

Peach Collection 1939

Choice Songs

(No. 1.)

FOR

*Revivals, Prayer Meetings, Sunday Schools,
Young People's Societies, etc.*

REV.

Na

BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH
COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE
AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
1939

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Hymn
1894
Choi

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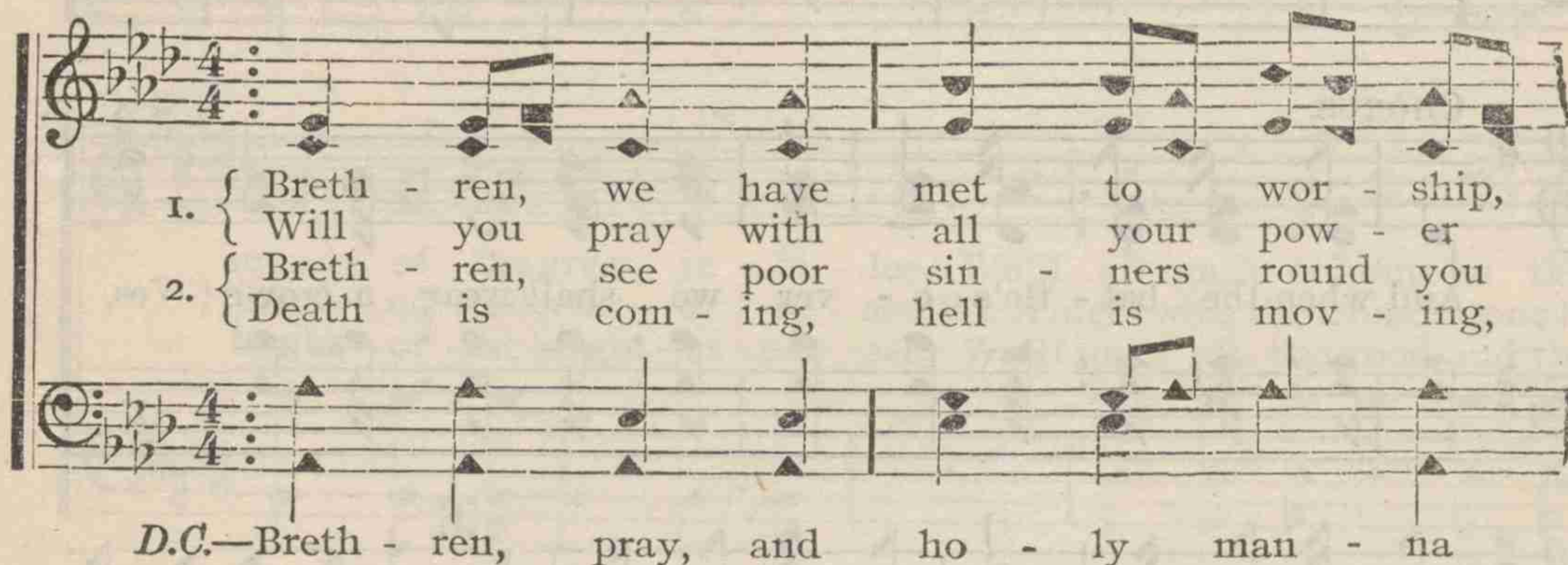
CHOICE SONGS,

NO. 1.

No. 1.

HOLY MANNA.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH, b. par.



1. { Breth - ren, we have met to wor - ship,
Will you pray with all your pow - er
2. { Breth - ren, see poor sin - ners round you
Death is com - ing, hell is mov - ing,

D.C.—Breth - ren, pray, and ho - ly man - na



And a - dore the Lord our God;
While we try to preach the word? } All is vain un -
Slum' - bring on the brink of woe;
Can you bear to let them go?

Will be showered all a - round.



- less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;

3
Sister, will you join and help us,
While we struggle hard with sin?
Will you tell to trembling mourners
Jesus waits to welcome them?

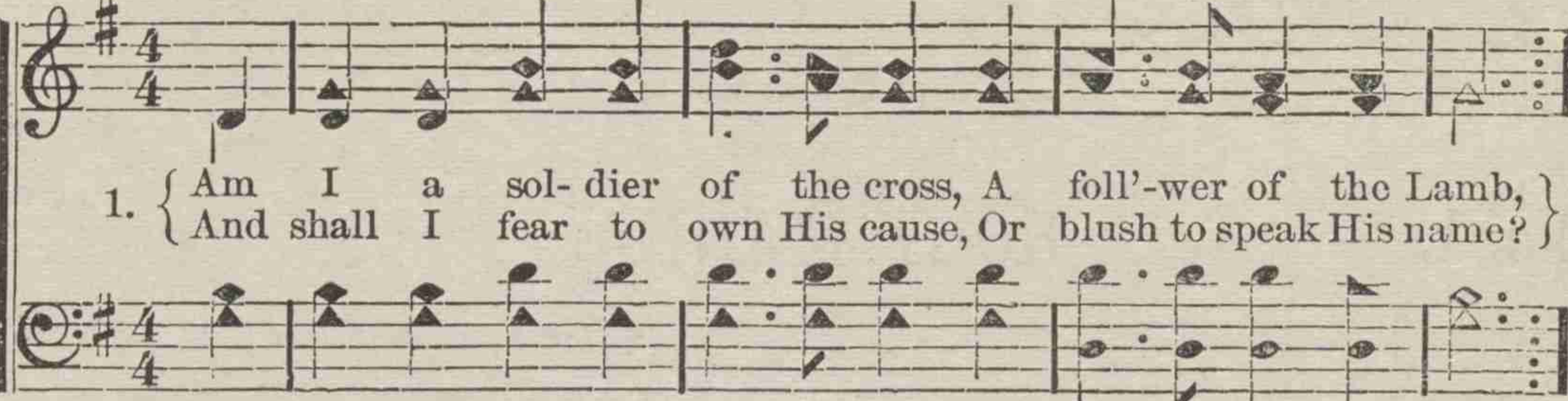
4
Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too;
Let us love and pray for sinners
Till our God makes all things new.

No. 2.

BATTLE HYMN.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D.

English. Arr. by Wm. B. BLAKE.




1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'-wer of the Lamb, }
 { And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? }

CHORUS.

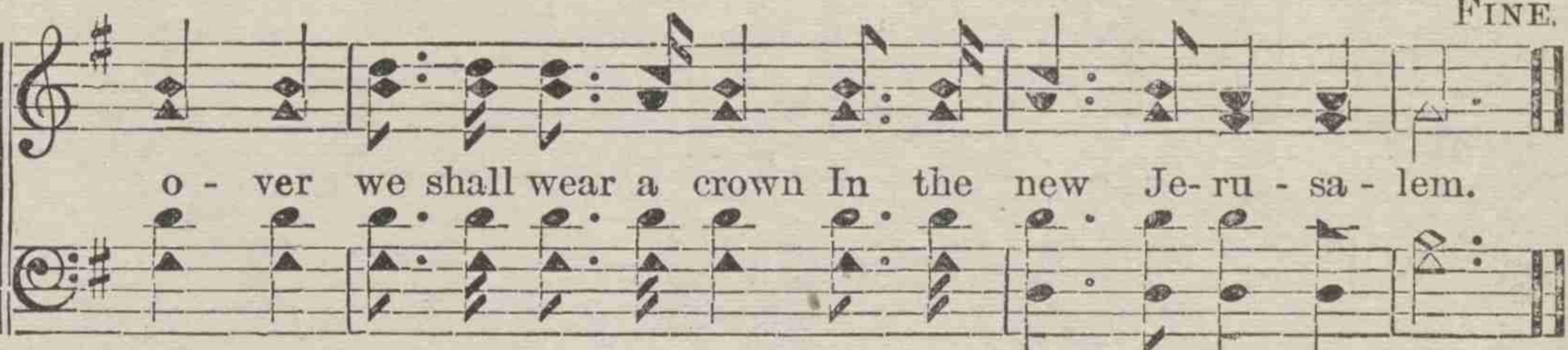


And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,



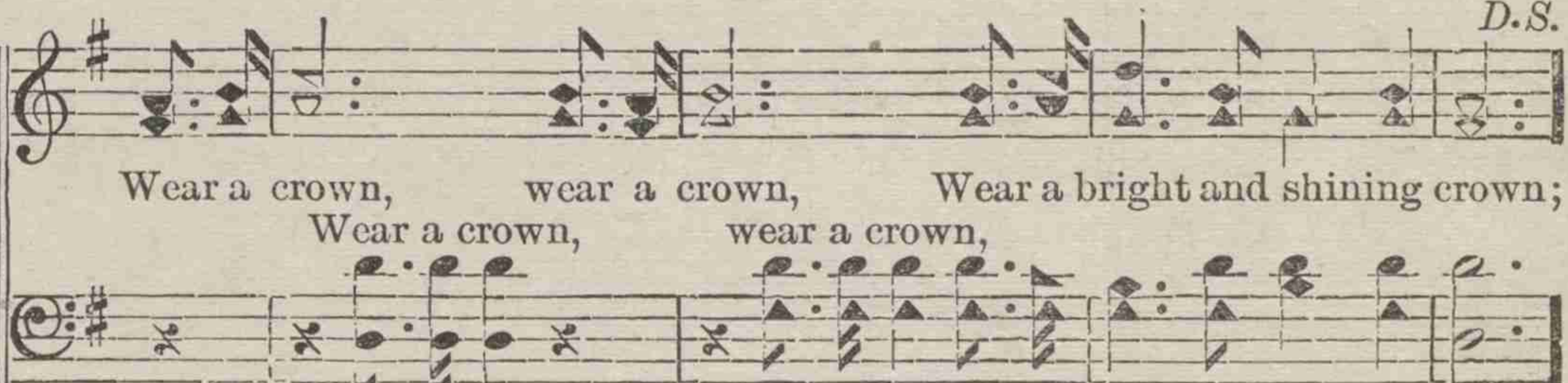
we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's

FINE.



o-ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

D.S.



Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown;
 Wear a crown, wear a crown,

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flow'ry beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?—CHO.
- 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?—CHO.
- 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.—CHO.

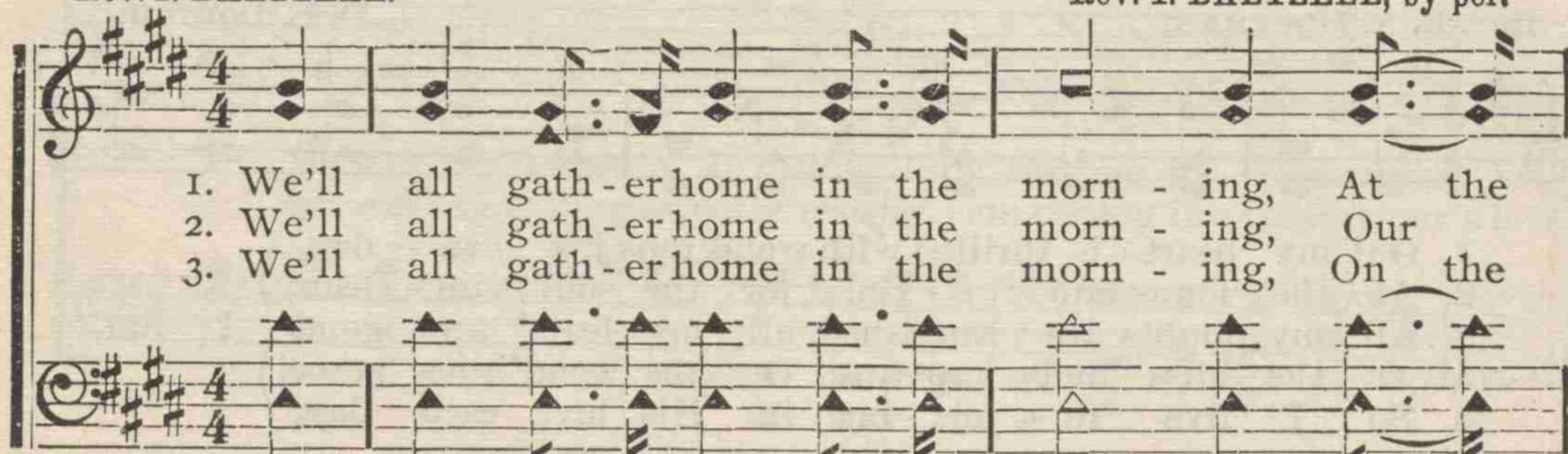
From "Zion Songster," by per.

No. 3.

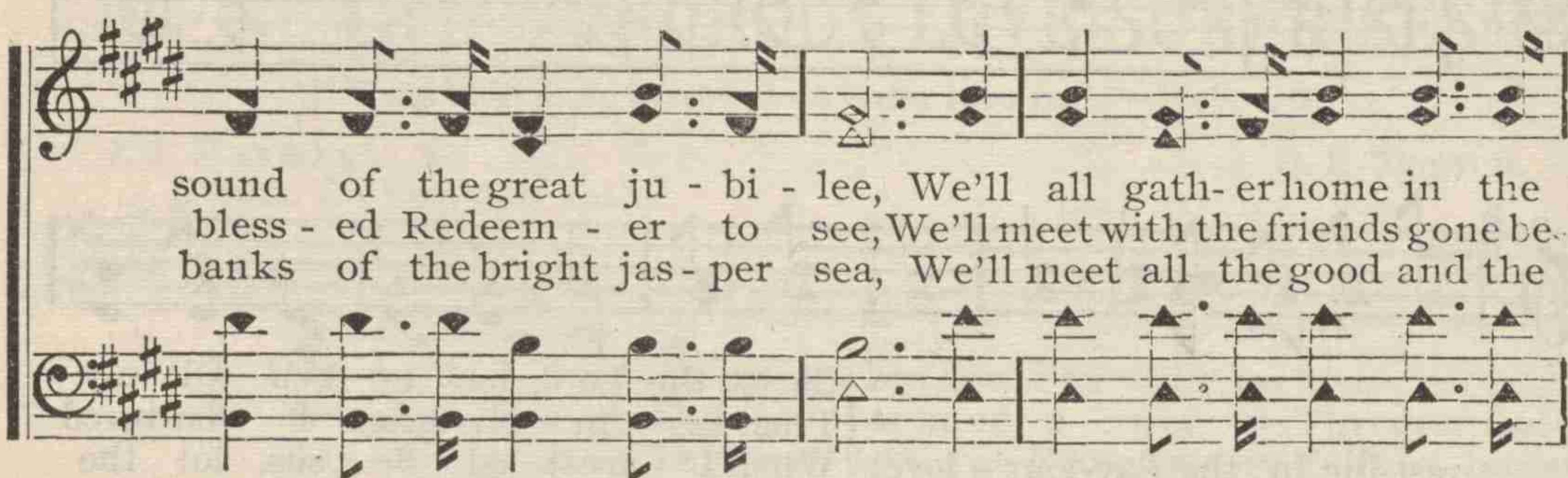
GATHERING HOME.

Rev. I. BALTZELL.

Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.



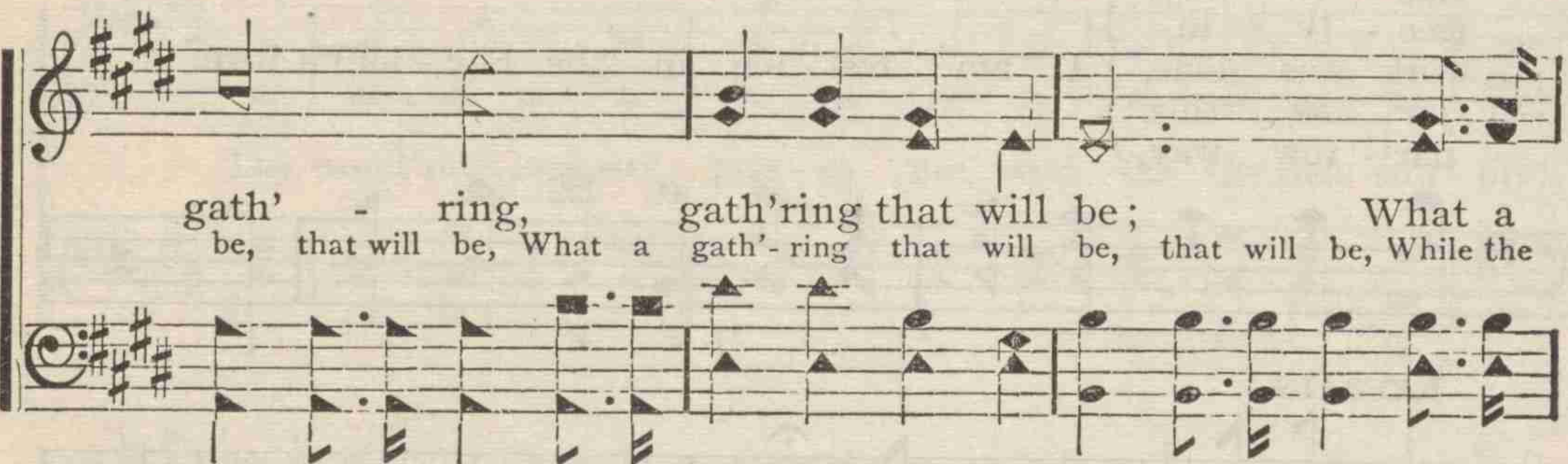
1. We'll all gath - er home in the morn - ing, At the
 2. We'll all gath - er home in the morn - ing, Our
 3. We'll all gath - er home in the morn - ing, On the



sound of the great ju - bi - lee, We'll all gath - er home in the
 bless - ed Redeem - er to see, We'll meet with the friends gone be -
 banks of the bright jas - per sea, We'll meet all the good and the



Chorus.
 morn - ing, What a gath'ring that will be. What a gath' - ring,
 - fore us; What a gath'ring that will be.
 faith - ful, What a gath'ring that will be. What a gath' - ring that will



gath' - ring, gath'ring that will be; What a
 be, that will be, What a gath' - ring that will be, that will be, While the



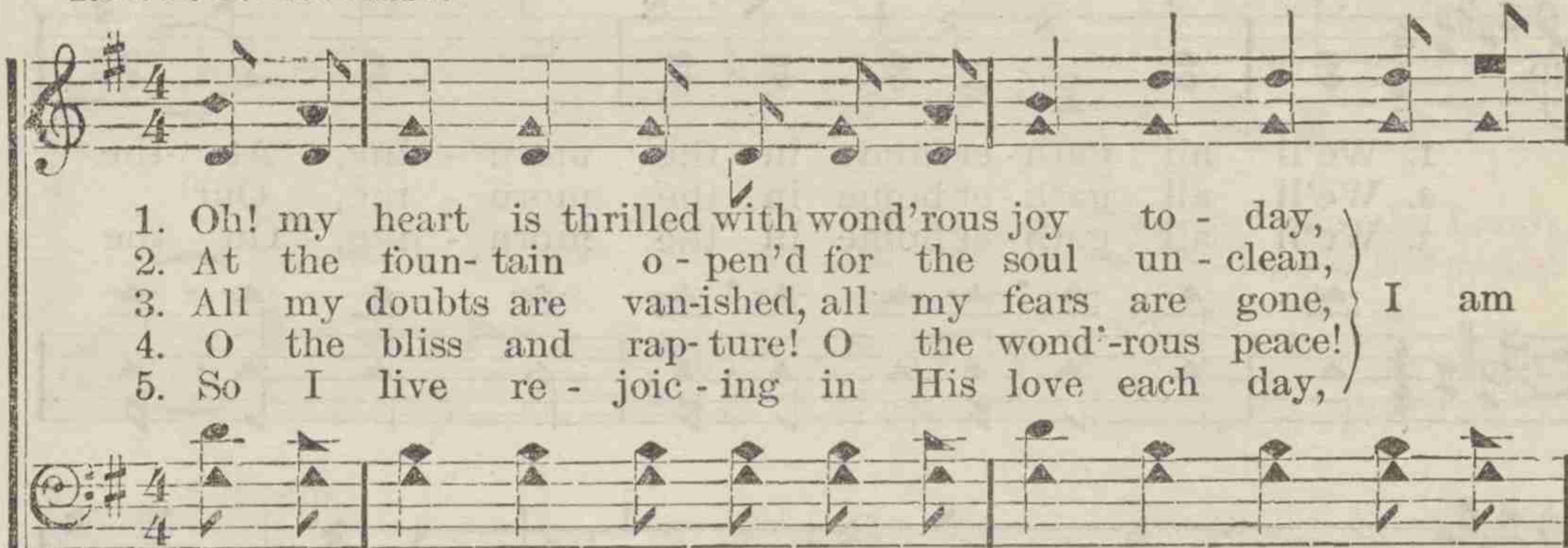
gath' - ring, gath' - ring,
 an - gels sing we'll all gath - er home, What a gath' - ring that will be.

No. 4. I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

"We which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 3.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

D. E. DORTCH.



1. Oh! my heart is thrilled with wond'rous joy to - day,
 2. At the foun- tain o - pen'd for the soul un - clean,
 3. All my doubts are van-ished, all my fears are gone, } I am
 4. O the bliss and rap- ture! O the wond'-rous peace!
 5. So I live re - joic - ing in His love each day,



rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; Christ, the Lord, has ta - ken all my
 Trust-ing in His grace I ven-tured
 When I trust-ed Je - sus, lo! the
 I have nev - er known so pure a
 I am walk-ing with Him in the




sins a - way,
 free - ly in,
 work was done, } I am rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love.
 joy as this,
 nar - row way,

REFRAIN.



I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love;
 I am resting, resting, sweetly, resting, I am resting in the Saviour's love;

I AM RESTING, Etc. Concluded.



I am rest-ing, sweet - ly resting, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love;
I am rest-ing, resting, sweetly, resting, I am resting in the Saviour's love;

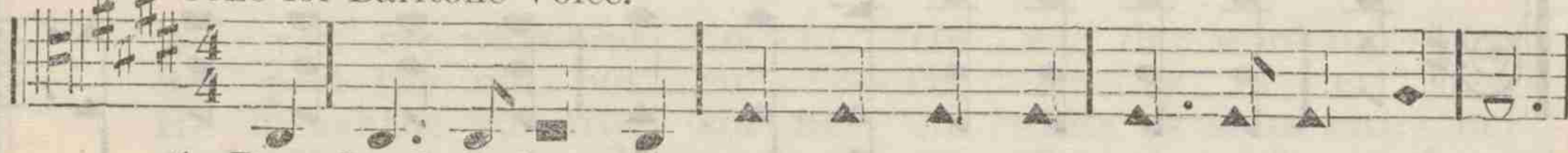
No. 5. THY WONDROUS LOVE SURPRISES ME

"We which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 3.

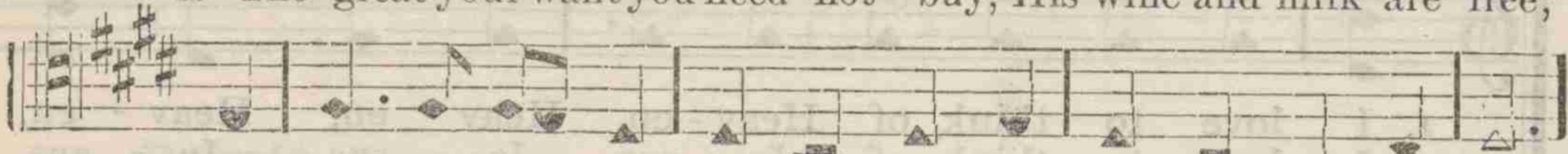
J. J. MAXWELL.

D. E. DORTCH.

SOLO for Baritone Voice.

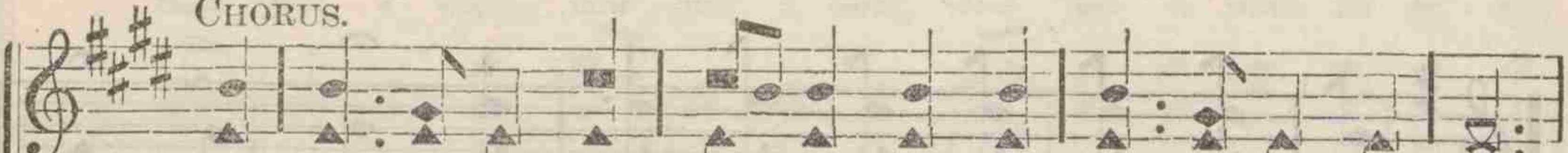


1. Dear Lord I dare to trust Thee now, The bit - ter hour is past;
2. Now since I have Thy lov - ing mind, I rest at Thy dear feet;
3. In oth - er souls Thy work be - gin, Rouse ev - 'ry guilt - y breast;
4. Come, precious soul to Je - sus haste, No long - er from Him rove;
5. 'Tho' great your want you need not buy, His wine and milk are free;



Here at Thy gra-cious throne I bow, And find re - pose at last.
And per - fect rest and peace I find, And cleansing most complete.
And let Thy peo - ple cease from sin, And en - ter in - to rest.
Come, hun - gry, faint-ing, soul and taste, The ban-quet of His love.
O take the cup and in - ly cry, "Be - hold! He died for me."

CHORUS.



Thy wond'rous love sur - pris - es me, And O! the rich sup - ply!




A deep, unmeasured, boundless sea, That nev - er can go dry.



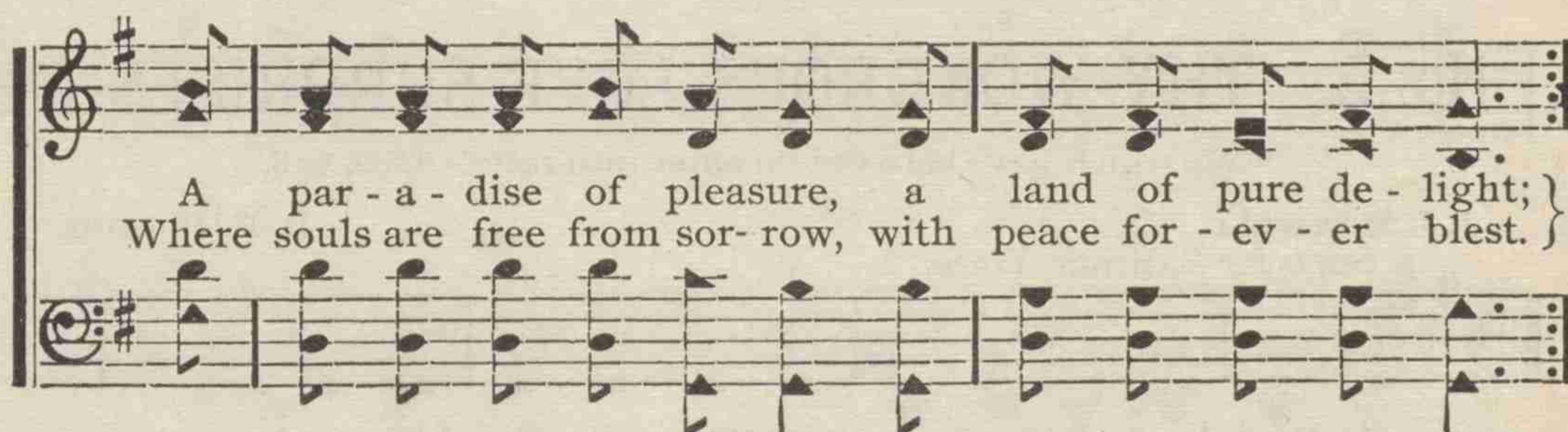
No. 6. HEAVEN, JESUS, ANGELS.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

D. E. DORTCH.



1. { I love to think of Heav-en, a cit - y fair and bright,
The coun-try of the ransomed, the ev - er - last - ing rest,



A par - a - dise of pleasure, a land of pure de - light;
Where souls are free from sor-row, with peace for - ev - er blest. }

Refrain. For each Stanza.



1. I love to think of Heav - en, Heav - en, Heav - en,
2. I love to think of Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,
3. I love to think of An - gels, An - gels, An - gels,



I love to think of Heav - en, sweet, sweet Heav - en.
I love to think of Je - sus, dear, dear Je - sus.
I love to think of An - gels, bright, bright An - gels.

2 I love to think of Jesus, the Saviour from above,
Who left the courts of glory, to do a work of love,
Became a little infant, and hung upon the tree,
He bore the cross of anguish, and died on Calvary.

3 I love to think of Angels, arrayed in robes of light,
In garments white and splendid, and dazzling to the sight,
The throne of God surrounding, triumphant songs they raise,
Exalt and laud the Saviour with hymns of joyful praise.


No. 7. NOW JUST A WORD FOR JESUS.

E. B. LATTA.

D. E. DORTCH.

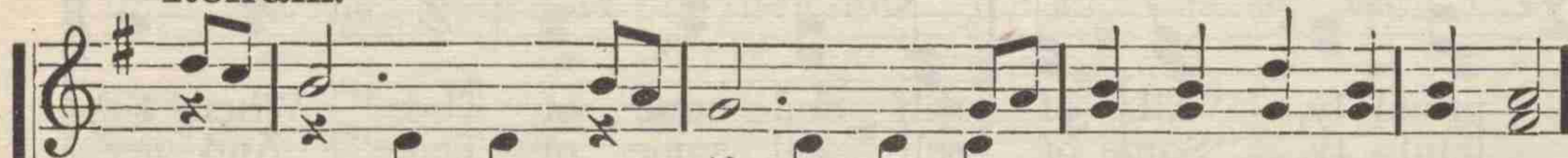


1. Now just a word for Je - sus! Fear not to tes - ti - fy!
 2. Now just a word for Je - sus! Tell what He's done for you!
 3. Now just a word for Je - sus! The sac - ri - fice for sin!
 4. Now just a word for Je - sus! His grace will make you strong!




If you are weak and tim - id, He will that word sup - ply!
 Re - peat the old, old sto - ry—The sto - ry ev - er new!
 He makes the con - trite sin - ner As white as snow with - in!
 And He, at last, will own you Be - fore the an - gel throng!

Refrain.



A word, a word, a word, a word, Now just a word for Je - sus;
 Now just a word, now just a word, Now just a word for Je - sus,

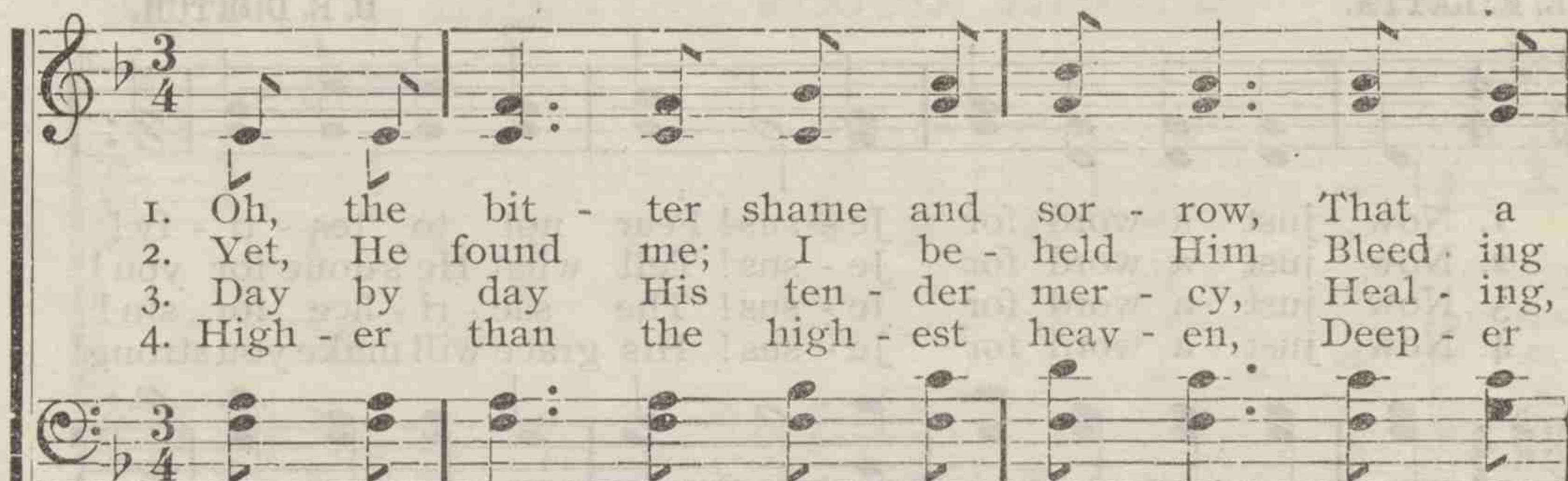


A word, a word, a word, a word, Oh, speak a word for Je - sus!
 Now just a word, now just a word, Oh, speak a word for Je - sus!

