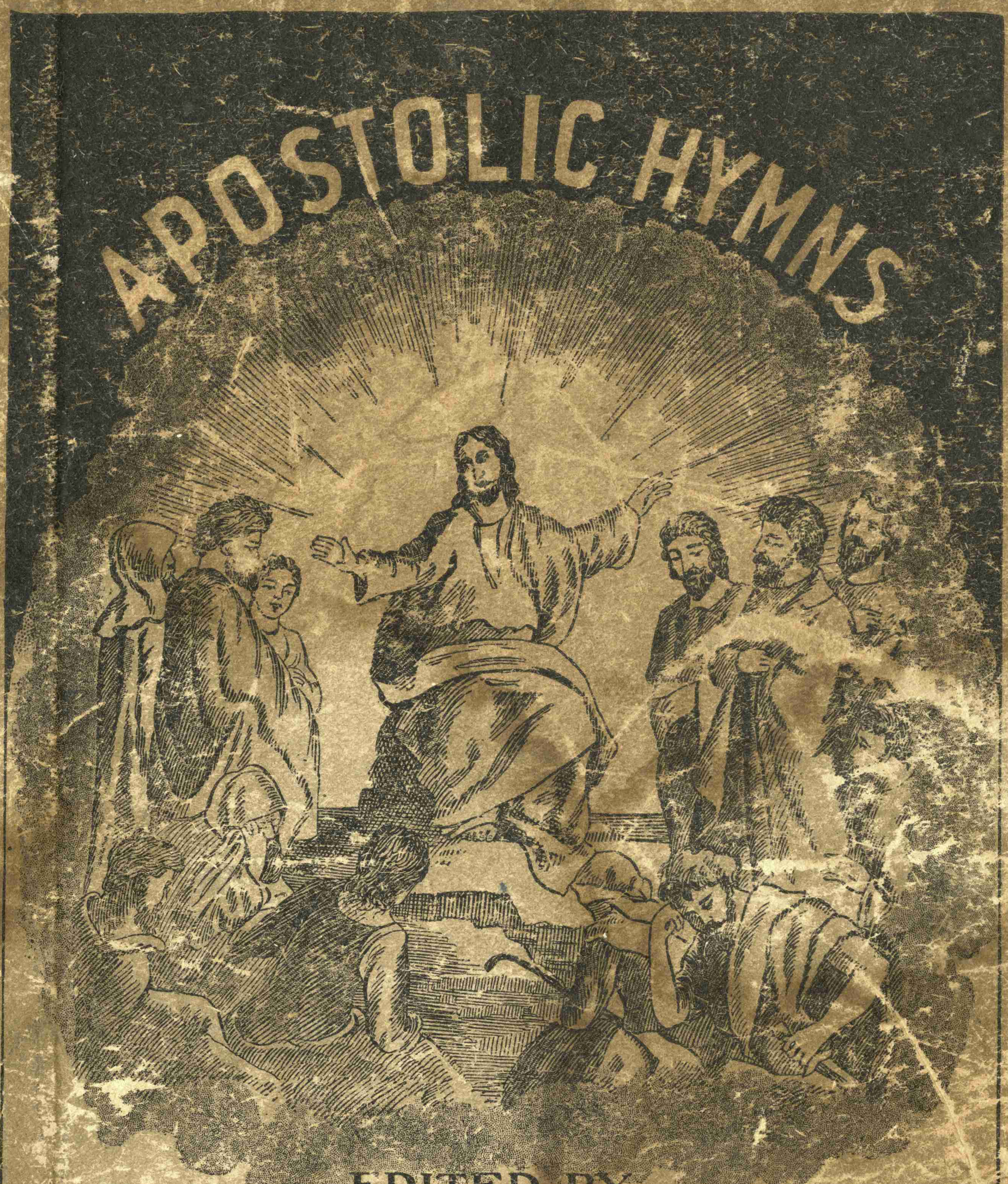
APOSTOLIC HYMNS



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FULTON, KY.

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Lena Mae Keyser.

Honeyville

Virginia

1902.

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504

Lena Mae Keyser.

Honeyville,

Virginia.

1900.

1900.



Kirkland

APOSTOLIC HYMNS.

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR ALL OCCASIONS OF

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RELIGIOUS WORSHIP AND SOCIA

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CONTAINING SELECTIa whole note.

is one-eighth as long as a whole note.

UPWARD OF FIFTY MINISTERS, M[illegible]h part as long as a whole note. It has two

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Different kinds of time are accented differently,

time, but the kinds that are mostly in use are

COMPREHENSIVE GA[illegible]e, $\frac{9}{8}$ time, and $\frac{12}{8}$ time.
PILOT OAK, KY., E[illegible]
R. S. KIRKL[illegible]rst part of the measure. The measure here only

re shows you how many parts there are in each
ows you what kind of a note is a part. The lower
ourth note ♩ (or a quarter note ♩) is a part.

AS of time will show you how many parts there are
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♩ ♩ ♩ or any number of any other kind of notes

PROF. A. M[illegible]
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es ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ in each measure, and is accented on

NASHVI[illegible]f each measure.

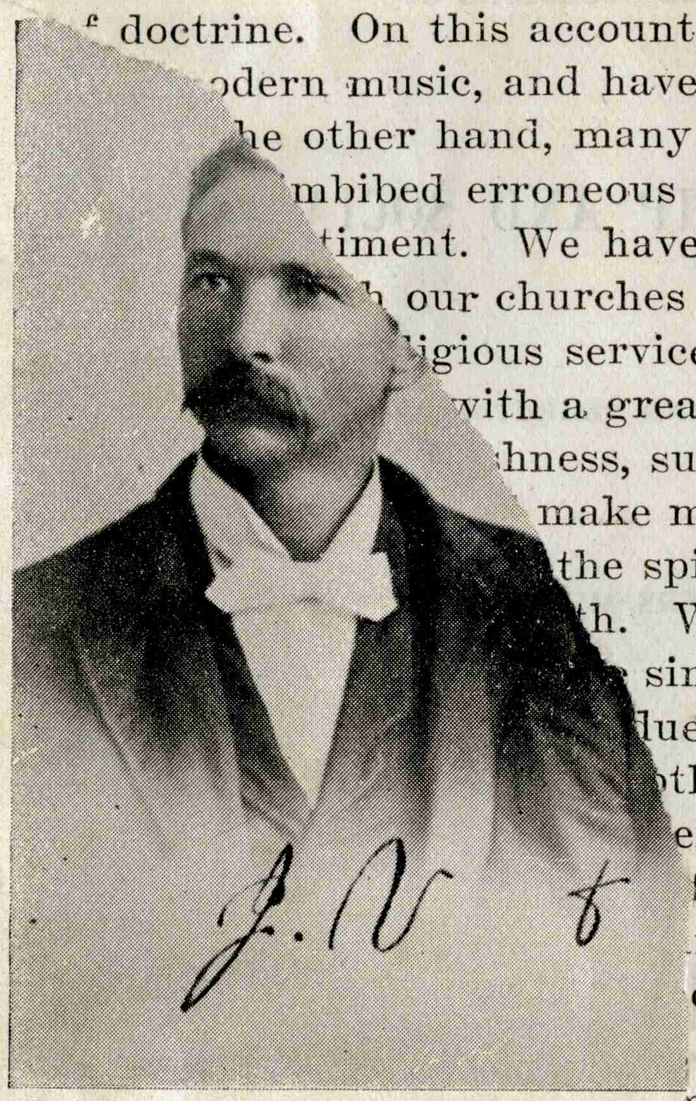
PUBLISHING H[illegible]

staff

Copyright, 1898.
J. V. AND R. S. KIRKLAND,
Fulton, Ky.

PREFACE.

In bringing the Apostolic Hymns before the public, we have been prompted by one single motive: that of supplying a long-standing demand for a hymn and tune book with pure scriptural sentiment, containing all the modern improvements in vocal music. For many years we have noticed a great lack of scriptural soundness in many of our modern hymns. In the great effort to elevate and more fully develop the system of vocal music there has been a great neglect in preserving the apostolic doctrine. On this account many of our churches have received modern music, and have drifted into monotony in their worship. On the other hand, many have followed the popular current, imbibed erroneous sentiment or been compelled to change sentiment. We have earnestly tried to avoid all of these and furnish our churches with a collection of hymns well adapted to religious service and social singing, containing new music, with a great variety of tunes of rare merit and sweetness, such as, if properly rendered, will



make melody in our hearts to the Lord. with the spirit and understanding, and this with. We therefore should have due re- sing in the worship of God.

due regard to training in vocal mu- both church and class music, with a expressly for this book by one of f vocal music in the State—Prof. n improved table of sharps and d, giving full illustration of the perhaps the hardest part in the mple and easy. This gamut, while before published in a tune book, is adapts this book most favora-

vored to unite the purest gospel ect strains of melody, and blend he glory of God and the sweet con- shipers. We pray that God, in the that end; and we do humbly hope, e and the heavenly benedictions of ing to greet its first appearance, e of God, and the means of cheer- pious souls with sweet an-

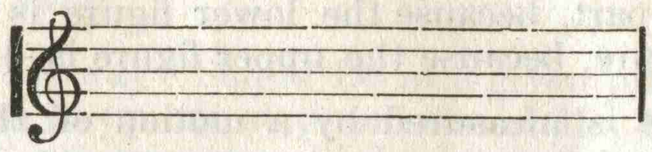
J. V. and R. S. KIRKLAND

RUDIMENTS.

This is a Hymn and Tune book. A bard wrote the hymns. A musician wrote the tunes.

We go to a literary school to learn how to read hymns or songs. We go to a music school to learn how to read tunes. Before you can read tunes you must understand Pitch, Length and Power.

Pitch means tones high or low and is represented by a character called a staff.



Length means tones long or short and are represented by the way the notes are made.

A whole note represents the longest tone.

It is a white note without a stem 𝅝.

A half note is just half as long as a whole note.

It is a white note with a stem 𝅗𝅥.

A quarter note is one-quarter as long as a whole note.

It is a black note ♩. An eighth note is one-eighth as long as a whole note. It has a turn to the stem ♪.

A sixteenth note is the one-sixteenth part as long as a whole note. It has two turns to the stem 𝅘𝅥𝅯.

These represent all the different lengths that are necessary for reading tunes.

Power means tones loud or soft and these tones are represented by the place the note occupies in the measure. Different kinds of time are accented differently, and accent means power.

We have several kinds of time, but the kinds that are mostly in use are $\frac{2}{4}$ time, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, $\frac{4}{4}$ time, $\frac{6}{4}$ time, $\frac{9}{8}$ time, and $\frac{12}{8}$ time.

$\frac{2}{4}$ time is accented on the first part of the measure. The measure here only has two parts, for the upper figure shows you how many parts there are in each measure, and the lower figure shows you what kind of a note is a part. The lower figure here is 4 consequently a fourth note ♩ (or a quarter note ♩) is a part.

The upper figure in all kinds of time will show you how many parts there are in each measure, and the lower figure will show you what kind of a note is a part.

$\frac{3}{4}$ time has three quarter notes ♩ ♩ ♩ or any number of any other kind of notes that is equal in time to ♩ ♩ ♩ three quarter notes in each measure and is accented on the first part. Accent means power.

$\frac{4}{4}$ time has four quarter notes ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ or their equivalent in each measure and is accented on the first and third parts of each measure.

$\frac{6}{4}$ time has six quarter notes ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ in each measure, and is accented on the first and fourth parts of each measure.

staff

$\frac{6}{8}$ time is accented on the first and fourth parts also, but an eighth note here is a part, the lower figure is 8. The up figure is 6 consequently there are 6 parts in every measure.

$\frac{9}{8}$ time has nine eighth notes in each measure and is accented on the first, fourth, and seventh parts of each measure; an eighth note is a part because the lower figure is 8.

$\frac{12}{8}$ time has twelve eighth notes (or any number of any other kind of notes that is equal to twelve eighth notes) in each measure and is accented on the first, fourth, seventh and tenth parts of each measure.

An eighth note is a part, because the lower figure is 8. It takes twelve of these parts to fill a measure, because the upper figure is 12.

In vocal music, time is measured by a motion of the hand called, "beating time."

$\frac{2}{4}$ time has two beats to each measure, because the upper figure is 2. To beat the time you first let your hand go down quickly, then bring it up quickly.

$\frac{3}{4}$ time has three beats, because the upper figure is 3.

Beat down, left and diagonally up.

$\frac{4}{4}$ time has four beats; down, left, right, up.

$\frac{6}{4}$ time has six beats (only two actual beats). Beat down and let your hand remain down as long again as it is in going down, then up quickly and rest as long again as it is in going up.

$\frac{6}{8}$ time is beat exactly like $\frac{6}{4}$ time.

$\frac{9}{8}$ time has nine beats (three actual beats). Beat down and comprehend three parts in the beat, then beat left and comprehend three parts, then beat diagonally up and comprehend three parts.

$\frac{12}{8}$ time has twelve beats (four actual beats,) down comprehending three parts, left three parts, right, three parts, up, comprehend three parts. (I have to depend a great deal on the teacher.)

There are five characters called rests that represent time in silence.

The whole note rest is an oblong square below a line and represents silence as long as you would sound a whole note in the same tune.

The half note rest is an oblong square above a line .

The quarter note rest is like this .

The eighth note rest is like this .

The sixteenth note rest is like this .

All the rests represent silence as long as it would take to sing the note which they represent.

A dot • set to the right of a note adds to that note or rest one half of its original time.

Now we come to what is called the scale in music and you have to learn that before you can sing.

There are seven tones in music and the scale contains all the tones with the first one doubled.

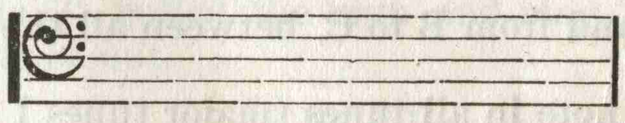
We call the names of the tones Do, Ra, Me, Fä, Sōl, Lä, Ce or Te, and to complete the scale, we call Do again.

Now remember there are only seven tones that are used in music, but to complete the scale we use eight, for we have to repeat the first tone when we finish. This way: Do, Ra, Me, Fa, Sol, La, Ce, Do. Do is the lowest note in the scale and Do is the highest note in the scale.

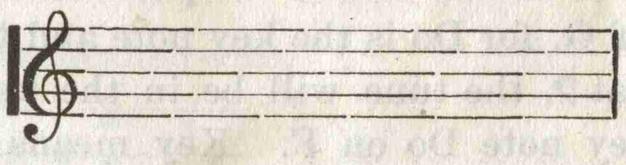
The scale is formed this way: Sound Do at a given pitch, then go up one step higher and sound Ra, then go up one step and sound Me, then go up one half step and sound Fa, then go up one step and sound Sol. Then go up one step and sound La, then go up one step and sound Ce, then go up one half step and sound Do again and you have the Major scale complete. So you see the scale is composed of two steps, and a half step, and three steps, and a half step. Steps and half steps in music go up or down, they cannot go to the right or left. You will have to depend on a teacher to learn how to sing the scale, any child who can run over the scale correctly will serve as a teacher; if you have no teacher go to the organ, pump wind in it, put your finger on middle C, and call Do at the pitch the organ gives, then take your finger up and put it on D to the right, and call Ra at that pitch, remove the finger to E and call it Me, then go to F and call it Fa, go to G and call it Sol, then A and call it La, then to B and call it Ce or Te, then to C again and call it Do again, which will be one octave higher than the first Do. Then you will have all the tones that the human voice makes.

Now if you will study what I have written till you understand it, and practice it till you can do it, you will be able to sing any plain tune in a plain way, and sing it correctly.

Now I will show you how to arrange the different parts in music, and how to get the pitch of the different parts. We have four parts in Church or Class music, and the four parts are generally written on two staves, and the two staves are not alike. The lowest part in music is called Bass, and is sung by the lowest male voices. The next part above Bass is called Tenor, and is sung by the highest male voices. The next higher part is called Alto, and is sung by the lowest female voices. The highest part is called Treble, and is sung by the highest female voices. Most music now is written two parts on a staff, Bass and Tenor on the lower staff, and Alto and Treble (or Soprano) on the upper staff. You remember I told you that these two staves are not alike. They are made alike but they differ in pitch. Pitch means high or low, recollect. Here is the Bass staff, upon which is written the Bass and the Tenor of a tune.



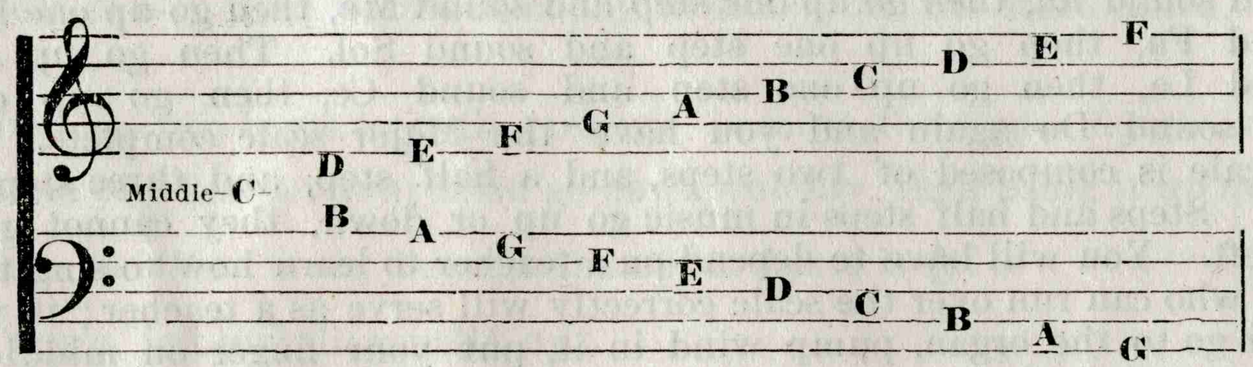
And here is the Treble or Soprano staff upon which is written the Alto and the Soprano, or treble of a tune;



you see that each staff contains five lines, and there is a character on each staff

called a clef, and these two clefs are not alike. The one that sits on the Bass staff 𝄢 is called the F clef, it stands on the fourth line and calls that line F, and shows you that all the tones represented on that staff are below middle C and belong to the male voice. The second one that stands on the Soprano staff 𝄞 is called the G clef, it stands on the second line and calls that line G, and shows you that all the tones represented on that staff are above middle C and belong to the female voices.

Here is the way the two staves are connected :



Soprano and alto are written on the upper staff and is called the soprano staff. Tenor and bass are written on the lower staff and it is called the bass staff. You see that each line and each space has a letter name, but the same line or space in each staff have different names. For instance, the first line in the bass staff is G, while the first line in the soprano staff is E. (the lowest line is the first line always.)

The clefs fix the letters on the staff. Wherever you see the G cleff, 𝄞 you may know that the first line is E. Wherever you see the F cleff, 𝄢 you may know that the first line is G.

Middle C always occupies the added line above the bass staff, or the added line below the Soprano staff, which is all the same.

I told you that the scale was composed of two steps, and a half step, and three steps and a half step. So you see there are two half steps in the scale—from Me to Fa is a half step, and from Ce to Do is a half step. Between all the other notes it is a step. These intervals are bound to come just this way, consequently we call it a half step from E to F, and from B to C, between all the other letters it is a step.

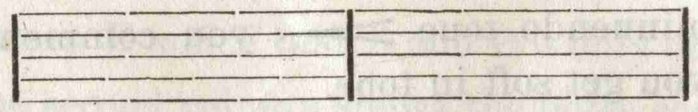
Do is always the key note in all tunes (major tunes I mean,) and Ce or Te is always the leading note. If a music writer wishes to write a tune in any other than the key of C, he has to introduce flats ♭ or sharps ♯ to arrange the staff so that the half steps will fit. If there are no flats or sharps, then the key is C, but if F is sharp, ♯ it is in the key of G, for Do is the key note and the order of intervals will force Do on G. If B is flat ♭, the tune will be in the key of F, for the order of intervals will force the key note Do on F. Key means pitch and wherever the key note stands, it is key of that letter.

When a flat ♭ or sharp ♯ stands on a letter it causes the tone of the note that stands on that letter to be sung a half step lower or higher than the letter. A half step lower for a flat ♭ and a half step higher for a sharp ♯.

The flats and sharps that stand on the staff at the beginning of a tune are called the key signatures. The flats and sharps that occur in the tune are called modulations. They are all used for the same purpose; viz: to change the position of the scale on the staff. You should not bother about this unless you are going to pursue the study of music. There is a character called a natural ♮, it is always placed on a letter that has been previously flated or sharped, and its power is to counteract the effect of a flat or sharp; it is also a modulation. Modulation in music means change of key. All those modulations have effect only in the measure where they are used.

A measure is from one bar to another, thus:

Bar. Measure. Bar. Measure. Bar.



There are five lines and four spaces on the staff, not because there have to be, but because it is the most convenient staff that is in use.

Each line and each space is called a degree, and each degree has a letter name and each letter gives to the degree it stands on a positive pitch of tone. For instance, every note that stands on D, middle line of the bass staff will have the pitch of the first D below middle C and the note that stands on B, middle line of the soprano staff in all tunes in the world (it make no difference what the key may be) will have the pitch of the first B above middle C; get your teacher to explain.

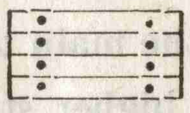
If B has been flatted then the note does not stand on B, for that flat cancels B and you have no B, you have to call it B♭ (B flat) which is a half step lower than B.

If D is sharped, you have no D in that tune, but you call it D♯ (D sharp) which is a half step higher than D; but don't bother about this, your voice will give the right pitch after you learn how to run the scale.

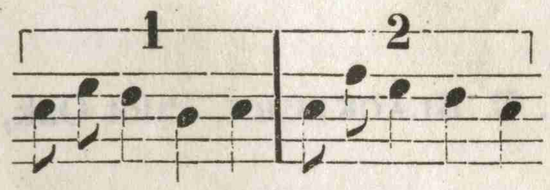
However, when a flat or sharp occurs out in a tune, you will have to learn how to make a tone; ask your teacher to explain.

The letters *D. C.* mean from the first and when you see these letter over the staff, you must go back to the first of the tune and sing to the word "FINE" and there the tune will end.

D. S. means from the sign and when you see these letters you go back till you find a character like this 𝄋, called the sign and sing from there to the word "FINE" and the tune will be out.

A row of dots across the staff  show that you must sing all the music twice; that is, between these two rows of dots.

The word "Bis" also means twice.

This  is called a double ending and when you

come to this in a tune, you sing all notes under the 1 and then go back to the first, or to the repeat mark and go over it again till you come to this place then omit the notes under the 1 and sing the notes under the 2.

Now I will give you a few characters that have been introduced in music, but they do not really belong to it.

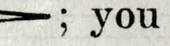
pp stands for a very soft tone.

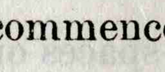
p means soft.

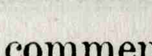
m is medium, neither loud nor soft; this is the way we should always sing; that is, sing soft and mild.

f means loud.

ff means very loud; but don't scream.

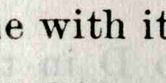
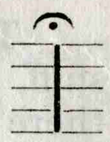
This is called a diminuendo tone ; you commence loud and gradually decrease the power till you get soft in tone.

This is a crescendo tone ; it commences soft and gradually increases in power till you get loud.

This is a swell tone , it commences soft and gradually increases to loud, then decreases to soft.

This is an explosive tone ; it commences very loud and instantly dies away like the report of a gun.

You will sometimes see a great many other marks and words, but if you never learn them you will not miss much.

Here is a character however which has attracted considerable public notice; but there has never been a great deal done with it. I will tell you how I use it. Here it is,  it is called a prolong, or a pause. If it stands over a note, it is a prolong and I give it one extra beat; if my hand is going down when I come to the prolong, I beat another down beat; if my hand is going to the left, I give it another left beat and so on; it matters not what kind of note it is over; by this means you will not mutilate the rhythm of a tune. If it stands over a bar  or between two notes  or over a rest , then it is a pause. I give this pause indefinite. I cease to sing or to beat time and when I think I should commence again, I throw up my hand as a signal to the class and we all start at once.

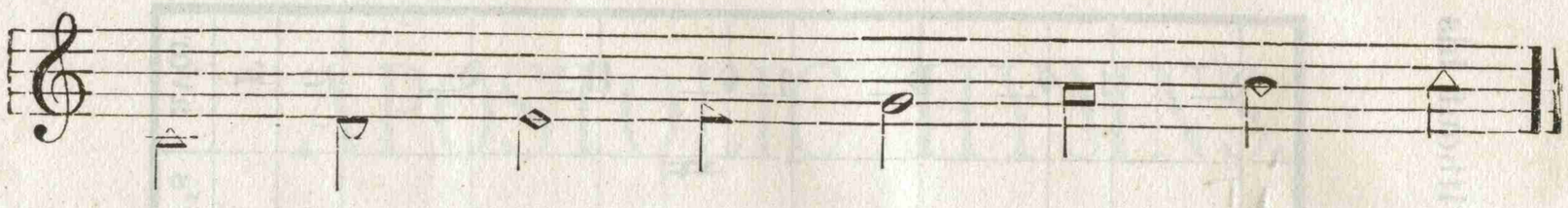
Now I have given you a few of the main things for you to learn in order to be able to sing; never mind about the higher studies, you will get that in another book, when you learn this. Be good boys and girls and learn this and maybe I will write to you again sometime.

Your Friend,

J. C. BLACKBURN, Pilot Oak, Ky.

RUDIMENTS.

NAME AND SHAPE OF NOTES.



Do Re Me Fa Sol La Si Do.

EXPLANATION OF TABLES I AND II.

Table I is an exposition of the use of flats (♭.) The first perpendicular column to the left shows the letters and their distance apart in sound. Notice that the distance between E and F and B and C is only one half as great as between the other letters. The second column shows the notes corresponding to the natural letters. The third column shows the distribution of notes when one flat (♭) is used which always falls on B; the fourth, the effect of two flats (♭), etc. The figures at the bottom shows how many flats (♭) have been used, including the column at the bottom of which such figures may stand. The letters just below show the letters of the staff on which the key note stands. Now attach to these respectively the letter just below, and you will have the following sentence, Few Boys Ever Attempt Doing Good. This will greatly assist the memory.

This explanation will serve also for Table II, only sharps elevate and flats depress the tone, which can be easily seen from the tables. Also the sentence formed by the letters in table II is "Good Daughters Ask Every Body's Favor." Take any piece of music and repeat the proper sentence till you have called as many words as there are sharps or flats at the beginning, and the first letter of the last word you have repeated will be the letter of the staff on which the key note, Do () stands.

The following tables and explanations are the property of A. M. Kirkland, and must not be copied without his permission.

TABLE I.

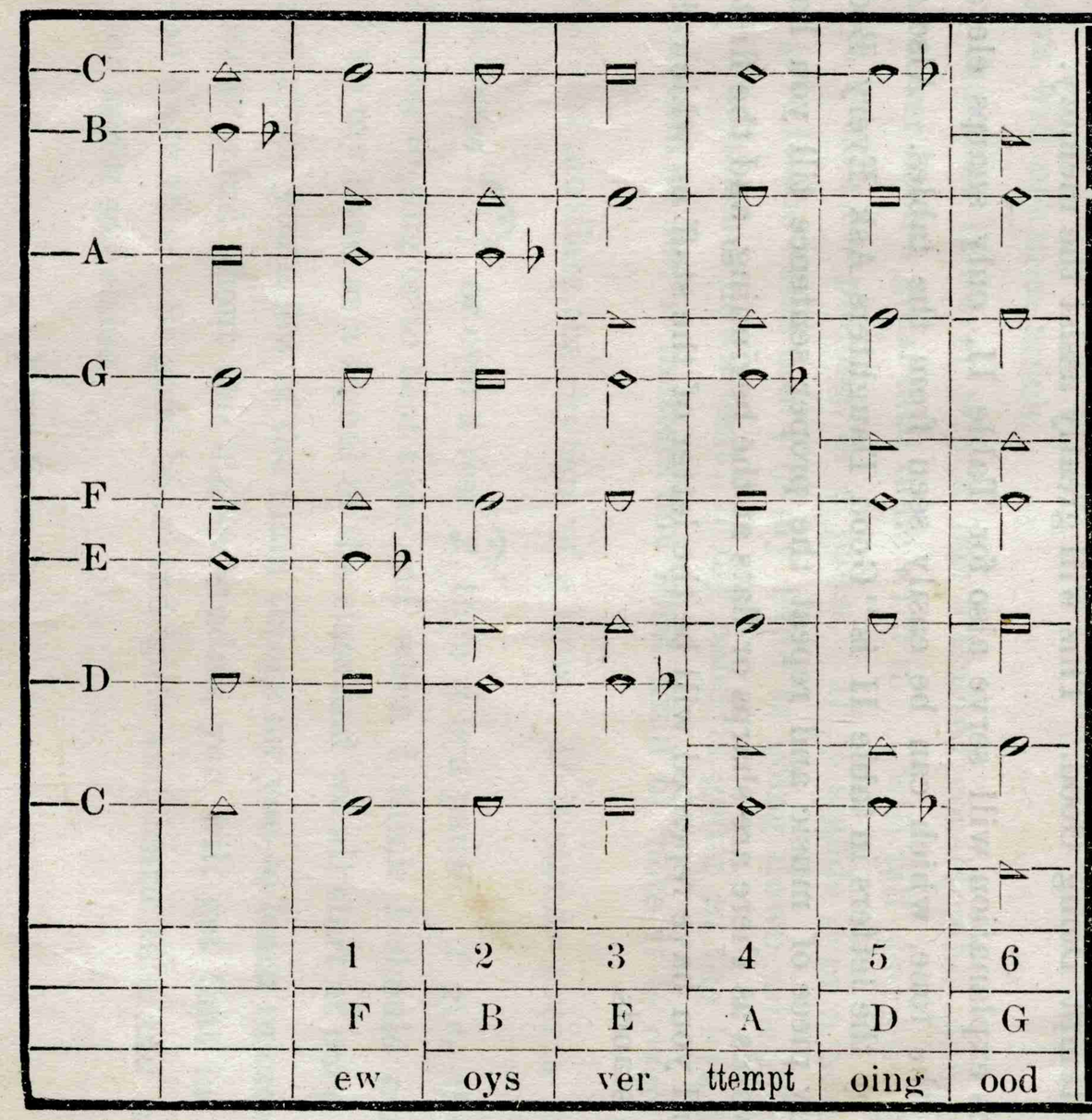
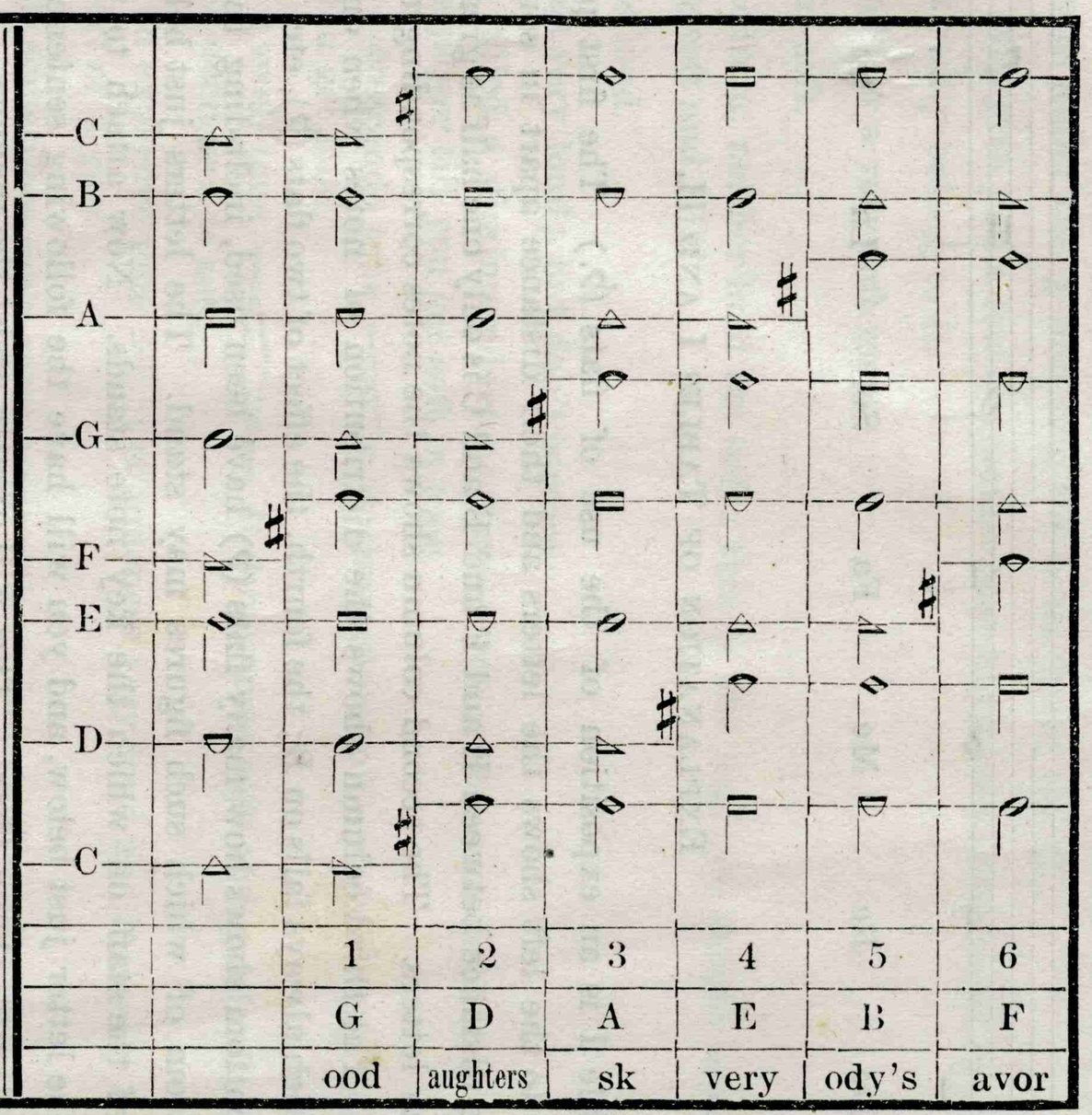


TABLE II.

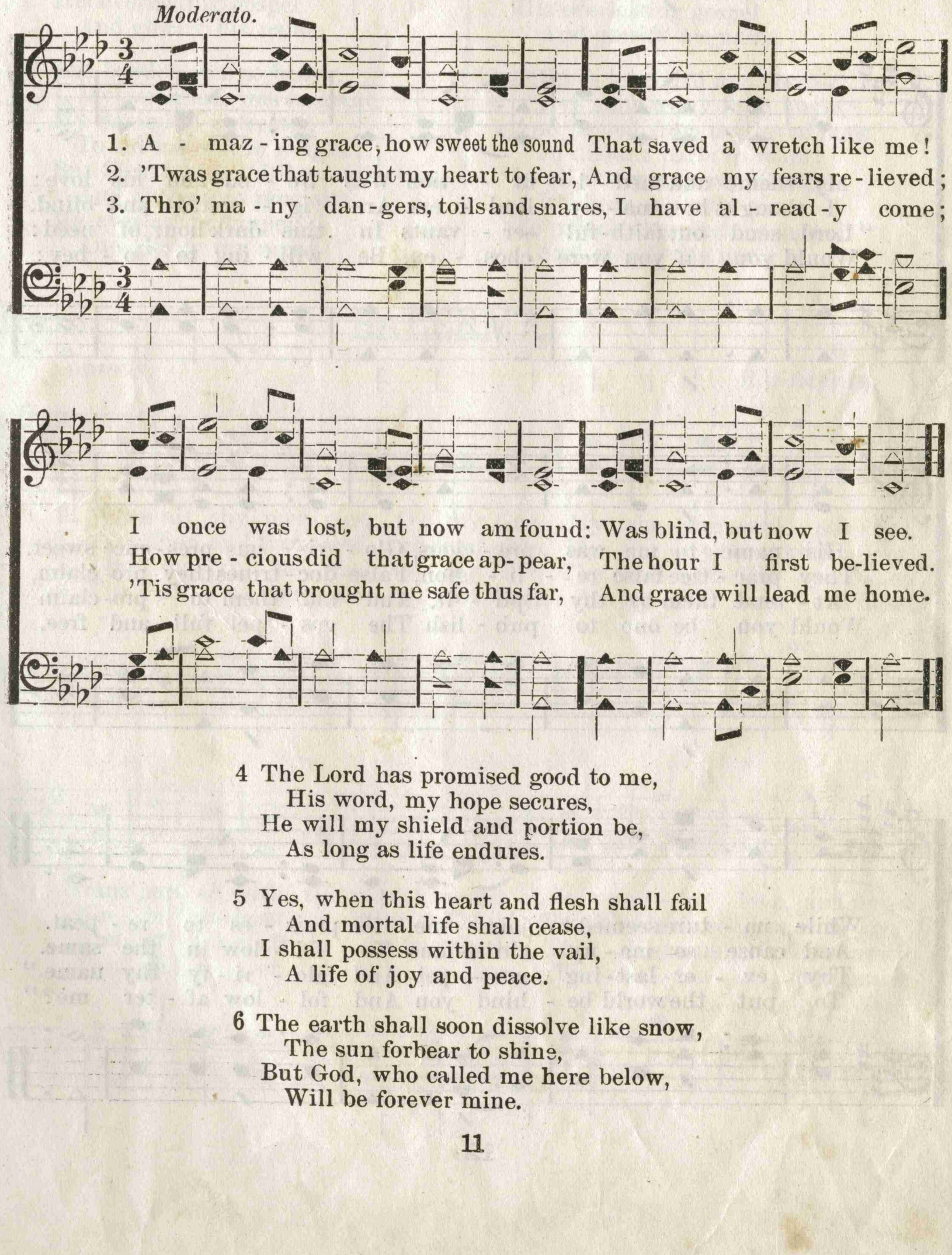


APOSTOLIC HYMNS.

No. 1. HARMONY GROVE. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. WM. WALKER. Arr. by H. N. L.

Moderato.



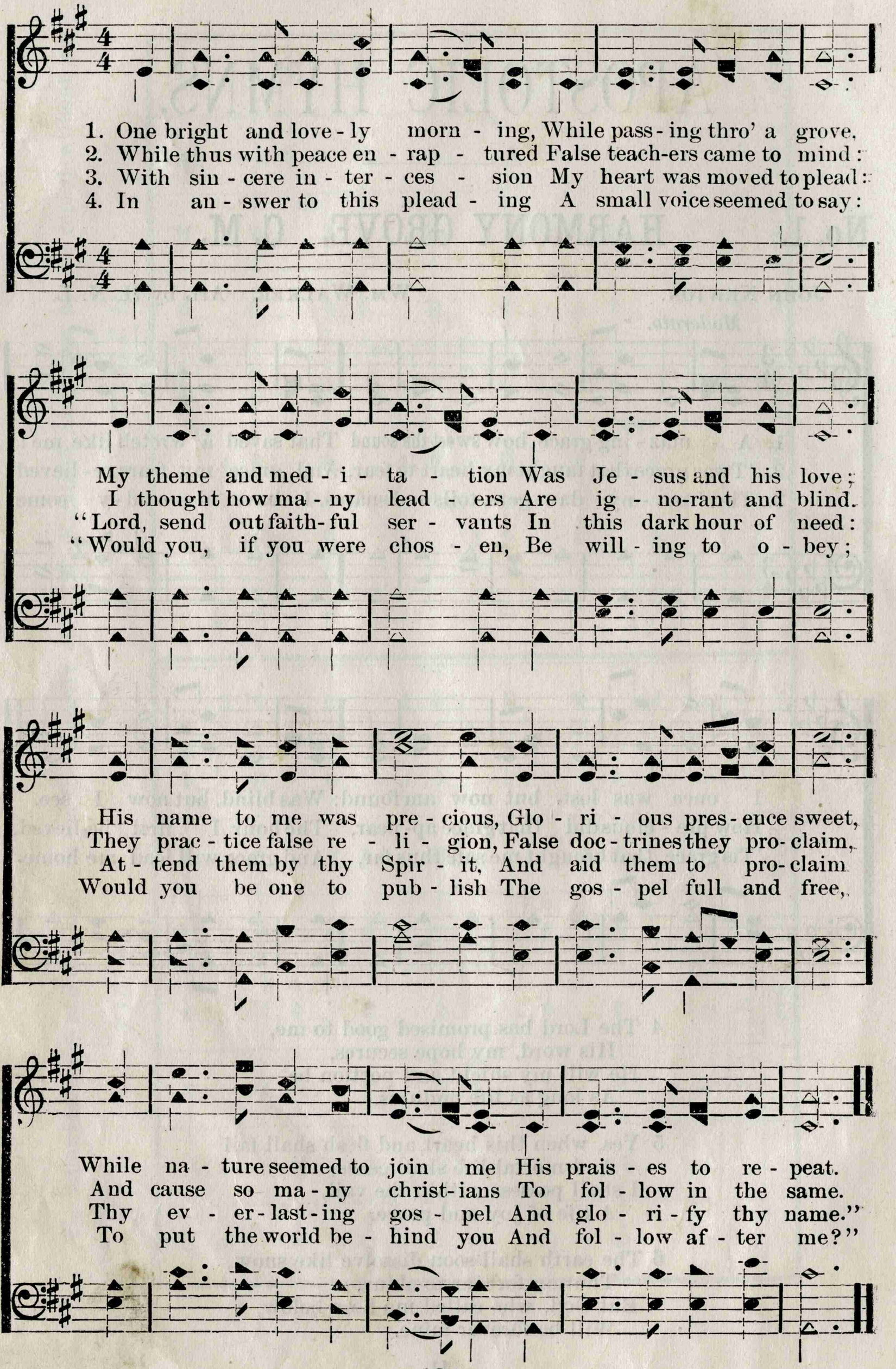
4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word, my hope secures,
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine,
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

No. 2. GOSPEL TRUMPET.

JOHN R. DAILY.



GOSPEL TRUMPET. Concluded.

5 With sad surprise I answered,
"Oh this can never be!
That such a holy calling
Is meant for one like me!
I am so weak and sinful,
My talents are so small,
I fear that none will heed me
If on them I should call."

6 At once the Lord assured me
That I should never fear;
That in my every trial
His presence would be near;
That he would not forsake me,
But aid me to proclaim
His everlasting gospel
And glorify his name.

7 The burden was so heavy,
My weakness was so great,
My Saviour I entreated
To rid me of the weight;
But Christ said, "I'll go with you,
And aid you to proclaim
My everlasting gospel
And glorify my name!"

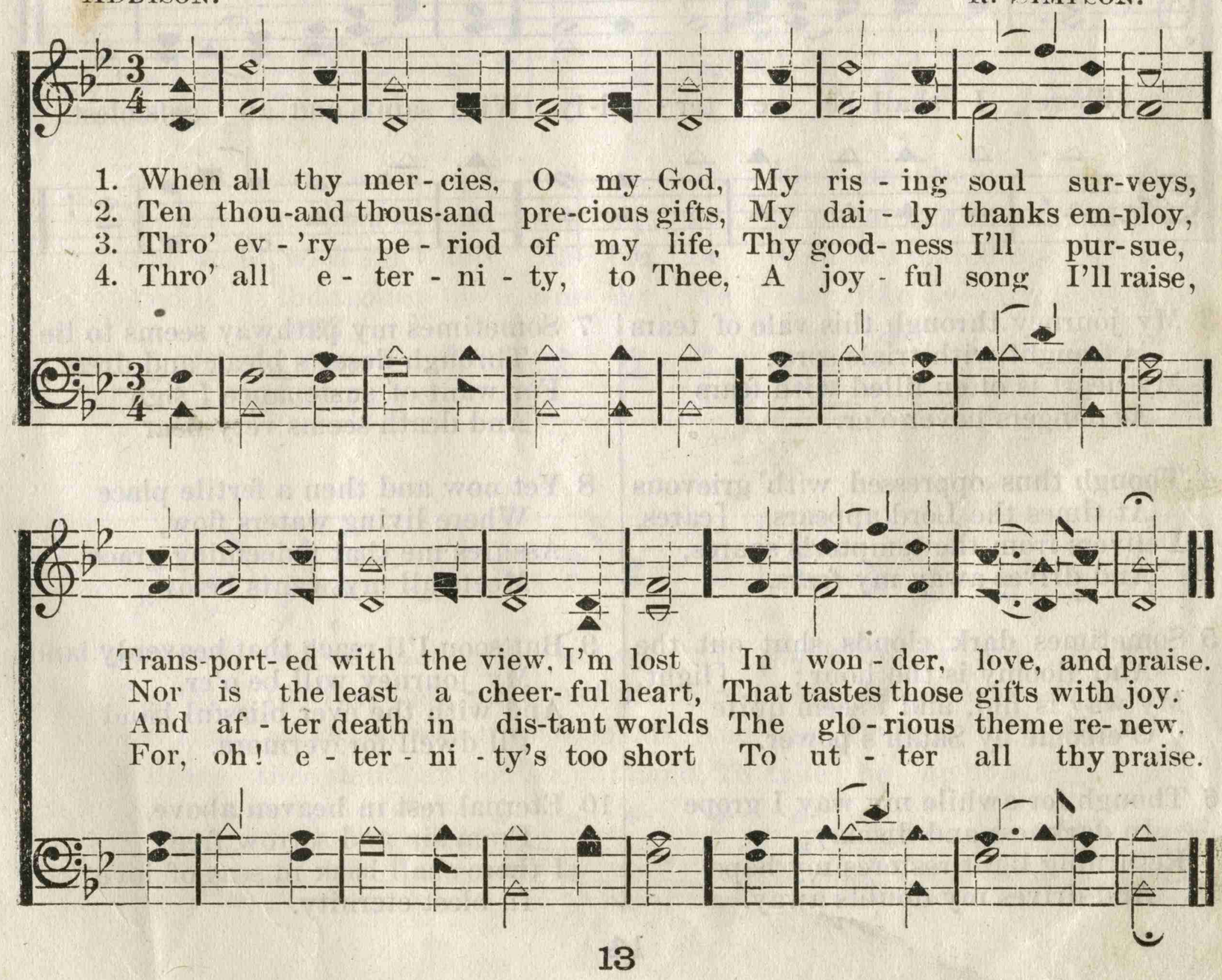
8 For many months that followed
These strange impressions came,
Until at length I yielded
To publish Jesus' name:
Though oft I made excuses
I no relief could find,
I could not cast the burden
From off my troubled mind.

9 Since then I've tried in weakness
To preach the precious word;
Where ever I'm directed
My trembling voice is heard:
'Mid trials and temptations
I've labored to proclaim
His everlasting gospel
And glorify his name.

10 Oftimes in gloom and sorrow
I've gone away from home,
And parted from my loved ones
In distant parts to roam:
In all my weary wand'rings
It's been my only aim
To preach the precious gospel
And glorify his name.

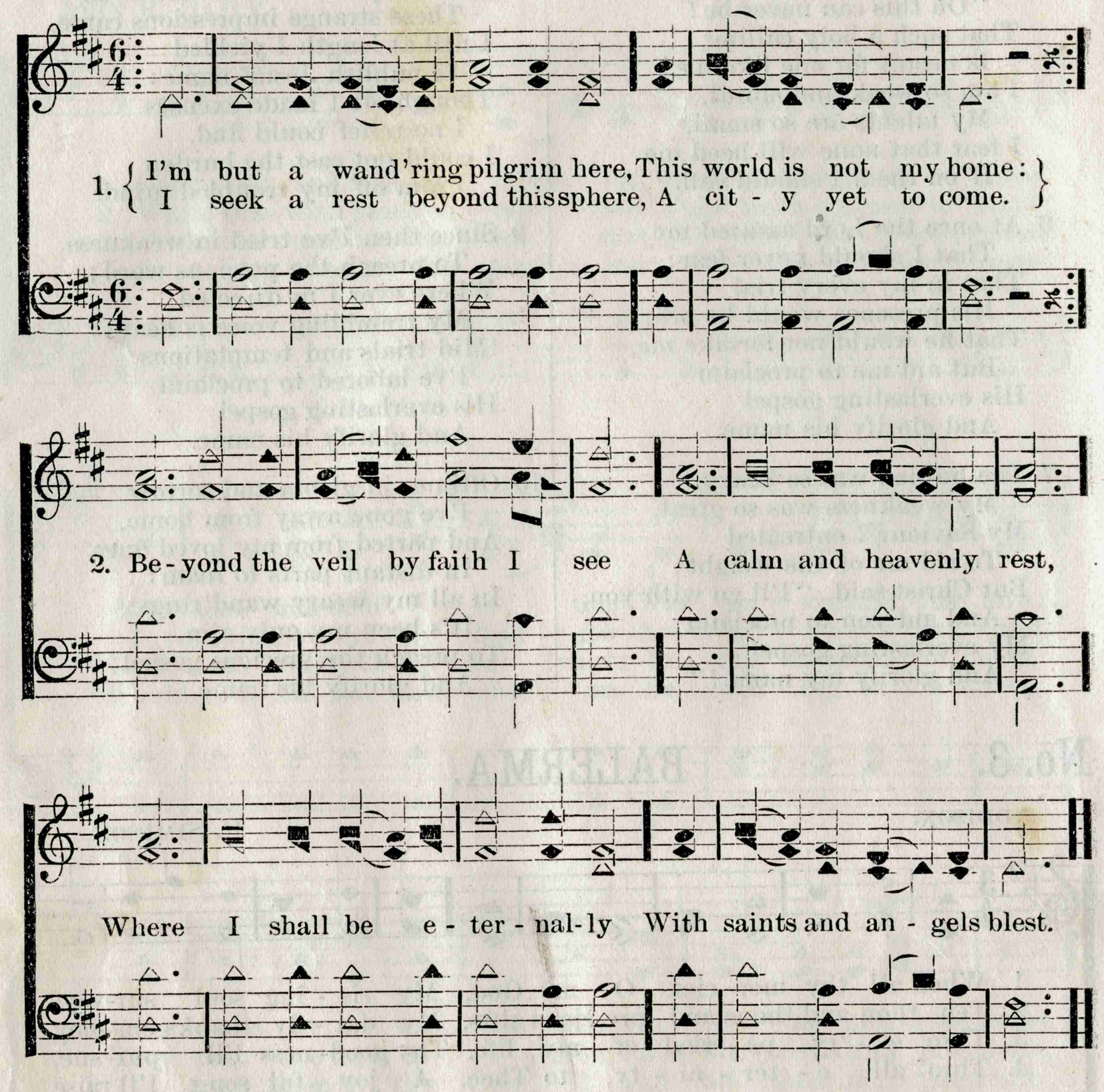
No. 3. BALERMA.

ADDISON. R. SIMPSON.



No. 4. PLEASANT HILL.

JOHN R. DAILY. WM. NICHOLSON.



3 My journey through this vale of tears
Is fraught with trials sore;
My heart is often filled with fears
As dangers hover o'er.

4 Though thus oppressed with grievous cares,
At times the Lord appears,
Delivers from the tempter's snares,
And drives away my fears.

5 Sometimes dark clouds shut out the light,
And gloomy is the hour;
My way is hid, and I seem quite
O'ercome by Satan's power.

6 Though for awhile my way I grope
In darkness and dismay,
Returning light restores my hope,
And drives my doubts away.

7 Sometimes my pathway seems to lie
Through deserts bleak and drear;
For want of sustenance I sigh
And death seems very near.

8 Yet now and then a fertile place
Where living waters flow,
Assures me that redeeming grace
Meets all my wants below.

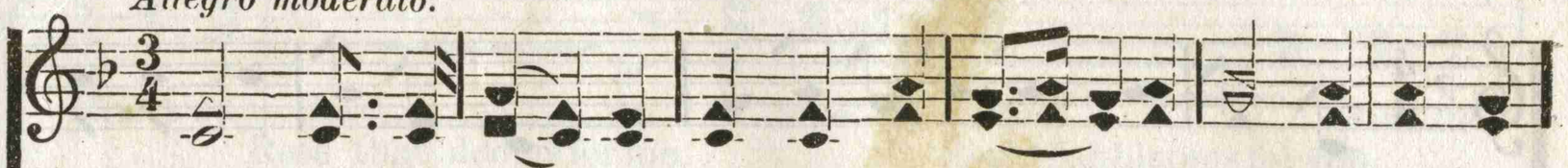
9 But soon I'll reach that heavenly land
My journey will be o'er,
And with the ever blissful band
I'll dwell forevermore.

10 Eternal rest in heaven above,
From sin and sorrow free!
I there shall bask in seas of love,
In blest eternity.

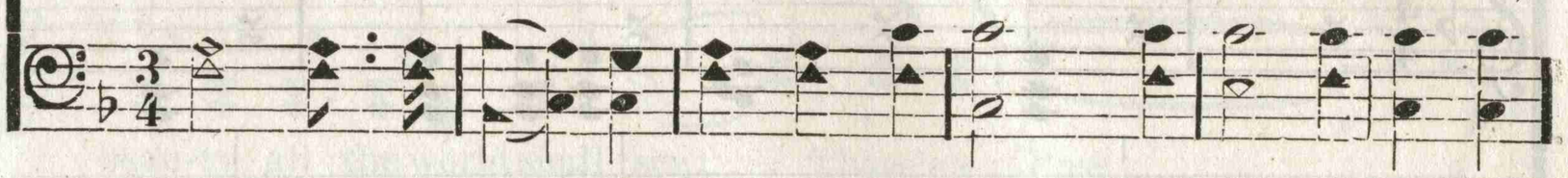
No. 5. HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

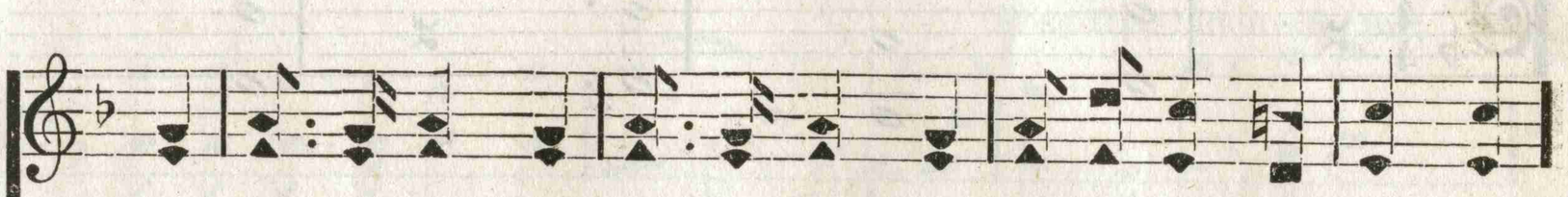
CHARLES WESLEY.

Allegro moderato.

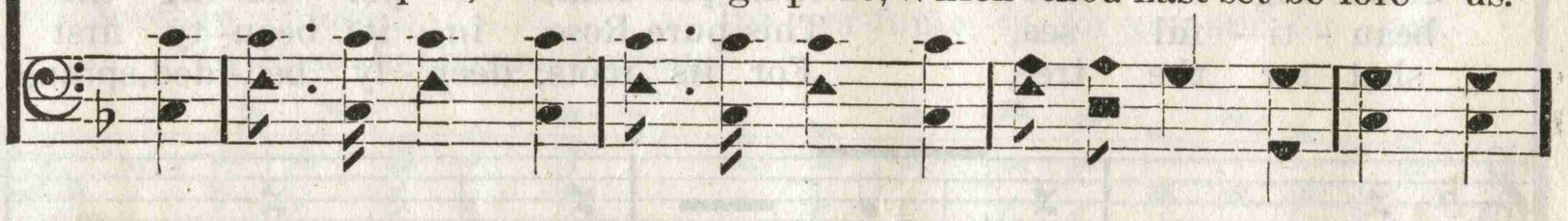


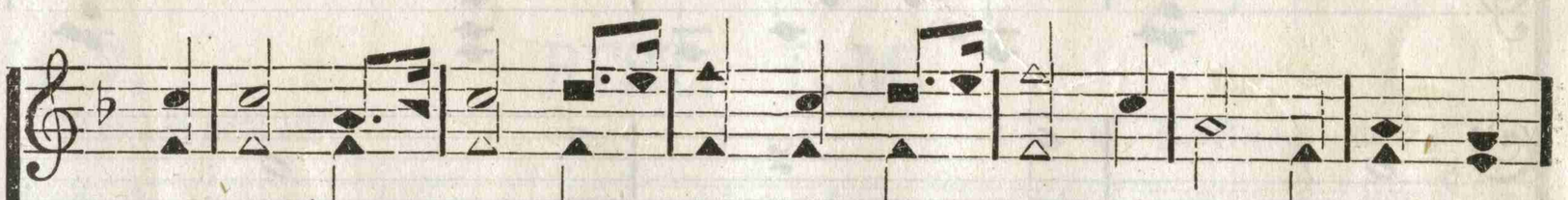
1. Head of the church tri-umph-ant, We joy - ful- ly a-dore thee;
2. While in af - flic - tion's fur-nace, And pass - ing thro' the fire,
3. Thou dost con-duct thy peo - ple Thro' tor - rents of temp-ta- tion;
4. Faith now be- holds the glo - ry, To which thou wilt re-store us,



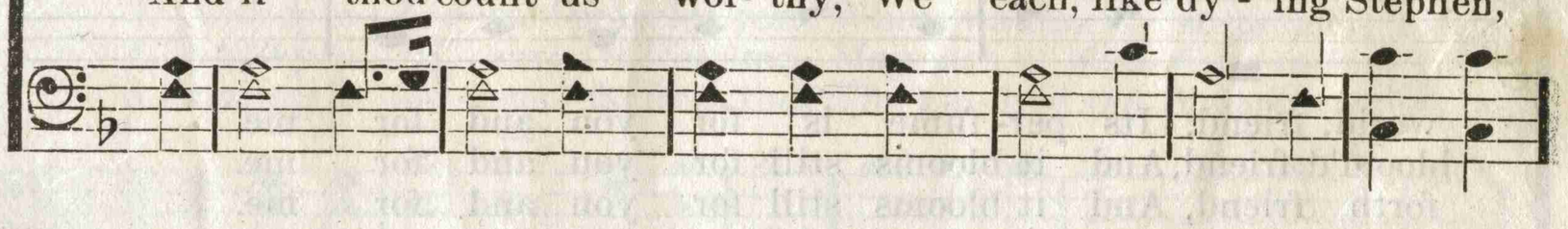


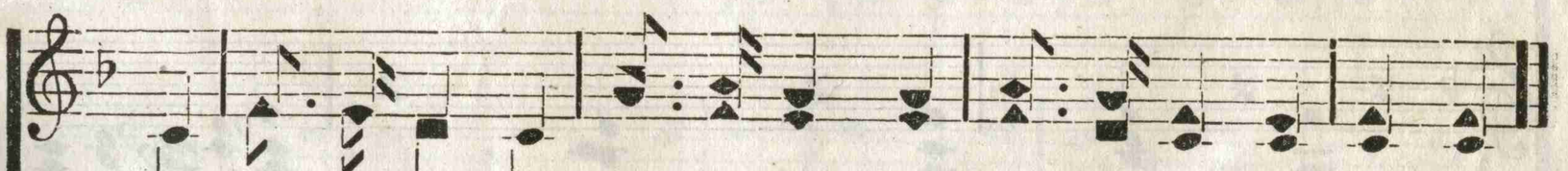
Till thou ap-pear, thy members here, Shall sing like those in glo - ry.
Thy love we praise, that knows our days, And ev- er brings us high - er.
Nor will we fear, while thou art near, The fire of trib - u - la - tion.
And earth despise, for that high prize, Which thou hast set be-fore us.



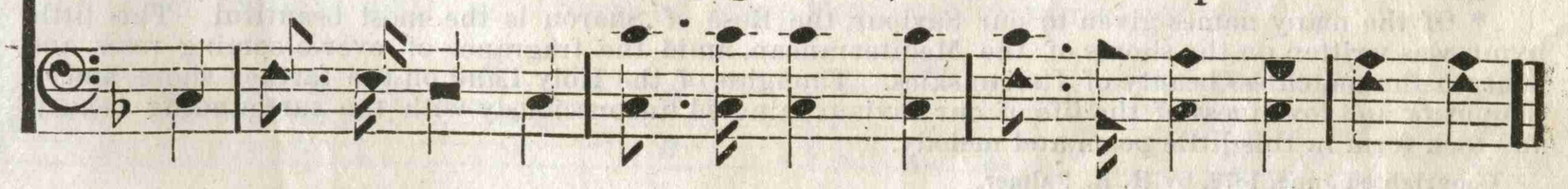


We lift our hearts and voic - es In blest an - tic - i - pa - tion,
We lift our hands ex - ult - ing In thine al-might- y fa - vor;
The world, with sin and Sa - tan, In vain our march op-pos - es;
And if thou count us wor- thy, We each, like dy - ing Stephen,



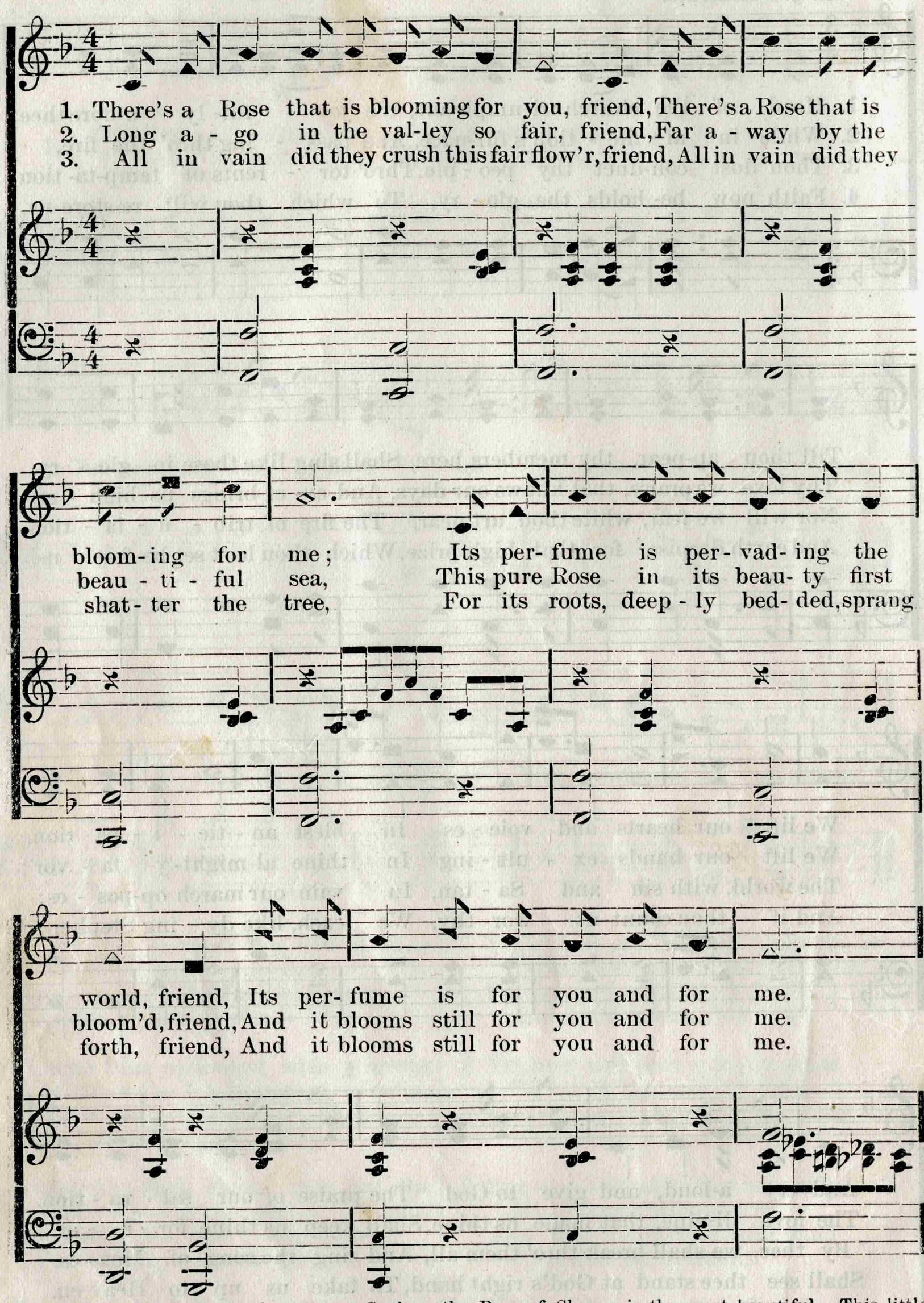


And cry a-loud, and give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.
The love di-vine, that made us thine, Shall keep us thine for - ev - er.
By thee, we shall break thro' them all, And sing the song of Mos - es.
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand, To take us up to Heav-en.



No. 6. THE ROSE OF SHARON.*

Inscribed to Mrs. PALMER. Written March 8th, 1878. H. R. PALMER.

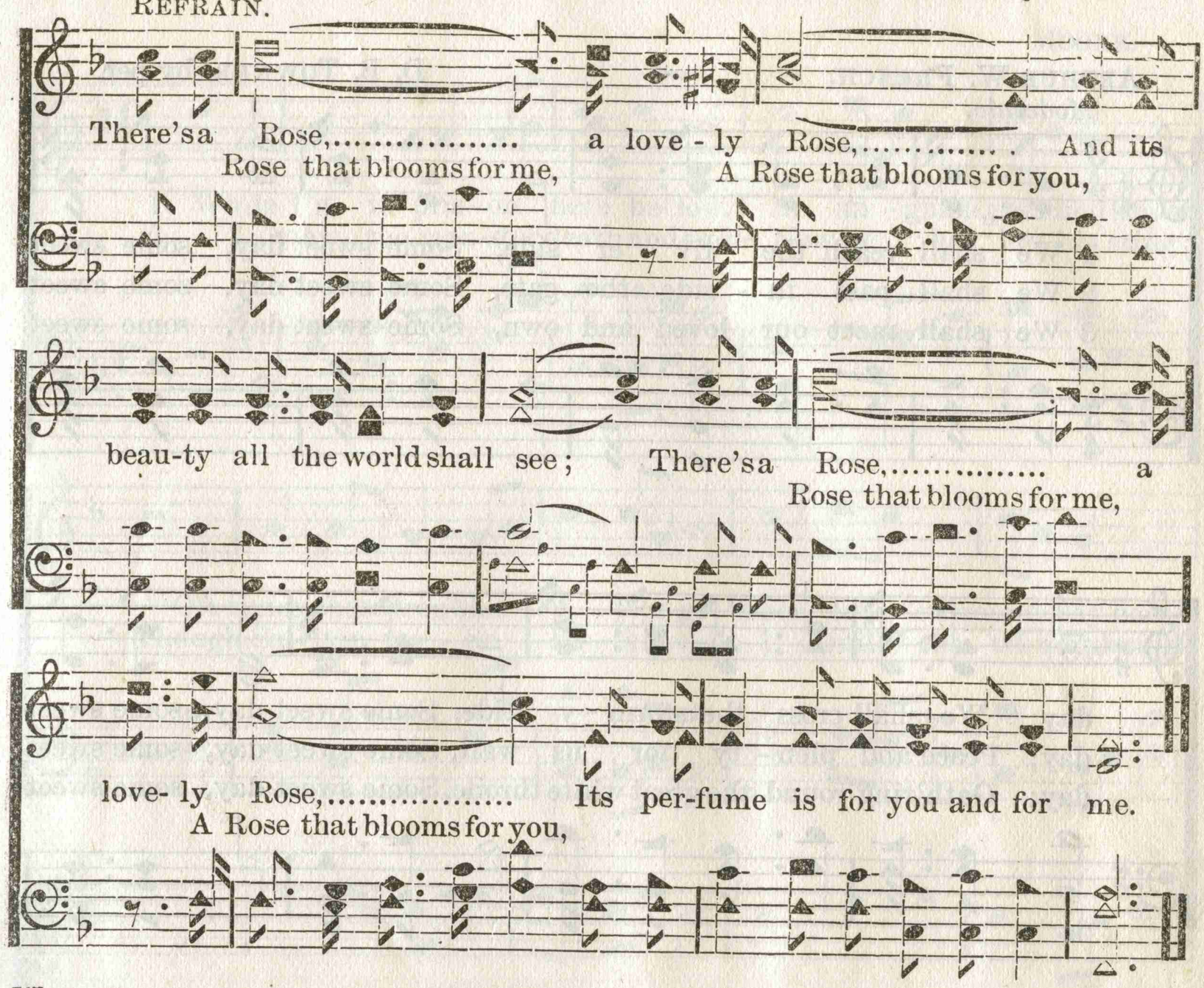


* Of the many names given to our Saviour, the Rose of Sharon is the most beautiful. This little hymn was written on the shores of the Mediterranean, amid the fragrance of ever-blooming roses, and beneath the matchless beauty of Italian skies. Thoughts of the Holy Land on the farther shore, and of the purity and loveliness of the life of our Saviour mingled unconsciously with the surrounding beauty, and took form in this little poem and melody.

Copyrighted June, 1878, by H. R. Palmer.

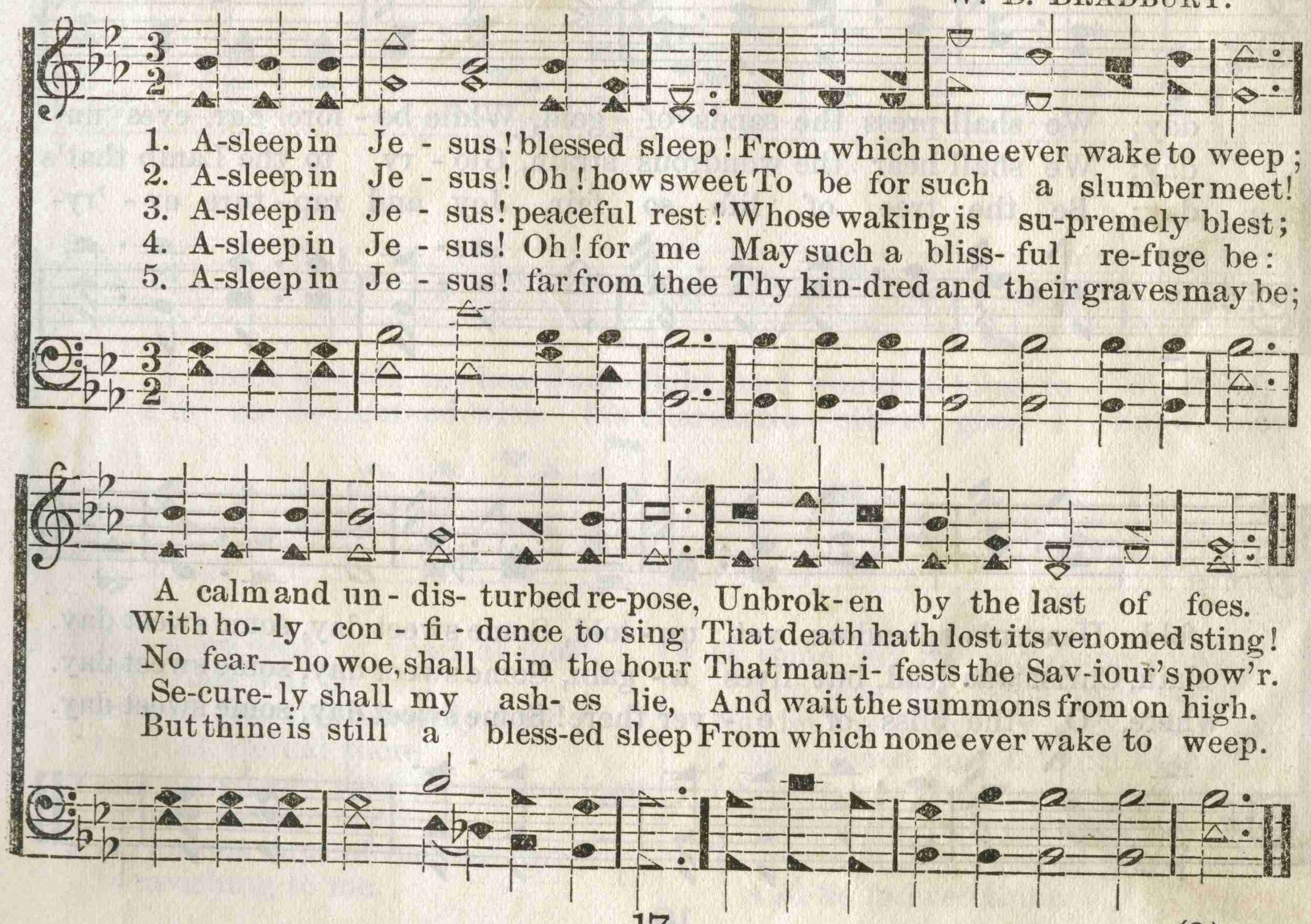
THE ROSE OF SHARON.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.



No. 7. REST. L. M.

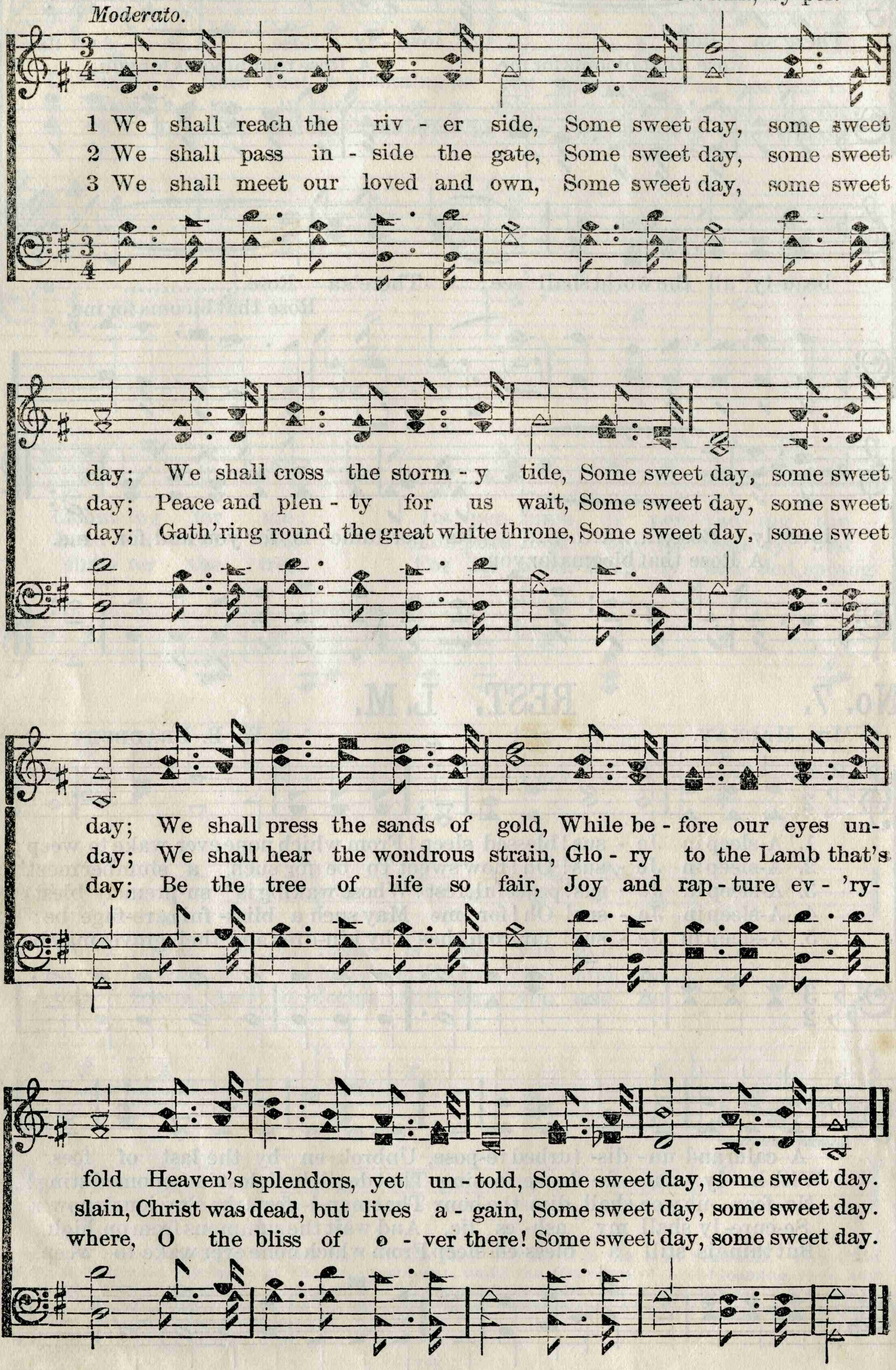
Mrs. MACKAY. W. B. BRADBURY.



No. 8. SOME SWEET DAY.

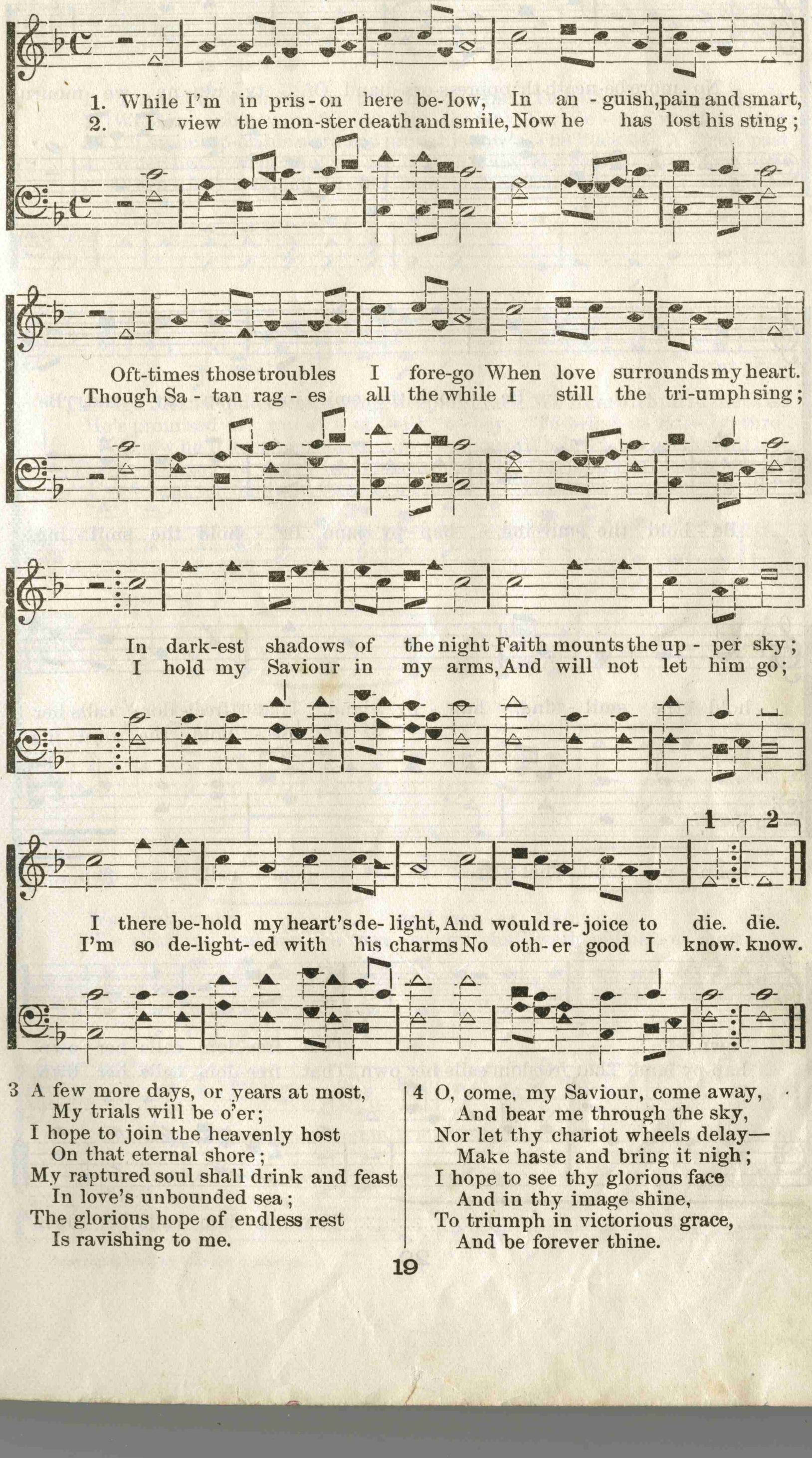
ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. B. TOWNER, by per.

Moderato.



No. 9. SWEET RIVERS. C. M.

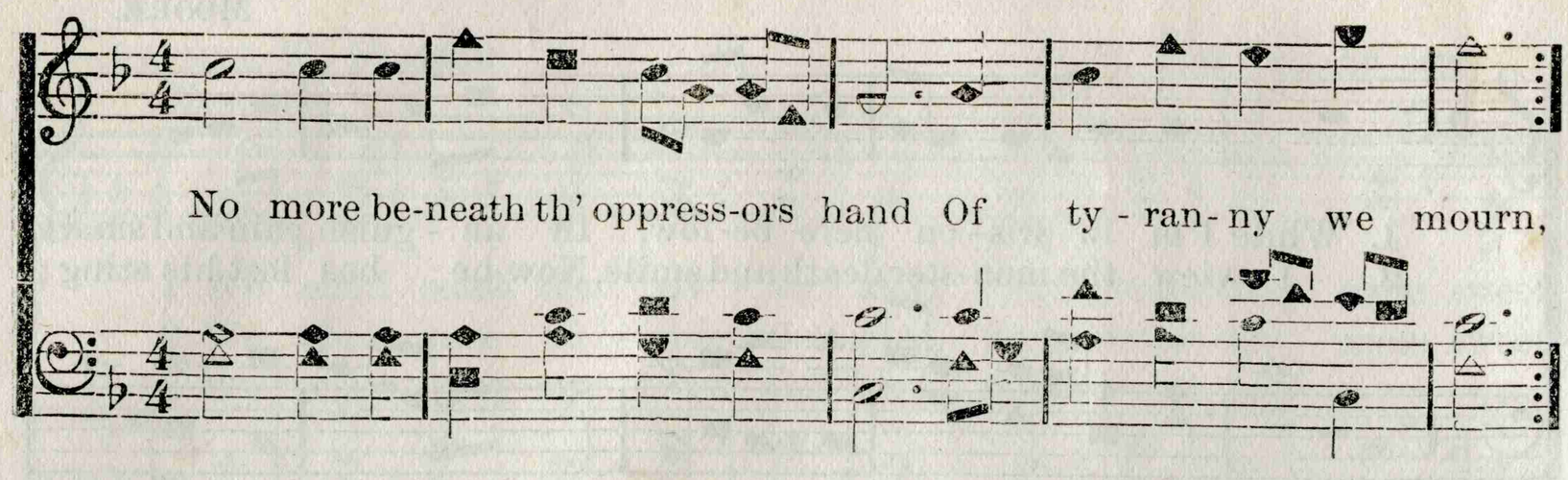
MOORE.

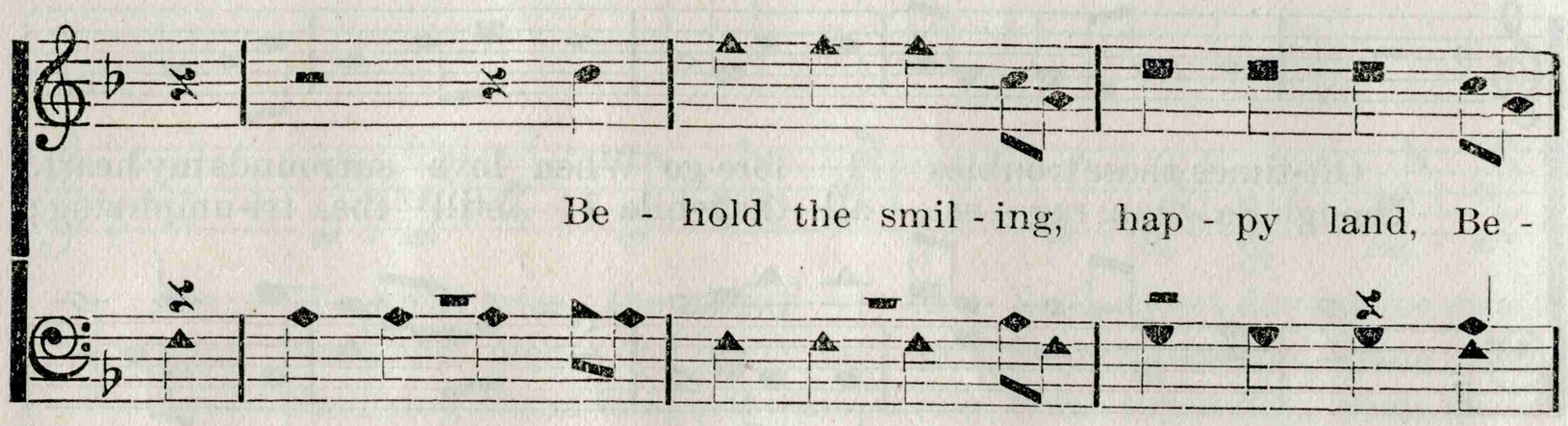


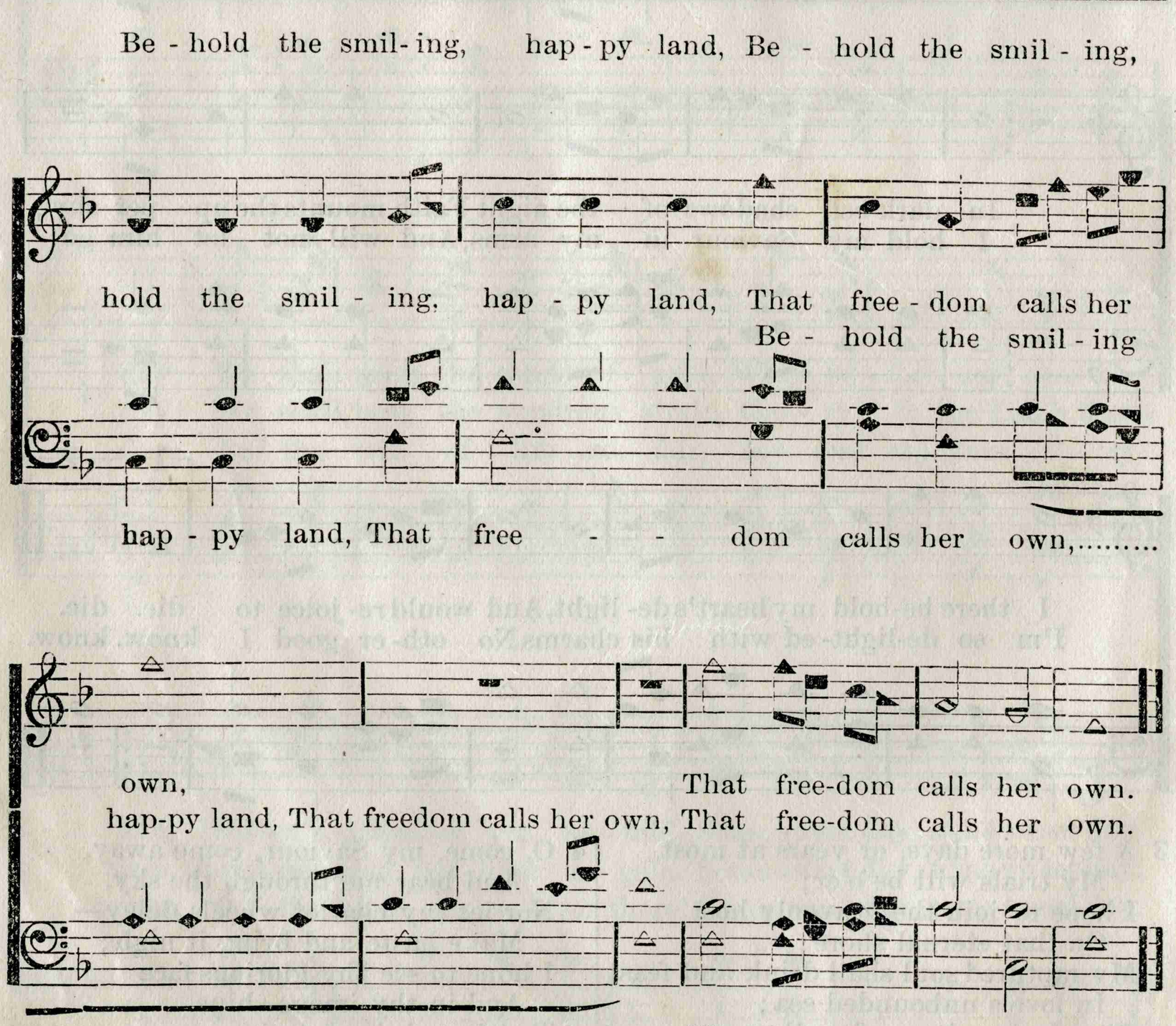
3 A few more days, or years at most,
My trials will be o'er;
I hope to join the heavenly host
On that eternal shore;
My raptured soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea;
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is ravishing to me.

4 O, come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me through the sky,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay—
Make haste and bring it nigh;
I hope to see thy glorious face
And in thy image shine,
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be forever thine.

No. 10. LIBERTY. C. M.







No. 11. WE SHALL RUN AND NOT BE WEARY.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. I now am running in the Christian race, To gain the prom-ised prize;
2. We'll run and nev-er fal - ter by the way, For Je - sus' word is true;
3. I'll stand up-on his word and prove his pow'r, The Rock of A - ges past;
4. When heavy weights of sin are laid a-side, My heart is free and light;
5. When life is o'er and la - bor here is done, Can we thus say with Paul?–

Through Je-sus' matchless, saving, keeping grace, We'll crown him in the skies.
He's promised if we ev - er will o - bey, To bring us safe - ly thro'.
I know he'll keep me, trusting ev -'ry hour, While life on earth shall last.
There's nothing we may fear which can be-tide Our hope is clear and bright.
"I've fought the fight and there is a crown," That's waiting for us all.

CHORUS.

We shall run . . . . . and not be wea - ry,
We shall run and not be wea - ry we shall walk and nev - er faint;

We shall walk . . . . . and nev - er faint; . . . . . We're
We shall run and not be wea - ry, we shall walk and nev - er faint;

trav'ling to our hap-py home, We'll walk and nev-er faint, (never faint.)

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No. 12. HOME OF THE SOUL.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, from "Singing Pilgrim."

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
2. O that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams,
3. There the great tree of life in its beau - ty doth grow,
4. That un-change - a - ble home is for you and for me,
5. O how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,

The far a- way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
Its bright jas- per walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but
And the riv - er of life floweth by; For no death ev - er
Where Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all
So free from all sor - row and pain! With songs on our

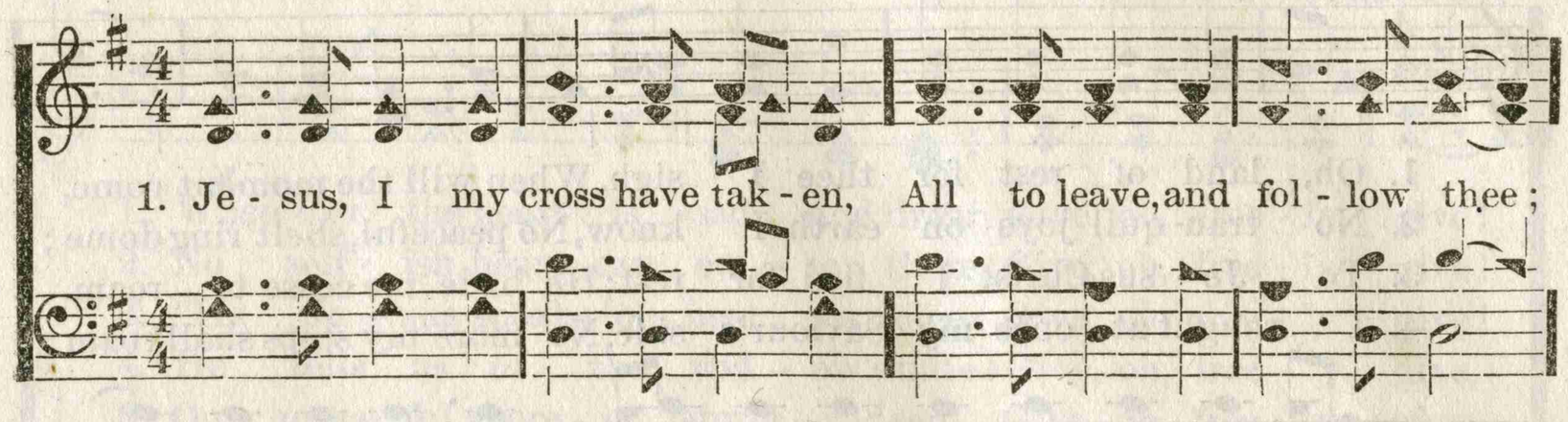
beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e -
thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair
en - ters that cit - y, you know, And noth - ing that
king - doms for - ev - er is he, And he hold - eth our
lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an -

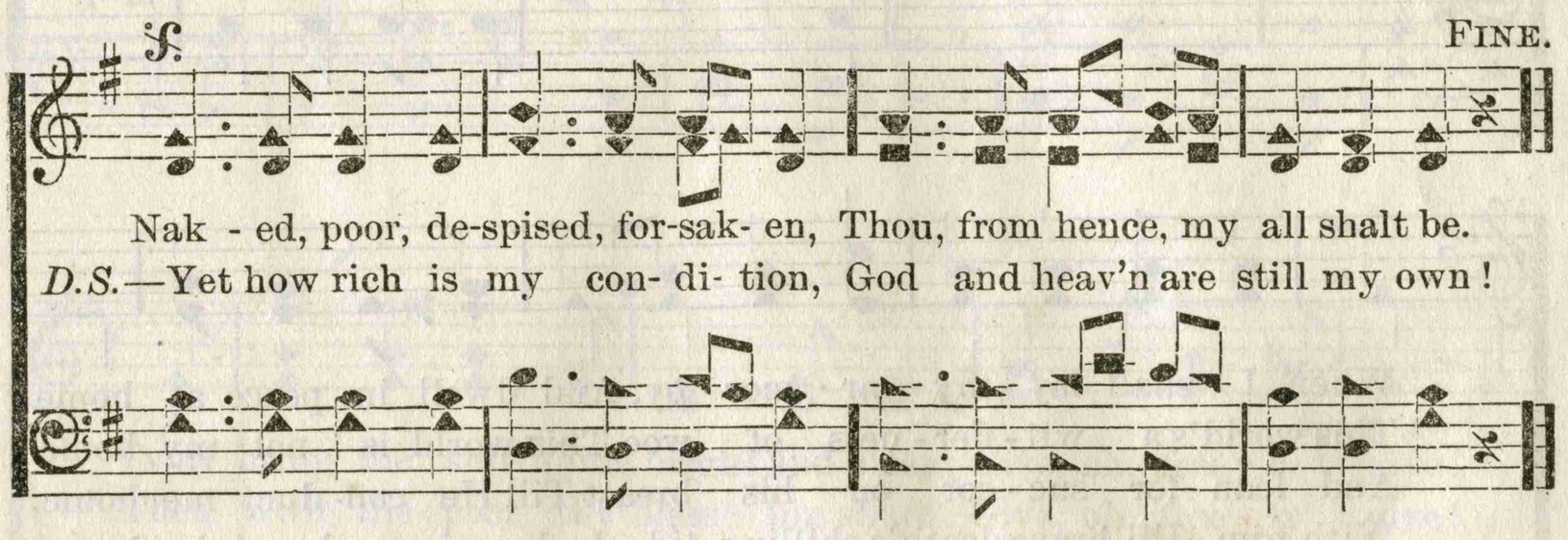
ter - ni - ty roll. roll. While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
cit - y and me. me. Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
mak- eth a lie; lie; And noth- ing that mak- eth a lie;
crowns in his hands. hands. And he hold- eth our crowns in his hands.
oth - er a - gain. gain. To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

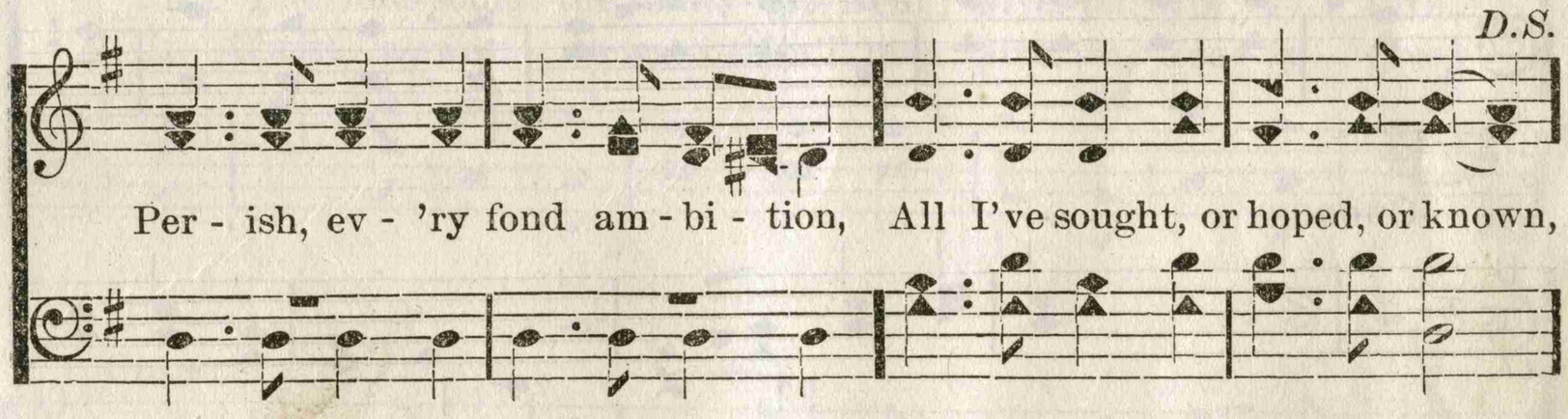
1 2 FINE. D.S.

No. 13. DISCIPLE. 8s, & 7s. D.

LYTE. MOZART.







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

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

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

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

No. 14. WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS. DR. WM. MILLER. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Oh, land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on his breast Till He con - duct me home.
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

CHORUS.

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

By permission.

No. 15. FREELY GIVE.

Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. When e'er the heart is sad and drear, Give, oh, free - ly give!
2. No self - ish heart can en - ter there: Give, oh, free - ly give!
3. 'Tis Je - sus speaks! oh, hear his voice: Give, oh, free - ly give!
4. He tells us of the wid - ow's mite: Give, oh, free - ly give,
5. On peace- ful shore or storm - y deep, Give, oh, free - ly give,

'Twill bring the sun- shine bright and clear: Give, oh, free - ly give!
Then with the poor thy bless - ing share: Give, oh, free - ly give!
He bids not one, but all re- joice: Give, oh, free - ly give!
In gen'-rous souls the saints de- light: Give, oh, free - ly give!
In Christ a sweet re-ward thou'lt reap: Give, oh, free - ly give!

Chorus.

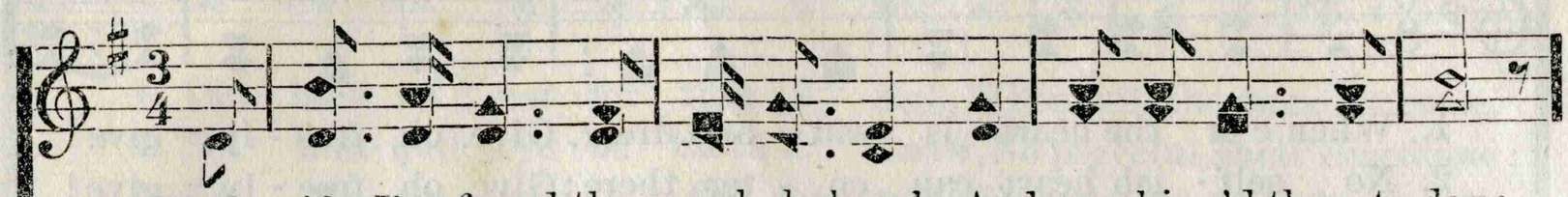
We'll give, yes, free - ly give, We'll give, yes, free - ly give,
We'll give, yes free-ly

We'll give, yes, free - ly give, We'll give as God hath giv'n.

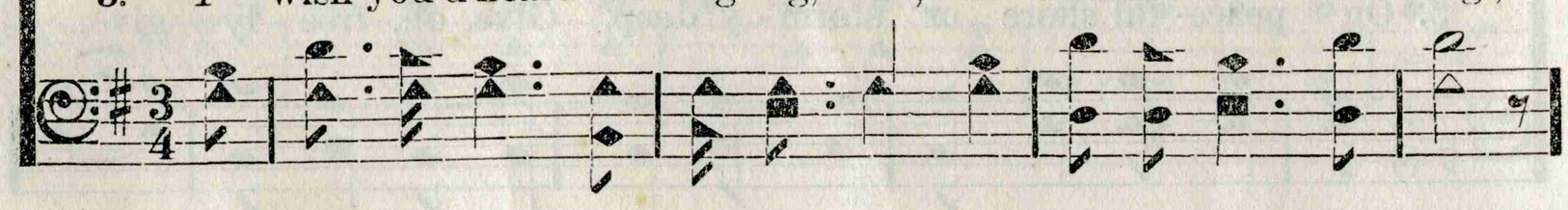
No. 16. THE MODEL CHURCH.

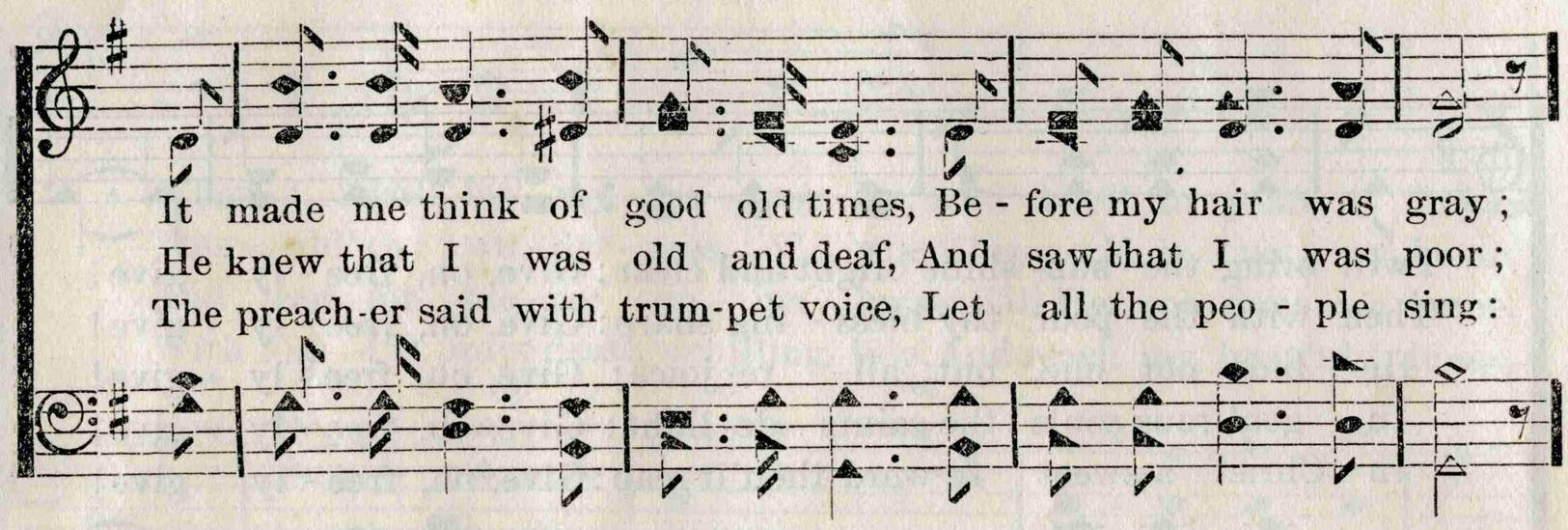
(SOLO AND CONGREGATION.)

JOHN H. YATES. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

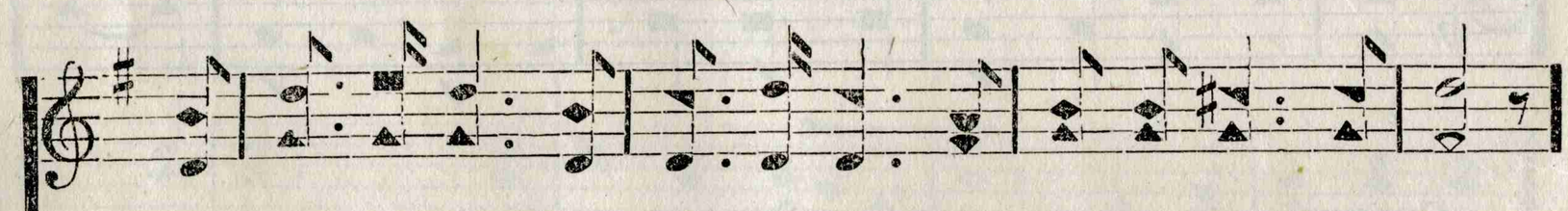


1. Well, wife, I've found the mod-el church, And worshipp'd there to-day;
2. The sex - ton did not set me down, A - way back by the door;
3. I wish you'd heard the sing-ing, wife, It had the old - time ring;

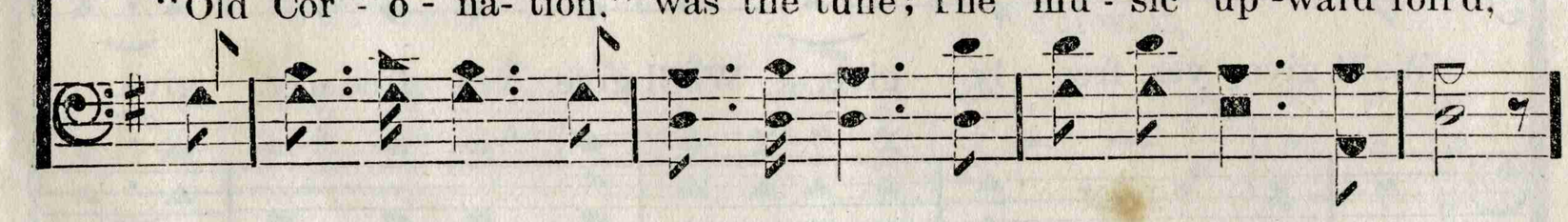




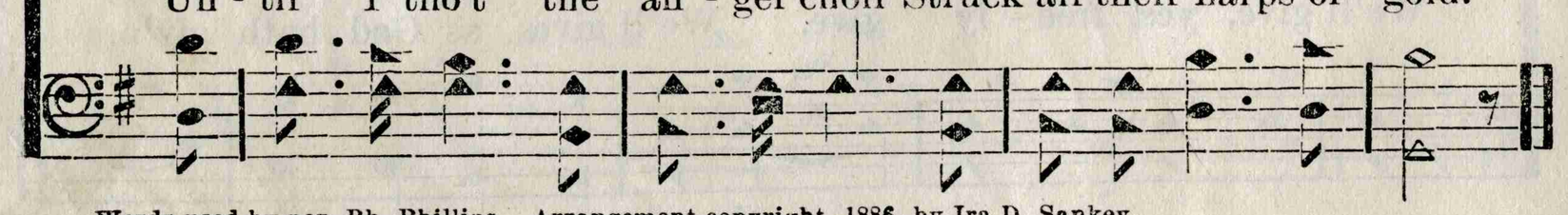
It made me think of good old times, Be - fore my hair was gray;
He knew that I was old and deaf, And saw that I was poor;
The preach-er said with trum-pet voice, Let all the peo - ple sing:



The meet- ing house was fi - ner built, Than they were years a - go,
He must have been a Chris-tian man, He led me bold - ly through
"Old Cor - o - na- tion," was the tune; The mu - sic up -ward roll'd,



But then I found when I went in, It was not built for show.
The crowded aisle of that grand church, To find a pleas - ant pew.
Un - til I tho't the an - gel choir Struck all their harps of gold.

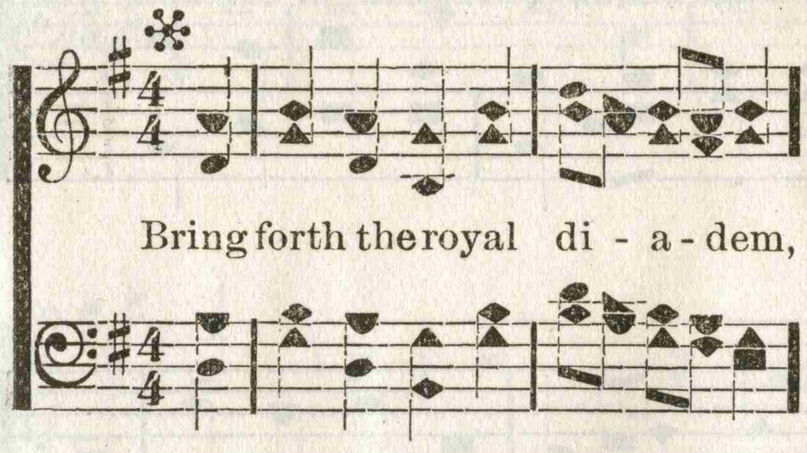


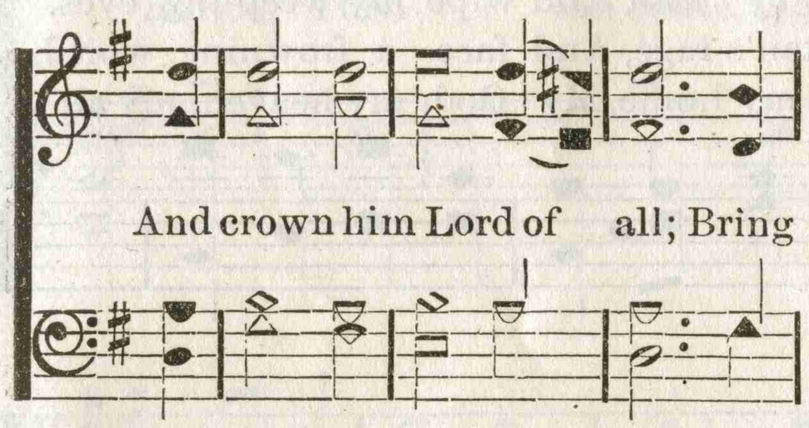
Words used by per. Ph. Phillips. Arrangement copyright, 1886, by Ira D. Sankey.

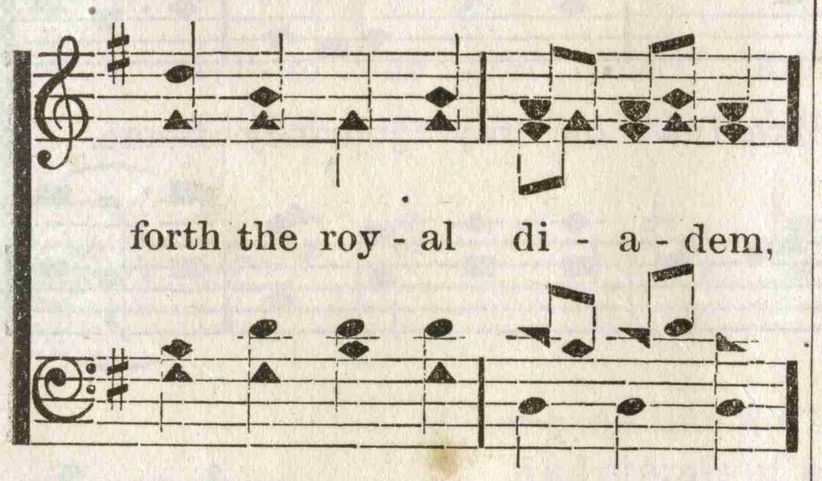
THE MODEL CHURCH. Concluded.

4.

My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice
With that melodious choir;
And sang as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;







5.

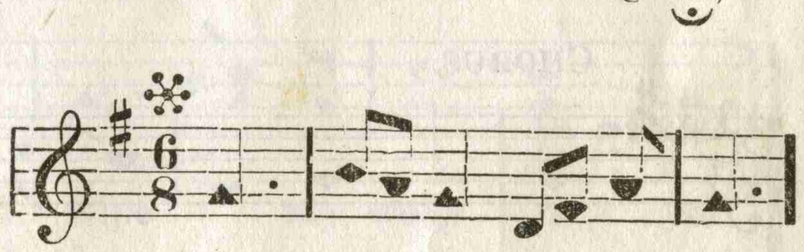
I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

6.

'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth;
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

7.

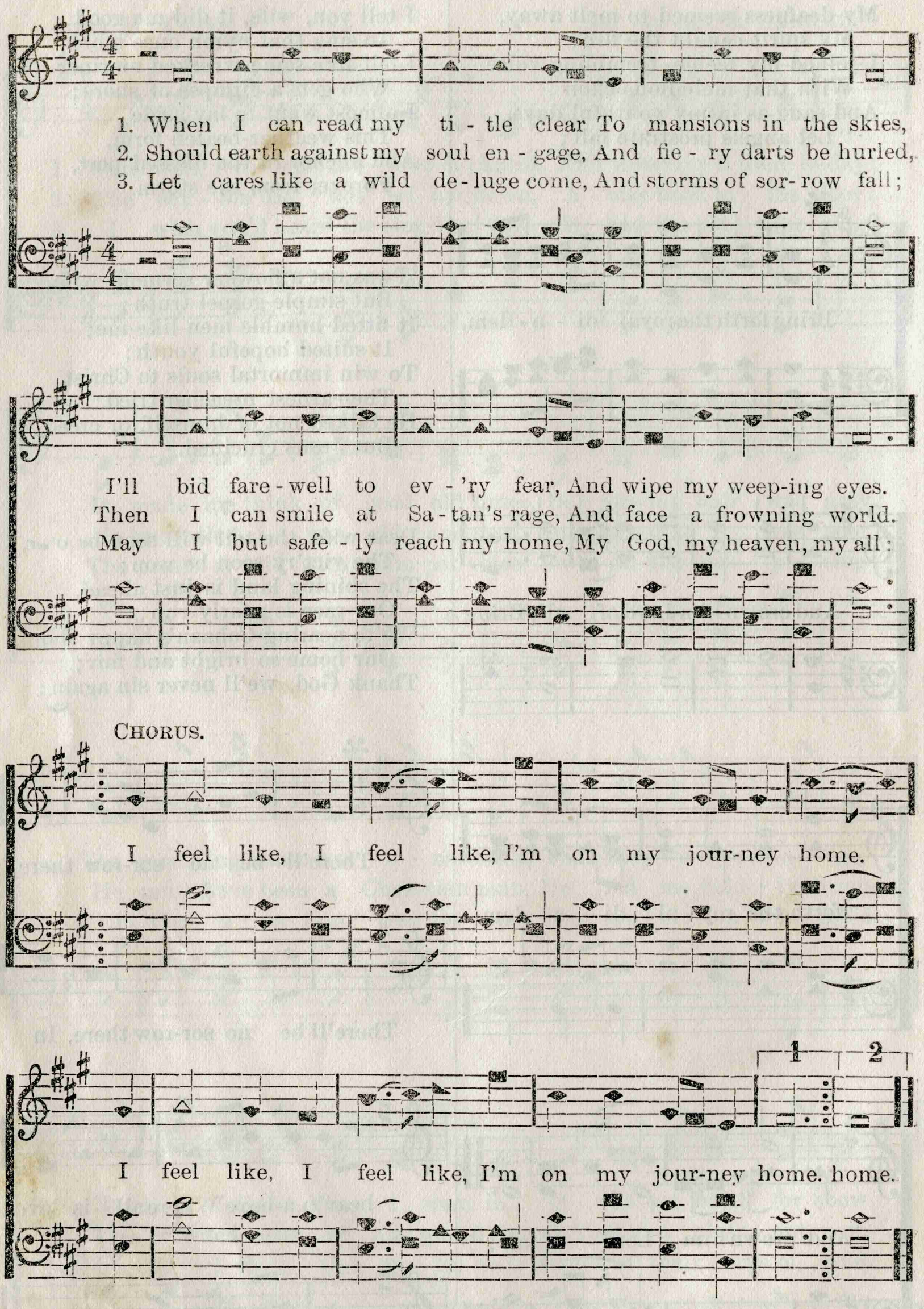
Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The vict'ry soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run:
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;



* All join in singing the old tunes.

No. 17. THE SAINTS' DELIGHT.

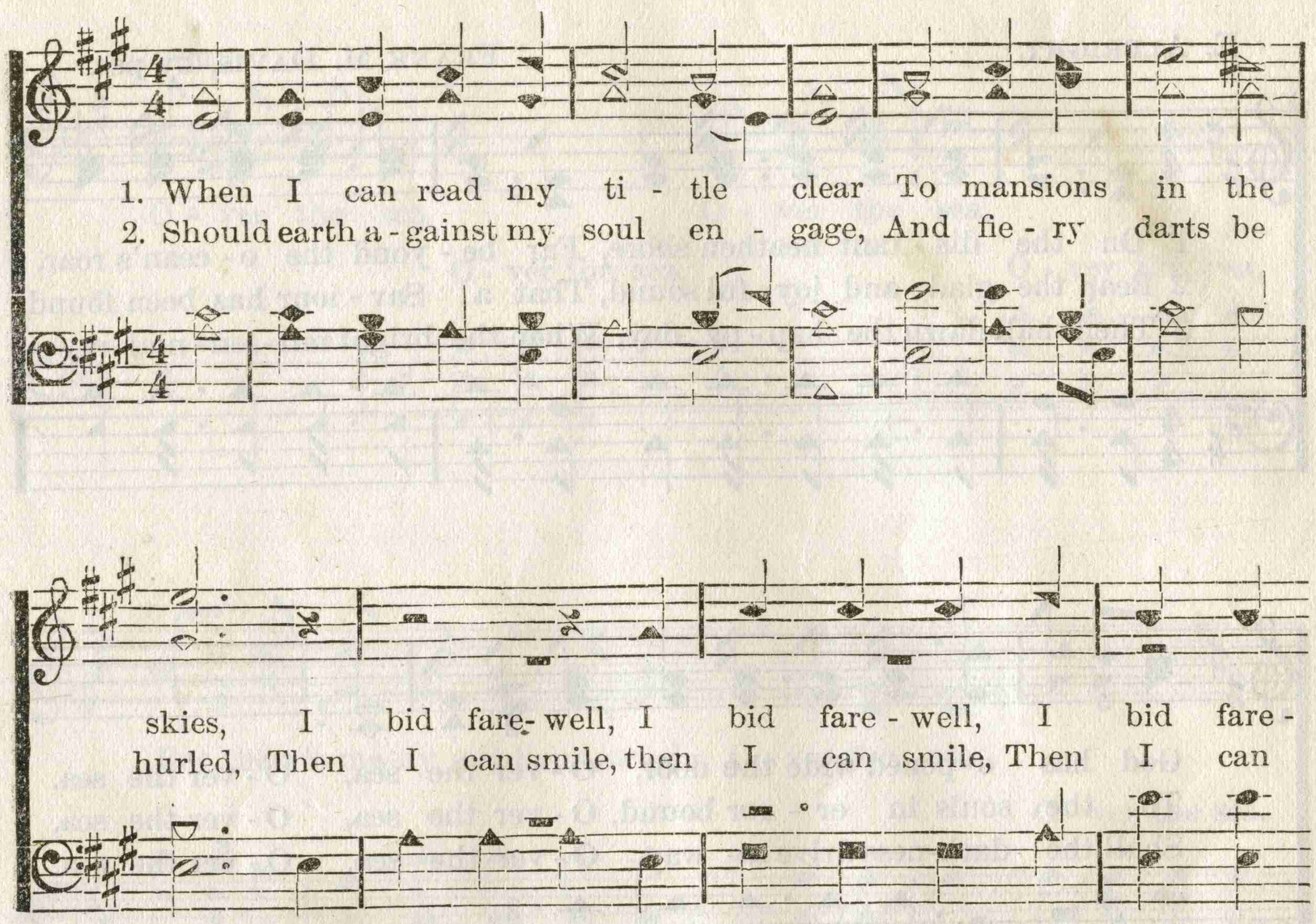
I. WATTS. F. PRICE.



4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

5 When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

No. 18. NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.



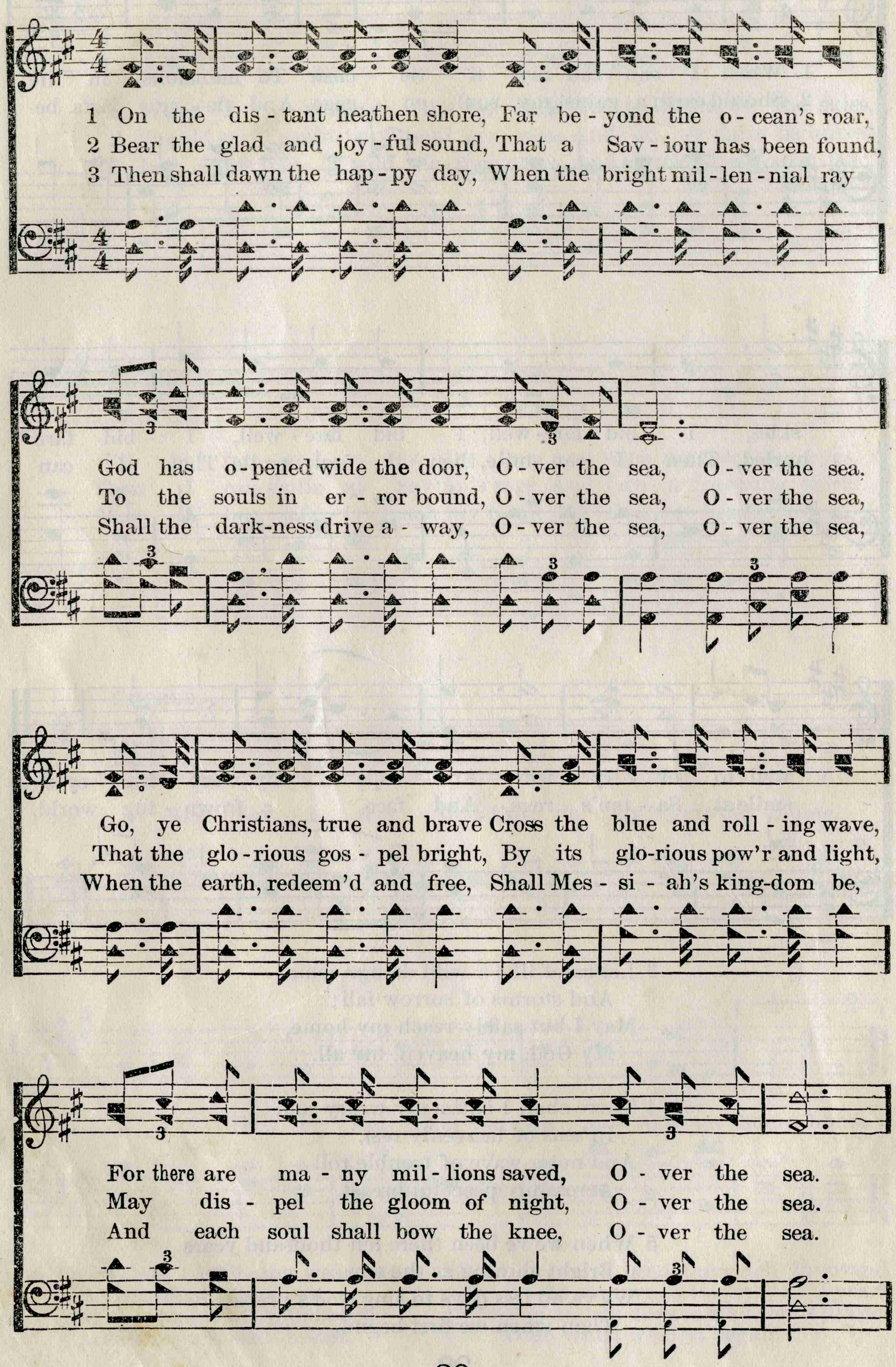
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

5 When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

No. 19. OVER THE SEA.

E. ALBRIGHT. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



OVER THE SEA. Concluded.

CHORUS.

O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

For there's ma-ny mil-lions saved, O - ver the sea,

O - ver the sea,

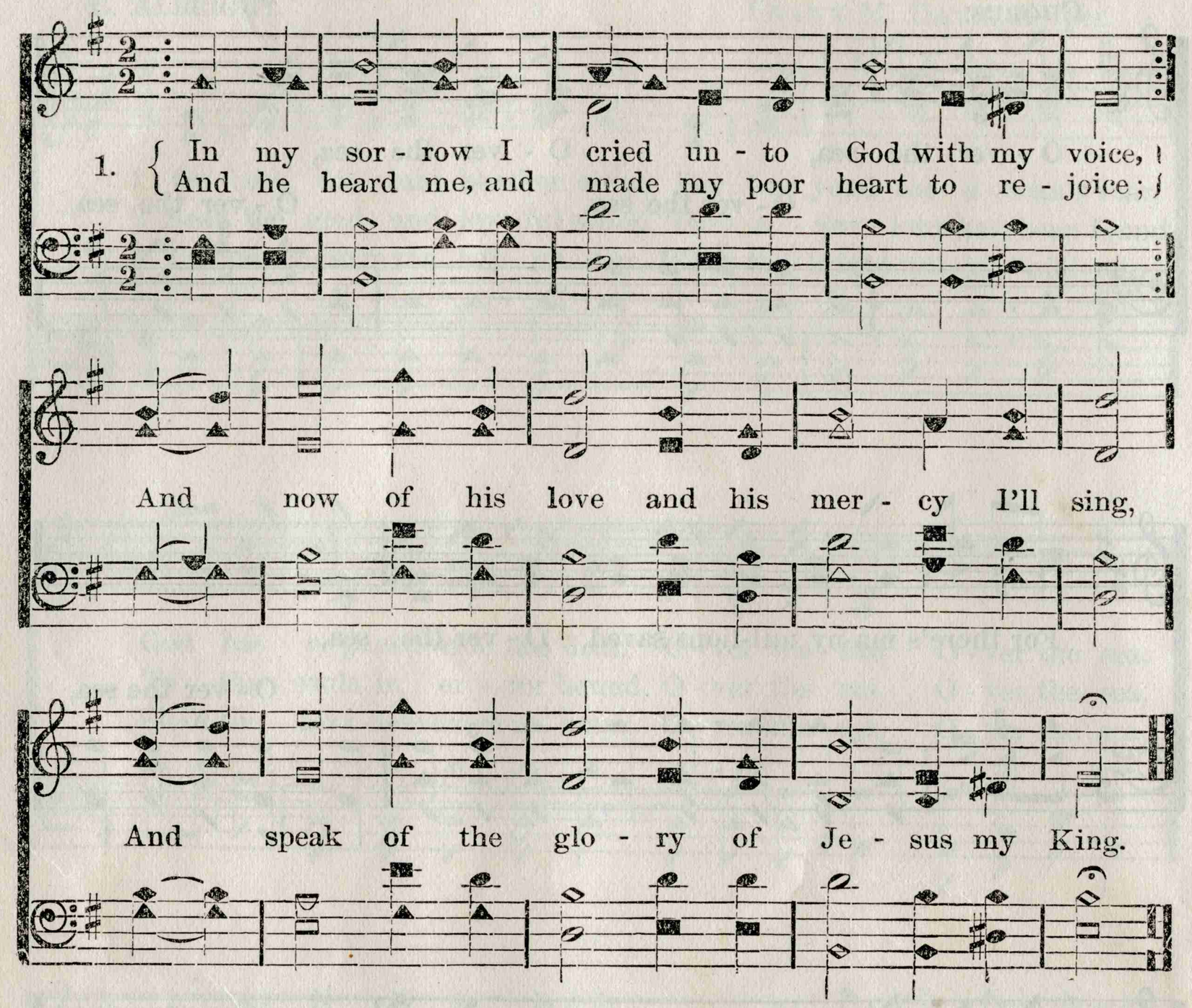
O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

For there's ma-ny mil-lions saved, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea.

No. 20. HOUSE OF THE LORD. 12s.

SILAS H. DURAND. AUSTIN LANE.



2 Mine eyes were held waking; my soul full of grief,
All comfort refused, and all hope of relief;
I considered the days that are passed, and the years
When the Lord by his presence subdued all my fears.

3 I called to remembrance my song in the night,
When the favor of God filled my soul with delight;
I communed with my heart of his wonders of grace,
And my spirit made diligent search for his face.

4 Has the Lord in his anger forgotten poor me?
His tender compassions no more shall I see?
Are his mercies clean gone? will his favor no more
To me the sweet joys of salvation restore?

5 Then a glorious light sweetly dawned on my heart,
Which bade all my fears in a moment depart;
'Twas the light of the knowledge of Jesus, that Friend
Who, having once loved his own, loves to the end.

6 And I said, My infirmity causes this fear;
But now from all doubtings my soul shall be clear:
For I will remember thy wonders of old,
And the years of thy right hand again shall behold.

7 How sweet to recall thy past mercies to mind,
The light of thy face that upon me hath shined;
And unspeakably sweet, while I think on thy name
To remember that thou art forever the same.

No. 21.

1 You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
Is the place of devotion—the house of the Lord.

2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the house of devotion—the season of prayer.

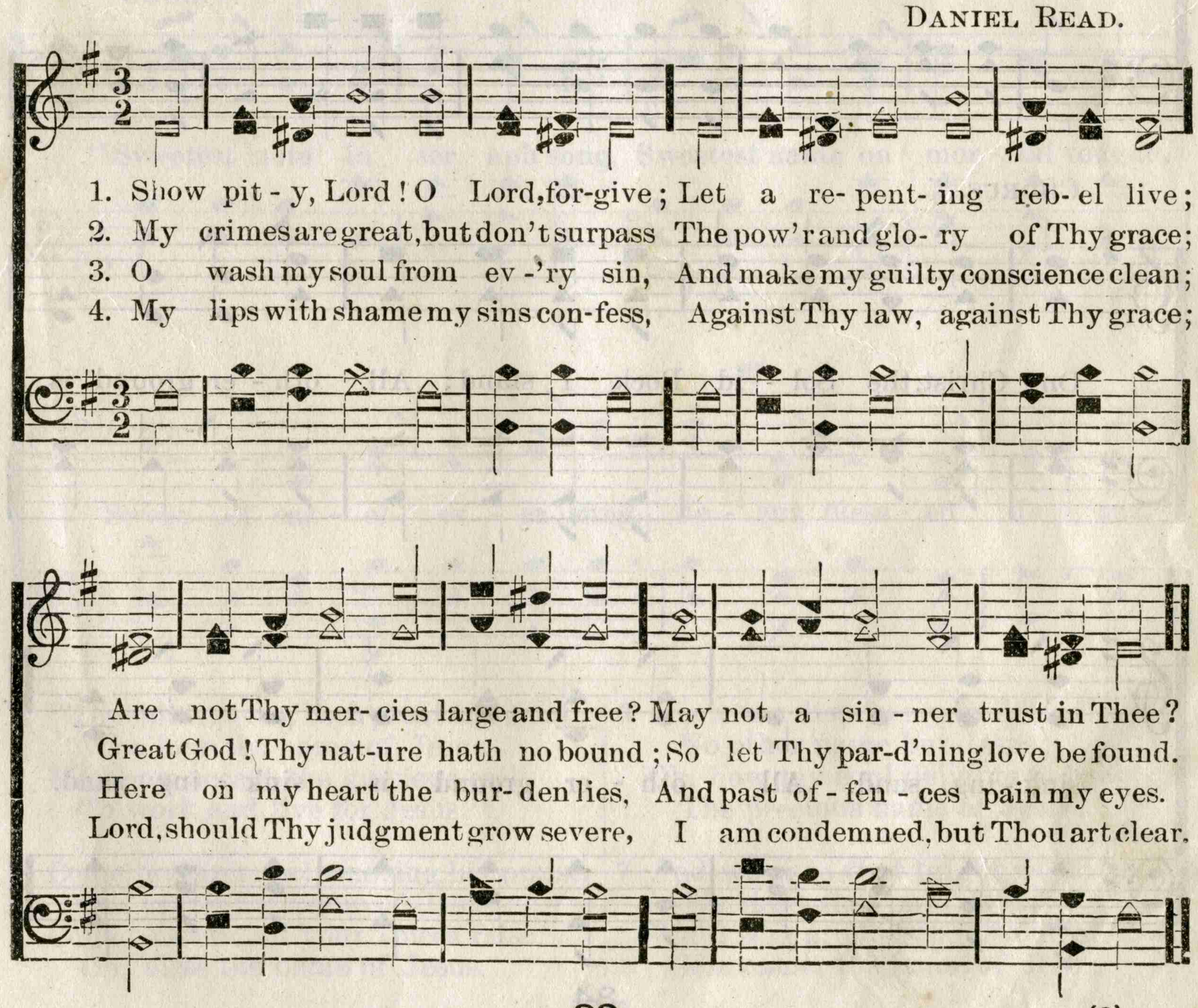
3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for my comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects of fame or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss!
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my God,
I will turn to thee often to hear from His word;
I will walk to the altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospect revealed from above.

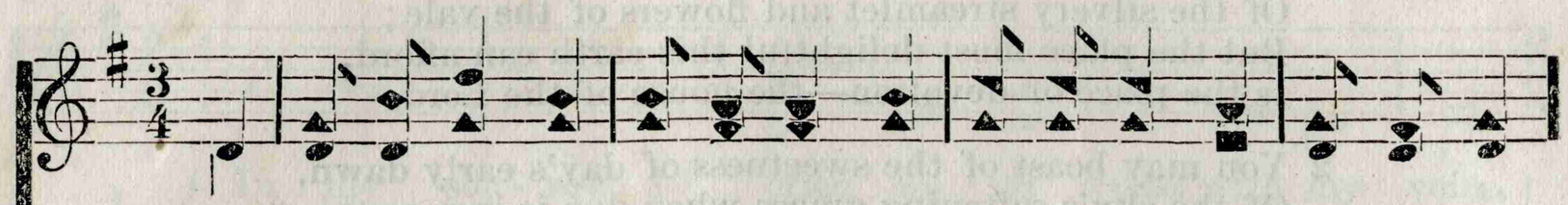
No. 22. THE SOUL'S CRY ANSWERED. L. M.

DANIEL READ.

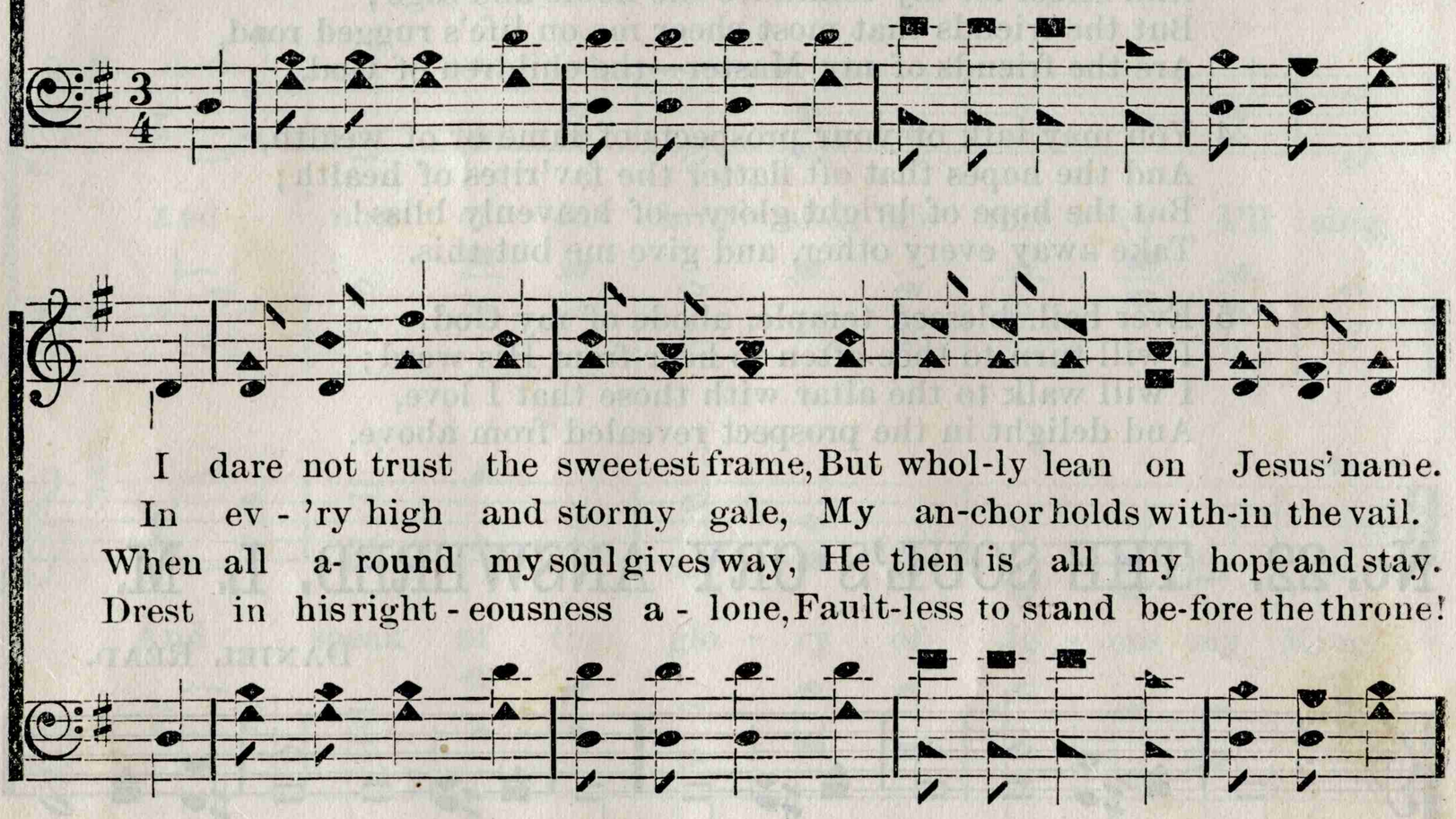


No. 23. THE SOLID ROCK.

Rev. EDWARD MOTE, 1825. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

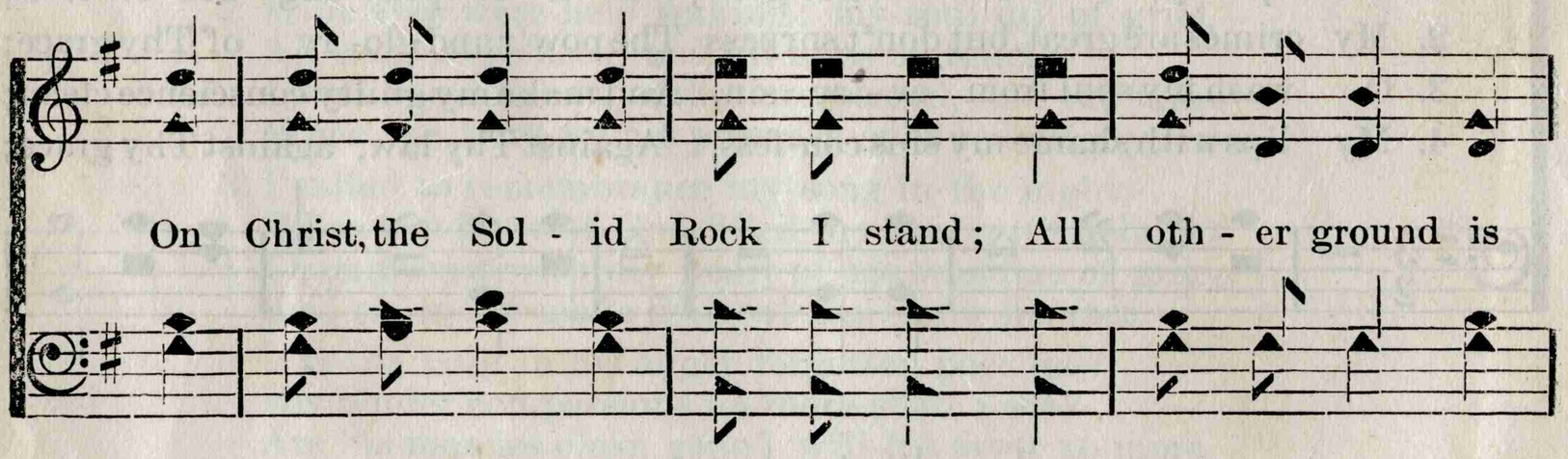


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je- sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils his love-ly face, I rest on his un-changing grace;
3. His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood;
4. When he shall come with trumpet sound, O, may I then in him be found;



I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Jesus' name.
In ev - 'ry high and stormy gale, My an-chor holds with-in the vail.
When all a- round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Drest in his right - eousness a - lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne!

