THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S

HYMNAL

No. 2

BY

JAMES ATKINS, D.D.

AND

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

SHAPED NOTES

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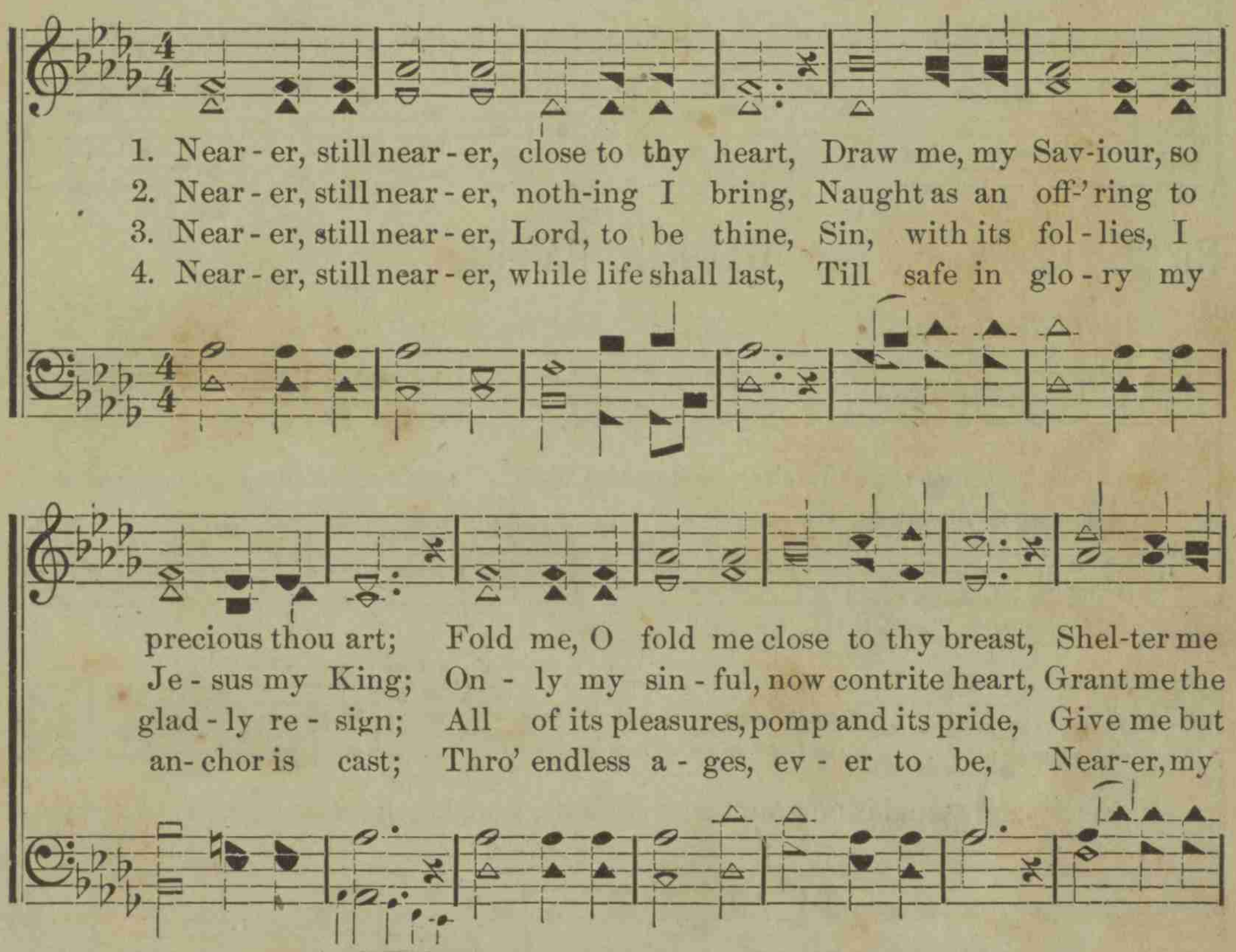
THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S HYMNAL

No. 2.

No. 1. NEARER, STILL NEARER.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



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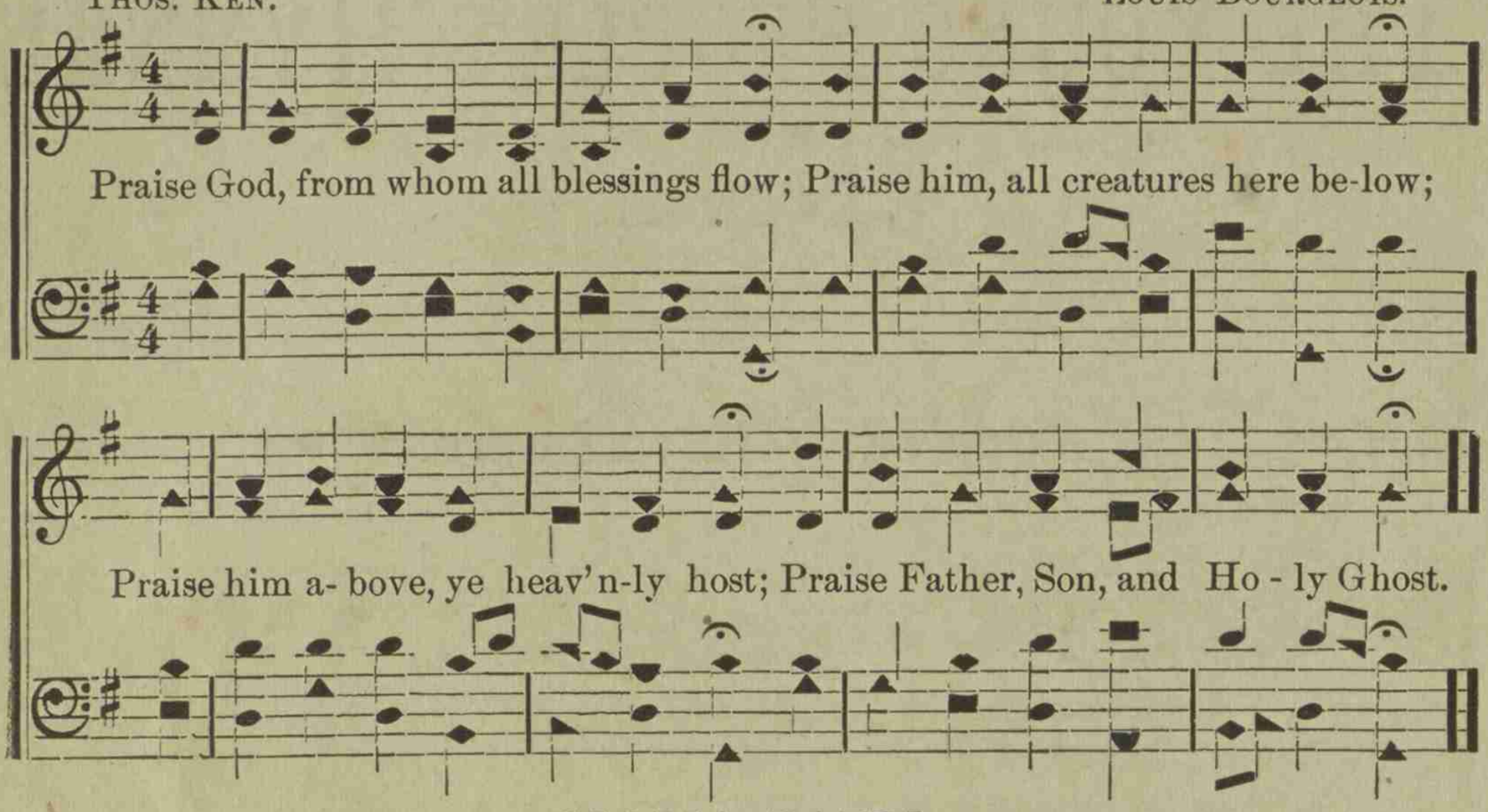
No. 2. DOXOLOGY.

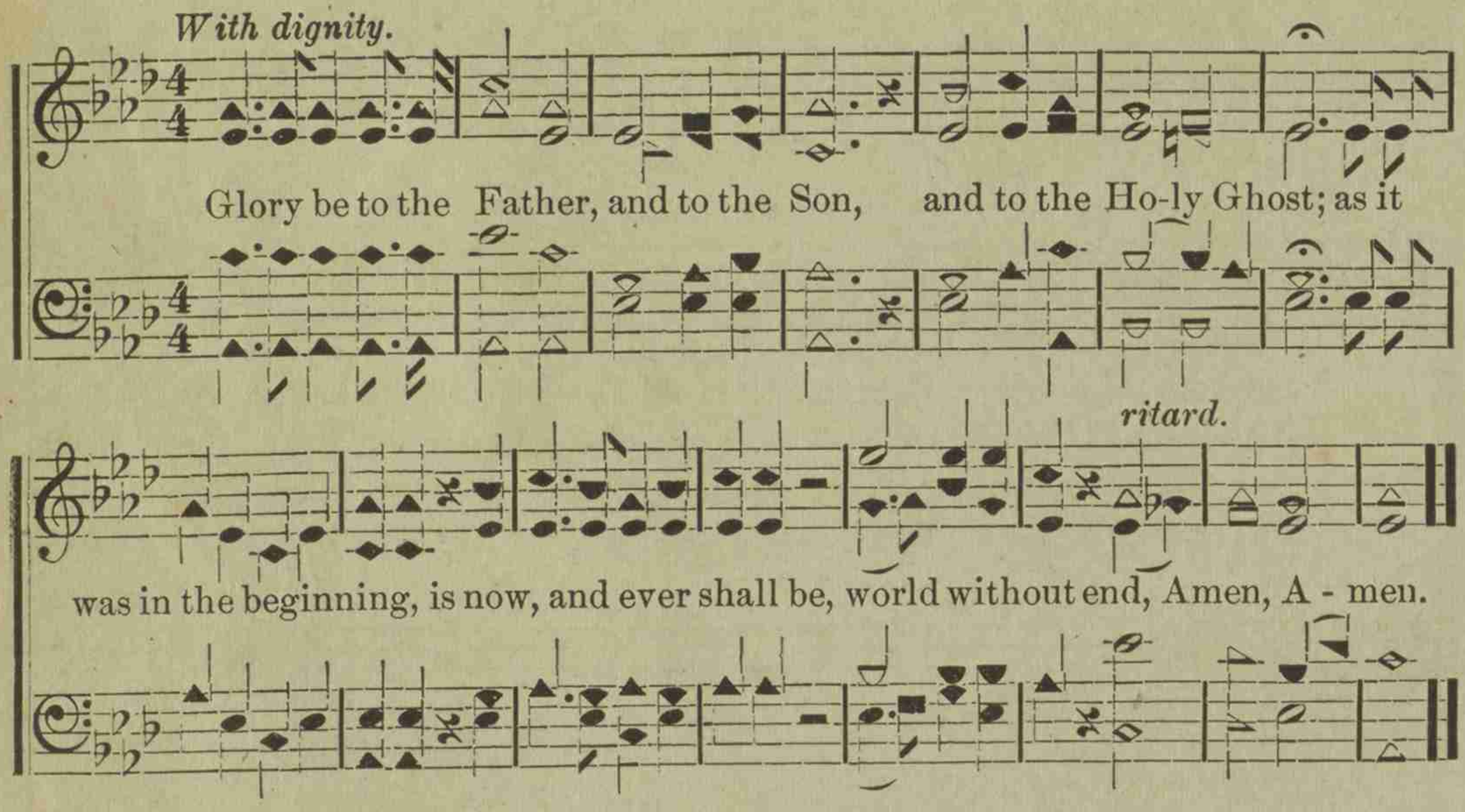
(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)

THOS. KEN. LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



No. 3. GLORIA PATRI.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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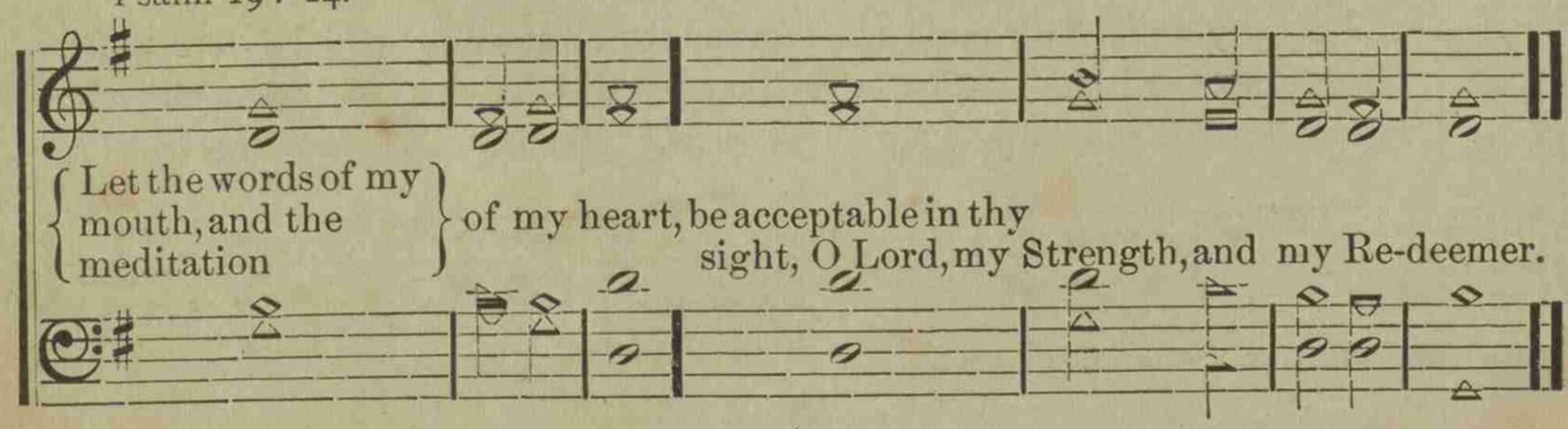
No. 4. LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH.

(MAY BE RECITED OR SUNG.)

Psalm 19 : 14.

No. 5. TO THE ONLY WISE GOD.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. All ye who love the Saviour's name, Your grate-ful trib - ute bring;
2. To him whose kind up - hold- ing pow'r Shall keep our stumbling feet;
3. With good or ill, we'll be con - tent, Since Je - sus loves us so;
4. Be - fore the glo - ry of his face, In end - less bliss a - bove,

Let joy - ful heart and voice pro-claim The glo - ries of our King.
To him who guides us ev - 'ry hour, Sing prais - es, full and sweet.
His faith- ful peo - ple he'll pre - sent More spot-less than the snow.
We'll sing the won- ders of his grace, And praise re-deeming love.

Chorus. Jude 25.

To the on - ly wise God our Sav - iour, To the on - ly wise

God our Sav - iour, { be glo - ry and maj - es - ty, do -
{ be glo - ry and maj - es - ty, do -

ritard.

min - ion and pow - er, }
min - ion and pow - er, } both now and ev - er. A - men.

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No. 6.

VICTORY THROUGH GRACE.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in his might,
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this wonder - ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Je-sus, thou Rul-er of all,

Lead- ing the host of all the faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the armies which he leadeth, While of his glo- ry they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

See them with courage ad - vanc- ing, Clad in their brill-iant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Re- deem - er, Sav-iour and Mon-arch di - vine,
Yet shall the ar - mies thou lead- est, Faithful and true to the last,

Shouting the name of their Lead- er, Hear them ex-ult- ing - ly say:
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in his kingdom will shine.
Find, in thy mansions e - ter - nal, Rest, when their warfare is past.

FINE.

D.S.—Yet to the true and the faith- ful Vic- t'ry is promised thro' grace.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Not to the strong is the bat- tle, Not to the swift is the race,

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No. 7. ONWARD, EPWORTH LEAGUERS.

ELLA PEACE HILBURN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Onward, Epworth Leaguers, Fighting for our King, While we push the bat-tle,
2. 'Round the cross we ral- ly, Loy - al to our King, And when fighting boldly,
3. He will help us conquer Sa - tan's mighty host, He will give us cour-age

Still his praises sing! Gath-er in - to service, Youthful hearts and brave,
"All for Christ" we sing! On-ward in - to battle, Stand - ing for the right,
To maintain our post. Up-ward, onward ev - er, Each a sol-dier true,

CHORUS.

While our gleaming banners High a- bove us wave. On - ward, on-ward,
Trust - ing in the Saviour, He will give us light.
"All for Christ" our watchword Till his face we view. Onward, ev - er on - ward,

Marching as we sing, On - ward, onward, Youthful hearts we bring, Onward, Epworth
Onward, ev - er on-ward,

Leaguers, Marching as we sing: "All for Christ our Saviour, All for Christ our King."

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No. 8.

WINNING ITS WAY.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O let us re-joice in the work of the Lord, The serv-ice of
2. The mountains are kindling, and soon the bright glow Will car-ry the
3. The darkness may lin-ger, the night may seem long, But Christ shall be
4. The moon as the glit-ter-ing sunlight will shine, The sun sev-en-

Jesus brings blessed reward; The shadows shall flee from love's conquering day,
joy to the valleys below; The King presseth onward, his wheels will not stay,
Victor, right triumph o'er wrong: We'll tell the glad story, his bidding obey,
fold in his glory divine; The sky's growing radiant with hope's blushing ray,

Chorus.

The light of the gos-pel is winning its way. Winning its way, winning its
way, Glo-ri-ous dawn of a bet-ter day; Win-ning its
way, winning its way, The light of the gos-pel is winning its way.

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No. 9. TO GOD BE THE GLORY.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. To God be the glo - ry, great things he hath done, So lov'd he the
2. O per - fect re-demp-tion, the pur-chase of blood, To ev -'ry be -
3. Great things he hath taught us, great things he hath done, And great our re -

world that he gave us his Son, Who yield-ed his life an a -
liev - er the prom - ise of God; The vil - est of-fend - er who
joic - ing thro' Je - sus the Son; But pur - er, and high-er, and

D.S.—O come to the Fa - ther, thro'

FINE.

tone-ment for sin, And o - pened the life gate that all may go in.
tru - ly believes, That mo-ment from Je - sus a par-don re-ceives.
great - er will be Our won - der, our trans-port, when Je - sus we see.

Je - sus the Son, And give him the glo - ry, great things he hath done.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear his voice;

D.S.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo - ple re - joice;

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No. 10.

GLORY TO THE LAMB.

JENNIE WILSON. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. I have a hope divine, sal-vation's joy is mine, Glo-ry to the Lamb!
2. The blood once shed for me, from guilt has set me free, Glo-ry to the Lamb!
3. While in this world I roam, I'm on my journey home, Glo-ry to the Lamb!
4. Where saintly throngs rejoice I'll sing with grateful voice, Glo-ry to the Lamb!

Glo-ry to the Lamb! With sins all wash'd away, my song shall be for aye,
Glo-ry to the Lamb! Now thro' his saving name, e-ter-nal life I claim,
Glo-ry to the Lamb! In realms of light and love my soul shall dwell above,
Glo-ry to the Lamb! Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty my hap-py song shall be,

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb whom
heav'nly hosts a-dore! Glo-ry to the Lamb who suff'ring for us bore! And
rit.
now upon his throne he reigns forevermore, Glory to the Lamb, Glory to the Lamb!

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No. 11. LOOK FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Look for the beau ti - ful; day aft - er day An - gels are scat - ter-ing
2. Look for the beau-ti - ful; seek ev -'ry - where Hints of the heav-en - ly,
3. Look for the beau-ti - ful; un - der the snow Seed-lets are quicken- ing,
4. Look for the beau ti - ful; when falls the night, Find-ing the prom-is - es

flowers by the way; Mercies so numberless, sent from a-bove, Making the
dropped here and there; Lab-or on cheer-ily where' er thou art, Sweet hopes and
May blossoms grow; Oft-en in low - liness, hidden from view, Lives too are
sparkling and bright; Prayerfully, trustfully lift up thine eye, See the stars

CHORUS.

wil-derness fragrant with love. Look! look! look for the beauti-ful,
mem-o- ries fill - ing thy heart.
blossoming, lives pure and true.
glit - ter-ing, lighting the sky. Look for the beau-ti - ful, Look! look!

Look! look! life's pathway thro'; Look for the beau - ti - ful,
Look for the beau - ti - ful, Look! look!

ritard.

look for the beau - ti - ful, Look for the beau - ti - ful, cher-ish the true.
look! look!

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No. 12. I'M A PILGRIM.

MARY S. B. DANA. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can
2. Of that cit-y, to which I jour-ney; My Re-deem-er, my Re-
3. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin-ing, O my long-ing heart, my

tar-ry but a night! Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the
deem-er, is the light; There is no sor-row, nor an-y sighing, Nor an-y
longing heart is there; Here in this country, so dark and dreary, I long have

CHORUS.

fountains are ev-er flow-ing; I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a
tears there, nor an-y dy-ing.
wan-der'd for-lorn and wea-ry:

I'm a pil-grim, I'm a pil-grim, and a

stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a
stran-ger, and a stran-ger; tar-ry, tar-ry,

night; I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger;
tar-ry but a night; pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim, and a stran-ger, and a stran-ger,

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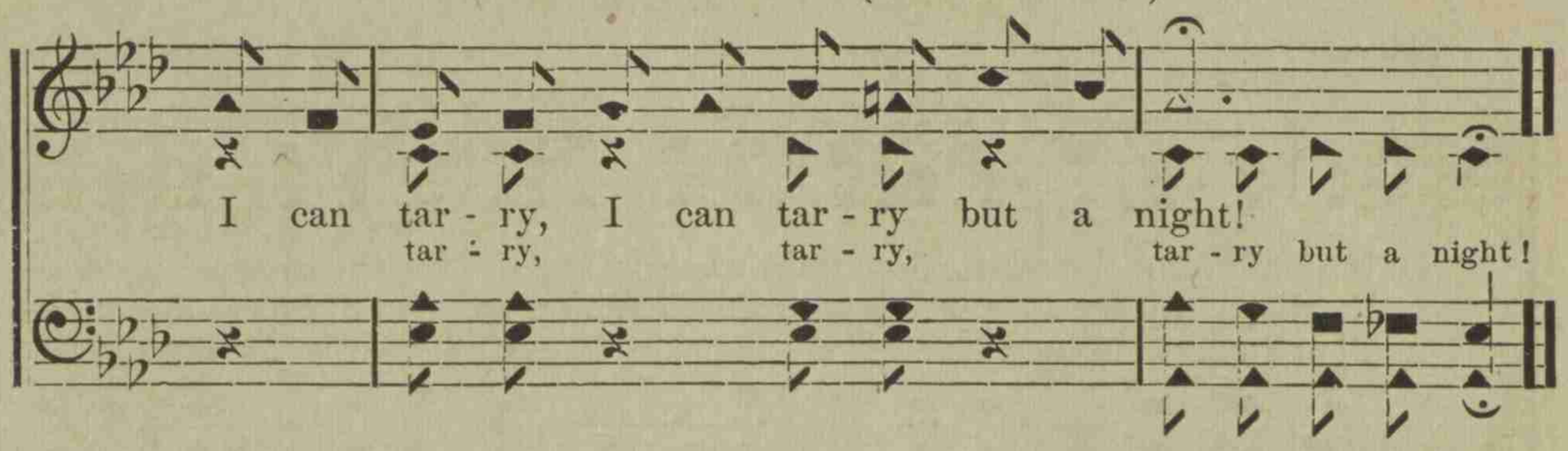
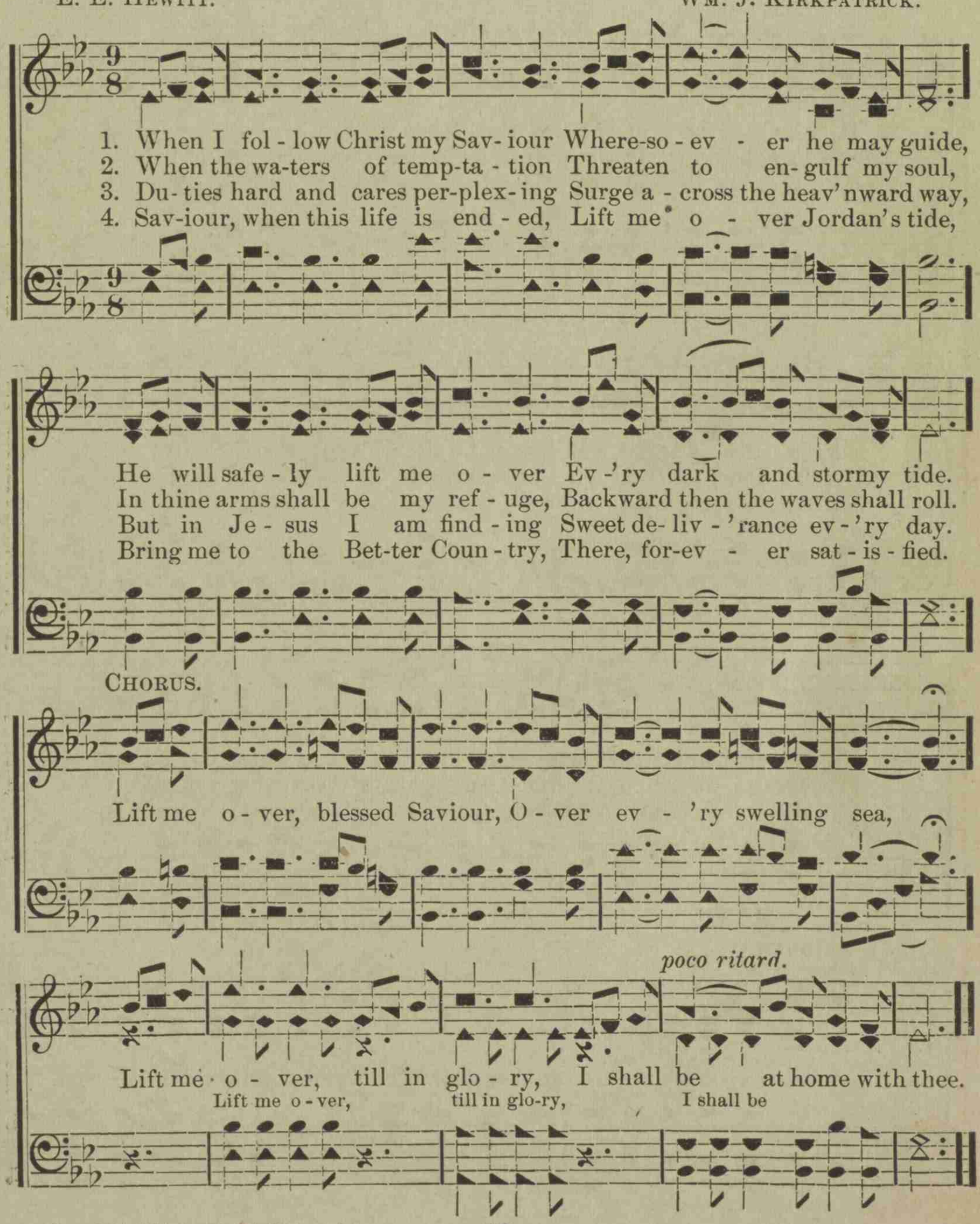
I'M A PILGRIM. (Concluded.)

No. 13. LIFT ME OVER.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 14. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

But, if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-iour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to thy ten - der care, And knowing thou lovest me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech-o thy mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

CHORUS.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

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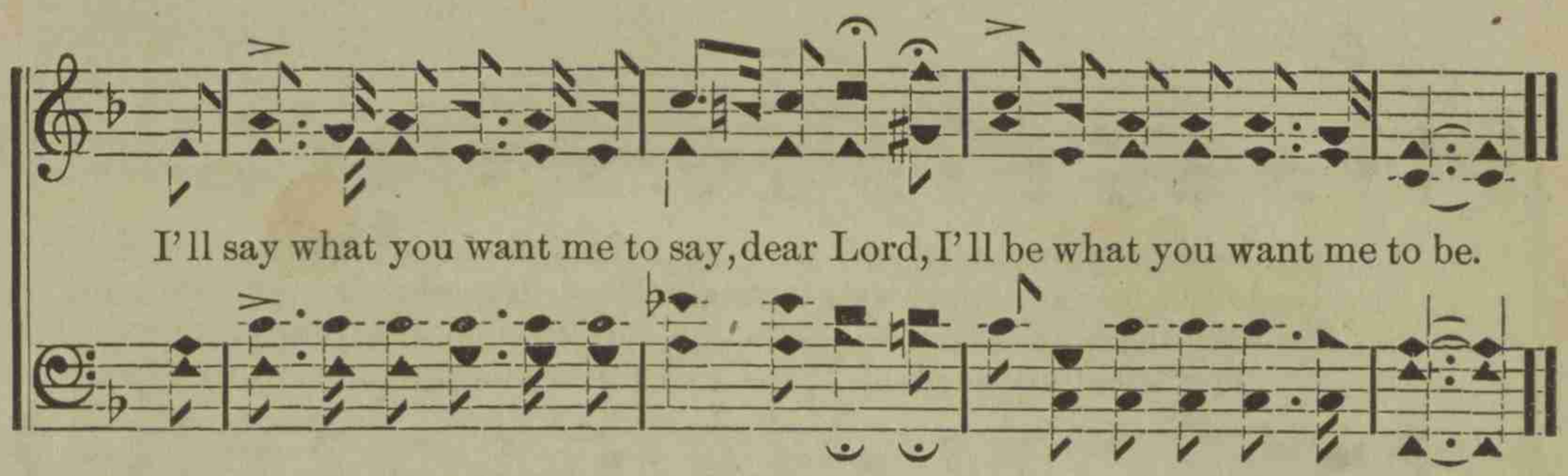
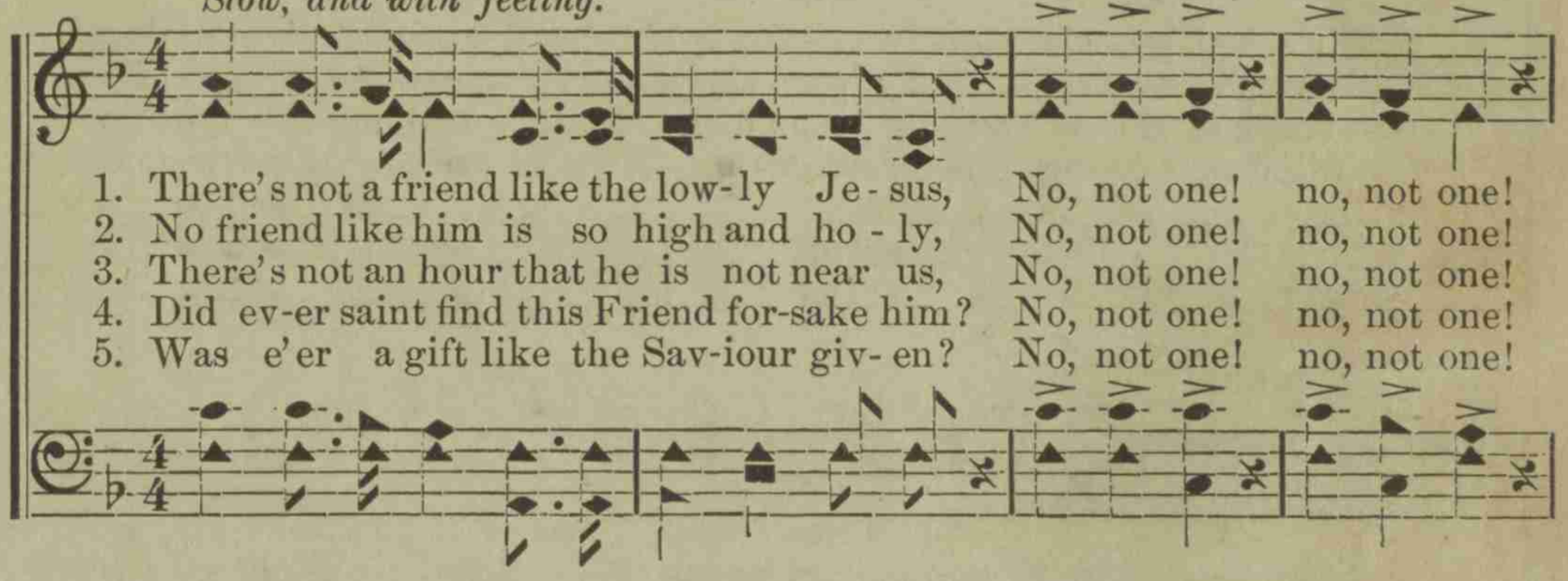
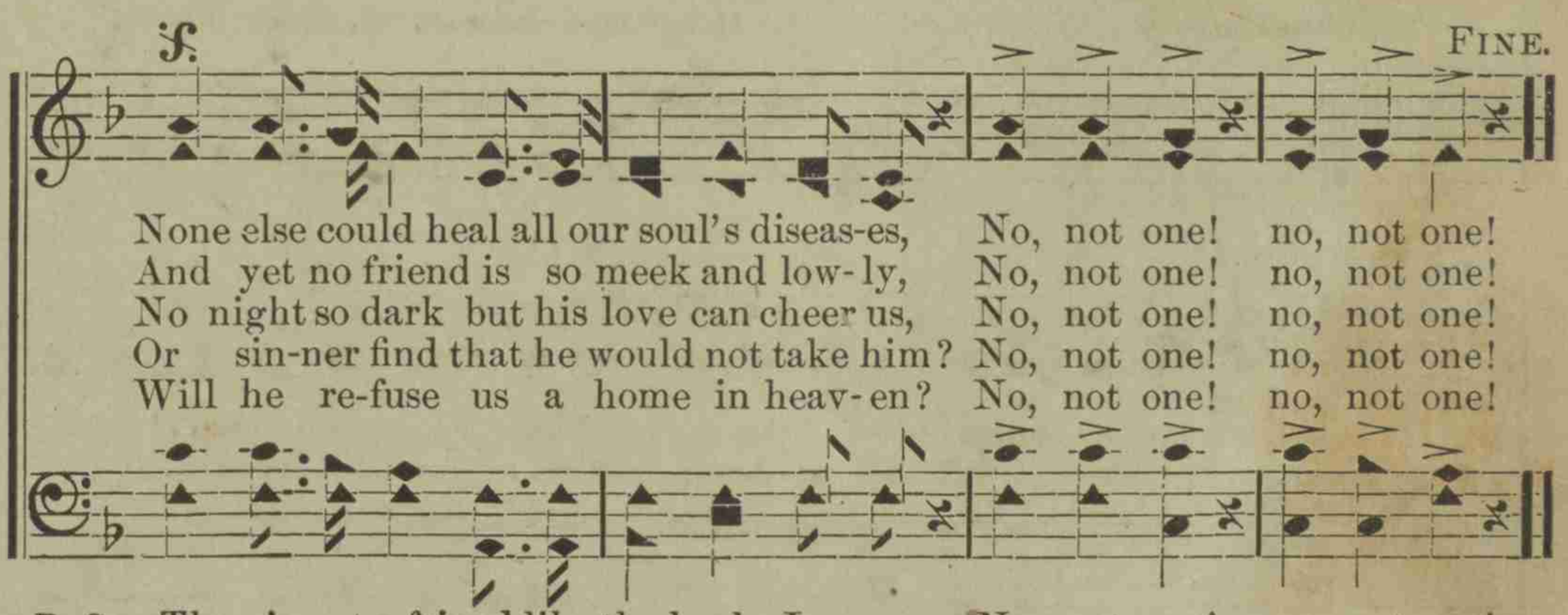
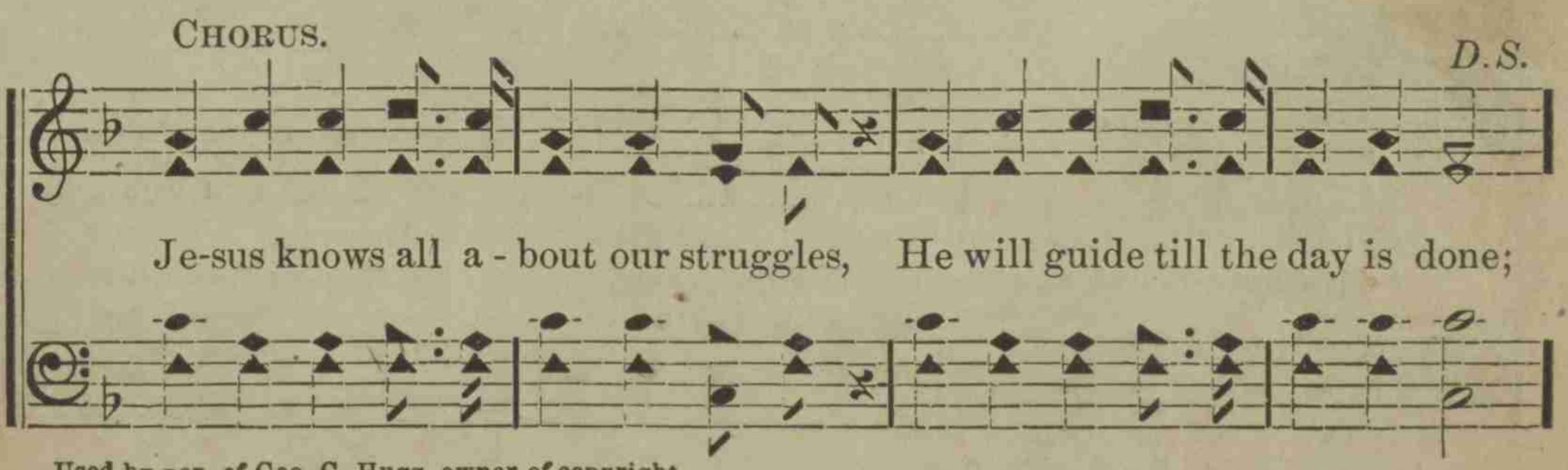
I'll GO WHERE YOU, etc. (Concluded.)

No. 15. NO, NOT ONE!

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow, and with feeling.







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No. 16. MY NEED OF JESUS.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O how great my need of Je - sus! Weak and frail my heart at best;
2. Need have I of Calv'ry's fountain, Wash-ing whit- er than the snow;
3. Dai - ly need of grace to help me, Joy that shall my strength renew;
4. O how great my need of Je - sus! But his pre-cious word I plead;

But when tri - als sore-ly press me, He will sweet-ly give me rest.
Bless - ed peace shall be my por - tion, Kept be-neath the crim-son flow.
Strength for du - ty and for con - flict, While my call-ing I pur-sue.
While I'm ask- ing him for bless - ing, He is great-er than my need.

Chorus.

Sav - iour, O how much I need thee! Walk with
Sav - iour, how I need thee, O how much I need thee! Walk with me a -

me life's way a - long; Take my hand and gently
long, all life's way a - long; Take my hand and lead me,

lead me, Come, and fill my soul with song.
lead me, gen- tly lead me, Come, and fill with song, fill my soul with song.

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No. 17. PEACE THROUGH THE BLOOD.

E. E. Hewitt. A. J. Showalter.

1. Come while God is call - ing, hear his word to - day, Peace thro' the
2. Sink the past for - ev - er 'neath the cleansing tide, Peace thro' the
3. Bless - ing free and boundless flow - ing from a - bove, Peace thro' the
4. Tell the joy - ful sto - ry ev - 'ry-where you go, Peace thro' the

blood of the cross; Take the gift he of - fers, come without de - lay,
blood of the cross; Let the Ho - ly Spir-it in your heart a - bide,
blood of the cross; Ev - er - last- ing mer- cy, ev - er - last- ing love,
blood of the cross; Till, the wide world o-ver, ransom' d souls shall know

Chorus.

Peace thro' the blood of the cross..... Peace!..... won-der-ful

Peace ! won-der-ful peace !

peace!..... Peace!..... won-der - ful peace!.....

Peace ! wonderful peace ! Peace ! won-der-ful peace ! Peace ! wonder-ful peace !

1 2

Peace thro' the blood of the cross;..... Peace thro' the blood of the cross.

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No. 18. O BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOM OF PITY!

(SOLO OR DUET.)

FLORA KIRKLAND. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful blos-som called Pit-y, And it grew in a
2. In his love and his pit - y he sought us, The Re-deem-er and
3. See the mul - ti - tude thronging around him! See his beau-ti - ful
4. And to- day there are ten - der hearts car-ing For the sick ones in

heav-en - ly clime; But it bloom'd in the life-time of Je - sus, On the
Lov - er of all; And he found us and bought us for heav-en, And he
pit - y - ing love Flowing forth in his mar-vels of heal-ing, Shedding
ev - er - y clime; 'Tis the seed from the blos-som of Pit - y, Taking

CHORUS. *mf*

sor - row - ful low-lands of time. O beau-ti - ful blos-som of
help - eth us now when we call.
per-fume from heav - en a - bove.
root in the low-lands of time.

p *mf*

Pit - y! A flow'r from a heav - en - ly clime! Transplanted from

rit.

p

yon - der bright cit - y, It grows in the low-lands of time.

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No. 19. LET IN THE SUNLIGHT.

M. Ellen Smith. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Let in the sun-light of heav-en to - day, O - pen thy heart to its
2. Glad in the morning his her-alds ap - pear, Flushing the dawn with his
3. 'Rouse thee, O worker, the broad day is here, Earn-est - ly la - bor some
4. La - bor then joy-ful - ly, true to the light, Work while 'tis day, for fast

beau - ti - ful ray, Wel-come the brightness of mer - cy and love,
glo - ry so near, Clouds flee be - fore him, and night hides her face,
sad heart to cheer; In - to thy spir - it his searchlight has burned,
com - eth the night, Light of the world! naught thy glo - ry can dim,—

Chorus.

Welcome thy Sav - iour, the Light from a - bove. Let in the sun-light,
Lo! the blest morn-ing is com - ing a - pace.
Lo! all its dark-ness to brightness has turned.
Lo! are we conq'rors, while trusting in him.

Let in the sunlight, Let in the sunlight of heav-en to - day, Let in the

poco ritard.

sunlight, Let in the sunlight, O - pen thy heart to its beau-ti - ful ray.

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No. 20. SWEET WILL OF GOD.

Mrs. C. H. M. (DUET.) Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. My stub-born will at last hath yield - ed; I would be thine and thine a - lone; And this the pray'r..... my lips are
2. I'm tired of sin, foot - sore and wea - ry, The dark-some path hath drear-y grown, But now a light..... has ris'n to
3. Thy pre-cious will, O con - q'ring Sav - iour, Doth now em - brace and com- pass me; All dis - cords hush'd..... my peace a
4. Shut in with thee, O Lord for - ev - er, My way-ward feet no more to roam; What pow'r from thee..... my soul can

Rit.....

CHORUS.

bringing, Lord let in me thy will be done. Sweet will of God, still
cheer me; I find in thee my Star, my Sun.
riv - er, My soul a prison'd bird set free.
sev - er? The cen-tre of God's will my home.

fold me clos- er, Till I am whol - ly lost in thee. Sweet will of

God still fold me clos- er, Till I am whol - ly lost in thee.

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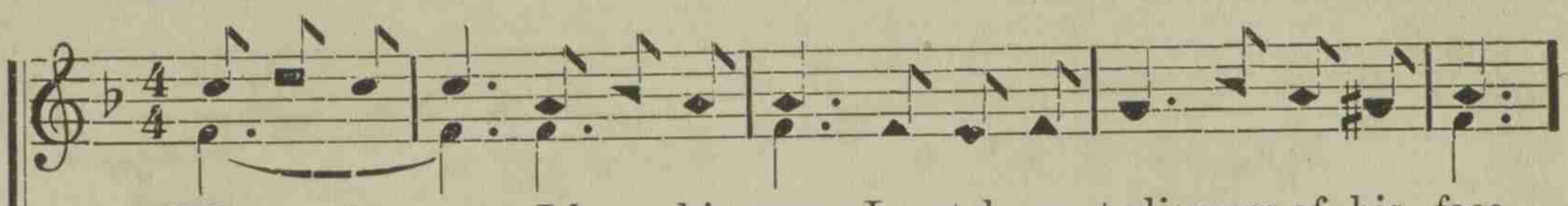
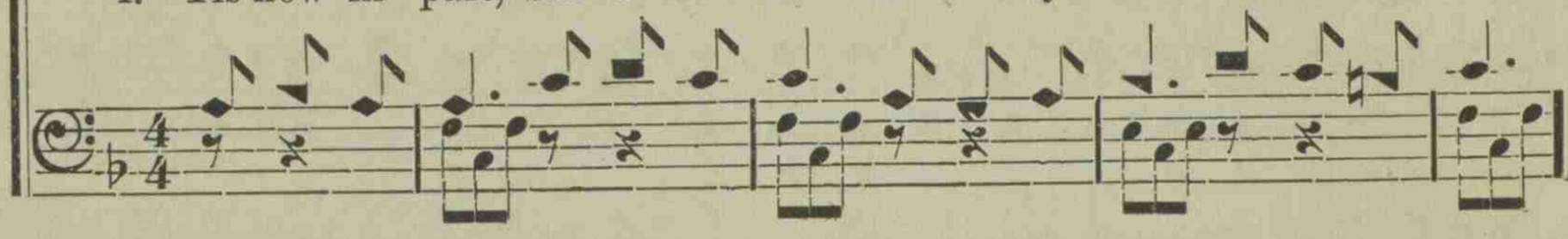
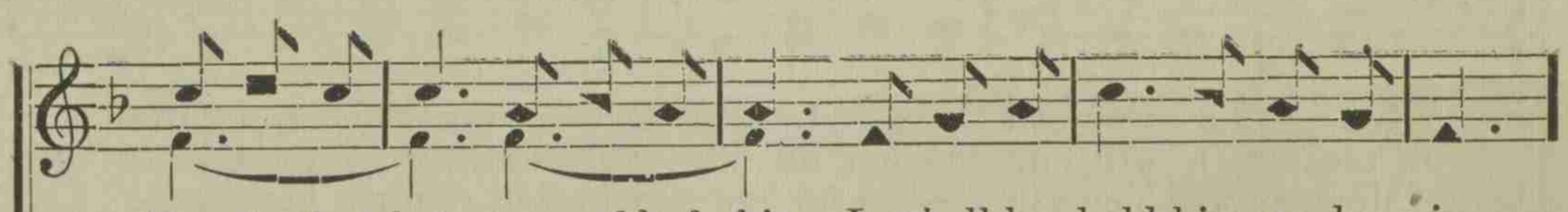
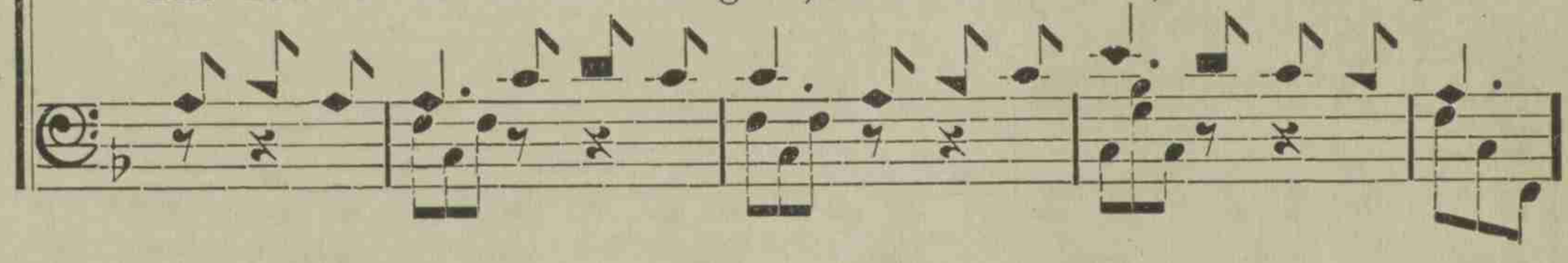
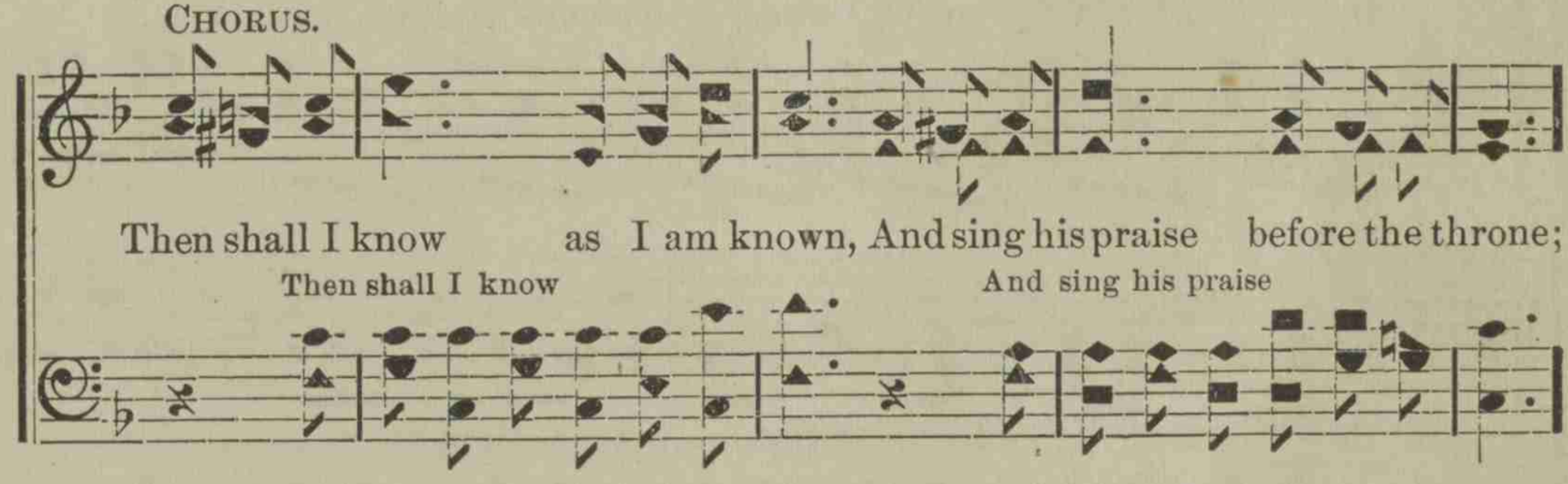
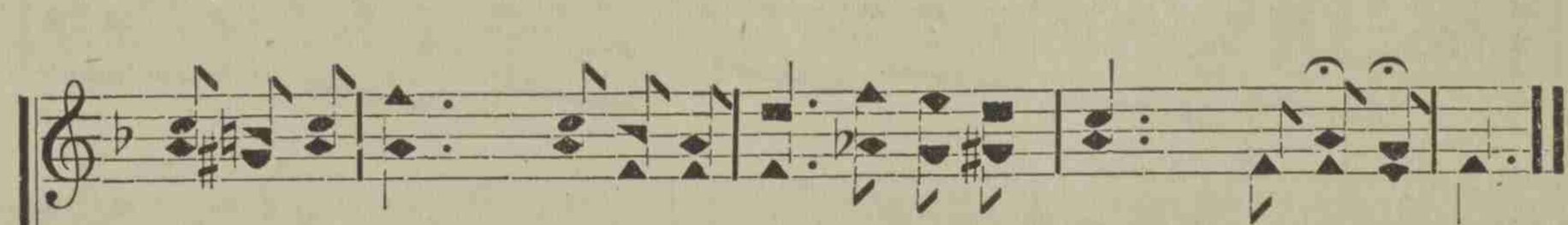
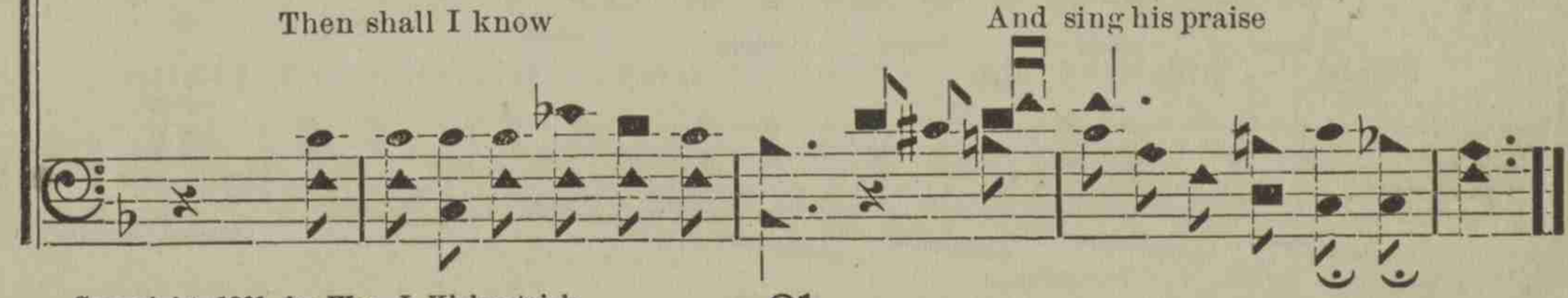
No. 21. THEN SHALL I KNOW.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. 'Tis now in part I know his grace; I catch sweet glimpses of his face,
2. 'Tis now in part I know his love; Bright sunbeams shine from skies above;
3. 'Tis now in part I un-der-stand The leadings of my Father's hand;
4. 'Tis now in part, but O how sweet To rest by faith at his dear feet;

But in that bet-ter world of his, I shall be-hold him as he is.
But glo-ries more ex-ceed-ing far, Shall rise be-yond life's evening star.
But I shall own his ways were right, When welcomed to his home of light.
Tho' now we see as thro' a glass, The veil will lift, the shadows pass.

CHORUS.



Then shall I know as I am known, And sing his praise before the throne;
Then shall I know And sing his praise

Then shall I know as I am known, And sing his praise be-fore the throne.
Then shall I know And sing his praise

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No. 22. LET US AWAY.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Let us a - way, no lon-ger de- lay, Morning with joy is bright;
2. Let us a - way, the message o - bey, Je - sus re-peats the call;
3. Let us a - way, we can- not de - lay, Har-vest will soon be o'er;
4. Let us a - way, O let us a - way, Lift- ing our eyes a - bove;

Let us a - way and la - bor to - day Out in the fields so white.
Come with a will our mission ful- fill, Haste to the work for all.
Moments and hours, like beauti-ful flow'rs, Soon will re-turn no more.
Faith-ful and true our la - bor pur-sue, Trusting a Sav-iour's love.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

On - ward, on - ward, bound - ing a - long,

On - ward, on - ward, join the bus - y throng,

Shout - ing, sing - ing o'er the har - vest plain;

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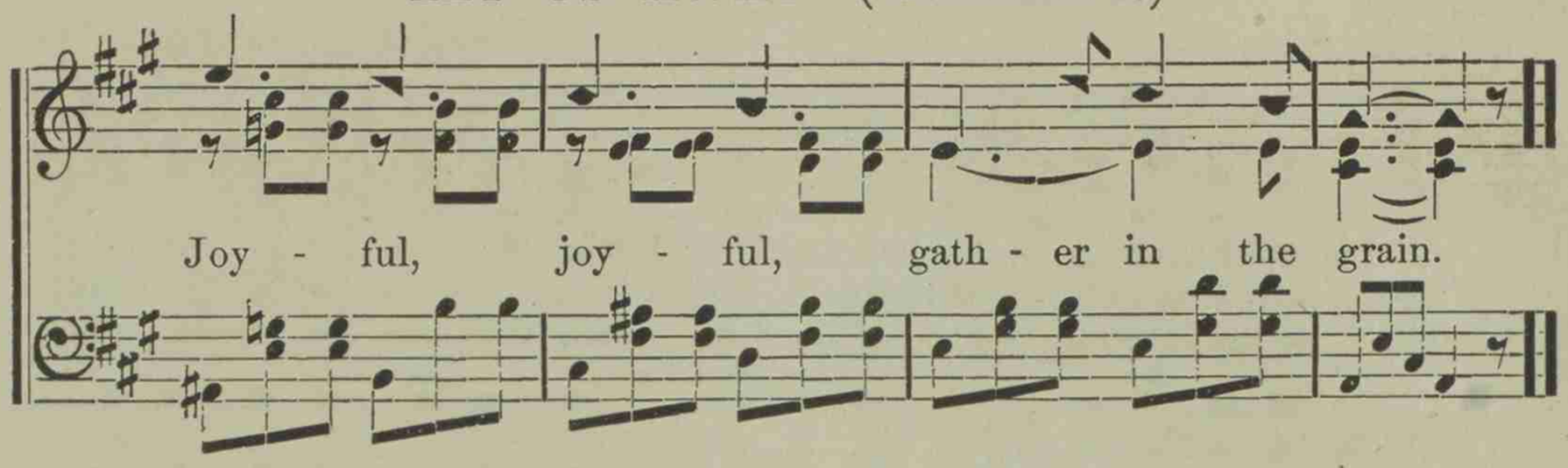
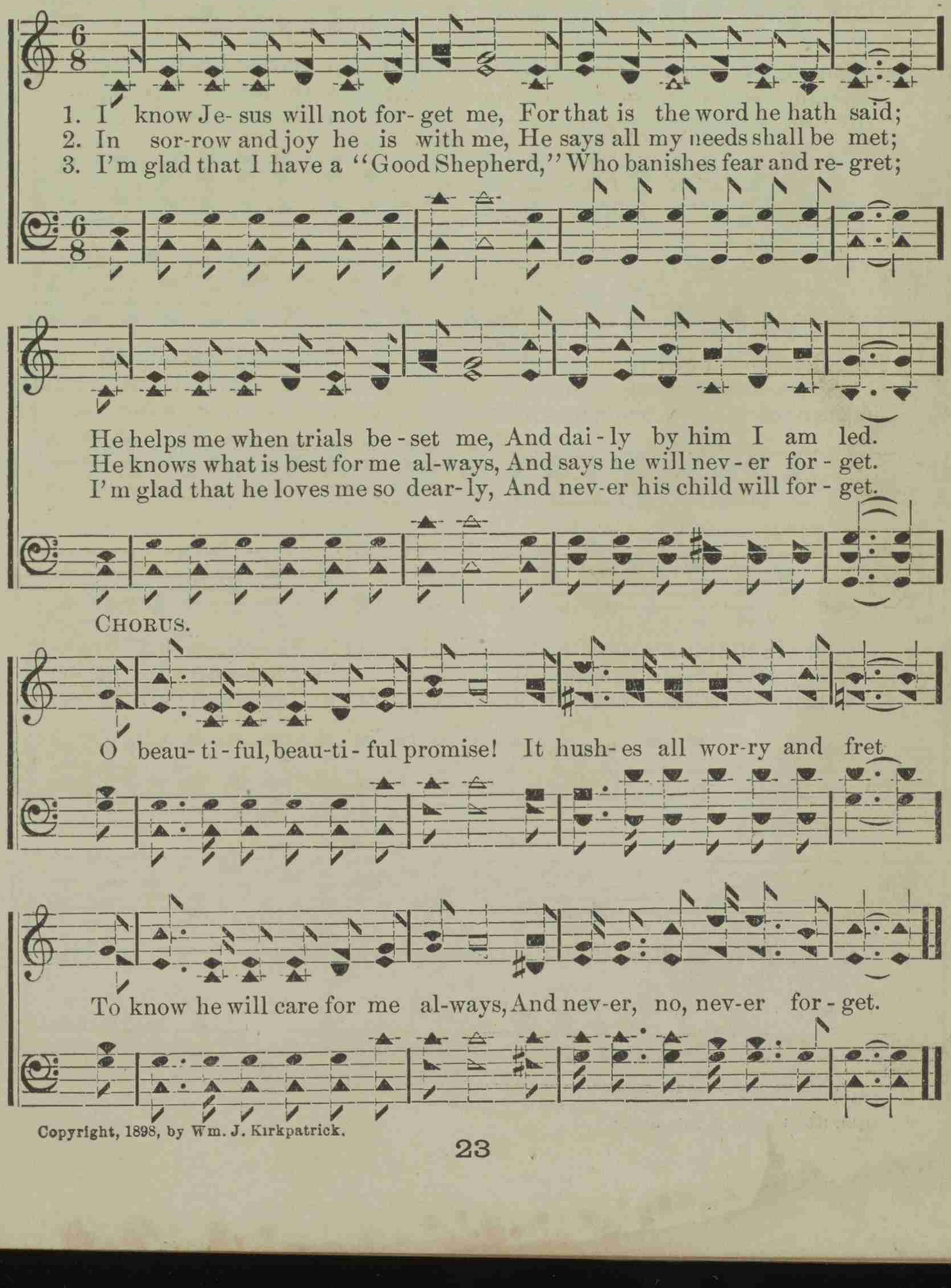
LET US AWAY. (Concluded.)

No. 23. JESUS WILL NEVER FORGET.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Harry Grey.

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No. 24. LET IN THE LIGHT.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O - pen your hearts to the sunshine of love; Let in the light! Let in the light!
2. Mercies are streaming in glittering show'rs; Let in the light! Let in the light!
3. Go on, re-joic-ing, O child of the day; Let in the light! Let in the light!

Pouring so freely from win-dows a - bove, Let in the beauti - ful light.
Lose not a ray thro' the hast- en- ing hours, Let in the beauti - ful light.
Je - sus will scatter the darkness a - way, Let in the beauti - ful light.

Fill all your soul with the heavenly cheer, Chasing the lingering shadows of fear;
O- ver lost blessings how often we grieve; What God is giving, O let us re-ceive!
Life, then reflecting the radiance within, Turning the wand' rer from pathways of sin,

Soon will the phantoms of doubt disap-pear, Let in the beauti - ful light.
Ev-' ry sweet promise we' ll gladly be- lieve, Let in the beauti - ful light.
Souls, precious souls, for e- ter - ni - ty win, Let in the beauti - ful light.

CHORUS.

Light, light, beau-ti-ful light! Sunbeams of glo-ry so joy-ous and bright;
Let in the light, Light, light,

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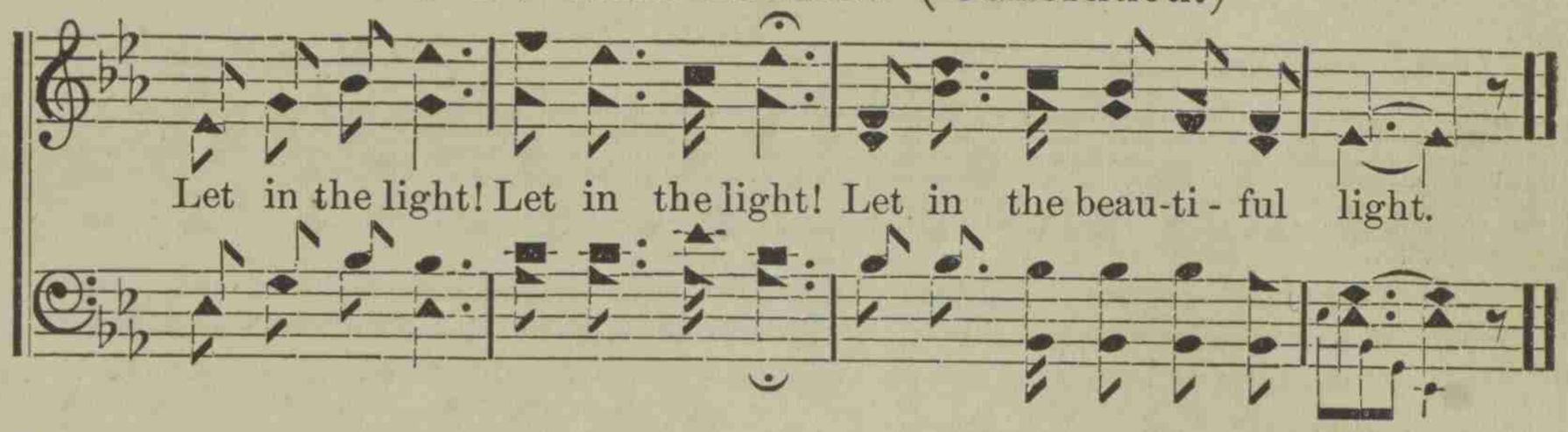
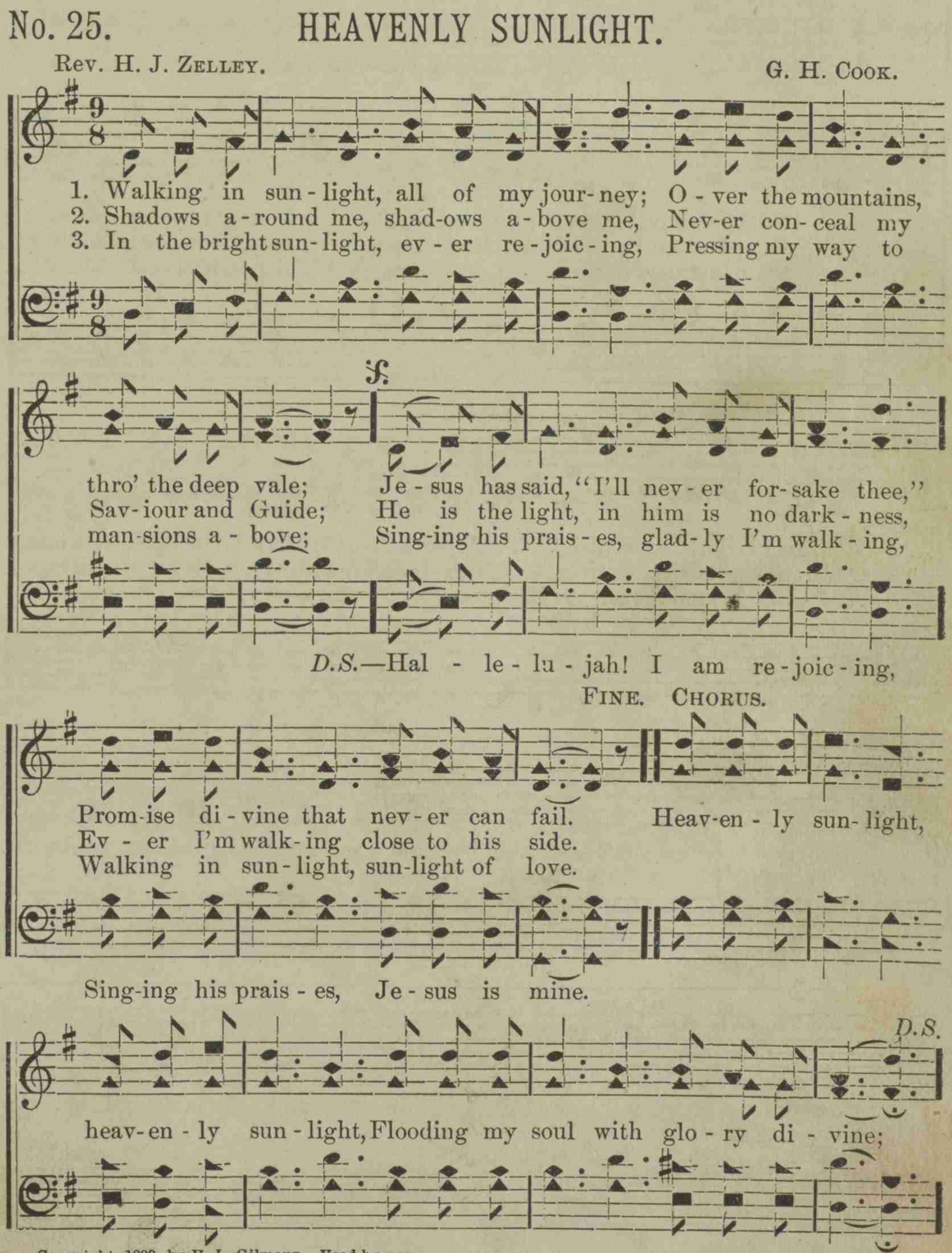
LET IN THE LIGHT. (Concluded.)

No. 25. HEAVENLY SUNLIGHT.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. G. H. Cook.



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No. 26. TRIUMPH BY AND BY.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. Dr. H. R. Palmer.

1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win his words im-plore us, The eye of God is o'er us, From on high, (from on high,) His loving tones are call-ing,
2. We'll fol-low where he lead - eth, We'll pasture where he feed - eth, We'll yield to him who pleadeth From on high (from on high,) Then naught from him shall sever,
3. Our home is bright a - bove us, No tri - als dark to move us, But Je-sus, dear, to love us, There on high, (there on high;) We'll give him best endeavor,

While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing; 'Tis Je-sus gen-tly calling, He is nigh, (he is nigh.)
Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never, He is nigh, (he is nigh.)
And praise his name forever; His precious ones can never, Never die, (never die.)

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him, And with

1 Je-sus reign in glory, By and by, by and by;

2 Je-sus reign in glory, By and by.

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No. 27. KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

ADA BLENKHORN. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life; There's a bright and a sun-ny side, too;
2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to - day, Crush-ing hopes that we cherished so dear;
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo-ments be cloud-y or fair;

Tho' we meet with the dark-ness and strife, The Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The Let us trust in our Sav- iour al - way, Who

CHORUS.

sun-ny side we al - so may view. Keep on the sunny side, Always on the
sun again will shine bright and clear.
keepeth ev-'ry one in his care.

sunny side, Keep on the sunny side of life; It will help us ev -'ry day,

It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sunny side of life.

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No. 28. GOD IS ABLE TO DELIVER.

D. J. E. D. J. Evans.

1. The God of bat-tles will de-fend The soul that doth on Christ depend,
2. Wait not a more con-ven-ient day! 'Tis now he calls; O why de - lay?
3. Re - sist no more his lov-ing call, For night draws near; the shadows fall,
4. O come to-day; why longer wait? An - oth-er time may be too late!

His love will all your need sup-ply, Ac-cept him now, "Why will ye die!"
Be - ware! for time goes swift-ly by, O wand'rer turn! "Why will ye die?"
E - ter - nal life a-waits on high, O wand'rer turn! "Why will ye die?"
The Ho - ly Spir-it hov-ers nigh, And asks a-gain, "Why will ye die?"

CHORUS.

God is a - ble to de-liv-er all who come to him, Be - liev-ing on his
name, re - pent-ing of their sins, God is a - ble to de-liv-er all who
come to him, Be - liev-ing on his name, re - penting of their sins.

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No. 29. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND FAR AWAY.

