GRACE AND GLORY.

"FOR THE LORD GOD IS A SUN AND SHIELD, THE LORD WILL GIVE GRACE AND GLORY."

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

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July 1, 1881.

GRACE AND GLORY:

A Choice Collection of Sacred Songs,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

FOR

SABBATH-SCHOOLS, REVIVALS, ETC.

BY

D. E. DORTCH,

Columbia, Tenn

EDITED BY

W. G. E. CUNNYNGHAM,

Sunday-school Editor.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE:

SOUTHERN METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

1882.

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PREFACE.

FOUR years ago the author of this work issued a Sabbath-school song-book entitled "Tidings of Joy," which was favorably received and widely circulated. The demand for new song-books being so great, he was encouraged to prepare "Grace and Glory."

The author, constantly engaged in teaching music, could see and feel the wants of the public in this branch of literature, and to meet the demand great care and attention have been given to the preparation of this book. Especial care has been taken to supply the infant classes with such songs as are adapted to their needs. Many of the best authors of sacred song have contributed to this work, either in the way of new, rich, and rare gems, or of old standard favorites. These have our thanks. Many song-writers have been consulted, and nothing but the best pieces have been selected for "Grace and Glory." Its merits can be known only after a thorough test of its contents.

We submit "Grace and Glory" to the public, praying God's blessing to accompany it. D. E. DORTCH.

Columbia, Tenn., May 8, 1882.

Editorial Note.

WE have read the words of this new Sunday-school song-book carefully, and, so far as the general sentiments expressed are concerned, approve them. The poetry in Sunday-school song-books is not always of the highest order, but until this department of our literature is better supplied, we must take what we can get. As to the music, that we leave entirely with the author. We believe the book to be above the average of its kind, and recommend it to our people. W. G. E. CUNNYNGHAM, *S. S. Editor.*

Nashville, Tennessee, May, 1882.

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GRACE AND GLORY.

J. H. MARTIN. **No. 1. SPURN ME NOT. (Infant Class.)** D. E. DORTCH, by per.

3 Thou hast died for me a ransom,
Shed Thy precious blood;
Thou hast purchased full redemption,
Bought my peace with God.

4 To Thy cross my soul is clinging,
There my faith is stayed;
Make me joyful, ever singing,
"Thou my debt hast paid."

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No. 2. MAKE ME A WORKER FOR JESUS.

E. E. REXFORD. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1 Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Steadfast and ear-nest and true; Will-ing to do for the
2 Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Do-ing the work to be done; Cheerful-ly, earnest-ly,
3 Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Read-y to go where He needs; Sowing 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

CHORUS.

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.
ser - vant, Rest, for thy work is now done."

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

No. 3. WILL JESUS SAVE ME? (Infant Class.)

E. A. HOFFMAN. E. B. SMITH.

1 I'm told that Je - sus loves me— is it true? And that he yearns to have me love him, too?
2 And will he take my ma - ny sins a - way, And keep me dai - ly in the nar - row way?
3 I've heard that he has man-sions in the sky— And will he take me thith - er when I die?
4 Will Je - sus take me kind - ly by the hand, And lead me to that bright-er, bet - ter land?

FINE.

Oh, yes, yes, yes! He loves me ten - der - ly, He died to save a lit - tle child like me.
Oh, yes, yes, yes! from sin I shall be free, He died to save a lit - tle child like me.
Oh, yes, yes, yes! a mansion mine shall be, He died to save a lit - tle child like me.
Oh, yes, yes, yes! his glo - ry I shall see, He died to save a lit - tle child like me.

D. S. Oh, yes, yes, yes! He loves me ten - der - ly, He died to save a lit - tle child like me.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Will Je - sus save a lit - tle child like me? From all my sins will Je - sus set me free?

By per. of LAUER & YOST.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. # No. 4. TRIUMPH BY AND BY. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1 The prize is set be-fore us, To win, His words implore us, The eye of God is o'er us From on
2 We'll fol - low where He leadeth, We'll pas-ture where He feedeth, We'll yield to Him who pleadeth From on
3 Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri - als dark to move us, But Je - sus dear to love us There on

high, from on high; His lov - ing tones are call - ing While sin is dark ap- pal - ing, 'Tis
high, from on high; Then naught from Him shall sev - er, Our hope shall brighten ev - er, And
high, there on high; We'll give Him best en-deav - or, And praise His name for - ev - er, His

CHORUS.

Je - sus gen - tly call - ing, He is nigh, He is nigh.
Faith shall fail us nev - er, He is nigh, He is nigh.
pre-cious words can nev - er, Nev - er die, nev - er die.

} By and by we shall meet Him, By and

by we shall greet Him, And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by, by and by; By and

by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet him, And with Jesus reign in glo - ry, By and by.

No. 5. THE WAY, TRUTH, LIFE. (Infant Class.)

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. Mrs. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

Devoto.

1 Jesus, may Thy light divine, On my pathway brightly shine; O may I no longer stray, Far from Thee, the living way.
2 Savior, source of life, Thou art Shrin'd within my inmost heart; And my highest joy shall be, All to leave and follow Thee.
3 Fountain of all tenderness, Deign my humble soul to bless; Keep me ever at Thy side, Let me in Thy peace abide.
4 I would meekly bear the cross, Counting not the gain or loss; What is all the world to me, Savior, if I have but Thee.

No. 6. DO WHAT YOU CAN. (Infant Class.)

JAS. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1 Don't think there is noth-ing for chil-dren to do, Be-cause they can't work like a man;
2 You think if great rich-es you had at command, Your zeal should no wea-ri-ness know;
3 But what if you've naught but a pen-ny to give? Then give it, tho' scant-y your store;
4 Then don't be a slug-gard, and live at your ease, And life with vain pleasures be-guile;

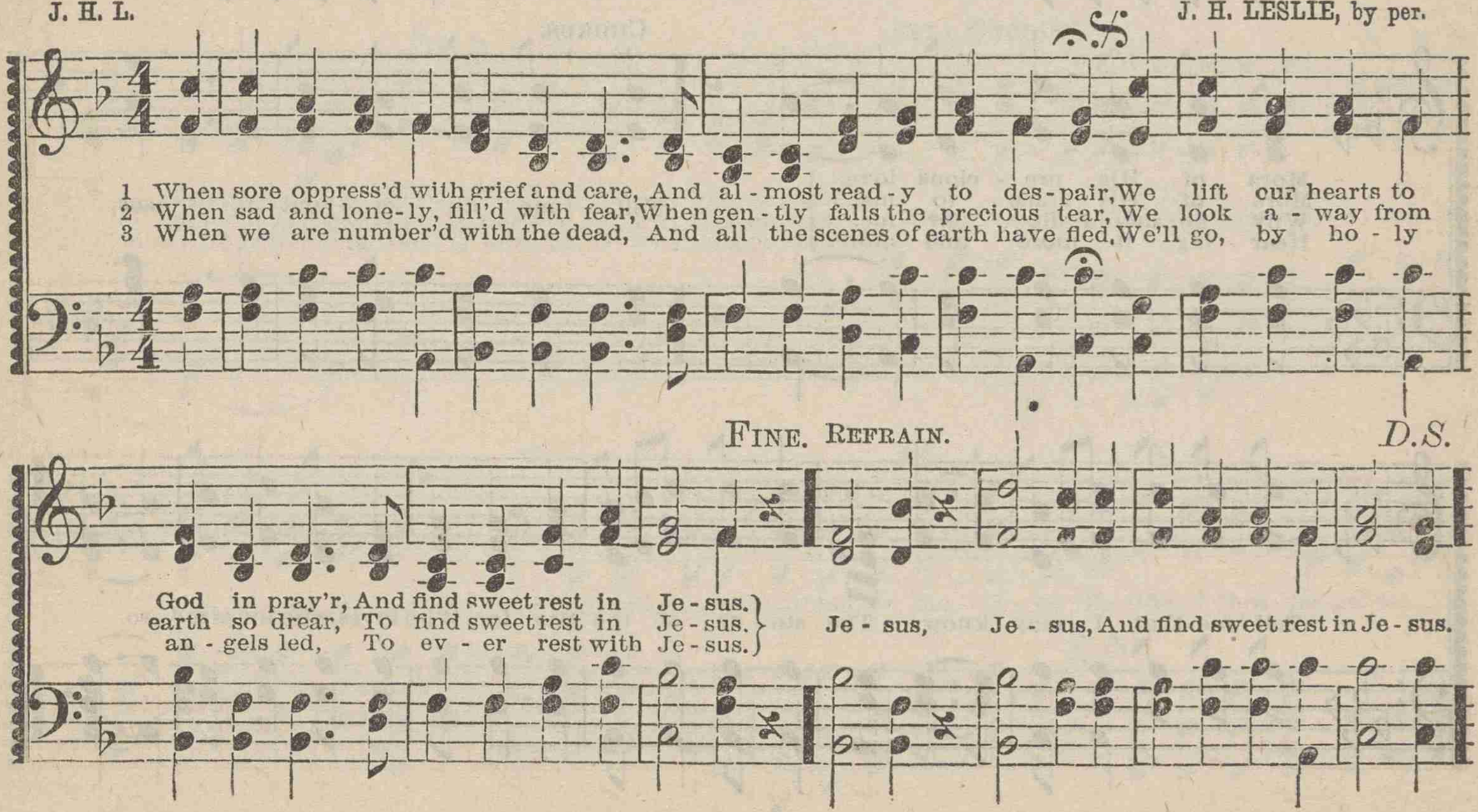
The har-vest is great and the la-bor-ers few; Then, children, do all that you can.
You'd scat-ter your wealth with a lib-er-al hand, And suc-cor the children of woe.
For those who give noth-ing when lit-tle they have, When wealthy will do lit-tle more.
But ev-er be act-ive and bus-y as bees, And God on your la-bors will smile.

CHORUS.

Then do what you can, chil-dren, do what you can, The Sav-ior is watch-ing to-day:

No. 7. SWEET REST IN JESUS. (Infant Class.)

J. H. L. J. H. LESLIE, by per.



No. 8. TELL ME ALL ABOUT JESUS.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1 Tell me all a-bout Je-sus, Who came from heav'n a-bove; Tell me more of His good-ness,
2 Tell me all a-bout Je-sus, The Lamb of Cal-va-ry; Tell me more of His mer-cy,
3 Tell me all a-bout Je-sus, Who dai-ly cares for me; Tell me why he should love me,
4 Tell me all a-bout Je-sus, Re-peat the sto-ry o'er; Nev-er shall I grow wea-ry,

More of His pre-cious love.
More of His grace to me.
Why he should die for me.
Hear-ing it more and more.

CHORUS.

Tell me all a-bout Je-sus,

Tell me that I may know, The sto-ry of the Sav-ior, Who loves, who loves me so.

No. 9. OVER THAT JASPER SEA.

DUET.

1 O - ver the tide of that jas - per sea, Soft - ly a sweet voice is call-ing to me; Loving and tender be -
2 O - ver the tide of that jas - per sea, Soft - ly the accents are pleading with me; Pleading so gently in
3 O - ver the tide of that jas - per sea, Com-eth a vis - ion of beau - ty to me; Angels are floating a -

FULL CHORUS.

seeching its tone, Dear - ly beloved, O why long-er roam?
mu-sic - al tones, Dear - ly beloved, O why long-er roam?
down from the dome, Dear - ly beloved, O why long-er roam?

Call-ing, call - ing, yes, calling for me, O - ver the

m *ff*

tide of that jas - per sea, Call - ing, call - ing, yes, call-ing for me, O - ver the tide of that jas-per sea.

GRACE GLENN.

No. 10. THE VICTOR'S SONG.

JAS. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1 We're the vic - tors now for - ev - er, o - ver death and o - ver sin, For this tri - umph did our
2 We're the vic - tors, oh, proclaim it, thro' the earth and thro' the sky! For a - while be - low the
3 Je - sus died! go preach the sto - ry in - to ev' - ry list'-ning ear, Tell them watch and wait His

Sav - ior die on Cal - va - ry to win, End - ed He a life of sor - row on the
an - gels Je - sus lived for you and I, But the thorn - y path so nar - row which His
com - ing when His glo - ry shall ap - pear, For the gates of hell were bro - ken and the

thrice - ac - curs - ed tree, Once for all He drank the wormwood and the gall for you and me.
bless - ed foot - steps trod, Led be - yond the gates of dark - ness to the pres - ence of our God.
pris - on - er was free, When be - yond the gloom - y por - tals Je - sus rose for you and me.

CHORUS.

We're the vic - tors thro' the tri - umph of our Lord, Lift His ban - ner high a - thro' our Lord,

bove us, 'tis His Word, His the crown of thorns most cru - el and the 'tis His Word;

thrice-ac - curs - ed tree, Yet He con-quered all, He con-quered, and He strove for you and me.

No. 11. THERE'S CLEANSING IN THE SAVIOR'S BLOOD.

VIOLET E. KING. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 There's cleans - ing in the Sav - ior's blood, That blood so free - ly spilt;
There's cleans - ing in the Sav - - ior's blood, To take a - way my guilt.
2 In faith my heart looks up to Him Who's mer - cies are di - vine;
I ask in faith that wav - ers not O make me tru - ly thine!
3 There's cleans - ing in the Sav - ior's blood To make me pure with - in;
O bless - ed thought, this pre - cious blood Can cleanse my ev' - ry sin.
4 In ho - ly joy I dwell se - cure, My heart with love a - glow;
There's cleans - ing in the Sav - ior's blood, To make me white as snow.

CHORUS.

There's cleans - ing in the Sav - ior's blood, Be - neath it I shall
There's cleansing in His blood,

hide; . . . There's cleansing in the Sav - ior's blood, In that I now a - bide.
There's cleansing in His blood,

1 I am hold - ing on to Christ, With the crown in sight, Firm - ly hold - ing
2 I am hold - ing on to Christ, And He holds to me, While each path in

on to Christ, In the dark and light; Though the world may tempt my soul
which He leads Plain - ly I can see; O - ver all I tri - umph now,

With its lur - ing dross, I am hold - ing on to Christ, Cling - ing to the cross.
And se - cure a - bide, I am hold - ing on to Christ, Cling - ing to His side.

3 If with firm, unshaken grasp,
You to Christ would hold,
Earth must be forsaken all,
Love of self and gold;
Gladly you must suffer then
Ev'ry earthly loss;
If you would to Jesus hold,
You must bear the cross.

4 If you would to Jesus hold
Let the idols fall;
Let the blessed Christ alone
Be your all in all:
Nothing shall disturb your peace,
Though the tempest toss,
While you're holding on to Christ,
Clinging to the cross.

* From "GOSPEL HYMNAL," by per. J. H. LESLIE.

J. J. MAXFIELD.

No. 13. I'LL TRUST IN THE ROCK.

D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1 I was a cap - tive once, bound with a chain, Long in the dun-geon of sin I had lain;
2 Oft - en my feet were made fast in the stocks, Dy - ing of hun-ger I lay on the rocks;
3 Out in the sun-shine of love I was bro't, O what a change in my feel - ings was wro't:

Rude was the jail - or, and scant - y the fare, Hard the con - di - tions that compass'd me there.
Beat - en with stripes and for - bid - den to cry, Dread-ing to live and still fear - ing to die.
An - them of prais - es my tongue did em - ploy, Deep in my spir - it sprung fountains of joy.

Sea - sons went by, but they bro't no re - lief, Hopeless and lone - ly I hard-en'd in grief;
When in my an - guish I ven-tured to pray, Light in my pris - on shone clearer than day;
Still as a riv - er and deep as the sea, Streams of sal - va - tion were flow - ing to me;

Oft in des-pair I sunk down in my cell, Feel-ing my dun-geon the pris-on of hell.
Off went my bur-dens and shackles of sin, Je-sus, the Mas-ter, had en-tered with-in.
Glo-ry to Je-sus! He's still my sup-ply, Strong is the Rock that is high-er than I.

CHORUS. *f*

1 I turned to the Lord, in dis-tress I did cry, "Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I;
2 and 3 As long as I live, 'till the day that I die, I'll trust in the Rock that is high-er than I;

f

I turned to the Lord, in dis-tress I did cry, "Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.
As long as I live, 'till the day that I die, I'll trust in the Rock that is high-er than I.

No. 14. ALL FOR JESUS. (Infant Class.)

D. E. DORTCH.

1 I've two lit - tle hands to work for Je - sus, One lit - tle tongue His praise to tell, . . . Two
2 I've two lit - tle feet to tread the path - way Up to the heav'nly courts a - bove, . . Two
3 I've one lit - tle heart to give to Je - sus, One lit - tle soul for Him to save, . . One

CHORUS.

lit - tle ears to hear His coun - sel, One lit - tle voice a song to swell.
lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Tell - ing of Je - sus' won - drous love.
lit - tle life for the dear Sav - ior, One lit - tle self that He must save.

} Lord we come,

Lord we come, In our childhood's early morn-ing! Lord we come, Lord we come, Come to learn of Thee.

No. 15. O TO BE MORE LIKE JESUS.

1 O to be more like Je - sus, Ten - der and true and kind; Do - ing the Fa - ther's
2 Guiding the faint and wea - ry Up to the home a - bove, Filled with the grace of
3 Tho' we be called to suf - fer, Bear - ing with joy the cross; Self with its cares for -

CHORUS.

pleas - ure, Seek - ing the lost to find.
mer - cy, Filled with the light of love.
get - ting, Count - ing not gain or loss.

O to be more like Je-sus, Tread-ing the

path He trod; Giv - ing our lives for oth - ers, Trust - ing our all to God.

No. 16. MORE LIKE THEE.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1 Je - sus, Sav - ior, great Ex - am - ple, Pat - tern of all pur - i - ty, I would fol - low in Thy
2 Lest I wan-der from Thy pathway, Or my feet move wea - ri - ly, Sav - ior, take my hand and
3 When temptations fierce-ly low - er, And my shrinking soul would flee, Change each weakness in - to

CHORUS.

foot-steps, Dai - ly grow-ing more like Thee.
lead me, Keep me steadfast: more like Thee.
pow - er, Keep me spot-less: more like Thee.

More like Thee, more like Thee, Sav - ior,
More like Thee, more like Thee,

this my constant pray'r shall be,— Day by day, where'er I stay, Make me more and more like Thee.

4 When around me all is darkness,
And Thy beauties none may see,
May Thy beams, O Glorious Brightness,
In effulgence shine through me.

5 When death's cold repulsive finger
Leaves its impress on my brow,
May Thy life, within me swelling,
Keep me singing then as now.

No. 17. IN THE CROSS.*

Allegro.

1 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred
2 When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the cross for -
3 When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up - on my way, From the cross the ra-diance
4 Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas - ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied; Peace is there, that knows no

CHORUS.

sto - ry, Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
stream - ing, Adds new lus - tre to the day.
meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

In the cross, in the cross, In the cross, In the cross,

cross of Christ I glo - ry; In the cross, In the cross, In the cross of Christ, my Lord.

In the cross, In the cross,

* From "GOSPEL HYMNAL," by per.

Rev. W. T. DALE.

No. 18. ASK, SEEK, KNOCK!

D. E. DORTCH.

Trio.

1 Ask, for the Fa-ther is read-y to hear, Jesus is waiting your pray'r to receive; Asking in faith, you have
2 Seek, while this pardon may freely be found, Ere the brief day of His mercy is past, While His rich graces so
3 Knock, for the Savior will o-pen the door, Kindly He's waiting to welcome you in; Come, ere the season of

CHORUS.

noth-ing to fear, Come, and the words of His prom-ise be-lieve.
ful-ly a-bound, And the free of-fer of mer-cy shall last.
grace shall be o'er, Ere you're re-ject-ed and die in your sin.

Ask, seek, knock, His grace is a-bundant and free; Ask, seek, knock, A blessing is waiting for thee

No. 19. THE FOUNTAIN.

1 Oh, come to the fount - ain of cleans - ing with me, The won - der - ful fountain of blood;
Its streams are all flow - ing so plen - teous and free, Oh, wash in the rich, pur-ple flood.
2 Sweet rest with the Sav - ior will glad - ness im - part, Yes, trust - ing in Je - sus a - lone;
What - ev - er dis-tress - es or bur - dens the heart, Will all in a mo-ment be gone.

Its vir - tues are heal - ing, I know, I con - fess, His blood washes whit - er than snow,
All glo - ry to Je - sus we'll glad - ly re - peat, With joy his for-give-ness pro - claim,

Then fly to the fount - ain with all thy dis-tress, The joys of sal-va - tion to know.
Whose Spir - it of cleans - ing doth make us complete, All praise to Imman - u - el's name.

3 Come, then, to the fountain, oh, do not delay,
Be cleansed from pollution and sin;
'Tis flowing most freely, then why should you stay?
Oh, wash in the blood of the *Lamb*.

Salvation and glory and honor are due
For blessings so richly bestowed,
To God, for his mercies and promises true,
Which speak of the all-cleansing blood.

No. 20. AWAKE, AND SATISFIED.

Mrs. C. E. ELLSWORTH. Mrs. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1 A - wake, for the voice is di - vine, A-wake, and the fairest we see; A - wake in His likeness to
2 A - wake, and in health we are found, A-wake, and 'tis life ev - er - more; A - wake, and in joy we a -
3 A - wake, but no death nor the grave, A-wake, but no pain we shall bear; A-wake, with the boon we most

CHORUS.

shine, A-wake, with a great ju - bi - lee.
bound, A-wake! O the bliss now in store.
crave, A-wake, and are sat - is - fied there.

O bless - ed that wak-ing from sleep! O bright-er that

morn-ing shall be, When eyes well accustom'd to weep, Such vis-ions of glo - ry shall see.

Rev. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

No. 21. JESUS SAVES.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1 Ma - ny at the cross are kneel-ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves, By his boundless love re - veal-ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.
2 Hearts are at this mo - ment pray-ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves, Ev' - ry sin - ful stain re - mov-ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, love is beaming, Hal - le - lu - jah, light is streaming, Hal - le - lu - jah, shout ho - san - na, Je - sus, Je - sus saves

3 Hallelujah, saints are singing,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
Heav'n with joyous song is ringing,
Jesus, Jesus saves.

