"Churches of Christ"
706

SEVENTY-SEVEN SWEET SONGS

AND THIRTY-SIX FAMILIAR
HYMNS AND GOSPEL SONGS

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

GOSPEL MEETINGS

AND

All Occasions of Christian Work and Worship

Edited by
T. B. LARIMORE AND WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

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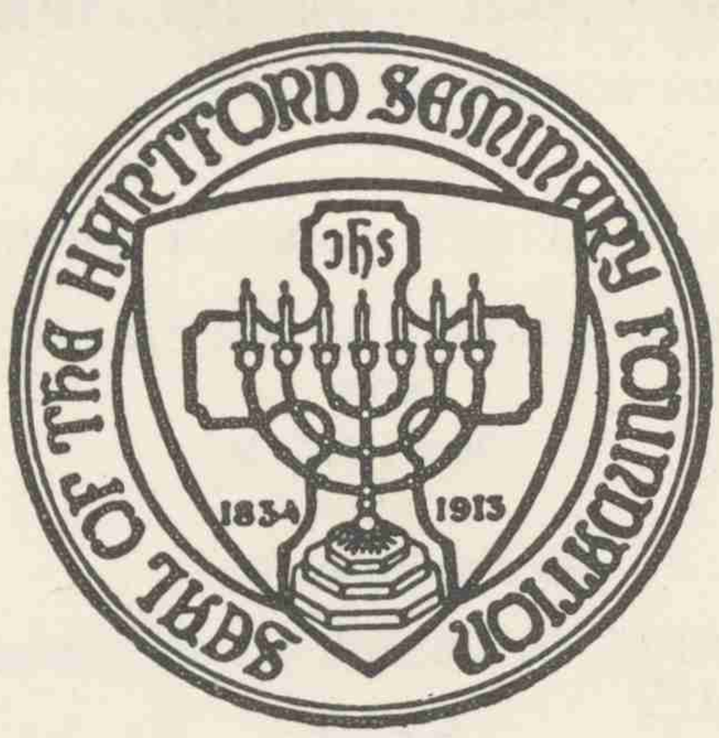
1906



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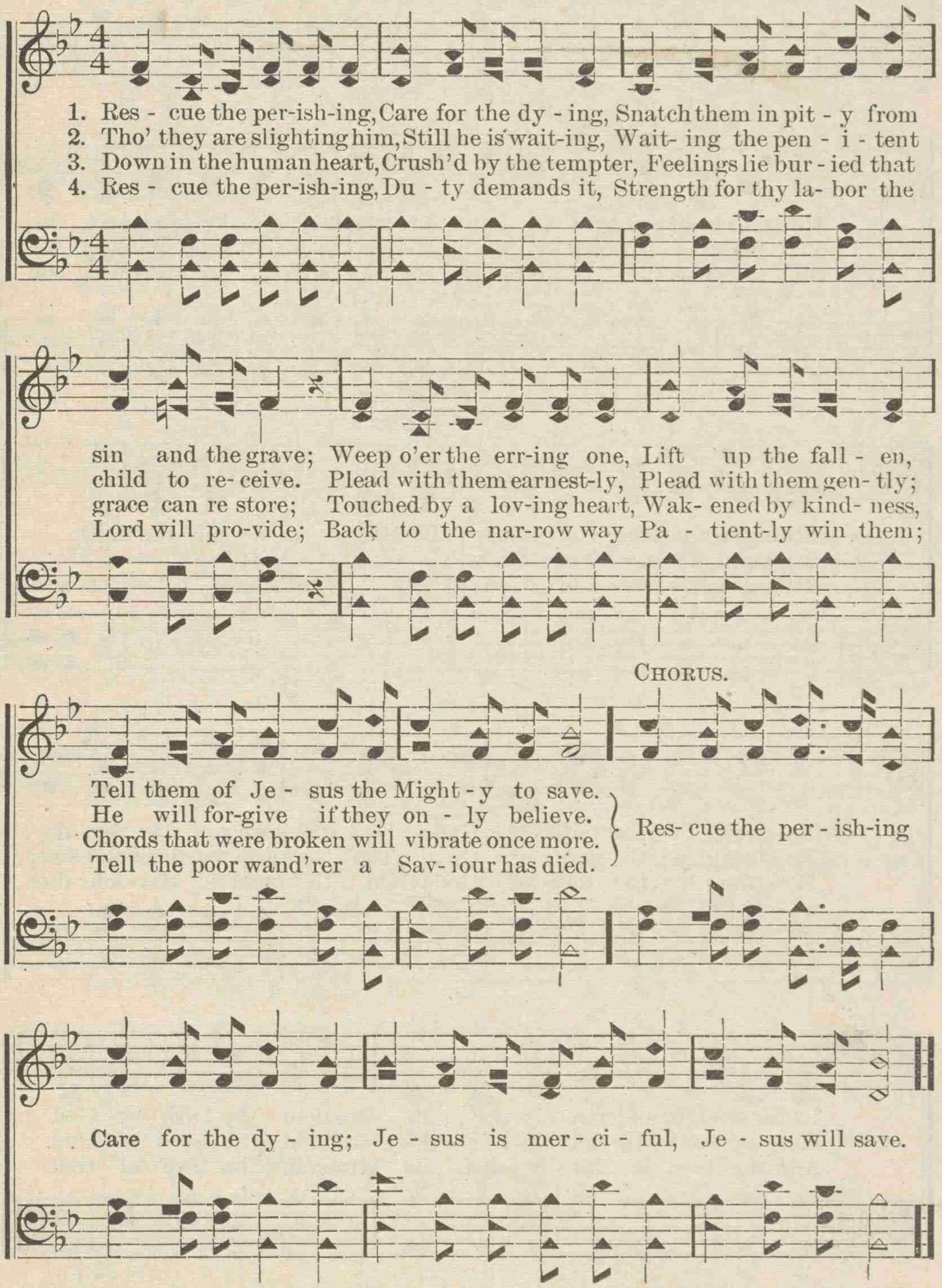
SEVENTY-SEVEN SWEET SONGS.

No. 1. Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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Hymn
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No. 2. Be Strong in the Faith.

D. L. B. D. L. BEDSOE.

1. Be strong in the faith, my broth- er, Be strong in the faith of God;
2. Be strong in the faith, my broth- er, Be strong in the pow'r of God;
3. Be strong in the faith, my broth- er, Be strong in the love of God;

He will keep you day by day In the straight and narrow way, Be
Tho' the way be dark and steep, He your soul will safe - ly keep, Be
On the cross the Sav-iour died, And the law is sat - is - fied, Be

CHORUS.

strong in the faith of God. } Be strong in the faith,
strong in the pow'r of God.
strong in the love of God. }

in the faith, be strong,

Be strong in the faith of God; He will keep you day by day,
Be strong in the pow'r of God; Tho' the way be dark and steep,
Be strong in the love of God; On the cross the Sav- iour died,

In the straight and nar- row way, Be strong in the faith of God.
He your soul will safe- ly keep, Be strong in the pow'r of God.
And the law is sat - is - fied, Be strong in the love of God.

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No. 3. Keep Your Heart Singing.

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

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav- y bur- den share, With a
2. If his love is in the soul, And we yield to his con- trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin- dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a

word, a kind- ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gird - le day and night
mus - ic will the lone- ly hours be- guile; We may drive the clouds away,
pain, or take a - way the sting of guile; O how much we all may do,

FINE.