W. R. C. W. R. Cole.

1. We shall meet in that land far a - way, When this life and its cares all are o'er; Where our King in his beau - ty we'll see, And go
2. Our dear Sav-iour we'll meet o - ver there, O what rap - ture his face to be - hold! We shall learn of the depths of his grace, While e -
3. Ma - ny friends we shall meet o - ver there Where the Lord hath pre - pared them a place O the joy that a - waits you and me! When our
4. O how hap - py we'll be o - ver there! Sin and death will for - ev - er be past. And we'll join in the glad, glad new song, And we'll

Chorus.

out from his pres - ence no more. In that land, in that land, in that
ter - ni - ty's a - ges un - fold.
loved ones we'll see face to face.
shout "We are home, home at last!"

beau - ti - ful land, We shall meet on its bright gold-en shore. In that

beau - ti - ful land, in that far a-way land, We shall meet, to be parted no more.

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No. 30. BESIDE THE STILL WATERS.

(SOLO.)

LIZZIE DEARMOND. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Be-side the still wa - ters how calm-ly we rest, When in the rough jour - ney of life sore-ly press'd, The din of the world comes but
2. Be-side the still wa - ters no storm cloud can rise, To hide from our vis - ion the blue of the skies; A touch of God's heav - en we
3. Be-side the still wa - ters to lin-ger a - while, Then tak-ing our bur - dens pass on with a smile, For soon by the riv - er of

faint to our ears, Like far a - way mu - sic each murmur ap - pears.
find here be - low, A - lone with the Mas - ter whose goodness we know.
Peace we shall stand, And praise our Re-deem - er in Eden's fair land.

CHORUS.

Be-side the still wa - ters we rest and grow strong, Then pass on our way with a smile and a song, Up to the green hills of that
Be - side the still wa - ters we rest and grow strong,
Then pass on our way with a smile and a song, green hills

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BESIDE THE STILL WATERS. (Concluded.)

Par- a - dise bright, Where faith shall be lost in a glo-ri- ous sight!
so bright, be lost glo-ri-ous sight!

No. 31. BENEATH HIS SHELTERING WINGS.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've found a bless - ed hid - ing place, A hap - py ref - uge know,
2. As lit - tle birds with-in the nest, Are gath-ered safe and warm,
3. More ten - der than a mother's love, The love that shields me here;
4. Not for a mo- ment would I leave This bless-ed hid - ing place;

When dark and heav - y clouds re- place The morning's gold - en glow.
So close a-gainst my Saviour's breast, I'm hid - ing from the storm.
His eye still keep-ing watch a - bove, His voice dis - pell - ing fear.
Thy prom - ise, Sav-iour, I be-lieve, O keep me by thy grace.

Chorus.

In the bless - ed, blessed hid-ing place, My soul for glad-ness sings;
I'm cov - er'd by my Saviour's love, Be - neath his shelt'ring wings.

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No. 32.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

E. E. Hewitt. (DUET.) Geo. F. Rosche.

1. "Have faith in God," the Saviour said: He saw the path that we must tread;
2. Have faith in God, tho' clouds a- rise And o- ver-spread the glowing skies;
3. Have faith in God: a father's heart Would to his child all good im-part;
4. Have faith in God: his word di- vine By day and night shall brightly shine,

The frequent thorn, the fading flow'r, The joy or pain of ev-'ry hour.
Tho' sun and stars grow dim and pale, His boundless love shall never fail.
Much more will he regard the pray' r Of those who cast on him their care.
Un - til we pass the gates of life And faith shall yield to blissful sight.

Chorus.

O bless-ed faith! Its song of cheer Revives our hope,
O faith! of cheer our hope,

dis-pels our fear; The Shepherd's staff, The Shepherd's rod,
our fear; the staff, the rod,

ritard.

Still leads us on; have faith in God. in God.

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No. 33. PRECIOUS GOLDEN GRAIN.

JENNIE WILSON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. While the days are go - ing for the Lord be sow - ing, Tho' the seed may oft - en seem to fall in vain. Aft - er toil and weep-ing
2. Hearts that sin has bro - ken yearn for mer-cy's to - ken, Bear the balm of heal-ing o'er the world-wide field; Morning, noon and e - ven
3. Go with com-fort ho - ly to the poor and low - ly, Help the heav-y - la - den, wea - ry and op - pressed; Christ-like kindness showing
4. Sow as Christ commanded, go not emp-ty-hand - ed, Or be-fore the Mas - ter lay but worth - less leaves, Pass thro' death's dim portal

comes the joy of reap-ing, By and by we'll gather sheaves of golden grain.
sow to reap for heaven, Soon will come the harvest with its priceless yield.
seed di-vine be sow - ing, It will sure-ly rip - en for the gar-ners blest.
to the life im-mor-tal From the earthly har-vest bear-ing gold-en sheaves.

D.S.—When we gath-er in the sheaves of gold-en grain.

CHORUS.

Pre - - - cious grain,..... pre-cious gold- en grain,

Pre - cious gold - en grain, pre - cious gold - en grain,

grain, Aft - er toil and weep-ing, O the joy of reap-ing,

gold - en grain,

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H No. 2—P N—3

No. 34. THE PROMISES OF GOD.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I was wand'ring in a wil- derness of deep despair and sin, And my
2. I was followed by the tempter, as he watch'd me day by day, While I
3. Aft- er days of joy-ful dreaming came a time of grief and care, When I
4. So I pave the way be- fore me with the prom-is- es of God, They have

feet were growing weary of the road; But my sorrow, doubt and care Fled when
sought the shining path my Saviour trod; But with pan-o-ply and shield, And the
sank beneath the heavy chast'ning rod; And the heart so torn by grief Found its
brightened ev'ry step my feet have trod; And this shin-ing, happy way Brightens

Je - sus met me there, And I learned to trust the prom - is - es of God.
Spir-it's sword to wield, I have conquer'd thro' the prom - is - es of God.
com-fort and re - lief On - ly thro' the bless - ed prom - is - es of God.
in - to per- fect day, Thro' the nev - er - fail - ing prom - is - es of God.

CHORUS.

I be - lieve the prom - is - es of God, I can trust his
nev - er - fail - ing word: When earth - ly hopes shall fail, Or

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hosts of sin as-sail, I rest up-on the prom-is-es of God.

No. 35. WALK IN THE LIGHT.

ASA HULL. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Walk in the light the Lord hath given To guide thy steps a-right;
2. Walk in the light of gos-pel truth That shines from God's own Word;
3. Walk in the light; tho' shadows dark, Like spec-tres, cross thy way;
4. Walk in the light, and thou shalt know The love of God to thee;

His Ho-ly Spir-it, sent from heav'n, Can cheer the dark-est night.
A light to guide in ear-ly youth The faith-ful of the Lord.
Darkness will flee be-fore the light Of God's e-ter-nal day.
The fel-low-ship, so sweet be-low, In heav'n will sweet-er be.

CHORUS.

Walk..... in the light,..... Walk..... in the light,.....
Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God, Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of

..... Walk..... in the light,..... Walk in the light, the light of God.
God, Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God,

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No. 36. ONWARD AND UPWARD.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Onward still, and up - ward, Fol-low ev - er - more Where our mighty
2. Onward, ev - er onward, Thro' the pastures green, Where the streams flow
3. Upward, ev - er up - ward, T' ward the radiant glow, Far a-bove the

Leader Goes in love before; "Looking un-to Je-sus," Reach a helping hand
softly, Under skies se-rene; Or, if need be, upward, O'er the rocky steep,
valley, Where the mist hangs low; On, with songs of gladness, Till the march shall end

CHORUS.

To a struggling neighbor, Helping him to stand. Marching on - -
Trusting him who guides us, Strong to save and keep.
Where ten thousand thousand Halle-lu - jahs blend. Marching onward, marching

ward, up - - ward, Marching stead-i - ly,
on-ward, on-ward, Up-ward marching, up - ward, up - ward,

onward, Je - sus leads the way, Marching on - - ward,
on-ward, marching on-ward, on-ward,

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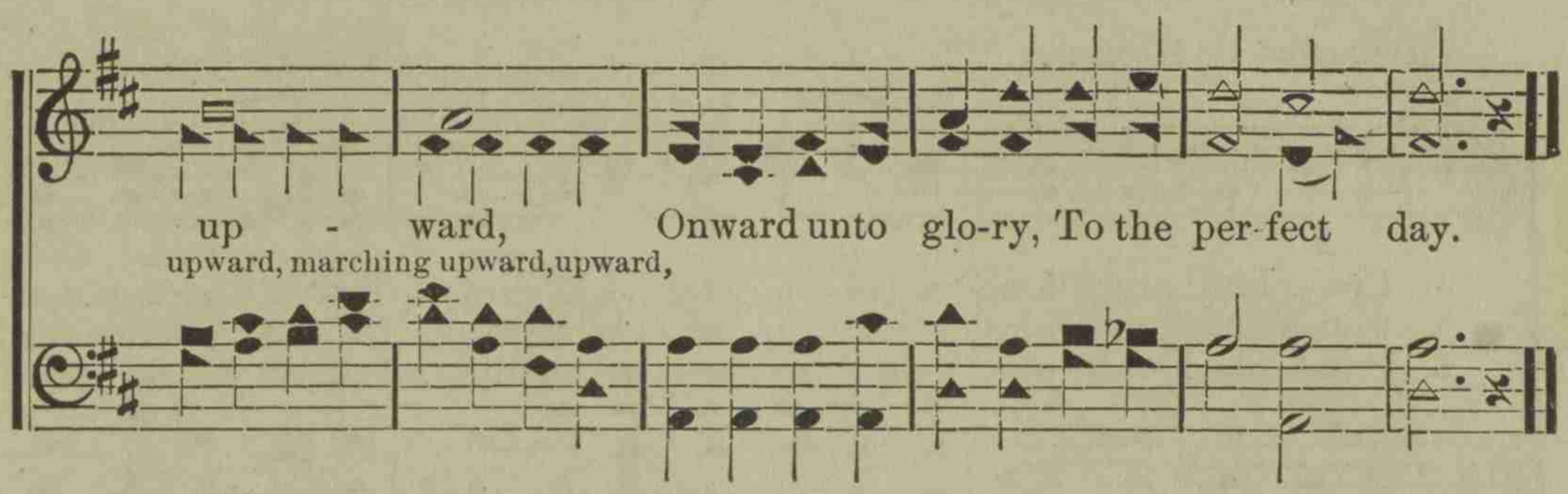
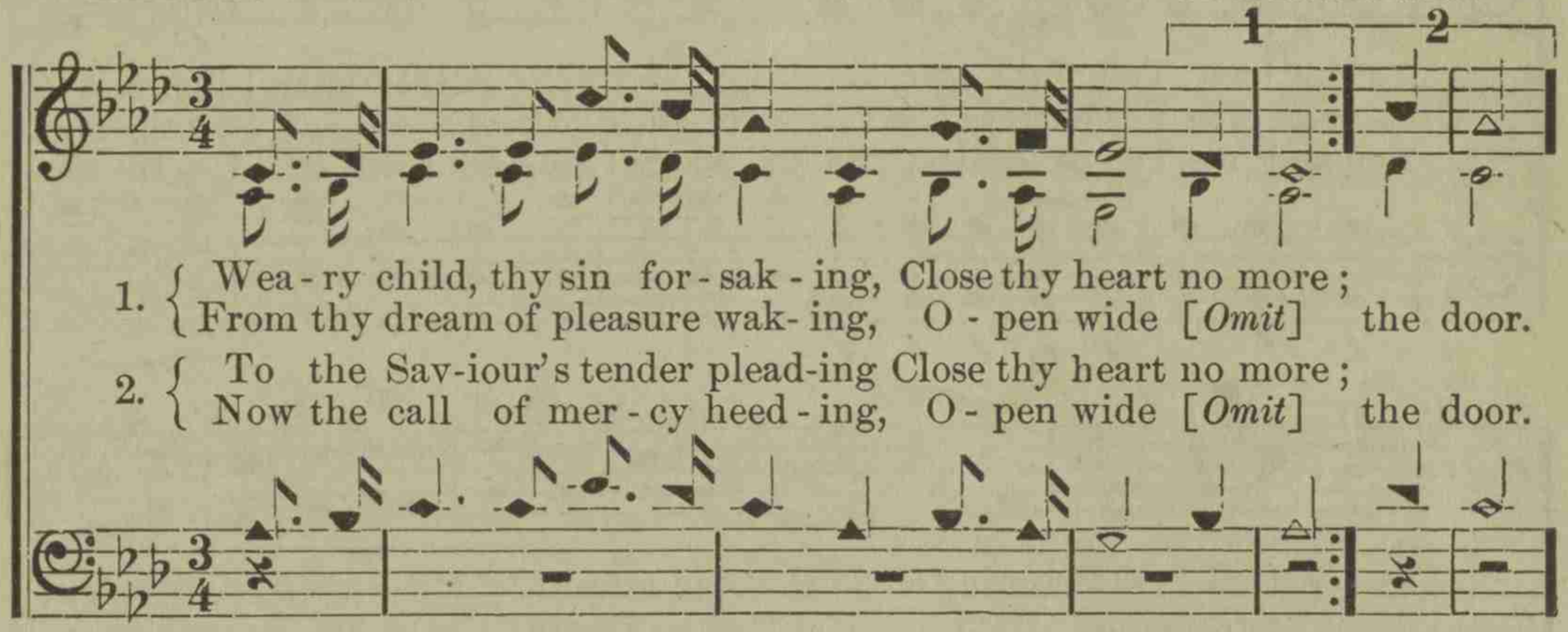
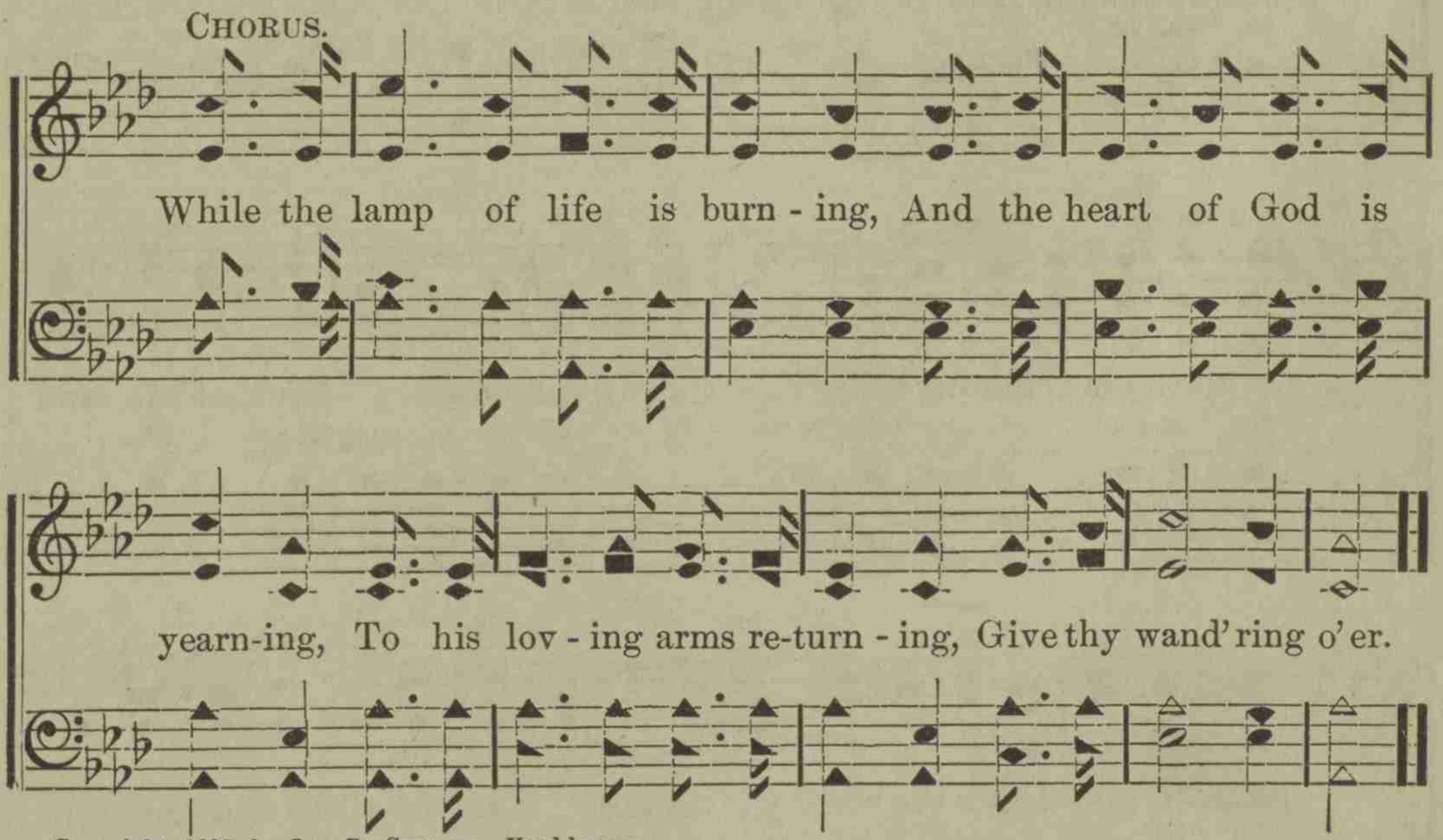

No. 37. CLOSE THY HEART NO MORE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (DUET.) JNO. R. SWENEY.





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3 To the gospel invitation
Close thy heart no more;
To receive a full salvation
Open wide the door.

4 To the joy that fadeth never
Close thy heart no more;
To the peace abiding ever
Open wide the door.

No. 38. PRAISE HIM! PRAISE HIM!

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Praise him! praise him! Car- ol a song of glo - ry; Tell of the won-ders
2. Praise him! praise him! Beauti - ful car - ols bringing, Un - to his name the
3. Praise him! praise him! Tell of his grace a-bounding! Tell of his mer - cy

of his love, Tell of the mansions bright above; Sweetly! sweetly! Ech-o the
choicest give, For he was slain that we might live, Tell it! tell it! Set the glad
rich and free, Tell of his death on Cal-va-ry! Sing it! sing it! Un-til the

gos - pel sto - ry; Shouting aloud the glad refrain, "Christ has come to reign!"
bells a-ring- ing; Herald it over land and main "Christ has come to reign!"
hills surrounding Echo the glad triumphant strain, "Christ has come to reign!"

CHORUS.

Let the merry, chiming bells Ech-o the joy-ful song, For of life and
Let the mer - ry bells Ech - o the joy-ful song, For of

love it tells Un-to the bus - y throng; Let the silent rocks and hills
love it tells Un - to the bus-y throng; Let the rocks and hills

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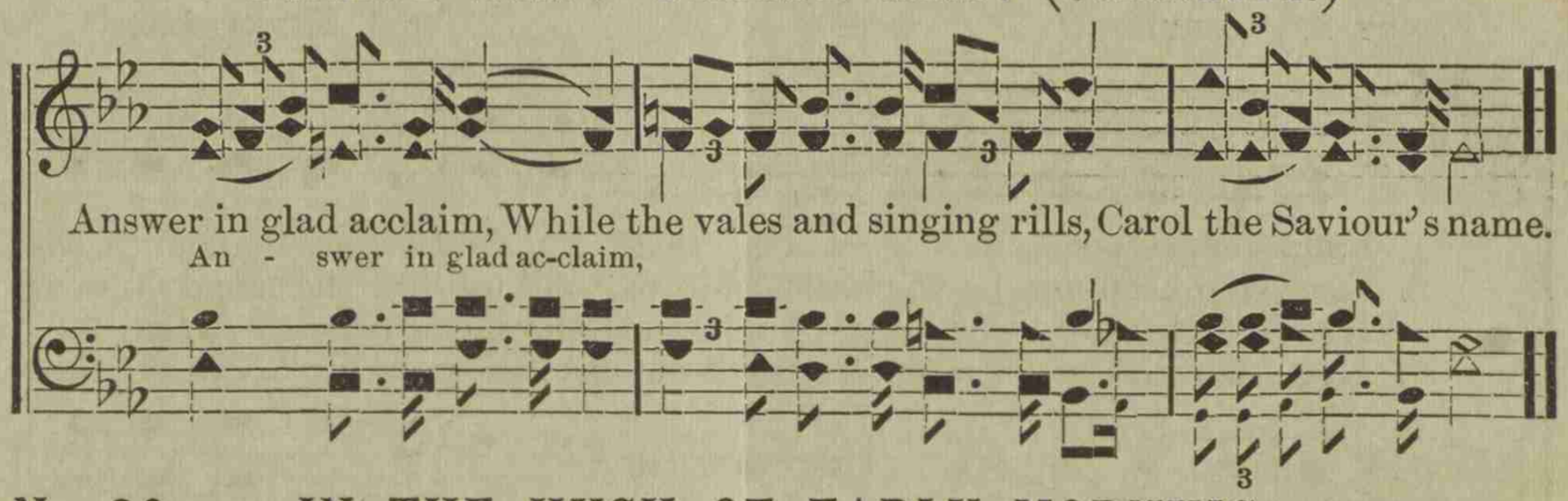
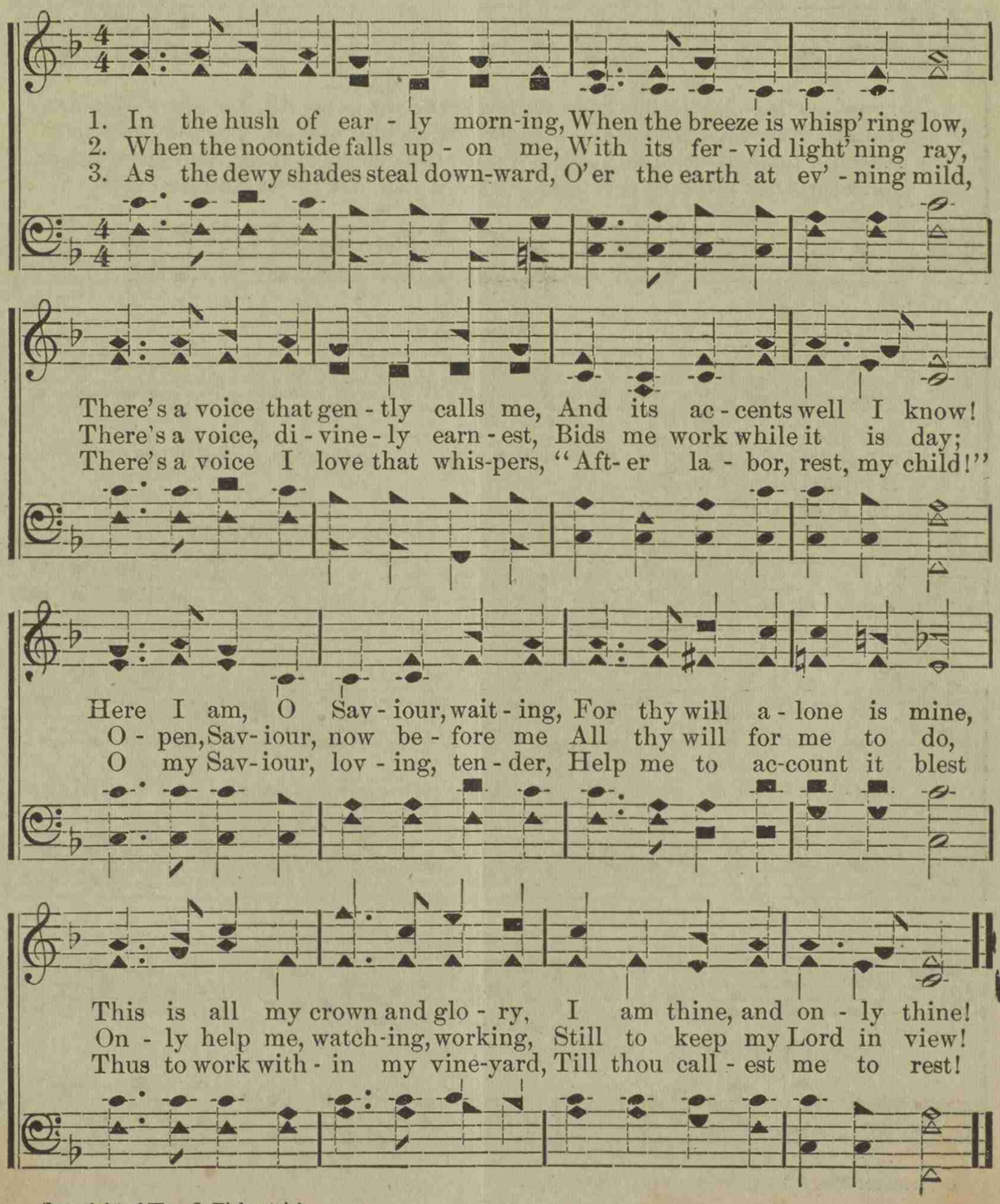
PRAISE HIM! PRAISE HIM! (Concluded.)



No. 39. IN THE HUSH OF EARLY MORNING.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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No. 40.

KEEP STEP.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Keep step, keep step to the ar - my tread, By the Lord of hosts our Com-
2. Keep step, keep step, let our hearts re-joice, Till we hear the sound of our
3. Keep step, keep step to the joy - ful song Of the an - gel choir, as we
4. Keep step, keep step till our feet shall stand At the pearl-y gates of the

mand - er led; Keep step, keep step with the ranks we fill, Let us all march
Leader's voice; Keep step, keep step where he bids us go, To the bat - tle
march a-long; Keep step, keep step while the glad harps ring, And they praise the
morning land; Keep step, keep step till we en - ter there, And for - get the

CHORUS.

on, and be faith-ful still. Keep step, keep step, Keep step till the
front, and de - feat the foe.
name of the Lord our King.
toil in the bliss we share.

Keep step, keep step,

march of life is done; Keep step, keep step, Till the

Keep step, keep step.

INTERLUDE.

vic - tor crown is won.

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No. 41. MARCHING THROUGH LIFE.

D. J. E. D. J. Evans.

1. We're marching on-ward day by day, And strive to walk the nar-row way;
2. Press forward, comrades, watch and pray, Keep in the true and nar-row way,
3. We bat - tle thro' this life of cares, Amid the world's entrancing snares;
4. Come, friend, and join our pilgrim band, And go with us to Canaan's land,

While Je-sus is our faithful Guide, What can our hearts de- sire be-side?
Look up to Je-sus day and night, To guide us to the man - sions bright.
Di- rect-ed by his guardian hand To yon-der fair and prom - ised land.
Where Christ in glory we shall see, And share his love e - ter - nal-ly.

Chorus.

March - ing on - ward, march-ing stead-i - ly on,
March - ing on - ward, march - ing stead - i - ly on,
Trust - ing Christ to lead, and him a-lone; Safe..... he'll guide us
Trusting Christ to lead, and him a - lone, Safe he'll guide us
in the wea-ry strife, And be - stow on us e - ter - nal life.
in the wea - ry strife, And be - stow on us e - ter - nal life.

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No. 42. GLADLY WE WILL GO.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CLARISSA H. SPENCER.

1. The Lord is our Shepherd, precious Friend and Guide, We'll trust him ever,
2. Thro' sunshine or tem - pest, o - ver land or sea, Whate'er be-falls us,
3. The Lord is our Keep - er, watching ev - er near, In him con-fid- ing,

trust him ev - er, walking by his side; Be this our en-deav - or faithful -
where he calls us, quickly we would be; The toils that a - wait us tho' we
firm abiding, wherefore should we fear? We'll cling to the prom-ise left us

ly to show, Where Jesus leads our willing feet be-side him still shall go.
can-not know, At his command with heart and hand beside him we will go.
here be-low, And where-so-e'er he lead-eth us be-side him we will go.

CHORUS.

We'll go, we'll go, we'll glad - ly, glad - ly go, Tho' skies are
We'll go, we'll go, Tho' skies

dark and chill - y winds may blow; The lost to find, or
are dark The lost to find,

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GLADLY WE WILL GO. (Concluded.)

bravely meet the foe; Wherev - er Je- sus calls us we'll gladly, glad-ly go.

No. 43. I CANNOT DRIFT BEYOND THY LOVE.

IDA L. REED. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I can - not drift be-yond thy love, Be- yond thy ten - der care;
2. I can - not drift be-yond thy sight, Dear Lord, the tho't is sweet;
3. I can - not drift a - way from thee, No mat - ter where I go;

Wher- e'er I stray, still from a - bove Thine eye be-holds me there.
Thy lov - ing hand will guide a-right My wea - ry, wand'ring feet.
Still thy dear love doth glad - den me, Thou all my way dost know.

I can - not drift so far a - way But what thy love di - vine
When rough and dark my lone - ly way, I shall not be for - got;
Wher- e'er I jour - ney thou art there, In wind and wave I hear

Up - on my path, by night and day, In mer - cy sweet doth shine.
Thro' all life's changeful, shad-ow'd day Thou wilt for-sake me not.
Thy voice, in tones of mu - sic rare, And know that thou art near.

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No. 44. GOD'S WONDROUS LOVE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O love un-meas-ured, vast and deep, Thy first glad cho-rus rang When
2. 'Twas love that from our lost es - tate Came down to set us free, And
3. 'Twas love in-spired the an - gel host At mid-night hour to sing, Good
4. 'Twas love that bore the cross for us, That we a crown might wear;' Twas

o'er the new cre - a-tion's birth The stars of the morn in beau-ty sang.
gave its life that we henceforth Redeem'd un - to grace thro' faith might be.
will to man and peace on earth, Thro' him who is born to reign our King.
love unbarred the gates a- bove, And all who be-lieve may en - ter there.

CHORUS.

The love of God made manifest to us, In the gift of Christ his Son, whom he

spared not, But for sin..... he delivered him up,.....
But for sin he de-livered him up, But for sin he delivered him up;

But for sin..... he de-liv-ered him up;.....
But for sin he de - liv-ered him up, But for sin he de - liv-ered him up;

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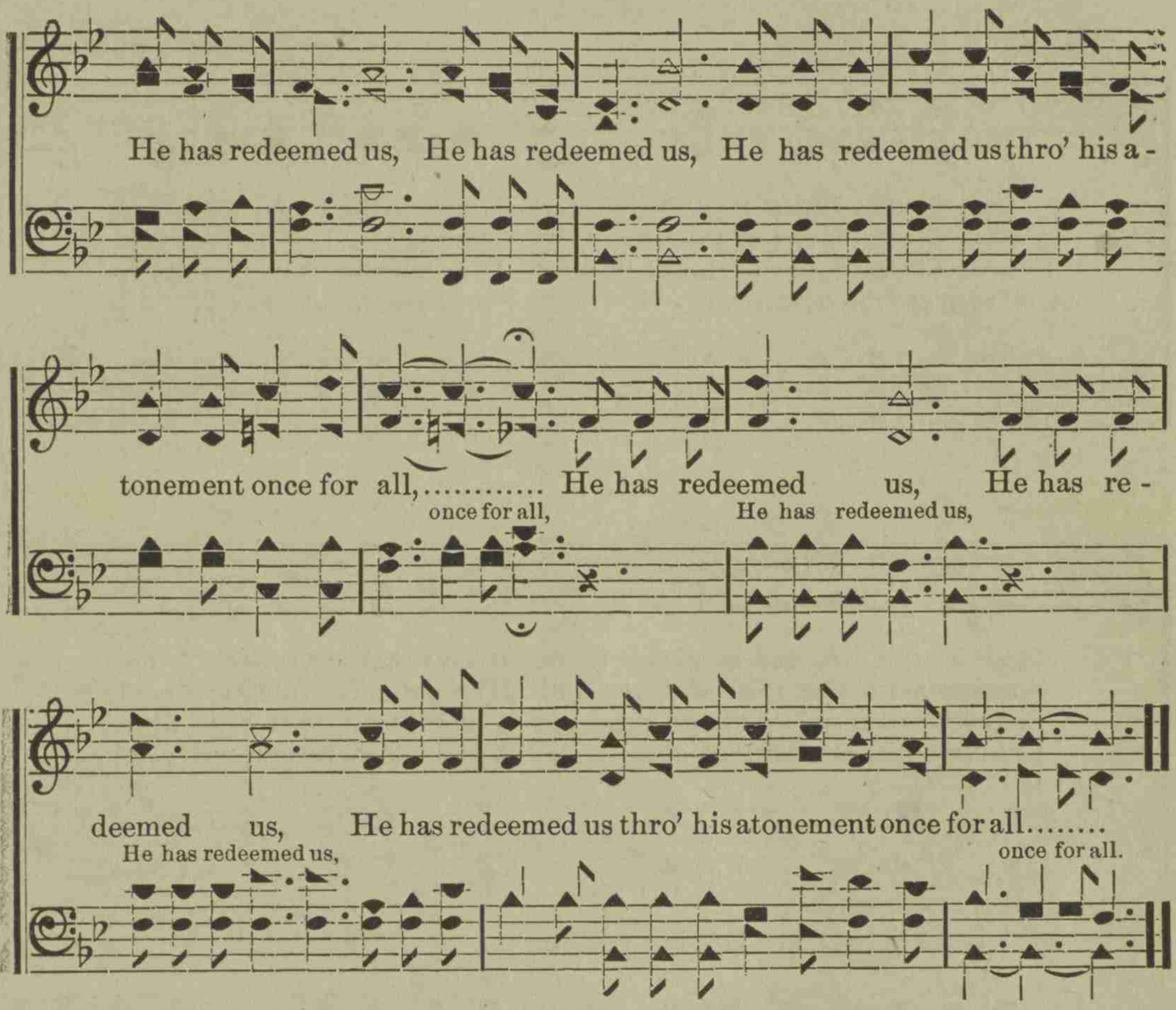
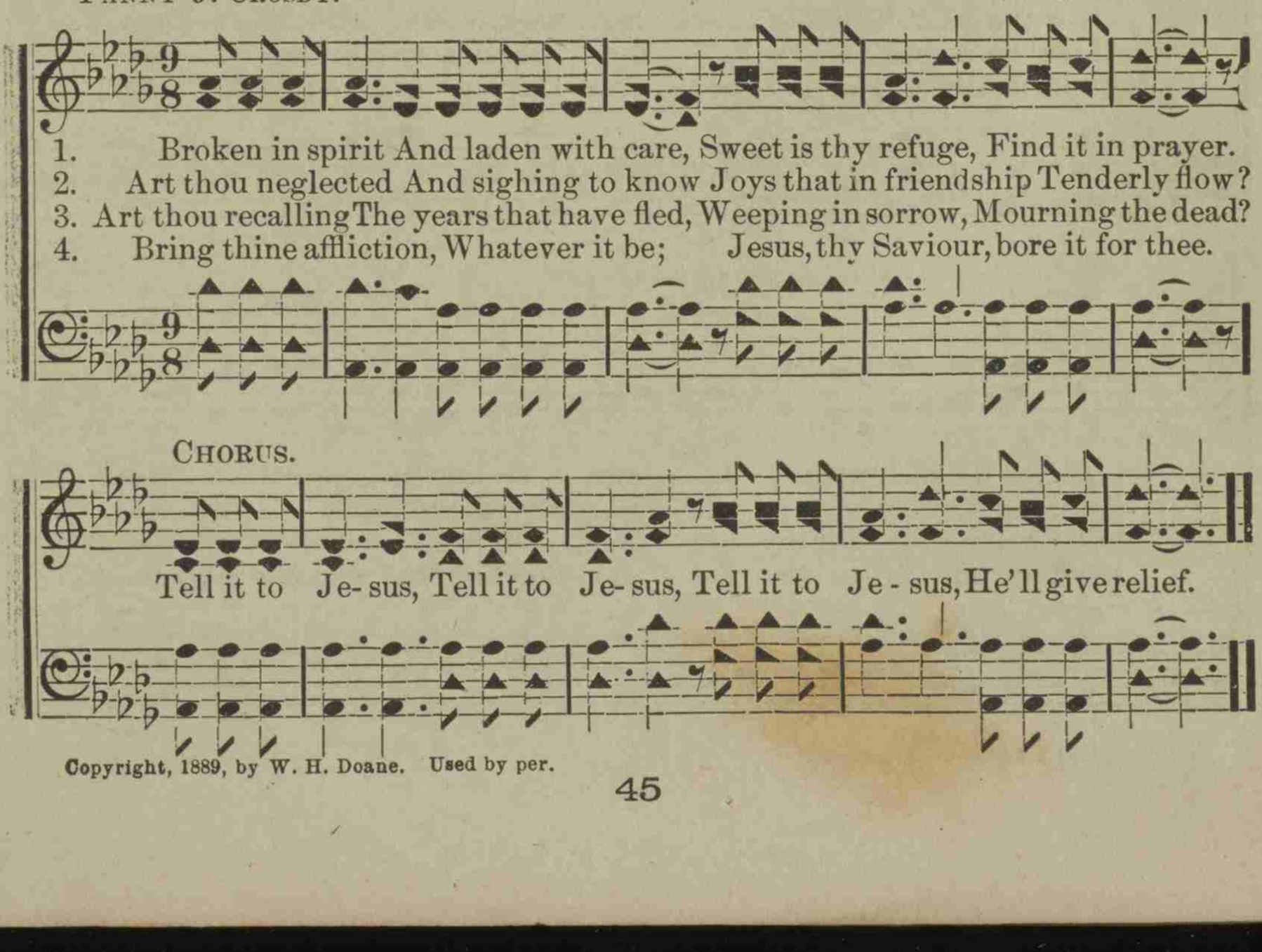
GOD'S WONDROUS LOVE. (Concluded.)

No. 45. TELL IT TO JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 46. DEAR TO THE HEART OF THE SHEPHERD.

(DUET.)

Mrs. Mary B. Wingate. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the sheep of his fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the lambs of his fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the "ninety and nine."
4. Green are the pastures in - vit - ing, Sweet are the waters and "still!"

Dear is the love that he gives them, Dearer than silver or gold.
Some from the pastures are stray - ing, Hungry and helpless and cold.
Dear are the sheep that have wandered Out in the des-ert to pine.
Lord, we will answer thee glad - ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will!

Dear to the heart of the Shep- herd, Dear are his "oth-er" lost sheep;
See, the good Shepherd is seek - ing, Seek-ing the lambs that are lost;
Hark! he is earn-est - ly call - ing, Ten-der- ly pleading to - day:
Make us thy true un-der-shep - herds, Give us a love that is deep;

O- ver the mountains he fol - lows, O - ver the wa-ters so deep.
Bringing them in with re - joic - ing, Saved at such in - fi- nite cost.
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shelter a - stray?"
Send us out in - to the des - ert Seeking thy wan-der-ing sheep."

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DEAR TO THE HEART, Etc. (Concluded.)

CHORUS. *poco rit.*

Out in the des-ert they wan - der, Hungry and helpless and cold;

f a tempo.

Off to the res-cue { he hast - ens, } Bringing them back to the fold.
(*4th verse.*) { we'll hast - en, }

No. 47. GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF ME.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God will take care of me; Here will I rest, Trust-ing his prom-ise true, Safe on his breast. Change-ful may be my lot,
2. God will take care of me, Hush-ing my fear; When dan-gers 'round I see, His voice I hear; Then let my soul be brave,
3. God will take care of me, Hold-ing the helm; Storms that may sweep the sea Will not o'er-whelm. Soon, ev-'ry bil-low pass'd,

His mer-cy changeth not; No child of his for-got, In Je-sus, blest.
High tho' the wind and wave, Greater his pow'r to save, Ten-der-ly near.
I shall my an-chor cast, Safe, safe at home at last, In joy's bright realm.

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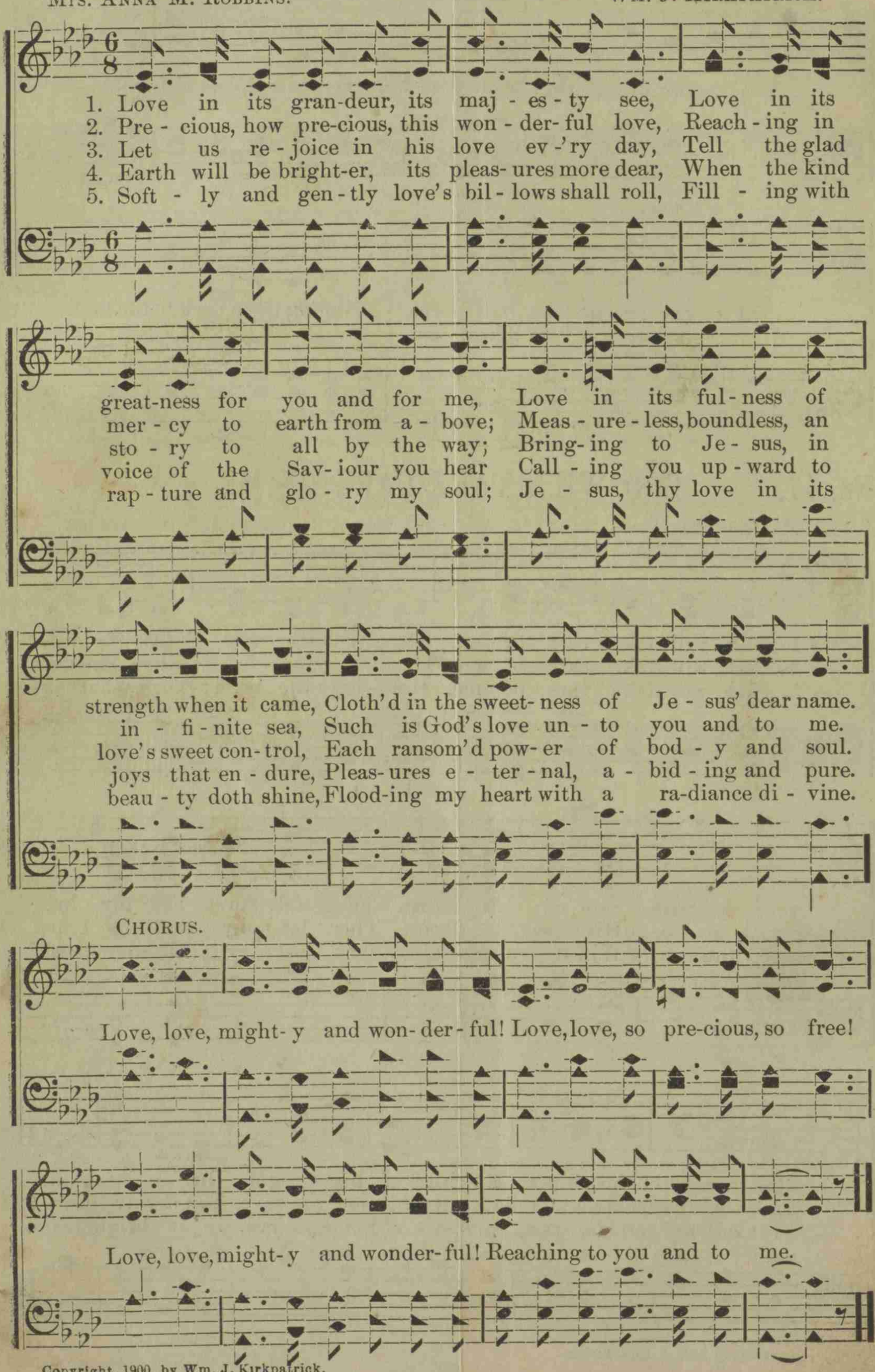
No. 48. LOVE, MIGHTY AND WONDERFUL.

Mrs. Anna M. Robbins. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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No. 49. WONDERFUL PEACE.

Rev. W. D. Cornell. Alt. Rev. W. G. Cooper.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un - ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur-ied deep in the heart of my soul; So se- cure that no pow - er can mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Resting sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by night and by day, And his glo - ry is flood-ing my soul.
4. And methinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the ran-somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king-dom will be,
5. Ah! soul, are you here with - out com-fort or rest, Marching down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your friend ere the shad- ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime.

Chorus.

Peace! peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a- bove; Sweep o - ver my spirit for - ev-er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

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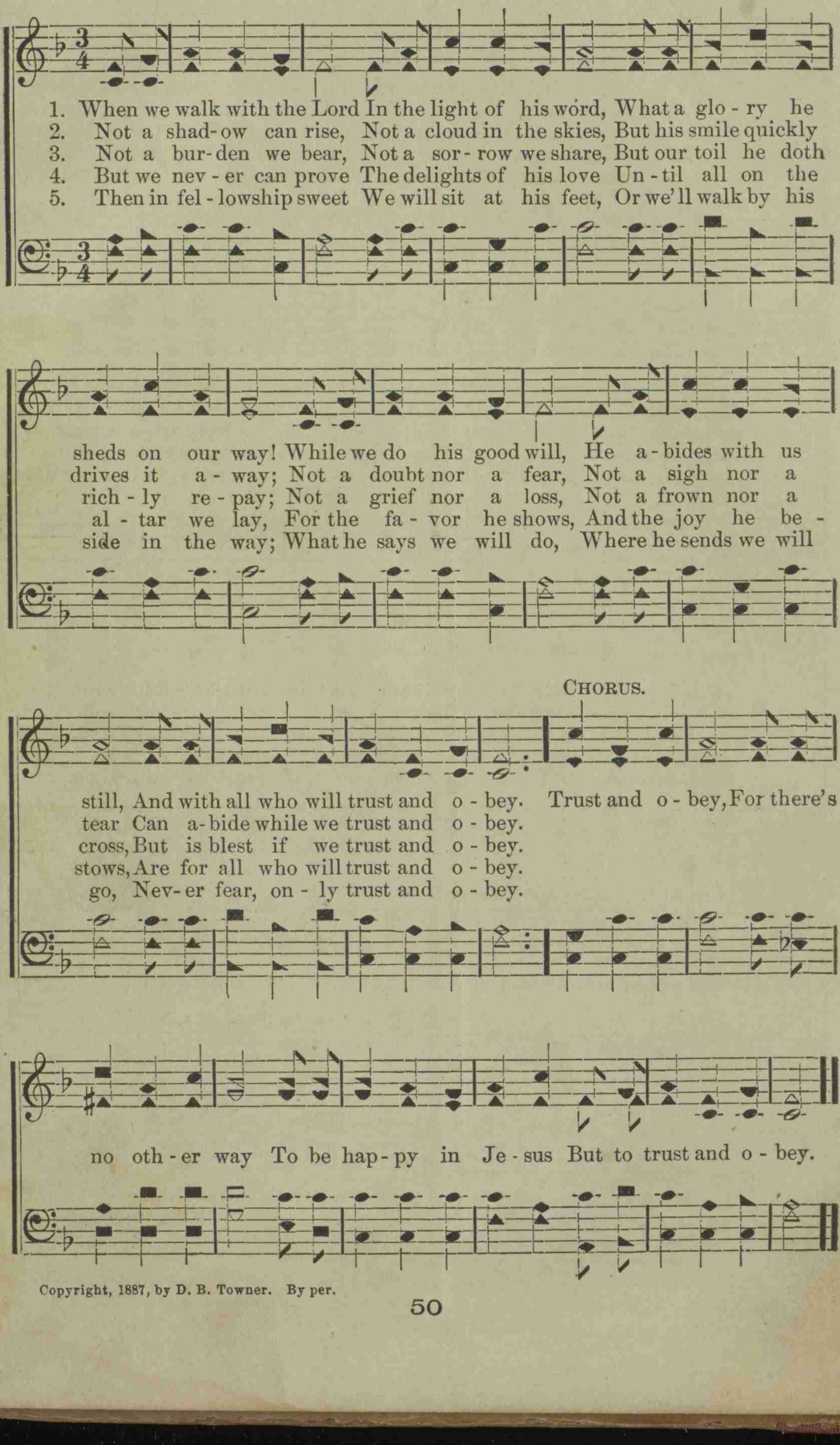
I have awakened my soul

No. 50. TRUST AND OBEY.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.



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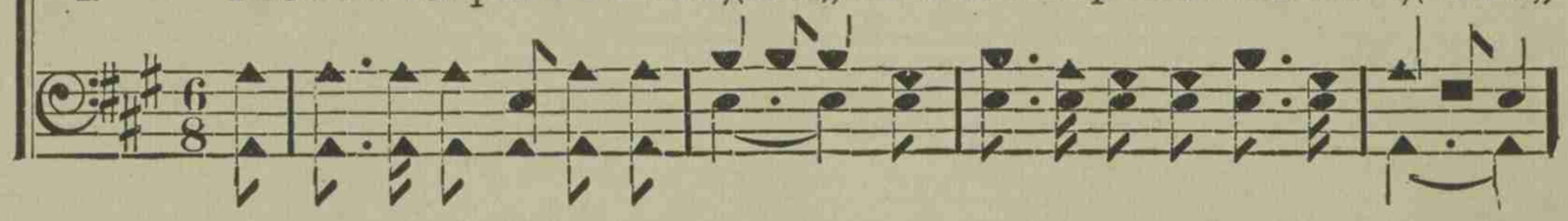
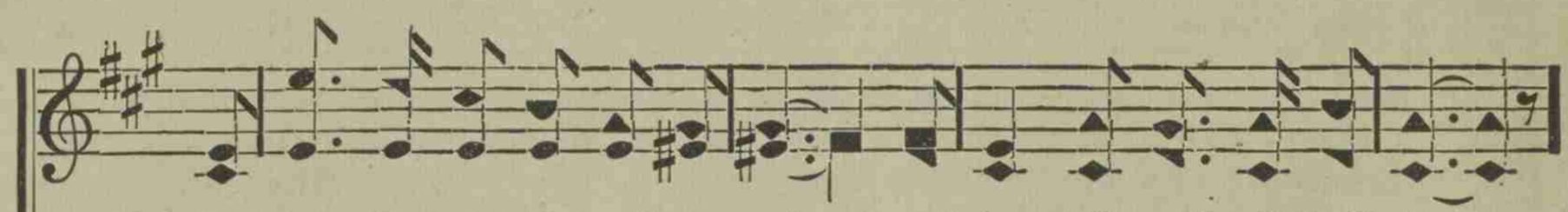
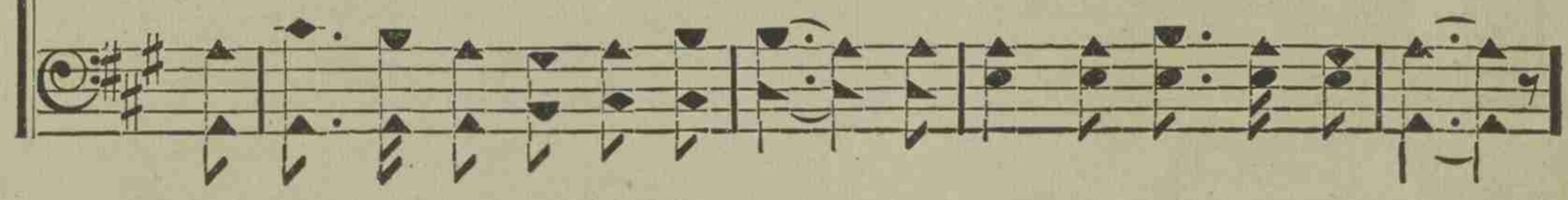
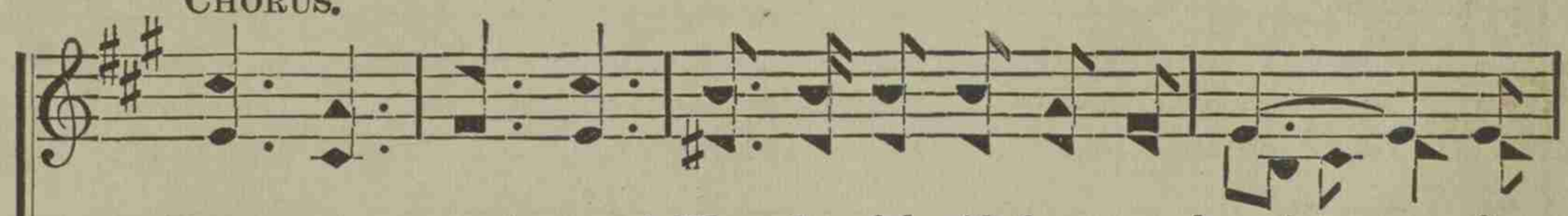
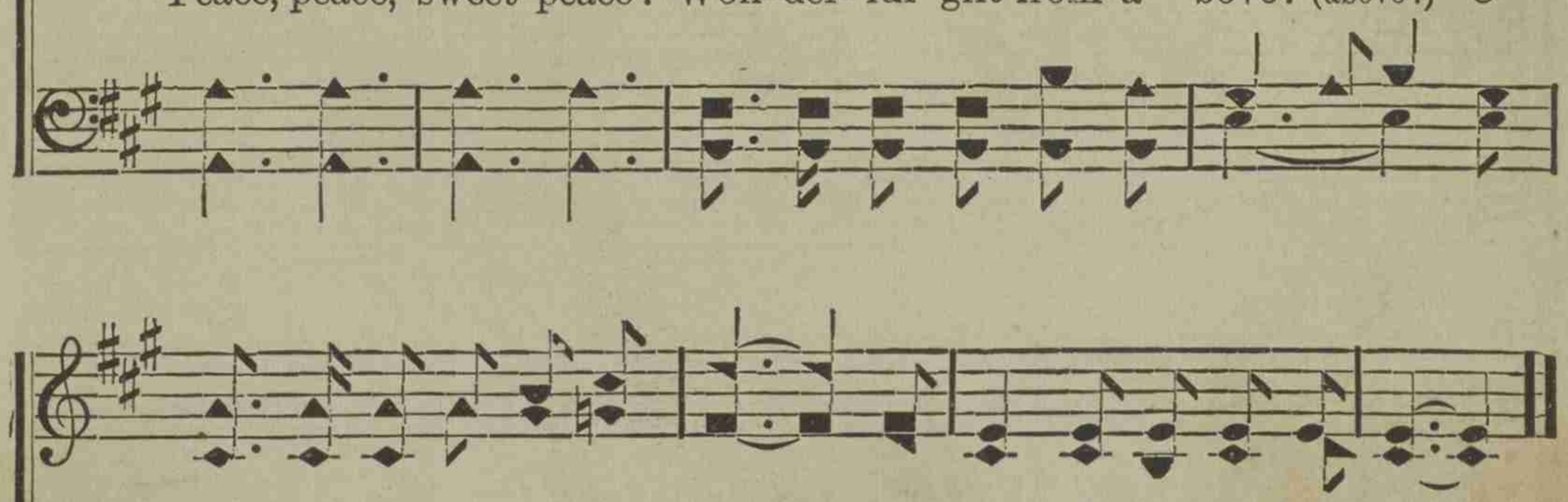
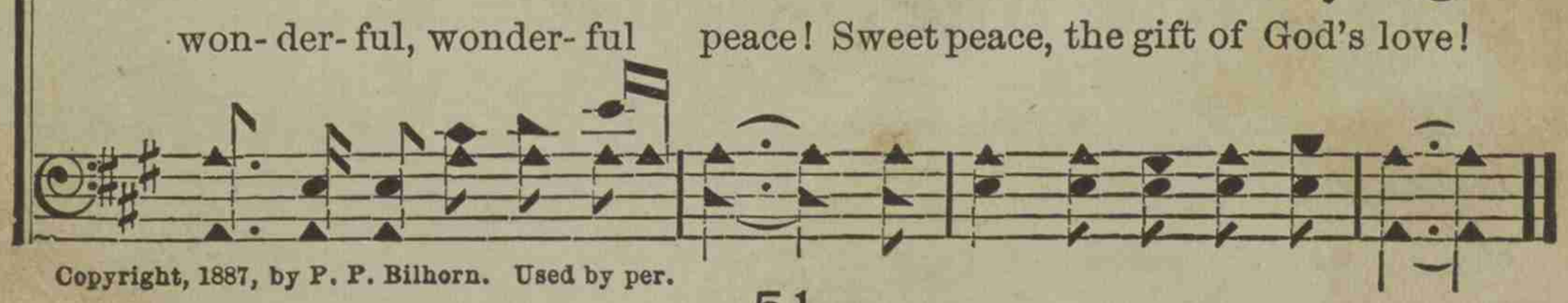
No. 51. SWEET PEACE, THE GIFT OF GOD'S LOVE.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joy-ous re - frain,
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (sweet strain,) My debt by his death was all paid, (refrain,)
3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned, (was made,) My heart with this peace did abound, (all paid,)
4. In Je-sus for peace I a-bide, (had crowned,) And as I keep close to his side, (abide,) (his side,)

I sing it a- gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No oth - er foun-da- tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's nothing but peace doth betide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

Chorus.

Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won-der- ful gift from a - bove! (above!) O



won- der- ful, wonder- ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

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No. 52. LAMP OF MY FEET.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Andante con express.

1. Lamp of my feet, thy guid - ance lend, Walk by my
2. Light of my path, il - lume my soul, Help me thy
3. Star of my soul, with - in me shine, Fill me with

side, my path at - tend; Led by thy hand I
glo - ries to ex - tol; Fill me with peace like
beams of joy di - vine; Let me thy faith - ful

can - not stray, Lamp of my feet, my Life, my Way!
that a - bove, Light of my soul, Ce - les - tial Dove!
serv - ant be, Star of my soul, O lead thou me!

CHORUS.

Lamp of my feet, Light of my path! Lead, O lead thou me;.....

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LAMP OF MY FEET. (Concluded.)

rit. ad lib.

Star of my soul, guide and control, Lead me near - er thee.....
near-er thee.

No. 53. THOU MY SHIELD.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When the hopes that smile to - day With the mor - row pass a - way;
2. When my heart with toils op-press'd Vain - ly seeks the balm of rest;
3. When af - flic - tions o'er my soul Like the waves of o - cean roll;
4. When the storms of life shall cease, When the waves are hush'd in peace;

When the flow'rs that pleas- ure weaves Fade and fall like au- tumn leaves:
When be - set with tri - als deep, Throbbing cares that will not sleep:
When the clouds a - bove me frown And my bur - den weighs me down:
When I reach my home at last, Ev - 'ry dan - ger safe - ly pass'd:

REFRAIN.

Thou my Shield and Strength di-vine, Clos - er draw my love to thine;

FULL CHORUS.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.

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No. 54. O LET MEMORY BE A BLESSING.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O let mem'ry be a bless-ing, Fragrant with un-fad-ing flow'rs,
2. O let mem'ry be a bless-ing, Fill'd with treasure from a-bove,
3. O let mem'ry be a bless-ing, To its sa-cred care con-fide

Blos-soms that will bear transplanting To the love-ly E-den bow'rs;
Bright with grateful re-col-lec-tions Of a Sav-iour's ten-der love:
On-ly that which helps us up-ward, Let the pure and true a-bide.

Let it be a good-ly gar-ner Stored with sheaves of golden grain,
Let his promis-es so pre-cious Safe with-in its keeping lie,
Cher-ish all that's fair and no-ble, Make the tap-es-tries of thought,

Gleaned from fields of earnest ef-fort, Fruits of ev-er-last-ing gain.
Pass-ing thro' some lonely val-ley, They will cheer us, by and by.
Beau-ti-ful with roy-al col-ors, For the Heav'nly Pal-ace wrought.

CHORUS.

O let mem'ry be a bless-ing, Freight-ed with the words di-vine,

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O LET MEMORY BE A BLESSING. (Concluded.)

ad lib.

Thro' life's pilgrim-age, re- mem - ber Truths that shall for-ev-er shine.

No. 55. IN PERFECT PEACE.

E. E. HEWITT. CLARISSA H. SPENCER.

1. Tho' passing clouds will oft - en rise To veil the beau - ty of the skies,
2. O wondrous cross to which I flee! There from my bur-dens I am free;
3. Since on my soul the Lord hath smil'd, Thro' sav-ing mer - cy rec - on-ciled,
4. Then let my mind on him be stay'd, My rock, my "ver-y pres-ent" aid;

From doubt and fear I find re-lease, When Je-sus gives me perfect peace.
O precious blood that brings me nigh! My Fa-ther will my need sup-ply.
My ma - ny sins he takes a - way, And leads me in his ho - ly way.
I know his voice, I hear his call, I'll fol-low him what - e'er be- fall.

CHORUS.

In per-fect peace, in perfect peace; The winds will die, the storms will cease;

The shining lights still more increase, While Je-sus gives me per-fect peace.

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No. 56. PERFECT TRUST IN THEE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ALVIN S. CLARK.

1. I ask, O Lord,..... that thou wilt lead..... My err - ing
2. I do not ask..... a cloud- less sky,..... Nor yet a
3. I would not seek ..... in i - dle mirth,..... To still one
4. O clothe me in..... thy righteous- ness, ... Hold thou my

1. I ask, O Lord, that thou wilt lead

steps a - right,..... I ask for grace..... that I may
path of rest, ... But strength to climb..... the rugged
throb of care,..... For what are all ..... the joys of
hand in thine,..... And teach my heart..... in faith to

My err- ing steps, my err-ing steps aright. I ask for grace,

walk..... By faith,..... and not by sight.....
steep,..... Thy wea - - - - ry feet have pressed.....
earth, ... With- out..... thy pres-ence there? .....
say ..... Thy will, ... O Lord, be mine.....

that I may walk By faith, and not by sight, By faith, and not by sight.

CHORUS.

O let the language of my heart, In each peti- tion be..... "Take what thou
wilt,..... but grant me this,..... A perfect trust in thee."

"Take what thou wilt, but grant me this,

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No. 57. HOLY SPIRIT FROM ABOVE.

H. R. P. Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove, Fill our hearts with thy pure love; O in - spire us with thy zeal; May each
2. Take our sin - ful tho'ts a - way; Lead, O lead us lest we stray; Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, May each
3. With the al - tar's sa - cred fire, Touch our lips, our hearts in - spire; O il - lume us by thy grace; In each
4. Bless - ed Source of heav'n - ly light, Now dis - perse the gloom of night; In our hearts for - ev - er shine; Fill each

CHORUS. *Don't hurry.*

soul thy pres - ence feel. Ho - ly Spir - it from thy throne a - bove,
soul in thee a - bide.
soul thy im - age trace.
soul with joy di - vine.

Fill us with the Saviour's dy - ing love; Now de - scend up - on us,

Heav'n - ly Dove; Come, thou bless - ed Com - fort - er. A - MEN.

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No. 58. DOING HIS WILL.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his word, Just to feel I am his ev-'ry day; Just to walk by his side with his Spir-it to guide, Just to
2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to trust and be still, Just to
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je- sus for my dearest friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to obtain, True and

CHORUS.

fol- low where he leads the way. Just to say what he wants me to
lean on his bo-som and rest.
faith-ful he'll be to the end.

what he

pp

say, And be still when he whispers to me;..... Just to
wants me to say, when he whispers to me;

go where he wants me to go,..... Just to be what he wants me to be.
where he wants me to go,

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No. 59. OVER AND OVER.

B. B. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Allegretto.

1. O - ver and o - ver I stood up-on the shore, O - ver and o - ver
2. O - ver and o - ver I've heard my Saviour's voice, O - ver and o - ver
3. O - ver and o - ver I'll sing this glorious song, O - ver and o - ver

I said I would doubt no more; But as the sea came roll-ing in,
he said, "Make me your choice; Now face the waves and tread the sea,
be - fore the gath'ring throng; How o'er my heart the sea prevailed,

In boundless waves that cleanse from sin, I doubted their sav- ing pow'r.
Look up in faith and fol - low me;" I answered, "I'll prove their pow'r."
And how his love has nev - er failed, For- ev - er I'll trust his pow'r.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

O - - ver and o - - ver, Like a mighty sea,.....
O- ver and o- ver, o-ver and o- ver, Like a might-y, might-y sea,

Comes the love of Je - sus Roll-ing o - ver me.....
There comes the love, the love of Je - sus Roll- ing, roll - ing o - ver me.

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No. 60.

LIFT ME UPWARD.

E. E. H.

ELIZA E. HEWITT.

1. Lift me up-ward, lead me on- ward, Blessed Sav-iour, Friend di-vine;
2. Saviour, bless me; clos- er press me To thy wound-ed, bleed-ing side;
3. Waking, sleeping, in thy keep- ing, They are safe who dwell in thee;
4. Make me low- ly, fill me whol- ly, May my life be pure and true;

Draw me near thee, sweetly cheer me, Holding fast my hand in thine.
Cal-v'ry's mountain hath a fount- ain, Cleanse me in that sav - ing tide.
If the mor- row bring me sor - row, Let thy love my com- fort be.
Hands outreaching, heart be-seech-ing, Lift-ing, lead- ing oth - ers too.

CHORUS.

Lift me up - ward, lead me on - ward, Bless - ed
Lift me up - ward, lead me on - ward,

Sav - iour, heav'nly Friend; Till in thy glo - ry, bow-ing be -
Bless - ed Sav - iour, Till in thy glo - ry,

fore thee, I shall a - dore thee, world with-out end.
bow- ing be - fore thee, I shall a - dore thee,

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No. 61. OUT OF THE SHADOW.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. Out of the shad - ow in - to the light, Shin-ing in glo - ry trans-cend-ent - ly bright; Out of the gloaming in - to the day, Beam - ing in splen - dor that fades not a - way.
2. Out of the shad - ow lone - ly and drear, In - to the fu - ture that knows not a fear; Out of the con - flict wea - ry and sore, In - to the home - land of bliss ev - er - more.
3. Out of the shad - ow voice-less and cold, In - to the sun-shine of rap-ture un - told; Out of the hop - ing in - to the blest, Out of the long - ing, with Je - sus at rest.
4. O - ver the riv - er soon we shall be, O - ver the riv - er, dear Sav-iour, with thee; Out of the shad - ow in - to the light, Clothed in the gar - ments thy blood hath made white.

CHORUS. *With much expression.* *f*

p Out of the sighing, fading and dy - ing, In - to the perfect, lovely and bright; Out of the darkness in - to the dawning, Out of the shadow in-to the light.

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No. 62. WHEN THE BURDEN BEARER CAME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. On a des - ert wild and lone - ly, Where no hope I dared to claim,
2. On a des - ert wild and lone - ly, How he gen-tly said to me;
3. Praise to him whose grace redeem' d me From the death that never dies;

I was troubled, sad and lone - ly, When the Bur - den Bear-er came.
"I have purchased thy sal - va - tion, I have borne the cross for thee."
I shall tell the bless-ed sto - ry, When I meet him in the skies.

CHORUS.

Christ the Bur - - - - den Bear-er came,..... Hal - le -
Christ the Bur - den Bear - er, Christ the Bur - den Bear - er came,
lu - - - - jah to his name! All my sins he rolled a - way,
Hal - le - lu - jah ev - er to his pre-cious name!
Now re- joicing ev -' ry day, I am trusting in my Saviour's precious love.

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No. 63. JESUS LEADS US ON.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Thro' the heav - y loss - es and un-yield-ing cross-es 'Tis so sweet to
2. Thro' the joy and glad-ness, thro' the tears and sadness, We will fol - low
3. With our faith to bright-en, and his love to light-en, Ev-'ry cloud and

know that Je-sus leads us on; Thro' the pain and sor-row, and the dread to-
if he on - ly leads us on; He will bless-ings send us, ev - er will de-
burden while he leads us on—Nev-er cease our sing-ing till we hear the

Chorus.

morrow, If it is his will, he leads us on. Je-sus leads us on thro'
fend us, If we fol-low where he leads us on.
ringing Of the harps when heaven's morn shall dawn. Jesus leads us on, he leads us on thro'

all the troubled years; Tho' we faint and fal-ter by the way; Je-sus
we faint by the way;

leads us on thro' doubts and fears To a clear - er, brighter day.
leads us on, he leads us on

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No. 64. MIGHTY TO SAVE US.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. Might - y to save us, and strong to de - liv - er, Je - sus, the
2. Might - y to save us, the poor and the low - ly, Bid - ding us
3. Might - y to save us, the weak and the stray-ing, Strong to de -
4. Might - y to save us, O beau - ti - ful sto - ry! O - ver the

mer - ci - ful Sav-iour of men; His is the pow'r and the
trust in his won - der - ful love; Seek - ing the lost, he, the
liv - er from e - vil and sin; O - ver the vanquished, his
cross shines the crown of his grace; Saved for sweet serv - ice, we'll

glo - ry for - ev - er; Ring out the ju - bi - lant watchword a-gain.
High and the Ho - ly, Left his bright home in the kingdom a-bove.
ban - ner dis-play - ing, Till, by his Spir - it, the vic - t'ry we win.
sing of his glo - ry, Kept by his pow'r till we see face to face.

CHORUS.

