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Voice of Praise.

A Collection of New Songs for Gospel Meetings and Sunday Schools.

By

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

ELIZABETHTOWN, KY.:
LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

Price, 30 Cts.; $3.00 per dozen, by express not prepaid, $20 per 100, not prepaid.

I

VOICE OF PRAISE

A COLLECTION OF

New Songs for Gospel Meetings and Sunday Schools.

By LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:
GOSPEL ADVOCATE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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Dec. 12, '82-

...PREFACE...

In preparing this book, I have selected songs
ed to all kinds of religious work and worship.
Songs, Prayer Meeting Songs, Funeral
ngs, Children's Songs, Opening and Closing
ngs.

Evangelists will find this book especially suited to the Evangelistic work.

I have used a number of these songs in my work in protracted meetings and Sunday Schools, and, together with the new, I believe "VOICE OF PRAISE" will meet all of the above requirements. That it may prove a blessing to all who sing for Christ, is my Prayer.

VOICE OF PRAISE.

No. 1. Follow Me.

F. L. EILAND. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Is the road you're trav'ling, sin-ner, One you think will take you home?
2. Is your life what God would have it? Won't you stop and think to-day?
3. Here's the road that leads to heav - en, Straight and nar-row, smooth and plain;
4. Hearken to the joy - ful tid- ings, Call- ing, call- ing un - to thee!

Don't you see th' a- pall- ing dan - ger All a- long the path you roam?
'Tis a ques-tion you should ponder, Pon-der well, now, while you may!
Turn, oh, turn! and walk ye in it, If e - ter- nal life you'd gain!
And o - bey the voice of Je - sus, For he says, "Come follow me!"

CHORUS.

Turn and fol- low, now his footprints, Je - sus left them here for thee,
Say - ing, "Safely I will guide you If you will but fol- low me!"

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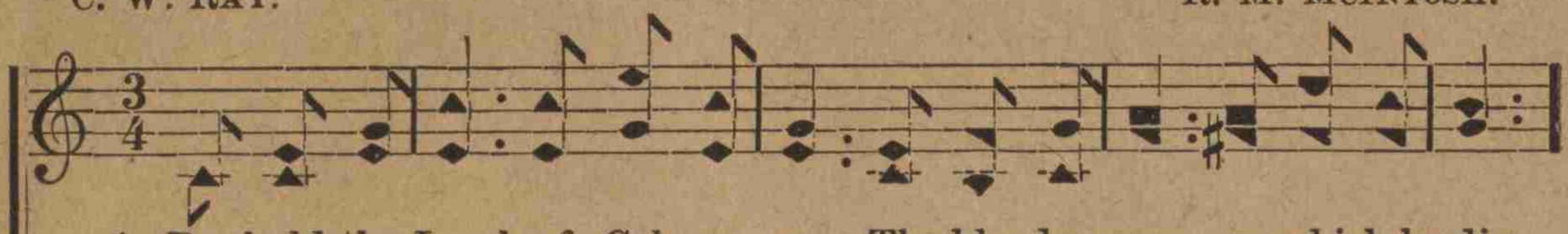
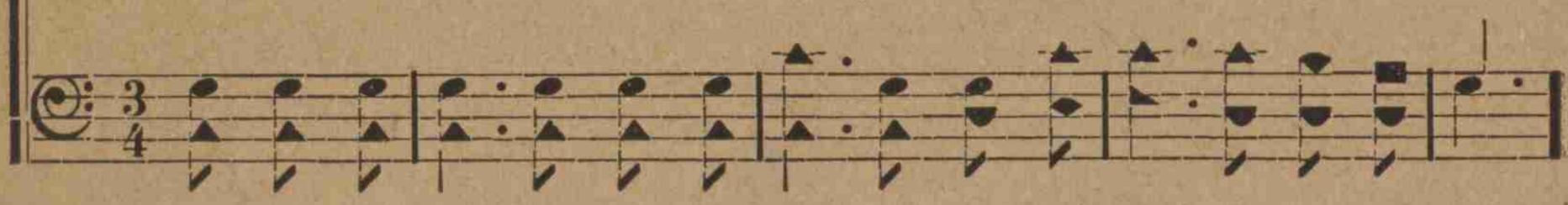
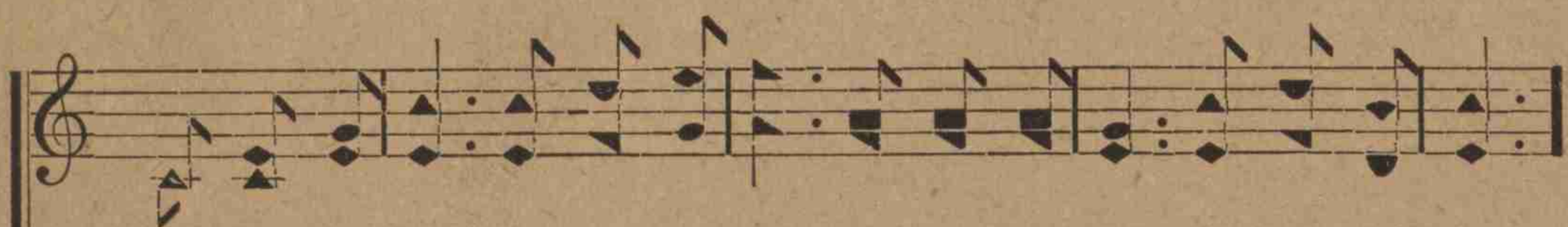
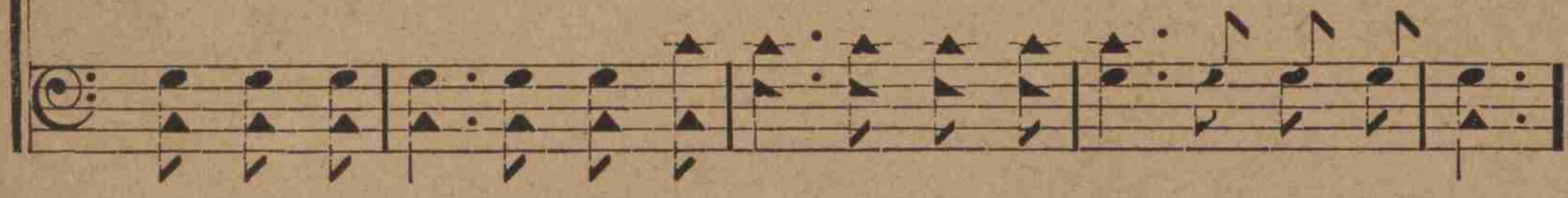
No. 2. Behold the Lamb.

C. W. RAY. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Be- hold the Lamb of Cal- va - ry— The bloody cross on which he dies;
2. Be- hold the Lamb for sin-ners slain; Betrayed, reviled and cru- ci - fied;
3. Be- hold the Lamb! the rough thorn-crown, Up-on the dear Re-deem-er's brow;
4. Be- hold the Lamb! be-hold his blood, Who takes our sin and guilt a-way;

He suf- fers there for you and me, Oh, wondrous, wondrous sac-ri - fice.
The pierc-ed hands, the gor - y stain; The nails, the spear and wounded side.
While crimson streams are flowing down, Beneath his bleeding feet I bow.
Be-neath its pre-cious cleansing flood, My wea-ry trembling soul I lay.

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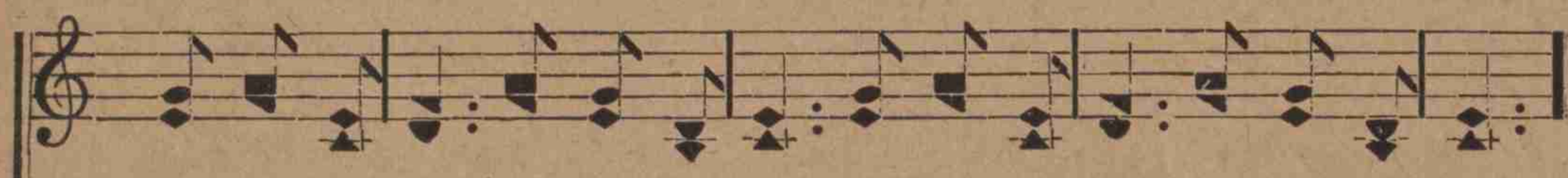
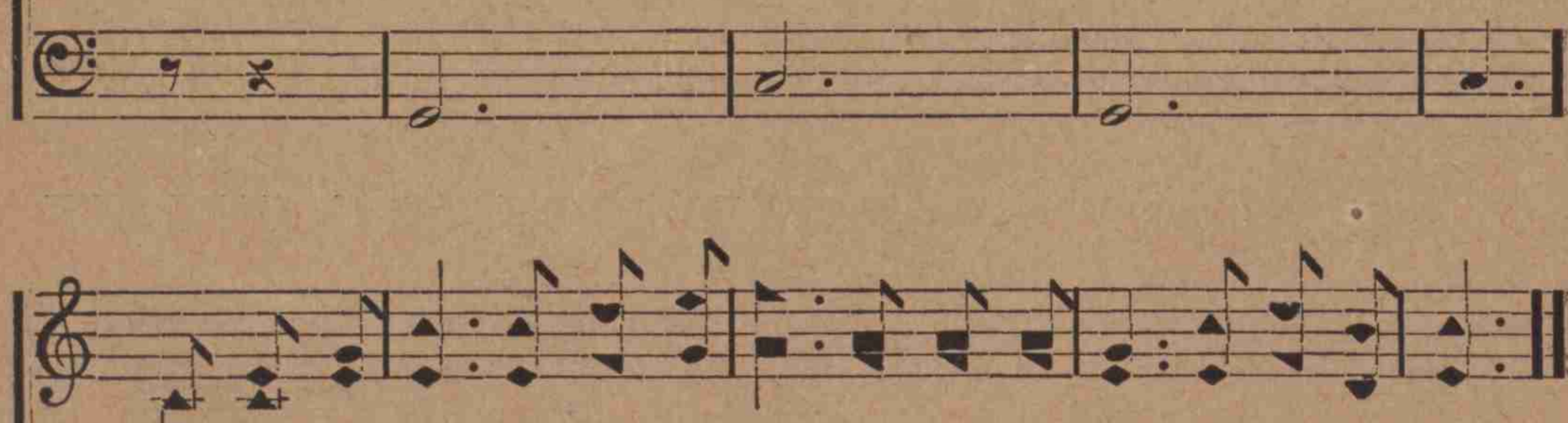
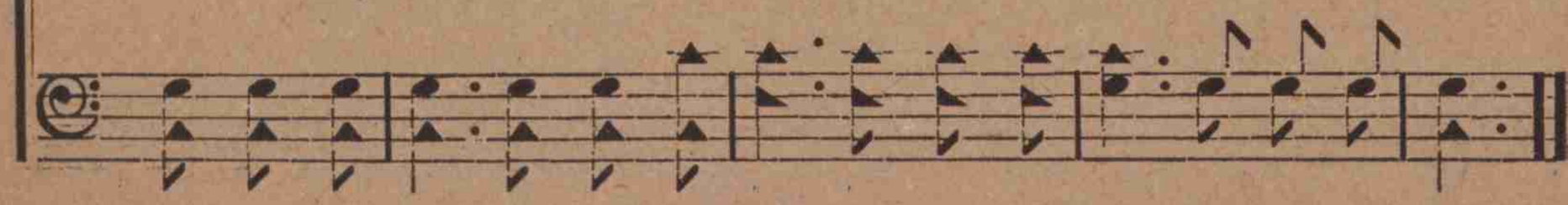

Oh, blessed sin - a - ton-ing Lamb, Thy dreadful a - go- nies I see;

Thou art my trust and thine I am, For thou hast bled and died for me.

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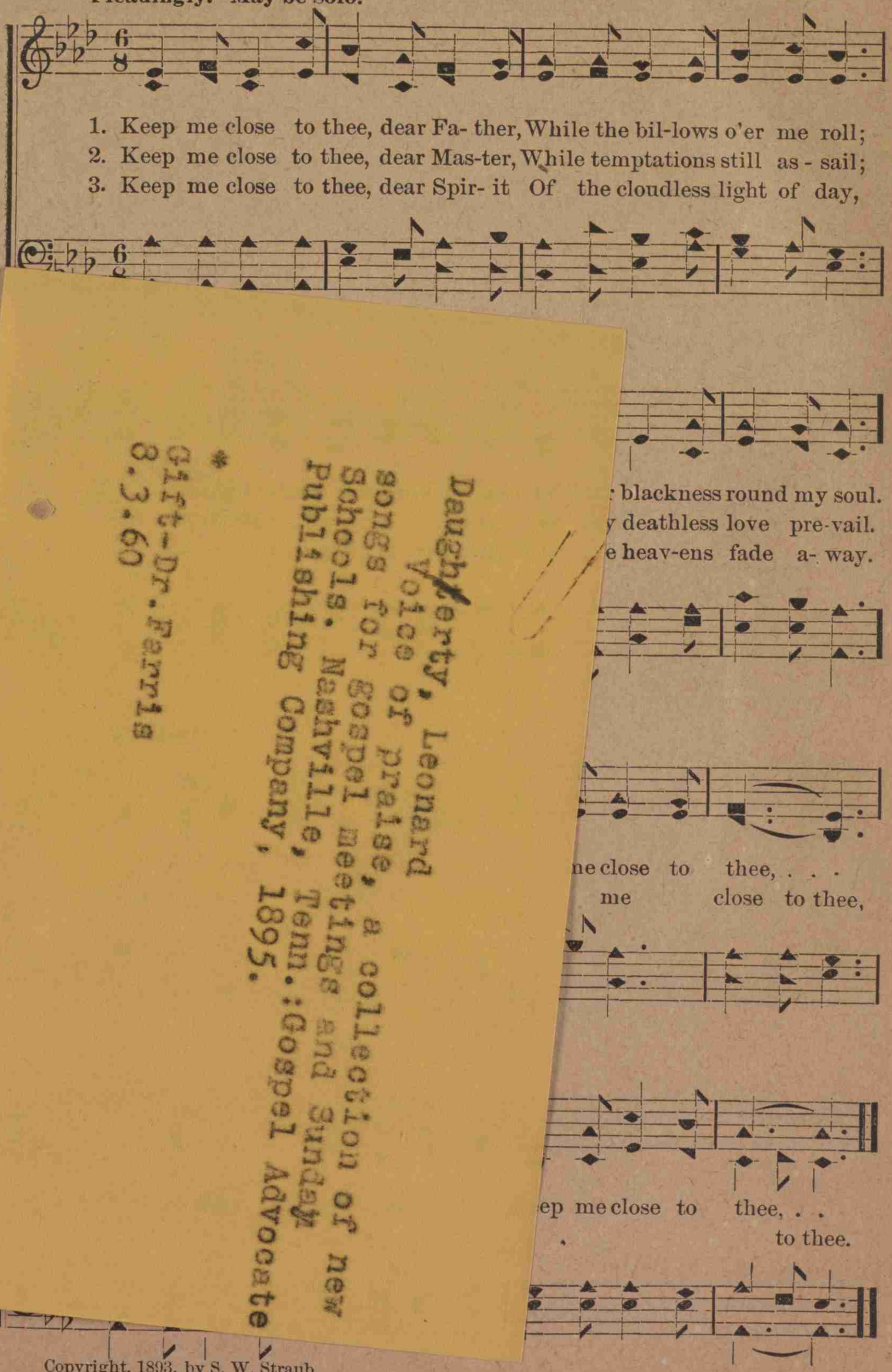
No. 3. Keep Me Close to Thee.

Dr. A. C. WOODRUFF. By per.

Pleadingly. May be Solo.



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Gift-Dr. Fearn
8.3.60

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Dr. A. C. WOODRUFF. By per.

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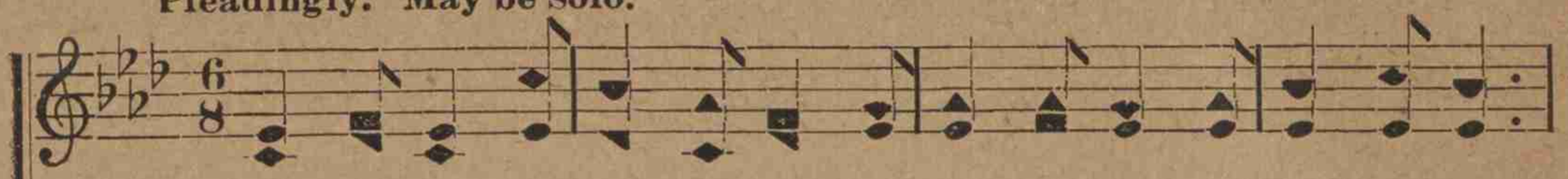
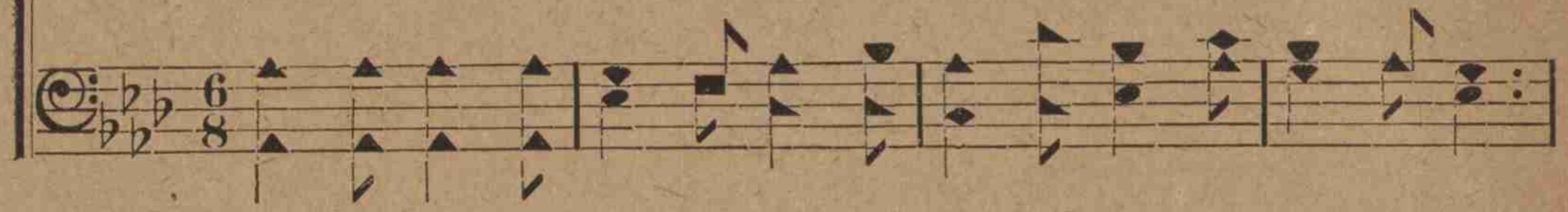
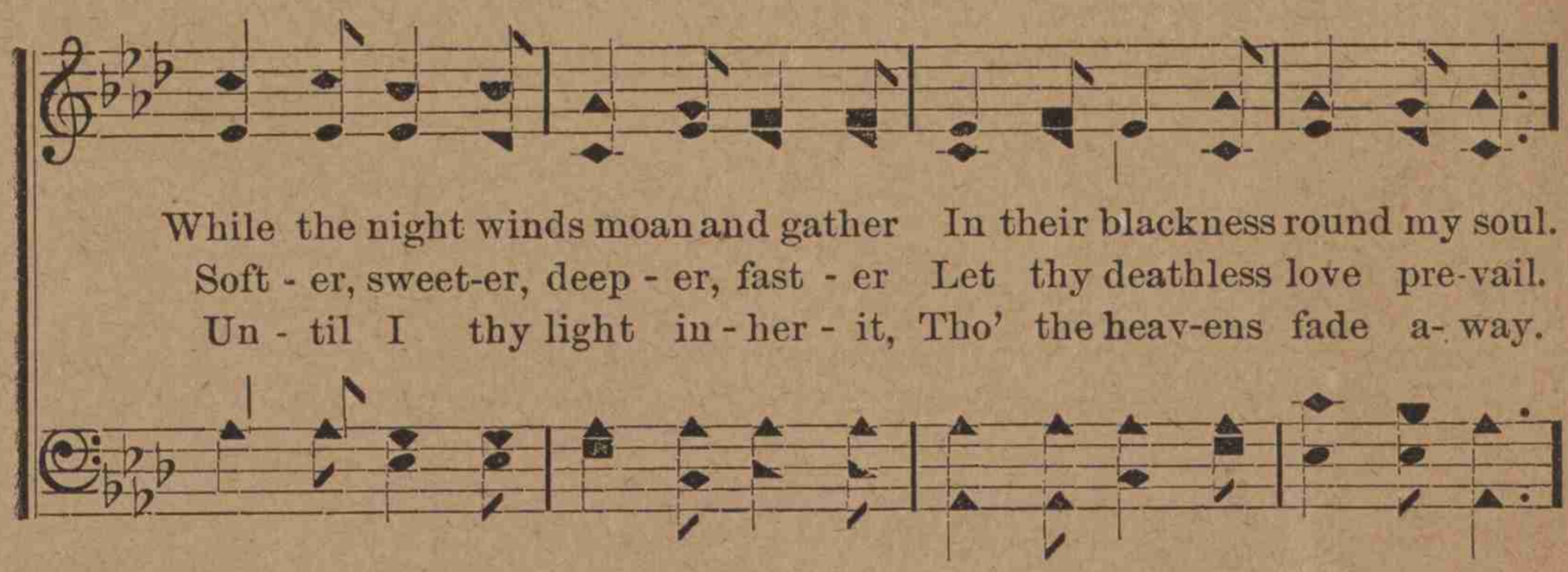
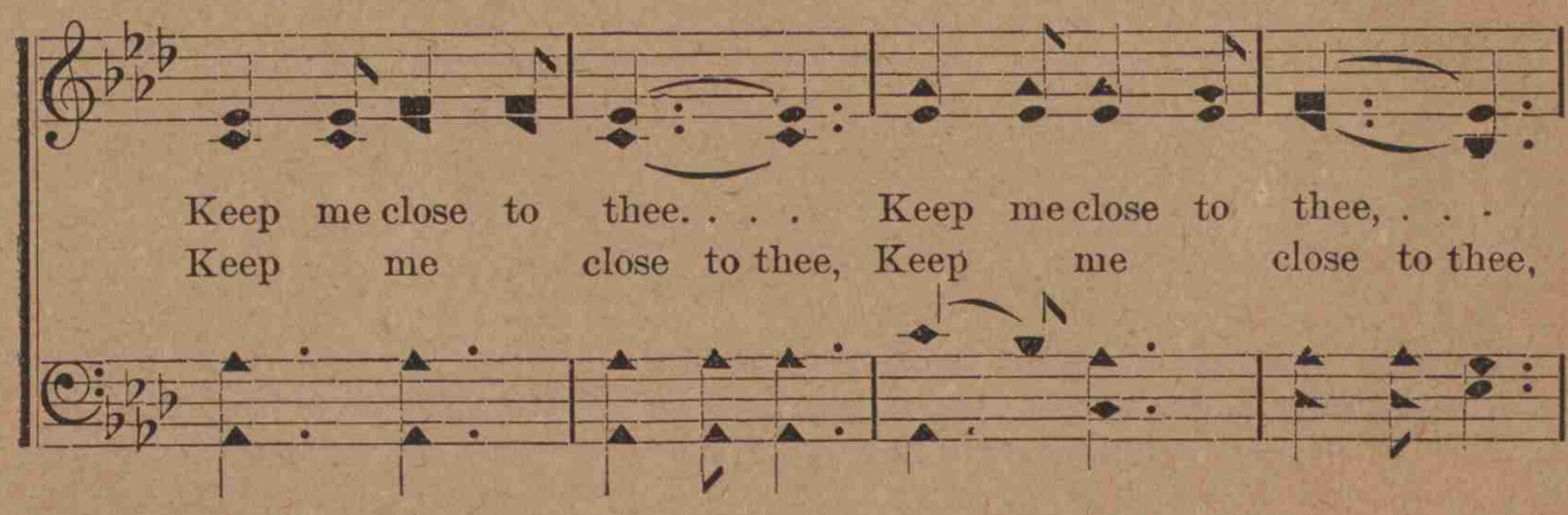
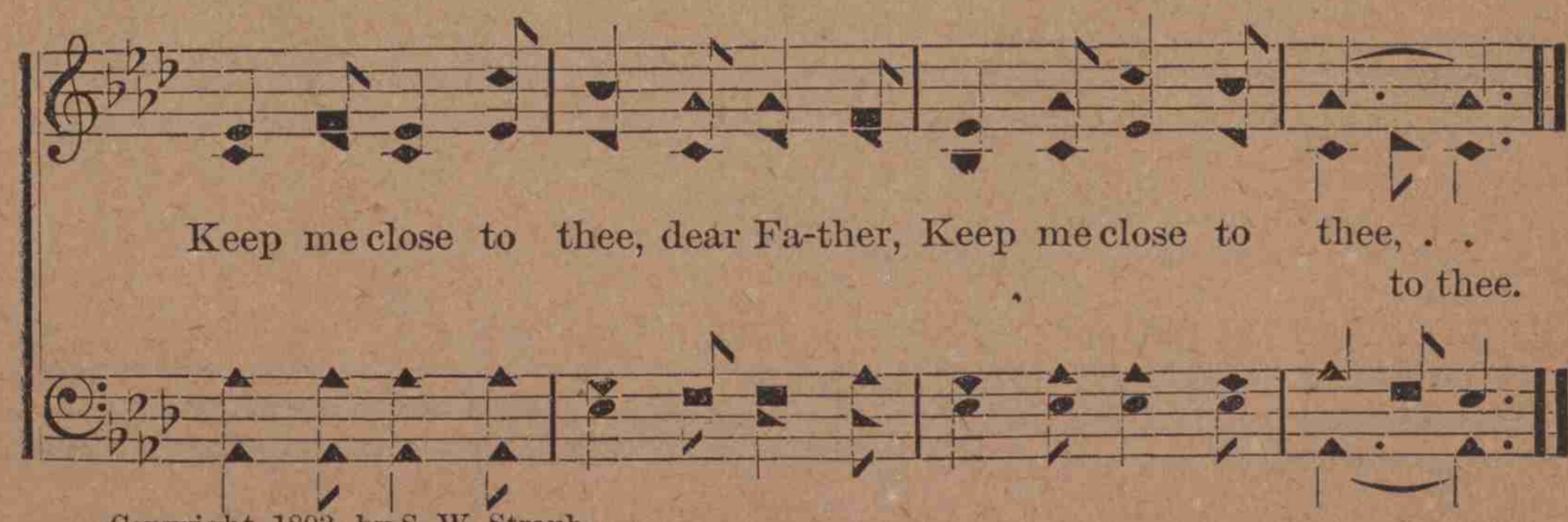

1. Keep me close to thee, dear Fa- ther, While the bil-lows o'er me roll;
2. Keep me close to thee, dear Mas-ter, While temptations still as - sail;
3. Keep me close to thee, dear Spir- it Of the cloudless light of day,

While the night winds moan and gather In their blackness round my soul.
Soft - er, sweet-er, deep - er, fast - er Let thy deathless love pre-vail.
Un - til I thy light in - her - it, Tho' the heav-ens fade a- way.



CHORUS.

Keep me close to thee. . . . Keep me close to thee, . . .
Keep me close to thee, Keep me close to thee,

Keep me close to thee, dear Fa-ther, Keep me close to thee, . .
to thee.

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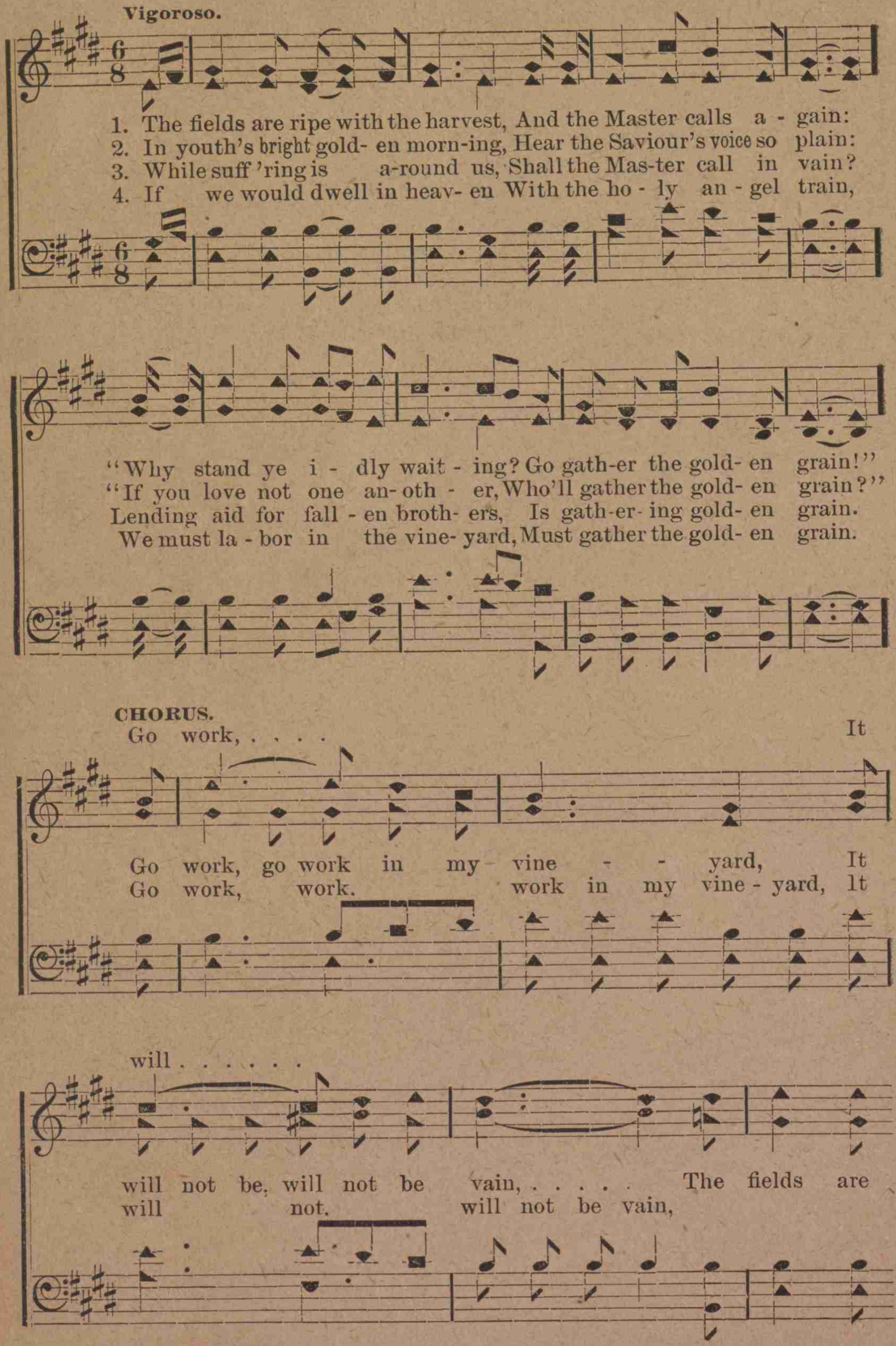
No. 4. Go Gather the Golden Grain.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.



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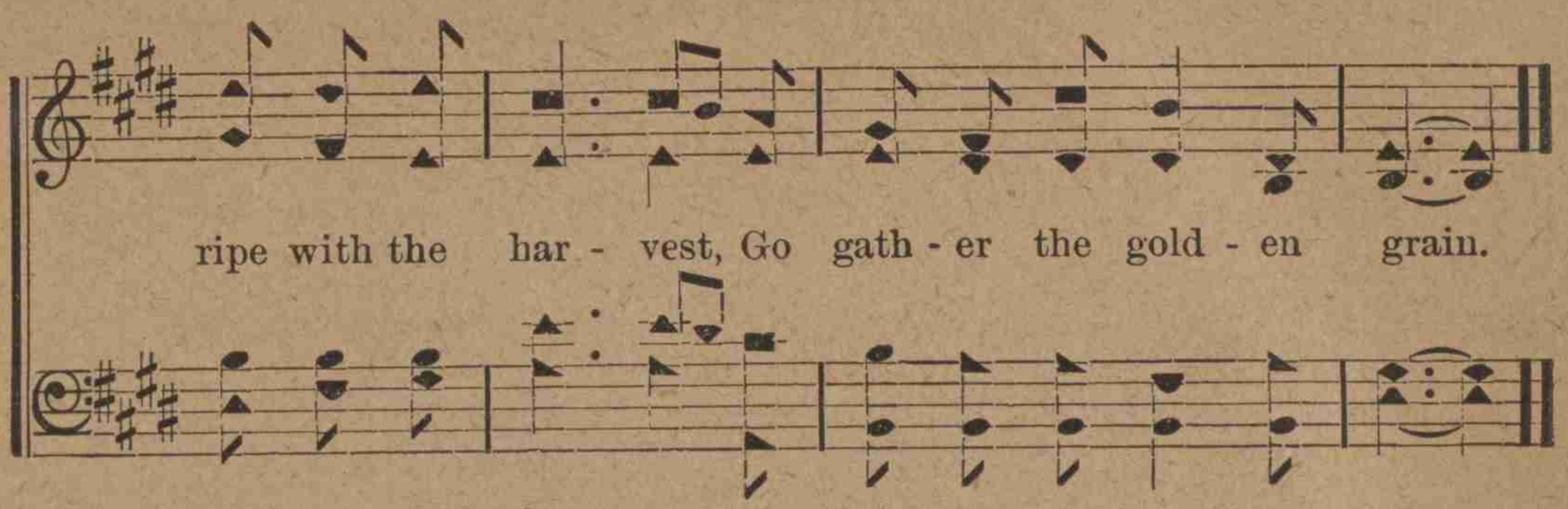
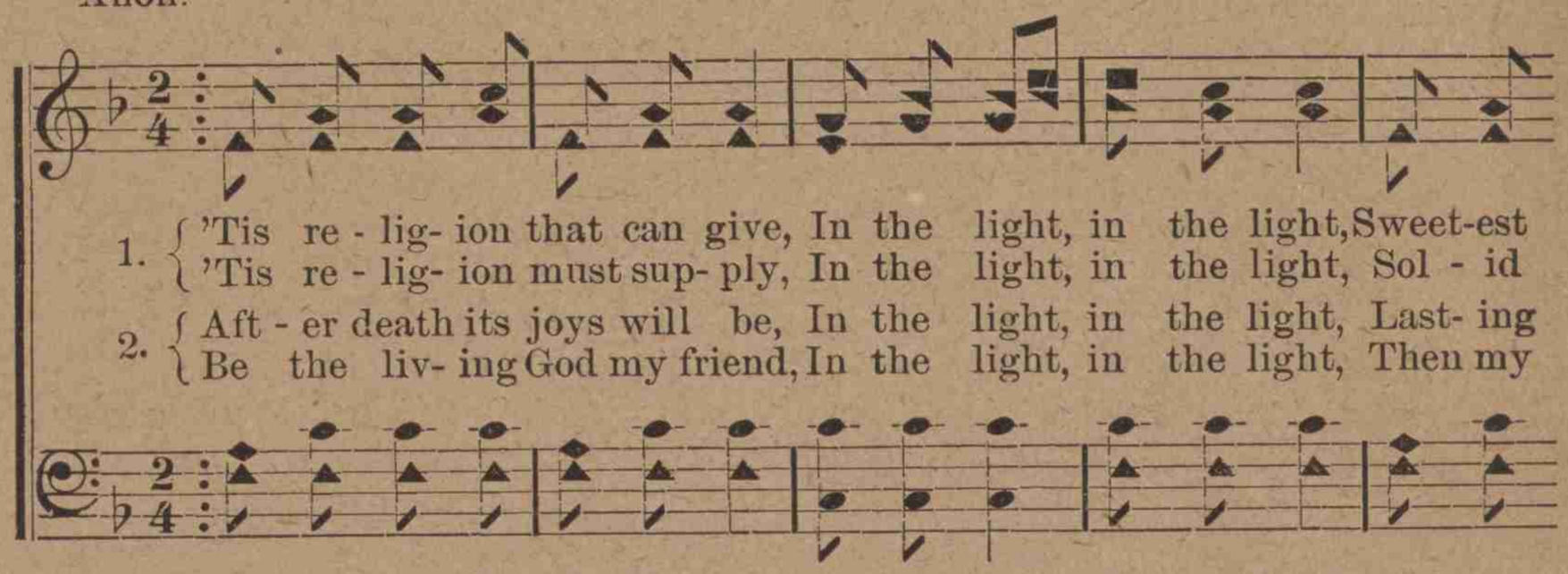
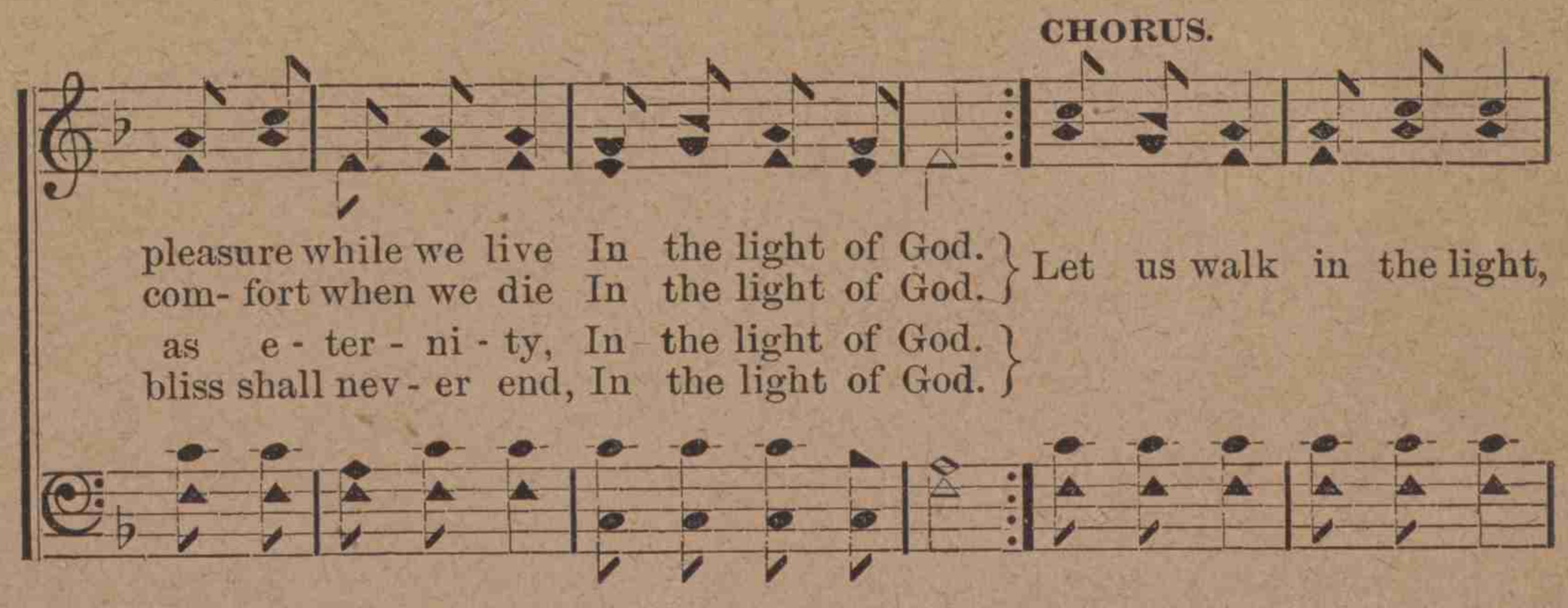
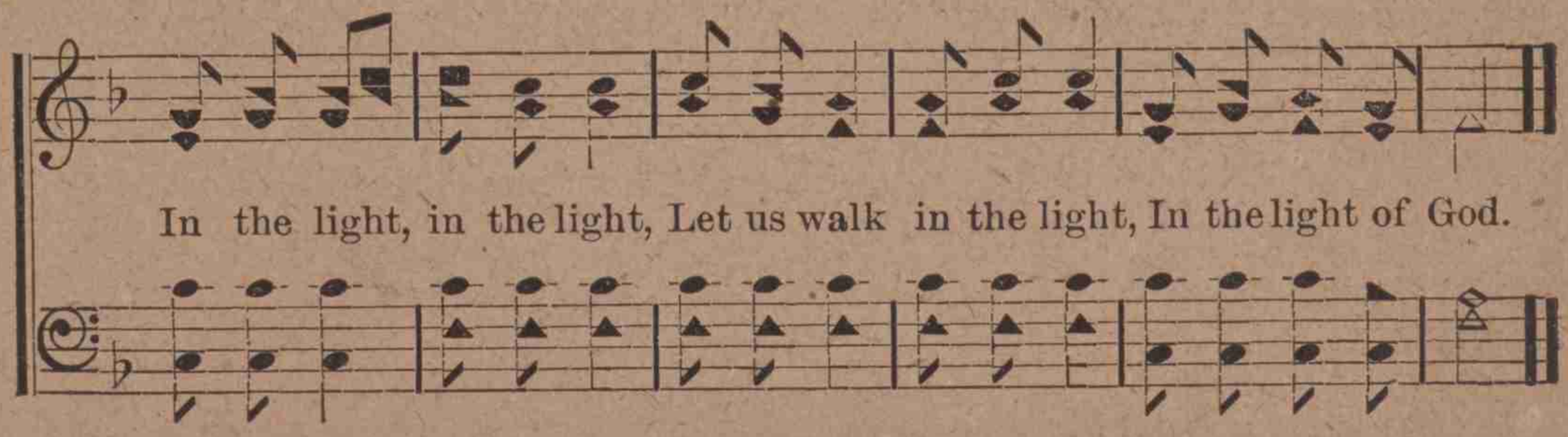

No. 5. Let Us Walk in the Light.

Anon. Anon.



No. 6. Blood of the Lamb!

KNOWLES SHAW. J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

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

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

CHORUS.

Blood of the Lamb! . . . . in thy wonderful flow. . . . . .
Blood of the Lamb! in thy wonderful flow, thy wonderful flow,

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

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Blood of the Lamb! Concluded.

Whit-er than snow, ... the beau-ti- ful snow, ...
Whiter than snow, the beautiful snow, the beautiful snow,

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

No. 7. Arlington.

1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, When those that love the Lord,
2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When, free from en - vy, scorn and pride, Our wish-es all a - bove,
4. When love in one de- light - ful stream Thro' ev'ry bo - som flows;
5. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap- py souls a - bove;

In one an-oth - er's peace de-light, And so ful - fill the word.
When sor- row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
Each can his broth- er's fail - ings hide, And show a broth - er's love.
When un - ion sweet and dear es-teem In ev - 'ry ac - tion glows!
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds, His bo - som glow with love.

No. 8. Lead Me to the Rock.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. In sea - sons of grief to my God I'll re - pair, When my
2. When Sa - tan, the tempt - er, comes in like a flood, And would
3. And when I have end - ed my pil - grim-age here, And the
4. And when the last trum - pet shall sound thro' the skies, When the

heart is o'erwhelmed with sor - row and care; From the ends of the
drive my poor soul a - way from my God; I will pray to the
an - gel of death for me shall ap- pear: In the swell- ings of
dead from the dust of earth shall a - rise, I will join the re -

earth un - to thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is
Lord, who for sin - ners did die, Lead me to the Rock that is
Jor - dan on thee I'll re - ly, And look to the Rock that is
deemed far a - bove yon- der sky, To praise the dear Rock that is

REFRAIN.

high - er than I. High - er than I, high - er than I.

Lead me to the Rock that is high- er than I; High - er than I,

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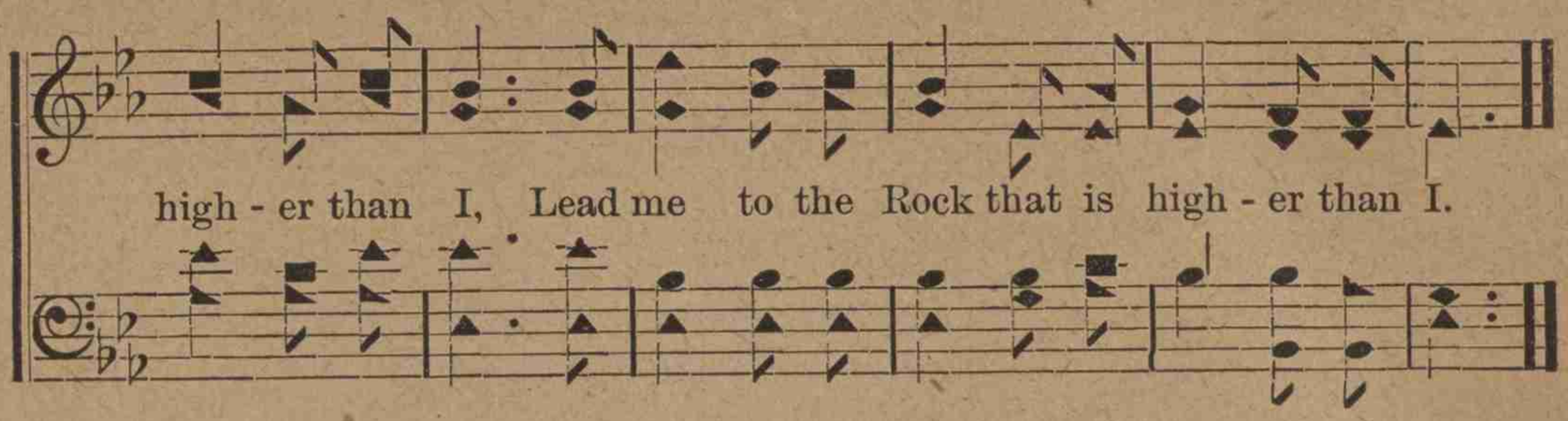
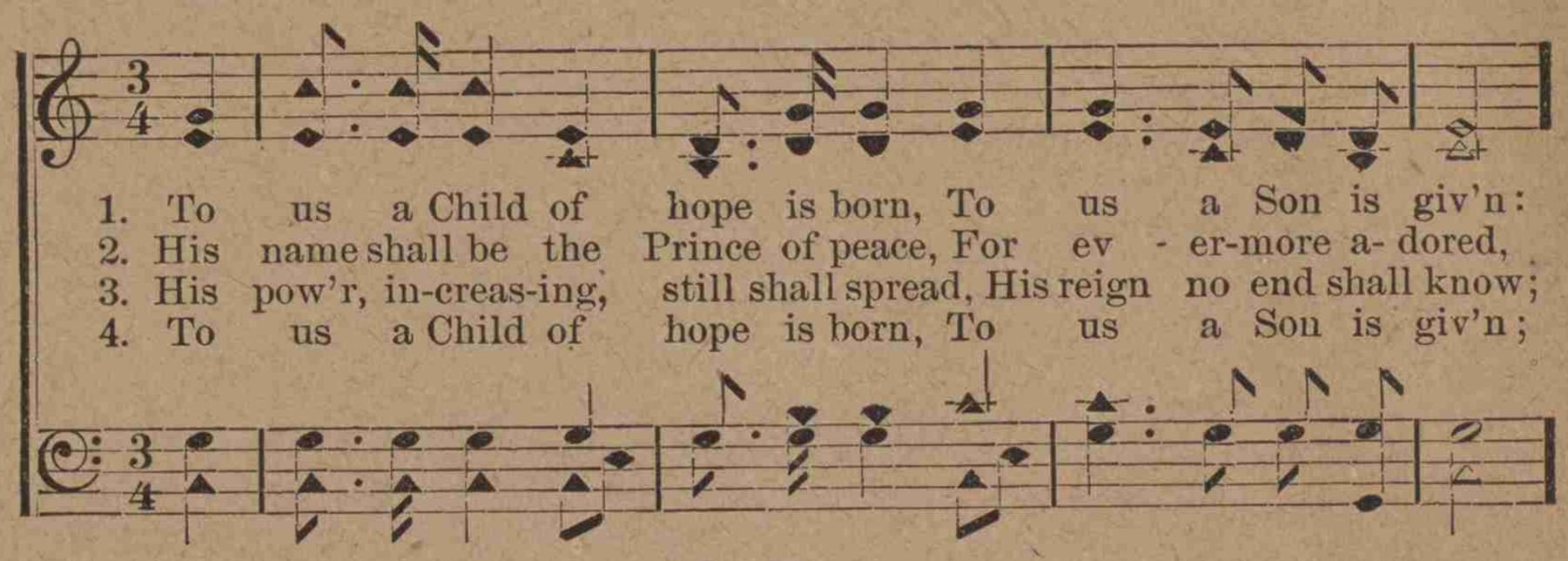
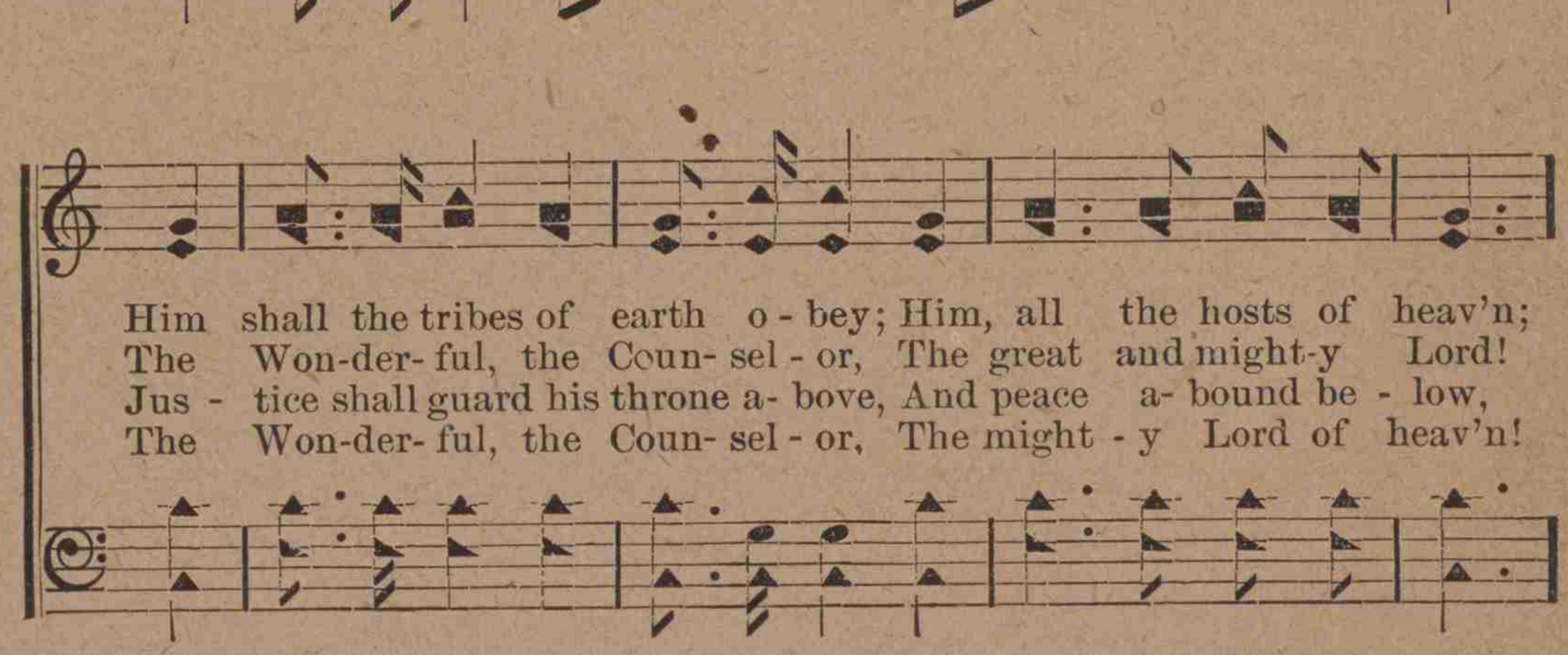
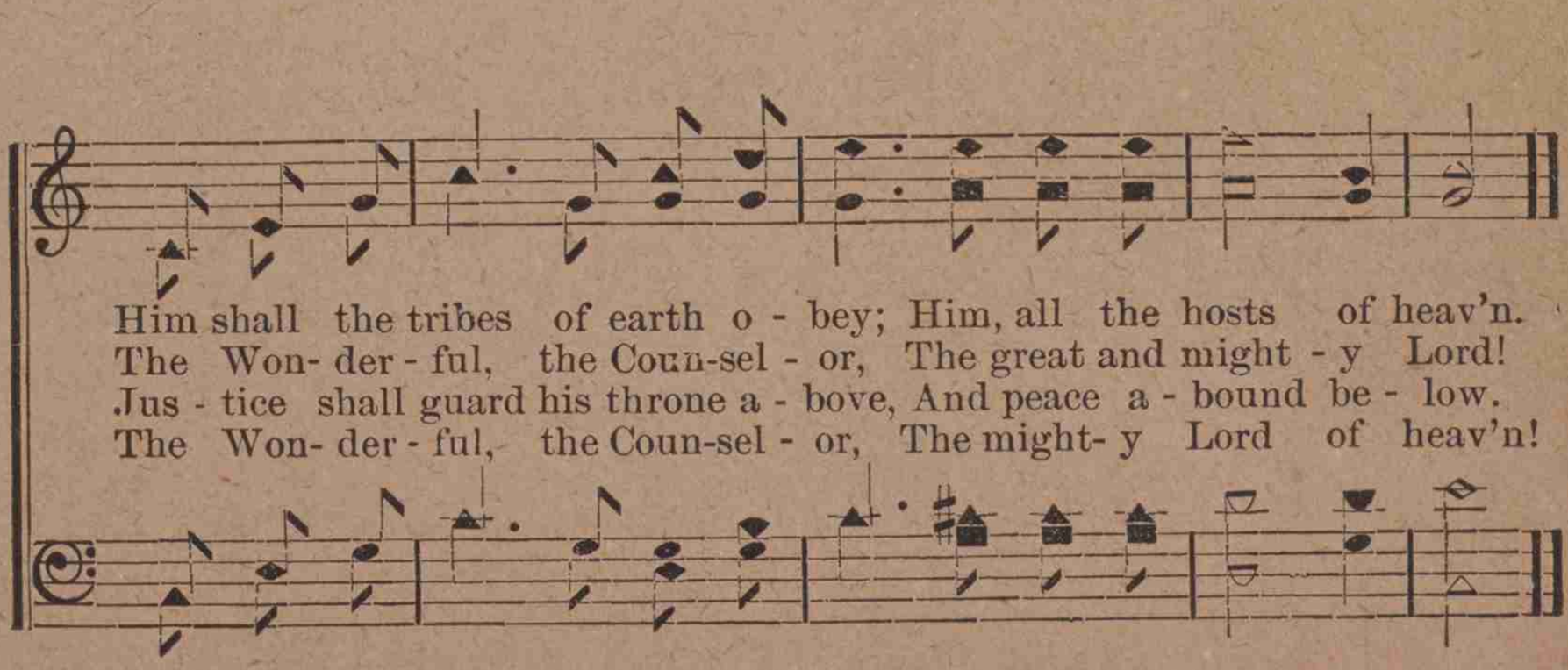
Lead Me to the Rock. Concluded.



No. 9. Zerah. C. M.

JOHN MORRISON. LOWELL MASON.





No. 10. Soul, It Is Jesus.

ANNA D. BRADLEY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Soul, it is Je - sus ten- der - ly plead- ing, Hear him, your Saviour,
2. Soul, 'tis the Sav- iour! hear him en- treat- ing, Lov- ing - ly, gent - ly,
3. Soul, 'tis your Sav- iour, still he's in - sist - ing, That you will turn from

plead- ing with thee; List to the voice, with love in - ter - ced - ing—
call - ing to thee; Hark! how the words with love he's re - peat - ing—
sin and be free; Still he is call - ing, ten - der - ly call - ing—

CHORUS.

"Sin - ner, oh, sin - ner, come un - to me." Come! come!
Come un- to me!

Come un - to me!..... Oh, soul, thou art dy- ing! Oh,
Come un- to me!

Come un-to me!.....

hear Je - sus cry- ing, then come un - to me!.....
come, come, come un- to me!

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No. 11. Crown Him.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Crown him, crown him! o - ver all na - tions vic - to - rious,
Crown him, crown him! tell of his king- dom all - glo - rious,
2. Crown him, crown him! now and for - ev - er a - dore him,
Crown him, crown him! ye, who have wandered, im- plore him,

Shout ho - san - na! Je - sus has come to reign;
Raise the stand - ard, ev - er his cause main - tain,
Lo, he com - eth! glad - ly the news pro - claim;
Seek his par - don, he will your souls re - claim;

Laud him! praise him, join in the mighty cho - rus, Joy - ful sing the
Hail him! bless him! worship and fall be-fore him, Joy - ful sing the

CHORUS.

song with its glad re - frain. Crown him, crown him! worship the

King of Sal- va - tion, Shout ho - san - na! Je-sus has come to reign!

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No. 12. Calling for You.

MARY SPARKS WHEELER. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Broth - er, look out o'er the fields white and wav- ing, The harvest is
2. "Work in my vineyard!" the Mas- ter is cry - ing; The harvest is
3. Heark- en the voice of the hun- gry and weep- ing; The harvest is
4. Bold - ly, my broth- er, pro-claim the glad sto - ry—The harvest is

great and the laborers are few, Come thrust in your sick - le, the
great and the laborers are few; Go strengthen the fee - ble and
great and the laborers are few; No long - er stand i - dle, but
great and the laborers are few— Till Christ shall il - lu - mine the

ripened grain sav-ing, The Lord of the harvest is call-ing for you.
comfort the dy- ing, The Lord of the harvest is call-ing for you.
en - ter the reap-ing, The Lord of the harvest is call-ing for you.
earth with his glo - ry, The Lord of the harvest is call-ing for you.

CHORUS.

Call - - ing for you,..... ..... Call - - ing for
Call-ing, Call - ing for you, Call-ing,

you,..... The Lord of the har-vest is call - ing for you;
Call-ing for you,

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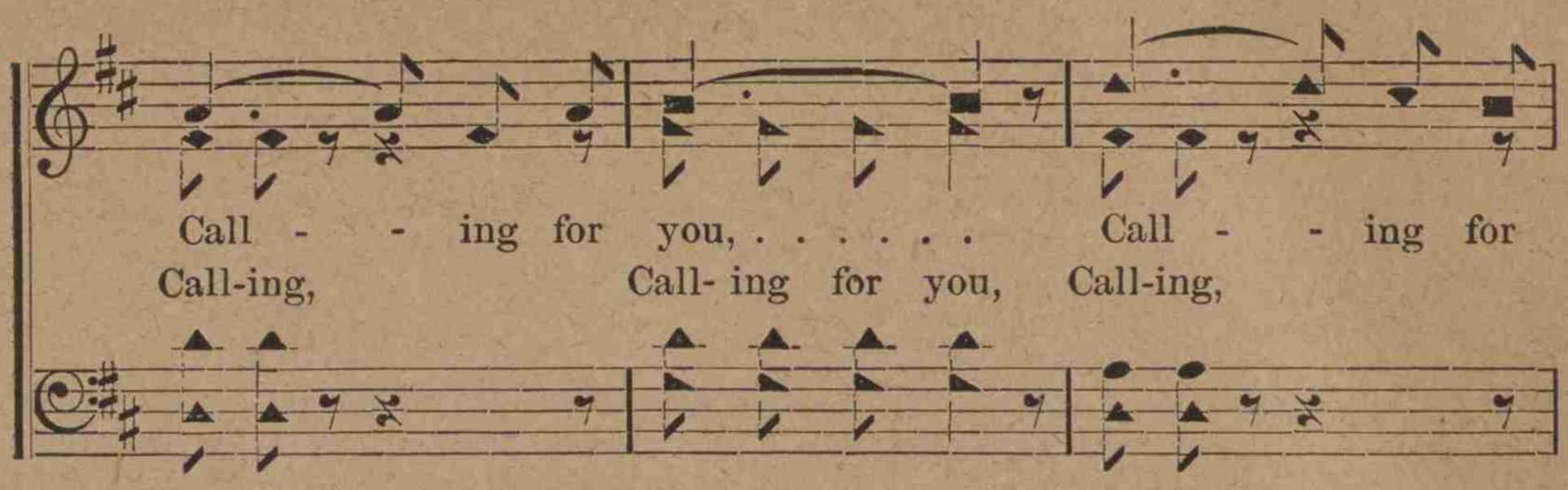
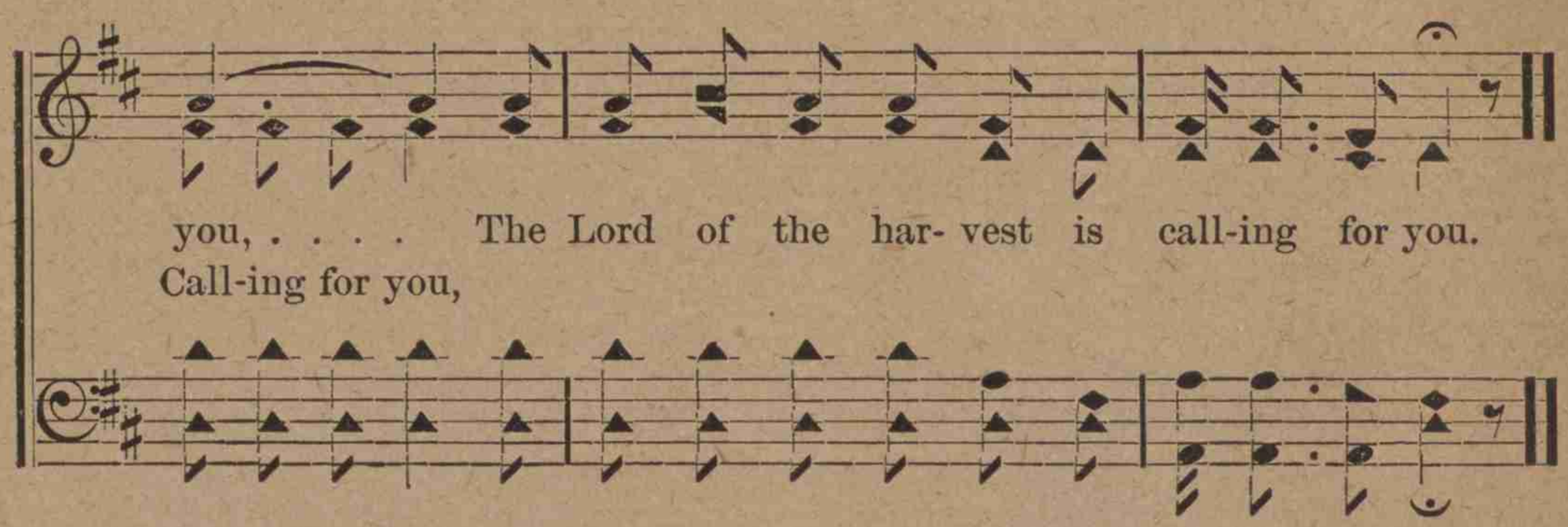
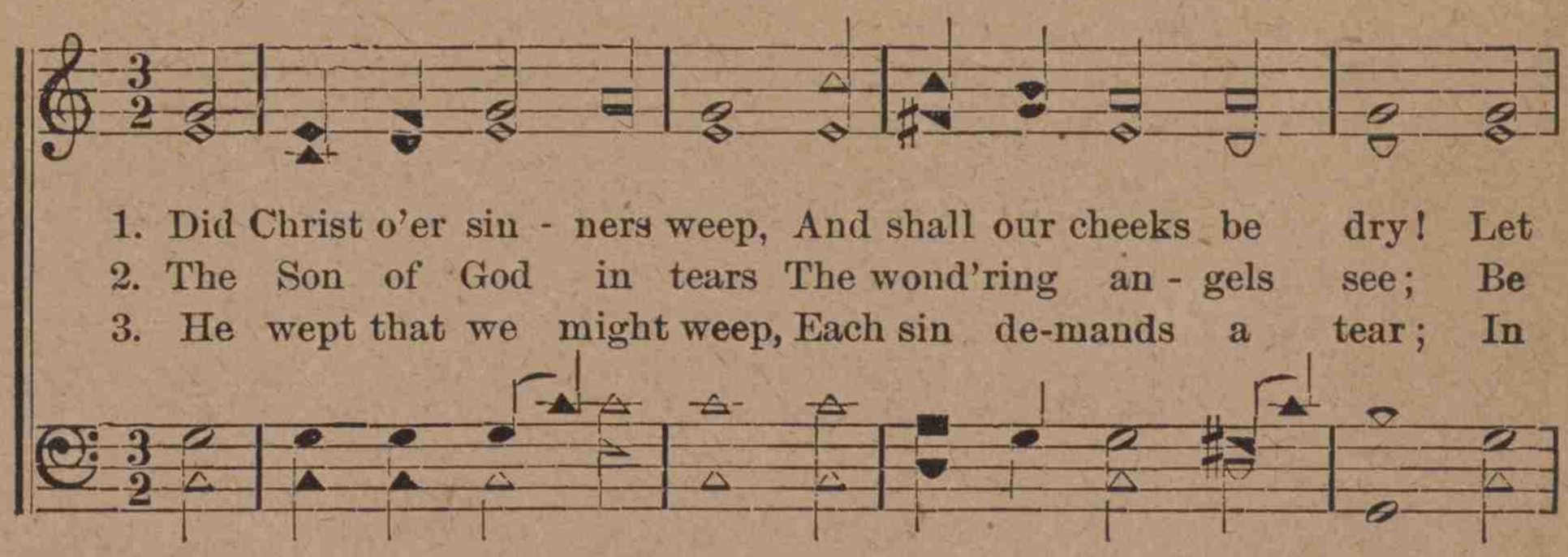
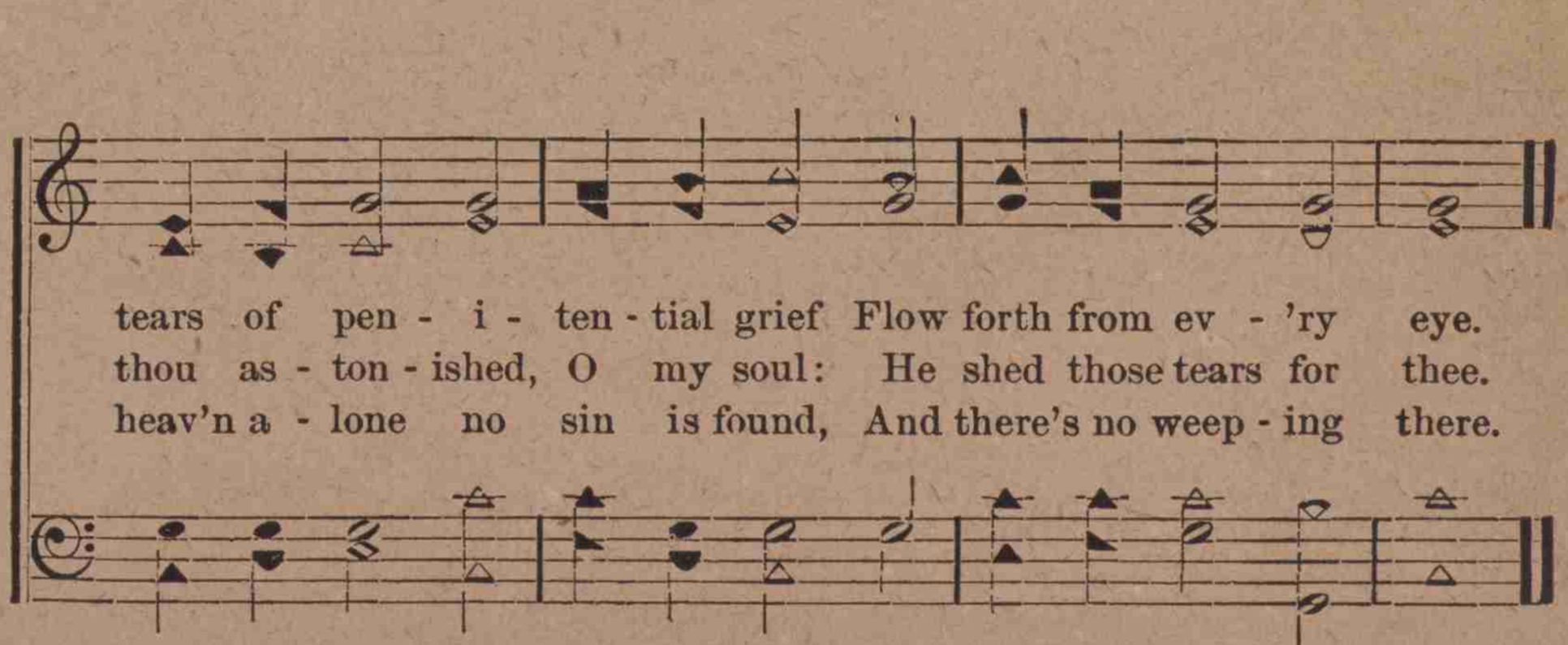
Calling for You. Concluded.



No. 13. Boylston. S. M.

BENJ. BEDDOME. DR. LOWELL MASON.



No. 14. Gathered Home.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. We are trav'ling to a bet - ter land, One by one we'll all be
2. We are draw- ing near- er ev - 'ry day, One by one we'll all be
3. There we'll meet our loved ones gone be- fore, One by one we'll all be
4. Come, my broth-er, join the hap - py throng, One by one we'll all be

gath - ered home, And we'll trust the Sav - iour's guid - ing hand,
gath - ered home, To that joy that fad - eth not a - way,
gath - ered home, And we'll dwell with Je - sus ev - er- more,
gath - ered home, Sing - ing now Re- demp-tion's ho - ly song,

CHORUS.

One by one we'll all be gathered home. Gath - 'ring, Gath - 'ring,
"Gath'ring together," "gath'ring together,"

One by one we'll all be gath - ered home; Gath - 'ring,
"Gath-'ring to- geth - er,"

Gath - - 'ring, One by one we'll all be gath - ered home.
"Gath-'ring to - geth - er,"

No. 15. Standing by the Cross.

Words by ALLEN SHIRLEY.
REF. by A. J. S.

Music by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which before the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll sit for- ev - er view-ing, Mer - cy streaming in his blood;
3. Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be- fore his cross to lie,
4. Here it is I find my heav- en, While up-on the cross I gaze,
5. Lord, in cease-less con- tem- pla-tion, Fix my trusting heart on thee,

Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy- ing Friend.
Precious drops! my soul be - dew- ing, Plead they now my peace with God.
While I see di - vine com- pas-sion, Beam-ing in his gra-cious eye.
Here the joy of sins for - giv - en, Shall in-spire my songs of praise.
Till I know thy full sal - va- tion, And thy face in glo - ry see.

