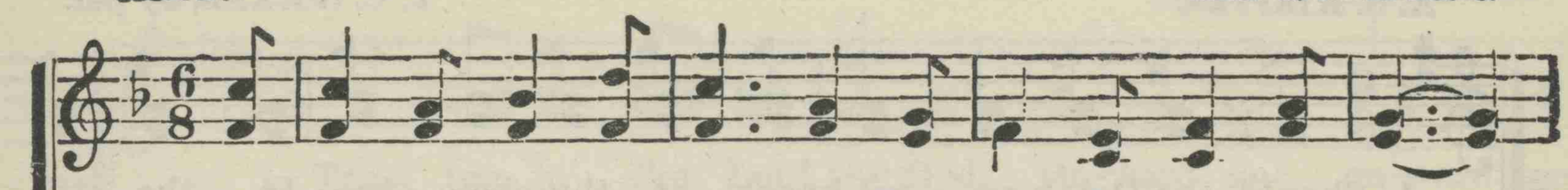
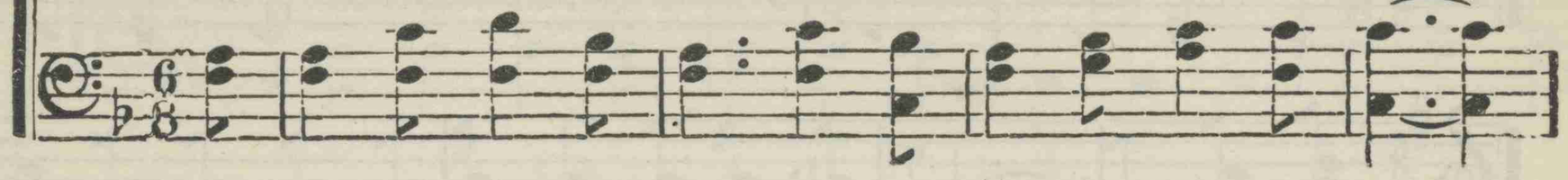
No. 352. Trust On!

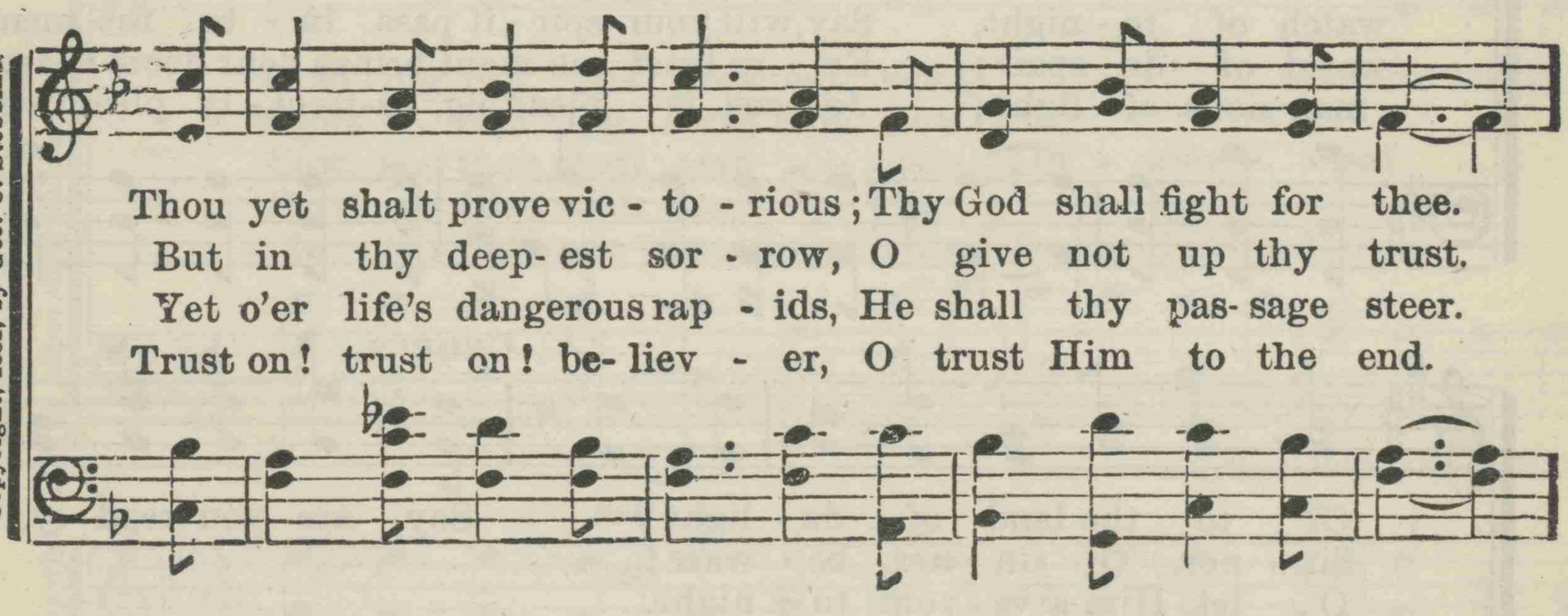
"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."—PROV. 3. 5.

ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Trust on! trust on be - liev - er! Tho' long the con- flict be
2. Trust on! trust on; thy fail - ings May bow thee to the dust,
3. Trust on! the dan- ger press - es; Temp- ta - tion strong is near,
4. O Christ is strong to save us, He is a faith- ful Friend,





Thou yet shalt prove vic - to - rious; Thy God shall fight for thee.
But in thy deep- est sor - row, O give not up thy trust.
Yet o'er life's dangerous rap - ids, He shall thy pas- sage steer.
Trust on! trust on! be- liev - er, O trust Him to the end.

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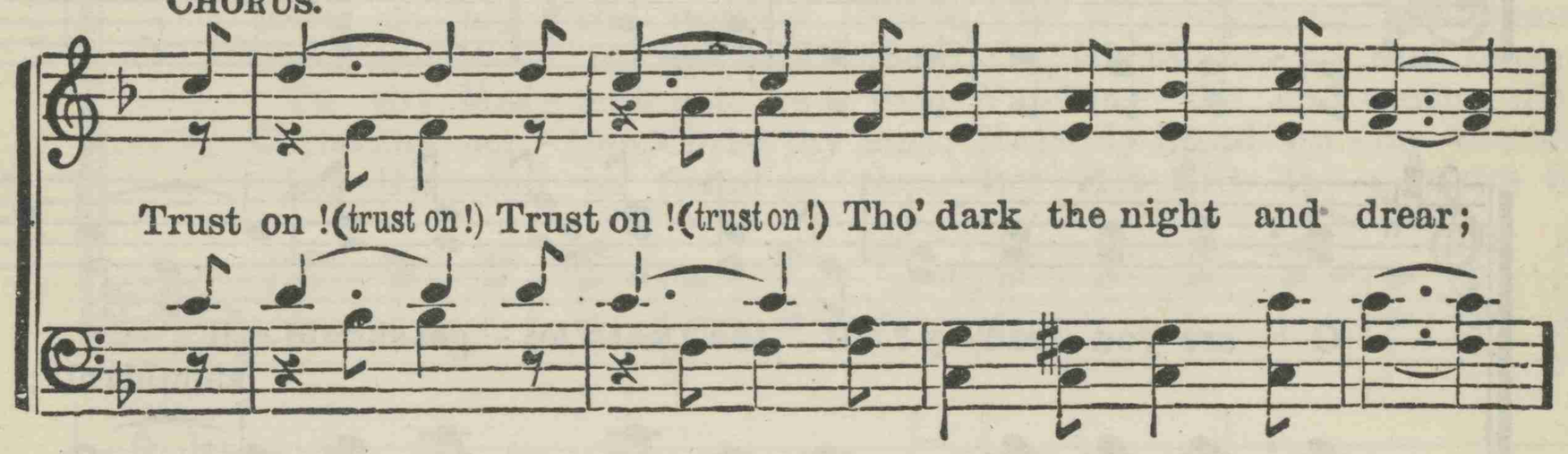
CHORUS.



Trust on! (trust on!) Trust on! (trust on!) Tho' dark the night and drear;
Trust on! (trust on!) trust on! (trust on!) The morn- ing dawn is near.

No. 353. Say, are You Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—MATT. 24 : 44.

A. S. KIEFFER. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Should the Death an - gel knock at thy cham - ber, In the still watch of to - night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor - ment,
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of de - spair; Ev' - ry brief mo-ment brings your doom nearer;
3. Ma - ny re-deemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the man-sions of light; Je - sus is pleading, pa-tient - ly plead-ing,

Or to the land of de - light? Say, are you read - y,
Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
O let Him save you to - night.

CHORUS.

O are you read - y? If the Death an - gel should call;
should call;

Say, are you ready? O are you read-y? Mer-cy stands waiting for all.

No. 354. Onward Go!

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before."—PHIL. 3: 13.

E. B. Arr. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Trust - ing in the Lord thy God, On-ward go! on-ward go!
2. Has He call'd thee to the plough? On-ward go! on-ward go!
3. Has He giv'n thee gold - en grain? On-ward go! on-ward go!
4. Has He said the end is near? On-ward go! on-ward go!
5. In this lit - tle mo-ment then, On-ward go! on-ward go!

Hold - ing fast His promised word,
Night is com - ing, serve Him now;
Sow, and thou shalt reap a - gain;
Serv - ing Him with ho - ly fear,
In thy ways ac - knowledge Him;

Onward! onward!

On - ward go!

Onward! onward go!

On - ward! Onward! onward!

Ne'er de - ny His worth-y Name, Tho' it bring reproach and shame;
Faith and love in ser-vice blend; On His might - y arm depend;
To thy Mas - ter's gate re - pair, Watching be and waiting there
Christ thy por - tion, Christ thy stay, Heav'nly bread up - on the way
Let His mind be found in thee: Let His will thy pleasure be;

Spreading still His wondrous fame,
Stand-ing fast un - til the end,
He will hear and an - swer prayer;
Lead - ing on to glo-rious day;
Thus in life and lib - er - ty,

On-ward go!

On - ward go!

Onward, onward! Onward go!

Onward, onward go!

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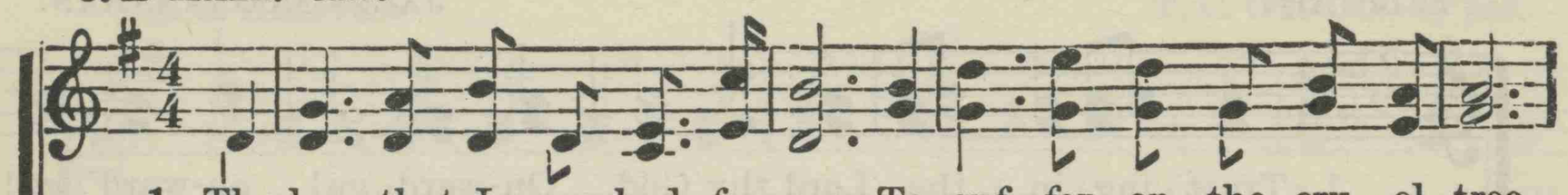
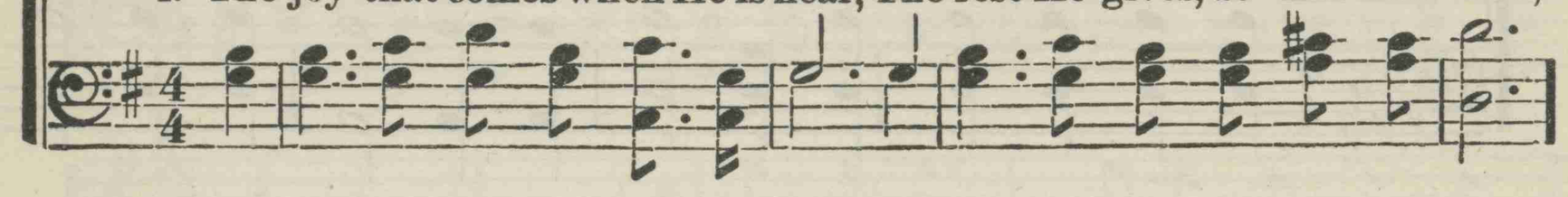
No. 355. More than Tongue can Tell.

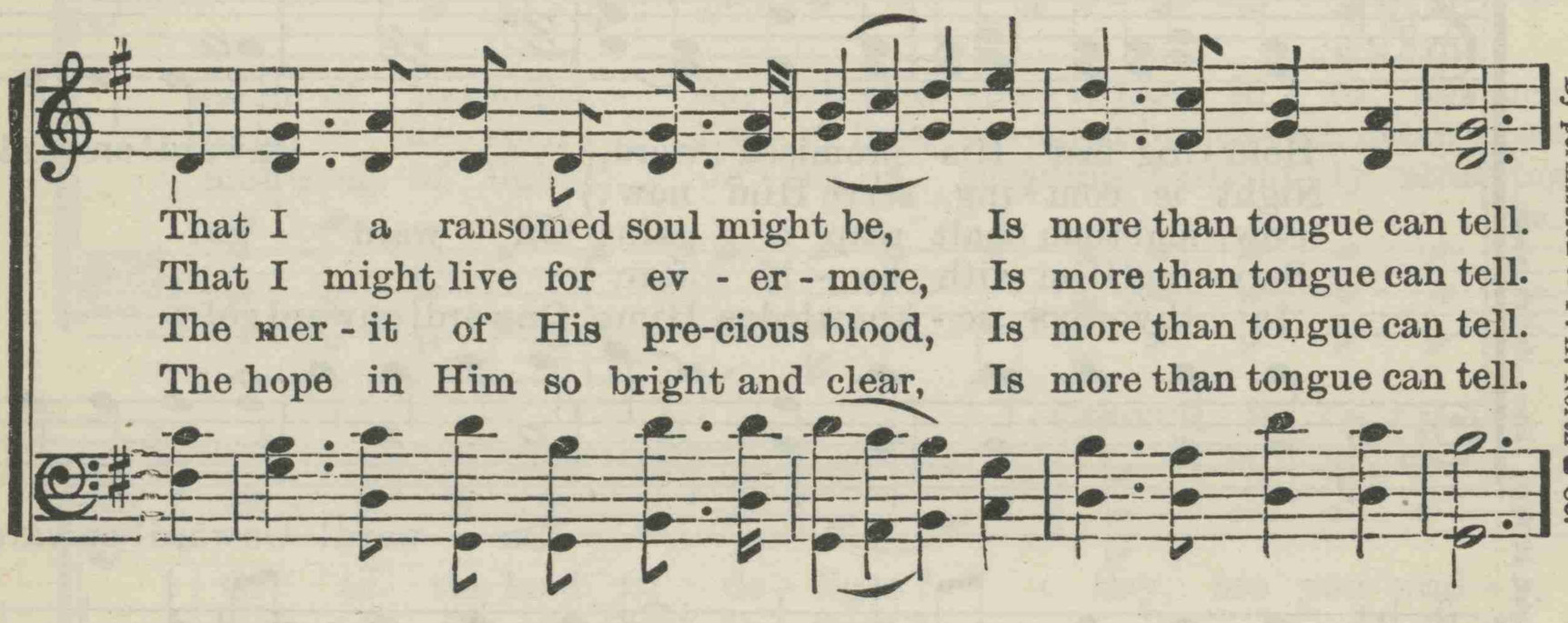
"Greater love hath no man than this."—1 JOHN 15: 13.

J. E. HALL. Arr. J. E. HALL



1. The love that Je - sus had for me, To suf - fer on the cru - el tree,
2. The ma - ny sorrows that He bore, And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,
3. The peace I have in Him, my Lord, Who pleads before the throne of God
4. The joy that comes when He is near, The rest He gives, so free from fear,





That I a ransomed soul might be, Is more than tongue can tell.
That I might live for ev - er - more, Is more than tongue can tell.
The mer - it of His pre-cious blood, Is more than tongue can tell.
The hope in Him so bright and clear, Is more than tongue can tell.

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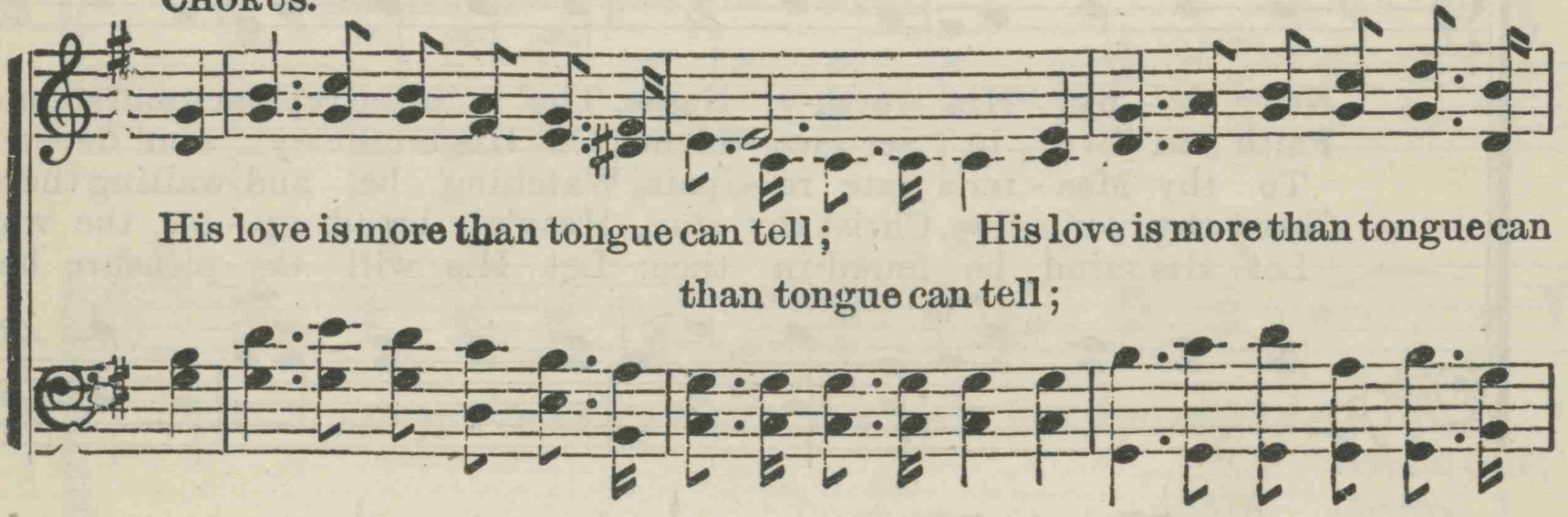
CHORUS.



His love is more than tongue can tell; His love is more than tongue can tell;
than tongue can tell;
tell; The love that Jesus had for me Is more than tongue can tell.
than tongue can tell;

No. 356. Hear Thou my Prayer.

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

Rev. HENRY C. GRAVES. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. All see - ing, gra - cious Lord— My heart be - fore Thee lies;
2. Thou know-est all my need, My in - most thought dost see;
3. Thou ho - ly bless - ed One, To me I pray draw near;
4. Bind Thou my life to Thine, To me Thy life is given;

All sin of thought and life abhorred, My soul to Thee would rise.
Ah, Lord! from all al-lurements freed Like Thee transformed I'd be.
My spir - it fill, O heavenly Son, With lov - ing, God - ly fear.
While I my all to Thee re - sign, Thou art my all in heaven.

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CHORUS.

Hear Thou my prayer, O God, U - nite my heart to Thee;
Be-neath Thy love, be-neath Thy rod, From sin de - liv - er me.

Rit.

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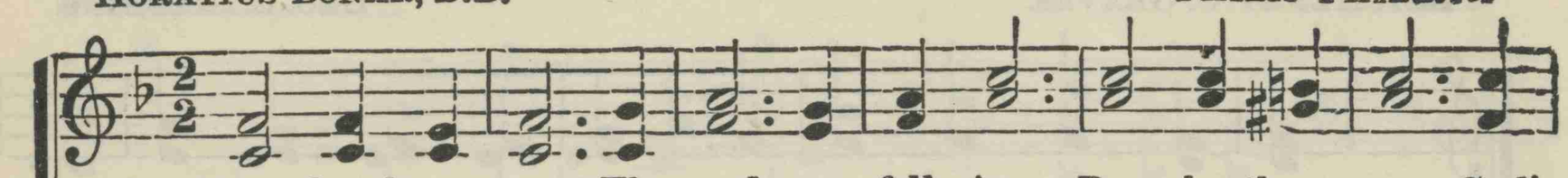
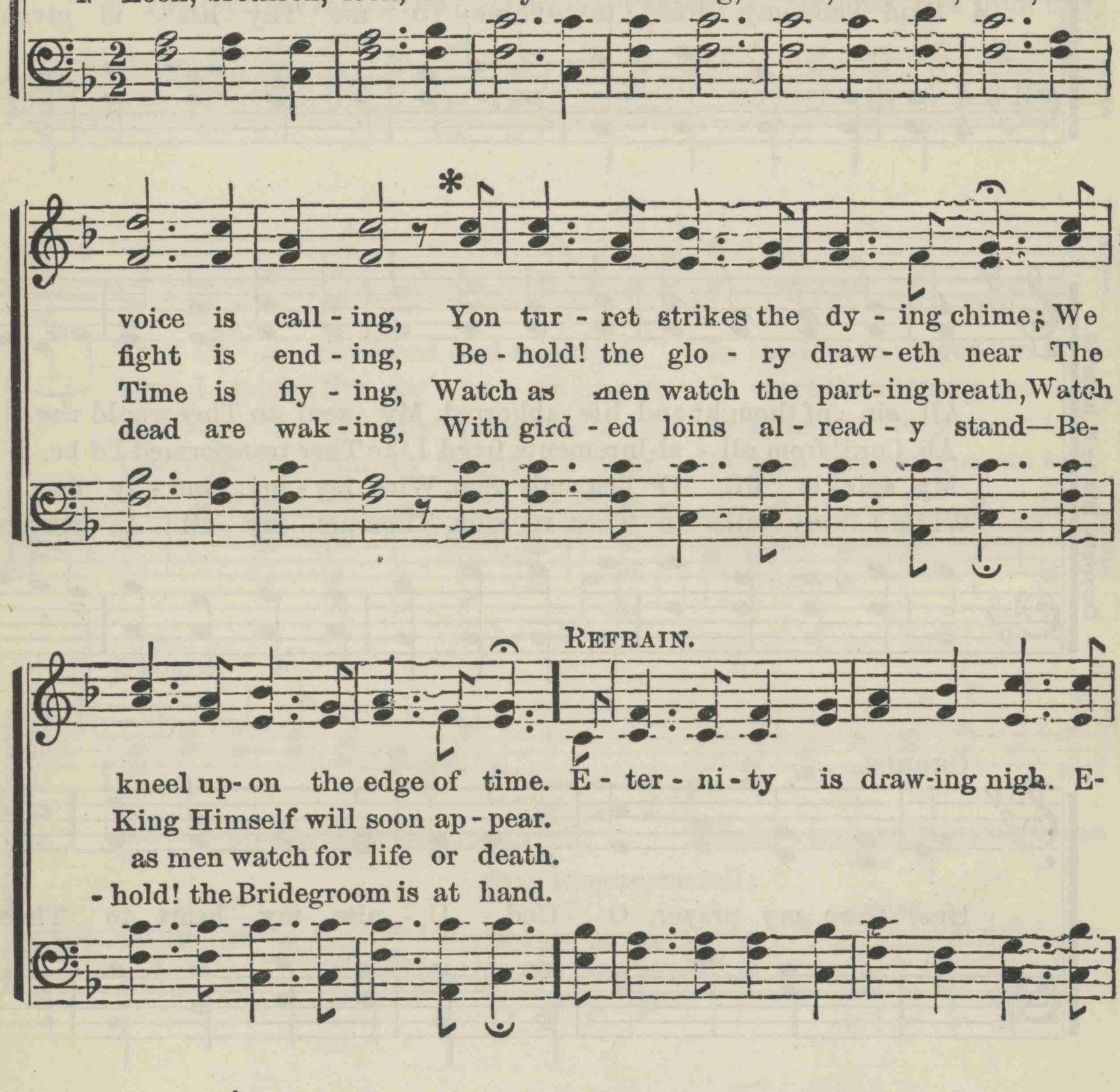
No. 357. Eternity is drawing Nigh.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."—Rom. 13: 12.

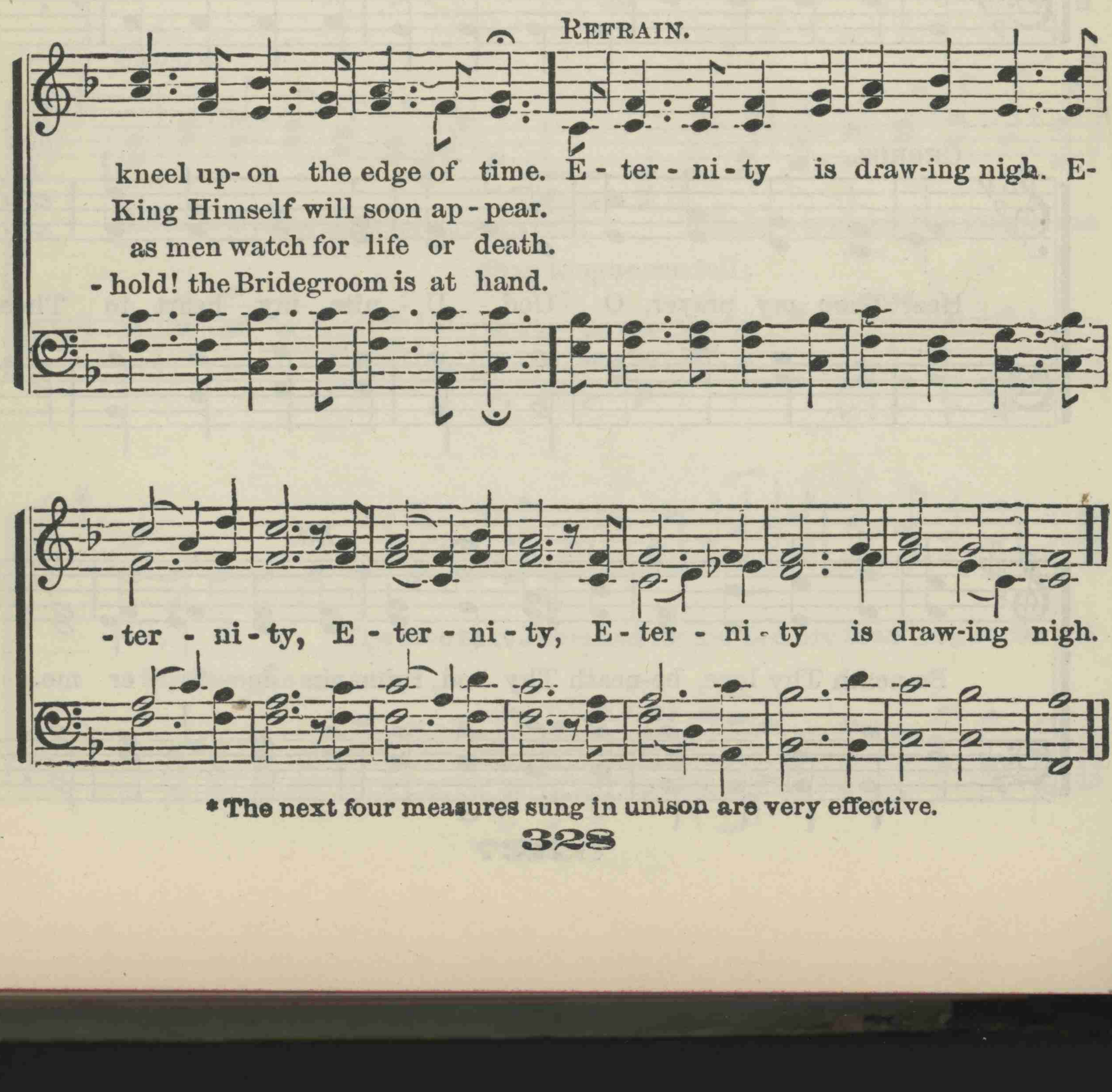
HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. Pray, brethren, pray, The sands are fall - ing, Pray, brethren, pray, God's
2. Praise, brethren, praise, The skies are rend-ing; Praise, brethren, praise, The
3. Watch, brethren, watch, The day is dy- ing; Watch, brethren, watch, The
4. Look, brethren, look, The day is breaking; Hark, brethren, hark, The



voice is call - ing, Yon tur - ret strikes the dy - ing chime; We
fight is end - ing, Be - hold! the glo - ry draw - eth near The
Time is fly - ing, Watch as men watch the part - ing breath, Watch
dead are wak - ing, With gird - ed loins al - read - y stand—Be-



kneel up- on the edge of time. E - ter - ni - ty is draw-ing nigh. E-
King Himself will soon ap - pear.
as men watch for life or death.
- hold! the Bridegroom is at hand.

REFRAIN.

- ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty is draw-ing nigh.

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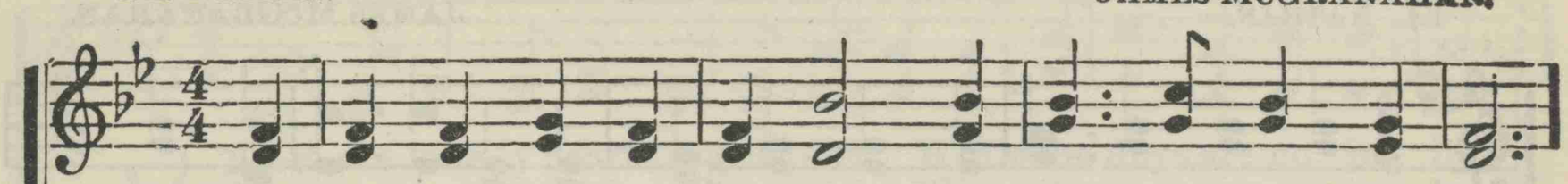
* The next four measures sung in unison are very effective.

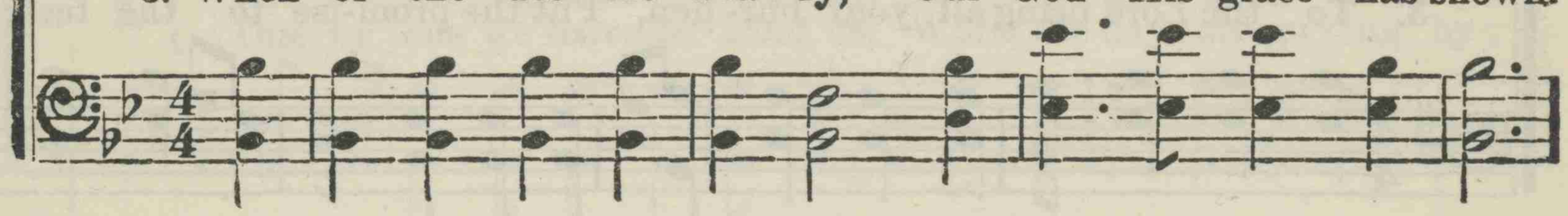
No. 358. We are Going Home.

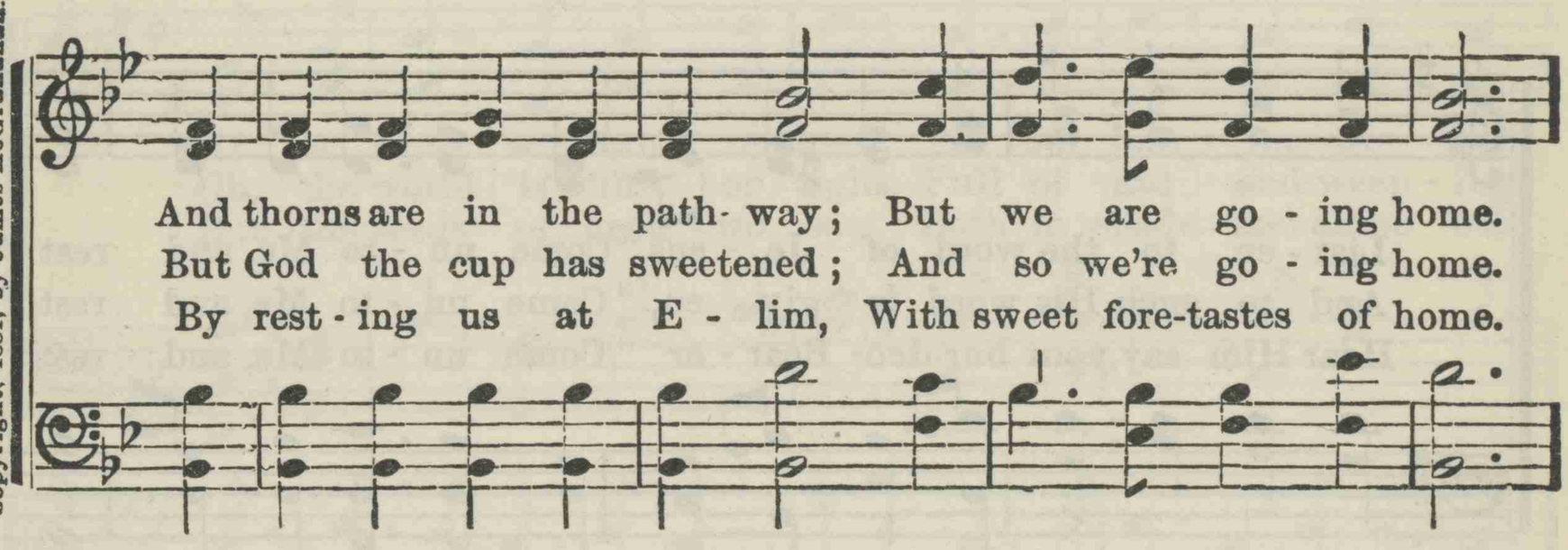
"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 THESS. 5: 17.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. Our way is oft - en rug - ged While here on earth we roam,
2. To Ma- rah's bit - ter wa - ters We oft have murm'ring come,
3. When of the des - ert wea - ry, Our God His grace has shown.





And thorns are in the path- way; But we are go - ing home.
But God the cup has sweetened; And so we're go - ing home.
By rest - ing us at E - lim, With sweet fore-tastes of home.

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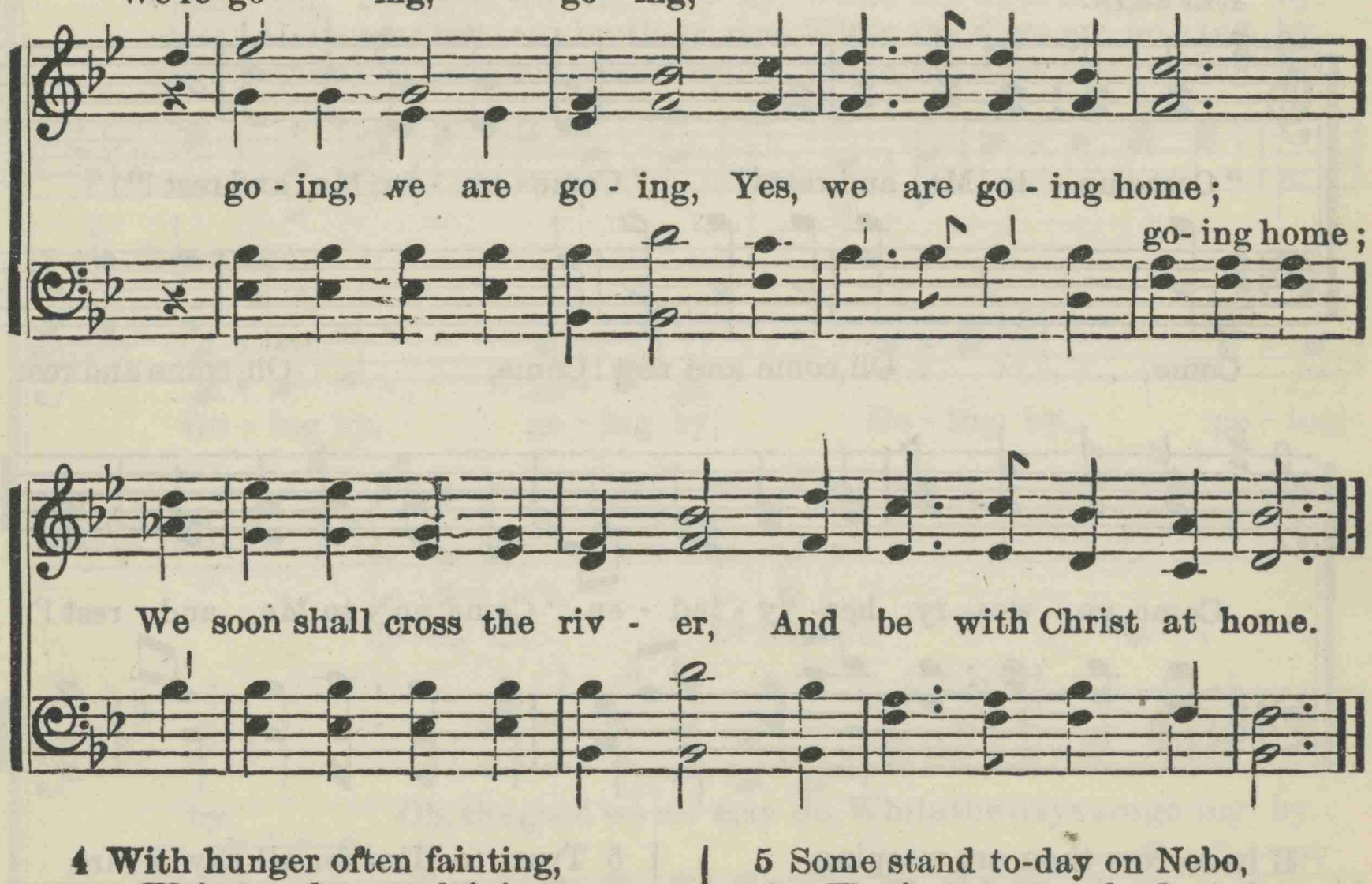
CHORUS.



