

NOTES OF TRIUMPH

By Edmund S. Lorenz
and
Isaiah Baltzell

SP-060205

NOTES OF TRIUMPH:

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY

REV. E. S. LORENZ AND REV. I. BALTZELL.

"O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph."—Ps. 47: 1.
"Now thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph."—2 Cor. 2: 14.

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PREFACE.

IN the book hereby offered to the public the authors have endeavored to meet the needs and wants of the many Sunday-school workers who during past years have learned to look to them for help. All those needs and wants have been carefully studied, and wherever a song-book could add interest and inspiration, an earnest attempt to furnish what was required was made. The whole experience and observation of the authors have been concentrated upon the book, and it is the completest and most many-sided with which they have ever been connected. The great days of the Christian year have been provided for, as have also many other less sacred, but still important, occasions. New features for the Sunday-school programme have been suggested. Not only have the standard hymns found a large representation, but the tunes to which they are usually sung have also been furnished, to the greater convenience of organist and singer. The desire of many Sunday-schools for responsive worship has been met by well-arranged opening and closing exercises. While no one school may have occasion to use all the special features presented, the large variety from which to select gives assurance that the wants of every school are provided for.

On the other hand these special features have not been permitted to crowd out the body of song, to furnish which is after all the special mission of the authors. Upon this their greatest thought and effort have been expended. Giving no heed to impracticable idealists or *doctrinaires*, they have made their songs but means to an end, studying carefully the capacity and susceptibility of those whom they are to influence. The music is intentionally easy and sprightly, full of Christian gladness, and carefully adapted to the range of children's voices. The hymns have been gathered from many sources, and represent the full cycle of Christian thought and feeling.

They have but suggested their ambitions and endeavors: how fully they have succeeded in realizing them the Sunday-school public must decide.

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NOTES OF TRIUMPH.

1. Sing the Notes of Triumph.

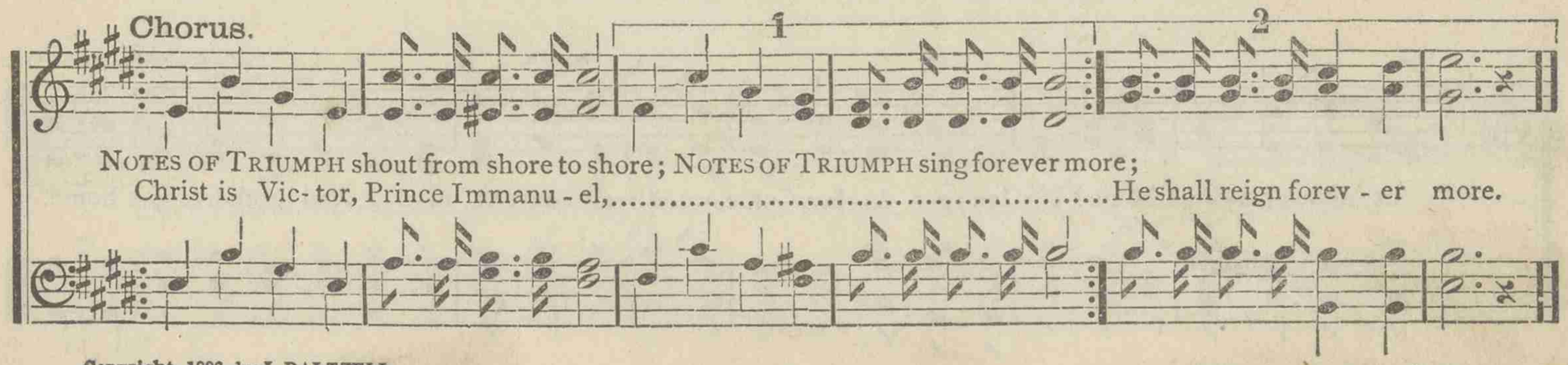
"Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.—Psa. 47: 1.

Mrs. EMMA PITT. I. BALTZELL.



1. Sing the NOTES OF TRIUMPH! Christ hath conquered sin; Thro' his boundless mer-cy we may en-ter in.
2. Christ our might-y Cap-tain, helps to crush the foe: NOTES OF TRIUMPH chanting as we on-ward go.
3. Sing-ing free re-demp-tion, purchased by his blood; In his strength we'll conquer—bring the world to God.
4. Hal-le-lu-jah, glo-ry, un-to Christ our King! We, with rapturous voic-es, NOTES OF TRIUMPH sing.





NOTES OF TRIUMPH shout from shore to shore; NOTES OF TRIUMPH sing forever more;
Christ is Vic-tor, Prince Immanu-el,.....He shall reign forev-er more.

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2.

Art Thou Coming Home?

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

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. O prod - i - gal broth-er, why still de - lay, Why wan - der far off in thy sin? Thy Fa - ther is
2. Rise up from thy sor - row, thy sin and shame, Rise up, there is mer - cy for thee; Thy Fa-ther's long
3. O prod - i - gal brother, come home, come home; Far off there is naught but de - spair; Why then in thy

Chorus.

wait-ing to greet thee to - day, Thy home has warm welcome with - in.
suf - fer - ing love is the same; He longs thy re - pent-ance to see.
grief and thy wretchedness roam? Come home, there is room and to spare.

} Art thou com - ing home, prod-i - gal,

Art thou com - ing home? No lon - ger de - lay, Come, wand'rer, to-day, O prod - i - gal brother, come home.

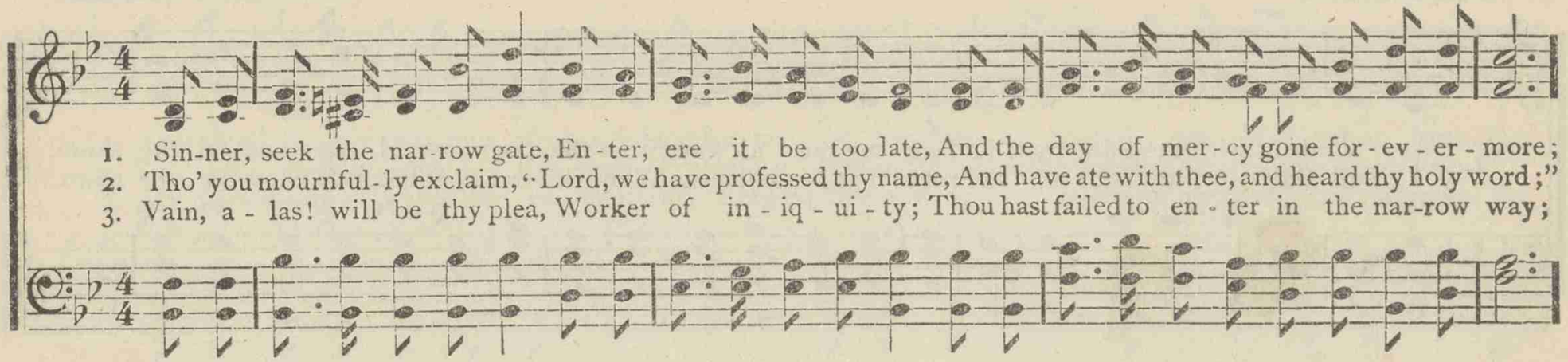
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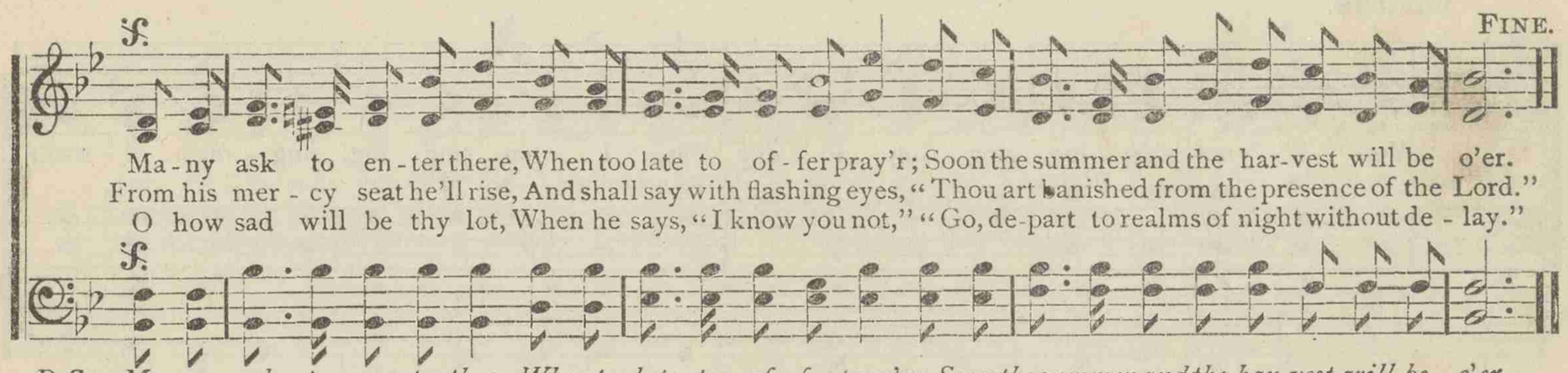
3.

Enter Now the Narrow Gate.

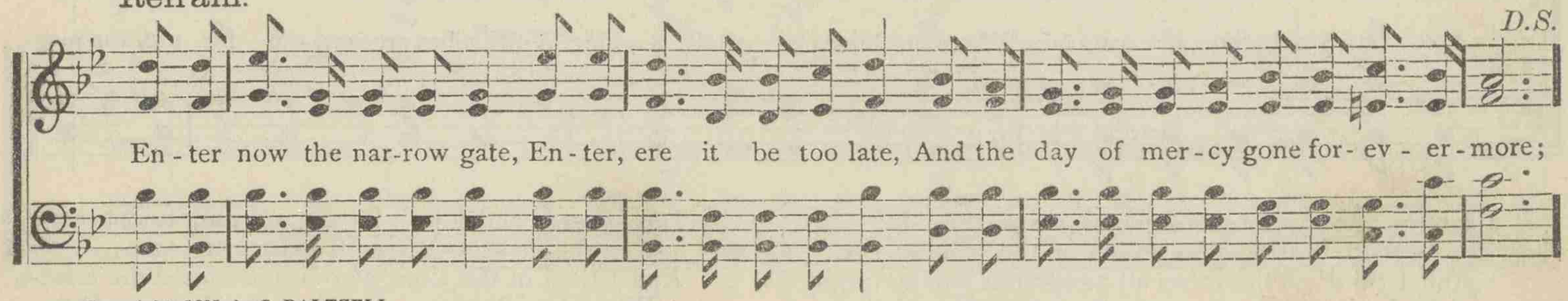
"Enter ye in at the straight gate."—Matt. 7: 13.

Anon. I. BALTZELL.





Refrain.



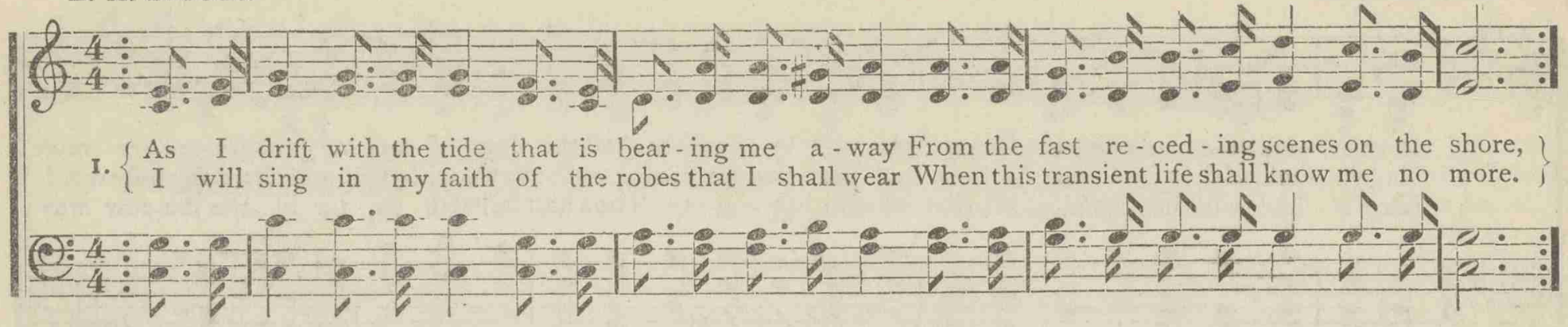
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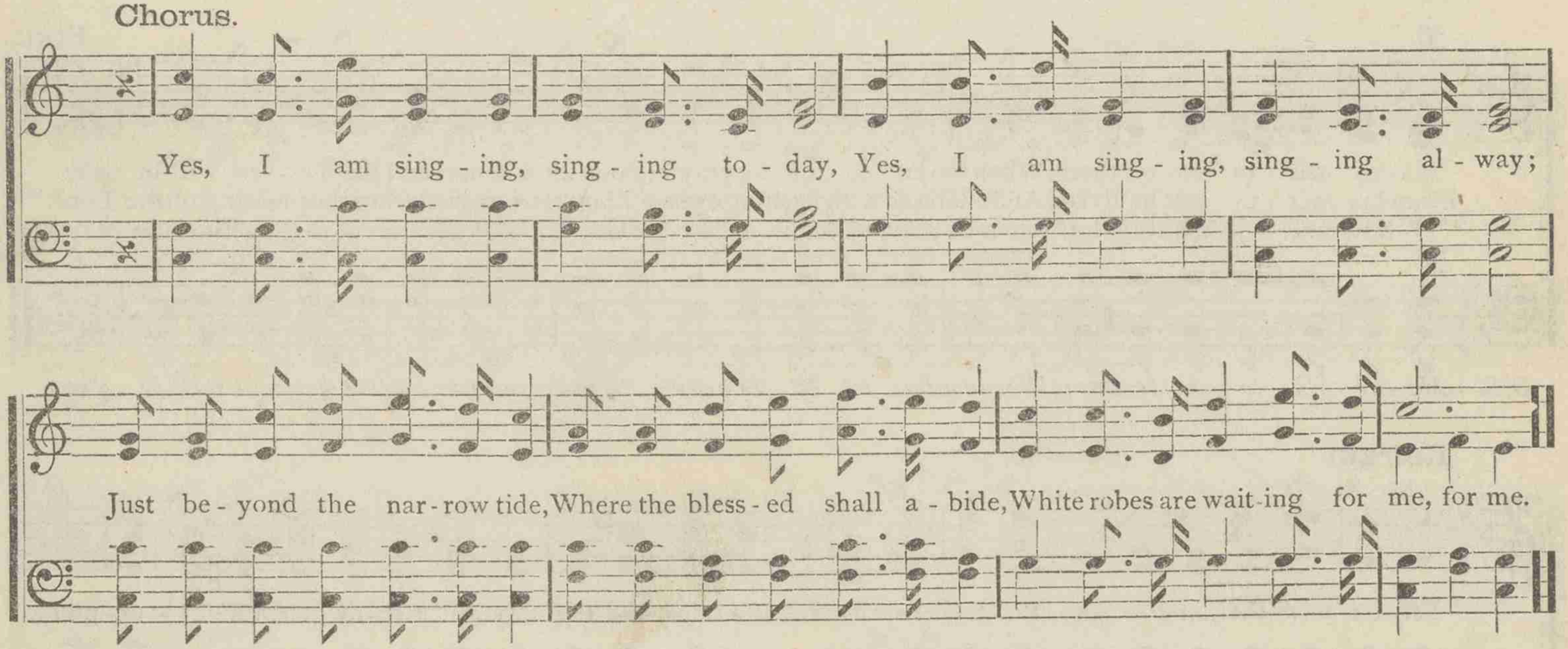
White Robes are Waiting.

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes?"—Rev. 7: 13.

E. A. BARNES. E. S. LORENZ.



Chorus.



2 I rejoice in my song and I look across the tide
As these fleeting days go out on the wing;
And I think of the robes all so spotless and so bright,
In the mansions of my Saviour and King,—CHO.

3 Lo, I watch and I wait for the morning to appear,
And the message that will bid me to come;
And I trust in the Lord who has promised me a robe,
When I anchor o'er the tide in my home.—CHO.

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5. If I Wash in that Fountain.

"Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow."—Isa. 1: 18.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney.

1. Thy blood, O my Sav-iour, was poured out for me, So pre-cious, so cost - ly, yet of - fered so free; Tho'
2. Tho' red as the crim - son, like wool I shall be, If plunged 'neath the waves of this fathom - less sea; I
3. My faith would re - ceive the re - demp-tion I crave; The pow - er to tri-umph o'er death and the grave; To

sins be as scar - let, this truth I would know, If I wash in that Fountain, I shall be whit - er than snow.
come, O my Saviour, where pure wa - ters flow; If I wash in that Fountain, I shall be whit - er than snow.
stand uncondemned, for most sure - ly I know, If I wash in that Fountain, I shall be whit - er than snow.

Chorus.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; If I wash in that Fountain, I shall be whit - er than snow.

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6. Home Bells are Ringing.

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

D. B. PURINTON. D. B. PURINTON.

1. Far a - way from home we wan - der O'er the bar - ren wastes of an earth - ly strand;
2. Ma - ny friends have gone be - fore us, They have left us wea - ry and lone - ly here;
3. While our Sav - iour bids us tar - ry, We will watch and wait, we will work and pray;
4. Come, poor sin - ner, jour - ney with us, Cast thy load of sin and thy guilt a - way;

f. FINE. Chorus.

But our wea - ry feet are turn - ing To the shores of the heav'nly land.
But they live in realms of glo - ry, We shall meet, we shall greet them there.
Then go home to dwell for - ev - er In the realms of e - ter - nal day.
Thou shalt find a joy - ful en-trance At the gates of e - ter - nal day.

} Far, far a - way, the

f.

D.S.—Safe at last with joy and sing-ing, We shall meet in our Fa-ther's home.

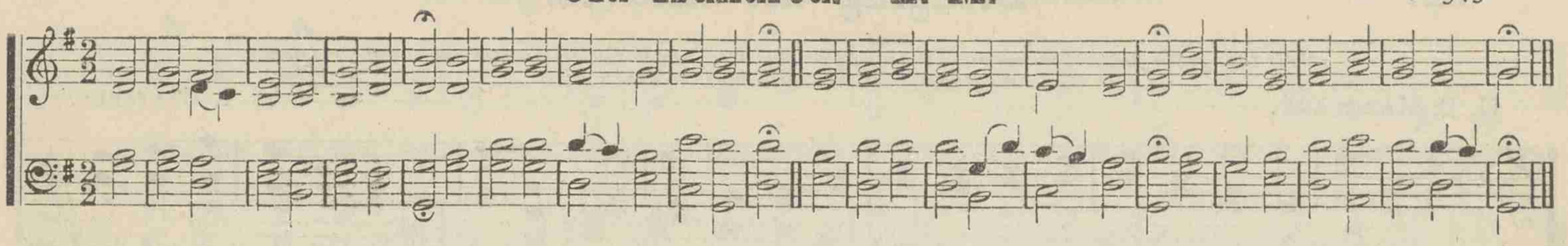
D.S.

home bells are ring - ing, Where the wand'rers of earth no lon - ger shall roam (for - ev - er);

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Old Hundred. L. M.

G. Franc, 1545.



7.

1 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.

8.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

9.

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.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

10.

1 Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

11.

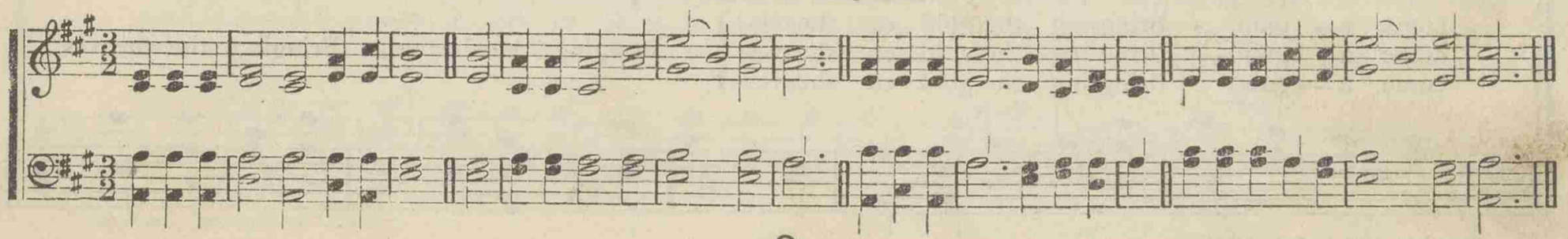
1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end,
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

Ware. L. M.

George Kingsley, 1838.



12. Bringing the Sheaves.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Psa. 126: 6.

G. B. MARQUART. I. BALTZELL.

1. Go, Christain, bear the precious seed, The seed of truth and love; Go, tell the lost by word and deed, Of
2. Go, weep-ing teacher, bear the seed, Tell of a Saviour's love, Nor give to earth-ly sor-row heed, Seek
3. Go, pa - tient toil -er, bear the seed, Nor think of rest -ing here; Go, com-fort those who comfort need,—Go,

Him who pleads a-bove. Your toil-ing may now seem in vain, You may see naught but leaves; But you shall doubtless
com-fort from a-bove. Toil on, 'mid sunshine and 'mid rain, Though naught you see but leaves, Toil on, you'll doubtless
dry the mourner's tear. You sure-ly shall not toil in vain, Though naught you see but leaves, Re - joicing you shall

Chorus.

come a - gain, Bring-ing the gold - en sheaves.
come a - gain, Bring-ing the gold - en sheaves.
come a - gain, Bring-ing the gold - en sheaves.

Bringing the sheaves, Bringing the sheaves,

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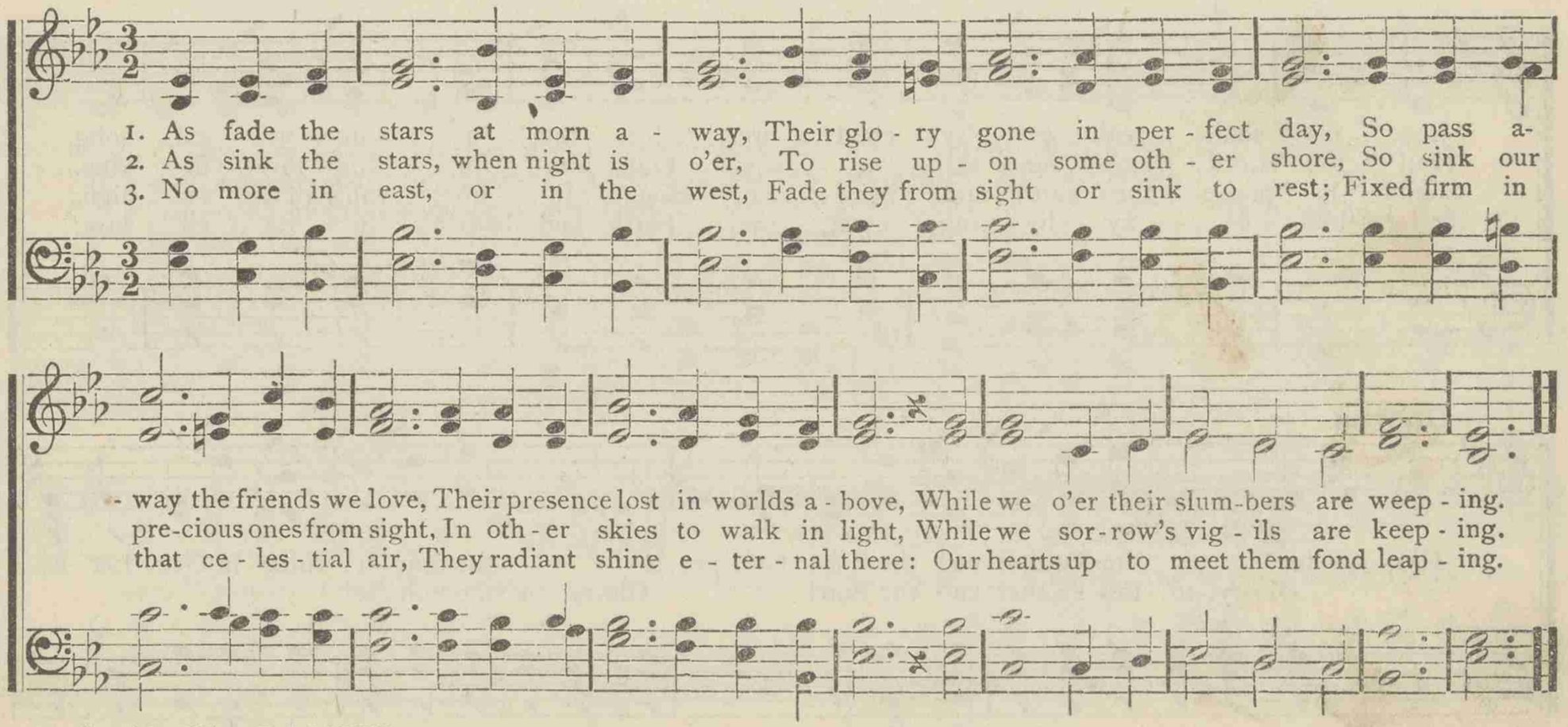
Bringing the Sheaves.—Concluded.



13. As Fade the Stars.

"They are as asleep."—Ps. 90 : 5.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. E. S. LORENZ.



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14. Let us Praise Him To-Day.

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

Anon. W. J. BALTZELL.

1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise to thee from ev - 'ry tongue;
2. Fa - ther! source of all com - pas - sion! Pure, un - bound - ed grace is thine;
3. For ten thou - sand bless - ings giv - en, For the hope of fut - ure joy,
4. Praise to God, our great Cre - a - tor! Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost;

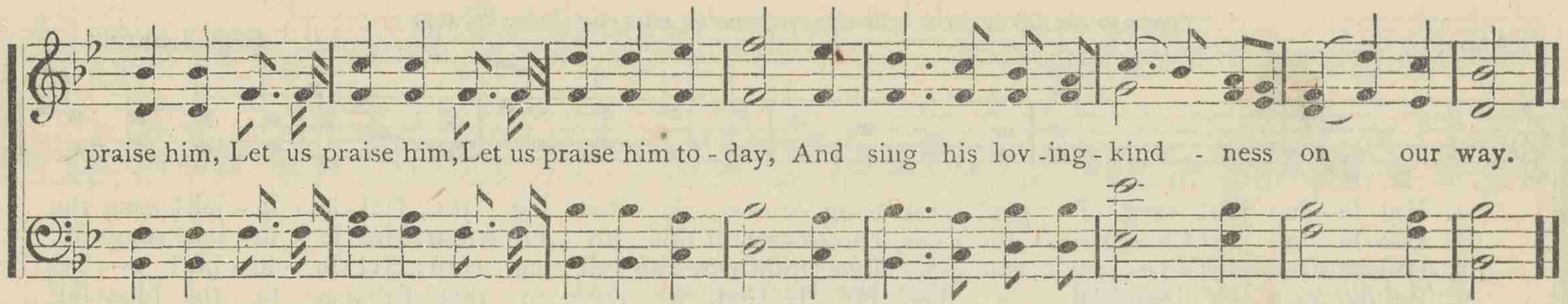
Join, my soul, with ev - 'ry creat - ure, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.
Hail the Lord of our sal - va - tion! Praise him for his love di - vine.
Sound his praise thro' earth and heav - en, Sound Je - ho - vah's praise on high.
Praise him, ev - 'ry liv - ing creat - ure, Earth and heav'n's u - nit - ed host.

Chorus.

Glo - ry to the Fa-ther and the Son! Glo - ry to the Spir - it! three in One! Let us
Glo-ry to the Fa-ther and the Son! Glo-ry to the Spir - it!

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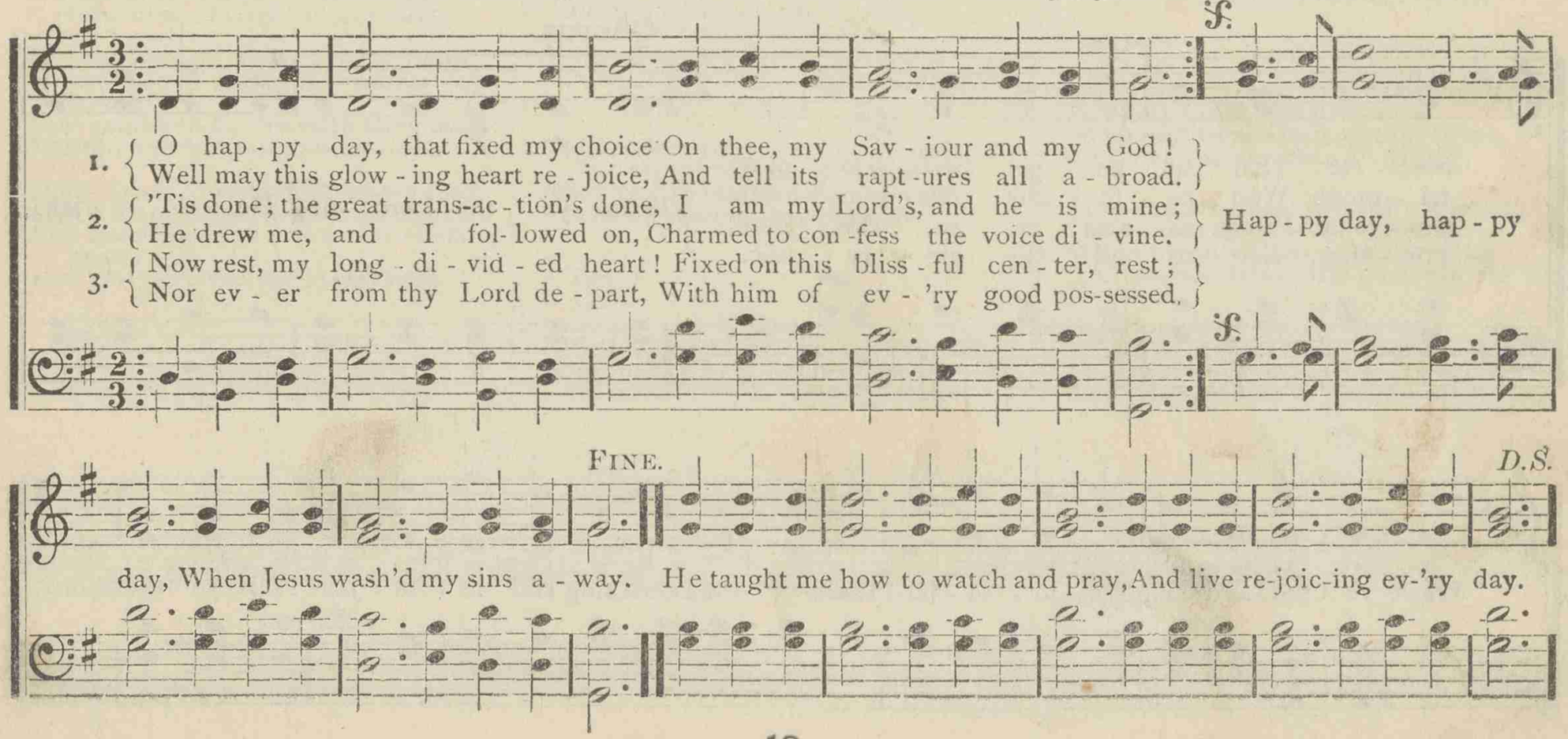
Let us Praise Him To-Day.—Concluded.



15. Happy Day.

"In the day when I cried thou answeredst me."—Psa. 138 : 3.

E. F. RIMBAULT.



16.

Hallelujah!

"Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God.—Ps. 147: 1.

Anon. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah! song of glad-ness, Song of ev-er-last-ing joy; Hal-le-lu-jah! song the
2. Hal-le-lu-jah! Church vic-to-rious, Thou mayst lift this joy-ful strain; Hal-le-lu-jah! songs of
3. Hal-le-lu-jah! let our voic-es Rise to heav'n with full ac-cord; Hal-le-lu-jah! ev-'ry
4. But our earn-est sup-pli-ca-tion, Ho-ly God, we raise to thee; Bring us to thy bliss-ful

Chorus.

sweet-est That can an-gel hosts em-ploy.
tri-umph Well be-fit the ran-somed train.
mo-ment Brings us near-er to the Lord.
pres-ence, Let us all thy glo-ry see.

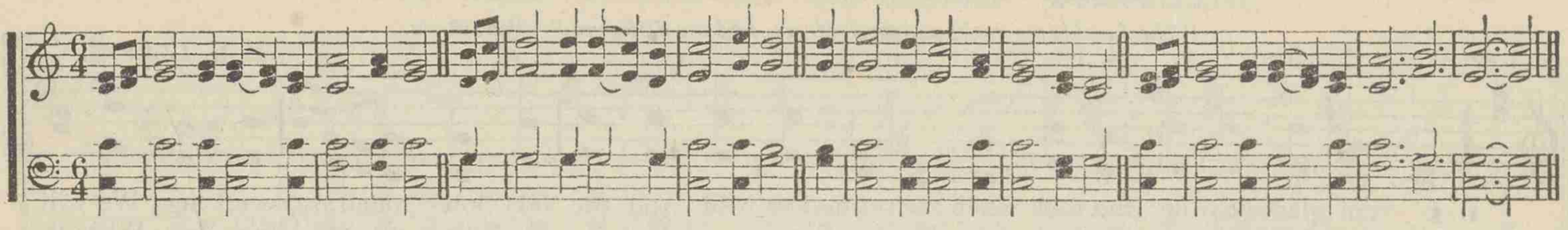
} Praise ye the Lord! sing Hal-le-lu-jah!

Praise ye the Lord! sing Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord! sing Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!

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Retreat. L. M.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



17.

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

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

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

18.

1 Oh, that I could forever dwell
Delighted at the Saviour's feet,
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
Oh! is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above.

4 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

19.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

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

3 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.

20.

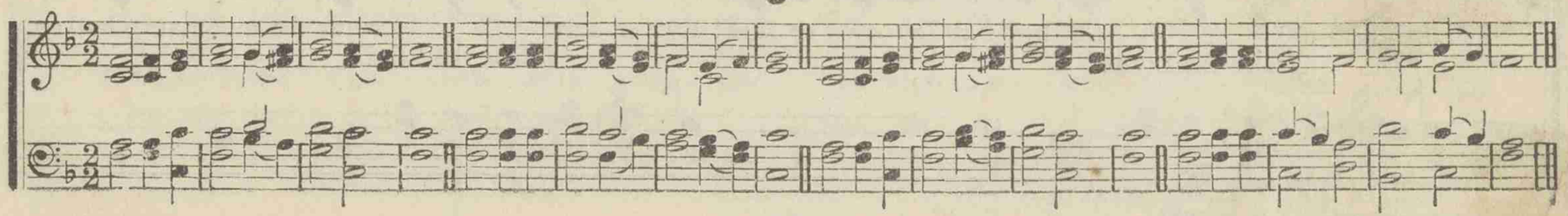
1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

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.

Hamburg. L. M.

Gregorian.



21. I am Glad We're on the Rock.

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer."—Psa. 18 : 2.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I am glad we're on the rock when the storms are wild, And the bil - lows 'round are swell-ing; We will
2. I am glad we're on the rock for his pre - cious love Is a joy our spir - it keep - ing; When the
3. I am glad we're on the rock where our souls may dwell, And no fears our hopes can sev - er; Where our

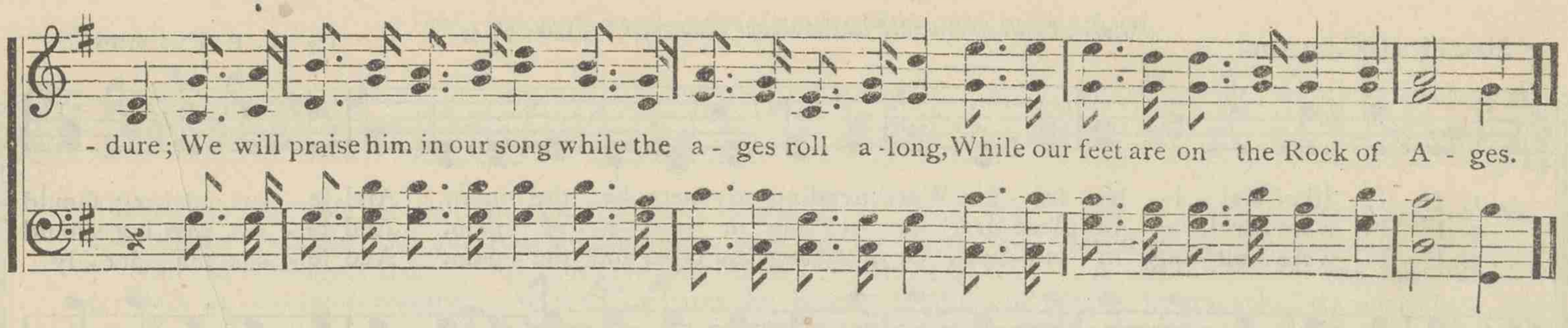
praise his ho - ly name and his wondrous love proclaim, His good-ness and his mer - cy tell - ing.
world is dark and drear there's a bless - ed ref - uge here, Tho' tem - pests o'er the world are sweep - ing.
peace shall ev - er be like the calm un sound ed sea In heav - en with the loved for - ev - er.

Chorus.

Praise the Lord for his mer - cy ev - er sure! Ev - er sure, while the mountains shall en-
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

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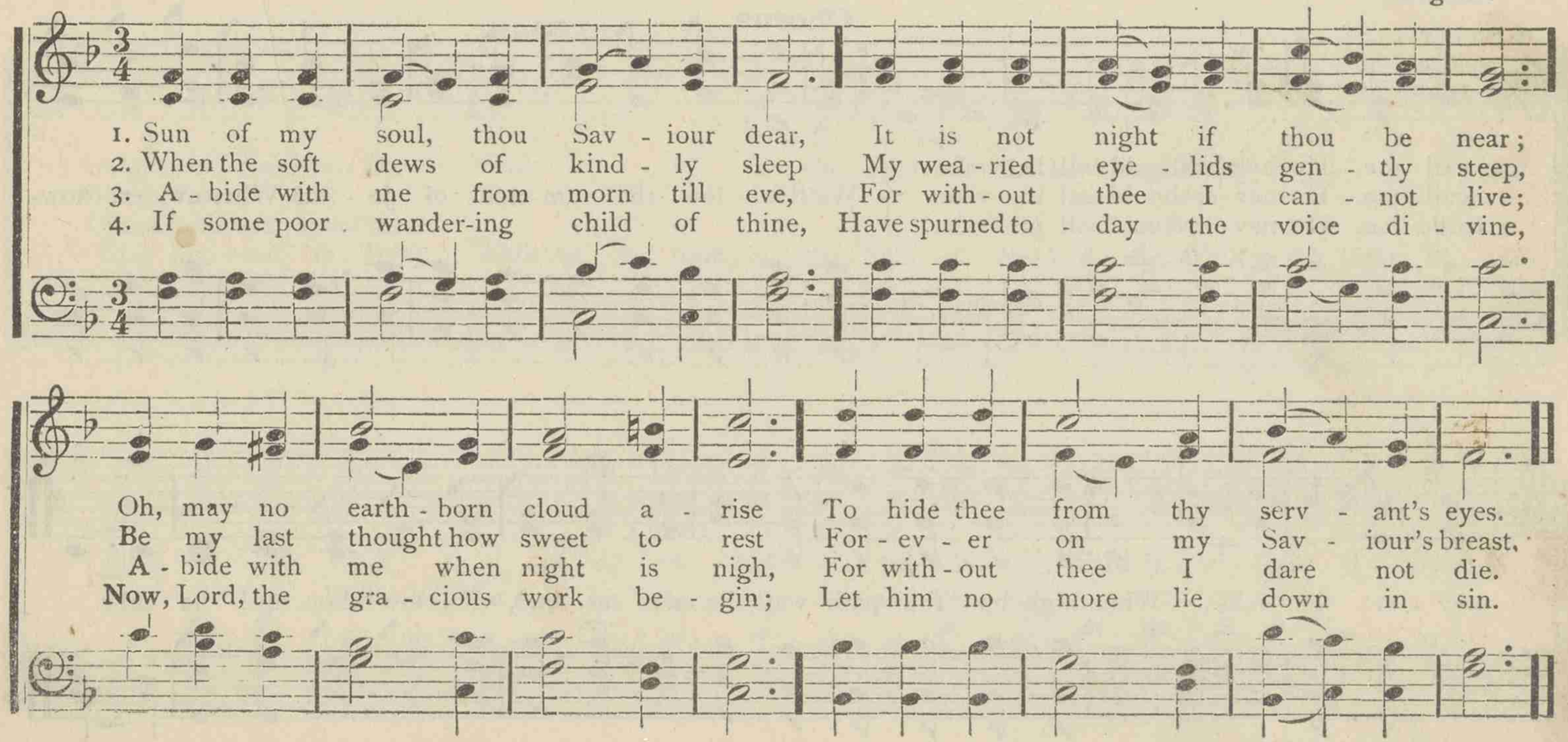
I am Glad We're on the Rock.—Concluded.



22. Sun of my Soul. L. M.

"For the Lord God is a sun and shield.—Psa. 84 : 11.

KEBLE. English.



23. Follow Thou Me.

"Lord, I will follow thee whitersoever thou goest."—Luke 9: 57.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1. If I, like Gal - i - lee fish - ers, Were mending my nets by the main, And Je - sus, com-ing, should
2. If I were dwell-ing in pleas-ure, Or sit - ting in pla - ces of gain, And Je - sus, pass-ing, should
3. If I were sink - ing in sad - ness, Or dread-ing the cross and the pain, And Je - sus ten - der - ly

Chorus

call me, He nev - er should call in vain.
call me, He nev - er should call in vain.
call'd me, He nev - er should call in vain.

} We'll fol - low the sum-mons of Je - sus, Wher-ev - er, how-

- ev - er it falls; When high up the path-way he sees us, And, "Fol - low thou me!" he calls.

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24. Walk in the Light.

"That I may walk before God in the light of the living."—Psa. 56: 13.

Anon. I. BALTZELL.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love, His spir - it on - ly can be-stow, Who
2. Walk in the light! and sin abhorred Shall ne'er de - file a - gain; The blood of Je - sus Christ the Lord Shall
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear; Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For
4. Walk in the light! and thou shalt see Thy path, tho' thorny, bright, For God by grace shall dwell in thee, And

Refrain.

reigns in light a - bove. Walk in the light of the Liv - ing, Walk in the
cleanse from ev - 'ry sin.
Christ hath conquered there.
God him - self is light. Walk in the light, in the light of the Liv - ing, Walk in the light, in the

light of God; Walk in the light of the Liv - ing, Walk in the light of God!
light of God; Walk in the light, in the light of the Liv - ing,

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25. Make Me a Worker for Jesus.

"That we might work the works of God."—John 6 : 28.

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

1. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Steadfast and earn-est and true; Will - ing to do for the
2. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Do ing the work to be done; Cheer-ful - ly, earn-est - ly,
3. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Read - y to go where he needs; Sow - ing good seed for the
4. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Then at the set of the sun, Say, "Thou wert faithful, my

Mas - ter All he ex - pects me to do.
glad - ly Lab'ring till set of the sun.
har - vest Plucking up bri - ars and weeds.
serv - ant, Rest, for thy work is now done."

Chorus.

Make me a work - er for Je - sus, A will -ing work-er for Je - sus, Do - ing my best for the Mas - ter, He hath done great things for me.

By permission.

Hebron. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



26.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

3 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

27.

1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went:
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal,—"Behold! I come!"

28.