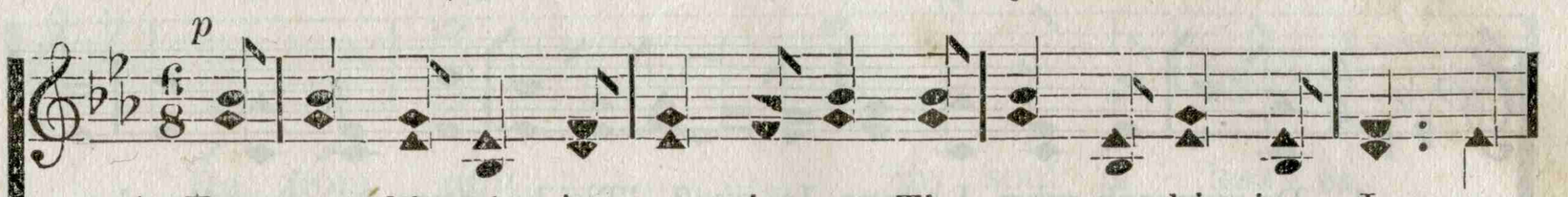
CHORUS.



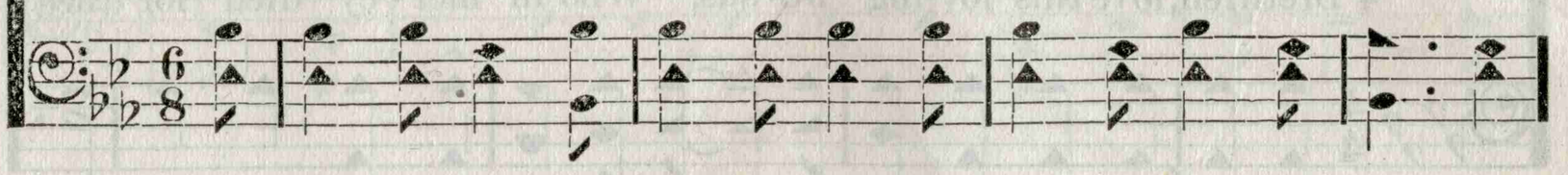
On Christ, the Sol - id Rock I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

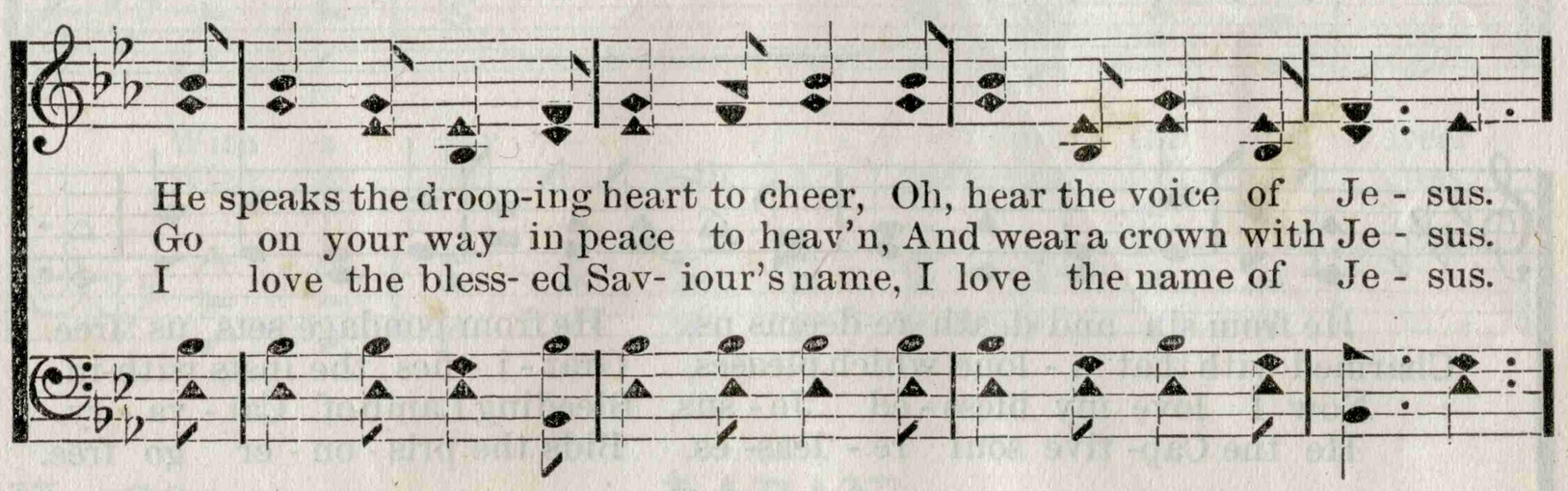
No. 24. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Rev. WM. HUNTER, 1842. Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



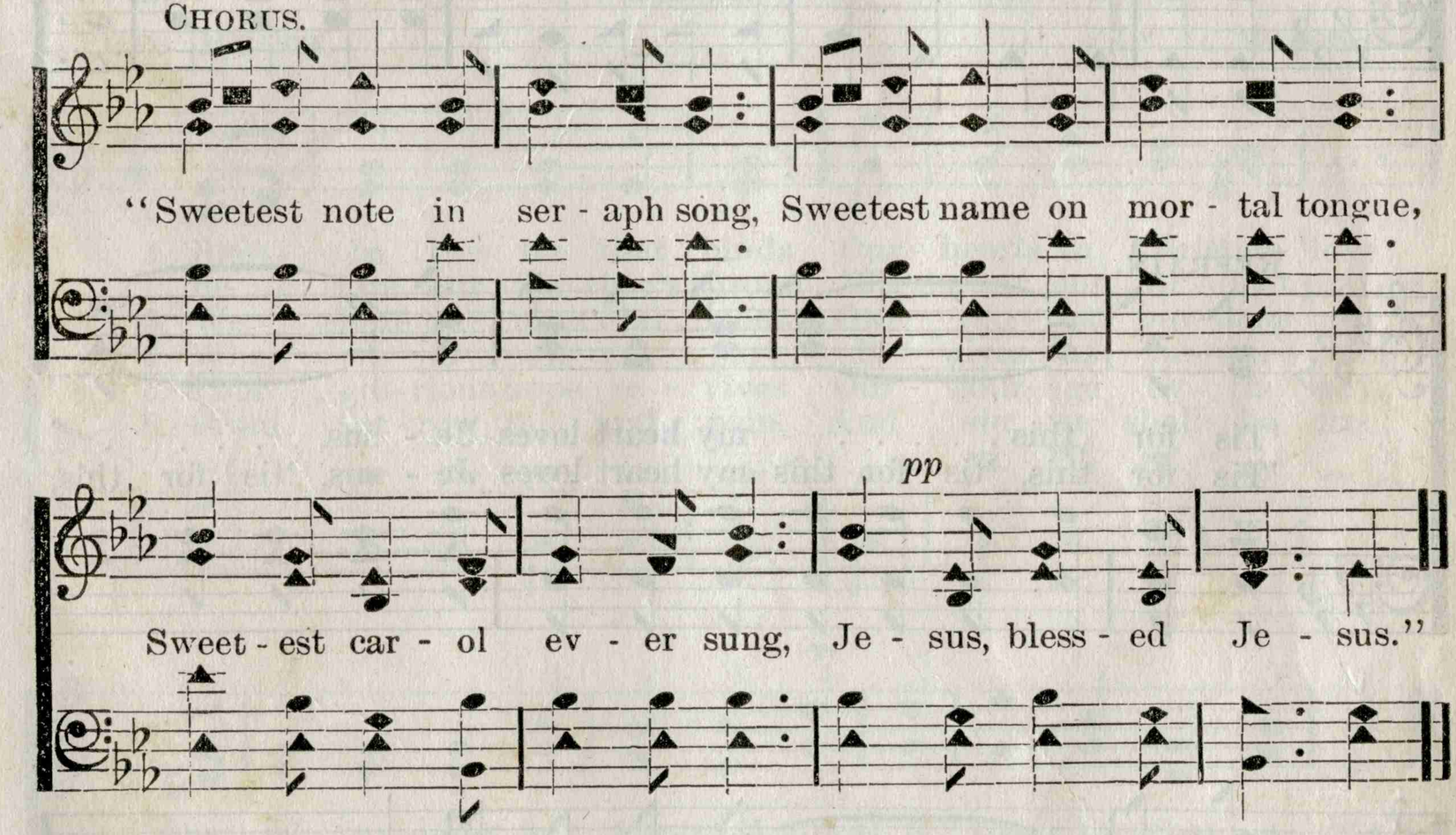
1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz- ing Je - sus:
2. Your ma - ny sins are all forgiv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus;
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus;



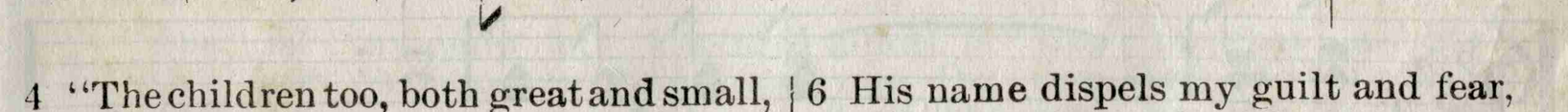


He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless- ed Sav- iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.

CHORUS.



"Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue,



Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

4 "The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus."

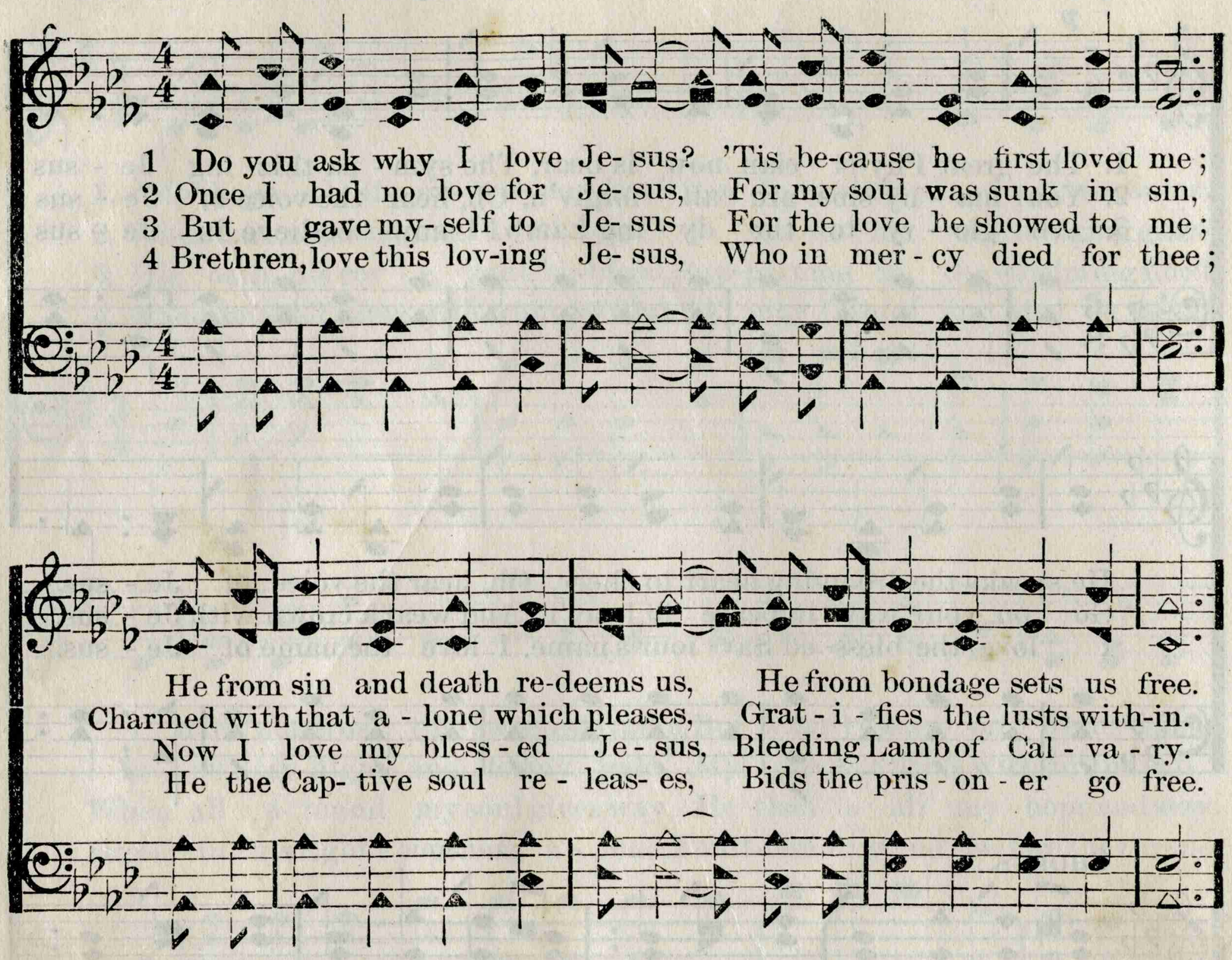
5 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

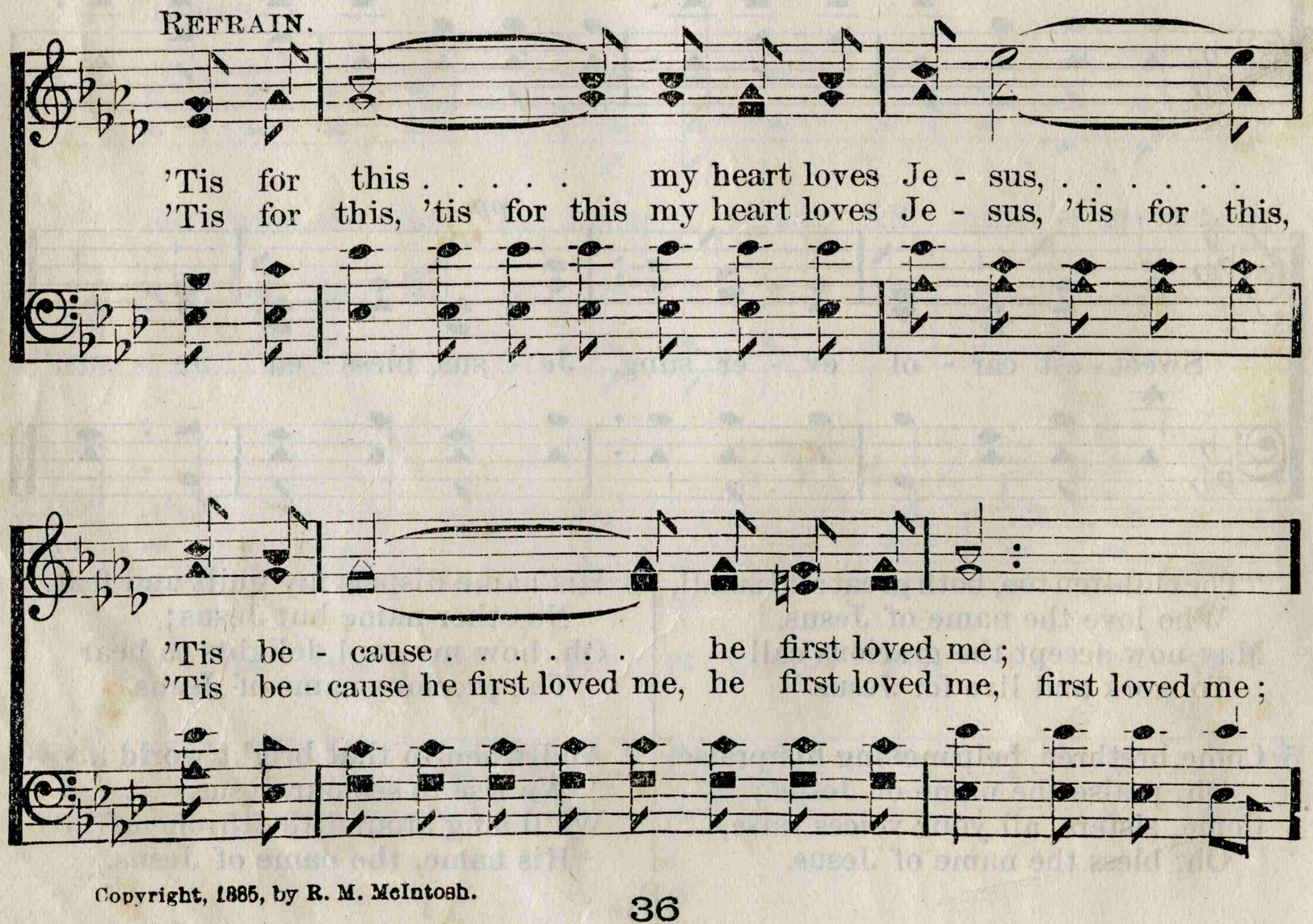
6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

No. 25. BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED ME.

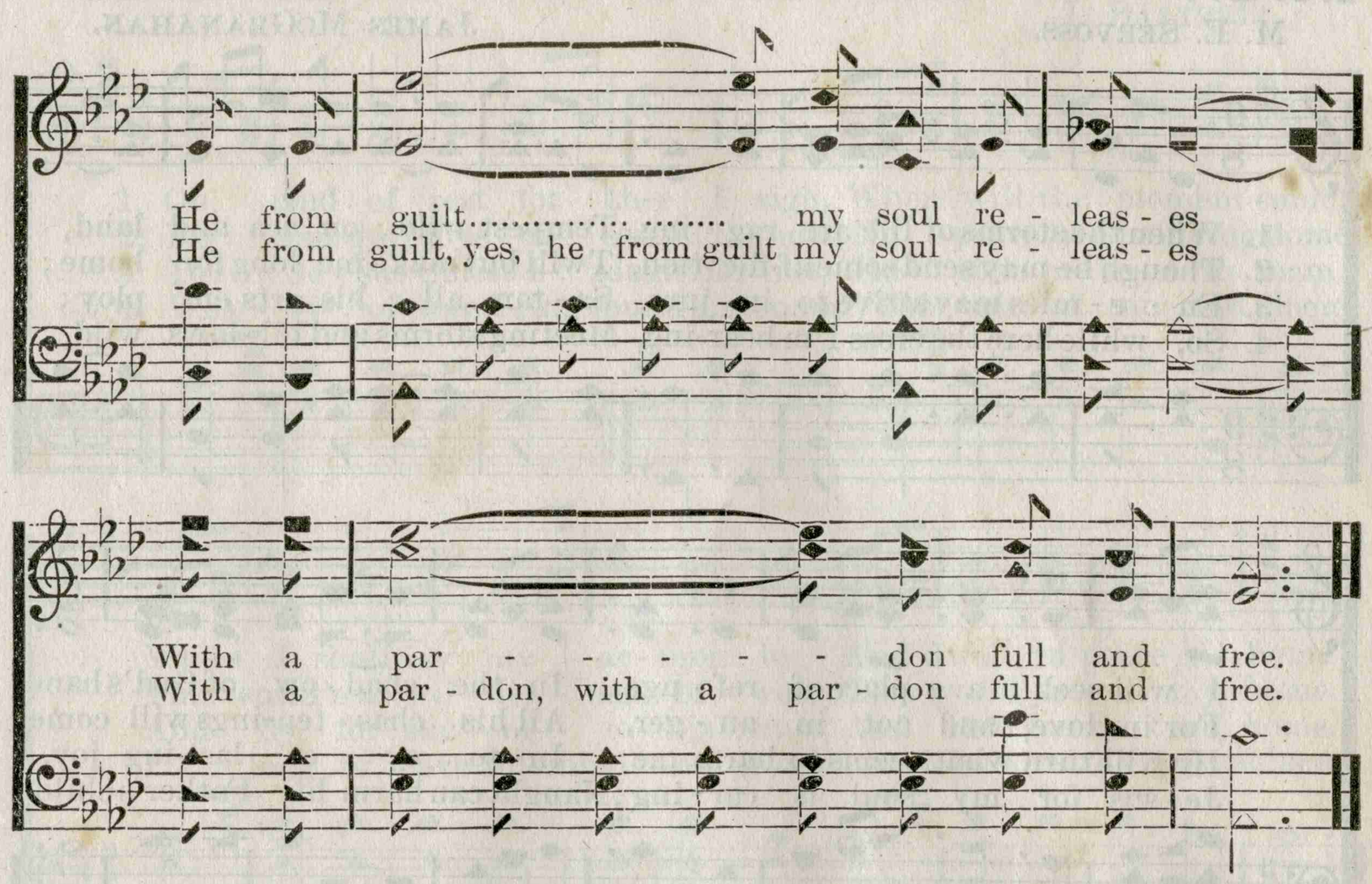
J. H. MARTIN, D. D. R. M. McINTOSH.





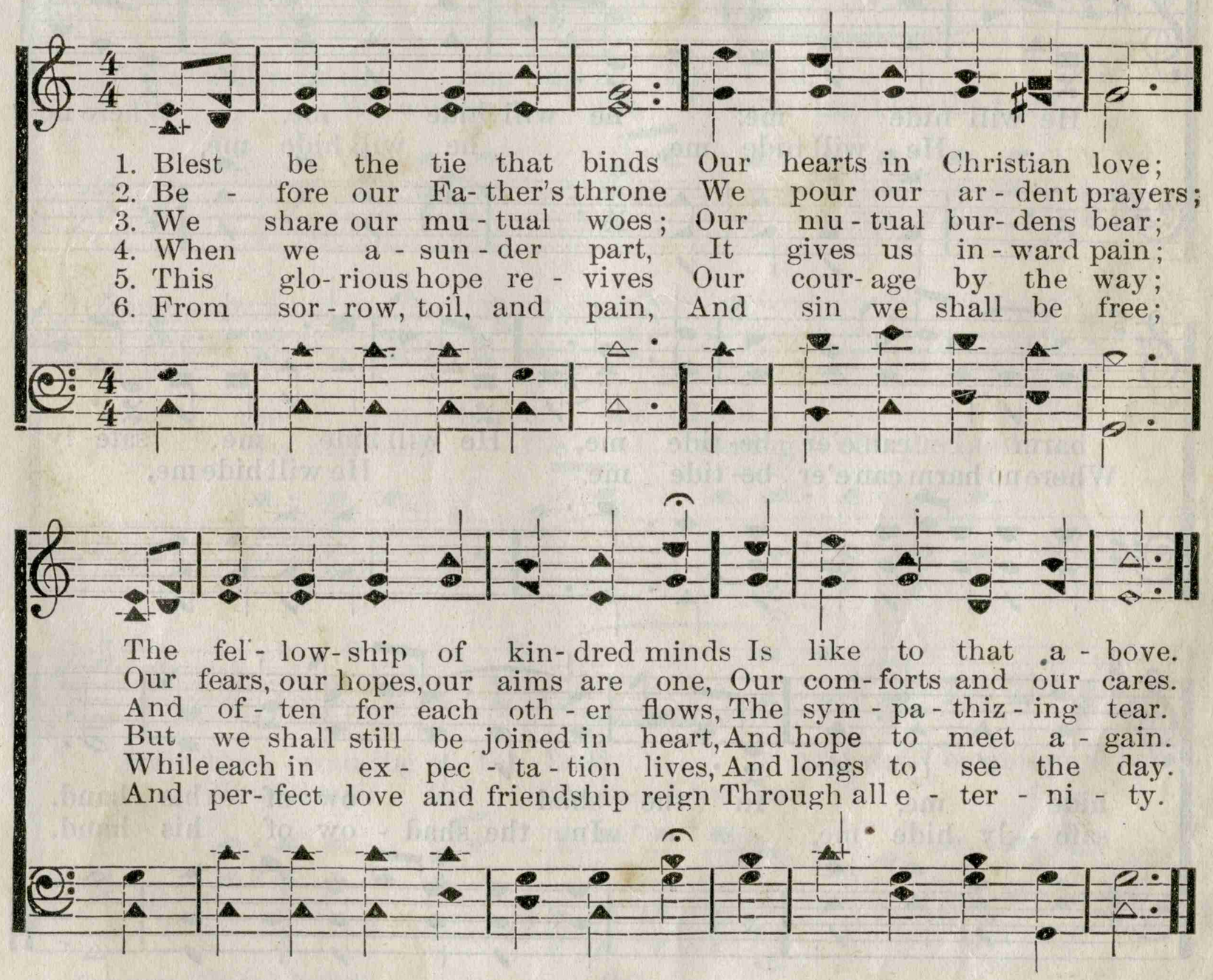
Copyright, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.

BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED ME. Concluded.



No. 26. LABAN.

GEO. HEATH. Dr. L. MASON.



No. 27. HE WILL HIDE ME.

M. E. SERVOSS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. When the storms of life are rag - ing, Tempest wild on sea and land,
2. Though he may send some af-flic-tion, 'Twill but make me long for home;
3. En - e - mies may strive to in - jure, Sa - tan all his arts em ploy;
4. So, while here the cross I'm bear-ing, Meeting storms and bil- lows wild,

I will seek a place of ref - uge In the shad - ow of God's hand.
For in love, and not in an - ger, All his chas - ten-ings will come.
He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er - last-ing joy.
Je - sus for my soul is car - ing; Naught can harm his Father's child.

CHORUS.

He will hide me, he will hide me, Where no harm can e'er be- tide me,
He will hide me, he will hide me, He will hide me, safe - ly hide me,
He will hide me, he will hide me, In the shad - ow of his hand.
He will hide me, he will hide me, In the shad - ow of his hand.

By permission.

No. 28. WE'LL AWAIT HIS COMING.

I. BALTZELL.

1. Oh, land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest, He bade me cease to roam;
4. Wea - ry of wand'ring round and round, This vale of sin and gloom,

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And fly for suc - cor to his breast, And he'd con-duct me home.
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground, And dwell with Christ at home.

CHORUS.

We will wait the com - ing of the Lord, ... We will
We will wait the com - ing of the Lord,
wait the com - ing of the Lord, We will
We will wait the coming of the Lord,
wait the com - ing of the Lord, ... And we'll be gathered home.
We will wait the coming of the Lord,

Copyright, 1878, by I. Baltzell.

No. 29. MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

M. B. WILLIAMS. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and pre-cious book, Tho' its worn and fa - ded now,
2. As she read the sto - ries o'er, Of those might-y men of old,
3. Then she read of Je - sus' love, As he blest the children dear,
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lin - gers still,

Which re - calls those hap - py days of long a - go;
Of Jo - seph and of Dan - iel and their trials;
How he suf - fered, bled and died up - on the tree;
And the dear old Book each day has been my guide;

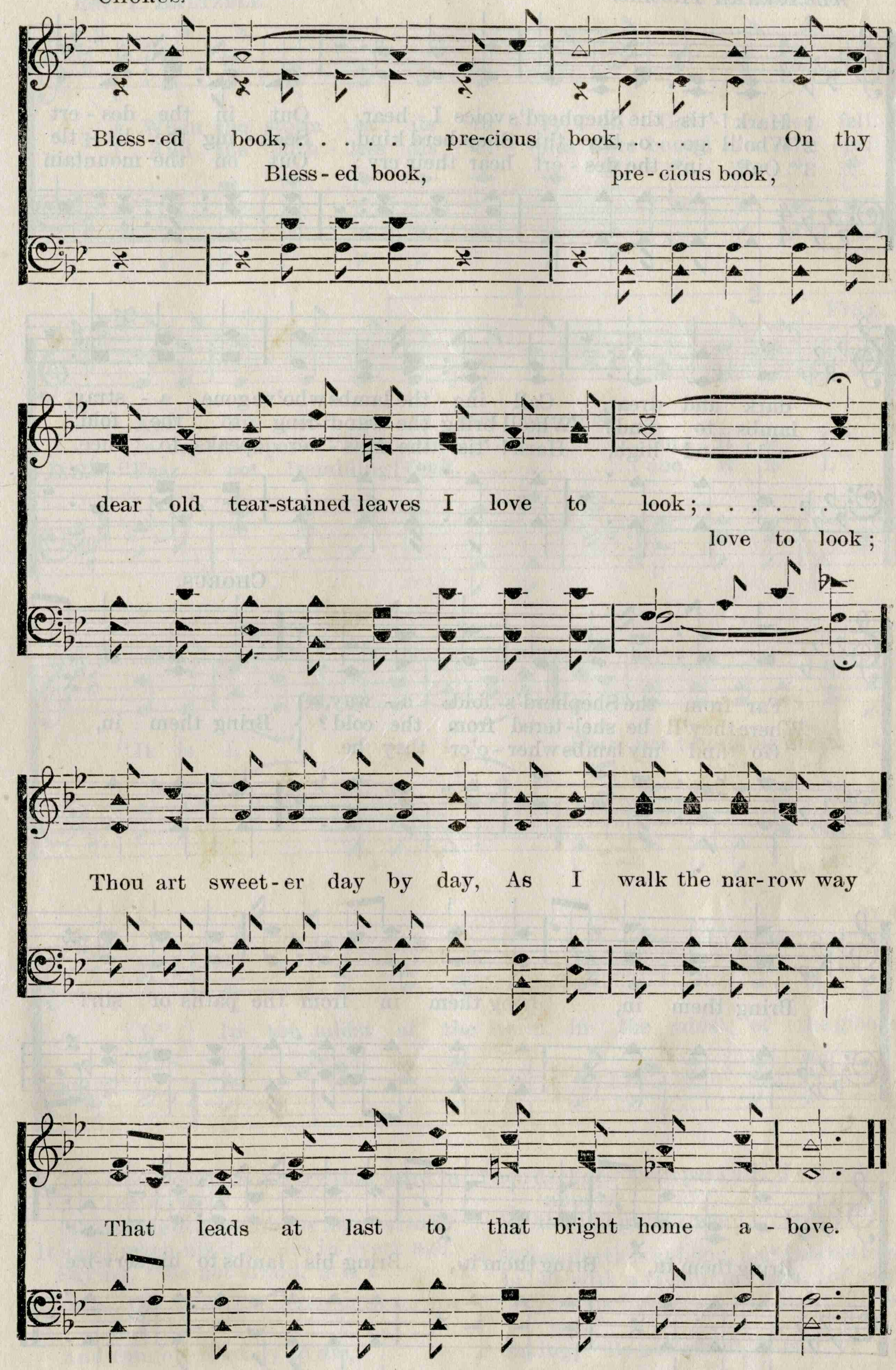
When I stood at moth-er's knee, With her hand up - on my brow,
Of lit - tle Da - vid bold, Who be - came a king at last;
Of his heav - y load of care, Then she dried my flow - ing tears
And I seek to do his will, As my moth - er taught me then,

And I heard her voice in gen - tle tones and low.
Of Sa - tan with his ma - ny wick - ed wiles.
With her kiss - es as she said it was for me.
And ev - er in my heart his words a - bide.

Copyright, 1893, by Charlie D. Tillman.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 30. BRING THEM IN.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1 Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert
2 Who'll go o - bey this Shep-herd kind, Seek - ing the lit - tle
3 Out in the des - ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain

dark and drear, Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray,
lambs to find? Who'll bring the wand'-ring to the fold,
wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee,

CHORUS.

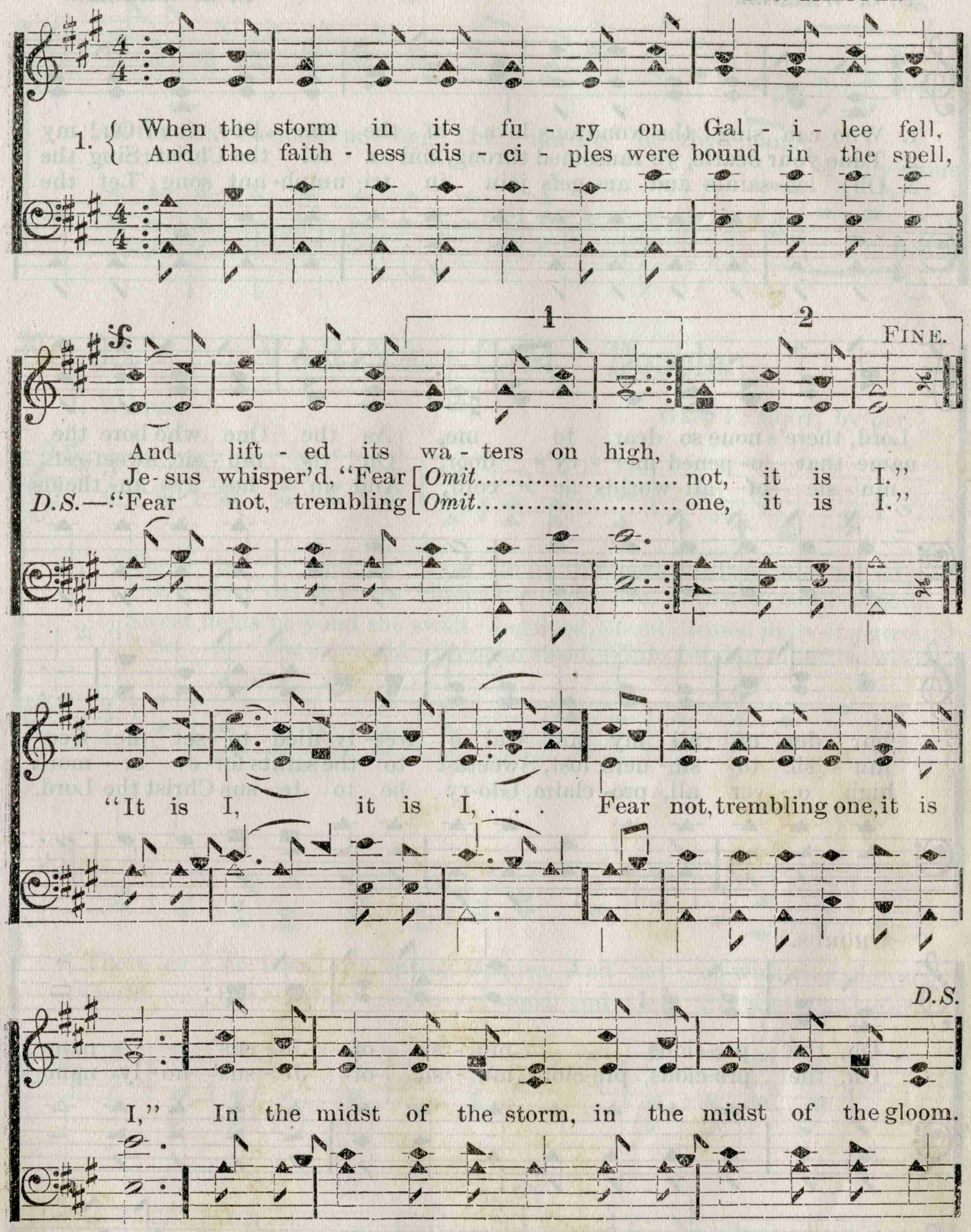
Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way,
Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold?
"Go find my lambs wher - e'er they be.
} Bring them in,

Bring them in, Bring them in from the paths of sin!

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring his lambs to his serv-ice.

No. 31. IT IS I. 12s. & 8s.

Rev. I. BALTZELL. A. S. KIEFFER.



2 The storm could not bury that word in the wave,
'Twas taught through the tempest to fly,
It shall reach his disciples in every age,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

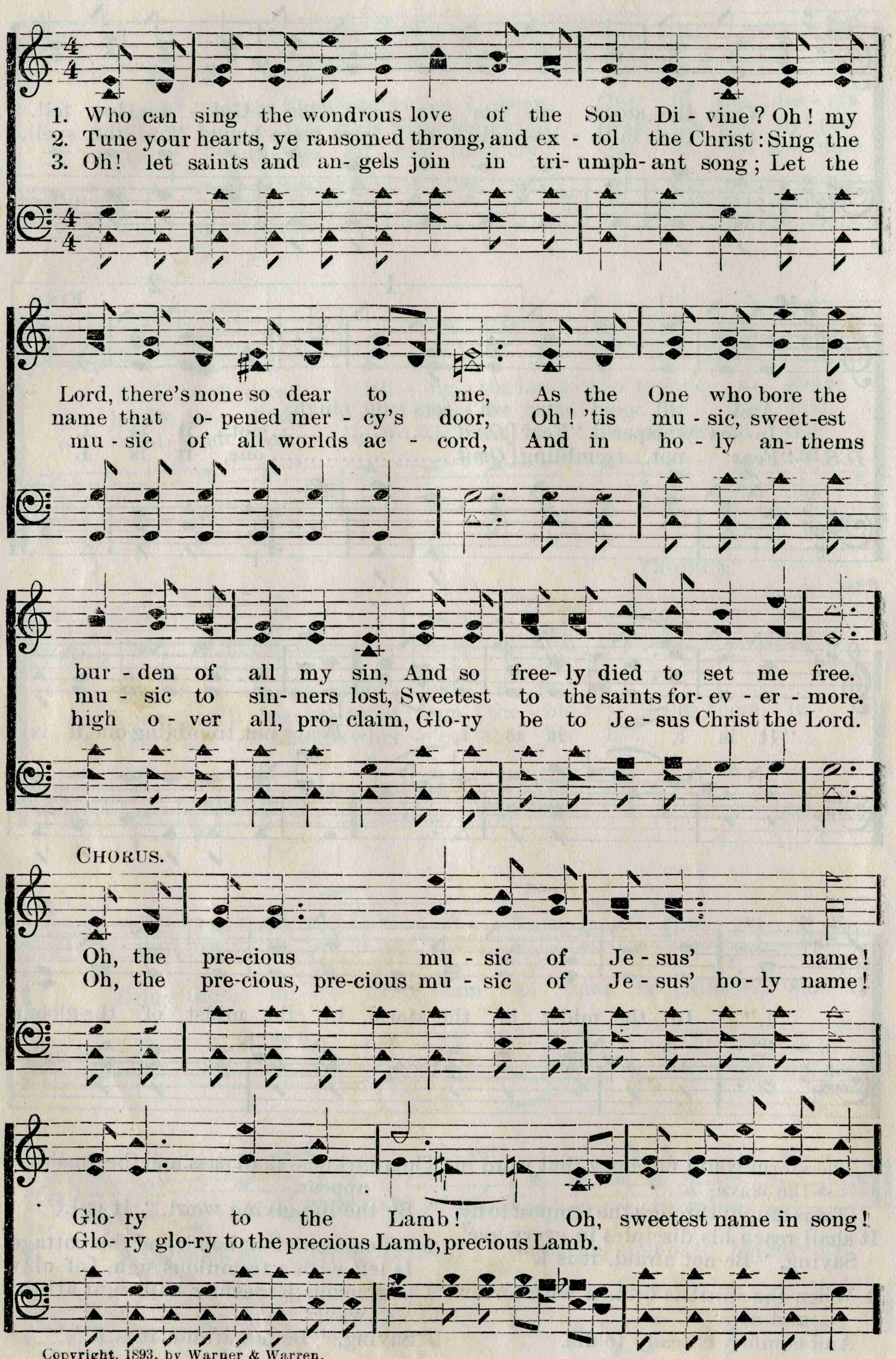
3 When the spirit is broken with sorrow and care,
And comfort is ready to die,
Then darkness shall pass, and the sunshine appear,
By the life-giving word, "It is I."

4 When death is at hand, and this cottage of clay
Is left with a tremulous sigh,
The gracious Redeemer will light all the way,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

By permission.

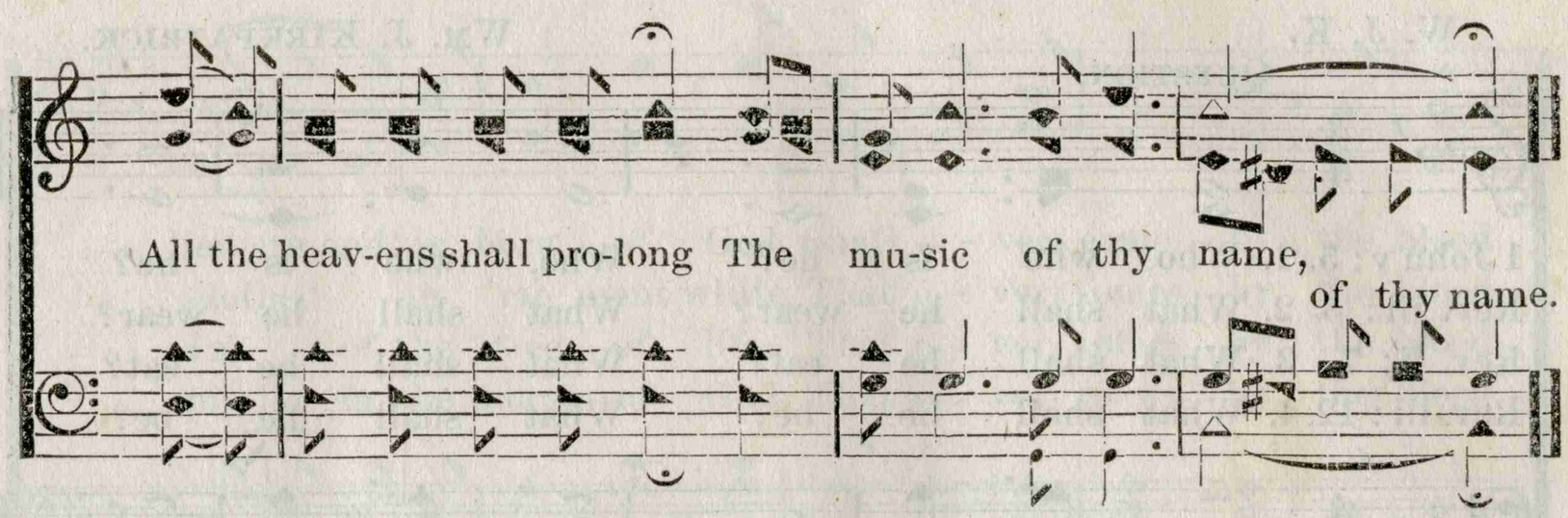
No. 32. THE MUSIC OF HIS NAME.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.



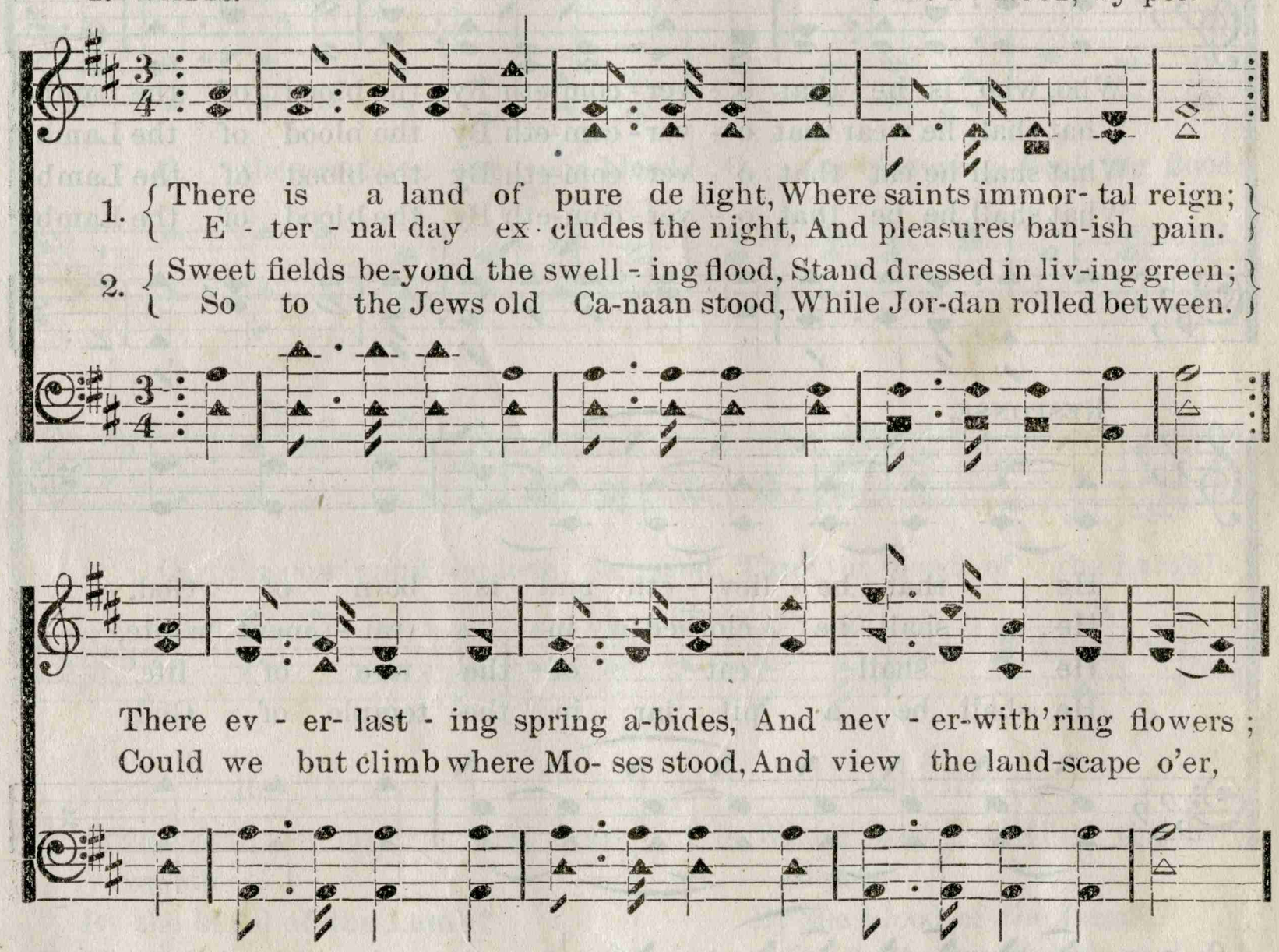
Copyright, 1893, by Warner & Warren.

THE MUSIC OF HIS NAME. Concluded.



No. 33. VARINA. C. M. Double.

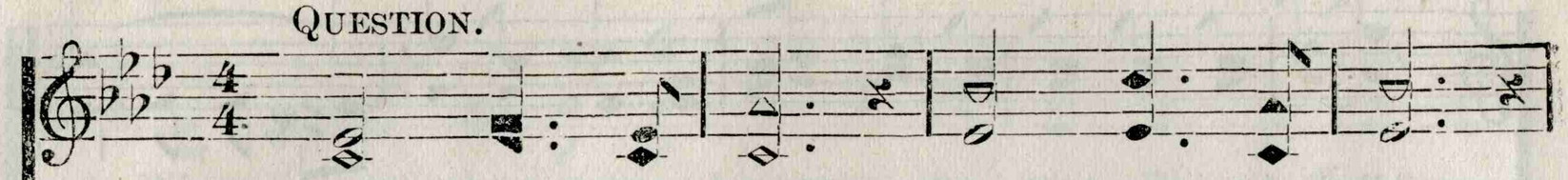
I. WATTS. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



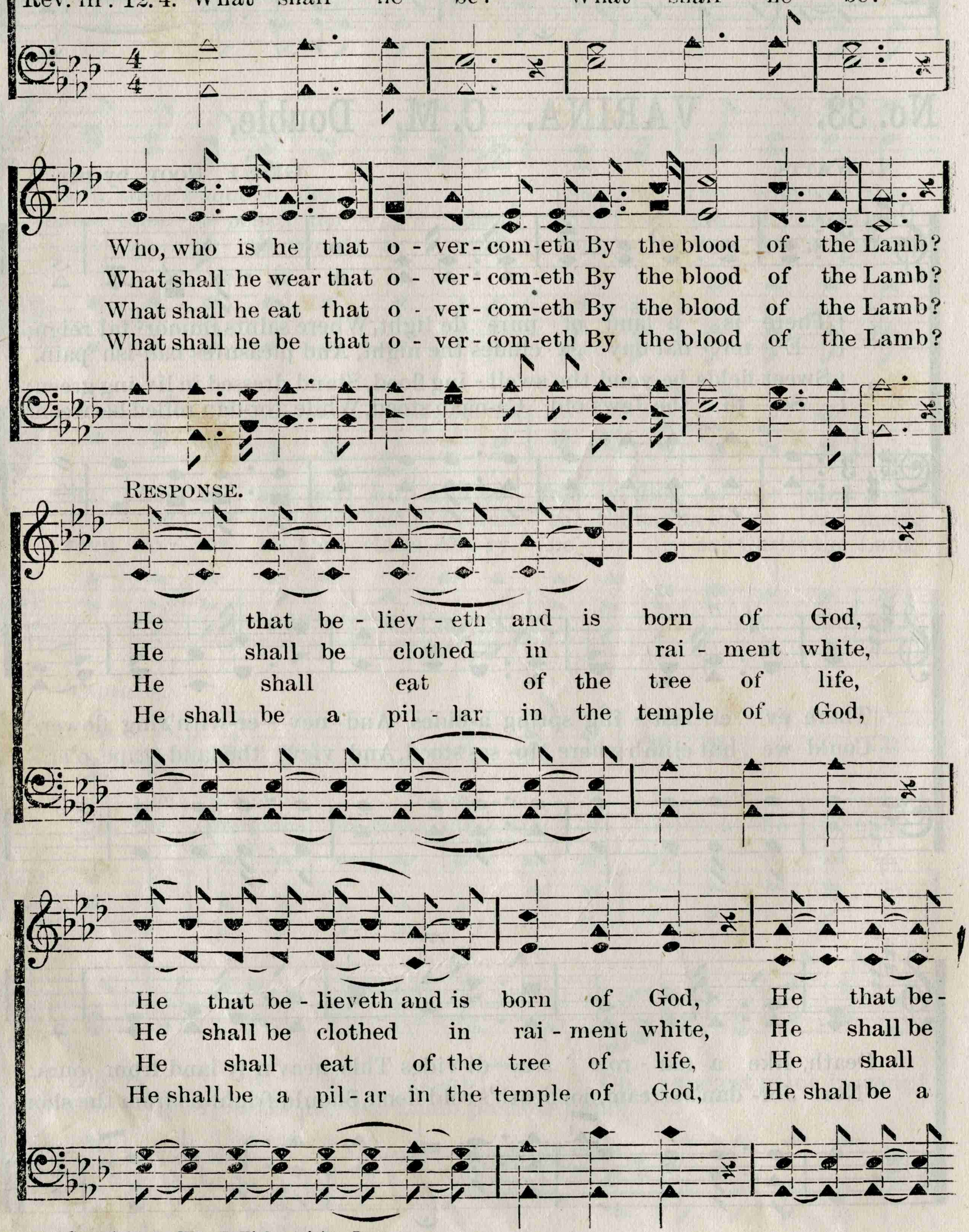
No. 34. OVERCOMERS.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

QUESTION.



1 John v: 5. 1. Who, who is he? Who, who is he?
Rev. iii: 5. 2. What shall he wear? What shall he wear?
Rev. ii: 7. 3. What shall he eat? What shall he eat?
Rev. iii: 12. 4. What shall he be? What shall he be?



Who, who is he that o - ver - com-eth By the blood of the Lamb?
What shall he wear that o - ver - com-eth By the blood of the Lamb?
What shall he eat that o - ver - com-eth By the blood of the Lamb?
What shall he be that o - ver - com-eth By the blood of the Lamb?

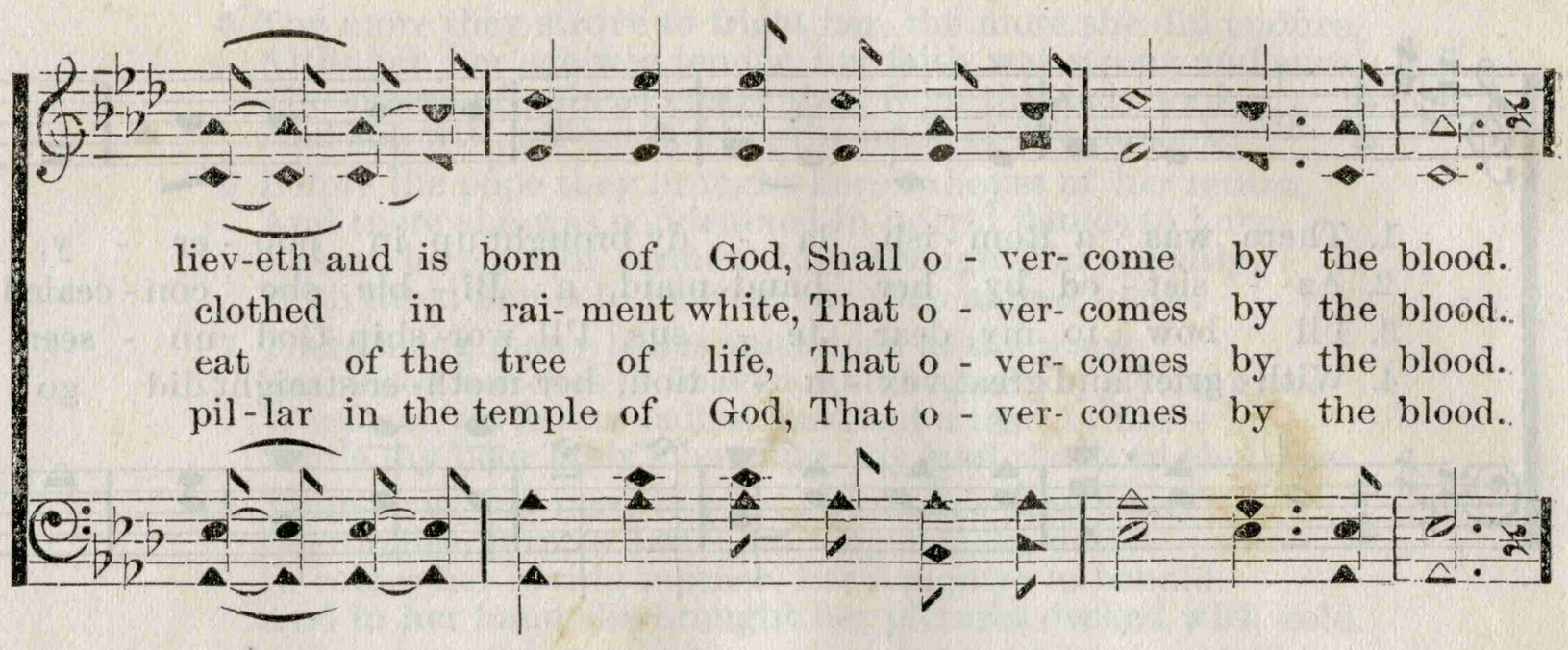
RESPONSE.

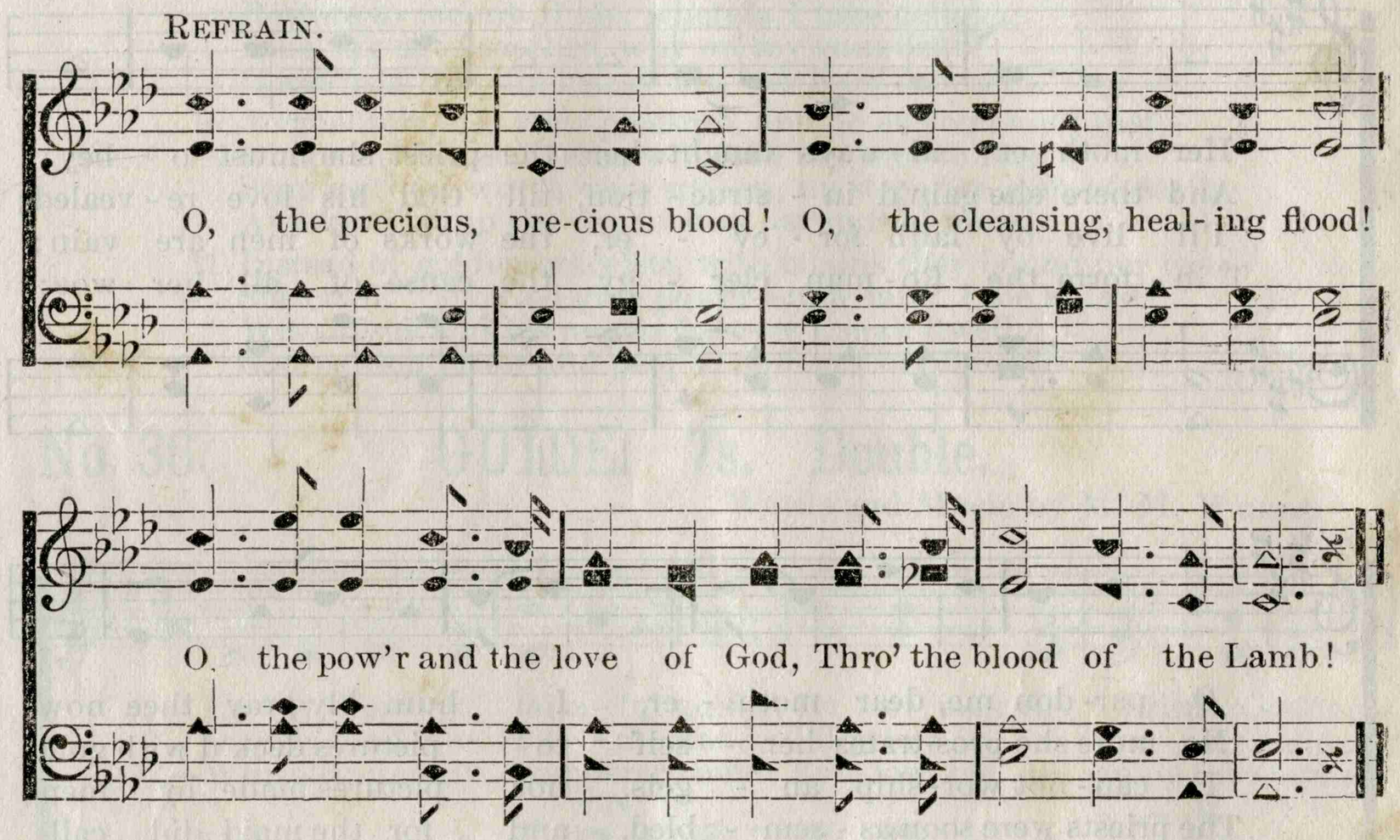
He that be - liev - eth and is born of God,
He shall be clothed in rai - ment white,
He shall eat of the tree of life,
He shall be a pil - lar in the temple of God,

He that be - lieveth and is born of God, He that be -
He shall be clothed in rai - ment white, He shall be
He shall eat of the tree of life, He shall
He shall be a pil - ar in the temple of God, He shall be a

Copyright, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

OVERCOMERS. Concluded.





Rev. iii: 5.

5 ‖: What shall he hear? :‖ that over-
cometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
‖: He shall hear his name con- | fessed
in heaven, :‖
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. xxi: 7.

6 ‖: What shall he have? :‖ that over-
cometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
‖: God will give him all things, and |
make him his son, :‖
That overcomes by the blood.

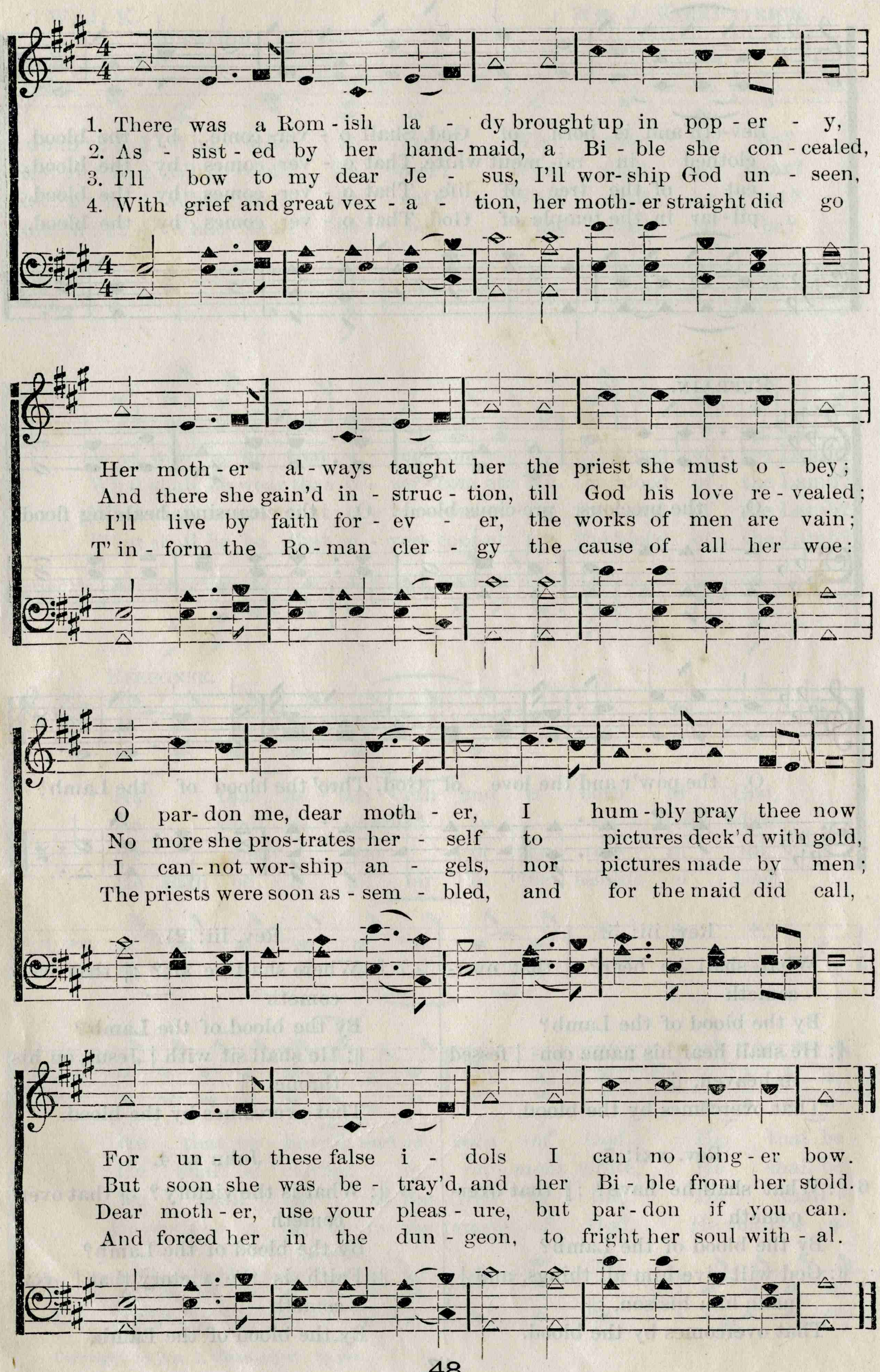
Rev. iii: 21.

7 ‖: Where shall he sit? :‖ that over-
cometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
‖: He shall sit with | Jesus, on his
throne, :‖
That overcomes by the blood.

1, John v: 4.

8 ‖: What is the victory? :‖ that over-
cometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
‖: Faith is the victory that | over-
cometh
By the blood of the Lamb.

No. 35. THE ROMISH LADY.



THE ROMISH LADY. Concluded.

5 The more they strove to fright her, the more she did endure,
Although her age was tender, her faith was strong and sure.
The chains of gold so costly they from this lady took
And she with all her spirits, the pride of life forsook.

6 Before the pope they brought her, in hopes of her return,
And there she was condemned in horrid flames to burn.
Before the place of torment they brought her speedily,
With lifted hands to heaven, she then agreed to die.

7 There being many ladies assembled at the place,
She raised her eyes to heaven, and begged supplying grace
Weep not, ye tender ladies, shed not a tear for me—
While my poor body's burning, my soul the Lord shall see.

8 Yourselves you need to pity, and Zion's deep decay;
Dear ladies, turn to Jesus, no longer make delay.
In comes her raving mother, her daughter to behold,
And in her hand she brought her pictures decked with gold.

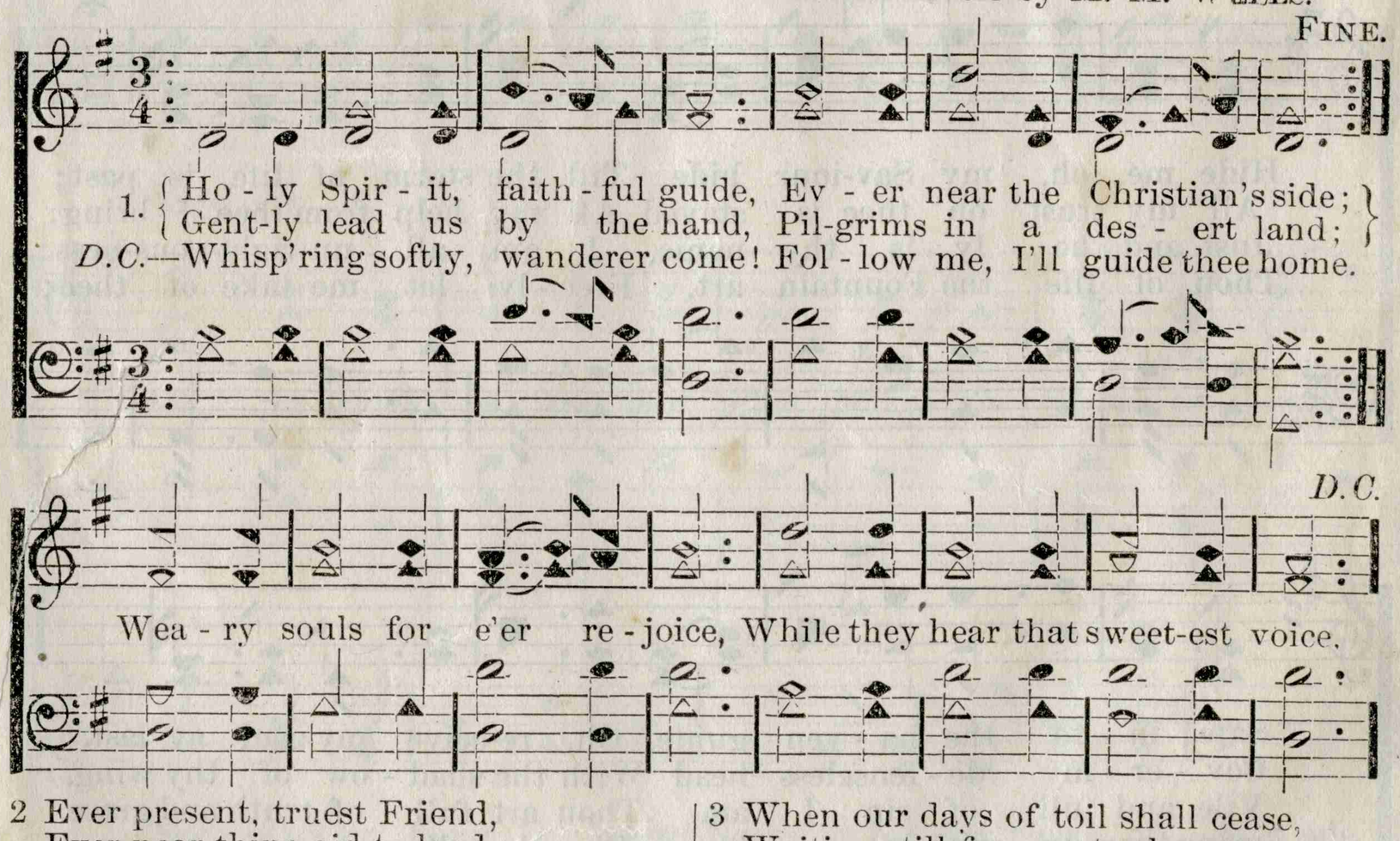
9 O take from me these idols, remove them from my sight;
Restore to me my Bible, wherein I take delight.
Alas, my aged mother, why on my ruin bent?
'Twas you that did betray me, but I am innocent.

10 Tormentors, use your pleasure, and do as you think best—
I hope my blessed Jesus will take my soul to rest.
Soon as these words were spoken, up steps the man of death,
And kindled up the fire to stop her mortal breath.

11 Instead of golden bracelets, with chains they bound her fast;
She cried, "My God give power—now must I die at last?
With Jesus and his angels for ever I shall dwell,
God pardon priest and people, and so I bid farewell."

No. 36. GUIDE. 7s. Double.

Words and Music by M. M. Wells.



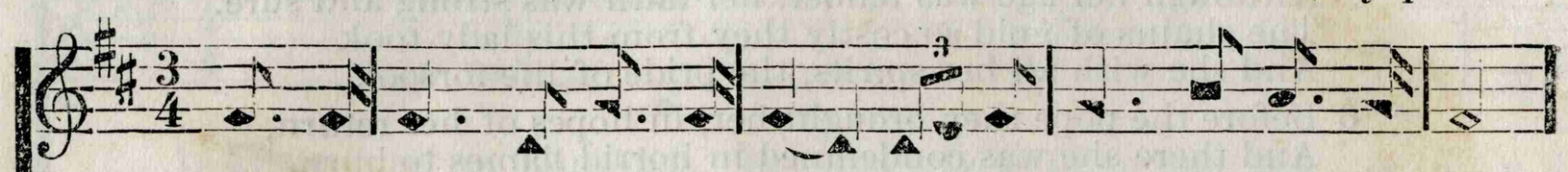
2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

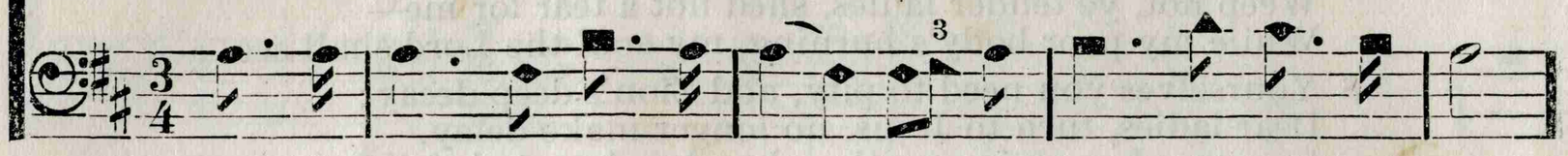
(4)

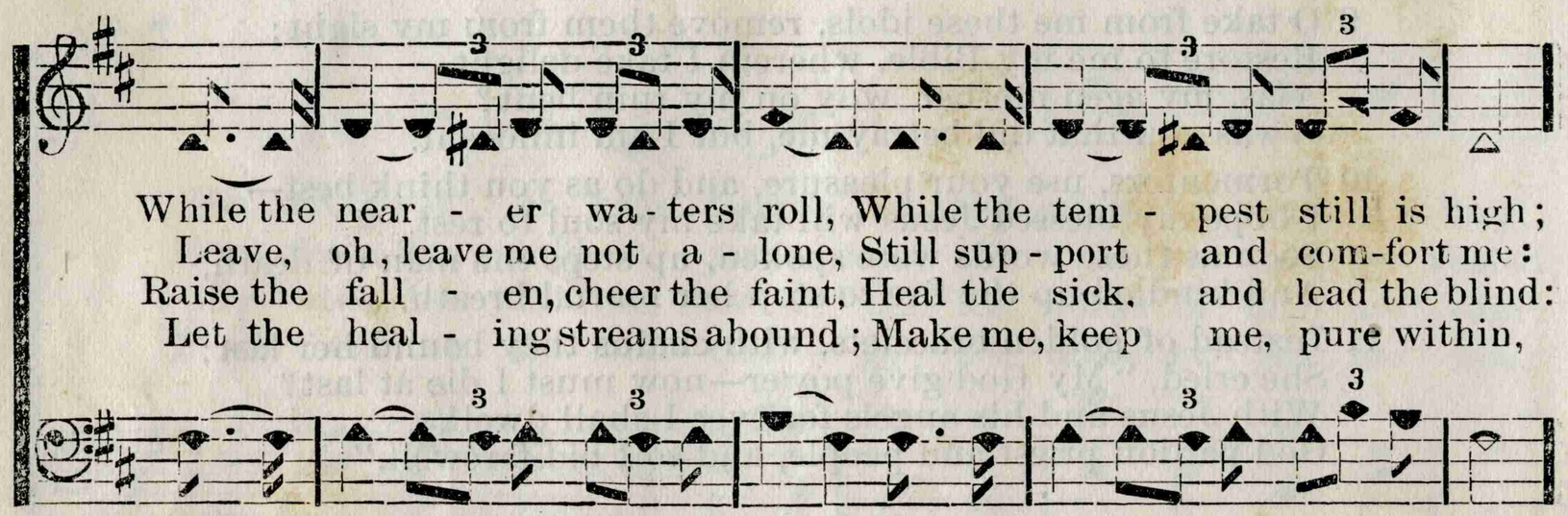
No. 37. REFUGE. 7s.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740. JOS. P. HOLBROOK, by per.

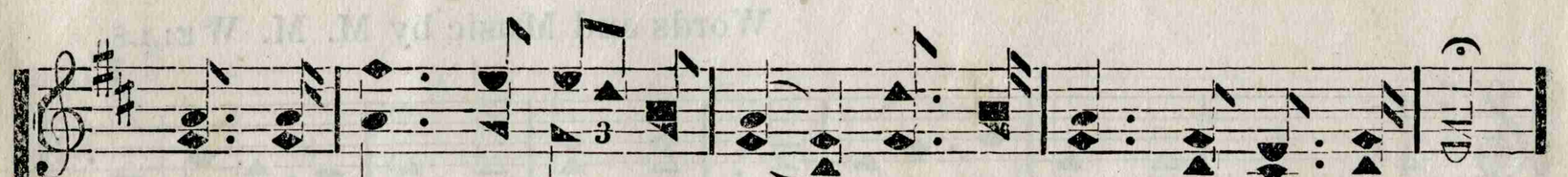


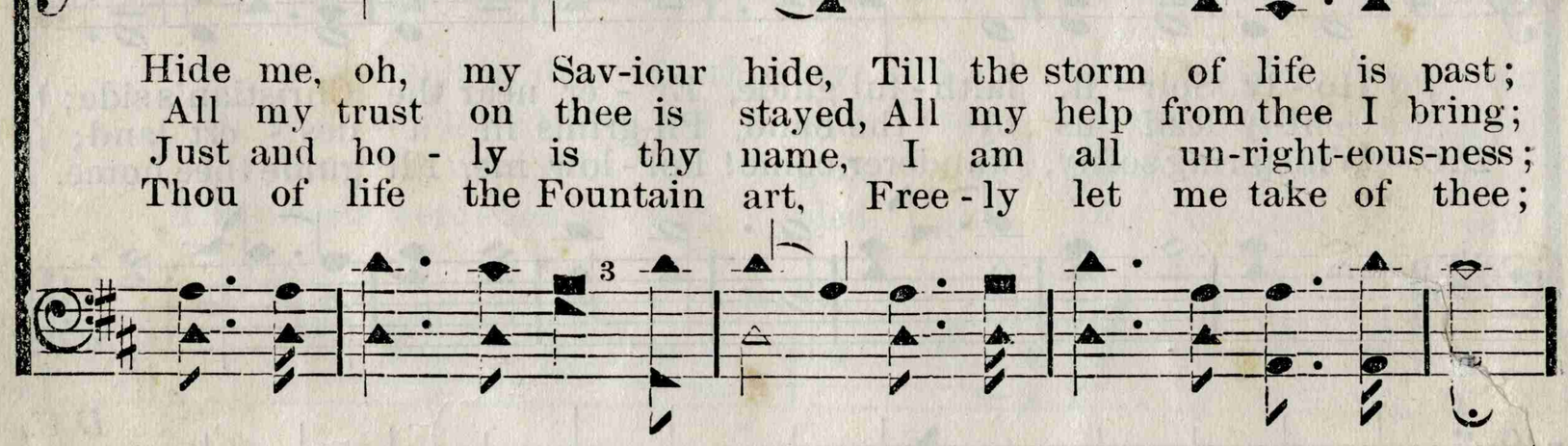
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found—Grace to cov - er all my sin:



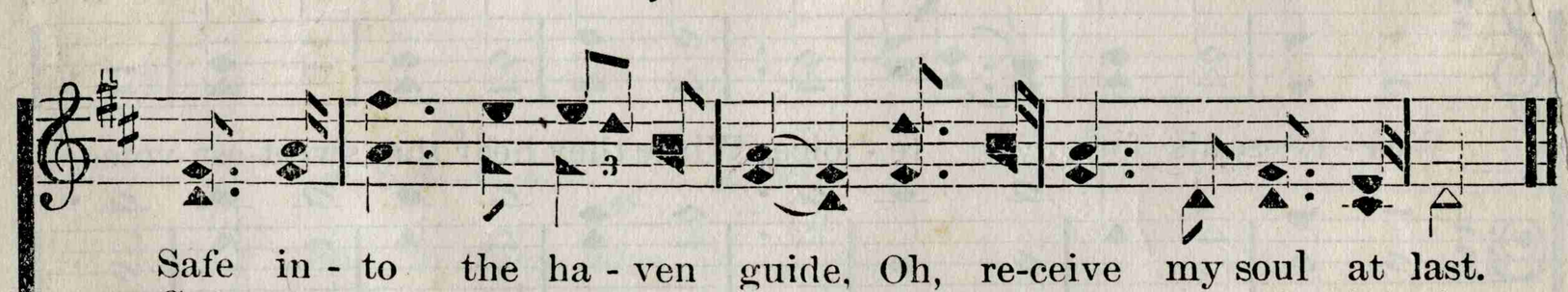


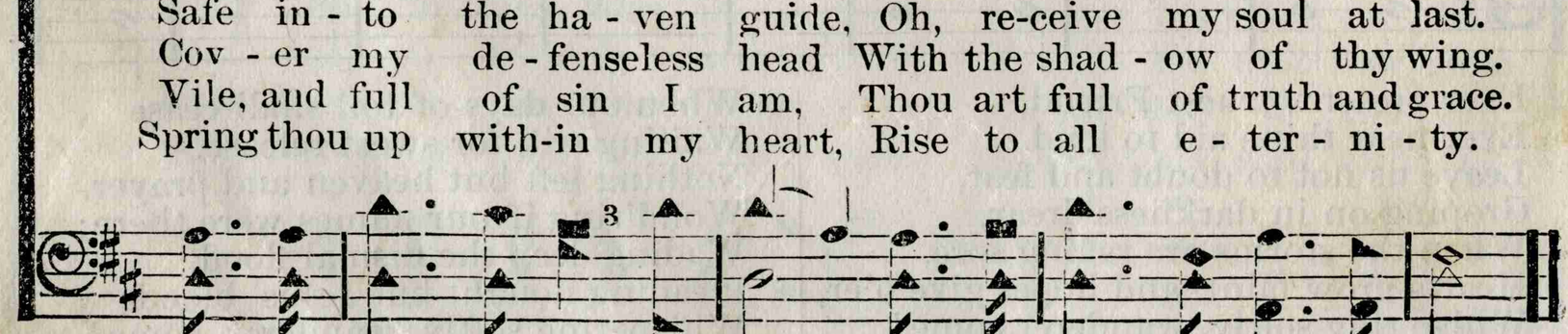
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make me, keep me, pure within,





Hide me, oh, my Sav-iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the Fountain art, Free - ly let me take of thee;

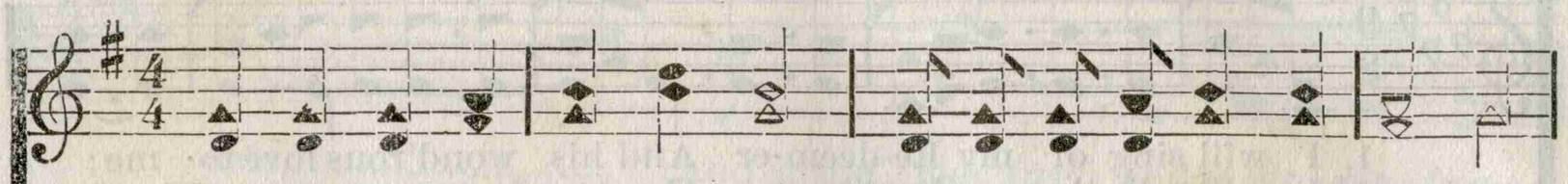




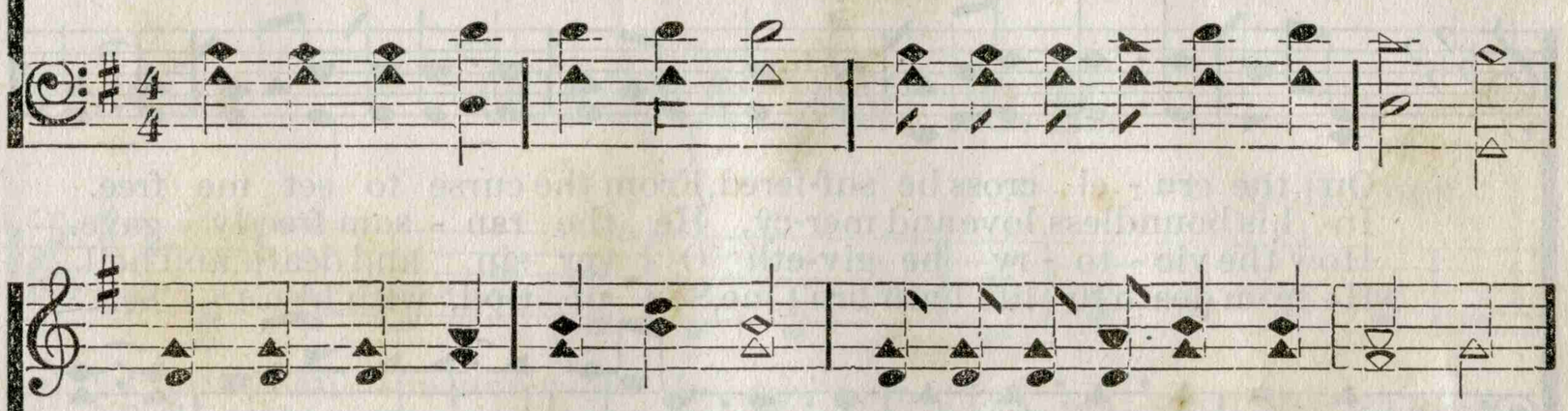
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fenseless head With the shad - ow of thy wing.
Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 38. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

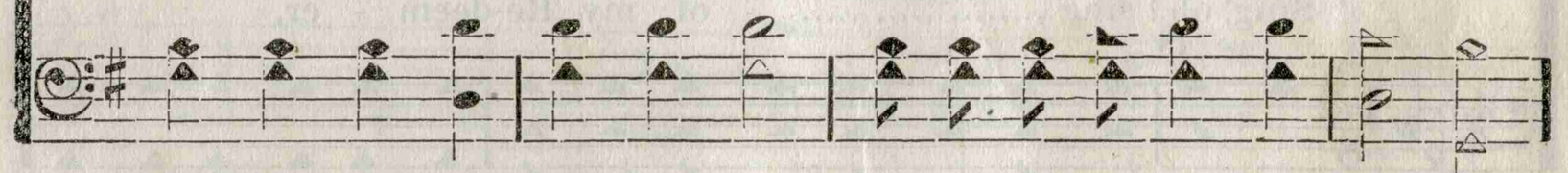
Rev. ROBERT LOWRY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



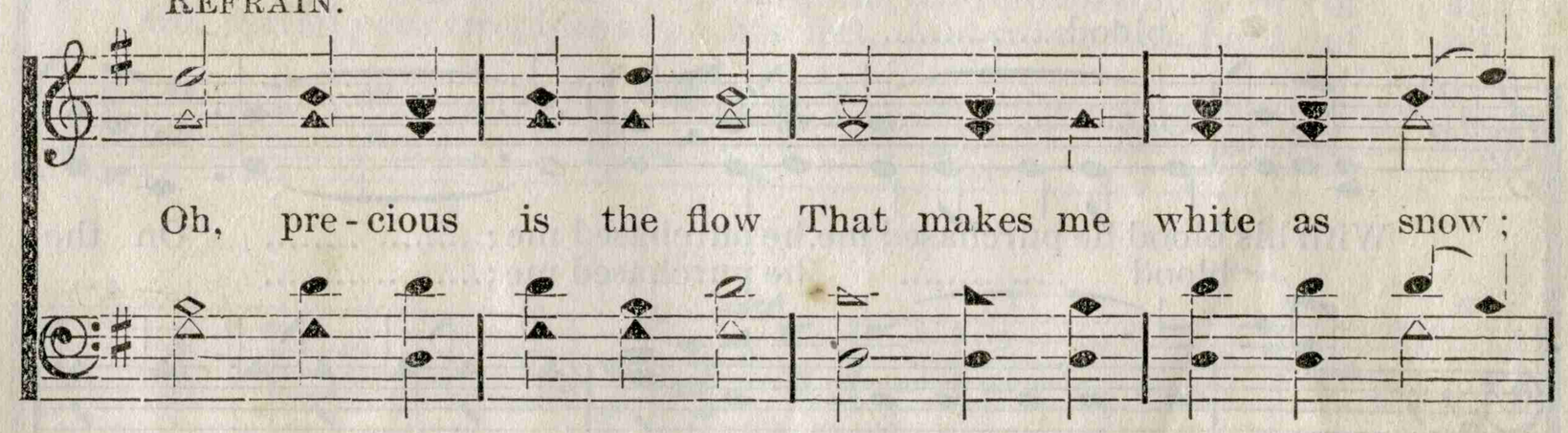
1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my cleansing this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
5. Now by this I'll o - ver come—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
6. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;



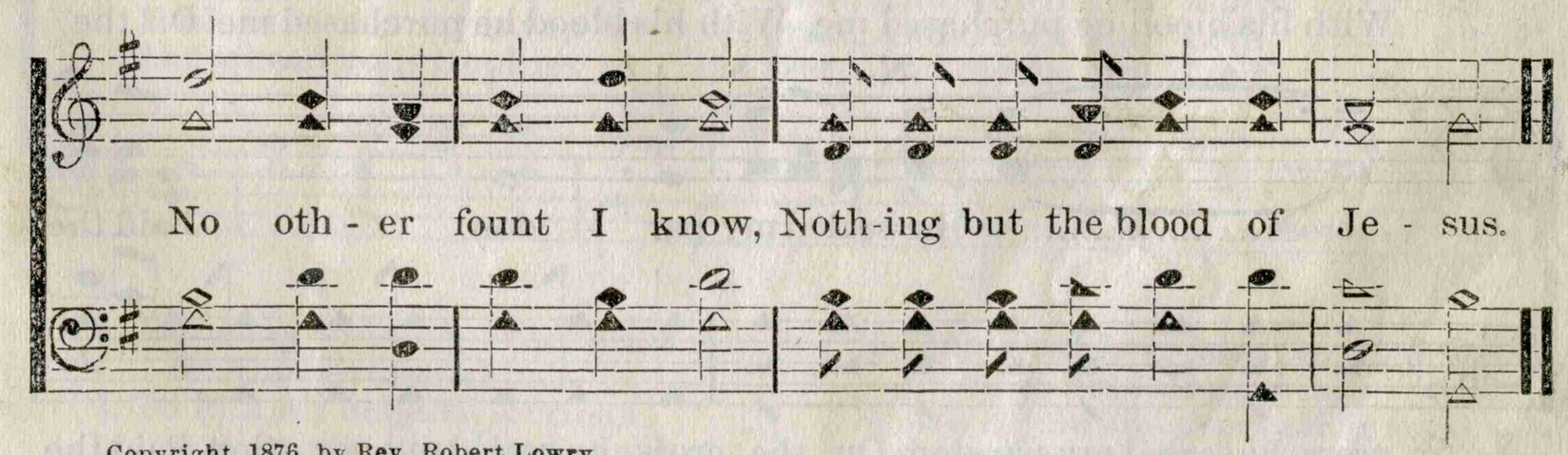
What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my par-don this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right-eous-ness—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Now by this I'll reach my home—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
All my praise for this I bring—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.



REFRAIN.



Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;



No oth - er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

Copyright, 1876, by Rev. Robert Lowry.

No. 39. MY REDEEMER.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And his wond'rous love to me;
2. I will tell the wond'rous story, How my lost es - tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri - um-phant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And his heav'n-ly love to me;

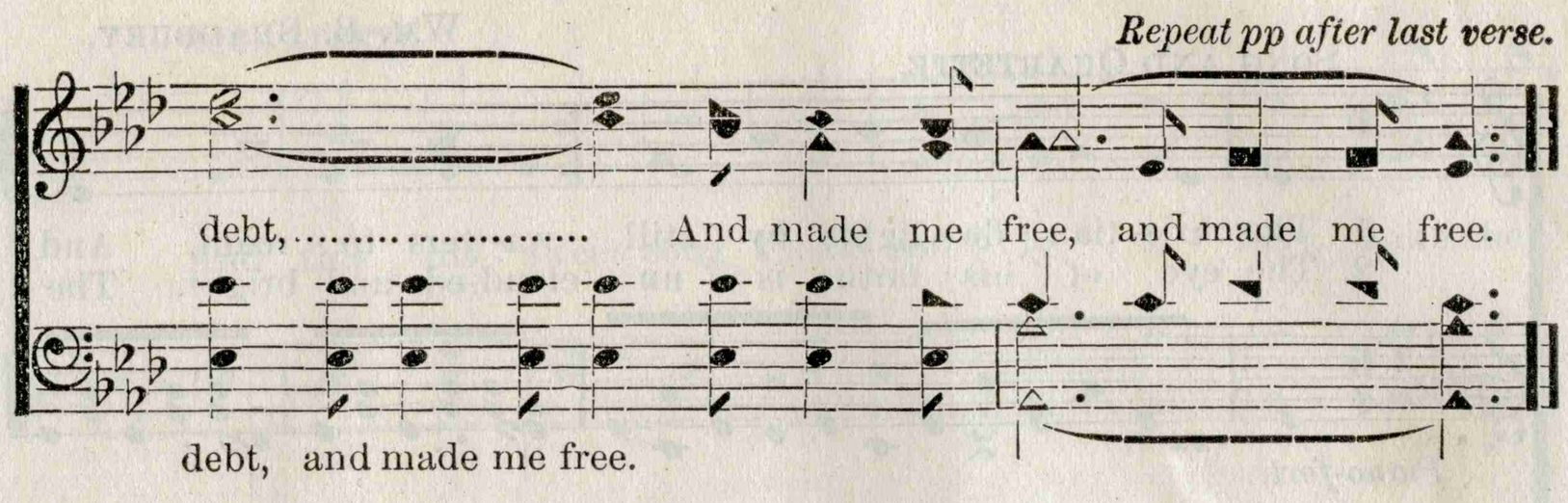
On the cru - el cross he suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
In his boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran - som free-ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry he giv-eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing..... of my Re-deem - er,
Sing, oh! sing of my Redeem - er, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeem-er,
blood.....
With his blood he purchased me, he purchased me;..... ..... On the
blood ..... he purchased me;.....
With his blood he purchased me, With his blood he purchased me; On the
cross..... he sealed my par - don, Paid the
cross he sealed my par-don, On the cross he sealed my par - don, Paid the

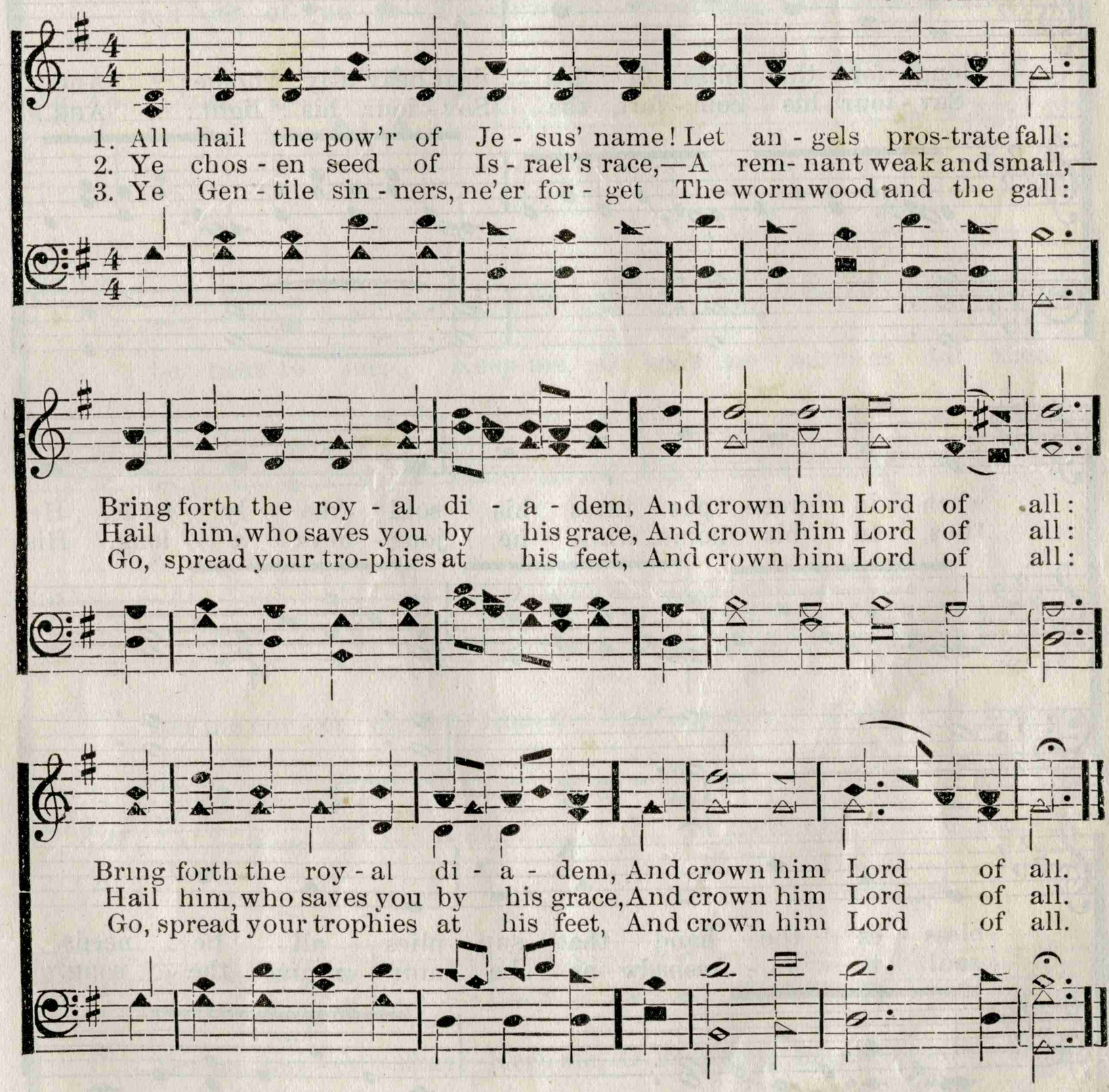
MY REDEEMER. Concluded.

Repeat pp after last verse.



No. 40. CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.



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

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
‖: We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all. :‖

No. 41. THE CHRISTIAN'S SWEET SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

SONG AND QUARTETTE.

1. The chris- tian de - lights by still wa- ters to roam, And
2. The eye of his faith is un - cloud-ed and bright, The

Piano-forte.

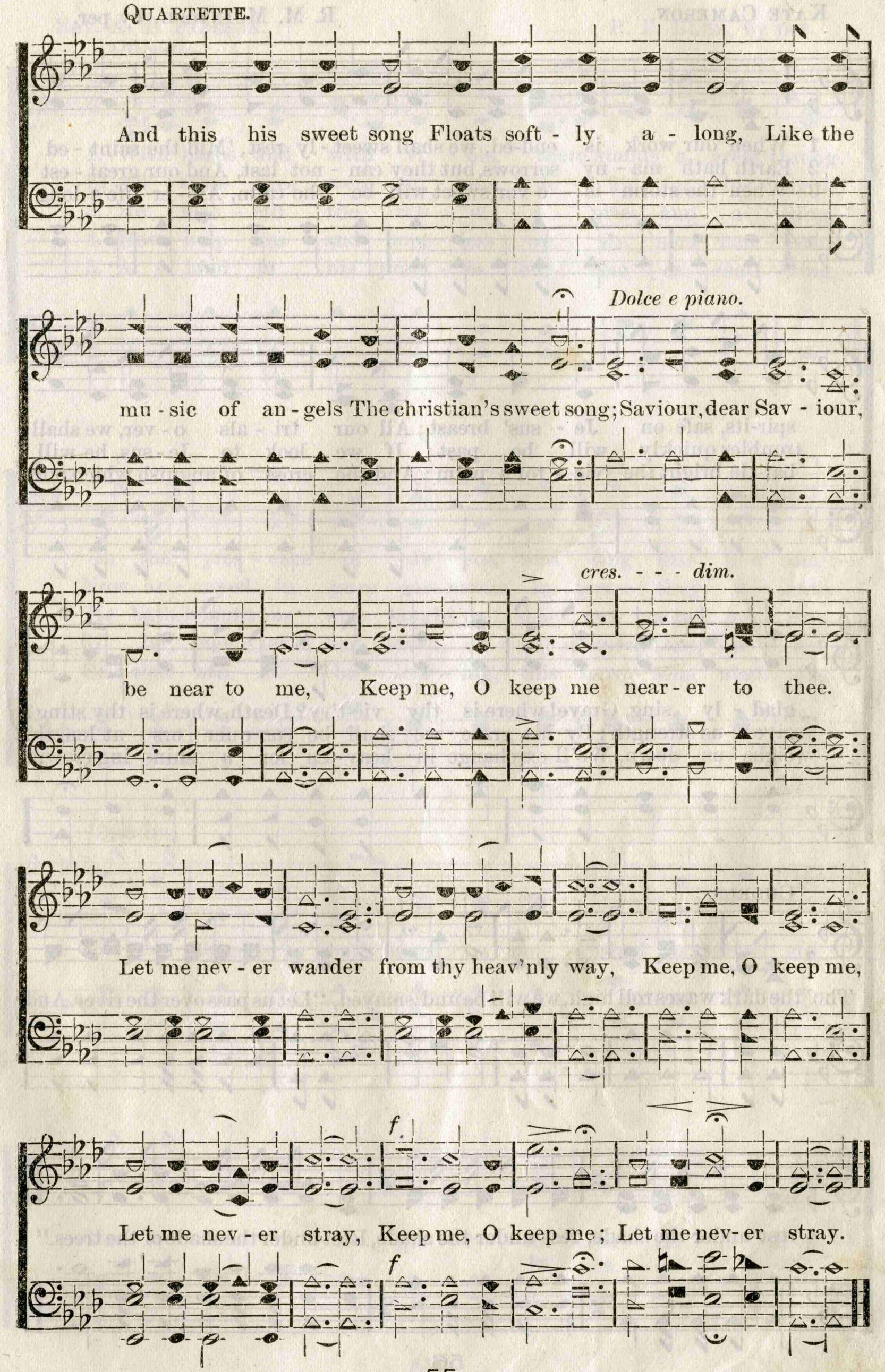
longs for the bliss of his dear heav'n-ly home; And
Sav - iour his com - fort, the Sav - iour his light; And

when in green pas - tures his soul free - ly feeds, He
thus to his home, while he jour - neys a - long, His

bless - es the hand that sup - plies all he needs.
soul is re - freshed as he mur - murs the song.

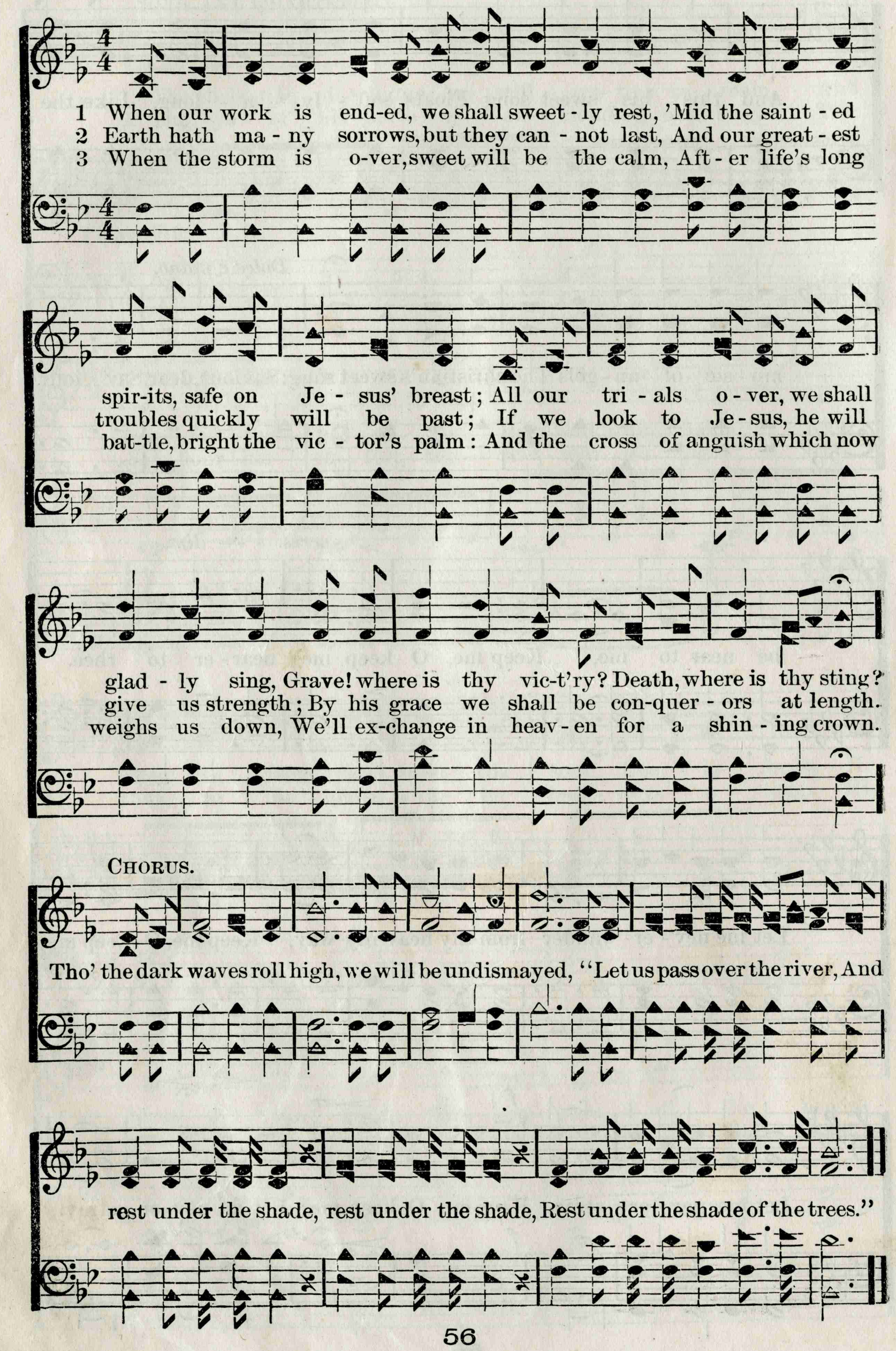
THE CHRISTIAN'S SWEET SONG. Concluded.

QUARTETTE.



No. 42. LET US PASS OVER THE RIVER.

KATE CAMERON. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.



No. 43. NEW SONG.

Rev. A. T. PIERSON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Allegretto.

1. With harps and with vi - ols, there stands a great throng
2. All these once were sin - ners, de - fild in his sight,
3. He mak - eth the reb - el a priest and a king,
4. How help - less and hope - less we sin - ners had been,
5. A - loud in his prais - es our voic - es shall ring,

In the pres - ence of Je - sus, and sing this new song:—
Now ar - rayed in pure gar- ments, in praise they u - nite.
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing.
If he nev - er had loved us till cleansed from our sin.
So that oth - ers be - liev - ing, this new song shall sing.

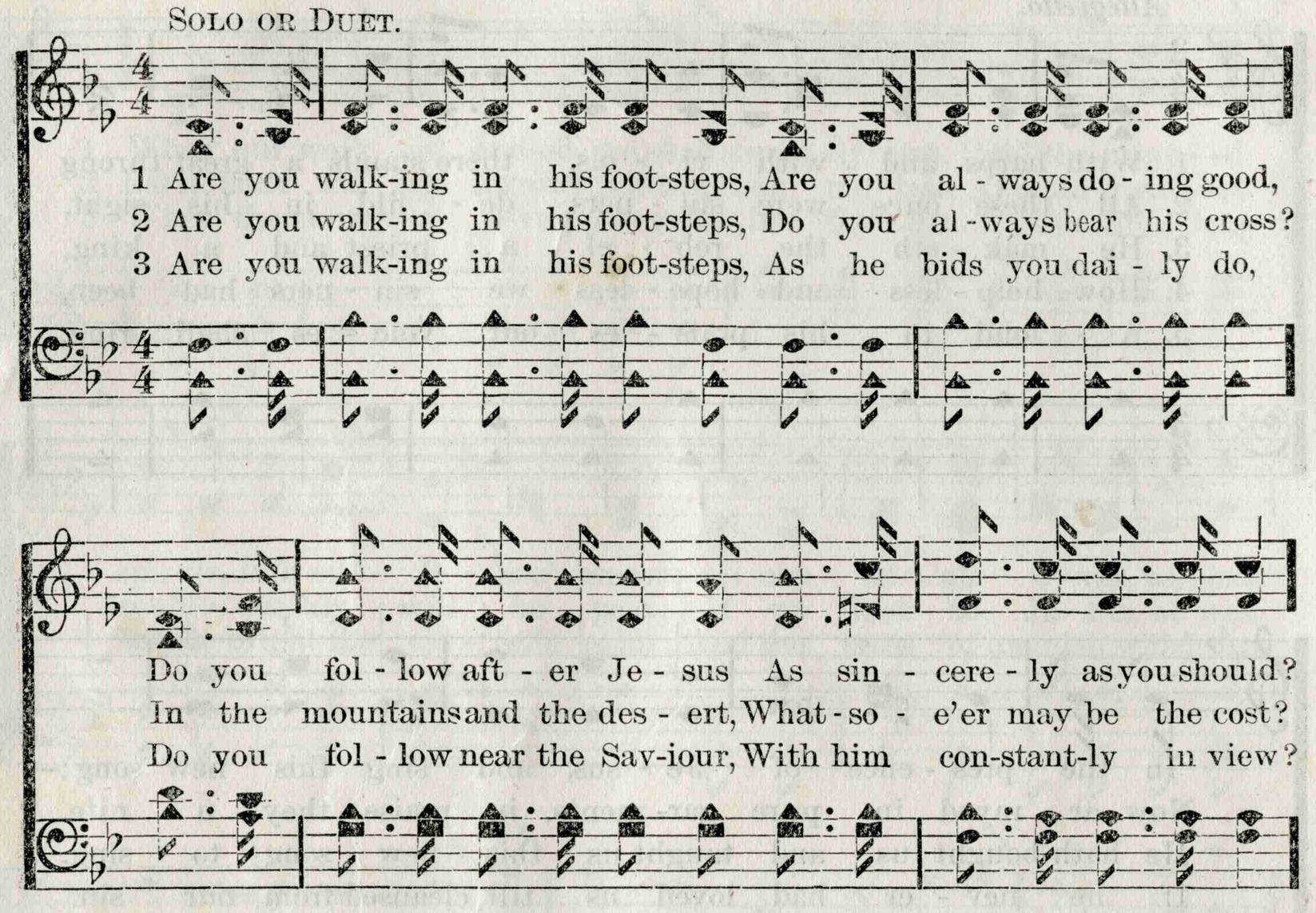
CHORUS.

Un - to him who hath loved us and washed us from sin,
Un - to him be the glo - ry for - ev - er. A - men.

No. 44. Are you Walking in His Footsteps?

M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

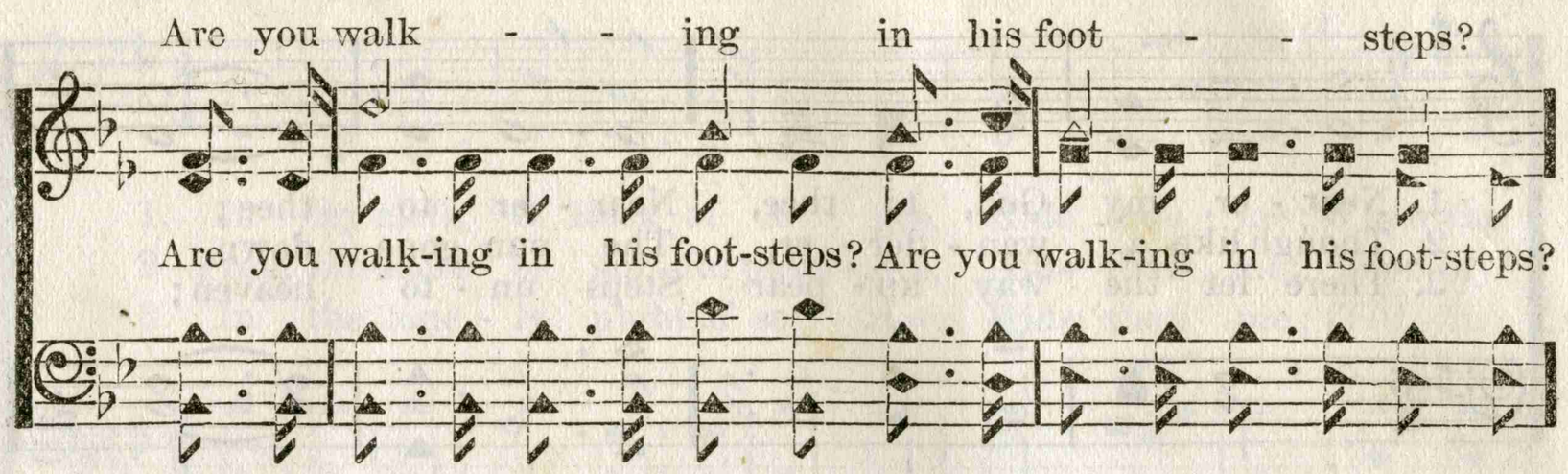
SOLO OR DUET.

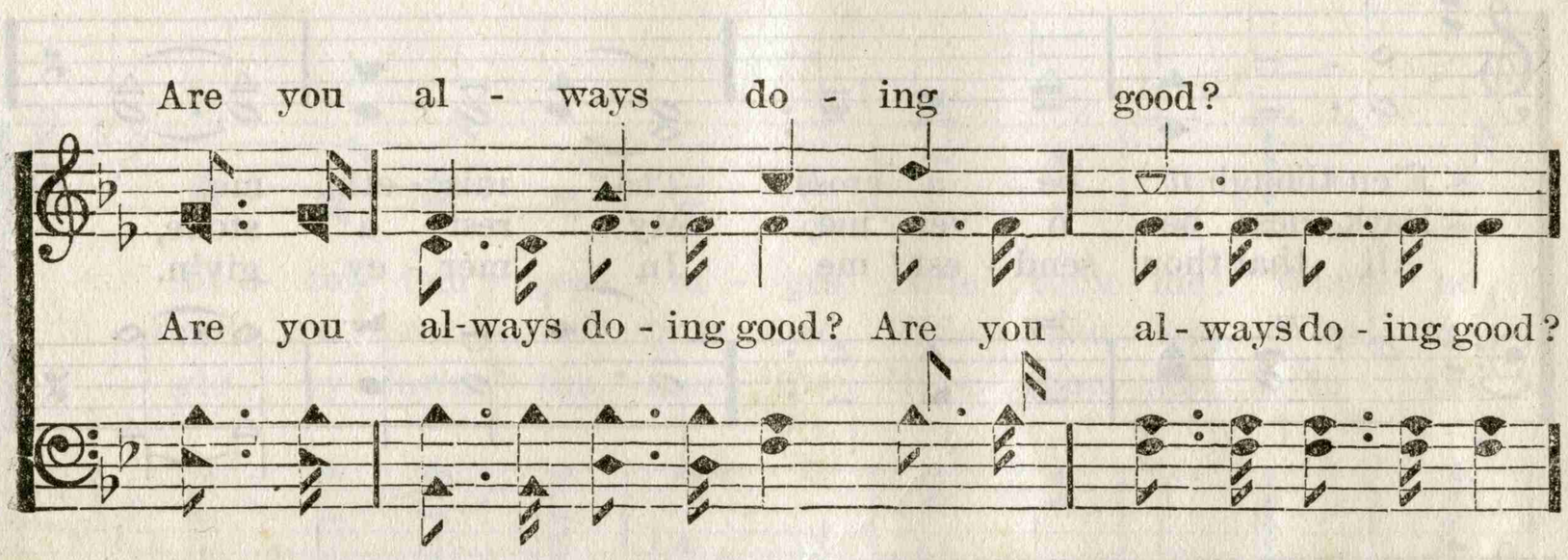


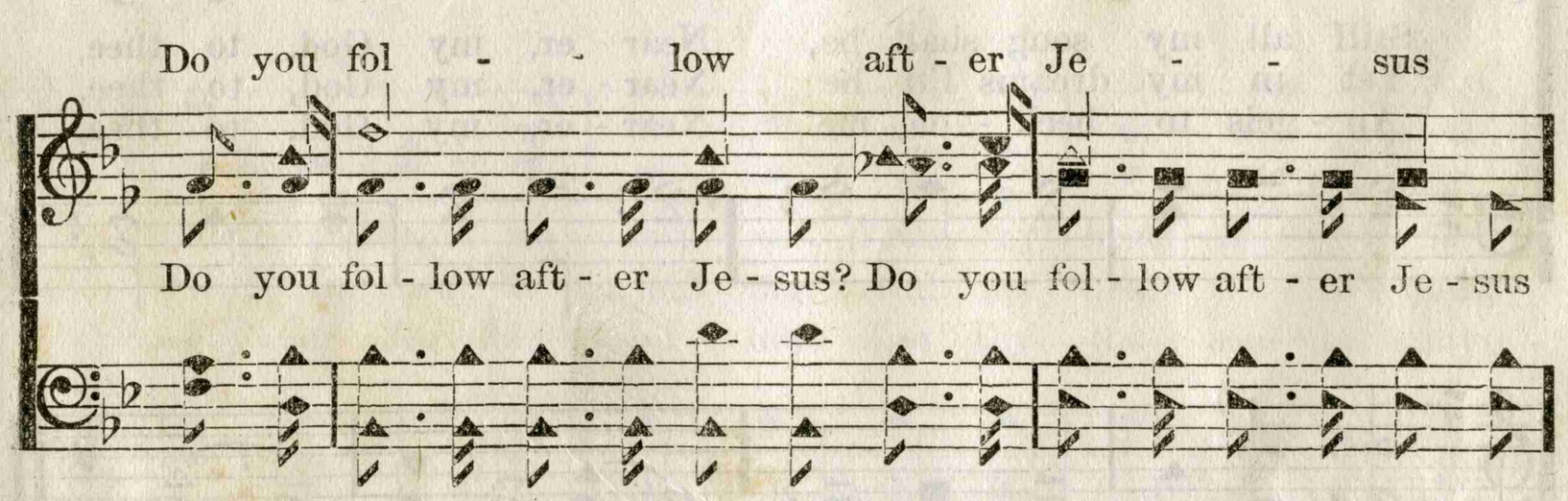
Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros.

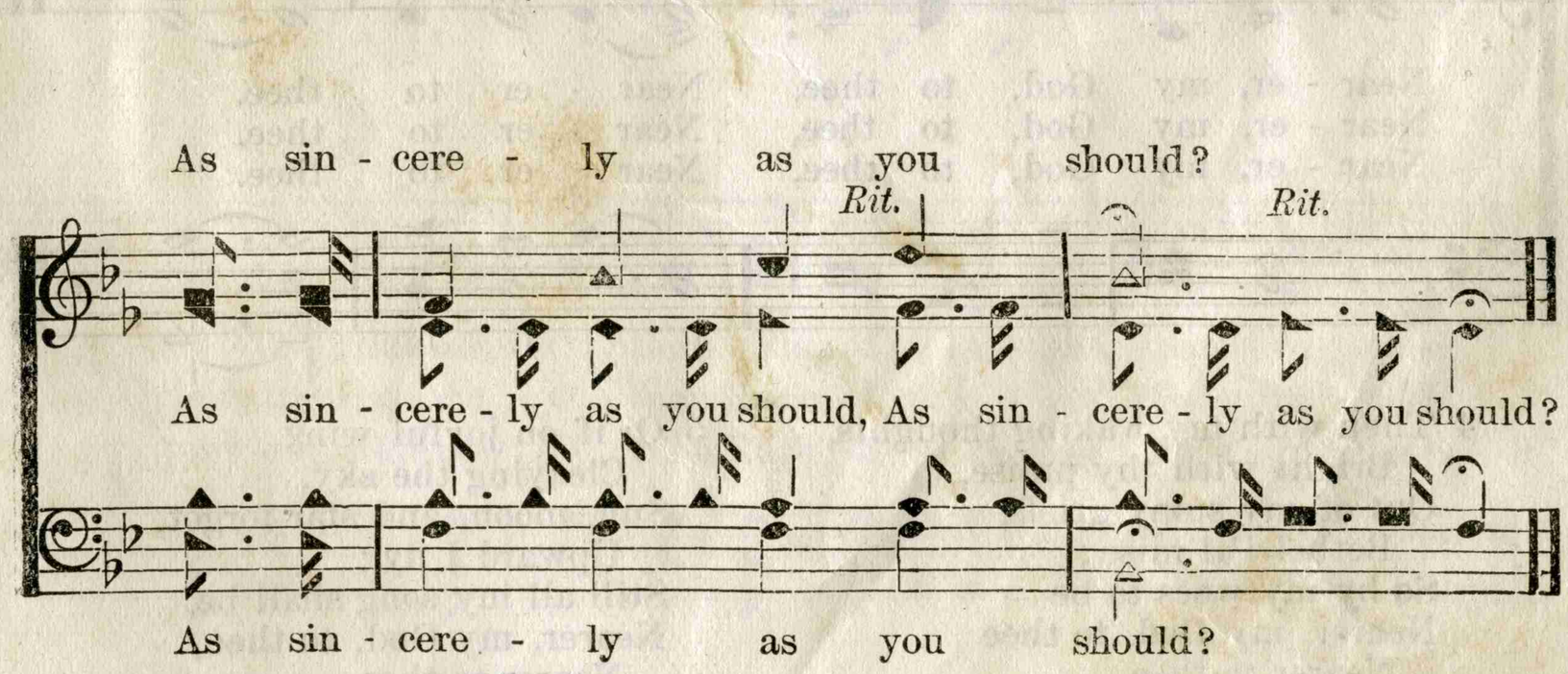
Are you Walking in His Footsteps? Concluded.

FULL CHORUS.



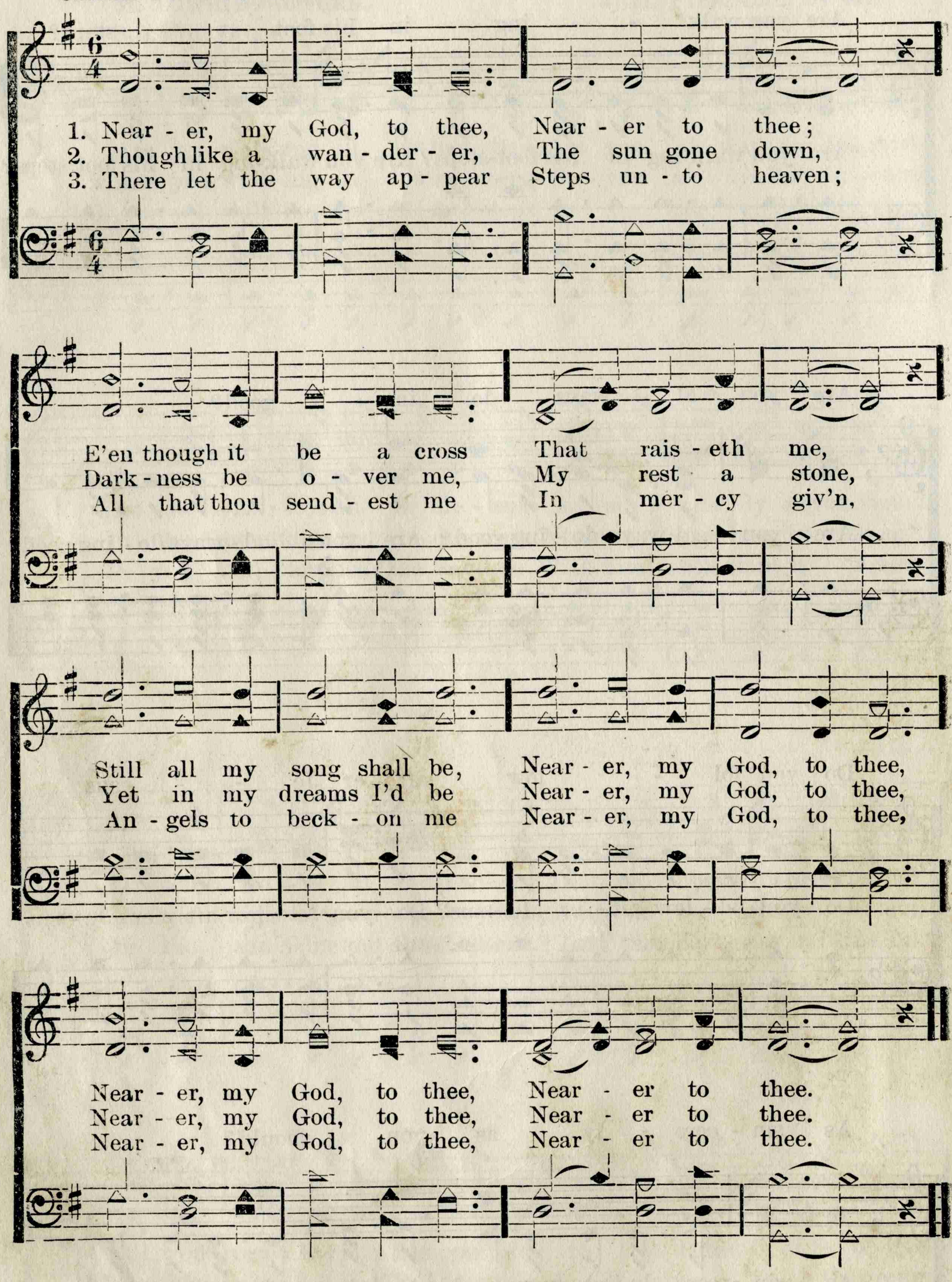






No. 45. BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. L. MASON, by per.

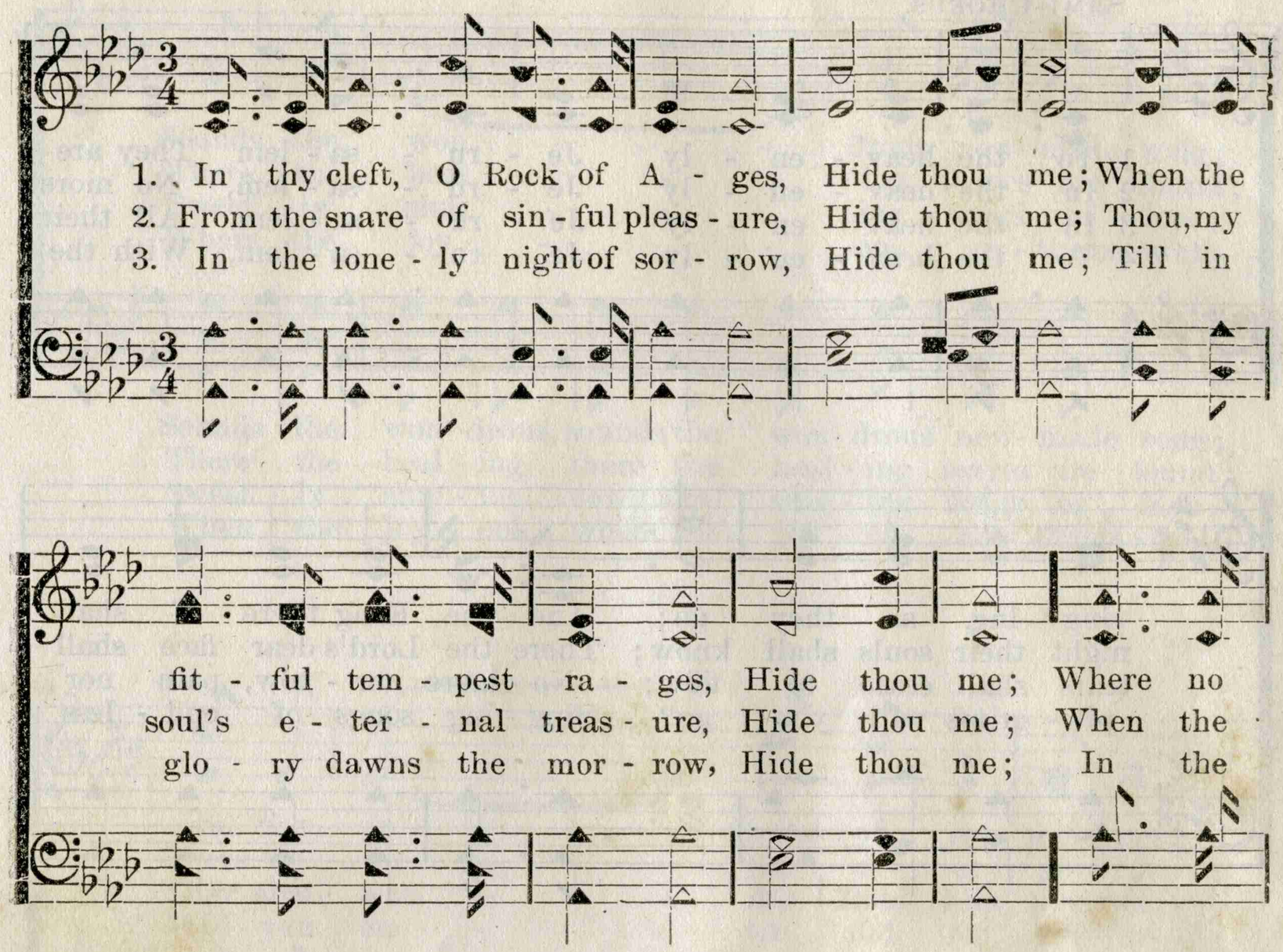


4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and star forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

No. 46. HIDE THOU ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

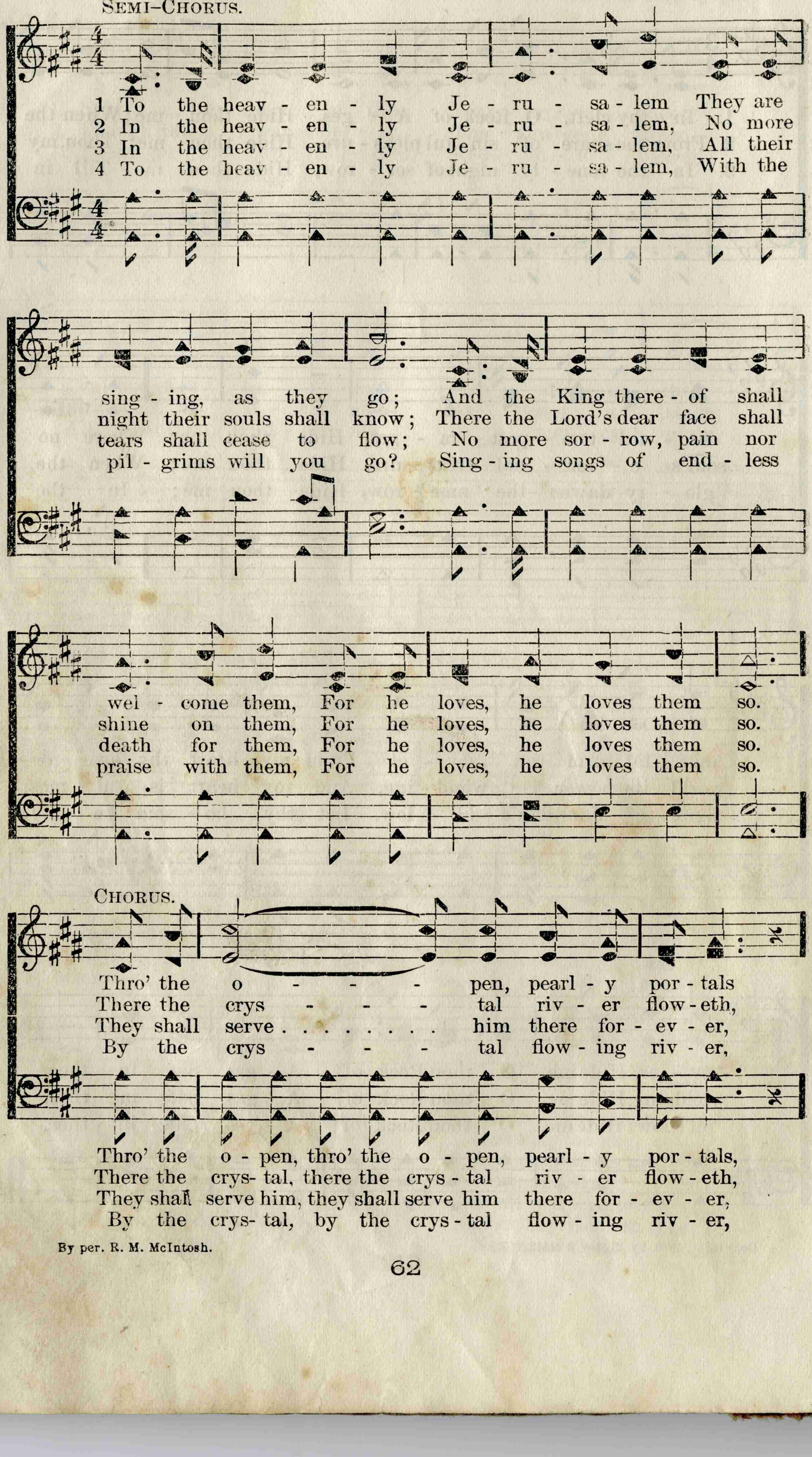


Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main.

No. 47. HAPPY PILGRIMS.

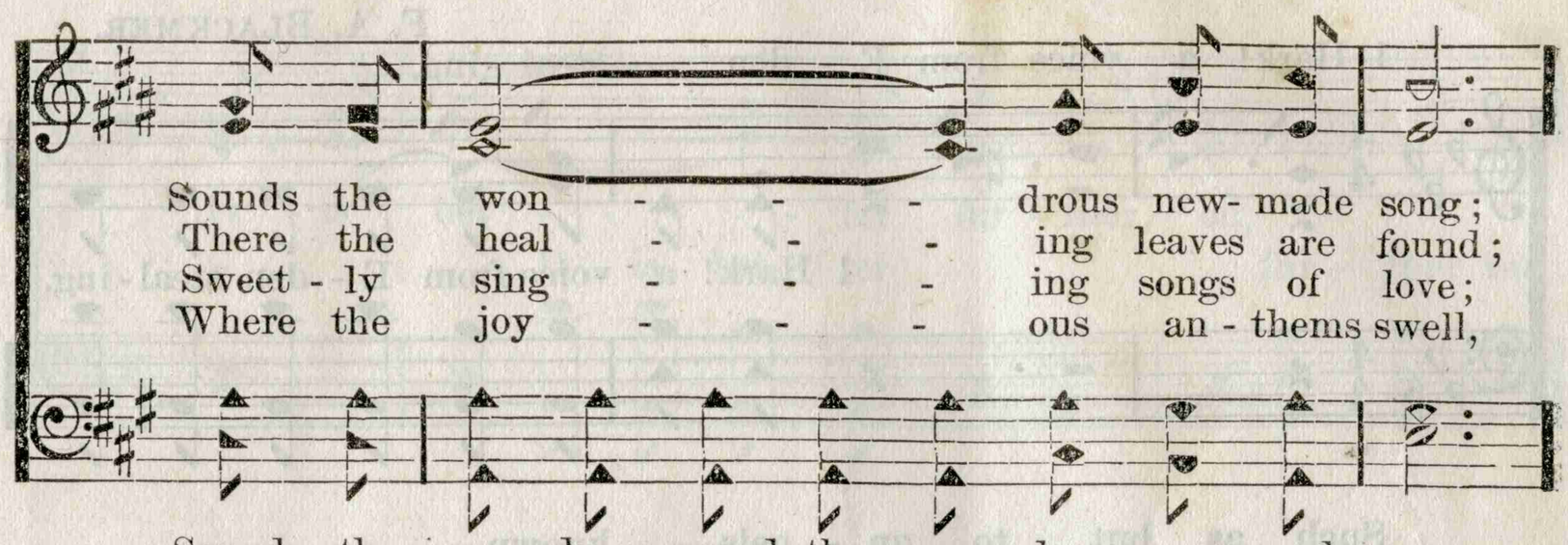
Mrs M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

Semi-Chorus.



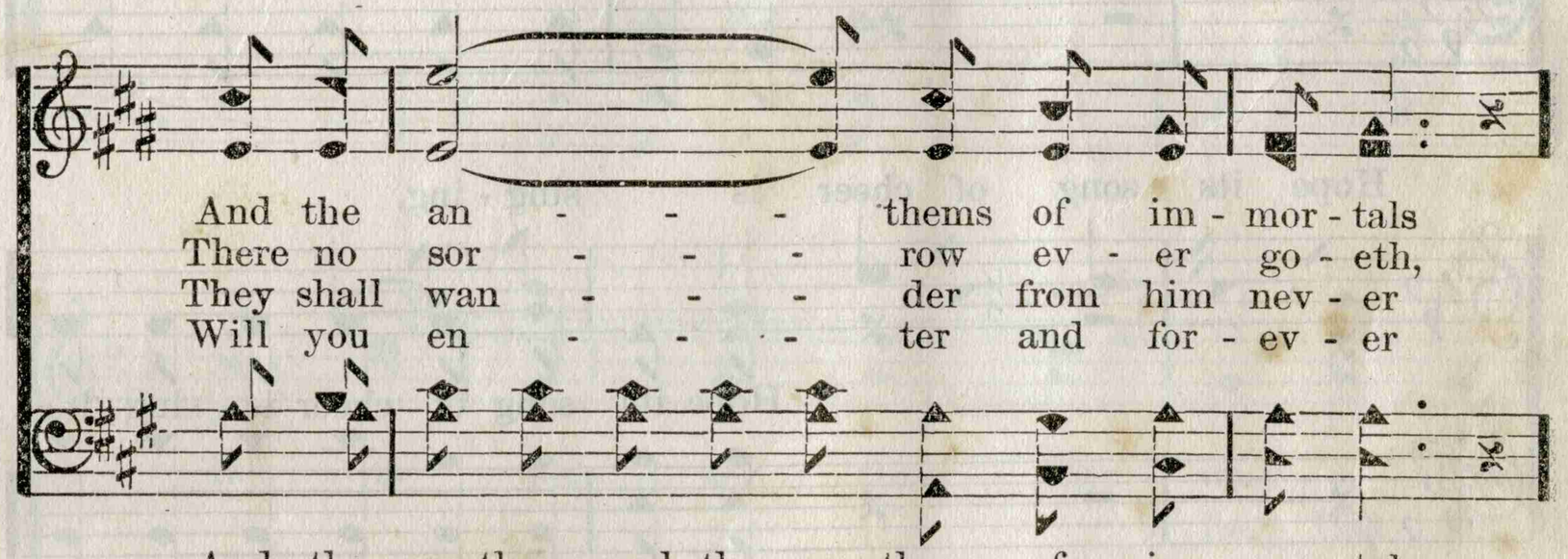
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

HAPPY PILGRIMS. Concluded.



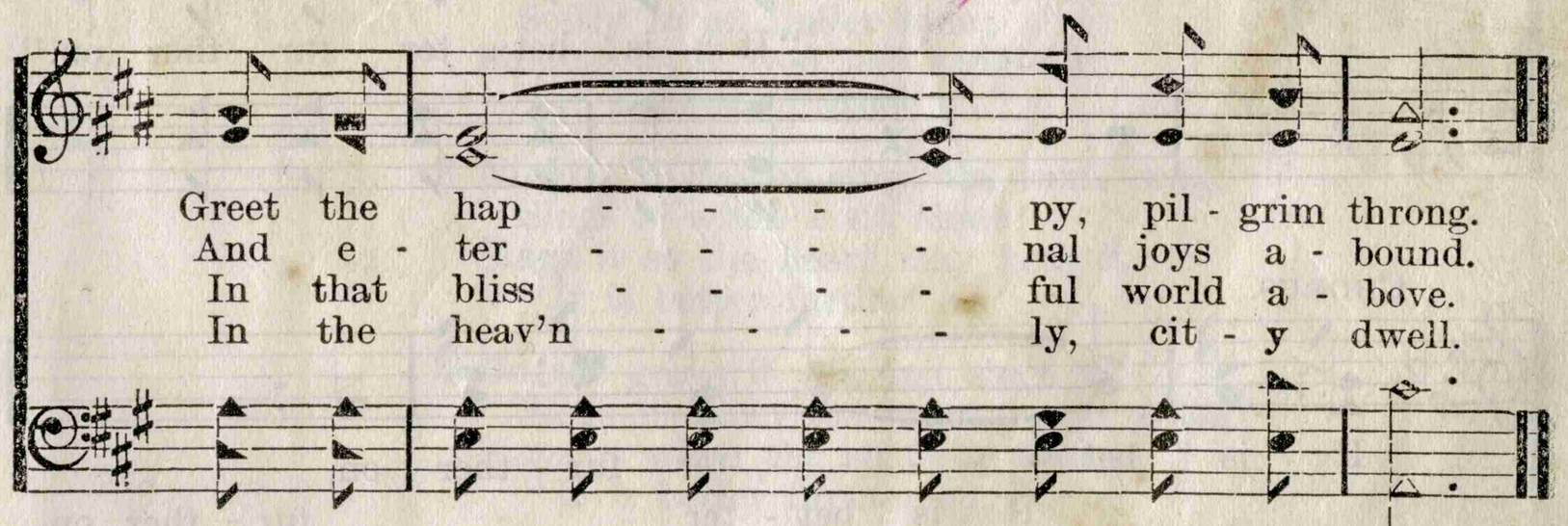
Sounds the won - - - drous new- made song;
There the heal - - - ing leaves are found;
Sweet - ly sing - - - ing songs of love;
Where the joy - - - ous an - thems swell,

Sounds the won- drous, sounds the won- drous new- made song;
There the heal - ing, there the heal - ing leaves are found;
Sweet - ly sing - ing, sweet - ly sing - ing songs of love;
When the joy - ous, when the joy - ous an - thems swell,



And the an - - - thems of im - mor - tals
There no sor - - - row ev - er go - eth,
They shall wan - - - der from him nev - er
Will you en - - - ter and for - ev - er

And the an-thems, and the an - thems of im - mor - tals
There no sor - row, there no sor - row ev - er go - eth,
They shall wan- der, they shall wan - der from him nev - er
Will you en - ter, will you en - ter and for - ev - er



Greet the hap - - - - py, pil - grim throng.
And e - ter - - - - nal joys a - bound.
In that bliss - - - - ful world a - bove.
In the heav'n - - - - ly, cit - y dwell.

Greet the hap - py, greet the hap - py, pil - grim throng.
And e - ter - nal, and e - ter - nal joys a - bound.
In that bliss - ful, in that bliss - ful world a - bove.
In the heav'n- ly, in the heav'n- ly cit - y dwell.