We're go - ing, go - ing,
go - ing, we are go - ing, Yes, we are go - ing home;
go- ing home;
We soon shall cross the riv - er, And be with Christ at home.

4 With hunger often fainting,
We've made complaining moan;
But, fed by heavenly manna,
We still are going home.

5 Some stand to-day on Nebo,
The journey nearly done,
And some are in the valley
But all are going home.

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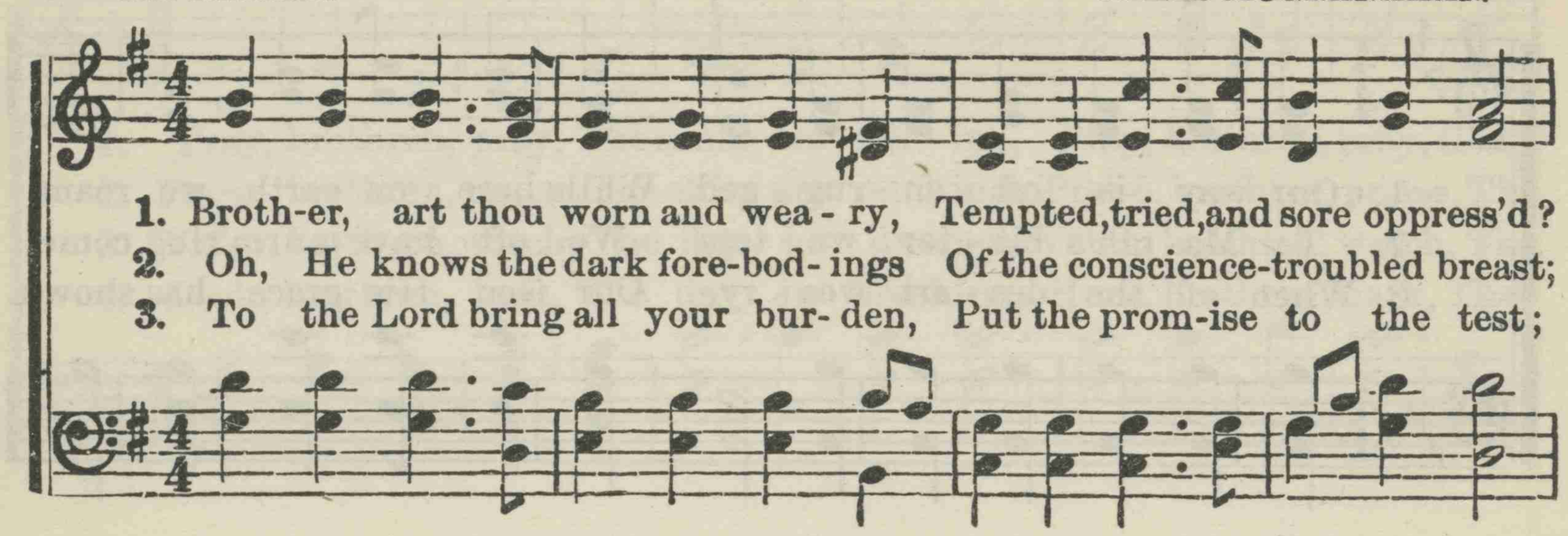
No. 359. Come unto Me, and Rest.

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

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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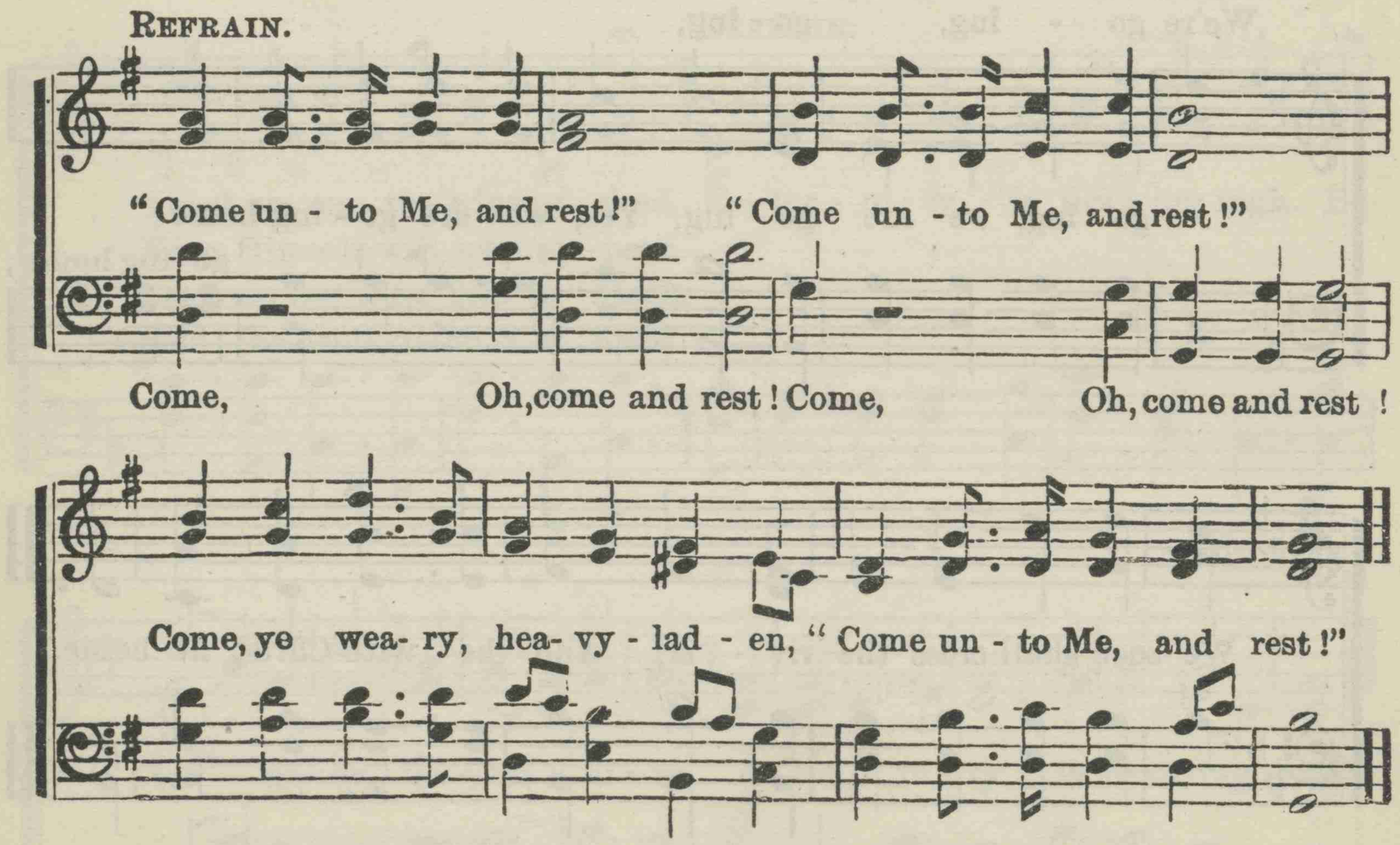
REFRAIN.



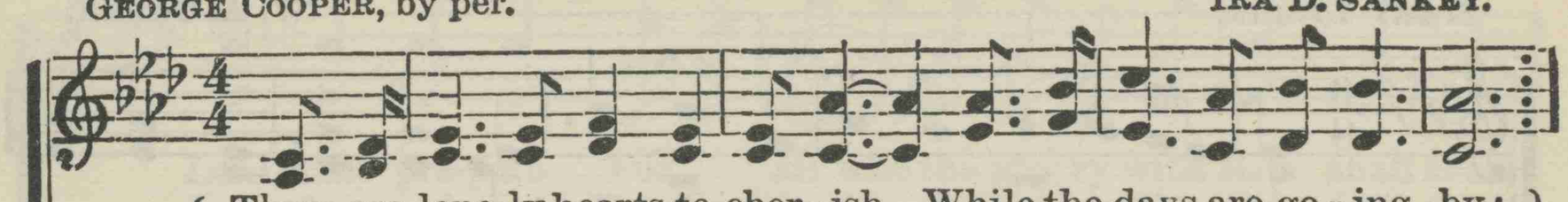
5 If in sorrow thou art weeping,
Grieving for the loved ones missed,
Surely then to you He whispers,
"Come unto Me, and rest!"

5 Trust to Him for all thy future,
He will give thee what is best;
Why then fear when He is saying,
"Come unto Me, and rest!"

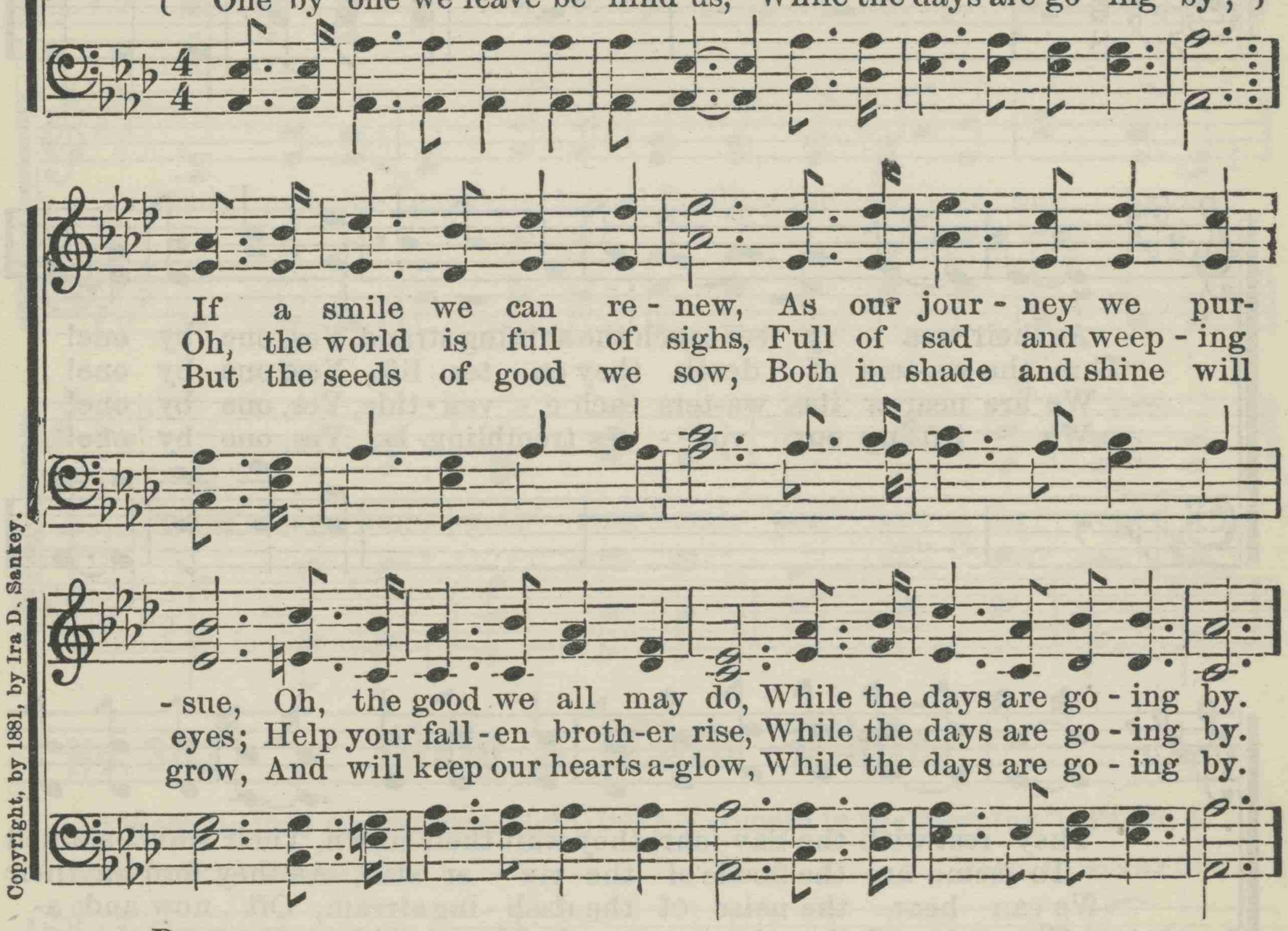
No. 360. While the Days are going By.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Eccl. 9: 10.

George Cooper, by per. Ira D. Sankey.

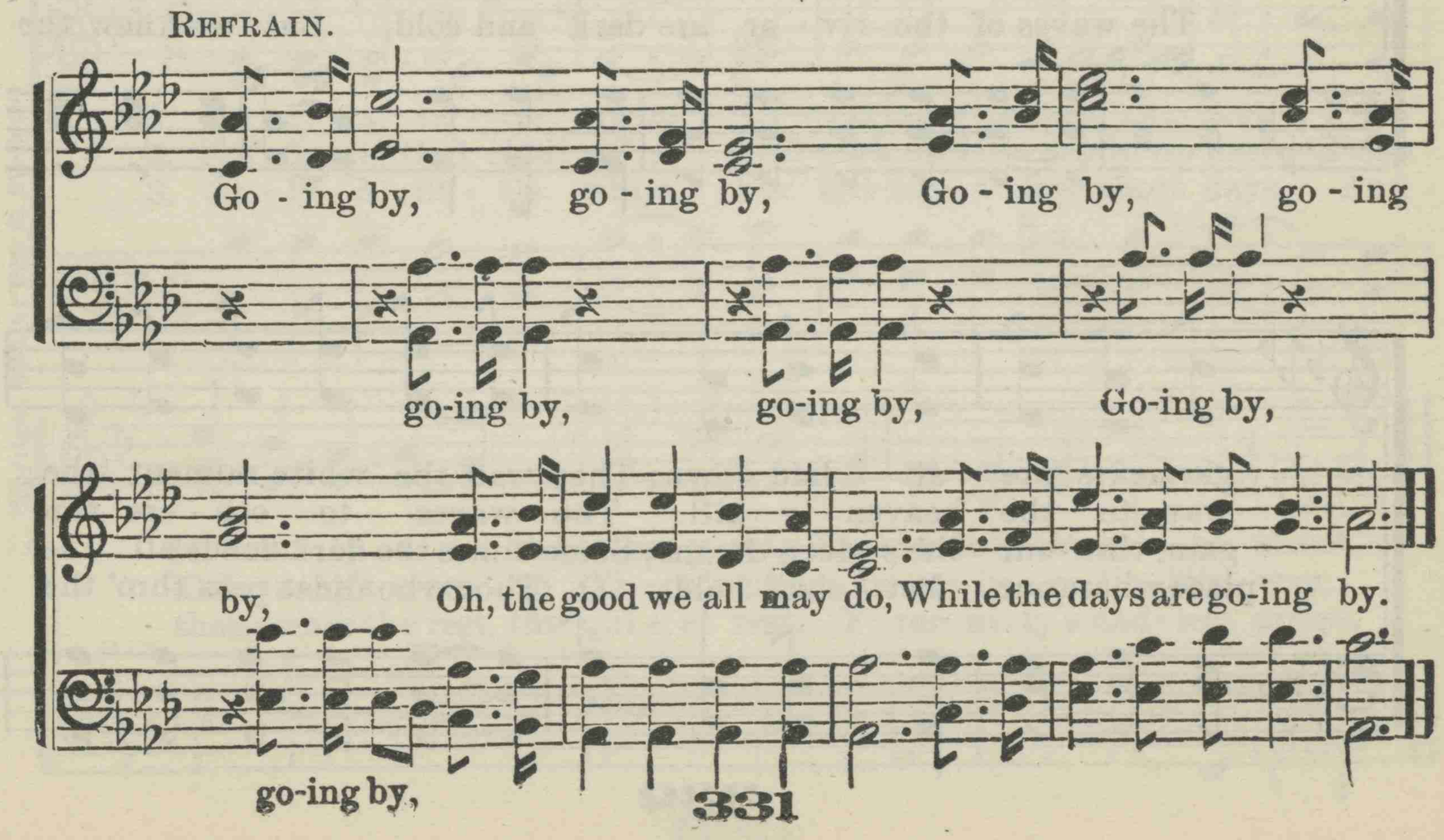


1. There are lone-ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go-ing by;
   There are wea-ry souls who per-ish, While the days are go-ing by;
2. There's no time for i-dle scorning, While the days are go-ing by;
   Let your face be like the morning, While the days are go-ing by;
3. All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by;
   One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;



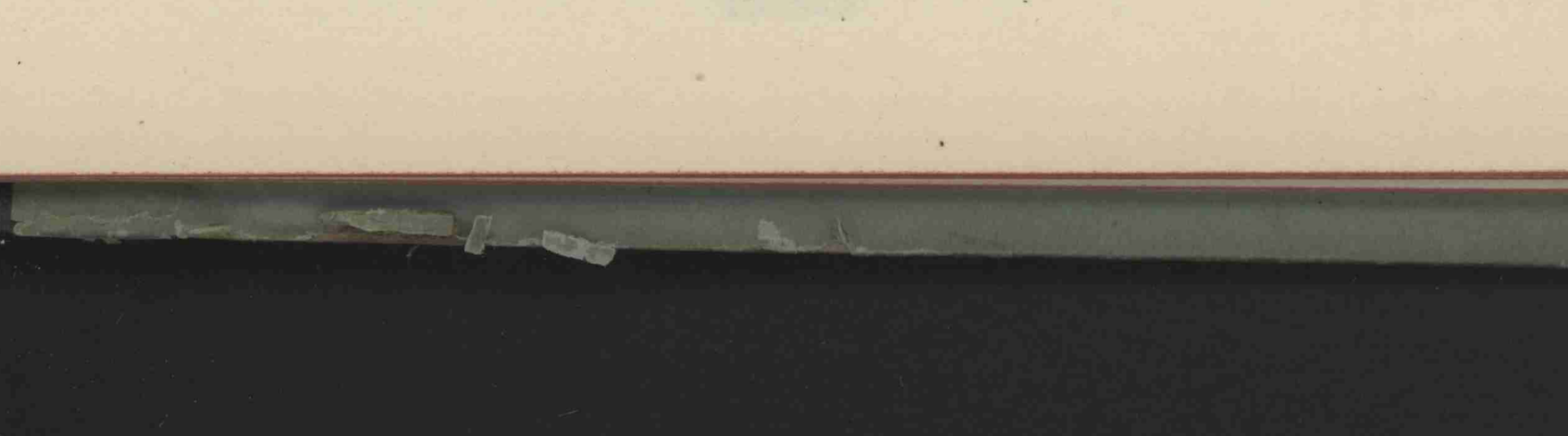
If a smile we can re-new, As our jour-ney we pur-
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will

-sue, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.
eyes; Help your fall-en broth-er rise, While the days are go-ing by.
grow, And will keep our hearts a-glow, While the days are go-ing by.



Refrain.

Go-ing by, go-ing by, Go-ing by, go-ing



go-ing by, go-ing by, Go-ing by,

by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.

go-ing by,

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No. 361. Gathering Home.

"Ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel."—Ps. 27: 12.

MARY LESLIE. W. A. OGDEN.

1. They're gath'ring homeward from ev'ry land, One by one! one by one!
2. Be- fore they rest they pass thro' the strife, One by one! one by one!
3. We too must come to the riv - er - side, One by one! one by one!
4. Oh, Jesus, Redeem-er, we look to Thee, One by one! one by one!

As their wea - ry feet touch the shining strand, Yes, one by one!
Thro' the wa-ters of death they en - ter life, Yes, one by one!
We are near-er its wa-ters each e - ven-tide, Yes, one by one!
We lift up our voi - ces trembling-ly, Yes, one by one!

They rest with the Sav-iour, they wait their crown, Their travel-stained
To some are the floods of the riv - er still, As they ford on their
We can hear the noise of the dash - ing stream, Oft now and a-
The waves of the riv - er are dark and cold, But we know the

garments are all laid down; They wait the white raiment the
way to the heaven - ly hill; The waves to oth - ers run
gain, thro' our life's deep dream; Some-times the dark floods all the
place where our feet shall hold; O Thou who didst pass thro' the

By permission, W. W. Whitney, Toledo, O.

Gathering Home.—Concluded.

Lord shall pre-pare For all who the glo- ry with Him shall share.
fierce- ly and wild Yet they reach the home of the un - de- filed.
banks o - ver-flow, Some - times in rip-ples and small waves go.
deep- est midnight, Now guide us, and send us the staff and light.

REFRAIN.

Gath'ring home! gath'ring home! Fording the riv - er one by one!

Gath' - ring home! gath' - ring home, yes, one by one!

No. 362. Only a Little While.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

Mrs. M. P. A. CROZIER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. On - ly a lit - tle while Of walking with wea- ry feet,
2. Suf- fer if God shall will, And work for Him while we may,
3. On - ly a lit - tle while, For toil-ing a few short days,

Pa-tient- ly o- ver the thorn- y way That leads to the gold- en street.
Cal- va- ry's cross to Zi - on's crown, Is on - ly a lit - tle way.
then comes the rest, the qui - et rest, E- ter- ni- ty's end- less praise.

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No. 363. Behold, what Love!

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—JOHN 3: 1.

M. S. S. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Be - hold, what love, what boundless love, The Fa - ther hath bestowed
2. No long - er far from Him, but now By "precious blood" made nigh;
3. What we in glo - ry soon shall be, It doth not yet ap- pear;
4. With such a bless - ed hope in view, We would more ho - ly be,

On sin- ners lost, that we should be Now called the sons of God!
Ac - cept - ed in the "Well - be-loved," Near to God's heart we lie.
But when our pre - cious Lord we see, We shall His im - age bear.
More like our ris - en, glo- rious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

CHORUS.

Be - hold, what manner of love!..... What manner of

What manner of love,

love the Fa- ther hath be-stowed up - on us, That we,..... that

we should be call'd,..... ..... Should be call'd the sons of God.

the sons of God,

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No. 364. I hear the Words of Jesus.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 2.

Geo. C. Needham. C. C. Case

1. I hear the words of Je - sus, They speak of peace with God;
2. His word di - vine - ly bless - ed, It shows me what I am;
3. Oh! hear the words of Je - sus, The tid - ings are for thee;

I see the Lamb, Christ Je - sus, Who bore my heav - y load;
His cross it brings sal - va - tion, The vic - tim was the Lamb.
Oh! clasp the cross of Je - sus, And there for ref - uge flee;

I trust the blood of Je - sus, From sin it sets me free,
His blood pro - cur - eth par - don, And jus - ti - fies the soul,
Oh! trust the blood of Je - sus, Be saved this ver - y hour;

I love the name of Je - sus, Who gave Him-self for me.
His name, how sweet and pre - cious, It makes the sin - ner whole.
Oh! love the name of Je - sus, Blest name of wondrous pow'r.

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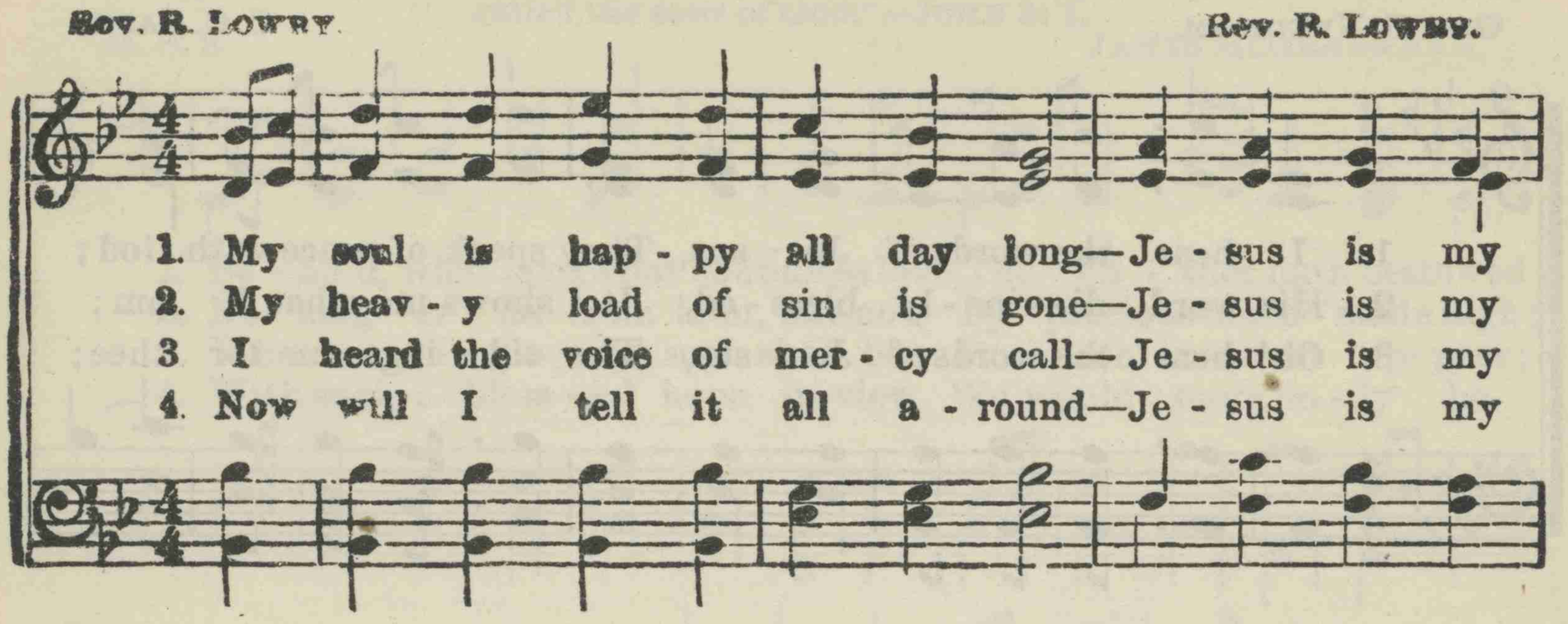
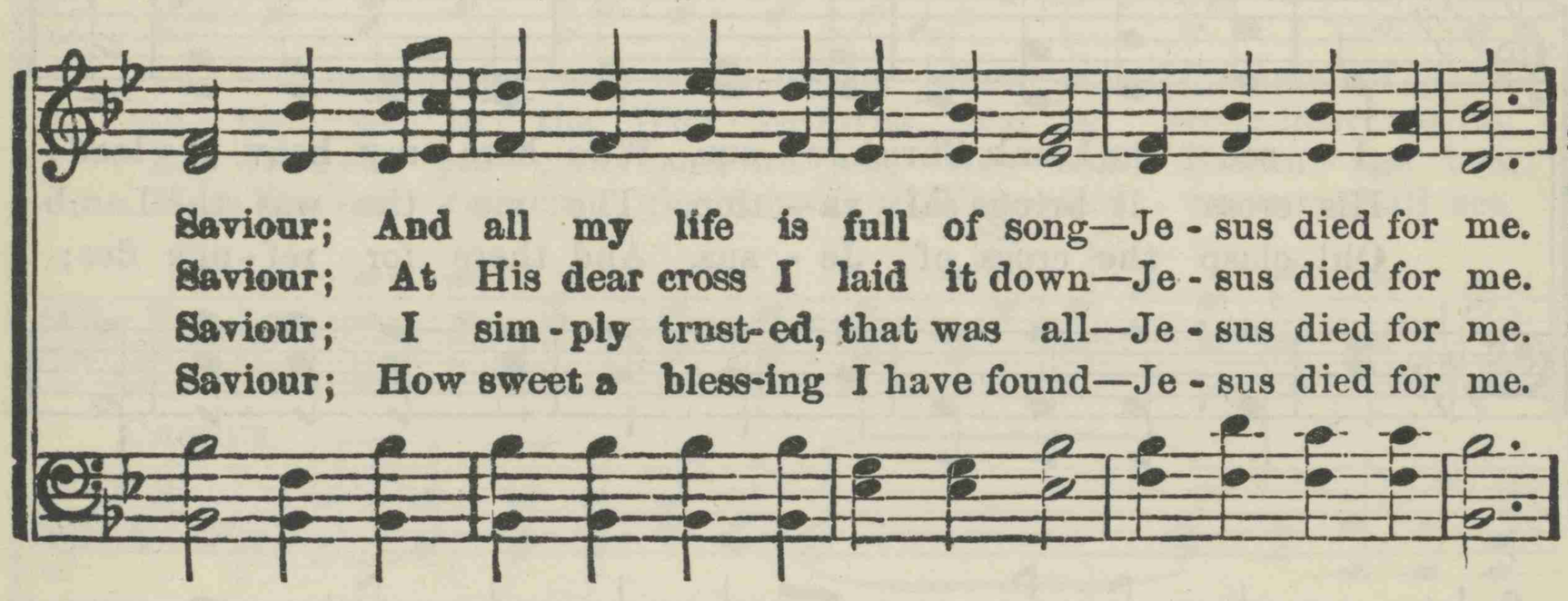
No. 365. Jesus is My Saviour.

"——went on his way rejoicing."—ACTS 8: 39.

Rev. R. LOWRY. Rev. R. LOWRY.





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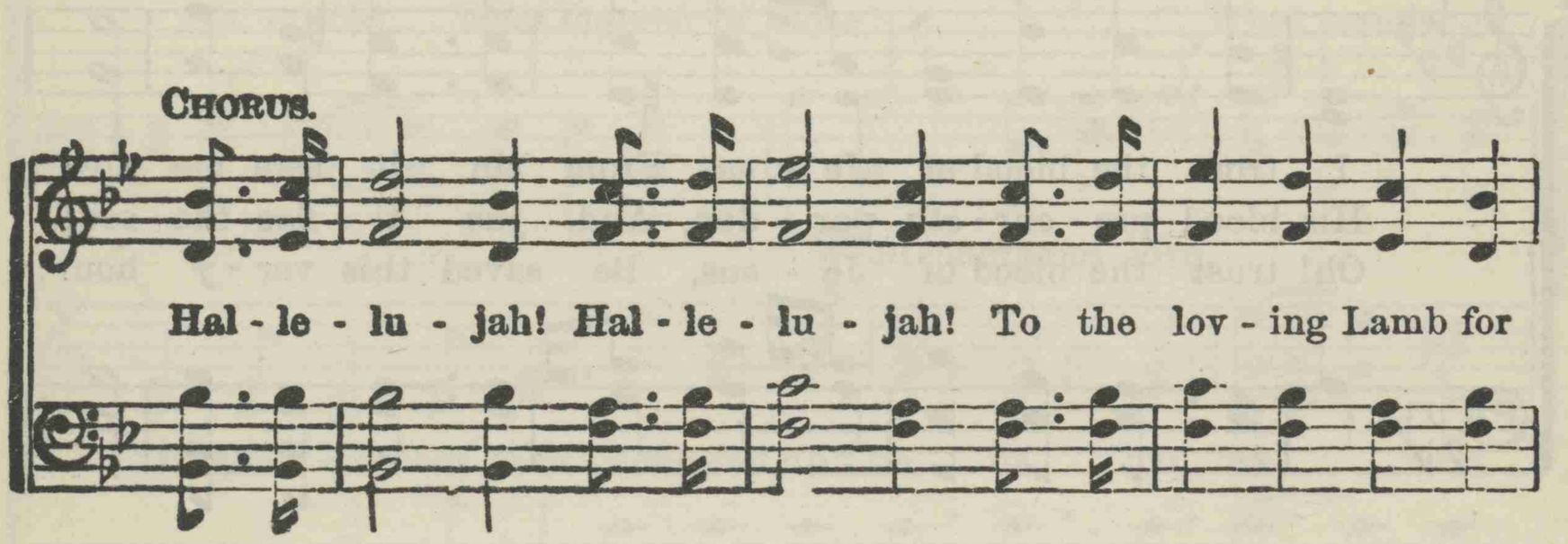
CHORUS.



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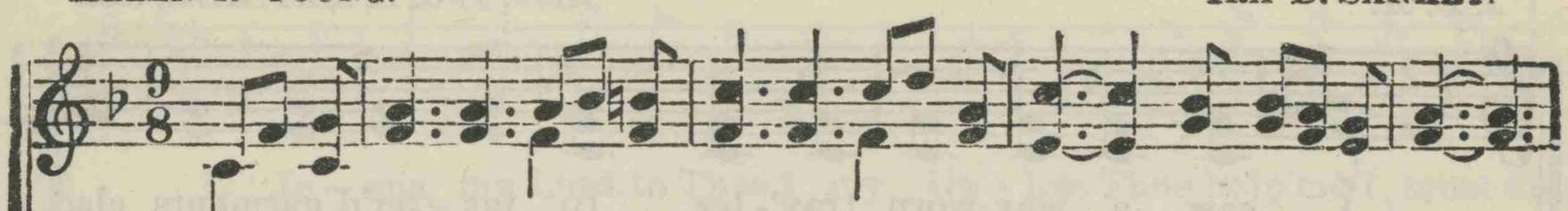
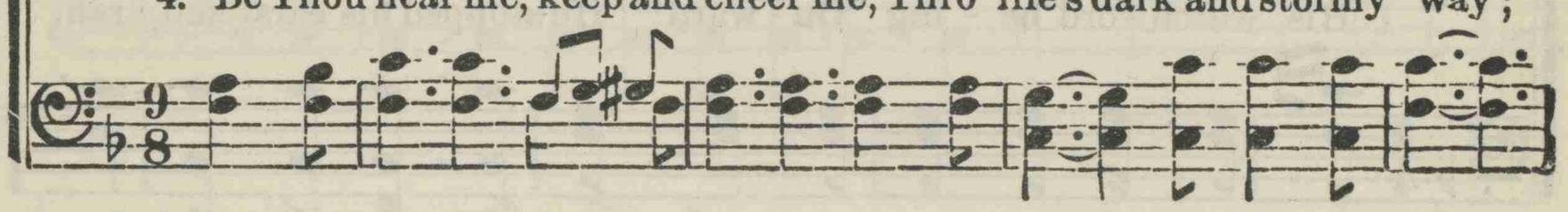
No. 366. I am Coming.

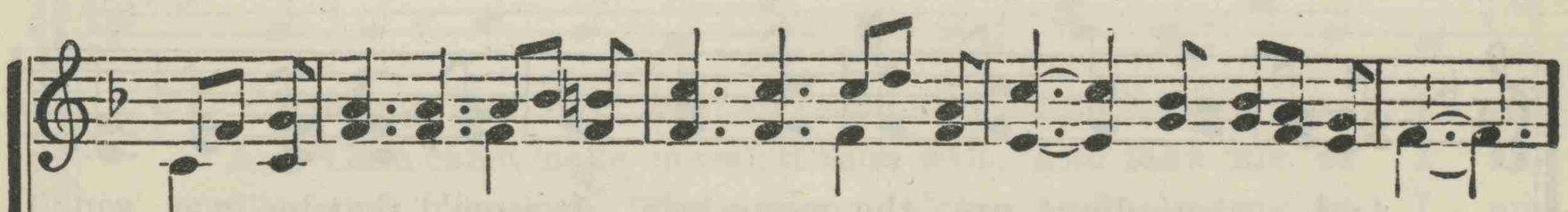
Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 9: 28.

HELEN R YOUNG. IRA D. SANKEY.

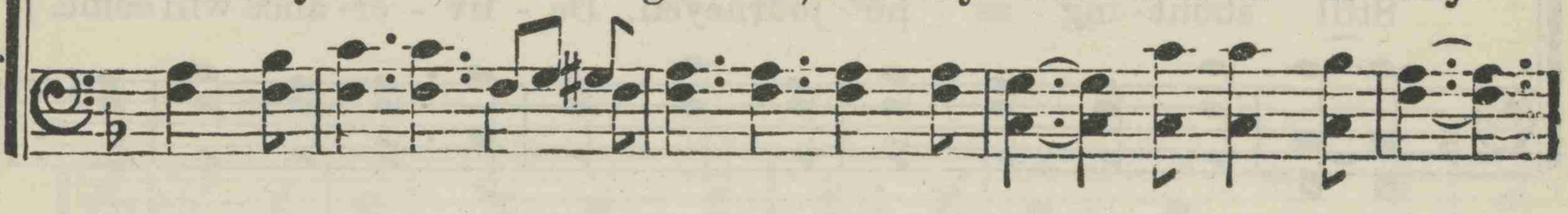


1. Sad and wea-ry, lone and dreary, Lord, I would Thy call o - bey;
2. Thou, the Ho - ly, meek and low-ly, Je - sus, un - to Thee I come;
3. Here a - bid-ing, in Thee hiding, Seeks my wea - ry soul to rest,
4. Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me, Thro' life's dark and stormy way;





Thee be-lieving, Christ re - ceiving, I would come to Thee to - day.
Keep me ev - er, let me nev - er From Thy bless - ed keeping roam.
Till the dawning of the morning, When I wake a - mong the blest.
Turn my sadness in - to gladness, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.