4 Hearts are at this moment praying,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
Ev'ry sinful stain removing,
Jesus, Jesus saves.

5 Hallelujah, saints are singing,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
Heav'n with joyous song is ringing,
Jesus, Jesus saves.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

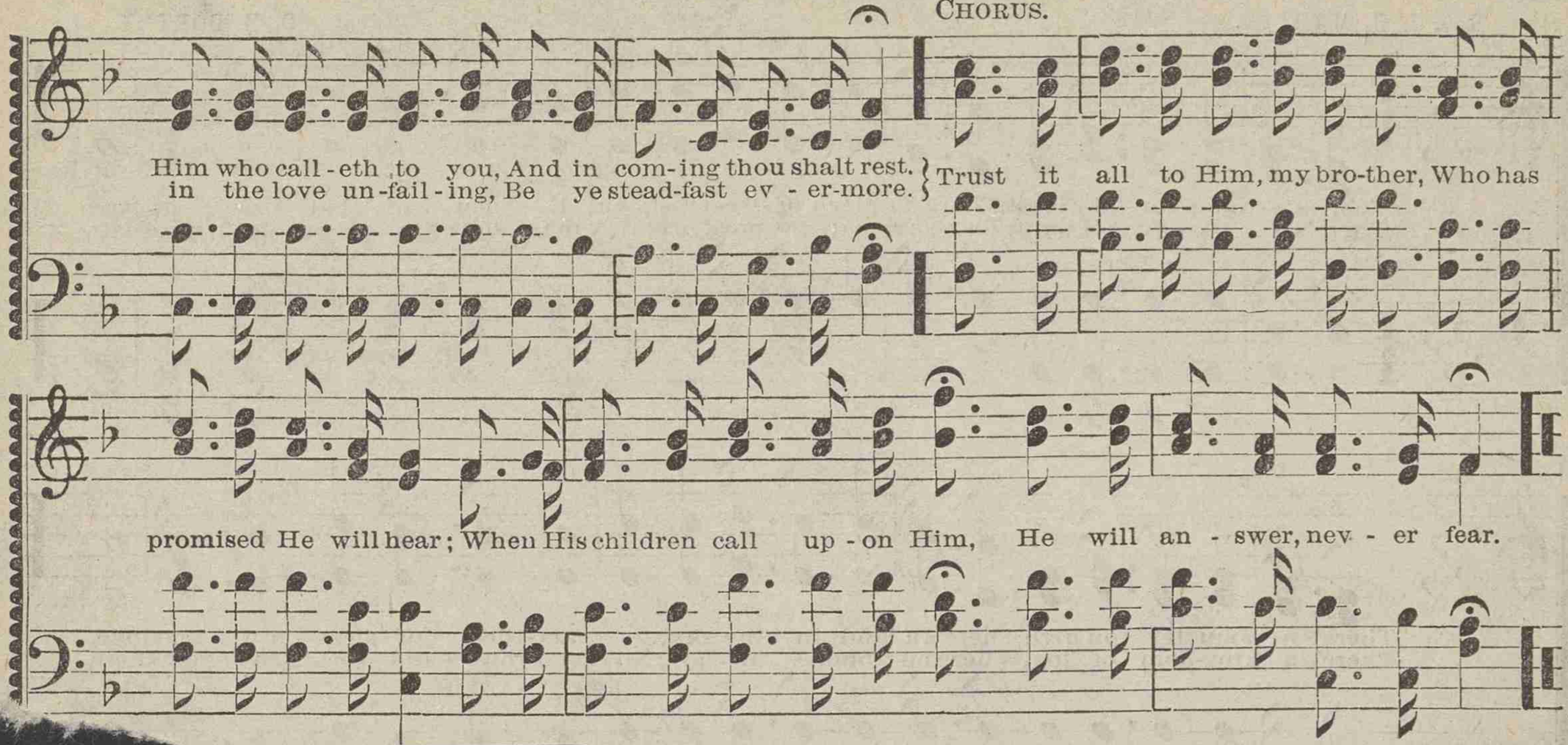
No. 22. TRUST IT ALL TO HIM.

D. E. DORTCH.

1 Has the staff you leaned on failed you? Proved a weak and bro - ken reed? Lean on
2 Are there li - ons in the path - way That no hu - man strength can quell? There is

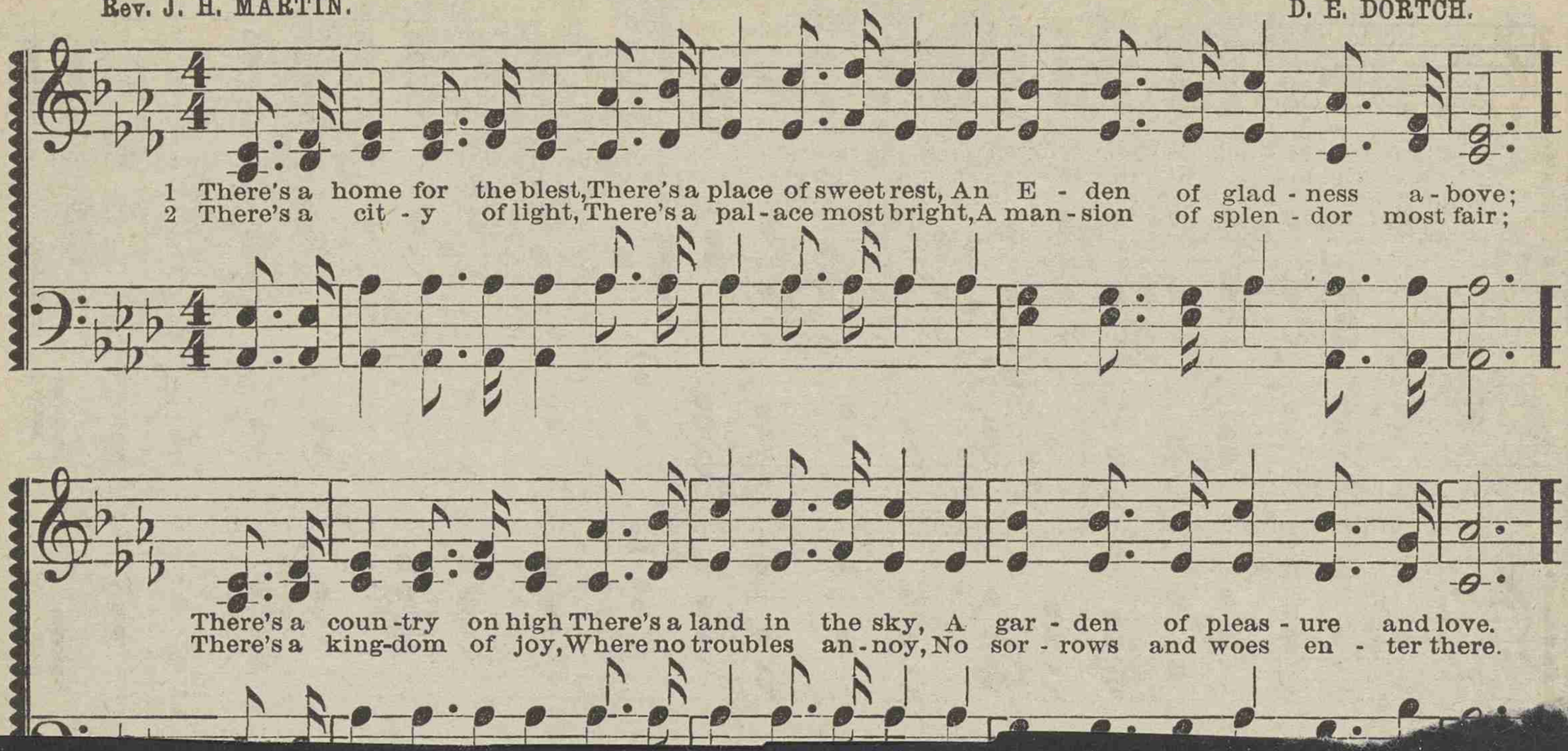
Him who nev - er fail - eth, He will help in time of need. Does your
One whose arm is might - y, Trust in Him and all is well. Put the

cour - age droop and fal - ter? Are you oft - en - times op - pressed? Come to
things of earth be - hind you, Look to those which are be - fore, Trust - ing


CHORUS.
Him who call - eth to you, And in com-ing thou shalt rest.
in the love un-fail - ing, Be ye stead-fast ev - er-more.
Trust it all to Him, my bro-ther, Who has
promised He will hear; When His children call up - on Him, He will an - swer, nev - er fear.

No. 24. THERE'S A HOME FOR THE BLEST.

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



There's a home, sweet home, There's a home prepared for you and for me.
sweet home, sweet home,

3 There the Savior is gone, And He sits on his throne;
Triumphant, exalted, and crowned;
Saints and angels rejoice, With the harp and the voice,
His honors and praises resound.

4 Oh! I long for that rest, To be happy and blest,
With Jesus my Savior and King;
With the ransomed I'll raise Endless hymns to his praise,
Hosannas of triumph I'll sing.

No. 25. SPURGEON. L. M.*

Rev. JOSEPH STENNETT, D. D. A. D. FILLMORE.

Moderato.

1 An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Sab - bath is be - gun;
2 Oh, that our tho'ts and thanks may rise, As grate - ful in - cense to the skies;
3 This heav'n - ly calm with - in the breast, Is the dear pledge of glo-rious rest,
4 In ho - ly du - ties let the day, In ho - ly pleas - ures pass a - way;

Re - turn, my soul! en - joy thy rest, Im - prove the day thy God has blessed.
And draw from heaven that sweet re - pose, Which none but he that feels it knows.
Which for the church of God re - mains— The end of cares, the end of pains.
How sweet a Sab - bath thus to spend, In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

* From "NEW HARP OF ZION," by per. J. H. FILLMORE.

E. R. LATTA.

No. 26. WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE?

D. E. DORTCH.

1 Why stand ye here i - dle, with so much to do? The harvest ungathered, all round ye may view!
2 Why stand ye here i - dle the whole of the day? The moments are passing with swiftness a - way!
3 Why stand ye here i - dle, when great is the need, The harvest to gath-er, or scat - ter the seed?

The Mas - ter thy lab - or will ful - ly re-quite! Go toil in His vineyard from morning till night!
The lab'-rers are glean-ing the sheaves of bright grain! Oh, has-ten to join them, or soon 'twill be vain!
Go work for the Sav - ior with heart and with hand, No long - er be will - ing thus i - dle to stand!

CHORUS.

Do much or do lit - tle, still toil with a might! Go work for the Mas-ter, from morning till night!

Rev. FRANK POLLOCK. D. E. DORTCH.

1 My mor - tal eyes have nev - er seen The land of cloud - less skies, Where life's fair tree in
2 But faith with vis - ion reach - ing far Be - yond this earth - ly gloom, Dis-cerns the land where
3 As earth - ly fruits with sweet - ness fill The pleas-ant air of even', So life's fair fruits their

CHORUS.

fade - less green, God's heal - ing balm sup - plies.
an - gels are, Where flow'rs im - mor - tal bloom.
sweets dis - till Up - on the air of heaven.

O Tree of life, whom God hath given To

heal the woes of sin, I'm near - ing now the gates of heaven And long to en - ter in.

4 None sick that rest beneath the shade
Of life's wide-spreading tree;
The ros'ate cheeks of health ne'er fade,
But fairer yet shall be.

5 Sweet balm exhaled from wond'rous leaves,
Fills heaven with grateful song;
No breaking heart in loneness grieves,
Among the sainted throng.

No. 28. COME, YE THAT LOVE THE LORD. S. M. Double.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS. D. E. DORTCH.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known: Join in a song with
2 The God that rules on high, That all the earth sur - veys, That rides up - on the
3 There we shall see his face, And nev - er, nev - er sin; There from the riv - ers

sweet ac - cord, While ye surround his throne. Let those re - fuse to sing
storm-y sky, And calms the roar - ing seas— This aw - ful God is ours,
of his grace Drink end - less pleas - ures in: Then let our songs a - bound,

Who nev - er knew our God; But ser-vants of the heavenly King May speak their joys a - broad.
Our Fa-ther and our Love; He will send down his heavenly pow'rs, To car - ry us a - bove.
And ev' - ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im - manuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

No. 29. SING, EVER SING.

1 Sing, tho' thy way be drear - y, Sing thro' the dark-some night, Sing, tho' thy feet be
2 Sing, tho' thy bur - den press thee, Sing, tho' thou bear it long, Sing, tho' the foe dis -
3 Sing, tho' thy sin as - sail thee, Soon shall the tempt-er flee, Ne'er shall thy Je - sus
4 Sing, tho' the floods o'er - take thee, Surg - ing around the soul, Ne'er let thy joy for -

wea - ry, Sing, tho' thou see no light.
tress thee, Sing, tho' thou suf - fer wrong.
fail thee, Sing, and a con - queror be.
sake thee, Dark tho' the wa - ters roll.

CHORUS.

Yes, let thy soul be sing - ing,

Praise should thy lips em - ploy, And to thy Lord be bring-ing To - kens of trust and joy.

No. 30. A CROWN IN HEAVEN YOU SHALL WEAR.

R. A. GLENN. C. E. POLLOCK, by per.

1 I know there's a home for the good that la - bor here, Just be-yond death's valley dark and cold,
2 I know there's a land that is beau - ti-ful and bright, Just beyond the Jordan's tur - bid roar;
3 There we'll nev - er grieve, but re - joic - ing fac - es see, As we near the bright e - ter - nal shore;

And the ones that reach that home so bright and fair, Shall wear a glitt' - ring crown of gold.
And I soon shall pass be - yond all mor - tal sight, To prom-ised Ca - naan's hap - py shore.
Where the an - gels wait with crowns for you and me, With them we'll dwell for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

La - bor on, la - bor on, la - bor on, la - bor on, For a crown in heav-en you shall wear; by and by;

Rev. EDWARD PERRONET. **No. 31. CORONATION. C. M.** OLIVER HOLDEN.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

6 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

GRACE GLENN.

No. 32. JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.*

J. H. FILLMORE.

1 When, as of old, in her sad - ness, Ma - ry sat weeping a - lone, Soft - ly the voice of her
2 Oh, when thy pleasures are flow - ing, Fad-ing thy hope and thy trust, When of the dear-est earth
3 Down by the shore of death's riv - er, Sometime thy footsteps shall stray, Where waits a boatman to

sis - ter, Whisper'd, "the Mas - ter has come;" So in the depths of thy sor - row, Gall tho' its
treas - ures, Dust shall re - turn un - to dust; Then, tho' the world may in - vite thee, Vain will its
bear thee O - ver to in - fi - nite day; What then tho' dark be his shad - ow, If when his

fountain may be, List, for there com - eth a whis - per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
of - fer - ing be, List, for there com - eth a whis - per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
com - ing thou see, Com - eth there soft - ly a whis - per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.

* From "SONGS OF GRATITUDE," by permission.

CHORUS. *Repeat pp.*

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

No. 33. CLOSING HOUR. S. M.

J. H. LESLIE, by per.

Andante.

1 Lord, at this clos - - ing hour Es - tab - lish ev' - - - ry heart
2 Thro' chang - es, bright or drear, We would thy will pur - sue;
3 To God, the on - ly wise, In ev' - ry age a - dored,

Up - on thy word of truth and power, To keep us when we part.
And toil to spread thy king - dom here, 'Till we its glo - ries view.
Let glo - ry from the church a - rise, Thro' Je - sus Christ, our Lord.

E. R. LATTA.

No. 34. COME UNTO ME.

D. E. DORTCH.

1 Come un - to me, come un - to me, Ye with bur-dens hard to bear!
Come un - to me, come un - to me, With your trou - ble and your care!
2 Come un - to me, come un - to me, Hear the bless - ed Sav - ior say;
Come un - to me, come un - to me, I will wipe your tears a - way!
3 Come un - to me, come un - to me, Sin - ner, wea - ry of thy sin!
Come un - to me, come un - to me, I will make thee pure with - in!

Come ye to - day!
Wher - e'er ye roam,
Come ye to - day!

do not de - lay! Come with spir - its sore oppressed!
come, free - ly come, I am low - ly, meek of heart!
do not de - lay! Come with grief and sin oppressed!

Take ye my yoke, learn ye of me,
Eas - y my yoke, my bur - den light,
Take, then, my yoke, learn thou of me,

CHORUS.

I will give your spir - its rest!
And your trou-bles shall de - part!
I will give your spir - it rest!

Come un - to Je - sus, come un - to Je - sus! Come ye to - day!

No. 35. COME, THOU FOUNT.

Rev. ROBT. ROBINSON. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

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

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

No. 36. IN THE FOLD.

E. HANKS.

Lively.

1 "Re - sist not the Spir - it" But yield to Him now; In mer - cy He draws thee, Come, sin - ner and bow; No long - er re - sist Him, No long - er de - lay, He pleads with thee gen-tly, He's pleading to - day.
2 "Oh! quench not the Spir - it" His grace from a - bove, Will warm thy af - fec - tions, And cause thee to love, Thy heart which is froz - en, Shall glow as the flame; Thy spirit when ransomed, His love shall proclaim.
3 Oh! "grieve not the Spir - it" He stands at the door, He waits to be gra - cious, He'll save thee this hour; How long He's been waiting: How long must he wait? Oh, sinner, this moment May close mercy's gate.

REFRAIN.

"Re - sist not the Spir - it," Re - sist Him not now; In mer - cy He draws thee, Come, sinner and bow.
Oh! "quench not the Spirit," Oh! quench Him not now; In mer - cy He warns thee, Come, sinner and bow.
Oh! "grieve not the Spir - it," Oh! grieve Him not now; In mer - cy He calls thee, Come, sinner and bow.

No. 38. WE'LL MEET YOU ALL THERE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE.

1 When at last on the earth falls the man-tle of shade, And saints of the Lord gath-er in,
2 Oh, how sweet it will be when we gath-er at home, To meet those who've gone on before,
3 There the day nev-er fad-eth, the sun nev-er wanes, For Christ is the light of that home,

When e-ter-ni-ty dawn-eth and Je-sus ap-pears, And bids us a-rise from the gloom;
Just to look on the Sav-ior were glo-ry in-deed, And dwell on the beau-ti-ful shore;
O'er its bright jas-per walls and its path-ways of gold, No sick-ness or dy-ing can come;

When we pass through the val-ley and shad-ow of death To mansions in glo-ry so fair,
He will fold us so sweet-ly and ten-der-ly, too, To rest as the lambs of his care,
There for-ev-er, and ev-er to shine as the sun, And joys pure ce-les-tial to share,

With the num-ber-less throng that shall gath-er that day, We'll meet you, we'll meet you all there.
Where we nev-er shall sor-row or sigh an-y more, We'll meet you, we'll meet you all there.
On that heav-en-ly shore when we pass through the tomb, We'll meet you, we'll meet you all there.

CHORUS.

We'll meet you all there, we'll meet you all there, And crowns with the ran-somed we'll wear;

With the an-gels of light clad in gar-ments of white, We'll meet you, we'll meet you all there.

No. 39. JESUS LOVES THE LITTLE CHILDREN. (Infant Class.)

J. H. F. J. H. F., by per.

1 Je - sus said of lit - tle chil-dren, Suf - fer them to come to me, For to such my
2 When I try to be like Je - sus—Pa-tient, gen - tle, meek and mild, Then it is he
3 Ev' - ry day, as I grow old - er, More I'll try to do his will, Grow - ing wis - er,

heavenly kingdom Shall a home of wel-come be. I love him, he loves me, And his child I
smiles and loves me, Then he owns me as his child. I love him, he loves me, And his child I
strong-er, bet - ter. Ev' - ry du - ty to ful - fill. I'll love him, he'll love me, His dis - ci - ple

want to be, For he said the lit - tle chil - dren, And I know that he means me.
try to be, For he said the lit - tle chil - dren, And I know that he means me.
I will be, For he said the lit - tle chil - dren, And I know that he means me.

No. 40. HE CHASTENS IN LOVE.

1 When life is full of bit - ter grief, Sad heart, look thou a - bove, This sweet as - sur - ance
2 When heav-y sor - rows mul - ti - ply A-round thy wea - ry path, 'Tis but to draw thee
3 When darkness veils his lov - ing face, Let this thy com - fort be 'Tis all in mer - cy
4 Hope on and be thou un - dismayed; Bear pa-tient - ly thy cross, The fa-ther's love will

brings re - lief: God chas-ten - eth in love.
to the sky, God chas-tens not in wrath.
and in grace That thus he chas - tens thee.
be dis-played In cleansing thee from dross.

CHORUS.

His hand may oft - en rest on thee In chast'nings from a - bove, But, oh! for - get not in thy grief, 'Tis all, 'tis all in love.

No. 41. ALWAYS WORK AND PRAY. (Infant Class.)

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. D. E. DORTCH.

1 Work for Je - sus—ev - er sow - ing Seeds of truth a - long the way, Of thy ser - vice
2 Work for Je - sus in his vine-yard, Reap the stand - ing corn to - day, With the help of
3 Work for Je - sus, not un - no - ticed Will thy toil and ef - fort prove, When the har - vest

CHORUS.

he is worth - y, For the Mas - ter work to-day.
God pro-gress - ing, Bear the gold - en sheaves a-way.
shall be gar-nered, Shall ap - pear thy work of love.

Al-ways work, work and pray, Soon will pass this

fleet - ing day; Lo, the prom - ised aid is thine, Chil - dren al - ways work and pray.