No. 8. NONE OF SELF AND ALL OF THEE.

Words Arr. from MONOD.

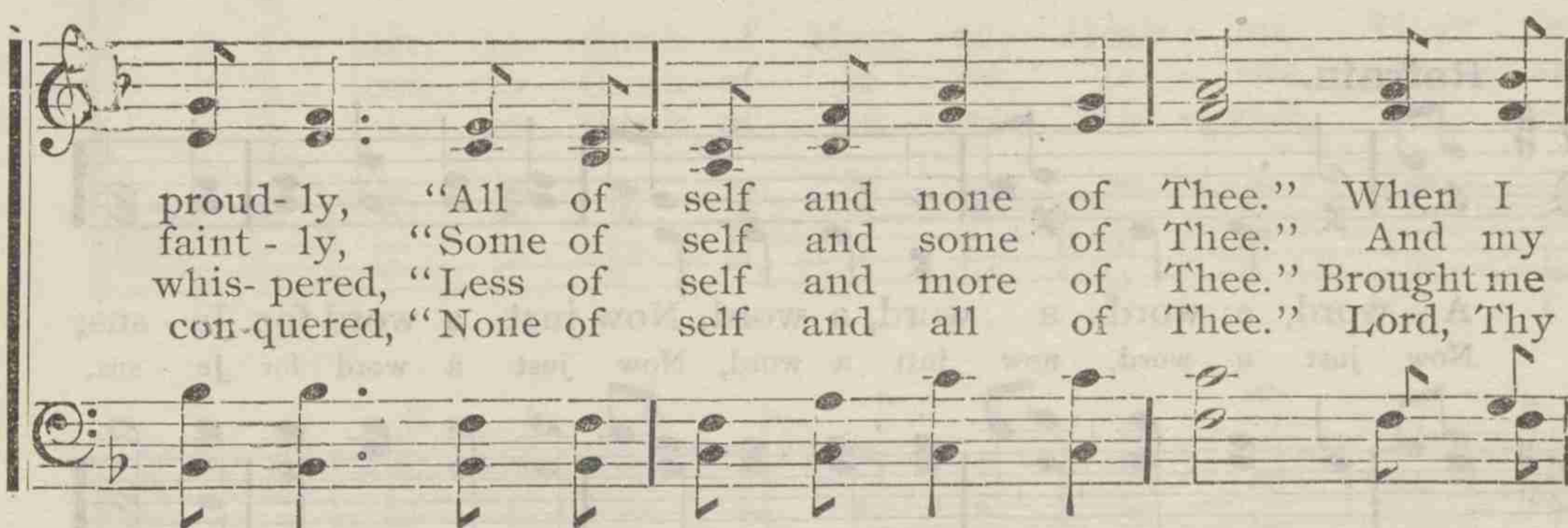
E. HANKS.



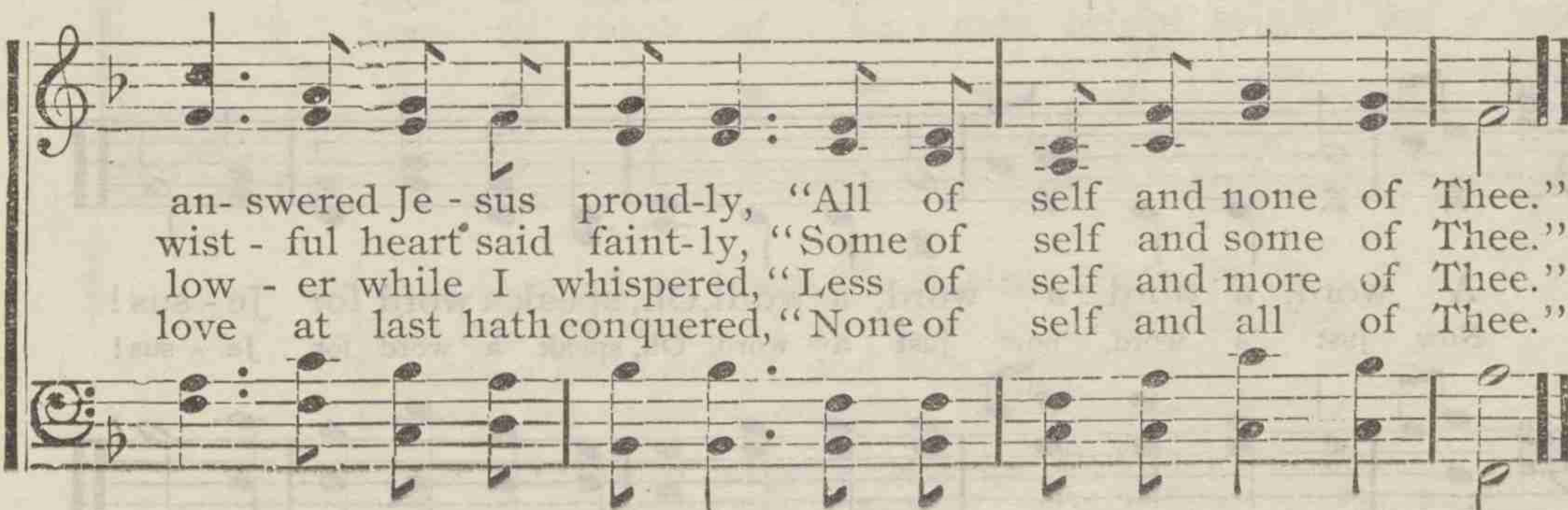
1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a
 2. Yet, He found me; I be - held Him Bleed - ing
 3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing,
 4. High - er than the high - est heav - en, Deep - er



time could ev - er be, When I an - swered Je - sus
 on th'ac - curs - ed tree; And my wist - ful heart said
 help - ing, full and free, Brought me low - er while I
 than the deep - est sea, Lord, Thy love at last hath



proud - ly, "All of self and none of Thee." When I
 faint - ly, "Some of self and some of Thee." And my
 whis - pered, "Less of self and more of Thee." Brought me
 con - quered, "None of self and all of Thee." Lord, Thy

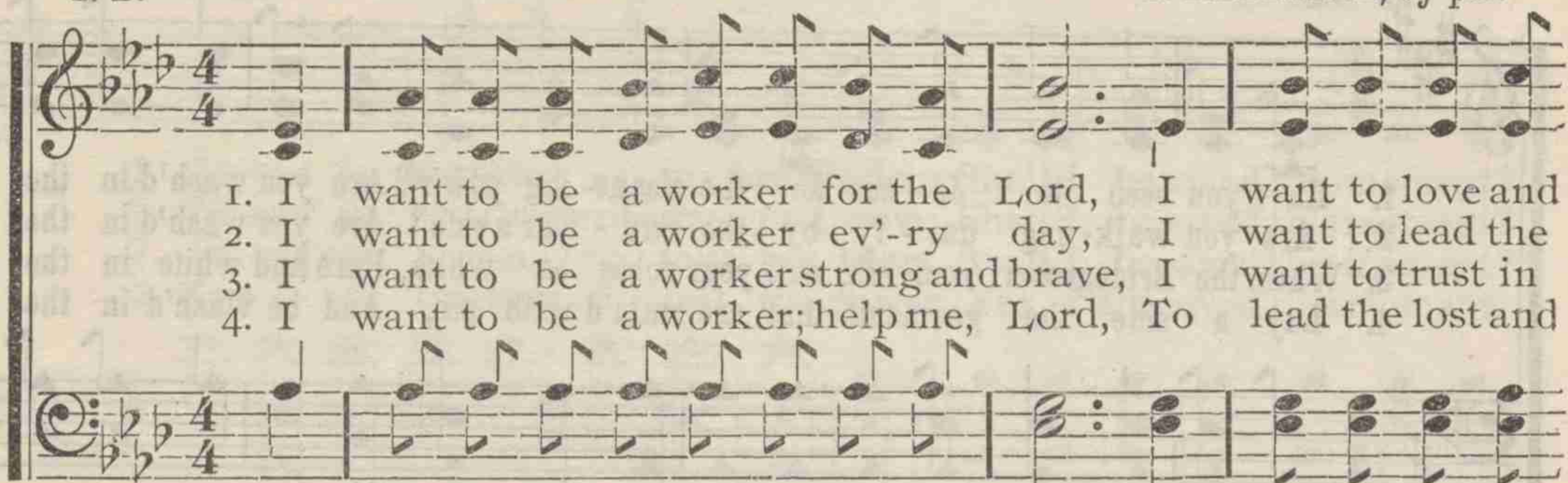


an - swered Je - sus proud - ly, "All of self and none of Thee."
 wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self and some of Thee."
 low - er while I whispered, "Less of self and more of Thee."
 love at last hath conquered, "None of self and all of Thee."

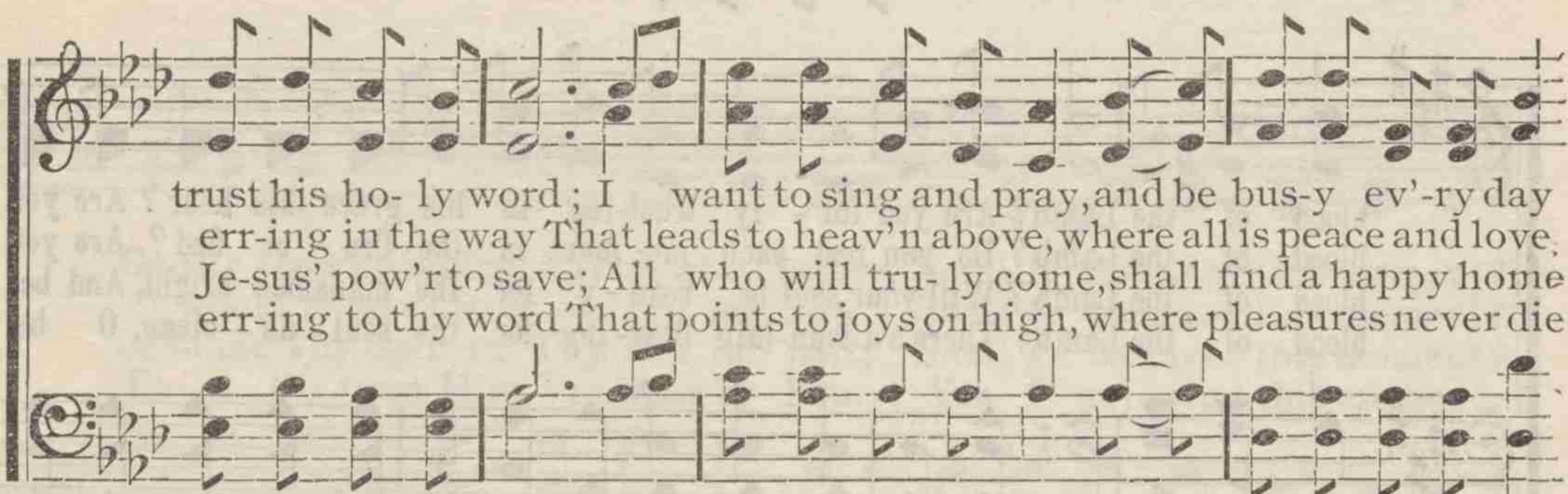
No. 9. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

I. B.

I. BALTZELL, by per.

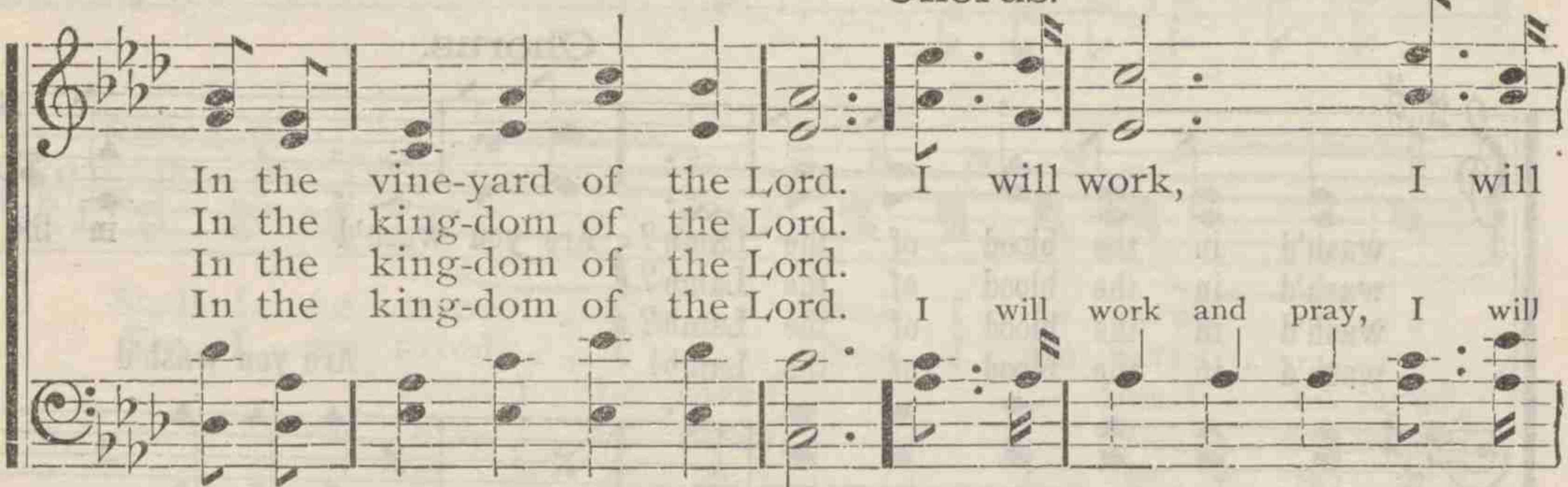


1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and
 2. I want to be a worker ev'-ry day, I want to lead the
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in
 4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and



trust his ho-ly word; I want to sing and pray, and be bus-y ev'-ry day
 err-ing in the way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love,
 Je-sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a happy home
 err-ing to thy word That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die

Chorus.



In the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work, I will
 In the king-dom of the Lord.
 In the king-dom of the Lord.
 In the king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will



pray In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; I will
 work and pray of the Lord;

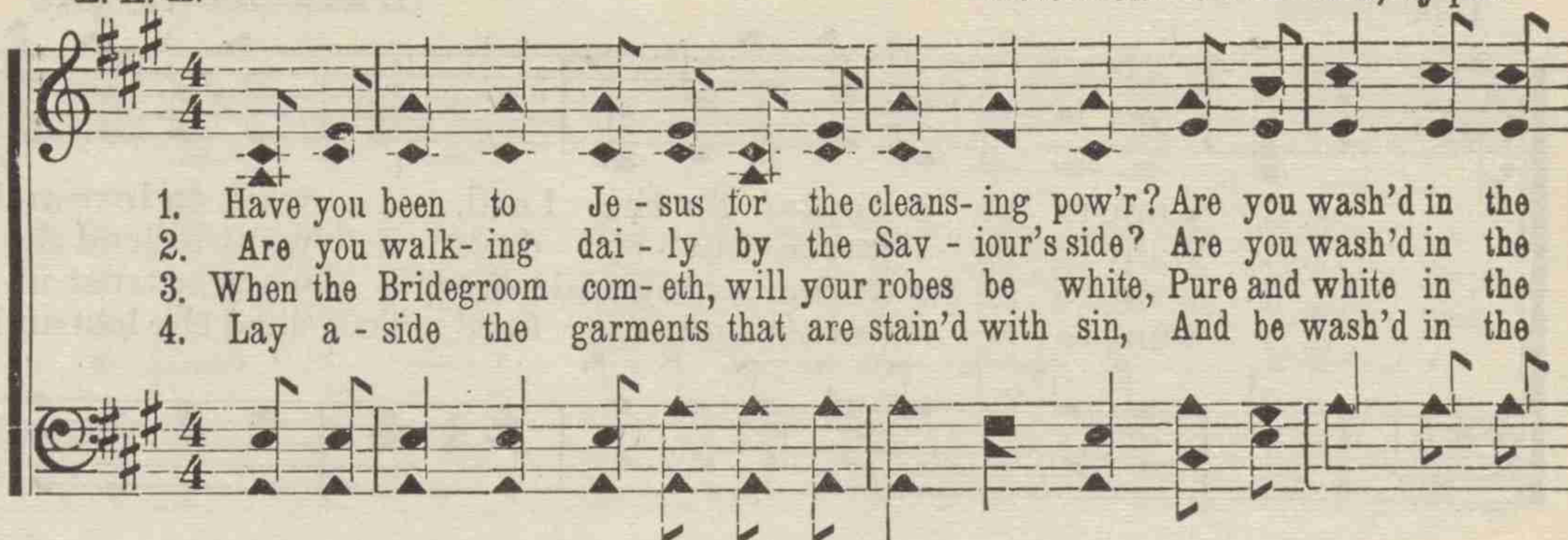


work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev'-ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

No. 10. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMANN, by per.




1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the
 2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav - iour's side? Are you wash'd in the
 3. When the Bridegroom com-eth, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stain'd with sin, And be wash'd in the

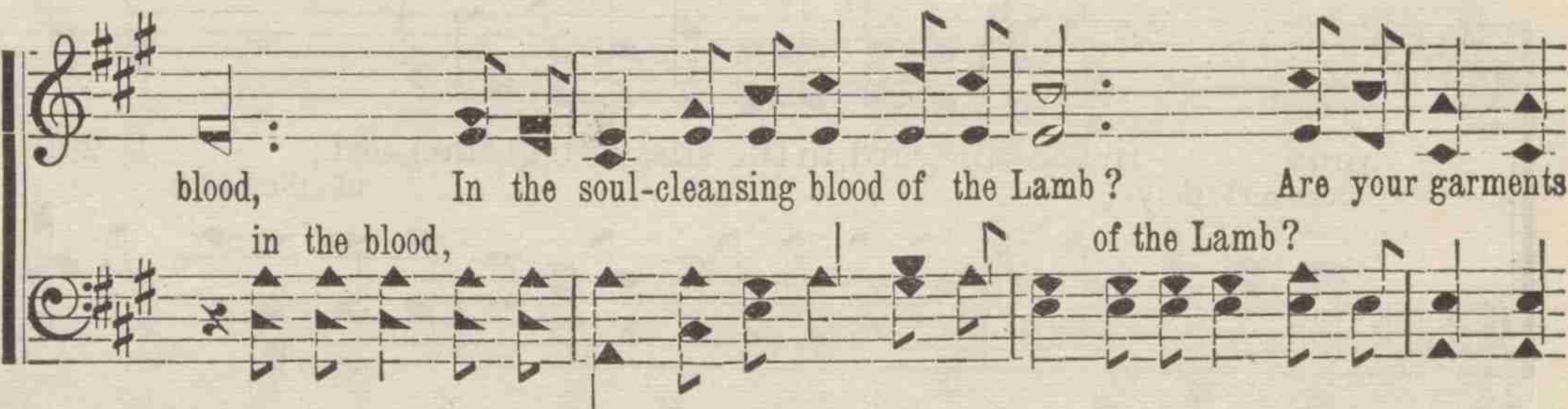


blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in his grace this hour? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the mansions bright, And be
 blood of the Lamb! There's a foun-tain flow-ing for the soul un - clean, O be

Chorus.



wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the
 wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
 wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
 wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! Are you wash'd



blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments
 in the blood, of the Lamb?

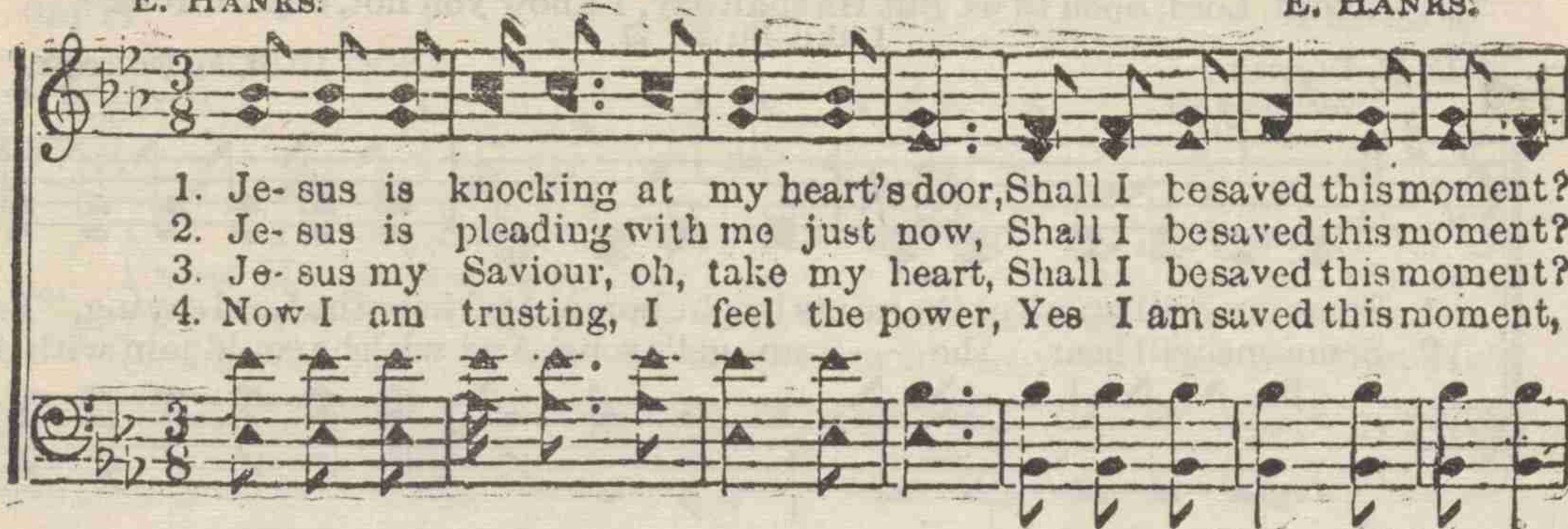


spot-less? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

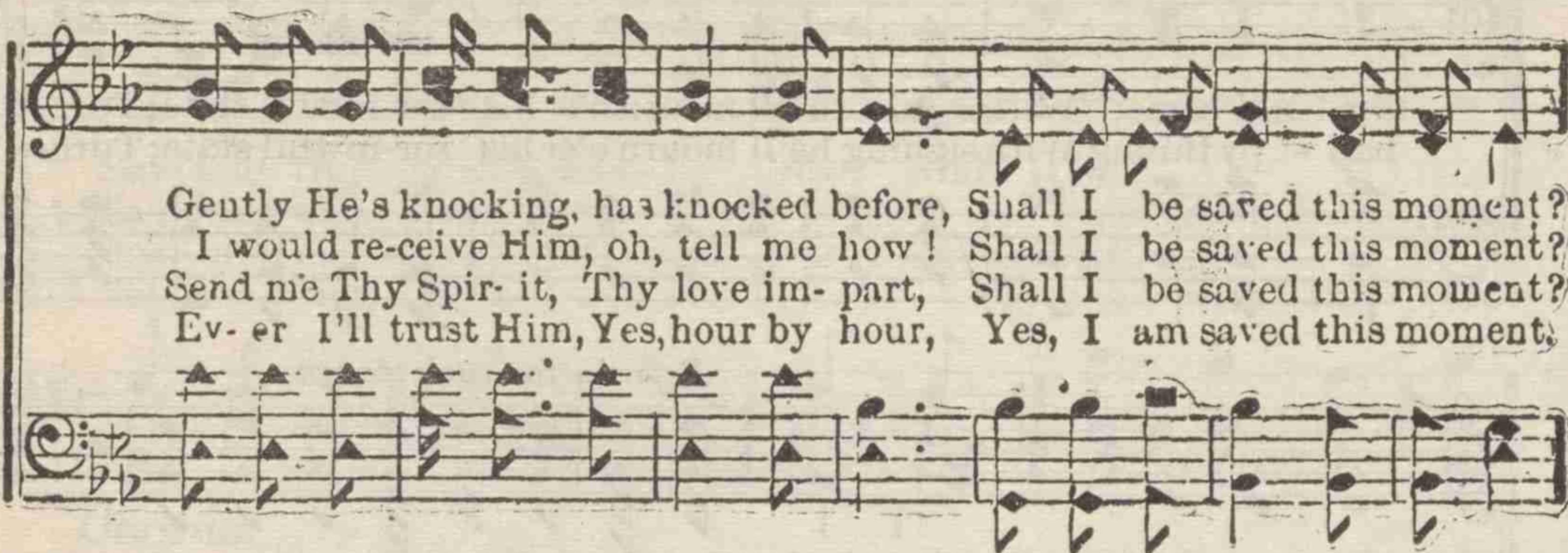
No. 11. SHALL I BE SAVED THIS MOMENT?

E. HANKS.

E. HANKS.



1. Je- sus is knocking at my heart's door, Shall I be saved this moment?
 2. Je- sus is pleading with me just now, Shall I be saved this moment?
 3. Je- sus my Saviour, oh, take my heart, Shall I be saved this moment?
 4. Now I am trusting, I feel the power, Yes I am saved this moment,



Gently He's knocking, has knocked before, Shall I be saved this moment?
 I would re-ceive Him, oh, tell me how! Shall I be saved this moment?
 Send me Thy Spir- it, Thy love im- part, Shall I be saved this moment?
 Ev- er I'll trust Him, Yes, hour by hour, Yes, I am saved this moment,

REFRAIN.



Shall I be saved, . . . Shall I be saved, . . .
 Yes, I am saved, . . . Yes, I am saved, . . .
 Shall I be saved, . . . Shall I be saved, . . .
 Yes, I am saved, . . . Yes, I am saved, . . .



Shall I be saved this moment? Shall I be saved just now?
 Yes, I am saved this moment, Yes, I am saved just now.

5 Glory to Jesus, my soul is free,
 Yes, I am saved this moment;
 Visions of rapture by faith I see,
 Yes, I am saved this moment.

6 Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus' love,
 Yes, I am saved this moment;
 Some day He'll take me to heaven above,
 Yes, I am saved this moment.

No. 12.

TURNED AWAY.

"Lord, Lord, open to us, But He shall say, I know you not, depart from."
Luke. 13: 25, 27.

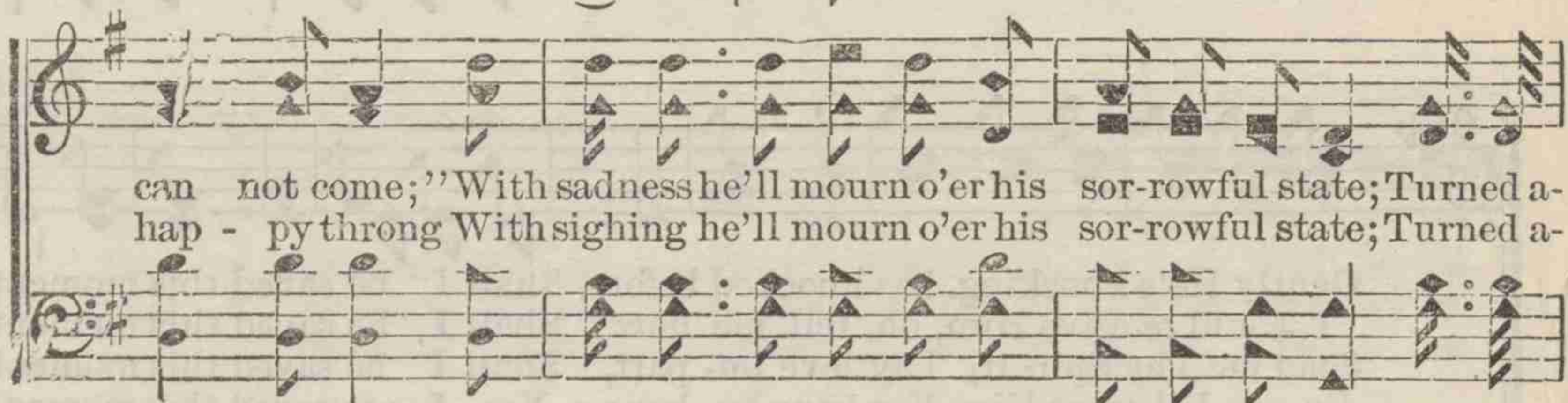
D. E. DORTCH.

D. E. DORTCH.

Not too fast.



1. Someone will knock at the saints bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Some one will hear the an- gel's song, And wish he could join with the



can not come;" With sadness he'll mourn o'er his sor-rowful state; Turned a-
hap - py thron'g With sighing he'll mourn o'er his sor-rowful state; Turned a-

Refrain for each stanza.



way from the beau-ti- ful gate. } Turned a-way from the beauti- ful gate,
way from the beau-ti- ful gate. }



Turned a- way from the beauti- ful gate; With sadness he'll mourn o'er his



sor- row - ful state, Turned a - way from the beau- ti - ful gate.

- 3 Some one will stand with an aching heart,
While Jesus pronounces the word, "depart;"
With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful
Turned away from the beautiful gate. [state,
4 Some one will linger with tearful eyes,
While Christ and His people ascend the skies;
With weeping he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state,
Turned away from the beautiful gate.