With a ha - lo of de- light, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
In the world we travel through, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep your heart singing all the while,..... Make the world brighter with a
sing-ing, singing all the while; bright- er,

smile,..... Keep the song ring-ing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
brighter with a smile;

D.S.

Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Used by per.

No. 4. The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

DUET.

1. O the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up-on you roll; He will heal the wounded heart, He will strength and grace impart;
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul he brings; Lean-ing on his might-y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chil- ly waves of Jordan roll, Nev - er need I shrink or fear, For my Sav- iour is so near;
4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the lov'd ones who have gone be- fore, We shall sing up - on the shore, Prais-ing him for - ev - er-more;

Organ or piano.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

O the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is Je - - - sus, The best friend to have is Je - - - sus, He will help you Je-sus ev-'ry day, Je-sus all the way, when you fall, He will hear you when you call; O the best friend to have is Jesus.

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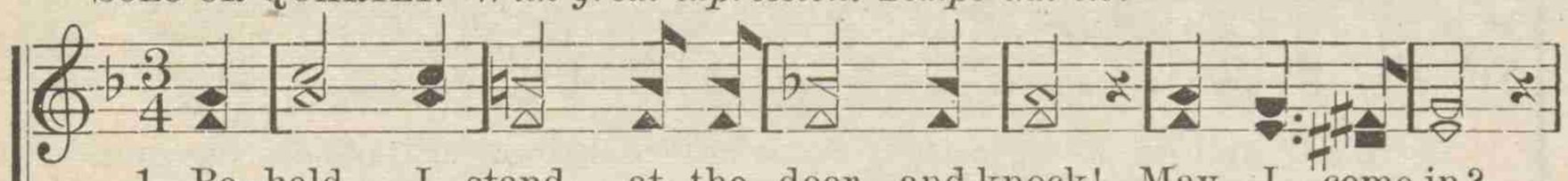
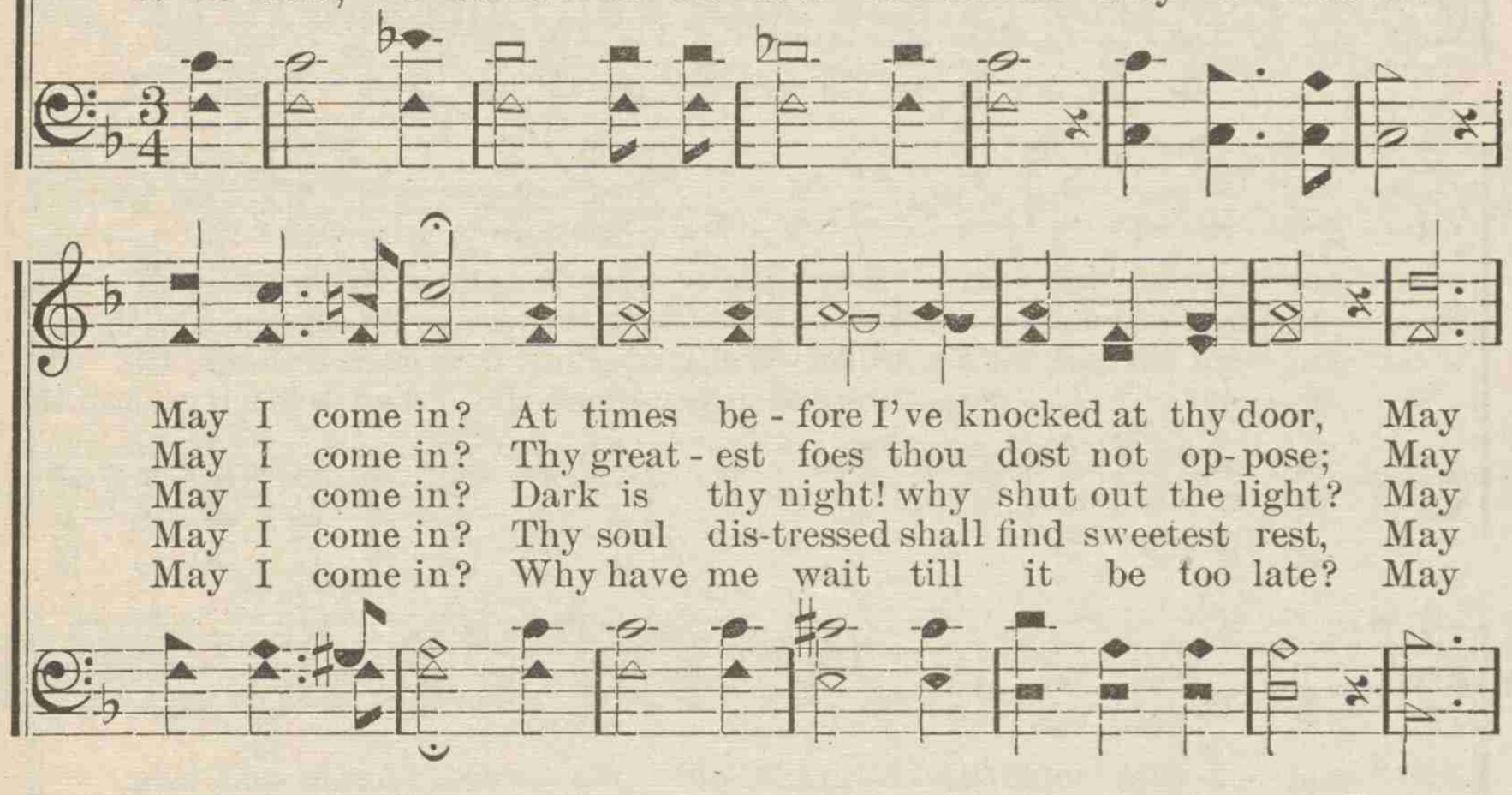
No. 5. Behold, I Stand at the Door.

WINFIELD S. DAVIS. REV. 3: 20. GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.