Might-y to save,..... and strong to de - liv - er, Might-y to
Might-y to save,

save,..... might-y to save;..... Might-y to save,..... and
Might-y to save, might-y to save; Might-y to save,

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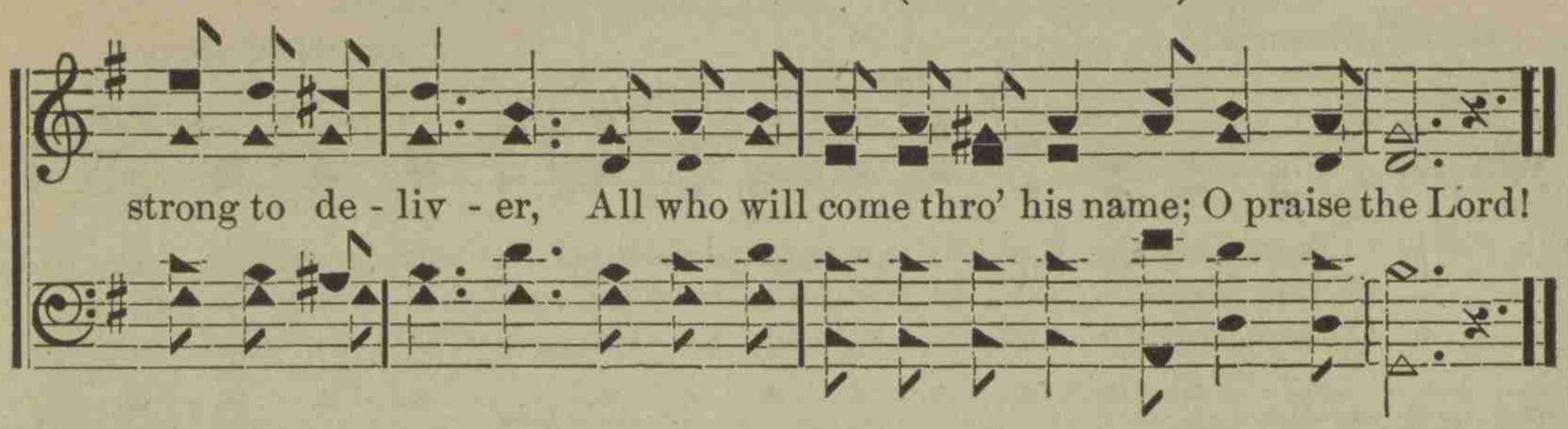
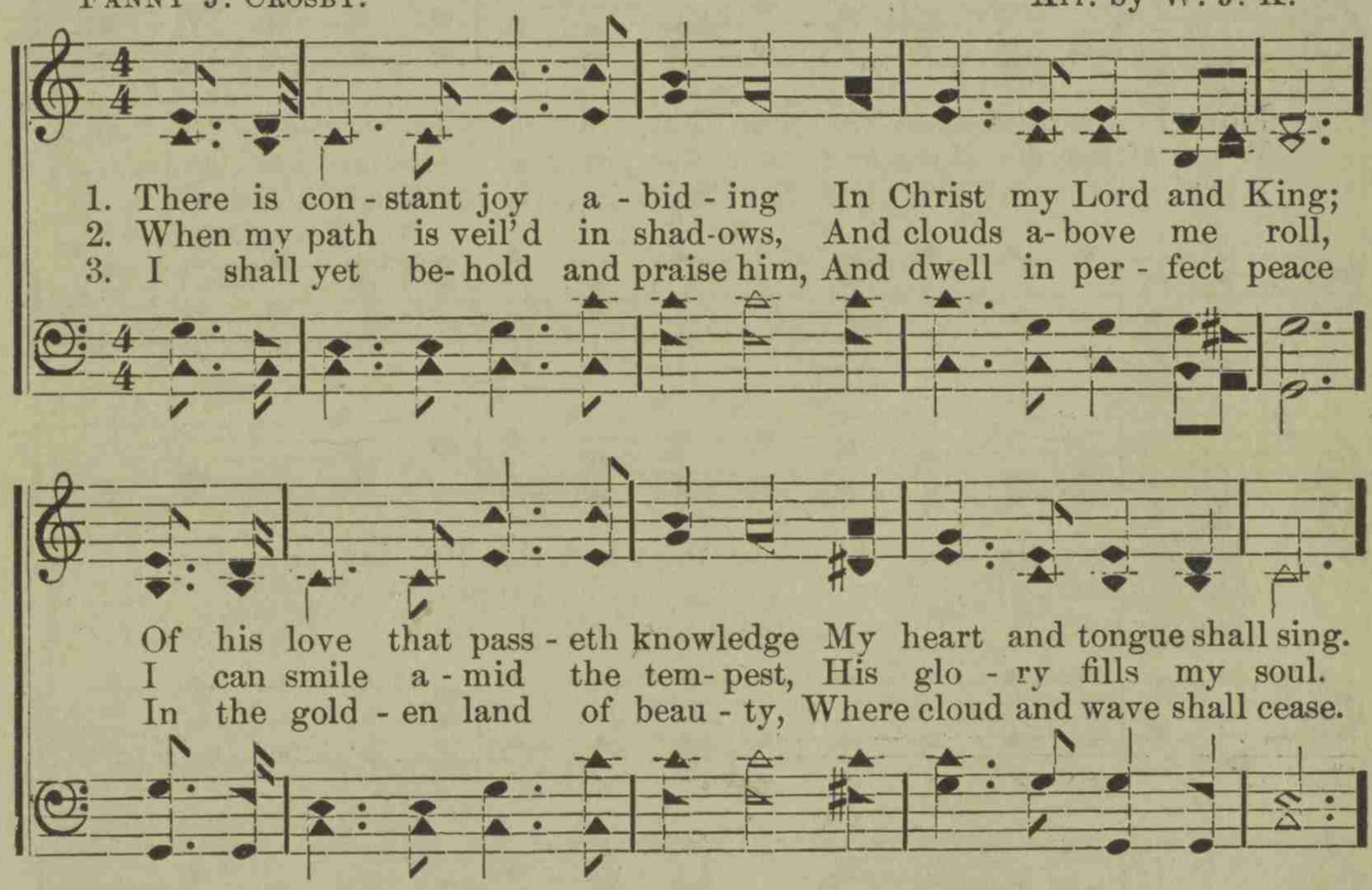
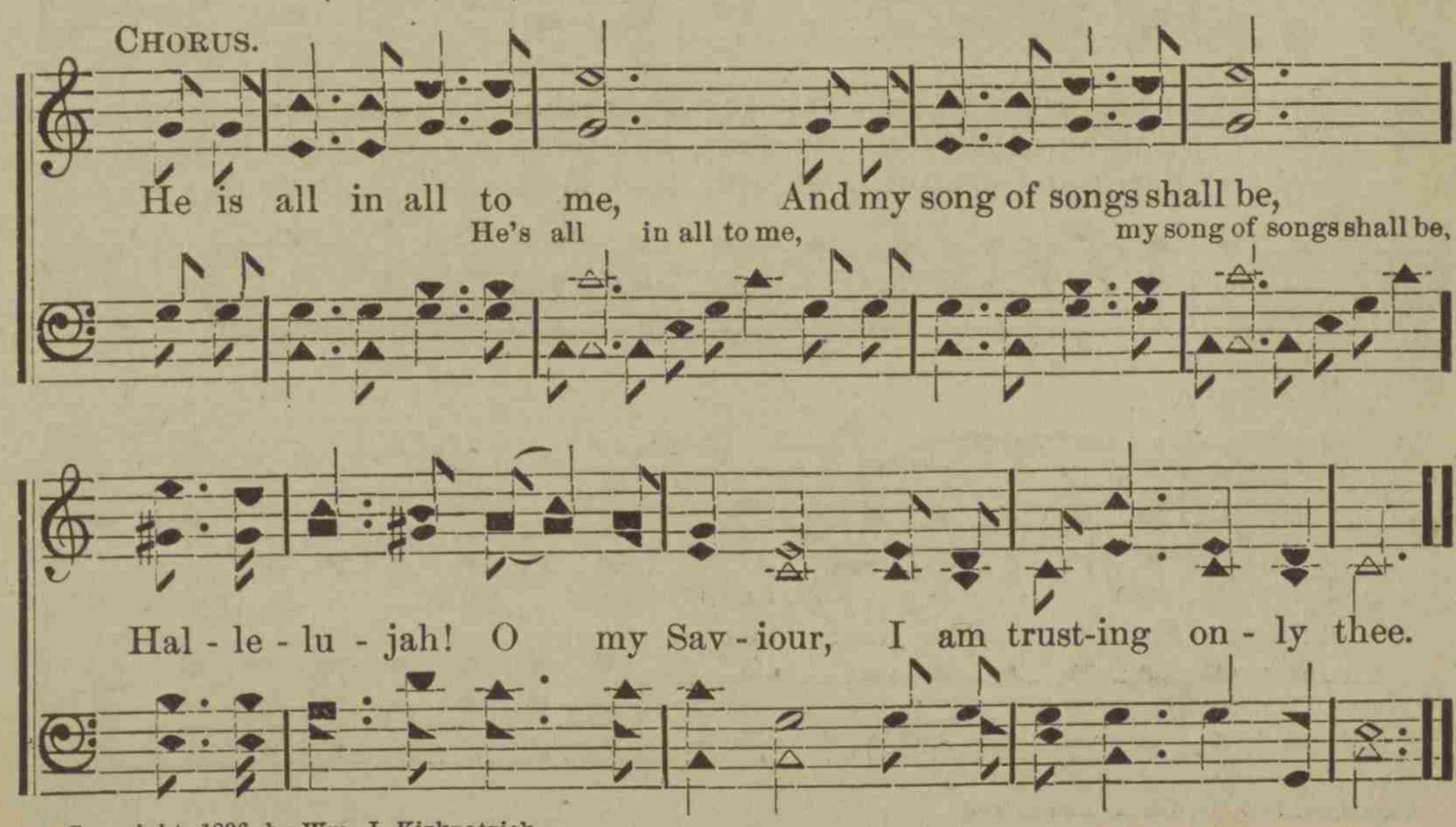
MIGHTY TO SAVE US. (Concluded.)

No. 65. HE IS ALL IN ALL TO ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Arr. by W. J. K.



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No. 66. BLESSED SAVIOUR, KEEP ME NEAR THEE.

GEO. I. RUNION. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O how dear the Saviour's presence dwelling in my heart to - day;
2. O how blest to walk be- side him, hear his gen - tle tones re - peat
3. O how sweet to toil and suf - fer for the sake of Je - sus' love!

How I love the blest com-mun - ion we en - joy a - long the way,
Words of ten- der love and com - fort in a voice so low and sweet;
Pointing men to Christ, the Sav - iour, to the bless - ed home a - bove,

And how gen-tly does he lead me where the liv - ing wa - ters flow,
And my heart with love runs o - ver when his pierc - ed hands I see,
And my soul is fill'd with glad-ness when I think of that blest day

In the pas-tures green, in - vit - ing, where the fra- grant flow - ers grow.
When I think he died for sin- ners, suf- fered on the cross for me.
When, with pain and sor-row end - ed, God shall wipe all tears a - way.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Sav - - - iour, keep me near thee, Tight- ly

Bless - ed Sav- iour, keep me near thee, Sav-iour, keep me near thee, Tight - ly

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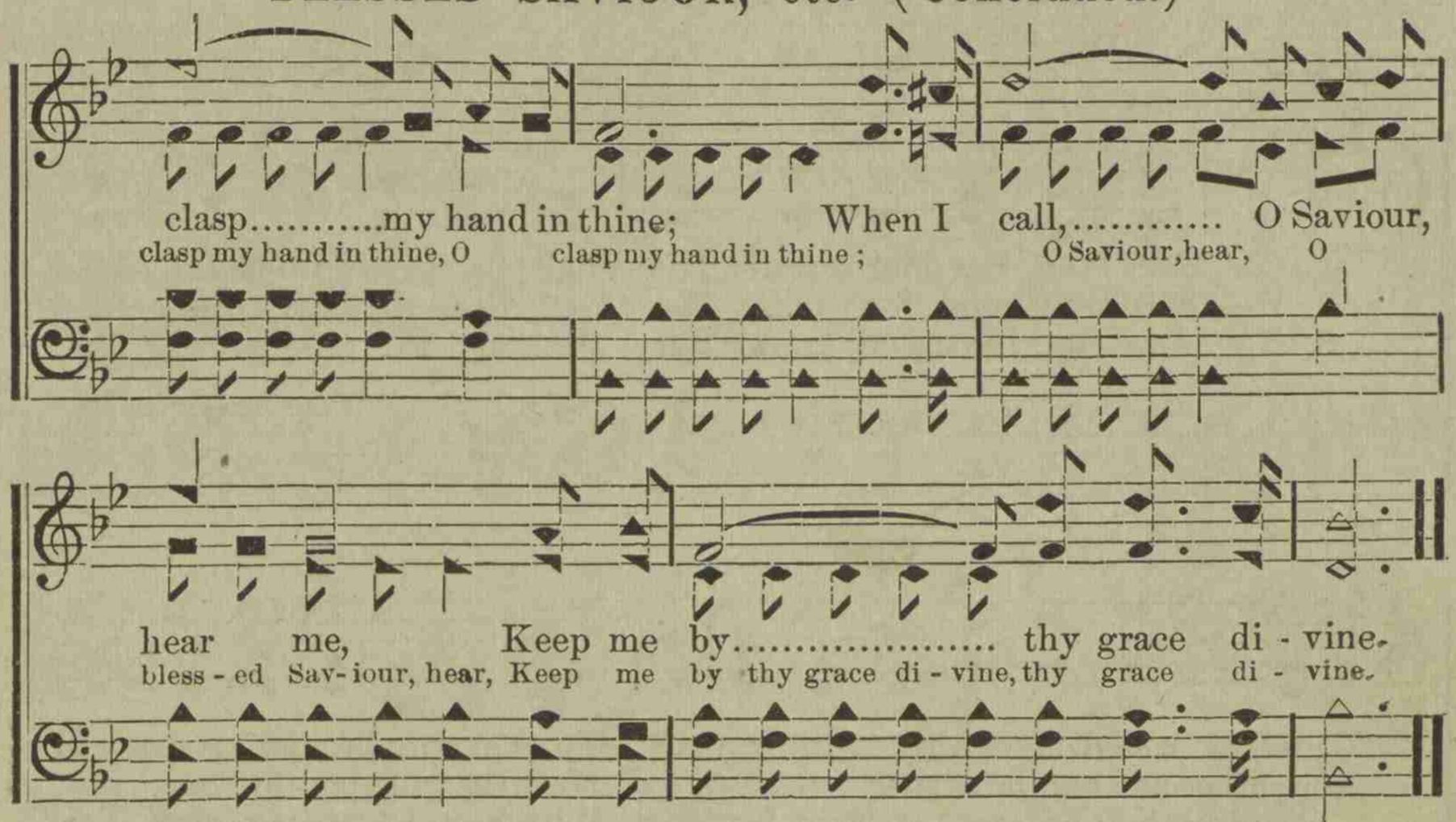
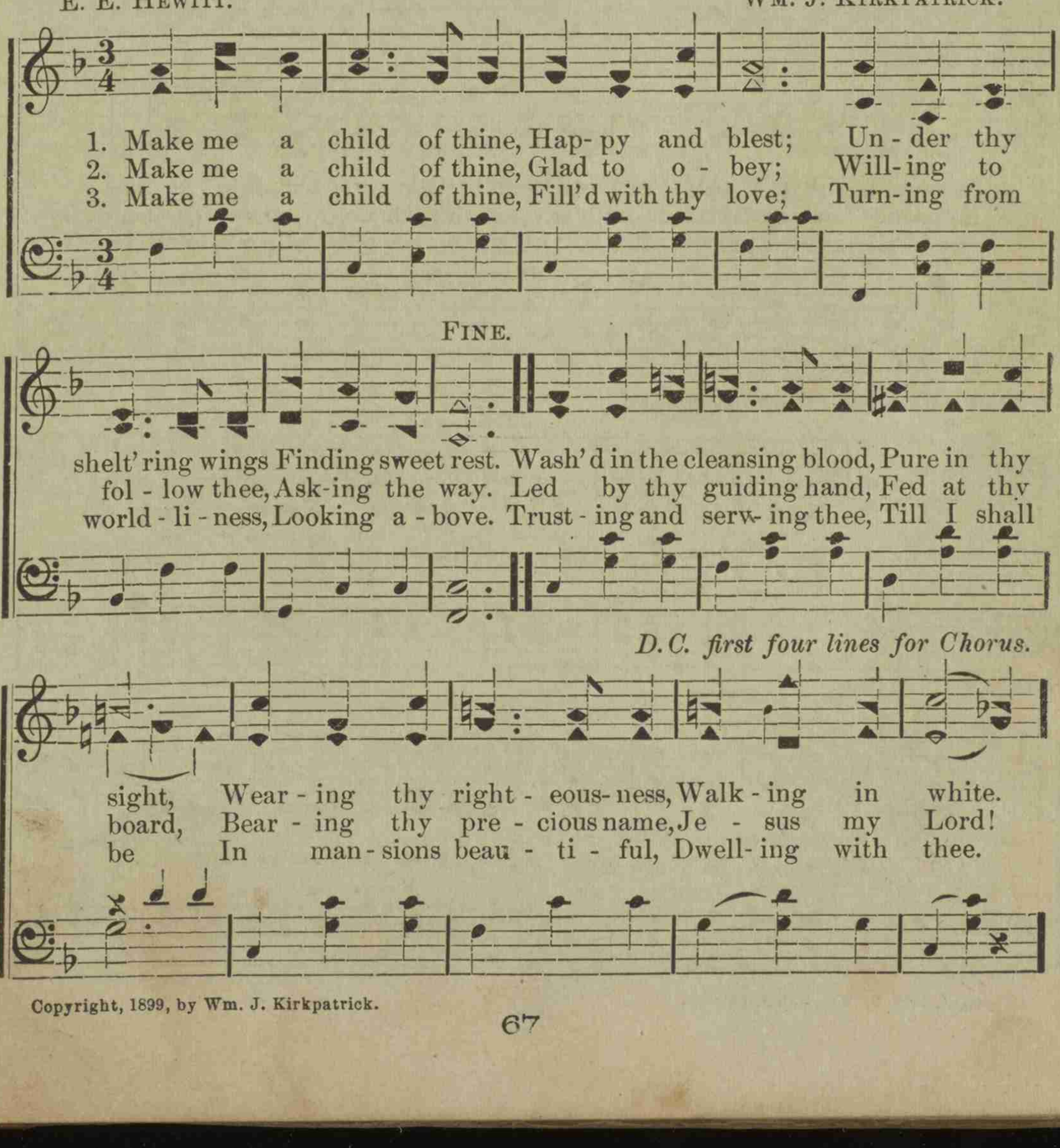
BLESSED SAVIOUR, etc. (Concluded.)

No. 67. MAKE ME A CHILD OF THINE.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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No. 68. O BLESS THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

L. H. EDMUNDS. GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. O bless the Sav-iour's name! His might-y grace pro-claim, His
2. He bore the cross for me, He set the sin-ner free; He
3. No want my heart shall know, For Je-sus will be-stow The

mer-cy 'round our earthly path-way cast; The Shepherd found his sheep, His
sought me and my wand'ring soul re-stored; He keeps me day by day, He
bless-ing that he sees is best for me; With him I leave my care, For

ransom'd flock he'll keep, And lead them to his up-per fold at last.
helps me on my way; He fills my mouth with singing, praise the Lord.
he will answer pray'r, And to his name e-ter-nal praise shall be.

CHORUS. *In unison.*

Won-der-ful Sav-iour, Thee will I a-dore!.....

On wings of glad-ness Love shall heav'nward soar;.....

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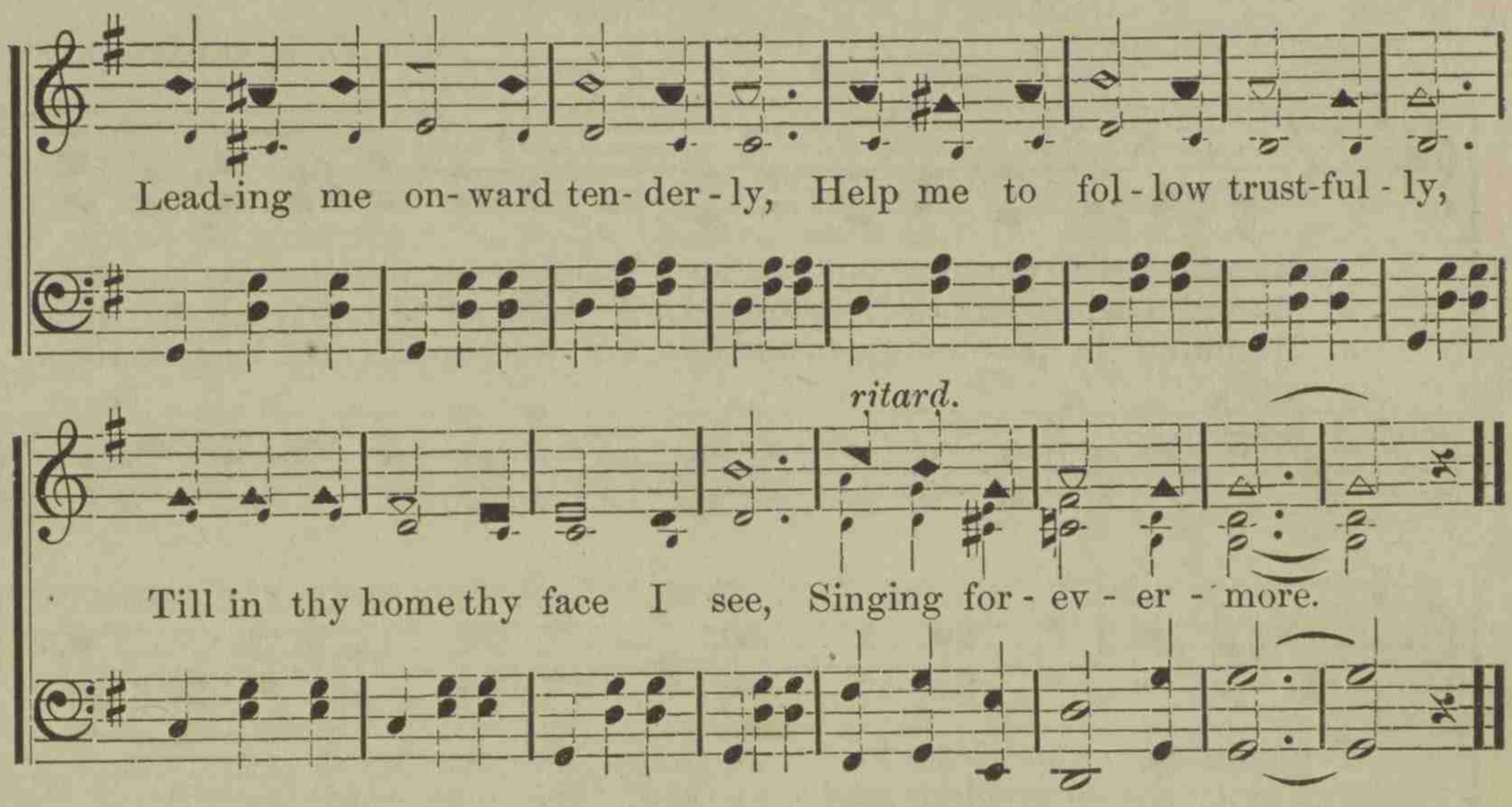
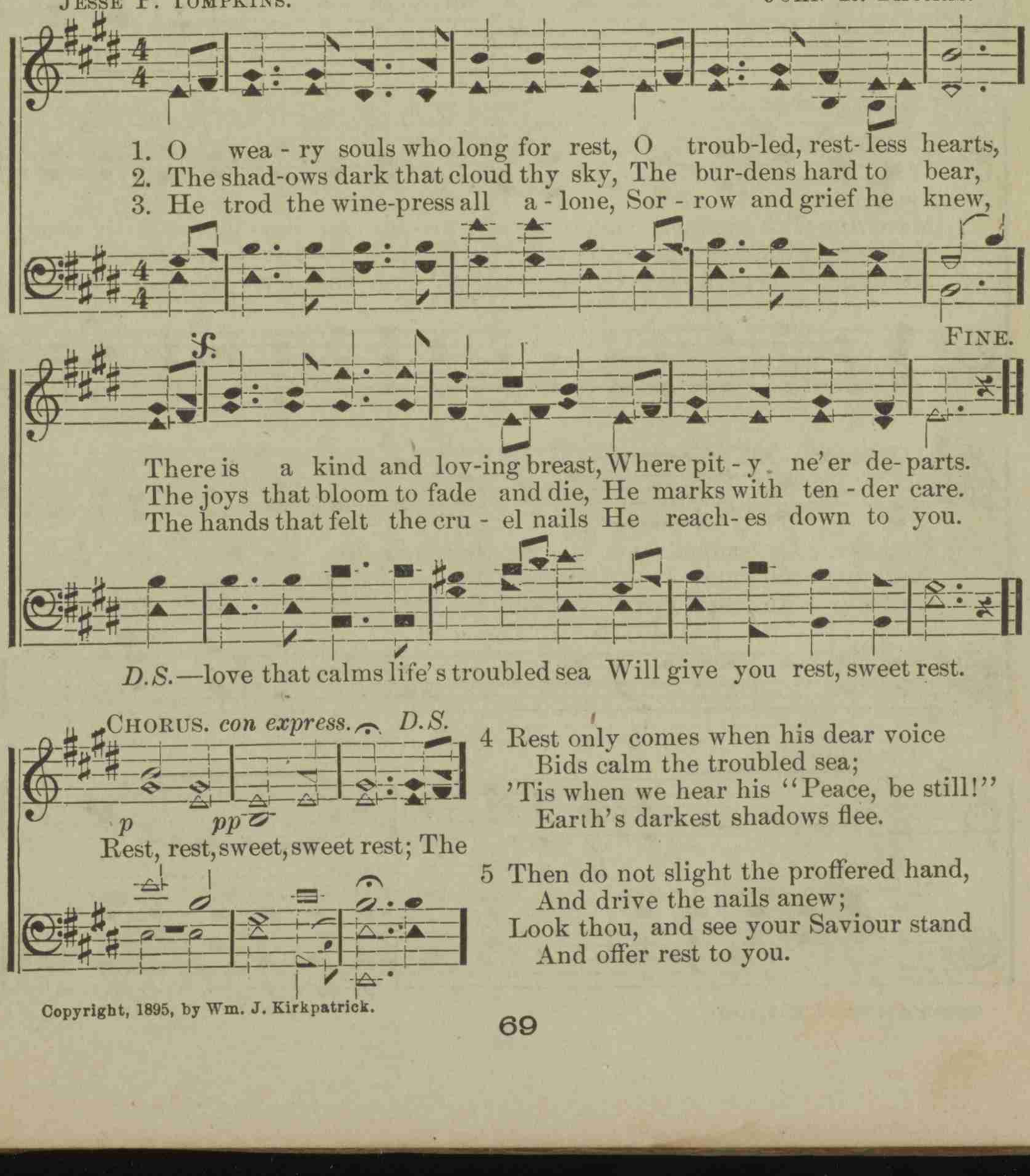
O BLESS THE SAVIOUR'S NAME. (Concluded.)



No. 69. TRUE REST.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS. JOHN R. THOMAS.



4 Rest only comes when his dear voice
Bids calm the troubled sea;
'Tis when we hear his "Peace, be still!"
Earth's darkest shadows flee.

5 Then do not slight the proffered hand,
And drive the nails anew;
Look thou, and see your Saviour stand
And offer rest to you.

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No. 70. MARCHING WITH GLADNESS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MAY D. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Marching with gladness on our way, Looking to Je - sus day by day,
2. Marching with gladness, joy, and song, Tell-ing of Je - sus all day long,
3. Marching in pastures green and fair, Je - sus our Sav-iour leads us there,

Try - ing his won - drous love to show, We on - ward go; .....
Try - ing the pre - cious seed to sow, We on - ward go; .....
Marching by cool - ing streams that flow, We on - ward go; .....

Marching with gladness, naught to fear, Je - sus our Sav - iour still is near,
Marching with cour-age, brave and true, Keeping the Sav - iour still in view,
Marching to - geth - er, O how sweet, O - ver the riv - er when we meet,

Sweet-er, O sweet - - - er than mu - sic his name we hear.
Ask - ing each mo - - - - ment for wis - dom and strength a - new.
Gath - er with Je - - - - sus for ev - er, our joy com - plete.

CHORUS.

March - - - - ing a - way, a - way, ...
March-ing a - way, a - way, We're march-ing a - way, a - way,

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MARCHING WITH GLADNESS. (Concluded.)

March - - ing from day to day;..... Un - - - der his
Marching from day to day, We're marching from day to day, Under his banner, how calm

banner, how calm and blest! He mak - eth his own to rest.....
how calm and blest, He maketh his own to rest.

No. 71. FATHER IN HEAVEN.

E. A. Barnes. Dudley H. White.

1. Fa - ther in heav - en, thou hast free - ly giv - en This precious
2. Life has its tri - als, and its stern de - ni - als; Sin oft as -
3. Thy love pos - sess - ing, Star of ev - 'ry bless - ing, What need I

call, "Come, weary one, to me;" In thee be-liev - ing, all my needs per -
sails, and I am prone to fall; O be thou near me, strengthen, keep and
more a- long my pil-grim way? Thy praises sing - ing, to thy cross I'm

Largo.

ceiv - ing, Now do I come; I bring my soul to thee.
cheer me; Help me to live, and o - ver-come them all.
cling - ing, Hop - ing to rise to life's e - ter - nal day. A - men.

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No. 72. AS FAR AS THE EAST.

FLORA KIRKLAND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O the length and the breadth and the depth of God's love! How it fill-eth my soul with de-light! In the land of for-get-ful-ness
2. In his love and his mer-cy he saith in his word, That our sins are re-membered no more; He hath cast them be-hind him and
3. In the light of the cross up-on Cal-va-ry's brow, "He is faith-ful and just to for-give." He will cleanse from un-right-eous-ness
4. Will you come to the Fa-ther, O grief-la-den soul, With your bur-den of sin so dis-trest? For where sin hath a-bound-ed, his

far, far a-way, He hath hid-den our sins from his sight.
blot-ted them out, And com-plete-ly hath cov-ered them o'er.
all who re-pent, He will help us the Christ-life to live.
grace doth a-bound, Will you come un-to him and find rest?

CHORUS.

As far as the east is from the west,..... Far as the east is from the west,
Far..... as the east is from the west, Far..... as the east is from the west,.....
So far, So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

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No. 73. AT THE CROSS.

E. R. LATTA. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. There is par-don, full and free At the cross, What-so - e'er our
2. There's a peace that none can tell At the cross, In the Saviour's
3. There's a joy that all may feel At the cross, If in hum-ble
4. There's a hope that will en-dure At the cross, It is like an

at the cross,

sins may be, At the cross; Let us now the Lord en-treat With our
"all is well!" At the cross; Let us seek that peace to prove, That is
faith they kneel At the cross; Let us taste that joy so great, Ere it
an-chor sure, At the cross; Let us now that hope obtain That shalt

at the cross;

burden'd souls to meet, And be-stow that pardon sweet, At the cross.
shower'd from a- bove, Thro' the Master's dy-ing love, At the cross.
be for us, too late, Mer - cy will not al-ways wait, At the cross.
nev - er prove in vain, While believ-ing we re-main, At the cross.

at the cross.

CHORUS.

At the cross, At the cross, There's re-
There's re - demp-tion there for thee, There's re - demp-tion there for thee,

1 2

demption there for me, At the cross; there for me, At the cross.

At the cross; At the cross.

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No. 74. I WANT TO BE MORE LIKE JESUS.

D. J. E. D. J. EVANS.

1. I want to be more like Je - sus, Who gave his life for me,
2. I want to be more like Je - sus;—So pa - tient on the way,
3. I want to be more like Je - sus;—So lov - ing, kind and true!
4. I want to be more like Je - sus, My heart to him is giv'n.

He par - doned my transgress - ions, From sin he set me free.
I want to find his foot - steps, Then fol - low, day by day.
His life of gen - tle mer - cy Shows what he'd have me do.
On earth I want to serve him Then reign with him in heav'n.

CHORUS.

O, I want to be more like Je - sus my Friend! Serve him and love him till life shall end, Then with the an - gels, e - ter - ni - ty spend Prais - ing the name of Je - sus.

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No. 75. GLORY TO GOD, HALLELUJAH!

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are nev-er, nev- er wea- ry of the grand old song; Glo- ry to God,
2. We are lost a - mid the rap-ture of re- deem-ing love; Glo- ry to God,
3. We are go - ing to a pal- ace that is built of gold; Glo- ry to God,
4. There we'll shout redeeming mercy in a glad, new song; Glo- ry to God,

hal le - lu - jah! We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith more strong:
hal-le - lu - jah! We are ris- ing on its pin-ions to the hills a - bove:
hal le - lu - jah! Where the King in all his splendor we shall soon be - hold:
hal-le - lu - jah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng;

FINE. CHORUS.

Glo- ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! O, the children of the Lord have a
right to shout and sing, For the way is grow - ing bright, and our
souls are on the wing; We are go-ing by and by to the pal-ace of a King!

D.S.

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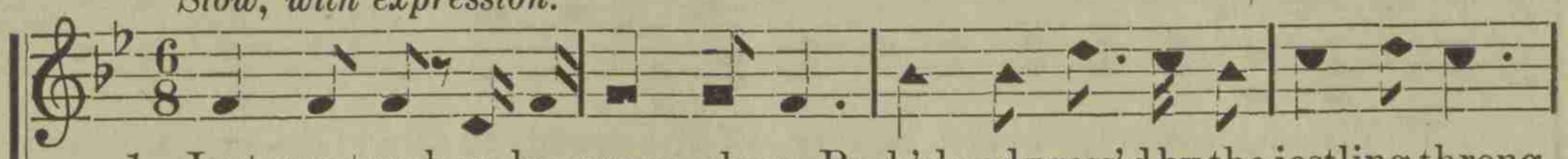
No. 76.

JUST ONE TOUCH.

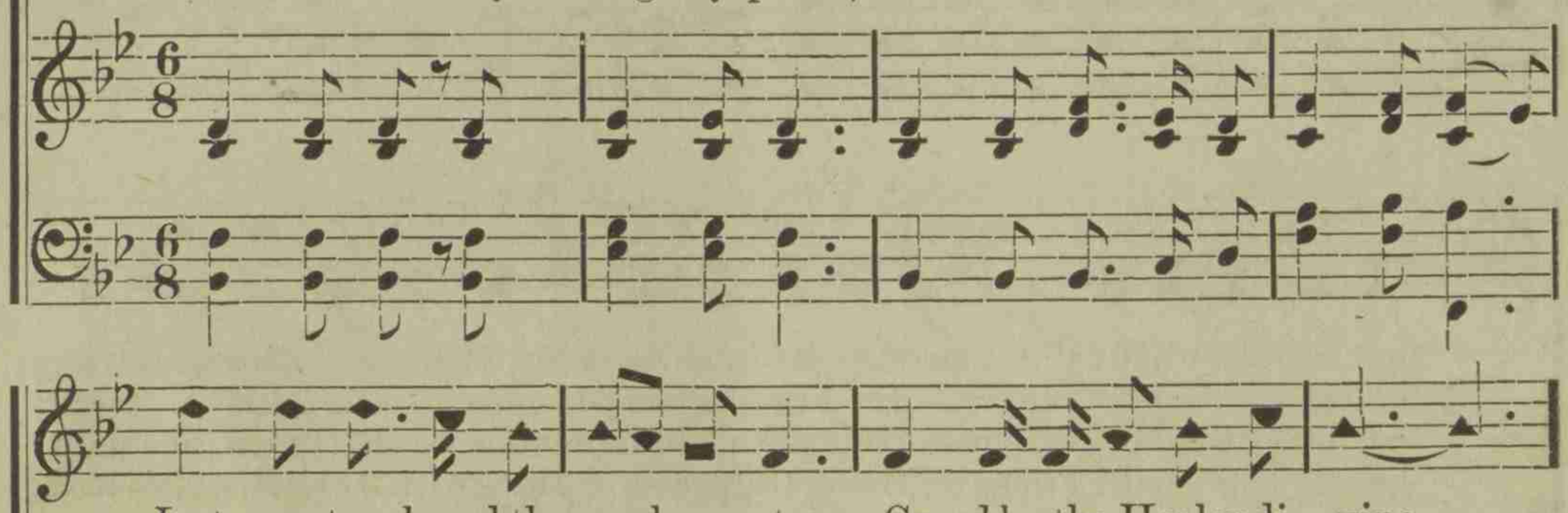
(MAY BE SUNG AS SOLO AND CHORUS.)

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

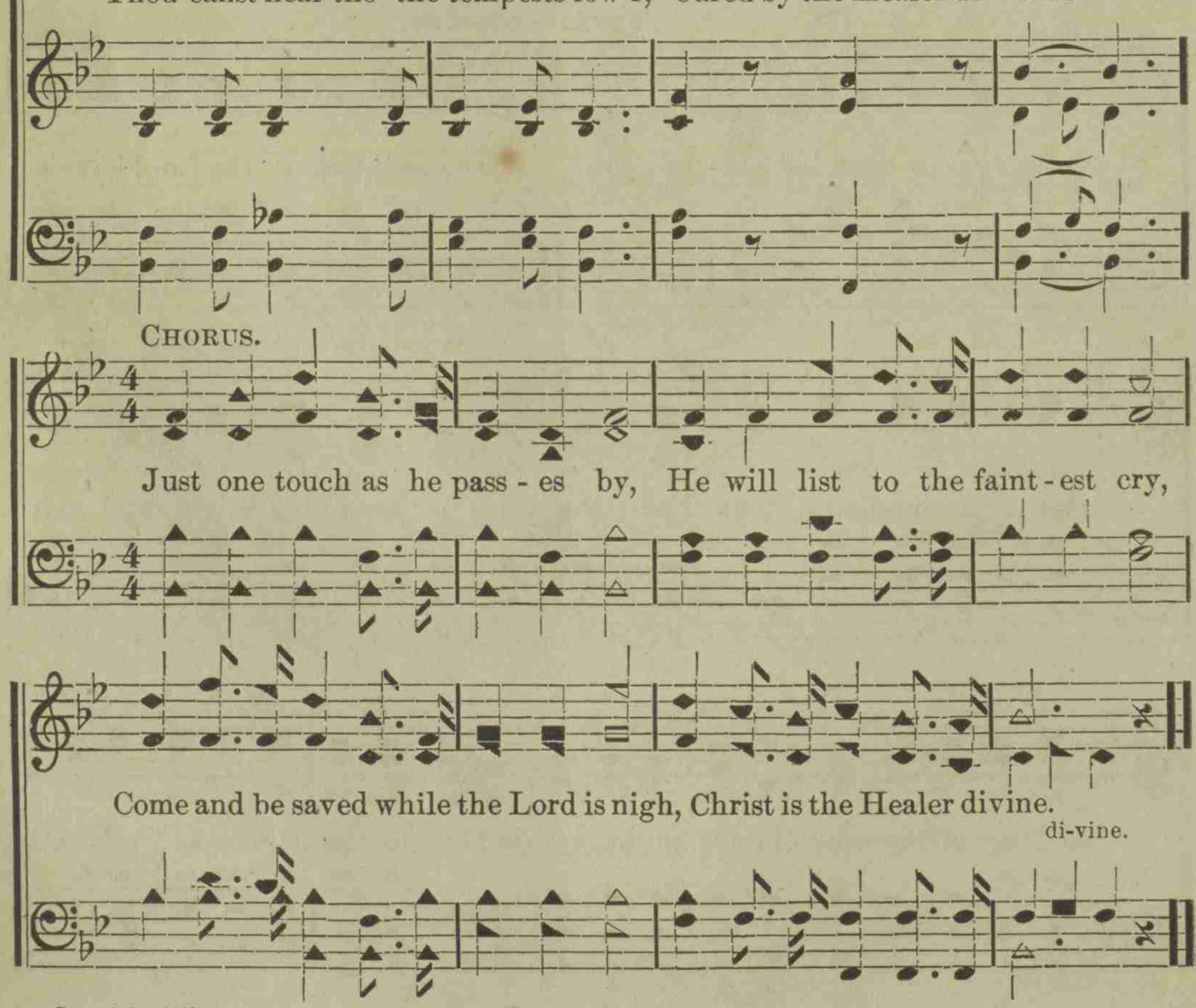
Slow, with expression.



1. Just one touch as he moves along, Push'd and press'd by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and he makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless-ed Son.
4. Just one touch! and he turns to me, O the love in his eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by his might-y pow'r, He can save thee this ver-y hour,



Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
At his feet all my burdens roll,— Cured by the Healer di - vine.
I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
I am his for he hears my plea, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Healer di - vine.



CHORUS.

Just one touch as he pass - es by, He will list to the faint-est cry,

Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Healer divine.
di-vine.

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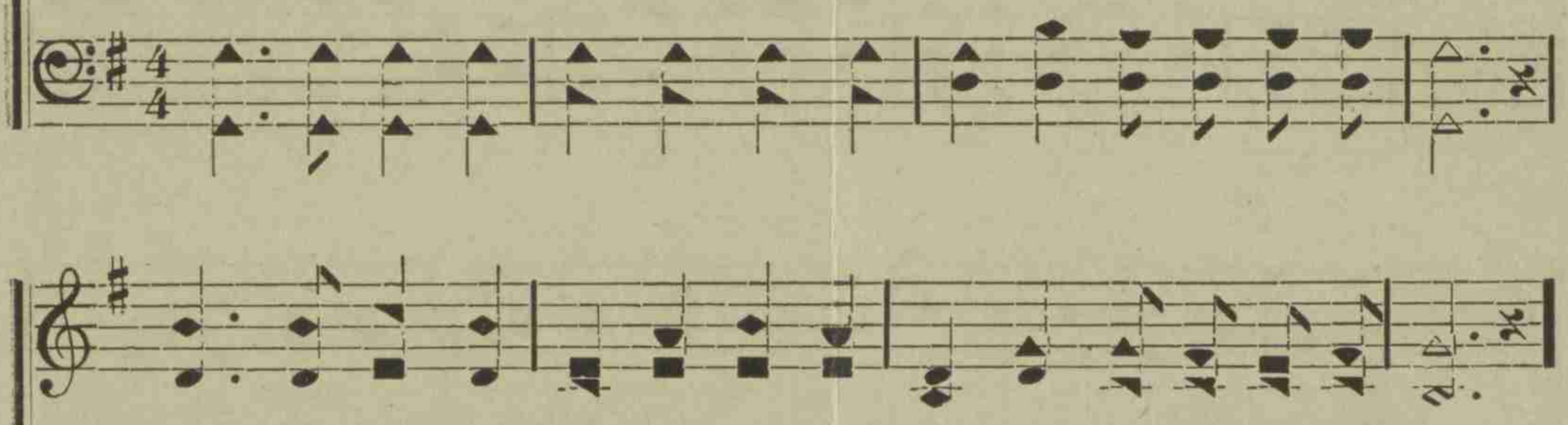
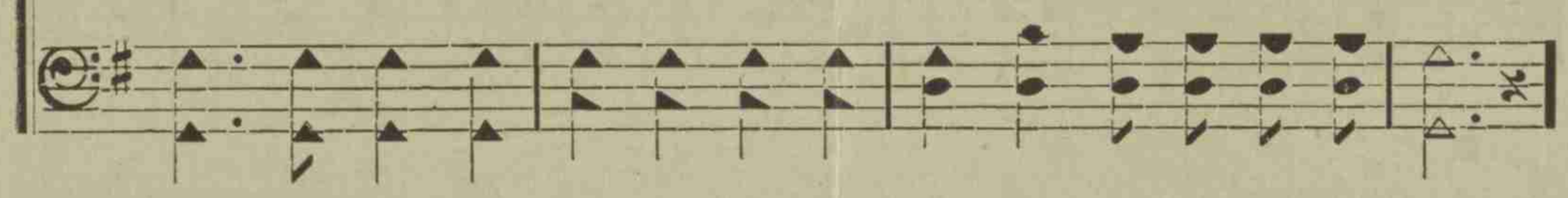
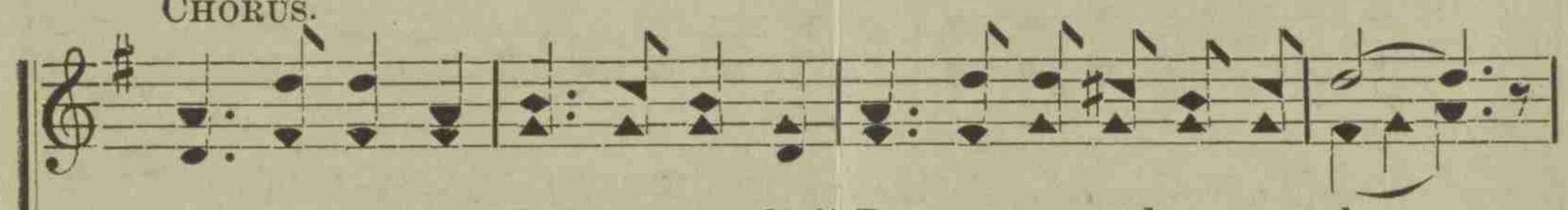
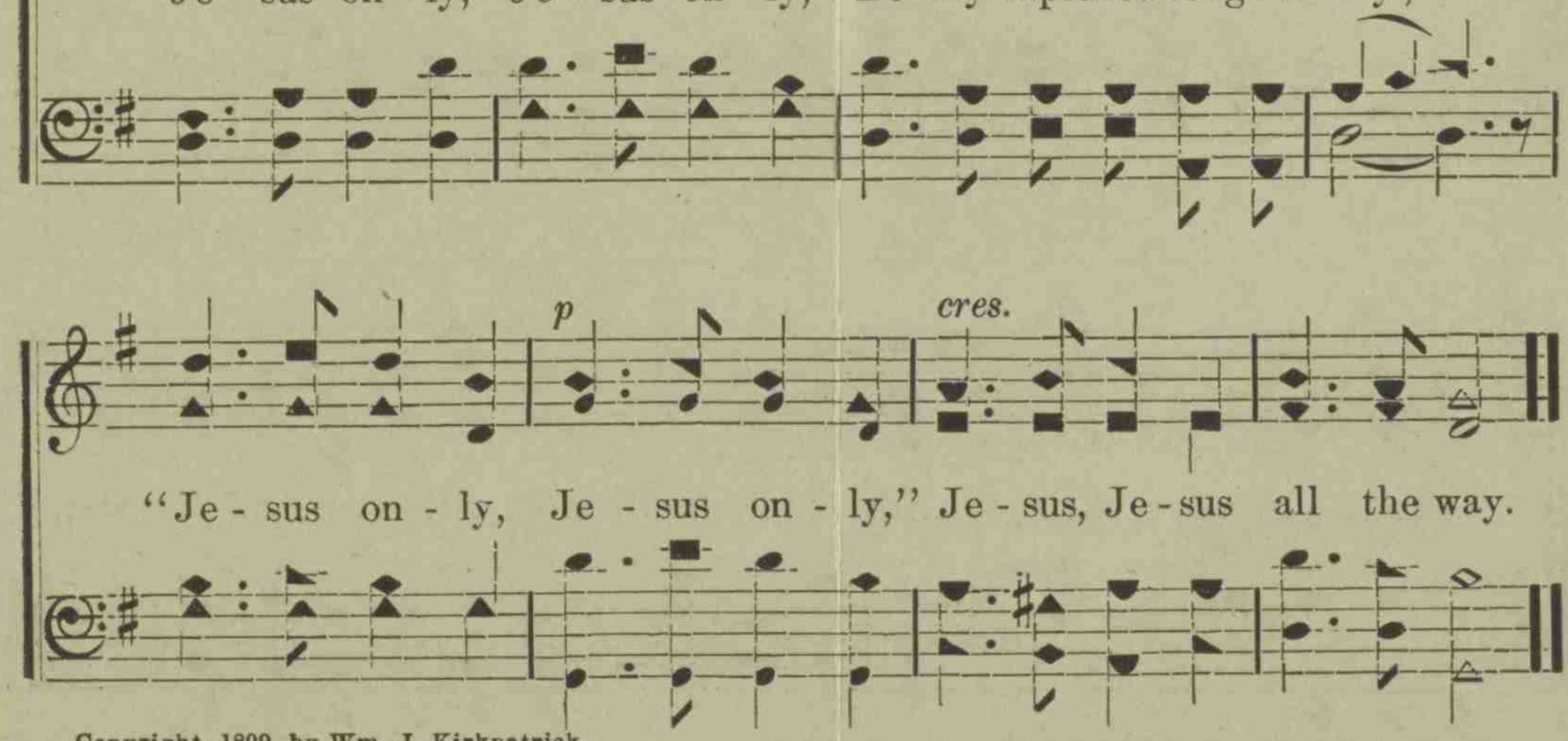
No. 77. "JESUS ONLY."

MATT. 17 : 8.

FLORA KIRKLAND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Noth - ing earthly meets the long - ing, Nothing here can sat - is - fy;
2. "Je - sus on - ly;" on the mount-ain, When my heart with rapture thrills;
3. O to spend each pass-ing mo-ment As in sight of his dear face!
4. Grace that saves me, grace that keeps me, Grace that helps me day by day;
5. Je - sus, Saviour, thou hast bought me, Thou hast seal'd me for thine own;

But the love and grace of Je - sus Meet and still each longing cry.
"Je - sus on - ly;" in the val - ley, When life's woe my spir-it fills.
O to show to souls in darkness All the beau-ty of his grace!
Faith and hope and peace re - new-ing, Lest I fal - ter by the way.
Hold me, guard me and di - rect me, Till thou callest, "Child, come home."

CHORUS.

"Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly," Be my raptured song to - day;



"Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly," Je - sus, Je - sus all the way.

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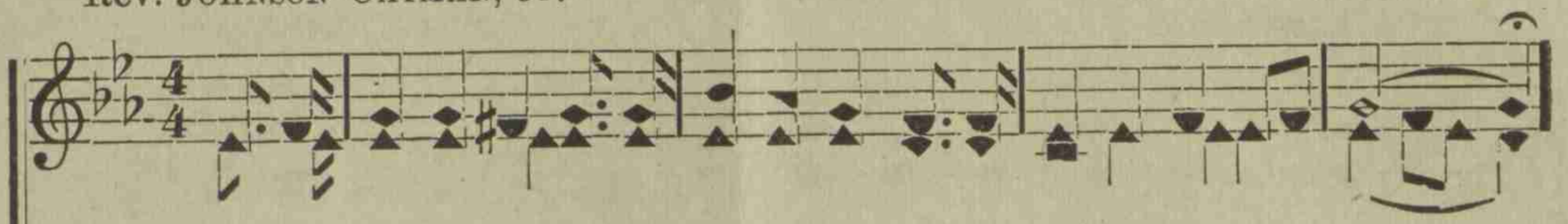
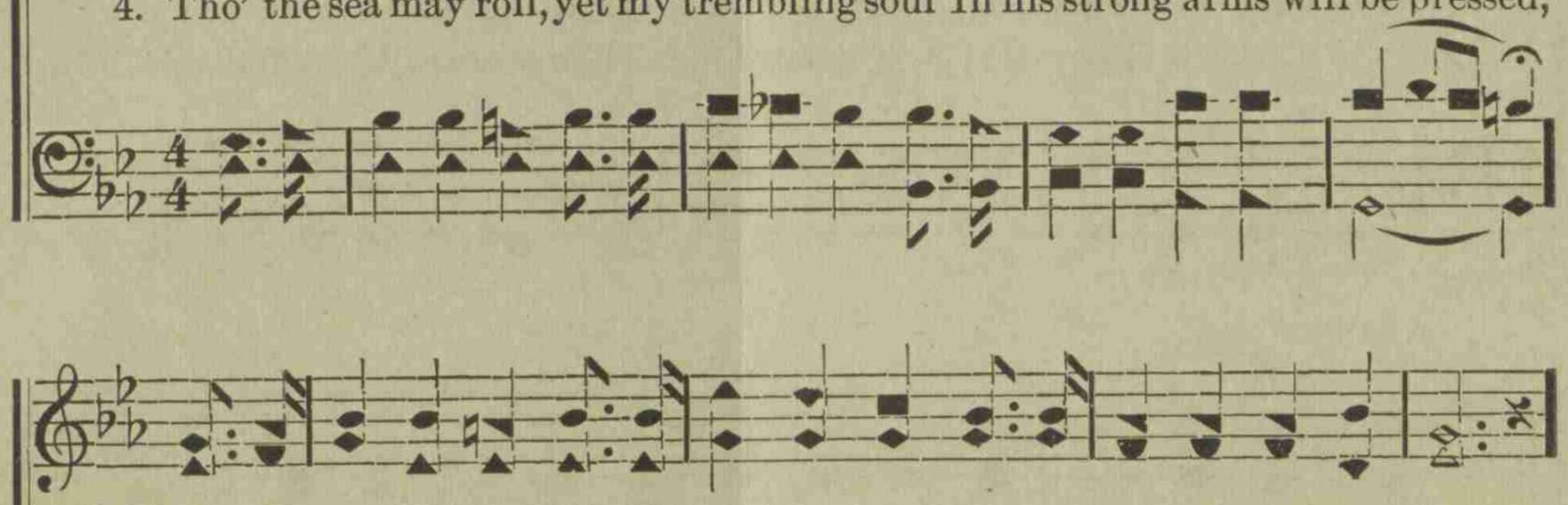
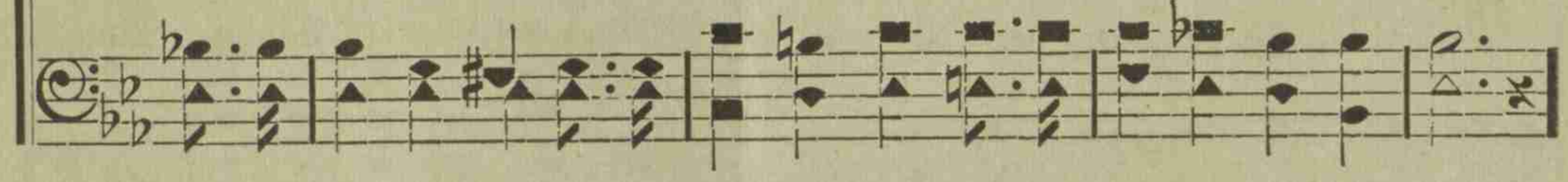
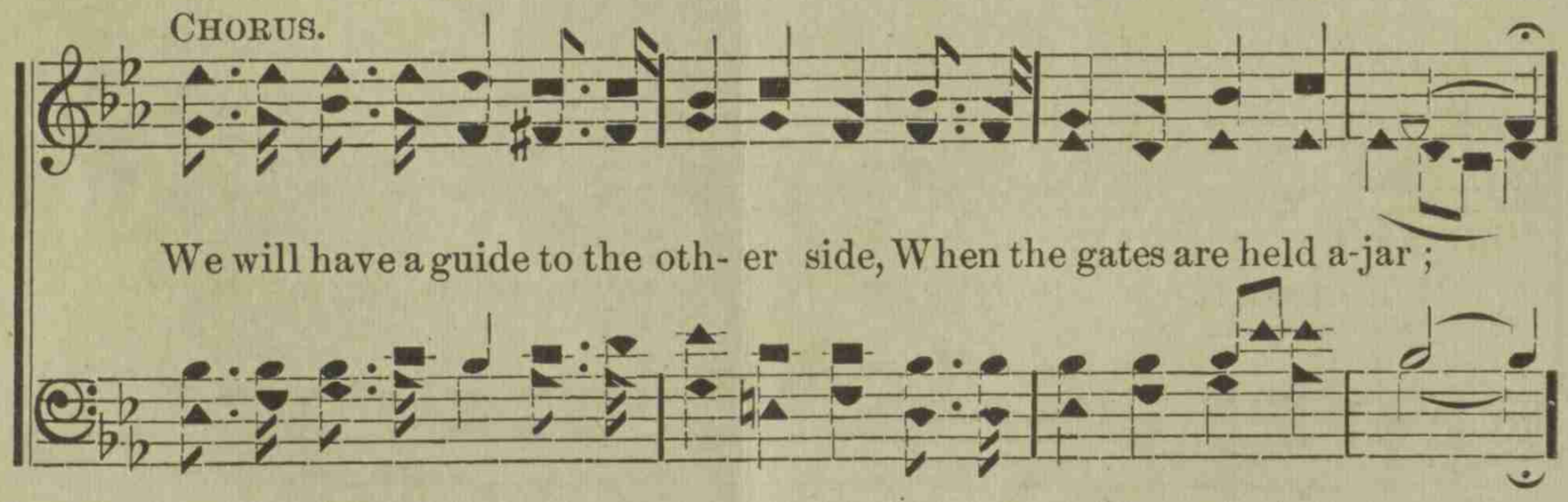
No. 78. WILL I HAVE A GUIDE?

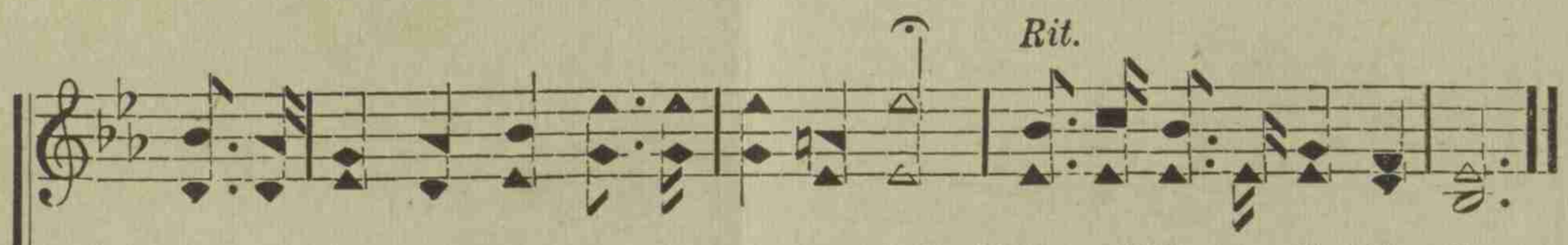
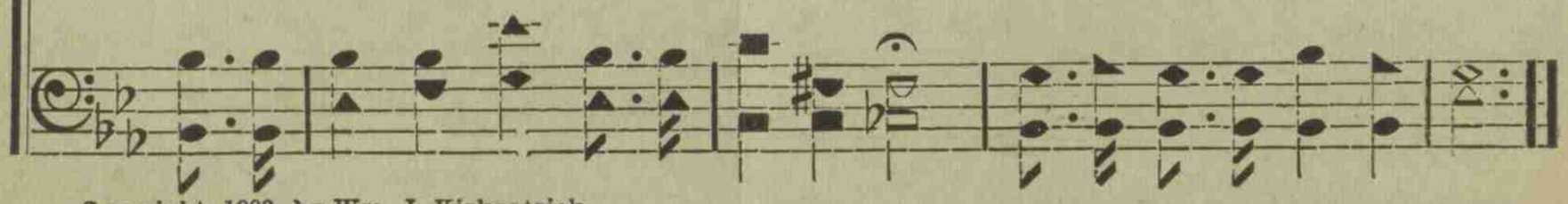
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will I have a guide at the e-ven-tide, When my bark starts out to sea?
2. Will the shadows rift, and the dark veil lifts, When at last my sails are spread?
3. O - ver bar and strand will the unseen hand Of my Saviour hold the helm?
4. Tho' the sea may roll, yet my trembling soul In his strong arms will be pressed,



Will a star shine bright, lighting up the night, When I face e- ter- ni - ty?
As the sad winds moan, must I sail a - lone To the ha- ven-land a - head?
Will he safe- ly guide thro' the wind and tide To my home in yonder realm?
And I'll find at last, when the anchor's cast, My re- pose up- on his breast.

CHORUS.



We will have a guide to the oth- er side, When the gates are held a-jar;

Rit.

Like a beam of light, to il-lume the night, Christ will be our Guiding Star.

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No. 79. LEAD AND KEEP ME.

HARRIET E. JONES. H. A. HENRY.

1. Lov - ing Saviour, lead thou me,..... Lest I wan-der far from thee.....
2. O thou ref-uge of my soul,..... Hold me in di- vine con- trol;.....
3. Sav- iour, keep me day by day,..... All a - long my pil-grim way;.....

1. Lov - - ing Sav-iour, lead thou me; Lest I wan- der far from thee,

I . am safe when in thy care,.....
What - so - ev - er may be - tide,.....
When my earth-ly work is done,.....

I am safe when in thy care,

CHORUS.

Thou wilt keep from ev - 'ry snare. Lead me,
Lead and keep me by thy side.
Lead me home, O bless - ed One.

Lead me, O my Sav - iour,

lead me, Sav-iour, lead me all the way,..... This my
nev-er let me stray, all the way, This

constant pray' r shall be,..... Sav- iour, lead me home to thee.
my constant pray'r shall be,

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No. 80. THE PATH OF PRAYER.

G. E. GEORGE ELY.

1. There's a way to bright-en ev-'ry wea-ry day, Make its bur - dens
2. There's a road that lead-eth to the throne of grace, Peace and joy a -
3. There's a mountain height from which we may survey All the land of

light to bear, Ban-ish all the gloom, brush ev'ry tear a - way; Take the
wait us there; We will find a bless-ing at that hallow'd place, When we
prom-ise fair; We may climb that steep, and view the land to-day, By the

CHORUS.

bless-ed, bless-ed path of pray'r. O that bless - ed way! May we
take the bless-ed path of pray'r.
bless-ed, bless-ed path of pray'r.

bless-ed, bless-ed way!

ev - er stay, In the sunshine of com-mun-ion there; 'Tis the path to
ev-er, ever stay,

fol - low, fol-low ev - 'ry day, 'Tis the bless-ed, bless-ed path of pray'r.

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No. 81. LOWER AND LOWER.

"He giveth grace unto the lowly."—Prov. 3 : 34.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Low-er and low-er, dear Lord, at thy feet, Seek-ing thy Spir-it, thy
2. Low-er and low-er, dear Sav-iour, we pray, Los-ing the self-life still
3. Low-er and low-er; yet high-er we rise, Lift-ed in Je-sus, led

mer-cy so sweet; Down in our need, bless-ed Mas-ter, we fall,
more ev-'ry day; Weak and un-wor-thy, we're looking a-bove,
on to the skies; Hum-bly we fol-low the way of the cross,

CHORUS.

Low-er and low-er be thou all in all. Low-er and low-er,
Emp-ty us, Je-sus; then fill us with love.
Then, crowns of glo-ry, and gain for all loss.

down at thy cross, All the world's treasure, counting but dross; Down at thy

rit.

feet, bless-ed Saviour, we fall, Low-er still low-er, Christ all in all!

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No. 82.

THE BOOK DIVINE.

(DUET.)

KATE ULMER. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Grazioso.

1. Sweetest les - sons faith may gath - er, In the word..... of
2. Precious prom - is - es a - bun - dant, From its ho - ly
3. Here we learn the wondrous sto - ry Of the man - ger
4. Book all oth - er books surpass - ing, Staff sup - port - ing

truth re - vealed; Book dis-clos - ing God's high coun-sels, By his
pa - ges shine; Beacons point - ing ev - er up - ward, To the
and the cross; Of the love that went to Cal - v'ry, To re -
a - ged feet; Childhood's years, bright youth and man-hood, Find in

CHORUS.

Ho - ly Spir - it sealed.
source of help di - vine.
deem our souls from loss.
thee a guide com-plete.

Sa- cred treas-ure, may we prize it

More and more each pass-ing day; Lamp to light us, bread to
More, yes, more and more

feed us, As we take..... ..... our heav'n-ward way.
our heav'n - ward

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No. 83.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

F. G. Browning. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Un-answered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead - ed In ag - o -
2. Un-answered yet? tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe -
3. Un-answered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Per - haps your
4. Un-answered yet? Faith can - not be un - an-swered; Her feet are

ny of heart these many years? Does faith be-gin to fail, is hope de -
ti - tion at the Father's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
part is not yet whol-ly done. The work be- gan when first your pray'r was
firm - ly plant-ed on the Rock; A-mid the wild - est storms she stands un -

part - ing, And think you all in vain those fall-ing tears? Say not the
ask - ing, So urg-ent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
ut- tered, And God will fin - ish what he has be- gun. If you will
daunt - ed, Nor quails before the loud- est thun-der shock. She knows Om-

Fa-ther hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your desire, sometime, some-
pass'd since then, do not de-spair; The Lord will answer you, sometime, some-
keep the in-cense burn-ing there, His glo-ry you shall see, sometime, some-
nip - otence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, some-

Rit. *ad lib.*

where, You shall have your de - sire, some - time, some-where.
where, The Lord will an - swer you some - time, some-where.
where, His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some-where.
where, And cries, "It shall be done, some - time, some-where."

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No. 84. JUST LEAN UPON JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Just lean up-on Je-sus; He'll help you a-long, And brighten your path-way With ma-ny a song. Glad songs of re-joic-ing, Be-
2. Just lean up-on Je-sus; In serv-ice perplexed, And ask him to show you The work that comes "next;" Then simply o-bey-ing, Re-
3. Just lean up-on Je-sus, And bring ev-'ry care, Tho' tri-fling or heav-y, To him who hears pray'r. He tells you so kind-ly In
4. Just lean up-on Je-sus, When troubles dis-may; He counts ev-'ry foot-step That leads up to Day. So near "the Be-lov-ed" No

cause he is near, So might-y to save you, So will-ing to cheer.
sults leave with him; His arm is un-fail-ing, His eye nev-er dim.
him to con-fide, O trust him most ful-ly, There's joy at his side.
ill need af-fright; The val-ley of shad-ow, His presence makes bright.

CHORUS.

Just lean..... up-on Je - - sus, Dear child..... of his care;.....
Just lean up-on Je-sus, just lean up-on Je-sus. Just lean up-on Je-sus, Dear child of his care;

Just lean..... up-on Je - - sus, Your bur - den he'll share.....
Just lean up-on Je-sus, just lean upon Je-sus, Your burden he'll share, your burden he'll share.

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No. 85. O WHAT A RESTING PLACE!

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. I have found a friend divine, And his sav-ing grace is mine; When I trust-ed
2. I will ev - er-more abide Near the Saviour's wounded side—Always rest se-
3. Sin-ner there is rest for thee, At the cross of Cal-va-ry; Thy sal-va - tion

in his word, Then I found the Lord. It is now so sweet to stay Where he
curely there, In his ten- der care. When the storms of life as-sail When dis-
is complete At the Saviour's feet. Come and rest beneath the cross, Count all

wash'd my sins a-way, Where his Spir-it fills my soul, Where he keeps me whole.
tress and grief prevail, He will fold me to his breast—Give me joy and rest.
else but earthly dross; Come, ye ruined by the fall, There is rest for all.

Chorus.

{O what a rest-ing place! O what a - bid-ing grace!
{There was the blood ap-plied, Now I am sat - is - fied;
{O what a rest - ing, a rest - ing place! O what a - bid - ing, a - bid - ing grace!
{There, O there was the blood ap - plied, Now, just now I am sat - is - fied;

Down at the cross of Je-sus Where I found the blessed Saviour;
O hal-le - lu-jah! praise his name forever (*Omit* . . . .) more.
Down at the cross, at the cross of Je - sus,
O hal - le - lu - jah! I'll praise, I'll praise his

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No. 86. MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

M. B. WILLIAMS. (DUET) C. D. TILLMAN.

1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' it's worn and fad-ed now, Which re-
2. There she read of Je-sus' love, As he blest the children dear, How he
3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the

calls the hap-py days of long a-go; When I stood at mother's knee,
suf-fered, bled and died up-on the tree; Of his heav-y load of care,
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do his will,

With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
Then she dried my flowing tear With her kisses as she said it was for me.
As my mother taught me then, And ev-er in my heart his words abide.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed book,..... precious book,..... On thy dear old tear-stained
Bless-ed book, pre-cious book,

leaves I love to look;..... Thou art sweet-er day by day,
love to look;

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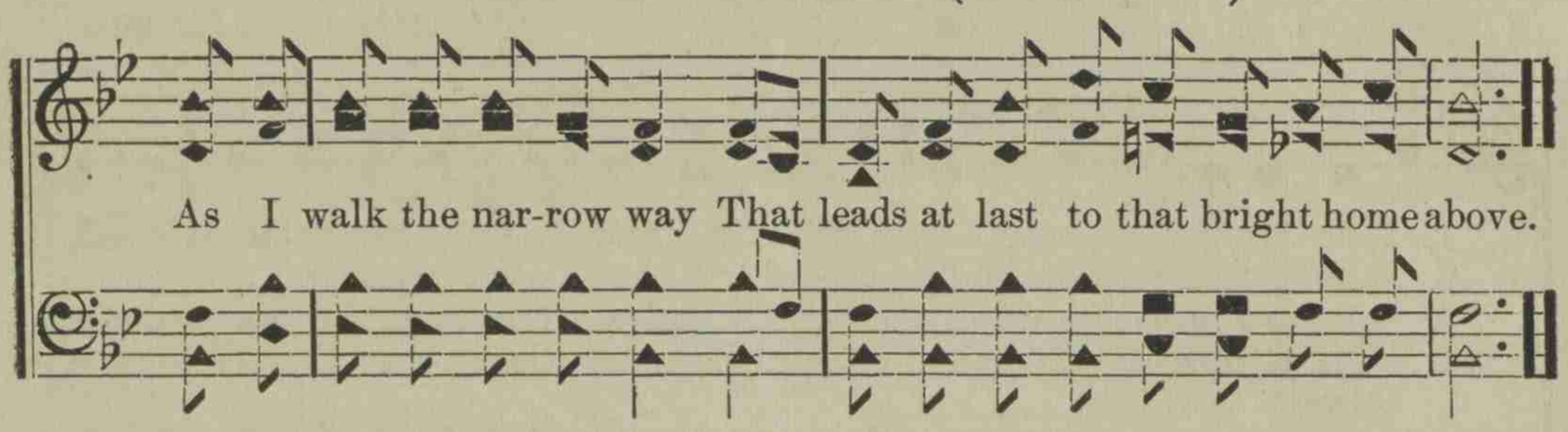
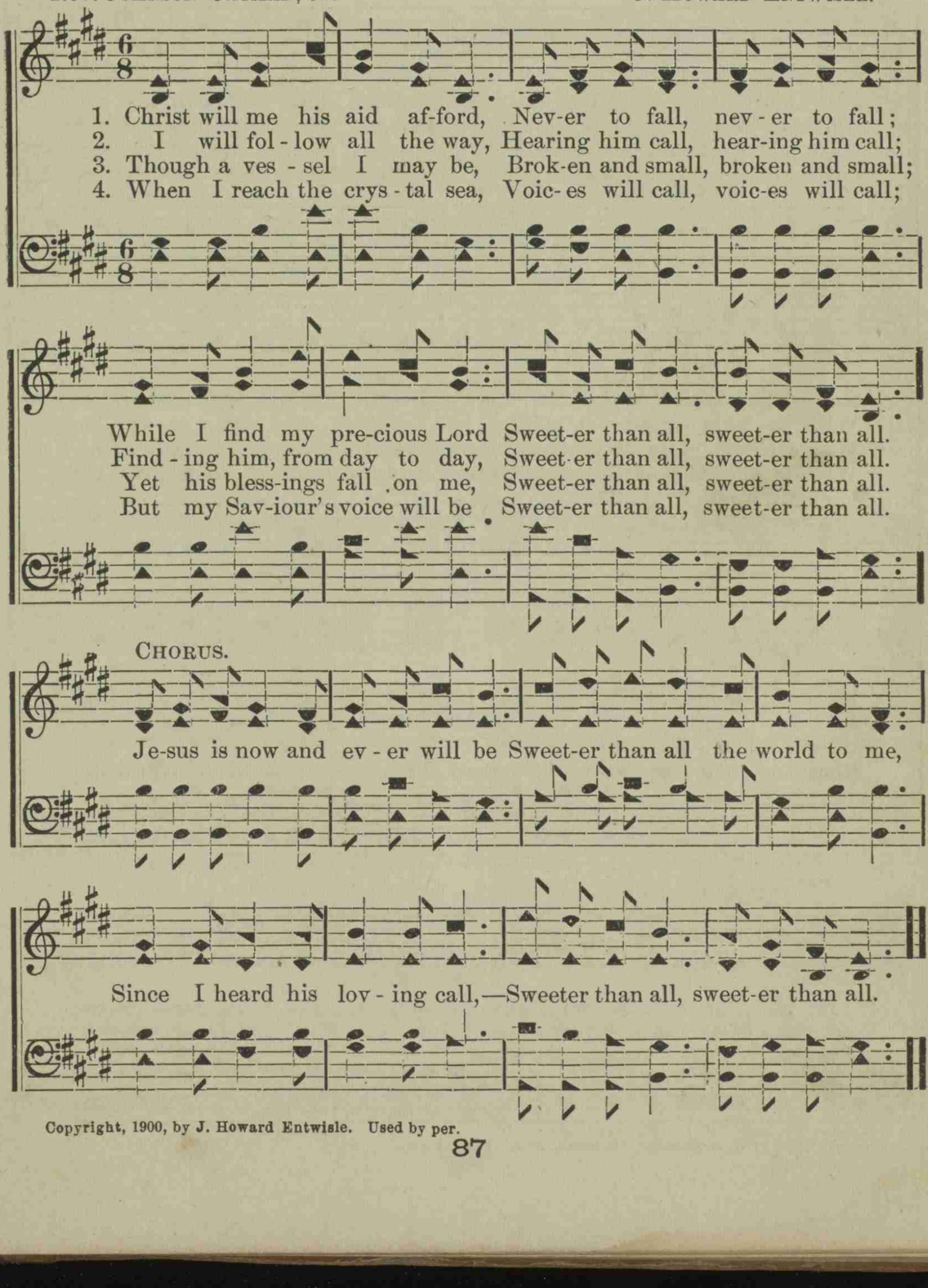
MY MOTHER'S BIBLE. (Concluded.)