CHORUS.

Stand - ing by the cross, Stand - ing by the cross,

Stand-ing by the cross of Cal - va - ry; Look-ing up to Christ,

Trust-ing in his love, Hop- ing in his mer - cy full and free.

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No. 16. Lost! Lost!

ANNA D. BRADLEY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Lost! lost! Hear the death cry! Men are dy- ing day by day;
2. Haste! haste! Soul, it is Christ Call- ing thee to fly to him;
3. Lost! lost! but Christ can save, Will you spurn his love di - vine?

'Tis Sa - tan's might-y pow'r That's work - ing ev - 'ry hour To
His might - y love can shield If you to him but yield The
Soul, soul, he calls to thee, "Look now from self to me, Lo,

lead souls in - to end - less gloom. Haste! haste! Soul it is death!
soul at which death hurls his dart. Soul! soul! Christ calls to thee,
I will guide thee to the light." Soul! soul! Speak Je- sus' name!

Haste! for soon 'twill be too late! Oh, haste, the moments fly, Hear,
Will you still re-main in sin? Oh, do not wait till light Is
It will give you strength to trust; What tho' you're stained by sin, He'll

hear the Mas - ter cry "Soul, I would save thee from death's doom."
lost in end - less night! Turn now, and yield to Christ thy heart.
wash and make you clean— Oh, lost one, turn to Christ to - night.

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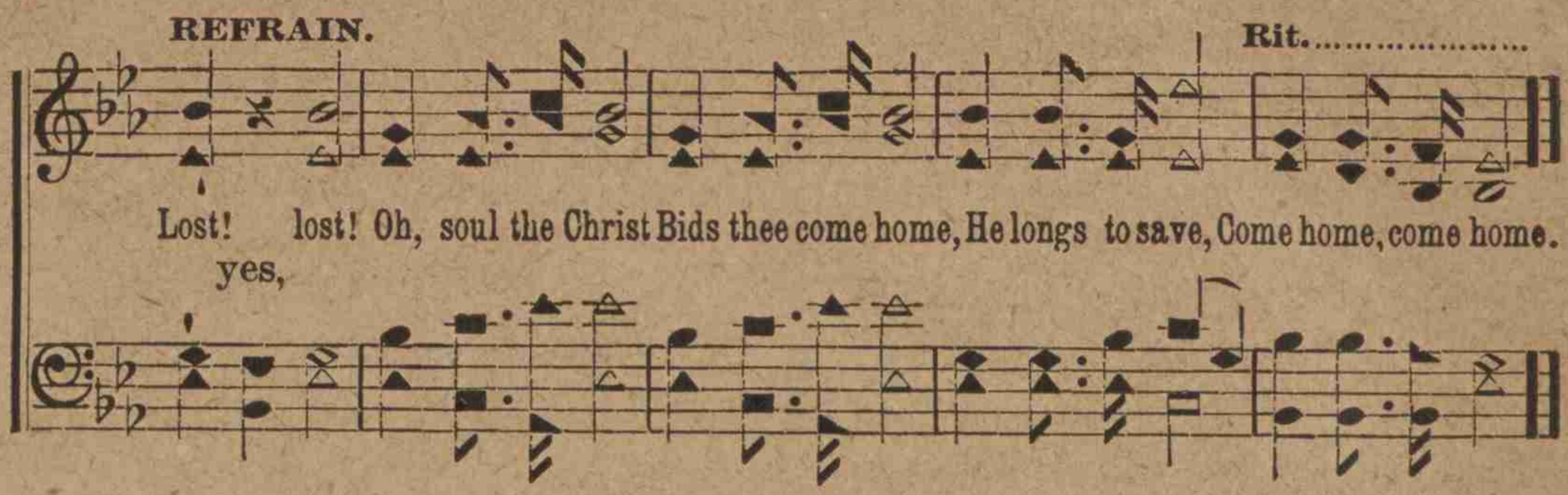
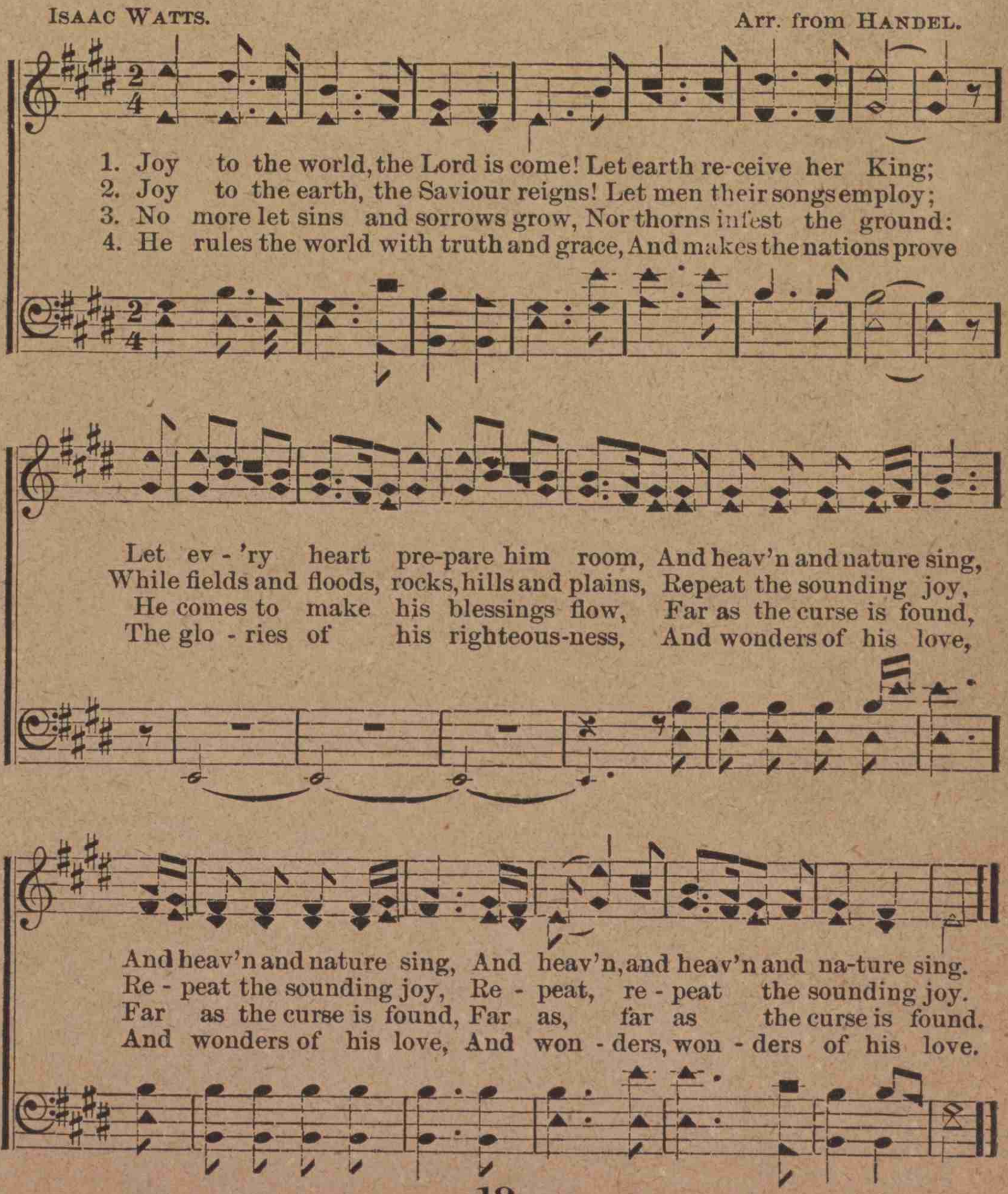
Lost! Lost! Concluded.

No. 17. Antioch. C. M.



No. 18. Christ Has Set Me Free.

ANNA D. BRADLEY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Free from law! oh, join my shout of triumph! I am free, yes, free, the
2. Child of God! this is my glorious ti - tle! I am free, yes, free, the
3. Come to me! oh, hear the in - vi- ta- tion, He is call - ing, gent- ly

Christ has set me free; Once he died to win my full sal - va-tion,
blood has set me free; Out of death to life of end - less beau- ty,
call- ing now to thee; Soul, he cries, I long for thy sal - va-tion,

CHORUS.

And the law no long - er now can frighten me.
I am safe for - ev - er now, dear Lord, with thee.
Come, oh, come, he cries, and I will set you free.

Free - - -
Christ has won my

dom! Free - - - dom! Now the law no
full sal - va- tion, I am free from con-dem- na-tion,

more can threat-en me! Free - - dom!
Christ has won my full sal-va-tion,

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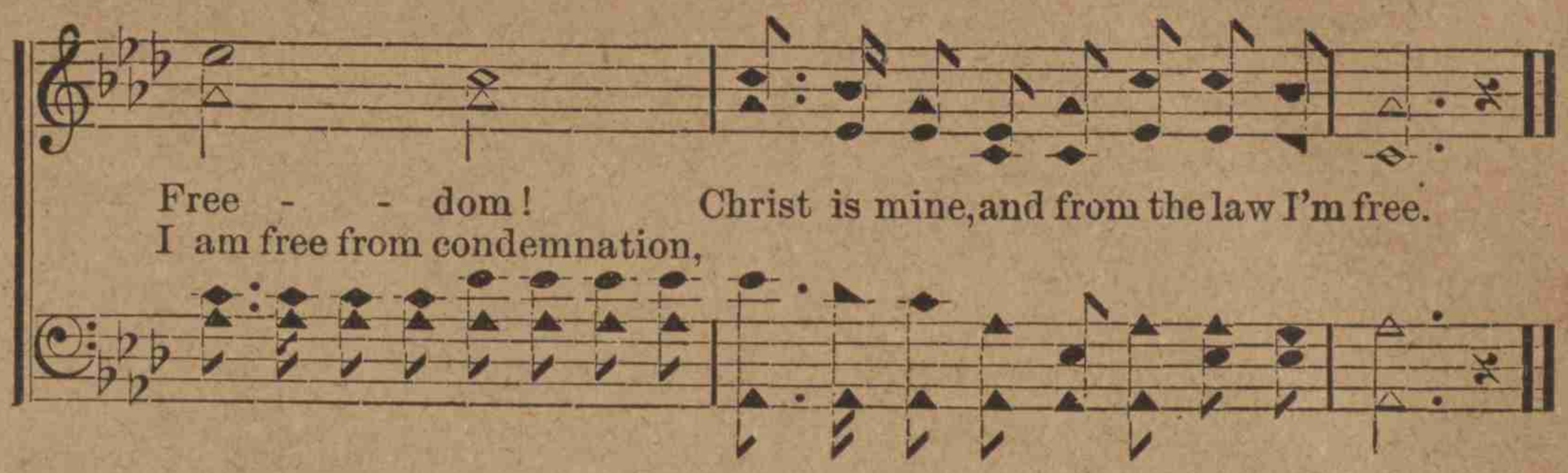
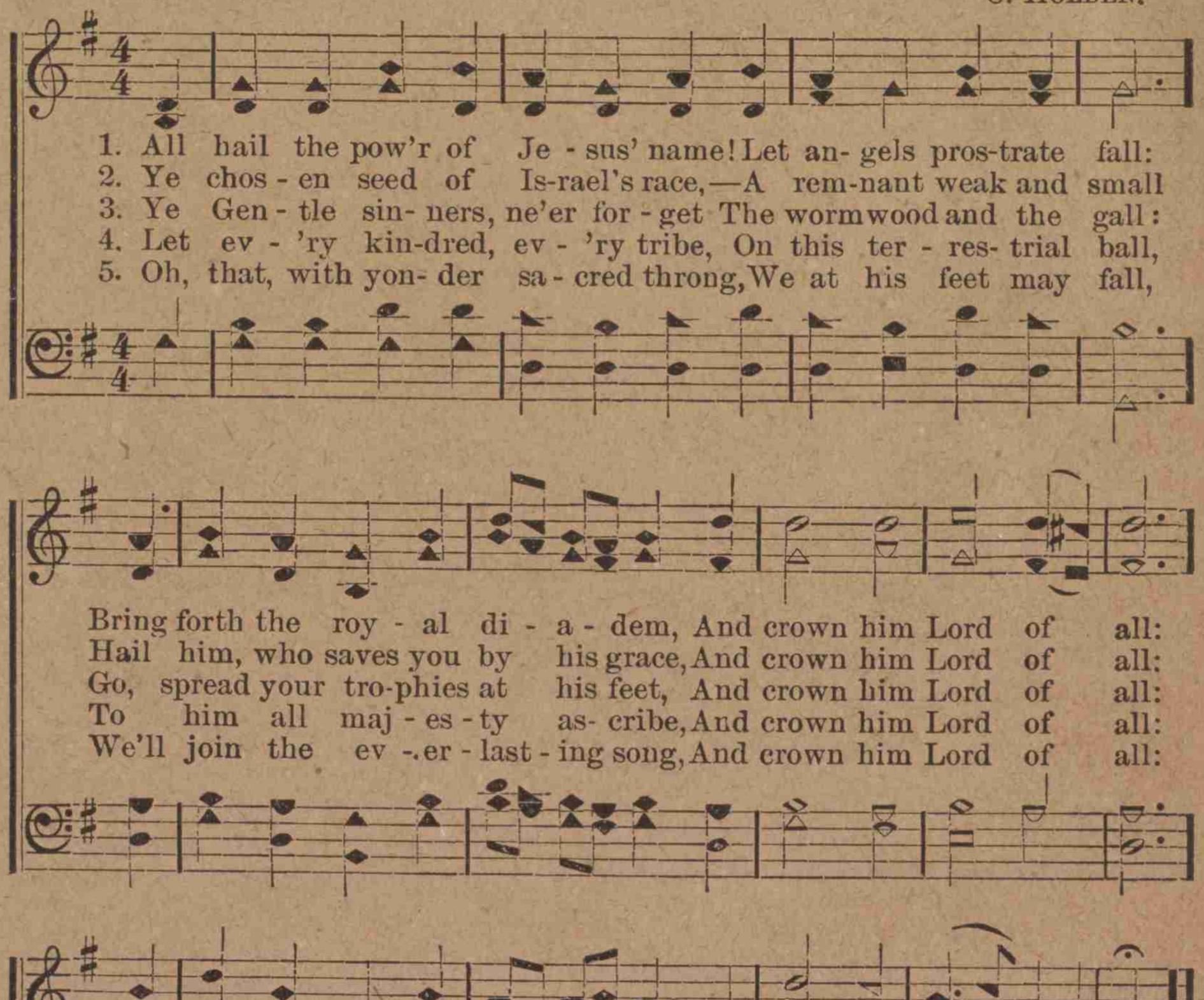
Christ Has Set Me Free. Concluded.

No. 19. Coronation. C. M.

E. PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.



No. 20. I Lean on His Wonderful Might.

LAURA E. NEWELL. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The mer - ci - ful Lord is my Shep - herd, The Rod and the
2. If friends that I love pass be - yond me, To dwell in his
3. Ere long will his mes - sen- ger call me; I feel that the

Staff of my soul; He ev - er is near to pro- tect me, And
beau- ti - ful home, Where sickness and death nev - er en - ter, And
twi- light is near; And yet 'tis with glad- ness I hail it, My

guide t'ward the heav-en - ly goal. My hand he is hold- ing se -
no one in sor - row may roam, His hand dries my tears, and I
soul knows no ter - ror or fear; For just past the val - ley of

cure - ly; I'm walk-ing by faith, not by sight; If sun-light or
trust him, Who ev - er doth guide me a - right; His love, all sus -
shad - ow, There gleameth the cit - y of light; Oh, there would I

shad- ow pre- vail - eth, I lean on his won- der - ful might.
tain - ing, up- holds me, I lean on his won- der - ful might.
praise him for - ev - er, And lean on his won- der - ful might.

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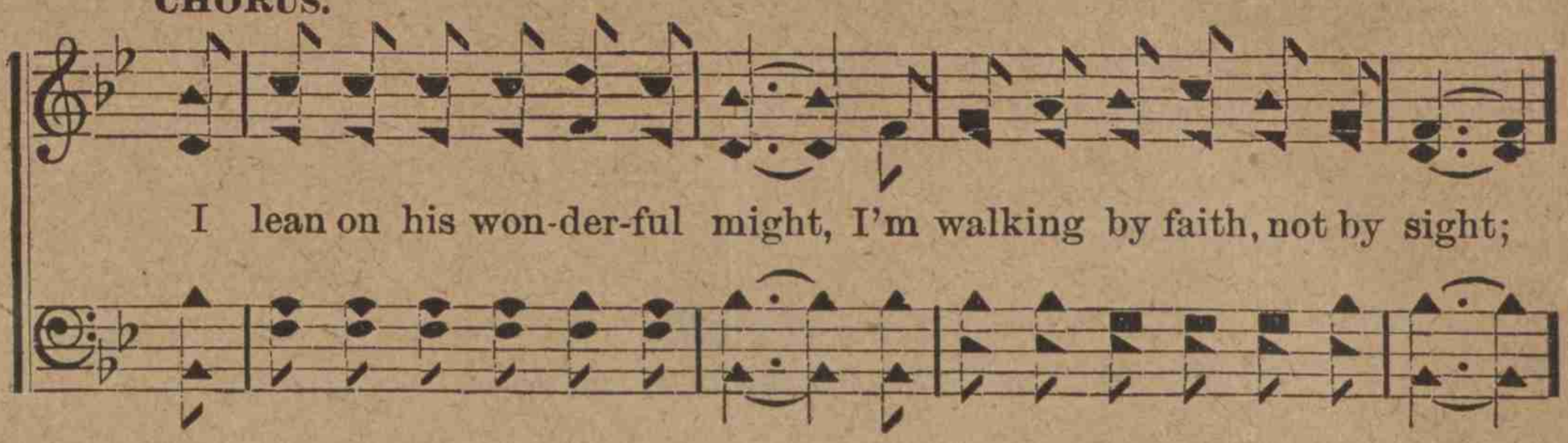
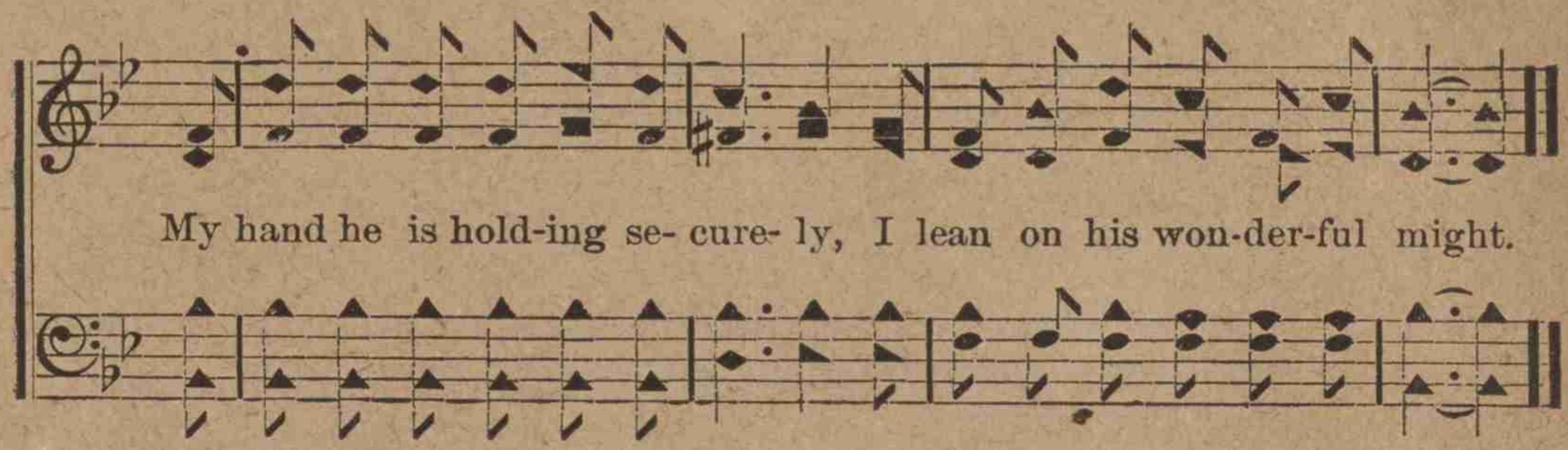
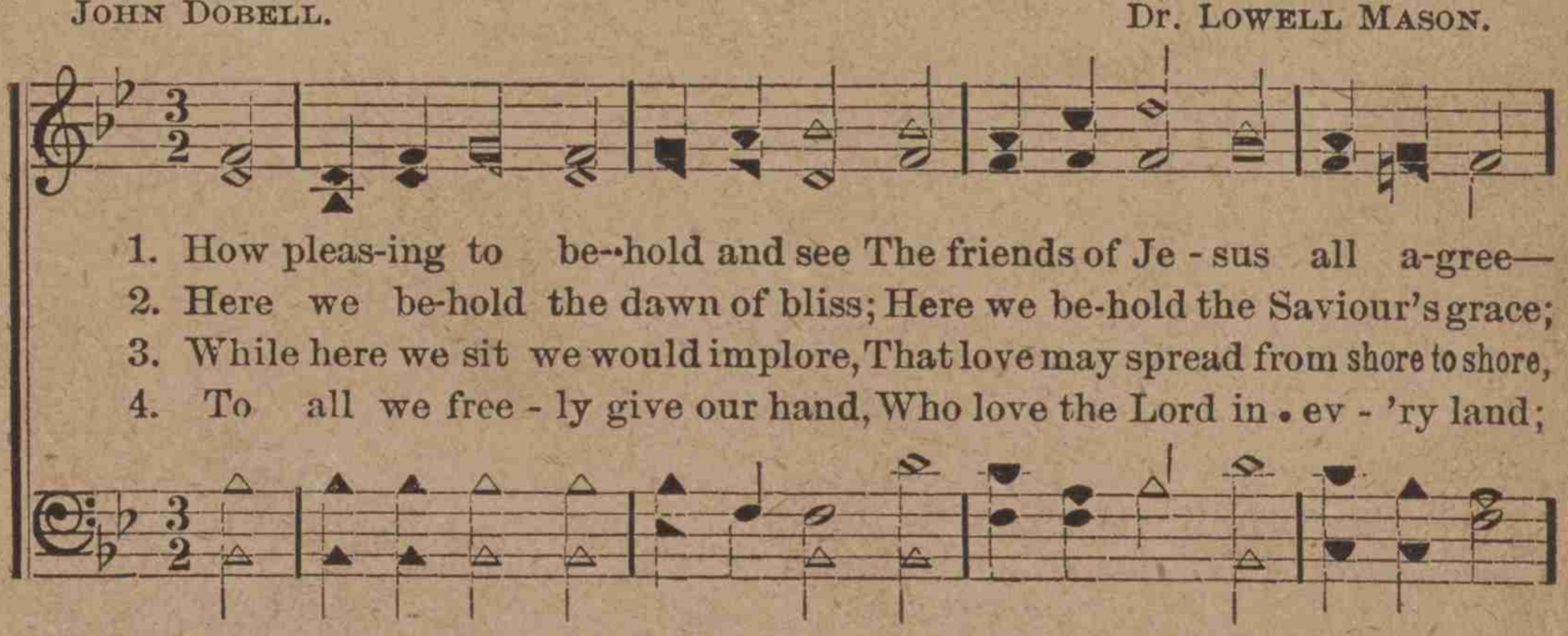
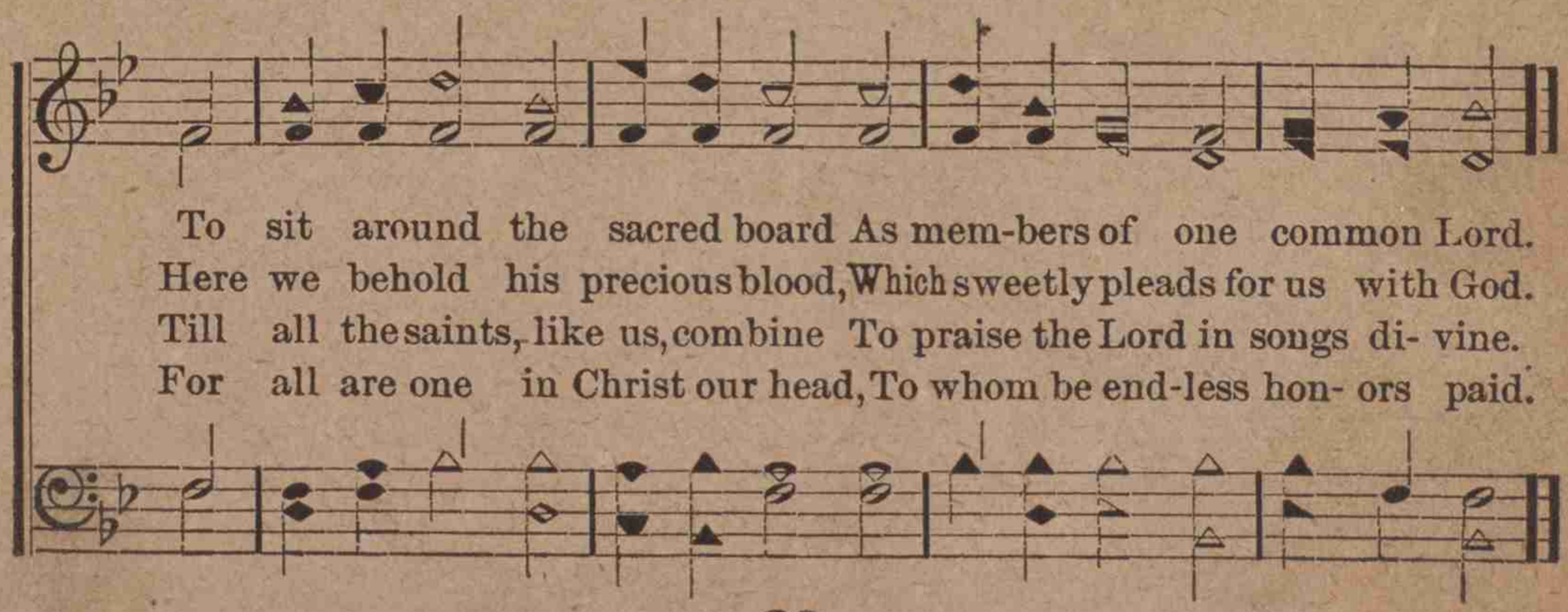
I Lean on His Wonderful Might. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 21. Hebron. L. M.

JOHN DOBELL. Dr. LOWELL MASON.





No. 22. Wonderful Love.

ANNE STEELE. J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

1. Je - sus— and didst thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
2. Well might the heav'ns with wonder view A love so strange as thine!
3. Is there a heart that will not bend To thy divine con- trol?
4. Oh, may our will - ing hearts con- fess Thy sweet, thy gen - tle sway;

And didst thou bleed and groan and die, For thy re - bel-lious foes?
No tho't of an - gels ev - er knew Com- pas - sion so di - vine!
De - scend, O sov'reign love, de-scend, And melt that stubborn soul.
Glad cap - tives of thy matchless grace, Thy righteous rule o - bey.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas won - - - der-ful, wonderful love,
wonderful, wonderful love, wonderful, wonderful love,

That brought..... ..... him from heaven a-bove,
bro't him from heav'n above, beau-ti-ful heaven a-bove,

As a ran - - - - som to die on the tree,
ransom to die on the tree, suffer and die on the tree,

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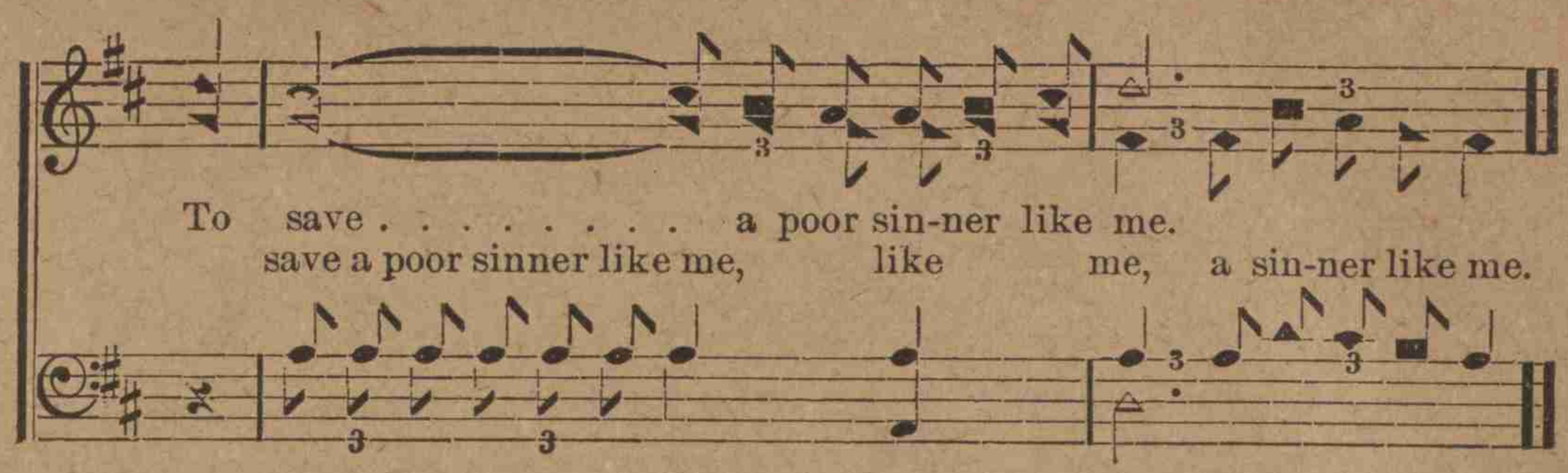
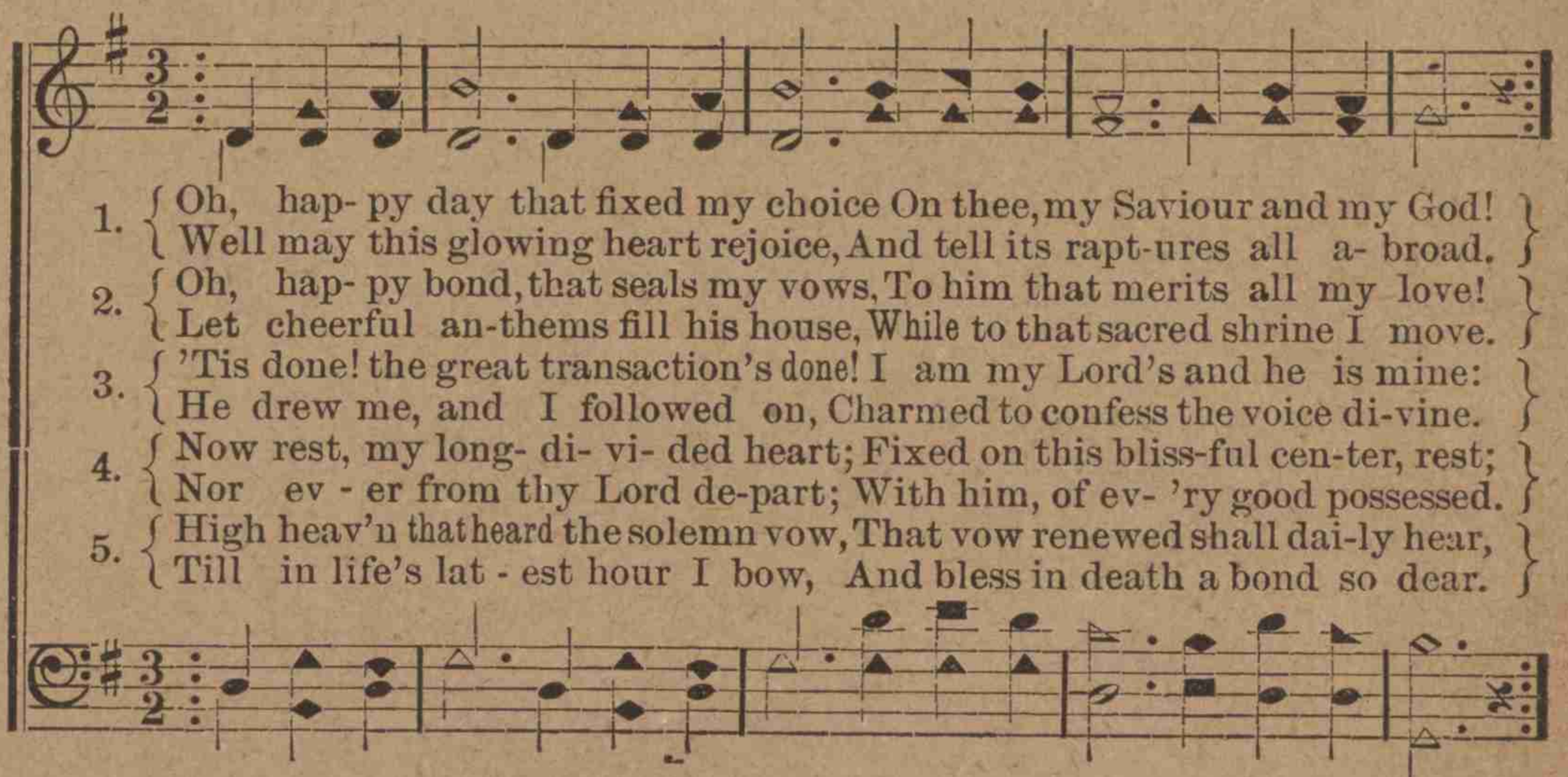
Wonderful Love. Concluded.

No. 23. Oh, Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. English Melody.



No. 24. I'm Nearer My Home.

IDA L. REED. Chorus Arr. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. I'm near - er my home to - day, The jour- ney will soon be
2. When fad - eth each day's last beam, My way wea - ry feet have
3. I'm near - er that fond loved land, I'm near - er its gates of

o'er, (be o'er,) Each hour as it glides a - way,..... Brings
pressed, (have pressed,) Still clos - er the mys - tic stream, That
light, (of light,) And soon its bright sil - v'ry strand, Shall

CHORUS.

near - er its shin - ing shore.
bor - ders the land of rest.
glad- den the spir - it's sight.

I'm near - - - - er my home, my home, . . . I'm near - - - er my home, . . . I'm heav-en- ly home, I'm near-er my home, My heav-en- ly home, I'm near - - er my home to- day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.

Rit. - - - - - - -

nearer my home,

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No. 25. We'll Safely Reach the Other Shore.

MARIA STRAUB. (QUARTET.) S. W. STRAUB. By per.

1. At evening when the sun was low Where Gal - i-lee's blue wa-ters flow,
2. They entered in a ship to sail A-cross the sea with scarce a gale;
3. The loved dis-ci-ples on the wave Now trusted in their Lord to save—

Christ said to those e'er by his side, "We'll pass un-to the oth - er side."
A might-y storm soon bro't dismay, Tho' Je- sus sweetly slumb'ring lay.
He rose and made the storm to cease, And filled their hearts with joy and peace.

CHORUS.

Let us pass un - to the oth - er side, With
Let us pass un - to the oth - er side, With

f

Je - sus to the oth - er side; With Christ tho' storm or
Je - sus to the oth - er side; With Christ though

p

bil - lows roar We'll safe-ly reach the oth - er shore.
storm or bil-lows roar, We'll safe - ly reach the oth - er shore.

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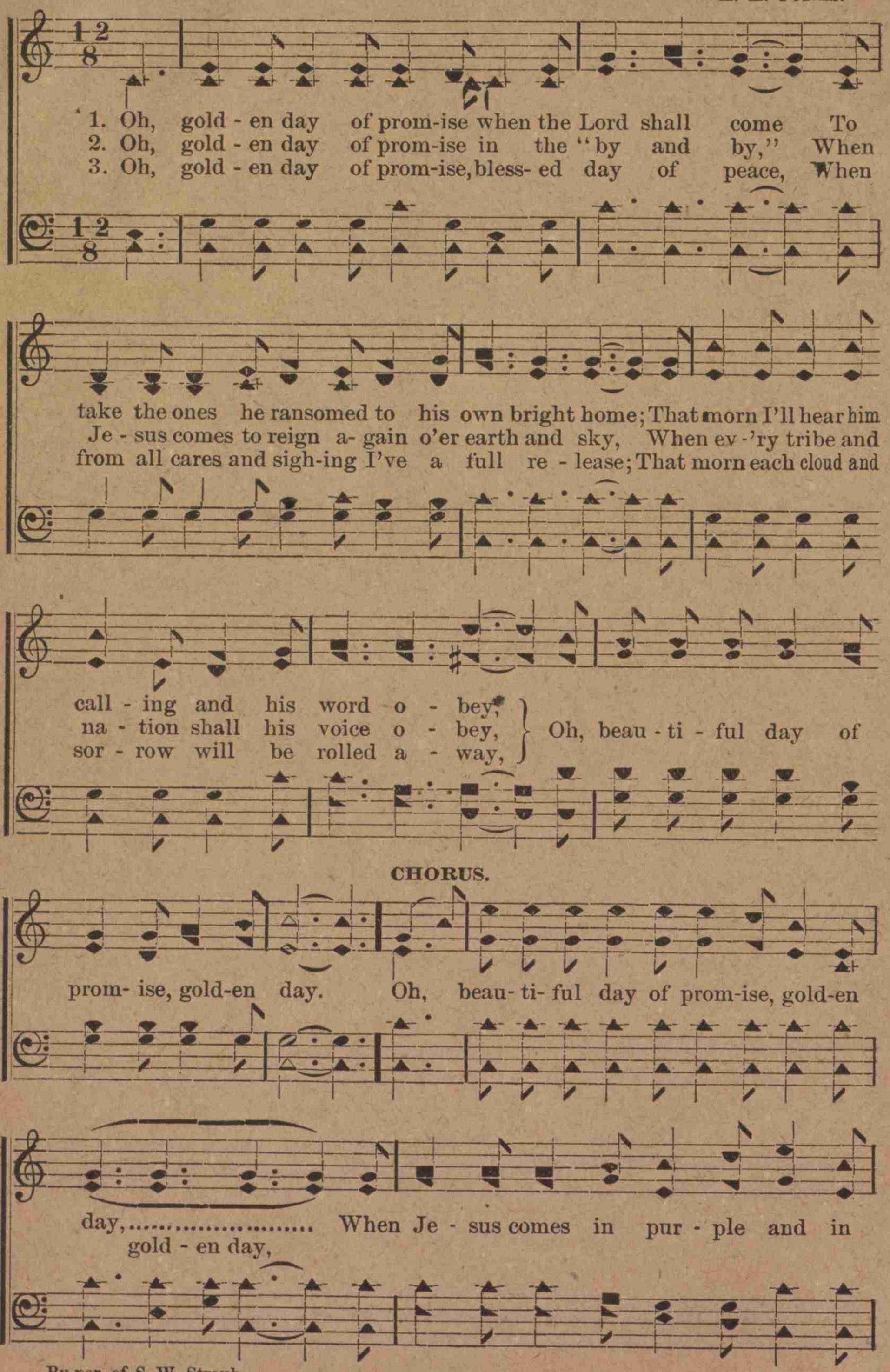
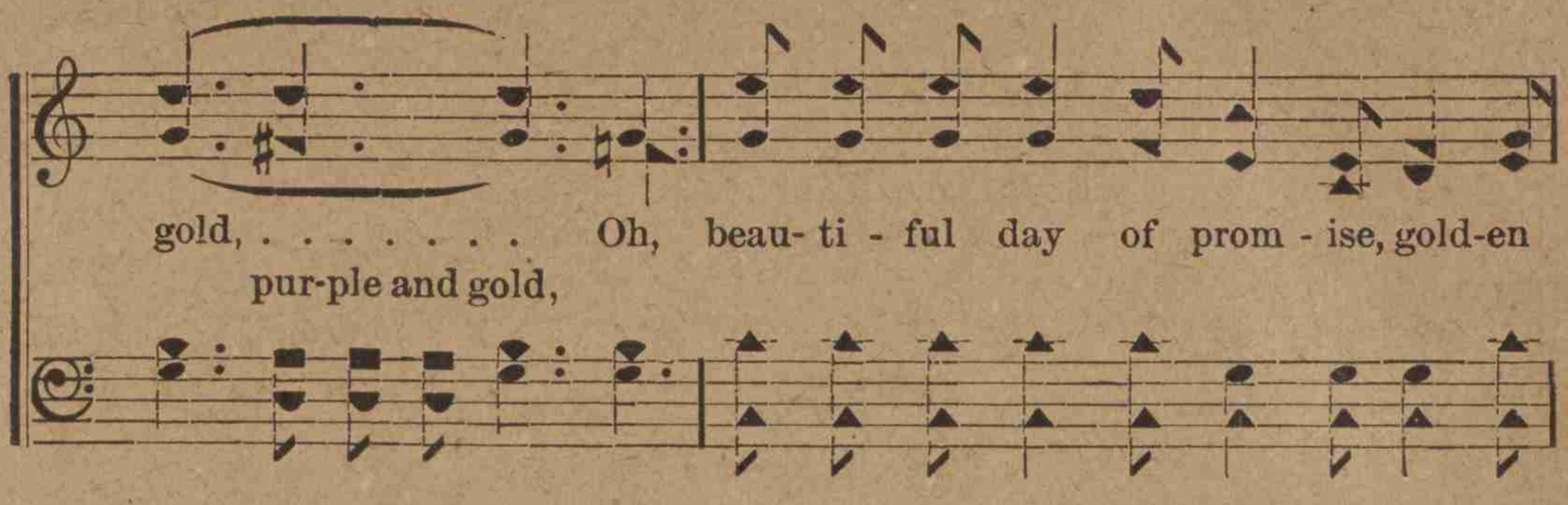
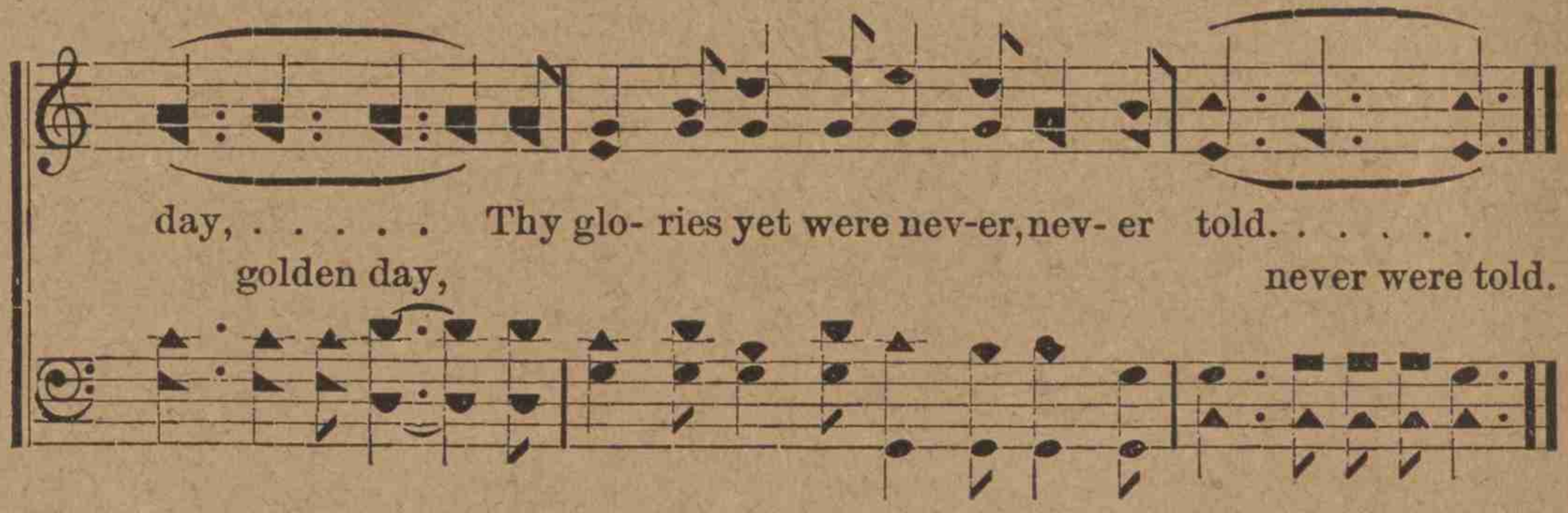
No. 26. Golden Day of Promise.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

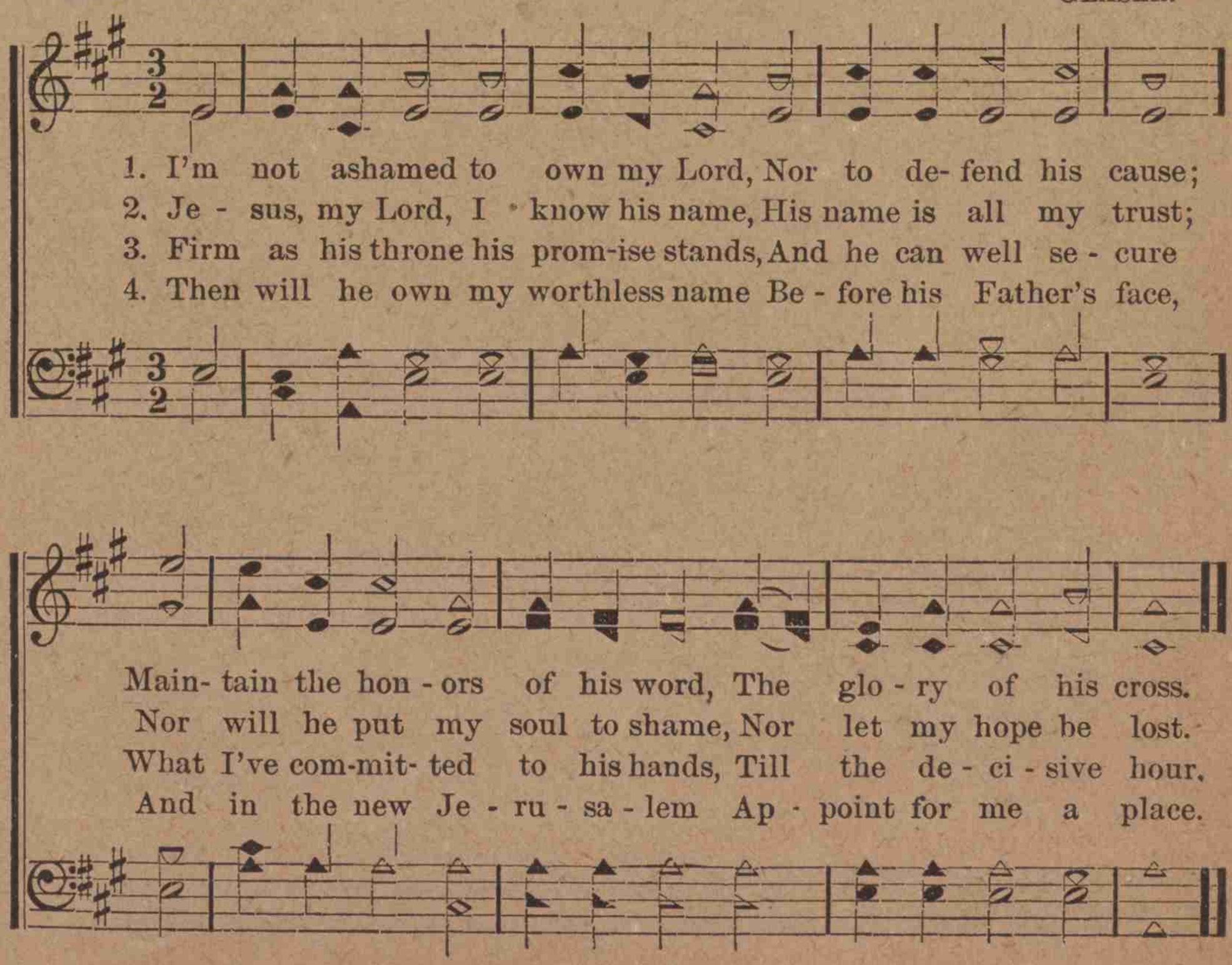


By per. of S. W. Straub.

Golden Day of Promise. Concluded.



No. 27. Azmon. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. GLASER.



No. 28. Death is Only a Dream.

C. W. RAY. A. J. BUCHANAN. By per.

SOLO.

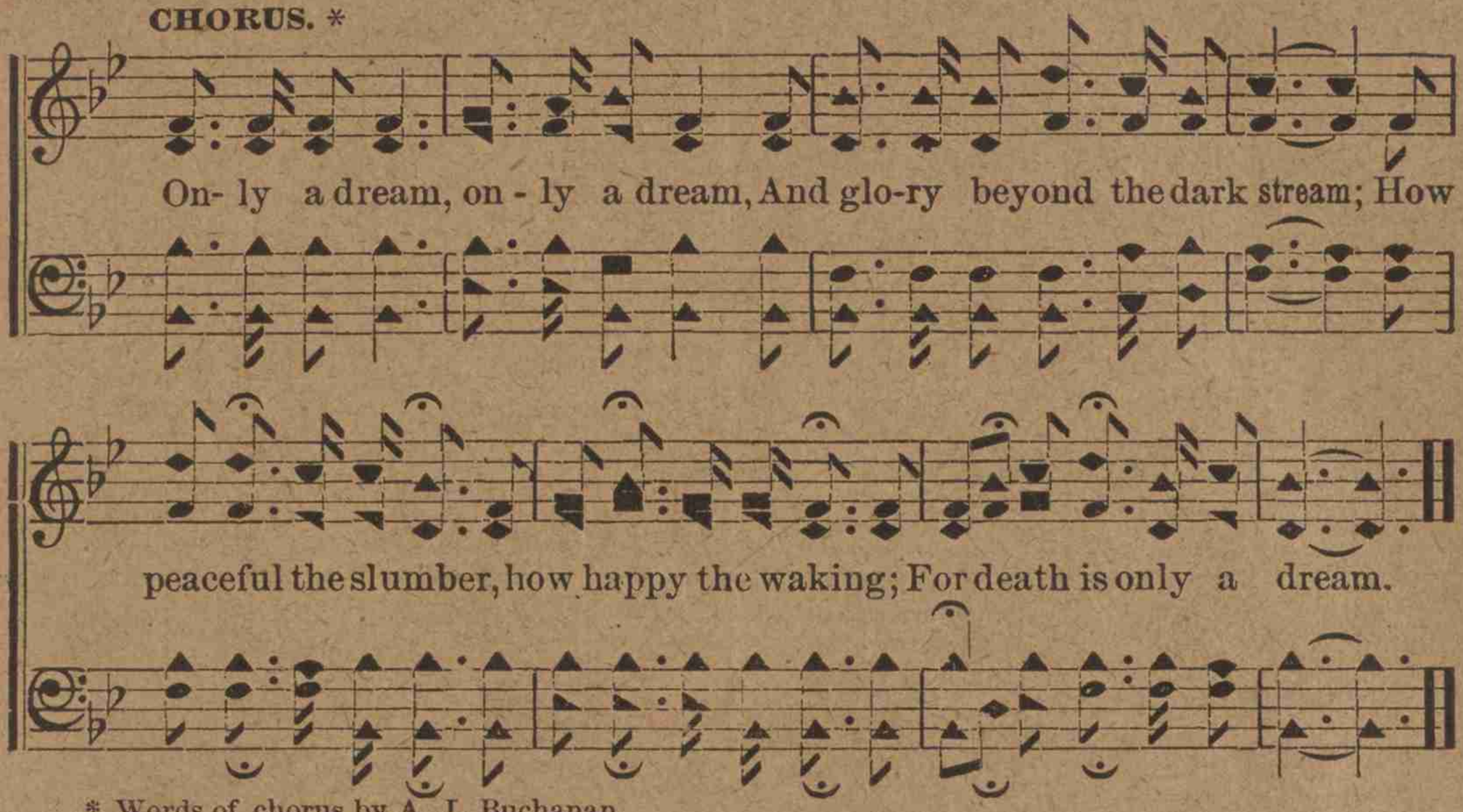
1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem- u - lous breath, As we stand by the mys - ti - cal stream,
2. Why should we weep when the wea-ry ones rest In the bo - som of Je - sus su - preme,
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap-pall, Tho' it fright- ful- ly dis - mal may seem,
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush-ing tide, Doth the light of e - ter - ni - ty gleam;

In the val - ley and by the dark riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
In the man-sions of glo - ry pre - pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
In the arms of their Sav- iour no ill can be- fall, They find it no more than a dream.
And the ran-somed the dark- ness and storm shall out-ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

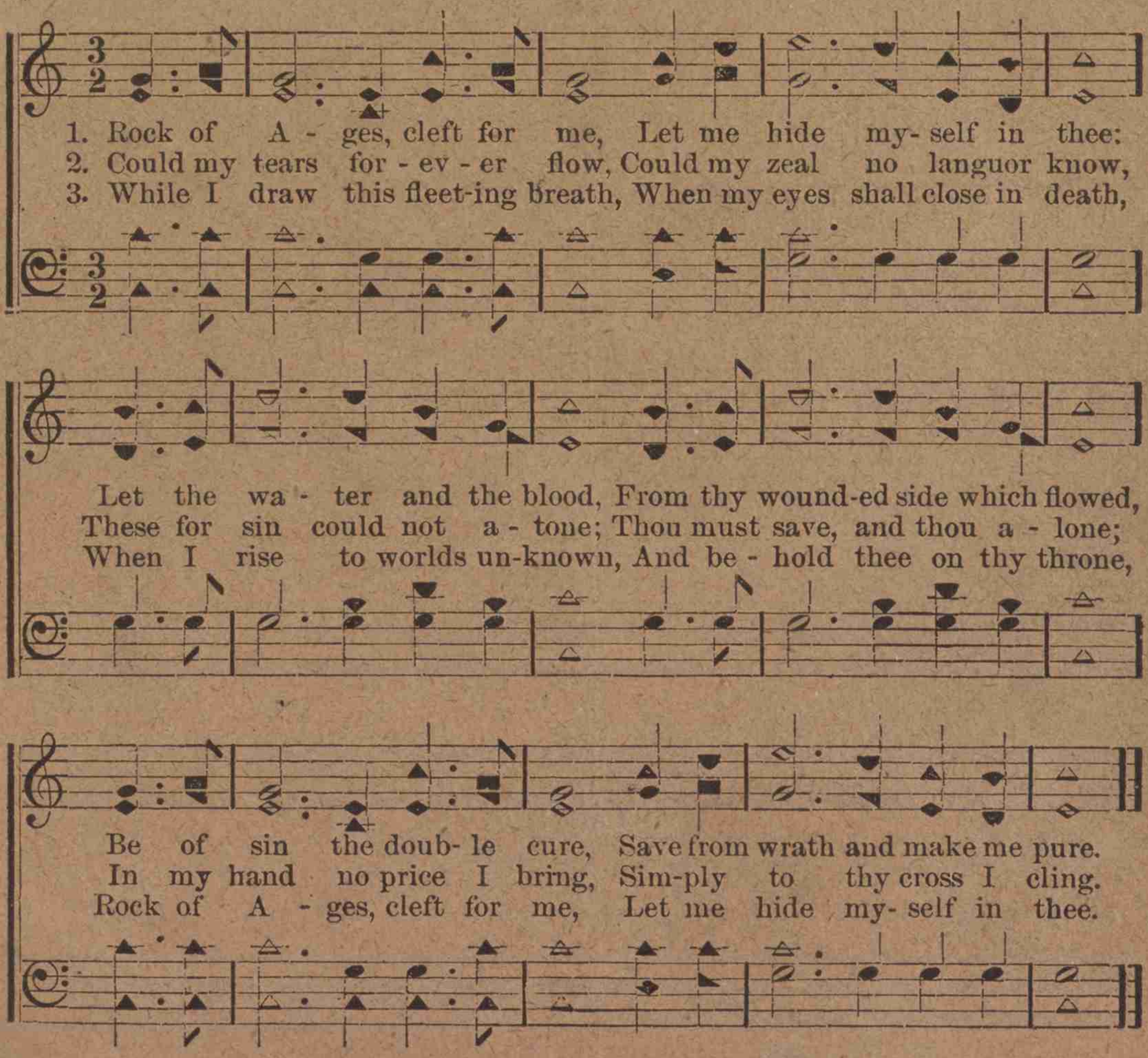
Hymn used by per. Barbee & Smith. Music used by per. H. A. R. Horton.

Death is Only a Dream. Concluded.

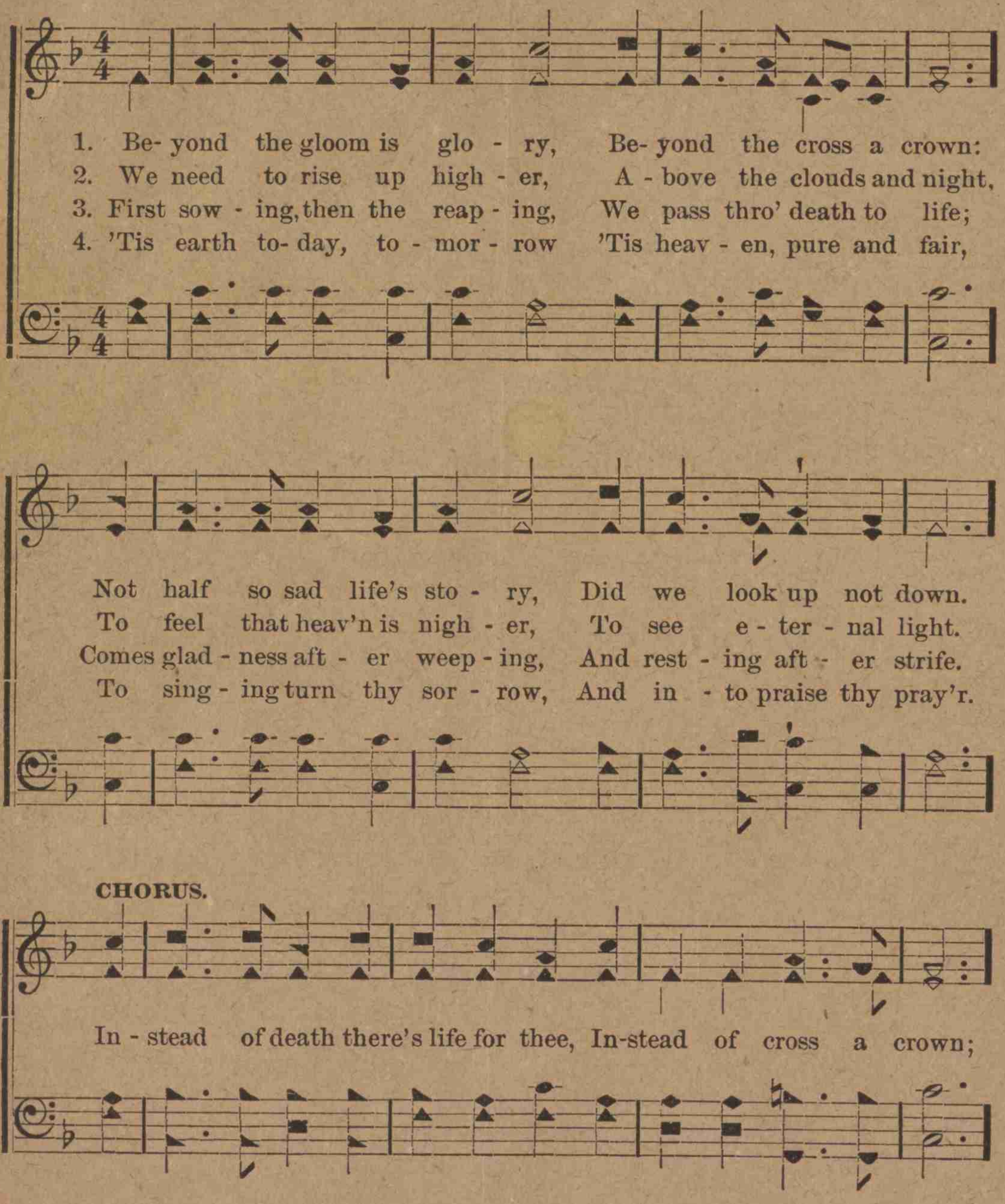
CHORUS. *



* Words of chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

No. 29. Rock of Ages. 7s 6 lines.

No. 30. Look Up.

JAMES ELDERDICE. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



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No. 31. I Am Redeemed.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. My heart is a fountain of joy to-day, For Jesus has washed all my sins a - way, Yes, Je - sus has washed all my sins a- way, And
2. I nev- er had tho't such a peace to know, But Jesus has washed me as white as snow, Yes, Je - sus has washed me as white as snow, And
3. And so I have foretaste of heav'n with-in, For Jesus has saved me from all my sin, Yes, Je - sus has saved me from all my sin, And

REFRAIN.

I am re- deemed. And I am re-deemed, Yes, I am re - deemed,
I am re- deemed. And I am re-deemed, Yes, I am re - deemed,
I am re- deemed. And I am re-demeed, Yes, I am re - deemed,

For Je- sus has washed all my sins a-way, And I am re - deemed.
For Je- sus has washed me as white as snow, And I am re - deemed.
For Je- sus has saved me from all my sin, And I am re - deemed.

Copyright, 1894, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 32. Lovely is Zion.

ISAAC WATTS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. The men of grace have found Glo - ry be- gun be - low;
4. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets,
5. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

Join in a song of sweet ac - cord, And thus surround the throne.
But chil- dren of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys abroad.
Ce - les - tial fruits on earth- ly ground From faith and hope may grow.
Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.
We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

Soprano and Alto.

Love- ly is Zi - on, love - ly is Zi - on, love- ly is Zi - on,

All Voices.

The beau-ti-ful cit- y of God; Love-ly is Zi - on, love - ly is

Zi - on, love - ly is Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit - y of God.

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No. 33. Rally! Ye Soldiers of Jesus!

L. B. M. L. B. MITCHELL.

SOLO. Boldly. *f* CHORUS.

1. Oh, ral - ly! ye sol-diers of Je- sus, to - day, Put on the whole
2. The pow-ers of darkness in might-y ar - ray Are striv- ing to
3. The bless-ing of heav- en shall fol-low the true, Who faith- ful - ly

SOLO.

ar- mor of God; The breast-plate of righteousness shall be thy stay,
conquer the field; But trust- ing in Je-sus, our strength and our stay,
work for their Lord; His Spir - it and presence shall be, their lives thro',

CHORUS. REFRAIN. Faster.

With the gos - pel of peace be shod.
The ar- mies of Sa - tan must yield.
A fore-taste of fi - nal re - ward.
} Ral - - ly!
Ral-ly! ye sol-diers of

ral - ly! Soldiers of Je- sus, our King!..... For - -
Je- sus, our King, Soldiers of Je- sus, of Jesus, our King! Forward! and

ward! for - ward! And trophies of vic - to - ry bring!.....
trophies of victo-ry bring, And trophies of vic - to - ry, vic- to- ry bring!

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No. 34. Come, Blessed Saviour.

C. C. ARMSTRONG. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Come, oh, come, my bless-ed Sav-iour, Fill the chambers of my soul,
2. When I bow my knee be - fore thee, Lord, oh, hear me while I pray,
3. When I sleep, oh, be thou near me, Let thy wings be o'er me spread,
4. When in grief's dark door I'm standing, Come and cheer me with thy love,
5. When I stand by death's dark riv - er, Which my soul has dread-ed long,

Let me feel thy mer - cy ev - er Thro' my heart un-ceas- ing roll.
Let thy ten - der love with - in me, Draw me close to thee al - way.
With thine ev - er - last - ing mer- cy "Cov- er my defenceless head."
When to earth my heart is bend-ing, Lift and fix my tho'ts a - bove.
Take me, then, my bless- ed Sav- iour, "To the sum-mer land of song."

CHORUS.

Come,..... my lov- ing Sav - - ing, Fill..... my soul with peace and joy, May I feel thy presence ev - - er— Love abound without al- loy.
Come, yes, come, come, oh, lov- ing Sav- iour, Fill my soul, fill with peace and joy, May I feel feel thy presence ev - er— without al- loy.

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No. 35. He Calls To-day.

J. DOBELL. J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

1. Now is th' ac-cept - ed time, Now is the day of grace;
2. Now is th' ac-cept - ed time, The Sav- iour calls to - day;
3. Now is th' ac-cept - ed time, The gos - pel bids you come;

Now sin- ners, come, with- out de - lay, And seek the Sav-iour's face.
To - mor- row it may be too late; Then why should you de - lay?
And ev - 'ry prom- ise in his word De-clares there yet is room.

CHORUS.

He calls to - day, then why de - lay? Why
He calls to- day, then why de-lay?

should you long-er, long-er wait? His pleadings hear
long-er wait? His pleadings
while he is near; To- mor - row it may be too late.
hear while he is near;

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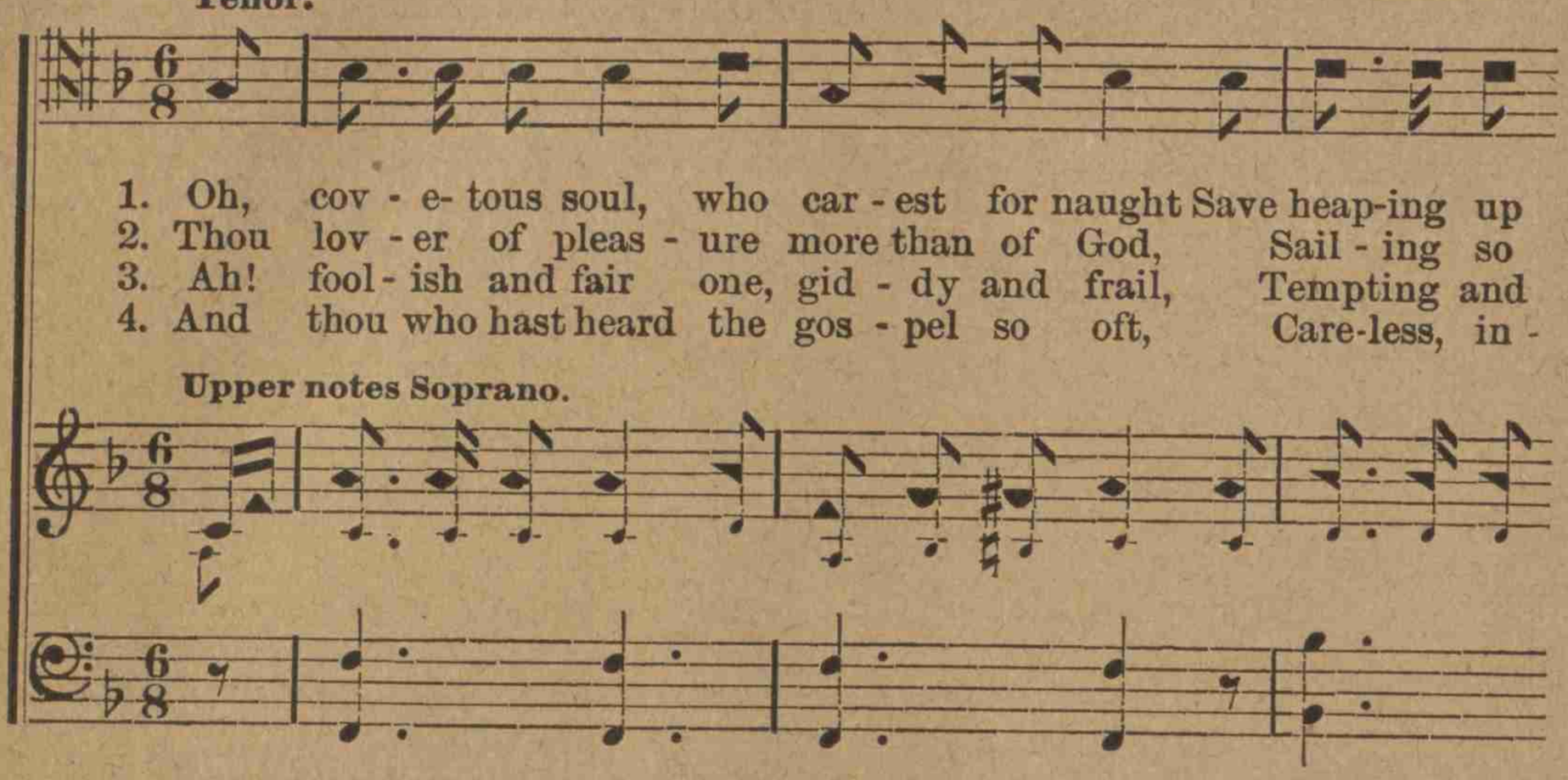
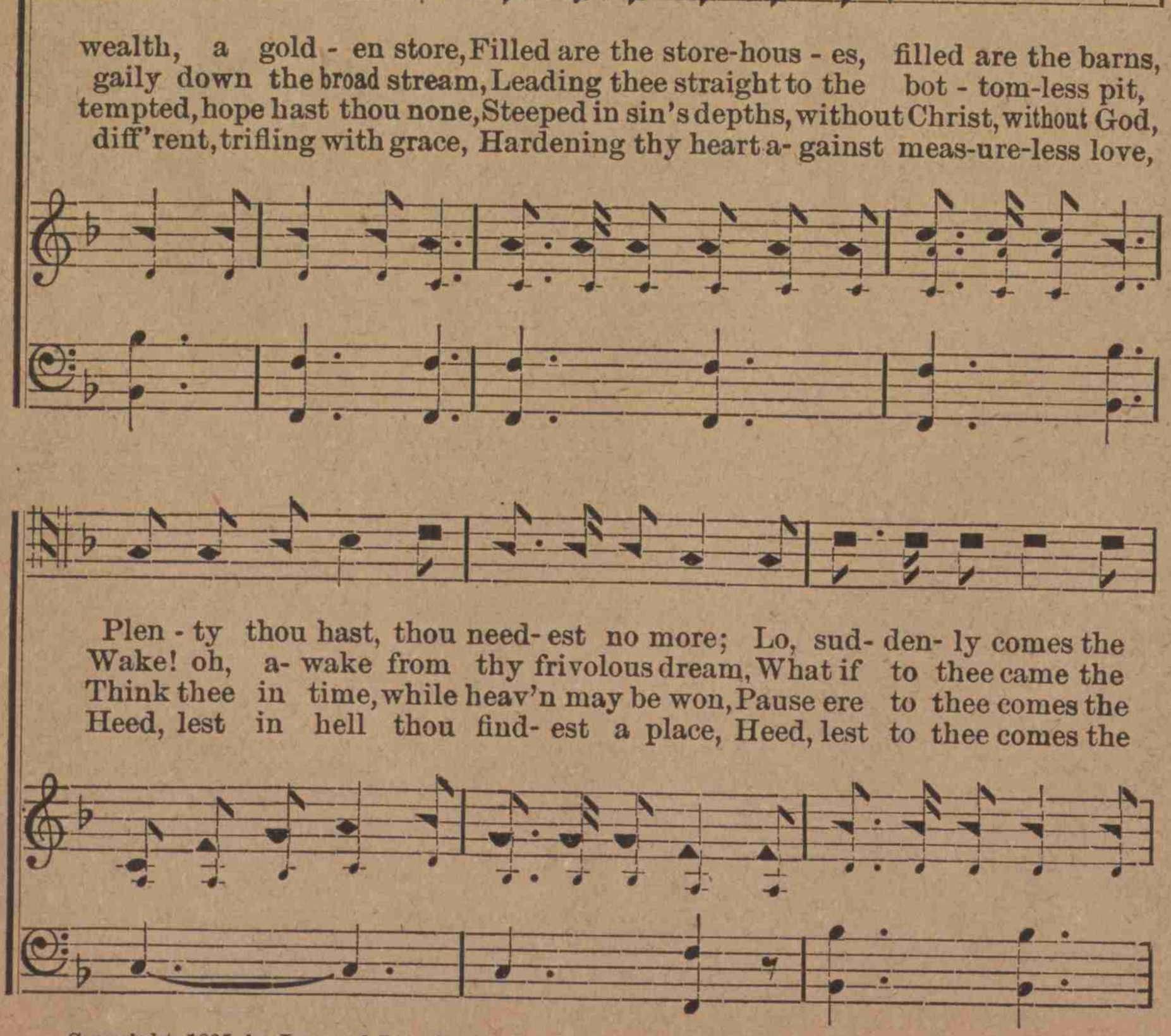
No. 36. This Night.