1 Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life! thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! thy softened light,
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above!
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thine ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

29.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

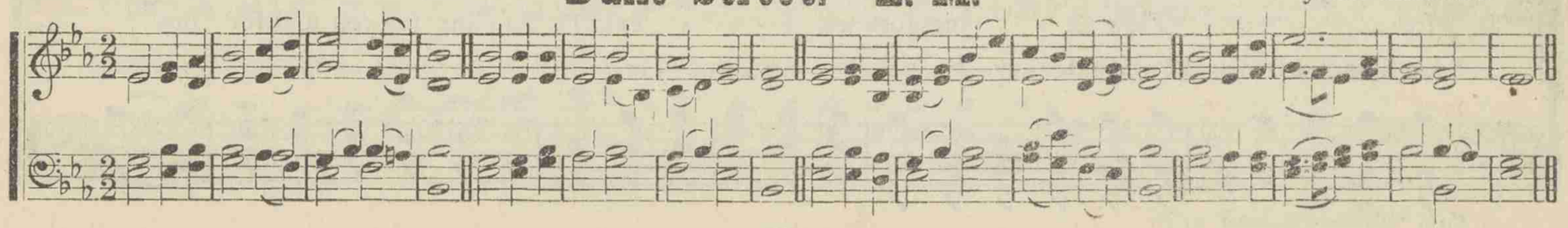
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

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 all the realms of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Duke Street. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



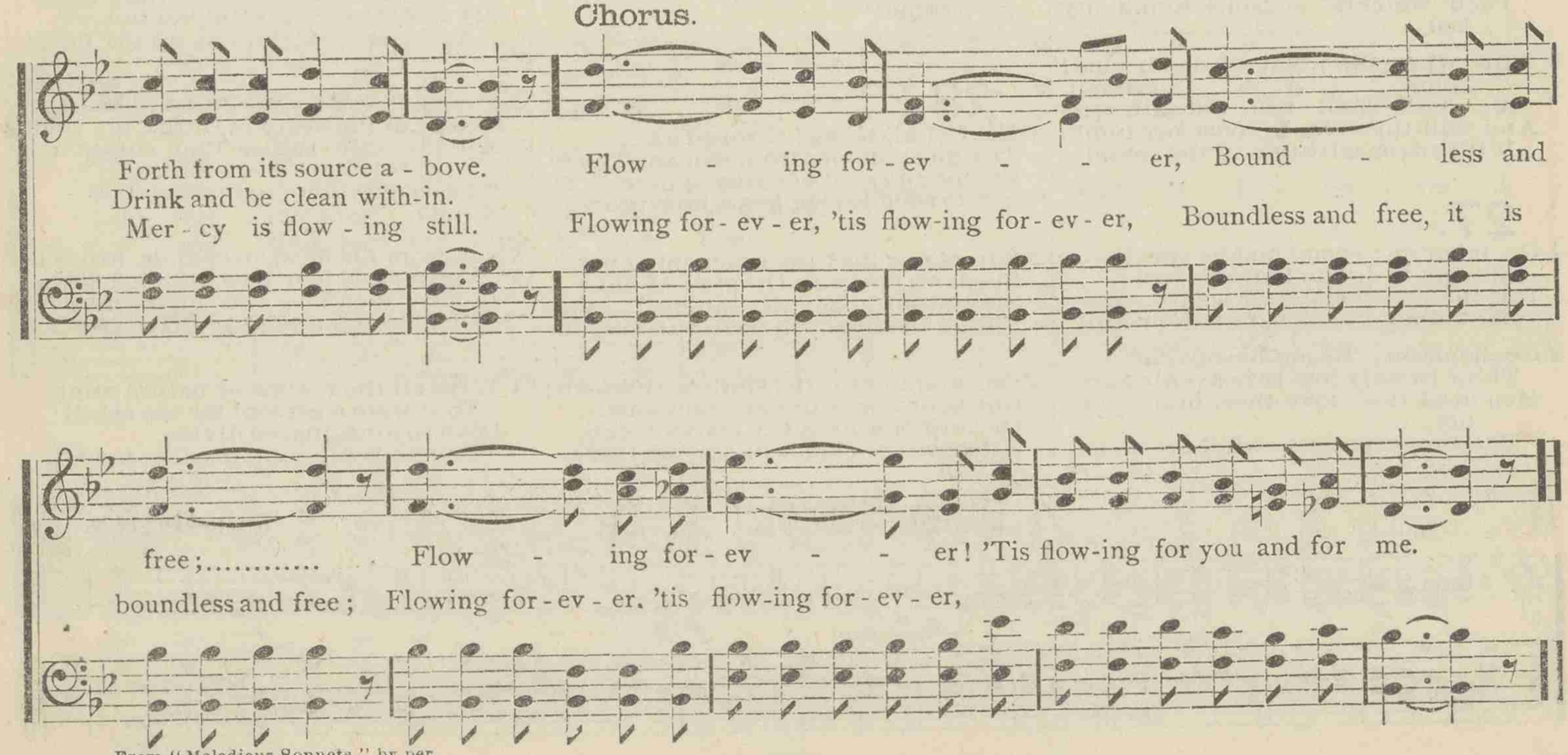
30. Come to the Rock.

"The Rock was Christ."—1 Cor. x: 4.

Miss ALEXCENAH THOMAS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Chorus.



From "Melodious Sonnets," by per.

31.

Reject not the Master.

"The Master is come and calleth for thee."—John 12: 28.

PRISCILLA J. OWEN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Re - ject not the Mas - ter, he calls you, His sweet voice is plead - ing to - day; Rise
2. He calls by the voice of his pow - er, He calls by his mes - sage of love; His
3. He calls you from sin to sal - va - tion, He calls you from dark - ness to light, He

Chorus.

up from the snare that en-thrals you; Seek Je - sus, and make no de - lay.
Spir - it is whisp'ring each hour; Seek Je - sus, O why will you rove?
calls to a full con - se - cra - tion, He calls you from weakness to might.
} This precious sal - va - tion neg-

-lect not, Leave falsehood and cleave to the true; The call of our Master re - ject not, The Master is call-ing for you.

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32. Let me Stay in His Presence!

"Surely the Lord is in this place."—Gen. 28 : 16.

"Carlin." I. BALTZELL.

1. Let me stay where my spir - it is feast - ing, On the Lord's re - deem-ing grace; Let me stay! for my
2. Let me stay where his pres - ence de - lights me With a peace be - yond con - trol; O! the rapt - ur - ous
3. Let me stay in this u - nion so per - fect, I in Christ, and he in me; Ev - er - more I would
4. Let me stay in the pres - ence of Je - sus, Where my soul is sweet - ly blest; Let me stay where my

Chorus.

soul cries with rapt - ure, "Surely God is in this place!"
love of my Sav - iour Sweetly glows with-in my soul.
drink of the fount-ain Of sal - va - tion, full and free.
poor, wea - ry spir - it Finds in Christ its per - fect rest.

} Glory, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, I am

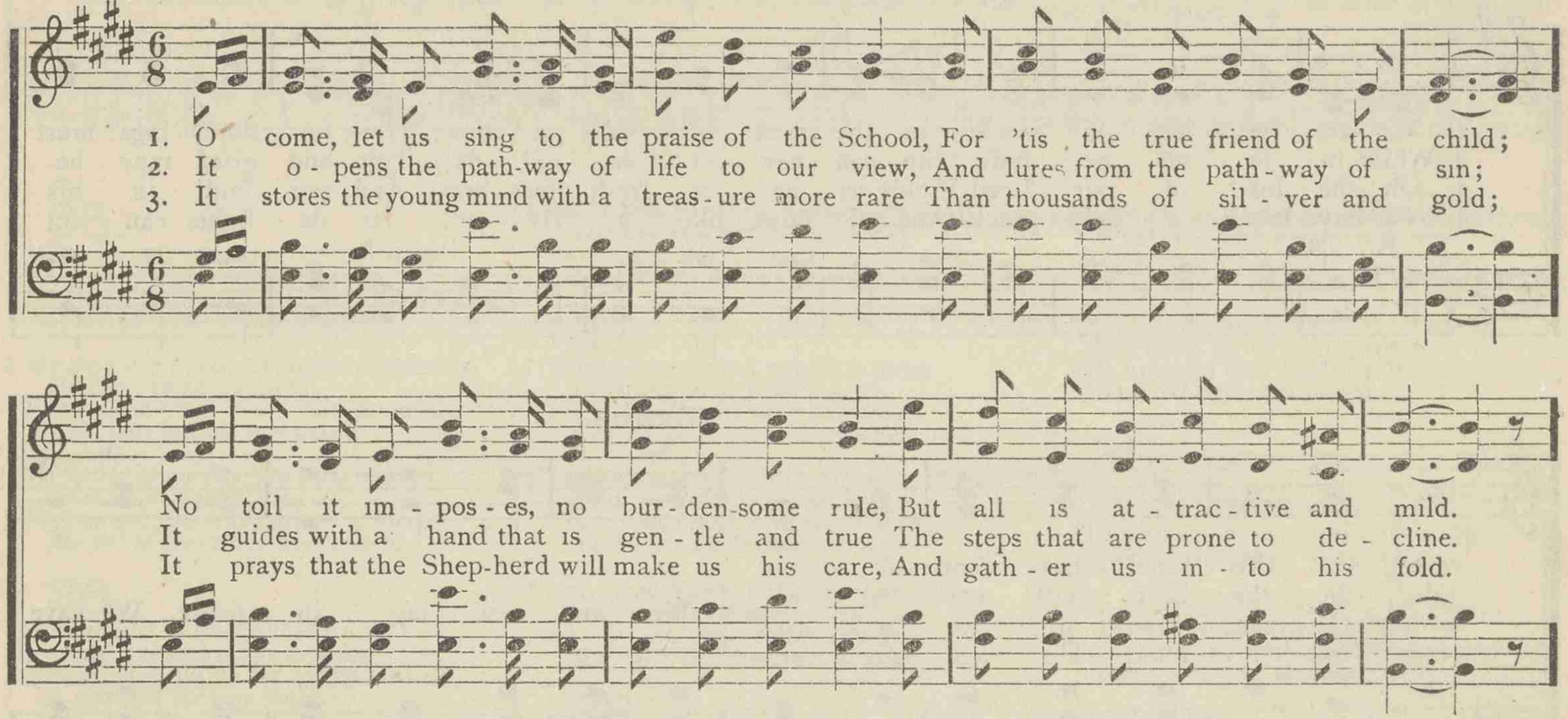
hap - py in the Lord! For his prom-ise is sure, And I know I'm se-cure, While I trust his ho - ly word.

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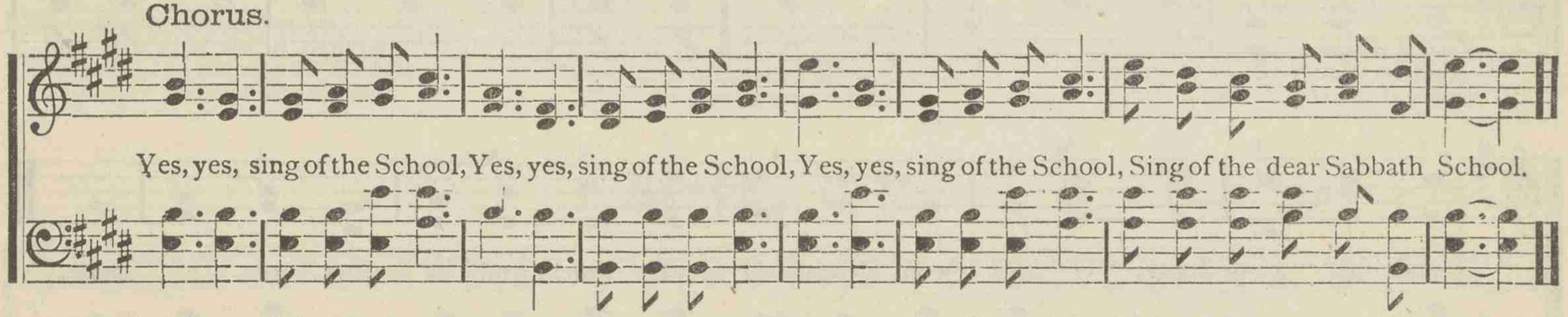
33. Sing of the School.

"So will I sing praise unto thy name forever."—Psa. 61: 8.

A. A. G. Rev. A. A. GRALEY.



Chorus.



4 It tells us of Jesus who sinners to save
Came down from his throne in the skies;
Who died on a cross, and was laid in a grave,
That sinners to glory might rise.—CHO.

5 It tells of a land where the ransomed possess
A harp, and a crown, and a throne;
Where purity reigns, and the fullness of bliss,
Where sorrow and sin are unknown.—CHO.

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34. Resting in Peace.

"*He is our Peace.*"—Eph. 2 : 14.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. We are rest - ing in peace On the rock of sal - va - tion; Here our doubt - ings must
2. While in Je - sus we hide Sin can nev - er as - sail us; Pain and grief may be-
3. Oh, the love of our Lord Yields us ev - er fresh pleas - ures; And our faith in his
4. We have found a deep peace, And it flows like a riv - er; Its de - lights can - not

Chorus.

cease On this stead - fast foun - da - tion.
- tide, But the Lord will not fail us.
word O - pens wide all its treas - ures.
cease, God is fount - ain and giv - er.

We are rest - ing in peace, We have found full re - lease; O this won - drous sal - va - tion! And its joys nev - er cease.

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Ortonville. C. M.

Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1837.



35.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

36.

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

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious world 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.

37.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

38.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side:
'Tis all my hope and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."

2 Wash me and make me thus thine own,
Wash me and mine thou art!
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!

3 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

39.

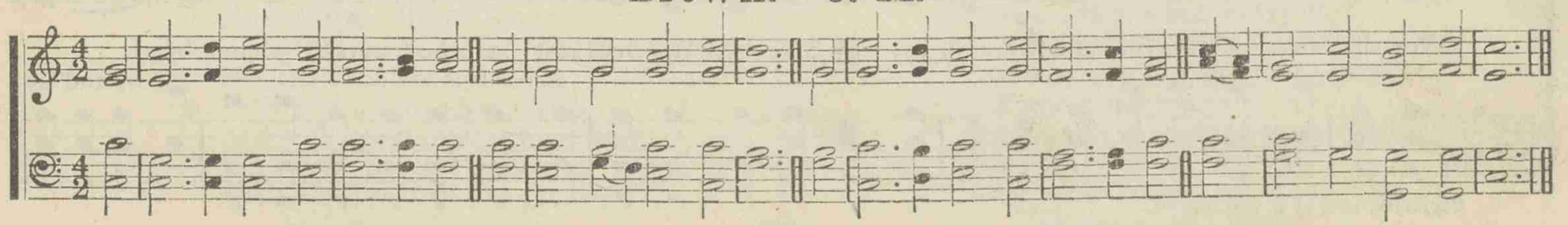
1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

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.

Brown. C. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury, 1840.



40. Rest at the Fountain.

*"For the Lamb * * * * shall lead them unto living fountains of waters."*—Rev. 7 : 17.

C. M. H. Rev. C. M. HOTT.

1. There's a fount - ain of life and it flow - eth so free While we drink of the stream far be - low;
2. Oh, how oft - en, when wear - ied with toil - ing and care, We re - mem - ber the loved gone be - fore;
3. Oh, my broth - er, faint not though the way may be long, Or the bur - den seem heav - y to bear;
4. Bless ed fount - ain of life, flow - ing forth from the throne, We shall drink of thy full - ness at last;

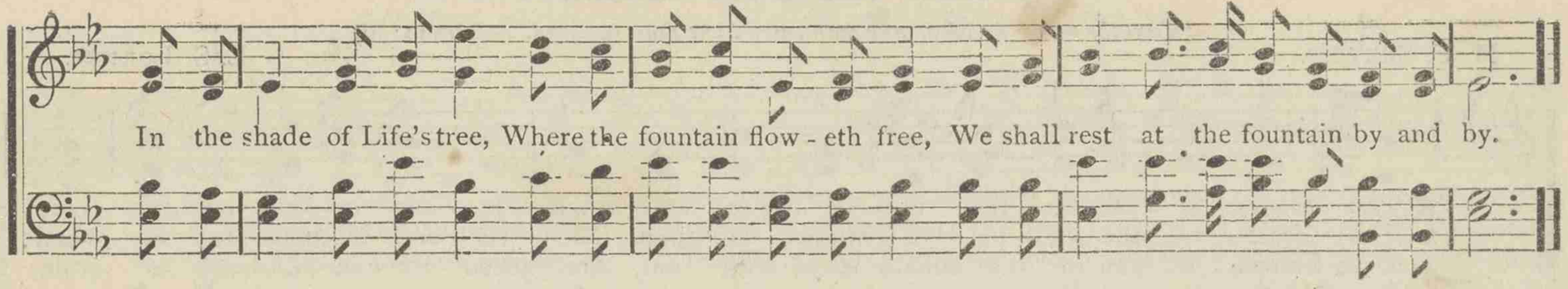
And press on - ward by faith at the fountain head to be, And its full - ness for - ev - er more to know.
And re - joice in the hope that with them we soon shall share In the rest that re-main-eth ev - er - more.
In the cross is our glo - ry, and Je - sus is our song—We will rest at the fountain o - ver there.
And a - bide with our Sav - iour and loved ones now at home, Where our tri - als and sor-rows all are past.

Chorus.

We shall rest at the fountain by and by, by and by, We shall rest at the fountain by and by;
by and by;

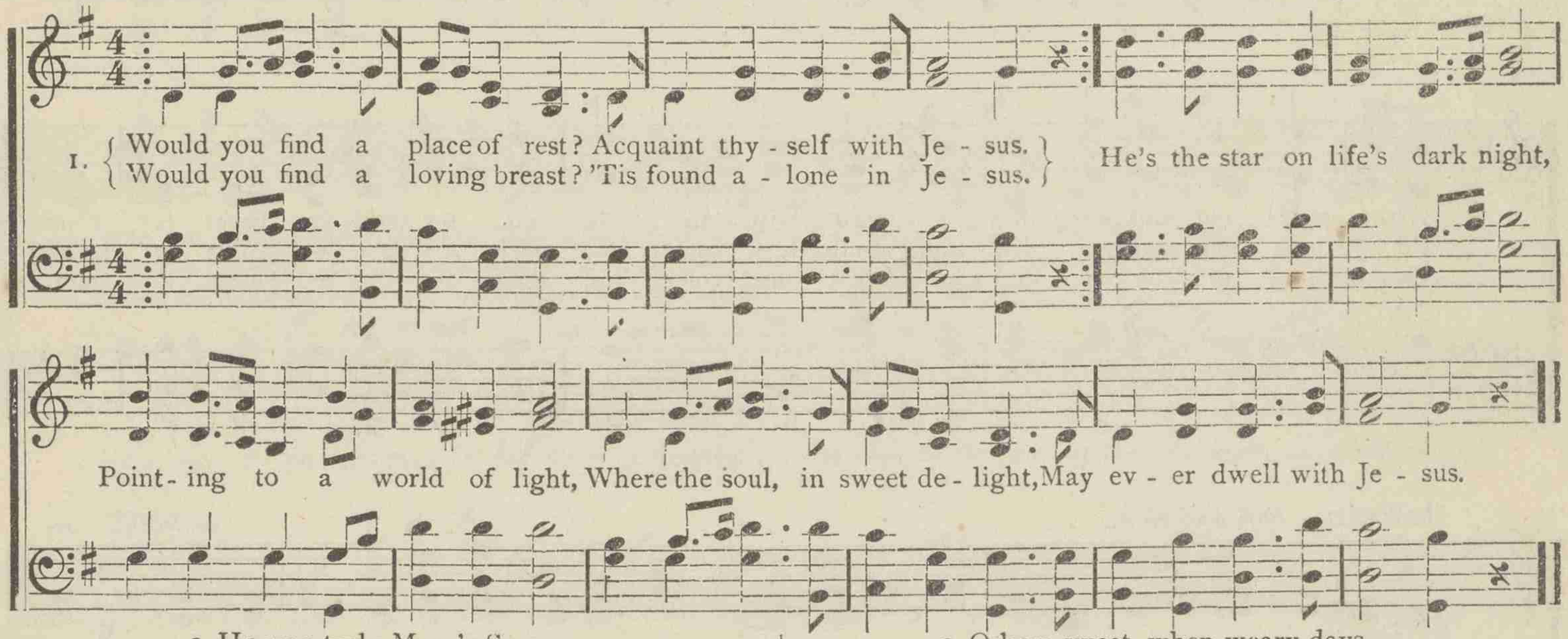
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Rest at the Fountain.—Concluded.



41. Jesus, Only Jesus.

Mrs. E. M. HALL. *"They saw no man save Jesus only."*—Matt. 17 : 8. J. T. GRAPE.



2 He was truly Mary's Son,
Yet still we own him Jesus;
He was homeless and alone,
Ye still we love him, Jesus.
And with him his church ere long,
Joining the triumphant song,
Shall his glorious name prolong,
As Jesus, only Jesus.

3 O how sweet, when weary days
And fever'd nights are o'er,
Saved by grace, with him to dwell
Forever and forever.
Storms may rage, and oceans roll,
He's the center of the soul,
And, while endless ages roll,
'Tis Jesus, only Jesus.

By permission.

42. When the Door is Shut.

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved."—John 10: 9.

M. E. SERVOSS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. The door of sal - va - tion is o - pen wide, And Je - sus in - vites you to come;
2. The feast of the gos - pel a - waits its guests, The day and the hour are at hand;
3. Dear friends, if you ev - er should stand with - out, And plead for ad - mit - tance in vain,

While mer - cy and par - don a - wait with - in, Oh, en - ter while yet there is room.
Ye hun - gry and per - ish - ing souls, draw near: Oh, why do you doubt - ing - ly stand?
You'd think of the Sav - iour's en - treat - ing voice, And long for this mo - ment a - gain.

Refrain. *Soft and slow.*

When the door once is shut To en-treat will be vain: 'Twill nev-er, no, nev - er Be o - pened a - gain.

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43. Will You Meet Me Over There?

"The Lord, my God, shall come, and all thy saints with thee."—Zech. 14: 5.

Anon. I. BALTZELL.



Chorus.



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44. Travelling from Afar.

"I can do all things through Christ who stengtheneth me.—Phil. 4: 13.

ROBERT MORRIS, L.L. D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Duet. Cho. Duet.

1. Chris - tian pil - grims, poor and wea - ry, Trav - el - ling from a - far, Road so rough, and
2. Wound - ed sore, up - on life's trav - els, Trav - el - ling from a - far, Bowed be - neath a
3. Toil - ing up - ward, slow - ly, slow - ly, Trav - el - ling from a - far, Fol - low - ing the
4. And be - yond life's gloom - y cur - tain, Trav - el - ling from a - far, May we find an

Cho. Chorus.

dark, and drear - y, Trav - el - ling from a - far.
load of e - vil, Trav - el - ling from a - far.
meek and low - ly, Trav - el - ling from a - far.
en - trance cer - tain, Trav - el - ling from a - far.

Lend us strength, O Lord and Mas - ter,

Trav - el - ling from a - far, That our Chris - tian race be fast - er, Trav - el - ling from a - far.

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Evan. C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



45.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;—

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows!
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

46.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

47.

1 The Saviour bids us watch and pray
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away
To our eternal home.

4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

48.

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done."

Naomi. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



49. Low at Thy Cross.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1 : 7.

Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES. W. J. BALTZELL.

1. Low at thy cross! my Sav-iour, I am ly - ing, To meet the flowing stream of cleansing blood;
2. Low at thy cross! here keep me meek and low -ly, With - in its shad-ow safe from earthly stain;
3. Low at thy cross! there's full and free sal - va - tion, I'm hap - py while I'm trusting in his blood;

Faith sees thee there, my blest Re-deem -er, dy - ing, Dy - ing to raise me un - to life in God.
Sin dare not en - ter a re - treat so ho - ly, Here e - ven sor - row los - es half its pain.
That fount-ain flows thro' ev - 'ry land and na - tion; Come, guilt- y sin - ner, plunge beneath the flood.

Chorus.

Thou art my on - ly Sav - - - iour, At thy feet, O Lord, I humbly bow;
Art my on - ly Sav - iour, At thy feet, O Lord, I hum-bly bow;

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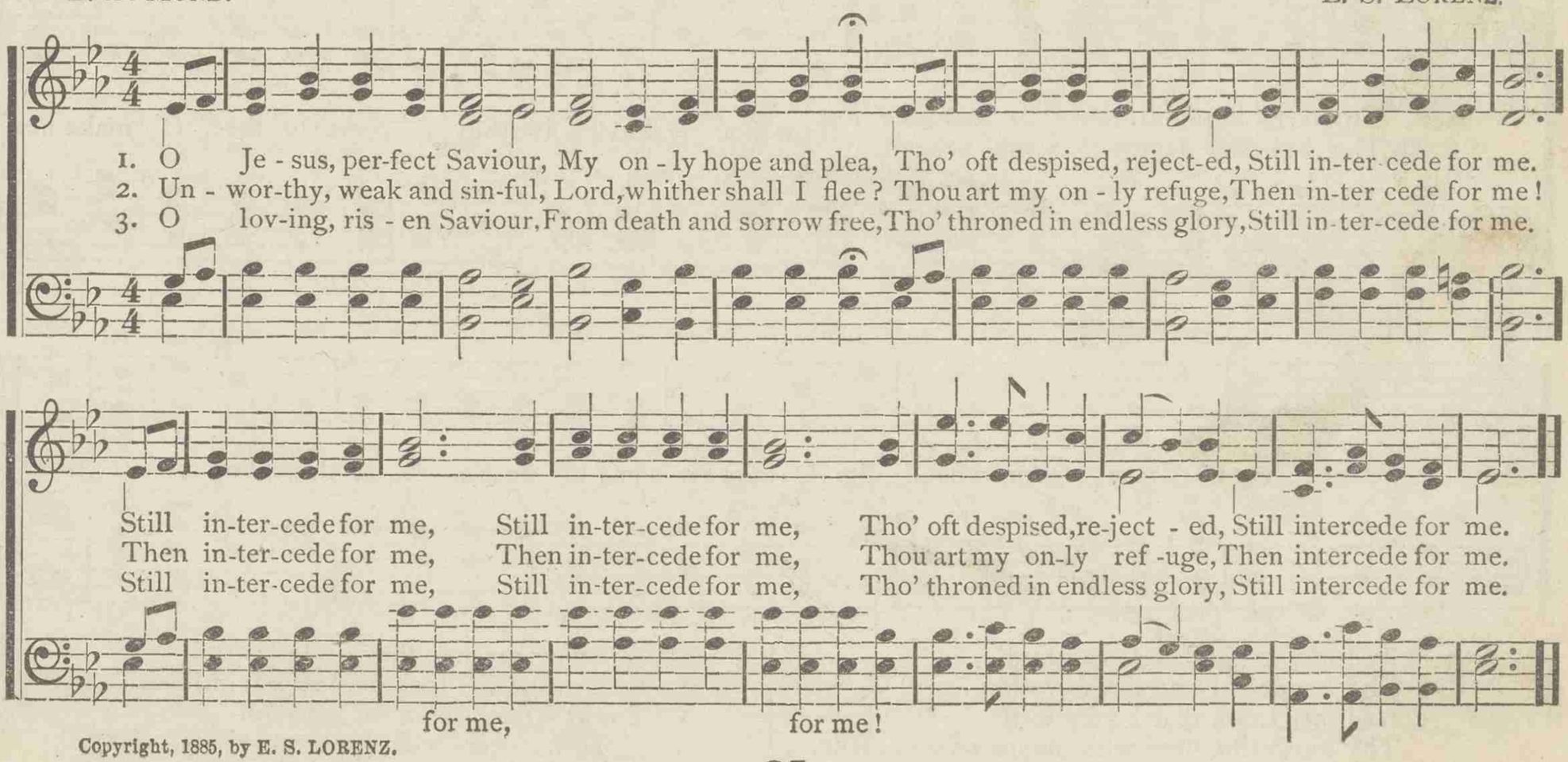
Low at Thy Cross.—Concluded.



50. Intercede for Me.

"He ever liveth to make intercession for them."—Heb. 7 : 25.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.



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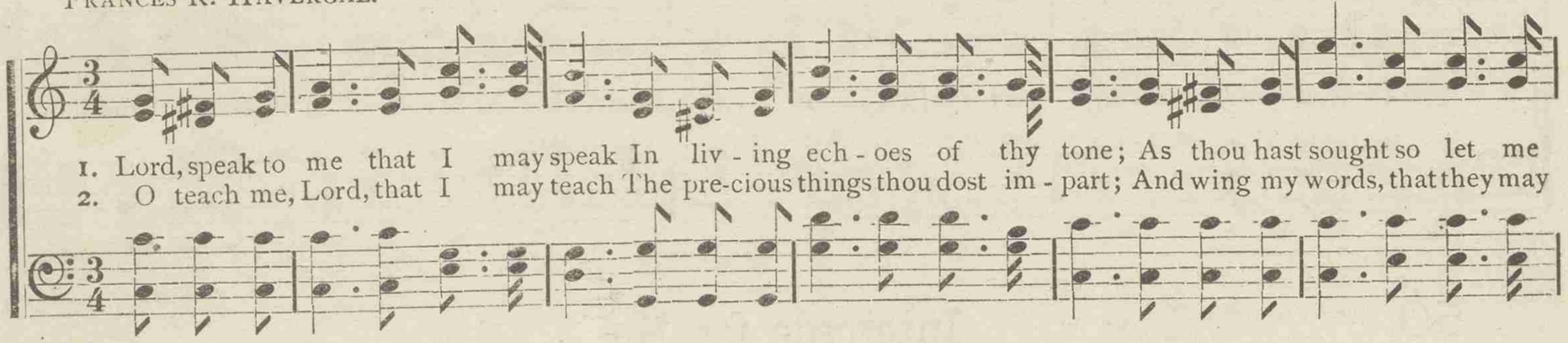
51.

Hear Thou my Prayer.

"O God, hear the prayer of thy servant."—Dan. 9: 17.

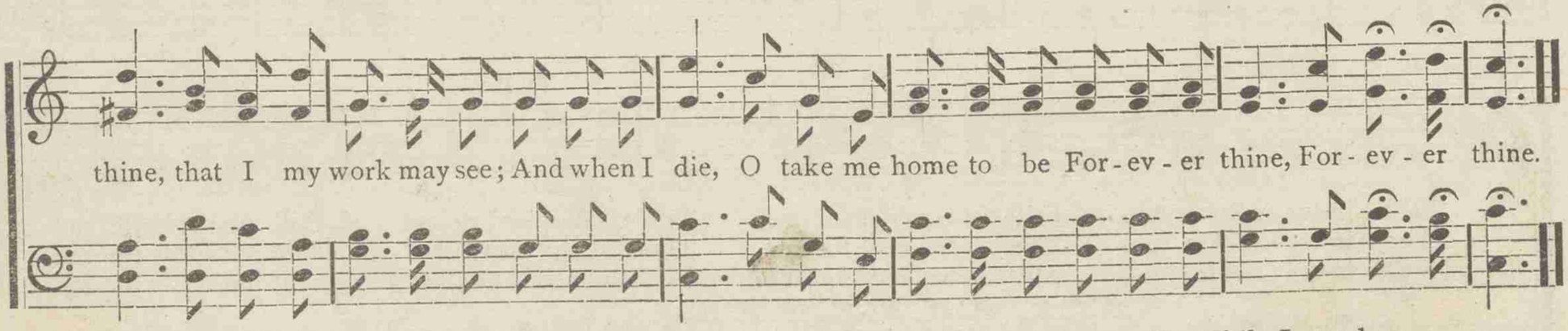
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

W. J. BALTZELL.



Refrain.





3 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.—REF.

4 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.—REF.

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52. Shout Aloud the Heavenly Chorus.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."—Luke 2 : 14.

D. E. L. D. E. Lorenz.

1. Let the an - gel hosts on high and the sons of men In a hap-py song of praise com- bine; God's sal -
2. O how glo-rious is the news! it can ne'er grow old; Let us tell it o'er and o'er a - gain; Let us
3. What a gift to us is Christ! what a treas - ure vast! He is more than all the world be - side; We may

va - tion now ap - pears, It shall crown the com - ing years With the com -fort of a hope all di - vine.
trum-pet notes em - ploy, Wake the earth to peace and joy, Christ the Lord has come to dwell a - mong men.
see his glo - ry here, But 'twill more and more ap-pear, While e - ter - nal years in him we a - bide.

D.S.—be to God on high, Let the earth to heav'n re - ply, As the Sav-iour comes with light and with love.

Chorus.

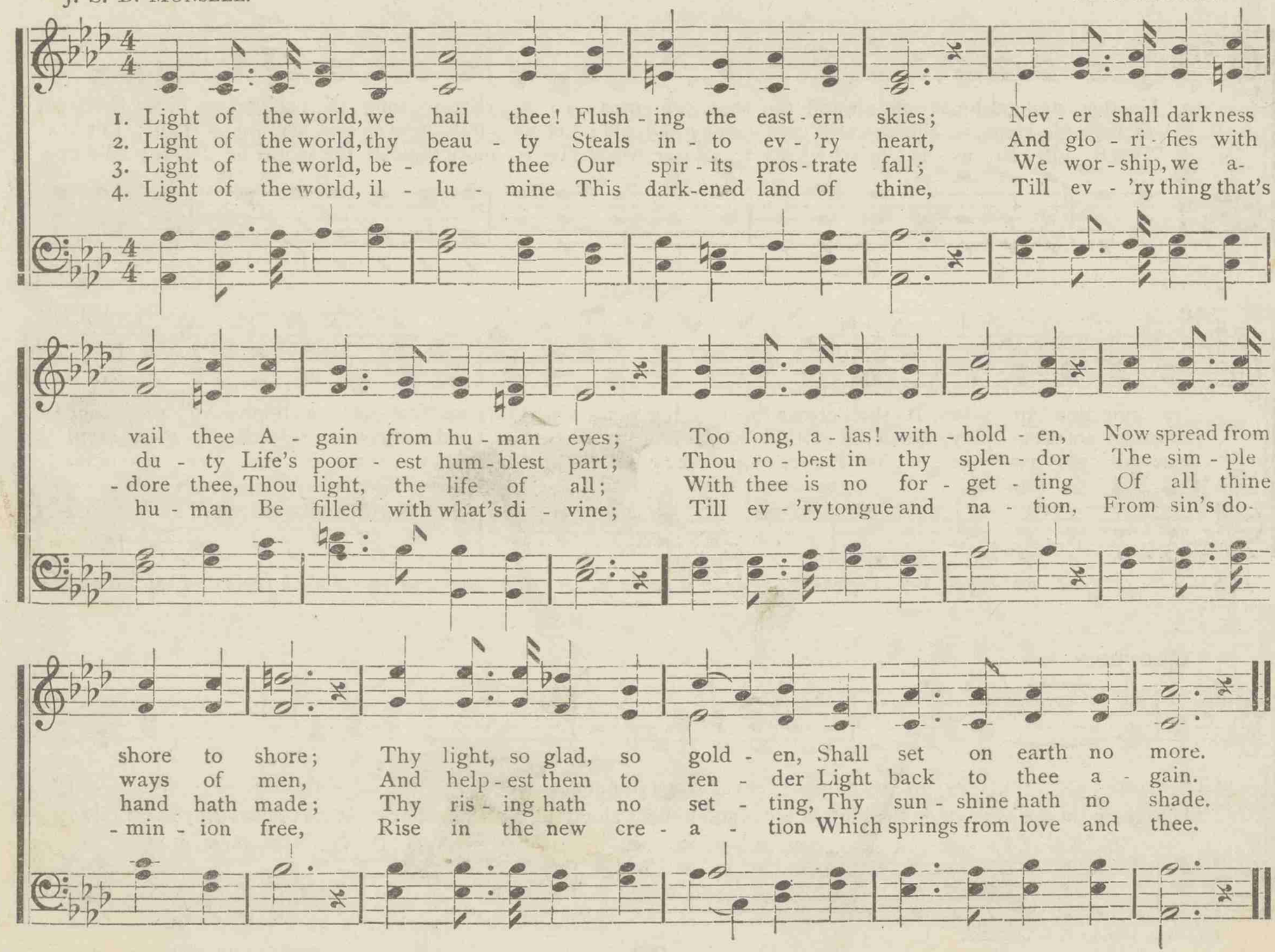
Then glo - - - ry in the highest let us sing! Shout a-loud the heav'nly cho - - rus, Glo-ry
Then glory in the high-est, in the highest let us sing! Shout aloud the heav'nly chorus, let his praises ever ring! Glo-ry

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53. Light of the World.

"Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world."—John 8: 12.

J. S. B. MONSELL. E. S. LORENZ.



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Azmon. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



54.

1 Awake, my soul—stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

55.

1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

56.

1 There is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

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

57.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear; [wounds,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
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 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

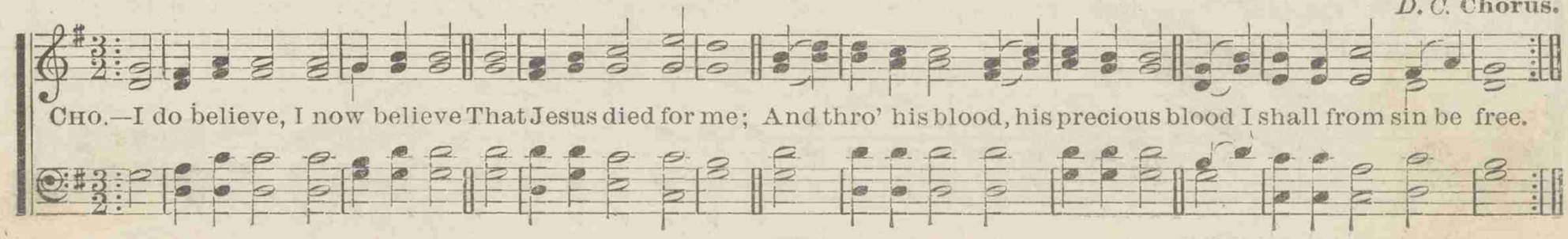
58.

1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
Oh, may I now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

I Do Believe. C. M.

D. C. **Chorus.**



59. Beautiful Mansions.

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

J. B. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

1. Beau-ti-ful mansions prepar'd for me; Beau-ti-ful heaven, my rest shall be: Beau-ti-ful cit-y I
2. Lone-ly and com-fort-less here I roam, Burden'd with sor-row so far from home; O-ver the riv-er no
3. Light in the dis-tance, by faith I see; Sweet is the mu-sic that comes to me, Tell-ing of mansions where
4. Sav-iour, I love thee! I'd love thee more; Fol-low thy footsteps till life is o'er, Then I shall car-ol on

Chorus.

long to see: Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home! Beau-ti-ful mansions for me,..... Beau-ti-ful
sorrows come: Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home!
all are free: Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home!
Canaan's shore: Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home!
mansions for me,

mansions for me,..... Man-sions, man-sions, Beau-ti-ful mansions for me!
mansions for me, Beauti-ful, beauti-ful, beauti-ful, beauti-ful,

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60. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

"The Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. 40 : 17.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet; One thought remains su-
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad - ow cast; Their gloom reminds my
3. Let shad-ows come, let shad-ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe, I am con - tent, for

Chorus.

- preme - ly sweet, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
heart at last, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
this I know, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!

Thou think - est, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou think - est of me, Lord, (of me,) What need I fear since thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.

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61. Bring Back the Wanderers.

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

EDEN R. LATTA. D. E. LORENZ.

1. Bring back the wan- der- ers Where so e'er they are; Lost in the wil- der ness Stray-ing a - far.
2. Bring back the wan- der- ers, Leave them not to roam Far-ther and farther still From love and home;
3. Bring back the wan- der ers, Gen- tly do them guide! Lead them from paths of sin To Je- sus' side.
4. Bring back the wan- der- ers O - ver mountain heights, And from the des- ert wild Where love invites.

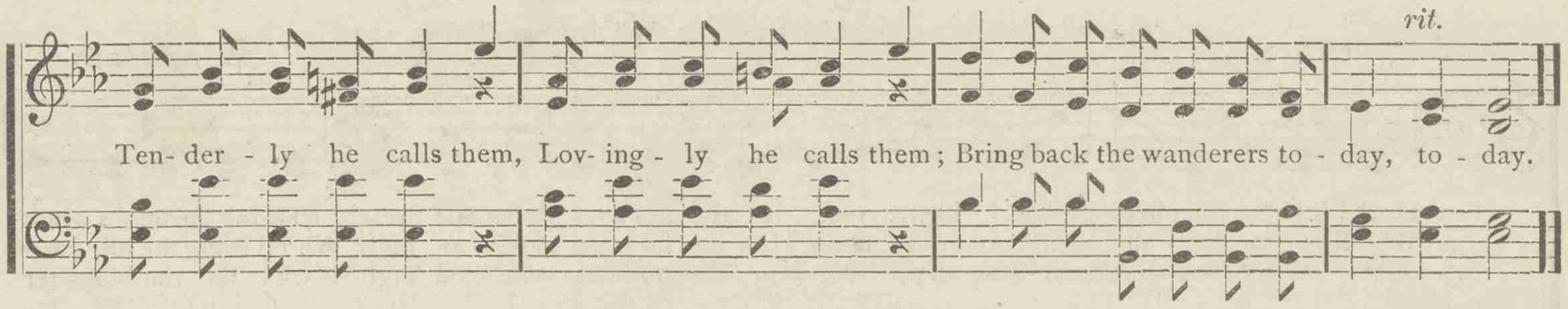
Bring back the prod - i - gals Starving and cold; Welcome the pen - i - tents Back to the fold.
Tell them the Fa- ther's heart For them doth yearn, That ev - er he doth watch For their re - turn.
Freed from the pun- ish- ment They might have shar'd, There is a feast of love For them pre- par'd.
Speed on the gladsome news O'er land and wave, Tell them that Je - sus now Wait - eth to save.

Chorus.

Ten - der - ly he calls them, Lov - ing - ly he calls them, Je- sus calls the souls that a - far do stray;

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Bring Back the Wanderers. Concluded.



62. We Drift to Thee.

And I will walk among you, and will be your God.—Lev. 26: 12.

Mrs. MARGARET E. SANGSTER. E. S. LORENZ.



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63. Bring Them In.

"The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them."—Rev. 7: 17.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear, Call - ing the lambs who've
2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help Him the lit - tle lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter

Chorus.

gone a - stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
to the fold, Where they'll be shel - ter'd from the cold?
speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs wher - e'er they be.

} Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin; Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit - tle ones to Je - sus.

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Avon. C. M.

Scottish.



64.

1 Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear—
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

65.

1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vic'try came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

66.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

67.

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Come to his cross, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

68.

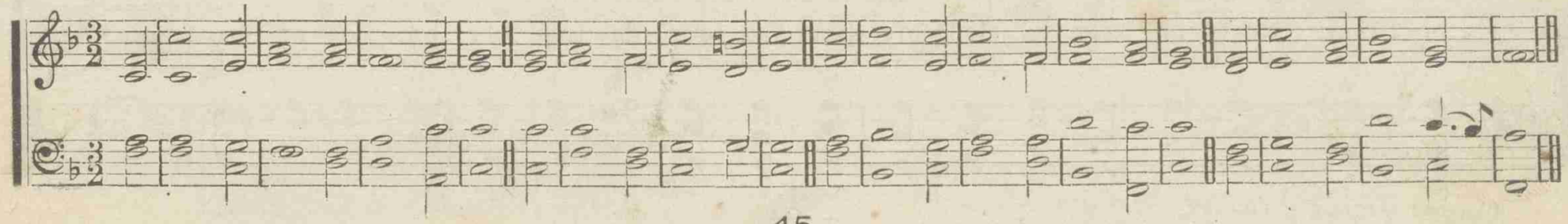
1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek.