No. 87. SWEETER THAN ALL.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

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No. 88.

WHO IS THIS?

Mrs. C. H. M. (SOLO.) Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Who is this that cometh from Edom? Crimson- red his garments dyed,
2. Who is this despised and reject - ed? Who the wine- press trod a - lone?
3. Who is this with bearing so king-ly? And a crown his brow a - dorns,
4. Who is this on Calv' ry's mountain, Dy - ing there such shameful death?

Inst.

In his hands are cru-el nail-prints And a spear-wound in his side.
Who is this by all for - sak- en? Left to com - fort there are none.
Not of gold and gems be - fit-ting, But of mock - ing, cru- el thorns.
Who for his tormentors pray-ing With his last ex- pir-ing breath?

Say, who is this "Man of Sor - rows?" Why is he thus pierced and scarred?
Who is this oppress' d, af- flict - ed? Yet no mur - mur ev - er heard;
Why with ma - ny stripes thus beaten? Why thus scourg' d and spit up-on?
Who is this, that earth should tremble And the sun in darkness hide,

Who with face and form so king-ly? Why his beau- teous vis-age marred?
As a lamb led to the slaughter, Yet he an - swers not a word.
Why his an - guish in the gar - den Kneeling, pray - ing all a - lone?
Rocks be rent and graves be opened, When he bow' d his head and died.

Chorus.

It is Christ, the King of glo - ry, Who his life a ran-som gave,
It is Christ, the King, the King of glory, Who his life, his life a ransom gave,

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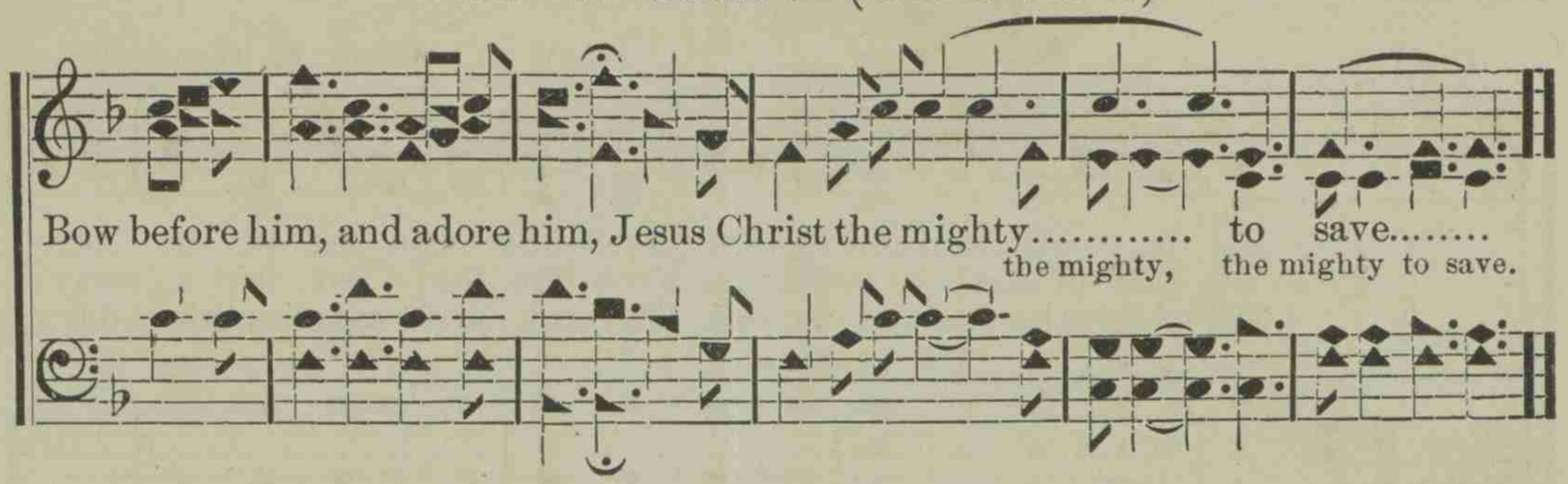
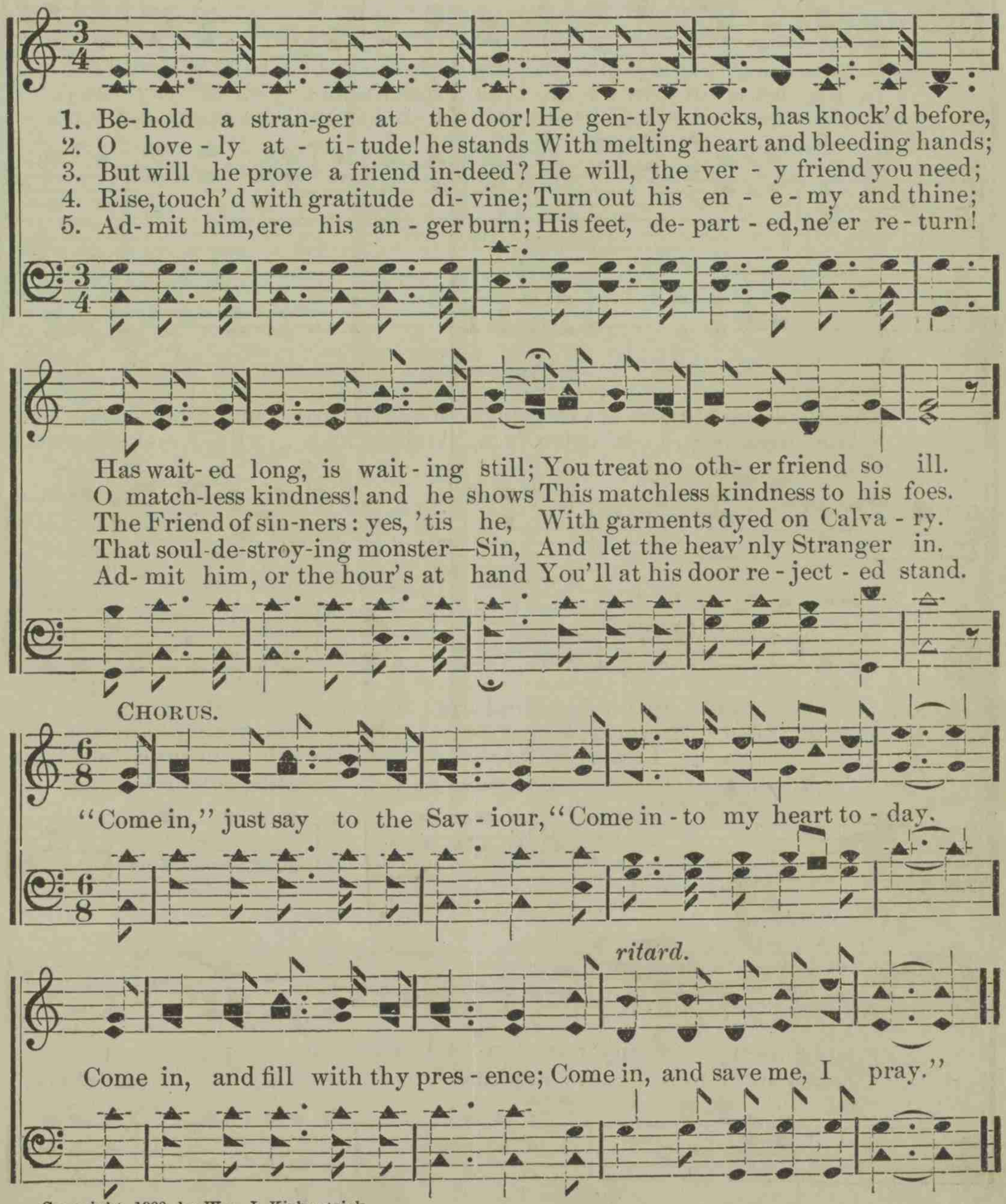
WHO IS THIS? (Concluded.)

No. 89. COME INTO MY HEART TO-DAY.

JOSEPH GRIGG. GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 90. MY LORD AND SAVIOUR.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je - sus is my Lord and Saviour, Guide and Coun - sel - or is he;
2. From the lost of earth he sought me From the fold so far a - stray;
3. I will sing the name of Je - sus While he gives me strength of days;

I am long - ing for his fa - vor, Clos-er yet to him would be.
In his arms of love he bro't me From the dan - gers of my way.
I will tell a-broad the sto - ry Of his wondrous works and ways.

For his goodness and his mer- cy Un-to such
For his goodness and his mer - cy Un-to such as I have been
Now I'll serve him, re- al - iz - ing What the joy and glo- ry is,
Praise unceasing I will give him, And his love will I make known,

Is be - yond my un-der-stand-ing, Tow'ring o - ver all my sin.
For I feel his arms a-round me, And I know that I am his.
Till in heav'n I kneel be-fore him, With the saints around the throne,
Is beyond my understanding, Tow'ring over all my sin.

CHORUS.

Joy and glad-ness is my por- tion, All the day his praise I sing,
Joy and gladness is my portion, All the day his praise I sing,

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MY LORD AND SAVIOUR. (Concluded.)

I will serve him, till in glo - ry, Face to face I meet my King.
I will serve him till in glo-ry, Face to face I meet my King.

No. 91. THOUGH HE SLAY ME, I WILL TRUST HIM.

L. J. S. LOUISE J. STRONG.

1. Far from home, and sore-ly bur-dened, Oft be-set with care and pain!
2. When af-flic-tion's waves roll o'er me, Like an o - cean wide and deep,
3. While he leads me, gen-tly leads me, Tho' the way be rough and wild,

I will trust the Lord Je-ho - vah, Trust and sing this sweet re-frain.
I will cast on him my sor-row, Ev - er sing-ing while I weep.
I will trust, nor fear to fol - low, He will ne'er for - sake his child.

CHORUS.

Tho' he slay me, I will trust him, Trust his love and pow'r to save,
For I know thro' Christ my Sav-iour, I shall tri-umph o'er the grave.

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No. 92. MINE EYES SHALL BEHOLD HIM.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I know not the hour of his com-ing, Nor how he will speak to my heart; Or wheth-er at morn-ing or mid-day My
2. I know not the bliss that a-waits me, At rest with my Sav-iour a-bove; I know not how soon I shall en-ter, And
3. Per-haps in the midst of my la-bor A voice from my Lord I shall hear; Per-haps in the slum-ber of mid-night Its
4. I know not, but O I am watch-ing, My lamp ev-er burn-ing and bright, I know not if Je-sus will call me At

CHORUS.

spir-it to him will de-part. But I know..... I shall bathe in the o-cean of love.
mes-sage will fall on my ear.
morn-ing, at noon, or at night.

I know Of him

wake in the like-ness Of him..... I am long-ing to see; I know that mine eyes shall behold him, And that..... is enough for me.

I know is e-nough,

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No. 93. O SWEET REST.

C. F. O. Melody furnished by Rev. J. TRUMBAUR.

1. For the peo - ple of God a rest doth re-main, Press on, pre-cious souls, till the rest you ob- tain; 'Tis the rest Je - sus promised, so hap - py and blest, The joy of his pres - ence: a per-fect sweet rest.
2. O how long I'd been praying to find this sweet rest, To cease from my la- bor and lean on his breast, I am wea - ry, dear Je - sus, how soon may it be? Low down in the val - ley I'm wait-ing for thee.
3. O at last I have found it, this blessed sweet rest, 'Tis Christ in his fulness, the Bless - er, possessed, And no more wea - ry wait-ing for Je - sus to come, For Christ dwelleth in me; my heart is his home.
4. Now the Sav-iour is waiting, O what will you give? And what will you suf-fer, this rest to re-ceive? Will you give up for - ev - er, count all things but loss, To gain this great treasure, and die at the cross.

FINE.

D.S.—My soul from its la - bor has found its sweet rest.

CHORUS.

O sweet rest! O sweet rest! 'tis the rest of the soul, so hap - py and blest; By faith in his promise I lean on his breast,

D.S.

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No. 94. O LAND OF GOD.

E. E. REXFORD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In dreams I see the heav'nly land, With verdant vales on ei-ther hand,
Bath'd in the sun - shine of a day As fair, as sweet as those of May;
A day that ends not, and I hear Glad voices ring - ing far and near
With sweeter songs than earth can know, The heav'nly songs that haunt us so.

2. Thro' gates a-jar my ea - ger feet Go in to tread the golden street,
And prophets, priests, and kings I see A grand and goodly com - pa - ny.
And in the midst, a great white throne I see, and him who sits thereon.
And O the awe that comes to me When God's face in my dreams I see.

3. Then comes a low still voice to me: Wouldst thou be of this compa - ny
Thou seest in thy dreams, and sing The songs of heav'n before the King?
Then live, and dare, and do for God, And by and by, earth's journey trod,
Thou shalt go in beyond the gate And claim an heir of God's es-tate.

rit.

CHORUS.

O land of God so fair, so bright! O land in which there is no night!
O land of God, so fair, so fair, so bright, O land in which there is no night,

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O LAND OF GOD. (Concluded.)

rit.

I dream of thee, and, dreaming, pray that I may wake in thee some day,
I dream of thee,

a tempo. *rit e dim.*

I dream of thee, and, dreaming, pray That I may wake in thee, some happy day.

No. 95. GOD IS FAITHFUL.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. God is faith-ful, ev-er faith-ful; He will sure-ly keep his word;
2. God is faith-ful; he will do it; Not my own weak heart I trust,
3. God is faith-ful; this my ref-uge When the storms of tri-als rise;
4. God is faith-ful; he will make me More than conqueror in the strife;

FINE.

f.

To the ut-ter-most ful-fill-ing Ev-'ry prom-ise I have heard.
But his spir-it dwelling in me, Wise and ho-ly, kind and just.
Help is com-ing, swift-ly com-ing From the hills be-yond the skies.
Yielding whol-ly to his guid-ance, This is bless-ing, this is life!

D.S.—God is faith-ful, ev-er faith-ful, He will keep me night and day.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

God is faith-ful, ev-er faith-ful; I will trust him all the way;

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No. 96. IN THE SUMMER OF GOD'S LOVE.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Look a - loft! the clouds are breaking, There's a rain - bow in the sky.
2. What have I to fear, tho' sor-rows Round me like the bil-lows roll?
3. So I'm walk - ing in the sum-mer Of his love, so pure and bright,

Bless- ed prom - ise of our Sav- iour, That the light of hope is nigh;
In the se - cret of his pres-ence, He will safe - ly keep my soul.
Watching, wait - ing, look-ing ev - er For the com - ing of the light,

Thro' the storm To the mansions

Thro' the storm and thro' the sunshine, To the man - sions fair a-bove,
Are there tri - als and temptations? I can face them with a smile,
Bless-ed light of heaven's morning, When my Sav - iour's face I'll see,

I am walking, In the sum-mer

I am walk - ing, ev - er walk-ing, In the sum - mer of his love.
For this life will soon be o - ver; It is such a lit- tle while.
And my lips shall sing his prais-es Thro' a - long e- ter- ni - ty.

CHORUS.

In the sum - mer, blessed sum - mer, In the sum - mer of God's love,
In the summer, blessed summer, In the sum-mer of God's love,

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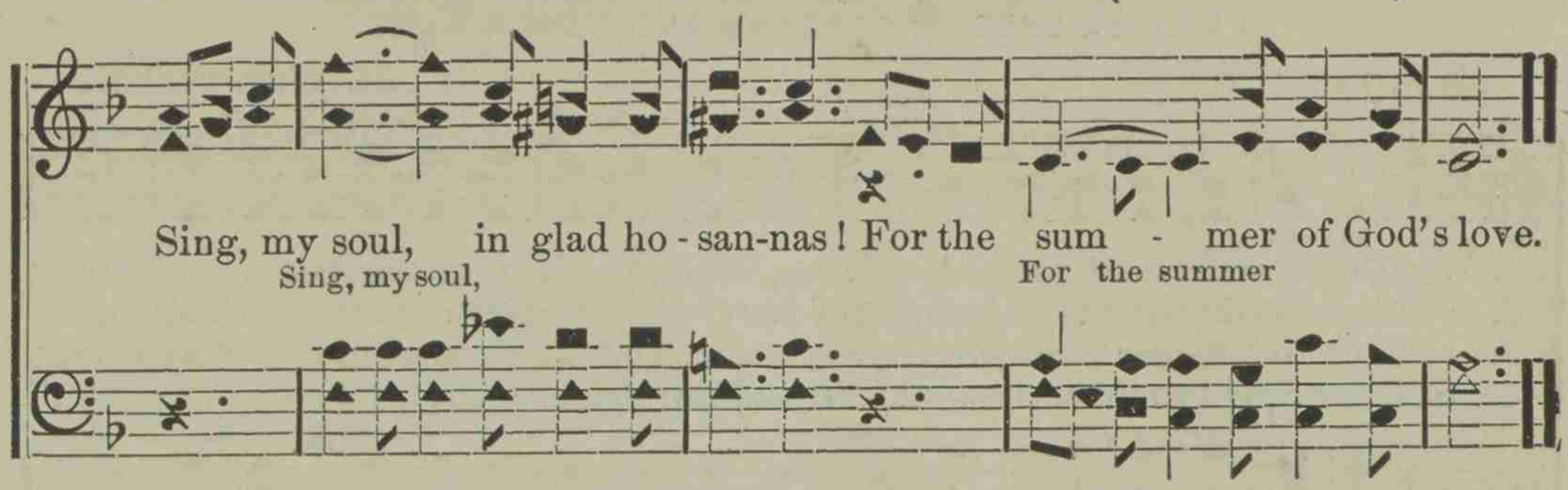
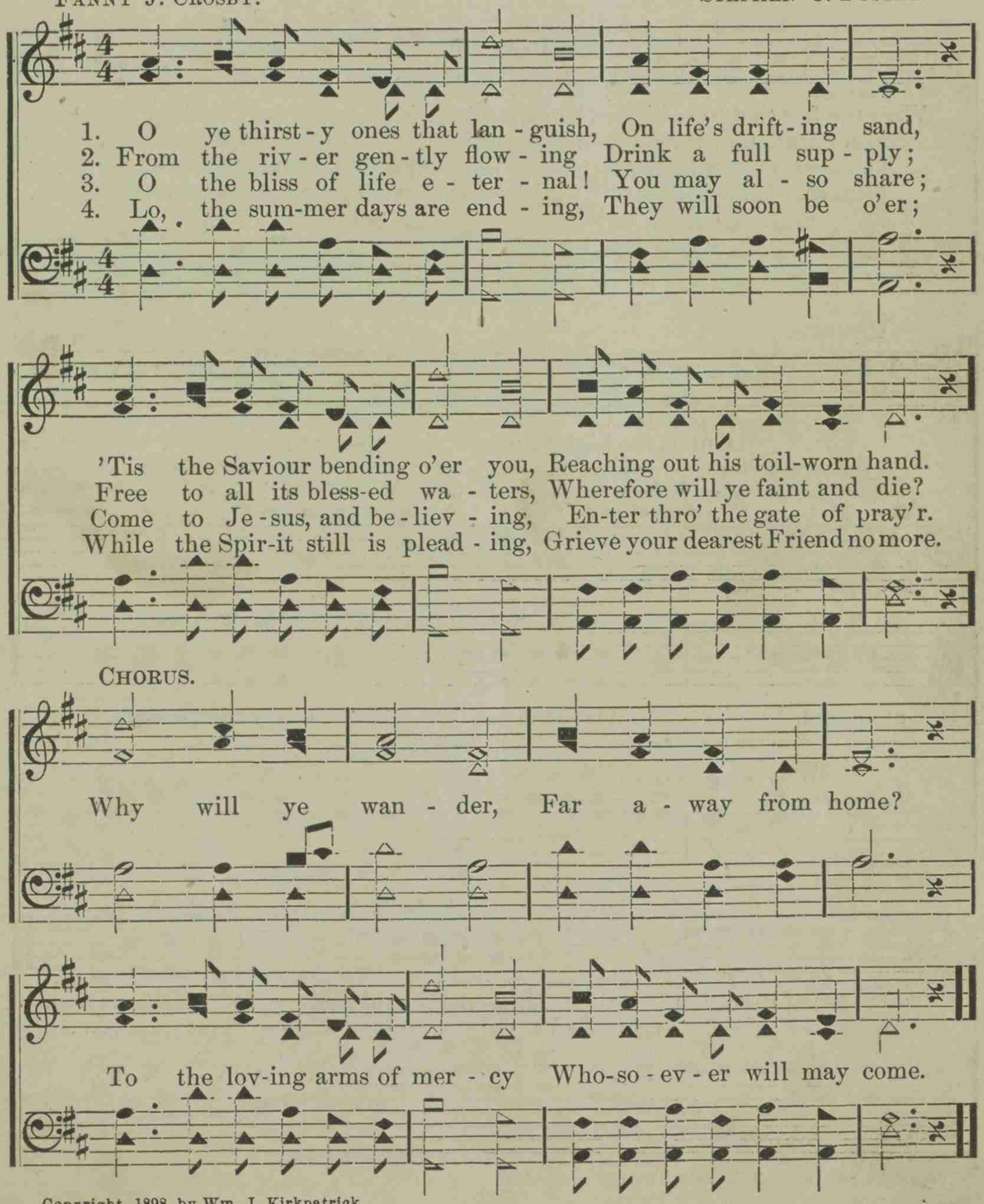
IN THE SUMMER OF GOD'S LOVE. (Concluded.)



No. 97. WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



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No. 98. THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

(MAY BE USED AS SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET.)

H. N. LINCOLN. W. H. WHITWORTH.

1. We are told of the feast and the wedding, Which the King had prepar' d in his home,
2. Christ, to - day spreads a banquet of mercy, And his servants invite to his home;
3. Slight no lon - ger the kind in-vi-ta-tion, And the message of mercy we bring;
4. Still the Spirit so tenderly woos you, And the Bride, full of love, echoes, "Come;"

When the few that were bidden had spurn' d it, Many more were invited to come.
Sinner, all now is read-y and wait-ing, On the highways of sin cease to roam.
O, ac- cept now the bounty of Je - sus, And sit down at the feet of thy King.
Him that heareth and will, who-so-ever, Let him come to the heavenly home.

CHORUS.

Out on the highways, into the byways, Over the
Out on the high - ways, in-to the by - ways, O-ver the moun -

mountain, Over the sea, Carry the message,
tain, o- ver the sea,..... Car-ry the mes - sage, tell of sal-

tell of salvation, Ring out the tidings, "Mercy is free."
va - tion, Ring out the tid - ings, "Mercy is free."....

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No. 99. WELCOME BELLS OF HEAVEN.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. Hear the wel-come bells of heav- en Call - ing wea-ry wand'rers home.
2. Come, ye sad and heav-y - lad - en, With the weight of sin oppressed,
3. Leave your doubts and fears behind you, Who-so - ev - er will may come;
4. Poor way- far - er, old and lone- ly, Come, 'tis dark and grow-ing late,

Come where peace and joy are giv - en, Come to Je - sus —all may come.
At his feet cast down your burden, Christ will give you sweetest rest.
Leave the darkness and the dan- ger, Christ will guide you safe- ly home.
En - ter now the door of mer - cy, Kind- est welcomes for you wait.

CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Hark! the
Hear the bells of heav-en ring-ing, hear the bells of heav-en ring-ing, Call- ing wea - ry

sweet bells call · us home; Come to Je - sus,
wand'rers, calling wea- ry wand'rers home; Come where peace and joy are giv - en,

Repeat pp.

come to Je - sus, Come and wel - come — all may come.
come where peace and joy are given, Come and welcome, come and welcome —all may come.

5 Little children, too, are welcome:
"Suffer them to come to me."
Blessed Saviour, thou art calling;
Help us all to come to thee.

6 When in mansions bright we gather
In the palace of the King,
"Come, ye blessed of my Father,"
Sweetly shall the joy bells ring.

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No. 100. IS IT THERE?

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the book which thou art keeping, In thy book of life so fair,
2. Light - er far the dai- ly tri - als That my wea- ry heart must bear,
3. Tho' I oft have failed in du - ty, Yet my faith still clings to thee;
4. Let me hear thy lov-ing Spir - it Soft-ly whis-per, "All is well;"
5. When from earth my thot's are roaming To the heav'nly mansions fair,

Tell me, O my Sav-iour, tell me, Is my name re - cord- ed there?
Light-er far my toil and la - bor, If I knew my name was there.
When thou makest up thy jew - els, Will my name re - member'd be?
That my name in light is shin - ing, Where I soon with thee shall dwell.
Let me feel the sweet as - sur - ance That my hum - ble name is there.

CHORUS.

1–3. Is it there? Is it there? In thy Book of Life so fair?
4 & 5. Yes, 'tis there? Yes, 'tis there? In thy Book of Life so fair?

Is it there? Is it there? In thy Book

Tell me, O my Saviour, tell me, Is my name re-cord- ed there?
I be-lieve, O bless-ed Sav-iour, That my name is writ-ten there?

Tell me, O my Is my name

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No. 101. IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more condem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil without and with in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je- sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does he each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crim - son flood,

Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
of God?

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No. 102. HE IS CALLING.

MYRON W. MORSE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the path that you are treading there is dan-ger, there is death, There are pitfalls just a-head you cannot see; Hear the voice of Christ the Saviour, as he
2. Have you wander'd on in darkness? O how dis-mal is the night, There is danger at each step that lies before; But if you will on - ly list- en, take the
3. Hear the lov-ing voice of mer-cy, sweetly call-ing now to thee, Gently pleading, oh, how tender is the voice. Say then to the bless-ed Spir- it, "I thy

sweetly, gently saith, "Come, ye wand'ring ones and weary, come to me."
path that leads to light, You may live with the dear Saviour ev-er - more.
fol- low- er will be, And the path that thou hast plann'd shall be my choice."

D.S.—now to him your heart, While he's calling, gently calling, "Come to me."

CHORUS.

He is call - - ing, he is call - - ing, He is calling, gently calling, "Come to me;" ..... Lest his Spir- it should de-part, o - pen

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No. 103. GIVE ME THY HEART.

E. E. HEWITT. ANNIE F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a - bove, No gift so pre-cious to
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call-ing in mer - cy a -
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di - vine, "All that thou hast, to my

him as our love, Soft - ly he whis-pers wher - ev - er thou art,
gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
keep - ing re - sign; Grace more a-bound - ing is mine to im - part,

CHORUS.

"Grate - ful - ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart." "Give me thy heart,
Make full sur - ren - der and give me thy heart."

p

Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wherev-er thou art; From this dark

Rit.

world, he would draw thee apart, Speaking so ten - derly, "Give me thy heart."

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No. 104. NOW IS THE DAY.

Rev. S. W. Cope. M. W. Dorser.

1. Now is the day, th' accepted time, No need to long-er wait; No
2. The ful-ness of re-deem-ing grace, In Je-sus' name re-ceive; Par-
3. There is no price you need to bring, The grace of God is free; Be-

promise for to-morrow giv'n, It may be then too late! To-day, to-day, this
don and ho-li-ness for all Who will on Christ believe! To-day, to-day, this
stowed a-like on all our race, It comes to you and me! To-day, to-day, this

sacred hour, The knee to Je-sus bow; He waits with loving ten-der-ness,
sacred hour, A full sal-va-tion find; Sal-vation thro' the blood of Christ,
sacred hour, Sweet songs and voices raise; Sal-va-tion pres-ent, full and free,

Chorus.

To bless and save you now. O come, O come, to Je-sus bow;
Purchased for all mankind.
To God be all the praise. O come, O come, to Je-sus bow;

He is call - - - ing, gently call-ing, He waits to save you now.
He is call-ing,

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No. 105. JOY IN HEAVEN.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There is joy a-mong the angels, There's a mighty shout of rapture; Far be-
2. There is joy a-mong the angels, By the shining, crystal riv-er, For a
3. There is ho - ly joy in heav-en High-er, pur- er than the angels'; 'Tis the

yond the pearly gates the news has come Of a sin-ner now repenting, To the
wand'ring one is safe within the fold; For the Shepherd sought and found him, And the
Father's heart rejoicing in its love;" 'Tis the Saviour-Shepherd singing O'er the

gos - pel word consent-ing—Of a con-trite soul that seeks a bet- ter home.
arms of love are round him; Hear the mu-sic grandly ring from harps of gold.
lost one he is bringing, Bringing to the ev - er- last-ing home a - bove.

Chorus.

Joy, joy, joy, joy in heav'n, Souls are seeking now the liv- ing way; There is

joy, joy, joy. joy among the an-gels; Join their hallelujah songs to-day. to- day.

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No. 106. SOMETIME.

(MAY BE USED AS SOLO AND CHORUS.)

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A voice is heard in the dew - y dawn, And the call is sweet and low;
2. The day is near-ing the noon-tide glow, And the voice is heard a-gain,
3. The feet are treading the west-ern slope, And the air is grow-ing chill;

Come now, my child, to the Shepherd's fold, Where the living waters flow;
It calls the soul to a no- bler life, 'Tis a pa-tient, kind re-frain;
O, can it be God is wait-ing yet, That his voice is pleading still?

But the gay heart answers, in careless tones, As light as the morning chime,
Enter now the Master's broad harvest field, In the strength of your early prime,
That he'll flood with beauty the sunset sky, Bright rays from the Golden Clime?

"Let me live for the world just a lit- tle while. I will turn to God—sometime."
Come and bring to his work service good and true, Still the same reply—"sometime."
But the sinner, long-hardened, has turned away, With the fatal word—"sometime."

CHORUS.

Beware! beware! At the pearly gate God may answer your sometime, too late! too late!

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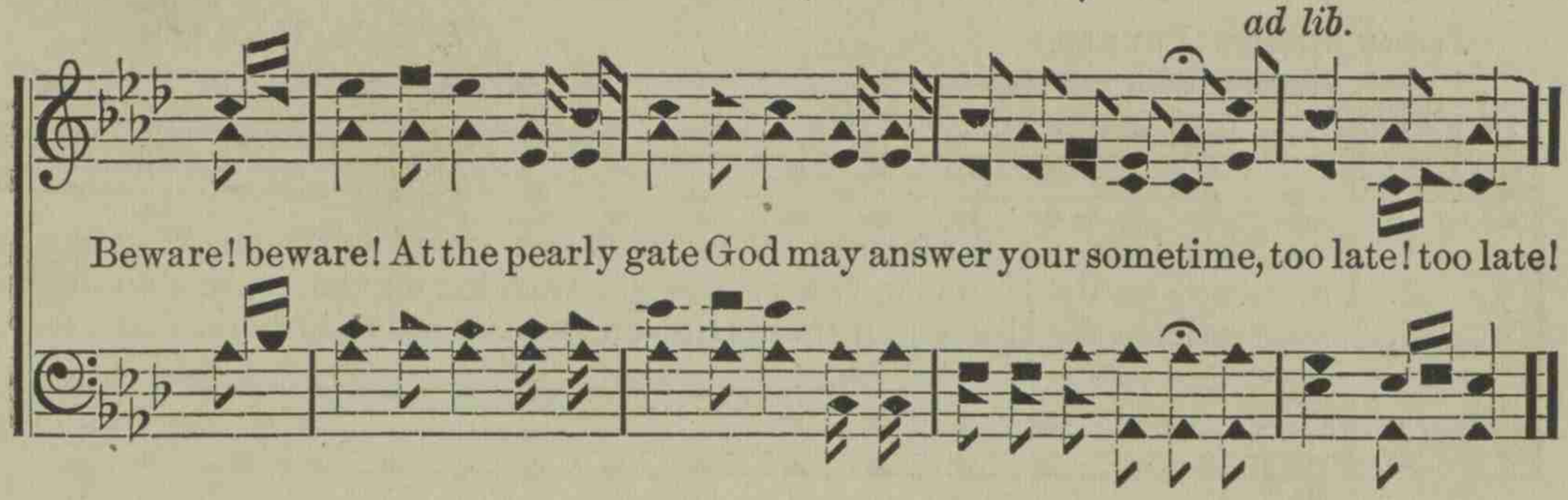
SOMETIME. (Concluded.)

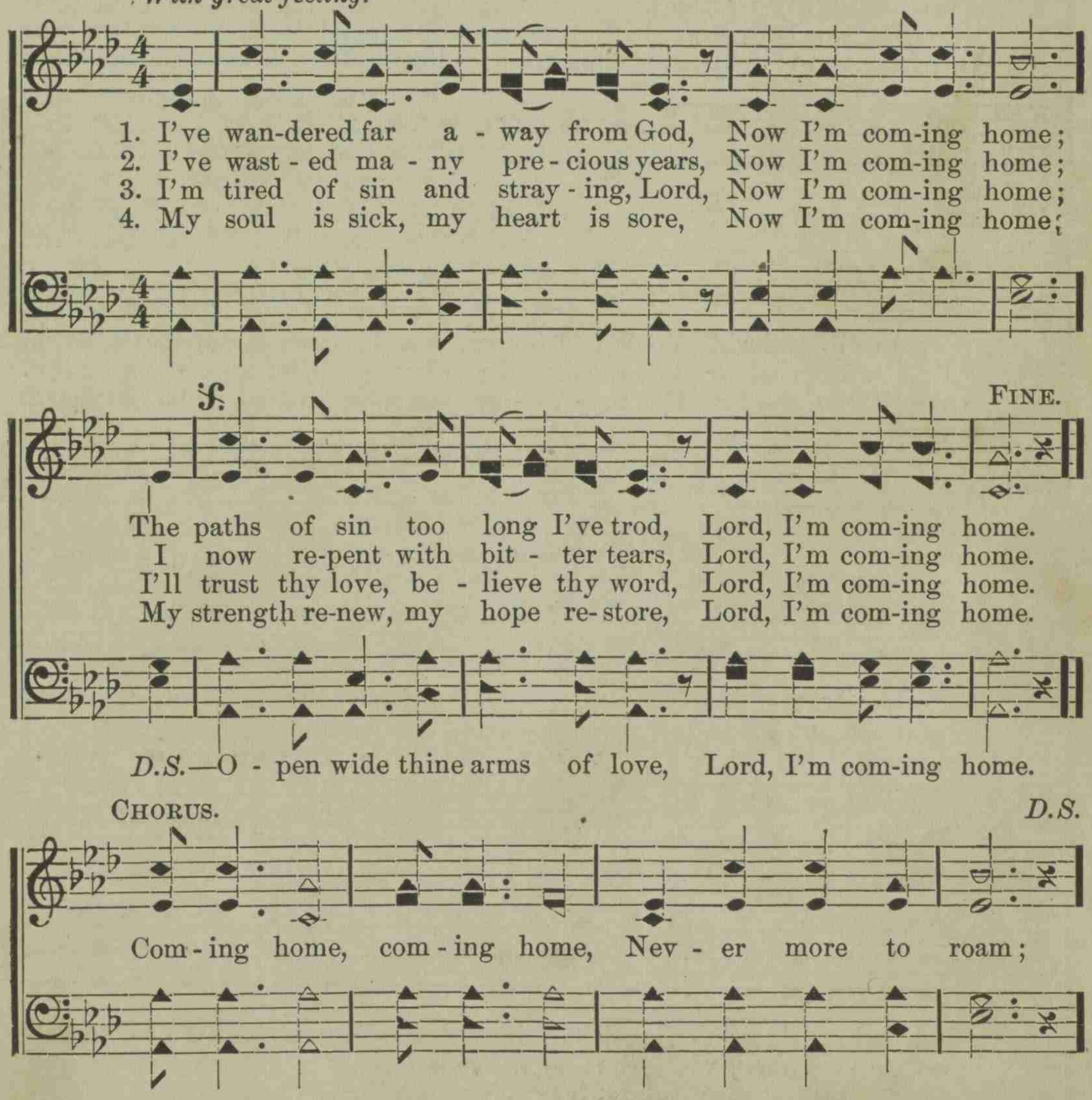


No. 107. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

(MAY BE USED AS SOLO AND CHORUS.)

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

With great feeling.



5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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No. 108. DRIFTING DOWN.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Slowly, with expression.

1. You are drift-ing far from shore, lean-ing on an i - dle oar, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; You are drifting with the tide, to the ocean wild and wide, You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
2. Lights up - on the Homeland shore give you warning o'er and o'er, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; Soon beyond the harbor bar will your boat be car-ried far, You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
3. Voic - es from the Homeland shore faint-er grow, as they implore, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; O, my brother, do not wait! heed them ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drift-ed, drift - ed down.

CHORUS. *rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.*

You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down To the dark and awful sea; You are drift - ing down From a Father's loving care,

You are drift-ing, slow - ly drift-ing, you are slow - ly drift- ing down You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing,

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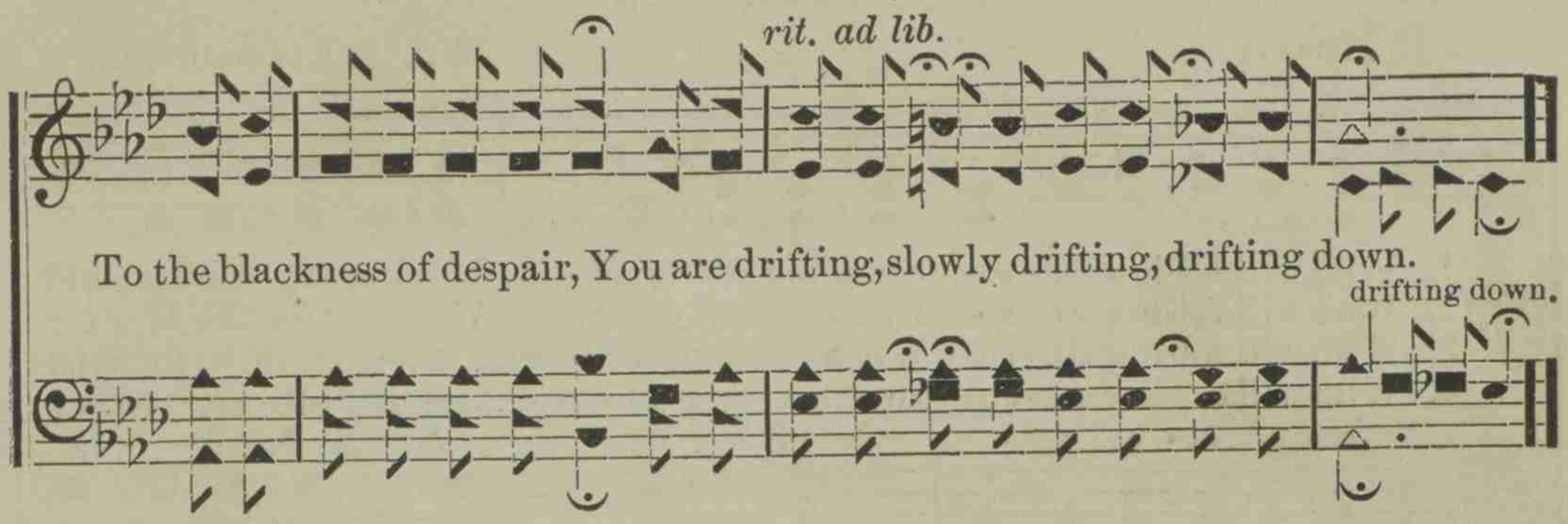
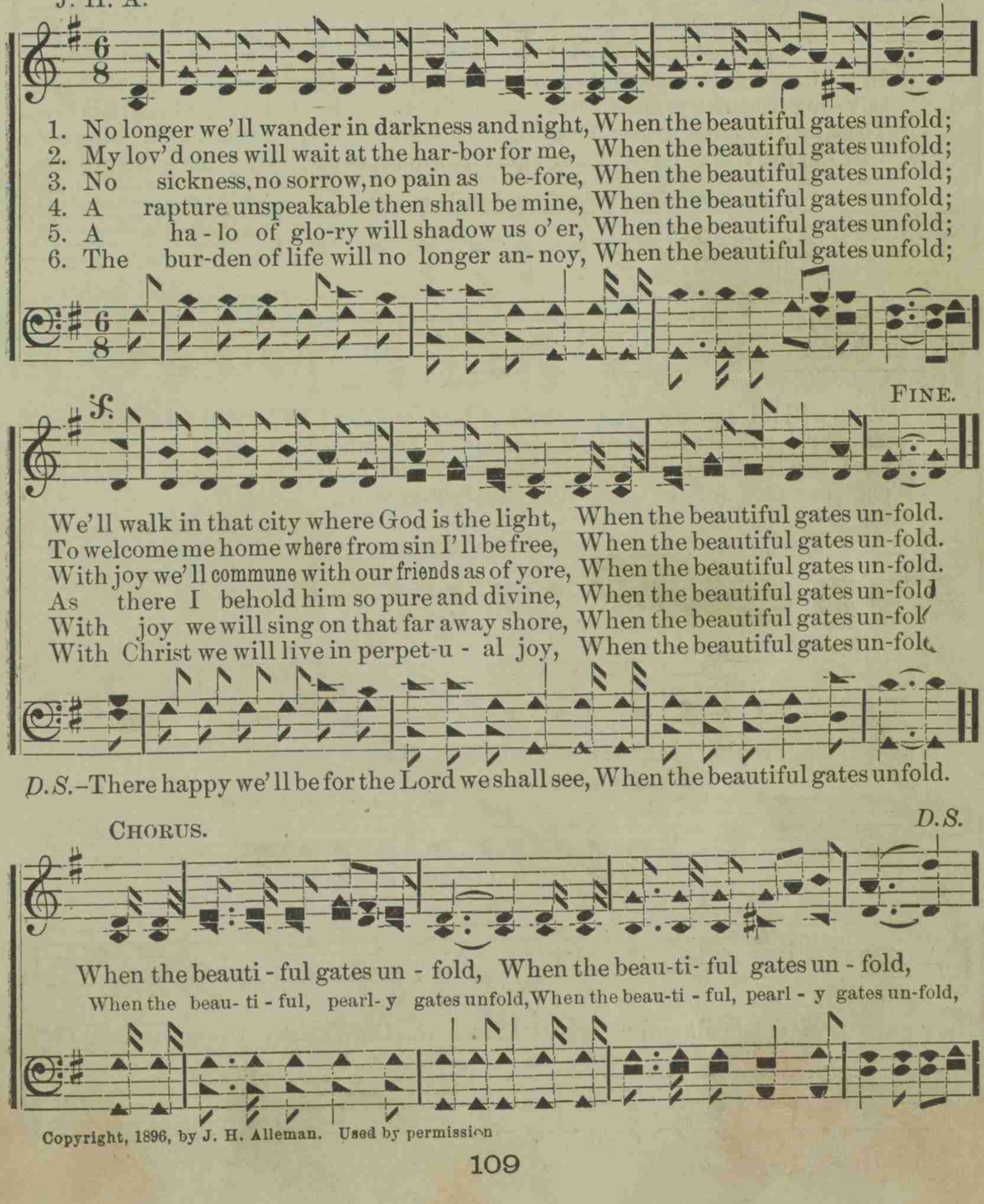
DRIFTING DOWN. (Concluded.)



No. 109. WHEN THE BEAUTIFUL GATES UNFOLD.

J. H. A. J. H. ALLEMAN.

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No. 110. WHO WILL FOLLOW JESUS?

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Who will fol-low Je - sus, Standing for the right, Holding up his ban-ner
2. Who will fol-low Je - sus In life's bus - y ways, Working for the Mas-ter
3. Who will fol-low Je - sus? When the tempter charms, Fleeing, then, for safety
4. Who will fol-low Je - sus In his work of love? Leading oth- ers to him,

In the thick-est fight? List'ning for his or - ders, Read-y to o - bey,
Giv - ing him the praise? Earn-est in his vine-yard, Hon- or - ing his laws,
To the Saviour's arms; Trusting in his mer - cy, Trusting in his pow'r,
Lift-ing pray'rs a-bove? Cour-age, faithful serv - ant; In his word we see,

Chorus.

Who will fol- low Je - sus, Serv-ing him to - day? Who will fol-low Je-sus?
Faith-ful to his coun-sel, Watchful for his cause?
Seek-ing fresh re-new - als Of his grace each hour.
On our side for - ev - er Will this Sav-iour be.

Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?" Who will follow

Je-sus? Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?"

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Sunday Nov 3 1907

No. 111. COME TO THE HOME-FOLD.

JENNIE WILSON. R. S. COWARD.

1. Come to the home-fold, prod-i-gal child, Come from the des-ert drear-y and wild; Like a good shep-herd, ten-der and true,
2. Wounded in path-ways thorn-y, un-blest, Come where the Sav-iour of-fers you rest; Stay not where tempests fierce on you beat,
3. Hun-ger-ing, thirst-ing. come where is spread Food in a-bun-dance, life-giv-ing bread; Drink from sal-va-tion's free-flowing tide,
4. Tho' you have wan-dered far out in sin, While mer-cy's of-fers slighted have been, Christ is still call-ing, call-ing you home,

CHORUS.

Je-sus is call-ing, sin-ner, for you. Come to the
Seek this dear shel-ter's sa-cred re-treat.
Drink, and for-ev-er be sat-is-fied.
List to his plead-ing, prod-i-gal, come.

home-fold, en-ter to-day, Je-sus in-vites you, do not de-lay;

rit ad lib.

Dangers are many where you now rove, Come to the home-fold, refuge of love.

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No. 112. KEEP ME NEAR THEE.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Je - sus ev - er keep me near thee, In this wea-ry world of sin;
2. In the con-flict with the tempt-er, Fierce be- set on ev -'ry side;
3. Thou whose feet once press' d the waters Of dark raging Gal - i - lee;

For thou knowest, mighty Sav - iour, What the coming years shall bring.
Help me, Lord, to claim the prom-ise To the faith-ful, true and tried.
On the waves of each af - flic - tion, Watching Saviour come to me.

When the storms of life o' ertake me, And their an- gry bil- lows roll;
"Un - to him that o - ver-com - eth I a crown of life will give;"
Keep me ev - er close be- side thee, Till I reach my home a - bove;

Thou whose voice once still' d the tempest, Speak peace to my trembling soul.
In thy strength, O conqu' ring Sav-iour, Help me ev - er thus to live.
There thro' countless, end-less a - ges, Ev - er-more to sing thy love.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Saviour, keep me near thee, Lest in sinful paths I roam;
Je - sus Sav - iour, keep me near thee, Lest in sin - ful paths I roam;

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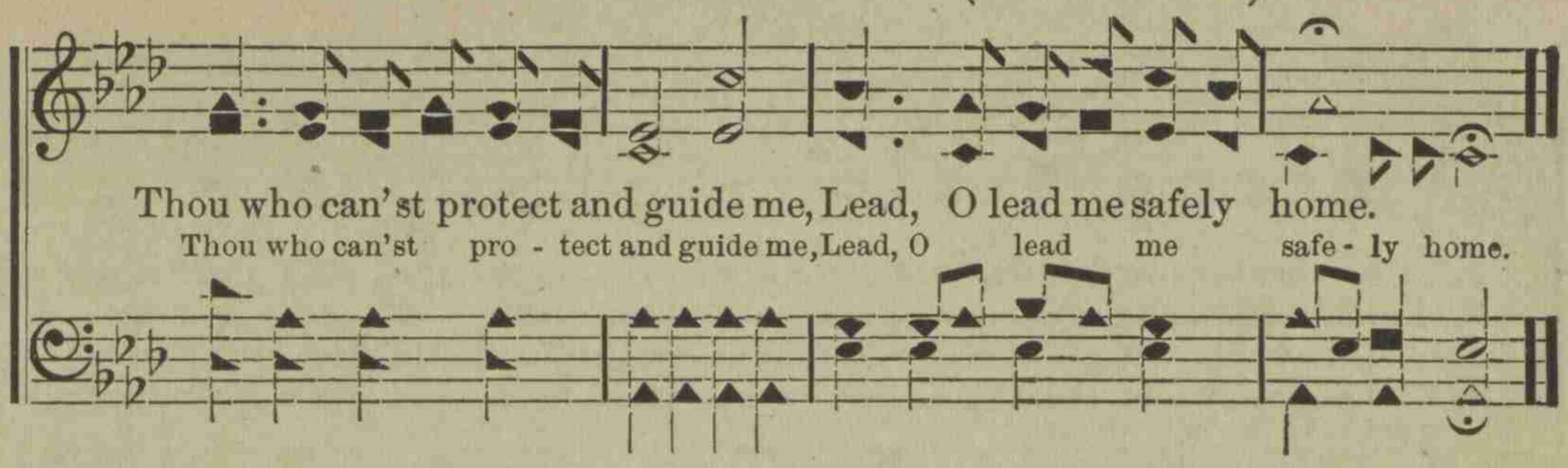
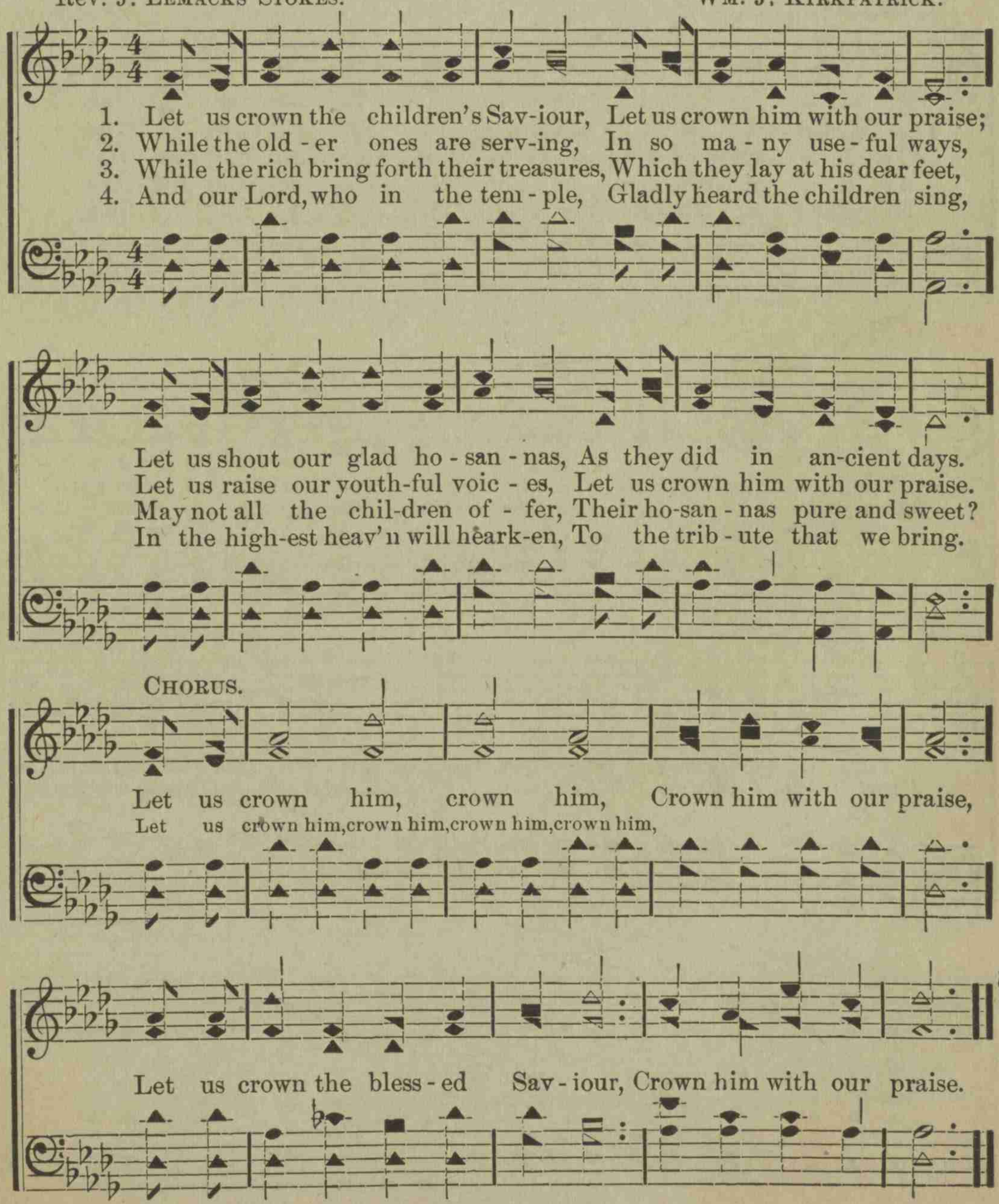
KEEP ME NEAR THEE. (Concluded.)

No. 113. LET US CROWN HIM.

Rev. J. Lemacks Stokes. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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No. 114.

COME UNTO ME.

(DUET.)

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.

1. O heart bowed down with sor - row! O eyes that long for sight!
2. Earth's fleet - ing gain and pleas - ure Can nev - er sat - is - fy:
3. Di - vin - est con - so - la - tion Doth Christ the Heal - er give;
4. His peace is like a riv - er, His love is like a song;

There's glad - ness in be - liev - ing; In Je - sus there is light.
'Tis love our joy doth meas - ure, For love can nev - er die.
Art thou in con - dem - na - tion? Re - pent, be - lieve and live.
His yoke's a bur - den nev - er; 'Tis eas - y all day long.

CHORUS.

"Come..... un- to me,..... all ye..... that la - bor
Come, O come, come un- to me, Come, O come, all ye that la - bor;

and..... are heav-y la - den, and I..... will give you rest.....
Come, O come, heav - y la - den souls, I..... will give you rest.

I will give you rest.....

Take my yoke up-on you, and learn..... of me;..... for
Come, O come, Come, take my yoke, Come, O come, come, learn of me;

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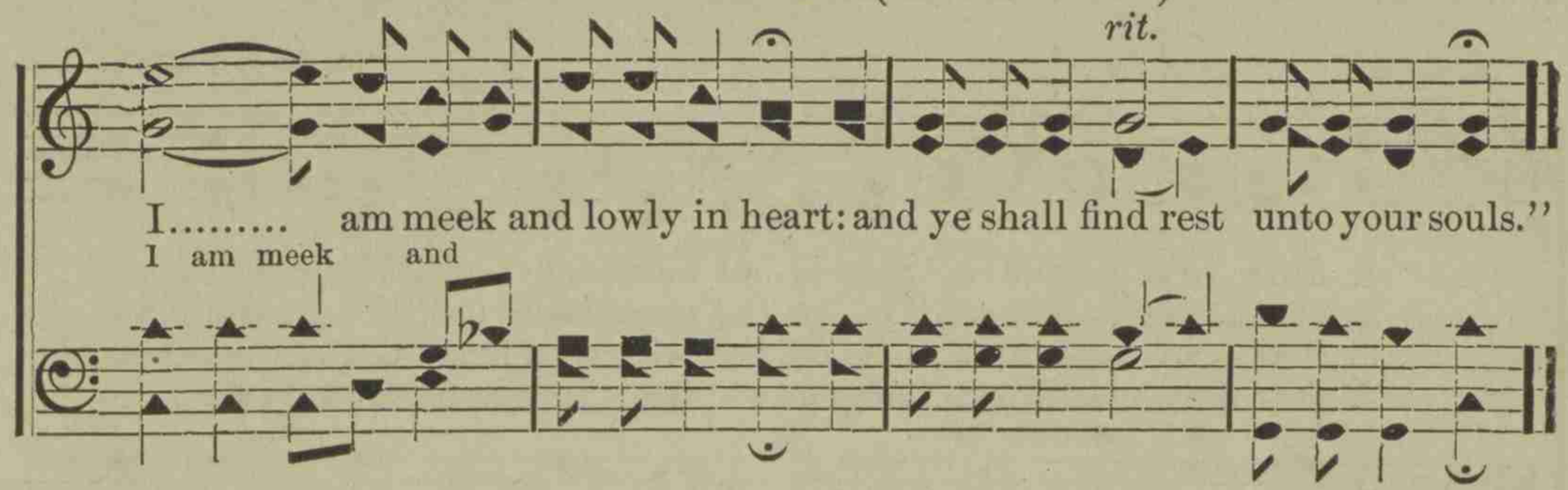
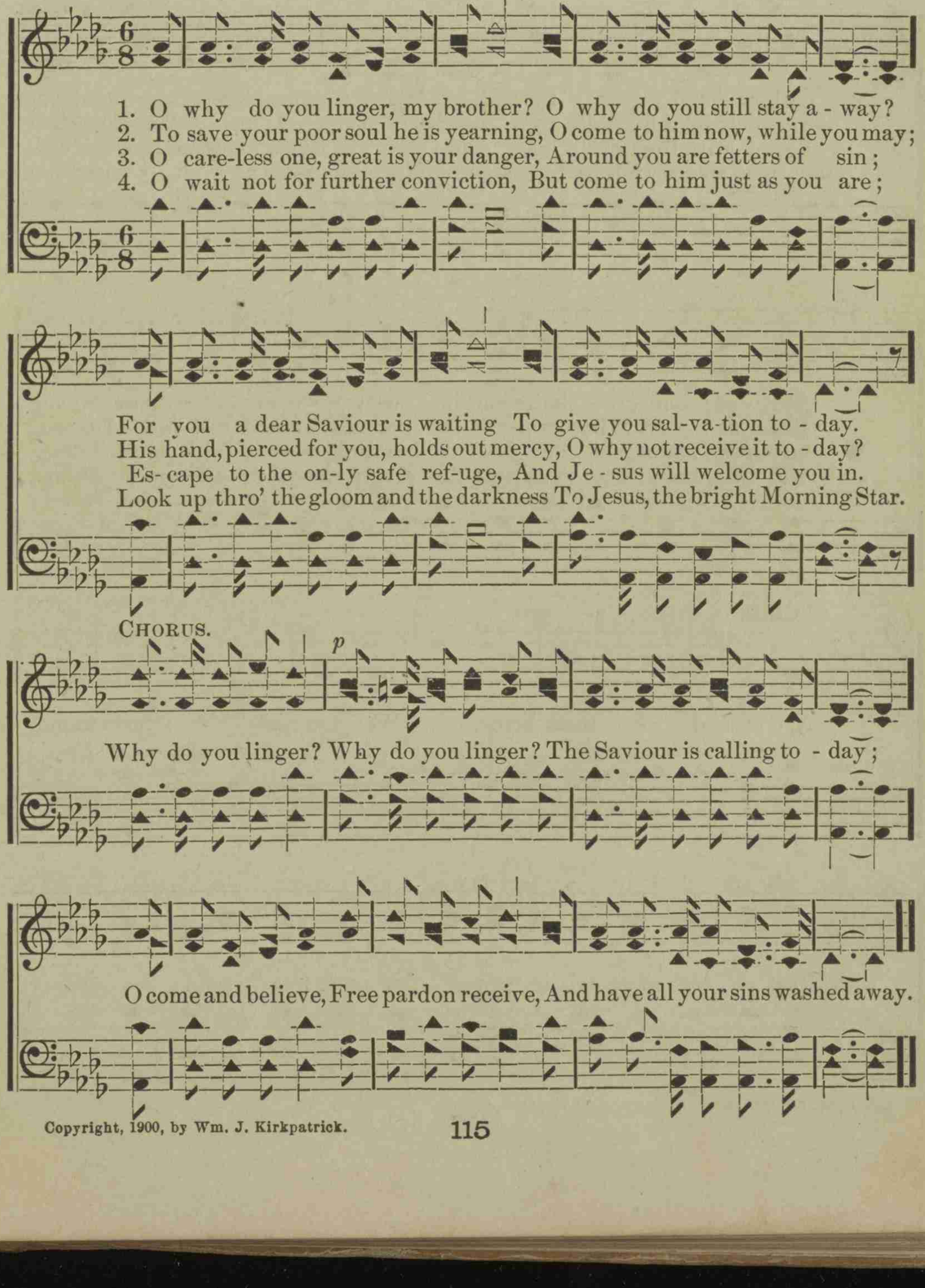
COME UNTO ME. (Concluded.)

No. 115. WHY DO YOU LINGER?

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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No. 116. WE ARE ALMOST HOME.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Just o - ver the o - cean is our home on high, Where we all will gath-er and rest by and by; We've a man- sion far a- bove the
2. Our house is all read- y in the prom-ised land, It was built and mod-eled by the Lord's own hand; He will lead us o-ver when this
3. The road has been wea-ry, and the way been long, But our hearts are cheer-y with the Lord's own song; See, the lights are gleaming o'er the
4. Our dear ones are watching as we near the shore, How we long to join them where we'll part never more; Thro' the gold- en cit - y with them

vault - ed dome, We shall soon be o - ver, we are al - most home.
life is o'er, Where beneath its por-tals we will rest ev - er-more.
o - cean foam, And our joy is beaming, we are al - most home.
we will roam, Don't you hear the singing? we are al - most home.

CHORUS.

We are al - most home, We are al - most home,
al - most home, al - most home, we are al - most home,

Just a few more tri- als, just a few more tears, Just a few more

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WE ARE ALMOST HOME. (Concluded.)

troubles, just a few more fears, Then we'll cast the anchor, never more to roam;

We will soon be o- ver, we are al-most home, we are al - most home.
al-most, almost home.

No. 117. LORD, FOR TO-MORROW AND ITS NEEDS.

"Just for To-day."

E. R. WILBERFORCE. H. R. PALMER.

1. Lord, for to morrow and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from
2. Let me no wrong or i- dle word Un-thinking say; Set thou a seal up -
3. And if, to-day, this life of mine Should ebb a-way, Give me thy Sac - ra -

stain of sin Just for to- day. Help me to la - bor earn- est - ly,
on my lips Thro' all to- day. Let me in sea- son, Lord, be grave,
ment Di-vine, Fa - ther, to- day. So for to - morrow and its needs,

cres. *ff* *rall.*

And du - ly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Fa-ther, to - day.
In sea-son gay; Let me be faithful to thy grace, Dear Lord, to-day.
I do not pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Thro' each to-day. AMEN.

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No. 118. HE WILL MEET ME AT THE PORTAL.

(DUET. SOPRANO AND ALTO, OR TENOR.)

IRVIN H. MACK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When the cares of life have ended And I cross the si-lent stream;
2. I shall know my blessed Saviour When he comes to greet me there,
3. O the joy of that glad meeting, Precious tho' t! it thrills me now,

As I reach the heav'nly por-tal And its glo-ries on me beam,
When he takes me to him gently, Bids me all those blessings share.
I shall hear him bid me welcome Feel his kiss up-on my brow.

I shall hear the song of welcome, As I sweep within the wall,
I shall hear his voice so tender And his kindly face shall see,
There I'll sing the songs of Zion, There with saints communion hold,

I shall see the Saviour coming And shall know his loving call.
I shall rest upon his bo-som, Praise him thro' e-ter-ni-ty.
There I'll shout glad hallelujahs, Safe with-in the heav'nly fold.

CHORUS.

He will meet me at the por-tal,..... He will
He will meet me, he will meet me, meet me at the por-tal, He will lead me,

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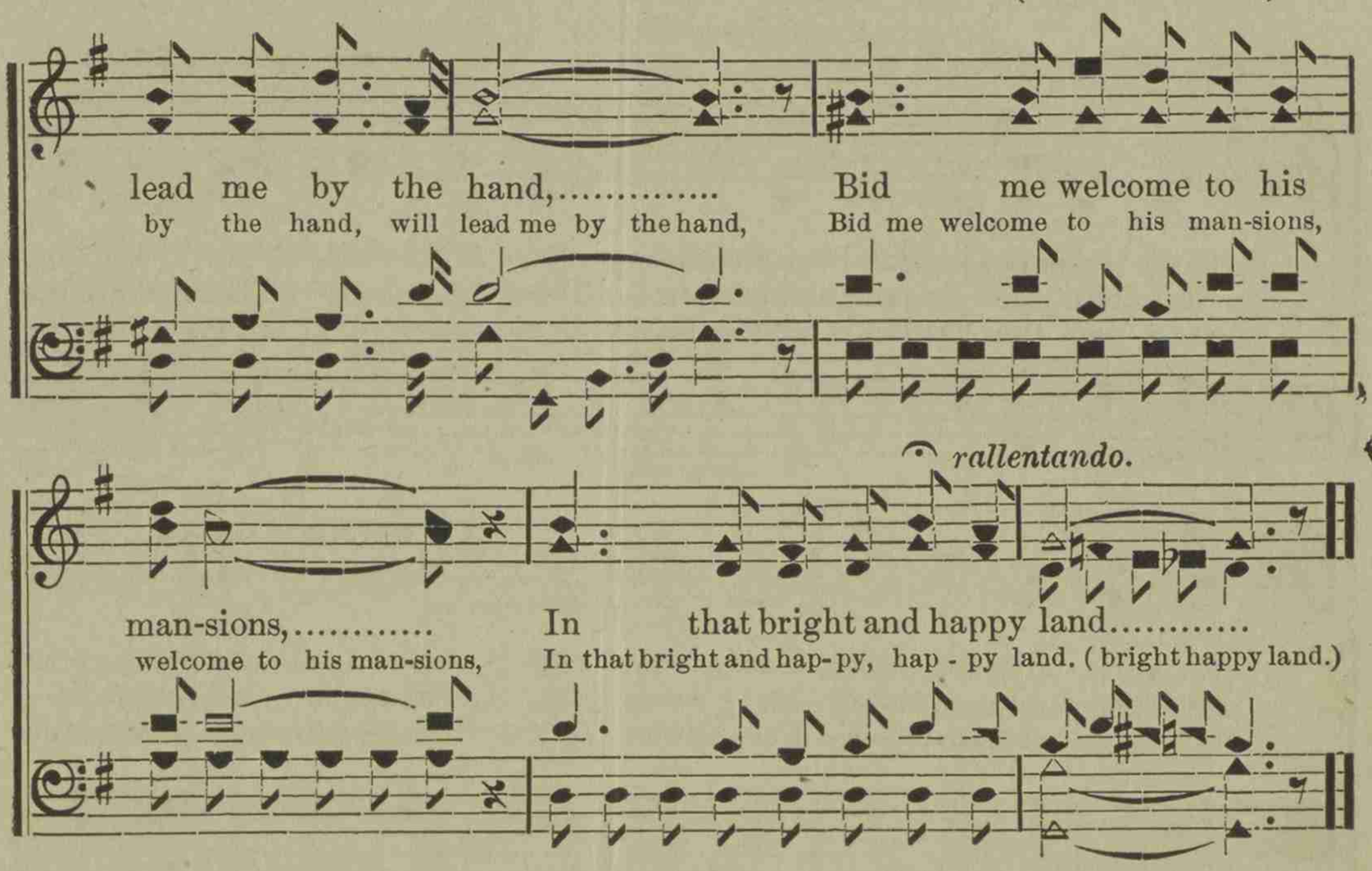
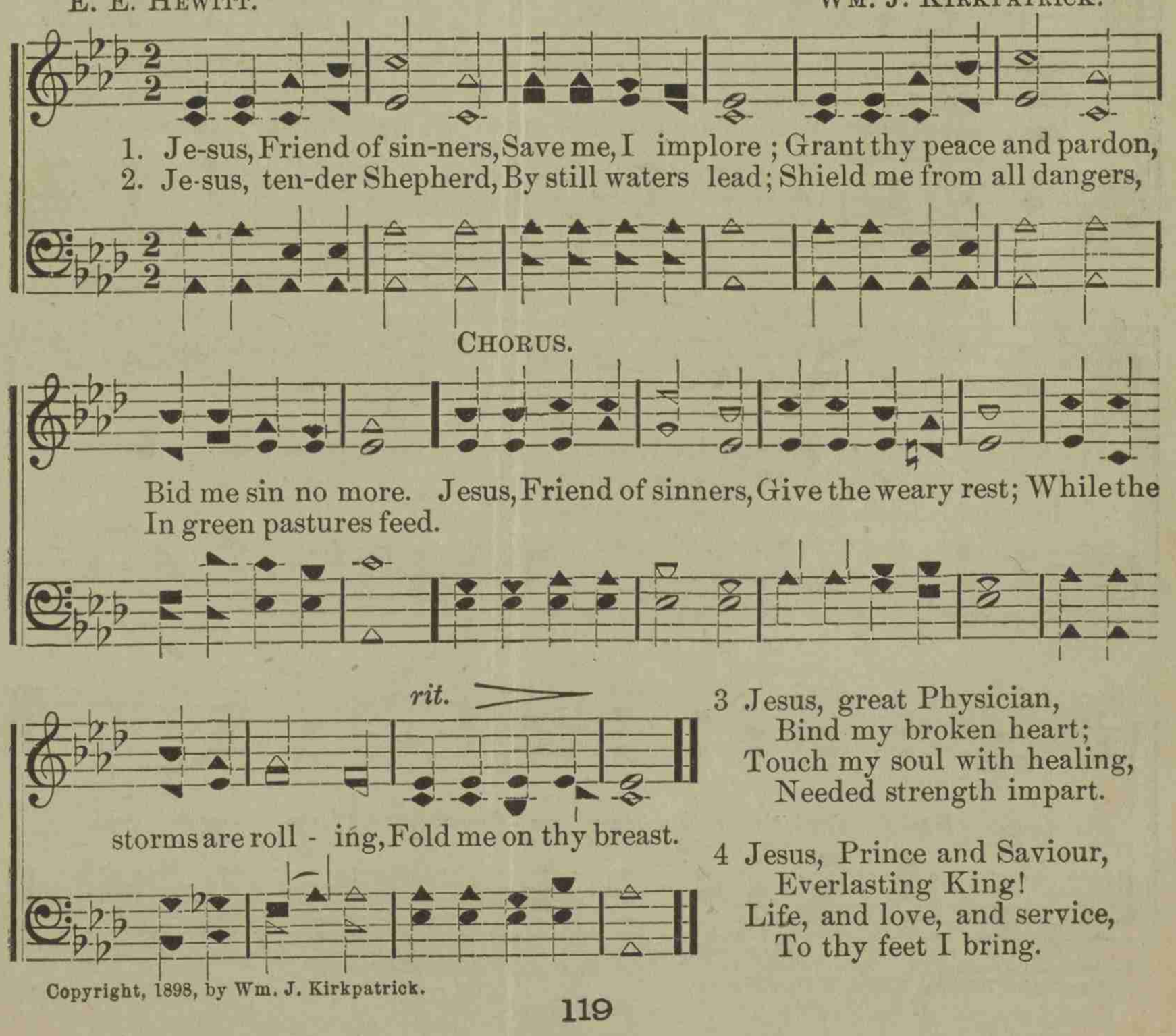
HE WILL MEET ME AT THE PORTAL. (Concluded.)