SOLO OR QUARTET. *With great expression. Tempo ad. lib.*

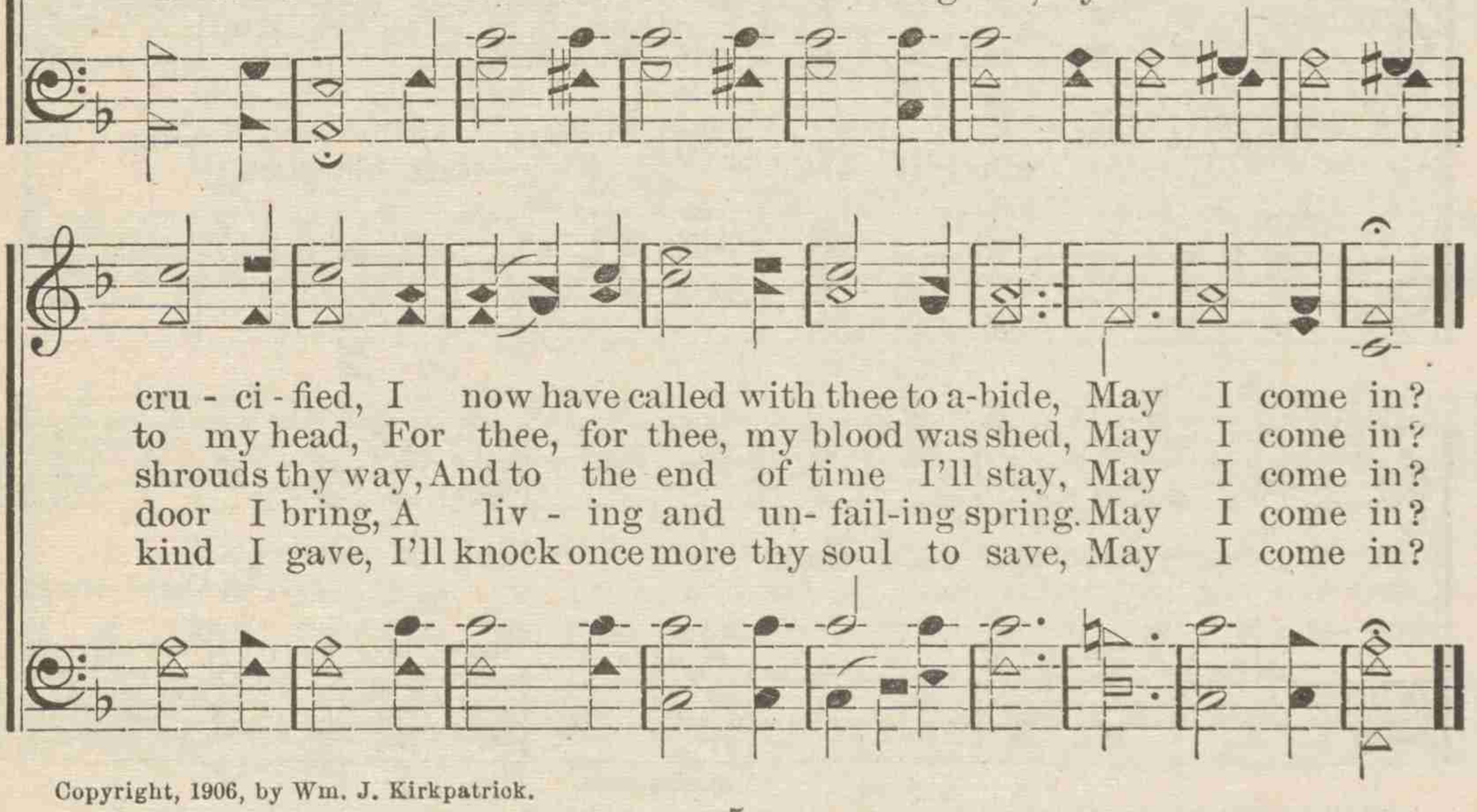


1. Be- hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
2. Be- hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
3. Be- hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
4. Be- hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
5. Be- hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?

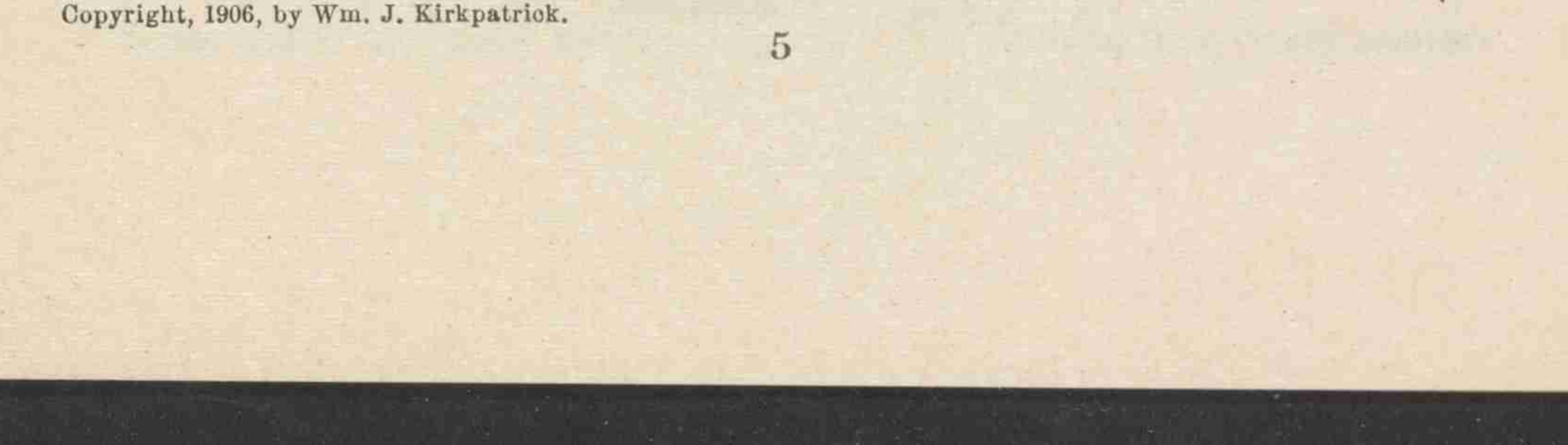


May I come in? At times be - fore I've knocked at thy door, May
May I come in? Thy great - est foes thou dost not op- pose; May
May I come in? Dark is thy night! why shut out the light? May
May I come in? Thy soul dis-tressed shall find sweetest rest, May
May I come in? Why have me wait till it be too late? May

I come in? I'm Je - sus who for thee once died, On Cal-vary's hill was
I come in? I'm Je - sus clad in garments red, Sharp thorns were pressed in-
I come in? I'm Je - sus who can change to- day The dark- est night that
I come in? I'm Je - sus, heav-en's migh- ty King, Sal - va - tion to thy
I come in? I'm Je - sus ris - en from the grave, My life for all man-



cru - ci - fied, I now have called with thee to a-bide, May I come in?
to my head, For thee, for thee, my blood was shed, May I come in?
shrouds thy way, And to the end of time I'll stay, May I come in?
door I bring, A liv - ing and un- fail-ing spring. May I come in?
kind I gave, I'll knock once more thy soul to save, May I come in?



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No. 6. The Grand Old Story of Salvation.

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

1. We tell it as we journey t'ward the mansions built above, The grand old
2. His hand can lift the fallen and his blood can make them white, The grand old
3. We'll sing it in the bat-tle, and its notes shall vic'try be, The grand old
4. The an-gels look with wonder, yet their harps can never tell The grand old

sto - ry of sal - va - tion; We sing it out with gladness, in the
sto - ry of sal - va - tion; His love can pierce the darkness with a
sto - ry of sal - va - tion; We'll sing it in our tri - als, till the
sto - ry of sal - va - tion; His ransomed, cloth'd with beauty, shall the

mel - o- dies of love, The grand old sto - ry of sal- va - tion.
nev - er- fad-ing light, The grand old sto - ry of sal- va - tion.
pass - ing shadows flee, The grand old sto - ry of sal- va - tion.
praise of Je-sus swell, The grand old sto - ry of sal- va - tion.

CHORUS.