No. 48. IT IS BETTER FURTHER ON.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1 Hark! a voice from E - den steal - ing,
1 Hark! a voice from E - den steal - ing,

Such as but to an - gels known,
Such as but to an - gels known,

Hope its song of cheer is sing - ing,
Hope its song of cheer is sing - ing,

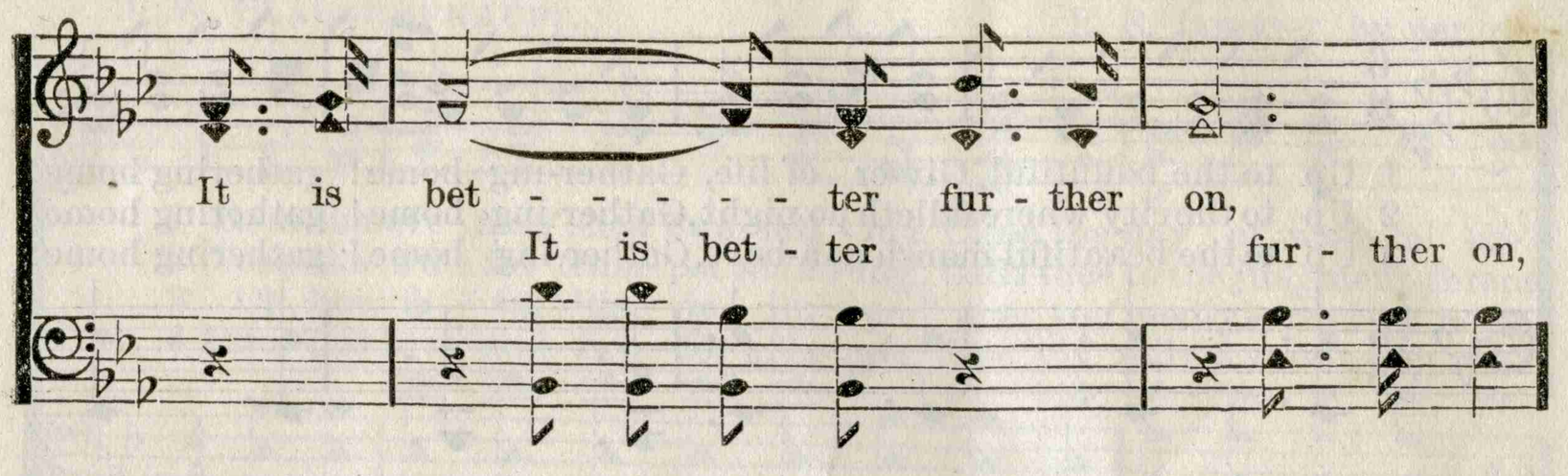
"It is bet - ter fur - ther on."
"It is bet - ter fur - ther on."

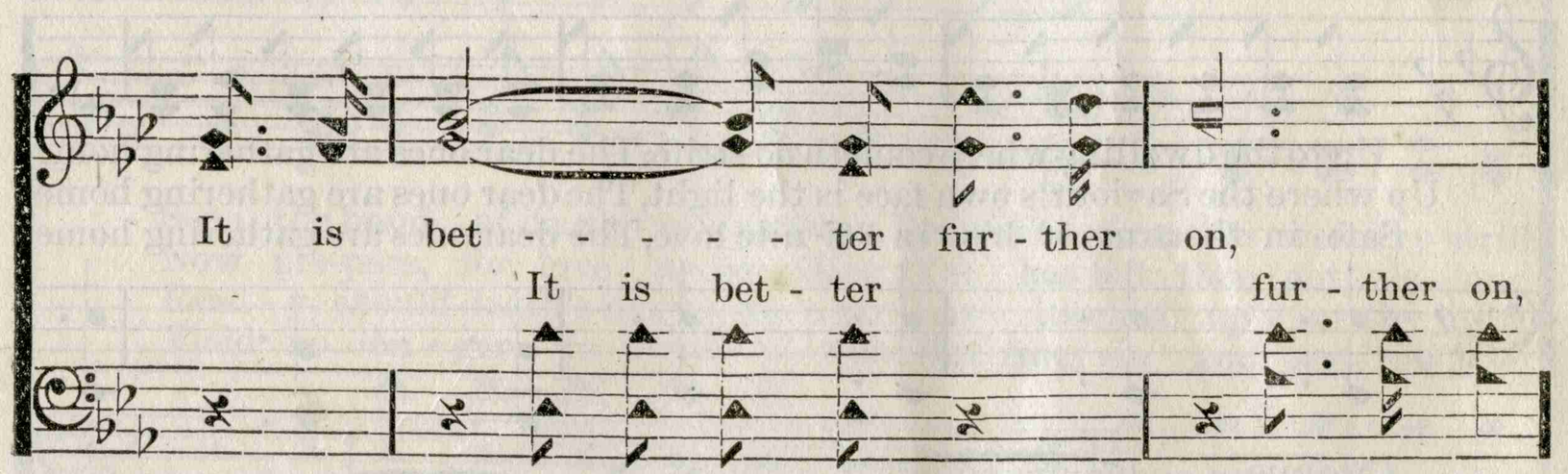
CHORUS.

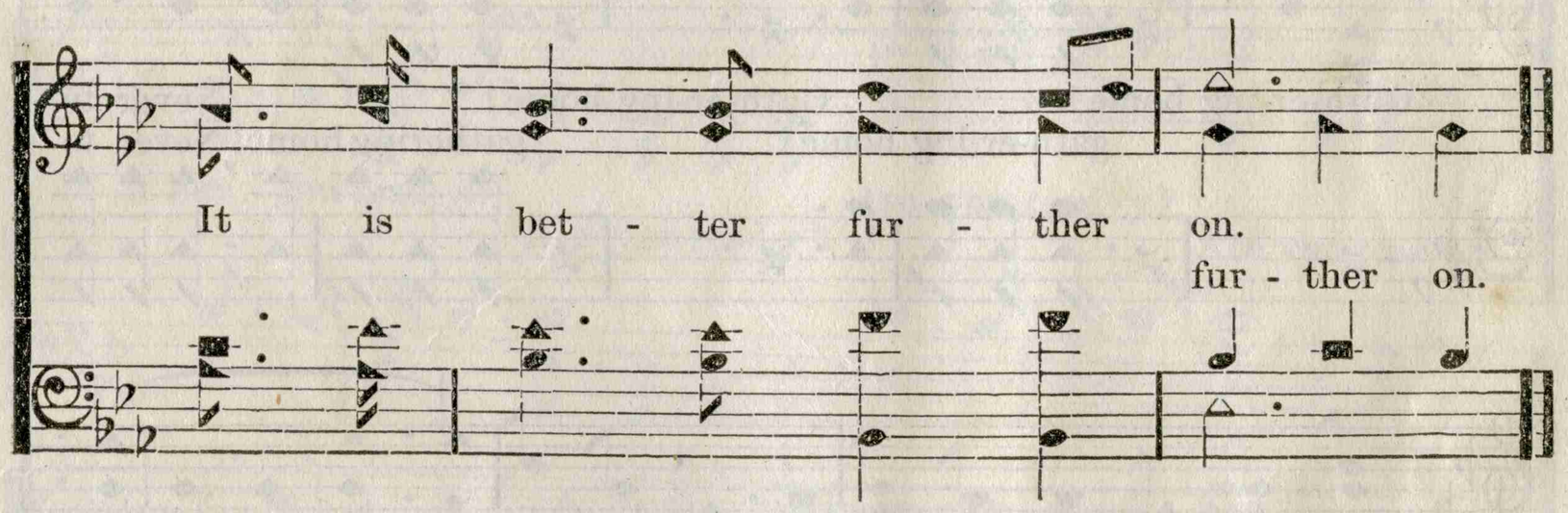
It is bet - - - - - ter fur - ther on,
It is bet - ter fur - ther on,

Copyright, 1884, by F. A. Blackmer.

IT IS BETTER FURTHER ON. Concluded.







2 Hope is singing, still is singing,
Softly in an under tone;
Singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better further on."

3 Night and day it sings the same song,
Sings it when I sit alone;
Sings it so the heart may hear it,
"It is better further on."

4 On the grave it sits and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan;
Sings it when the shadows darken,
"It is better further on."

5 Further on! Oh! how much further?
Count the mile-stones one by one;
No! no counting, only trusting,
"It is better further on."

No. 49. GATHERING HOME.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Up to the bountiful Giv-er of life, Gather-ing home! gathering home!
2 Up to the city where falleth no night, Gather-ing home! gathering home!
3 Up to the beautiful mansions a-bove, Gather-ing home! gathering home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
Safe in the arms of his in - fi-nite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home! Gath-er-ing home! Never to
gath-er-ing home! gathering home! Never to

sor - row more, nev - er to roam, Gath-er - ing home! . . . . . .
sor - row more, nev - er to roam, gath - er - ing home!

Gath-er-ing home! . . . . . God's children are gather - ing home!
gath-ering home! God's children are gather - ing home!

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 50. ARE YOU READY?

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT. E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1 Soon the eve - ning shad-ows fall - ing, Close the day of mor - tal life;
2 Soon the aw - ful trum-pet sound-ing, Calls thee to the judgment-throne:
3 Oh, how fa - tal 'tis to lin - ger! Are you read-y—read - y now—
4 Price-less love and free for-give- ness Free - ly still a - wait -eth thee:

Soon the hand of death ap - pall-ing, Draws thee from its wea - ry strife.
Now pre-pare, for love a - bounding Yet has left thee not a - lone.
Read - y, should death's i - cy fin - ger Lay its chill up - on thy brow?
Yield no lon - ger to temp - ta - tion, But from sin and sor - row flee.

REFRAIN.

Are you read-y? Are you read-y?
Are you read-y? Are you read-y?
'Tis the Spir - it calling: why de - lay? Are you read-y?
Are you ready?
Are you read-y? Do not lin - ger lon-ger: Come to-day.
Are you ready?

Copyright, 1878, by E. S. Lorenz.

No. 51. THE KINGDOM COMING.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1 From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's heath-en ra - ces, Oh,
2 The sun - light is glanc - ing While God's love ad - vanc - ing To
3 With shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their

see how the thick shad-ows fly! The news of sal - va - tion A -
con - quer the king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall pos-sess them, His
arms of re - bell - ion cast down, At last ev - 'ry na - tion, The

- wakes ev - 'ry na - tion, Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.
Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re-deem - er shall crown!

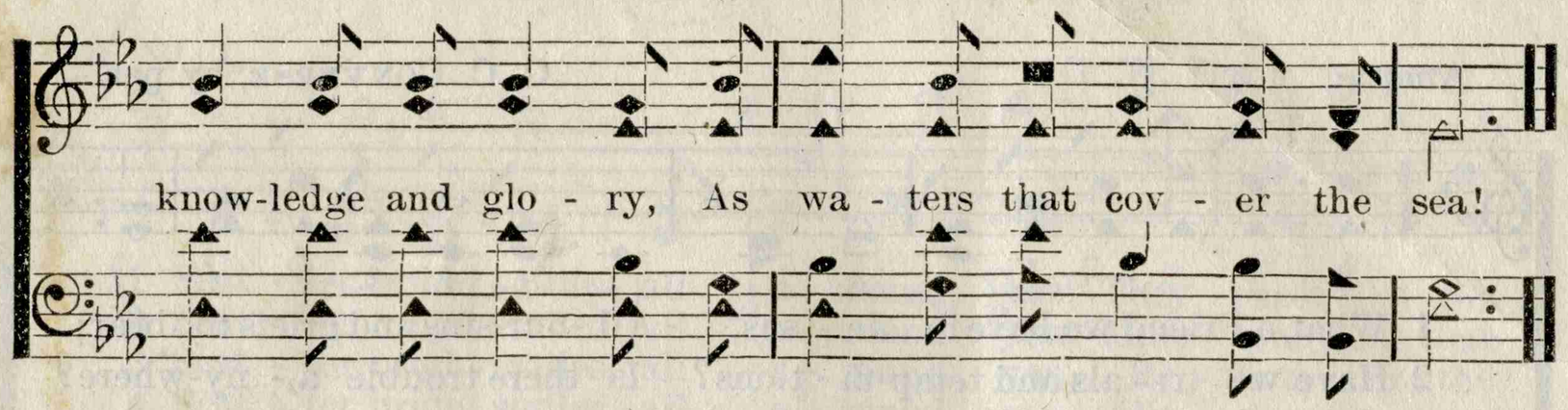
Chorus.

The king - dom is spread-ing, Oh, tell ye the sto - ry, God's

ban - ner ex - alt - ed shall be! The earth shall be full of his

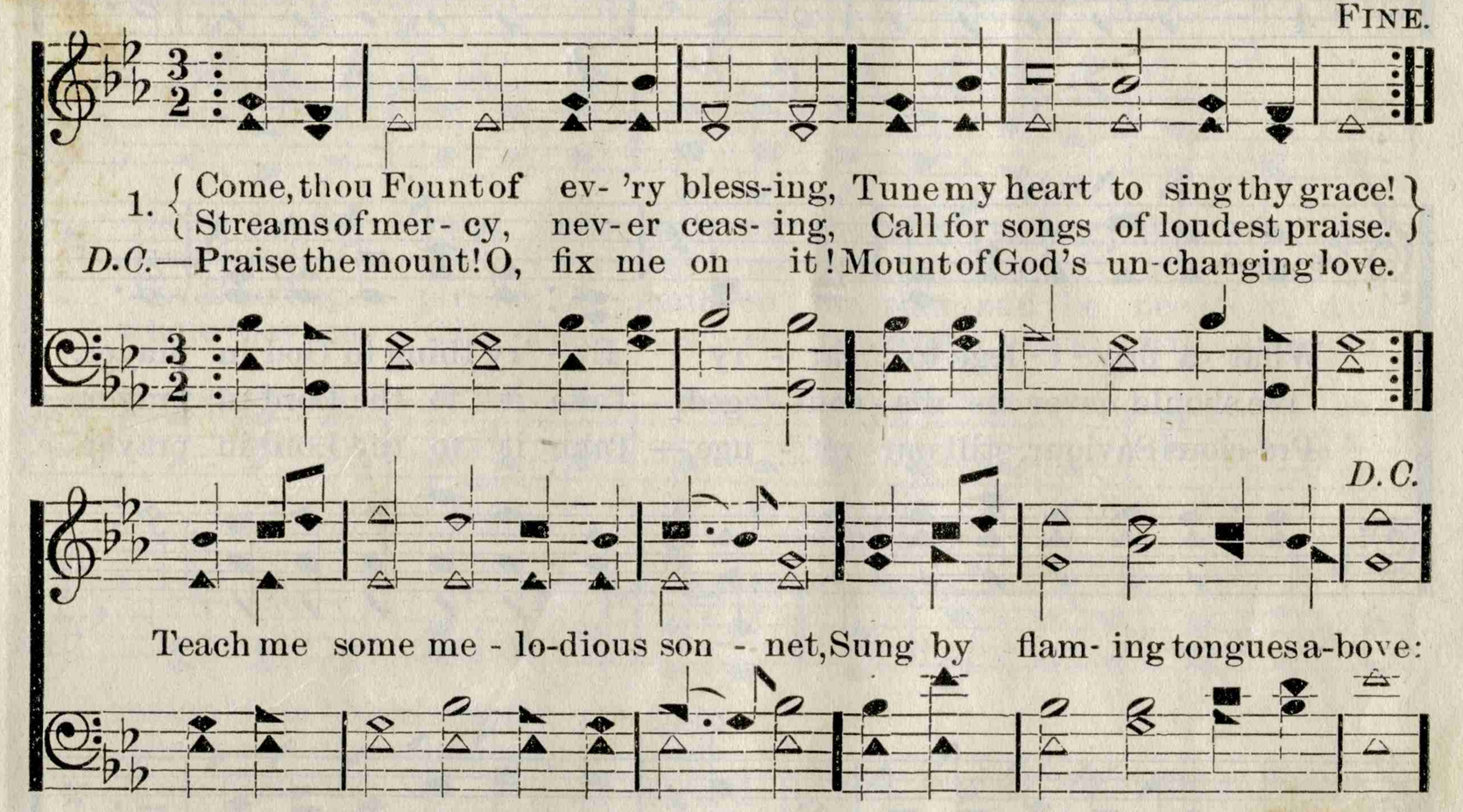
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

THE KINGDOM COMING. Concluded.



No. 52. NETTLETON. 8s. & 7s. D.

Rev. R. ROBINSON. J. WYETH'S Coll., 1812.



2 Here I raise my 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,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

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

No. 53.

C. M.

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful gleam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

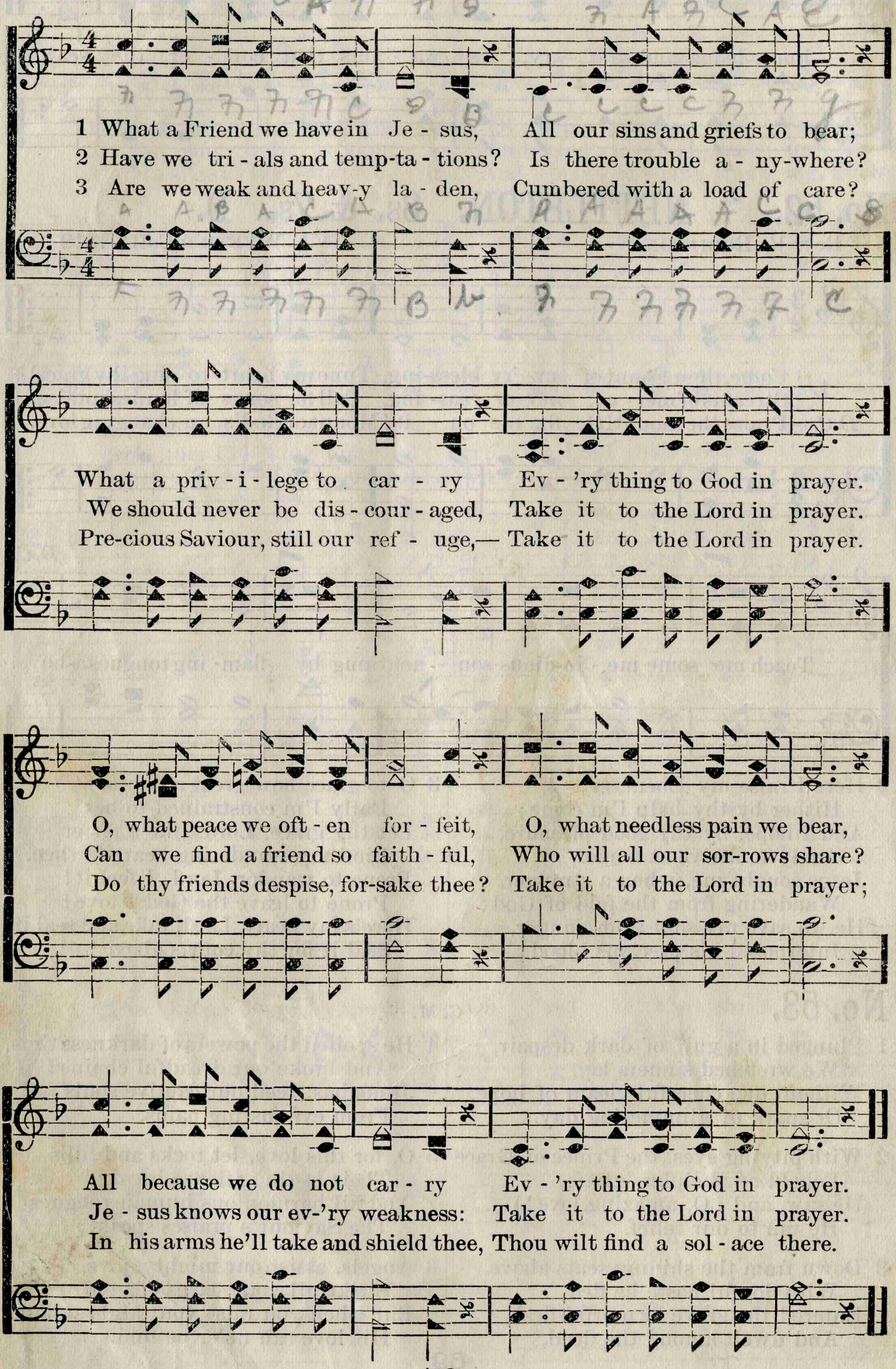
4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And broke our dreadful chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

6 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

No. 54. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE.

Anon. C. C. CONVERSE, by per.



No. 55. SCATTER BRIGHT SMILES.

G. W. L. G. W. LYON, by per.

1 Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, They cheer like the
2 Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, More pre-cious than
3 Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, Re - mem - ber the
4 Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, We nev - er know

beau - ti - ful rain, That falls on the with - er - ing flow - ers, And
treas-ures of gold, They light - en the bur-dens of oth - ers, They
weak and op - press'd, O, smile on the poor and the need - y, And
where they may fall, Then ev - er be read - y and will - ing, To

CHORUS.

makes them bloom sweetly a - gain.
cheer up the young and the old.
com - fort the sad and dis - tress'd.
scat - ter bright smiles o - ver all.
} Then scatter bright smiles, they will

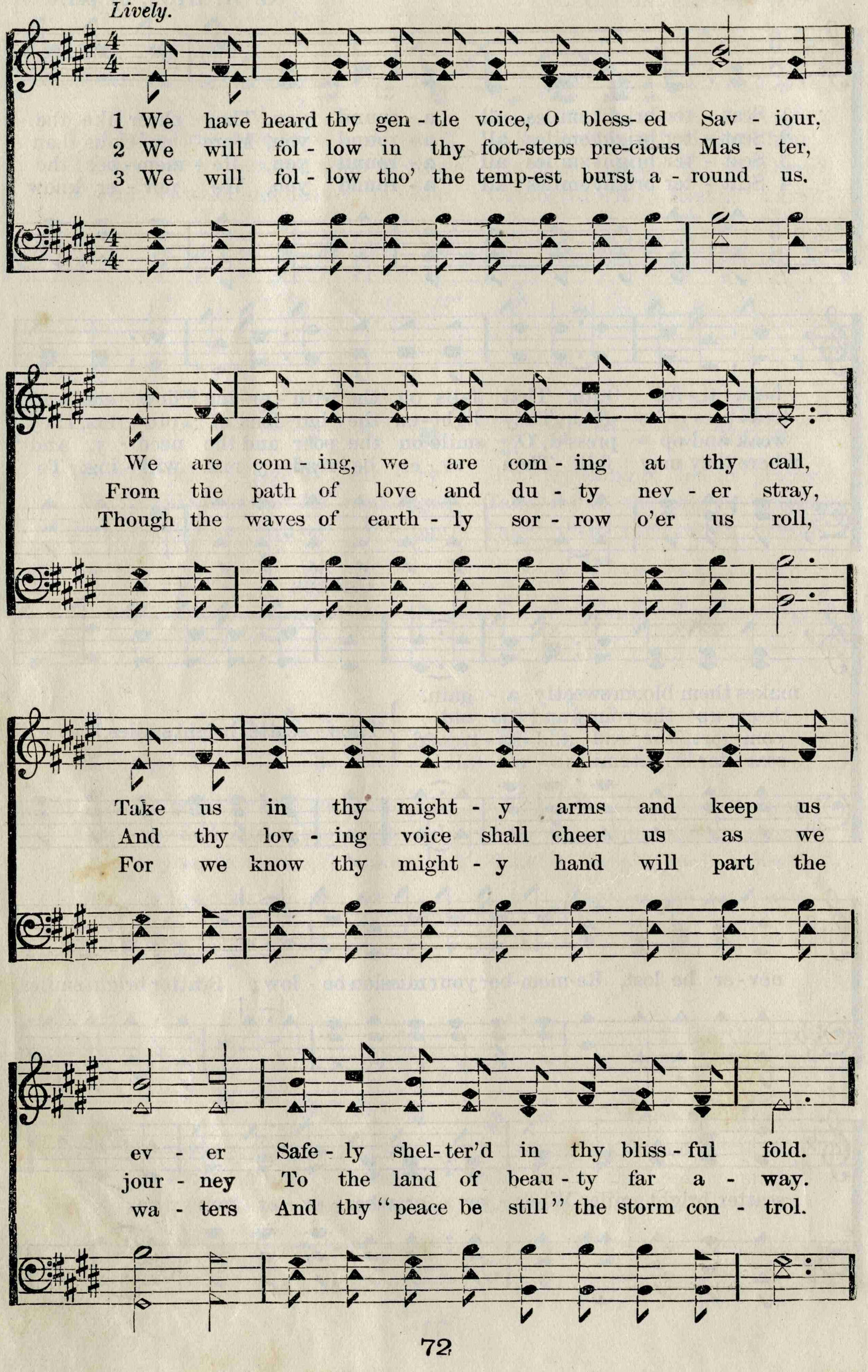
nev - er be lost, Re-mem-ber your mission be - low; Scatter bright smiles,

scatter bright smiles, Wher - ev - er, wher - ev - er you go.

No. 56. WE ARE COMING.

G. W. L. G. W. Lyon, by per.

Lively.



WE ARE COMING. Concluded.

CHORUS.

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

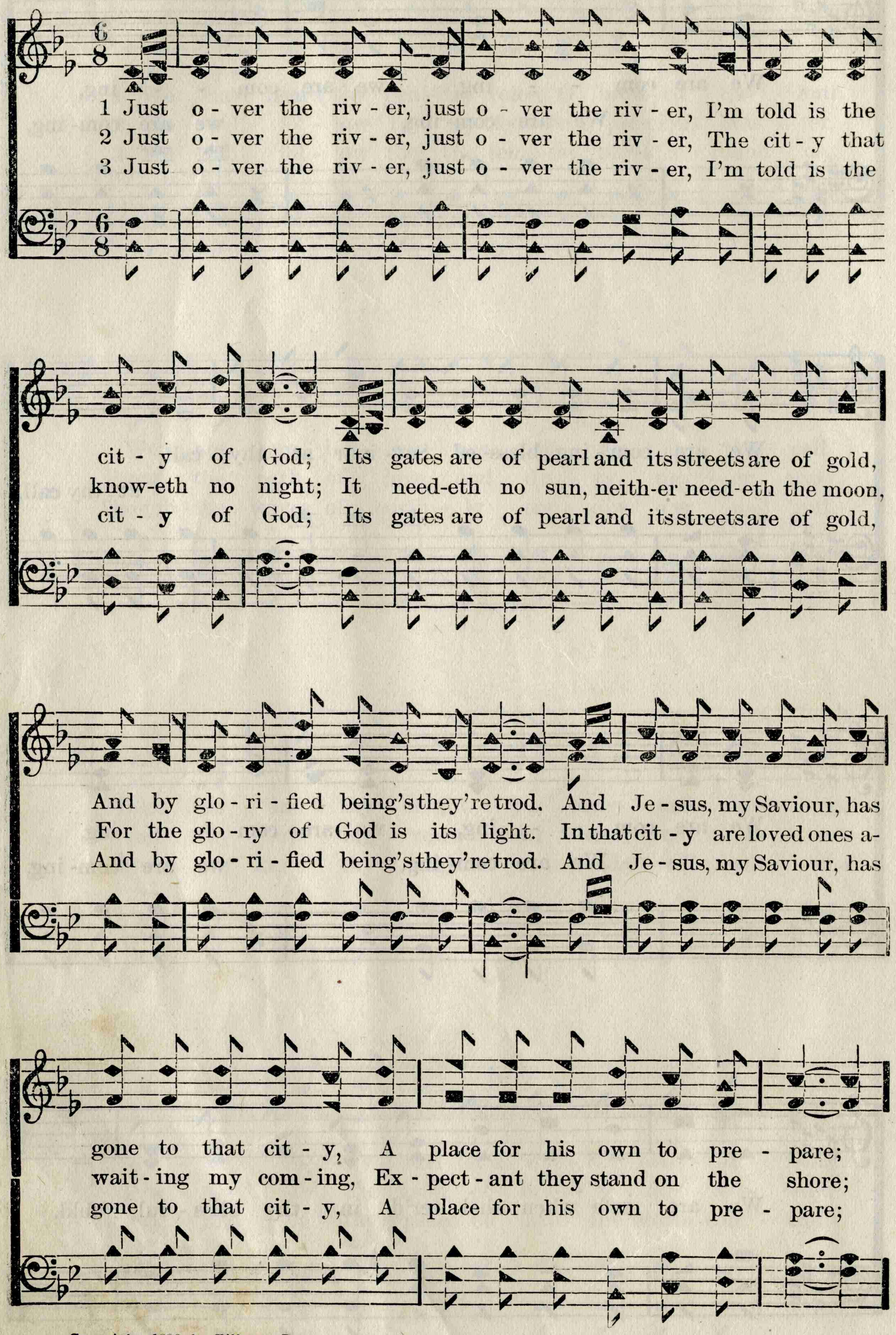
We are com - ing bless- ed Sav- iour at thy call,
at thy call,

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

We are safe when shel - ter'd in thy bliss - ful fold.

No. 57. JUST OVER THE RIVER.

ROBT. SPURGIN. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.



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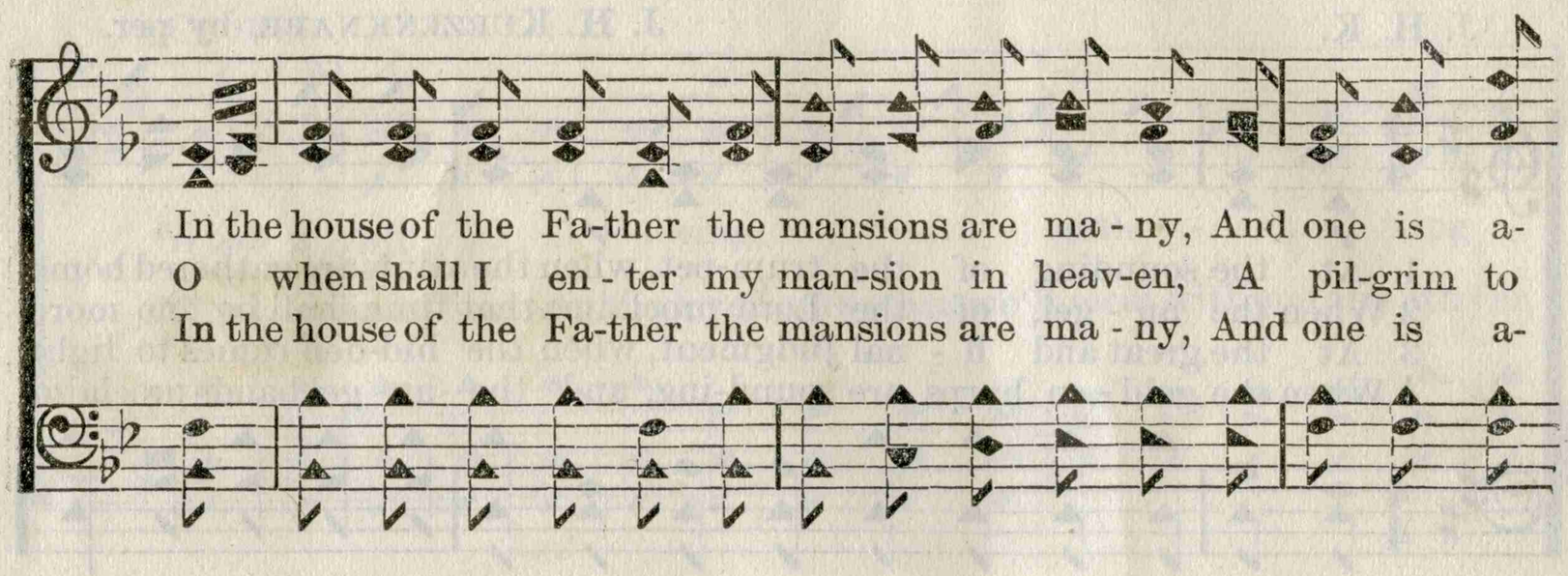
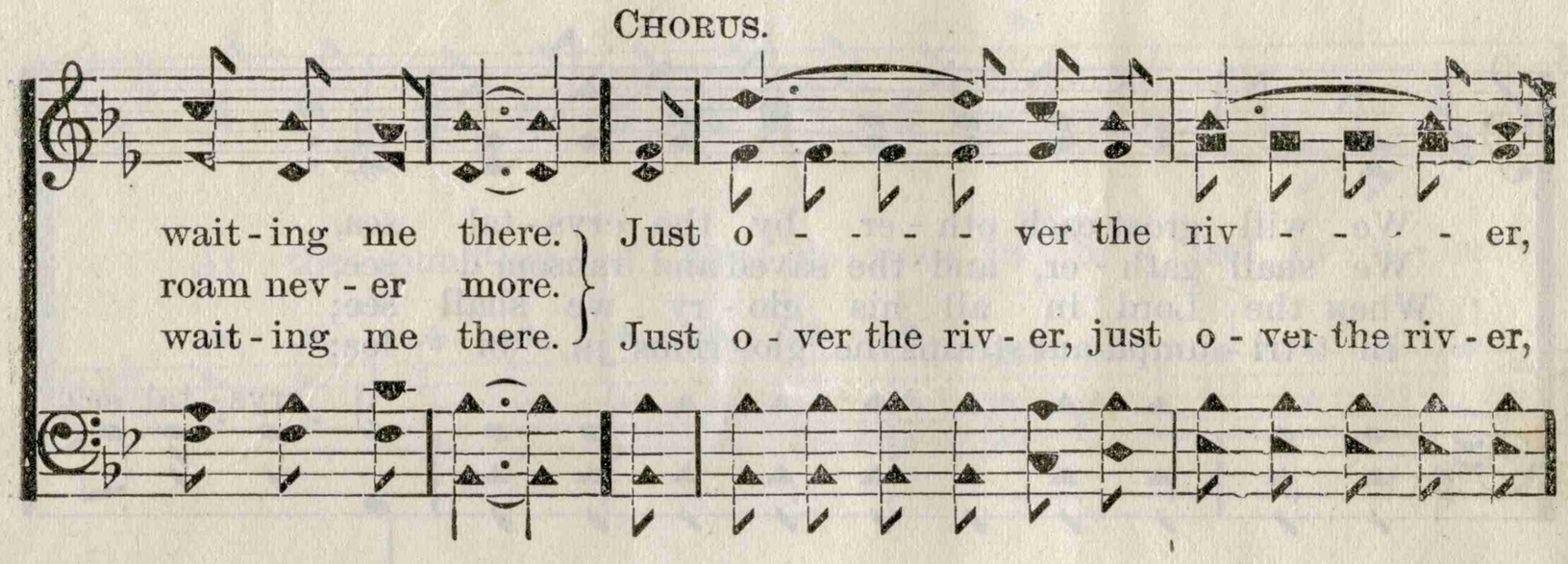
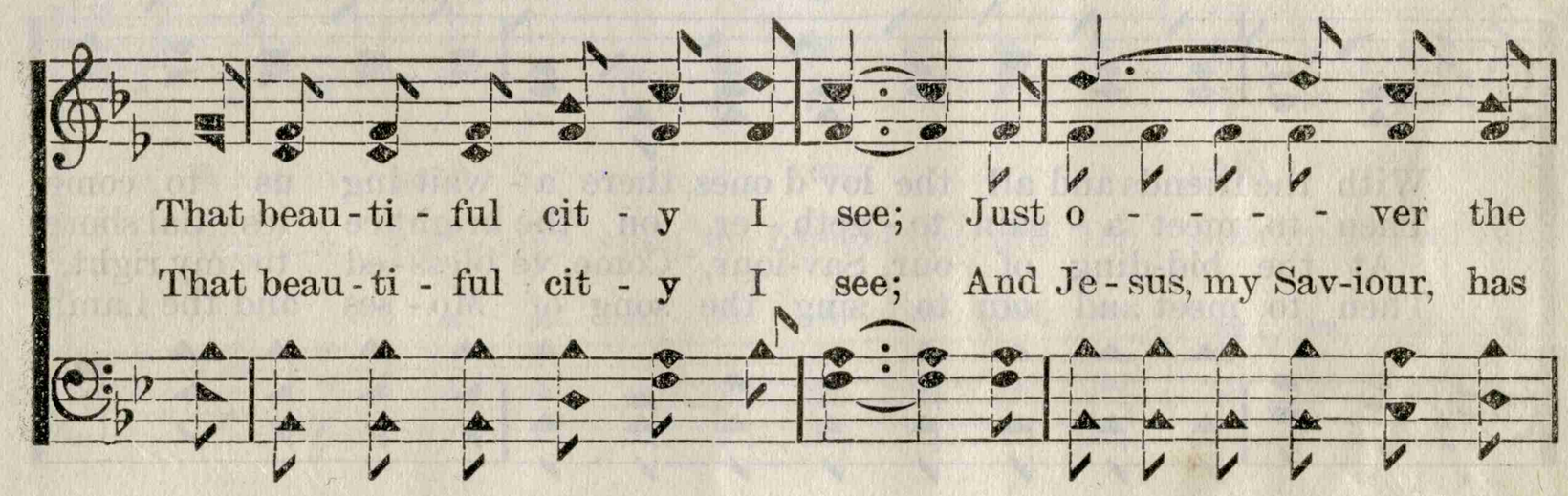
JUST OVER THE RIVER. Concluded.



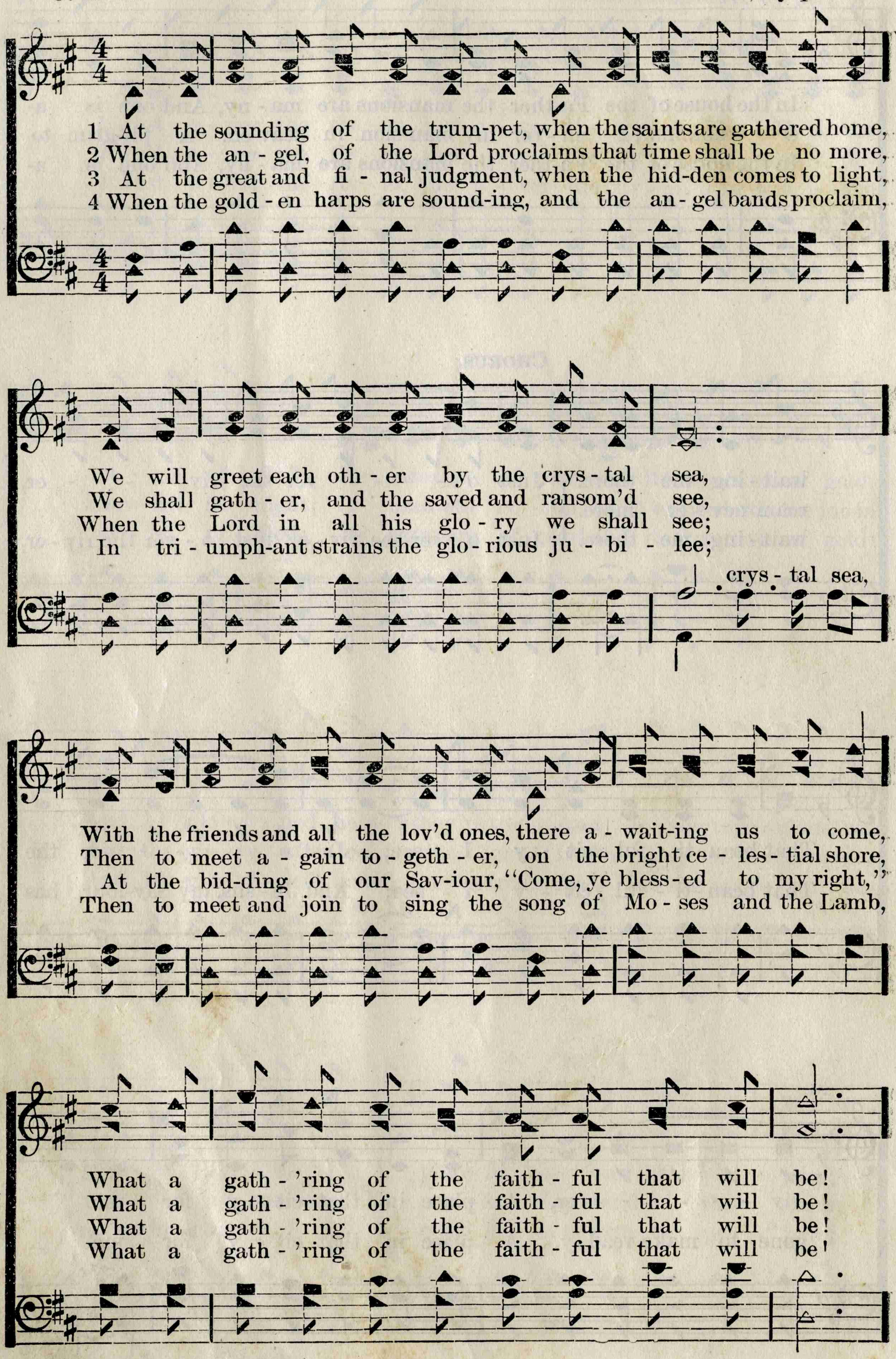
CHORUS.



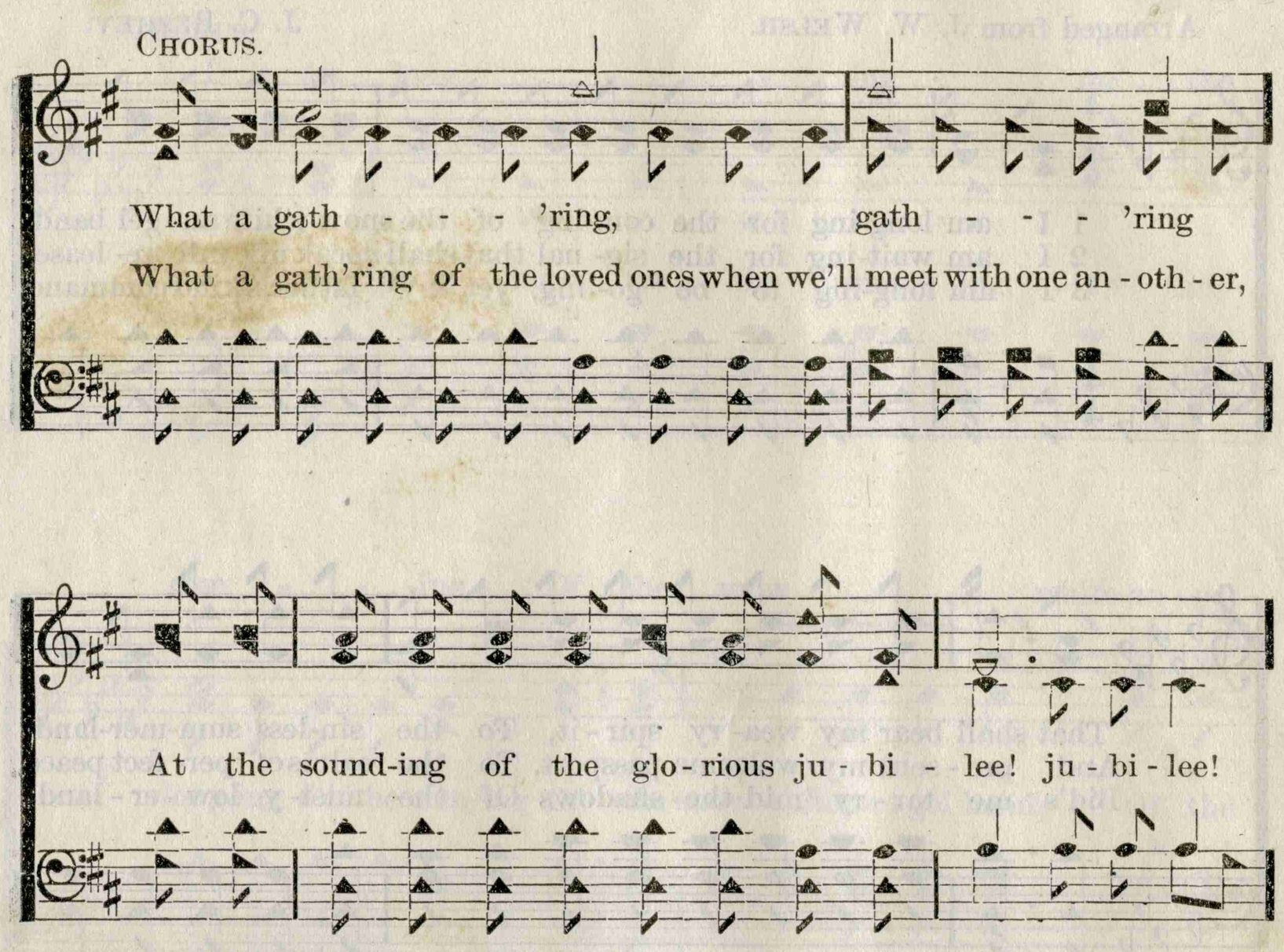


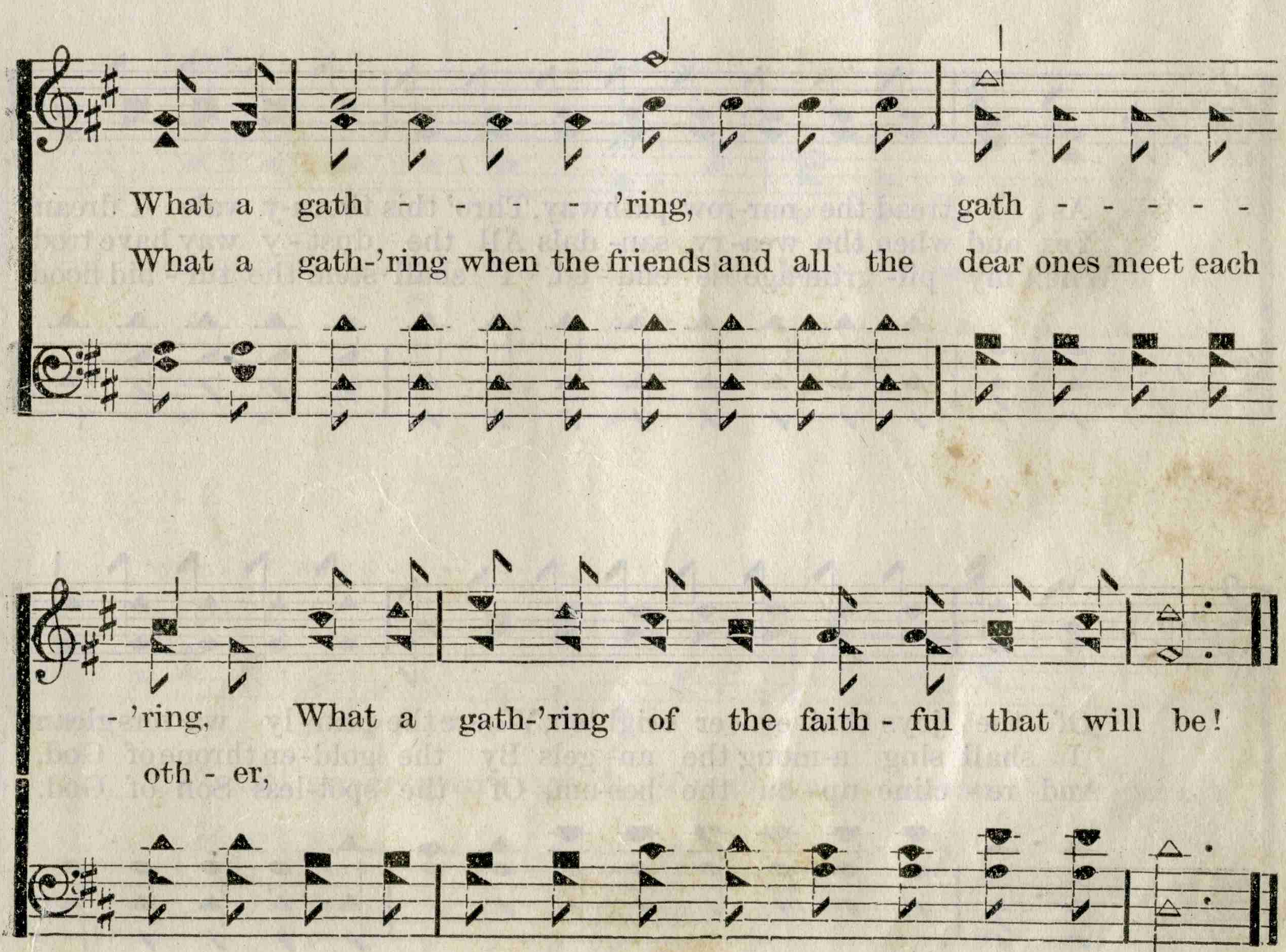
No. 58. What a Gathering That will be.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE, by per.



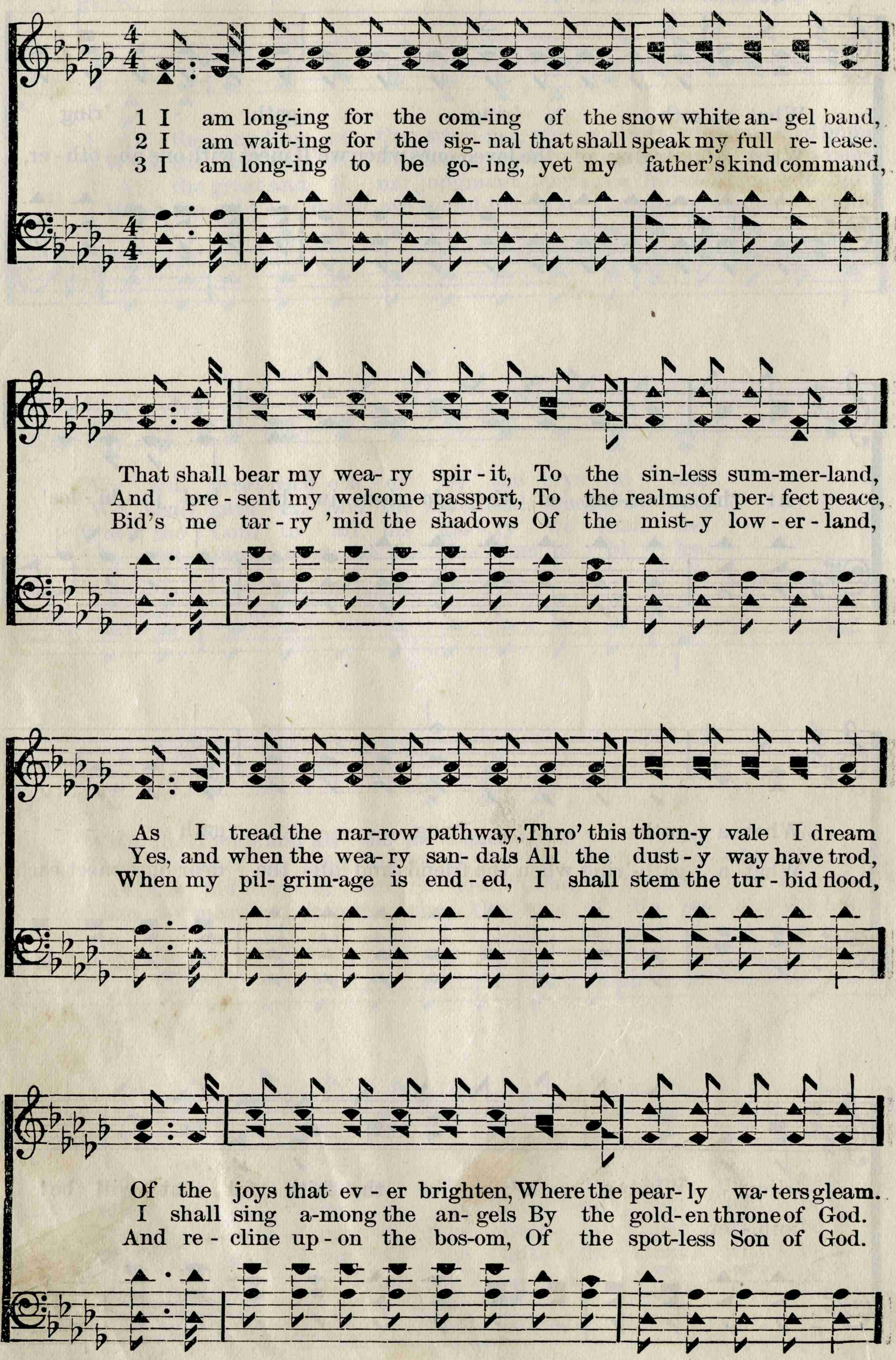
What a Gathering That will be. Concluded.





No. 59. THE SINLESS SUMMERLAND.

Arranged from J. W. WELSH. J. C. BUSHEY.

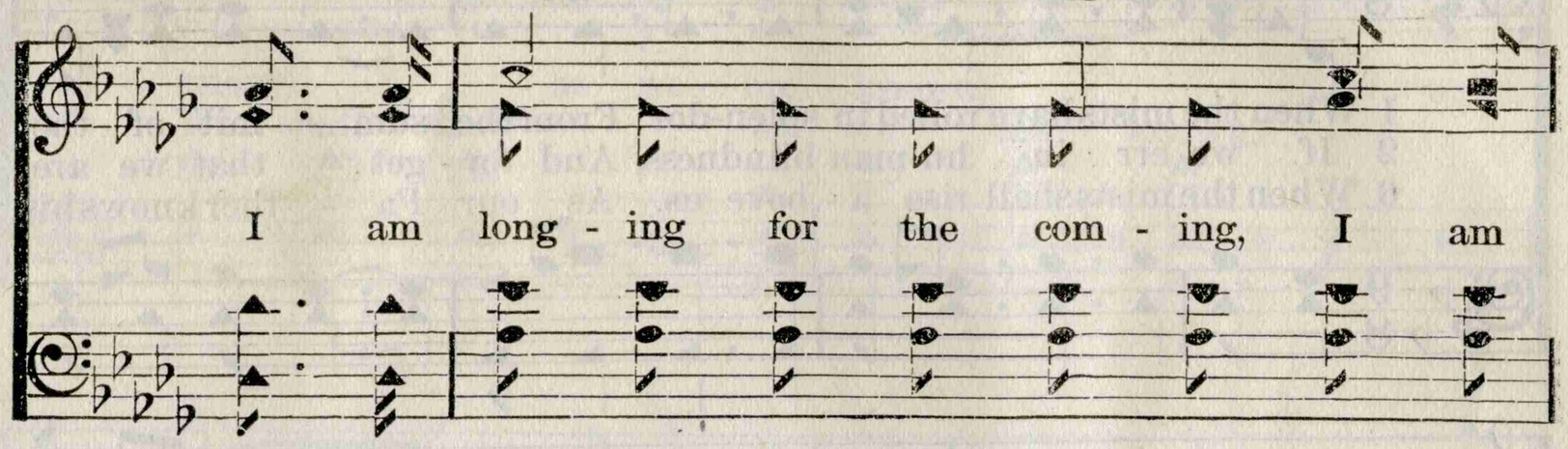


Copyright, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.

THE SINLESS SUMMERLAND. Concluded.

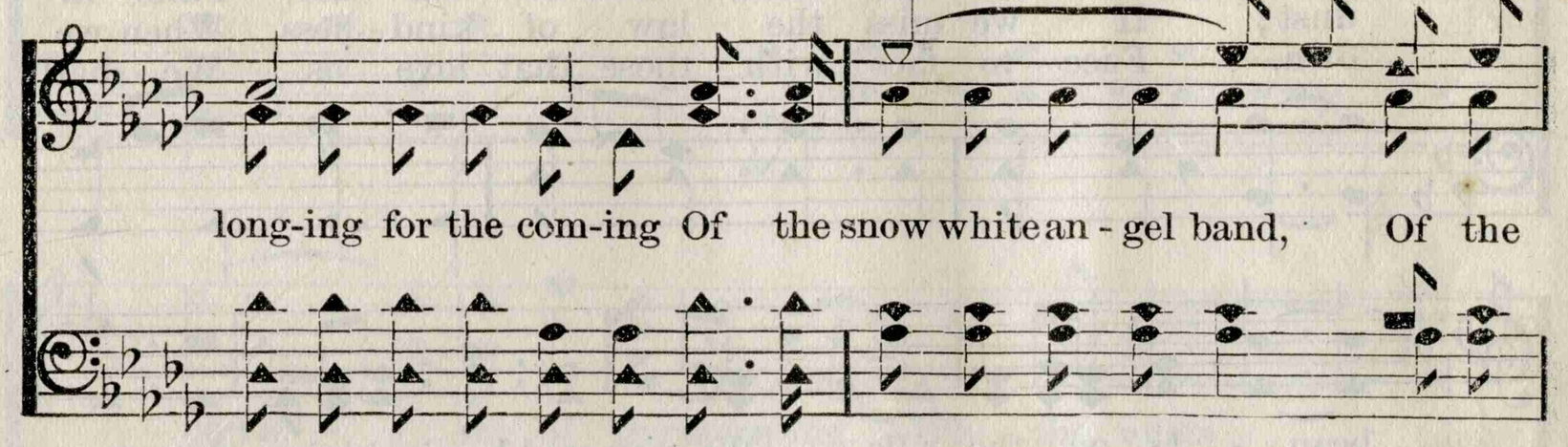
CHORUS.

I am long - - - - ing for the



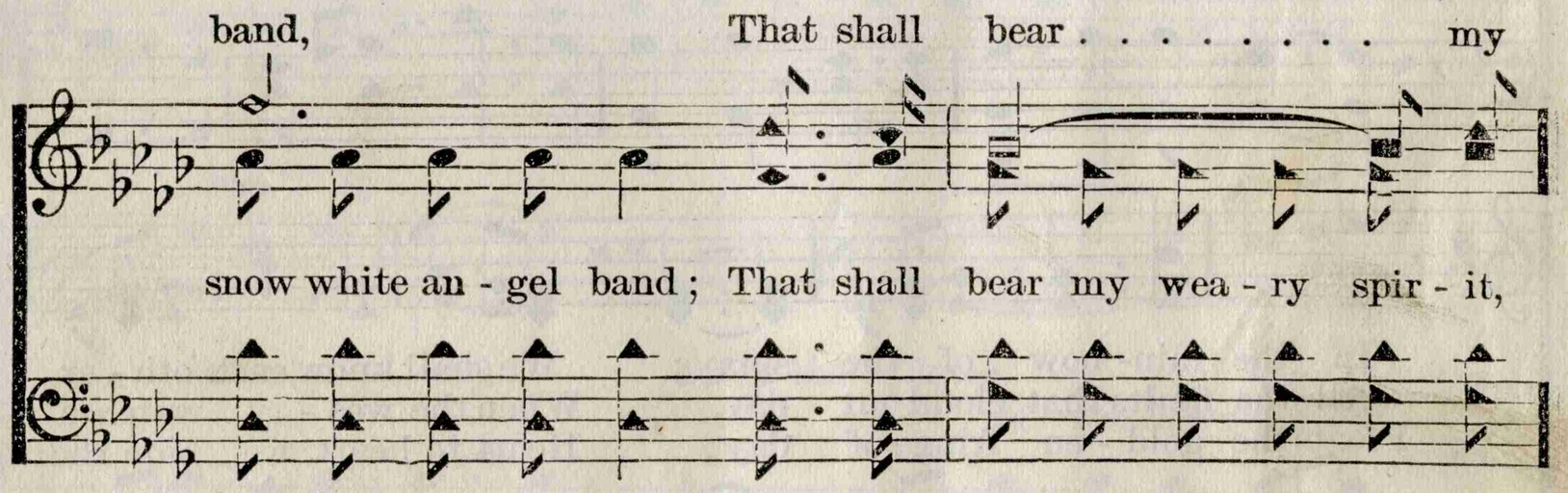
I am long - ing for the com - ing, I am

com - - ing Of the snow . . . . . white an - gel



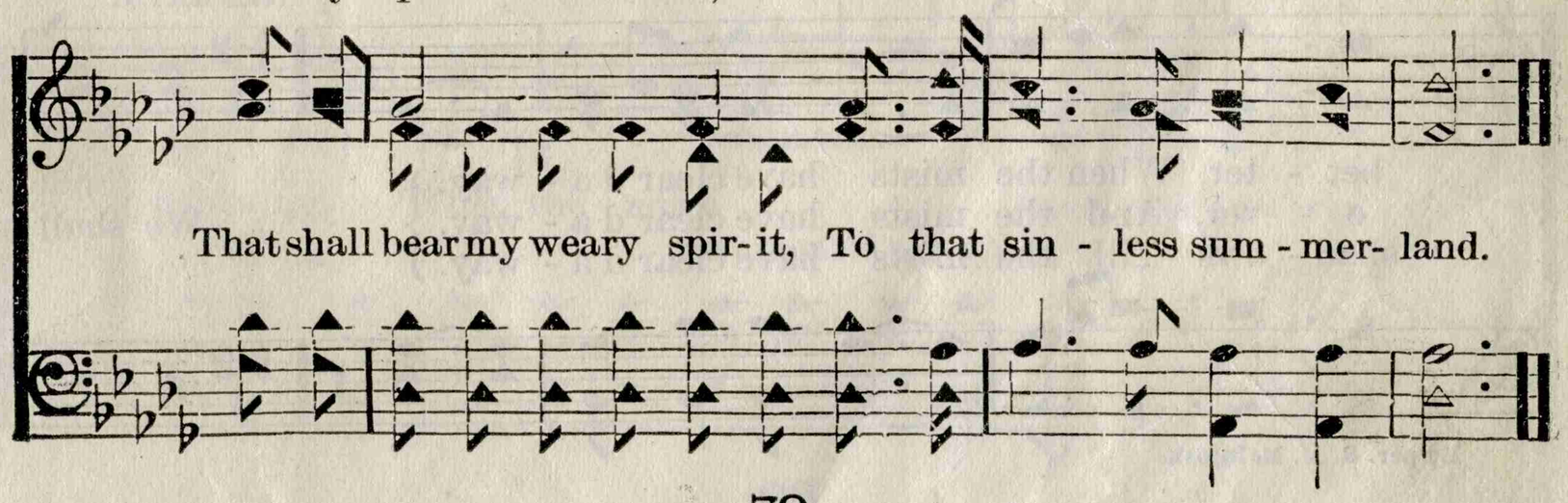
long-ing for the com-ing Of the snow white an - gel band, Of the

band, That shall bear . . . . . my



snow white an - gel band; That shall bear my wea - ry spir - it,

wea - ry spir - - - it,



That shall bear my weary spir-it, To that sin - less sum - mer- land.

No. 60. When the Mists have Cleared away.

ANNIE HERBERT. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the sum - mit of the hills, And the sun - shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in
2 If we err in hu-man blindness, And for - get that we are dust; If we miss the law of kind - ness, When we
3 When the mists shall rise a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to face with those that love us, We shall

beau - ty on the rills, We may read love's shining let - ter
strug - gle to be just, Snowy wings of love shall cov - er
know as we are known; Lo! be-yond the o-ri-ent meadows

In the rain- bow of the spray; We shall know each oth - er
All the faults that cloud our day, When the wea - ry watch is
Floats the gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart, we bide the

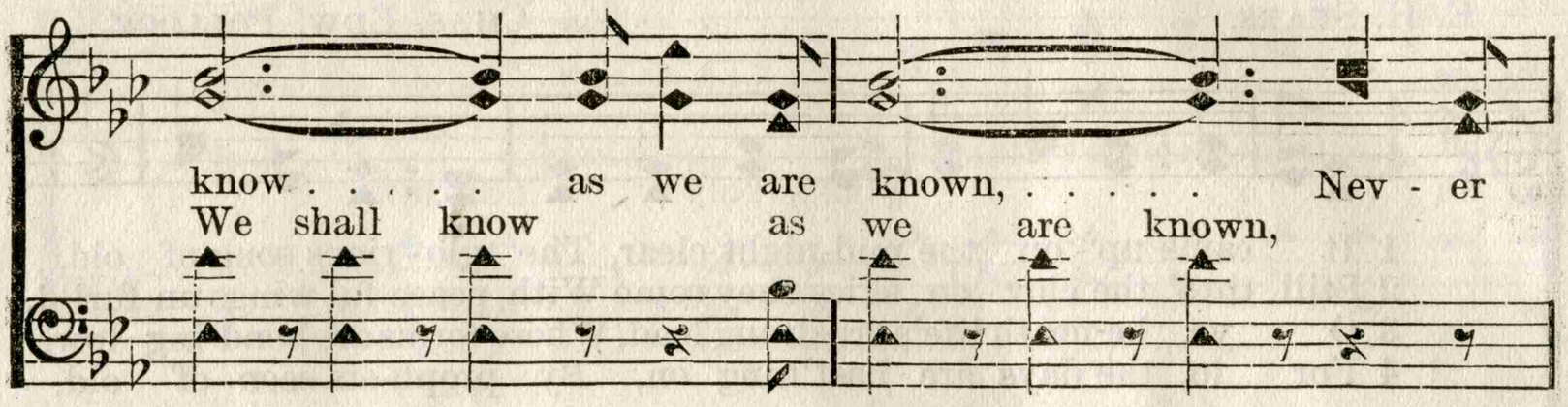
REFRAIN.

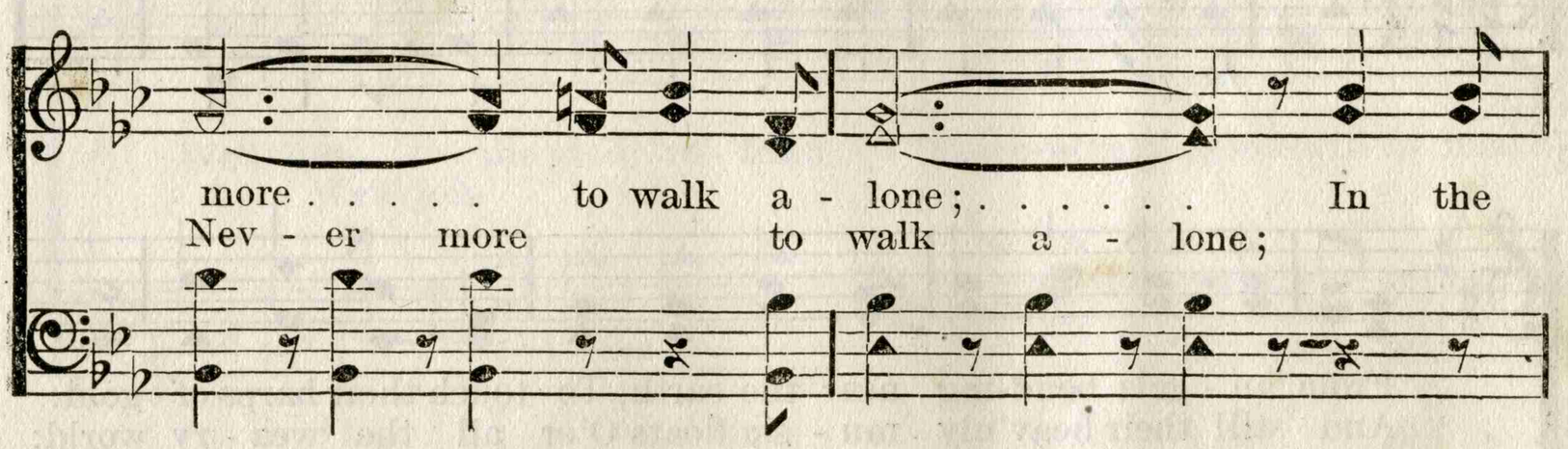
bet - ter, When the mists have clear'd a - way.
o - ver, And the mists have clear'd a - way.
shad - ows Till the mists have clear'd a - way.

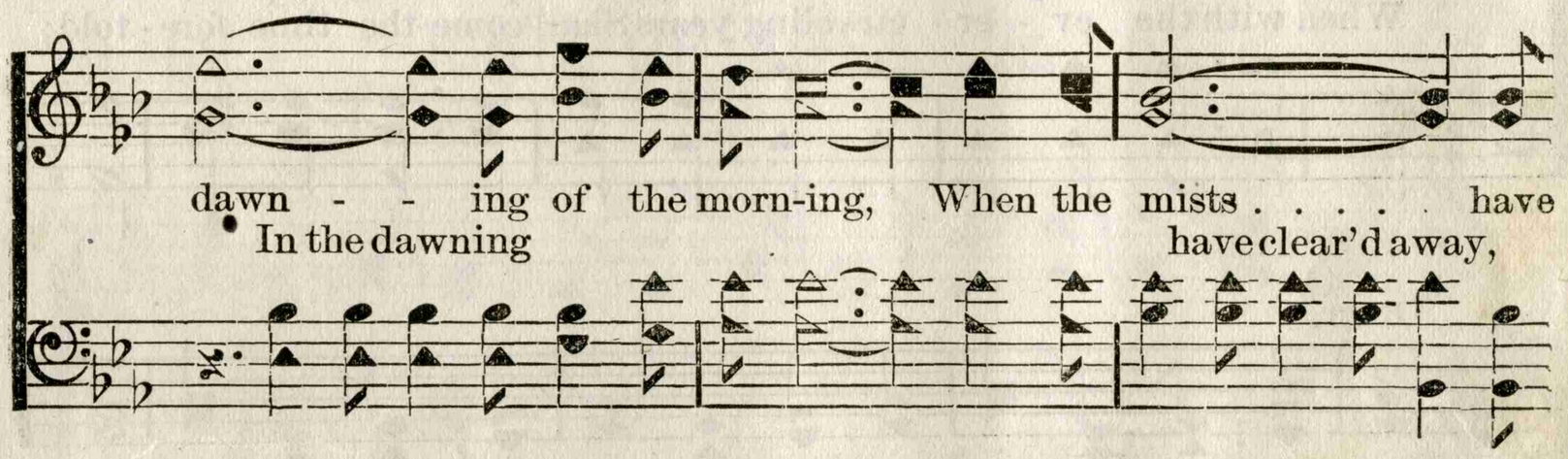
We shall

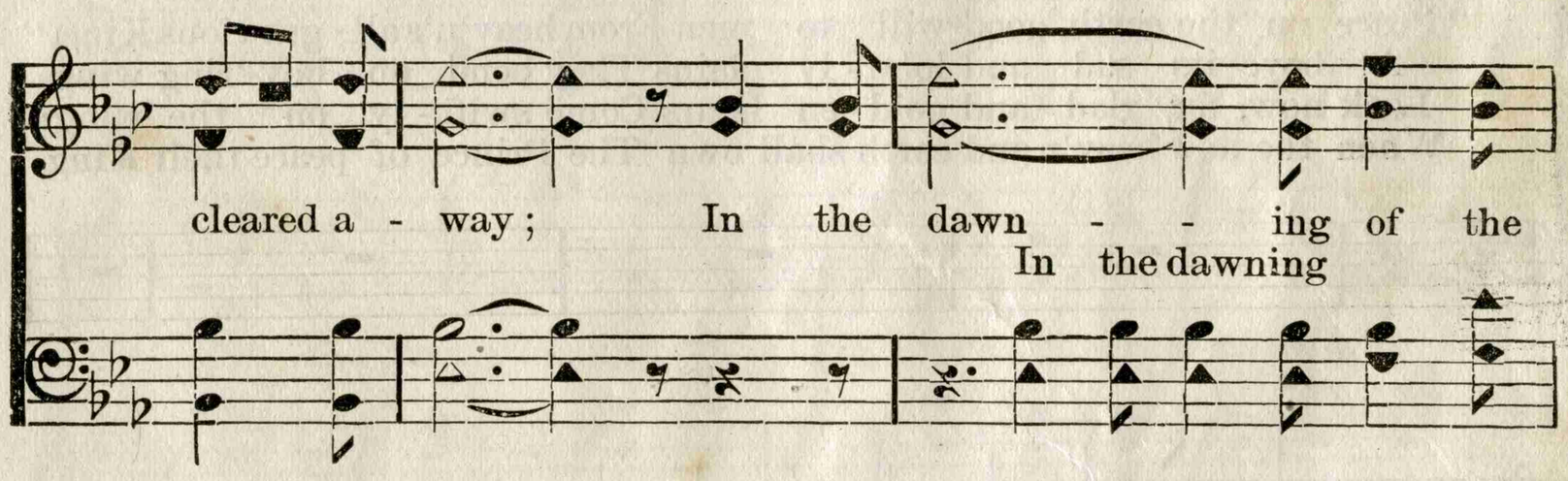
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

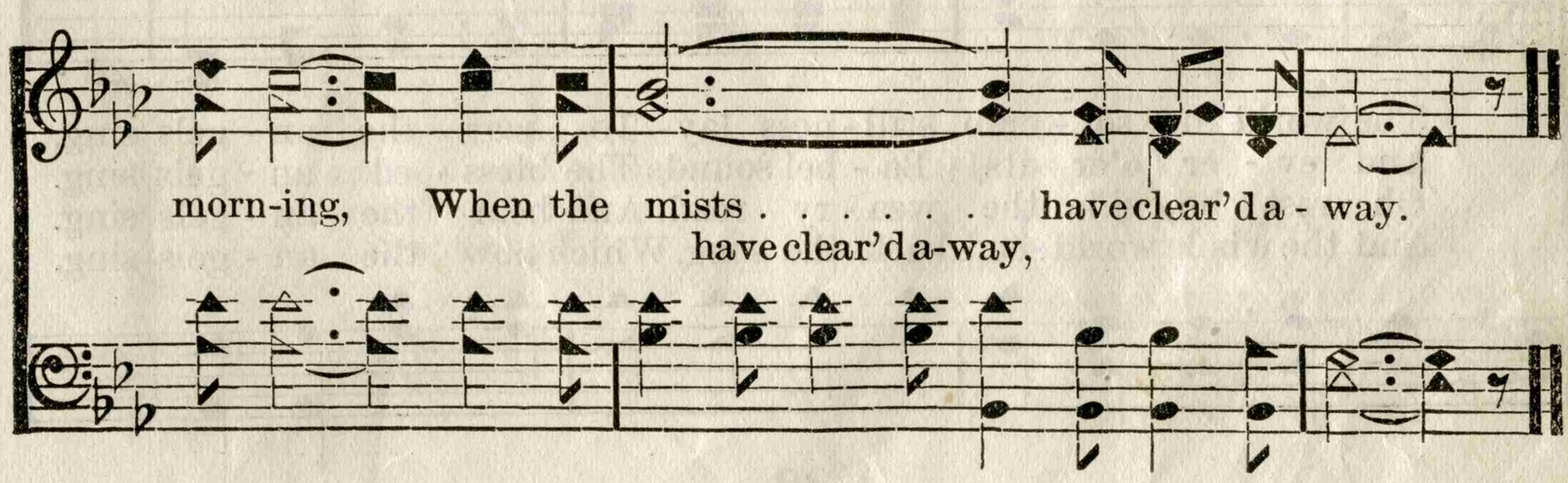
When the Mists have Cleared away. Concluded.





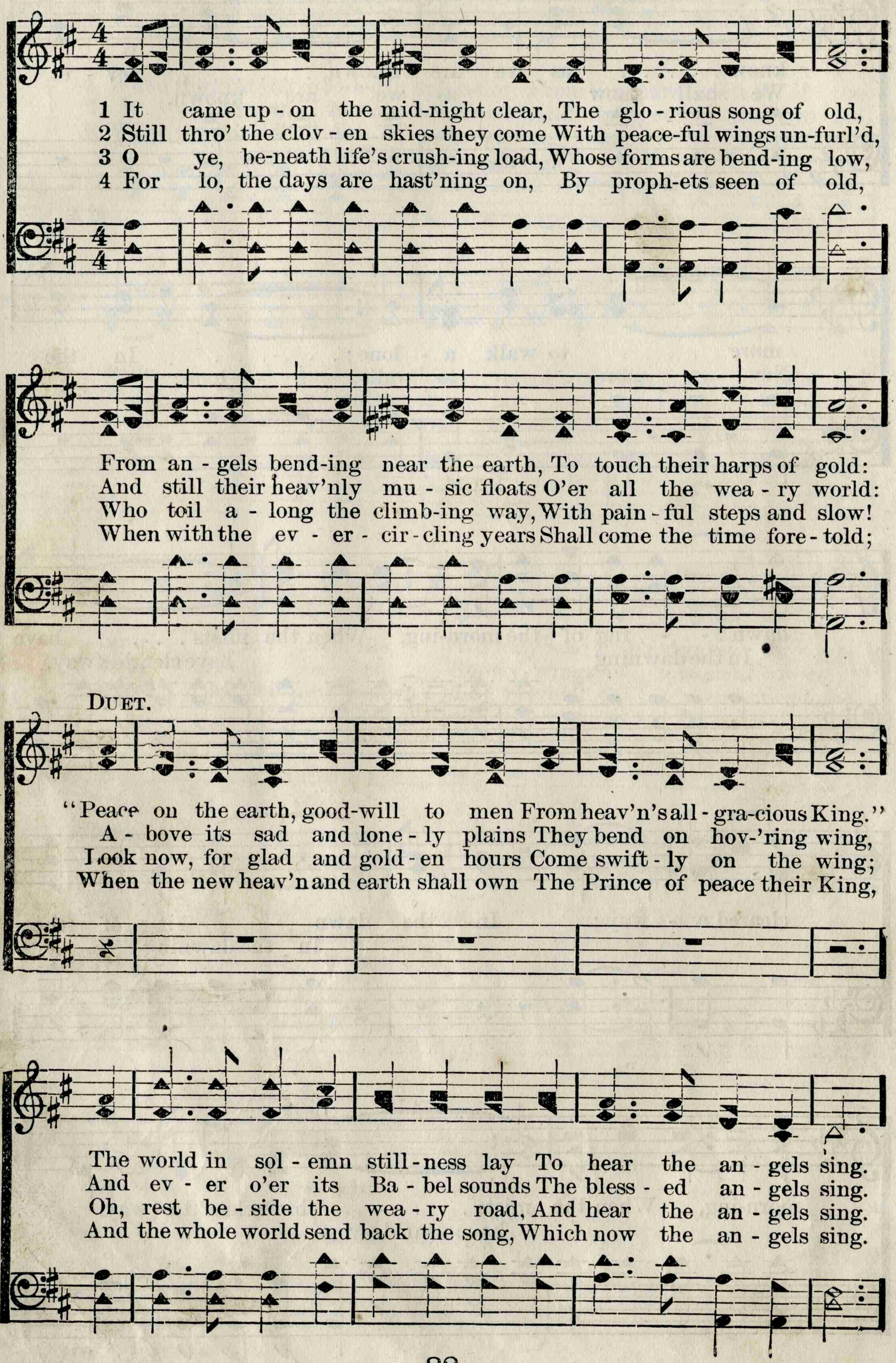




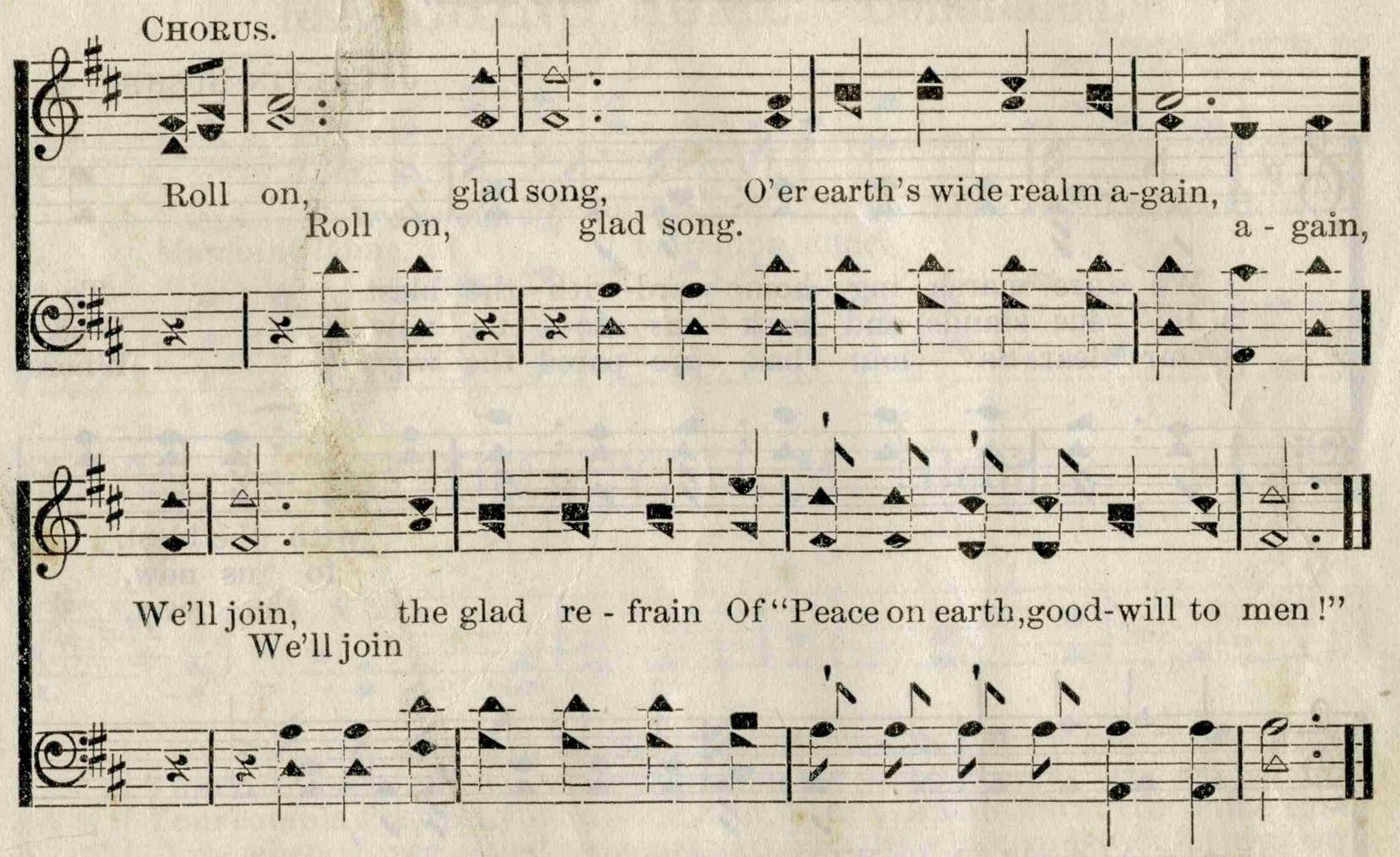


No. 61. SONG OF THE ANGELS.

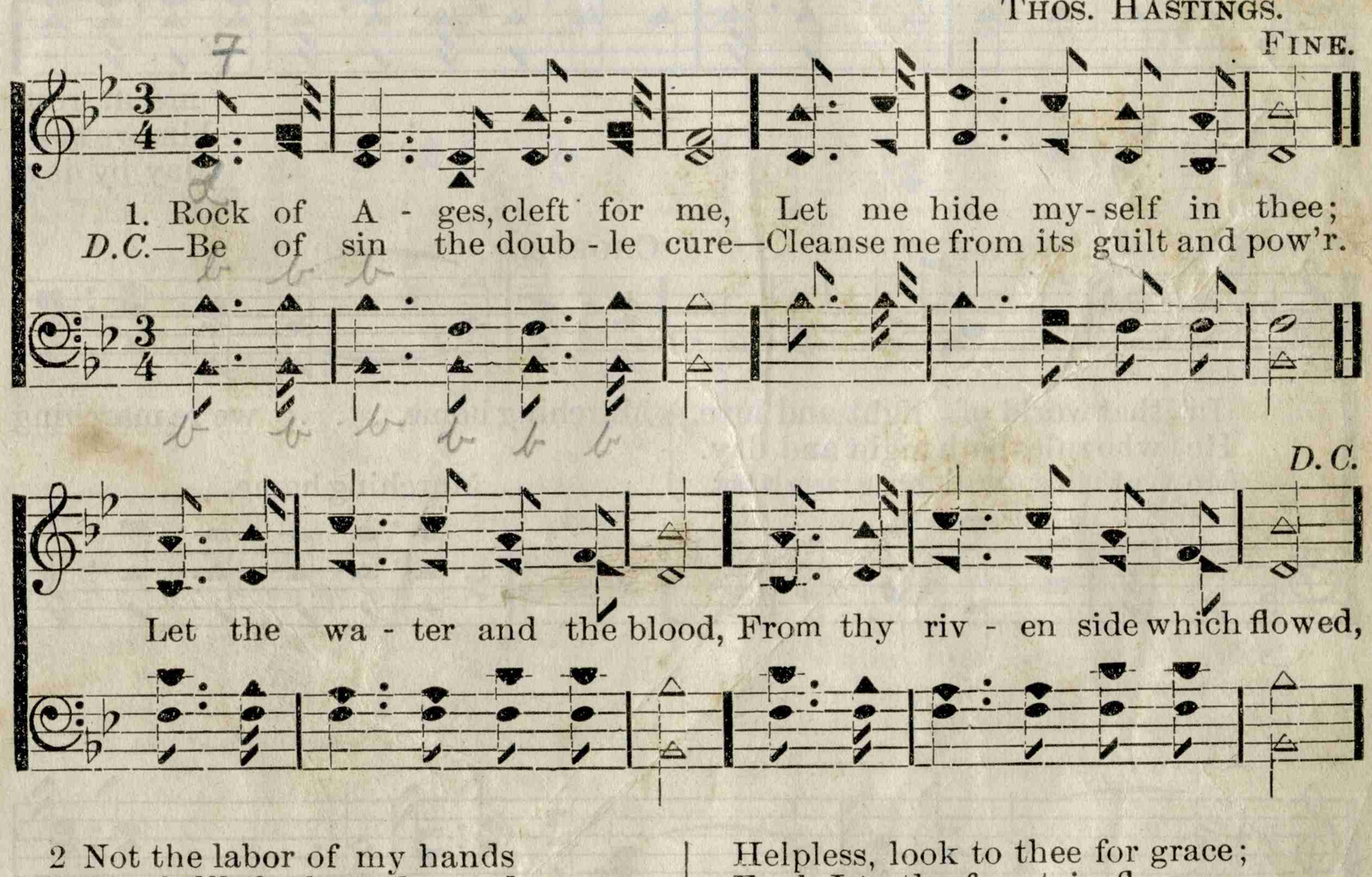
E. H. SEARS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



SONG OF THE ANGELS. Concluded.



No. 62. ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 61.



2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fufill the laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save, and thou alone.

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

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

No. 63. MARCHING HOME.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1 We are march - ing home-ward with the blest, To
2 Je - sus stands and beck - ons to us now, When
3 Our dear Sav - iour has pre - pared the way, Where

with the blest,
to us now,
the way,

that bright world a-bove, Where our friends are gone and are at rest,
falt-'ring on the way; He has saved us, let us to him bow,
all who will may come; Those who serve him tru - ly day by day,

are at rest,
him we bow,
day by day,

CHORUS.

In that world of light and love.
He who rules both night and day.
He at last will bring them home.

} Marching home, . . . we're marching

Marching home,

home, . . . Hap - py home . . . . of peace and love; Marching

marching home, Happy home, peace and love;

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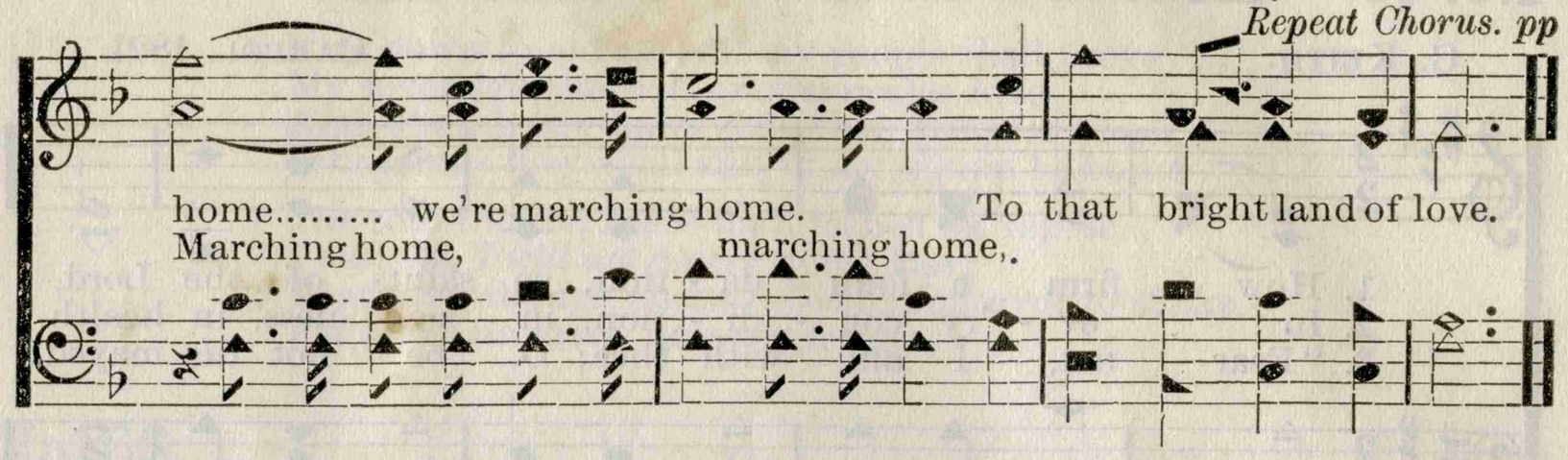
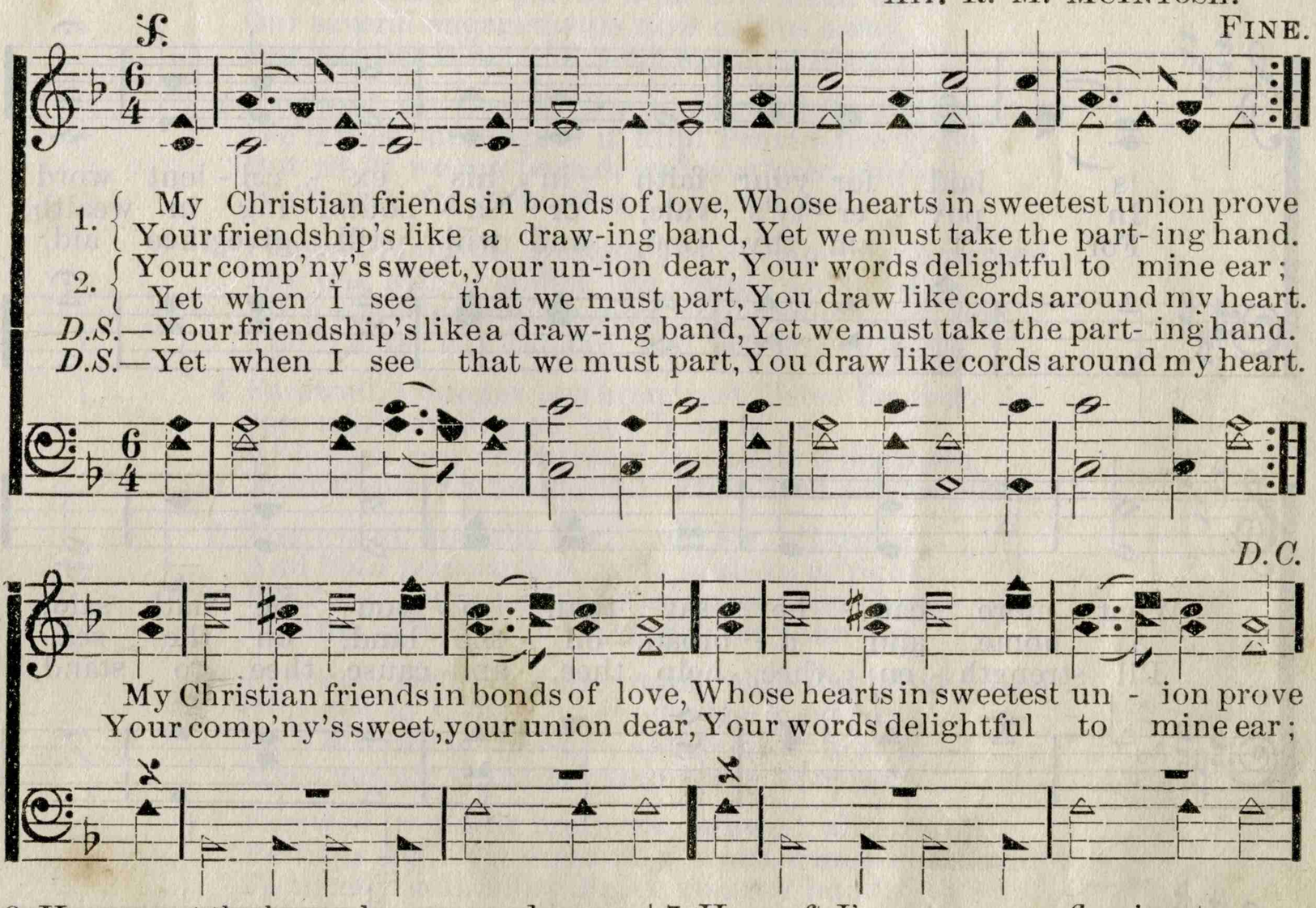
MARCHING HOME. Concluded.



No. 64. BOTTOMLEY. L. M. Double.

Arr. R. M. McIntosh.



1. My Christian friends in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union prove
Your friendship's like a draw-ing band, Yet we must take the part- ing hand.

2. Your comp'ny's sweet, your un-ion dear, Your words delightful to mine ear;
Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like cords around my heart.

D.S.—Your friendship's like a draw-ing band, Yet we must take the part- ing hand.

D.S.—Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like cords around my heart.

3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray!
How loth we are to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face!

4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my drooping mind!
But duty makes me understand
That we must take the parting hand.

5 And since it is God's holy will
We must be parted for awhile.
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.

6 My youthful friends in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore
Where parting will be known no more.

7 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

8 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust his grace; in Canaan's land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

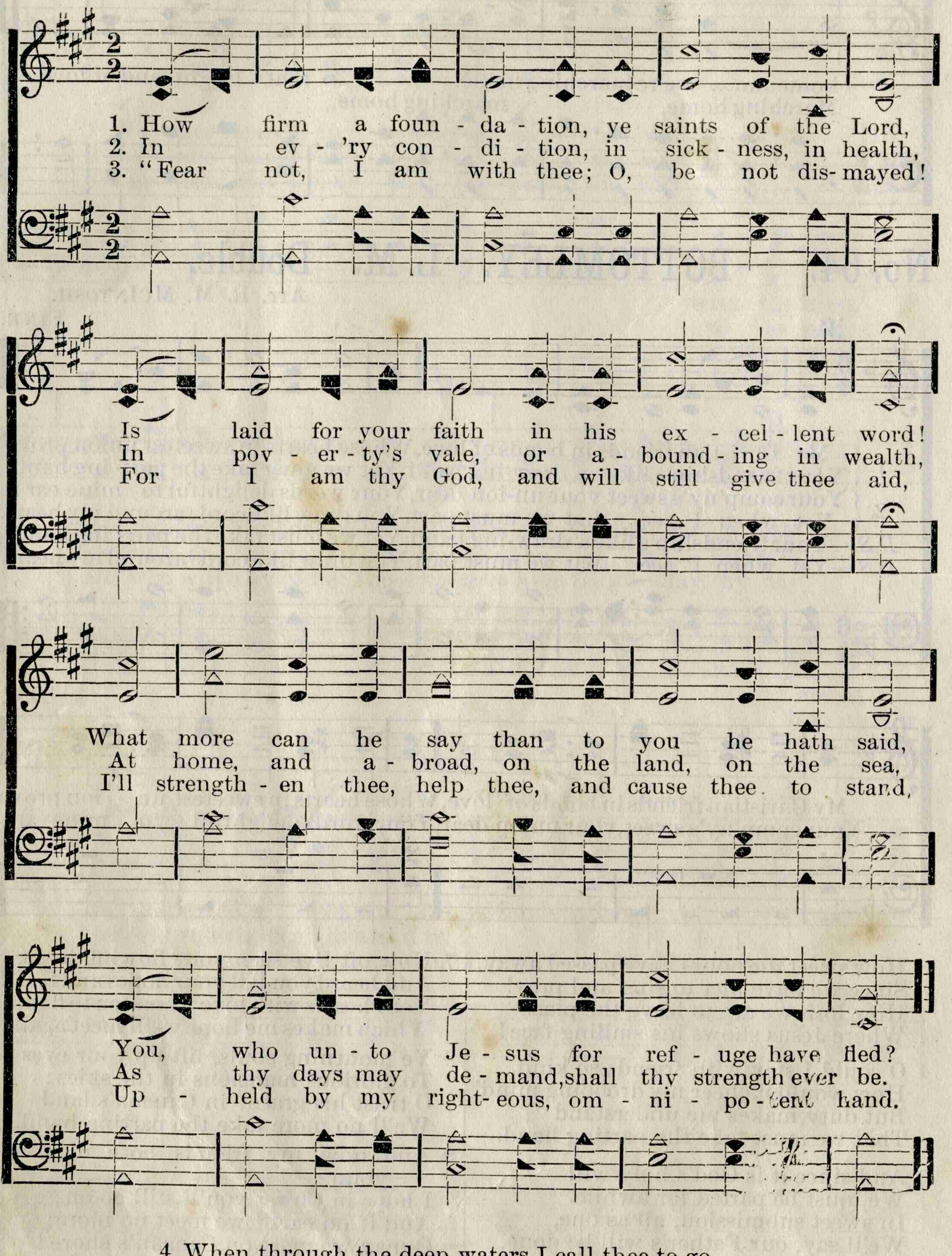
9 And now, my friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more;
O may we meet on Canaan's shore!

10 I hope you'll all remember me
If you on earth no more I see;
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

11 O glorious day! O blessed hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought
When on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

No. 65. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11 s.

G. KEITH. CARROL, 1821.



4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. Concluded.

6 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no *never*, no *never forsake.*

No. 66.

II s.

1 Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand
That we must be parted from this social band;
Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for awhile,
We'll soon meet again if kind Providence smile;
But while we are parted, and scattered abroad,
We'll pray for each other and trust in the Lord.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged,
The war will be ended, the bounty enlarged;
With shouting and singing, tho' Jordan may roar,
You'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, younger brethren, just 'listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near.
Although you must travel this dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you; He'll lead you to peace.

5 The world, and the devil, and sin, all unite,
And bold persecution, your souls to affright;
But Jesus, your leader, is stronger than they—
Let this animate you to march on your way.

6 Farewell, trembling mourners, with sad broken hearts,
O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part;
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell, all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound;
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise, in a pure social band.

No. 67.

II s.

1 Though poor my condition and low my degree
Great joys in the land of the living I see;
One pearl of great price is the whole of my store
I with this have enough for I need nothing more.
I found it when sought for with sorrow and toil,
And joyed when I found it, as finding great spoil;
Since then I have worn it quite near to my heart;
And till death, with my treasure I never will part.

2 This world may despise me with poverty pressed,
They know not the treasure I bear in my breast,
The earnest of riches kept for me in heaven
Soon alas, for this pearl would be cheerfully given.
With this in my bosom, still onward I press,
To sum up my labor and finish my race;
This token will pass me through heaven's high door,
And possessing it there I shall need nothing more.

No. 68. Walking The Golden Streets.

A. S. DOUGHTY. GEO. C. HUGG, by per.

1 Who, who are these cloth'd in garments pure and white, Walk-ing the
2 These, these are they who through trib-u - la - tion came, Bear - ing the
3 There - fore they dwell with the Sav - iour they behold, Walk through the

streets of that cit - y fair and bright, Dwell-ing in light where no
cross—who en - dur'd reproach and shame; Hav - ing their robes wash'd in
streets that are pav'd with pur - est gold, Freed from all sor - row, they

burn - ing rays are known, Standing near the great e - ter - nal throne.
blood of Calvary's Lamb, There-fore do they bear the conqueror's palm.
shout o'er con - flict pass'd, Praise to Je - sus—vic - to - ry at last.

CHORUS.

Walk - - - - - - ing through the streets, ...
Walk - ing thro' the streets, thro' the beau - ti - ful gold - en streets,

Walk - - - - - - ing through the streets, ...
Walk - ing thro' the streets, thro' the beau - ti - ful gold - en streets,

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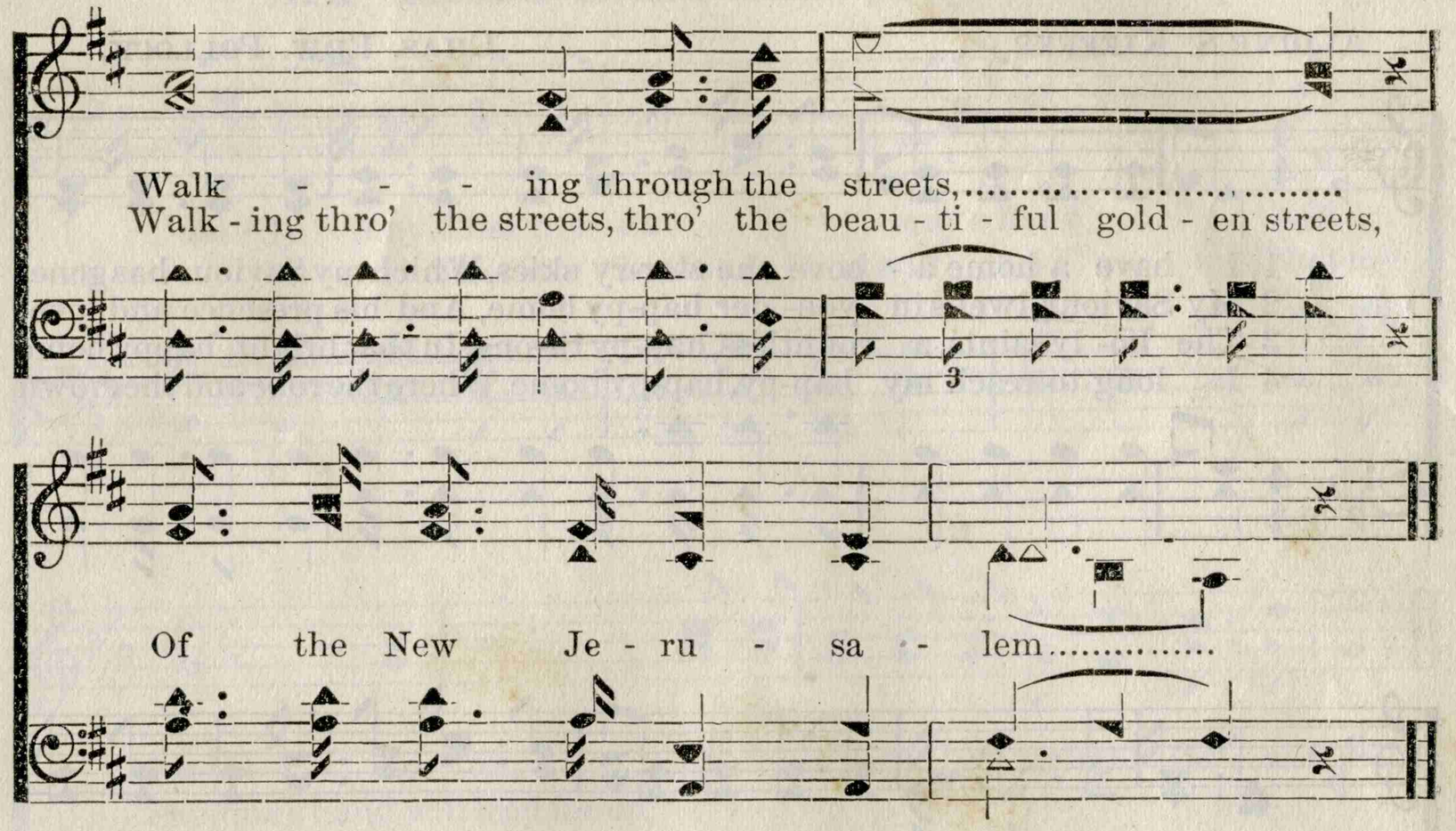
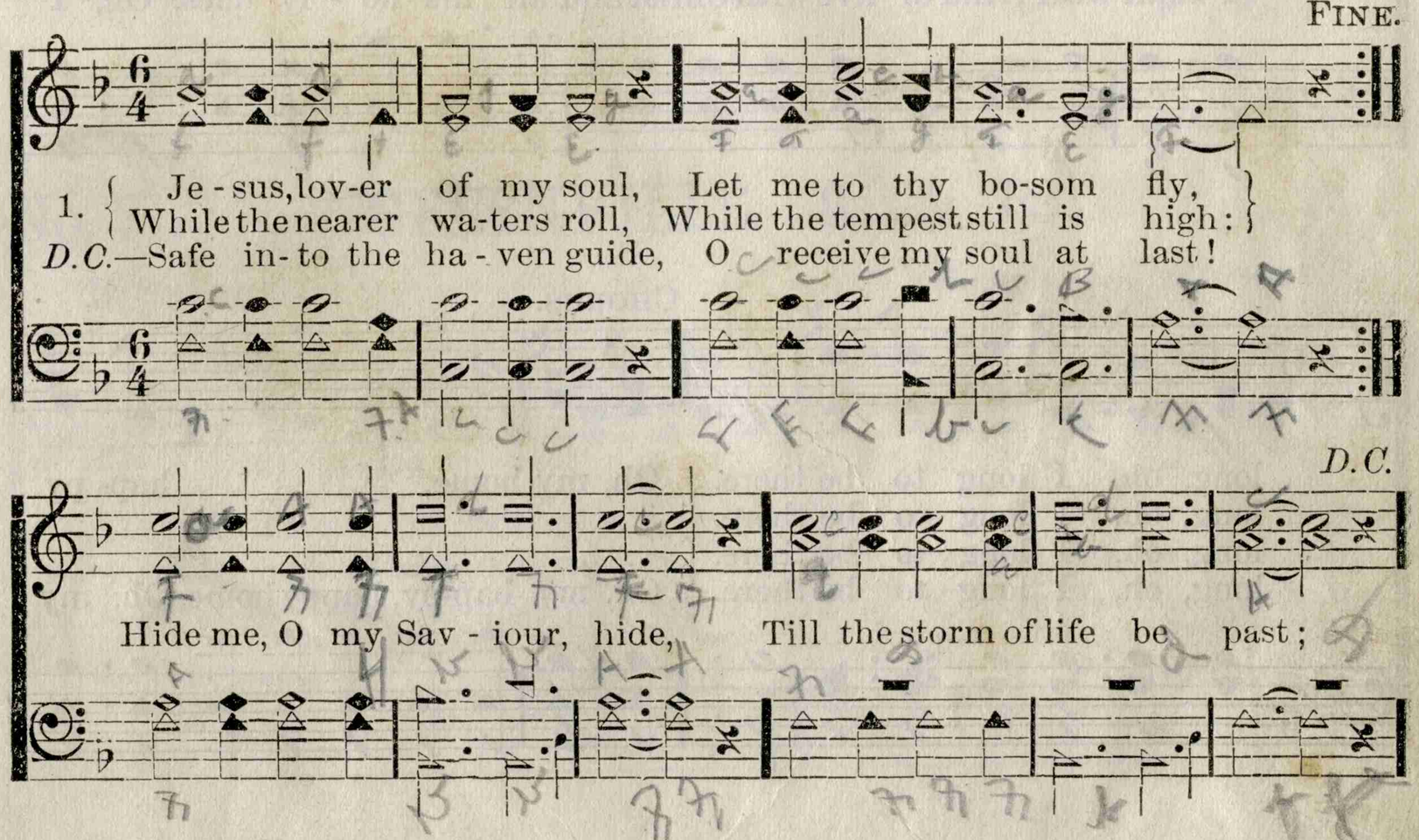
Walking The Golden Streets. Concluded.



No. 69. MARTYN.



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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, Cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name;
Prince of peace and righteousness:
Most unworthy, Lord, 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. 70.

MY HAPPY HOME.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1 I have a home a - bove the star-ry skies, Which my Saviour has gone
2 My Saviour dwells in yon- der hap-py home, And his presence and love
3 The ho- ly saints, a countless, hap-py throng, In that bright, happy home
4 I long to reach my hap-py, hap-py home, Where the robe and the crown

to pre-pare; It is free from sin and ev - 'ry earth- ly ill, Oh, I
make it fair; He will walk with me a - long its gold - en streets, Oh, I
have a share; I will meet them there to talk of Je - sus' love, Oh, I
I shall wear; And to live with Christ and all his ho - ly ones, Oh, I

CHORUS.

long, oh, I long to be there. Oh, my home, hap- py
long, oh, I long to be there.
long, oh, I long to be there.
long, oh, I long to be there. Oh, my hap-py, happy home, Oh, my

home, far a - way; To reach thee safe I
hap-py, hap-py home, far a - way, far a- way;

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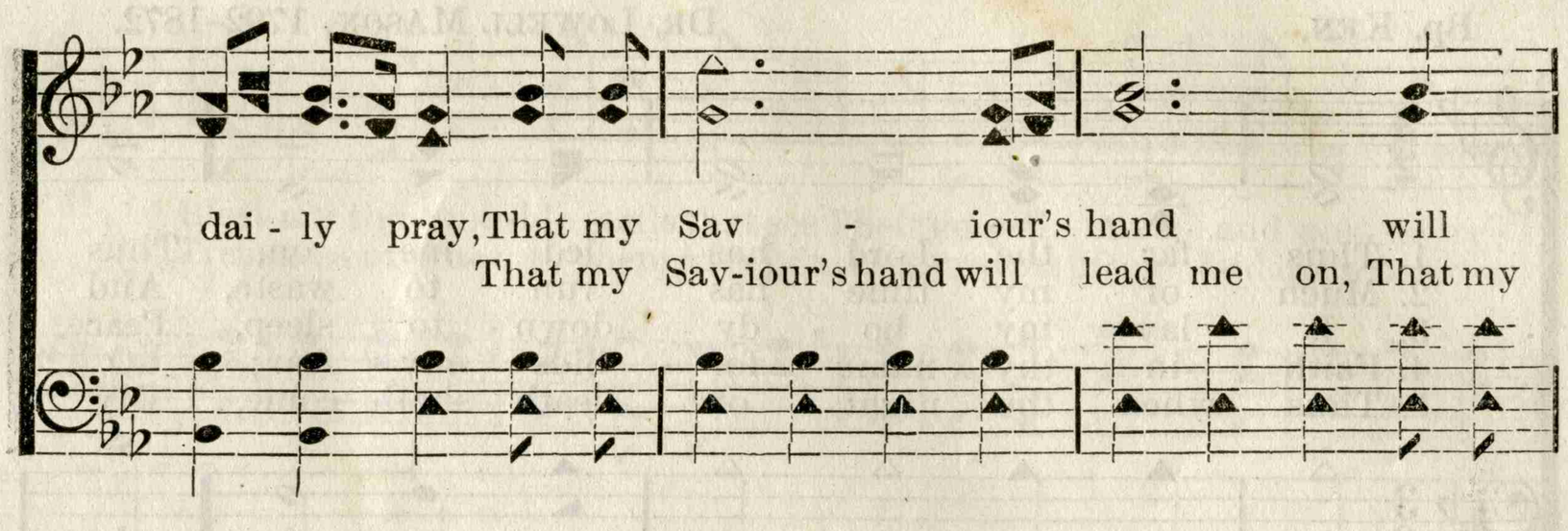
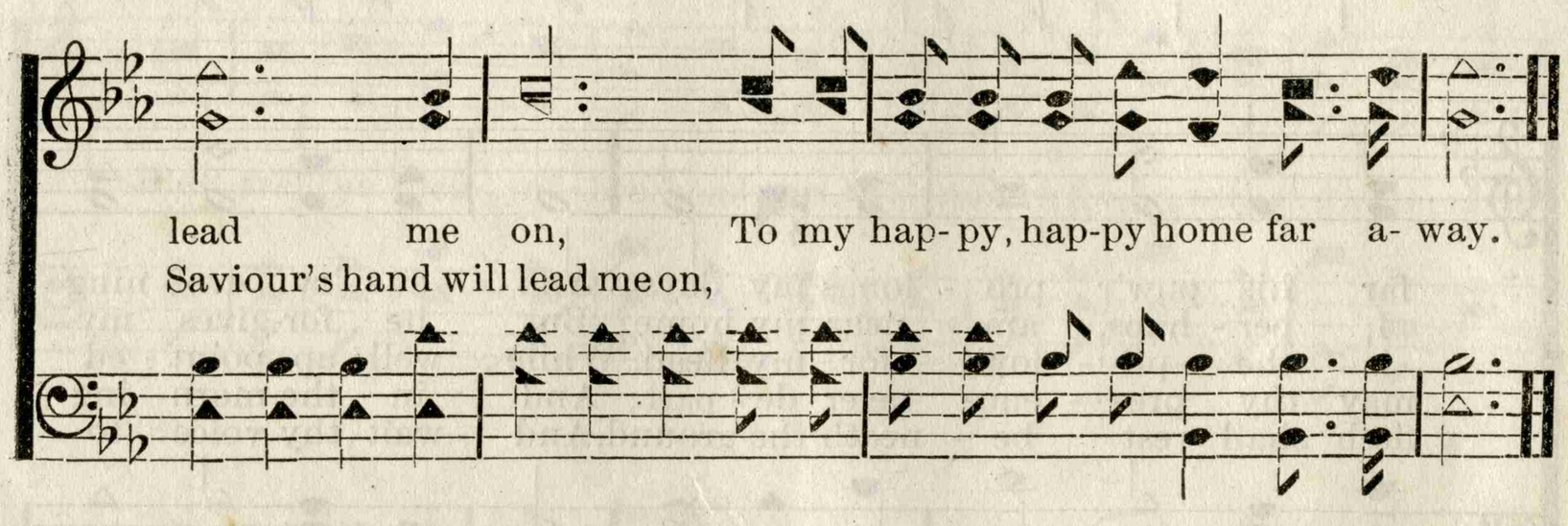
MY HAPPY HOME. Concluded.

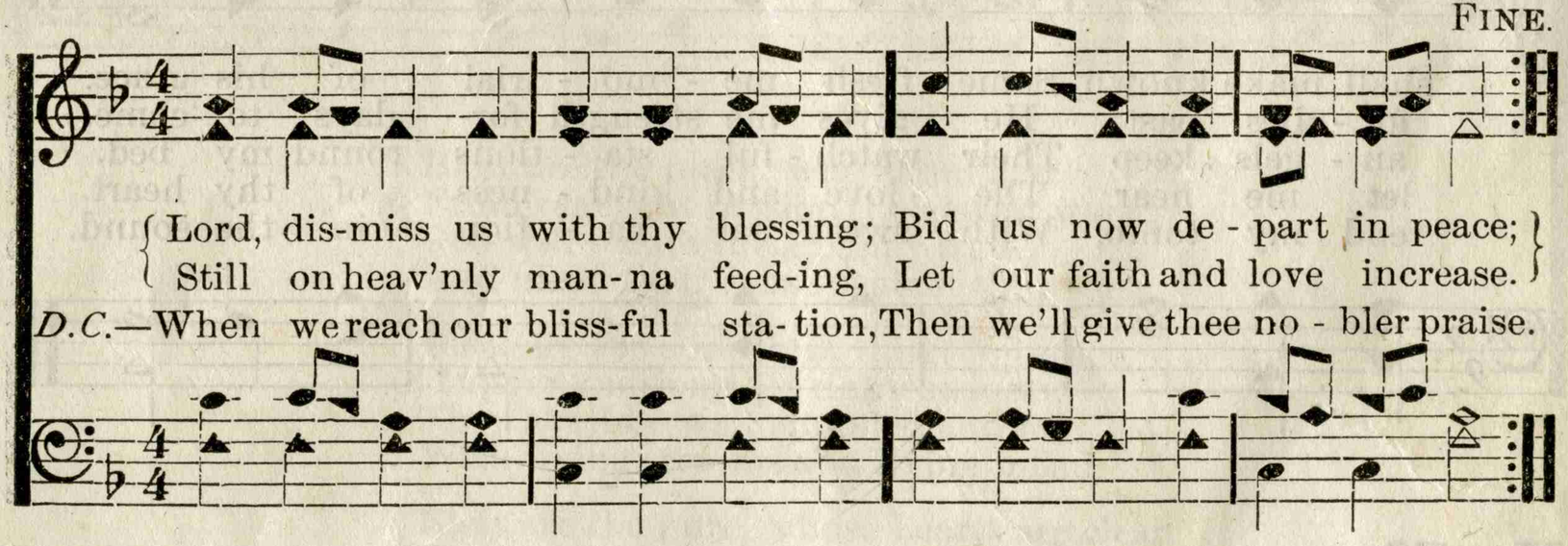




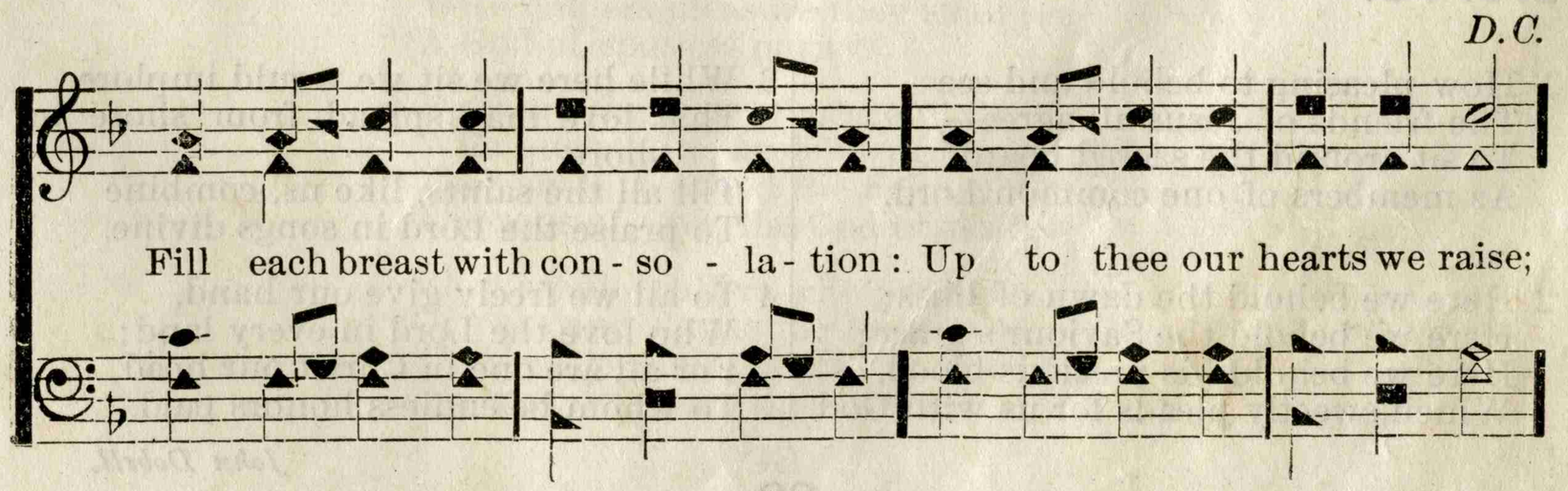
No. 71. GREENVILLE. 8s. & 7s.

E. SMYTHE. J. J. ROSSEAU.

FINE.

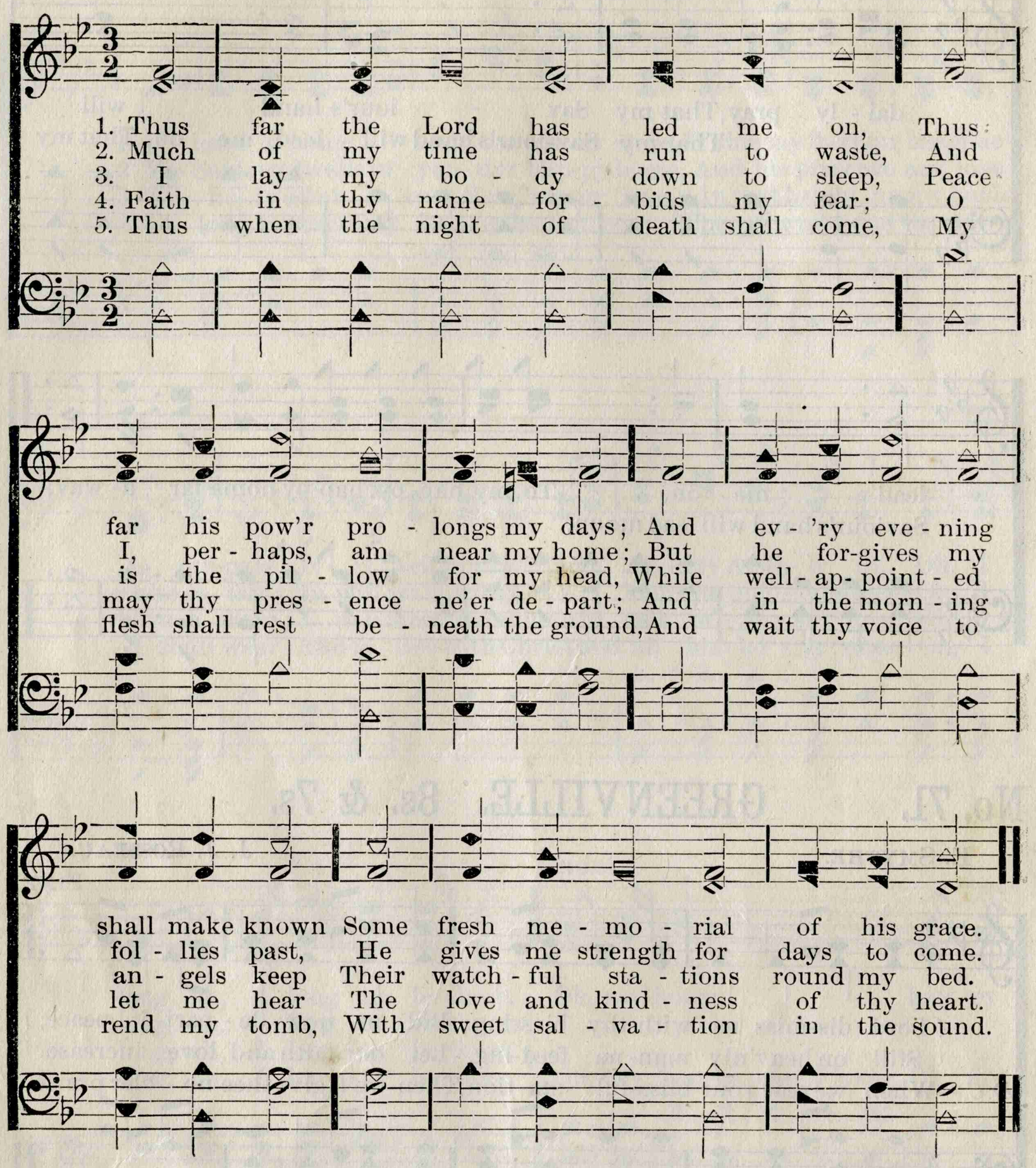


D.C.



No. 72. HEBRON. L. M.

Bp. KEN. DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872.



No. 73.

L. M.

1 How pleasing to behold and see
The friends of Jesus all agree—
To sit around the sacred board
As members of one common Lord.

2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss;
Here we behold the Saviour's grace;
Here we behold his precious blood,
Which sweetly pleads for us with God.

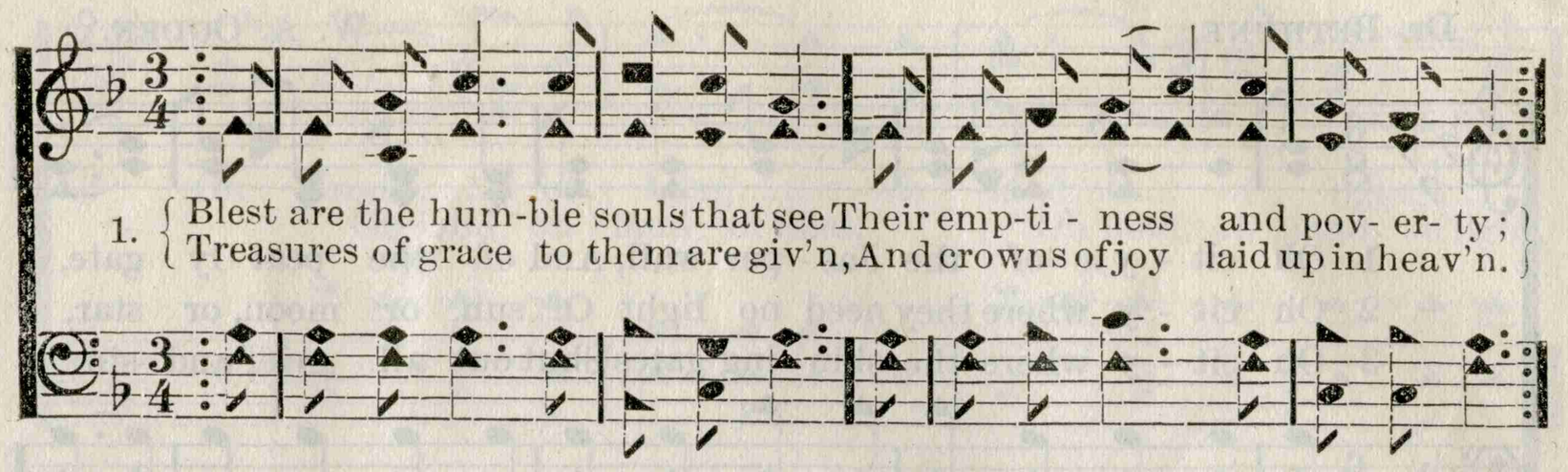
3 While here we sit we would implore,
That love may spread from shore to shore,
Till all the saints, like us, combine
To praise the Lord in songs divine.

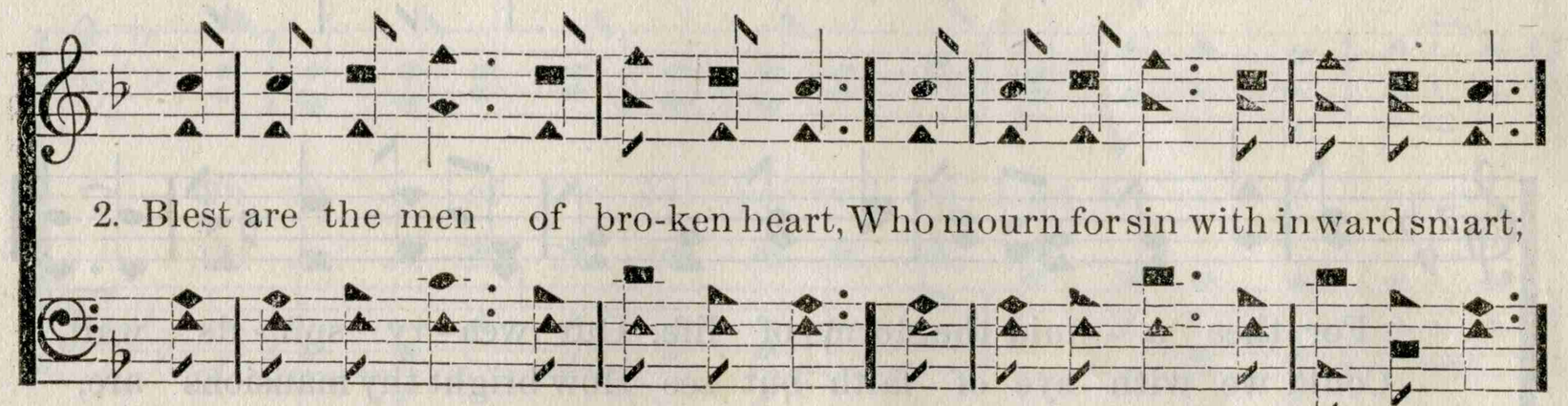
4 To all we freely give our hand,
Who love the Lord in every land;
For all are one in Christ our head,
To whom be endless honors paid.

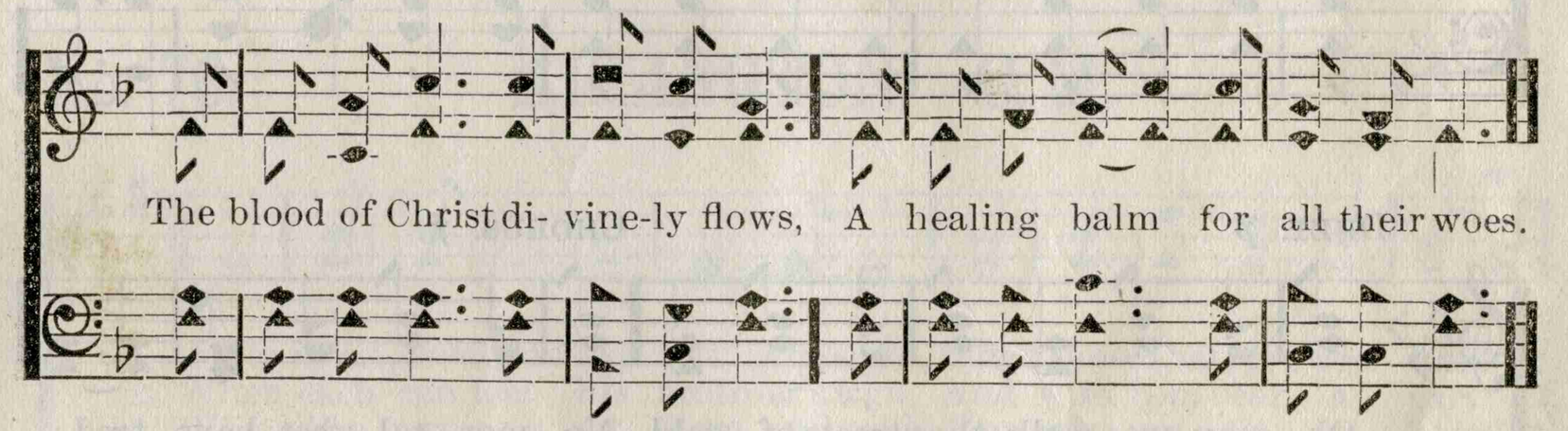
John Dobell.

No. 74. HE LIVES. L. M. D.

WATTS.







3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness,
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin,
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

6 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife,
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

7 Blest are the suffers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

No. 75. CITY OF THE JASPER WALL.

Dr. BETHUNE. W. A. OGDEN.

1 Oh cit - y of the Jas - per wall, And of the pear - ly gate,
2 Oh cit - y where they need no light Of sun, or moon, or star,
3 Oh cit - y where the shin - ing gates Shut out all grief and sin,

For thee a - mid the storms of life, Our wea - ry spir - its wait,
Could we with eye of faith but see How bright thy mansions are,
Well may we yearn a - mid earth's strife, Thy ho - ly peace to win. —

DUET. *p* CHORUS. *f*

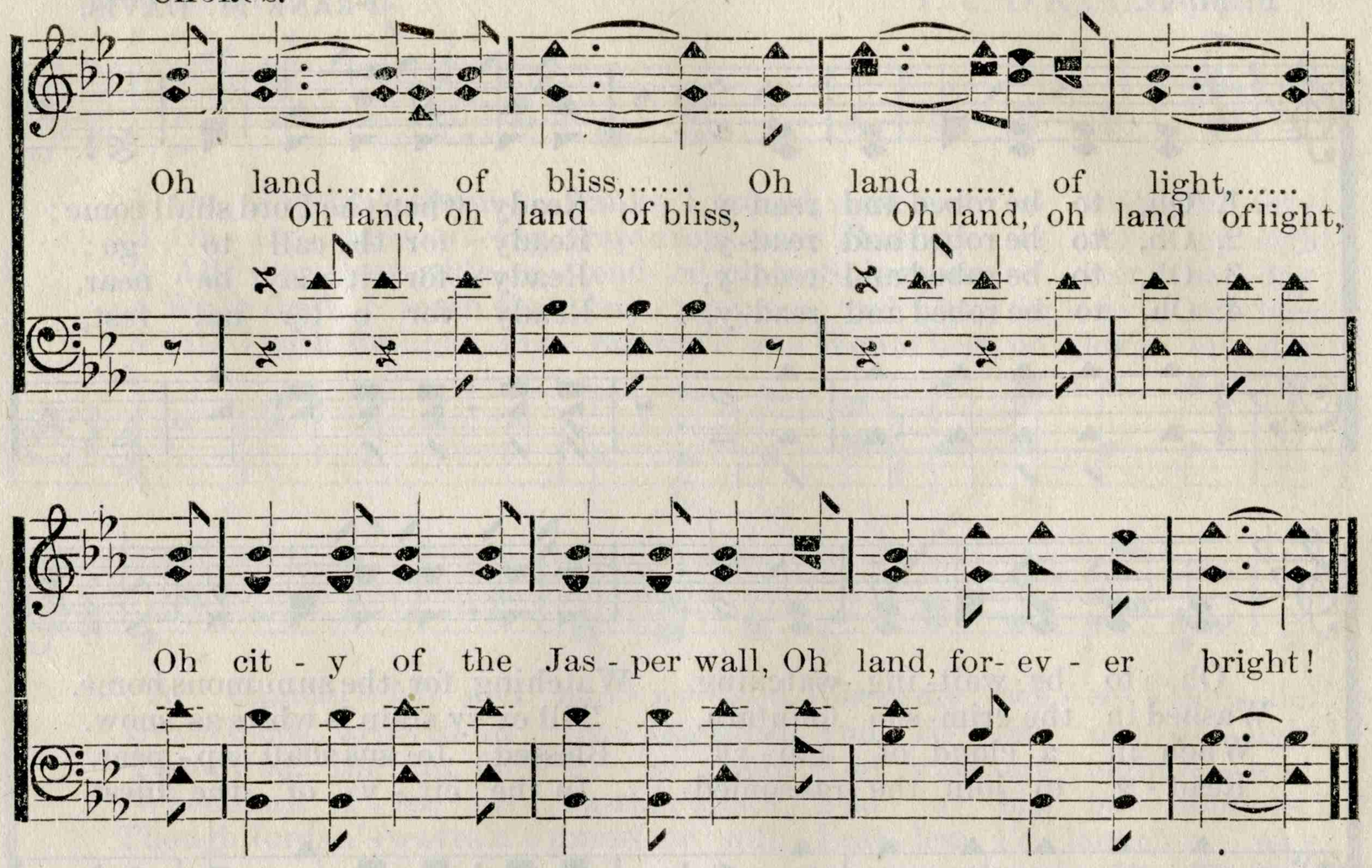
Oh, may we walk the streets of gold, No mor - tal feet have trod;
How soon our doubts would flee a - way, How strong our trust would grow,
Yet will we meek - ly bear the cross, Nor seek to lay it down,

DUET. *p* CHORUS. *f*

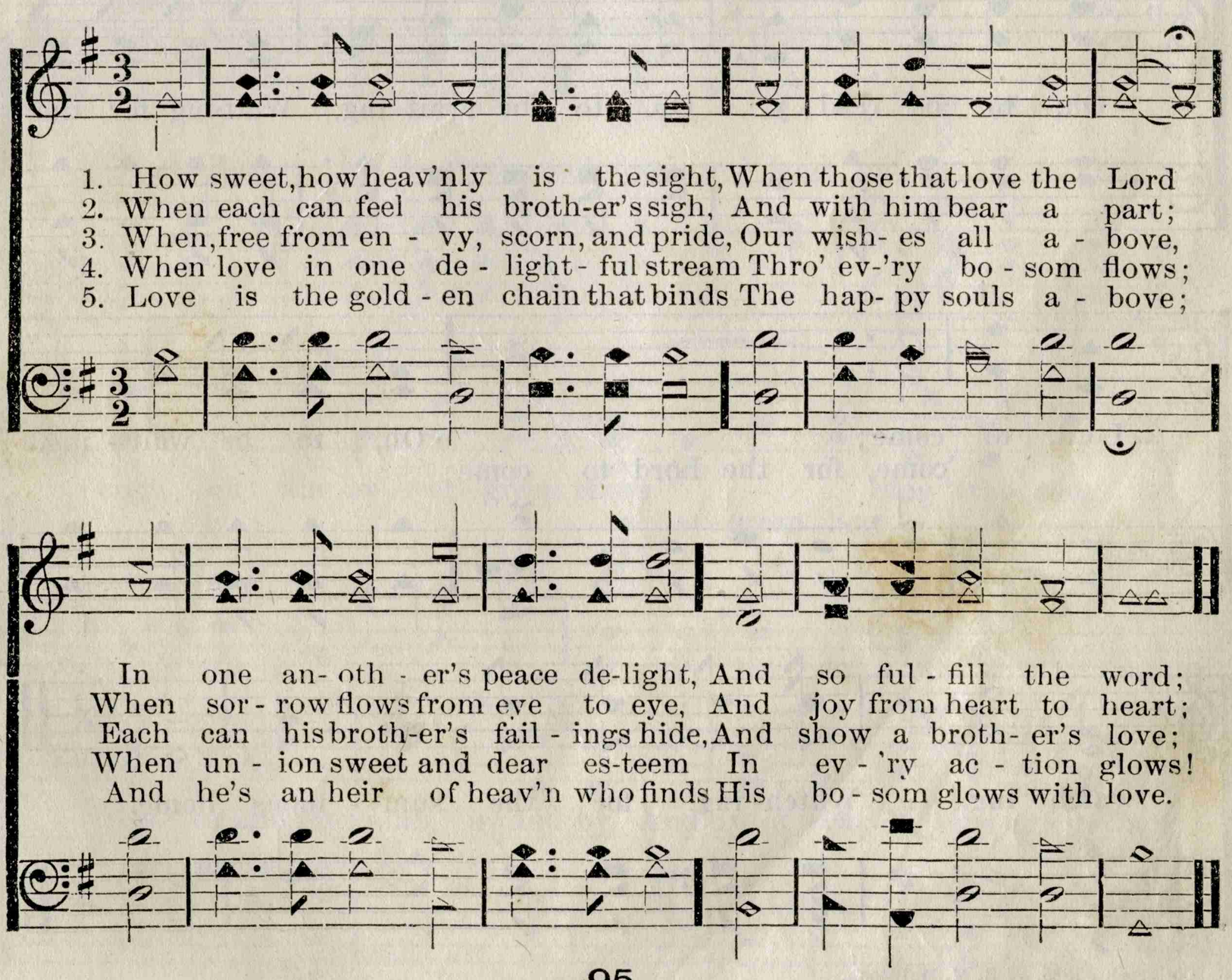
Oh, may we wor - ship at the shrine, The tem - ple of our God.
Un - til our hearts should trust no more The treas - ure here be - low.
Un - til our Fa - ther calls us home, And gives the prom - ised crown.

CITY OF THE JASPER WALL. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 76. ARLINGTON. C. M.



No. 77. OH, TO BE READY.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Oh, to be robed and read-y, Ready when the Lord shall come;
2. Oh, to be robed and read-y, Ready for the call to go;
3. Oh, to be robed and read-y, Ready for it may be near,
4. Oh, to be robed and read-y, Ready for e-ter-nal rest,

Oh, to be wait-ing, watching, Watching for the sum-mons home.
Washed in the crim-son fountain, Till ev'ry stain is white as snow.
When in a cloud of glo-ry Blessed Je-sus shall ap-pear.
Read-y to join the ransomed In the cit-y of the blest.

CHORUS.

Oh, to be read-y, Oh, to be wait-ing, Wait-ing for the Lord, to come;
Oh, to be wait-ing, come, for the Lord to come;
watch-ing, Watch-ing for the sum-mons home.

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No. 78. EVERGREEN SHORE.

SAMUEL STENNETT. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1 On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye,
2 Oh the transport-ing, rapturous scene That ris-es to my sight!
3 All o'er these wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
4 When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
5 Fill'd with de-light, my rap-tur'd soul Would here no long-er stay;

To Cannan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
Sweet fields arrayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light!
There God, the Sun, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in his bo-som rest?
Though Jordan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.

CHORUS.