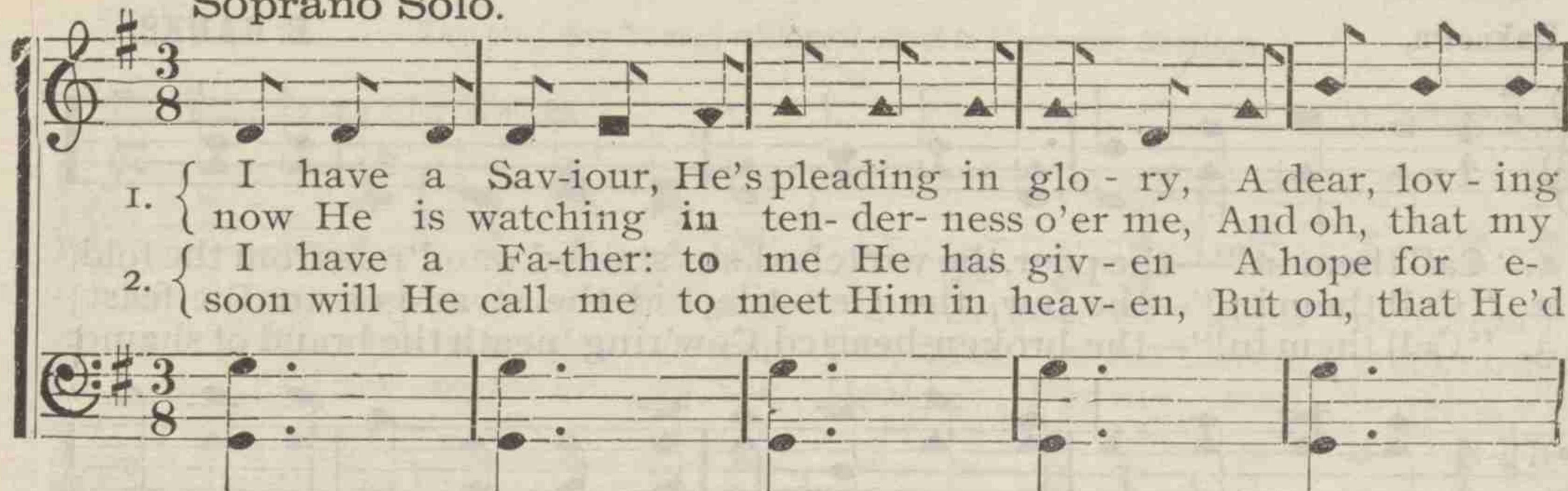
- 5 Some one will go into darkness drear,
Far off from the Saviour and all that's dear;
With anguish he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state,
Turned away from the beautiful gate.
6 Some one will enter the door of hell,
And hear the sad wailings no tongue can tell
With horror he'll mourn o'er his sorrowful state,
Turned away from the beautiful gate.

No. 13. FOR YOU I AM PRAYING.

CLUFF.

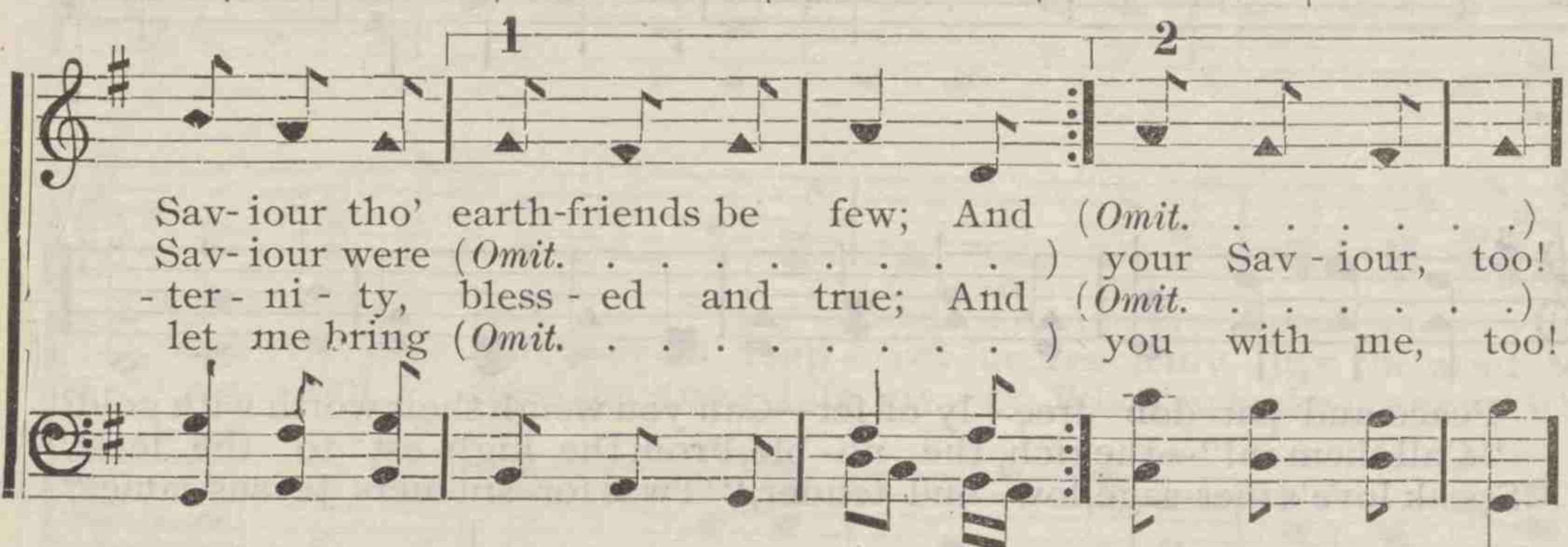
E. HANKS.

Soprano Solo.



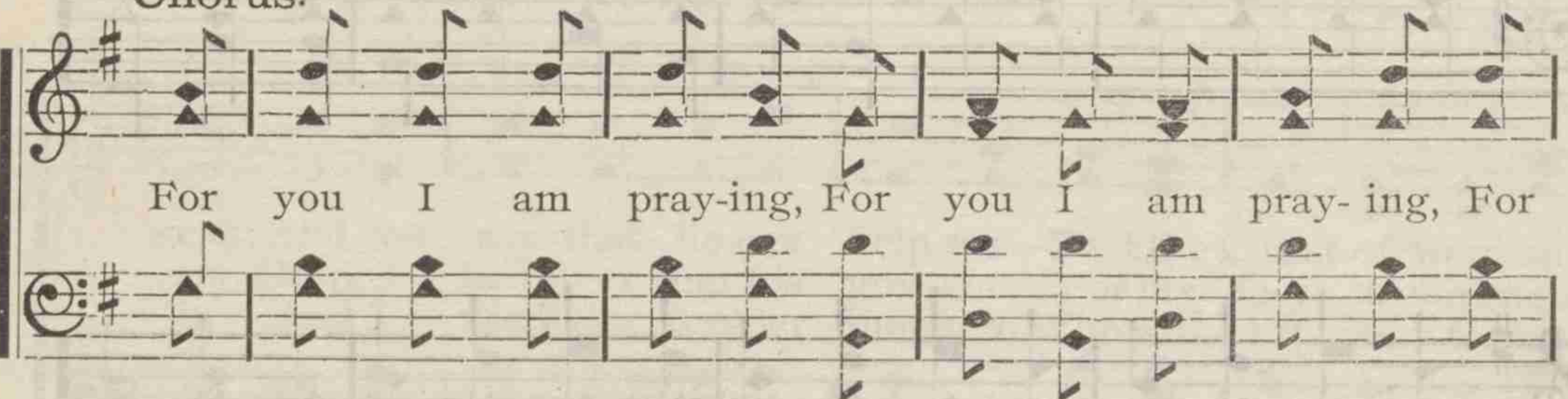
1. { I have a Sav-iour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
now He is watching in ten - der - ness o'er me, And oh, that my

2. { I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
soon will He call me to meet Him in heav - en, But oh, that He'd



Sav-iour tho' earth-friends be few; And (Omit.) your Sav - iour, too!
Sav-iour were (Omit.) your Sav - iour, too!
- ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And (Omit.) you with me, too!
let me bring (Omit.) you with me, too!

Chorus.



For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For



you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

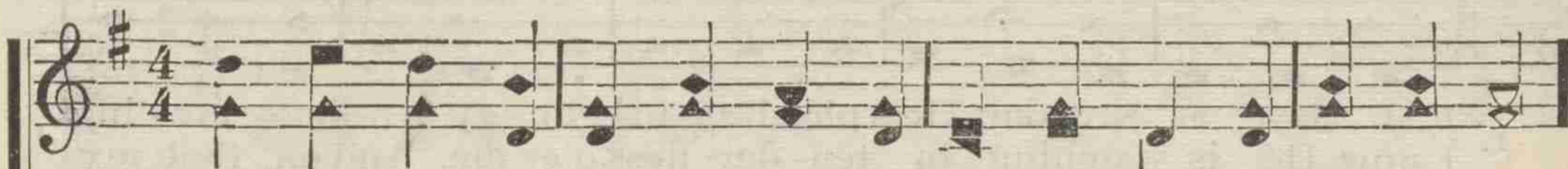
- 3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it, all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one, too!
- 4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is the Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!
- 5 When you've found Jesus, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour, too,
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

No. 14.


"CALL THEM IN."

Unknown.

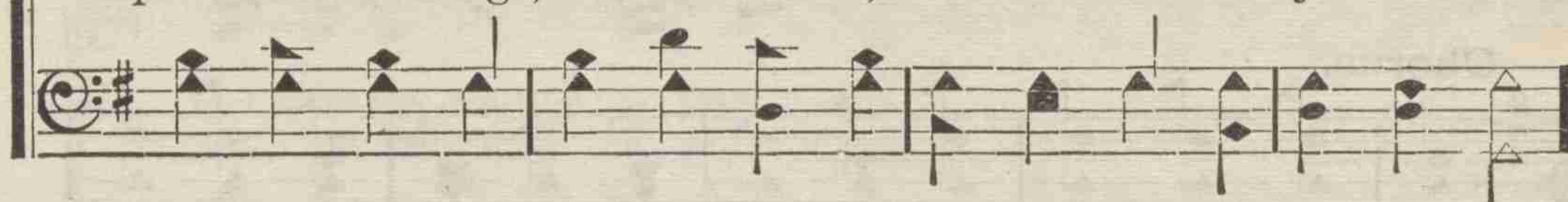

E. HANKS.



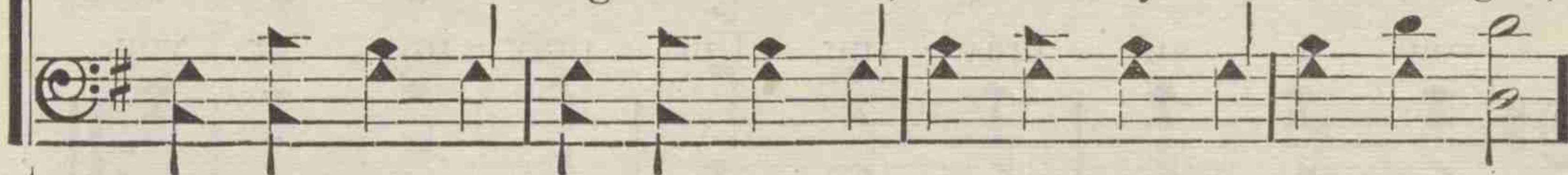
1. "Call them in!"—the poor, the wretched, sin-stained wand'ers from the fold;
 2. "Call them in!"—the Jew, the Gen-tile; Bid the stran-ger to the feast;
 3. "Call them in!"—the broken-hearted, Cow'ring 'neath the brand of shame;

Peace and par-don free - ly of-fer—Can you weigh their worth with gold?
 "Call them in!"—the rich, the no - ble, From the high-est to the least.
 Speak love's mes-sage, low and tender, "'Twas for sin-ners Je-sus came."

"Call them in!"—the weak, the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin;
 Forth the Fa - ther runs to meet them, He hath all their sor-rows seen:
 See! the shad-ows lengthen round us, Soon the day-dawn will be - gin;




Bid them come and rest in Je-sus, He is waiting—"call them in!"
 Robe and ring and roy - al sandals Wait the lost ones;—"call them in!"
 Can you leave them lost and lone-ly? Christ is coming—"call them in!"



No. 15. "TAKE ME NEARER TO YOUR JESUS."

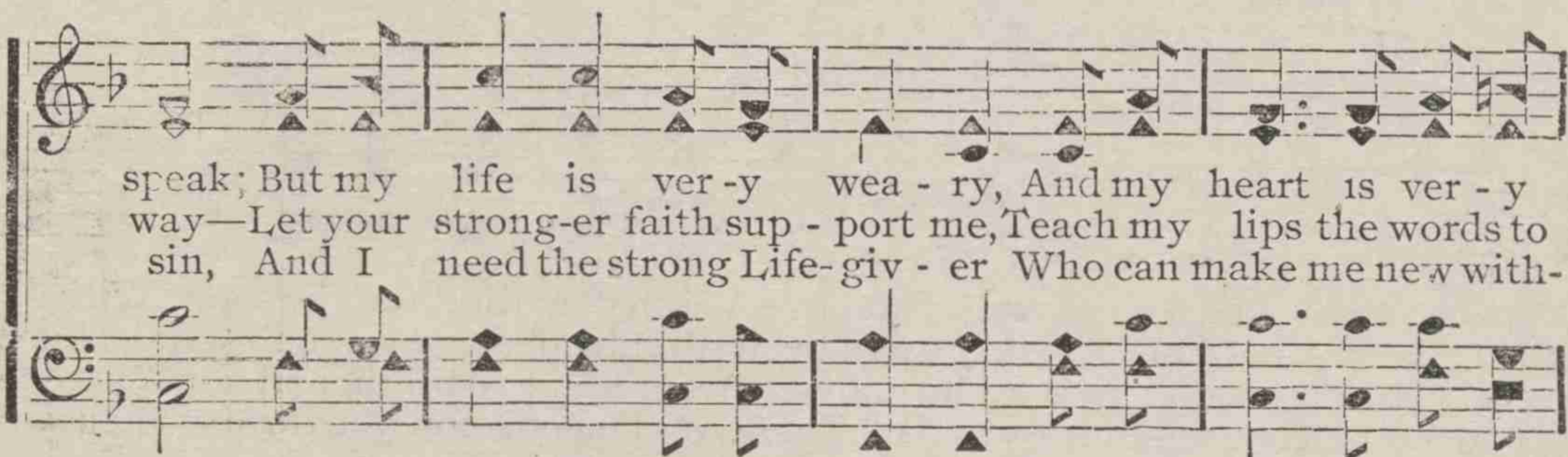
This song may be used with good effect in Missionary Meetings.

In Woman's work for Woman.

D. E. DORTCH.



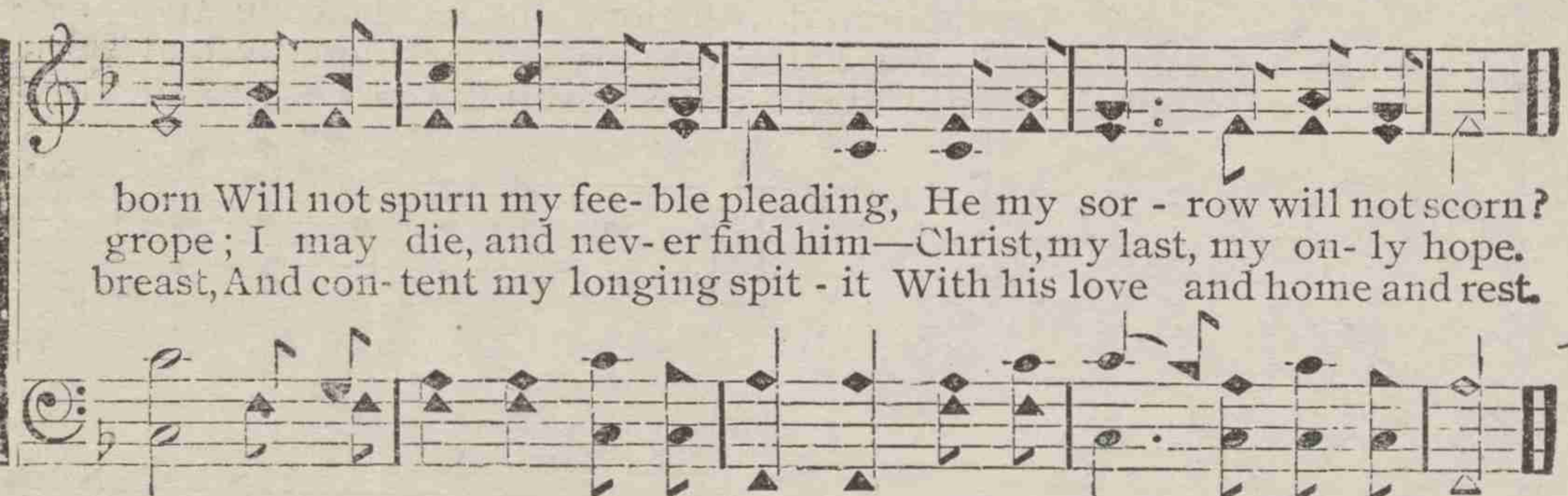
1. Take me near - er to your Je - sus; Scarce I know of whom I
 2. Take me near - er, if you love him, To his throne—you know the
 3. Take me near - er to the Heal - er; For my soul is sick with



speak; But my life is ver - y wea - ry, And my heart is ver - y
 way—Let your strong - er faith sup - port me, Teach my lips the words to
 sin, And I need the strong Life - giv - er Who can make me new with-



weak; And you say that he can help me—That the Christ of wom - an
 say. Help, O help me find his pres - ence! For my feet in darkness
 - in; And I need the ten - der Shepherd Who will lift me to his



born Will not spurn my fee - ble pleading, He my sor - row will not scorn?
 grope; I may die, and nev - er find him—Christ, my last, my on - ly hope.
 breast, And con - tent my longing spit - it With his love and home and rest.

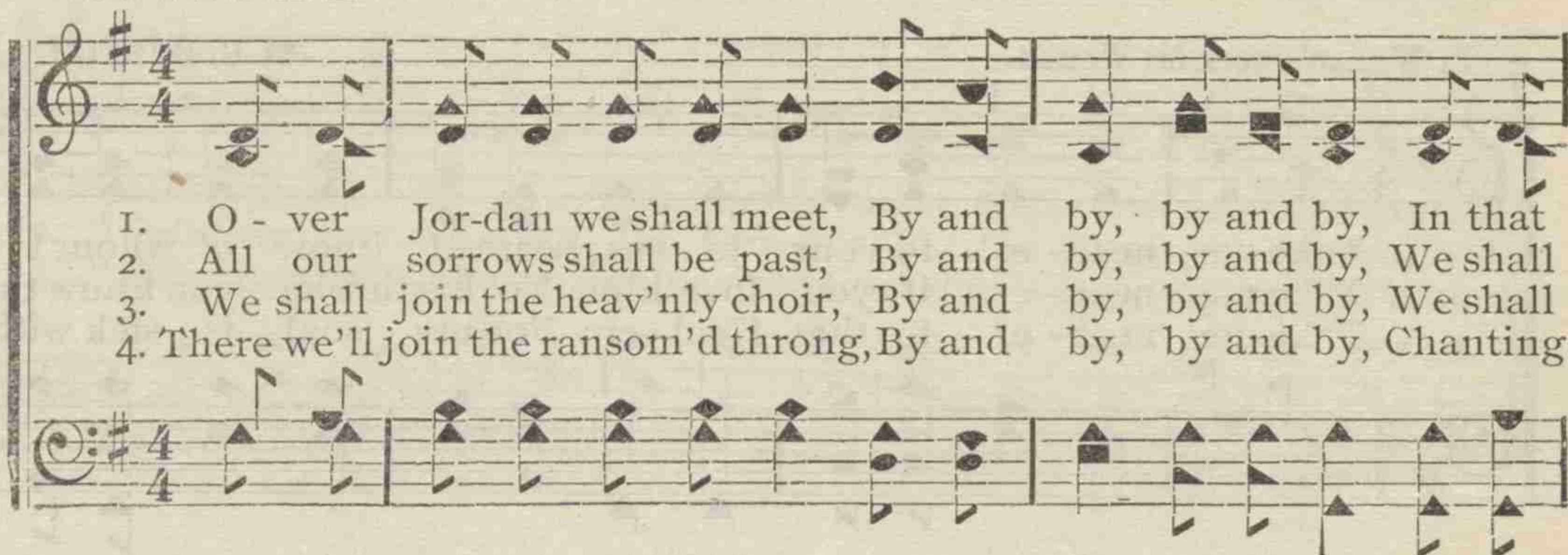
4 Take me nearer, ever nearer;
 For I faint beneath the weight
 Of the burdened life I carry,
 And I dread to meet the fate
 Which must come, or soon or later,
 With its swift and stealthy tread,
 To enshroud my soul in darkness
 With the cold and silent dead.

5 Take me nearer to your Jesus,
 And the blessings yours shall be
 Of a soul that, near to perish,
 From the captor is set free;
 And another star in glory
 So shall shine to Jesus' praise,
 And another heart shall love him
 Through the bright eternal days.

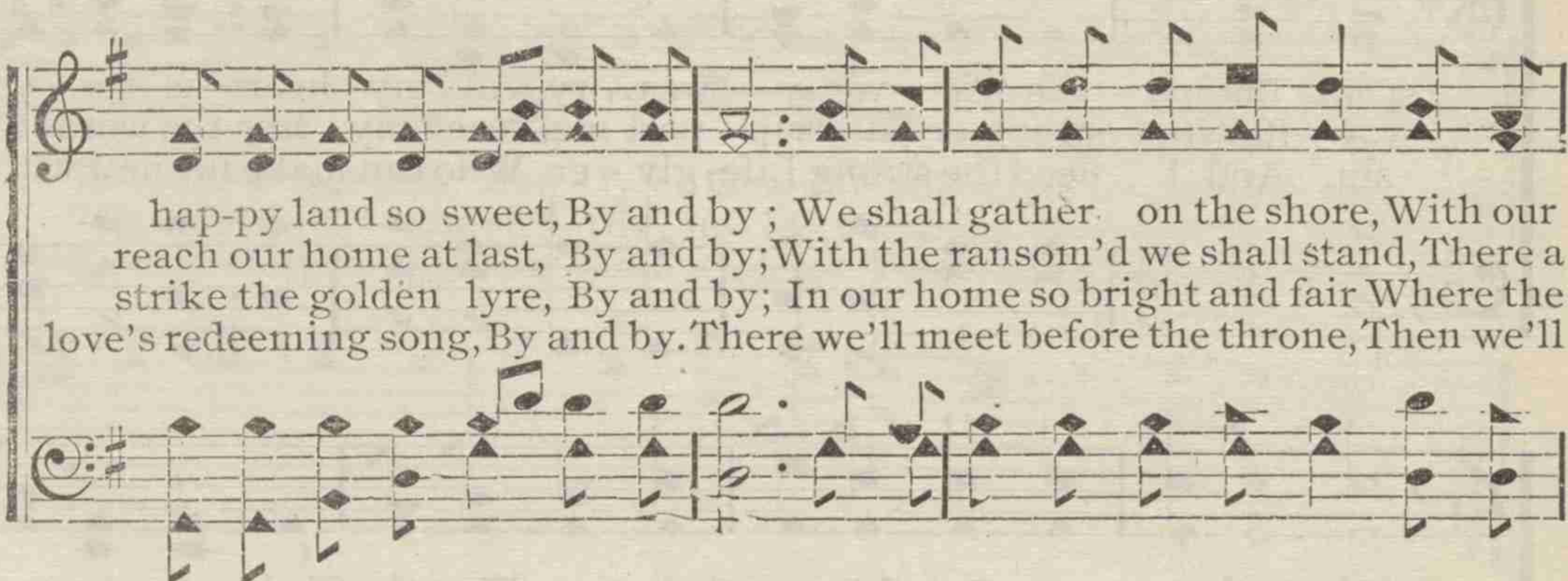
No. 16. OVER JORDAN WE SHALL MEET.

Rev. W. T. DALE.

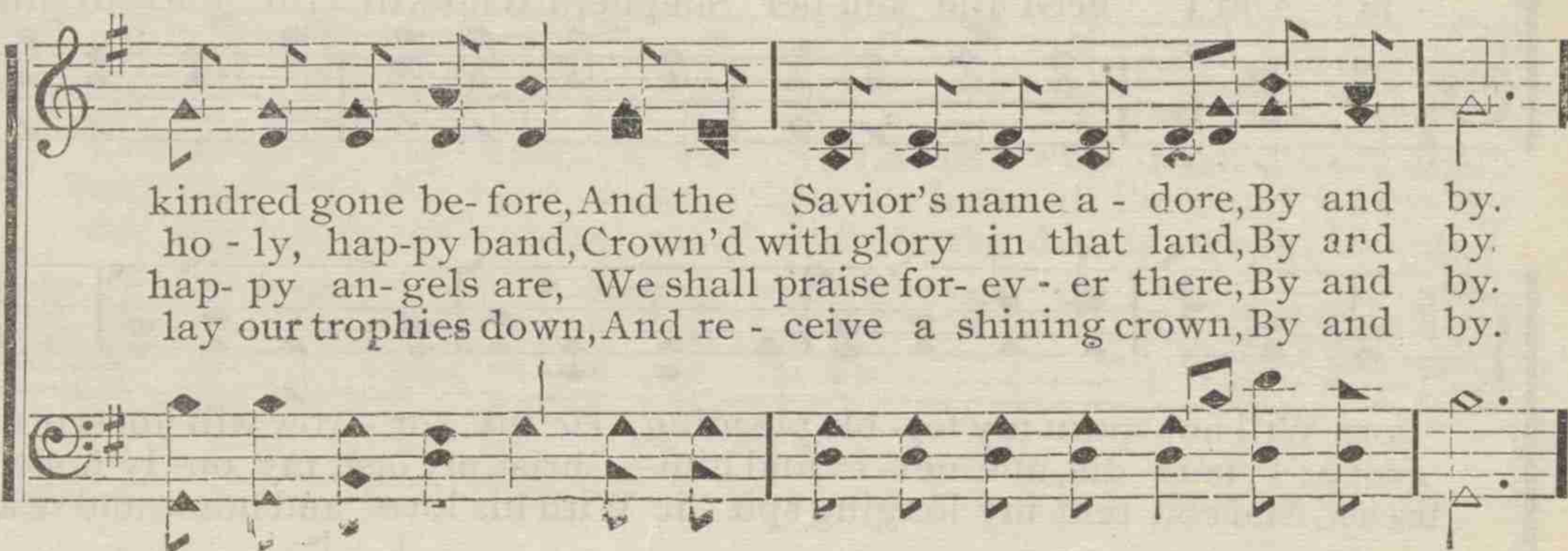
D. E. DORTCH.



1. O - ver Jor-dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by, In that
 2. All our sorrows shall be past, By and by, by and by, We shall
 3. We shall join the heav'nly choir, By and by, by and by, We shall
 4. There we'll join the ransom'd throng, By and by, by and by, Chanting



hap-py land so sweet, By and by ; We shall gather on the shore, With our
 reach our home at last, By and by ; With the ransom'd we shall stand, There a
 strike the golden lyre, By and by ; In our home so bright and fair Where the
 love's redeeming song, By and by. There we'll meet before the throne, Then we'll



kindred gone be-fore, And the Savior's name a - dore, By and by.
 ho - ly, hap-py band, Crown'd with glory in that land, By and by.
 hap-py an-gels are, We shall praise for - ev - er there, By and by.
 lay our trophies down, And re - ceive a shining crown, By and by.

Chorus.



By and by, By and by, by and by, O - ver Jordan we shall

OVER JORDAN, Etc. Concluded

gath-er, by and by, by and, by, By and by, By and by, by and

by, by and by, Then we'll shout and sing forever by and by, by and by.

No. 17.

LABAN. S. M.

GEO. HEATH.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise;
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;

And hosts of sins are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev' - ry day, And help di - vine im-plore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
Up to His blest abode.

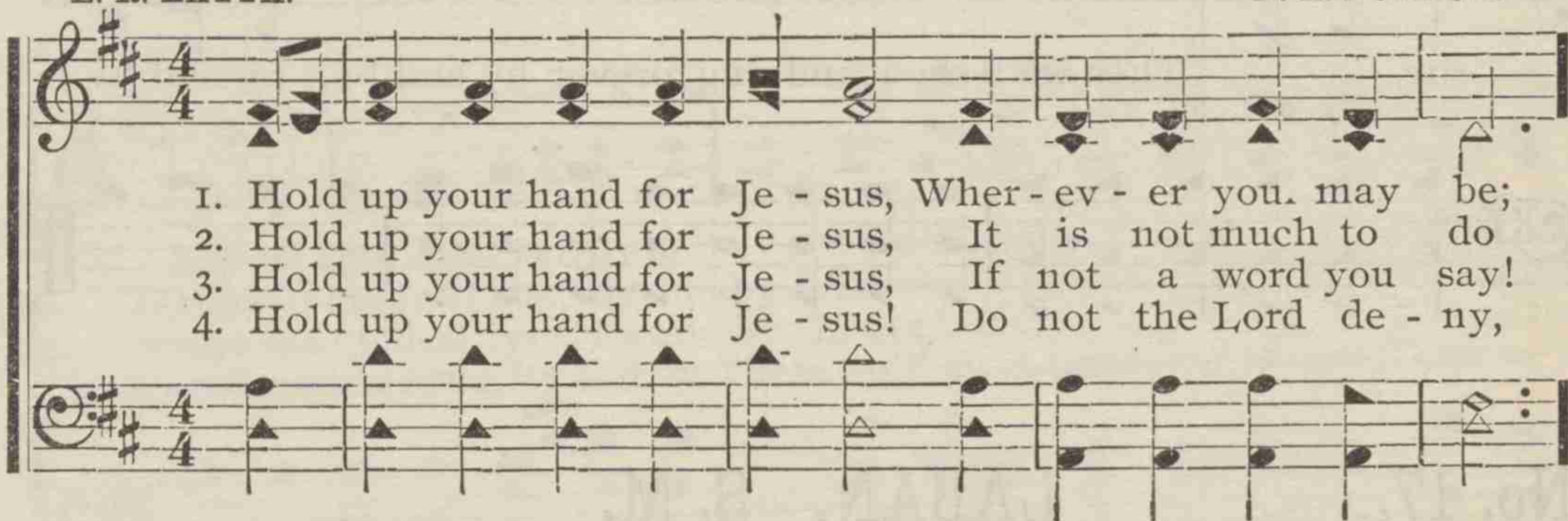
No. 18.

HOLD UP YOUR HAND FOR JESUS.

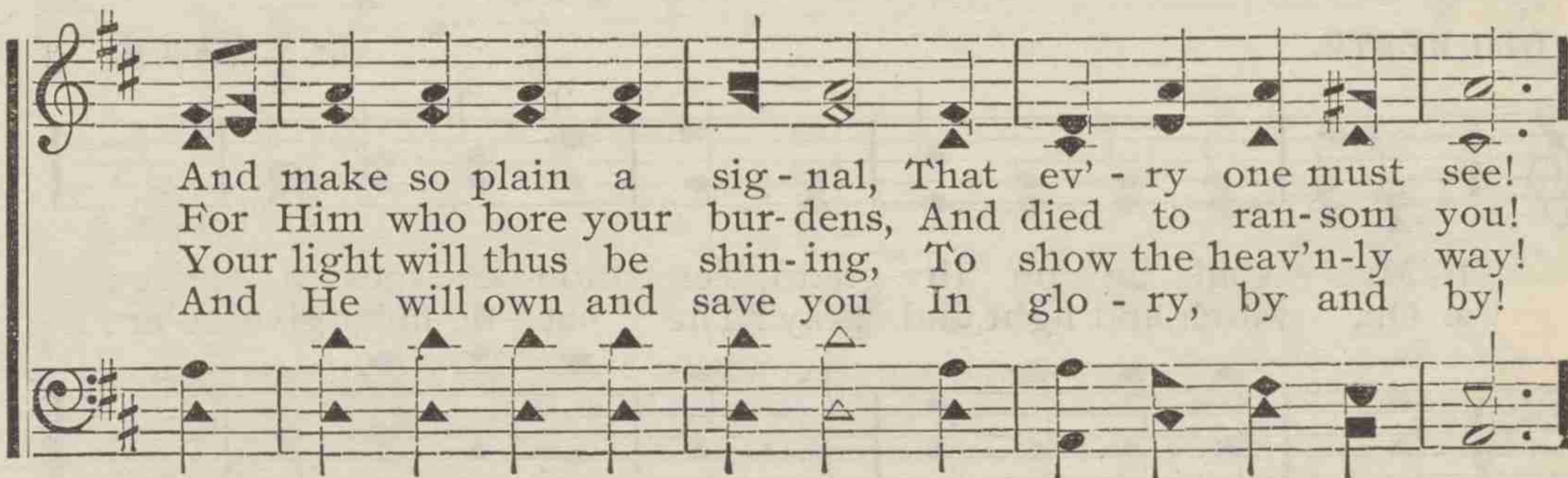
There was a little street-boy in London who had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of a hospital to die, and another little creature of the same class lay near by, picked up with the famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said: "Bobby, did you never hear about Jesus?" "No! I never heard of Him." "Bobby, I went to mission-school once, and they told us that Jesus was a Savior for sinners, and would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never have hunger any more, and no more pain if you axed Him." "I couldn't ax such a big gentleman as He is to do any thing for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a boy like me." "But He'll do that if you ax him." "How can I ax Him if I don't know where He lives, and how could I get there when both my legs are broken?" "Bobby, they told me at the mission-school as how Jesus passed by. Teacher says as how He goes round. How do you know but what He might come round to this hospital this very night? You'd know Him if you was to see Him." "But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad. Docter says I'll die." "Bobby, hold up your hand, and He'll know what you want when He passes by." Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said, "I give it up." "Bobby, lend me your hand; put yer elbow on my pillow; I can do without it." So one hand was propped up. And when they come in, in the morning, the boy lay dead, the hand still propped up for Jesus.