Ring it out, ring it out, ring it out, Ring, to
ring it out, ring it out,

ev - ery tribe and na - tion, Ring it out
ev - ery- where,

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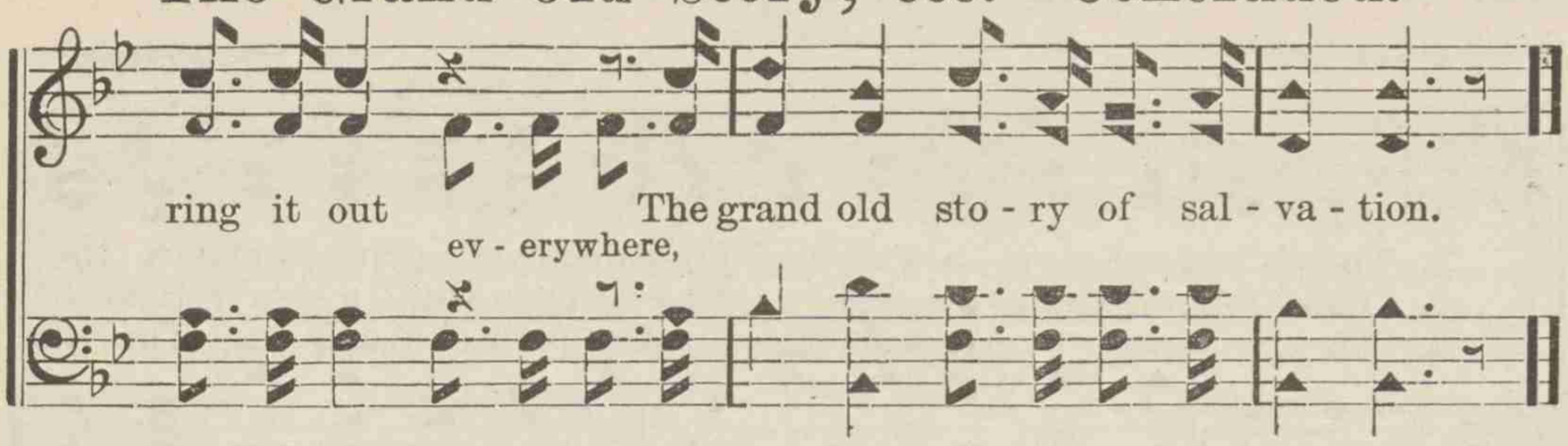
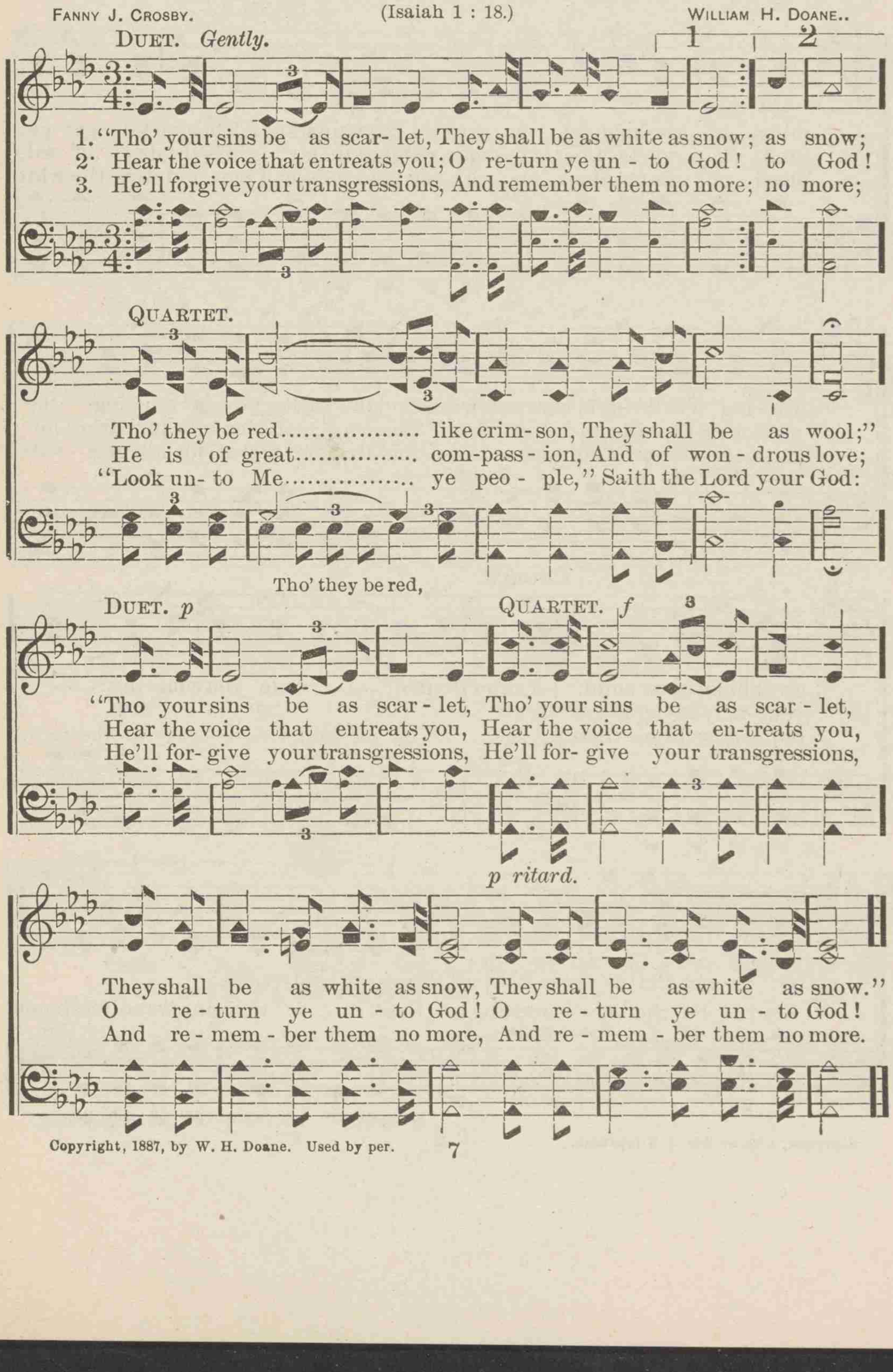
The Grand Old Story, etc.—Concluded.



No. 7. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Isaiah 1 : 18.) WILLIAM H. DOANE..

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No. 8. Are You Coming to the Feast?

I. N. M. I. N. McHose.

1. There's a feast now a-wait-ing, pre-pared by lov - ing hands; In the midst of the banquet the gen- tle Saviour stands: Then no lon - ger go
2. Come, for all things are read- y; why will you stay a - way? Hear the kind in - vi- ta- tion; O come, without de-lay; 'Tis the day of sal -
3. 'Tis a feast ev - er-last- ing, a - bun-dant, rich and free, Thro' the blood of the Sav-iour, an o - pen door we see; Come and wear the white

rov- ing o'er des- erts bare and wild, See! the Father now is wait-ing to
va-tion; why will you lon-ger roam? There's a man-sion now preparing for
rai-ment, the wedding garment fair, And the Lord and all his an- gels will

CHORUS.

greet his wea-ry child.
you in yon-der home.
bid you welcome there.
} You're invited,..... are you com- ing?.....

to the feast, to the feast,

O ac-cept the in- vi- ta-tion; all things are ready, come;
See the Fa- ther now is waiting to (*Omit.*) welcome wand'rers home.

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No. 9. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
2. O, 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; O, 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 se-cure from all a-larms;
Lean-ing on Je-sus,

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

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No. 10. When Love Shines In.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to glad-den, When love shines in, Ev-' ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor-row will grow bright-er, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splen-dor, When love shines in, And a friendship

woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc- ti - fied,
bur-den light- er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - ri - fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

When love shines in,.....When love shines in, How the heart is

When love shines in,.....

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

tuned to singing, When love shines in;..... When love shines in,..... When

When love shines in;..... When love shines in,

When love shines in, When love shines in.