TENOR AND SOPRANO DUET.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.



1. Oh, cov - e- tous soul, who car - est for naught Save heap-ing up wealth, a gold - en store, Filled are the store-hous - es, filled are the barns,
2. Thou lov - er of pleas - ure more than of God, Sail - ing so gaily down the broad stream, Leading thee straight to the bot - tom-less pit,
3. Ah! fool - ish and fair one, gid - dy and frail, Tempting and tempted, hope hast thou none, Steeped in sin's depths, without Christ, without God,
4. And thou who hast heard the gos - pel so oft, Care-less, in - diff'rent, trifling with grace, Hardening thy heart a- gainst meas-ure-less love,



Plen - ty thou hast, thou need- est no more; Lo, sud- den- ly comes the
Wake! oh, a- wake from thy frivolous dream, What if to thee came the
Think thee in time, while heav'n may be won, Pause ere to thee comes the
Heed, lest in hell thou find- est a place, Heed, lest to thee comes the

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summons so dire, "Thou fool, this night I thy soul require!" Lo, sud-den- ly
summons so dire, "Thou fool, this night I thy soul require!" What if to thee
summons so dire, "Thou fool, this night I thy soul require!" Pause ere to thee
summons so dire, "Thou fool, this night I thy soul require!" Heed, lest to thee

comes the sum-mons so dire, "Thou fool, this night I thy soul require!"
came the sum-mons so dire, "Thou fool, this night I thy soul require!"
comes the sum-mons so dire, "Thou fool, this night I thy soul require!"
comes the sum-mons so dire, "Thou fool, this night I thy soul require!"

No. 37. Praise God.

THOS. KEN. GUIL FRANC.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be-low;

Praise him above, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son and Ho- ly Ghost.

No. 38. For You He Died.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Oh, bless his name! . . . . The Sav-iour came . . . . . To
2. Who can with-stand . . . . A love so grand? . . . . Oh,
3. Lo! like a flood . . . . His pre- cious blood . . . . . Stream'd

Oh, bless his name, The Saviour came To

save a dy - ing world; For great and small, ... For one and
sweet sal - va- tion plan! Such wondrous love . . . . The heart should
from his riv - en side; 'Tis free! 'tis free! For you and

For great and small,

CHORUS.

all, ... His flag is still un- furled.
move, ... Of ev - ery sin - ful man.
me, ... The fount-ain deep and wide.
} Oh, will you come this

For one and all,

moment come, To him the Cru-ci - fied? His life he gave, ... The

His life he gave

world to save, ... For you he groaned and died. . . . . .

The world to save, He groaned and died.

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No. 39. Where the Shepherd Leads.

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE. By per.

Duet. All.

1. Thro' the meadows green, in- vit- ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
2. See the gen - tle Shepherd leading, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
3. Tho' my feet be worn and wea-ry, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!

Duet. All.

Thro' the shadows dark, ex - cit - ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
Hark! his voice in mer- cy plead-ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
Tho' the mountain side be drear- y, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!

CHORUS.

Hark! his voice is gen - tly call - ing; On my ear its

strains are fall- ing, Tho' the gloom may be ap- pall- ing, Where the Shepherd

leads I'll go, I'll go, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.

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No. 40. Army of the Lord.

W. A. OGDEN.

Spirited.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. O soul, look up, and thou shalt see, March-ing 'neath the
2. A might - y song of praise they sing, March-ing 'neath the
3. Now join, my soul, the might - y song, March-ing 'neath the

ban - ner of the cross, A might - y ar - my, glad and free,
ban - ner of the cross, 'Thro' all the world its ech - oes ring,
ban - ner of the cross, Oh, swell his prais - es loud and long,

March-ing 'neath the ban - ner of the cross. With sword and hel - met
March-ing 'neath the ban - ner of the cross. To Je - sus Christ who
March-ing 'neath the ban - ner of the cross. See what the Lord hath

bright, Glad weap - ons for the fight,
died, The Lamb once cru - ci - fied,
wrought, Thy par - don he hath bought,

hel - met bright, the fight,
died, who died, cru - ci-fied,
wrought, hath wrought, hath bought,

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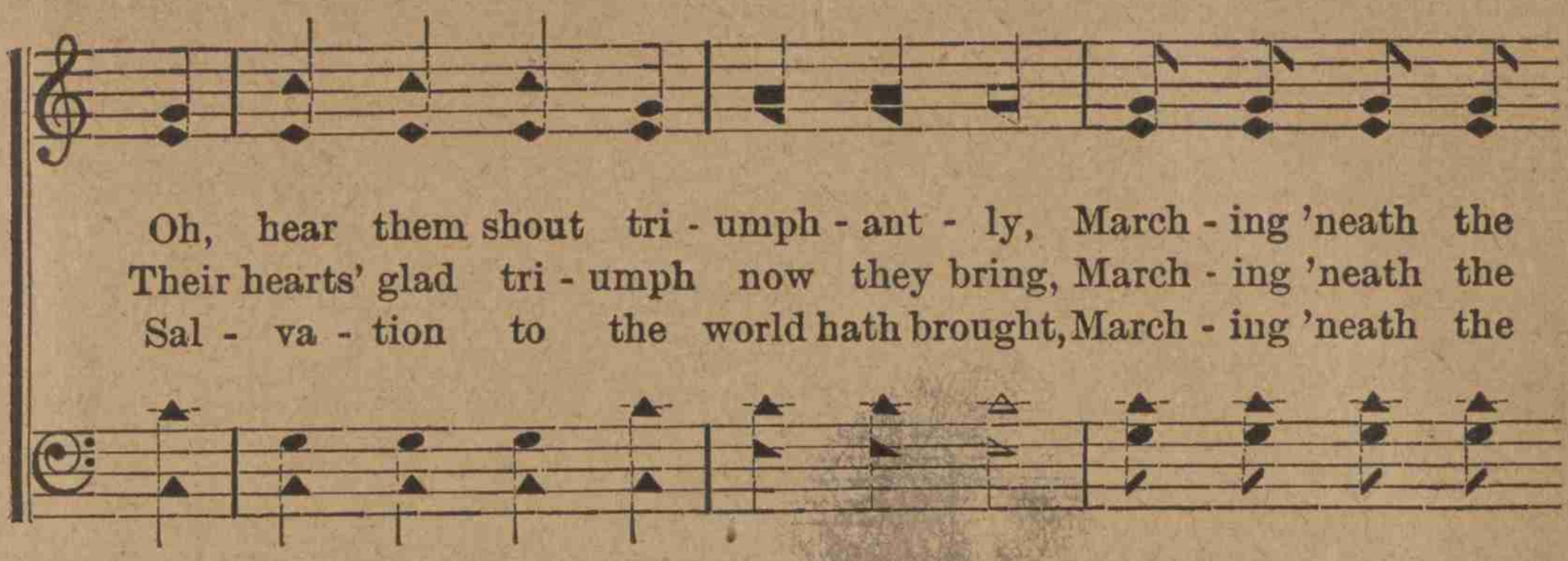
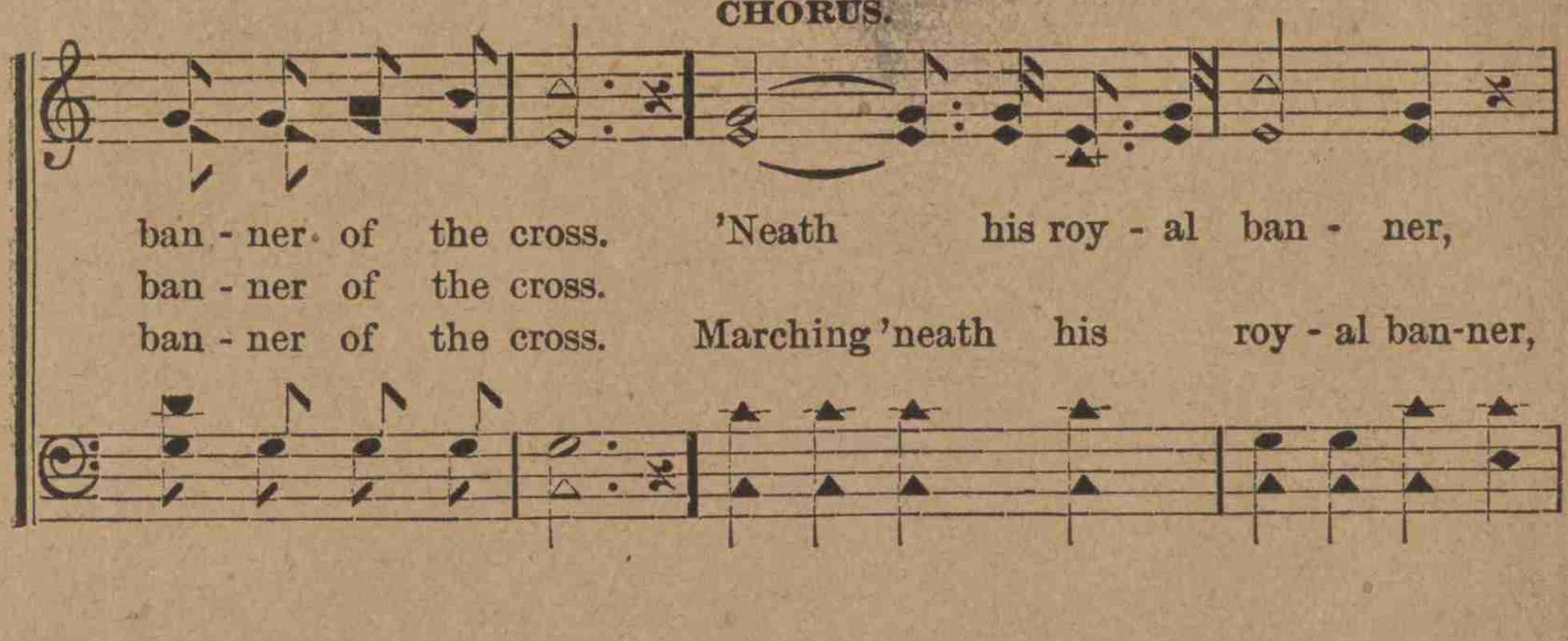
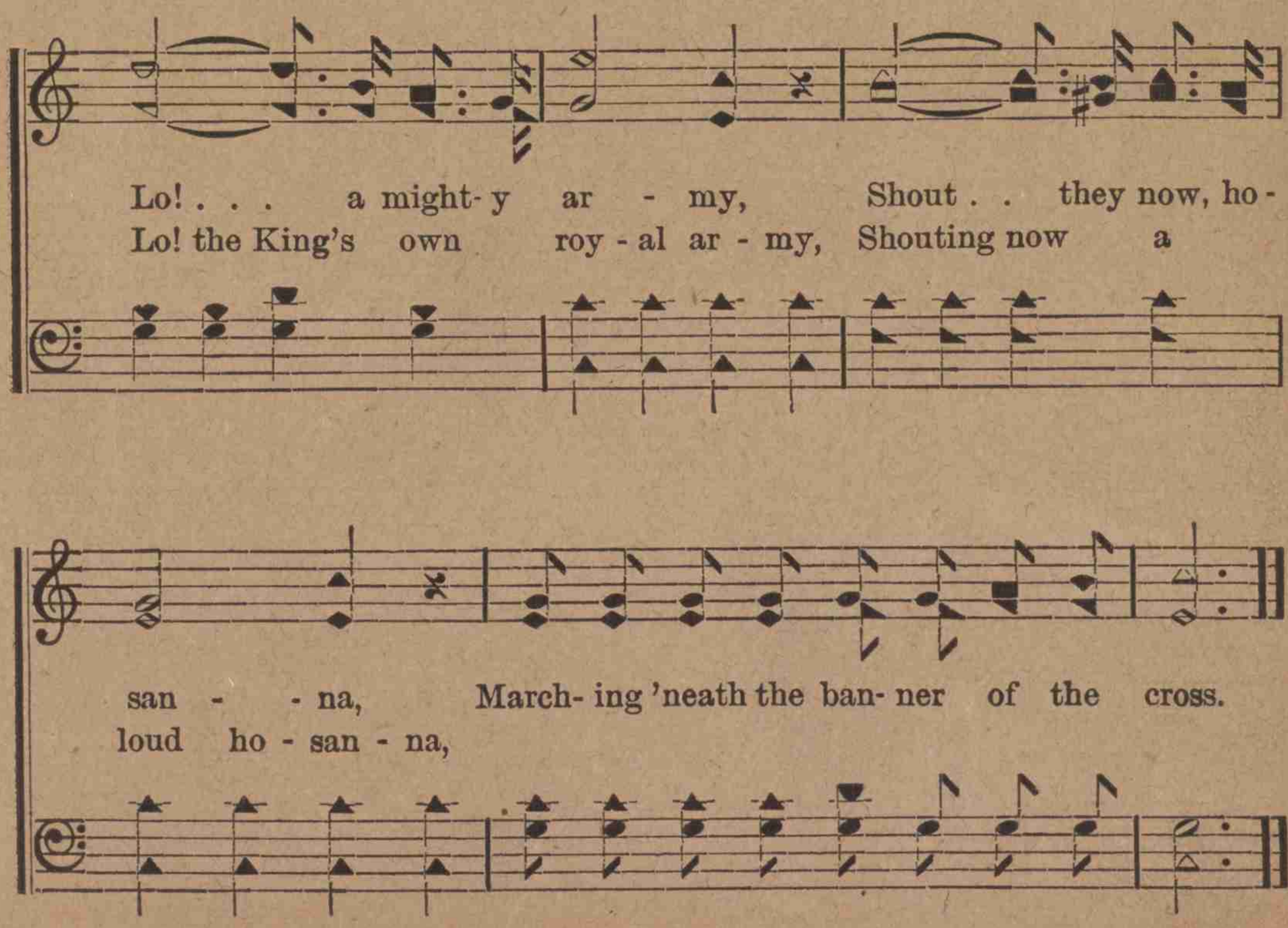
Army of the Lord. Concluded.



CHORUS.





No. 41. Can a Boy Forget His Mother?

Dedicated to my friend Mrs. R. G. CHANDLER, Coldwater, Mich.

Rev. J. H. WEBER. By per.

1. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's pray'r, When he has
2. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's face, Whose heart was
3. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's door, From which he
4. Can a boy for - get that she is dead, Tho' ma - ny

wan - dered, God knows where? It's down the path of death and
kind and filled with grace? Her lov - ing voice it ech - oes
wan - dered years be - fore? With tears and sighs she said, "Good-
years have passed and fled? Those tears, that pray'r, that sweet, "Good-

CHORUS.

shame But mother's pray'rs are heard the same!
sweet: She waits, she longs her boy to meet!
bye, Meet me, my boy, be-yond the sky!"
bye;" She waits to wel- come thee on high!

} Come back, my boy, come

back, I say, And walk, yes, in thy mother's way! Come back, my

boy, come back, I say, And walk, yes, in thy mother's way.

Copyright, 1889, by Rev. J. H. Weber.

No. 42. I'm Now a Child of God.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Oh, praise the Lord, I've been redeemed, I've seen my Sav-iour's smil - ing face, And thro' my thirst- y soul has streamed The
2. Oh, praise the Lord, I've been redeemed, I've heard my Sav-iour's lov - ing voice; That voice like sweet-est mu - sic seemed, It
3. Oh, praise the Lord, I've been redeemed, Oh, how I love to make it known, Up - on my soul has sweet- ly beamed The

riv - ers of his grace. } I've been, ... I've been re -
made my heart re - joice. }
light from heav - en's throne. } I've been re - deemed, I've

CHORUS.

deemed, Been washed in Je - sus' blood;
been re- deemed, Been washed in Je - sus' pre-cious blood;

Oh, praise his name, I've been redeemed, I'm now a child of God.

Copyright, 1895, by Leonard Daugherty.

No. 43. In Newness of Life.

JENNIE WILSON. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Walk - ing with Je - sus in new- ness of life, Trust- ing him
2. Rest for the wea - ry and strength for the weak, In the new
3. New - ness of life brings us prom - is - es sweet, Hopes that ex -
4. Praise be to God for his in - fin - ite love, Praise for his

day by day, Trav - el - ing homeward 'mid sor - row and strife,
life is found; Close to our lov - ing Lord, ho - ly and meek,
tend past time, Hopes that will have the fru - i - tion com-plete
cleansing pow'r, Fit - ting our souls for his pure home a - bove,

CHORUS.

Tread we the nar - row way.
Glad - ness and peace a - bound.
Found in the land sub - lime.
Keep - ing us safe each hour.
} Walk-ing in new-ness of

life how blest! Knowing our sins for - giv'n; Sweet- ly in

Christ's sav- ing love we can rest, Jour- ney- ing home to heav'n.

Copyright, 1893, by E. S. Lorenz. By per.

No. 44. There is a Voice.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There is a voice so sweet and low, Yet heard in ac-cents clear,
2. There is a voice that speaks to-day, In tones so ten- der - ly;
3. 'Tis Je - sus' voice that speaks to you, Oh, list - en and o - bey;

It sound a - bove earth's toil and strife, 'Tis mu - sic to the ear.
It is to you, de-spond- ing ones, Oh, heed its earn- est plea.
He waits to give you peace and rest, To be your strength and stay.

CHORUS.

Oh, come to me, Ye
Oh, come to me, ye wea - ry and op-press'd, Ye

wea - ry and op - press'd, (oppress'd,) Oh, come (oh, come) to

me, ... And I will give you rest.
me, And I will give you rest, sweet rest.

Copyright, 1895, by Leonard Daugherty.

No. 45. The Hollow of God's Hand.

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

1. I am safe, what - ev - er may be- tide me; I am safe, who-
2. What tho' fierce the storm-y blasts roar round me; What tho' sore life's
3. Ev - er - last - ing arms of love en - fold me; Words of peace the

ev - er may de-ride me; I am safe, as long as I con-fide me
tri- als oft confound me; I am safe, for nought of ill can wound me
voice di- vine has told me; I am safe, while God him-self doth hold me

CHORUS.

In the hol-low of God's hand. In the hol-low, hol- low of his
In the hol-low of God's hand.
In the hol-low of his hand. In the hol- low, in the

hand! In the hol-low, hol- low of his hand!
hollow of his hand, In the hol- low in the hollow of his hand,

I am safe, while God himself doth hold me In the hol-low of his hand.

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No. 46. 'Tis the Harvest-Time.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. 'Tis the har- vest-time, 'tis the har- vest-time, To the fields I must a - way; For the Mas - ter now is call - ing me, To go and work to- day.
2. 'Tis the har- vest-time, 'tis the har- vest-time, Oh, who will go a - long? See the fields for har - vest now are white, I hear the reap - er's song.
3. 'Tis the har- vest-time, 'tis the har- vest-time, There is work for all to - day: If you can not be a reap - er, You can bear the sheaves a- way.

CHORUS.

Glean - ing on the hill - side, Glean - ing on the plain, Work - ing for the Mas - ter, 'Mong . . . . . the gold - en grain.
Gleaning on the hill - side, hill-side, Glean-ing on the sun - ny plain, Working, work - ing for the Mas-ter, 'Mong the gold- en grain, 'mong the gold- en grain.

By per. of W. A. Ogden, owner of copyright.

No. 47. Beautiful Thought.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. We shall be like him, oh, beau-ti - ful tho't, Well may our souls in - to
2. Aft - er the conflict in peace to sit down, Aft - er the cross to be
3. Nev - er a - gain shall the throbbing head ache, Nev - er a - gain shall the
4. Nev - er shall sin with the trail of its shame Shadow love's sunlight, nor

rapt - ure be wrought; Aft - er the sor- rows, the woe and the tears,
wreathed with the crown, Aft - er the dust and the soil of the way,
beat- ing heart break, Nev - er the task drop from wea - ry - ing hands,
chill its clear flame; Sav - iour, oft grieved in the house of thy friends,

CHORUS.

We shall be like him when Je - sus ap- pears. Beau - ti - ful
With him and like him for - ev - er to stay.
Nor the feet fail in the brightest of lands.
Ne'er will we wound thee when earth's frail life ends. We shall be like him, oh,

thought, ... Oh, beau - - ti - ful thought, . . .
beau - ti - ful thought, We will be like him, oh, beau - ti - ful tho't,

We shall be like him, oh, beau-ti-ful tho't, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti- ful tho't.

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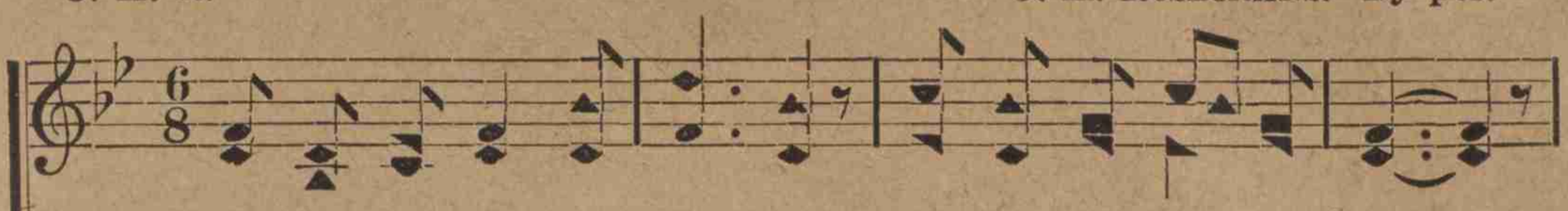
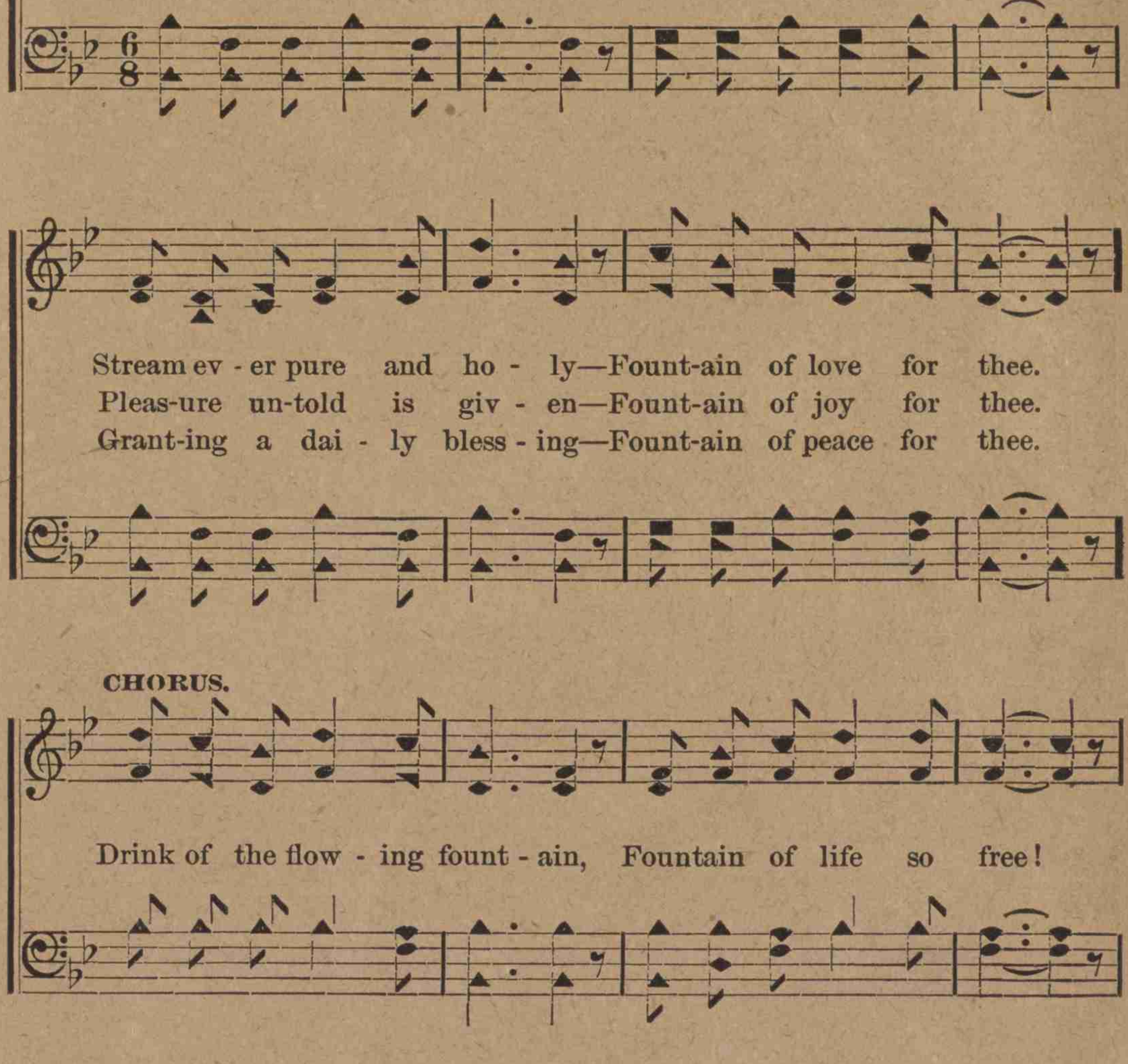
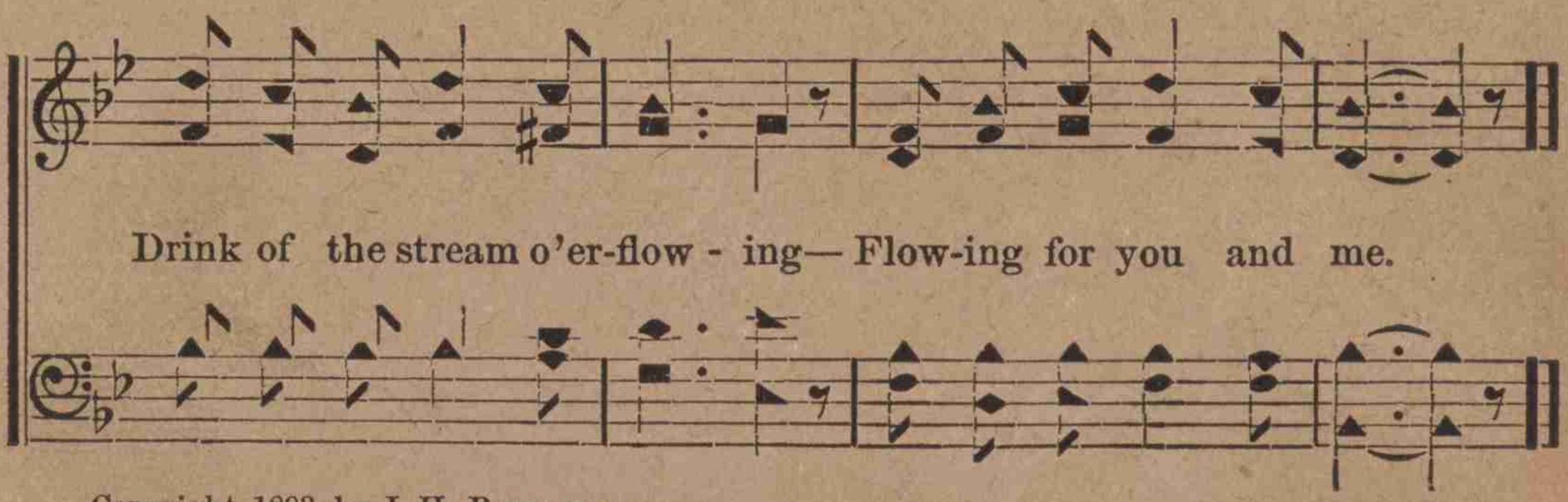
No. 48. The Flowing Fountain.

J. H. R. J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

1. Fount-ain of love is flow- ing, Fountain of love for me;
2. Fount-ain of joy is flow- ing, Fountain of joy for me;
3. Fount-ain of peace is flow- ing, Fountain of peace for me;

Stream ev - er pure and ho - ly—Fount-ain of love for thee.
Pleas-ure un-told is giv - en—Fount-ain of joy for thee.
Grant-ing a dai - ly bless - ing—Fount-ain of peace for thee.

CHORUS.

Drink of the flow - ing fount - ain, Fountain of life so free!

Drink of the stream o'er-flow - ing— Flow-ing for you and me.

Copyright, 1893, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 49. Are You Coming to Jesus?

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. E. HAWES. By per.

1. The voice of the Sav-iour says "Come," The cross where he died is in
2. The voice of the Fa - ther im-plores, From mer- cy's most wonderful
3. The voi - ces of loved ones en- treat; You know in your heart they are
4. The voi - ces of friends gone be-fore, Come float-ing from regions of
5. Oh, who to him-self will be true, Of all whom these voices in -

sight, E'en now at that cross there is room, Are you com-ing to
height, His love in that call he out- pours, Are you com-ing to
right; Then list, for the moments are fleet! Are you com-ing to
light; They ten - der- ly say, o'er and o'er, Are you com-ing to
vite? Who an-swers, my bro- ther, do you? I am com-ing to

CHORUS.

Je - sus to- night? Are you com- ing to Je- sus to-night? (to-night?)

Are you com-ing to Je - sus to-night? (to-night?) The Bride and the

Spir - it in - vite, Are you com-ing to Je - sus to - night?

Copyright, 1889, by J. E. Hawkes.

No. 50. With Constant Endeavor.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. With con - stant en - deav - or for Christ and the Church, Be
2. With con - stant en - deav - or the lost to re-claim, Some
3. With con - stant en - deav - or the sto - ry to tell, Of

ev - er our watchword and song, U - ni - ted in heart and u -
souls for Christ's kingdom to win, To spread the glad mess- age sal -
Je - sus who came from a - bove, The sac - ri - fice made for a

ni - ted in hand, Our ar - my is mov - ing a - long.
va - tion is free, Throughout ev - 'ry strong- hold of sin.
per - ish - ing world, The sto - ry of in - fi - nite love.

CHORUS.

Mov - ing a - long, mov - ing a - long, With

Moving along, moving along, moving along, moving along,

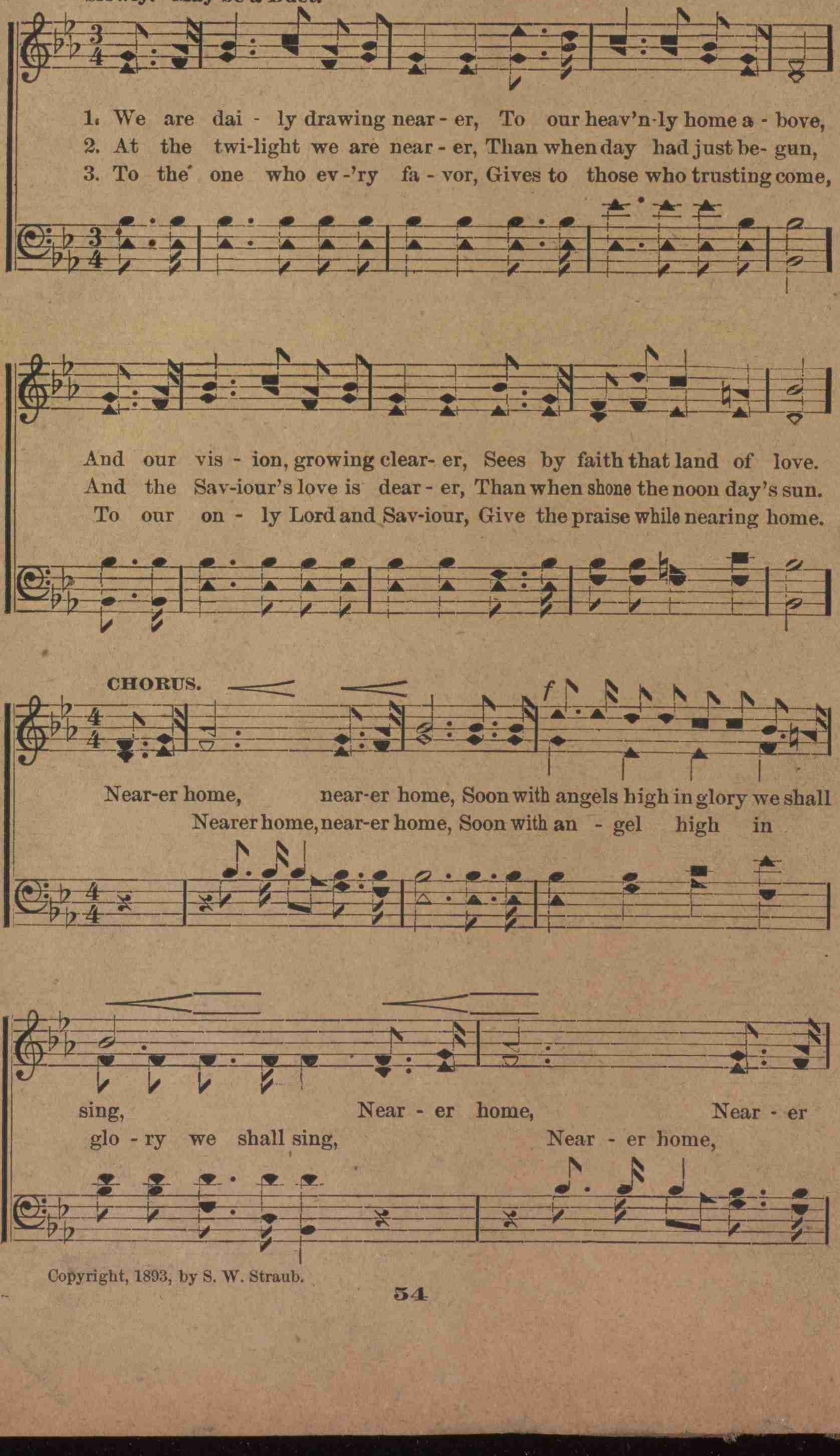
con-stant endeav-or for Christ and the Church Our ar-my is mov-ing a- long.

Copyright, 1895, by Leonard Daugherty.

No. 51. That Land of Love.

L. E. JONES. S. W. STRAUB. By per.

Slowly. May be a Duet.



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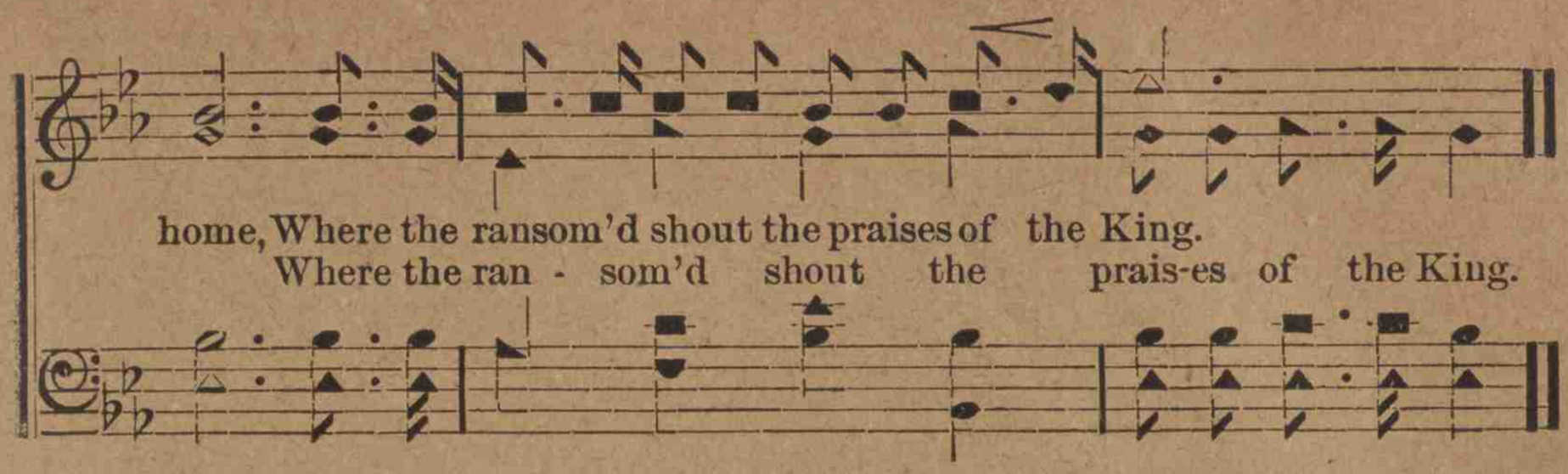
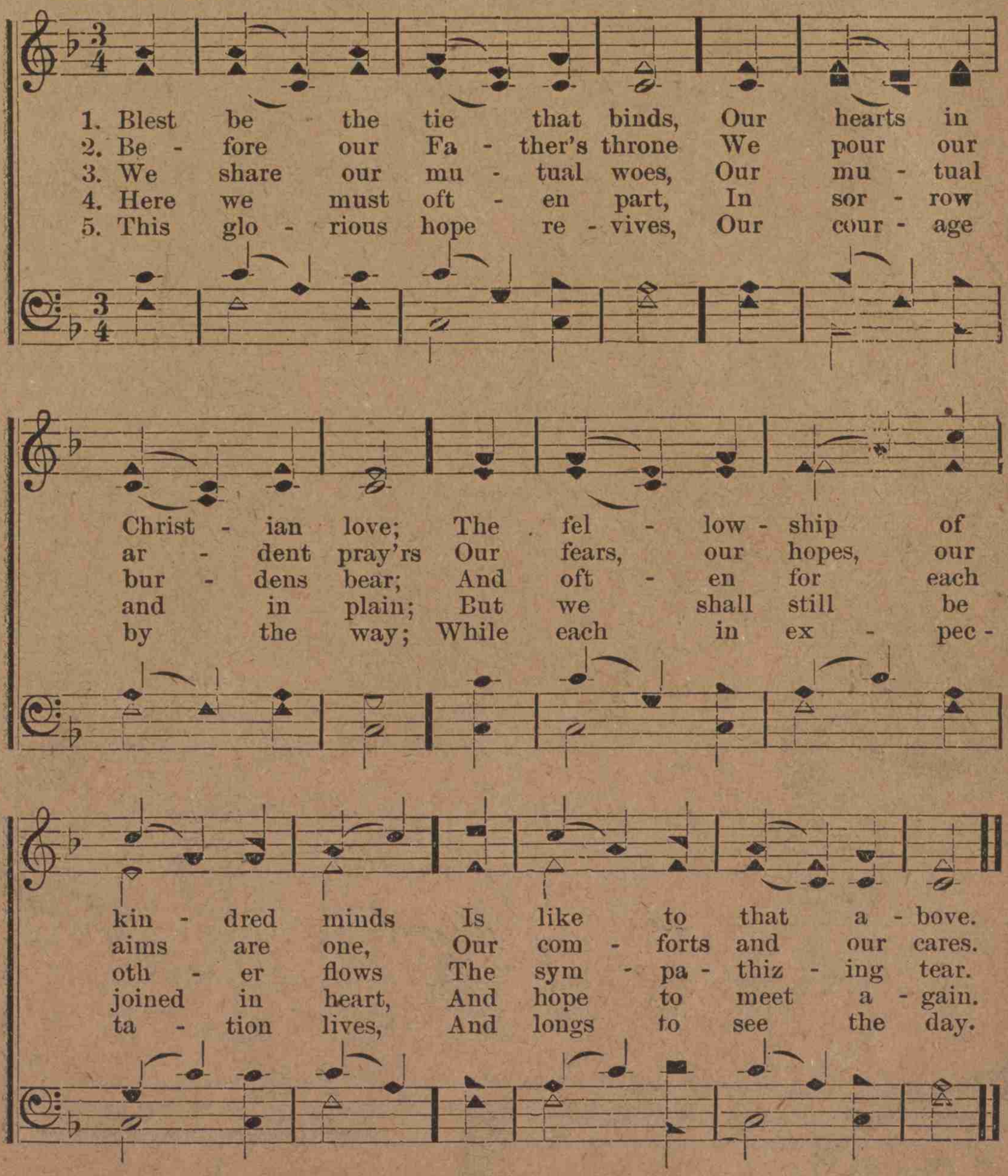
The Land of Love. Concluded.



No. 52. Dennis. S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.

No. 53. Little Reapers.

Rev. J. H. WEBER. By per.

With Spirit.

1. We are lit - tle reap - ers, Toil- ing thro' the day, Lab'ring
2. We are lit - tle reap - ers, In the fields of sin, Striving
3. We are lit - tle reap - ers, In the har- vest field, Truth and

in the har - vest O'er the ston - y way; Glean-ing 'mong the
for the Mas - ter Pre-cious souls to win; Point- ing them to
right the sick - les That we there do wield; And we la - bor

thist - les, Search - ing thro' the rain, Fit - ting for the
Je - sus, To the Lamb of God; Fol - low - ing His
ev - er 'Neath our Fa- ther's eye, Gath - er - ing the

FINE. **CHORUS.**

gar - ner Bright and gold - en grain.
foot - steps In the paths He trod.
bright sheaves For the home on high.

Toil - ing, toil - ing,

D. S. al Fine.

Toil- ing all the day, Toil- ing, toil - ing, in this hap- py way.

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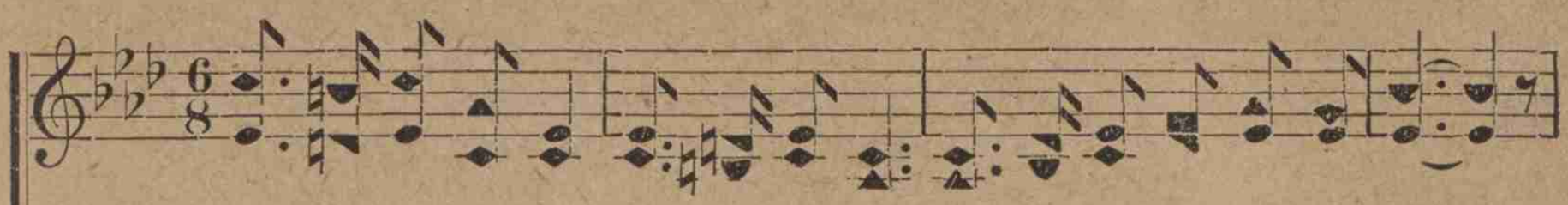
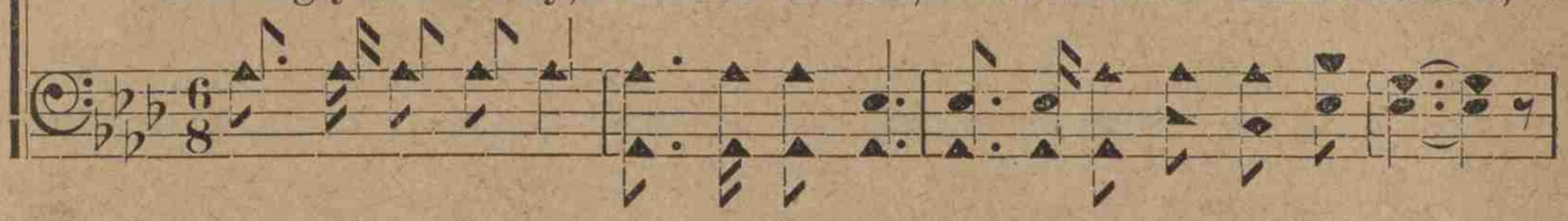
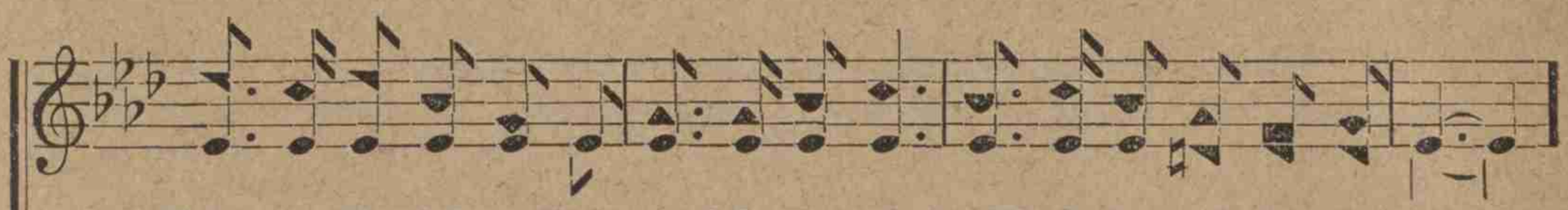
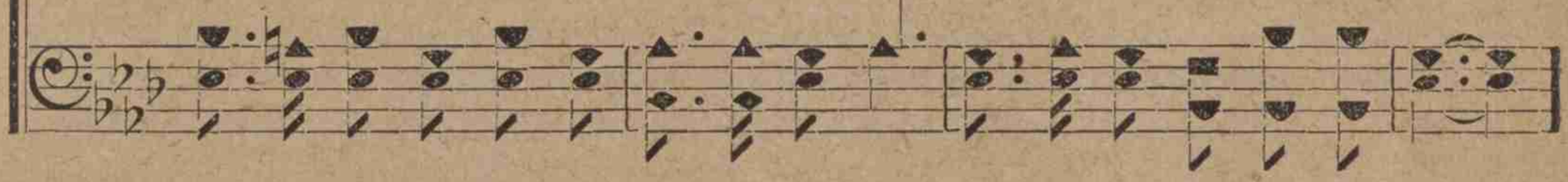
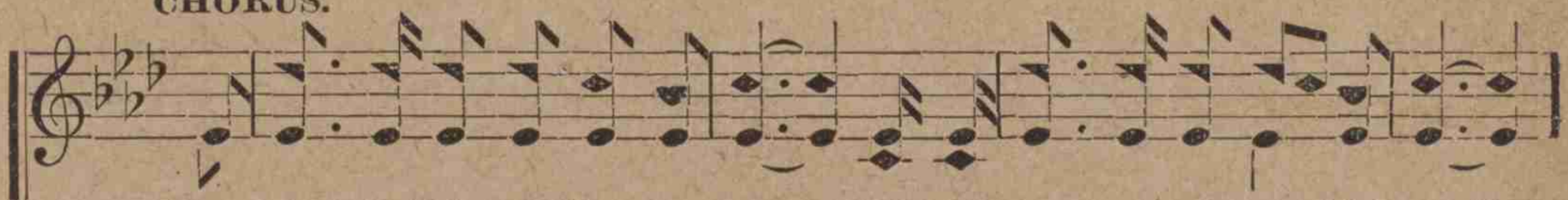
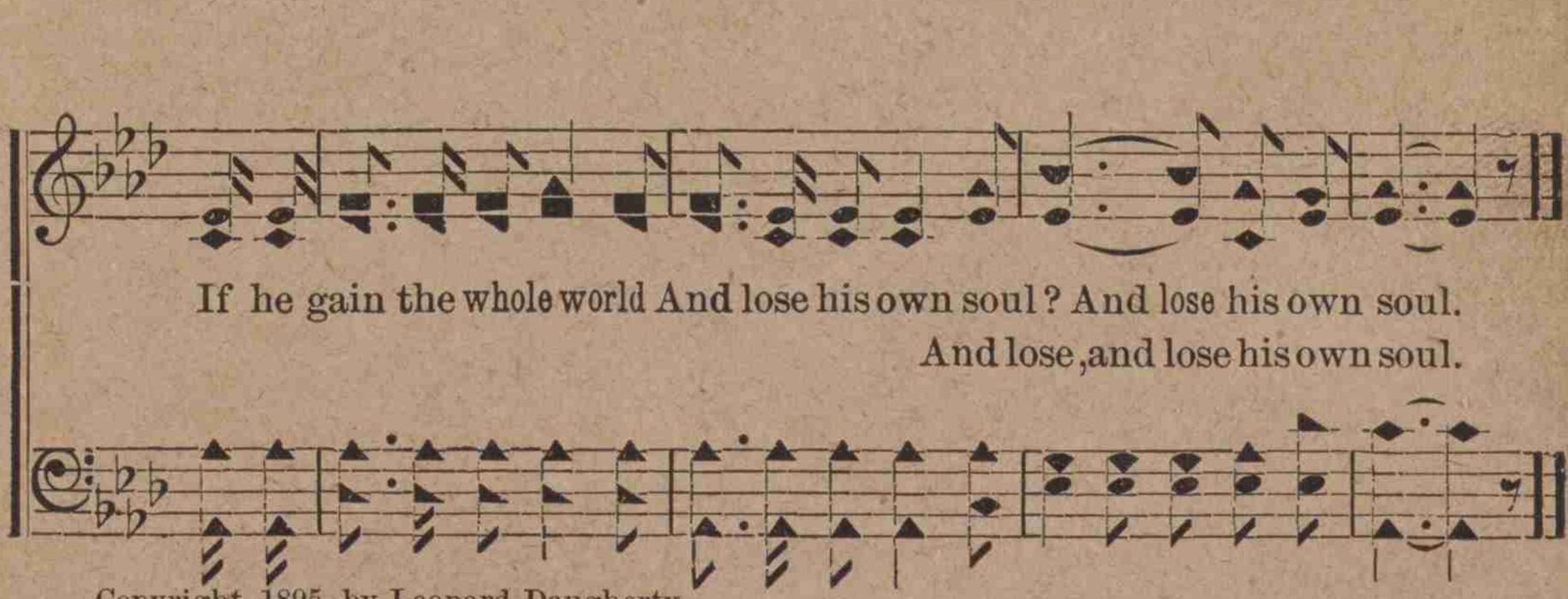
No. 54. For What Shall It Profit.

R. G. P. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Wak-en, O world-ing; list to the voice Ten-der-ly call-ing to you;
2. Earth-ly possessions fly as on wings; Why do you make them your stay?
3. No other friend has been patient so long, None is so a - ble to save,
4. Hungry and thirsty, burdened with sin, Mad with earth's conflicts and strife,—

Make not the rich-es that per- ish your choice, Find the unfailing and true.
God is pro-vid-ing so much better things Not to be tak - en a - way.
Trust not your own strength, but trust in the Strong, He will redeem from the grave.
Je - sus is waiting to wel-come within, Come to the fountain of life.

CHORUS.

For what shall it prof-it a man, While the moments beyond him roll,

If he gain the whole world And lose his own soul? And lose his own soul.
And lose, and lose his own soul.



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No. 55. Shall We be There?

Mrs. L. M. B. Bateman. J. H. Rosecrans. By per.

1. Oh, when that wond'rous day in heav'n shall dawn, In all its glo- ries fair,
2. When ransomed voices in triumphant song, Re- ech - o through the air,
3. When death's cold river we have o-ver-crossed, Be-yond earth's pain and care,

And God, of those whom Christ our Lord hath brought Makes up his jewels rare;
And praise to God fills every heart and tongue, Shall you and I be there?
When loved ones find again their loved and lost, Shall you and I be there?

CHORUS.

Shall we be there? . . . . Shall we be there? When
Shall we be there? Shall we be there?

Christ our Lord shall claim his own? Shall we be there? . . . . .
Shall we be there?

Shall we be there? When God his jewels shall make known?
Shall we be there?

Copyright, 1892, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 56. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless- ed as - sur - ance, Je- sus is mine! Oh, what a fore- taste of
2. Per - fect sub-mis- sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rapt - ure
3. Per - fect sub-mis- sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

glo - ry di- vine! Heir of sal - va- tion, purchased of God, Born of his
burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend- ing, bring from a- bove, Ech- oes of
hap - py and blest; Watching and waiting, look-ing a- bove, Fill'd with his

REFRAIN.

Spir - it, washed in his blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
good- ness, lost in his love.
} This is my sto - ry, this is my

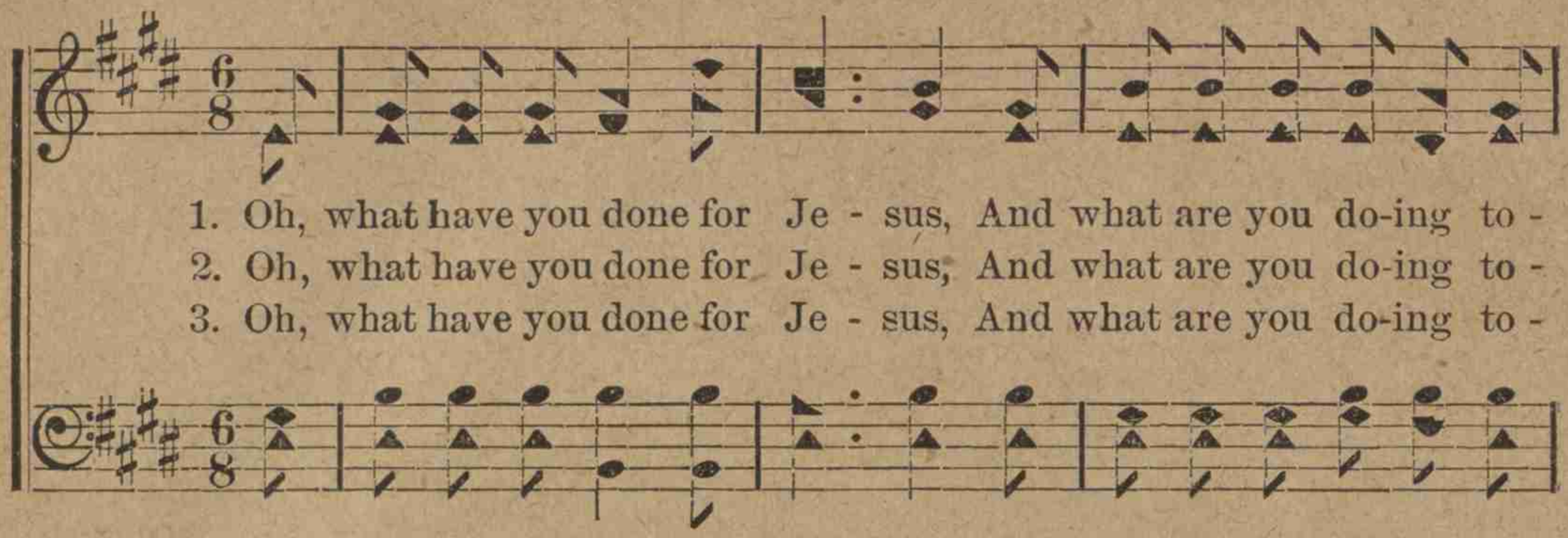
song, Prais-ing my Sav- iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry,

this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

By permission.

No. 57. Go While it is Morning.

L. M. A. LOUISE M. ANDERSON.



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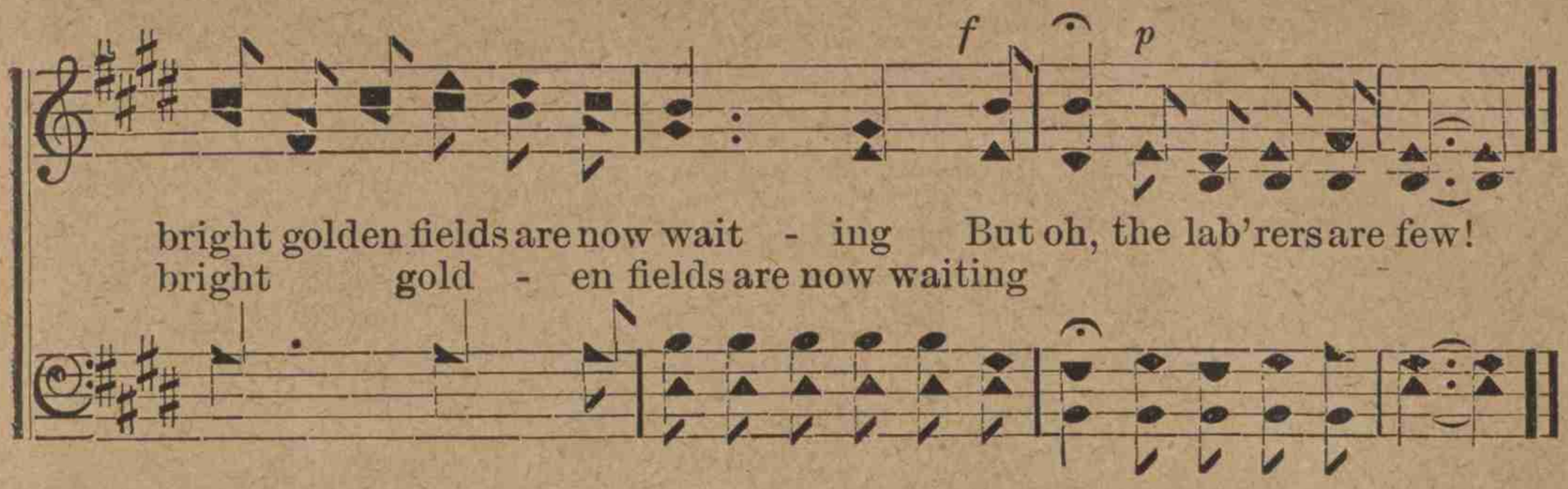
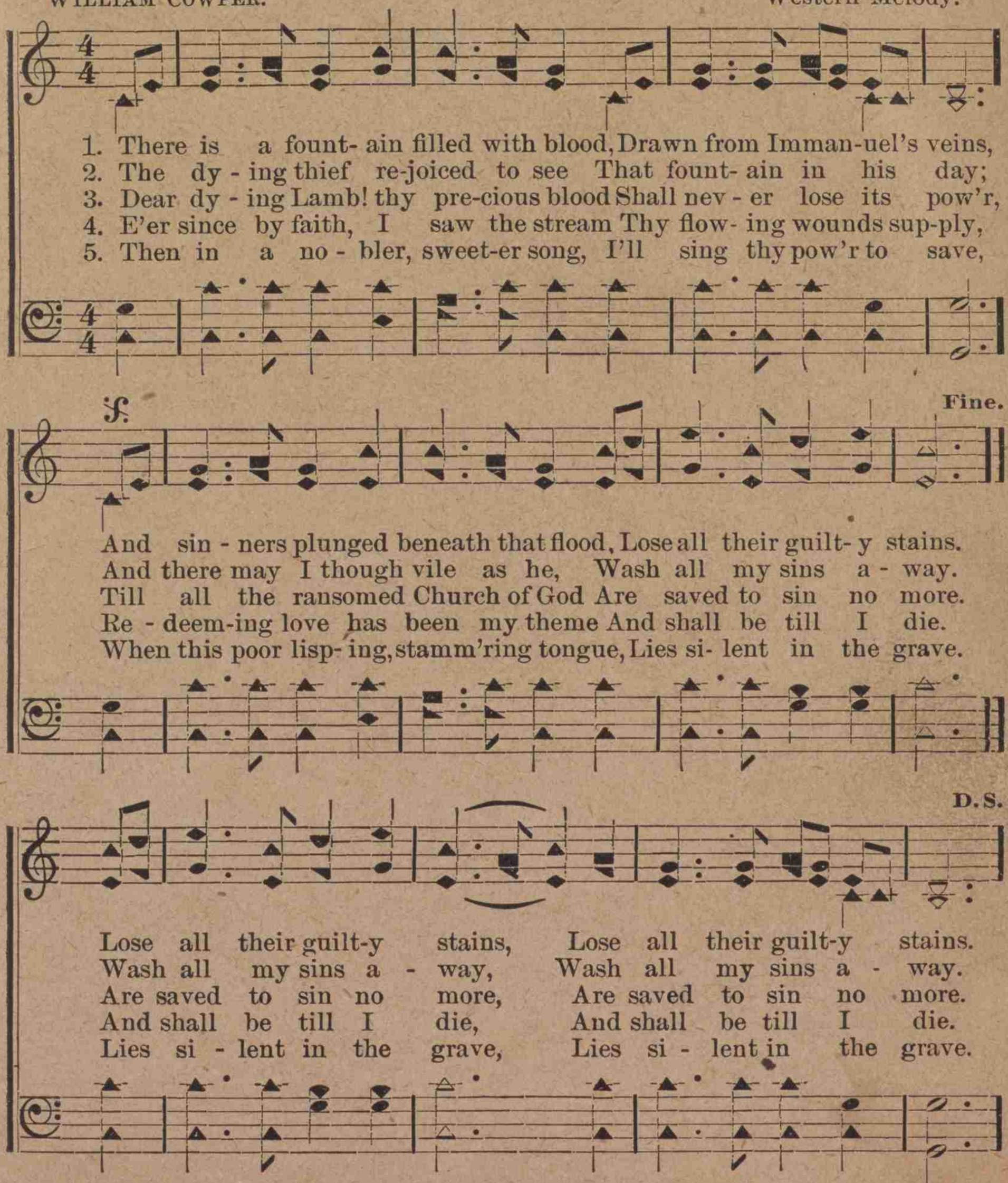
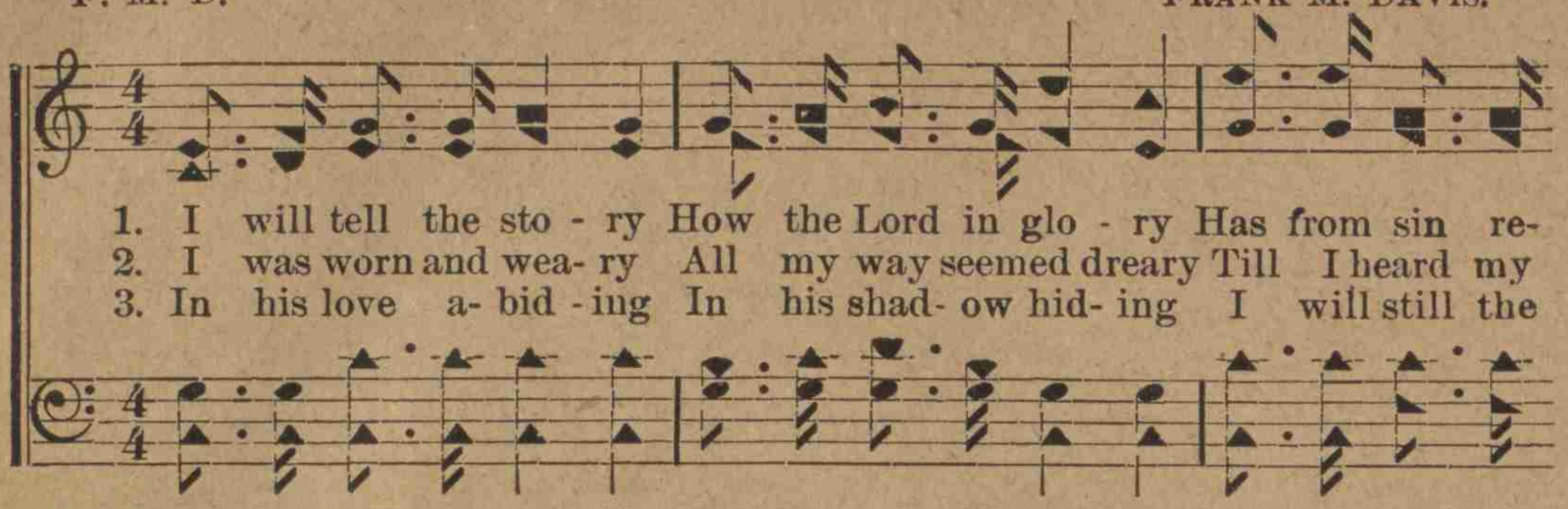
Go While it is Morning. Concluded.

No. 58. Fountain.

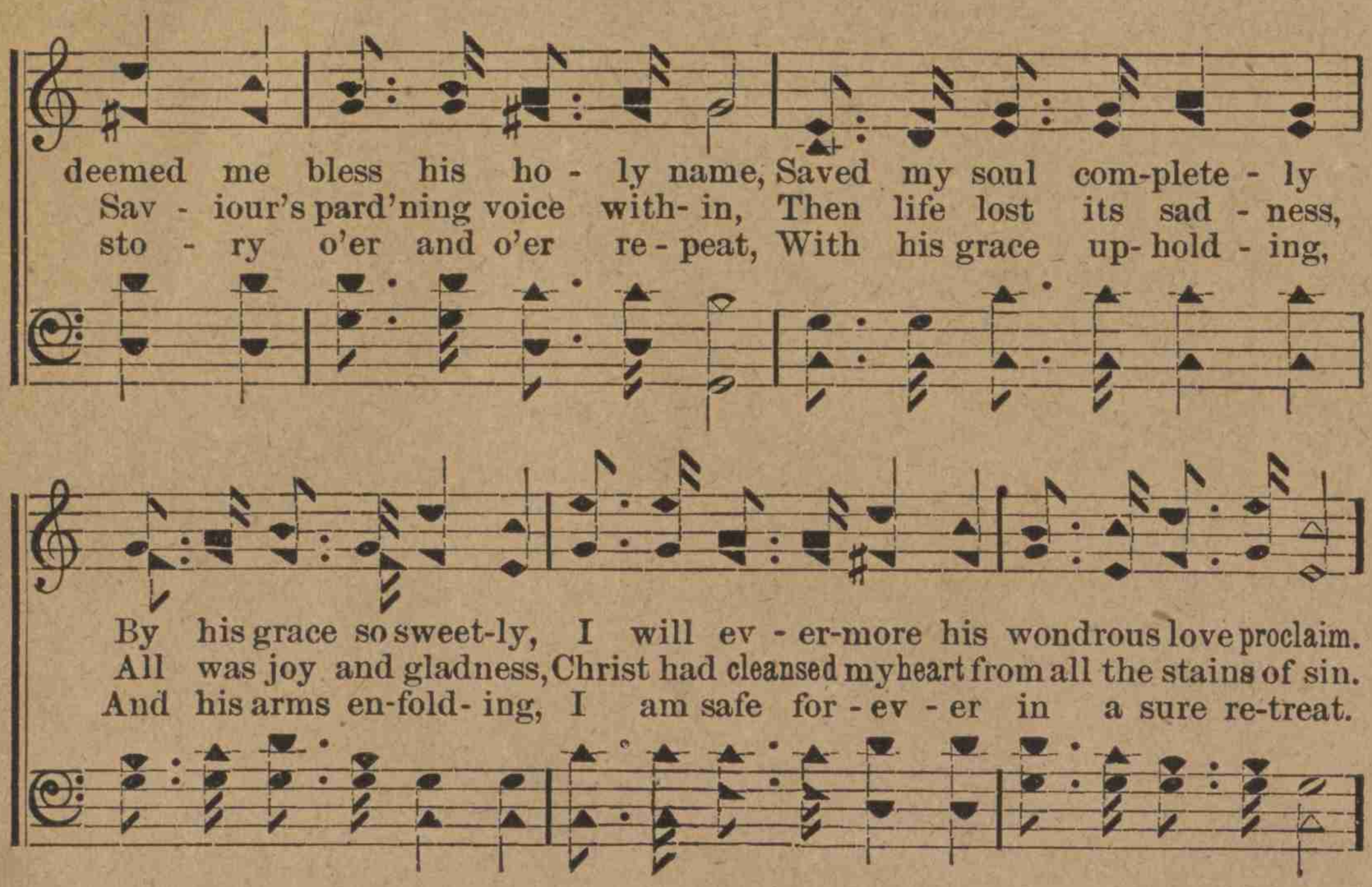
WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.