No. 42. PRECIOUS LOVE. (Infant Class.)*

1 If we feel the love of Je - sus In our hearts from day to day, We shall find our
2 En - vy like a wolf in an - ger, Love by sweet command will calm; Love will make us
3 Come and give your hearts to Je - sus, He will wash and make them white; He will lead us

CHORUS.

e - vil na - ture Con - quer'd by its gen - tle sway.)
kind and gen - tle, Change the li - on to the lamb.
home to glo - ry, Bless - ed home of pure de - light.

Pre - cious love! Je - sus love!

Cast - ing all our fears a - way; Pre-cious love! Je - sus love! Come and seek it while you may.

* From "WHITE ROBES," by per.

No. 43. REJOICE AND BE GLAD. (Infant Class.)

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. D. E. DORTCH.

1 A - wake my heart in tune - ful strains, Re-joice, the Lord Je - ho - vah reigns; Be glad, O earth, lift
2 The Lord is good his works de- clare, And true and right his precepts are, His truth for - ev - er
3 With - in his gates a song of praise With joy and ad - or - a - tion raise; Ex - alt the Lord with

CHORUS.
Re-joice a - gain,

up thy voice, In him let fields and woods re - joice.
will en - dure, His love and mer - cy bound - less, sure.
glad - ness still, And wor - ship at his ho - ly hill.
} Re- joice a - gain, re - joice a - gain, A -

loud we'll shout the glad re - frain, The notes resound from shore to shore, The Lord is King for - ev - er-more.

No. 44. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

1 I hear the Sav - ior say, Thy strength in - deed is small, Child of weak - ness, watch and
2 Then down be - neath his cross I'll lay my sin - sick soul; For naught have I to
3 When from my dy - ing bed My ran - somed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus paid it
4 And when be - fore the throne, I stand in him com - plete, I'll lay my tro - phies

pray, Find in me thy all in all.
bring, Thy grace must make me whole.
all," Shall rend the vault - ed skies.
down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

CHORUS.

Je - - sus paid it all,

All to him I owe; Sin had left a crim - son stain, He washed me white as snow.

No. 45. MARCHING ON.

J. H. F., by per.

Marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on to vic - to - ry, marching on,

Marching on,

FINE.

Marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on to vic - to - ry.

1 With the heav'nly armor shining bright, Marching on, marching on, marching on,
2 We will cheer our hearts with happy song, marching on, marching on,

We are waging war for Truth and Right, Marching on, marching on, marching on,
In the Lord of Hosts our faith is strong, march-ing on, ... to vic - to - ry,

With the pow'r and might of Christ, our Lord, Marching on, marching, on, marching on,
Soon we'll reach the land of end-less day, marching on, marching on,

D.C.

Guid - ed by his ev - er bless - ed Word, Marching on, marching on to vic - to - ry.
We must con-quer Sa - tan all the way, marching on,

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A. S. KIEFFER.

No. 46. JACOB'S WELL.

D. E. DORTCH.

1 Je - sus sat by the well, and a wom-an came there, She, a poor, need - y sin - ner like me;
2 Who - so drink-eth this wa - ter shall thirst nev - er more, For a fount - ain it ev - er shall be,
3 Ja - cob's well is still full, and the Sav - ior still waits, And He calls, thirst - y sin - ner, to thee;

And He gave her to drink of the wa - ter of life, And this wa - ter is still flow - ing free.
Springing up in thy soul un - to life ev - ermore; And this wa - ter is flow - ing for thee.
Will you drink of the fountain of Ja - cob and live, While this wa - ter is still flow - ing free?

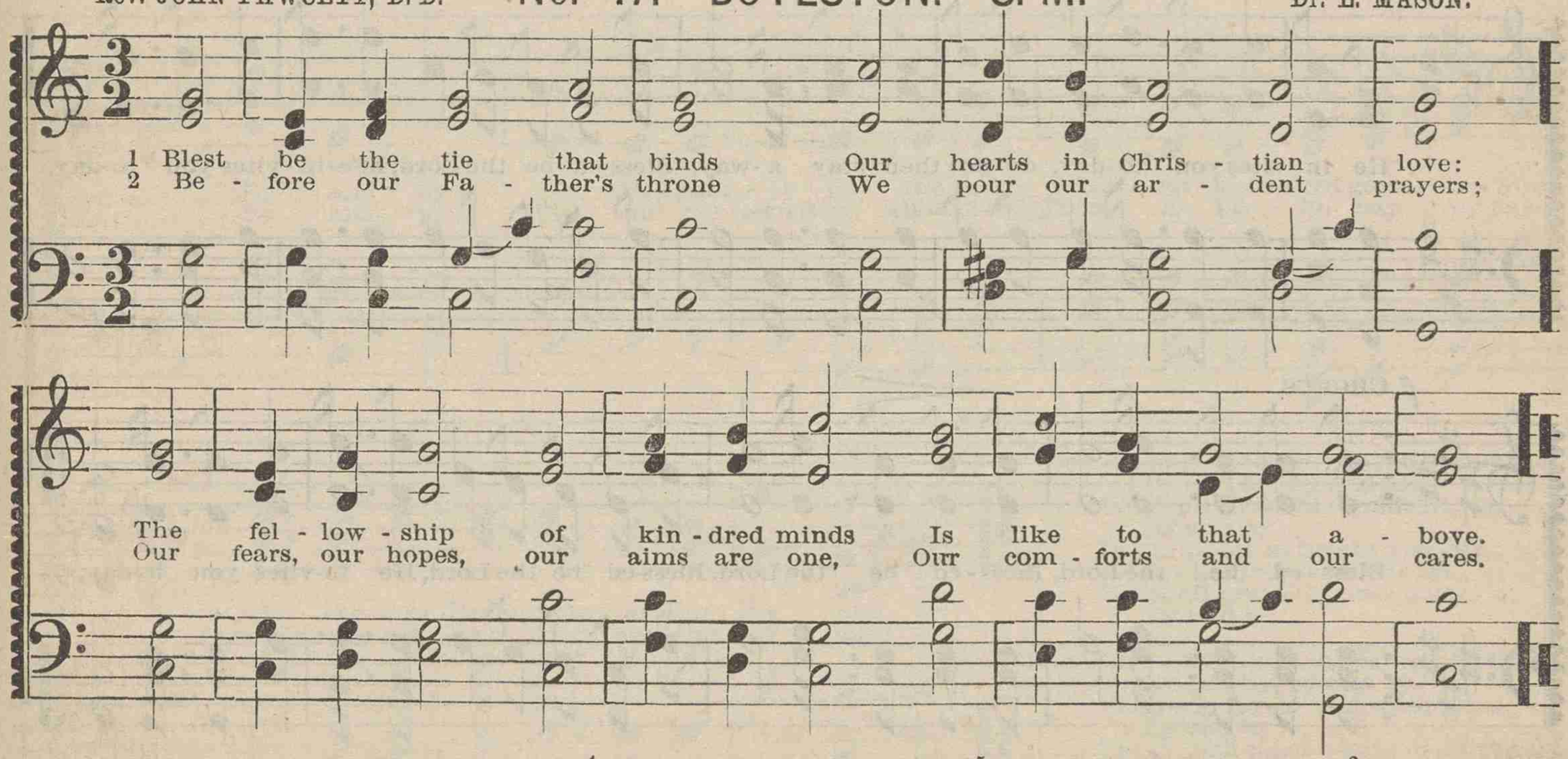
CHORUS.

Ho, ev' - ry one that thirsteth! Come ye to the wa - ters! Come ye to the waters, flowing so free!

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, D. D.

No. 47. BOYLSTON. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



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

4

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain; [heart,
But we shall still be joined in
And hope to meet again.

5

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free, [reign
And perfect love and friendship
Through all eternity.

C. E. L.

No. 48. WILL YOU COME?

C. E. LESLIE, by per.

Allegro.

1 Will you come one and all to the Lamb that was slain? Will you come to his arms and be cleans'd from all stain,

He in-vites you to-day, do not then stay a-way, Bless-ed be the Lord, he in-vites you to-day.

f CHORUS.

Bless-ed be the Lord, Bless-ed be the Lord, Bless-ed be the Lord, He in-vites you to-day.

2

There's a work to be done, there's a cross you should bear,
There's a crown to be won, there's a crown you should wear,
He invites you to-day, do not then stay away,
Blessed be the Lord, he invites you to-day.

3

You have friends who have gone to that haven of rest,
Whom you promised to meet in the land of the blest,
Do not then stay away, he invites you to-day,
Blessed be the Lord, he invites you to-day.

No. 49. BY AND BY.*

Rev. W. T. D.

Rev. W. T. DALE.

Cheerfully.

3 We shall join the heavenly choir,
By and by, by and by,
We shall strike the golden lyre,
By and by;
In our home so bright and fair,
Where the happy angels are,
We shall praise forever there,
By and by.

4 There we'll join the ransomed throng,
By and by, by and by,
Chanting love's redeeming song,
By and by;
There we'll meet before the throne,
Then we'll lay our trophies down,
And receive a shining crown,
By and by.

* By per. R. A. MAHAFFEY, owner of copyright.

E. R. LATTA.

No. 50. JESUS CRUCIFIED.

D. E. DORTCH.

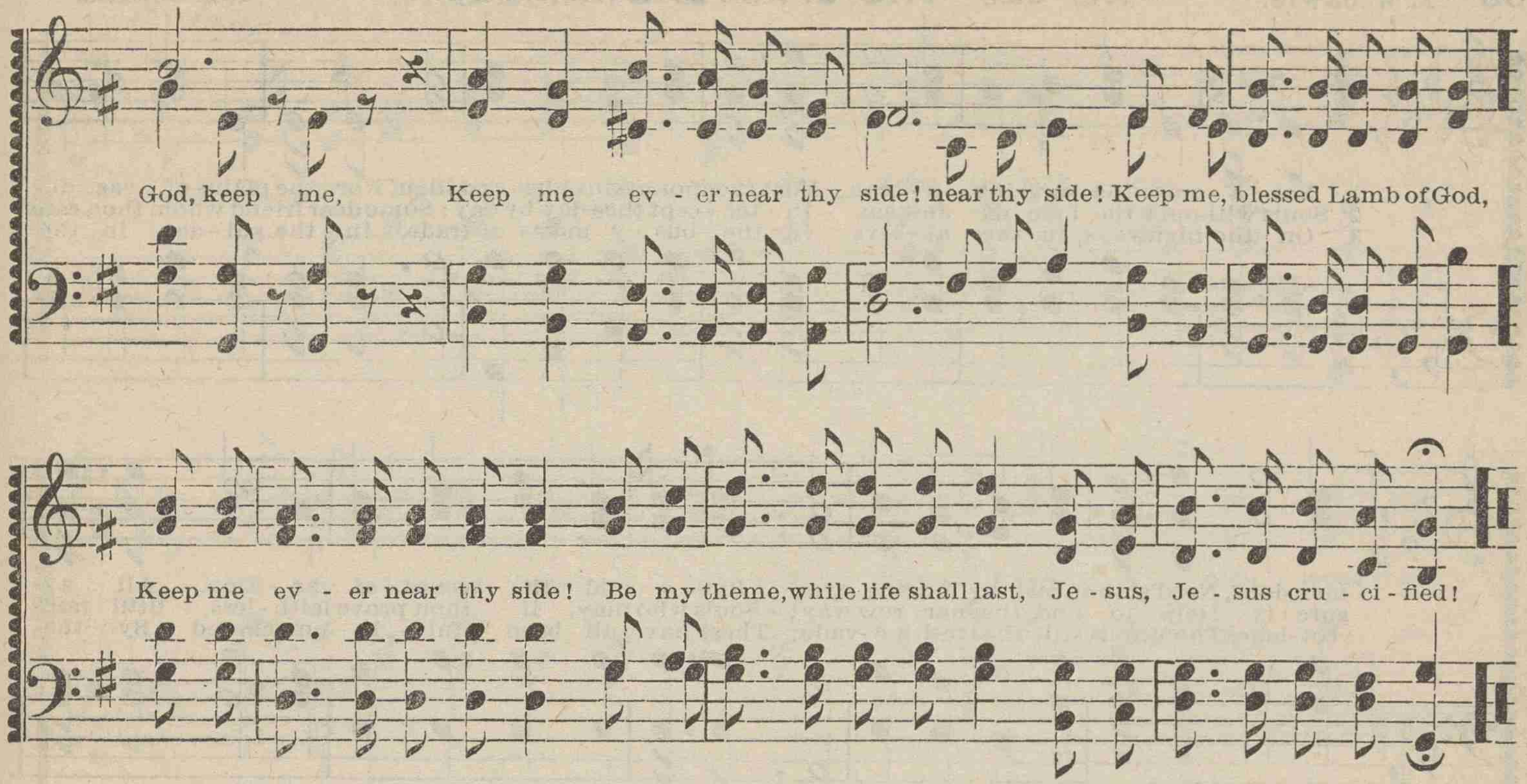
1 Oh, what love the Fa-ther showed Un - to mor - tals all un-done, When, to res - cue them from death,
2 Ne'er such pit - y, love and grace, Could an earth - ly par - ent show As the Heav'n - ly Fa - ther did
3 Sin - ner, wilt thou not re - pent, Since the Sav - iour died for thee? Chil-dren, seek the Lord to - day,

He did give his on - ly Son! Now be - hold him on the cross! See the gap - ing wounds so wide!
On our fall - en race be-stow! Let the dy - 'ing Lamb of God, Nev - er be by me de-nied!
Who was slain on Cal - va - ry! Put your con - fi-dence in him! He your steps will safe - ly guide!

CHORUS.

'Twas for sin - ners such as I That the dear Redeem - er died!
Oh, his wound-ed hands and feet, And the spear-print in his side!
In his kingdom bright a - bove, Ye shall ev - er-more a - bide!

Keep me, bless - ed Lamb of



No. 51. 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!
The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return.
With such I hasten to the place
Where God my Savior shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

A. W. ORWIG.

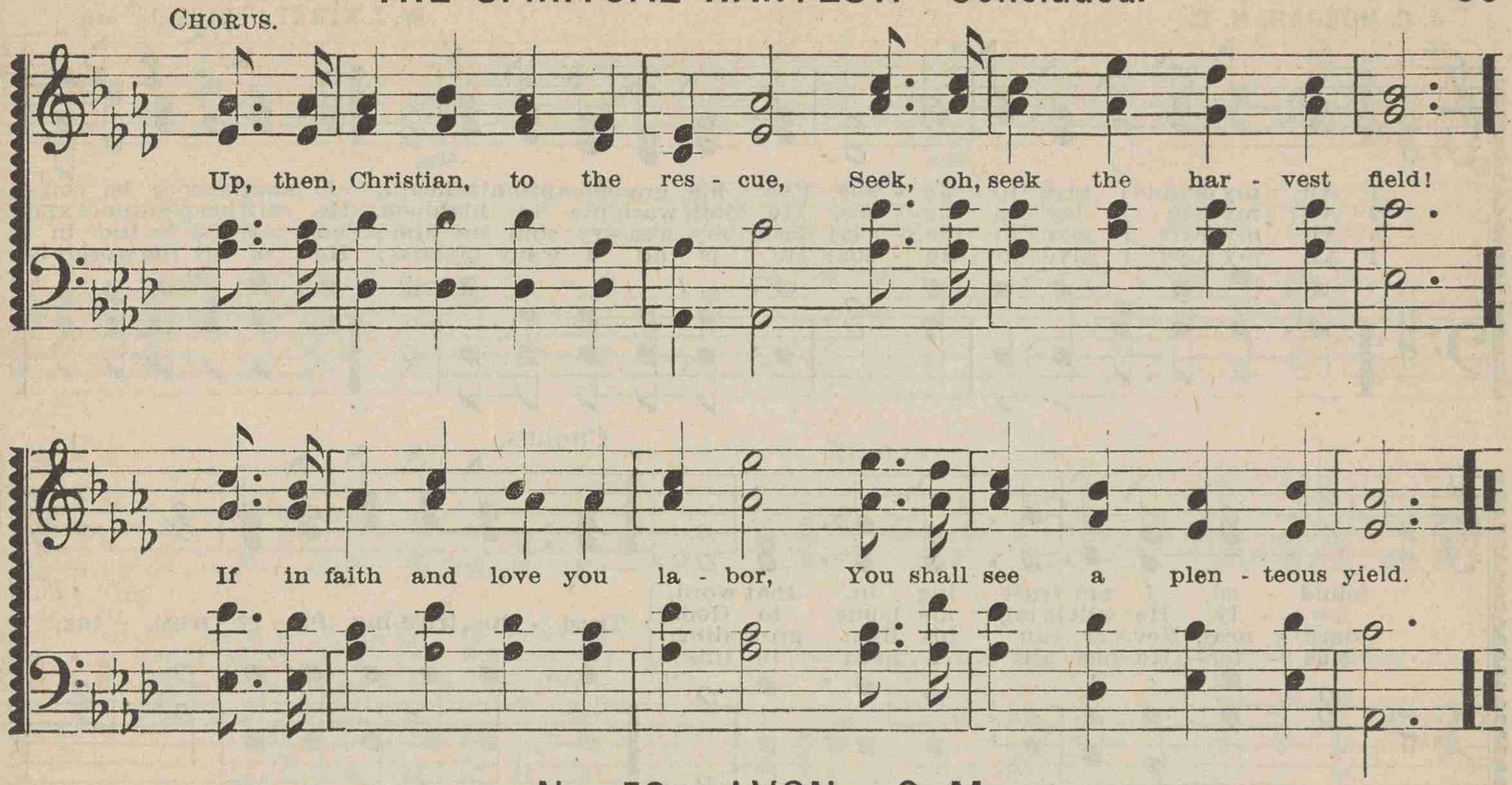
No. 52. THE SPIRITUAL HARVEST.

D. E. DORTCH.

1 Not a - cross the surg - ing o - cean, Nor the mountains huge and high, Nor the plains of vast di -
2 Souls without the love of Je - sus In - ter - cept thee day by day; Some dear friend whom thou canst
3 On the highways, in the al - leys, In the bus - y marts of trade, In the pal - ace, in the

mensions, Need'st thou cast thy longing eye; But a - mid the scenes of ac - tion, All a -
sure - ly Help to find the nar - row way;— Souls who may, if thou prove faith - less, Still pur -
cot - tage, Thousands still the truth e - vade; These have all been ful - ly pur - chased By the

round thee, ev' - ry - where, Thou canst find a ripened har - vest Wait - ing for thy toil and care.
sue the downward road, Till at last the great Destroy - er Drags them to his dark a - bode.
Sav - ior's pre - cious blood, And shall not they all be res - cued From the dark, im - pend - ing flood?



No. 53. AVON. C. M.

Key of A♭

1 Alas! and did my Savior 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 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away:
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 54. TRUSTING IN THE WORD.

J. C. MORGAN, M. D. W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1 All my doubts I give to Je - sus, I've his gra-cious promise heard, I shall nev-er be con-
2 All my sin I lay on Je - sus, He doth wash me in his blood, He will keep me pure and
3 All my fears I give to Je - sus! Rests my wea - ry soul on him; Tho' my way be hid in
4 All my joys I give to Je - sus! He is all I want of bliss; He of all the worlds is

CHORUS.

found - ed, I am trust - ing in that word.
ho - - ly, He will bring me home to God.
dark - ness, Nev - er can his light grow dim;
Mas - ter— He has all I need in this;

Trust - ing, trust-ing, ful - ly trust - ing,

Calm-ly trusting in his word, I am trust - ing, sim-ply trust - ing, Cast-ing all up-on my Lord.

5 All I am I give to Jesus!
All my body, all my soul,
All I have, and all I hope for,
While eternal ages roll.

6 All in all I have in Jesus,
Poor, yet rich as cherubim;
Ignorant and full of weakness,
Heaven's own store I find in him.

7 What I know not shall hereafter
Be as clear as noon-day sun;
'Tis his promise! I shall know it,
When life's battle's fairly won.

No. 55. WORK, WATCH, PRAY.

1 Work when the morning shin - eth, Work when the noonday gleams, Work when the day de -
2 Work with a heart in - spir - ing, Work with a read - y hand, Work for the pure and
3 Work till the sum - mons com - eth, "Join with the hosts at rest," So shall thy days be

CHORUS.

clin - eth, Work in the mid - night dreams.
ho - ly, Work for the true and grand.
joy - ful, So shall thy nights be blest.

} Work (and) watch (and) pray, Work for the day will

soon be gone; Work (and) watch (and) pray, Soon will the Mas - ter come.

No. 56. ZACCHEUS.

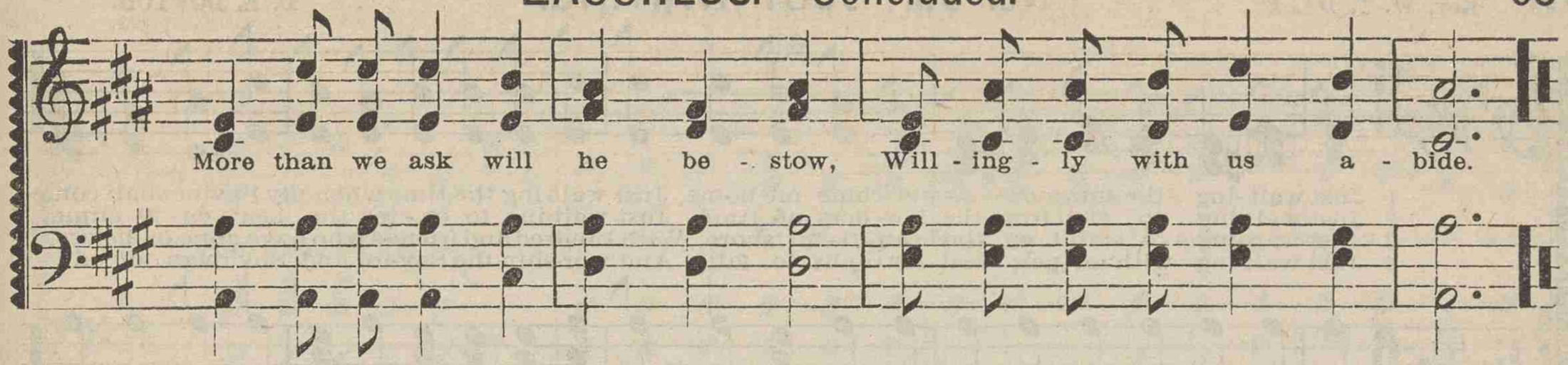
P. P. BLISS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1 Thro' the crowd-ed streets of Jer-i-cho, see The ho-ly Naz-a-rene go;
2 In the friend-ly shade of a syc-a-more tree, The joy-ful pub-li-can see;
3 Like an earn-est lit-tle Zac-che-us, I Would fain the Ho-ly One see;

Hear the shouts of praise from the hap-py ones there, Who his heal-ing vir-tues know.
Hear the Mas-ter's voice say-ing, "Zacche-us, come, For I must a-bide with thee,"
I would haste with joy at the blessed command, For I must a-bide with thee.