Mear. C. M.

Welsh Air.



69.

Jesus Only.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 2.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Makes my heart re - joice With his lov - ing voice; Je - sus, on - ly
2. On - ly Je - sus, on - ly, This is all my plea, He has died for me; Through death's val - ley
3. Christ, my con - so - la - tion, In each bit - ter pain Doth my soul sus - tain; At his cor - o -
4. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Through the endless years, O'er the roll - ing spheres; Je - sus, on - ly

Chorus.

Je - sus, Is my guide and guard, Is my blest re - ward.
lone - ly Ev - er - last - ing arms Shield from vain a-larms.
- na - tion I shall wear a crown Bright with his re-nown.
Je - sus, That sweet name shall be Heav'n and home to me.

On - ly Je - sus! Je - sus, my full con - so -

- la - tion, Rock of sal - va - tion, My stead - fast foun - da - tion, My por - tion ev - er - more.

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70. Tell, Tell the Story.

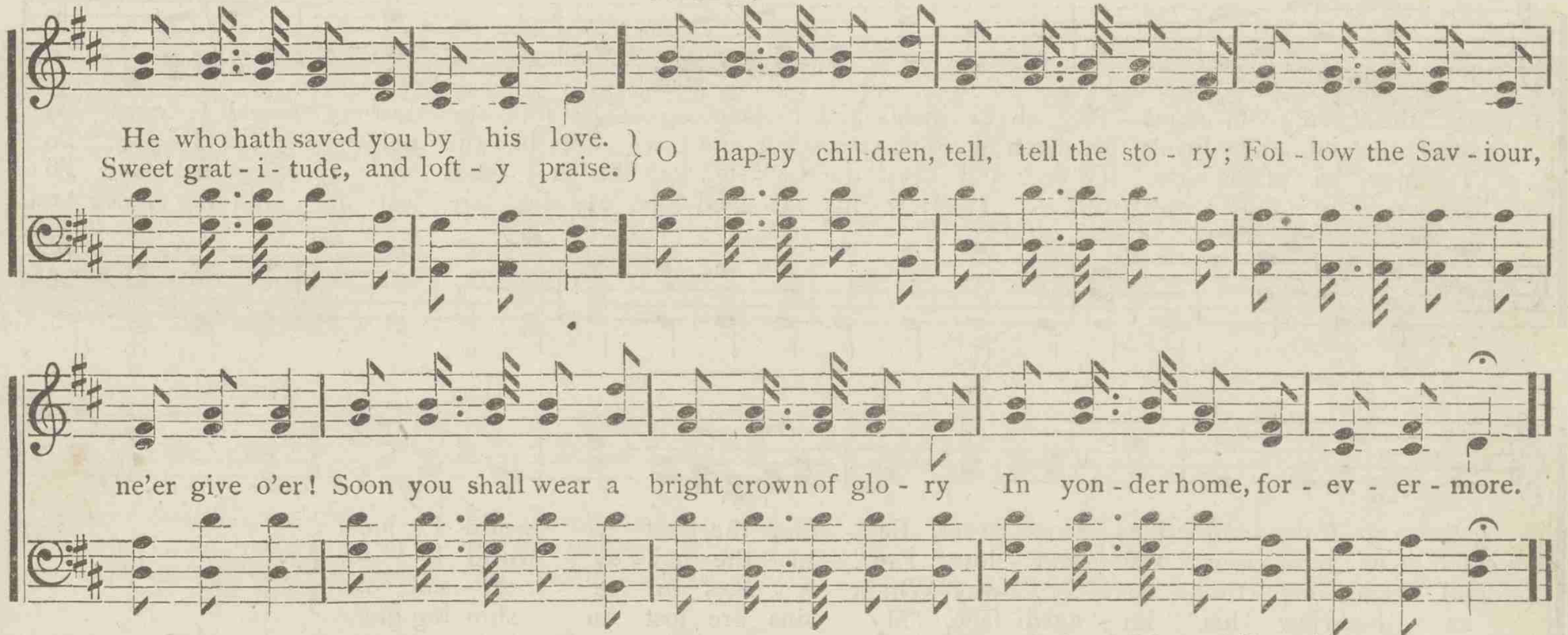
"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—Mark 5 : 19.

J. B. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

Lively.



Chorus.



3 How sweet to feel the love of Jesus—
How sweet to know that from above
There is an eye that always sees us—
Kindly protects with tender love.

4 Come, little children, follow Jesus
On to the home prepared for you;
Fear not the way, though dark and dreary,
Jesus will safely lead you through.

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71. Precious Bible.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Psa. 119: 105.

HARRY SANDERS.

1. I have a gar - den fair, With heav'nly breezes fann'd, And ev - 'ry morn - ing finds me there— It
2. I have a fount - ain pure, And of its wa - ters drink Morn aft - er morn for "health and cure;" And
3. I have a faith - ful friend, With whom I oft ad - vise, And ev - 'ry day some time I spend That
4. I have a mir - ror keen, Which shows me what I am; But, lo! be - hind me there is seen One

is the Lord's com-mand—To gath - er fruits and blossoms sweet, Be - fore the dust - y world I meet; To
sit up - on the brink To catch its mur - murs soft and low, Ere to the nois - y world I go; To
I may be made wise. To find and keep the on - ly way Which is - sues in e - ter - nal day; To
like a dy - ing Lamb; And, as I view his im- aged face, My sins are lost in shin - ing grace; And,

gath - er fruits and blos - soms sweet, Be - fore the dust - y world I meet.
catch its mur - murs soft and low, Ere to the noi - sy world I go.
find and keep the on - ly way Which is - sues in e - ter - nal day.
as I view his im - aged face, My sins are lost in shin - ing grace.

Refrain.

Ho - ly Ho - ly Bi - ble,

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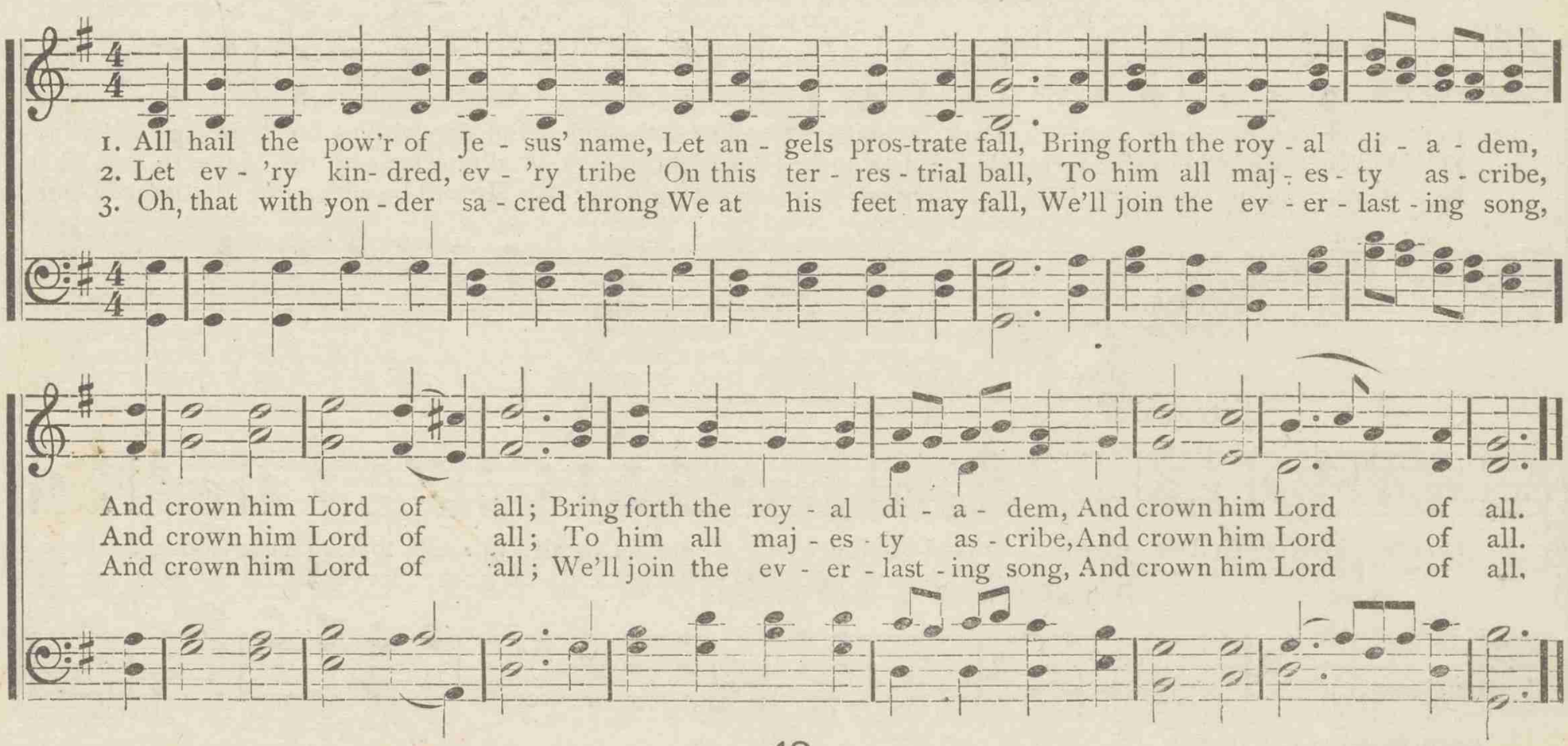
Precious Bible.—Concluded.



72. Coronation.

"Crowned with glory and honor."—Heb. 2 : 9.

EDWARD PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.



73. God is Love.

"*God is love.*"—1 John 4 : 16.

Anon. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Come, let us all u - nite to sing, God is love; Let heav'n and earth their praises bring, God is love;
2. O tell to earth's re-mot-est bound, God is love; In Christ we have re - demption found, God is love;
3. How hap-py is our por-tion here, God is love; His prom-is - es our spir - its cheer, God is love;

Let ev - 'ry soul from sin a-wake, Each in his heart sweet mu-sic make, And sing with us for Je -sus' sake, For
His blood has washed our sins away, His Spir-it turned our night to day, And now we can re - joice to say, That
He is our sun and shield by day, Our help, our hope, our strength and stay, He will be with us all the way, Our

Refrain.

God is love. God is love! God is love! Come, let us all u - nite to sing That God is love.
God is love! God is love!

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Balerma. C. M.

R. Simpson.



74.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed 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 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

75.

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.

76.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from s'n set free:—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me:—

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

77.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

78.

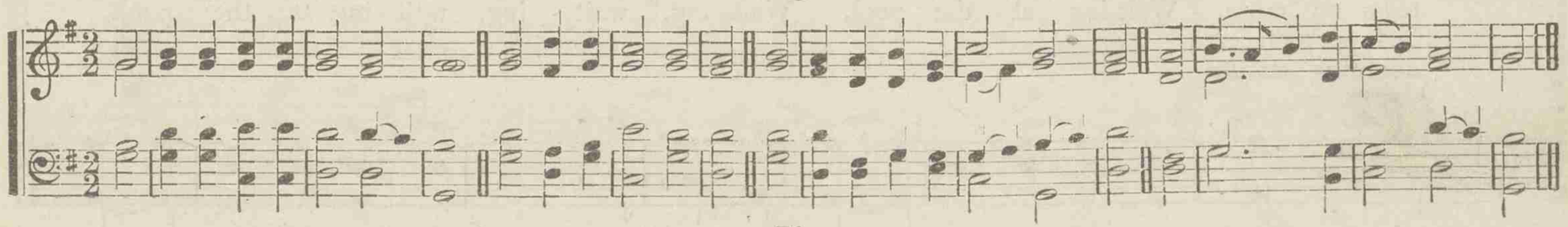
1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

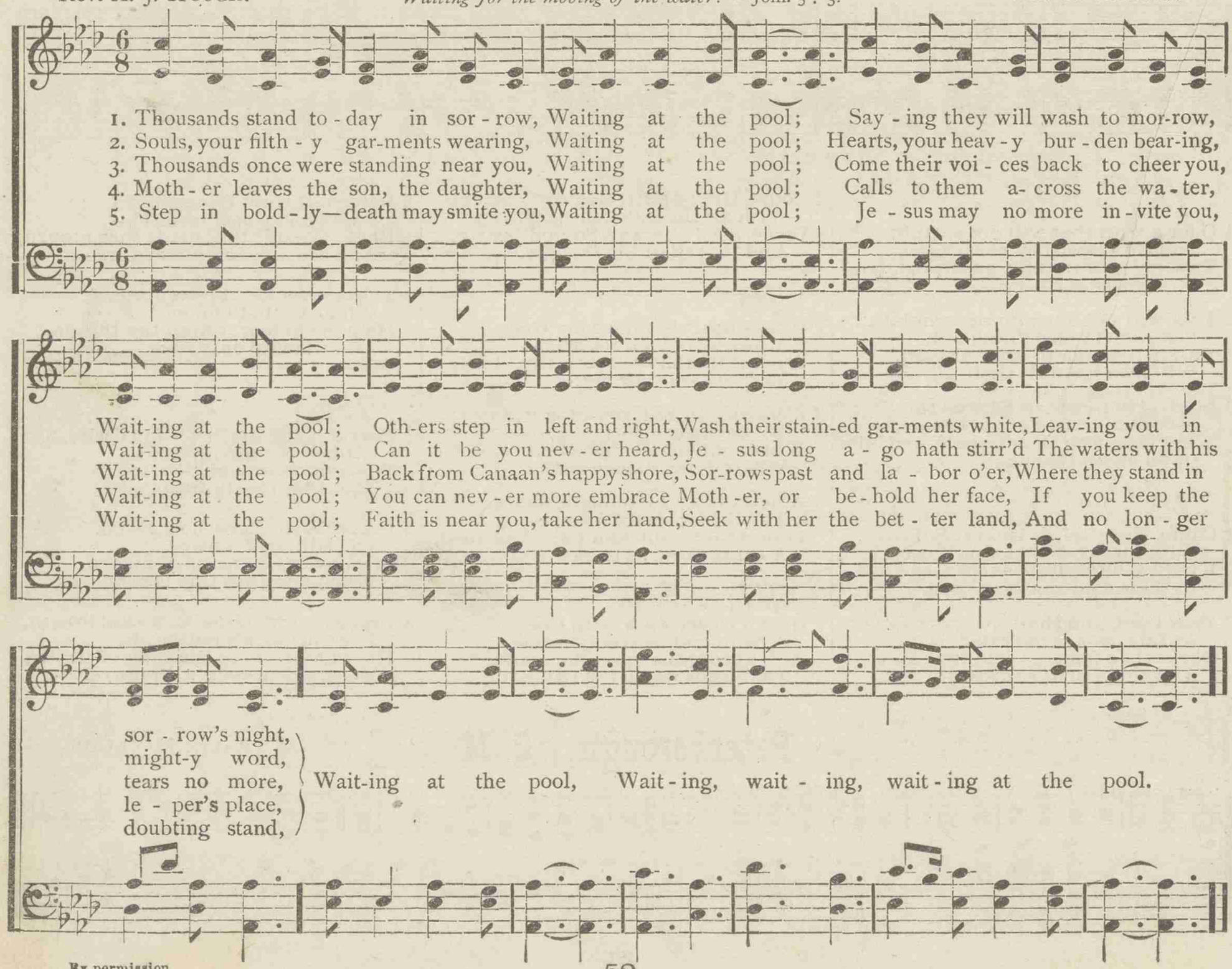
Peterborough. C. M.

Ralph Harrison.



79. Waiting at the Pool.

Rev. A. J. HOUGH. *"Waiting for the moving of the water."*—John 5 : 3. WM. G. FISCHER.



By permission

80. Go up Higher.

"*Friend, go up higher.*"—Luke 14 : 10.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. I. BALTZELL.

1. Go up high - er, Chris-tian soul, Scale the sum - mits of sal - va - tion; Spurn the bonds of pride's con -
2. Go up high - er; far a - bove All the world's am - bi - tious dreaming Smile the cloud - less skies of
3. Go up high - er, soul, as-cend Where the air of faith breathes pur -er; Where the heav - ens near - er

- trol, Walk in deep - est con - se - cra - tion. Let thy ar - dent hopes a - rise To the
love With the sun of glo - ry beam - ing. There, while storms may round thee roll, Christ makes
bend, There thy feet shall walk se - cur - er. There dis - cord - ant sounds shall cease In the

joy be - yond the skies; On - ly Christ and heav'n de - sire: Chris-tian work - er, go up higher.
sun - shine in the soul; Up-ward, then, let faith as - pire: Chris-tian work - er, go up higher.
hymns of love and peace: There thy self - will shall ex - pire: Chris-tian work - er, go up higher.

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81. Come to the Cross.

"The death of the cross."—Phil. 2: 7.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.

FINE.

1. Come to the cross where the Sav - iour died, Look to the Lamb that was cru - ci - fied;
2. Fall at the feet of the dy - ing one, Trust in the name of the Fa - ther's Son;
3. Fly to the arms of his par - d'ning love, Cher - ish the hope of a crown a - bove;

D. C.—Come to the cross where the Sav - iour died, Look to the Lamb that was cru - ci - fied.

Turn to the mourn-ful and trag - ic scene, Gaze on the suf - fer - ing Naz - a - rene.
Wash in the fount - ain of Je - sus' blood, Seek for thy cure in the heal - ing flood.
Taste of the sweet- ness of sins for - giv'n, Lean on the prom - ise of rest in heav'n.

Chorus.

D.C.

Look at the Cru - ci - fied, look and live! Look, for e - ter - nal life he will give;

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82.

When He Shall Appear.

When he shall appear, we shall be like him.—John 3 : 2.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. No one can tell when the Sav - iour shall come, Wheth-er in day, or in night's sol-emn gloom;
2. Oh, bless- ed hope, that hath lift - ed the weak, And thrilled with rapt- ure the thirst - y who seek
3. E - ven to me this sweet prom - ise is giv'n! That I may shine in the glo - ry of heav'n:
4. Oh, let us strive, then, to work with a will, Soon he will come and his prom - ise ful- fil.

But this we know, and it bring-eth sweet cheer, "We shall be like him," "when he shall ap-pear."
Joy at the Foun- tain that flows ev - er clear; "We shall be like him," "when he shall ap-pear."
Life's heav - y bur - dens I'll cheer - ful - ly bear; "We shall be like him," "when he shall ap-pear."
Ev - er be read - y his sum - mons to hear: "We shall be like him," "when he shall ap-pear."

Refrain.

When he shall ap- pear, when he shall ap-pear, We shall be like him when he shall ap-pear!

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83. The Sure Foundation.

"And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone."—Eph. 2: 20.

F. E. BELDEN. Rev. A. A. ARMEN.

1. We build on the sure foun - da - tion, This world is sink - ing sand; We build on the rock Sal-
2. Tho' fierce - ly the tem - pest rag - es, And loud the bil - lows roar, Yet firm on the Rock of
3. O Je - sus, our soul's foun - da - tion! Thy strength our strength shall be, 'Till free from this world's temp-

Chorus.

va - tion, E - ter - nal - ly to stand.
A - ges We're an-chored ev - er - more.
ta - tion, We rest at last with thee.

O build on the Corn - er Stone! 'Tis Je - sus Christ a-

lone; The hope is sure, The soul se - cure, That rests on the Corn - er Stone.

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Maitland. C. M.

GEO. W. ALLEN.



84.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?—
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 O, precious cross, O, glorious crown!
O, resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

85.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song;
Oh, may his love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal tho't can reach,
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

86.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Sure, I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

87.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

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

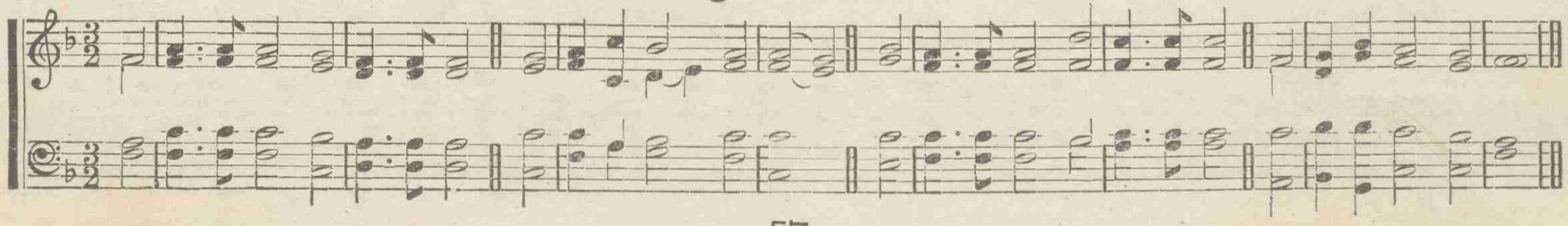
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin!

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.

Arlington. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE.



88. The Music of Heaven.

"The morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy."—Job 38: 7.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. There was mu - sic in heav'n on e - ter - ni - ty's morn, When the earth's firm foun - da - tions were laid;
2. There is mu - sic in heav'n when to harps of pure gold, Sweetest prais - es of an - gels re - sound,
3. And the mu - sic of heav'n to us mor - tals is giv'n, That in ho - ly, and loft - i - est strain,
4. Like the mu - sic of heav'n flow the strains low and sweet, When this mor - tal is borne to the tomb,

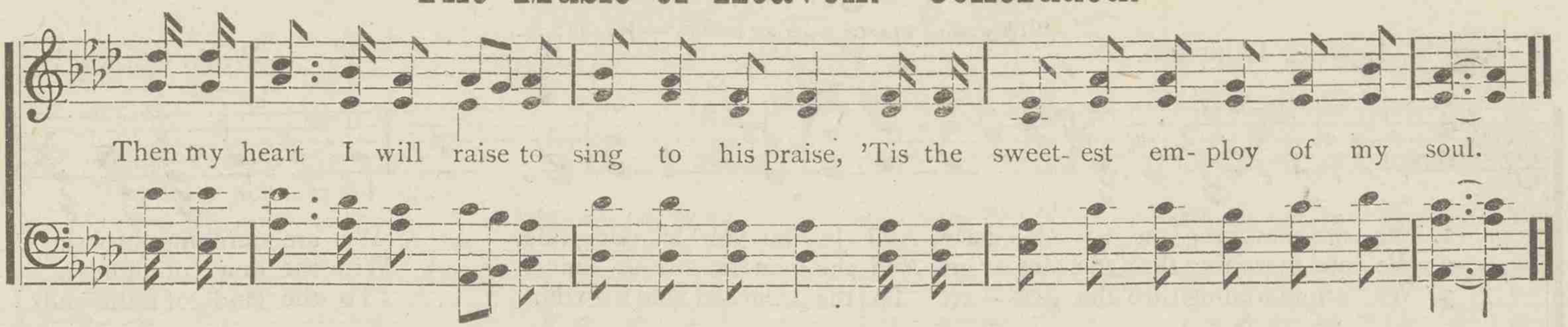
With the morn ing stars' song sweetest prais - es were born, When the Sons of God glad hom - age paid.
For a wan - der-ing child has re - turned to the fold, And the one that was lost has been found.
We might hon - or him here, and with an - gels in heav'n, Sing his prais - es a - gain and a - gain.
But the sweet-est re - frain is the one that shall greet The lone pil - grim's ar - riv - al at home.

Chorus.

And the mu - sic of heav'n is for me, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll,
the mu - sic of heav'n is for me,

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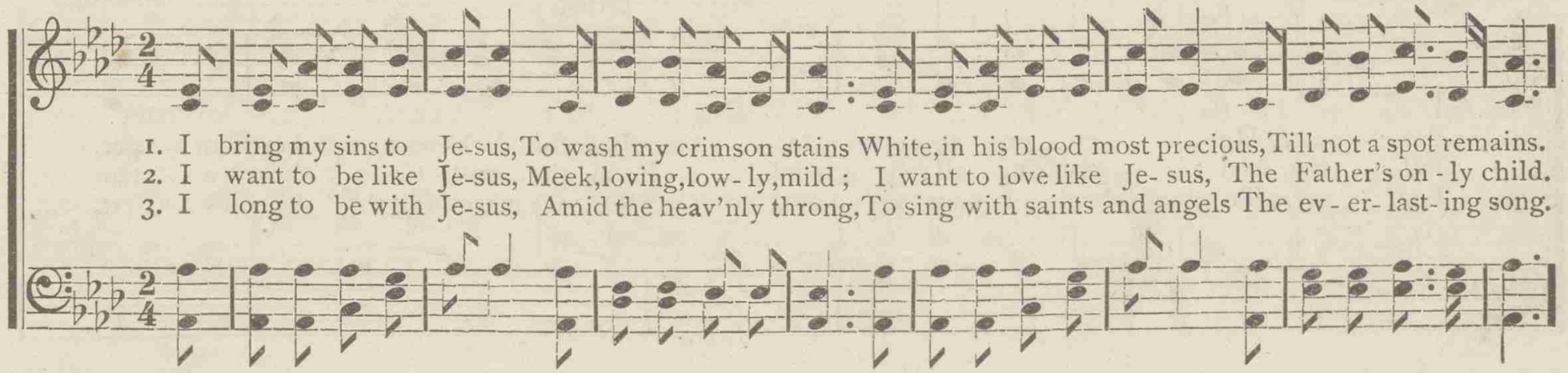
The Music of Heaven.—Concluded.



89. Cling to the Saviour.

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

BONAR. I. BALTZELL.





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90. Marching on to Canaan.

"They shall march with an army."—Jer. 46: 22.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. W. A. Ogden.

1. We are marching on to Ca - naan, And Je - ho- vah is our guide, We are marching thro' the
2. We are marching thro' the des - ert, And the man- na all a- round With the dew of night is
3. We are marching thro' the des - ert To the promised land di- vine, To the land of milk and

Duet.

des - ert, He is ev - er at our side. In the dark- ness, or the dan - ger,
fall - ing, And is cov-'ring all the ground. From the smit - ten rock the wa - ters
hon - ey, To the land of corn and wine. We are march-ing thro' the des - ert,

We can nev - er go a - stray With Je - ho - vah for our lead - er, And our
In their spark- ling full- ness flow, Thus de - light - ing and re - fresh - ing Us the
We ap - proach the shin - ing shore, From our home be-yond the Jor - dan We shall

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Marching on to Canaan.—Concluded.

Full Chorus. *f*

guide up - on the way. On! stead- i - ly on! Stead - i - ly march-ing to the hap - py
wea - ry jour-ney through.
wan- der nev - er-more. March-ing on! march-ing on! March-ing to the hap - py

land of Ca - - naan; On! stead- i - ly on! Ver - i - ly guid - ed by Je - ho- vah's
land, we're marching on! Marching on! marching on! Guid - ed be Je - ho- vah's

hand are we. Stead-i - ly march-ing to the hap - py land we go.
hand are we, guid-ed are we. March-ing to the hap - py land we go,march-ing home.

Last stanza repeat pp.

91. The Hour of Prayer.

"My meditation of him shall be sweet."—Psa. 104 : 34.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Oh, the hour of pray'r is bright and fair, Is full of joy and bless- ing, For it brings re- lief from
2. At the mer - cy- seat the Lord we greet, Our sin and want con-fess - ing; And as we draw near the
3. As by faith we rise be-yond the skies, The Lord comes down to meet us; And the joys of heav'n to

Refrain.

care and grief, From bur - dens sore, dis - tress- ing.
Lord doth hear, For- gives our oft trans-gress - ing.
us are giv'n, In ten - der-ness they greet us.
} Sweet hour of pray'r, bless - ed hour of pray'r! It

comes with peace and bless- ing; Sweet hour of pray'r, blessed hour of pray'r, Its heav'n- ly calm im-press- ing.

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Varina. C. M. Double.

GEO. F. ROOT.





92.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Swee' fields beyond the swelling flood
St and 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,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

93.

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."
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.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold! I freely give
The living water; thirsty one!
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 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."
I looked to Jesus, and I found,
In him, my Star, my Sun;
And, in that light of life, I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

94.

1 Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might—
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
Oh, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

4 Now is the time—he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

Henry. C. M.

SYLVANUS B. POND, 1835.



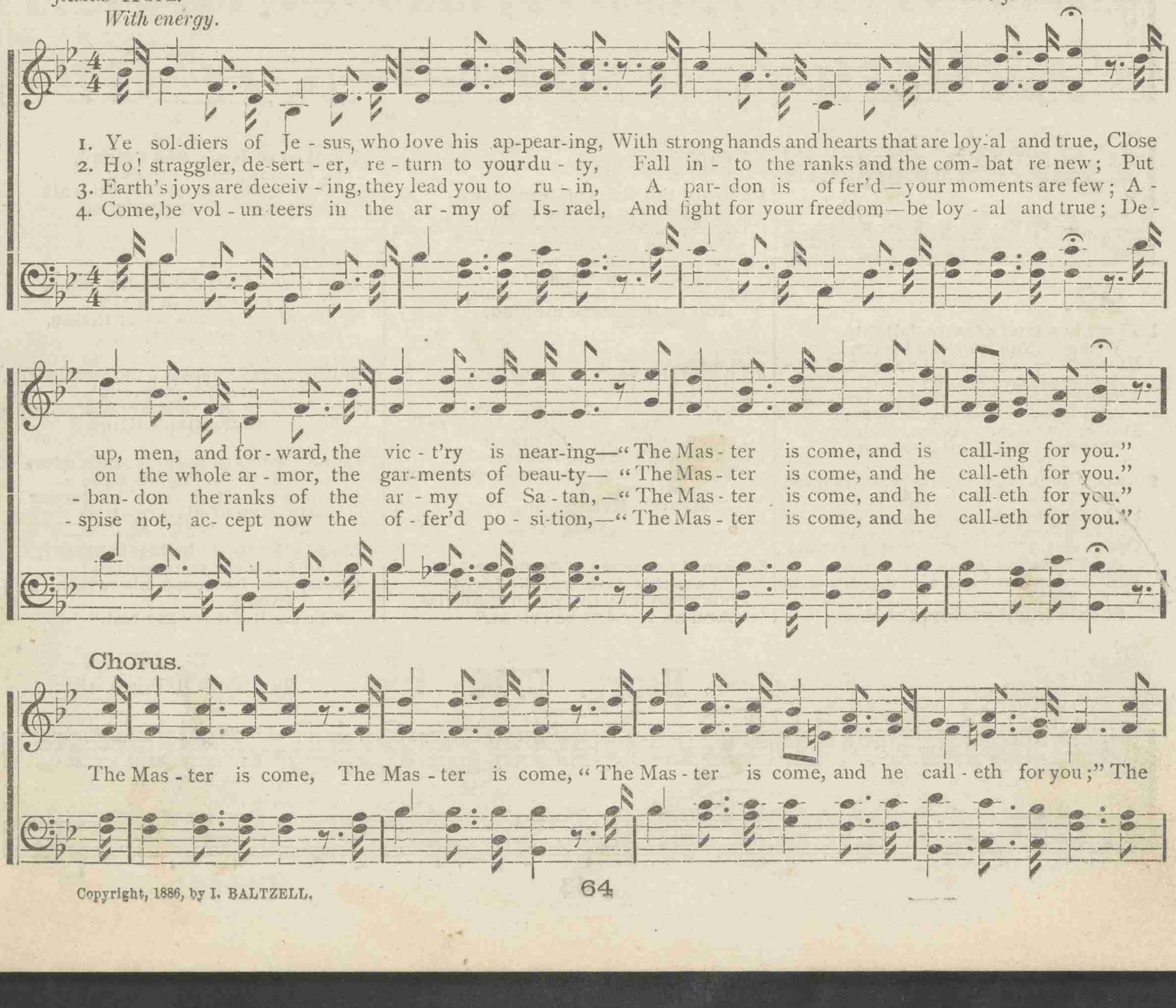
95.

The Master's Call.

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

JAMES HOPE. W. J. BALTZELL.

With energy.



Chorus.

The Mas - ter is come, The Mas - ter is come, "The Mas - ter is come, and he call - eth for you;" The

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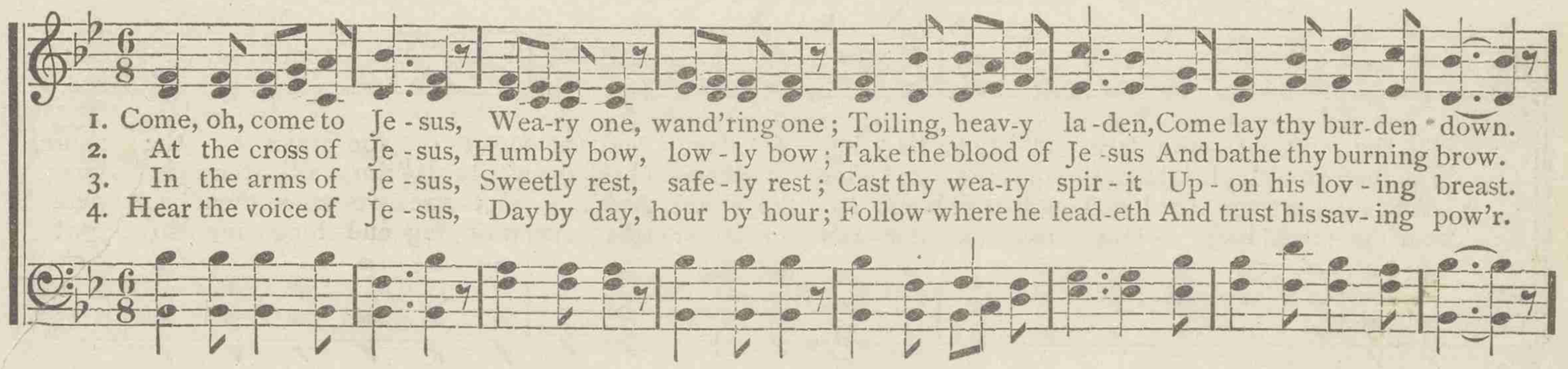
The Master's Call.—Concluded.



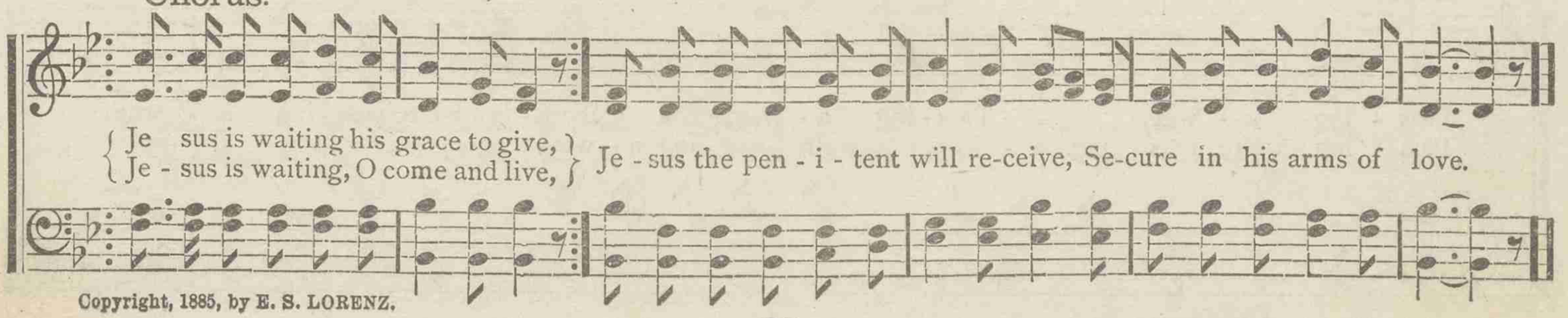
96. Jesus is Waiting.

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

D. B. P. D. B. PURINTON.



Chorus.



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97. Passing Away.

"We all do fade as a leaf."—Isa. 64 : 6.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D.D.

HARRY J. KURZENKNABE.

Very slow.

1. "We are pass - ing a - way, we are pass- ing a - way!" Is the men - tal re - frain ev - er - more;
2. "We are pass - ing a - way!" 'tis the tri-umph of faith; 'Tis the hand ev - er beck'ning us on;
3. "We are pass - ing a - way!" but be- yond us a - rise, In their beau - ty, the things that re - main;
4. "We are pass - ing a - way! we are pass- ing a - way!" O fast - er, dull stream, fast- er flow!

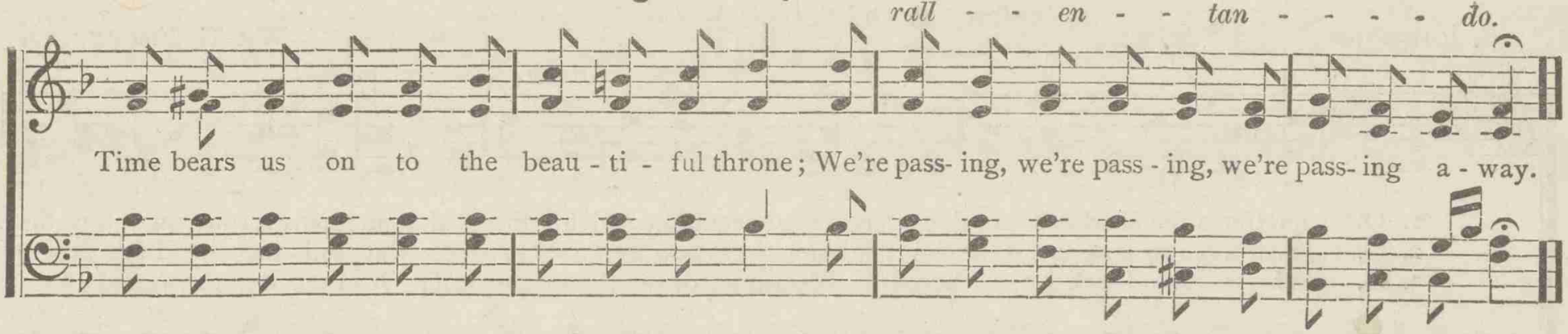
'Tis the song of the lark at the ris - ing of day, And the moan of the wave on the shore.
'Tis the on - ly bright ray in the re - gion of death That re - wards us for all that is gone.
And hope sees the loved gath-ered home to the skies, And in rapt - ure we meet them a - gain.
Bear me quick- ly a - long to the por - tals of day: I am wait - ing and long - ing to go!

Refrain.

Pass - ing a - way, Pass - ing a - way, Swift - ly we're pass - ing a - way,
Pass - ing, we're pass - ing a - way, we're pass - ing a - way,

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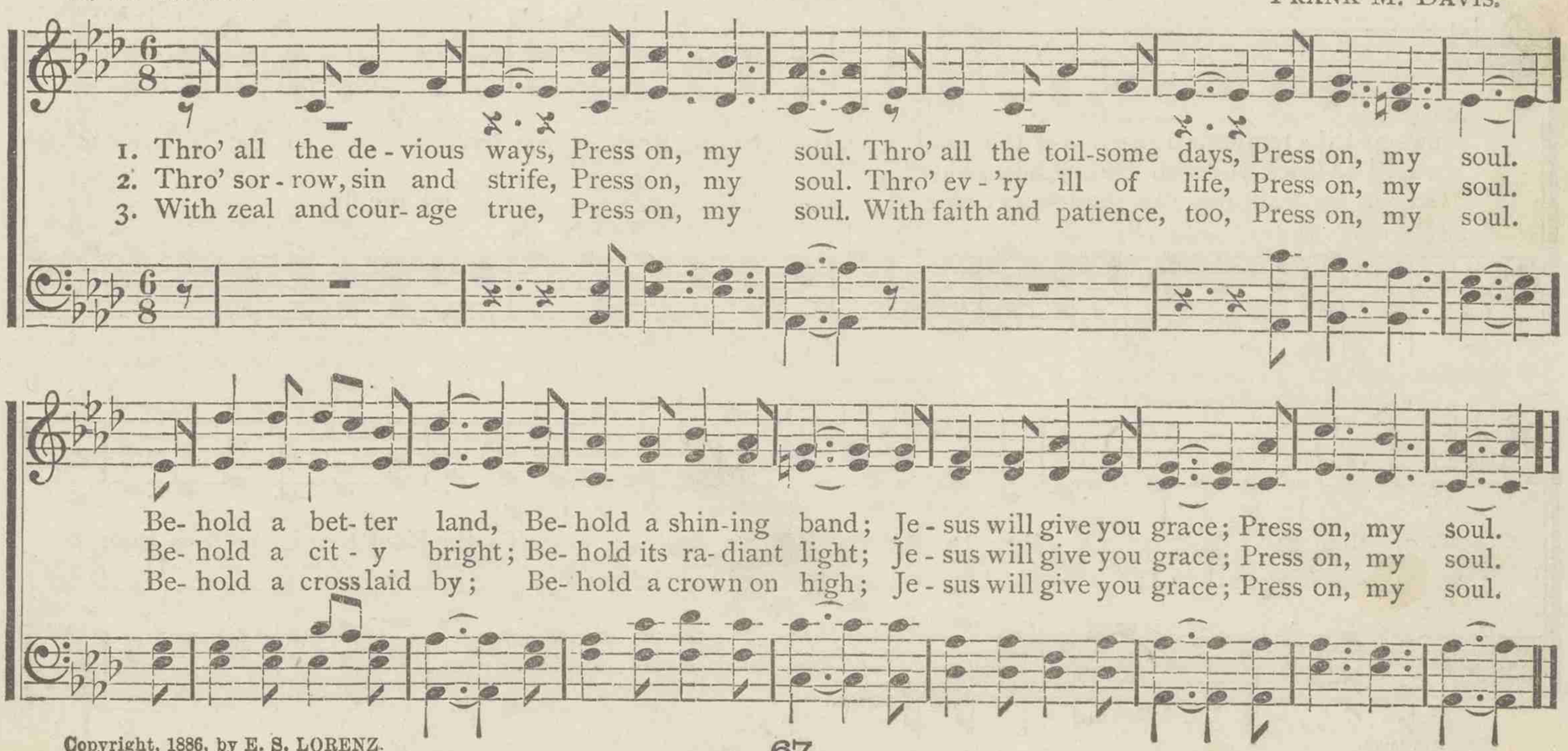
Passing Away.—Concluded.



98. Press on, My Soul.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God."—Phil. 3: 14.

E. A. BARNES. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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99. The Rock that is Higher than I.

"Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.—Ps. 61: 2.

E. JOHNSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal, And sorrows, sometimes how they
2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how wea-ry my feet; But toil-ing in life's dust-y
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre-vail; Or climb-ing the mountain way

Chorus.

sweep Like tempests down o-ver the soul.
way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
steep, Or walk-ing the shadow-y vale.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, to the Rock that is high-

let me fly,

-er than I; O, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.
is high-er than I; let me fly,

By permission.

Dennis. S. M.

HANS G. NAGELI.



100.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

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

101.

1 How helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

102.

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.

103.

1 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

104.

1 O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



105. O Love of God!

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

Anon. I. BALTZELL.

1. Thou grace di - vine, en - cir - cling all! A sound-less, shore-less sea; Where - in at last our
2. And though we turn us from thy face, And wan - der wide and long, Thou hold'st us still in
3. But not a - lone thy care we claim, Our way - ward steps to win; We know thee by a

souls shall fall; O love of God, most free! When o - ver diz - zy steeps we go, One
thine em-brace, O love of God, most strong! The sad-dened heart, the rest - less soul, The
dear - er name, O love of God with - in! And filled and quickened by thy breath, Our

soft hand blinds our eyes; The oth - er leads us, safe and slow, O love of God, most wise!
toil-worn frame and mind, A - like con - fess thy sweet con - trol, O love of God, most kind!
souls are strong and free, To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death, O love of God, to thee!