No. 59. I Will Tell The Story.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.





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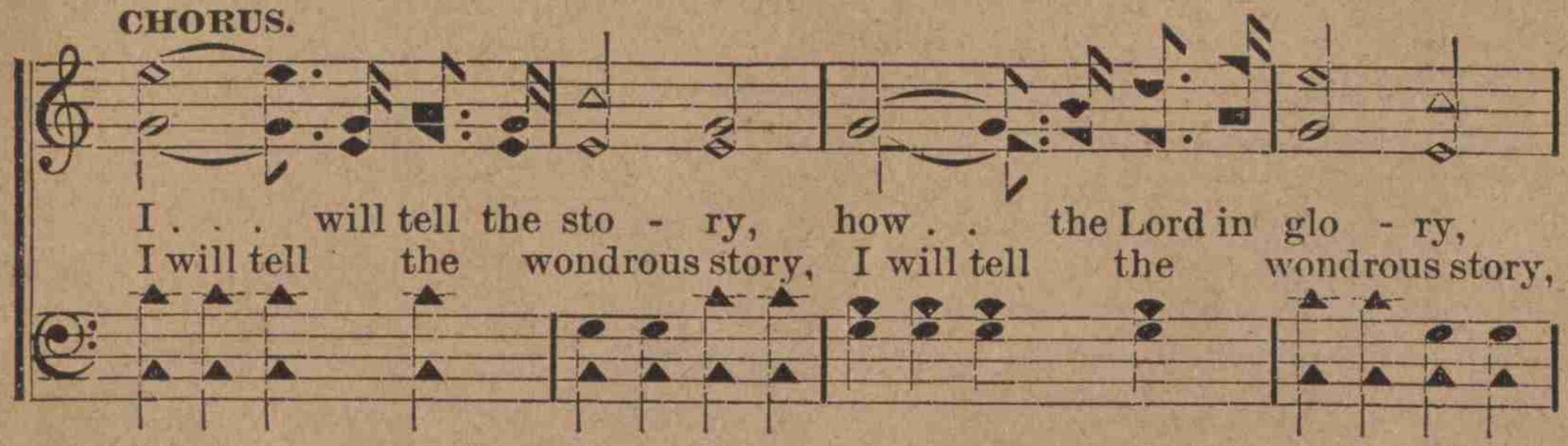
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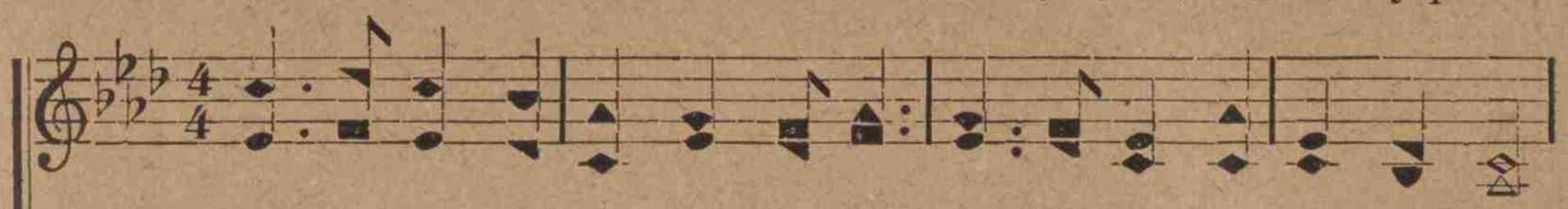
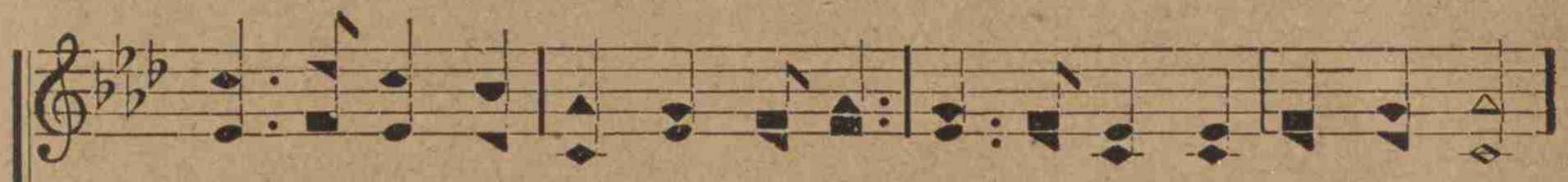
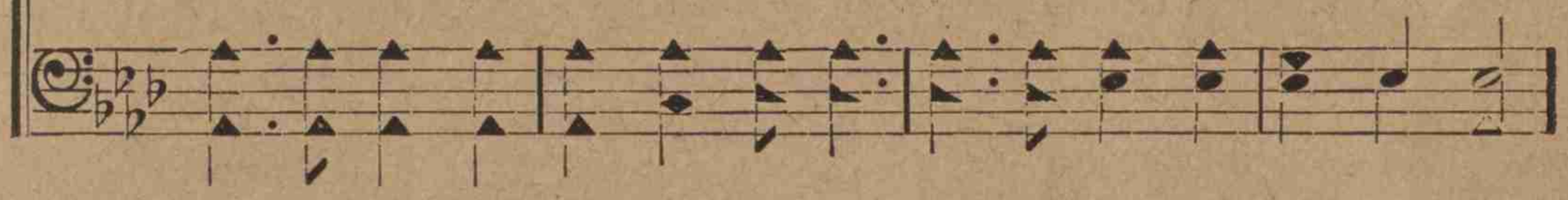
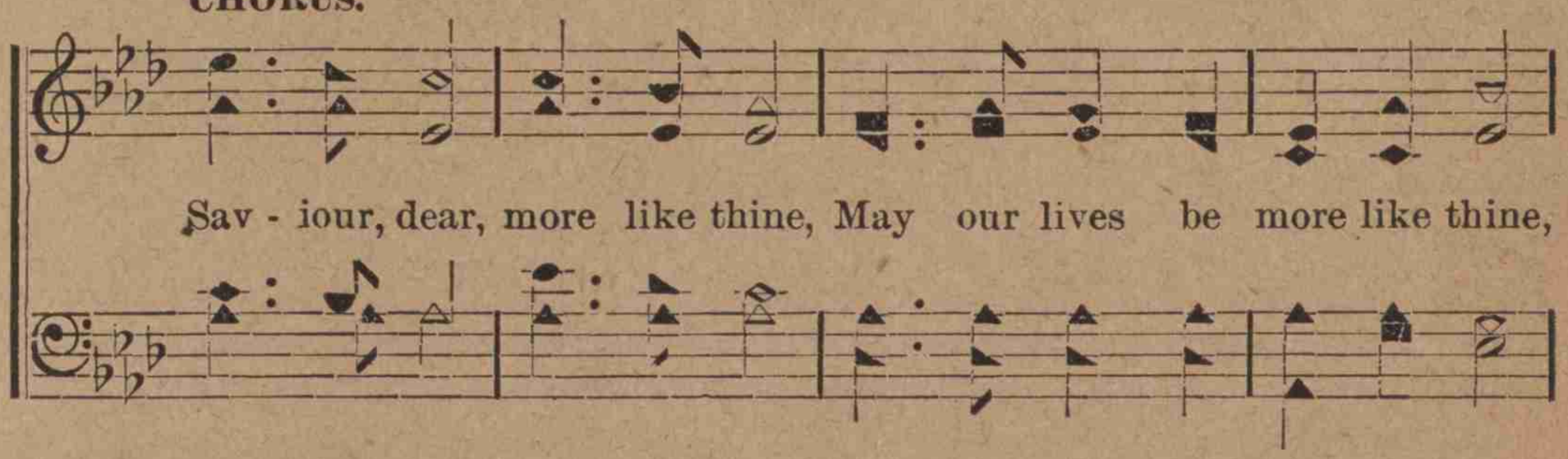
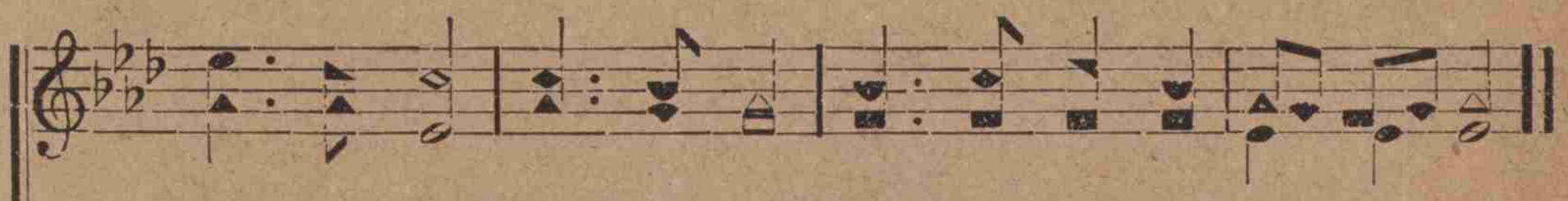
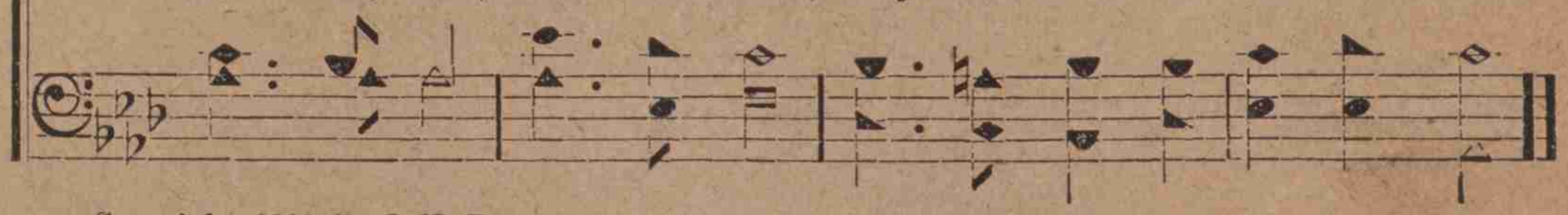
No. 60. More Like Thine.

FANNY DAVISON. J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.

1. Such a lit - tle thing we thought it, Just a word, an i - dle word,
2. Such a tri- fling lit - tle ac-tion, Just a deed, an un-kind deed,
3. Words and deeds are oft im - mor-tal, And the words and deeds un-just,
4. If we seek to be like Je- sus, Love will guard our words and ways;

But 'twas like a pois-oned arrow In the heart of one who heard.
But how great the pain and sor-row Springing from that lit - tle seed.
Still may speed a - long the a- ges When our lips and hands are dust.
Wis - er then will be our liv-ing, Near- er him through endless days.

CHORUS.



Sav - iour, dear, more like thine, May our lives be more like thine,

Sav - iour, dear, more like thine, May our lives be more like thine.

Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 61. Christians Speed Away.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Christians speed a-way to each na - tion, Speed a - way, Speed a -
2. Christians speed a-way tell the sto - ry, Speed a - way, Speed a -
3. Christians speed a-way on love's mission Speed a - way, Speed a -

Speed a-way,

way, Bear the joy - ful news of Sal - va - tion, Speed a -
way, Of the Christ who died and his glo - ry, Speed a -
way, Lighting up the world's dark condi - tion, Speed a -

Speed a-way,

way, Speed a - way, Tell it to the lost Je - sus
way, Speed a - way, How he has for sin Full a -
way, Speed a - way, In his name go forth with the

Speed a-way, Speed a-way,

comes to save, Gained a glorious vic-t'ry o'er death and grave, That his blood re-
tonement made, With his precious blood has the price been paid, How he brings re-
mes - sage sweet, Je-sus saves from sin, oft the words re-peat, Gath-er up the

deems, waft it o'er the wave, Speed a- way, Speed a - way.
lief to the lost dismayed, Speed a- way, Speed a - way.
jew-el's with tire-less feet, Speed a- way, Speed a - way.

Speed a-way, Speed a-way,

Copyright, 1895, by Leonard Daugherty.

No. 62. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. What a fel- low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -

last - ing Arms; What a bless- ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing Arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing Arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

CHORUS.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and secure from all a- larms; Lean - ing,
leaning on Je-sus, Leaning on Je-sus,

lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms.
lean - ing on Je - sus,

By permission.

No. 63. Enter The Pearly Gates.

M. B. S. M. B. SIMON.

Moderato.

1. Hark to the words that once were spo - ken, Of a grand cit - y
2. Turn from the gates that stand wide o - pen, Lead-ing from streets so
3. Christ hath pre-pared the way so clear - ly, Free - ly for all, both

built a- bove, And of its streets all shin- ing brill-iant-ly with gold.
great and broad, Through which the many care-less- ly do en - ter in.
great and small, Then do not tar - ry long - er to ac-cept his love;

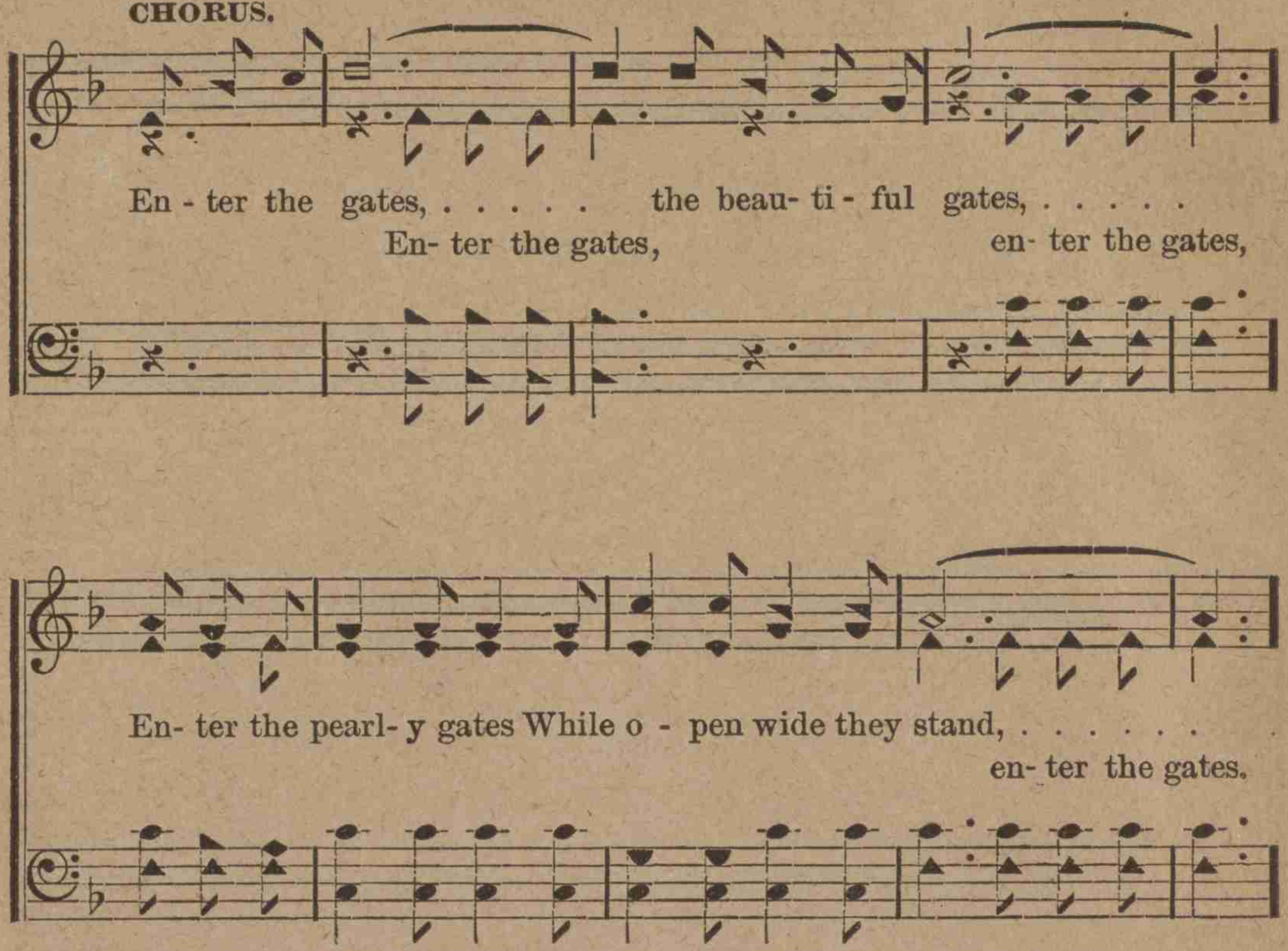
Strait is the gate by which they en - ter, Nar - row the
Oft they've been told to roam no long - er Where there are
Grace he will give you in the jour - ney, Ten - der - ly

way by which they go, And but a few that safe - ly reach the fold.
dan-gers great un-seen, Yet they will reap the hard wa-ges of sin.
watch so you'll not fail, Giv-ing you hope and peace and joy and love.

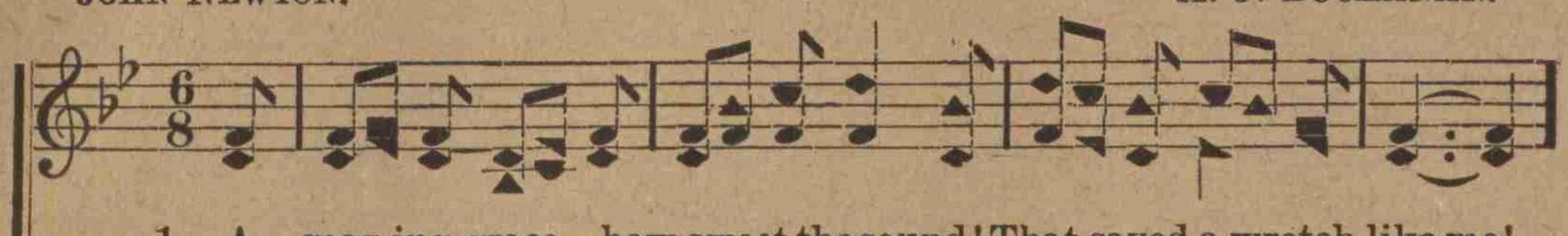
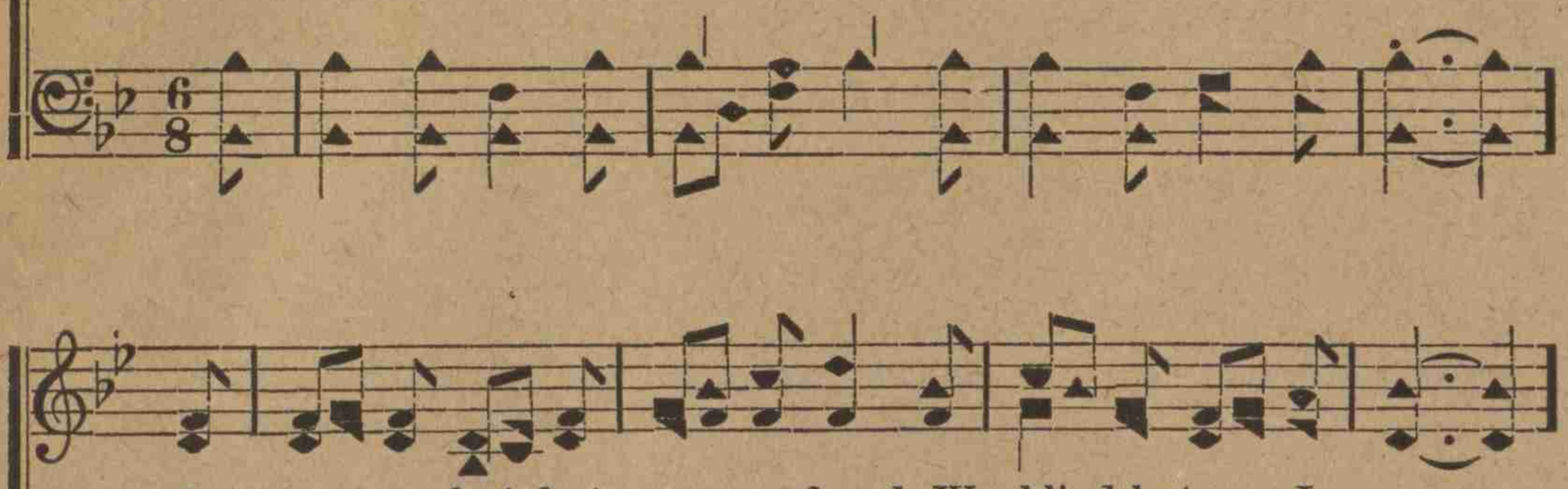
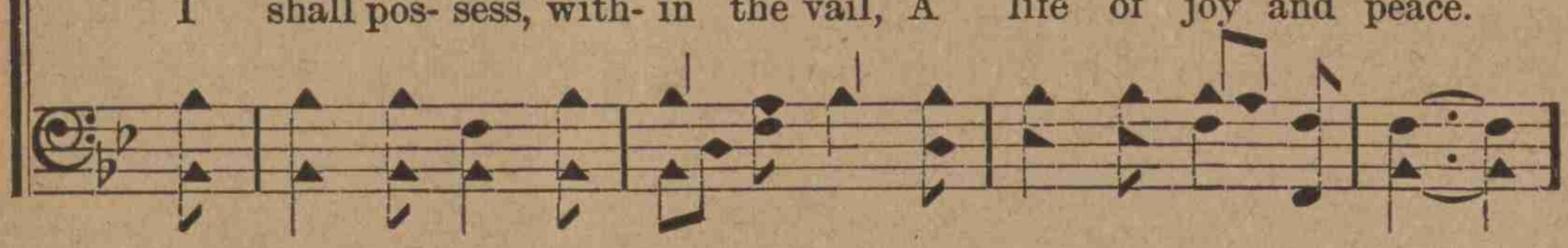
Copyright, 1893, by E. S. Lorenz.

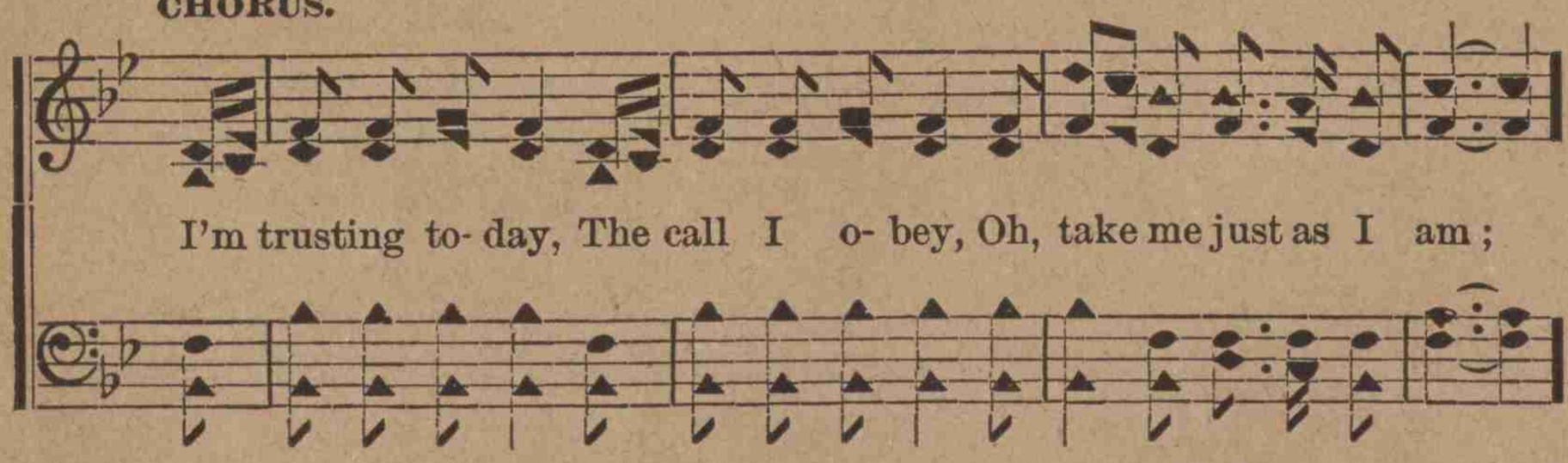
Enter The Pearly Gates. Concluded.

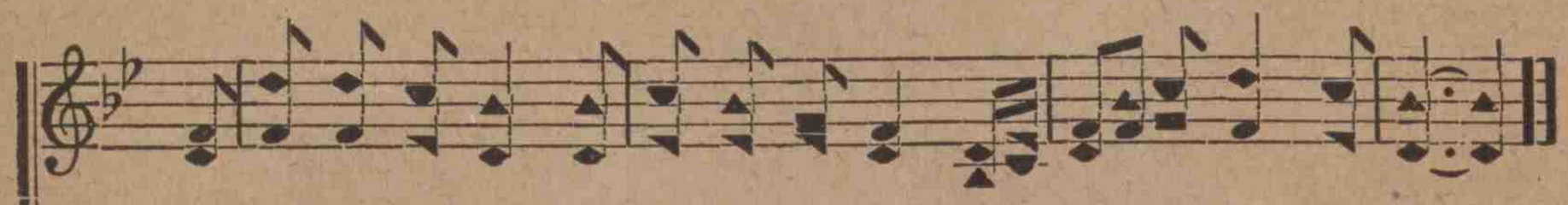
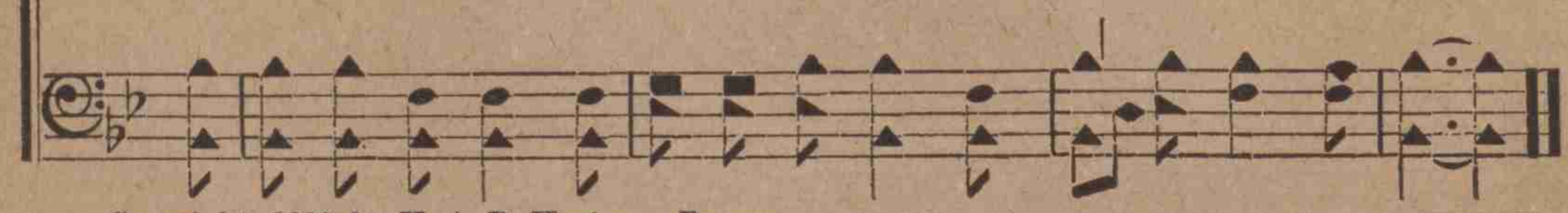
CHORUS.



No. 64. Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON. A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. A - maz-ing grace—how sweet the sound! That saved a wretch like me!
2. Thro' ma- ny dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read- y come;
3. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
4. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace has led me home.
He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en - dures.
I shall pos- sess, with- in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

CHORUS.



I'm trusting to- day, The call I o- bey, Oh, take me just as I am;

I'm trusting the word, I'm washed in the blood, The blood of Calvary's Lamb!

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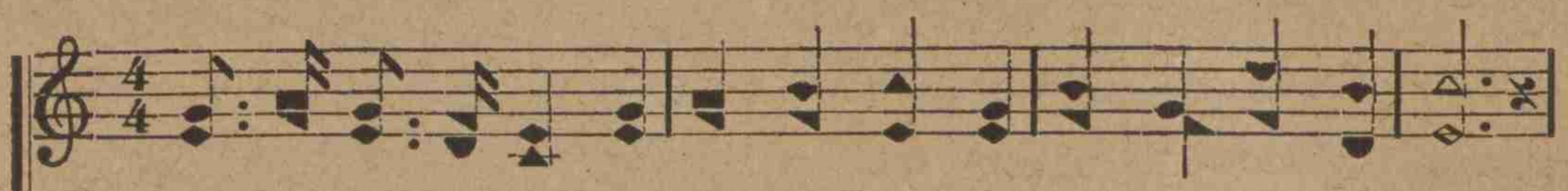
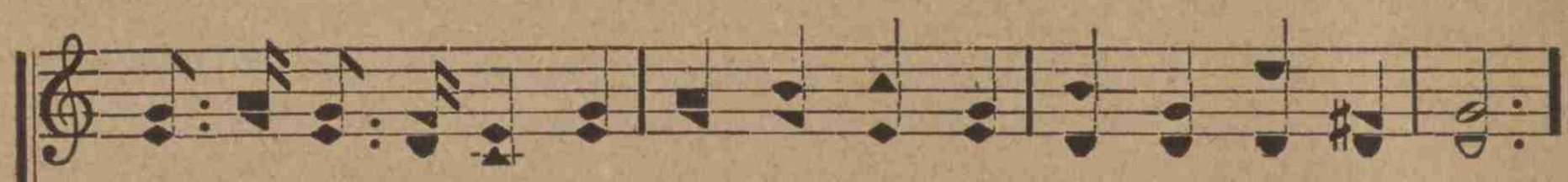
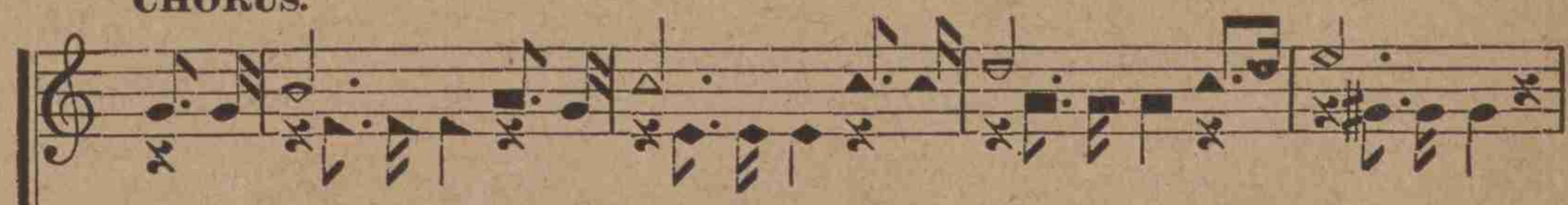
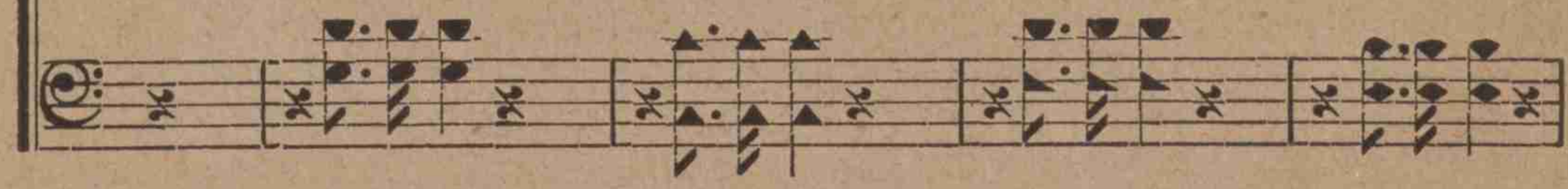
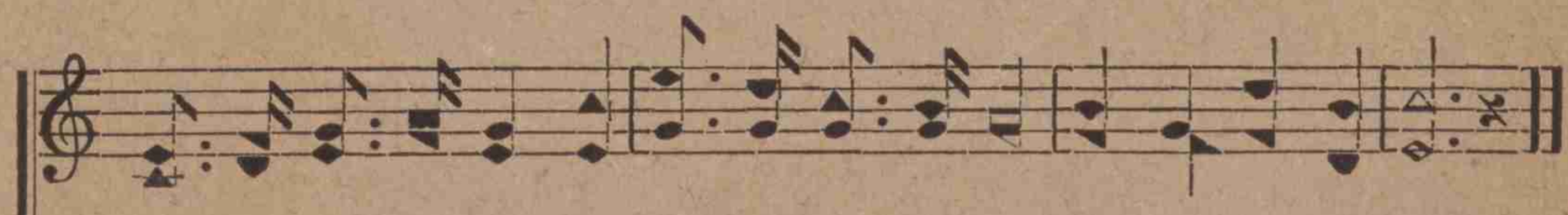
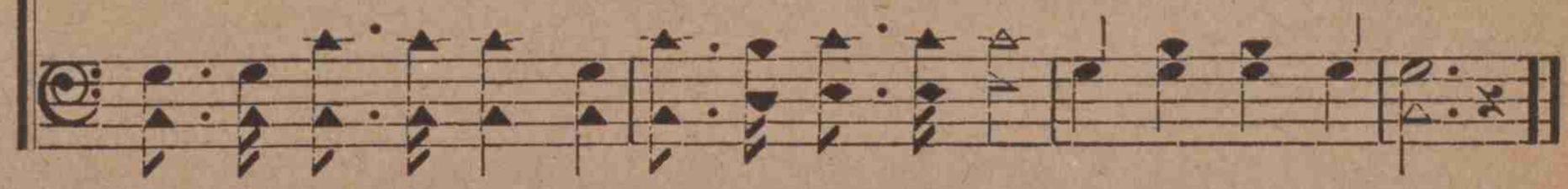
No. 65. We Are Earnest Toilers.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We are earn- est toil - ers in life's har- vest, Toil-ing for the Lord,
2. We are earn- est toil - ers sow - ing, reap- ing, Working while 'tis light,
3. We are earn- est toil - ers for the Mas - ter, In our ear - ly youth,

We are ev - er striv - ing for our Mas - ter, Guid - ed by His word.
Bringing in for Je - sus, sheaves all gold - en For His gar - ner bright.
Striv-ing to bring souls to Christ our Sav- iour Sow- ing seeds of truth.

CHORUS.

Toiling on, toil-ing on, We are toil - ing on,
Toiling on, toiling on, toiling on, toiling on,

We are earn- est toil - ers, toil- ing for the Lord, Guid-ed by His word.

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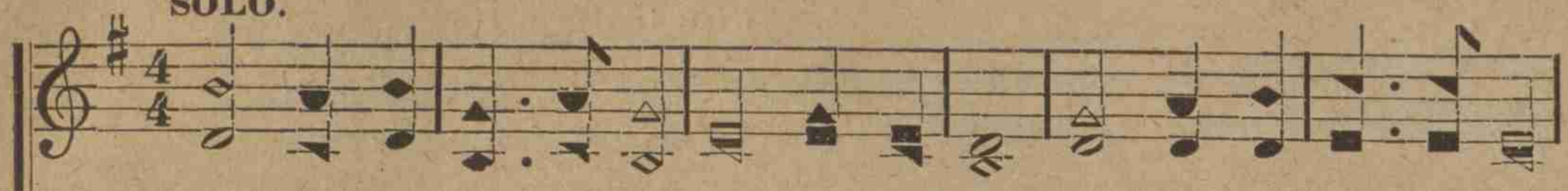
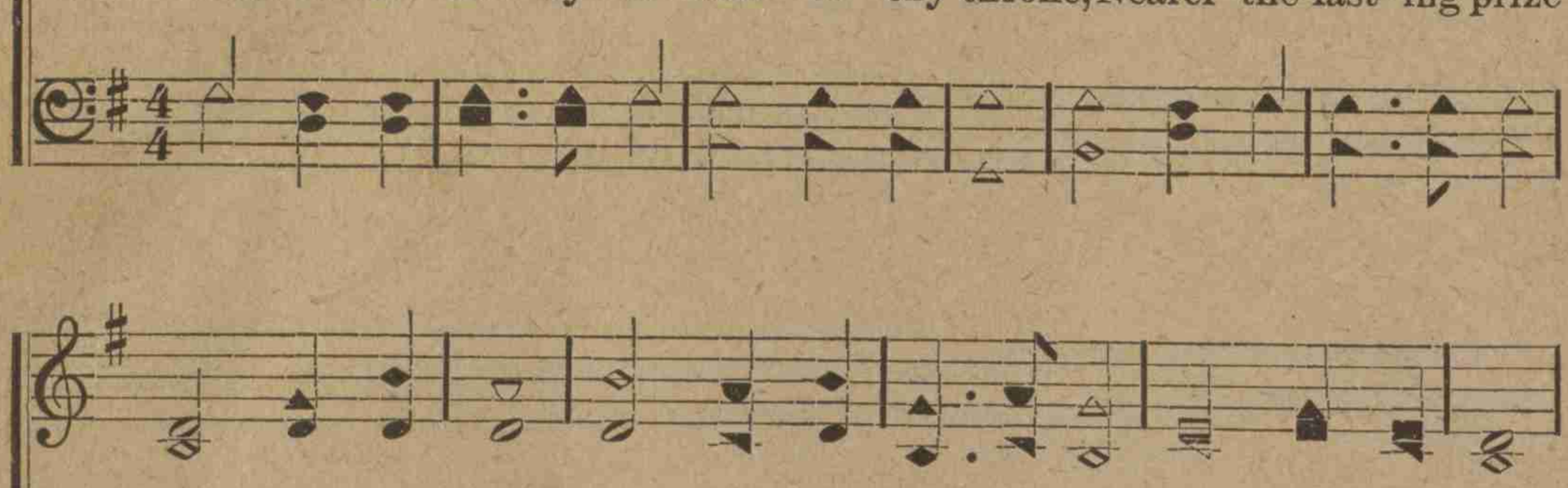
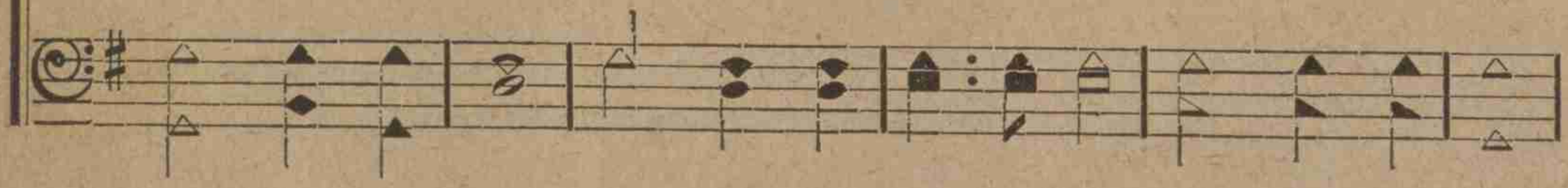
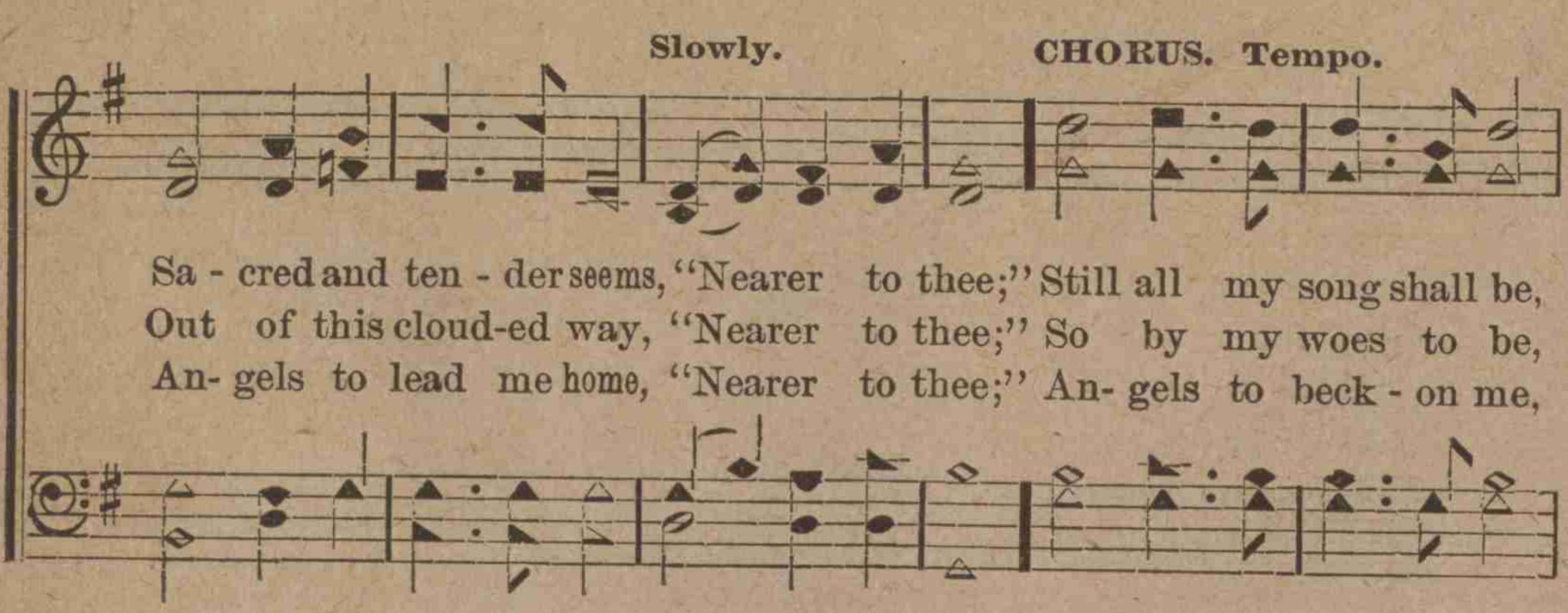
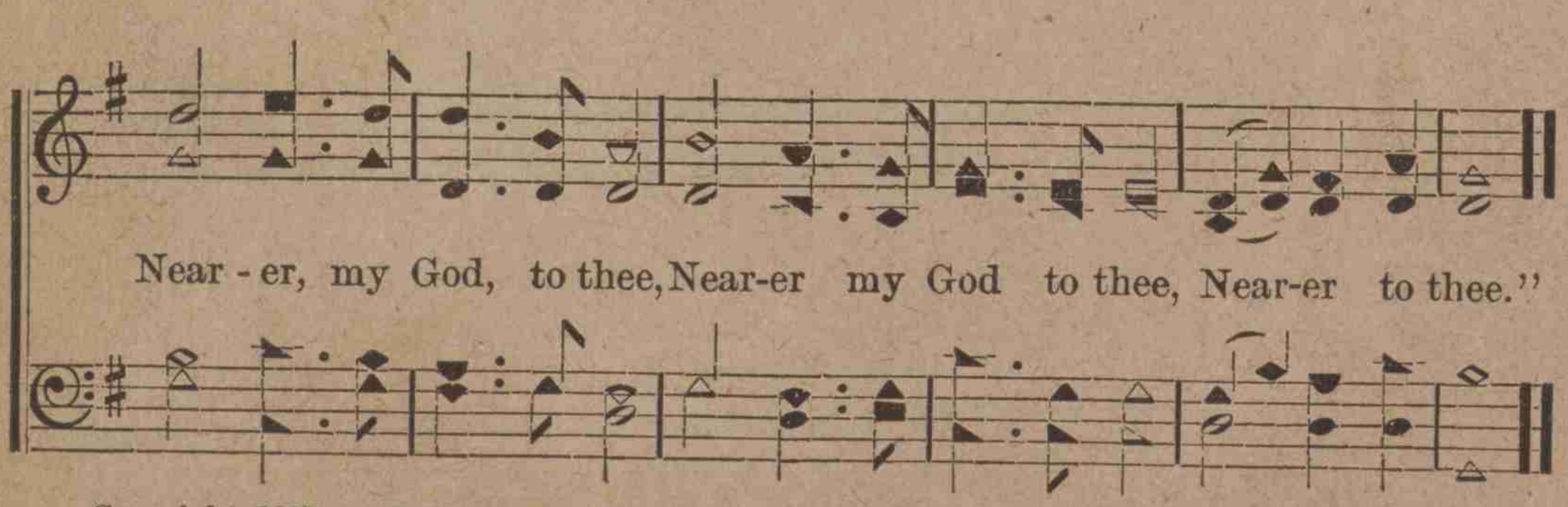
No. 66. Nearer To Thee.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

SOLO.

1. Back from the Long A- go, Dis- tant and dim, Breathing a warn- ing low,
2. Oft in an hour of bliss Comes the re-frain, Bid- ding me find in this,
3. Thus let me dai - ly rise Near - er thy throne, Nearer the last- ing prize

Comes a sweet hymn; Fraught with my childhood dreams, Is it for me;
Heav - en - ly gain, E'en in my griefs I say; Fa - ther I flee
Kept for thine own; E'en when Death's heralds come, Lord, may they be

Slowly. CHORUS. Tempo.

Sa - cred and ten - der seems, "Nearer to thee;" Still all my song shall be,
Out of this cloud-ed way, "Nearer to thee;" So by my woes to be,
An- gels to lead me home, "Nearer to thee;" An- gels to beck - on me,



Near - er, my God, to thee, Near-er my God to thee, Near-er to thee."

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No. 67. For You And For Me.

W. L. T. WILLIAM L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call- ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead- ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo-ments are pass - ing, Pass- ing from you and from me;
4. O for the won - der - ful love he has prom-ised, Promised for you and for me,

See on the por-tals he's waiting and watching,
Why should we lin-ger and heed not his mercies,
Shad-ows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming,
Tho' we have sinned he has mer-cy and par-don,

CHORUS.

Watch-ing for you and for me.
Mer - cies for you and for me.
Com- ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.

Come home, come home, . .
Come home, come home,

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

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

By permission of William L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, Ohio, and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

No. 68. Lend a Hand.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lo, the ma - ny fields are white, Christian broth - er, While the
2. Would you gath - er fin - est wheat, Christian broth - er, For the
3. Though with weeping you go forth, Christian broth - er, With re -

la - bor-ers are few in the land, Look a-broad on hill and plain, See the
storehouse of our King and our Lord, Go and search among the leaves, For the
joic- ing you shall come in that day, With the sheaves you've gathered in, From the

long ne-glec - ted grain, If you precious sheaves would gain, lend a hand.
hid- den gold - en sheaves, Such our gra-cious Lord receives, say the word.
ma - ny fields of sin, Claim the crown the faithful win, bless - ed day.

CHORUS.

Up and a - way, ... up and a - way, ... up and a -
While 'tis day, while you may,

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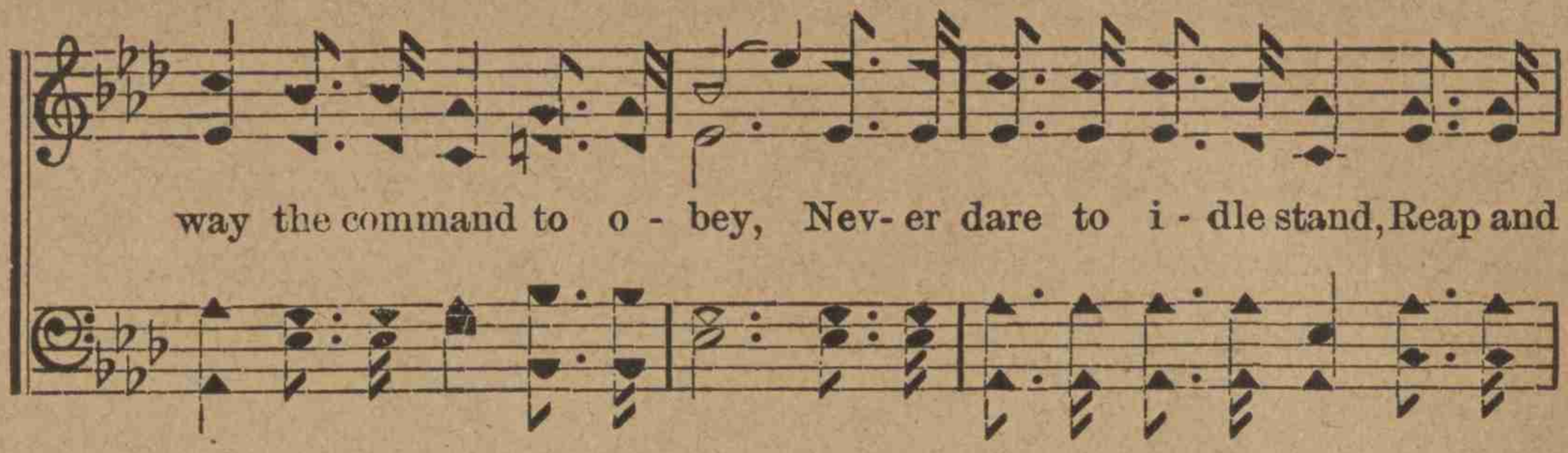
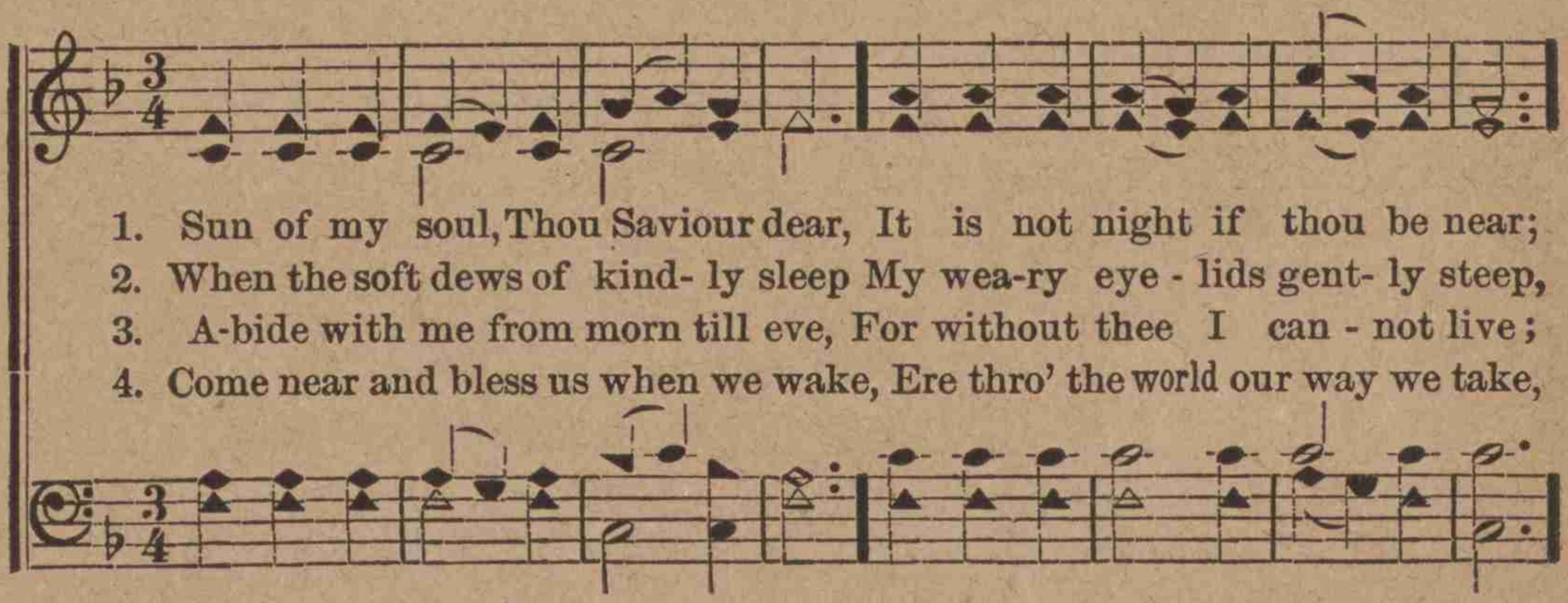
Lend a Hand. Concluded.

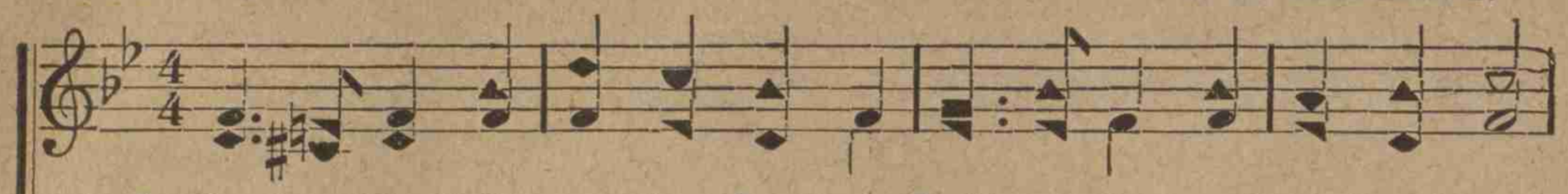
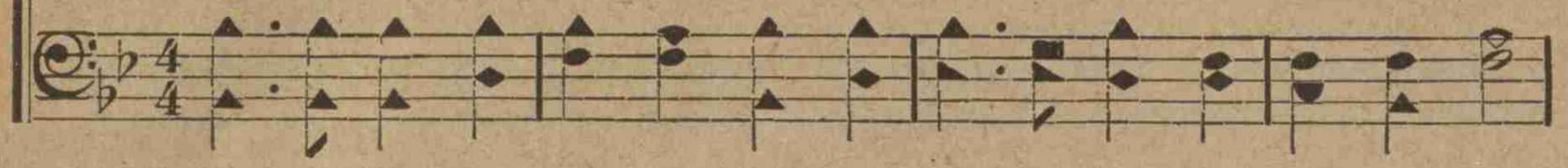
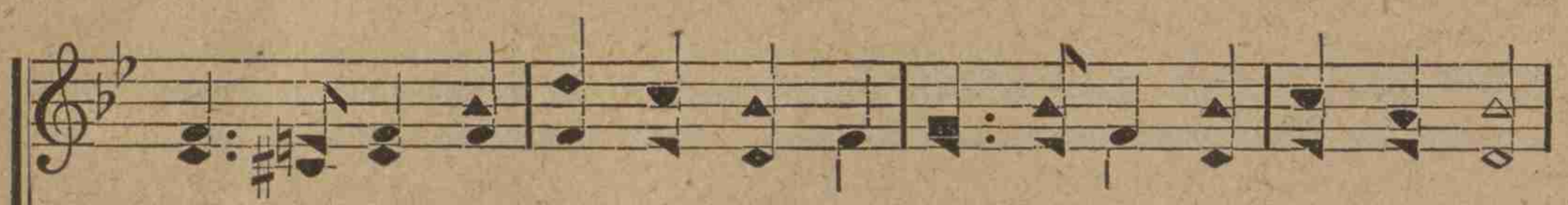
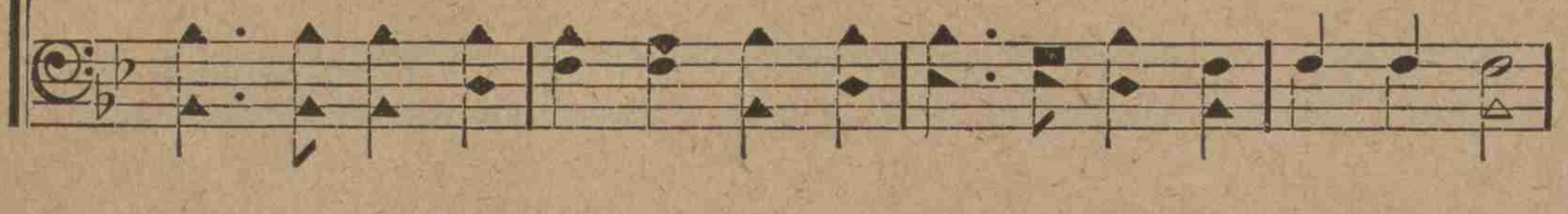
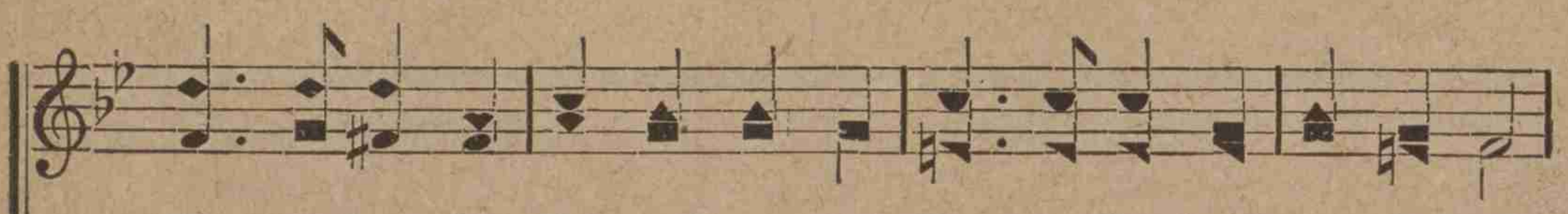
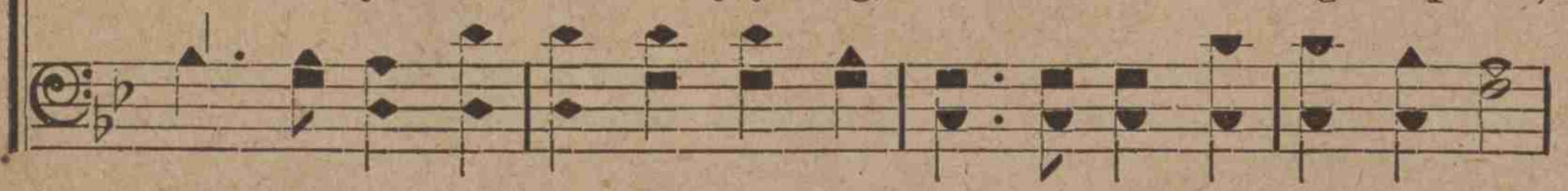
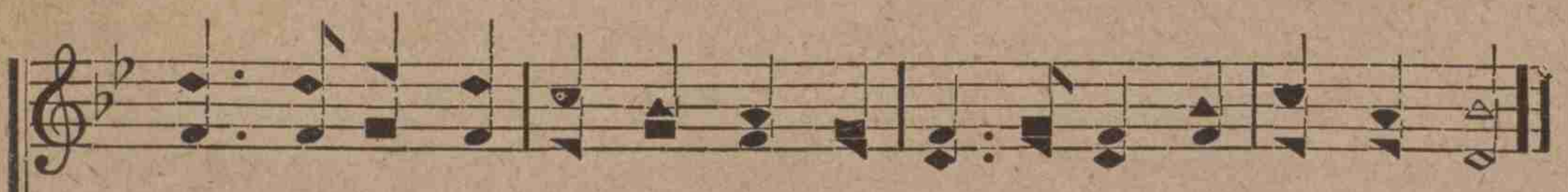
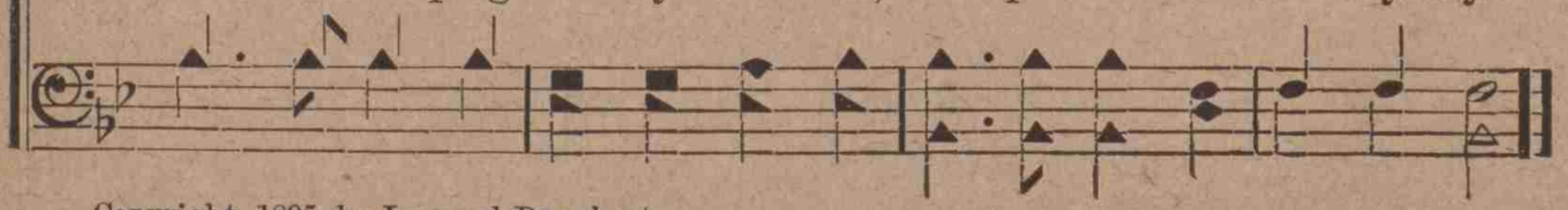


No. 69. Sun of My Soul.

J. KEBLE. RITTER.



No. 70. Precious Blood of Christ.

H. DAVIS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Precious blood! for me 'tis flow-ing, Full and free a cleansing stream;
2. Precious blood! by it sal - va-tion Ev - 'ry sin of life for-giv'n;
3. Precious blood! by it comes par- don From the pow'r and strength of sin;
4. Precious blood! of Christ my Sav-iour, Oh, how pre-cious to my soul!

Joy - ful peace I have in know- ing That it makes and keeps me clean.
By its vir - tue full re-demp-tion, Mak- ing life and earth a heav'n!
From my heart all stains re- mov- ing. Ev - 'ry day I'm pure with- in.
Depth of love, that by God's fav - or I am ev - 'ry whit made whole!

For it flows from Calvary's mountain, From my Sav-iour's wounded side,
Joy and peace my soul now fill- ing, Gos - pel meas- ure run- ning o'er,
Ef - fi - ca - tious in its heal- ing, Ev - er fresh its pow'r I know,
Pu - ri - ty of heart en- joy - ing, I will ev - er sing its praise,

And I've plunged beneath that fountain, In the pre-cious cleansing tide.
Ev - 'ry pulse with-in me thrill- ing, Con-dem-na - tion mine no more.
Ev - 'ry mo-ment re - a - liz - ing, That it wash - es white as snow.
And while keeping near my Sav- iour, Shall possess it all my days.

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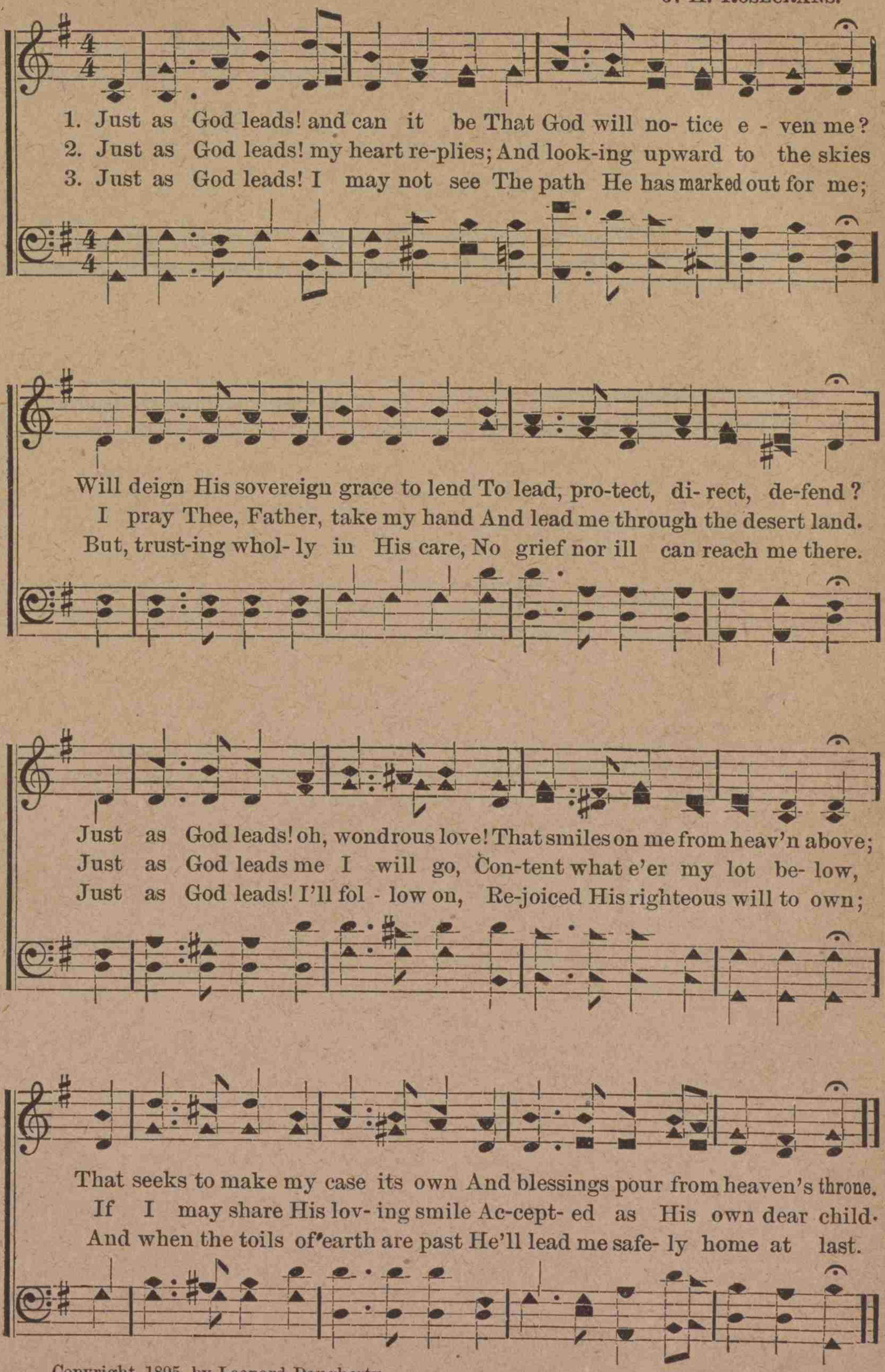
No. 71. Just as God Leads.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



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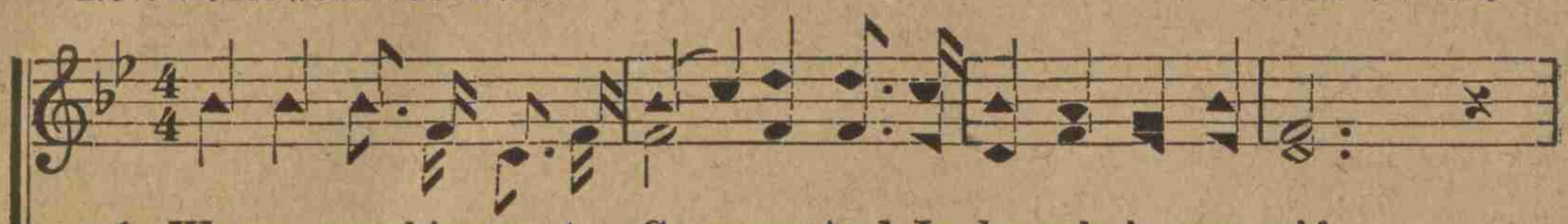
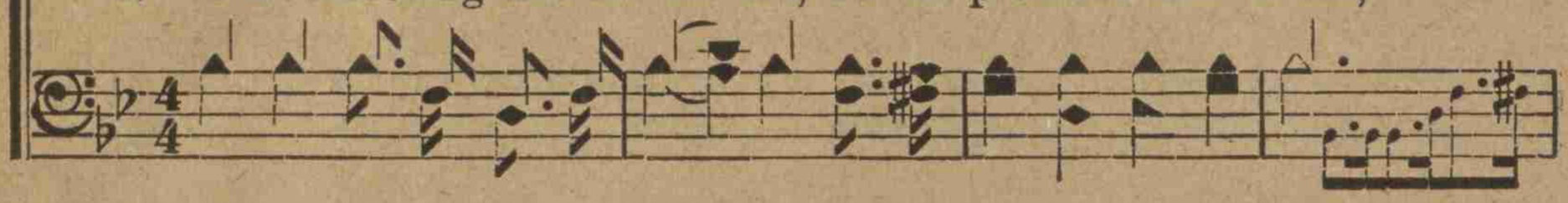
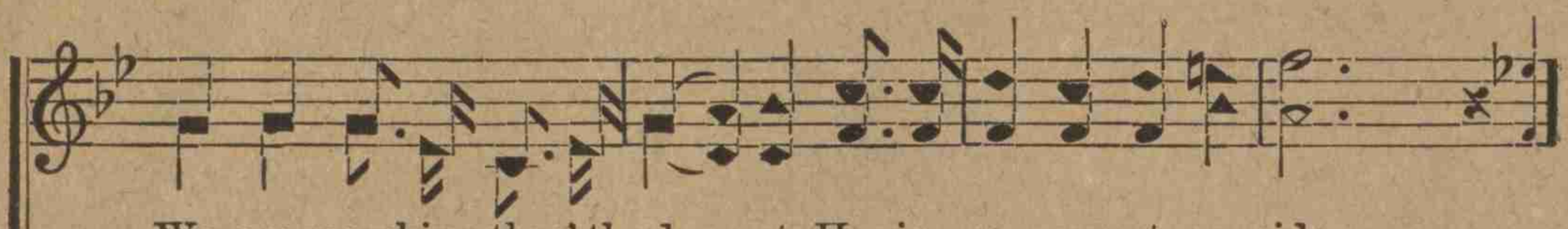
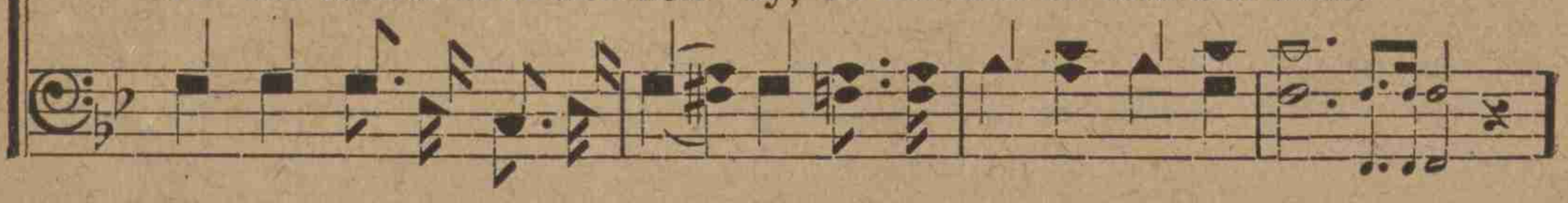
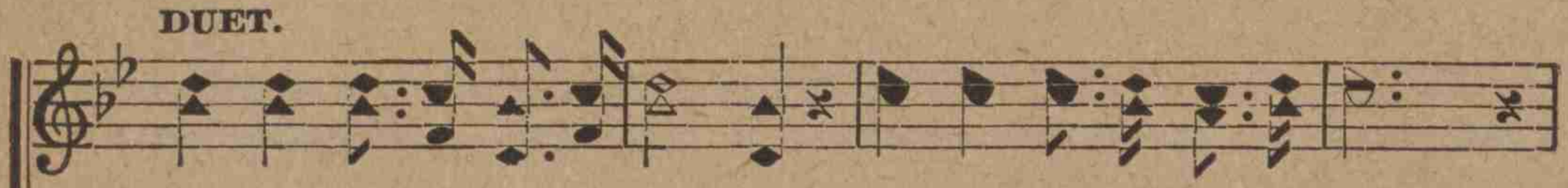
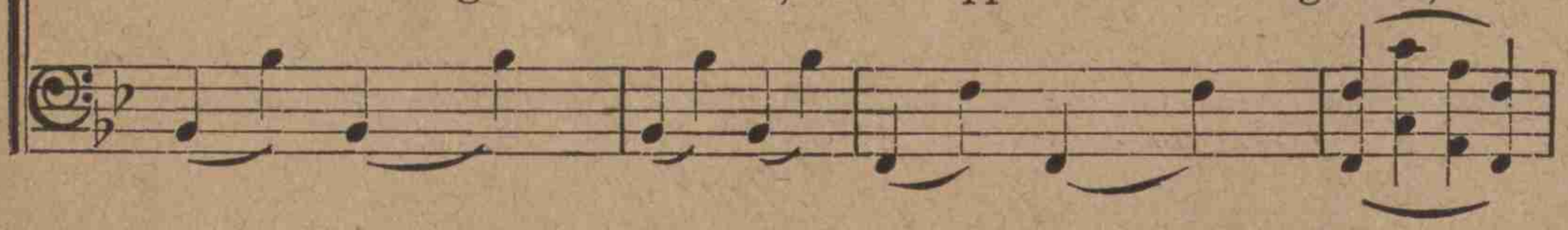
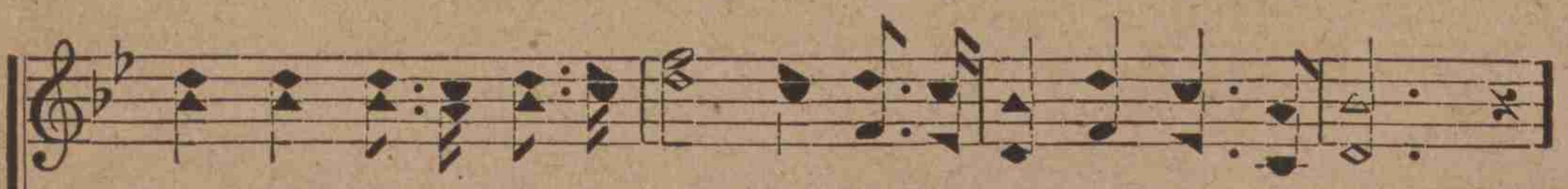
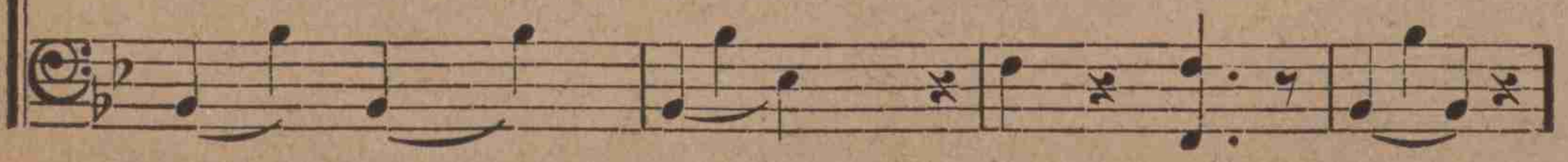
No. 72. Marching On to Canaan.