E. R. LATTA.

D. E. DORTCH.

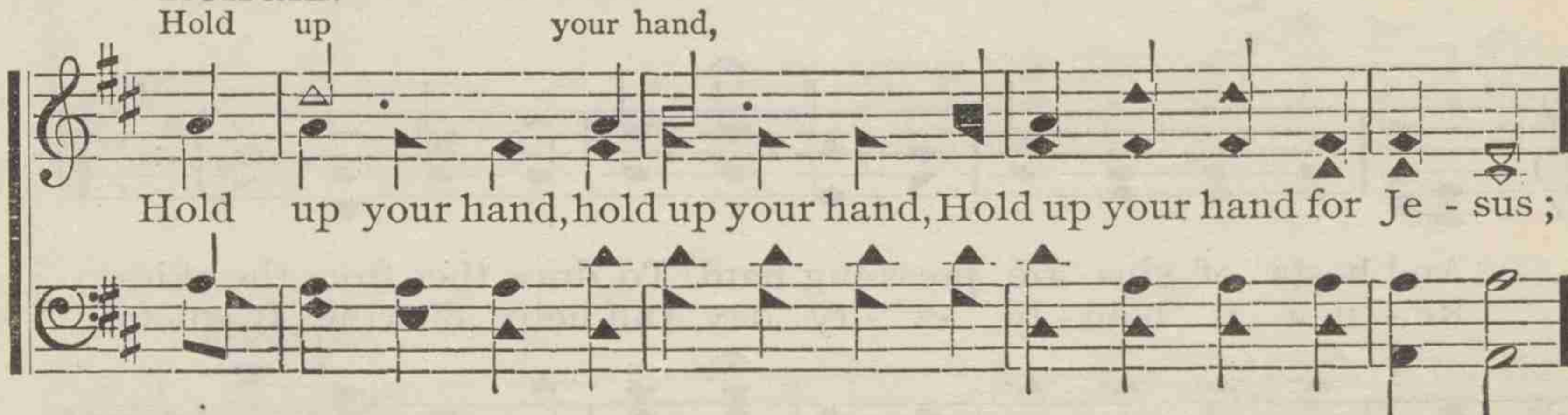


1. Hold up your hand for Je - sus, Wher - ev - er you. may be;
 2. Hold up your hand for Je - sus, It is not much to do
 3. Hold up your hand for Je - sus, If not a word you say!
 4. Hold up your hand for Je - sus! Do not the Lord de - ny,



And make so plain a sig - nal, That ev' - ry one must see!
 For Him who bore your bur - dens, And died to ran - som you!
 Your light will thus be shin - ing, To show the heav'n - ly way!
 And He will own and save you In glo - ry, by and by!

Refrain.



Hold up your hand,
 Hold up your hand, hold up your hand, Hold up your hand for Je - sus;



Hold up your hand,
 Hold up your hand, hold up your hand, Hold up your hand for Je - sus.

No. 19. SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

D. E. DORTCH.




1 We follow Thee in sunshine, We follow Thee in shade; We
2 It matters not how heav-y May be the gain or loss; We
3 A - mong the gospel army Our names have been enrolled; Tho'
4 In ev'-ry toil and dan-ger, We look a-lone to Thee; Our



mur-mur not tho' bur-dens Thy hand on us has laid;
on - ly seek to serve Thee As Sol-diers of the Cross.
oft - en weak and wea - ry, Thy ban-ner we up - hold;
Cap-tain of Sal - va - tion; Our Guide to vic - to - ry.

Chorus



We're Sol-diers of the Cross! We're Sol-diers of the Cross! And



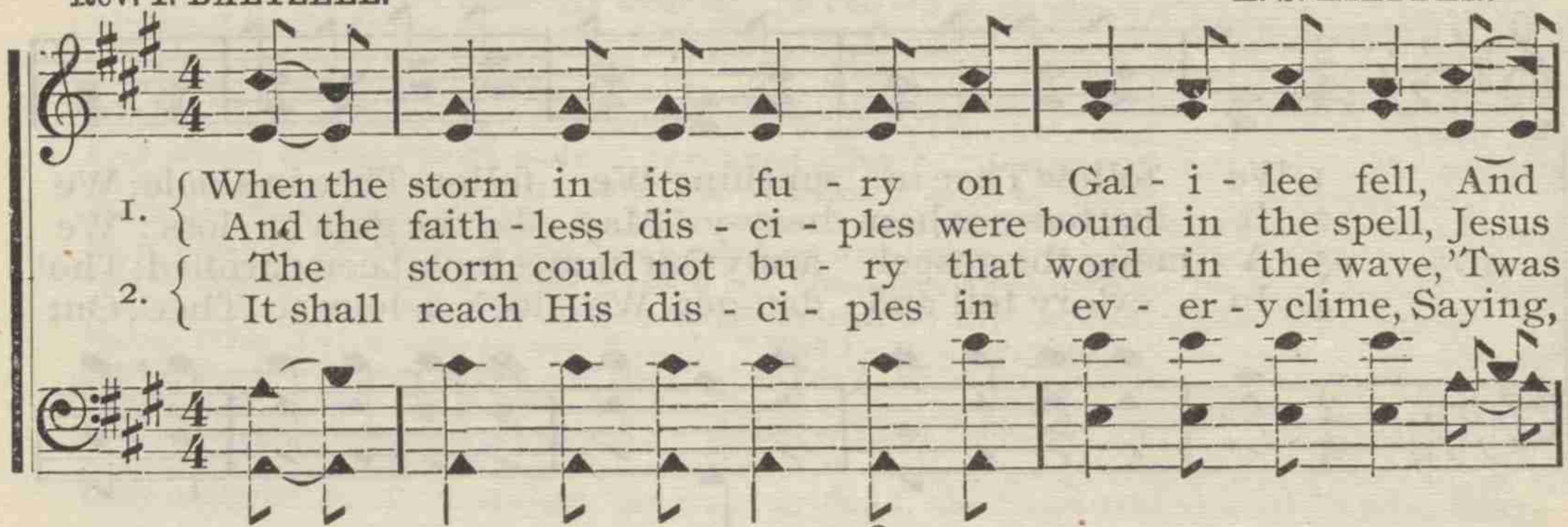
in Thy bless-ed serv-ice We count not gain or loss.

No. 20.

IT IS I!

Rev. I. BALTZELL.

A. S. KIEFFER.



1. { When the storm in its fu - ry on Gal - i - lee fell, And
And the faith - less dis - ci - ples were bound in the spell, Jesus
2. { The storm could not bu - ry that word in the wave, 'Twas
It shall reach His dis - ci - ples in ev - er - y clime, Saying,

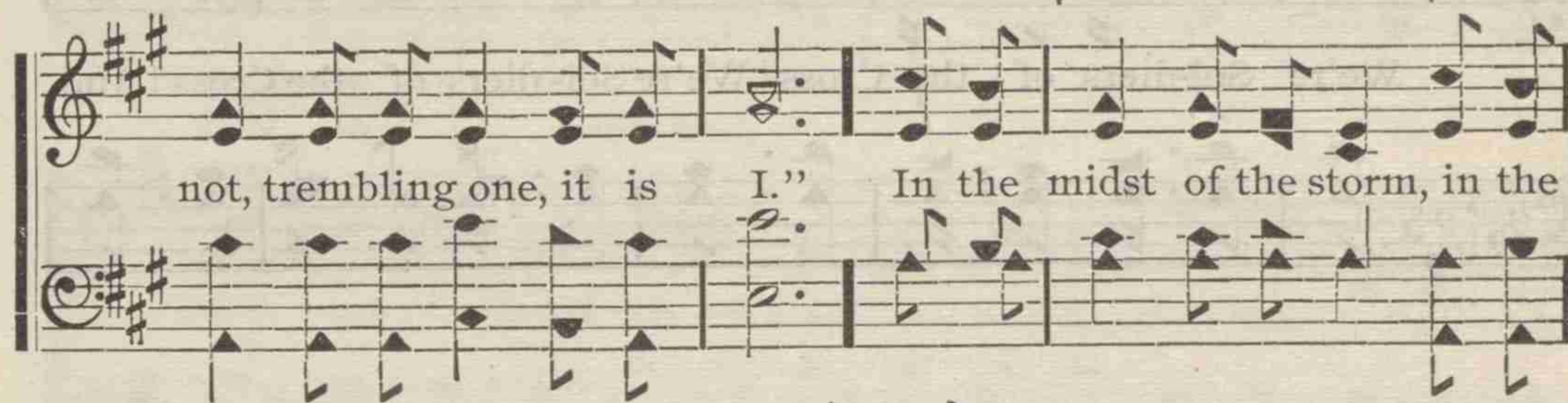


lift - ed its wa - ters on high, (*Omit.*)
(*Omit.*) whispered: "Fear not, it is I."
taught thro' the tempest to fly, (*Omit.*)
(*Omit.*) "Be not a - fraid, it is I."

Chorus.



"It is I, . . . it is I, . . . Fear



not, trembling one, it is I." In the midst of the storm, in the



midst of the gloom, "Fear not, trembling one, it is I."

3 When the spirit is broken with sorrow and care,
And comfort is ready to die, [pear,
Then the darkness shall pass and the sunshine ap-
By the life-giving word, "It is I."

From "STARRY CROWN," by per.

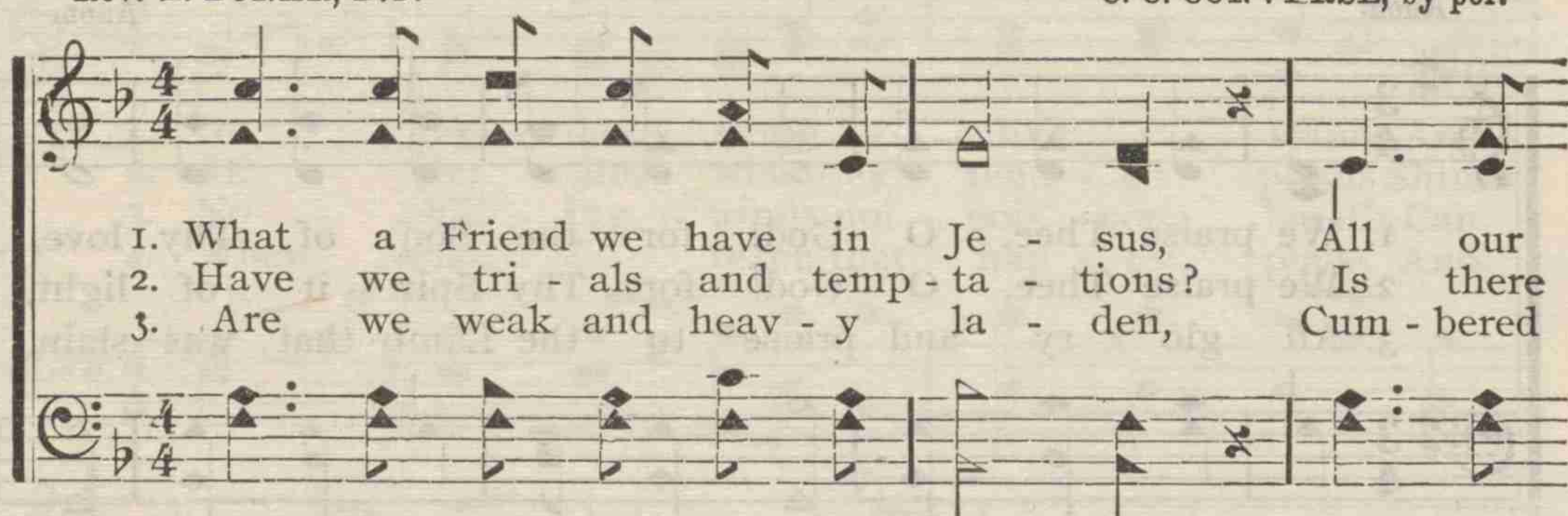
4 When the river is past, and the glories unknown
Burst forth on the wondering eye—
He will welcome, encourage, and comfort His own,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

No. 21.

WHAT A FRIEND.

Rev. H. BONAR, D.D.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.



1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there
 3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum - bered



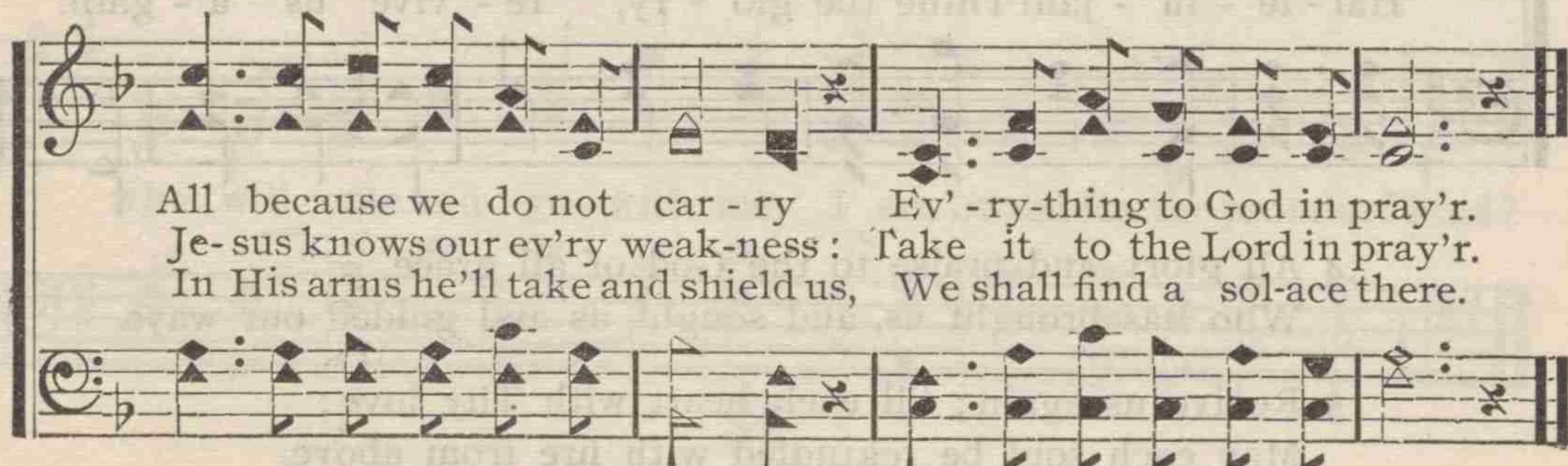
sins and griefs to bear! What a priv - i - lege to
 trou - ble a - ny where? We should nev - er be dis -
 with a load of care? Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our



car - ry Ev' - ry-thing to God in pray'r; Oh, what.
 - cour - aged: Take it to the Lord in pray'r; Can we
 Ref - uge: Take it to the Lord in pray'r; Do our



peace we of - ten for - feit, — Oh, what needless pain we bear, —
 find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 friends de - spise, for - sake us? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;



All because we do not car - ry Ev' - ry-thing to God in pray'r.
 Je - sus knows our ev'ry weak - ness: Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 In His arms he'll take and shield us, We shall find a sol - ace there.

No. 22.

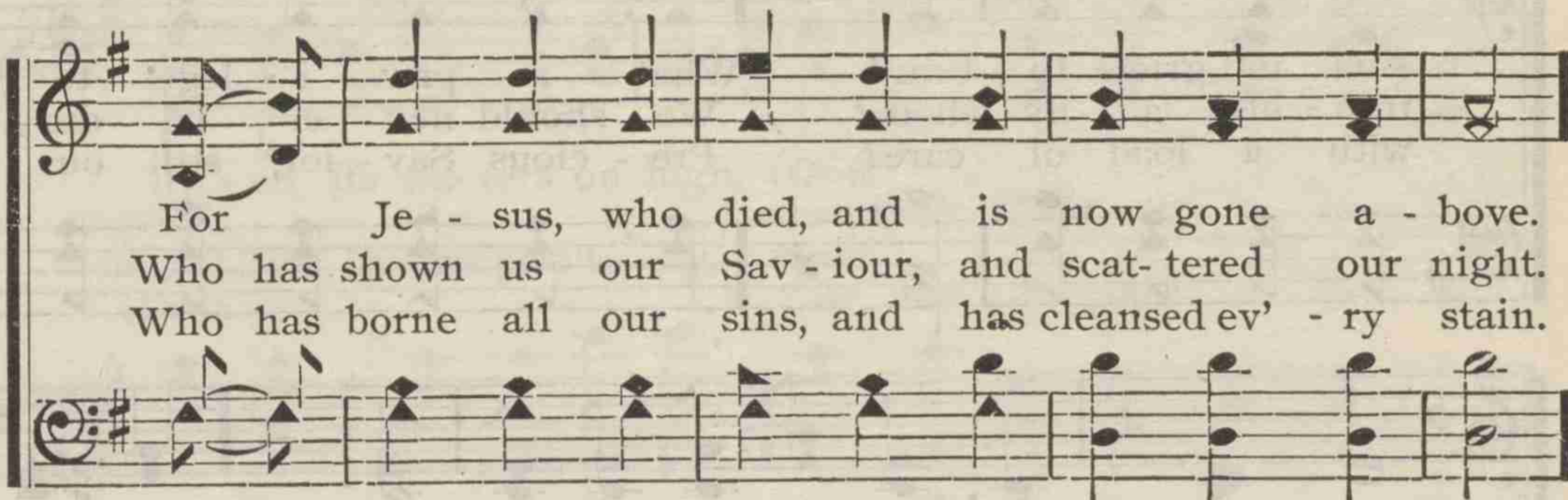
REVIVE US AGAIN.

Anon.

Anon.

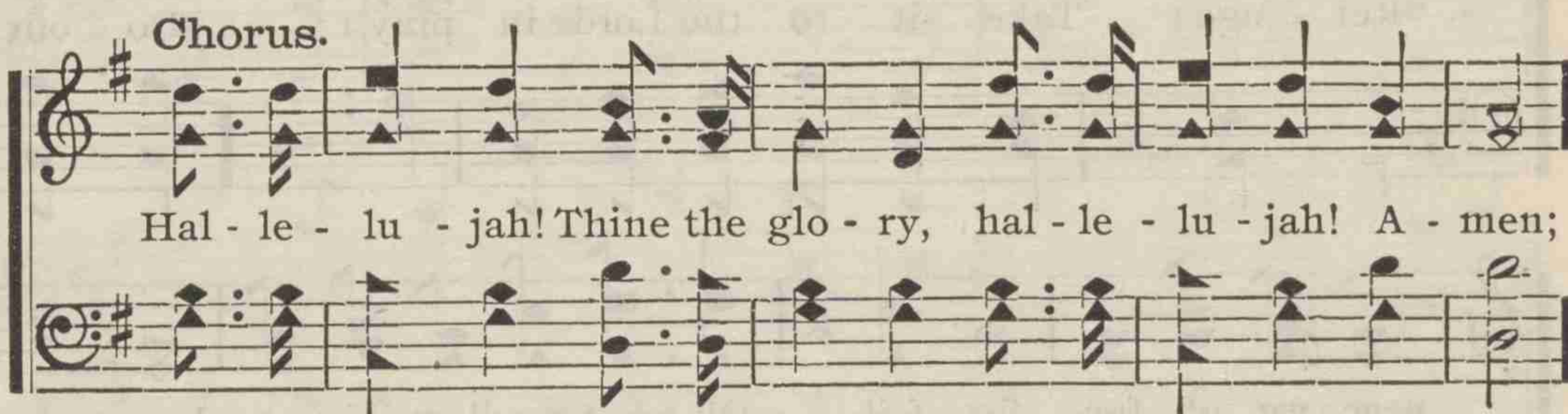


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,



For Je - sus, who died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Who has shown us our Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev' - ry stain.

Chorus.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! A - men;



Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has brought us, and sought us and guided our ways.

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

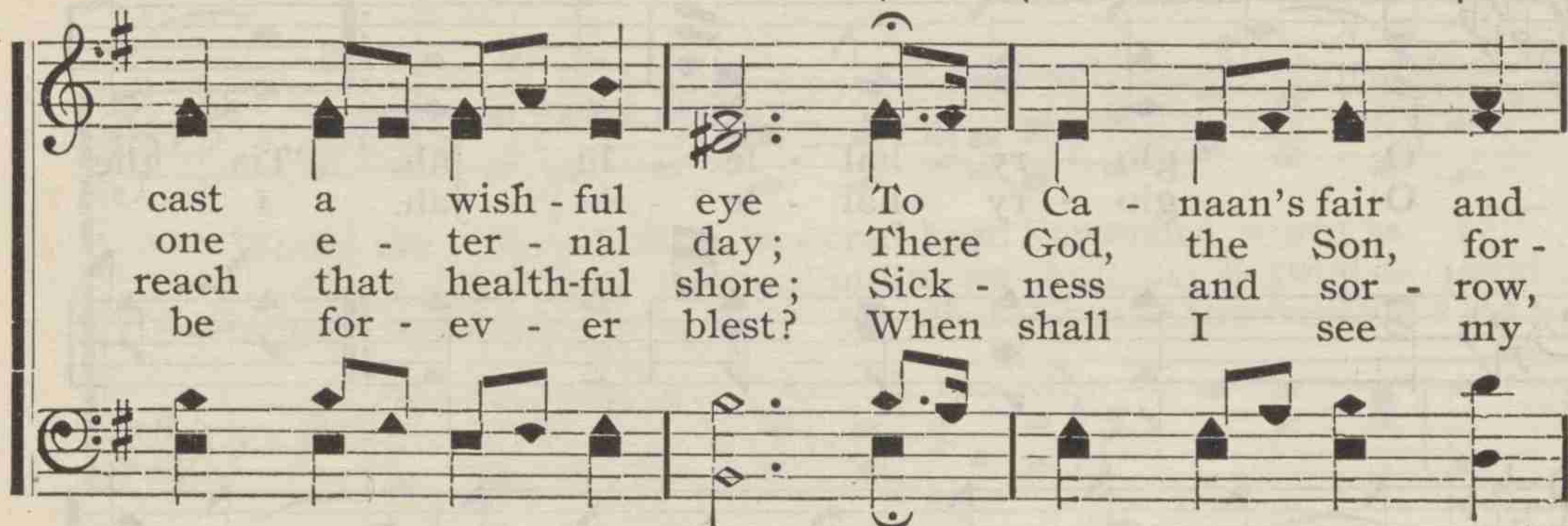
No. 23. I am Bound for the Promised Land.

S. STENNETT.


Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And
 2. All o'er those wide - ex - tend - ed plains Shines
 3. No chill - ing winds, nor pois' - nous breath, Can
 4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And



cast a wish - ful eye To Ca - naan's fair and
 one e - ter - nal day; There God, the Son, for -
 reach that health - ful shore; Sick - ness and sor - row,
 be for - ev - er blest? When shall I see my



Chorus.
 hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
 - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
 pain and death, Are felt and feared no more. } I am bound for the
 Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?



promised land, I am bound for the promised land; Oh,
 promised land,



who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land?

No. 24. THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

Anon.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



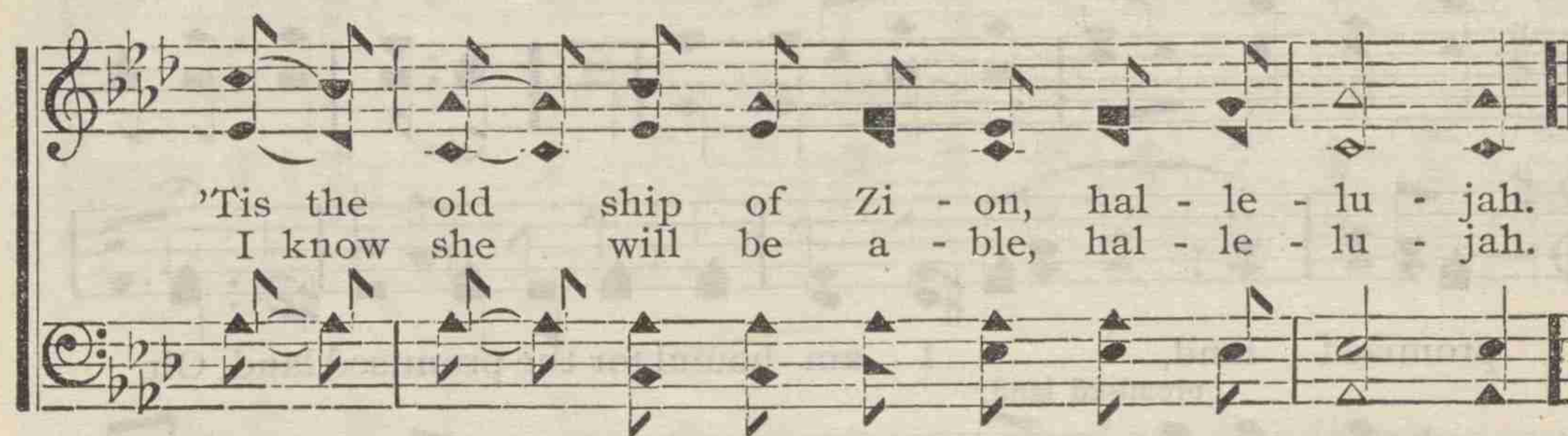
1. What ship is this that will take us all home,
2. Do you think she will be a - ble to take us all home,



O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah. 'Tis the
O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah. I



old ship of Zi - on, hal - le - lu - jah;
know she will be a - ble, hal - le - lu - jah;



'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, hal - le - lu - jah.
I know she will be a - ble, hal - le - lu - jah.

3 ||: Come along, come along, and let us go home,
O glory hallelujah. :||

||: Our home is over Jordan, hallelujah. :||

4 ||: What kind of freight have you on board?
O glory hallelujah. :||

||: Love to God and one another, hallelujah. :||

5 ||: We have some friends before us gone,
O glory hallelujah. :||

||: By and by we'll go and meet them, hallelujah. :||

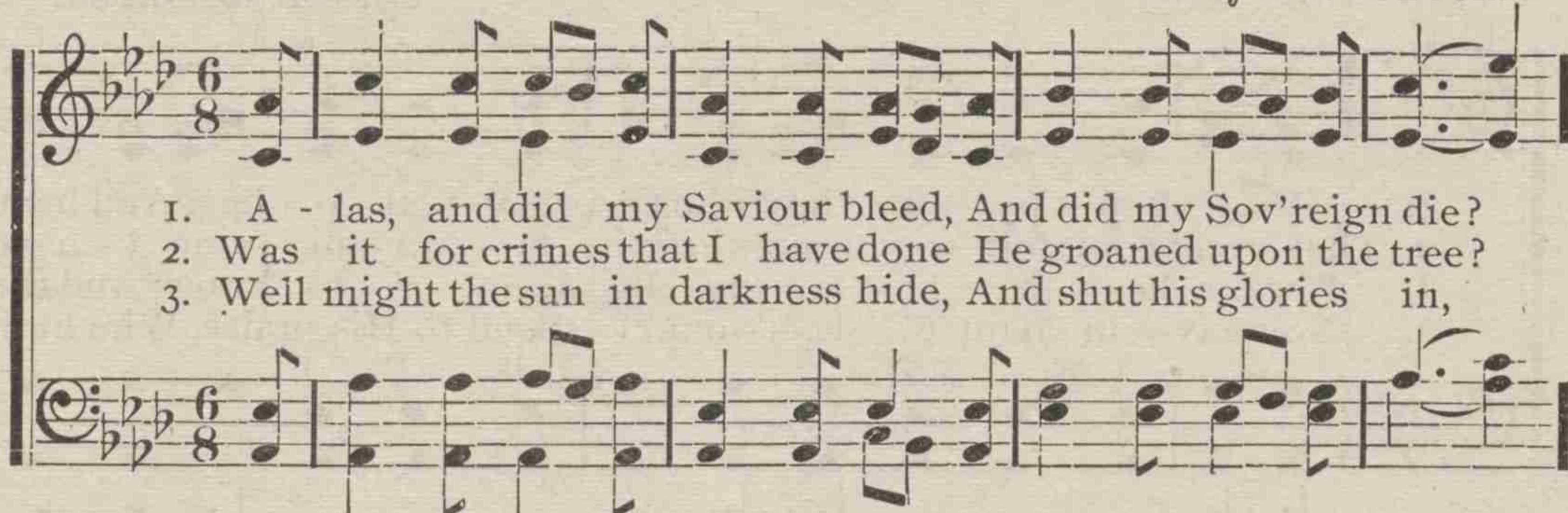
6 ||: And we'll walk up and down the golden shore,
O glory hallelujah. :||

||: And we'll praise the Lord forever, hallelujah. :||

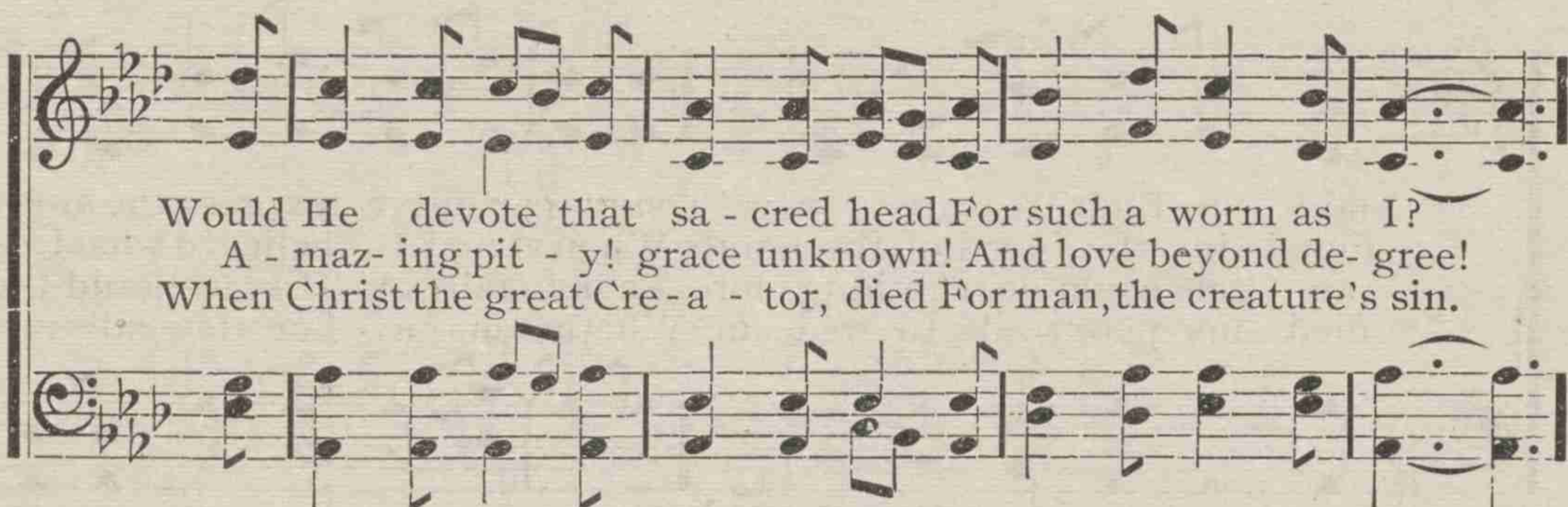
No. 25. O HOW I LOVE JESUS.