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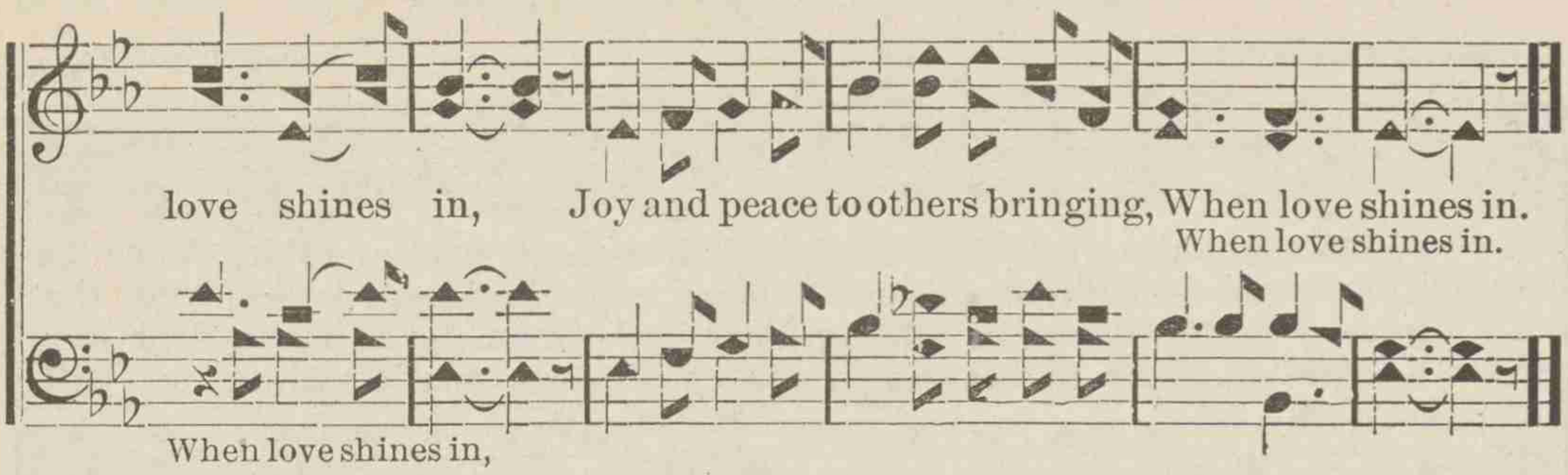
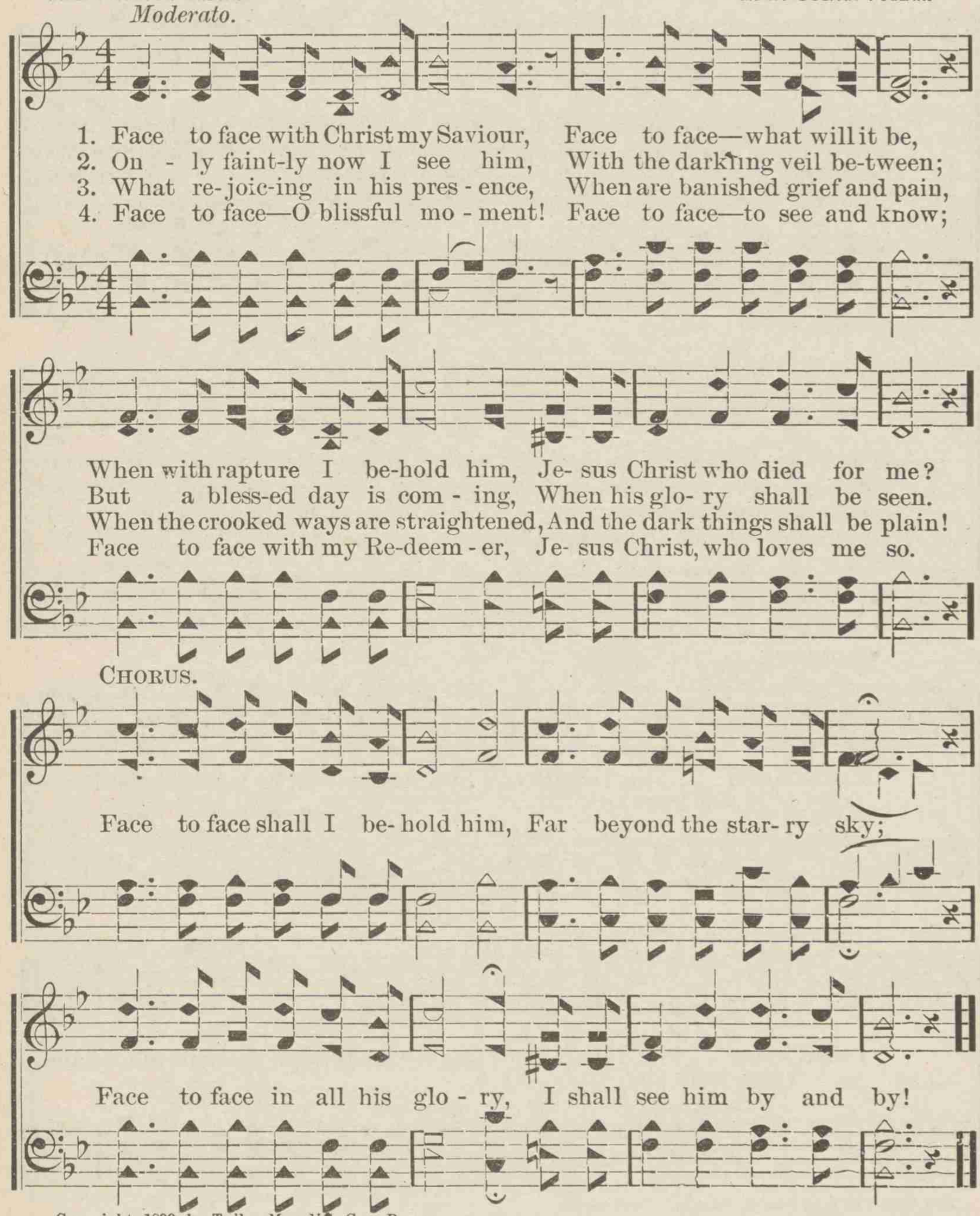
When Love Shines In.—Concluded.

No. 11. Face to Face.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.

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No. 12. My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end- ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the oth - er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
2. O the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his bless-ed face, And the lus - tre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the mer - cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
3. O the dear ones in glo- ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our part-ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spotless white, He will lead me where no tears will ev- er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall min - gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
I shall know him,
I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.
I shall know him,

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No. 13. We Shall Reign with Him in Glory.

J. B. MACKAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are marching, on-ward marching, To that land of light a-bove, Where no
2. There are mighty foes that meet us, As our jour-ney we pursue, There are
3. Oft the clouds a-bove us gath- er, And the darkness settles down, Oft the
4. When we reach that land of beauty, With its cit-y bright and fair, Thro' the

burn-ing tears of sor- row dim the eye, Where the ransomed ones are singing
dan-gers that be-set on ev-'ry hand; But no e - vil thing can harm us
shad-ows and the mists obscure the day; But a ra-diant beam of glo - ry
pear-ly gates the Lord shall lead his own, To go out no more for-ev - er,

Of the Saviour's wondrous love, We shall reign with him in glory by and by.
While to Je- sus we are true, For his hosts will march triumphant to that land.
From the Saviour's smiling face, Ev - er falls in golden splendor on our way.
While e - ter- nal a - ges roll, And the hal- le - lu- jahs echo round the throne.

CHORUS.