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

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

1. We are marching on to Ca- naan, And Je- ho-vah is our guide,
2. We are marching thro' the des- ert, And the manna all a-round
3. We are marching thro' the des- ert, To the promised land divine,

We are marching thro' the des- ert, He is ev - er at our side.
With the dew of night is fall - ing, And is cov'ring all the ground.
To the land of milk and hon - ey, To the land of corn and wine.

DUET.

In the darkness, or the dan - ger, We can nev- er go a- stray,
From the smit-ten rock the wa- ters In their sparkling fullness flow,
We are marching thro' the des- ert, We approach the shining shore,

With Je - ho- vah for our lead - er, And our guide up-on the way.
Thus de- light-ing and re-fresh - ing Us, the wea - ry jour-ney through.
From our home beyond the Jor - dan, We shall wander nev- er-more.

By per. of W. A. Ogden, owner of copyright.

Marching On to Canaan. Concluded.

f **Full CHORUS.**

On! stead - i - ly on! stead - i - ly march-ing to the hap - py
Marching on! marching on! march-ing to the hap - py

land of Ca - naan; On! stead - i - ly on!
land, we're marching on; Marching on, marching on,

Ver - i - ly guid- ed by Je - ho-vah's hand are we.
Guid- ed by Je - ho-vah's hand are we, guided are we.

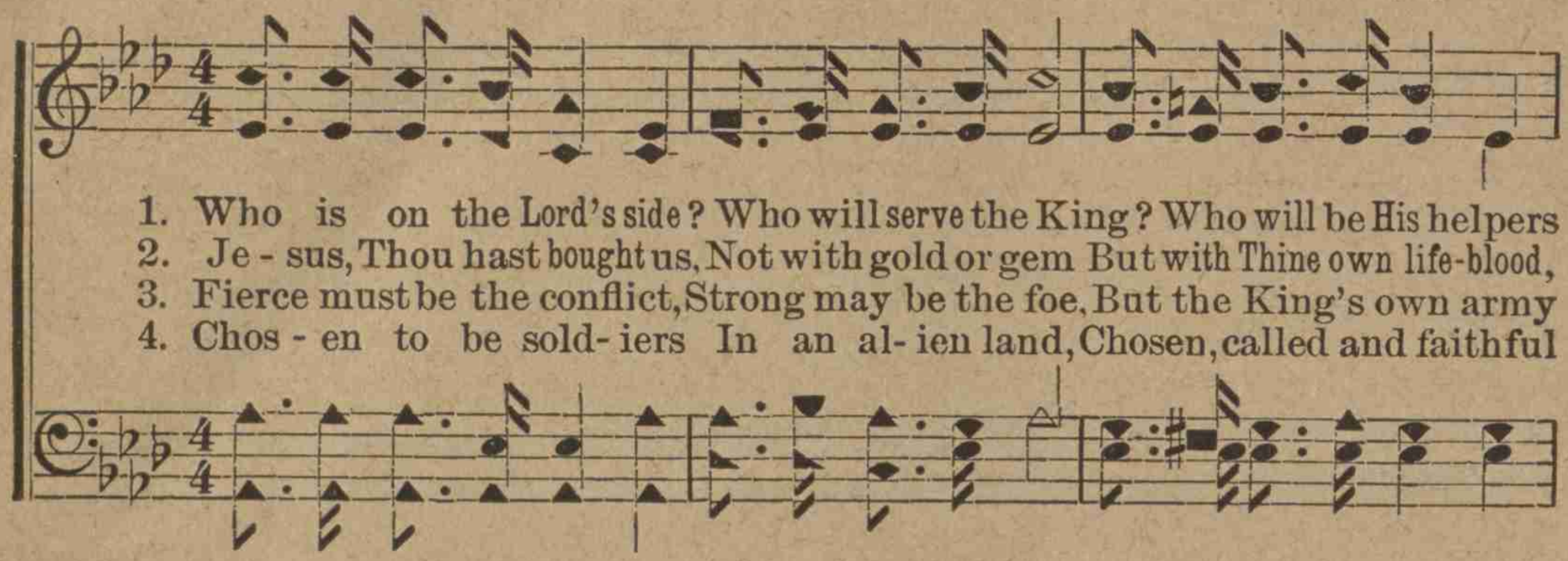
Stead - i - ly march-ing to the hap- py land we go.
March-ing to the hap- py land we go, marching home.

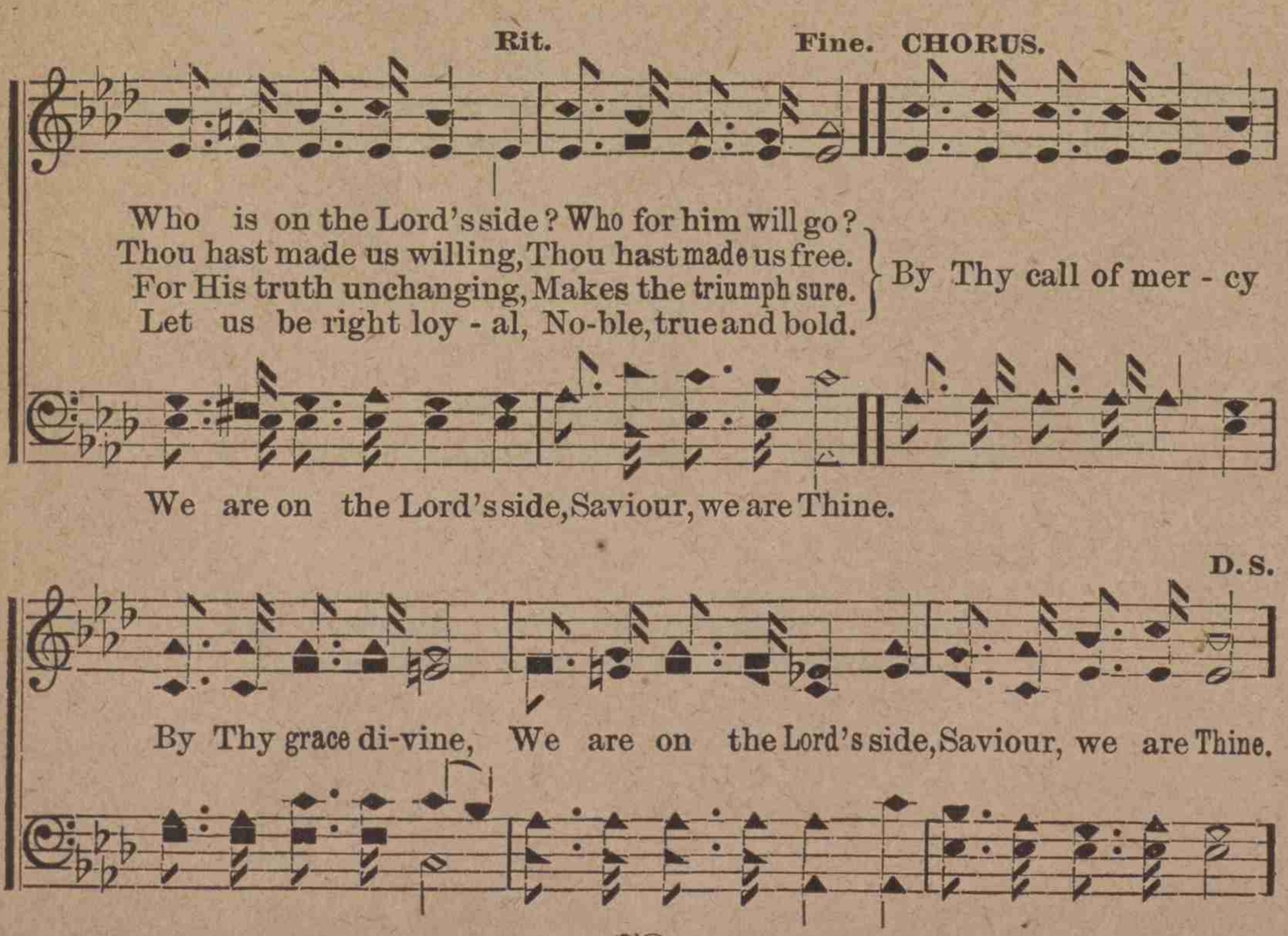
Last stanza repeat *pp.*

No. 73. Who is On the Lord's Side?

"Choose you this day whom you will serve."—Jos. 24: 15.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.





No. 74. My Soul is Stayed.

1. On thee, my Lord, . . . my soul is stayed, . . With thee my
   Thy pres-ence makes . . . my path-way bright, . . (*Omit.* . . . .
2. His gra- cious hand . . . my need sup- plies, . . . His cheer-ing
   And all the way . . . I'll trust in him, . . . (*Omit.* . . . .

heart . . . is un - dis-mayed; . . . } Thy smile il - lumes . . .
. . . . . } Thy smile il - lumes . . .
voice . . . makes joy to rise, ... } Tho' strength should fail . .
. . . . . } Tho' strength should fail . .

REFRAIN.

the dark-est night. } Let tempests rage, . . . Let ills be - fall, . . .
and sight grow dim. } Let tempests rage, . . . Let ills be - fall, . . .

Let hell en - gage, Let death ap - pall, On thee, my Lord, ...

my soul is stayed, . . . On thee my soul is stayed.

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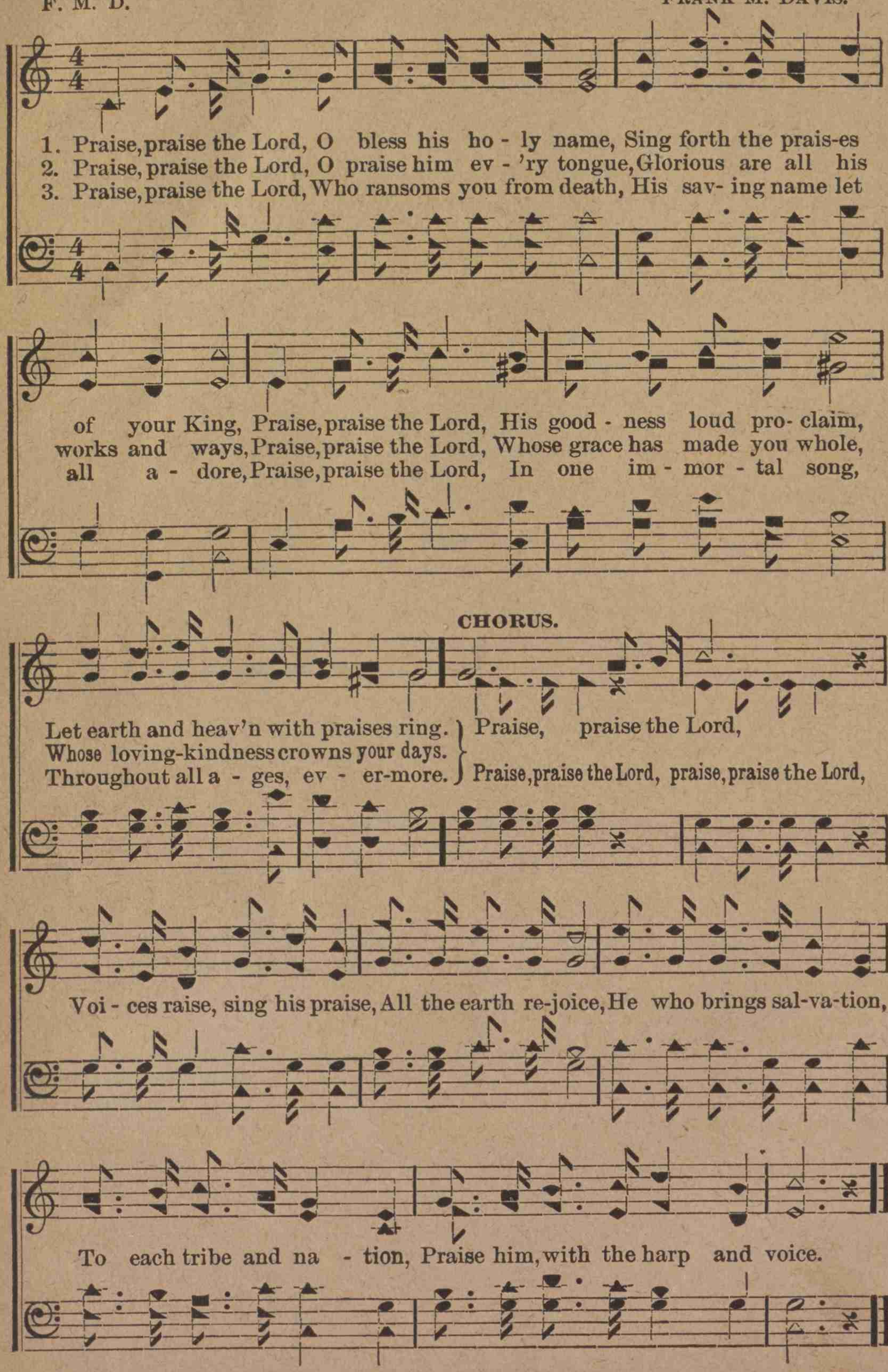
No. 75. Praise, Praise the Lord.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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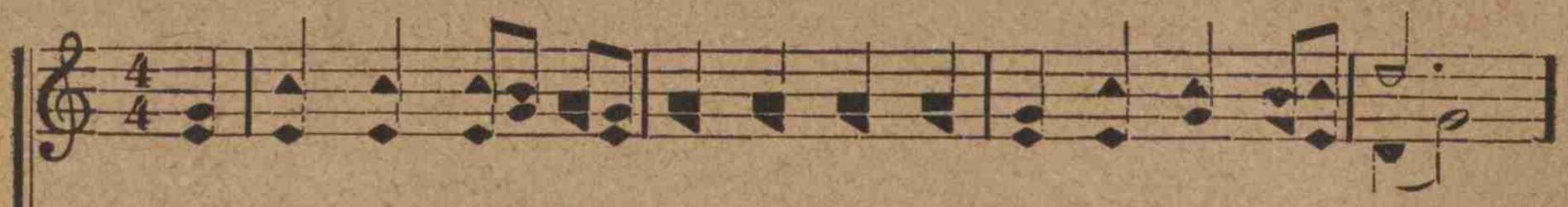
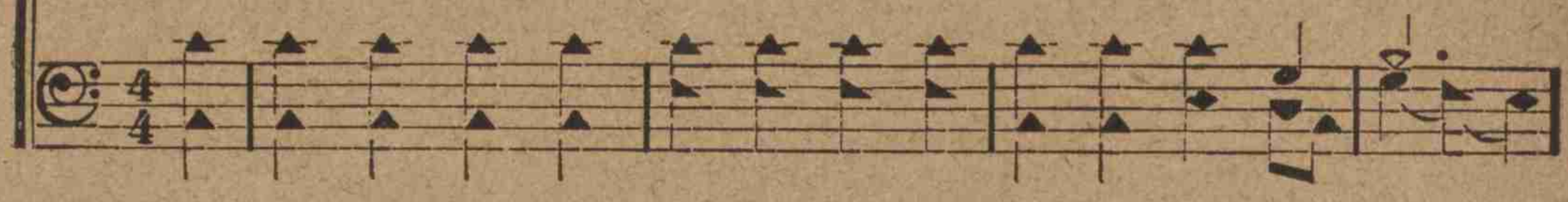
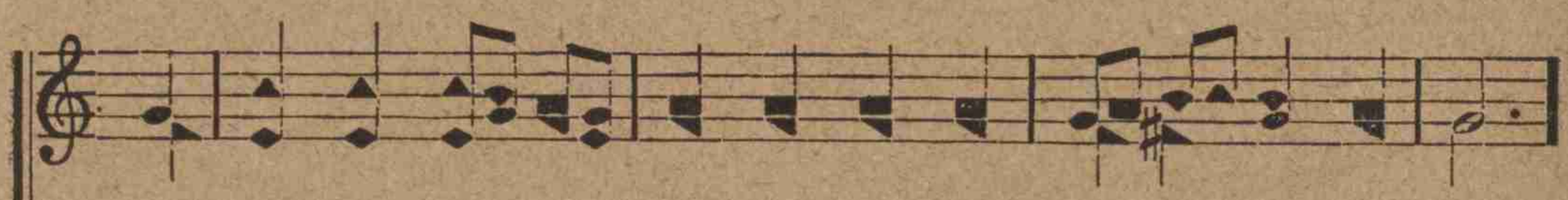
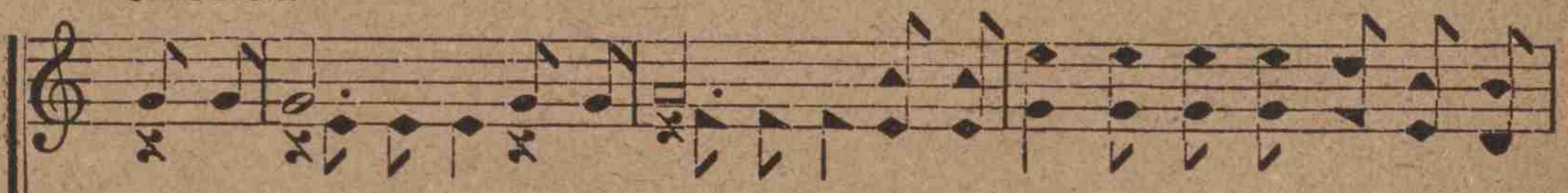
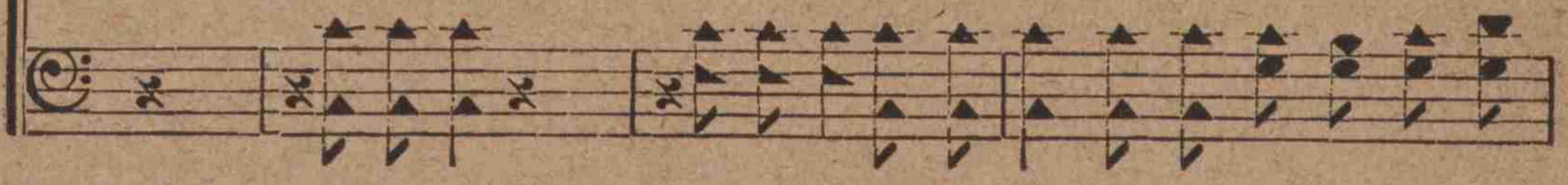
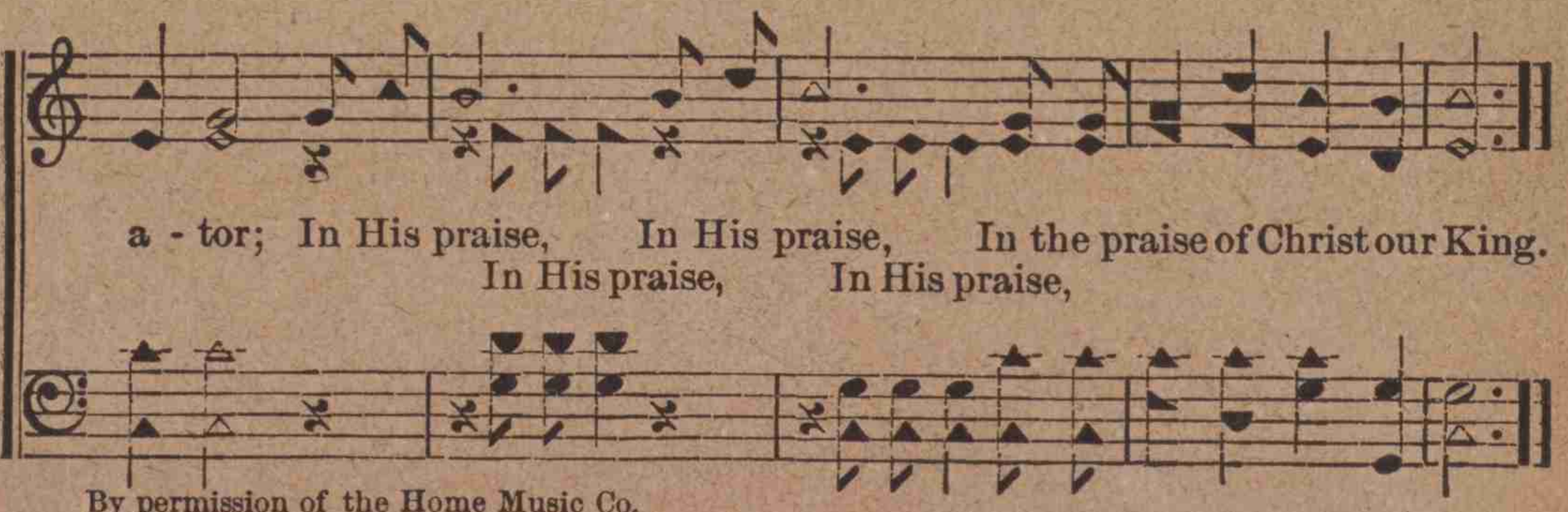
No. 76. In His Praise.

HELEN REYBURN. W. T. GIFFE.

1. The heav'ns declare His glorious pow'r, Earth echoes back His praise,
2. And flow'rs from dainty chal - i - ces, Send clouds of in - cense up,
3. Then, oh, what words can tell the joy Of an im- mor - tal soul?

As count-less birds from hour to hour Pour forth their joy- ous lays.
That rise like voice-less hymns of praise From ev - 'ry fra- grant cup.
From glow-ing hearts and grate-ful lips, Should ceaseless anthems roll.

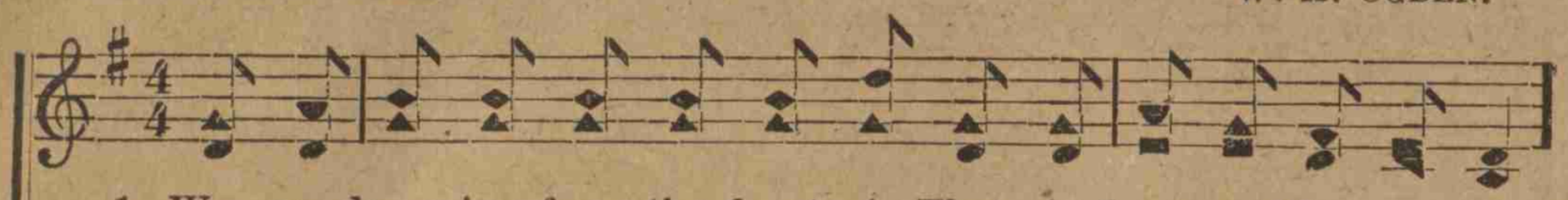
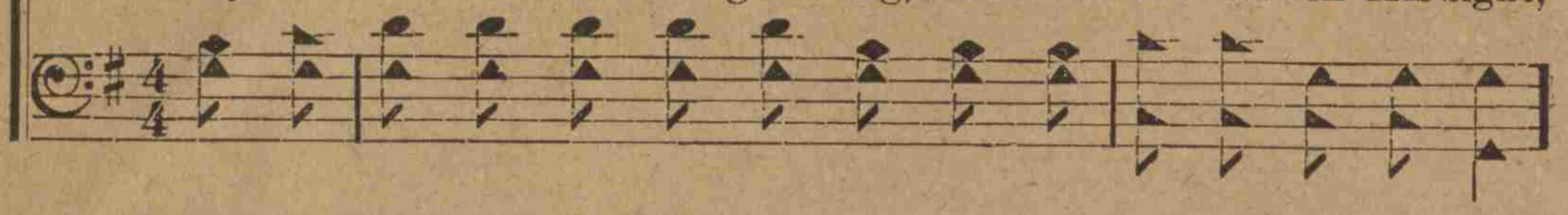
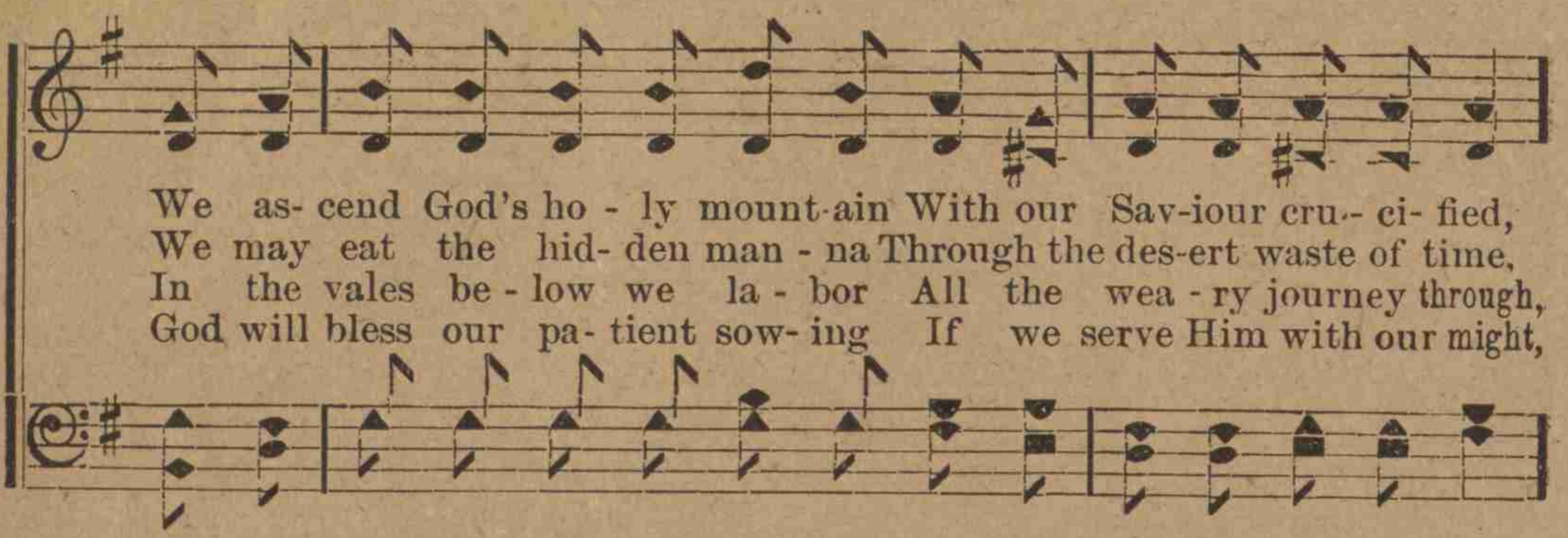
CHORUS.

In His praise, In His praise, In the praise of the mer- ci- ful Cre -
In His praise, In His praise,

a - tor; In His praise, In His praise, In the praise of Christ our King.
In His praise, In His praise,

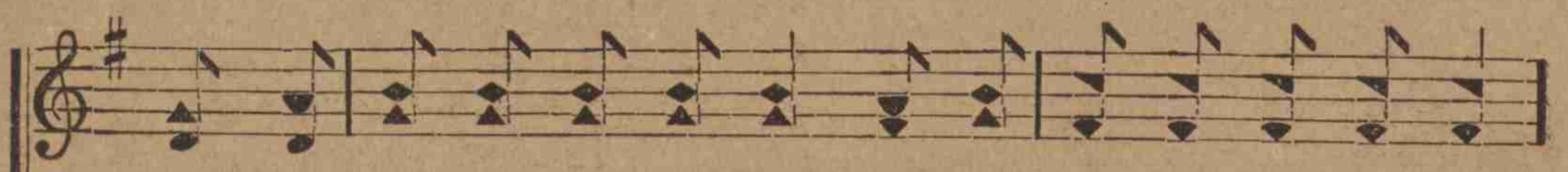


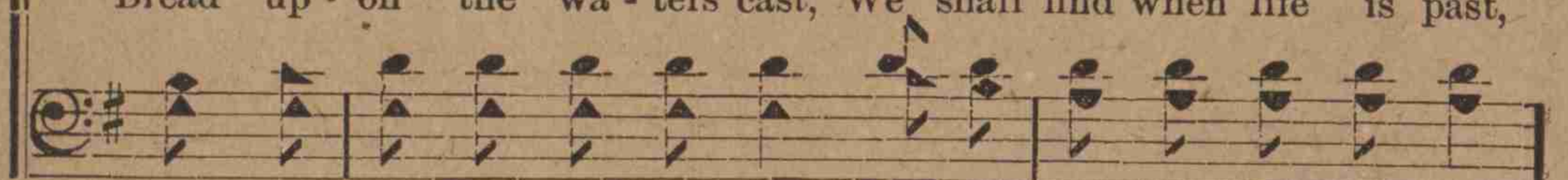
By permission of the Home Music Co.

No. 77. Drawing from the Fountain.

"*Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.*"—Isaiah 12: 3.

Dr. J. J. MAXFIELD. W. A. OGDEN.

1. We are draw- ing from the fount- ain That is flow- ing like a tide,
2. We may sing our loud ho - san - na While our Ol - i - vets we climb,
3. We may not as - cend Mount Ta- bor, While there's other work to do,
4. May our zeal be warm and glow- ing, While we la - bor in His sight,



We as- cend God's ho - ly mount-ain With our Sav-iour cru- ci- fied,
We may eat the hid- den man - na Through the des-ert waste of time,
In the vales be - low we la - bor All the wea - ry journey through,
God will bless our pa- tient sow- ing If we serve Him with our might,

Dear - er seems the Word to - day, Bless - ed lamp to light our way,
While we sow the good - ly seed, God sup- plies our ev - 'ry need,
To the wea - ry rest is sweet, Sit - ting low at Je - sus' feet,
Bread up - on the wa - ters cast, We shall find when life is past,



Shin - ing to the per- fect day, That for - ev - er shall a - bide.
And His paths are peace in- deed, And the lives we live sub- lime.
We shall find our joy com-plete, When we trust His prom- ise true.
For His love and truth will last, While we walk with Him in white.

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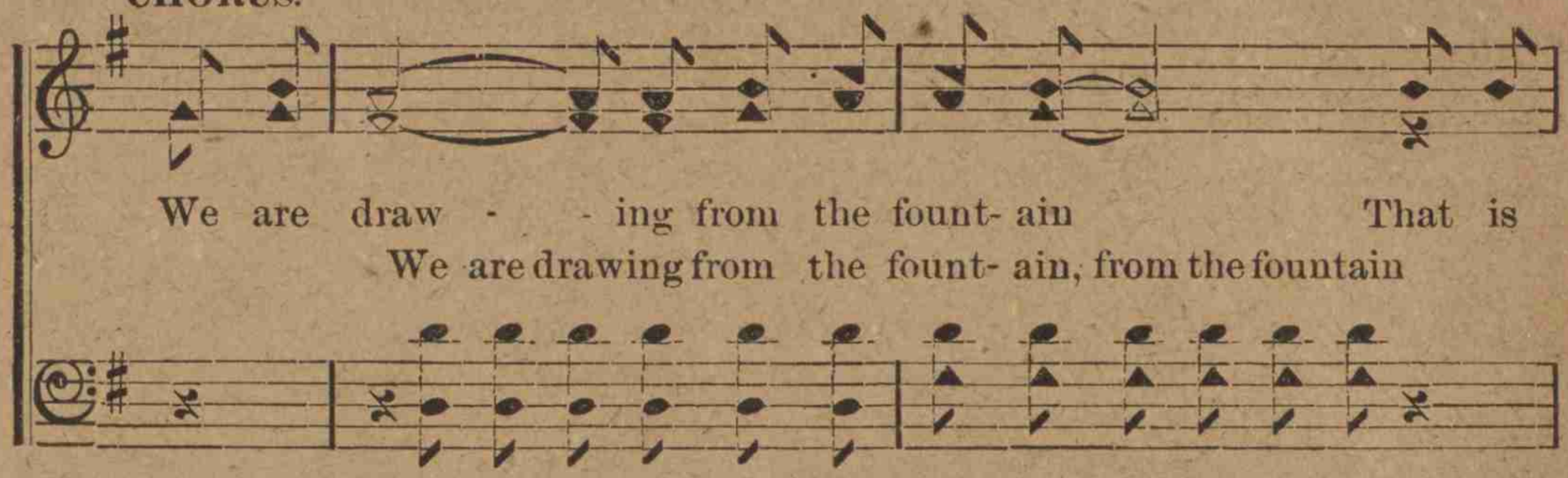
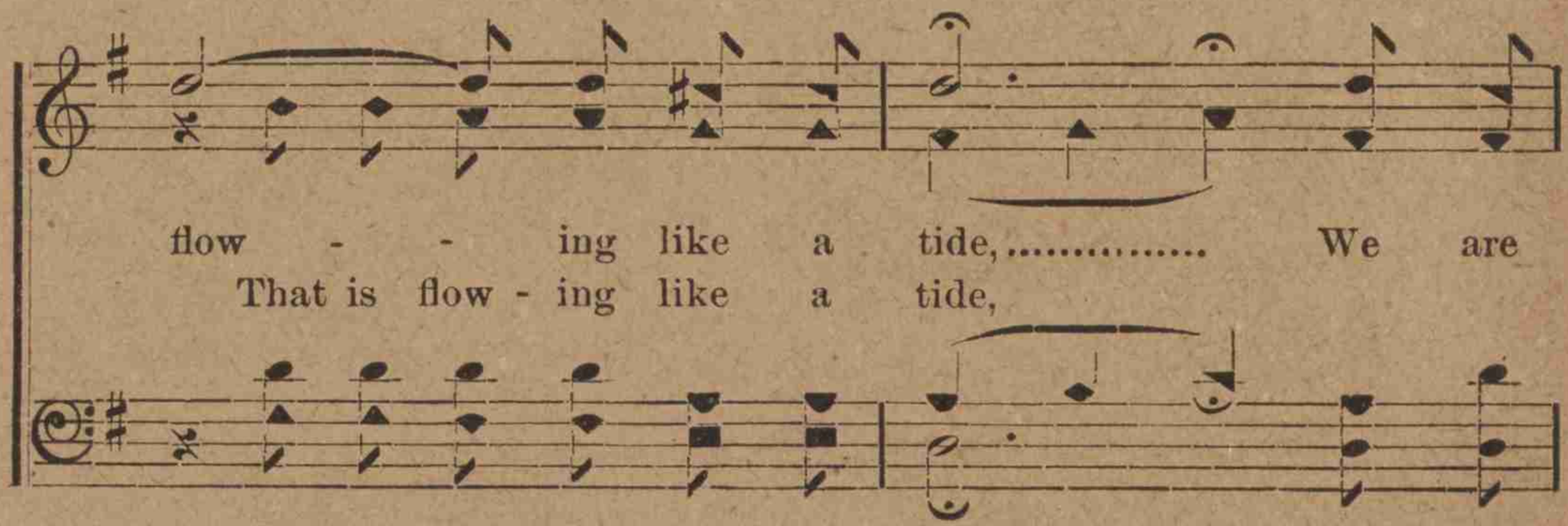
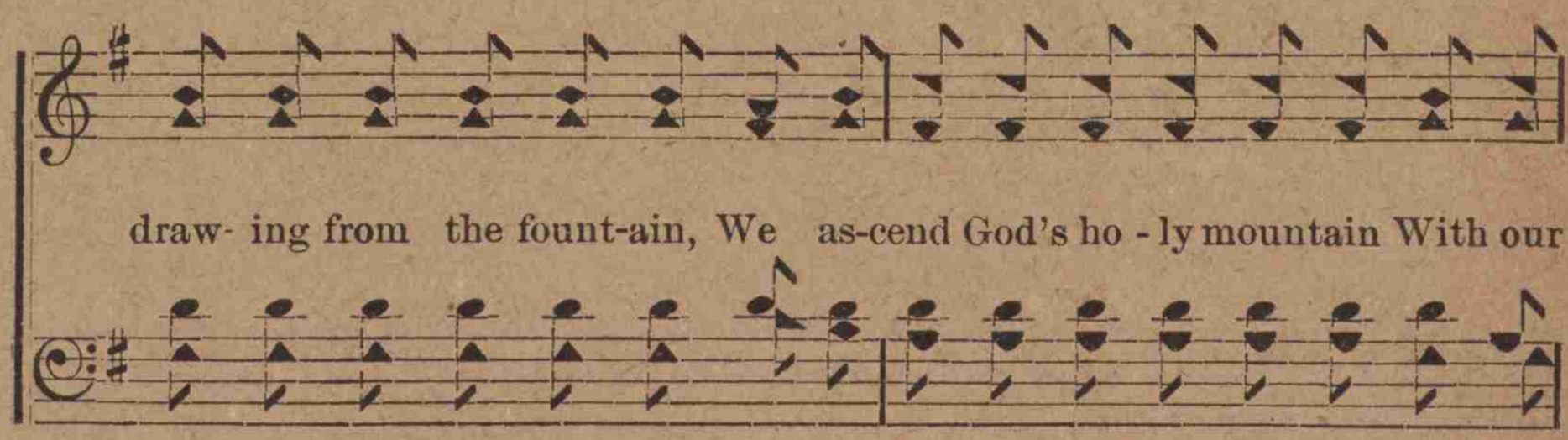
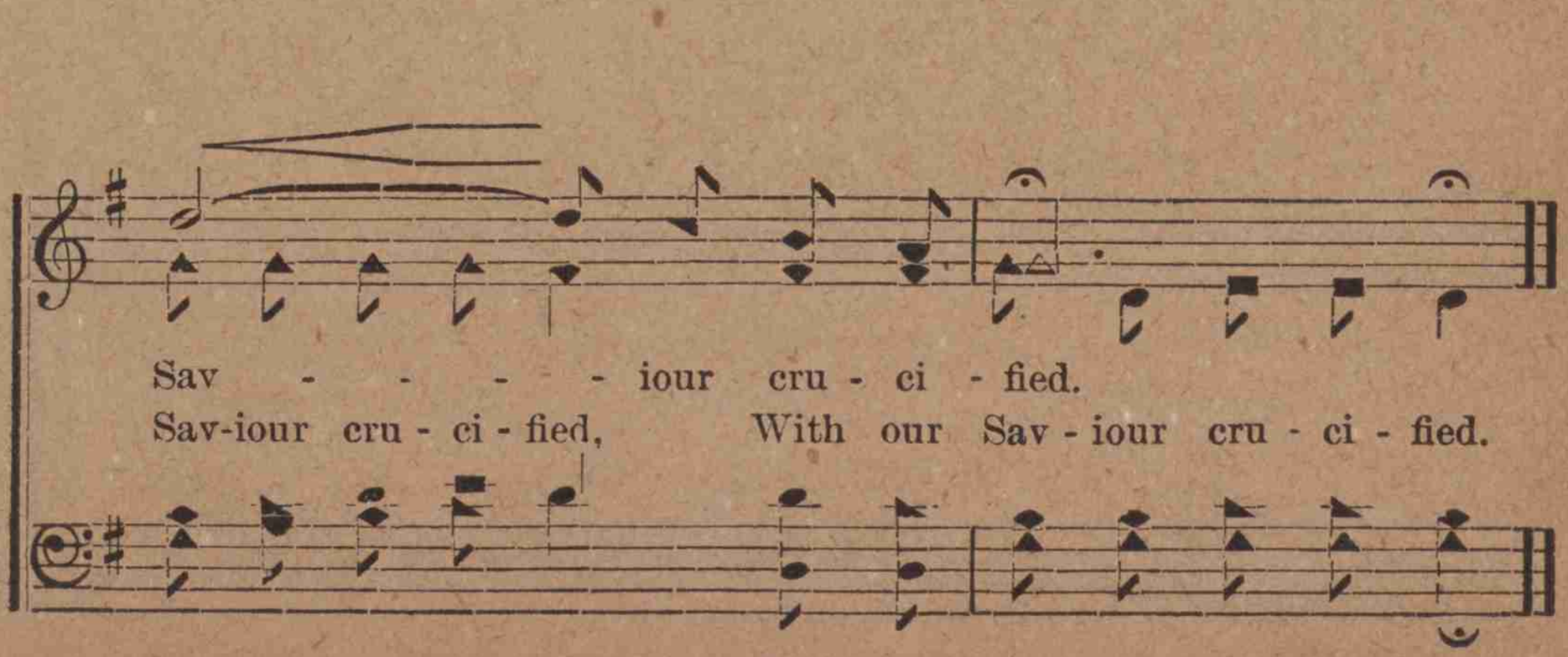
Drawing from the Fountain. Concluded.

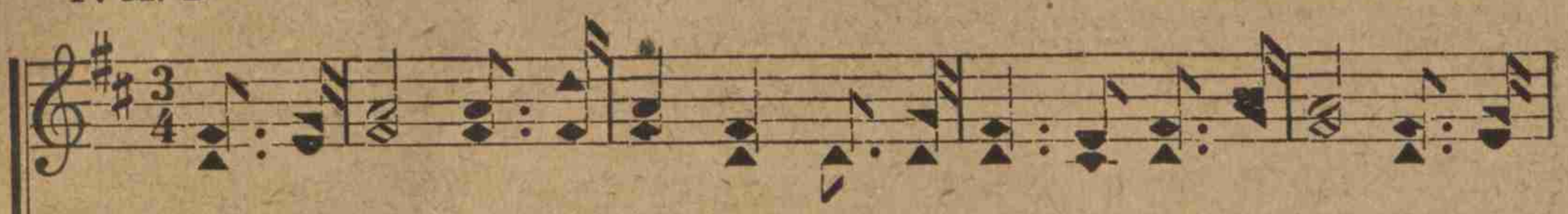
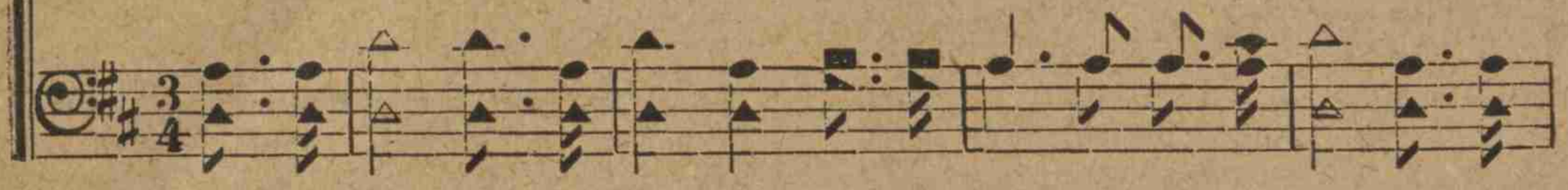
CHORUS.

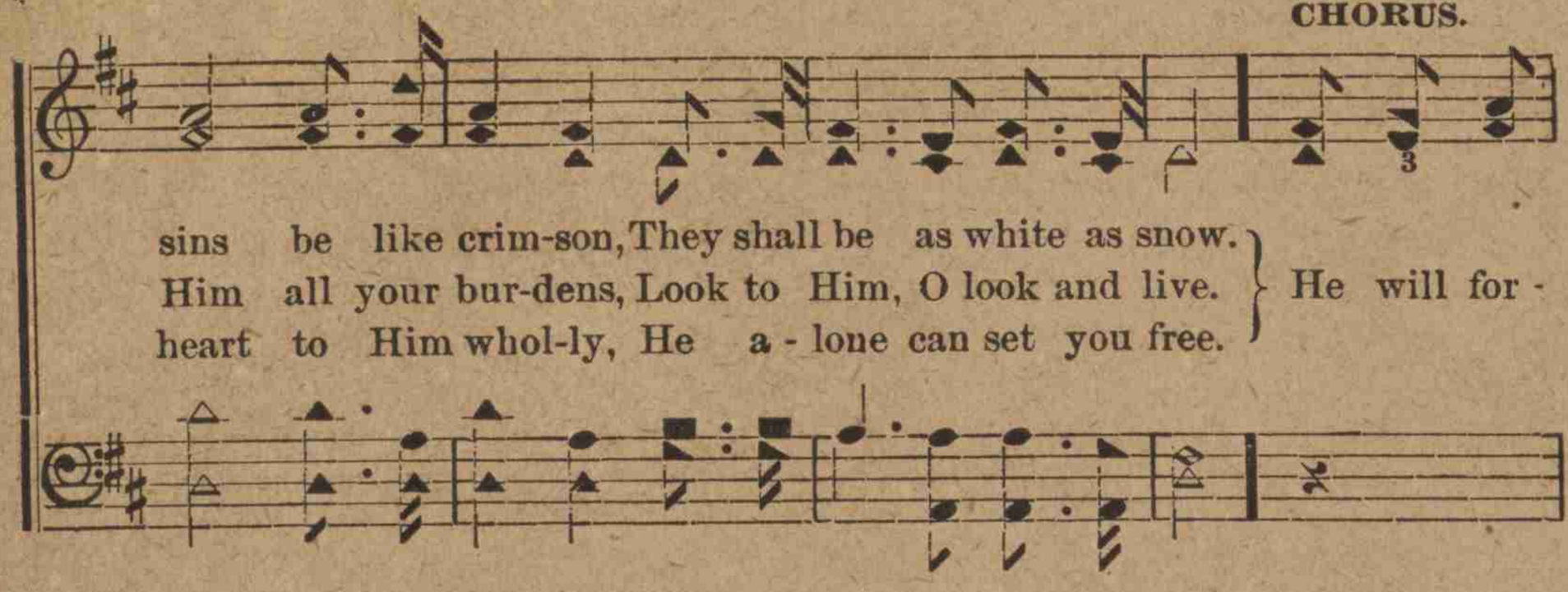


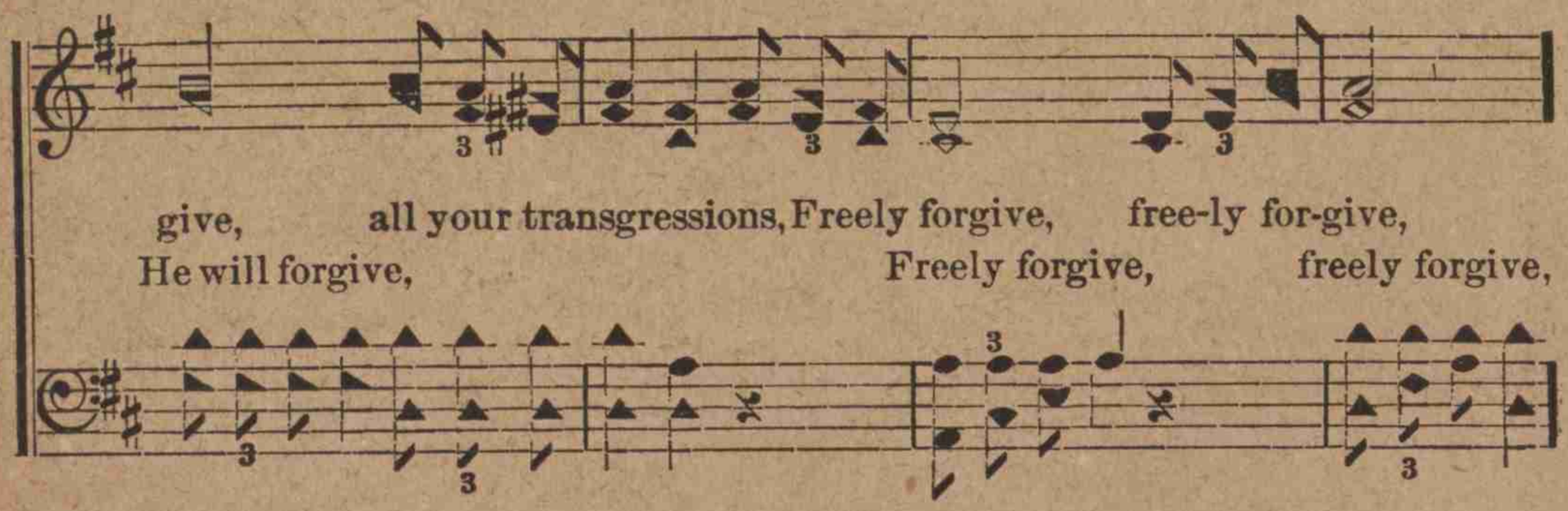


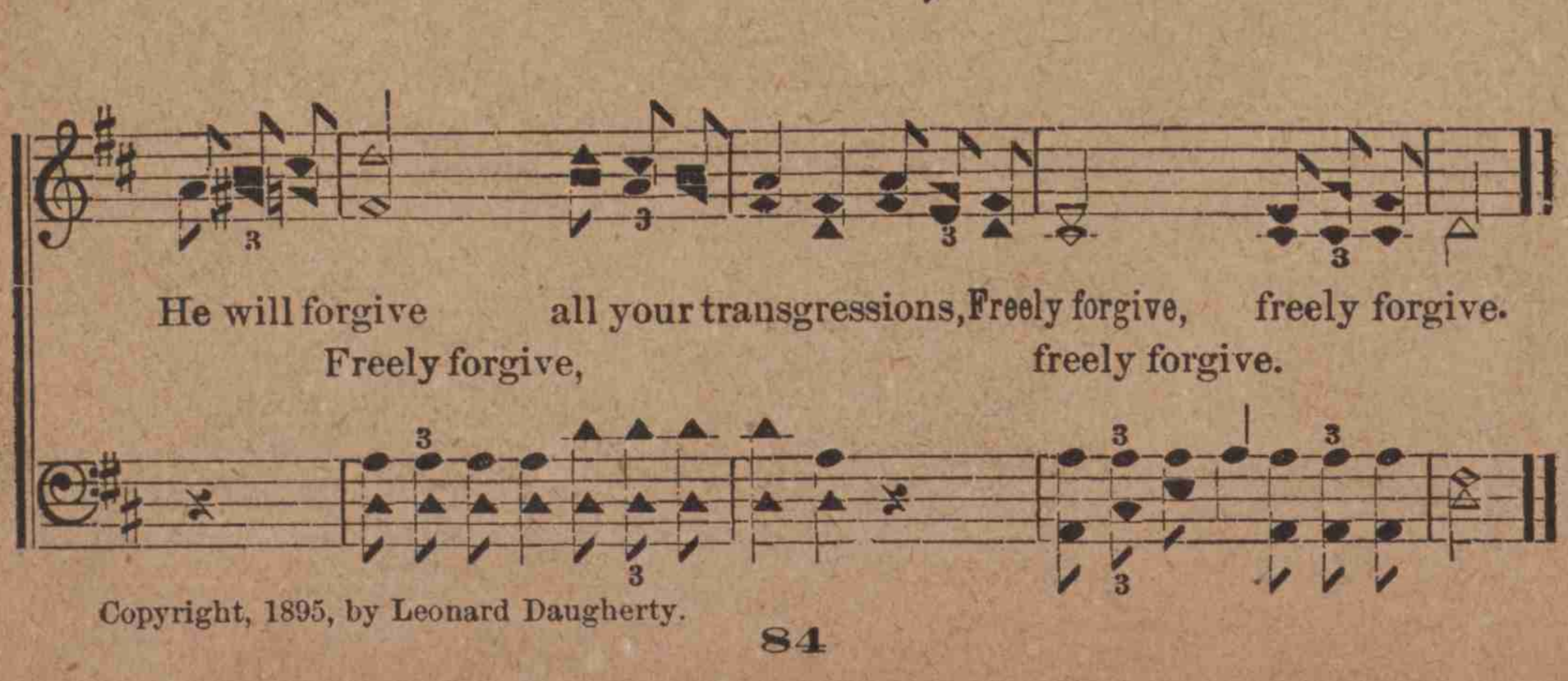
No. 78. He Will Forgive.

F. M. D

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There is life, peace and par - don, For you who to Je - sus go, Tho' your
2. Have no fear, come to Je - sus, He will all your sins for-give, Cast on
3. Put your trust in the Sav-viour, Be His name your on- ly plea, Give your

CHORUS.



sins be like crim-son, They shall be as white as snow.
Him all your bur-dens, Look to Him, O look and live.
heart to Him whol-ly, He a - lone can set you free.
} He will for -

give, all your transgressions, Freely forgive, free-ly for-give,
He will forgive, Freely forgive, freely forgive,



He will forgive all your transgressions, Freely forgive, freely forgive.
Freely forgive, freely forgive.

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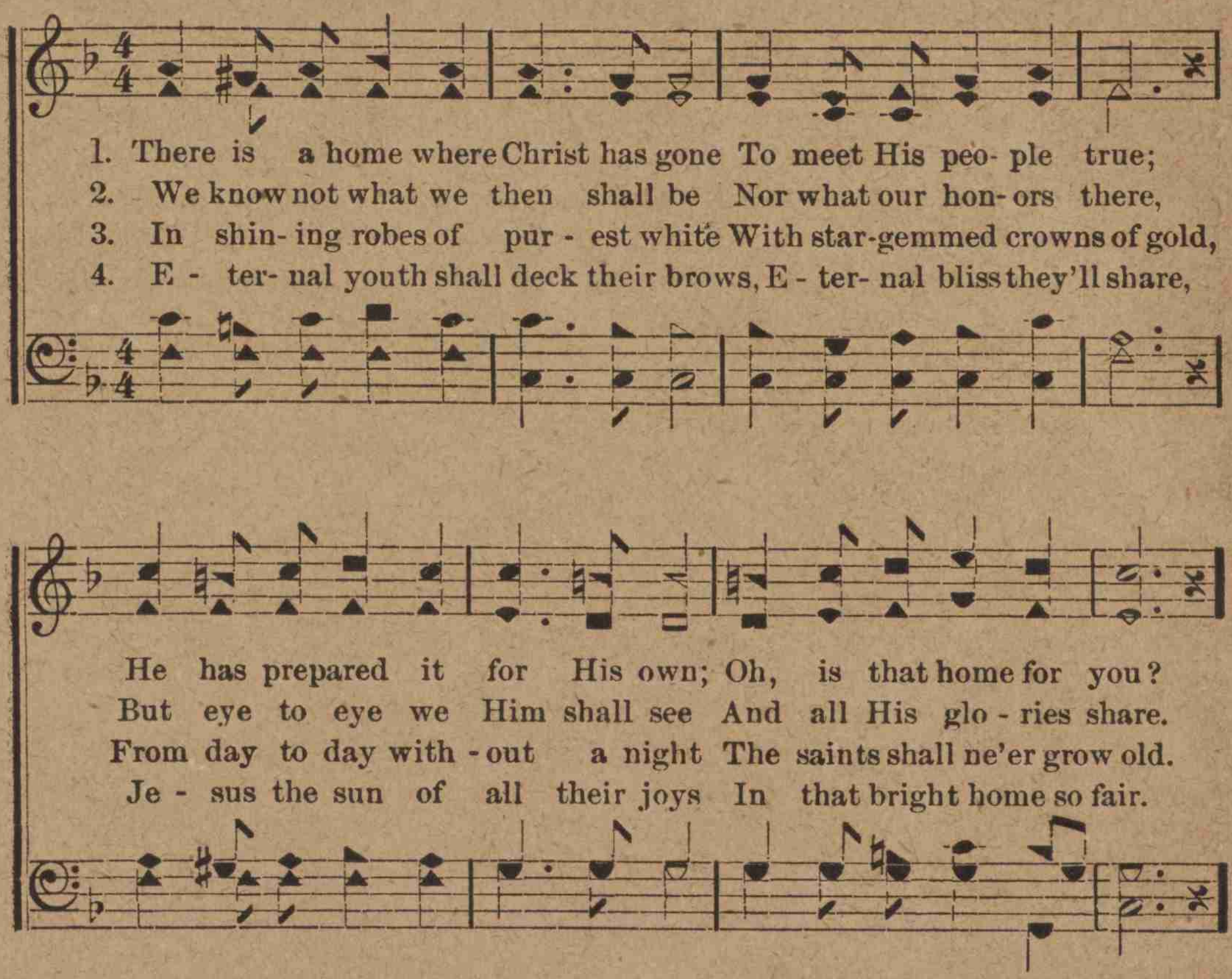
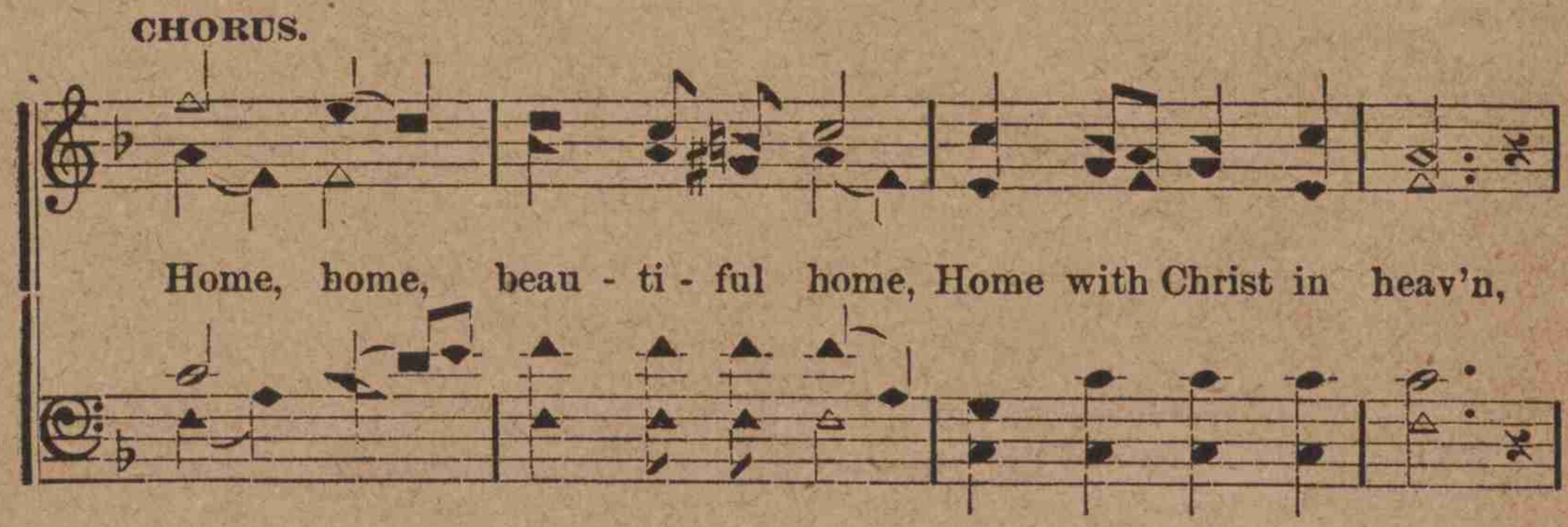
No. 79. Beautiful Home in Heaven.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



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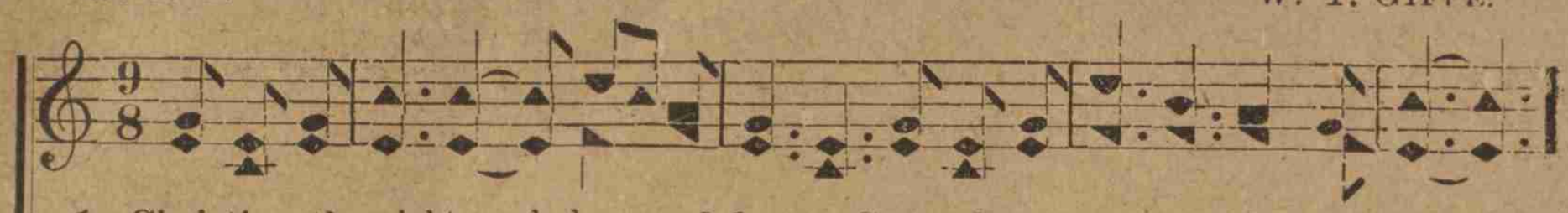
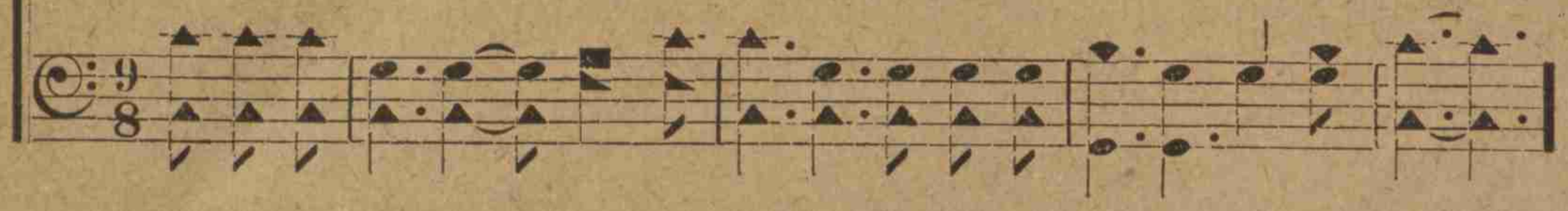
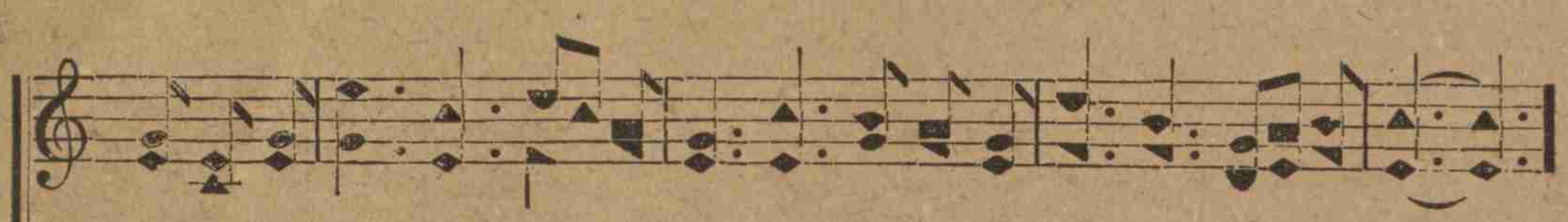
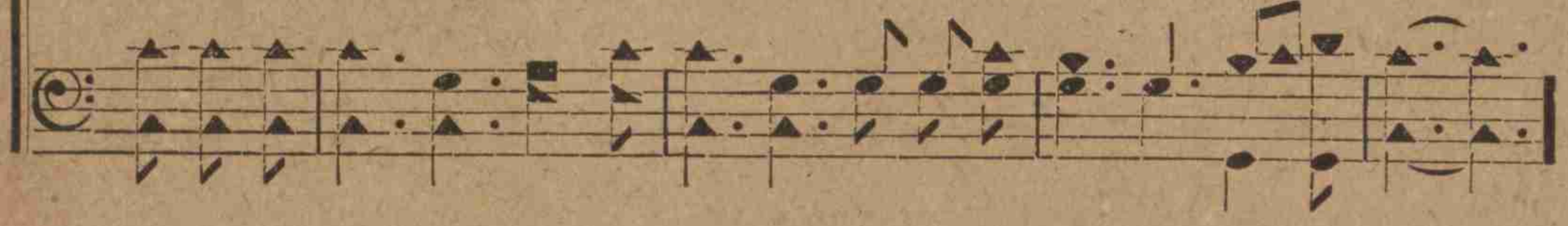
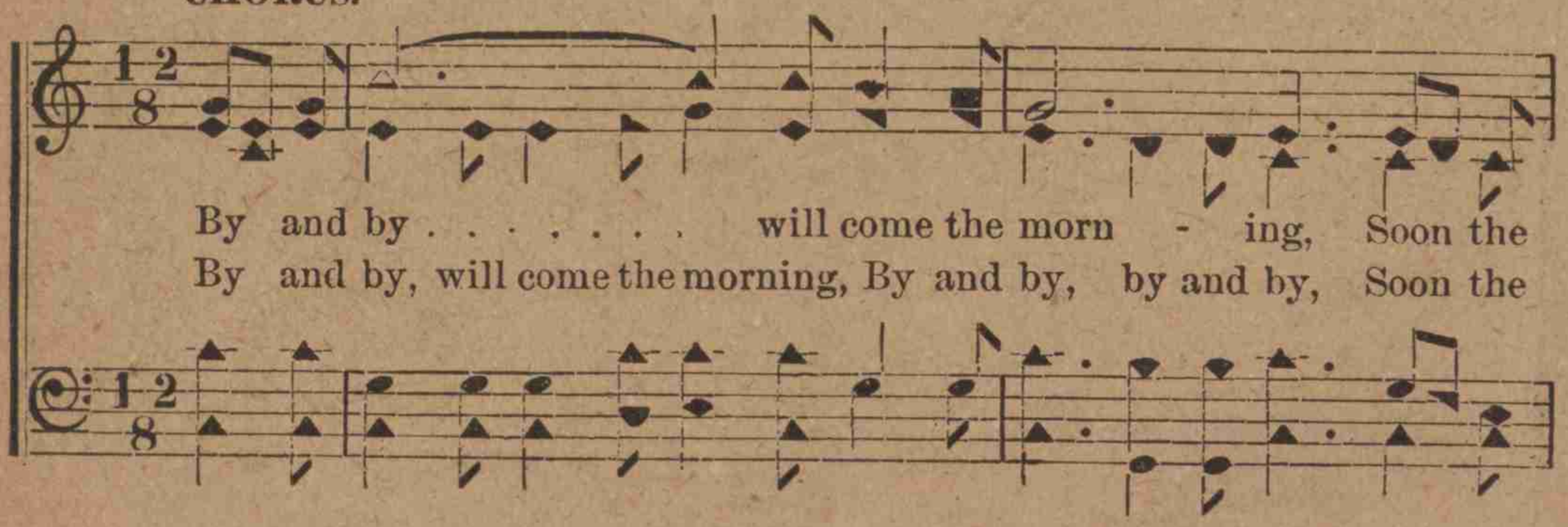
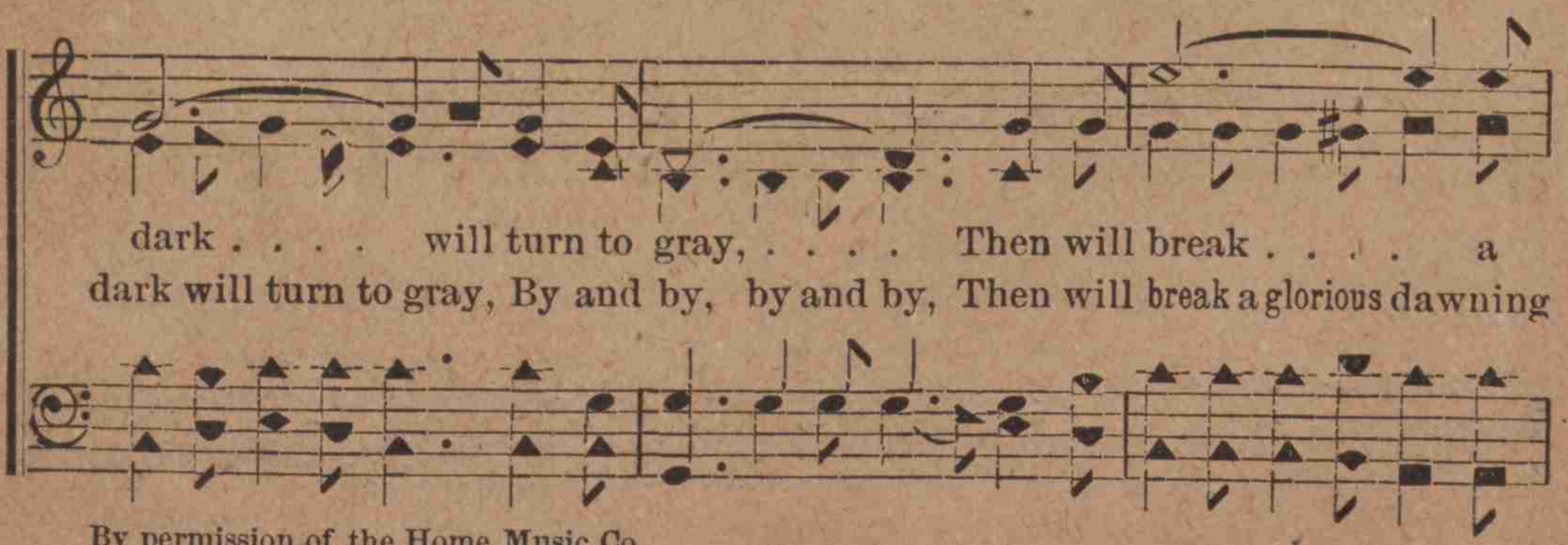
No. 80. By and By Will Come the Morning.