No. 119. FOLD ME TO THY BREAST.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



3 Jesus, great Physician,
Bind my broken heart;
Touch my soul with healing,
Needed strength impart.

4 Jesus, Prince and Saviour,
Everlasting King!
Life, and love, and service,
To thy feet I bring.

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No. 120. REST, SWEET REST.

Psalm 55 : 6.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hark! from the joy-land hear the song, Rest, sweet rest; Breath'd by a soft harp all day long, Rest, sweet rest. Out of the pearl-gates
2. Still from the joy-land breaks the sound, Rest, sweet rest; There where the life-tree fruits a-bound, Rest, sweet rest. Haste to the love-lit
3. Soon in the joy-land we shall know, Rest, sweet rest; Home where the blue waves mur-mur low, Rest, sweet rest. Rest where the spring-time

bright and fair, Borne on a sun-beam thro' the air, Song for the
skies a-way, Haste where the vine-leaves ne'er de-cay, Faith on her
buds are strewn, Rest where the dear ones all have flown, Rest where the

CHORUS. *With great expression.*

toil-worn ev-'ry-where, Rest, sweet rest. Rest, sweet rest, hal-lowed
light wings joins the lay, Rest, sweet rest.
lone heart finds its own, Rest, sweet rest.

rest, Song for the toil-worn ev-'ry-where, Rest, sweet rest.

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No. 121. OVER THE RIVER.

Col. 3. 4

L. H. EDMUNDS. Spanish Melody, arr.

1. O - ver the riv - er Hangs a cloud so dark and drear, Till Je - sus com-forts, Till his voice we hear; Then his smile, il - lum - ing,
2. O - ver the riv - er Loved ones pass from day to day; To realms im- mor - tal, Bear our hearts a - way; O the sweet re - un - ions,
3. O - ver the riv - er Bliss - ful chords of mu - sic float, O - ver the riv - er Sounds the harp's glad note; There, at home with Je - sus,

Floods the waves with gold - en light, Then a path of glo - ry
Just be - yond the si - lent tide! O the songs of wel - come,
End - less a - ges of de-light; There the shin - ing man-sions,

Slower. CHORUS.

O-pens to the sight. O - ver the riv - er, Sav-iour, close be -
On the oth - er side.
Robes of ra - diant white.

Ritard.

side us stand; O - ver the riv - er, To the heav'n-ly land.

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No. 122. THE BETTER LAND.

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

GURDON ROBINS, arr. DANIEL B. TOWNER.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In visions of enraptured thought,
2. A land up - on whose blissful shore There rests no shad-ow, falls no stain;
3. Its skies are not like earth-ly skies, With varying hues of shade and light;
4. There sweeps no des-o - lat - ing wind A - cross the calm, se - rene a - bode.

So bright that all which spreads between Is with its radiant glo - ries fraught.
There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet a - gain.
It hath no need of suns, to rise To dis - si-pate the gloom of night.
The wand'rer there a home may find With-in the par - a - dise of God.

CHORUS.

O land of love, of joy and light, Thy glo- ries
O land of love, of joy and light,

gild earth's darkest night; Thy tran-quil shore,
Thy glo-ries gild earth's darkest night Thy tranquil shore,
earth's darkest night;

we, too, shall see, When day shall break and shadows flee.
we, too, shall see, When day shall break

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No. 123. MEET ME IN THE CITY.

DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ten thousand times ten thousand in the city of our King, Wash' d in the blood
2. Be- hold a mighty army marching onward to the throne, Wash' d in the blood
3. When fears and doubts beset us, let us ring it out again, Wash' d in the blood
4. So shall our lives be given to the blessed Master's praise, Wash' d in the blood

of the Lamb; As they gaze up-on his beau-ty, ev - erlasting love they sing,
of the Lamb; Sweetly trusting their Redeemer, they are sav' d by grace alone,
of the Lamb; Soon array' d in spotless garments, in his kingdom we shall reign,
of the Lamb; 'Tis the sweetest note of triumph that his ransom' d people raise,

CHORUS.

Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. O, meet me in the cit- y of the

new Je- ru - salem, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; Meet me in the

cit - y of the new Je - ru - sa-lem, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

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No. 124. GATHERING OUT OF TEARS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Steer our bark a-way to the homeland, Spread the sails of hope o' er the sea;
2. Steer our bark a-way to the homeland, On without a fear let us go;
3. Bright and fair the hills of the homeland, Clad in all the bloom of the spring;
4. Soft the winds that blow from the homeland, Sweet the morn that breaks on the shore;

Think of all the friends that await us, When anchored safely there we shall be.
When the port of peace we are near-ing, The bless-ed harbor lights we shall know.
There to him who lov' d and redeemed us, Our joy-ful, joyful praise we will sing.
Soon we' ll meet again our belov'd ones, Where sorrow' s plaintive moan comes no more.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing out of tears in - to sun - shine, Gath-er-ing out of
la - bor in - to rest; Hear the ransom' d throng shouting
out of la - bor in - to rest;
forth their joy in song, Gathering to the mansions of the blest.
to the man-sions of the blest.

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No. 125. BEAUTIFUL LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Thro' the mists and tears Of the changing years, Rifts of golden light are shining;
2. From the jeweled dome Shines the light of home, Like a beacon broadly beaming;
3. Christ, the Lord of love, Is the light thereof, Filling heav'n with joys supernal;
4. As we homeward go From this vale below, We will sing the old, old sto - ry;

And we lift our eyes To the sun- lit skies, Heaven's glories half di-vin - ing.
It is brighter far Than the morning star, Or a vis- ion of our dreaming.
And he guides his own To the great white throne, Thro' his gift of life eternal.
And with heart and voice We will all rejoice, As we near the heights of glo-ry.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful gold - - - en light of home,..... Brighten our path..... where'er we roam,..... Filling our hearts..... with peace and love,..... Guid-ing our wand'ring feet to heav'n a - bove.

Beau - ti - ful gold - en light of home, clear light of home, Brighten our path where'er we roam, where'er we roam, Filling our hearts with peace and love, with peace and love,

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No. 126. JOY AND LIGHT.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. BARNBY.

1. Joy and light, joy and light, O- ver the crys - tal sea; Come, come,
2. Love and rest, love and rest, Car - ol in sil - ver tone; Glad songs,
3. Voice di-vine, voice di-vine, Speak and our souls shall hear; Sweet, sweet

soft and bright, O - ver the crys - tal sea. Come on your snow-y
pure and blest, Car - ol in sil - ver tone. Come from the fade-less
words are thine, Speak and our souls shall hear. Tell of a cloudless

pin-ions white, Come in the si - lent calm of night, Watch when the
flow'rs that grow, Come from the sparkling streams that flow, Come in the
re-gion fair, Tell of the ma- ny man-sions there, Speak to the

pale stars keep, Bring the troubled one, bring the weary one sleep.....
mid-night deep, Bring the troubled one, bring the weary one sleep.....
hearts that weep, Bring the troubled one, bring the weary one sleep.....

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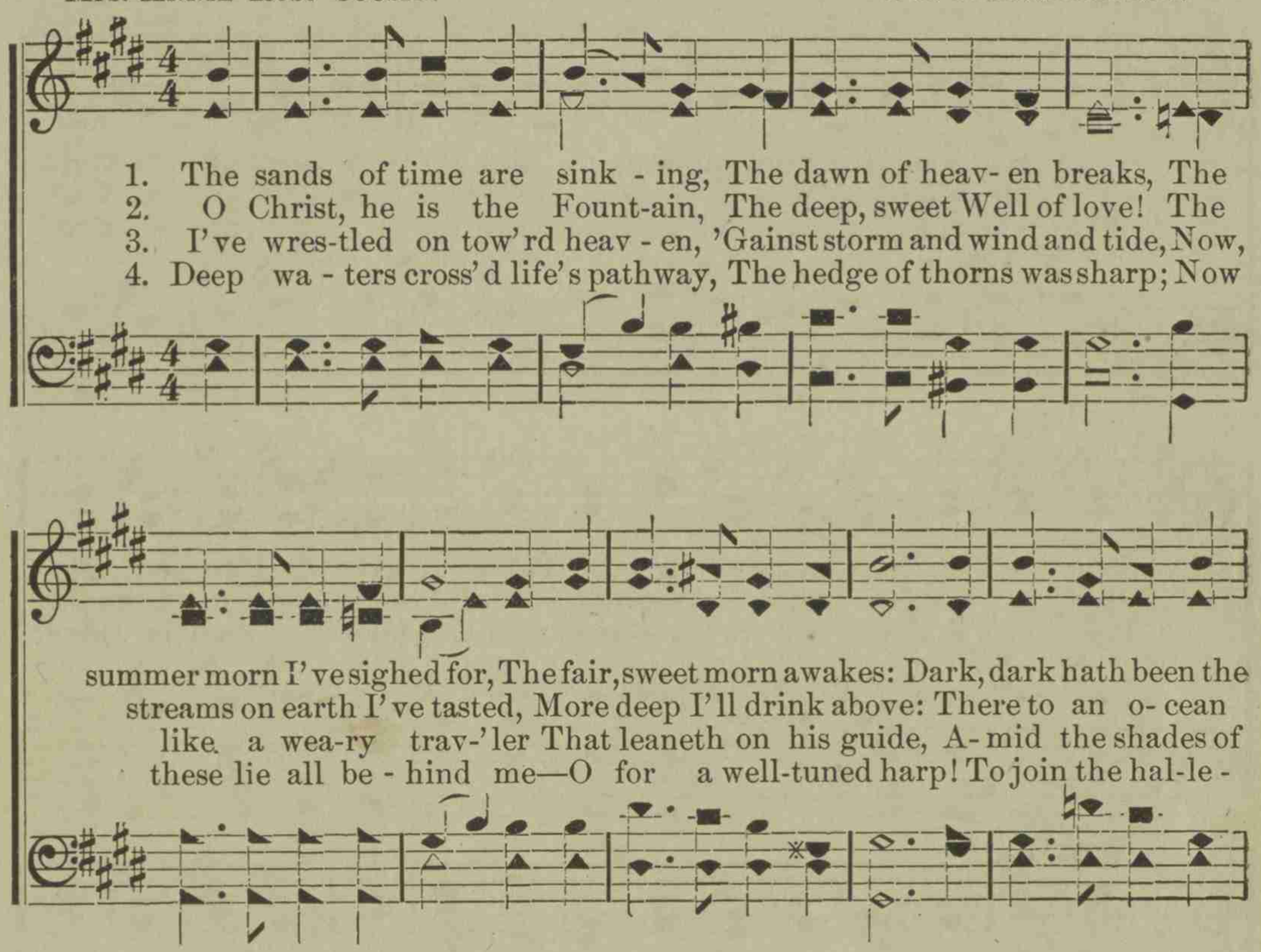
No. 127. IMMANUEL'S LAND.

Mrs. Annie Ross Cousin. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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No. 128. JOY IS COMING IN THE MORNING.

(DUET, TRIO AND CHORUS.)

JENNIE WILSON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tho' the soul grow faint and wea - ry 'Mid the sad - ness of the night,
2. Thro' the hours of bit - ter weep-ing, When thou seem-est all a - lone,
3. Thro' the time of pain and sor - row Trust the love and care di - vine,

Soon up - on the darkness drea - ry There will glow a bless - ed light;
God a ten - der watch is keep-ing, Ev - 'ry sigh to him is known;
Wait the ra - di - ant to - mor - row, Soon its bless - ing shall be thine;

And the glad - ness of that dawn-ing Will all tears of grief re - pay,
Aft - er all the anx-ious wak-ing, Aft - er all the fit - ful dreams,
God's un - ceas - ing guard is o'er thee, And the gloom will soon be gone,

Joy is com - ing in the morn-ing, When the shadows flee a - way.
Joy is com - ing with the break-ing Of the morning's gold - en beams.
Joy is com - ing with the glo - ry Of a ho - ly, cloud-less dawn.

CHORUS.

Joy is com - - - ing when the morn - ing Shall in

Joy is com-ing when the morn-ing Shall in splen-dor 'round thee shine, Joy is

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JOY IS COMING IN THE MORNING. (Concluded.)

splen - dor 'round thee shine; Joy is com - ing
coming when the morning Shall in splendor 'round thee shine; Joy is com-ing, joy is com-ing,

ritard.

in the morn - ing, Soul, have faith, no more re-pine.....
morn in splendor 'round thee shine no more re - pine.

No. 129. IS THERE ROOM FOR ME?

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Gently.

1. Sav- iour, in whose name I pray, Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way;
2. At the sprinkled mer - cy-seat Let me find ac - cept - ance sweet;
3. Ma - ny in thy life be- low, Sought thee, pressed by want or woe;
4. In that cit - y built on high, Far be - yond this change-ful sky,

Chorus.

At the cross of Cal-va-ry, Is there room for me? Is there room for me?
Thousands there for refuge flee; Is there room for me?
Many now are seeking thee; Is there room for me?
Loved ones now thy beauty see; Is there room for me?
for me?

Is there room for me? Saviour, on thy loving breast Let me sweetly rest.
for me? sweetly rest.

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H No. 2—P N--9

No. 130. NEVER ALONE.

E. E. HEWITT. J. C. H. and V. A. WHITE.

1. "Fear not, I am with thee;" Bless-ed golden ray, Like a star of
2. Ros - es fade a-round me, Lil - ies bloom and die, Earth-ly sunbeams
3. Steps un - seen be - fore me, Hid-den dangers near; Near - er still my

glo - ry, Light-ing up my way! Thro' the clouds of mid-night,
van - ish— Ra-diant still the sky! Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on,
Sav - iour, Whisp'ring, "be of cheer;" Joys, like birds of spring-time,

This bright promise shone, "I will nev - er leave thee, Nev - er will
Blooming for his own, Je - sus, heaven's sun-shine, Nev - er will
To my heart have flown, Sing-ing all so sweet - ly, "He will not

CHORUS.

leave thee a - lone." No, nev-er a - lone,.....
leave me a - lone.
leave thee a - lone." Nev - er a - lone, nev - er a - lone,

No, nev - er a - lone; He prom-ised nev - er to leave me,

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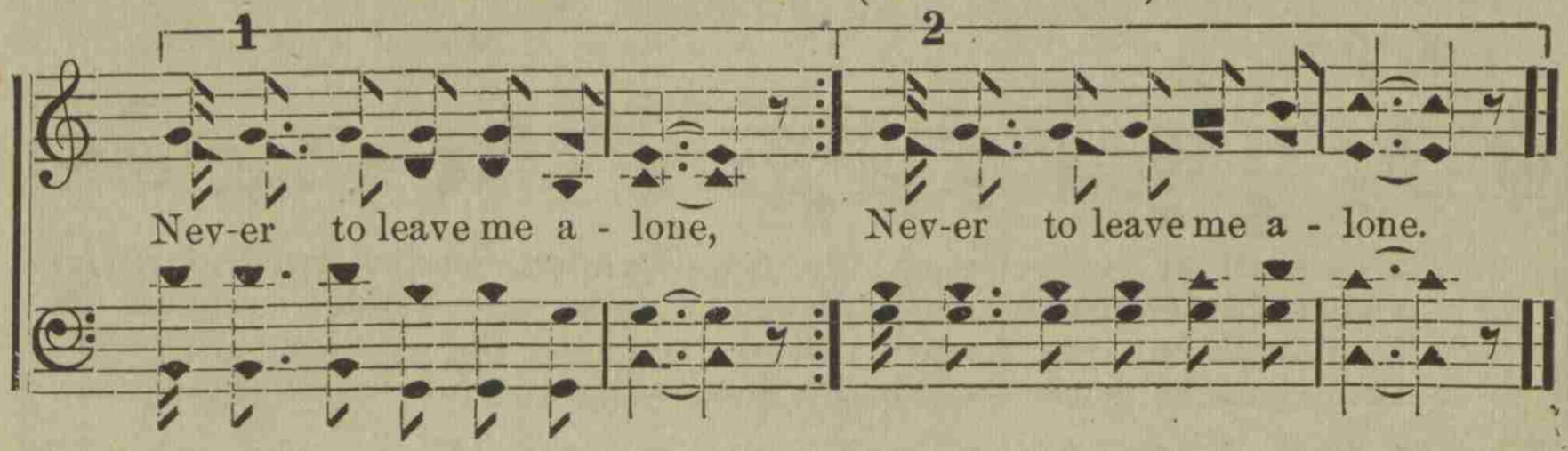
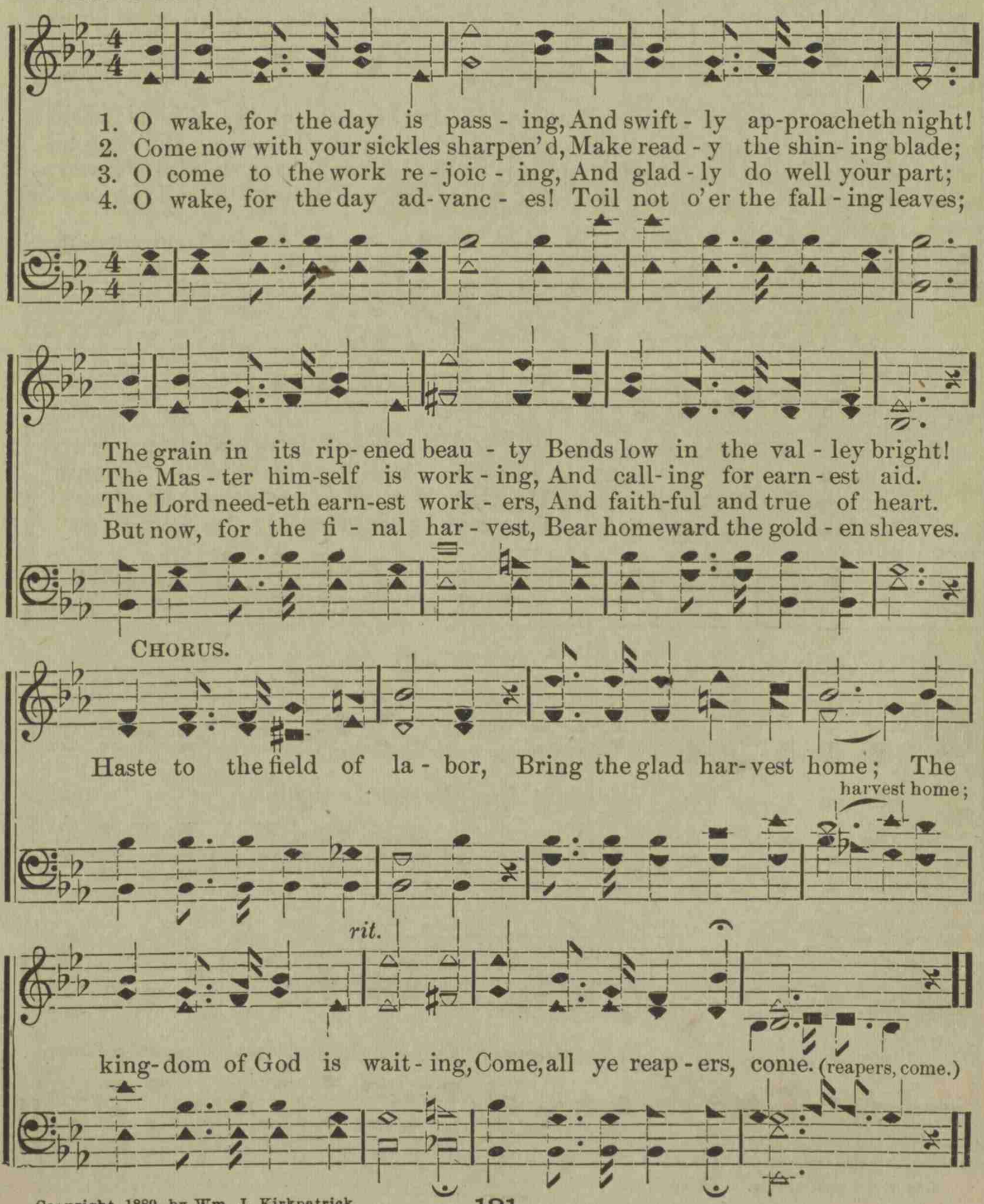
NEVER ALONE. (Concluded.)

No. 131. HASTE TO THE FIELD OF LABOR.

(HARVEST SONG.)

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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No. 132. THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. They shall be com- fort-ed; sor - row -ing heart, Soon ev-'ry cloud will for-
2. They shall be com- fort-ed; Je - sus says so. True and e - ter- nal his
3. They shall be com- fort-ed; yea, e - ven here, Blessed the mourner whom
4. They shall be com- fort-ed; rise, then, and shine, Shine in the beau-ty of

ev - er de-part: Joy, wondrous joy, in that beau-ti- ful day When God shall
promise we know; Gen-tle his smile, and how ten-der his voice, Bid-ding his
Je- sus shall cheer; Sunbeams of glo- ry thro' times fleeting show'rs, Heaven a -
love so di-vine; Let oth-ers find where the "still waters" flow, They may be

wipe ev -'ry tear-drop a - way, When God shall wipe ev'ry tear-drop a- way.
children in him to re-joice, Bid-ding his children in him to re-joice.
round us—this Saviour is ours! Heav-en a-round us—this Saviour is ours!
com-fort-ed; Je - sus says so. They may be com-fort- ed; Je- sus says so.

Chorus.

mf *p* *mf* *p*

Nev- er a sor-row, nev-er a fear, Nev-er a shadow, nev-er a tear;

They shall be comforted in that sweet day, When God shall wipe ev'ry tear-drop away.

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No. 133. WHEN THE SAINTS ARE MARCHING IN.

KATHERINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.

1. Thro' the shining gate, Where the an- gels wait, When the saints..... are
2. Part- ed friends shall meet On the golden street, When the saints..... are
3. Ev-'ry tongue and race Shall extol God's grace, When the saints..... are
4. "To the Lamb once slain, But who lives again," When the saints..... are

When the saints are

marching in; The redeemed shall come, And be crowned at home,
marching in; Spotless robes shall wear, Victor palms shall bear,
marching in; And the blood-washed throng Shall repeat the song,
marching in; We shall of- fer praise Thro' e- ter- nal days,

are marching in;

CHORUS.

When the saints..... are marching in. When the saints..... are marching

When the saints When the saints

in, When the saints..... are marching in; Joy-ful

are marching in, When the saints are marching in;

songs of salvation thro' the sky shall ring, When the saints are marching in.

When the saints marching in.

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No. 134. JESUS LEADS.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice."—John 10: 4.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.

1. Like a shep-herd, tender, true, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
2. All a-long life's rug-ged road Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
3. Thro' the sun-lit ways of life Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,

Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,

Dai-ly finds us pastures new, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
Till we reach yon blest a-bode, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
Thro' the war-rings and the strife Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;

Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,

If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
All the way be-fore, he's trod, And he now the flock precedes,
When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound-'ry line re-cedes,

If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,

rit.

He will watch them lest they stray, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads.
Safe in-to the fold of God Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads.
He will spread the waves a-side, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads.

Je-sus leads,

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No. 135. TAKE CARE OF ME.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Thou whose arm has been my stay, All a-long my pilgrim way;
2. Let me hold thy hand in mine, Let me hear thy voice di-vine;
3. On the wea-ry voyage of life, Thro' its toil, its care and strife,
4. Thou my hope, my life, my all, When the shades of evening fall,

Let my pray'r ascend to thee, Bless-ed Lord, take care of me.
Like a dove I fly to thee, Bless-ed Lord, take care of me.
O'er a dark and stormy sea, Bless-ed Lord, take care of me.
May thy staff my comfort be, Bless-ed Lord, take care of me.

CHORUS.

Blessed Lord, take care of me,..... Let thy love my shelter be.....
take care of me, my shelter be

Till I wake in heav'n with thee; Bless-ed Lord, take care of me.....
take care of me.
in heav'n with thee;

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No. 136. A LETTER FROM HOME.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Soprano and Alto in unison.

1. I've been reading a message so sweet and so won-derful, From our
2. And it tells of the beau-ti - ful cit - y of jasper walls, With its
3. And I read that while here in this world full of pain and woes I may
4. So I'm watching and waiting un - til he shall call for me, And the

Bass and Tenor in unison.

Fa - ther a - bove to his chil-dren be - low; And it tells me his
bright gates of pearl and its streets of pure gold; They've no need of the
cast up - on him ev' - ry bur-den and care, And my heart strangely
sound of his voice I am long-ing to hear; Then my spir - it shall

heart is still ten-der and mer- ci- ful, That his love not a shad-ow of
sun, for the shade of night never falls, And these mani-fold splendors I
warms when I feel that my Father knows; That his arms are around me, my
rise, ev - er - more with my Lord to be, And the word he has giv'n is my

changing can know. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious
soon shall be-hold. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious
tri - als to share. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious
comfort while here. O this letter from home, sweet letter from home, Precious

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A LETTER FROM HOME. (Concluded.)

rit..... CHORUS.

let-ter from "home, sweet home." Then let prais-es be giv'n to our

Fa-ther in heav'n, For his wonderful mes-sage from home;..... There is

"home, sweet home;"

naught in this world half so dear to my heart As this letter from "home, sweet home."

from "home, sweet home."

No. 137. WHATE'ER IT BE.

ELTA M. LEWIS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I take my por-tion from thy hand, And do not seek to un - der- stand;
2. When darkness doth thy face obscure, And ma-ny sor- rows I en - dure,
3. When tender joys to me are known, I ren-der thanks to thee a - lone;
4. Thus calmly do I face my lot, Accept it, Lord, and doubt thee not;

CHO.—Whate'er it be! whate'er it be! I do not fear, whate'er it be;

D. C. Chorus.

For I am blind, while thou dost see, Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
I think of Christ's Gethsem-a - ne; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
I know my cup is filled by thee; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
Lo! all things work for good to me; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.

Thy love di - vine sus-tain - eth me, Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.

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No. 138. THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

(MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO AND CHORUS.)

B. B. Arr. by W. J. K. Com. Ballington Booth.

1. The cross that he gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs his grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed his crown for me,
3. The light of his love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walking in his sight,

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes his face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than he drank in Gethsem-a-ne.
The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

The cross is not great-er than his grace, The storm can-not

hide his bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with

Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

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No. 139. FOLLOW IN HIS STEPS.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Christ Je - sus is the Life, the Way, Fol - low in his steps,
2. His bless-ings on us he will strew, Fol - low in his steps,
3. He'll fill our souls with per - fect love, Fol - low in his steps,
4. Un - til this earth-ly life shall end, Fol - low in his steps,
5. And when death's si- lent vale we tread, Fol - low in his steps,

fol - low in his steps; Each mo - ment as we watch and pray,
fol - low in his steps; If we would be a bless - ing too,
fol - low in his steps; To reach our home in heav'n a - bove,
fol - low in his steps; The years that in this world we spend,
fol - low in his steps; If we the shad - ows would not dread,

CHORUS.

Fol-low in the steps of Je - sus. Let us fol - - low,
Fol - low his steps,
fol - low, Follow in the steps of Je - sus; In the day or in the night,
fol-low in his steps,
In the dark or in the light, Let us follow in the steps of Je - sus.

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No. 140. GIVE THANKS AND SING.

(SOLO OR UNISON.)

E. E. HEWITT. J. FAURE.

1. Give thanks and sing unto the Lord our God; Sweep, sweep the harp in notes of
2. Give thanks and sing; he made the day and night; Sunbeams of joy that brightly
3. Give thanks and sing, his wondrous deeds recount; Let lips and lives unceasing

p e cres.

sweet de-vo-tion; Tell of his grace and spread his name abroad,
spark-le 'round us; Hopes like the stars, to shed their golden light,
prais-es ren-der; On wings of love, our souls shall heav'nward mount,

ff

Great are his works in sky and air and o-cean.
Till some glad morn. his mer-cy shall have crowned us.
Till on our view, shall break the Cit-y's splen-dor.

cres. *ff*

FULL CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord! give thanks and sing; Tell of his love to ev-'ry

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GIVE THANKS AND SING. (Concluded.)

Praise ye the Lord, give thanks and sing,
land and na - tion, Ho - san - na! Praise ye the Lord,
Praise him for - ev - er, who bringeth sal - va - - tion.

No. 141. BLESS THE LORD, MY SOUL.

E. A. Barnes. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Friend who died for thee; And bless him
2. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Rock in which we hide; And bless him
3. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Hope so sure and sweet; And bless him
4. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Guide in days to come; And bless him

Chorus.

for the saving grace, That is so full and free. Bless the Lord, my soul;
for the sense of peace, Amid the surging tide.
for the lov-ing call To worship at his feet.
for the crown of life In thy e - ter - nal home.

Bless the Lord,

Bless the Lord, my soul; And all that is with-in me, Bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord,

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No. 142. STILL SWEETER EVERY DAY.

W. C. MARTIN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. To Je-sus ev-'ry day I find my heart is closer drawn; He's fairer than the glo-ry of the gold and purple dawn; He's all my fan-cy pictured in its
2. His glo-ry broke up-on me when I saw him from a-far; He's fairer than the lil-y, bright-er than the morning star; He fills and sat-is-fies my longing
3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but he comes with sweet relief; He folds me to his bosom when I droop with blighting grief; I love the Christ who all my burdens

fairest dreams, and more; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day before.
spir-it o'er and o'er; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day before.
in his bod-y bore; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day before.

CHORUS.

The half..... can-not be fan-cied, this side..... the gold-en shore;
The half can-not be fan-cied on this side the gold-en shore, The half can-not be fan-cied on this side the gold-en shore; O

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STILL SWEETER EVERY DAY. (Concluded.)

there..... he'll be still sweet - er than he ev-er was be - fore.
there he'll be far sweet-er than he ev - er was be-fore, than he ev- er was be - fore.

No. 143. WE SHALL WALK THE REALMS OF GLORY.

EMMA PITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We shall walk the realms of glo - ry, Where e - ter - nal beauty reigns,
2. We shall walk the realms of glo - ry, With the blood-wash'd, mighty throng,
3. We shall walk the realms of glo - ry, And by Je - sus' side sit down;
4. We shall walk the realms of glo - ry, Where no tears can ev - er come,

There with ser-aph hosts unnumbered, Join the grand im-mor-tal strains.
We shall join the an - gel harpers In their ev - er-last-ing song.
Clad no more in robes of sorrow, We shall wear a fade-less crown.
Where the sun - light is not need-ed, In that sweet e - ter-nal home.

CHORUS.

We shall walk the realms of glo-ry, With the lov'd ones gone be - fore,

We shall sing the sweet old sto- ry, O - ver on the oth-er shore.

rit.

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No. 144. THE GOOD SHIP ZION.

L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O come, O come! for staunch and strong, The good ship Zion sails a - long;
2. Our chart will show when rocks are near, The polar-star is shin- ing clear;
3. Be-yond life's tossing, fit - ful sea, The ha- ven lies where we would be,

O come and join her hap-py crew, And trust the Cap-tain wise and true.
When billows seem to o-verwhelm We'll trust the Hand that holds the helm.
And soon, with rays of glo-ry bright, We'll hail the beacon's welcome light.

We bear his ban - ner float- ing from the mast, And hope thro' grace to
Then lift on high the ban - ner of the cross, The ship that bears it
The good ship Zi - on, tho' the breakers roar, Will safe - ly land us

reach our home at last; Then join with our number; we're bound to the land of
nev - er suf-fers loss; O- bey- ing his or - ders, tho' gales of temp-ta- tion
on the morning shore; Then o-ver the surg - es we sail to the port of

light; We'll keep our course right on - ward thro' the storm - y night.
come, The Cap - tain of sal - va - tion sure - ly guides us home.
peace, With joy we'll cast the an - chor when the voyage shall cease.

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THE GOOD SHIP ZION. (Concluded.)

CHORUS.

Sail - ing, sail - ing o - ver the sea of time, Sail - ing, sail - ing,
bound to the gold - en clime; Sail - ing, sail - ing o - ver the sea of
ritard.
time, And sweet - ly now, tho' tempests blow, We hear the homebells chime.

No. 145. JESUS, MY ALL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Scotch Air.

1. { Lord, at thy mer - cy-seat, Hum-bly I fall; / Pleading thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call. } Now let thy work begin,
2. { Tears of re-pent-ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; / Help thou my un - be-lief, Hear thou my call. } O how I pine for thee!
3. { Still at thy mer - cy-seat, Hum-bly I fall; / Pleading thy promise sweet, Heard is my call; } Faith wings my soul to thee;

O make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev' ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea, Je-sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
This all my hope shall be, Je-sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

No. 146. THAT HAPPY DAY.

(MAY BE USED AS SOLO AND CHORUS.)

D. J. E. D. J. EVANS.

Moderato.

1. O bless-ed thought of rest at last! Hap-py day, O hap-py day!
2. How sweet to us the rest will be, In that day, that hap-py day;
3. Yes, we will join the ho - ly band, In that day, that hap-py day,

When all our tri - als will be past, Hap-py day, O hap-py day.
When all our lov'd ones we shall see, Hap-py day, O hap-py day.
In sing-ing glo - ry to the Lamb, Hap-py day, O hap-py day.

When we will reach the Jor-dan shore, And Christ will guide us safely o'er,
Yes, we will meet our dear ones there, And all their glo - ry we shall share,
Though here we're toss'd from shore to shore, Our stormy griefs will soon be o'er,

Then earthly trou - bles come no more, Glorious day, O glorious day.
And star - ry crowns of gold we'll wear, Glorious day, O glorious day.
Thank God! in heav'n we'll part no more, Glorious day, O glorious day.

CHORUS.

We will sing, we will shout, we will praise his holy name, All the honor and the

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THAT HAPPY DAY. (Concluded.)

glo - ry to the Lamb that was slain, We will sing, we will shout, we will

praise his holy name, All the honor and the glo-ry to the Lamb that was slain.

No. 147. IN THE LORD IS OUR HOPE.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the Lord is our hope, On his word we are stayed, With its truth our de-
2. In the Lord is our trust, And his name we a - dore, For his kingdom shall
3. In the Lord is our strength, And we dread not our foes; We shall conquer thro'
4. In the Lord is our rest; O, the joy we shall see When his welcome we

CHORUS.

fense We shall not be dismayed. Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! O, ex -
stand When the world is no more.
grace, Though a host may oppose.
hear, And from toil we are free.

alt him a - gain! Hal-le - lu - jah in the high-est, Hal-le - lu - jah, a - men.

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No. 148. SEEKING LOST JEWELS.

Mrs. Mary B. Wingate. H. L. Gilmour.

1. I sought for a gold - en har - vest, I sought it from shore to shore;
2. The har-vest for which we're longing Are sheaves for that great, great day.
3. We're longing to bring to Je - sus Some service far-reach-ing, grand,

Re-turn-ing in doubt and sor - row, I found it lay close at my door;
The wonder-ful, pre- cious jew - els Are souls that are going a - stray.
He bids us to seek a - round us, The harvest is close to our hand.

I sought for a won- der- ful jew - el, I sought it far o - ver the strand,
The harvest is wait-ing our glean - ing To yield us the ripe, golden wheat,
To - day he is bid-ding us seek them, The sin-ful, the lowly and poor,

ritard. *ad lib.* FINE.

I found it at last in my path-way, 'Twas ly-ing there close to my hand.
The won-der-ful, wonder-ful jew - els Are ly - ing so close to our feet.
The won-der-ful, wonder-ful jew - els Are ly - ing so close to our door.

D.S.—The wonderful, wonder-ful jew - els, And lay them at thy blessed feet.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

O teach us, dear Lord of the har - vest, To gath-er the ripe, golden wheat,

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No. 149. GO GATHER THEM IN.

Luke 14 : 23.

A. F. M. A. F. Myers. By per.

1. Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly, bring in the lost ones, bring them in;
2. Faithful - ly, loy - al - ly, seek ev - 'ry wand'rer back to win;
3. Joy - ful - ly, cheer-ful - ly, wel - come the falt-'ring, help them in;

Pray'r-ful - ly, trust-ing - ly, lift up the fall - en from their sins.
Plead - ing - ly, pa-tient - ly, teach them the new life to be - gin.
Fer - vent - ly, long - ing - ly, lead them to Christ who saves from sin.

Chorus.

Go, gather them in from the fields of
Go gath-er them in, Go gath-er them in, from the fields of sin,

sin, Souls that are dy - - - ing,
from the fields of sin, Souls that are dy - ing, souls that are dy - ing,

bring them in, bring them in,
bring them, bring them in, bring them in, souls that are dying, bring them in, them in.

No. 150. WE'LL GIRDLE THE GLOBE.

V. A. DAKE. IDA M. DAKE.

1. Be- hold the hands.....stretch'd out for aid,..... Darken'd by
2. In hea- then lands..... they watch and wait,..... And sigh for
3. O, flash the news..... and shout the sound..... In dark - est
4. The watchfires burn..... both far and near,..... In ev - 'ry

1. Behold the hands stretch'd out for aid,

sin..... and sore dis - may'd;..... O will you to.....
help.....which comes too late,..... And grope in sin .....
lands..... the world a - round,..... Till all the earth.....
land..... let them ap - pear, ... Till kindling lines .....

Darken'd by sin and sore dismay'd; O will you to

rit.

their res - cue go,..... Lost wand'rers bound for end - less woe.
and na-ture's night..... For - ev - er vain - ly seek - ing light.
from pole to pole..... Shall full Sal - va - tion - ech - oes roll.
of gos - pel fire..... Shall gird the world and mount up high'r.

their res - cue go, Lost wan- d'rers bound for end - less woe.

CHORUS.

We'll gir - dle the globe with sal- va - tion, With ho - li - ness un - to the Lord,

And light shall illum-ine each na - tion, The light from the lamp of his word.

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No. 151. SEND THE GOSPEL LIGHT.

F. E. B. Matt. 4 : 16. F. E. Belden.

Moderato.

1. Hear the voic - es call- ing o'er the storm-y main ; "Send the light;
2. In our own fair coun-try there are homes of night; "Send the light;
3. Bring your shining treas-ure, lay it at the cross; "Send the light;

"Send the light ;

D. C.—Tell the man- ger sto - ry which the an - gels sing; "Send the light;

send the light;" There is life for sin-ners thro' the Lamb once slain;
send the light;" 'Tis the word of Je - sus gives the blind eyes sight;
send the light;" Find e - ter - nal rich- es for a mo-ment's loss;

send the light;"

send the light;" Preach a ris - en Sav-iour and a com - ing King;

Fine. Chorus.

"Send the light, send the light."..... Send the light a-cross the
"Send the light, send the light."..... Send the light to ev-'ry
"Send the light, send the light."..... Send the light the jew-els

"Send the light, the gos-pel light." Send the light a -

roll - ing tide, Bless - ed word,..... "Sal-va - tion free;" Let the
dark - ened home, Raise the sick..... and cheer the sad; Gath-er
must be found, This shall be..... our glad em-ploy; They shall

cross the roll-ing tide, Bless-ed word "Sal - va - tion free;"

D. C. Chorus.

name..... of Christ, the Cru - ci - fied, Light the world from sea to sea.....
in..... the homeless ones who roam, Let the poor be fed and clad.....
shine..... in King Immanuel's crown, We shall share his ho - ly joy.....

Let the name of Christ, the cru - ci- fied, Light the world from sea to sea.

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No. 152. IN HIS KEEPING.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. When the ear - ly morn-ing break - ing, Slum - ber from my eye-lids shak - ing, Come the bless - ed tho't with wak - ing, I am in his
2. Some - times dark clouds hang o'er me Not one step I see be - fore me; Still my Sav - iour, I a - dore thee, I am in his
3. Gen - tle e - ven-tide is near - ing, Light from heav - en dis - ap - pear - ing, Still the bless - ed tho't so cheer - ing, I am in his

keep - ing. Day ad - vanc - es, la - bor bring-ing, Care, her man - tle round me fling - ing, Yet midst all my soul keeps sing - ing, I am in his care.
keep - ing. I can trust his hand to guide me,' Neath his wings he'll safely hide me, And no harm can e'er be - tide me, I am in his care.
keep - ing. Now night's curtains gather round me, Yet its dan-gers have not found me, For his an - gel guards surround me, I am in his care.

Chorus.

I am in my Father's keep - ing, I am in his ten-der care.

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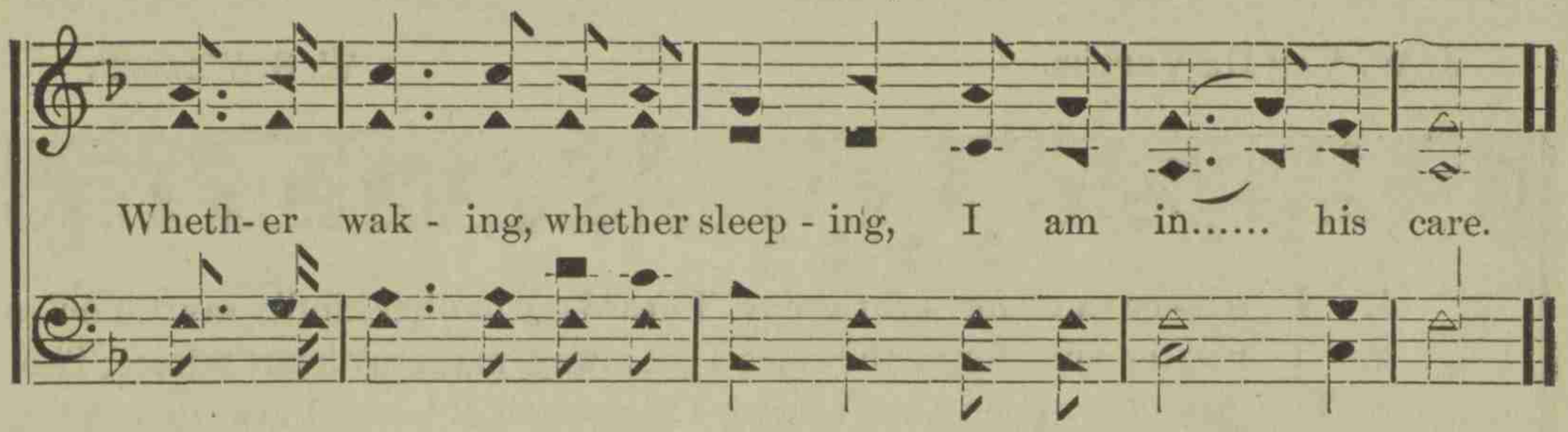
IN HIS KEEPING. (Concluded.)



No. 153. DO NOT CHASE AWAY THE SUNBEAMS.

BIRDIE BELL. W. J. KING.

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No. 154. MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. I nev- er can for- get the day I heard my mother kindly say, "You're leav-ing now my ten - der care; Remember, child, your mother's prayer."
2. I nev- er can forget the voice That always made my heart rejoice; Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re-mem-ber mother's prayer.
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't forget Those words of love—I hear them yet; I see her by the old arm chair, My mother dear, in humble prayer.
4. I nev- er can for-get the hour I felt the Saviour's cleansing power, My sin and guilt he cancelled there; 'Twas there he answered mother's prayer.

Chorus.

1, 2, & 3. Whene'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir- it near;
4. O praise the Lord for sav - ing grace! We'll meet up yonder face to face,

A voice comes floating on the air, Re- mind-ing me of mother's prayer.
The home a-bove to - geth-er share, In an-swer to my mother's prayer.

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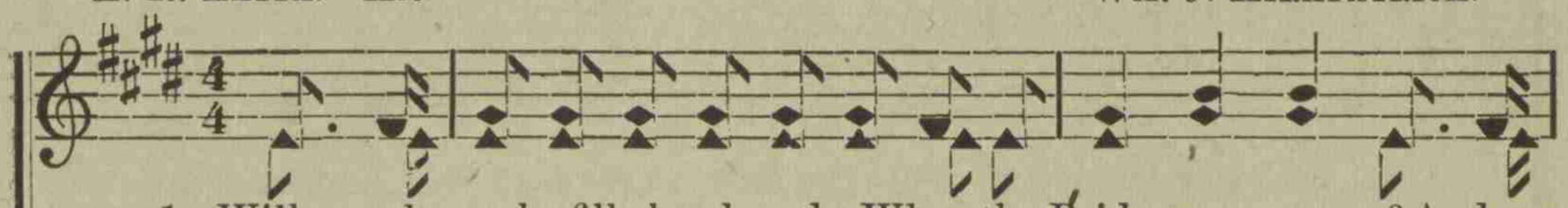
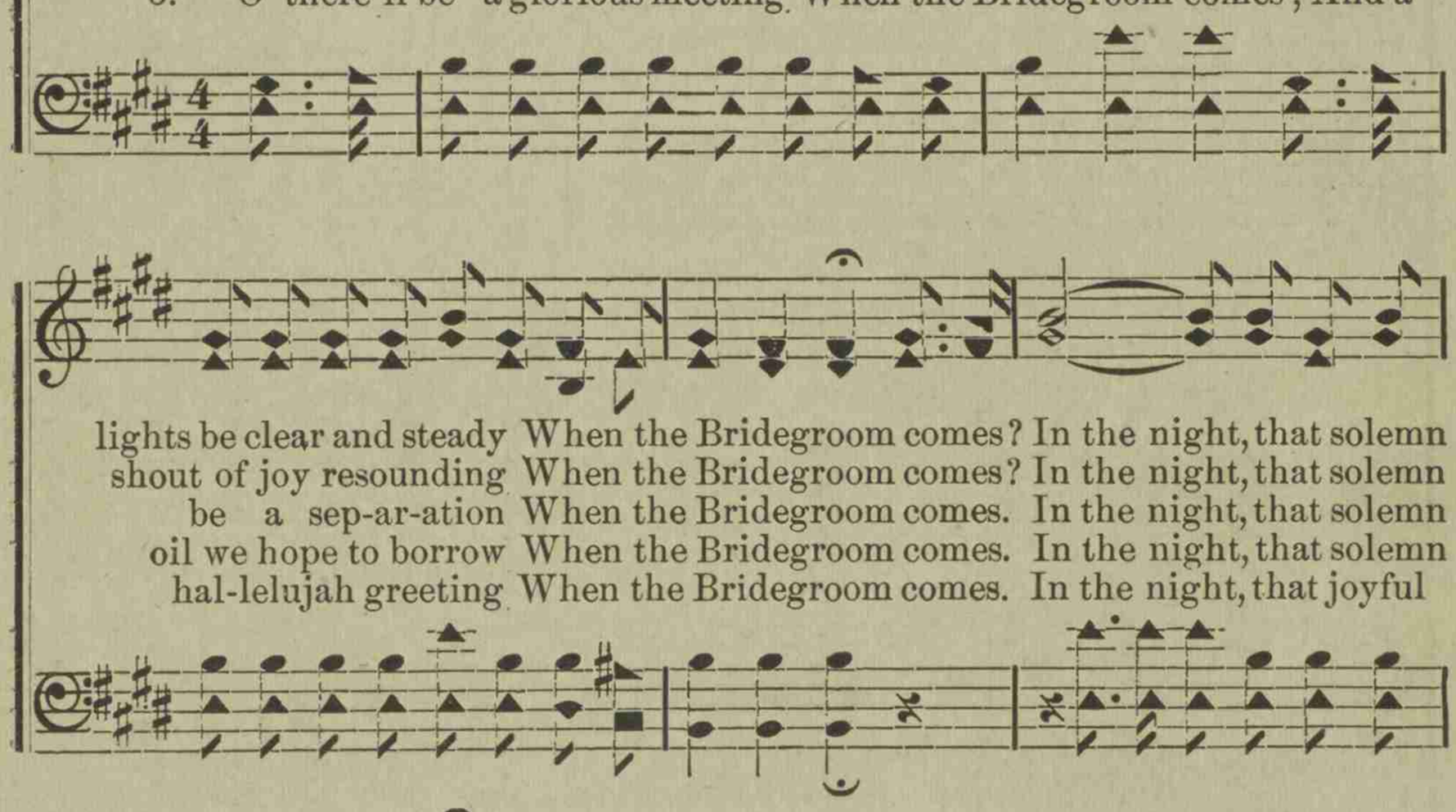
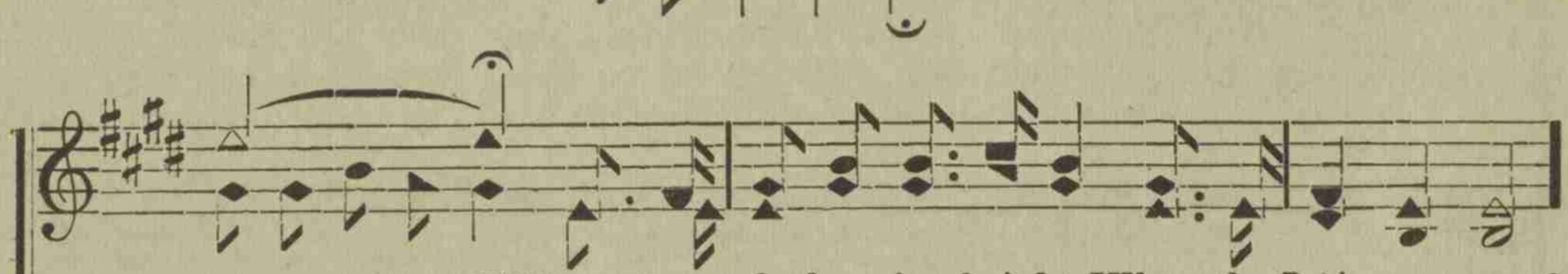
No. 155. WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM COMES.

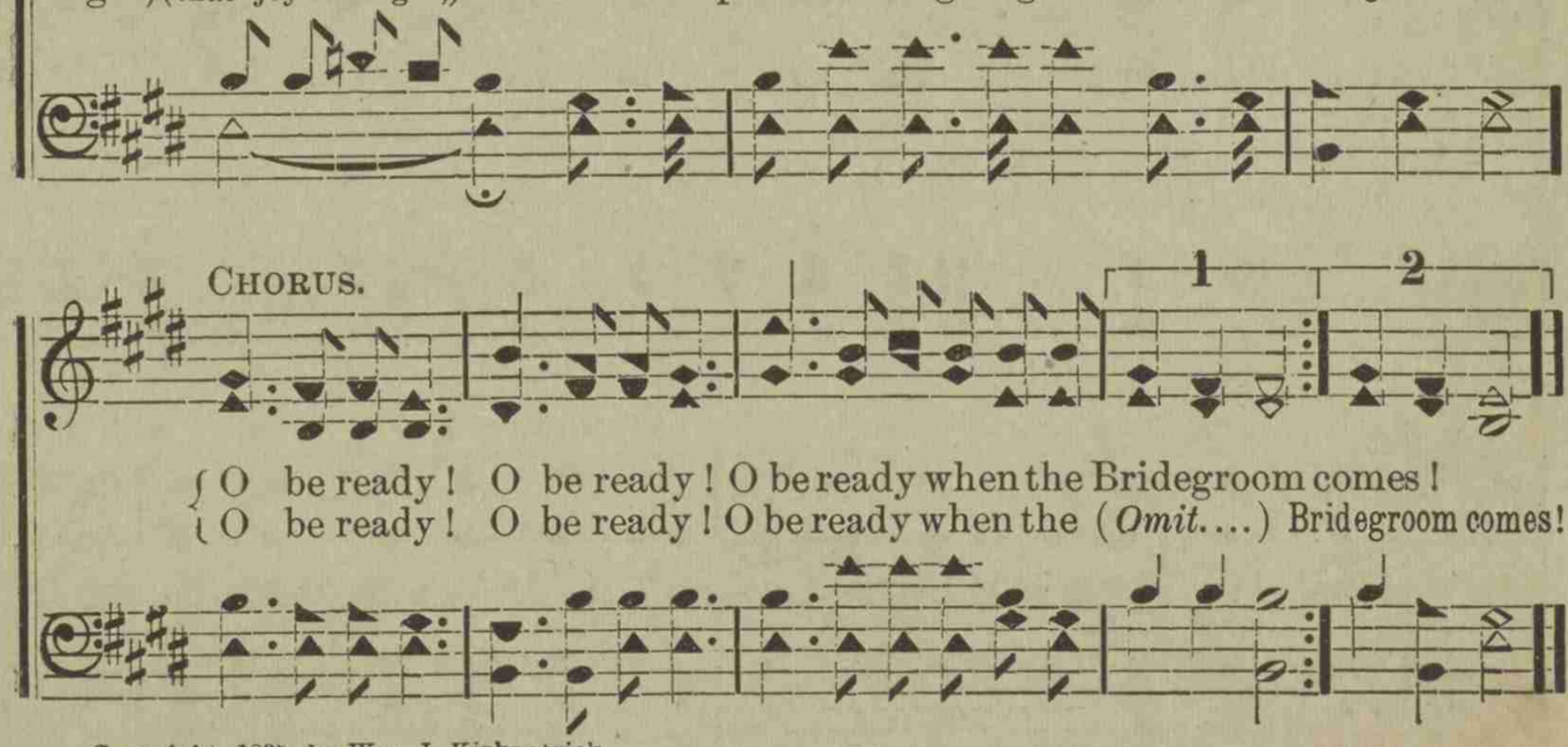
E. R. Latta. Alt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Will our lamps be filled and ready When the Bridegroom comes? And our
2. Shall we hear a welcome sounding When the Bridegroom comes? And a
3. Don't de - lay our prep-ar - a-tion Till the Bridegroom comes; Lest there
4. It may be a time of sorrow When the Bridegroom comes; If our
5. O there'll be a glorious meeting When the Bridegroom comes; And a



lights be clear and steady When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, that solemn
shout of joy resounding When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, that solemn
be a sep-ar-ation When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that solemn
oil we hope to borrow When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that solemn
hal-lelujah greeting When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that joyful



night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright When the Bridegroom comes?
night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright When the Bridegroom comes?
night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright When the Bridegroom comes?
night, (that solemn night,) Will our lamps be burning bright When the Bridegroom comes?
night, (that joy-ful night,) With our lamps all burning bright When the Bridegroom comes.



Chorus.

{ O be ready! O be ready! O be ready when the Bridegroom comes!
{ O be ready! O be ready! O be ready when the (*Omit....*) Bridegroom comes!

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No. 156.

LET US ARISE.

E. S. L.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. Do you slum - ber in your tent, Chris- tian sol - dier, While the
2. Can you sleep while homes are rent, Chris- tian sol - dier? Are not
3. Can you lin - ger in your tent, Chris- tian sol - dier? Sa - tan's
4. Let us rise in ho - ly wrath, Chris- tian sol - diers, Crush the

foe is spreading woe thro' the land? Do you note his ris - ing
heav- ens turned to hells by his pow'r? Mark you not the moth -er's
smil- ing o'er your i - dle de - lay; Thou-sands per - ish while you
e - vil 'neath the heel of our might! Count- ing cost no lon - ger

D.S.—Tho' our num- bers may be

pow'r Grow -ing bold - er ev - 'ry hour? Will he not our land de -
sigh? Hear you not the chil-dren's cry? See you not their loved ones.
wait, While you coun - sel and de-bate; Heed you not their aw - ful
wait; For- ward, man-hood of the State, For in God your strength is

few, God will lead us grand - ly thro', And our arms with strength en-

Fine. Chorus.

vour while you stand? Let us a - rise! all u- nite! Let us a -
die ev - 'ry hour?
fate as they stray?
great for the right!

due by his might.

D.S.

rise! in our might! Let us a - rise! speak for God and the right!

By permission

No. 157. MARCHING ON TO VICTORY.

Rev. JONATHAN DUNGAN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. With joyful songs we're marching on, True, faithful soldiers let us be;
2. Thy kingdom come, O Lord, we pray, The world from Satan's bondage free;
3. The gospel ban - ner soon shall wave O'er ev'ry land, on ev'ry sea;
4. Come, let us join the glad re-frain, That glorious day the world shall see;

A bet-ter day begins to dawn; We're marching on to vic-to - ry!
May truth and right soon win the day; We're marching on to vic-to - ry!
So onward press, ye true and brave; We're marching on to vic-to - ry!
Hosan-na! swell the joy-ful strain; We're marching on to vic-to - ry!

CHORUS.

We're marching on, ... we're marching on, ... We're marching on ..... to vic-to - ry; ..... A bet-ter day ..... begins to dawn; ..... We are marching, marching on to victo - ry! (to vic - to - ry!)

We're marching on to vic - to - ry, to vic - to-ry;

We are march-ing on ..... to vic - to - ry!

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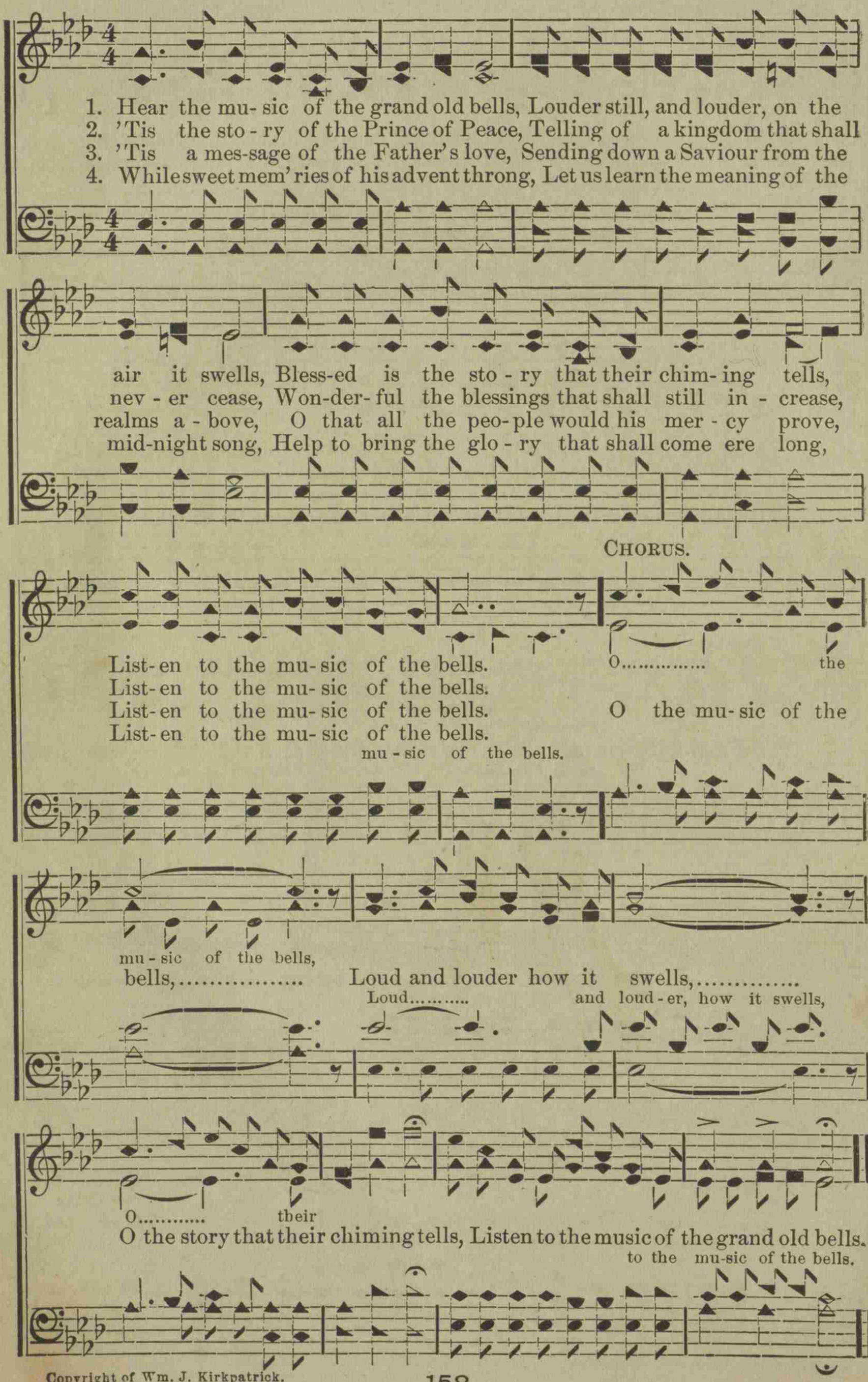
No. 158. HEAR THE MUSIC OF THE BELLS.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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No. 159. O BEAUTIFUL BETHLEHEM.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Allegretto, gracefully.

1. O beau - ti - ful Beth - le-hem, home of the Lord, What joy and what glo - ry were thine!
2. He chose for his cra - dle the arms of thy love, A man - ger his sa-cred a - bode!
3. The heart that receives him as Mas - ter and Lord Must low - ly and rev - er - ent be,
4. A light doth surround thee, O Beth - le-hem fair, Thou home of the Sav-iour di - vine!

Al-though there is bless- ing that reacheth to all,
The child who was born to re - deem us from sin,
And no - ble and worth-y, in pal - ace or stall,
That far o'er the world, in its ra - di-ance bright,

Chorus.

He crown'd thee with honor di - vine.
Im - man - u - el, Son of the Lord!
O Beth - le-hem, like un - to thee!
With glo - ry in-creas-ing doth shine.

O beau - ti - ful Beth-le- hem,
love- ly and fair, The joy of thy won-der-ful night Is thrill- ing our
hearts with its rap - ture to- day, With prais- es and songs of de - light.

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No. 160. FAITH IS THE VICTORY.

1 John 5: 4.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. He that be - liev - eth that Christ is the Son, Hav-ing pow'r o - ver
2. He that be - liev - eth a wit - ness shall be, Of the won - der-ful
3. He that be - liev - eth henceforth shall re-joice In the full-ness of

hell and the grave, Trust - ing in him as the In - fi - nite One,
grace in his soul; Sa - tan dis-may'd from his pres-ence shall flee,
mer - cy and love; God doth pro-claim him the child of his choice,

CHORUS.

Hath the faith that is a - ble to save. And this is the vic - to - ry,
When the Spir - it thro' faith doth control.
And an heir to the king-dom a-bove.

This is the vic - to - ry, This is the vic - to - ry that o - ver-comes the

world; Christ leadeth tri-umphant-ly From vic-to - ry to vic - to - ry;

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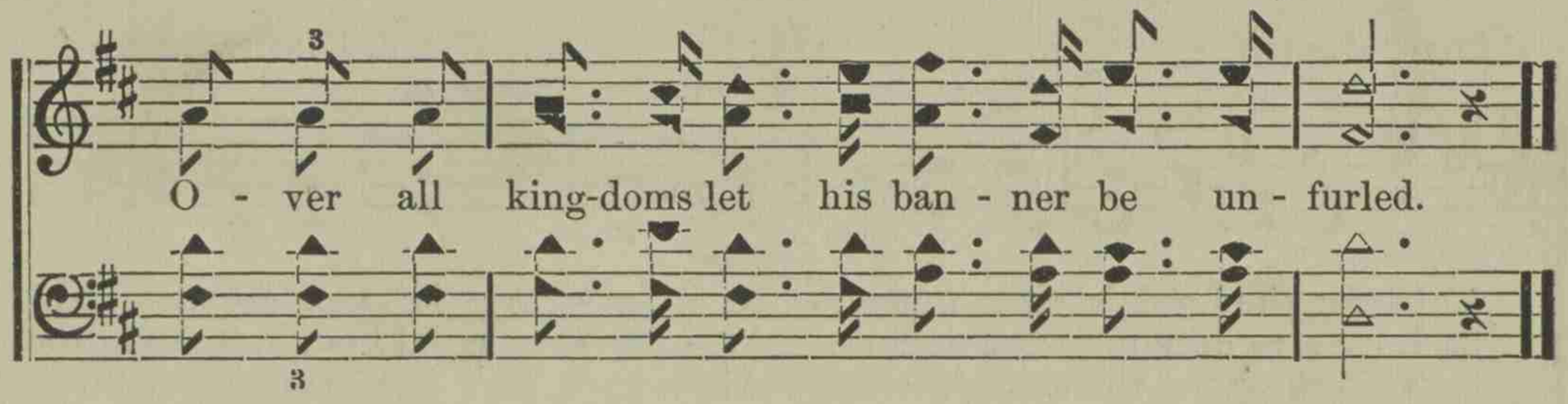
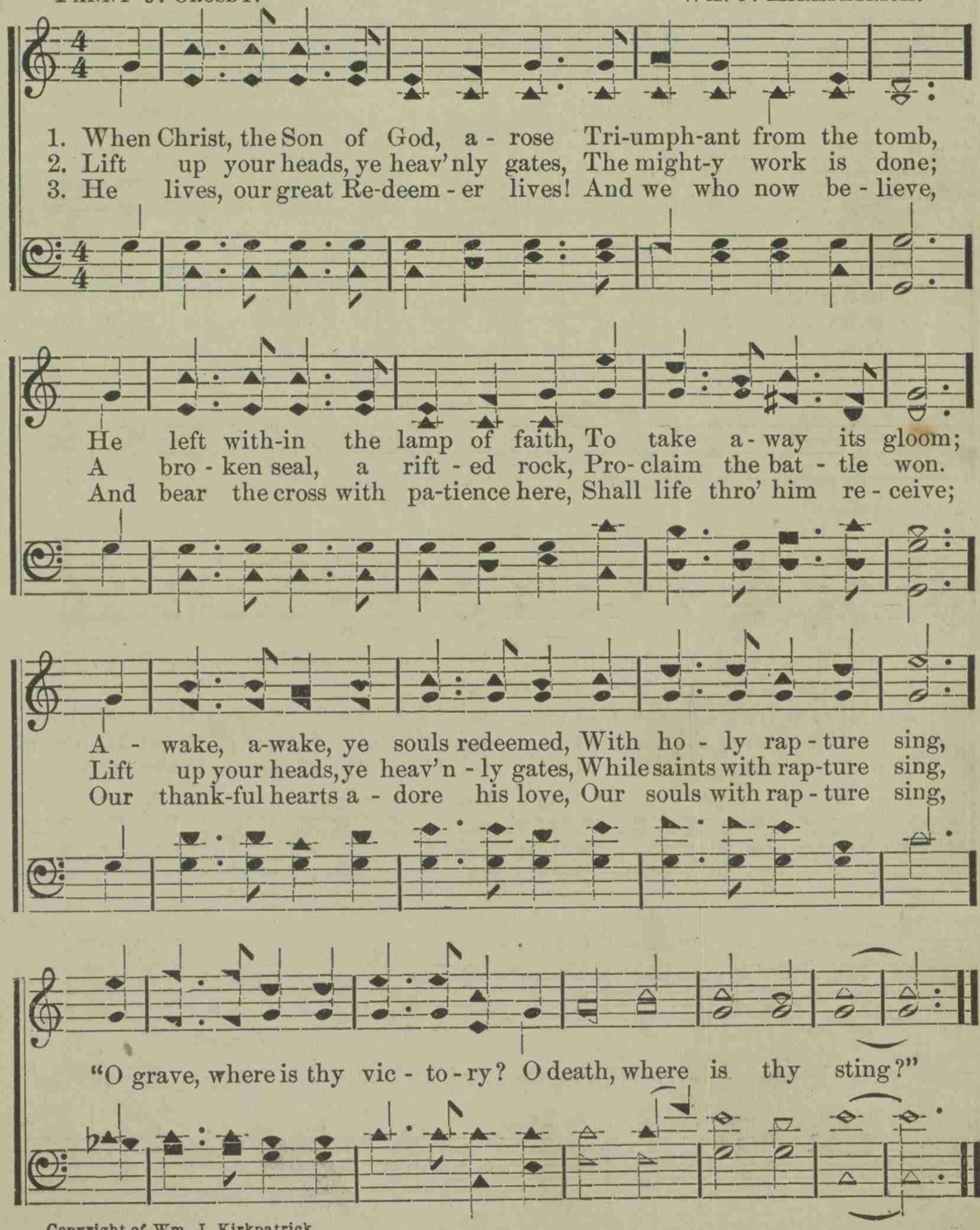

No. 161. WHERE IS THY STING?

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 162. RISEN TO-DAY.

CHAS. WESLEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, Al - le - lu - ia! Sons of men and
2. Love's re-deeming work is done,— Al - le - lu - ia! Fought the fight, the
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—Al - le - lu - ia! Christ has burst the
4. Lives a-gain our glorious King: Al - le - lu - ia! Where, O death, is
5. Soar we now where Christ has led, Al - le - lu - la! Fol - low our ex -

an - gels say: Al - le - lu - ia! Raise your joys and
bat - tle won: Al - le - lu - ia! Lo! the sun's e -
gates of hell: Al - le - lu - ia! Death in vain for -
now thy sting? Al - le - lu - ia! Once he died our
alt - ed Head; Al - le - lu - ia! Made like him, like

triumphs high; Al - le - lu - ia! Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply.
clipse is o'er; Al - le - lu - ia! Lo! he sets in blood no more.
bids him rise; Al - le - lu - ia! Christ hath o-pened Par - a - dise.
souls to save; Al - le - lu - ia! Where's thy vic-t'ry boast-ing grave?
him we rise; Al - le - lu - ia! Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

CHORUS.

Al - le - lu - - ia! Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, Al - le - lu - ia!