We will rest in the "fair and hap-py" land, Just a-cross on the ev-er-green shore . . . . . Sing "the song of Mos-es and the Lamb," by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.

by and by,

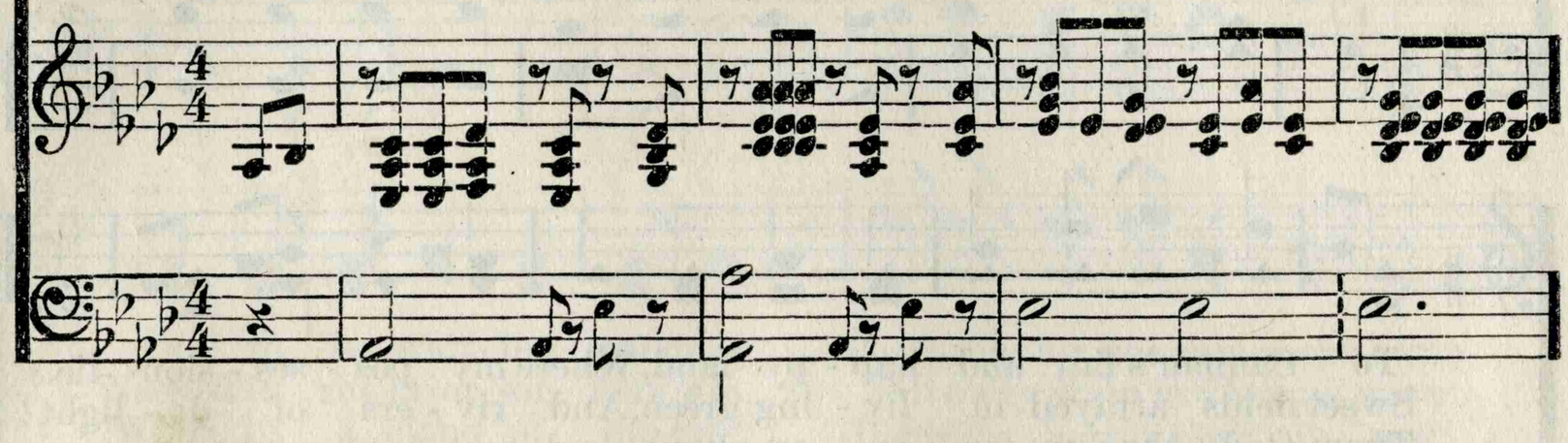
ev-er-green shore,

No. 79. THE NUMBERLESS HOST.

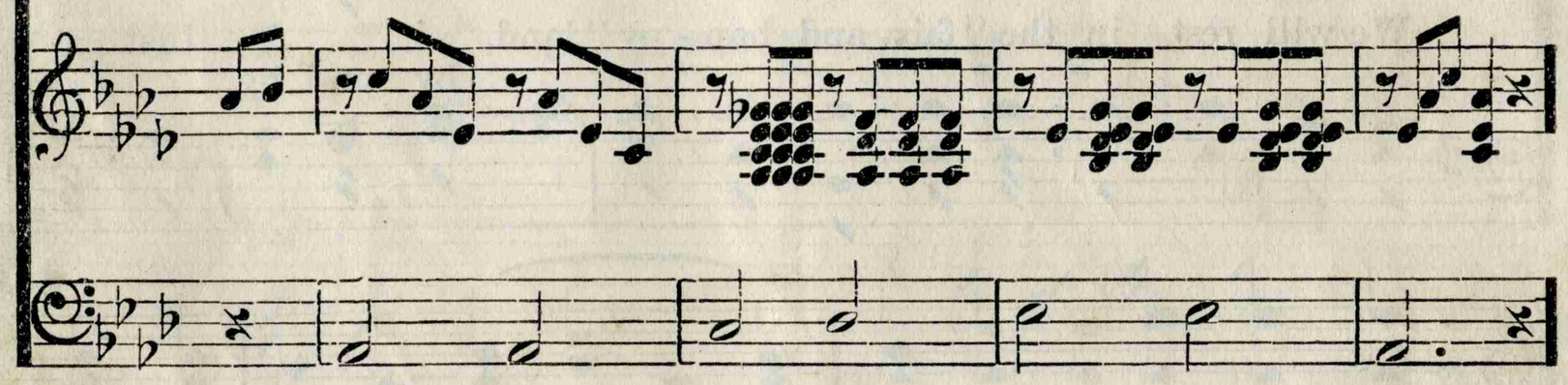
F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER, by per.



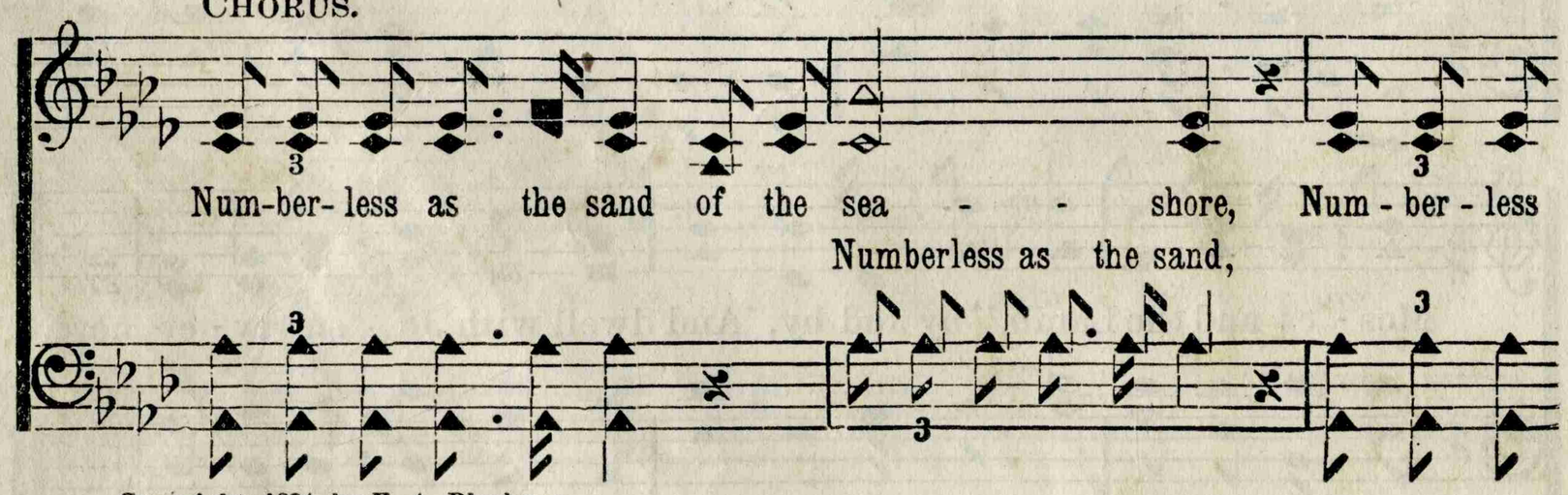
1 When we en- ter the por-tals of glo - ry, And the great host of ransom'd we see,
2 When we see all the sav'd of the a - ges, Who from cruel death partings are free,
3 When we stand by the beau-ti- ful riv - er, 'Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,
4 When we look on the form that redeem'd us, And his glo-ry and ma-jes-ty see,



As the numberless sand of the sea- shore, What a wonderful sight that will be!
Greeting there with a heav-en-ly greet- ing, What a wonderful sight that will be!
Gaz-ing out o'er the fair land of prom - ise, What a wonderful sight that will be!
While as King of the saints he is reign - ing, What a wonderful sight that will be!



CHORUS.



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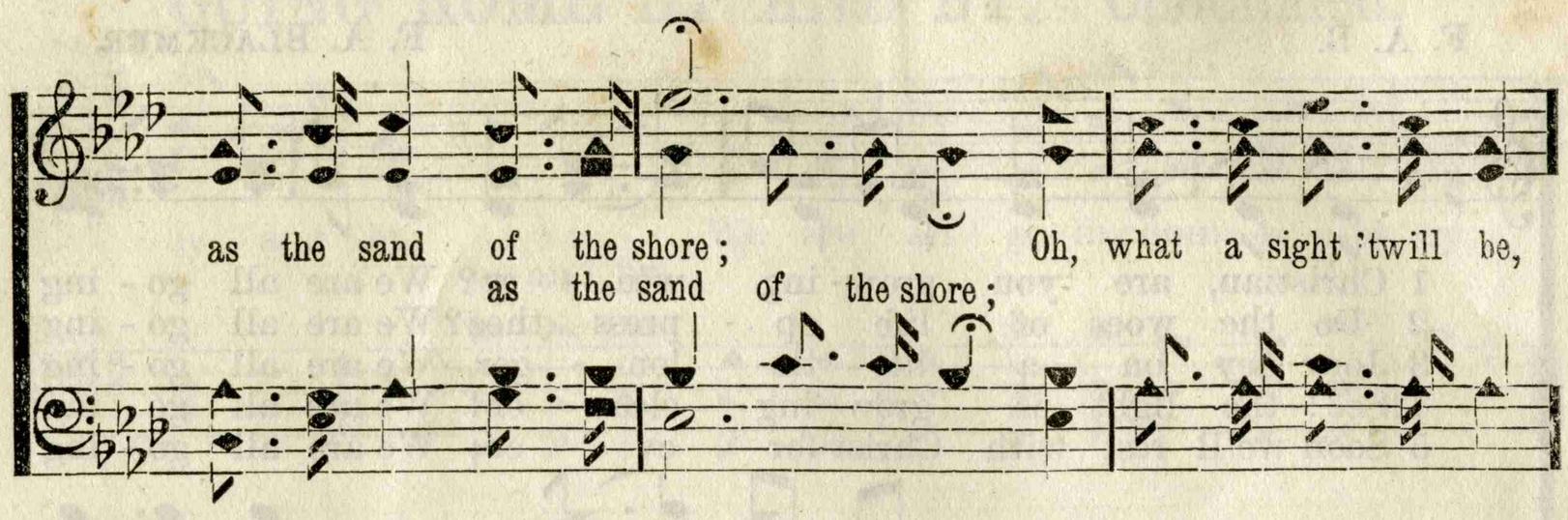
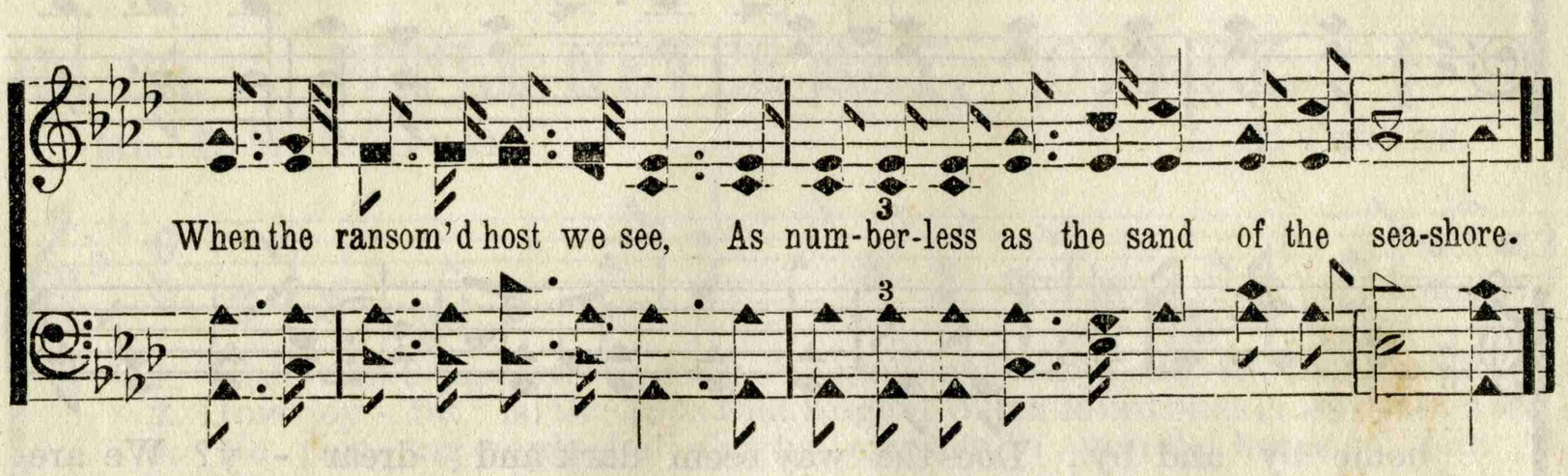
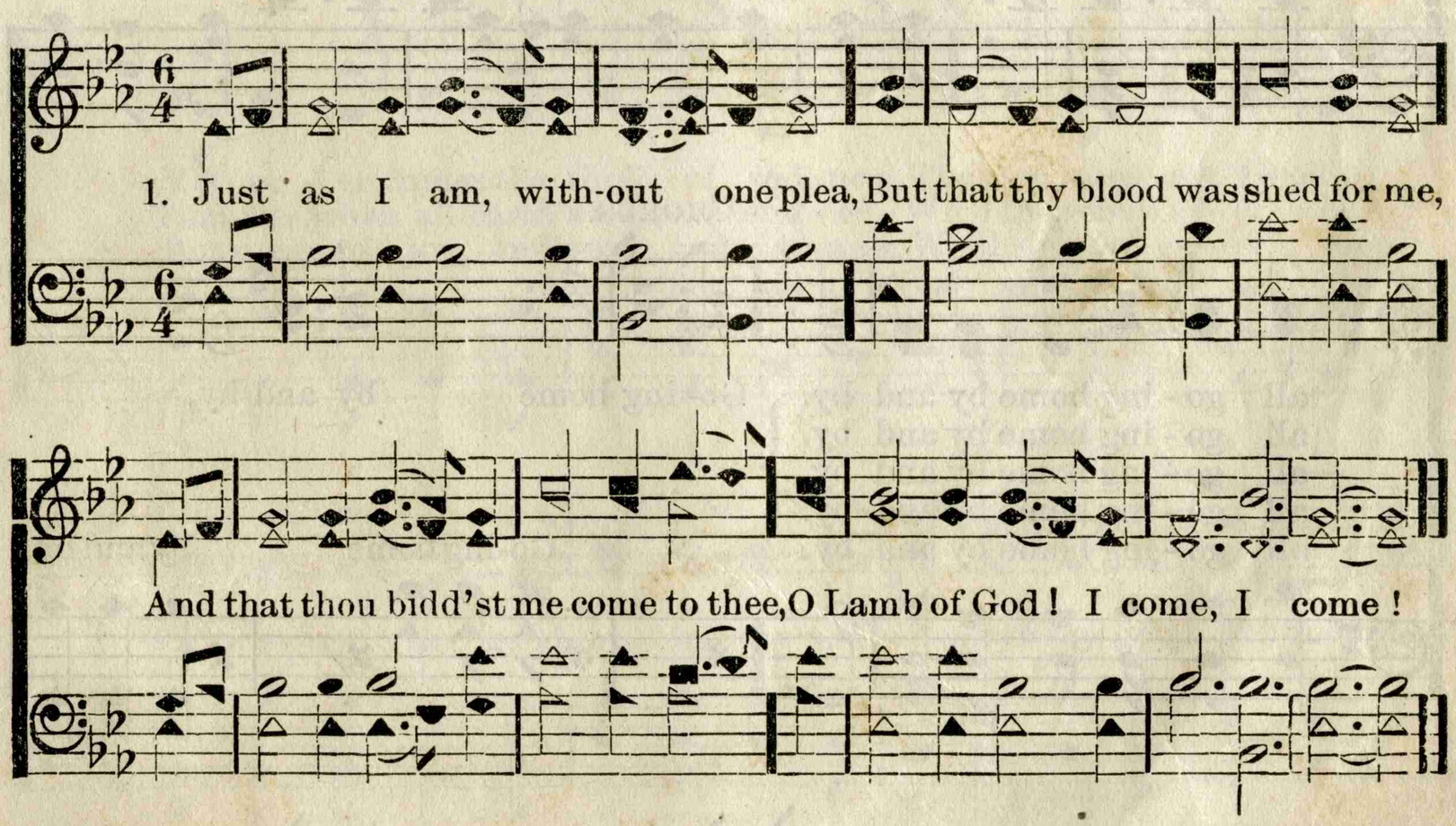
THE NUMBERLESS HOST. Concluded.





No. 80. JUST AS I AM.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



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

3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

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!

No. 81. GOING HOME BY AND BY.

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.

1 Christian, are you grow - ing wea - ry? We are all go - ing
2 Do the woes of life op - press thee? We are all go - ing
3 Jour - ney on a lit - tle lon - ger, We are all go - ing
4 See! the light is grow - ing clear - er! We are all go - ing
5 Soon we'll rest with Christ for - ev - er; We are all go - ing

home by and by; Does the way seem dark and drear - y? We are
home by and by; And its tri - als sore dis - tress thee? We are
home by and by; With a faith a lit - tle stron - ger, We are
home by and by; And the heav'n-ly port is near - er; We are
home by and by; In a land where sin comes nev - er; We are

CHORUS.

all go - ing home by and by. Go- ing home by and by,
all go - ing home by and by.
all go - ing home by and by.
all go - ing home by and by.
all go - ing home by and by. Go-ing home by and by,

We are all go - ing home by and by; Go-ing home
by and by; Go-ing home

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GOING HOME BY AND BY. Concluded.

by and by, We are all go- ing home by and by.
by and by,

No. 82. WE'LL NEVER SAY, GOOD-BY.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. With friends on earth we meet in gladness, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joy - ful is the hope that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No part - ing words shall e'er be spo-ken In yon-der home so fair,

Yet ev - er comes the tho't of sad- ness, That we must say, "Good-by."
That we, when all earth's toils are end - ed, With thee shall ev- er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and glad-ness, We'll sing for- ev - er there.

CHORUS.

We'll nev - er say good- by in heav'n, We'll never say good- by, (good- by,)

Repeat Chorus pp.

For in that land of joy and song We'll nev - er say, good- by.

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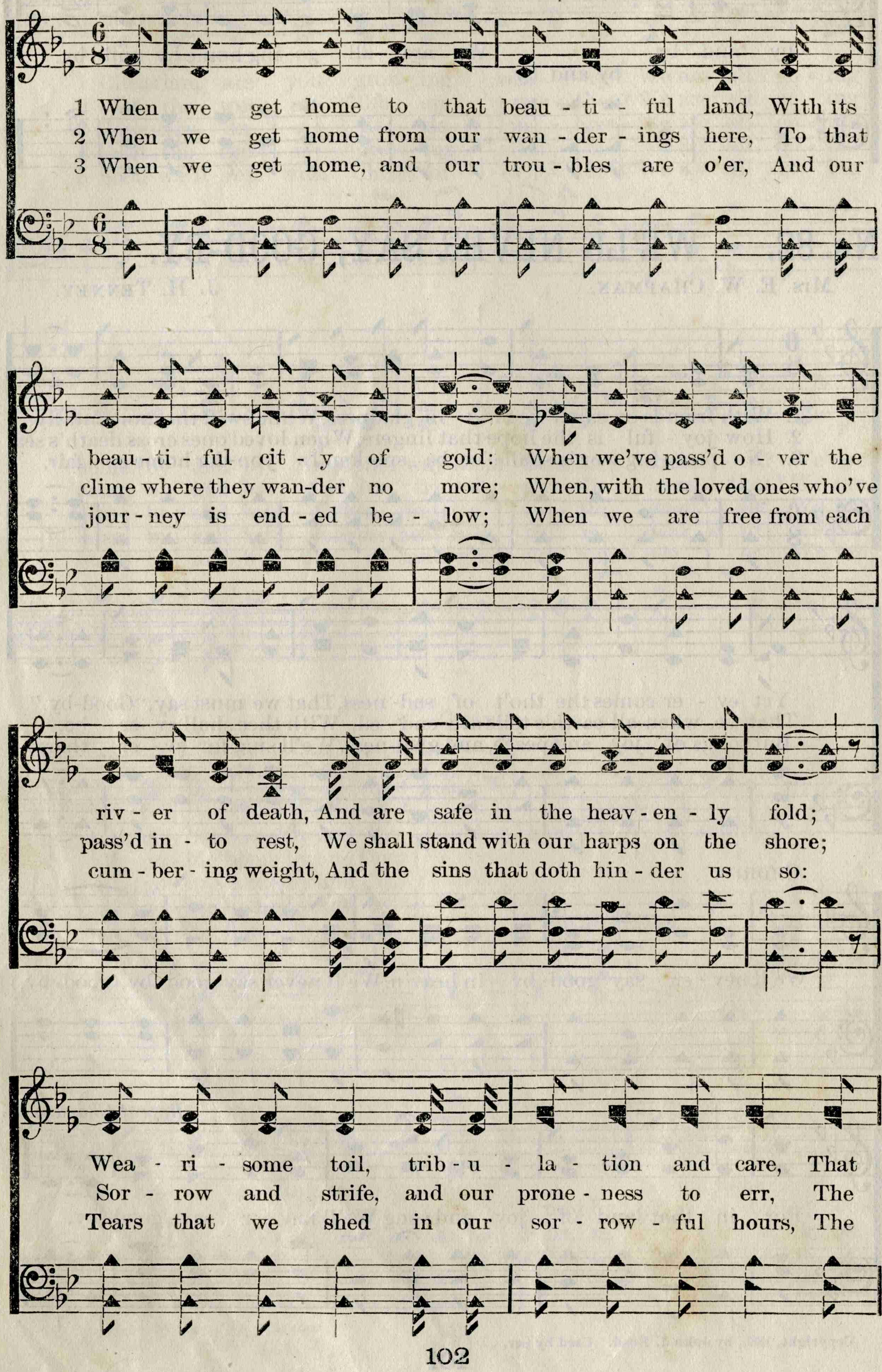
No. 83. WHEN WE GET HOME.

E. R. LATTA. W. O. PERKINS, by per.



WHEN WE GET HOME. Concluded.

bur - den our spir - its to - day, Like as a dream or a.
pain and the sick-ness we bear, Like as a dream or a
fears and the doubts that mo - lest, Like as a dream or a

shad - ow shall pass, Shall pass, un - re - turn - ing, a - way.
shad - ow shall pass, And ne'er shall they trou - ble us there.
shad - ow shall pass, And reach not the home of the blest.

CHORUS.

When we . . . . . get home . . . . How sweet . . . . . 'twill be!
When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill be!

When we . . . . . get home . . . . . How sweet . . . . . 'twill be!
When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill be!

No. 84. FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

W. L. T. WILL. L. THOMPSON.

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

See on the por-tals he's waiting and watching,
Why should we ling-er and heed not his mer-cies,
Shad-ows are gath-er-ing, death beds are com-ing,
Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and par - don,

CHORUS.

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

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

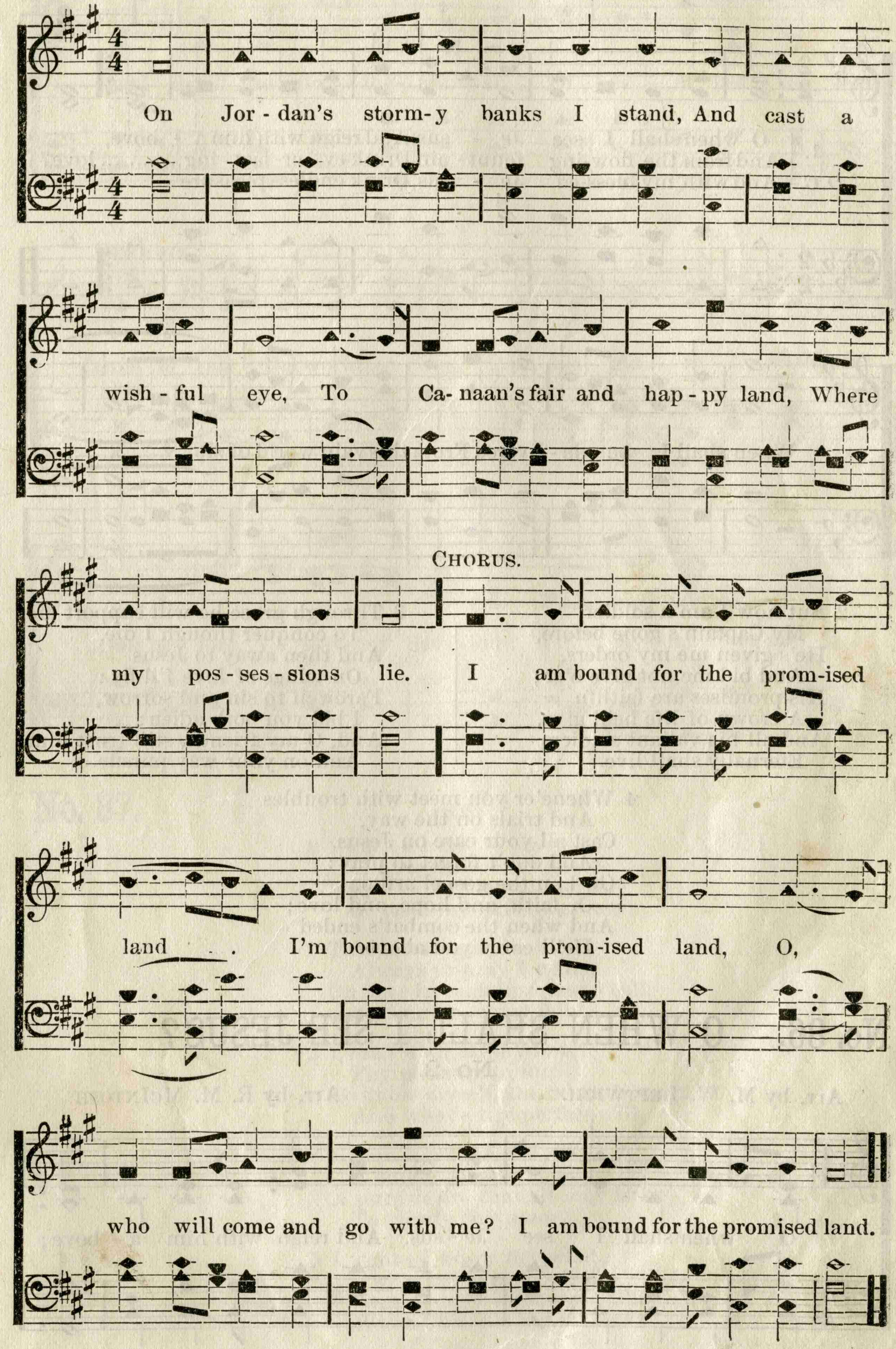
Ye who are wea - ry, come home, Earn-est- ly, ten - der - ly,

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

By permission of Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

No. 85. THE PROMISED LAND. C. M.

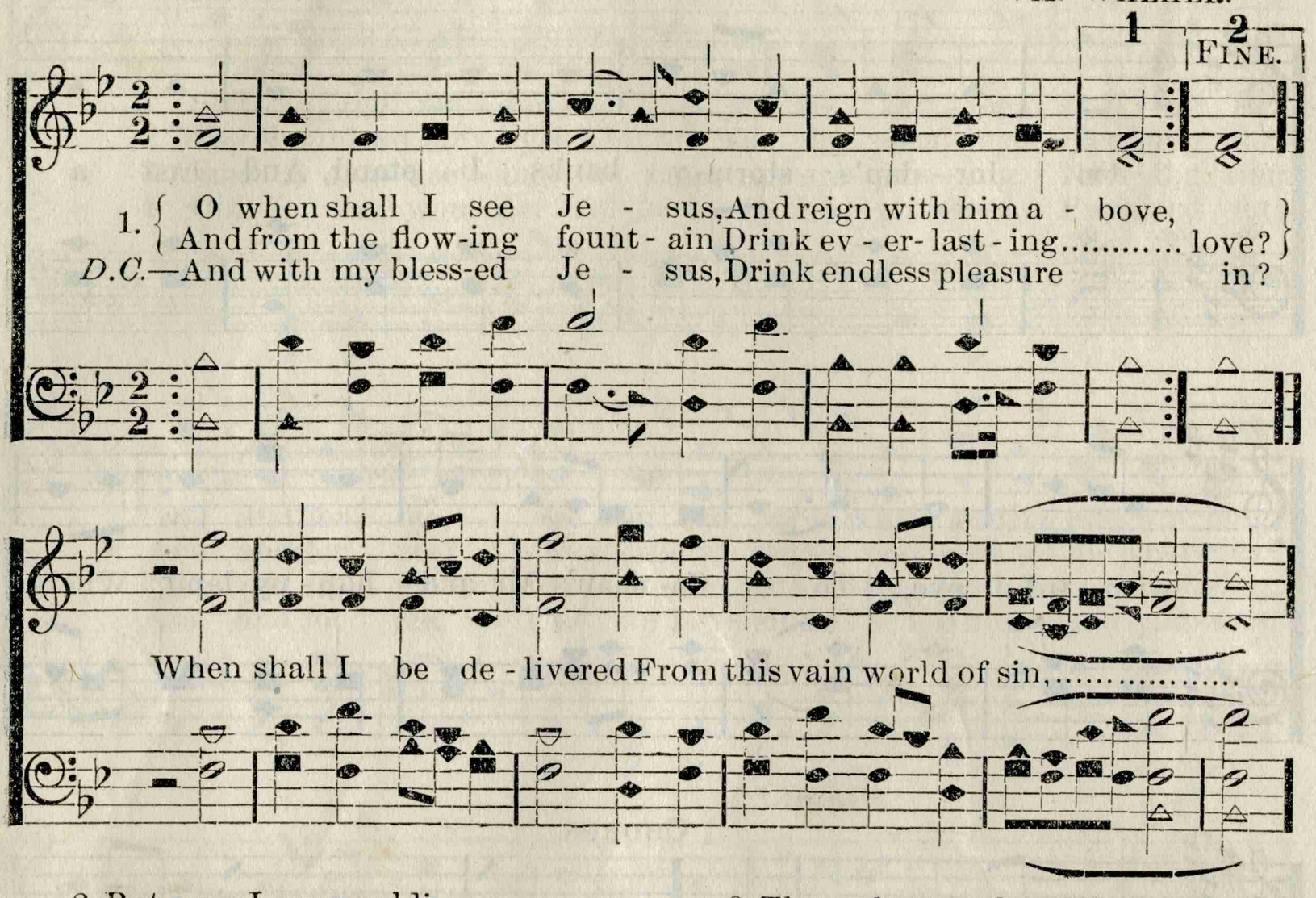
Miss M. DURHAM.



No. 86. O WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS?

No. 1.

A. R. COUSIN. WM. WALKER.



2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er;
His promises are faithfu.
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.

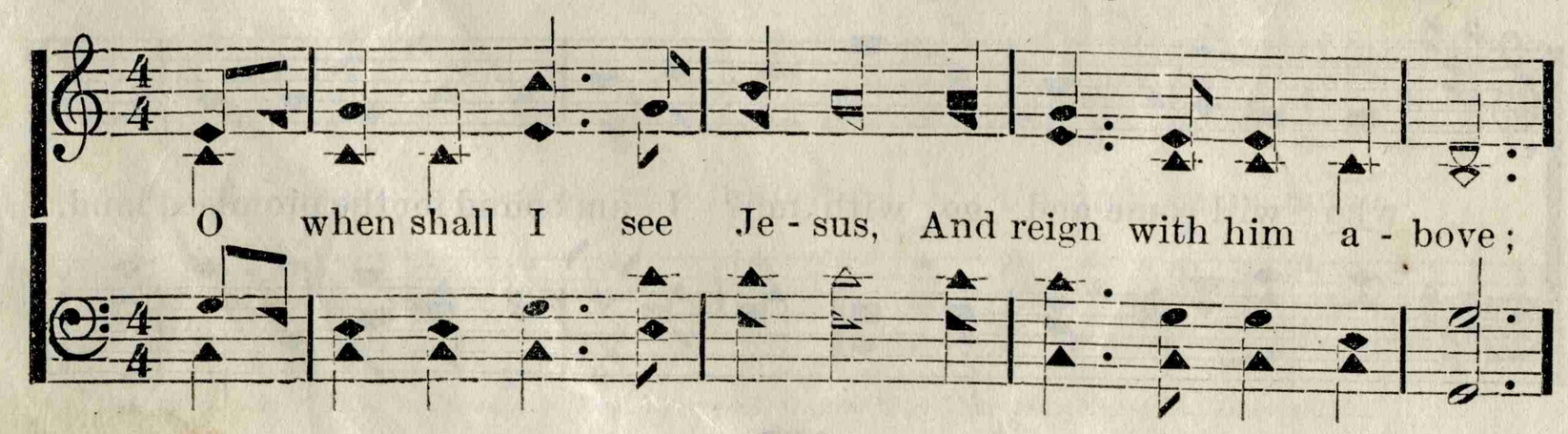
3 Through grace he will support me,
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you both adieu;
And, O my friends, still trust him,
And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Cast all your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray:
Gird on the gospel armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when the combat's ended
He'll carry you above.

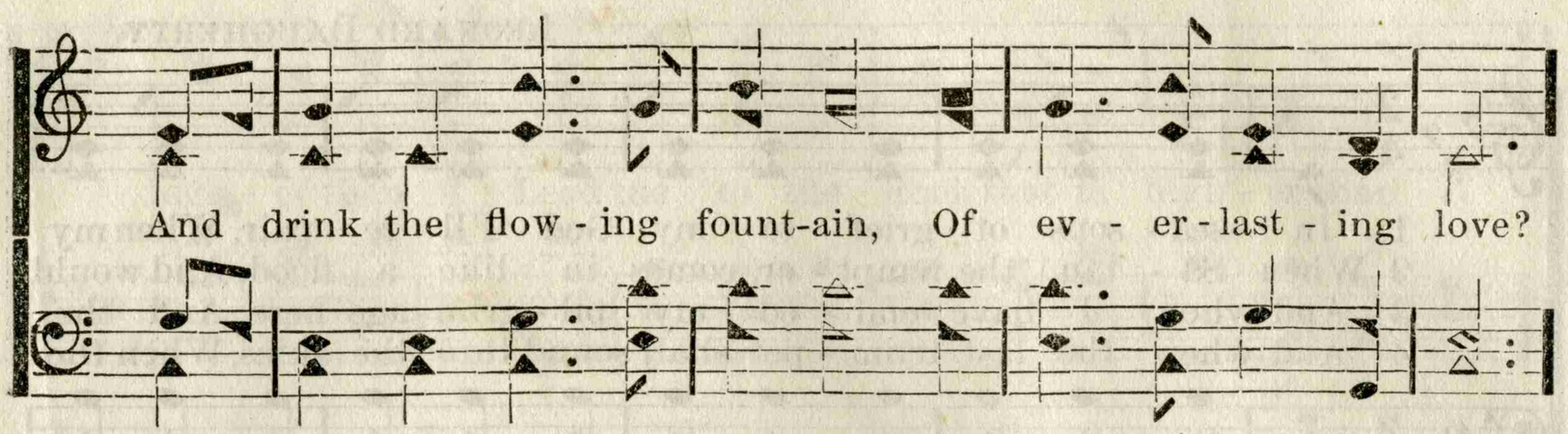
No. 86. O WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS?

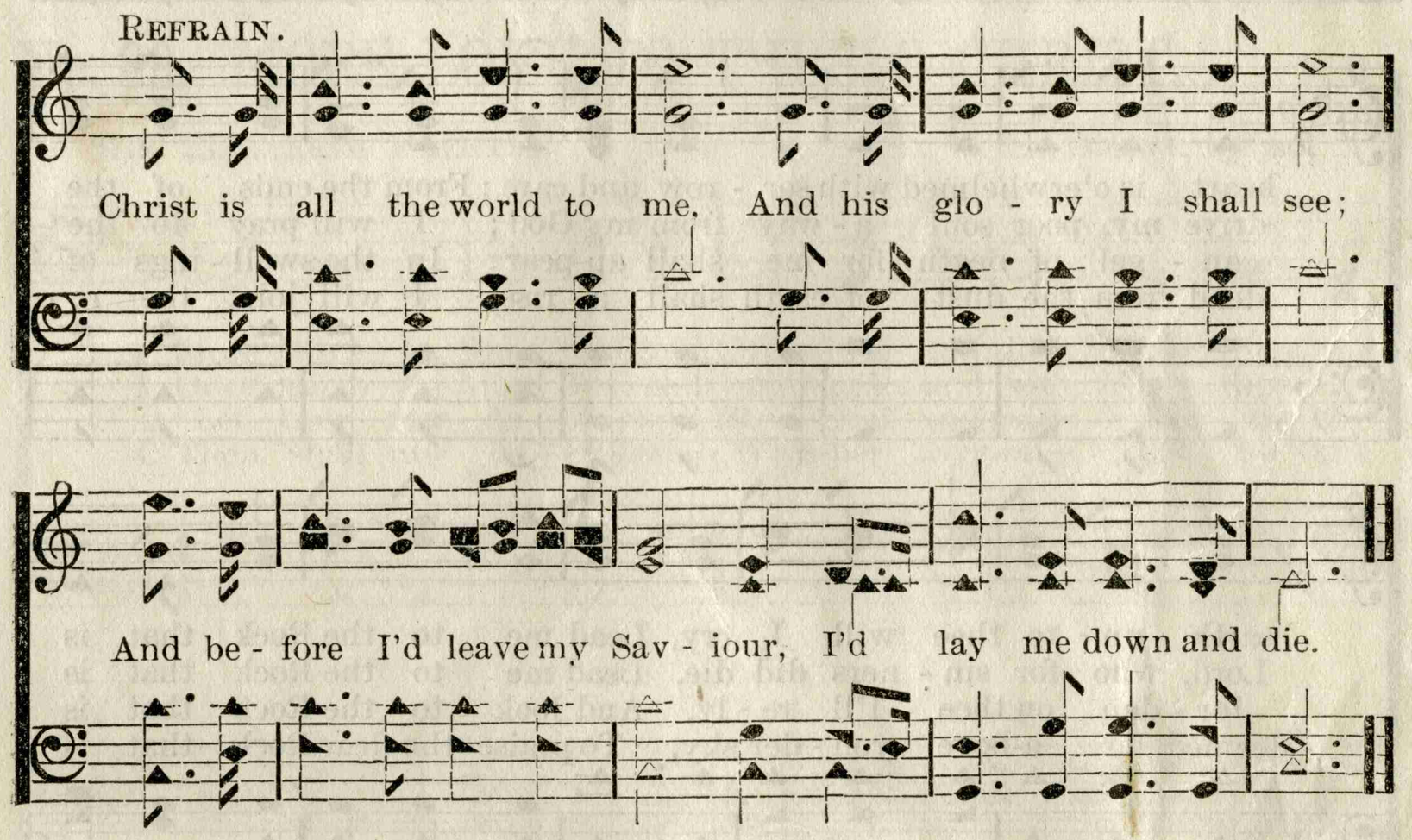
No. 2.

Arr. by M. W. LEFTWICH. Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.



O When Shall I see Jesus. Concluded.





No. 87.

S. M.

1 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at my stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

2 This blessing above all,
Always to pray I want;
On thee in each distress to call,
And never, never faint.

3 I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfil,
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what's thy perfect will.

4 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
A pure desire that all may learn
To glorify thy name.

5 I want—I know not what;
I want my wants to see;
I want,—alas! what want I not,
When Christ is not with me?

No. 88. LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1 In sea - sons of grief to my God I'll re - pair, When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sor - row and care; From the ends of the earth un - to thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is
2 When Sa - tan, the tempt - er, comes in like a flood, And would drive my poor soul a - way from my God; I will pray to the Lord, who for sin - ners did die, Lead me to the Rock that is
3 And when I have end - ed my pil - grim - age here, And the an - gel of death for me shall ap-pear: In the swell - ings of Jor - dan on thee I'll re - ly, And look to the Rock that is
4 And when the last trum - pet shall sound thro' the skies, When the dead from the dust of earth shall a - rise, I will join the re - deemed far a-bove yon - der sky, To praise the dear Rock that is

REFRAIN.

high - er than I.
high - er than I.
high - er than I.
high - er than I.

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

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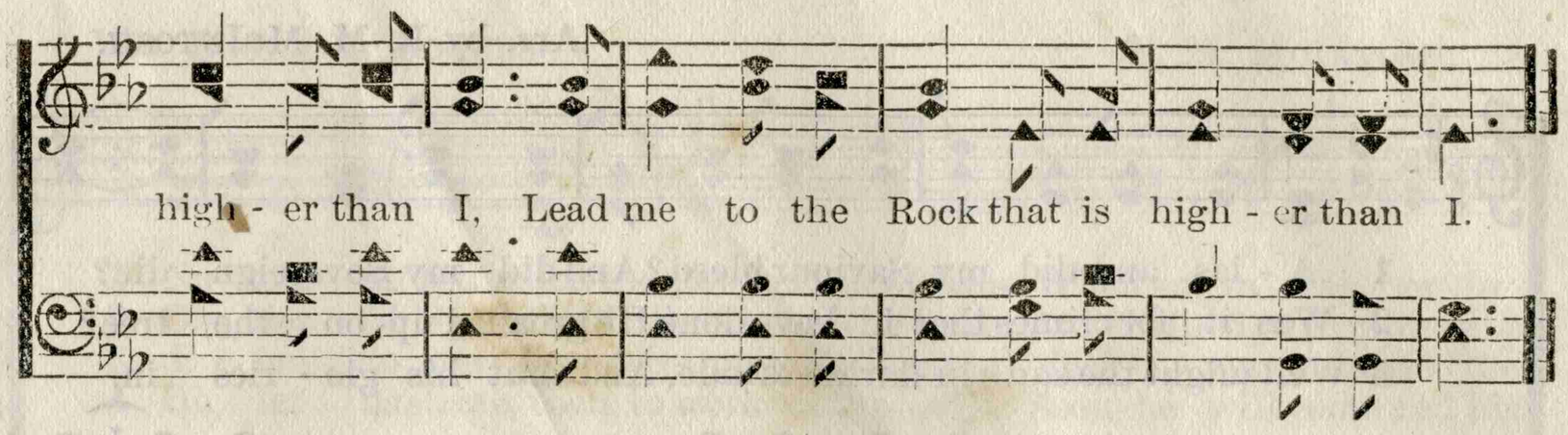
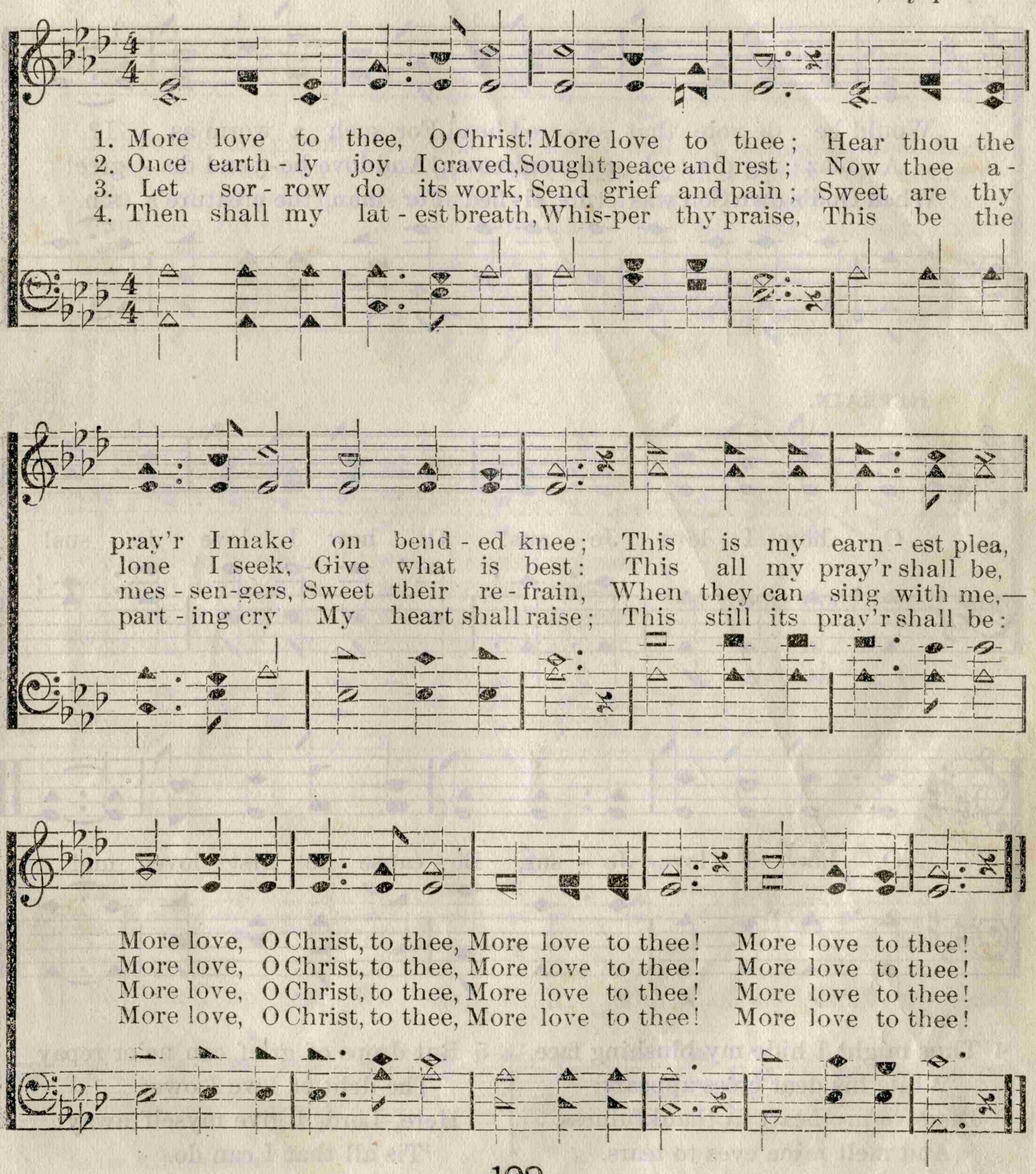
LEAD ME TO THE ROCK. Concluded.



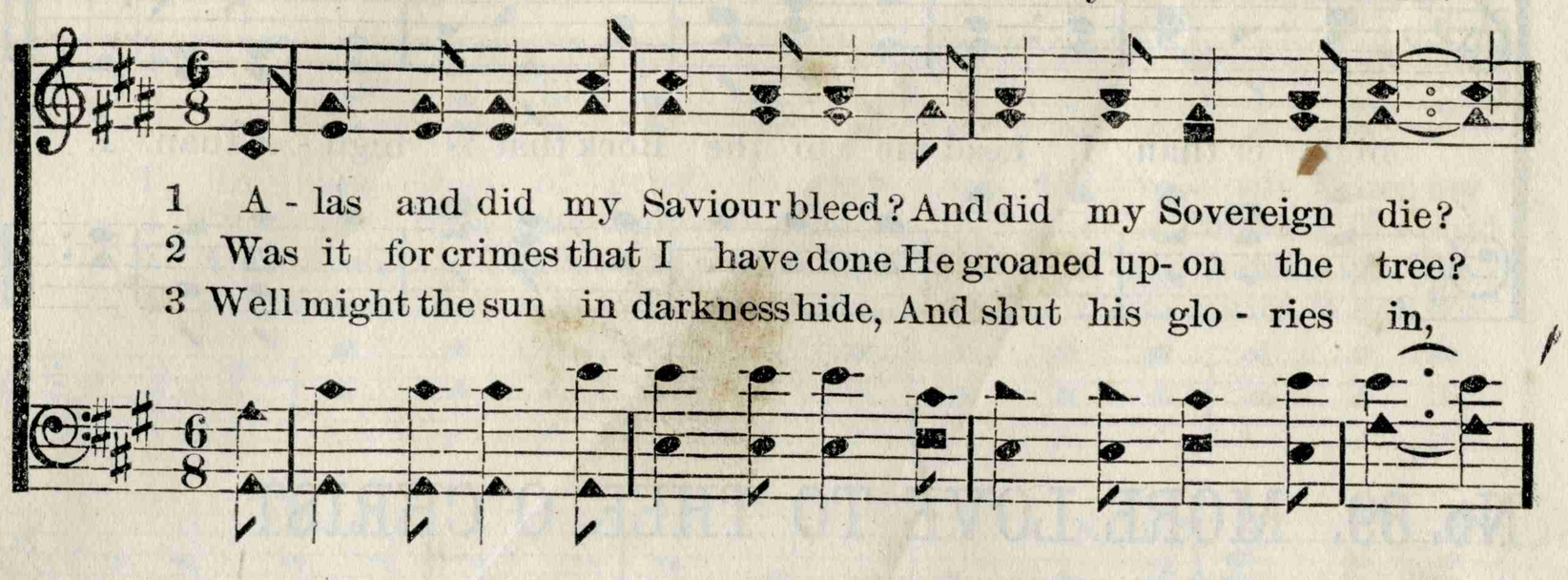
No. 89. MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE, by per.

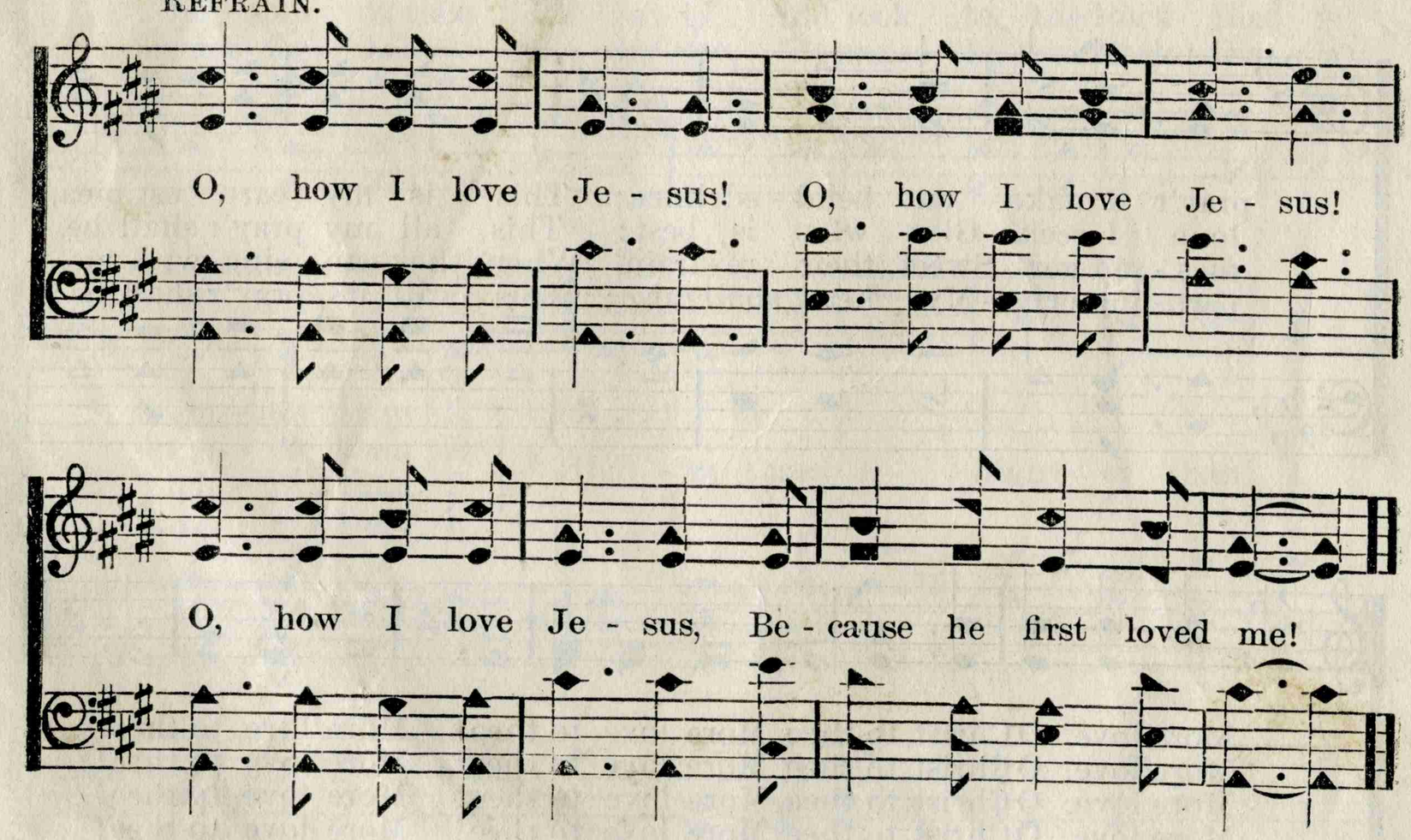


No. 90. O, How I Love Jesus! C. M.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.



Refrain.

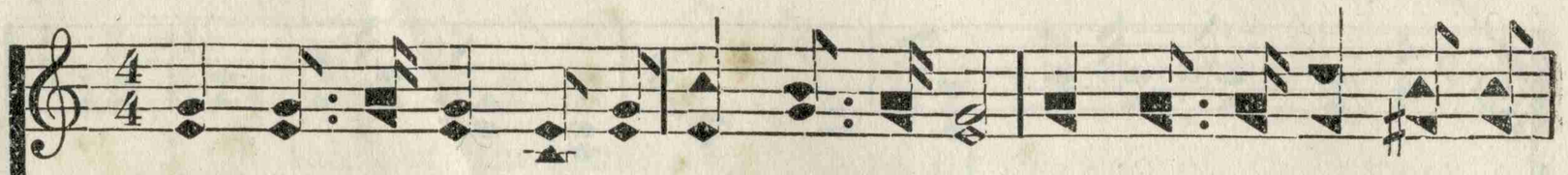


4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

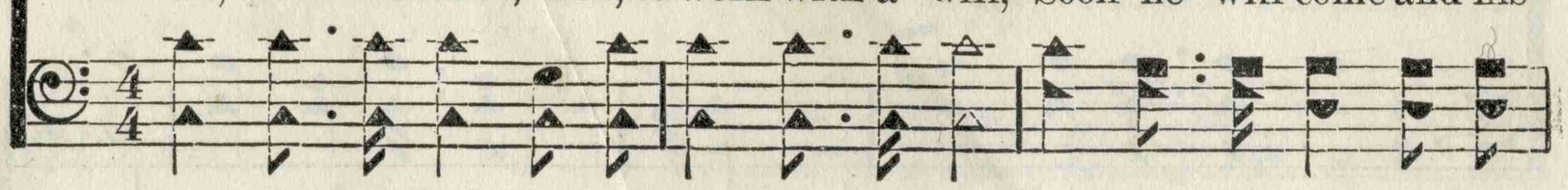
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away:
'Tis all that I can do.

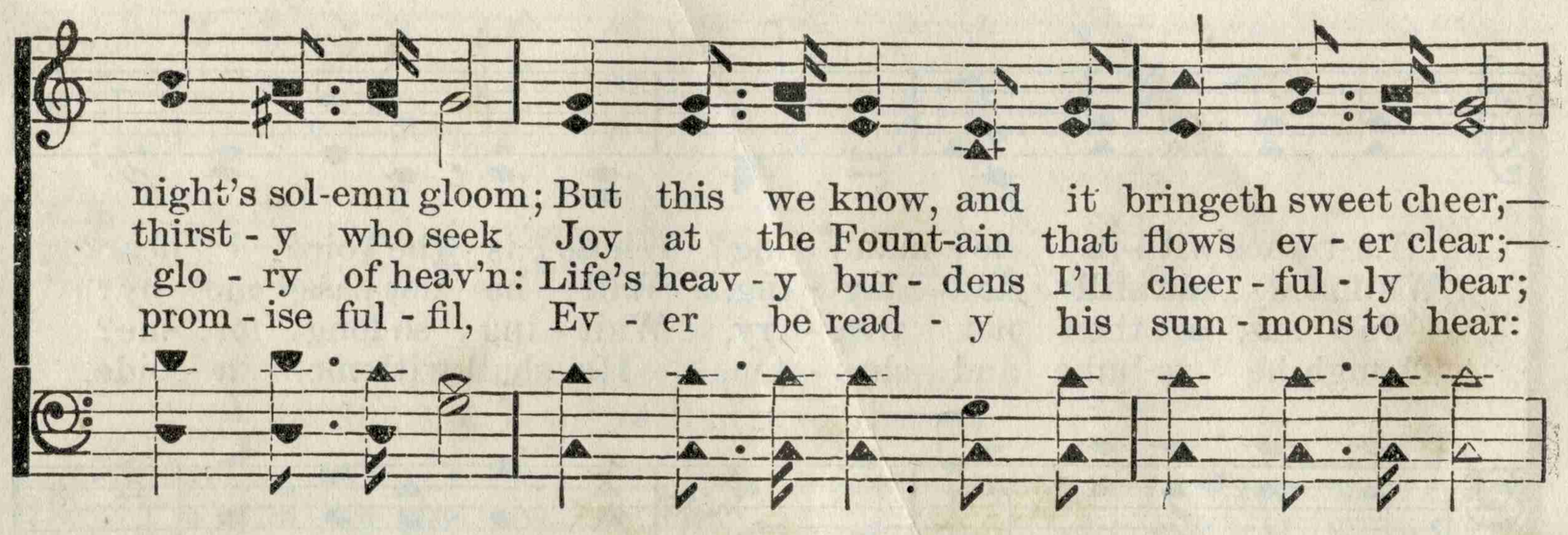
No. 91. WHEN HE SHALL APPEAR.

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



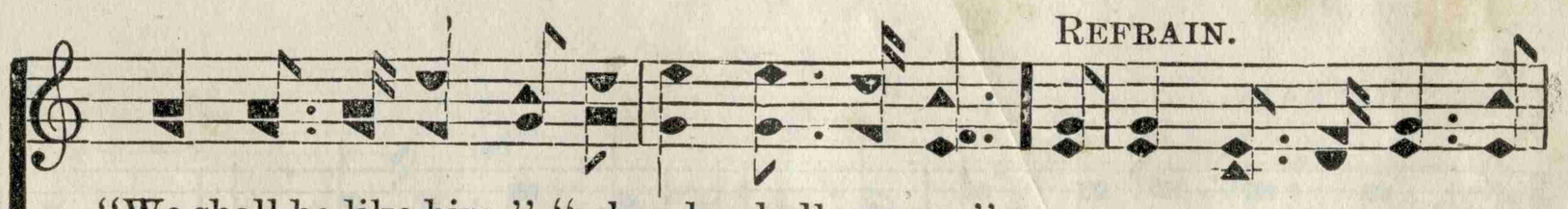
1 No one can tell when the Sav-iour shall come, Whether in day, or in
2 Oh, bless - ed hope, that hath lift- ed the weak, And thrilled with rapture the
3 E - ven to me this sweet promise is giv'n! That I may shine in the
4 Oh, let us strive, then, to work with a will, Soon he will come and his



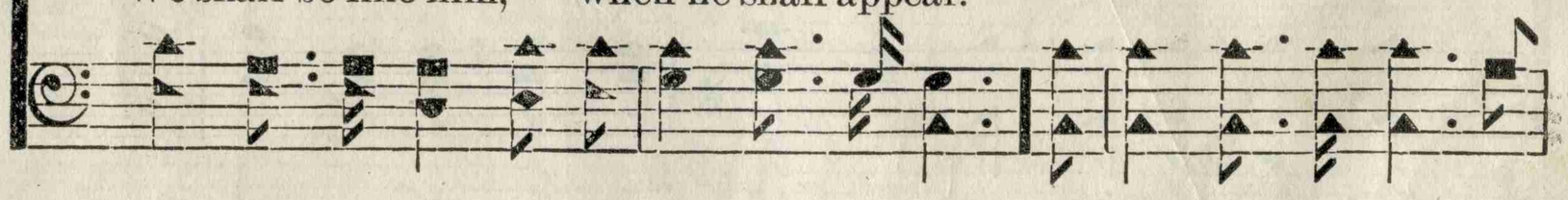


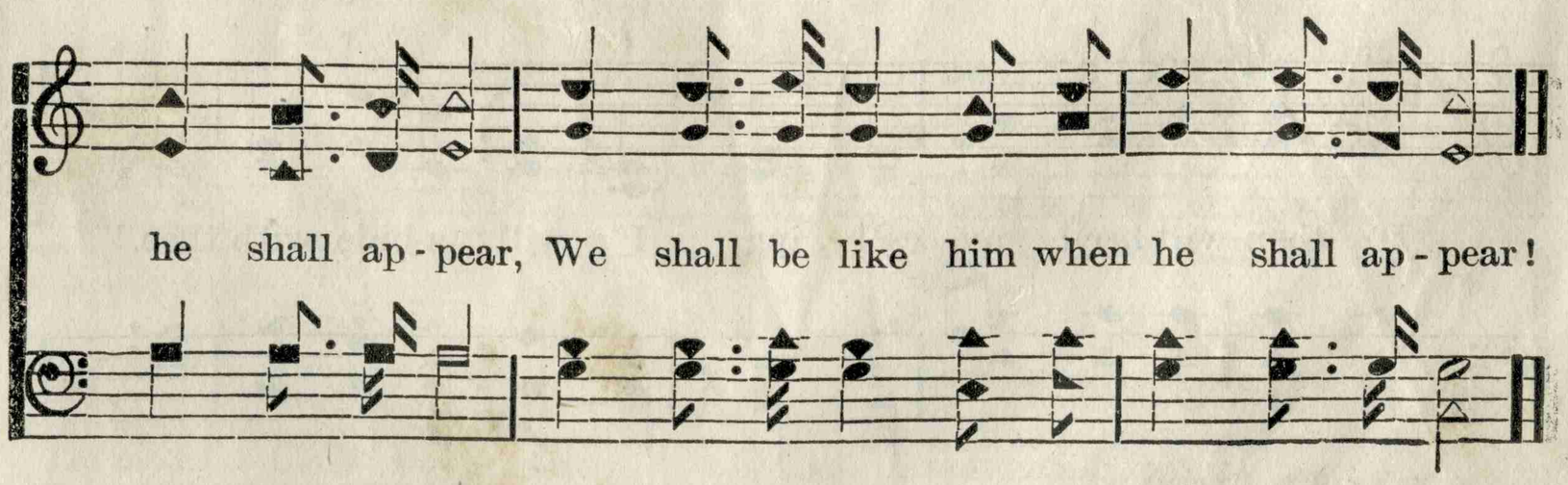
night's sol-emn gloom; But this we know, and it bringeth sweet cheer,—
thirst - y who seek Joy at the Fount-ain that flows ev - er clear;—
glo - ry of heav'n: Life's heav - y bur - dens I'll cheer - ful - ly bear;
prom - ise ful - fil, Ev - er be read - y his sum - mons to hear:

REFRAIN.



"We shall be like him," "when he shall appear."
"We shall be like him," "when he shall appear."
"We shall be like him," "when he shall appear."
"We shall be like him," "when he shall appear."
} When he shall appear, when



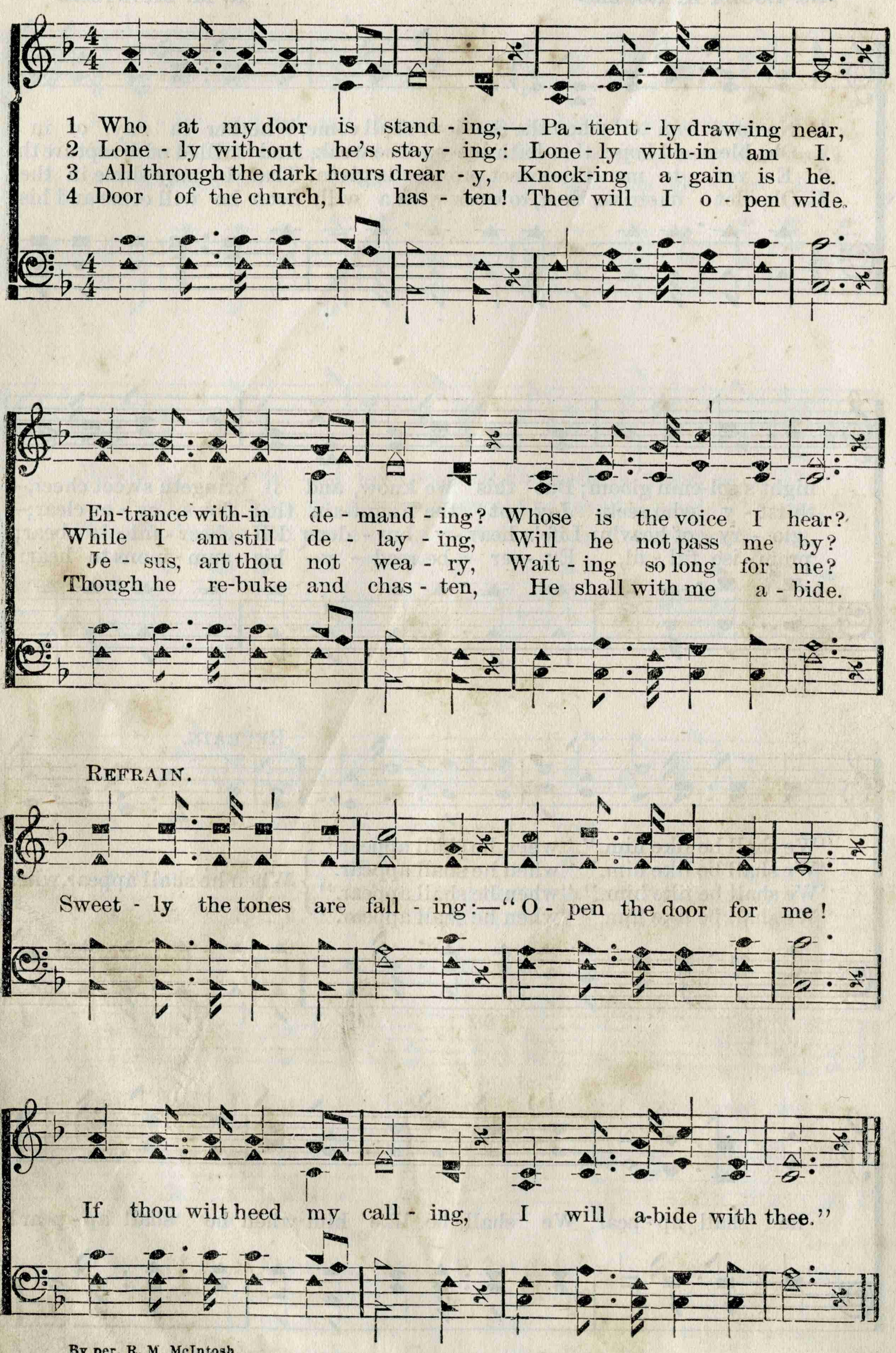


he shall ap - pear, We shall be like him when he shall ap - pear!

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 92. KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

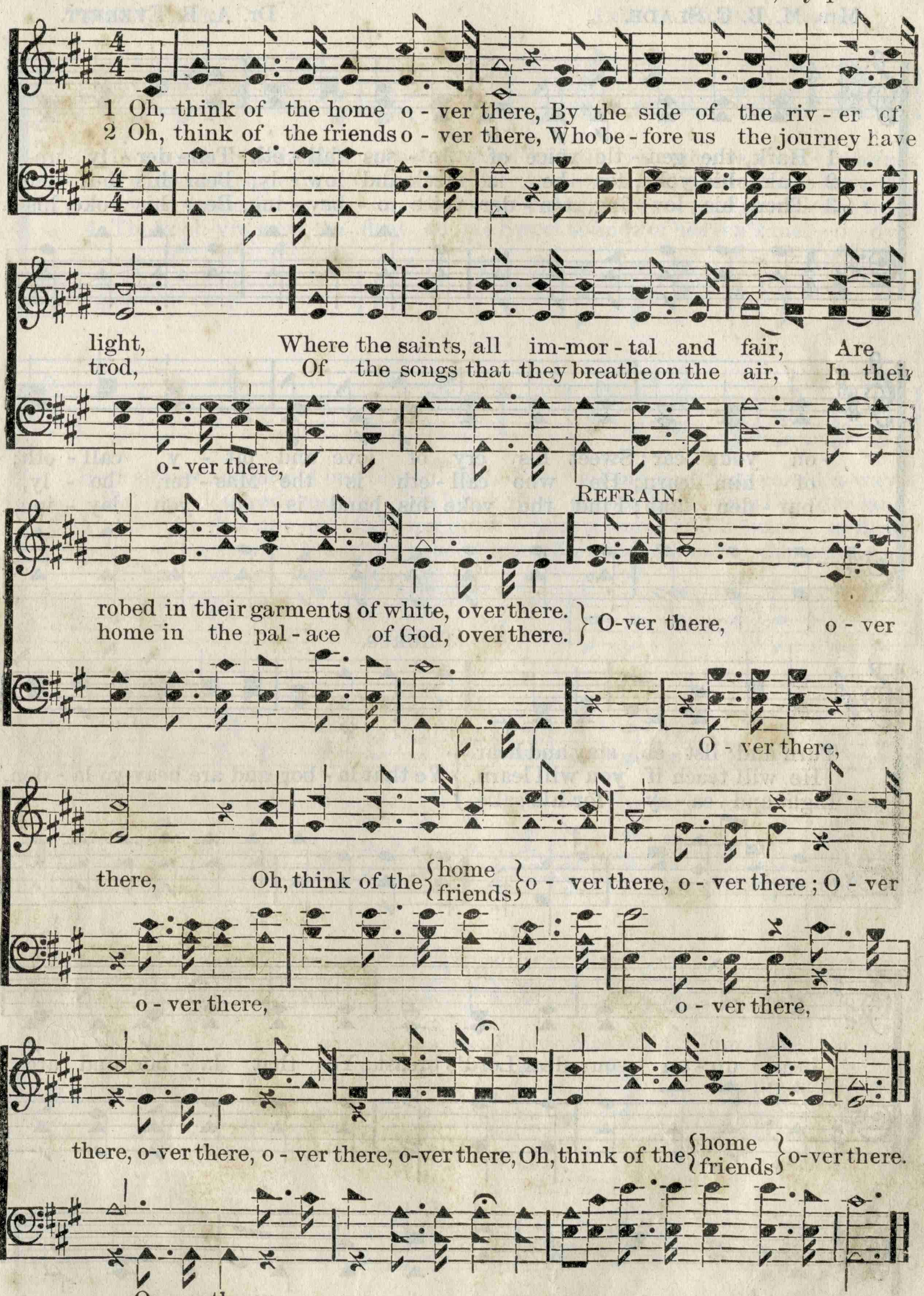
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. B. Everett.



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 93. OVER THERE.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. TULLIUS C. O'KANE, by per.

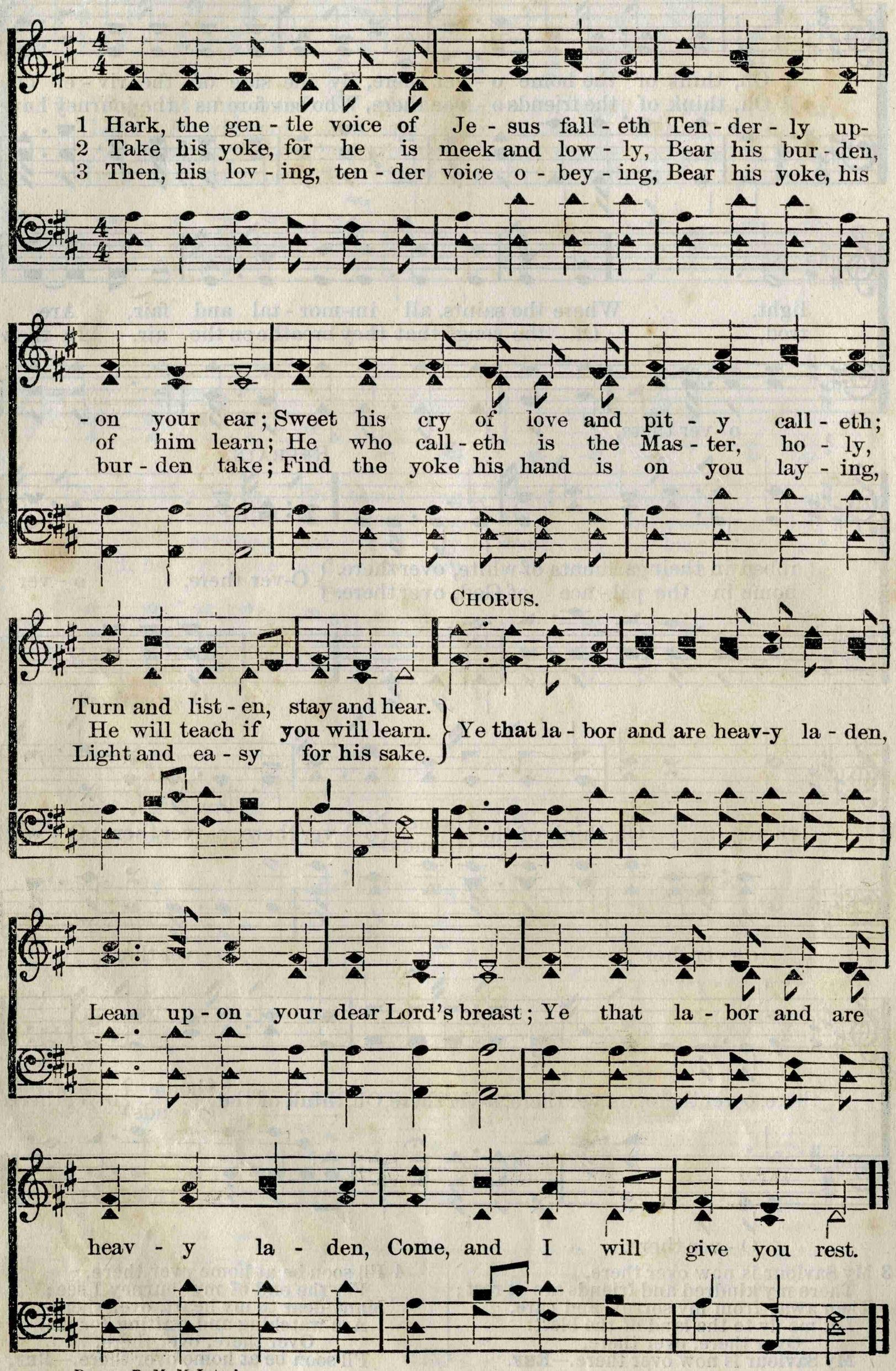


3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.—REF.

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

No. 94. COME UNTO ME.

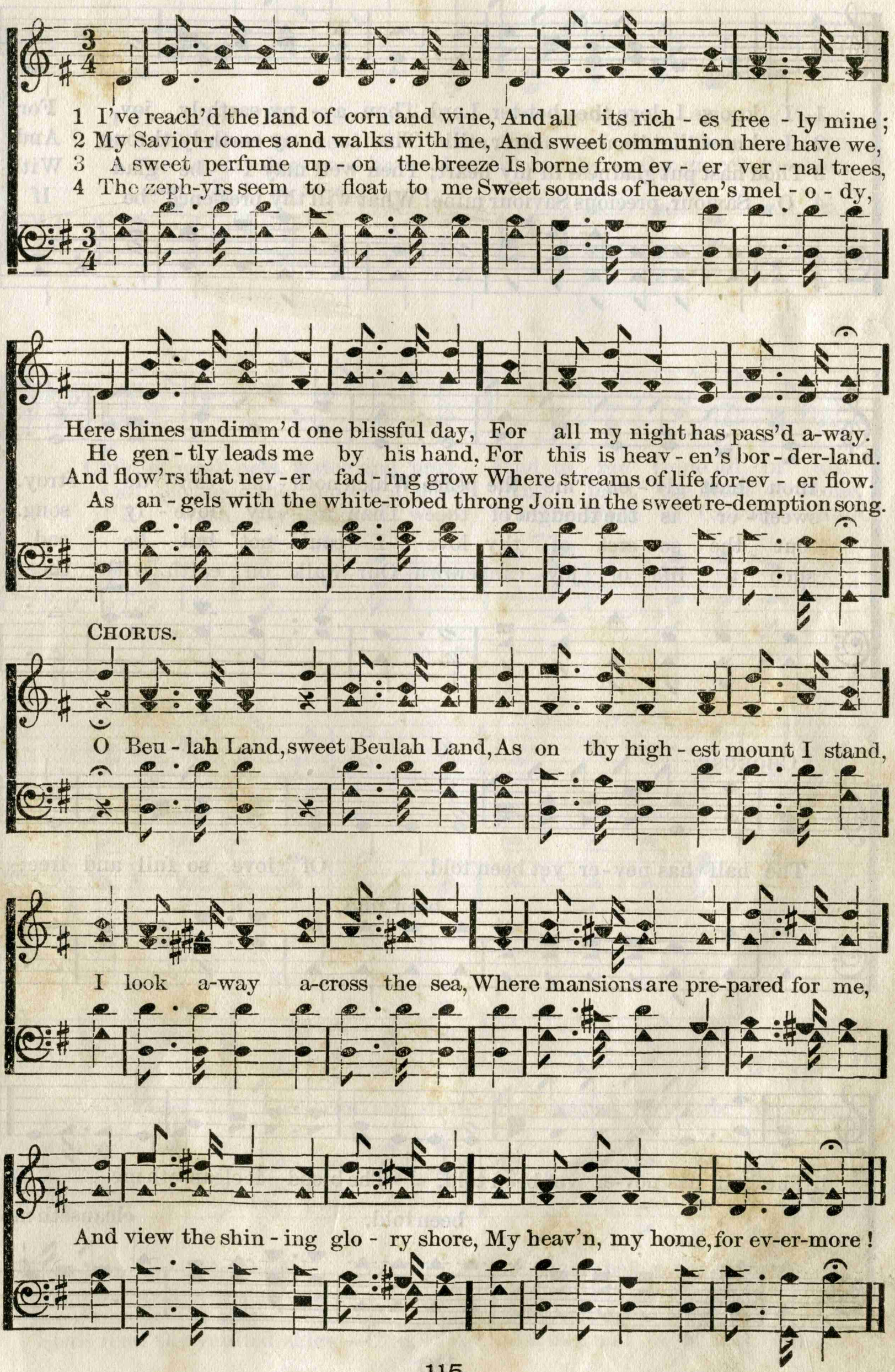
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. B. Everett.



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

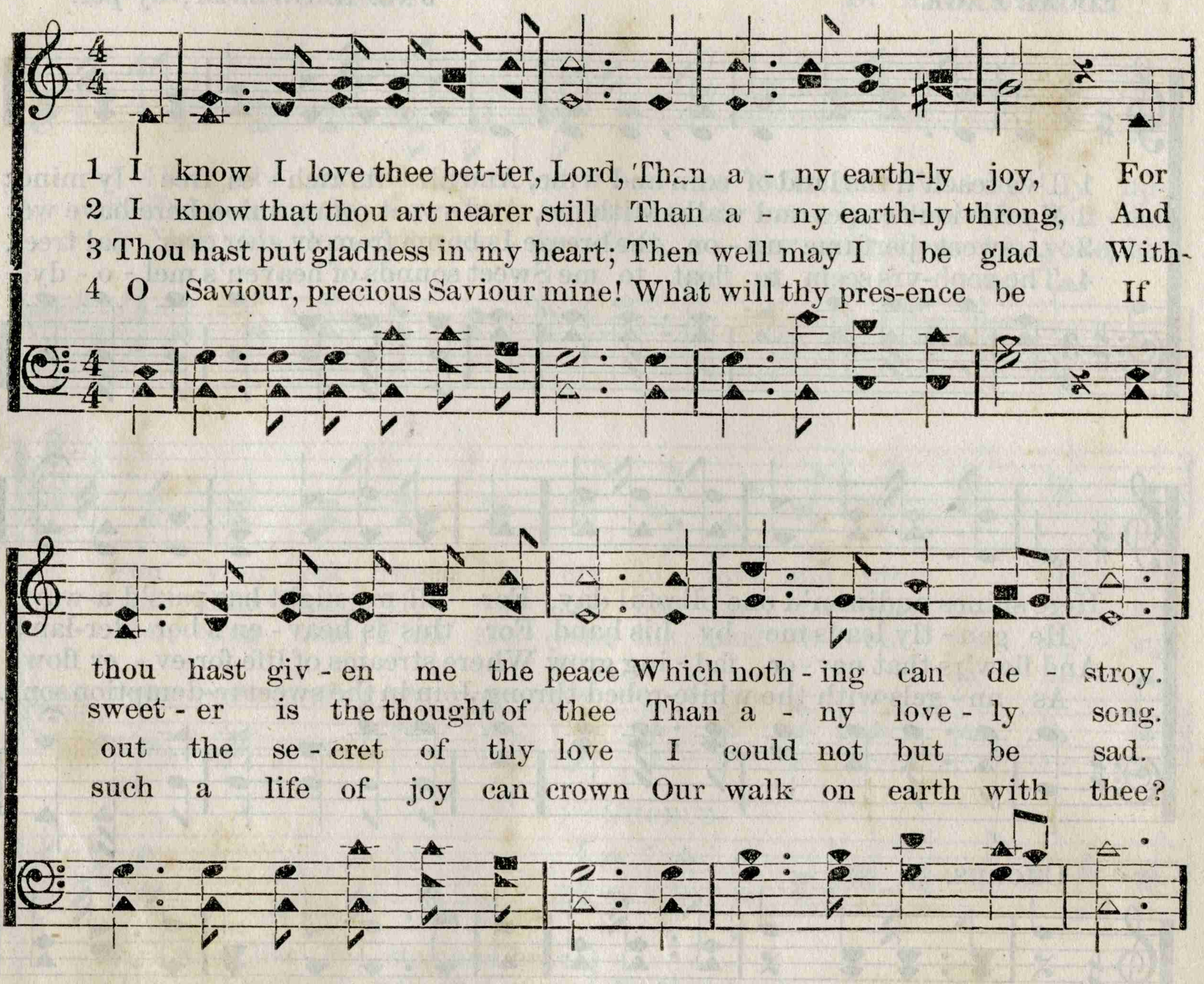
No. 95. BEULAH LAND.

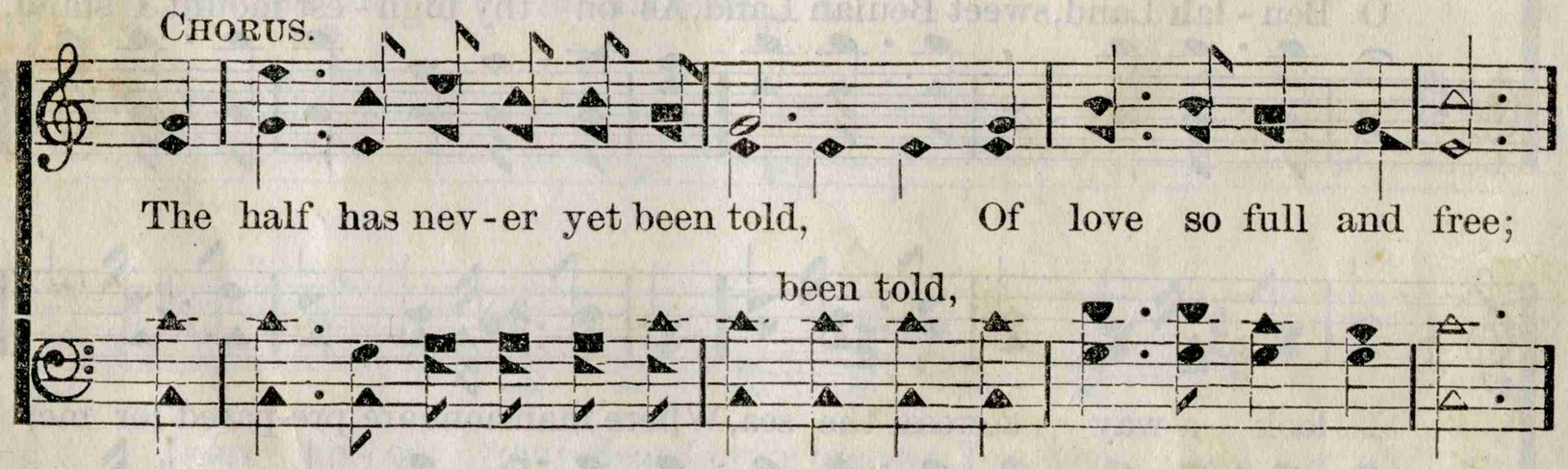
EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



No. 96. THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

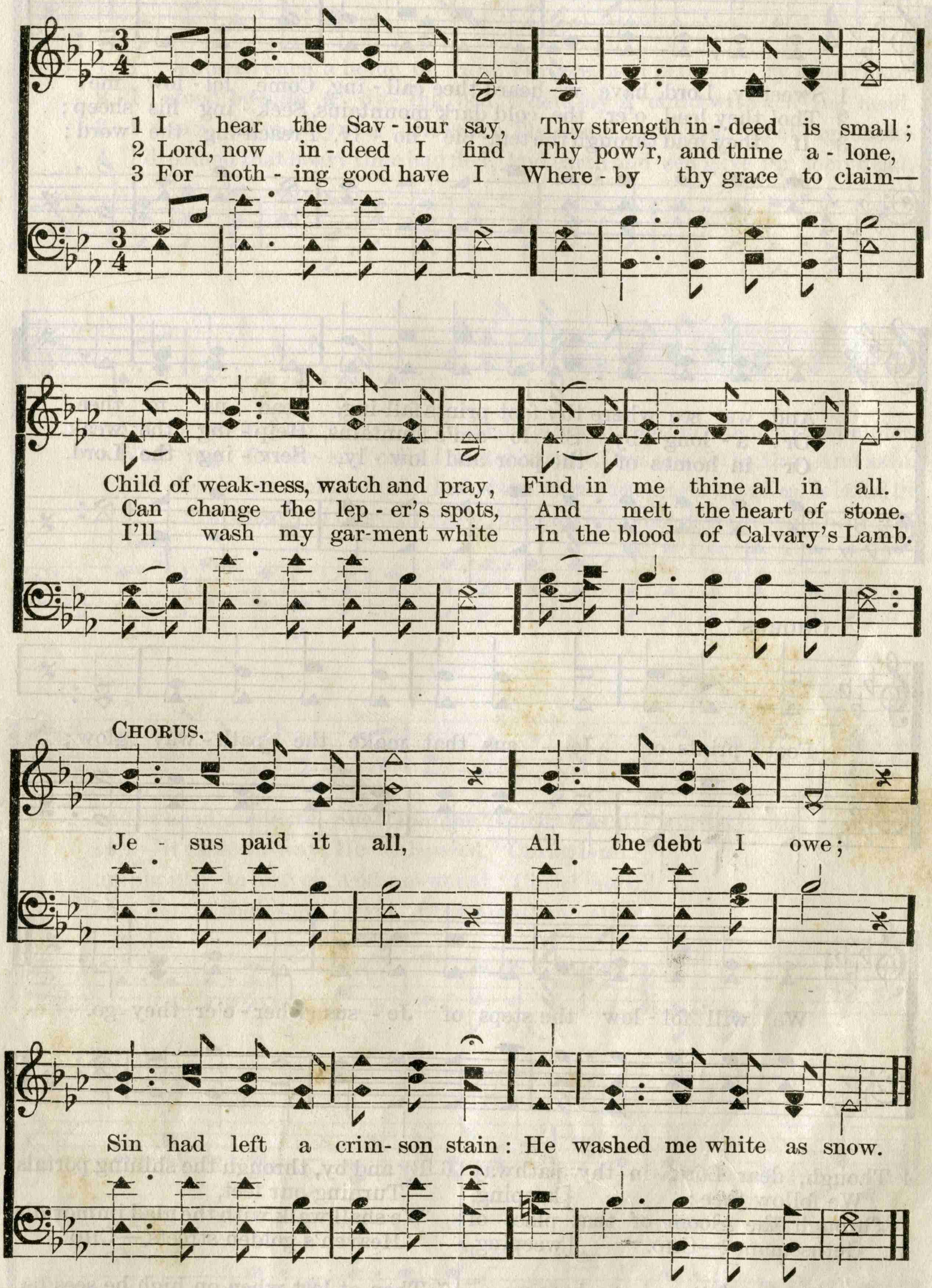
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON, by per.





No. 97. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Mrs. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

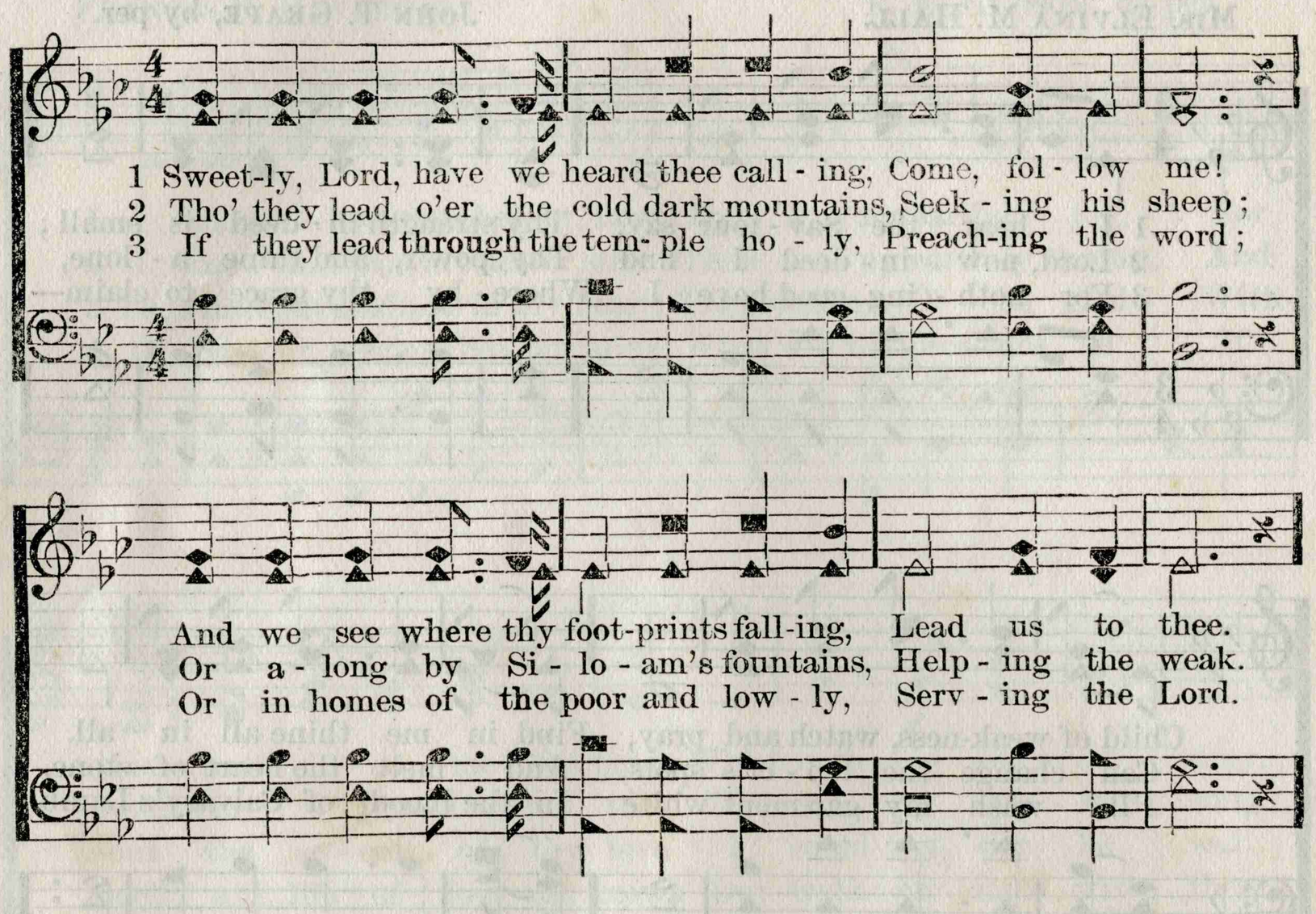


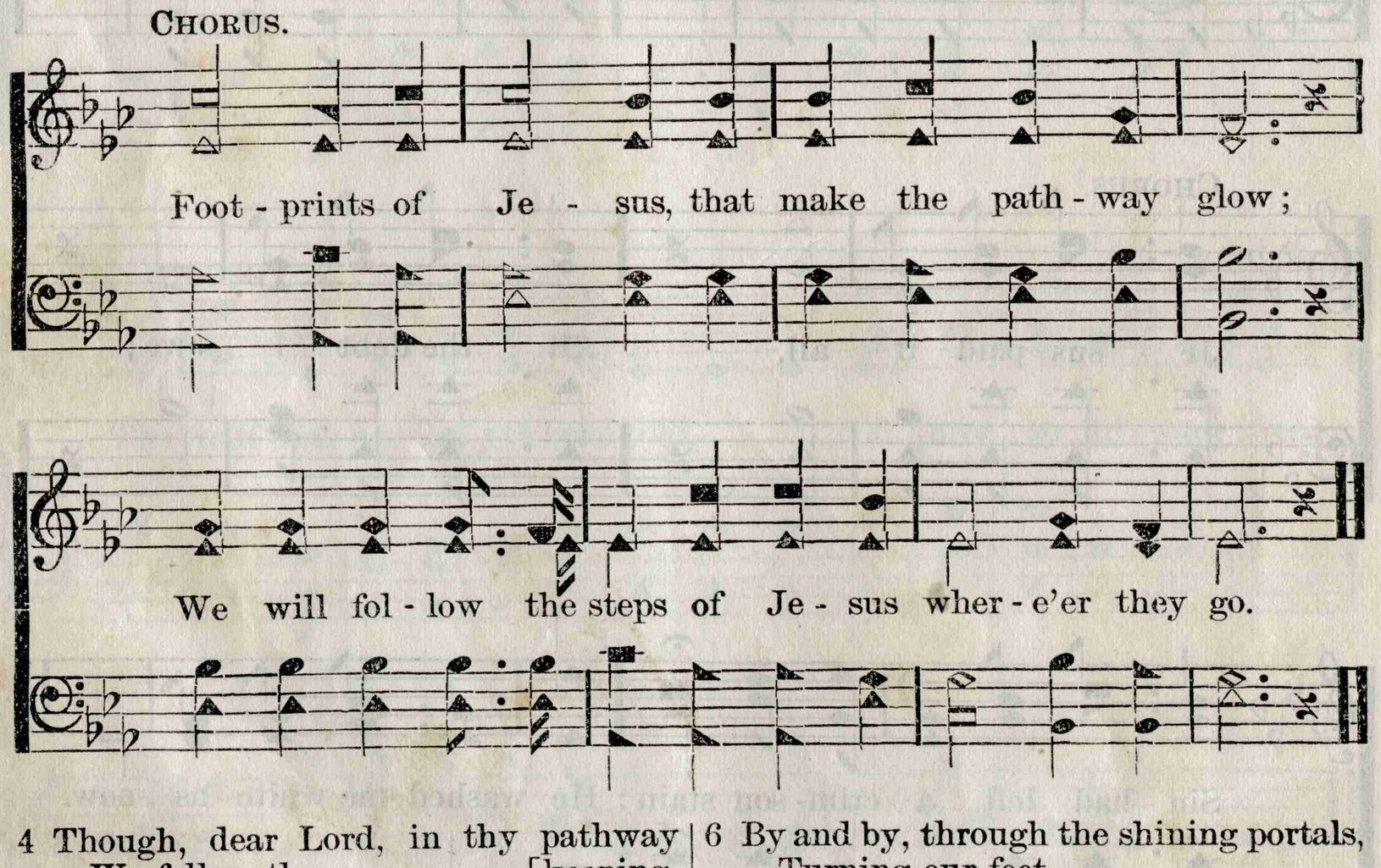
4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then Jesus paid it all,
Shall rend the vaulted skies,—CHO.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

No. 98. FOOT STEPS OF JESUS.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. B. Everett.





4 Though, dear Lord, in thy pathway
We follow thee; [keeping,
Through the gloom of that place of
Gethsemane!—Cho. [weeping,

5 If thy way and its sorrows bearing,
We go again,
Up the slope of the hill-side, bearing
Our cross of pain.—Cho.

6 By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet,
We shall walk with the glad immortals,
Heaven's golden streets.—Cho.

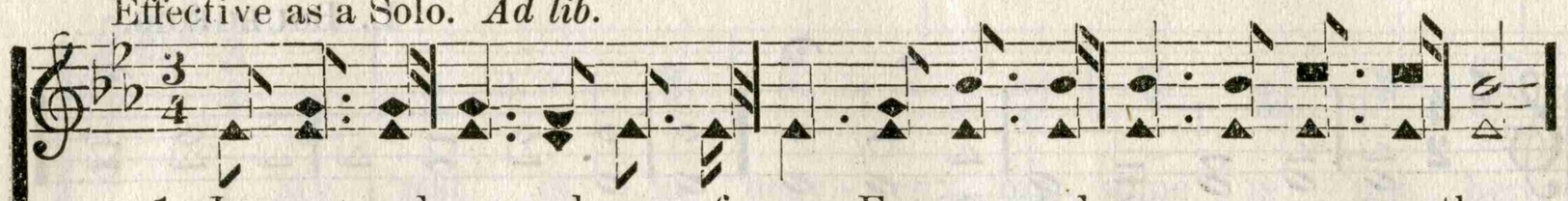
7 Then at last when on high he sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at his throne.—Cho.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

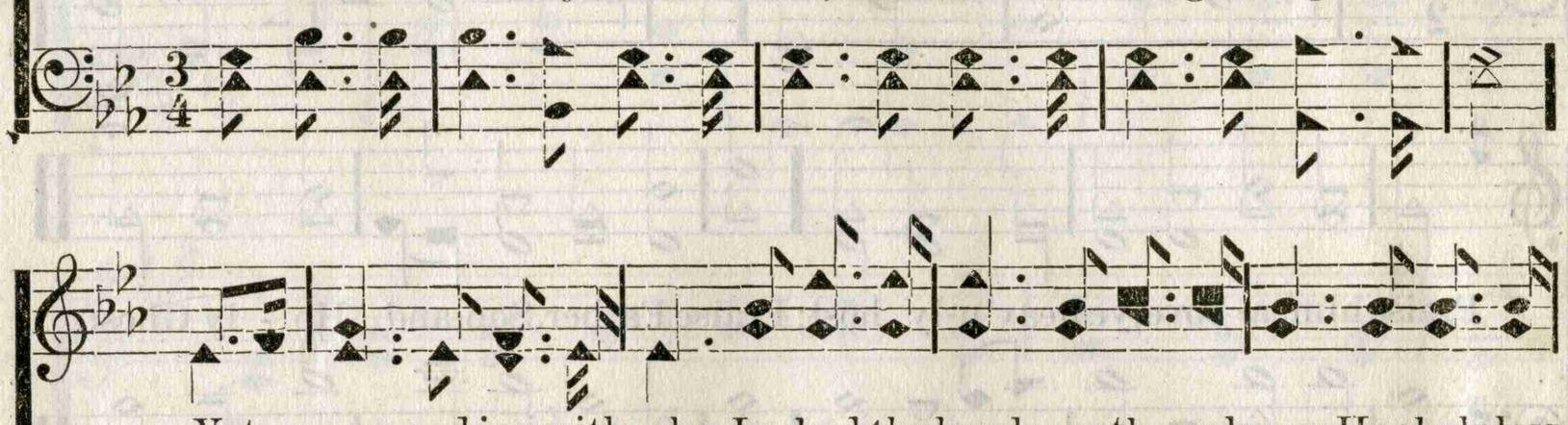
No. 99. CHRIST IS ALL.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

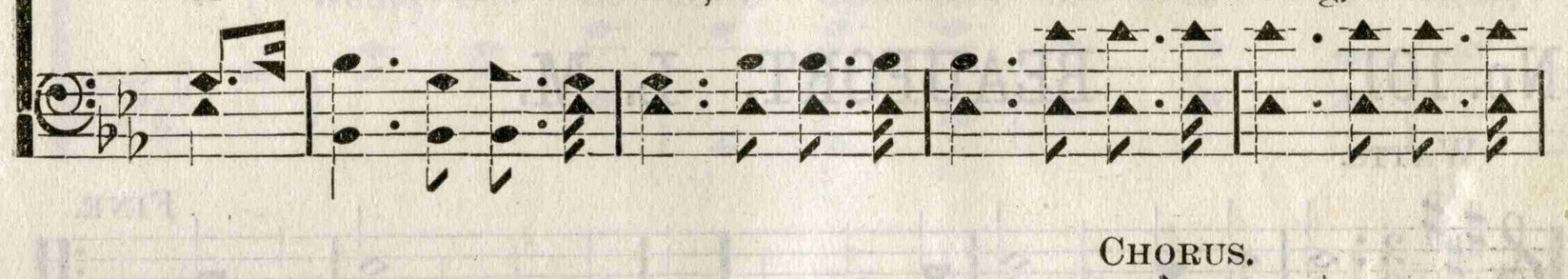
Effective as a Solo. *Ad lib.*



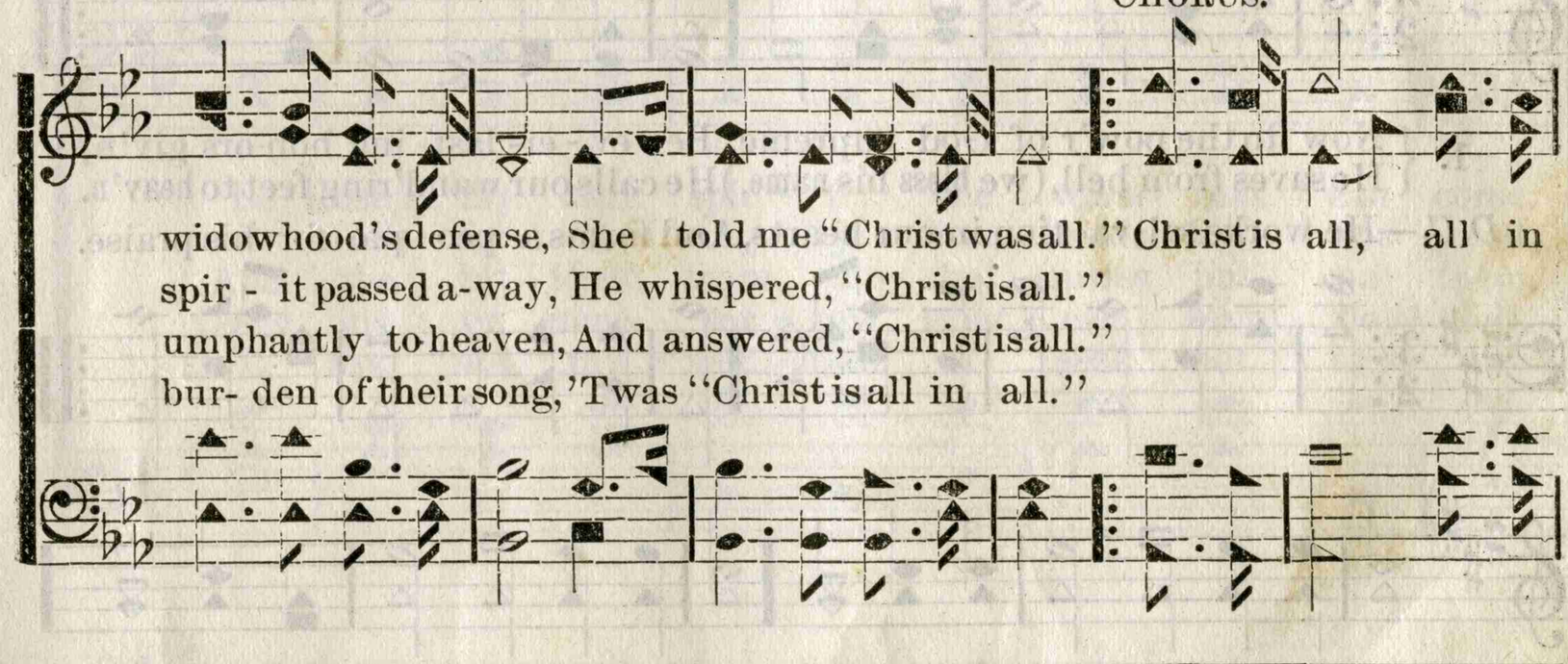
1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach- ing head,
3. I saw the mar-tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake
4. I dreamed that hoary time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,



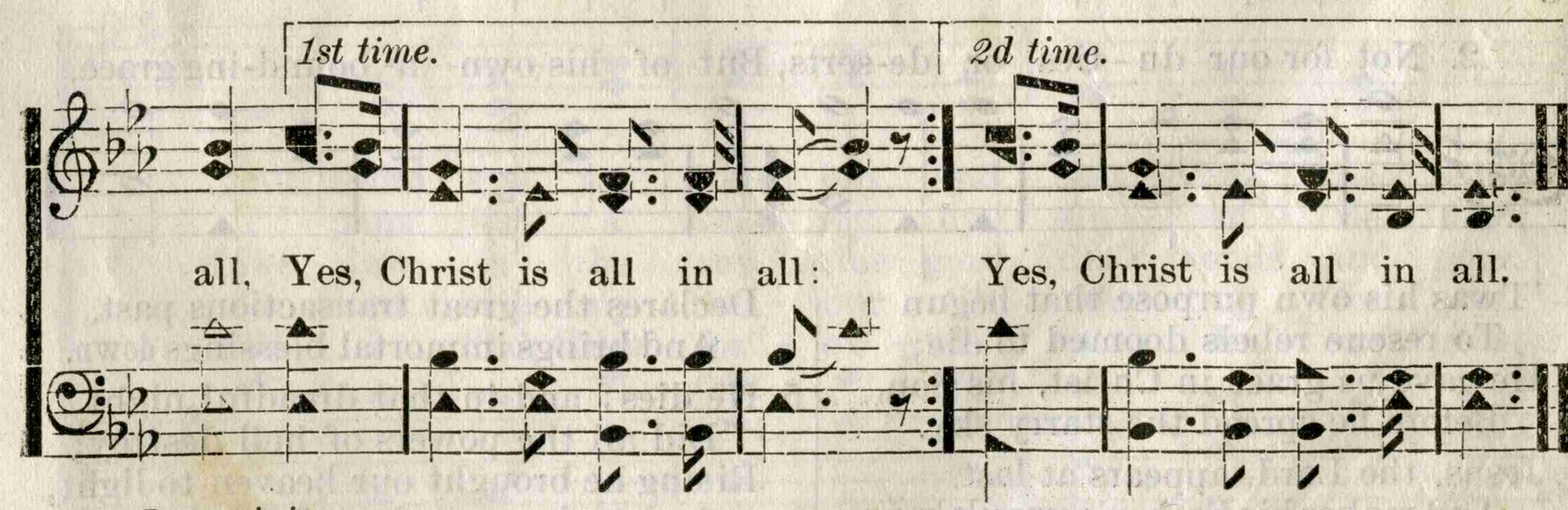
Yet peace and joy with- al; I asked the lonely mother whence Her helpless
Wait- ing for Je- sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his
Nor death his soul ap - pal, I asked him whence his strength was given, He looked tri-
A fire dissolved this ball, I saw the church's ransomed throng, I heard the



CHORUS.



widowhood's defense, She told me "Christ was all." Christ is all, all in
spir - it passed a-way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
umphantly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all."
bur- den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."



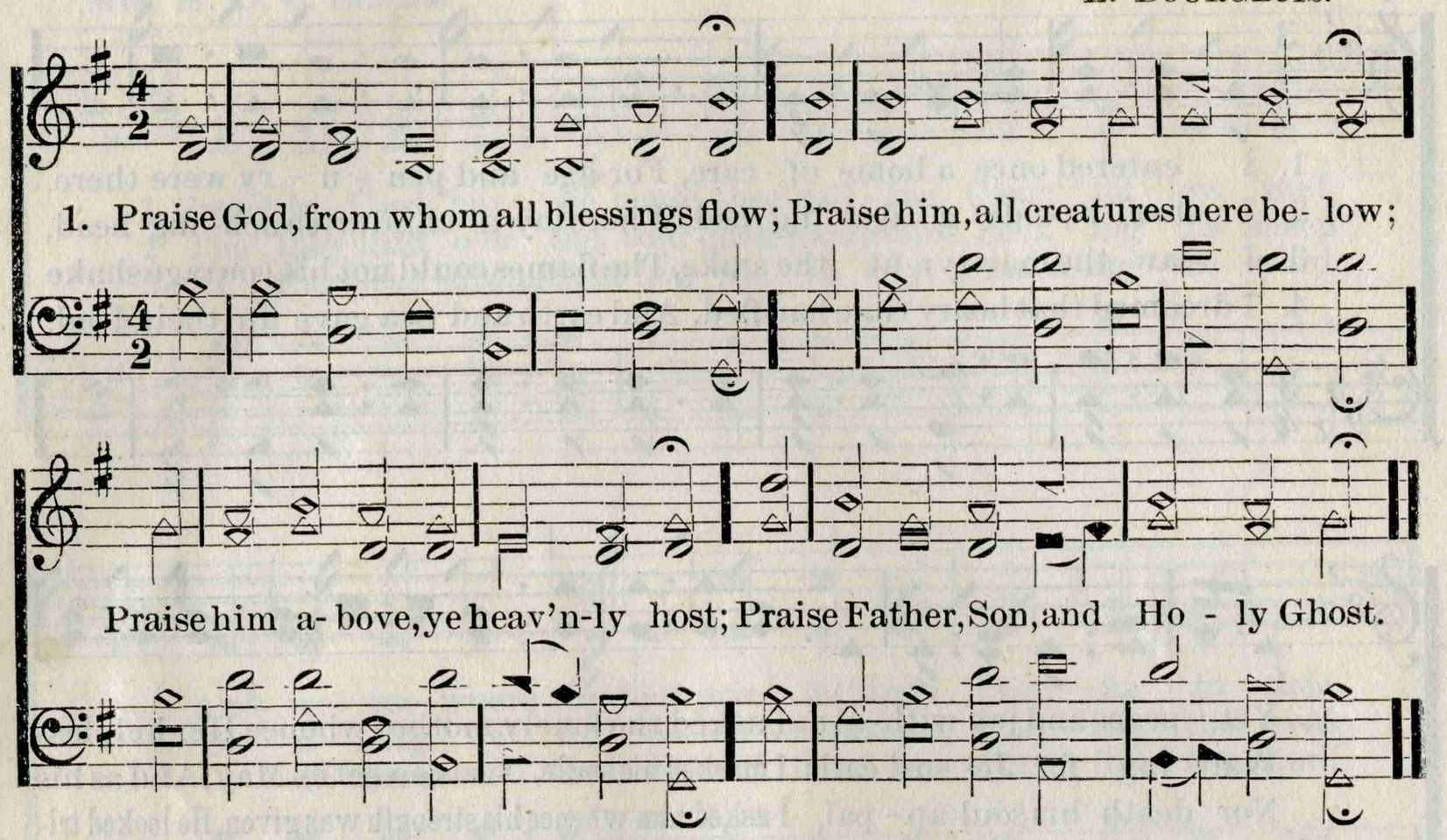
1st time. *2d time.*

all, Yes, Christ is all in all: Yes, Christ is all in all.

By permission.

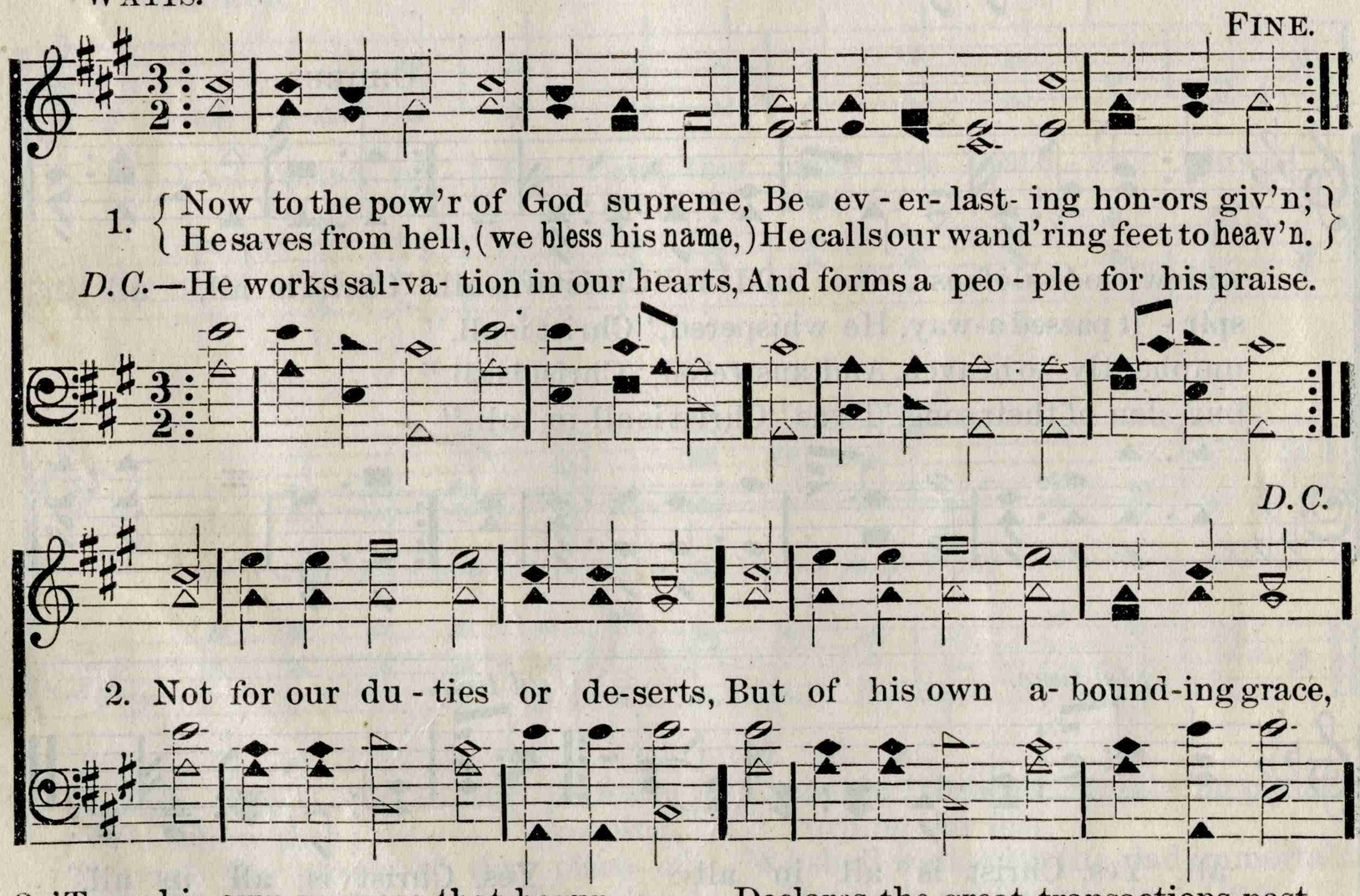
No. 100. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

L. BOURGEOIS.



No. 101. BEAUFORT. L. M.

WATTS.



3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ, his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies; and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

No. 102. MY REST IS IN HEAVEN.

1. My rest is in heav - en, my home is not here,
2. It is not for me to be seek - ing my bliss,
3. Af - flic - tions may press me, they can - not de - stroy;
4. Let tri - al and dan - ger my pro - gress op - pose,
5. The thorn and the this - tle a - round me may grow,

Then why should I mur - mur when tri - als are near?
And build - ing my hopes in a re - gion like this;
One glimpse of his love turns them all in - to joy;
They on - ly make heav - en more sweet at its close;
I would not lie down up - on ros - es be - low;

Be hush'd, my dark spir - it; the worst that can come,
I look for a cit - y that hands have not piled,
And the bit - t'rest tears if he smiles but on them,
Come joy or come sor - row, what - e'er may be - fall,
I ask not my por - tion, I seek not my rest,

But short - ens thy jour - ney, and hast - ens thee home.
I pant for a coun - try by sin un - de - filed.
Like dew in the sun - shine grow dia - monds and gem.
An hour with my Sav - iour will make up for all.
Till I find them for - ev - er on Je - sus' breast.

No. 103. WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er?
2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er?
3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Sav-iour;
4. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er;

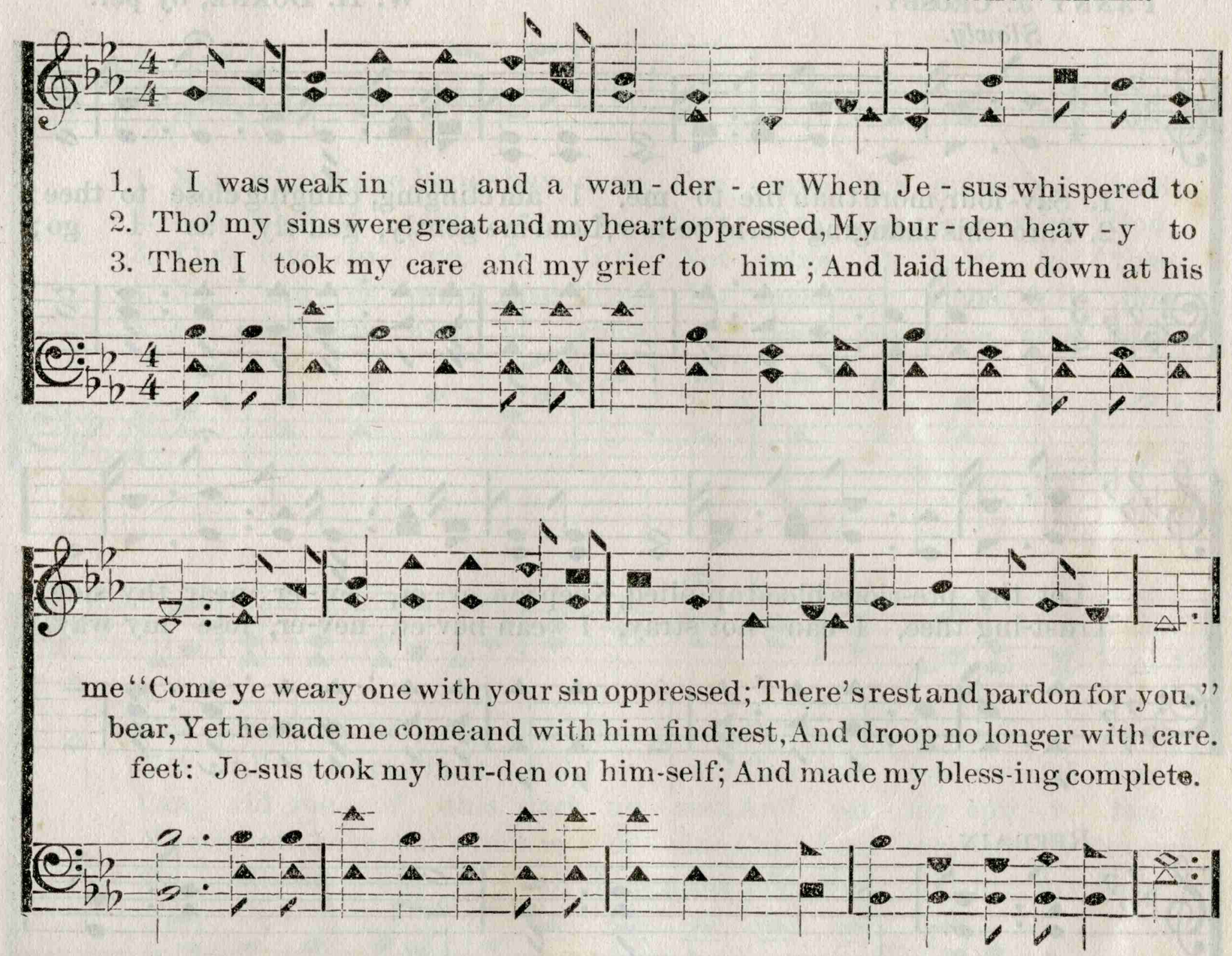
When will peace wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er?
When shall sweet friend-ship glow Changeless for - ev - er?
May we all there u - nite, Hap - py for - ev - er?
Soon will peace wreath her chain Round us for - ev - er?

Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each blast that blows,
Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill
Where kin - dred spir - its dwell, There may our mu - sic swell,
Our hearts will then re - pose Se - cure from world - ly woes;

In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er, no, nev - er!
And fears of part - ing chill, Nev - er, no, nev - er!
And time our joys dis - pell, Nev - er, no, nev - er!
Our songs of praise shall close, Nev - er, no, nev - er!

No. 104. BLESSED WORDS.

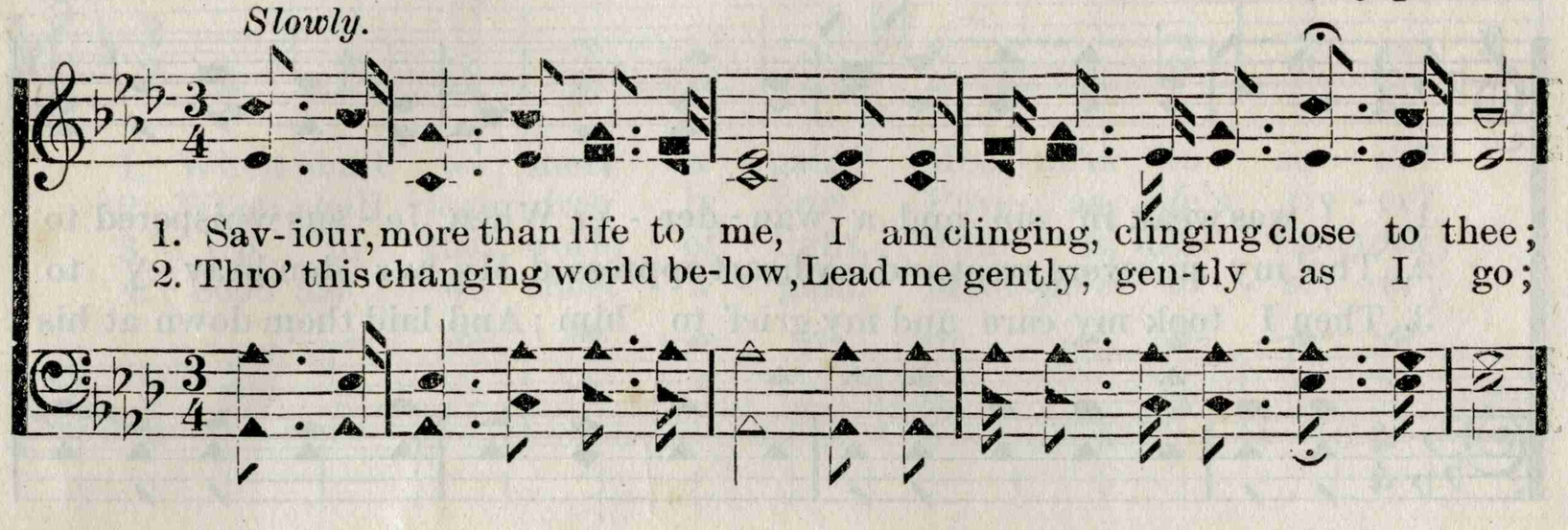
A. J. SHOWALTER.



No. 105. EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

Slowly.



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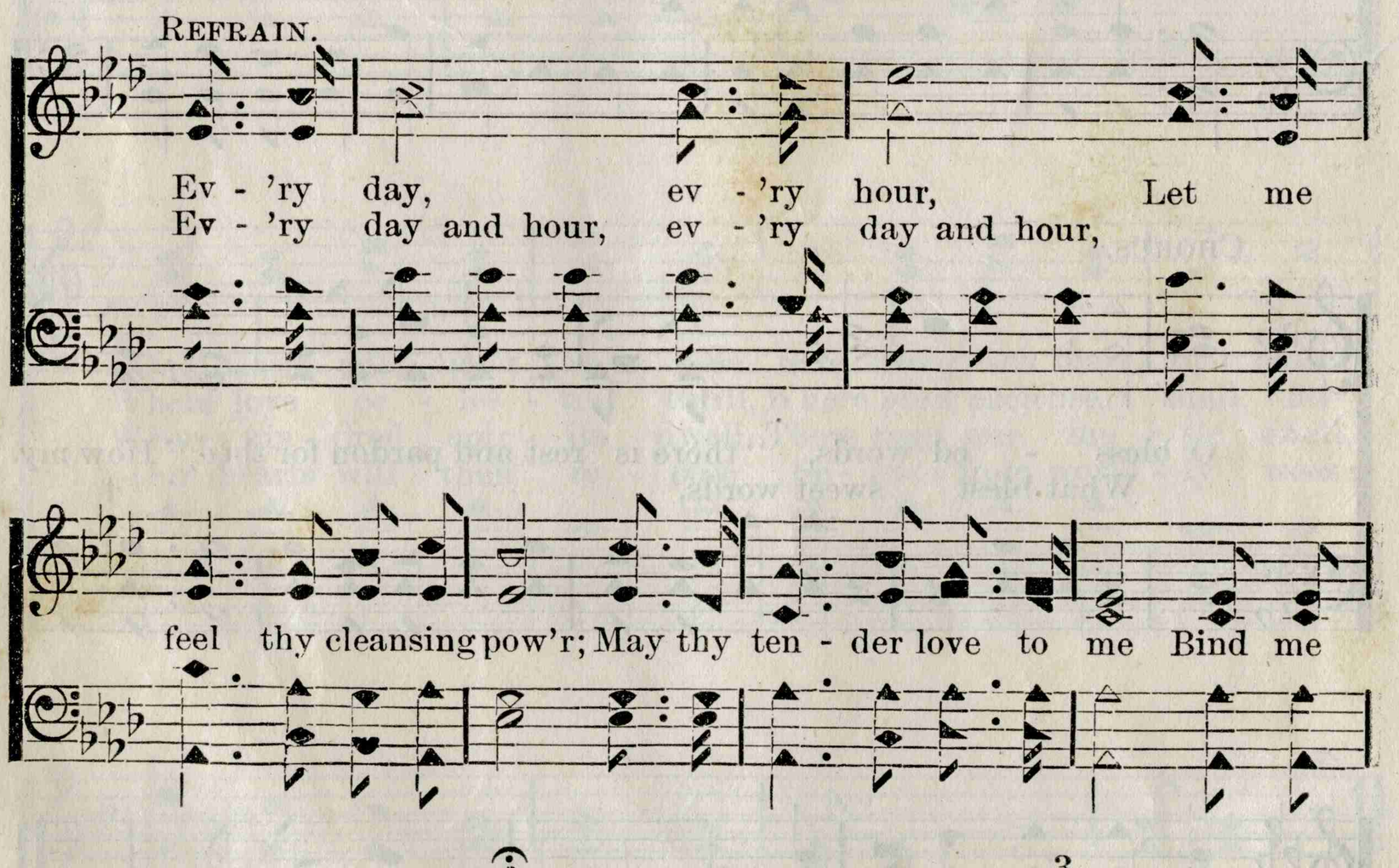
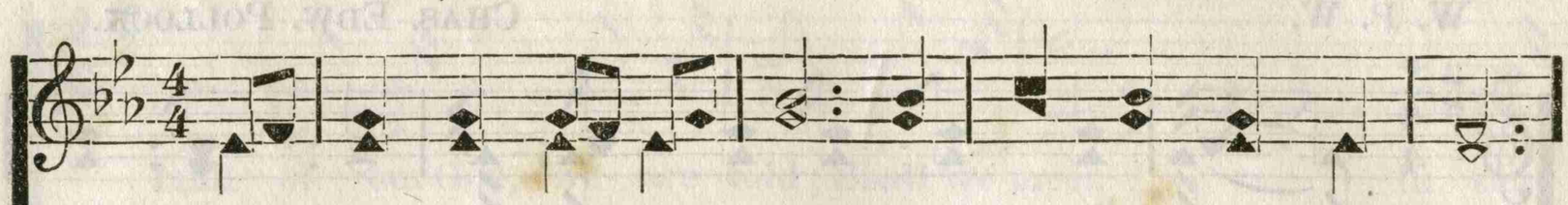


3

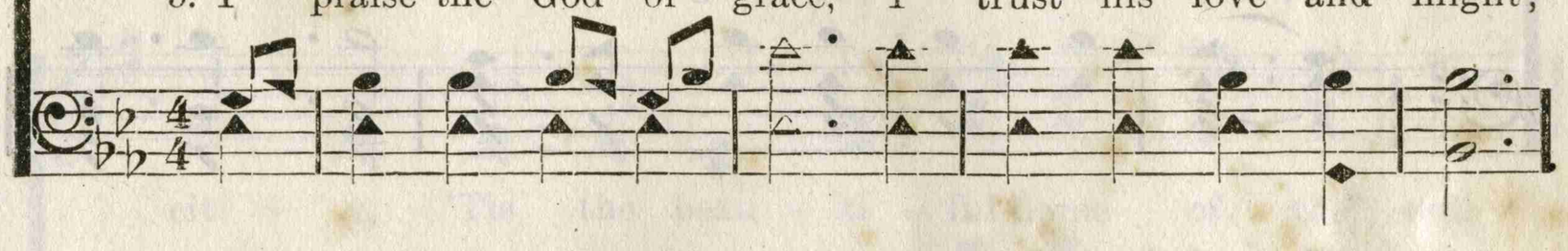
Let me love thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er:
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.
Ref. Every day and hour, &c.

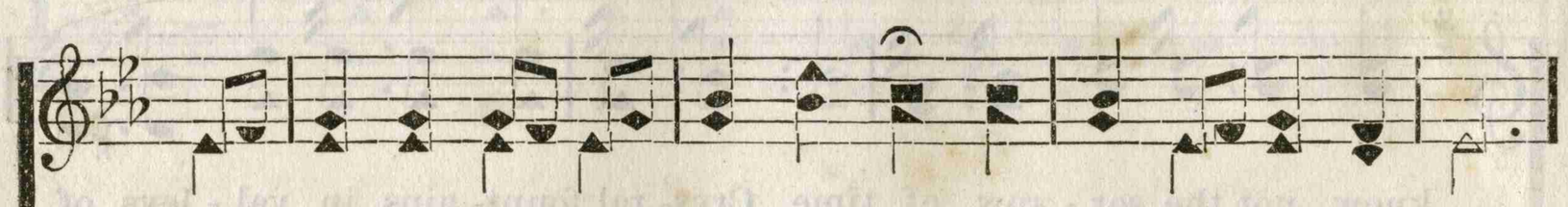
No. 106. Not What These Hands Have Done.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

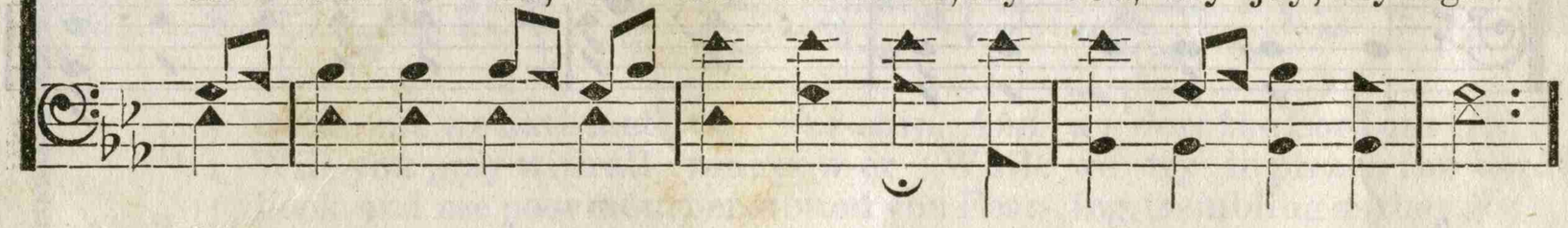


1. Not what these hands have done, Can save this guilt - y soul;
2. Not what I feel or do, Can give me peace with God;
3. Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O Lord, to thee,
4. No oth - er work save thine, No mean - er blood, will do;
5. I praise the God of grace, I trust his love and might;





Not what this toil - ing flesh has borne, Can make my spir - it whole.
Not all my pray'rs, or sigh, or tears, Can ease my aw - ful load.
Can rid me of this dark un - rest, And set my spir - it free.
No strength, save that which is di - vine, Can bear me safe - ly through.
He calls me his, I call him mine; My God, my joy, my light!



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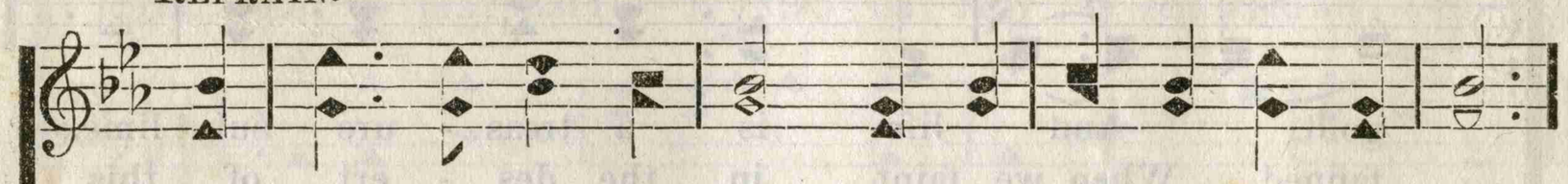
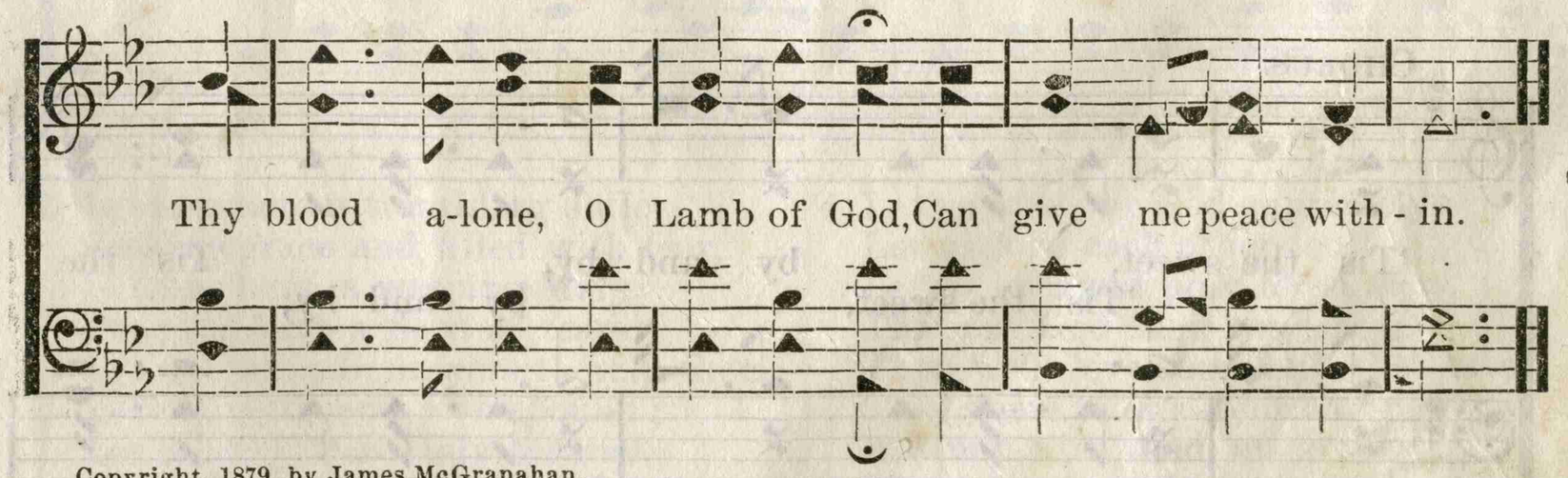


Thy work a- lone, my Sav - iour, Can ease this weight of sin;

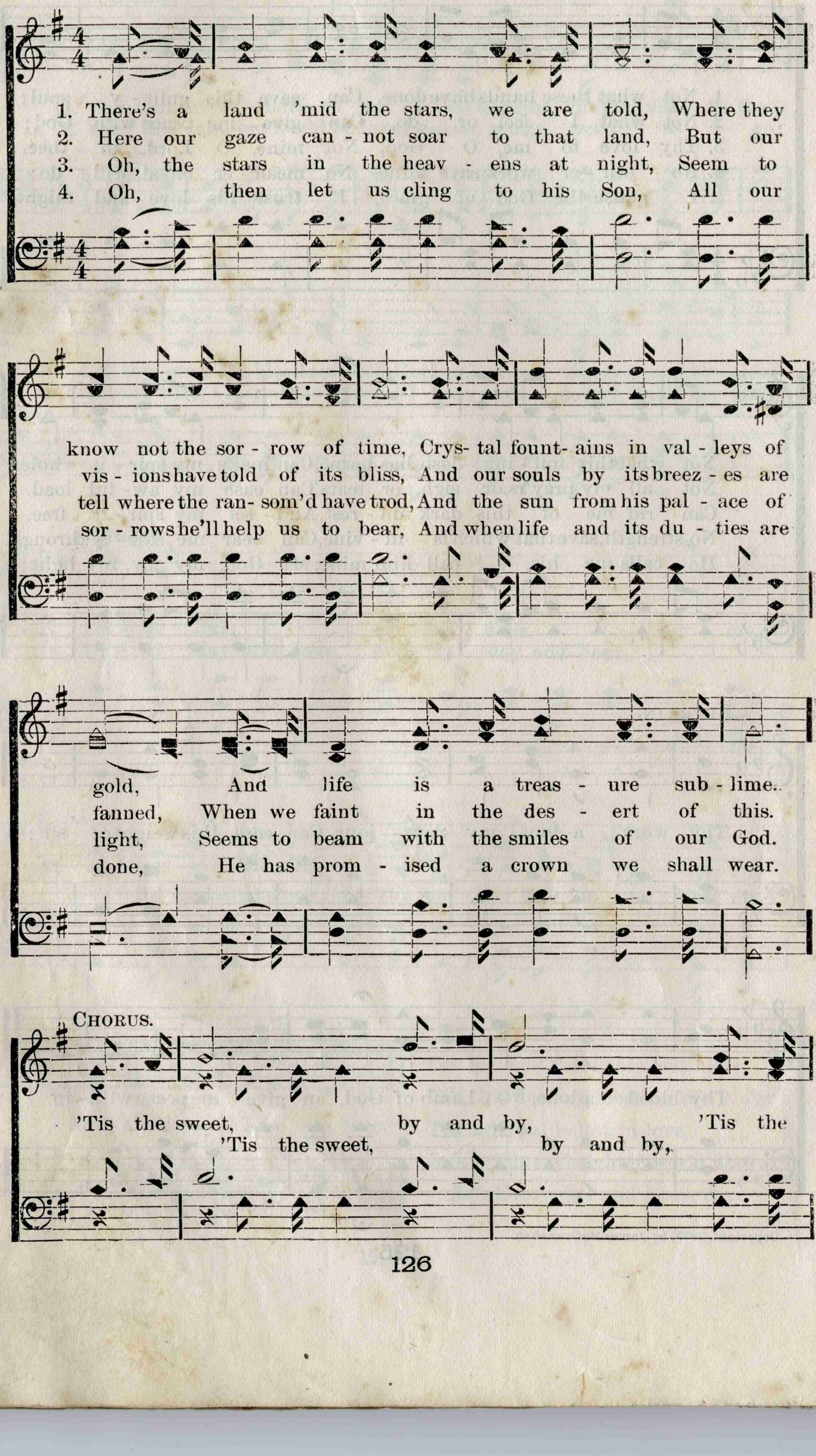


Thy blood a-lone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace with - in.