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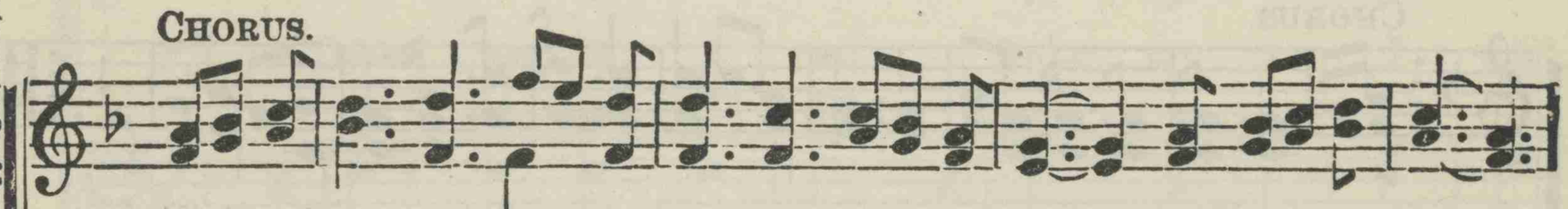
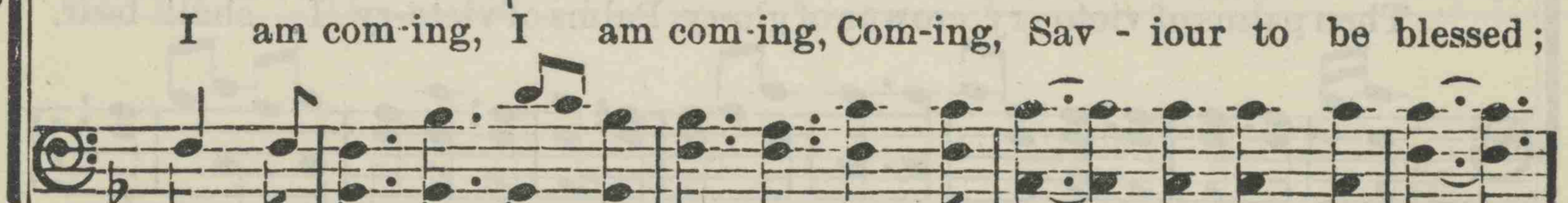
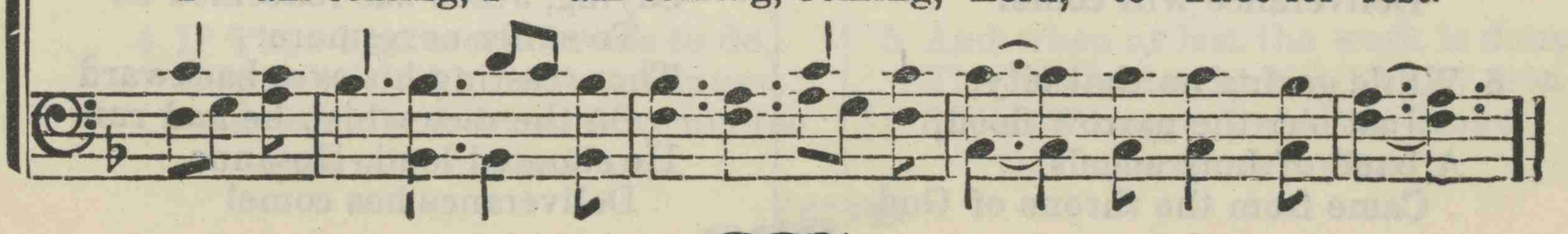
CHORUS.



I am com-ing, I am com-ing, Com-ing, Sav - iour to be blessed;



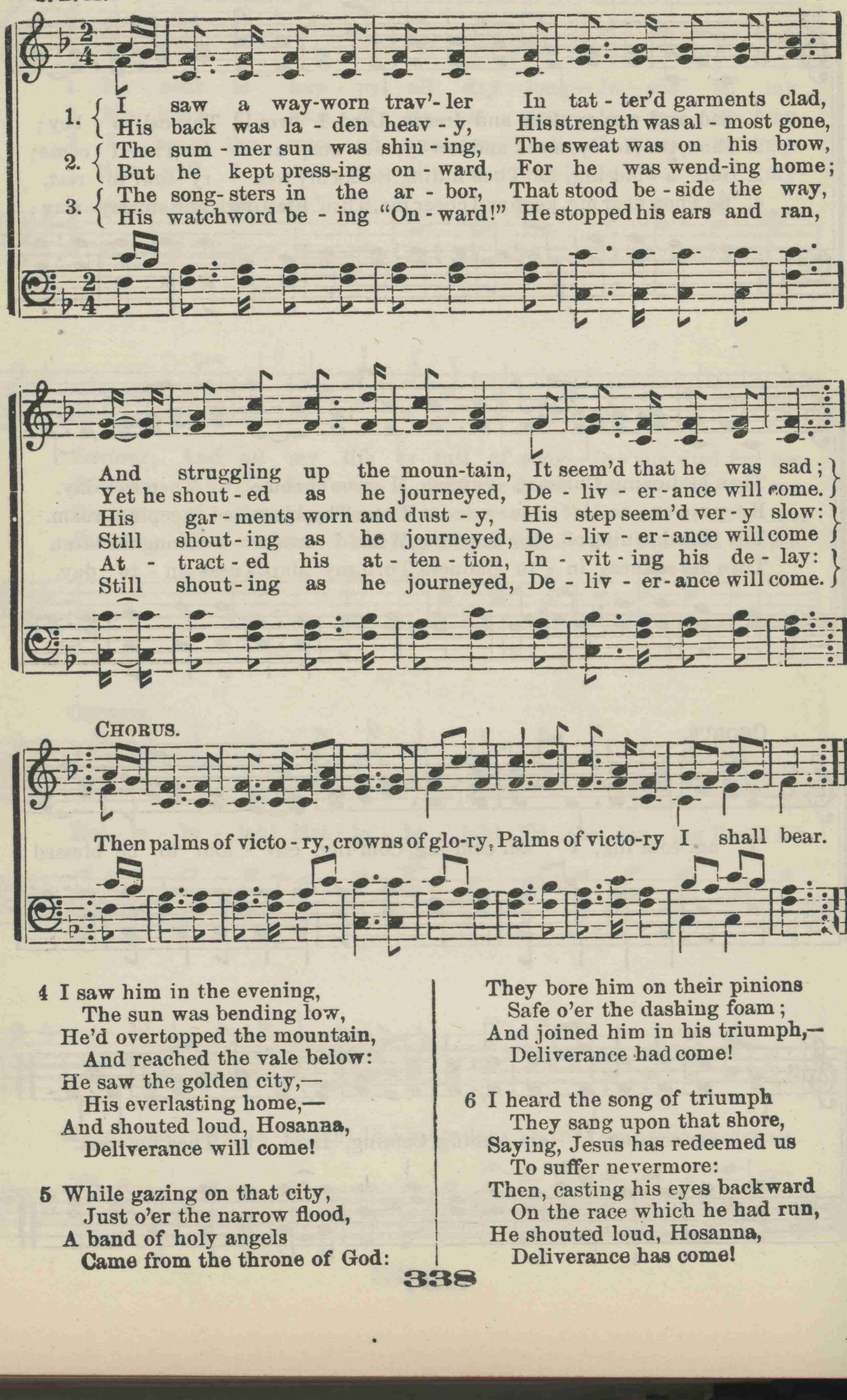
I am coming, I am coming, Coming, Lord, to Thee for rest.



No. 367. Deliverance will Come.

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

J. B. M. Rev. JNO. B. MATTHIAS, 1836.



4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

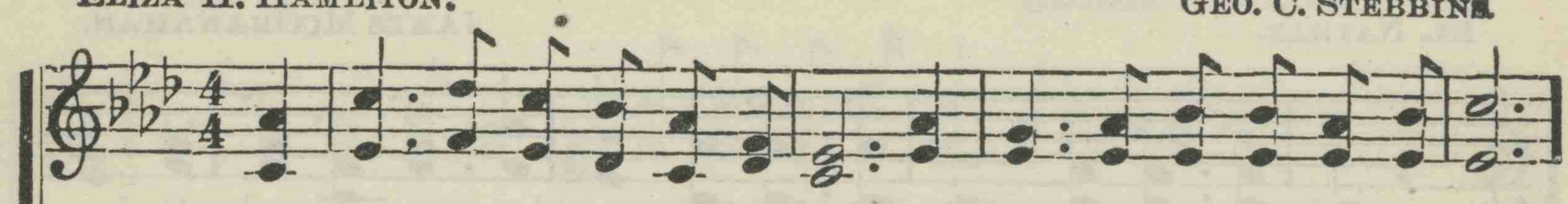
5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance had come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

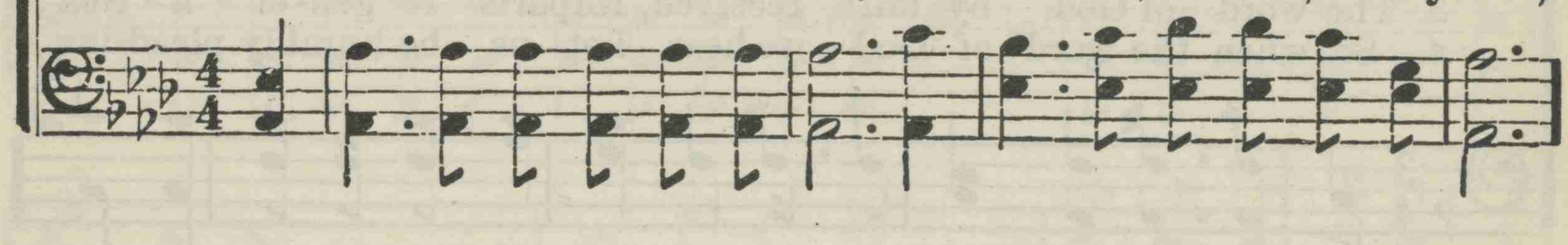
No. 368. Take me as I am.

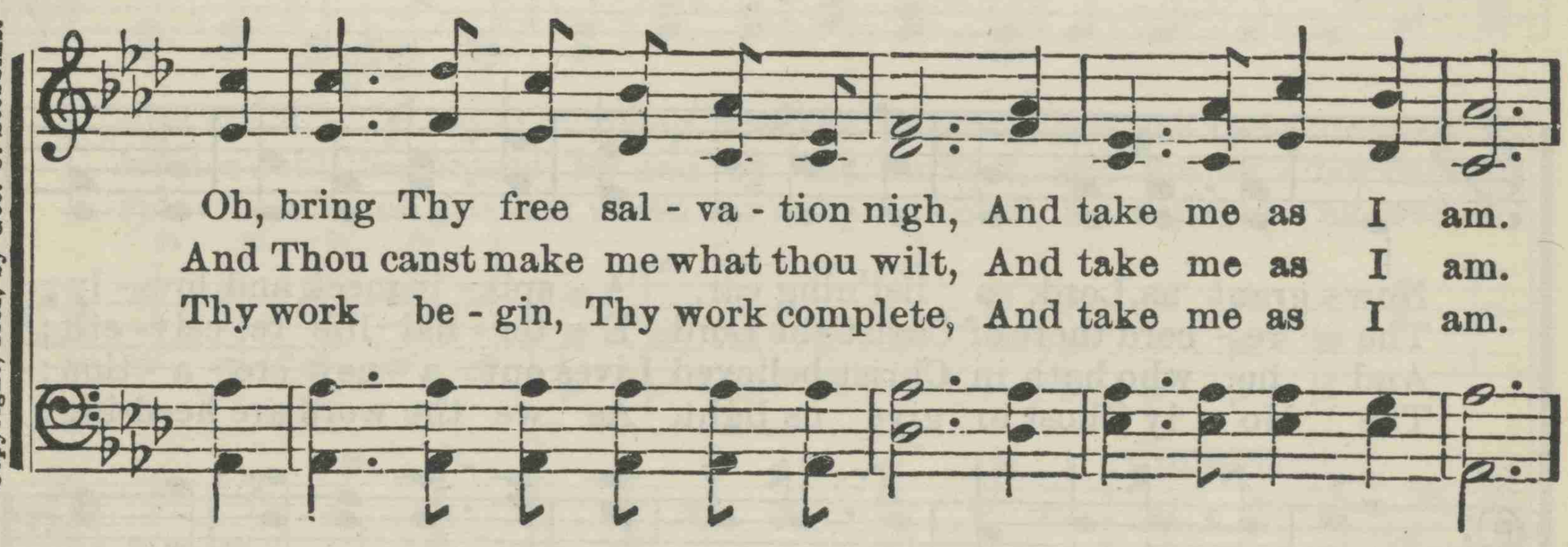
"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee."—Ps. 102: 1.

ELIZA H. HAMLITON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me I must die;
2. Help- less I am and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was split;
3. I bow be-fore Thy mercy-seat, Be- hold me, Saviour, at Thy feet;





Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what thou wilt, And take me as I am.
Thy work be - gin, Thy work complete, And take me as I am.

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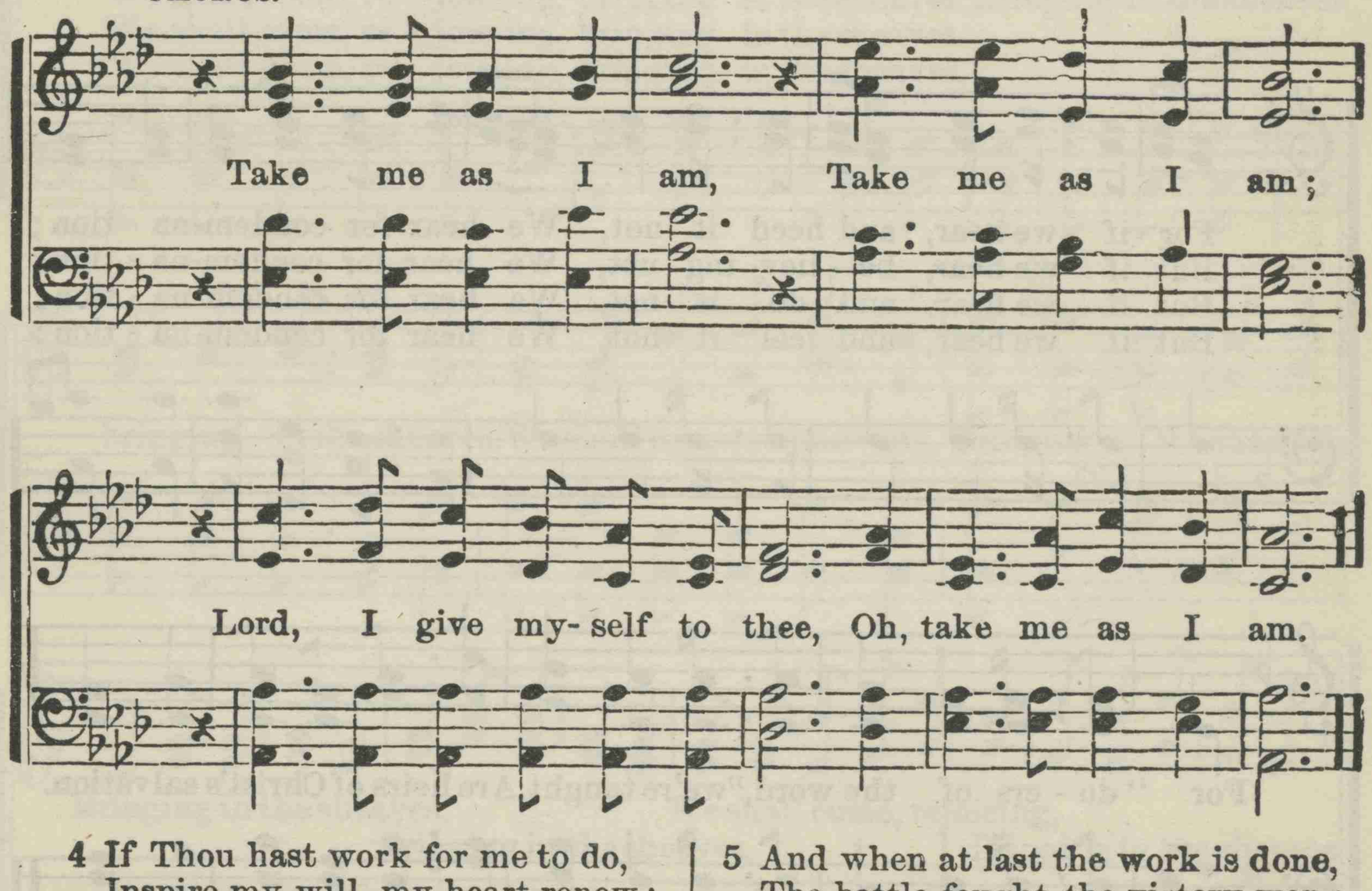
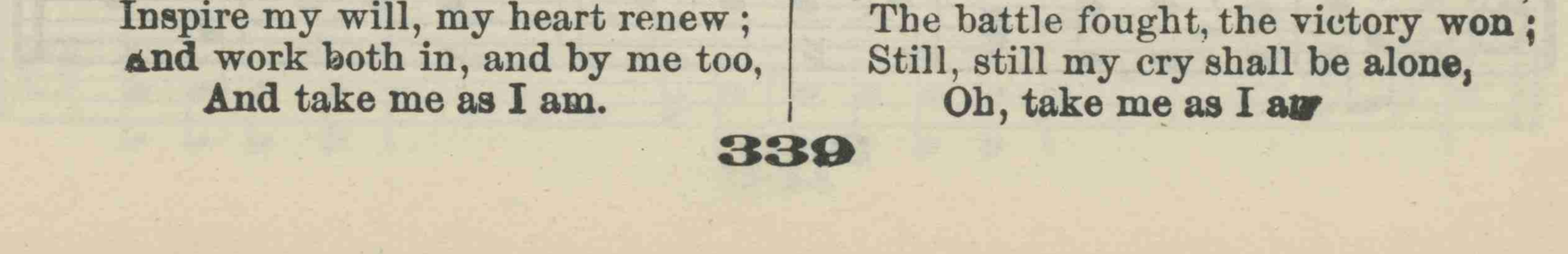
CHORUS.



Take me as I am, Take me as I am;



Lord, I give my- self to thee, Oh, take me as I am.

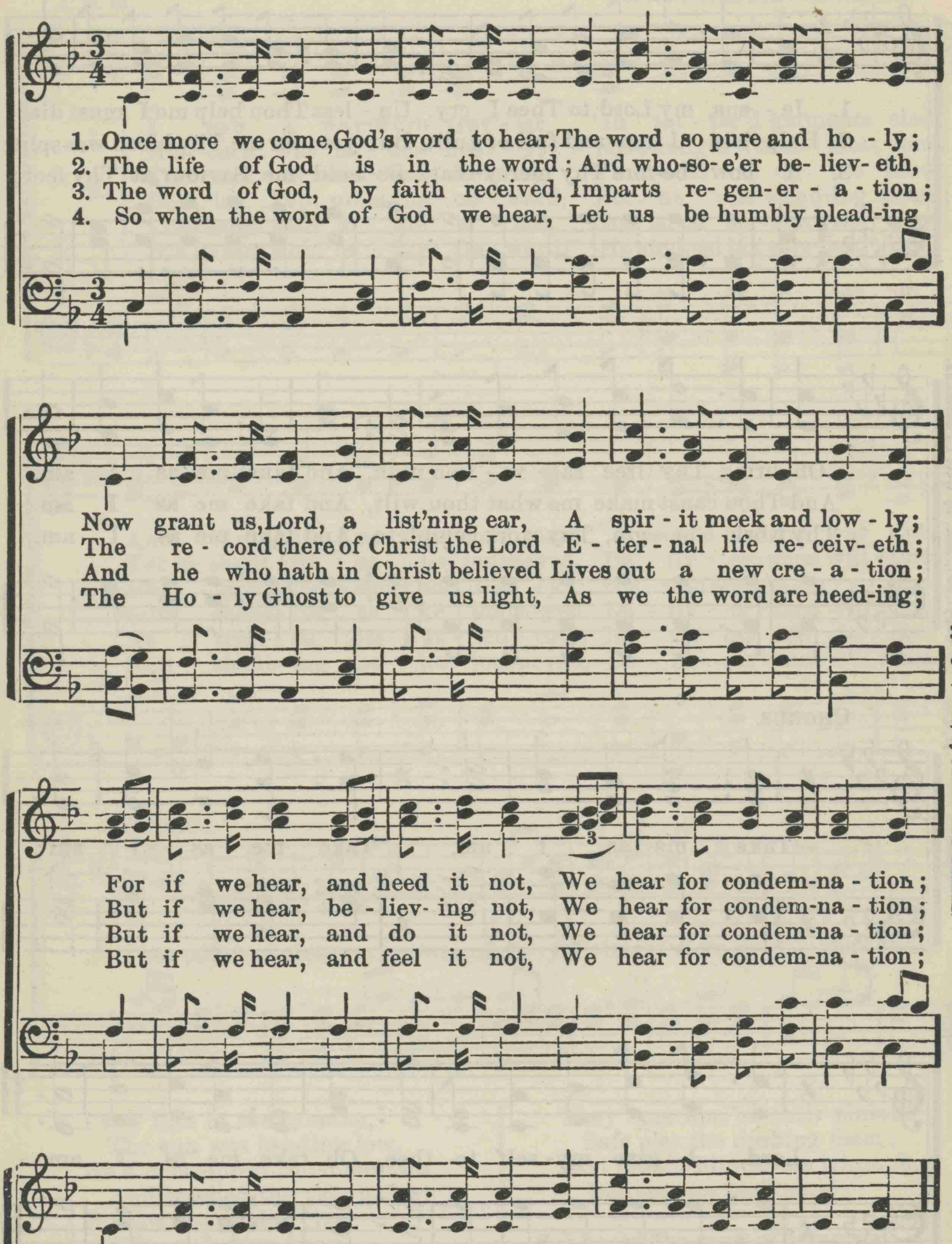
4 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew;
And work both in, and by me too,
And take me as I am.

5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won;
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Oh, take me as I am

No. 369. Doers of the Word.

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—JAMES 1: 22.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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No. 370. Bringing in the Sheaves.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—MATT. 13: 39.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la-bor end-ed,
spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,

CHORUS.

We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves;

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

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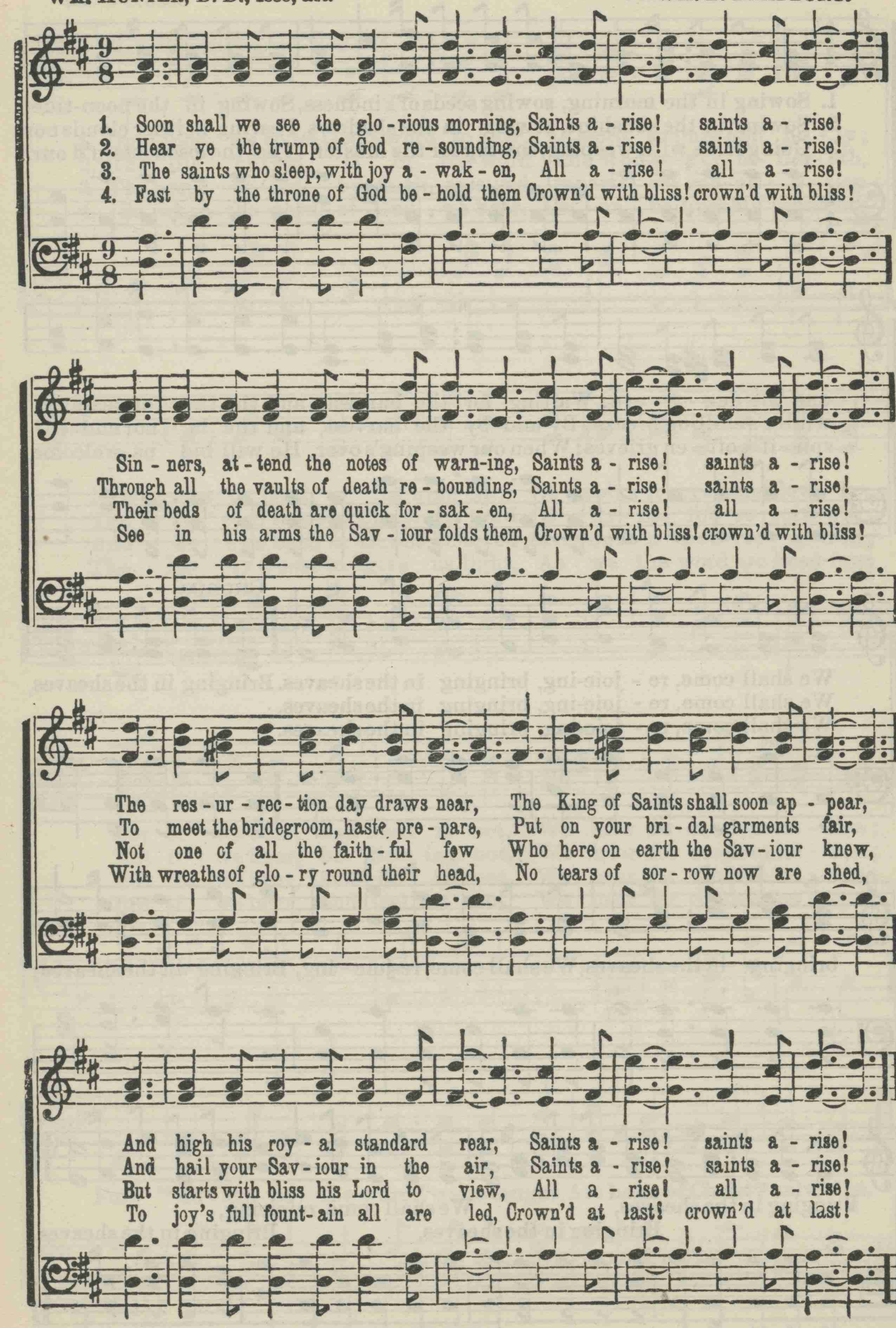
No. 371. The Glorious Morning.

"And God hath raised up the Lord, and will also raise us up by his own power."—1 Cor. 6 : 14.

Wm. Hunter, D. D., 1838, alt. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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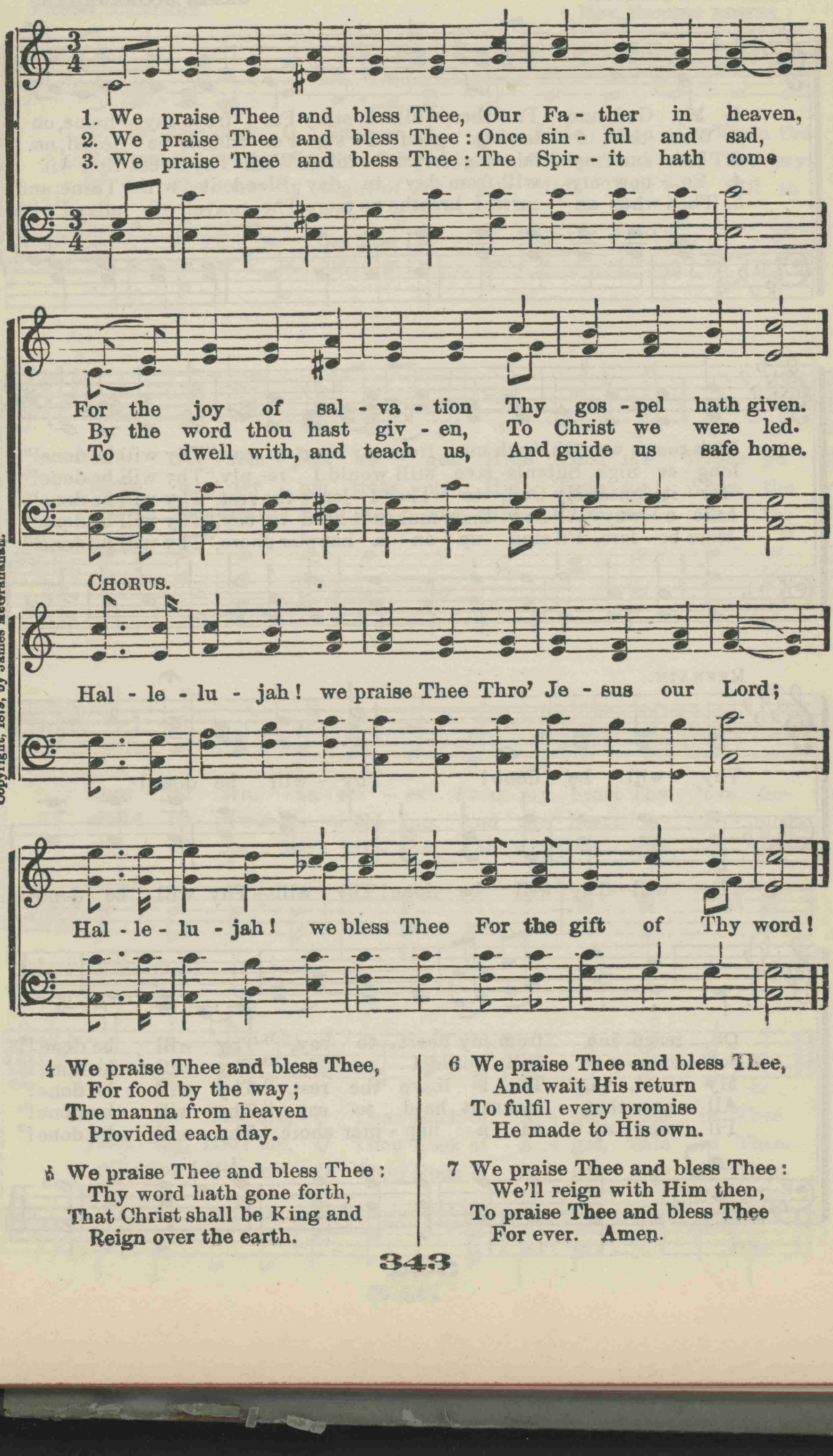
No. 372. We Praise Thee and Bless Thee.

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

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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4 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
For food by the way;
The manna from heaven
Provided each day.

5 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
Thy word hath gone forth,
That Christ shall be King and
Reign over the earth.

6 We praise Thee and bless Thee,
And wait His return
To fulfil every promise
He made to His own.

7 We praise Thee and bless Thee:
We'll reign with Him then,
To praise Thee and bless Thee
For ever. Amen.

No. 373. Thy Will be Done!

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."—MATT. 6: 10.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on
2. What tho' in lone-ly grief I sigh For friends be - loved, no
3. Let but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spir - it
4. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine; and
5. Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with

life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
long - er nigh, Submis- sive still would I re- ply, "Thy will be done!"
for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
take a - way All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
tears be - fore, I'll sing up - on a happier shore, "Thy will be done!"

REFRAIN.

Thy will be done! Thy will be done!
Thy will—Thy will be done! Thy will—Thy will be done!
Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
Sub - mis - sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

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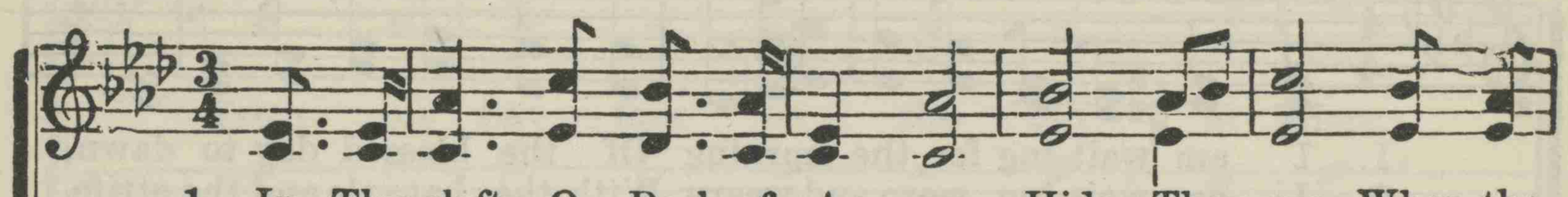
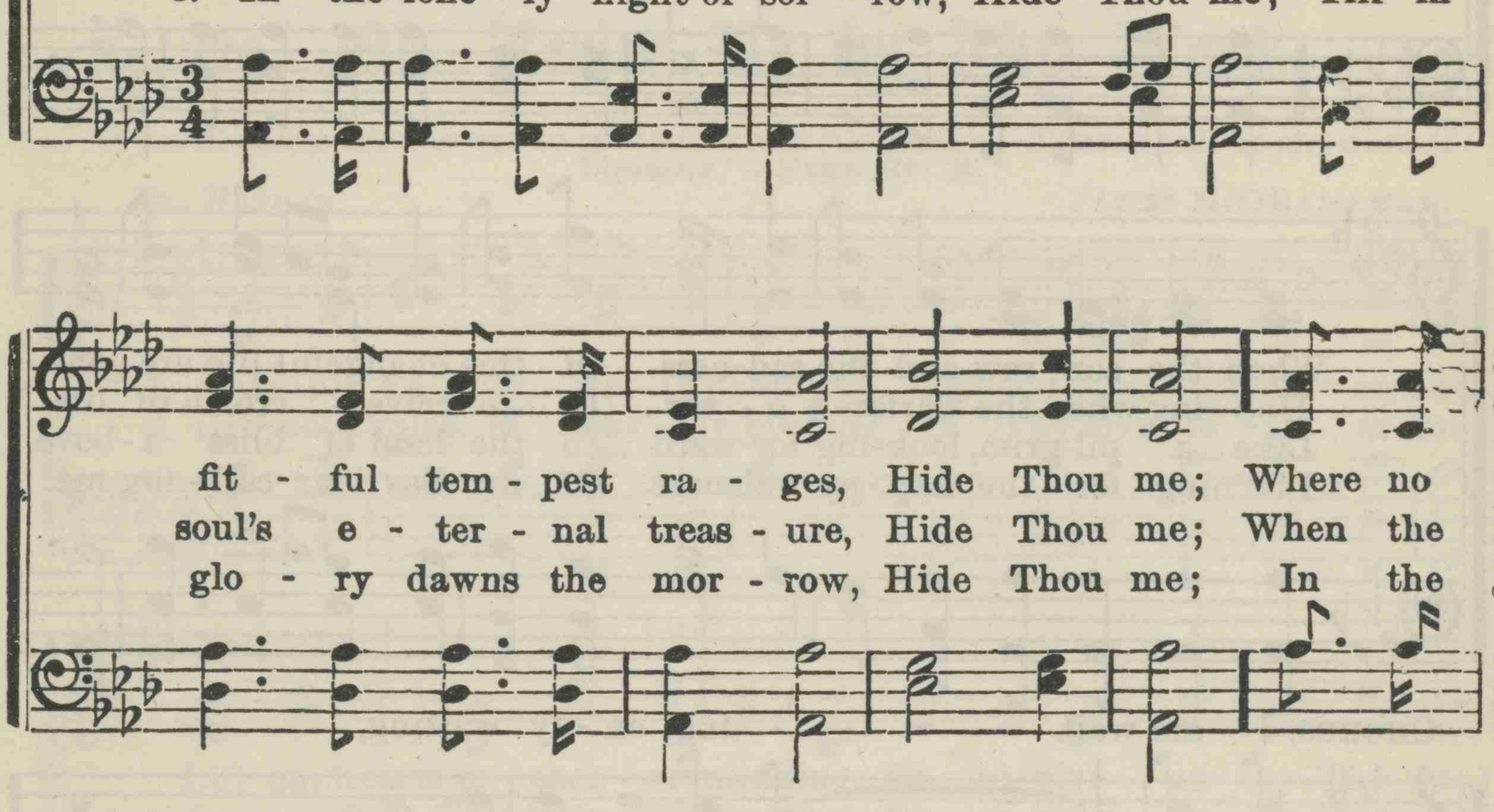
No. 374. Hide Thou Me.

"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. 32: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide Thou me; When the fit - ful tem - pest ra - ges, Hide Thou me; Where no
2. From the snare of sin - ful pleas - ure, Hide Thou me; Thou, my soul's e - ter - nal treas - ure, Hide Thou me; When the
3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, Hide Thou me; Till in glo - ry dawns the mor - row, Hide Thou me; In the



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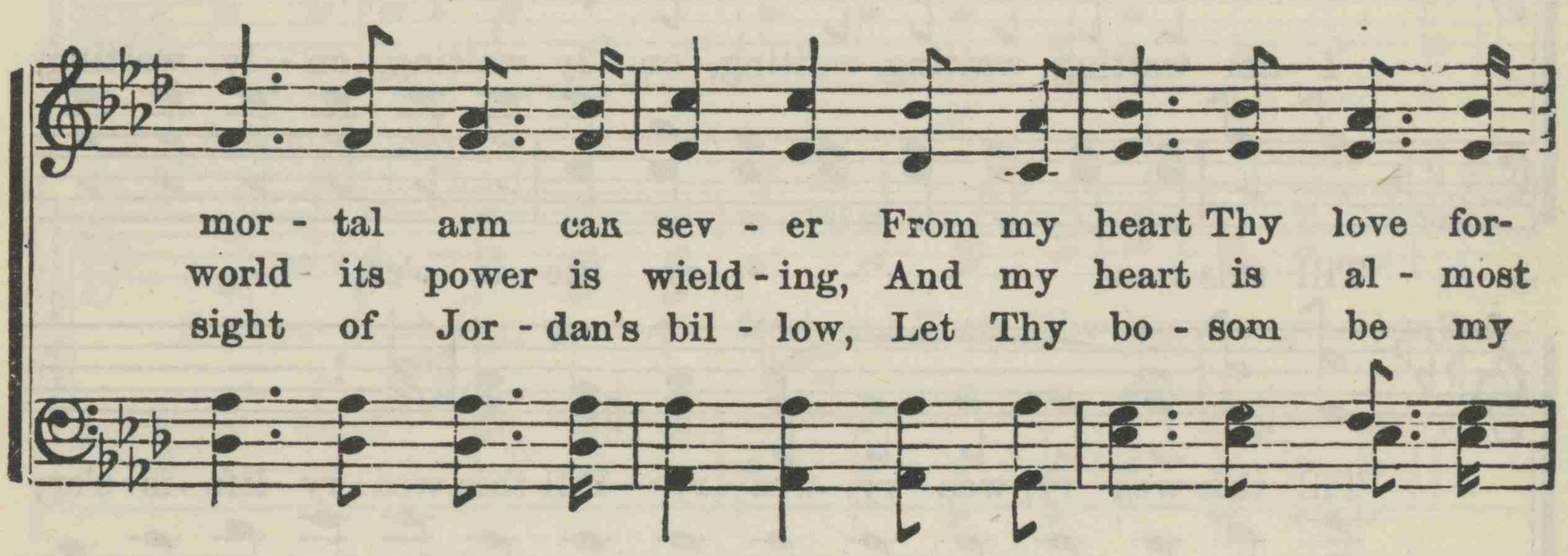
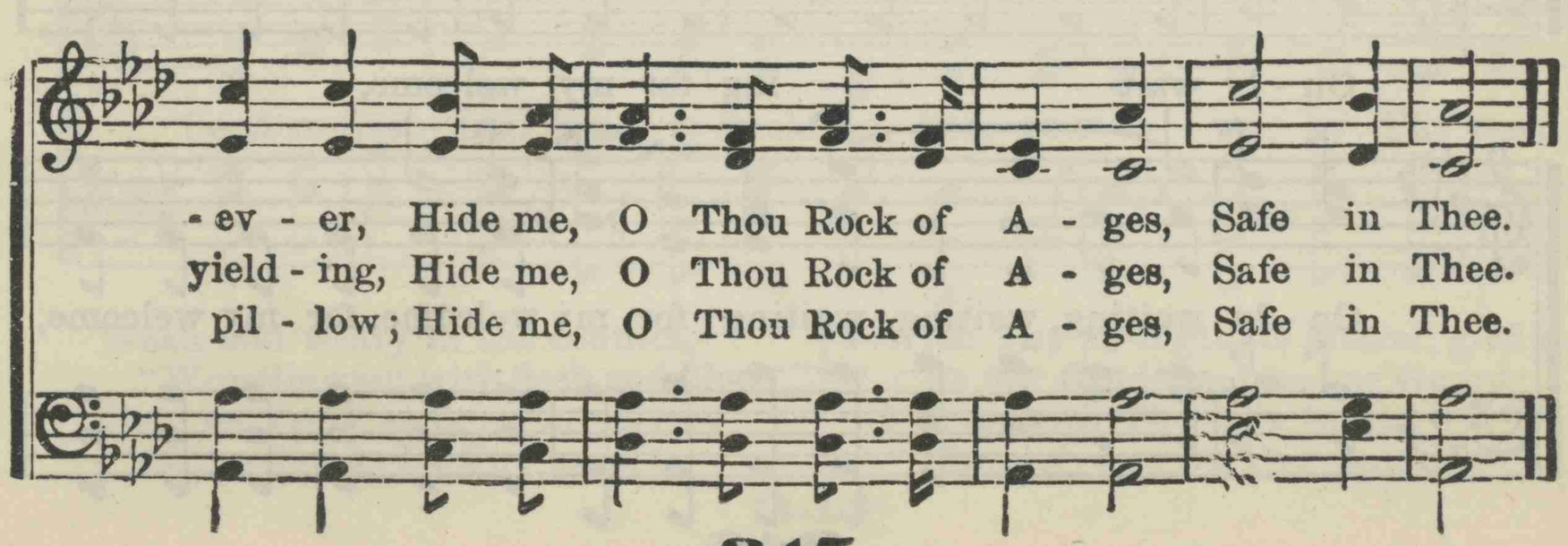


mor - tal arm can sev - er From my heart Thy love for-
world its power is wield - ing, And my heart is al - most
sight of Jor - dan's bil - low, Let Thy bo - som be my



- ev - er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
yield - ing, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
pil - low; Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.