W. T. G. W. T. GIFFE.

1. Christian, thy night may be long and dreary, Scarcely a star may shine o'er head;
2. Nev- er despair or doubt His goodness, Kindly He veils thy vision now;
3. We can not know the way He tak-eth, Nor can we turn from His command;

There is a Help - er ev - er near thee, Call up-on Him in time of dread.
Trust in His prom-is - es and mer- cy, Kissing the rod that smites thee low.
When by and by the morning breaketh, Then we shall see and un- der - stand.

CHORUS.



By and by . . . . . will come the morn - ing, Soon the
By and by, will come the morning, By and by, by and by, Soon the



dark . . . . will turn to gray, ... Then will break . . . . a
dark will turn to gray, By and by, by and by, Then will break a glorious dawning

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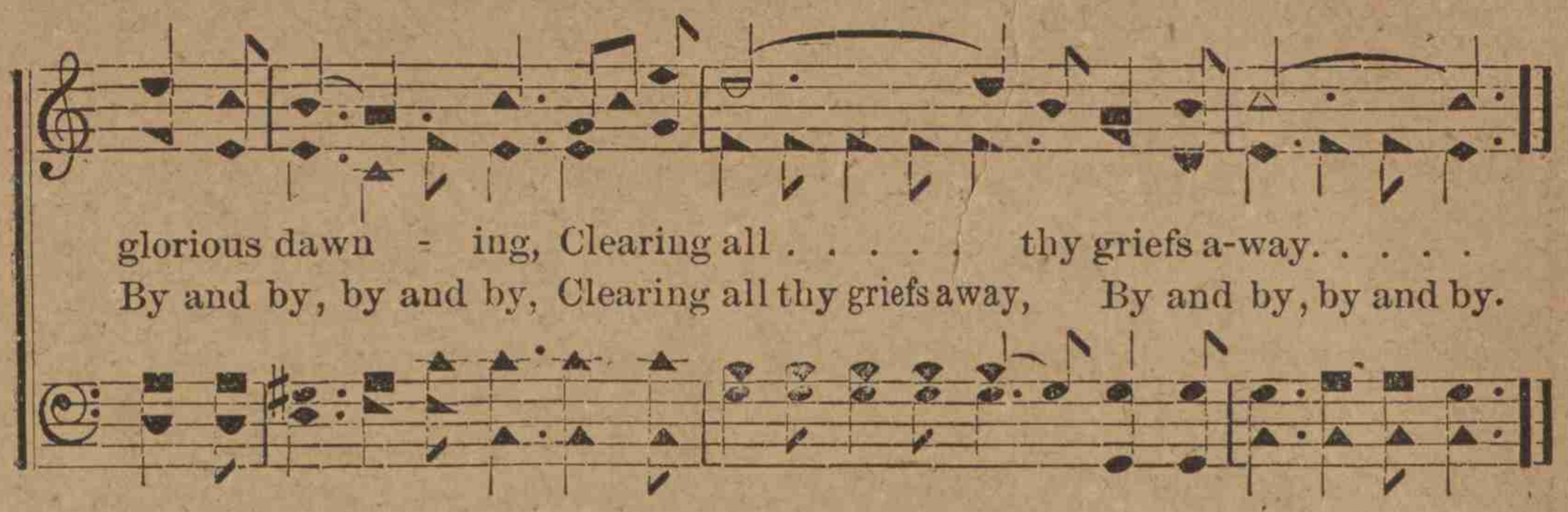
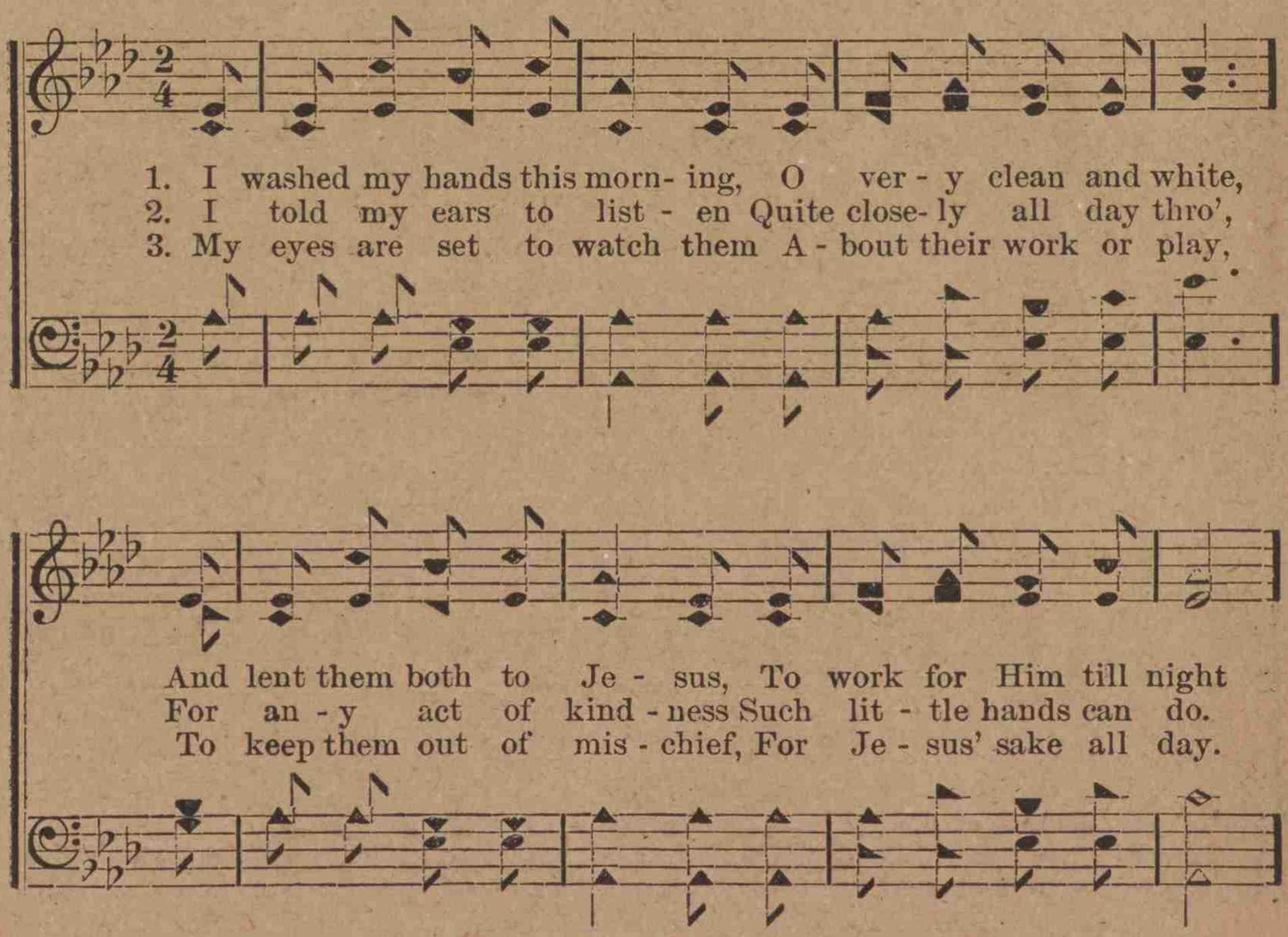
By and By Will Come the Morning. Concluded.

No. 81. Little Feet be Careful.

Mrs. L. M. Bateman. J. H. Rosecrans.



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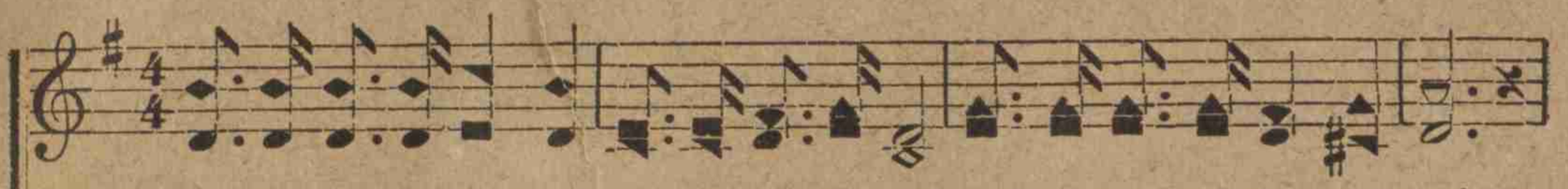
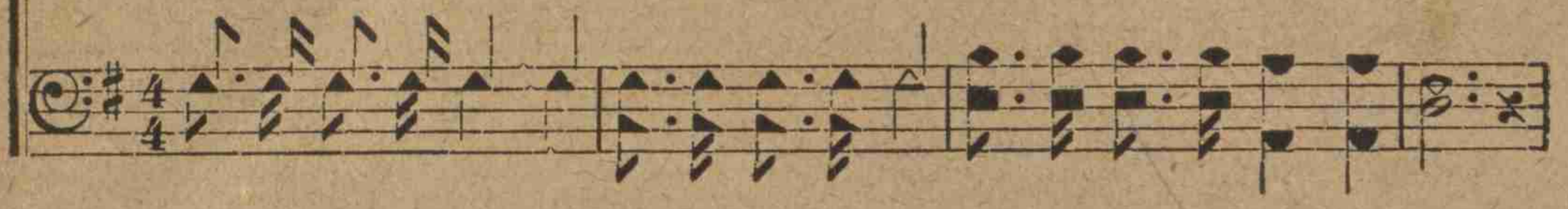
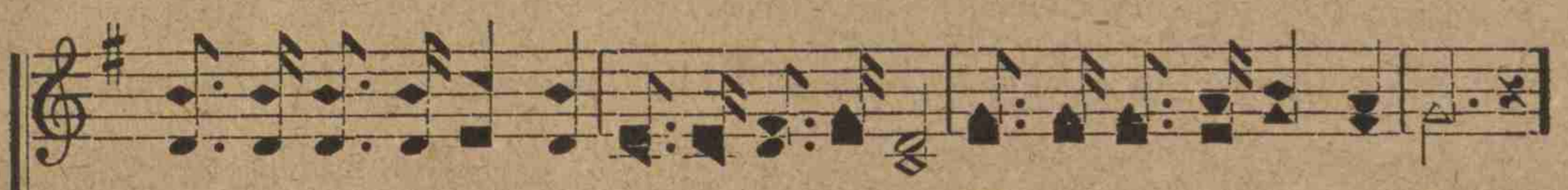
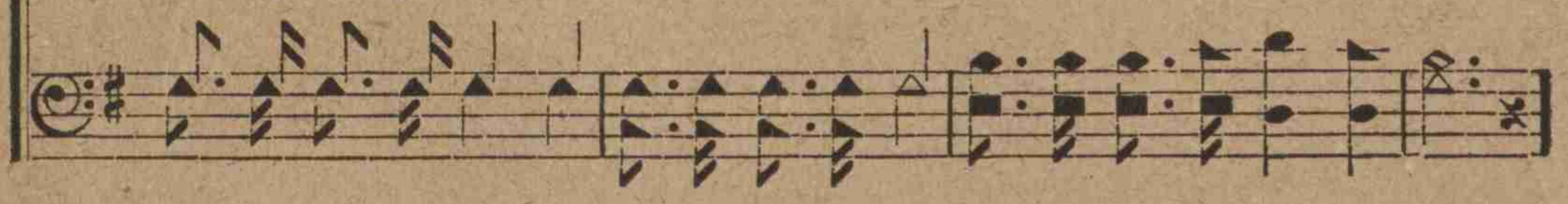
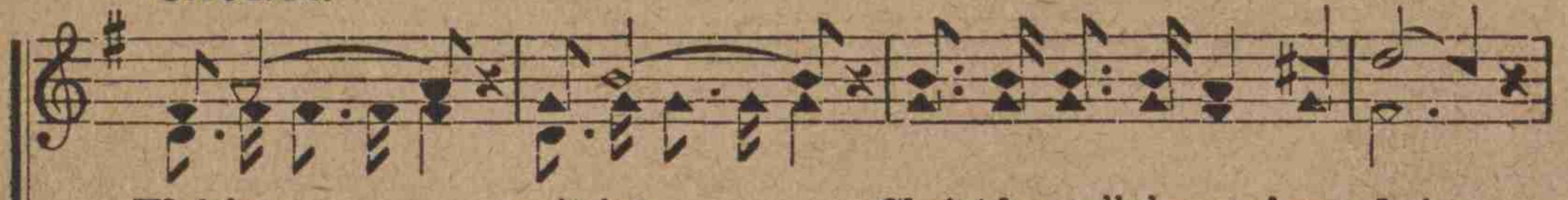
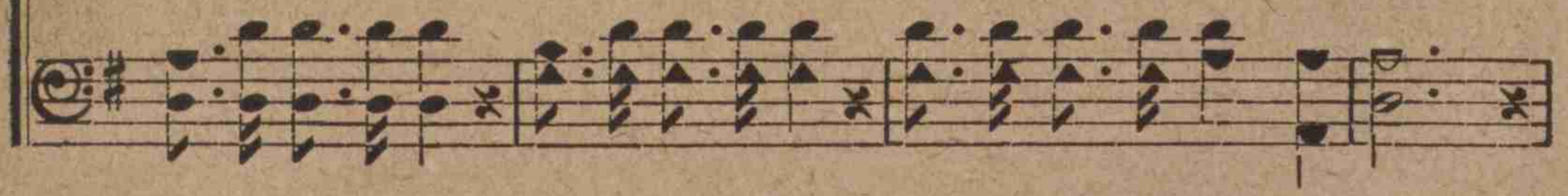
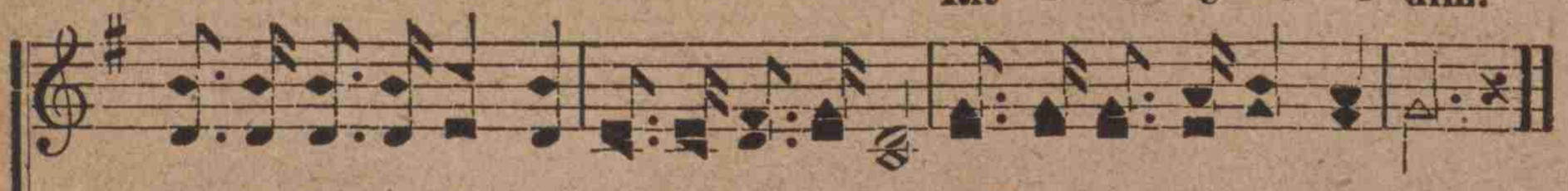
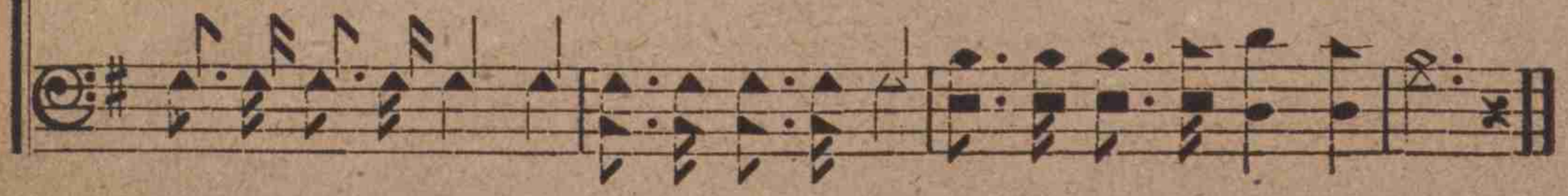
No. 82. On the Threshold Standing.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. On the threshold standing, yet not safe within, Christ has called you o'er and o'er,
2. On the threshold standing, yet on danger's ground, Still within the pow'r of sin,
3. On the threshold standing, heeding not the voice That entreats you o'er and o'er,

Ver- y near the kingdom, yet so far a-way, Waiting at the o - pen door.
With but one short step between you and the fold, Failing still to en- ter in.
Kind- ly bids you welcome to his place of rest; Wait no longer at the door.

CHORUS.

Waiting, . . . wait-ing, . . . Christ has called you o'er and o'er,
Waiting at the door, waiting at the door,

Rit - - e - - dim.

On the threshold standing, yet not safe within, Waiting at the o - pen door.

Copyright, 1895, by Leonard Daugherty.

No. 83. There's Only One Way.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There's on - ly one way to the kingdom of God, Dear Sav-iour that way is thine own A - pos- tles and mar-tyrs the pathway have trod
2. There's on - ly one way to the kingdom of rest, That way may it ev - er be mine All oth - ers must lead me for- ev - er a - stray,
3. There's on - ly one way to the robe and the crown, My Sav-iour has gone on be - fore; I take up my cross and I fol- low the steps

Faith giv- ing the vic-t'ry a - lone.
But Sav-iour that pathway of Thine.
That lead- eth to Him I a - dore.

CHORUS.

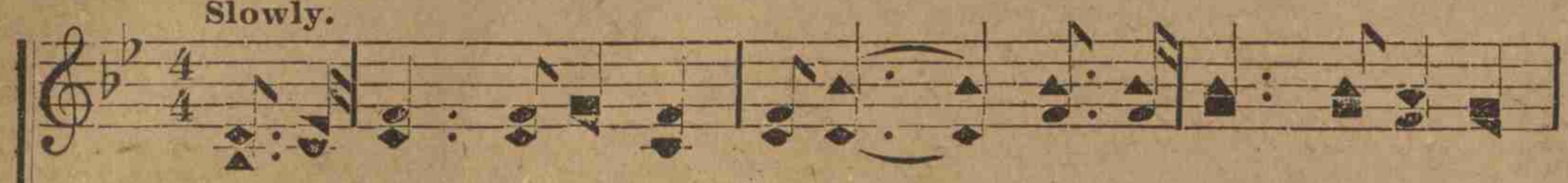
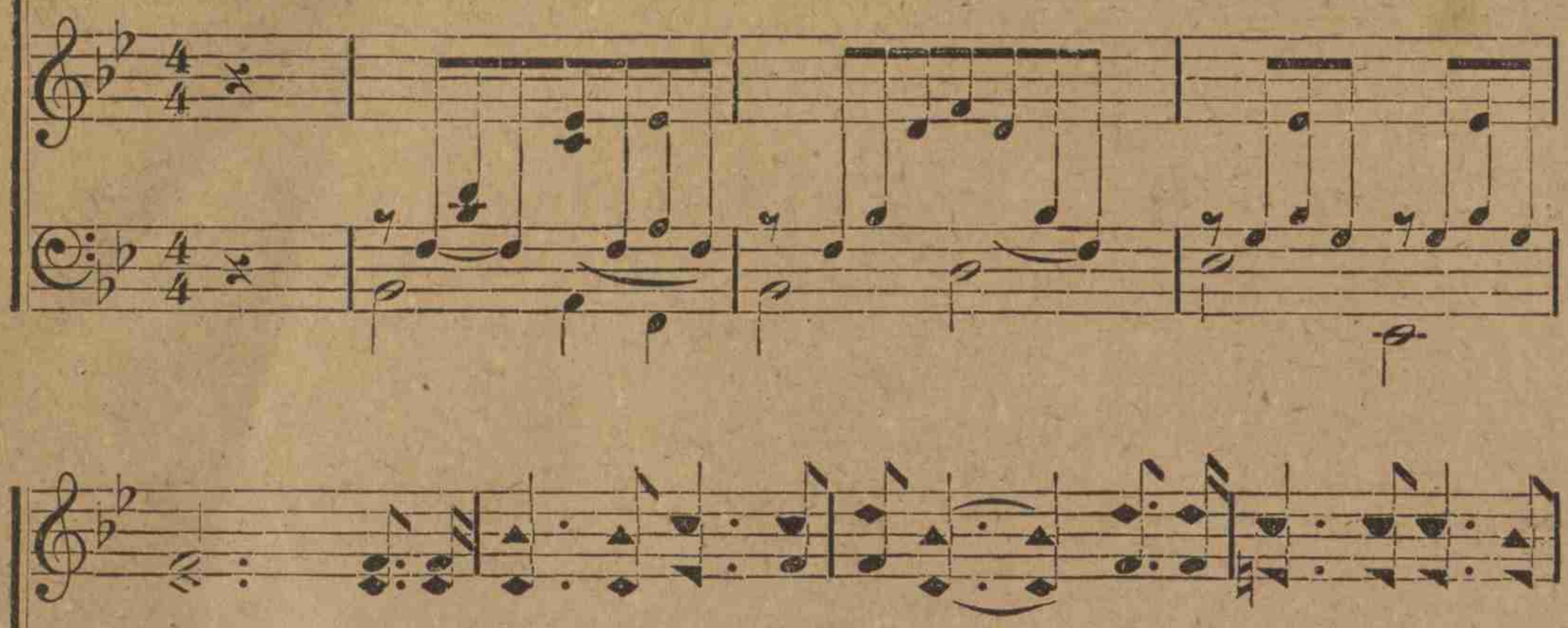
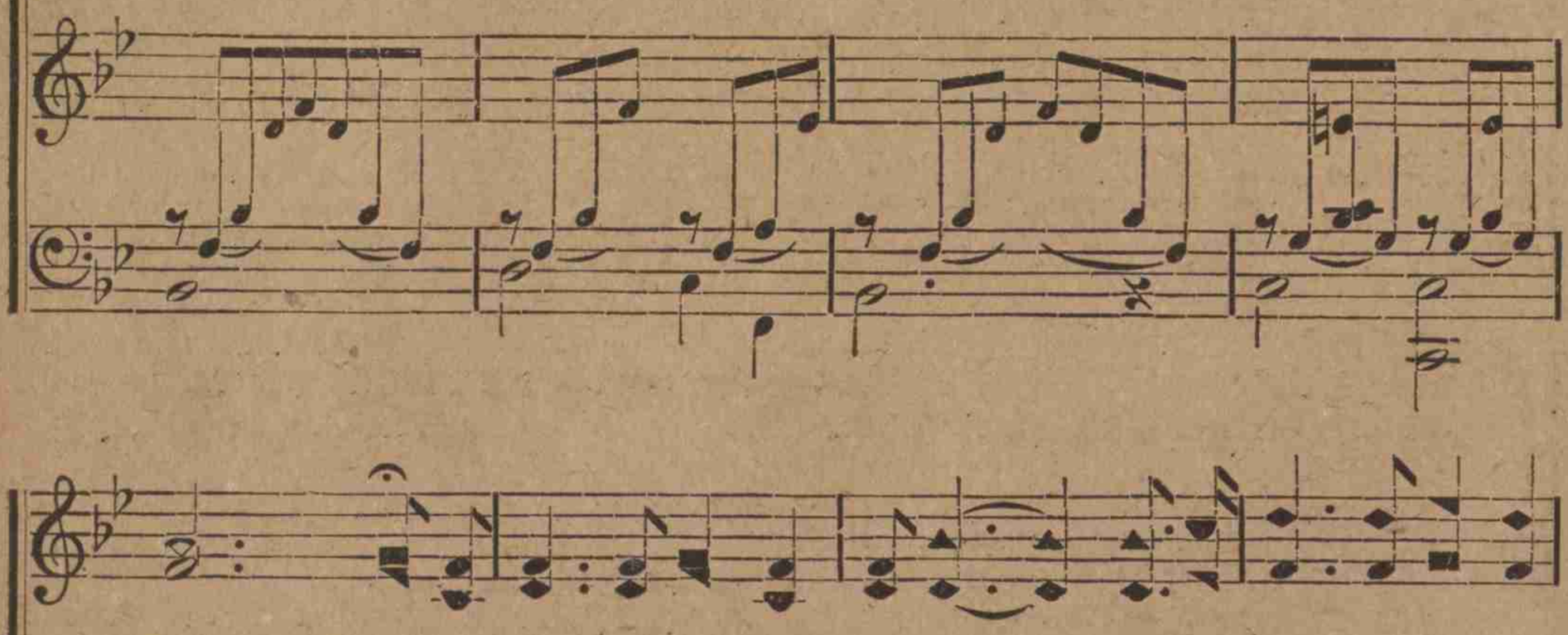
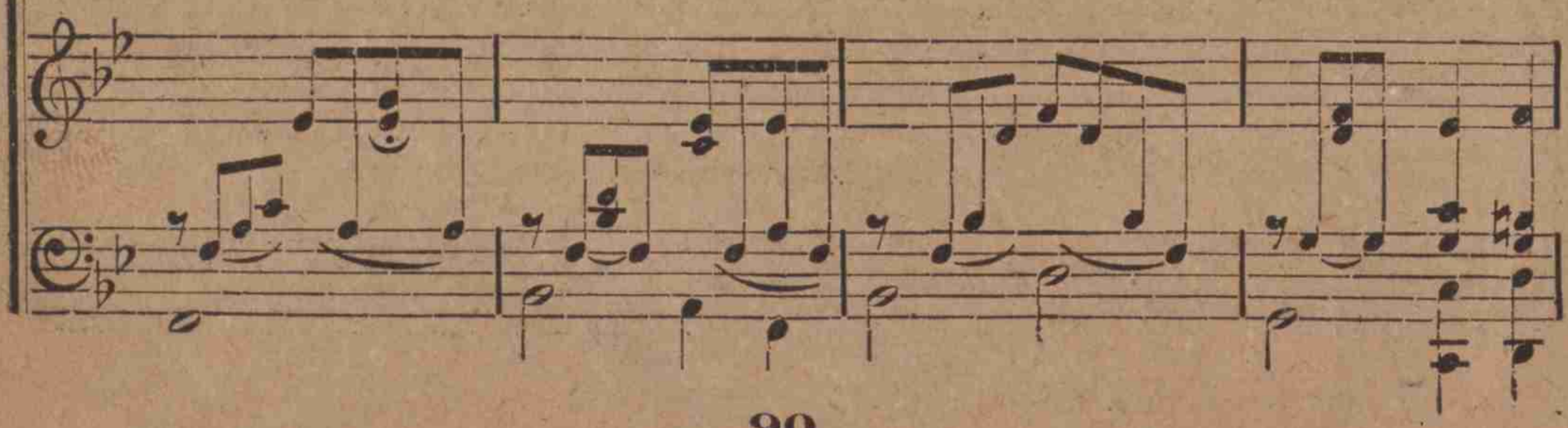
There's only one way, ... the strait narrow way, . . . The path that my Saviour has trod, There's only one way, the strait narrow way, There's only one way, . . . the strait narrow way, . . . That leadeth me upward to God.

There's on-ly one way, the strait narrow way,

Copyright, 1895, by Frank M. Davis. By per.

No. 84. When the Day is Full of Gladness.

W. T. T. W. T. Tomson. By per.

Slowly.

1. When the day is full of glad-ness, When the sun shines bright and
2. You have heard the old, old sto- ry, How the Sav - iour died for
3. He has prov - en how he loves you, Won't you love him in re -

clear, When the heart is free from sad-ness And the cares that vex us
you, And I'm sure you must believe it, For the dear, old sto- ry's
turn, And o - bey his just commandments? Can you still his mer-cy

here, Don't for-get a-mid earth's pleasures, There is one who died to
true; He as-cend - ed in - to glo - ry, To pre-pare for you a
spurn? He has promised peace and par-don, All your sins he will for-

When the Day is Full of Gladness. Concluded.

Rit.

save And you'll need his ten- der guidance, When you cross death's cold dark wave.
home, And he calls you, "Come un- to me." O, my brother won't you come?
give, If you'll love him and o - bey him; Won't you come to him and live?

CHORUS. A little animated.

Won't you come . . . . un - to the Sav - iour?
Won't you come un-to the Sav- iour, Won't you come un-to the Saviour?

He a - lone . . . . . hath pow'r to save, . . . You can
lone hath pow'r to save, He a - lone hath pow'r to save,

Rit.

trust and lean up- on him, dear brother, When you cross death's cold, dark wave.

No. 85. Fall in Line.

GRANVILLE JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. There's a trum - pet call re-sound-ing Through the nations far and wide,
2. Loud - er rolls the trump of heav- en He is call - ing all his own,
3. Though the host of sin is might-y And the bat - tle fear- ful be,

'Tis the gos - pel call to ral - ly Roll - ing like a might- y tide;
Let no sol - dier be un-faith-ful For each vic - tor wins a crown;
Je - sus leads his chos - en peo- ple And will lead to vic - to - ry;

Hear it O ye worn and wea - ry Batt'ling for the truth and right,
Let the bu - gle blast un- wak- en Ev - 'ry child of God to - day,
Sat - an's host will soon be vanquished Wrong will soon give place to right

God is call - ing to the faith- ful, Rouse ye, arm ye for the fight.
Till an ar - my strong and val-iant, Stands in bat - tle's stern ar - ray.
And each vic - tor be re-ward- ed With a crown of fade - less light.

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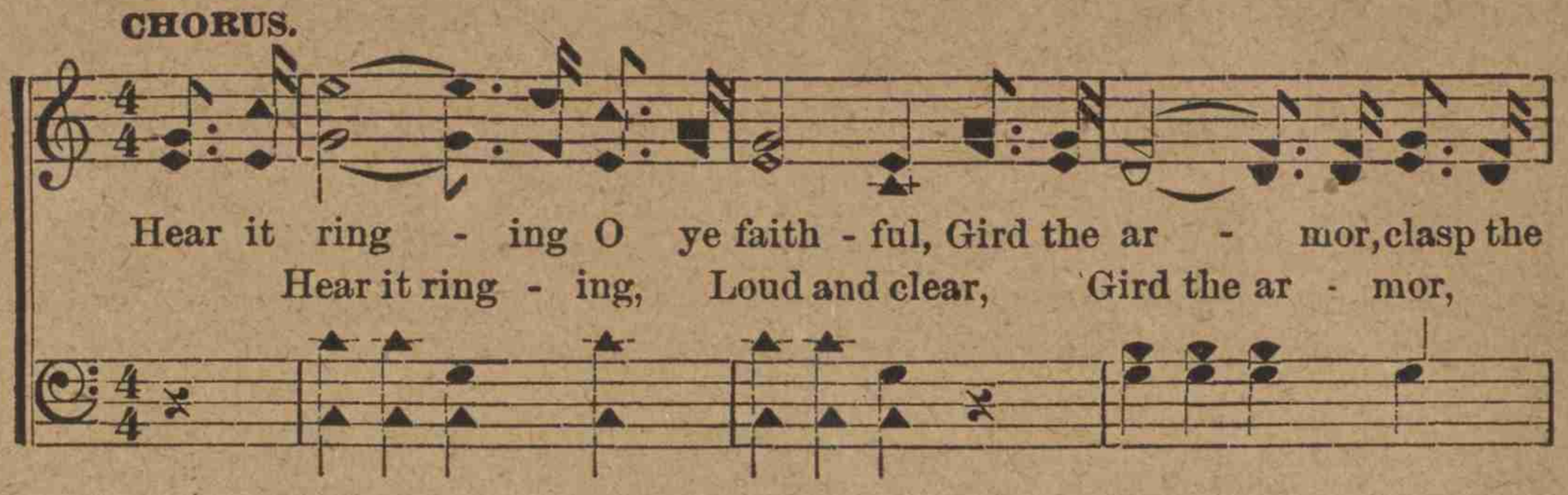
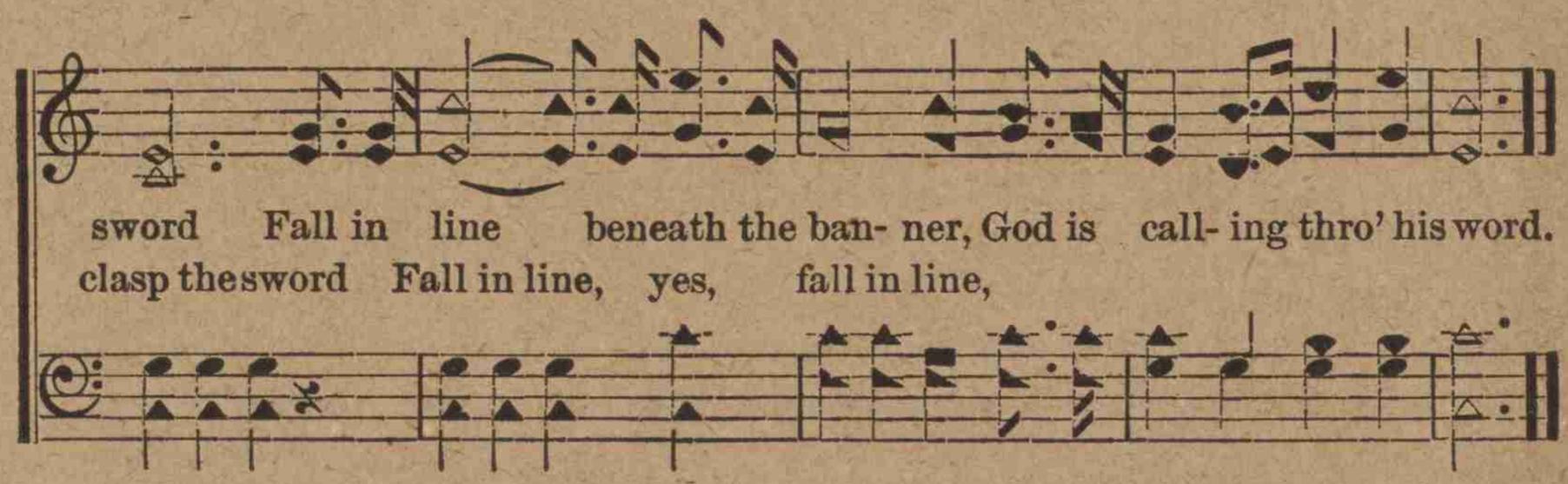
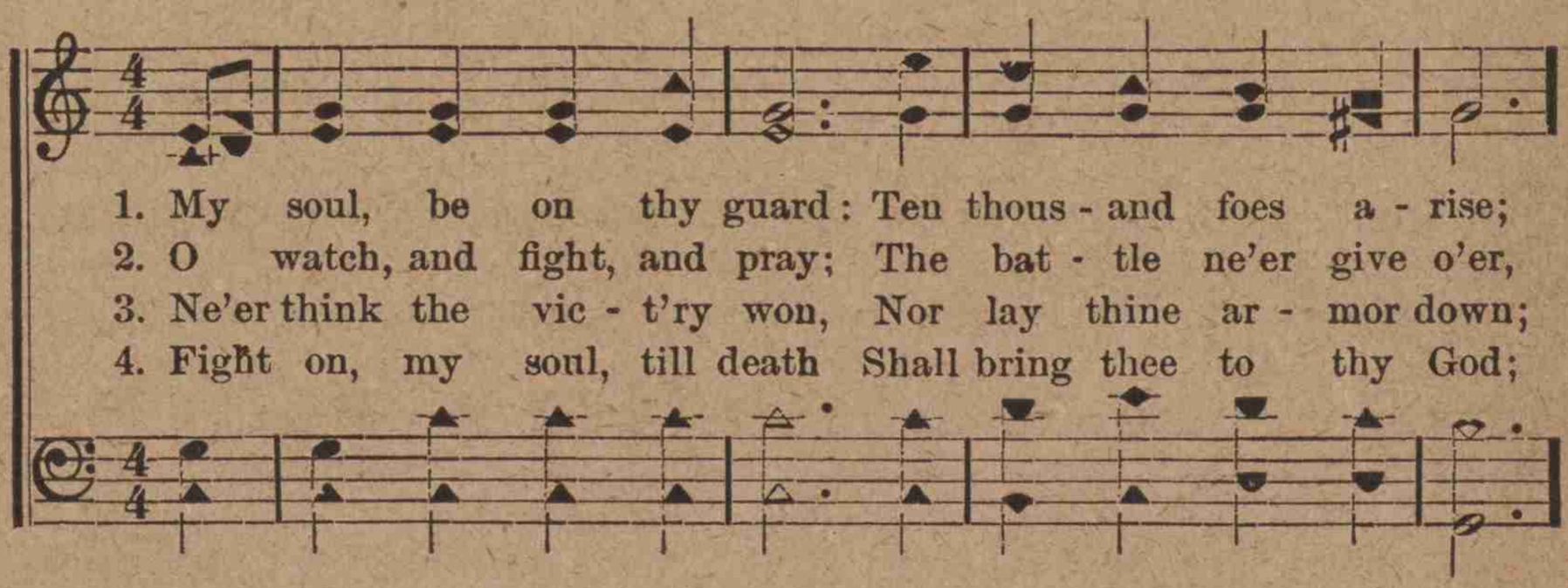
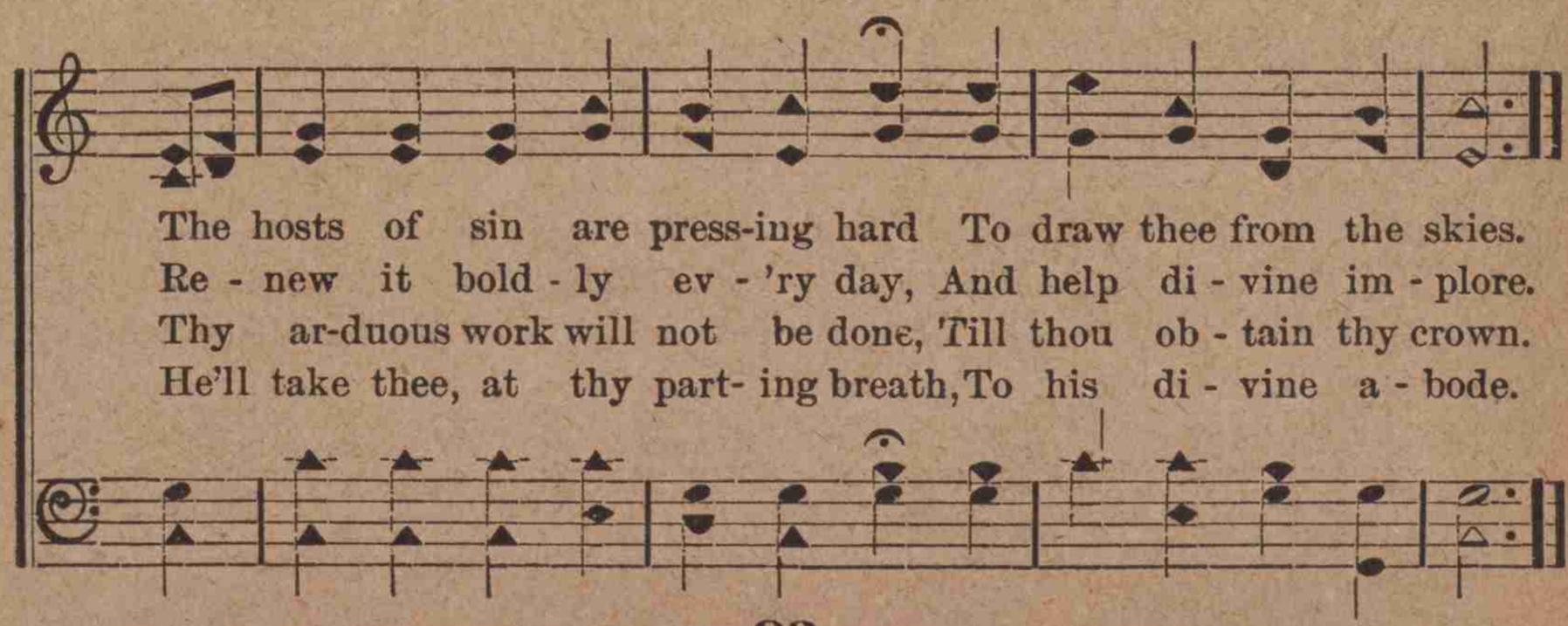
Fall in Line. Concluded.



No. 86. Laban. S. M.

GEO. HEATH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.





No. 87. Great Deliverer.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. I have found a pre- cious friend whose name is Je - sus, I will
2. For his name's sake he for - giv - eth my trans-gres - sions, My in -
3. This I know he is my light and my sal - va - tion, He's an

praise him ev - er with my heart and voice, He has compassed me with
iq - ui - ty and sin he cov - ers o'er, And he hides me in the
ev - er pres- ent help when trouble's nigh, In his bless- ed guid-ance

songs of sweet de- liv'rance, He has made my soul with righteousness rejoice.
se - cret of his pres-ence, He preserves me from all e - vil ev- er-more.
I am ful - ly trust- ing, For he tells me "I will guide thee with mine eye."

CHORUS.

Might- y Sav - iour, great de- liv - 'rer, Who among the mighty
Mighty Saviour, great de-liv-'rer,

shall be lik - ened un - to him, Might- y Sav - iour, great de-
Might-y Sav-iour,

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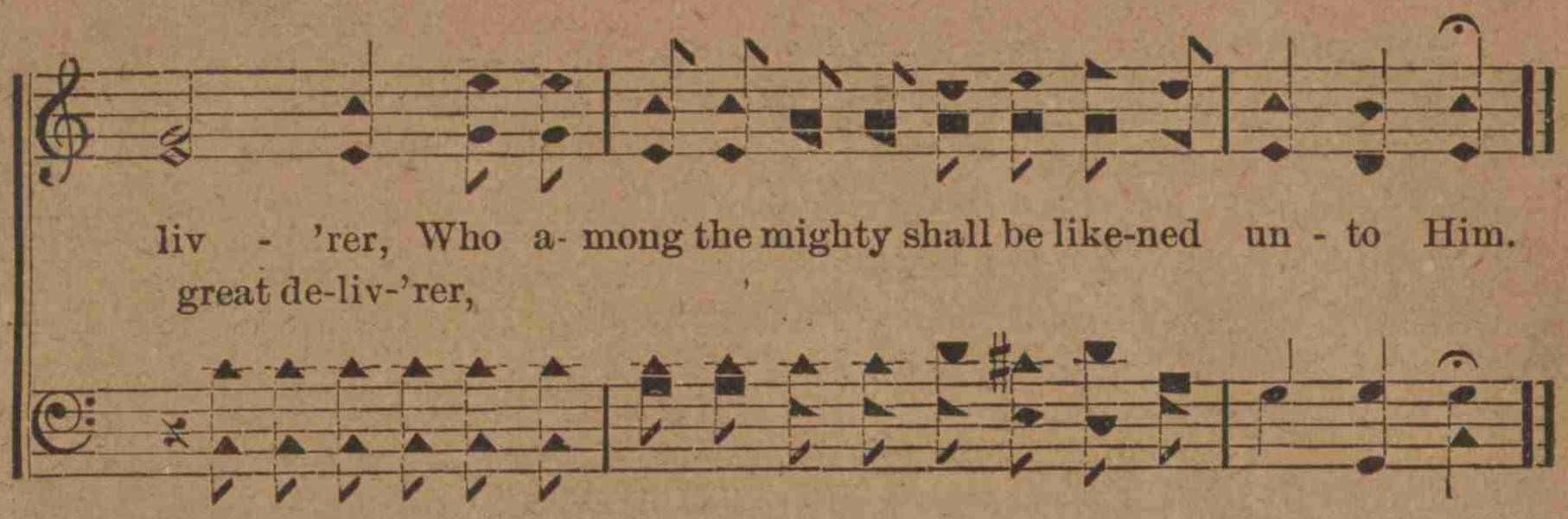
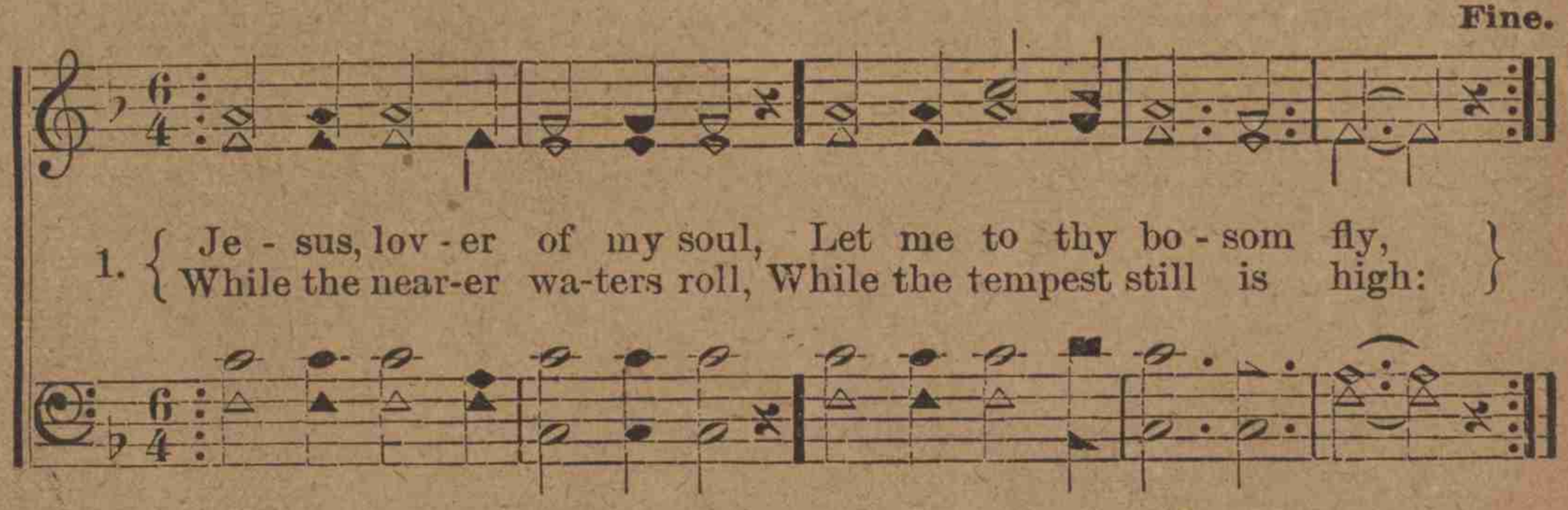
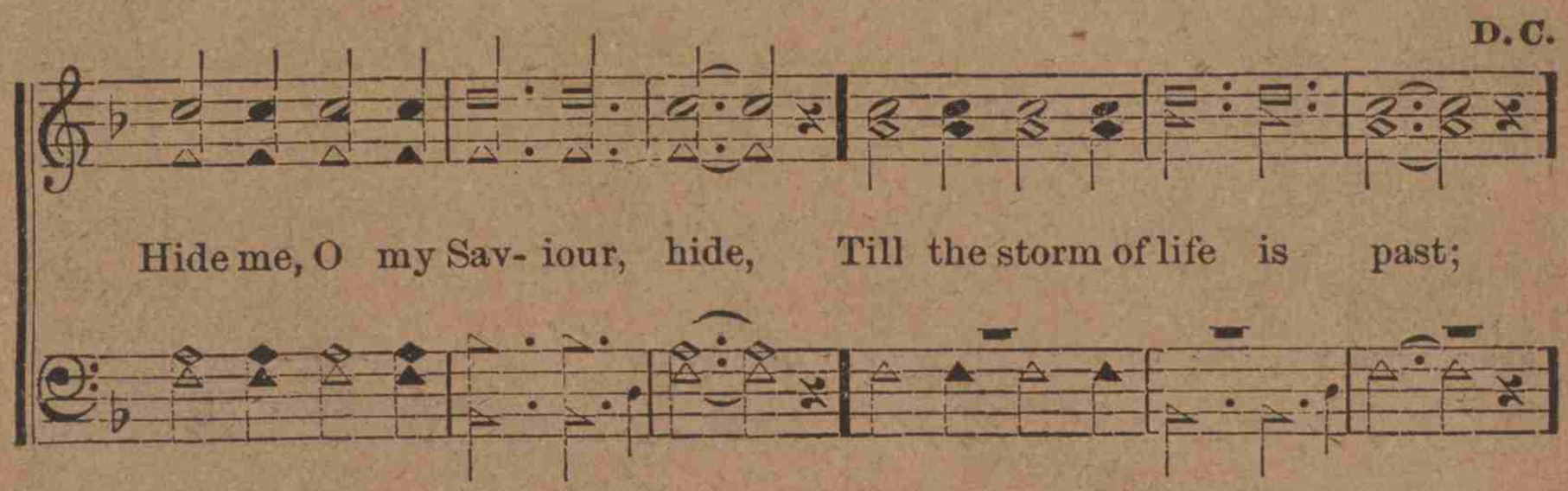
Great Deliverer. Concluded.



No. 88. Martyn.



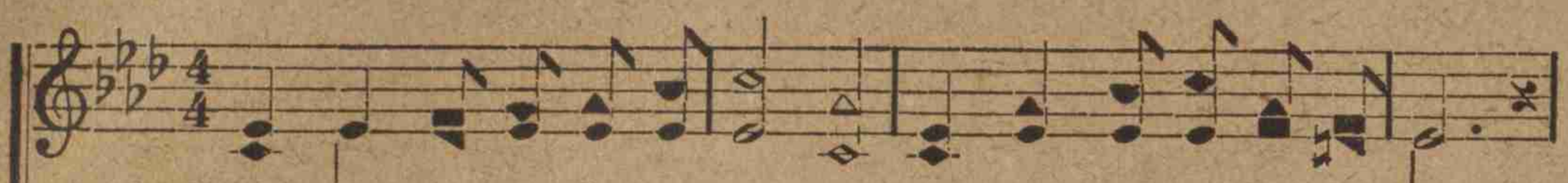
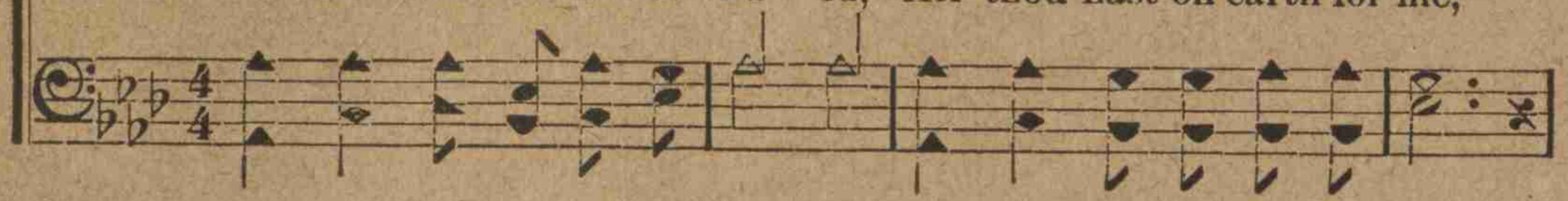
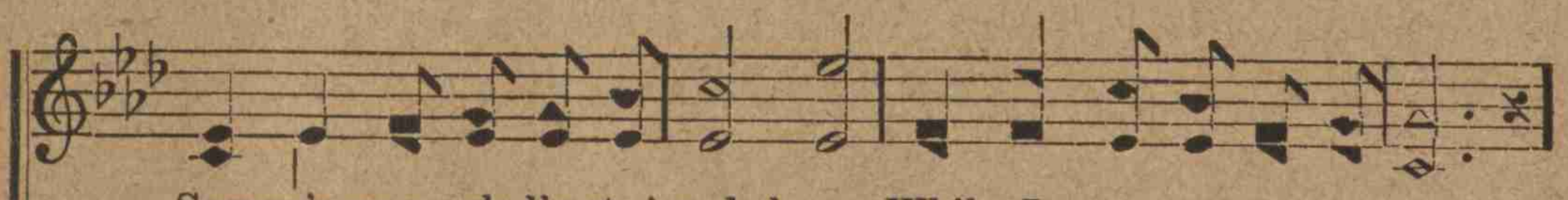


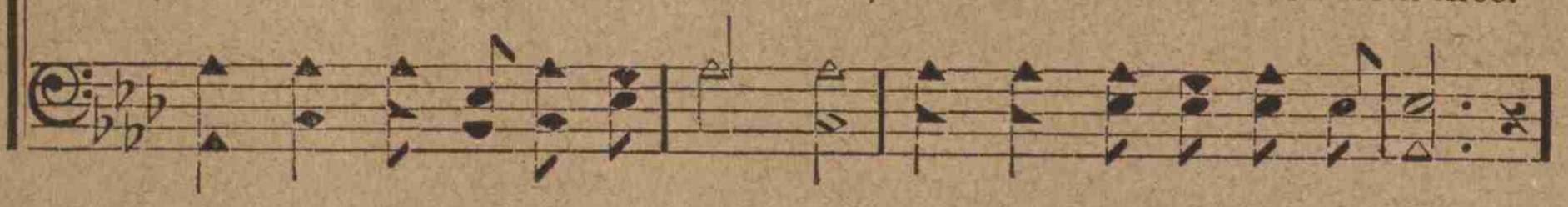
2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

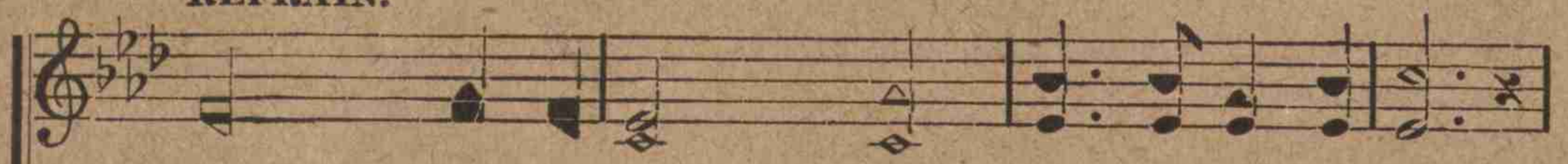
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin, I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

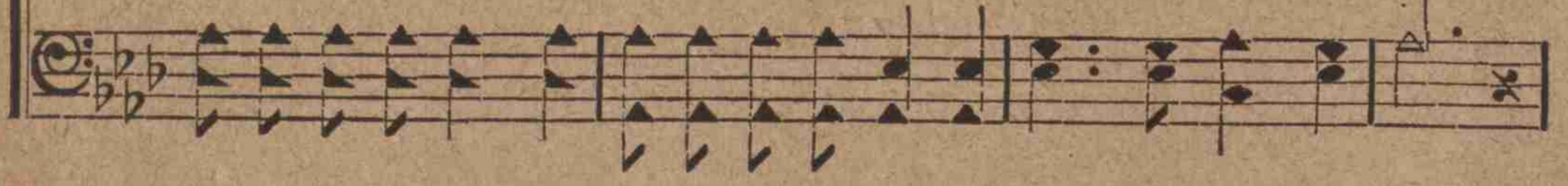
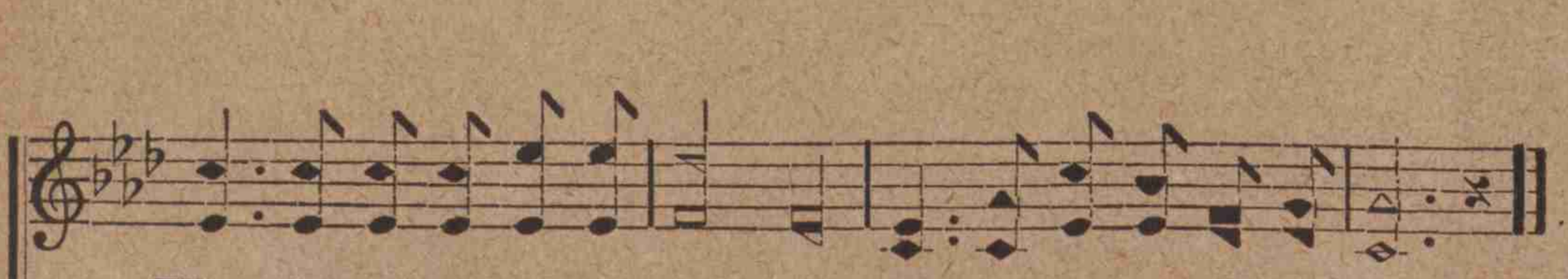
4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 89. Saviour, Guide Me.

R. M. M. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Guide me, O my blessed Sav- iour, Guide me o'er "life's troubled sea;"
2. Guard me, O my blessed Sav- iour, Guard and guide me ev-'ry day;
3. Save me, O my blessed Sav- iour, Save me from temptation's pow'r:
4. When the work of life is end - ed, All thou hast on earth for me,



Sorrow's waves shall not o'erwhelm me While I put my trust in thee.
Keep me safe from sin and sor - row; Guard and guide me all the way.
When the pains of death are on me, Sav- iour, save me in that hour.
Take me, O my bless-ed Sav - iour, Take me home to dwell with thee.

REFRAIN.



Guide me, my Sav - iour, Guide me day by day;
Guide me, O my Saviour, Guide me, O my Saviour,

When the storms of life sweep o'er me, Sav- iour, guide me then I pray.

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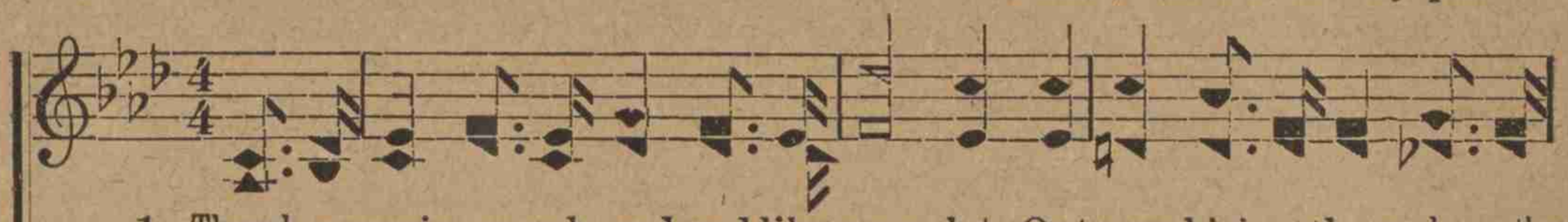
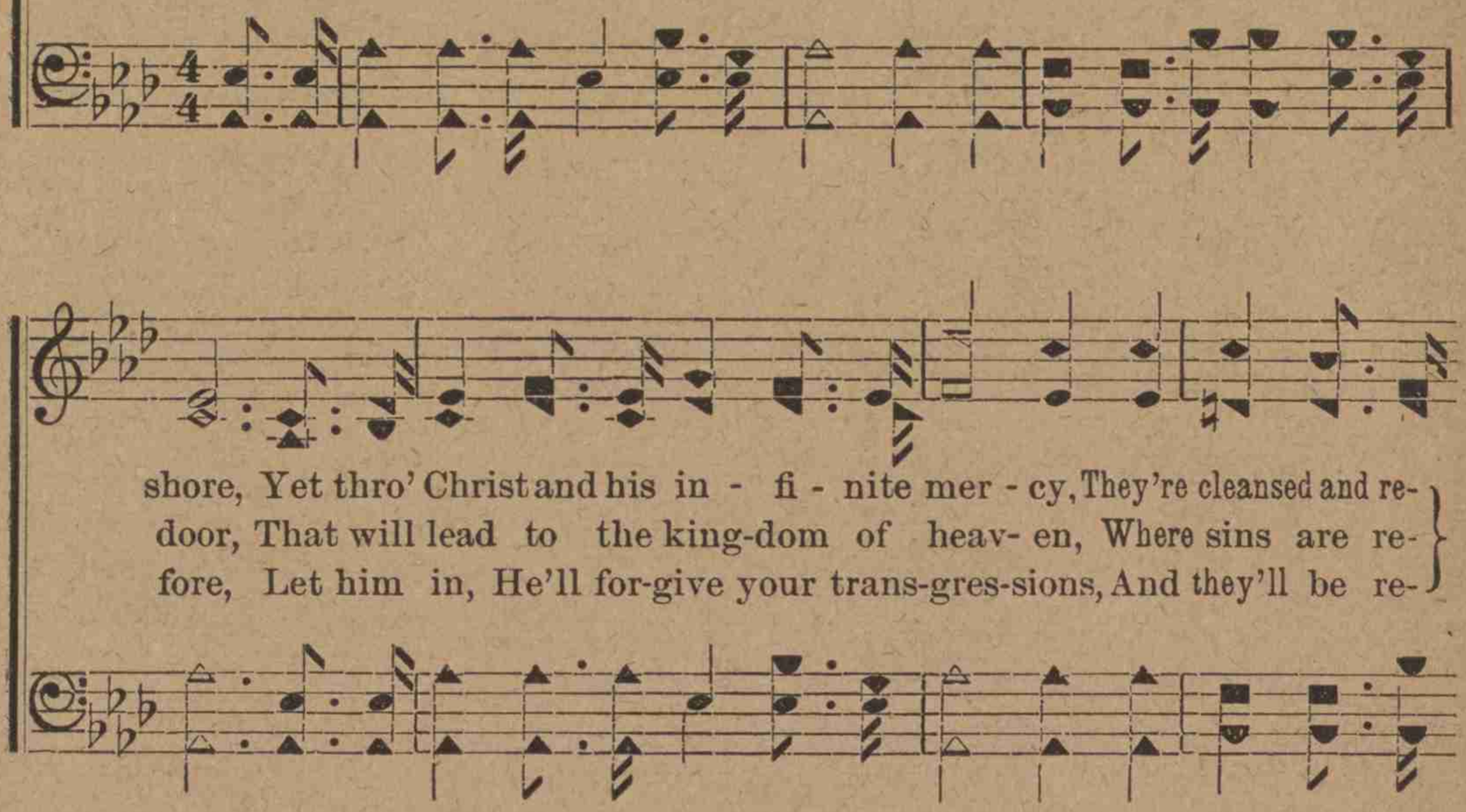
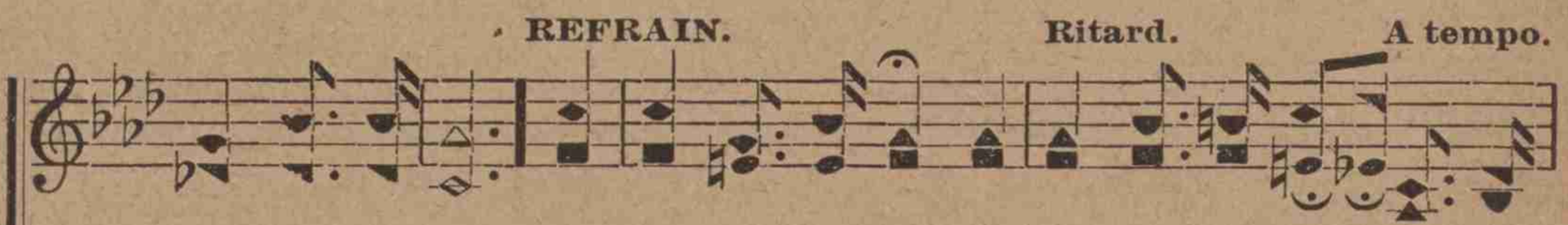
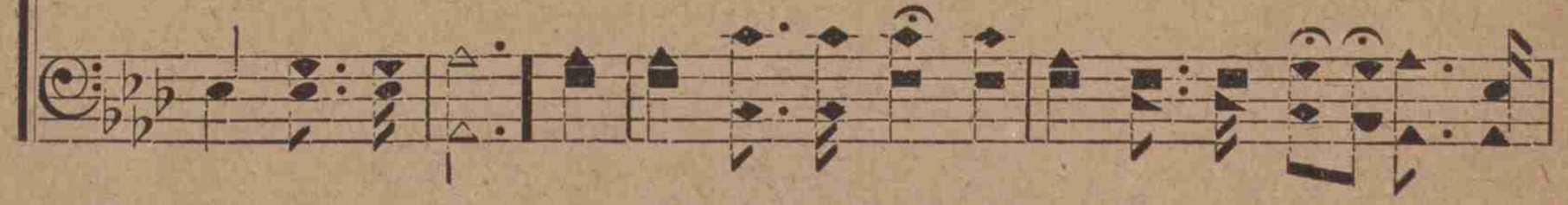
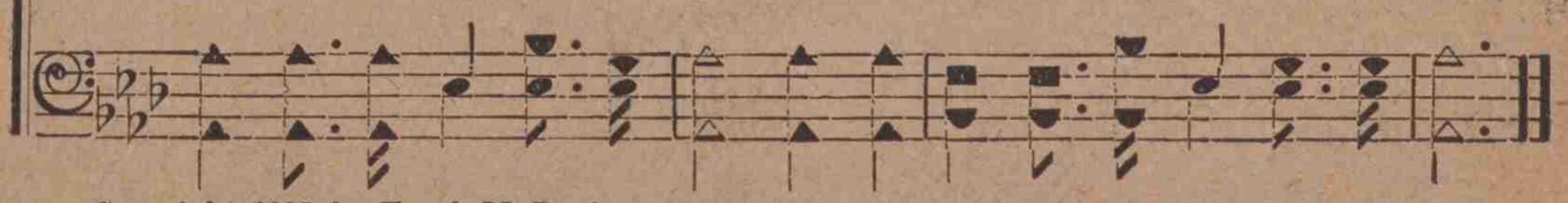
No. 90. Remembered No More.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Though your sins may be red and like scar- let, Out numb'ring the sands on the
2. Hear the voice that in love now entreats you To en - ter the wide o- pen
3. At the door of your heart Christ is knocking, He oft- en has knocked there be-



shore, Yet thro' Christ and his in - fi - nite mer - cy, They're cleansed and re-
door, That will lead to the king-dom of heav- en, Where sins are re-
fore, Let him in, He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, And they'll be re-

membered no more. Re- membered no more, Remembered no more, Yet thro'

Christ and his in - fi - nite mer - cy, Your sins are remembered no more.

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No. 91. Be Not Afraid.

Rev. ALFRED J. HOUGH. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Come weal, come woe where'er we go, God is not far a - way;
2. Tho' clouds may veil the stars that sail O'er boundless seas of space,
3. Thro' changing years, in joy and tears, The changeless One a - bides,

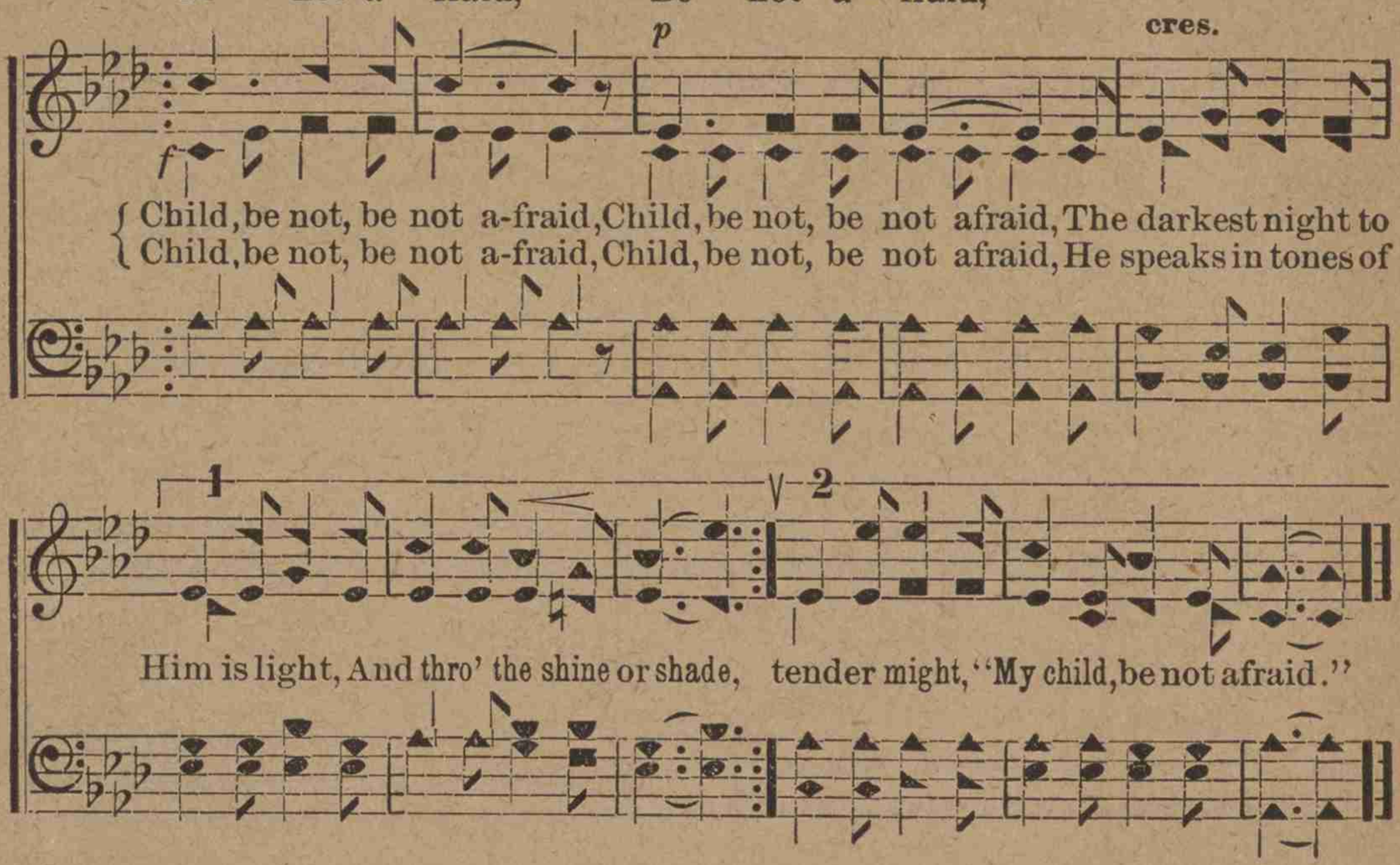
He holds the storm-y winds that blow, And molds the golden day.
And lights a- long all shores may fail, God will not hide His face;
And safe the soul from doubts and fears, That in His bos- om hides.