Rev. I. WATTS.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



1. A - las, and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned upon the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in,

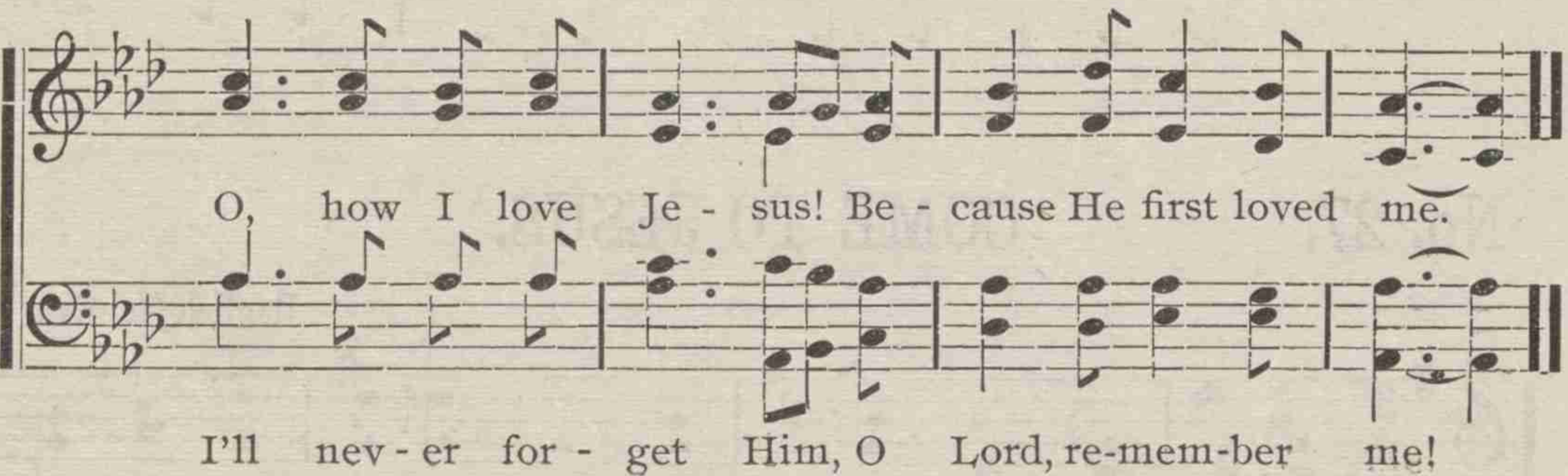


Would He devote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love beyond de - gree!
 When Christ the great Cre - a - tor, died For man, the creature's sin.

Chorus.



O, how I love Je - sus! O, how I love Je - sus!
 I'll nev - er for - get Him, I'll nev - er for - get Him,



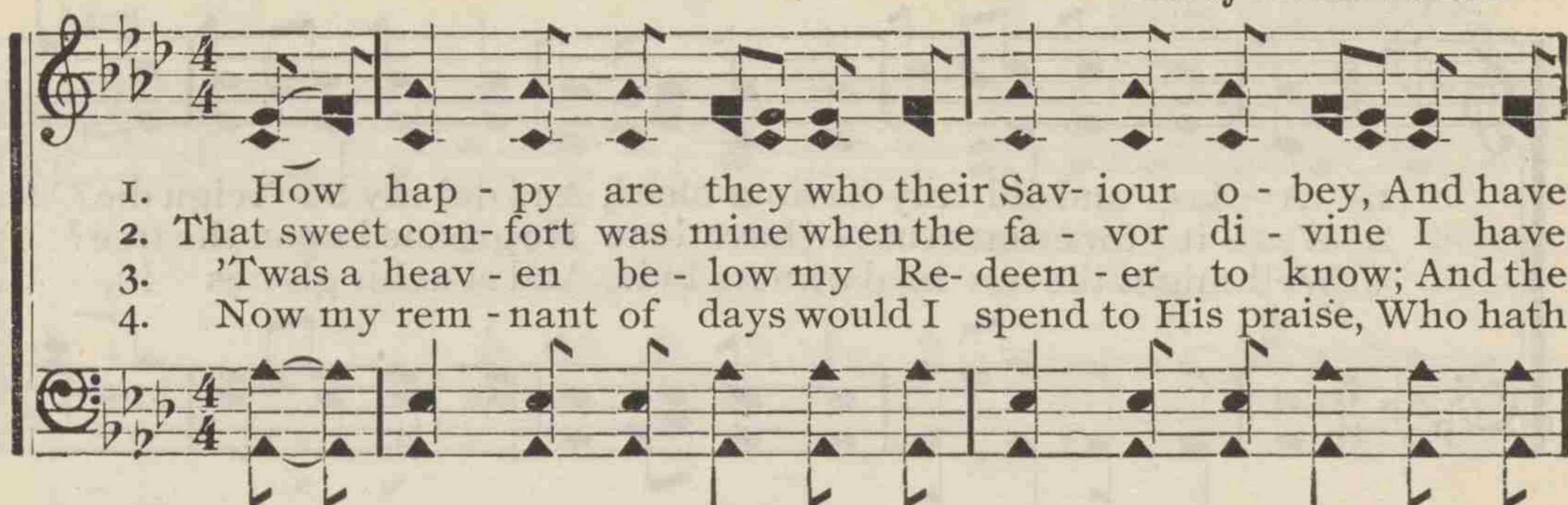
O, how I love Je - sus! Be - cause He first loved me.
 I'll nev - er for - get Him, O Lord, re - mem - ber me!

4
 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While His dear cross appears;
 Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
 And melt, my eyes, to tears.

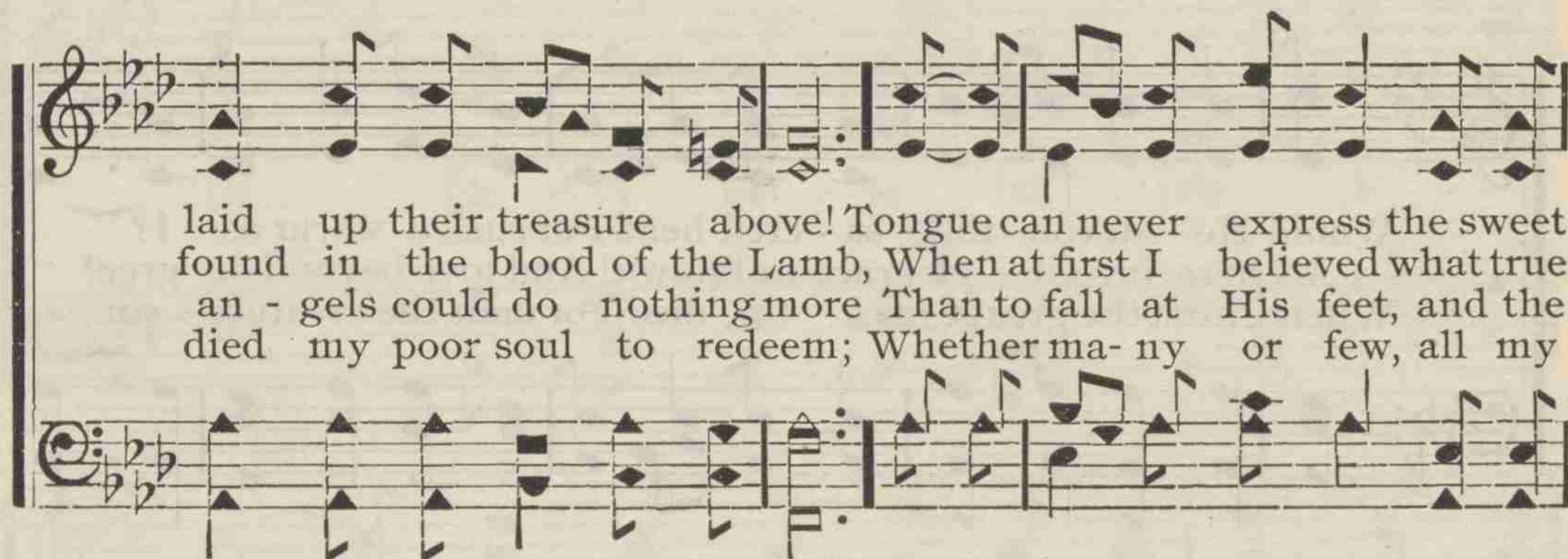
5
 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away;
 'Tis all that I can do.

No. 26. HOW HAPPY ARE THEY.

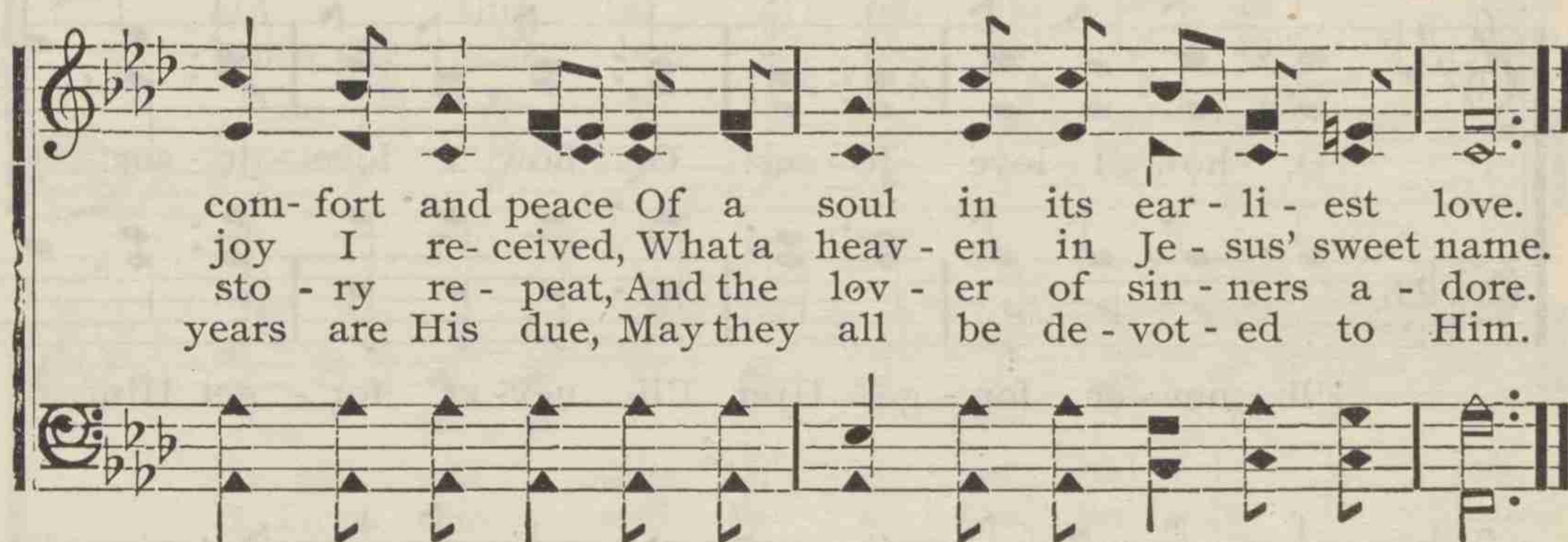
Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



1. How hap - py are they who their Sav - iour o - bey, And have
 2. That sweet com - fort was mine when the fa - vor di - vine I have
 3. 'Twas a heav - en be - low my Re - deem - er to know; And the
 4. Now my rem - nant of days would I spend to His praise, Who hath



laid up their treasure above! Tongue can never express the sweet
 found in the blood of the Lamb, When at first I believed what true
 an - gels could do nothing more Than to fall at His feet, and the
 died my poor soul to redeem; Whether ma - ny or few, all my



com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
 joy I re - ceived, What a heav - en in Je - sus' sweet name.
 sto - ry re - peat, And the lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.
 years are His due, May they all be de - vot - ed to Him.

No. 27. COME TO JESUS.

English Melody.



1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just

COME TO JESUS. Concluded.

now; Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2. He will save you, etc.
3. Oh, believe Him, etc.
4. He is able, etc.
5. He is willing, etc.
6. Call unto Him, etc.

7. He will hear you, etc.
8. If you trust Him, etc.
9. He will cleanse you, etc.
10. Don't reject Him, etc.
11. He is precious, etc.

No. 28.

THE HAPPY LAND.

Arranged.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in
2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come, a-way, Why will ye
3. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams ev' - ry eye; Kept by a

glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy
doubting stand, Why still de- lay? Oh, we shall happy be, When from
Father's hand, Love can-not die. Oh, then to glo-ry run; Be a

is our Saviour-King!" Loud let His praises ring; Praise, praise for aye!
sin and sor-row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
crown and Kingdom won; And bright above the sun, We'll reign for aye.

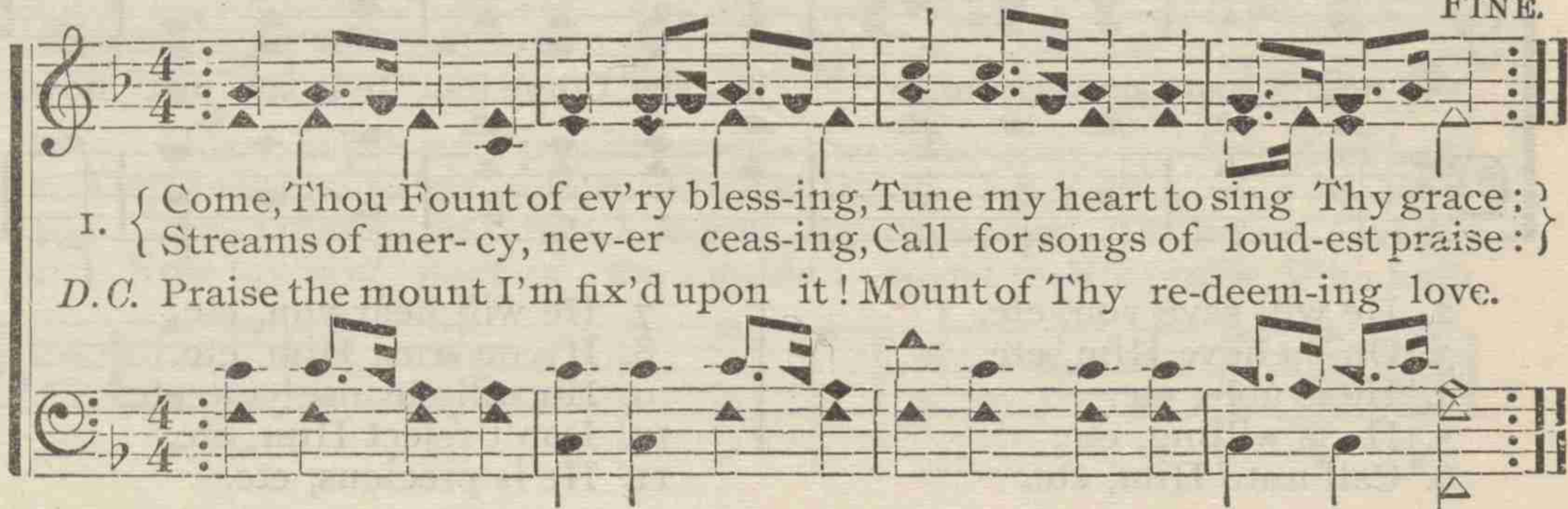
No. 29.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

ROBINSON.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.



1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace : }
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise : }
 D.C. Praise the mount I'm fix'd upon it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.

Lord, re - vive us, Lord, re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee.



Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove ;

CHO. Lord, re - vive us, Lord, re - vive us, Send Thy blessings full and free ;

2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I've 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.

No. 30.

TAKING THE CROSS.

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

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

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure !
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain !
 In thy service, pain is pleasure,
 With thy favor, loss is gain.
 I have called thee "Abba, Father !"
 I have stayed my heart on Thee !
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer !
 Heaven's eternal days before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there :
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 31. O FATHERS, WILL YOU MEET ME?

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



O, * fa - thers, will you meet me, O fa - thers, will you meet me,
 Cho. { By the grace of God I'll meet you, By the grace of God I'll meet you,
 Then we'll shout and give Him glory, Then we'll shout and give Him glory.



O fa - thers, will you meet me On Ca - n'an's hap - py shore?
 By the grace of God I'll meet you On Ca - n'an's hap - py shore. }
 Then we'll shout and give Him glo - ry On Ca - n'an's hap - py shore. }

* Form other stanzas by using the words Mothers, Brothers, Sisters, Christians, etc.

No. 32. I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS.



1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 2. Now, ye need - y, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
- Cho.—I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;



Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.
 True be - lief and true re - pentance, Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.
 In the arms of my dear Saviour, O, there are ten-thousand charms.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Let not con - fidence make you linger,
 Nor of his fondly dream:
 All the fitness He requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him.</p> | <p>4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry 'till you're better,
 You will never come at all.</p> |
|--|---|

No. 33. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

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

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740

SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly }
 { While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high. }

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

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

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 stay'd,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing,

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

No. 34. ROCK OF AGES. 7s & 6s.

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

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1834.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me; Let me hide my - self in Thee!

D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side that flow'd,

2 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone:
 Thou must save, and Thou alone!
 Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling,

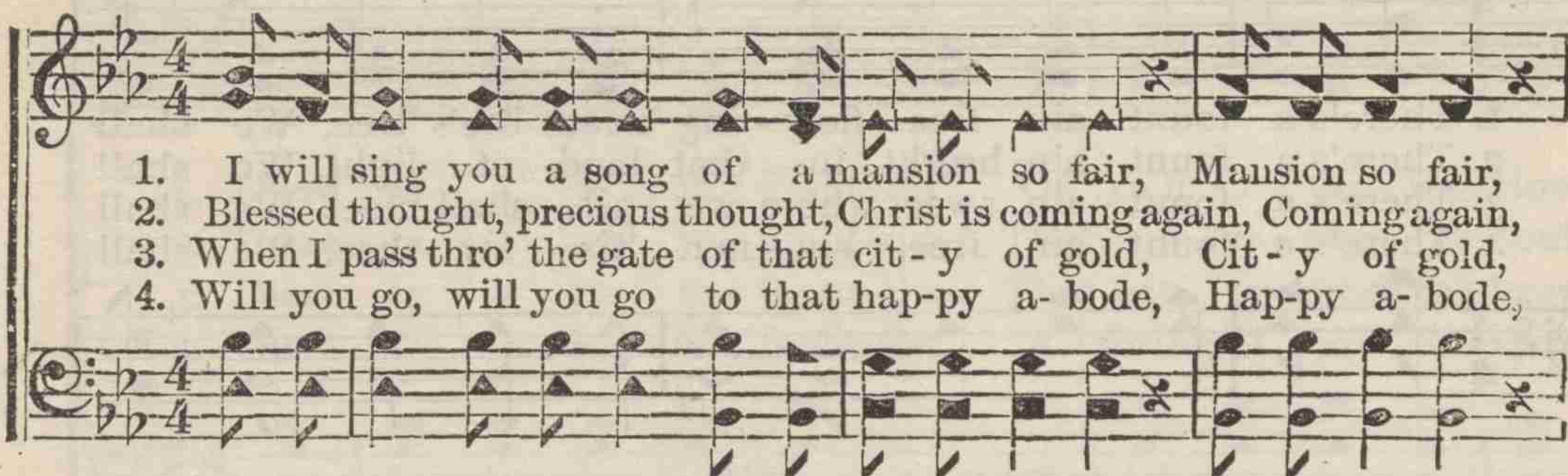
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
 Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!

No. 35. OH, THAT BEAUTIFUL MANSION.

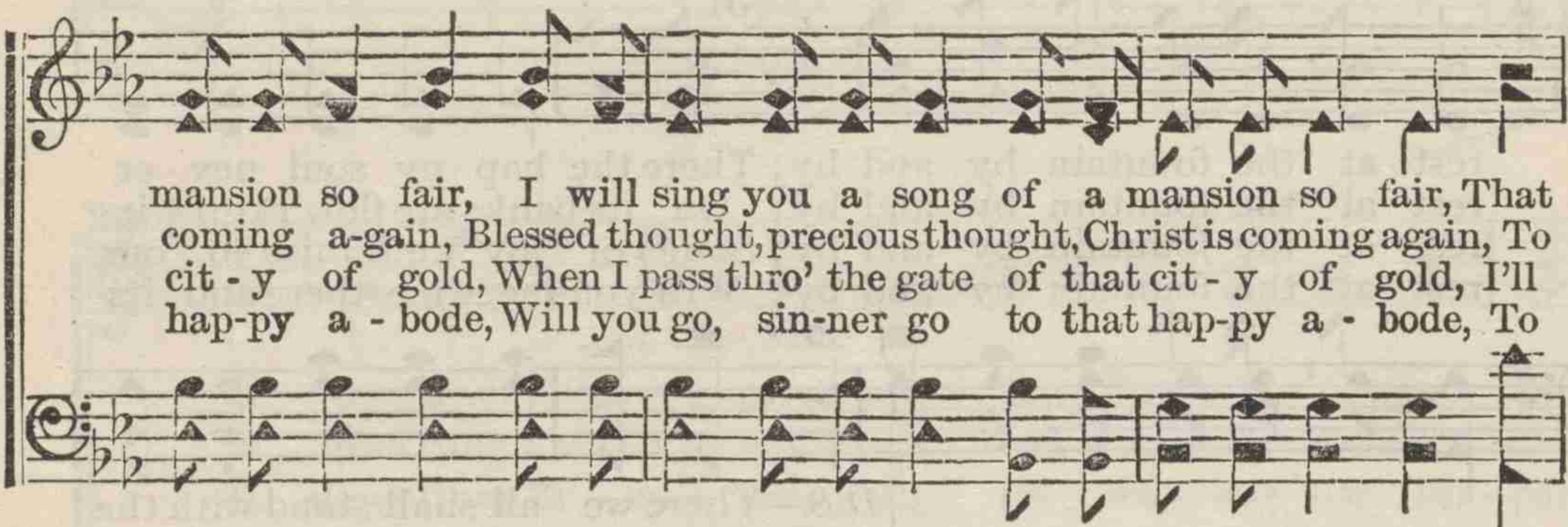
"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

D. E. D.

D. E. DORTCH.



1. I will sing you a song of a mansion so fair, Mansion so fair,
 2. Blessed thought, precious thought, Christ is coming again, Coming again,
 3. When I pass thro' the gate of that cit - y of gold, Cit - y of gold,
 4. Will you go, will you go to that hap - py a - bode, Hap - py a - bode,



mansion so fair, I will sing you a song of a mansion so fair, That
 coming a - gain, Blessed thought, precious thought, Christ is coming again, To
 cit - y of gold, When I pass thro' the gate of that cit - y of gold, I'll
 hap - py a - bode, Will you go, sin - ner go to that hap - py a - bode, To

CHORUS.



Je - sus has prepared for me.
 take me to Himself a - bove. } Oh, that beau - ti - ful mansion so
 sing triumphant songs of praise.
 dwell for - ev - er with the Lord.



fair, (so fair,) Oh, that beau - ti - ful mansion so fair, (so fair,) I will



soon be at rest in that mansion so fair, That Je - sus has prepared for me.

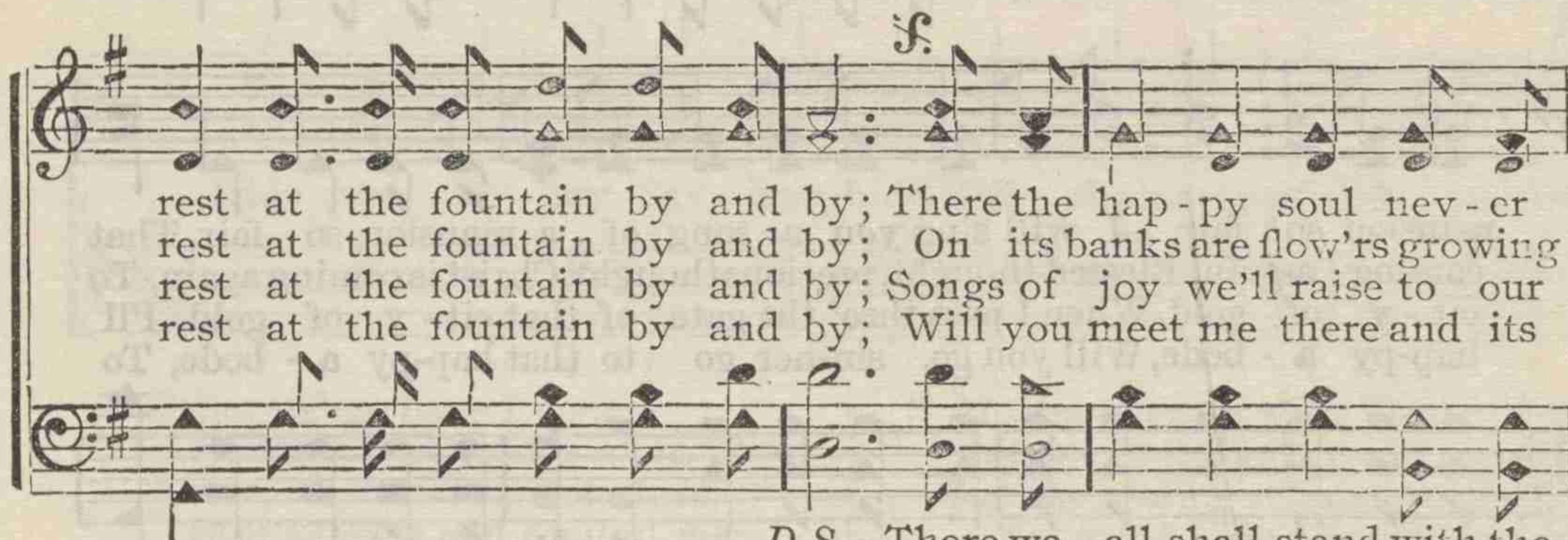
No. 36. WE SHALL REST AT THE FOUNTAIN.

D. F. DORTCH.

D. E. DORTCH.



1. There's a fount - ain free flow - ing 'neath life's tree, We shall
 2. There's a fount - ain bright in that land of light, We shall
 3. There's a fount - ain sweet where we all shall meet, We shall
 4. There's a fount - ain free, sin - ner, 'tis for thee, We shall



rest at the fountain by and by; There the hap - py soul nev - er
 rest at the fountain by and by; On its banks are flow'rs growing
 rest at the fountain by and by; Songs of joy we'll raise to our
 rest at the fountain by and by; Will you meet me there and its

D.S.—There we all shall stand with the

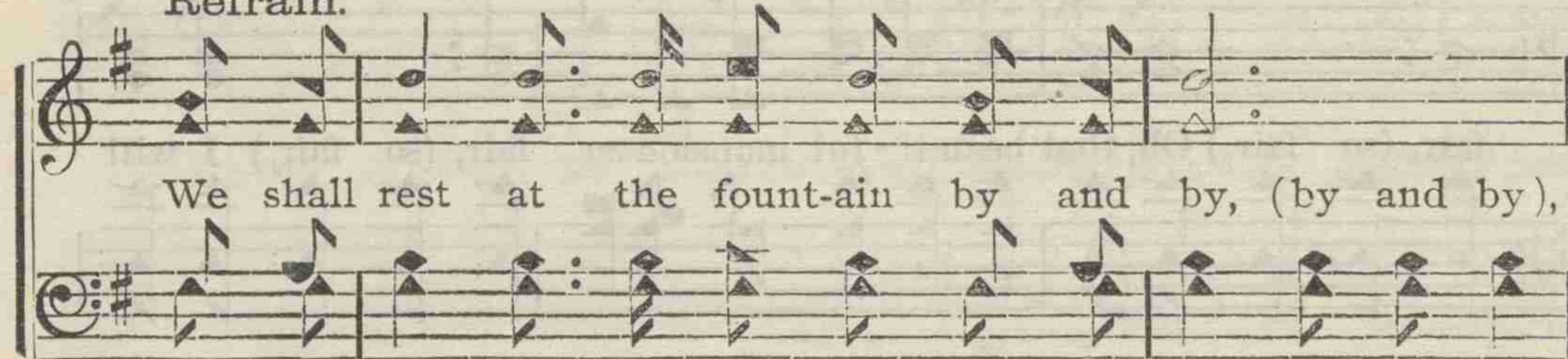


shall grow old, We shall rest at the fountain by and by.
 'mid heav'n's bow'rs, We shall rest at the fountain by and by.
 Sav - iour's praise, We shall rest at the fountain by and by.
 bless - ings share? We shall rest at the fountain by and by.

FINE.

an - gel band, We shall rest at the fountain by and by.

Refrain.



We shall rest at the fount - ain by and by, (by and by),

D.S.