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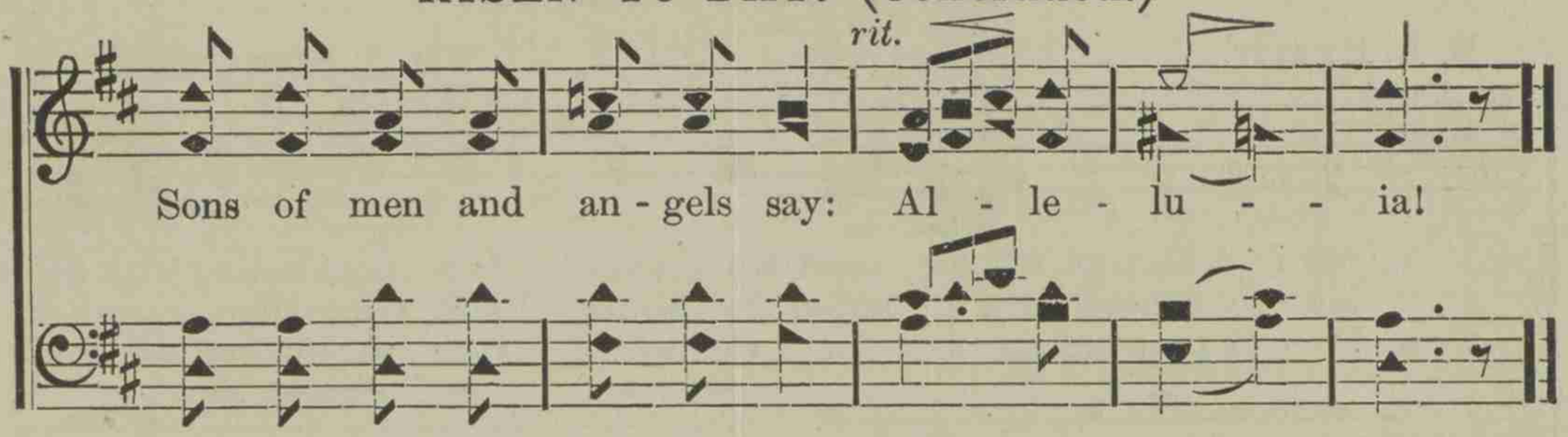
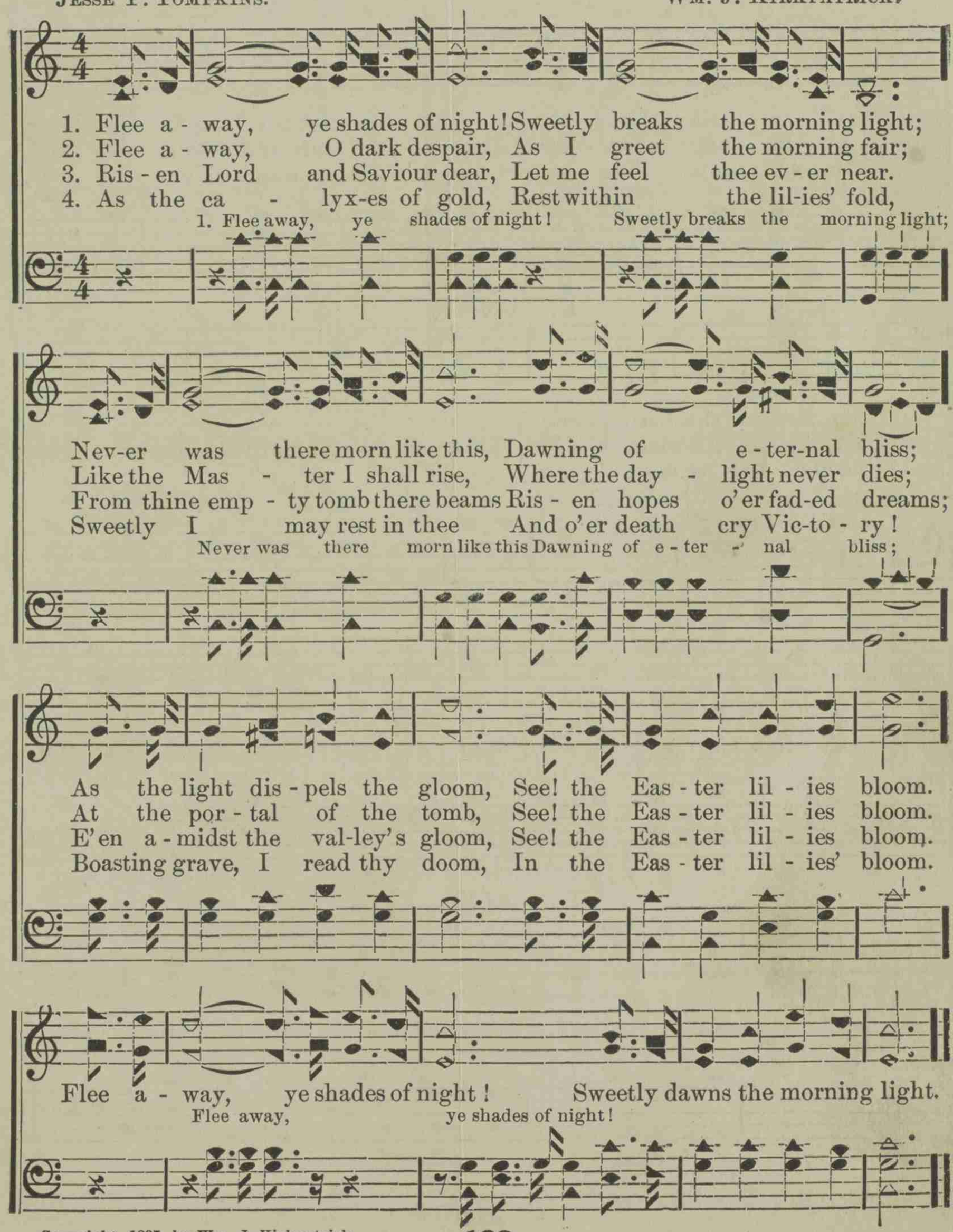
RISEN TO-DAY. (Concluded.)



No. 163. FLEE AWAY, YE SHADES OF NIGHT!

JESSE P. TOMPKINS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 164. TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Sav-iour, keep us till we meet a - gain, Let thy blessing with us
2. Ma - ny dan-gers will a - round us throng, Faith, triumphant, sings her
3. On - ly part-ing for a lit - tle while, Let us lin-ger in the

still re - main; Hold us ev- er by thy might- y hand; Guide our
vic - tor song; Tak - ing Je-sus as our Guard and Guide, Joy and
Mas- ter's smile; Sing - ing, praying, thro' life's sun and rain, Sav- iour,

Chorus.

foot-steps to the Bet-ter Land.
safe- ty at his wounded side.
keep us till we meet a - gain.
} Till we meet again, till we meet a- gain;

Till we meet again, till we meet again,

Sav - iour, keep us till we meet a - gain; Till we meet a- gain,

Till we meet a - gain,

ad lib.

till we meet a-gain, Grace and peace be with us all. A - men.

till we meet a- gain,

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No. 165. NO MORE GOOD-BYES.

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

E. R. LATTA. Rev. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Where the crystal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom; Where no
2. There the sav'd again shall meet, Who have clasped the parting hand; Fathers,
3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev-er sor-row more; Where no

chill - ing frost can fall On flow'rs that sweet - ly bloom; Where the
moth - ers, chil - dren dear A- round the throne shall stand. There no
sick - ness e'er can come, Where death has lost his power; Where they

D.S.—Midst the

glo - ry of the Lord Shines thro' all the cloud-less skies, There, as
tem-pest e'er shall blow, There no dis - mal cloud a - rise, And in
feel no weight of care, And no tears be - dim the eyes, All the

glo - ry of the Lord, In that home be- yond the skies, While the

FINE. CHORUS.

end-less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes. No more good-byes, ...
that e - ter-nal home Shall be no more good-byes.
sav'd shall meet again, And speak no more good-byes.

No more good-byes,

end-less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.

D.S.

No more good-byes, ... O bless-ed thought! ..... No more good-byes.

No more good-byes, O blessed thought!

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No. 166. GLORY AND HONOR.

FLORA KIRKLAND. CHAS. GOUNOD.

FULL CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

Glo - ry and hon - or to God our heav'nly Fa - ther, Praise and a -

dore him who reigns in might and majesty. Tell of his good-ness, proclaim his

name to ev-'ry land 'Till all the na-tions shall own him King forever more.

Sing and give praise to the Lord the King of kings, For he is good, he is

O sing, give praise, is good,

good, and his mer-cy ev - er - last - ing. Sing to the Lord, tho' a

is good, O sing, O sing,

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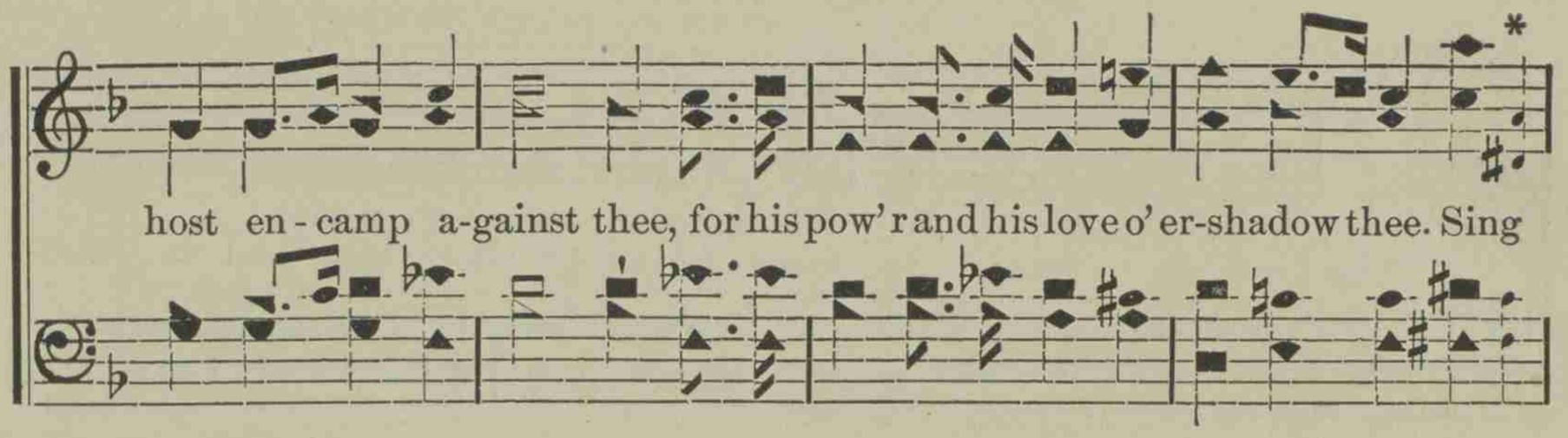
GLORY AND HONOR. (Concluded.)



* Use small notes if desirable.

No. 167. THE LORD IS GREAT.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

A *f Tempo di Marcia.* *mp*

The Lord is great, ye hosts of heav'n a - dore him, And ye who

tread, who tread this earth-ly ball, In ho - ly songs re -

joice a-loud be - fore him, And shout his praise, His praise who made you

all; The Lord is great; His maj - es - ty how glo-rious! Resound his

praise, His praise from shore to shore; O'er sin and death he

Second time go to **C.**

FINE.

rose, he rose vic-to-rious; He rules, he rules and reigns for ev - er - more.

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THE LORD IS GREAT. (Concluded.)

B. FEMALE VOICES OR DUET.

Praise our God, O praise him ev - er - more, 'Tis in his name, his
Glo - ry, pow - er, maj - es - ty is thine, Our might - y Prince and

might - y name, we ev - er will re - joice; Sing his love, his
Sav - iour and our true un-chang-ing Friend; Praise our God, O

D.C. **A.**

nev- er-dy-ing love, O praise him with the heart and praise him with the voice.
praise him ever - more, For he who safe-ly guides will keep us to the end.

C MALE VOICES OR SOLO.

Praise our God, O praise him ev - er - more, 'Tis in his name, his
Glo - ry, pow - er, maj - es - ty is Thine, Our might-y Prince and

might - y name, we ev - er will re - joice; Sing his love, his
Sav - iour, and our true, un-changing Friend; Praise our God, O

D.C. **A.**

nev- er-dy- ing love, O praise him with the heart and praise him with the voice.
praise him ev-er- more, For he who safely guides will keep us to the end.

No. 168. HAIL! GLORIOUS ARMY.

"My Son, give me thine heart."—Prov. xxiii. 26.

M. A. Casey. A. F. Myers.

Legato and slow.

1. Christ has call'd to serv - ice Ev- 'ry youth to - day; Hark! the host ad-
2. Time for pray'r most earnest, You must have, or fail; Go with trust and
3. Heed ye ev - 'ry or - der, Keep up- on the line, Grasp the sword of

vanc - es, Join them in the way. With a vis - ion glo - rious,
cour - age, Sa - tan's host shall quail. With the hope of tri- umph,
Spir - it, Vic - to - ry is thine. Bless - ed is the serv - ice,

Steps are quick and strong; From the hills of glo- ry Christ commands the throng.
On- ward press to - day; Gird thy sa-cred pow-ers, Move in - to the fray.
Sweet the dai - ly joy, Bright the blessed fu-ture, While in Christ's employ.

Chorus.

Hail! glorious ar - my! Be strong and true,..... Laud, praise your
Hail! the glo-rious, glo- rious ar - my! Be cour - ageous, strong and true, Laud and praise your

Cap - tain, who leads you thro'.... Keep on re- cruit - ing,
glo - rious Cap- tain, who will lead you, lead you thro'. Keep re- cruit-ing, keep re-cruit- ing,

Seek men ev' ry - where, Christ will surely save, Give them crowns to wear.
Seek men, seek men ev-'rywhere, Christ will surely, sure - ly save,

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No. 169. ON TO VICTORY!

J. W. V. J. W. Van De Vente

1. There are foes that must be conquered, There are bat - tles we must win;
2. There are hosts of sin be - fore us, That ex - tend from sea to sea;
3. There are ma - ny dear ones dy - ing, They are fall - ing ev-'ry-where;

There are lands that must be tak - en, That are go - ing down in sin,
There are ma - ny still in bond - age, There are slaves that must be free;
Let us brave - ly go and help them, They are lost and need our care;

Let us en - ter in the strug - gle, Ev - er march up - on our way,
Let us all be up and do - ing, Ev - er found with - in the fray,
Fall in line, pre-pare for bat - tle, Let us fight as well as pray,

We must take the world for God and win the day.

CHORUS.

On..... to vic - to-ry! on..... to vic - to-ry! On..... to vic - to- ry! the

foe must die! On..... to vic - to- ry we'll con-quer by and by.

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No. 170. GOOD NEWS.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wonder-ful tidings bring, Messengers for the King, Sounding a - loud the
2. Hark, a glad cho-rus rings, Praise to the King of kings, Joy-ful - ly now his
3. On-ward the tidings roll, Onward from pole to pole, List to the song of

CHO.–O - ver the sea of time, Cometh a song sublime, Ten-der- ly sweet the

Sav-iour's glo - ry, Bear the good news a - long, Waft it in hap - py song,
work pro- gress - ing; O - ver the land and sea Tell of his grace so free,
rap - ture swell - ing; Ris- ing from souls new-born, Hailing the gos - pel morn,

chime of voic - es; Voic - es of grate-ful song Ech- o the news a - long,

FINE.

News of sal- vation, precious sto - ry. Good news.....from the regions eter - nal,

blessed news
Car - ry the news of endless bless - ing. O tell.....of the deep, flowing fountain,
gladly tell
Wonderful joy its tones are tell - ing. O spread...the good news of redemption,
haste to spread

Calling the earth while heav'n rejoices.

Good news..... from the Father a - bove, Good news..... and a message of

blessed news
O tell..... of the robes white and fair; The feast ..... for the sinner re-
blessed news
gladly tell
Let love..... be our happy re - frain, The love..... of a cru-ci- fied
royal feast
saving love
mighty love

D.C. Chorus.

mer - cy, Re - deemed..... thro' the Son of his love.....
we're redeemed
the Son of his love.
turn- ing, The home,..... and the glad welcome there.....
heav'nly home,
the glad welcome there.
Sav- iour, He died,..... and is ris - en a - gain.....
died for us,
is ris - en a - gain.

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No. 171. HOSANNA TO THE KING.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Love's redeeming work is done; Christ, the well beloved Son, Hath a full a -
2. Saints and an-gels join to tell How he conquer'd death and hell; Empty is the
3. Spread the glorious news a-broad, Tidings of our ris- en Lord; To a dy- ing

tonement made; He the price of sin hath paid; Hosan-na! ho-san - na! Ho-san-na
rocky pris'n, Jesus from the dead hath ris'n; Hosan-na! ho-san - na! Ho-san-na
world proclaim Full salvation in his name; Hosan-na! ho-san - na! Ho-san-na

CHORUS.

to the King. Hosanna to the risen King, Lo, he
Hosan-na to..... the ris - en King; He triumphs glorious-
triumphs gloriously; Where monster death is now thy sting, Where grave thy victo-
ly; Where monster death..... is now thy sting,
ry, thy victory, With loftiest songs..... of endless praise Let heaven's arches
With loftiest songs of endless praise, Let heaven's arches
ring, While we on earth..... the chorus raise, Hosanna to the King.
heaven's arches ring, While we on earth the chorus raise,

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No. 172. HAIL, GLORIOUS COMPANY.

Arr. from BECHER.

In march time.

Hail! glorious compa-ny, to Zi-on's city bound! While marching on your way let

D. C.—Hail! glorious company! the crowns that you shall wear A wait you at the throne be-

songs of praise resound! On, then, to heav'n a-bove, Firm in faith and love;

yond the golden stair. On, then, to reach the prize; Let loud anthems rise!

Trust in God; naught shall stay, Our triumphant way! On, then, to

Praise the Lord! he will guide: May your faith a-bide! On, then, to

heav'n above, Firm in faith and love; Trust in God, naught shall stay our glorious way.

heav'n above, Firm in faith and love; Trust in God, naught shall stay our glorious way.

p

Rest and peace in-vite us; Joy and love a-wait us.

Rest and peace in-vite us; Joy and love a-wait us.

f

Thus in hap-py com-pa-ny, Press we on to our home, Press we on our

Thus in hap-py com-pa-ny, Press we on to our home, Press we on our

HAIL, GLORIOUS COMPANY. (Concluded.)

FINE.

joy - ful way to heav' n our home. { Je - sus waits to welcome all Who o-bey his
There the weary soul shall rest In the love of

joy - ful way to heav' n our home.

D.C. al Fine.

gen - tle call; Who be - lieve he'll re-ceive In his heav'n-ly home.
Je - sus blest, And a - dore ev - ev-more Christ the Lord and King.

No. 173. VICTORY EVERYWHERE.

Rev. M. M. Brabham. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Christian sol - diers, why dismayed? Why let Sa - tan make a - fraid?
2. E - vil arm - ies in their might Gath - er 'round and push the fight;
3. Armed and strengthen'd by his grace, We shall win in ev - 'ry place;
4. See our foes, a - way they fly, Je - sus Christ is com - ing nigh;

Je - sus Christ our Cap - tain is, And the tri - umph must be his.
Loud and fierce they raise their cry, But be - fore our Lead - er fly.
Earth with hell in vain com-bines, Vic - t'ry on our ban - ner shines.
Death and sin be - fore him fall, Crown him Vic - tor o - ver all!

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, ev - 'ry-where, Christ our Lord shall tri-umph here!

Raise your voic - es high as heav'n; Vic - to-ry, vic - to-ry shall be giv'n.

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No. 174. WHEN THE CURTAINS ARE LIFTED.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When the curtains are lift-ed, O what shall I see? Will my Lord with his
2. Will the heav-en- ly cit - y Burst full on my sight; And the throne of his
3. Now the fu-ture is hidden, I see but a pace, Yet it may be I'm
4. When his glo- ri-fied presence Shall gladden mine eyes, I'll be chang'd and be

an - gels Be wait-ing for me? Will he wel-come my com - ing, And
glo - ry, That giv - eth it light; Will the feet torn and wea - ry Reach
near- ing The end of the race; It will mat- ter but lit - tle What
like him, And with him a - rise; And the hands hard with la - bor A

crown me his own, With the saints of all a - ges, That cir- cle his throne?
pavements of gold, And the eyes red with weeping The Saviour be- hold?
chang- es may come, If my Lord with his an - gels Shall welcome me home.
victor's palm raise; And the lips tun'd to sor- row Sing anthems of praise.

Chorus.

(1, 2, 3.) When the cur- tains are lift - ed, O what shall I see? Will my
(4.) When the cur- tains are lift - ed, O this shall I see, That my

Lord and his an- gels be wait- ing for me, Be wait - - ing, be
Lord and his an- gels are wait- ing for me, Are wait - - ing, are
Be wait-ing for me? be
Are wait-ing for me? are

ad lib.

wait - - ing, Will my Lord and his an- gels be wait-ing for me?
wait - - ing, That my Lord and his an- gels are wait-ing for me!
wait-ing for me?

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No. 175. I SHALL BE NO STRANGER THERE.

E. E. HEWITT. A. F. BOURNE.

1. When the pearl - y gates are o - pened To a sin - ner "sav'd by grace,"
2. Thro' time's ev - er-changing sea - sons, I am press - ing t' ward the goal;
3. There my dear Redeem - er liv - eth, Bless-ed Lamb up - on the throne;

When thro' ev - er - last - ing mer - cy, I be - hold my Sav-iour's face,
'Tis my heart's sweet na - tive coun - try, 'Tis the home-land of my soul;
By the crim - son marks up - on them, He will sure - ly claim his own.

When I en - ter in the man - sions Of the cit - y bright and fair,
Ma - ny lov'd ones, cloth'd with beauty, In those won - drous glo - ries share;
So, when - ev - er sad or lone - ly, Look be-yond the earth - ly care;

I shall have a roy - al wel - come, For I'll be no stran-ger there.
When I rise, redeem'd, for-giv - en, I shall be no stran-ger there.
Wea - ry child of God, re - mem - ber, You will be no stran-ger there.

CHORUS.

I shall be no stran-ger there, Je - sus will my place prepare;
I shall be no stran - ger there, Je - sus will my place pre - pare;

He will meet me, He will greet me, I shall be no stranger there.
He will meet me, He will greet me, I shall be

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No. 176. THE CORONATION DAY.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. There's an hour which no man knoweth, Nor the an - gels round the throne,
2. What a bless - ed transform - a - tion, In the twinkling of an eye,
3. Tho' our sins have been as scar - let, Let us seek the streams that flow

When the Lord shall come in glo - ry from the sky; All the
When the mor - tal shall im - mor - tal life put on! Those who
From the cross that rose on Cal - v'ry's rug - ged height; He is

saints shall rise to meet him, For he call - eth for his own, They shall
love him shall be like him, When he com - eth from on high, At the
a - ble still to keep us, And pre - sent us white as snow, When he

CHORUS. *Faster.*

hear the trumpet sounding, by and by. Are you read - y? are you read - y?
noon-tide, at the midnight, or at dawn.
comes a- gain in clouds of dazzling light.

looking for the King? Ready, while you labor, watch and pray? Are you
while you labor, watch and pray,

ready? ready? looking for the King? Ready for the Cor - o - na - tion Day?

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No. 177. EPWORTH RALLYING SONG.

J. H. A. J. H. ALLEMAN.

1. With Je-sus as our Captain we will ev-er march a - long, His ban - ner we will
2. To lend a hand some soul to save concerns us most of all, To help some falt' ring
3. To speak a word for Je-sus—how it cheers us on the way! To breathe his blessed

hold a - loft, his love shall be our song; The world for Christ our mission, we'll pro-
broth-er on, lest he perchance might fall,—Makes bright the path before us, as we
name in prayer gives strength from day to day, To la - bor in his vineyard till the

claim where' er we go, While gath' ring precious sheaves within his harvest fields below.
journey hand in hand, While lab' ring in his vineyard here a happy Epworth band.
work is all com-plete; For then the faithful ones shall sweetly rest at Je-sus' feet.

CHORUS.

Then come, O come, and lend a helping hand; Our cause is good and true,
Then come, O come, and lend, and lend a helping hand; Our cause is good and true,

The Lord hath need of you; Then come, O come, no lon-ger i - dly
The Lord hath need of you; Then come, O come,

stand; Come, help to win the vic - t'ry of our loy - al Epworth band.
i - dly stand;

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No. 178. STEADILY MARCHING ON.

FANNY J. CROSBY. H. R. PALMER.

1. Praise ye the Lord, joyfully sound ho - san- na, Praise the Lord with glad acclaim!
2. Praise we the Lord, he is the King e - ter- nal, Glo- ry be to God on high!

Lift up your hearts unto his throne with gladness, Mag-ni-fy his ho - ly name.
Praise we the Lord, tell of his lov - ing kindness, Join the chorus of the sky.

Marching along under his banner bright, Trusting in his mercy as we go, (trusting we go,)
Still marching on, cheerily marching on, In the ranks of Jesus will we go, (ever we'll go,)

His light di-vine ten- der- ly o'er us will shine, We shall be guid-ed by his
Home to our rest, joy-fully home where the blest, Gather and praise the Saviour's

REFRAIN.

hand now and forev- er. Steadily marching on, with our banners waving o'er us;
name, praise him forever.

Steadily marching on, while we sing the joyful chorus, Steadily marching on, pillar and

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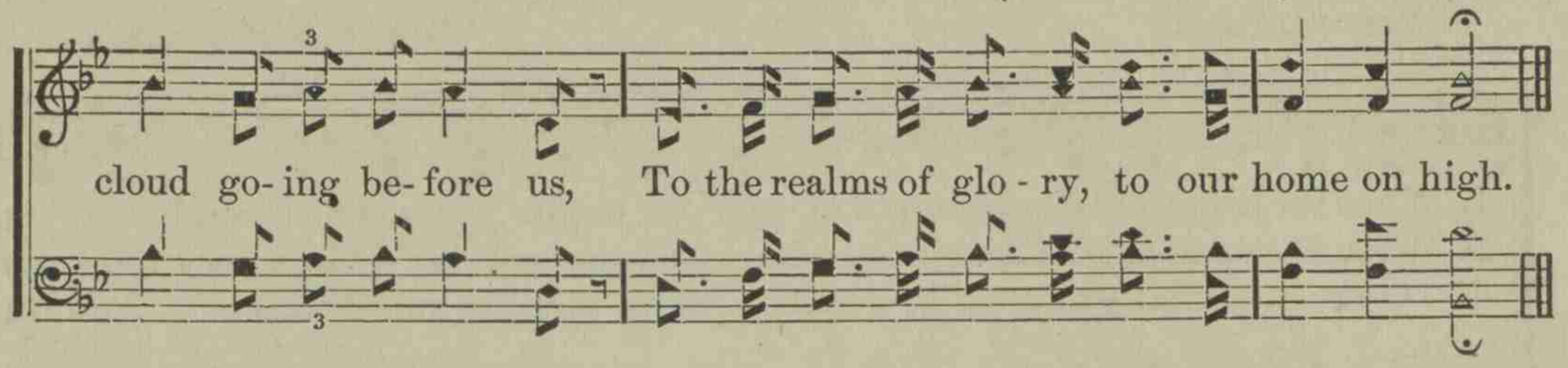
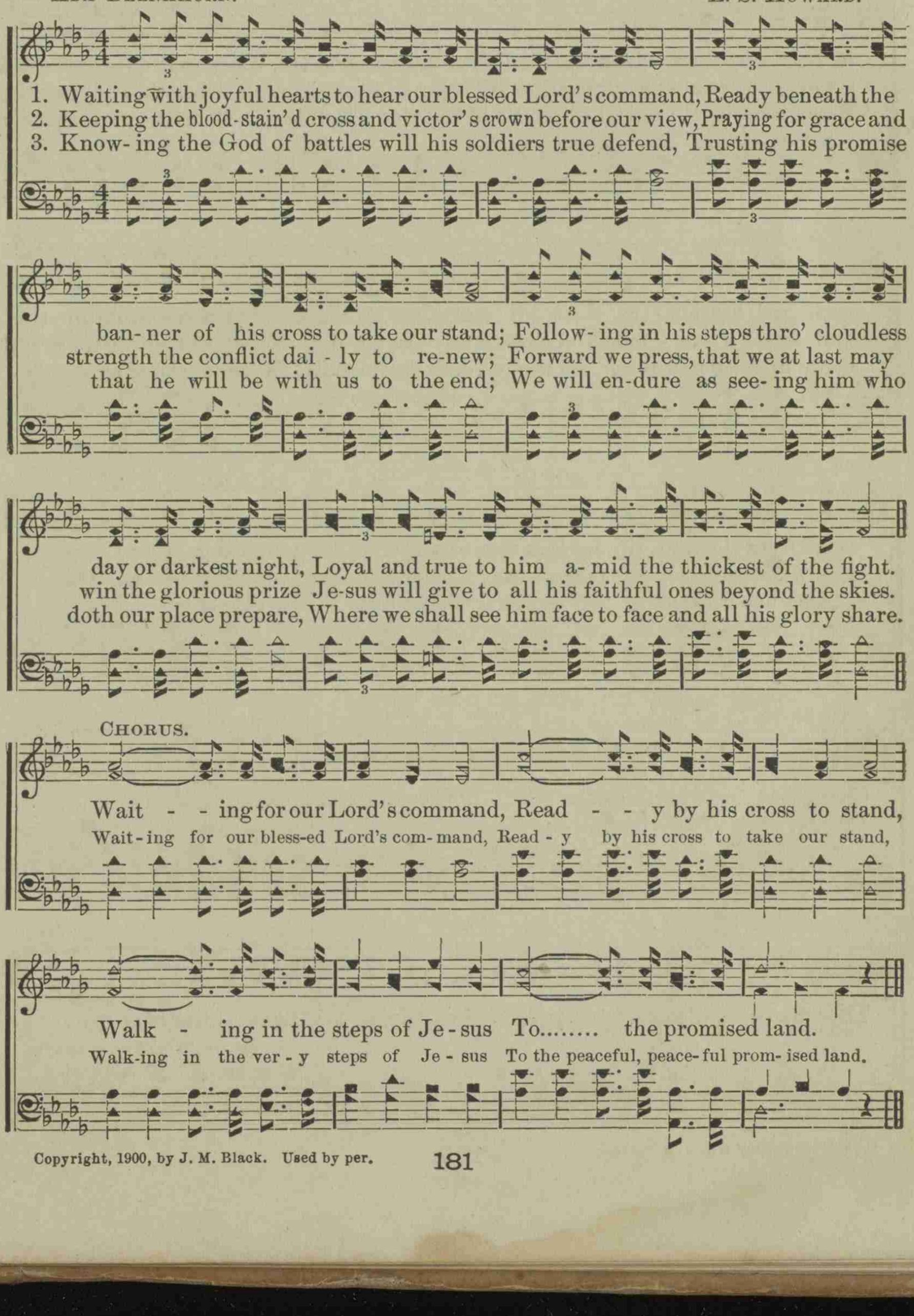
STEADILY MARCHING ON. (Concluded.)

No. 179. WAITING WITH JOYFUL HEARTS.

ADA BLENKHORN. E. S. HOWARD.



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No. 180. CHANGED IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When the trump of the great arch-an - gel Its might-y tones shall sound, And, the end of the world proclaiming, Shall pierce the depths profound, When the Son of man shall come in his glo - ry With all the saints on high, What a shouting in the skies from the mul- titudes that rise, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye.

2. When he comes in the clouds descending, And they who lov'd him here, From their graves shall awake and praise him With joy and not with fear, When the body and the soul are u - ni - ted, And cloth'd no more to die, What a shouting there will be when each oth- er's face we see, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye.

3. O the seed that was sown in weakness Shall then be rais'd in pow'r, And the songs of the blood-bought millions Shall hail that blissful hour, When we gather safely home in the morning, And night's dark shadows fly, What a shouting on the shore when we meet to part no more, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye.

CHORUS.

Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye,..... Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye;.....
Chang'd, chang'd in the twinkling of an eye, Chang'd, chang'd in the twinkling of an eye;
The trumpet shall sound, the dead shall be rais'd, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye.....
in the twinkling of an eye.

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No. 181. THE FINAL TRUMPET CALL.

Arr. by D. J. E. D. J. EVANS.

1. Come, ye sin - ner, to the gos - pel feast, O come without de - lay;
2. There is room with- in the church redeem'd With blood of Christ divine;
3. 'Round thy Fa- ther's ta - ble there is room, For thee and millions more,

For there's room in Je - sus' lov - ing breast for all.....
There is room a-mong the white-robed throng on high.....
Come to Christ who died to save thy pre - cious soul.....

There is room in God's e - ter - nal love, To save thy soul to - day,
There is room in heav'n a - mong the choir, For thee and all mankind,
Come re - pent - ing to the mer - cy - seat, Thy Saviour's name a - dore,

O be read - y for the fi - nal trum - pet call.....
O the joy a - waits the faith - ful by and by .....
O be read - y for the fi - nal trum - pet call.....

CHORUS.

O be read - - - y for the trum - - pet call, O be
O be read - y, read - y, for the trum - pet call,

read - y for the call when it comes;..... fi - nal trumpet call.....
when it comes;

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No. 182. HEAR AND ANSWER PRAYER.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Psalm 143 : 1. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am pray - ing, bless- ed Sav - iour, To be more and more like thee;
2. I am pray - ing, bless- ed Sav - iour, For a faith so clear and bright
3. I am pray - ing to be hum - bled By the pow'r of grace di - vine,
4. I am pray - ing, bless- ed Sav - iour, And my con- stant pray'r shall be

I am pray - ing that thy Spir - it Like a dove may rest on me.
That its eye will see thy glo - ry Thro' the deep - est, dark-est night.
To be cloth'd up - on with meekness, And to have no will but thine.
For a per - fect con - se - cra - tion, That shall make me more like thee.

CHORUS.

Thou who know - est all my weak-ness, Thou who know- est all my care,
While I plead each pre-cious prom-ise, Hear, O hear and answer pray'r.

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No. 183. SWEETLY RESTING.

MARY D. JAMES. W. WARREN BENTLEY. By per.

1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Safe - ly sheltered, I a - bide;
2. Long pursued by sin and Sa - tan, Wea-ry, sad, I long'd for rest;
3. Peace, which passeth un- derstand - ing, Joy, the world can nev - er give,
4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past;

There no foes nor storms mo-lest me, While within the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'nly shel - ter, O - pen'd in my Saviour's breast.
Now in Je - sus I am find - ing; In his smiles of love I live.
All se - cure in this blest ref - uge, Heeding not the fierc- est blast.

SWEETLY RESTING. (Concluded.)

CHORUS.

Now I'm rest - ing, sweetly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me:

Je - sus, bless - ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in thee.

No. 184. SAVE ONE.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Out in the breakers are per - ish - ing souls, Save one, save one;
2. Out in the darkness of sin's aw - ful night, Save one, save one;
3. Out on the mountain so sad - ly a - stray, Save one, save one;
4. Loved ones or strangers, who - e'er they may be, Save one, save one;

Out where the cur - rent of sin mad - ly rolls, Save one, save one.
Tell them of Je - sus, and lead to the light, Save one, save one.
From the sweet home land so far, far a - way, Save one, save one.
Go in his spir - it who saves you and me, Save one, save one.

CHORUS.

Pit - y the per - ish - ing, La - bor and pray; Hast - en to res - cue them,

Save one to-day, Then in your heart will be heaven begun, Save one, save one.

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No. 185. O FOR A HEART WHITER THAN SNOW.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O for a heart that is whit - er than snow! Kept, ev - er kept, 'neath the life - giv - ing flow; Cleans'd from all pas - sion, self - seek-ing, and pride,
2. O for a heart that is whit - er than snow! Calm in the peace that he loves to be- stow; Dai - ly refresh'd by the heav - en - ly dews,
3. O for a heart that is whit - er than snow! With the pure flame of the Spir - it a - glow; Fill'd with the love that is true and sin- cere,
4. O for a heart that is whit - er than snow! Then in his grace and his knowledge to grow; Grow - ing like him who my pat - tern shall be,

CHORUS.

Wash'd in the fount - ain of Cal - va - ry's tide. O for a heart
Read - y for serv - ice when-e'er he shall choose.
Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.
Till in his beau - ty my King I shall see.

whit - er than snow! Sav - iour di - vine, to whom else can I go?

Thou who didst die, lov- ing me so, Give me a heart that is whit-er than snow.

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No. 186. HIDE THOU ME.

"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. 32 : 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. In thy cleft, O Rock of a - ges, Hide thou me; When the fit- ful tempest
2. From the snare of sin - ful pleasure, Hide thou me; Thou, my soul's e-ter-nal
3. In the lone- ly night of sor- row, Hide thou me; Till in glory dawns the

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HIDE THOU ME. (Concluded.)

ra - ges, Hide thou me; Where no mor - tal arm can sev - er From my
treas-ure, Hide thou me; When the world its pow'r is wield-ing, And my
mor- row, Hide thou me; In the sight of Jor-dan's bil- low, Let thy

heart thy love for-ev - er, Hide me, O thou Rock of a - ges, Safe in thee.
heart is almost yielding, Hide me, O thou Rock of a - ges, Safe in thee.
bo - som be my pil-low; Hide me, O thou Rock of a - ges, Safe in thee.

No. 187. JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

G. D. E., arr. GEO. D. ELDERKIN, arr.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
3. Christ by high - est heav'n a - dor'd, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace, Je - sus, the Light of the world;

Glo - ry to the new-born King, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Join the triumphs of the skies, Je - sus, the Light of the world
Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, Je - sus, the Light of the wor
Hail the sun of righteous- ness, Je - sus, the Light of the wor

CHORUS.

We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright,

Shine all around us by day and by night, Je - sus, the Light of the world.

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No. 188. STANDING BY THE CROSS.

ALLEN-SHIRLEY. (CHORUS by A. J. S.) A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll rest, for - ev - er view-ing Mer - cy poured in streams of blood;
3. Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore his cross to lie,
4. Here I feel my sins for-giv - en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze,
5. Still in cease-less con-tem-pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on thee,

Life, and health and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
Pre-cious drops my soul be - dew - ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
While I see di - vine com-pas - sion, Beam-ing in his gra-cious eye.
And my tho'ts are all of heav - en, And my lips o'er-flow with praise.
Till I taste thy full sal - va - tion, And, unvailed, thy glo-ries see.

CHORUS.

Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Cal-va-ry;
Look-ing up to Christ, trusting in his love, Hoping in his mer-cy full and free.

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No. 189. GOD CALLING YET.

Tr. JANE BORTHWICK. (BERA. L. M.) JOHN E. GOULD.

1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock?
4. God calling yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with-out de - lay:

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-bers lie?
And base-ly his kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
He still is wait-ing to re - ceive, And shall I dare his Spir-it grieve?
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

No. 190. EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Slowly.

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Let thy precious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near thy side.
Trusting thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world above.

CHORUS.

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

May thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to thee.

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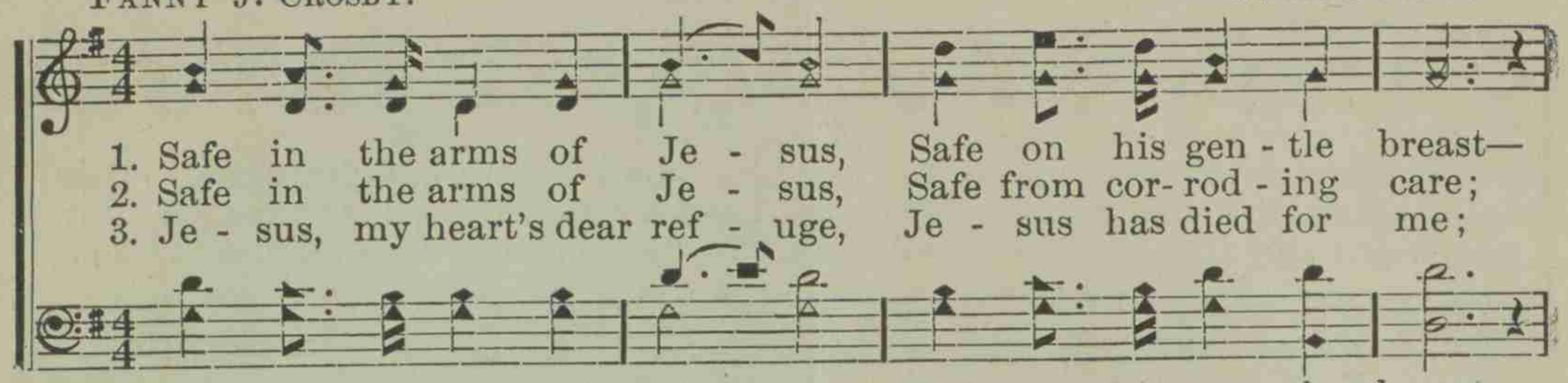
No. 191. BREATHE ON ME, BREATH OF GOD.

EDWIN HATCH, D. D. (GREENWOOD. S. M.) JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.

1. Breathe on me, breath of God, Fill me with life a-new,
2. Breathe on me, breath of God, Un-til my heart is pure;
3. Breathe on me, breath of God, Till I am whol-ly thine;
4. Breathe on me, breath of God, So shall I nev-er die,

That I may love what thou dost love, And do what thou wouldst do.
Un-til with thee I will thy will To do, or to en-dure.
Till all this earth-ly part of me Glows with thy fire di-vine.
But live with thee the per-fect life Of thine e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 192. SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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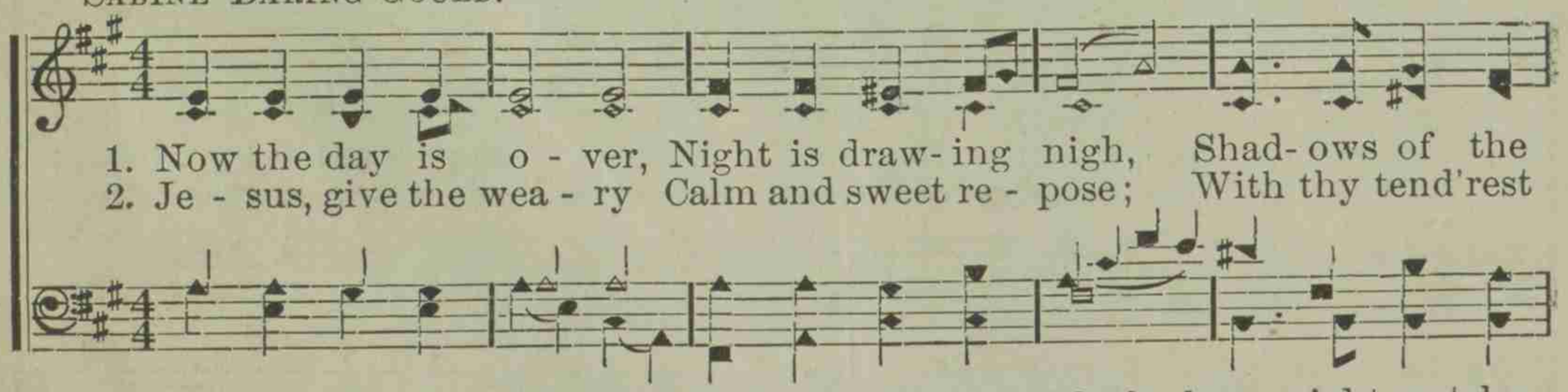
No. 193. NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.

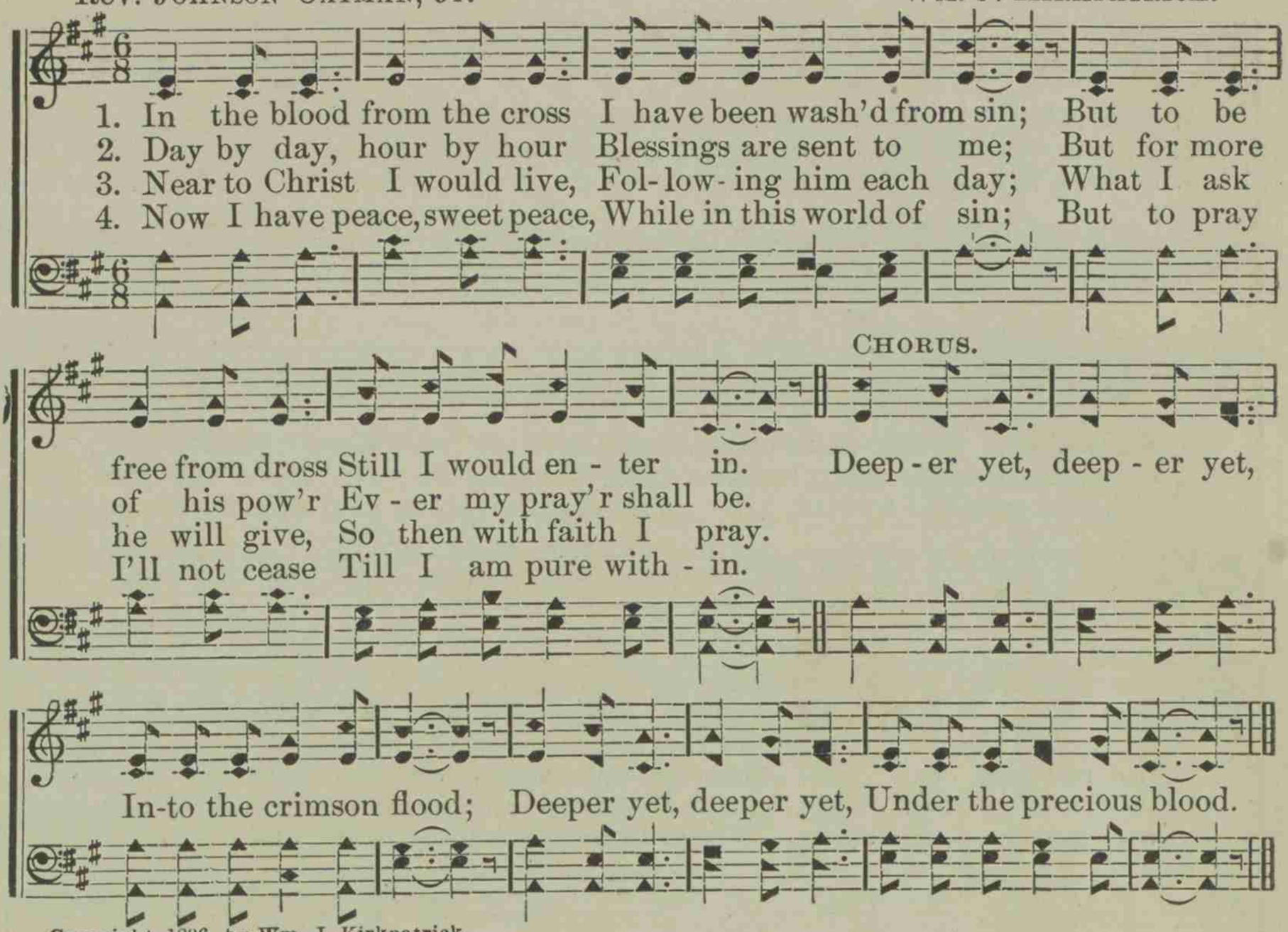


3 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

4 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In thy holy eyes.

No. 194. DEEPER YET.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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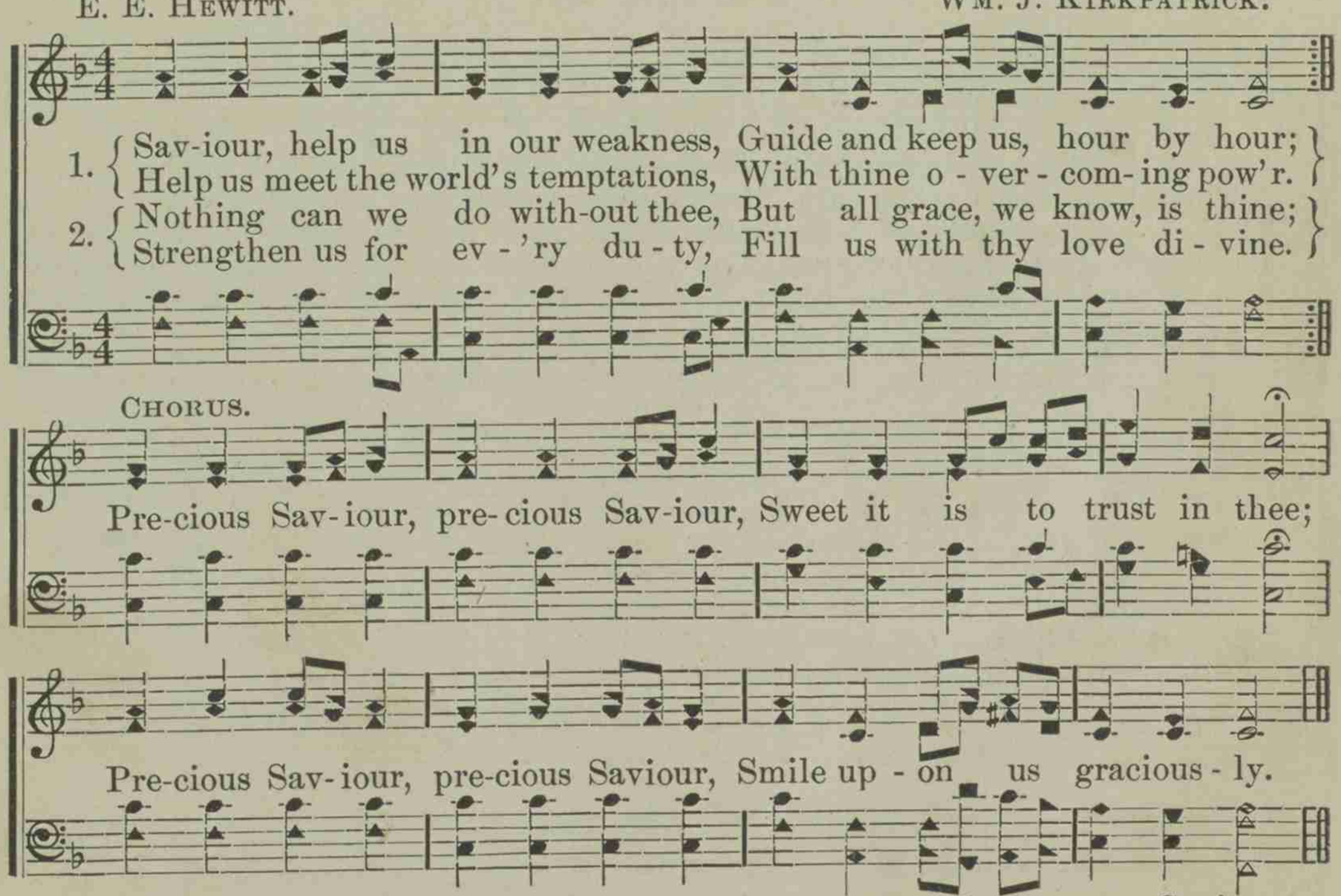
No. 195. SAVIOUR, HELP US.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Help us take thy yoke upon us,
And thy blessed word obey,
Learn of thee, the "Meek and Lowly,"
Humbly serving, day by day.

4 May we grow like thee, our Saviour,
Whom, though still unseen, we love;
Help us show the light to others,
Show the light that leads above.

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No. 196. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long thy pow'r hath blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on; I lov'd the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis- tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

No. 197. I WILL GO.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love away; O for strength of
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-night I'll
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can never heal my woe; I will rise at
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll, Jesus' blood will
5. I o-bey the Saviour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his feet, where

CHORUS.

faith to say, Je - sus died for me. Can it be, O can it be
try a - gain, Je - sus, help thou me.
once and go. Je - sus died for me.
make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.

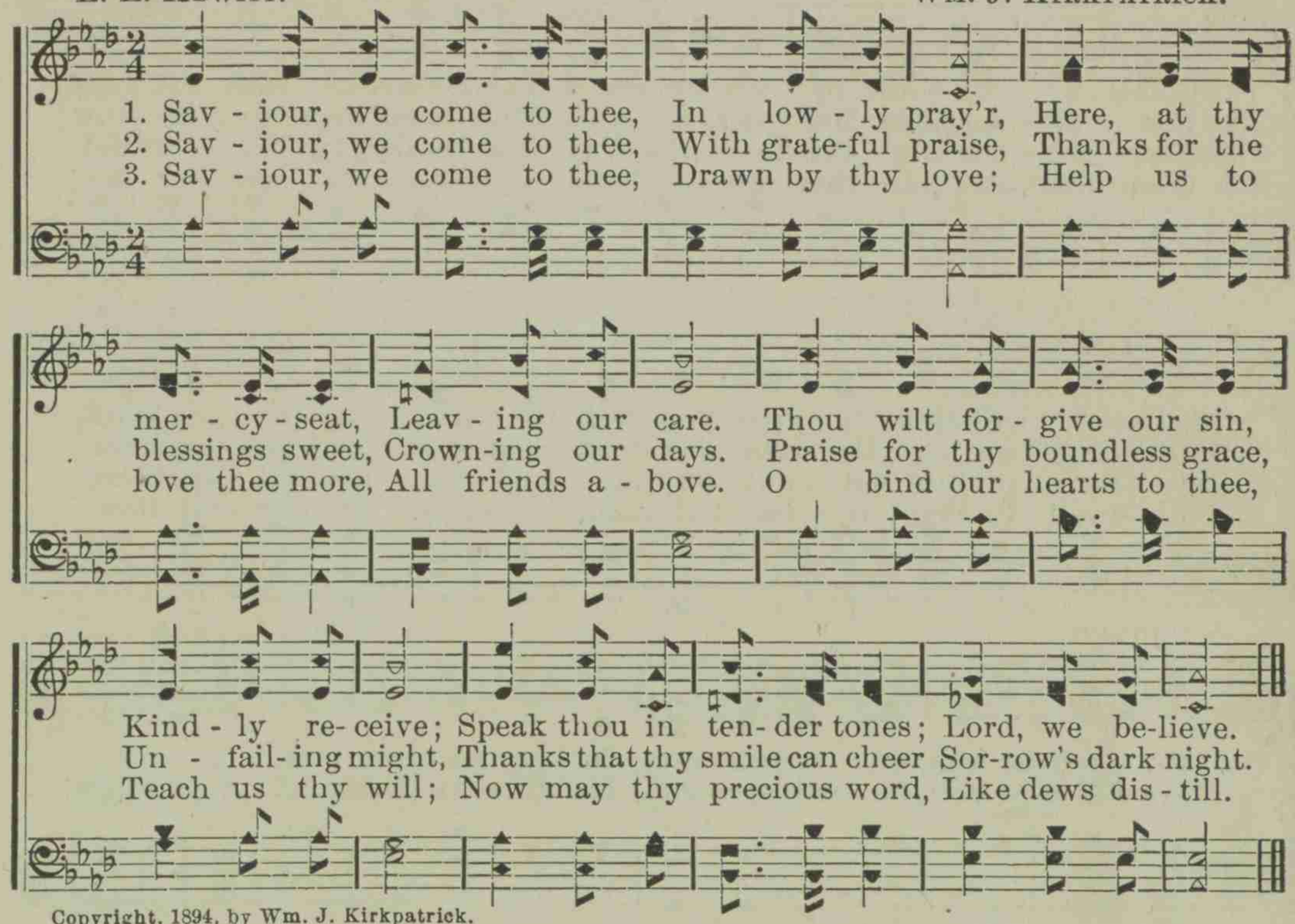
rit.

There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je - sus died for me.

Copyright of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 198. SAVIOUR, WE COME TO THEE.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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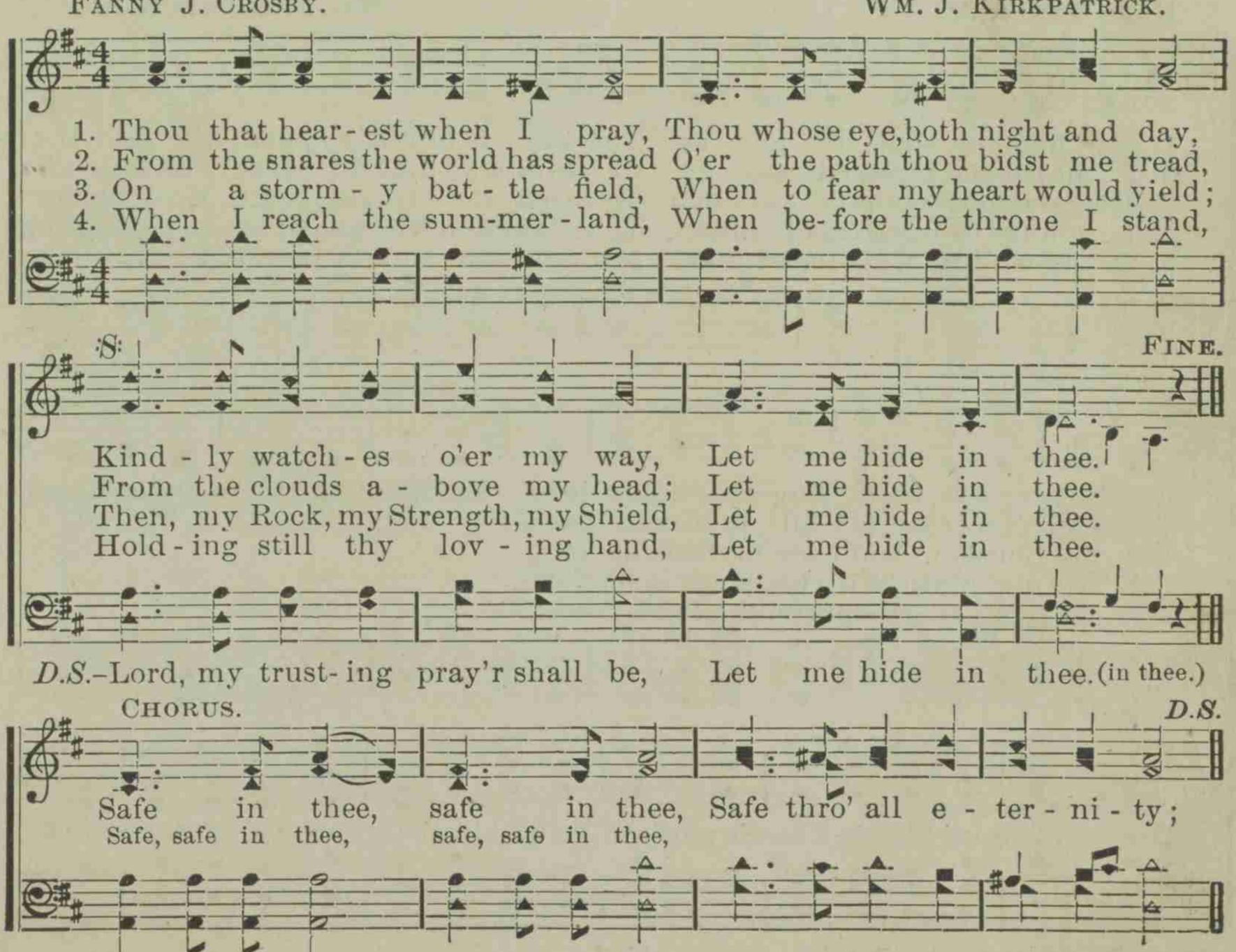
No. 199. LET ME HIDE IN THEE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 200. ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed his precious blood, Rich bless- ings to be- stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And he will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in his word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im- mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

{ On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;
{ He will save you, he will save you, He will save (*Omit.....*) you now.

No. 201. THERE'S POWER IN JESUS' BLOOD.

HOPE TRYAWAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My hap - py soul re - joic - es, The sky is bright a - bove; I'll join the
2. I heard the bless- ed sto - ry Of him who died to save; The love of
3. His gracious words of par - don Were mu- sic to my heart; He took a -
4. I plunge beneath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow; It pours from
5. O crown him King for-ev - er! My Sav - iour and my friend; By Zi - on's

CHORUS.

heav'nly voic-es, And sing redeeming love. For there's pow'r in Jesus' blood,
Christ swept o'er me, My all to him I gave.
way my burden, And bade my fears de- part.
Calv'ry's mountain, With blessings in its flow.
crys- tal riv - er His praise shall never end.

Pow'r in Jesus' blood; There's pow'r in Jesus' blood To wash me white as snow.

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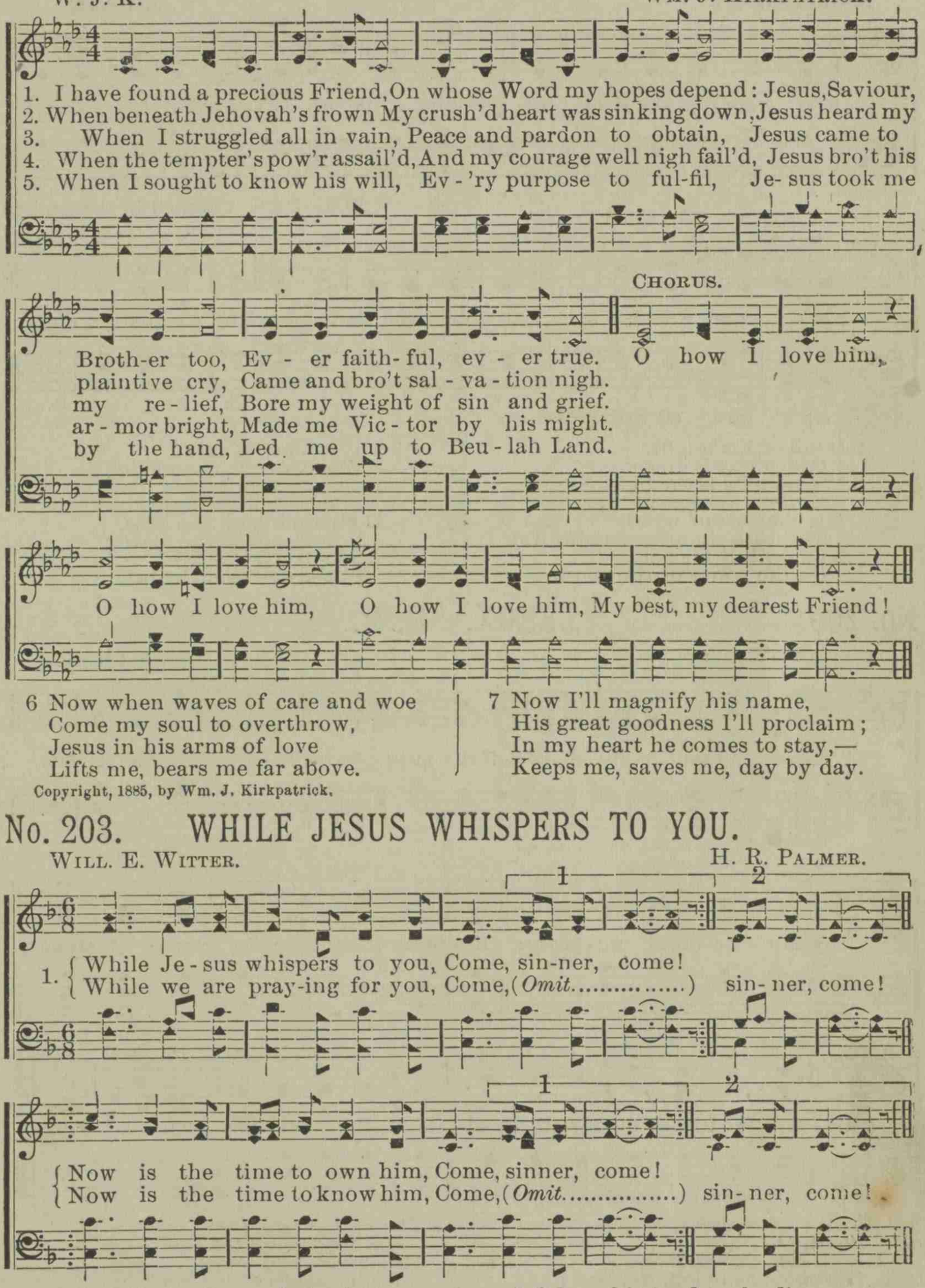
No. 202. O HOW I LOVE HIM.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



6 Now when waves of care and woe
Come my soul to overthrow,
Jesus in his arms of love
Lifts me, bears me far above.

7 Now I'll magnify his name,
His great goodness I'll proclaim;
In my heart he comes to stay,—
Keeps me, saves me, day by day.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 203. WHILE JESUS WHISPERS TO YOU.

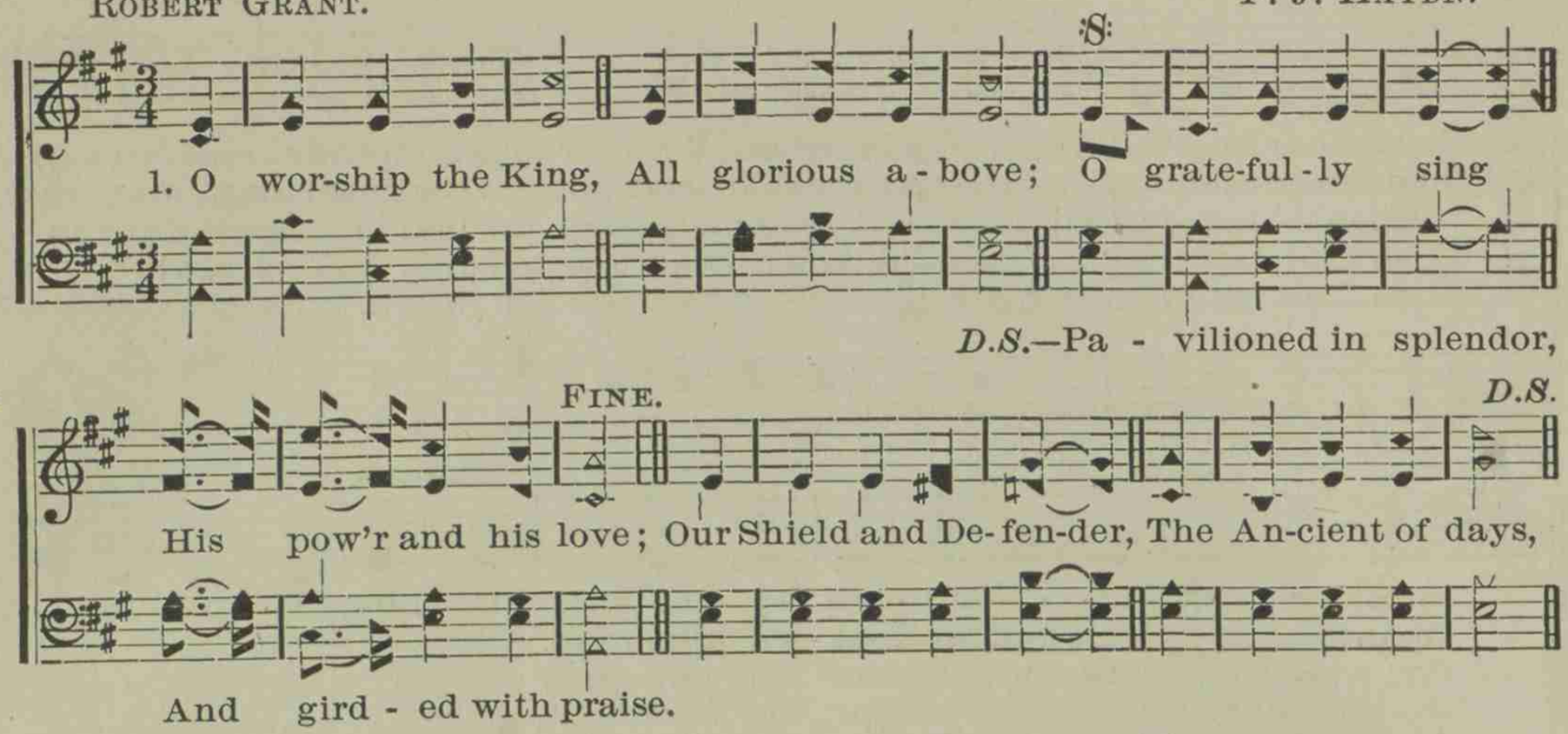
Will. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.

2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!

3 O hear his tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer. Used by per.

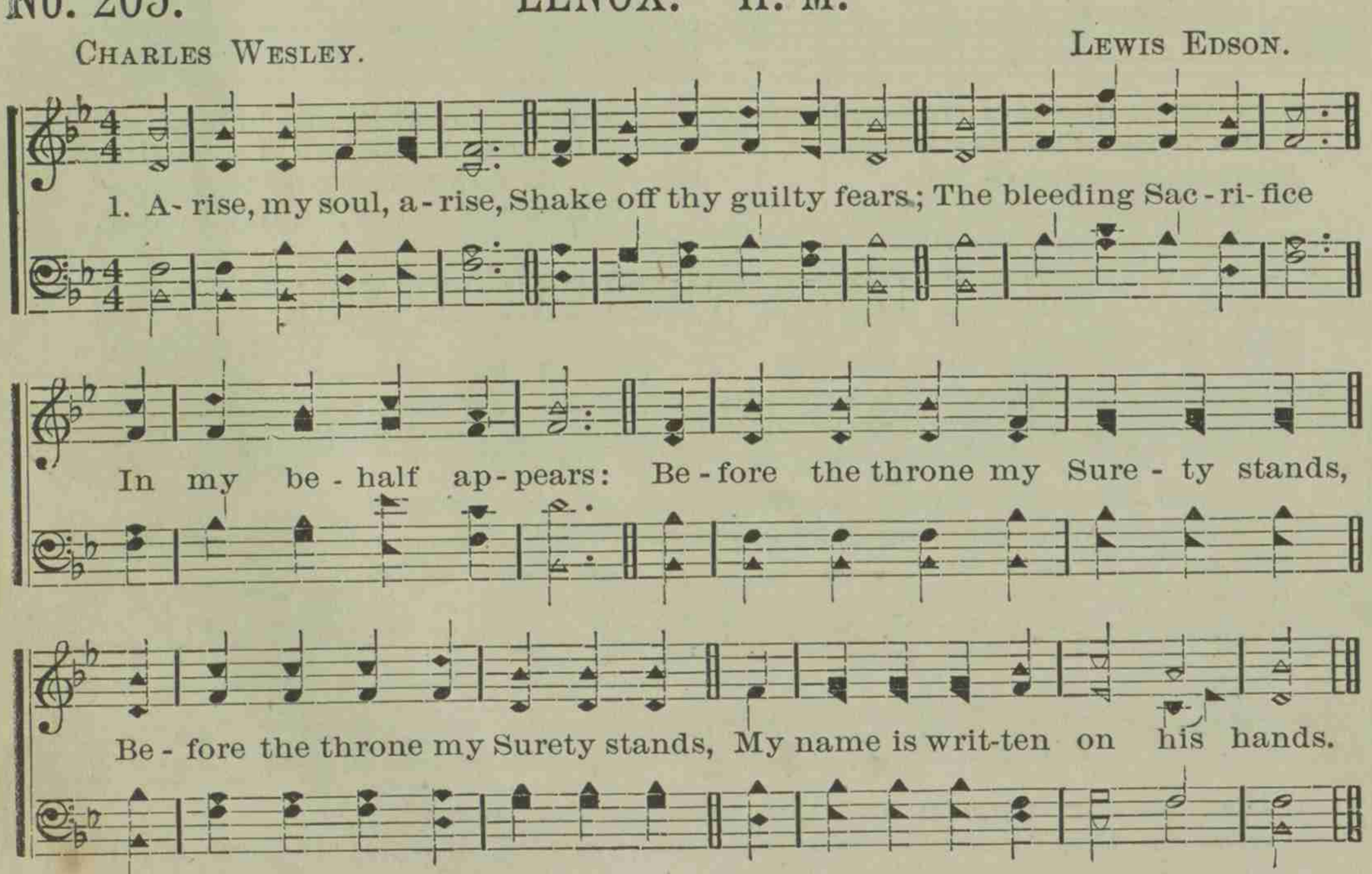
No. 204. LYONS. 5s, 6s. D.