No. 375. Only Waiting.

"The Lord direct your hearts into.....the patient waiting for Christ."—2 THESS. 3: 5.

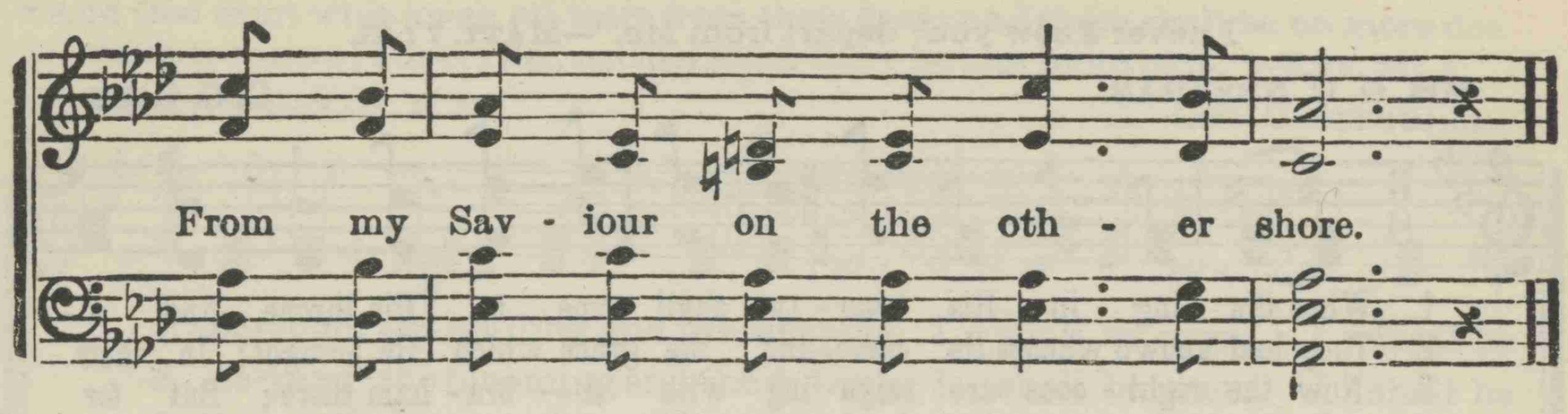
W. G. IRVIN. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. I am wait-ing for the morning Of the blessed day to dawn,
2. I am wait-ing; worn and weary With the bat-tle and the strife,
3. Wait-ing, hop-ing, trusting ev-er, For a home of boundless love;
4. Hop-ing soon to meet the lov'd ones Where the "many mansions" be;

When the sor-row and the sad-ness Of this changeful life are gone.
Hop-ing when the warfare's o-ver To re-ceive a crown of life.
Like a pil-grim, look-ing for-ward To the land of bliss a-bove.
List'ning for the hap-py welcome Of my Sav-iour call-ing me.

CHORUS. I am wait - - - - ing, on-ly waiting,
I am waiting, waiting, waiting, on-ly waiting, on-ly waiting,
Till this wea - - - - ry life is o'er;
Till this wea-ry, wea-ry, wea-ry— Till this wea-ry life is o'er;
On-ly wait - - - - ing for my welcome,
On-ly waiting, waiting, waiting for my welcome, for my welcome,

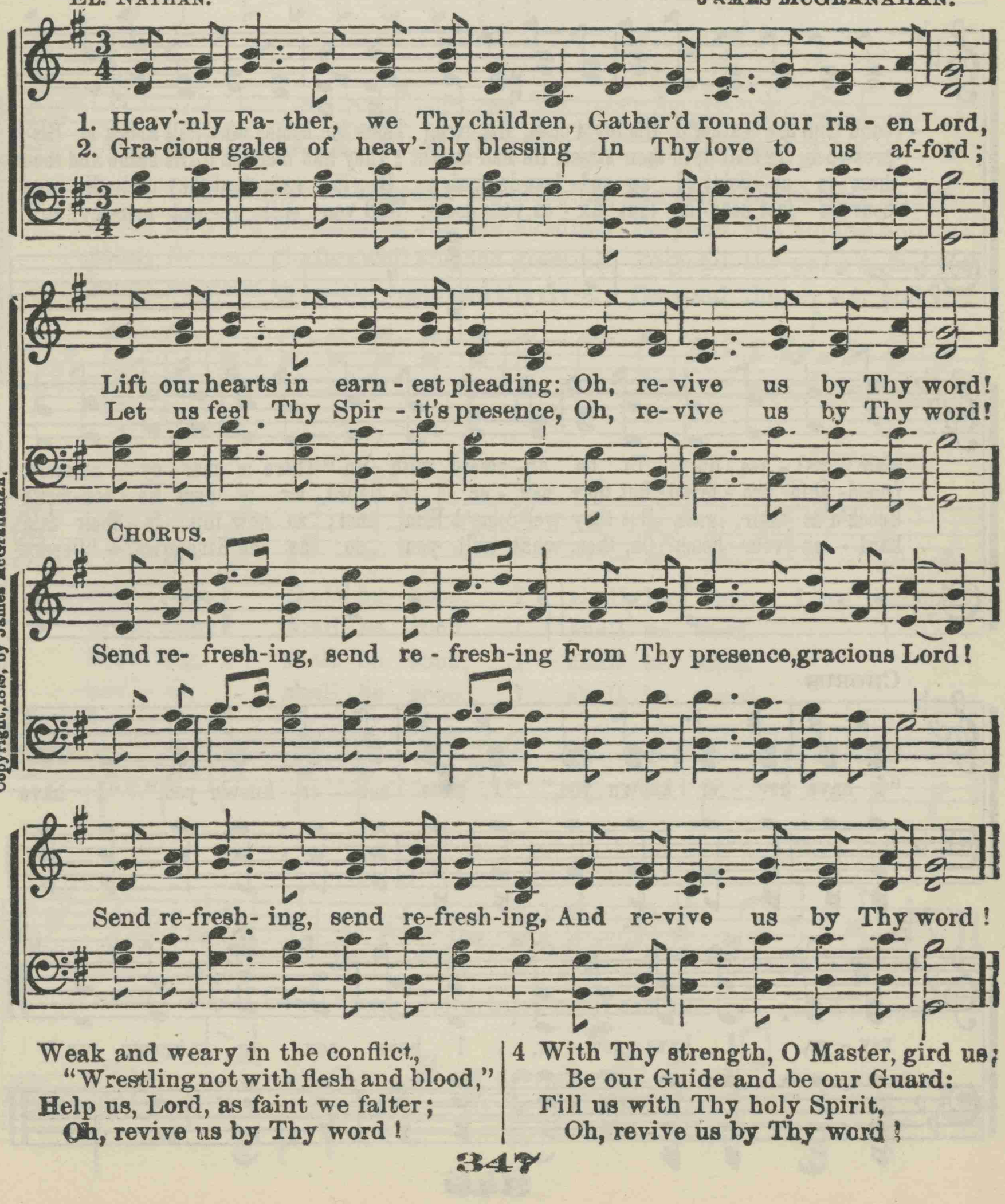
Only Waiting.—Concluded.



No. 376. Oh, Revive Us by Thy Word.

"I will cause the shower to come down in his season. There shall be showers of blessing."—EZEK. 34: 26.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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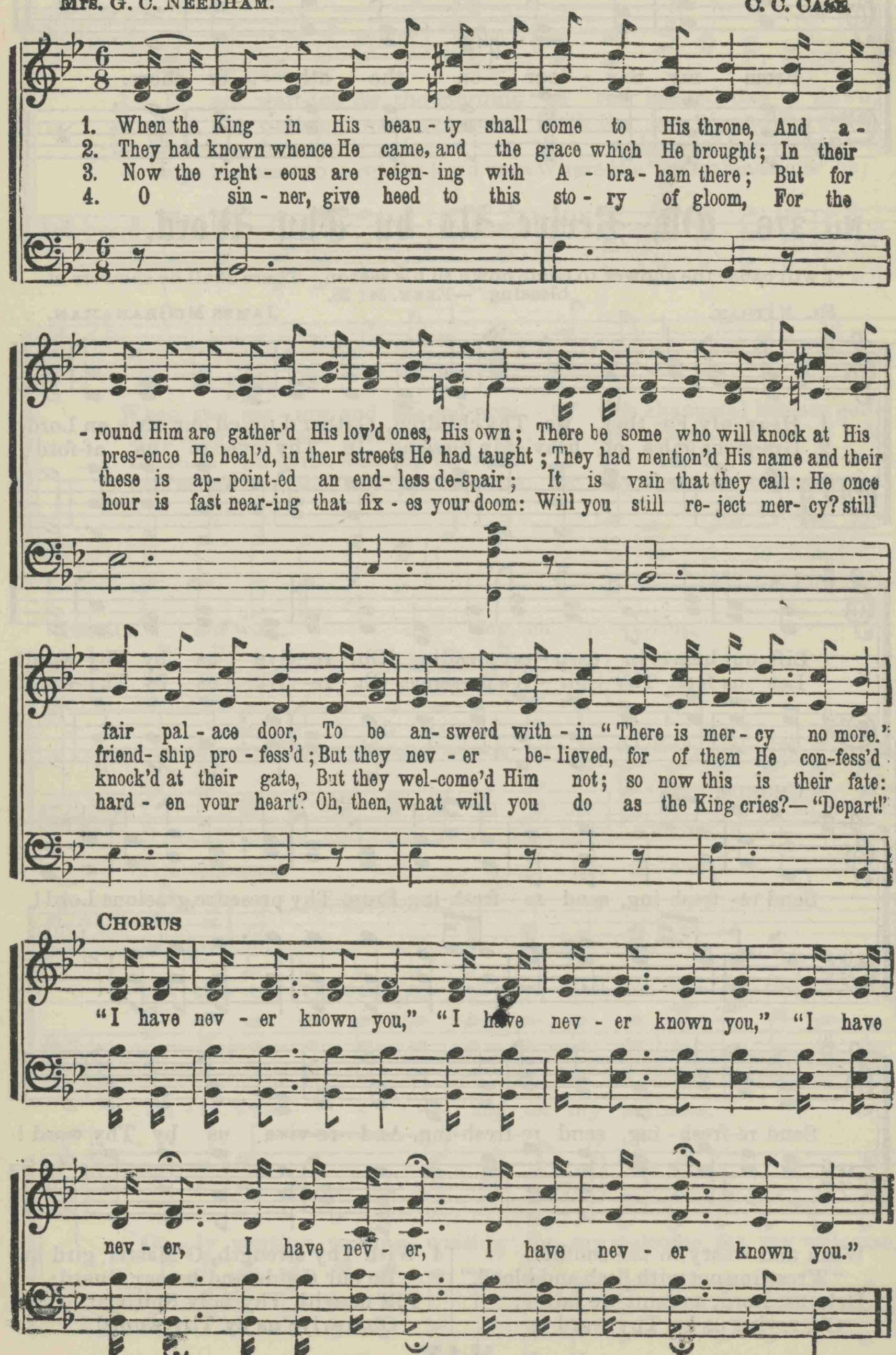
Weak and weary in the conflict,
"Wrestling not with flesh and blood,"
Help us, Lord, as faint we falter;
Oh, revive us by Thy word!

4 With Thy strength, O Master, gird us;
Be our Guide and be our Guard:
Fill us with Thy holy Spirit,
Oh, revive us by Thy word!

No. 377. I Never Knew You.

"I never knew you: depart from Me."—MATT. 7 : 23.

MRS. G. C. NEEDHAM. C. C. CASE.



Copyright, 1881, by C. C. Case.

No. 378. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more dea neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."—REV. 21: 4.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Be-yond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-yond the waking and the sleeping, Be-yond the sowing and the reap-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
2. Be-yond the blooming and the fad-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-yond the shining and the shading, Be-yond the hoping and the dread-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
3. Be-yond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-yond the farewell and the greeting, Be-yond the pulse's fe - ver beat - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
4. Be-yond the frost-chain and the fe-ver, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-yond the rock-waste and the riv-er, Be-yond the ev - er and the nev - er, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

Copyright, 1880, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

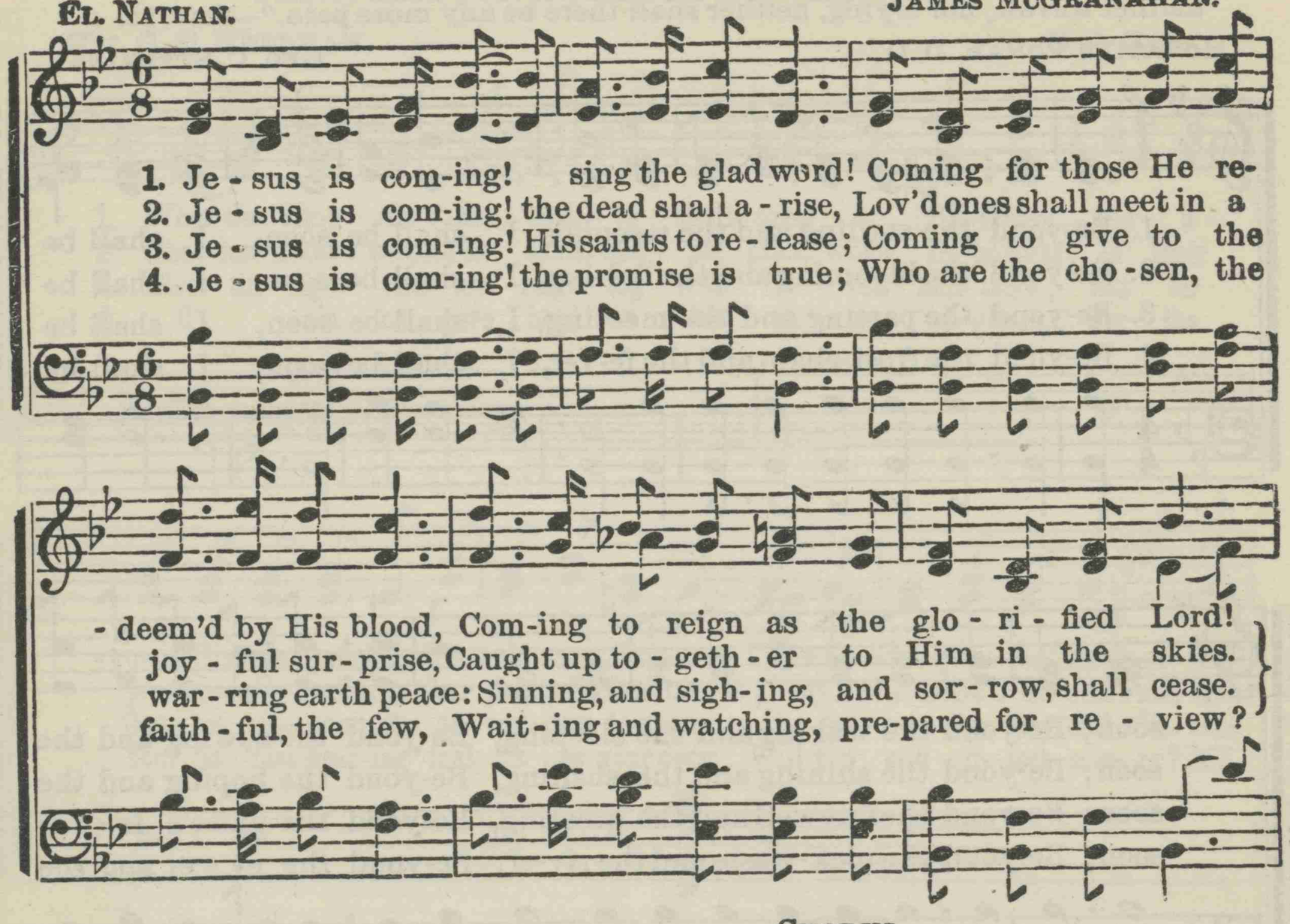
REFRAIN.

Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home! Lord, tarry not, Lord, tar - ry not, but come.

No. 379. Jesus is Coming.

"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven."—1 THESS 4: 16.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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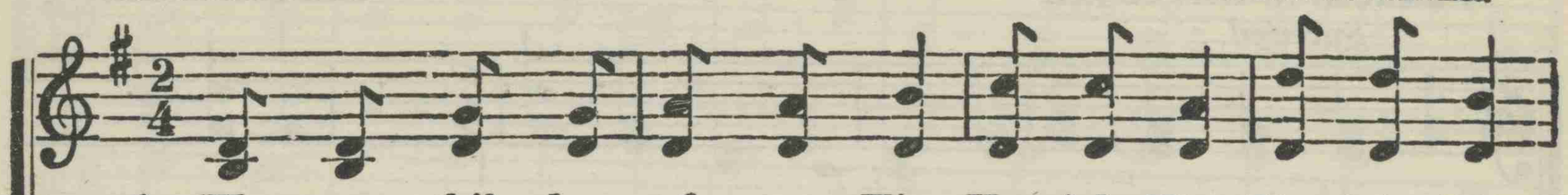
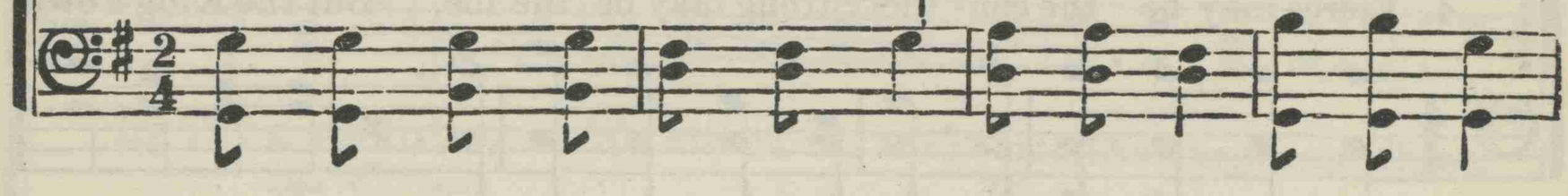
No. 380. Singing as we Journey.

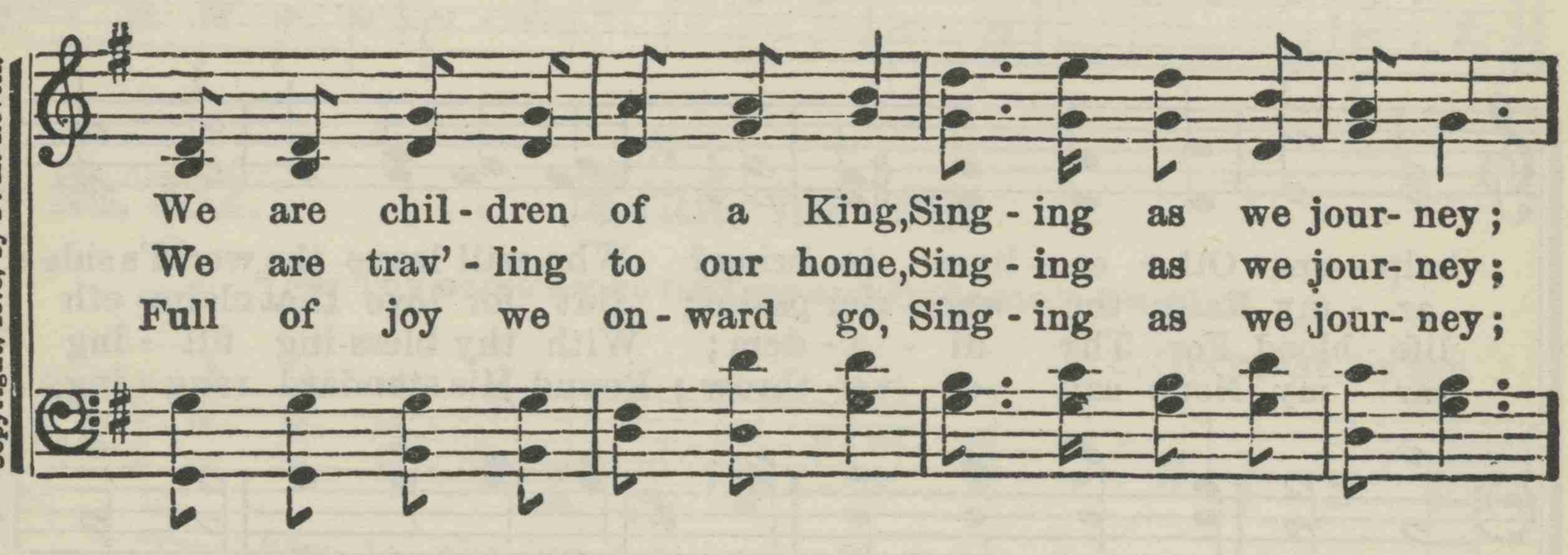
"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126: 2.

LUCY J. RIDER. LUCY J. RIDER.



1. We are chil - dren of a King, Heav'nly King, Heav'nly King,
2. We are trav' - ling to our home, Bless- ed home, Bless-ed home,
3. Full of joy we on - ward go, Heav'nward go, Homeward go,





We are chil - dren of a King, Sing - ing as we jour- ney;
We are trav' - ling to our home, Sing - ing as we jour- ney;
Full of joy we on - ward go, Sing - ing as we jour- ney;

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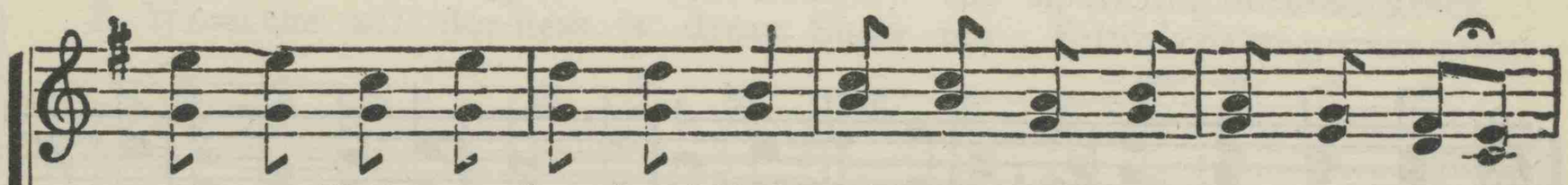
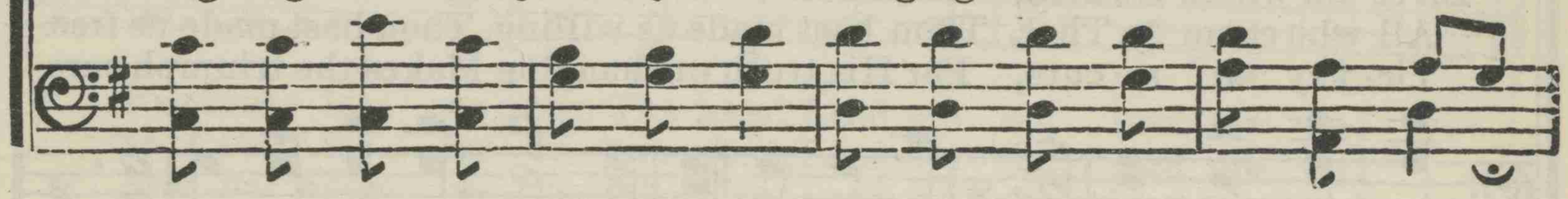
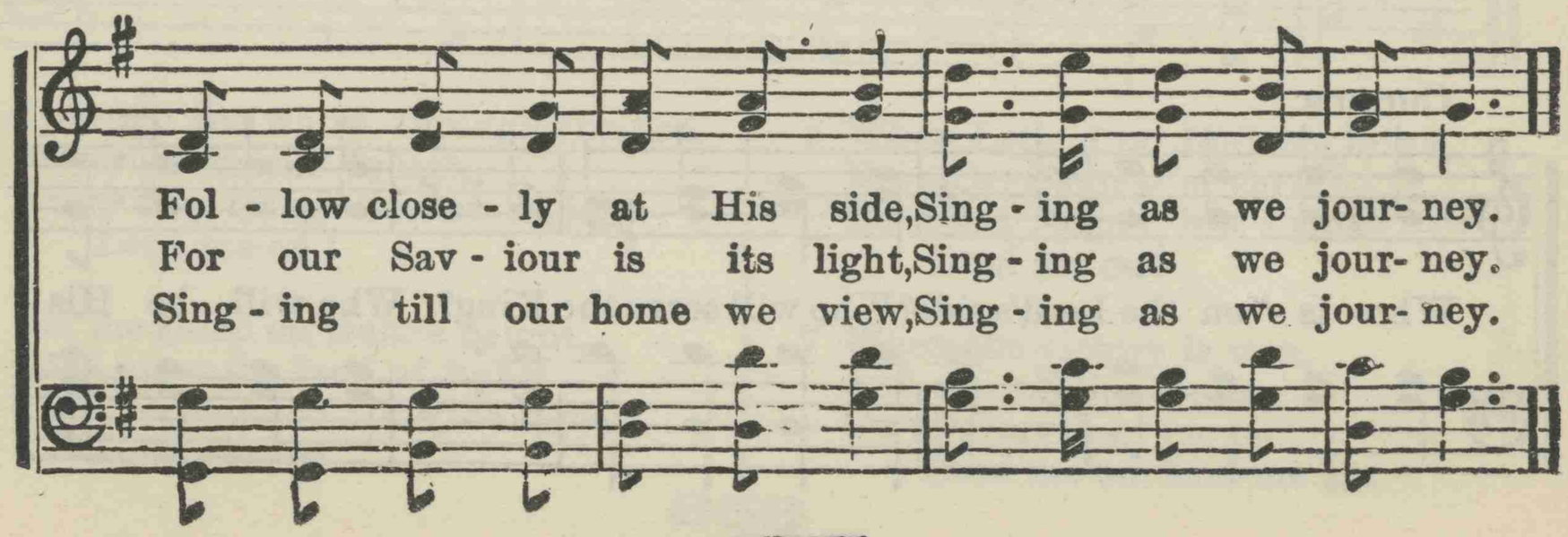


Je - sus Christ our Guard and Guide, Bids us, noth- ing ter - ri - fied,
Tow'rd a cit - y out of sight Where will fall no shade of night,
Sing- ing all the jour-ney thro'—Singing hearts are brave and true—





Fol - low close - ly at His side, Sing - ing as we jour- ney.
For our Sav - iour is its light, Sing - ing as we jour- ney.
Sing - ing till our home we view, Sing - ing as we jour- ney.

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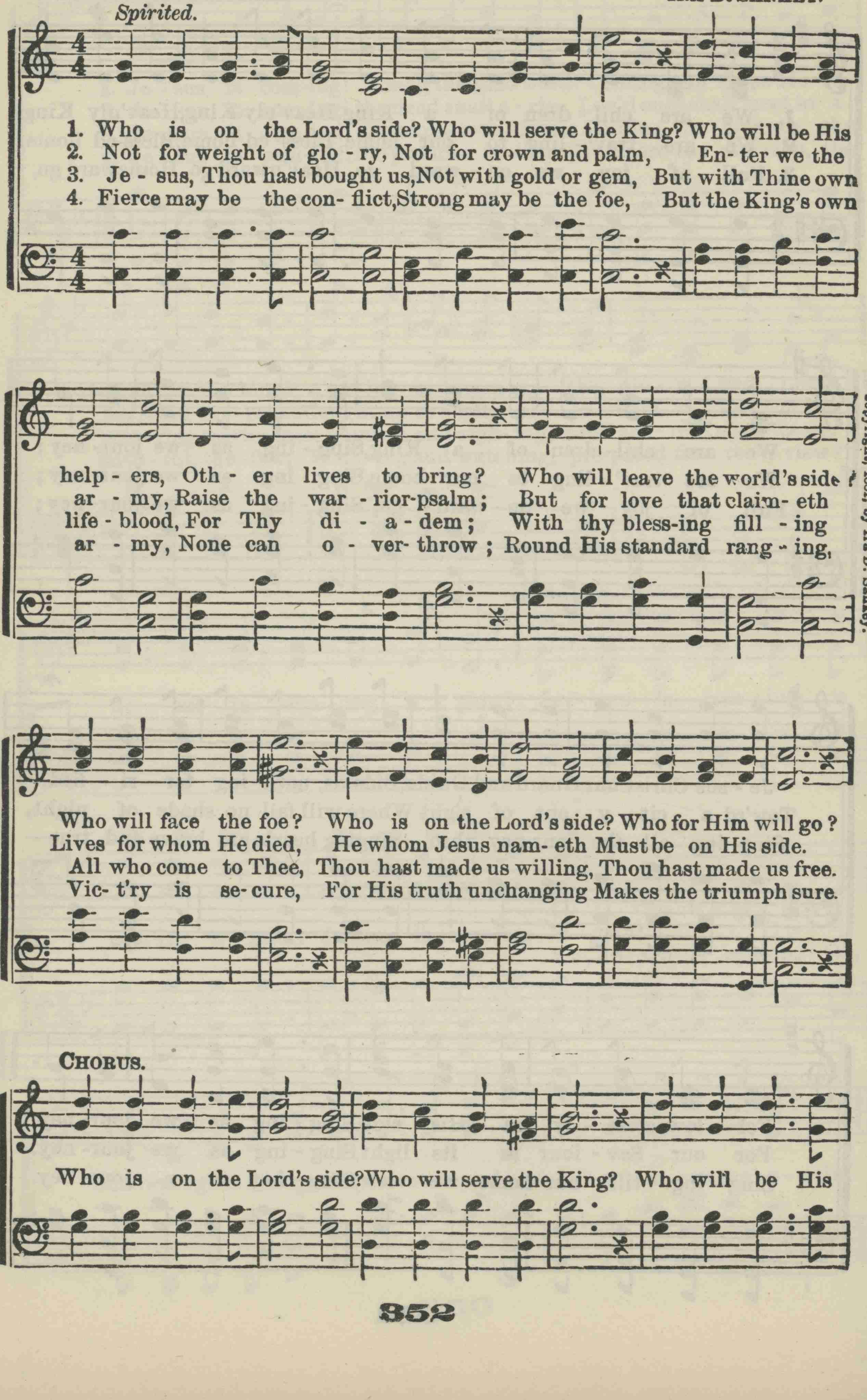
No. 381. Who is on the Lord's Side?

"Thine are we, David, and on thy side. thou son of Jesse."—1 CHRON. 12: 18.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY.

Spirited.



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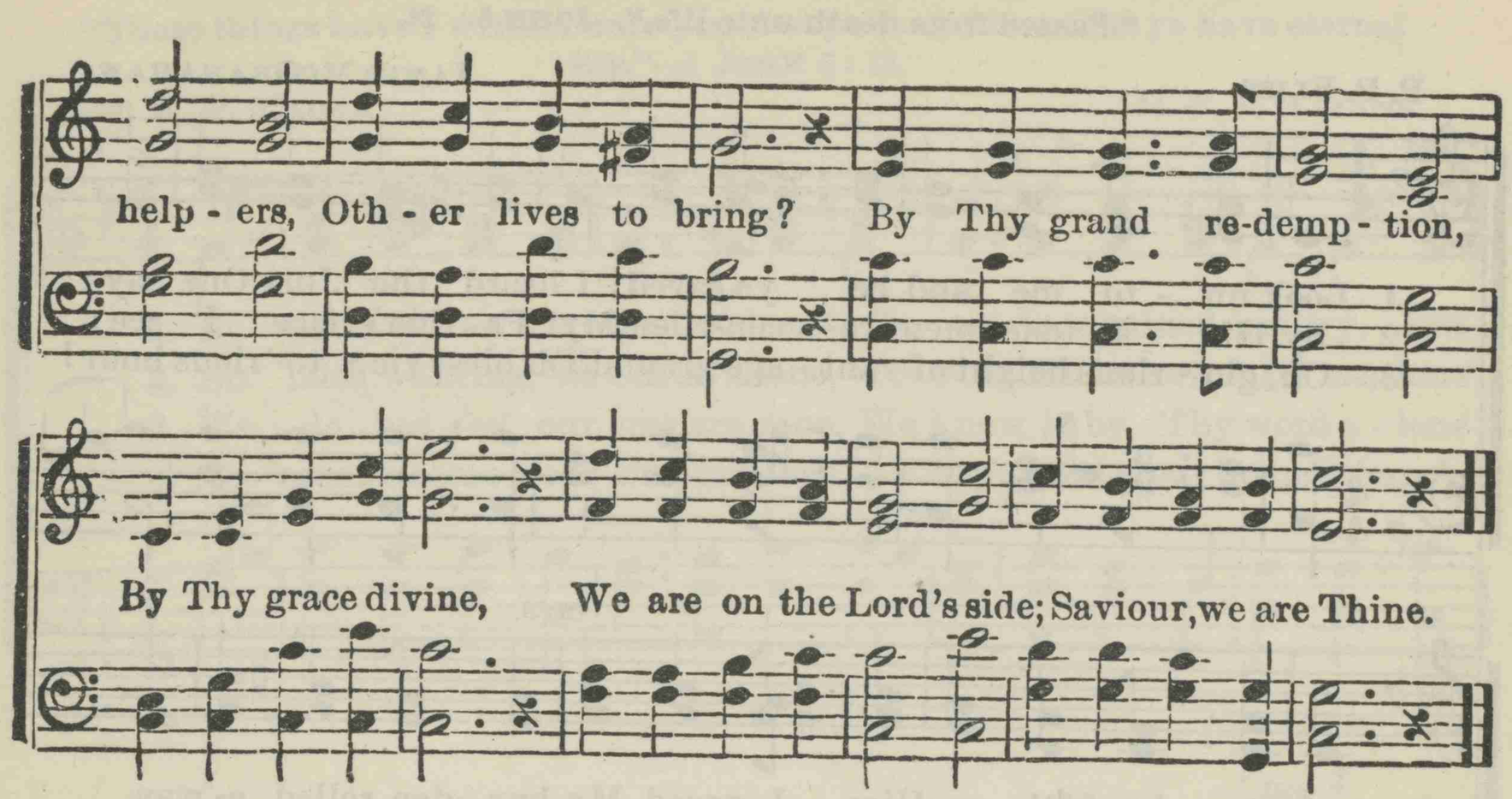
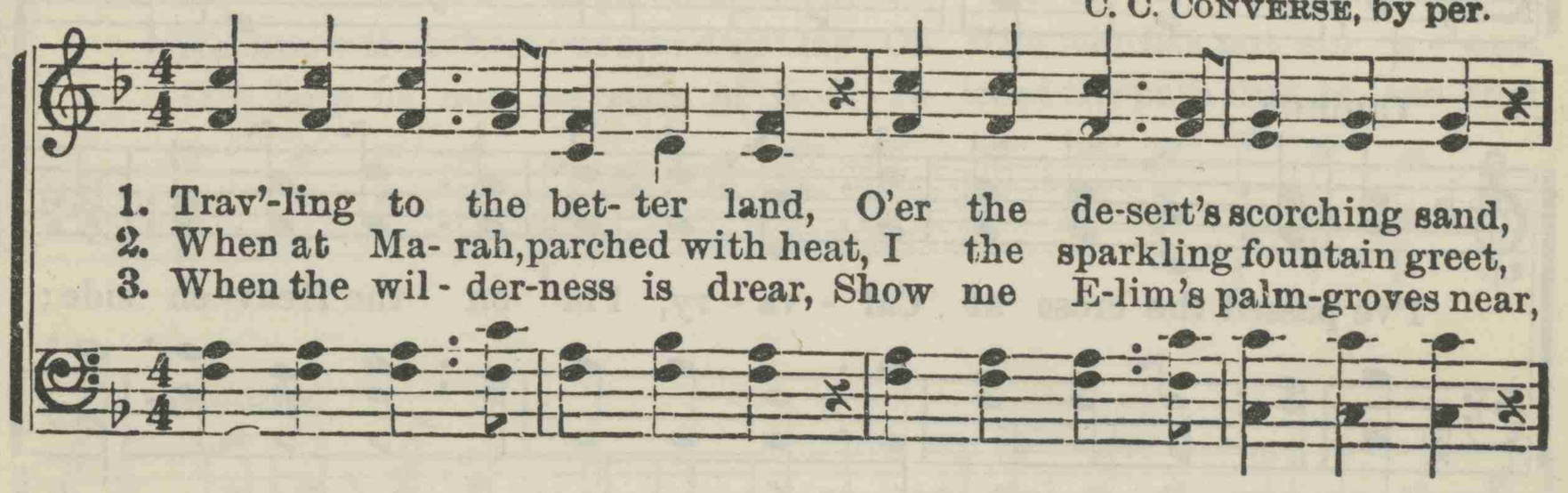
Who is on the Lord's Side.—Concluded.