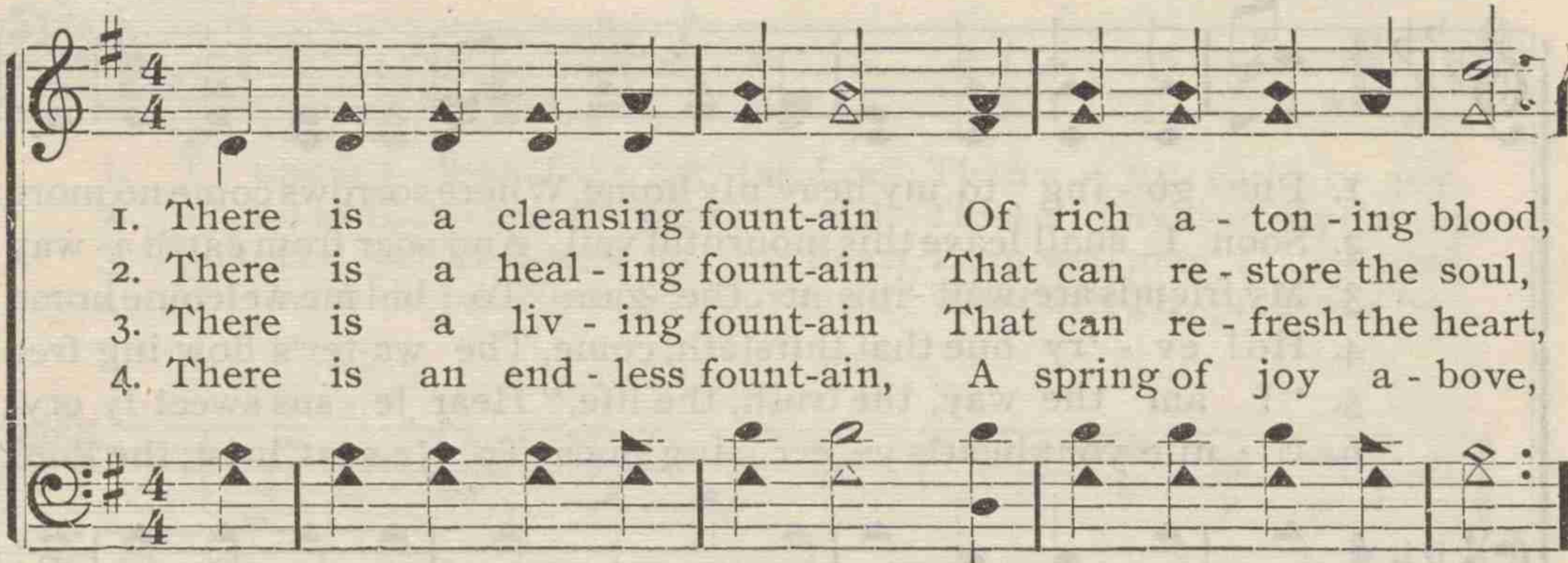


We shall rest at the fount - ain by and by, (by and by);

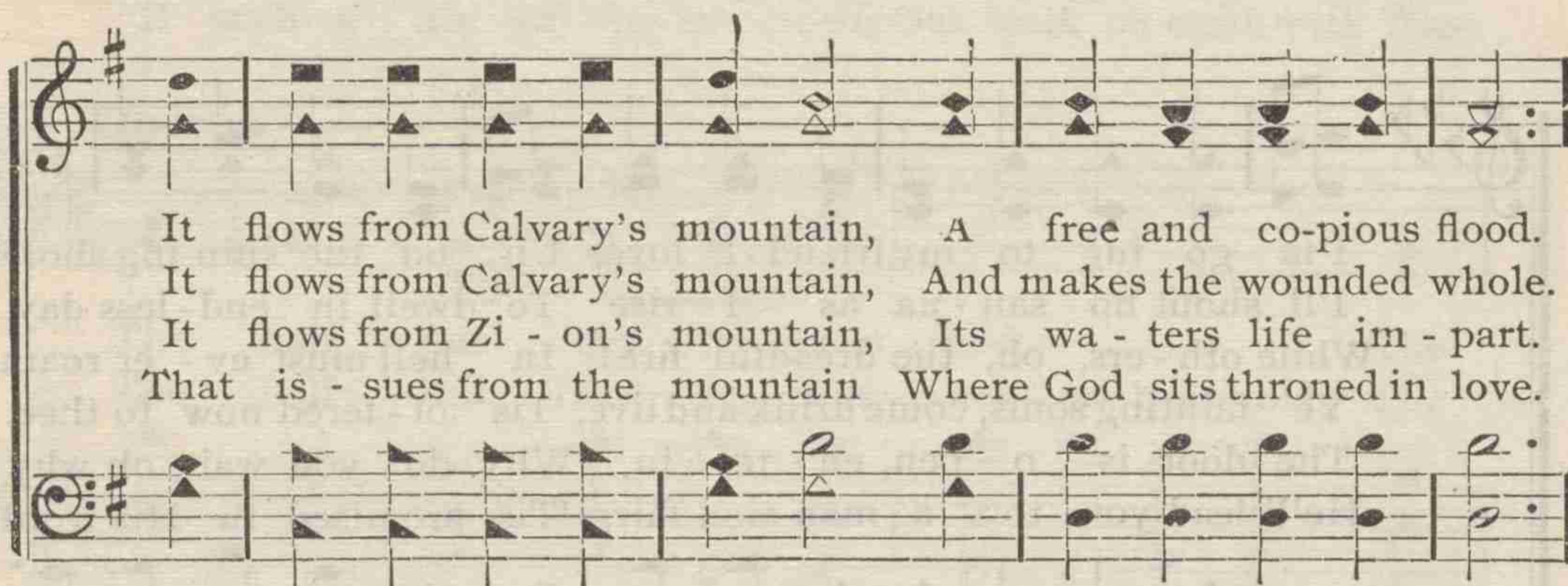
No. 37. THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

D. E. DORTCH.



1. There is a cleansing fount-ain Of rich a - ton - ing blood,
 2. There is a heal - ing fount-ain That can re - store the soul,
 3. There is a liv - ing fount-ain That can re - fresh the heart,
 4. There is an end - less fount-ain, A spring of joy a - bove,

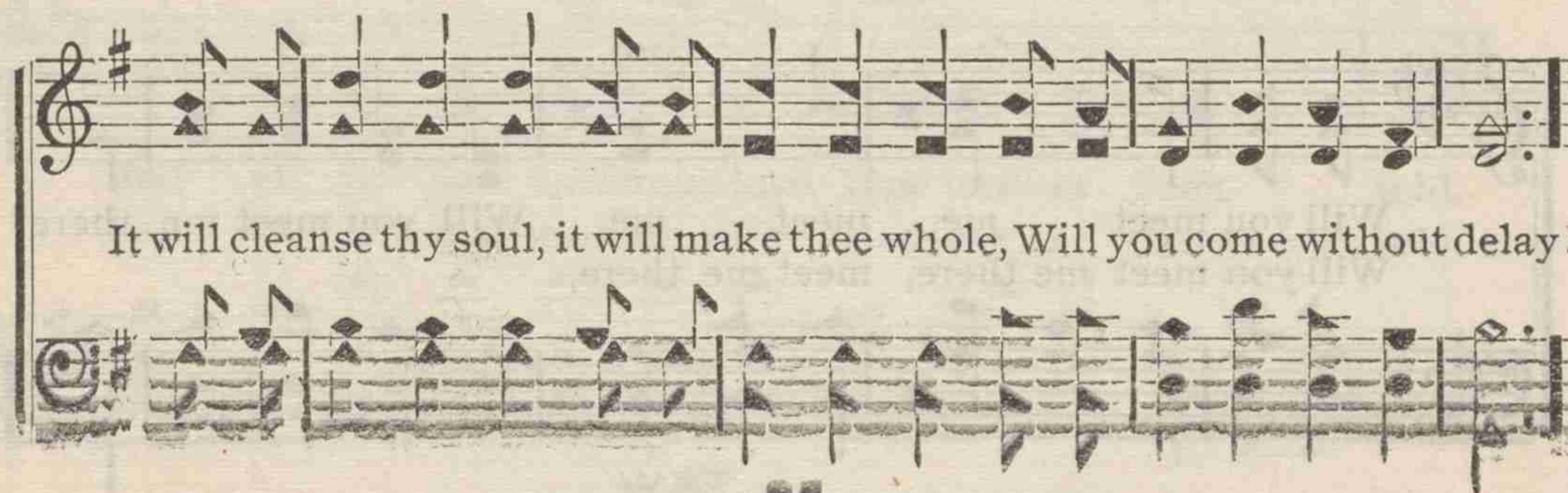


It flows from Calvary's mountain, A free and co-pious flood.
 It flows from Calvary's mountain, And makes the wounded whole.
 It flows from Zi - on's mountain, Its wa - ters life im - part.
 That is - sues from the mountain Where God sits throned in love.

Chorus.



Oh, that fountain free, floweth now for thee, Sinner, come and wash to-day;

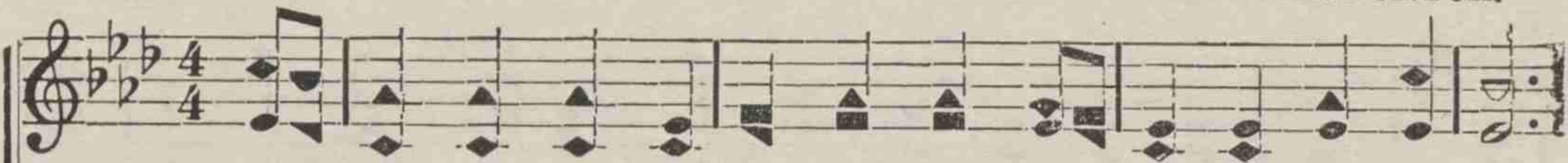


It will cleanse thy soul, it will make thee whole, Will you come without delay?

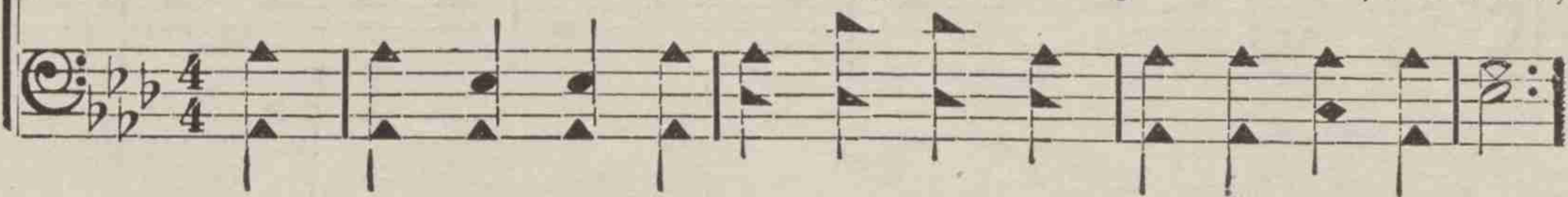
No. 38. WILL YOU MEET ME THERE?

D. E. DORTCH.

D. E. DORTCH.



1. I'm go - ing to my heav'nly home, Where sorrows come no more;
2. Soon I shall leave this mournful veil, And soar from earth a - way;
3. My friends are wait - ing at the gate To bid me welcome home;
4. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, come, The wa - ter's flow - ing free;
5. "I am the way, the truth, the life," Hear Je - sus sweet - ly cry;
6. U - nite your hearts ye err - ing ones To Je - sus Christ, the Lord;



I'm go - ing to my friends I love, Up - on the shin - ing shore.
 I'll shout ho - san - na as I rise To dwell in end - less day.
 While oth - ers, oh, the dreadful fire! In hell must ev - er roam.
 Ye fainting souls, come drink and live, 'Tis of - fered now to thee.
 The door is o - pen, en - ter in, Why do you wait, oh why?
 He'll lead you to a man - sion fair, 'Tis promised in His word.



Chorus.



I am go - ing home to par - a - dise, A shining crown to wear;



Will you meet me, meet me, Will you meet me there?
 Will you meet me there, meet me there,



No. 39. THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Solo.



1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than a - ny earthly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart, Then well may I be glad,
4. O Sav-iour, pre-cious Saviour mine! What will Thy presence be,



For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which nothing can de - stroy
And sweet-er is the thought of Thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee.

Chorus.



The half has nev - er been told, The
The half has nev - er, has nev - er been told, The



half has nev - er been told, The
half has nev - er, has nev - er been told; The



half of Je - sus' wondrous love Has nev - er been told.
half of Je - sus' wondrous love Has nev - er, nev - er been told.



No. 40. MY OWN SWEET COUNTRY.


(The famous Scotch Song rendered into English by the Rev. W. T. Dale.)

Miss M. A. LEE.

D. E. DORTCH.



1. I am far from my home, and I'm wea - ry oft - en whiles,
2. Tho' the earth is all cov - ered with flow - ers so gay,
3. I've His good word of prom - ise that some day the King,
4. My sins have been ma - ny, my sor - rows been sore,



For the longed - for home bringing my Father's welcome smiles;
And the birds war - ble blithely as ev - er they may,
To His own roy - al pal - ace His banished home will bring;
But there they'll nev - er vex me, nor be thought of an - y more;



I will nev - er be con - tent till my eyes they shall see
Yet, these sights and these sounds will as naught be to me
There with eyes and with hearts running o - ver we shall see
By His blood I'm made white and His hand will dry my eye,



The gold - en gates of heaven, and my own sweet country.
When I hear the an - gels singing in my own sweet country.
The King in His beau - ty and our own sweet country.
When He brings me home at last to my own sweet country.

MY OWN SWEET COUNTRY, Concluded.

Refrain.



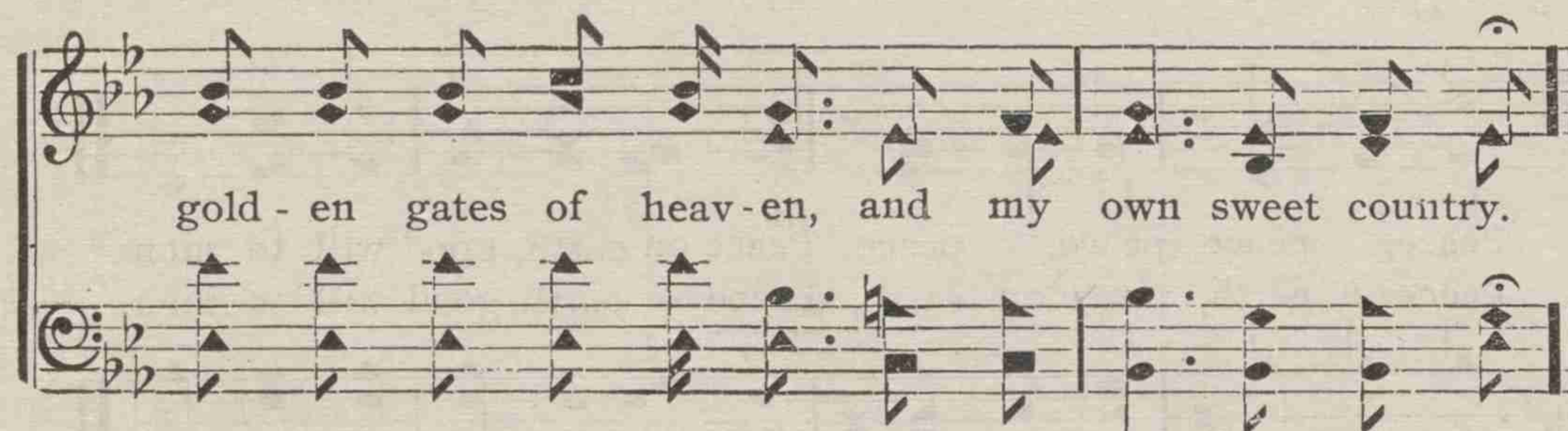
I will nev-er be con-tent till my eyes they shall see The



gold-en gates of heaven, and my own sweet country; I will



nev-er be con-tent till my eyes they shall see The



gold-en gates of heav-en, and my own sweet country.

5 Like a child to its mother, a bird to its nest,
I would fain hie my way to my Saviour's dear breast;
For He gathers the lambs, in His bosom they are free,
And He carries them Himself to His own sweet country.

6 He is true to His word, He will come sure, I know,
At what home I know not, but I long now to go;
Still He bids me to watch, ever ready to be,
To go at any moment to my own sweet country,

No. 41.

PEACE ON EARTH.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. { Peace on earth, good will to men, Was the an-gels' glad re - frain,
 { Peace on earth, to men good will, Hark! I hear them sing-ing still!
 2. { Peace on earth, to men good will, Bless-ed words! my soul they thrill!
 { Peace on earth, sweet peace on earth, O that all might know its worth;

Sung to shepherds long a - go, Sung for all the earth be - low. }
 Clear as on that Christmas morn, When the dear child-king was born. }
 Peace on earth! glad day, speed on! When the world to peace be won. }
 O that all might sing the strain, Peace on earth, good will to men. }

Refrain.

Peace, peace, peace, peace, Peace on earth, good will to men;
 Peace on earth, peace on earth, Peace on earth, good will to men;

Peace, peace, peace, peace, Peace on earth, good will to men.
 Peace on earth, peace on earth, Peace on earth, good will to men.

3 Peace on earth, good will to men,
 Christ has come on earth to reign;
 Glory be to God on high,
 Christ has come for men to die!
 Peace on earth, good will to men,
 Man may now be saved from sin;
 O the music of that song!
 O'er the earth its notes prolong.

4 Peace on earth, to men good will,
 Welcome news from Zion's hill;
 Blessed Christ to Thee we sing,
 Who to earth sweet peace did bring:
 Peace on earth, good will to men,
 Sing that chorus once again;
 Let its echo reach the sky,
 Glory be to God on high.

No. 42.

I LOVE THE LORD.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.




1. Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I
 2. The way the ho - ly proph - ets went, The road that
 3. This is the way I long have sought, And mourned be-
 4. The more I strove a - gainst its power, I felt its

Chorus.—I love the Lord, I know I do, The best of



fix my hopes up - on; His track I see, and
 leads from ban - ish - ment, The King's high - way of
 - cause I found it not; My grief and bur - den
 guilt and weight the more; Till late I heard my

all He loves me too; I love the Lord, I



D.C. for Chorus.
 I'll pur - sue The nar - row way till Him I view.
 ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
 long has been, Be - cause I was not freed from sin.
 Sav - iour say, "Come hith - er, soul, I am the way."

know I do, The best of all He loves me too.

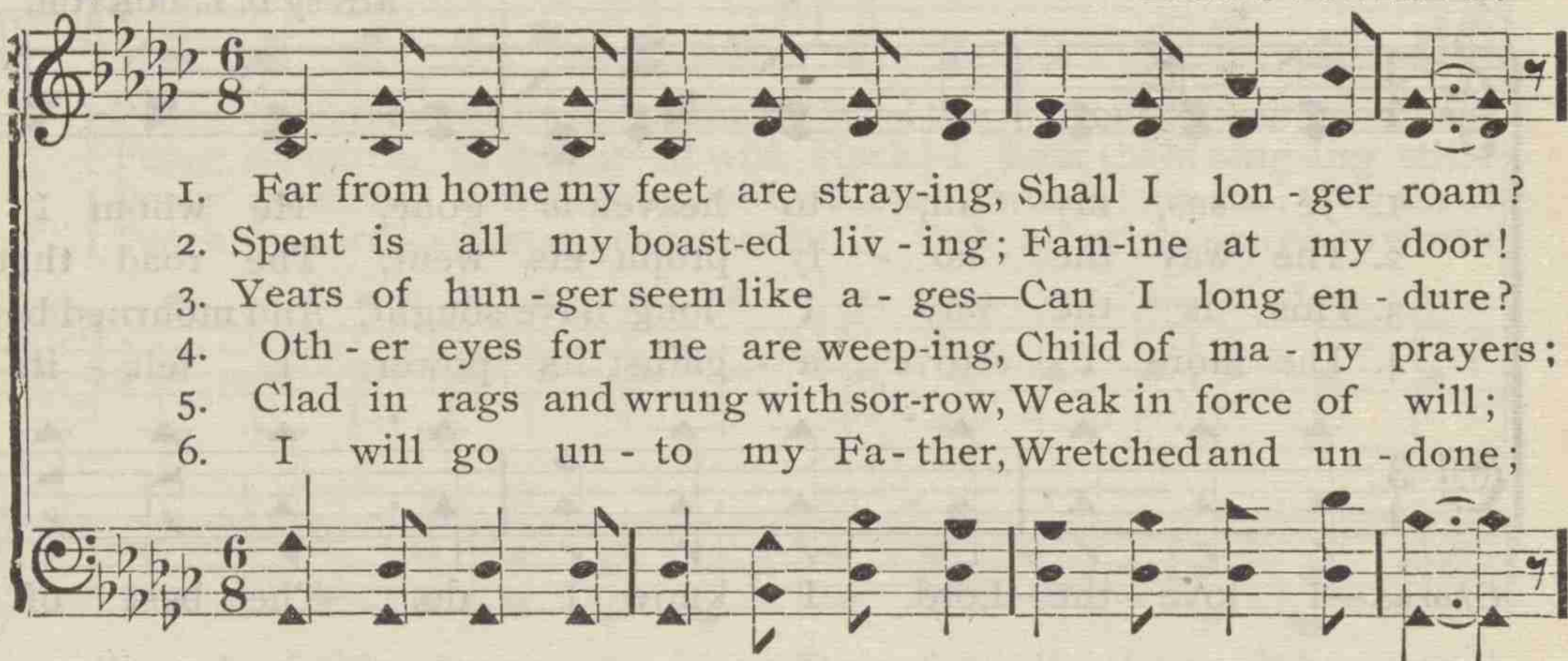
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>5 Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.</p> | <p>6 Then will I tell to sinners round
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God."</p> |
|---|--|

No. 43.

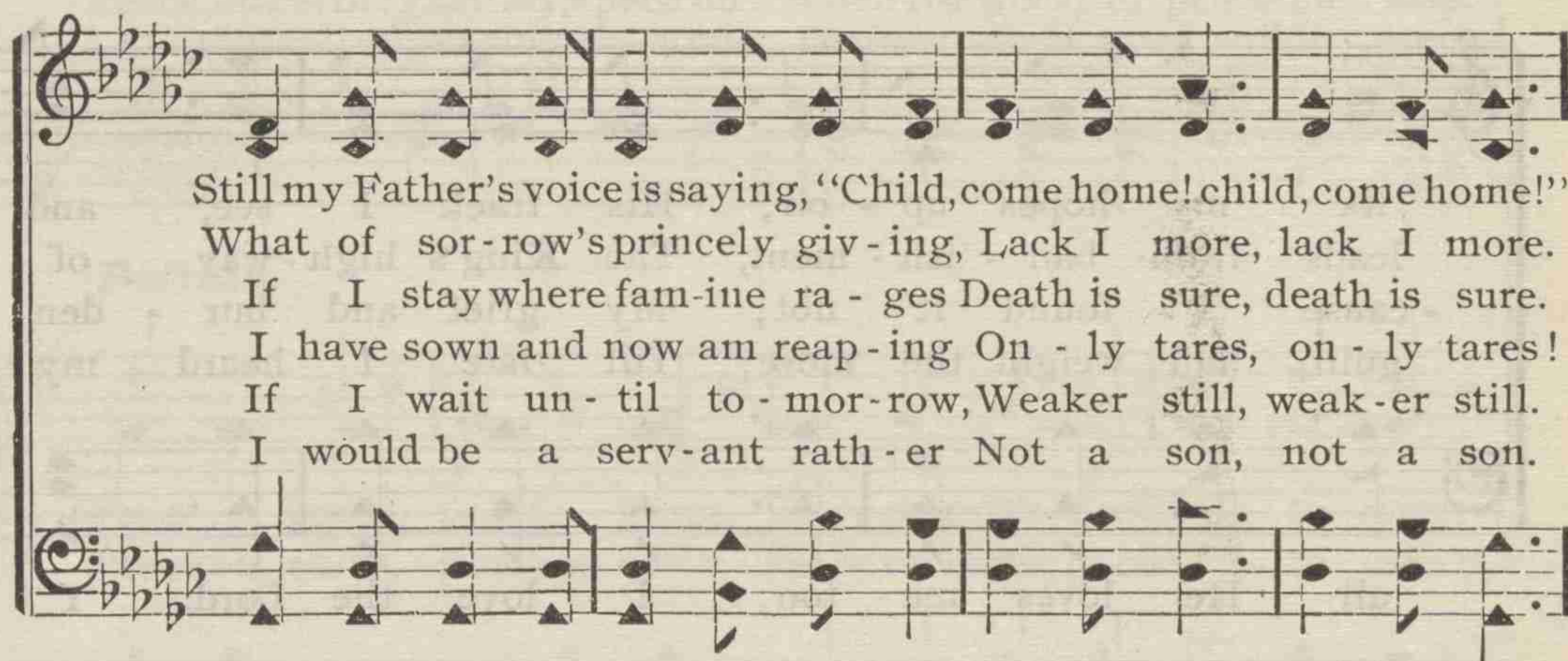
THE PRODIGAL SON.

J. J. MAXFIELD.

LUCIUS LUTTRELL.



1. Far from home my feet are stray-ing, Shall I lon-ger roam?
 2. Spent is all my boast-ed liv-ing; Fam-ine at my door!
 3. Years of hun-ger seem like a-ges—Can I long en-dure?
 4. Oth-er eyes for me are weep-ing, Child of ma-n-y prayers;
 5. Clad in rags and wrung with sor-row, Weak in force of will;
 6. I will go un-to my Fa-ther, Wretched and un-done;



Still my Father's voice is saying, "Child, come home! child, come home!"
 What of sor-row's princely giv-ing, Lack I more, lack I more.
 If I stay where fam-ine ra-ges Death is sure, death is sure.
 I have sown and now am reap-ing On-ly tares, on-ly tares!
 If I wait un-til to-mor-row, Weaker still, weak-er still.
 I would be a serv-ant rath-er Not a son, not a son.

Chorus.



I will go, my sins con-fess-ing, Bow-ing low in prayer;



I may find a Father's bless-ing Waiting there, waiting there.


No. 44. PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

D. E. DORTCH.

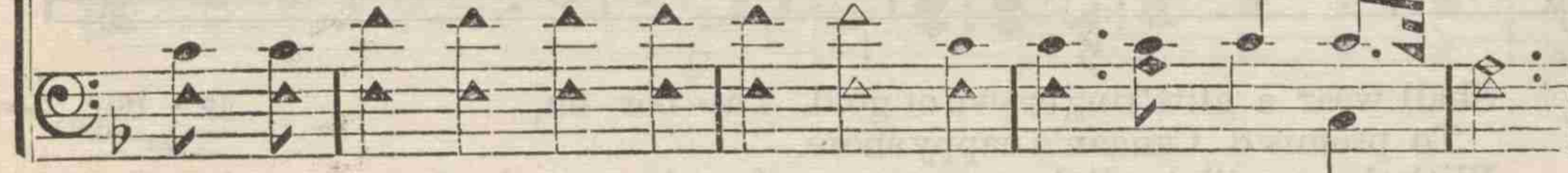
D. E. DORTCH.



1. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Je - sus now with you is pleading,
2. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Come, with all your sins con-fess-ing,
3. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Sin-ner, will you cease your straying?
4. Pre - pare to meet thy God, If you tar - ry till to - morrow,
5. Pre - pare to meet thy God, They who now the Lord o - bey-ing,




And our hearts for you are bleed-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
There a - waits for you a bless-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
There is dan - ger in de - lay - ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
Deep - er still will be your sor - row, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
Are for you this mo - ment pray-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.




Refrain.



Pre - pare, pre - pare, Pre-pare to meet thy God,
Pre - pare to meet, to meet thy God, Pre-pare to meet, to meet thy God,




Soon the time will pass for - ev - er, Oh, pre-pare to meet thy God.




No. 45. A CROWN IN HEAVEN.

R. A. GLENN.

C. E. POLLOCK.




1. I know there's a home for the good that labor here, Just beyond death's
 2. I know there's a land that is beau-ti-ful and bright, Just beyond the
 3. There we'll nev-er grieve, but re-joic-ing fac-es see, As we near the





val - ley dark and cold, And the ones that reach that home so bright and fair
 Jor-dan's turbid roar; And I soon shall pass be-yond all mor-tal sight,
 bright e - ter-nal shore; Where the an-gels wait with crowns for you and me,



CHORUS.



Shall wear a glitt'ring crown of gold. La - bor on, la - bor
 To promis'd Canaan's happy shore.
 With them we'll dwell for ev-er-more. La - bor on, la - bor on, la - bor




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




on, La - bor on, For a crown in heaven you shall wear.
 on, la - bor on, la - bor on, labor on,



No. 46. I BRING MY SINS TO JESUS.

Dr. BONER.

D. E. DORTCH.



1. I bring my sins to Je - sus, To wash my crim-son stains
2. I want to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov-ing, low - ly, mild;
3. I long to be with Je - sus, A - mid the heavenly throng,



White, in His blood most pre-cious, Till not a spot re-mains.
I want to love like Je - sus, The Fa-ther's on - ly child.
To sing with saints and an - gels The ev - er - last - ing song.



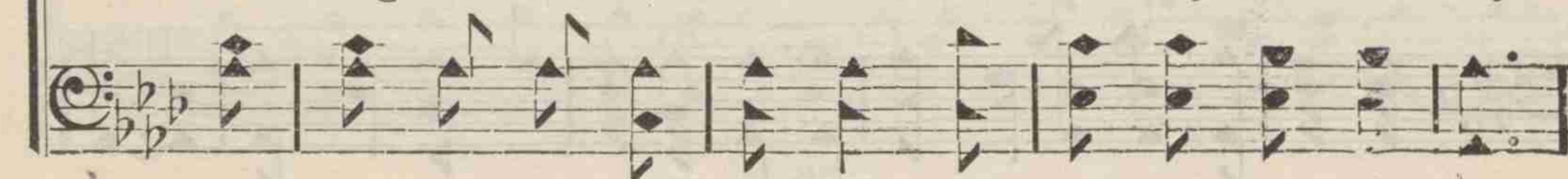
Chorus.



I'll cling to the Sav-iour, I'll cling to the Sav-iour,



I'll cling to Christ the Sav-iour, He'll take my sins a - way.



No. 47.

THE STARRY WAY.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

LUCIUS LUTTRELL.



1. We are climbing the star-ry way, To the cit - y of our God,
2. We are near-ing the bet - ter land, Where the wea-ry are at rest;
3. We are guarded from day to day By a Saviour's ten - der love,
4. He will guide us for - ev - er - more, We shall nev - er faint or fall;



Where the spir-its im - mor - tal stray In that ev - er blest a - bode.
 We are journey-ing hand in hand To the mansions of the blest.
 Lest we wan-der and blind-ly stray From the path that leads a - bove.
 We shall en - ter the o - pen door, When we hear the Master's call.



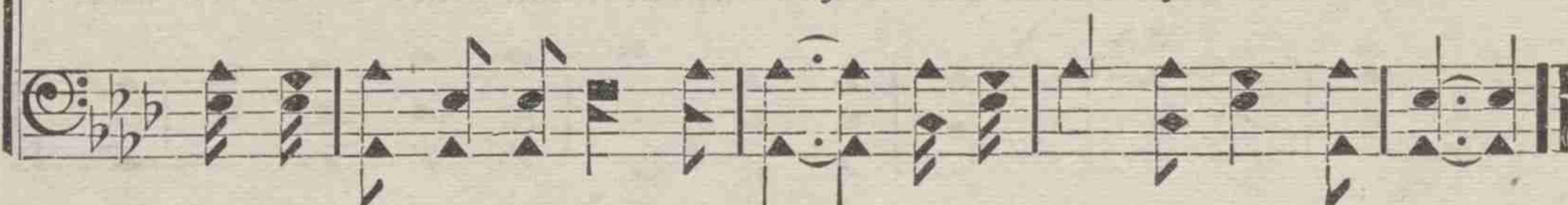
Chorus.



We are climbing the star - ry way, Which the blessed ones have trod;



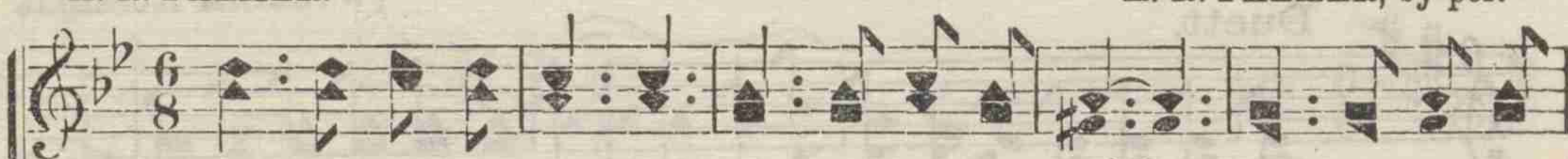
And it leadeth to end-less day, To the cit - y of our God.



No. 48. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. PALMER.