ROBERT GRANT. F. J. HAYDN.

2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills
In the dew and the rain.

No. 205. LENOX. H. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.



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

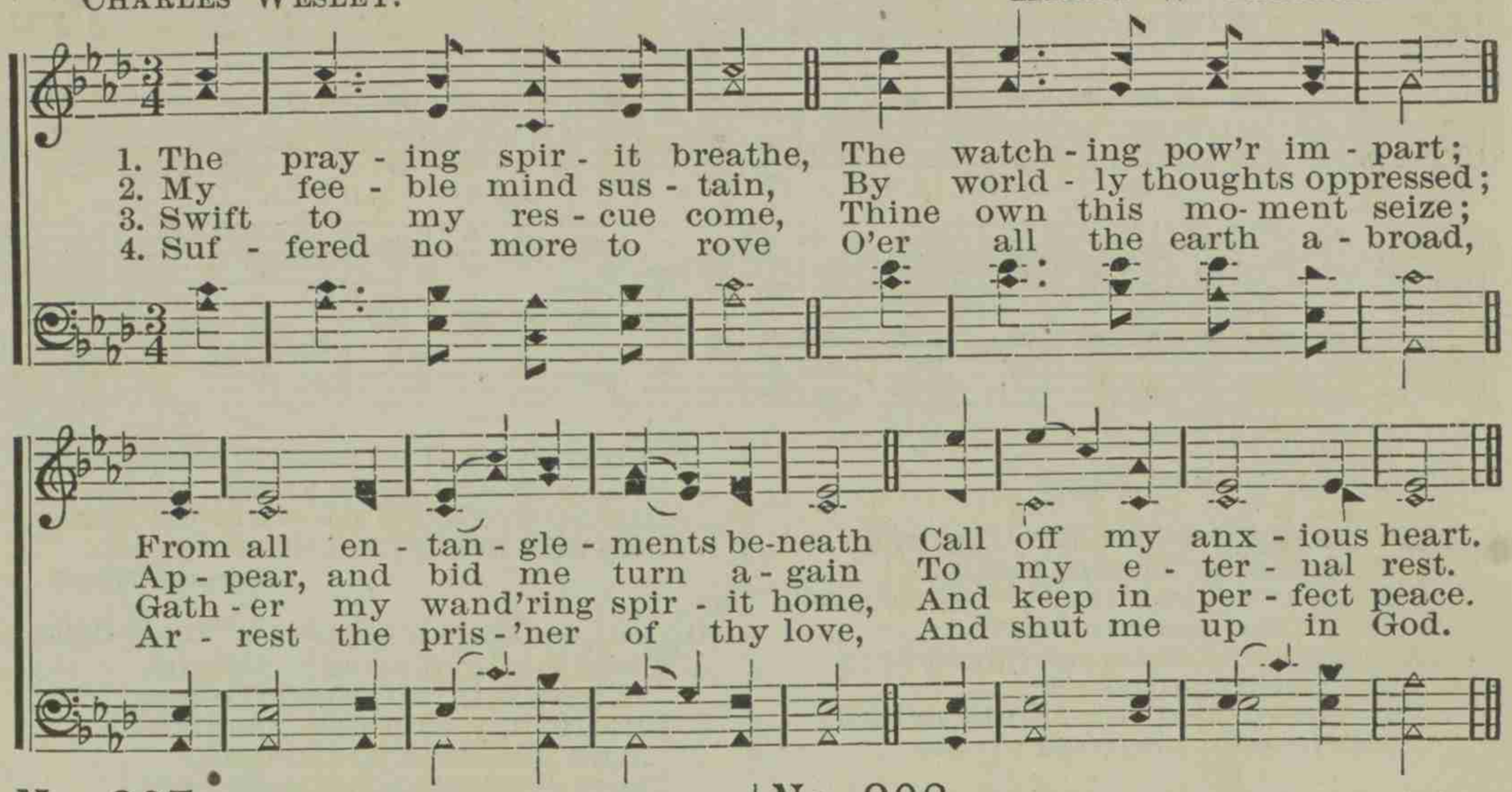
3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

No. 206. LEIGHTON. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. HENRY W. GREATOREX.



No. 207. Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.

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

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

3 One day within the place
Which thou dost, Lord, frequent,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
In sinful pleasures spent.

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

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 208. How Gentle God's Commands!

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

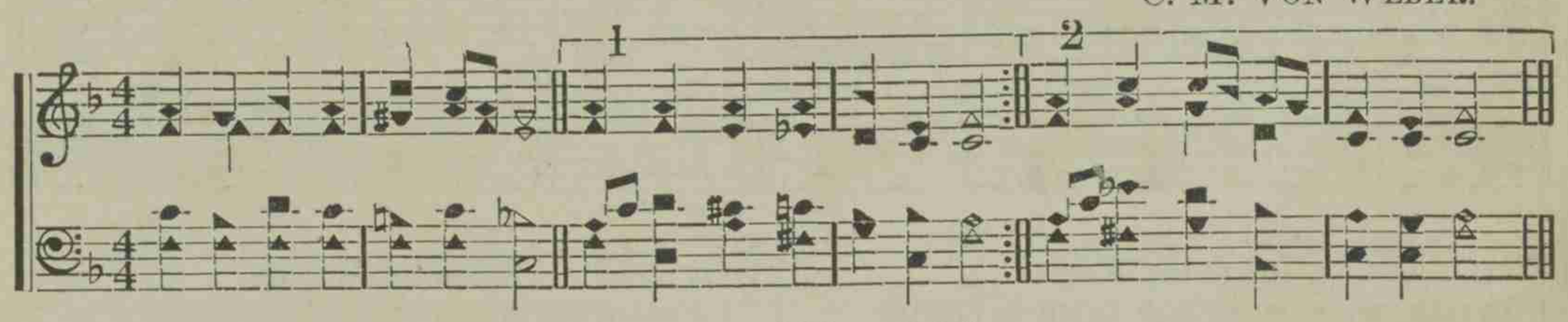
2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

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

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

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.

No. 209. Softly Now the Light of Day.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Thou whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

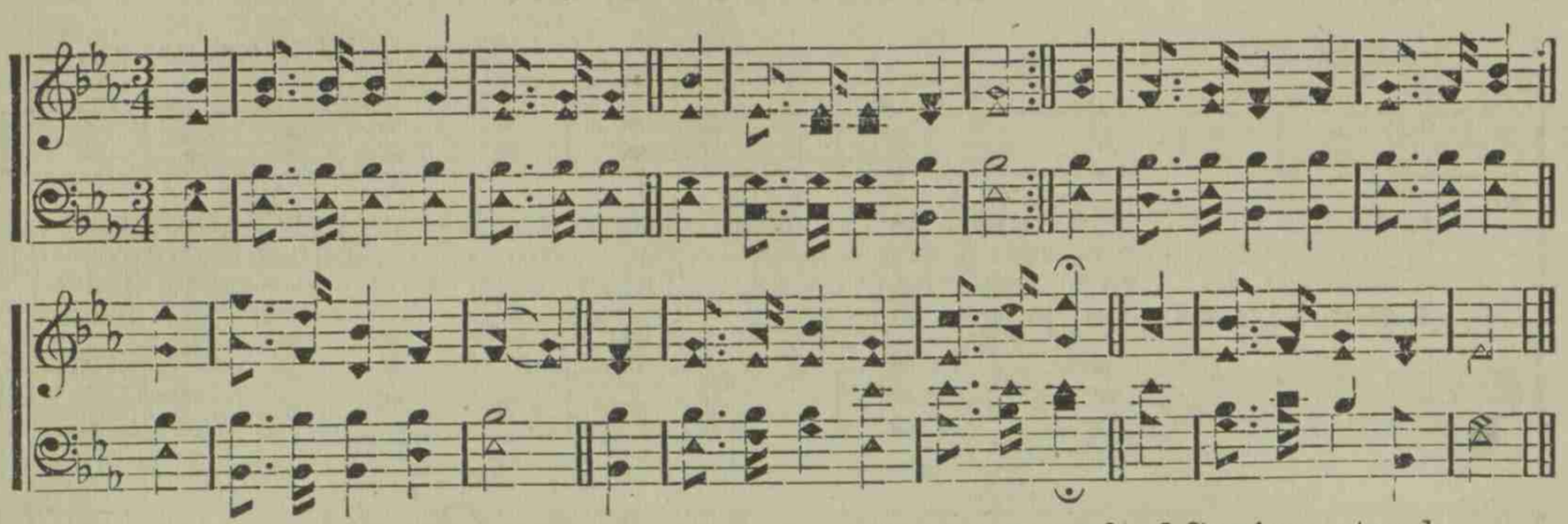
No. 210. Day by Day the Manna Fell.

1 Day by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 Lord! my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

3 Thou my daily task shalt give:
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfill,
Not my own, my Father's will.

JOSIAH CONDER.

VARINA. C. M. GEO. F. ROOT.

No. 211. How Happy.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight;—
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast."

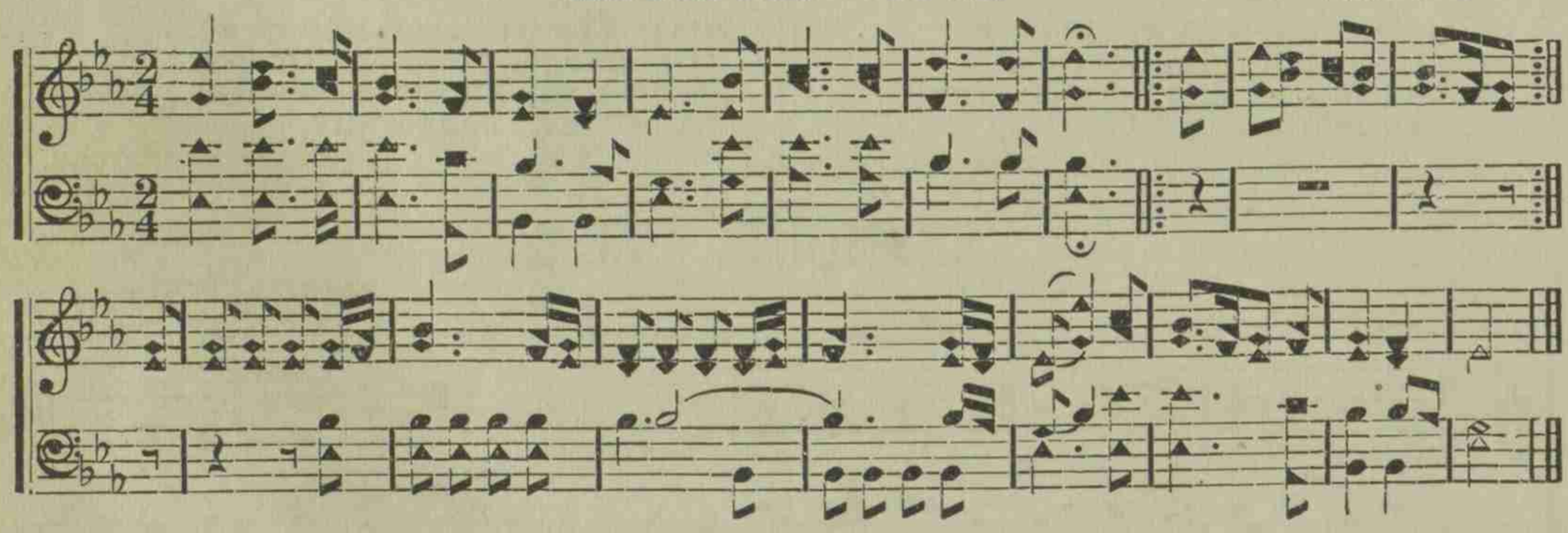
CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 212. There is a Land of Pure Delight.

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

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

ANTIOCH. C. M. HANDEL.

No. 213. Joy to the World!

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 214. Father of Mercies.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

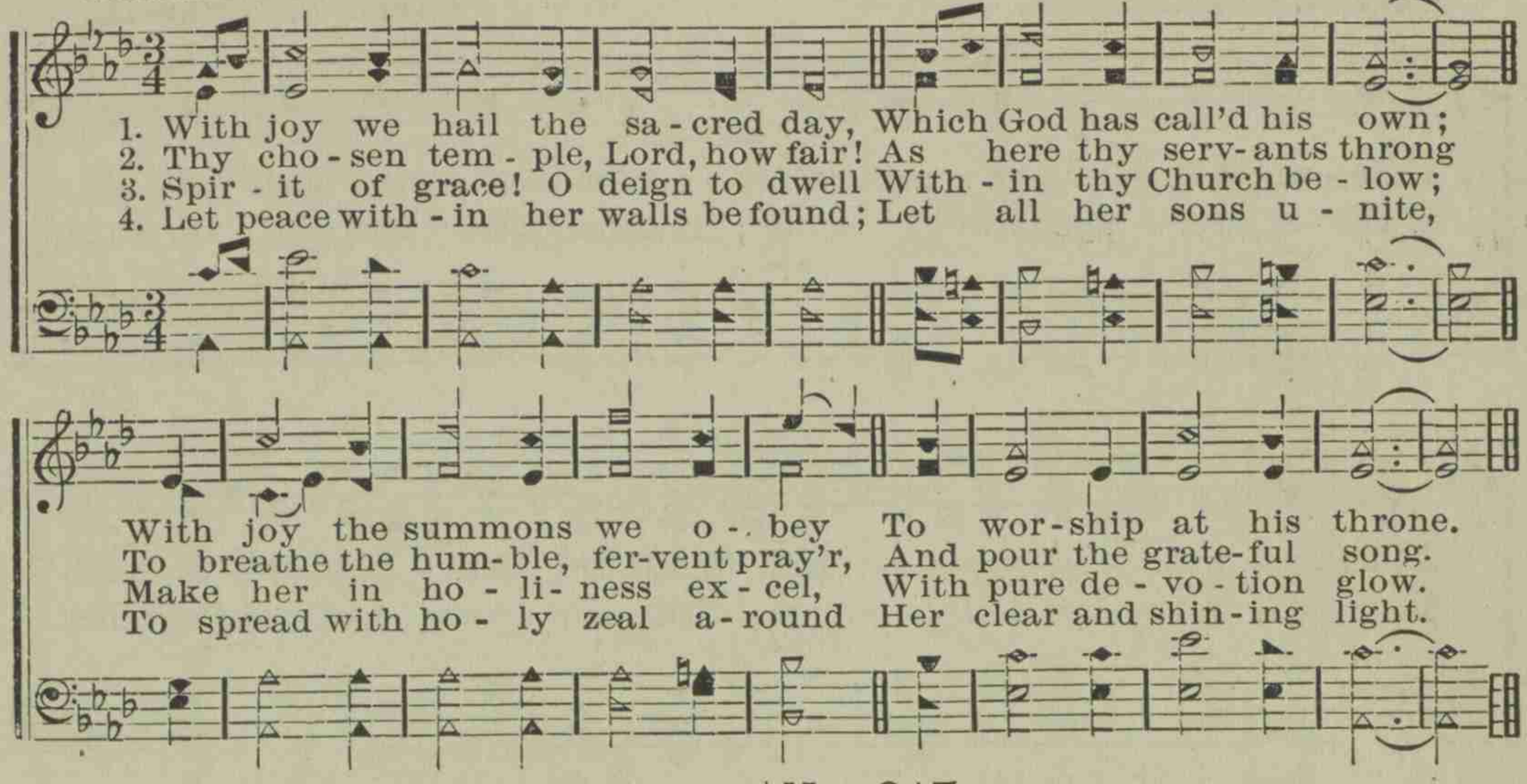
3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE.

No. 215. MANOAH. C. M.

HARRIET AUBER. F. J. HAYDN.



No. 216. There is No Sorrow.

1 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to thee:
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

JANE CREWDSON.

No. 217. Thou Art the Way.

1 Thou art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

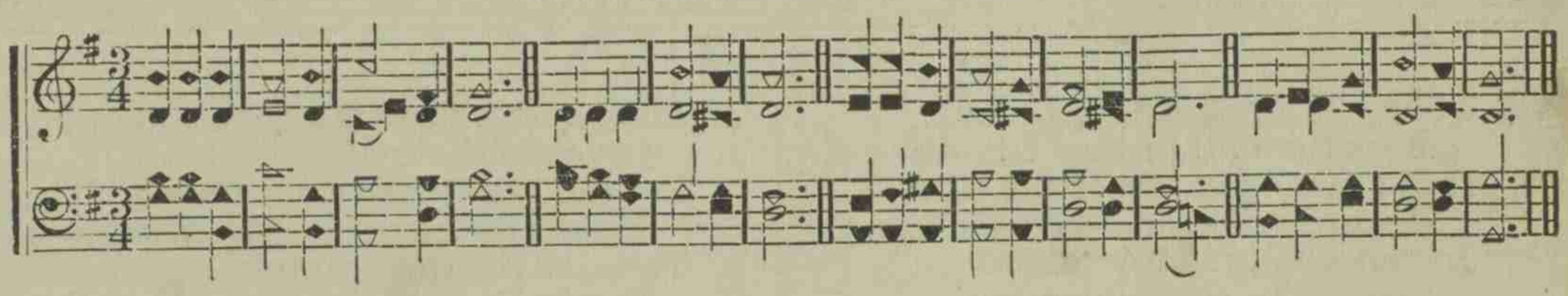
2 Thou art the Truth: thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.

No. 218. There is An Eye.

1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the shades of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That list'ning ear to gain.

4 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

JOHN AIKMAN WALLACE.

No. 219. Jesus, the Very Thought.

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

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

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

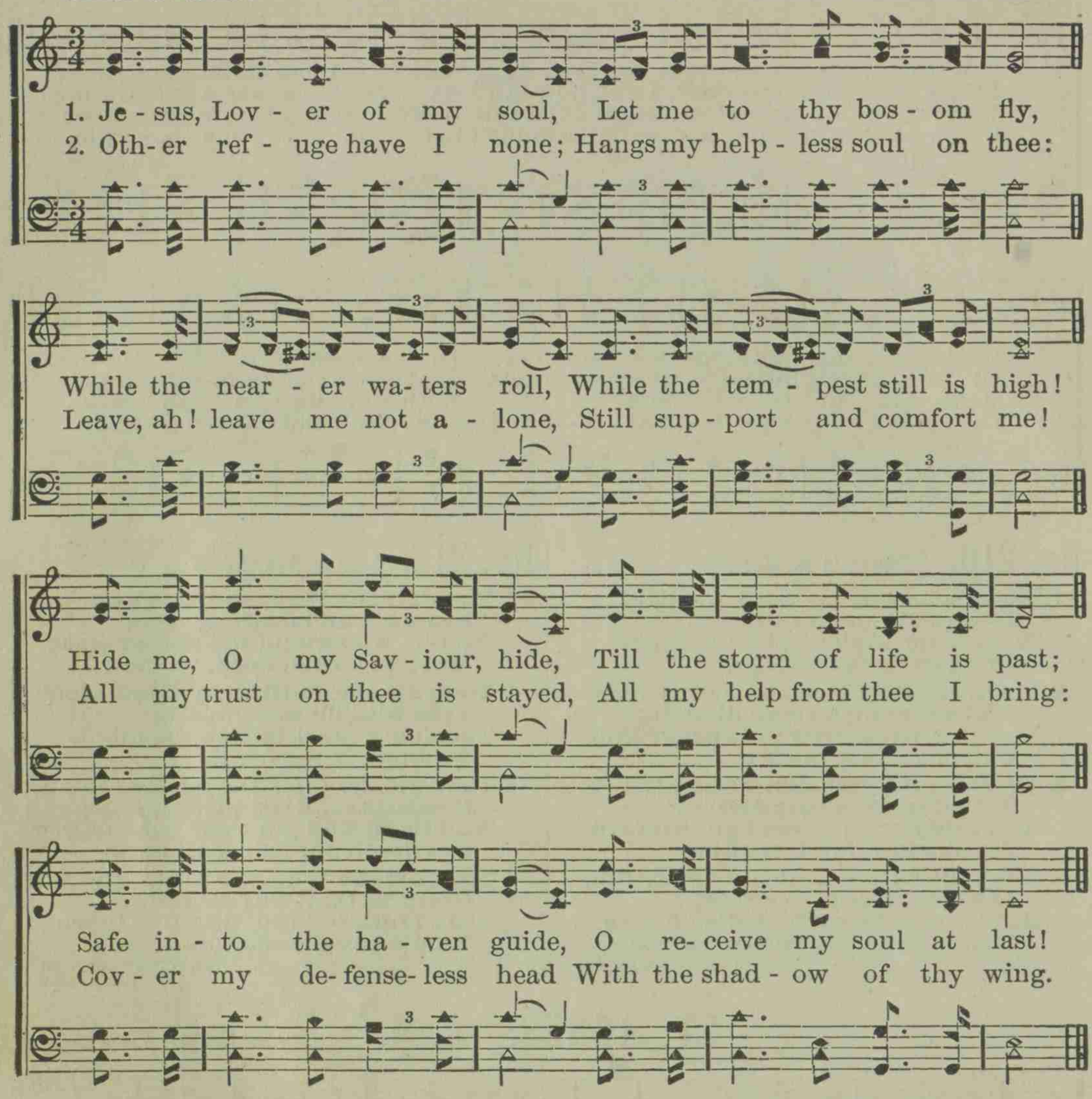
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.
TR BY EDWARD CASWALL.

No. 220. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(REFUGE. 7s. D.)

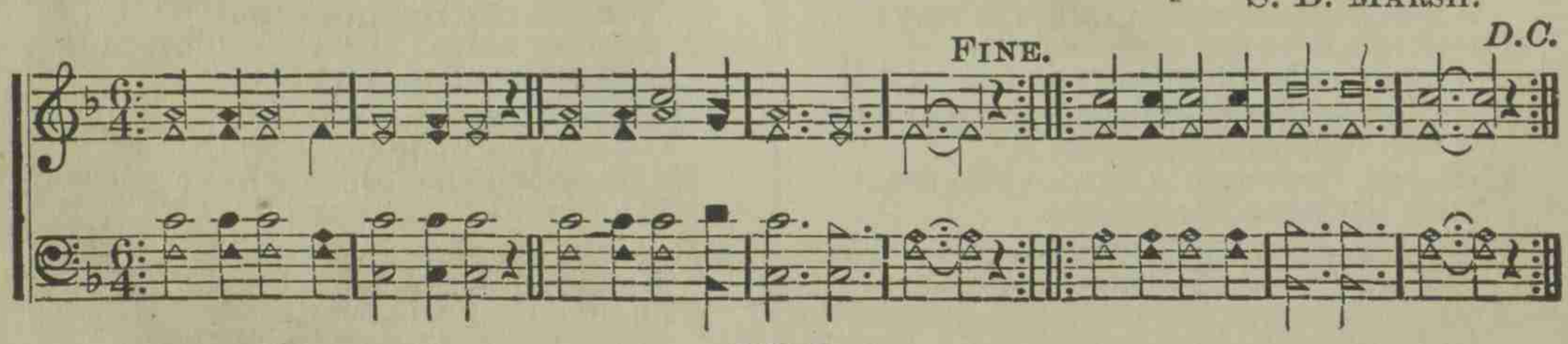
CHAS. WESLEY. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



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. 221. MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.

No. 222. EVENTIDE. 10s.

HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day: Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a-round I see; O thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if thou a - bide with me.

No. 223. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

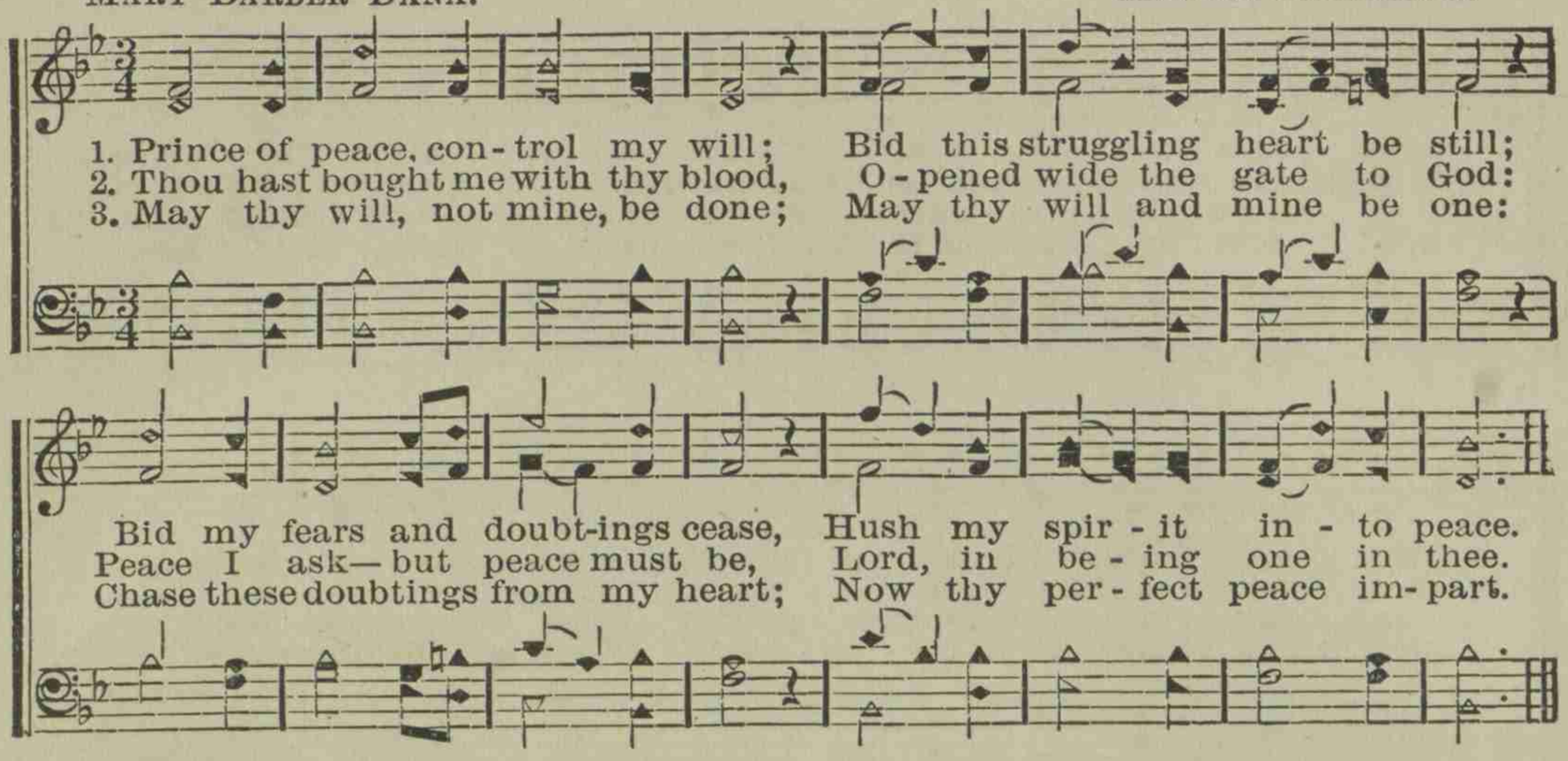
1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 224. HORTON. 7s.

MARY BARBER DANA. XAVIER SCHNEIDER.

No. 225. Holy Ghost, with Light. 7s.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

ANDREW REED.

No. 226. Lord, We Come. 7s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

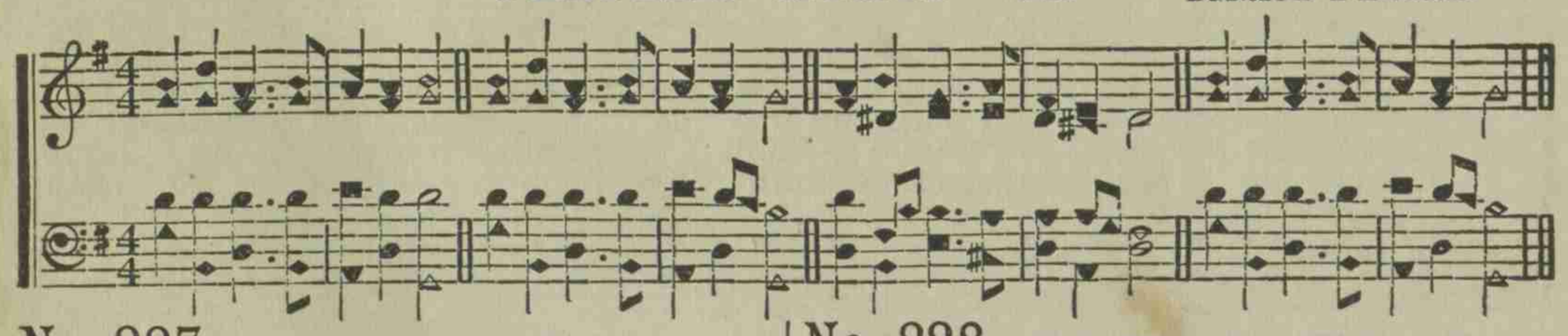
2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

WM. HAMMOND.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

No. 227. Depth of Mercy. 7s.

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

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his [hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 228. Holy Bible, Book Divine. 7s.

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

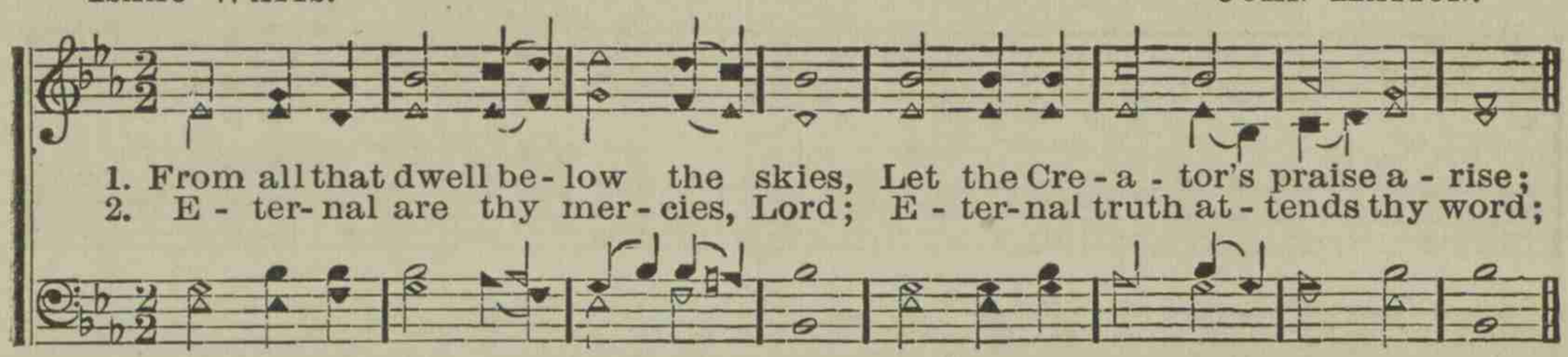
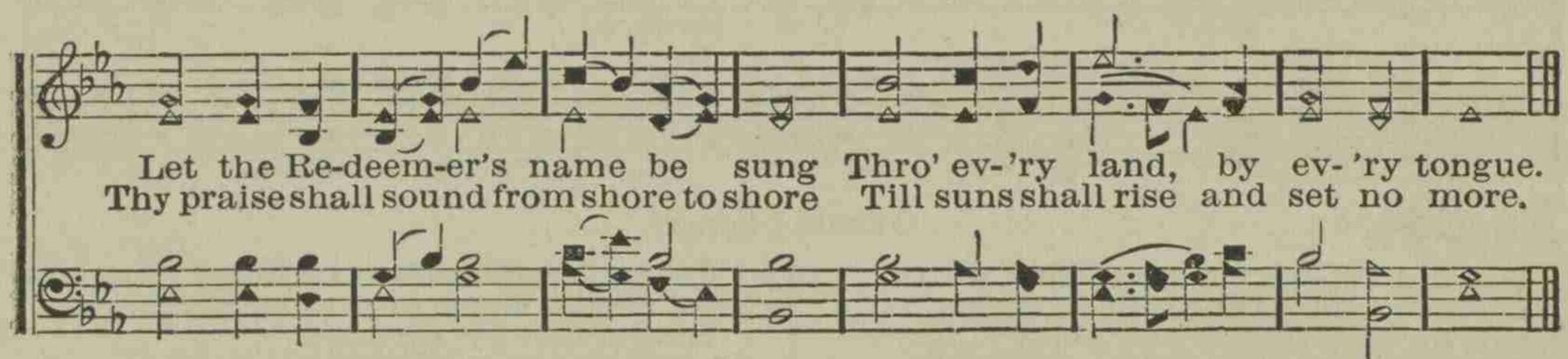
2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

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

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON, SR.

No. 229. DUKE ST. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.



No. 230. Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 231. Glorying in the Cross. L. M.

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

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

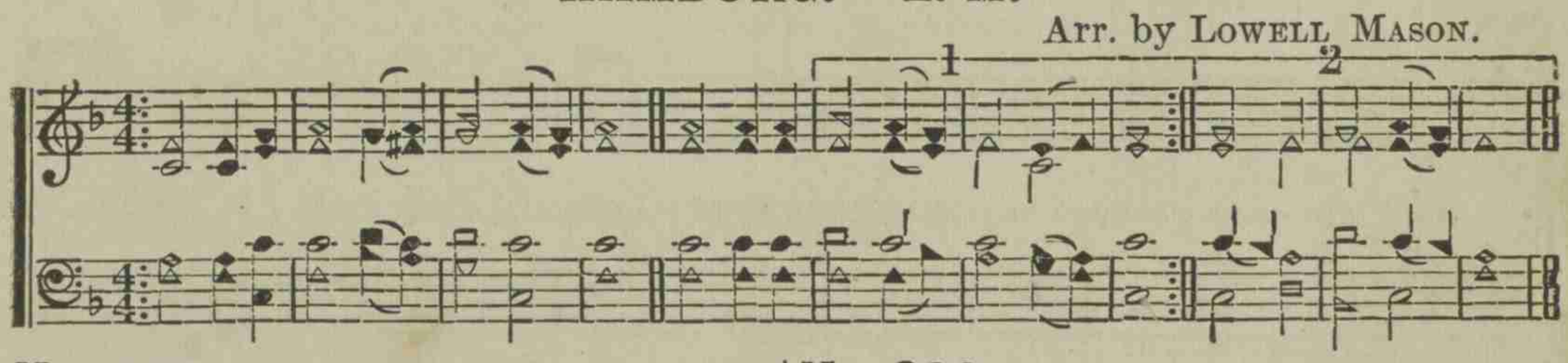
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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

ISAAC WATTS.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



No. 232. Lord, I Am Thine. L. M.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

No. 233. Not Ashamed of Jesus. L. M.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

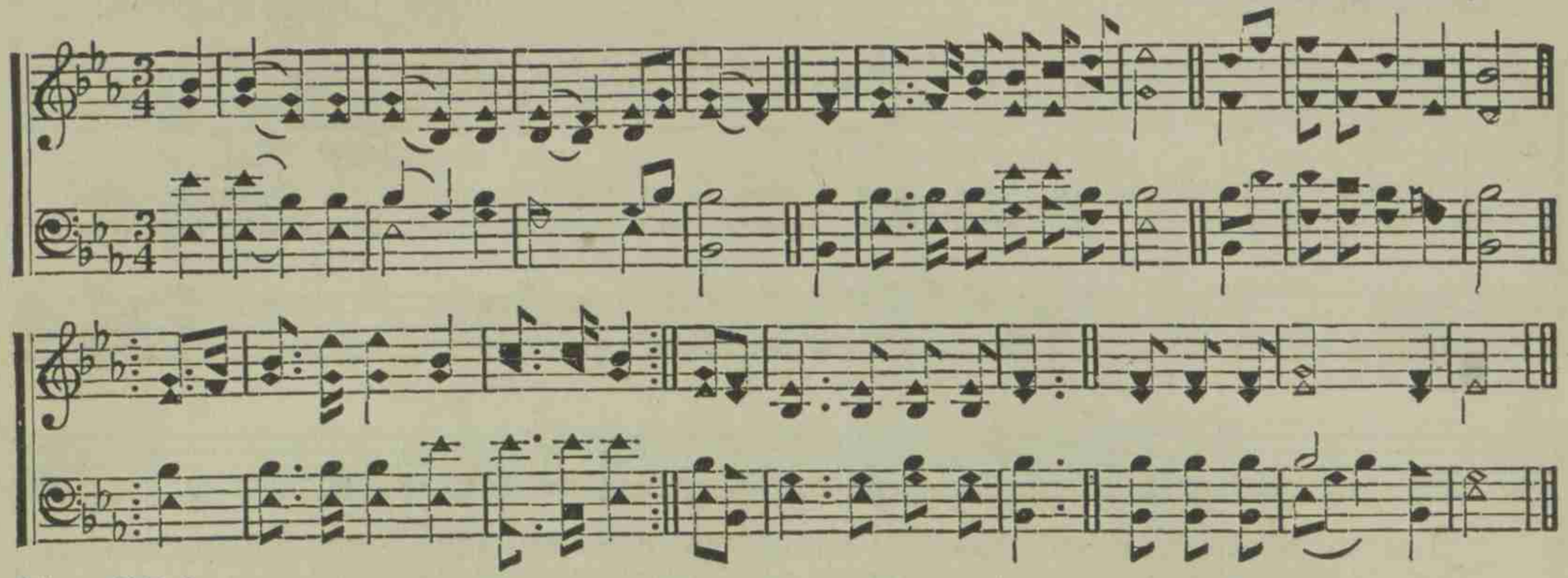
2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.

No. 234. O Could I Speak.

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

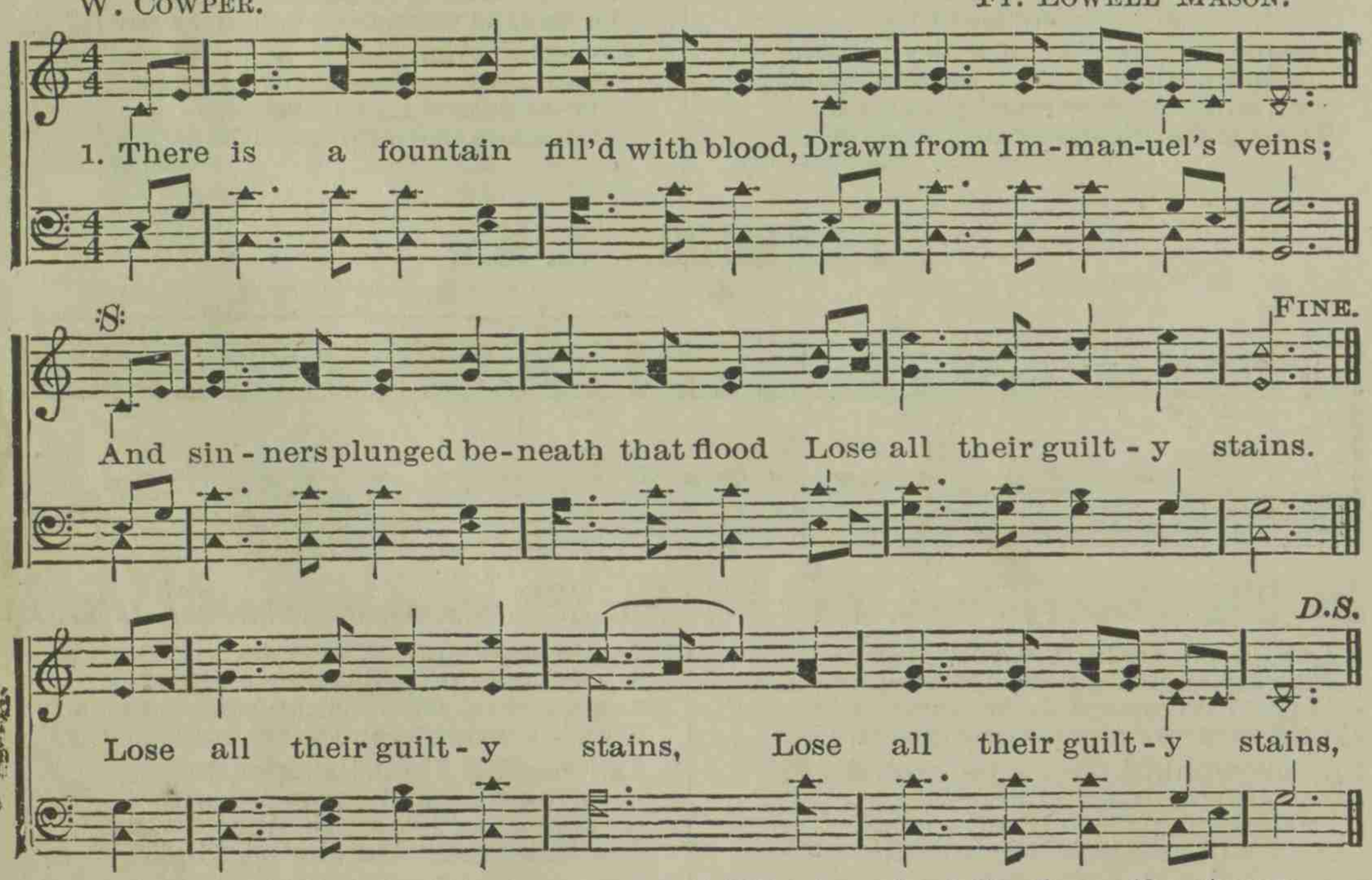
3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

No. 235. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

W. COWPER. Fr. LOWELL MASON.



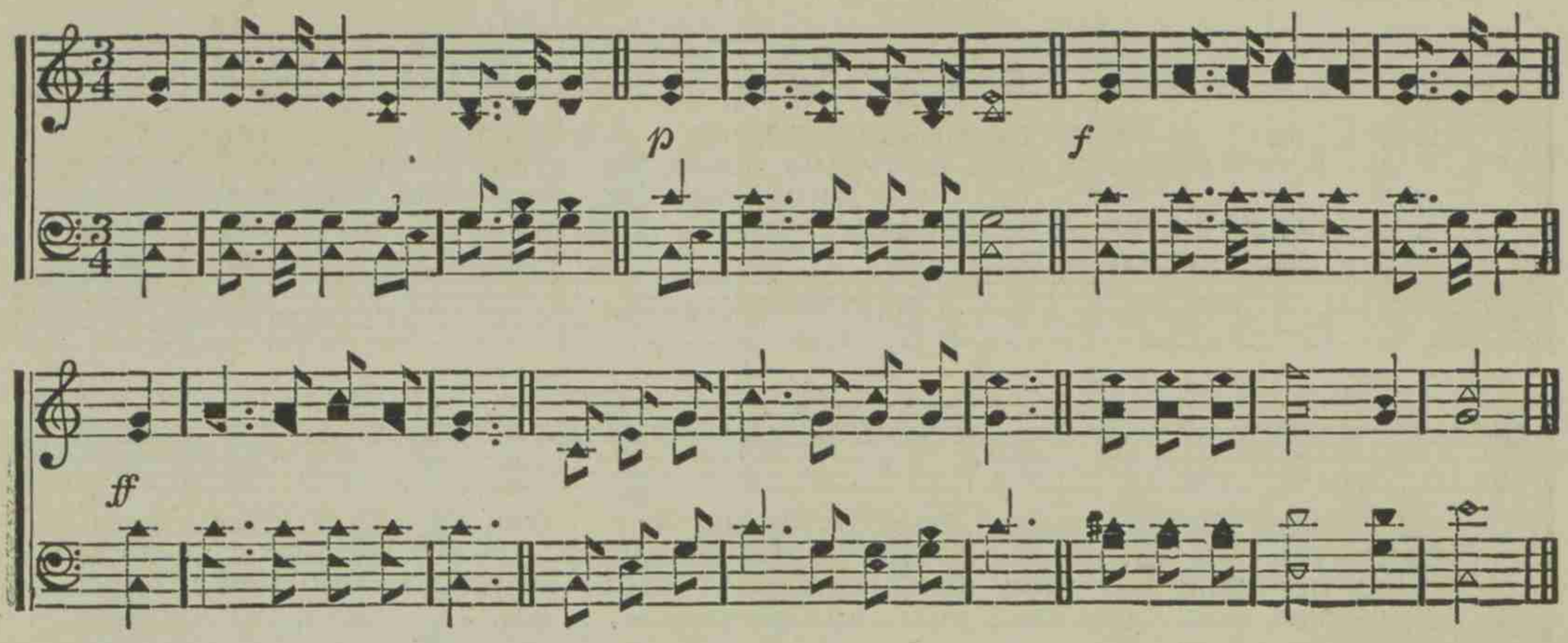
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

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

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

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

ZERAH. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

No. 236. The Prince of Peace. C. M.

1 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

JOHN MORRISON.

No. 237. Awake, my Soul. C. M.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

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

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

No. 238. Come, Let us Join. C. M.

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

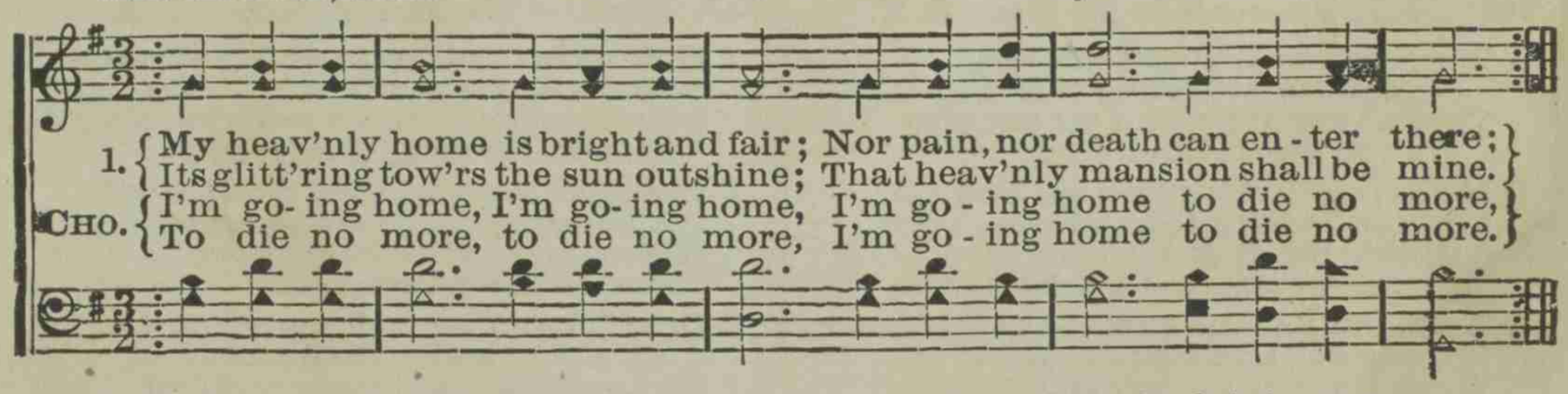
2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

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

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 239. I'M GOING HOME.

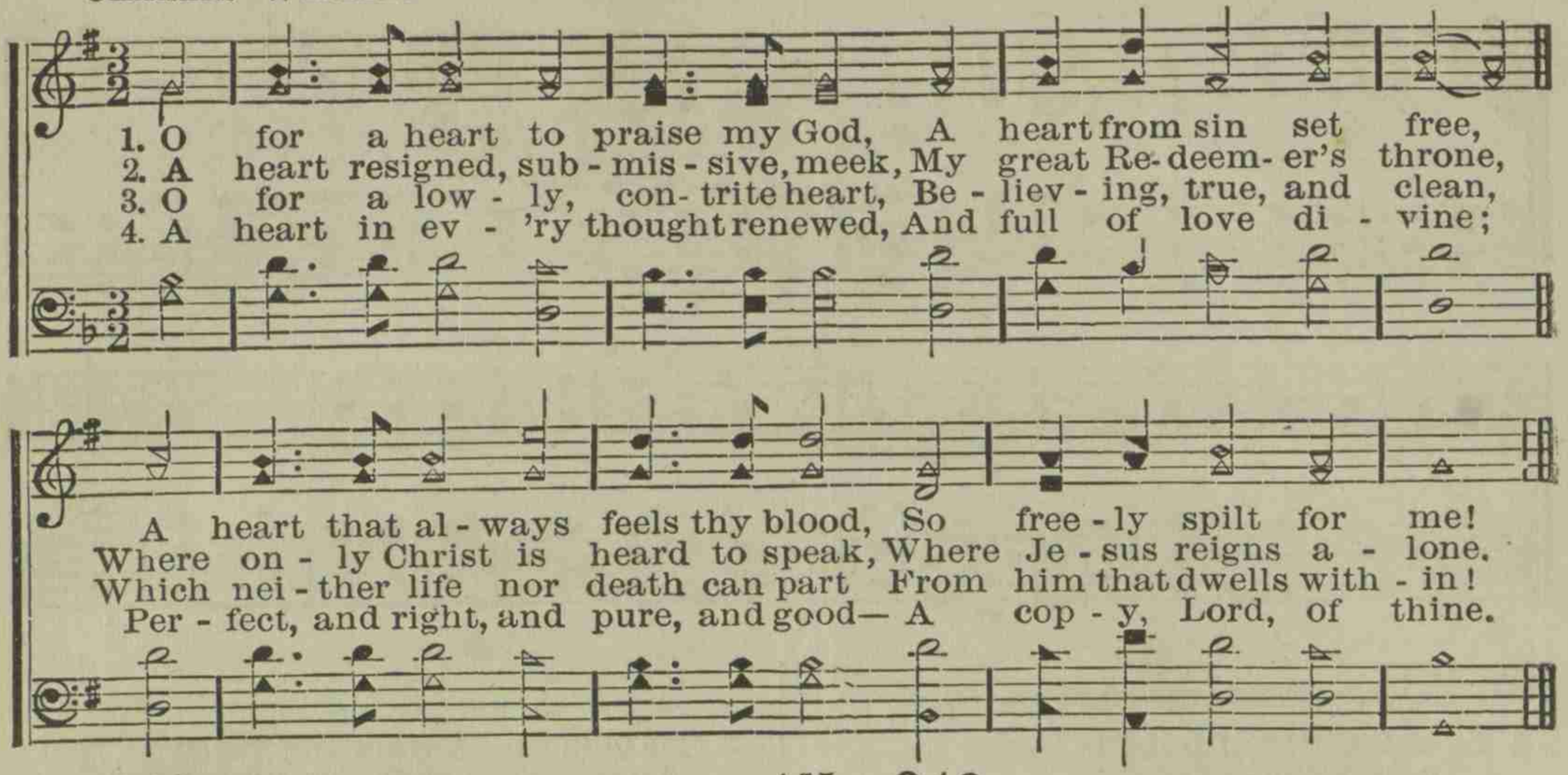
WM. HUNTER, D.D. Arr. by Rev. W. MCDONALD.

2 My Father's house is built on high:
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

No. 240. ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.



No. 241. O for a Faith. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

No. 242. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

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

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

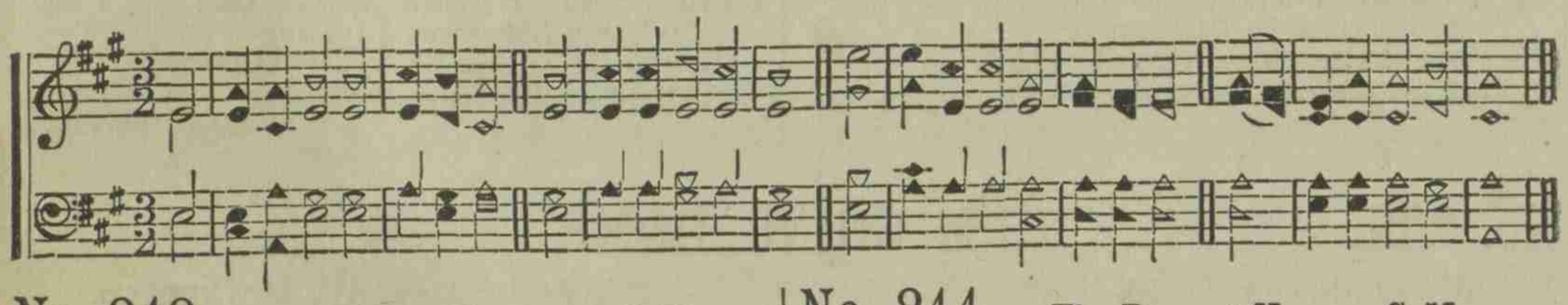
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

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

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



No. 243. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone —
My hands, my head, my heart.

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 244. The Dearest Name. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

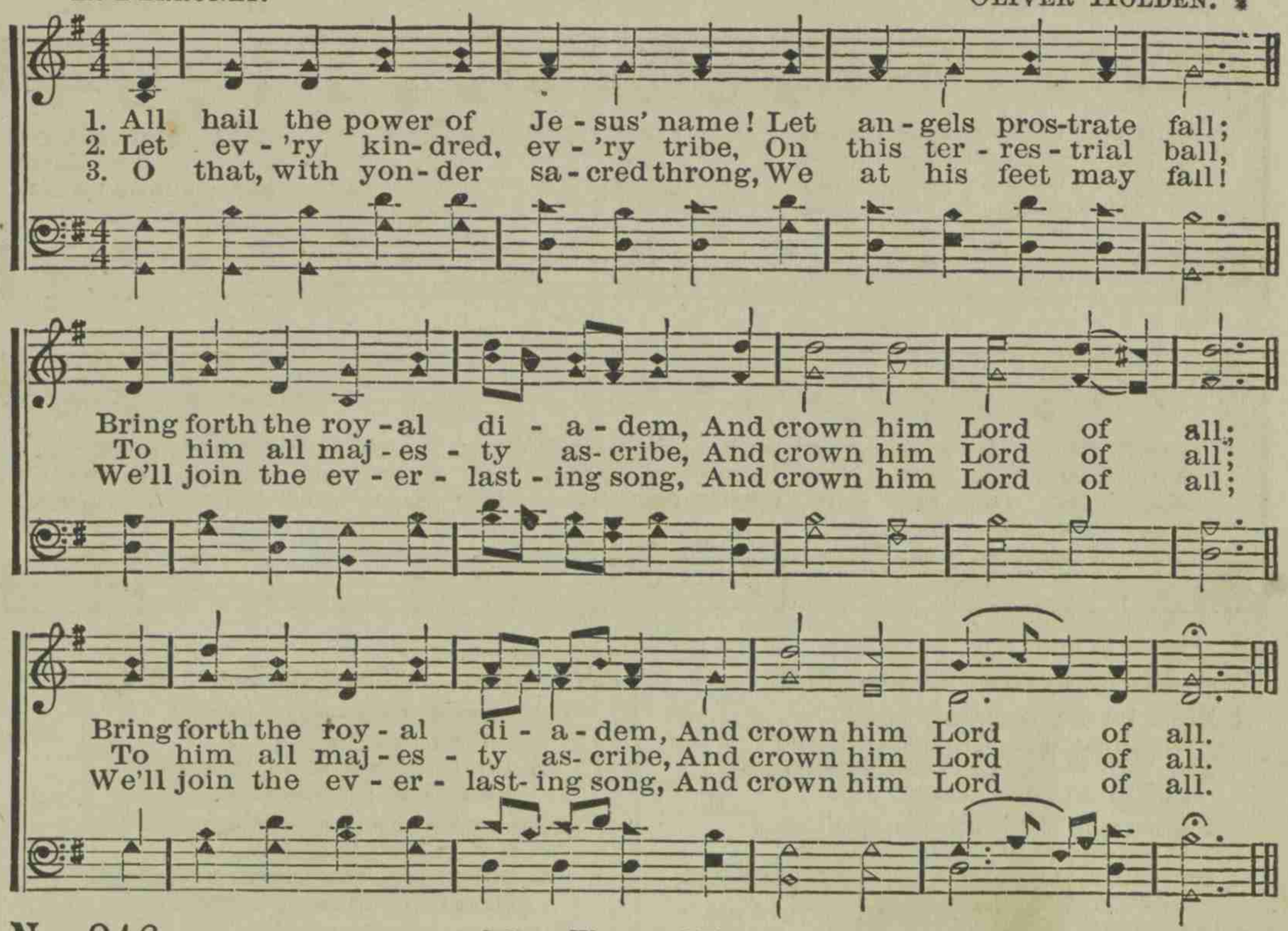
3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

No. 245. CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



No. 246.

O for a Thousand Tongues.

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

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

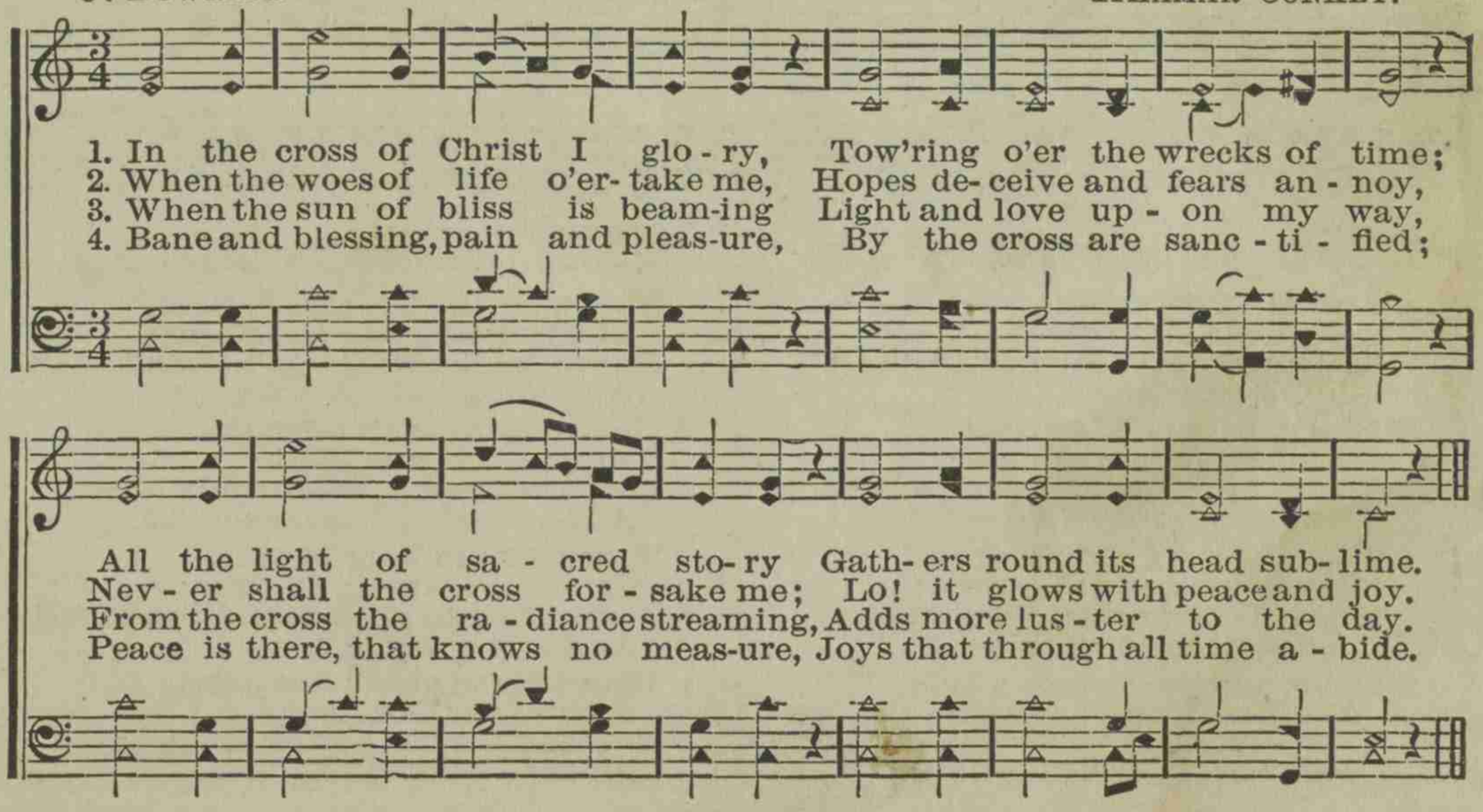
3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

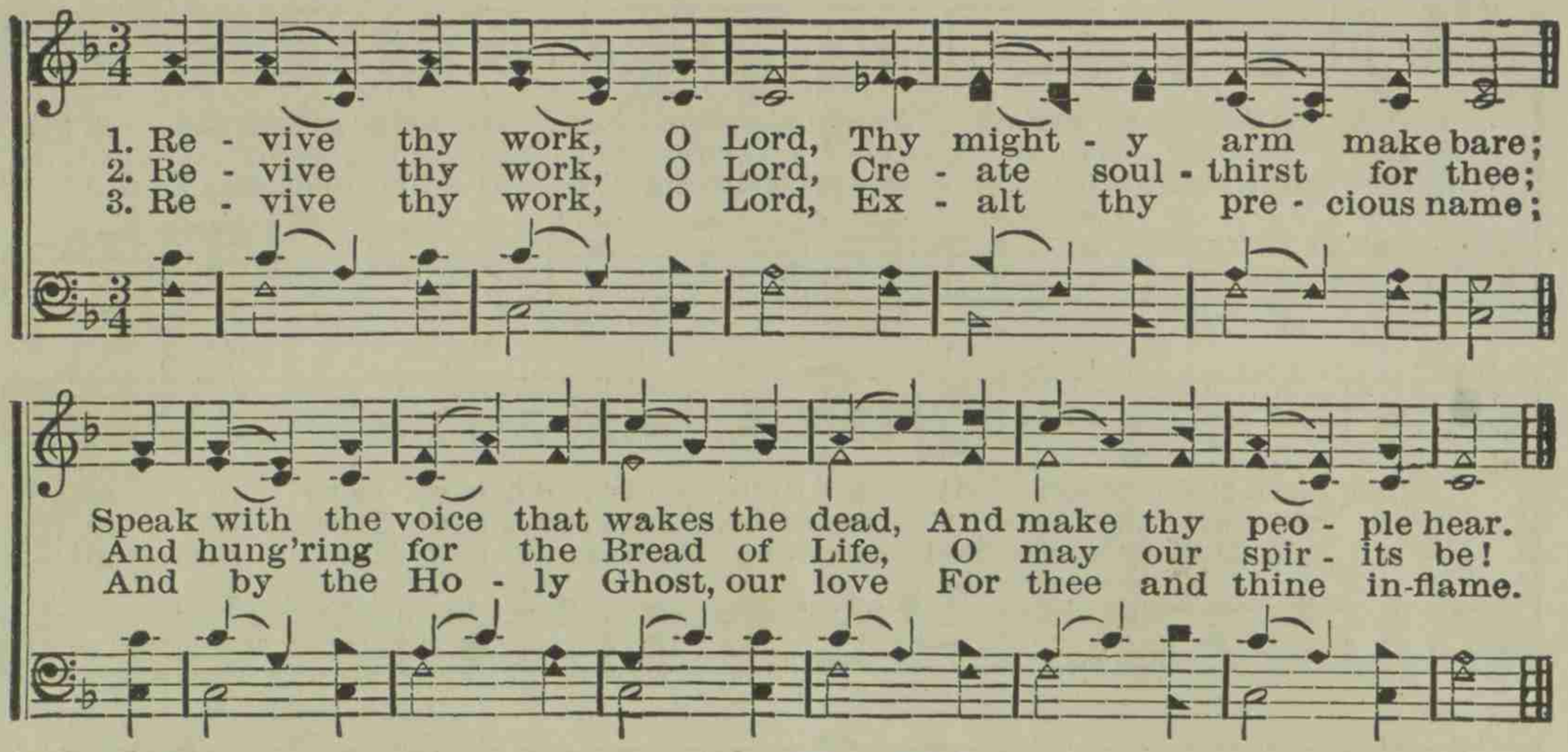
CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 247. RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

J. BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



No. 248. DENNIS. S. M.

ALBERT MIDLANE. H. G. NÄGELI.

No. 249. Blest Be the Tie. S. M.

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

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

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

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

JOHN FAWCETT.

No. 250. A Charge to Keep. S. M.

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

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

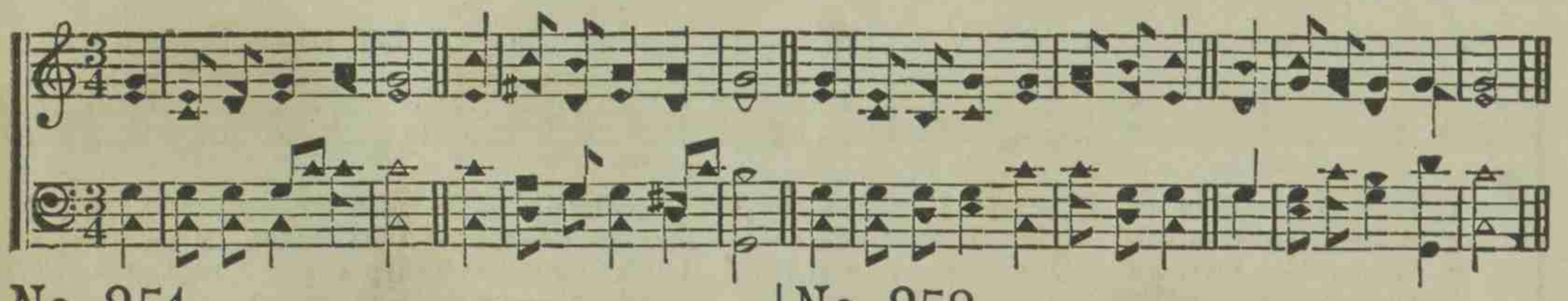
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

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

CHAS. WESLEY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



No. 251. And Can I Yet Delay. S. M.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

No. 252. Evils of Intemperance. S. M.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

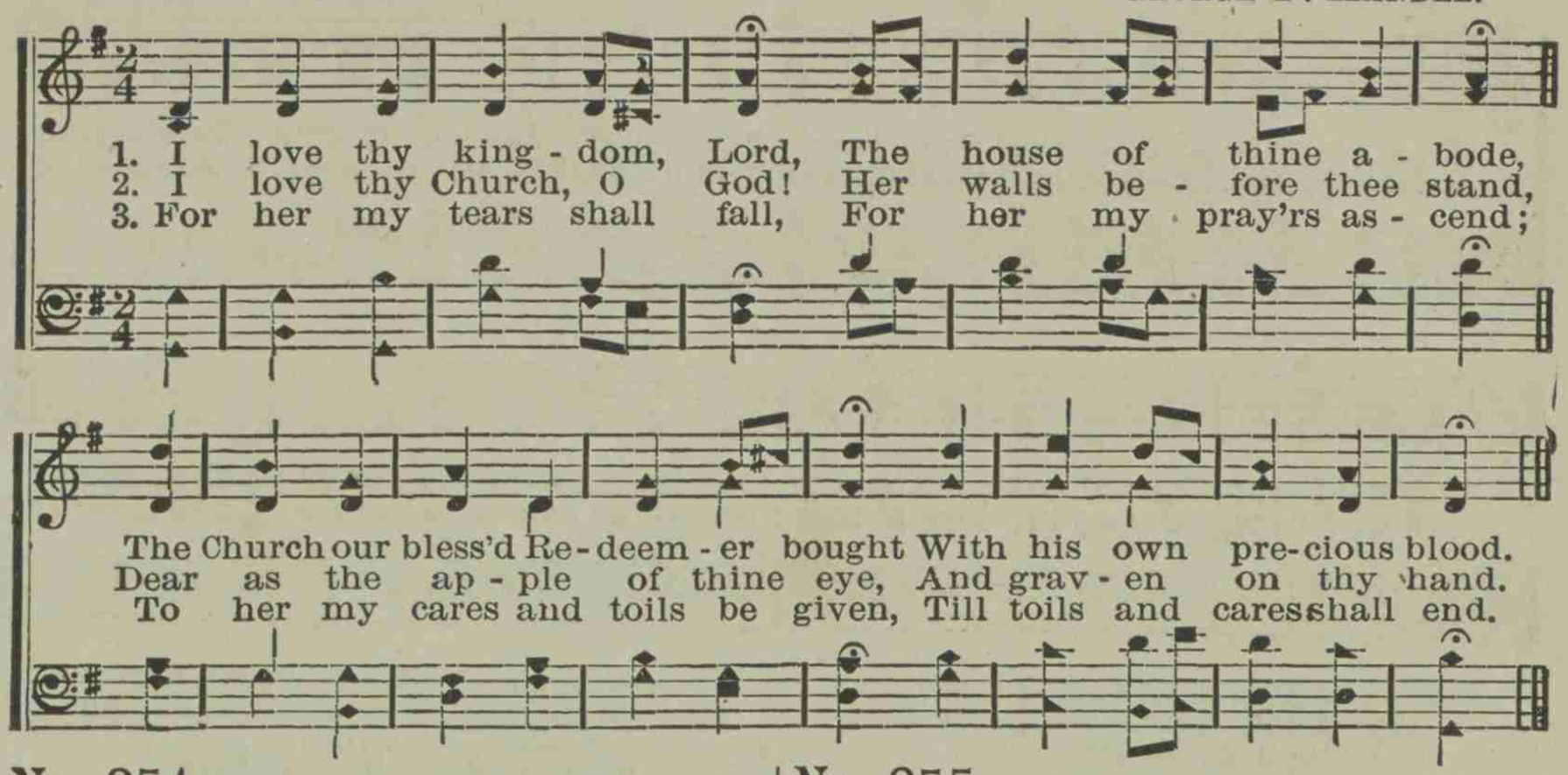
2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

No. 253. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. GEORGE F. HANDEL.