1

We shall reign..... with him in glo - ry, In glo - - - ry
We shall reign In glo- ry by and by,

2

by and by,..... In the land of light on high.
glo - ry by and by,

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No. 14. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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No. 15. I Will Tell the Story.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I will tell the sto - ry How the Lord in glo - ry Has from sin re -
2. I was worn and wea-ry, All my way seemed dreary 'Till I heard my
3. In his love a - bid - ing, In his shad- ow hid - ing, I will still the

deemed me, bless his ho - ly name; Saved my soul com-plete - ly
Sav - iour's pard-'ning voice with-in; Then life lost its sad - ness,
sto - ry o'er and o'er re- peat; With his grace up- hold - ing,

By his grace so sweet-ly, I will ev - er-more his wondrous love proclaim.
All was joy and glad-ness, Christ had cleansed my heart from all the stains of sin.
And his arms en-fold-ing, I am safe for-ev - er in a sure retreat.

CHORUS.

I..... will tell the sto - ry, how..... the Lord in glo - ry,
I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, I will tell the wondrous sto-ry,

Christ the blest Re-deem - er, Of - fers par-don full and free.
Christ the Lord of life and glo- ry,

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No. 16. Jesus Lives.

JOHN R. COLGAN. A. F. MYERS.

1. Might - y ar- my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer- ful song,
2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je - sus lives, O bless- ed words! King of Kings, and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word a- long, Je - sus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Je - sus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Je - sus lives! See, he breaks the pris-on wall,

Bore our sins up- on the tree, Now he lives to make us free, Je - sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je- sus all may find, Je - sus lives!
Throws aside the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Je - sus lives!

CHORUS.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you old- er grow, Ral- ly now and

Wait not, Sing,

Wait not, wait not, Sing for

sing for Je - sus, ev-'ry where you go, Lift your joy - ful voic - es high,
sing,

Je - sus,

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Jesus Lives.—Concluded.

Repeat Chorus. pp.

f rit.

Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, Je - sus lives.

No. 17. The Stranger at the Door.

JOSEPH GRIGG. T. C. O'KANE. By per.

1. Be- hold, a stran- ger at the door! He gently knocks—has knock'd before;
2. O love - ly at - ti-tude! he stands With melting heart and o - pen hands;
3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will, the ver - y friend you need;
4. Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine: Turn out his en - e - my and thine;
5. Ad- mit him, ere his an-ger burn; His feet, de- part- ed, ne'er re-turn!

Has wait- ed long, is wait- ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O match-less kindness! and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
The friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal- va - ry.
The soul - de-stroy-ing monster—sin, And let the heav'nly stranger in.
Ad - mit him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at his door re- ject - ed stand.

CHORUS.

O let the dear Saviour come in..... He'll cleanse the heart from sin:

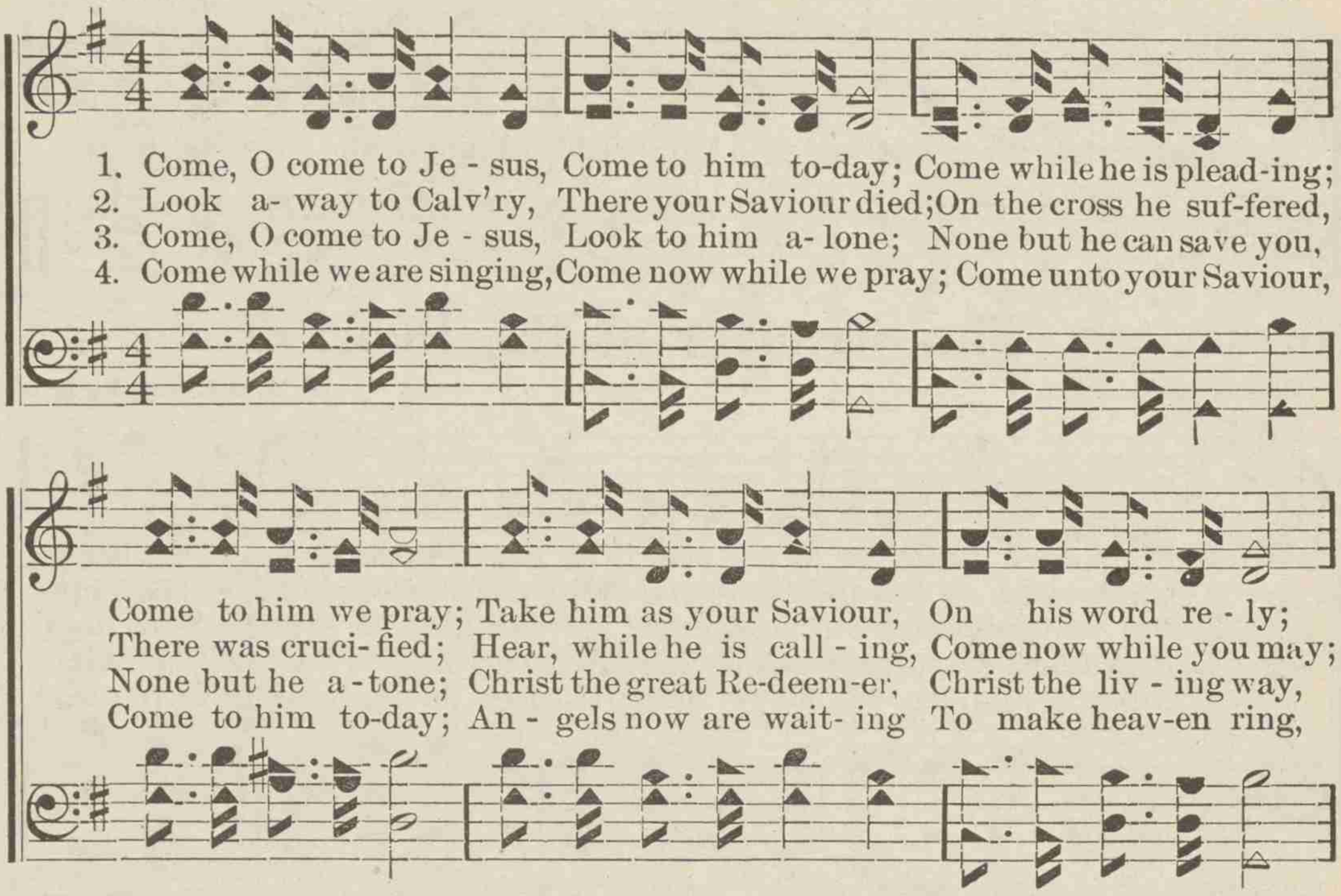
come in, from sin;

O keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.

come in.

No.18. Come to Him To-day.

W. A. C. J. Henry Showalter.



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No. 19. Open the Door to Jesus.

IDA L. REED. F. E. FARRAR.

1. O - pen the door to Je - sus, He at thy thresh-old stands,
2. O - pen the door to Je - sus, Soon, ere he turns a - way
3. O - pen the door to Je - sus, Hast- en to meet thy King,
4. O - pen the door to Je - sus, Bid him with glad- ness come,

Plead-ing with thee for en - trance, Plead-ing with nail- scarred hands.
Wounded in spirit to leave thee, Grieved at thy long de - lay.
Won- der- ful peace a - bid - ing, He to thy soul will bring.
Now in his king - ly glo - ry, In - to thy heart and home.

CHORUS.

O - pen the door to Je - sus, Wel-come him roy - al - ly;

He from thy sins will save thee, He will a - bide with thee.

(After last verse only.)