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O Love of God!—Concluded.

Chorus.

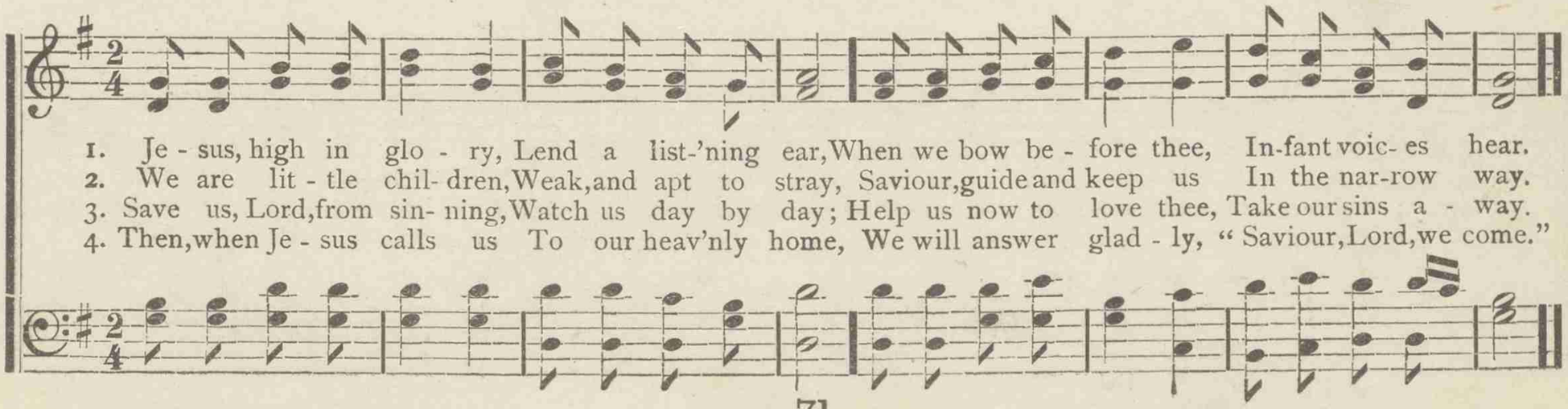


.06.

A Child's Prayer.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 18: 10.

German.



107. A Brighter Day.

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.—Isa. 60 : 1.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Break- ing thro' the mists and shad - ows, I can see a bright - er day; When earth's night of sin and
2. Tears of grief for sin are flow - ing Hearts with heav'nly rapt - ure sing; Thousand times ten thou- sand
3. Faith may see the hill - tops gleam-ing Of that bright day yet to dawn; Hear ye now the glad notes

sor - row From the world shall roll a - way; For the souls of men are bow - ing,
voi - ces Join the praise of Christ our King: Hosts be - fore his cross are kneel- ing,
swell- ing From a mill - ion souls new-born: See how heath- en tribes are bend- ing,
} Millions own Mes - si- ah's

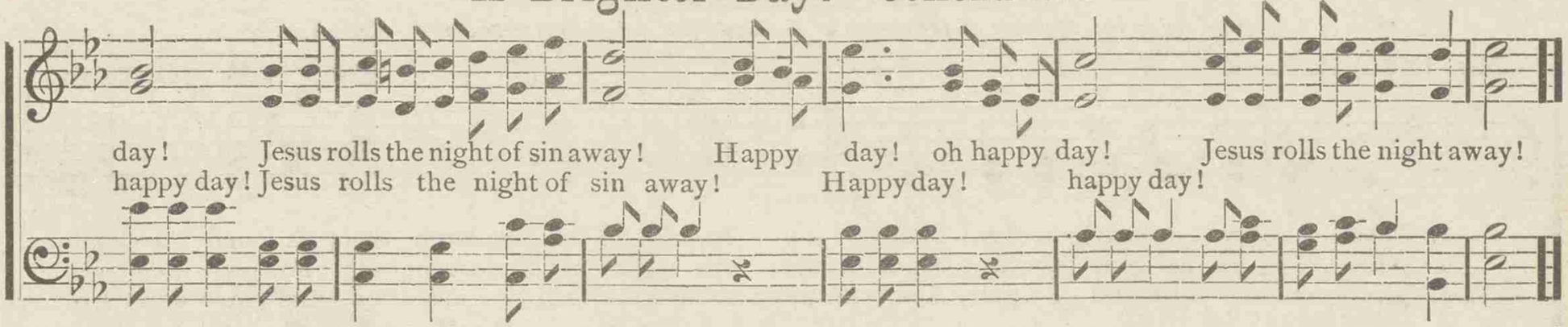
sway; And ten thousand times ten thou- sand Hail that hol-ier hap-pier day. Hap-py day! hap- py

Chorus.

Hap-py day!

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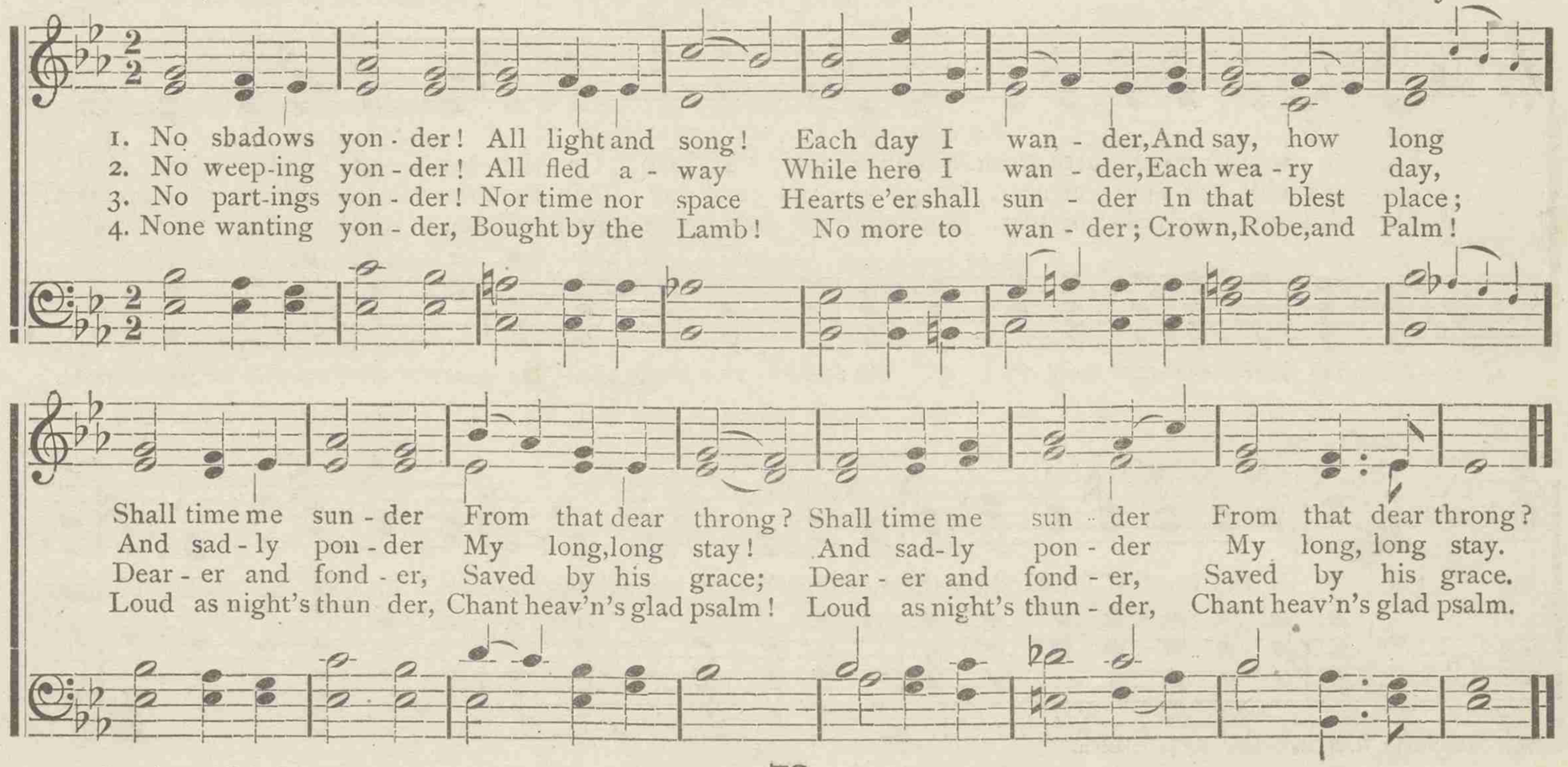
A Brighter Day.—Concluded.



108. No Shadows Yonder.

*"And there shall be no night there * * * and they shall reign for ever and ever."*—Rev. 22: 5.

H. BONAR, D. D. W. J. B.



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109. Joy in Heaven.

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

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. There is joy in heav'n to-day! There is joy to-day O'er the lamb that is found a-gain,
2. When a soul has gone a-stray From the nar-row way, And there seem-eth no joy nor rest,
3. Sin-ner, bow with grat-i-tude, And, with heart sub-dued, Plead his mer-cy and par-don free!

Far a-way from past-ures green, Wand'ring all a-lone On the des-o-late bar-ren plain!
Je-sus still is ev-er near, Hear-ing night and day All the cries of the sin op-press'd!
He will see the fall-ing tear, Hear the fer-vent pray'r, And will ten-der-ly wel-come thee!

D.S.—He has heard the dis-tant cry of the lamb to-day, And he bears it re-joic-ing home!

FINE.

Refrain.

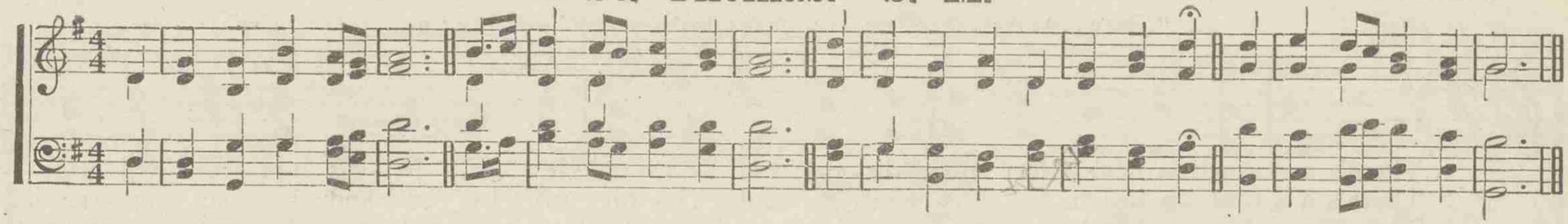
D.S.

Glo-ry to the Lord of Hosts, Shout the morning stars on high, Praise him ev-er, ye an-gels of light!

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St. Thomas. S. M.

WILLIAMS.



110.

1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God.
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

111.

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

112.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

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 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

113.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh! may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, oh! thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

114.

1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed; [tears;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well."

Shirland. S. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



115. The Treasures of Heaven.

T. C. O'K.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4 : 9.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. There's a Crown in heav'n for the striv - ing soul, Which the bless - ed Je - sus him - self will place
2. There's a Rest in heav'n for the wea - ry soul, 'Tis for all by care and by sin op-pressed;
3. There's a Joy in heav'n for the mourn-ing soul, Tho' the tears may fall all the earth - ly night;
4. There's a Home in heav'n for the faith - ful soul, In the ma - ny man-sions pre - par'd a - bove,

On the head of each who shall faith - ful prove, E - ven un - to death, in the heav'n - ly race.
To the Sons of God it re - main - eth sure, And the Proph-et says, 'tis a "glo - rious rest."
Yet the clouds of sad - ness will break a - way, And re - joic - ing come with the morn - ing light.
Where the glo - ri - fied shall for - ev - er sing Of a Sav- iour's free and un- bound - ed love.

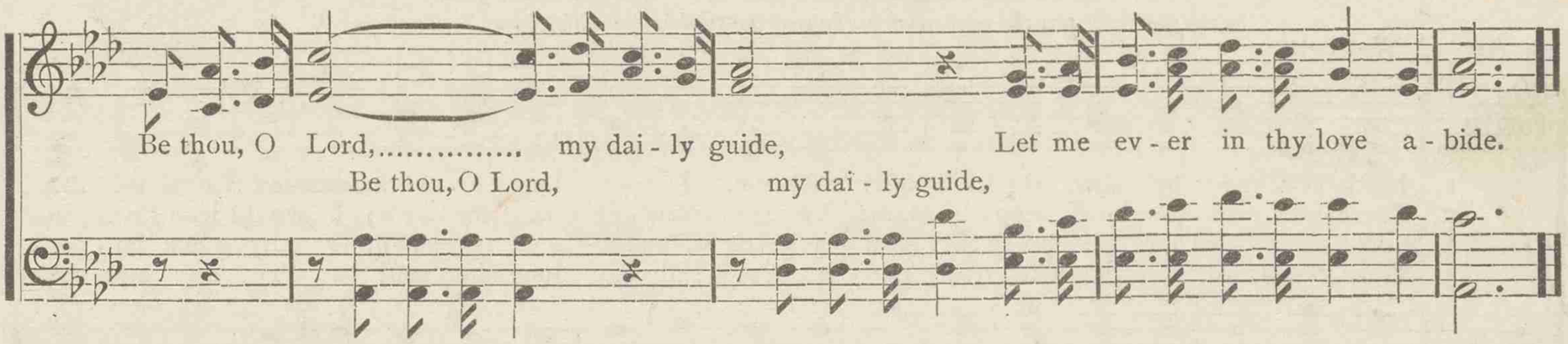
Chorus.

Oh, may that Crown in heav'n be mine, And I a - mong the an - gels shine;
Oh, may that Rest, etc.
Oh, may that Joy, etc.
Oh, may that Home, etc.

O may that Crown in heav'n be mine, And I among the angels shine;

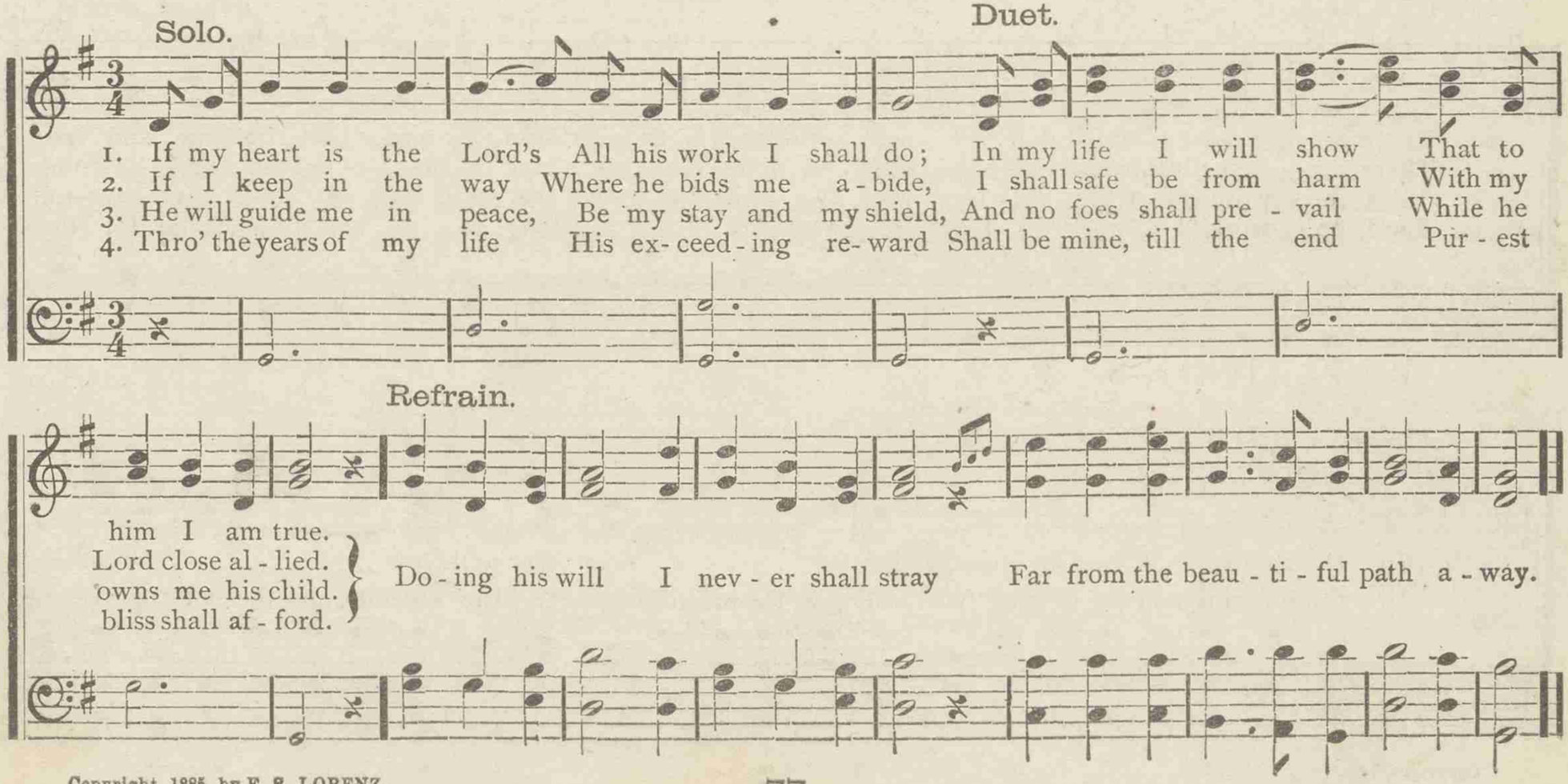
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The Treasures of Heaven.—Concluded.



116. Doing His Will.

C. R. BLACKALL. *"As the servants of Christ doing the will of God from the heart."*—Eph. 6 : 6. E. S. LORENZ.



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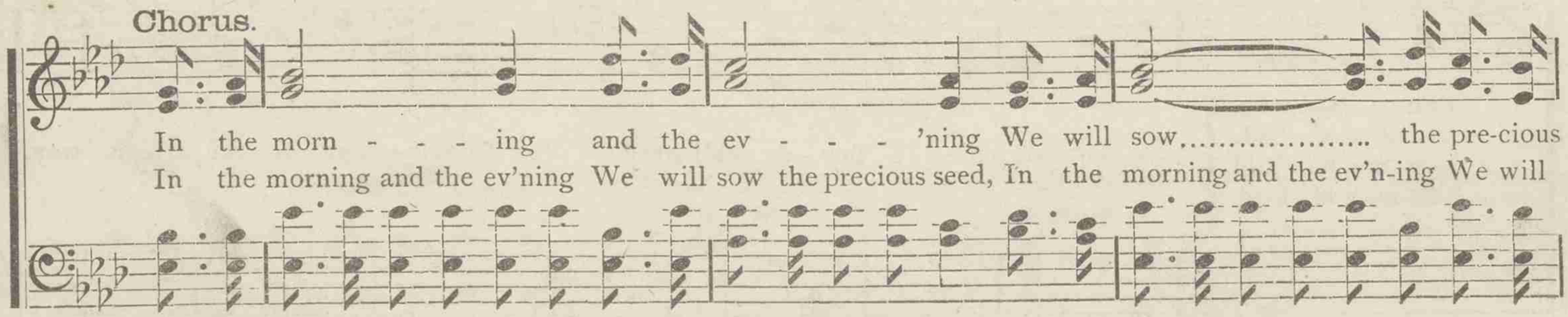
117. Lord, I Go to Sow.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."—Eccl. 11: 6.

AMY C. WALTON. I. BALTZELL.

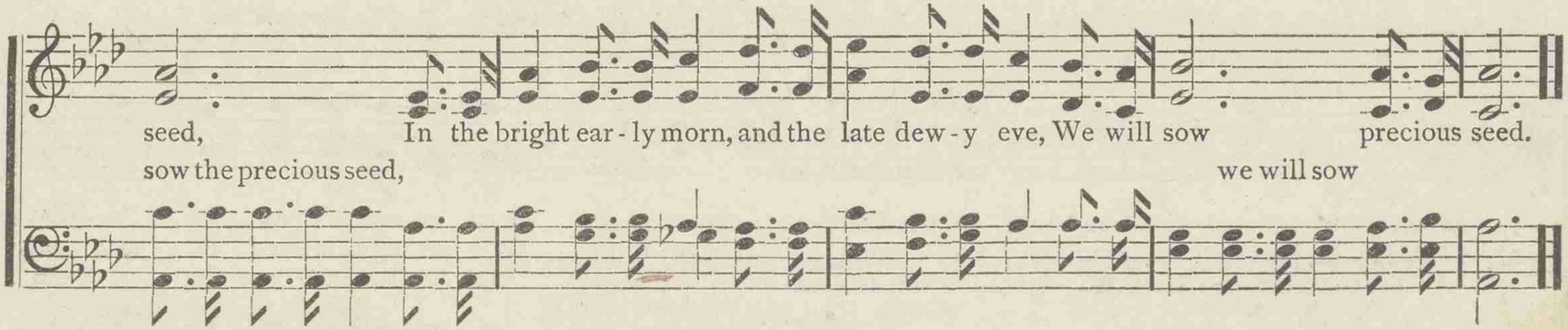


Chorus.



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Lord, I Go to Sow.—Concluded.



118. Rest, Weary Pilgrim.

"There the weary be at rest."—Job 3: 17.

MARIA STRAUB. J. H. TENNEY.

Softly and slowly.



119. Worthy of all Adoration.

"Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever."—Rev. 7: 12.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. W. J. BALTZELL.

1. "Worthy of all ad - o - ra - tion Is the Lamb that once was slain," Cry in raptur'd ex - ul - ta - tion
2. Hal - le - lu - jahs full and sounding, Rise around his throne of might, All our high-est laud ex - cell - ing;
3. As the sound of ma - ny wa - ters, Let the full A-MEN a - rise! Hal- le - lu - jah! ceas - ing nev - er,

His redeem'd from ev - 'ry na - tion; An - gel myriads join the strain; Sounding from their sin - less strings
Ho - ly and im-mor - tal dwell-ing, In the un - approach-ed light. He is wor - thy to re - ceive,
Sounding thro' the great for - ev - er, Link - ing all its har - mo - nies. Through e - ter - ni - ties of bliss,

rit.

Glo - ry to the King of kings; Harping with their harps of gold, Praise which nev-er can be told.
All that heav'n and earth can give; Blessing, hon - or, glo - ry, might, All are his by glo - rious right.
Lord, our rapt - ure shall be this; And our end - less life shall be, One A-MEN of praise to THEE.

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Lisbon. S. M.

DANIEL READ.



120.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

121.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart;
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O, give the pure and lowl heart,
A temple meet for thee.

122.

1 O, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe, [blood,
When martyred saints, baptized in
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

123.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

124.

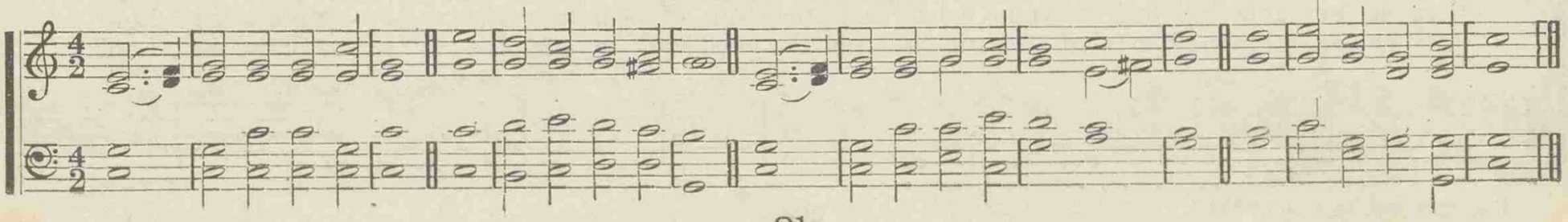
1 Once more, before we part,
O, bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

Laban. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



125. Let Us ever Praise Him.

"Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."—Col. 3 : 16.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

Chorus. *First time by Infant class, D.C. by the whole school.*

Hap - py the hearts that join in song to-night, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Happy the voic-es that in joy u- nite,

FINE. *Choir.* **Duet.** *Tutti.*

Sing-ing ev - er, "Praise the Lord."

1. Swift - ly the years like the clouds pass us by, Let us ev - er praise him!
2. Sun - shine or shad- ow, in dark- ness or light, Let us ev - er praise him!
3. Souls brought to Christ who from him did re - coil, Let us ev - er praise him!
4. Count-ing the mer - cies by which we have won, Let us ev - er praise him!

Duet. *Tutti.* *D.C.*

Let us ev - er praise him! La - den with mer-cies and blessings they fly, Let us ev - er praise the Lord!
Let us ev - er praise him! God's lov-ing smile made the path ev - er bright, Let us ev - er praise the Lord!
Let us ev - er praise him! Souls now in heav'n are the fruit of our toil, Let us ev - er praise the Lord!
Let us ev - er praise him! God still will pros-per the good work be - gun, Let us ev - er praise the Lord!

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126. Rest, Sweetly Rest.

"Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."—Rev. 14: 13.

I. B. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

1. Rest, rest, sweet - ly rest! In the home of joy on high; With the ho - ly and the blest;
2. Rest, rest, sweet - ly rest! Thou hast gained the bliss - ful shore; When the night of life is past,
3. Rest, rest, sweet - ly rest! Thou hast suf - fered toil and pain; But in yon - der home so blest,

Thou hast laid thy arm - or by, Dearest sis - ter, fare-thee well: Thou, the hap - py num-ber swell, Where no
We will meet to part no more, Dearest sis - ter, fare-thee-well: Here our hearts with sadness swell; But we
With the Sav- iour thou dost reign, Dearest sis - ter, fare-thee-well: With the Sav- iour thou dost dwell, Free from

Refrain. *slow and soft.*

part- ing tear is shed—Where no heart has ev-er bled.
know 'tis Je- sus' will, He can all our sorrows heal.
sorrow, toil and pain; Fare-thee-well, we'll meet again!

} Rest, rest, sweetly rest, Rest, rest, sweet-ly rest!

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127. Whiter than the Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Psa. 51: 7.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. J. A. DAILEY.

1. Fear not, lit - tle flock, says the Sav - iour di - vine, The Fa - ther has willed that the kingdom be thine;
2. Far whit - er than snow, and as fair as the day,—For Christ is the fount - ain to wash guilt a - way;
3. Yon sheep that was lost in the val - ley of sin, Was found by the Shepherd, who gathered him in;
4. Ride o - ver temp-ta - tion and cease your a - larms, Your Shepherd is Je - sus—your ref - uge his arms;

O, soil not your garments with sin here be - low,—My sheep and my lambs must be whit - er than snow.
O, give him, poor sin - ner, that bur - den of thine, And en - ter the fold with the nine - ty - and - nine.
With songs of thanksgiv - ing the hills did re-sound,—My friends and my neighbors, the lost sheep is found.
He'll nev - er for - sake you—a Broth - er and Friend—But love you and save you in worlds with-out end.

Chorus.

Whit - - - - er than the snow, Whit - - - - er than the snow,
Whiter than the snow, I long to be, dear Saviour, Whiter than the snow, I long to be,

From "Echoes of Eden," by per.

Whiter than the Snow.—Concluded.

Repeat Chorus pp.

Whit - - - - er than the snow, Whit - - - - - er than the snow.
Whiter than the snow, I long to be, dear Saviour, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow.
Whit - - - - - - er than snow.

128. We'll Praise the Lord.

German. *"It is good to sing praises unto our God."*—Psa. 147 : 1. From the German.

1. We'll praise the Lord, And join our hap - py voic - es, In sweet ac-
We'll praise the Lord, In
- cord, While ev - 'ry heart re - joic - es; We'll praise the Lord, We'll praise the Lord.
sweet ac - cord, We'll praise the Lord, We'll praise the Lord.

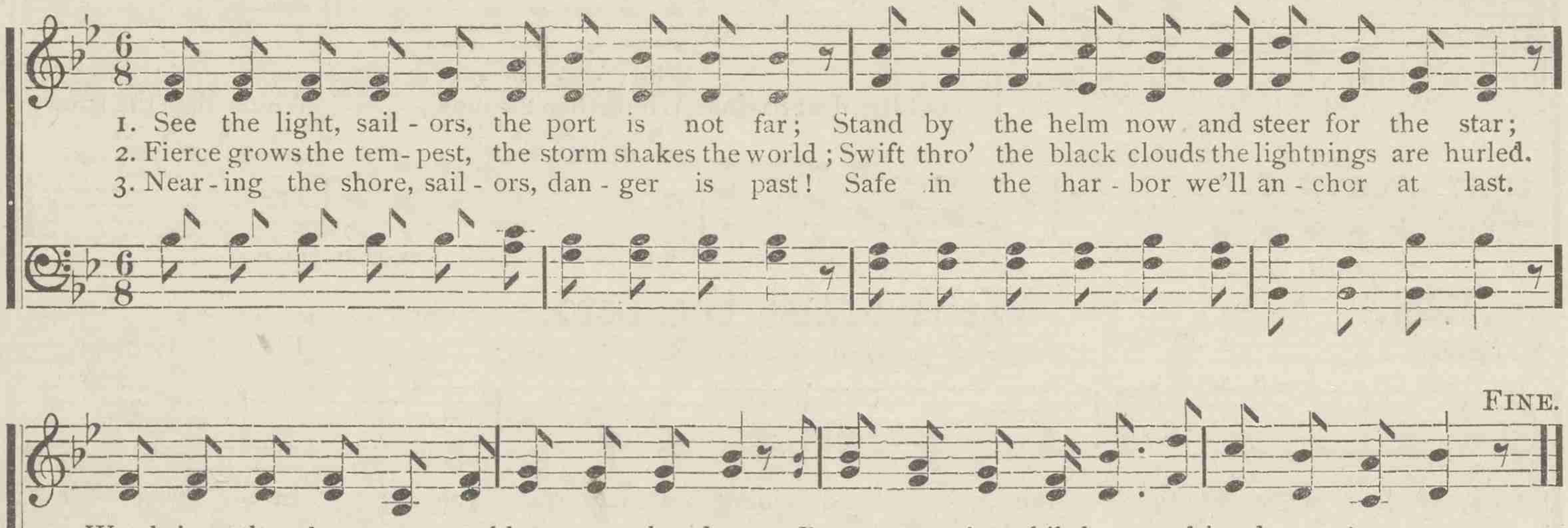
2 We'll sing his praise,
Who gave to us a Saviour;
Our anthem raise,
For such a wondrous favor;
We'll sing his praise,
We'll sing his praise.

3 For evermore
We'll tell the blessed story,
And still adore
The Lord of Life and Glory;
For evermore,
For evermore.

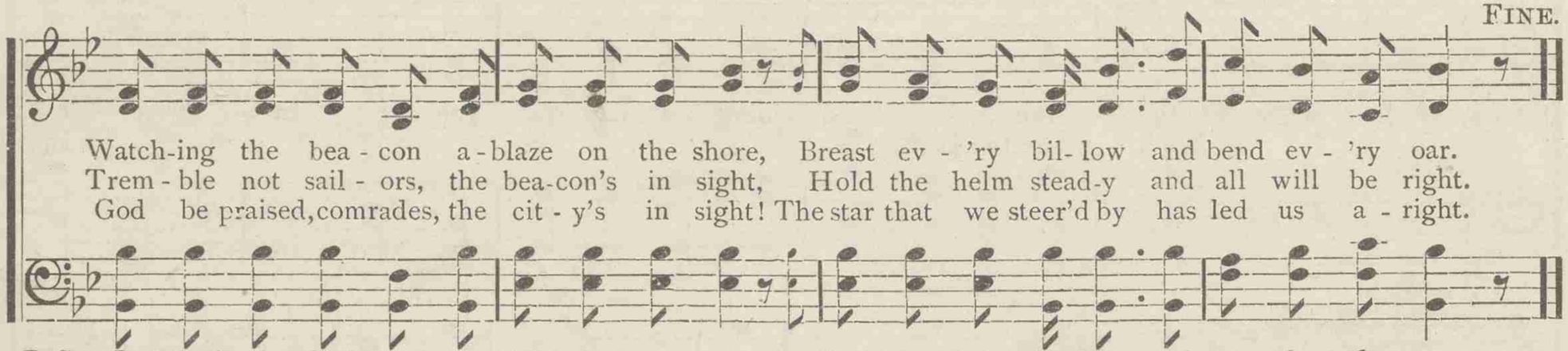
129. Steer for the Star.

"I am the light of the world."—John 8 : 12.

EBEN E. REXFORD. E. S. LORENZ.



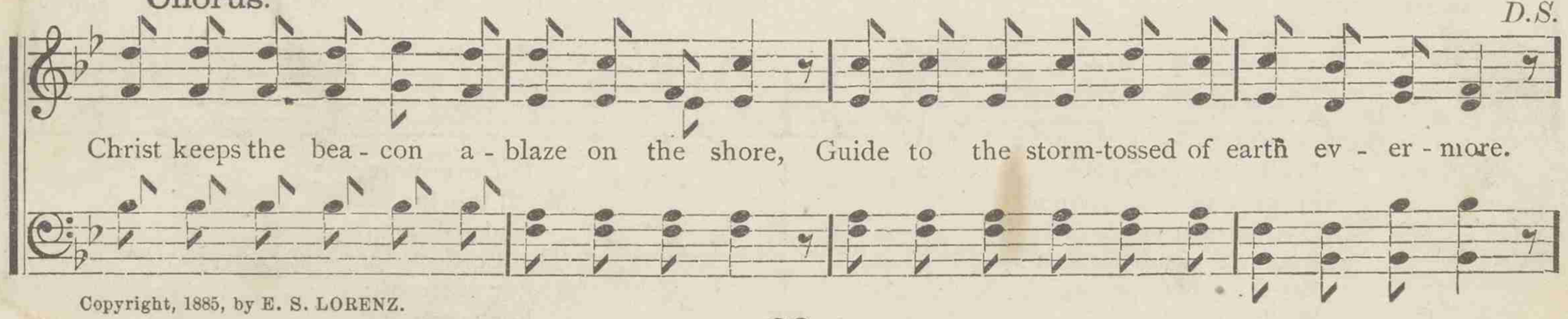
FINE.



D.S.—Lo! thro' the dark- ness the light shines a - far, Hold the helm stead-y and steer for the star.

Chorus.

D.S.



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Martyn. 7s. D.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.



130.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O, 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 defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

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

131.

1 Earth has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.
When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

2 When I see in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the thrilling thought in me,—
What must their Creator be?
Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come, reveal thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid thy radiant light,
See thine unveiled glories bright.

132.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

133.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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

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

Rock of Ages.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



134. "Whosoever Will may Come."

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

"CARLIN." I. BALTZELL.

1. "Who-so - ev - er will may come," O wondrous mes-sage! Sing the bless - ed ti - dings all the world a - round:
2. "Who-so - ev - er will may come," O sin - ner, hear it, See! the door is stand - ing o - pen all the day:
3. "Who-so - ev - er will may come," O pre-cious prom ise! "Who-so - ev - er will," may have sal - va - tion free:

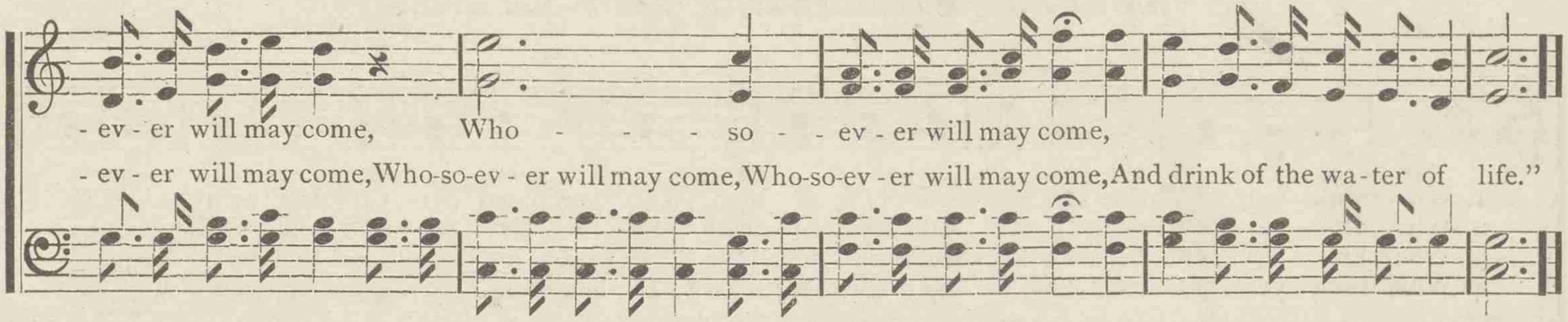
"Who - so - ev - er will," is sent to ev - 'ry na - tion Where the per - ish - ing are found.
"Who - so - ev - er will," be hap - py at the fount - ain—Come a - long with - out de - lay.
"Who - so - ev - er will," O bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion, Thirst-y soul, it is for thee.

Chorus.

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

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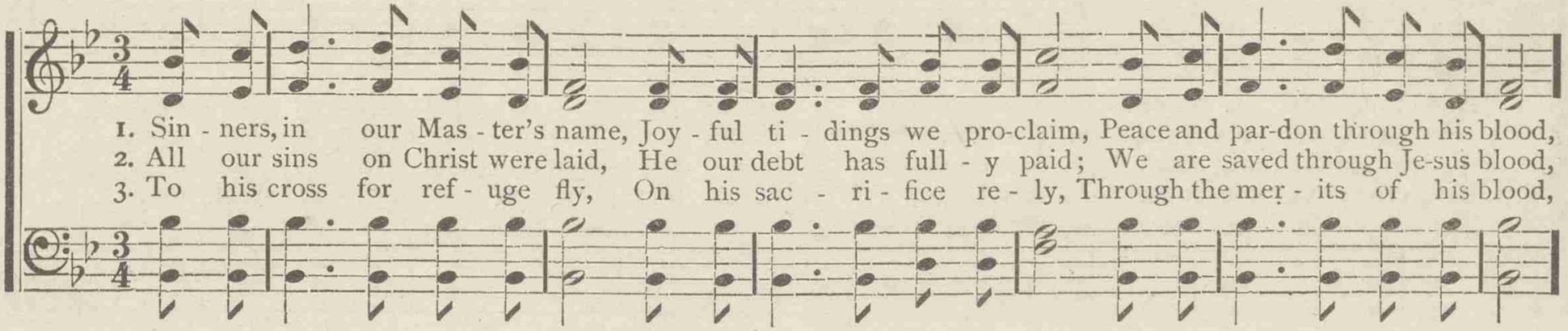
Whosoever Will may Come.—Concluded.



135. Be ye Reconciled to God.

"We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."—2 Cor. 5 : 9.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.



Refrain. *Repeat pp ad lib.*



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136. What Think Ye of Christ?

"Jesus asked them, saying, What think ye of Christ?"—Matt. 22: 41, 42.

C. M. H. Rev. C. M. HOTT.

1. What think ye of Christ, The Re- deem - er of men? Who purchased our par - don with blood;
2. What think ye of Christ? In the val - ley of death, So low lies his head in the grave;
3. What think ye of Christ? On his throne up - on high He's plead - ing for those that were lost;
4. What think ye of Christ? King e - ter - nal en-throned In mansions of glo - ry on high,

And brought us in peace to his pres- ence a - gain As rec - on - ciled chil-dren of God.
He ris - es a - gain, the De - liv - 'rer of men, For Je - sus is might - y to save.
For whom he once died, on the cross cru - ci - fied, And bought them at won - der - ful cost.
Giving crowns to his own and a beau - ti - ful home 'Mid pleas-ures that nev - er shall die.

D.S.—In sor - row and shame He en - dured all the blame, And died out of in - fi - nite love.

Chorus.

What think ye of Christ? The cru - ci - fied One, Who came from his glo - ry a - bove;
his glo - ry a - bove;

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137. Calling You and Me.

"*For they know his voice.*"—John 10: 4

S. Martin. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. 'Tis the Shepherd's voice we hear Call- ing you (call- ing you) and me; (and me;) To the
2. He is ev - er watch - ing nigh, Call- ing you and me; Look- ing
3. Where the sweet - est flow - ers grow, Call- ing you and me; Where the
4. To his gen - tle, lov - ing breast, Call- ing you (call- ing you) and me; (and me;) Where the

Chorus.

pre- cious fold so dear, Call - ing you (calling you) and me. (and me.)
down from yon - der sky, Call - ing you and me.
bright- est wa - ters flow, Call - ing you and me.
Lambs in safe - ty rest, Call - ing you (calling you) and me. (and me.)

Ma - ny times in ev - 'ry day

We can hear him in our play, Call - ing to the bet - ter way, Call-ing you and me.

From "Melodious Sonnets," by per.

138. Help My Unbelief.

"Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."—Mark 9: 24.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. W. J. BALTZELL.

1. Low at thy mer-cy seat I plead, I ask for love and life; Thou know-est all my bit-ter need—
2. Sav-iour, thy ten-der heart has felt Each mourn-ful throb of mine; My harden'd heart can on-ly melt
3. I feel the rays of com-fort dawn, There's hope for e-ven me; Thy grace can nev-er be withdrawn

Rest from this in-ward strife; Let me thy heal-ing balm re-ceive To save me from this grief;
Be-neath the touch of thine; Thou canst my desperate case re-trieve Al-though of sin-ners chief;
From souls that cling to thee; Thou wilt my wea-ry soul re-ceive, Ex-pel my sins—my grief;

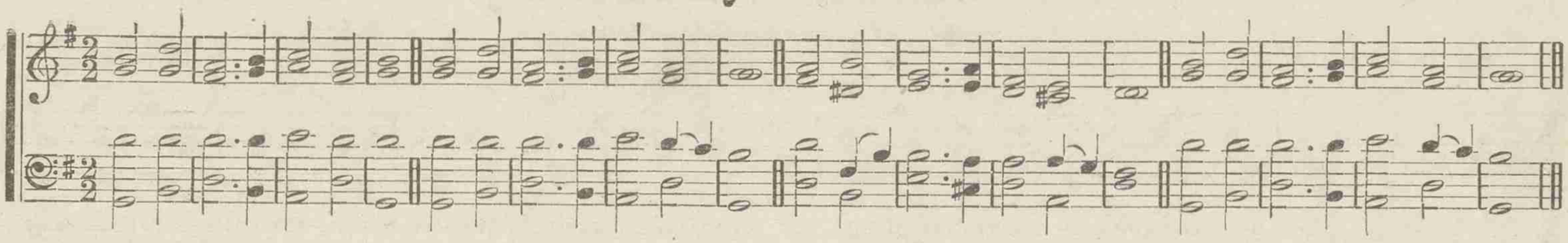
Refrain.

1. Lord, I be-lieve, Lord, I be-lieve, O help thou my un-be-lief;
2. Lord, I be-lieve, Lord, I be-lieve, (*Omit*.....) O help my un-be-lief.

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Pleyel. 7s.

Adapted from IGNACE PLEYEL.



139.

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

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.

140.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

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.

141.

1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death

142.

1 Saviour, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson can not be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

Spanish Hymn. 7s.

Spanish Hymn.



143. Who will Go, Who is Ready?

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

ANNIE CUMMINGS. I. BALTZELL.