No. 254. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

No. 255. Grace!

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to my ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

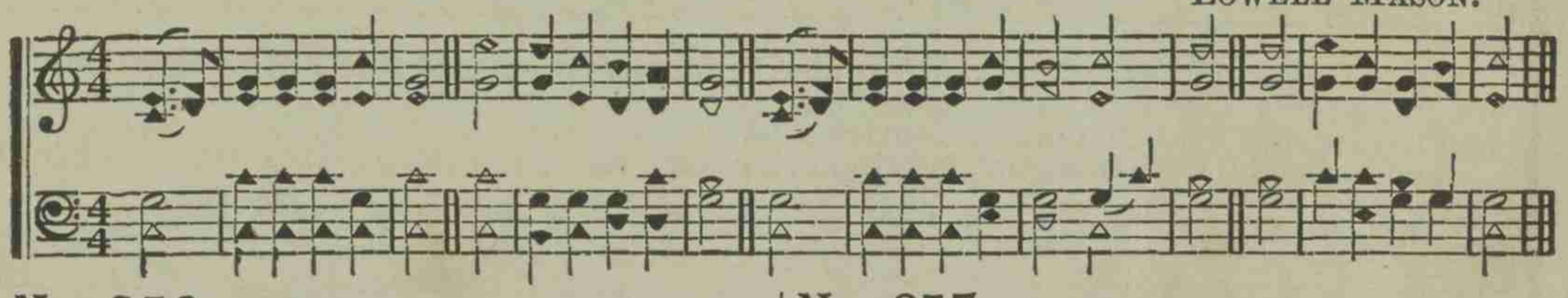
2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

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

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

P. DODDRIDGE.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

No. 256. Spirit of Faith.

1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his name.

4 The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 257. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

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

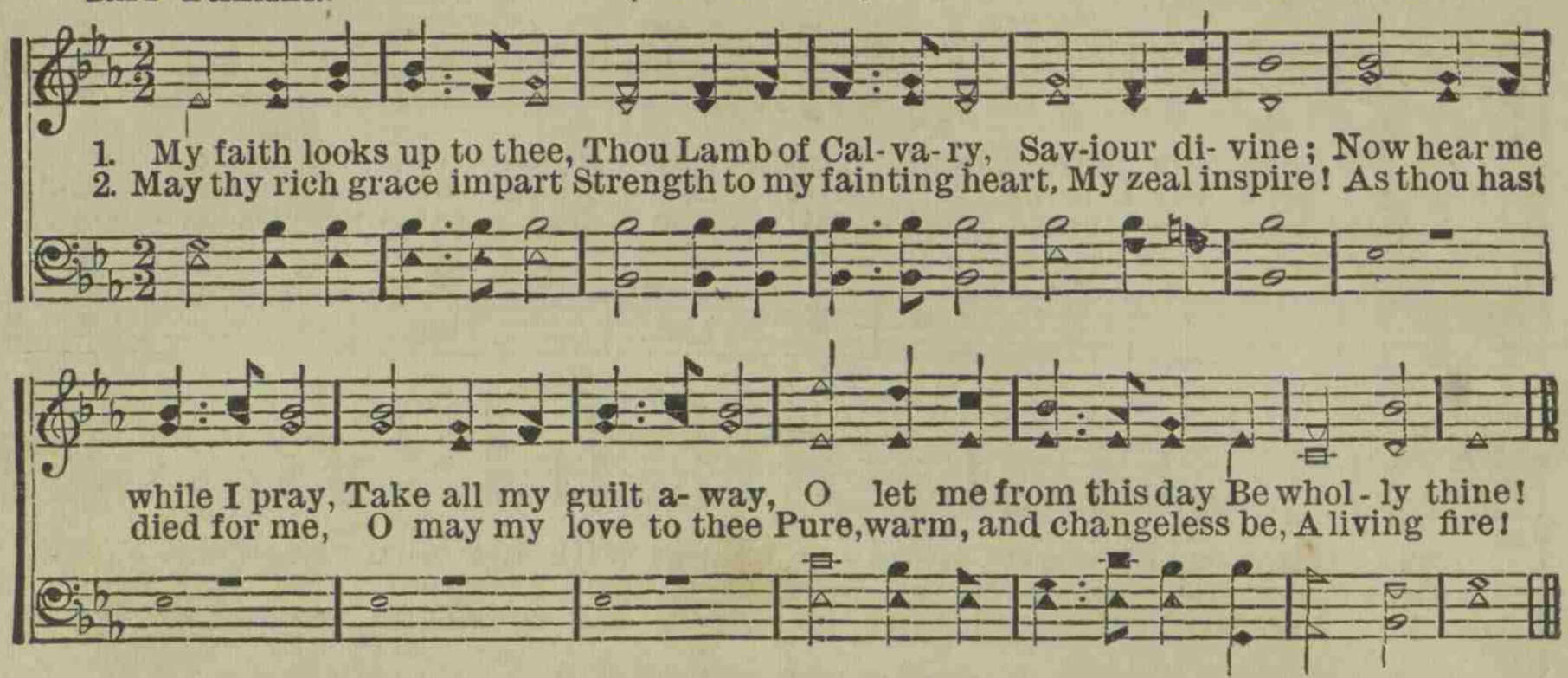
2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

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

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

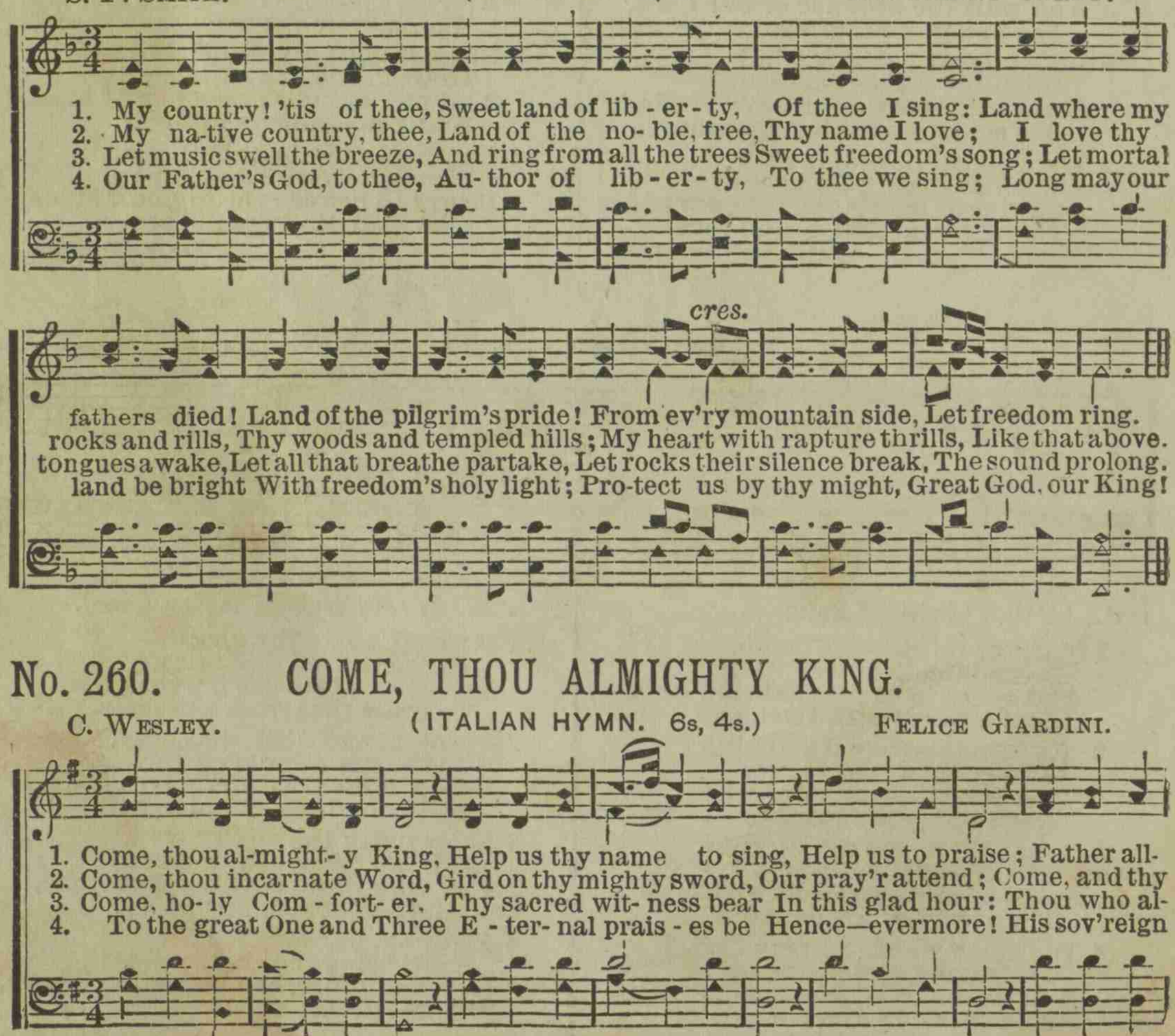
GEORGE HEATH.

No. 258. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

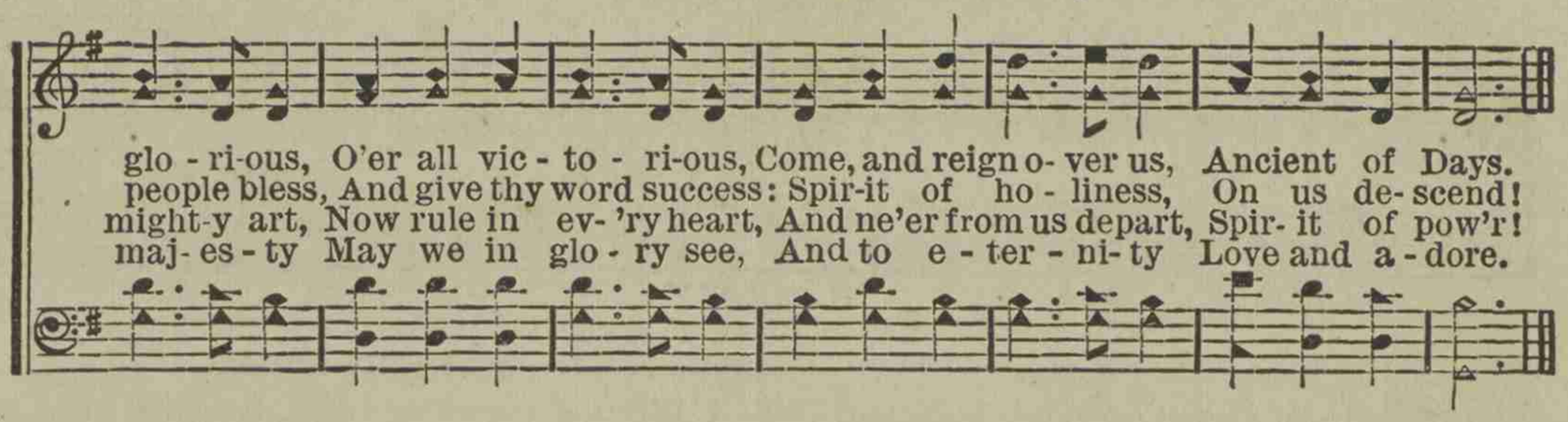
RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

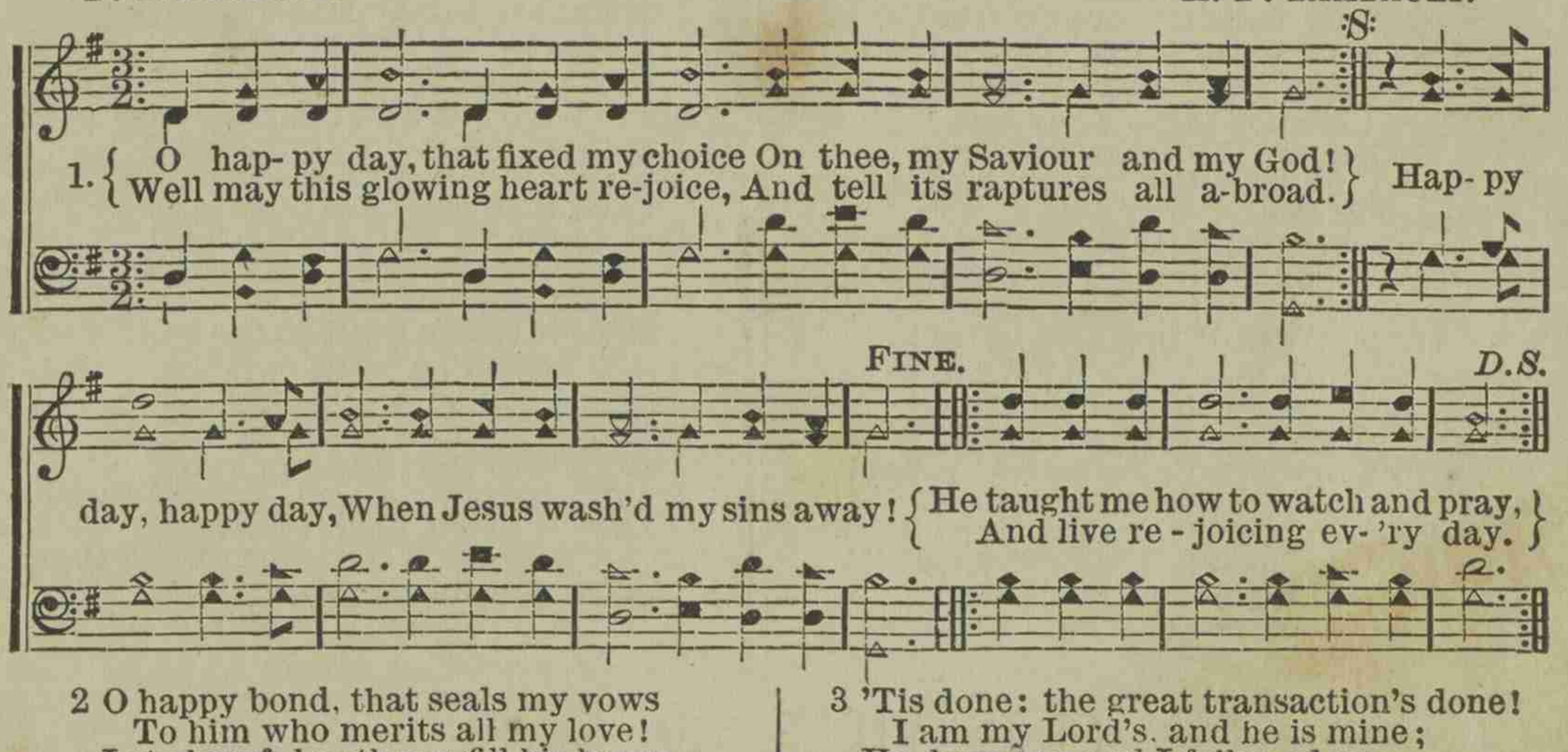
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

No. 259. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.) Ad. HENRY CAREY.

No. 260. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

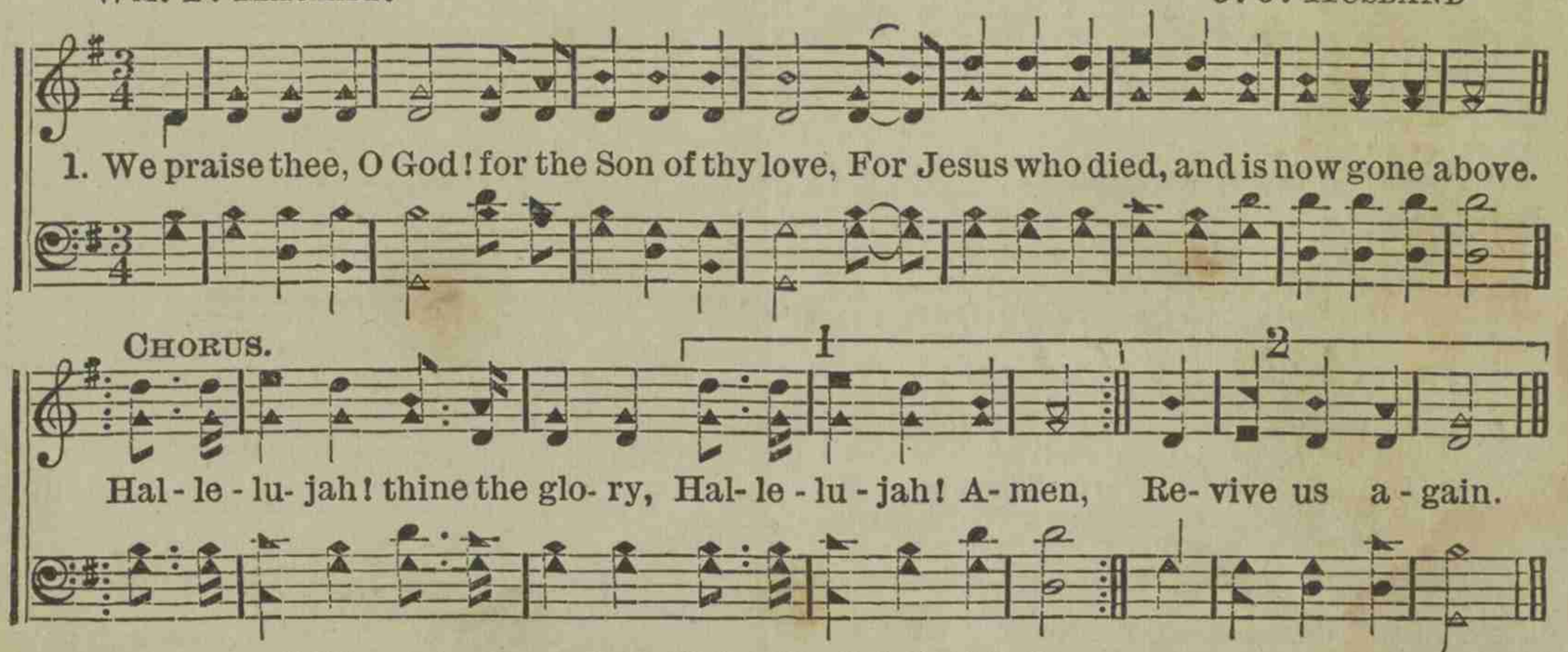
C. WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. (Concluded.)

No. 261. HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

No. 262. REVIVE US AGAIN.

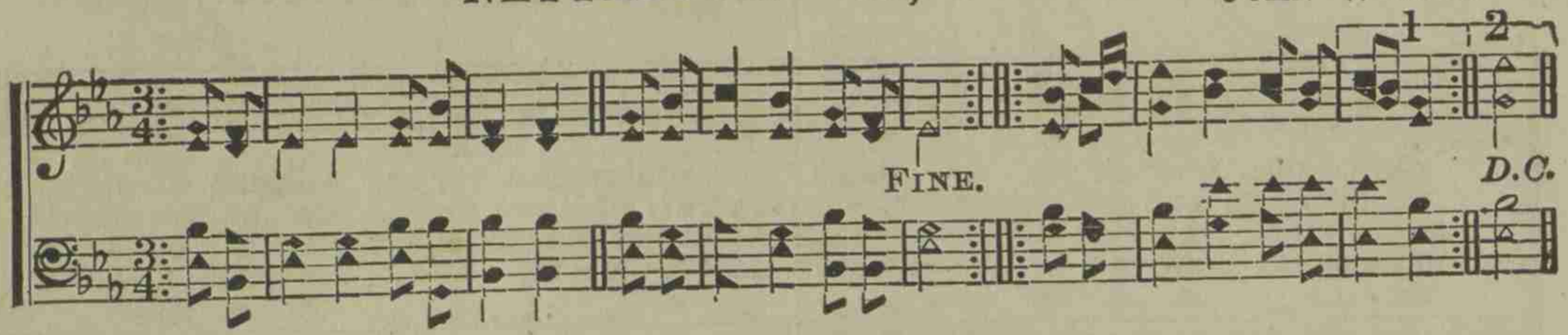
WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

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

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

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

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.

No. 263. Come, Thou Fount.

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

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

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

R. ROBINSON.

No. 264. Tune.—874 Hymnal.

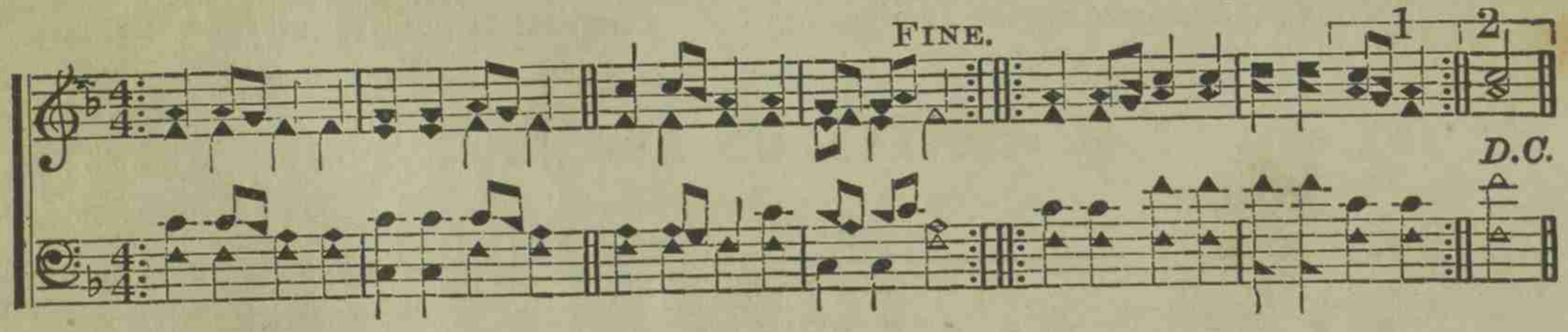
1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

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

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.

No. 265. Come, Ye Sinners.

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

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

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

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

JOSEPH HART.

No. 266. The Pilgrim's Guide.

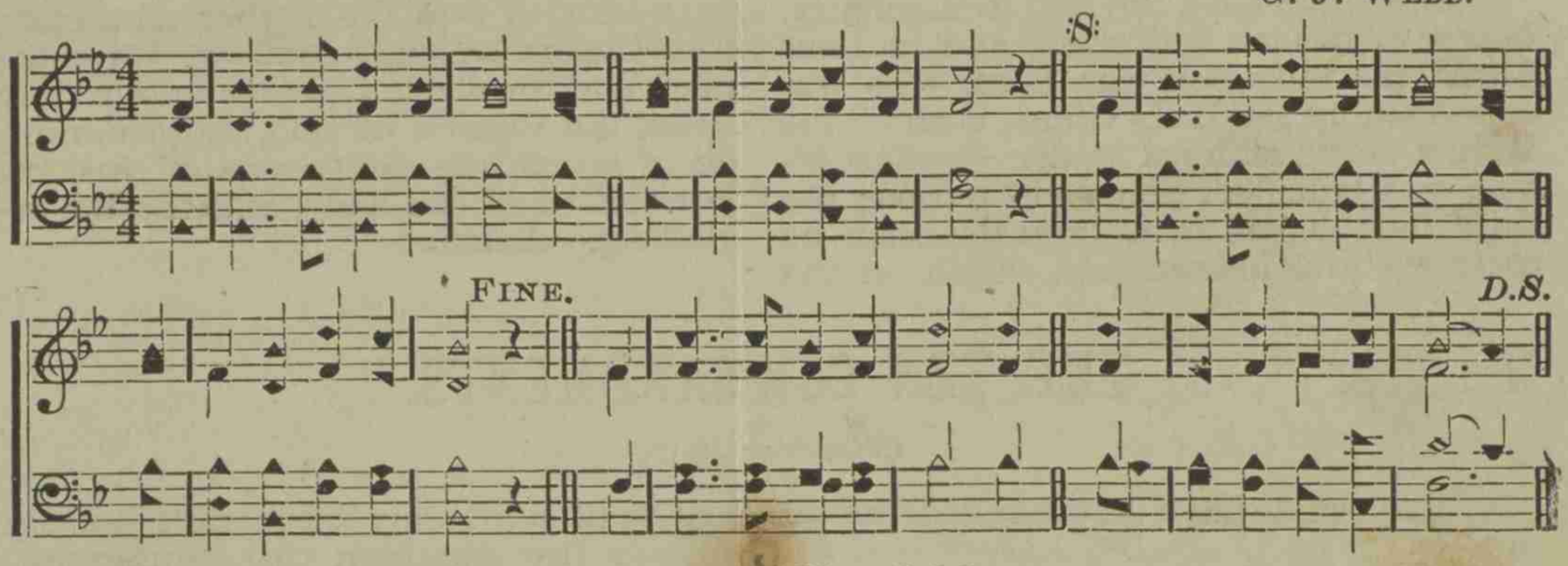
1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

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

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.

No. 267. Stand Up for Jesus!

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

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

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

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

No. 268. The Morning Light.

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

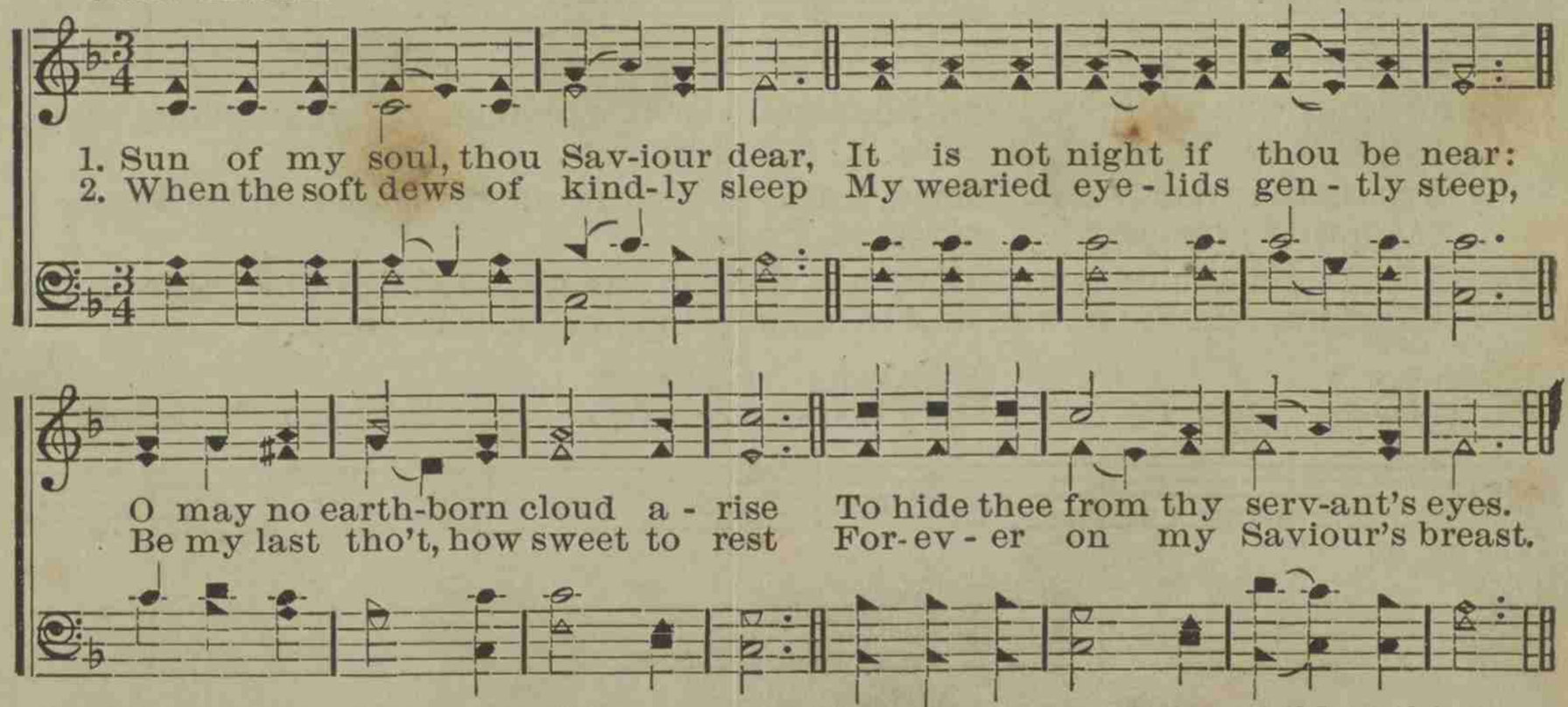
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

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

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

No. 269. SUN OF MY SOUL.

(HURSLEY. L. M.)

JOHN KEBLE. Fr. PETER RITTER.

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

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

No. 270. THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I BELIEVE in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right-hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead; I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Church of God, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

No. 271. THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

EXODUS XX. 3-17.

1. THOU shalt have no other gods before me.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6. Thou shalt not kill.

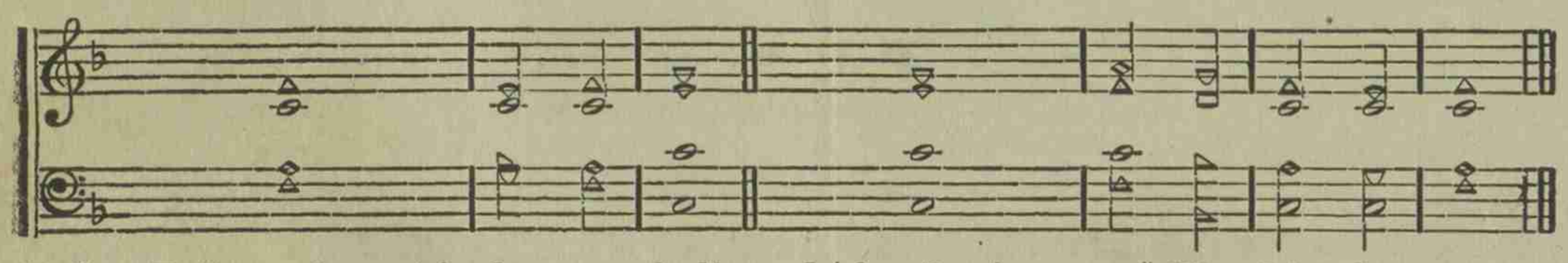
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8. Thou shalt not steal.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

No. 272. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

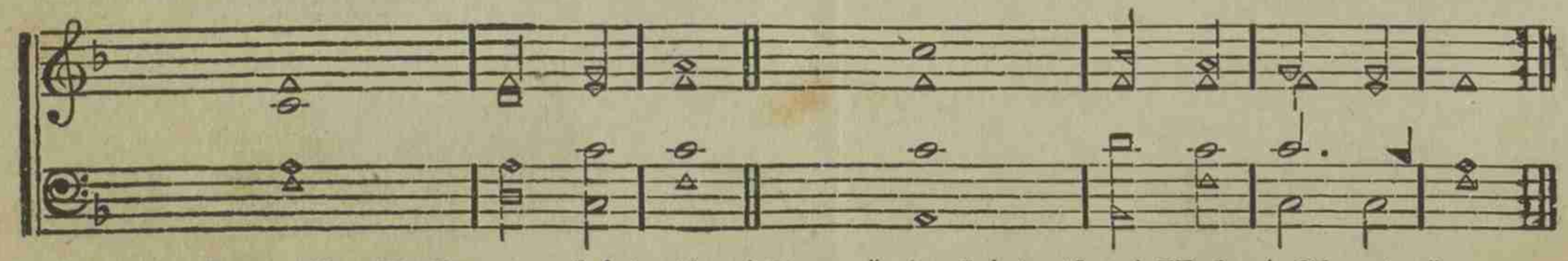


1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name. ‖ Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.

2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, ‖ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; ‖ For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ev-er. | A- | men.

No. 273. GLORIA PATRI.

RICHARD FARRANT.

GLORY be to the Father, and | to the | Son: ‖ And | to the | Holy | Ghost; ‖
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, ‖ World | without | end.
A- | men.

No. 274. Tune.—Y. P. H., 93. Key A♭.

1 What a fellowship, what a joy divine!
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms;
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine!
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

CHORUS.

Leaning, leaning,
Safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning,
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

2 O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way!
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms;
O how bright the path grows from day to day!
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

3 What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms?
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms,

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No. 275. Tune.—Y. P. H., 101. Key C.

1 O spread the tidings round,
Wherever man is found,
Wherever human hearts
And human woes abound;
Let every Christian tongue
Proclaim the joyful sound:
The Comforter has come!

CHORUS.

The Comforter has come,
The Comforter has come—
The Holy Ghost from heaven,
The Father's promise given;
O spread the tidings round,
Wherever man is found,
The Comforter has come!

2 The long, long night is past,
The morning breaks at last,
And hushed the dreadful wail
And fury of the blast
As o'er the golden hills
The day advances fast—
The Comforter has come!

3 Lo, the great King of kings,
With healing in his wings,
To every captive soul
A full deliverance brings!
And through the vacant cells
The song of triumph rings:
The Comforter has come!

F. BOTTOME, D.D.

No. 276. Tune.—Y. P. H., 121. Key A♭.

1 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take him at his word,
Just to rest upon his promise,
Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."

CHORUS.

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him!
How I've proved him o'er and o'er!
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!
O for grace to trust him more!

2 O how sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to trust his cleansing blood,
Just in simple faith to plunge me
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood!

3 Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just from sin and self to cease;
Just from Jesus simply taking
Life and rest and joy and peace.

4 I'm so glad I learned to trust thee,
Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend;
And I know that thou art with me,
Wilt be with me to the end.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

No. 277. Tune.—Y. P. H., 119. Key E♭.

1 On the happy golden shore,
Where the faithful part no more,
When the storms of life are o'er
Meet me there.
Where the night dissolves away
Into pure and perfect day,
I am going home to stay,
Meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, meet me there,
Where the tree of life is blooming
Meet me there.
When the storms of life are o'er
On the happy golden shore,
Where the faithful part no more,
Meet me there.

2 Here our fondest hopes are vain,
Dearest links are rent in twain!
But in heaven no throb of pain,
Meet me there.
By the river sparkling bright,
In the city of delight,
Where our faith is lost in sight,
Meet me there.

3 Where the harps of angels ring
And the blest forever sing,
In the palace of the King,
Meet me there;
Where in sweet communion blend
Heart with heart and friend with friend,
In a world that ne'er shall end,
Meet me there.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

No. 278. Tune.—Y. P. H., 126. Key A♭.

1 When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright, and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

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

2 On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of the resurrection share;
When his chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

3 Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care;
Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

J. M. BLACK.

No. 279. Tune.—Y. P. H., 167. Key A♭.

1 Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it!
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
Redeemed through his infinite mercy—
His child, and forever, I am.

CHORUS.

Redeemed, redeemed,
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed, redeemed,
His child, and forever, I am.

2 Redeemed, and so happy in Jesus;
No language my rapture can tell,
I know that the light of his presence
With me doth continually dwell.

3 I think of my blessèd Redeemer,
I think of him all the day long;
I sing, for I cannot be silent—
His love is the theme of my song.

4 I know I shall see in his beauty
The King in whose law I delight,
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps,
And giveth me songs in the night.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

No. 280. Tune.—Y. P. H., 139. Key D.

1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

CHORUS.

Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood,
Cleanse me in its purifying flood;
Lord, I give to thee my life and all, to be
Thine henceforth eternally.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages for thee;
Take my silver and my gold—
Not a mite would I withhold.

4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Tak my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

No. 281. Tune.—Y. P. H., 141. Key D♭.

1 God be with you till we meet again,
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again!

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again!
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

No. 282. Tune.—Y. P. H., 7. Key D.

1 All to Jesus I surrender,
All to him I freely give:
I will ever love and trust him,
In his presence daily live.

CHORUS.

I surrender all,
I surrender all,
All to thee, my blessèd Saviour,
I surrender all.

2 All to Jesus I surrender,
Humbly at his feet I bow;
Worldly pleasures all forsaken,
Take me, Jesus, take me now.

3 All to Jesus I surrender;
Make me, Saviour, wholly thine.
Let me feel the holy Spirit,
Truly know that thou art mine.

4 All to Jesus I surrender;
Lord, I give myself to thee.
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

No. 283. Tune.—Y. P. H., 23. Key A.

1 All praise to him who reigns above,
In majesty supreme;
Who gave his Son for man to die,
That he might man redeem.

CHORUS.

‖: Blessèd be the name, blessèd be the name,
Blessèd be the name of the Lord! :‖

2 His name above all names shall stand,
Exalted more and more,
At God the Father's own right hand,
Where angel hosts adore.

3 His name shall be the Counselor,
The mighty Prince of Peace;
Of all earth's kingdoms Conqueror,
Whose reign shall never cease.

4 Redeemer, Saviour, Friend of man
Once ruined by the fall,
Thou hast devised salvation's plan,
For thou hast died for all.

W. H. CLARK.

No. 284. Tune—Y. P. H., 11. Key A♭.

1 There's sunshine in my soul to-day,
More glorious and bright
Than glows in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light.

CHORUS.

O, there's sunshine, blessèd sunshine,
While the peaceful, happy moments roll;
When Jesus shows his smiling face
There is sunshine in the soul.

2 There's music in my soul to-day,
A carol to my King;
And Jesus, listening, can hear
The songs I cannot sing.

3 There's springtime in my soul to-day,
For when the Lord is near
The dove of peace sings in my heart,
The flowers of grace appear.

4 There's gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope and praise and love,
For blessings which he gives me now,
For joys laid up above.

E. E. HEWITT.

No. 285. Tune.—Y. P. H., 10. Key D♭.

1 Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour,
Trying to follow our Saviour and King;
Shaping our lives by his blessèd example—
Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring!

CHORUS.

How beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour!
Stepping in the light, stepping in the light;
How beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour,
Led in paths of light.

2 Pressing more closely to him who is leading
When we are tempted to turn from the way;
Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us—
Happy, how happy, our praises each day!

3 Walking in footsteps of gentle forbearance,
Footsteps of faithfulness, mercy, and love;
Looking to him for the grace freely promised—
Happy, how happy, our journey above!

E. E. HEWITT.

No. 286. Tune.—Y. P. H., 45. Key A♭.

1 More about Jesus would I know,
More of his grace to others show,
More of his saving fullness see,
More of his love who died for me.

CHORUS.

More, more about Jesus,
More, more about Jesus;
More of his saving fullness see,
More of his love who died for me.

2 More about Jesus let me learn,
More of his holy will discern;
Spirit of God, my teacher be,
Showing the things of Christ to me.

3 More about Jesus, in his word
Holding communion with my Lord;
Hearing his voice in ev'ry line,
Making each faithful saying mine.

4 More about Jesus, on his throne
Riches in glory all his own,
More of his kingdom's sure increase,
More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

E. E. HEWITT.

No. 287. Tune.—Y. P. H., 236. Key G.

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

CHORUS.

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

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
‖: But children of the heavenly King: ‖
‖: May speak their joys abroad. :‖

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
‖: Before we reach the heavenly fields: ‖
‖: Or walk the golden streets. :‖

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

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 288. Tune.—Y. P. H., 91. Key D.

1 Blessèd assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

CHORUS.

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
Angels, descending, bring from above.
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest;
Watching and waiting, looking above
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

No. 289. Tune.—Y. P. H., 133. Key C.

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

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

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

A. M. TOPLADY.

No. 290. Tune.—Y. P. H., 183. Key A♭.

1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour!
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHORUS.

Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

No. 291. Tune.—Y. P. H., 65. Key B♭.

1 Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save.

CHORUS

Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

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

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

FANNY J. CROSBY.

No. 292. Tune.—Y. P. H., 178. Key B♭.

1 Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each vict'ry will help you
Some other to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted, and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down.
He who is our Saviour
Our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

DR. H. R. PALMER.

No. 293. Tune.—Y. P. H., 40. Key E♭.

1 'Tis the blessèd hour of prayer,
When our hearts lowly bend,
And we gather to Jesus,
Our Saviour and Friend.
If we come to him in faith,
His protection to share,
What a balm for the weary!
O how sweet to be there!

CHORUS.

Blessèd hour of prayer,
Blessèd hour of prayer;
What a balm for the weary!
O how sweet to be there!

2 'Tis the blessèd hour of prayer,
When the Saviour draws near
With a tender compassion
His children to hear;
When he tells us we may cast
At his feet every care,
What a balm for the weary!
O how sweet to be there!

3 'Tis the blessèd hour of prayer,
When the tempted and tried
To the Saviour who loves them
Their sorrow confide.
With a sympathizing heart
He removes every care;
What a balm for the weary!
O how sweet to be there!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

No. 294. Tune.—Y. P. H., 112. Key D.

1 O to be like thee, blessèd Redeemer!
This is my constant longing and prayer;
Gladly I'll forfeit all of earth's treasures,
Jesus, thy perfect likeness to wear.

CHORUS.

O to be like thee! O to be like thee!
Blessèd Redeemer, pure as thou art.
Come in thy sweetness, come in thy fullness,
Stamp thine own image deep on my heart.

2 O to be like thee, full of compassion,
Loving, forgiving, tender, and kind,
Helping the helpless, cheering the fainting,
Seeking the wandering sinner to find!

3 O to be like thee, lowly in spirit,
Holy and harmless, patient and brave!
Meekly enduring cruel reproaches,
Willing to suffer, others to save.

4 O to be like thee! Lord, I am coming
Now to receive th' anointing divine.
All that I am and have I am bringing;
Lord, from this moment all shall be thine.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

No. 295. Tune.—Y. P. H., 180. Key A.

1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
I want thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow!

2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself and whatever I know,
O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow!

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessèd Lord, at thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow—
O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow!

JAMES NICHOLSON.

TOPICAL INDEX.

ASPIRATION.

Nearer, still nearer..... 1
Onward and upward..... 36
Lift me upward..... 60
I want to be more like.. 74
Deeper yet.....194
More about Jesus.....286
O to be like thee.....294
Lord Jesus, I long to be295

ASSURANCE.

Glory to the Lamb..... 10
God is able to deliver.... 28
How gentle God's com-208
Blessed assurance.....288

ATONEMENT.

God's wondrous love..... 44
At the cross..... 73
O what a resting-place... 85
Who is this?..... 88

AWAKENING.

Let us away..... 22
Haste to the field.....131
Let us arise.....156
Awake, my soul.....237
Revive thy work.....248
Revive us again.....262

BIBLE.

The Book divine..... 82
My mother's Bible..... 86
Holy Bible, book divine228

BLOOD OF CHRIST.

Peace thro' the blood..... 17
There's power in Jesus'201
There is a fountain.....235

BURDENS.

No not one..... 15
When the burden bear- 62
Just lean upon Jesus..... 84

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Let us away..... 22
Precious golden grain... 33
Onward and upward..... 36
Gladly we will go..... 42
Marching with gladness 70
Do not chase away the..153
Marching on to victory..157
Hail, glorious company.172
Steadily marching on....178

CHRIST.

(See JESUS CHRIST.)

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Over and over..... 59
I want to be more like... 74
Am I a soldier..... 242
A charge to keep.....250
My soul, be on thy.....257
Stand up for Jesus.....267

CHRISTMAS.

Hear the music of the...158
O beautiful Bethlehem..159
The Prince of Peace.....236

CLOSING.

Till we meet again.....164
No more good-byes.....165
Now the day is over.....193
Softly now the light of..209
Sun of my soul.....269
God be with you.....281

CONSECRATION.

Nearer, still nearer..... 1
I'll go where you want.. 14
Sweet will of God..... 20
In the hush of early..... 39
Doing his will..... 58
Lower and lower..... 81
Take my life and let it..280
All to Jesus I surrender282
Whiter than snow.....295

CONSOLATION.

Thou, my shield 53
They shall be comforted132
The cross is not greater..138
In the Lord is our hope147
Safe in the arms of Jesus192

CROSS OF CHRIST.

At the cross..... 73
O what a resting-place... 85
The cross is not greater..138
Standing by the cross....188
When I survey the won-231
In the cross of Christ.....247

DEVOTIONAL.

Nearer, still nearer..... 1
To God be the glory..... 9
O how great my need of 16
When the hopes that.... 53
Holy Spirit from above.. 57
Blessed Saviour, keep.... 66
Father in Heaven 71
Sweeter than all..... 87
Keep me near thee.....112
Fold me to thy breast...119
Is there room for me.....129
Jesus, my all..... 145
Hear and answer prayer182
O for a heart whiter.....185
Hide thou me.....186
God calling yet.....189
Every day and hour.....190
Breathe on me, breath..191
Safe in the arms of.....192
Deeper yet.....194
Saviour, help us.....195
Saviour, we come to thee198
Let me hide in thee.....199
O how I love him.....202
The praying spirit.....206
Thou art the way.....217
Jesus, Lover of my.....220
Prince of peace, con-....224
Lord, we come before.....226
Lord, I am thine.....232
Rock of ages..... 289

EASTER.

Where is thy sting.....161
Risen to-day.....162
Flee away ye shades of..163
Good news..... 170
Hosanna to the King.....171

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

Onward, Epworth Leag- 7
Epworth rallying song...177

EVANGELISTIC.

(See ATONEMENT, INVITATION AND WARNING.)

FAITH.

Jesus will never forget.. 23
God is able to deliver.... 28
Have faith in God 32
The promises of God..... 34
Faith is the victory.....160
O for a faith that will....241
Spirit of faith, come.....256
My faith looks up to.....258

FELLOWSHIP.

Blessed Saviour, keep.... 66
Blest be the tie.....249
What a fellowship.....274

No.

FOLLOWING JESUS.

Triumph by and by. 26
Onward and upward..... 36
Marching thro' life. 41
Who will follow Jesus..110
Follow in his steps.....139
Waiting with joyful.....179
Trying to walk in the....285

FUTURE.

Then shall I know..... 21
Mine eyes shall behold.. 92
When the beautiful.....109
He will meet me at the..118
When the saints are.....133
We shall walk the.....143
That happy day.....146
When the Bridegroom...155
The Coronation Day.....176
Changed in the twink-...180

GOD'S CARE.

God will take care of me 47
Never alone.....130
Take care of me.....135
In his keeping.....152
Day by day the manna..210

GOSPEL.

Winning its way..... 8

GRACE.

Victory thro' grace..... 6
The Cross is not greater138
Grace 'tis a charming.....255

GUIDANCE.

Lift me over..... 13
Lamp of my feet..... 52
Jesus leads us on..... 63
Will I have a guide..... 78
Lead and keep me..... 79
Lead, Kindly Light.....196
Guide me, O thou great..266

HARVEST.

Let us away..... 22
Precious golden grain... 33

HEAVEN.

The beautiful land far... 29
Out of the shadow..... 61
O land of God..... 94
Joy in heaven.....105
When the beautiful.....109
We are almost home.....116
Over the river.....121
The better land.....122
Meet me in the city.....123
Beautiful light of heav-125

No.

Immanuel's Land.....127
When the saints are.....133
We shall walk the.....143
That happy day.....146
No more good-byes.....165
There is a land of pure..212
I'm going home.....239
Meet me there 277
When the roll is called...278

HOLY SPIRIT.

Holy Spirit from above.. 57
Holy Ghost, with light..225
Lord God, the Holy.....254
The Comforter has come275

HOPE.

Look for the beautiful... 11
Keep on the sunny side 27
In the Lord is our hope..147

INVITATION.

Peace thro' the blood..... 17
Close thy heart no more 37
Just one touch..... 76
Come in to my heart to- 89
Whosoever will may..... 97
The Gospel invitation... 98
Is thy heart right with..101
He is calling.....102
Give me thy heart.....103
Now is the day.....104
Lord, I'm coming home107
Come to the home fold..111
Come unto me.....114
Why do you linger.....115
The final trumpet call...181
Only trust him.....200
While Jesus whispers to203
Arise, my soul, arise.....205
Just as I am.....223
Come, ye sinners. 265

JESUS CHRIST.

No not one..... 15
Jesus will never forget... 23
Tell it to Jesus..... 45
Dear to the heart of the 46
Mighty to save us..... 64
He is all in all to me..... 65
Just one touch..... 76
Jesus only..... 77
Just lean upon Jesus..... 84
Sweeter than all..... 87
Jesus leads.....134
Follow in his steps.....139
Still sweeter every day...142
Jesus, my all.....145
Risen to-day.....162
Jesus, the Light of the..187
Safe in the arms of.. 192
Saviour, help us.....195
Saviour, we come to.....198

No.

There's power in Jesus'201
Jesus, the very thought219
Jesus, lover of my soul..220
The dearest name.....244
What a friend we have..264

JOURNEY.

I'm a pilgrim..... 12
Triumph by and by..... 26
We are almost home.....116
Gathering out of tears...124
Jesus leads.....134
The good ship Zion.....144

JOY.

Keep on the sunny side 27
He is all in all to me..... 65
Joy is coming in the.....128
Sunshine in my soul.....284

KEEPING POWER.

I cannot drift beyond.... 43
God will take care of me 47
Never alone.....130

LIGHT.

Let in the Sunlight..... 19
Let in the Light..... 24
Heavenly Sunlight.. 25
Walk in the light..... 35
Jesus, the light of the....187

LOVE.

I cannot drift beyond.... 43
God's wondrous love..... 44
Love, mighty and won- 48
As far as the East..... 72
In the summer of God's 96
Depth of mercy.....227

LOYALTY.

Who will follow Jesus..110
Hail, glorious army.....168
On to victory.....169
Stand up for Jesus.....267

MARCHING SONGS.

Onward and upward..... 36
Keep step..... 40
Marching through life... 41
Marching with gladness 70
Marching on to victory..157
Hail, glorious company.172
Steadily marching on....178

MISCELLANEOUS.

O Beautiful Blossom of 18
Sometime, somewhere... 83
Who is this?..... 88
Is it there?..... 100
A letter from home.....136
My mother's prayer.....154

No.

MISSIONARY.

Haste to the field of.....131
Seeking lost Jewels.....148
Go gather them in.....149
We'll girdle the globe....150
Send the gospel light.....151
The morning light.....268

OPENING.

(See PRAISE.)

To the only wise God.... 5
Come, thou Almighty...260
Come, thou fount of.....263
Come, ye, that love the..287

PATRIOTIC.

My country, 'tis of thee259

PEACE.

Peace thro' the blood.... 17
Wonderful peace..... 49
Sweet peace, the gift of.. 51
In perfect peace..... 55

PRAISE.

To the only wise God... 5
To God be the glory..... 9
Glory to the Lamb..... 10
Praise him! praise him.. 38
Mighty to save us..... 64
O bless the Saviour's..... 68
Glory to God, hallelujah 75
My Lord and Saviour.... 90
Let us crown him.....113
Give thanks and sing.....140
Bless the Lord, my soul.141
Still sweeter every day..142
Glory and honor.....166
The Lord is great.....167
Hosanna to the King...171
I shall be no stranger...175
O worship the King.....204
Father of mercies.....214
From all that dwell be-229
Jesus shall reign.....230
O could I speak the.....234
Come, let us join.....238
O for a heart to praise...240
All hail the power of....245
O for a thousand.....246
Come, thou Almighty...260
Come, thou fount.....263
Blessed be the name.....283

PRAYER.

Tell it to Jesus..... 45
The path of prayer..... 80
Lower and lower..... 81
Every day and hour.....190

No.

Saviour, we come to.....198
Let me hide in thee.....199
There is no sorrow.....216
There is an eye.....218
Blessed hour of prayer..293

PROMISES.

Jesus will never forget... 23
The Promises of God.... 34
God will take care of me 47
God is faithful..... 95
Never alone.....130

REFUGE.

Beneath his sheltering... 31
Jesus, lover of my soul..220

REPENTANCE.

God is able to deliver.... 28
Close thy heart no more 37
Lord, I'm coming home107
I will go.....197
And can I yet delay.....251
Pass me not.....290

RESCUE WORK.

Dear to the heart of the 46
Save one.....184
Rescue the perishing.....291
Yield not to temptation292

REST.

Beside the still waters... 30
True rest..... 69
O what a resting-place... 85
O sweet rest..... 93
Rest, sweet rest.....120
Forever here my rest.....243

SABBATH.

Welcome, sweet day of..207
With joy we hail the.....215

SERVICE.

I'll go where you want.. 14
Let in the Sunlight..... 19
Let us away..... 22
Let in the light..... 24
Triumph by and by..... 26
Precious golden grain... 33
Praise Him, praise him. 38
Marching through life... 41
Gladly we will go..... 42
Trust and obey..... 50
Marching with gladness 70
My Lord and Saviour... 90
Who will follow Jesus..110
Haste to the field of.....131
Following in his steps...139
Go gather them in.....149
Do not chase away the..153

No.

SPECIAL MUSIC.

(SOLOS, DUETS, etc.)

O beautiful blossom of... 18
Sweet will of God..... 20
Then shall I know.....21
Beside the still waters ...30
Have faith in God..... 32
Close thy heart no more 37
Dear to the heart of the 46
Lamp of my feet..... 52
Make me a child of thine 67
Just one touch 76
The book divine. 82
My mother's Bible..... 86
Who is this? 88
O Land of God..... 94
Come unto me.....114
He will meet me at the..118
The better land.....122
Joy is coming in the.....128
Take care of me..... 135
A letter from home..... 136

TEMPERANCE.

Let us arise.....156
Evils of Intemperance..252

TRUST.

God will take care of..... 47
Trust and obey..... 50
Perfect trust in thee..... 56
Just lean upon Jesus.... 84
Tho' he slay me, I will.. 91
God is faithful..... 95
Just for to-day.....117
Never alone.....130
Whate'er it be.....137
In the Lord is our hope147
In his keeping.....152
Only trust him.....200
'Tis so sweet to trust.....276

VICTORY.

Victory through grace... 6
Marching on to victory..157
On to victory.....169
Victory everywhere 173

WARFARE.

Keep step..... 40
Marching thro' life..... 41
Hail glorious army.....168
Hail glorious company..172

WARNING.

Sometime.....106
Drifting down..... 108
When the Bridegroom...155
The final trumpet call...181

YOUNG PEOPLE.

(See "MARCHING SONGS," also "SERVICE.")

INDEX.

Titles in CAPITALS; First lines in Roman; Choruses in *Italics.*

	No.
Abide with me	222
A CHARGE TO KEEP I	250
A LETTER FROM HOME	136
All hail the power	245
All praise to him who	283
All to Jesus I surrender	282
All ye who love the Sa-	5
AMERICA	259
Am I a soldier	242
And can I yet delay	251
ANTIOCH, C. M	213
Are you ready	176
ARIEL, C. P. M	234
Arise, my soul, arise	205
ARLINGTON, C. M	240
AS FAR AS THE EAST	72
Ask the Saviour to help	292
AT THE CROSS	73
A voice is heard in the	106
Awake, my soul	237
AZMON, C. M	243
BEAUTIFUL LIGHT OF	125
Behold a Stranger at the	89
Behold the hands	150
BENEATH HIS SHELTERING	31
BESIDE THE STILL	30
Beware, beware, at the	106
BLESSED ASSURANCE	288
Blessed be the name	283
Blessed book, precious	86
Blessed Lord, take care of	135
BLESSED SAVIOUR, KEEP	66
BLESS THE LORD, MY	141
BLEST BE THE TIE	249
BOYLSTON, S. M	251
BREATHE ON ME, BREATH	191
Broken in spirit	45
But I know I shall	92
By and by we shall meet	26
Can it be, O can it be	197
CHANGED IN THE	180
Chase them not away	153
Christ has called to ser-	168
Christian soldiers, why	173
Christ Jesus is the life	139
Christ the Burden Bearer	62
Christ the Lord is risen	162
Christ will me his aid	87
CLOSE THY HEART NO	37
Come every soul by sin	200
COME IN TO MY HEART	89
Come, let us join our	238
COME, THOU ALMIGHTY	260
Come to Jesus	99
COME TO THE HOME	111
Come, thou fount of ev-	263
COME UNTO ME	114
Come while God is call-	17
Come ye sinners, poor	265
Come, ye sinners to the	181
Come, ye that love the	287
Coming home, coming	107
COMMANDMENTS	271
Conquering now and	6
CORONATION, C. M	245
CREED	270
DAY BY DAY THE	210
DEAR TO THE HEART OF	46
DEEPER YET	194
DENNIS, S. M	248
DEPTH OF MERCY	227
DOING HIS WILL	58
DO NOT CHASE AWAY	153
DOXOLOGY	2
Do you slumber in your	156
DRIFTING DOWN	108
DUKE ST., L. M	229
EPWORTH RALLYING	177
EVENTIDE	222
EVERY DAY AND HOUR	190
FAITH IS THE VICTORY	160
Far away in the depths	49
Far from home and sore-	91
FATHER IN HEAVEN	71
FATHER OF MERCIES	214
Fear not I am with thee	130
FLEE AWAY, YE SHADES	163
FOLD ME TO THY BREAST	119
FOLLOW IN HIS STEPS	139
Forever here my rest	243
For the people of God	93
From all that dwells be-	229
GATHERING OUT OF	124
GIVE ME THY HEART	103
GIVE THANKS AND SING	140
GLADLY WE WILL GO	42
GLORIA PATRI	273
GLORIA PATRI	3
GLORY AND HONOR	166
Glory be to the Father	3
GLORYING IN THE CROSS	231
GLORY TO GOD,	75
GLORY TO THE LAMB	10
GOD BE WITH YOU TILL	281
GOD CALLING YET	189
GOD IS ABLE TO DELIVER	28
GOD IS FAITHFUL	95
GO GATHER THEM IN	149
GOD'S WONDROUS LOVE	44
GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF	47
GOOD NEWS	170
Grace, 'tis a charming	255
GREENVILLE, 8s, 7s, D	265
Guide me, O thou great	266
HAIL, GLORIOUS ARMY	168
HAIL, GLORIOUS	172
Hallelujah, hallelujah, O	147
HAMBURG, L. M	232
HAPPY DAY	261
Hark, from the joyland	120
Hark, the herald angels	187
HASTE TO THE FIELD OF	131
HAVE FAITH IN GOD	32
Have thy affections	101
HEAR AND ANSWER	182
HEAR THE MUSIC OF THE	158
Hear the voices calling	151
Hear the welcome bells	99
HEAVENLY SUNLIGHT	25
HE IS ALL IN ALL TO ME	65
HE IS CALLING	102
He that believeth	160
HE WILL MEET ME AT	118
HIDE THOU ME	186
Holy bible, book divine	228
Holy Ghost, with light	225
HOLY SPIRIT FROM	57
HORTON, 7s	224
HOSANNA TO THE KING	171
How beautiful to walk	285
How happy every child	211
How sweet the name	244
HOW GENTLE GOD'S	208
HURSLEY	269
I am praying, blessed	182
I ask, O Lord	56
I believe the promise of	34
I CANNOT DRIFT BEYOND	43
I have a hope divine	10
I have found a friend	85
I have found a precious	202
I know Jesus will not	23
I know not the hour	92
I'LL GO WHERE YOU	14
I love thy kingdom	253
I'M A PILGRIM	12
I'M GOING HOME	239
IMMANUEL'S LAND	127
I never can forget the	154
In dreams I see the hea-	94
IN HIS KEEPING	152

	No.
In perfect peace	55
In that land, in that land	29
In the blood from the	194
In the book which thou	100
In the hush of early	39
In the cross of Christ	247
In the Lord is our	147
In the path that you are	102
In the rifted rock I'm	183
In the summer of	96
In thy cleft, O Rock of	186
I shall be no stranger	175
Is it there?	100
I sought for a golden	148
Is there room for me?	129
Is thy heart right	101
I surrender all	282
I take my portion	137
It is Christ the King	88
It may not be on the	14
I've been reading a mes-	136
I've found a blessed.	31
I've wandered far away	107
I want to be more	74
I was wand'ring in a	34
I will go	197
Jesus, and shall it ever	233
Jesus ever keep me	112
Jesus, friend of sinners	119
Jesus is my Lord and	90
Jesus is now and ever	87
Jesus, Jesus, how I trust	276
Jesus knows all about	15
Jesus leads	134
Jesus leads us on	63
Jesus Lover of my	220
Jesus, my all	145
Jesus only	77
Jesus shall reign	230
Jesus, the Light of	187
Jesus, the very thought	219
Jesus, will never	23
Joy and gladness is my	90
Joy and Light	126
Joy in heaven	105
Joy is coming in the	128
Joy to the world	213
Just as I am	223
Just lean upon Jesus	84
Just one Touch	76
Just over the ocean	116
Just to say what he wants	58
Just to trust in the Lord	58
Keep me near Thee	112
Keep on the Sunny	27
Keep step	40
Laban, S. M.	256
Lamp of my feet	52
Lead and keep me	79
Lead kindly light	196
Leaning, leaning	274
Leighton, S. M.	206
Lenox, H. M.	205
Let in the light	24
Let in the sunlight	19
Let me hide in Thee	199
Let the merry chiming	38
Let the words of my	4
Let us arise	156
Let us away	22
Let us crown Him	113
Let us follow, follow	139
Lift me over	13
Lift me upward	60
Light, light, beautiful light	24
Like a shepherd, tender,	134
Look aloft! the clouds	96
Look for the	11
Lord at thy mercy-seat	145
Lord for to-morrow	117
Lord God, the Holy	254
Lord, I am thine	232
Lord, I'm coming	107
Lord Jesus, I long to be	295
Lord, we come before	226
Love in its grandeur	48
Love, mighty and	48
Love's redeeming work	171
Lovingly, tenderly	149
Loving Saviour, lead	79
Lower and lower	81
Lyons, 5s, 6s, D.	204
Make me a child of	67
Manoah, C. M.	215
Marching away, away	70
Marching on to	157
Marching onward, up-	36
Marching thro' life	41
Marching with	70
Martyn, 7s, D.	221
Meet me in the City	123
Meet me there	277
Mighty to save us	64
Mine eyes shall	92
More about Jesus	286
Mourn for the thous-	252
My Country 'tis of	259
My faith looks up to	258
My happy soul rejoices	201
My heavenly home is	239
My Lord and Saviour	90
My Mother's Bible	86
My Mother's Prayer	154
My need of Jesus	16
My soul, be on thy	257
My stubborn will at last	20
Nearer, still nearer	1
Nettleton, 8s, 7s. D.	263
Never alone	130
Never a sorrow, never a	132
No longer we'll wander	109
No more good-byes	165
No, not one	15
Nothing earthly meets	77
Not to the Strong is the	6
Now is the day	104
Now the day is over	193
O beautiful, beautiful pro-	23
O beautiful Bethle-	159
O beautiful blossom of	18
O be ready for the trum-	181
O be ready, O be ready	155
O blessed faith! its song	32
O blessed thought of	146
O bless the Lord my	141
O bless the Saviour's	68
O come, O come	104
O come, O come, for	144
O could I speak	234
O for a faith that	241
O for a heart to praise	240
O for a heart whiter	185
O for a thousand.	246
O heart bowed down	114
O how great my need of	16
O how great the Sav-	66
O how I love Him	202
O land of God	94
O land of love	122
O let memory be a	54
O let the language of my	56
O let us rejoice in the	8
O love unmeasured	44
On a desert wild and	62
Only trust Him	200
On the happy golden	277
On to victory	169
Onward and upward	36
Onward, Epworth	7
Onward, onward bound-	22
Onward, onward march-	7
Onward still and upward	36
Open your hearts to the	24
O spread the tidings	275
O sweet rest	93
O teach us, dear Lord	148
O that blessed way	80
O the children of the Lord	75
O the length and the	72
O to be like thee	294
Out in the breakers	184
Out in the desert they	46
Out of the shadows	61
Out of the sighing	61
Out on the highways	98
Over and over	59
Over the river	121
O wake, for the day is	131
O weary souls who long	69
O what a resting place	85
O why do you linger	115
O worship the King	204
O ye thirsty ones	97
Pass me not	290
Peace, peace, sweet peace	51
Peace, peace, wonderful	49
Peace thro' the blood	17
Perfect trust in Thee	56

No.

Pity the perishing.....184
PLEYEL'S HYMN, 7s.....227
Praise God from whom. 2
PRAISE HIM, PRAISE..... 38
Praise the Lord, praise... 9
Praise ye the Lord.....140
Praise ye the Lord.....178
PRECIOUS GOLDEN GRAIN. 33
Precious Saviour, pre-.....195
Prince of Peace, control 224

RATHBUN, 8s, 7s.....247
Redeemed, how I love...279
Rescue the perishing.....291
REST, SWEET REST.....120
Revive Thy work, O.....248
REVIVE US AGAIN.....262
RISEN TO-DAY.....162
ROCK OF AGES.....289

Sacred treasure, may we.. 82
SAFE IN THE ARMS OF 192
Safe in thee, safe in.....199
Sailing, sailing over the...144
SAVE ONE 184
Saviour, in whose.....129
Saviour, keep us till..... 164
Saviour more than life ..190
SAVIOUR, HELP US.....195
Saviour, O how much I... 16
SAVIOUR, WE COME TO.....198
SEEKING LOST JEWELS....148
SEND THE GOSPEL LIGHT..151
SEYMOUR, 7s.....209
SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT..209
SOMETIME.....106
SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE... 83
Spirit of faith come.....256
ST. AGNES, C. M.....218
STANDING BY THE CROSS..188
STAND UP FOR JESUS.....267
STEADILY MARCHING ON..178
Steer our bark away.....124
STILL SWEETER EVERY....142
ST. THOMAS, S. M.....253
SUN OF MY SOUL 269
SWEETER THAN ALL.....87
Sweetest lessons faith.... 82
SWEET PEACE THE GIFT... 51
SWEETLY RESTING.....183
Sweet the moments 188
SWEET WILL OF GOD..... 20

TAKE CARE OF ME 135
Take my life and let.....280
TELL IT TO JESUS..... 45
Ten thousand times ten 123
THAT HAPPY DAY.....146
THE BEAUTIFUL LAND..... 29
THE BETTER LAND.....122
THE BOOK DIVINE 82
THE COMFORTER HAS.....275
THE CORONATION DAY. ...176
THE CROSS IS NOT.....138
The cross that he gave...138

No.

THE FINAL TRUMPET 181
The God of battles will. 28
THE GOOD SHIP ZION.....144
THE GOSPEL INVITATION. 98
*The half cannot be fancied*142
THE LORD IS GREAT.....167
The Lord is our Shep-... 42
THE LORD'S PRAYER.....272
The love of God made..... 44
THE MORNING LIGHT.....268
Then come, O come 177
Then let praises be giv'n..136
THEN SHALL I KNOW..... 21
THE PATH OF PRAYER..... 80
The praying spirit.....206
The prize is set before us 26
THE PROMISES OF GOD..... 34
There are foes that must 169
There comes to my..... 51
THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.....235
There is a land mine.....122
THERE IS A LAND OF.....212
There is an eye that.....218
There is constant joy.... 65
There is joy among the 105
There is no sorrow.....216
There is pardon full and 73
There's a beautiful blos- 18
There's a dark and..... 27
There's a dear and pre-.. 86
There's an hour which..176
There's a way to bright- 80
There's not a friend like 15
THERE'S POWER IN.....201
There's sunshine in my 284
The sands of time are...127
THEY SHALL BE COM-.....132
Tho' passing clouds will 55
THOUGH HE SLAY ME I... 91
Tho' the soul grow faint 128
Thou art the way.....217
THOU MY SHIELD 53
Thou that hearest when 199
Thou whose arm has.....135
Thro' the heavy losses... 63
Thro' the mists and.....125
Thro' the shining gate...133
TILL WE MEET AGAIN.....164
'Tis now in part I know 21
'Tis so sweet to trust in 276
'Tis the blessed hour of 293
TO GOD BE THE GLORY.... 9
To Jesus every day I.....142
TO THE ONLY WISE GOD.. 5
To us a child of hope....236
TRIUMPH BY AND BY 26
TRUE REST..... 69
TRUST AND OBEY..... 50
Trying to walk in the...285

Unanswered yet..... 83

VARINA, C. M. D.....211
VICTORY EVERYWHERE....173
VICTORY THROUGHGRACE 6

No.

Waiting for our Lord's...179
Waiting with joyful.....179
Walking in sunlight..... 25
WALK IN THE LIGHT..... 35
WE ARE ALMOST HOME...116
We are never, never we- 75
We are told of the feast 98
Weary child, thy sin..... 37
WEBB, 7s, 6s, D.....267
WELCOME BELLS OF..... 99
WELCOME, SWEET DAY....207
WE'LL GIRDLE THE.....150
We'll go, we'll go..... 42
We'll walk in the light....187
We praise thee, O God...262
We're marching onward 41
We shall meet in that... 29
WE SHALL WALK THE.....143
What a fellowship.....274
What a friend we have..264
WHATE'ER IT BE.....137
When Christ, the Son...161
Whene'er I think of her...154
When I follow Christ.... 13
When I survey the.....231
WHEN THE BEAUTIFUL ...109
WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM.155
WHEN THE BURDEN..... 62
When the cares of life...118
WHEN THE CURTAINS.....174
When the early morn-..152
When the hopes that.... 53
When the pearly gates..175
When the roll is called....278
WHEN THE SAINTS ARE...133
When the trumpet of....278
When the trump of the 180
When we walk with the 50
WHERE IS THY STING... ..161
Where the crystal.....165
WHILE JESUS WHISPERS..203
While the days are..... 33
While the lamp of life.... 37
Whiter than snow.....295
WHO IS THIS? 88
WHOSOEVER WILL MAY... 97
WHO WILL FOLLOW? 110
WHY DO YOU LINGER?....115
Why will ye wander..... 97
WILL I HAVE A GUIDE.... 78
Will our lamps be filled 155
WINNING ITS WAY..... 8
With Jesus as our Cap-.177
With joyful songs we're157
With joy we hail the...215
WOODWORTH, L. M.....223
WONDERFUL PEACE..... 49
Wonderful Saviour..... 68
Wonderful tidings bring170

Yield not to temptation 292
You are drifting far.....108

ZERAH, C. M.....236

192
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