The dark - est night to Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade,
But sweet- ly whis-pers while His hands Up- on His own are laid,—
On nois - y street, in still re-treat, Thro' vales of deep- est shade,

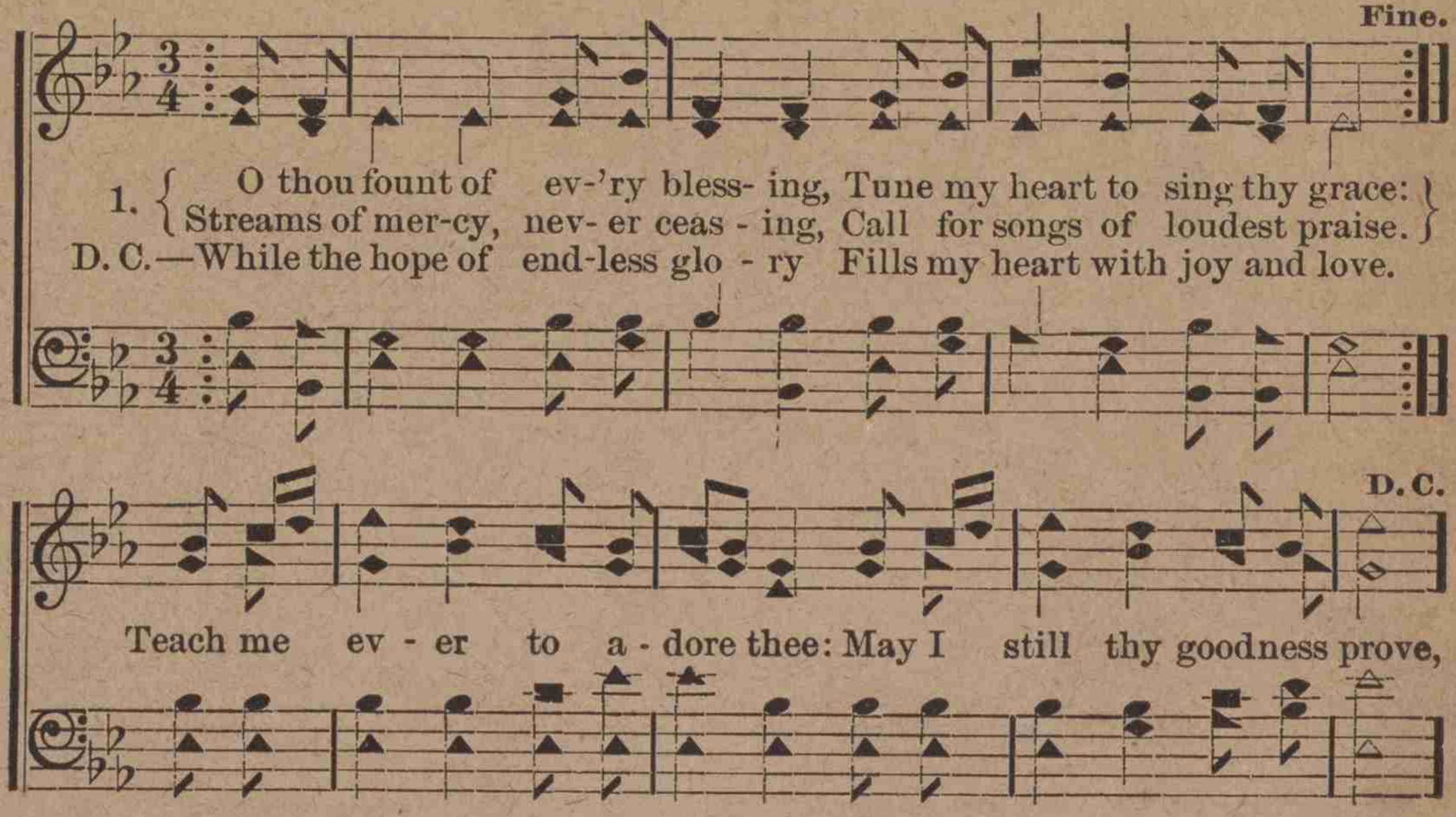
He speaks in tones of ten - der might, "My child, be not a - fraid."
"Lo! at thy side thy Fa- ther stands, My child, be not a - fraid."
That voice is heard with ac-cents sweet, "My child, be not a - fraid."

Geo. F. Rosche, owner of Copyright, Chicago, Ill.

Be Not Afraid. Concluded.



No. 92. Nettleton. 8s & 7s.

R. ROBINSON. Anon.

2 Here I'll raise my 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,
Wandering from thy fold, O God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee.
Never let me wander from thee,
Never leave thee, whom I love;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

No. 93. We Shall be Satisfied.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When
2. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When
3. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When

Some day we shall be sat - is - fied,

in his likeness we ap-pear, Shall know each other as we're
we shall meet Him face to face, And sing with angels round the
all our bur-dens are laid down, When we shall stand be-fore the

in his likeness we appear, Shall know each

known, When all that's dark shall be made clear.
throne, We're saved, we're saved from sin by grace.
King, And there receive the promised crown.

oth-er as we're known, When all that's dark shall be made clear.

CHORUS.

Sat - is - fied we shall be sat - is - fied, Some day we shall be sat - is -

fied, When in his likeness we appear, We shall be sat - is- fied.

be satisfied,

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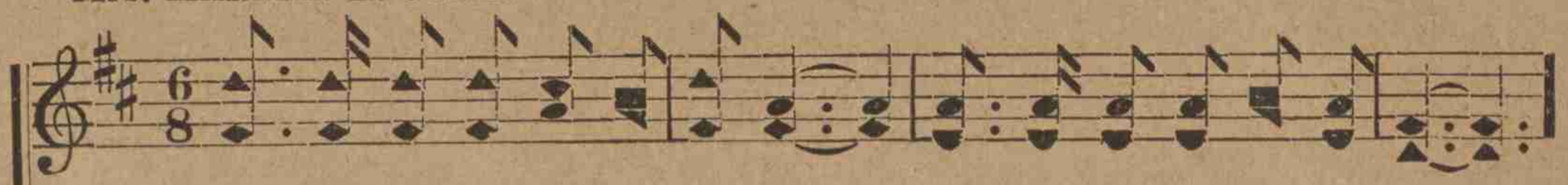
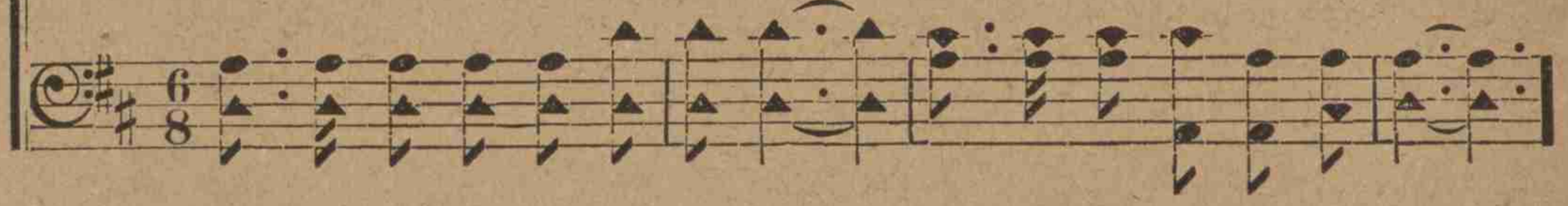
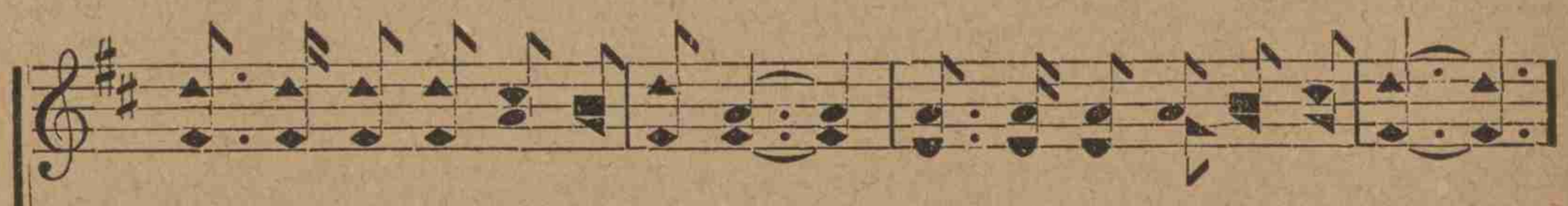
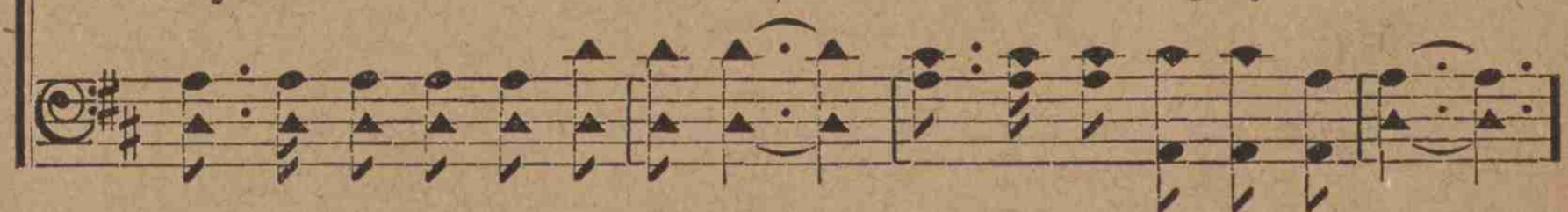
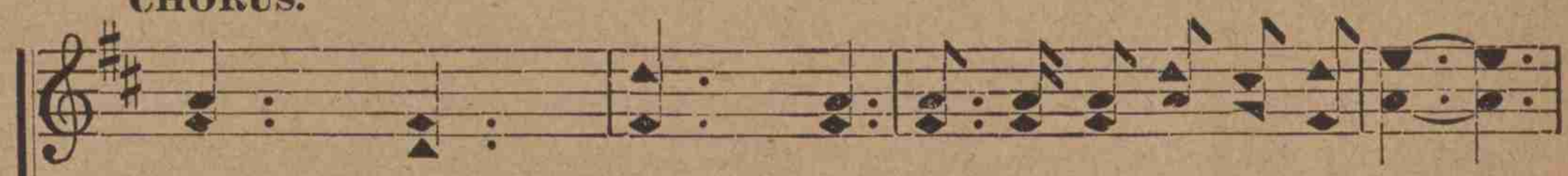
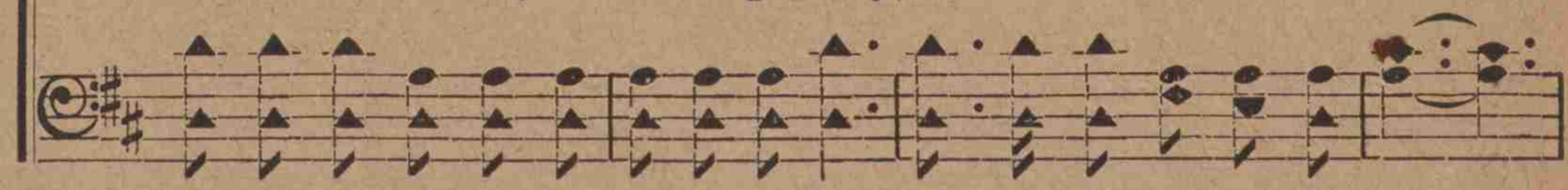
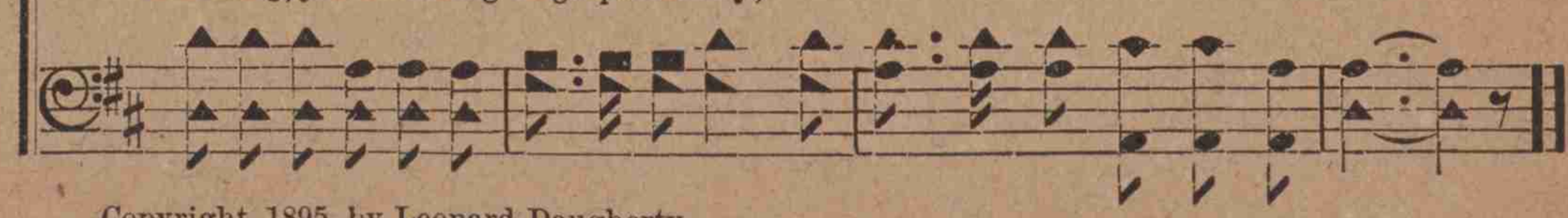
No. 94. God's Army is Marching.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Onward God's army is marching, Shin- ing in gos-pel ar - ray,
2. Onward God's army is marching, Gain- ing recruits as they go,
3. Onward God's army is marching, With his dear banner un-furled;
4. Onward God's army is marching, Read - y all dan-gers to brave;

Je - sus, the theme of their anthems, Joy - ful- ly marching to- day.
Marching with Je- sus, the Cap-tain, March-ing to conquer the foe.
Wield-ing the sword of the spir-it, March-ing to conquer the world.
They shall be vic-tors thro' Je-sus, Je - sus the mighty to save.

CHORUS.

March - ing, March - ing, Shin-ing in gos-pel ar - ray,
Onward God's army is marching to-day,

March - ing, March - ing, God's ar - my is marching to - day.
Marching, yes marching in gospel ar-ray,

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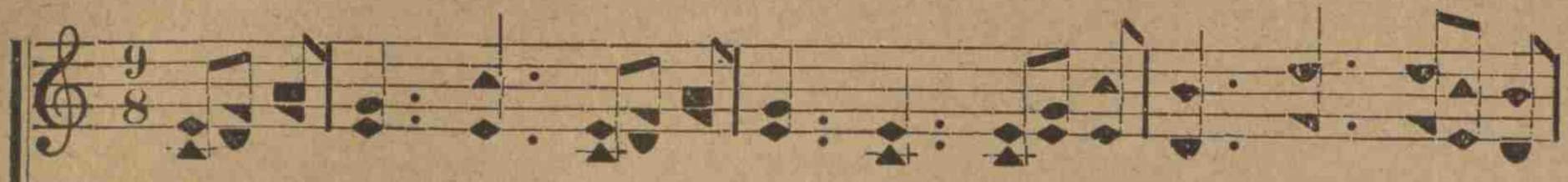
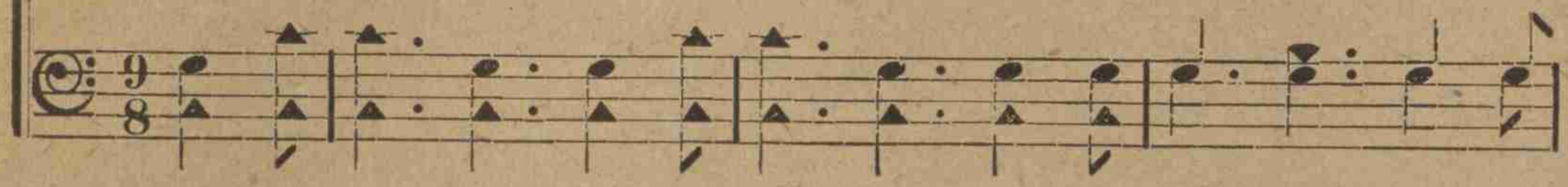
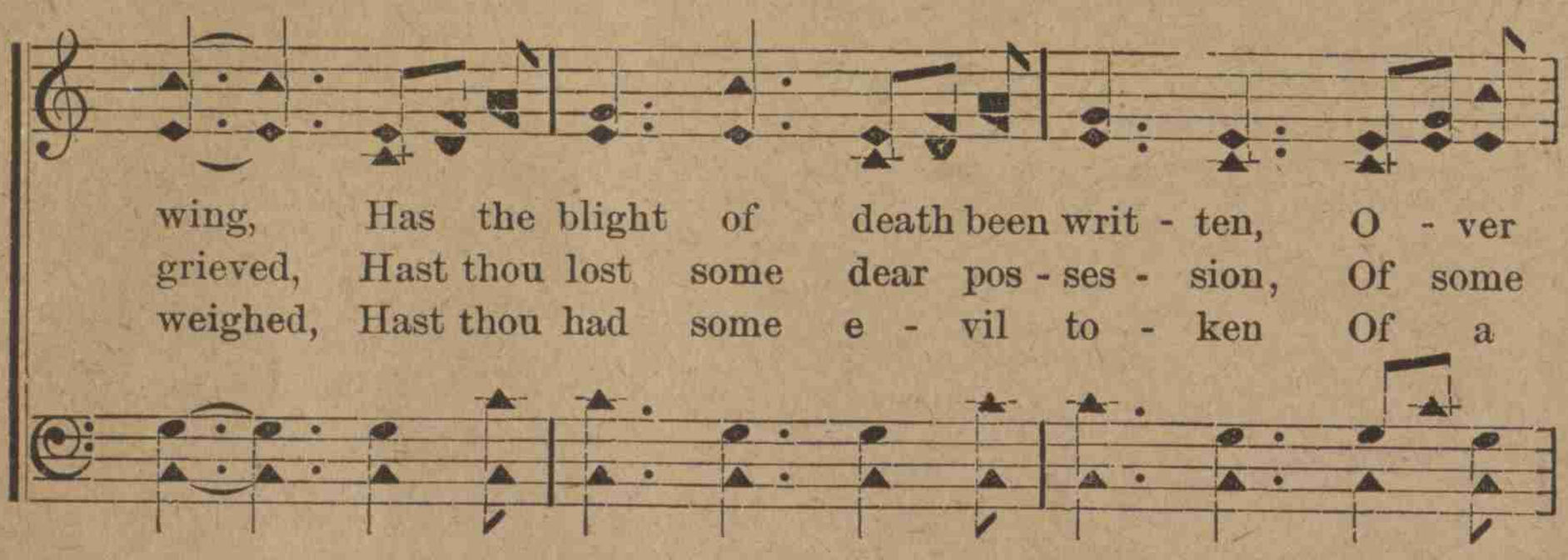
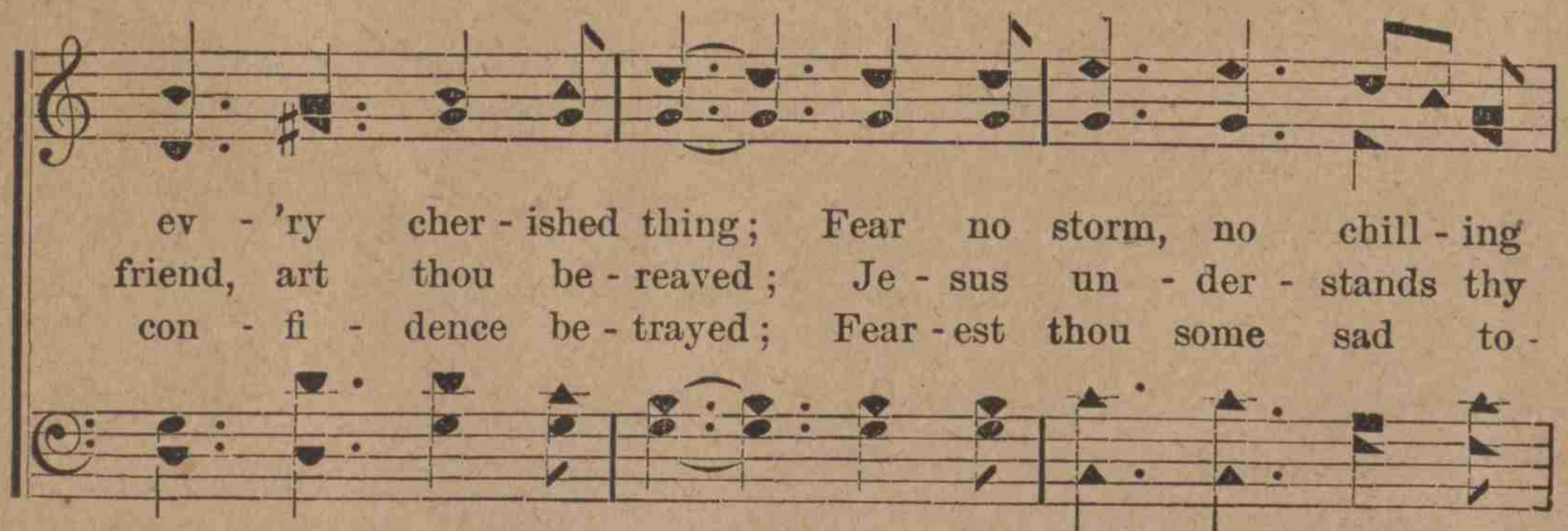
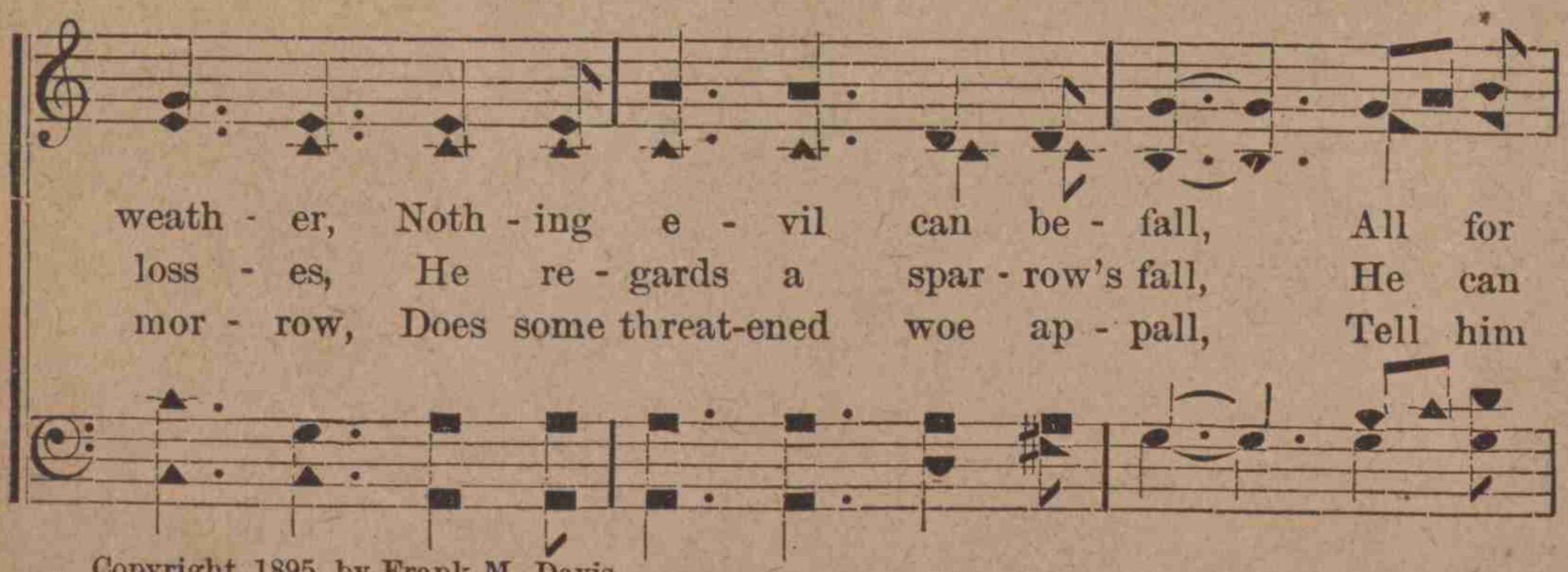
No. 95. Tell Him All.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Is thy heart with sor- row smit - ten, Has thy glad - ness tak- en
2. Have ills come in quick suc-ces - sion, Is thy in - most spir- it
3. Must some grief re - main un-spok - en, Is thy soul with burdens



wing, Has the blight of death been writ - ten, O - ver
grieved, Hast thou lost some dear pos - ses - sion, Of some
weighed, Hast thou had some e - vil to - ken Of a

ev - 'ry cher - ished thing; Fear no storm, no chill - ing
friend, art thou be - reaved; Je - sus un - der - stands thy
con - fi - dence be - trayed; Fear - est thou some sad to -

weath - er, Noth - ing e - vil can be - fall, All for
loss - es, He re - gards a spar - row's fall, He can
mor - row, Does some threat-ened woe ap - pall, Tell him

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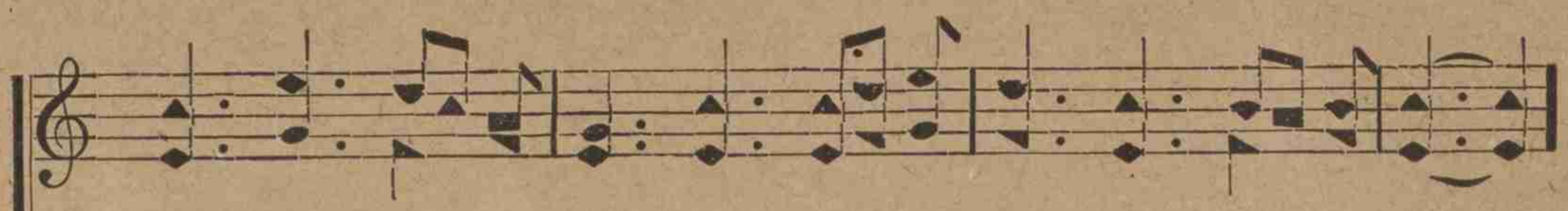
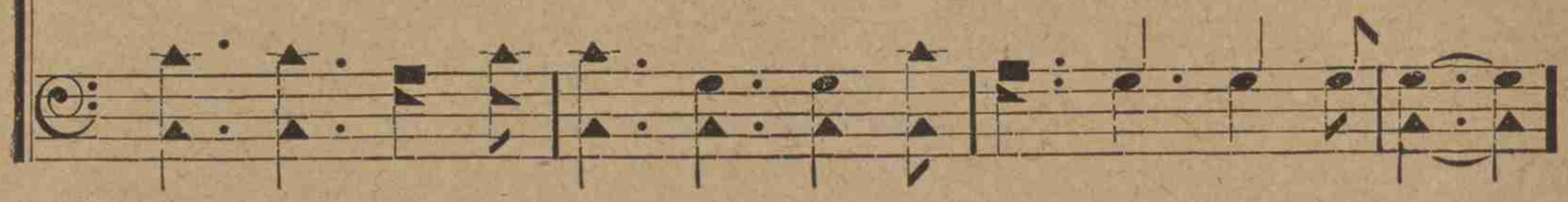
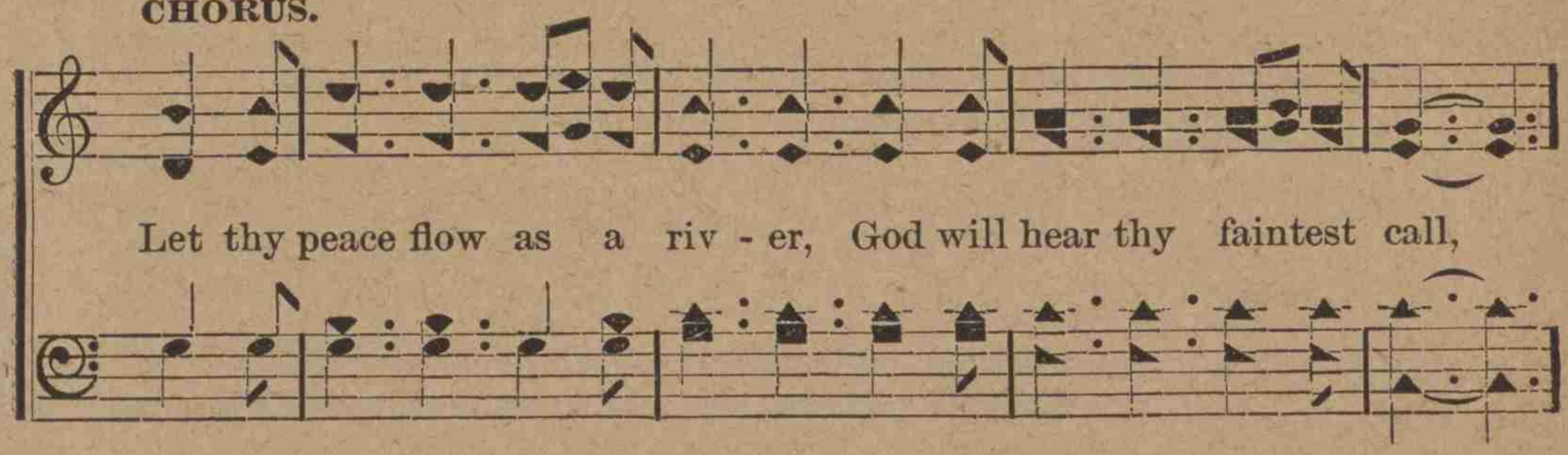
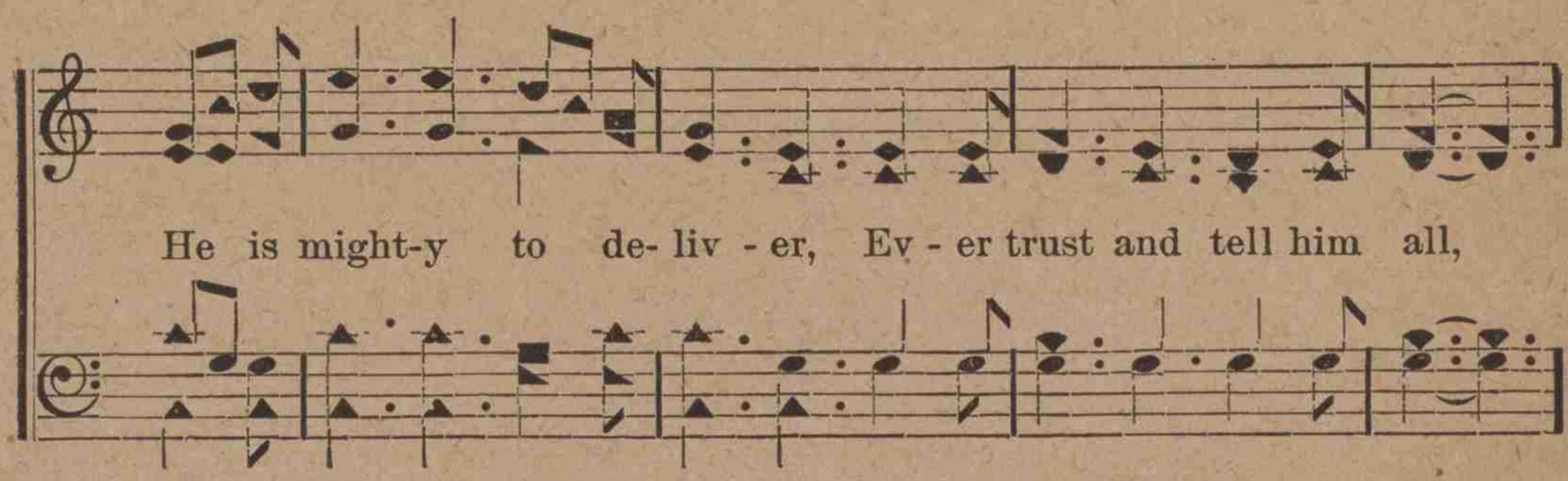
Tell Him All. Concluded.

good shall work to- geth - er, Trust the Lord and tell him all.
lift thy heav- y cross - es, He will bear them, tell him all.
who has borne all sor - row, He will com - fort, tell him all.

CHORUS.

Let thy peace flow as a riv - er, God will hear thy faintest call,

He is might-y to de- liv - er, Ev - er trust and tell him all,

Tell him all, tell him all, Ev-er trust and tell him all.
Tell him all, tell him all,

No. 96. Come to the Fold.

HARRIET E. JONES. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. O come to the fold of the Shep - herd, Who calls you so
2. O come to the fold of the Shep - herd, O leave the dark
3. O come to the fold of the Shep - herd, Come dwell with the

sweet-ly to - day, Come jour-ney a - mong the green past- ures,
mountain of sin, O come while you may with con- tri - tion,
sheep of his care, That you, in the fold o - ver yon - der,

CHORUS.

And drink from the springs, by the way. } The Shep - herd is
Par- take of the pleas-ures with- in.
His rich - es e - ter - nal may share. , The Shepherd is calling, is

call - ing,..... is ten - - der - ly call - ing, O
call - ing for thee, The Shep-herd is ten- der - ly call - ing, O

come..... He is call- ing, This moment is call-ing for thee.
come He is lov-ing-ly call- ing, This moment is call-ing for thee.

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No. 97. Walking with the Lord.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Walk-ing dai - ly with the bless-ed Lord, Ful- ly trust-ing in his pre- cious word, Crowned with blessings, filled with joy and song, Praising
2. Walk-ing dai - ly tow'rd his courts a-bove, In the sunshine of his light and love, He is more than all the world be- side, Dear Re -
3. Walk-ing dai - ly with my precious friend, He will safe - ly guide me to the end, To that rest He has for me in store, On fair

CHORUS.

Je - sus all the way a - long.
deem - er, pre-cious friend and guide.
Canaan's bright, e- ter - nal shore.

Walk - ing, walk - - ing,
Walking, walking with the blessed Lord,

Walk - ing dai - ly with the bless - ed Lord, Walk - ing,
Walk- ing, walk-ing

walk - - ing, Ful - ly trust-ing in his pre - cious word.
with the bless-ed Lord,

Copyright, 1895, by Frank M. Davis.

No. 98. Will You Come?

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE. By per.

1. There is rest for the wea - ry, if rest they will seek, There is
2. There is sight for the blind-ed and cure for the ill, There is
3. There is peace for the troubled and free- dom for slaves, There is

cheer for the lone- ly and strength for the weak, There is par - don and
balm for the wounded— be healed if you will, There is rest for your
hope for the hope-less, and light up-on graves; Oh, hear the glad

blessing, and end - less re- ward, There is per - fect sal- va- tion in
la - bors, and sweet-ness in rest, There is all that is pur-est, and
message, and heed the sweet call, There is room and a welcome with

CHORUS.

Je- sus, the Lord.
dear-est and best.
Je - sus for all.

Will you come, will you come to the Lord?
Will you come,

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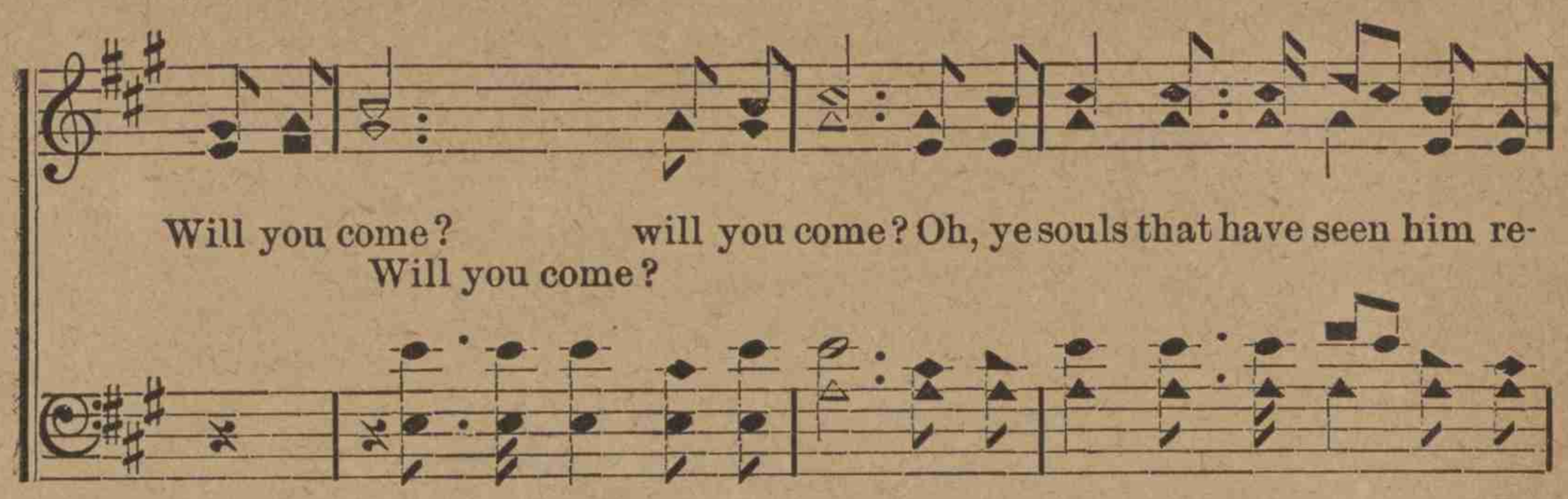
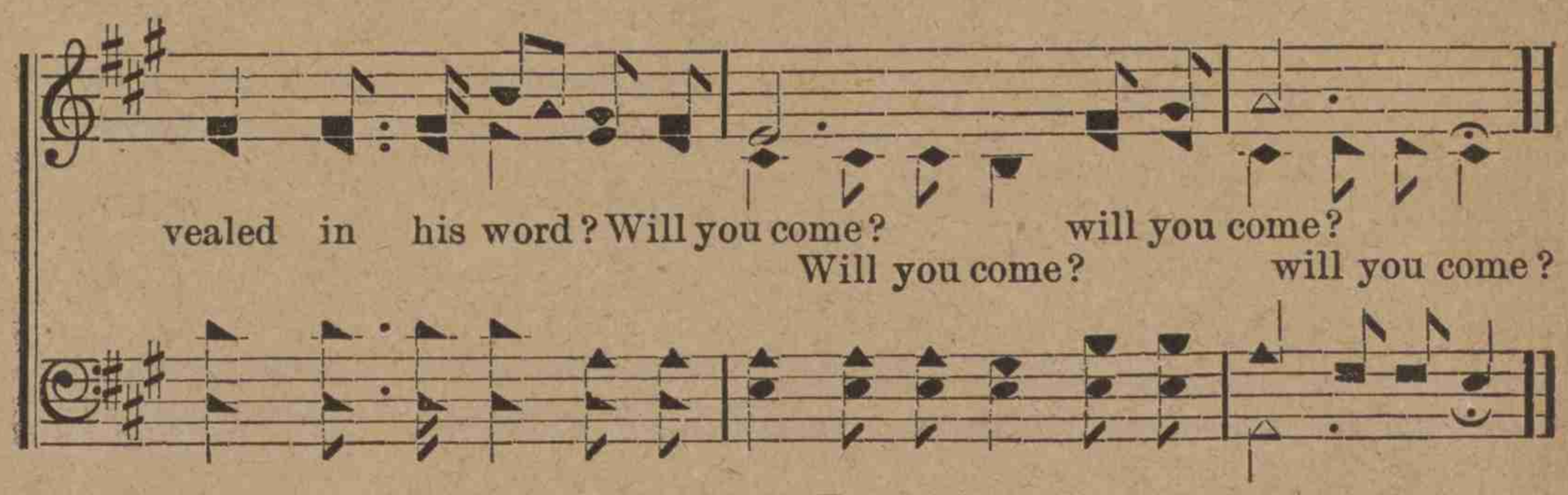
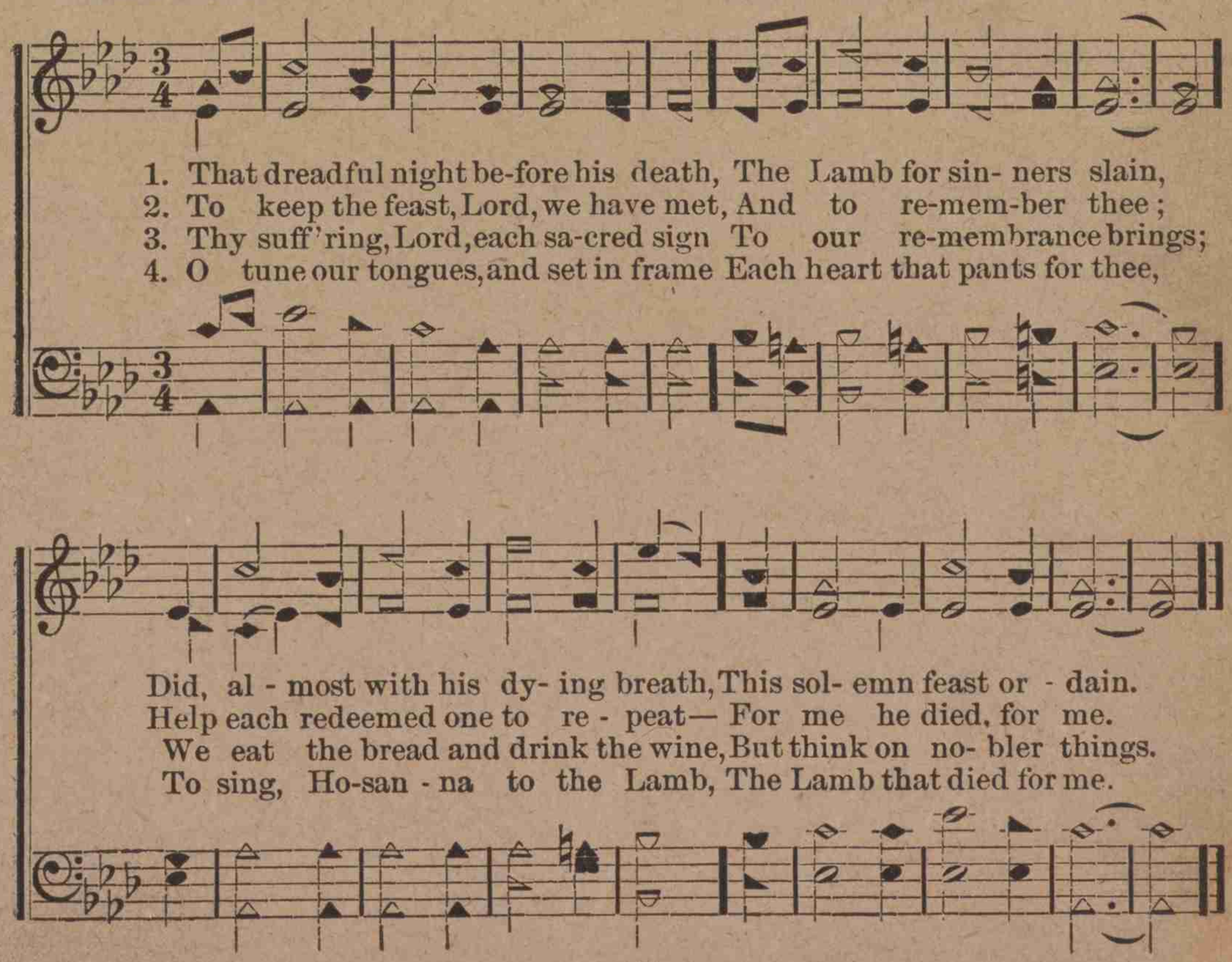
Will You Come? Concluded.



No. 99. Manoah. C. M.

JOSEPH HART. From ROSSINI, by GREATOREX.



No. 100. The Blessing of Song.

C. H. FRED. A. WORDEN.

With expression.

1. "What a friend we have in Je - sus," Sang a lit - tle child one day,
2. "Are we weak and heavy la - den," He will car- ry ev- 'ry woe,
3. "Je - sus knows our ev'ry weak-ness," Weak and worn she turned to God,
4. And the hap-py child still sing-ing, Lit - tle knew she had a part

And a wea-ry woman list- ened To the darling's happy lay;
And the one who sad- ly list- ened, Need- ed that dear helper so;
Ask- ing Christ to take her bur- den, As he is the sin-ners Lord;
In God's wondrous work in bringing, Peace un - to the troubled heart;

All her life seemed dark and gloomy, And her heart was sad with care,
Sin and grief are heavy bur - dens, For a faint-ing soul to bear,
Je - sus was the on- ly ref - uge, He could take her sin and care,
So may we who love the Sav- iour, Say to those bowed down with care,

Sweet- ly rang out ba- by's treb - le, "Take it to the Lord in prayer."
But the ba - by singing bade her Take it all to Him in prayer.
And He blessed the weary wom-an, When she came to Him in prayer.
That the Saviour is their ref - uge, They will find a sol- ace there.

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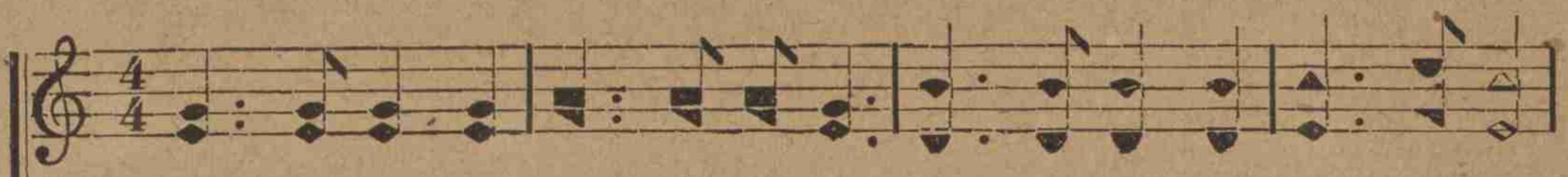
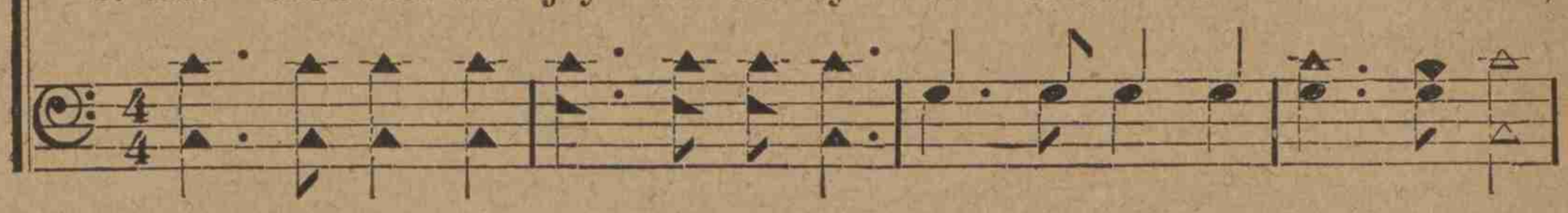
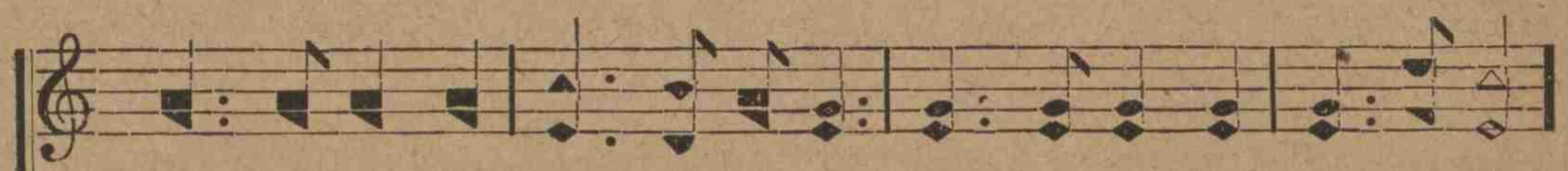
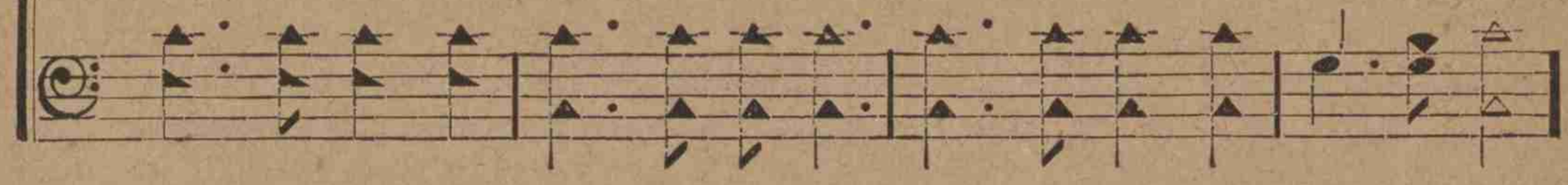
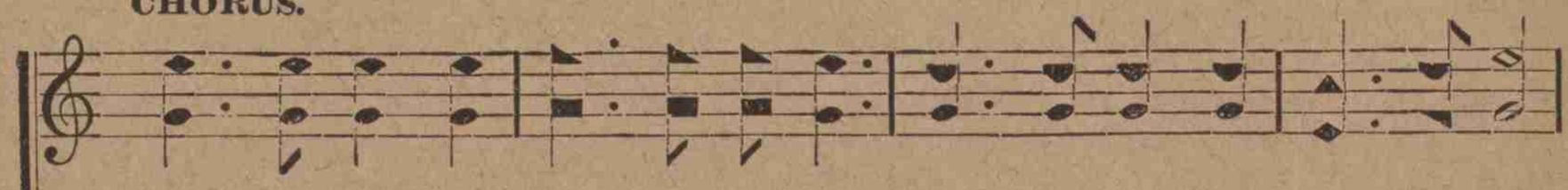
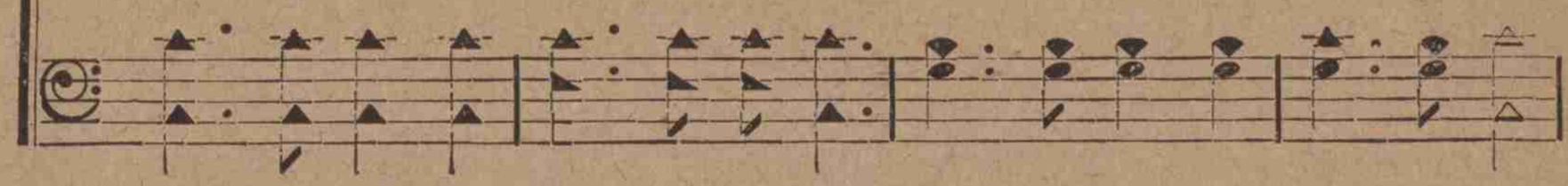
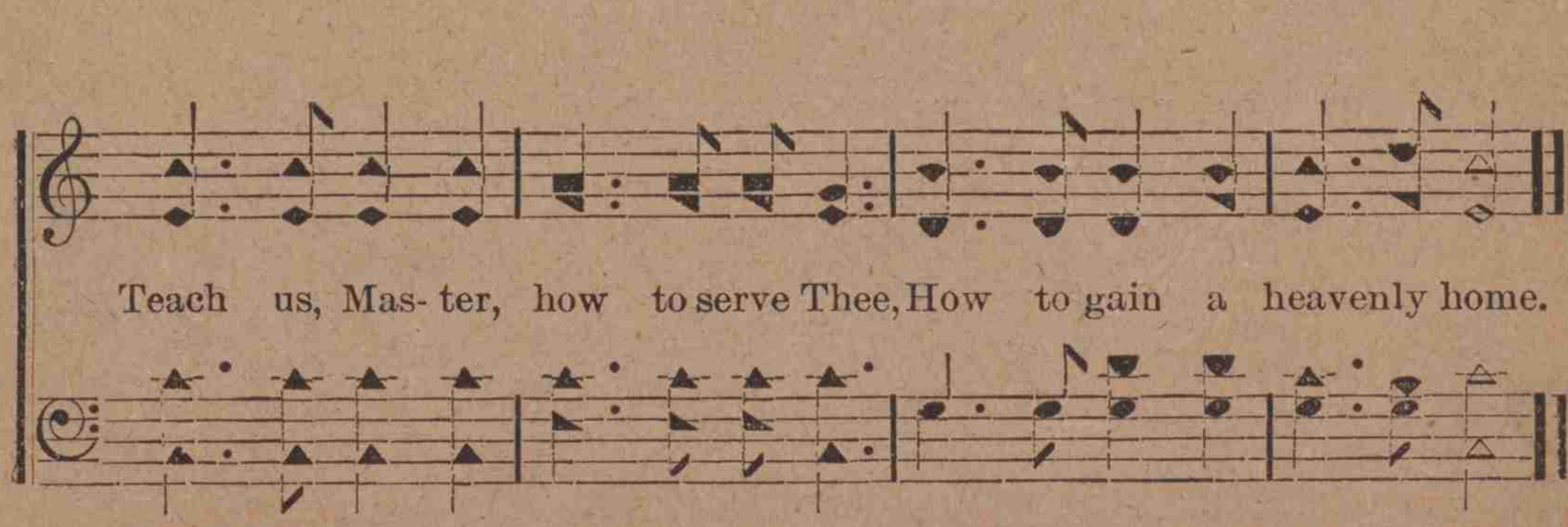
No. 101. Hear Thy Children.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. God of heav - en, hear our sing-ing, On - ly lit - tle ones are we,
2. Let Thy king-dom come, we pray Thee; Let the world in Thee find rest;
3. Let the sweet and joy - ful sto- ry Of the Saviour's wondrous love,

Yet a great pe - ti - tion bringing, Fa - ther now we come to Thee.
Let all know Thee and o-bey Thee, Lov - ing, prais-ing, bless-ing, blest.
Wake on earth a song of glo - ry, Like the an - gels' song a- bove.

CHORUS.

Hear Thy chil-dren, bless - ed Father, Sing - ing, pray-ing, Lord, we come;

Teach us, Mas- ter, how to serve Thee, How to gain a heavenly home.



From "Gospel Chimes." By per.

No. 102. The Angel Reapers.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

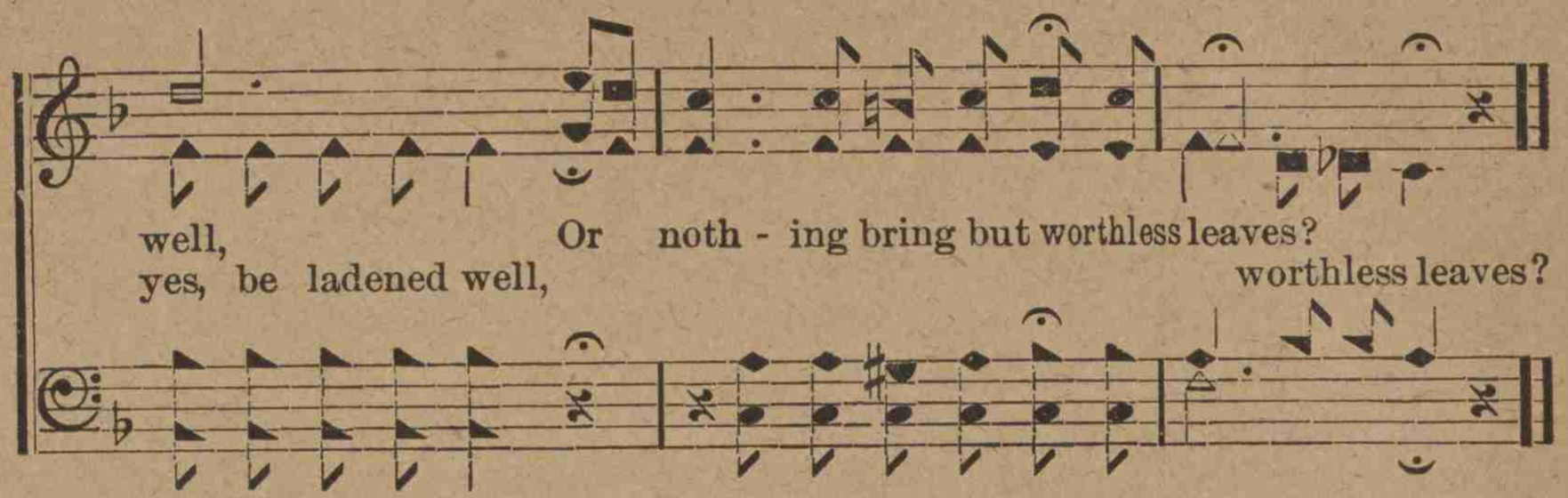
1. Sow - ing for the an- gel reap - ers, Weal or woe, whate'er it be;
2. Sow - ing for the an- gel reap - ers, Tho' it good or e - vil be;
3. Sow - ing for the an- gel reap - ers, Soon the yield will gathered be;

What, O what will be the har - vest, Gathered for e - ter - ni - ty?
Let us pon- der well while sow- ing, Sow - ing for e - ter - ni - ty.
Then the question will be answered, Where we'll spend e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

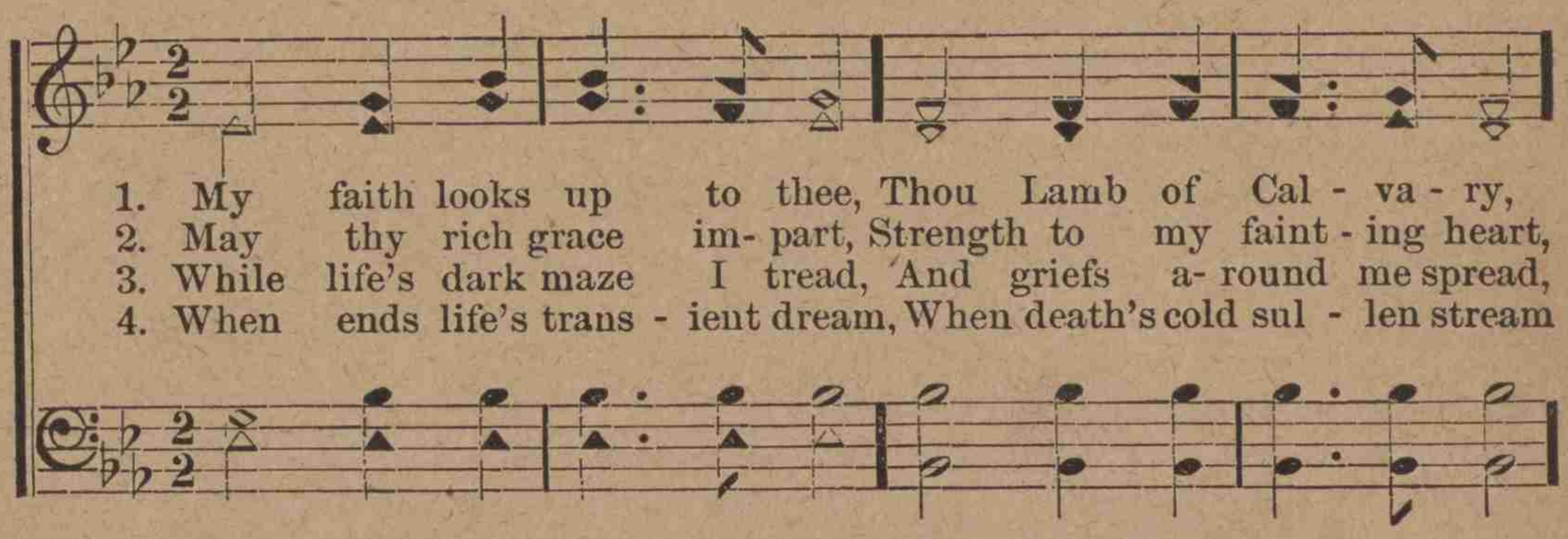
Oh, when the an - gel reap- ers come To gath - er
an- gel reapers come
in the gold - en sheaves, Will you and I be ladened
in the gold-en sheaves,

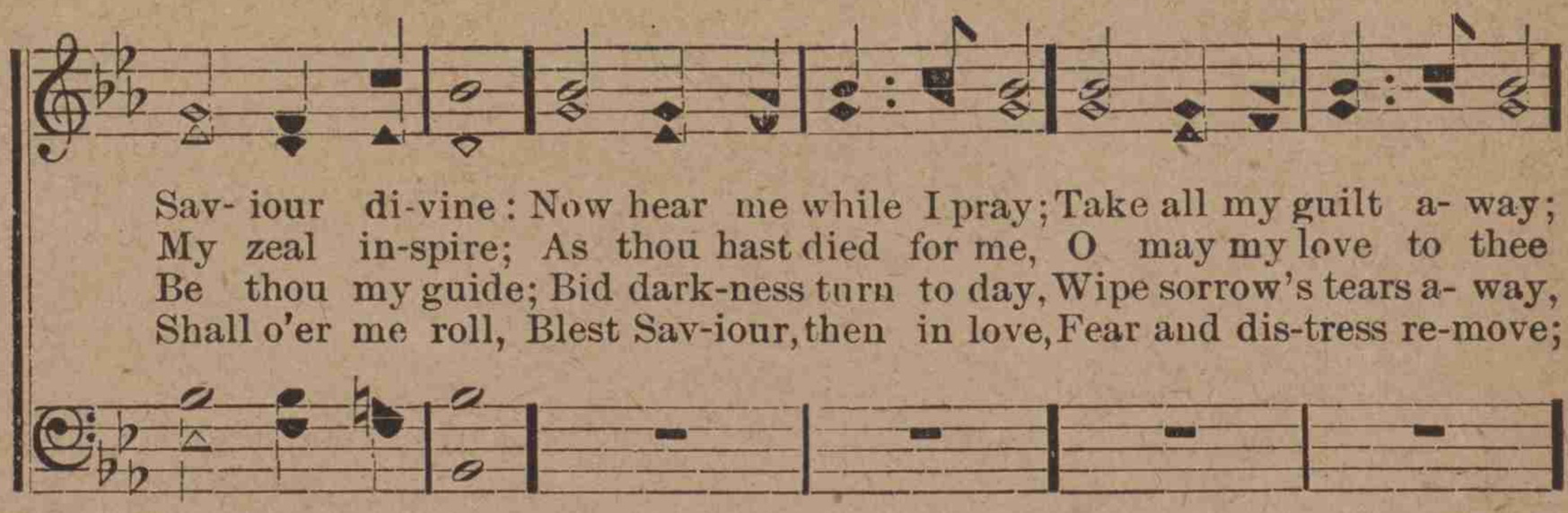
The Angel Reapers. Concluded.



No. 103. Olivet. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON.





No. 104. Gliding Away.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

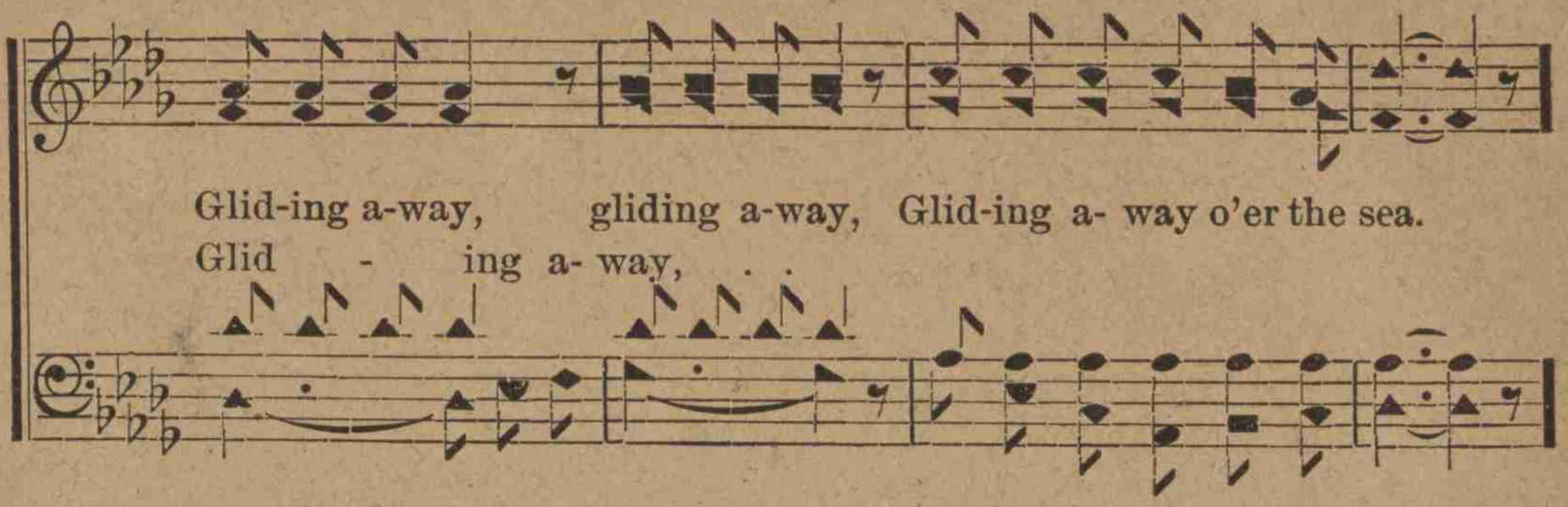
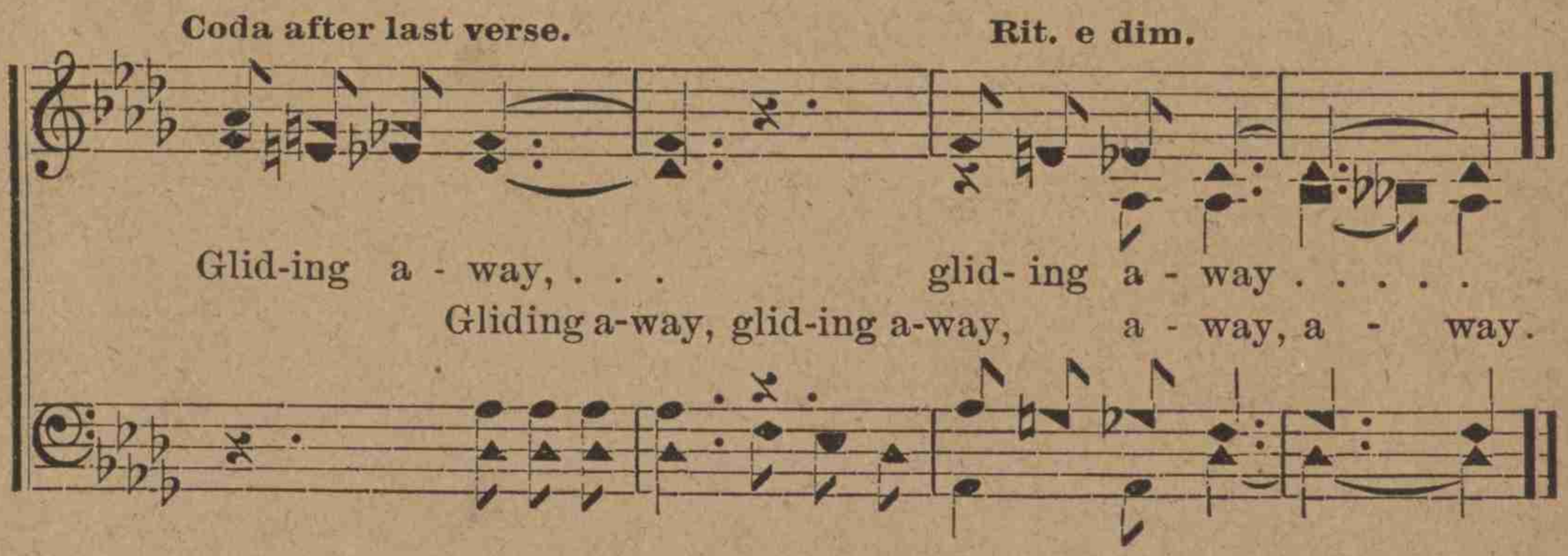
1. We are glid- ing a- way from the vale of time, We are glid- ing a -
2. We are glid- ing a- way to the Sum-mer-land Where our loved ones have
3. We are glid- ing a- way from the dark and cold, To the por- tals of

way o'er the sea, To the beau - ti - ful shore in a
gone on be - fore; Soon our barks will be moored on the
glad - ness and light; In the home of the soul we shall

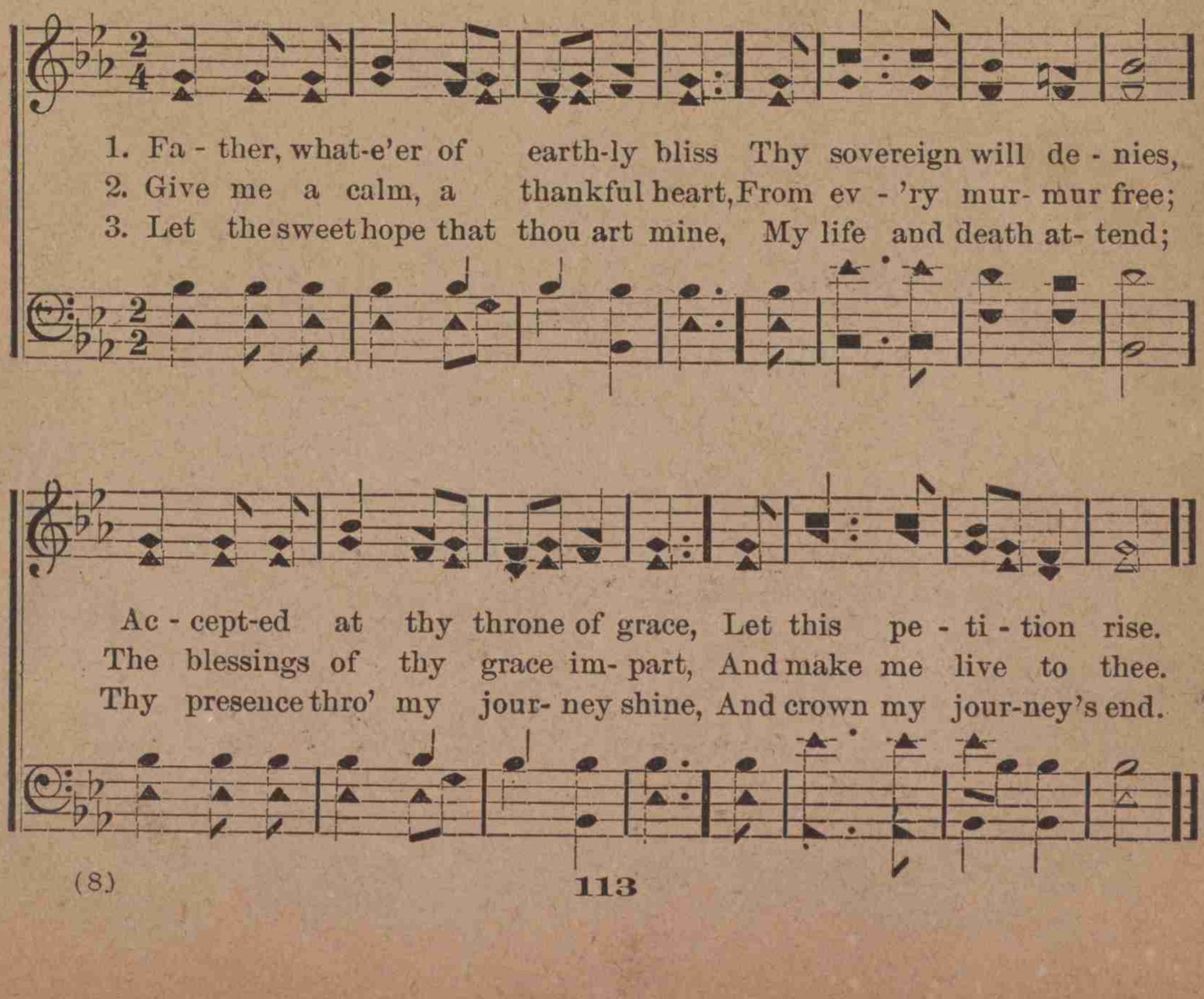
fair - er clime, Where the dwell-ers from sor - row are free.
shin - ing strand Of the beau- ti - ful ev - er-green shore.
soon be - hold Joy- ful scenes of sur- prise and de - light.