He will a - bide with thee, He will a - bide with thee.

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No. 20. Let Him Be Your Saviour Too.

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

1. I came to the Sav-iour all cov-ered with sin, No joy of sal -
2. Sweet, sweet was the comfort which came to my soul When like a great
3. Come, come to the Saviour, this Friend tried and true; He'll par-don and

va - tion, no com- fort with - in. O when shall I ev - er his
moun-tain my sins off did roll. I'll tell it to oth - ers, his
cleanse you, your strength he'll renew. If on - ly you'll let him, he'll

Chorus.

prais- es be - gin? He took all my burden a - way.
dear name ex- tol; He took all my burden a - way.
save thro' and thro'; He'll take all your burden away.
} Won't you let the dear

loving
Sav- iour be your Sav-iour too? Won't you let the dear Saviour be

loving
your Sav- iour too? He is the Friend of sin- ners, Faith-ful and

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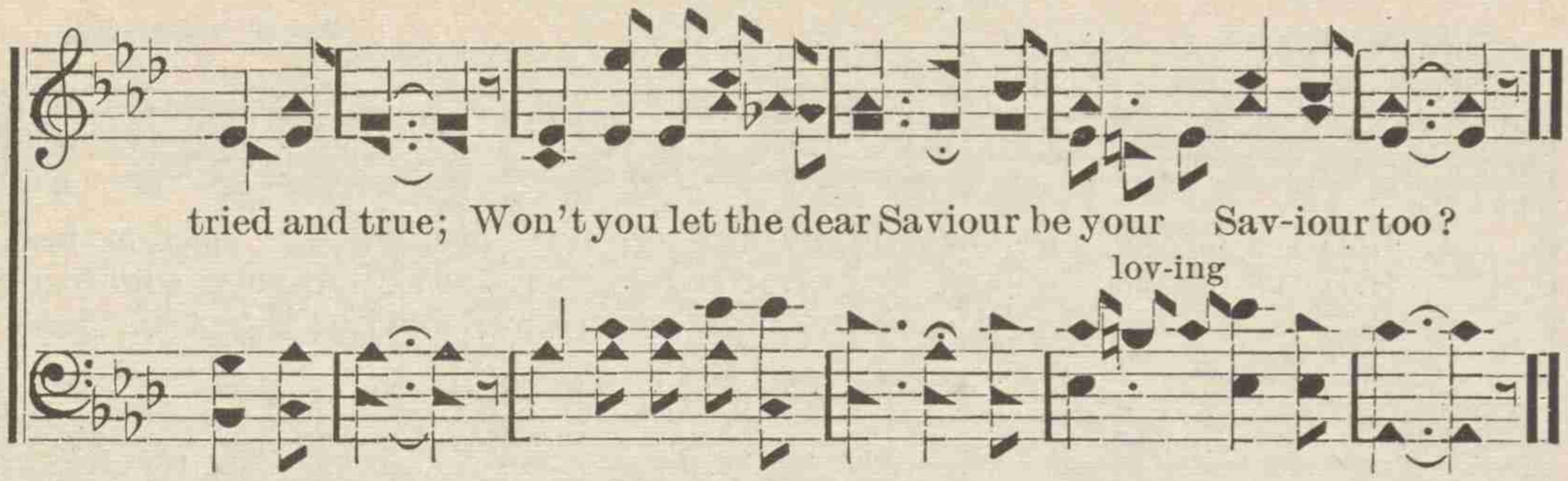
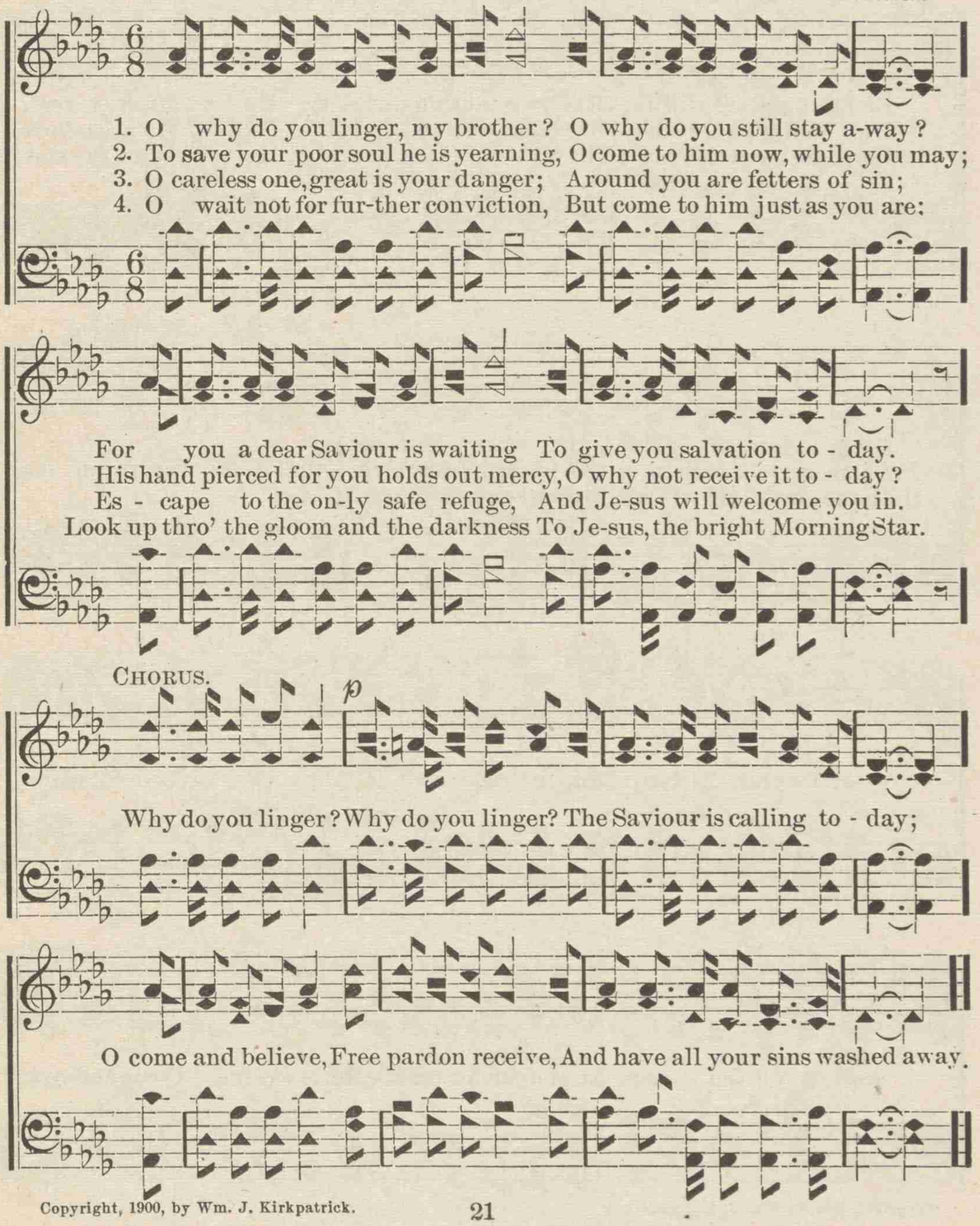
Let Him Be Your Saviour Too.—Concluded.



No. 21. Why Do You Linger?