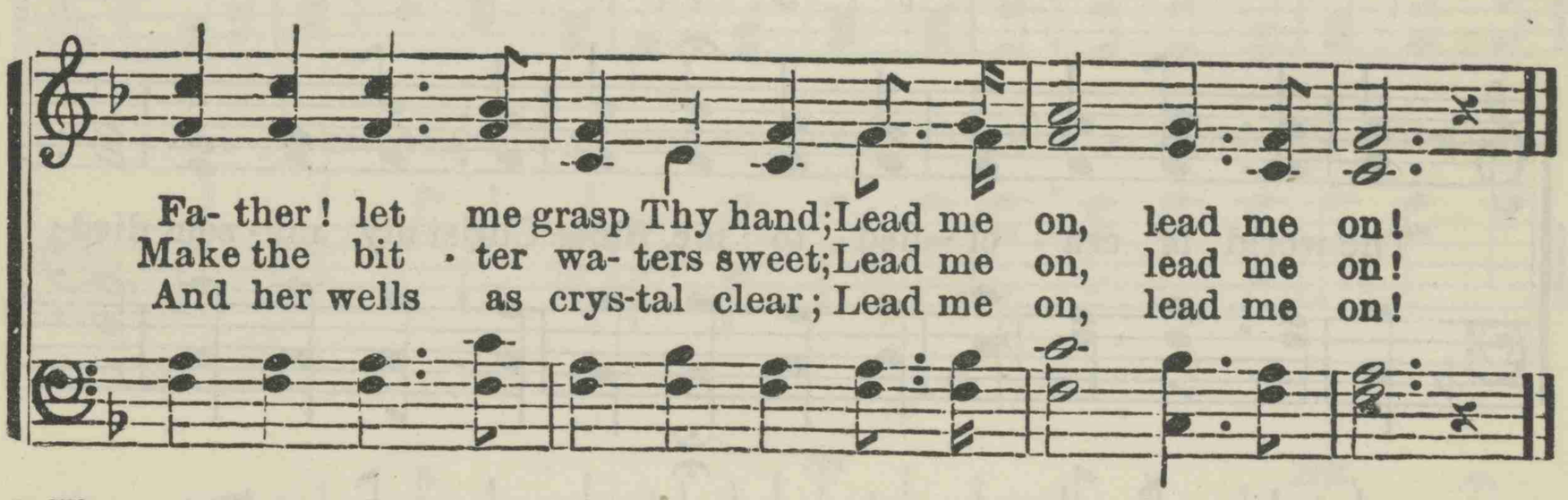


No. 382. Lead me on.

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

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.





1 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on!

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink
Lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on

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No. 383 I've Passed the Cross.

"Passed from death unto life."—JOHN 5 : 24.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Look un - to me and be ye saved, I heard the Just One say;
2. By His a - tone- ment re - con-ciled, My Fa- ther's face I see;
3. Oh, glo - rious height of vant - age ground! Oh, blest vic - to- rious hour!

cres.

And as by faith on Him I gazed, My bur - den rolled a- way.
The emp - ty tomb now in - tervenes Between the world and me.
In Him to trust and ful - ly know His res - ur - rec- tion power.

CHORUS.

I've passed the cross at Cal - va - ry, I'm on the Heav- en side;
The world is cru - ci - fied to me, Since Christ my ran- som died;
The world is cru - ci - fied to me, Since Christ my ran- som died.

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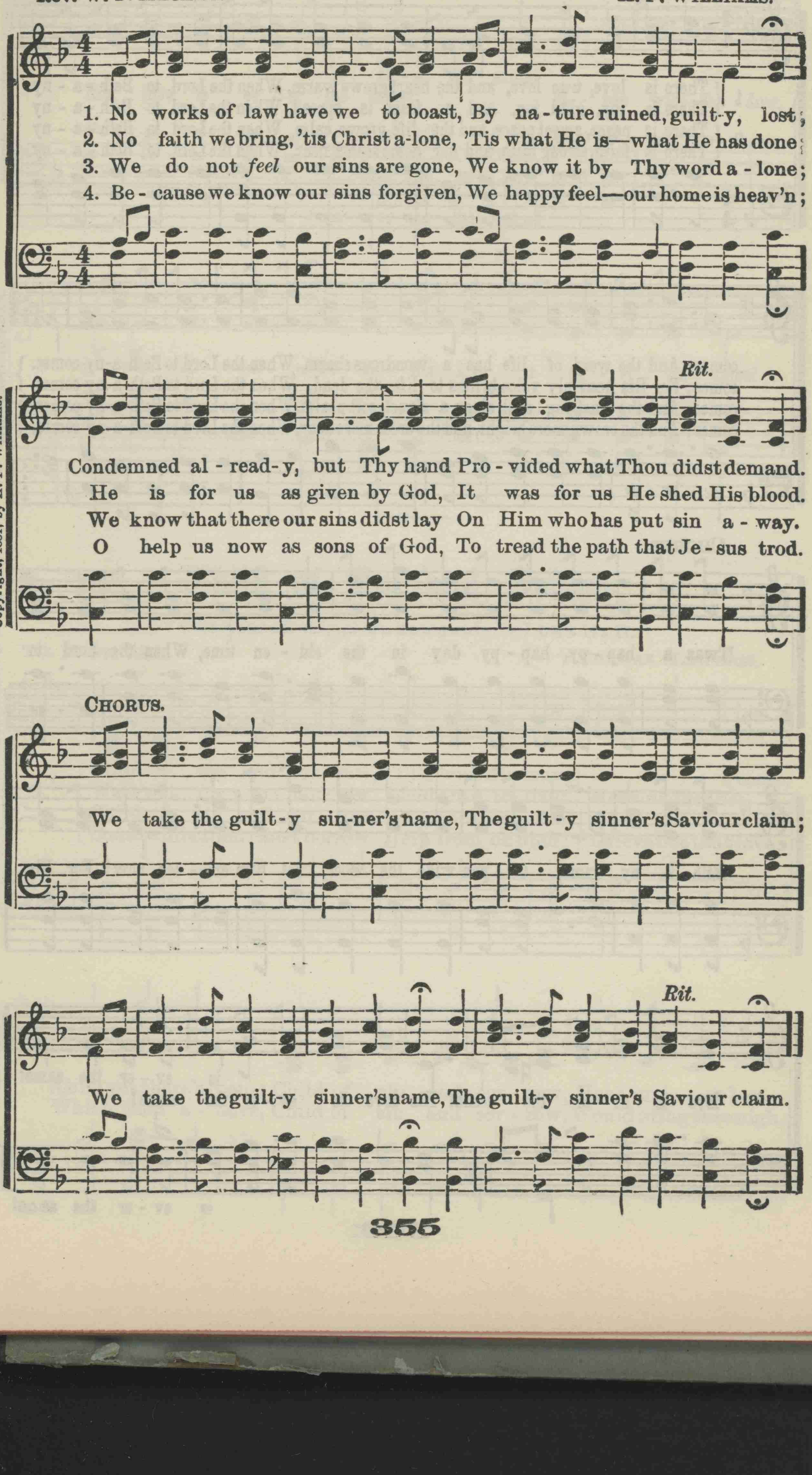
No. 384. We Take the Guilty Sinner's Name.

"These things have I written unto you that ye may know that ye have eternal life."—1 JOHN 5: 13.

Rev. W. P. MACKAY. H. F. WILLIAMS.



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No. 385. He Came to Bethany.

"Then Jesus came to Bethany."—JOHN 12: 1.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. There is love, true love, and the heart grows warm, When the Lord to Beth - a - ny comes;
   There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is spread, When the Lord to Beth - a - ny comes;
2. There is peace, sweet peace, and the life grows calm, When the Lord to Beth - a - ny comes;
   There is faith, strong faith, and our home seems near, When the Lord to Beth - a - ny comes;
   And the word of life has a wondrous charm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.
   For His heav'nly voice brings to life the dead, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.
   And the trust-ing soul sings a sweet, soft psalm, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.
   And the crown more bright, and the cross more dear, When the Lord to Beth-a-ny comes.

CHORUS.

'Twas a hap - py, hap - py day in the old - en time, When the Lord to Beth - a - ny came, O - pen wide the door, let Him en - ter now! For His love is ev - er the same! His love is ev - er the same! His love is ev - er the same!

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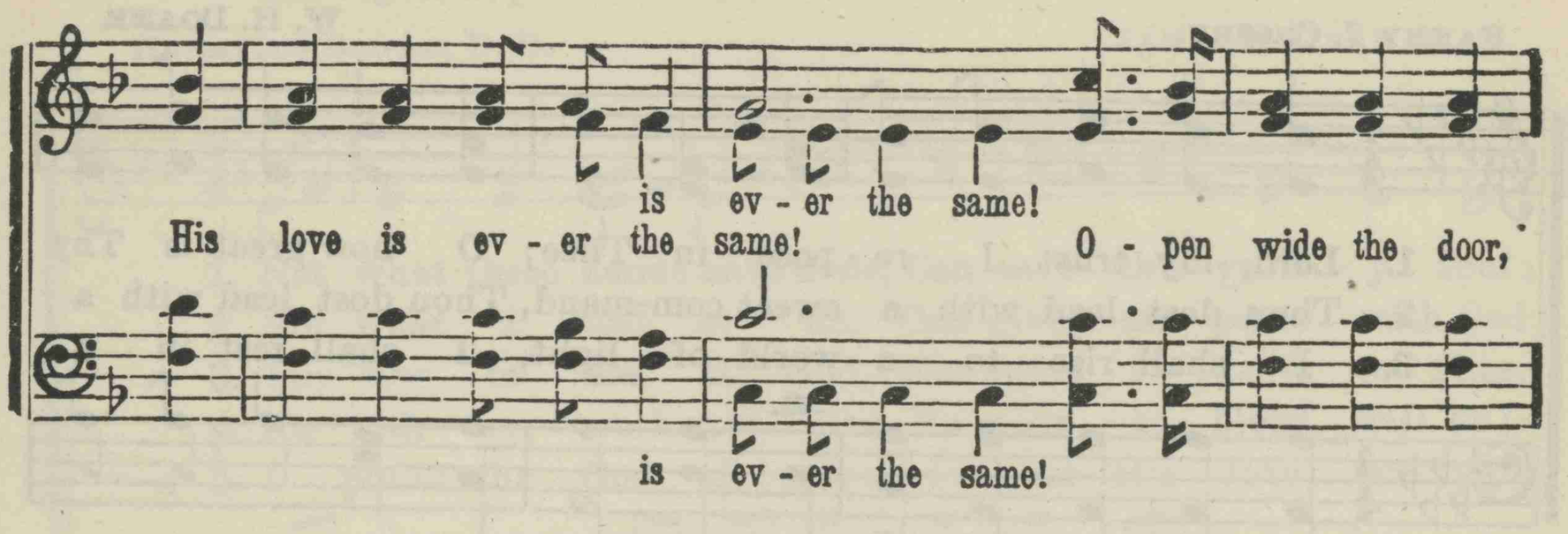
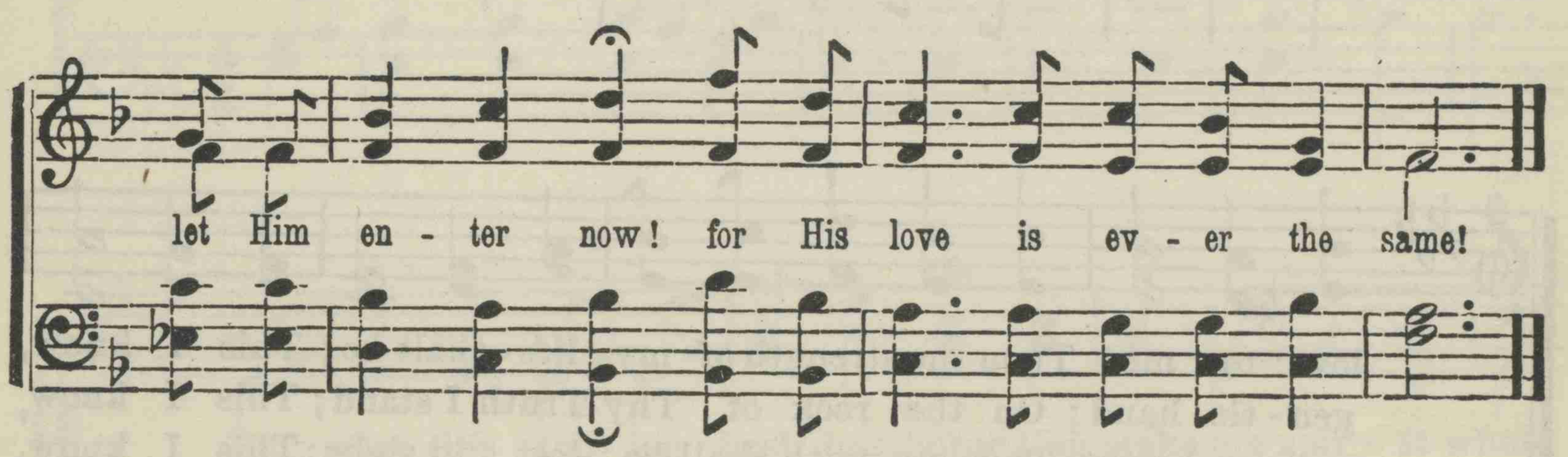
He Came to Bethany.—Concluded.

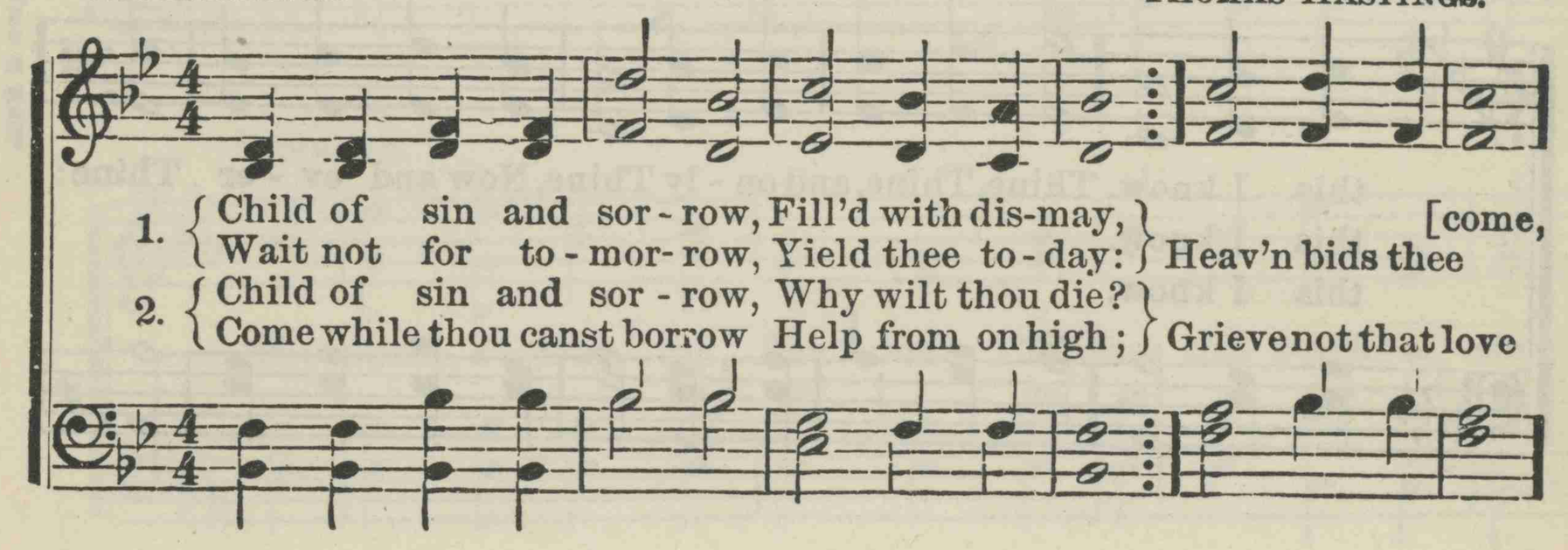


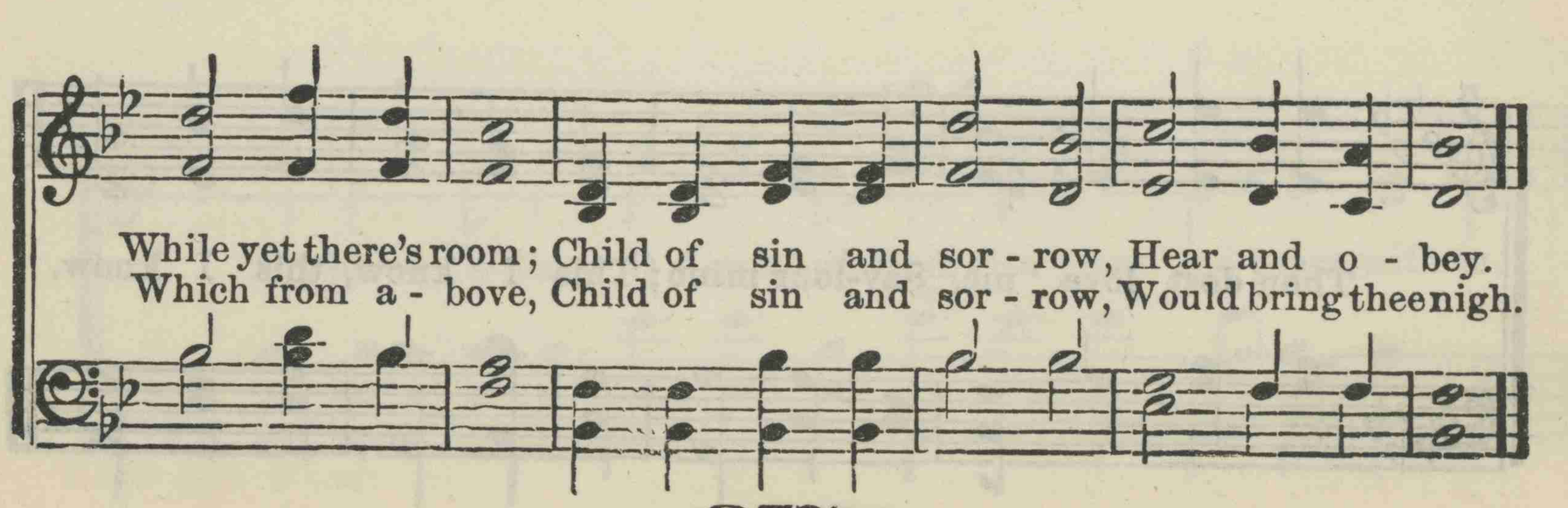


No. 386. Child of Sin and Sorrow.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14: 17.

TH. HASTINGS. THOMAS HASTINGS.





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No. 387. This I Know.

"I know whom I have believed."—2 Tim. 1 : 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Lord, my trust I re - pose in Thee; O how great is Thy
2. Thou dost lead with a sweet com-mand, Thou dost lead with a
3. I shall rise to a world of light, I shall rest in a

love to me! Thou the strength of my life shalt be; This I know,
gen - tle hand; On the rock of Thy Truth I stand; This I know,
mansion bright; Then my faith shall be lost in sight; This I know,

REFRAIN.

this I know. Thine, Thine, and on - ly Thine, Now and ev - er Thine:
this I know.
this I know.

Thou dost love me, Sav-iour mine; This I know, this I know.

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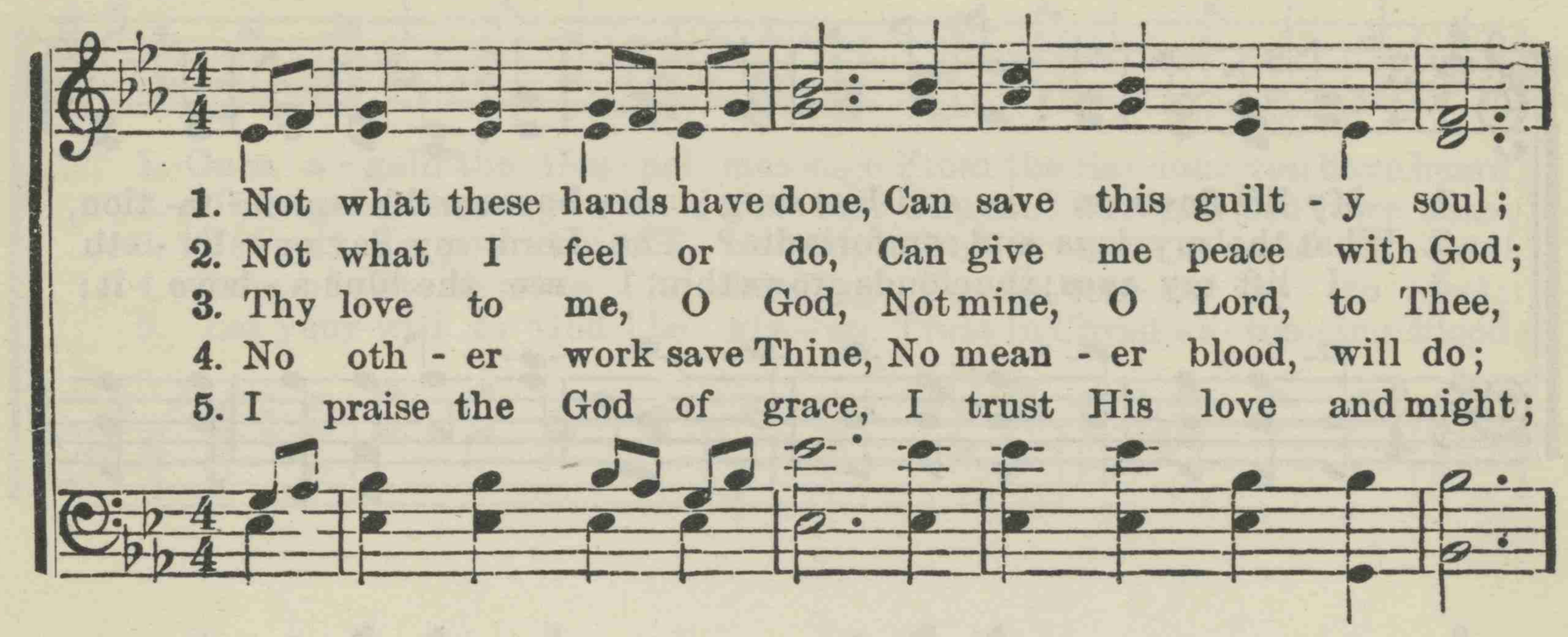
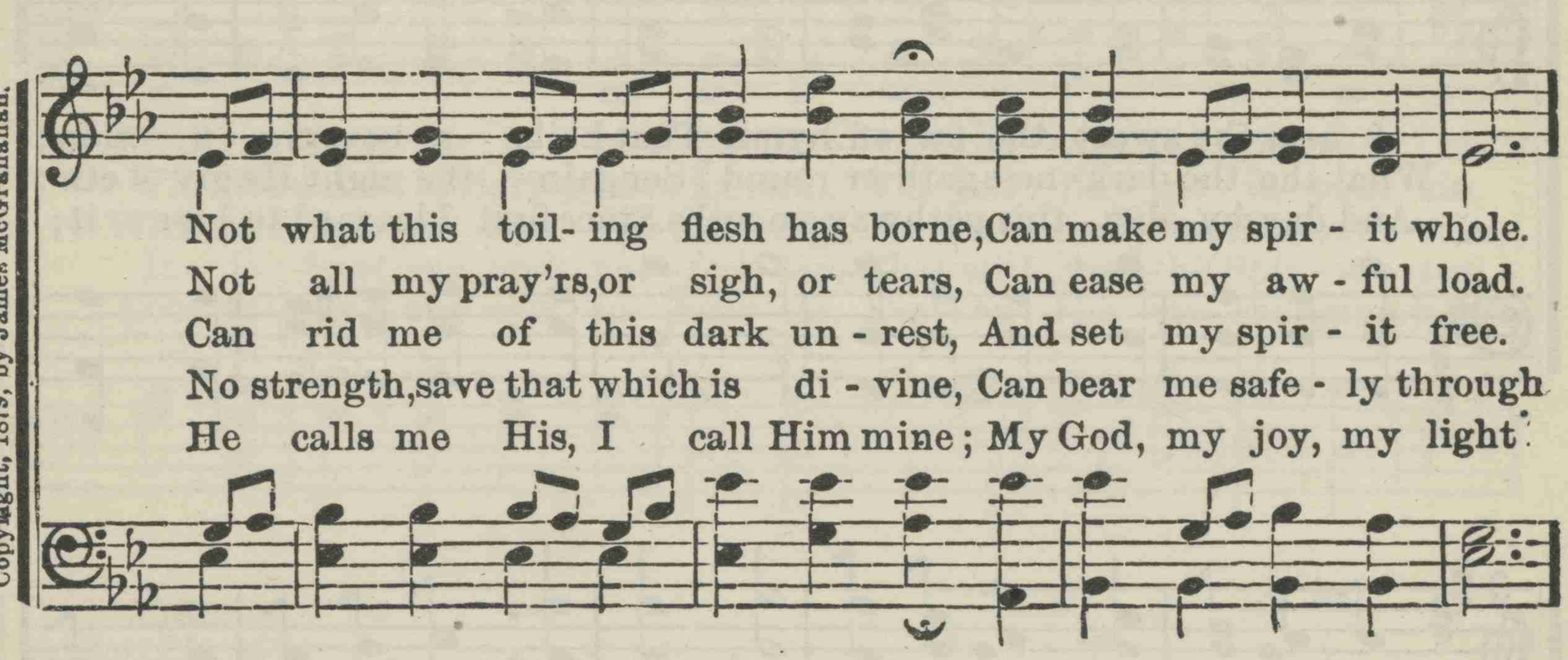
No. 388. Not what these Hands have Done.

"Having made peace through the blood of His cross."—Col. 1: 20.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. JAMES McGRANAHAN.





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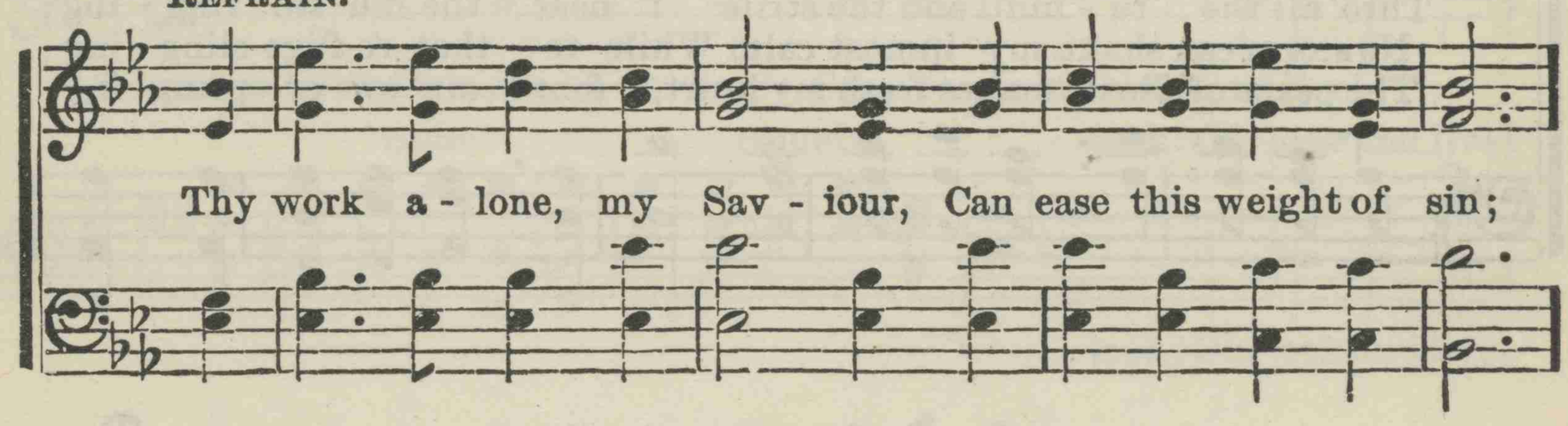

No. 389. How can I Keep from Singing?

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

ANON. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. My life flows on in end-less song; A - bove earth's lamen - ta- tion,
2. What tho' my joys and comforts die? The Lord my Saviour liv - eth
3. I lift my eyes; the clouds grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it;

I hear the sweet tho' far- off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion;
What tho' the dark- ness gath-er round? Songs in the night He giv - eth;
And day by day this pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it;

Thro' all the tu - mult and the strife I hear the mu- sic ring - ing;
No storm can shake my inmost calm While to that re-fuge cling - ing;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A fount- ain ev - er spring- ing;

It finds an ech - o in my soul—How can I keep from sing- ing?
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing- ing?
All things are mine since I am His—How can I keep from sing- ing?

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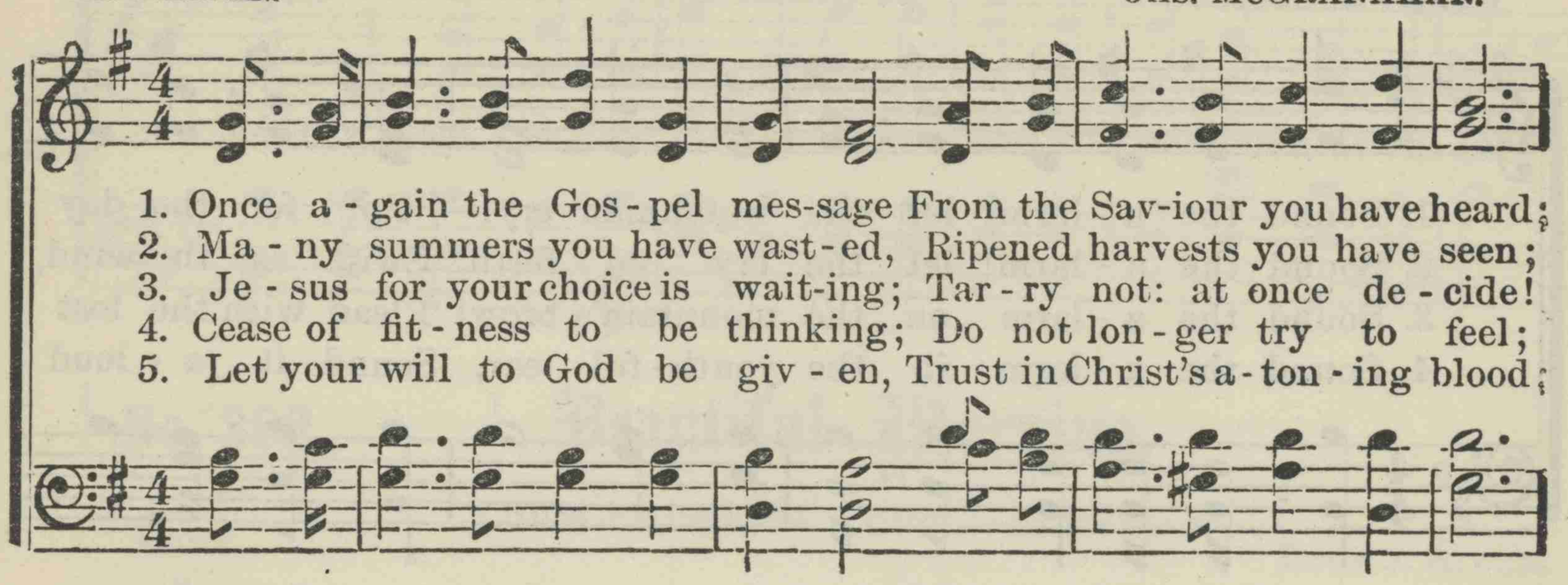
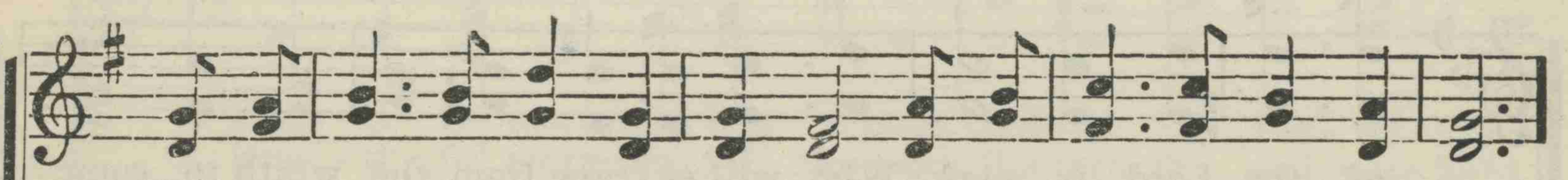
No. 390. Come Believing!

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

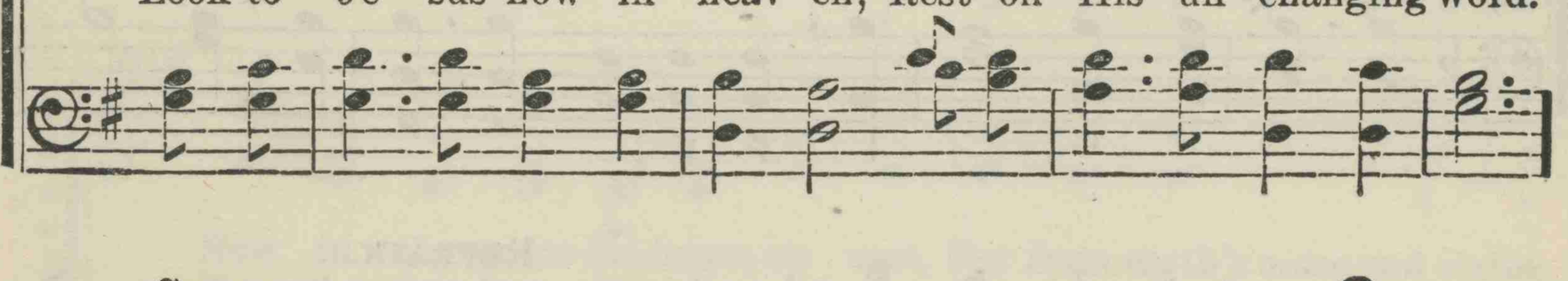
EL. NATHAN. JAS. McGRANAHAN.



1. Once a - gain the Gos - pel mes-sage From the Sav-iour you have heard;
2. Ma - ny summers you have wast - ed, Ripened harvests you have seen;
3. Je - sus for your choice is wait-ing; Tar - ry not: at once de - cide!
4. Cease of fit - ness to be thinking; Do not lon - ger try to feel;
5. Let your will to God be giv - en, Trust in Christ's a - ton - ing blood;



Will you heed the in - vi - ta-tion? Will you turn and seek the Lord?
Win - ter snows by Spring have melted, Yet you lin - ger in your sin.
While the Spir - it now is striv-ing, Yield, and seek the Saviour's side.
It is *trust - ing*, and not *feel - ing*, That will give the Spir - it's seal.
Look to Je - sus now in heav - en, Rest on His un - changing word.