CHORUS.

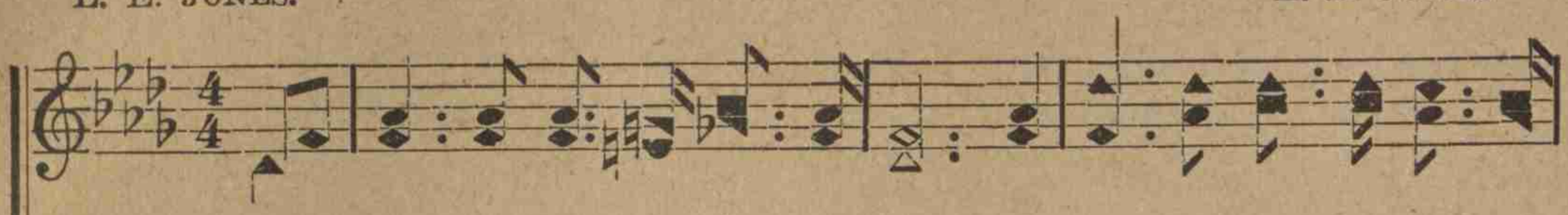
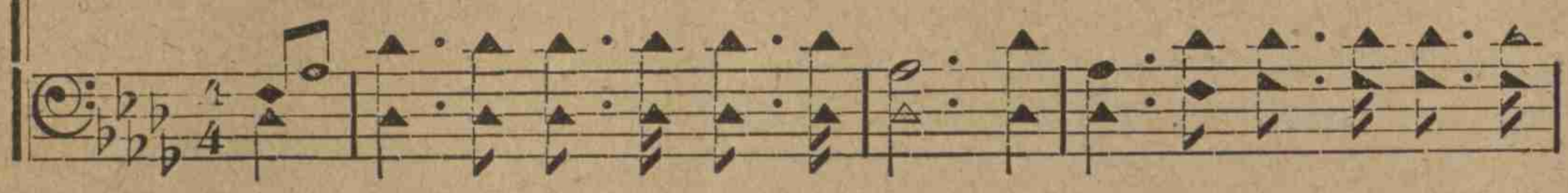
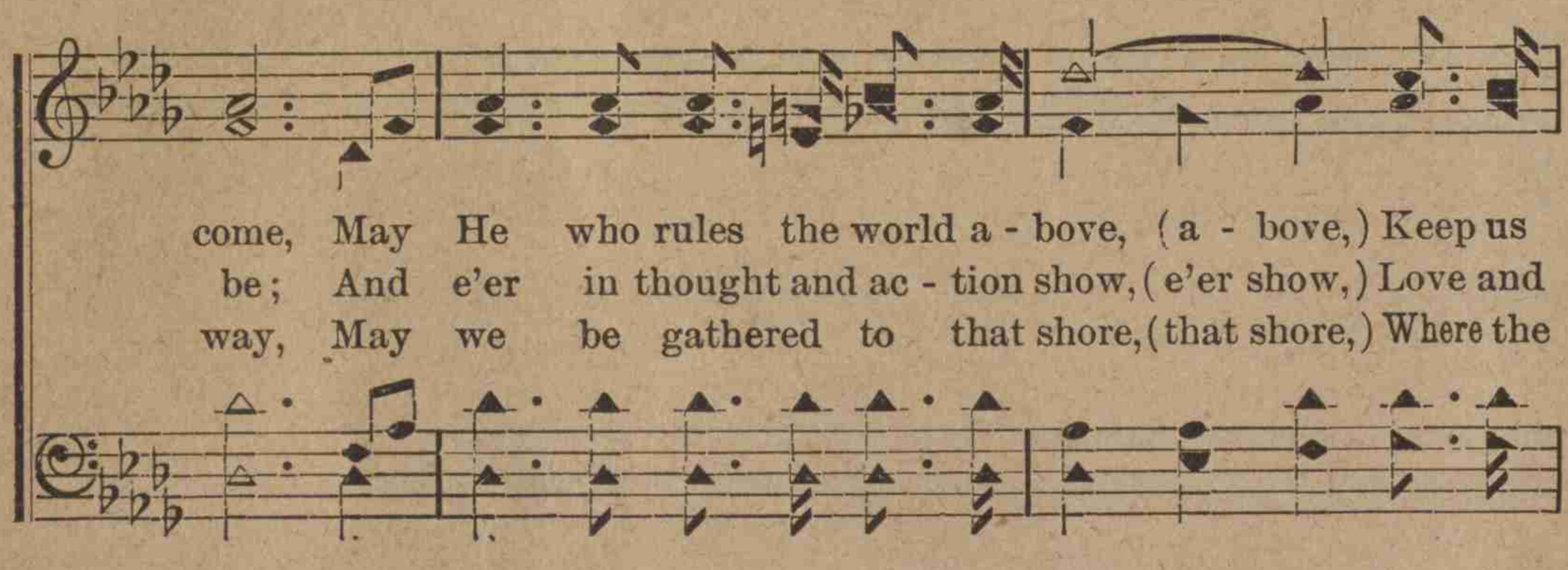
Gliding a-way, gliding a-way, Gliding a-way o'er the sea, . . .
Glid - ing a - way, . . . o'er the sea,

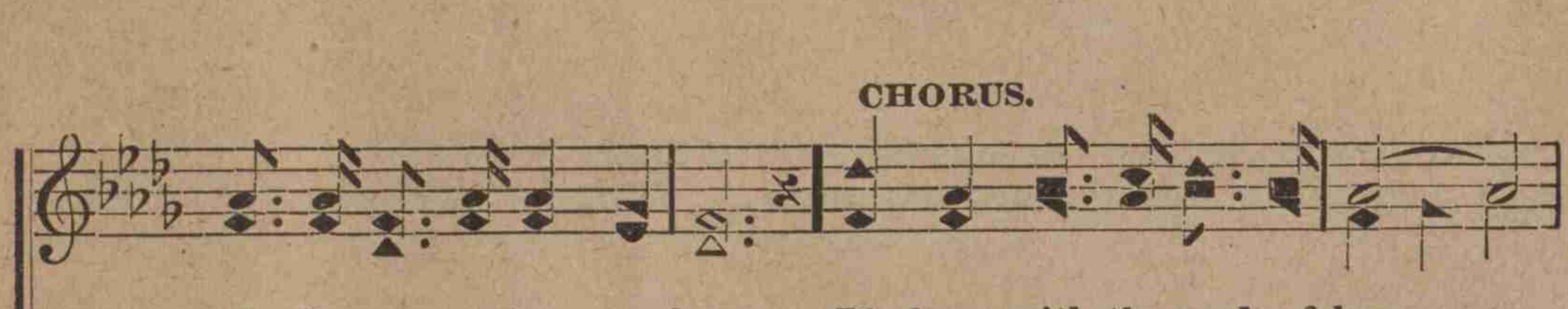
Gliding Away. Concluded.

No. 105. Naomi. C. M.

H. G. NAGELI.



No. 106. Bind Us With the Cords of Love.

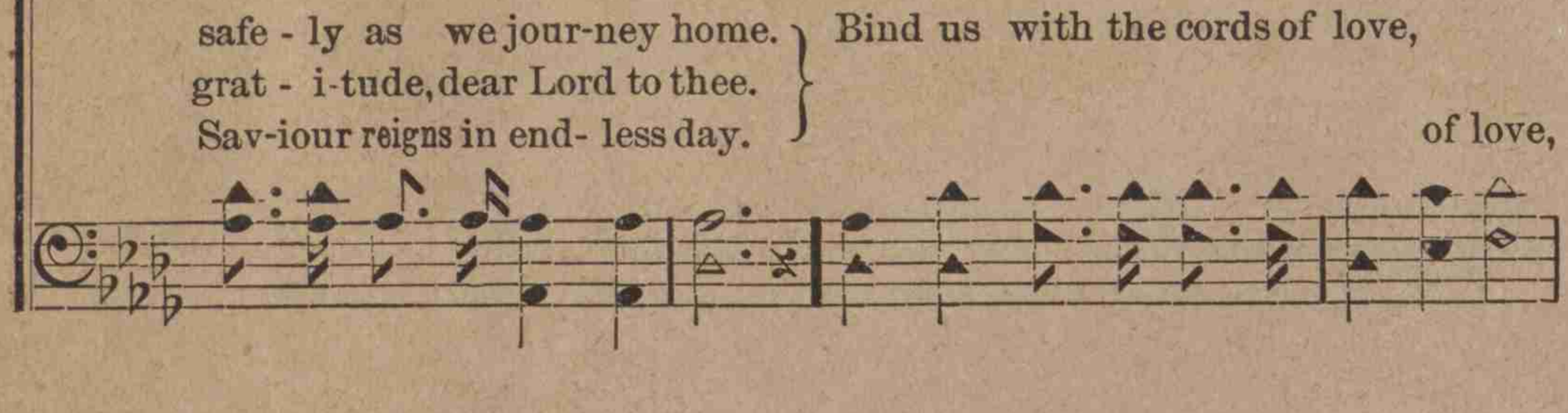
L. E. JONES. L. E. JONES.

1. May we be bound with cords of love; Although the parting hour is
2. May we soon meet a - gain be- low, If such Thy will, dear Father
3. If now, we part to meet no more, Where shadows hov- er o'er our



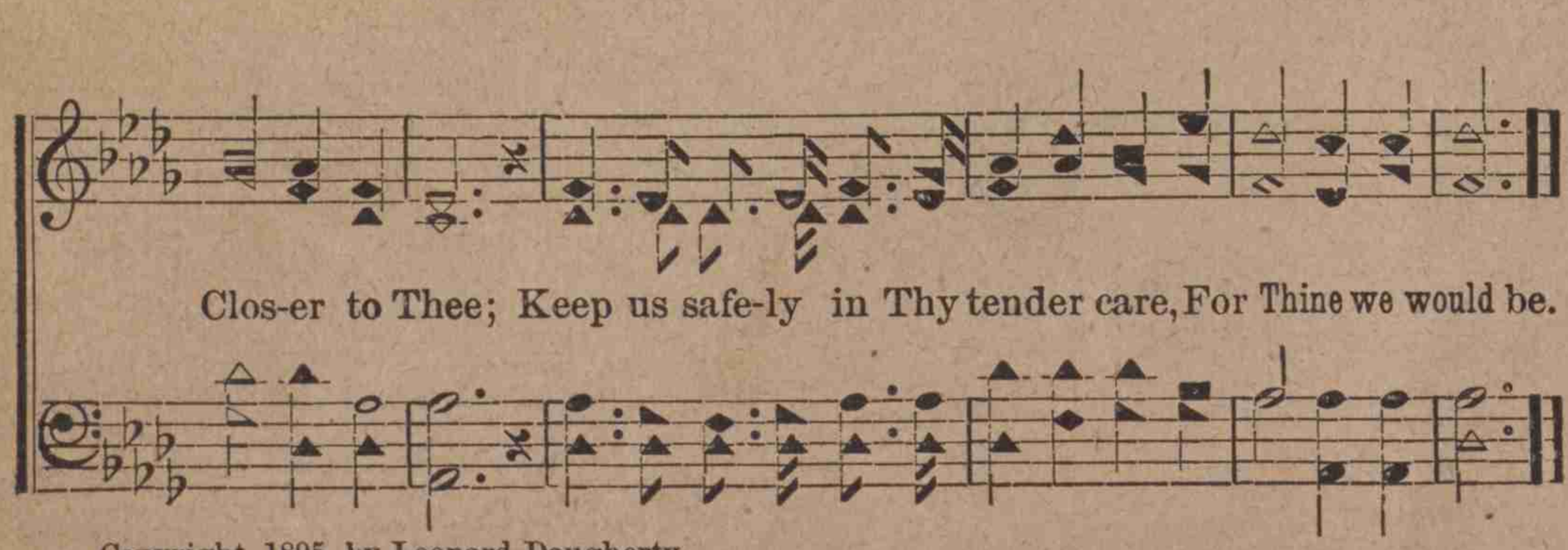
come, May He who rules the world a - bove, (a - bove,) Keep us
be; And e'er in thought and ac - tion show, (e'er show,) Love and
way, May we be gathered to that shore, (that shore,) Where the

CHORUS.

safe - ly as we jour-ney home.
grat - i-tude, dear Lord to thee.
Sav-iour reigns in end- less day.

} Bind us with the cords of love,

of love,



Clos-er to Thee; Keep us safe-ly in Thy tender care, For Thine we would be.

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No. 107. At the Cross Where Jesus Died.

ISAAC WATTS. E. B. WARE.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my sov'reign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re- pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worn as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de- gree!
Here, Lord, I give my- self to thee, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, Where the pre-cious Sav-iour died, Where the

blood flows that saves e - ven me, (e- ven me,) Sin- ner, come and be-hold

Now his wounded, bleeding side, Oh, that blood now is flow - ing for thee!

Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 108. Somewhere.

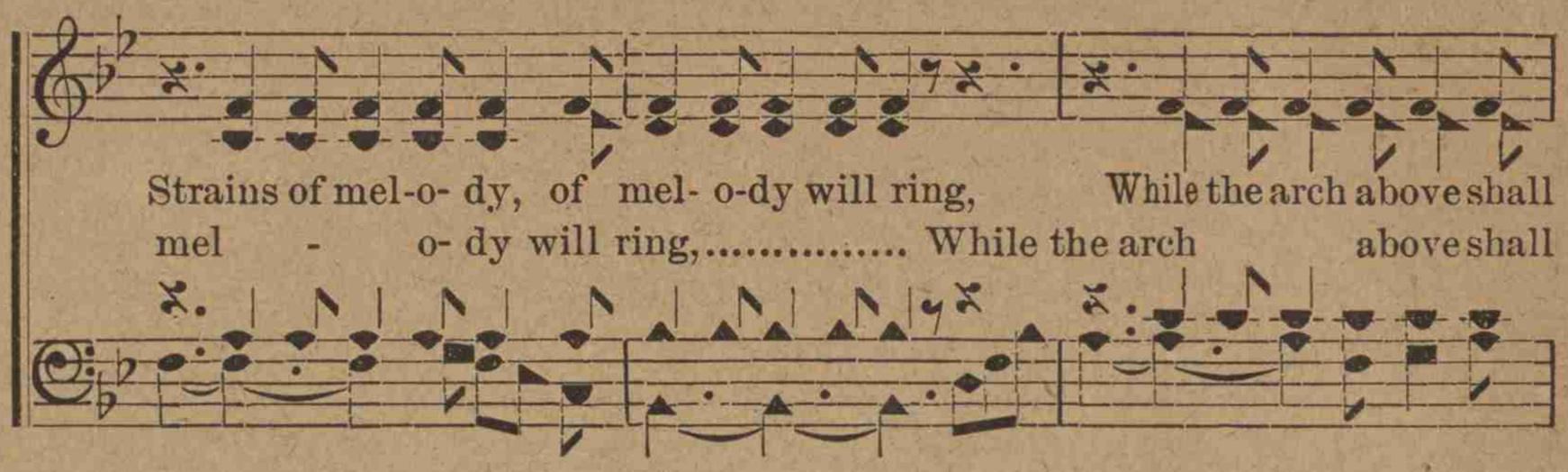
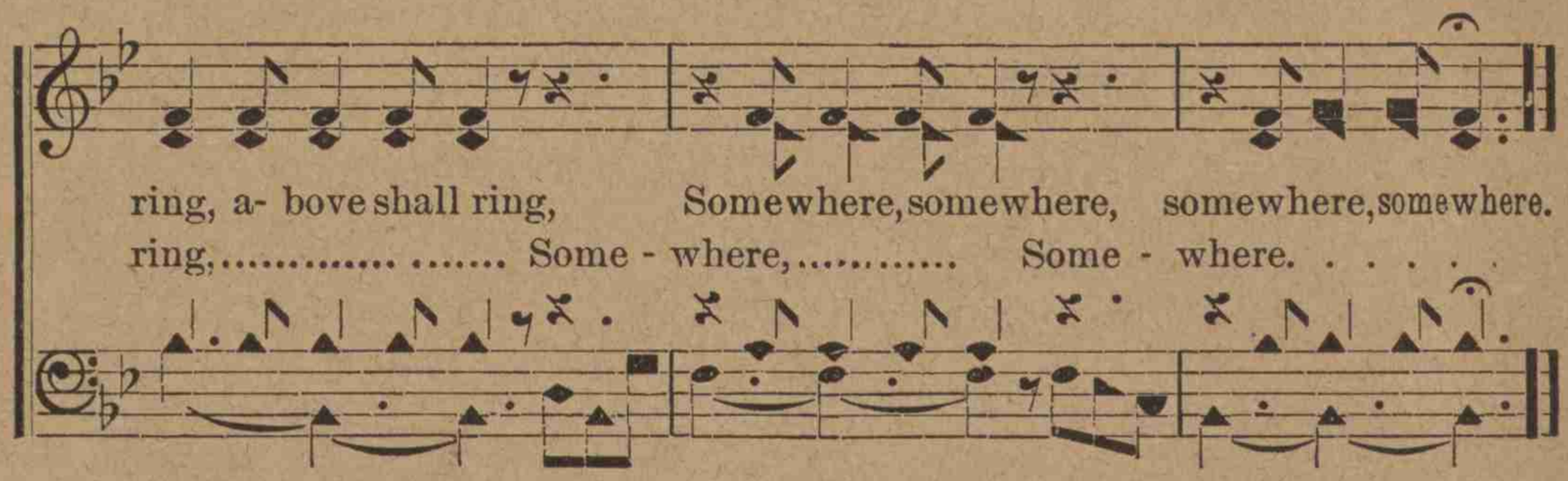
Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Frank M. Davis. By per.

1. In that glo-rious morning bright, We shall be ar - rayed in white,
2. We shall join the an- gel band, And with harp and crown shall stand
3. We shall gather on the shore, When the cares of life are o'er,
4. With the saints of oth-er days, We shall sing the Sav-iour's praise,

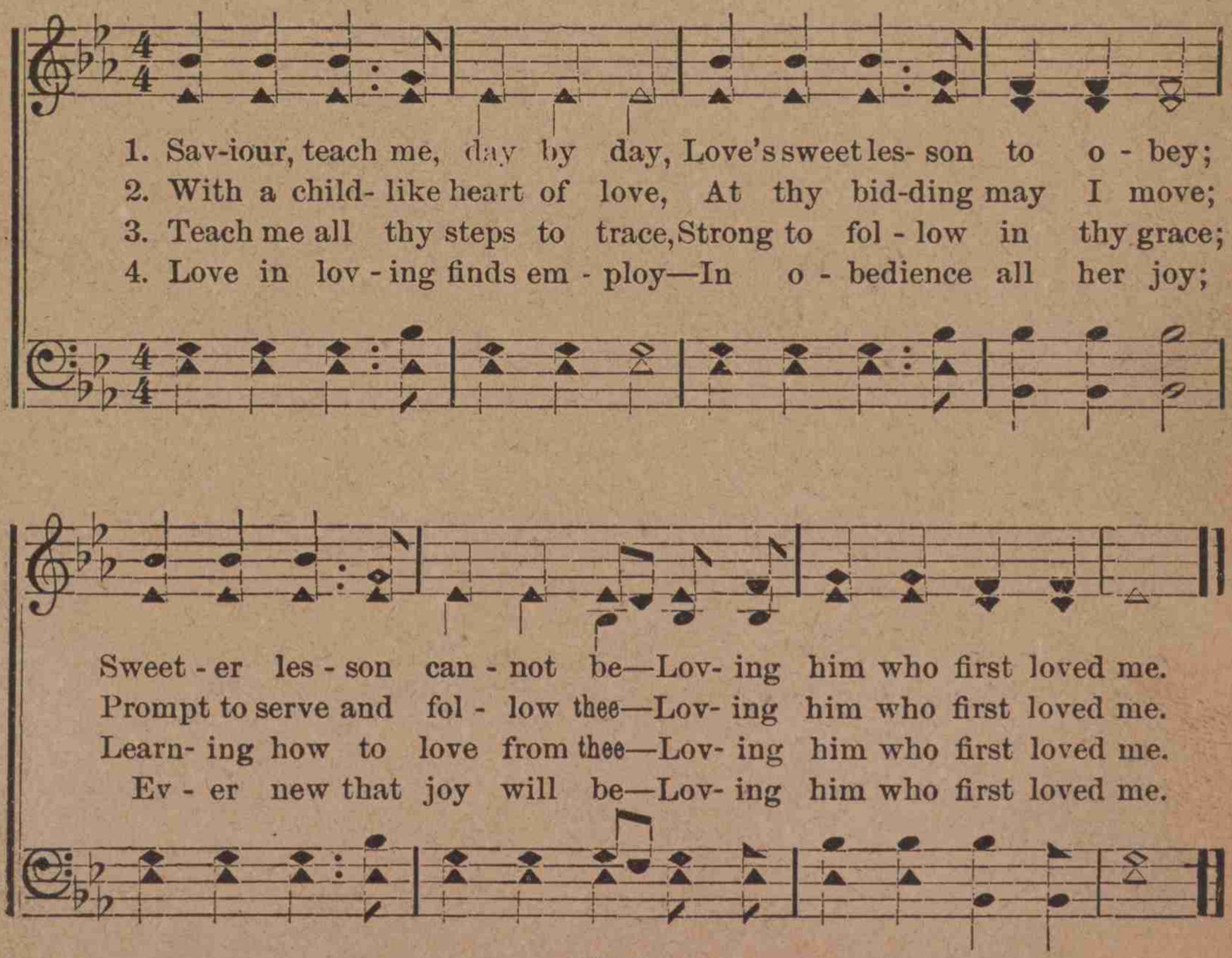
Filled with gladness and de - light, In the bliss-ful some - where.
Near the throne of God's right hand, In the gold- en some - where.
And the tears shall fall no more; We shall gath-er some - where.
And the sweet-est anthems raise; We shall wor-ship some - where.

CHORUS.

Somewhere, somewhere, somewhere, somewhere,
Some - where, ... some - where, ... Bowing
Bow - ing low be - fore the King,
low . . . . . be- fore the King, ... Strains of

Somewhere. Concluded.

No. 109. Love's Sweet Lesson.

Adapted by J. H. F.



No. 110. Come While You May.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Je- sus is ten-der- ly call - ing, Call-ing from o - ver the sea,
2. Come, he is ten-der- ly say - ing, Wander no lon- ger a - way,
3. Come while he's earnestly plead-ing, Come from the darkness of sin,

Hear the sweet accents now fall - ing, Come weary ones un- to me.
Cease from your long weary stray- ing, Come to the Saviour to - day.
Come and your Lord's command heeding, Quickly a new life be - gin.

CHORUS.

Come, . . . O come while you may,
Come, O come, Come, come while you may,

Come and seek him to - day, Come while you may,
Come, O come, Come seek him to-day,

seek him to - day, Come, O come, come to - day.
Come to- day.

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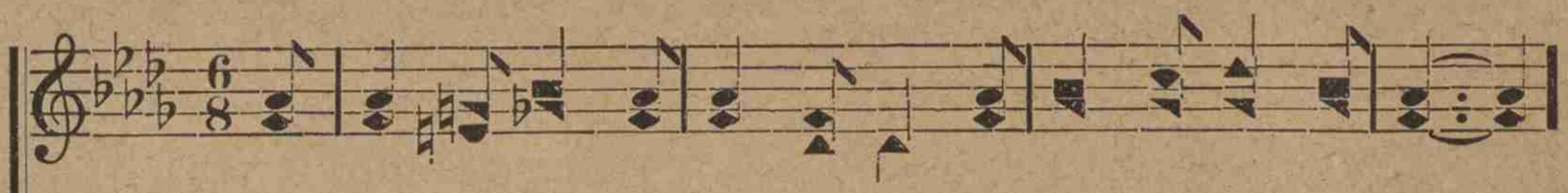
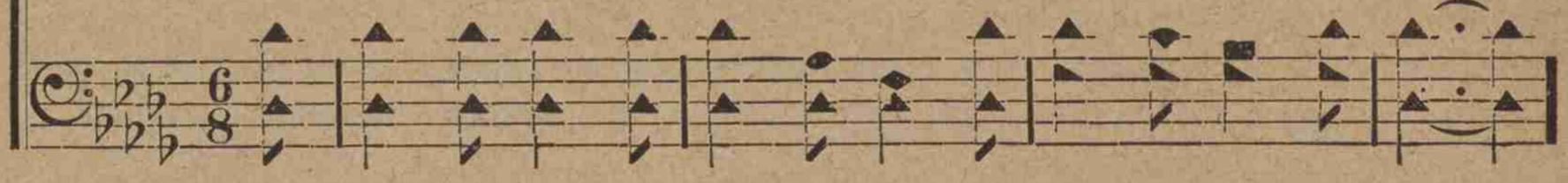
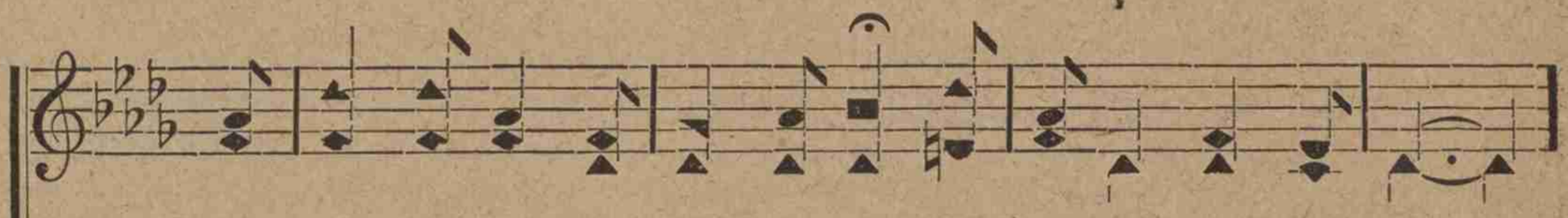
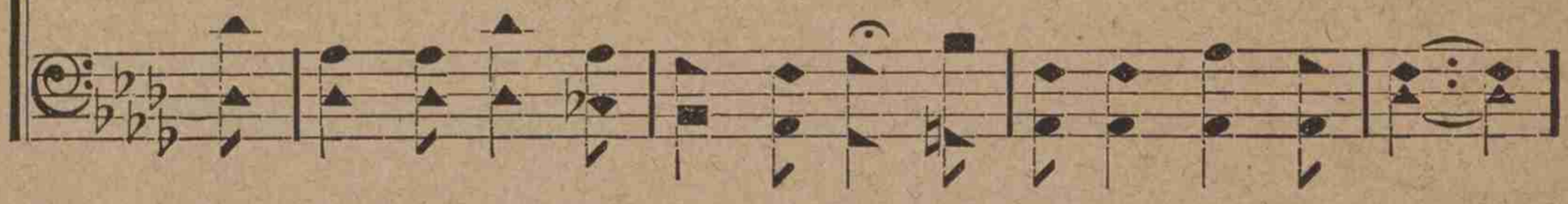
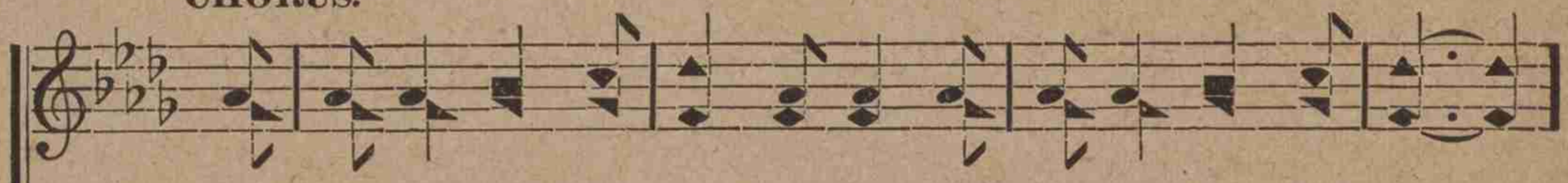
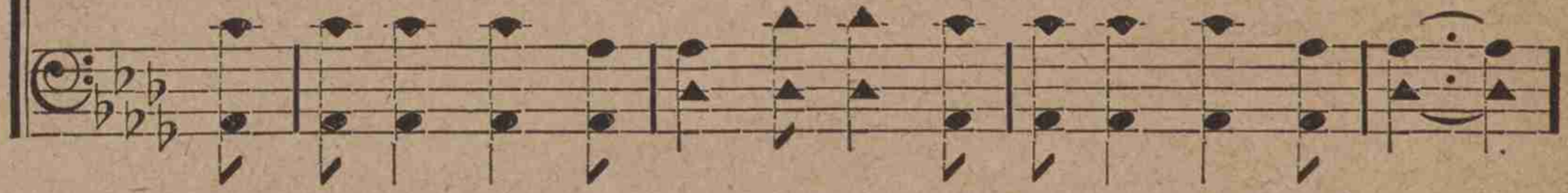
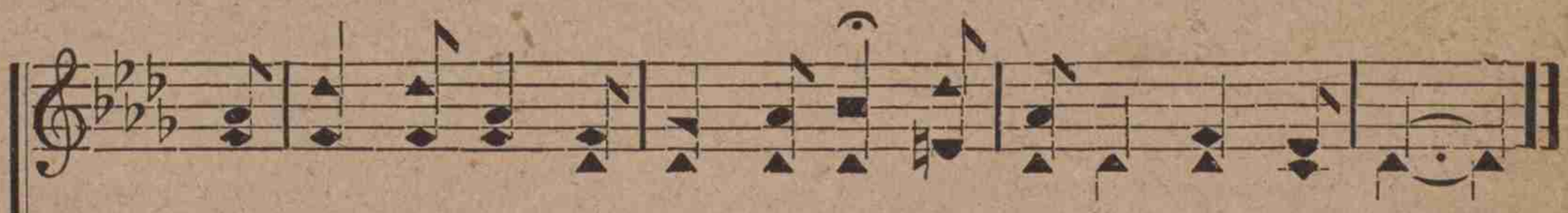
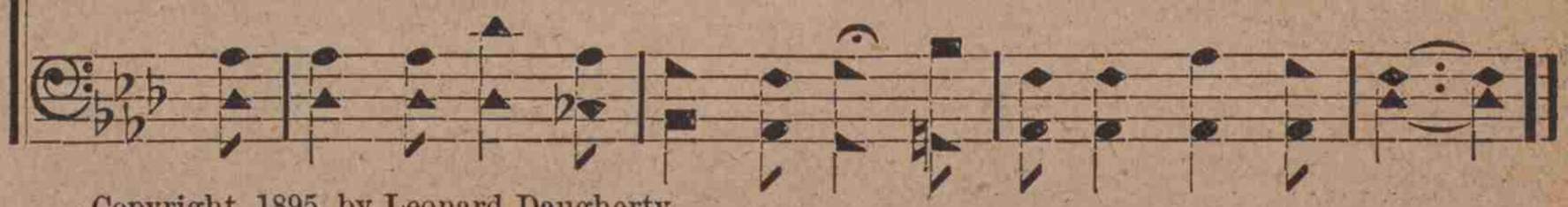
No. 111. They Never Say Good-By.

FRANK M. DAVIS. FRED. A. WORDEN.

1. There is a land di-vine - ly fair, That nev - er knows a sigh,
2. Be- yond that banks of Jor-dan's stream, Beyond this earthly sky,
3. That land be-yond our mor- tal sight, We see with faith's clear eye,

Where loved ones meet to part no more, To nev- er say good- by.
Where angels strike their harps of gold, They nev- er say good- by.
Where saints who've joined the blood washed throng, Will never say good- by.

CHORUS.

They nev- er say good- by in heav'n, They never say good- by,



Where all is love in realms a- bove, They nev-er say good- by.

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No. 112. In the Shadow of Thy Wings.

IDA L. REED. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. In the shad- ow of thy wings, I my
2. In the shad- ow of thy wings, Guard- ed
3. 'Neath the shad- ow of thy wings, In their

1. In the shad- ow of thy wings, I
2. In the shad- ow of thy wings, Guard -
3. 'Neath the shad- ow of thy wings, In

ref - uge e'er will make, When each year its sor - row
by thy love so pure, When the tempt-er's wiles are
cov - ert, I will hide, When life's sor- rows round me

my ref-uge e'er will make, When each
ed by thy love so pure, When the
their cov-ert, I will hide, When life's

brings, And life's temp-est o'er me break.
vain; Is there shel - ter more se- cure?
spring, Till my hands thy tears have dried.

year its sor-row brings, And life's tempest o'er me break.
tempter's wiles are vain; Is there shel-ter more se-cure?
sorrow's round me spring, Till my hands thy tears have dried.

CHORUS.

In the shad - ow of thy wings, I will
In the shad - ow of thy wings, of thy wings, I will
In the shad - ow of thy wings, I will
In the shad- ow of thy wings, of thy wings, I will

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In the Shadow of Thy Wings. Concluded.

rest me calm and still, calm and still, While the storm winds o'er me

rest me calm and still, calm and still, While the storm winds o'er me

rest me calm and still, calm and still, While the storm winds o'er me

rest me calm and still, calm and still, While the storm winds o'er me

sweep,

sweep, o'er me sweep, Bend - ing to thy ho - ly will.

sweep, Bend - ing to thy ho - ly will.

No. 113. Sleep Thy Last Sleep.

E. H. DAYMAN. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Sleep thy last sleep, free from care and sorrow; Rest, where none weep, till th' eternal morrow:
2. Life's dream is past, all its sin, its sadness; Bright-ly at last dawns a day of gladness:
3. Though we may mourn those in life the dearest, They shall re-turn, Christ when thou appearest,

pp cres.

f rall. *pp* slower.

Though dark waves roll o'er the si- lent riv-er, Thy fainting soul Je-sus can de-liv- er.
Un - der the sod, earth receive our treasure, To rest in God, waiting all his pleasure.
Soon shall thy voice comfort those now weeping, Bidding re- joice all in Je-sus sleeping.

No. 114. Try to Save Some One.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Wounded and dy - ing on Jer - i - cho's road, Thousands of prec- ious ones lay; Shall we, like Le-vites, pass care-less - ly by?
2. Few the Sa - mar - i - tans bring - ing re - lief, Pass o'er the Jer - i - cho way; Shall we not, Christians, in du - ty go down
3. Are we neg - lect - ing our du - ty so great? Have we good cause for de - lay? Shall we not haste, ere the time be too late,
4. How can we meet our dear Sav - iour at last, Fail - ing to do his com - mands, If, aft - er life and its toil- ing are past,

CHORUS.

Or try to save some one to - day? Try to save some one,
And try to save some one to - day?
And try to save some one to - day?
We come with no sheaves in our hands? Try to save some one, some one,

Try to save some one, Try to save some one to - day;
Try to save some one, some one,

Ad lib.

Shall we, like Le-vites, pass careless-ly by, Or try to save some one to - day?

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No. 115. Rock in the Desert.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. O Rock in the des - ert, I fly un - to thee, When tempest and storms sweep my sky, I hide in the cleft that was riv - en for me,
2. O Rock in the des - ert, my ref - uge and all, I hide in my weak- ness in thee; Thy love is a shield and I find sweet re- pose,
3. O Rock in the des - ert that gives per-fect peace, That bringeth a joy to my soul; I rest in thy shad- ow, I hide in thy clef,

CHORUS.

For safe - ty on thee I re - ly.
Where grace is a-bund-ant and free.
Thy love does my spir- it con-trol.
} O Rock in the des - ert, I'm hid- ing in thee, Till the storms of life's journey are past; Thou Rock of my ref - uge, my soul safe - ly keep. O re-ceive it in heav- en at last.

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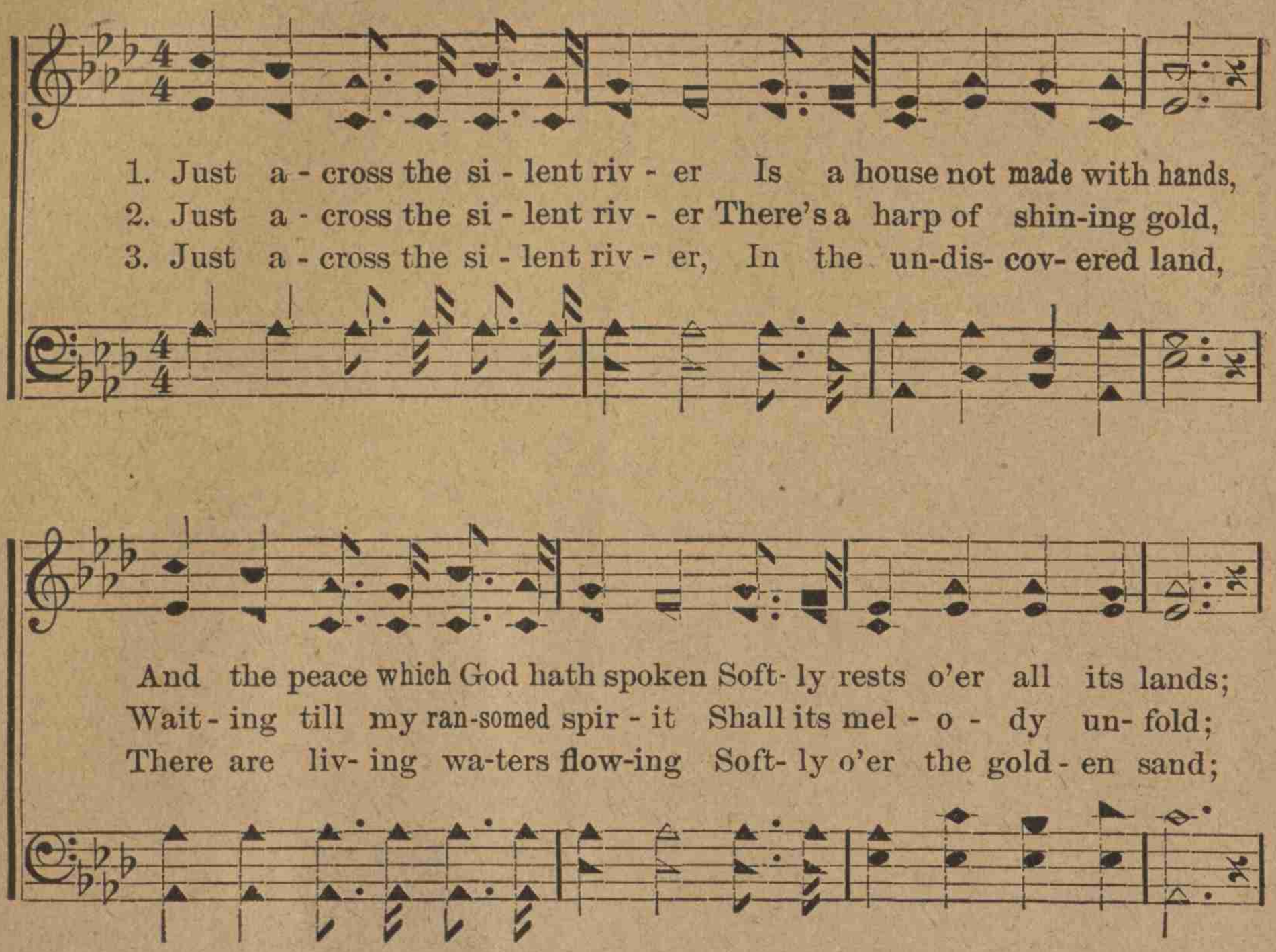
No. 116. Angel Voices.

ELIZA SHERMAN. J. H. FILLMORE.



By permission.

Angel Voices. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Chim - ing, chim - ing, Far a - cross the crys-tal sea, . .
Come those voi- ces yet to me, . .
Soft- ly chiming, sweetly chiming, Still those voi-ces come to me, . .

"In that land of light and beau-ty, There's a mansion bright, for thee."
"In those pearly mansions yonder, There's a harp laid up for thee."
"There's a robe of wondrous whiteness, In those mansions bright, for thee."

No. 117. Duke Street. L. M.

1. When I sur-vey the won- drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
4. Were the whole realm of na- ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri - fice them to his blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a- maz- ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 118. Come an Help Us.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

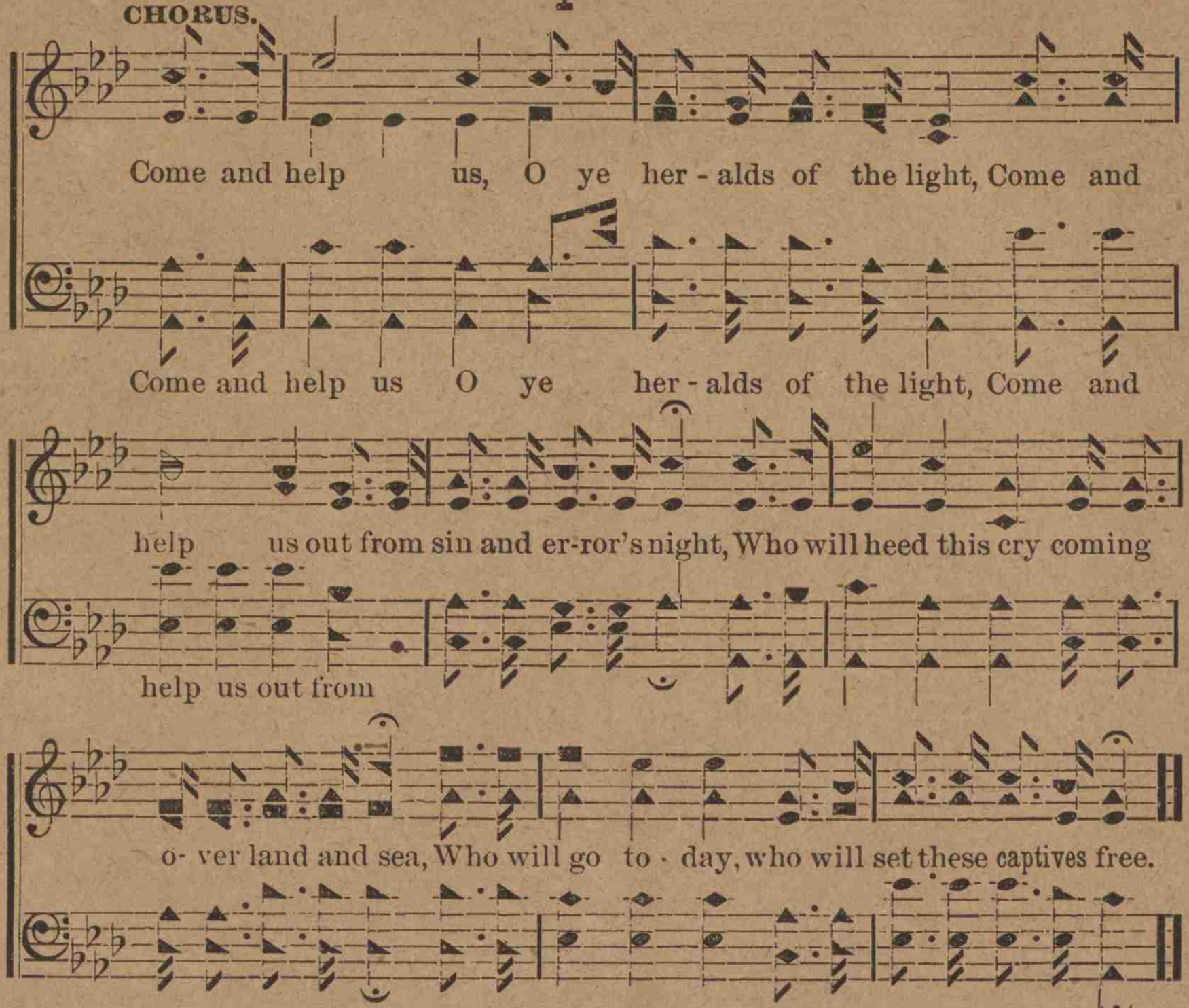
1. There's an ear- nest call for light from the mil- lions Grop- ing
2. From the east and from the west hear it ring - ing From the
3. Shall the mil-lions far and near be sur - ren- dered To the
4. Christ-ian sol-diers then a - rise to your du - ty, Give your

in the darkened ways of er- ror's night, 'Tis the Mac- e - do- nian
distant lands beyond the rest-less sea, Bring to us the gos- pel
evil pow'rs that have them now enslaved, Will redeemed ones of the
serv- ice and your gold un- to the Lord, For the world must be for

cry still resound-ing, Come and help us, O ye heralds of the light.
light of sal - va-tion, From our cruel bondage we would now be free.
Lord wait and fal- ter When the millions all around them are unsaved?
God, won and conquered Through the saving power of his mighty word.

Copyright, 1895, by Frank M. Davis. By per.

Come and Help Us. Concluded.



No. 119. Rest. L. M.

Key of D.

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

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

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

MARGARET MACKAY.

No. 120. Nearer, My God to Thee.

Key of G.

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

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

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

No. 121. The Master's Voice is Calling.

JENNIE WILSON. Mrs. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. The Mas - ter's voice is call- ing, call - ing, O i - dler,
2. The Mas - ter's voice is call- ing, call - ing, O err - ing
3. The Mas - ter's voice is call- ing, call - ing, O soul who

wait - ing stand no more; Go to the har - vest field and la - bor,
one, gone far a- stray, Wilt thou not heed his tones in - vit - ing
sor- row's cross doth bear, He bids thee come to Him for com - fort,

Un- til thy day of life is o'er, The grain is read- y for the
Thee from thy guilt to turn a - way, Wilt thou not leave thy sin - ful
And cast on him thy weight of care, O lean up - on the arm e -

reap - ing, The work is great and need- eth thee; O haste the
path- way, A - mid its snares no more to roam? Wilt thou not
ter - nal, In weak- ness cling to strength di - vine; List to his

ripened sheaves to gath-er, For gar - ners of e - ter - ni - ty.
en - ter Christ's pure kingdom, There find-ing ref - uge, rest and home?
ac- cents sweetly say - ing, Trust on till heav-en's joy is thine.

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The Master's Voice is Calling. Concluded.

CHORUS.

The Master's voice is calling, calling, O child of earth, where'er thou art;

He speaks to thee in lov-ing kindness, O - bey him with a willing heart.

No. 122. Consolation. 10s & 11s.

THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis- con - so- late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come, at the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow - ing, Forth from the

shrine of God fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts.
pen - i- tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com- fort - er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove! Come to the feast of love,

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not heal.
ten- der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not cure.
come, ev - er knowing, Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re- move.

No. 123. Calling Me Over the Tide.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Friends who have loved me are slip- ping a - way, Si - lent - ly
2. Dim - ly thro' gath- er - ing darkness I see Je - sus, my
3. Nar- row the wa- ters, and tran- quil the shore ; There my be-

onward they glide ; Still are their voic-es, as backward they stray,
Friend and my Guide ; An- gels are watching and wait- ing for me,
lov- ed a - bide,— Christ and the an- gels and friends gone be- fore,

REFRAIN.

Call- ing me o - ver the tide. Call - ing to me, they are

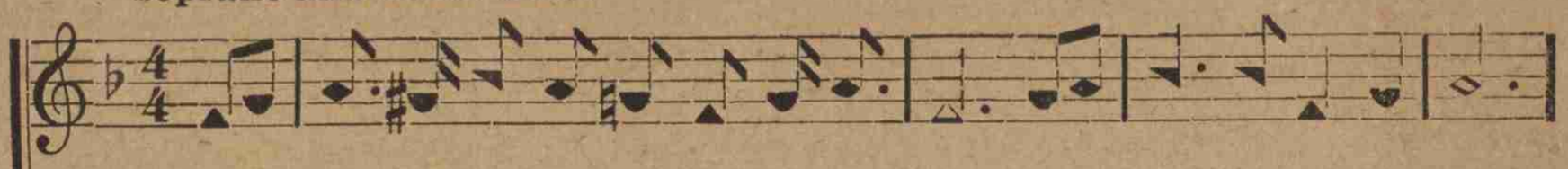
call-ing to me, Loved ones are call- ing me o - ver the tide, They are

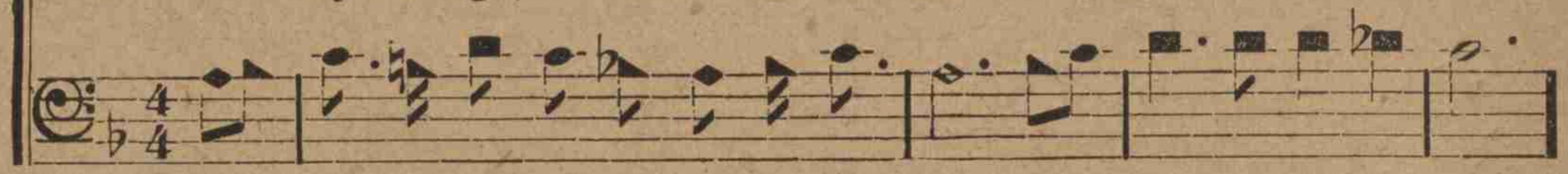
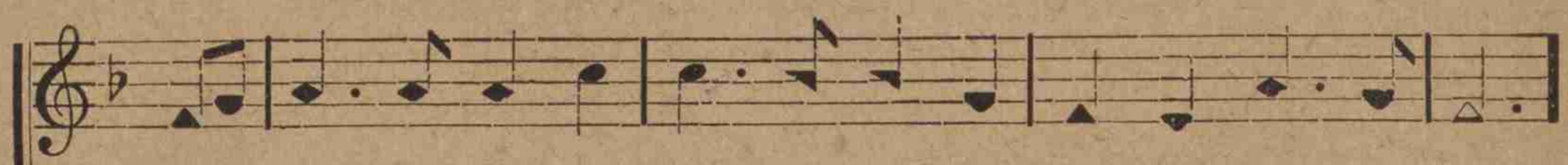
call- ing to me, they are call-ing to me, Calling me o - ver the tide.

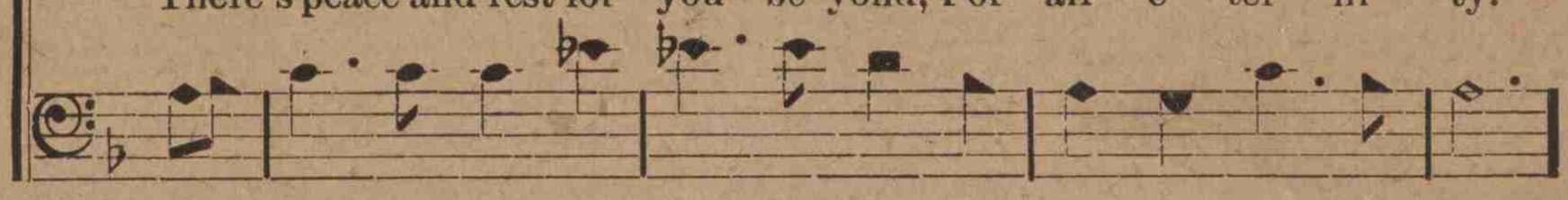
Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros.

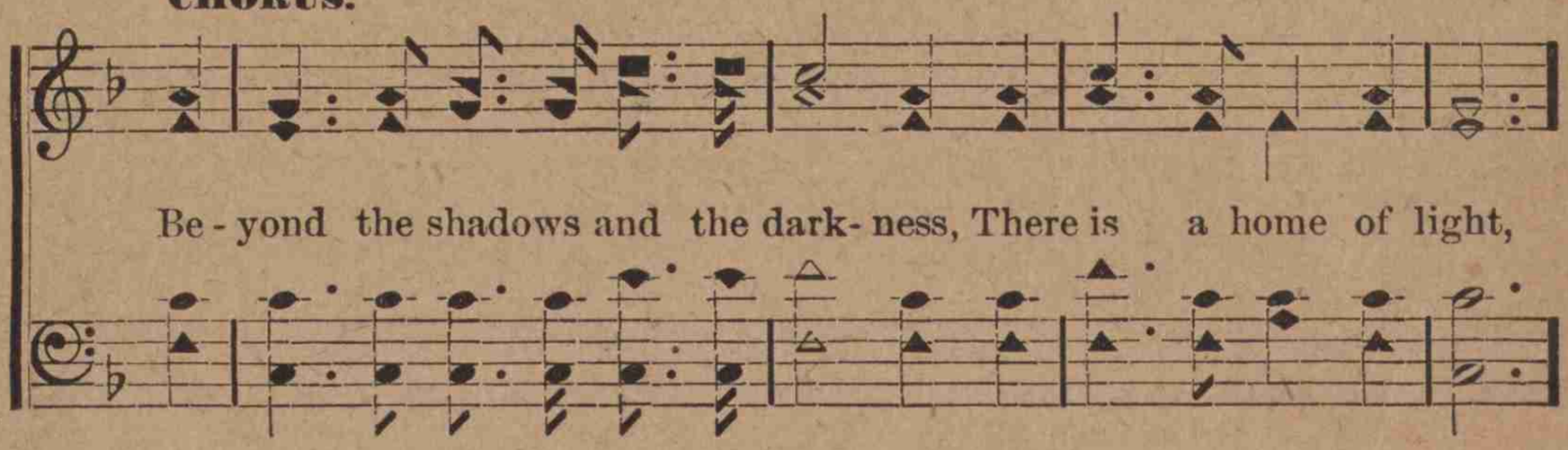
No. 124. Beyond.

W. H. GARDNER. J. D. PATTON.

Soprano and Tenor Duet.

1. There is a world where sorrow never comes, Where weeping ne'er is heard,
2. There is a world where hearts can never break, Where bitterness ne'er comes,
3. There is a golden shore whereon some day Our shatter'd barks shall land,
4. The way is rough, life's hill is hard to climb, But, dear ones, list to me!



And O, I long to hast - en there Like some home fly - ing bird.
And O, there in that realm of light, Are our de - part - ed ones.
And dear ones then will meet us there, And clasp us by the hand.
There's peace and rest for you be-yond, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.



Be - yond the shadows and the dark - ness, There is a home of light,

And, O, my wea-ry heart is long - ing To hast - en there to night.

Copyright, 1894, by A. J. Showalter. By per.

No. 125. Turn, Turn to Him.

Arr. by H. A. L. HENRY A. LEWIS. By per.

1. As pant - ing in . . . . . the sul - try beam, ...
2. But ris - ing griefs . . . . dis- tress my soul, ...
3. For I have walked . . . . the hap - py round, ...

The hart de - sires . . . . . the cool - ing stream, ...
And tears on tears . . . . . suc-cess - ive roll; . . . . . .
Of Zi - on's bright . . . . . and ho - ly ground, ...

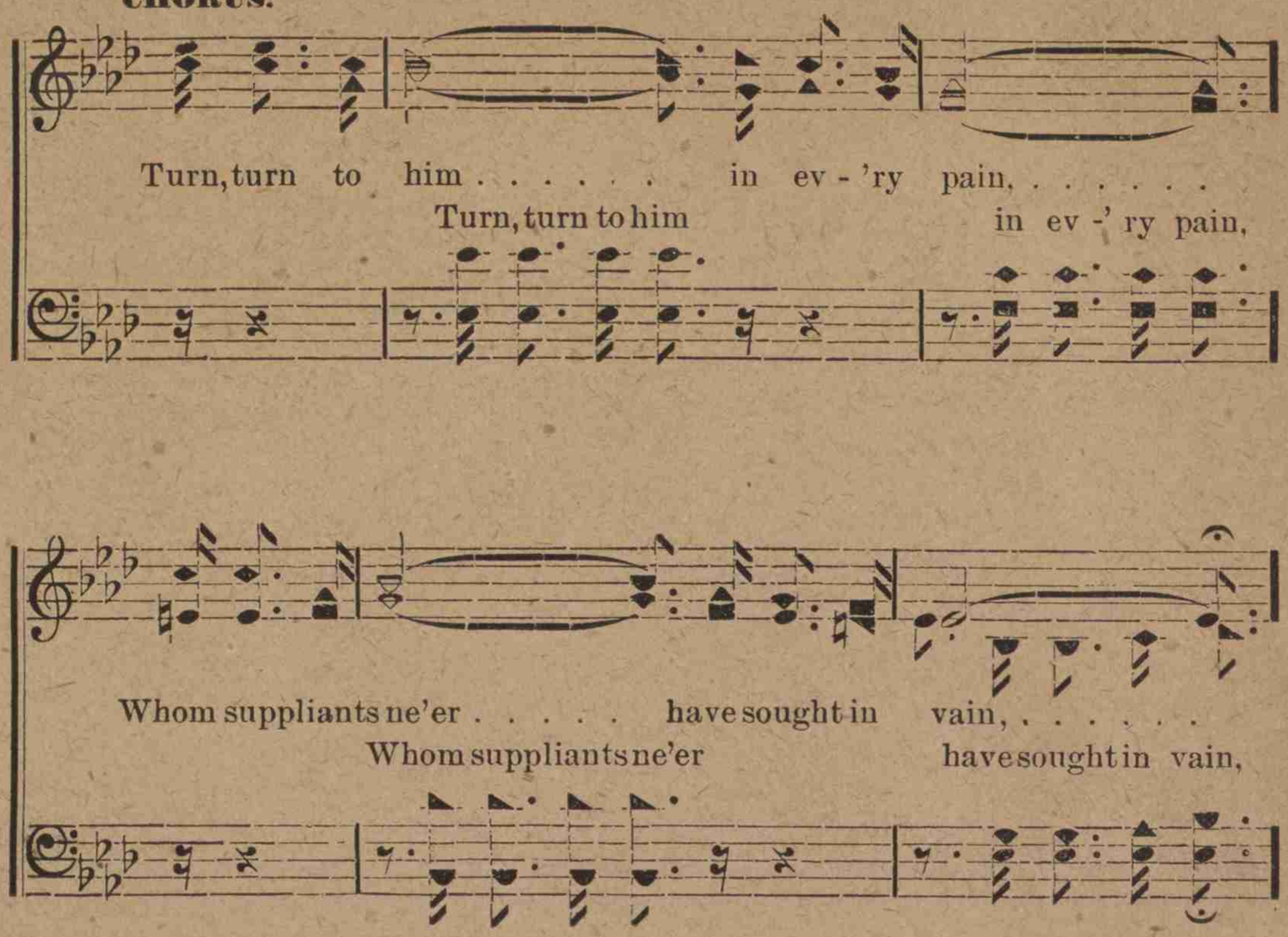
So to thine arms, ... dear Lord, I flee; . . . . . .
An e - vil voice . . . . . is ev - er near; . . . . . .
And glad - ly swelled . . . . the cho - ral lays . . . . . .

So longs my soul, ... O God, for thee. . . . . .
To chide my woe . . . . . and mock my fear. . . . . .
That hymned my great . . . . . Re-deem-er's praise. . . . . .

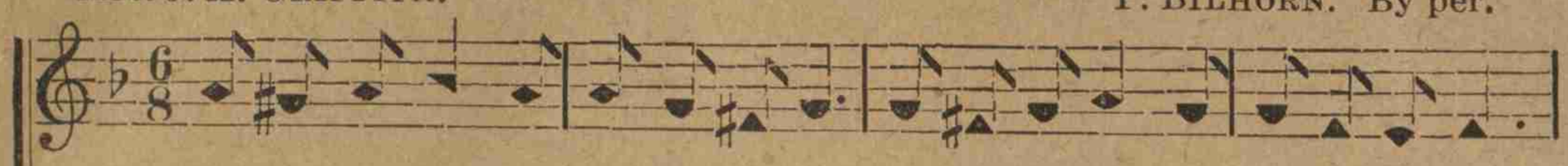
Copyright, 1892, by H. A. Lewis.

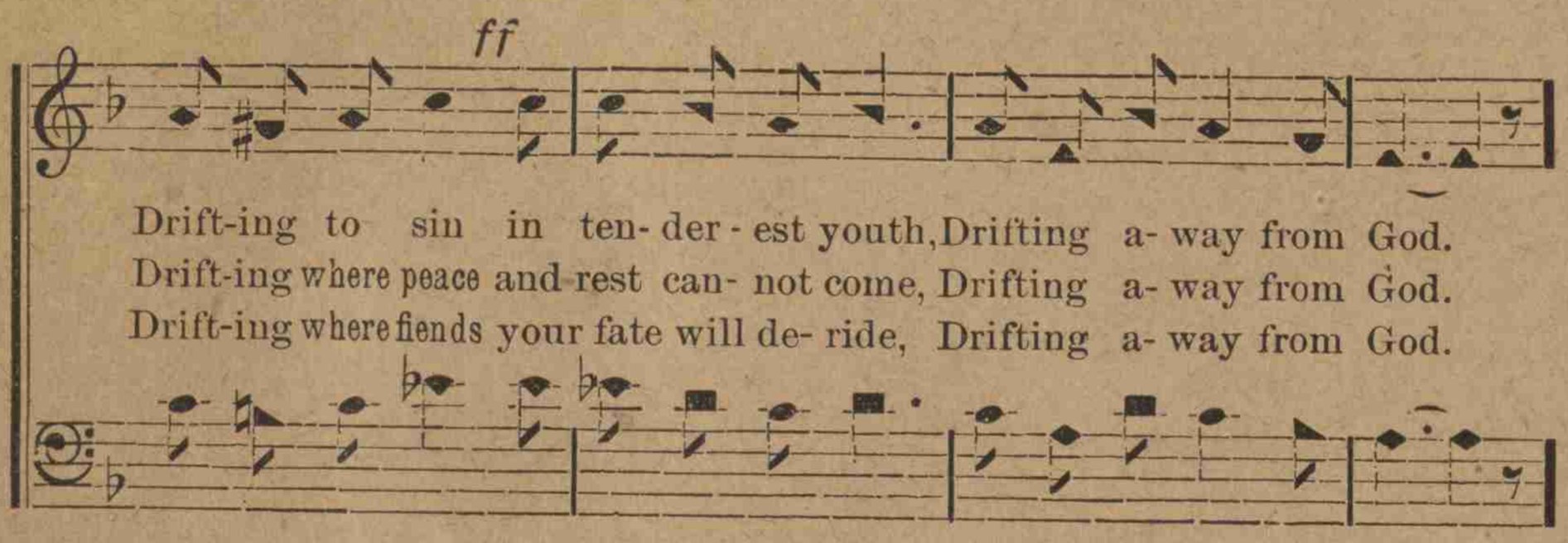
Turn, Turn to Him. Concluded.

CHORUS.



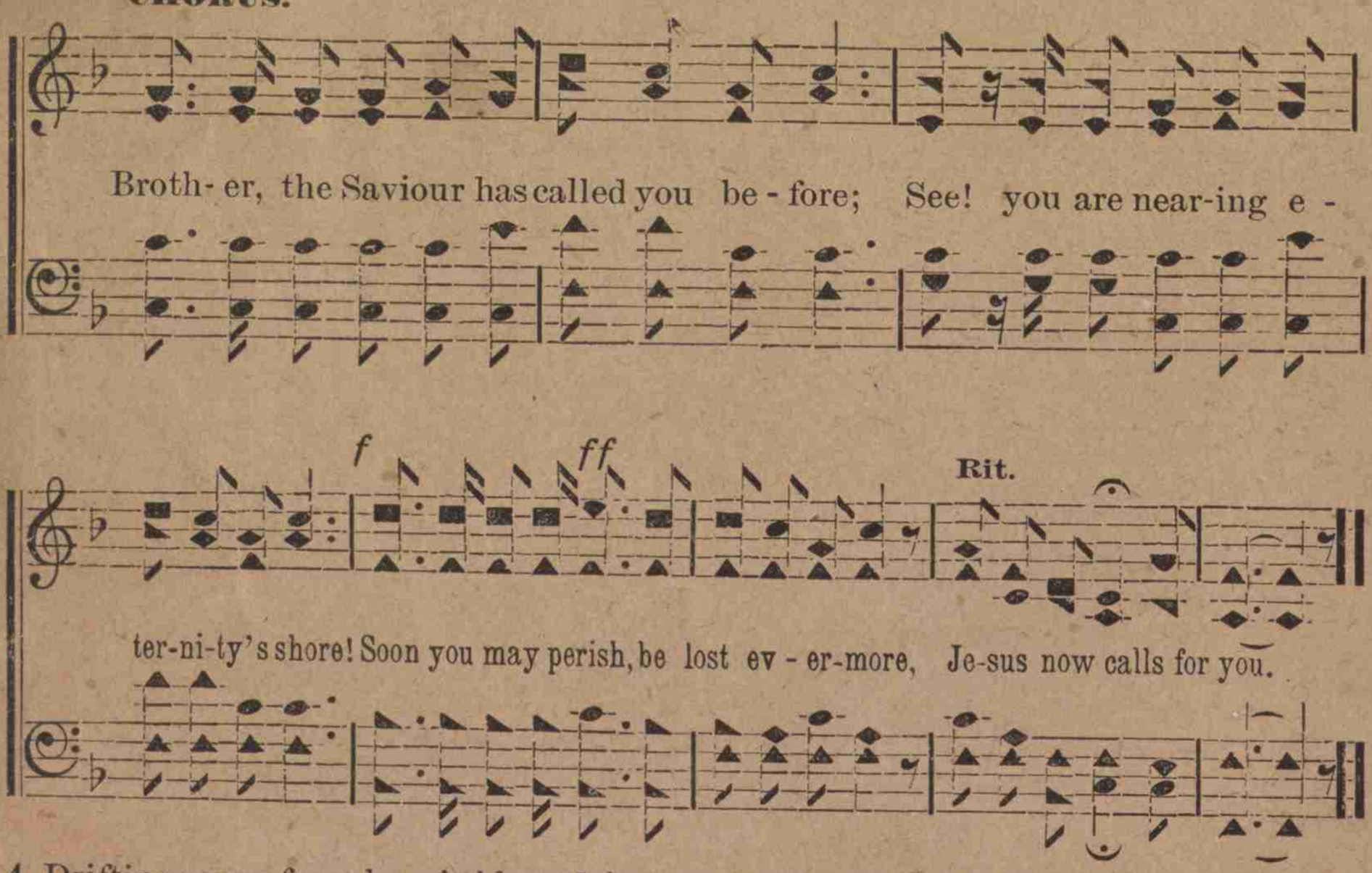
No. 126. Drifting Away From God.

Mrs. J. A. GRIFFITH. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. Drifting away from Christ in thy youth, Drifting away from mercy and truth,
2. Drifting away from mother and home, Drifting away in sor-row to roam,
3. Drifting away on sin's treach'rous tide, Drifting where death and darkness abide,



Drift-ing to sin in ten- der - est youth, Drifting a- way from God.
Drift-ing where peace and rest can- not come, Drifting a- way from God.
Drift-ing where fiends your fate will de- ride, Drifting a- way from God.

CHORUS.



Broth- er, the Saviour has called you be - fore; See! you are near-ing e -

ter-ni-ty's shore! Soon you may perish, be lost ev - er-more, Je-sus now calls for you.

4 Drifting away from hope's blessed shore,
Drifting away where wild breakers roar,
Drifted and stranded, wreck'd evermore,
Far from the light of God.

5 Why will you drift on billows of shame,
Spurning His grace again and again?
Soon you'll be lost! in sin to remain,
Ever away from God.

Copyright, 1891, by P. Bilhorn.

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Titles in SMALL CAPS; first lines in roman.

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