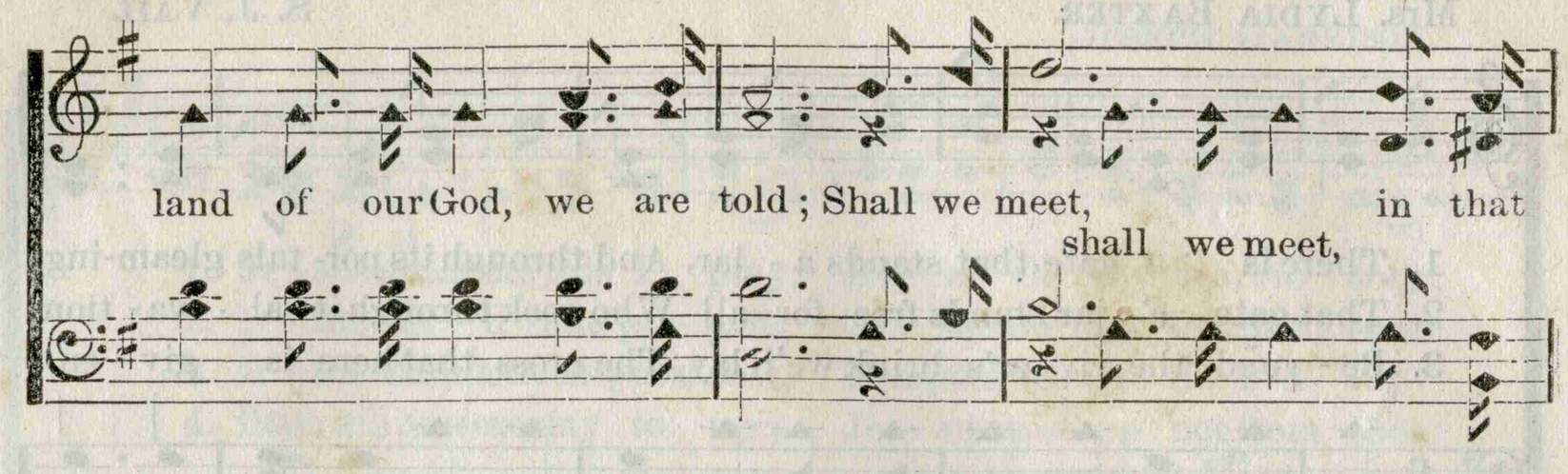
Copyright, 1879, by James McGranahan.

No. 107. BEAUTIFUL HOME OF THE SOUL.

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

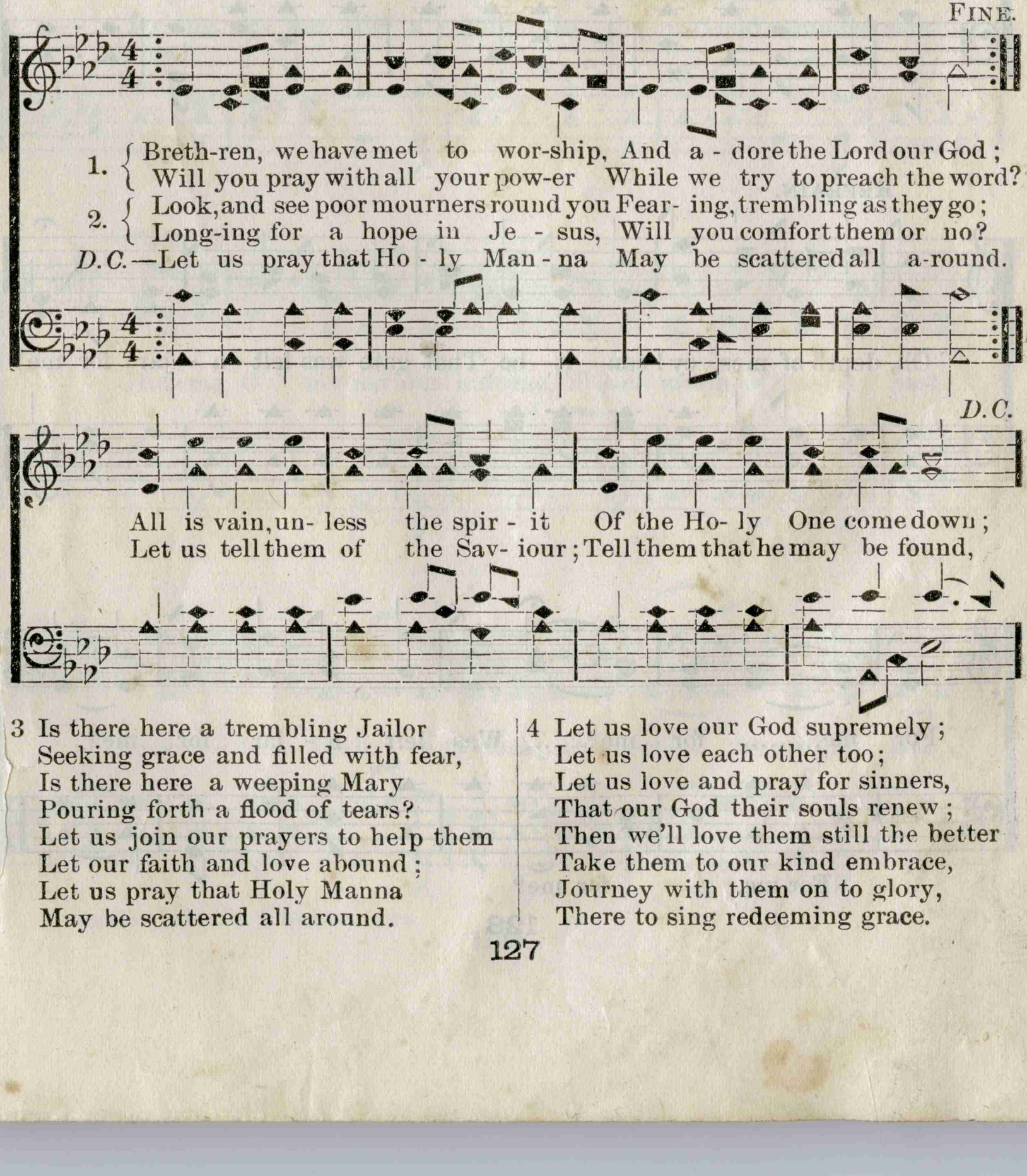


BEAUTIFUL HOME OF THE SOUL. Concluded.



No. 108. HOLY MANNA. 8s. & 7s.

Arr. by H. N. LINCOLN.



3 Is there here a trembling Jailor
Seeking grace and filled with fear,
Is there here a weeping Mary
Pouring forth a flood of tears?
Let us join our prayers to help them
Let our faith and love abound;
Let us pray that Holy Manna
May be scattered all around.

4 Let us love our God supremely;
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
That our God their souls renew;
Then we'll love them still the better
Take them to our kind embrace,
Journey with them on to glory,
There to sing redeeming grace.

No. 109. THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. S. J. VAIL.

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And through its por- tals gleam-ing,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek through it sal - va- tion;
3. Be - yond the riv- er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,

A radiance from the Cross a - far, The Sav-iour's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
And bear the crown of life a - way, And love him more in heav - en.

REFRAIN.

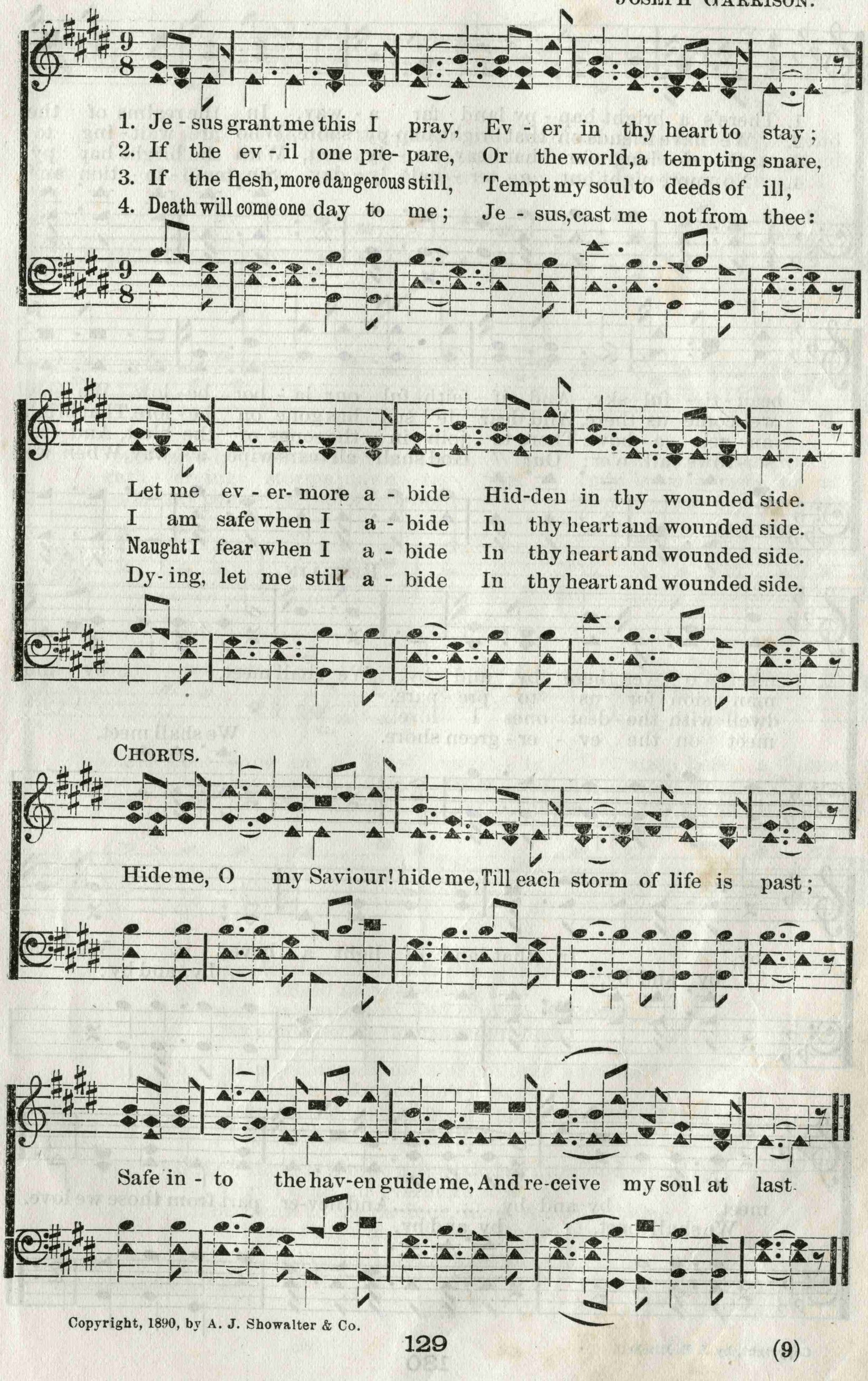
Oh, depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?

For me..... for me?..... Was left a - jar for me?

For me, for me?

No. 110. HIDE ME, SAVIOUR.

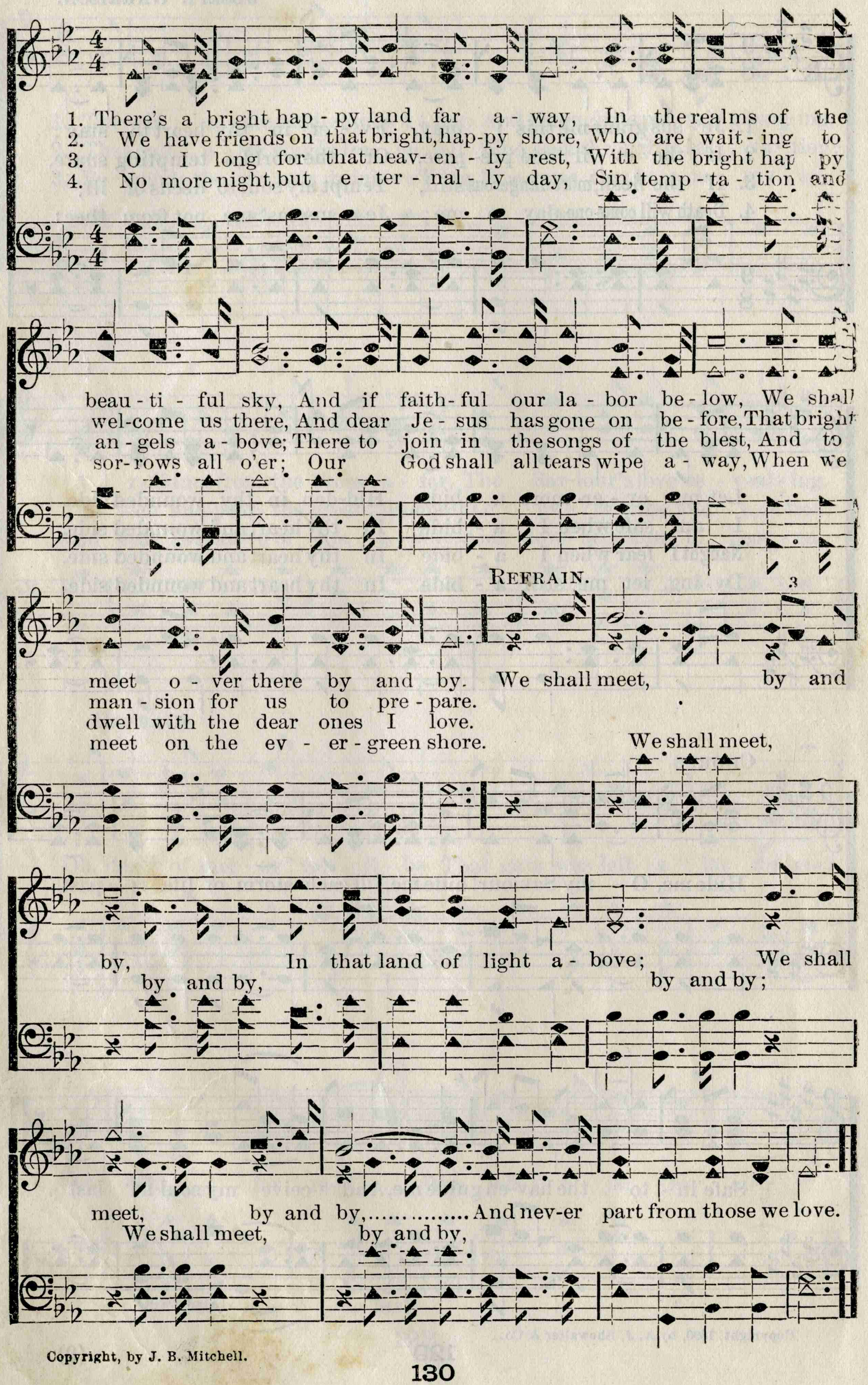
JOSEPH GARRISON.



Copyright, 1890, by A. J. Showalter & Co.

No. 111. WE SHALL MEET BY AND BY.

Mrs. Bettie Power. Jas. B. Mitchell.



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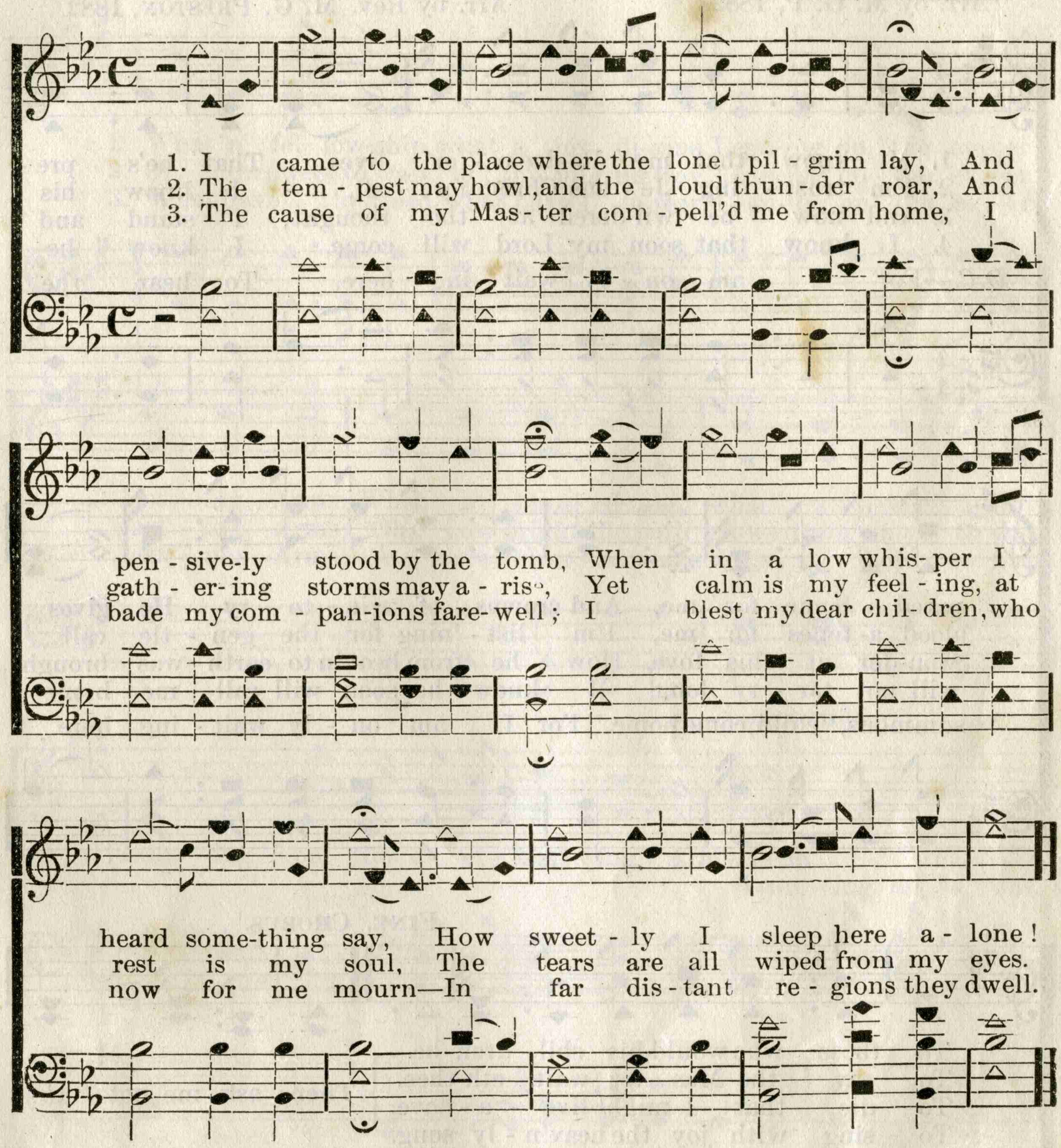
No. 112. THE LONE PILGRIM. 11, 8, 11, 8.

WM. WALKER.



4 I wander'd an exile and stranger from home,
No kindred or relative nigh;
I met the contagion, and sank to the tomb,
My soul flew to mansions on high.

5 O tell my companions and children most dear,
To weep not for me now I'm gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes most severe,
Has kindly assisted me home.

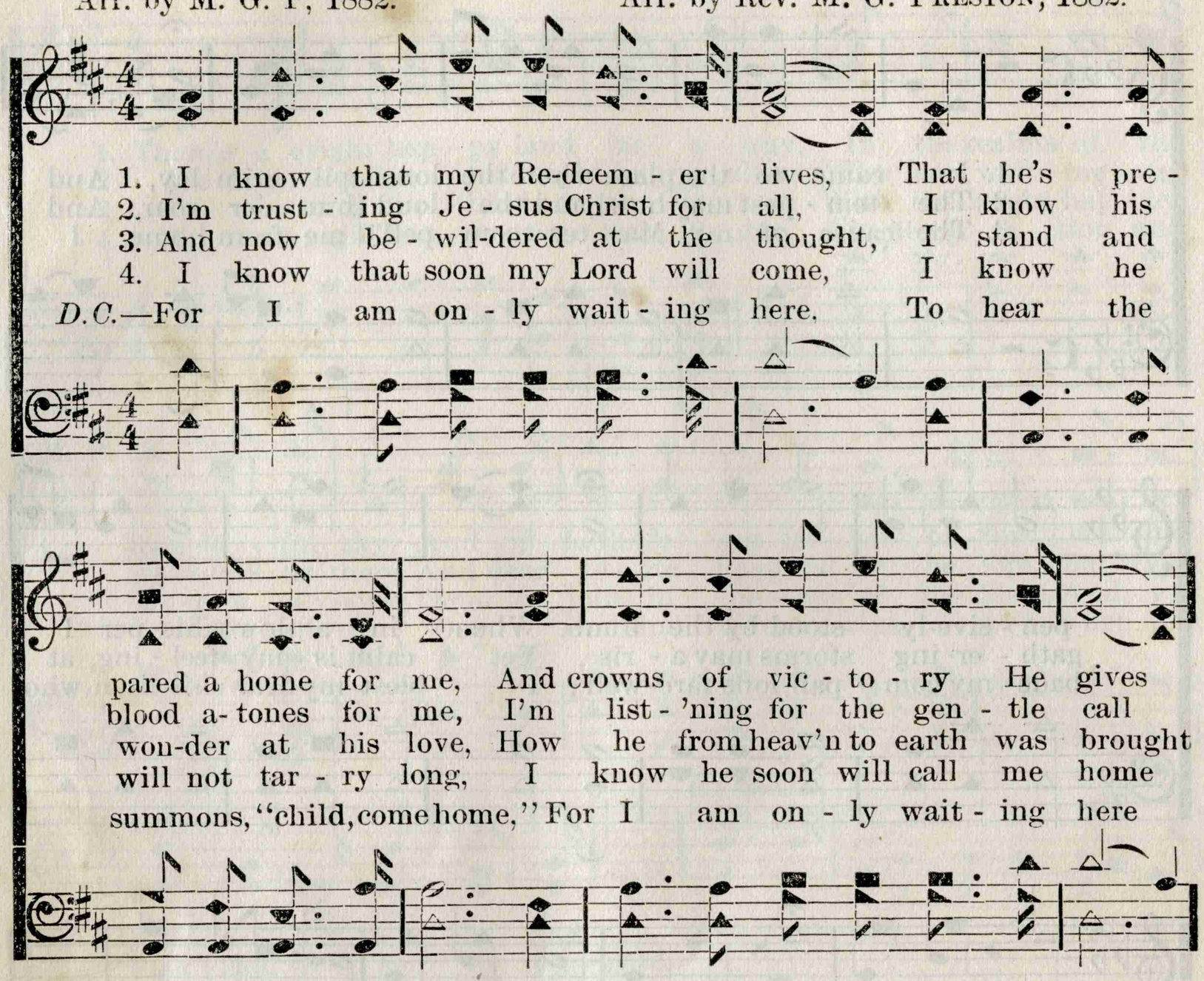
*6 And there is a crown that doth glitter and shine,
That I shall for evermore wear:
Then turn to the Saviour, his love's all divine,
All you that would dwell with me there.

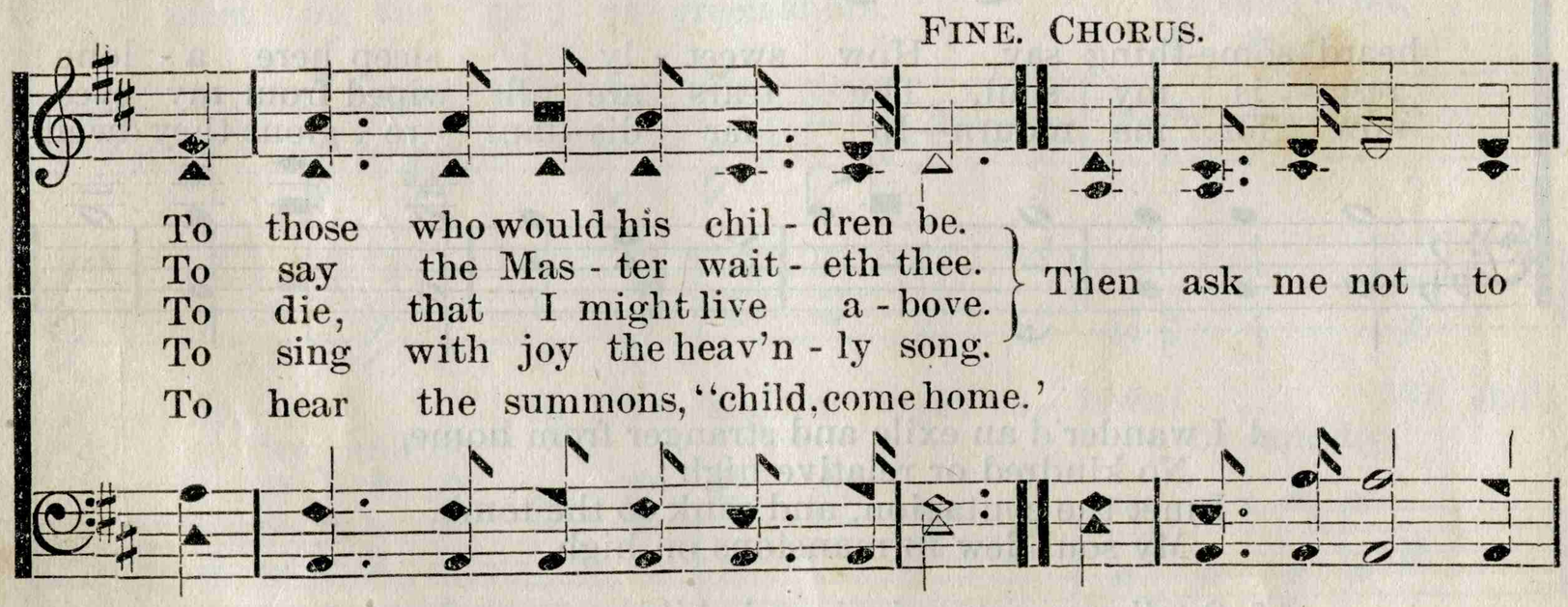
* The sixth verse was composed by J. J. Hicks, of North Carolina.

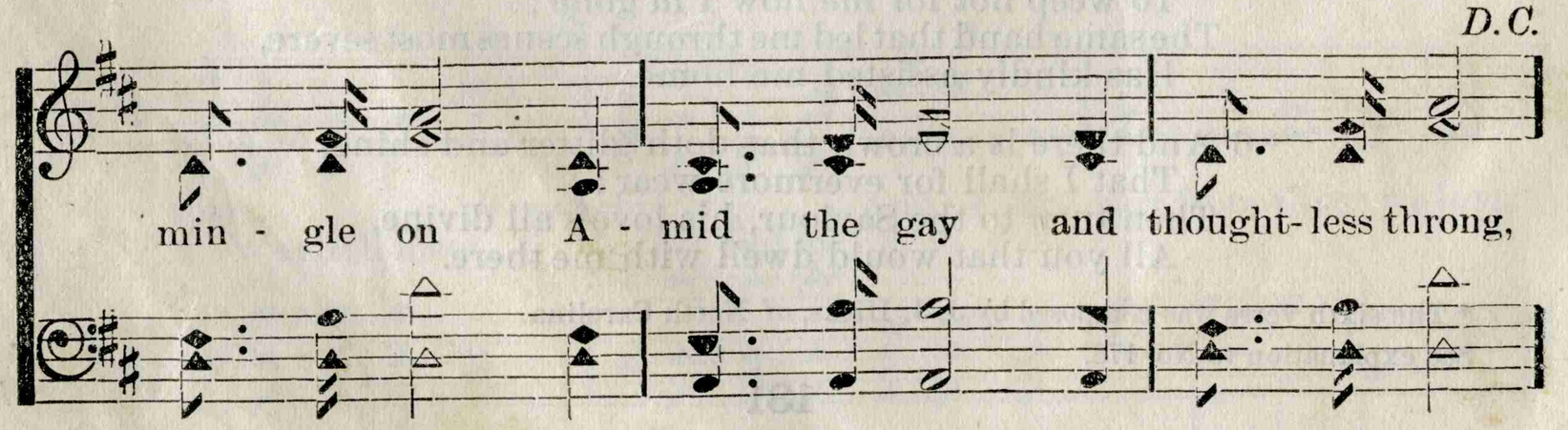
See explanation to No. 178.

No. 113. I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES.

Arr. by M. G. P, 1882. Arr. by Rev. M. G. PRESTON, 1882.







No. 114. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

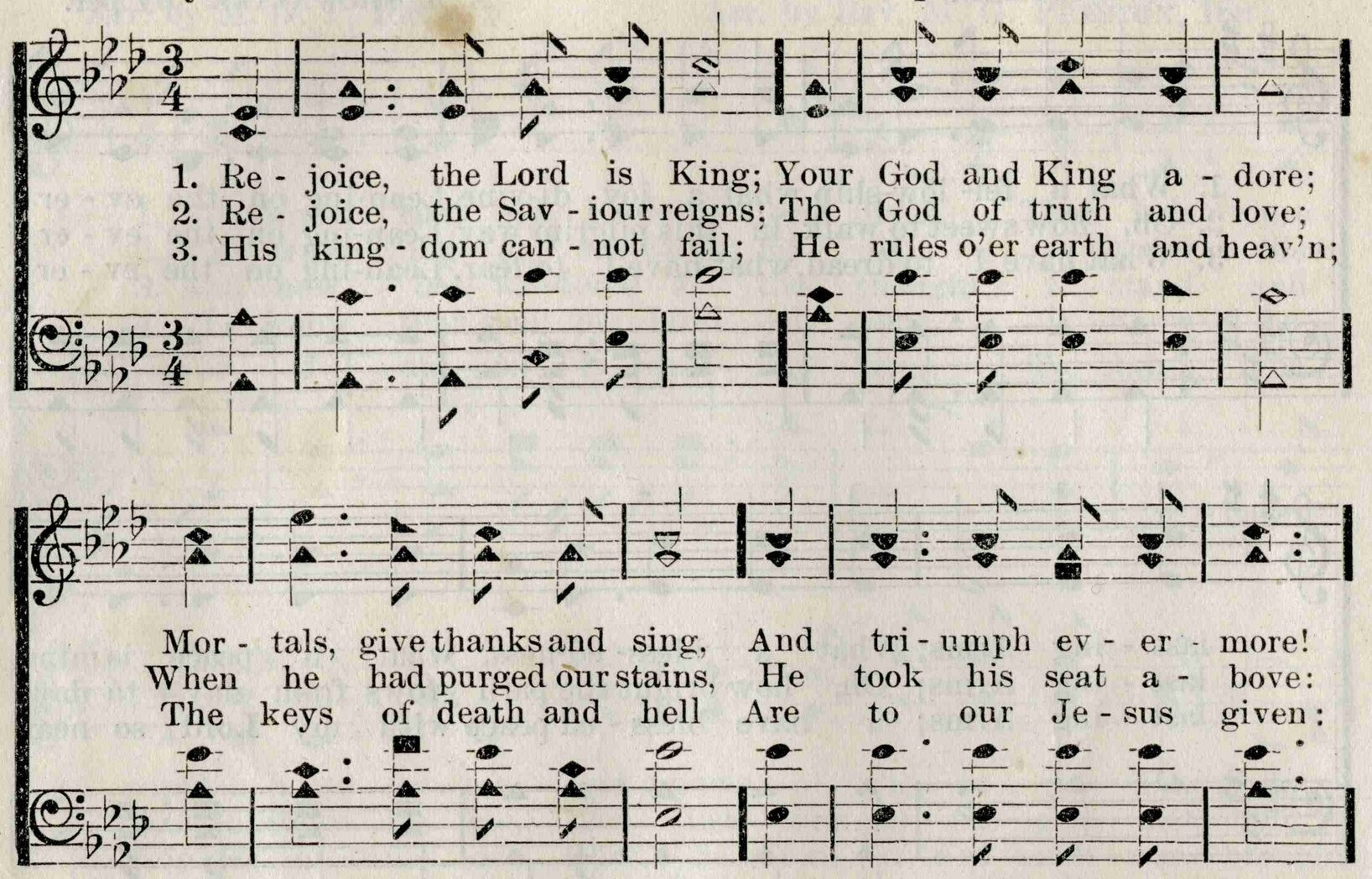
lean - ing, Safe and secure from all a- larms; Lean - ing,
leaning on Je-sus,
Leaning on Je-sus,

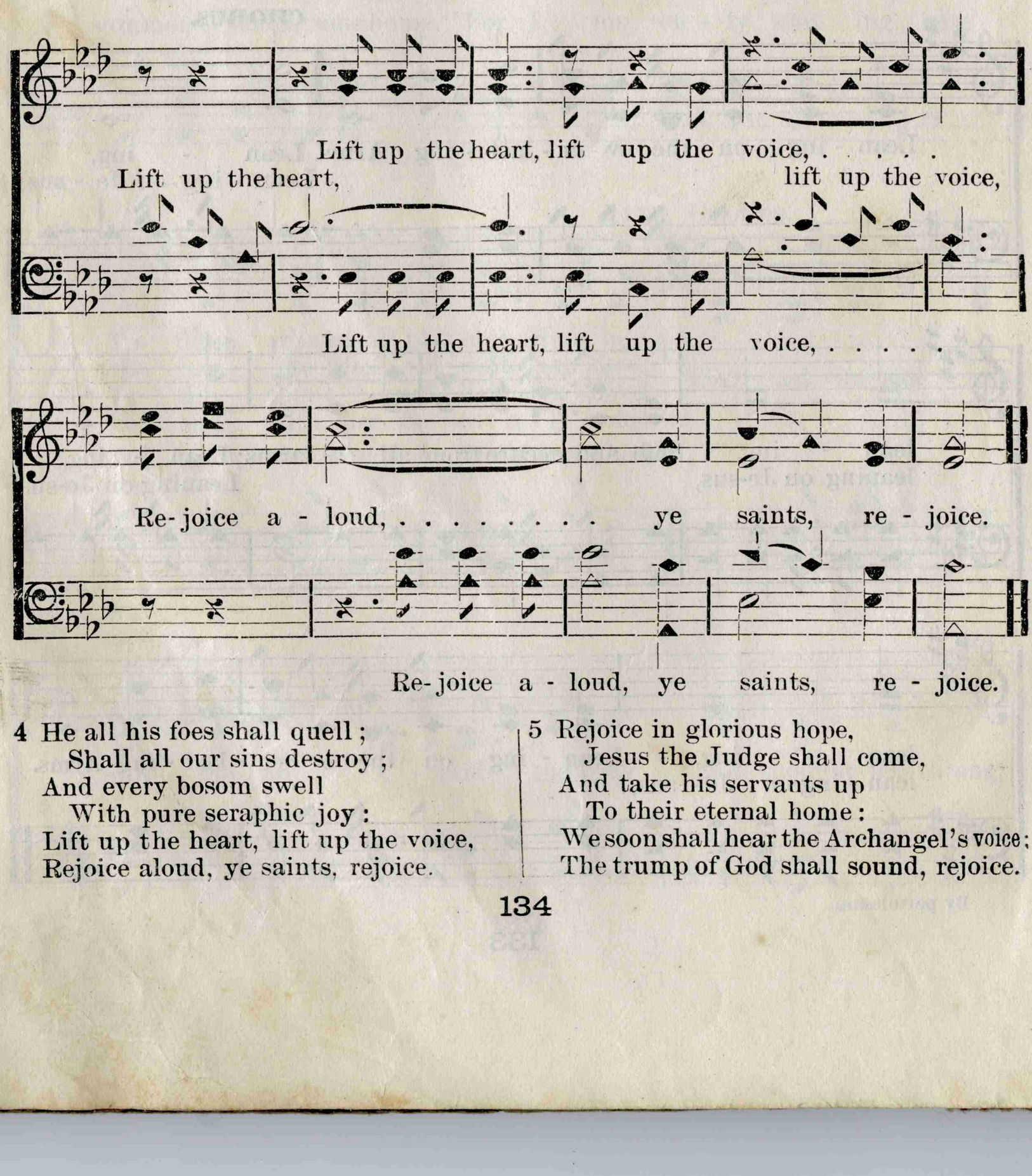
lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms.
lean - ing on Je - sus,

By permission.

No. 115. FREDERICKSBURG. H. M.

Gadsby's Col. By per. R. M. McIntosh.



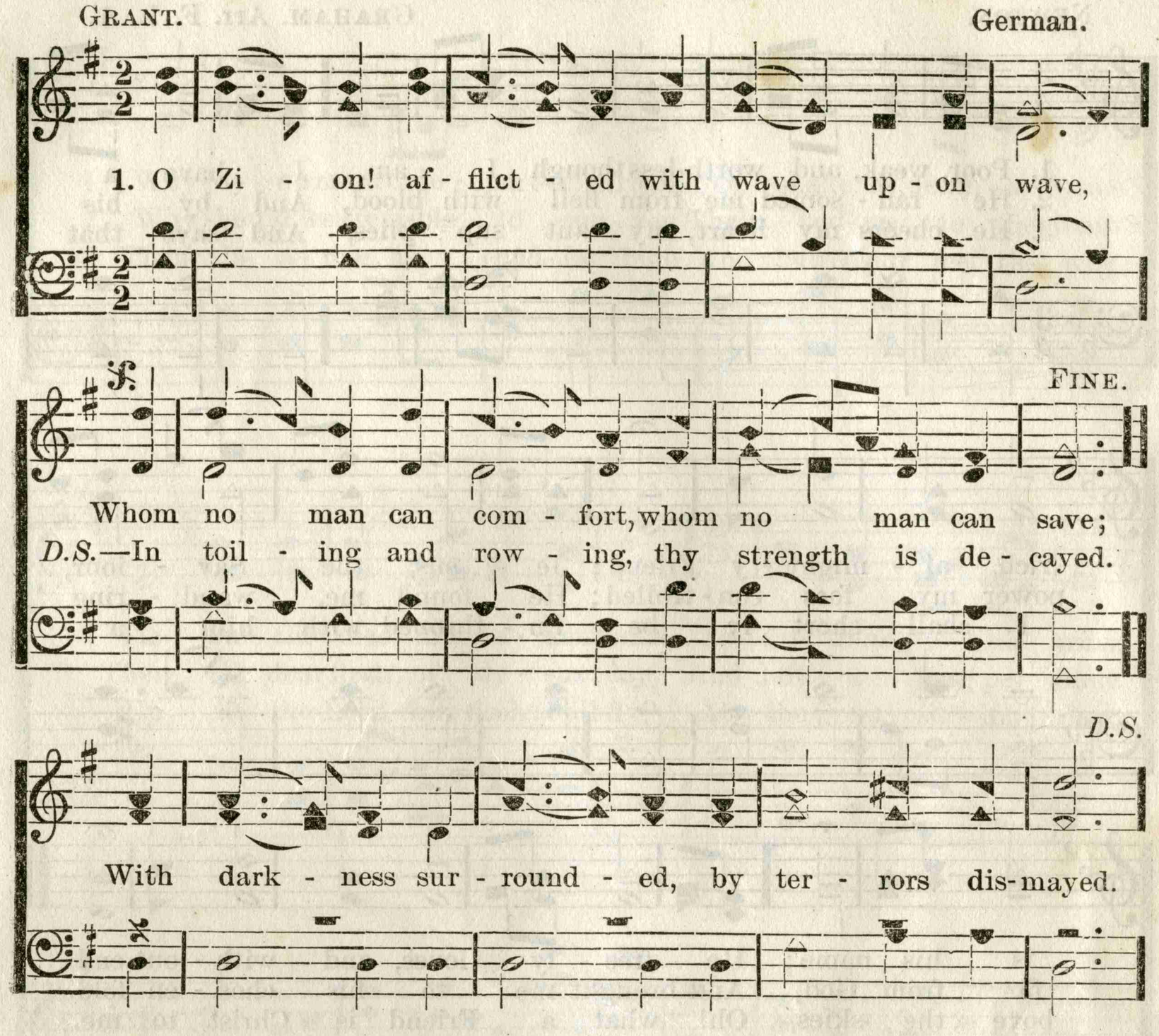


4 He all his foes shall quell;
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the Archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

No. 116. GOSHEN. 11s.

GRANT. German.



2 Loud roaring, the billow now nigh overwhelm;
But skilful's the Pilot that stands at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries,
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thy eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

4 "Forget thee, I will not, I cannot, thy name
Engraved on my heart, doth forever remain;
The palms of my hands, whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

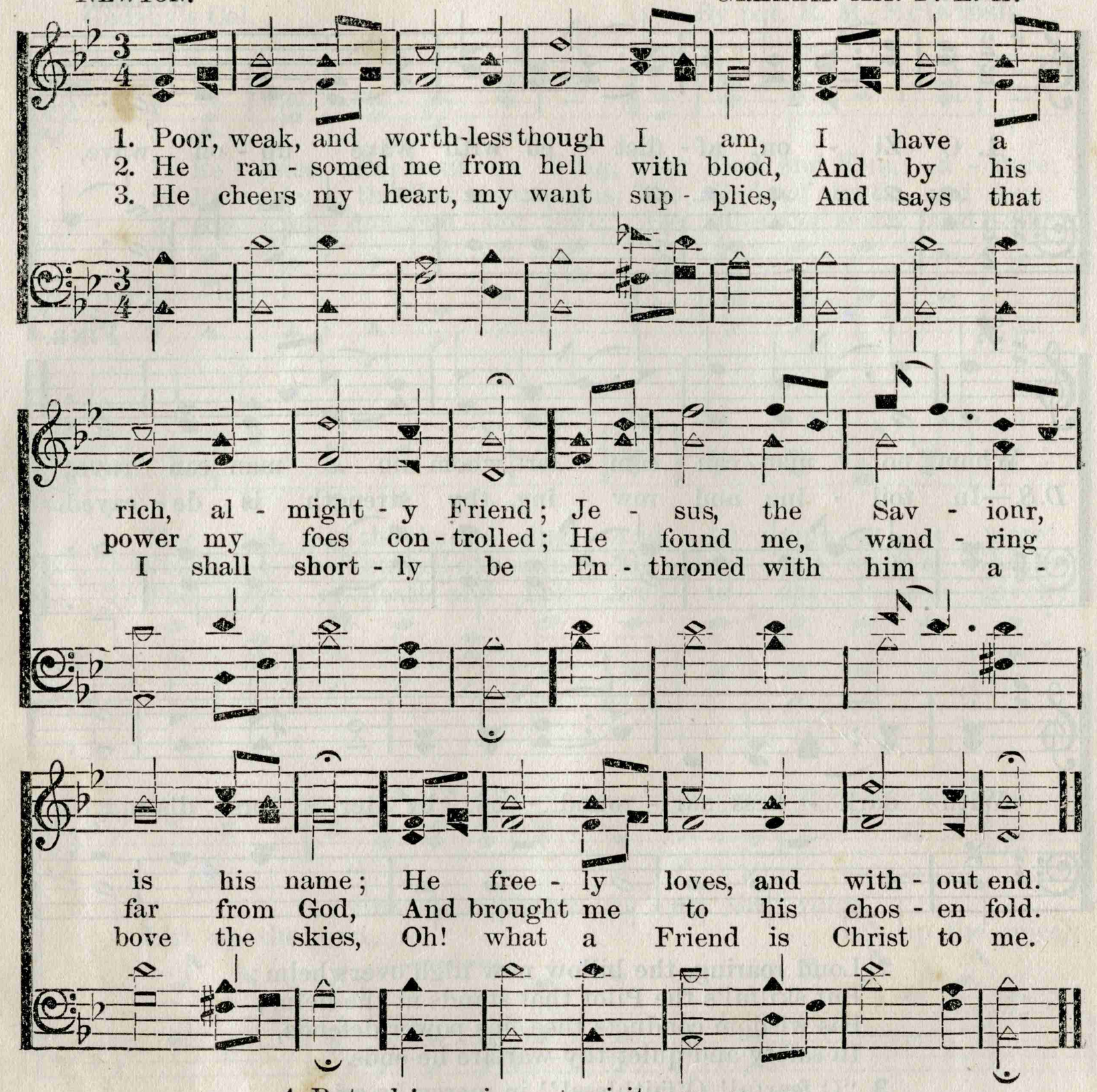
5 "I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh, and my bones;
In all thy distresses, thy Head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6 "Then trust me and fear not, thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

7 "The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer;
From all their afflictions, my glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing."

No. 117. PROSPECT. L. M. Double.

NEWTON. GRAHAM. Arr. F. L. A.



4 But, ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;
I've been a faithless friend to him.

5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust and disobey,
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can say.

6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask;
But I am straitened, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.

7 Before the world that hates his cause,
My treacherous heart has throbbed with shame;
Loth to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.

8 Sure, were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite!
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

No. 118. NEW ORLEANS. C. M.

BOYD.

1. Why do we mourn de - part- ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms?
2. Why should we trem-ble to con - vey Their bod- ies to the tomb?
3. Thence he a - rose, as - cend- ing high, And showed our feet the way;

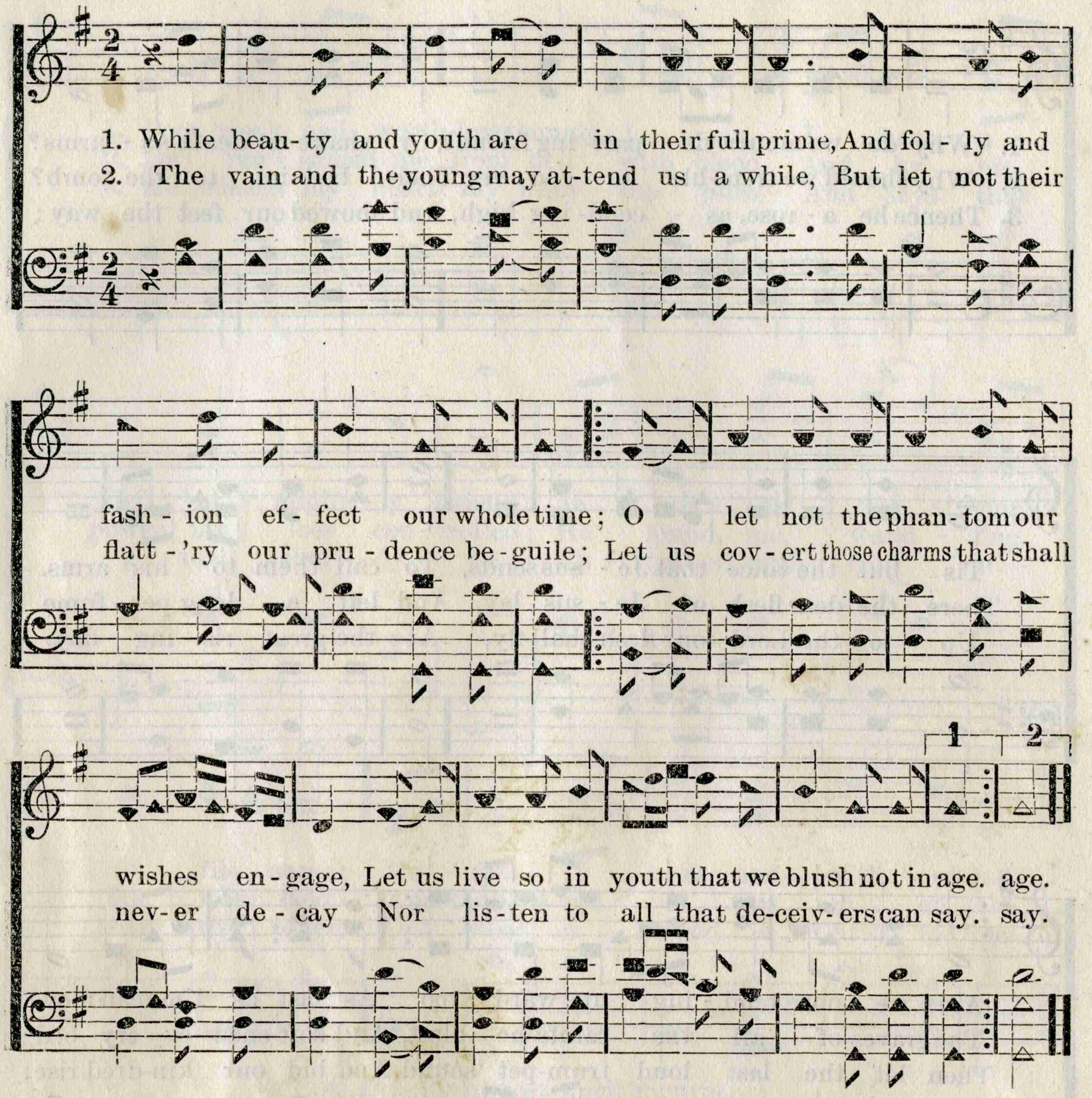
'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.
There the dear flesh of Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly, At the great ris - ing day.

Are we not tend - ing up- ward too As fast as time can move?
The graves of all the saints he blest, And soft-ened ev - ery bed;
Then let the last loud trum-pet sound, And bid our kin-dred rise;

Nor would we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.
Where should the dy - ing mem-bers rest, But with the dy - ing Head.
A - wake, ye na - tions un - der ground! Ye saints, as - cend the skies!

See explanation to No. 178.

No. 119. MORALITY. 11.



3 I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;
Then richer than kings, and far happier than they,
My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away.

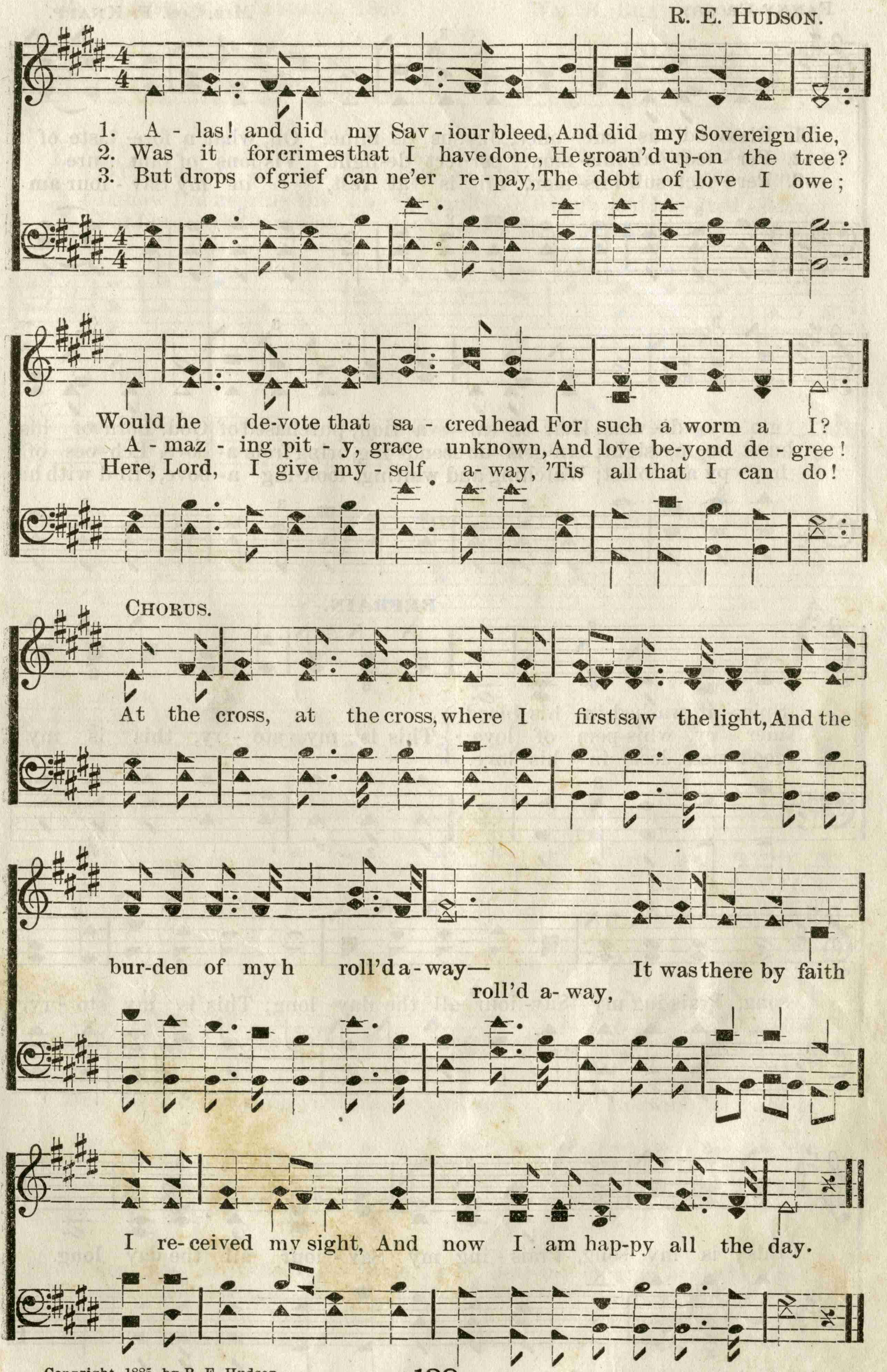
4 For when age steals on me, and youth is no more,
And the moralist time shakes his glass at my door,
What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find?
My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

5 That peace! I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas given
Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heaven;
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.

6 And when I the burden of life shall have borne,
And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,
Reascend to my God without murmur or sigh,
I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.

No. 120. AT THE CROSS.

R. E. HUDSON.



Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

No. 121. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNY CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless- ed as - sur - ance, Je- sus is mine! Oh, what a fore- taste of glo - ry di- vine! Heir of sal - va- tion, purchased of God, Born of his
2. Per - fect sub-mis- sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rapt - ure burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend- ing, bring from a- bove, Ech- oes of his
3. Per - fect sub-mis- sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap - py and blest; Watching and waiting, look-ing a- bove, Fill'd with his

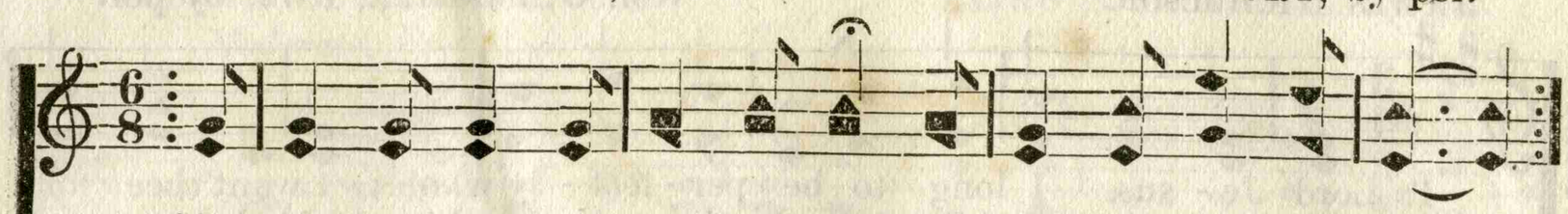
REFRAIN.

Spir - it, wash-ed in his blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
good- ness, lost in his love.
} This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav- iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

By permission.

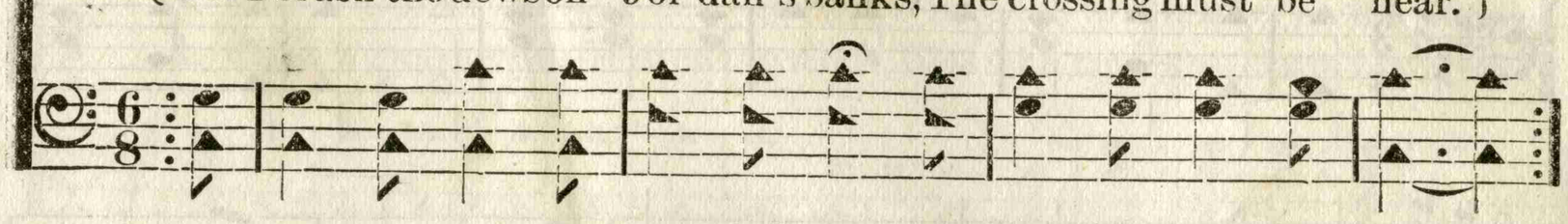
No. 122. THE LAND OF BEULAH.

Rev. JEFFERSON HASCALL, 1860. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

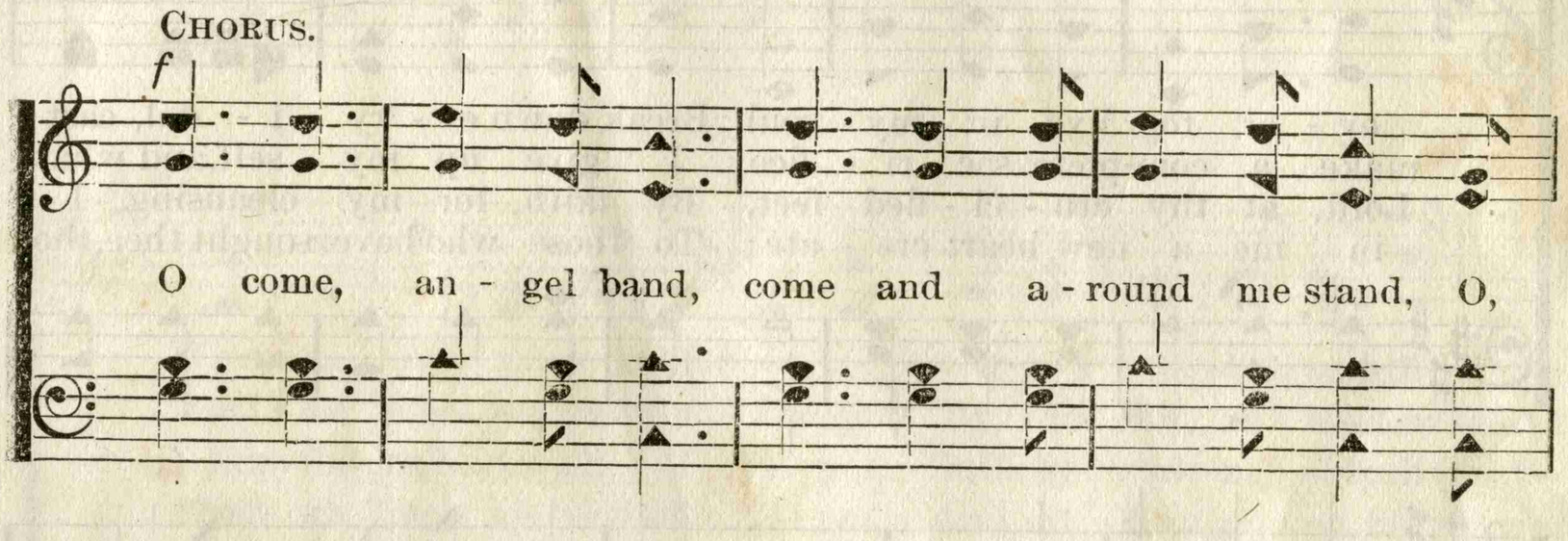


1. My lat - est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
   My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri-umph is be - gun.

2. I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin-dred dear,
   For I brush the dews on Jor-dan's banks, The crossing must be near.



CHORUS.



3 I've almost reached my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O, bear my longing heart to him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

No. 123. WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER, 1872, by per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat; I wait, bless-ed Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
4. Lord Je - sus, thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with- in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought thee, thou

out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit- er than snow.
ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit- er than snow.
see thy blood flow— Now wash me, and I shall be whit- er than snow.
nev - er said'st No— Now wash me, and I shall be whit- er than snow.

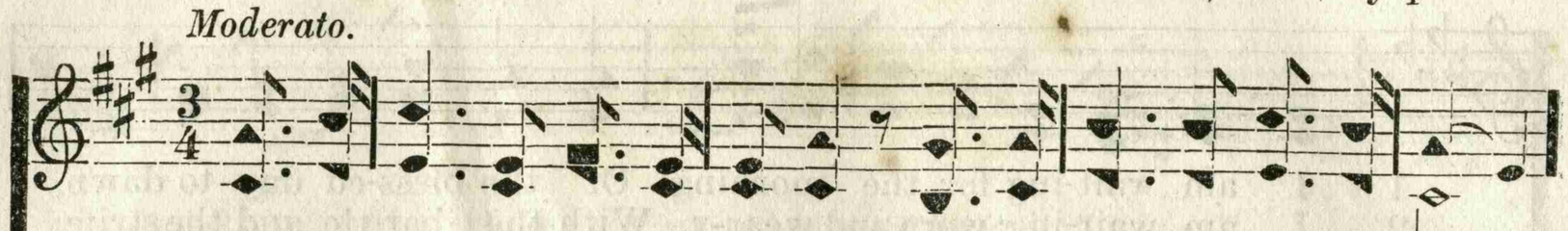
CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

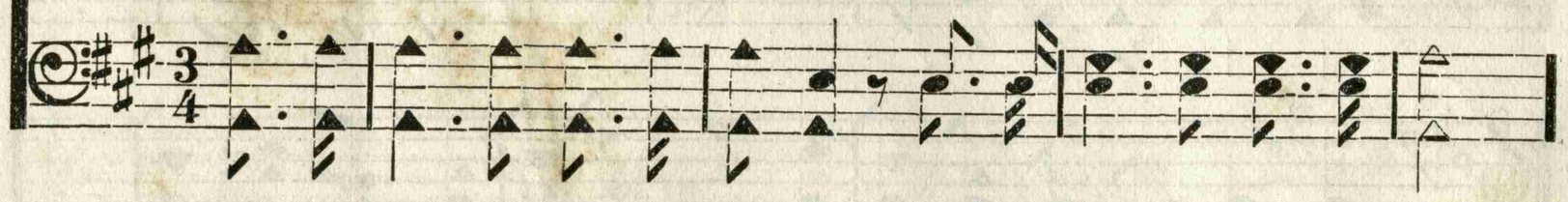
No. 124. SHALL WE MEET?

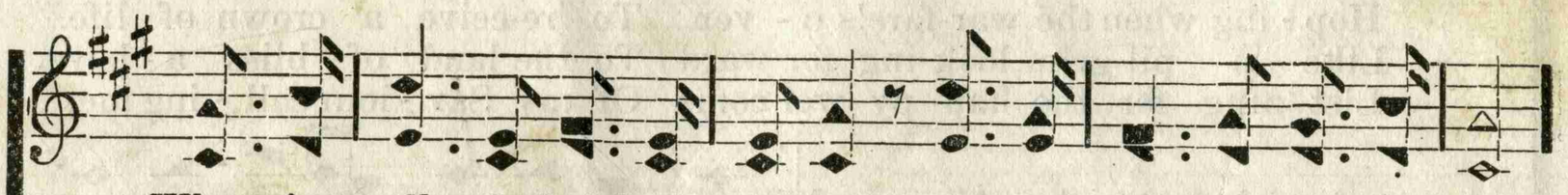
HORACE L. HASTINGS, 1858. ELIHU S. RICE, 1866, by per.

Moderato.

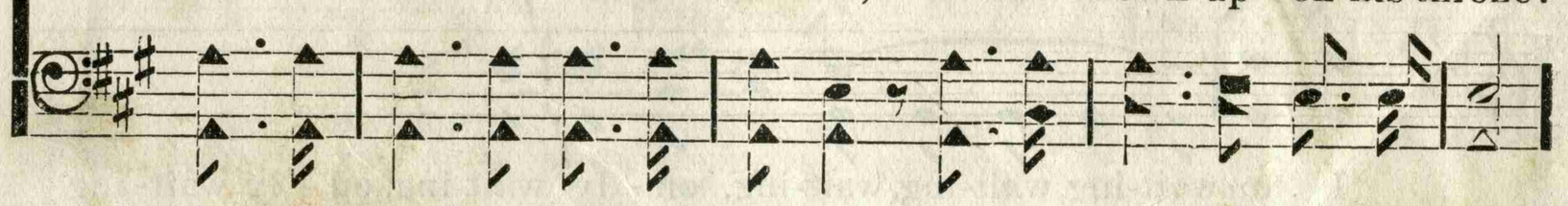


1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv- er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm- y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys- tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When he comes to claim his own?

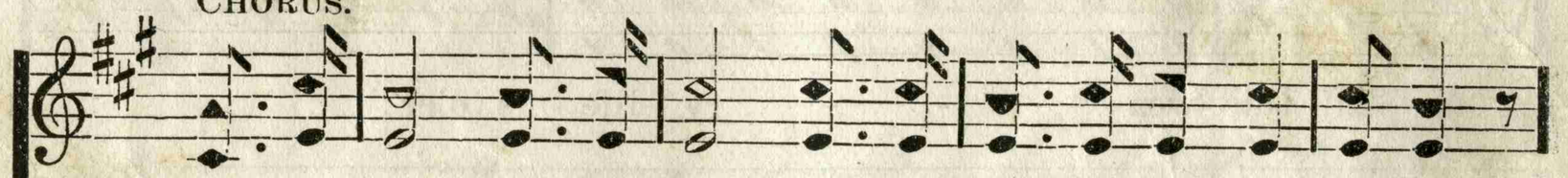




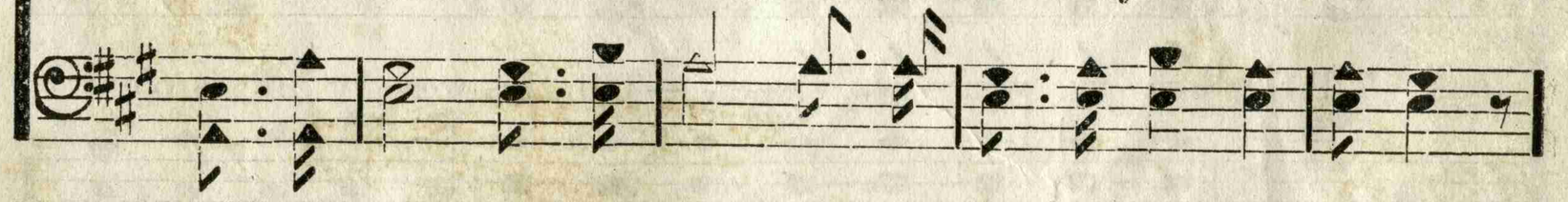
Where in all the bright for- ev - er, Sor- row ne'er shall pass the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair, ce - les- tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas- per, Built by work-man-ship divine?—
Shall we know his bless-ed fa- vor, And sit down up - on his throne?



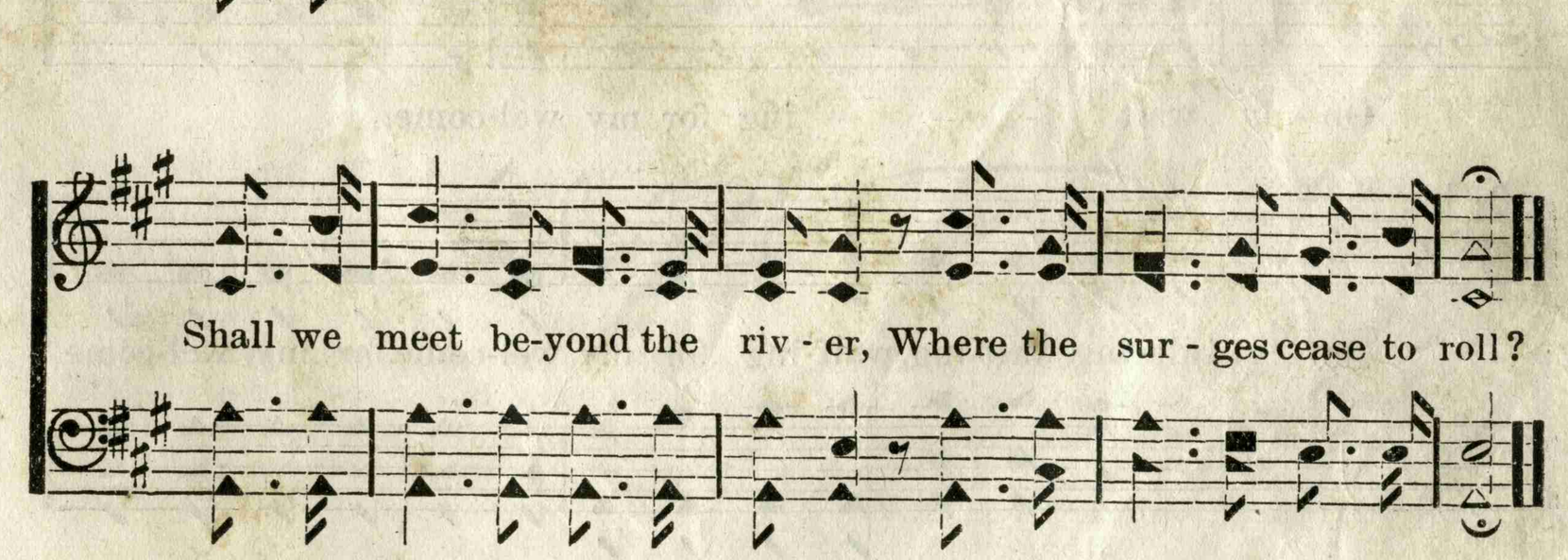
CHORUS.



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv- er?



Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?



No. 125. ONLY WAITING.

W. G. IRVIN. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. I am wait-ing for the morning Of the bless-ed day to dawn,
2. I am wait-ing; worn and wear-y With the bat-tle and the strife,
3. Wait-ing, hop-ing, trusting ev - er, For a home of boundless love;
4. Hop-ing soon to meet the lov'd ones Where the "ma-ny mansions" be;

When the sor-row and the sad-ness Of this chang-ful life are gone.
Hop-ing when the war-fare's o - ver To re-ceive a crown of life.
Like a pil-grim, look-ing for-ward To the land of bliss a-bove.
List-'ning for the hap-py wel-come Of my Sav-iour call-ing me.

CHORUS. I am wait - - - ing, on-ly wait-ing,
I am wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, on-ly wait-ing, on-ly wait-ing,
Till this wea - - - ry life is o'er;
Till this wea-ry, wea-ry, wea-ry,—Till this wea-ry life is o'er;
On-ly wait - - - ing for my wel-come,
On-ly wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing for my wel-come, for my wel-come,

PAGE(S)

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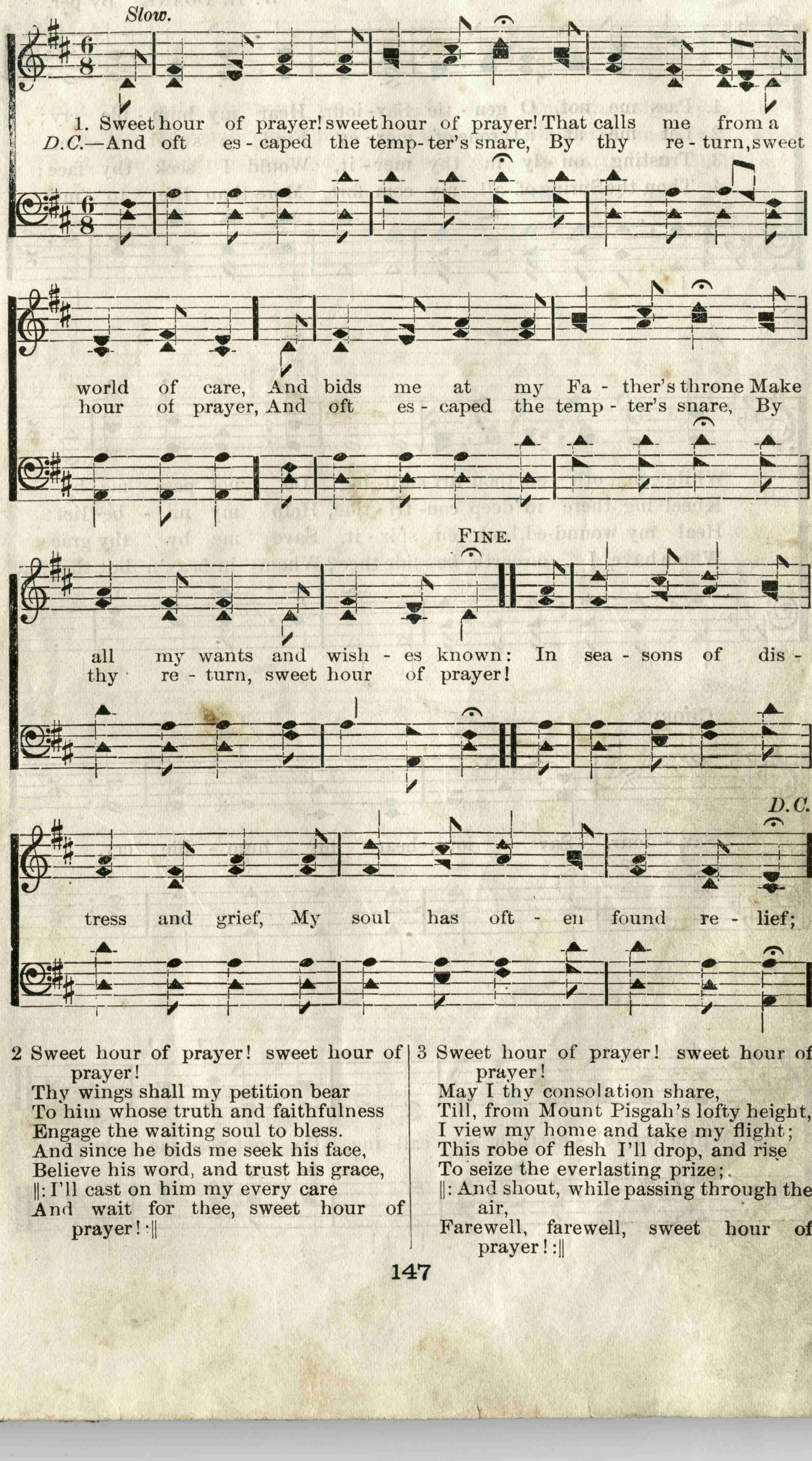
No. 128. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Rev. W. W. WALFORD, 1846. WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
‖: I'll cast on him my every care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

No. 129. PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav- iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief.
3. Trusting on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my com- fort, More than life to me.

While on oth - ers thou art smil- ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel- ing there in deep con- tri - tion, Help my un - be- lief:
Heal my wound-ed, brok - en spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be- side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry,

While on oth - ers thou art call- ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 130. LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re -
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - with -
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might - y foes, Tho' earth and hell my

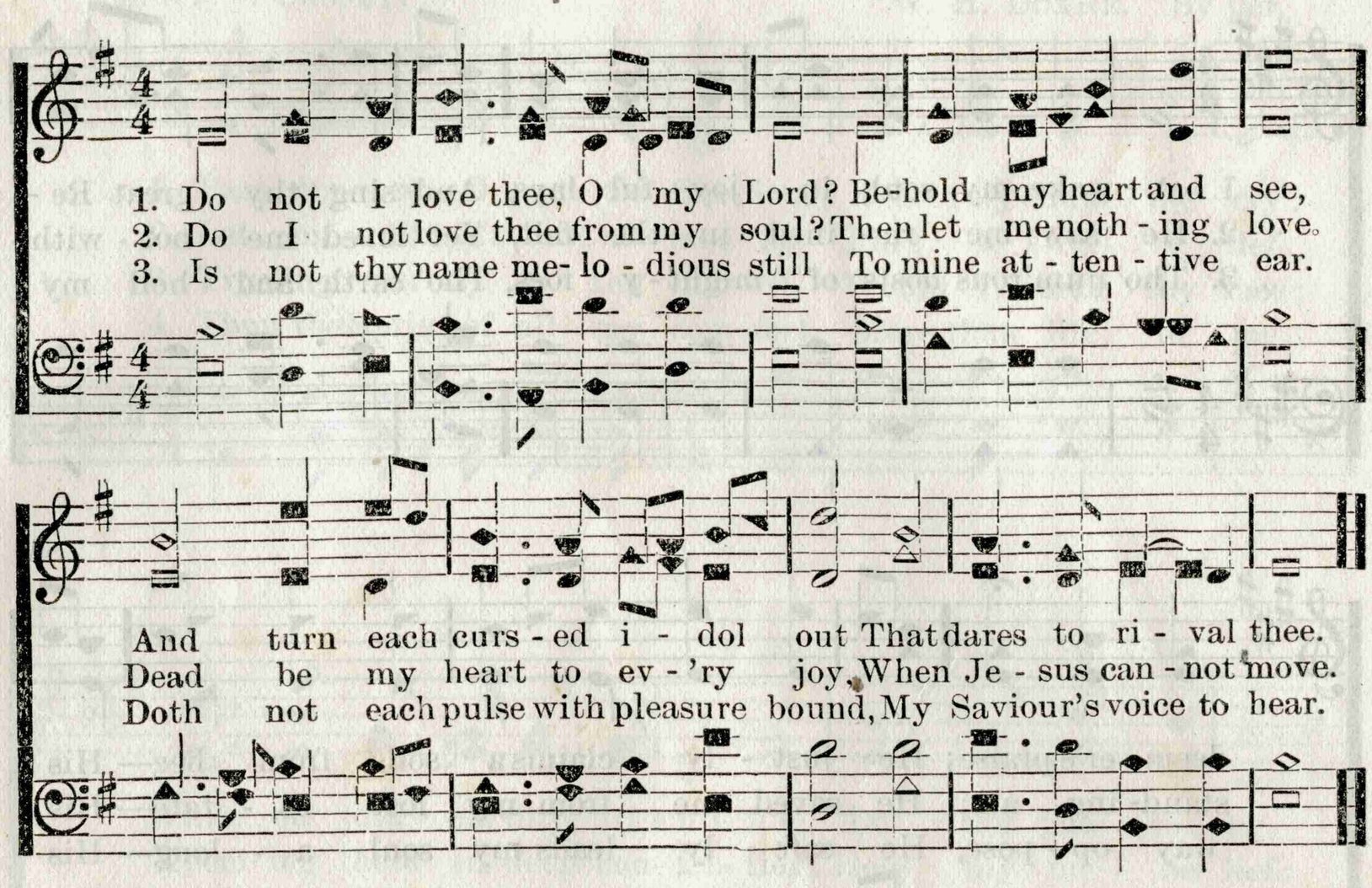
deem - er's praise; He just - ly claims a song from thee— His
stand- ing all; He saved me from my lost es - tate— His
way op - pose, He safe - ly leads my soul a - long— His

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

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

No. 131. DETROIT. C. M.

WM. BRADSHAW.



No. 132. C. M.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

No. 133. C. M.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fears oppress
And make this last resolve.

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my pray'r;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know,
I must forever die."

No. 134. C. M.

1 Keep silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Chained to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size
Drawn by the eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke
Fulfils some deep design.

5 Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And there the following page he turns
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favorite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me
Or what bright scenes may rise.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace
O may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

No. 135. C. M.

1 In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties and through trials, too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home
Still this my cry shall be—
"Hinder me not" come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

J. Ryland.

No. 136. C. M.

1 Dressed uniform the soldiers are,
When duty calls abroad;
Not purchased by their cost or care,
But by their Prince bestowed.

2 'Tis wrought by Jesus' skillful hand,
And tinged in his own blood;
It makes the christian gazing stand
To view this robe of God.

3 No art of man can weave this robe,
'Tis of such texture fine;
Nor could the wealth of all this globe
By purchase make it mine.

4 'Tis of one piece, and wove throughout;
So curious wove that none
Can dress up in this seamless coat,
Till Jesus puts it on.

5 This vesture never waxes old,
No spot thereon can fall;
It makes the christian brisk and bold,
And dutiful withal.

6 This robe put on me, Lord, each day,
And it shall hide my shame;
Shall make me fight, and sing, and pray
And bless my Captain's name.

No. 137. C. M.

1 Brethren, I bid you all farewell,
And, from my very heart,
Affectionately I do tell.
That you and I must part.

2 And if I see you not again,
I trust that I can say,
My labor shall not be in vain,
That I have spent this day.

3 I trust I can to record call
All you that hear me now;
I have declared God's counsel all,
As he did me endow.

4 I now depart, I leave you here,
I leave you with the Lord;
And may we all henceforth appear
To be of one accord.

5 And if we part to meet no more,
While we on earth remain,
O may we meet on Canaan's shore
And never part again.

No. 138. C. M.

1 O, thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 Whene'er on my poor burdened heart
My sins lie heavily;
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

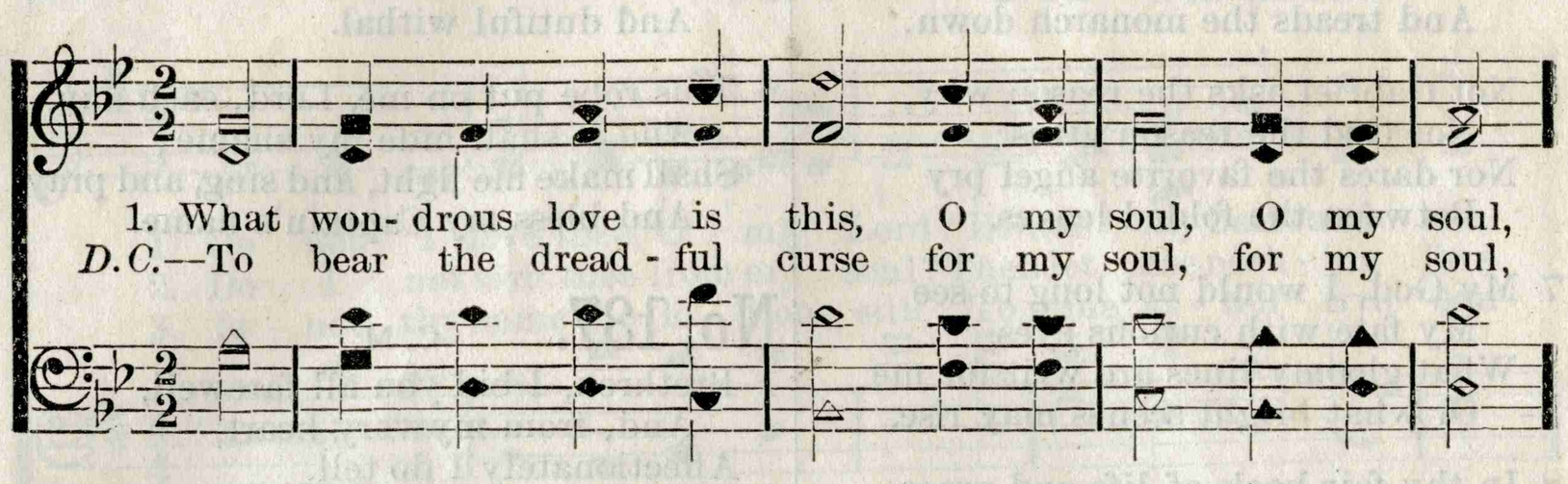
3 Temptations sore obstruct my way
To shake my faith in thee;
O, give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me.

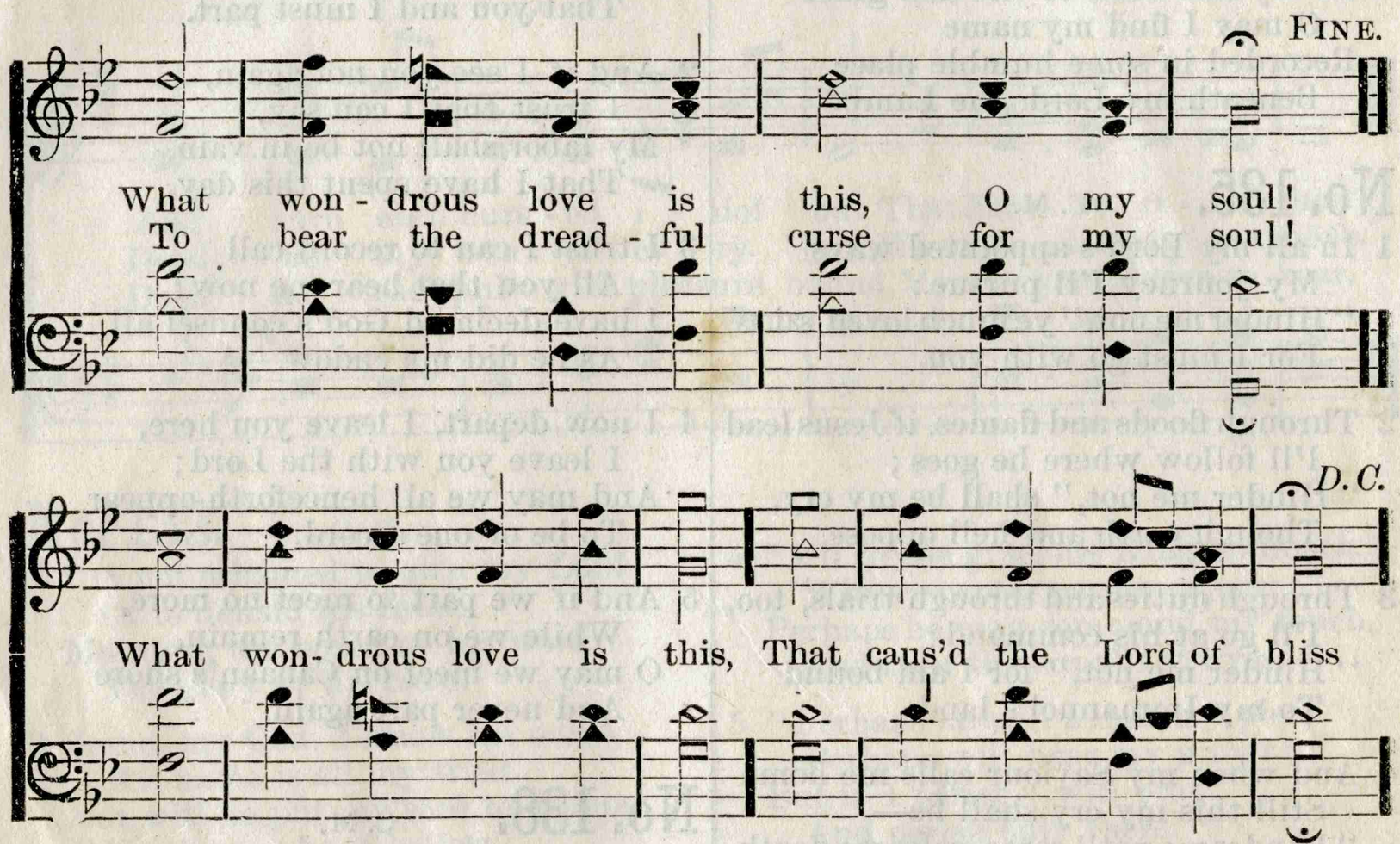
4 When in desertion's dismal night,
Thy face I can not see,
Then, Lord, arise with glorious light,
And still remember me.

5 The hour is near—consigned to death,
I own thy just decree;
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, remember me.

No. 139. WHAT WONDROUS LOVE. P. M.

No. 1.





2 When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down, sinking down;
When I was sinking down beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul.

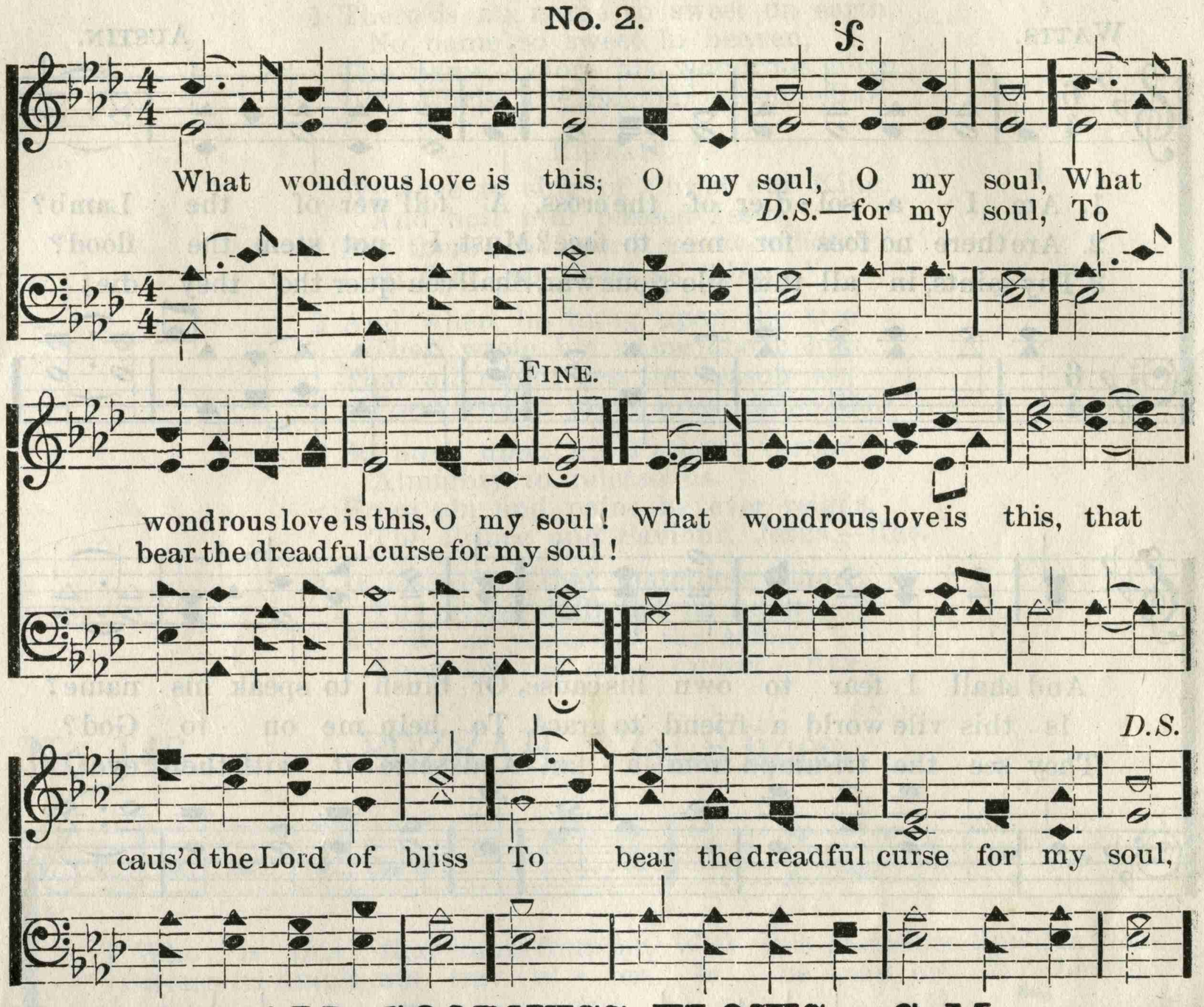
3 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb, and to the Great I AM,
While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing,
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

4 Ye sons of Zion's King, join the praise, join the praise,
Ye sons of Zion's King, join the praise;
Ye sons of Zion's King, with hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string in his praise, in his praise,
And strike each tuneful string in his praise.

5 And when to that bright world we arrive, we arrive,
And when to that bright world we arrive;
When to that world we go, free from all pain and woe,
We'll join the happy throng, and sing on, and sing on,
We'll join the happy throng, and sing on.

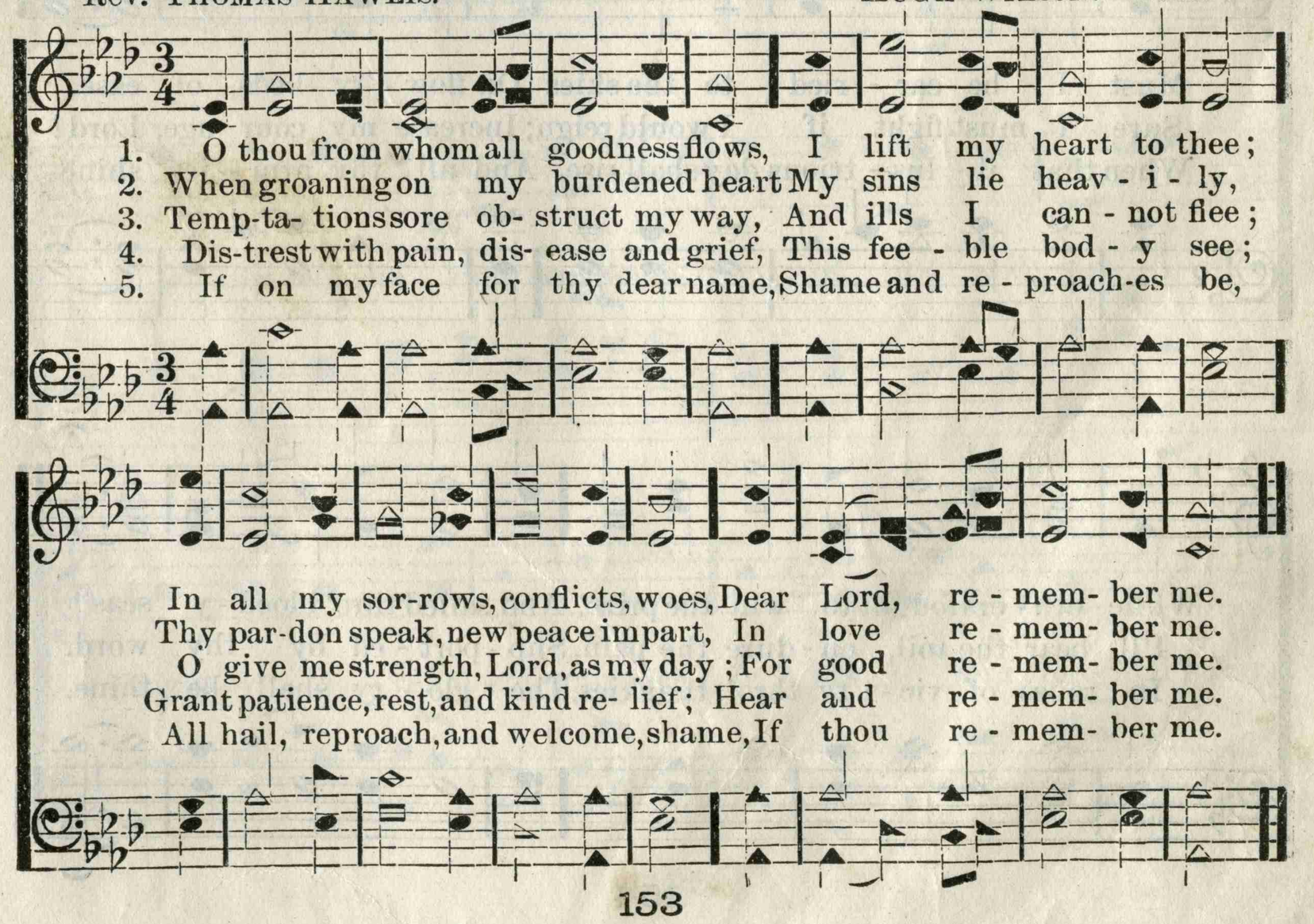
WHAT WONDROUS LOVE. P. M.

No. 2.



No. 140. ALL GOODNESS FLOWS. C. M.

Rev. THOMAS HAWEIS. HUGH WILSON. 1768.



No. 141. LEANDER. C. M. D.

WATTS. AUSTIN.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb?
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Thy saints, in all this glo-rious war, Shall con-quer tho' they die;

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
They see the tri-umph from a-far, And seize it with their eye.

Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my cour-age, Lord!
When that il-lus-trious day shall rise, And all thy arm-ies shine

While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word.
In robes of vic-t'ry thro' the skies, The glo-ry shall be thine.

No. 142.

C. M.

1 There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name, before his wondrous birth,
To Christ the Saviour given.—REF.

REFRAIN.

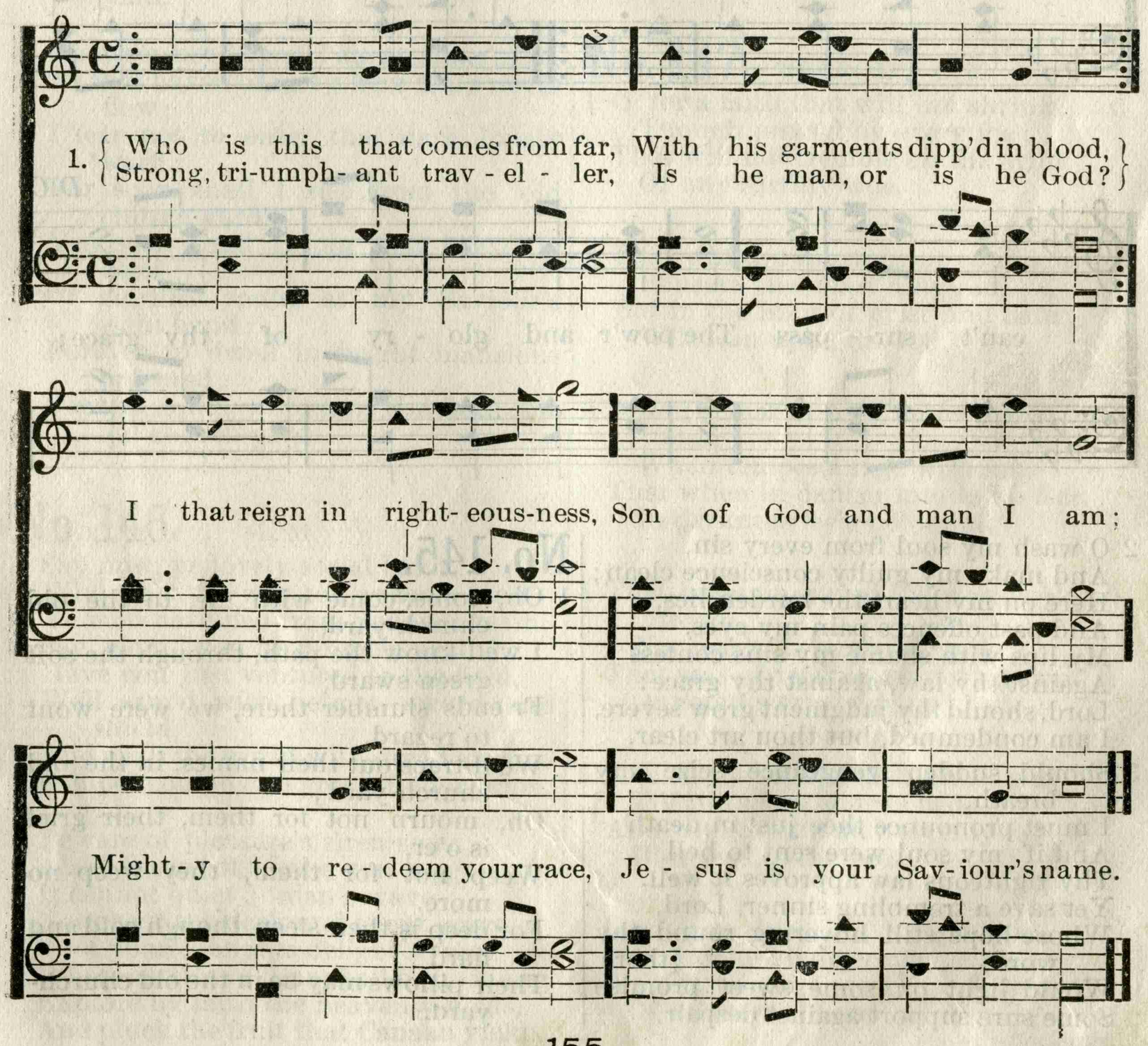
We love to sing of Christ our King.
And hail him blessed Jesus,
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet as "Jesus."

2 And when he hung upon the tree
They wrote his name above him,
That all might see the reason we
Forevermore must love him.—REF.

3 So now, upon his Father's throne—
Almighty to release us
From sin and pain—he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.—REF.

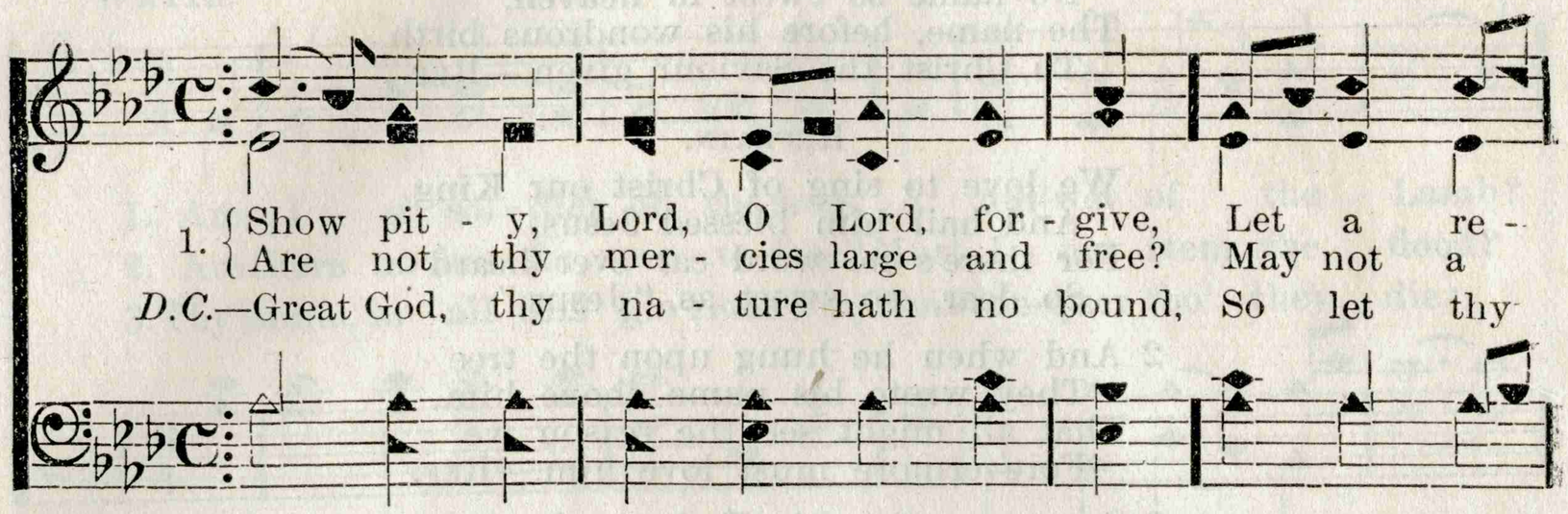
4 O Jesus! by that matchless name
Thy grace shall fail us never,
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same forever.—REF.

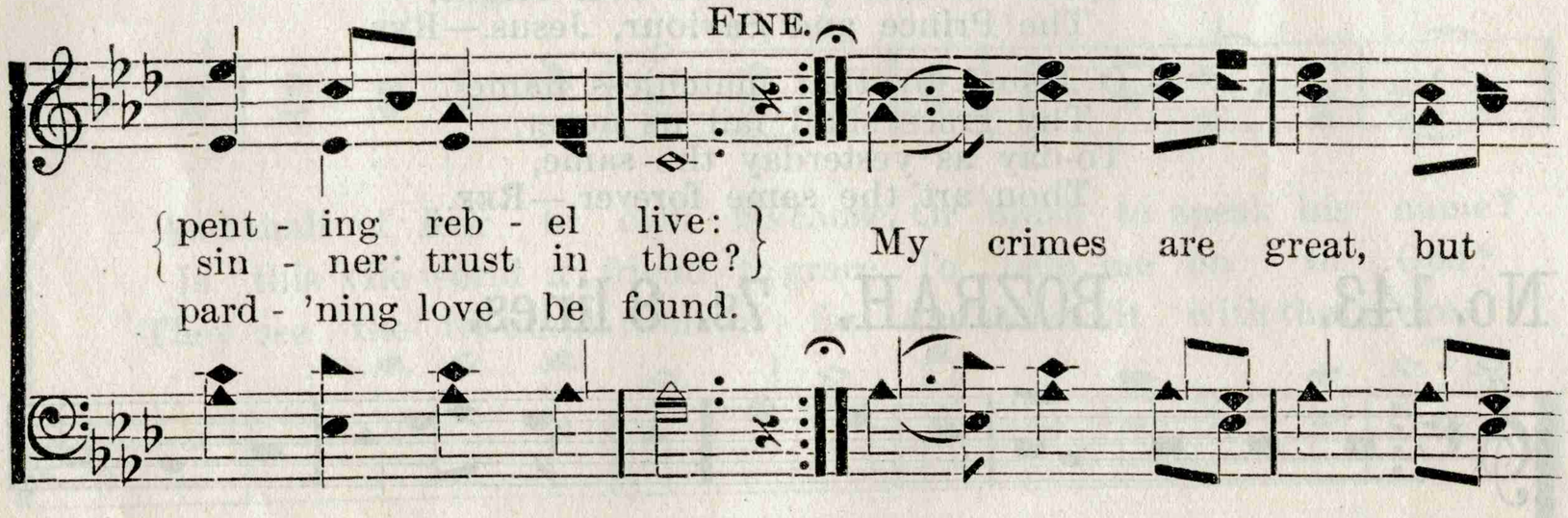
No. 143. BOZRAH. 7s. 8 lines.

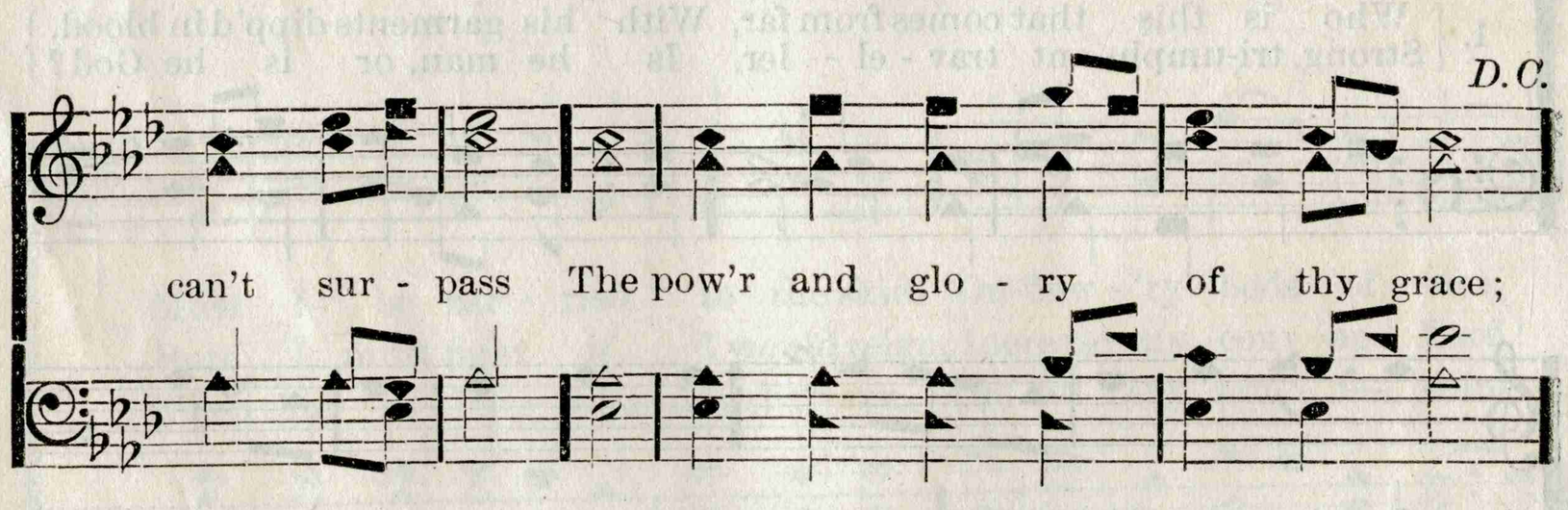


No. 144. SOCIAL BAND. L. M.

WATTS.







2 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

3 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death:
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hovering round thy word, [there
Would light on some sweet promise
Some sure support against despair.

No. 145.

1 Oh, come, come with me, to the old church-yard,
I well-know the path, through the soft green sward;
Friends slumber there, we were wont to regard.
We'll trace out their names, in the old church-yard,
Oh, mourn not for them, their grief is o'er,
Weep not for them, they weep no more.
For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard
Their pillows may be in the old church-yard.

2 I know it seems vain, when friends
depart,
To breathe kind words to the broken
heart;
I know that the joys of life seem marred,
When we follow our friends to the old
church-yard;
But were I at rest, beneath yon tree,
Why should you weep, dear friends, for
me?
I'm wayworn and sad, O, why then
retard.
The rest that I seek in the old church-
yard.

3 Our friends linger there, in sweetest
repose,
Released from the world's sad bereave-
ments and woes;
And who would not rest with the friends
they regard.
In quietude sweet, in the old church-
yard?
We'll rest in the hope of that bright day,
When beauty shall spring from the
prison of clay.
When Gabriel's voice and the trump of
the Lord,
Shall waken the dead in the old church-
yard.

4 Oh, weep not for me, I am anxious to go,
To that haven of rest where tears never
flow;
I fear not to enter that dark lonely
ward;
For soon shall I rise from the old
church-yard;
Yes, soon shall I join that heavenly
band
Of glorified souls, at my Saviour's
right hand;
Forever to dwell in bright mansions
prepared
For the saints, who shall rise from the
old church-yard.

No. 146. L. M.

1 Say now, ye lovely social band,
Who walk the way to Canaan's land;
Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain,
Say, would you now return again?
Have you just ventured to the field,
Well arm'd with helmet, sword and
shield,
And shall the world, with dread alarms,
Compel you now to ground your arms?

2 Beware of pleasure's siren song;
Alas! it cannot soothe you long;
It cannot quiet Jordan's wave,
Nor cheer the dark and silent grave.
O let your thoughts delight to soar
Where earth and time shall be no more;
Explore by faith the heavenly fields,
And pluck the fruit that Canaan yields.

3 There see the glorious hosts on wing,
And hear the heav'nly seraphs sing!
The shining ranks in order stand,
Or move like lightning at command.
Jehovah there reigns not alone,
The Saviour shares his Father's throne,
While angels circle round his seat,
And worship prostrate at his feet.

4 Behold! I see, among the rest,
A host in richer garments dress'd;
A host that near his presence stands,
And palms of victory grace their hands.
Say, who are these I now behold, [gold?
With blood-wash'd robes and crowns of
This glorious host is not unknown
To him who sits upon the throne.

5 These are the followers of the Lamb;
From tribulation great they came;
And on the hill of sweet repose
They bid adieu to all their woes.
Soon on the wings of love you'll fly,
To join them in that world on high;—
O make it now your chiefest care
The image of your Lord to bear.

No. 147. DETROIT, C. M.

1 O, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe.

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief and 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 That bears unmoved the world's dread
frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile.

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure an heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 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.

Bathurst.

No. 148. SOME DAY.

EBEN E. REXFORD. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

DUET.

1 I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all
2 Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be
3 Some day I say, con- tent to wait The op'- ning
4 When comes the time for me to go, The home-ward

cres.

vain - ly to re - peat; Its mel - o - dy and feel - ing
lost and heav- en won; And when the long rough way is
of the jas - per gate; Come soon or late, that day will
path I may not know, But in God's hand my own I'll

say, I'll sing it if God wills some day.
trod, I shall be - hold the face of God.
be The dawn of end - less rest to me.
lay, And he will lead me home some day.

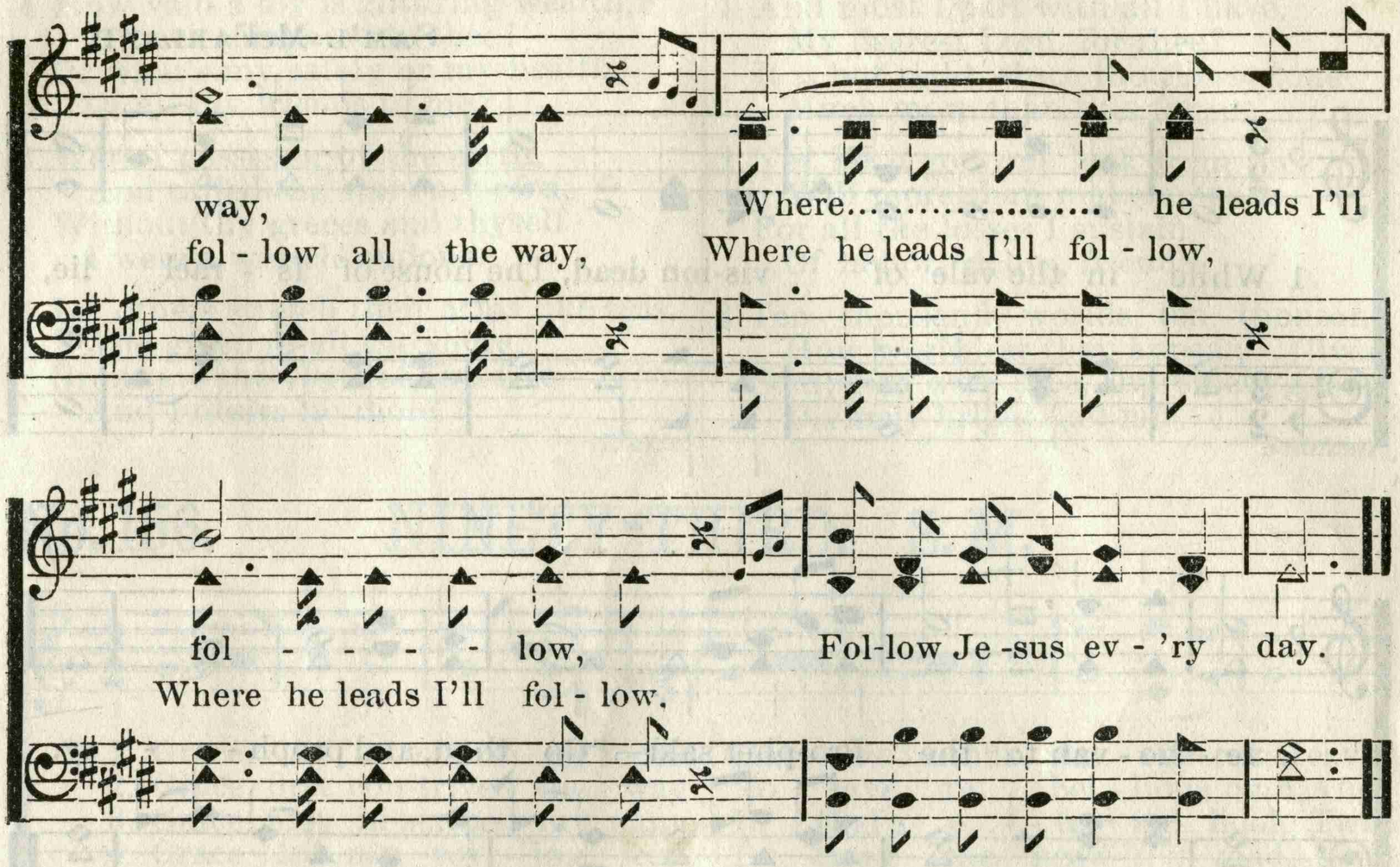
CHORUS.

Some day, some hap - py day to be, My voice will learn its mel-o-
Some happy day, a day to be, My voice will learn its

PAGE(S)

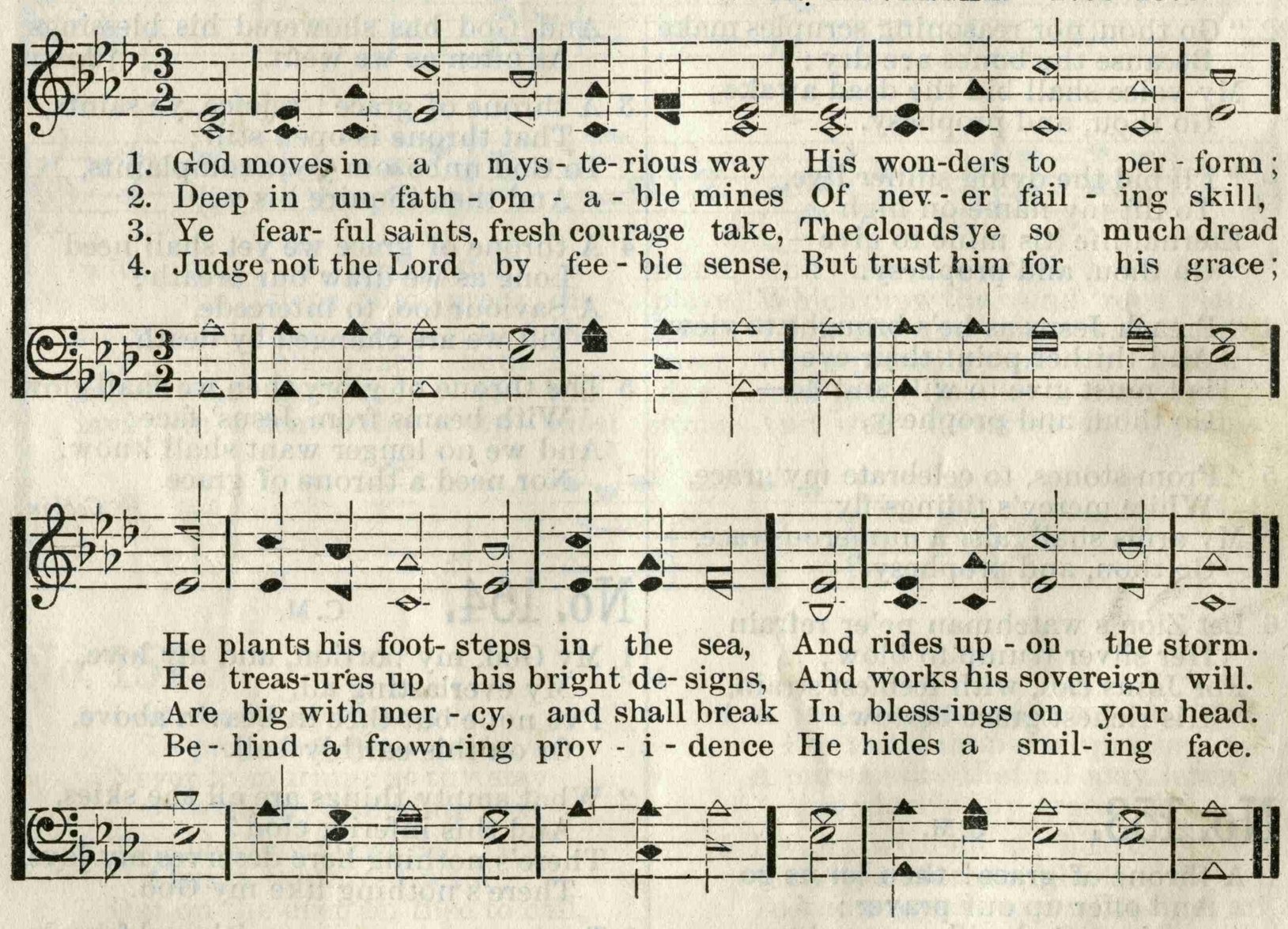
MISSING

Where He Leads I'll Follow. Concluded.



No. 151. EVAN. C. M.

W. H. HAVERGAL. 1796–1870.

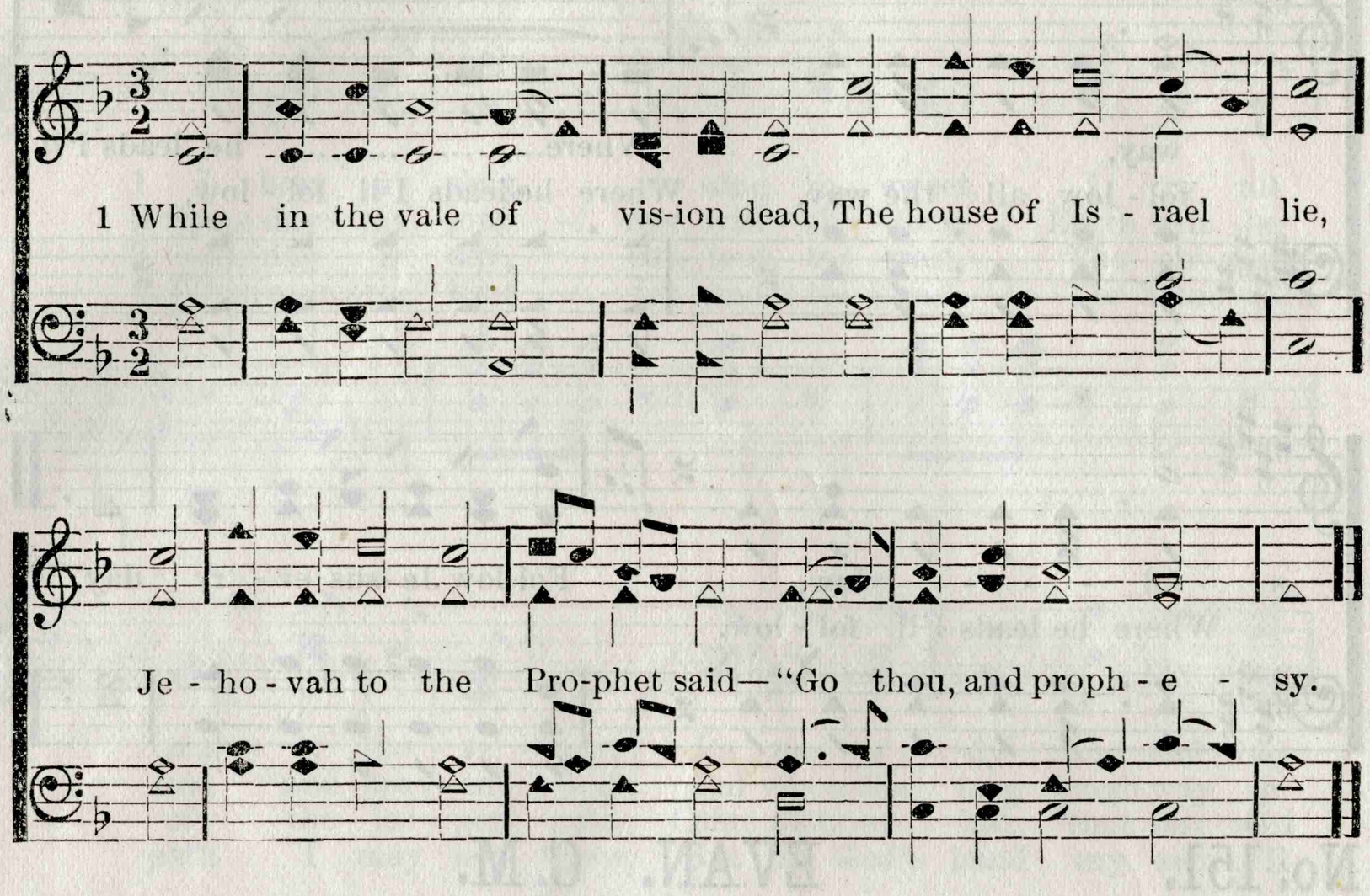


5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

No. 152. DUNLAP. C. M.

SAM'L MCFARLAND.



2 "Go thou, nor reasoning scruples make
Because the bones are dry;
My voice shall bid the dead awake;
Go thou, and prophesy.

3 "I'll bid the dying sinner live,
To lift my name on high;
Eternal life 'tis mine to give—
Go thou, and prophesy.

4 "Preach Jesus as he's brought to view,
And thither point their eye;
'Tis I must give to will and do—
Go thou, and prophesy.

5 "From stones, to celebrate my grace,
While mercy's tidings fly,
My arms shall raise a numerous race,—
Go thou, and prophesy."

6 Let Zion's watchman ne'er refrain
Her silver trump to blow;
For Jesus can, with feeblest strain,
His richest grace bestow.

No. 153. C. M.

1 A throne of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! O, at that throne
Our knees have often bent,
And God has showered his blessings down
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints,
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.

4 A throne of grace we yet shall need
Long as we draw our breath;
A Saviour too, to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.

5 The throne of glory then we shall glow
With beams from Jesus' face;
And we no longer want shall know,
Nor need a throne of grace.

Cobbin.

No. 154. C. M.

1 My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

4 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

Watts.

No. 155. C. M.

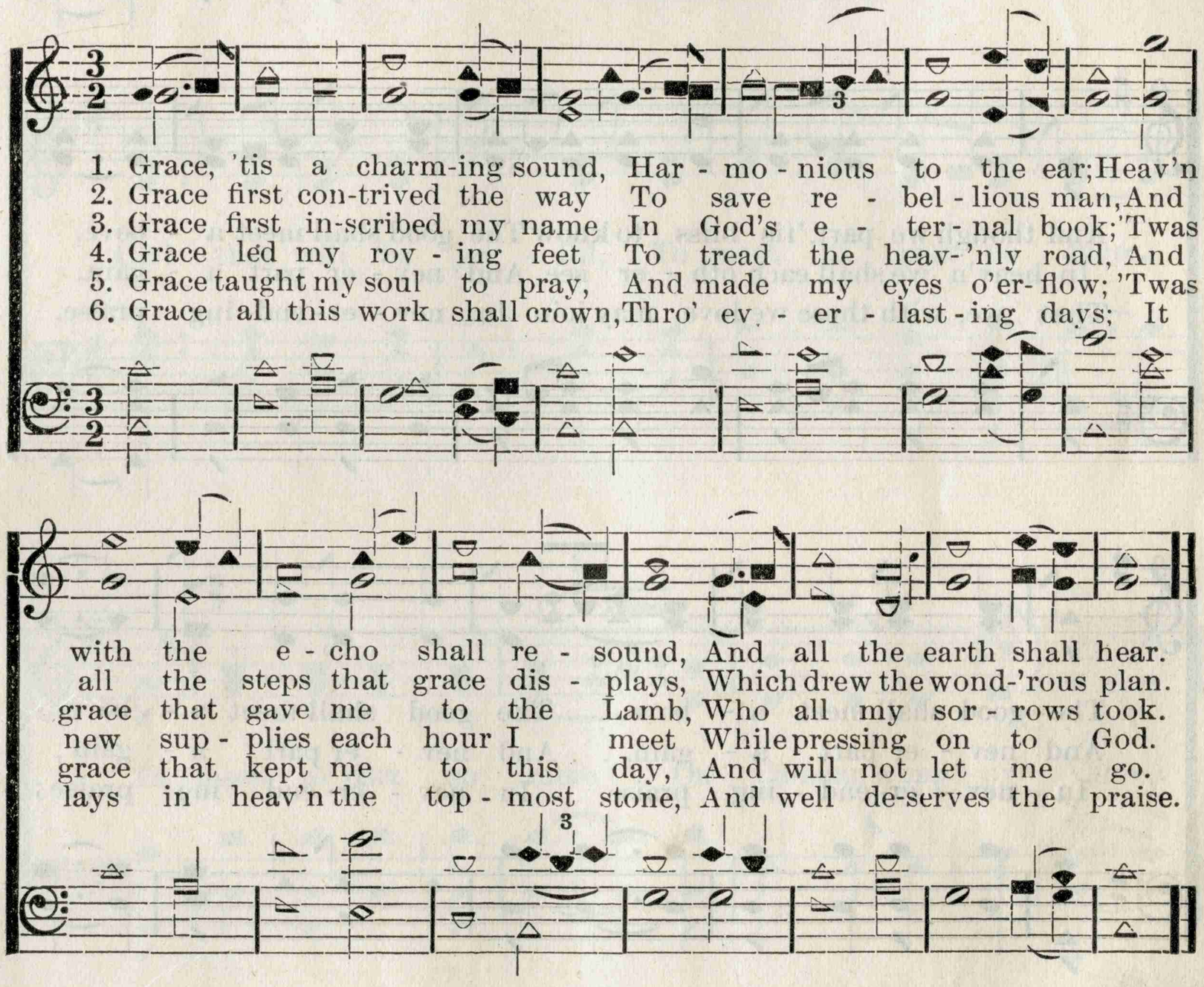
1 And must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go! one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of honor, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

Beddome.

No. 156. NINETY-THIRD. S. M.



No. 157. S. M.

1 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

2 This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want;
Out on the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

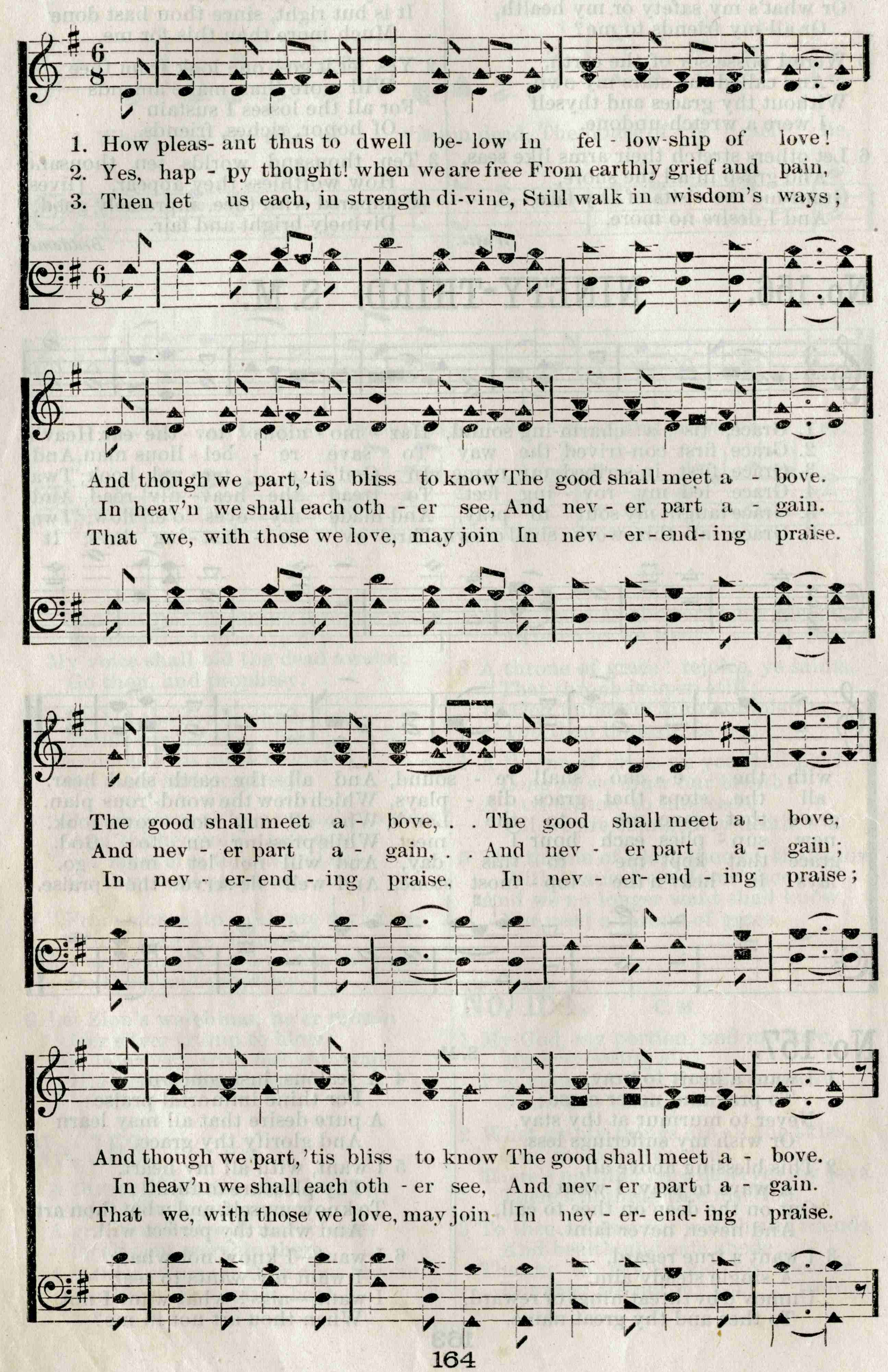
3 I want a true regard,
A single steady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'nings or reward,
To thee and thy great name.

4 A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

5 I want, with all my heart,
Thy pleasure to fulfill;
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will.

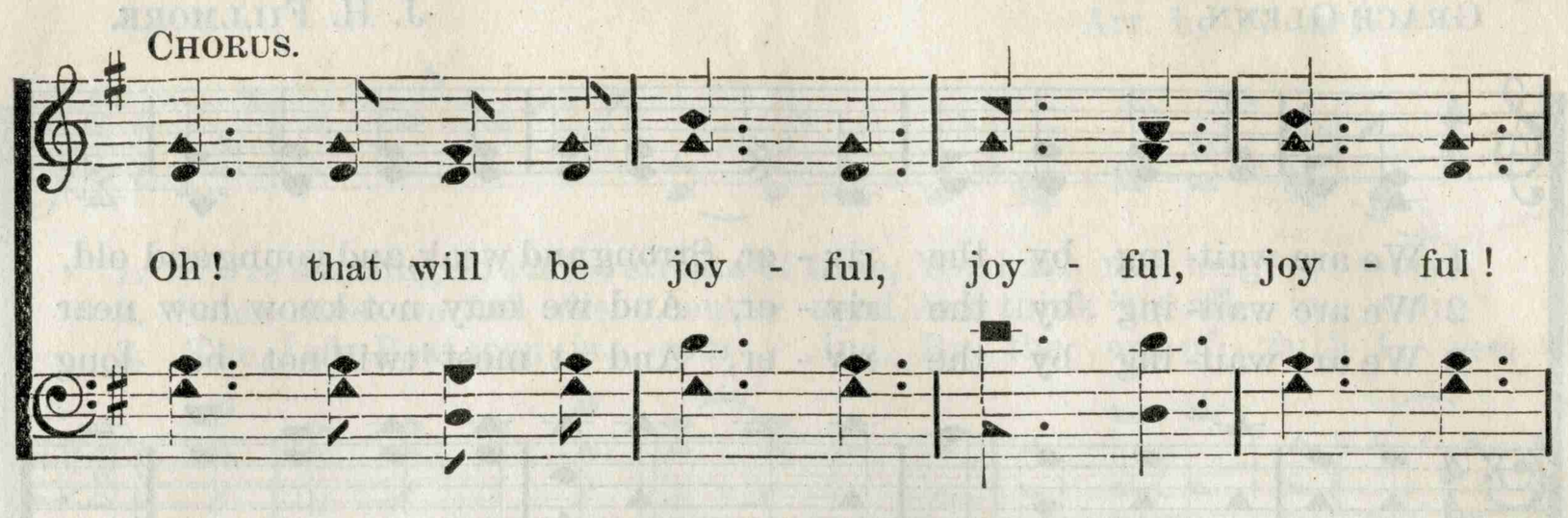
6 I want—I know not what;
I want my wants to see;
I want,—alas! what want I not,
When thou art not in me?

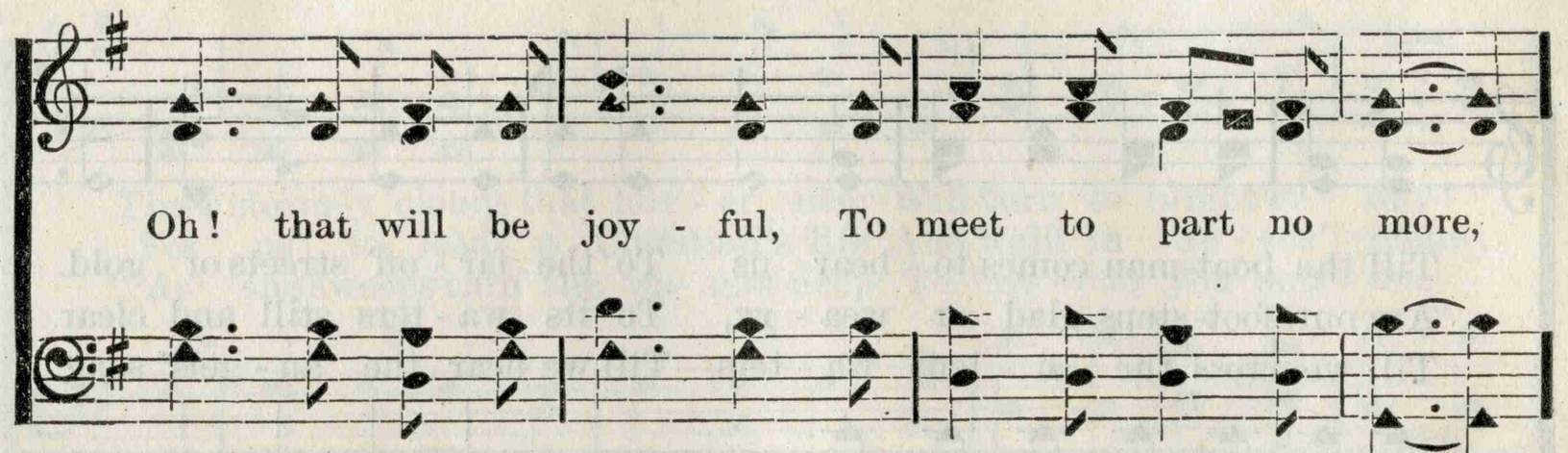
No. 158. PARTING HYMN.

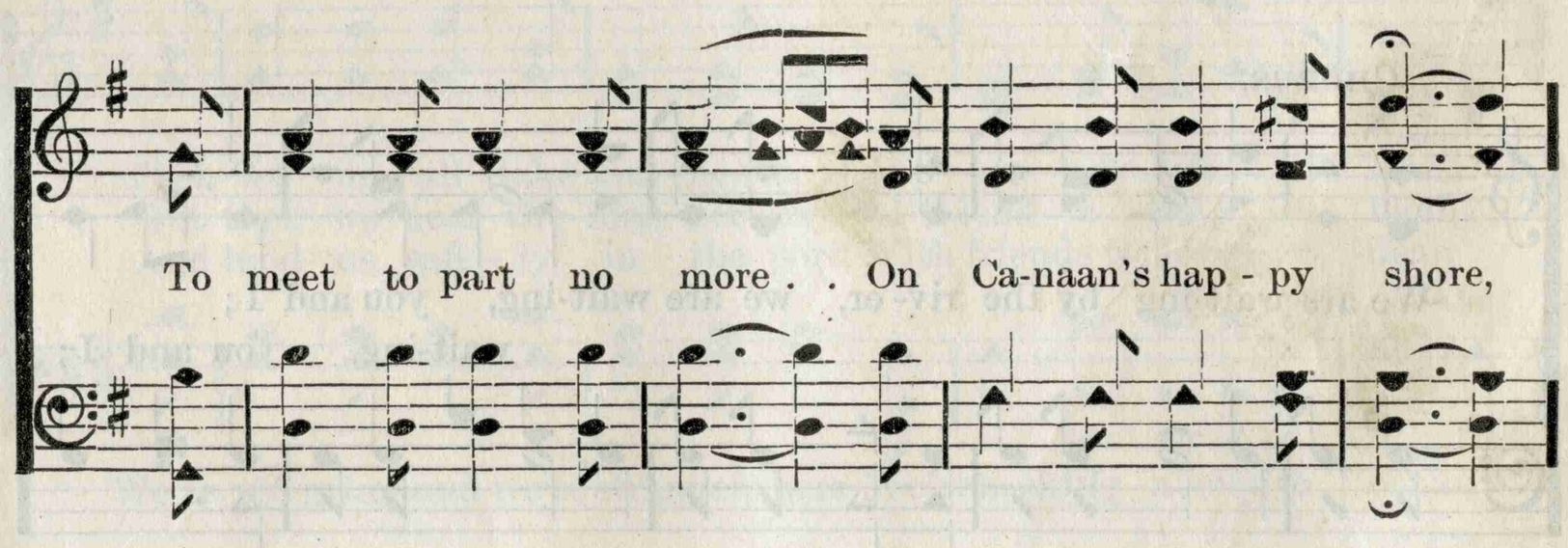


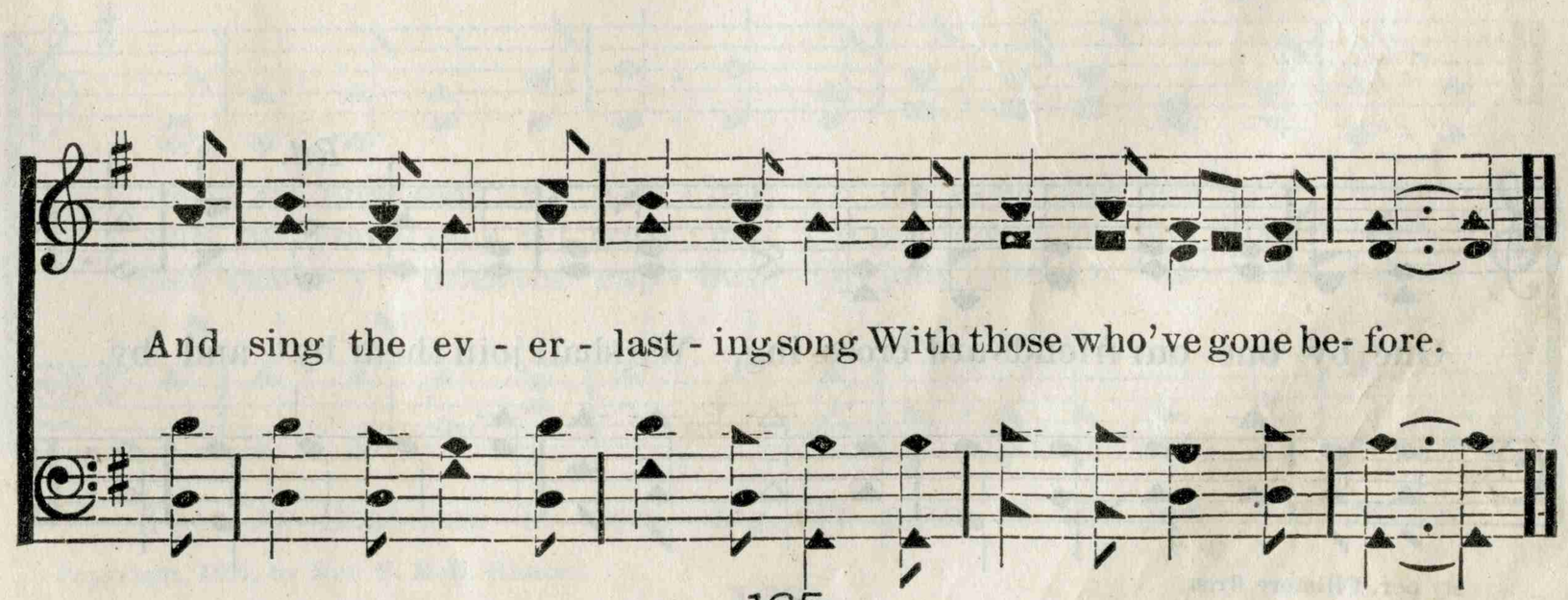
PARTING HYMN. Concluded.