1. Wait - ing is the gold-en harvest, Waiting is the golden grain, While the Mas - ter calls for reap - ers
2. Tru - ly is the harvest plenteous, But the la - bor-ers are few; Pray ye that the Lord of har - vest
3. Will the Mas - ter hold us guilt-less If the work be left undone? If, for lack of la - bor, per - ish

From the hill - side and the plain; Who is will - ing, who is rea - dy, Who will go and work to-day?
Send forth work - men tried and true. Who is rea - dy for the vineyard, Who will go with - out de - lay?
Pre - cious souls we might have won? Has - ten, then, ye will-ing workers; Swiftly speed the hours a - way;

D.S.—Who is will - ing, who is read - y, Who will go and work to - day?

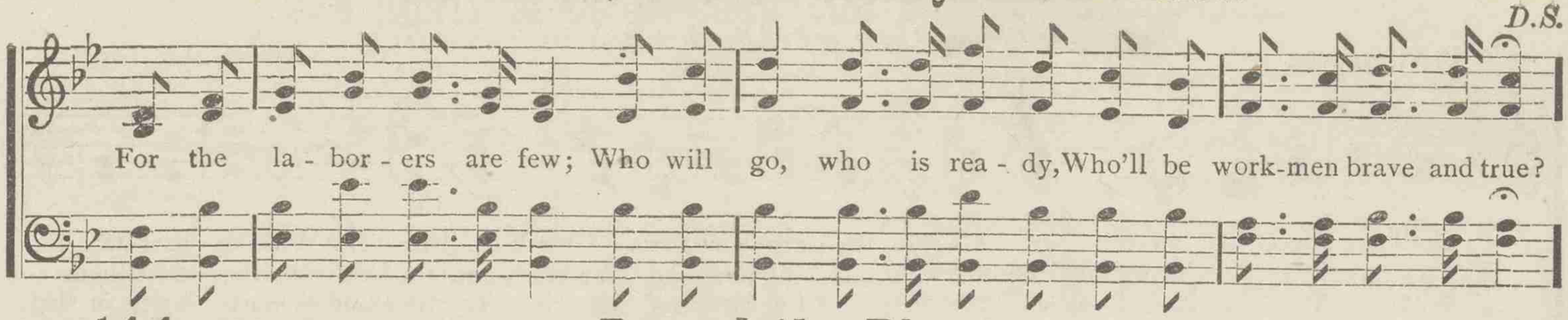
FINE. **Chorus.**

See the gold - en har - vest wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves away?
See the gold - en har - vest wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves away?
Heark - en to the Master's warn-ing, "Work ye while 'tis call'd to-day."
} Who will go, who is read - y,

See the gold - en har - vest wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?

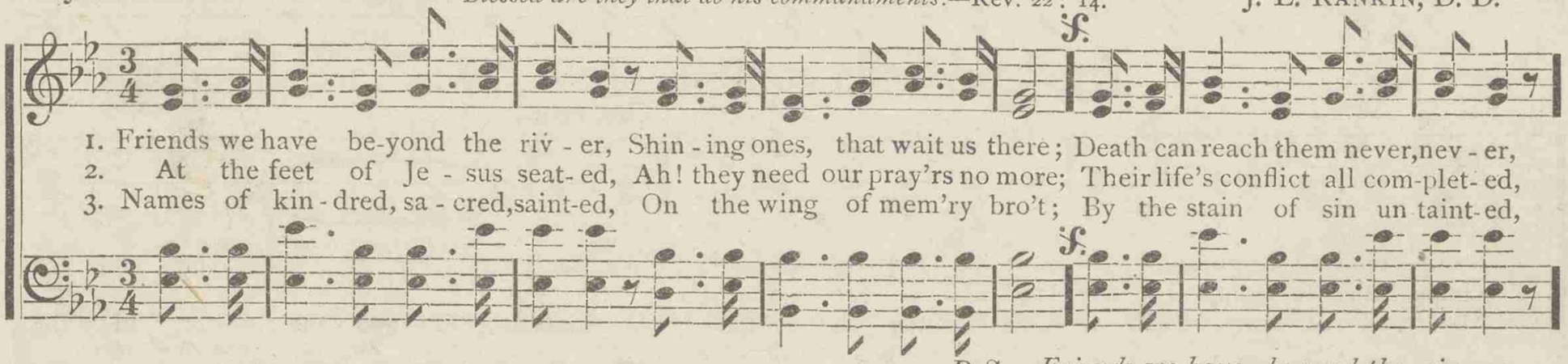
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Who will Go, Who is Ready?—Concluded.

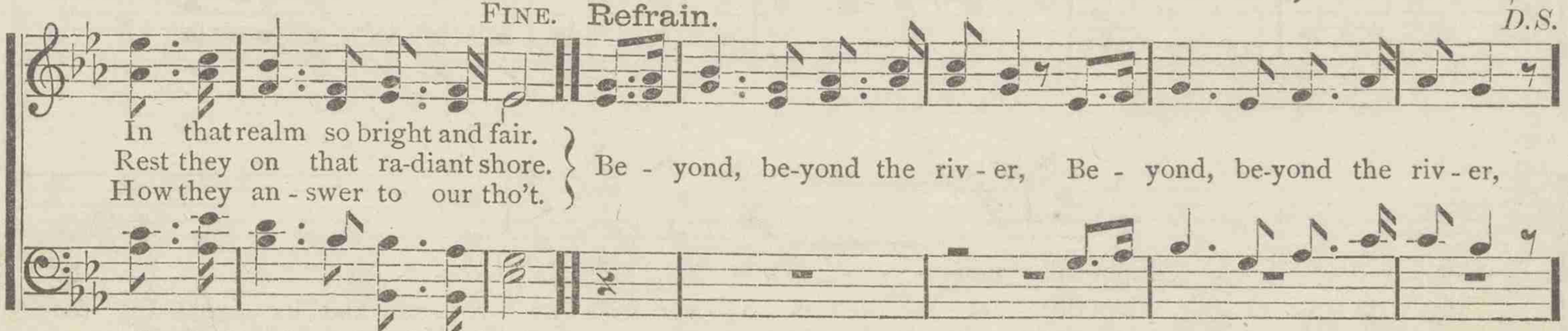


144. Beyond the River.

J. E. R. *"Blessed are they that do his commandments.*—Rev. 22 : 14. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.



FINE. **Refrain.** *D.S.*



4 Could they tell, oh, what the story,
Of their growth from grace to grace;
Of their change to greater glory,
As they see the Lord's own face!

5 They have only gone before us,
Lost to sight and sense they are;
But from realms of glory o'er us,
We can catch their light afar.

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145. We shall Meet Beyond the River.

"The Lord, my God, shall come, and all thy saints with thee."—Zech. 14: 5.

D. B. PURINTON. D. B. PURINTON.

1. Shall we meet one an - oth - er a - gain, Where the sor - rows of earth shall be o'er? With im - mor - tals for-
2. Ma - ny loved ones have gone from our sight, To the home of the pure and the blest, Shall we meet them a-
3. When at last, at the close of the day, At the brink of the riv - er we stand, When the boatman shall

Chorus.

- ev - er to reign, Shall we meet on the glo - ry shore? } We shall meet..... be - yond the
- gain with de - light, In the land of e - ter - nal rest?
bear us a - way, Shall we meet in the glo - ry land? } We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, in the

riv - er When this mor - - - - - tal life is o - - ver, In the
glo - ry land so fair, When this mor - tal life is o - ver with its sor - row and its care, In the

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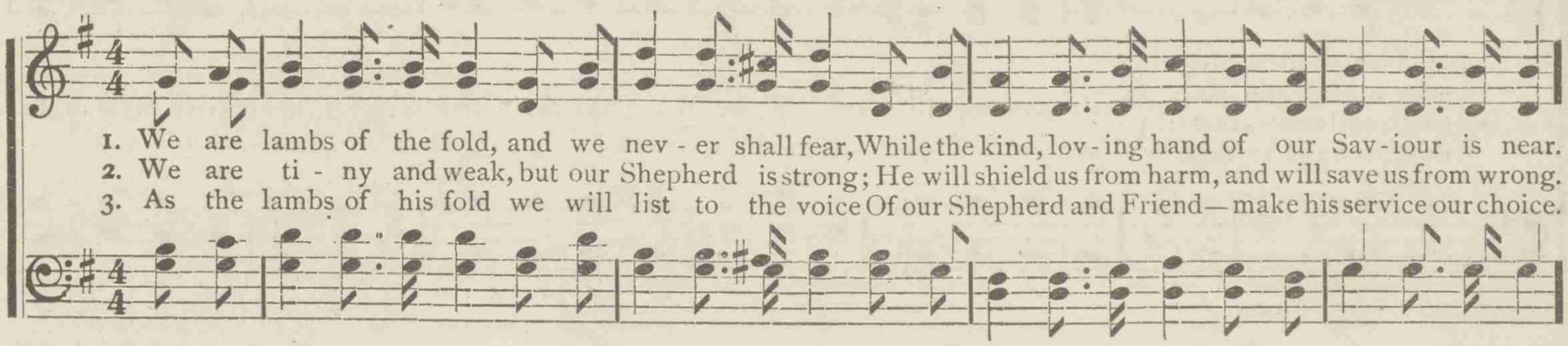
We shall Meet Beyond the River.—Concluded.



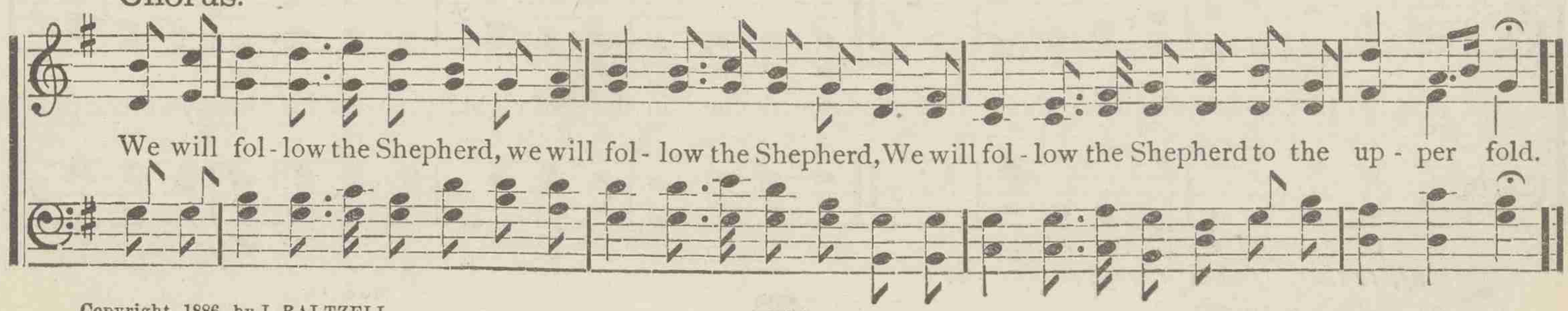
146. We will Follow the Shepherd.

"He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice.—John 10: 4.

A — — S. I. BALTZELL.



Chorus.



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147. Always Ready.

"Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."—Luke xii: 40.

Miss M. E. SERVOSS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Al-ways ready for the com-ing Of the feet w long to kiss: Always read- y for the message From the land of end-less bliss:
2. Al-ways ready! How can mortals Learn in read - i - ness to wait? If we strive to do each du- ty We shall meet him at the gate:
3. Al-ways ready with the message Of a Saviour's ten - der love: Patient with the weak and erring, Winning souls to dwell a - bove:
4. Al-ways ready in the beau-ty Of a soul that loves to trust, Sure of dwelling with the Father When its dust returns to dust.

Refrain.

Strive, my soul, to read - y be When thy Sav - iour calls for thee; Strive, my soul, to read - y be When thy Saviour calls for thee.

D.S.—What is that, O soul, to thee, If thou always ready be?

FINE. *D.S.*

Com-eth he in dark of night? Cometh he in day's broad light?

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Greenville. 8s, 7s & 4s.

ROUSSEAU.



148.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I 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 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like 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, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

149.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

2 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!"

150.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd, lead us,
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
‖: 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 :‖

151.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

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

Nettleton. 8s & 7s. Double.

ASAHEL NETTLETON.



152. There's a Blessing at the Cross for Me.

"Having made peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. 1 : 20.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have laid my burden down where the crim-son waters flow, There's a blessing at the cross for me;
2. I have laid my burden down and my troubled heart is still, There's a blessing at the cross for me;
3. I have laid my burden down: oh, the peace that fills my soul! There's a blessing at the cross for me;
4. I have laid my burden down and my Saviour gives me rest, There's a blessing at the cross for me;

FINE.

I have found a spring of joy that the world can nev-er know, There's a bless- ing at the cross for me.
I am learning there by faith my Re-deemer's gracious will, There's a bless- ing at the cross for me.
I was dead but now I live since my Saviour made me whole, There's a bless- ing at the cross for me.
I can pil-low now my head on his gen- tle, loving breast, There's a bless- ing at the cross for me.

D.S.—found a spring of joy that the world can nev-er know, There's a bless- ing at the cross for me.

Chorus. D.S.

Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! hal - le - lu - jah! Still my hap - py, hap - py song shall be; I have

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153. He Leadeth Thee.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Psa. 23: 2.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Tho' hearts are oft - en wea - ry, And yield to wild de - spair: Tho' life seems dark and drear - y, And filled with gloom and care:
2. Af - flic - tions sore and griev - ous Thy mind and soul op - press: Vain seems the pray'r "Re - lieve us," Still lin - gers the dis - tress:
3. Then trust the Lord for - ev - er, Let life bring what it may; Thy faith and trust will ev - er Turn dark - ness in - to day.
4. The Lord thy path - way choos - es, Thro' dark - ness leads to light; No joy will he re - fuse us, Our faith shall end in sight.

Chorus.

Trust the Lord! he lead - eth thee! Trust the Lord! he lead - eth thee! Yes, he lead - eth still, Seem it good or ill; Trust the Lord! he lead - eth thee!

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154. Ready to Obey.

"Be ready to every good work."—Titus 3 : 1.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Be read - y with the heart, be read - y with the hand, Be read - y to o - bey at the Lord's command;
2. Be read - y with your might to la - bor for the Lord, To scatter forth the light of his ho - ly word;
3. 'Tis not in might-y deeds we serve the Master best, But seek-ing still for oth - ers to make them blest;

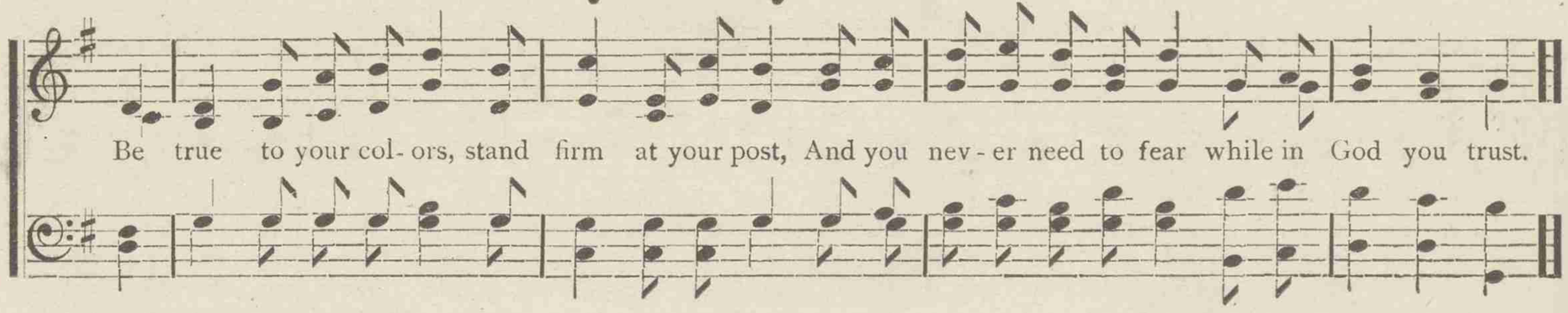
Be true to your col- ors, stand firm at your post, And you nev - er need to fear while in God you trust.
Tho' ho - ly the mis-sion your hands find to fill, There is work enough to do for the heart that will.
Be faith- ful to du - ty, be earn - est in pray'r, And his promise shall be filled, thou a crown shall wear.

Chorus.

Read- y to o - bey, ev - er read- y to o - bey! Read- y for the Master's work, call he where he may!

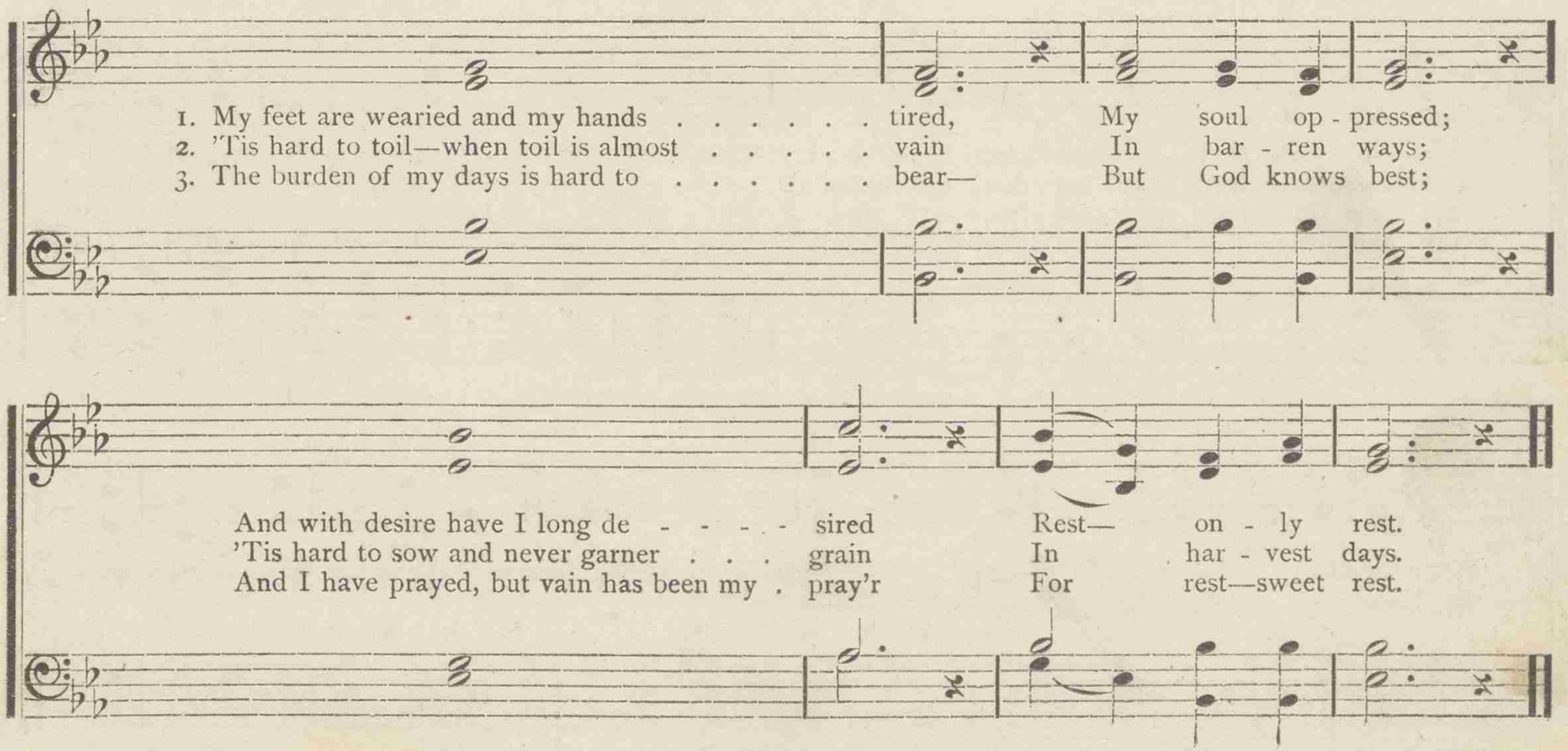
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Ready to Obey.—Concluded.



155. Rest.

Father RYAN. G. P. HOTT.



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156. When the Harvest Comes.

"Yet a little while, and the time of her harvest shall come."—Jer. 51 : 33.

EDWARD A. BARNES. E. S. LORENZ.

1. We la - bor in the Gos - pel field With will - ing hearts and true; We gath - er in the
2. We glad - ly go where he may call Our sheaves to seek and find; We tell of him who
3. We take the Word as we are shown And sow it by the way; We oft - en reap what
4. We glad - ly spend these pass - ing days A - mid the rip - 'ning grain; We give the Mas - ter

Chorus.

pre - cious yield And ev - er keep in view: When the har - - vest comes!
died for all, Still bear - ing this in mind:
has been sown This pre - cept to o - bey:
all the praise By this our sweet re - frain:

When the har - vest comes, when the har - vest comes,

When the har - - vest comes! With pre-cious sheaves be read-y When the har - vest comes.
When the har - vest comes, when the har-vest comes!

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Wilmot. 8s & 7s.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



157.

1 Praise the Lord; ye heavens! adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height!
Sun and moon! rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation!
Laud and magnify his name.

158.

1 There's a fullness in God's mercy,
Like the fullness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

159.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll rest forever viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on thee,
Till I taste thy full salvation,
And thine unveil'd glory see.

160.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
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 more luster to the day.

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

Sicilian Hymn. 8s & 7s.



161. Jesus, my King.

"His right hand, and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory."—Psa. 98 : 1.

ANNA SHARE. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Low in the grave's cold bed, Rest-ed his wea - ry head, Je - sus, my King, Je - sus, my King;
2. Three days of doubt and gloom Then from the vanquished tomb, Je - sus, my King, Je - sus, my King;
3. O grave, thy vic-t'ry's gone! God's own im - mor - tal son, Je - sus, my King, Je - sus, my King;
4. Shout, all ye sons of men, Shout ye his praise a - gain! Je - sus, my King, Je - sus, my King;

Chorus.

Oh, with what anxious fears Love laid him there with tears, Je - sus, my King.
Forth to the light of day Came death's victorious prey, Je - sus, my King.
Left all thy ter-ror's dim; Thou lead-est but to him, Je - sus, my King.
Shout, all ye saints a - bove; Crown him, Incarnate Love, Je - sus, my King.

Who is the King of Glo-ry?

Je - sus, my King! Je - sus, my King! He

Who is the King of Glo - ry?

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Jesus, my King.—Concluded.

comes vic - to - rious from the strife, Death now is but the door to life, The grave is glo - ri - fied.

162. Gathered Home.

"Here we have no continuing city."—Heb. 13: 14.

W. M. W. Rev. W. M. WEAKLEY.

1. On - ly a few more fleeting years, Then we'll be gather'd home; On- ly a few more griefs and fears, Then we'll be
2. On - ly a few more pleading pray'rs, Then we'll be gather'd home; Only a few more part-ing tears, Then we'll be
3. On - ly a few more tri- als sore, Then we'll be gather'd home; Soon will we leave this mortal shore, Then we'll be

Chorus.

gather'd home. Gather'd home, Gather'd home, And we'll be gather'd home;
Gather'd home, Gather'd home, (*Omit* . . . . .) And we'll be gather'd home.

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163. Trust in God and Persevere.

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

Anon. I. BALTZELL.

1. Chris-tian, is life's morning clouded, Has thy sunlight ceas'd to shine? Is the earth in darkness shrouded,
2. Chris-tian, has life's hope re - ced-ed, Hast thou sought its joys in vain? Friends prov'd false when mostly needed,
3. Chris-tian, there's a qui - et slumber Waiting for thee in the grave; Christian, there's a glorious number

Would'st thou at thy lot re - pine? Look a - bove thee, let thy vis-ion Catch the light of hope, so near;
Foes re - joic - ing at thy pain? Cheer up, Christian, there's a bless-ing Waiting for thee, nev - er fear;
Christ, in mer - cy, deigns to save, Wait, then, till life's qui - et e- ven Clos - es round thee, calm and clear;

Chorus.

Soon will come the next tran- sition; "Trust in God and per - severe." Trust in God ..... and per - se -
Foes for - giv - ing, sins confess-ing, "Trust in God and per - severe."
And till call'd from earth to heaven, "Trust in God and per - severe." Trust in God and per - se - vere, Trust in

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Trust in God and Persevere.—Concluded.

- vere," "Trust in God..... and per- se- vere," Would you gain the bright for-ev - er,
God and persevere," "Trust in God and persevere," "Trust in God and persevere,"

Far be - yond the roll- ing riv- er? You must now, henceforth, and ev-er "Trust in God and per - se - vere."

164. God is Always Near Me.

"Thou art near, O Lord."—Psa. 119 : 151.

T. P. THEO. PRESSER.

1. God is always near me, Hearing what I say, Knowing all my tho'ts and deeds, All my work and play.
2. God is always near me In the darkest night, He can see me just the same, As by mid-day light.
3. God is always near me; Tho' so young and small, Not a look or word or tho't, But God knows it all.

165. Trusting Only Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. *"Trust ye in the Lord forever."*—Is. 26 : 4. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I am trust-ing thee, dear Sav-iour, Trust- ing on - ly thee! Trust-ing thee for full sal - va - tion,
2. I am trust-ing thee for par - don, At thy feet I bow; For thy grace and tender mer - cy
3. I am trust-ing thee for cleans-ing In the crim- son flood; Trust-ing thee to make me ho - ly
4. I am trust-ing thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall; I am trust-ing thee for - ev - er,

Chorus.

O, how great and free! Trust-ing thee, tho' darkness fall, Trust - ing thee, tho' sins ap -
I am trust - ing now.
By thy pre - cious blood.
Trust - ing thee for all.

- pall, Trust - ing thee, I con-quer all, Trust - ing on - ly thee.

tho' darkness fall,

tho' sins ap- pall, I con-quer all,

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THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.



166.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight;
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

167.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

168.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh:
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness foundly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry 'till your better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

169.

1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

170.

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!
Traveling through the 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;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

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

171. The Holy War.

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

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Ho! gal - lant vol - un - teers, Quick-ly a - rise: Ho! Sa - tan's hosts ap - pear With bat - tle cries:
2. Strike with stead - y aim—Truth will be thy steel—Let Sa - tan's min - ion host thy pow - er feel;
3. Then, when the bat - tle's won, Ho, for the prize, Then, with God's on - ly son, Thou shalt a - rise;

Quick! ere the con-flict's lost, Forth! at what - ev - er cost, Be this thy war-rior boast, Vic - t'ry is mine.
Go, val - iant sol - dier, go, Strike with a heav - y blow, Let ev - 'ry foe-man know Thy trust - y steel.
Then when from du - ty free, Thou shalt vic - to-rious - ly, With thy great Cap-tain be In Par - a - dise.

Chorus.

1*st. time.* Marching on, near and far, Marching on, for the war;
2*d. time.* Marching on, ar - mies rise, Marching on, for the prize;
1*st. time.* March - ing on from near and far, Yes, Marching for the ho - ly war.
2*d. time.* March - ing on, see! ar - mies rise, Marching on - ward for the prize.

By permission.

172. Above the Clear Blue Sky

"Alleluia; salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God."—Rev. 19: 1.

English. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - bove the clear blue sky, In heav - en's bright a - bode, The an - gel host on high Sing prais - es to their God: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
2. But God from in - fant tongues On earth re - ceiv - eth praise; We then our cheer - ful songs In sweet ac - cord will raise: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
3. O bless - ed Lord, thy truth To us thy babes im - part, And teach us in our youth To know thee as thou art: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
4. O may thy ho - ly word Spread all the world a - round; And all with one ac - cord Up - lift the joy - ful sound: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -

- lu - ia! They love to sing To God their King, Al - le - lu - ia!
- lu - ia! We too will sing To God our King, Al - le - lu - ia!
- lu - ia! Then shall we sing To God our King, Al - le - lu - ia!
- lu - ia! All then shall sing To God their King, Al - le - lu - ia!

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173. At the Hand of Jesus.

"I am the Lord thy God which leadeth thee by the way thou shouldst go."—Isa. 48 : 17.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. At the hand of Je - sus his saints are ev - er found, There is peace and safe - ty on - ly there;
2. Bless-ed hand of Je - sus, do thou our help pro-vide, While we jour- ney through this des - ert land;
3. Wounded hand of Je - sus, whose blood a-vails for me, Wash the rec - ord of my sins a - way;

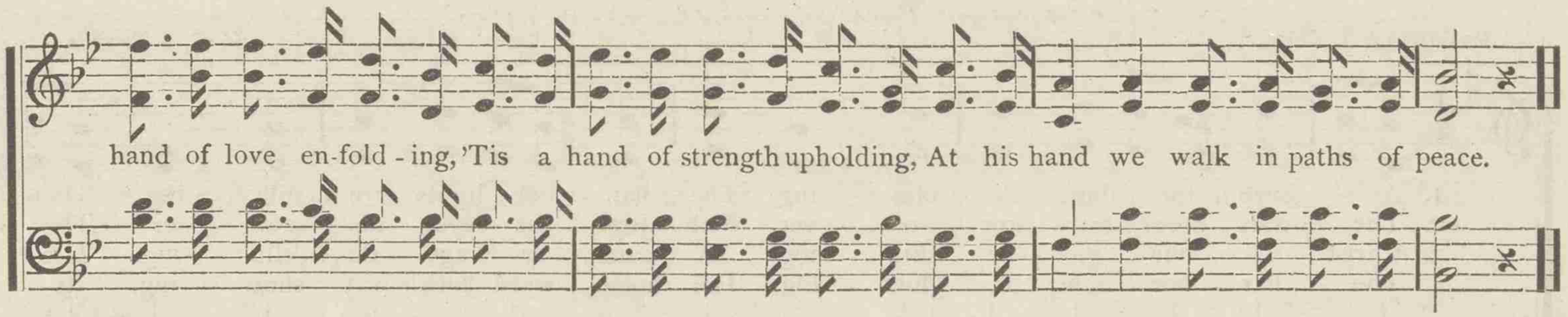
By the hand of Je - sus his saints shall all be crown'd When his won-drous glo - ry they shall share.
Might - y hand of Je - sus, be thou our guard and guide Till in E - den's bor - ders we shall stand.
Faith - ful hand of Je - sus, thy wav - ing let me see As a wel- come to the land of day.

Chorus.

At the hand of Je - sus re - joic-ing on we go; At his hand life's tri - als cease; 'Tis a life's tri-als cease;

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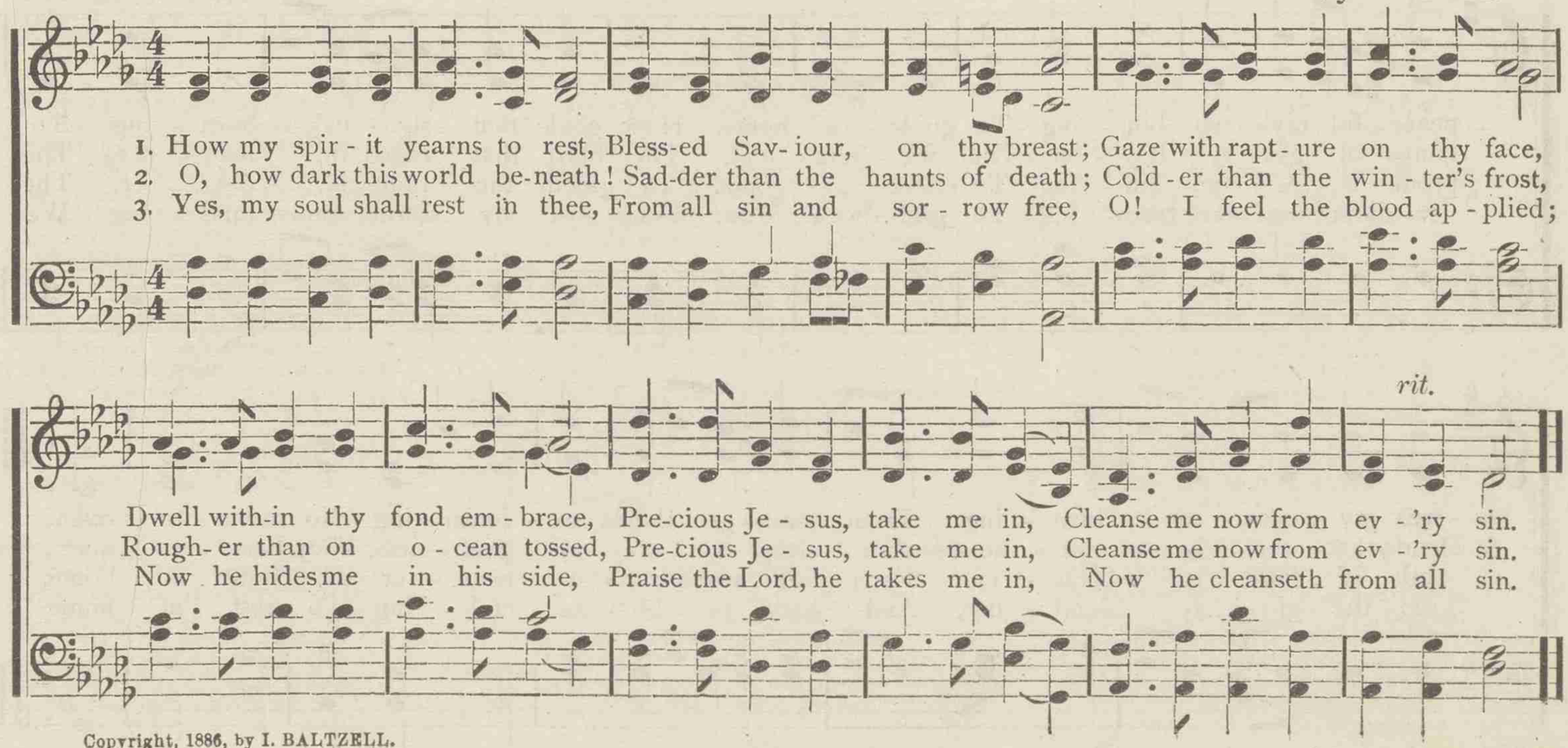
At the Hand of Jesus.—Concluded.



174. He Cleanseth Me.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

WM. CODVILLE. W. J. BALTZELL.



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175. The Harbor Light.

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

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - bove the day's de - clin - ing The har - bor lights are shin - ing, Their peace - ful rays com - bin - ing To guide us home. How glad that sig - nal burn - ing To
2. The wan - derer's toils are o - ver, With joy his eyes dis - cov - er The lamps of glo - ry hov - er The wa - ters o'er. The blast that raged in mad - ness, The
3. Christ is our glo - ry shin - ing In pain or age de - clin - ing, His prom - is - es com - bin - ing To cheer us come. In gloom the light is dear - er, The
4. The har - bor light is glow - ing, The home - ward path - way show - ing, Its ra- diance out- ward throw - ing To gild death's foam. Long tost by storms con - tend - ing We

wea - ry eyes re - turn - ing From stran - ger lands so - journ - ing No more to roam.
clouds that wept in sad - ness, Are swept a - way in glad - ness, They harm no more.
path of faith is clear - er, Each wild wave wafts us near - er The light at home.
see the glo - ry blend - ing, And haste to bliss un - end - ing To rest at home.

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Webb. 7s & 6s.



176.

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 shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

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

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

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

177.

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

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

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

178.

1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song;
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign!

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

179.

1 Unfurl the Temp'rance Banner,
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas;
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold—
Oh, let the cheering story
In every ear be told.

2 The drunkard shall not perish
In Alcohol's dire chain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again;
And sobered men, repenting,
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their thankful hearts relenting
Before the mercy-seat.

3 A new-waked zeal is burning
In this and every land,
And thousands now are turning
To join our temp'rance band;
The light of truth is shining
In many a darkened soul;
Ere long its rays combining
Will blaze from pole to pole.

180. He is Knocking at the Door.

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

I. B. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

1. O the Sav - iour is stand-ing at the door, And knocking, gen - tly knocking all the day;
2. O the Sav - iour is knocking at the door, And wait-ing to re-deem thy soul from sin;
3. O the Sav - iour is knocking at the door, And plead-ing in sweet ac- cents sad and low:

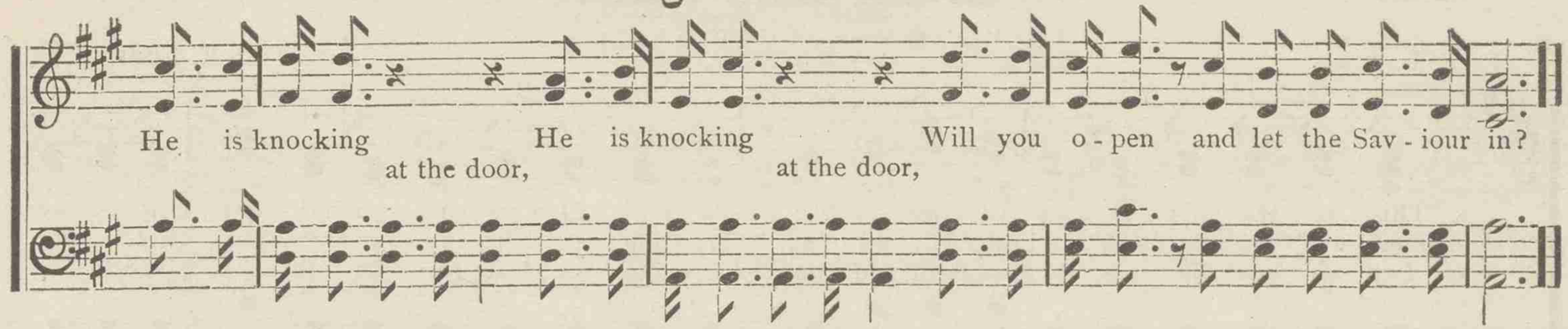
He is wait - ing to cross the threshold o'er: A - rise! and let him in with-out de - lay.
He has knocked at thy heart, how long be - fore; O will you still re-fuse to let him in?
"I have died for you, chil-dren, rich and poor, Then why, dear chil-dren, will you treat me so?"

Chorus.

He is knocking at the door, He is knocking at the door, He is wait-ing to save you from all sin;

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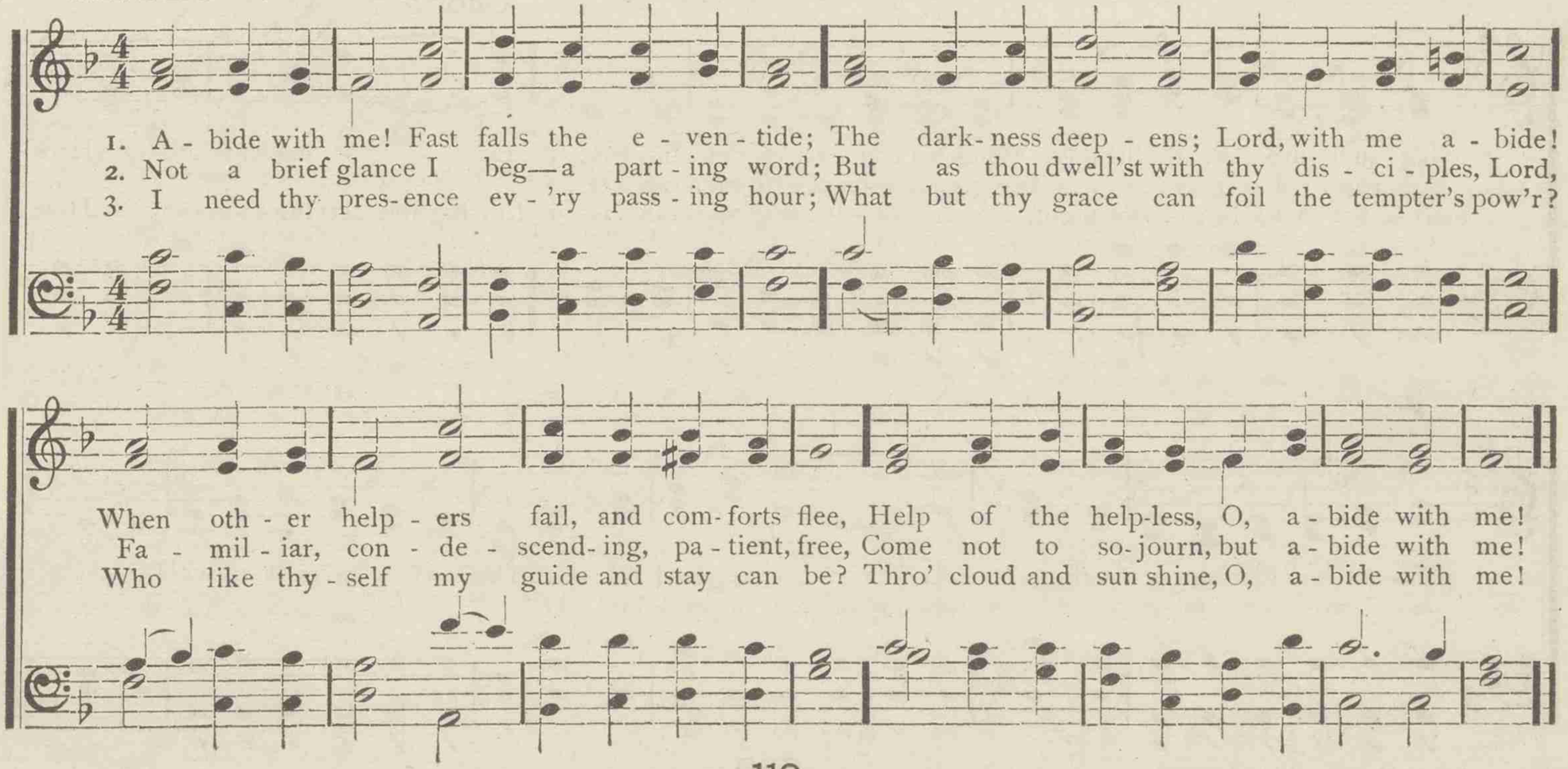
He is Knocking at the Door.—Concluded.



181. Abide With Me.

"Abide with us; for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent."—Luke 24: 29.

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE. W. H. MONK.



182. Loving Each Other.

"Let us love one another."—1 John 4: 1

D. E. L. D. E. LORENZ.

1. This is the mot - to we all would o - bey, We will all love one an - oth - er; Hap - py we
2. Thus will we la - bor and thus will we play, Try - ing to help one an - oth - er; Driv - ing the
3. Let us, like Je - sus, be thoughtful and kind, Striv - ing to please one an - oth - er; Here, as in

Chorus.

sing and are glad all the day, When we can serve one an - oth - er. } Lov - - - ing each oth - er, How
sor - rows of oth - ers a - way, Bringing sweet peace to each oth - er. }
heav'n, we will be of one mind, Ev - 'ry one lov - ing the oth - er. } Lov - ing and serving each oth - er, How

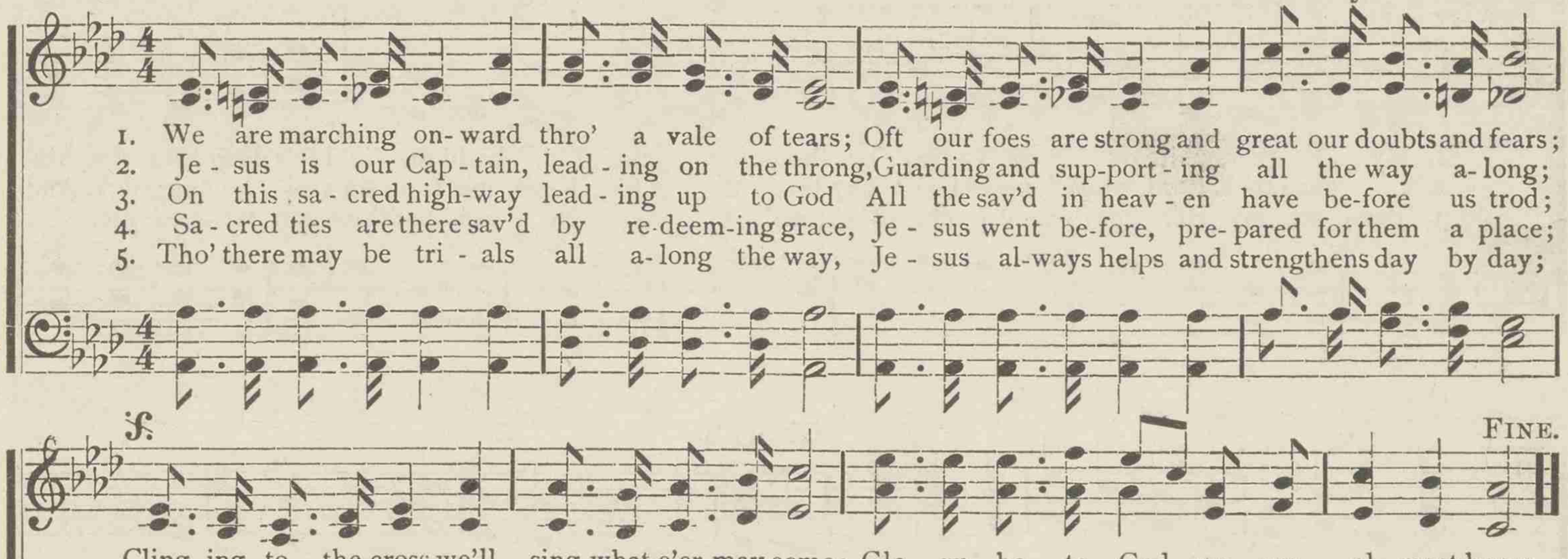
pleas - ant to cher - ish a broth - er; Serv - - ing each oth - er, The Saviour looks on us with joy.
Serv - ing and lov - ing each oth - er.