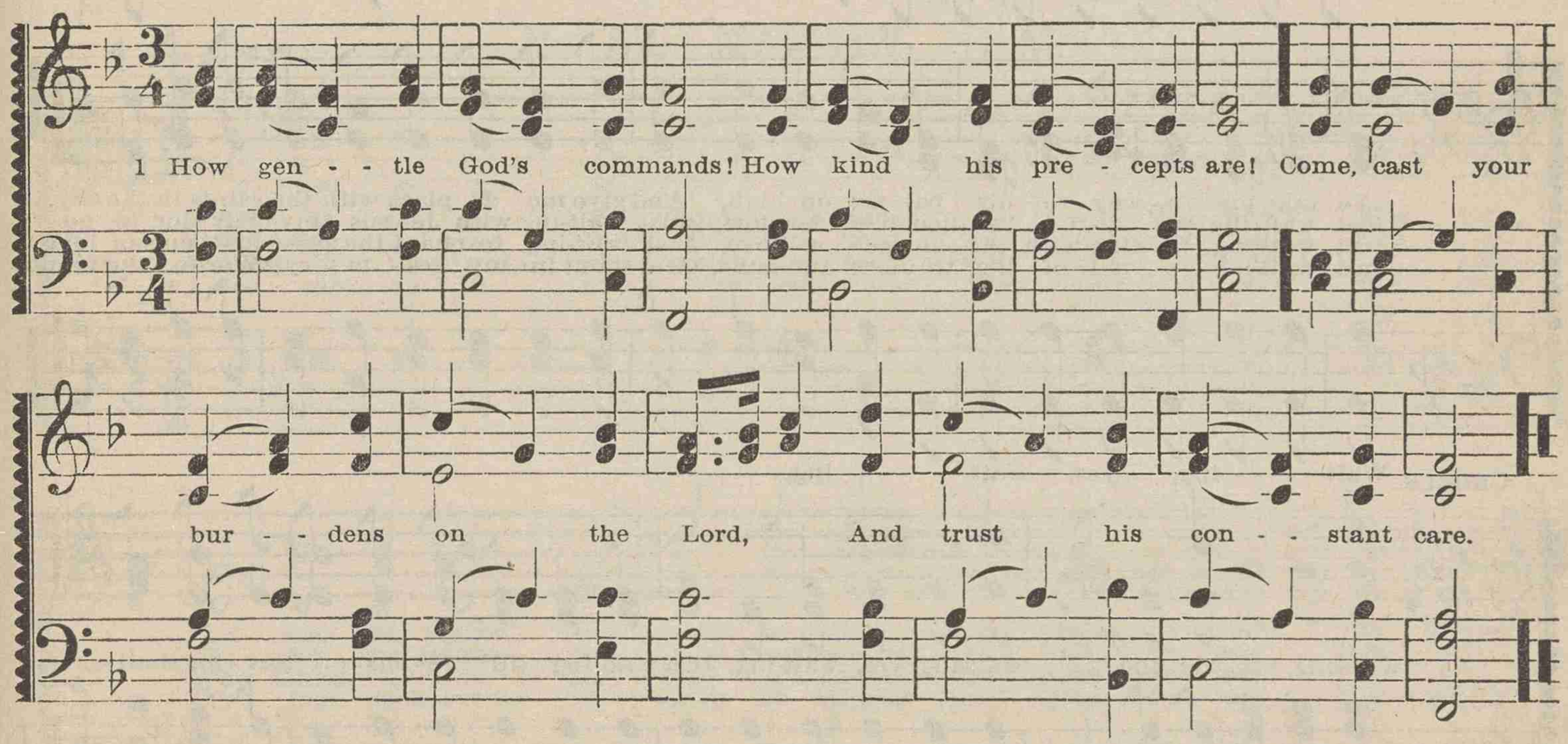
CHORUS. *Vigorous.*

Praise ye the Lord, his mer-cies show, Ev-er in his love con-fide;



No. 57. DENNIS. S. M.

DODDRIDGE. H. G. NAGELI.



1

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

3

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4

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

Rev. W. T. DALE.

No. 58. JUST WAITING.*

D. E. DORTCH.

1 Just wait-ing the summons to wel-come me home, Just wait-ing the time when my Savior shall come
2 Just wait-ing to step from the bor-ders of time, Just wait-ing to en-ter the heav-en-ly clime,
3 Just wait-ing to stand on the beau-ti-ful shore, With kindred and friends who have gone on before,
4 Just wait-ing with an-gels and ser-aphs to fall, And wor-ship the Sav-ior and Sov'reign of all,

To take me a-way to his pal-ace on high, And give me a place with the saints in the sky.
Just wait-ing the fi-nal a-dieu here be-low, Just wait-ing with Je-sus my Sav-ior to go.
Just wait-ing to sing with the an-gels a-bove, Just wait-ing to chant the sweet an-thems of love.
Just wait-ing to tell of his tri-umph and fame, And shout in my ecs-ta-cy, Wor-thy the Lamb.

CHORUS. Wait - - - - - -ing, yes, wait - - - - - - - ing,

Wait-ing, yes, wait-ing, wait-ing, yes, wait-ing, Just wait-ing till Je-sus my Sav-ior shall come,

* From "PRECIOUS JEWELS," by per. R. B. MAHAFFEY.

Wait - - - - - ing, yes, wait - - - - - - - ing,

Wait-ing, yes, waiting, wait-ing, yes, wait-ing, Just wait-ing till Je - sus shall wel-come me home.

No. 59. MARLOW. C. M.

Rev. J. WATTS.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours His own,
2 To - day he rose, and left the dead, And Sat - an's em - pire fell;
3 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men With mes - sag - es of grace;
4 Ho - san - na in the high - est strains The church on earth can raise;

Let heav - en rejoice, and earth be glad, And praise sur - round the throne.
To - day the saints his tri - umph spread, And all his won - ders tell.
Who comes, in God his Fa - ther's name, To save our sin - ful race.
The high - est heavens, in which he reigns, Shall give him no - bler praise.

No. 60. THE MASTER HATH NEED OF THE REAPERS.*

Mrs. ANNIE HOWE THOMPSON. C. E. POLLOCK.

1 The Mas - ter hath need of the reap-ers, And, mour- ner, he call - eth for thee;
2 The Mas - ter hath need of the reap-ers, And, id - ler, he call - eth for thee;
3 The Mas - ter hath need of the reap-ers, And, work - er, he call - eth for thee;

Come out from the val - ley of sor - row, Look up to the hill - top and see;
Oh, haste while the winds of the morn-ing Are blow - ing so fresh and so free;
Oh, what are thy dreams of am - bi - tion. To the joys that here - aft - er shall be!

How the fields for the har-vest are white-ning, How gold - en and ripe is the grain;
Let the sound of the scythe and the sic - kle Re - ech - o o'er hill - top and plain;
There are to - kens of storms that are com - ing, And sum - mer is fast on the wane;

* From "CHILDREN'S HOSANNAS," by per. of C. E. POLLOCK.

Oh, what are *thy* wants to the sum-mons, And what are *thy* griefs and thy pains?
And gath-er the sheaves in the garn-er, For gold-en and ripe is the grain.
Then, *a* - *las!* for the hopes of the har-vest, And, *a* - *las!* for the beau-ti - ful grain.

No. 61. WHEN WE WORK FOR THE LORD.

J. H. F. J. H. F., by per.

1 When we work for the Lord He doth help us each day; He doth bless us and guide us In his own perfect way;
2 When we work for the Lord We have noth-ing to fear; For the joy of his pres-ence Bringeth heaven so near;
3 When we work for the Lord Ev'ry arm groweth strong; And a sweet in-spir-ation Floweth forth in a song;

Rit.

Ev'ry trial grows sweet, Ev'ry burden grows light, And his angels will guard us Thro' the night, thro' the night.
While his strong arm upholds, And we share in his love, We receive his protection From above, from above.
When the work here is done, He will take us to rest, We shall dwell in the mansions Of the blest, of the blest.

No. 62. WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH.

1 When we in the judg-ment stand, In that might-y com - pa - ny, And the Judge shall ques - tion us,
2 When the Lord has gath-ered there, From the Land and from the sea, All the fam - i - lies of men,
3 Lord, it is a sol - emn thought, That we must ac-count to thee! In that great and aw - ful day,

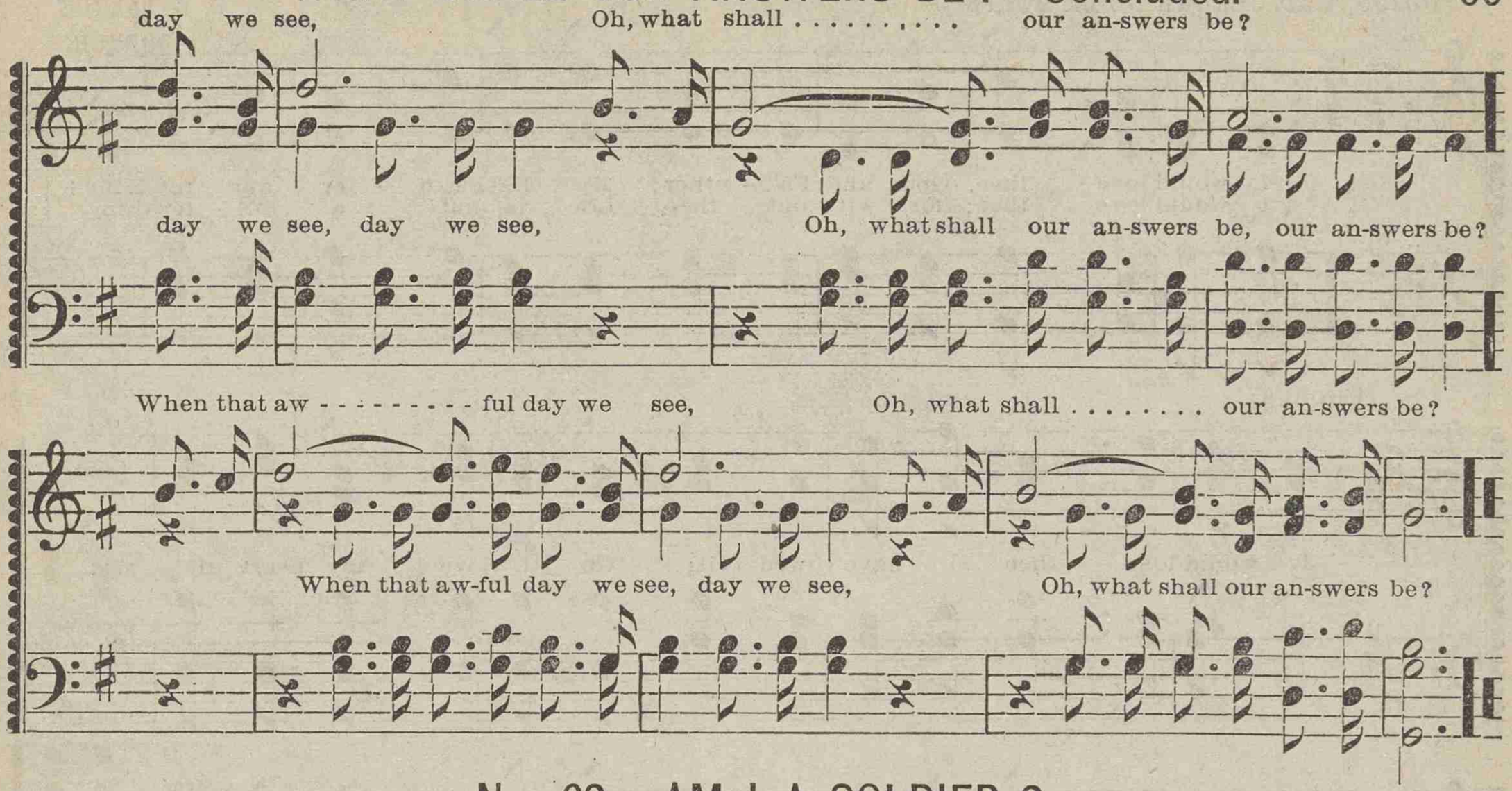
Oh, what shall our an - swers be? What for ev' - ry trif - ling thought, And each i - dle word we say?
Oh, what shall our an - swers be? What for all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love?
What shall our poor an - swers be? Oh, pre-pare us, Lord, we pray, In thy pres-ence there to stand!

When that aw - - - - - - - - - - - ful

CHORUS.

What for ev' - ry sin - ful act, We may do from day to day?
Can we hope a crown to gain, And a man-sion bright a - bove?
Purge us from each sin - ful blot? Place us, Lord, on thy right hand!

When that aw - ful



No. 63. AM I A SOLDIER?

Key of A♭.

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

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

No. 64. I WOULD LOVE THEE.

GUION, MAD. JEAUNE DE LA MOTTE. D. E. DORTCH.

1 { I would love thee, God and Fa - ther! My Re-deem - er and my King!
{ I would love thee; for, with-out thee, Life is but a bit - ter thing.

CHORUS.

I would love thee I have vowed it; On thy love my heart is set:

While I love thee, I can nev - er My Re-deem - er's blood for-get.

2
I would love thee; ev'ry blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne:
I would love thee; he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.

3
I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye:
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

4
I would love thee; may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes!
I would love thee; may thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

No. 65. TWO ANGELS: HOPE AND PRAYER. (Infant Class.)*

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. D. E. DORTCH.

1 Two an-gels watch be-side me, Which-ev-er way I go, One is with her face up-lift-ed, The oth-er bow-eth low; They guide my err-ing feet, They speak in ac-cents sweet, They guide my err-ing, wayward feet, They speak in accents sweet.

2 The face of one is bright-er Than words of mine can tell, And I oft-en hear her singing: "Look up, for all is well," And I am HOPE, thy guide, I will with thee a-bide, Yes, I am HOPE, thy friend-ly guide, I will with thee a-bide.

3 But when a cloud o'er-pass-ing, Her brightness fades a-way, I can hear in accents ten-der, The oth-er an-gel say: "Dear Sav-ior, un-de-fil'd, Help thou thy help-less child, Dear Sav-ior, pure and un-de-fil'd, Help thou thy helpless child."

4

And straight the shadow passeth,
And in the sudden light,
I can see her face uplifted,
And read her name most bright;
Upon her forehead fair,
I read the name of PRAYER,
Upon her forehead bright and fair,
I read the name of PRAYER.

* From "SONGS OF GRATITUDE," by per.

No. 66. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES. C. M.

Dr. MILLER.

1 O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come,
2 No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful, shelt'ring dome,
3 To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?)
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on his breast, And he'd con-duct me home.

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.

ANON.

No. 67. WORK FOR JESUS.*

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

Firmly.

1 In the name of God ad-vanc-ing, Sow thy seed at morn - ing light; Cheer - i - ly the
2 Look not to the far - off fu-ture; Do the work that near - est lies; Sow thou must be

fur - rows turn - ing, La - bor on with all your might.
fore thou reap - est; Rest at last is la - bor's prize.

CHORUS.

Then work, work for Je - sus;
Toil thro' the clouds or sun; 'Till the Mas - ter bids thee rest From la - bor when thy work is all done.

3 Standing still is dangerous ever;
Toil is meant for Christians now.
Let there be, when evening cometh,
Honest sweat upon thy brow.

4 And the Master shall come smiling,
At the setting of the sun,
Saying, as he pays the wages,
"Good and faithful one, well done!"

From "THE CROWNING TRIUMPH."

No. 68. BEHOLD, HE PRAYS!

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. J. H. F., by per.

1 A sin- ful heart at Je- sus' feet, It bows be-fore the mer- cy seat; It craves a bless-ing, and would
2 A sin- ful life is turned to God, And seeks to find the nar-row road, I fain would find the heavenly
3 A sin-ful soul would now be clean, Would wash itself from every sin, Would plunge beneath the crimson
4 A sin-ner seeks to en- ter in, E - ter - nal glor- ies he would win, By faith would pass the nar-row

CHORUS.

stay, Oh, shall this soul be spurned a- way ?
way, Oh, shall this soul be turned a - way?
tide, Oh, shall this soul be turned a - side?
gate, Oh, shall this soul be made to wait?

Be- hold, he prays ! God hears the voice, And all the heaven- ly hosts re-joice; Yea, Je - sus hears, and will for-give, He bids the trembling sin-ner live.

No. 69. YOUR PILOT'S AT THE WHEEL.

EMMA PITT. E. D. KECK, by per.

1 O sail-or! on life's troubled sea! Why should you fear the storm? The shore's in view where
2 O sail-or! trust your all to him, Nor heed the roll-ing wave; Look up, tho' skies be
3 O sail-or! see yon shin-ing light, The port is draw-ing near, And lov'd ones rob'd in

CHORUS.

you will be Safe from all dread a-larm.)
dark and dim, And trust the Lord to save.
pur-est white, A-wait your com-ing there.

Then nev-er fear the bil-low's roar; Nor

dan-ger ev-er feel; You'll safe-ly reach the gold-en shore, Your Pi-lot's at the wheel.

No. 70. SHALL THIS LIFE OF MINE BE WASTED?

Dr. H. BONAR. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1 Shall this life of mine be wast - ed? Shall this vineyard lie un - tilled? Shall true joy pass by un -
2 Shall the God-given hours be scattered Like the leaves upon the plain? Shall the blossoms die un -
3 Shall I see each fair sun wak - ing, And not feel it wake for me? Each glad morning bright-ly

CHORUS.

tast ed, And the soul re - main un-filled?
wa - tered By the drops of heav'nly rain?
break - ing, And not feel it break for me?

No! no! no! no! Ev - er faith-ful let me

be, And each pre-cious hour re - deem - ing, Wait for thee, e - ter - ni - ty!

4 Shall I see the roses blooming,
And not wish to bloom as they;
Holy fragrance round me throwing,
Luring others on the way?

5 No, I was not born to trifle
Life away in dreams of sin;
No, I must not, dare not stifle
Longings such as these within!

6 Swiftly moving upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne;
Calmly gazing skyward, sunward,
Let my eyes unshrinking turn!

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR.

No. 71. THE CROSS.

D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1 Op-press'd with noon-day's searching heat, To yon - der CROSS I flee; Be - neath its shel - ter take my seat, No shade like this for me.
2 Be - neath that CROSS clear wa-ters burst, A fount - ain sparkling free; And there I quench my des - ert thirst, No spring like this for me;

REFRAIN.

No shade like this for me, No shade like this for me;
No spring like this for me, No spring like this for me;

3 A stranger here I pitch my tent,
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent,
No home like this for me.
No home like this for me,
No home like this for me;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent,
No home like this for me.

4 For burdened ones a resting place,
Beside that CROSS I see;
I here cast off my weariness,
No rest like this for me.
No rest like this for me,
No rest like this for me;
I here cast off my weariness,
No rest like this for me.

No. 72. COMING TO THE MERCY SEAT.

MARY E. KAIL. E. D. KECK, by per.

1 From the path of sin and sor-row, Trust-ing all of life to thee, Bless-ed Sav-ior! we are
2 Tho' the way be dark and gloom-y, Shad-ed o'er with clouds of night, Tho' our fee-ble foot-steps
3 We have noth-ing good to of-fer, Noth-ing that our hands have done, We are com-ing, dear Re-
4 We are com-ing with our bur-dens, With our sor-rows, tears and sin, Knocking at the door of

CHORUS.

com-ing, We are com-ing un-to thee.
fal-ter, Faith is strong and hope is bright.
deem-er, Trust-ing in thy blood a-lone.
mer-cy, Je-sus! let us en-ter in.

We are com-ing, we are com-ing, Com-ing

We are com-ing, Lord, we are com-ing, Lord, Coming

to the Sav-ior's feet, We are com-ing, we are com-ing, Com-ing to the mer-cy seat.
to the Sav-ior's feet, We are com-ing, Lord, we are com-ing, Lord, Coming to the mer-cy seat.

No. 73. JESUS HEARS US. (Infant Class.)

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. E. DORTCH.

Lively.

1 Je - sus hears each word we say, Hears us when we laugh and play, All that we may
2 Je - sus hears us, ev' - ry-where We may go He lis - tens there, In our songs or

ev - er do Je - sus hears and lis - tens too.
when we pray, Je - sus hears what we may say.

CHORUS.

Je - sus hears us, you and me,

We should ev - er care-ful be; Je - sus hears us ev' - ry-where He is list'-ning to us there.

3 Jesus hears us when we call
On Him for our all in all,
He will give us what we seek,
Jesus hears us when we speak.

4 Jesus hears us from above,
He looks down on us in love,
Then like Him let every child
Be so good and pure and mild.

No. 74. AFTER WHILE.