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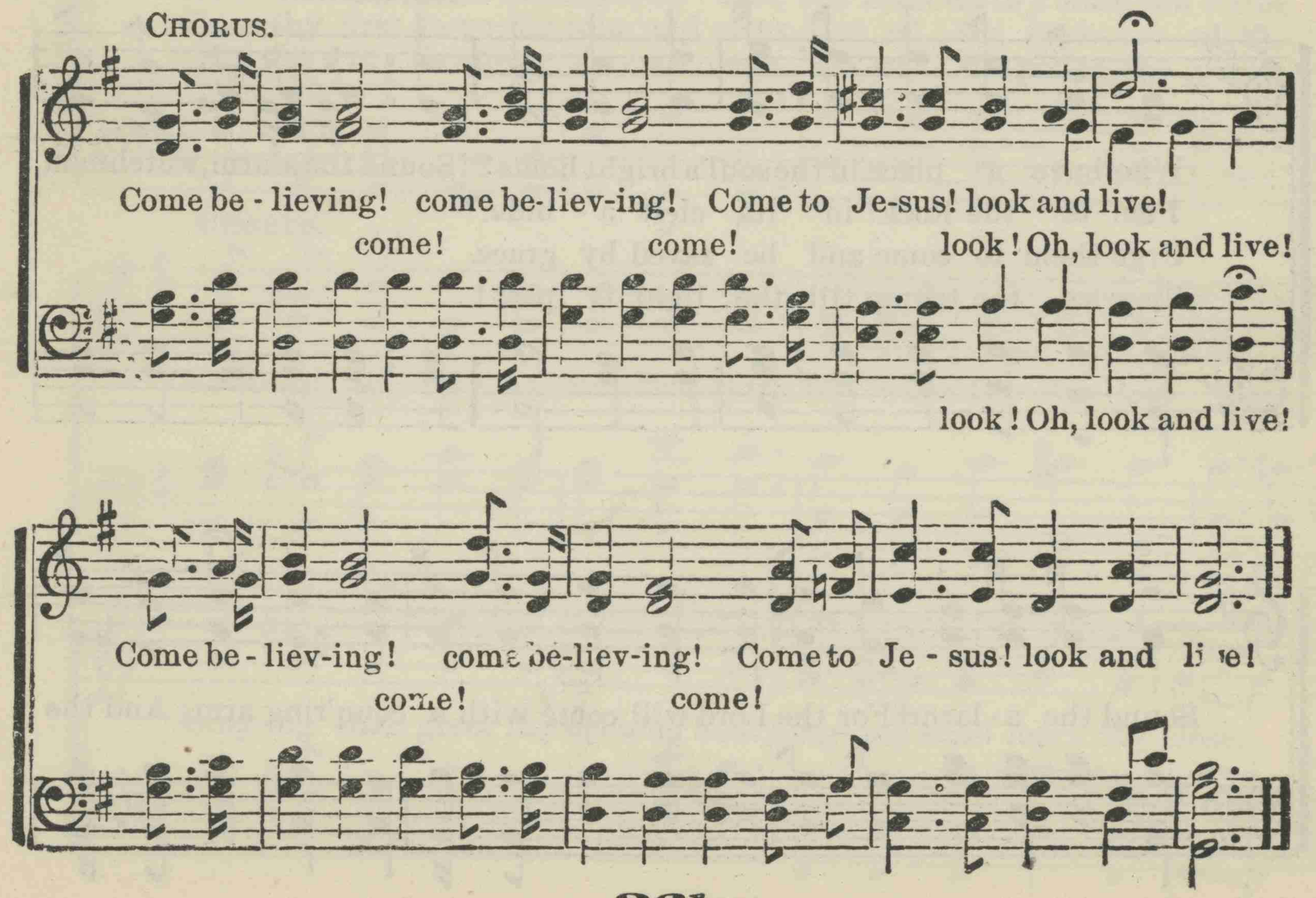
CHORUS.



Come be - lieving! come be-liev-ing! Come to Je-sus! look and live!
come! come! look! Oh, look and live!
look! Oh, look and live!

Come be - liev-ing! come be-liev-ing! Come to Je - sus! look and live!
come! come!

No. 391. Sound the Alarm!

"Sound an alarm!"—JOEL 2: 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sound the a - larm! let the watchman cry!—"Up! for the day
2. Sound the a - larm! let the cry go forth, Swift as the wind,
3. Sound the a - larm on the mountain's brow! Plead with the lost
4. Sound the a - larm in the youth - ful ear, Sound it a - loud

of the Lord is nigh; Who will es - cape from the wrath to come?
o'er the realms of earth; "Flee to the Rock where the soul may hide!
by the way - side now; Warn them to come and the truth em - brace;
that the old may hear; Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last!

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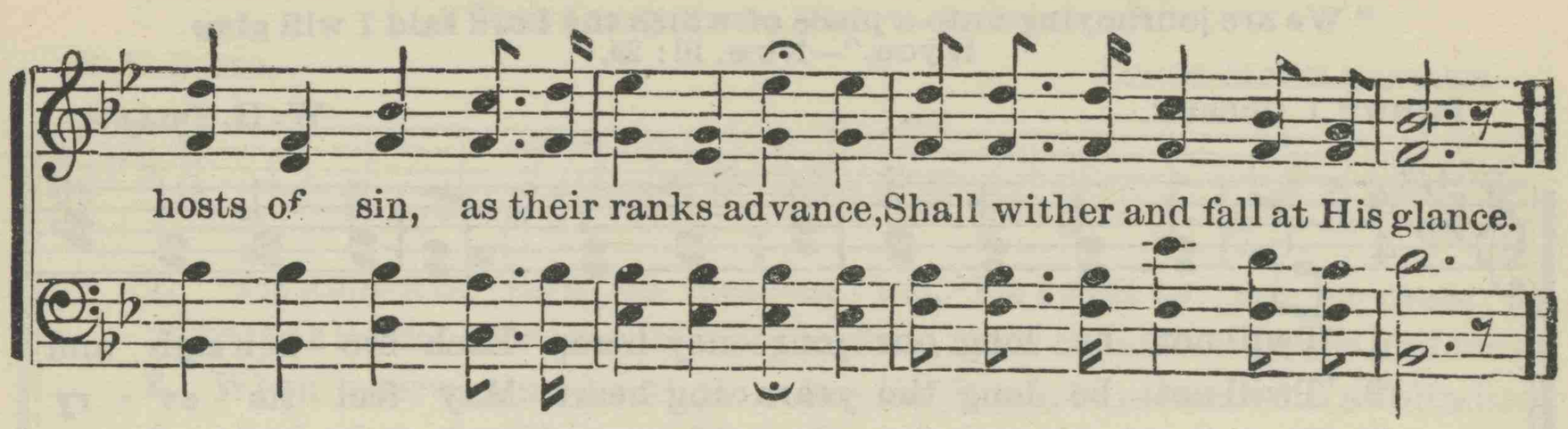
REFRAIN.

Who have a place in the soul's bright home?" Sound the alarm, watchman,
Flee to the Rock! in its cleft a - bide."
Urge them to come and be saved by grace.
Blow ye the trump till the light is past!

Sound the a - larm! For the Lord will come with a conq'ring arm; And the

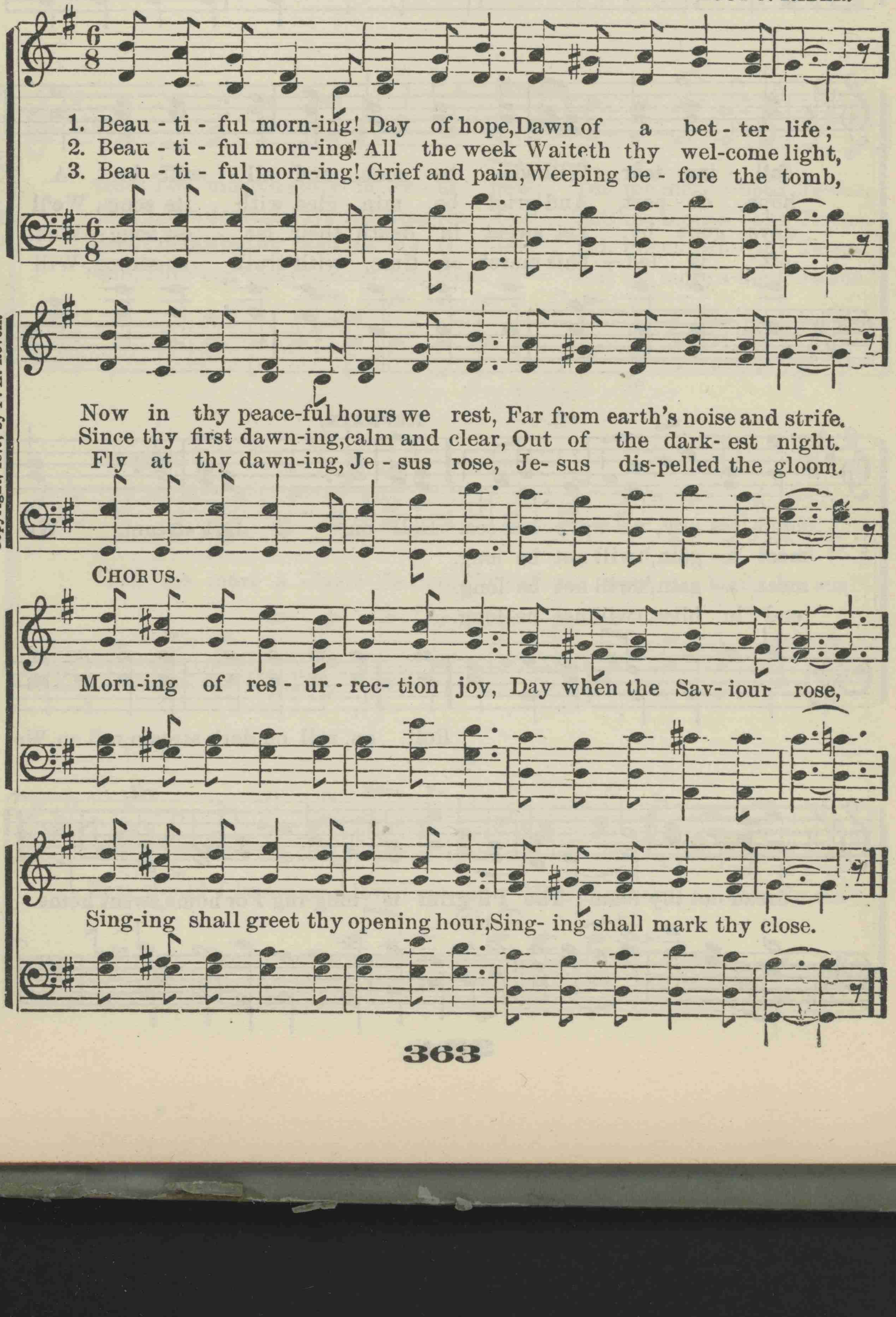
Sound the Alarm!—Concluded.



No. 392. Beautiful Morning.

"He is not here but is risen."—LUKE 24: 6.

ANON. LUCY J. RIDER.



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No. 393. 'Twill not be Long.

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

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Twill not be long our jour - ney here, Each bro - ken sigh and
2. 'Twill not be long the yearn- ing heart May feel its ev' - ry
3. Though sad we mark the clos - ing eye, Of those we lov'd in
4. These checkered wilds, with thorns o'erspread, Thro' which our way so

fall - ing tear Will soon be gone, and all will be A
hope de - part, And grief be min - gled with its song; We'll
days gone by, Yet sweet in death their lat - est song—We'll
oft is led— This march of time, with truth so strong, Will

rit. REFRAIN.

cloud-less sky, a wave- less sea. Roll on, dark stream, We
meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We

dread not thy foam; The Pil-grim is long-ing For home, sweet home.

rit.

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No. 394. Tell me more about Jesus.

"That I may know Him."—PHIL. 3: 10.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. 'Tis known on earth, in heav-en too, 'Tis sweet to me be-cause 'tis true; The "old, old story" is ev - er new; Tell me more a-bout Je-sus.
2. Earth's fairest flowers will droop and die, Dark clouds o'erspread yon azure sky; Life's dearest joys flit fleet-est by; Tell me more a-bout Je-sus.
3. When overwhelmed with un - be - lief, When burdened with a blinding grief, Come kind-ly then to my re - lief; Tell me more a-bout Je-sus.
4. And when the Glo - ry - land I see, And take the "place prepared" for me, Thro' end-less years my song shall be— "Tell me more a-bout Je-sus."

Copyright, 1876, by John Church & Co.

CHORUS.

"Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!" "Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!"
Him would I know who loved me so; "Tell me more a - bout Je-sus!"

No. 395. We'll gather there in Glory by and by.

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—COL. 3: 4.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. The word of God is giv - en To all who serve Him here,
2. Once in our sin we wan - der'd Far, far a - way from God,
3. Now with this hope to cheer us, And with the Spir - it's seal,

That when the Lord from heav - en In glo - ry shall ap - pear,
And pre-cious hours we squander'd Up - on the down-ward road;
That all our sins were par - doned, Thro' Him whose stripes did heal;

We then shall be de - liv - ered From sor - row, sin, and pain;
But God in grace hath call'd us, And giv - en us to share
As "strangers" and as "pil - grims," No place on earth we own,

And if for Christ we suf - fer, With Him we then shall reign.
The pur-chase of our Sav-iour, A man - sion bright and fair.
But work and watch as "servants," Un - til our Lord shall come.

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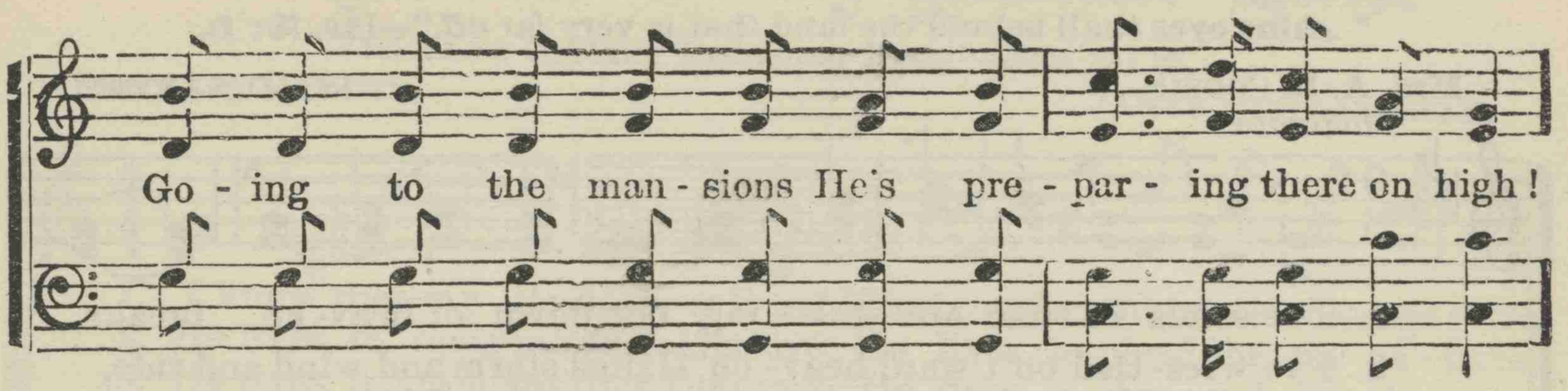
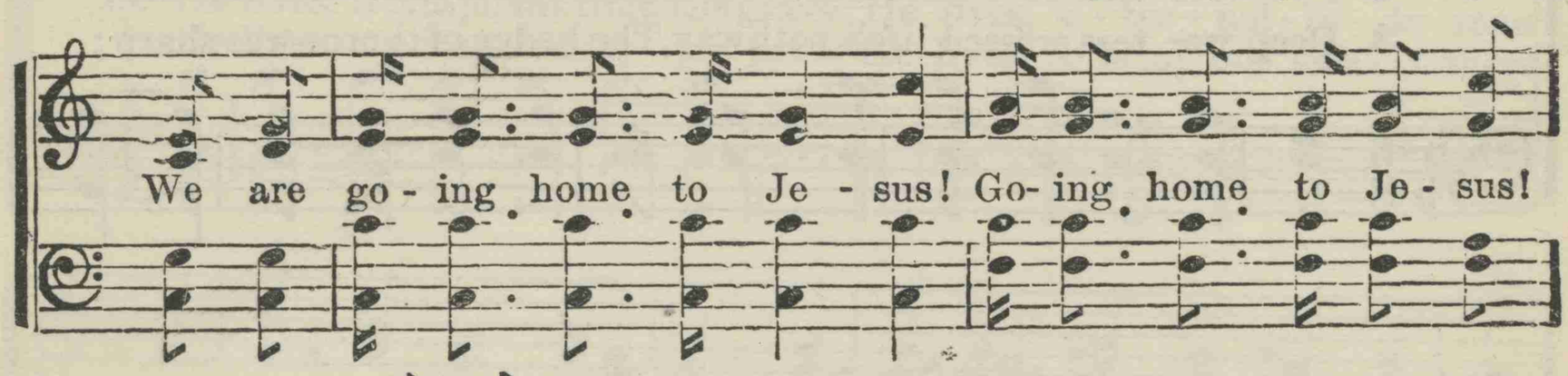
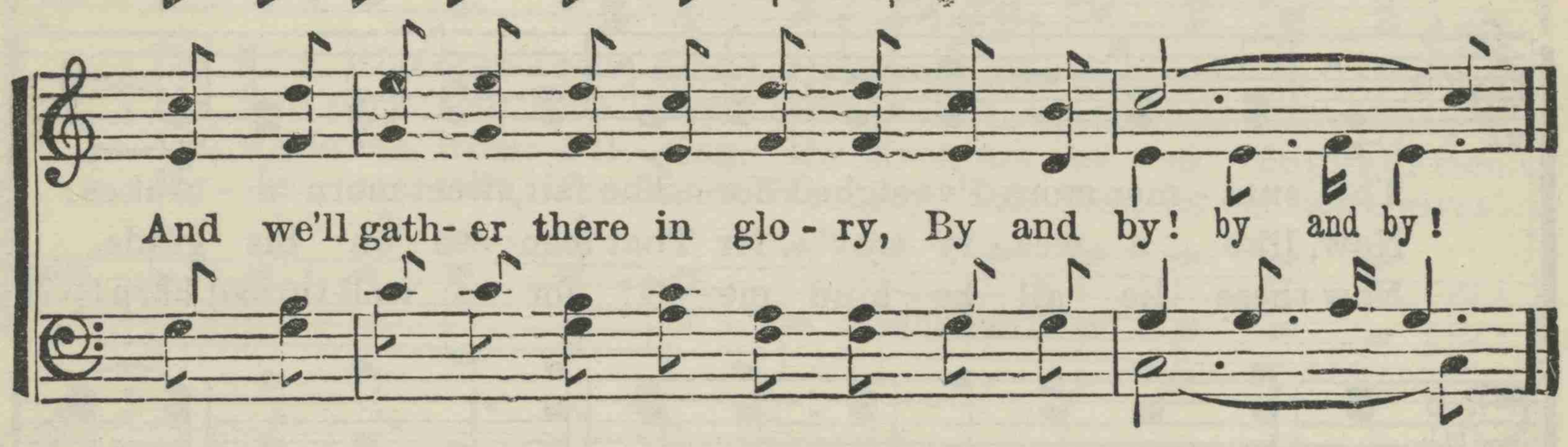
CHORUS.

We are go - ing home to Je - sus! Go - ing home to Je - sus!

We'll gather there in Glory.—Concluded.



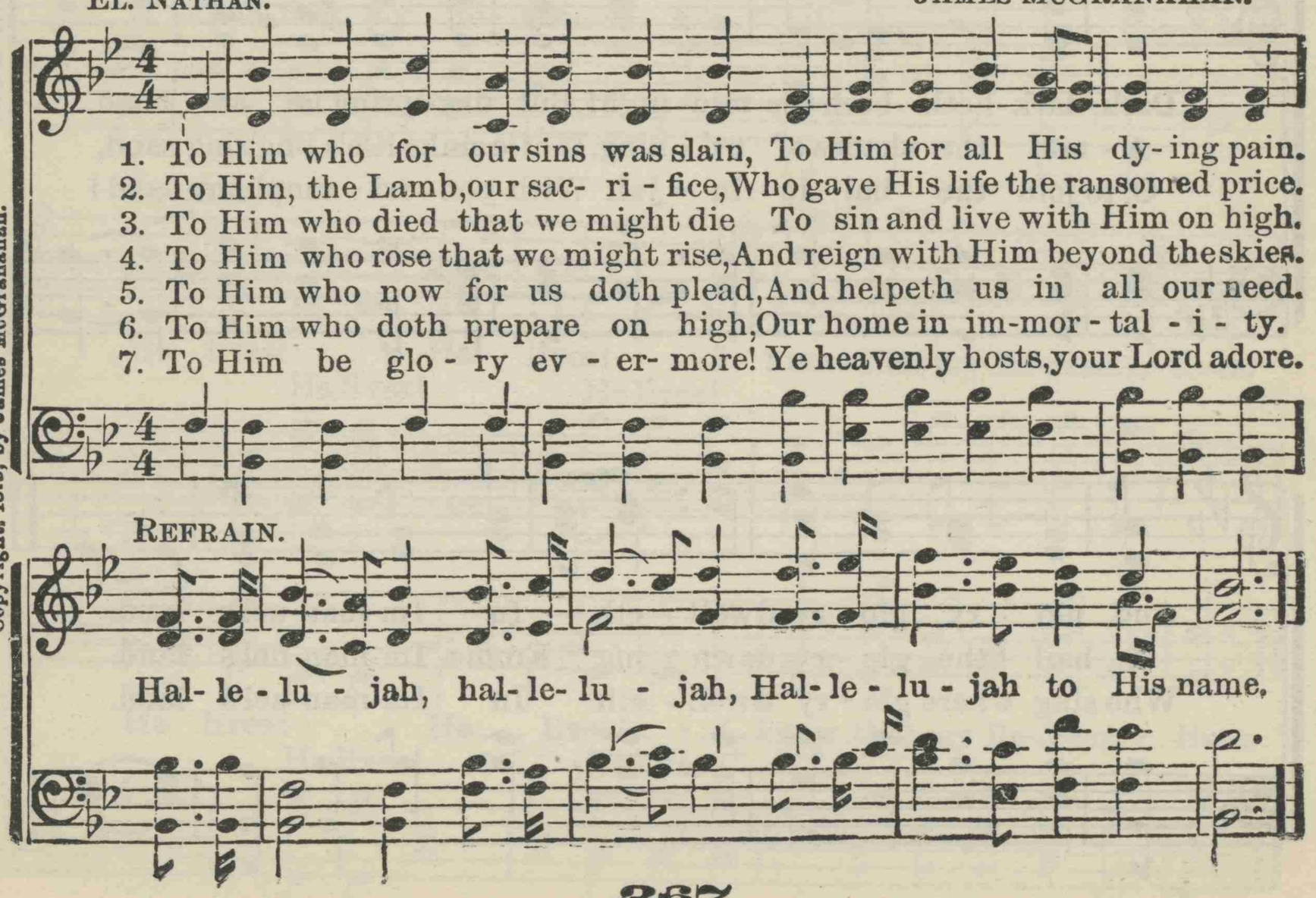




No. 396. To Him be Glory evermore.

"Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood."—REV. 5: 9.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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No. 397. The Sands of Time.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. xxxiii: 17.

Mrs. A. R. Cousin. Ira D. Sankey.

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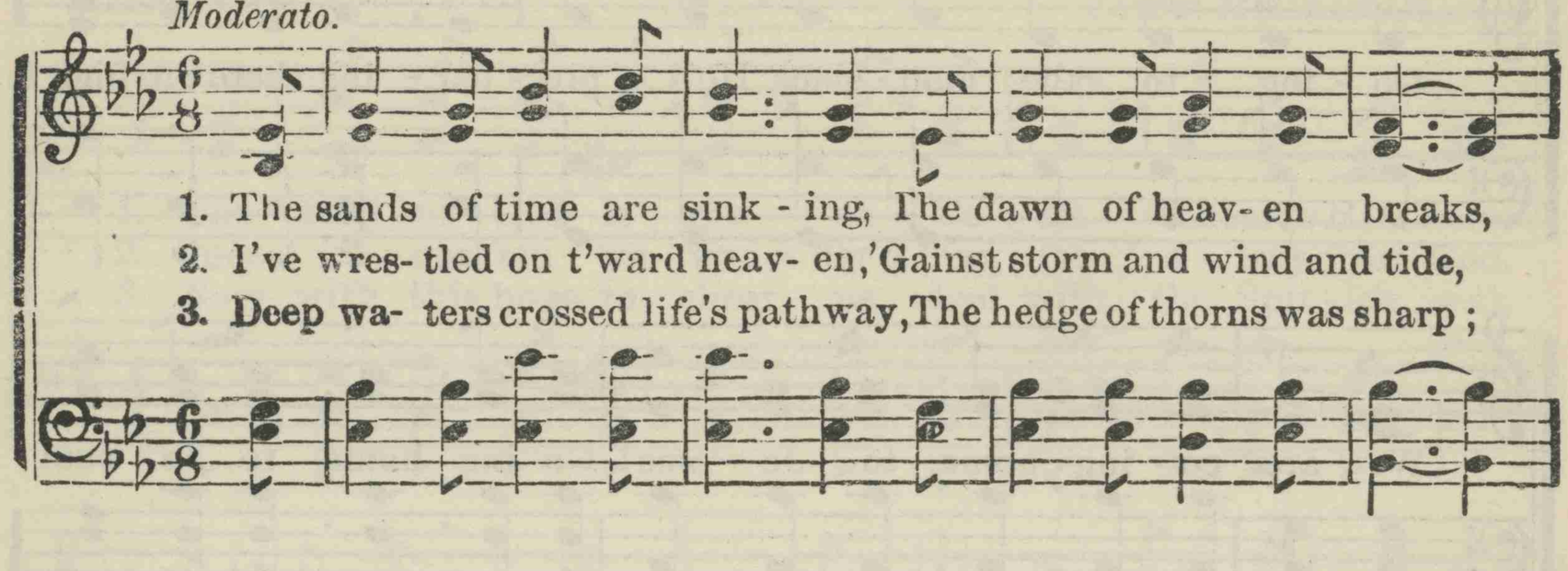

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No. 398. I know that my Redeemer Lives.

"I know that my Redeemer lives."—JOB 19 : 25.

Rev. SAM. MEDLEY. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives! What comfort this sweet message gives!
2. He lives, to bless me with His love; He lives, to plead for me a - bove,
3. He lives, triumphant from the grave; He lives, e - ter - nal - ly to save;
4. He lives, my mansions to pre-pare; He lives to bring me safe - ly there;

He lives, who once was dead; He lives, all glorious in the sky;
My hun - gry soul to feed; He lives, to grant me rich sup - ply;
And while He lives I'll sing: He lives, my ev - er faithful Friend;
My Je - sus still the same: What joy this blest as - surance gives!—

He lives, ex - alt - ed there on high, My ev - er - last - ing Head.
He lives, to guide me with His eye, To help in time of need.
He lives, and loves me to the end, My Pro- phet, Priest, and King!
"I know that my Re - deem-er lives:" All glo - ry to His name!

CHORUS.

He lives! He lives! I know that my Re-deemer lives!
He lives! He lives!

He lives! He lives! I know that my Re-deemer lives.
He lives! He lives!

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No. 399. A Little While.

"Yet a little while; and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "A lit - tle while!" and He shall come; The hour draws on a - pace,
2. "A lit - tle while!" with patience, Lord, I fain would ask "How long?"
3. Yet peace, my heart! and hush, my tongue! Be calm, my troubled breast!

The bless - ed hour, the glorious morn, When we shall see His face:
For how can I with such a hope Of glo - ry and of home,
Each pass - ing hour is hast'ning on The ev - er - last - ing rest:

How light our tri - als then will seem! How short our pil-grim way!
With such a joy a - wait - ing me, Not wish the hour were come?
Thou knowest well—the time thy God Ap-points for thee is best:

Our life on earth a fit - ful dream, Dispelled by dawning day!
How can I keep the long - ing back, And how sup - press the groan?
The morn-ing star will soon a - rise; The glow is in the East.

CHORUS.

Then come, Lord Je - sus, quick-ly come, In glo - ry and in light!

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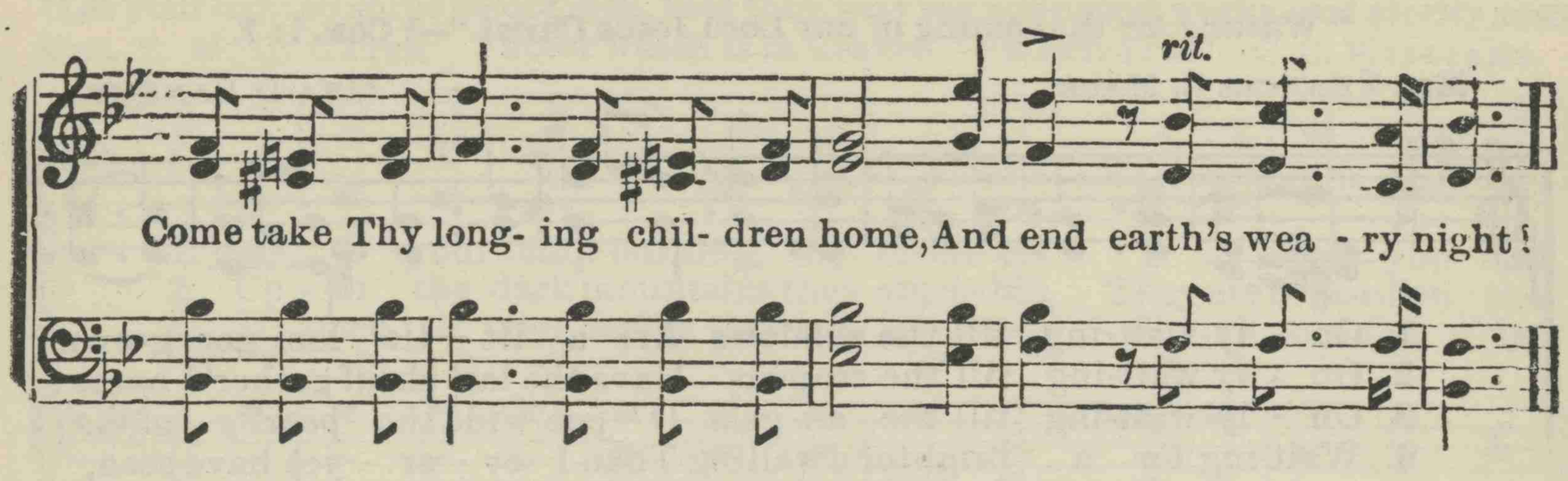
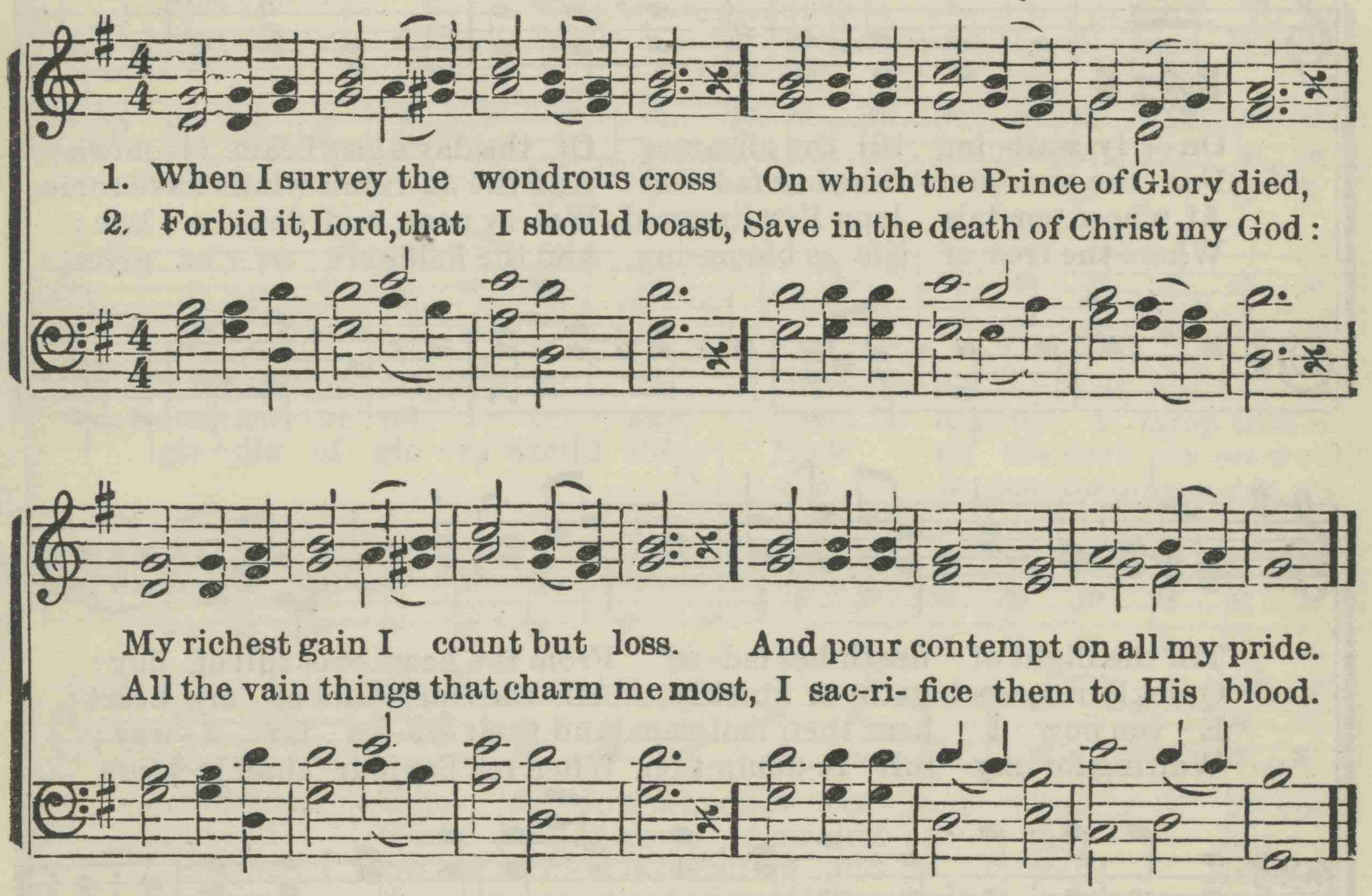
A Little While.—Concluded.



No. 400. Hamburg.

ISAAC WATTS. Ad. by LOWELL MASON.



3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

2 Oh, loving attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands:
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need—
The Friend of sinners; yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, sin;
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

J. GRIGG

—o—

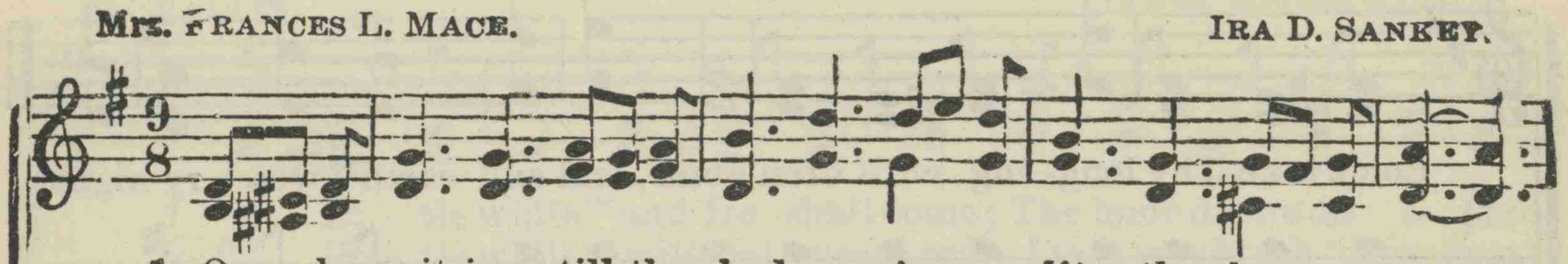
No. 401.

1 Behold a Stranger at the door:
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

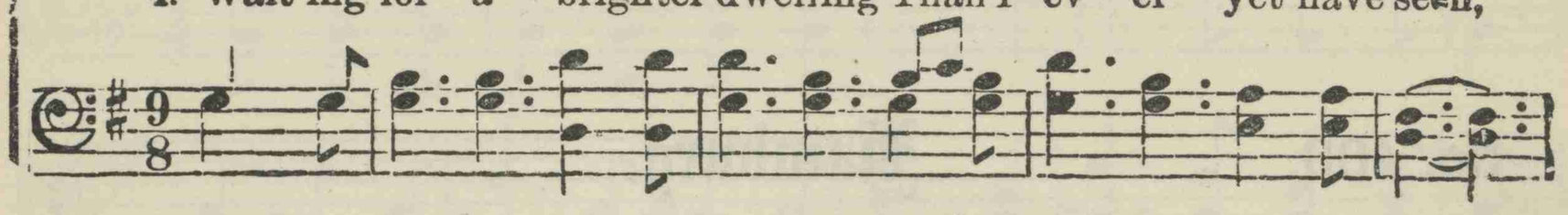
No. 402. Waiting.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1: 7.

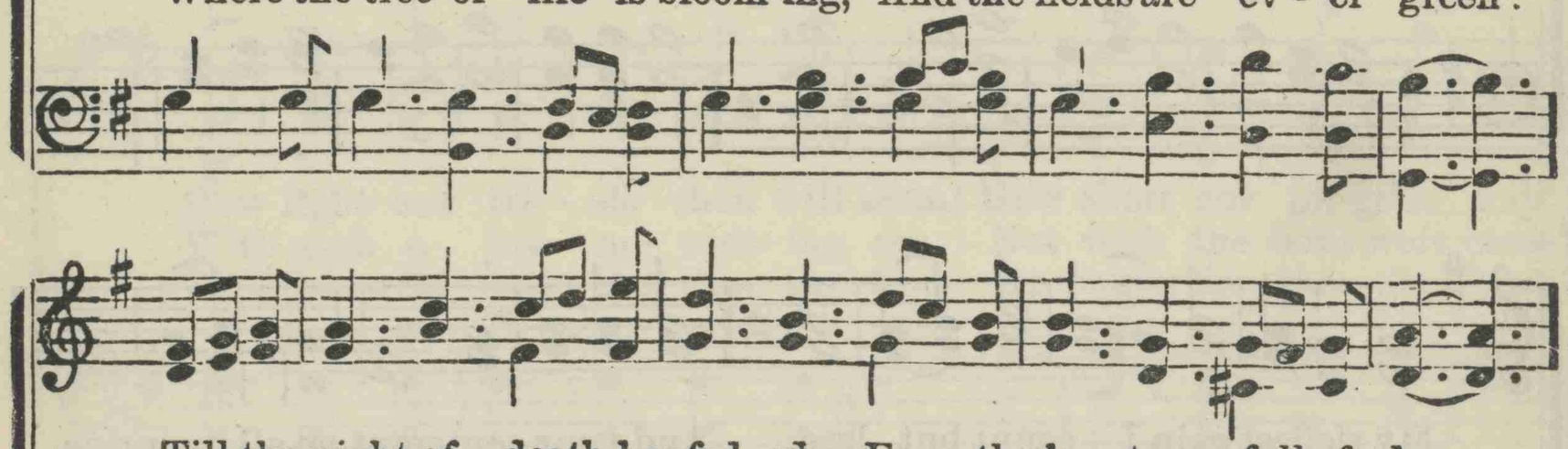
Mrs. FRANCES L. MACE. IRA D. SANKEY.