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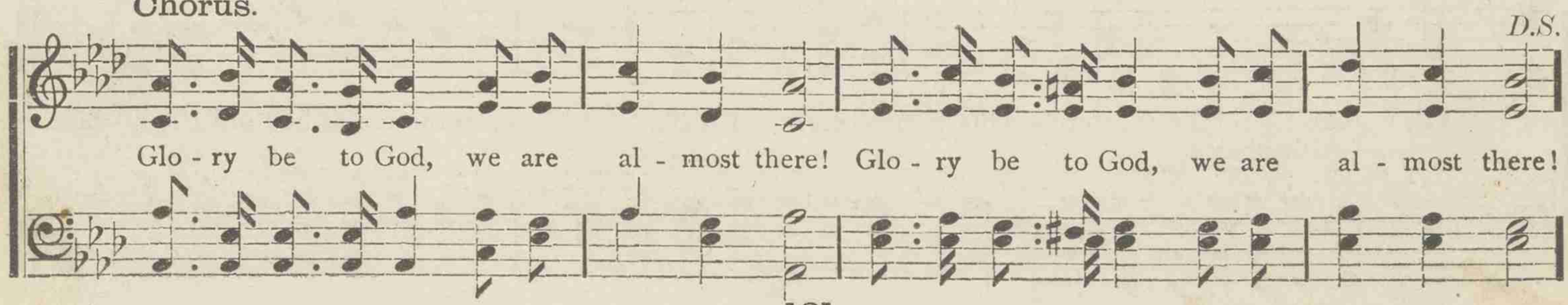
183. Almost Home.

"The time of my departure is at hand."—2 Tim. 4: 6.

S. J. G. Rev. S. J. GRAHAM.



Chorus.



184.

In the Lord I'll Abide.

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

W. O. CUSHING. I. BALTZELL.

1. My Fa-ther, while on earth I stay, Be thou my guide; Oh, shield me in life's dang'rous way, And
2. I need thee, Lord, when dangers low'r, Thy love to guide; Keep me from sin's al-lur-ing pow'r, And
3. Thou art my Ref-uge where I flee:—In thee I hide; No arm but thine can res-cue me, I

Chorus.

let my soul in thee, I pray, Safe, safe a-bide.
let my trembling soul, each hour In thee a-bide.
am but weakness, and would be Safe by thy side.

In the Lord I'll a-bide, In the Lord
In the Lord I'll abide, In the Lord

I'll a-bide; Let the storms of life a-round me roar, I'll shout and sing forevermore, In the Lord I'll a-bide.
I'll abide;

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Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.

LOWELL MASON.



185.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

186.

1 How beauteous, on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace!

2 Lift up thy voice, oh, watchman!
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus,—
"The victory is ours!"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear his rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness;
Oh, waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod;
Behold, oh, earth! the glorious
Salvation of our God!

187.

1 Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

188. They are Coming Home.

"And they shall come from the east and from the west and from the north and from the south."—Luke 13: 29.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. There are mill - ions now who have heard his voice, They are com - ing at his call; They have
2. Send the tid - ings forth o'er the earth's wide bound, There is par - don full and free; Let the
3. May the truth shine forth with its ho - ly light, Like a ban - ner flash - ing wide; Where the

Chorus.

cast their reb - el weap - ons down, And own him Lord of all. } They are com - ing home, They are
Sav - iour's glo - rious tri - umphs roll, Till all his glo - ry see.
souls oppress'd may find their rest, And in his strength a - bide.

com - ing home, They are com - ing, com - ing at the Sav - iour's call; All the
com - ing com - ing,

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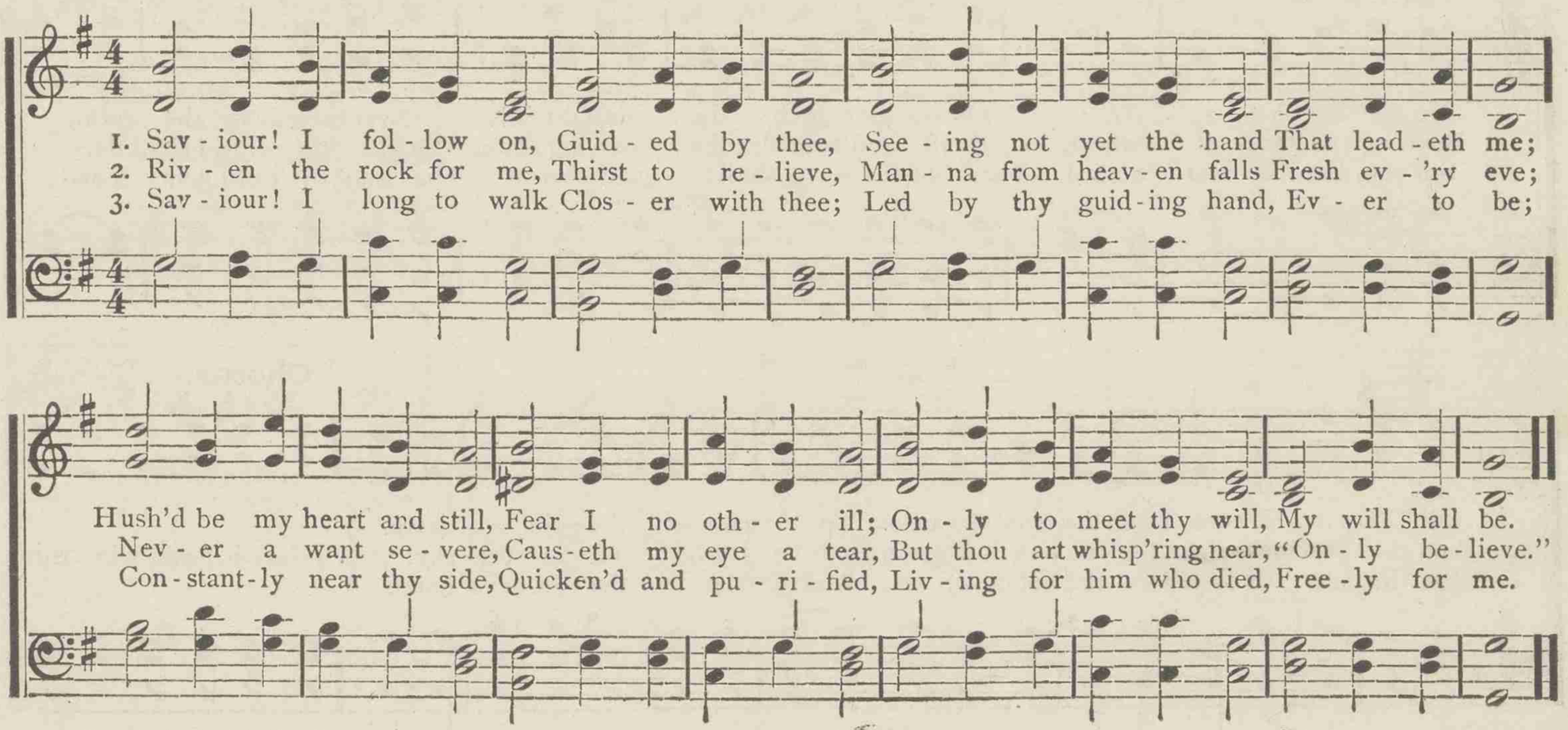
They are Coming Home.—Concluded.



189. Saviour! I Follow On.

"They forsook all and followed him."—Luke 5: 11.

Rev. C. S. ROBINSON, D.D. J. H. TENNEY.



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190.

The Wheat and the Tares.

"Let both grow together till the harvest."—Matt. 13: 30.

Selected. I. BALTZELL.

1. Grow-ing to-geth-er, wheat and tares, Clus-ter-ing thick and green; Fann'd by the gen - tle sum - mer airs,
2. Grow-ing to-geth-er side by side, Both shall the reap - er meet, Tares look-ing up in scorn-ful pride,
3. Where shall the reaper look for us When the great day has come? Solemn the tho'ts, with grandeur fraught,

Un-der the sky se - rene; O - ver them both the sunlight falls, O-ver them both the rain,
Bow-ing the heads of wheat, Swift and sure o'er the wav-ing plain, Sickles, sharp-edged shall fly,
Sol-emn the har - vest home! None but the wheat shall be gath-er'd in; Thus shall the Lord com - mand;

Chorus.

Till the an-gels come when the Mas - ter calls, To gath-er the gold-en grain.
And the precious wheat, the a - bun-dant grain Shall be harvest - ed in the sky.
For the tares a-lone is the doom of sin, And the flame in the an-gel's hand.

} Jesus, oh, grant when thine

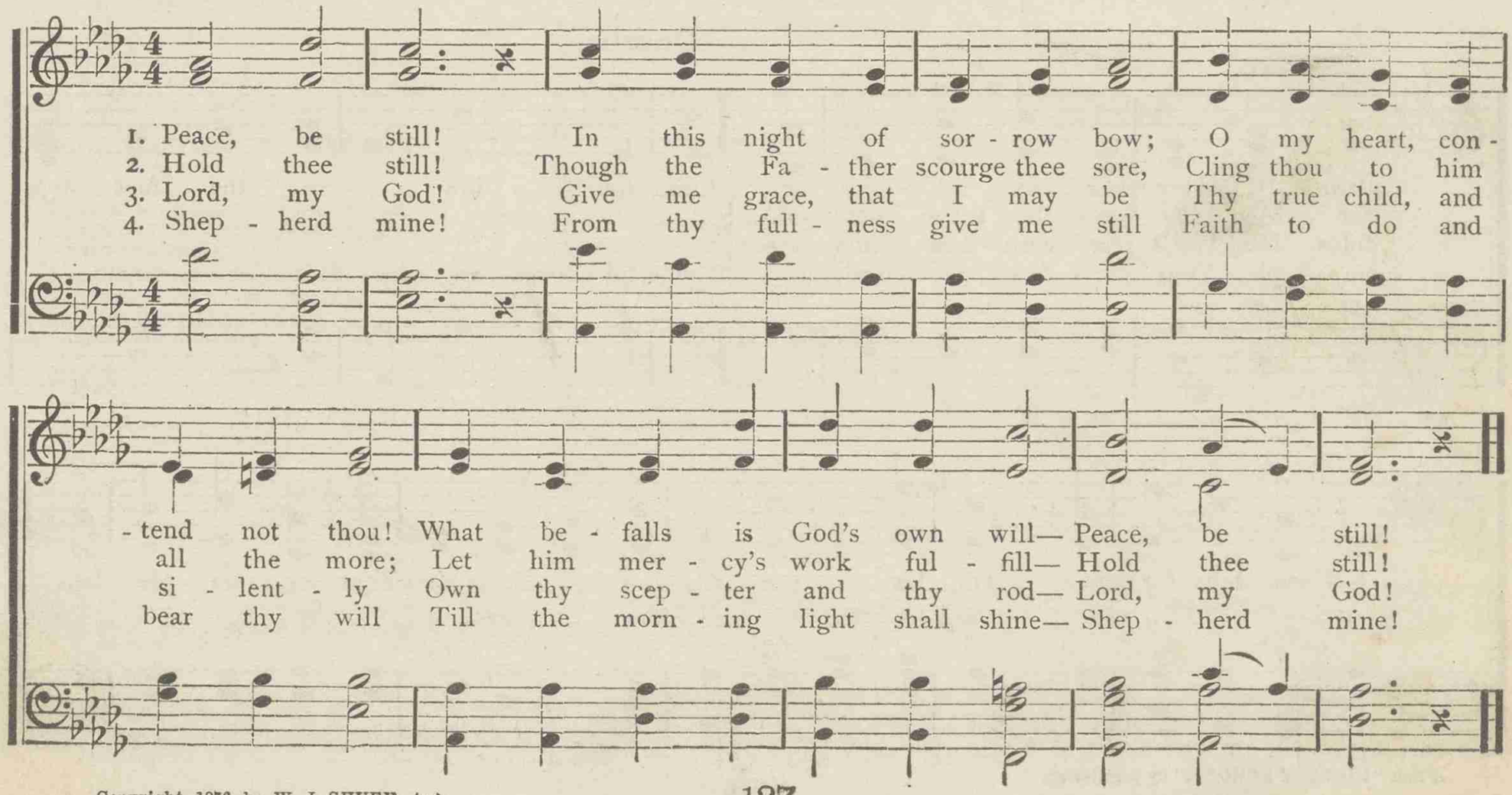
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The Wheat and the Tares.—Concluded.



199. Peace, be Still.

From SCHILLER. *"Be still, and know that I am God."*—Psa. 46 : 10. E. S. LORENZ.



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192. Footsteps of Jesus.

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

LIZZIE ASHBAUGH. GEO. J. KURZENKNABE.

1. Come, fol - low in the foot - steps Which Je - sus left for thee: Those foot-steps, mark'd so
2. Je - sus for us has trav - elled The path of grief with - in; He lived a life of
3. And he has left bright foot - steps By his ex - ample giv - en; If in his step we
4. Then fol - low in those foot - steps Which you may plain - ly see: Let Christ, by his ex -

Chorus.

plain - ly, May your ex - am - ple be. Come, fol - - low in the foot - steps
sor - row, But yet he knew not sin.
fol - low, We'll rest with him in heav'n.
- am - ple, Your per - fect pat - tern be. Come, fol - low in the foot - - steps

Je - sus left for thee: Oh, let the bless - ed Sav - iour Your ex - am - ple be.
Oh, let the bless - ed Sav - iour

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New Haven. 6s & 4s.

Dr. HASTINGS.



193.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

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.

194.

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.

195.

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

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

196.

1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble, free,—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

America. 6s & 4s.



197. We are Ready to Fight.

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

Rev. W. P. BREED, D. D. I. BALTZELL.

1. We are read-y to fight For our God and the right, With his ban-ner a-bove us fly-ing:
2. We are read-y to fight For our God and the right, The great Cap-tain in per-son lead-ing,
3. We are read-y to fight For our God and the right, With the prize set be-fore us gleaming;

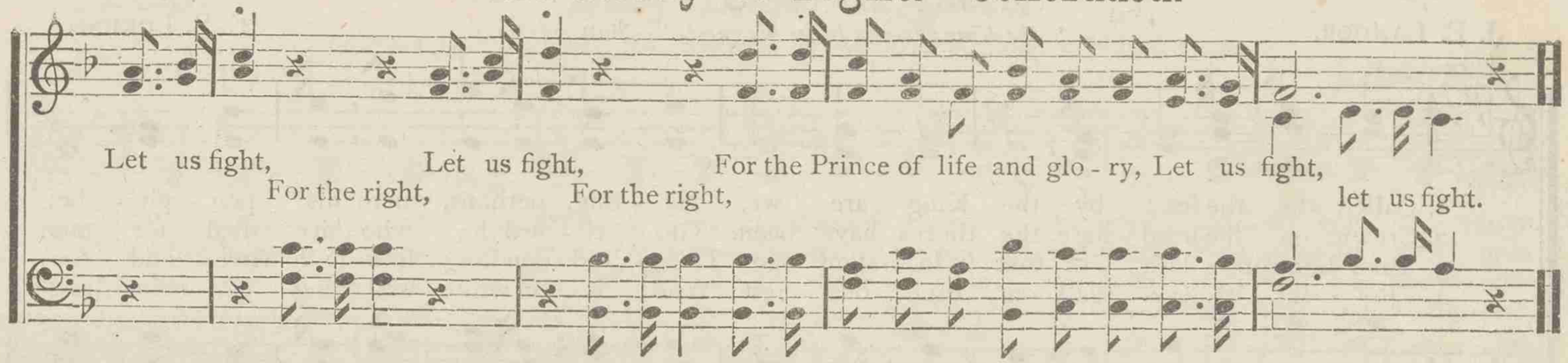
We'll en-camp, or we'll halt, Or we'll shout the as-sault, As he or-ders, whether liv-ing or dy-ing.
Through the con-flict of life, Thro' the last bit-ter strife, On them sigh-ing, and thro' weeping and bleeding.
The white stone, the new name, The bright crown all a-flame, In the heav'ns the morning star brightly beam-ing.

Chorus.

Let us fight, Let us fight, For the Prince of life and glo-ry, Let us fight, let us fight!
For the right, For the right,

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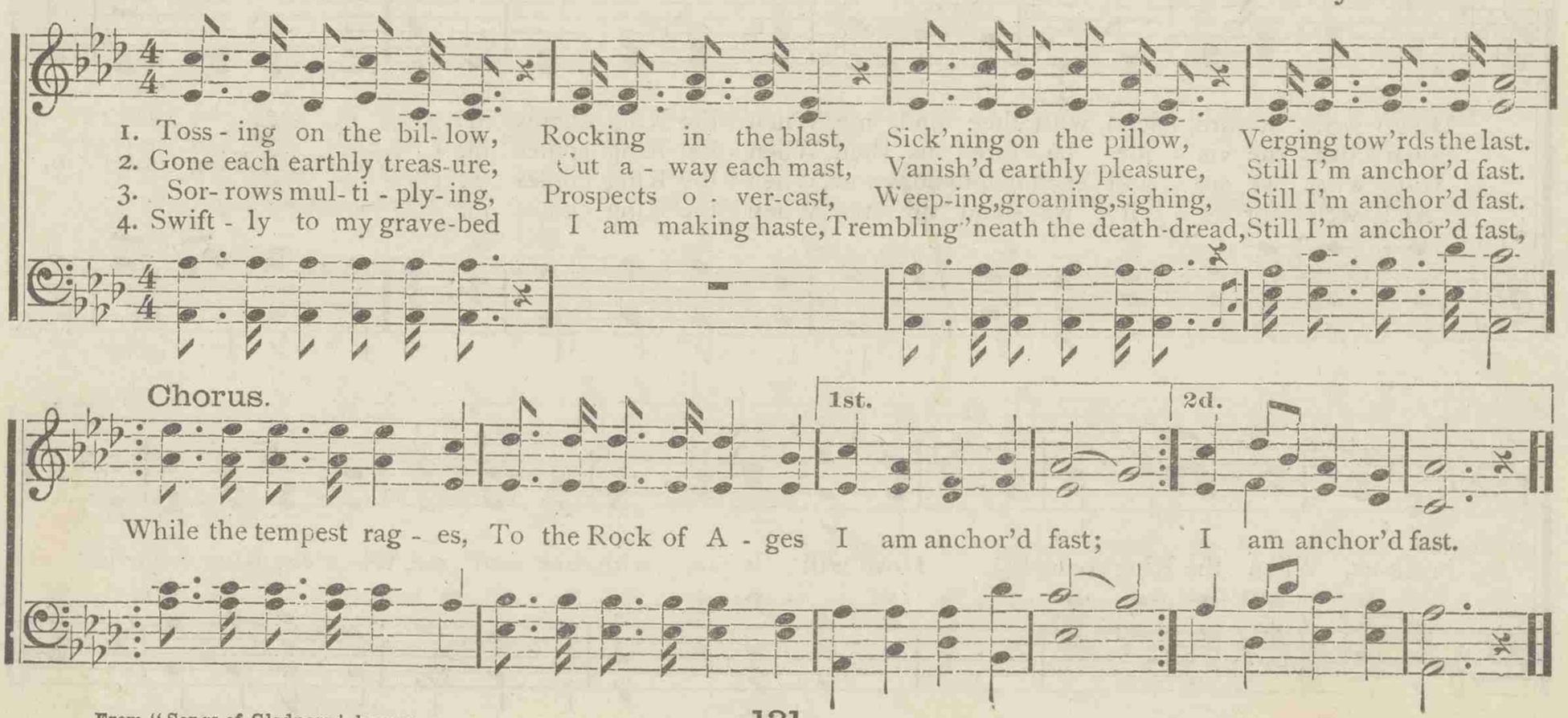
We are Ready to Fight.—Concluded.



198. I am Anchored Fast.

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

Rev. W. P. BREED, D.D. J. E. GOULD.



From "Songs of Gladness," by per.

199. When the King Comes In.

J. E. LANDOR. *"The King came in to see his guests."*—Matt. 22 : 11. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sit - ting, perhaps, where his peo - ple be;
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once died for men,
3. Like lightning's flash will that in - stant show Things hid - den long from both friend and foe;
4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wed- ding gar - ments dress'd;

Refrain.

How will it fare, friend, with thee and me, When the King comes in?
Splen - did the vis - ion be - fore us then, When the King comes in.
Just what we are will each neigh- bor know, When the King comes in.
Ah! well for us if we stand the test, When the King comes in.

When the King comes in,

broth-er, When the King comes in! How will it fare with thee and me, When the King comes in?

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200. Busy Little Gleaners.

"And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers."—Ruth 2 : 3.

"CARLIN." I. BALTZELL.

1. The reap - ers now for many a day, Have toiled a - mid the grain; But we come in from
2. With hope and strength we glean - ers search The gold - en grain fields through; With songs of glad - ness
3. But not a - lone to man, should praise, By glean - er bands be given; No, we, our hearts and
4. And when our work on earth is done—Our glean-ing days all o'er, We'll car - ry home our

Full Chorus. *Lively.*

hill and dale, A bus - y glean - er train.
on our lips As we our work pur - sue.
voic - es raise In grat - i - tude to heav'n.
gath-er'd sheaves, And rest for - ev - er - more.

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

We are lov - ing glean- ers, Work-ing lit - tle glean- ers,

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

(*Omit.* . . . . . .) Pray for us while toil - ing in the har - vest field.

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201. Thy God Reigneth.

"That saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth."—Psa. 52: 7.

WATSON J. YOUNG. E. S. LORENZ.

1. When o - ver-whelmed by woe, When an - guish pain-eth, One hope thou hast, for know Thy God reign- eth!
2. Undimm'd by win - t'ry blast One star re - main-eth, The storm will soon be past—Thy God reign- eth!
3. He keeps thee from de- spair, The foe re - strain-eth; He makes thy life his care, Thy God reign- eth!
4. O in that sol - emn day, When life's spark wan-eth, How sweet if thou canst say, "My God reign- eth."

Chorus.

He reign - - eth! He reign - - eth! Ho - san - na be to Je - sus, He reign-eth as our
He reign-eth as our King! He reigneth as our King!

King! He reign - - eth! He reign-eth King of Glo - ry, Let the world its hom - age bring!
He reigneth as our King!

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202. HOPE. 6s, 4s.



1 Fade, fade each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine:
Break every tender tie;
Jesus is mine:
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine:
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine:
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

203. REST.



1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woes, shall dim the hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

4 Asleep in Jesus far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

204. HE LEADETH ME.



1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand, he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, or troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth 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.

205.
JESUS PAID IT ALL. 6s.



1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

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

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

206.
GREAT PHYSICIAN. 8s, 7s.



1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
O hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

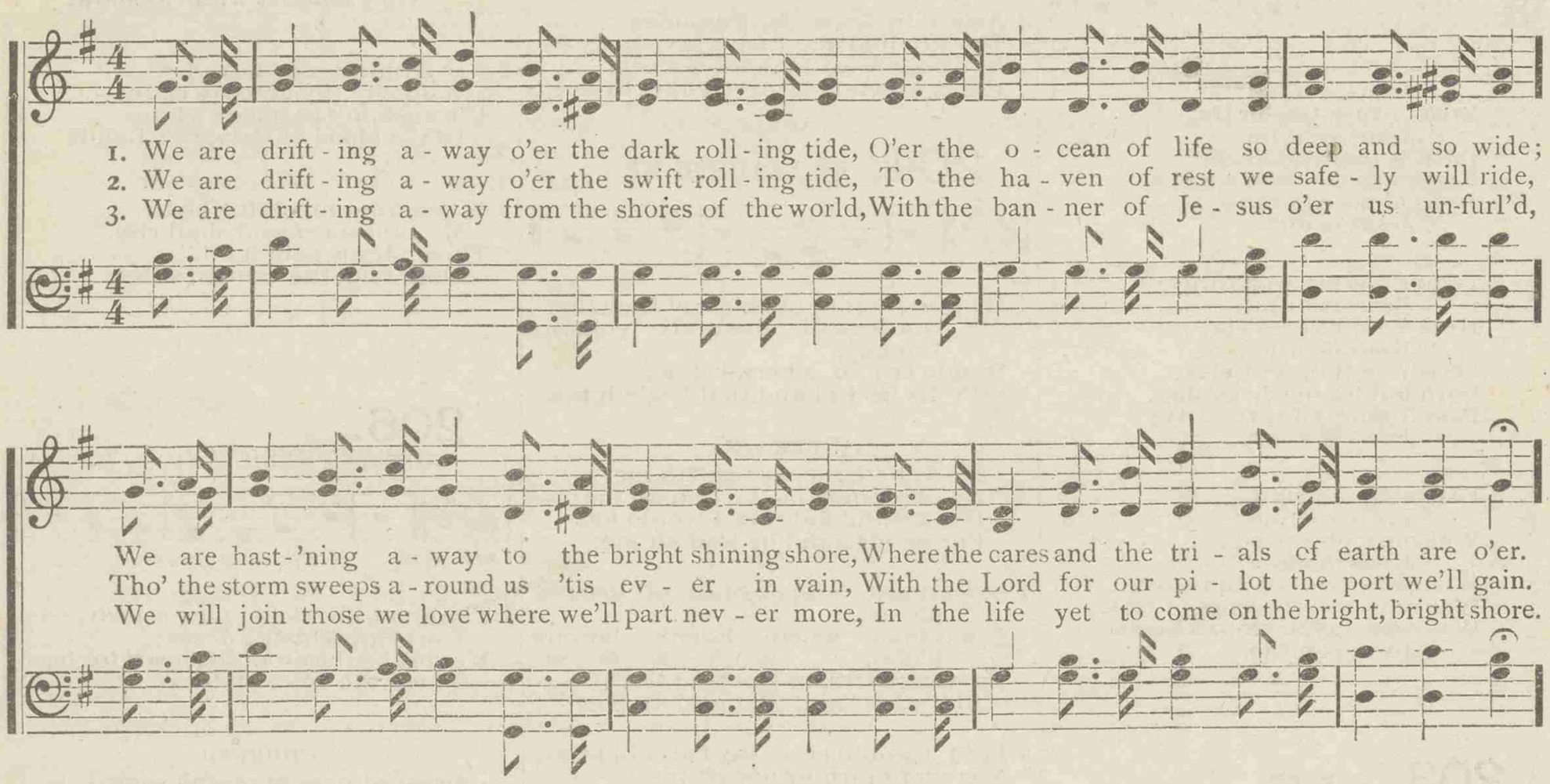
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
O hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven
And wear a crown with Jesus.

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.

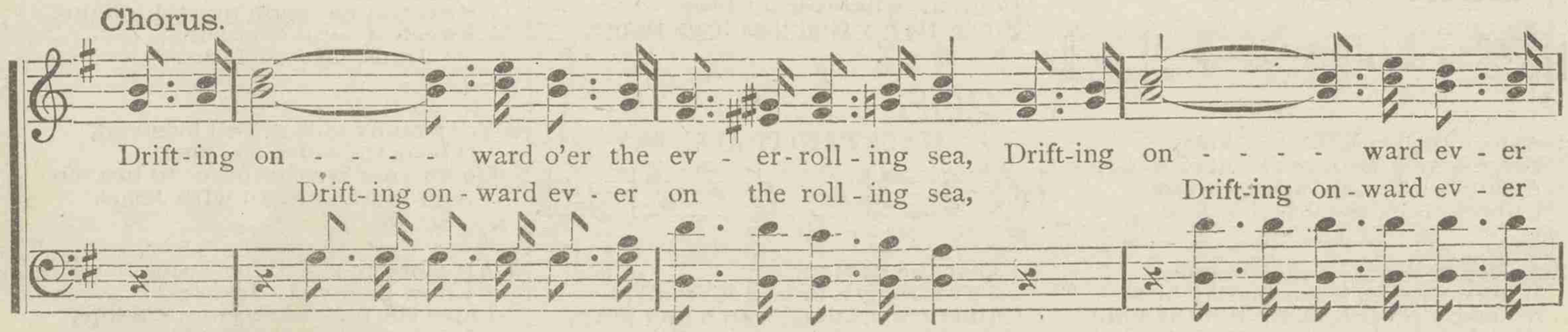
207. Drifting Away.

"Gathering together unto him."—2 Thess. 2: 1.

MATTIE E. OWENS. W. A. OGDEN.



Chorus.



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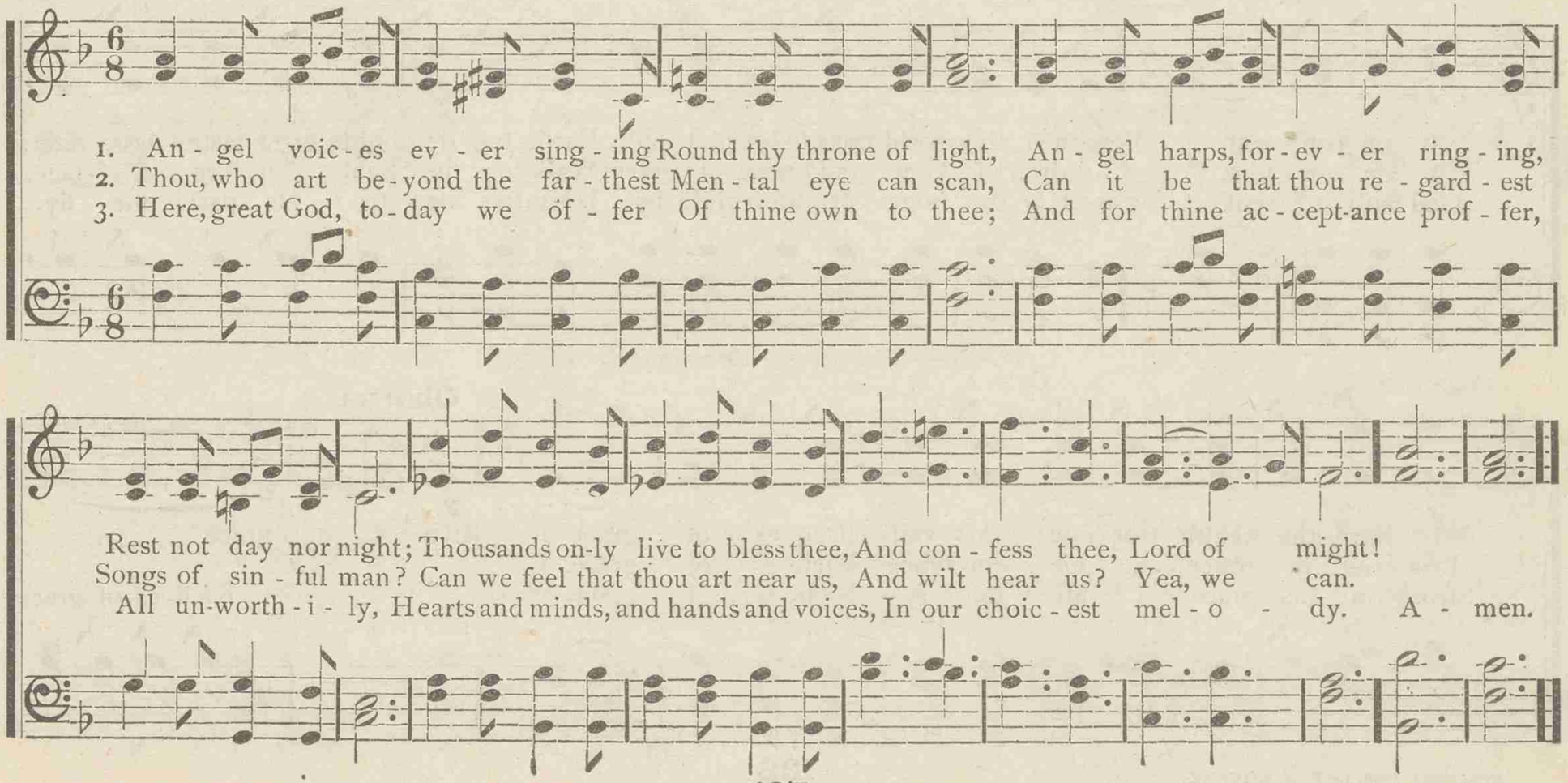
Drifting Away.—Concluded.



208. Angel Voices.

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4: 8.

Anon. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



209. Riches of Grace.

"The exceeding riches of his grace."—Eph. 2: 7.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Rich- es of earth I may not see, God may pre - vent; Rich- es of grace are of - fered me,
2. I may not win fair hon- or's crown, God may pre - vent: Heav-en - ly hon - ors are my own,
3. Earth will not bring me hours of peace, Sin will pre - vent; I have a peace that can - not cease,

I am con - tent. Wealth of the world must fade and fail, Earth- ly de - lights grow taste - less, stale;
I am con - tent. Chil-dren of God and heirs of grace, Walk-ing in light be - fore his face,
God hath it sent. Sweet- ly the hours of life glide by, Harmless its tri - als past me fly,

Chorus.

I have the wealth that must a - vail—Rich- es of grace. } Rich - es of grace.....
Rest - ing in peace in his em- brace—Rich- es of grace. }
Strong in his grace I all de - fy— Rich- es of grace. } Rich- es of grace

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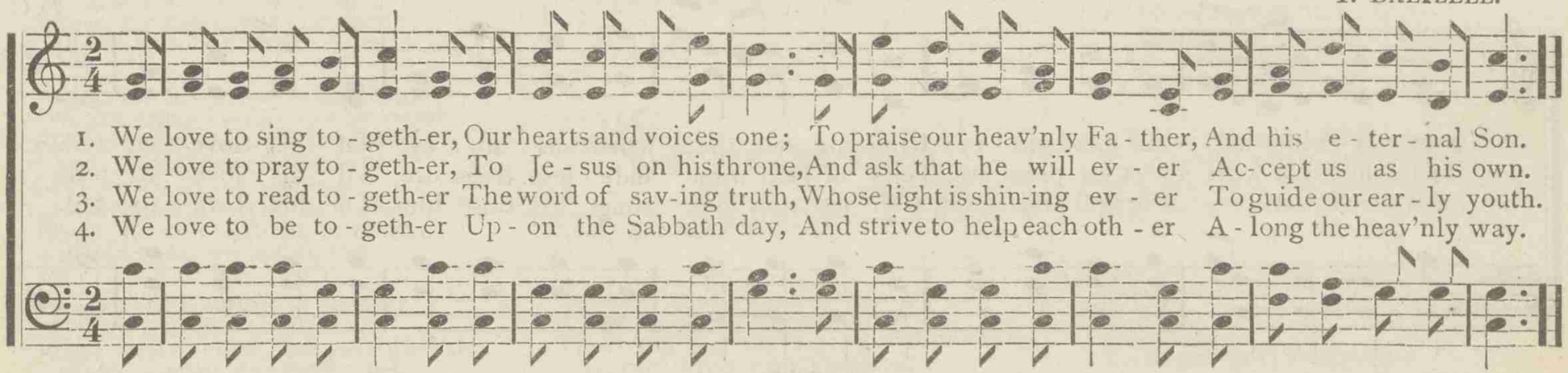
Riches of Grace.—Concluded.



210. All Together.

"Sing aloud unto God our strength."—Psa. 81: 1.

I. BALTZELL.



211. Listen to the Bells.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."—Psa. 128: 24.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1-3. List-en to the chime of the bells, sweet bells! Sab- bath bells! ho - ly bells! List-en to the chime of the bells, glad bells! Of God's love it ev - er tells!

FINE.

1. Hear them chim-ing forth his glo - ry,
2. How I love this joy - ous meas - ure,
3. Hark! they call my heart to praise him,

Sweet-ly chim - ing all his glo - ry; Ring-ing out the wondrous sto - ry, Of his love they tell.
Thrills the heart with sweet-est pleas-ure, Tells of heav'n and fade - less treas-ure, All his love it tells.
All my heart to love and praise him, Call me now one song to raise him, Of his love to tell.

D.C.

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212.

WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s.



1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and grief to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.

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

213.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.
Key of 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 the daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

214.

HOME OVER THERE. 8s.



1 O think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REFRAIN.

Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there.

2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

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.

215.

REST FOR THE WEARY.



1 In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS.

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.

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.

216.

MARCHING TO ZION. S. M.



1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion!
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

217. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

*"Found the man * * * sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind."*—Luke 8: 35.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. O the peace that fills my soul, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus; Cleans'd from sin, made free and whole,
2. Christ is mine in storm and calm, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus; All my wounds are fill'd with balm,
3. Here I rest from toil and strife, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus; Safe be-neath the tree of life,
4. Come, ye guilt - y, and be heal'd, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus; Free - ly is God's love re-veal'd,

Chorus.

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.

This is my a - bid - ing place, Cloth'd with his a - - bound - ing grace, Look - ing up - ward to his face, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.

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218. Lo! I am With Thee.

"Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—Matt. 28 : 20.

W. H. GROSER. I. BALTZELL.

1. 'Tis si- lence all be-side the lake, Where once the Sav-iour trod the wave; Lone are the hills where Jesus
2. No more his wea- ry footsteps tread Where noontide's sultry beams are shed; And night's chill dews no more de-
3. Passed from the foe's ma- lig- nant scorn—The mocking crowd's tumultuous cries; Passed from the cross, the crown of
4. Yet thou art pres-ent, Je- sus, still, Wher- e'er thy true dis- ci- ples be: Where lone- ly hearts that own thy

Chorus.

spake, And none are there to heal or save. But still we know and feel thee near, While
-scend Up- on the heav'nly wand'rer's head.
thorns, To bear the scep- ter of the skies.
will, Re- spon- sive glow with love to thee.

ev- er near,

thus we gath- er as of yore; And still by faith thy promise hear, "Lo! I am with thee ev- er- more."

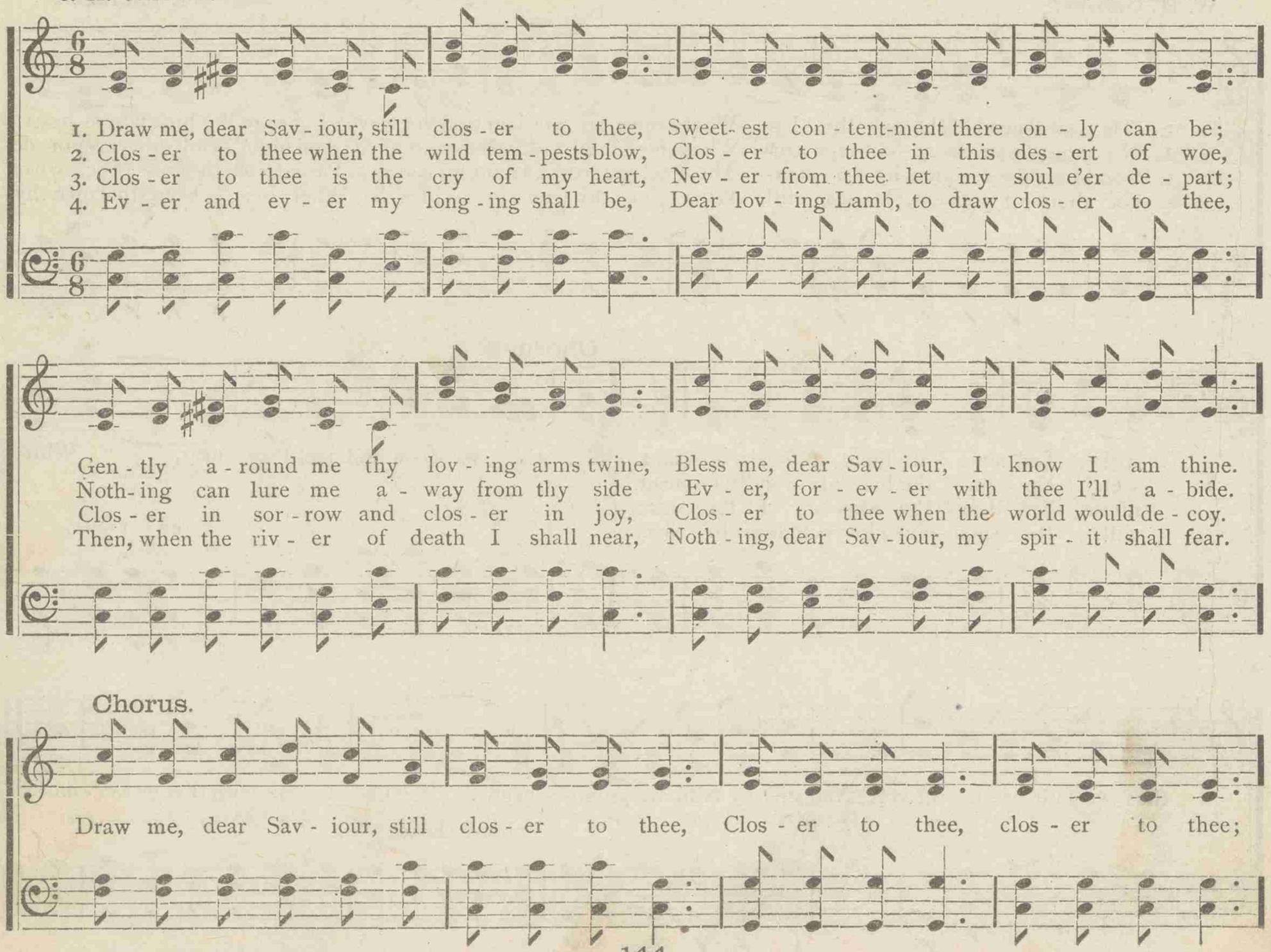
promise hear,

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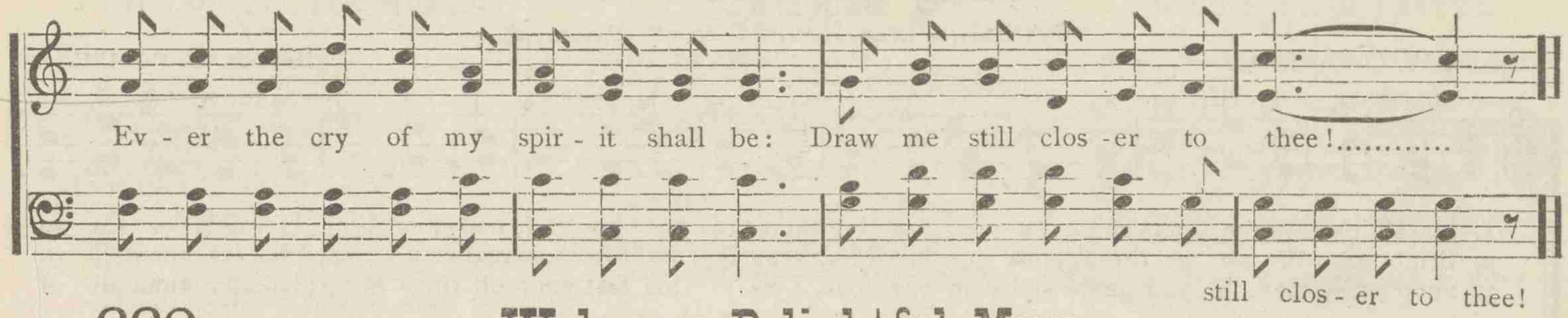
219. Closer to Thee.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me."—John 12 : 32.