A. S. KIEFFER. D. E. DORTCH.

1 Earth - ly cares will soon be end - ed, Aft - er while, aft - er while; Hearts and hands with dust be
2 We shall hail a hap - py morn - ing Aft - er while, aft - er while; Zi - on's hills with light a -
3 There be - side the crys - tal riv - er, Aft - er while, aft - er while; We shall praise the glo - rious

blend - ed, Aft - er while, aft - er while; And our feet, now worn and wea - ry With life's
dorn - ing, Aft - er while, aft - er while; Ev - en now sweet spir - its meet us, And to
Giv - er, Aft - er while, aft - er while; And thro' all the glad for - ev - er, We shall

path - way, dark and drear - y, Shall find rest where skies are cheer - y, Aft - er while, aft - er while.
come to them en - treat us, At heav'n's por - tals they will greet us Aft - er while, aft - er while.
live with Je - sus ev - er, And shall part, no, nev - er, nev - er, Aft - er while, aft - er while.

No. 75. THE RIFTED ROCK.*

R. G. STAPLES. W. F. HEATH.

1 No oth - er ref - uge, Lord, have I, Who can I trust but thee? Oh, fix my hope up-
2 Tho' clouds ob-scure and dark the way, Storms in wild fu - ry rage, Safe from a-larm, I
3 Come, stormy wind, come, tem-pest shock, Roll, bil-lows of the sea; I am se-cure with-

CHORUS.

on the Rock That has been cleft for me.
rest se - cure Till thou the storms as - suage.
in the Rock That has been cleft for me.

The rift - ed Rock, the rift-ed Rock, Oh,
The rift - ed Rock, the rift - ed Rock, Oh,

may it shel - ter me (shelter me); My hope is on the rift-ed Rock That has been cleft for me.

* From "FOUNT OF BLESSING" by per. of R. G. STAPLES.

No. 76. AWAY TO THE WORK.

A. BYRON CONDO. W. O. PERKINS, by per.

1 There is work to be done for the Mas - ter a - bove, That so kind - ly has cared for us all;
2 There are e - vils to shun, there's a race to be run, And kind words for the Mas - ter to say;
3 There are fall - en to raise and the err - ing to guide, There are vict'ries to win on the way;

There are les - sons to learn, there are songs to be sung, To the Sav - ior are ma - ny to call.
There are wea - ry to cheer with the prom - ise of rest, That's prepared in that home far a - way.
There are crowns to be won and a prize to ob-tain, Then a - way to the work while 'tis day.

Then a - way to the work,

CHORUS.

Then a-way to the work, That the Mas - ter has called us to do;

Then a - way to the work,

Then a-way to the work, For the reap - ers by far are too few.

No. 77. JESUS IS MINE. (Infant Class.)

L. H. DOWLING. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

Slowly.

1 Praise God, I've found the way, Je - sus is mine; He keeps me ev' - ry day, Je - sus is mine.
2 Earth's pleasures all al - loy, Je - sus is mine; Here, here is peace and joy, Je - sus is mine.
3 Earth's gains I count but dross, Je - sus is mine; In cling-ing to the Cross, Je - sus is mine.

I was a - way from home, And loved a-far to roam, But Je-sus bid me come, Je - sus is mine.
Tho' earth is bright and fair, Bright-er my home "up there," Undimed by dark despair, Je - sus is mine.
Let death's un-yield-ing wave Lay me with-in the grave, Je - sus, my Lord, can save, Je - sus is mine.

No. 78. THE MORNING LIGHT.

A. S. KIEFFER. D. E. DORTCH.

1 Oh, the night of Time soon shall pass a - way, And the hap - py gold - en day will dawn,
2 Oh, the hap - py day that shall gild the hills, When the Lord shall come to earth a - gain!
3 What a joy - ful time when the earth shall gleam In the light of an e- ter - nal day,

When the pil - grim staff shall be laid a - side, And the king - ly crown put on.
Oh, the hap - py hearts that shall wel - come him When he comes once more to reign!
When the saints shall sing un - to Christ, their King, In their gold - en, glad ar - ray!

CHORUS.

We are watch-ing now for the Morn - ing Light, For the New Je - ru - sa - lem to come;

No. 79. TWENTY-FOURTH.

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

No. 80. THE GIFT OF GIFTS.

J. E. H. J. E. HALL, by per.

1 I know of some-thing rich - er far Than all the gold of ev' - ry land; It is not found on
2 If I had hon- ors great and rare, And at my com- ing all should kneel; This would not fit me
3 This great- est treas-ure all may have, It is so plain—I'll tell you how; If you will come, on

CHORUS.

gold - en bar, Nor is it wro't by hu - man hand.)
heav'n to share, And this rich gift I ne'er might feel. } Sal - va - tion is this gift of gifts, The
Christ be-lieve, This gift of gifts is yours just now.)

blood of Je - sus makes it free; Sal - va - tion is this gift of gifts, 'Tis of - fer'd now to you and me.

No. 81. WHAT DOEST THOU FOR ME?

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1 I gave my life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed, That thou might'st ran-som'd be,
2 I spent long years for thee, In wea - ri - ness and woe, That one e - ter - ni - ty
3 My Fa - ther's house of light, My rain - bow -cir - cled throne, I left for earth-ly night,

And quick - en'd from the dead; I gave my life for thee, What hast thou
Of joy thou might est know; I spent long years for thee, Hast thou spent
For wand' - rings sad and lone; I left it all for thee, Hast thou left

giv'n for Me? I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
one for Me? I spent long years for thee, Hast thou spent *one* for Me?
aught for Me? I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?

for Me? for thee, for thee,

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

5 And I brought down to thee, Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free, My pardon and my love;
Great gifts I brought to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?
Great gifts I brought to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

No. 82. SING, SING FOR THE SAVIOR. (Infant Class.)*

M. A. BARNARD. A. J. ABBEY.

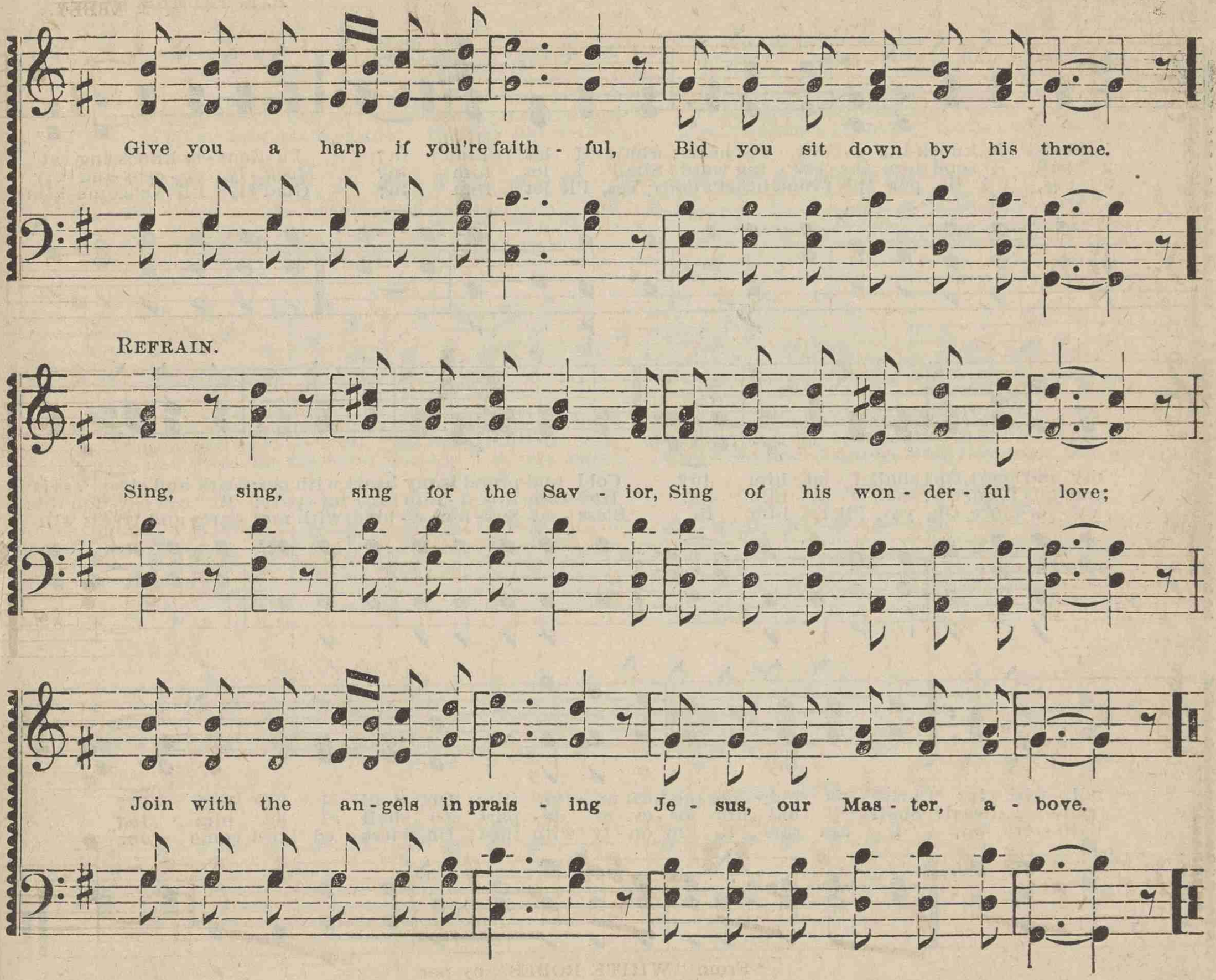
1 Sing for the Sav - ior, dear chil - dren, Sing of his won - der - ful love;
2 Sing - ing will drive a - way sor - row, Light - en each bur - den and care;
3 Ma - ny a heart that is sto - ny, O - pens and melts with a song,
4 Sing for the Sav - ior, dear chil - dren, Sing how he hung on the tree,

Join with the ran - somed in prais - ing Je - sus, who reign - eth a - bove.
Oft - en it scat - ters the dark - ness; Oft - en it lead - eth to prayer.
Turns to the way of well do - ing, Leav - ing the by - paths of wrong.
Suff' - ring so much to re - deem us, Dy - ing for you and for me.

CHORUS. *Soli, or a few voices.*

Je - sus will lis - ten and bless you, Keep you for ev - er his own,

* From "WHITE ROBES" by per.


Give you a harp if you're faith - ful, Bid you sit down by his throne.
REFRAIN.
Sing, sing, sing for the Sav - ior, Sing of his won - der - ful love;
Join with the an - gels in prais - ing Je - sus, our Mas - ter, a - bove.

No. 83. SHALL I LET HIM IN?

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1 Christ is knock-ing at my sad heart; Shall I let him in? Pa-tient-ly knock-ing at
2 Shall I send him the lov-ing word? Shall I let him in? Meek-ly ac-cept-ing my
3 Yes, I'll o-pen this proud heart's door; Yes, I'll let him in; Glad-ly I'll wel-come him

my sad heart, Oh! shall I let him in? Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheer-less is
gracious Lord, Oh! shall I let him in? He can in-fi-nite love im-part; He can par-don this
ev-er-more, Oh, yes, I'll let him in. Bless-ed Sav-ior, a-bide with me; Cares and tri-als will

all with-in: Christ is bid-ding me turn un-to him; Oh, shall I let him in?
reb-el heart: Shall I bid him for ev-er de-part, Or shall I let him in?
light-er be; I am safe if I'm on-ly with thee; Oh, bless-ed Lord, come in.

No. 84. HAPPY CHILD. (Infant Class.)

D. E. DORTCH. *

1 I am sing-ing, sing-ing, All the live-long day, At my work and stud-y Just as at my play:
2 Why am I so joy-ous? Would you have me tell? 'Tis be-cause God loves me; Yes, he loves me well:
3 Nowa new, right spir-it He has put with-in, That obedience choos-es, Hates and flees from sin;

With my merry schoolmates, Or when all a - lone, Not a qu .i more happy Could be on her throne.
And, though I am sin - ful, He no stain can see, When the blood of Je - sus Bathes and cleanses me.
Oh, how sweet his ser- vice! Eas - y is his sway! Can I keep from sing-ing, Sing-ing night and day?

CHORUS.

There-fore I am sing-ing, Hap-py all the day, Walk -ing with the Sav-ior In the nar-row way.

* By per. of LAUER & YOST.

H. G. ABBEY.

No. 85. THE HARVEST IS WHITE.

A. J. ABBEY, by per.

1 The Har - vest is white! The lab' - rers are few, And work is a-
2 The Har - vest is white! From far dis - tant lands, The heath - en are

bun - dant for Christians to do. The poor and the fam - ished are cry - ing for bread,
cry - ing with up - lift - ed hands. While rings loud and clear the command of the Lord,

CHORUS.

The sick must be cared for, the hun - gry be fed..... Go forth to the
"Go ye to all na - tions, and pub - lish my word."... Go forth to the

3

The Harvest is white! on all sides around,
The woe-stricken followers of Satan abound;
Degraded, debased and corrupted with sin,
From street and from alley go gather them in.

CHO.—Go forth to the harvest there's no time to lose,
The Savior commands it! let no one refuse.

4

The Harvest is white! go forth to the field,
If young or too feeble the sickle to wield,
The sheaves must be gathered and some one must wait,
While others are toiling, to watch at the gate.

CHO.—Go forth to the harvest, the great and the small,
Go work with a will for there is work for us all.

No. 86. HOPE THROUGH GRACE.

Rev. M. B. De WITT. D. E. DORTCH.

Soprano Solo.

1 Pa- tient- ly wait - ing the will of the Lord, Earn - est- ly trust - ing his glo - ri - ous word,
2 Skill- ful- ly Sa - tan sets traps in my way, Oft - en the world leads my foot- steps a - stray,
3 Dark- ly the shad- ows fall o - ver my path, Fear - ful - ly, some- times, e- clips - ing my faith;
4 Pa- tient- ly wait I the will of the Lord, Earn- est - ly trust - ing his com - fort - ing word;

Hope- ful - ly foll'wing his star in the night, Joy- ful - ly, soon I shall wel - come the light.
Sad - ly my heart owns its weak-ness and sin, Yet shall God's grace for me vic - to - ry win.
Know not I why these great tri - als be - fall; One thing I know God is o - ver them all.
Hope- ful - ly walk- ing on, though in the night, Joy - ful - ly soon I shall hail the blest light.

CHORUS.

Prais - es to Je - sus for mer - cy di - vine, Prais- es be - cause that rich mer - cy is mine;

I am a sin-ner, saved on-ly by grace, And I shall sure-ly be-hold his dear face.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

No. 87. ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOS. A. ARNE.

1 There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign,
2 There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with'-ring flowers;
3 Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green:
4 But tim'-rous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea,

In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.
And lin-ger, trem-bling, on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.

E. R. LATTA.

No. 88. FORSAKING ALL.

D. E. DORTCH.

1 All the night up-on the sea, Wea-ry fish-ers toiled for naught; But when Je-sus joined the band,
2 There was something else for them, More than toil-ing on the wave! There were words for them to speak,
3 He is call-ing us to-day, Bid-ding us each cross to take, And to fol-low aft-er him.

What a mir-a-cle was wrought! And they left their tents and ships On the mar-gin of the lake;
There were souls for them to save! So their Lord they fol-lowed still, Whereso-e'er his foot-steps lead!
As the fish-ers by the lake! There is work for us to do! There are some that we may save!

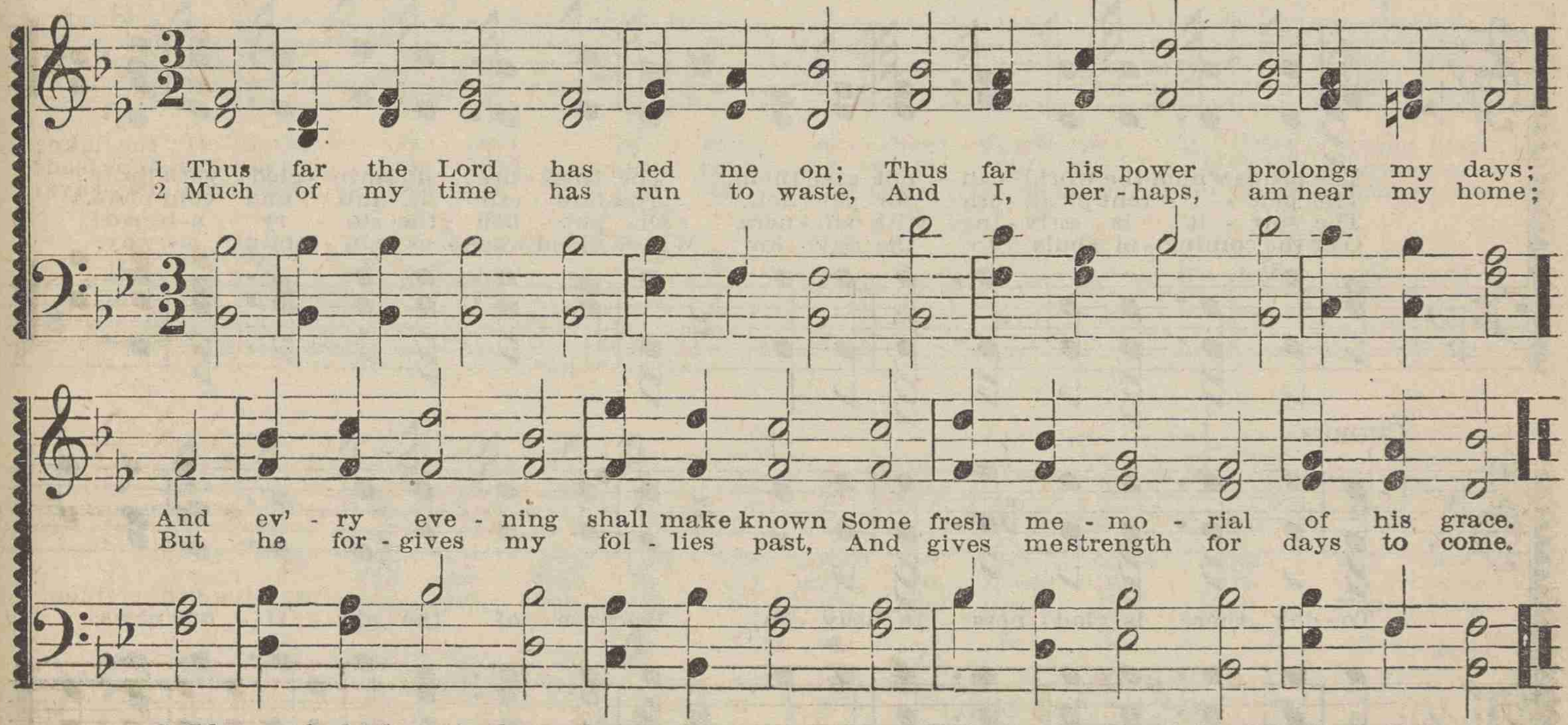
CHORUS.

Left their source of rev-e-nue For the blest Redeemer's sake!
And they will-ing-ly performed What the bless-ed Sav-ior said!
Some for whom the Son of God, Once his life on Cal-vary gave!
} Like the trust-ing fish-er-men,

Repeat pp.

No. 89. HEBRON. L. M.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS. Dr. L. MASON.



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

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

No. 90. TO-DAY THERE IS GLADNESS IN HEAVEN.

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

1 Re-joice for the wand'rers are com-ing, To find at the foot of the cross,
2 They're won by the sto - ry of Je - sus, And kneel-ing low down at his feet,
3 Go tell the glad tid - ings, my broth-er, That wand'rers are com - ing to God,
4 Oh, if we could see in - to heav-en, What joy we could wit - ness to-day,

The peace which the world can - not give them, The treas - ure un- min - gled with dross.
The pen - i - tent plead - eth for par - don, And find - eth it, full and com-plete.
The spir - it is striv - ing with sin - ners, Oh, pub - lish the sto - ry a-broad!
O'er the coming of souls to the Sav - ior Whose blood wash - es sin - stains a - way.

CHORUS.

To - day there is glad - ness in heav - en, Be-cause of the glo - ri - ous news,

That sin - ners are com - ing to Je - sus, Thank God, they no long - er re - fuse.

No. 91. MEAR. C. M.

Rev. I. WATTS.

1 Re - turn, O God of love, re - - turn; Earth is a tire - some place:
2 Let heav'n suc - ceed our pain - ful years; Let sin and sor - row cease;
3 Thy won - ders to thy ser - vants show; Make thine own work com - plete;

How long shall we thy chil - dren mourn Our ab - sence from thy face.
And in pro - por - tion to our tears, So make our joys in - crease.
Then shall our souls thy glo - ry know, And own thy love was great.

No. 92. THE NARROW WAY. (Infant Class.)

A. J. ABBEY.

Moderato.

1 The way to heav'n is nar-row, And its bless-ed entrance straight, But how safe the lit-tle
2 The sun-beams of the morn-ing, Make the nar-row path so fair, And there ear-ly lit-tle
3 They pass o'er rug-ged mountains, But they climb them with a song, For these ear-ly lit-tle
4 They know it leads to heav-en With its bright and o-pen gates, Where for hap-py lit-tle

CHORUS.

pil-grims Who get with-in the gates.
pil-grims Find dew-y bless-ings there.
pil-grims Have san-dals new and strong.
pil-grims A Sav-ior's wel-come waits.

We will take the nar-row way, We will

cres. *dim.*

take the nar-row way; We will fol-low Je-sus' bid-ding, And take the nar-row way.

* From "WHITE ROBES," by per.

No. 93. GOD IS WEIGHING YOU.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. A. S. KIEFFER, by per.