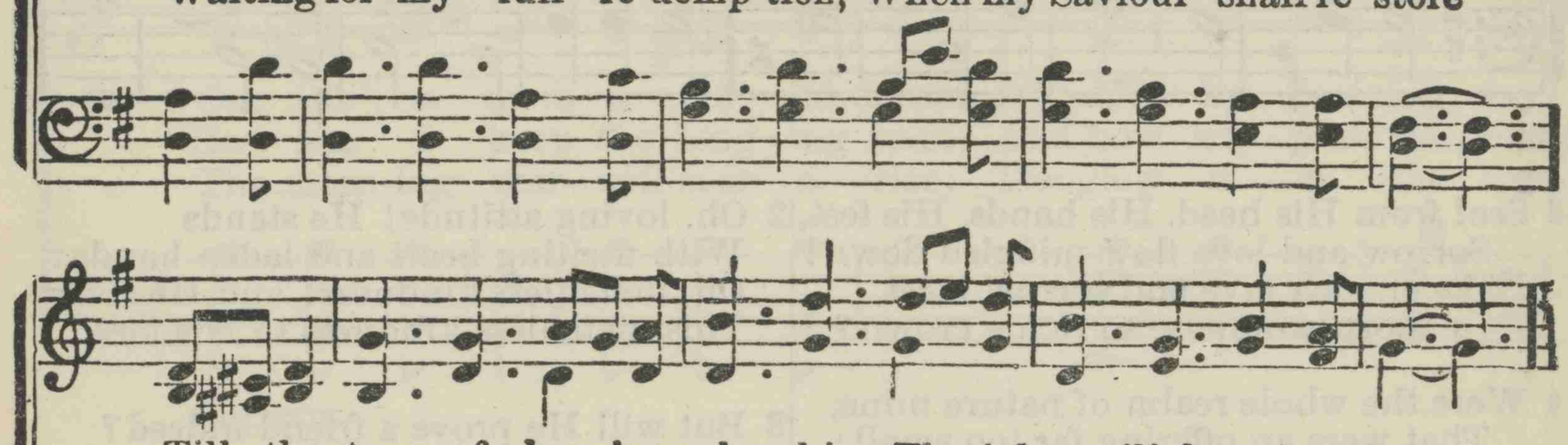
1. On - ly wait-ing till the shadows Are a lit - tle lon- ger grown;
2. On - ly wait-ing till the reap-ers Have the last sheaf gather'd home;
3. On - ly wait-ing till the an-gels O - pen wide the pearl-y gate,
4. Wait-ing for a brighter dwelling Than I ev - er yet have seen,



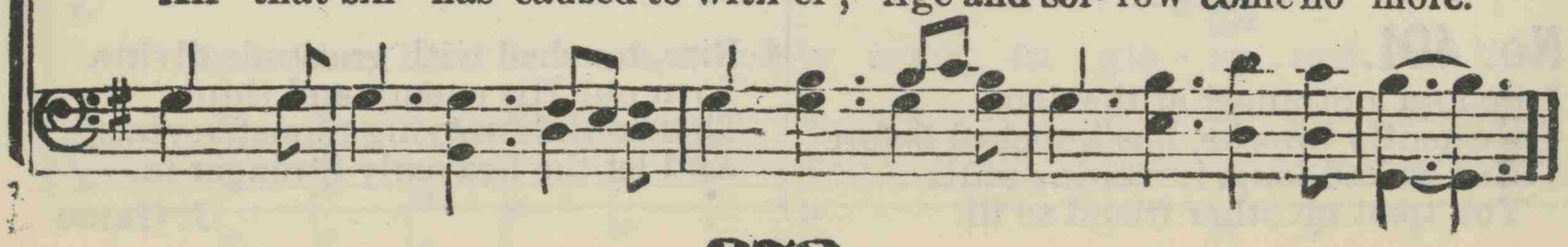
On - ly wait- ing till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown;
For the sum-mer - time has fad - ed And the au-tumn winds have come.
At whose por-tals long I've lingered, Wea-ry, poor, and des - o - late:
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, And the fields are ev - er green:



Till the night of death has fad- ed From the heart once full of day;
Quickly, reapers! gath- er quickly, All the ripe hours of my heart;
E - ven now I hear their footsteps, And their voi-ces far a - way;
Waiting for my full re-demp-tion, When my Saviour shall re- store



Till the stars of heav'n are breaking Thro' the twilight soft and gray.
For the bloom of life is withered, And I has - ten to de - part.
If they call me, I am wait-ing, On - ly wait- ing to o - bey.
All that sin has caused to with-er; Age and sor- row come no more.



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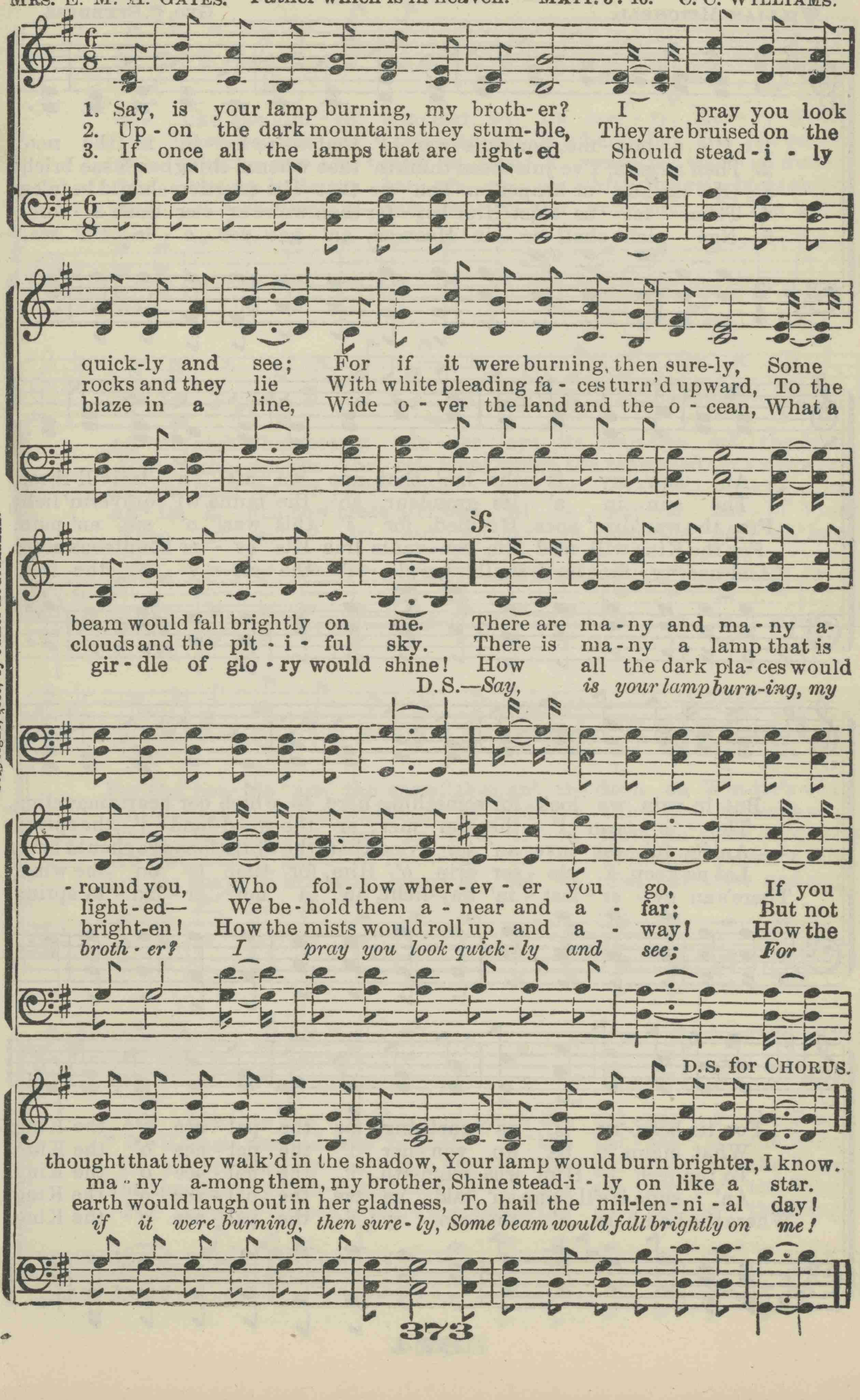
No. 403. Is your Lamp Burning?

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your
MRS. E. M. H. GATES. Father which is in heaven."—MATT. 5: 16. C. C. WILLIAMS.



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D.S. for CHORUS.

No. 404. The Palace o' the King.

"In thy presence is fullness of joy."—Ps. 16 : 11.

WILLIAM MITCHELL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. It's a bon - nie, bon - nie war - l' that we're liv - in' in the noo',
2. Then a - gain, I've juist been thinkin' that whena'-thinghere's sae bricht,
3. Oh! its hon - or heaped on hon - or that His courtiers should be ta'en
4. Then let us trust Him bet - ter than we've ev - er dune a - fore,
5. Nae nicht shall be in Heav-en, an' nae des - o - la - tin' sea,

An' sun - ny is the lan' that noo we aft - en traiv'll throo;
The sun in a' its grandeur, an' the mune wi' quiverin' licht,
Frae the wan'drin' anes He died for i' this warl' o' sin an' pain,
For the King will feed His ser - vants frae His ev - er bounteous store.
And nae ty - rant hoofs shall tram-ple i' the cit - y o' the free;

But in vain we look for something here to which oor hearts may cling,
The o - cean i' the sim - mer; or the wood-land i' the spring,
An' its fu' - est love an' ser - vice that the Christians aye should bring
Lat us keep a clo - ser grip o' Him, for time is on the wing,
There's an ev - er - last - in' day-licht, an' a nev - er - fad - in' spring,

For its beau- ty is as naething tae the pal - ace o' the King
What maun it be up yon - ner i' the pal - ace o' the King.
To the feet o' Him wha reign-eth i' the pal - ace o' the King.
An' sune He'll come an' tak' us tae the pal - ace o' the King.
Where the Lamb is a' the glo - ry i' the pal - ace o' the King.

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The Palace o' the King.—Concluded.

We like the gild - ed sim- mer, wi' its mer - ry, mer - ry tread,
It's here we hae oor tri - als, an' it's here that He pre-pares
The time for saw - in' seed, it is a wear - in', wear- in' dune;
It's iv - 'ry halls are bon- nie up - on which the rain-bows shine,
We see oor freen's a - wait us o - wer yon - ner at His gate;

An' we sigh when hoar-y win - ter lays its beau-ties wi' the dead;
His cho- sen for the rai- ment which the ransomed sin - ner wears.
An' the time for win - nin' souls will be o - wer ver - ra sune.
An' its E - den bow'rs are trellised wi' a nev - er fad - in' Vine;
Then lat us a' be read - y, for ye ken it's get - tin' late;

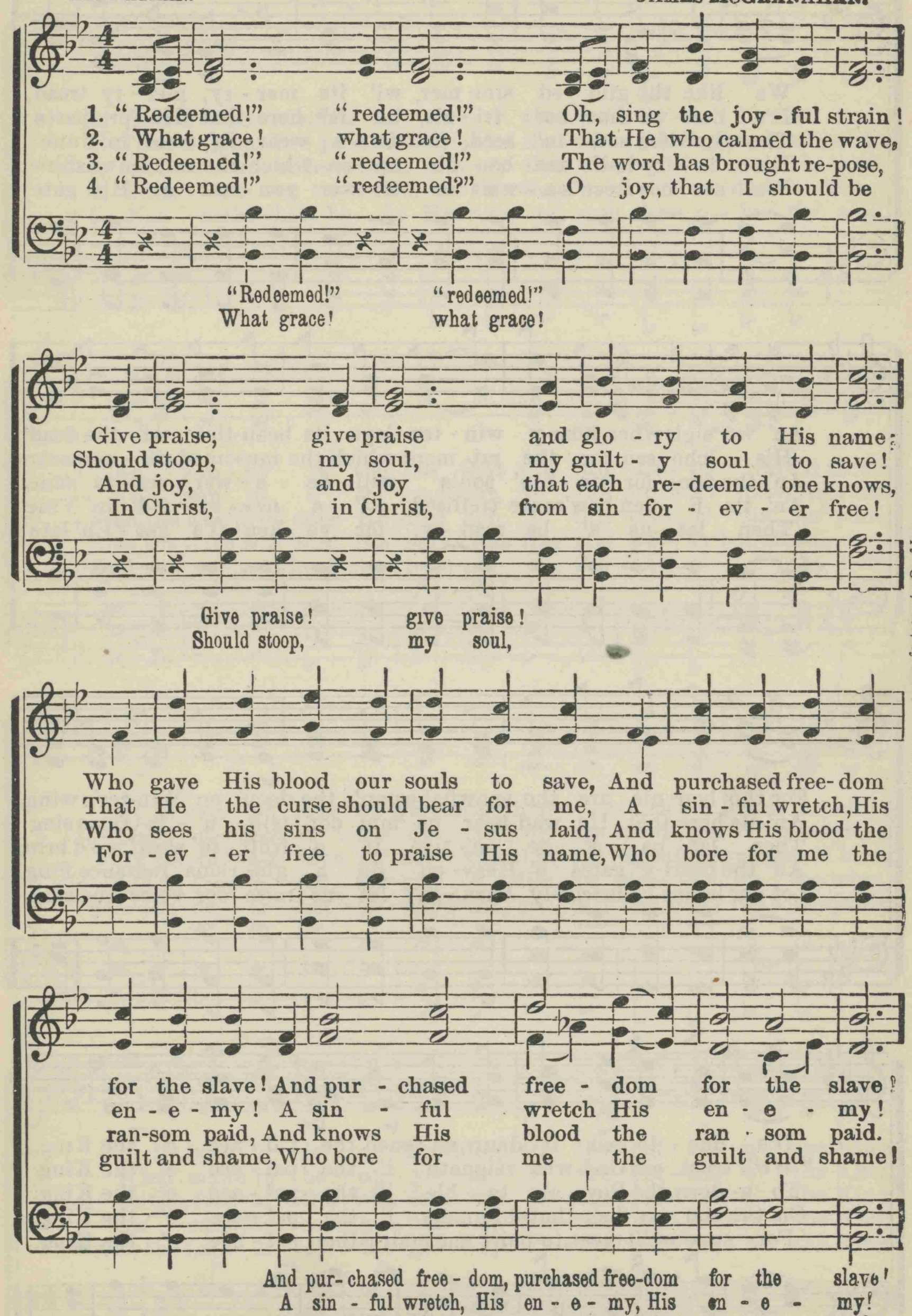
For tho' bon- nie are the snawflakes, an' the doon on Win-ter's wing,
An' its here that He wad hear us 'mid oor trib - u - la- tions sing,
Then lat us a' be ac - tive, if a fruit - fu' sheaf we'd bring
An' the pearl-y gates o' Heav- en do a glo- rious radiance fling,
Let oor lamps be bricht-ly burn - in'; let us raise oor voice and sing,

It's fine to ken it daur- na touch the pal - ace o' the King.
"We'll trust oor God wha' reigneth i' the pal - ace o' the King.
To a- dorn the Roy - al ta - ble i' the pal - ace o' the King.
On the star - ry floor that shimmers i' the pal - ace o' the King.
For sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the pal - ace o' the King.

No. 405. Redeemed.

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107: 2.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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Redeemed.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

* "Redeemed!" "redeemed" from sin and all its woe! "Redeemed!" "re-

- deemed" e - ter - nal life to know! "Re - deemed!" "Re - deemed" by

Je - sus' blood, "Redeemed!" "Re - deemed!" Oh, praise the Lord!

* The CHORUS may be omitted if desired.

No. 406. Grace before Meals.

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season."—Ps. 145 : 15.

P. P. BLISS.

God is great, and God is good, And we thank Him for this food:

By His hand must all be fed, Give us, Lord, our dai - ly bread.

Per. John Church & Co.

No. 407. Peace! Be Still!

"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—MARK 4: 39.

Miss M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Mas-ter, the tempest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with anguish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweetly rest;

The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled; Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's with-in my breast;

"Car - est Thou not that we per-ish?"—How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deemer, Leave me a - lone no more;

When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter; Oh! has-ten, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the bliss- ful shore.

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Peace! Be Still!—Concluded.

CHORUS.

p pp

"The winds and the waves shall o- bey My will, Peace,..... be still!.....

Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Wheth- er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons, or men, or what-

cres cen

- ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the ship where lies The

do. ff

Mas- ter of o-cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly obey My will;

p p pp

Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly obey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"

Peace, be still!

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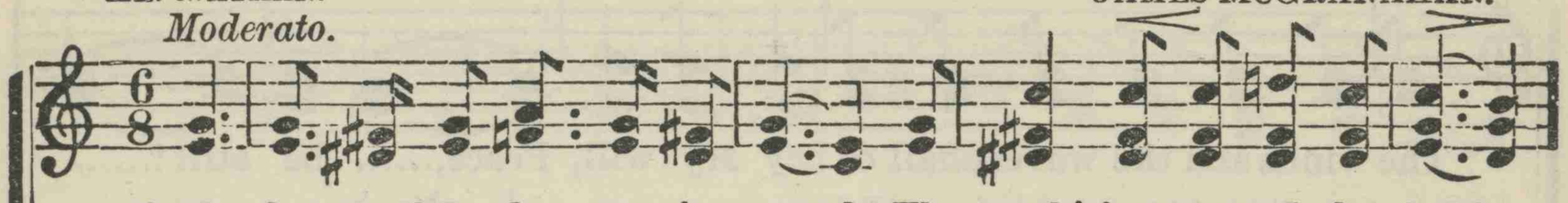
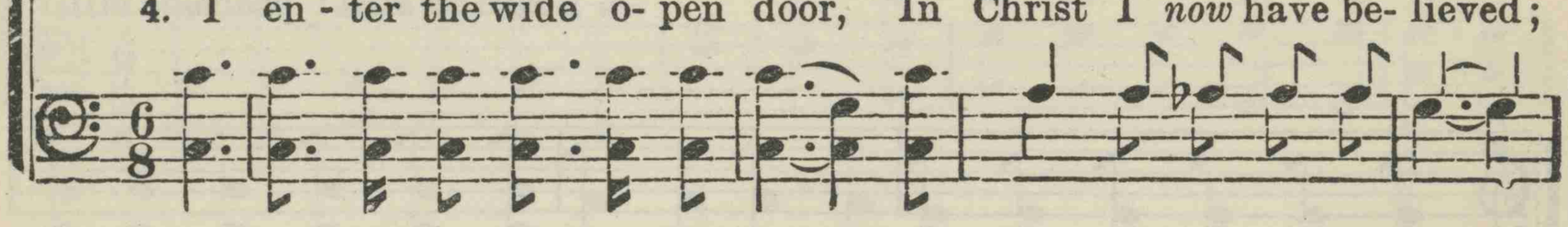
No. 408. I am the Door.

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved."—JOHN 10: 9.

EL. NATHAN. *Moderato.* JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. O what shall I do to be saved? The gath'ring storm I be- hold,
2. O what shall I do to be saved? No light, no hope can I see,
3. O what shall I do to be saved? So vile, so burdened with sin,
4. I en - ter the wide o- pen door, In Christ I *now* have be- lieved;



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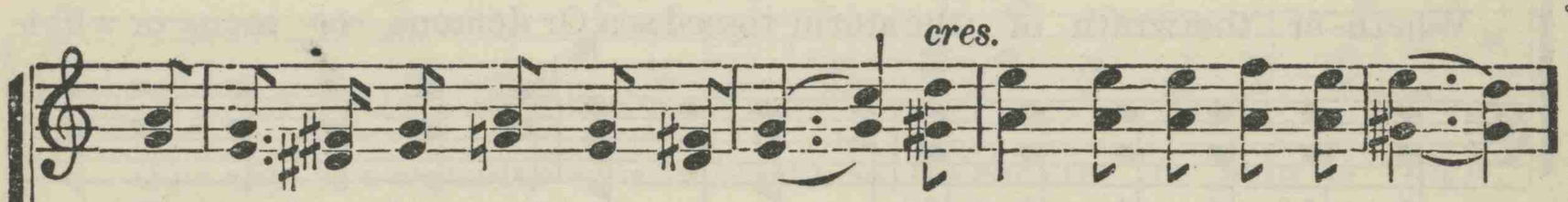
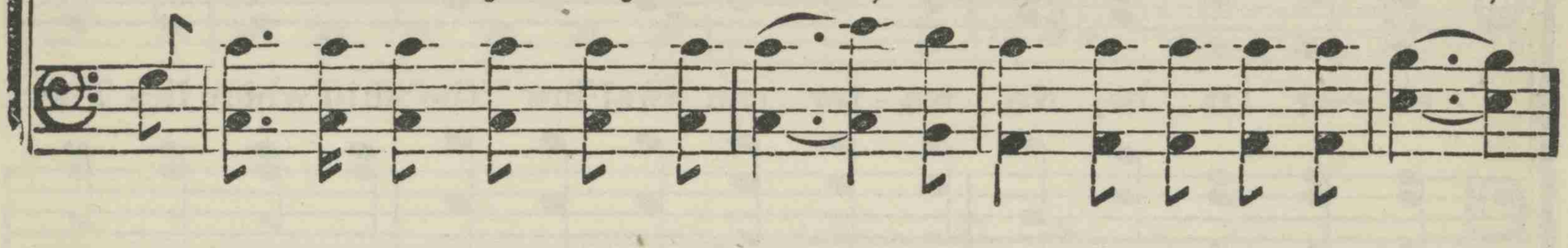
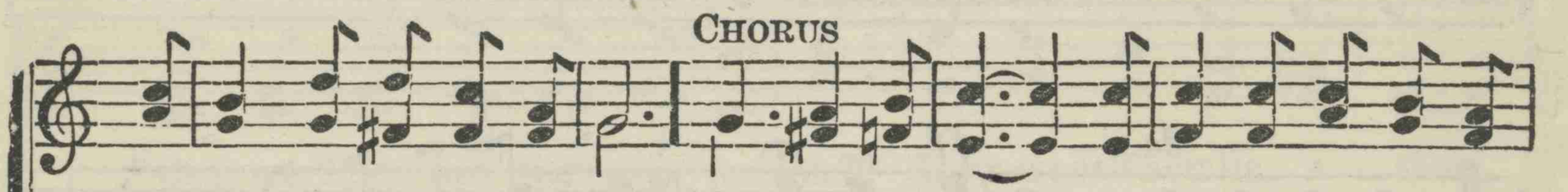


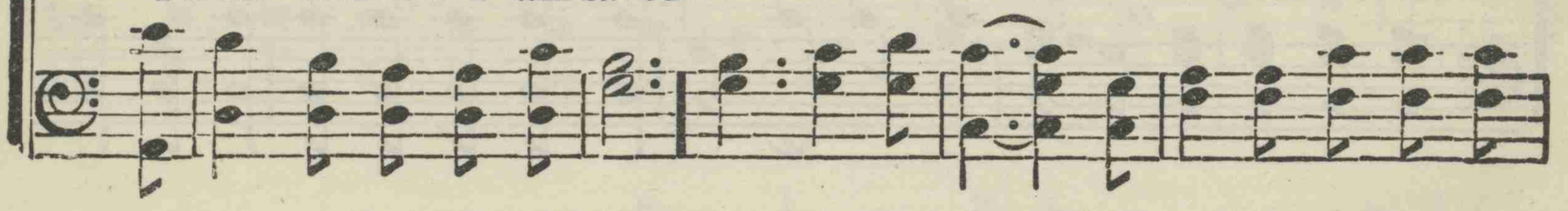
Ex-posed to the wrath of my God; Is there no shel-ter-ing fold,
No help in my - self can I find; Is there no mer- cy for me,
O how to the fold may I come, How may I en- ter therein,
I'm cleans'd from my sins by His blood; I trust and *now* I am saved,

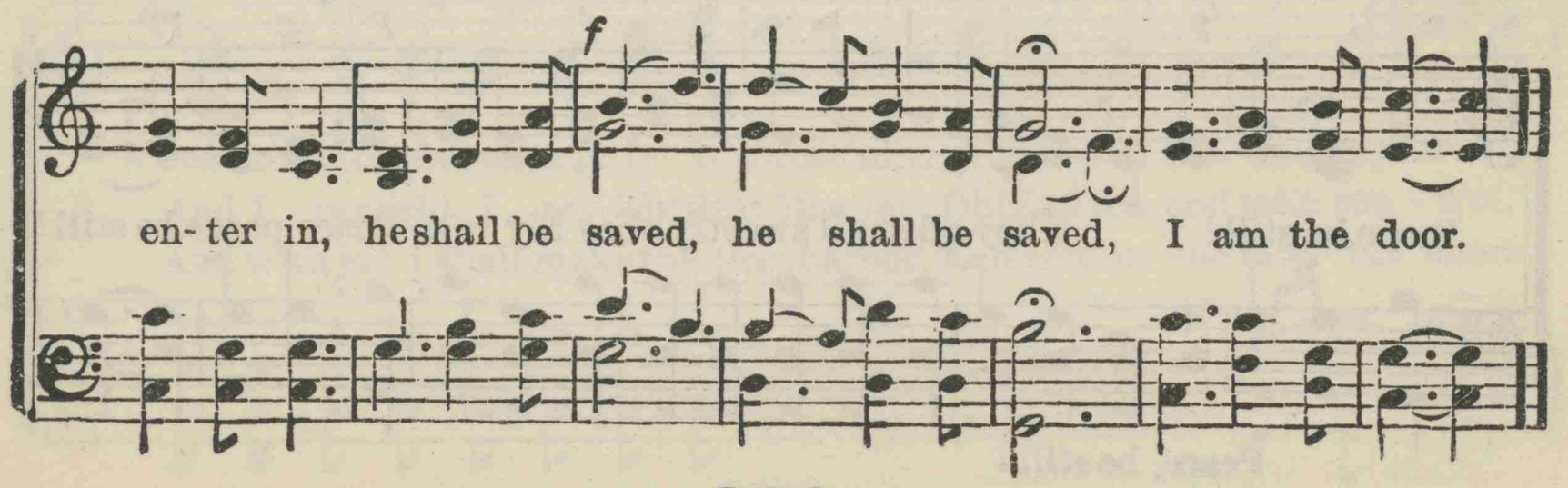


CHORUS



Is there no shel-ter-ing fold? I am the door, by Me if an - y man
Is there no mer- cy for me?
How may I en- ter therein?
I trust and *now* I am saved!





en- ter in, he shall be saved, he shall be saved, I am the door.

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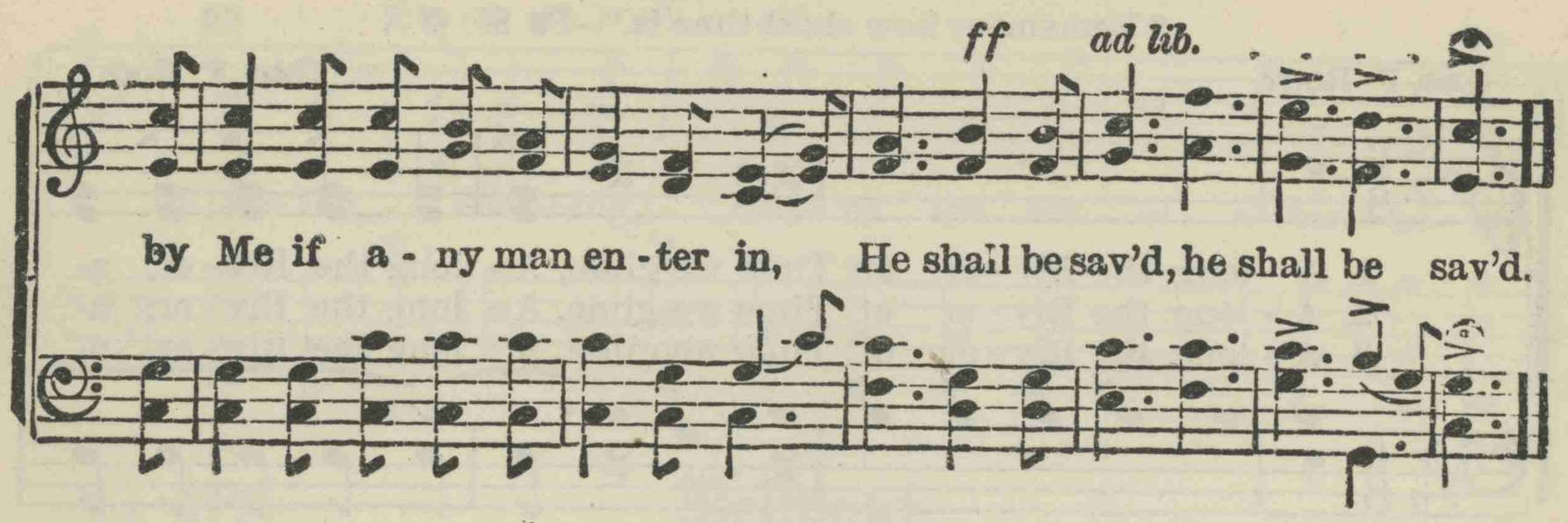
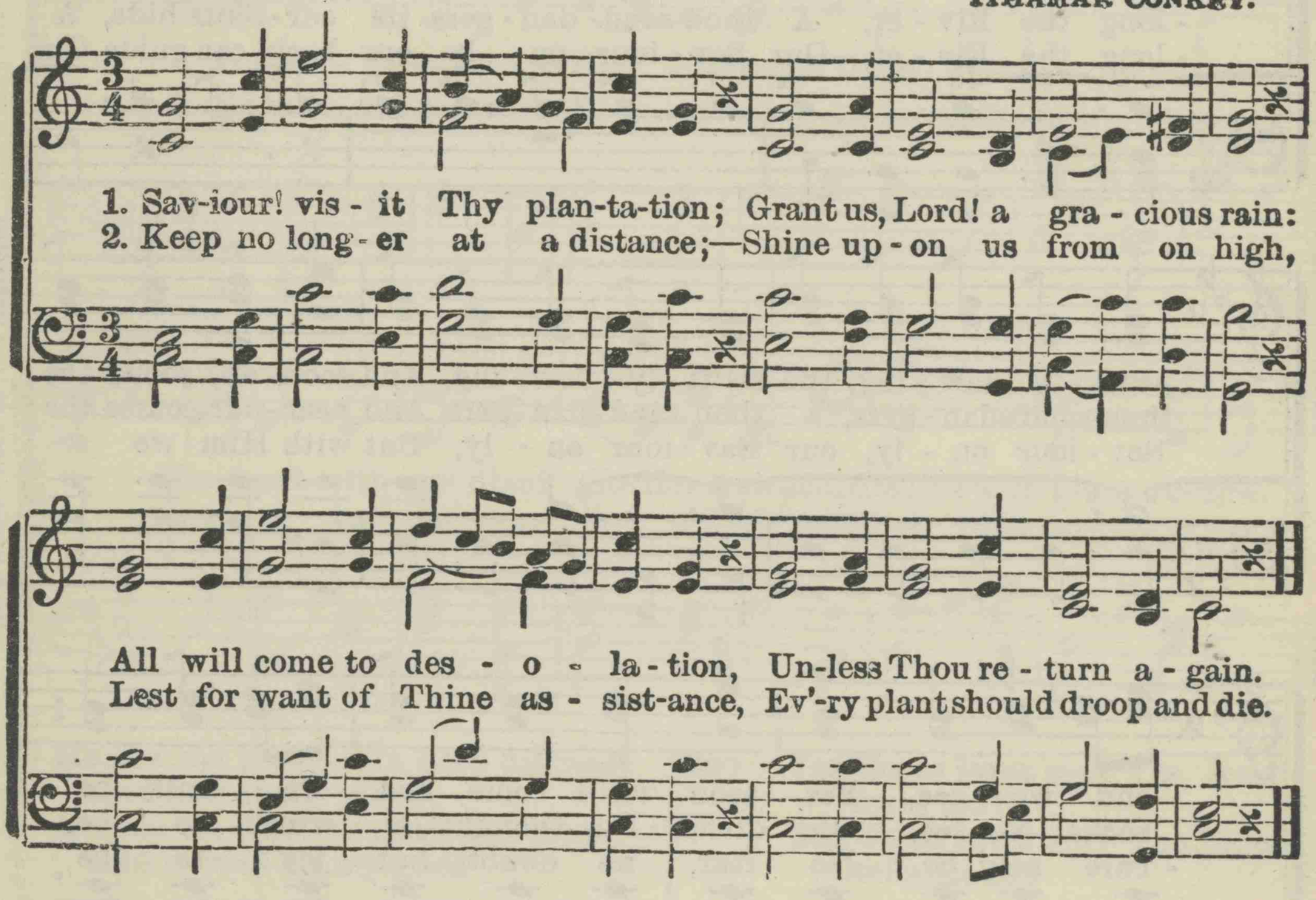
I am the Door.—Concluded.



No. 409. Rathbun.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh.

No. 410.

1 Jesus hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to bring our Saviour's merits,—
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Rev. JOHN BAKEWELL.

No. 411. Along the River of Time.

"Remember how short time is."—Ps 89: 47.

GEO. F. ROOT. GEO F. ROOT.

1. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a-
2. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a-
3. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a-

- long the Riv - er, The swift - ly flow - ing, re - sist - less tide, The
- long the Riv - er, A thou-sand dan - gers its cur - rents hide, A
- long the Riv - er, Our Sav - iour on - ly our bark can guide, Our

swift - ly flow - ing, the swift - ly flow - ing, And soon, ah, soon, the
thou-sand dan - gers, a thou-sand dan - gers, And near our course the
Sav - iour on - ly, our Sav - iour on - ly, But with Him we se-

end we'll see, Yes, soon 'twill come and we will be
rocks we see, Oh, dread - ful thought! a wreck to be,
- cure may be, No fear, no doubt, but joy to be.

Float-ing, Float-ing, Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty!

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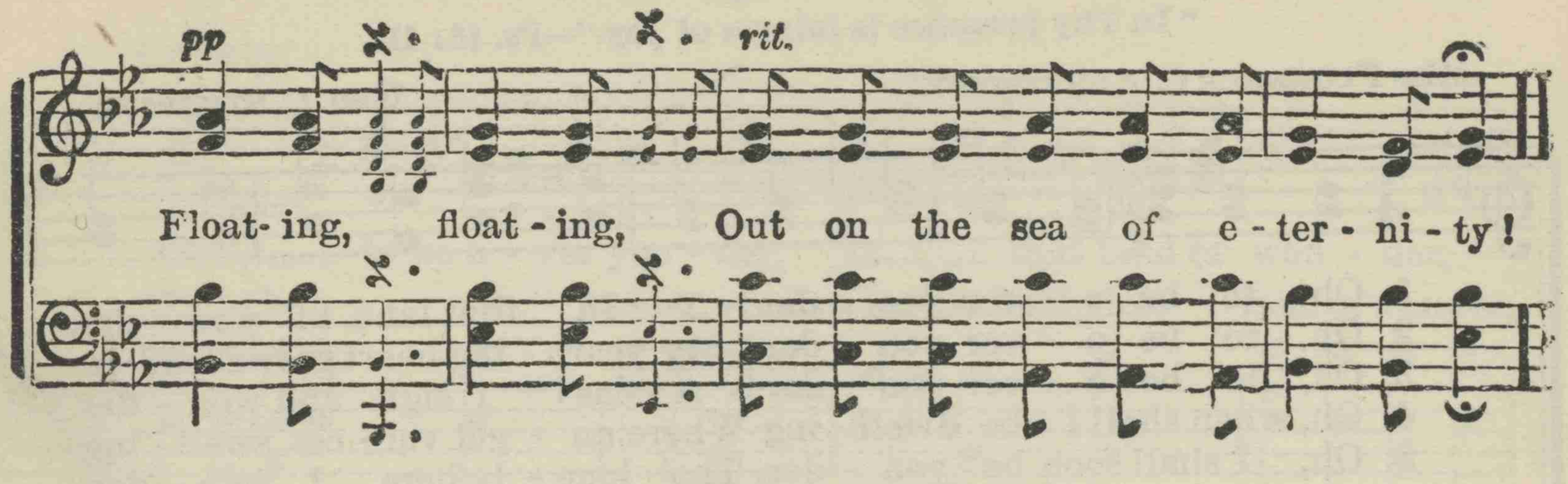
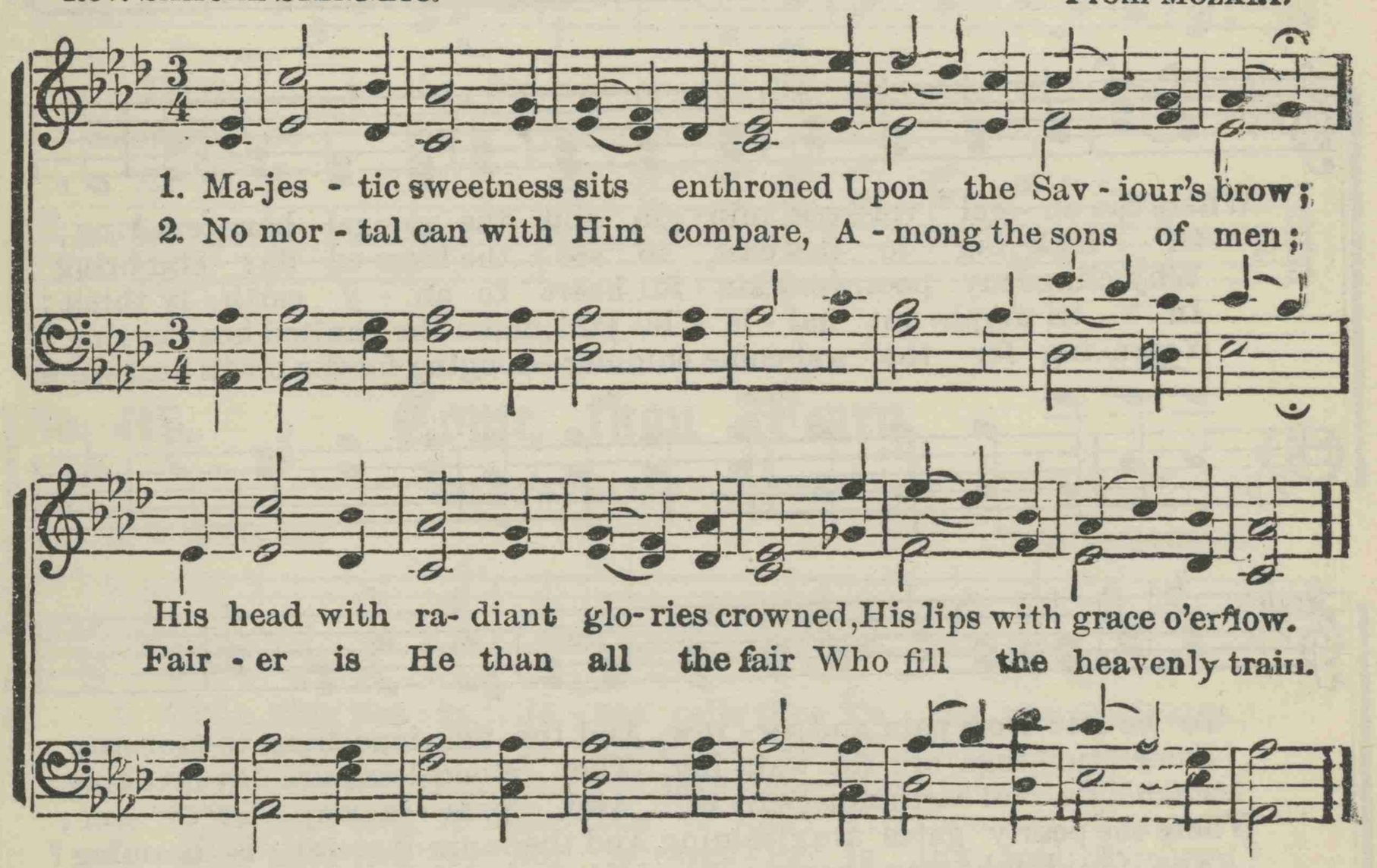
If a single voice sings this, let it change from the Tenor lines to the Soprano.