C. H. GABRIEL. E. S. LORENZ.



Closer to Thee.—Concluded.



220. Welcome, Delightful Morn.

Call the Sabbath a delight.—Is. 58: 13.

HAYWARD. German.



2 Now may the king descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face!
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

221. Ring the Glad News.

"The Lord is King forever and ever."—Psa. 10: 15.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. Rev. A. A. ARMEN.

Lively.

1. Hark! 'tis the an - gel cho - rus re - peat - ing Songs of a ho - lier, hap - pier clime; Her-alds of joy to
2. Bright are the an - gel throngs just a - bove him, Bend - ing so low from realms a - far; Dear - er than all to
3. Shepherds, be-hold your guide and your Sav - iour, Low at his feet your off'rings bring; Greater than all of

Chorus.

mill - ions now wait ing; Hark! 'tis the bliss - ful an - gel chime.
sad hearts is wait ing Je - sus, our glo - rious Morning Star.
earth's thrones and kingdoms, Je - sus, our glo - rious promised King!

Ring the glad news, ye harps of glo - ry!

Na-tions a - wake that long were dumb; Tell o'er the world the glad, glad sto - ry; Zi-on's bright King, the Lord is come!

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222.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

Key of A♭.

1 I love to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it 's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 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.

223.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Key of C.

1 Tell me the Old, Old Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHORUS.

Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 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."

224.

I AM COMING.

Key of G.

1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS.

I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary:
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

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."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body thine to be,—
Wholly thine for evermore.

225.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Key of 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 my 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!

226.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Key of D.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

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.

227.

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

Key of C.

1 I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead!
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?

2 My father's house of light,—
My glory circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for Me?

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?

228. 'Tis Only a Sonnet.

"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Psa. 32: 11.

Anon. I. BALTZELL.

1. 'Tis on - ly a son - net, but yet it tell - eth Of ho - li - ness, hap - pi - ness, heav'n,
2. It speaks of a fut - ure bright home in glo - ry—Of pres - ent en - joy - ment and bliss;
3. It whispers, "no mat - ter how lost or harden'd—No mat - ter how vile you have been,
4. It points to the ev - er blest Sav - iour dy - ing For wan - der - ing sin - ners like you,

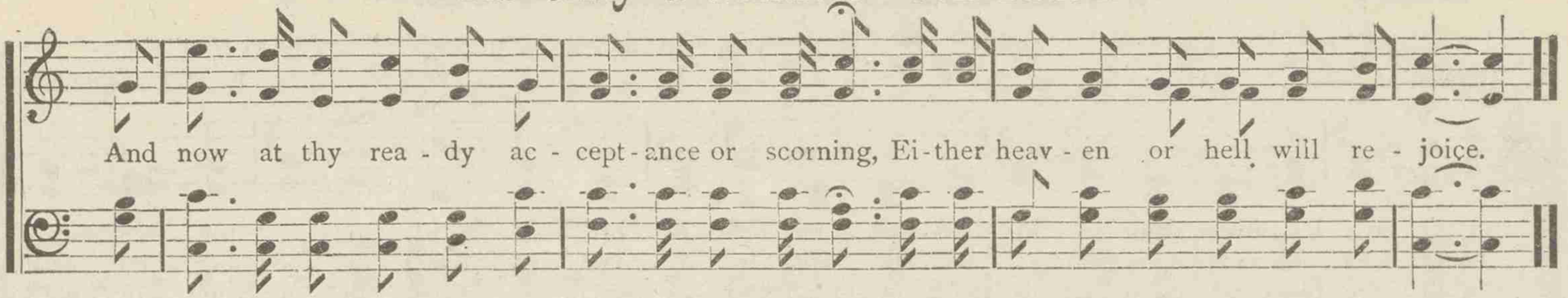
Where Je - sus in glo - ry for - ev - er dwelleth With sin - ners his love has for - giv'n.
O, will you re - fuse to be - lieve a sto - ry So lov - ing, so joy - ous as this?
You may, at this mo - ment, be ful - ly pardon'd, And saved from the bond-age of sin."
O soul! on his mer - cy and truth re - ly - ing, Come, prove that this mes - sage is true.

Chorus.

'Tis on - ly a son - net, and yet its warning I whispered in Je - sus' own voice;

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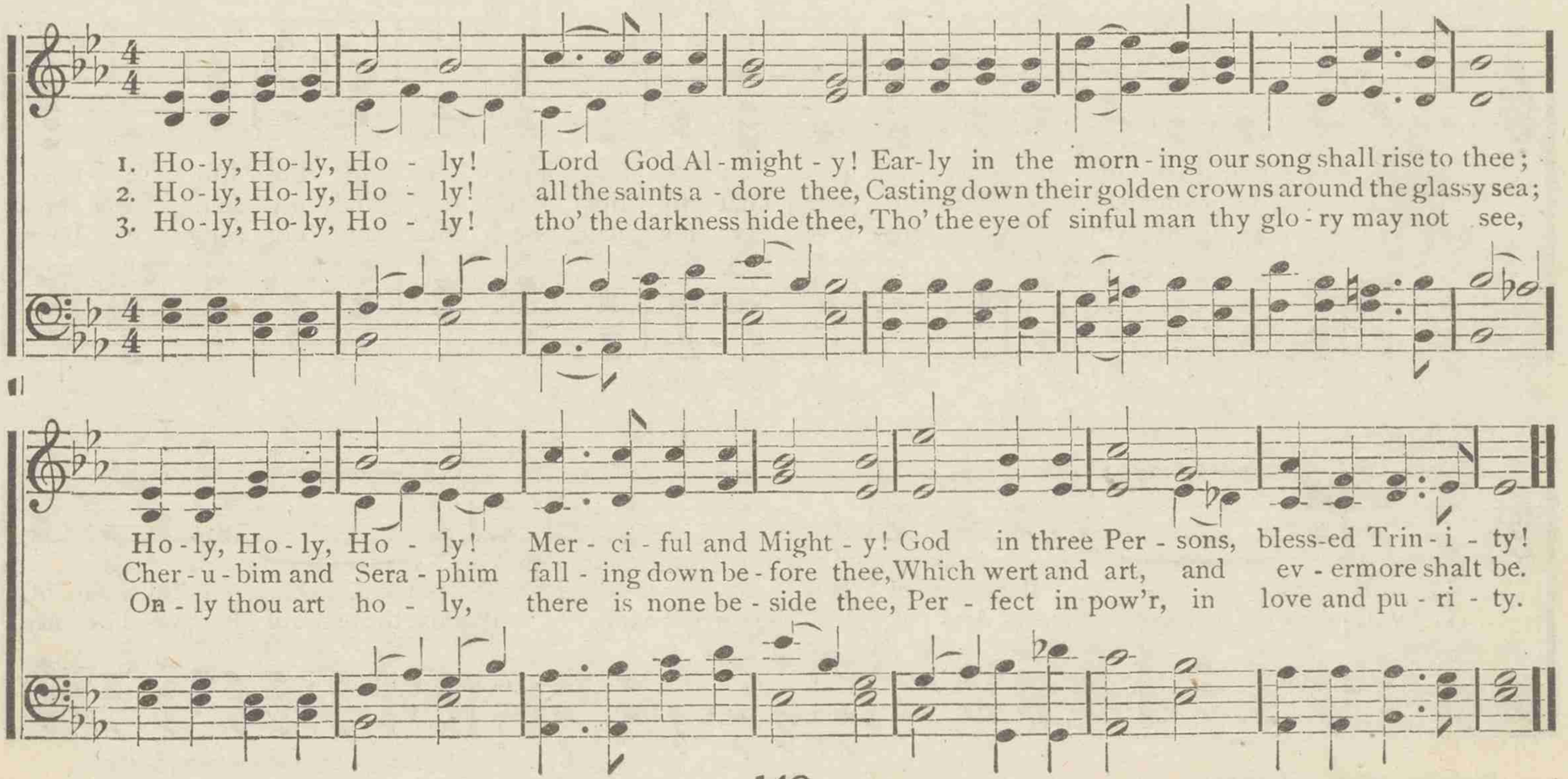
'Tis Only a Sonnet.—Concluded.



229. Holy, Lord God Almighty.

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."—Rev. 4: 8.

R. Heber, D.D. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



230. I will Praise the Name of Jesus.

"For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4: 12.

E. A. BARNES. E. S. LORENZ.

1. O the won drous name in the Gos - pel word, That is oft - en read, that is oft - en heard;
2. O the pre - cious name that I oft re - peat, As I come to kneel at the mer - cy - seat;
3. O the bless - ed name that is sweet in - deed, And in which I trust in the time of need;

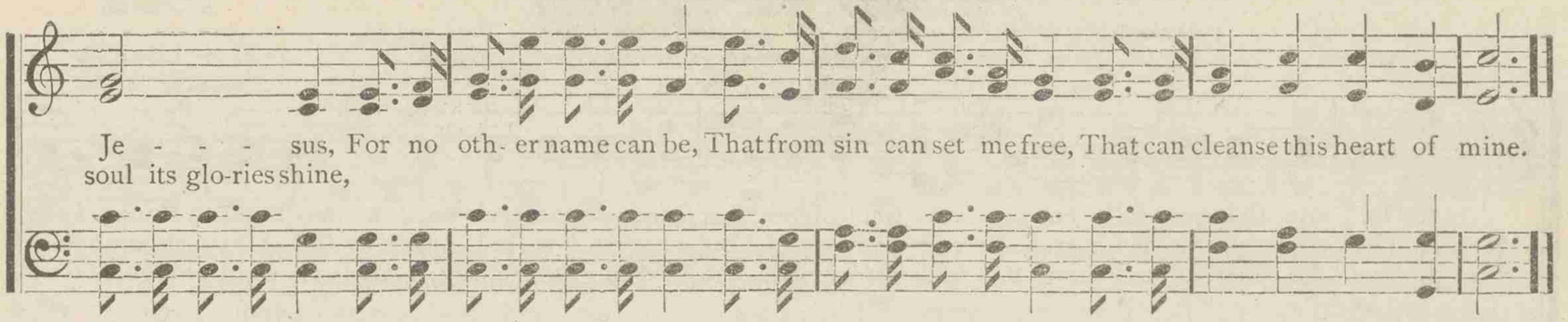
'Tis the name that gives in its grace and love Us a fore - taste here of the life a - bove.
'Tis the on - ly name which as bright ap - pears, That my lips con - fess and my soul re - veres.
And the name re - plete with' re - deem - ing love Is my song be - low and my song a - bove.

Chorus.

I will praise..... the name of Je - - - sus, I will praise..... the name of
I will praise the name of Je - sus, And ex - alt his pow'r di-vine, I will praise the name of Je - sus, For my

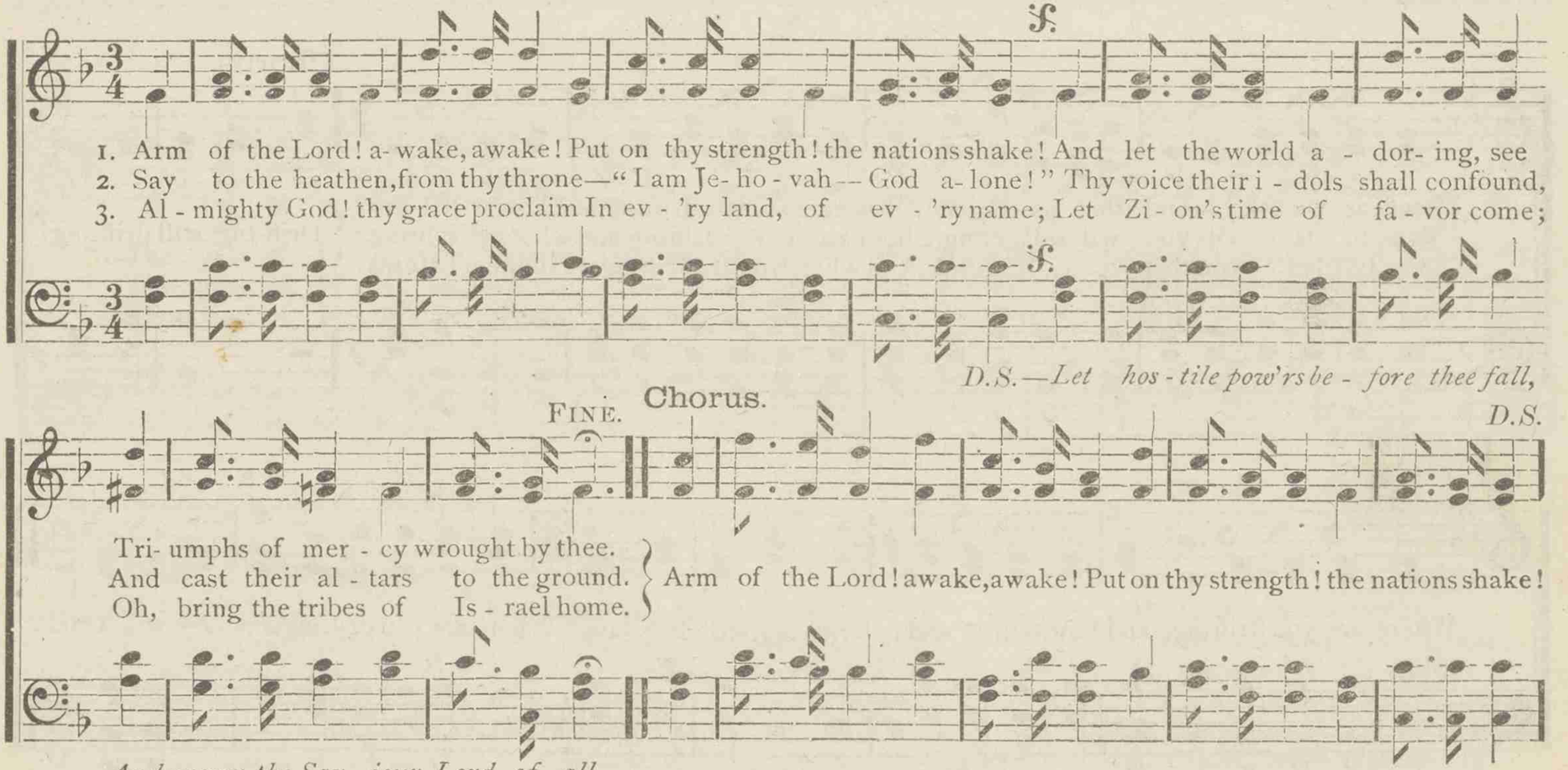
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I will Praise the Name of Jesus.—Concluded.



231. Arm of the Lord, Awake!

Anon. *"Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion."*—Isa. 52 : 1. I. BALTZELL.



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232. Where are You Drifting?

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—Prov. 23: 32.

E. A. BARNES. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Oh, you that have fall - en a vic - tim to drink, Just pause, we beseech you, one mo- ment to think; Take
2. The cup of the tempt-er, how rud - dy its gleam! But what it is hid - ing, how lit - tle you dream! As
3. You fol - low a cap - tive to life's bit- ter foe, Un-heed- ing the dan - ger as on - ward you go, But

Chorus.

heed as we ask you and that as a friend, Oh, where are you drifting, and how will it end?
thus to its e - vils you wil- fully cling, Oh, where are you drifting, and what will it bring?
see just before you that ter - rible brink, And where you are drifting we shudder to think.

} Drift-ing, still drift-ing!

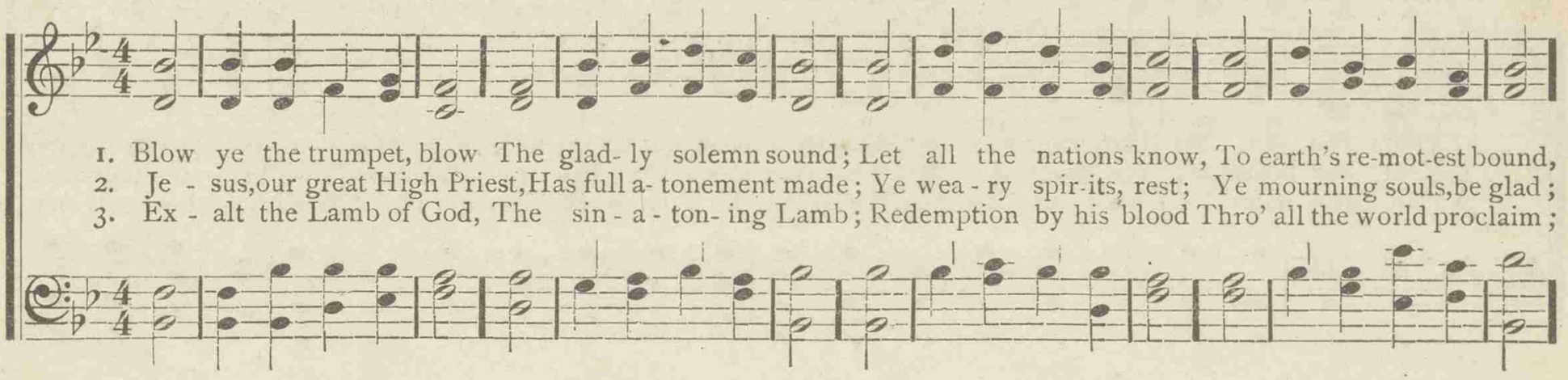
Where are you drifting, and how will it end? Drift- ing, still drift - ing! Where are you drifting, and how will it end?

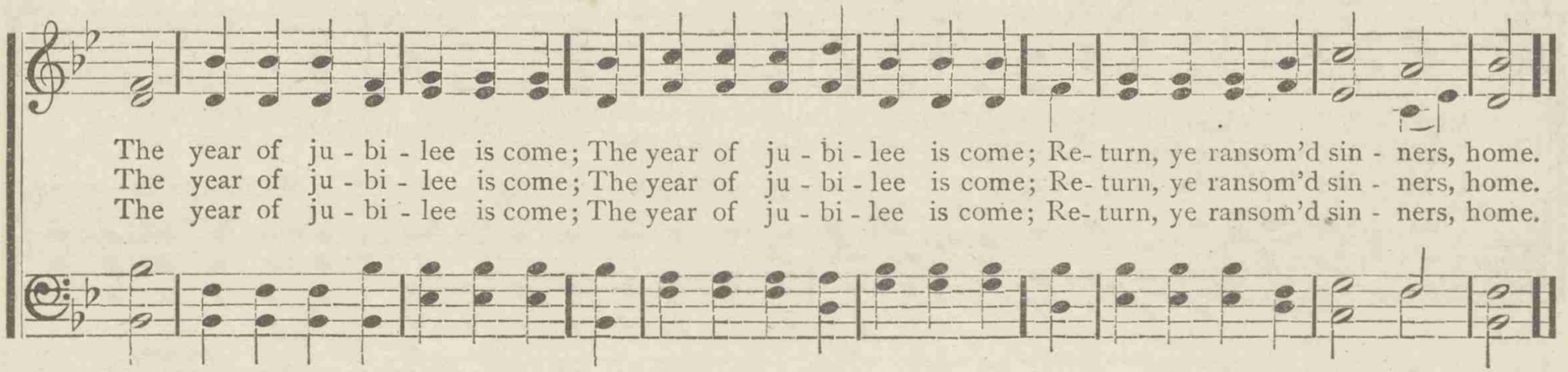
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233. Blow Ye the Trumpet.

"Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound."—Lev. 25: 9.

CHAS. WESLEY. EDSON.





234.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

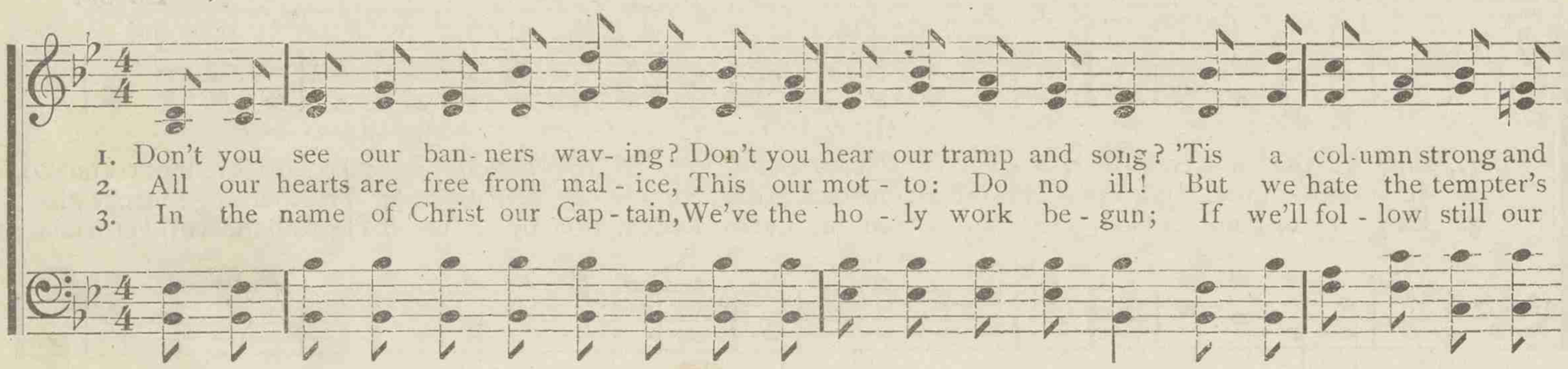
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 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.

235. The Temperance Army.

"For they shall march with an army."—Jer. 46: 22.

T. CORBEN, D.D. E. S. LORENZ.



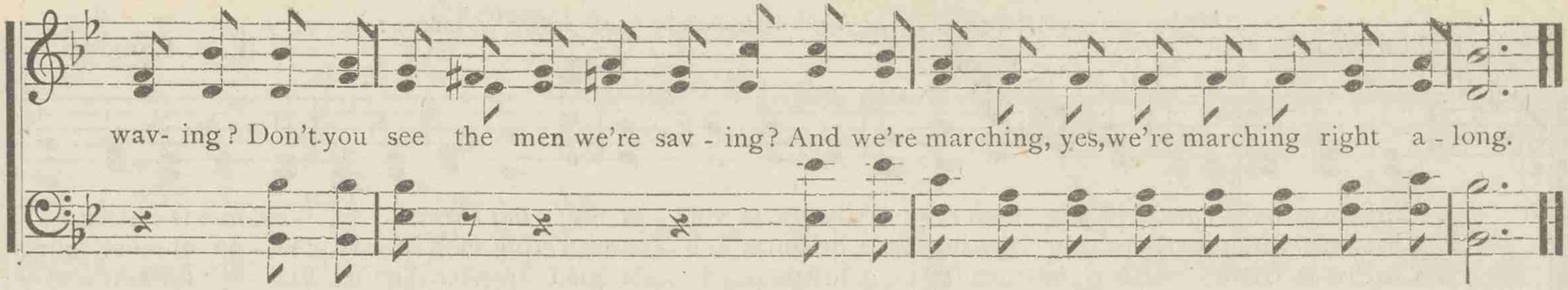
Chorus.





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The Temperance Army.—Concluded.



236. Rally, Children, Rally.

"Touch not; taste not; handle not."—Col. 2: 21.

CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.



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237. Christmas Bells.

"I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—Luke 2 : 10.

D. B. PURINTON. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Christmas bells are chim-ing mer-ri-ly, Christmas voic-es ring-ing cheer-i-ly, Welcome the notes of
2. Christmas chimes are peal-ing joy-ful-ly, Christmas ech-oes answering mer-ri-ly, Out on the list-'ning
3. Christmas friends with garlands meeting us, Christmas car-ols glad-ly greet-ing us, Ech-o the notes of

sa-cred mirth, Wel-come the notes of sa-cred mirth; Ev-'ry bo-som thrills with hap-pi-ness,
Christ-mas air, Out on the list-'ning Christ-mas air. Peace on earth the notes are car-ol-ing,
joy a-gain, Ech-o the notes of joy a-gain. Tell of love, di-vine-ly glo-ri-ous,

Ev-'ry heart for-gets its heav-i-ness, Tells of the Sav-iour's won-drous birth, Tells of the Saviour's
Joy and gladness to the suf-fer-ing, Ring out the tid-ings ev-'ry-where, Ring out the tid-ings
Tell of life, o'er death vic-to-ri-ous, "Peace on earth, good will to men," "Peace on earth, good

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Chorus.

won - drous birth. } Ring, ring the mer - ry, mer - ry bells, The mer - ry, mer - ry bells, the
ev - 'ry - where. }
will to men." } Ring, O ring,

Christmas bells! Ring out the joy their mu - sic tells, The mer - ry, mer - ry Christ-mas bells.
Ring out the joy,

238. Now a New Year.

"Take fast hold of instruction."—Prov. 4: 13.

Arr. by W. A. OGDEN.

1. Now a new year o - pens, Now we new - ly turn To the ho - ly Sav - iour, Les-sons new to learn.
2. This the ho - ly les - son On the year's first day, Je - sus by o - be - dience Teach us to o - bey.
3. Not to suf - fer on - ly, Saviour, didst thou come, But to leave us way - marks Point-ing to our home.
4. In thy bless-ed foot-steps Ev - er may we tread, Safe when keeping near thee, By thy Spir - it led.

239. The Babe of Bethlehem.

"They saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him."—Matt. 2 : 11.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

Solo.

1. Would I had been at Beth - le hem That hap - py morn of old, To bend a - dor - ing
2. Would I had dwelt in Beth - le-hem When all the inns were fill'd; My low - ly roof had
3. How blest to of - fer rest and food To his sweet moth - er mild; To kneel be - side the

there with them Who of - fer'd gifts and gold.
shel ter'd them, My heart with glad-ness thrill'd.
man - ger rude And watch the ho - ly child.

Solo or Quartet.

If such a joy had then been thine, With
Then do you hear when Je - sus calls, "O -
Still there are friend - less chil-dren left To

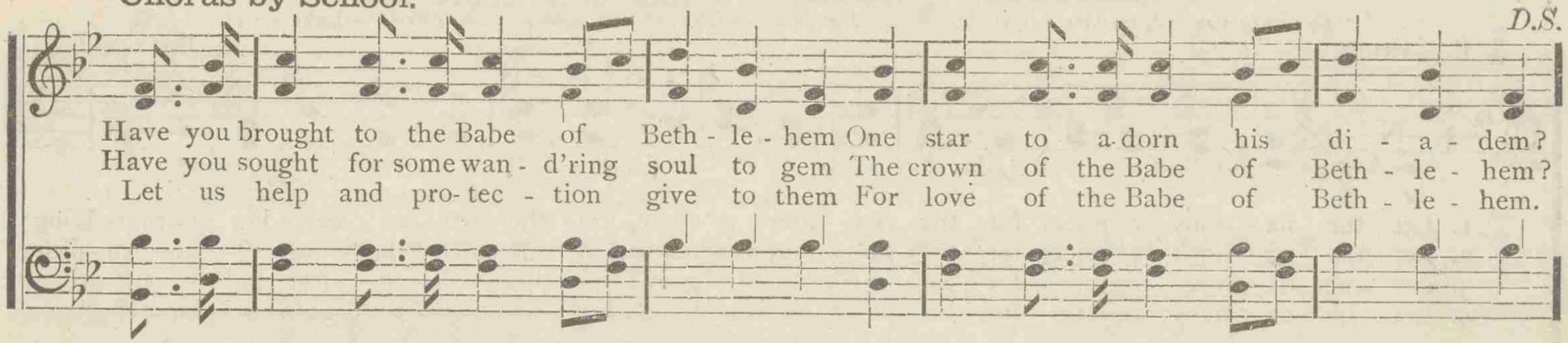
cost - ly gems to part, Have you of - fer'd up - on his shrine, That roy - al gift, your heart?
- pen to me your door?" Have you shel-ter'd with - in your walls His hun - gry, home - less poor;
cher - ish for his sake; There are moth - ers for-lorn, be - reft Our com - fort to par - take;

FINE.

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The Babe of Bethlehem.—Concluded.

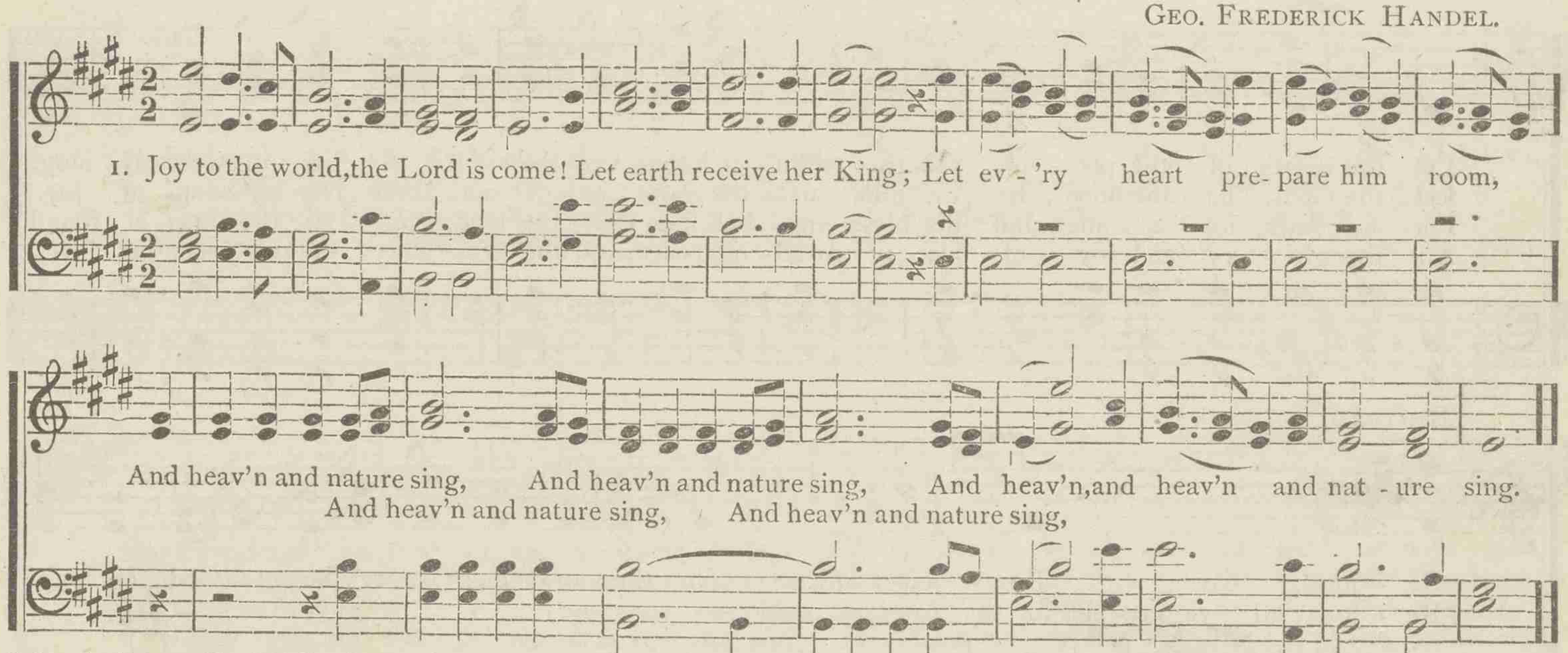
Chorus by School.



240. Joy to the World.

"On earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2 : 14.

GEO. FREDERICK HANDEL.



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

3 No more let sins and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

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

241. Rejoice, the Lord is Come!

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—Luke 2 : 11.

J. B. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

1. Let the na - tions re-joice, for the Sav - iour is come, Let the earth re - ceive her glo-rious King;
2. Let the na - tions re-joice, for the Sav - iour now reigns, Let the earth its songs of peace em - ploy;
3. Let the na - tions re-joice, for no sor - row shall grow, Nei - ther thorns in - fest the fer - tile ground;
4. Let the na - tions re joice for his pow - er and grace, For he makes the guilt - y sin - ner prove

Let the hearts of the peo - ple pre- pare him a home, Let the choir an - gel - ic sweet - ly sing.
Let the fields, let the floods, let the hills and the plains Car - ol out their hap- py songs of joy.
For he comes, for he comes, and his bless - ings shall flow O'er the land, far as the curse is found.
All the glo - ry and joy of his in - dwell - ing peace, And the won - ders of re - deem - ing love.

Refrain.

Re - joice, Re - joice, Join the an-them, "Glo - ry be to God on high!"
Re - joice, all ye peo-ple, for the Lord is come,

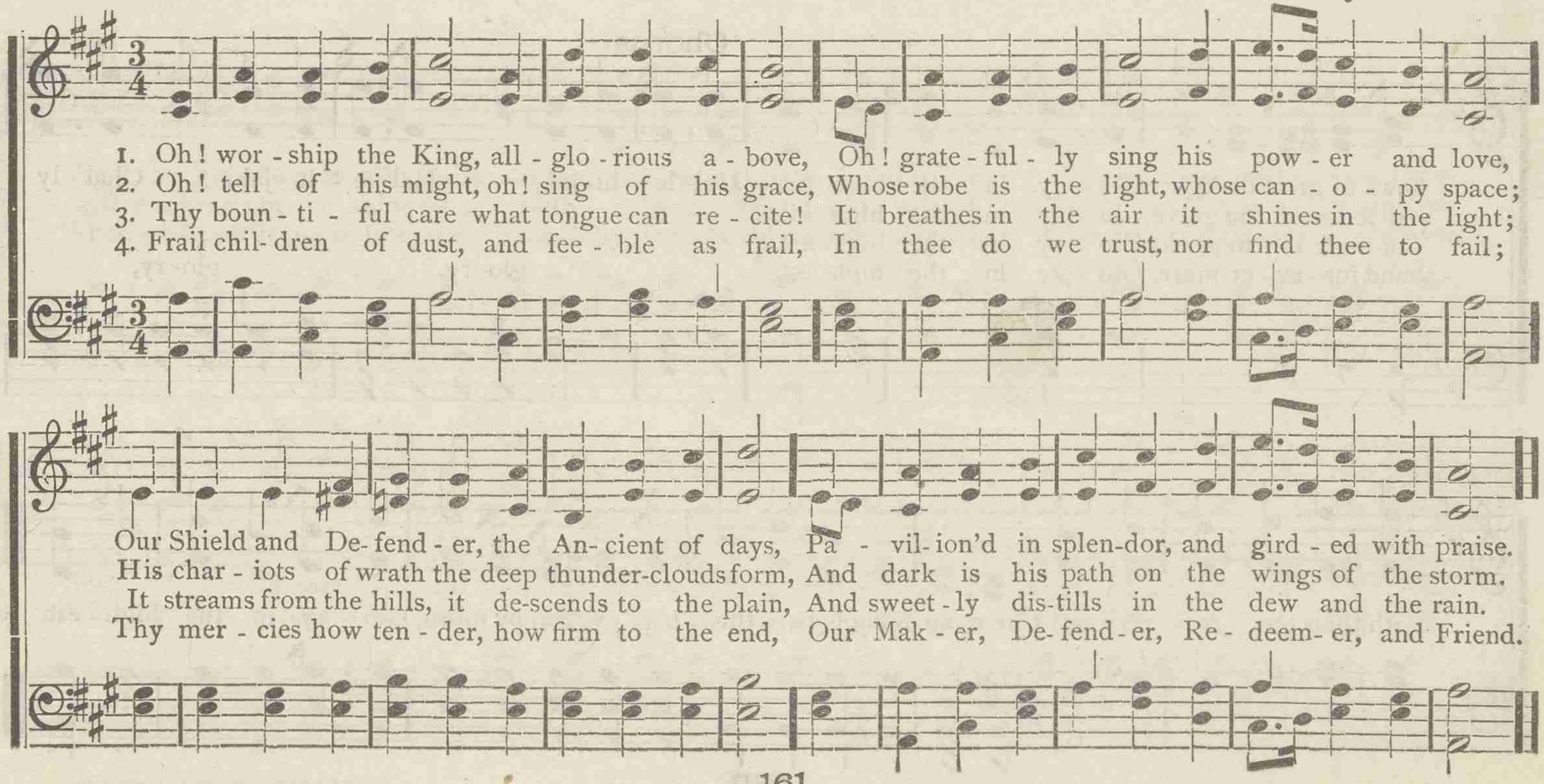
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Rejoice, the Lord is Come!—Concluded.



242. Oh! Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. *"I will extol thee, my God, O King."*—Psa. 145: 1. F. J. HAYDN.



243. Glory in the Highest.

"*Praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest.*"—Luke 2: 13, 14.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Hear the an - gels sing a - bove the star- ry night, Glo - ry in the high - est; We have come to bring you
2. He has come to break the fet- ters of the slave, Glo - ry in the high - est; He has come to wake the
3. He has bro't us balm to bid our sorrows cease, Glo - ry in the high - est; And his voice shall calm all
4. Call his ex - iles home from ev - 'ry dis-tant shore, Glo - ry in the high - est; Let the heav'nly dome re -

Chorus.

news of great de-light, Glo - ry in the high- est. Hal- le - lu- jah, Hal- le - lu - jah, Glad - ly
si- lence of the grave, Glo - ry in the high- est.
tu-mult in - to peace, Glo - ry in the high- est.
- sound for - ev - er more, Glo - ry in the high- est.

glo- ry. glo- ry,

earth, thou too re - pli - est! Christ our King is born this hap- py, hap-py morn, Glo - ry in the high - est.

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244. Hymn for the New Year.

"Therefore shall the people praise Thee forever and ever."—Psa. 45: 17.

Rev. J. D. BURNS. W. J. BALTZELL.

1. At thy feet our God and Fa - ther, Who hast blest us all our days, We with grateful hearts would gather,
2. Je - sus, for thy love most ten - der, On the cross for sin - ners shown, We would praise thee,and surrender
3. Ev - 'ry day will be the bright-er When thy gracious face we see; Ev - 'ry bur-den will be light- er

And be- gin the year with praise: —Praise for light so bright - ly shin-ing On our steps from heav'n a - bove,
All our hearts to be thine own. With so blest a Friend pro - vid- ed We up - on our way would go,
When we know it comes from thee. Spread thy love's broad banner o'er us, Give us strength to serve and wait,

Praise for mer-cies dai - ly twin - ing Round us gold-en cords of love, Round us gold-en cords of love.
Sure of be- ing safe - ly guid - ed, Guar - ded well from ev - 'ry foe, Guard - ed well from ev - 'ry foe.
Till thy glo- ry breaks be- fore us Thro' the cit - y's o - pen gate, Thro' the cit - y's o - pen gate.

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245. The Prince of Life.

"In thy name shall they rejoice all the day."—Psa. 89 : 16.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1

{ Let us re- joice! Praise the Lord! Heart and voice Praise the Lord! For the valiant Prince of Life Conquers
{ Let us re- joice! Praise the Lord! Heart and voice Praise the Lord! (*Omit*.....

2

death in bit - ter strife;
.....) Hail the Victor! Hail the Prince of Life!

Duet, or Semi-Chorus.

1. Death re - joic-ing o'er his prey, Boasts that
2. Cloth'd no more in gloomy night, Now shall
3. Let the world's thanksgiving rise, Ech - o

yield-ing to his sway E'en the might-y Prince of Life in darkness lies;
death the soul af-fright, He has lost the bit- ter sting for ev- er - more!
thro' the vaulted skies, Darkness flies, the gloom of night has pass'd a- way;

But his boasts are all in vain,
Cloth'd in ev - er - last-ing day,
Death is now an an-gel bright,

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The Prince of Life.—Concluded.

Chorus.

For no lon-ger shall he reign, From the grave behold the Christ in pow'r a- rise.
Death now leads the soul a- way To the land of joy where Christ has gone before.
And the grave a gate of light, And we sleep but to a- wake in realms of day.

Praise the Lord!..... for
Praise the Lord! for

he is ris - en, Burst- ing from..... death's gloomy pris - on; Praise the
he is ris - en, he is ris - en, Bursting from death's gloomy pris-on, gloomy pris - on;

Lord!..... for he is ris - en! For the grave is vanquish'd, death is dead.
Praise the Lord! for he is ris - en, he is ris-en,

246. Hallelujah, We Sing.

"It is meet that we should make merry, and be glad."—Luke 15: 32.

AMICUS. W. J. BALTZELL.

1. This fes - ti - val day we'll be hap - py and gay, As we gath - er from val - ley, hill and plain;
2. Praise God for his care thro' the long, wea - ry year For his mer - cy so boundless, and so free;—
3. Now, free from all care we will of - fer our pray'r To our Fa - ther, who hears us when we pray;
4. Then sing, chil-dren, sing, glad as birds on the wing; Swell the an - thems of joy a - long the way;

We'll sing of God's love with the an - gels a - bove: Will you join in the hap - py, glad re - frain?
For his won - der - ful grace, in be - stow - ing a place In his church, to the chil - dren, such as we.
We'll praise him with song as we jour - ney a - long To our home where 'tis al - ways "Children's Day."
Let hap - pi - ness reign while we chant the re - frain, On this joy - ous and hap - py "Children's Day."

Chorus.

Hal - le - lu - jah we sing To our Sav - iour, King! Let us all shout and sing the glad re - frain!

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Hallelujah, We Sing.—Concluded.