CHORUS.



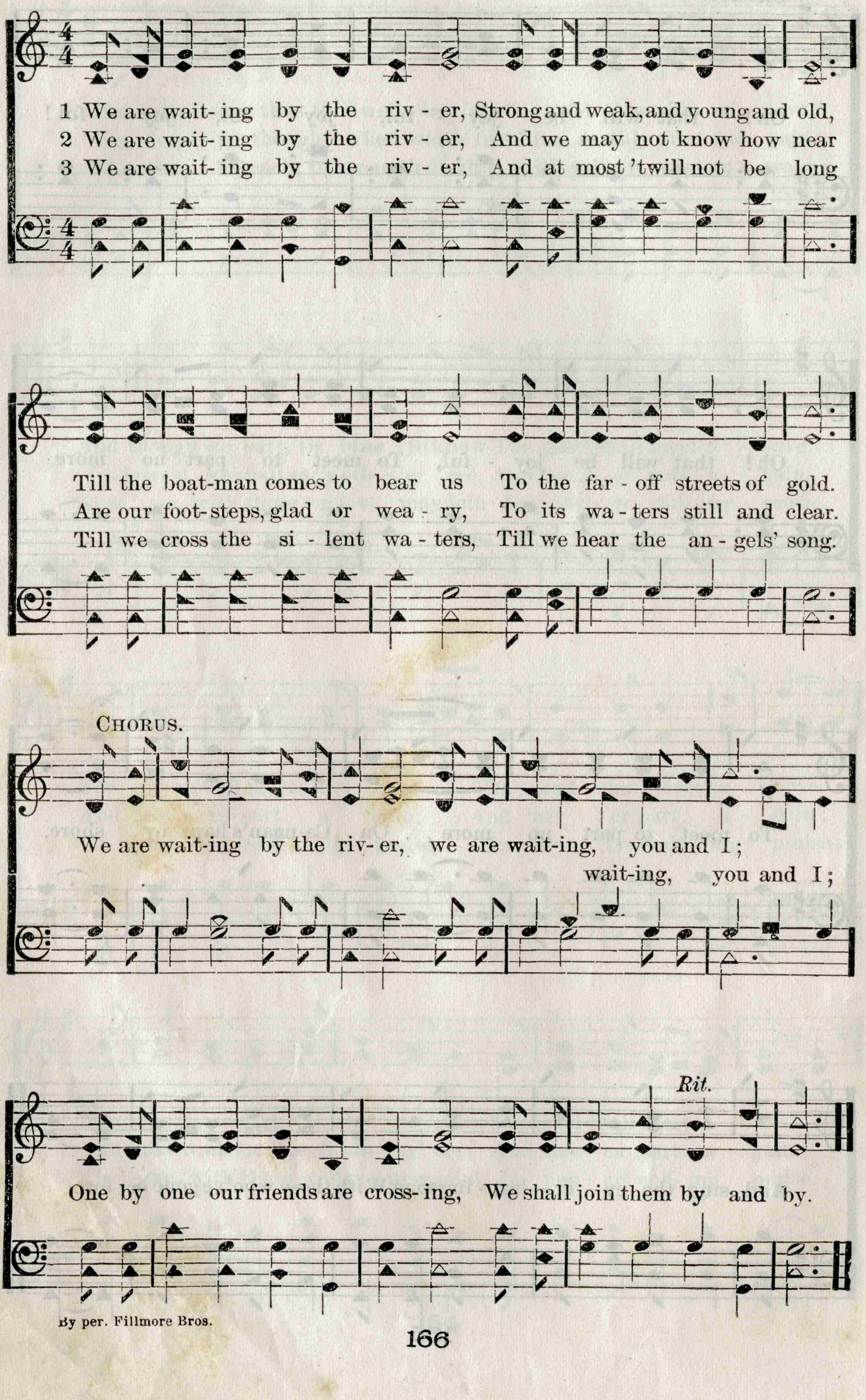






No. 159. WE ARE WAITING.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. FILLMORE.



By per. Fillmore Bros.

No. 160. THE LIFE BOAT.

Arr. by F. McD. H.

1. We're float-ing down the stream of time, We have not long to stay,
2. Some-times we feel dis - cour - aged, And think 'tis all in vain
3. The Life-Boat soon is com - ing, By the eye of faith I see,

CHO.—Then cheer, my bro-thers cheer, Our toils will soon be o'er,

These storm-y clouds that hov - er near Will turn to bright-er day:
For us to lead a Christian's life And walk in Je - sus' name;
As she sweeps thro' the wa- ters deep To res - cue you and me,

Our loved ones we shall meet, shall meet Up - on the gold - en shore;

Then let us all take cour- age now, We are not left a - lone,
But then we hear the Mas - ter say, "I'll lend a help - ing hand,
And land us safe - ly in the port, With friends we love so dear,

We're pil- grims and we're strangers here, We're seeking a city to come,

D. C. for Chorus.

The Life-Boat soon is com - ing, To gath - er the jew - els home.
And if you'll on - ly trust me, I'll guide you to my bright land."
"Get read - y!" cries the cap - tain, O look! she is al - most here.

The Life-Boat soon is com - ing, To gath - er the jew - els home.

Copyright, 1894, by Mrs. F. McD. Hunter.

No. 161. STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Stand-ing on the prom- is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let his prais- es ring; Glo - ry in the high- est, I will shout and sing,
2. Stand-ing on the prom- is - es that can - not fail, When the howl-ing storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
3. Stand-ing on the prom- is - es I now can see Per - fect, pres- ent cleans- ing in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free,
4. Stand-ing on the prom- is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e- ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com- ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
5. Stand-ing on the prom- is - es I can - not fail, List'ning ev - 'ry mo- ment to the Spir-it's call, Rest- ing in my Sav- iour, as my all in all.

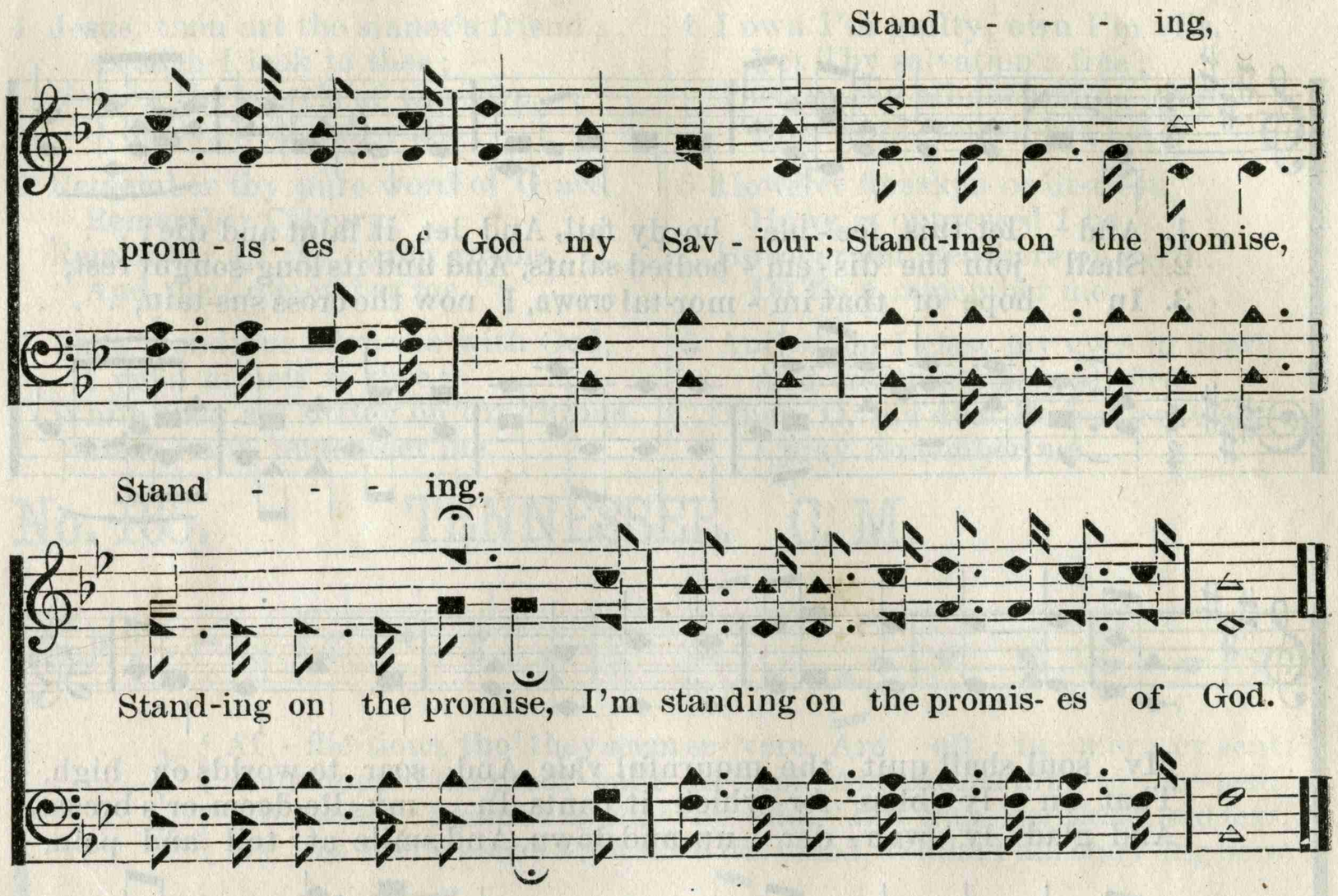
Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.

CHORUS.

Stand - - - ing, Stand - - - - ing, Standing on the
Stand-ing on the promise, Stand-ing on the promise,

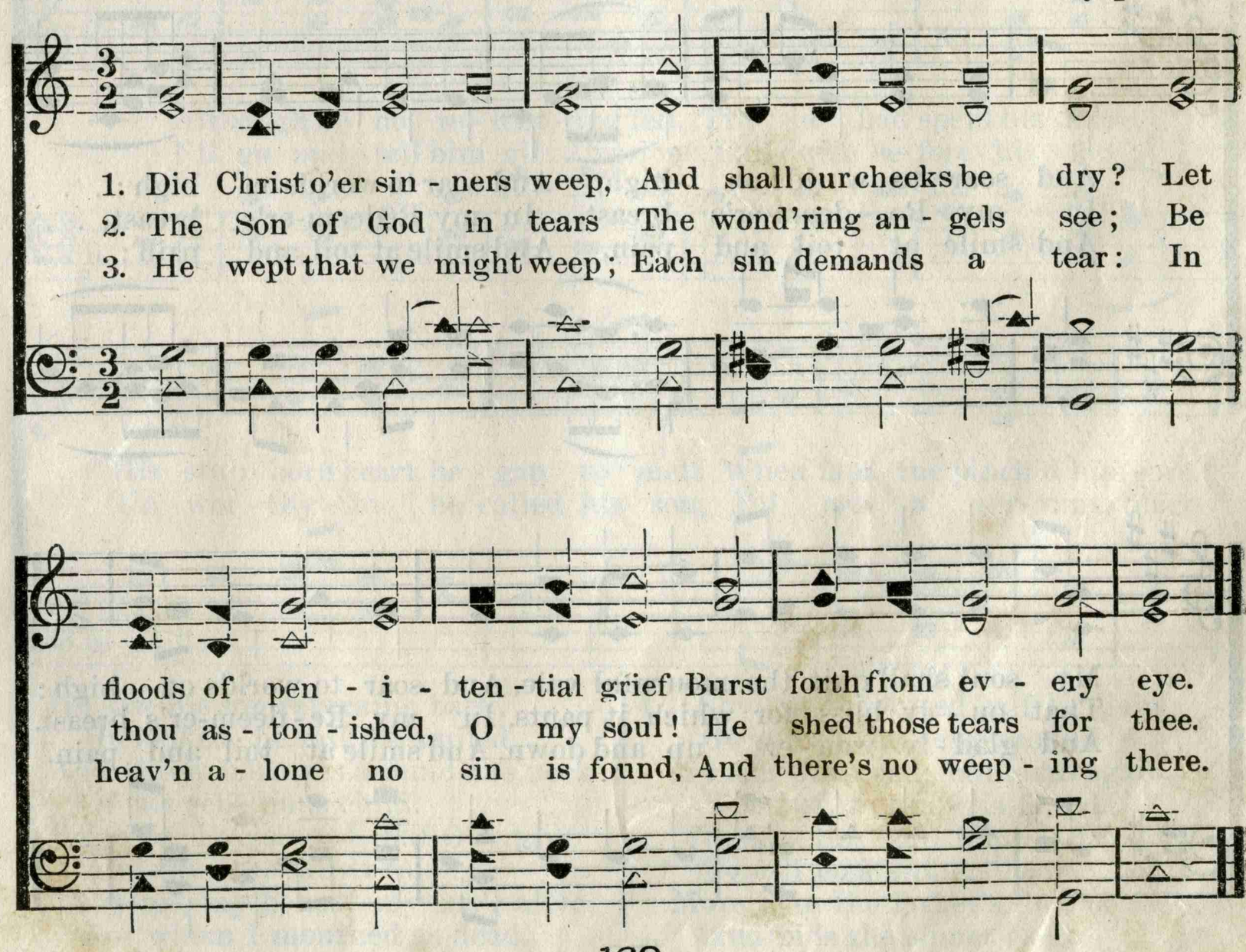
Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood.

STANDING ON THE PROMISES. Concluded.

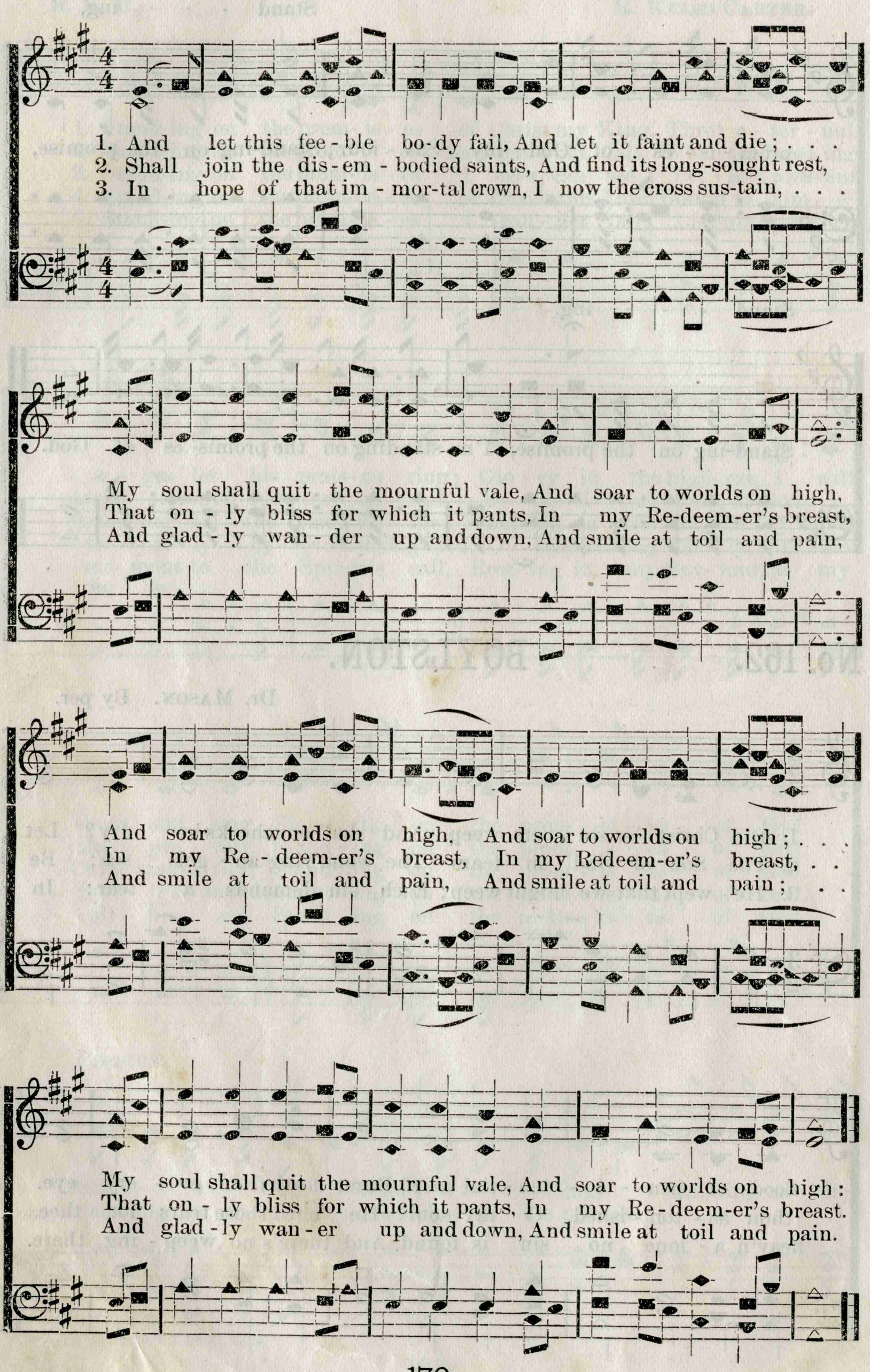


No. 162. BOYLSTON.

Dr. MASON. By per.



No. 163. PISGAH. C. M.



No. 164. C. M.

1 Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O, Lord, Remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of Grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

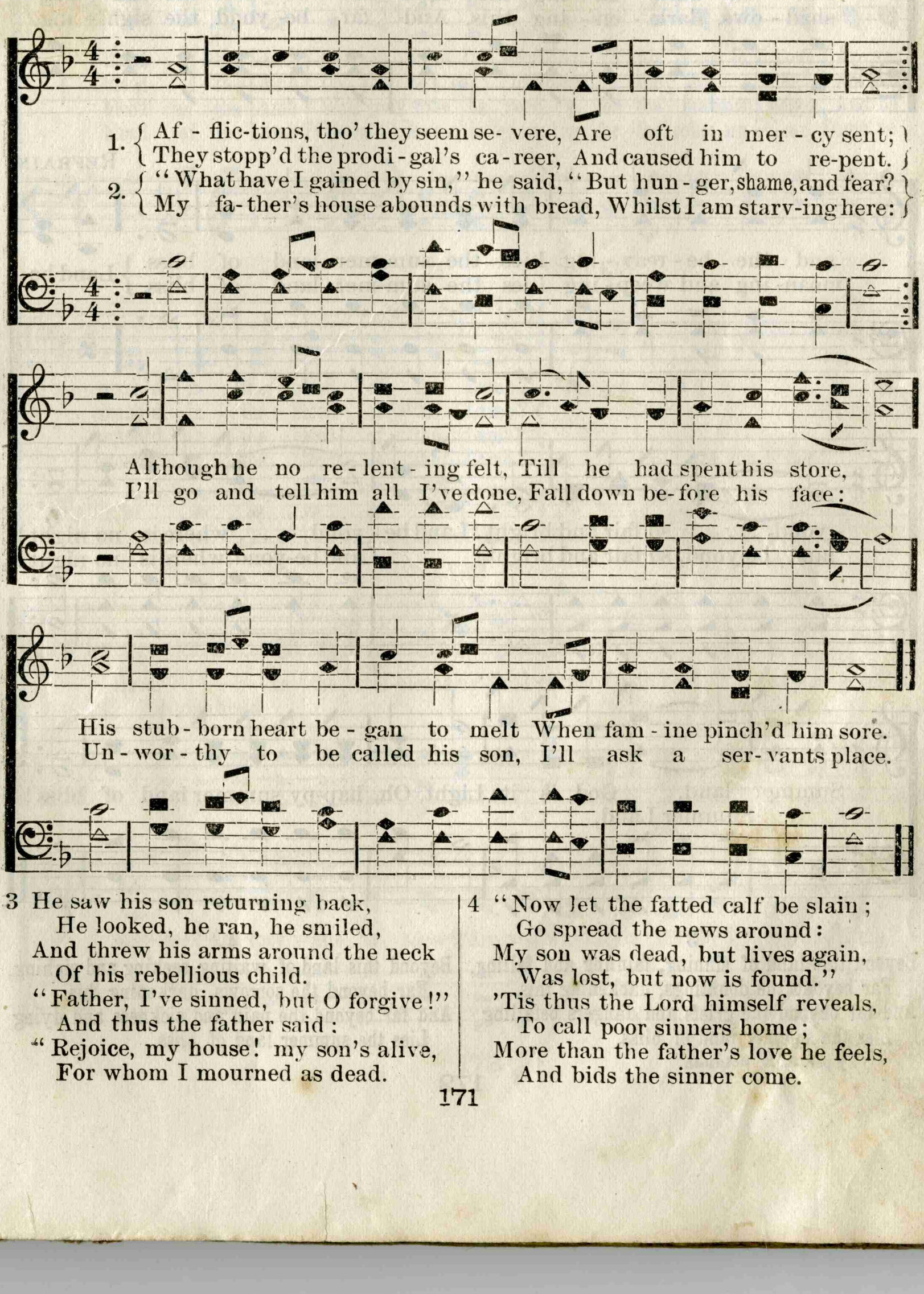
3 Thou wondrous advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet Thy salvation's free;
Then in thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distrest,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature's help all flee,
Then, O, my dear Redeemer, God,
I pray remember me.

No. 165. TENNESSEE. C. M.

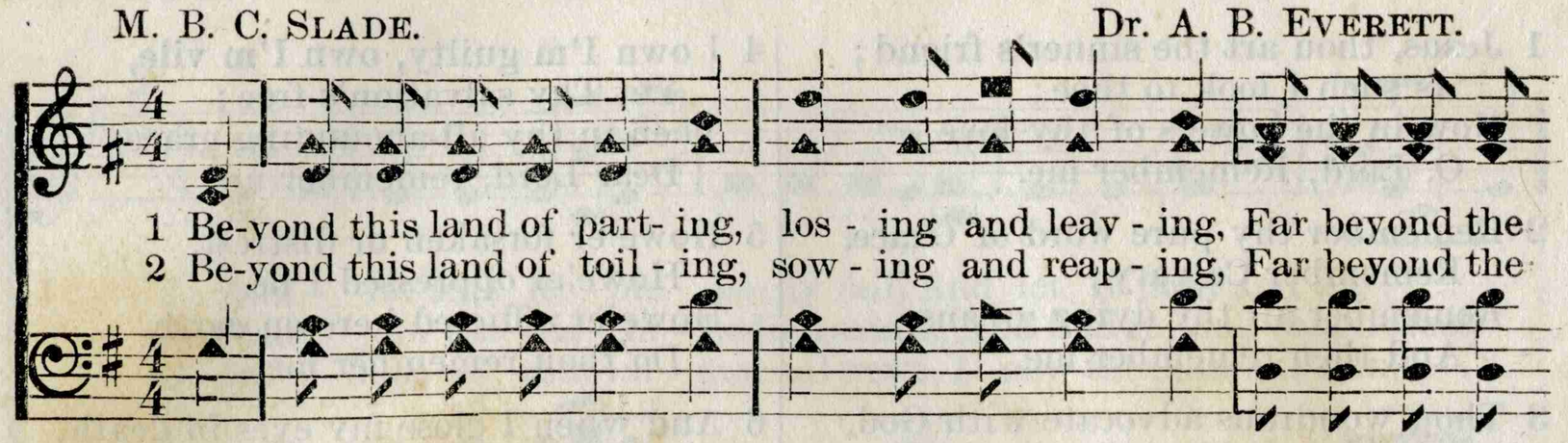


3 He saw his son returning back,
He looked, he ran, he smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
"Father, I've sinned, but O forgive!"
And thus the father said:
"Rejoice, my house! my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.

4 "Now let the fatted calf be slain;
Go spread the news around:
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."
'Tis thus the Lord himself reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than the father's love he feels,
And bids the sinner come.

No. 166. SUMMER LAND.

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



3

Beyond this land of sinning, fainting and falling,
Far beyond the doubtings, darkening this,
And far beyond the griefs and dangers befalling
Lies the summer land of bliss.

4

Beyond this land of waiting, seeking and sighing,
Far beyond the sorrows, darkening this,
And far beyond the pain and sickness and dying
Lies the summer land of bliss.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 167. Are you Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, by per.

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

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

CHORUS.

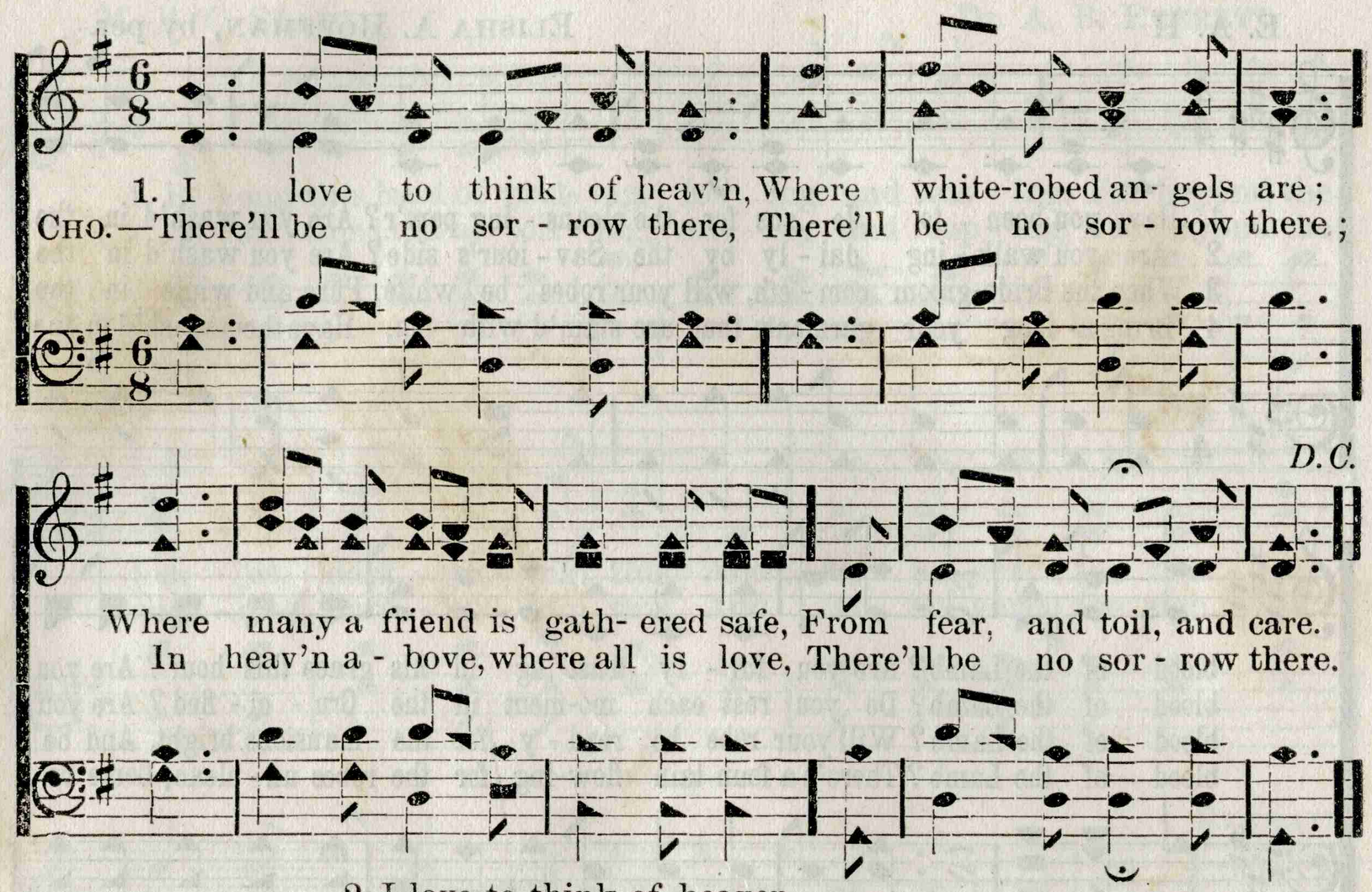
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd

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

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

No. 168. NO SORROW THERE. L. M.

E. W. DUNBAR.



2 I love to think of heaven
Where my Redeemer reigns;
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.

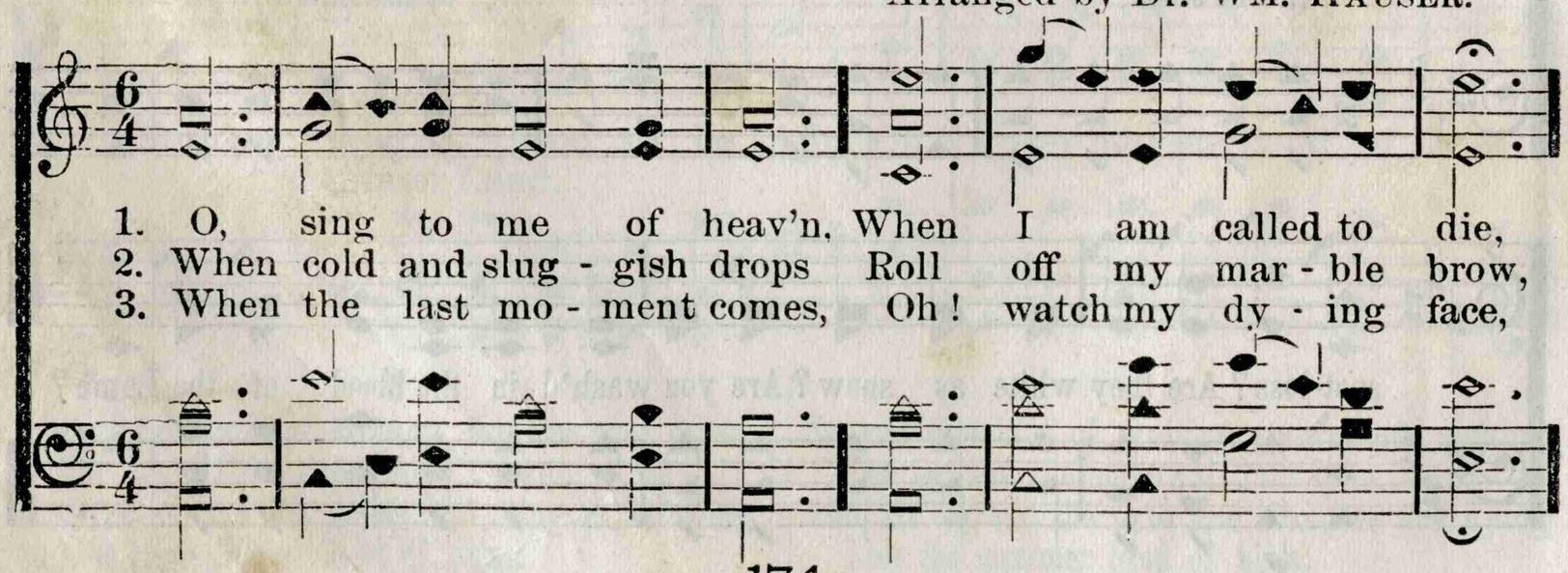
3 I love to think of heaven,
The saints' eternal home;
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.

4 I love to think of heaven,
The greetings there we'll meet:
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.

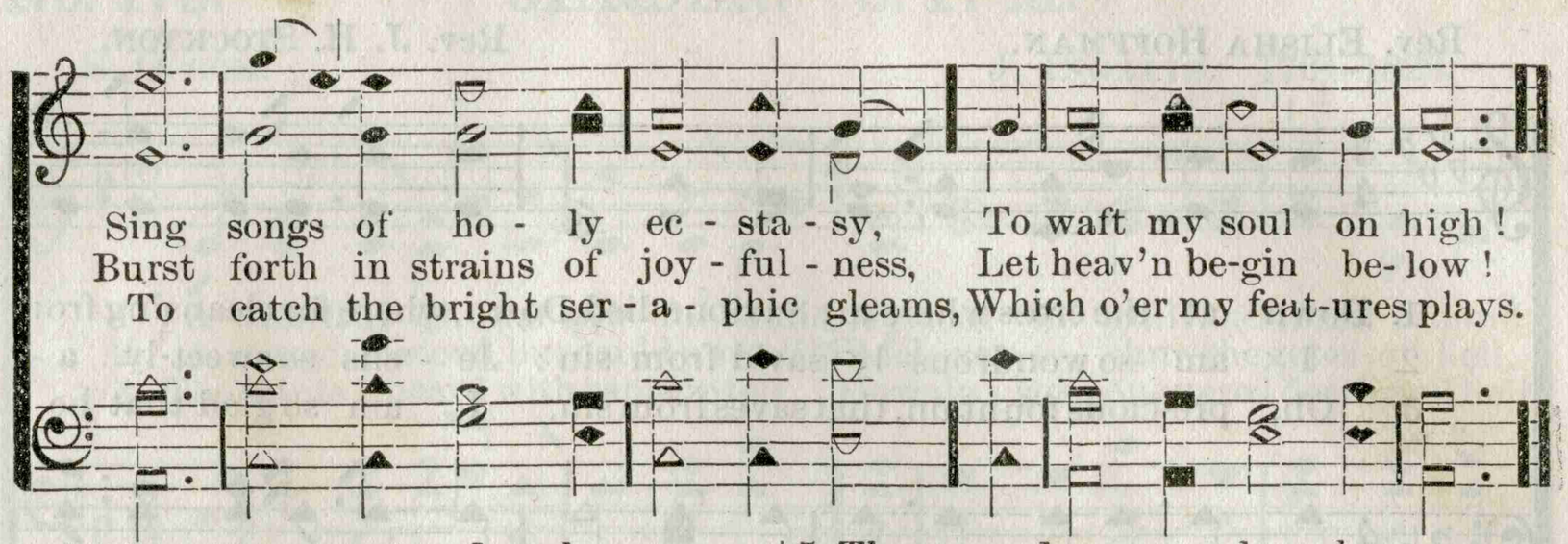
5 I love to think of heaven,
That promised land so fair;
Oh! how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there.

No. 169. SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. L. M.

Arranged by Dr. WM. HAUSER.



SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. Concluded.

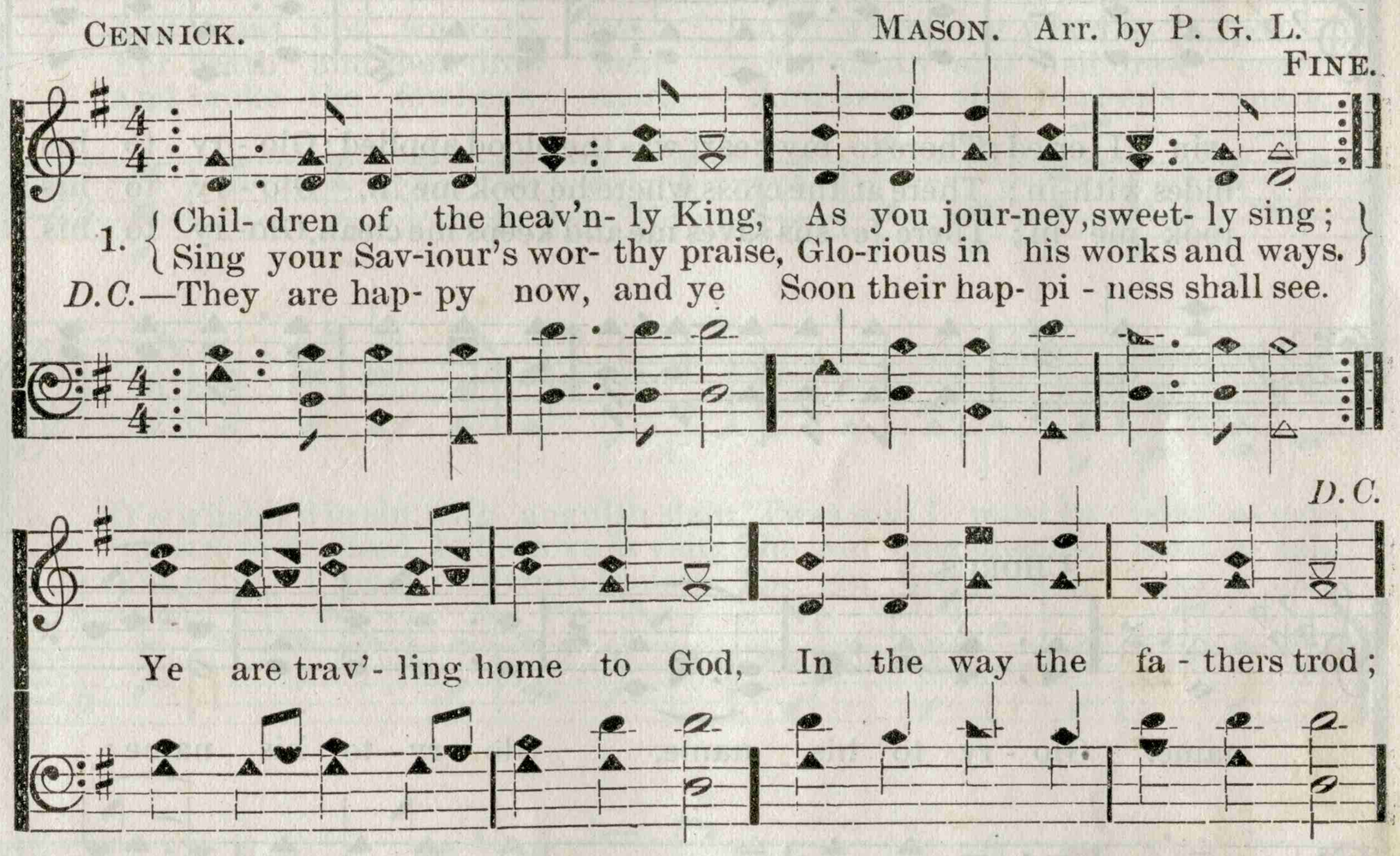


4 Then to my raptured soul,
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

5 Then round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

No. 170. MERDIN. 7s. D.

CENNICK. MASON. Arr. by P. G. L.



2 O, ye banished seed, be glad !
Christ our Advocate is made ;
Us, to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Christ, your Father's elder Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
Lord ! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

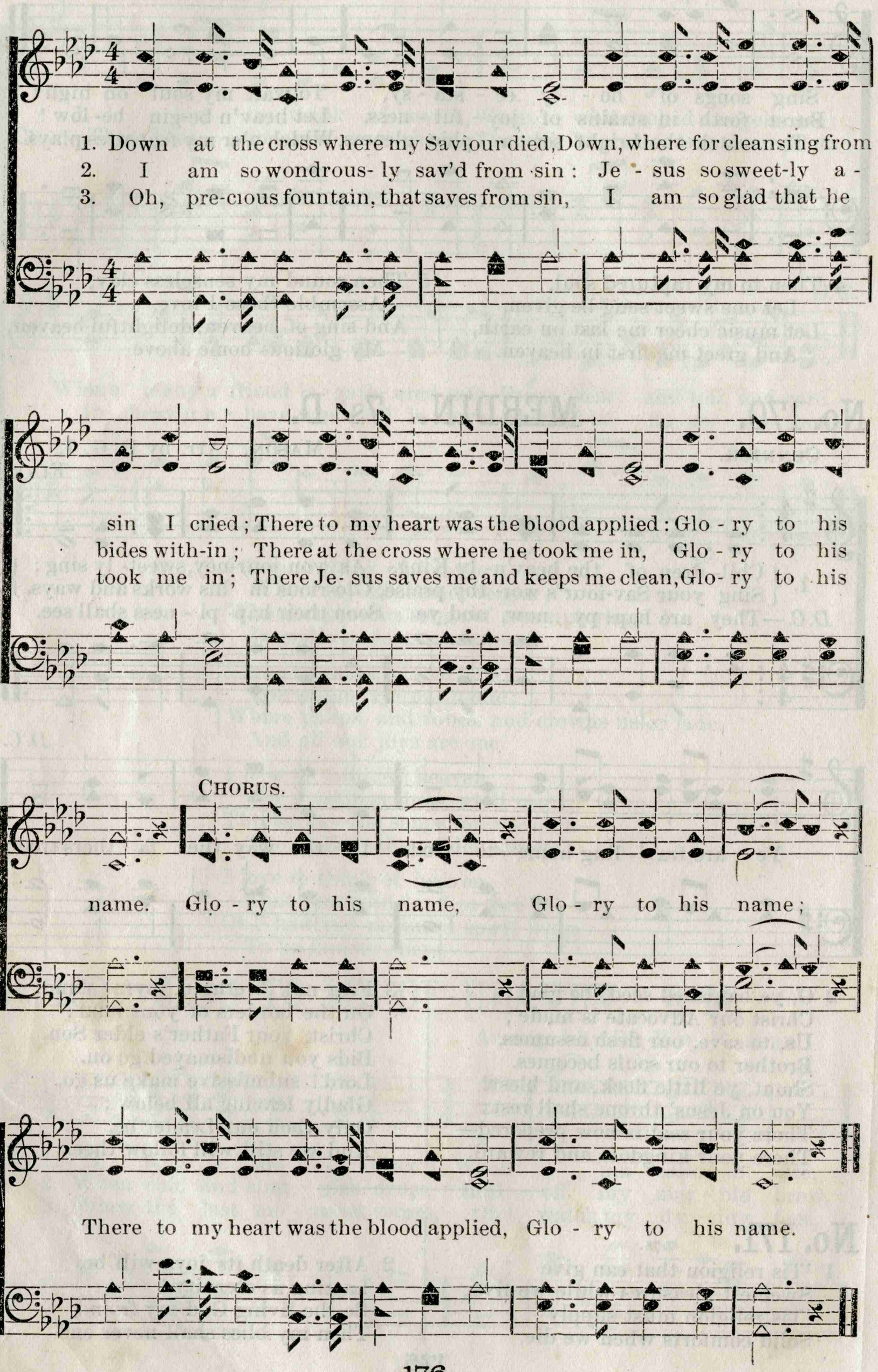
No. 171. 7s.

1 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity !
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

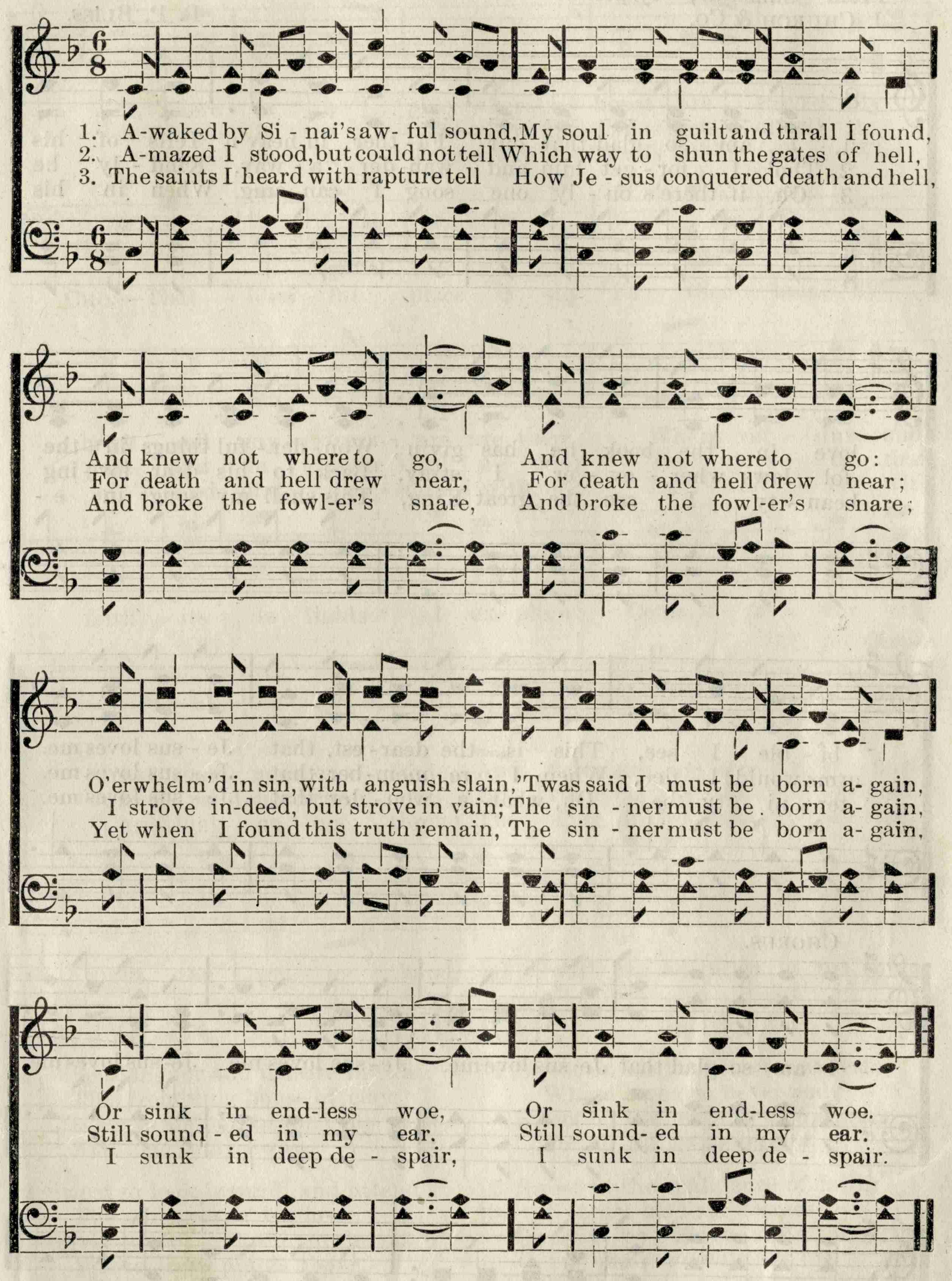
No. 172. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Rev. ELISHA HOFFMAN. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



No. 173. GARDEN. C. P. M.

S. Occom. J. Ingalls. 1764-1828.



4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth passed that way;
‖: It was the time of love: :‖
He then relieved me from my pain,
By showing me I was born again,
‖: To dwell with him above. :‖

5 To heaven my joyful praises flew,
Singing that song forever new,
‖: To Christ my voice did raise: :‖
All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumbered millions born again
‖: Shall shout thine endless praise.

No. 174. JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

From "Sunshine," by per. of
J. CHURCH & Co.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of his
2. Tho' I for-get him and wan-der a-way, Kind-ly he
3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in his

love in the book he has giv'n; Won-der-ful things in the
fol-lows wher-ev-er I stray, Back to his dear lov-ing
beau-ty I see the great King, This shall my song in e-

bi-ble I see, This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
arms would I flee, When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me.
ter-ni-ty be, Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me.

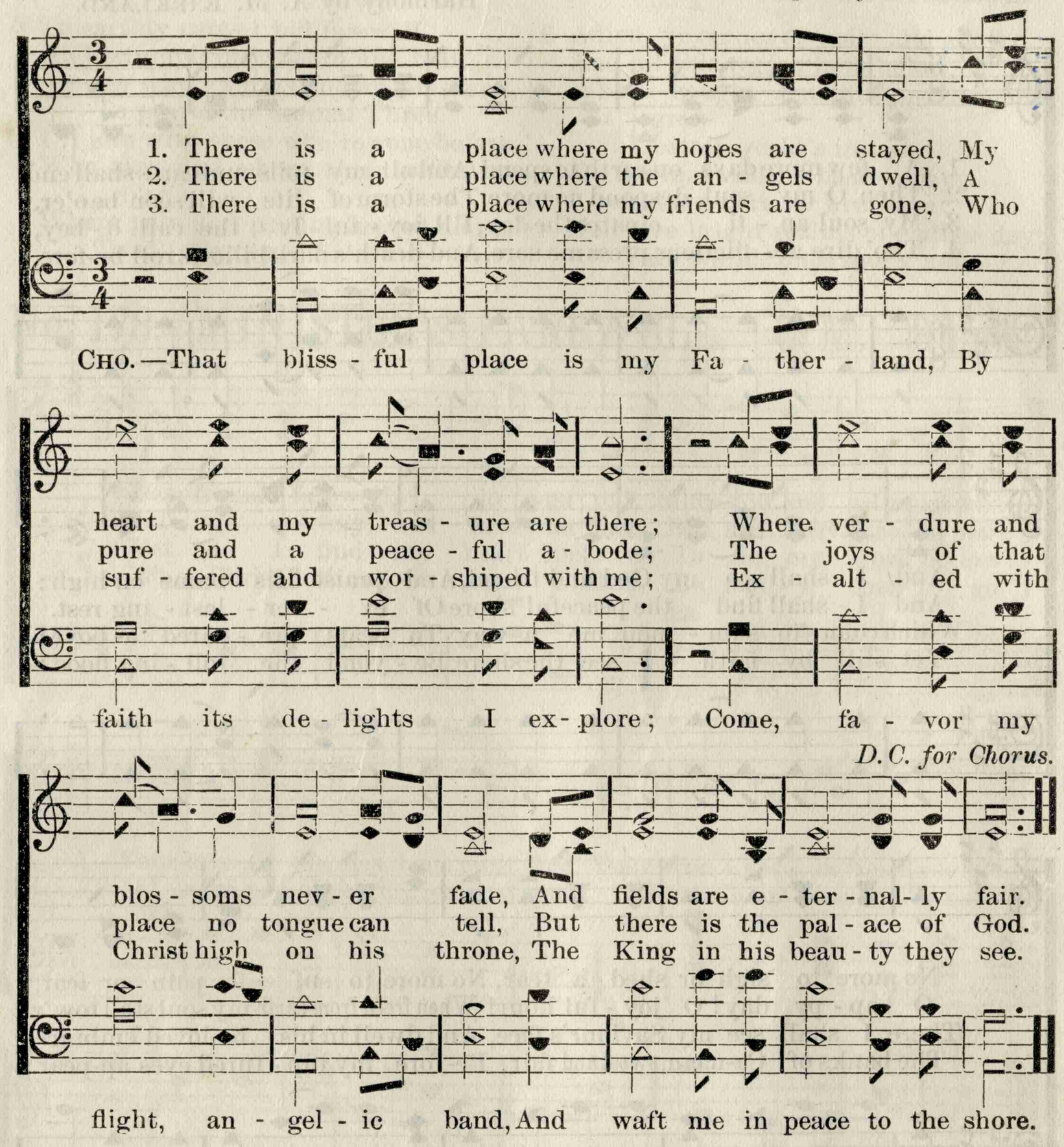
CHORUS.

I am so glad that Je-sus love me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me,

I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me.

No. 175. WALK WITH GOD.

WM. WALKER.
Arranged by A. M. K.



No. 176. DUNLAP.

1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;

4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the promise of his grace
For all things to depend.

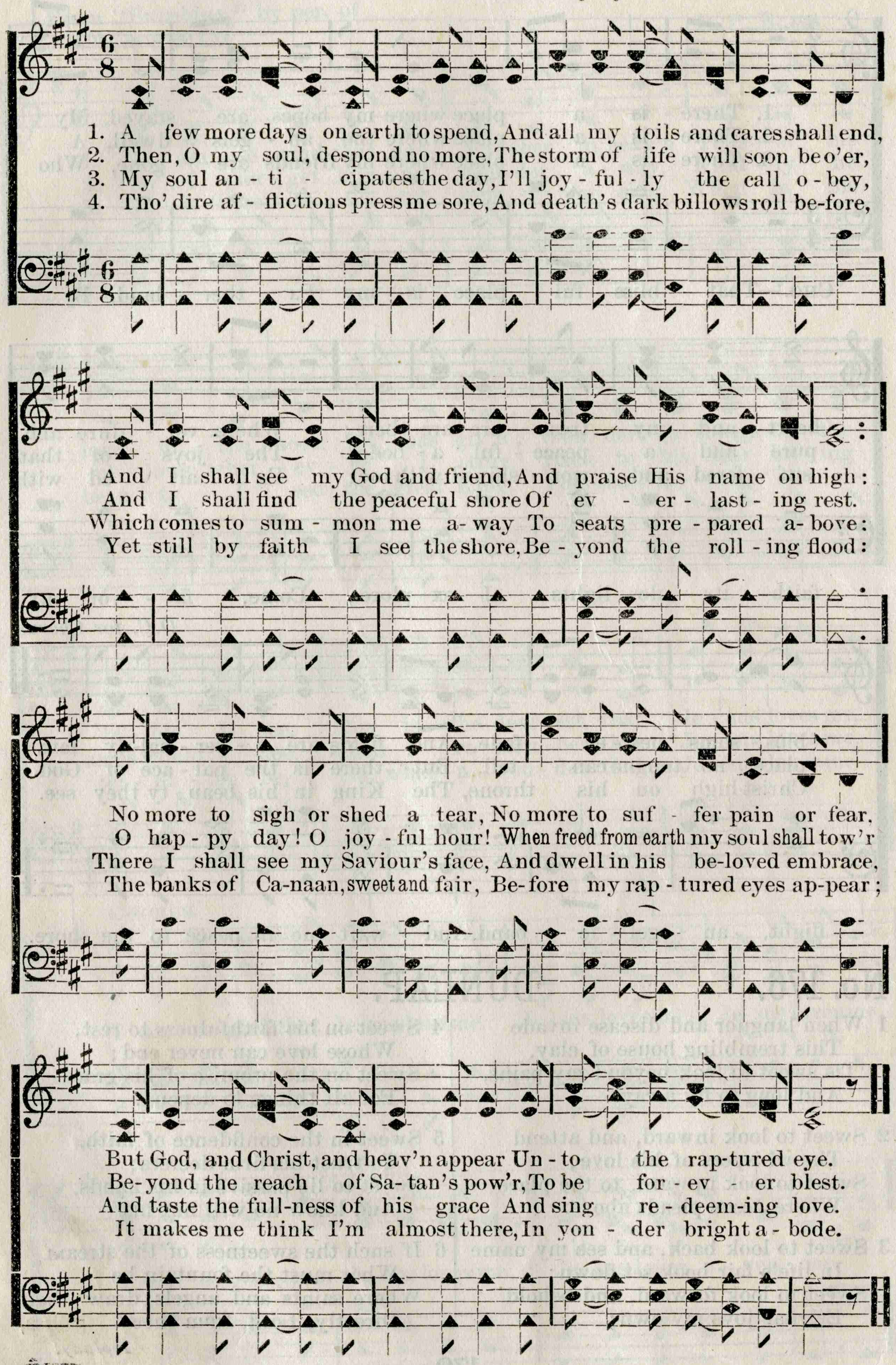
5 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
Directly, Lord, from thee?

Toplady.

No. 177. A Few More Days on Earth to Spend.

Harmony by A. M. KIRKLAND.

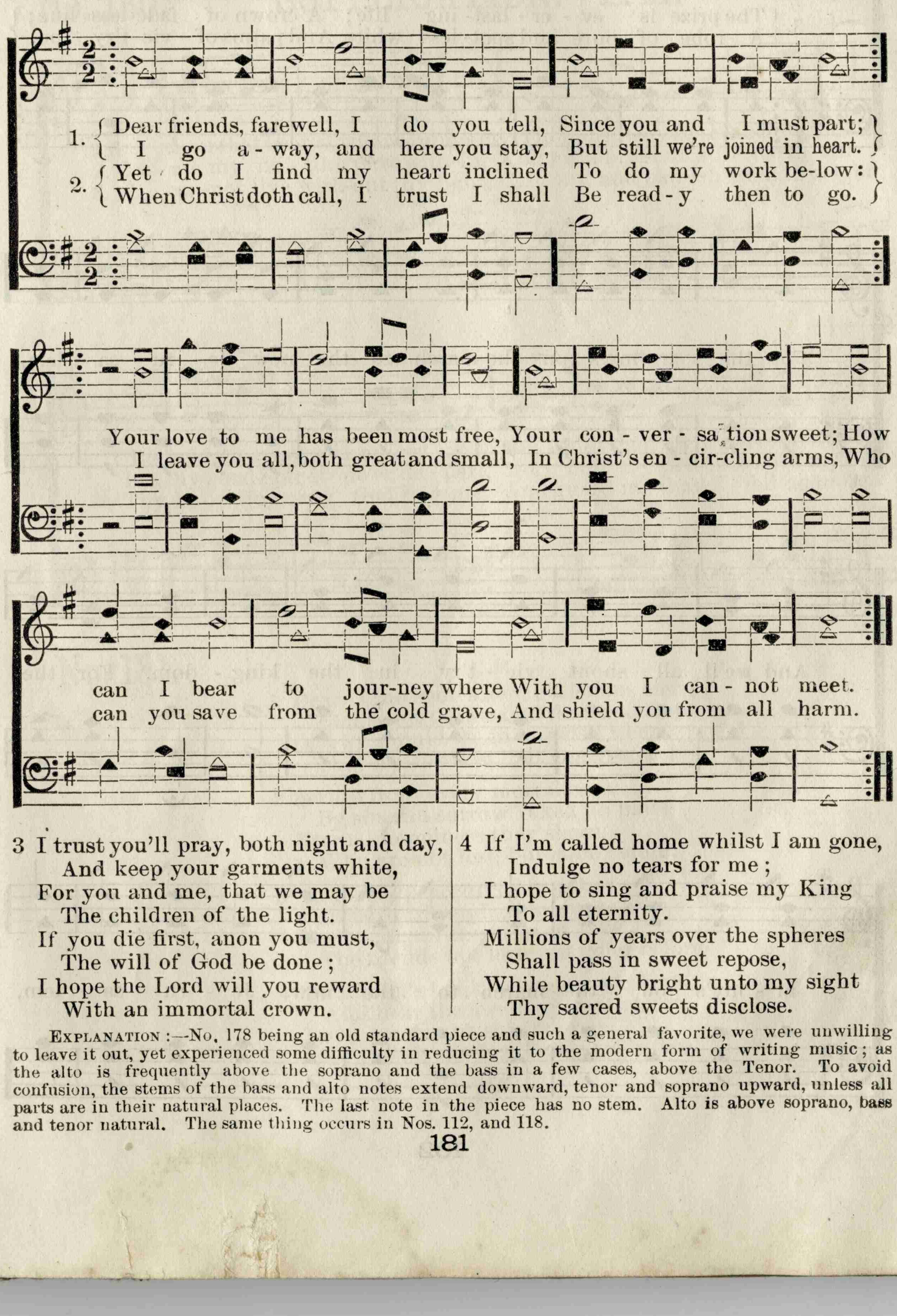


A Few More Days on Earth to Spend. Concluded.

5 To earthly cares I bid farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise the eternal Three.
I'll join with those who're gone before,
Who sing and shout their sufferings o'er
Where pain and parting are no more,
To all eternity.

6 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below,
Where naught but disappointments grow
A better world's in view.
My Saviour calls, I haste away;
I would not here for ever stay:
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day;
Vain world, once more, adieu!

No. 178. MINISTER'S FAREWELL. C. M. 8 lines.



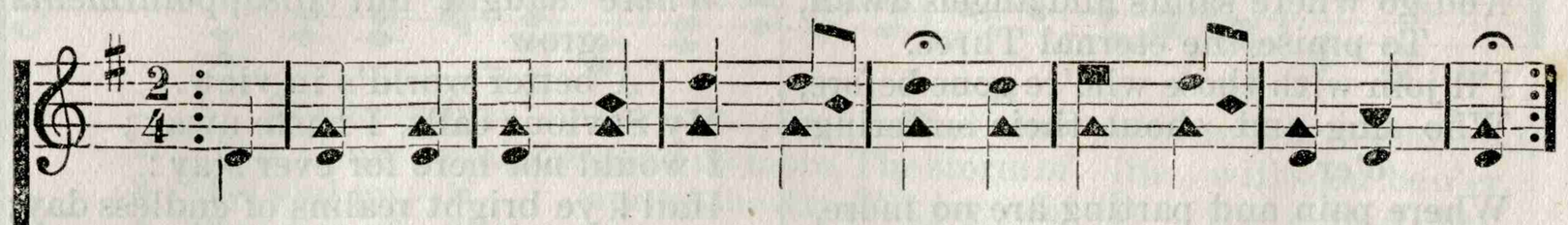
3 I trust you'll pray, both night and day,
And keep your garments white,
For you and me, that we may be
The children of the light.
If you die first, anon you must,
The will of God be done;
I hope the Lord will you reward
With an immortal crown.

4 If I'm called home whilst I am gone,
Indulge no tears for me;
I hope to sing and praise my King
To all eternity.
Millions of years over the spheres
Shall pass in sweet repose,
While beauty bright unto my sight
Thy sacred sweets disclose.

EXPLANATION:—No. 178 being an old standard piece and such a general favorite, we were unwilling to leave it out, yet experienced some difficulty in reducing it to the modern form of writing music; as the alto is frequently above the soprano and the bass in a few cases, above the Tenor. To avoid confusion, the stems of the bass and alto notes extend downward, tenor and soprano upward, unless all parts are in their natural places. The last note in the piece has no stem. Alto is above soprano, bass and tenor natural. The same thing occurs in Nos. 112, and 118.

No. 179. THE ARMY'S ON THE MARCH.

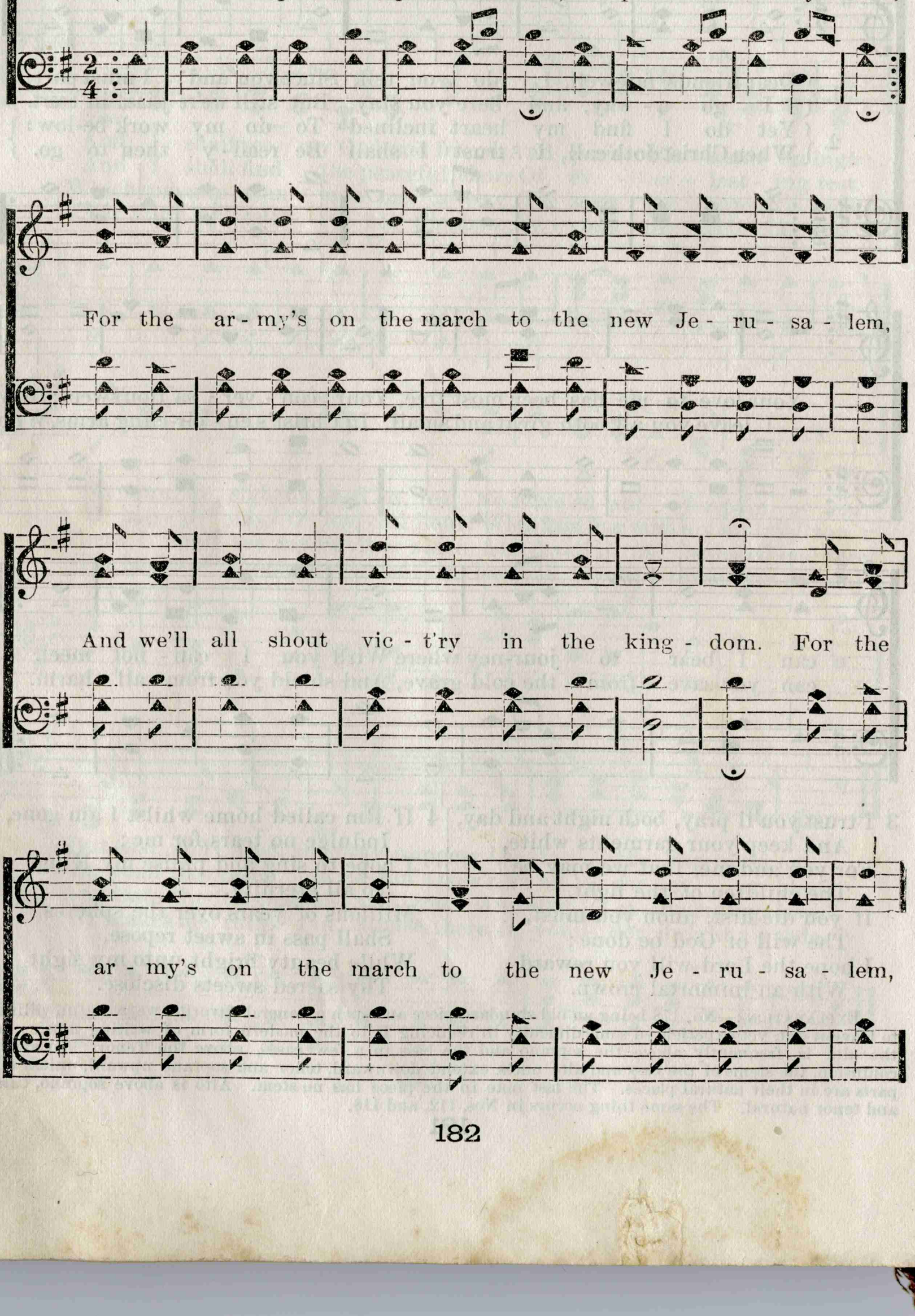
Rev. JOHN H. HONOR. WM. HAUSER M.D.



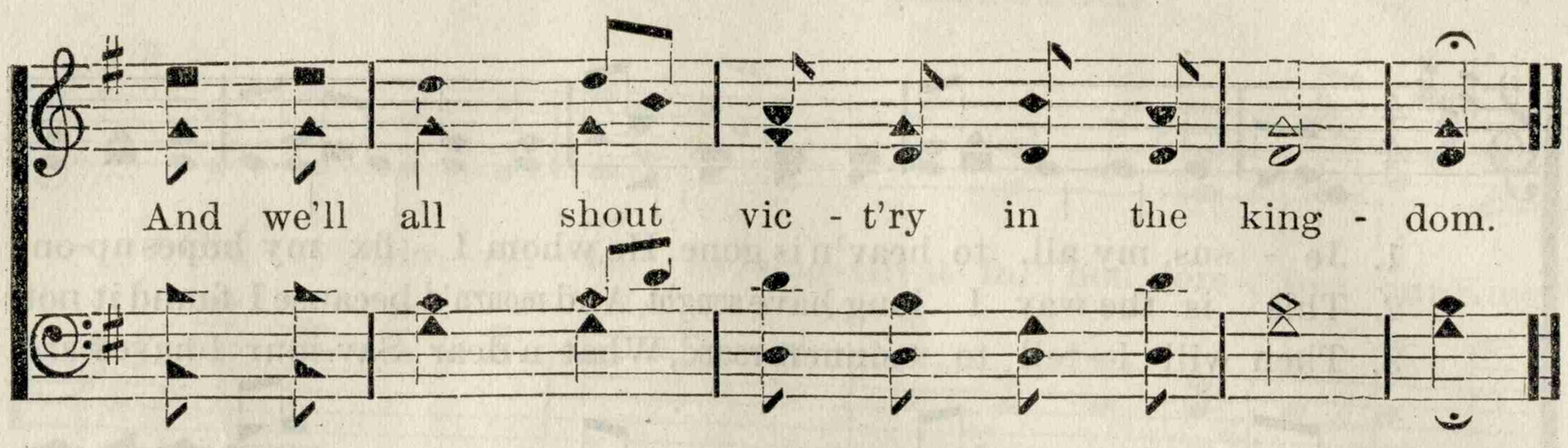
1. { Ye who are bound for Ca-naan's land, Come on, with-out de - lay;
   { And join to sing a sa - cred song To cheer you on the way.

2. { Our Cap-tain, Je - sus, leads us on, And we dis - dain to fly;
   { We'll bold-y fight the fight of faith, And con - quer, tho' we die.

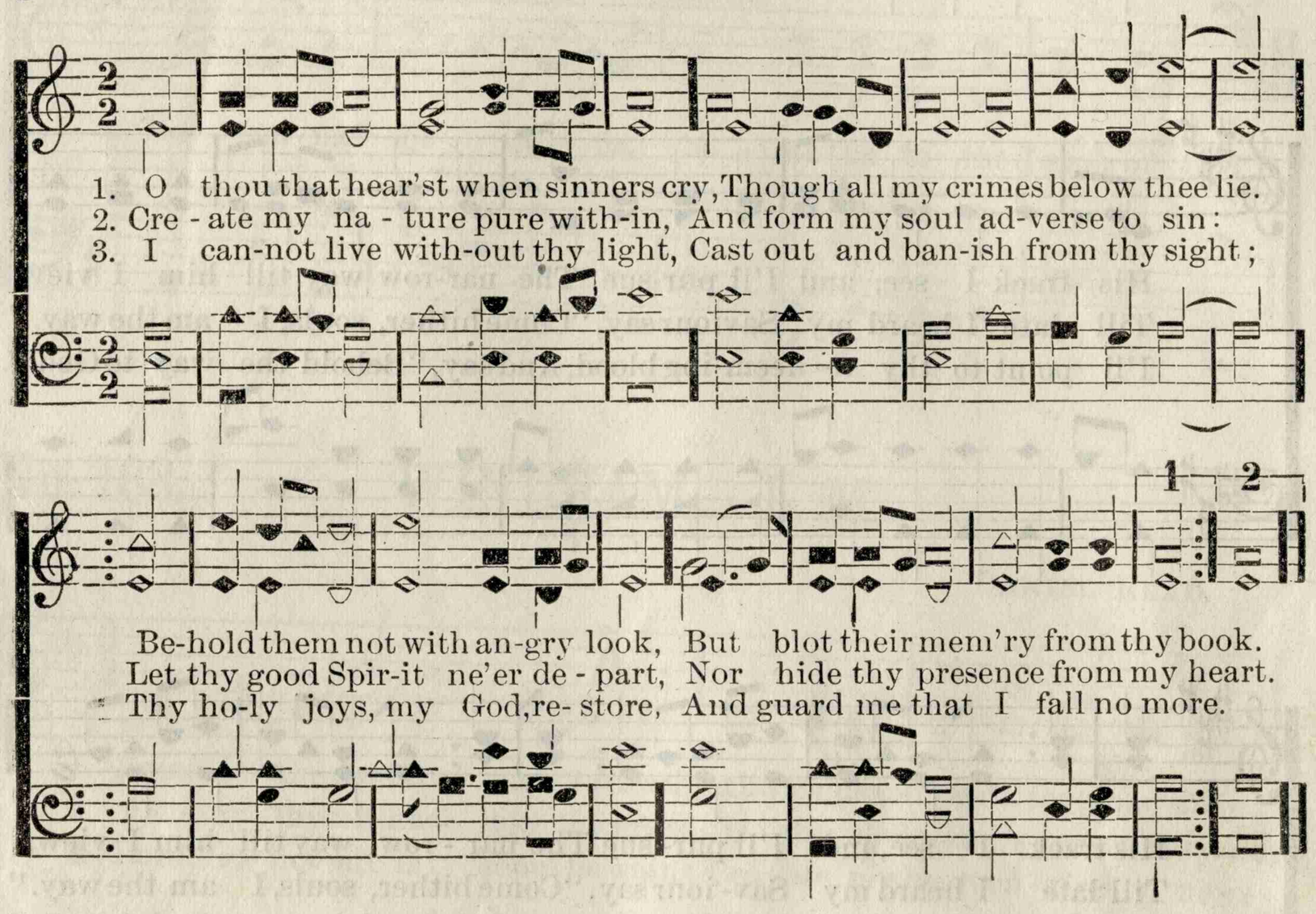
3. { The prize is ev - er - last- ing life; A crown of fade-less hue;
   { A robe of pure and spot- less white; And palms of vic- t'ry too.



The Army's On The March. Concluded.



No. 180. SUPPLICATION. L. M.



No. 181.

L. M.

1 Dear is the spot where christians sleep;
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
O, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love
The friends not lost, but gone before.

4 To Jordan's bank, whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus, convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

No. 182. HOSANNA. L. M.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up-on;
2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not,
3. Then will I tell to sinners round, What a dear Sav-iour I have found;

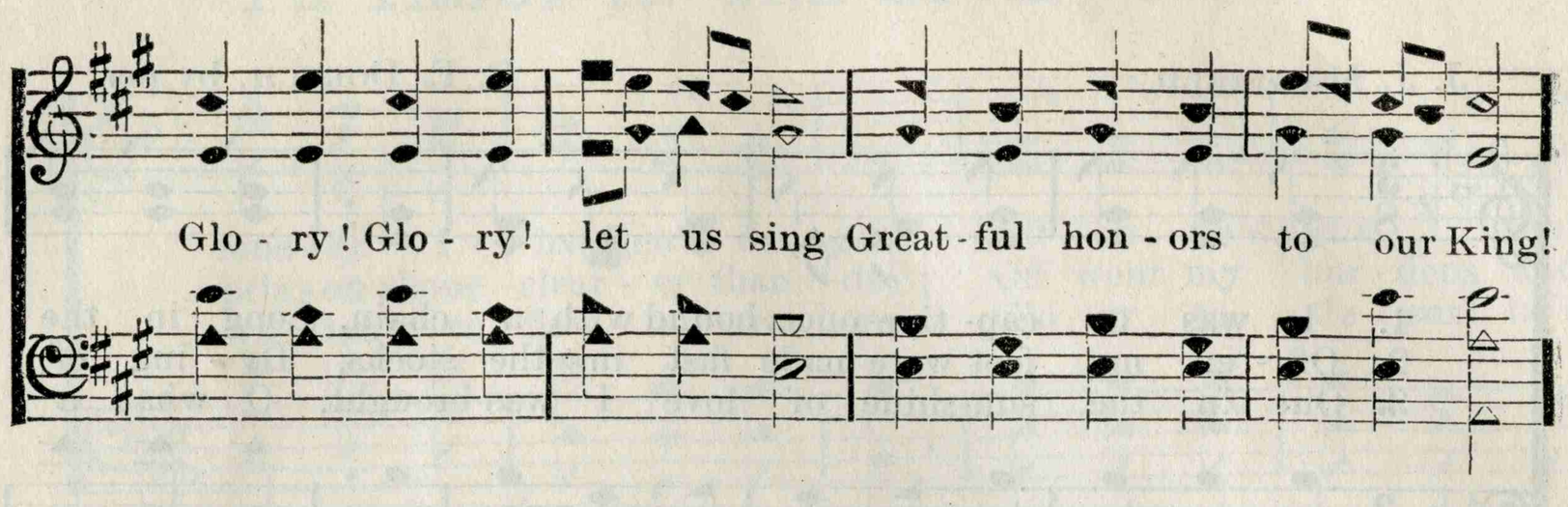
His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way till him I view.
Till late I heard my Saviour say, "Come hither, souls, I am the way."
I'll point to thy re- deem-ing blood, And say, "Behold the way to God!"

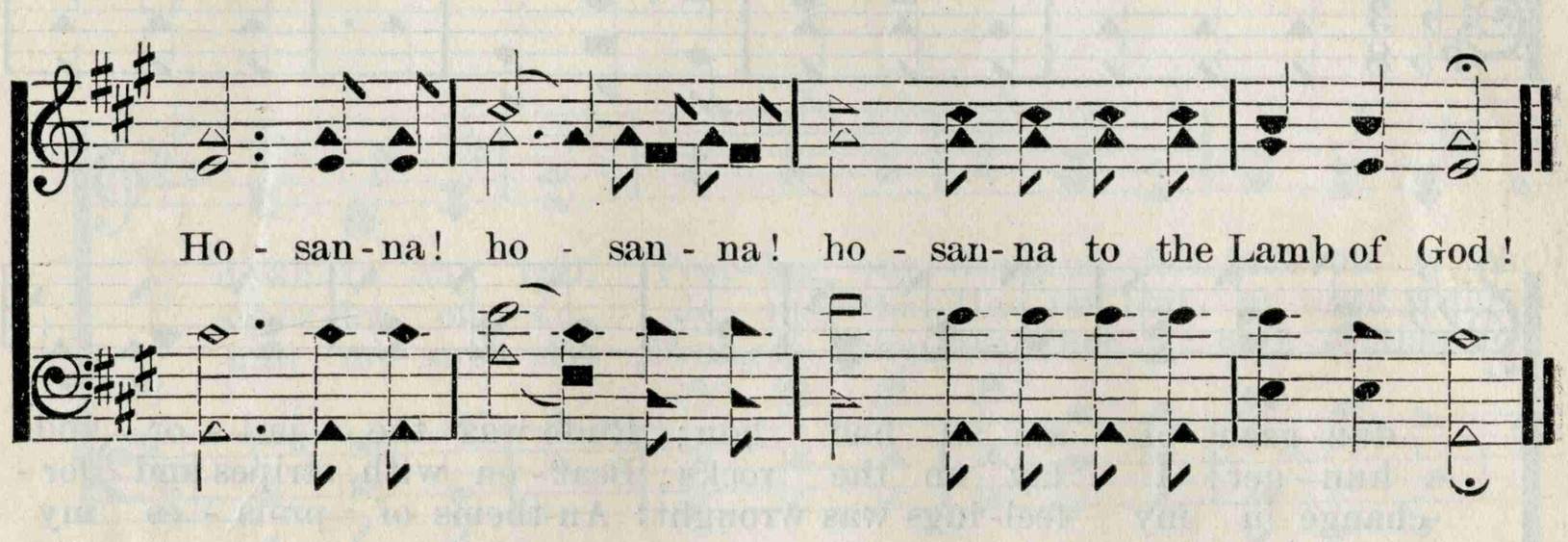
His track I see, and I'll pur- sue The nar - row way till him I view.
Till late I heard my Sav- iour say, "Come hither, souls, I am the way."
I'll point to thy re - deeming blood, And say, "Behold the way to God!"

CHORUS.

Ho - san-na! ho - san - na! ho - san - na to the Lamb of God!

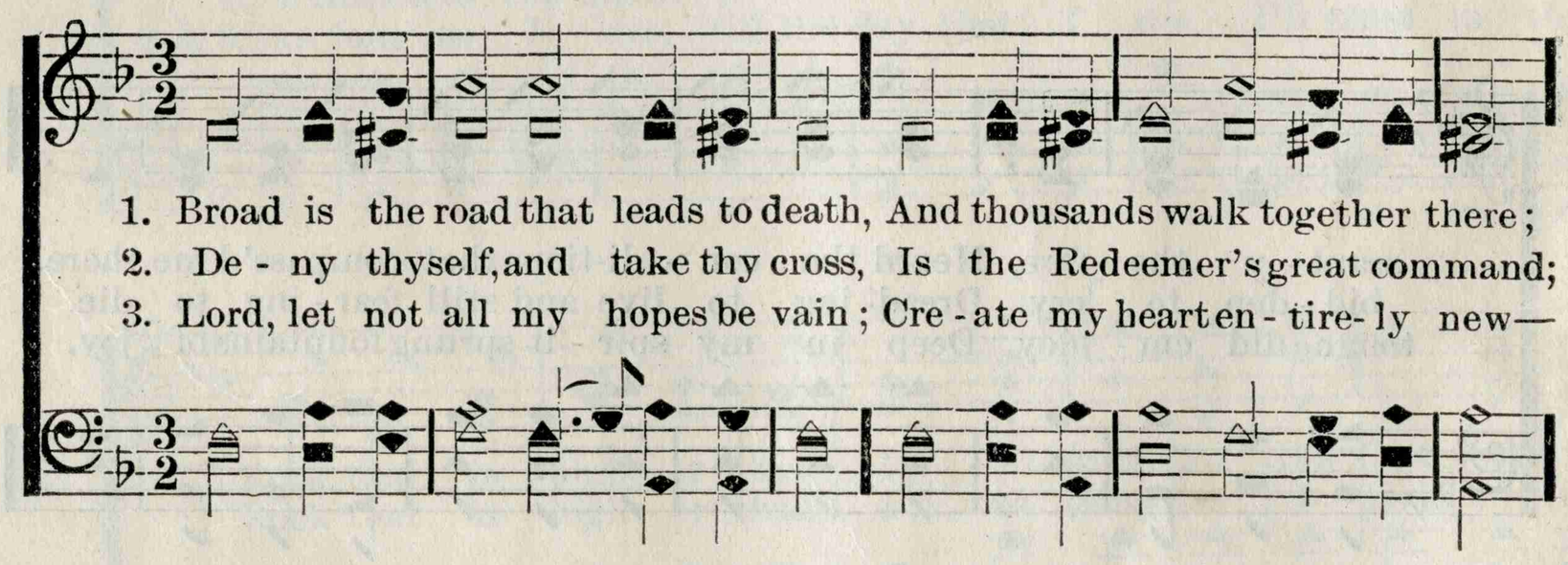
HOSANNA. Concluded.

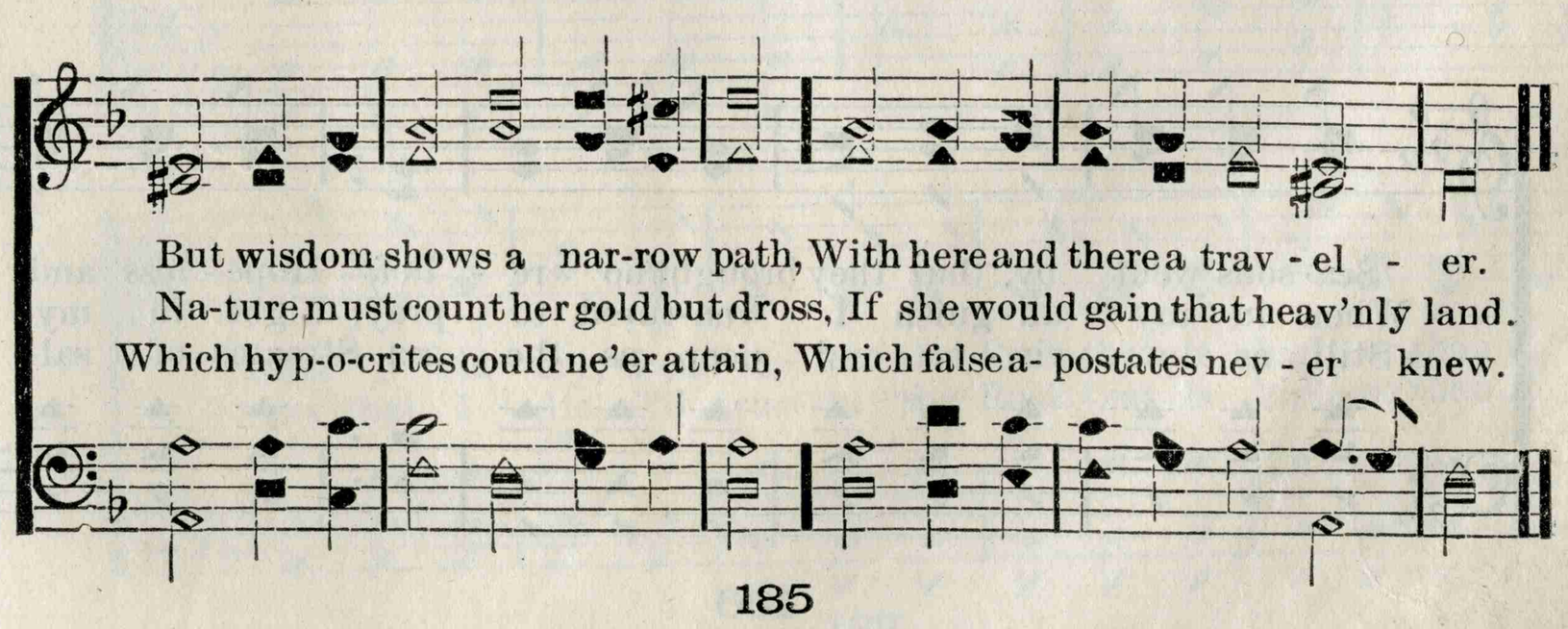




No. 183. WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.





No. 184. I'LL TRUST IN THE ROCK.

J. J. MAXFIELD. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. I was a cap- tive once, bound with a chain, Long in the dun- geon of sin I had lain; Rude was the jail - or, and
2. Oft - en my feet were made fast in the stocks, Dy - ing of hun - ger I lay on the rocks; Beat - en with stripes and for -
3. Out in the sun-shine of love I was brought, O what a change in my feel- ings was wrought: An-thems of prais - es my

scant - y the fare, Heard the con - di-tions that compass'd me there.
bid - den to cry, Dread- ing to live and still fear - ing to die.
tongue did em - ploy, Deep in my spir - it sprung fountains of joy.

Sea- sons went by, but they brought no re - lief, Hope - less and
When in my an - guish I ven-tured to pray, Light in my
Still as a riv - er and deep as the sea, Streams of sal -

I'll TRUST IN THE ROCK. Concluded.

lone - ly I har-den'd in grief; Oft in de - spair I sunk
pris - on shone clear - er than day; Off went my bur - dens and
va - tion were flow - ing to me; Glo - ry to Je - sus! he's

down in my cell, Feel - ing my dungeon the pris - on of hell.
shack - les of sin, Je - sus, the Mas - ter, had en-tered with - in.
still my sup - ply, Strong is thy Rock that is high - er than I.

CHORUS. *f*

1. I turned to the Lord, in dis-tress I did cry, "Lead me to the
2 & 3. As long as I live, 'till the day that I die, I'll trust in the

Rock that is high - er than I; I turned to the Lord, in dis -
Rock that is high - er than I; As long as I live, 'till the

tress I did cry, "Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I."
day that I die, I'll trust in the Rock that is high - er than I.

No. 185. SAVED BY FAITH.

I. B. Rev. Is. Baltzell.

1. I have found re - demp-tion in the Sav - iour's blood, I am
2. Oh, how sweet the sto - ry of his won-drous grace, I am
3. I will sing of Je - sus while the days go by, I am
4. I will keep on sing-ing as I march a - long, I am

sav'd by faith in his blood, (in his blood;) I am sweet - ly
sav'd by faith in his blood, (in his blood;) I will trust in
sav'd by faith in his blood, (in his blood:) I will trust his
sav'd by faith in his blood, (in his blood;) In my home in

trusting in the word of God, I am sav'd by faith in his blood.
Je-sus while I run my race, I am sav'd by faith in his blood.
prom-ise, on his strength re - ly, I am sav'd by faith in his blood.
glo - ry this shall be my song, I am sav'd by faith in his blood.

CHORUS.

1

I am sav'd, . . . yes, sweetly sav'd, I am sav'd by faith in the
I am sav'd, sweetly sav'd, I am sav'd, sweetly sav'd,

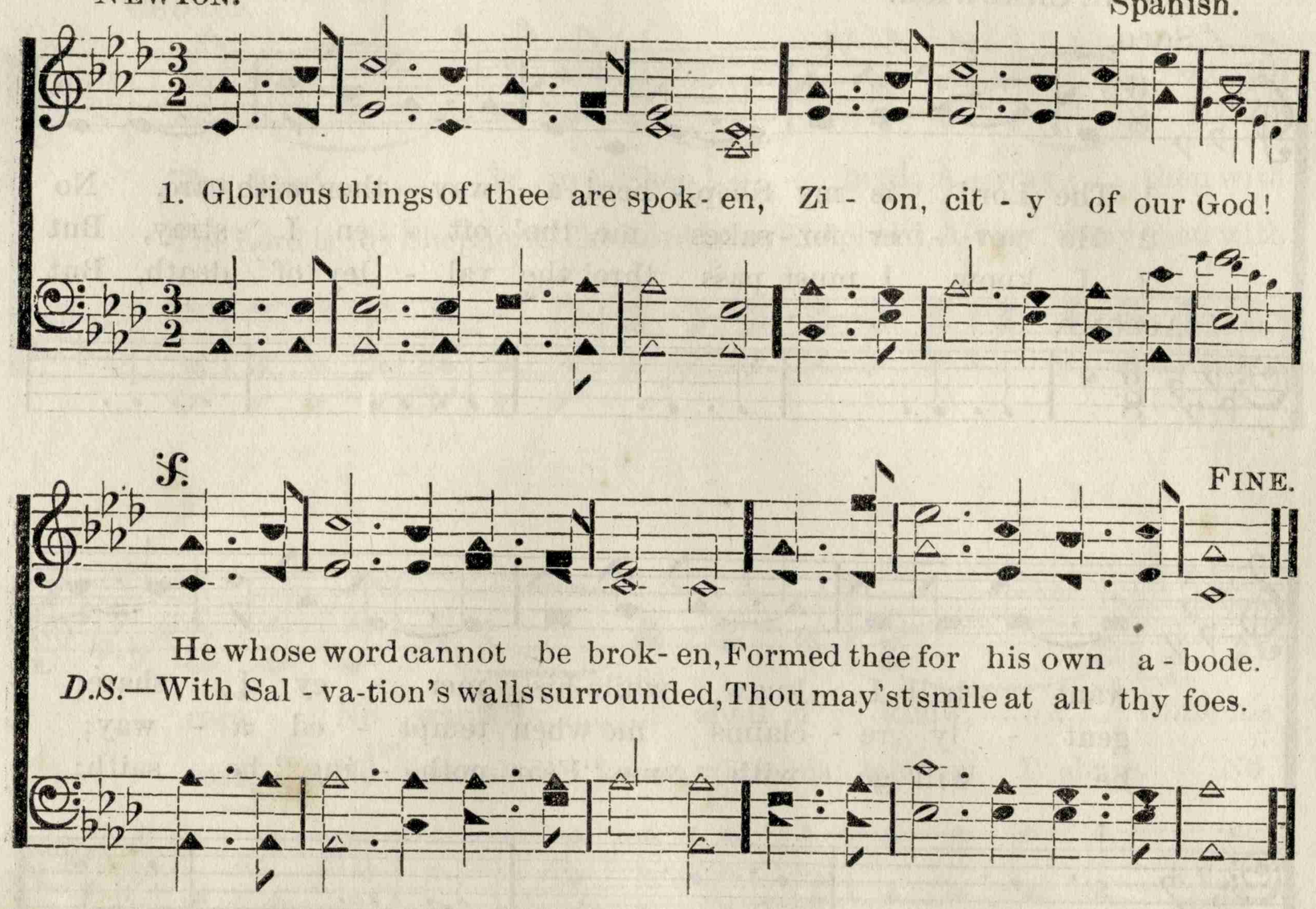
2

blood he shed for me, I am sav'd by faith in his blood.
in his blood.

By permission.

No. 186. AUTUMN. 8s. 7s. D.

NEWTON. Spanish.



2 See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the Manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God;
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

No. 187. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

FANNIE CHADWICK. R. M. McINTOSH.

SOLO.

1 The Lord is my Shep - herd, a - way then with care, No
2 He nev - er for - sakes me, tho' oft - en I stray, But
3 I know I must pass thro' the val - ley of death, But

ACCOMP.

want shall I know while his mer - cy I share;
gent - ly re - claims me when tempt - ed a - way;
he will go with me, "Fear noth - ing," he saith;

DUET.

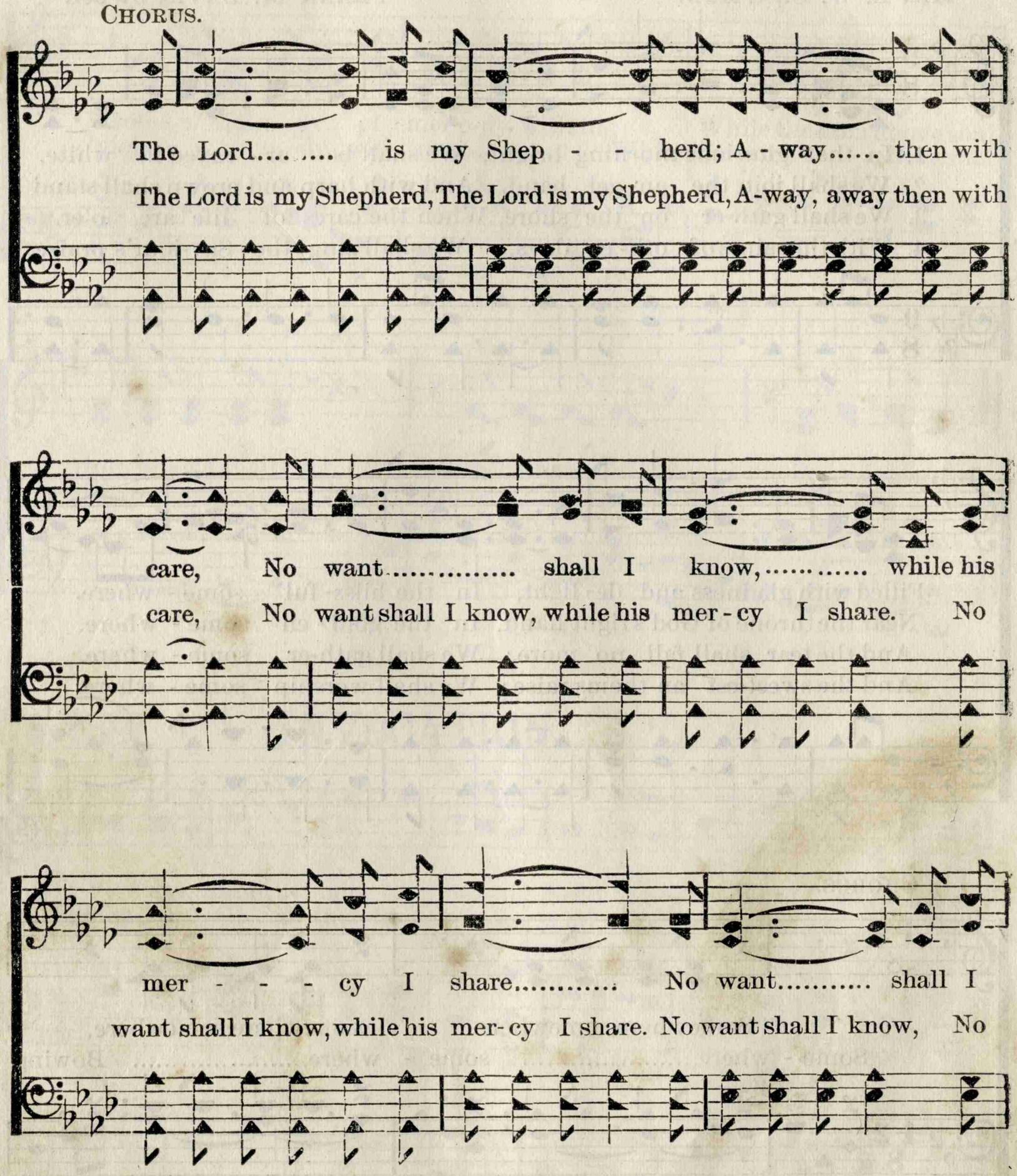
From pas - tures of plen - ty I'll gath - er my bread, And
Thro' dark - ness and dan - ger he guides me a - long, And
Thy rod and thy staff, pre-cious Sav - iour, shall be, Strong

by the still wa - - ters, my feet shall be led.
though I am fee - - ble, my Shep - herd is strong.
help, and swift com - - fort, for - ev - - er, for me.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 188. SOMEWHERE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

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

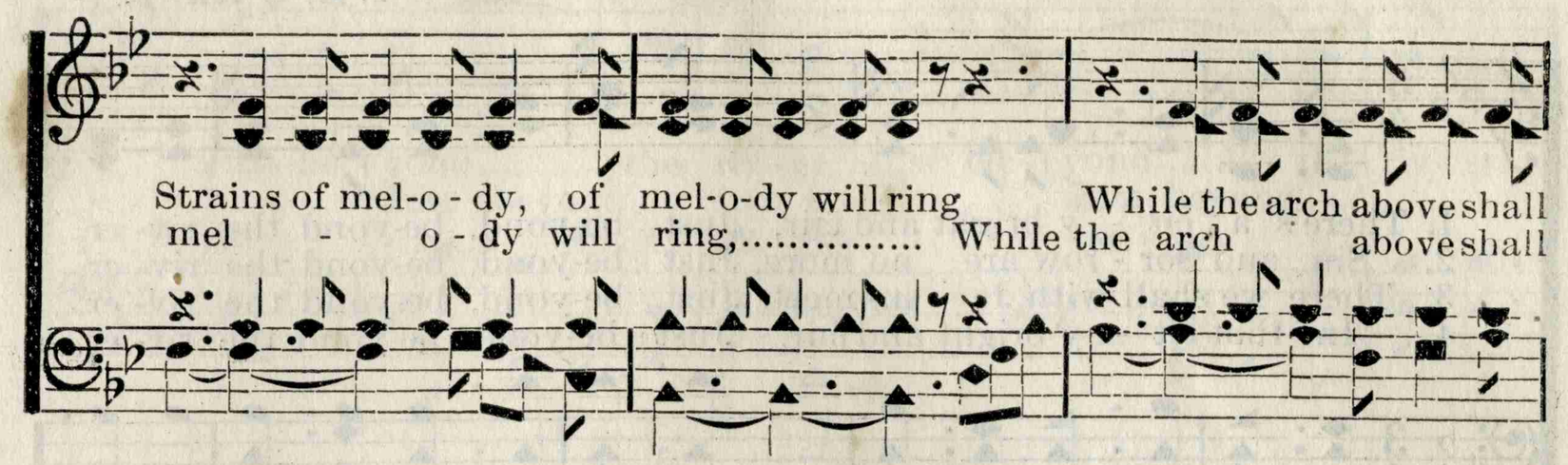
Filled with gladness and de- light, In the bliss- ful some - where.
Near the throne of God's right hand, In the gold - en some - where.
And the tear shall fall no more; We shall gath-er some - where.
And the sweet-est an-thems raise; We shall worship some - where.

CHORUS.

Somewhere, somewhere, somewhere, somewhere,
Some - where,..... some - where,..... Bowing

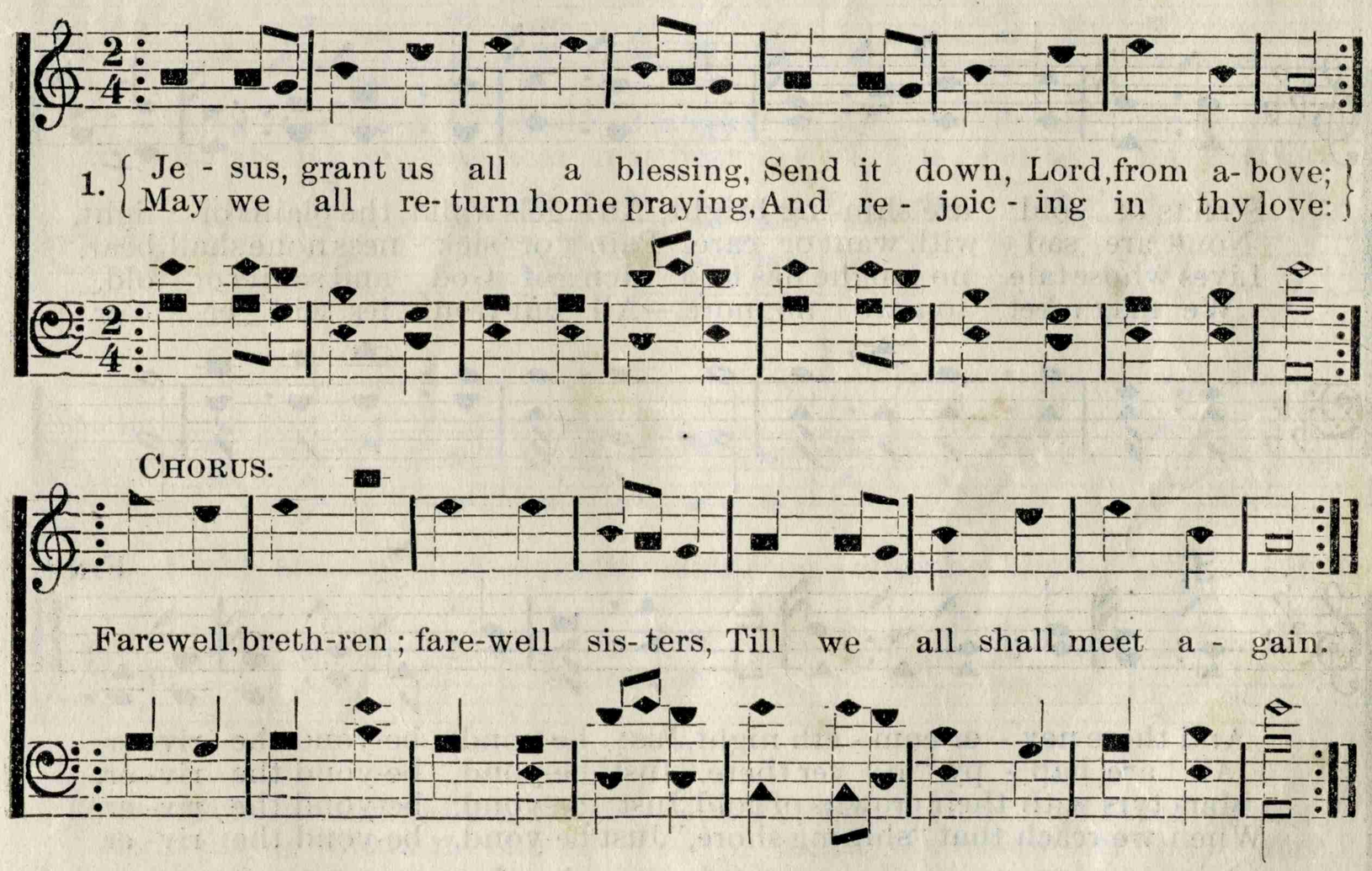
Bow - ing low be - fore the King,
low..... be-fore the King,..... Strains of

SOMEWHERE. Concluded.





No. 189. INVOCATION. 8, 7.

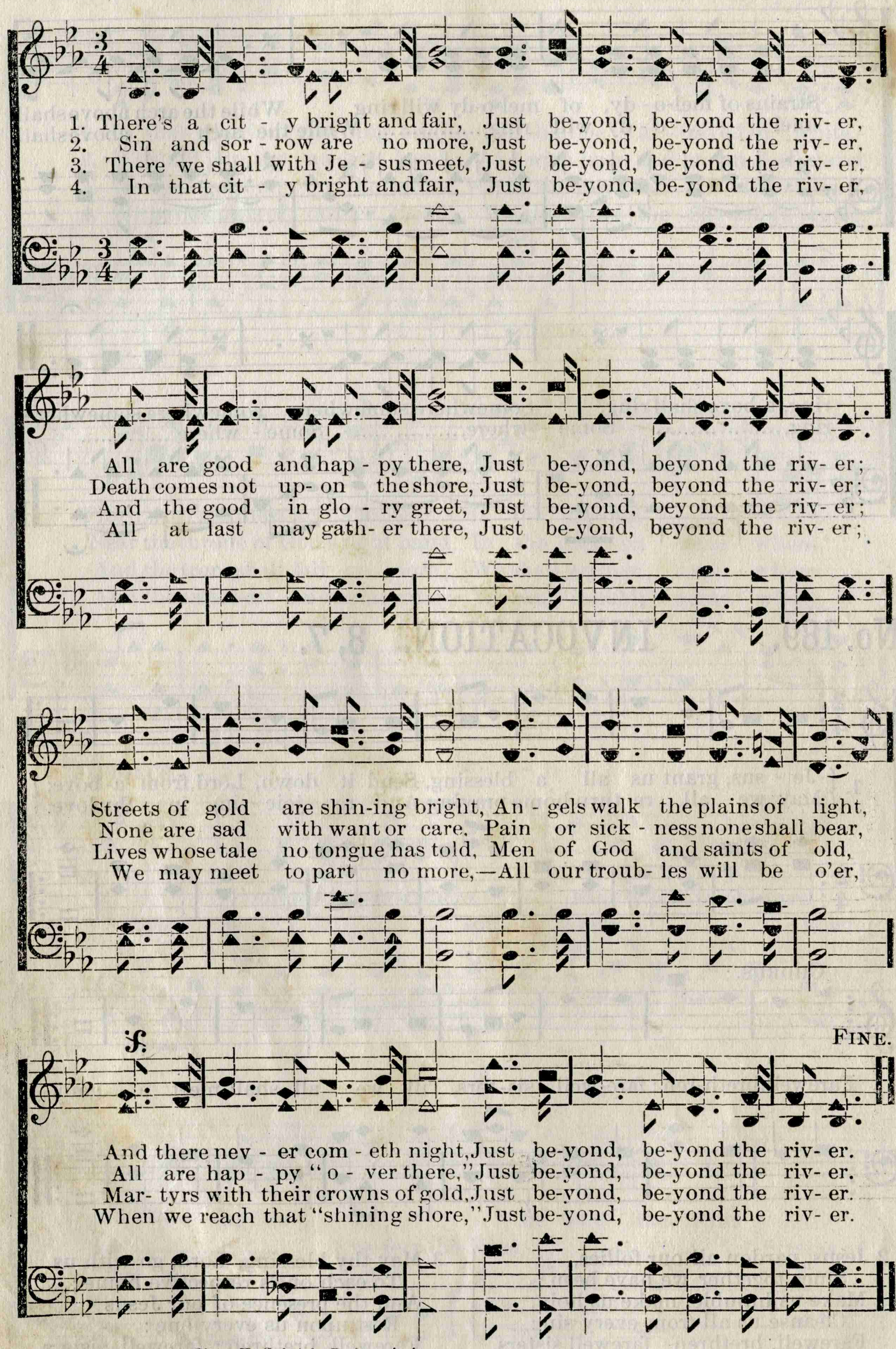


2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been ;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin :
Farewell, brethren ; farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet above.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us
To each one's respective home ;
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us every one :
Farewell, brethren ; farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

No. 190. JUST BEYOND THE RIVER.

FRED. WOODROW. T. C. O'KANE.



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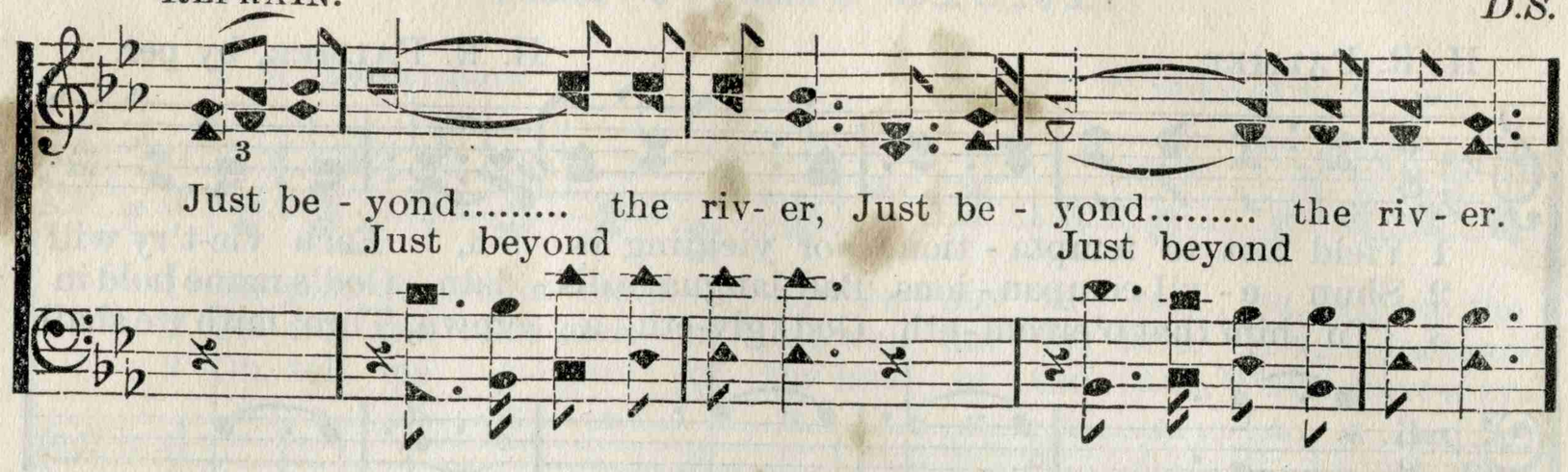
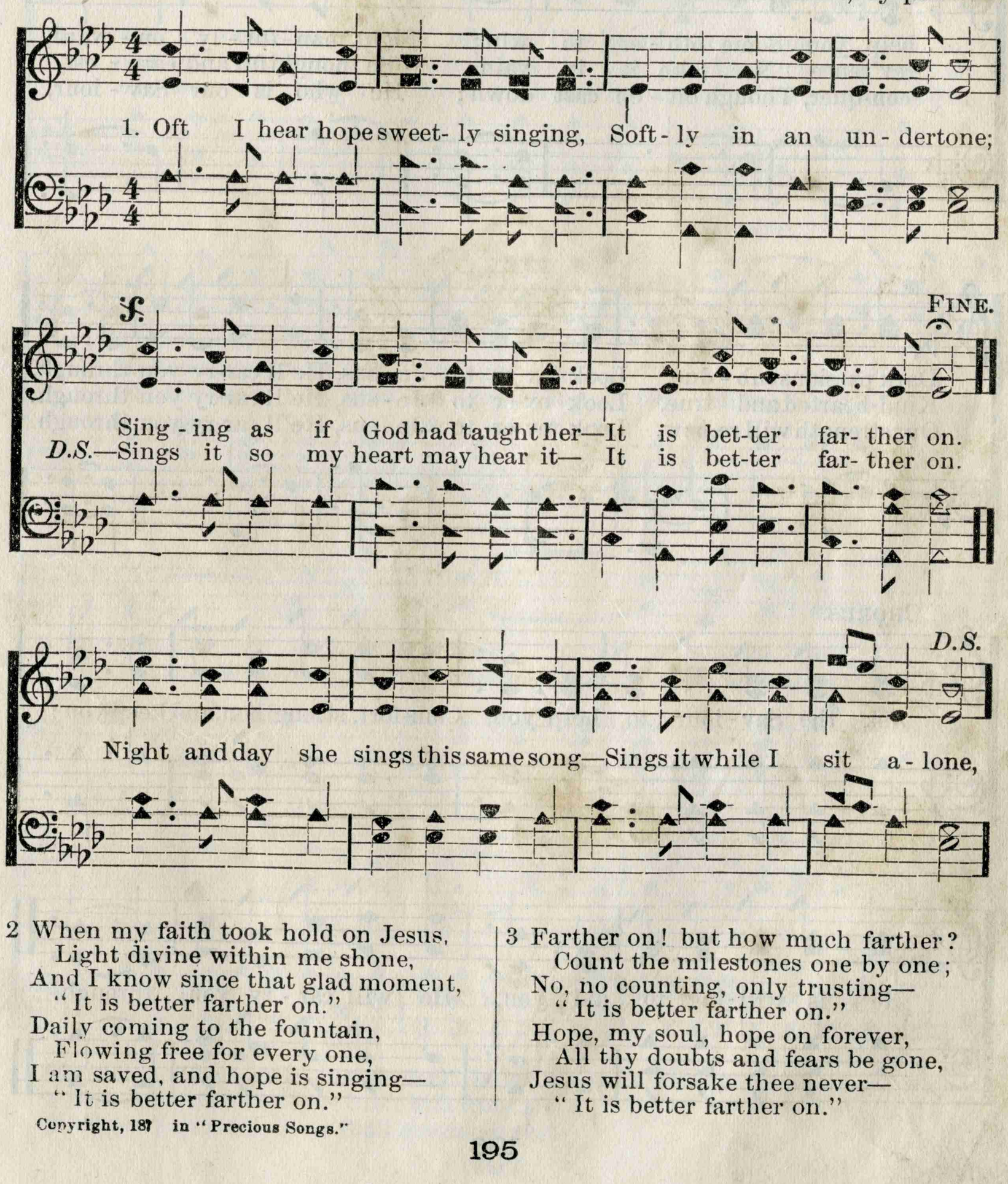
JUST BEYOND THE RIVER. Concluded.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*



No. 191. BETTER FARTHER ON.

Arr. by JAMES NICHOLSON. W. L. THOMPSON, by per.



2 When my faith took hold on Jesus,
Light divine within me shone,
And I know since that glad moment,
"It is better farther on."
Daily coming to the fountain,
Flowing free for every one,
I am saved, and hope is singing—
"It is better farther on."

3 Farther on! but how much farther?
Count the milestones one by one;
No, no counting, only trusting—
"It is better farther on."
Hope, my soul, hope on forever,
All thy doubts and fears be gone,
Jesus will forsake thee never—
"It is better farther on."

Copyright, 18? in "Precious Songs."

No. 192. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

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

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

help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,
con-quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 193. THE SWEET STORY.

J. B. ATCHINSON. PEARL J. SPRAGUE, by per.

1 How he died on the tree for sinners like me, Oh, tell me the story of Jesus once more.
2 How his wonderful love bro't him from above.
3 Where I with the blest shall evermore rest.

No. 194. THERE'S LIGHT OVER THERE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1 When the way seems long and drear - y, And thy heart is
2 When the hours seem dark and lone - ly, Fill'd with grief and
3 Ev - er in his love a - bid - ing, Strong in faith and

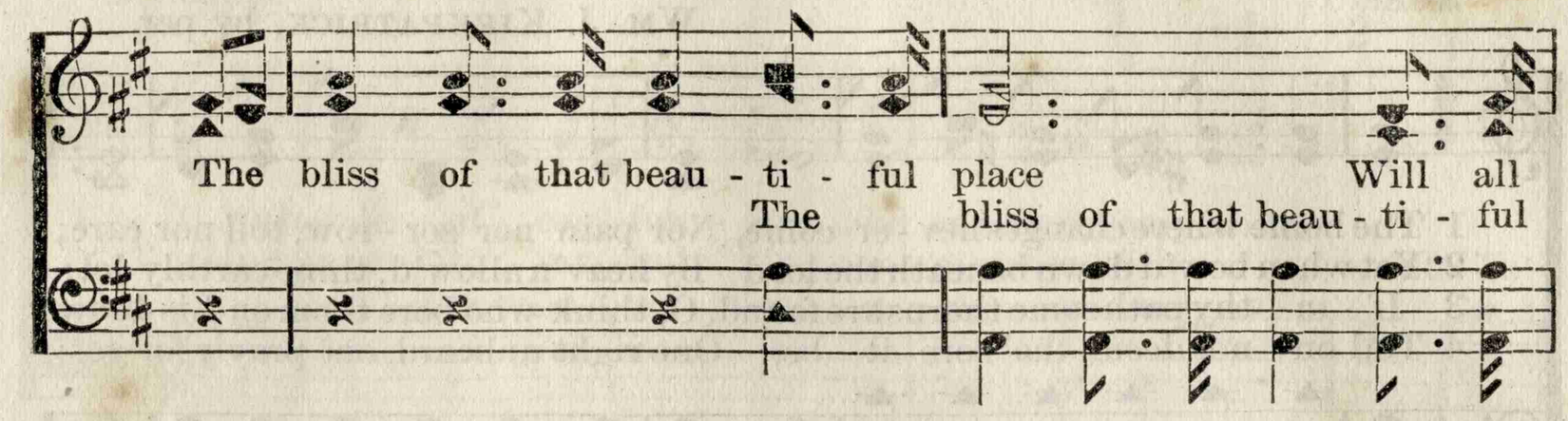
weak and wea - ry, Still pur - sue the path of right,
sor - row on - ly, Then the watch-word keep in sight,
hope con - fid - ing, Keep in view the man - sions bright,

CHORUS.

"At eve- ning time it shall be light." } There's light o - ver
"At eve- ning time it shall be light." }
"At eve- ning time it shall be light." } O- ver there,

there, o - ver there, There's light o - ver there,
o - ver there, There's light o - ver there,

THERE'S LIGHT OVER THERE. Concluded.



No. 195.

8s, 7s, 5s, 9s.

1 We shall sleep, but not forever—
We shall rest beneath the trees;
We shall wake to live forever
In the land where Jesus is:
Then weep not for me,
Then weep not for me,
For I am going o'er death's river,
And you soon will follow me.

2 Yes, I feel death's chills upon me,
And my friends are all in tears,
But my Saviour still upholds me,
And has banished all my fears:
Then weep not for me,
Then weep not for me,
For I am going o'er death's river,
And you soon will follow me.

3 O the grave lies cold before me,
And we're called awhile to part,
Yet his words, "I'll never leave thee,"
Live—still live within my heart:
Then weep not for me,
Then weep not for me,
For I am going o'er death's river,
And you soon will follow me.

4 O to meet again in heaven,
What a blessing it will be!
There with all our sins forgiven,
And from death forever free:
Then weep not for me,
Then weep not for me,
For I am going o'er death's river,
And you soon will follow me.

J. E. Goodson, Jr.

No. 196. WAIT AND MURMUR NOT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1 The home where changes nev - er come, Nor pain nor sor - row, toil nor care;
2 Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot;
3 If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow:
4 Toil on nor deem, tho' sore it be, One right unheard, one pray'r for-got;

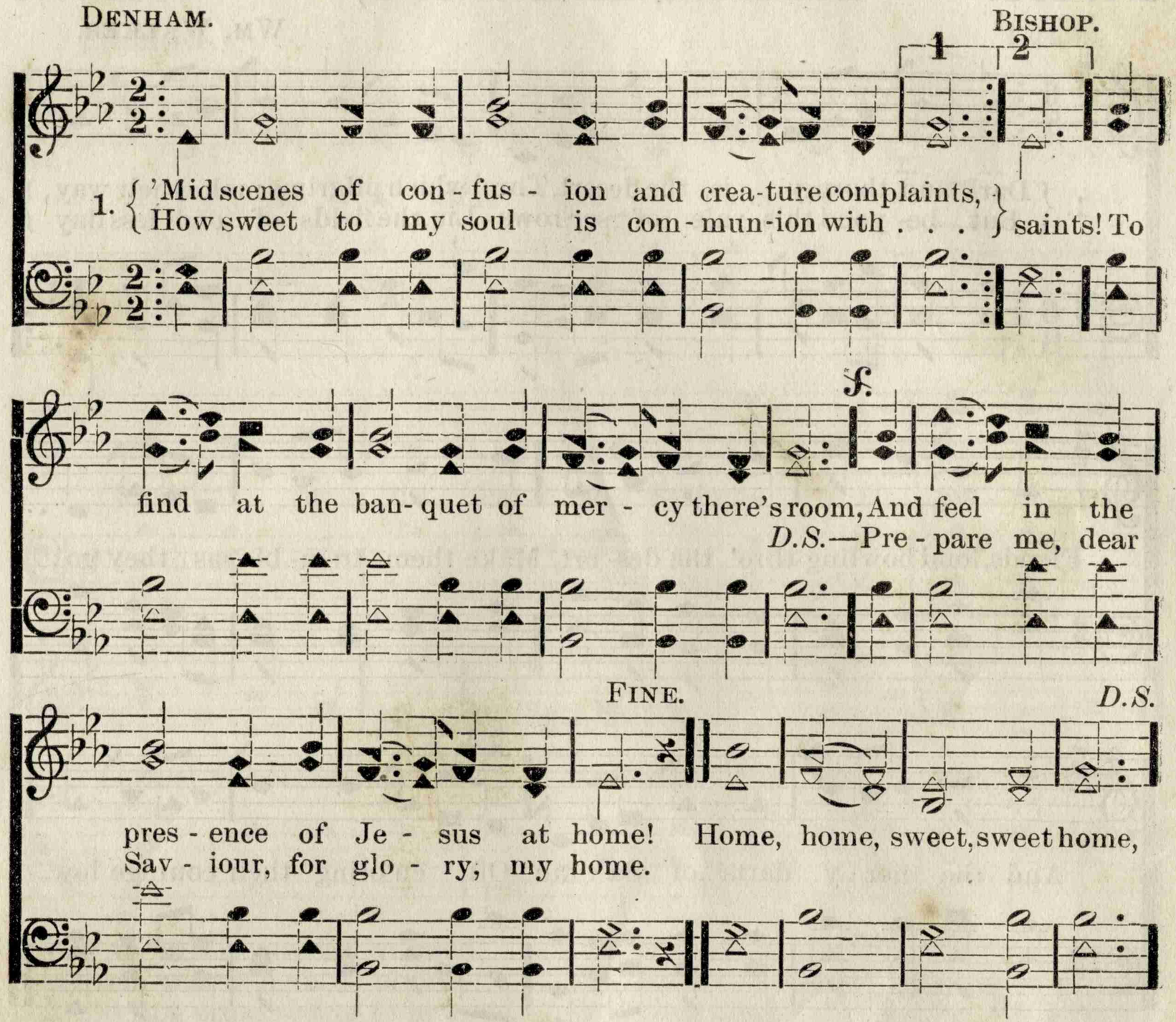
Yes! 'tis a bright and bless-ed home; Who would not fain be rest - ing there?
Thou yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meekly wait, and mur-mur not.
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek-ly wait and mur-mur not.

CHORUS.

O, wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,
meek - ly wait,
wait, meek-ly wait, and mur - mur not, O, wait,
meek-ly wait,
meek-ly wait,
O, wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not, O mur-mur not.
meek-ly wait,

No. 197. SWEET HOME. 11s.

DENHAM. BISHOP.



2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
Home, home, etc.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.
Home, home, etc.

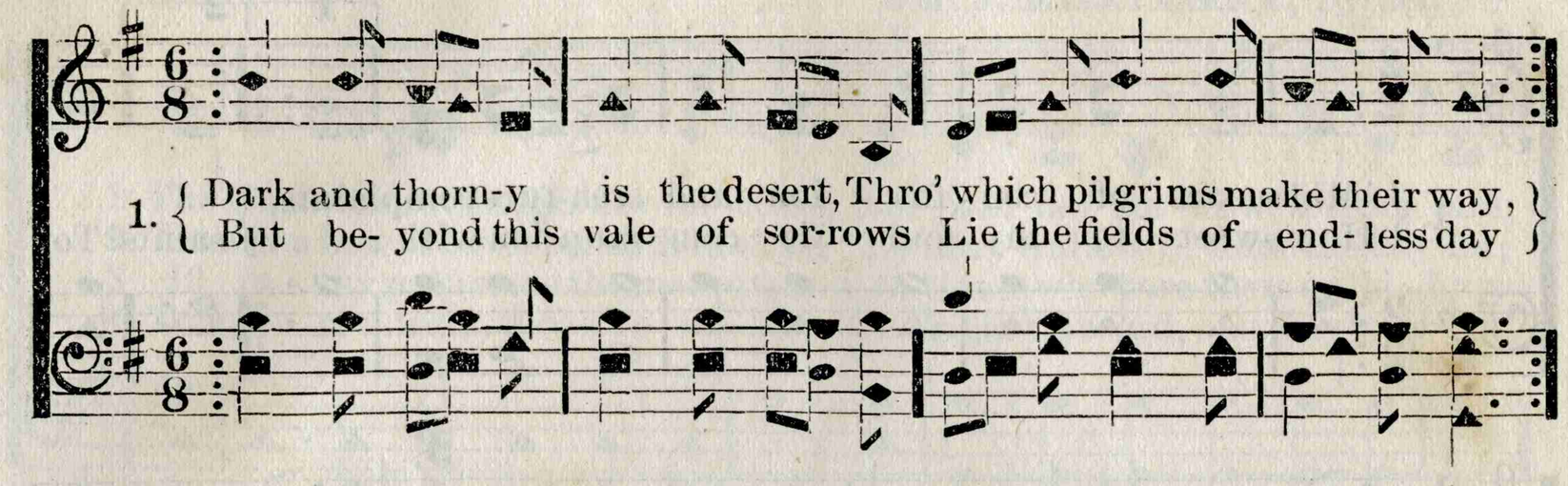
4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee I would come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home,
Home, home, etc.

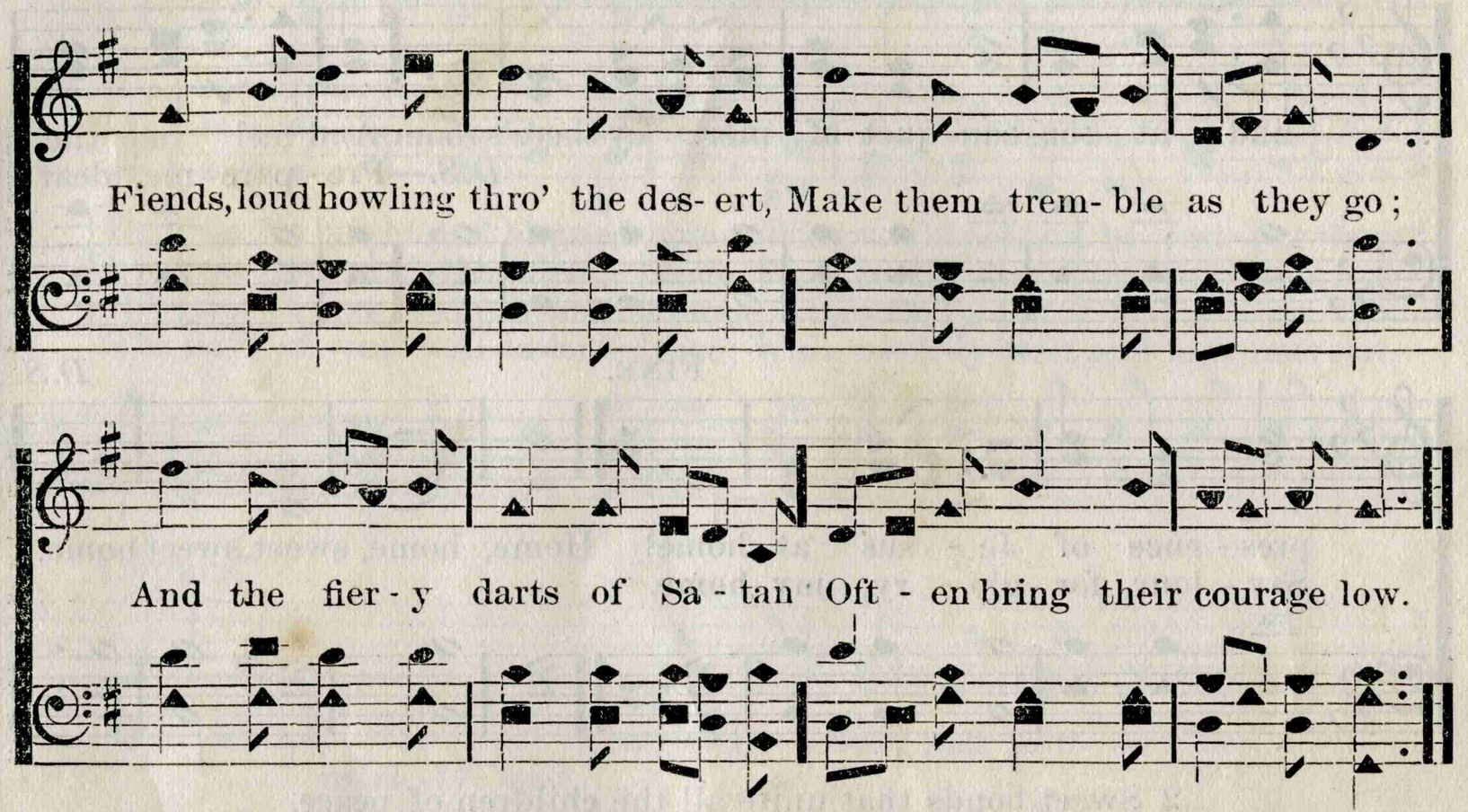
5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne
And find even now a foretaste of my home.
Home, home, etc.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

No. 198. THORNY DESERT. 8, 7.

WM. WALKER.





2 O, young soldiers, are you weary
Of the troubles of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigor to decay?
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole.
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command;
They are always hovering round you,
Till you reach the heav'nly land.

4 There, on flowery hills of pleasure,
In the fields of endless rest,
Love, and joy, and peace shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint those scenes of glory,
Where the ransom'd dwell on high?
Where the golden harps forever
Sound redemption through the sky?

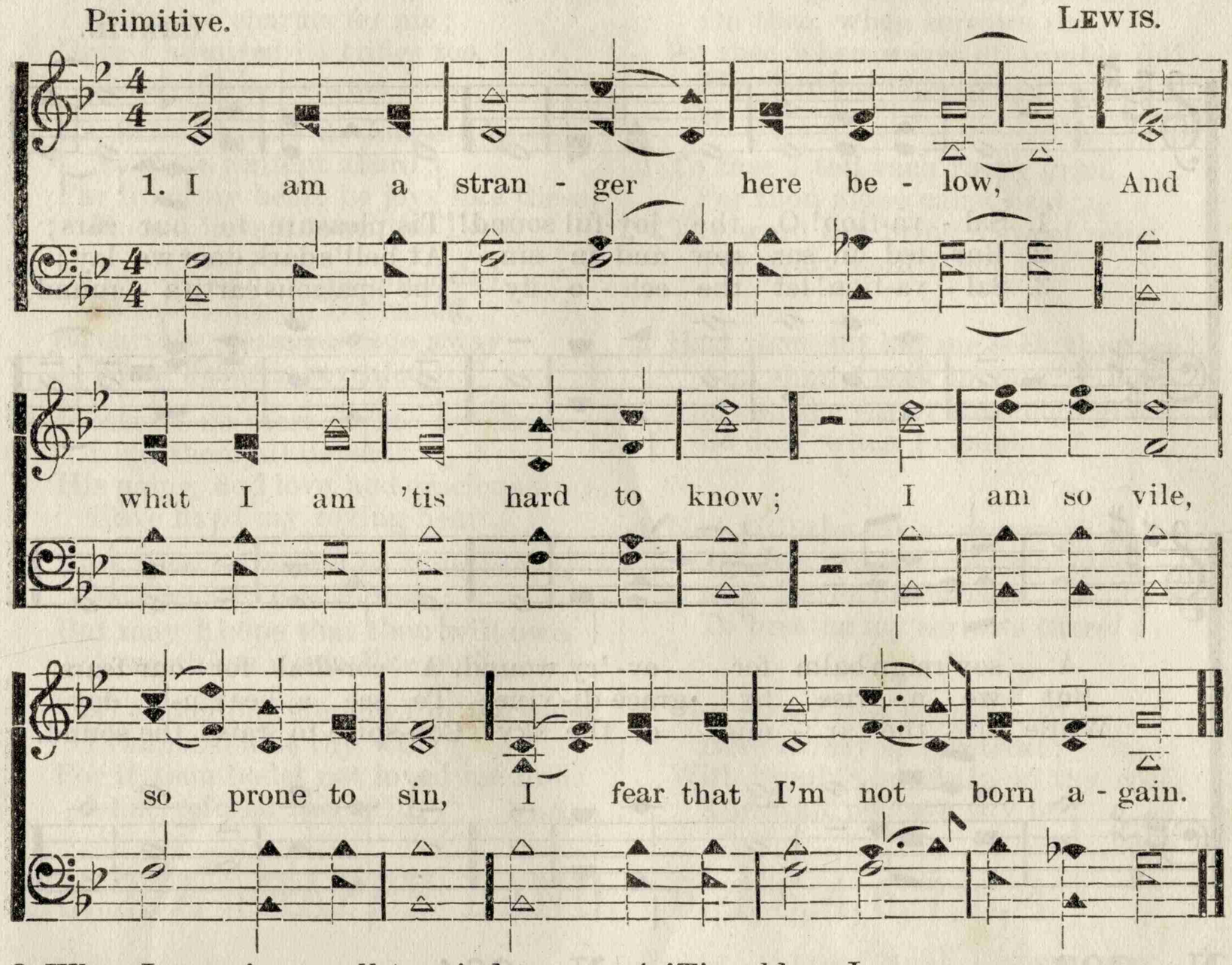
5 Millions there of flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises—
Glory! Glory! is their strain:
But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heavenly arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angels cannot sing.

6 See the heavenly host, in rapture,
Gaze upon this shining band;
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hand!
There, upon the golden pavement,
See the ransom'd march along,
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo to their song.

7 Here I see the under-shepherds,
And the flock they fed below;
Here with joy they dwell together—
Jesus is their Shepherd now.
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits!
Welcome to the blissful plain!
Glory, honor, and salvation;
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign.

No. 199. CONFLICT. L. M.

Primitive. LEWIS.



2 When I experience call to mind,
My understanding is so blind,
All feeling sense seems to be gone,
Which makes me fear that I am wrong.

3 I find myself out of the way,
My thoughts are often gone astray;
Like one alone I seem to be;
O! is there any one like me?

4 'Tis seldom I can ever see
Myself as I would wish to be;
Thus filled with doubts, I ask to know-
Come, tell me, is it thus with you?

5 My nature is so prone to sin,
Which makes my duty so unclean,
That when I count up all the cost,
Without free grace, I know I'm lost.

No. 200. L. M.

1 Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good—
Cleanse all our sins in Jesus' blood;
Give ev'ry fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

Hart.

No. 201. L. M.

1 He dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groaned beneath your load,
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

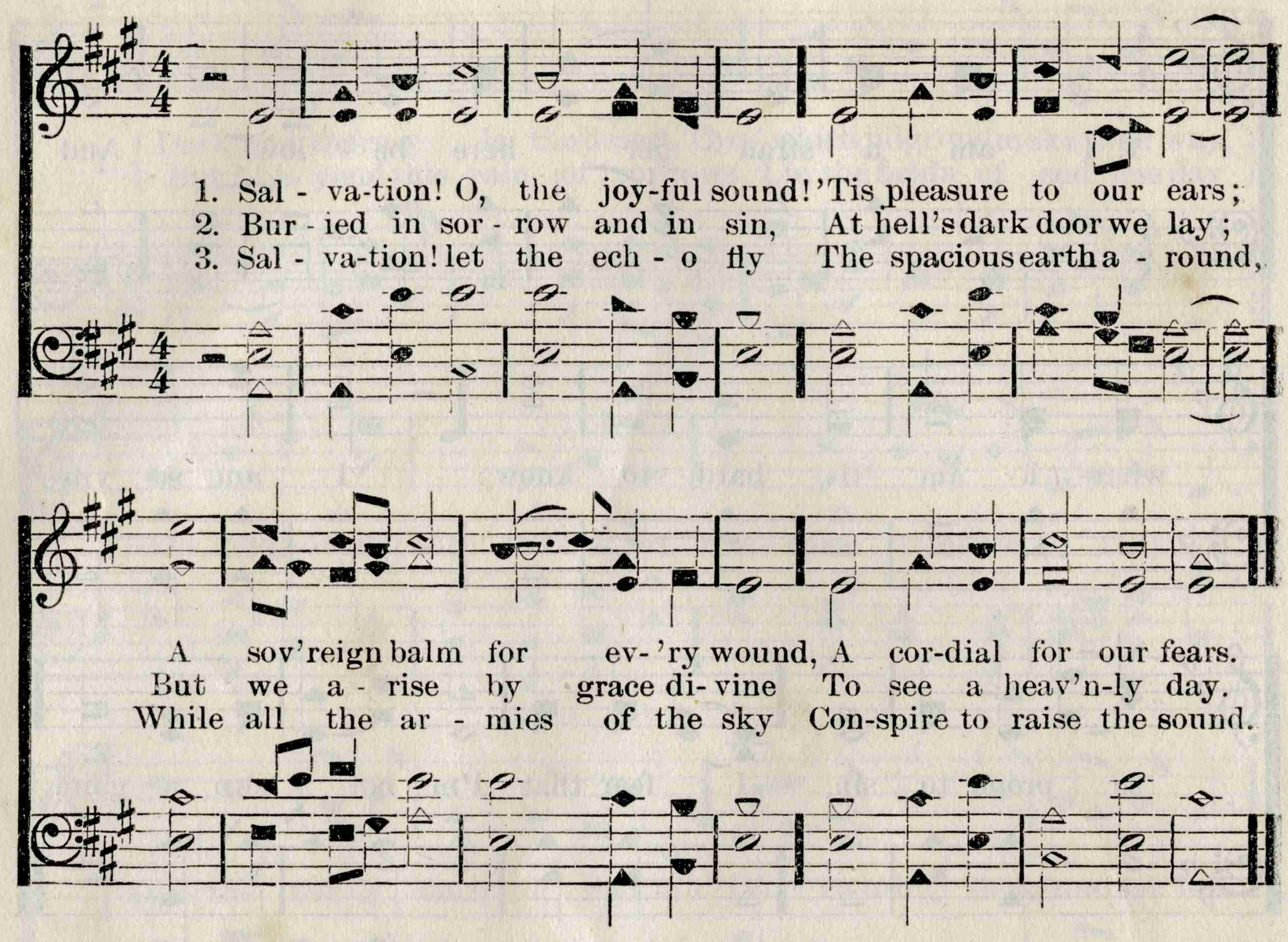
4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

6 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
And where thy vict'ry, boasting [grave?"

No. 202. PRIMROSE. C. M.

CHAPIN.



No. 203. C. M.

1 My head and stay is called away,
And I am left alone;
My husband dear, who was so near,
Is fled away and gone.

2 It breaks my heart, 'tis hard to part
With one who was so kind;
Where shall I go to vent my smart,
Or ease my troubled mind?

3 In wisdom's ways we spent our days,
Much comfort we did find;
But he is gone, in dust he lays,
And I am left behind.

4 Naught can I find to ease my mind,
In things which are below;
For earthly toys but vex my joys,
And aggravate my woe.

5 But I'll repair to Jesus, where
I'll ease my troubled breast;
To Christ above, who is my Lord,
And my eternal rest.

6 And, O, that He would send for me,
And call my spirit home,
To worlds of rest, among the blest,
Where troubles never come.

No. 204. C. M.

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened soul to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Christ has died."

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor, tempest-tossed soul, be still;
My promised grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks: I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

Newton.

No. 205. C. M.

1 Let worldly minds the worlds pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these;
Since I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

6 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still. *Watts.*

No. 206. C. M.

1 Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

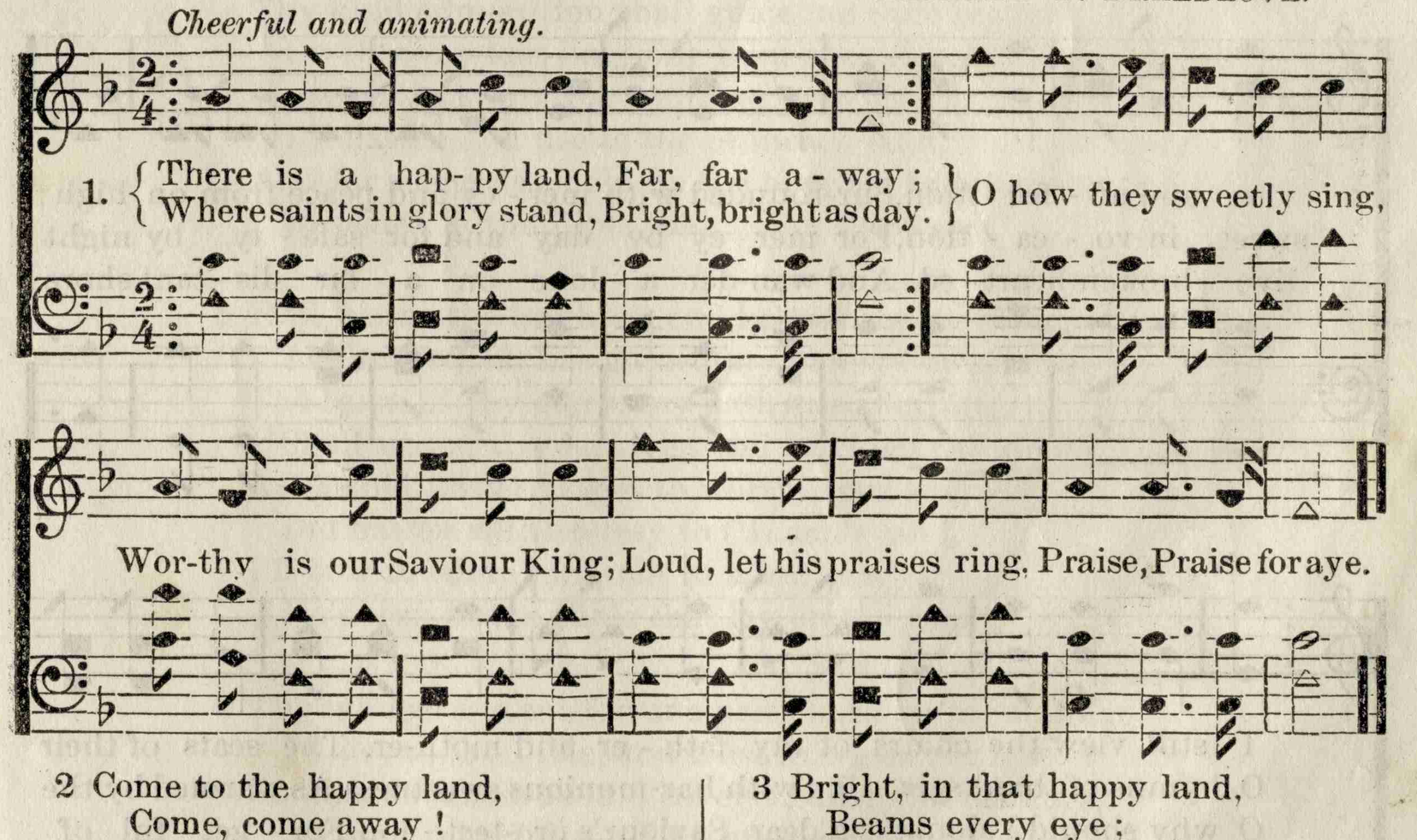
4 No! still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

No. 207. HAPPY LAND. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 7, 6, 4.