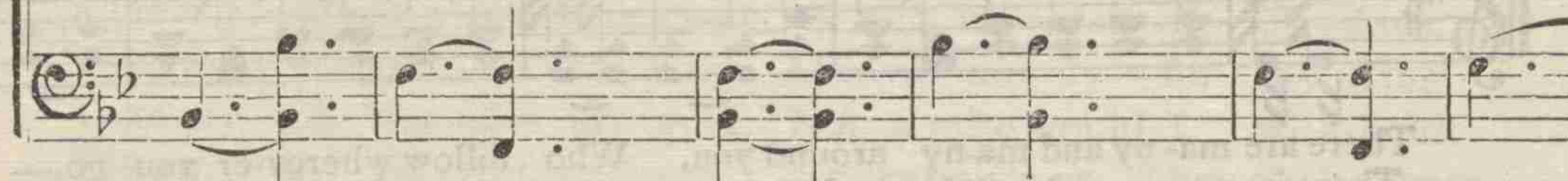
H. R. PALMER, by per.



1. Yield not to tempta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil companions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'ercometh God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall



help you Some oth - er to win; Fight manful - ly on - ward, Dark
rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind -
con-quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour, Our



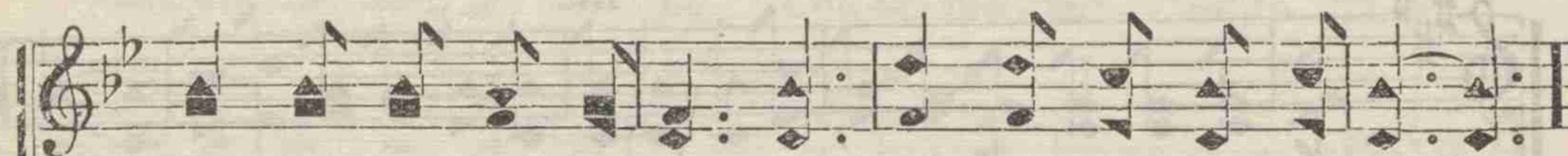
passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.



Chorus.



Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;



He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.



No. 49. [IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?]

WILLIAM RUSSELL

Duett.



1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see;
2. Upon the dark mountains they stumble, They fall and are ready to die
3. If once all the lamps that are lighted Should steadily blaze in a line,



For if it were burning, then surely, Some beam would fall brightly on me.
They're pleading with pitiful voices, For light and salvation they cry.
Wide o-ver the land and the o - cean, What a gir-dle of glo-ry would shine!



There are ma-ny and ma-ny around you, Who follow wherev-er you go,—
There is ma-ny a lamp that is lighted— We behold them a-near and a - far—
How all the dark places would brighten, How the mist would roll up and away,



If you tho't that they walk'd in the shadow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.
But not ma-ny among them, my brother, Shines steady - ly on like a star.
(How the earth would laugh out in her gladness To hail the mil-len - ni-um day.

Chorus.



Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see;



For if it were burning, then surely, Some beam would fall brightly on me.

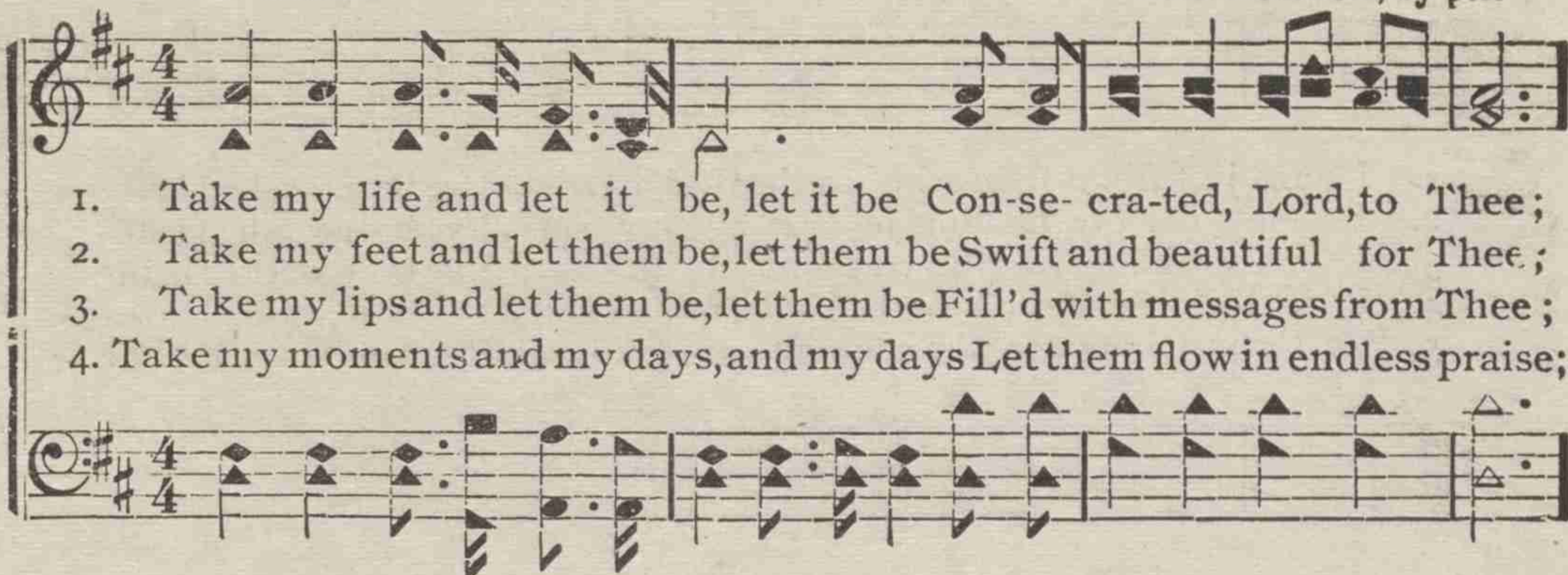


No. 50.

ALL TO THEE.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. Take my life and let it be, let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my feet and let them be, let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee;
 3. Take my lips and let them be, let them be Fill'd with messages from Thee;
 4. Take my moments and my days, and my days Let them flow in endless praise;



Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice and let me sing Always—on - ly— for my King.
 Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
 Take my in-tel-lect and use Ev'-ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

Chorus.



All to Thee, all to Thee, Precious Sav-iour, all to Thee;



Take my life and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee.

5 Take my will and make it Thine,
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart, it is Thine own,
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure store;
 Take my self, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

No. 51. I'VE BEEN WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

Answer to "Are you Washed in the Blood?"

W. T. DALE.

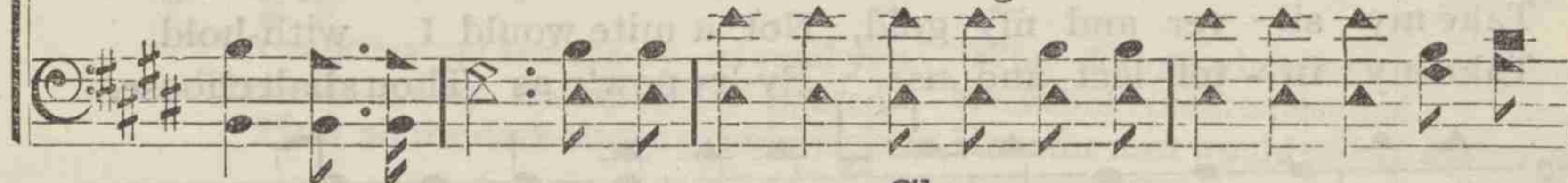
D. E. DORTCH, by per.



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



blood of the Lamb. By the blood of Jesus I have been made whole, I've been
blood of the Lamb. I am sweetly rest-ing in the Cru - ci - fied, I've been
blood of the Lamb. I am trust-ing in the prom-ise of His word, I've been
blood of the Lamb. How His coming will each faithful heart rejoice, I've been
blood of the Lamb. He will come ac-cord-ing to His faithful word, I've been



Chorus.



washed in the blood of the Lamb. I've been washed, I've been
washed in the blood of the Lamb. in the blood,



washed, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb; And my robe is
in the blood, of the Lamb;



spot-less, it is white as snow, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.



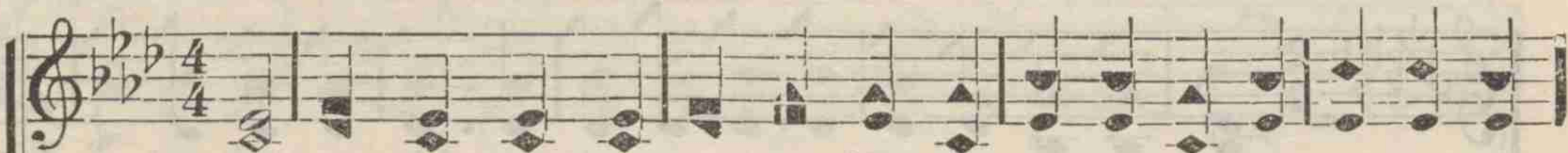
No. 52.

SHALL I BE THERE?

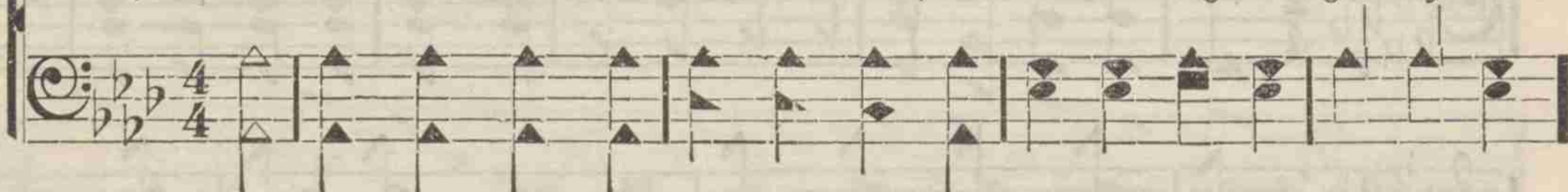
To my wife, M. SAREPTA DORTCH.

L. A. M. S.

D. E. DORTCH.



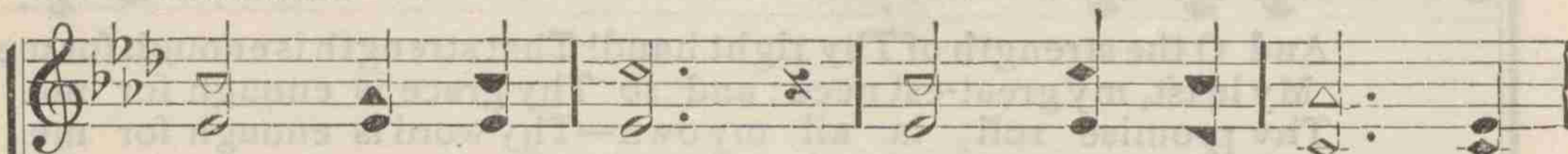
1. When earthly things have ceas'd to be, And life e-terna^l fruit shall bear,
2. When in the bright, eternal world, The good possess those mansions fair,
3. When those who're toiling upward now Shall at the Heav'nly Feast appear,
4. When close a-round the Saviour's seat, The saints are gath'ring ev'rywhere



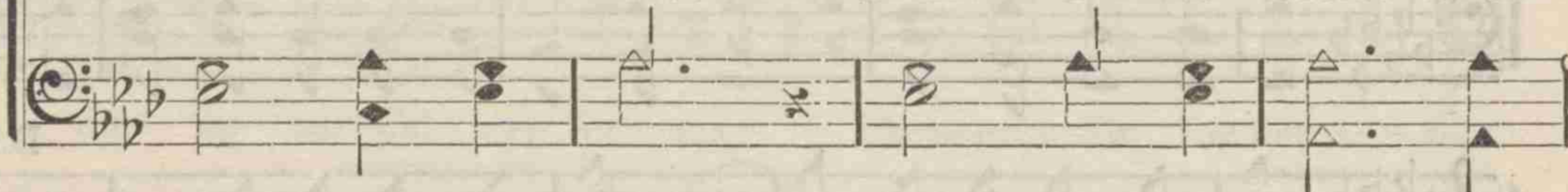
And all God's saints are gath-ered home, Shall I be there?
 Se-cure at last from all that harms, Shall I be there?
 The Mar-riage Sup-per of the Lamb, Shall I be there?
 To cast their crowns at Je-sus' feet, Shall I be there?



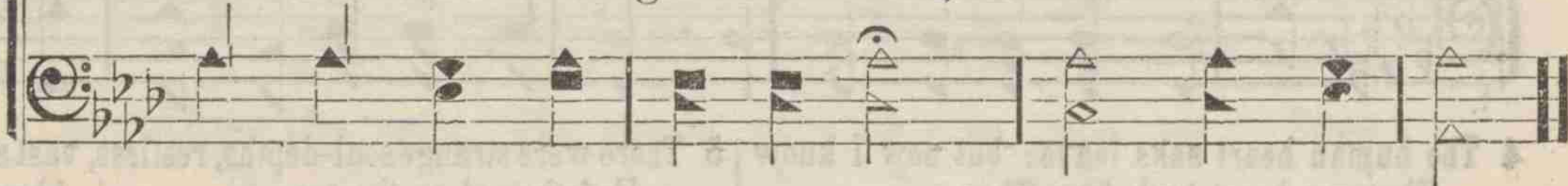
Refrain.



Shall I be there? Shall I be there? When



all God's saints are gath-ered home, Shall I be there?



5.

When drawing near the glorious throne
 The bright, angelic hosts appear
 To join in one glad burst of praise,
 Shall I be there?

6.

And then when ages long have passed,
 And all the saved from sin are there,
 My God, shall I be, too? If not,
 I shall be—where?

No. 53.

ENOUGH FOR ME.

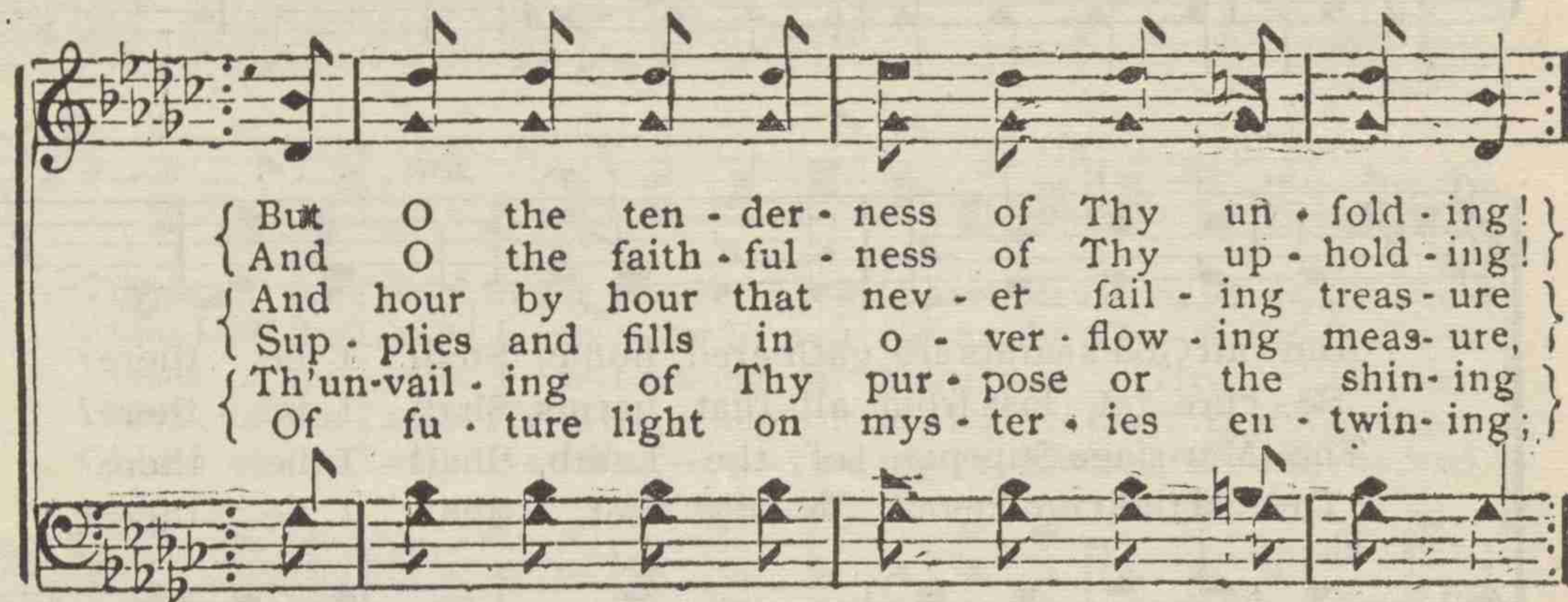
To my little boy, BLISS DORTCH.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

D. E. DORTCH.



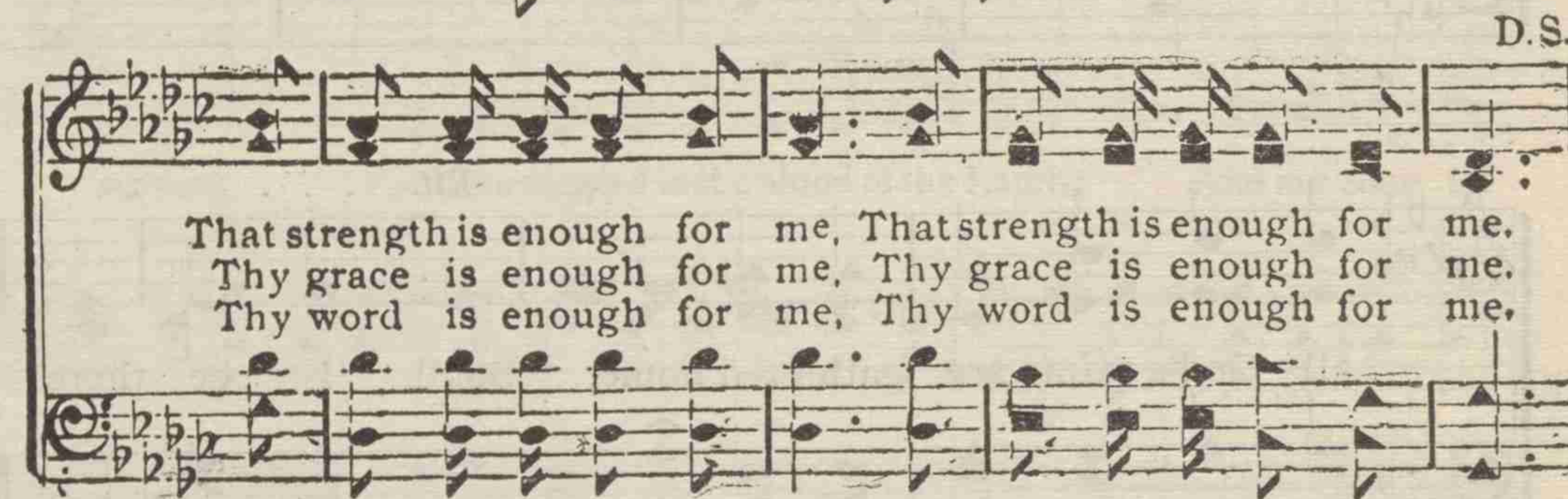
1. I am so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand One moment without Thee!
 2. I am so need-y, Lord, and yet I know All fullness dwells in Thee!
 3. It is so sweet to trust Thy word alone, I do not ask to see



{ But O the ten - der - ness of Thy un - fold - ing! }
 { And O the faith - ful - ness of Thy up - hold - ing! }
 { And hour by hour that nev - er fail - ing treas - ure }
 { Sup - plies and fills in o - ver - flow - ing meas - ure, }
 { Th'un-vail - ing of Thy pur - pose or the shin - ing }
 { Of fu - ture light on mys - ter - ies en - twin - ing; }



And O the strength of Thy right hand! That strength is enough for me.
 My least, my great-est need; and so Thy grace is enough for me.
 Thy promise roll is all my own—Thy word is enough for me.



That strength is enough for me, That strength is enough for me.
 Thy grace is enough for me, Thy grace is enough for me.
 Thy word is enough for me, Thy word is enough for me.

4 The human heart asks leave: but now I know
 That my heart hath from Thee
 All real, and full, and marvelous affections
 So near, so human, yet divine perfections,
 Thrills gloriously the mighty year!
 Thy love is enough for me.

5 There were strange soul-depths, restless, vast and
 Unfathomed as the sea; [broad;
 An infinite craving for some infinite stilling,
 But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling,
 Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
 Thou, Thou art enough for me.

No. 54. On the Cross with Wonder Gazing.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

D. E. DORTCH.

Duett.



1. On the cross with won-der gaz-ing, View the Lord up-lift-ed high,
2. Look to Je-sus tortured, groaning, Hang-ing on th'ac-curs-ed tree,
3. Hear the mal-e-fac-tor sigh-ing, In that aw-ful try-ing hour,
4. Sin-ners all of ev-'ry na-tion On the bleeding Lamb be-lieve;



Scene mys-te-rious and a-maz-ing, See the man of sor-rows die.
 For a guilt-y world a-ton-ing, Dy-ing, O my soul, for thee.
 To the Lord for mer-cy cry-ing, Je-sus saves him by His power.
 Ac-cept the great sal-va-tion, Par-don, life and joy re-ceive.

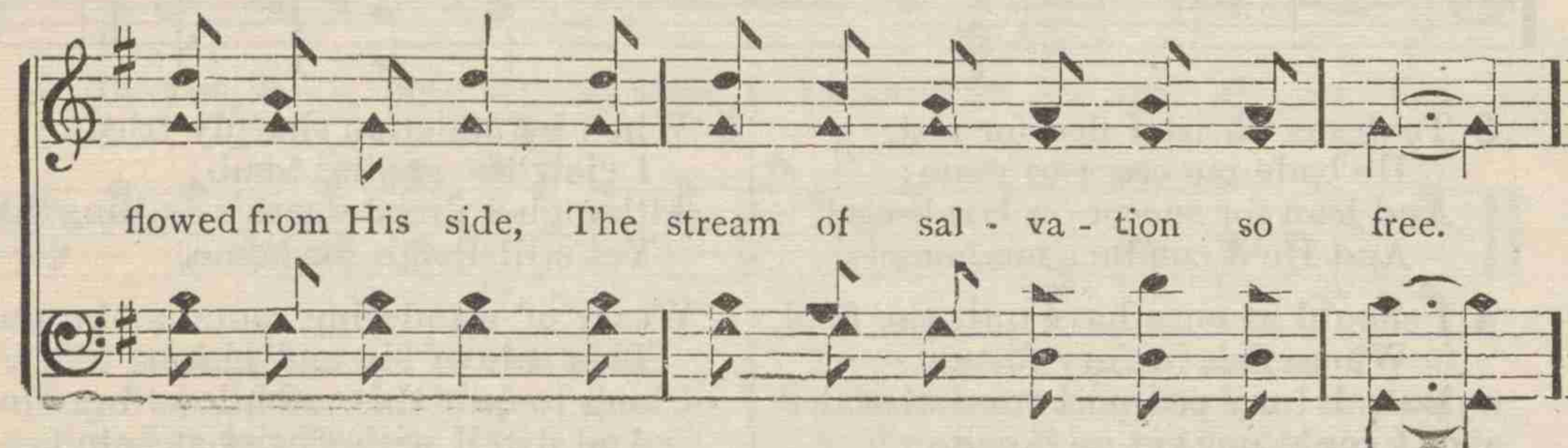
Chorus.



Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus, the cru-ci-fied One That



died up-on Cal-v'ry for me; I have washed in the foun-tain that



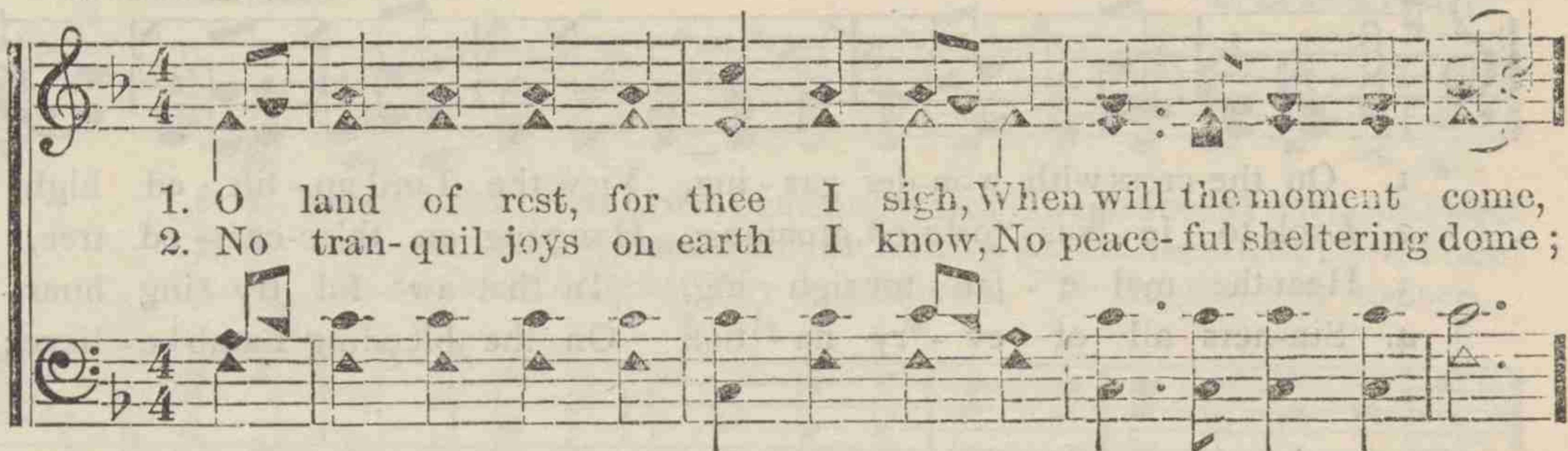
flowed from His side, The stream of sal-va-tion so free.

No. 55. WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

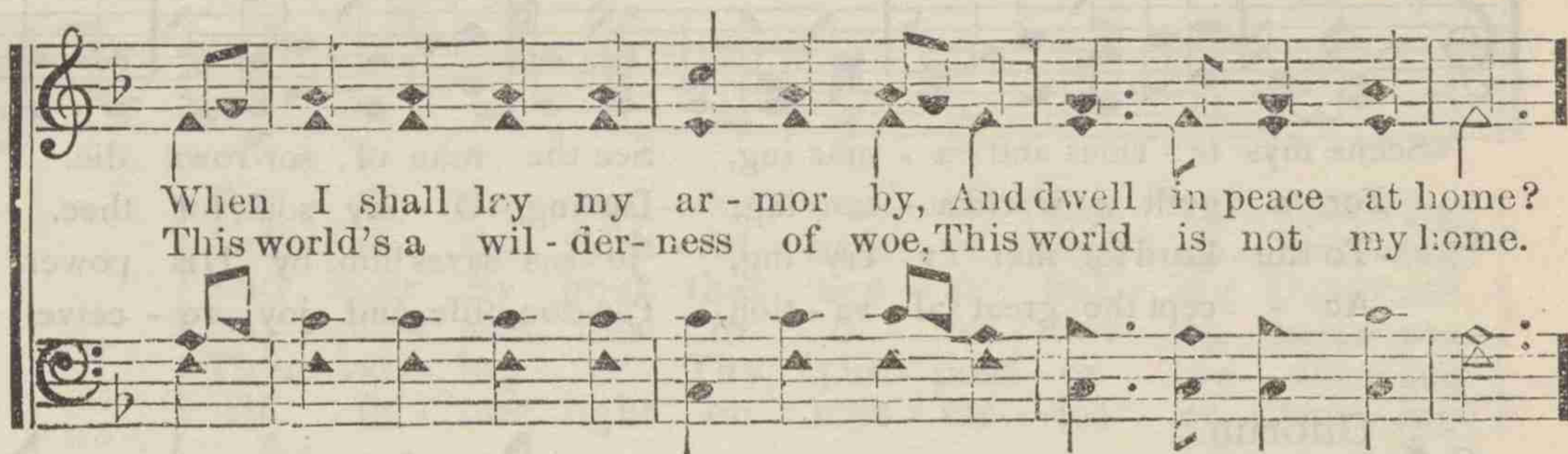
"I will come again."—JOHN, 14: 2.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

Dr. WM. MILLER.

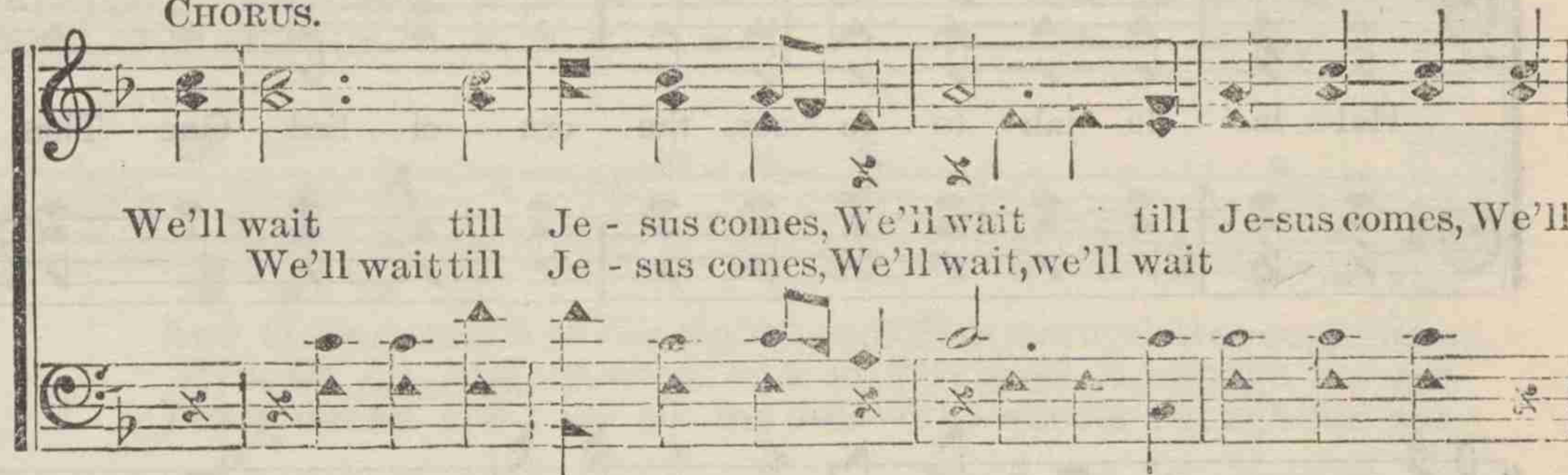


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful sheltering dome;



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.

CHORUS.



We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll
We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait, we'll wait



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

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
And lean for succor on His breast,
And He'd conduct me home.

4 I should at once have quit the field,
Where foes in fury foam;
But, ah! my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.

5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit this unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

No. 56. I am Bound for the Land of Can'an.