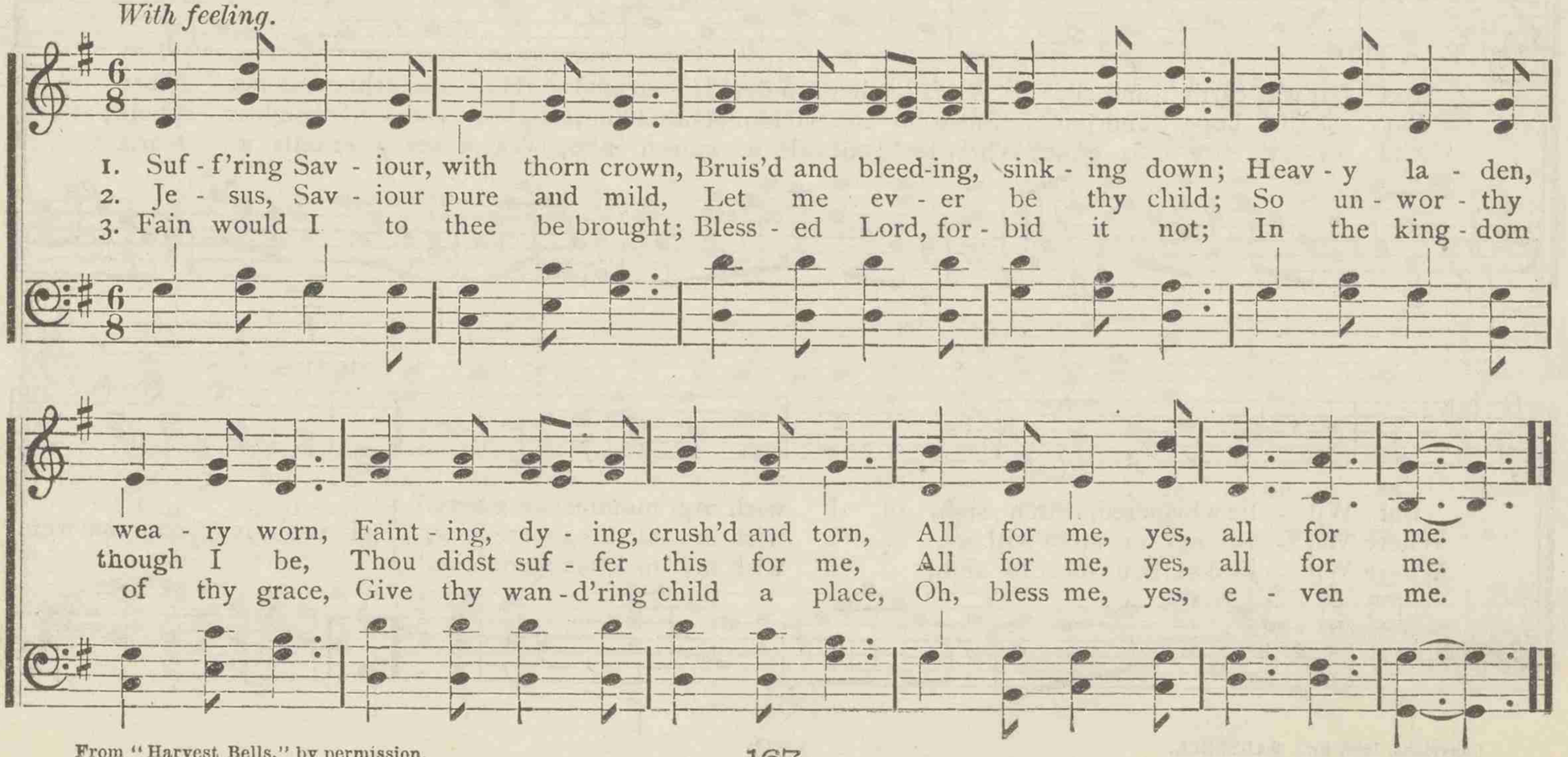


247. All for Me.

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head."—Matt. 27: 29.

Anon. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

With feeling.



From "Harvest Bells," by permission.

248. I Wish my Mamma were Here.

"Willie was dying. His mother had died but a little while before. While his heart-broken papa was watching by his little cot, Willie whispered, 'I wish my mamma were here.'"

AMICUS. I. BALTZELL.

Solo.

1. The birdlings sang their ear-ly notes And war-bled, spring, is nigh; The leaf - lets budded on the trees,
2. The moth-er dear had pass'd a - way, And left her dar- ling boy To cheer the father's heart a - while—
3. An - oth - er harp is tun'd on high, A new star in the crown That decks the dear Redeemer's brow,

And fair was earth and sky; A fa - ther ten-der - ly caressed His prat - tling boy so dear;
To be his hope and joy; But soon the Saviour claim'd him, too, For yon - der brighter sphere;
And ev-'ry care is gone: Where lov'd ones all a - gain u - nite, Where nev - er falls a tear,

Chorus.

But Wil - lie whispered, with a sigh, "I wish my mamma were here."
Where Wil - lie nev - er - more will say, "I wish my mamma were here."
Where Wil - lie dwells, no more to sigh, "I wish my mamma were here."
} "I wish my mam-ma were

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I Wish my Mamma were Here.—Concluded.

here," "I wish my mamma were here:" Pa - pa, pa - pa, "I wish my mamma were here."

249. In the New Jerusalem.

"But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all."—Gal. 4: 26.

Rev. CHAS. BEECHER. JOHN J. HUSBAND.

1. We are on our jour - ney home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet a - round his throne,
2. We can see that dis - tant home, Tho' the clouds rise dark be - tween: Faith views the ra - diant dome,
3. O glo - ry shin - ing far From the nev - er - set - ting sun! O trem-bling morn - ing star!
4. O ho - ly heav'n - ly home! O rest e - ter - nal there! When shall the ex - ile come

When he makes his peo - ple one In the new, in the new
And a lus - tre flash - es keen From the new, from the new
Our jour - ney's al - most done To the new, to the new
Where they cease from earth - ly care, In the new, in the new

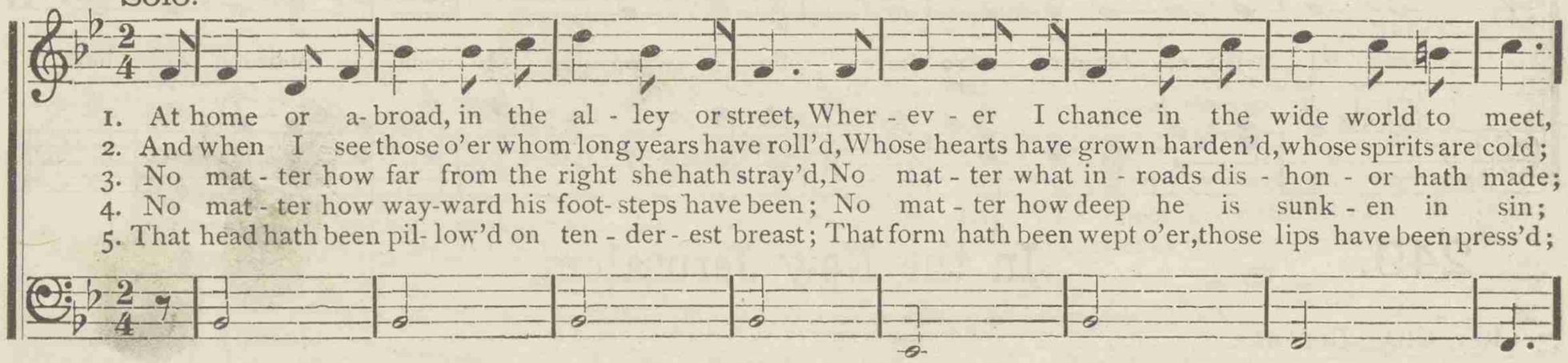
Je - ru - sa - lem.
In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

250. 'Tis Some Mother's Child.

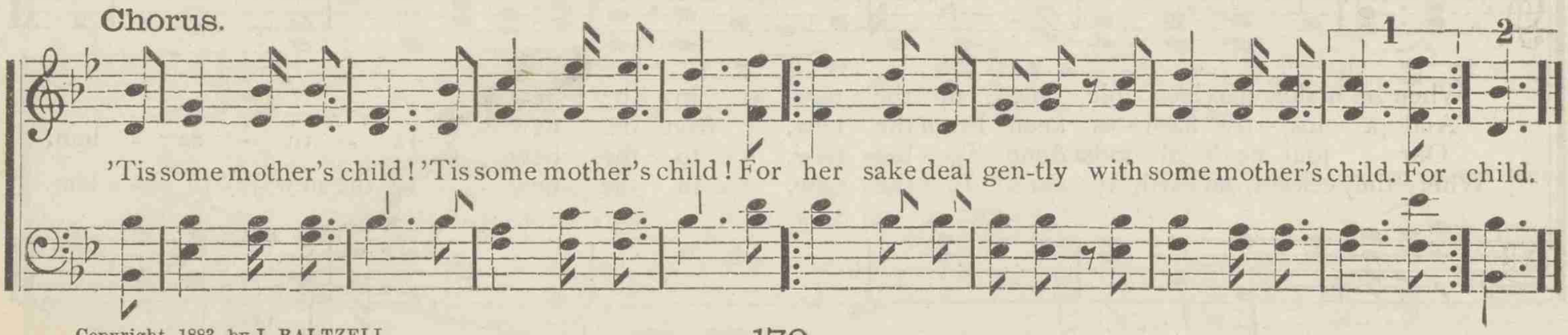
Respectfully dedicated to the Christian workers everywhere.

FRANCIS L. KEELER. I. BALTZELL.

Solo.



Chorus.



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251. According to Thy Word.

(ANTHEM.)

Psalm 119: 9.

E. S. LORENZ.

Duet or Quartet.

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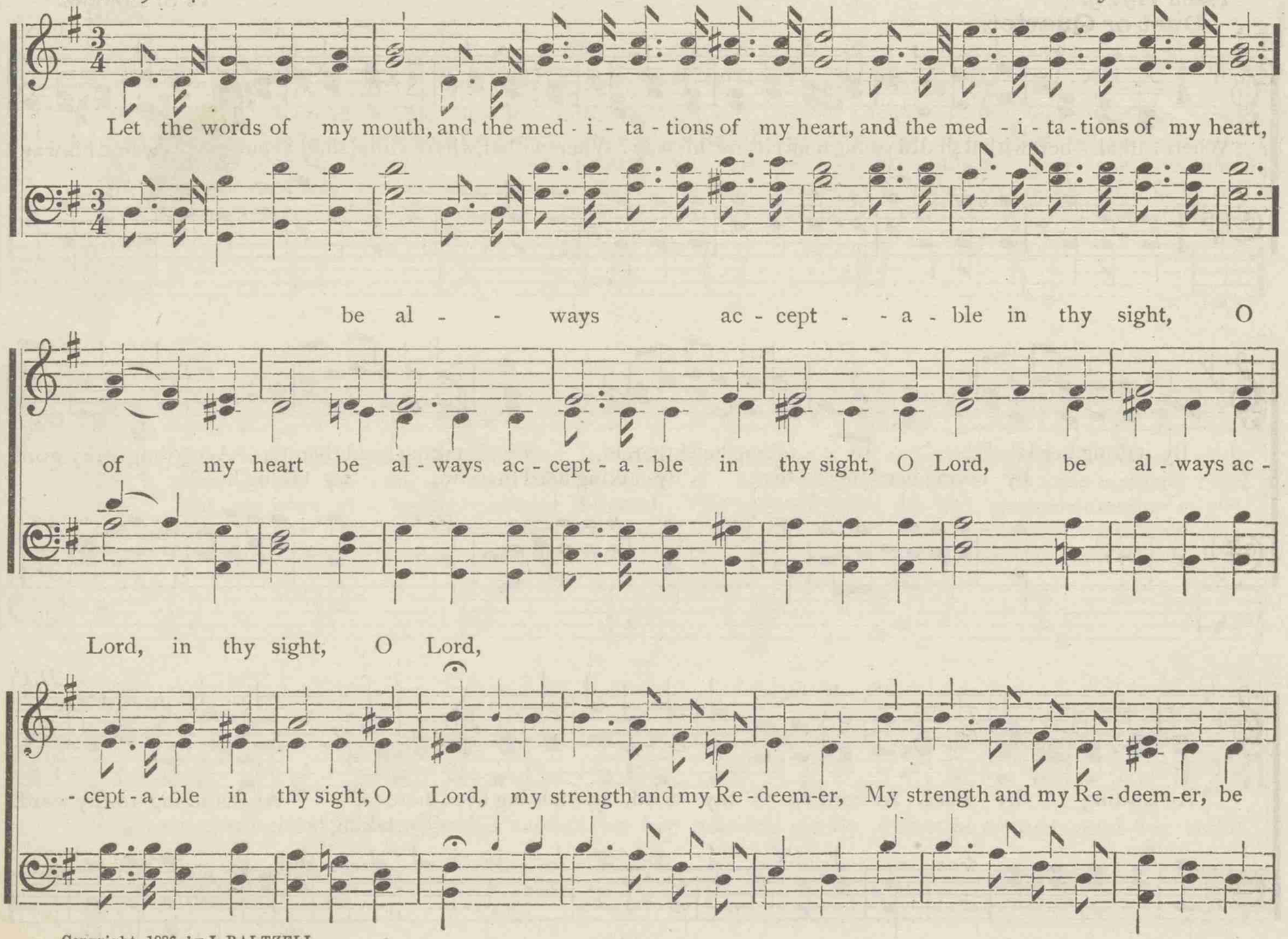
252.

Let the Words of my Mouth.

(ANTHEM.)

Psalm 19: 14.

W. J. BALTZELL.



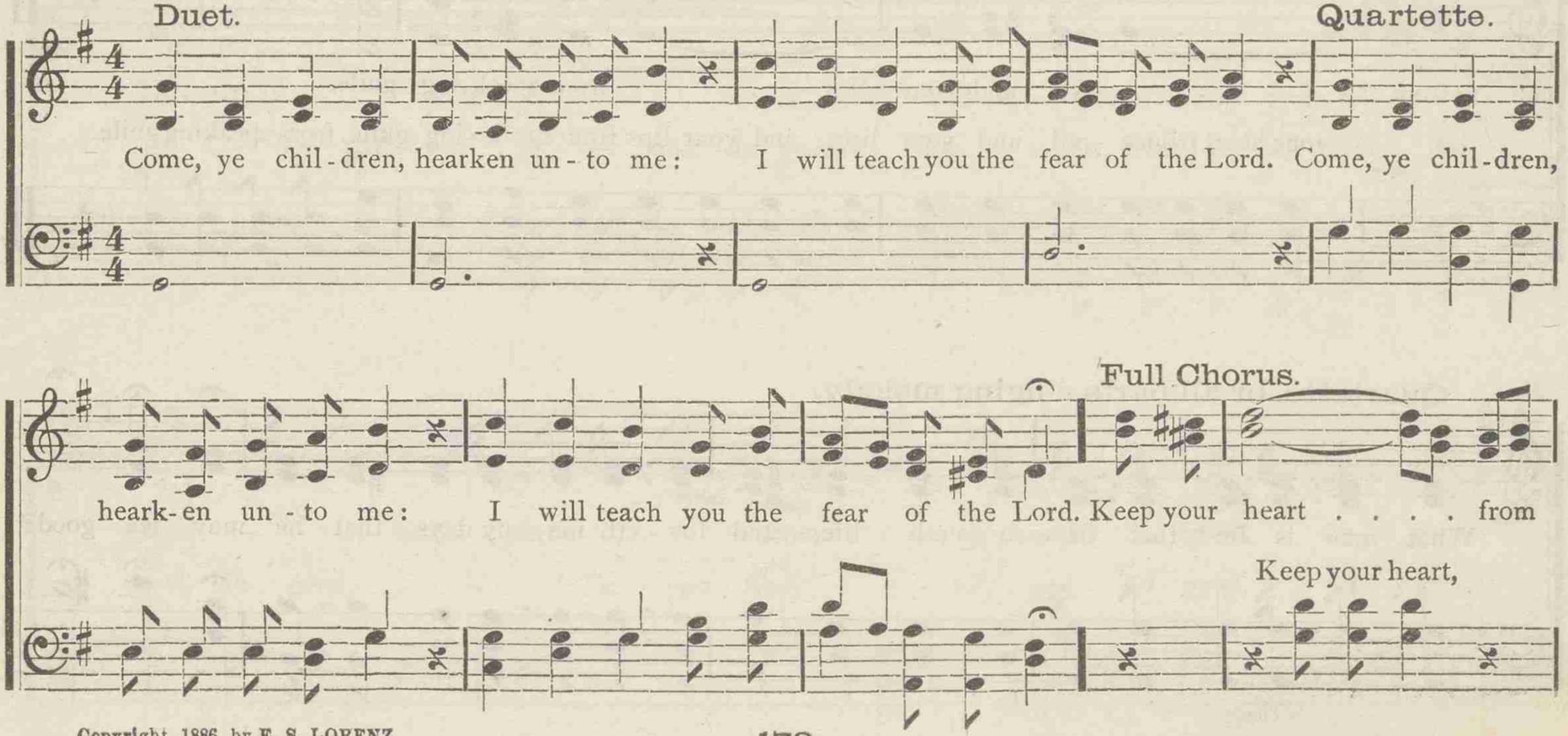
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Let the Words of my Mouth.—Concluded.



253. Come, ye Children.

Psalm 34: 11–14. (ANTHEM.) E. S. LORENZ.



Copyright, 1886, by E. S. LORENZ.

e - - - vil and your lips . . . . from speaking guile, Keep your heart . . . . .

your heart from e - vil and your lips from speaking guile, from speaking guile, Keep your heart,

FINE.

from e - - - vil and your lips . . . . from speak-ing guile.

your heart from e - vil and your lips, and your lips from speak - ing guile, from speaking guile.

Quartette, or all parts singing melody.

What man is he that de - sir - eth life and lov - eth ma - ny days that he may see good?

Come, ye Children.—Concluded.

What man is he that de - sir - eth life and lov - eth ma - ny days that he may see good?

Full Chorus.

De - part from e - - - - - vil and do good, ... and do

De - part from e - vil and do good, De - part from e - vil and do

D.C.

good, De - part from e - vil and do good, do good.

good, do good, De - part from e - vil and do good, do good.

254. Forbid them Not.

(ANTHEM.)

Luke 18: 16.

D. E. LORENZ.

Duet.

Suf- fer lit-tle chil-dren to come un- to me, and for - bid them not, and for - bid them not.
Suf - fer lit- tle chil- dren to come,

Tutti.

FINE.

Suf - fer lit - tle chil-dren to come un - to me, and for - bid them not, and for - bid them not.

D.S.

For of such is the kingdom, for of such is the kingdom, for of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of God.

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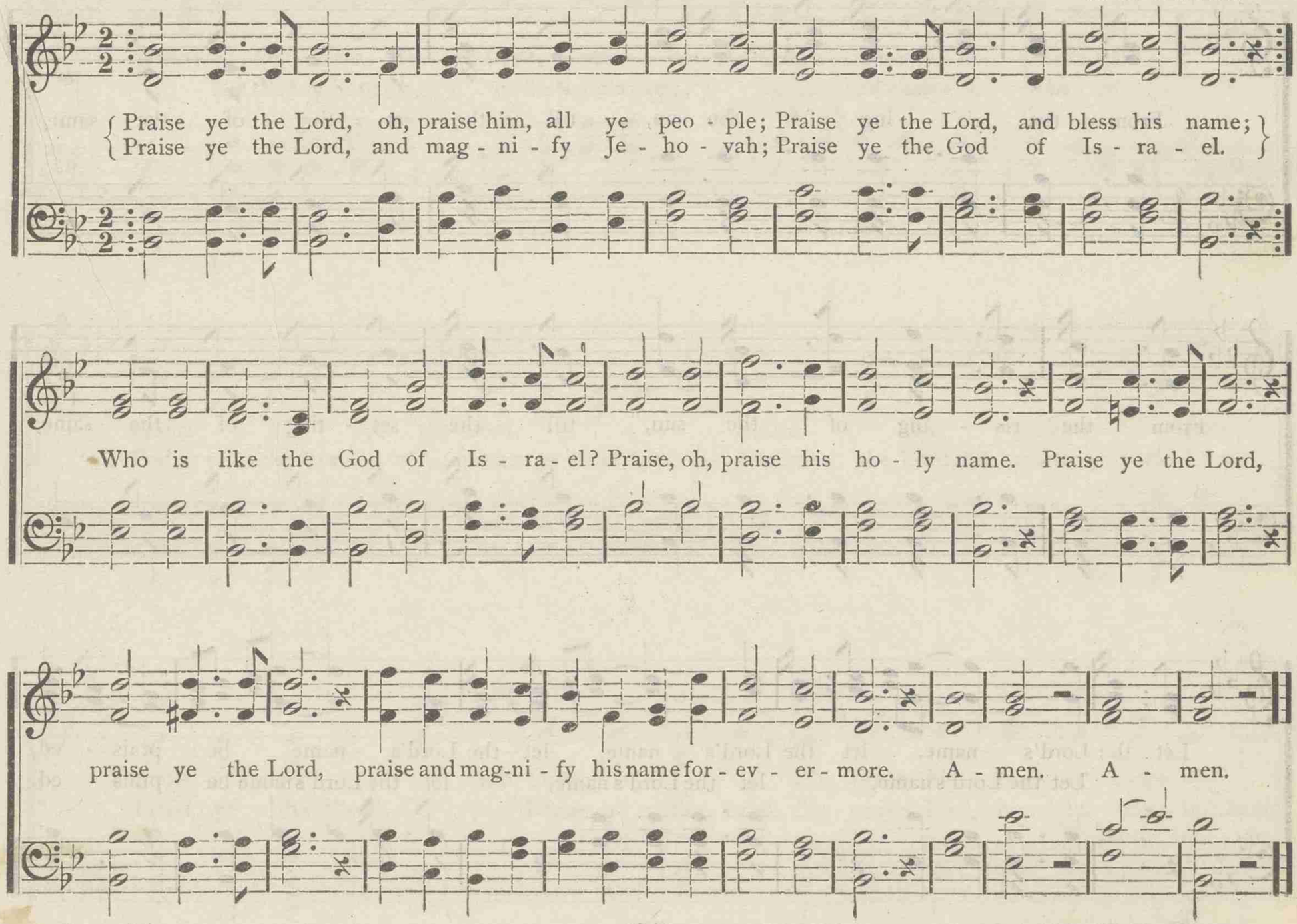
255.

Praise Ye the Lord.

(ANTHEM.)

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

R. G. STAPLES.

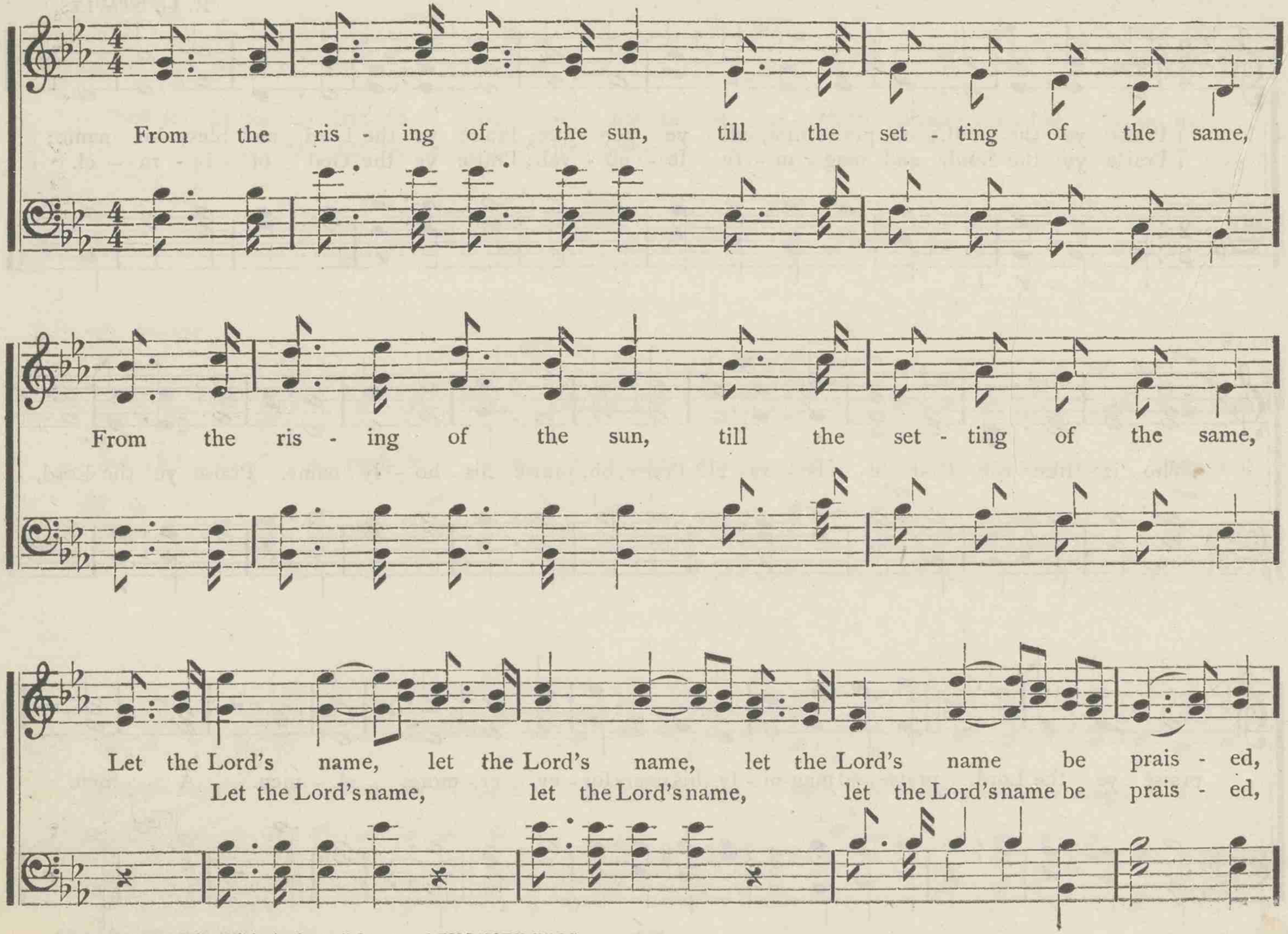


By permission.

256. From the Rising of the Sun.

(ANTHEM.)

Psalm 113: 3. J. B. HERBERT.



From HERBERT'S "Bible Anthems," by per. of FILLMORE BROS.

From the Rising of the Sun.—Concluded.

FINE.

After D.C.

Let the Lord's name, let the Lord's name, let the Lord's name be prais - ed. A - men.
Let the Lord's name, let the Lord's name, let the Lord's name be prais - ed.

Praise ye the Lord, Praise him, praise him,
Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Oh, praise ye the Lord,

D.C.

Praise ye the Lord, Oh, praise his ho - ly name.
Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Oh, praise his ho - ly, ho - ly name.

257. Ho, Every One That Thirsteth!

Isaiah 55: 1. (ANTHEM.) FRANK M. DAVIS.

Ho, ev-'ry one that thirst-eth! Ho, ev-'ry one that thirst-eth! Ho, ev-'ry one that thirst-eth,

come ye to the wa-ters. Come ye to the wa-ters, and he that hath no mon-ey, Come ye,

FINE.

come ye buy..... and eat. Yea, come buy wine and milk with-out mon-ey and with-out price.

D.C.

258. The Ten Commandments.

I.

SUPT.—Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.
Response sung by the school.

II.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them: for I, the Lord, thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.
Response sung by the school.

III.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.
Response sung by the school.

IV.

SUPT.—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord, thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.
Response sung by the school.

V.

SUPT.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord, thy God, giveth thee.
Response sung by the school.

VI.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not kill.
Response sung by the school.

VII.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.
Response sung by the school.

VIII.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not steal.
Response sung by the school.

IX.

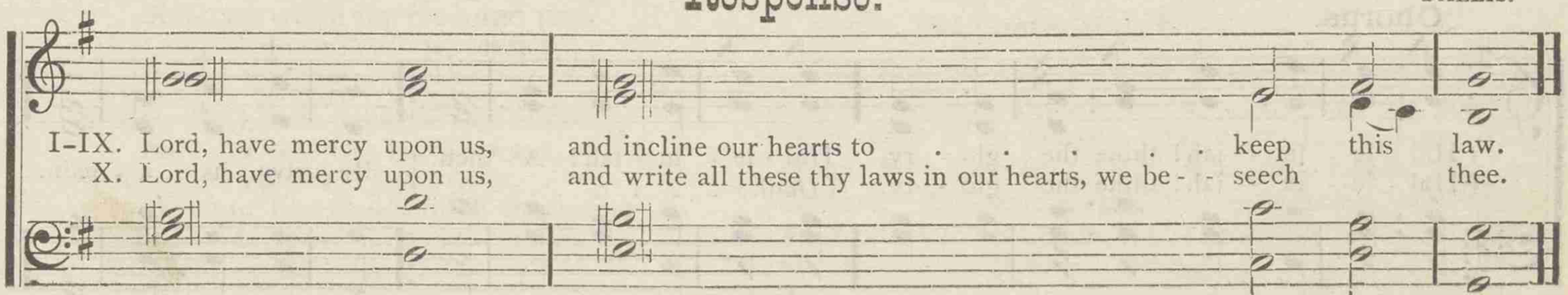
SUPT.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
Response sung by the school.

X.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.
Last Response sung by the school.

Response.

TALLIS.



259. Responsive Service.

SUPT.—The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with his right hand *to be* a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.

School sings 1st stanza as Response.

SUPT.—Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.

School sing 2nd stanza as Response.

SUPT.—Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed.

School sing 3rd stanza as Response.

SUPT.—What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost *which is* in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.

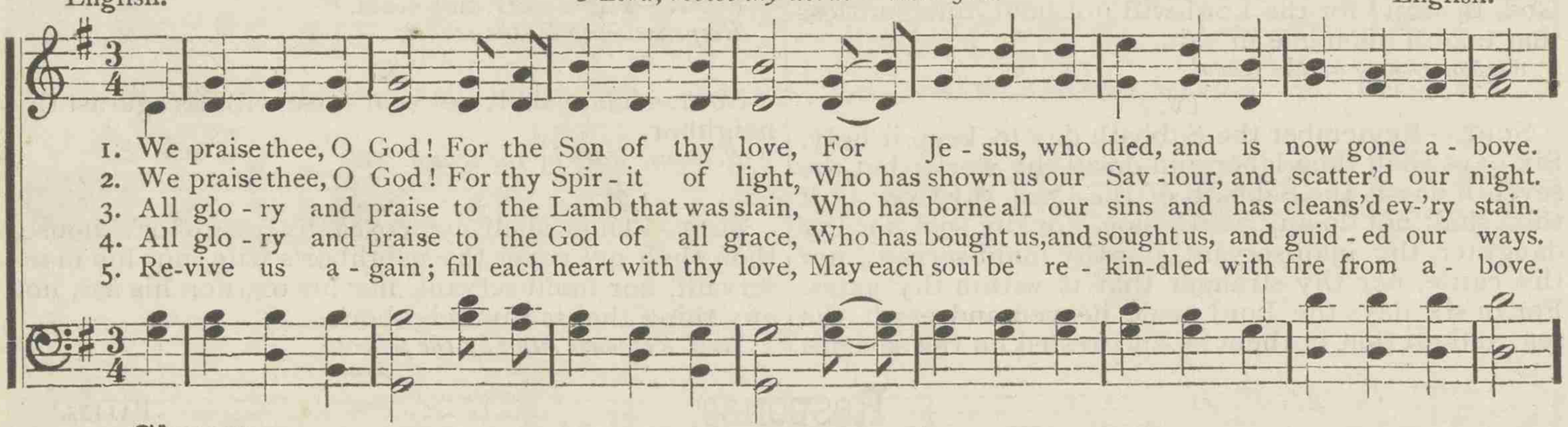
School sing 4th stanza as Response.

SUPT.—O Lord, I have heard thy speech *and* was afraid: O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy.

School sing 5th stanza as Response.

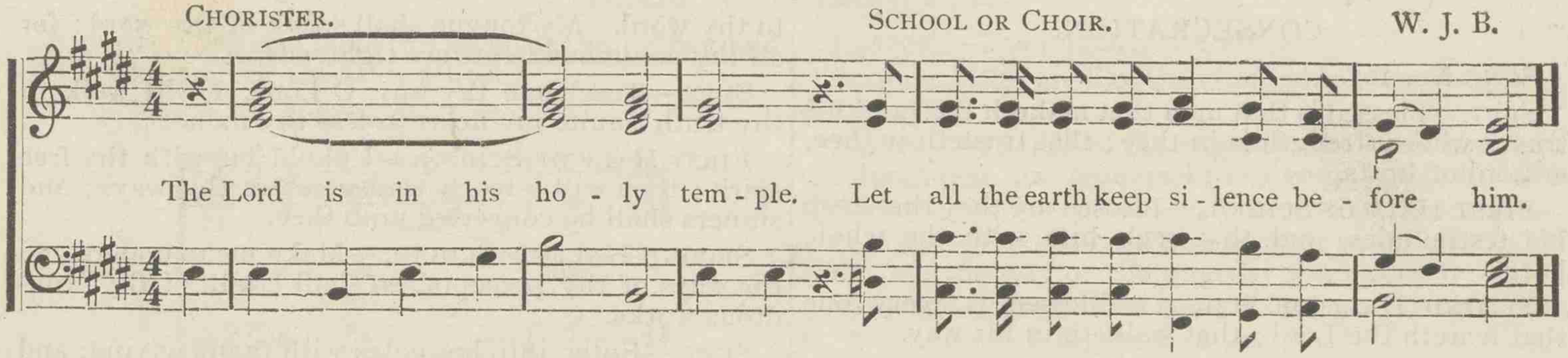
We Praise Thee, O God.

English. *"O Lord, revive thy work."*—Hab. 3 : 2. English.



260. Responsive Service.

Arranged by MARION LAWRENCE.



SUPT.—How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.

ASST. SUPT. (*Rising.*)—My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

TEACHERS. (*Rising.*)—For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

ALL. (*Rising.*)—O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

(INVOCATION.)

Sing. (Tune NETTLETON, page 117.)

1 Heavenly Father, wilt thou bless us
In our Sunday school to-day?
Bless us, while we sing thy praises,
Bless us, while we read and pray.
‖: Father, bless us, Father, bless us,
In our Sunday school to-day. :‖

2 May our hands perform thy bidding,
May our feet run in thy ways,
May our eyes see Jesus only,
May our lips speak forth thy praise.
‖: Saviour, hear us, Saviour, hear us,
Is our earnest cry to-day. :‖

PASTOR.—I will extol thee, my God, O King, and I will bless thy name forever and ever.

FIRST DIV.—The Lord is gracious and full of compassion; slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.

SECOND DIV.—The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

FIRST DIV.—The Lord preserveth all them that love him, but all the wicked will he destroy.

SECOND DIV.—The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all them that call upon him in truth.

ALL.—O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good. For his mercy endureth forever.

Recite The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

261. Opening Exercise.

Arranged by PROF. E. L. SHUEY.

CONSECRATION.

SONG No. 165.

SUPT.—Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust: whose strength is in thee; that trusteth in thee, O Lord of hosts.

FIRST HALF OF SCHOOL.—Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

SECOND HALF OF SCHOOL.—Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his way.

SUPT.—Shew me thy ways, O Lord, teach me thy paths. Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

FIRST HALF OF SCHOOL.—Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; incline my heart unto thy testimonies and not to covetousness. Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.

SECOND HALF OF SCHOOL.—Let my cry come near before thee, O Lord; give me understanding according to thy word. My tongue shall speak of thy word: for all thy commandments are righteousness.

SUPT.—Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth; unite my heart to fear thy name.

FIRST HALF OF SCHOOL.—Uphold me with thy free spirit; then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

SECOND HALF OF SCHOOL.—Make me to understand the ways of thy precepts; so shall I talk of thy wondrous works.

SUPT.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

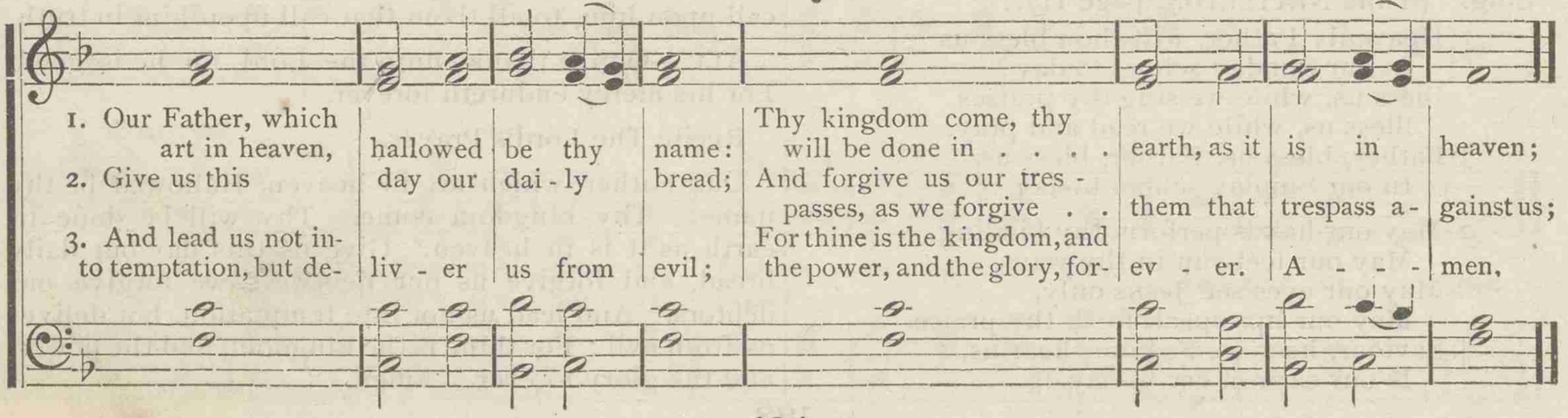
TEACHERS.—Ye that stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God, praise the Lord, for the Lord is good.

SCHOLARS.—Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will still be praising thee.

ALL.—Call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable.

CHANT. The Lord's Prayer.

262. The Lord's Prayer. Chant.



263. Opening Exercise.

Prepared by MARION LAWRENCE.

PASTOR. (*All rise.*)—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

SCHOOL OR CHOIR.

RESPONSE.



SUPT.—*Stand up* and bless the Lord your God. Sing forth the honor of his name.

(ALL STAND.)

(ITALIAN HYMN. No. 194.)

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.

PASTOR.—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,

TEACHERS.—Nor standeth in the way of sinners,

SCHOOL.—Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

PASTOR.—But his delight is in the law of the Lord;

SCHOOL.—And in his law doth he meditate day and night.

PASTOR.—And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,

SCHOOL.—That bringeth forth fruit in his season.

PASTOR.—His leaf also shall not wither;

SCHOOL.—And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

PASTOR.—The ungodly are not so:

SCHOOL.—But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

PASTOR.—Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

SCHOOL.—For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PASTOR.—Behold how good and how pleasant it is * * * to dwell together in unity.

(DENNIS. No. 100.)

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

ASST. SUPT.—Blessed be the people that know the joyful sound.

SCHOOL.—They shall walk, O Lord! in the light of thy countenance.

ASST. SUPT.—In thy name shall they rejoice all the day,

SCHOOL.—And in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

SUPT.—For the Lord is our defense, and the Holy One of Israel is our King.

ALL.—Blessed be the Lord forevermore! Amen, and Amen.

(CORONATION. No. 72.)

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

PASTOR.—Let us worship and bow down. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving.

(INVOCATION.)

264.

Opening Exercise.

Arranged by I. BALTZELL.

MISSIONARY DAY.

SING No. 107 or 185.

SUPT.—What did Jesus say concerning giving?

SCHOOL.—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

SUPT.—What kind of a giver does God most love?

SCHOOL.—"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

SUPT.—How much ought we give?

SCHOOL.—"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord, thy God, which hath given thee."

SUPT.—In what way should we honor God?

SCHOOL.—"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase."

SUPT.—What promise is made to such givers?

SCHOOL.—"So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."

SUPT.—In what spirit should we give?

SCHOOL.—"Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give, not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loves a cheerful giver."

SUPT.—What is said about receiving and giving?

SCHOOL.—"Freely ye have received, freely give."

SUPT.—Will our gifts be acceptable to God?

SCHOOL.—"If there be first a willing mind it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."

SUPT.—Should our gifts to the Lord be frequent?

SCHOOL.—"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by in store as the Lord has prospered him."

SUPT.—How does God give to us if we give liberally to him?

SCHOOL.—"Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over."

SUPT.—What does Isaiah say about liberal givers?

SCHOOL.—"The liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand."

SUPT.—What else is said about liberal givers?

SCHOOL.—"The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

SUPT.—What was God's greatest gift to us?

SCHOOL.—"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

SUPT.—Did we deserve this great gift?

SCHOOL.—"While we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

SUPT.—What should be the language of every heart for this great gift of God to us?

SCHOOL.—"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

SUPT.—What does God say we shall bring him?

SCHOOL.—"The first fruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord, thy God."

SUPT.—What should we all give him?

SCHOOL.—"We should give him our hearts, our time, our talents, our money, even ourselves."

Prayer by the Superintendent, after which let the school sing No. 200.

265. Opening Exercise.

Arranged by I. BALTZELL.

PRAISE.

SONG. No. 7.

SUPT.—Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his Sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

TEACHERS.—Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

SCHOOL.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

SONG. No. 14.

SUPT.—Both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord. Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

SCHOOL.—Oh, clap your hands, all ye people, shout unto God with the voice of triumph. Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing ye praises with understanding.

ORGANIST.—Praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

ALL.—O come, let us sing praises, sing praises to God most high.

SONG. No. 72.

SUPT.—Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.

TEACHERS.—Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

ALL.—Unto the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.

SUPT.—Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

TEACHERS.—Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name.

SCHOOL.—Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.

SUPT.—O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard: remember his marvelous works that he hath done.

TEACHERS.—Let the redeemed of the Lord say so; whom he hath redeemed and gathered them out of the land, from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south.

SCHOOL.—Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever.

SUPT.—O sing unto the Lord a new song, sing unto the Lord all the earth.

TEACHERS.—I will sing a new song unto thee, O God: upon a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings will I sing praises unto thee.

SCHOOL.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing. (*All rise at sound of bell.*)

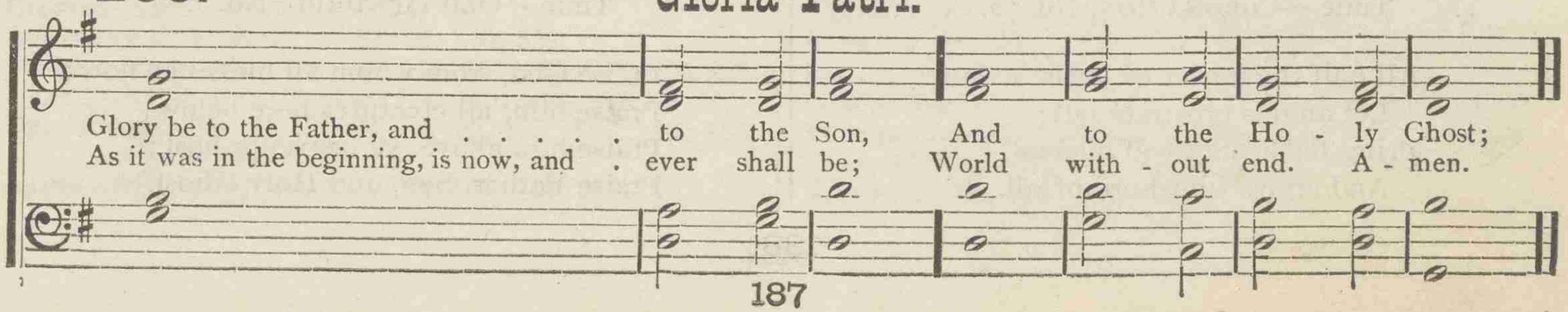
SONG. No. 230.

SUPT.—O come let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker. (*All kneel in prayer.*)

Prayer by the Superintendent.

Sing Gloria Patri.

266. Gloria Patri.



267. Closing Exercise.

Arranged by E. D. MUND.

SUPT.—O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

SCHOOL.—Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

SUPT.—Glory ye in his holy name. Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.

SCHOOL.—For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

SUPT.—Shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light.

SCHOOL.—Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

ALL.—Unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.

All sing.

Tune.—CORONATION, No. 72.

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

268. Closing Exercise.

Arranged by E. D. MUND.

SUPT.—Fear God and give glory to him; worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountain of waters.

SCHOOL.—Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy.

SUPT.—Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.

SCHOOL.—Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.

SUPT.—The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

SCHOOL.—The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

SUPT.—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

All sing.

Tune.—OLD HUNDRED, No. 7.

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.

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J. H. Raph

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