LEONARD P. BREEDLOVE.

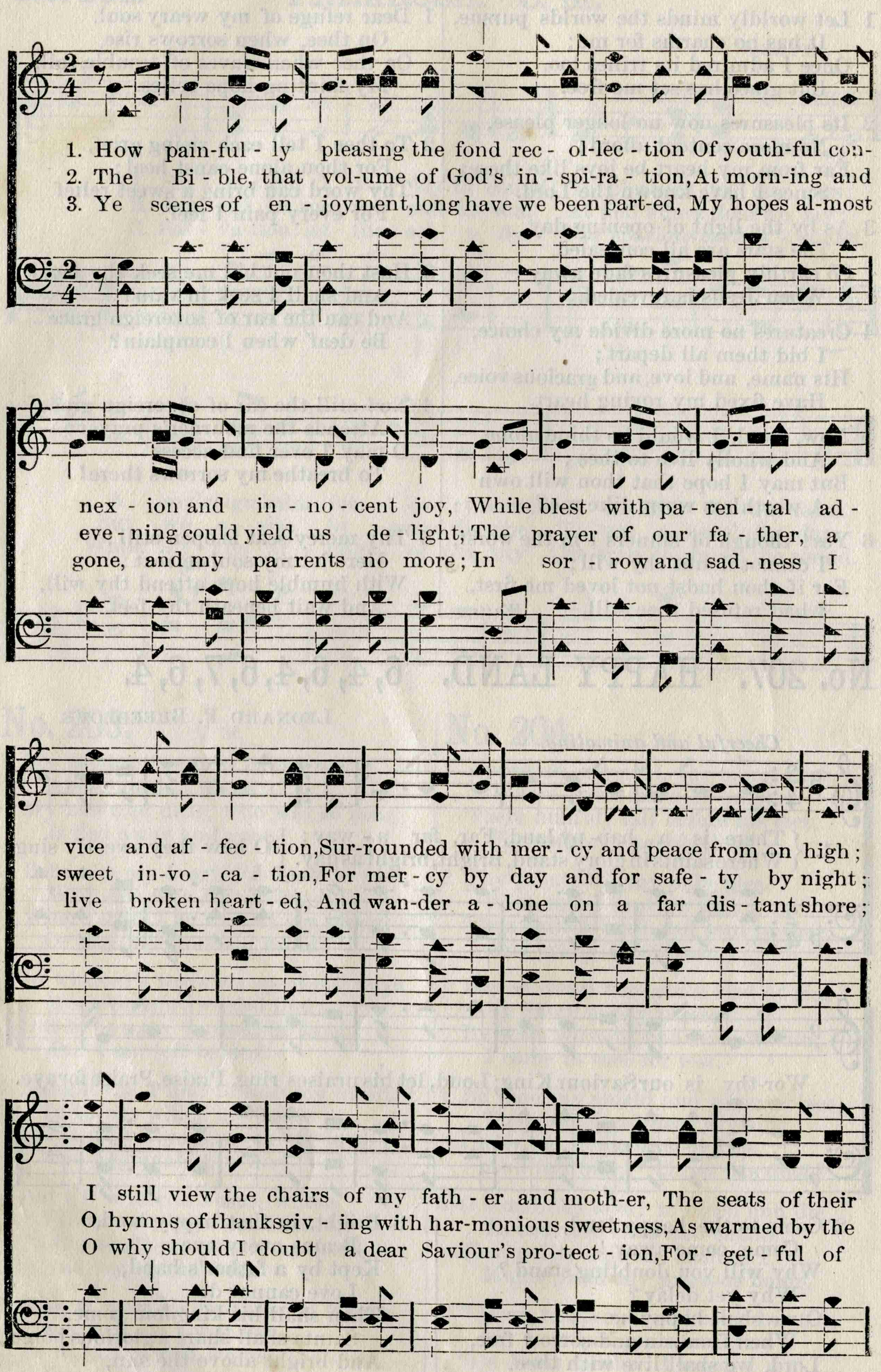
Cheerful and animating.



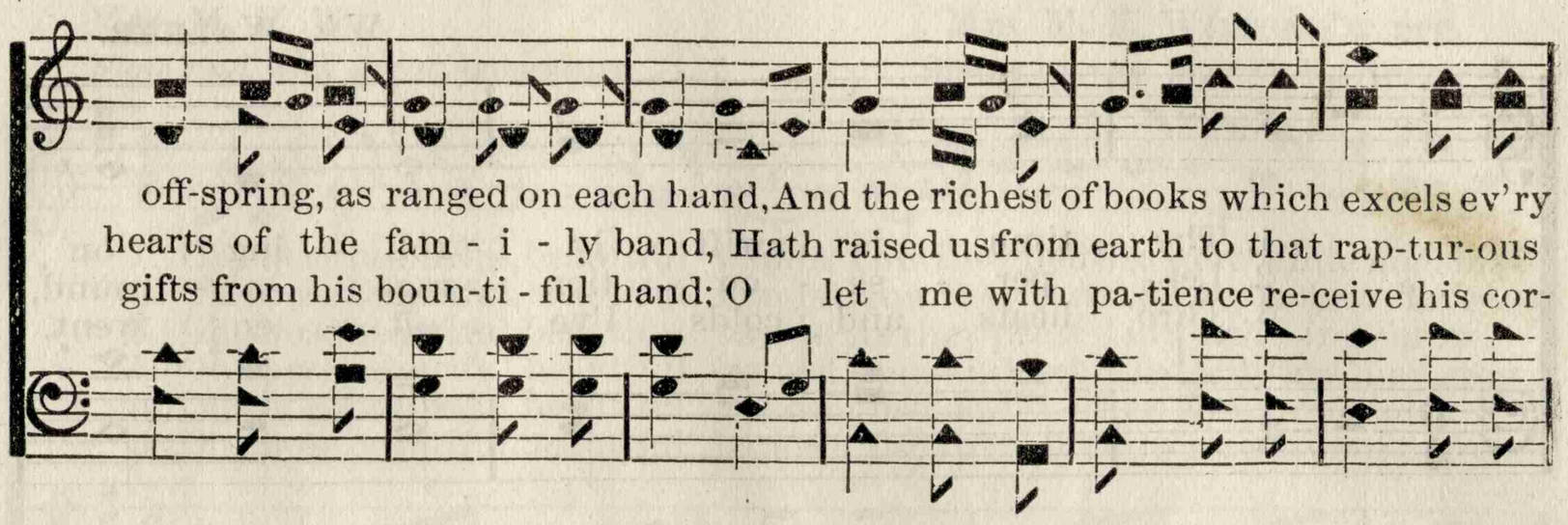
2 Come to the happy land,
Come, come away!
Why will you doubting stand?
Why yet delay?
O we shall happy be.
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Then shall his kingdom come,
Saints shall share a glorious home,
And bright above the sun,
We'll reign for aye.

No. 208. THE FAMILY BIBLE. 12, 11.



FAMILY BIBLE. Concluded.



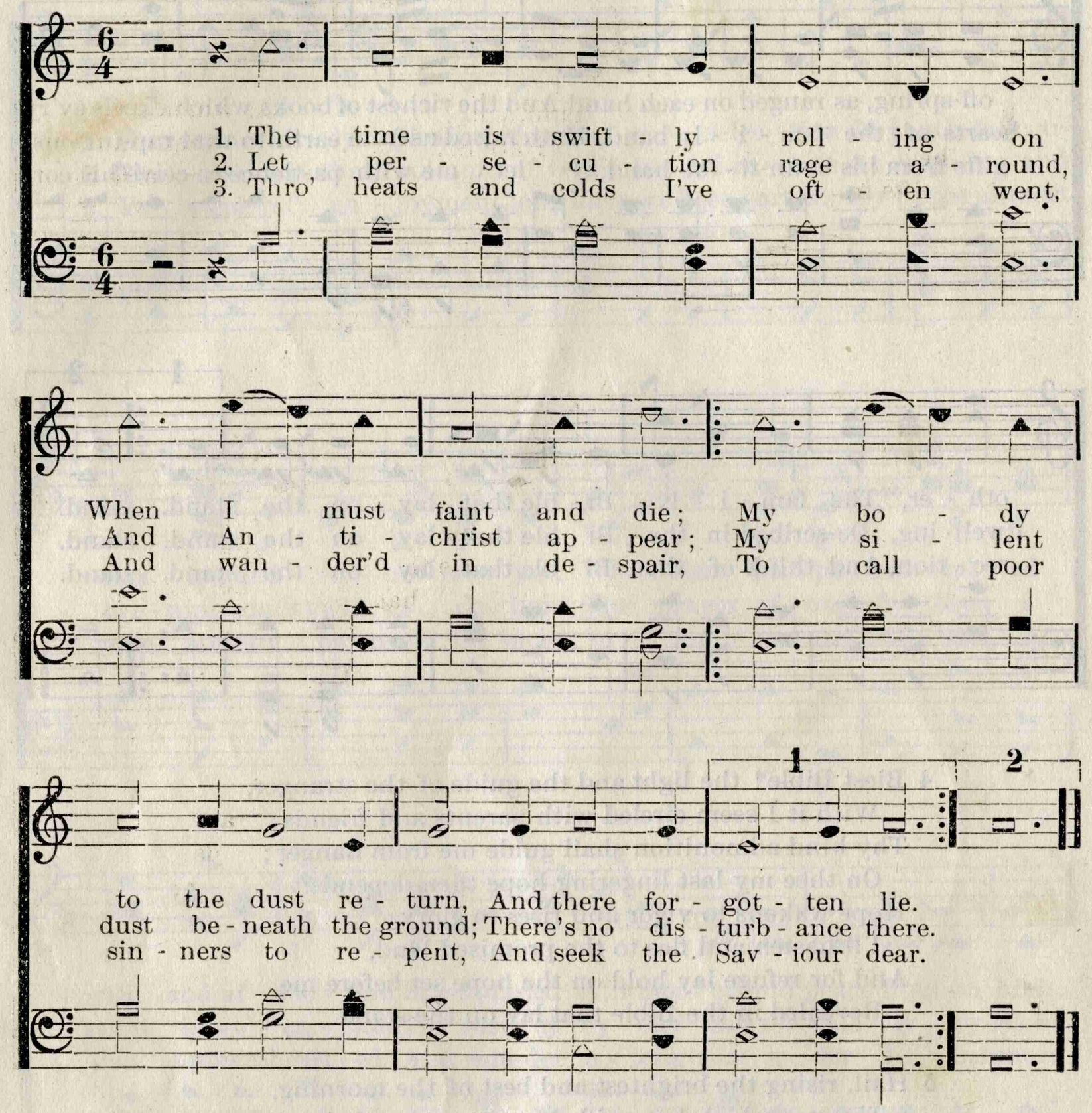
4 Blest Bible! the light and the guide of the stranger,
With it I seem circled with parents and friends;
Thy kind admonition shall guide me from danger;
On thee my last lingering hope then depends.
Hope wakens to vigor and rises to glory;
I'll hasten and flee to the promised land,
And for refuge lay hold on the hope set before me,
Revealed in the Bible that lay on the stand.

5 Hail, rising the brightest and best of the morning,
The star which has guided my parents safe home;
The beam of thy glory, my pathway adorning,
Shall scatter the darkness and brighten the gloom.
As the old Eastern sages to worship the stranger
Did hasten with ecstasy to Canaan's land,
I'll bow to adore him, not in a low manger,—
He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.

6 Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings,
I'll flee to the Bible, and trust in the Lord;
Though darkness should cover his merciful dealings,
My soul is still cheered by his heavenly word.
And now from things earthly my soul is removing
I soon shall glory with heaven's bright bands,
And in rapture of joy be forever adoring
The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.

No. 209. HICKS' FAREWELL. C. M.

WM. WALKER.



4 My brother preachers, boldly speak,
And stand on Zion's wall,
T' revive the strong, confirm the weak,
And after sinners call.

5 My brother preachers, fare you well,
Your fellowship I love;
In time no more I shall you see
But soon we'll meet above.

6 My little children near my heart,
And nature seems to bind,
It grives me sorely to depart,
And leave you all behind.

7 O Lord, a father to them be,
And keep them from all harm,
That they may love and worship thee,
And dwell upon thy charms.

8 My loving wife, my bosom friend,
The object of my love,
The time's been sweet I've spent with you,
My sweet and harmless dove.

9 My loving wife, don't grieve for me,
Neither lament nor mourn;
For I shall with my Jesus be,
When you are left alone.

10 How often you have looked for me,
And ofttimes seen me come;
But now I must depart from thee,
And never more return.

11 For I can never come to thee;
Let this not grieve your heart,
For you will shortly come to me,
Where we shall never part.

No. 210. MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

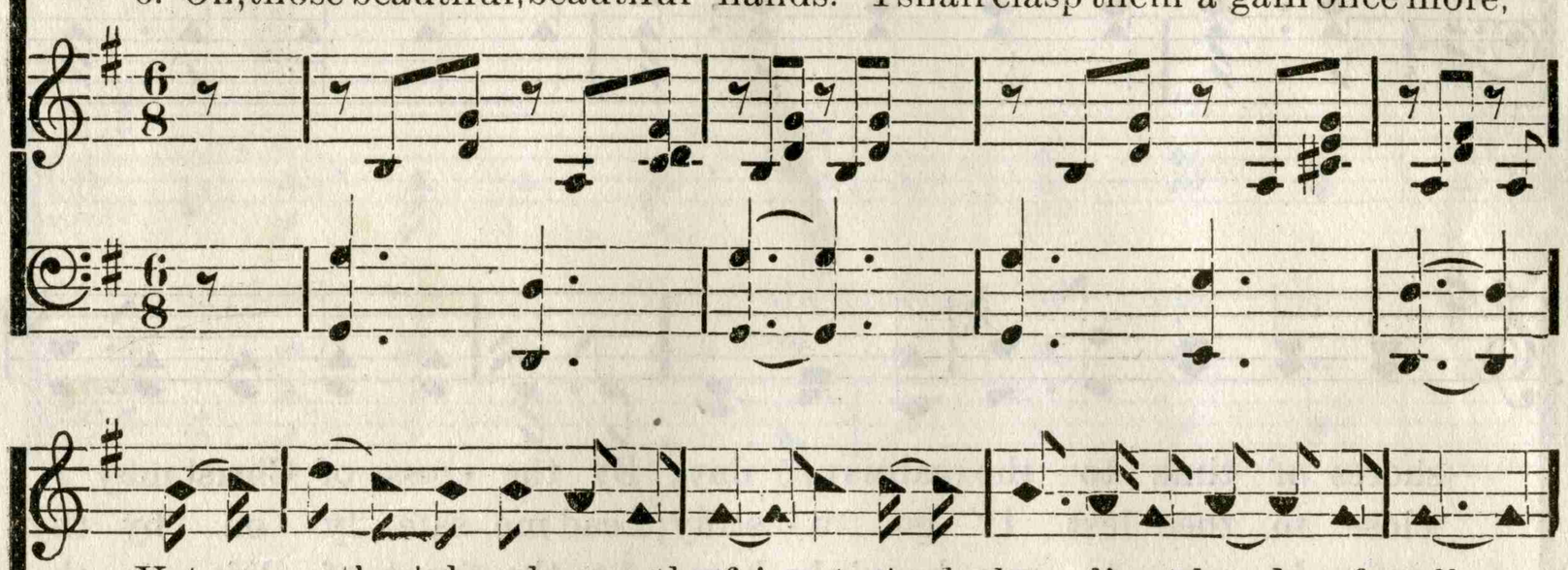
Mrs. M. E. W.

Slow and with great expression.

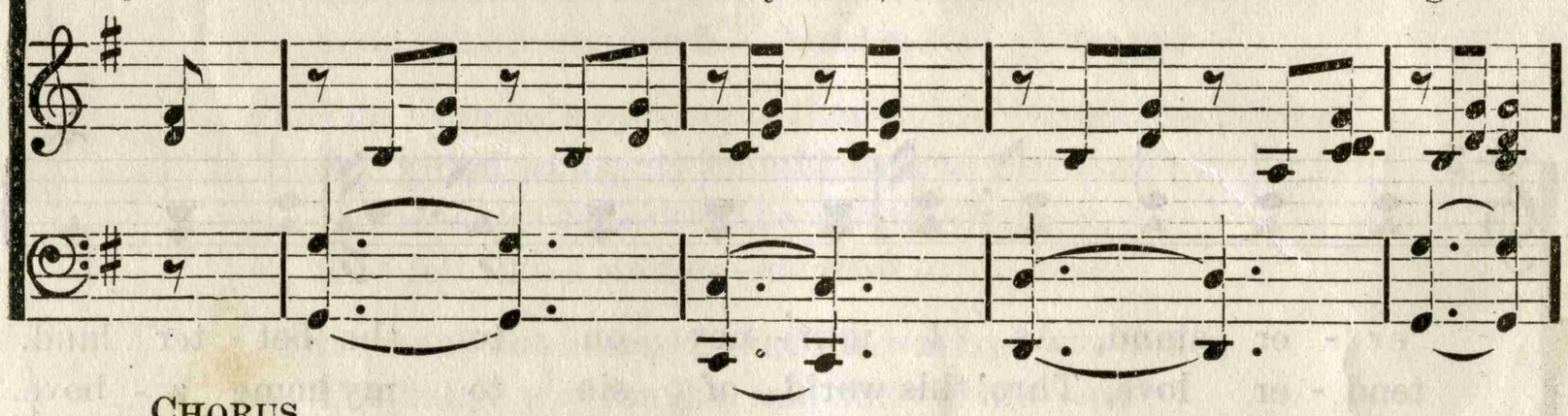
Mrs. M. E. WILSON, by per.
Sister of the late P. P. BLISS.



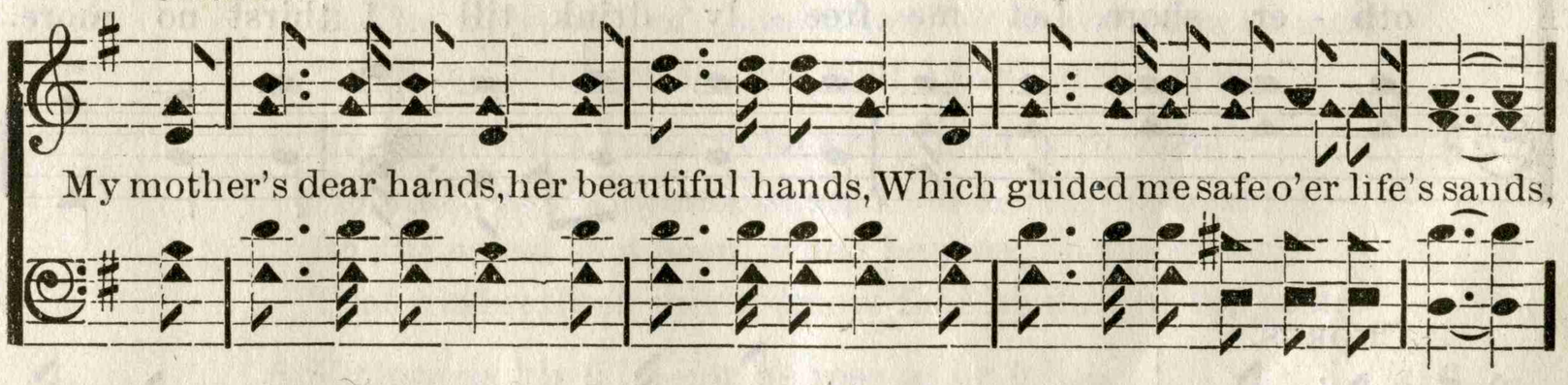
1. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
2. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! How they cared for my infant days!
3. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! As they press'd my ach - ing brow,
4. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
5. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I stood by her coffin one day;
6. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I shall clasp them a-gain once more,



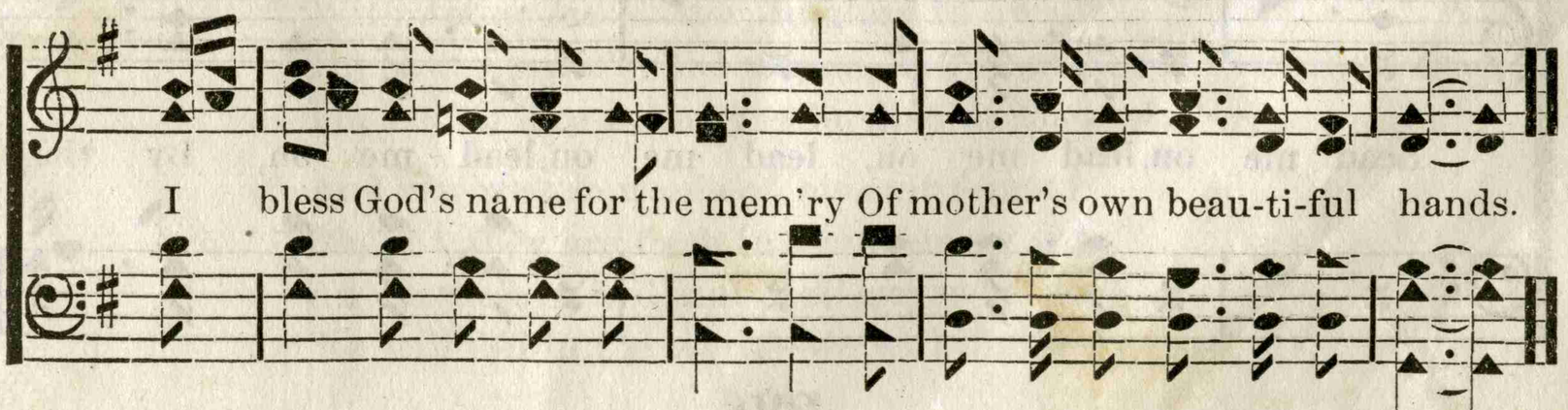
Yet my mother's hands were the fair-est And lov - li-est hands of all.
They guided my feet in- to pleasant paths, And smoothed all the rugged ways.
They cooled the fev-er and eased the pain; Me-thinks I can feel them now.
But still they toiled on for child so dear, And her love seemed more tender and true.
And I kissed those hands so cold and white, As quiet and peaceful they lay.
As my feet touch the bank of the heav'nly land; We shall meet on that shining shore.



CHORUS.



My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guided me safe o'er life's sands,



I bless God's name for the mem'ry Of mother's own beau-ti-ful hands.

No. 211. LEAD ME ON.

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

1. Lead me safe - ly on by the nar - row way From the
2. With a Shep-herd's care thro' the night and day, Keep me
3. Thro' the storms of life, 'mid the o - cean's foam, Lead me

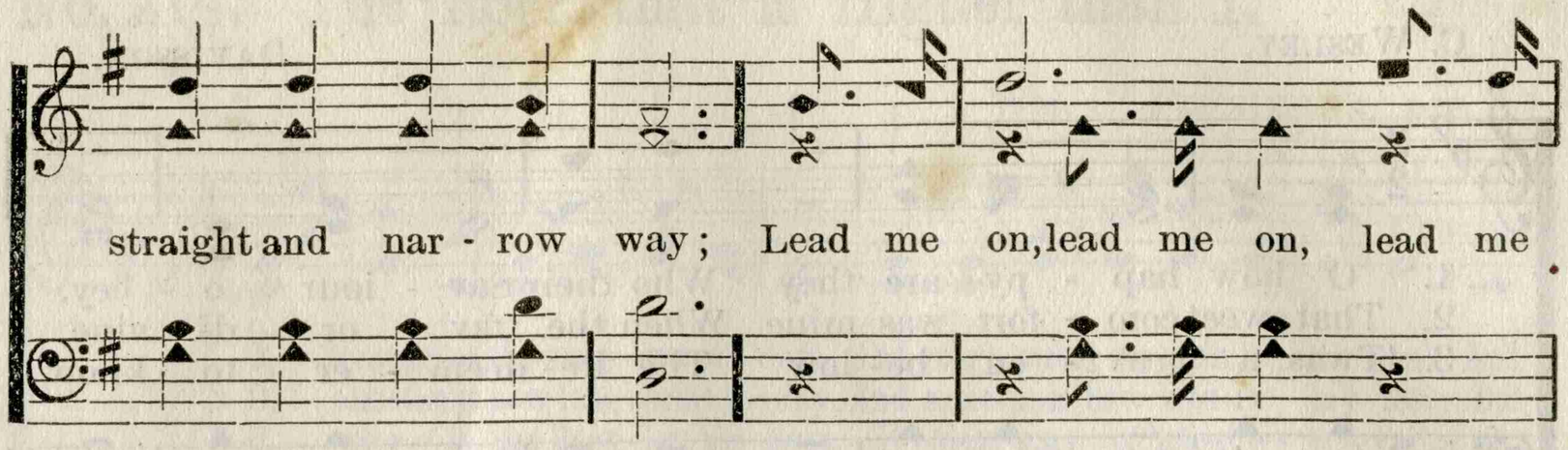
shores of time to the realms of day; By the cross of Christ may I
close to thee lest I go a - stray; Lead me safe - ly on by thy
safe - ly on to my heav'nly home; At the fount of life on the

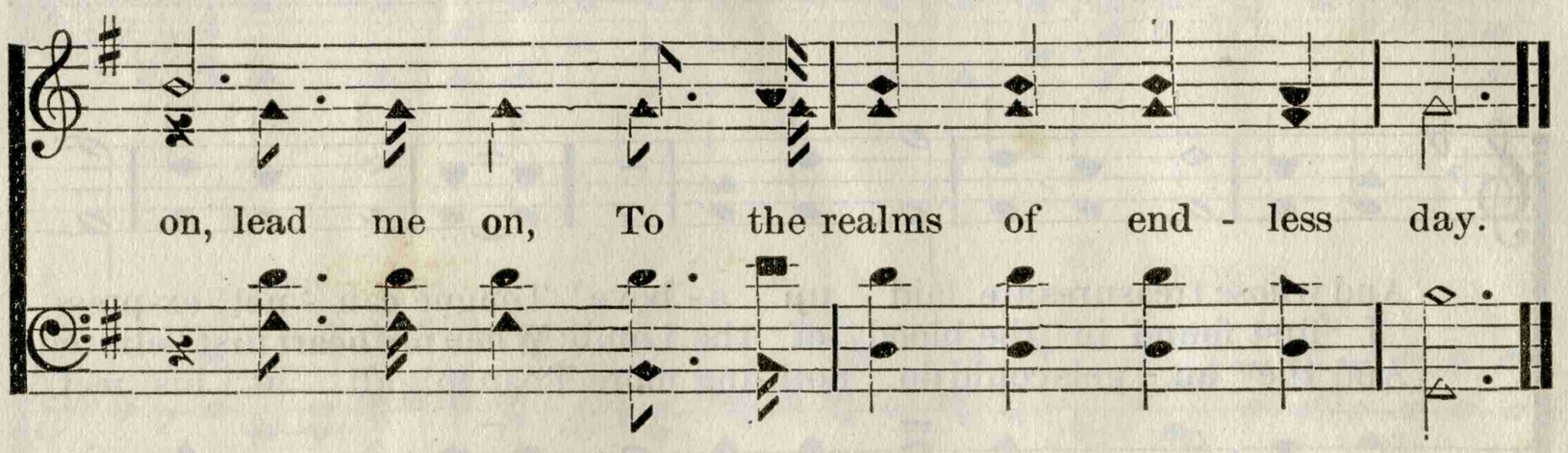
ev - er stand, As I jour - ney on to the bet - ter land.
tend - er love, Thro' this world of sin to my home a - bove.
oth - er shore, Let me free - ly drink till I thirst no more.

CHORUS.

Lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, By the

LEAD ME ON. Concluded.





No. 212.

1 Away from his home and the friends of his youth,
He hasted, the herald of mercy and truth;
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost,
Soon, alas! was his fall, but he died at his post.

2 The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
Far in arder he led in the van of the host,
And fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done;
The battle was fought, and the victory won;
But he whispered of those whom his heart clung to most,
"Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post."

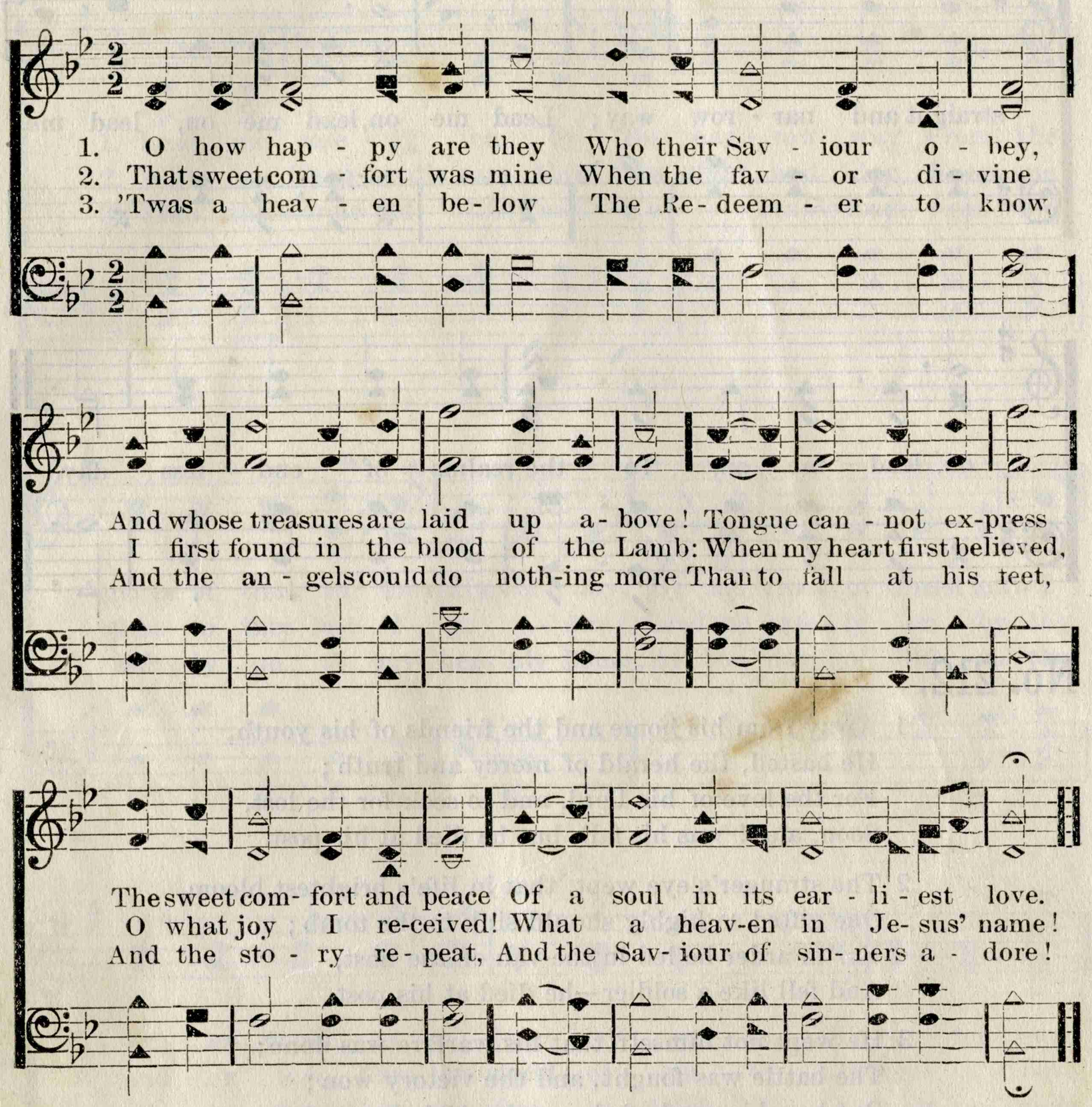
4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse;
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5 Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
He has passed o'er the stream, and has reached the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

6 And can we the words of his exit forget?
Oh, no! they are fresh in our memory yet;
An example so brilliant shall never be lost;
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

No. 213. NEW CONCORD. 6s. & 9s.

C. WESLEY. DAVISSON.



4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that more his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried;
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above,
All sin and temptation and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My glad soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the world was put under my feet.

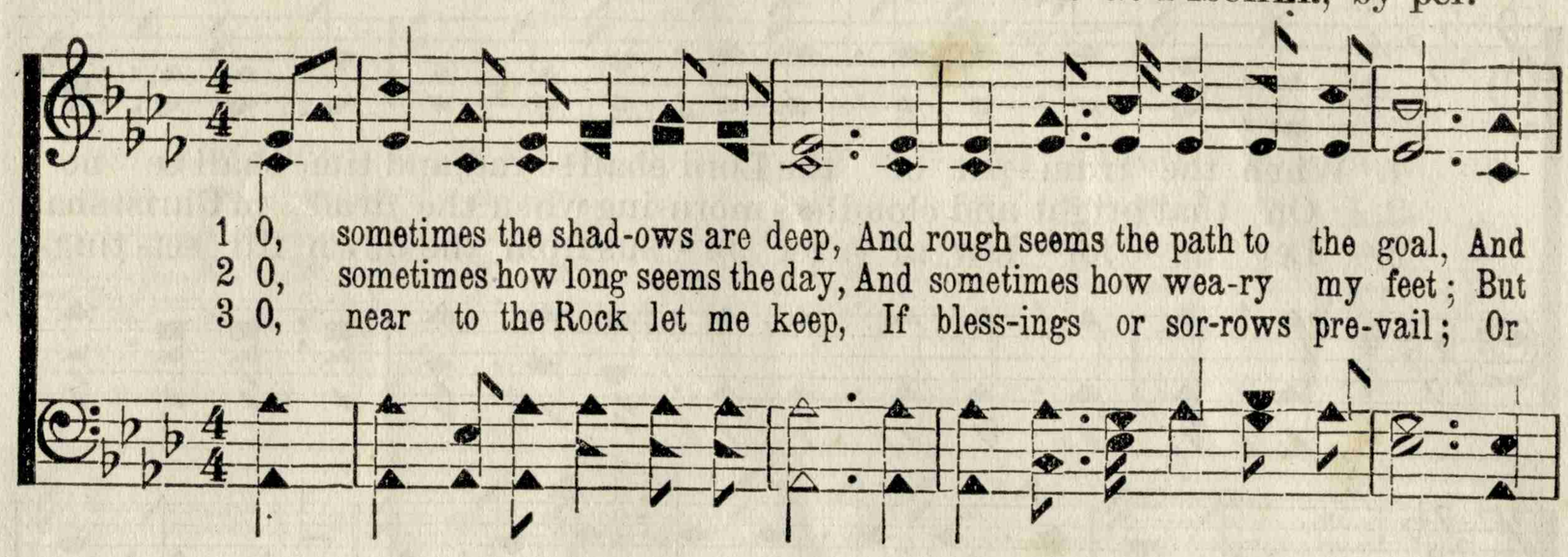
7 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
Overwhelmed with the fulness of God.

8 What a mercy is this,
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favored am I!
Gathered into the fold,
With believers enrolled,
With believers to live and to die!

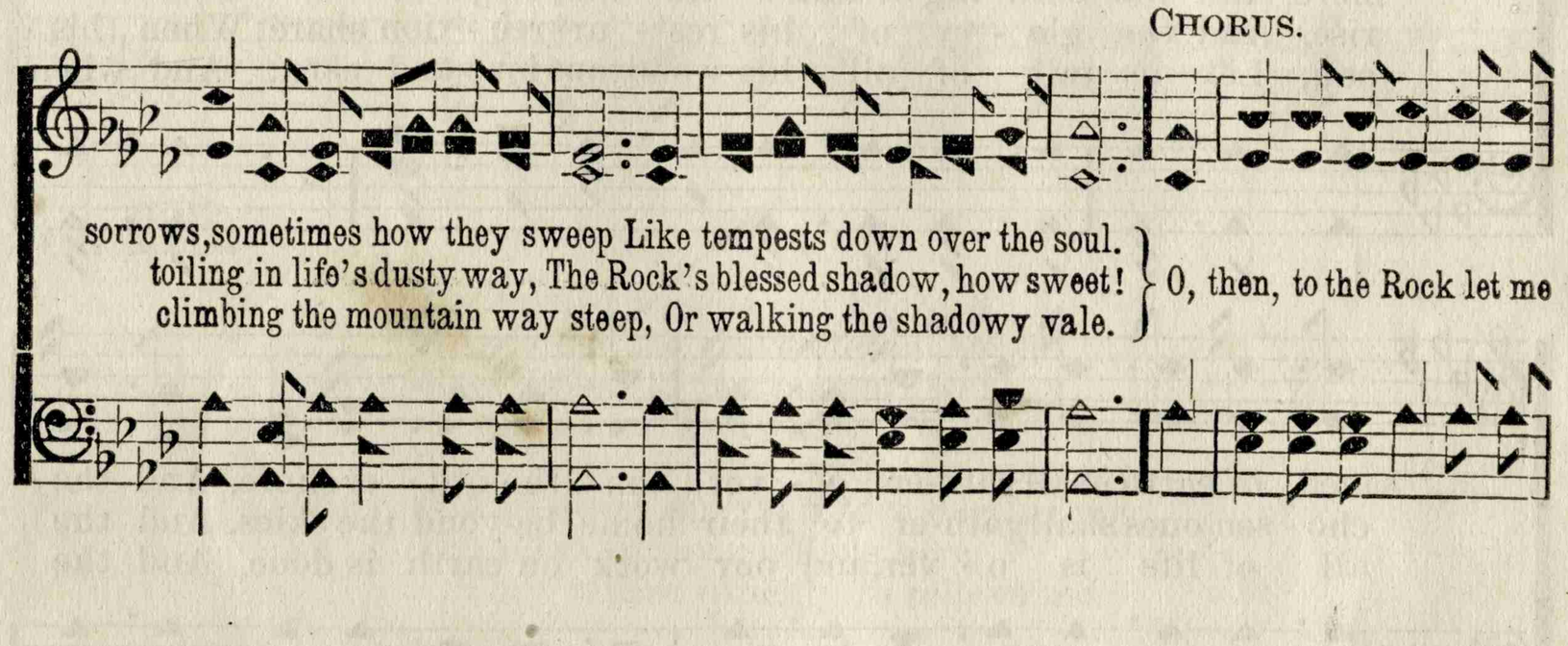
9 Now, my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise,
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem;
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due,
May they all be devoted to him.

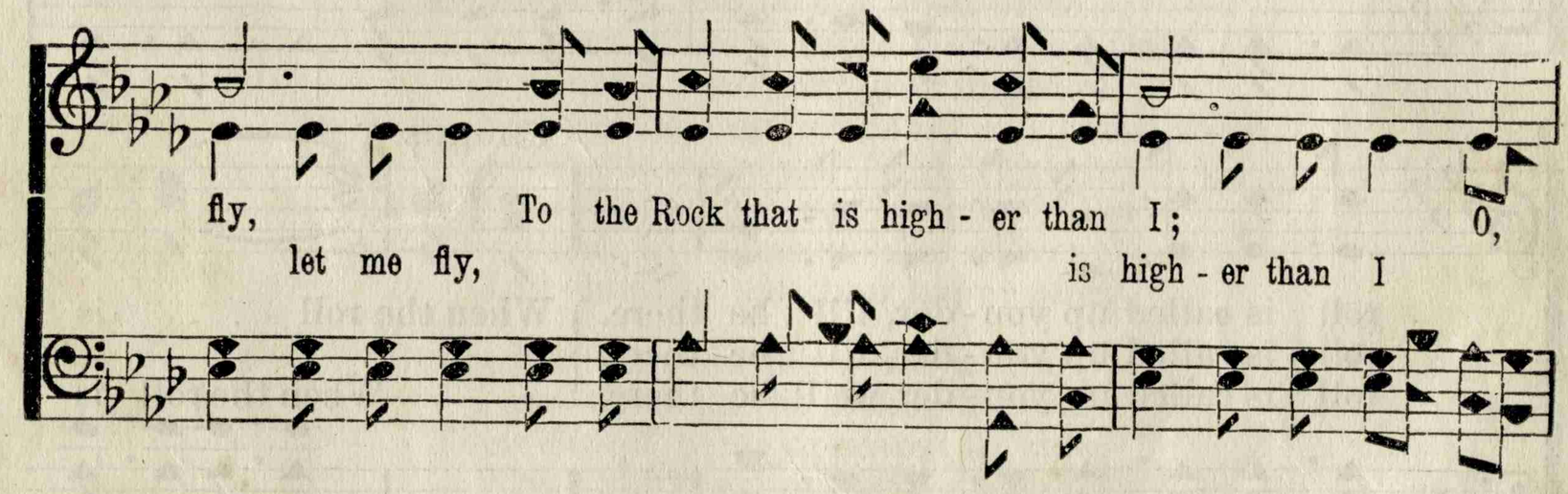
No. 214. The Rock that is Higher than I.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



CHORUS.





No. 215. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morn- ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
2. On that bright and cloudless morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of his res - ur- rec - tion share; When his
3. Let us fol - low af - ter Je - sus from the dawn till set- ting sun, Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care; And when

saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
cho - sen ones shall gath-er to their home be-yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the

CHORUS.

roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. } When the roll . . is
roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. }
roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there. } When the roll is

called up yon - - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up
called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

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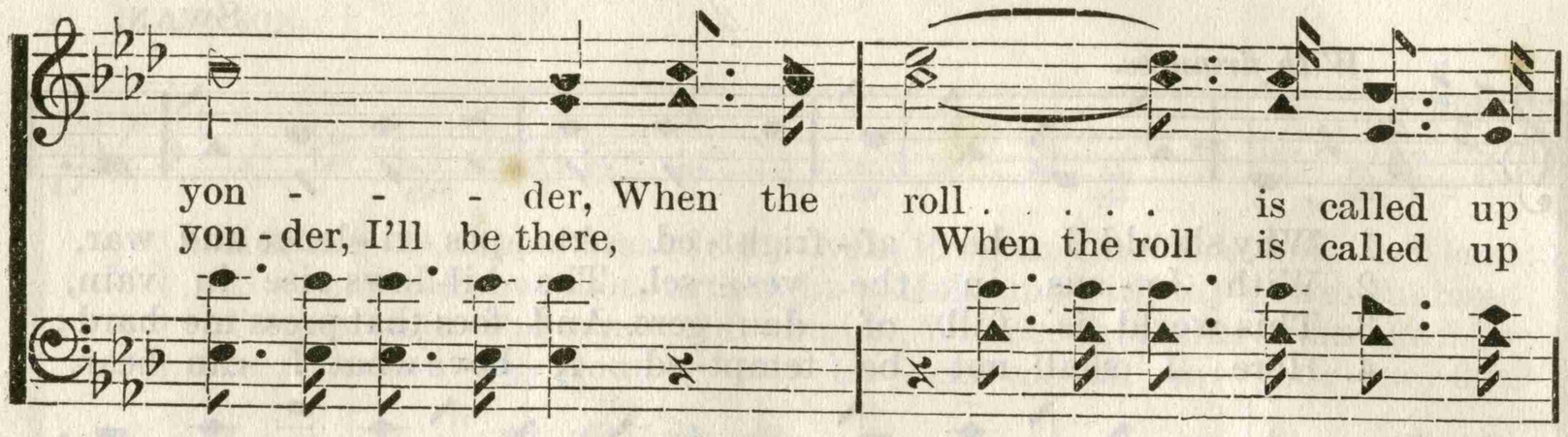
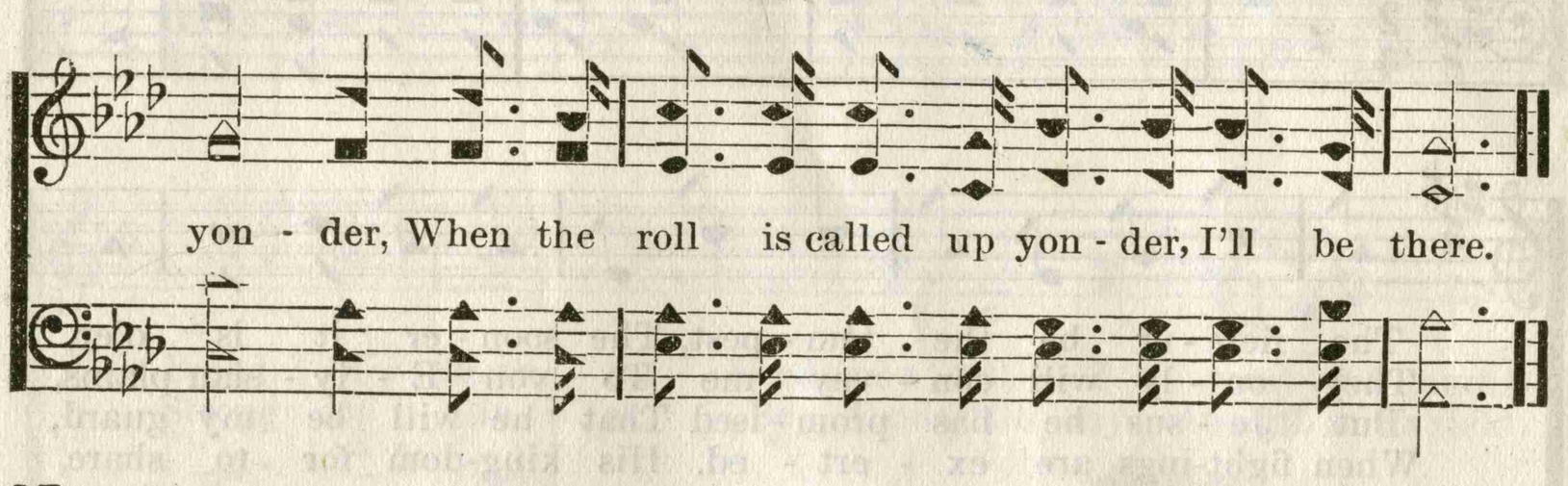
When the Roll is Called up Yonder. Concluded.





No. 216.

8s, 9s.

1 My buried friends can I forget,
Or must the grave eternal sever?
They linger in my memory yet
And in my heart they live forever.
They loved me once with love sincere;
And never did their love deceive me;
But often in my conflicts here,
They rallied quickly to relieve me.

2 I fain would weep—but what of tears?
No tears of mine could e'er recall them;
Nor would I wish that grov'ling cares,
No cares like mine, should e'er befall them.
They rest in realms of light and love,
They dwell upon the Mount of Glory;
They bask in beams of bliss above,
And shout to tell their happy story.

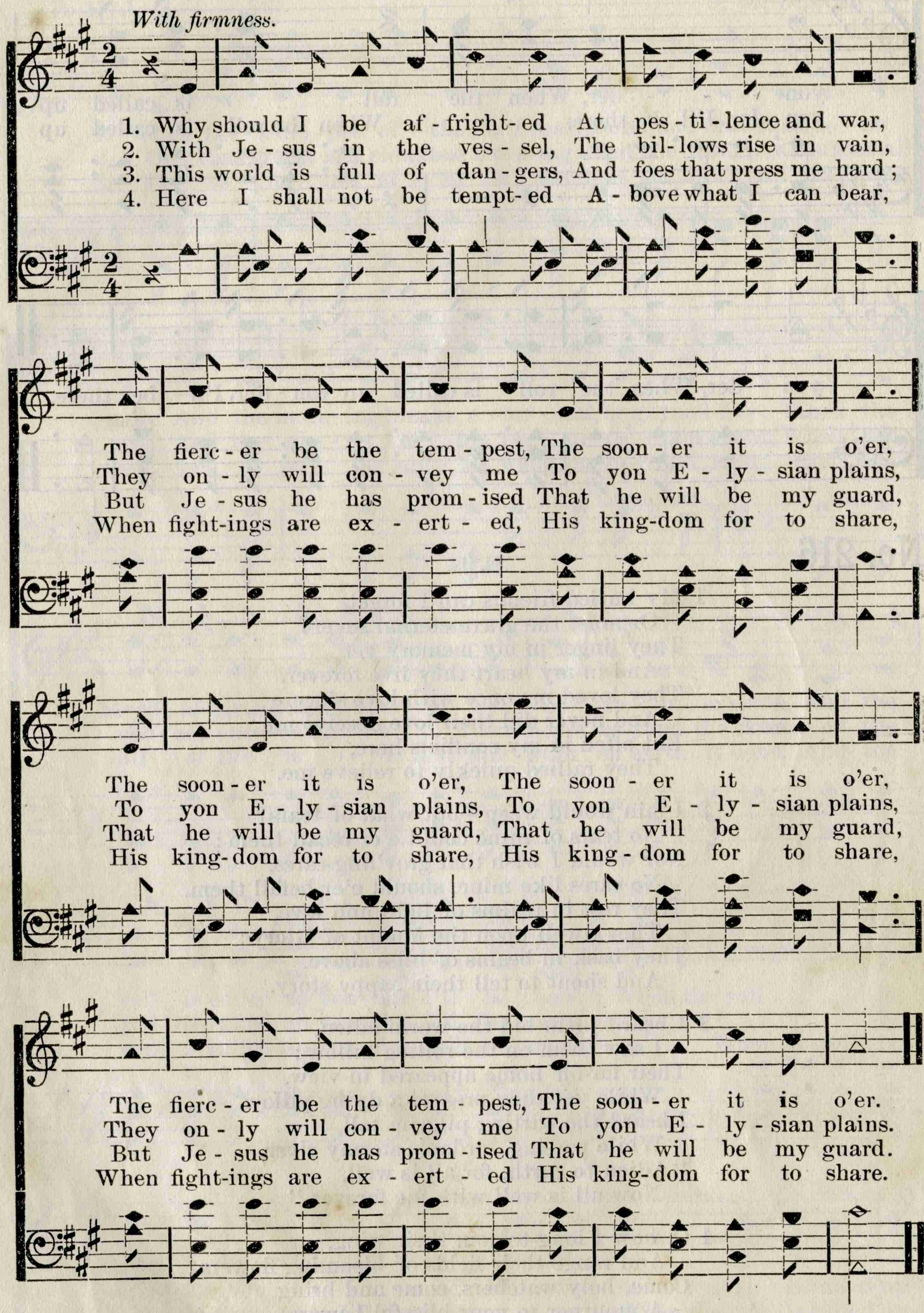
3 I heard them bid the world adieu,
I saw them on the rolling billow;
Their far-off home appeared in view,
While yet they pressed a dying pillow.
I heard the parting pilgrim tell
While passing Jordan's stormy river,
"Adieu to earth, for all is well,
Now all is well with me forever."

4 O, how I long to join their wing,
And range their fields of blooming flowers;
Come, holy watchers, come and bring
A mourner to your blissful bowers.
I'd speed with rapture on my way;
Nor would I pause at Jordan's river;
With songs I'd enter endless day,
And live with my loved friends forever.

No. 217. GREENLAND. 7, 6, 7, 6.

SWAN.

With firmness.

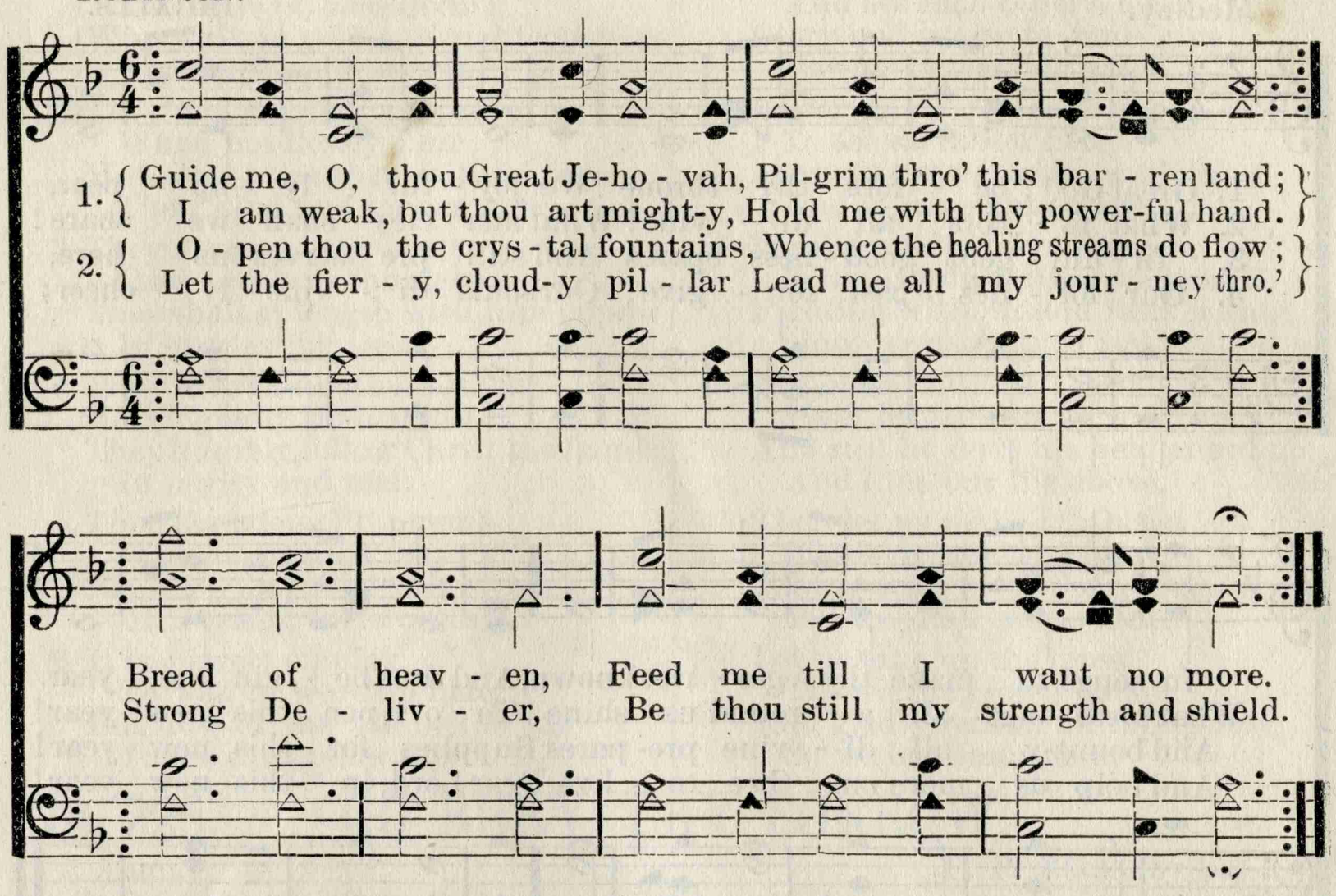


5 From him I have my orders,
And while I do obey,
I find his holy spirit
Illuminates my way.

6 The way is so delightful
I wish to travel on,
Till I arrive at heaven,
T' receive a righteous crown.

No. 218. WAYNESVILLE. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

ROBINSON.



3 Feed me with the heavenly manna,
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be my robe of righteousness.
Fight and conquer
All my foes by sovereign grace.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

No. 219. 7s, 6s.

1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.
'Tis palsey, plague and fever,
And madness, all combined,
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

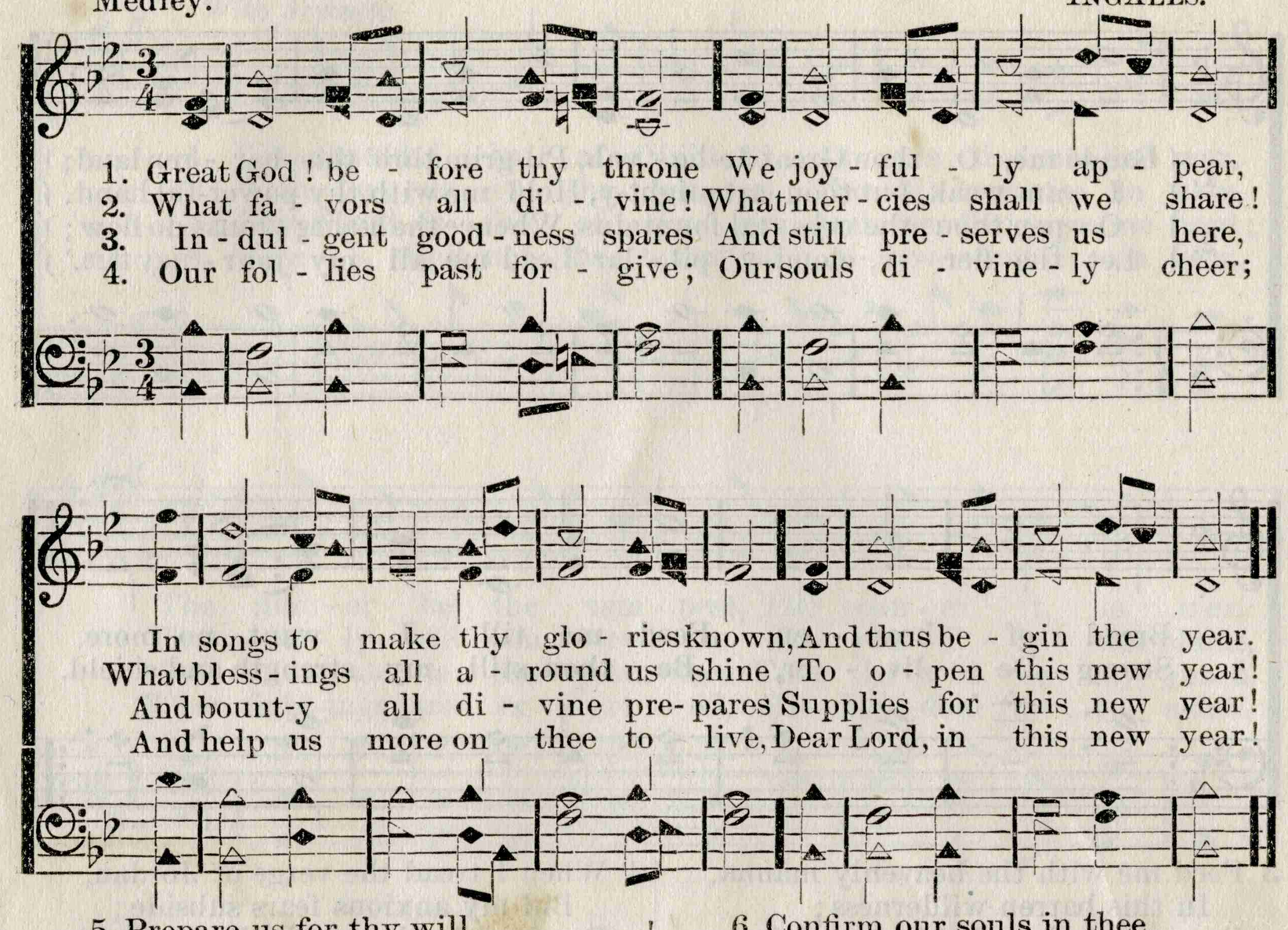
3 From men great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain,
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crost.

4 At length this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace—
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view Him—
For sin my eyes had sealed—
Then bid me look unto him;
I looked, and I was healed.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

No. 220. KENTUCKY. S. M.

Medley. INGALLS.



5 Prepare us for thy will,
Whatever may appear;
And let thy loving kindness still
Preserve us through the year.

6 Confirm our souls in thee,
In faith and holy fear;
And let a precious Jesus be
Our song through all the year.

No. 221. S. M.

1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death is near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
Thy angel guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view th'unwearied sun,
May we press on to reach the prize
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

Leland.

No. 222. S. M.

1 Ye messengers of Christ,
His sov'reign voice obey;
Arise and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's num'rous race.

5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success;
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

No. 223. S. M.

1 I love the sons of grace,
The heirs of bliss divine,
Who walk in paths of righteousness
And fly from every sin.

2 They will my faults reprove
When heedlessly I err;
How do I prize their faithful love,
Their kind and tender care.

3 They Jesus' image bear;
How lovely is the sight;
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.

4 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do his will,
They humbly follow Christ, the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.

5 Their footsteps I'll pursue
With vigor till I die,
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.

6 It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here,
But how divine will be the joy
To see each other there.

No. 224. S. M.

1 And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace.

2 Preserved by power divine,
To see salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fighting without and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

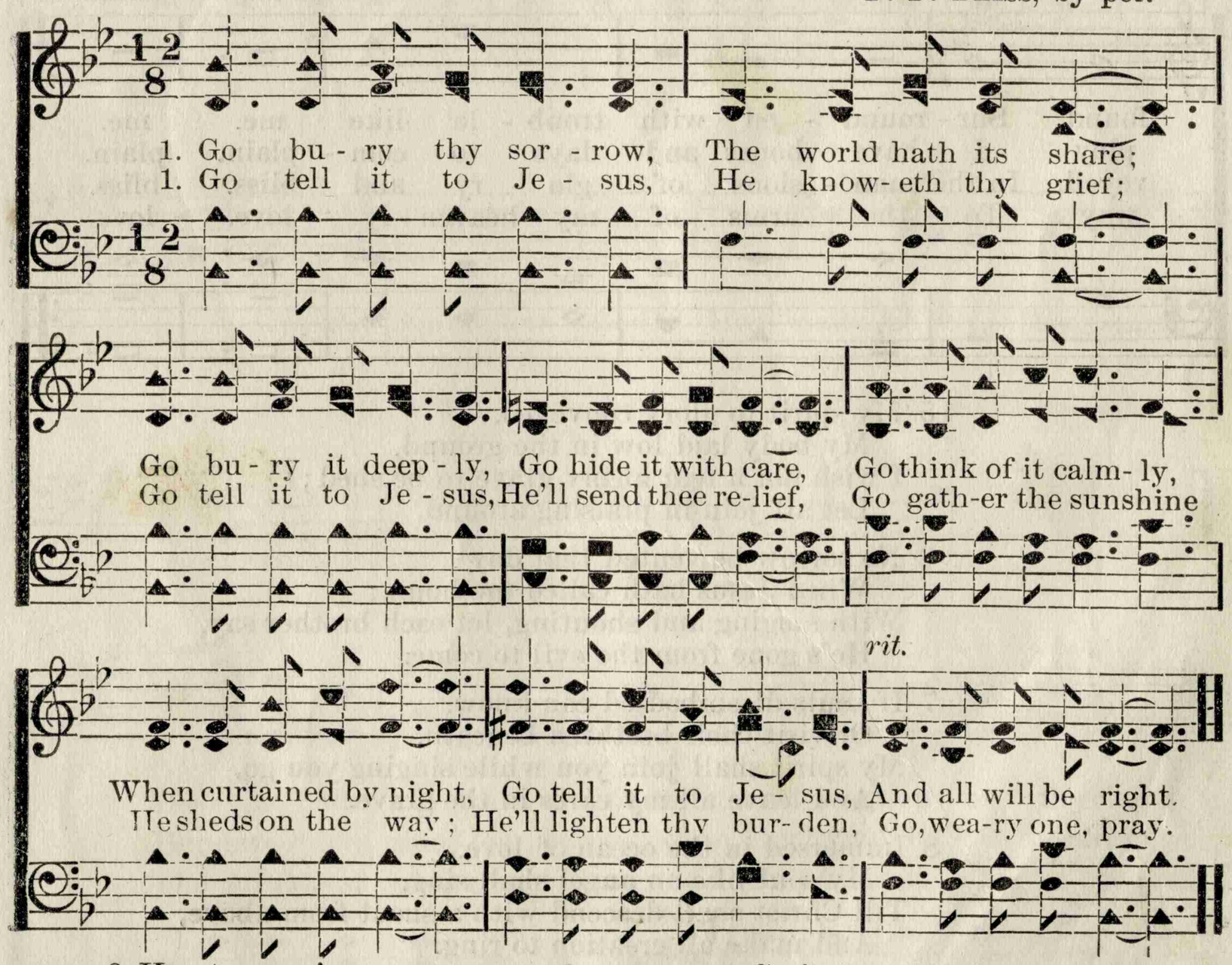
4 But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by his love!
And still he doth his help afford
And hide our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we shall sin no more.

6 Let us take up the cross
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we but Jesus gain.

No. 225. GO BURY THY SORROW.

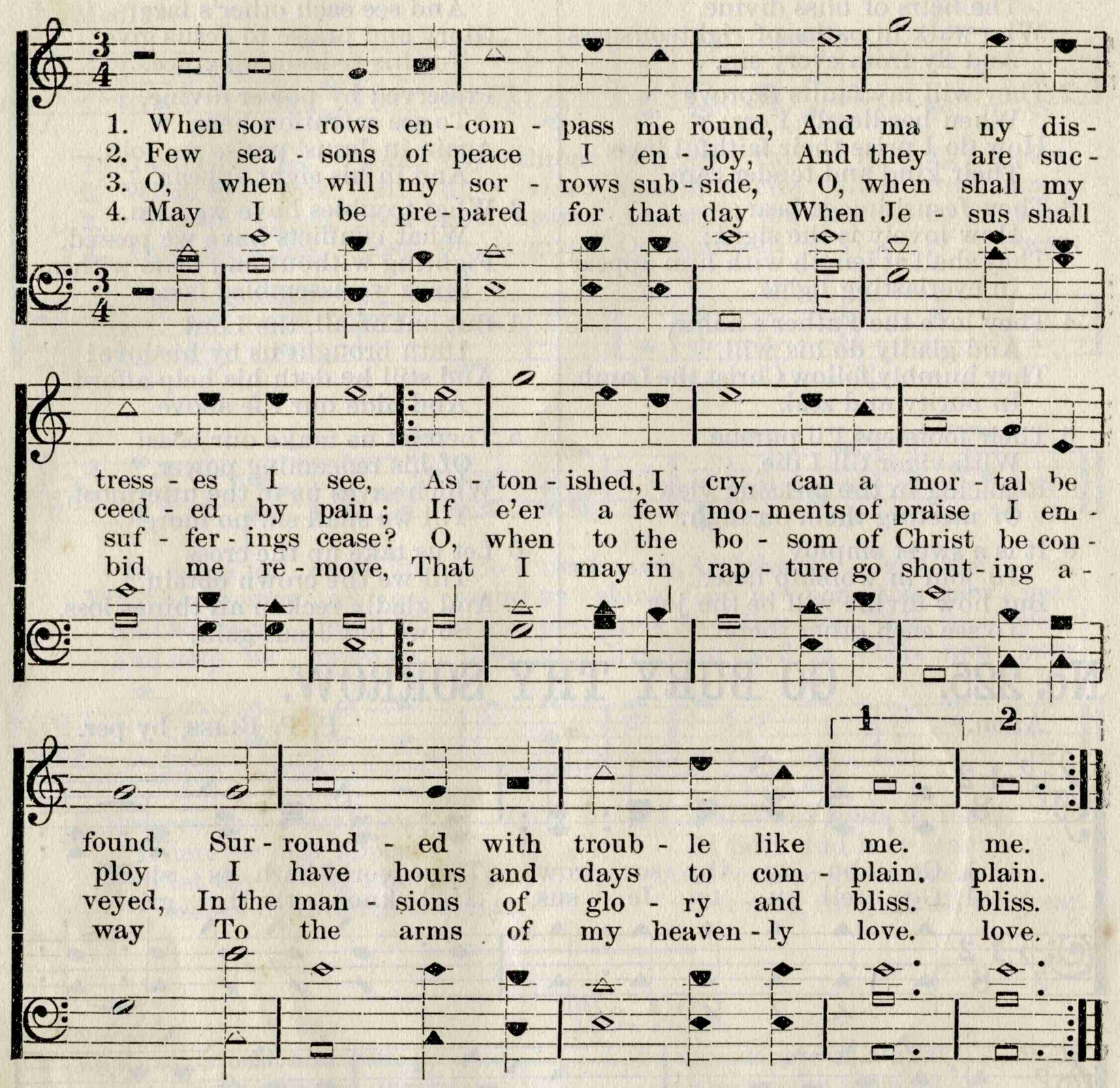
Anon. P. P. Bliss, by per.



3 Hearts growing a-weary
With heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—
Go comfort them, go!

4 Go bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine
Tell Jesus the rest.

No. 226. When Sorrows Encompass Me Round.



5 My spirit to glory conveyed,
My body laid low in the ground,
I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed;
Let all join in praising around.

6 No sorrow be vented that day
When Jesus hath called me home;
With singing and shouting, let each brother say,
He's gone from the evil to come.

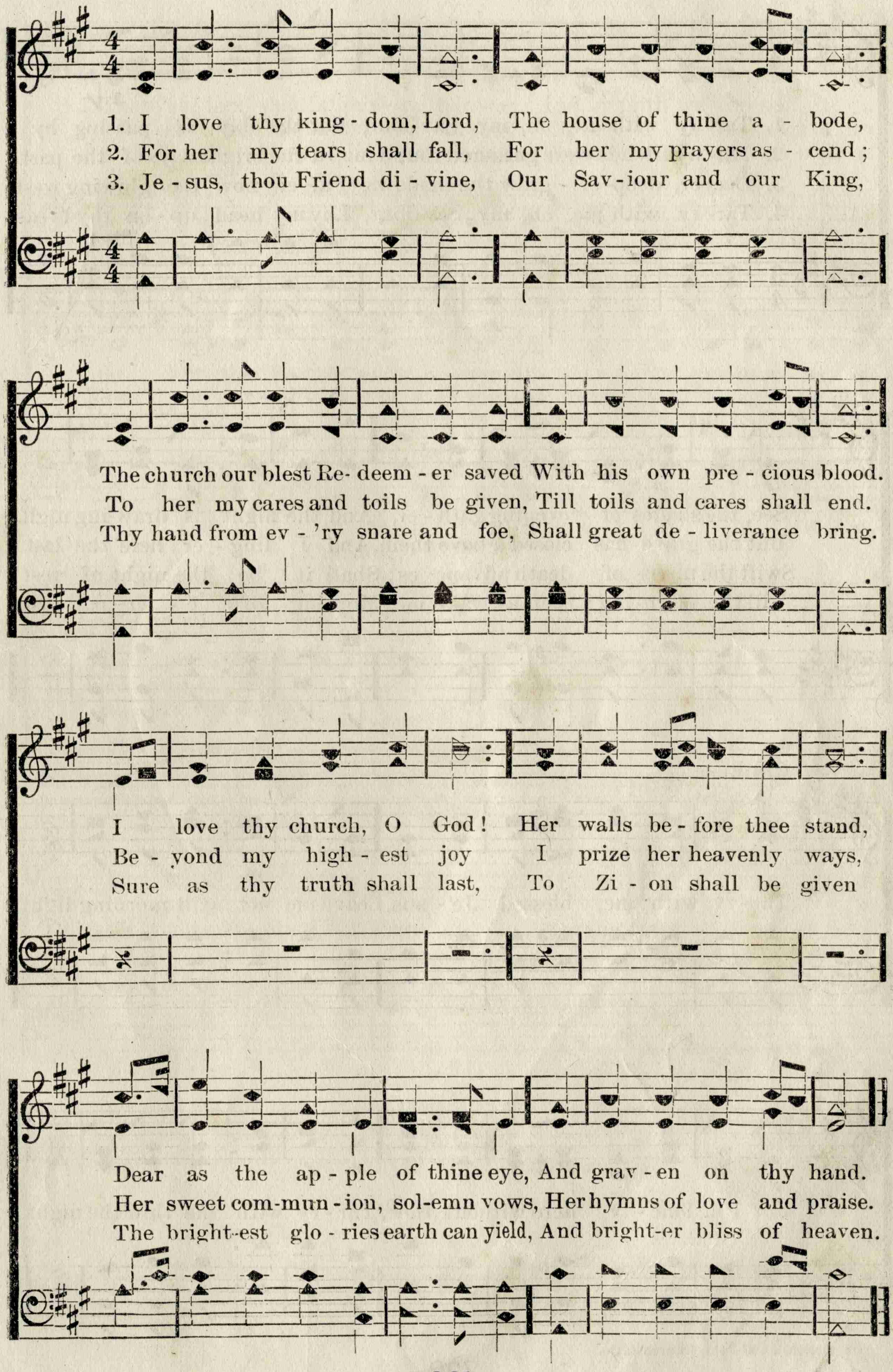
7 If souls disembodied can know,
Or visit their brethren beneath,
My spirit shall join you while singing you go,
And leave all my cares in the grave.

8 Immersed in the ocean of love,
My soul like an angel shall sing,
Till Christ shall descend with a shout from above,
And make all creation to ring.

9 Our bodies in dust shall obey,
And swifter than thought shall arise;
Then changed in a moment, go shouting away
To mansions of love in the skies.

No. 227. BEALOTH. S. M. D.

DWIGHT.



No. 228. TARRY WITH ME. 8s & 7s.

Mrs. C. S. Smith. Knowles Shaw.

1. Tar- ry with me, oh, my Sav-iour, For the day is passing by;
2. Ma- ny friends were gathered round me, In the bright days of the past;
3. Deeper, deep- er grow the shadows, Pal- er now the glowing west,
4. Tar- ry with me, oh, my Sav-iour, Lay my head up- on thy breast

See, the shades of evening gath - er, And the night is draw-ing nigh.
But the grave has closed a-bove them, And I ling - er here the last.
Swift the night of death advanc- es; Shall it be the night of rest?
Till the morn-ing; then a- wake me, Morning of e - ter - nal rest.

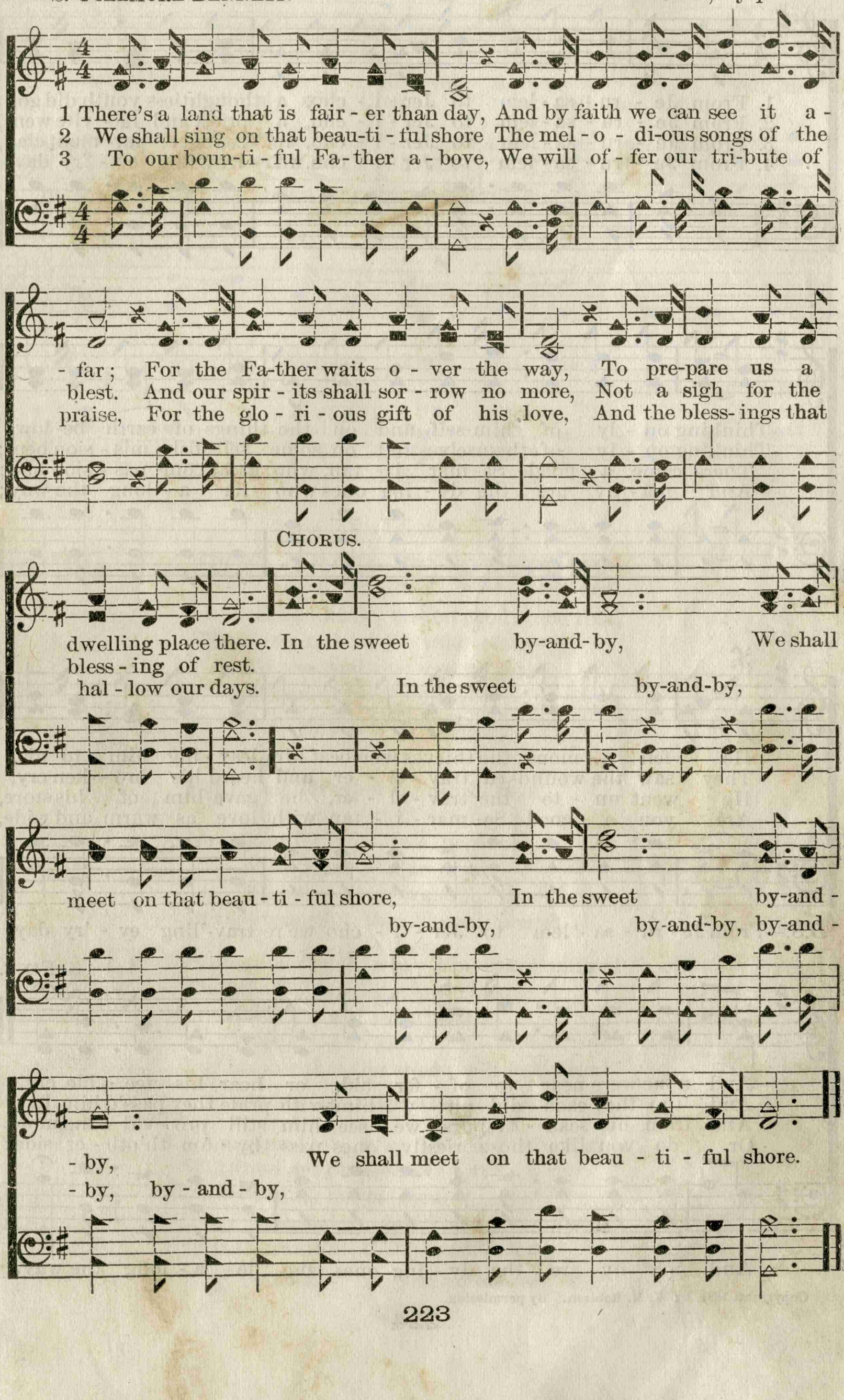
Chorus.

Tar - ry with me, blessed Je - sus, Leave me not till morning light;
For I'm lone - ly here without thee, Tar - ry with me thro' the night.

By permission of John Church & Co.

No. 229. SWEET BY-AND-BY.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER, by per.



No. 230. THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

W. M. R. Rev. W. M. Robison.

1. From Je - ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho, a thoughtless youth did go,
2. From Je - ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho, a priest and Le - vite went,
3. From Je - ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho, in coars-er gar- ment clad,
4. From Je - ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho, we're trav'ling ev - 'ry day,

Thinking on - ly of him-self and on the things of earth be- low;
Thinking on - ly of themselves and on some sel - fish mis - sion bent;
There came a good Sa- mar i - tan, who great com- pas - sion had;
And ma - ny are the dy - ing ones who lie a - long the way;

He fell a - mong the thieves who beat him, leav - ing him to die,
They saw the wound- ed trav - el - er and heard his bro - ken cry,
He went un - to the trav - el - er, he gave him of his store,
Are you a good Sa- mar - i - tan with love as warm and wide,

D.S.—From Je - ru - sa - lem to Jer - i - cho we're trav-'ling ev - 'ry day,

FINE.

And none were near to of - fer aid, or hear his fee - ble cry.
And 'tho they each did pit - y him, with pride they pass'd him by.
And from his scan - ty purse we see him still pro - vid - ing more.
Or do you like those priestly ones pass by on th'oth - er side?

And ma - ny are the dy - ing ones who lie a - long the way.

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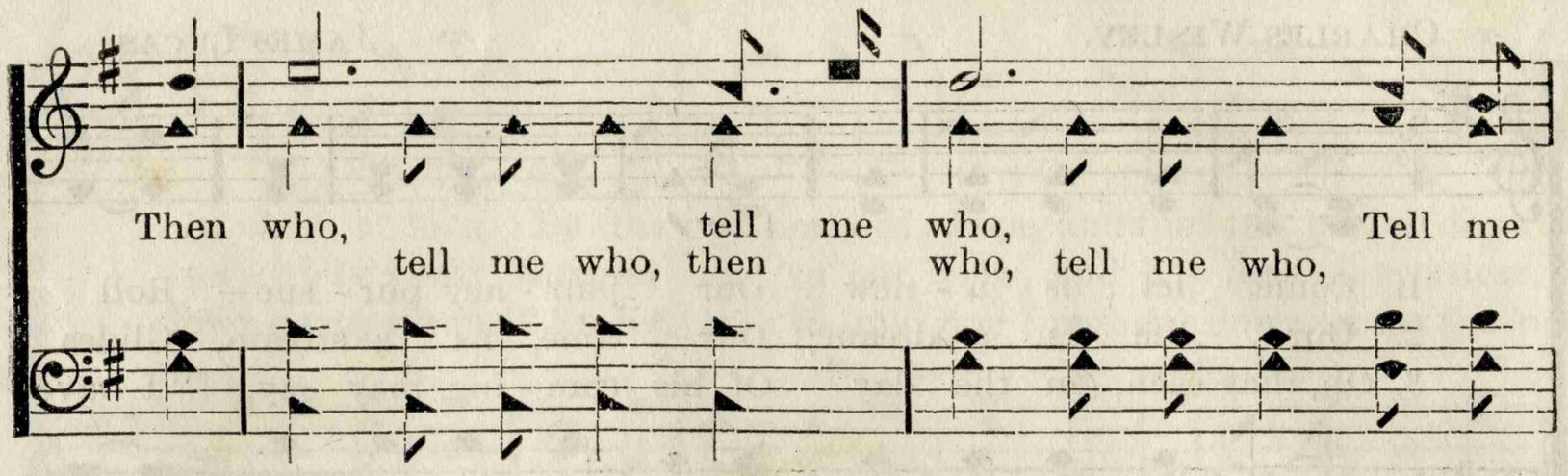
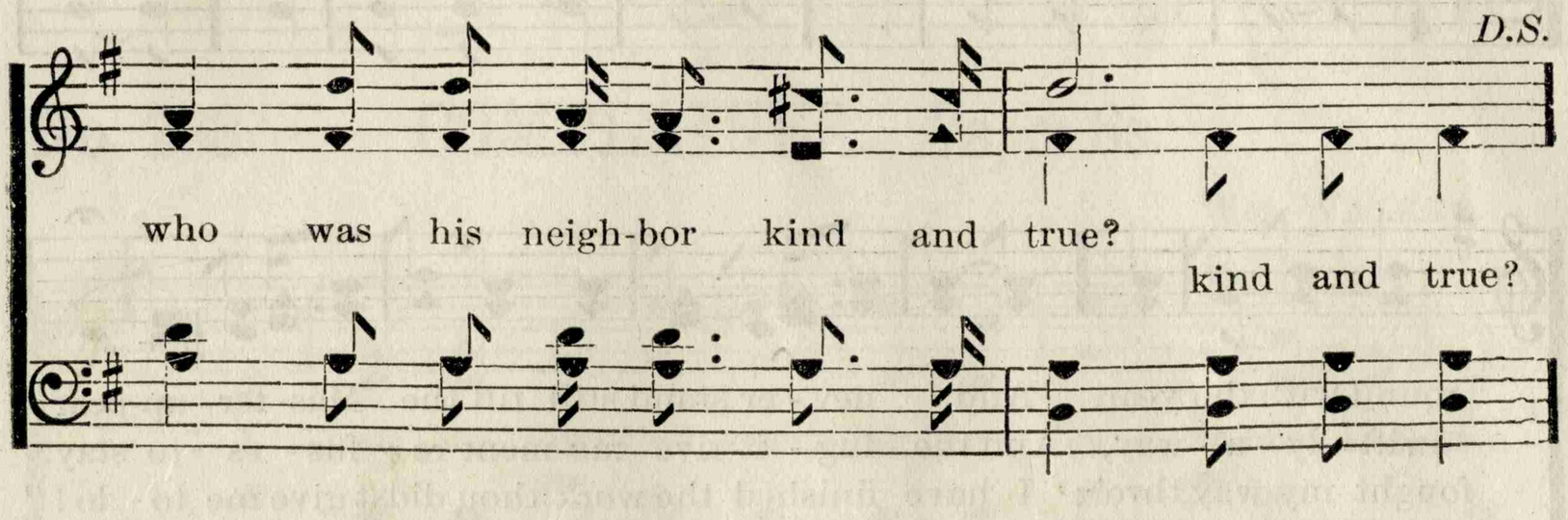
THE GOOD SAMARITAN. Concluded.





No. 231. TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

1 I sometimes think ' tis too good to be true,
When they talk of life's fair river,
Of the land that's so bright,
Where there is no night,
In that beautiful, that blessed forever.

CHORUS.

For no matter what the world says,
No matter for its frowns,
No matter for its storms, no never;
If to Jesus you are true,
There's a glory waits for you
In that beautiful, that blessed forever.

2 I sometimes wish, when I'm weary and sad,
That the Golden Gates were nearer,
But I know I can wait,
For a joy so great,
For I know that the crown will be dearer.

CHORUS.—" For no matter," etc.

3 I sometimes ask, when I think of the end
Will the Lord on me have pity?
Will he bid me come
To that dear, dear home
In that beautiful, that blessed forever?

CHORUS.—" Oh, yes, no matter," etc.

No. 232. LUCAS. 10, 5, & 11s.

CHARLES WESLEY. JAMES LUCAS.

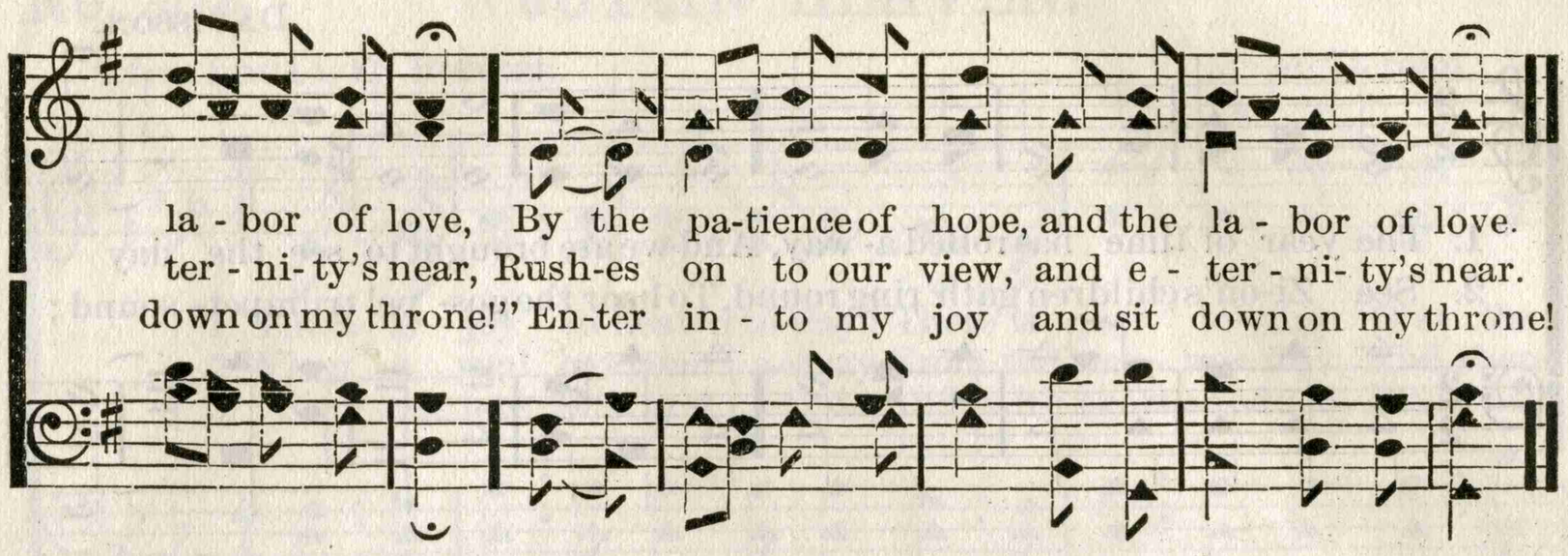
1. Come, let us a - new Our jour - ney pur - sue— Roll
2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides
3. Oh, that each, in the day Of his com - ing, may say, "I have

round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas- ter ap-pear;
swift - ly a - way, And the fug - i - tive mo-ment re - fus - es to stay.
fought my way thro'; I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"

His a - dor - a - ble will Let us glad - ly ful - fill, And our
The ar - row is flown; The mo - ment is gone, The mil -
Oh, that each from his Lord May re - ceive the glad word, "Well and

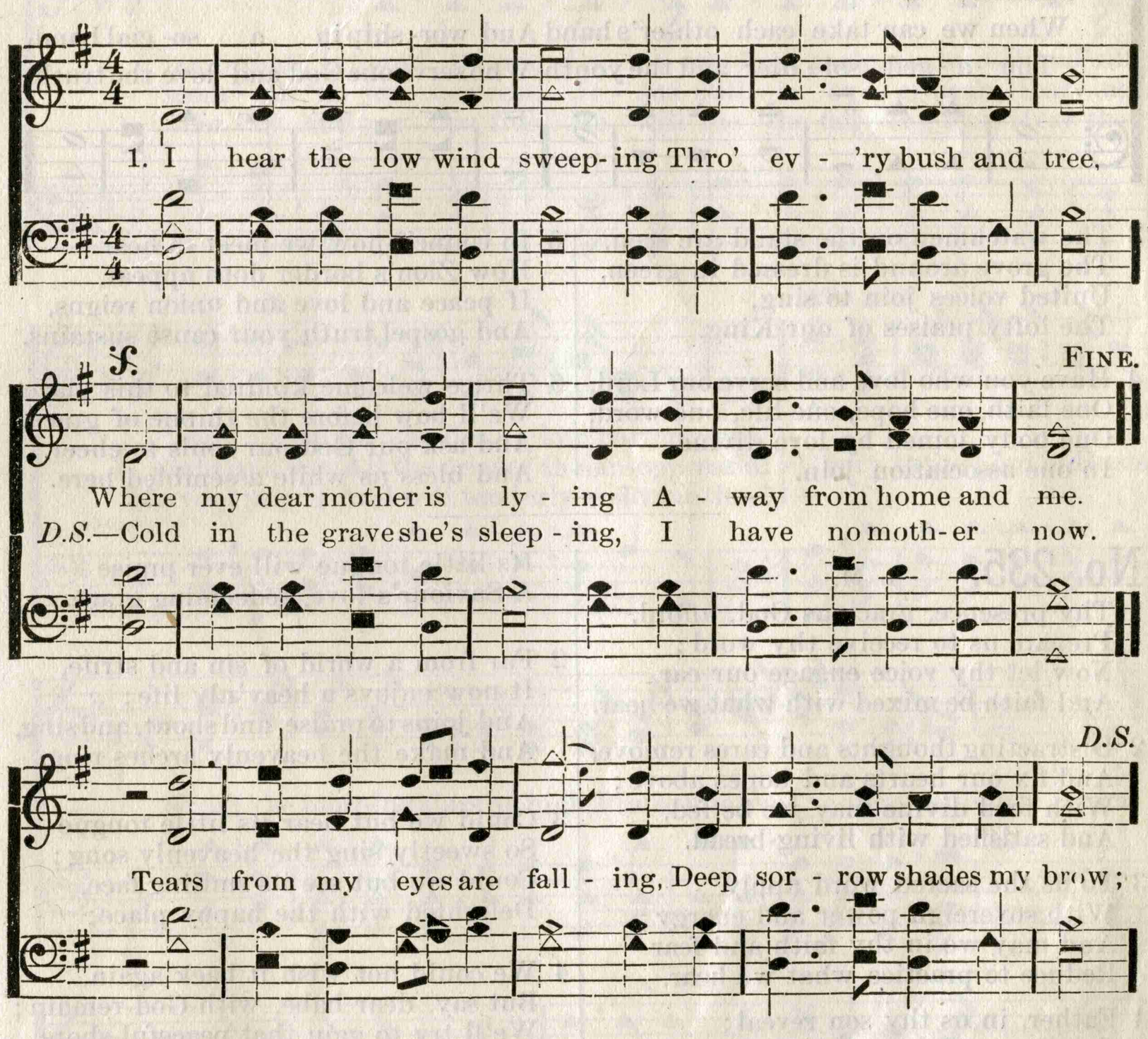
tal - ents im - prove By the pa - tience of hope, and the
len - ni - el year Rush - es on to our view, and e -
faith - ful - ly done; En - ter in - to my joy and sit

LUCAS. Concluded.



No. 233. COMPLAINER. 7s, & 6s.

WM. WALKER.

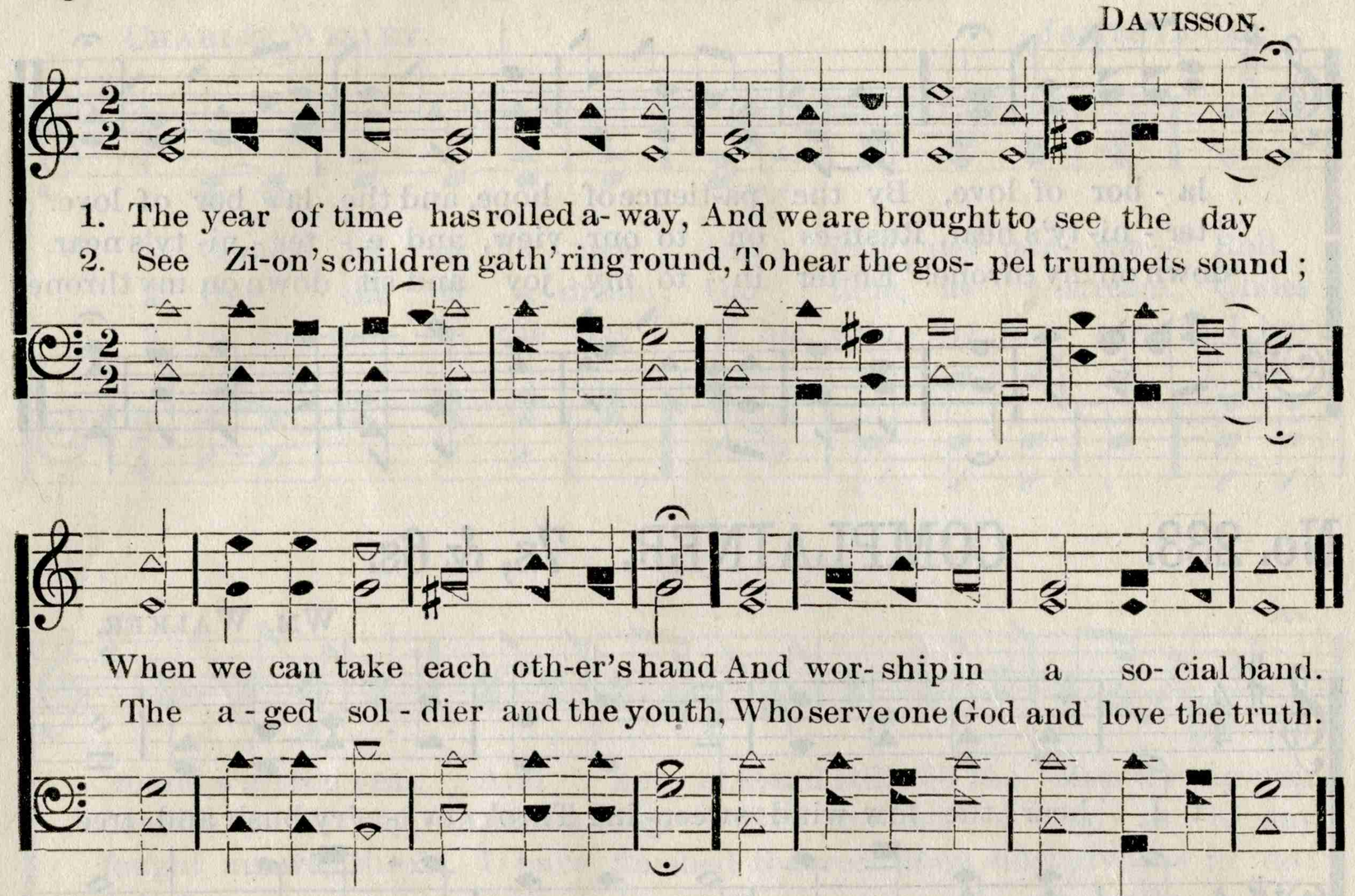


2 I see the pale moon shining
Upon the sacred stone;
The rose bush round it twining
Like me is all alone.
Like me this rose bush weeping;
Deep sorrow shades my brow,
Cold in the grave she is sleeping,
I have no mother now.

3 Sad was the hour of parting
She said in words so sweet,
"My loved ones, I am dying,
In glory we must meet."
Oh, yes, I must meet you, mother,
Upon that eternal shore,
And there we will live together
Where parting is no more.

No. 234. DEVOTION. L. M.

DAVISSON.



3 The watchmen on the stand are seen,
The grove around is dressed in green,
United voices join to sing,
The lofty praises of our King.

4 Have you who love and serve our Lord,
One faith, one hope, one life, one word,
One body joined by love divine
In one association join.

5 In council now we meet to hear
How Zion's border doth appear,
If peace and love and union reigns,
And gospel truth your cause sustains.

6 Thrice welcome kindred to this place,
We'll bow before the throne of grace,
And ask our God our souls to cheer,
And bless us while assembled here.

No. 235. L. M.

1 Thy presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear.
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we in thy faith and fear
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

No. 236. L. M.

1 The little babe is gone to rest,
To reign with God for ever blest;
Its little tongue will ever praise
A Saviour's love, redeeming grace.

2 Far from a world of sin and strife,
It now enjoys a heav'nly life;
And joins to praise, and shout, and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring.

3 Could we but hear its little tongue
So sweetly sing the heavenly song;
Could we but see its smiling face,
Delighted with the happy place;

4 We could not wish it back again,
But say, dear babe, with God remain;
We'll try to gain that peaceful shore,
Where those who meet shall part no more.

5 Now let us strive the prize to gain;
Let's come to Christ, with him remain;
Then we shall share in Jesus' love
And meet the little babe above.

No. 237. JOY IN HEAVEN.

Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. R. M. McIntosh.

1 There is joy in heav'n to-day! There is joy to - day O'er the
2 When a soul has gone a-stray From the nar - row way, And there
3 Sin - ner, bow with grat - i-tude, And, with heart subdued, Plead his

lamb that is found a - gain, Far a-way from pastures green, Wand'ring
seem - eth no joy nor rest, Je - sus still is ev - er near, Hear - ing
mer - cy and par - don free! He will see the fall - ing tear, Hear the

Refrain.

all a-lone On the des - o-late barren plain!
night and day All the cries of the sin-oppress'd!
fervent pray'r, And will tenderly welcome thee!
} Glo-ry to the Lord of Hosts,

Shout the morning stars on high, Praise him ever, ye angels of light! He has

heard the distant cry Of the lamb to-day, And he bears it re-joic-ing home!

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 238. WHY NOT TO-NIGHT.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.

1. The Lord has o- vercome thy heart, And by his grace fo.gave your sin,
2. To - mor-row's sun may never rise, You may not live to pay your vows,
3. The world has noth-ing left to give, It has no new, no pure de-light;
4. Our bless- ed Saviour says to thee, My ho - ly word you should obey;
5. Our bless- ed Lord re-fus- es none, Who by his blood has been made white;

And made you love his ho - ly name, Then why not come in?
This is the time, oh, then be wise, Come home then to - night.
Then try the life which Christians live Oh, why not to - night?
Come take thy cross and fol - low me; For I am the way.
Then as the work of Grace is done Why not come, to - night.

CHORUS.

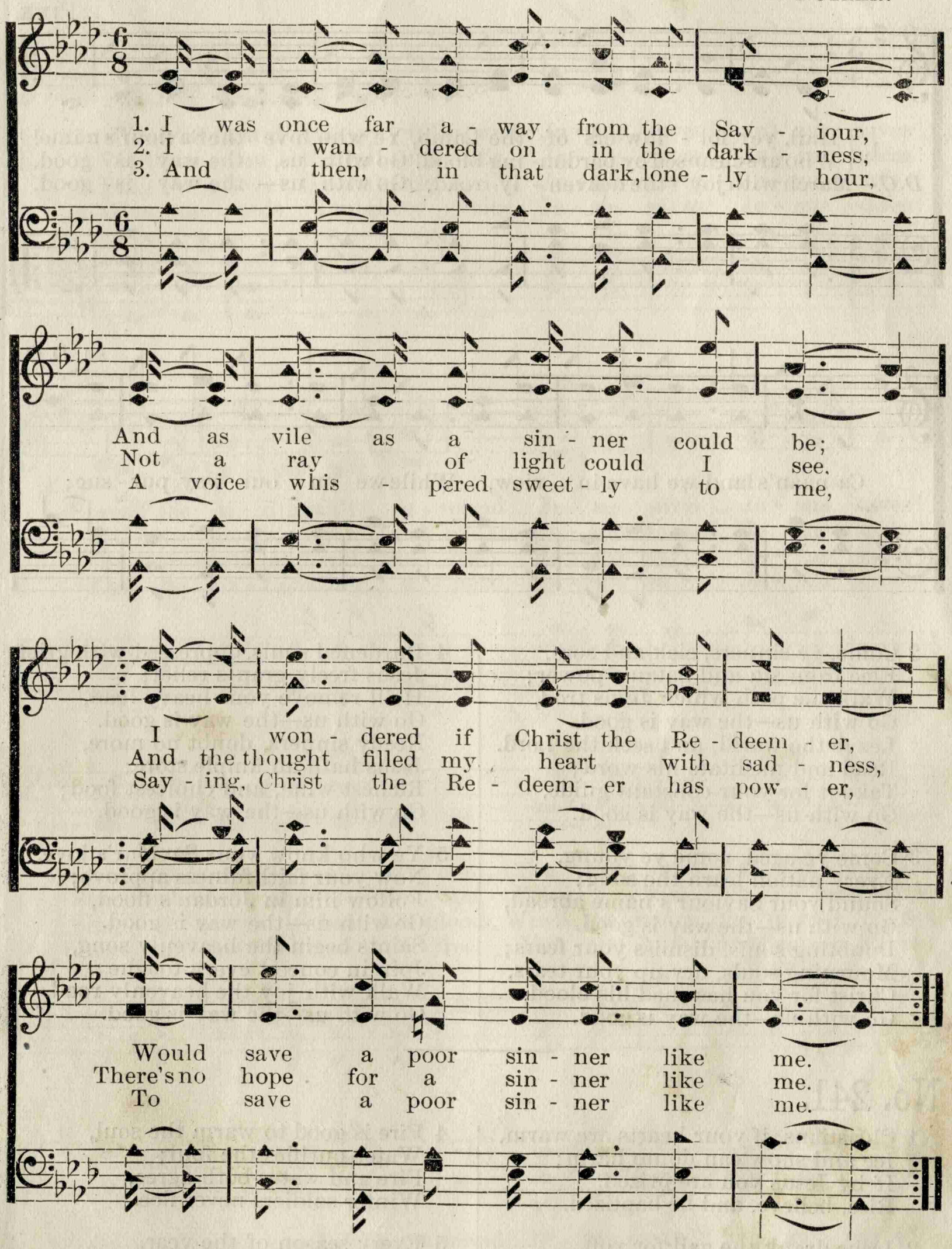
Oh, why not to - night? Oh,
Oh, why not to- night? why not to- night?

why not to-night? Wilt thou come
why not to-night? why not to-night? Wilt thou come home? wilt

home? Then why not to - night?
thou come home? Then why not, oh, why not to - night?

No. 239. A SINNER LIKE ME.

C. J. B. C. J. Butler.



4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And O what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

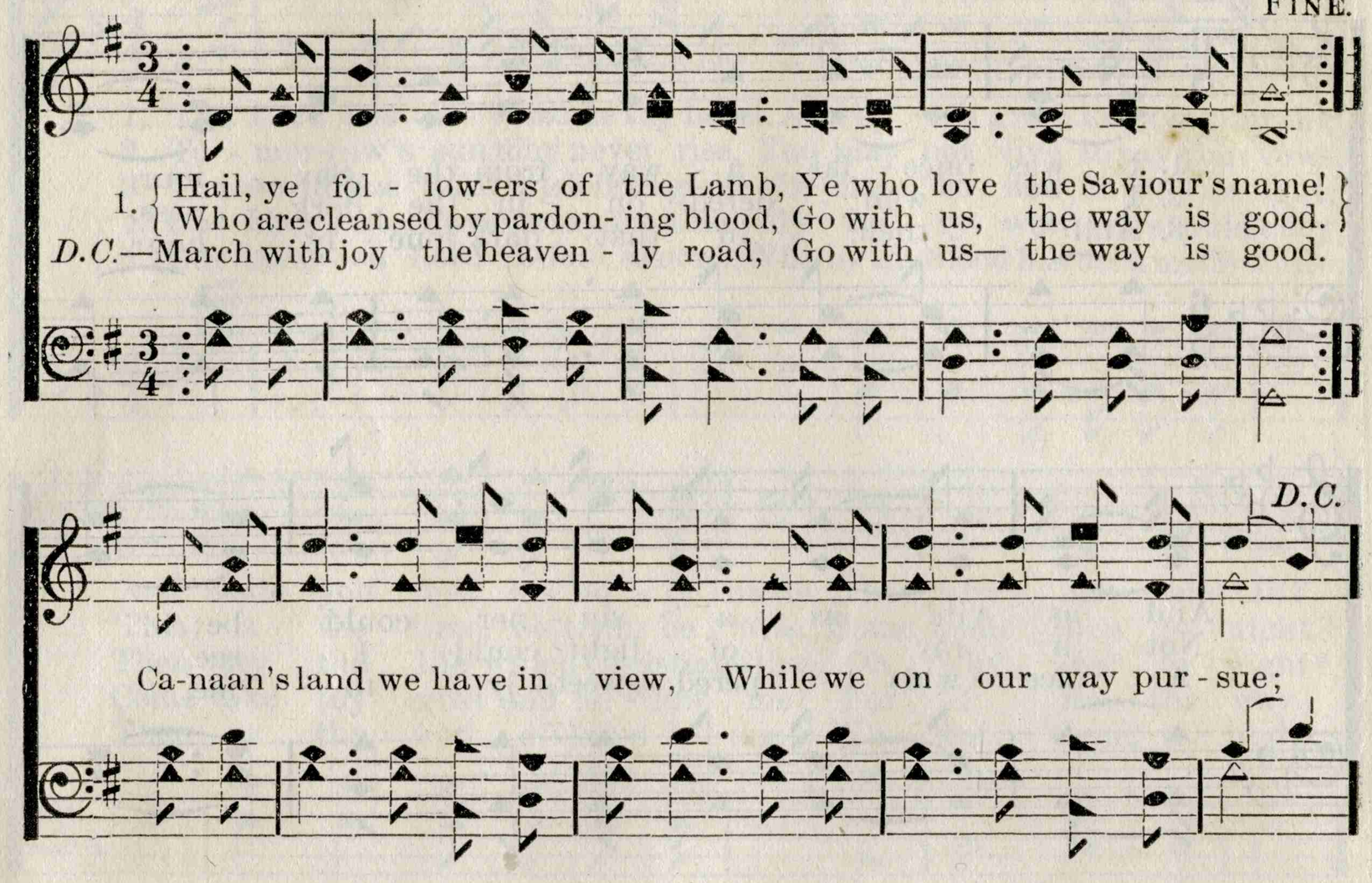
7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood.

No. 240. WATCHMAN. 8s, 7s. D.

LELAND. H. D. PINNEY.

FINE.



2 Come, ye sinners, sick and sore,
Flee from sin and Satan's power;
Walk the path which Jesus trod,
Go with us—the way is good.
Leave the world, and seek the Lord.
Read and meditate his word;
Take it for your constant guide,
Go with us—the way is good.

3 Come ye aged, come ye young,
Every nation learn the song;
Sound your Saviour's name abroad,
Go with us—the way is good.
Doubting souls, dismiss your fears;
Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Christ for you has shed his blood,
Go with us—the way is good.

4 Burdened souls, oppressed with grief,
Jesus freely grants relief;
He'll remove your heavy load,
Go with us—the way is good.
Needy sinners, doubt no more,
Jesus hath an ample store;
Richest wine, and choicest food;
Go with us—the way is good.

5 Ye who know your Saviour's love,
Now your faithfulness approve;
Follow him in Jordan's flood,
Go with us—the way is good.
Saints begin the heavenly song,
Join in concert every tongue;
Walk with joy the heavenly road,
Go with us—the way is good.

No. 241.

1 Christians, if your hearts are warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm;
If by Jesus you are prized,
Rise, believe, and be baptized.

2 Jesus drank the gall for you,
Bore the curse for sinners due;
Children, prove your love to him,
Never fear the frozen stream.

3 Never shun the Saviour's cross,
All on earth is worthless dross;
If the Saviour's love you feel
Let the world behold your zeal.

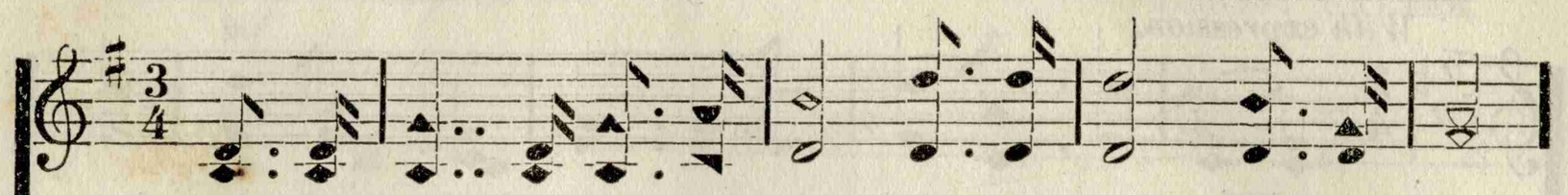
4 Fire is good to warm the soul,
Water purifies the foul;
Fire and water both agree,
Winter soldiers never flee.

5 Every season of the year,
Let your worship be sincere;
When the storm prevents your roam,
Serve your gracious Lord at home.

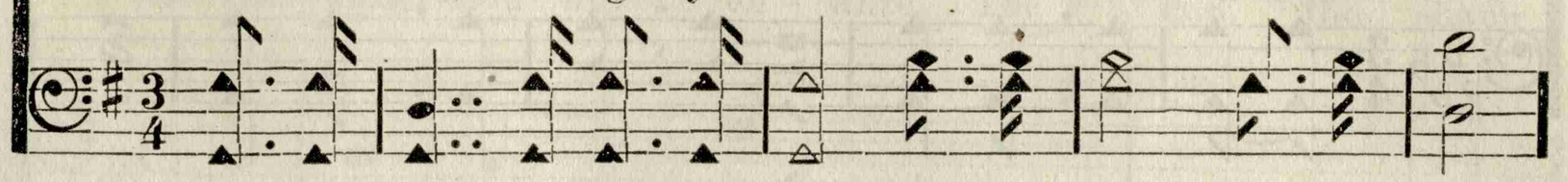
6 Read his sacred word by day,
Ever watching, always pray;
Meditate his law by night,
This will give you great delight.

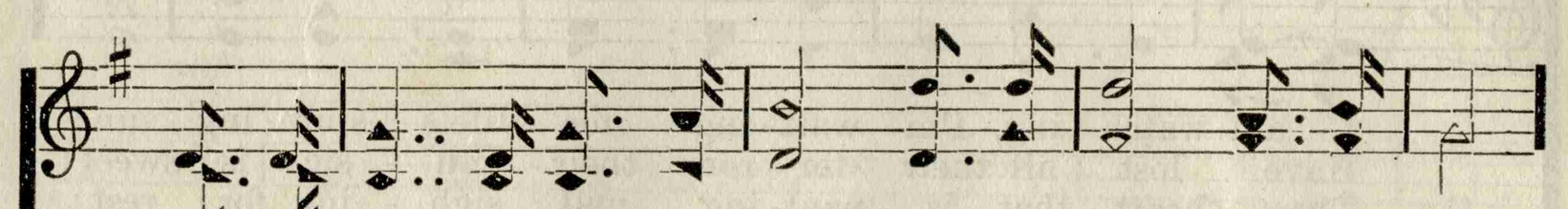
No. 242. JESUS SAVES.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

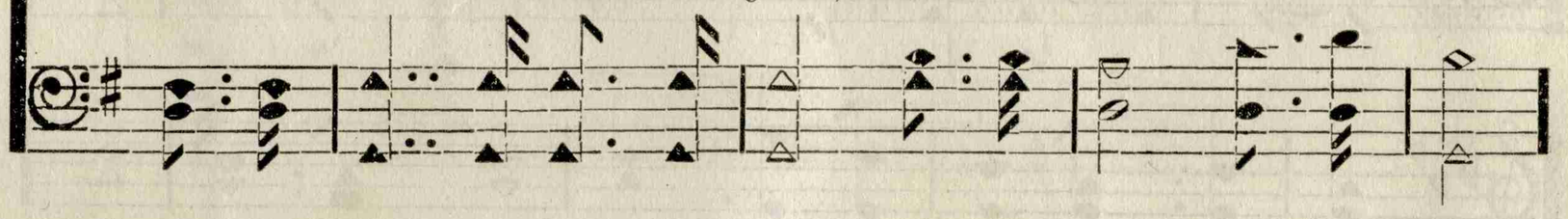


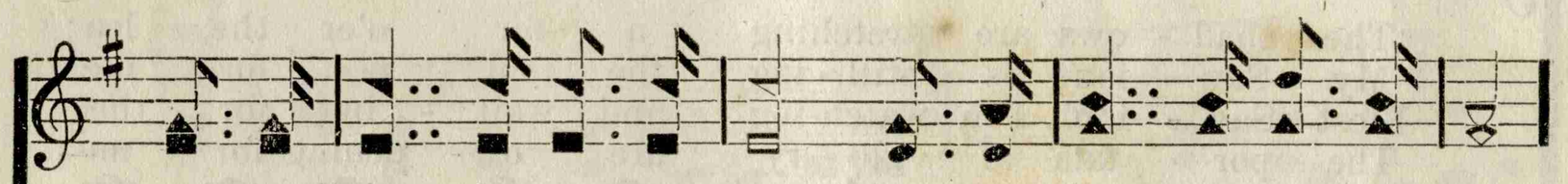
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



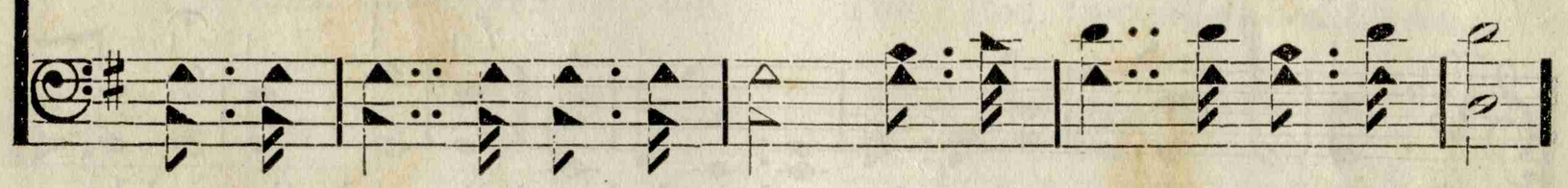


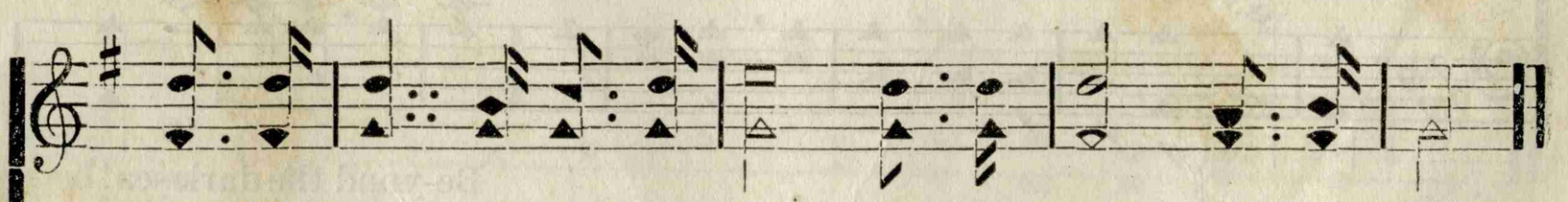
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



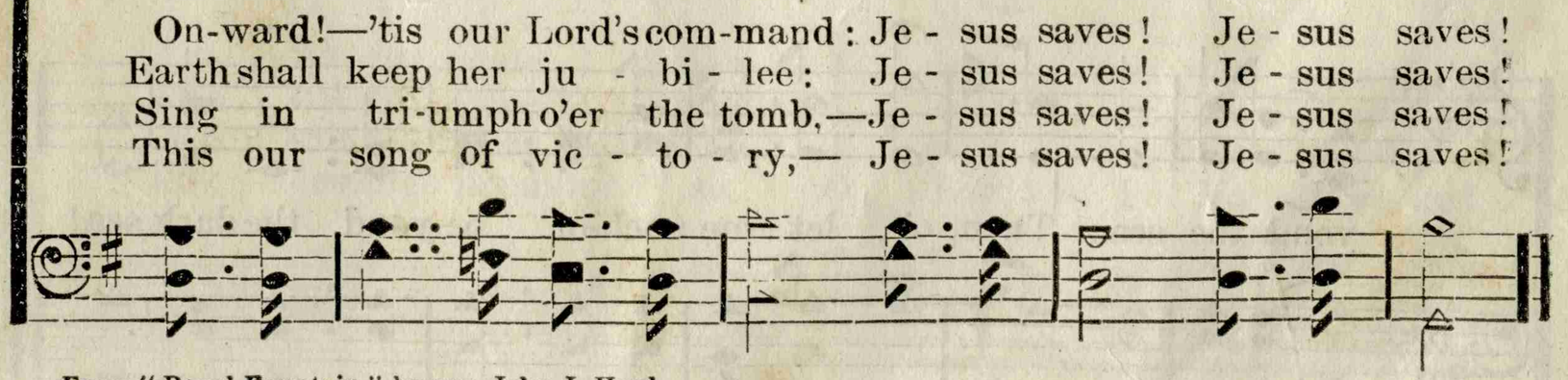


Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye isl - ands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep-est caves;





On-ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



From "Royal Fountain" by per. John J. Hood.

No. 243. BEYOND THE DARK SEA.

Unknown. KNOWLES SHAW.

With expression.

1. I am wea - ry, I'm faint-ing, my day's work is done;
2. The cold surg-ing bil-lows, that dash at my feet,
3. Come, lov - ing Re - deem-er, and take to thy breast
4. I'll lay my life's burden's, dear Lord, at thy feet;

I am watch - ing, I'm wait - ing for life's sink - ing sun;
Have lost all their ter - ror, their mu - sic is sweet;
The heart that is pant - ing and sigh - ing for rest;
For loved ones are watch-ing my spir - it to greet;

The shad - ows are stretching a - far o'er the lea;
My Sav - iour is still - ing the tem - pest for me;
Blest Sav - iour, I'm watch-ing and wait - ing for thee;
The por - tals of glo - ry are o - pening for me;

CHORUS.

f

Then, oh, let me anchor be-yond the dark sea! Be-yond the sea! be -

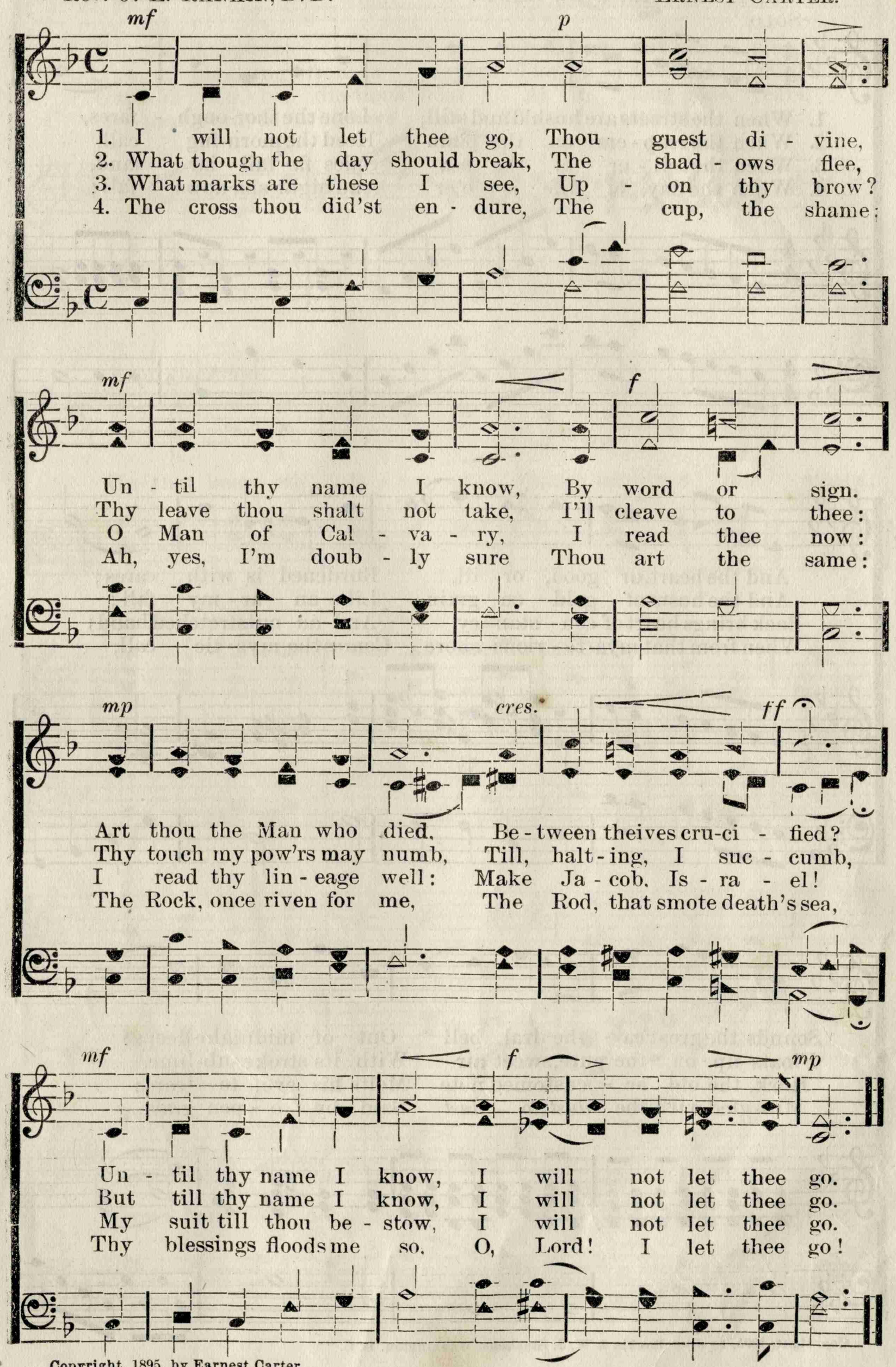
Be-yond the dark sea! be -

yond the sea; Then, oh, let me anch-or be-yond the dark sea!

yond the dark sea;

No. 244. I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. ERNEST CARTER.



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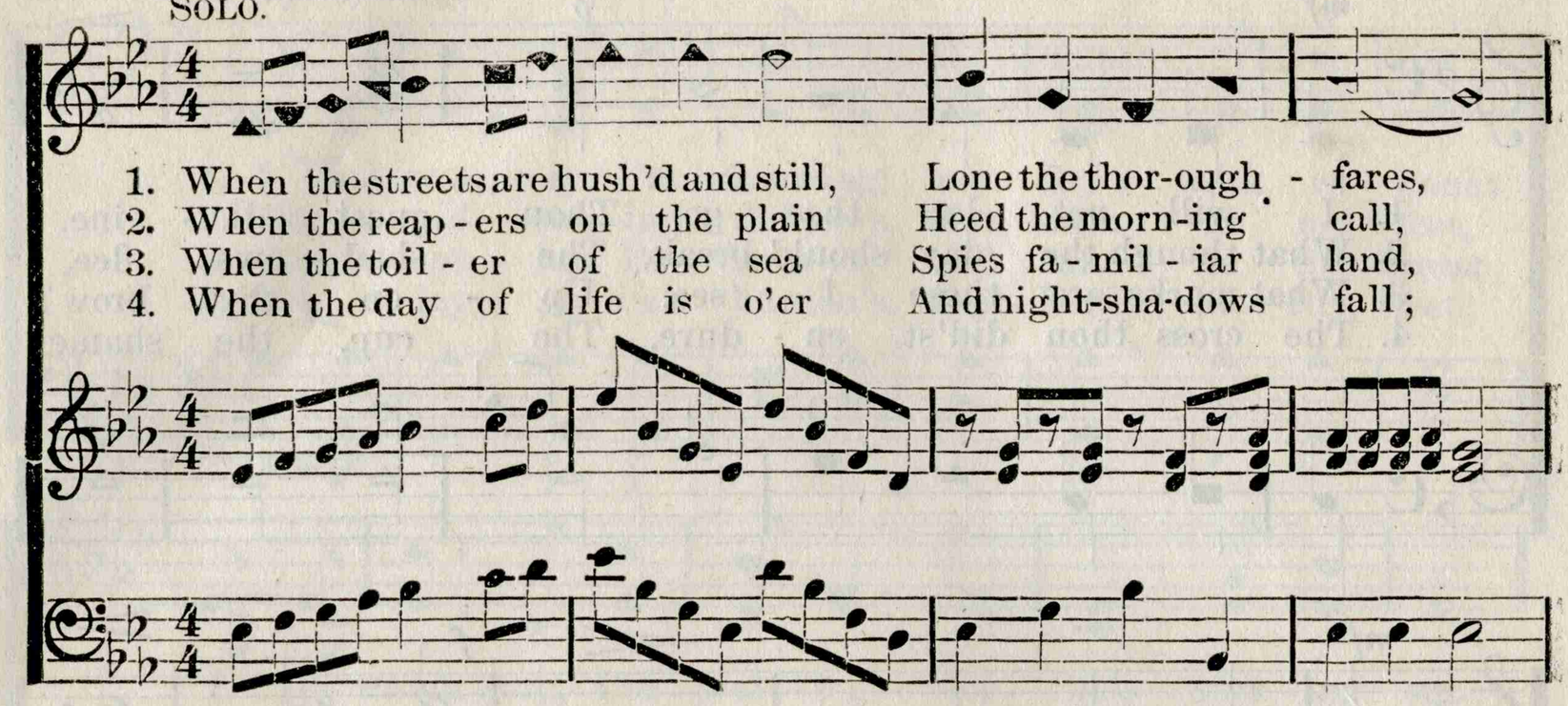
No. 245. THE GREAT CATHEDRAL BELL.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D., L.L.D. W. J. STEPHENS.

SOLO.



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THE GREAT CATHEDRAL BELL. Concluded.

rall.

He that keep-eth Is - ra - el Slum-bers not nor sleeps:
Like a bless-ing from a prayer The ca - the-dral chime.
Out the ben - e - dic-tions float, As in long-gone years.
Is that word, in which we trust Might-y still to save:

f QUARTETTE. *p*

He that keep - eth Is - ra - el Slum - bers not nor sleeps;

f

He that keep-eth Is - ra - el Slum-bers not nor sleeps,

ff

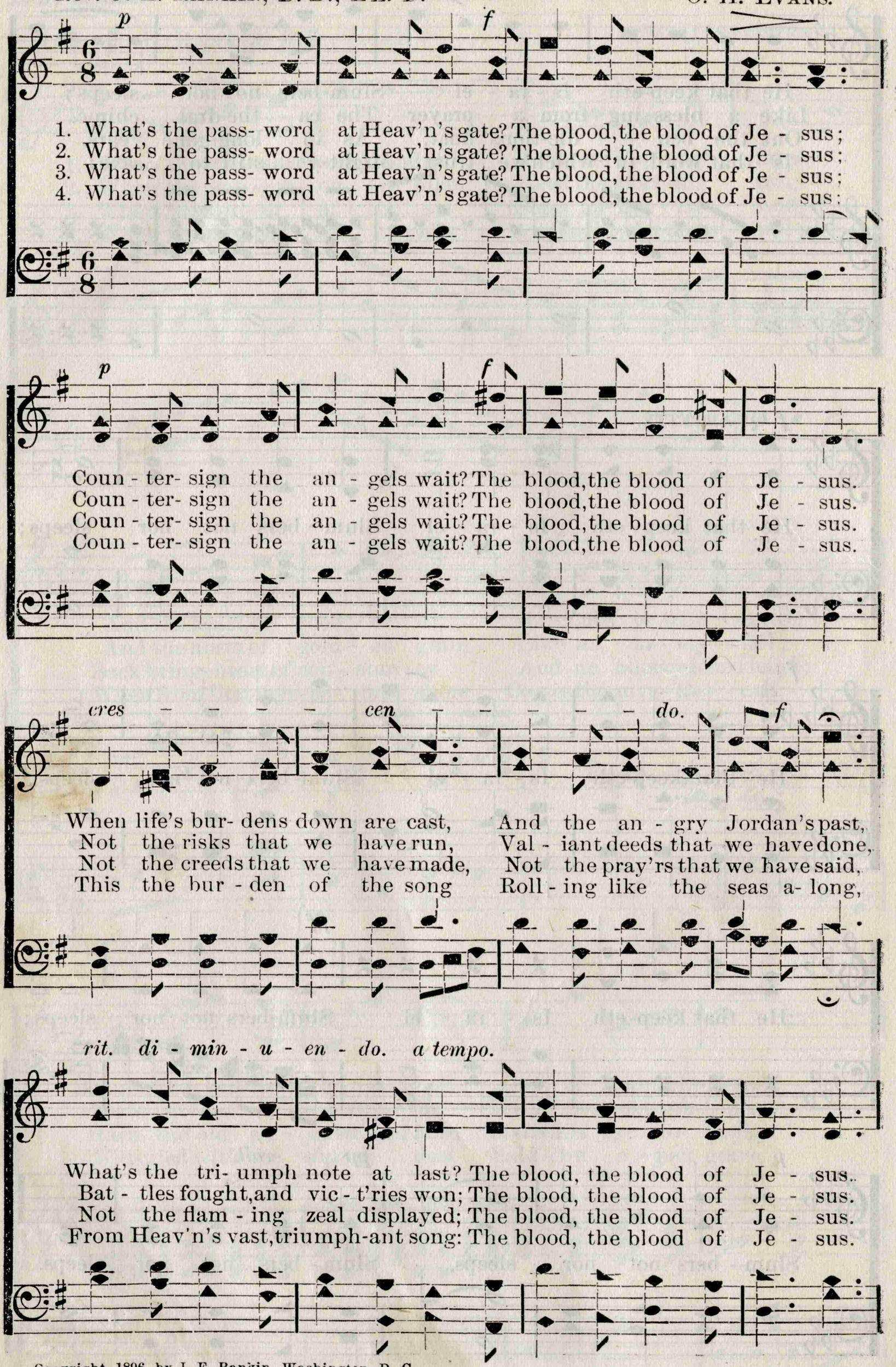
He that keep-eth Is - ra - el Slum-bers not nor sleeps;

p *pp* *rall.*

Slum - bers not nor sleeps, Slum - bers not nor sleeps.

No. 246. The Password at Heaven's Gate.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. O. H. EVANS.



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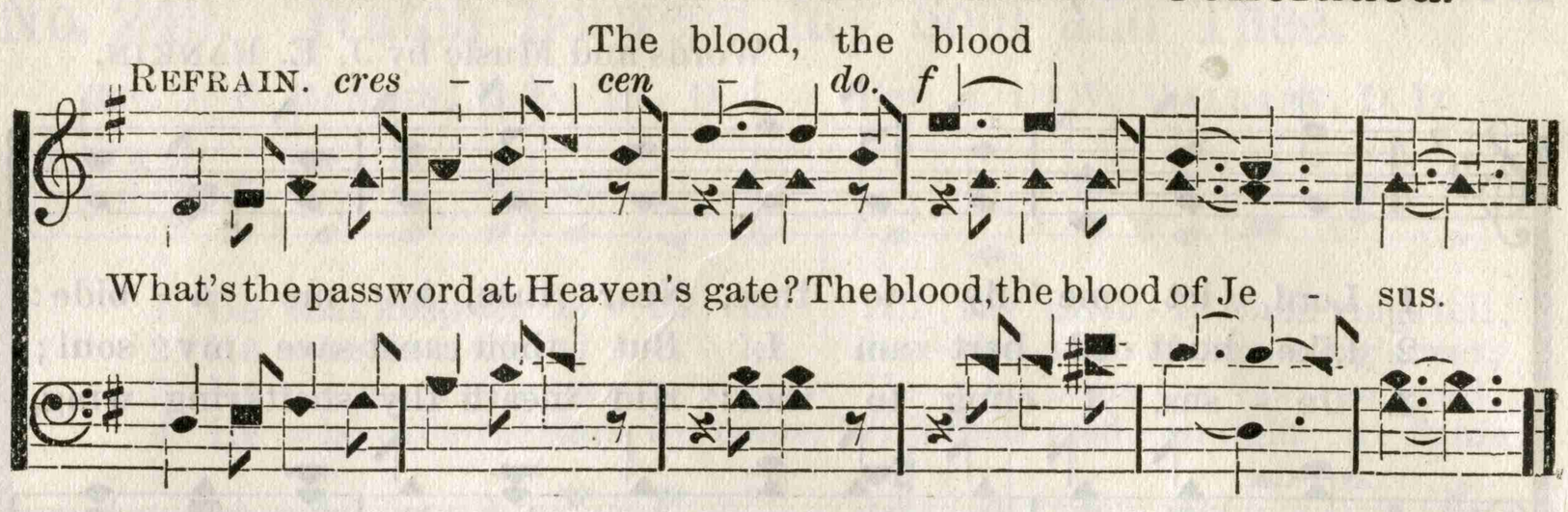
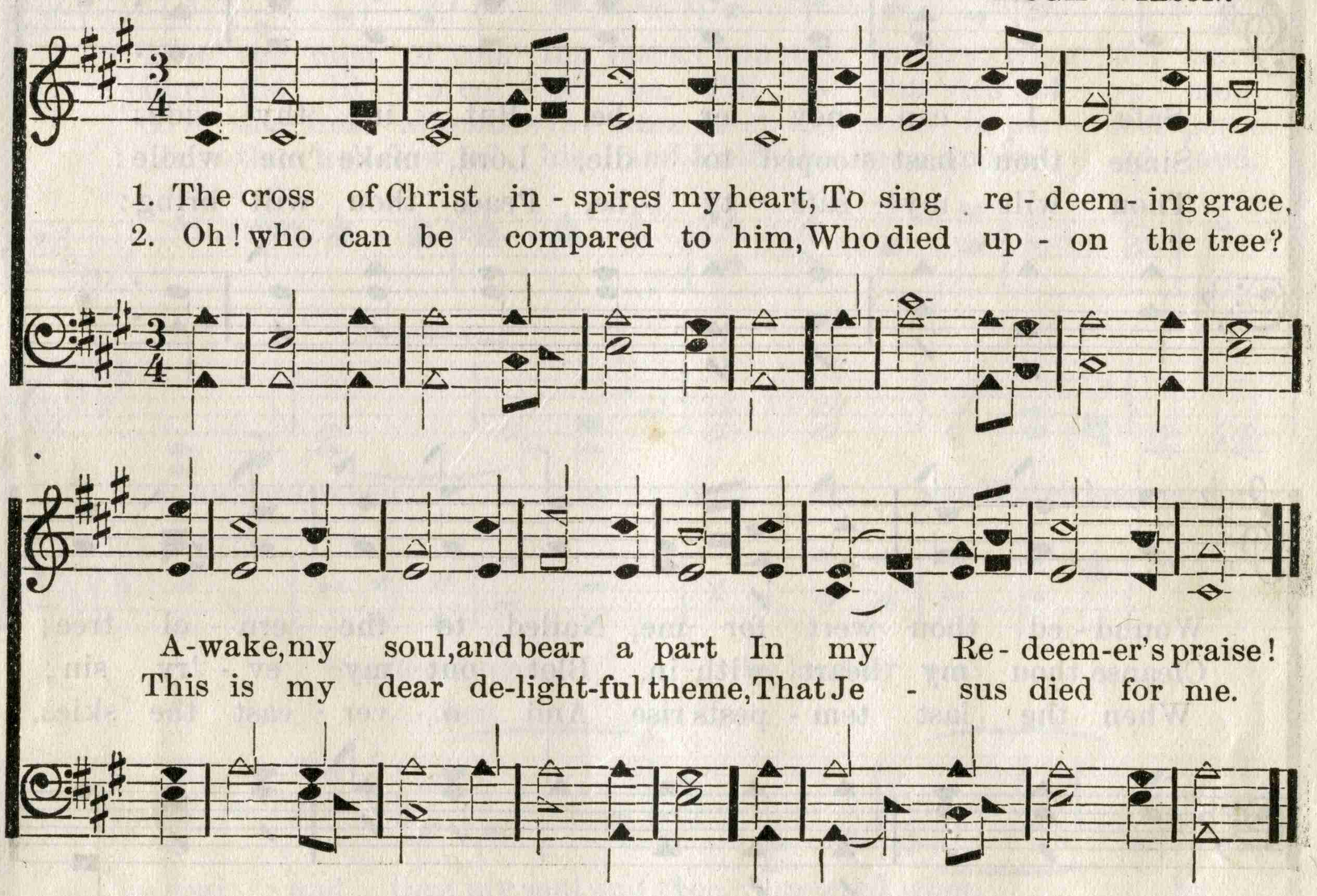
The Password at Heaven's Gate. Concluded.



No. 247. AVON. C. M.

Primitive. HUGH WILSON.



3 When at the table of the Lord
We humbly take our place,
The death of Jesus we record,
With love and thankfulness.

4 These emblems bring my Lord to view
Upon the bloody tree;
My soul believes and feels it true,
That Jesus died for me.

5 His body broken, nailed and torn,
And stained with streams of blood;
His spotless soul was left forlorn,
Forsaken of his God.