Along the River of Time.—Concluded.



No. 412. Belmont.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. From MOZART.



3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

5 Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine.

No. 413. Tune—BRADBURY TRIO, p. 194. Key Eb.

1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so:
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so!

2 Jesus from His throne on high
Came into this world to die;
That I might from sin be free,
Bled and died upon the tree.

3 Jesus loves me!—He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide!
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

4 Jesus, take this heart of mine;
Make it pure and wholly Thine:
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for Thee.

ANNA WARNER.

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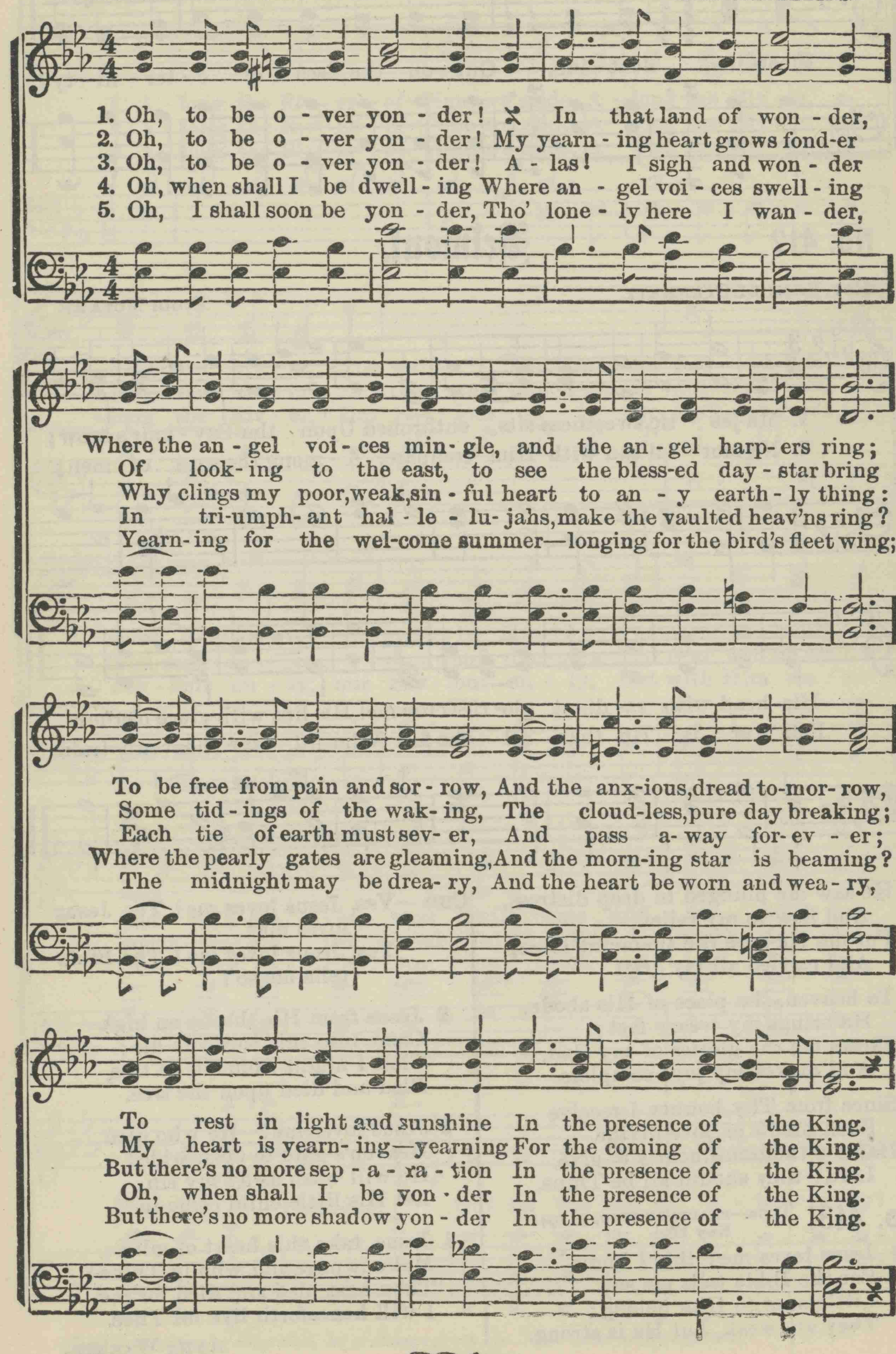
No. 414. Oh! to be over Yonder.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy."—Ps. 16: 11.

Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of won - der,
2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearn - ing heart grows fond-er
3. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! A - las! I sigh and won - der
4. Oh, when shall I be dwell - ing Where an - gel voi - ces swell - ing
5. Oh, I shall soon be yon - der, Tho' lone - ly here I wan - der,

Where the an - gel voi - ces min - gle, and the an - gel harp- ers ring;
Of look- ing to the east, to see the bless-ed day - star bring
Why clings my poor,weak,sin - ful heart to an - y earth - ly thing:
In tri-umph- ant hal - le - lu- jahs,make the vaulted heav'ns ring?
Yearn- ing for the wel-come summer—longing for the bird's fleet wing;

To be free from pain and sor - row, And the anx-ious,dread to-mor- row,
Some tid - ings of the wak- ing, The cloud-less,pure day breaking;
Each tie of earth must sev- er, And pass a- way for- ev - er;
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,And the morn-ing star is beaming?
The midnight may be drea- ry, And the heart be worn and wea - ry,

To rest in light and sunshine In the presence of the King.
My heart is yearn- ing—yearning For the coming of the King.
But there's no more sep - a - ra - tion In the presence of the King.
Oh, when shall I be yon - der In the presence of the King.
But there's no more shadow yon - der In the presence of the King.

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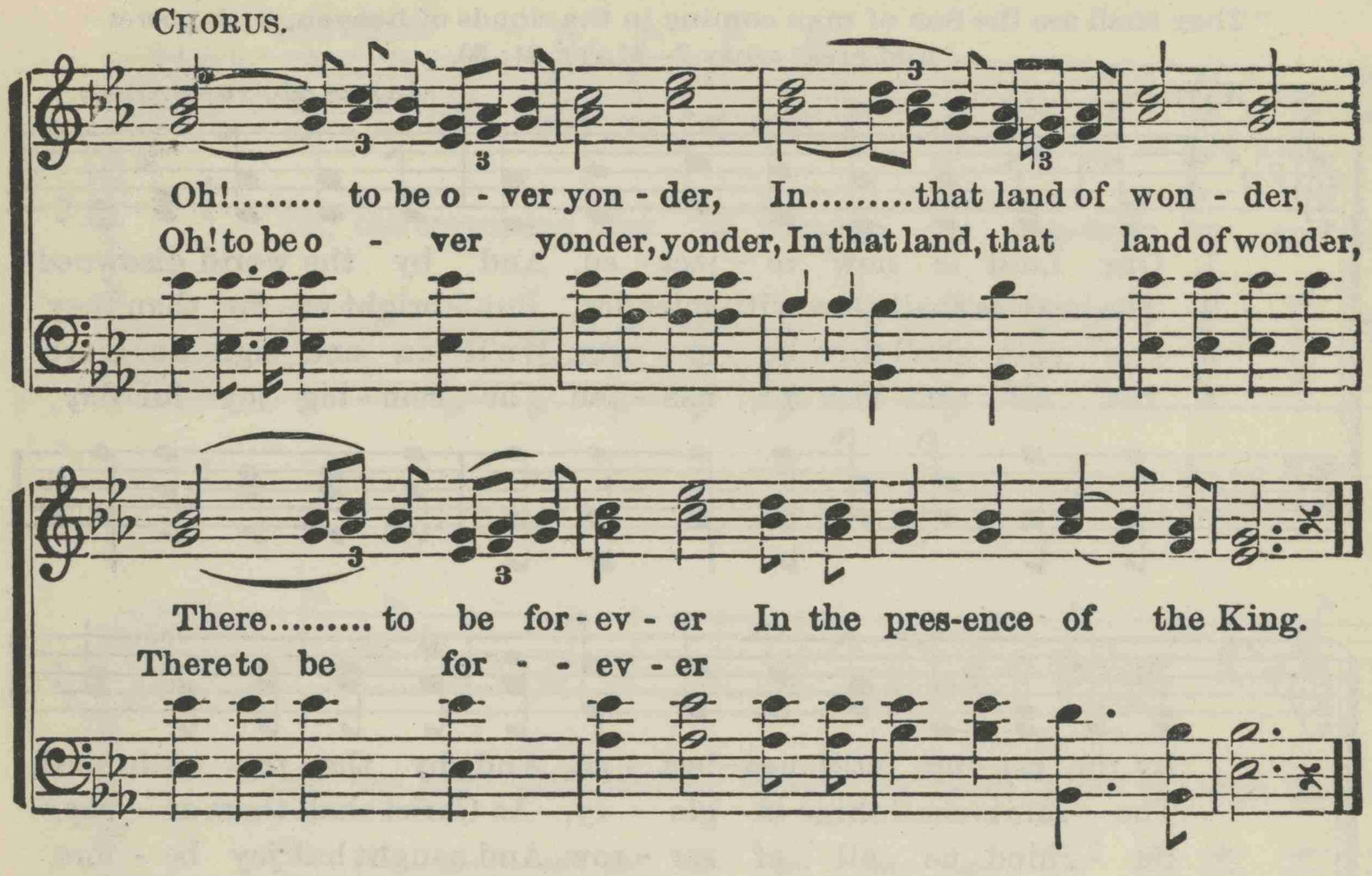
Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.

Oh! to be over Yonder.—Concluded.

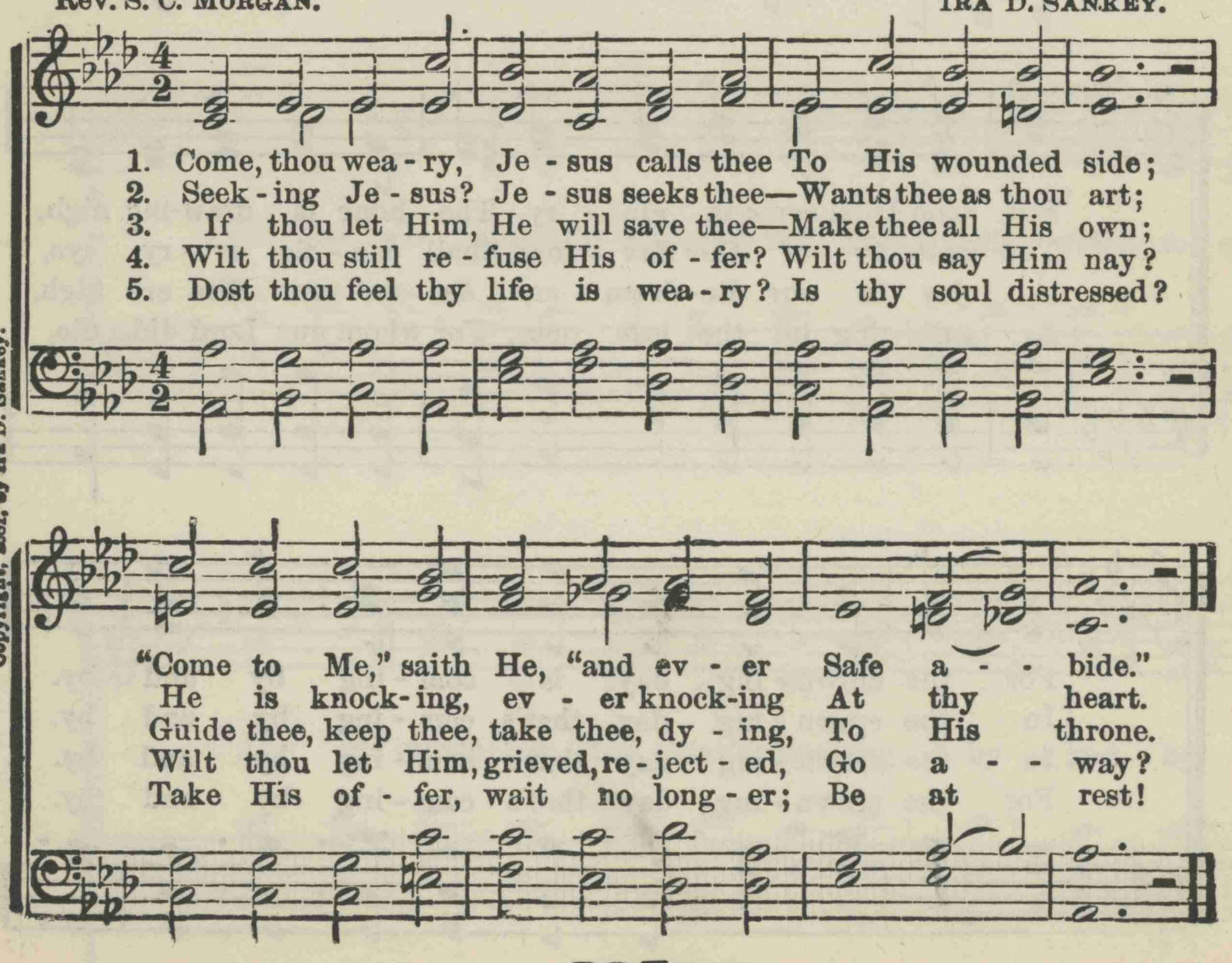
CHORUS.



No. 415. Come, thou Weary.

"I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

REV. S. C. MORGAN. IRA D. SANKEY.



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No. 416. The Crowning Day.

"They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory."—MATT. 24: 30.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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

By the *ma - ny* still neg - lect - ed, And by the *few* enthroned,
The saints shall shine in glo - ry, As Christ shall them ar - ray,
Be - hind us all of sor - row, And naught but joy be - fore,
By earn - est con - se - cra - tion, To walk the nar - row way.

But soon He'll come in glo - ry, The hour is draw-ing nigh,
The beau - ty of the Sav - iour, Shall daz - zle ev' - ry eye,
A joy in our Re - deem - er, As we to Him are nigh,
By gath'-ring in the lost ones, For whom our Lord did die,

For the crown - ing day is com - ing by and by.
In the crown - ing day that's com - ing by and by.
In the crown - ing day that's com - ing by and by.
For the crown - ing day that's com - ing by and by.

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The Crowning Day.—Concluded.

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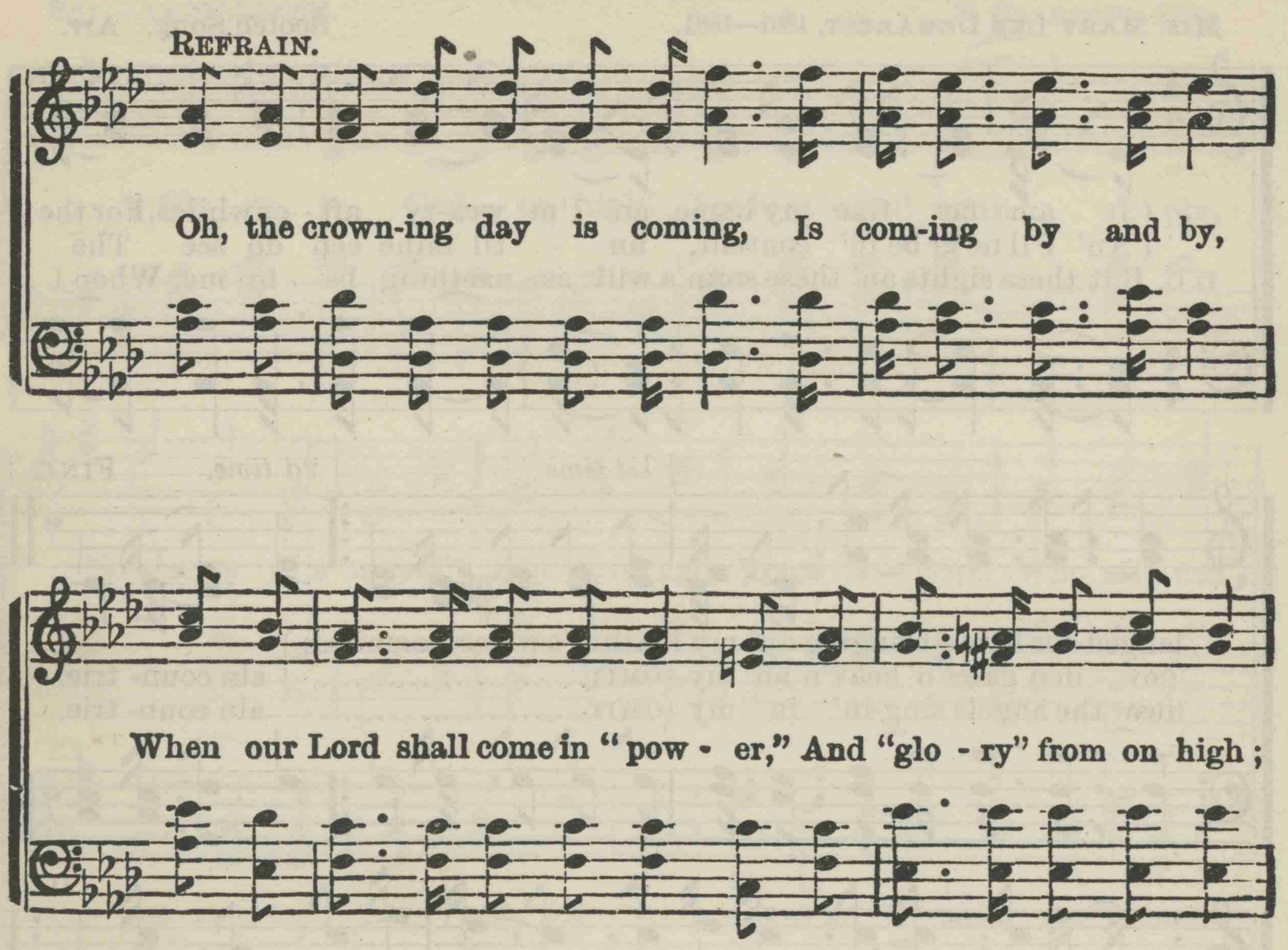

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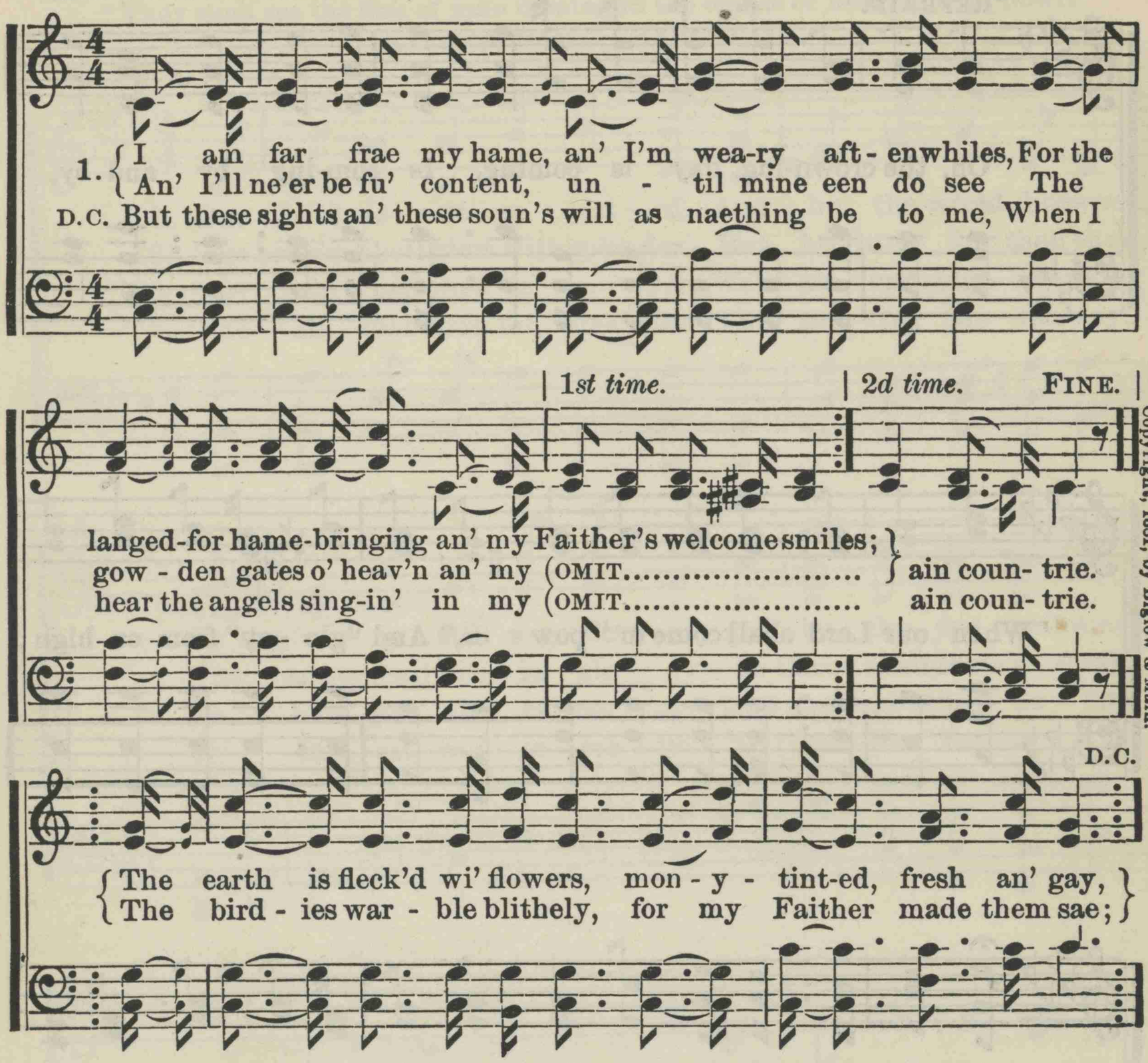
No. 417. My Ain Countrie.

Mrs. MARY LEE DEMAREST, 1861—1881. Scotch Song. Arr.



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2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' ower we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;
For His bluid has made me white, an' His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to mine ain countrie.

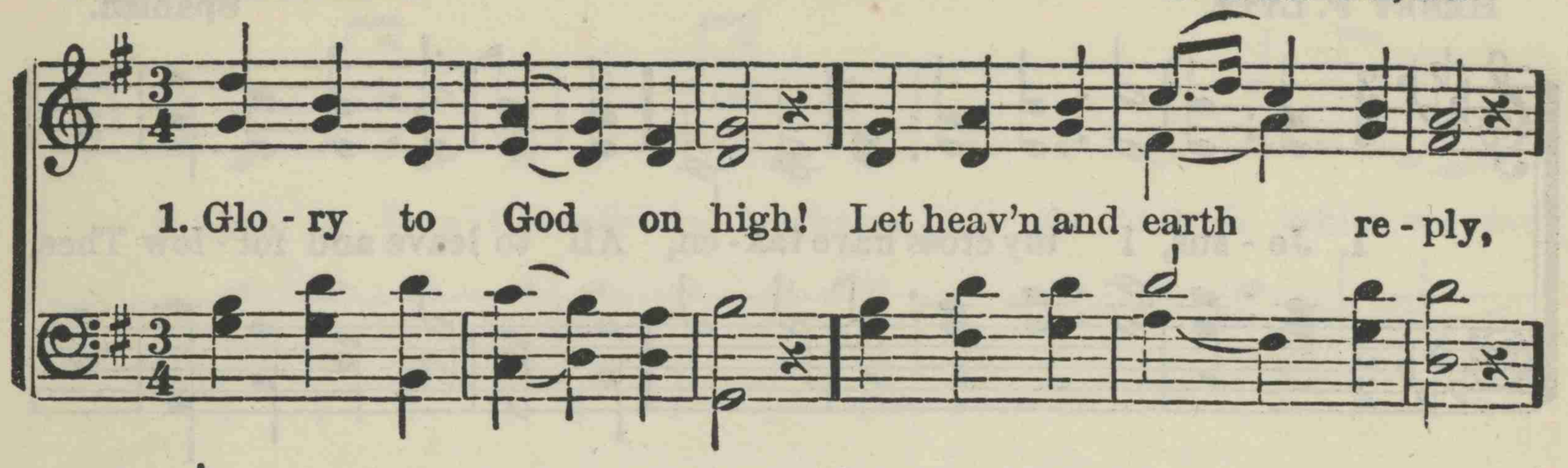
3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blesséd bonnie place,
I only ken its Hame, whaur we shall see His face;
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence in oor ain countrie.
Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.

4 He's faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae I'm watching aye, an' singin' o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

No. 418.

Italian Hymn.

Rev. JAMES ALLEN. F. GIARDINI, 1769.



2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name,—
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

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

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising His name:
To Him our songs we bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And, through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

—o—

No. 419.

1 Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

CHARLES WESLEY.

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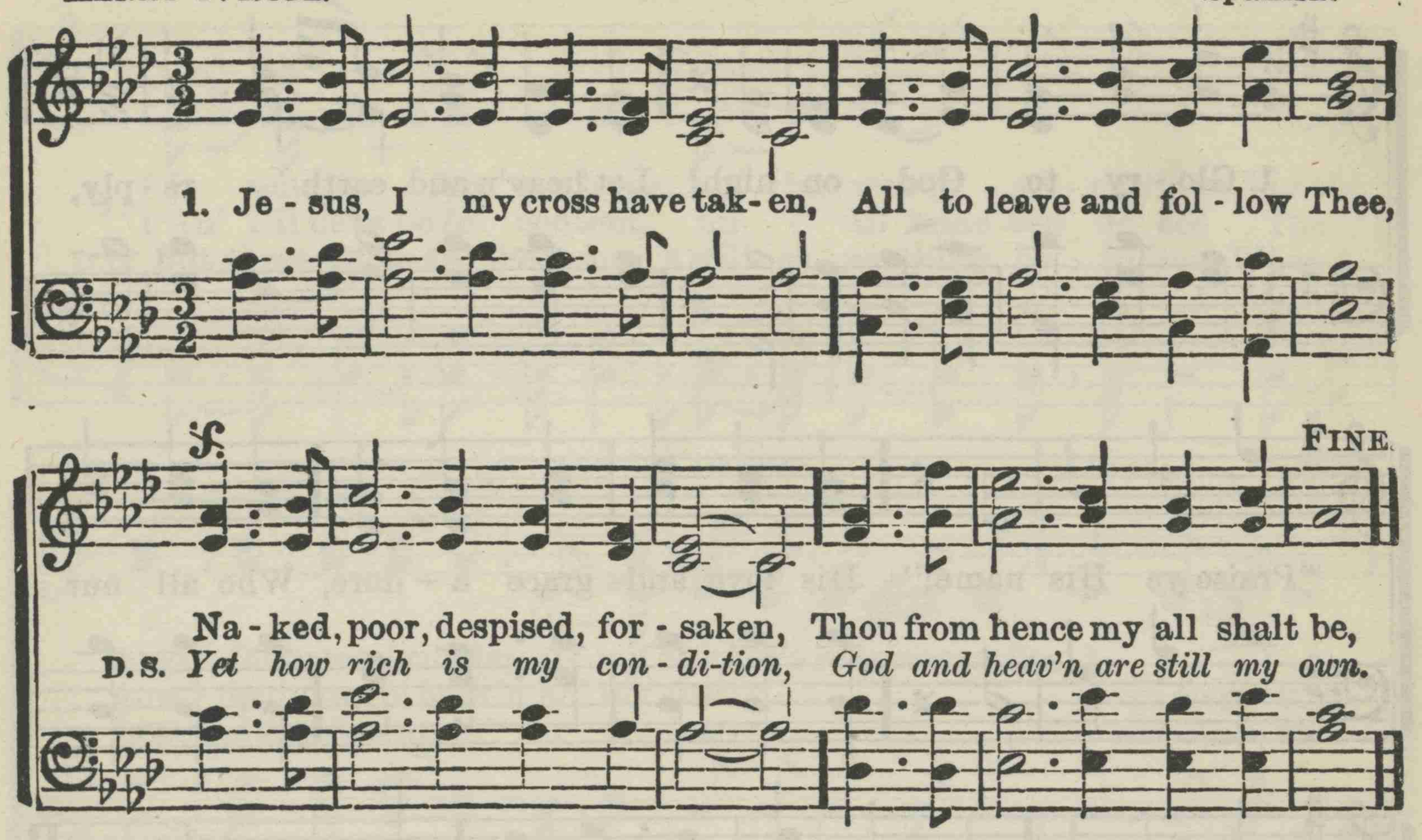
No. 420.

Autumn.

HENRY F. LYTE. Spanish.



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;
Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and wing'd by pray'r!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

—o—

No. 421.

1 Jesus wept! those tears are over
But His heart is still the same,
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is His everlasting name.

‖: Saviour, who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany. :‖

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
‖: Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany. :‖

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tears;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here.
‖: Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany. :‖

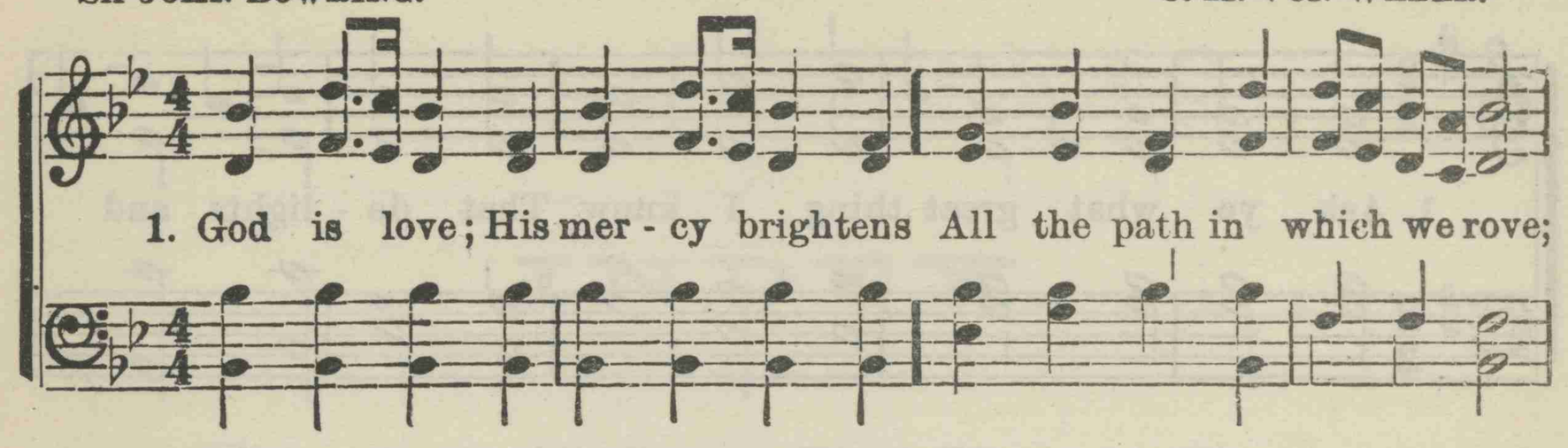
4 Jesus wept! those tears of sorrow
Are a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove,
‖: Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany! :‖

Sir EDWARD DENNY.

No. 422.

Wilmot.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. C. M. VON WEBER.



2 Time and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

—o—

No. 423.

1 Jesus only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall:
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

4 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before Him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

Rev. ELIAS NASON.

—o—

No. 424.

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.

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.

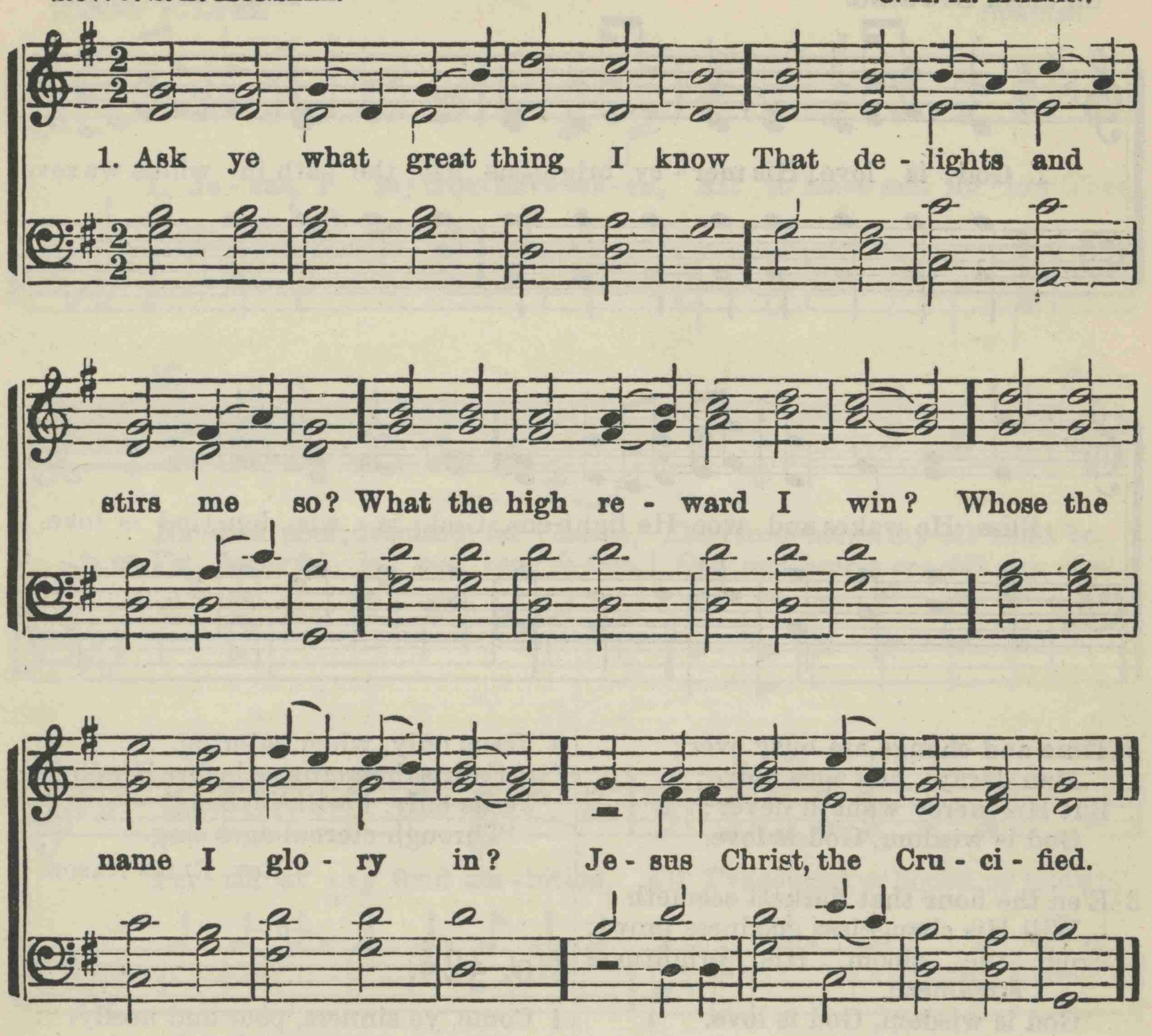
4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him—
Hear Him cry before He dies.

Rev. JOSEPH HART

No. 425. Hendon.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell. C. H. A. Malan.



2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

No. 426.

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

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

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

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

Wm. F. Lloyd.

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