1 God is weigh-ing you, my broth-er! And his bal-an-ces are true; Dare you tri-fle
2 God is weigh-ing you, my broth-er! By the stand-ard of his word, By your faith in
3 God is weigh-ing you, my broth-er! Weigh-ing ev'-ry se-cret tho't, Weigh-ing ev'-ry

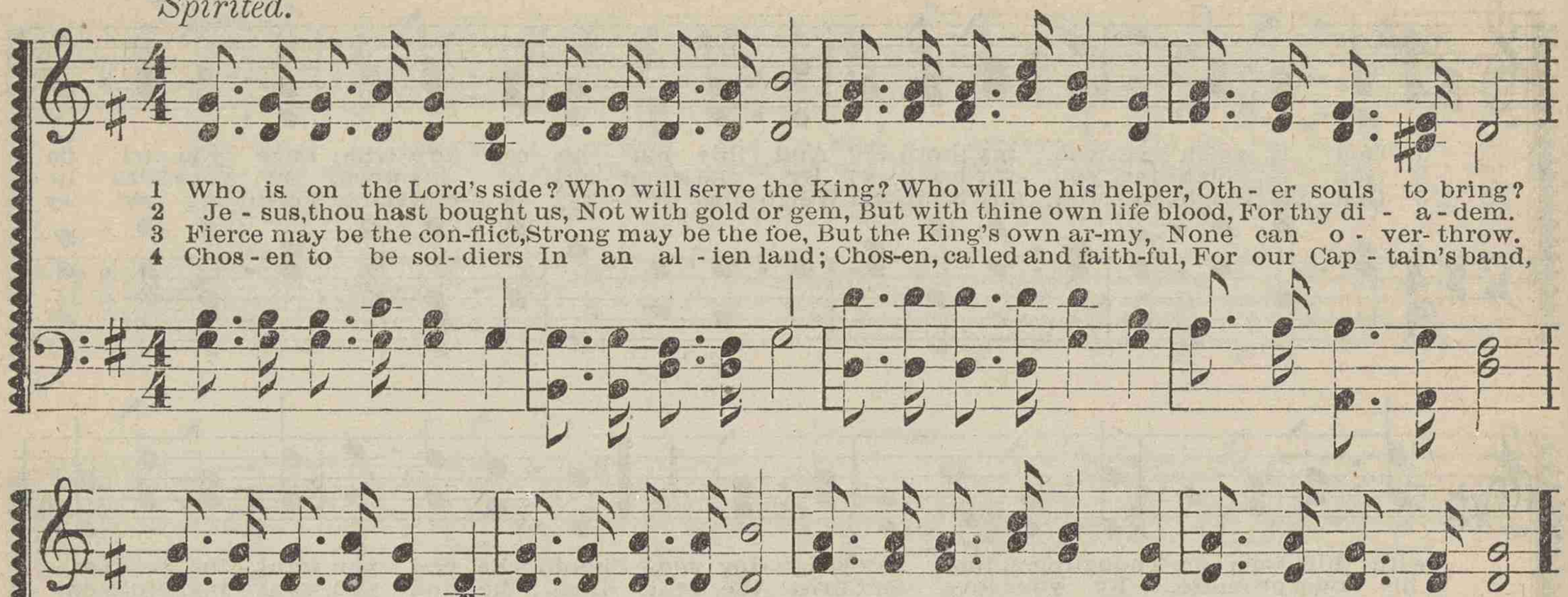
with him long-er; Thoughtless, that he's weigh-ing *you?* Should he find you want-ing, broth-er,
his own prom-ise, By your love for Christ the Lord: Does he find you want-ing, broth-er,
word and ac-tion, Ev'-ry deed your life hath wro't: Does he find you want-ing, broth-er,

When the fi-nal test is giv'n, Sad, in-deed, will be the sentence: *Banished ev-er-more from Heav'n!*
Do you all his law o-bey? Is your faith in him un-wav'-ring? Do you serve him day by day?
Oh, let ev'-ry tho't be pure; Gen-tle words and lov-ing ac-tions: These, his fa-vor will se-cure.

No. 94. WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

Spirited.



CHORUS.

No. 95. GREAT PEACE.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. J. H. LESLIE, by per.

1 While I jour - ney here be - low, Cares may rise un - bid - den, But my peace with
2 Near the way I'm call'd to go, Ma - ny foes are lurk - ing, Yet my faith in
3 In the path my feet shall tread, Ma - ny thorns are wound - ing, But for me his

CHORUS.

God, I know, Ev - er safe lies hid - den.
God I show By my dai - ly work - ing.
blood was shed, Thro' his grace abound-ing.

Great peace have they, Great peace have they, Who love thy law from day to day, Great peace have they, Great peace have they, Who love thy law and watch and pray.

No. 96. THIS WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.*

HELEN F. SHAW. J. H. LESLIE.

Happily.

1 The world is full of glad - ness, The world is full of song; Tho' mists may rise a-
2 Tho' clouds may gath-er o'er us, And trou - bles fall like rain, The sun will shine a-
3 We'll cheer the heav - y heart - ed, And raise the fall - en one; We'll la - bor for the

CHORUS.

bove us, They will not tar - ry long.
bove them, And all be bright a - gain.
Mas - ter, Till all our work is done.

This world is what we make it,

Then let us all be glad; There's beau-ty all a-round us, Then why should we be sad?

* From "PROGRESS," by per. J. H. LESLIE, owner of the copyright.

No. 97. ONCE FOR ALL.

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

1 Once for all the Sav - ior died, Christ the Lord was cru - ci - fied; Once for all he shed his
2 Once for all our sins he bore, Bought our peace for - ev - er more; Once for all our debt he
3 Once for all the Sav - ior rose, Vic - tor o'er his might - y foes; With their glorious King and
4 Once for all as-cend - ed high, Throned and crowned above the sky, There he in - tercedes and

CHORUS.

blood, Pour - ing forth a crim - son flood.
paid, Full, com-plete a - tone - ment made.
Head, Saints shall wak - en from the dead.
reigns, Praise him in triumph - ant strains.

O be - lieve him, and be blest, O re -

ceive him, and find rest; All your sins shall be for - giv - en, You shall reign with him in heav'n.

No. 98. ASKING, SEEKING, KNOCKING.

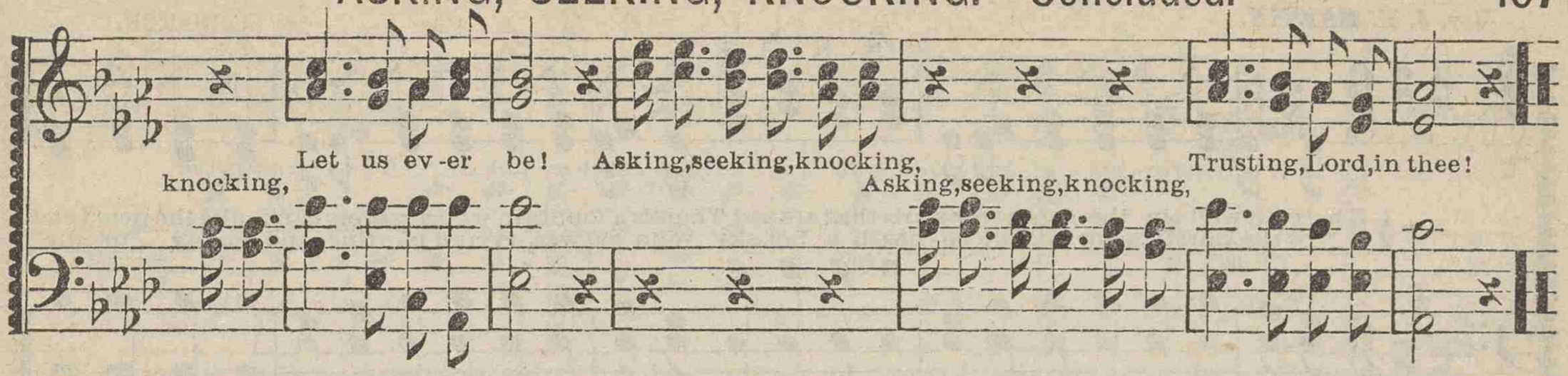
E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH.

1 How pre-cious are the prom-is- es, How pre-cious and how true, The bless-ed word of God contains,
2 If we sin- cere - ly seek his face, And wish his love to know, He will not hide his countenance,
3 If we will knock at mercy's door, And make in faith our plea, It shall not closed to us re-main,

To com-fort me and you! What e'er we ask in Je - sus' name, If we will but be - lieve, If
For he has told us so! If we but ear - ly seek for him, And with an earn-est mind, He
But o-pened wide shall be! For Je - sus died our souls to save From end-less woe and pain! And

CHORUS.

it is best for us to have, We sure- ly shall re- ceive! } Asking, seek-ing, knock-ing,
is not ver - y far a - way, He is not hard to find!
if we trust his prom-is - es, We shall not trust in vain! } Ask-ing, seek-ing,



No. 99. MIDDLETOWN. 7s. 6 lines.*

Rev. AUGUSTUS TOPLADY. A. D. FILLMORE.

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

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

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

* By per. J. H. FILLMORE.

No. 100. WELL IN THE DESERT.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

1 There's a well in the des-ert for souls that are sad, There's a fountain whose waters can make the heart glad;
2 To the thirsty, poor pilgrim be-neath a hot sky, Who is wea-ry, and fainting, and read-y to die,

Ri - tar - dan - do.

When the eyes shall be opened this fountain to see, How de-light-ed and hap-py the mourner shall be.
How re-fresh-ing the sight of a clear, living spring, When he drinks of the water, his lips glad-ly sing.

REFRAIN.

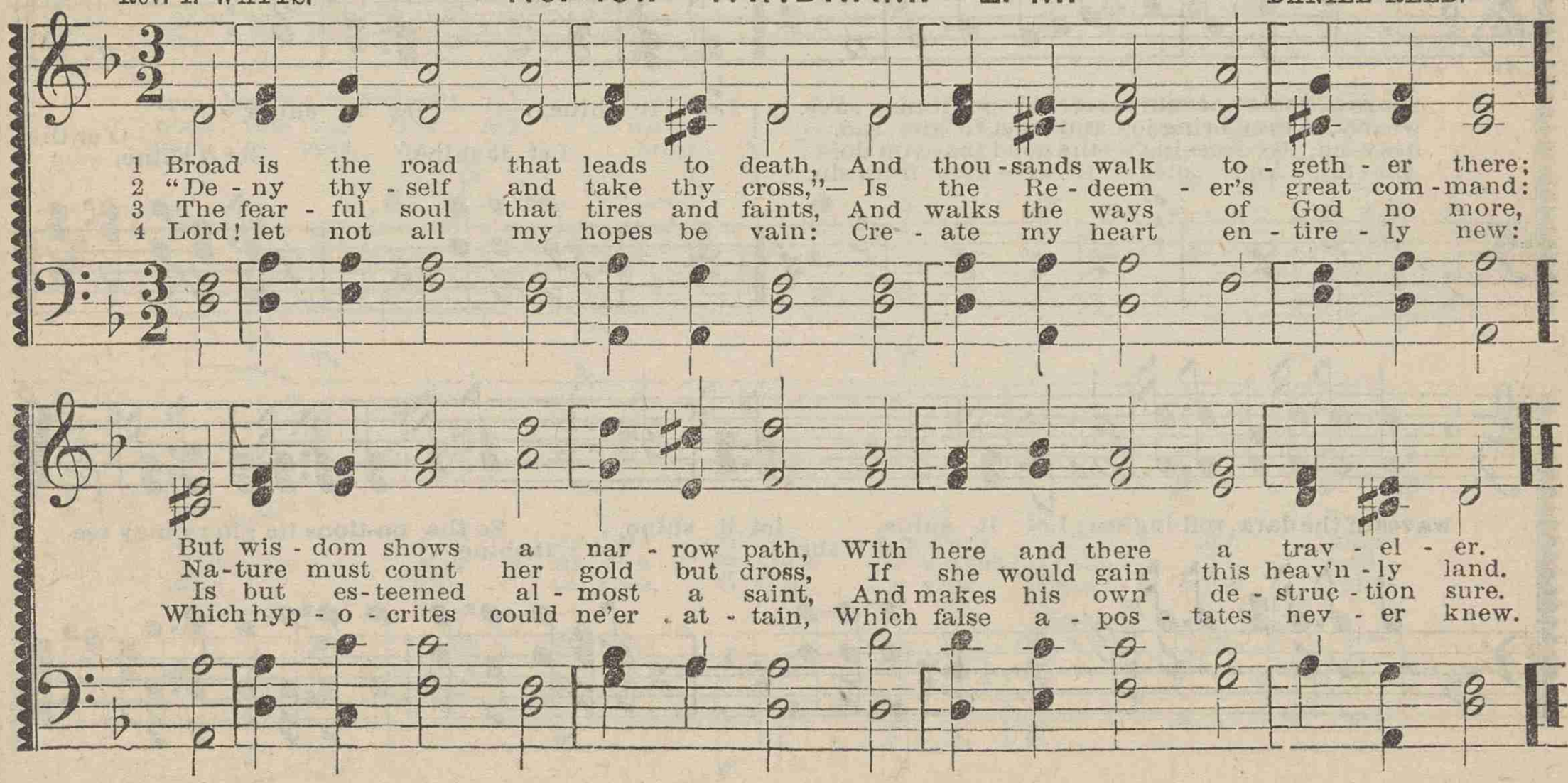
Spring up, O thou well, in the des-ert for me, Lord, o-pen mine eyes that this well I may see;

3 To the sinner that's longing for comfort and rest,
Who is sighing for peace, by his burden oppressed,
How transporting the joy that his bosom receives,
When he comes to the Savior, on Jesus believes.

4 He's the fountain of life, ever-flowing and free,
Who is offered, O perishing sinner, to thee;
To this fountain draw near, of its waters partake,
In this well of salvation thy thirst thou shalt slake.

No. 101. WINDHAM. L. M.

Rev. I. WATTS. DANIEL REED.



No. 102. IS YOUR LIGHT SHINING?

ELIZA M. SHERMAN. R. G. STAPLES.

Solo.

1 Is your light shining brightly, my broth-er? Does it cast a broad gleam o'er the wave? From sin, and from danger, and
2 Let it shine with a light bright and cheery, Let it shine with a light broad and glad, It may speak peace and hope to the
3 Let your light shine so brightly, my brother, That others may take note of you, And glo - ri - fy Je - sus in
4 Let it shine in the homes of the fall-en, And cast a glad radiance within; Christ pardoned the weak and the

Inst.

CHORUS.

sor-row, Some poor ship-wreck'd soul it may save.
wear-y, It may bring joy and trust to the sad.
heav- en, By see- ing the good that you do.
sin - ful, And died to save them from sin.

Let it shine, let it shine, O'er the
Let it shine, let it shine,

waves of the dark, roll-ing sea; Let it shine, let it shine, So the na-tions its glo-ry may see.
Let it shine, let it shine,

No. 103. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

RAY PALMER. D. E. DORTCH.

1 In the shad - ow of the Rock Let me rest, When I feel the
2 On a parched and des - ert way Here I tread, With the scorch - ing
3 Then my pil - grim staff I'll take, And once more I'll my on - ward

tem - pest's shock Thrill my breast; All in vain the storm shall sweep While I
noon - tide ray O'er my head; Let me find the wel - come shade Cool and
journ - ey take As be - fore; Then with joy - ous heart and song, I will

hide, And my tran - quil sta - tion keep By thy side.
still; May my wea - ry steps be stayed While I will.
raise Un - to thee, O God, a song, Glad with praise.

No. 104. PRECIOUS PROMISE.

N. N. D. E. DORTCH.

1 Pre-cious prom - ise God hath giv - en To the wea - ry pass - er by, On the way from
2 When temp-ta - tions al - most win thee, And thy trust - ed watch-ers fly; Let this prom-ise
3 When thy se - cret hopes have per - ished, In the grave of years gone by; Let this prom-ise
4 When the shades of life are fall - ing, And the hour has come to die; Hear thy trust - y

earth to heav - en, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
ring with- in thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
still be cher - ished, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Pi - lot call - ing, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee,

I will guide thee with mine eye; On the way from earth to heav- en, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

No. 105. PRECIOUS BLOOD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. D. E. DORTCH.

Affetuoso.

1 Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry, Shed for reb - els,
2 Pre - cious blood that hath re-deemed us, All the price is paid! Per - fect par - don
3 Though thy sins are red like crim - son, Deep in scar - let glow, Je - sus' pre - cious

CHORUS.

shed for sin - ners, Shed for me!
now is off - ered, Peace is made.
blood can make them White as snow.

Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus,

Let it make thee whole, Let it flow in might - y cleans - ing O'er thy soul.

4 Now the holiest with boldness He may enter in,
For the open fountain cleanseth From all sin!

5 Precious blood! by this we conquer In the fairest fight;
Sin and Satan overcoming By its might.

6 Precious, precious blood of Jesus, Ever flowing free;
Oh, believe it, Oh, receive it, 'Tis for thee.'

7 Precious blood, whose full atonement Makes us nigh to God!
Precious blood, our song of glory, Praise and laud!

No. 106. THE HARVEST IS SURE.

J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1 For pain or for pleas-ure, for weal or for woe, The law of our be - ing is, "reap as we sow."
2 Tho' life may ap - pear as a des - o - late track, Yet bread that we cast on the wa-ters comes back;
3 We make our-selves he - roes and mar - tyrs for gold, Till health be-comes bro- ken, and youth becomes old;
4 We'll reap what we're sow-ing—O, won -der - ful truth! A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;

We'll try to e - vade it, but do what we will, Our acts, like our shad-ows, will fol - low us still.
The law was en - act - ed by Heav -en a - bove, That like at- tracts like, and that love be - gets love.
But did we the same for a beau - ti - ful love, Our lives might be mu - sic for an - gels a - bove,
But shines out at last, as the "hand on the wall"—The Lord will in mer - cy give jus - tice to all.

CHORUS.

Sow - - - ing the seeds . . . . . by our words . . . . . and our deeds, ...

Sow-ing the seeds by our words and our deeds, Sow - ing the seeds by our words and our deeds,

Wick - - - - - ed or pure, . . . the har - - - - - - - - vest is sure. - - - - -

Wicked or pure, the harvest is sure, Wicked or pure, the harvest is sure.

Sow - - - - - ing the seeds . . . till the truth . . . is made known, . .

Sowing the seeds till the truth is made known, Sowing the seeds till the truth is made known,

The har - - - - - vest is sure, ... and we reap as we've sown.

The har - vest is sure, and we reap as we've sown, and we reap as we've sown.

No. 107. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

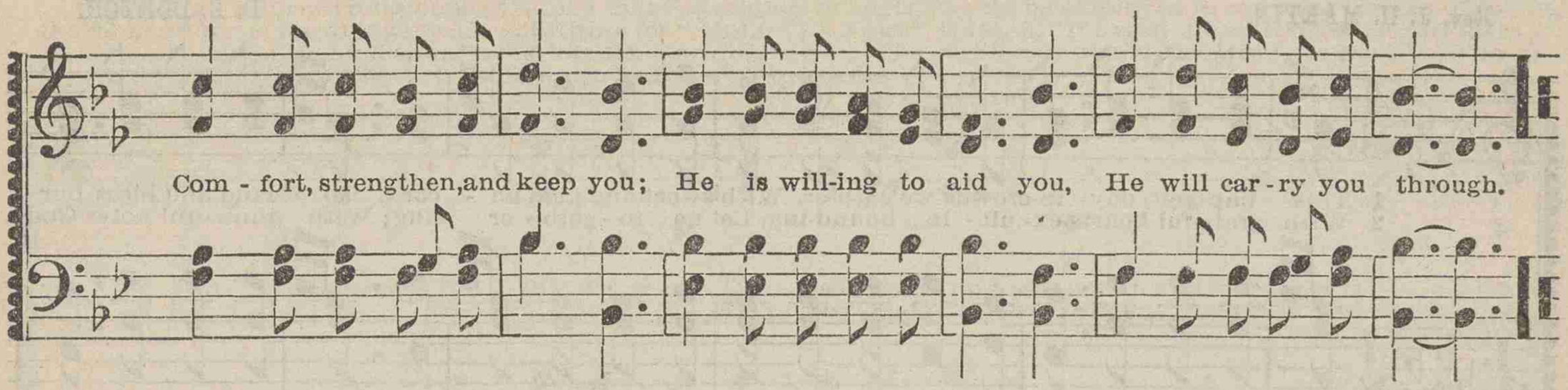
H. R. P. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1 Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vict'-ry will help you
2 Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'-rence,
3 To him that o'er-com - eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con - quer,

Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward, Dark pas-sions sub - due,
Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est, Kind-heart-ed and true,
Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior, Our strength will re - new,

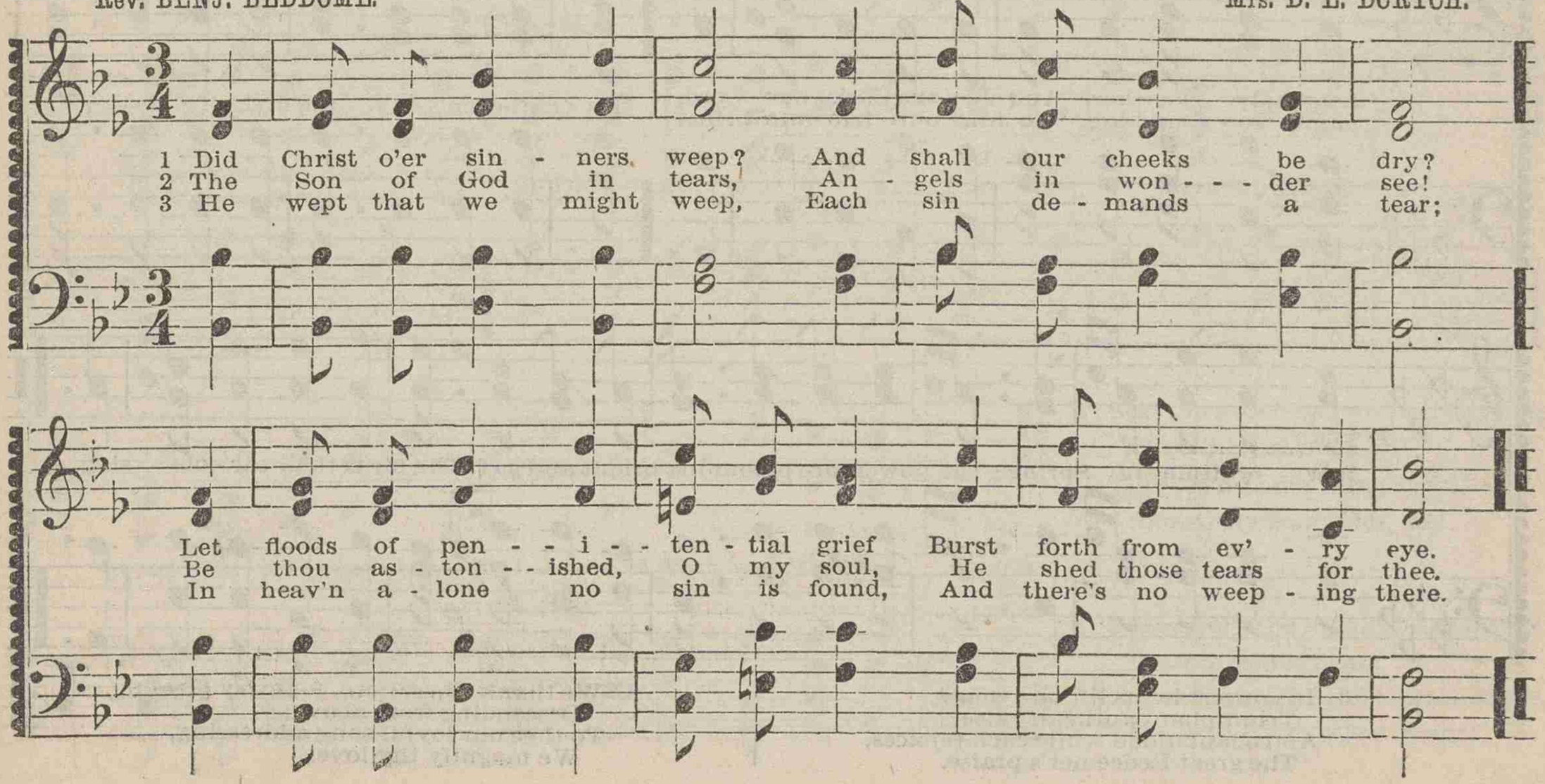
CHORUS.

Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
} Ask the Sav - ior to help you.



No. 108. DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP? S. M.

Rev. BENJ. BEDDOME. Mrs. D. E. DORTCH.



No. 109. MAY DAY SONG. (Infant Class.)

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

1 This hap-py day in crowds we gath-er, With sweet and glad ac - cord, To laud and bless our
2 With grate-ful hearts ex- ult - ing, bound-ing, Let us to - geth - er sing; With tune - ful notes God's

heav'n-ly Fa-ther, And Je - sus Christ our Lord.
name re - sound-ing, To him our trib - ute bring.

CHORUS.

'Tis chil-dren's day, the first of May, The mer - ry time of Spring; The flowers are bloom-ing bright and gay, The birds their car - ols sing.

3 In concert let us lift our voices,
Triumphant anthems raise,
And chant aloud while each rejoices,
The great Redeemer's praise.

4 We thank Thee, Lord, for ev'ry blessing,
Descending from above;
To thee our joyful song addressing,
We magnify thy love.

Rev. J. B. VINTON.

No. 110. STORM THE FORT.

D. E. DORTCH.

* One of our returned missionaries thinks that the soldiers of Christ should be employed in *storming* instead of *holding* the fort, and sends the following asa substitute for "HOLD THE FORT." He says, "If I read Jesus' signals aright, there are no times for lurking behind stone walls, but for storming them. The fort is not ours to hold, but the Devil's (*John xiv: 30; xii: 31; xvi: 11.*) Holding forts is his work."—*The Watchman,* Boston.

3 See! the prophets now are showing
How the fort must fall;
There is no such thing as failing,
Shout, my comrades, all!

4 Fierce and long the siege has lasted,
But the end is near;
Onward leads our great commander,
Cheer! my comrades, cheer!

No. 111. SWEET HEAVEN OF REST.

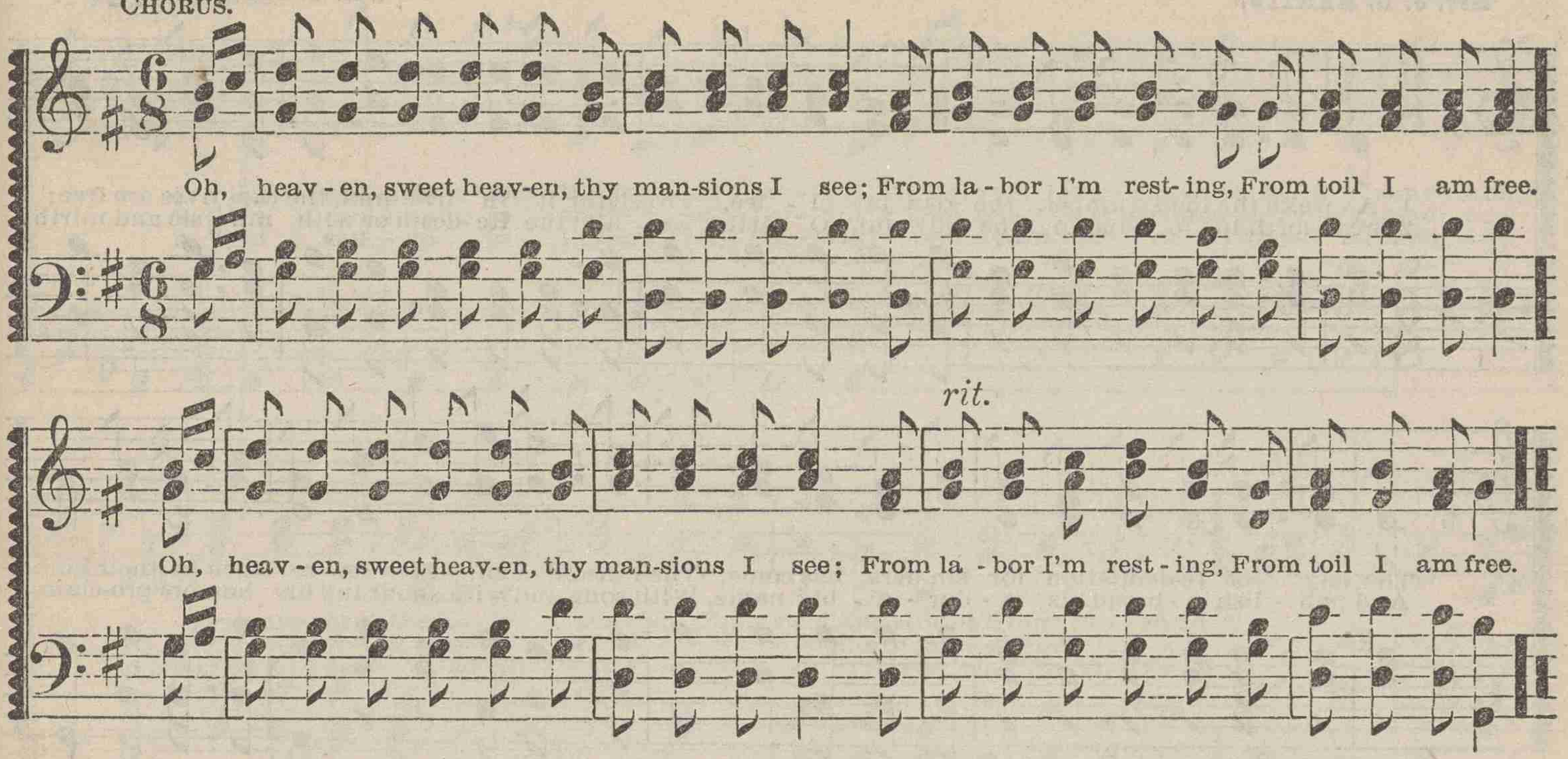
Rev. W. T. DALE. E. HANKS.

1 Sweet ha - ven of rest, . . . The home of the blest; . . . Sweet land of re-
2 Oh, home, bless - ed home, . . . Be - yond Jor-dan's foam, . . . Sweet man-sions of
3 Oh, cit - y of God, . . . The an - gels a - bode, . . . Thy tow - ers ap-

pose, . . . Se- cure from all woes; . . . I long to be there, . . . In
rest, . . . Where pil-grims are blest; . . . Oh, when shall I be, . . . My
pear, . . . My spir - it to cheer; . . . Oh, when shall I stand, . . . In

E - den so fair, . . . And sing on the shore, . . . With friends gone be-fore. . .
Sav-ior, with thee, . . . And sing on that shore, . . . With friends gone be-fore? . .
E-den's bright land, . . . And sing on that shore, . . . With friends gone be-fore? . .

CHORUS.



No. 112. BEALOTH.

Key of A♭.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

2 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.
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Savior and our King!
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 113. JUBILEE SONG.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1 A - wake the loud trumpet, the glad ju - bi - lee, Pro-claim it in tri-umph, the cap- tives are free;
2 Break forth in - to sing-ing, be joy - ful, O earth! Ex - alt the Re -deem-er with mu - sic and mirth,

The day of re-demp-tion for sin-ners has come, The ransom'-d of Zi - on re - turn to their home.
And pub - lish a - broad his a - dor - a - ble name, With song and with shout-ing his hon-ors pro-claim.

CHORUS.

Re-sound the glad tid-ings o'er land and o'er sea, The Sav - ior has con-quered, His peo- ple are free.

3 The Lord hath delivered the wretched, oppressed,
And given the burdened and sorrowful rest;
His arm has salvation and victory wrought,—
His blood has redemption and liberty bought.

4 With timbrel and organ and harp of sweet sound,
The fame and the glory of Christ spread around;
With gladness and triumph re-echo his praise,
Extol and adore him in jubilant lays.

Rev. W. T. DALE. E. HANKS.

1 "Ho - san - na to the Son of Da - vid!" The He - brew chil-dren sweet-ly sung; And,
2 "Ho - san - na to the Son of Da - vid!" They cried while foes stood frowning there: And
3 "Ho - san - na to the Son of Da - vid!" While palms of vict'-ry wav'd a-round; And

CHORUS.

peal - ing thro' the ho - ly tem - ple, Their swell-ing strains triumphant rung.
loud - er grew the swell-ing an - them, While shouts of prais-es filled the air.
bursts of hal - le - lu-jahs peal - ing, Made ev' - ry heart with rap-ture bound.
} Ho - san - na! ho-

san - na! Ho - san - na let us sing; Ho - san- na! ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to our King.

4 "Hosanna to the Son of David!"
Our youthful voices still repeat;
When in the Sabbath-school we gather,
And sit with Mary at his feet.

5 "Hosanna to the Son of David!"
Let ev'ry grateful heart reply;
And with triumphal palms of vict'ry,
Hail him who comes to bleed and die.

No. 115. THE WONDERFUL REDEEMER.

D. E. DORTCH.

1 { What a won - der - ful Re-deem - er Was the bless - ed Son of God, Who for - sook his home in
{ Un - to him, the wretch-ed lep - er, Whom no mor - tal e'er could cure, Came, be - liev- ing and en-

CHORUS.

glo - ry, And on earth with men a - bode! }
treat - ing, And his mal - a - dy was o'er! } Oh, thou won - der - ful Re-deem - er, Make our hearts

all pure with - in! Thou canst heal each wretch-ed spir - it Of the lep - ro - sy of sin!

2 We must feel our need of Jesus,
And our malady of soul!
We must trust him and beseech him,
Or we never can be whole!
As the leper fell before him
And implored his sovereign aid,
So before the risen Savior,
Let our sin-sick hearts be laid!

3 If thou wilt, exclaimed the leper,
And he felt the healing hand;
And his leprosy departed
At the blessed Lord's command!
Ever willing still is Jesus
Love and mercy to display!
If we will sincerely seek him,
He will purge our sins away.

No. 116. WE SHALL REST.*

Dr. C. NYSEWANDER. BENJ. F. NYSEWANDER.

1 We shall rest when life's last strug-gle On the plains of time is o'er; We shall rest from
2 We shall rest, but now we're toil-ers Har - vest-ing the gold - en grain; We shall rest but
3 We shall rest in heav-en's ar-bors, Naught shall ev - er mar our peace; We shall rest—but

CHORUS.

care and la - bor When we reach that gold - en shore.
not till Je - sus Bids us from our work re-frain.
rest in heav-en Is re - joic - ing, sing - ing praise.

} We shall rest, we shall rest,

We shall rest from care and la - bor; We shall rest from care and la-bor When life's har - vest time is o'er.

* From "GOLDEN LEAVES," by per.

No. 117. "I SHALL BE SOON."

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. D. E. DORTCH.

Affetuoso.

1 Be- yond the smil-ing and the weep - ing, I shall be soon; Be- yond the wak- ing and the
2 Be- yond the bloom-ing and the fad - ing, I shall be soon; Be- yond the shin- ing and the
3 Be- yond the ris - ing and the set - ting, I shall be soon; Be- yond the calm- ing and the

dolce. *f* CHORUS.

sleep - ing, Be- yond the sow - ing and the reap - ing, I shall be soon.
shad - ing, Be- yond the hop - ing and the dread - ing, I shall be soon.
fret - ting, Be- yond re-mem-b'ring and for - get - ting, I shall be soon.

Love, rest and home,

p *f* *m* *rit.* *pp*

Sweet, sweet home; Bless - ed Je - sus, tar- ry not, But come and take me to my home.

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating, I shall be soon.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never, I shall be soon.

No. 118. GOOD TIDINGS. 127

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1 We come with a mes-sage from heav - en a - bove, We come from a Fa - ther of in - fi-nite love;
2 He gives to his peo - ple the bless- ing of peace, From sin's con-dem-na-tion he of - fers re-lease;
3 The an - gels, a - dor - ing, their off'- rings do bring, Their heav'n-ly ho -san-nas in tri-umph they sing;
4 His glo - ries in heav- en e - ter - nal - ly shine, Though hu-man to suf - fer, His pow'r is di-vine;

To you and all na - tions good tid - ings we bring; For now hath a - ris - en a Sav-ior and King.
His king-dom is bound-less, his reign with- out end, He comes to re-deem you, to save and befriend.
Though Lord of all glo - ry, He com- eth to save From sin's des - o - la- tion, from death and the grave!
Then has - ten to seek him, bow low at his feet! Oh, give him the hom-age, the praise that is meet.

CHORUS.

Good tid - ings we bring, The Sav - ior is King! Let earth with the cho - rus ex - ult - ing -ly ring!

No. 119. "HEAVY LADEN."

BERTIE BLISS. D. E. DORTCH.

Earnestly.

1 Ah! Fa - ther, I am tir - ed, And wear - y, sad, and worn, The way is rough and
2 Yet, oh, I do not mur - mur; For tho' the way seems hard, I know the hum - ble
3 I know the more of cross - es I bear for thee be - low, The more of stars here

thorn - y, And my bleed - ing feet are torn. I thirst for the "still
ser - vant Is not a - bove his Lord. And thou hast borne the
aft - er Up - on my crown shall glow. There's noth - ing for thee,

wa - ters" Of thy bless - ed prom - ised land, And long to hear them
bur - den Thy hand hath laid on me; And the steep - est path I
Sav - ior, I would not do or be, Then lead the way and

4 For this I know, that sometime
I'll fold these weary hands,
My spirit at thy summons
Shall burst its prison bands;
My feet shall stand by Jordan,
And I shall catch the gleam
Of that pure, sinless city
That lies beyond the stream.

5 And hand in hand with Jesus,
I'll cross its gloomy tide;
And in that blessed mansion,
Upon the other side,
That long ago the Master
Had purchased there for me,
Forever and forever
I'll rest, O God, with thee.

No. 120. ANTIOCH

Key of E♭.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

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

3 No more let sins and sorrows 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.

No. 121. BEAUTIFUL HOME OF THE SOUL.

W. P. W. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1 There's a land 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not the sor - row of time,
2 Here our gaze can - not soar to that land, But our vis - ions have told of its bliss,
3 Oh, the stars in the heav - ens at night, Seem to tell where the ran - som'd have trod,
4 Oh, then let us cling to his Son, All our sor - rows he'll help us to bear,

Crys - tal fount - ains in val - leys of gold, And life is a treas - ure sub-lime.
And our souls by its breez - es are fanned, When we faint in the desert of this.
And the sun from his pal - ace of light, Seems to beam with the smiles of our God.
And when life and its du - ties are done, He has prom - ised a crown we shall wear.

CHORUS.

'Tis the sweet, 'tis the sweet, by and by, by and by, 'Tis the land of our God, we are told;

Shall we meet, shall we meet, in that cit - y, 'Tis the beau - ti - ful home of the soul.

No. 122. JESUS, I WILL TRUST THEE.

London Freeman. J. H. F., by per.

1 Je - sus, I will trust thee! When a-cross my soul Like a fear- ful tem-pest, Doubts and fears shall roll.
2 Je - sus, I will trust thee! There is none be- side; In thine arms of mer - cy I will ev - er hide.
3 Je - sus, I will trust thee! Trust thee e-ven now, Trust thee when the death-dew Gathers on my brow.

Rit.

When the temp-ter com-eth, Sure- ly he will flee When I tell him, "Je - sus, I am trust - ing thee!"
And for my ac - cept-ance, This my on- ly plea—Je - sus died for sin -ners, Je - sus died for me.
Trust thee in the sun-shine, Trust thee in the shade, With thy pre-cious shel-ter I am not a - fraid!

No. 123. STAND ON GUARD.

ROSETTE ANNIE ROSE. J. F. DISNEY.

Animo.

1 Stand on guard, O Christian sol - dier! Stand on guard, ne'er leave your post, For the ranks of sin are
2 Think of him who suf- fered for thee, Think of him who bore the cross, Fee - ble heart, a- rise, take
3 And ere long will come the sum - mons, When your wait-ing soul shall fly To its Fa-ther's bliss-ful

CHORUS.

mar- shaled, In a strong and might-y host.)
cour - age, Count as gain all earth- ly loss.
man - sion, To its home be- yond the sky.

Stand on guard, stand on guard, Stand on

Christian soldier, Christian soldier, stand on

guard, ne'er leave your post, For the ranks of sin are mar -shaled, In a strong and might-y host.

No. 124. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1 {Je - sus is call - ing and bids you re-turn, Why will you long - er his mer - cy spurn?
{Boundless his mer - cy, in - vit - ing he stands, Bear - ing a par - don with-in his hands.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, Chris - tians are fer - vent - ly pray - ing for you,

While yet the door of sweet mer - cy is o - pen, Broth - er, oh, what are you go - ing to do?

2 Often rejected, he comes yet again,
When will you love and accept him—when?
Life is receding and ebbing away,
Why will you longer from Jesus stay?

3 Christ is most tenderly calling to you,
Brother, oh, what are you going to do?
Why not accept him whose love is so great,
Ere you shall find it forever too late?

No. 125. "FALL IN!"*

Words and Music by F. L. BRIST

In marching time.

1 *Wea - ry* of the Master's fight, *Sleeping* all the day and night? *Sleeping? Sleeping?* Dangers lurking nigh?
2 *Straggling* from the Lord's command, Seeking pleasures of the land? *Wand'ring? Straggling?* Tempters 'round thee lie?
3 *Murm'ring*, fighting for the right, Heaven's portals just in sight? *Murm'ring? Murm'ring?* With a doleful sigh?

Up! ye wea - ry sol - diers! Hear your valiant Captain's cry! FALL IN! PRESS ON! *Vict'ry by and by!*
Ral - ly! straggling sol - diers! Hear your valiant Captain's cry! FALL IN! PRESS ON! *Vict'ry by and by!*
List! ye murm'ring sol - diers! Hear your valiant Captain's cry! FALL IN! PRESS ON! *Vict'ry by and by!*

CHORUS.

Satan comes with mighty hosts And desolates the land! Sowing seeds of sorrow and despair on every hand!

TENOR.

* By per. J. H. FILLMORE.

Up! ye wea - ry sol -diers! Hear your valiant Captain's cry! FALL IN! PRESS ON! *Vict'ry by and by!*

No. 126. ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1 'Twas on that dark, that dole - ful night, When powers of earth and hell a - rose
2 Be - fore the mourn - ful scene be - gan, He took the bread, and blessed, and brake:
3 "This is my bod - y, broke for sin: Re - ceive and eat the liv - ing food;"

A-gainst the Son of God's de - light, And friends be-trayed him to his foes.—
What love through all his ac - tions ran! What won - drous words of grace he spake!
Then took the cup and blessed the wine: "Tis the new cove - nant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

E. R. LATTA.

No. 127. THE STRAIT GATE.