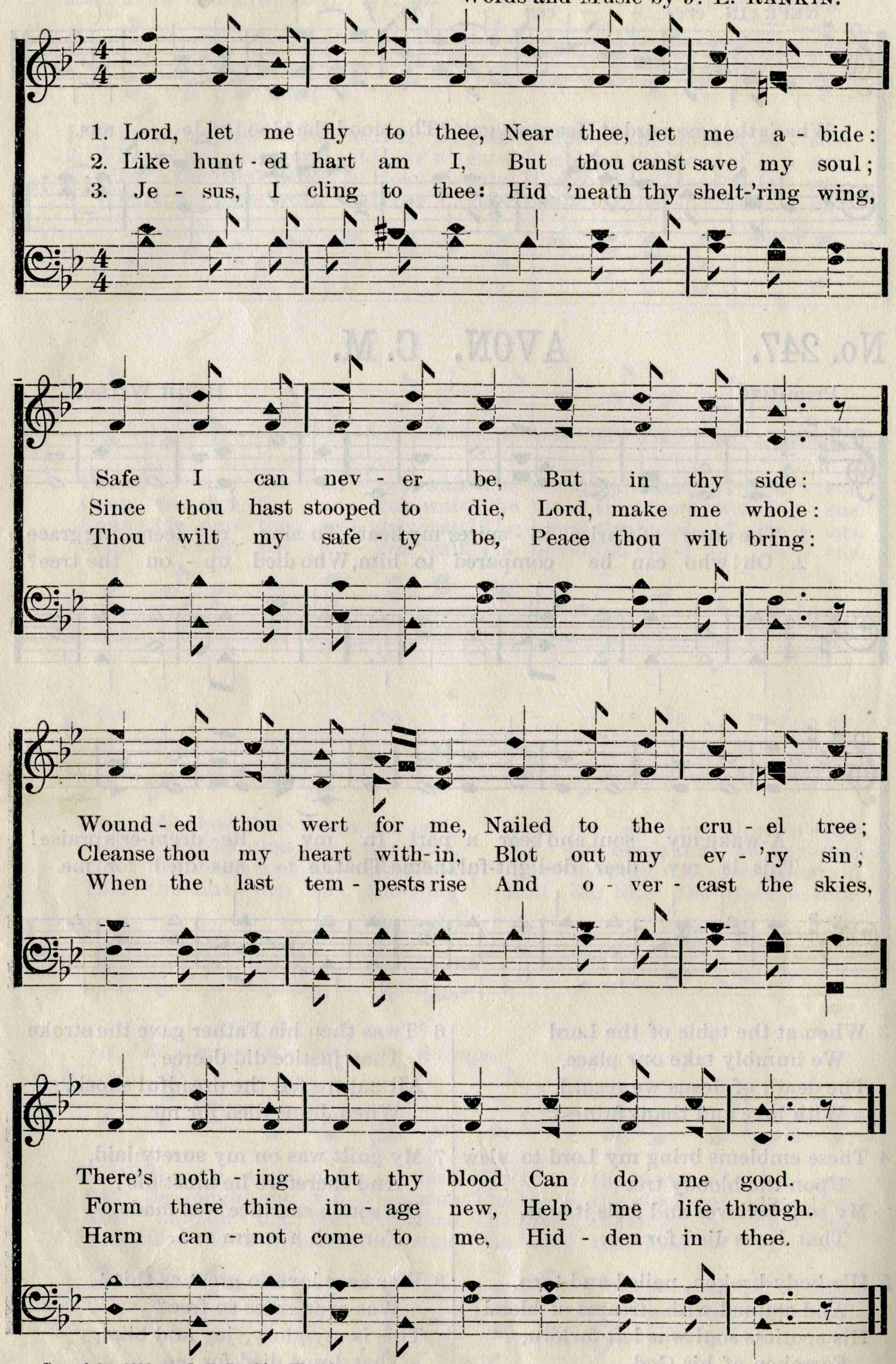
6 'Twas then his Father gave the stroke
That justice did decree;
All nature felt the dreadful shock,
When Jesus died for me.

7 My guilt was on my surety laid,
And therefore he must die;
His soul a sacrifice was made
For such a worm as I.

8 Was ever love so great as this?
Was ever grace so free?
This is my glory, joy and bliss,
That Jesus died for me.

No. 248. LORD, LET ME FLY TO THEE.

Words and Music by J. E. RANKIN.



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No. 249. Watch Between My Soul and Thee.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. Rev. R. DEW. MALLARY, D. D.

1. He that keep-eth Is - ra - el, All thy earth - ly wand'rings tell;
2. He who tints the vi - o - let, Jew- eled with the morning's wet;
3. He who marks the sparrow's fall, He who hears the rav - en's call,
4. He who calls the stars by name, With their gold - en light a - flame;

Thro' the mist of com - ing years, Count thy sor-rows, count thy tears.
Lays the lil - y's col - or on, Till it out- vies Sol - o - mon.
Give thee from all snares re - lease, Keep thy soul in per - fect peace.
In the hol - low of his hand, Holds the seas and sol - id land.

Sun-dered when . . by land or sea, Watch between my

Sundered when by land or sea,

soul and thee, my soul and thee, Sundered when . . . . by

thee, ...

thee, ... Sundered when

thee. . . . . .

land or sea, Watch between my soul and thee, my soul and thee.

by land or sea,

thee. . . . . .

Copyright, 1896, by J. E. Rankin and R. DeW. Mallary.

No. 250. Shall We Find Them at the Portals?

To the Memory of Walter N. Rankin.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN. Prof. O. H. EVANS, D.M.

The first part may be used as a solo.

1. Will they meet us, cheer and greet us, Those we loved, who've gone before? Shall we find them at the
2. Hearts are brok - en for some tok - en, That they live and love us yet; And we ask, "Can those who've
3. And we oft - en, as days soft - en, And comes out the ev'ning star, Look - ing westward, sit and
4. Past yon por - tals, our im - mor - tals, Those who walk with him in white, Do they, mid their bliss, re-

por - tals, Find our beau - ti - fied im - mor - tals,
left us, Of love's look and tone be - reft us,
won - der, Wheth - er when so far a - sun - der,
call us, Know they what e - vents be - fall us,

Copyright, 1893, by J. E. Rankin, Washington, D.C.

Shall We Find Them at the Portals? Concluded.

rit. CHORUS. They will meet us, cheer and

a tempo.

When we reach that ra-diant shore?
Tho' in heav'n, can they for - get?"
They still think how dear they are?
Will our com-ing wake de - light?

They will meet us,

greet us, We shall

cheer and greet us, Those we've loved who've gone be - fore;

find them at the por - - tals,

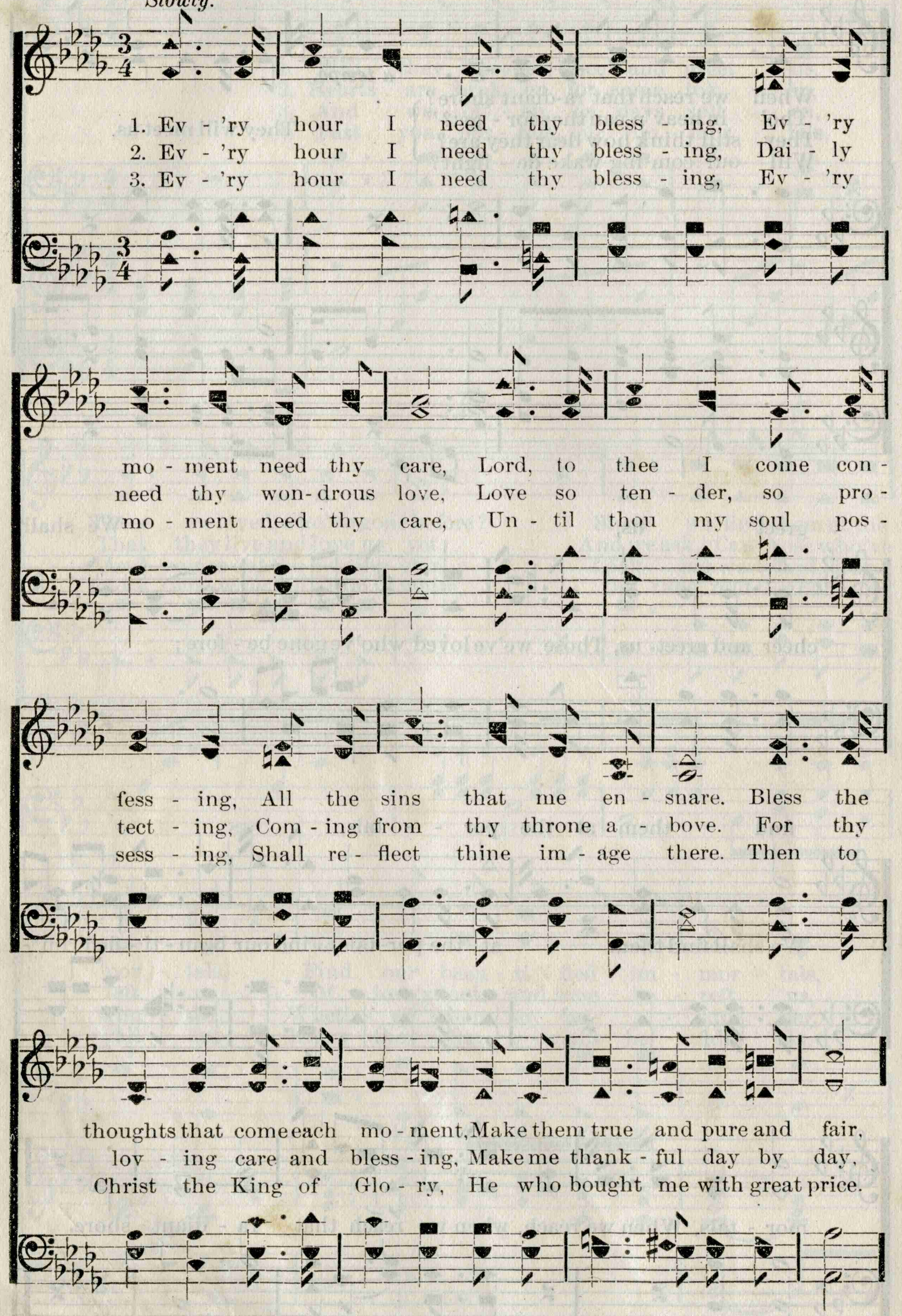
We shall find them at the por-tals, Find our beau - ti - fied im -

mor - tals, When we reach, when we reach that ra - diant shore.

No. 251. Every Hour I Need Thy Blessing.

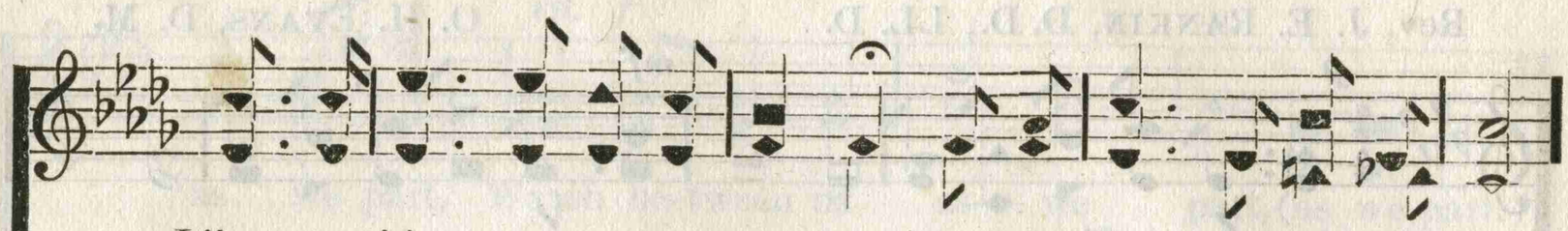
ELIZABETH J. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Slowly.

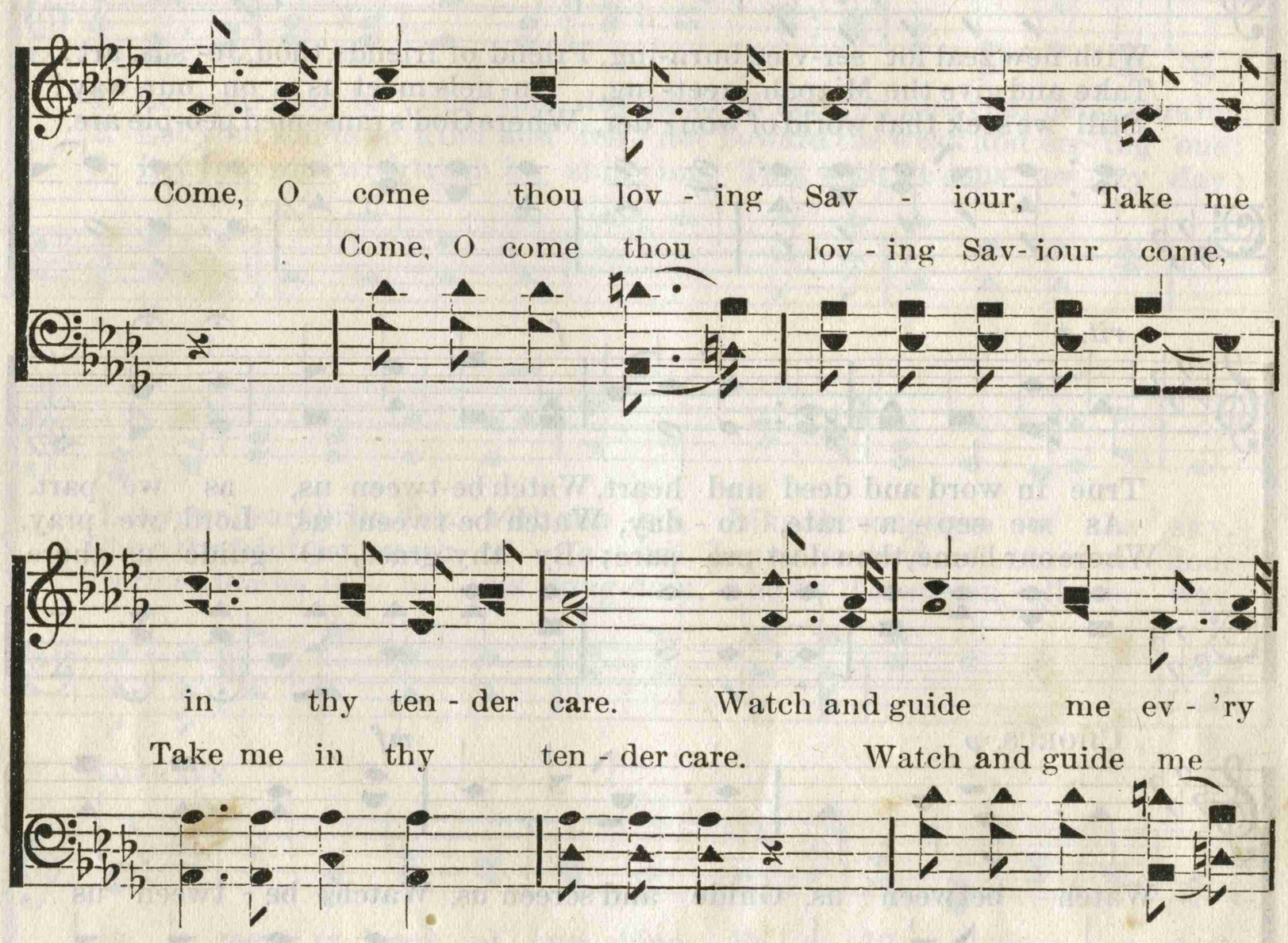


By per. W. L. Thompson, & The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

Every Hour I Need Thy Blessing. Concluded.

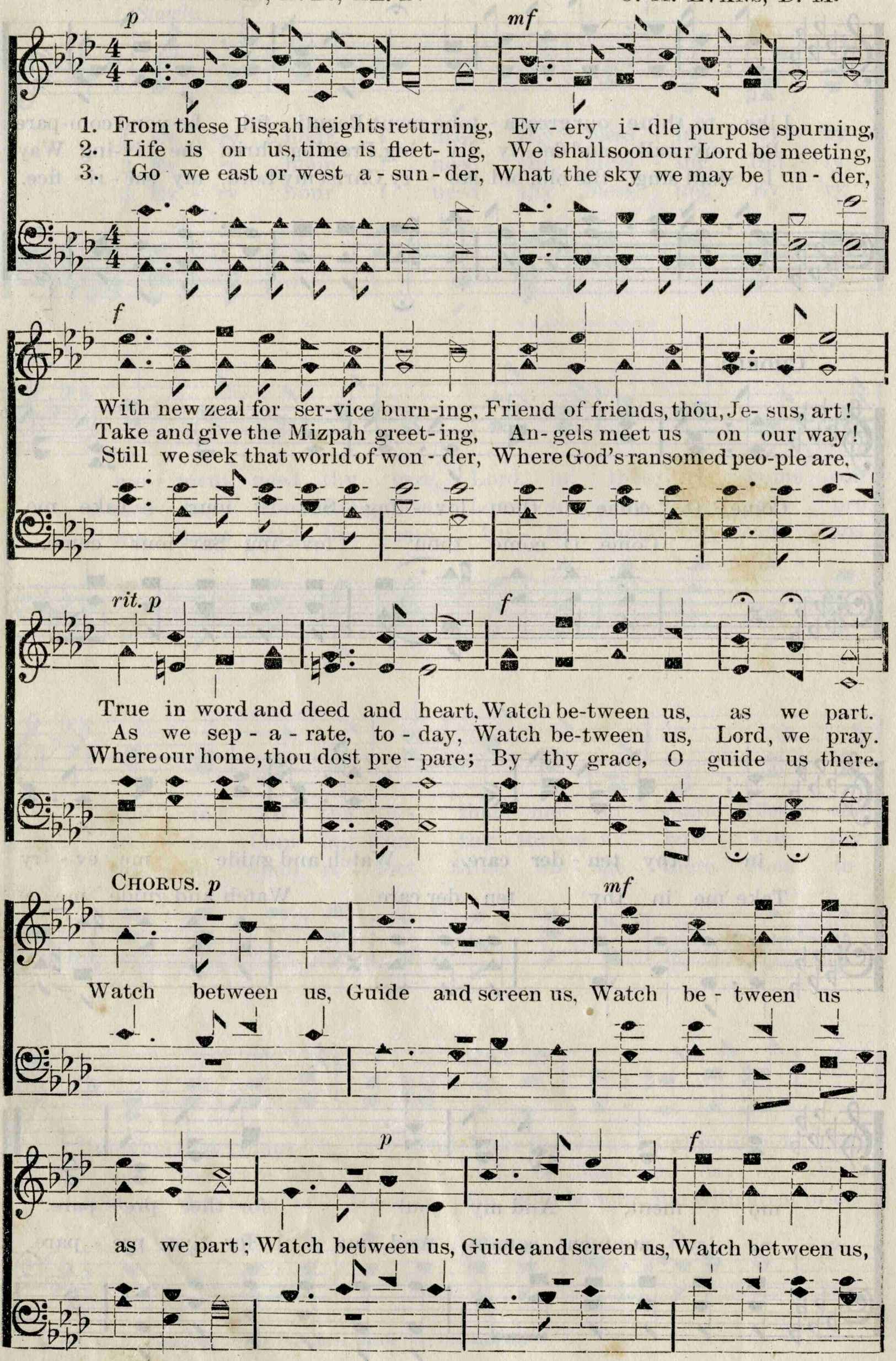


CHORUS.



No. 252. THE MIZPAH FAREWELL GREETING.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. O. H. EVANS, D. M.



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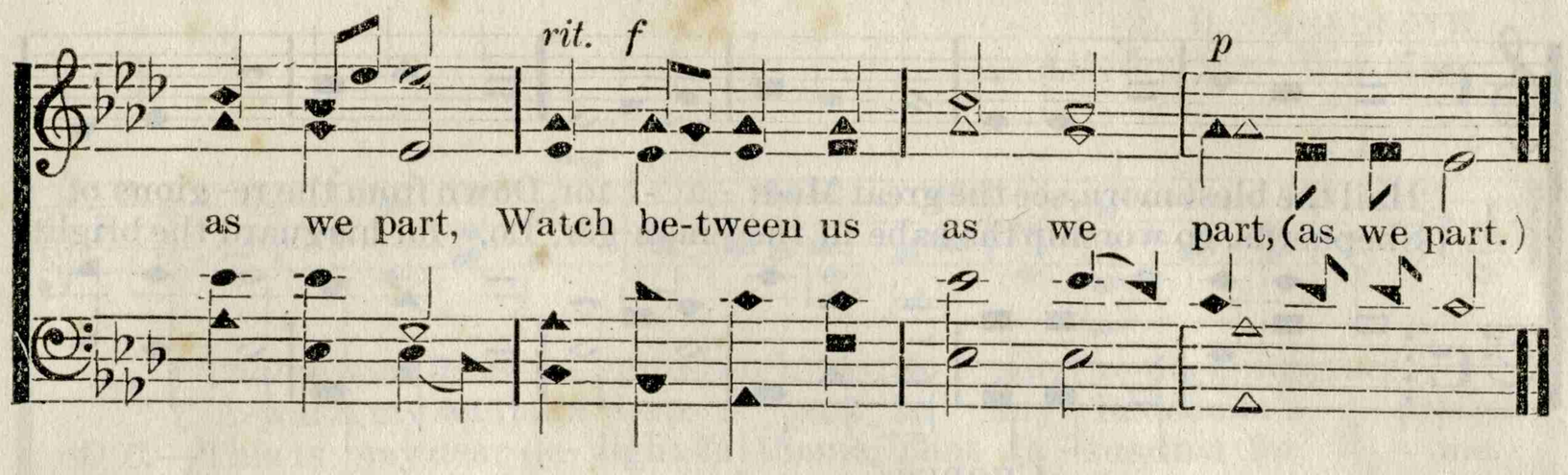
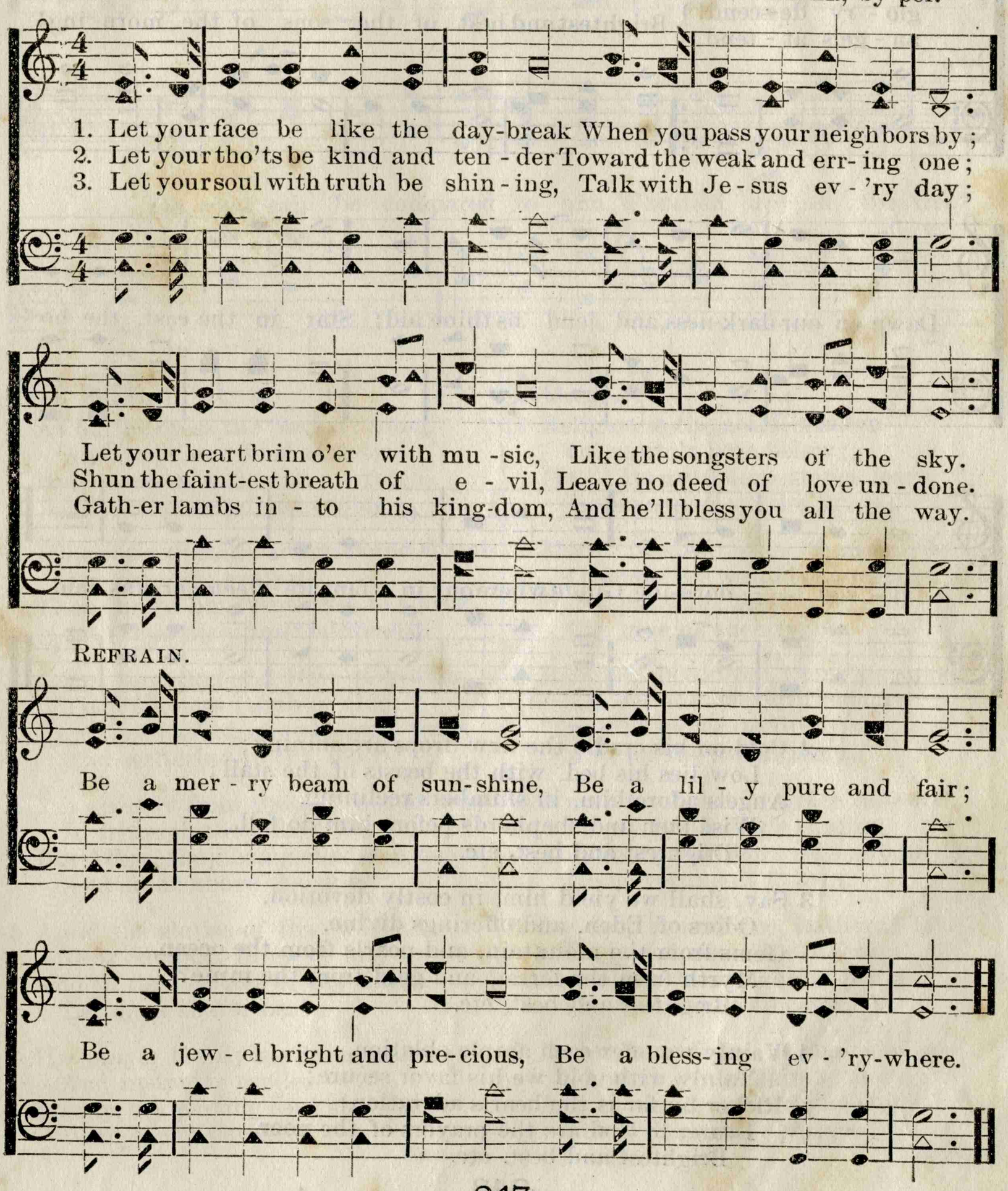
The Mizpah Farewell Greeting. Concluded.

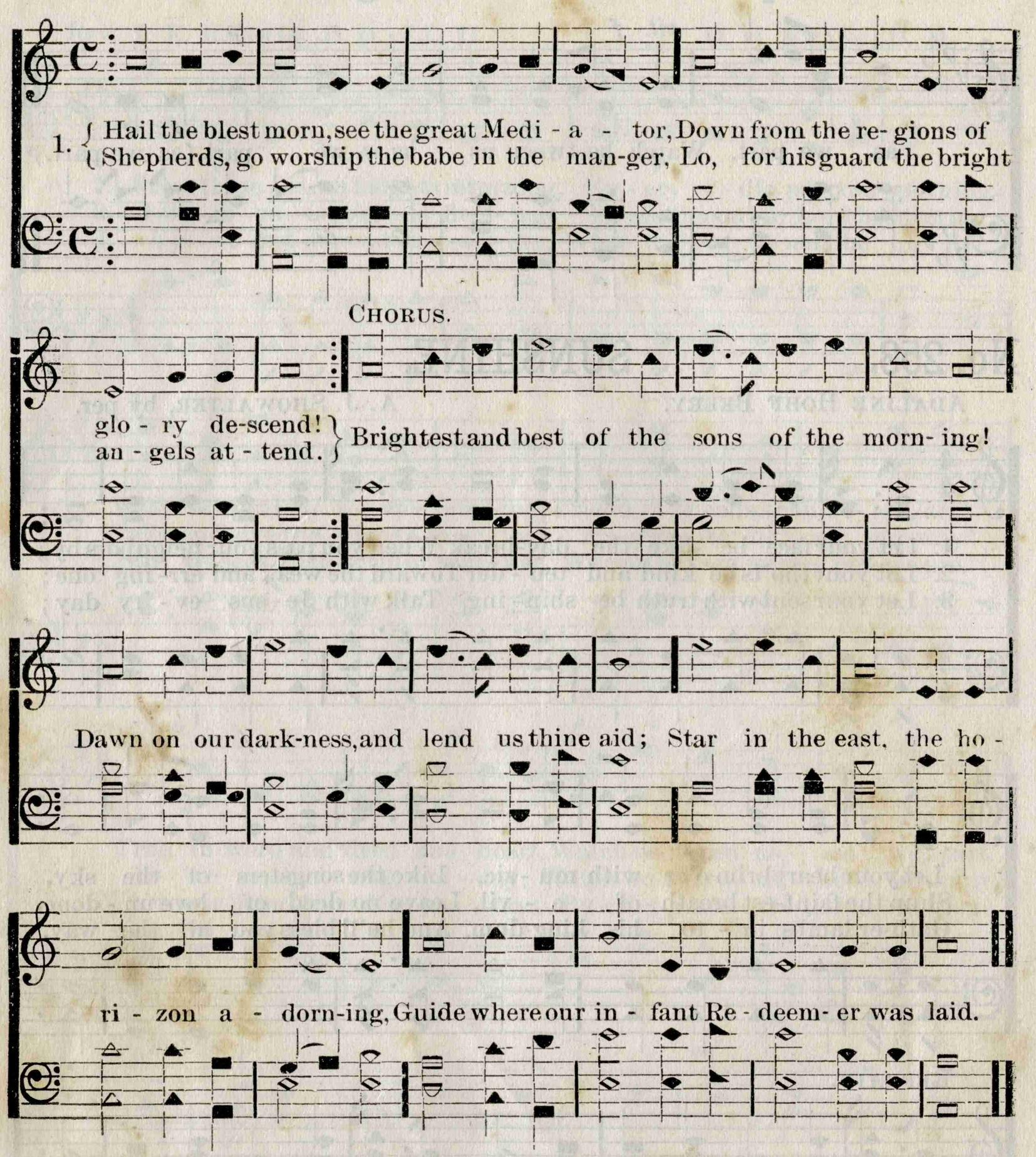


No. 253. SUNSHINE.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



No. 254. STAR IN THE EAST. 10, 11.



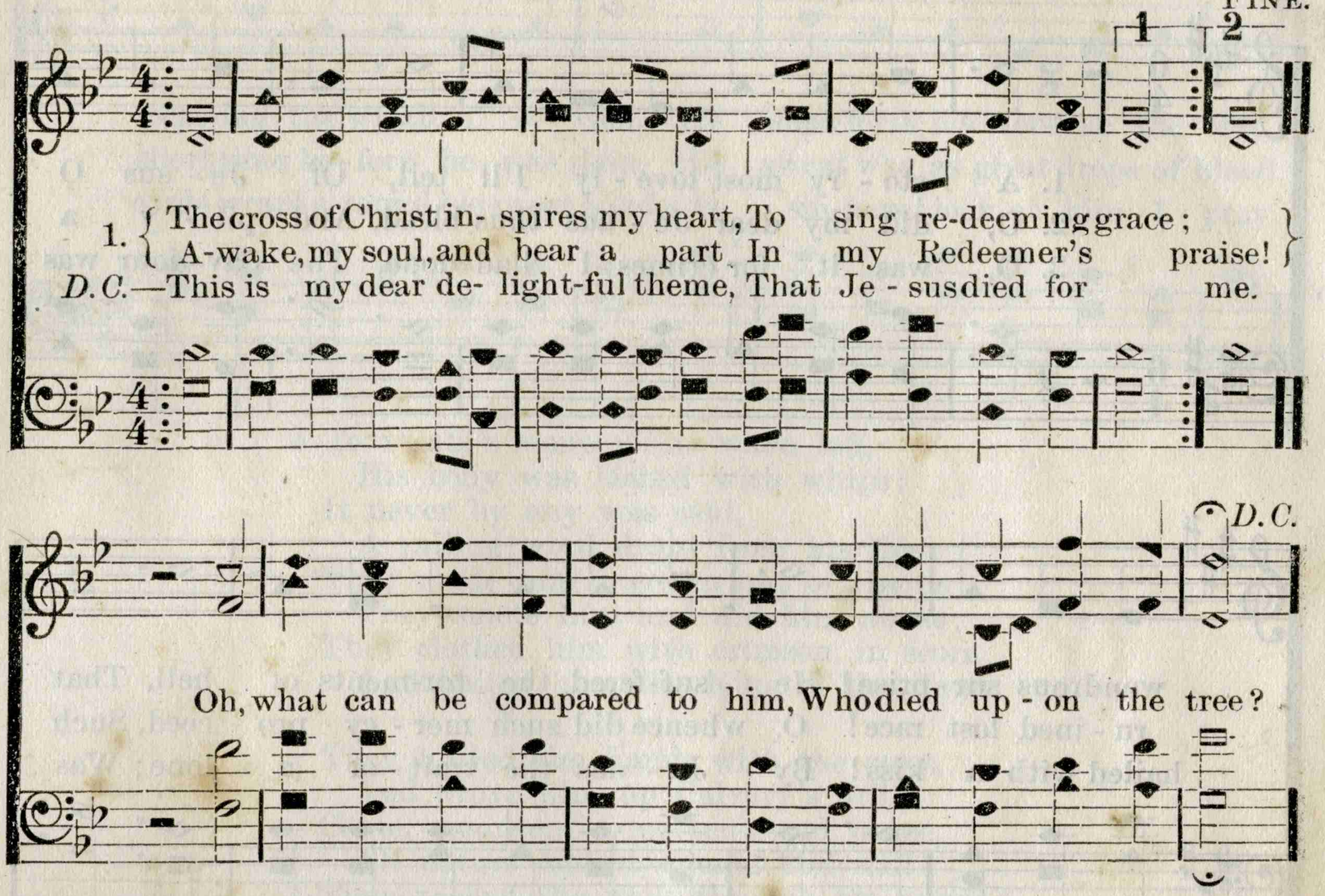
2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.
Brightest and best, etc.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Brightest and best, etc.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favor secure;
Richer by far is the hearts adoration:
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Brightest and best, etc.

No. 255. THE CROSS OF CHRIST. C. M. 8 lines.

L. P. Breedlove.
Alto by Wm. Walker.



No. 256. C. M.

1 As on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side.

2 His crimes with inward grief and shame
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed.

3 Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God,
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in thy blood.

4 Yet quickly from these scenes of woe
In triumph thou shalt rise,
Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think of me,
And in the vict'ries of thy death,
Let me a sharer be.

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies—
To-day thy parting soul shall be
With Me in paradise.

Stennett.

No. 257. C. M.

1 Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtues know.

2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or ought the world bestows;
Not reputation, food or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith and love
Be joined with Godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days,
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

Fawcett.

No. 258. THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. 8s.

WM. WALKER.

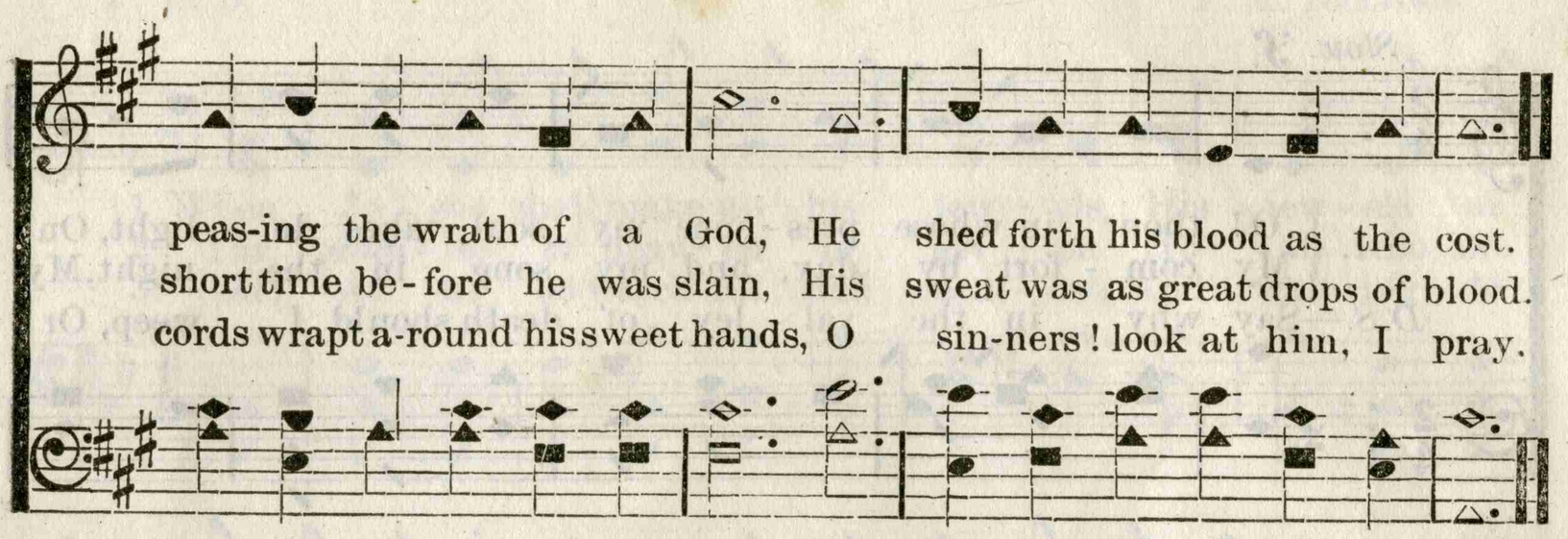
1. A sto - ry most love - ly I'll tell, Of Je - sus O
2. O, did my dear Je - sus thus bleed, And pit - y a
3. O, was it for crimes I had done, The Sav - iour was

wondrous sur - prise! He suf-fered the tor-ments of hell, That
ru - ined lost race! O, whence did such mer - cy pro - ceed, Such
hailed with a kiss! By Ju - das the trait - or a - lone; Was

sin-ners, vile sin-ners might rise: He left his ex - alt - ed a -
boundless compass - ion and grace! His bo - dy bore anguish and
ev - er com-pass-ion like this? The ruf-fians all joined in a

bode, When man by trans - gress - ion was lost; Ap -
pain, His spir - it 'most sunk with the load; A
band, Con - fined him and led him a - way, The

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. Concluded.



4 To Pilate's stone pillar when led,
His body was lashed with whips:
It never by any was said,
A railing word dropt from his lips:
They made him a crown out of thorns;
They smote him and did him abuse;
They clothed him with crimson, in scorn,
And hailed him, the King of the Jews.

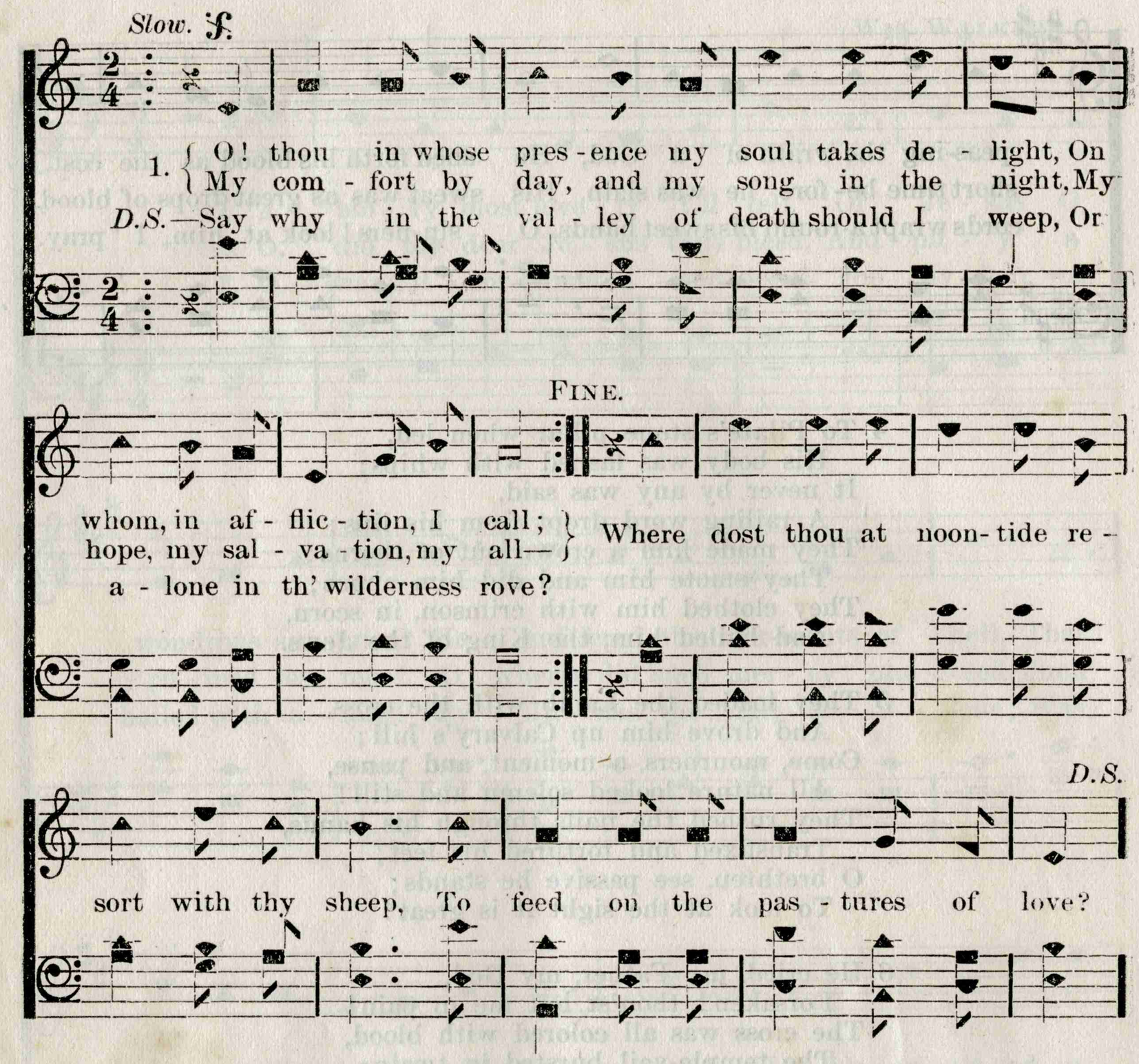
5 They loaded the Lamb with the cross,
And drove him up Calvary's hill;
Come, mourners, a moment, and pause,
All nature looked solemn and still!
They rushed the nails through his hands,
Transfixed and tortured his feet;
O brethren, see passive he stands;
To look at the sight it is great!

6 He cried, my Father, my God,
Forsaken! thou'st left me in pain!
The cross was all colored with blood,
The temple-vail bursted in twain:
He groaned his last and he died,
The sun it refused to shine;
They rushed the spear into his side;
This lovely Redeemer is mine.

7 He fought the hard battle, and won
The victory, and gives it most free:
O Christian! look forward and run,
In hopes that his kingdom you'll see;
When he in the clouds shall appear,
With angels all at his command,
And thousands of Christians be there,
All singing with harps in a band.

8 How pleasant and happy the view!
Enjoying such beams of delight!
His beauty to Christians he'll show,
O Jesus, I long for the sight!
I long to mount up in the skies,
In Paradise make my abode,
And sing of salvation on high,
And rest with a pacified God.

No. 259. SAMANTHRA. 11, 8.



2 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard thro' the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.
His lips as the fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

3 O! why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daughters of Zion declare, have you seen
The Star that on Israel shone? [been,
Say if in your tents my beloved has
And where, with his flock, is he gone?

4 "What is thy Beloved, thou dignified fair?
What excellent beauties has he?
His charms and perfections be pleased to declare, [thee."
That we may embrace him with
This is my Beloved, his form is divine;
His vestments shed odor around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

5 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow [streams,
In the vales, on the banks of the
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence blow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
His voice as the sound of the dulcimer, sweet, [death;
Is heard through the shadows of
The cedars of Labanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

No. 260. BRIGHT JEWELS.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

1 When Je - sus shall make up his jew - els, His jew - els of
2 The prom - ise of heav - en is giv - en To all who are
3 Oh! let us be watch-ful and earn - est, And wait - ing to

right-eous re - nown, I won - der how ma - ny now sing - ing Will
faith - ful and true, To all who o - bey his commandments: Can
wel-come our Lord; 'Tis on - ly to such at his com - ing, He

CHORUS.

shine as bright stars in his crown? } Bright jew - - els, bright
this be said tru - ly of you?
giv - eth the fi - nal re - ward. } Bright jew - els of worth, bright

jew - - els, Tho' claim - ing no earth - ly re - nown; Bright
jew - els of worth,

jew - - els, bright jew - - els, To shine in the Sav - iour's crown.
jew - els of worth, bright jewels of worth,

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No. 261. DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

Arr. by D. W. McDONALD.

1 I saw a way-worn trav'-ler In tat-tered garments clad,
2 The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,
3 The song-sters in the ar-bor That grew be-side the way,
4 I saw him in the even-ing, The sun was bend-ing low,

And strug-gling up the mountain, It seem'd that he was sad;
His gar-ments worn and dust-y, His step seem'd ver-y slow;
At-tract-ed his at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay:
Had o-vertopped the mountain And reached the vale be-low:

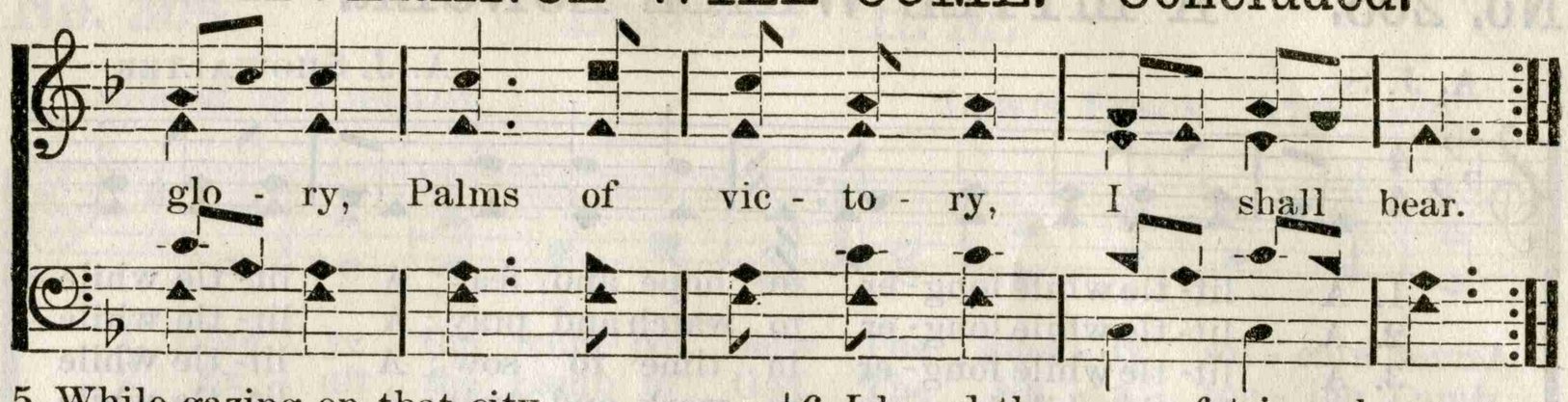
His back was la-den heav-y, His strength was al-most gone,
But he kept press-ing on-ward, For he was wend-ing home;
His watch-word be-ing "On-ward" He stopped his ears and ran,
He saw the gold-en cit-y, His ev-er-last-ing home,

Yet he shout-ed as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
Still shout-ing as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
Still shout-ing as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
And shout-ed loud ho-san-na! De-liv-er-ance will come.

CHORUS.

Then palms of vic-to-ry, Crowns of

DELIVERANCE WILL COME. Concluded.



5 While gazing on that city
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions,
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come.—CHO.

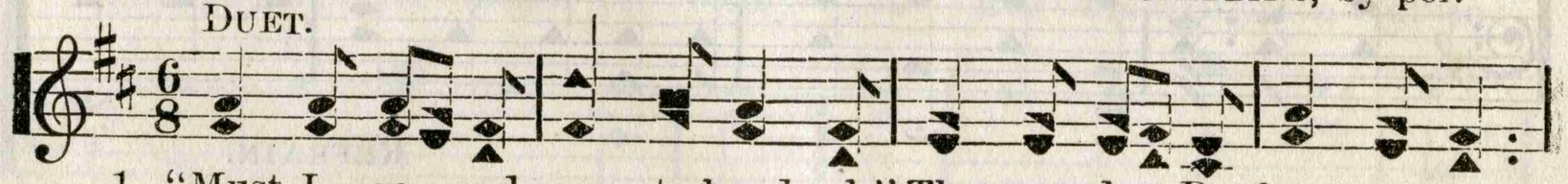
6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
To suffer nevermore:
Then casting his eyes backward,
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud hosanna!
Deliverance has come.—CHO.

No. 262. MUST I GO EMPTY-HANDED?

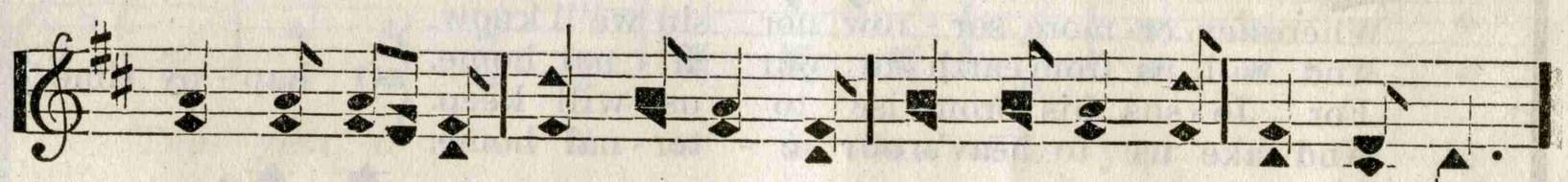
After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly thirty years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed, "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go empty-handed?*

C. C. LUTHER. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

DUET.

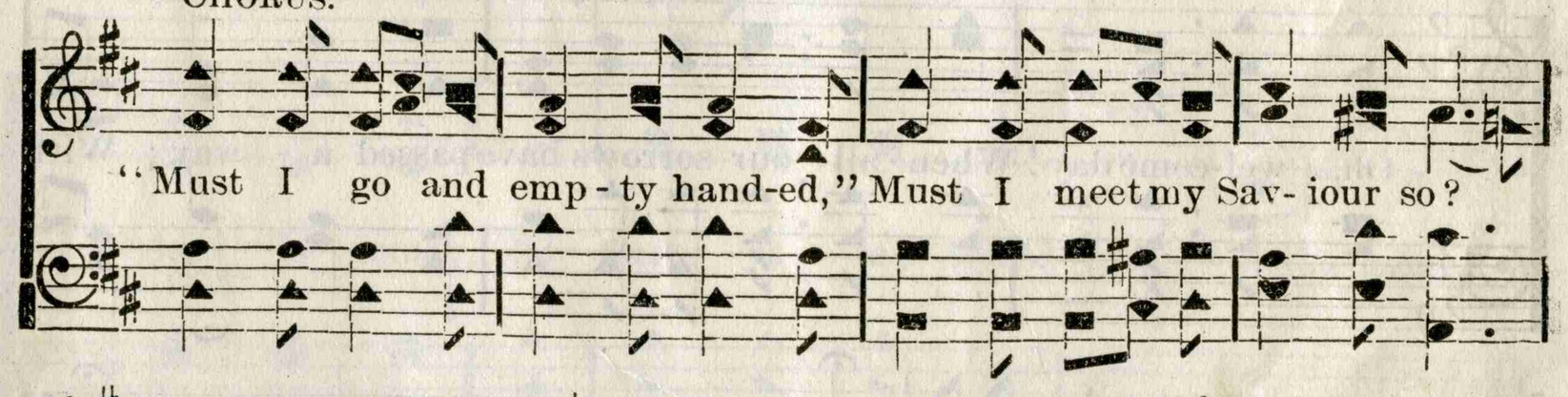


1. "Must I go and emp - ty hand- ed," Thus my dear Re- deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav-iour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin - ning wast-ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a- rouse, be earn - est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,

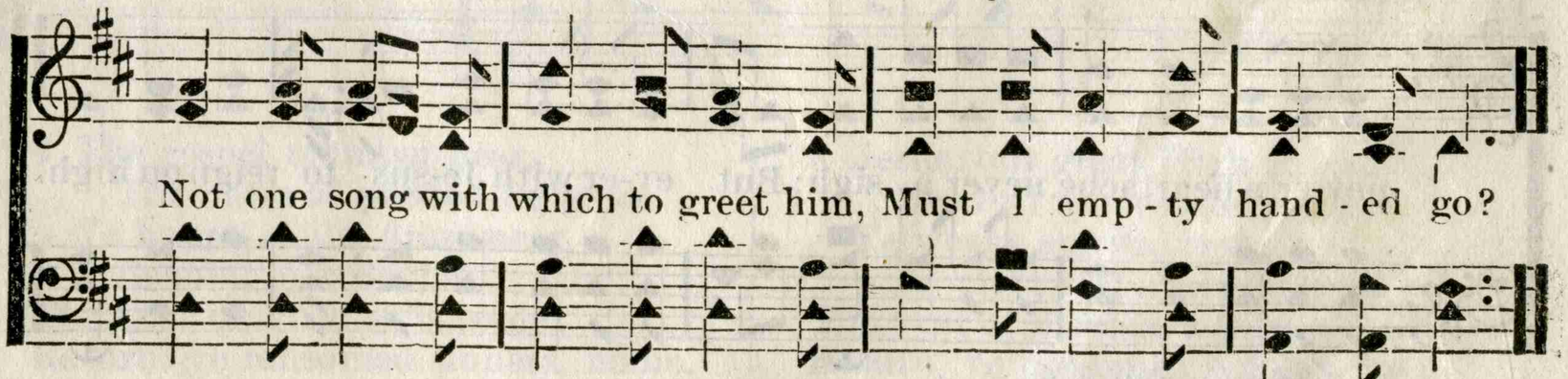


Not one day of ser - vice give him, Lay no tro - phy at his feet.
But to meet him emp - ty hand- ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to his ser - vice, To his will I'd glad - ly bow.
E'er the night of death o'ertakes thee, Strive for peace while still you may.

CHORUS.



"Must I go and emp - ty hand-ed," Must I meet my Sav- iour so?



Not one song with which to greet him, Must I emp - ty hand - ed go?

No. 263. A LITTLE WHILE LONGER.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. A lit- tle while long- er to hope and fear; A lit- tle while
2. A lit- tle while long- er to watch and pray; A lit- tle while
3. A lit- tle while long- er in time to sow; A lit- tle while
4. A lit- tle while long- er to work and wait; A lit- tle while

long- er a stran- ger here; And then to that hap- py land we'll go,
long- er from heav'n to stay; And then the pale mes- sen- ger will come,
long- er life's ills to know; And then the re- ward for all we'll reap.
long- er this low es- tate; And then the dear Lord him-self will come,

REFRAIN.

Where nev- er- more sor- row nor sin we'll know.
And call us from earth to our fi- nal home.
For Je- sus his prom- ise to us will keep.
And take us to heav'n our e- ter- nal home.
} O hap- py time!

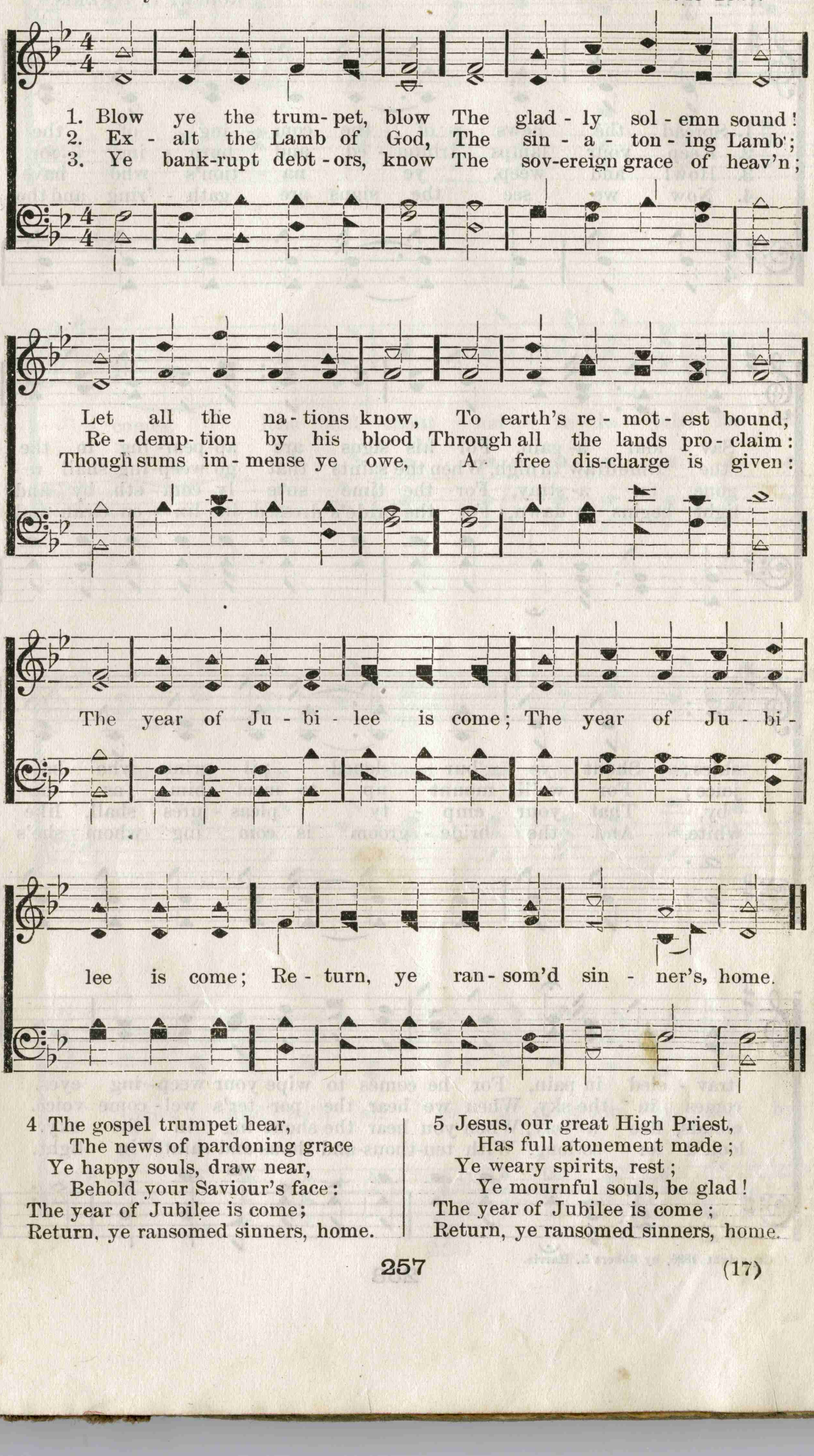
Oh, wel-come day! When all our sorrows have passed a- way; With

nev-er a heartache, never a sigh; But ev-er with Je-sus to reign on high.

Copyright, 1891, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 264. LENOX. H. M.

Altered by TOPLADY. LEWIS EDSON. 1748–1820.



4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

No. 265. JESUS IS COMING.

R. L. H. ROBERT L. HARRIS.

1. Spread the news of the com - ing of the
2. Keep your lamps trimm - ed and burn - ing, for
3. Howl and weep, ye na - tion's who have
4. Now we see the signs are gath - 'ring and the

Sav - iour a- gain, For his signs are ap- pear- ing in the
the time draw'th nigh, When the saints that go weep- ing shall re -
gone far a- stray, For the time sure - ly com - eth by and
light begins to dawn, For the bride's dressed in lin - en clean and

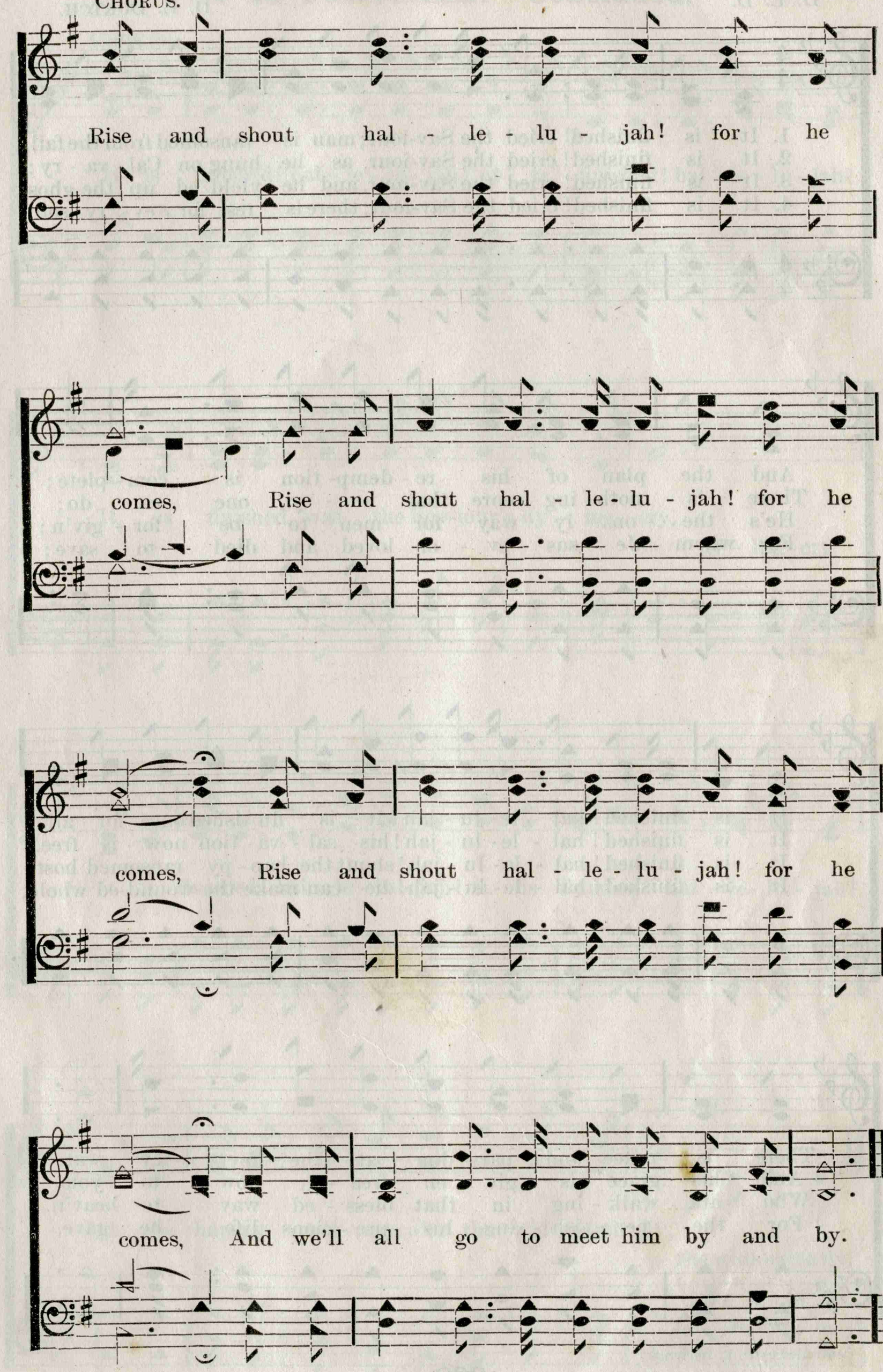
skies; Shout ye bur - dened pil - grims who have
joice; For we'll mount up to meet him as he
by, That your emp - ty pleas - ures shall, like
white, And the bride - groom is com - ing whom she's

trav - eled in pain, For he comes to wipe your weep- ing eyes.
comes in the sky, When we hear the por- ter's wel - come voice.
clouds, flee a- way, When you hear the shout- ing in the sky.
look'd for so long, With ten-thous-and thous-and saints in light.

Copyright, 1890, by Robert L. Harris.

JESUS IS COMING. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 266. IT IS FINISHED.

D. E. D. D. E. Dortch.

1. It is finished! cried the Sav-iour; man is ransomed from the fall,
2. It is finished! cried the Sav-iour, as he hung on Cal - va - ry;
3. It is finished! cried the Sav-iour, and he yield-ed up the ghost;
4. It is finished! cried the Sav-iour; there is rest for ev - 'ry soul,

And the plan of his re - demp- tion is com - plete;
There is noth - ing more that an - y one can do;
He's the on - ly way for men to be for - giv'n;
For whom Je - sus ev - er loved and died to save;

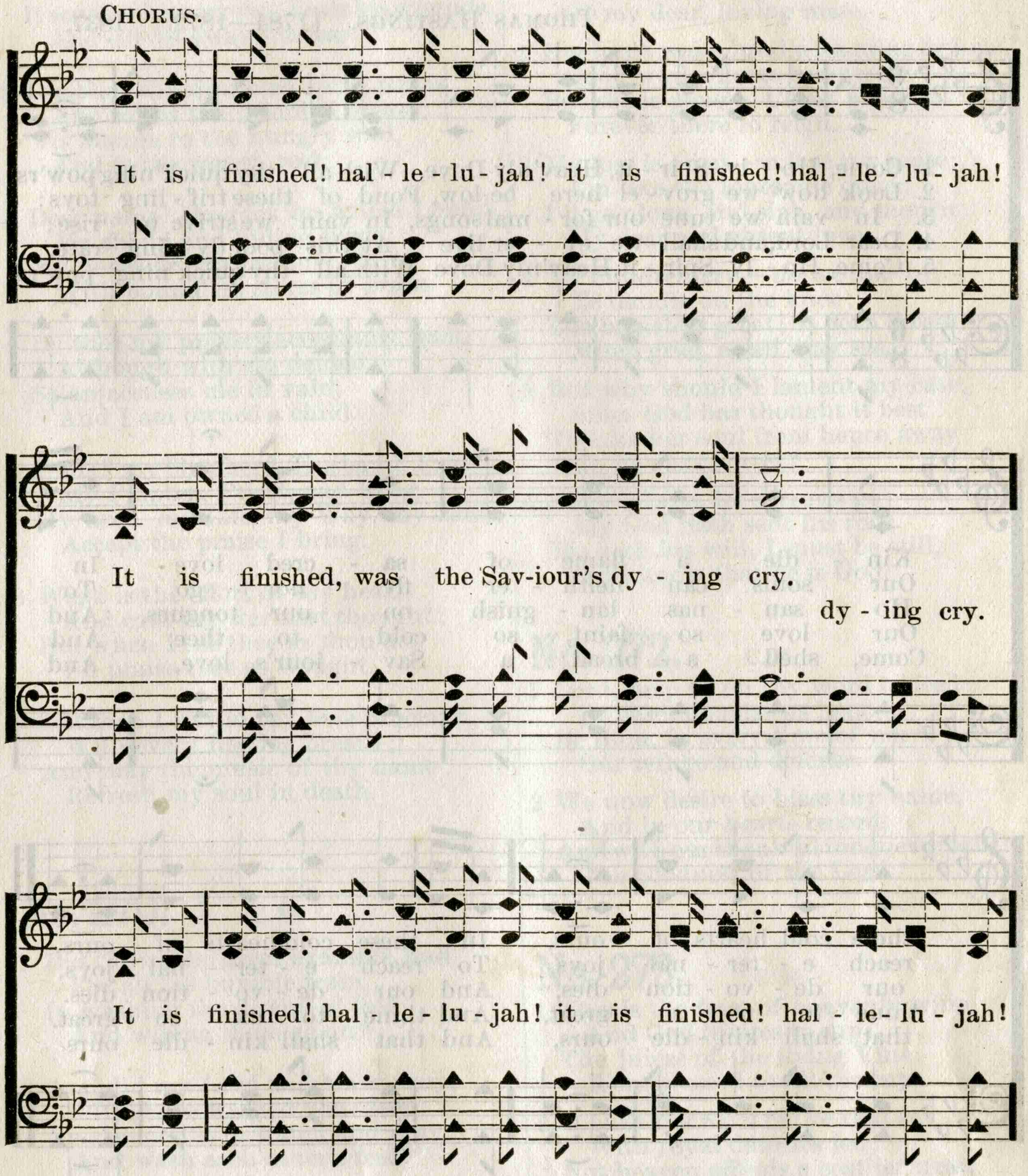
It is finished! hal - le - lu - jah! it is fin- ished once for all,
It is finished! hal - le - lu - jah! his sal - va - tion now is free,
It is finished! hal - le - lu - jah! shout the hap - py ransomed host,
It is finished! hal - le - lu - jah! he can make the wound-ed whole;

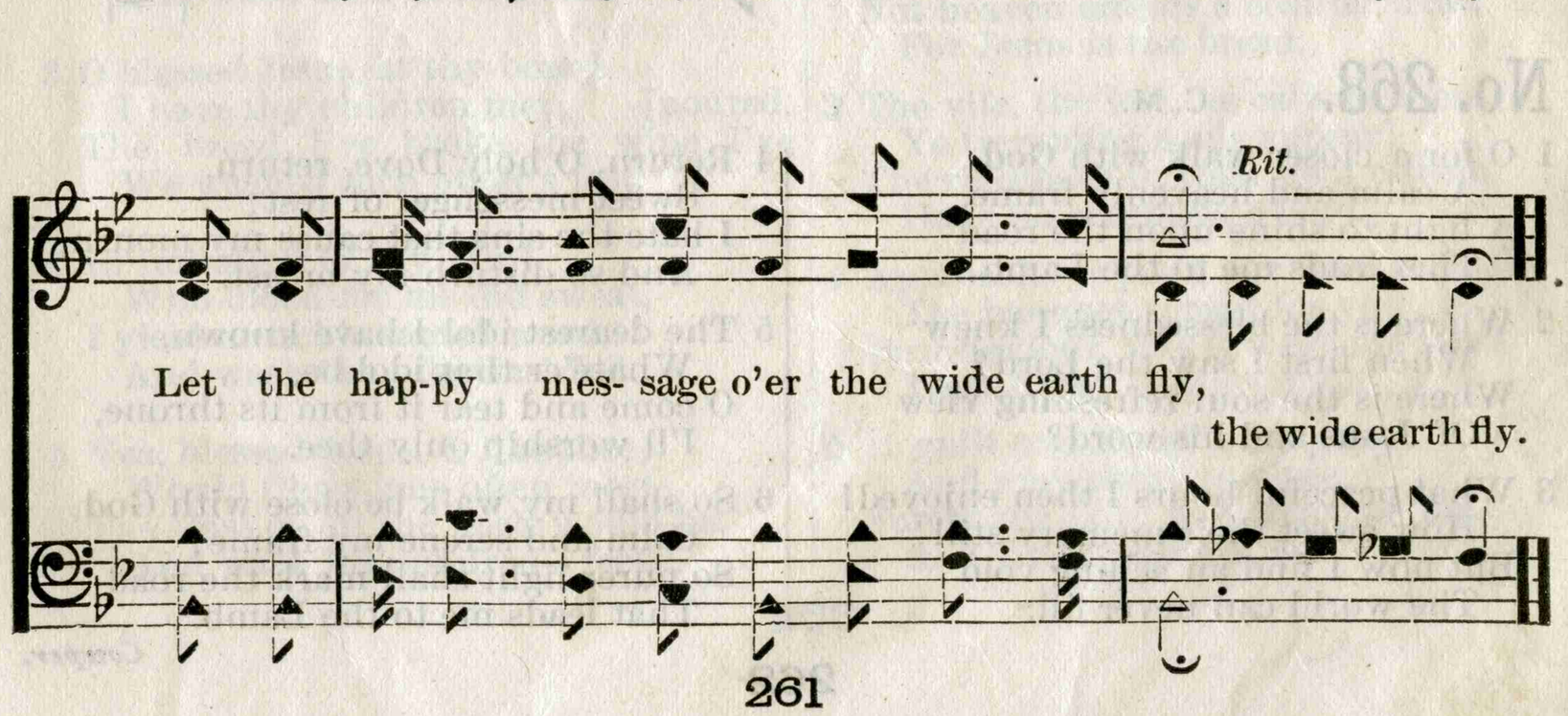
There is peace and par - don at the mer - cy seat.
And his grace is giv - en free - ly now to you.
Who are walk - ing in that bless - ed way to heav'n.
For the per - ish - ing his pre - cious life he gave.

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

IT IS FINISHED. Concluded.

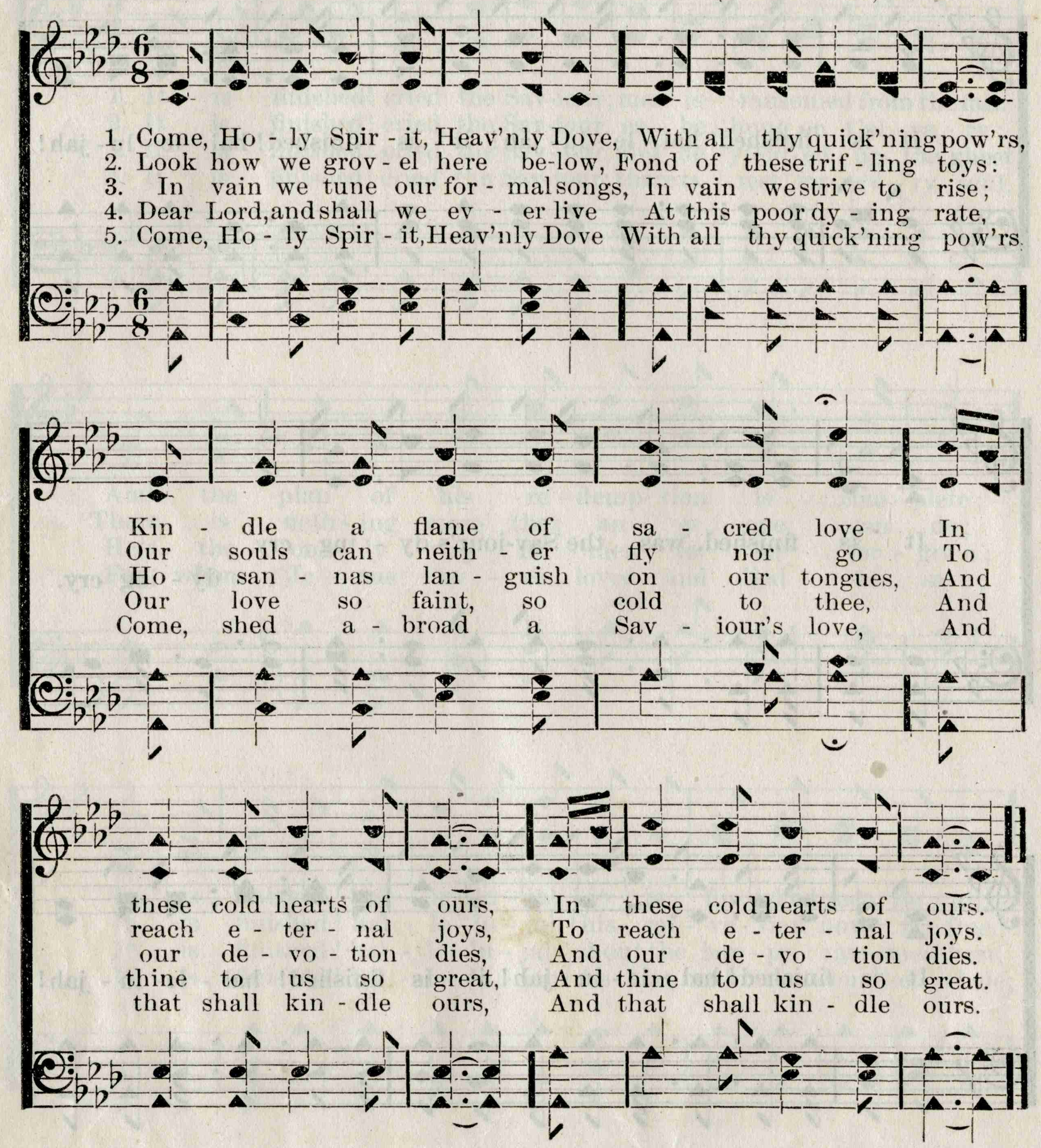
CHORUS.





No. 267. ORTONVILLE.

THOMAS HASTINGS. (1784—1872.) 1837.



No. 268. C. M.

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

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that cause my mourn,
And so disturb my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
O come and tear it from its throne,
I'll worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Cowper.

No. 269. 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 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

7 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

No. 270. C. M.

1 Did Christ the great example lead
For all his humble train,
In washing the disciples' feet,
And wiping them again?

2 And did my Lord and Master say,
"If I have washed your feet,
Ye also ought to watch and pray,
And wash each other's feet?"

3 O blessed Jesus, at thy board
I have thy children met; [poured,
The bread I've broke, the wine I've
We washed each other's feet.

4 In imitation of my Lord,
Who blood for me did sweat,
I yield unto his sacred word,
And wash the pilgrims' feet.

5 Yea, blessed Jesus, I, like thee,
Would Christians often meet;
The least of all the flock would be,
And wash his children's feet.

No. 271. C. M.

1 Come, my dear friends and mourn with me
In my afflicted state;
I am bereaved, as you may see,
Of my dear, loving mate.

2 Her heart was bound with mine by love,
Good works for to maintain:
But she is gone to Christ above,
Forever there to reign.

3 My loss is great—to lose my mate;
I'm like the lonesome dove;
I'll go alone, and sigh, and mourn
My dear and absent love.

4 My children cry,—no mother by,
To dandle on the knee;
The breach is great; it doth create
Much grief, as all may see.

5 But why should I lament my case,
Since God has thought it best
To take her soul from hence away
To its eternal rest?

6 Since it is so, let sorrows go;
My God hath sent his rod;
He doth his will, I must be still,
And know that he is God.

No. 272. C. M.

1 Lord, help us on thy word to feed;
In peace dismiss us hence;
Be thou, in every time of need,
Our refuge and defense.

2 We now desire to bless thy name,
And in our hearts record,
And with our thankful tongues proclaim
The goodness of the Lord.

Hart.

No. 273. C. M.

1 This is the feast of heavenly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living Vine
Were pressed to fill the cup.

2 O bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed:
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

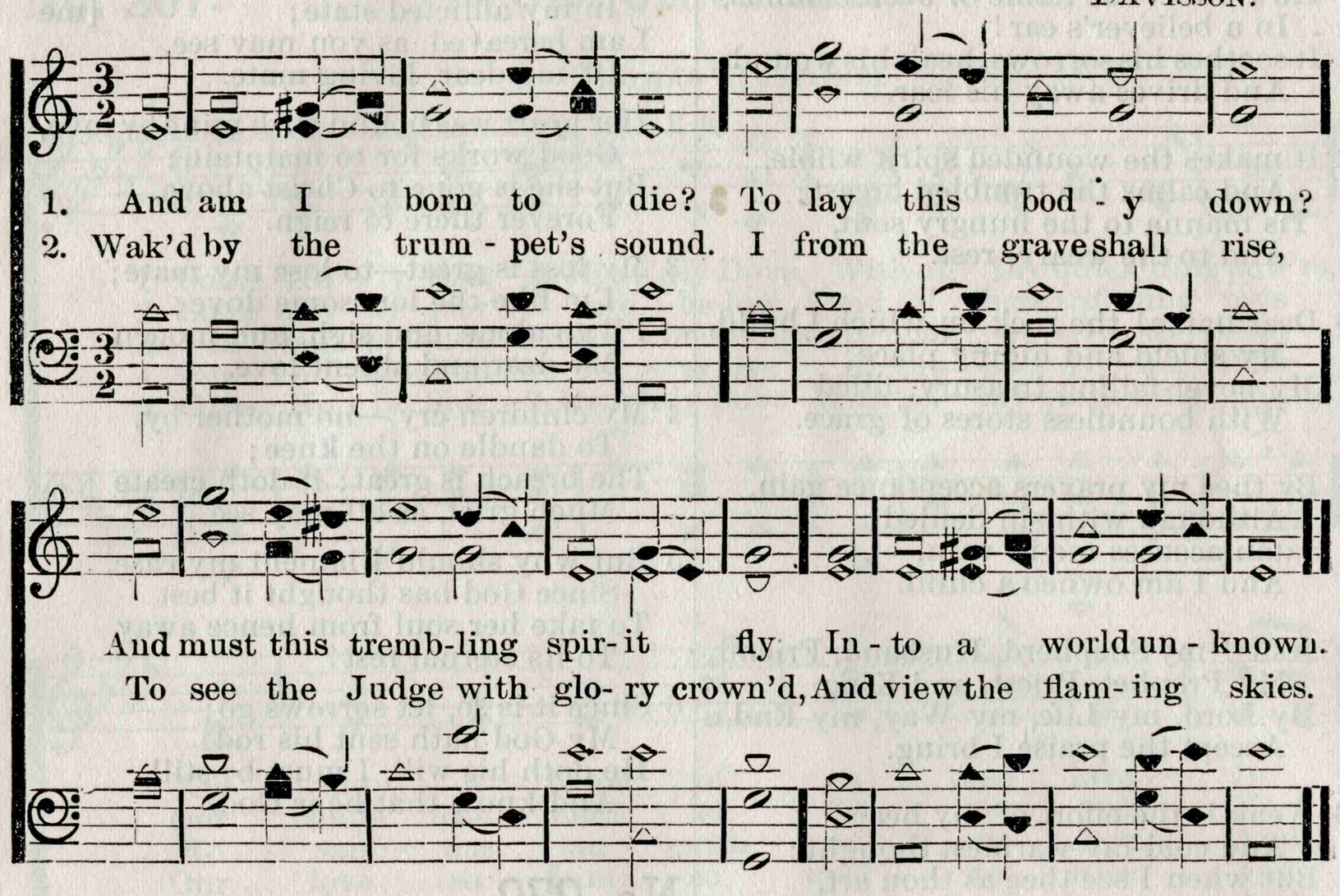
3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
Ye trembling souls appear!
The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news
Then I may venture too.

5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

No. 274. IDUMEA. S. M.

DAVISSON.



3 How shall I leave the tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?

4 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven
Or else depart—to hell.

5 O thou, who wouldst not have
One mourning sinner die;
Who died thyself that soul to save
From endless misery;

6 Show me some way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne
I may with joy appear.

No. 275. S. M.

1 Assist thy servant, Lord,
The gospel to proclaim;
Let power and love attend the word
And every breast inflame.

2 Bid unbelief depart;
With love his soul inflame;
Take full posession of his heart,
And glorify thy name.

3 May stubborn sinners bend
To thy divine control;
Constrain the wandering to attend
And make the wounded whole.

No. 276. S. M.

1 My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call,
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thy embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

3 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

4 Nor earth nor all the skies,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

6 To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

No. 277. S. M.

1 And must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And always from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape and ev'ry face
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' saving love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these, our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

Watts.

No. 278. S. M.

1 Once more before we part
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on and seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.

3 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O, may we reach that blissful state
Where all thy saints are bound.

No. 279. S. M.

1 Hungry, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give:
O, hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

No. 280. S. M.

1 I love my Saviour, God,
Because he first loved me;
Because he shed his precious blood,
To set my spirit free.

2 'Twas love my bosom felt,
And made me wipe mine eyes,
When low before his throne I knelt,
To pour my feeble cries.

3 Touch'd by his dying love,
I melted into grief;
Swift on the wings of love he moved,
And brought me sweet relief.

4 With my whole heart I love
The God that loved and bled;
Who left the shining realms above,
And suffered in my stead.

5 Who can forbear to love
A God so good and kind?
Sure he is worthy to be loved
By me and all mankind.

No. 281. S. M.

1 Prepare me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood;
So shall I lift my head with joy
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known,
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

No. 282. S. M.

1 Down to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led;
And he who came our souls to save,
In Jordan bowed his head.

2 He taught the solemn way,
He fixed the holy rite;
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path in sight.

3 The Holy Ghost came down,
The baptism to approve;
The ordinance of Christ to crown,
And stamp it with his love.

4 Dear Saviour, we will tread
In thine appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

No. 283. C. M.

1 Lord, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire, that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 I, that am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I, that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood!

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 Eat, O my friends, the Saviour cries,
The feast was made for you;
For you I groaned, and bled, and died,
And rose and triumphed too.

5 With trembling faith and bleeding heart
Lord, we accept thy love;
'Tis a rich banquet we have had;
What will it be above!

6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours!

7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

No. 284. C. M.

1 Dear Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round
To come and fill the place.

Newton.

No. 285. C. M.

1 Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

3 Let mockers scoff, let men defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glorify thy name,
And count their slander gain.

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit
And I'll no more repine.

No. 286. S. M.

1 We know that we must die,
O! what a dreadful thought,
That we must in the earth be laid
And there to be forgot.

2 I know my time is short,
My race is almost run,
May I be willing then to go
When e'er the summon comes.

3 Give me thy grace, oh Lord,
Then come that joyful day,
Come Lord, with thy celestial band
And bear my soul away.

4 The Lord has promised us
That we shall live again,
And if we have true faith in Christ,
With him we'll live and reign.

5 Then we shall see his face
And never, never sin,
And from the rivers of his Grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

6 I read his promises,
His words stand firm and sure,
That he'll be with us to the end,
He's made it all secure.

7 I hope to live with him
And view his shining face,
To join with all his saints and sing
His great redeeming Grace.

No. 287. CLOSE TO THEE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. Thou my ev - er- last- ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas- ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad- ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea.

All a - long my pil-grim jour- ney, Sav- iour, let me walk with thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

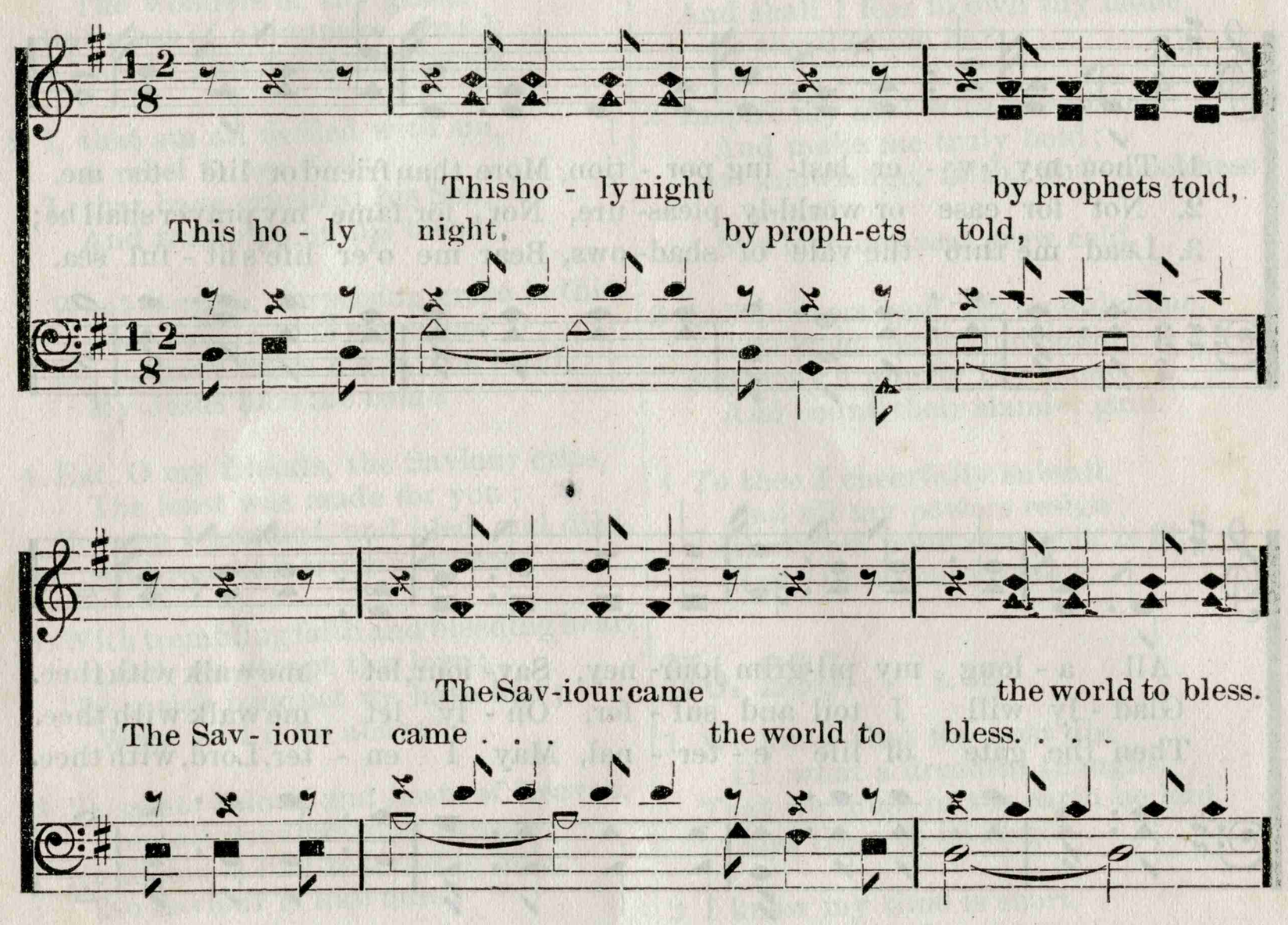
REFRAIN.

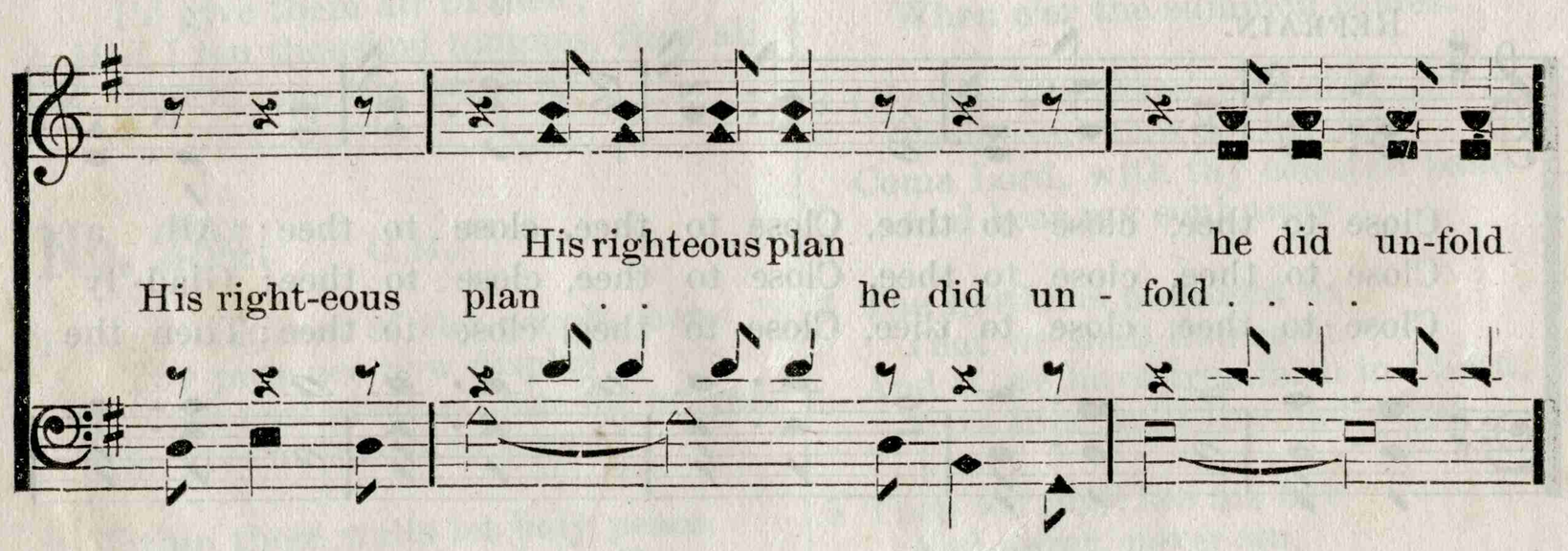
Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee; All a -
Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee; Glad- ly
Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee; Then the

long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav- iour, let me walk with thee.
will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.
gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

No. 288. CHRISTMAS.

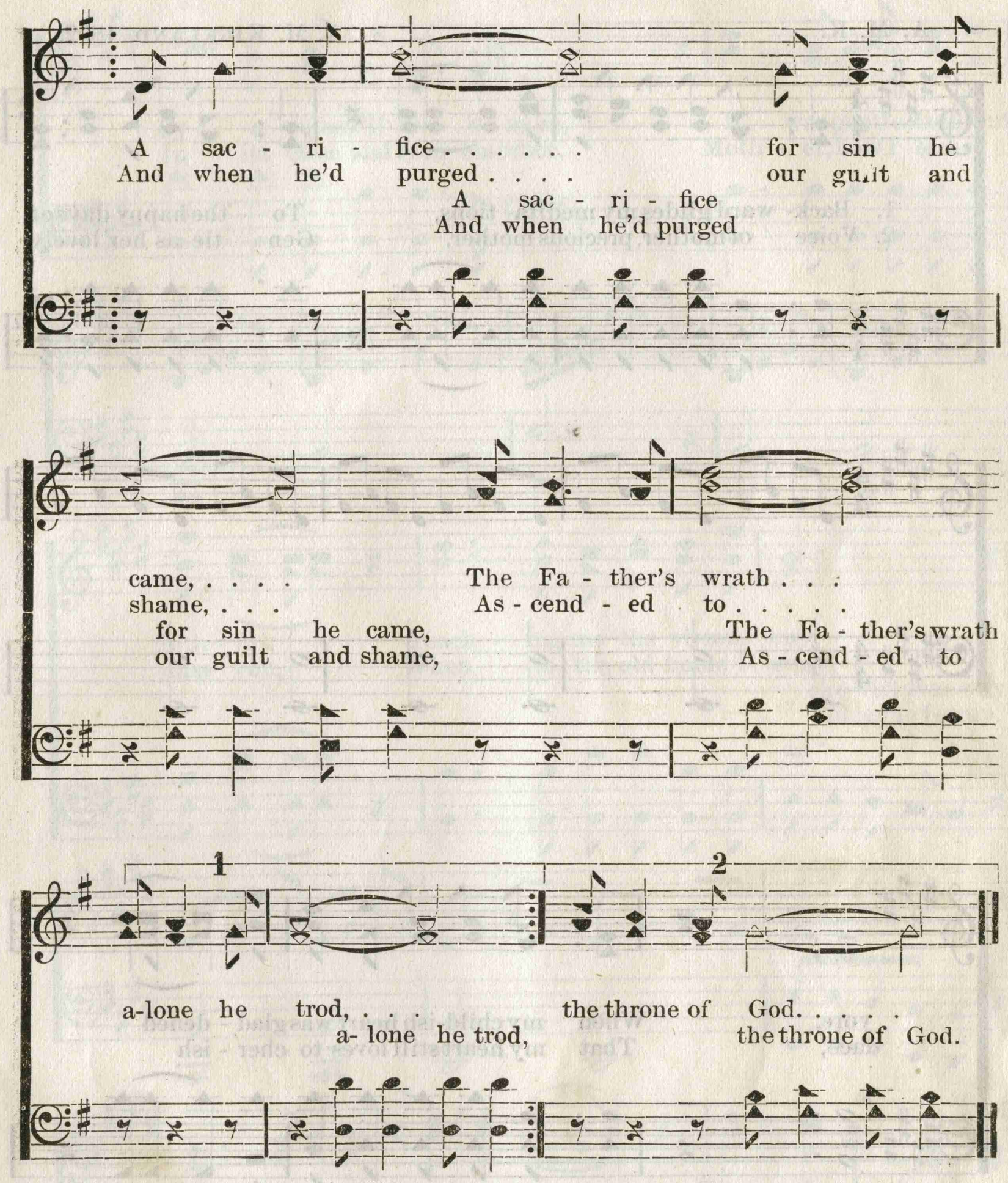
A. M. K. A. M. KIRKLAND, Dec. 1896.





By per. A. M. Kirkland.

CHRISTMAS. Concluded.



By substituting the following words in No 288 it will be suitable for a closing song for school or other societies.

(1st. stanza by A. M. Kirkland, 2d. by O. M. Taylor.)

1 These happy hours so soon are past,
Like morning showers they cannot last,
Unwelcome tears intrusive swell
To know we soon must say farewell,
Farewell! farewell! let music swell,
To cheer our souls and check a sigh.
Unwelcome is the solemn hour
When we must part and say "Good bye."

2 But we must part and say good bye;
The teardrops start, we heave a sigh.
It grieves us so to say farewell
And leave the friends we love so well.
We'll meet again, in heaven above,
Where all is joy and endless love,
And when we meet on that bright shore
We'll live in peace and part no more.

No. 289. MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

A. M. K. A. M. Kirkland, 1892.

1. Back- ward glides my medita- tions, To the happy days of
2. Voice of mother, precious mother, Gen - tle as her lovely

yore, When my child-ish heart was glad - dened
face, That my heart still loves to cher - ish

By per. A. M. Kirkland.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE. Continued.

By a voice I'll hear no more, It was gentle, kind, but
In its close and fond embrace, Moth - er, how I sad-ly

faith - ful,
miss you,

Teach - ing me the virtous way,
When to the old home I stray,
the virtuous way,
old home I stray,

Oft I've heard it for me praying That I ne'er should go a -
But I hope some time to greet you On that great, e-ter- nal

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

stray.
day.

Moth - er, I am sad and lone - ly,

Thy approving smiles I crave,

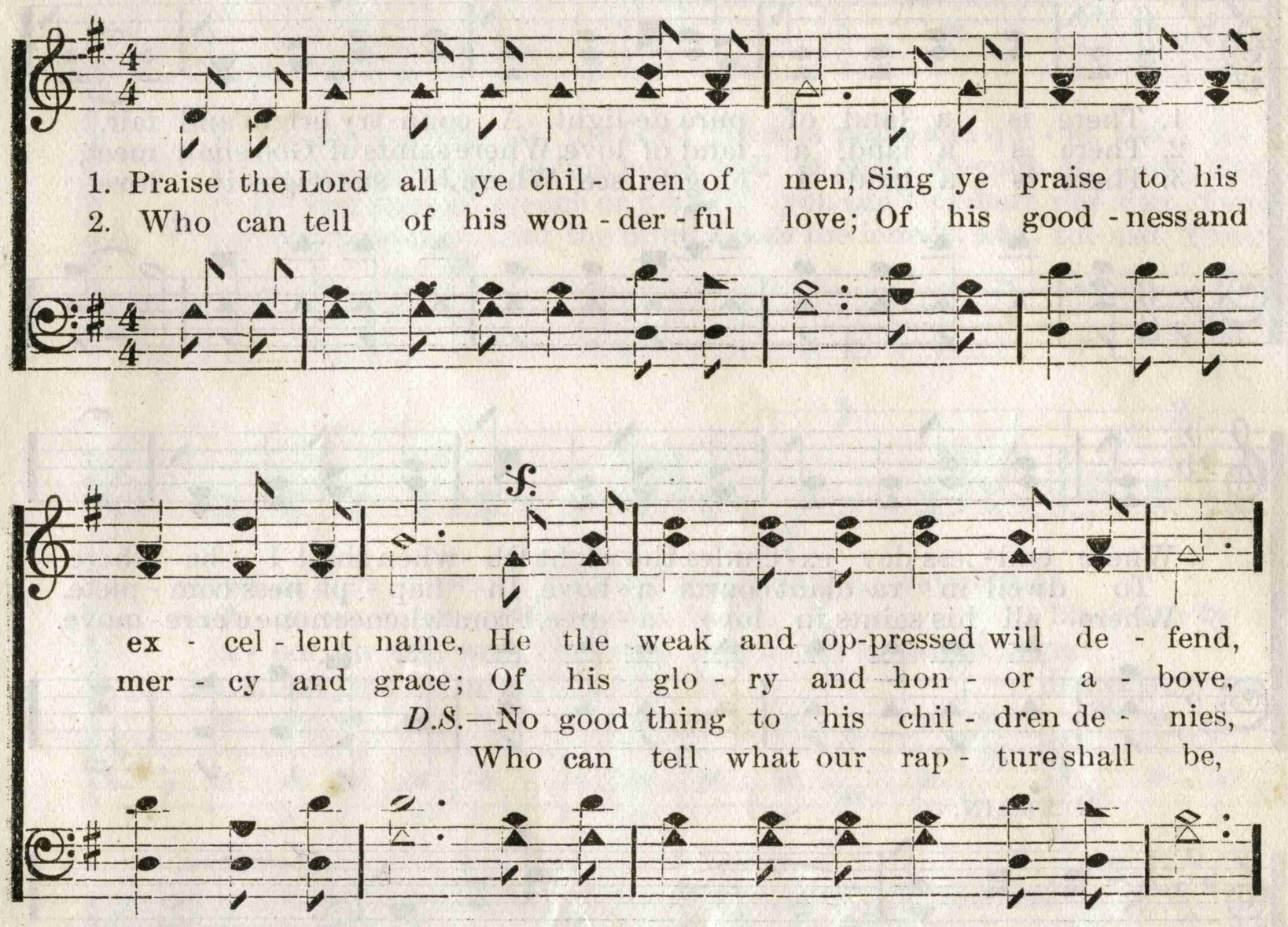
Sweet but solemn mem'ries

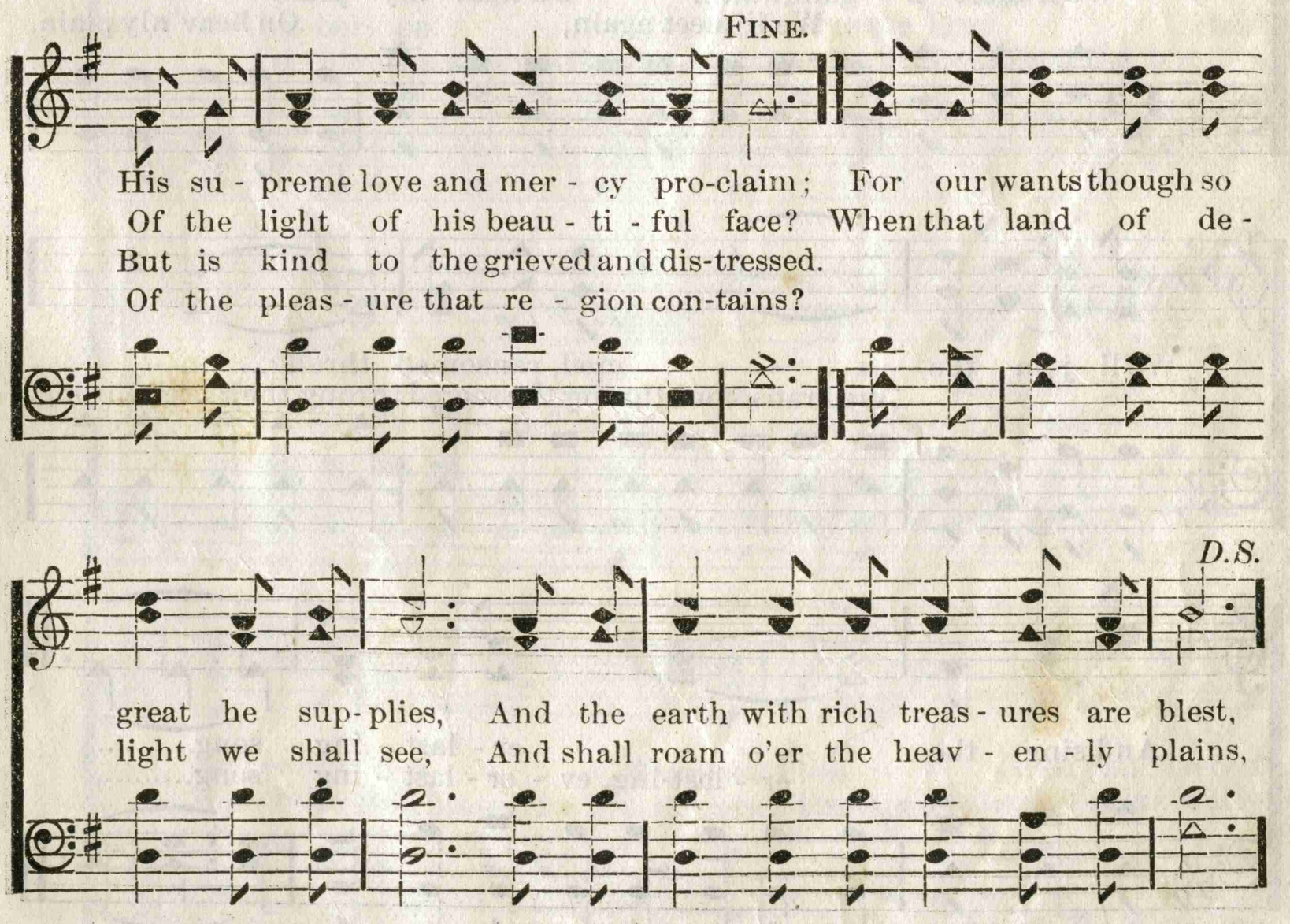
lin - gers,

Clust - ered round thy lone - ly grave.

No. 290. PRAISE THE LORD.

A. M. K. A. M. KIRKLAND, 1896





By per. A. M. Kirkland.

No. 291. THERE IS A LAND.

A. M. K. A. M. KIRKLAND, 1882.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, A coun-try bright and fair,
2. There is a land, a land of love, Where saints of God shall meet,
3. There is a land I long to see, Where Je - sus reigns in love,

Where end-less day ex-cludes the night, Oh when shall I be there.
To dwell in ra-diant courts a-bove, In hap-pi-ness com-plete.
Where all his saints in love a-gree, From whence none e'er re-move.

REFRAIN.

We'll meet a - gain,..... On heav-'nly plain
We'll meet again, On heav'nly plain,

We'll join the sa - - cred, ransomed throng.....
cred ransomed throng, the sacred throng, the sacred throng,

And sing the ev - - - - er - last - ing song.....
er - last-ing, ev - er - last - ing song.....

By per. A. M. Kirkland.

No. 292. IN THE SERVICE OF THE LORD.

A. M. K. A. M. KIRKLAND.

1. In the ser-vice of the Lord There is peace and qui - et rest; He be-
   To his vineyard let me haste And at once en-gage in work; Not an-
2. If you can-not preach or pray, If you can't ex-hort nor sing, There is
   Feed the hungry, lead the blind, Cheer the lone-ly and the sad; Thus you'll

1. stows a rich re- ward; Faithful saints he's al - ways blest.
   oth - er mo-ment waste, Nor the hum - - - - blest du - ty shirk.
2. la - bor on the way, There are com-forts you might bring,
   have that peace of mind, Dis - o - be - - - - - dience nev - er had.

CHORUS.

La- bor on . . . . and serve the Lord, Read and
La - bor on and serve the Lord, and serve the Lord, and serve the Lord, Read and

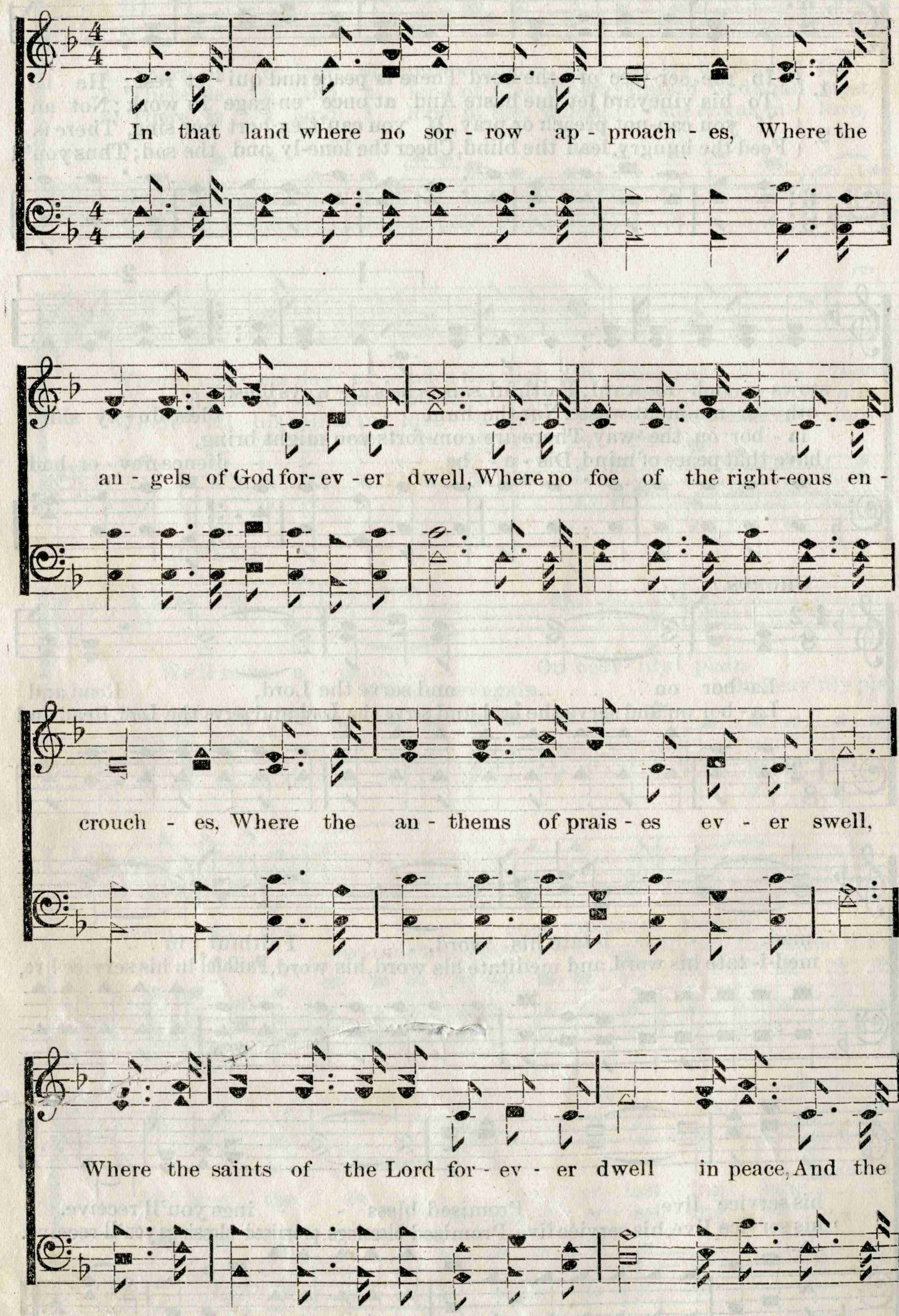
med - - - - i- tate his word, . . Faithful in . . .
med-i- tate his word, and meditate his word, his word, Faithful in his service live,

his service live. . . . Promised bless - - ings you'll receive.
his service live, his service live, Promised blessings, promised blessings you'll receive.

By per. A. M. Kirkland.

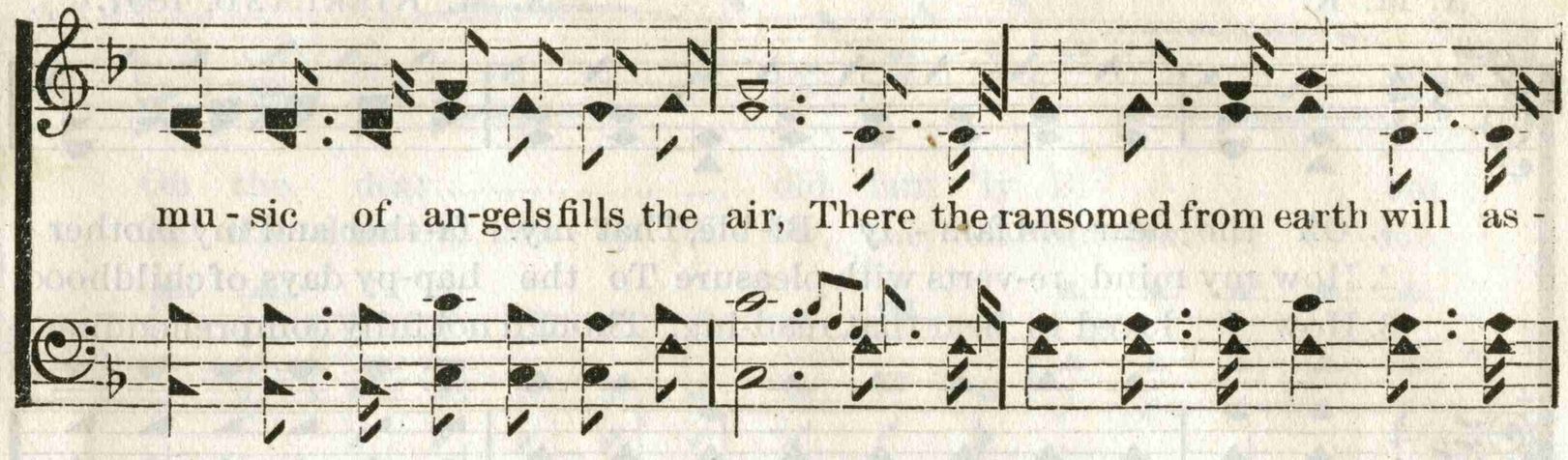
No. 293. IN THAT LAND.

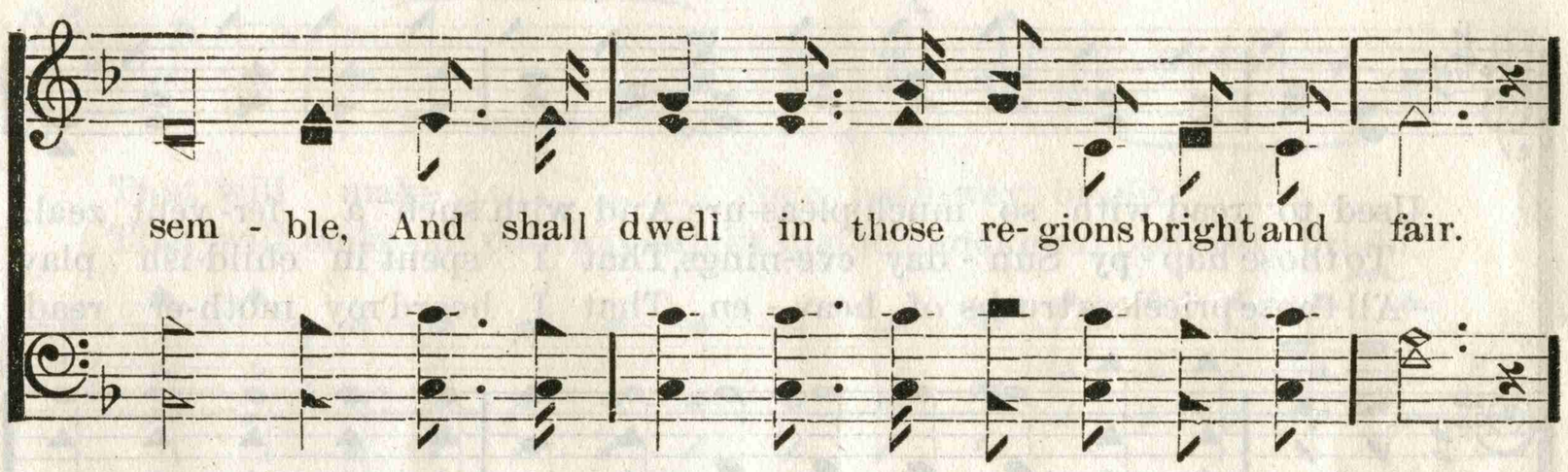
A. M. K. A. M. KIRKLAND, 1897.

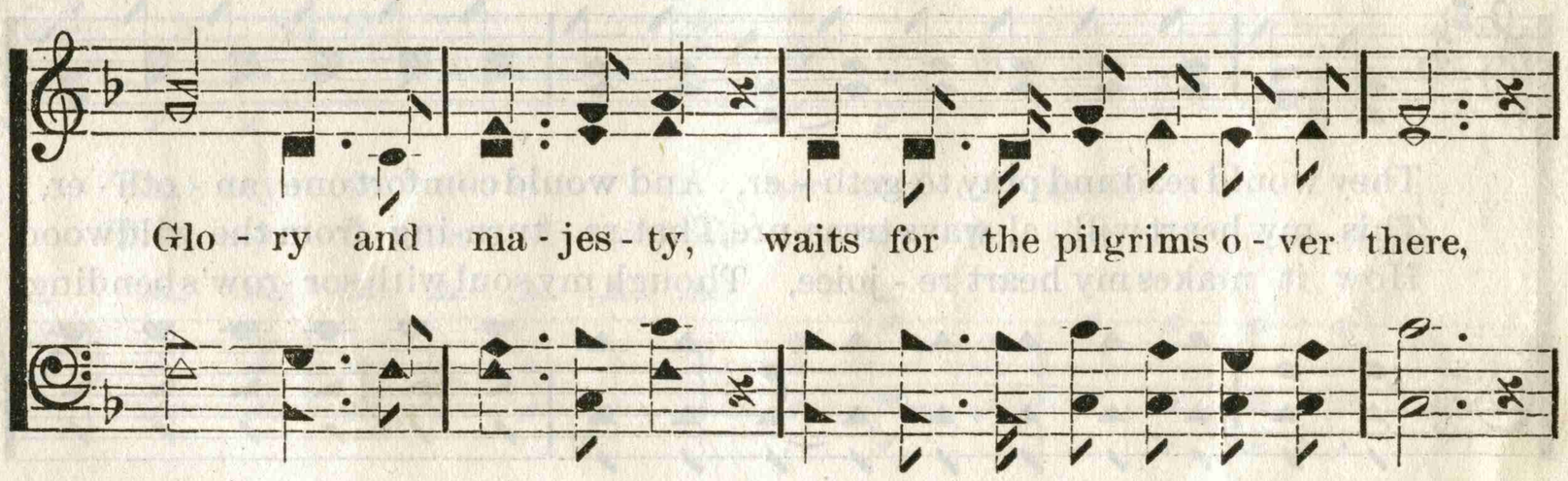


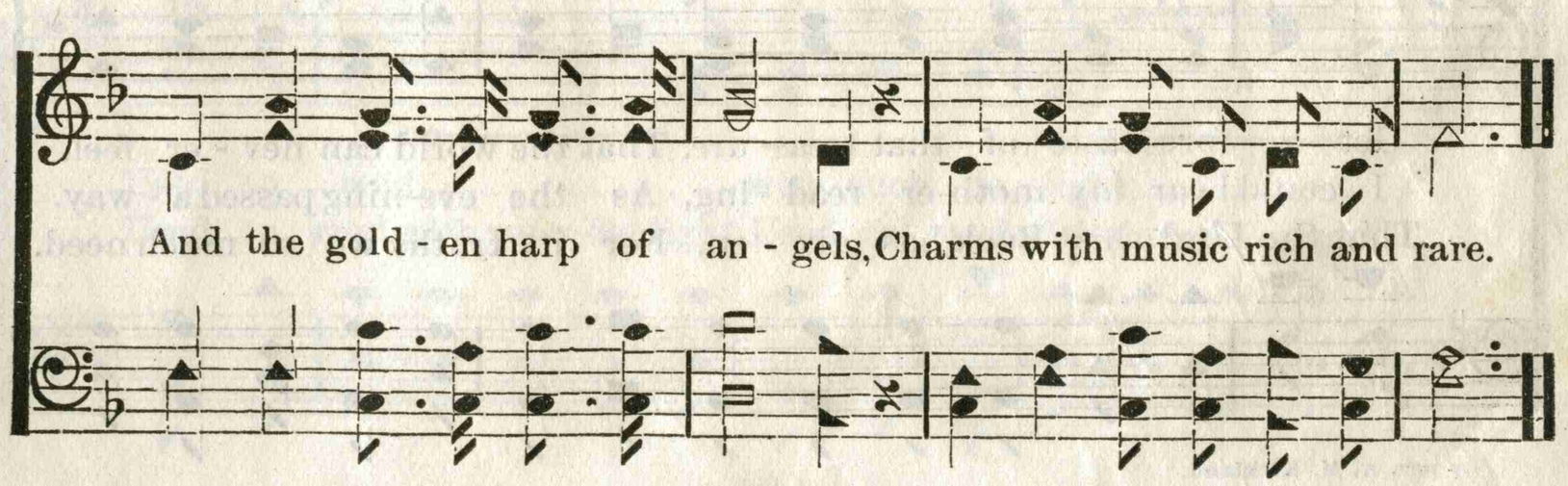
By per. A. M. Kirkland.

IN THAT LAND. Concluded.



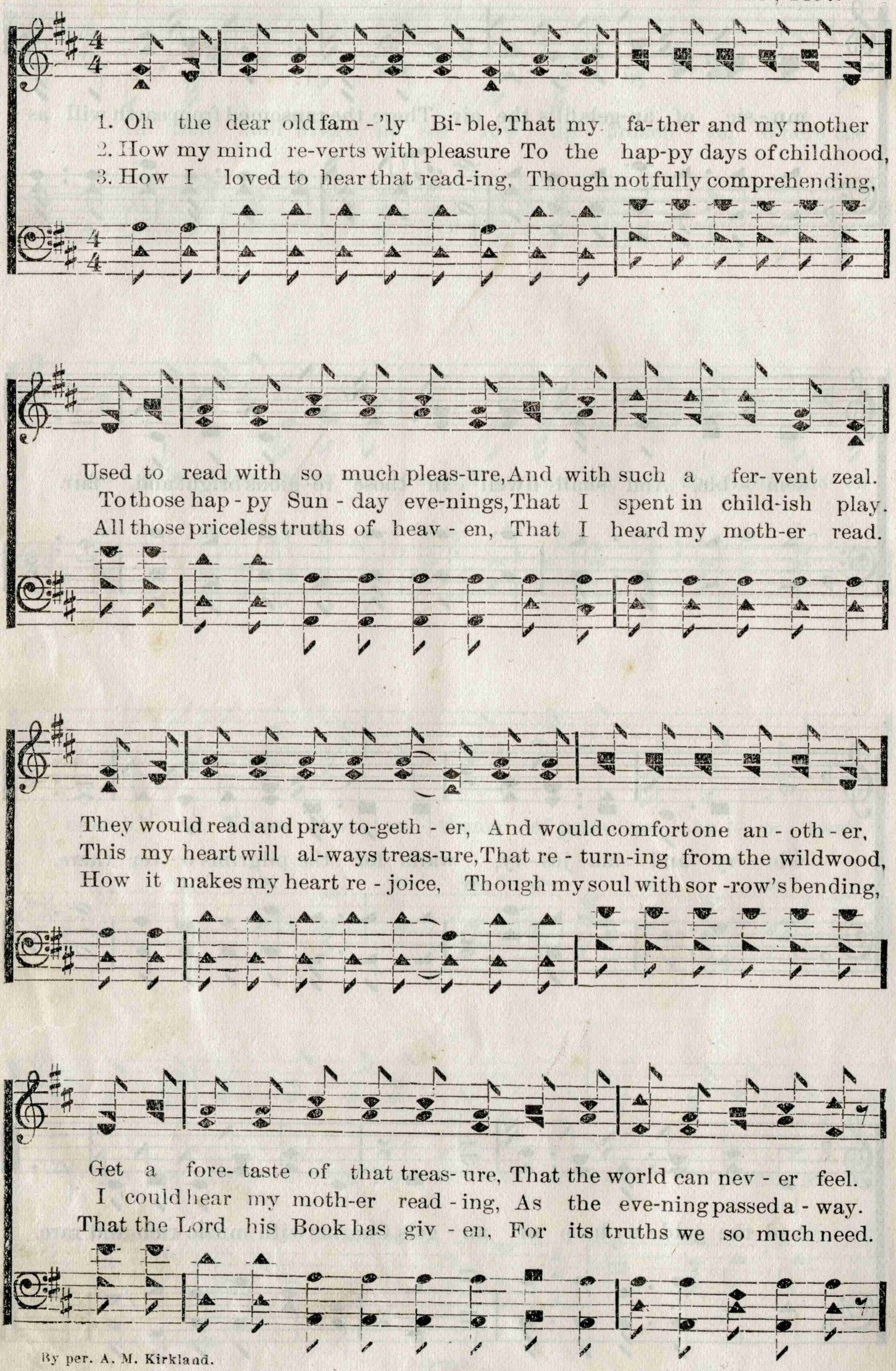






No. 294. O THE DEAR OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

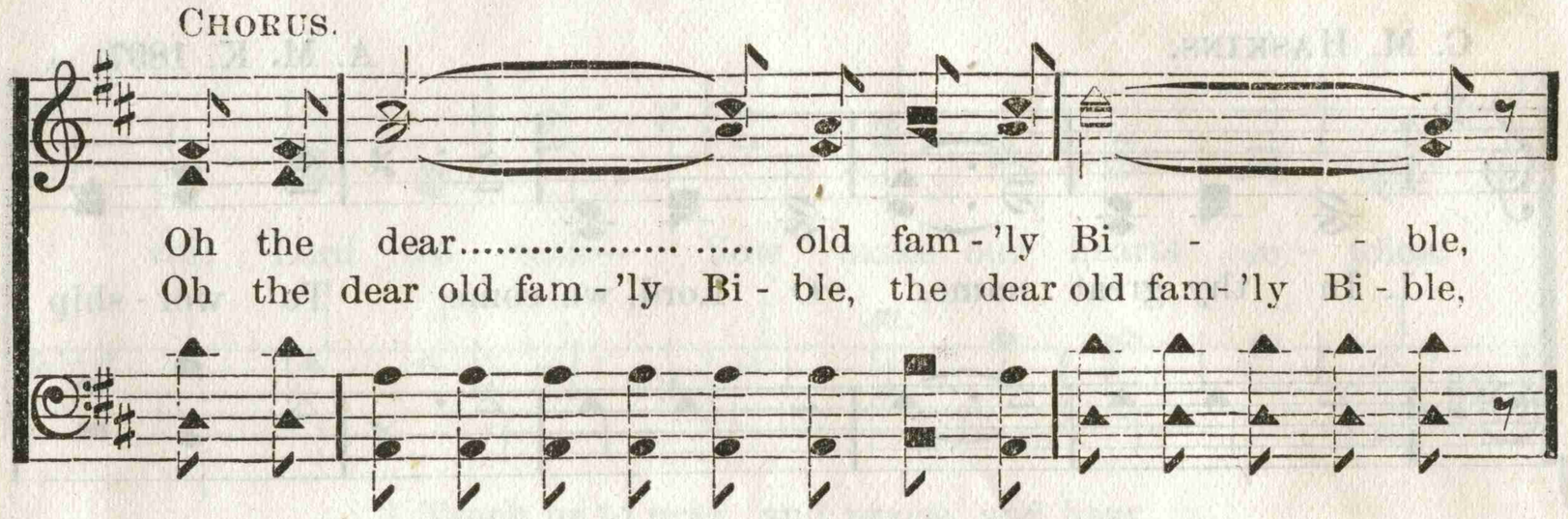
A. M. K. A. M. Kirkland, 1897.

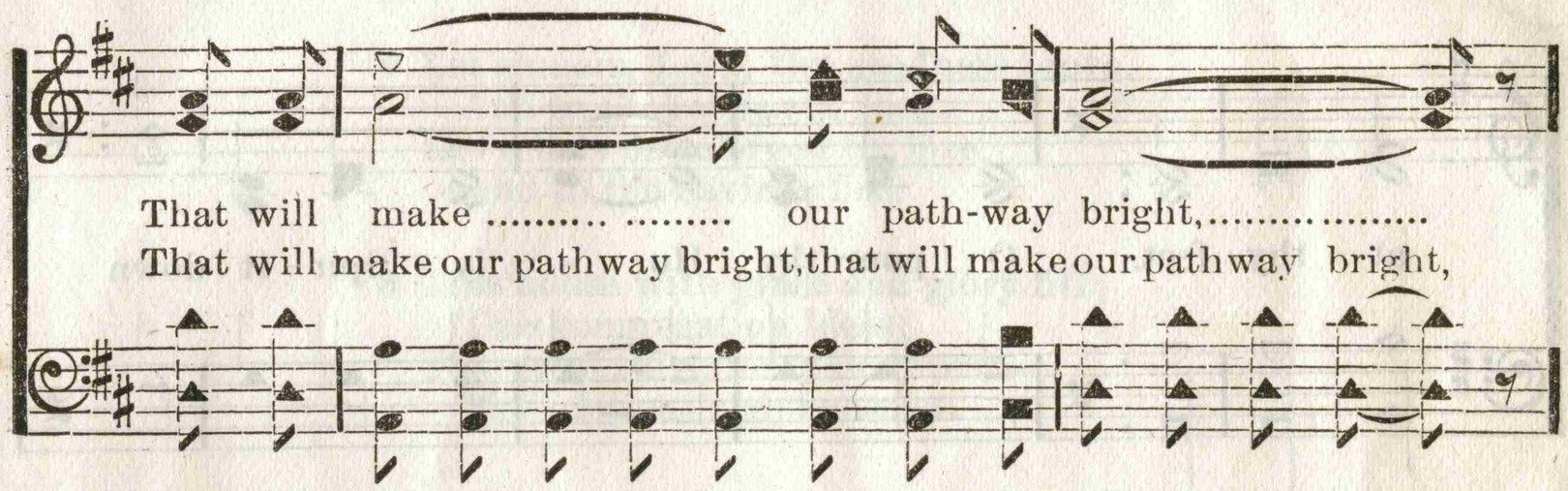


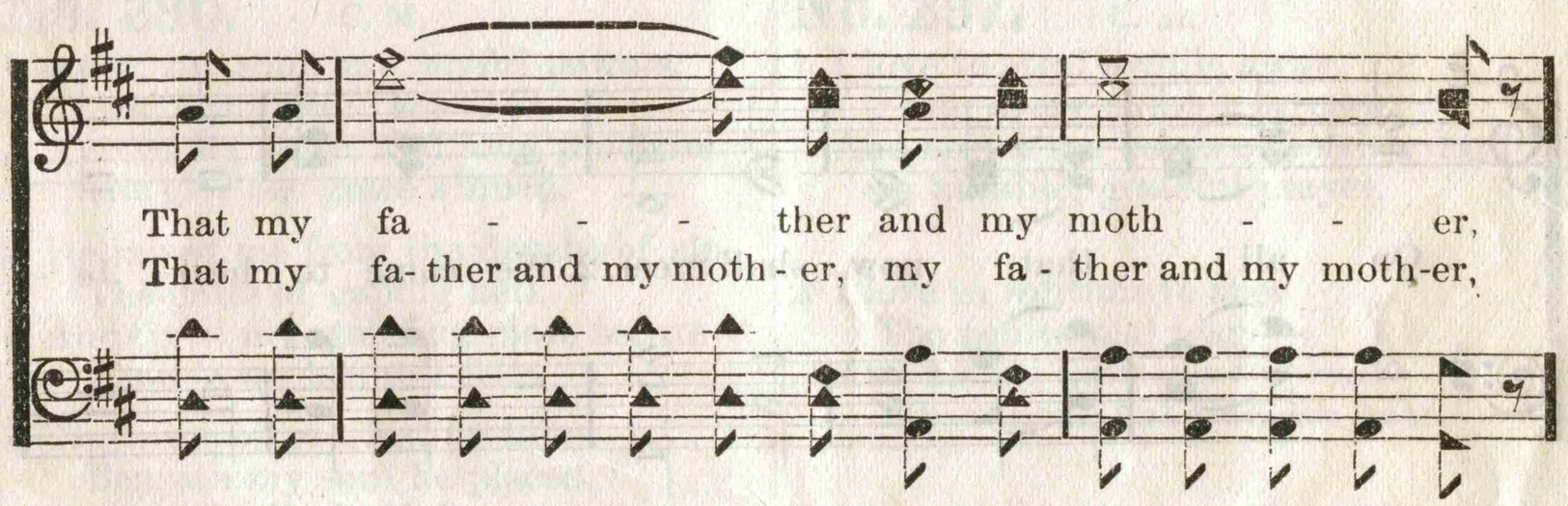
By per. A. M. Kirkland.

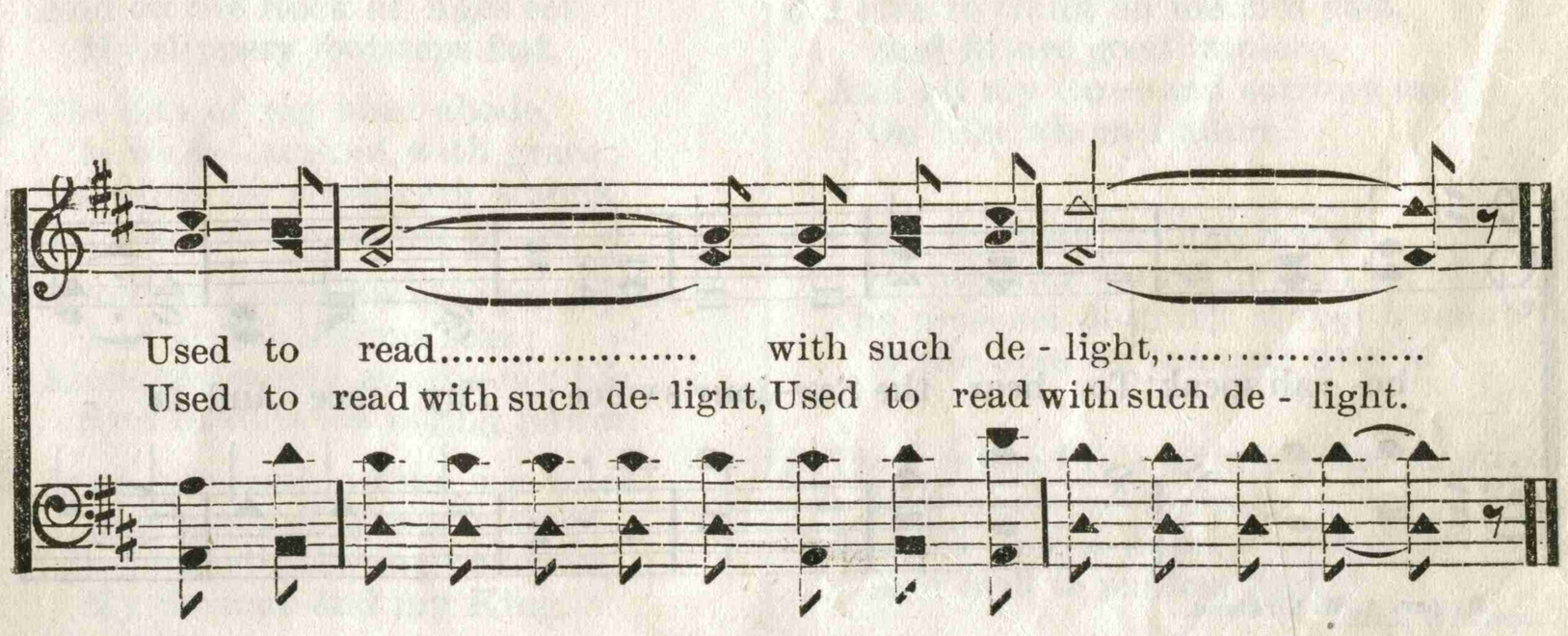
THE DEAR OLD FAMILY BIBLE. Concluded.

CHORUS.



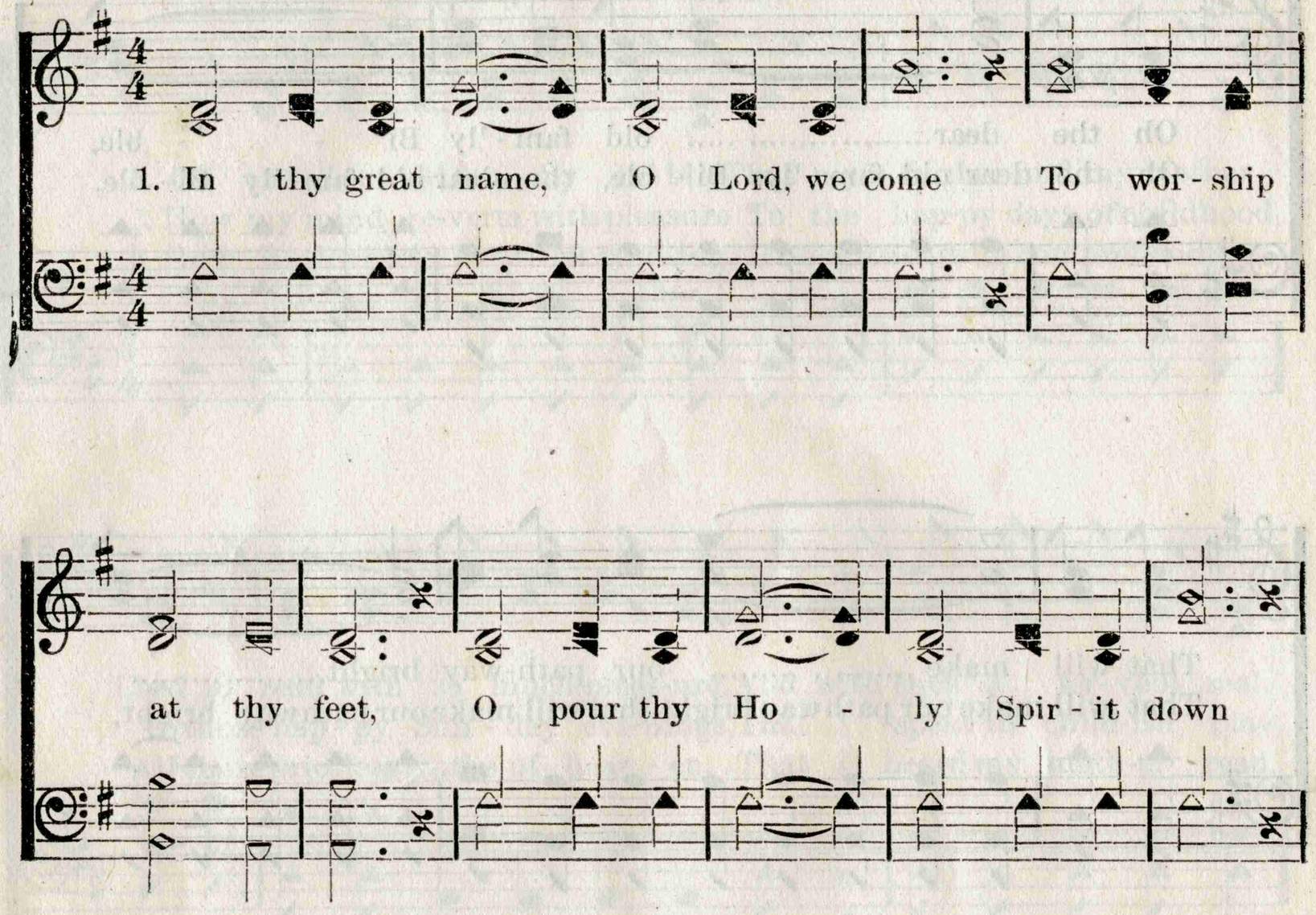






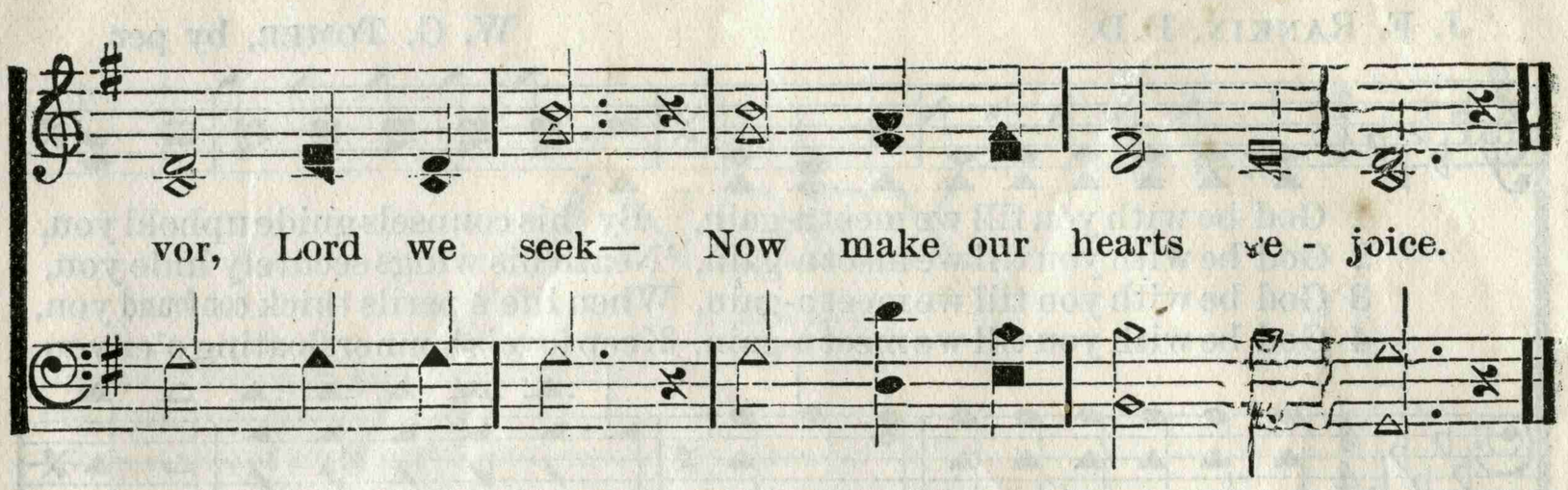
No. 295. IN THY GREAT NAME.

C. M. HASKINS. A. M. K, 1897.



By per. A. M. Kirkland.

IN THY GREAT NAME. Concluded.



3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

5 This house with grace and glory fill;
This congregation bless;
Thy great salvation now reveal—
Thy glorious righteousness.

No. 296. C. M.

1 Arise, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God,
Awake my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the depths of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest abode,
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.

6 Arise, my soul, awake my voice
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

No. 297. C. M.

1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempest driv'n.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. Brown.

No. 298. GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. W. G. TOMER, by per.

1 God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide uphold you,
2 God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
3 God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4 God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we

meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, . . . till we
meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we

meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

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Names of tunes in SMALL CAPITALS.
First lines in Roman.
When name of tune and first line are the same, in *italics*.

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