Words arr.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

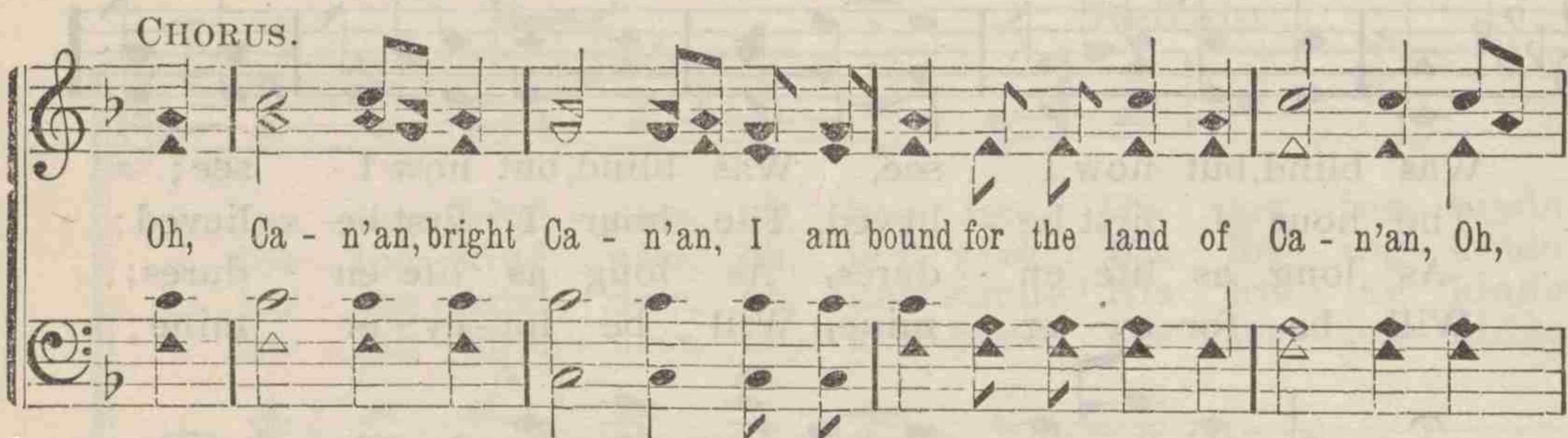


1. To - geth - er let us sweet - ly sing, I am bound for the land of Ca - n'an,
 2. I'm glad that I was born to die, I am bound for the land of Ca - n'an,
 3. If you get there be - fore I do, I am bound for the land of Ca - n'an,
 4. Bright an - gels shall from glo - ry come, I am bound for the land of Ca - n'an,
 5. Fare - well, vain world, I'm go - ing home, I am bound for the land of Ca - n'an,




And praise the Lord, our Sav - iour, King, I am bound for the land of Ca - n'an.
 From grief and woe my soul shall fly, I am bound for the land of Ca - n'an.
 Then look for me, I'm com - ing, too, I am bound for the land of Ca - n'an.
 And bear the wea - ry pil - grim home, I am bound for the land of Ca - n'an.
 My Sav - iour smiles, and bids me come, I am bound for the land of Ca - n'an.

CHORUS.



Oh, Ca - n'an, bright Ca - n'an, I am bound for the land of Ca - n'an, Oh,



Ca - n'an, it is my hap - py home, I am bound for the land of Ca - n'an.

6 When to that blessed world I rise,
 I am bound for the land of Can'an,
 And join the anthems in the skies,
 I am bound for the land of Can'an.

7 Then shall I see my blessed God,
 I am bound for the land of Can'an,
 And praise Him in His bright abode,
 I am bound for the land of Can'an.

No. 57.

AMAZING GRACE.

NEWTON.

Arr. by LUCIUS LUTTRELL.



1. A - mazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
4. The earth shall soon dissolve like snow, The sun for - bear to shine;



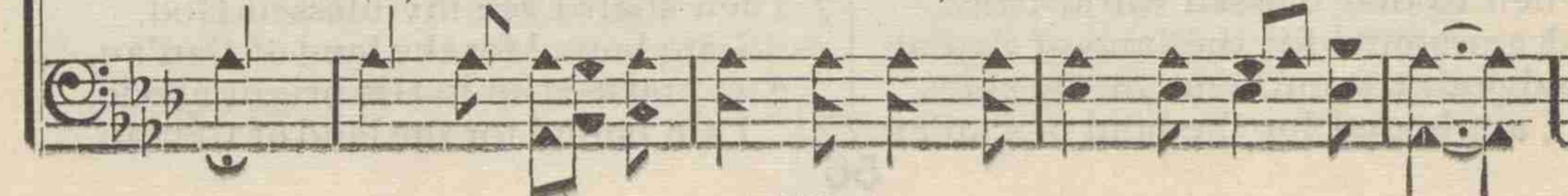
I once was lost, but now am found—Was blind, but now I see.
 How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first be - lieved.
 He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en - dures.
 But God, who called me here be-low, Will be for - ev - er mine.



Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see;
 The hour I first be - lieved, The hour I first be - lieved;
 As long as life en - dures, As long as life en - dures;
 Will be for - ev - er mine, Will be for - ev - er mine;



I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre-cious did that grace appear, The hour I first be - lieved.
 He will my shield and por-tion be, As long as life en - dures.
 But God, who called me here be-low, Will be for - ev - er mine.

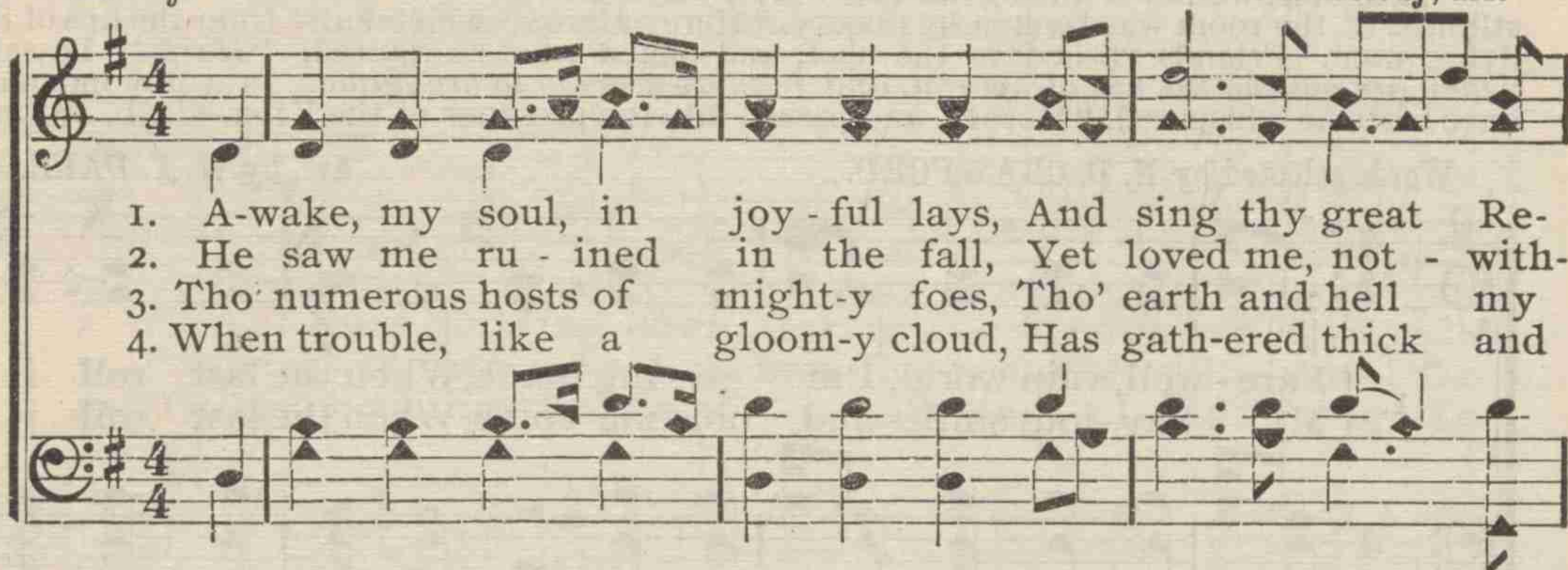


No. 58.

LOVING KINDNESS.

Medley.

Old Melody, arr.



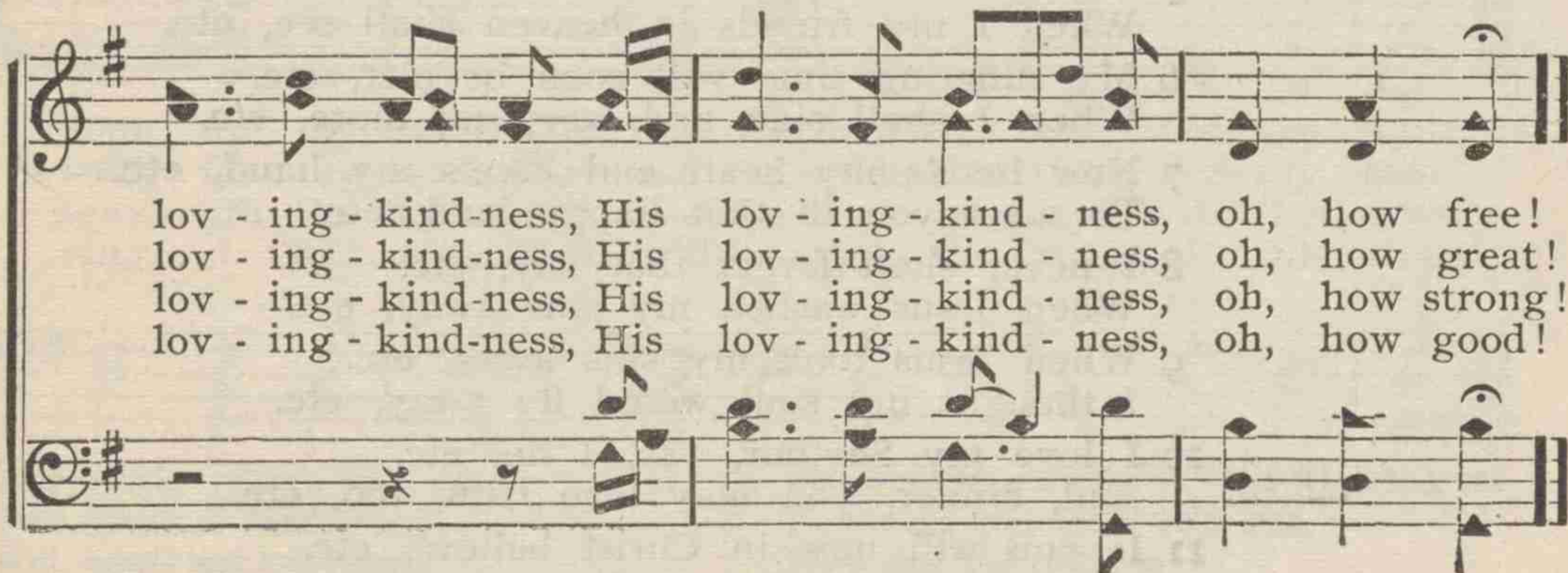
1. A-wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-
 3. Tho' numerous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my
 4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gath-ered thick and



- deemer's praise; He just - ly claims a song from thee, His
 - stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost es - tate: His
 way op - pose, He safe - ly leads my soul a - long: His
 thundered loud, He near my soul has al - ways stood: His



Refrain.
 lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free! His lov - ing - kindness,
 lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how great! His lov - ing - kindness,
 lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how strong! His lov - ing - kindness,
 lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how good! His lov - ing - kindness,



lov - ing - kind-ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free!
 lov - ing - kind-ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how great!
 lov - ing - kind-ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how strong!
 lov - ing - kind-ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how good!

No. 59. WHEN THE LAST ROLL IS CALLED.

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

Words selected by N. D. CRAWFORD.


Arr. by W. T. DALE.



I. { Fare - well, vain world, I'm go - ing home, When the last roll is
My Sav-iour smiles and bids me come, When the last roll is



Chorus.
called, I'll be there. } I'll be there, I'll be
called, I'll be there. } I'll be there, I'll be



there, When the last roll is called, I'll be there.
I'll be there,

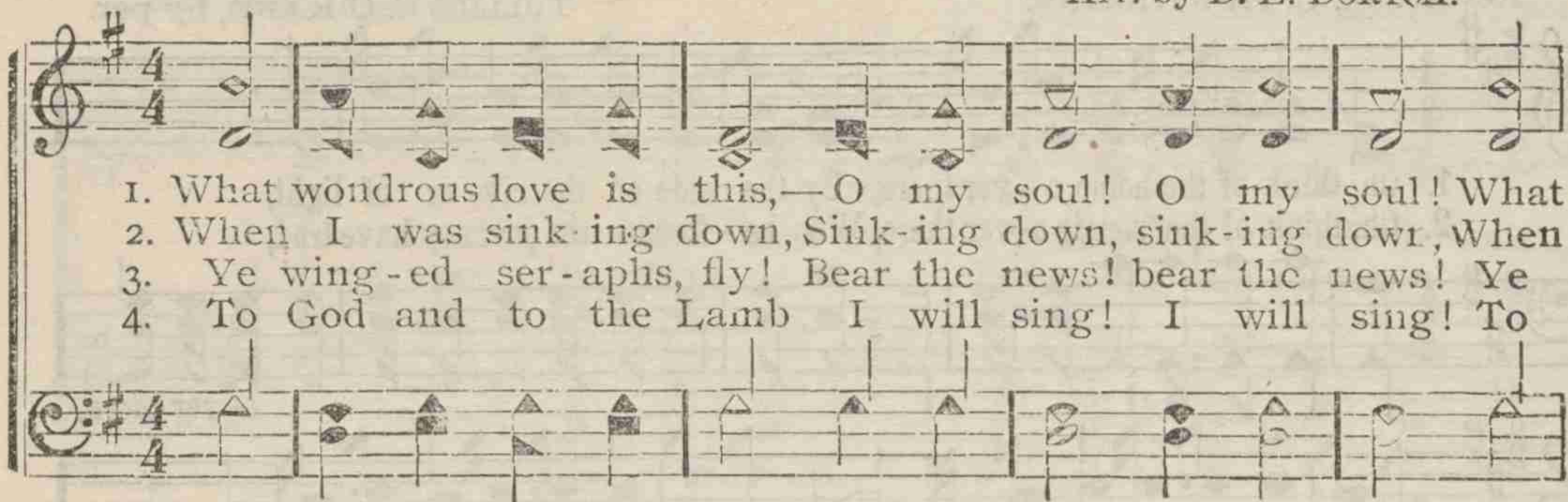
- 2 Bright angels beckon me away, etc.
To sing God's praise in endless day, etc.
- 3 I have some friends before me gone, etc.
And I'm resolved to follow on, etc.
- 4 If you get there before I do, etc.
Tell all my friends I'm coming, too, etc.
- 5 Oh, what a happy time 'twill be, etc.
When I my friends in heaven shall see, etc.
- 6 My suffering time will soon be o'er, etc.
When I shall sigh and weep no more, etc.
- 7 Now here's my heart and here's my hand, etc.
To meet you in that happy land, etc.
- 8 I never shall forget that day, etc.
When Jesus washed my sins away, etc.
- 9 When Jesus took my sins away, etc.
I thought my soul would fly away, etc.
- 10 I love my Saviour, yes, I do, etc.
And, sinner, you may love Him, too, etc.
- 11 If you will now in Christ believe, etc.
A gracious blessing you'll receive, etc.

No. 60.

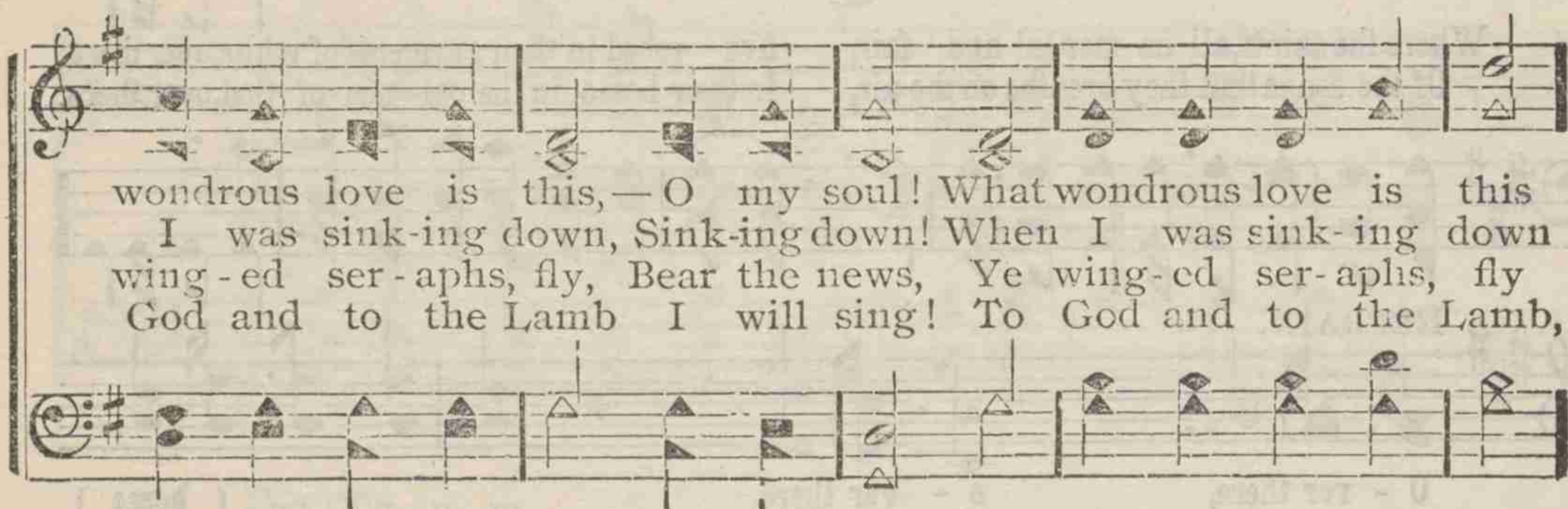
WHAT WONDROUS LOVE.

In memory of my Father, D. R. DORTCH.

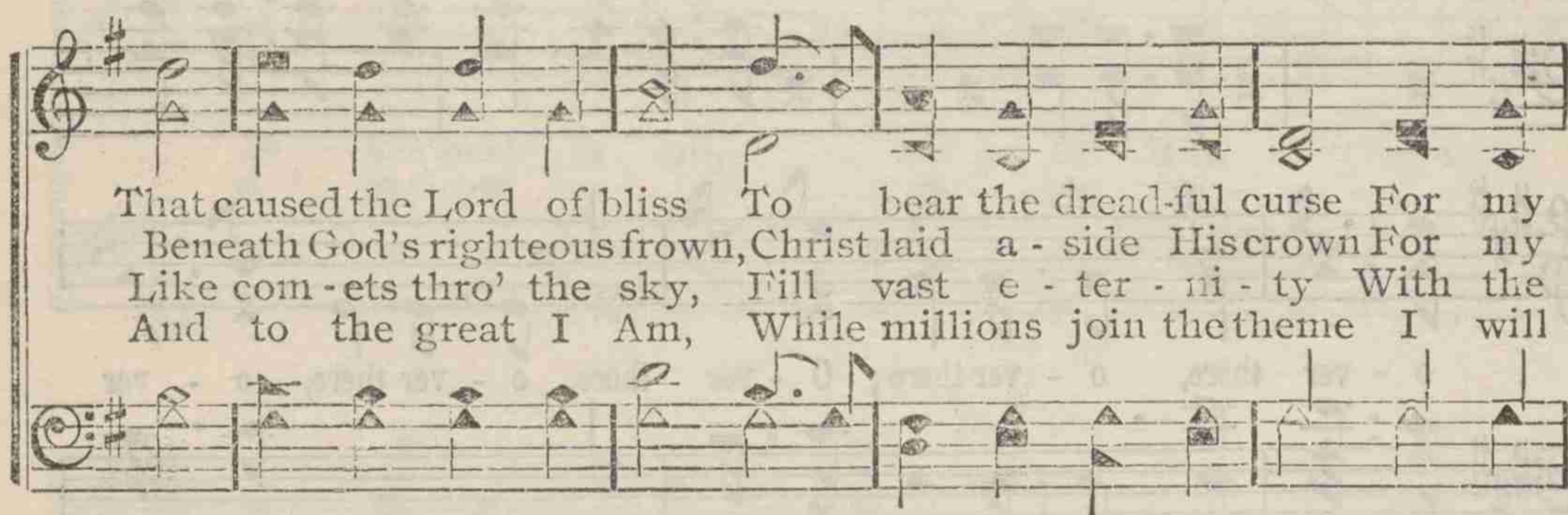
Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



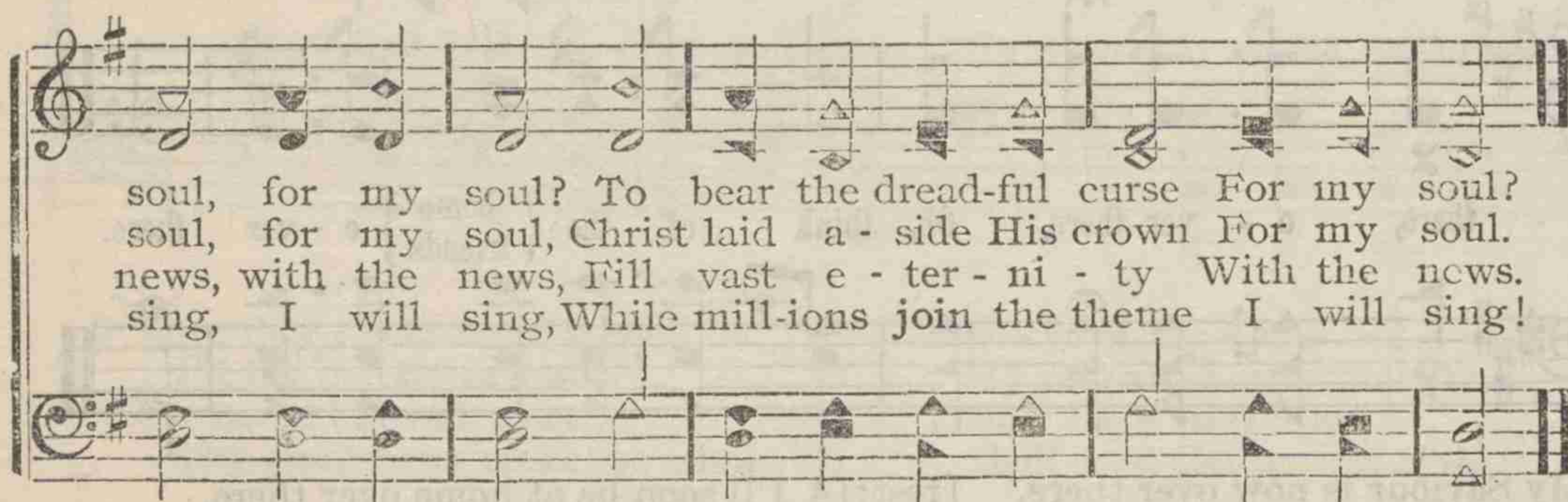
1. What wondrous love is this,—O my soul! O my soul! What
 2. When I was sink-ing down, Sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When
 3. Ye wing-ed ser-aphs, fly! Bear the news! bear the news! Ye
 4. To God and to the Lamb I will sing! I will sing! To



wondrous love is this,—O my soul! What wondrous love is this
 I was sink-ing down, Sink-ing down! When I was sink-ing down
 wing-ed ser-aphs, fly, Bear the news, Ye wing-ed ser-aphs, fly
 God and to the Lamb I will sing! To God and to the Lamb,



That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread-ful curse For my
 Beneath God's righteous frown, Christ laid a-side His crown For my
 Like com-ets thro' the sky, Fill vast e-ter-ni-ty With the
 And to the great I Am, While millions join the theme I will



soul, for my soul? To bear the dread-ful curse For my soul?
 soul, for my soul, Christ laid a-side His crown For my soul.
 news, with the news, Fill vast e-ter-ni-ty With the news.
 sing, I will sing, While mill-ions join the theme I will sing!

5 Come friends of Zion's King, join the praise!
 Come friends of Zion's King,
 With hearts and voices sing,
 And strike each tuneful string in His praise!

6 Thus while from death we're free we'll sing on!
 Thus while from death we're free,
 We'll sing and joyful be
 And in eternity we'll sing on!

No. 61. THE HOME OVER THERE.

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

Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

TULLIUS C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Oh, think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
 2. Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod,
 o-ver there,

Where the saints, all im-mor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, over there.
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God, over there.

REFRAIN.

O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, Oh, think of the { home friends }

o-ver there, o-ver there; O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver

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

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

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
 For the end of my journey I see;
 Many dear to my heart, over there,
 Are watching and waiting for me.
 Over there, over there,
 I'll soon be at home over there.

No. 62. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

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

Mrs. E. M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.



1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in-deed is small;
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and thine a-lone,



Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.

CHORUS.



Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;



Sin had left a crim-son stain: He washed it white as snow.

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

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

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

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

No. 63. THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.


Song of Solomon.—2: 1.

English Melody


Arr. by E. HANKS.




1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev-'ry thing to me, He's the
 2. He all my griefs has tak - en, And all my sorrows borne, In temp-
 3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, Nor yet for-sake me here, While I

fair-est of ten thousand to my soul; The "Lil-y of the
 ta - tion He's my strong and migh-ty tow'r; I have all for Him for-
 live by faith and do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire a -



D. S.—He's the Lil - y of the



Val - ley," In Him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and
 sa - ken, And all my i - dols torn From my heart and now He
 bout me, I've noth - ing now to fear, With His man - na He my



Val - ley, the Bright and Morn - ing Star," He's the fair-est of ten

FINE.



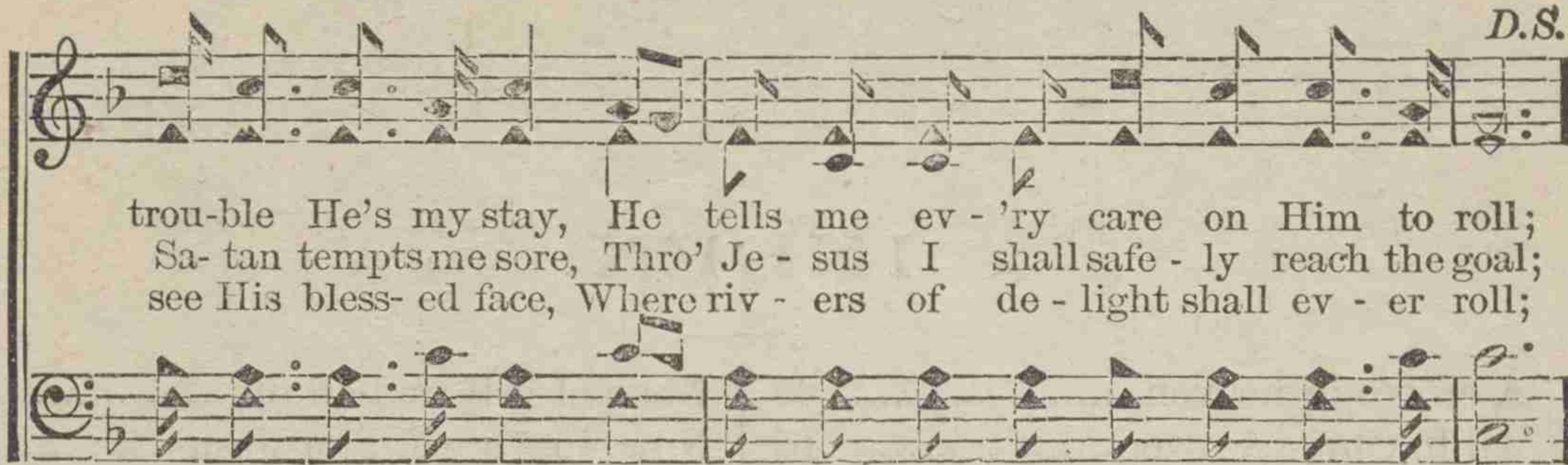
make me ful - ly whole. In sor - row He's my com - fort, In
 keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world for - sake me, And
 hun - gry soul will fill. Then sweeping up to glo - ry, To



thousand to my soul.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY. Concluded.

D.S.



trou-ble He's my stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll;
 Sa-tan tempts me sore, Thro' Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal;
 see His bless-ed face, Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er roll;

No. 64. BLESS THE LORD.

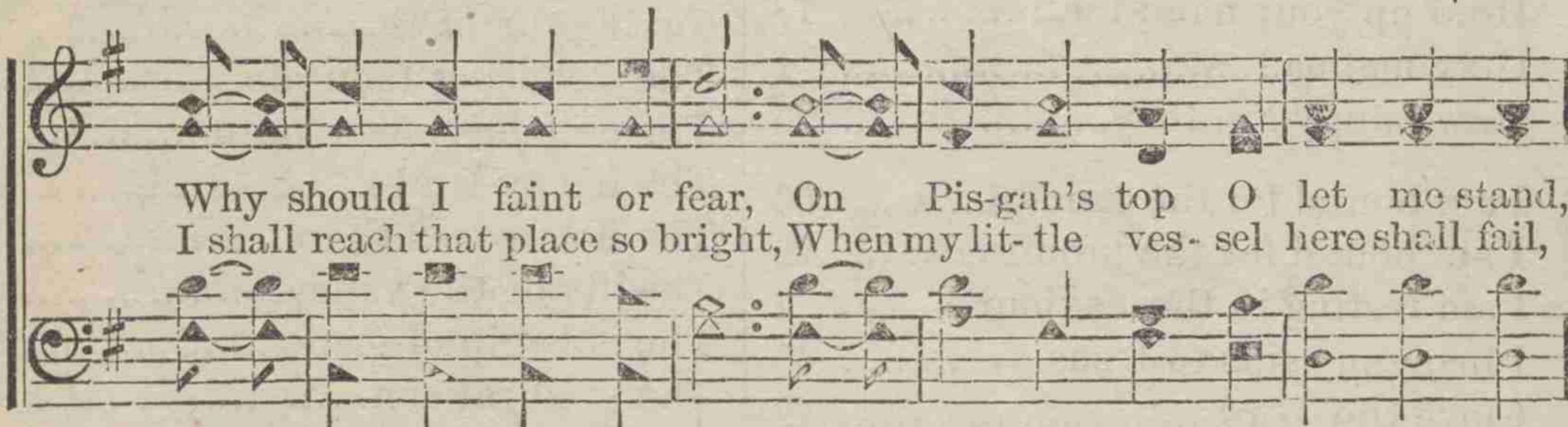
This song was being sung when the Hon. Jo. H. FUSSELL was converted.

Words and Air furnished by Rev. J. N. Mc DONALD.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



1. { Re - li - gion makes me cheer - ful, Bless the Lord, }
 { Mine eyes shall not be tear - ful, Bless the Lord. }
 2. { There's a gold - en tem - ple glow - ing, Bless the Lord, }
 { In the land to which I'm go - ing, Bless the Lord. }



Why should I faint or fear, On Pis-gah's top O let me stand,
 I shall reach that place so bright, When my lit-tle ves-sel here shall fail,



And ev-'ry mo-ment view the land, Till I get there.
 I shall an-chor safe with - in the vail, Where all is light.

3 I've a dear and sainted mother,
 Bless the Lord,
 Where no sorrowing tears can gather,
 Bless the Lord,
 Ah, that mild unfading eye!
 I know I'll never see her here,
 But I know I'll meet her over there,
 Where none can die.

4 I've a father, sister, brother,
 Bless the Lord,
 Where the saints have met together,
 Bless the Lord;
 O what a rapturous sight,
 When we all before the throne shall stand,
 Reunited in that happy land,
 At home so bright.

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