E. HANKS.

1 The way is broad and wide the gate That leads to end - less woe; And oh, what mul - ti -
2 The way that lead-eth un - to life, Where all is bright and fair, Is nar - row, and the
3 Oh, seek the path that leads to heav'n, And end - less bliss a - bove! No long - er slight, with

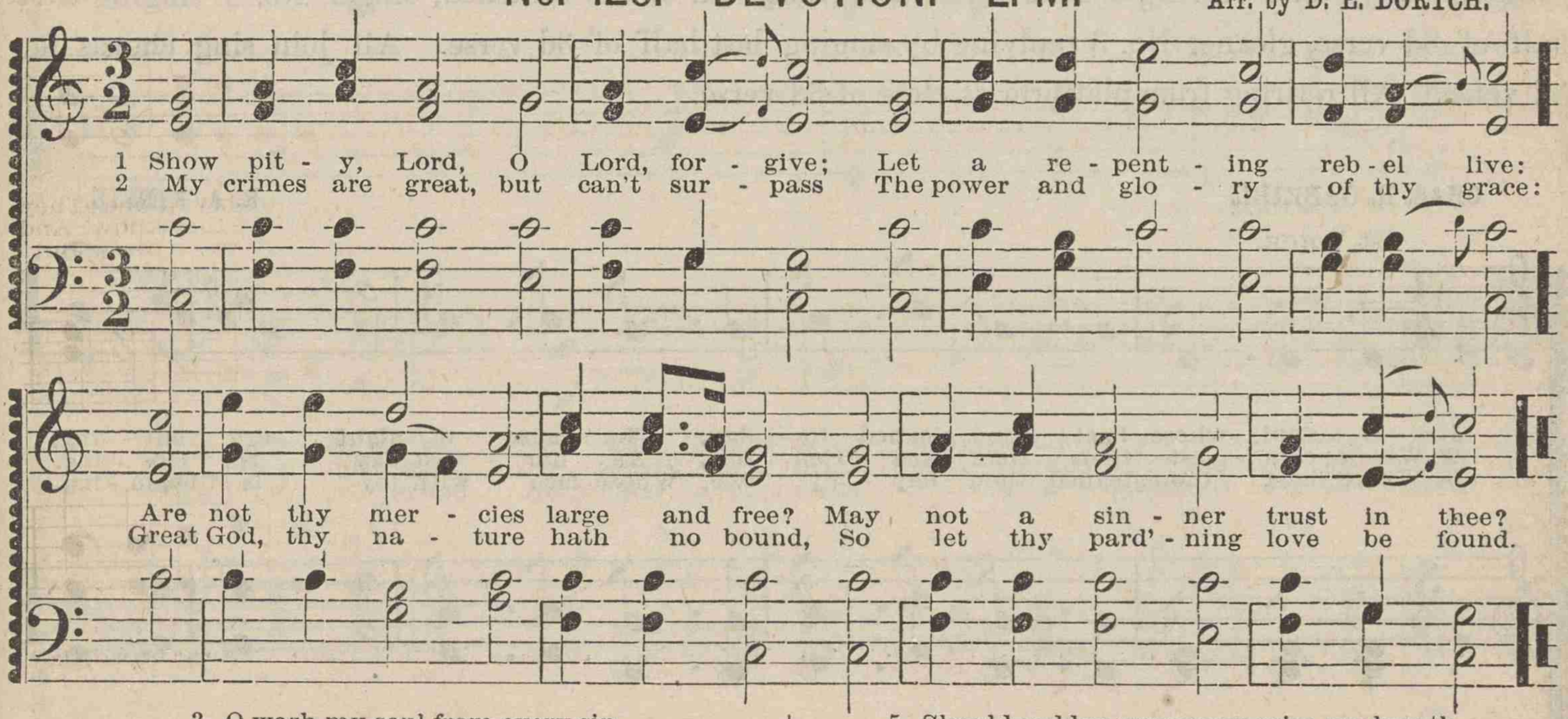
tudes of souls To ru - in thith-er go! They love the ways of sin and death, And Sa - tan serve alone; They
gate is strait, And oh, how few are there! But they are blest and free from sin, And Jesus' love they know; And
hardened heart, The Savior's dy-ing love! No long - er with the mul - titudes To end - less ru-in press; But

CHORUS. *earnestly.*

heed - less tread the downward road, And Je - sus will not own!
they shall stand on his right hand When they are called to go!
walk ye in the narrow way, The way of hol - i - ness!
} Oh, shun destruction's way so broad, De -

No. 128. DEVOTION. L. M.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean:
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well,

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

No. 129. THE DAY IS DONE.

This piece is suitable for Sunday School Concerts.

Let a class of 12 or 15 be placed upon the platform, and, as gleaner No. 1 comes on to the platform, let a prominent voice step forward from the class and greet No. 1 by singing the first half of 1st verse, and in reply, let gleaner No. 1 sing last half of first verse. Then let the class join in the chorus. And following, let gleaner No. 2 come on to the platform and let 1st voice sing first half of second verse, then let gleaner No. 2 reply by singing last half of second verse, chorus following. Then comes gleaner No. 3 bearing a sheaf of golden grain with sickle attached, singer No. 1 singing first half of 3d verse, gleaner No. 3 replying by singing last half of 3d verse. All join sing chorus for 3d verse. All retiring from platform at close of 3d verse.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINSIE.

Why is that rest - less, anx - ious look, Say hast thou heard thy call - ing?
Thou bring - est not a gold - en sheaf, Say hast thou been re - pos - ing?
Whose gold - en sheaves are tro - phies rare, Say hast thou too been dream - ing?

2d VOICE.

I wan - der'd by the har - vest field, Were man - y'a one were reap - ing,
At ear - ly dawn I sought the field, And worked till morn ad - vanc - ing
No, no, I come from har - vest fields, I la - bored un - de - spair - ing,

THE DAY IS DONE. Concluded.

The sun was high, the day was warm— I have, a - las! been sleep - ing.
Pro-claimed the day would sul - try be— I thought the shade en - hanc - ing.
Be - neath the burn - ing sun I strove My gold - en sheaves pre - par - ing.

CHORUS.

1st & 2d Oh, faith - less one, See, the day is done, Thou'st stray - ing been In the fields of sin,
3d. Oh, come, brave one, for the day is done, Thy work is o'er, thou shalt toil no more,

A - las! too late, see thy aw - ful state, For the day is done.
Who reap in pain shall not toil in vain, And the day is done.

Dr. C. NYSEWANDER.

No. 130. HE LOVETH ME.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 He lov - eth me; oh, joy di- vine, Ce - les - tial light doth on me shine; And though unworthy
2 He lov - eth me; I heard his call, And on - ly at his feet could fall; And there o'er-come I
3 He lov - eth me, though I be poor, Be - cause of this he loves me more; What con- so - la - tion

CHORUS.

I may be, I feel that Je - sus lov - eth me.
pros - trate lay, I won-dered how he could love me.
all the day, To feel that Je - sus lov - eth me.

He lov - eth me, he lov - eth me, The

beams of love il - lume my way; Wher-e'er I go, wher-e'er I stray, I feel that Je - sus lov-eth me.

4 For rags, and for my sinful load
He gave to me a snow white robe;
Though for my sins I had no plea,
Yet Jesus freely pardoned me.

5 He loveth me; oh, can it be
That Jesus loves unworthy me;
Within I feel the Spirit s power,
I feel his presence every hour.

No. 131. WAS THERE EVER SUCH A FRIEND.

K. SHAW. Arr. by J. H. F., by per.

1 Be - hold the love of Christ for me, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
2 Be - hold my love to live for thee, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
3 Now hear, O sin - ner, and o - bey, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!

He shed his blood on Cal - va - ry, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
Wilt thou, my Sav - ior, dwell with me? Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
Ac - cept his call with - out de - lay, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!

He in - ter - cedes in heav'n for me, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
His foes he'll ban - ish far a - way, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
Come, peace and par - don here re - ceive, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!

My guilt - y soul from sin set free, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
His foll'-wers clothe in bright ar - ray, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
'Tis Christ a - lone who can re - lieve, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!

Be - hold the love of Christ for me, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
Be - hold my love to live for thee, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
Now hear, O sin - ner, and o - bey, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!

He shed his blood on Cal - va - ry, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
Wilt thou, my Sav - ior, dwell with me? Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!
Ac - cept his call with - out de - lay, Was there ev - er such a friend as Je - sus!

No. 132. JERUSALEM! MY HAPPY HOME!

ANON. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1 Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, in thee?
2 Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,
Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end?

CHORUS.

1. 2.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We are on our jour - ney home;
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, (*Omit . . . . . .*) Je - sus
bids us hith - er come.

3

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Savior stand!
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

4

Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

No. 133. LITTLE GLEANERS. (Infant Class.)

D. E. DORTCH.

1 We are a lit - tle, glean- ing band, We can - not bind the sheaves, But we can fol- low those who reap, And gath - er what each leaves.
2 We are not rich, but we can give, As we are pass- ing on, A cup of wa - ter in his name, To some poor, faint - ing one.
3 We know that with our gather- ed grain, Bri - ars and leaves are seen; Yet since we tried, He smiles the same, And takes our of - fer - ing.

We are not strong, but Je - sus loves The weak - est of the fold,
We are not wise, but Christ our Lord, Re- veals to babes his will,
Dear chil - dren, still ho -san - nas sing, As Christ doth conquering come;

And in our fee - ble ef -forts prove His ten - der -ness un- told.
And we are sure from his dear word He loves the chil - dren still.
Cast - ing your treas - ures as he brings The hea-then na - tions home.

No. 134. RING THE JOY BELLS.

E. N. GUNNISON in S. S. Times. "DAVID."

1 Ring the joy bells, Christ is ris - en, He who for our sins was slain, From the bond-age of his pri-son
2 Ring the joy bells loud and glee-ful, Sound a-loud their notes of peace, Fill the world with their vi-bra-tion
3 Ring the joy bells, saints in glo - ry, Lis - ten to the glad re - frain, Ring-ing forth the old-en sto- ry,

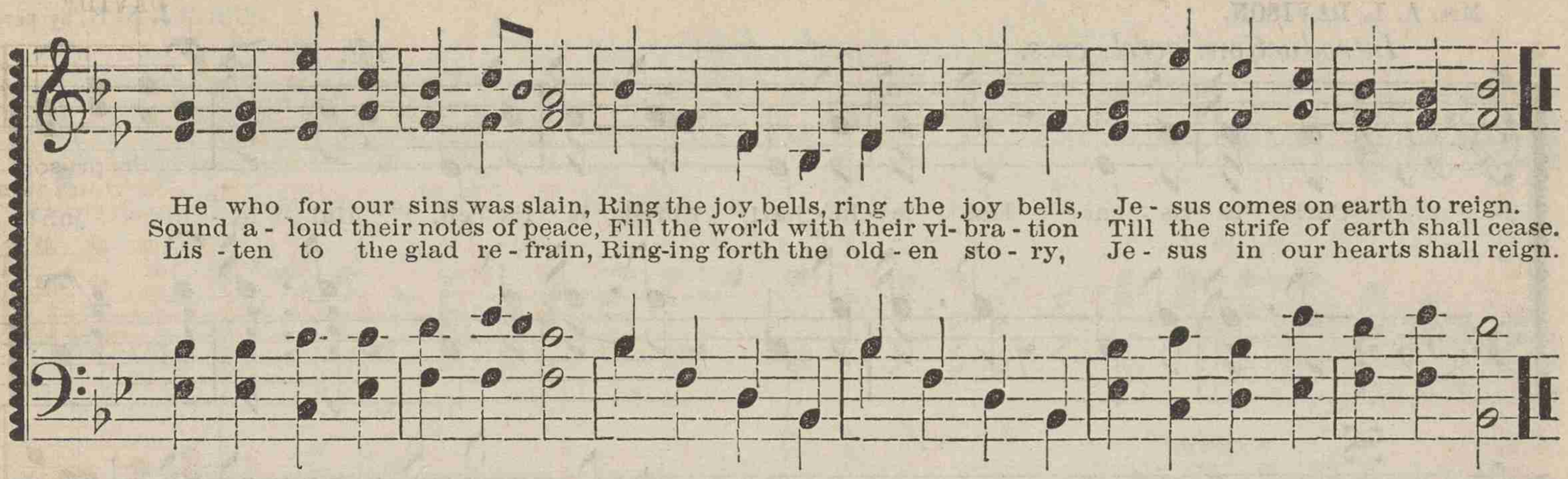
Breaks to glad-den earth a-gain. Ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells, joy bells,
Till the strife of earth shall cease.
How the Christ is born a - gain. Ring the bells, ring the bells, ring the bells, joy bells,

Ring ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring the bells,

Ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells, joy bells. Ring the joy bells, Christ is ris-en,
Ring the joy bells, ring the joy bells,
Ring the bells, ring the bells, ring the bells, joy bells. Ring the joy bells, saints in glo-ry,

Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring the bells.

By per. of J. H. FILLMORE.



No. 135. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2 Tho' like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

No. 136. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

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 O Lamb of God, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

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

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

No. 137. CHRIST IS RISEN.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. F., by per.

Introduction. accel. cres. *rit.*

Christ is ris - en, Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris - en, Hal - le - lu - jah!

1 Thou who comfortless hath wept, While within the grave he slept. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en;
2 Doubt no more, for from this grave Lo! he comes to heal and save. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en;
3 Thou hast no more need of tears, When the Lord, thy life, appears. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en;

Weep no more, for on thy sight Dawneth ev - er - last-ing light. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en.
Lift to him thy joy - ful eyes, See his glo-rious kingdom rise. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en.
Death is vanquished, King is he, Grave, where now's thy victory? Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en.

CHORUS.

No. 138. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

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

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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
Prince of Peace and Righteousness;
Most unworthy, Lord, I am,
Thou art full of love and grace.

No. 139. THIS IS THE SWEETEST STORY. (Infant Class.)

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS. C. E. POLLOCK, by per.

1 This is the sweet-est sto-ry, Wonderful, strange, and true, Je-sus, the King of glo-ry,
2 Think you not "he's for-got-ten, It was so long a - go," No, the dear Lord re-mem-bers,
3 Knowing a child's temptations, Show-ing you what to do, Je-sus will stand be-side you,

Once was a child like you. Think of him in your glad - ness, Praising him all the day,
Oh, and he loves you so; Loves you for aye and ev - er, It was to you he came,
Mak-ing you brave and true; Ev-er keep close-ly to him, If you would like him grow,

CHORUS.

Ev - er in words and ac - tions, Think what the Lord would say.
Deep in his heart is grav - en Ev - er - y child-ish name.
Out of your heart's deep gladness Sweetness of life will flow.

Al-ways be bright and joy - ous,

Je-sus would have you so; He is the source of glad - ness, He is the light, you know.

No. 140. KEEP ON PRAYING.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Do not fal-ter, broth-er, press brave-ly on, Je - sus will aid you in the work be - gun.
2 Make your armor faith and prayer all the way, Trust in the prom-ise of a bet - ter day.
3 Cling-ing to the arm of Je - sus your guide There is no dan-ger, let whate'er be - tide.

REFRAIN.

Keep on work - ing till the work is done, Keep on pray-ing till the crown is won.

No. 141. O FLY TO THE SAVIOR.

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

1 O fly to the Sav - ior, on Je - sus be-lieve, By faith in his mer - its re - demp-tion re-ceive;
2 He looked down from heaven on mor - tals be- low, Be- held them with grief in their dark-ness and woe;
3 Con - fide in the Sav - ior for par - don and peace, From bond-age and ter - ror thy soul he'll re-lease;

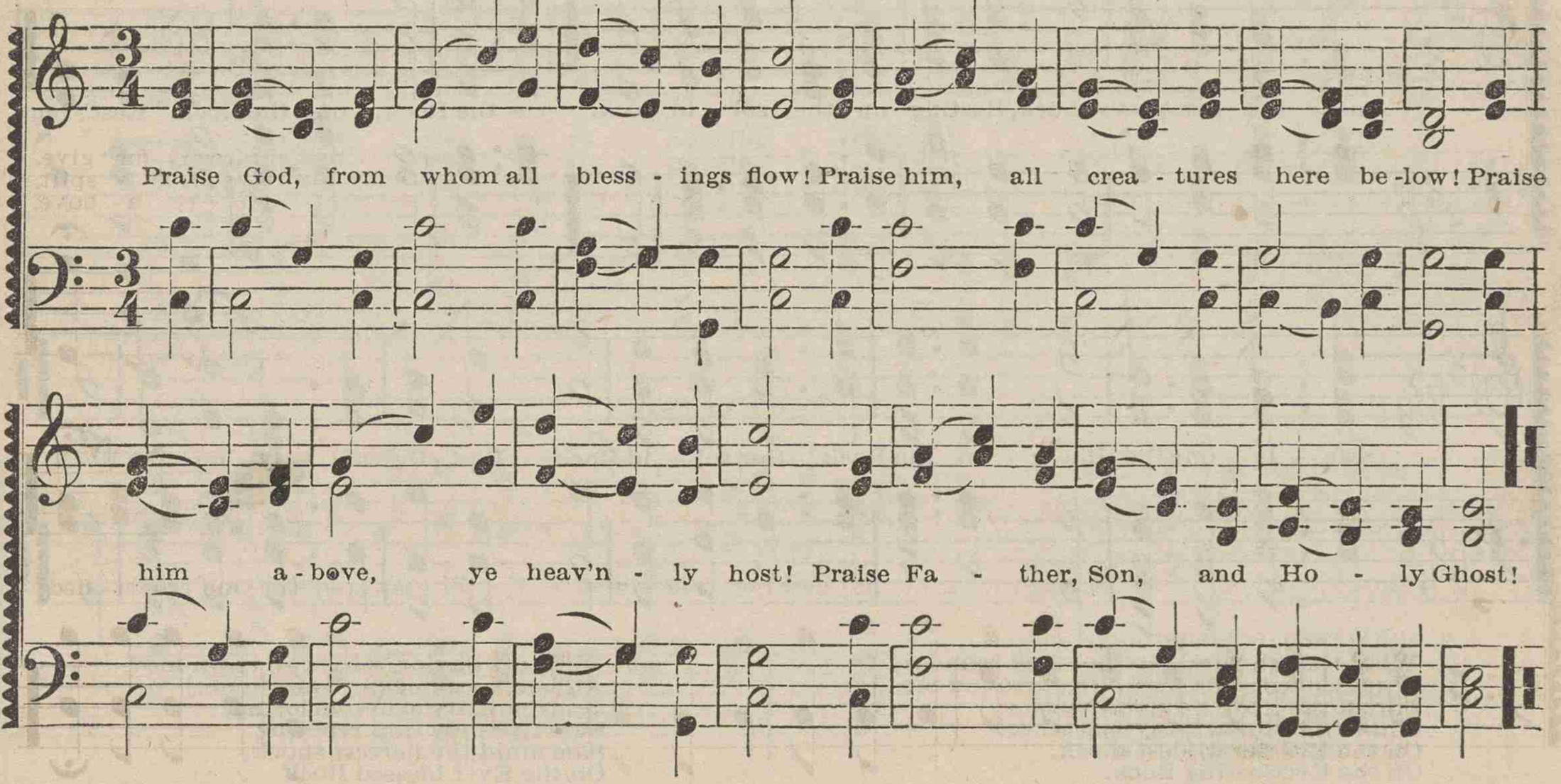
He died on the cross that poor sin-ners might live, Your crimes and transgressions he'll free-ly for - give.
He car - ried our bur- dens, a- toned for our guilt, To save and re- deem us his blood free- ly spilt.
He'll fill thee with com - fort, with glad-ness and love, And lead thee to man-sions of glo - ry a - bove.

CHORUS.

Hal-le - lu - jah to Je - sus, the Lamb that has died, Me - di - a - tor and Ran-som, the One cru- ci - fied;

No. 142. DOXOLOGY. L. M.

D. E. DORTCH.



No. 143. SAFE ON THE ROCK.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES. W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1 { 'Mid the deep and bil - lowy o - cean, Rag - ing now in wild com - mo - tion,
All se - cure, I'm ev - er sing - ing, For to Christ my soul is cling - ing, } Safe a-

mid the tem-pest's shock, Resting on the sol - id Rock.

CHORUS.

On the Rock, on the Rock, Rest - ing safe - ly on the Rock; On the Rock, the sol - id Rock, Rest - ing safe - ly on the Rock.

2 What though winds are howling round me?
What though darkness now surround me,
Threatening utter desolation?
Christ, the Rock, is my salvation!
Calm amid the wildest shock,
On the Everlasting Rock.

3 With my Savior, what can harm me?
All hell's legions can't alarm me!
Jesus' mighty arms enclosing,
Sweetly is my soul reposing,
Safe amid the fiercest shock,
On the Ever-blessed Rock.

No. 144. BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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

1 Sin - ners, in our Mas- ter's name, Joy - ful tid - ings we pro-claim, Peace and par - don
2 God in Christ dis-plays his grace To our lost and guilt - y race, We are ran - somed
3 All our sins on him were laid, He our debt has ful - ly paid; We are saved through

through his blood, Be ye re - con-ciled to God.
by his blood, Be ye re - con-ciled to God.
Je - sus' blood, Be ye re - con-ciled to God.

REFRAIN.

Be ye re - con-ciled, be ye re - con-ciled, Be ye re - con-ciled to God.

Repeat pp ad lib.

4 On the Son of God believe,
Righteousness and life receive,
Trust in his atoning blood,
Be ye reconciled to God.

5 To his cross for refuge fly,
On his sacrifice rely,
Through the merits of his blood,
Be ye reconciled to God.

No. 145. LEAD ME ON.

J. H. LESLIE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1 Lead me safe - ly on by the nar - row way From the shores of time to the realms of day;
2 With a Shep-herd's care thro' the night and day, Keep me close to thee lest I go a - stray;
3 Thro' the storms of life, 'mid the o - cean's foam, Lead me safe - ly on to my heavenly home;

By the cross of Christ may I ev - er stand, As I jour - ney on to the bet - ter land.
Lead me safe - ly on by thy tend - er love, Thro' this world of sin to my home a - bove.
At the fount of life on the oth - er shore, Let me free - ly drink till I thirst no more.

CHORUS.

Lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, By the straight and nar - row way;

No. 146. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Rev. I. WATTS. G. FRANC.

4 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
High, as the heaven, our voices raise;
And earth, with all her thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

No. 147. REST BEYOND THE TIDE. (Infant Class.)

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

1 There's rest be-yond the tide, Sweet rest for ev'-ry soul; Where ev - er-last - ing
2 I am a stran - ger here, A wan - der - er I roam; A pil - grim in a

joys a - bide, And streams of pleas - ure roll.
des - ert drear, But heav - en is my home.

CHORUS.

} There's rest, sweet rest for you, Be-

yond the roll - ing tide; There's rest, sweet rest for me, And there we shall a-bide.

3 Oh, when shall I be there,
In Canaan's goodly land?
When shall I reach my mansion fair,
And in God's palace stand?

4 Lord Jesus, quickly come,
Nor longer yet delay;
And take me to my heav'nly home,
In realms of endless day.

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