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 22. Roll it Off.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Roll it off on Je - sus, All thy load of sin; He will lift it from thee,
2. Roll it off on Je - sus, Ev-'ry press-ing grief; He will sweetly com-fort,
3. Roll it off on Je - sus, Ev-'ry heart-request; Bring him thy pe-ti - tions,

Breathing peace within; Ev- 'ry haunting mem- 'ry, Ev - 'ry gloom-y fear,
He will give re - lief; Pre-cious con- so - la - tion Com-eth from a- bove,
For he know-eth best; He who marks thy pathway, He who bears thy care

CHORUS.

Bring to him, thy Saviour, He is ev - er near.
There is grace to help us In his wondrous love.
Hath the pow'r and wisdom, He will answer pray'r.
} Roll it off, roll it off, Too

great for thee to bear; Roll it off, roll it off, All thy load of care;

Roll it off on Je-sus, Lean upon his breast; He is calling, "Come and rest."

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No. 23. The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sorrows pre-vail;

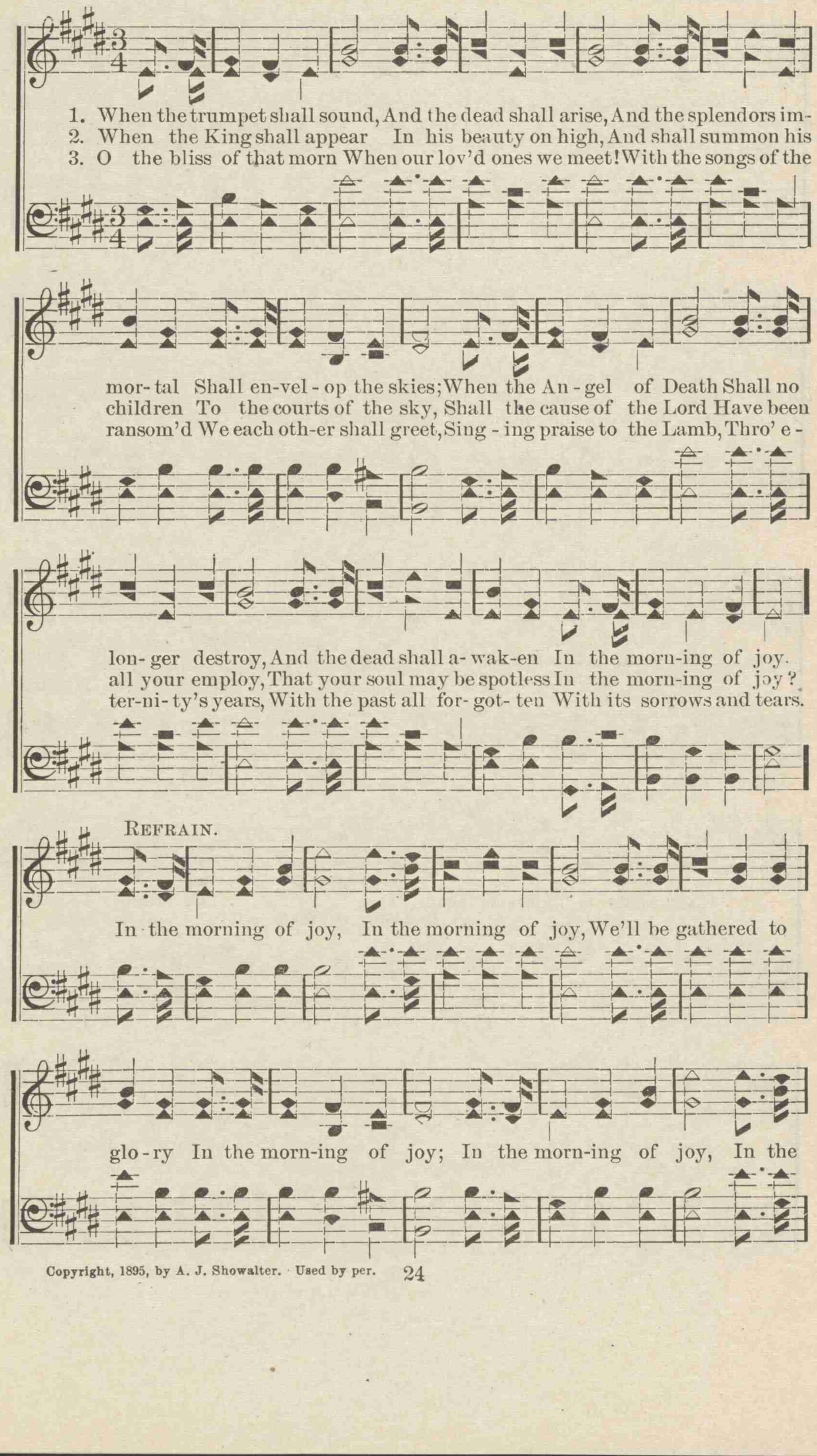
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shad-ow-y vale.

CHORUS.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock let me fly,
Rock that is high-er than I; O, then, to the Rock that is high-er than I;
Rock let me fly, To the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is high-er than I.

No. 24. In the Morning of Joy.

Mrs. R. A. Evilsizer. A. J. Showalter.



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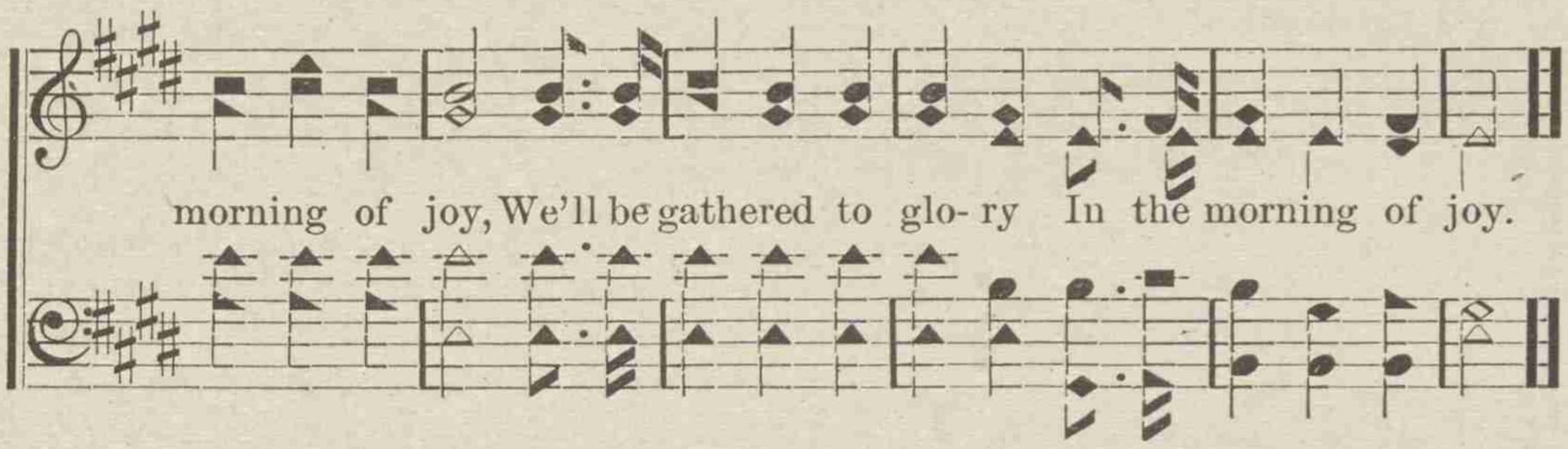
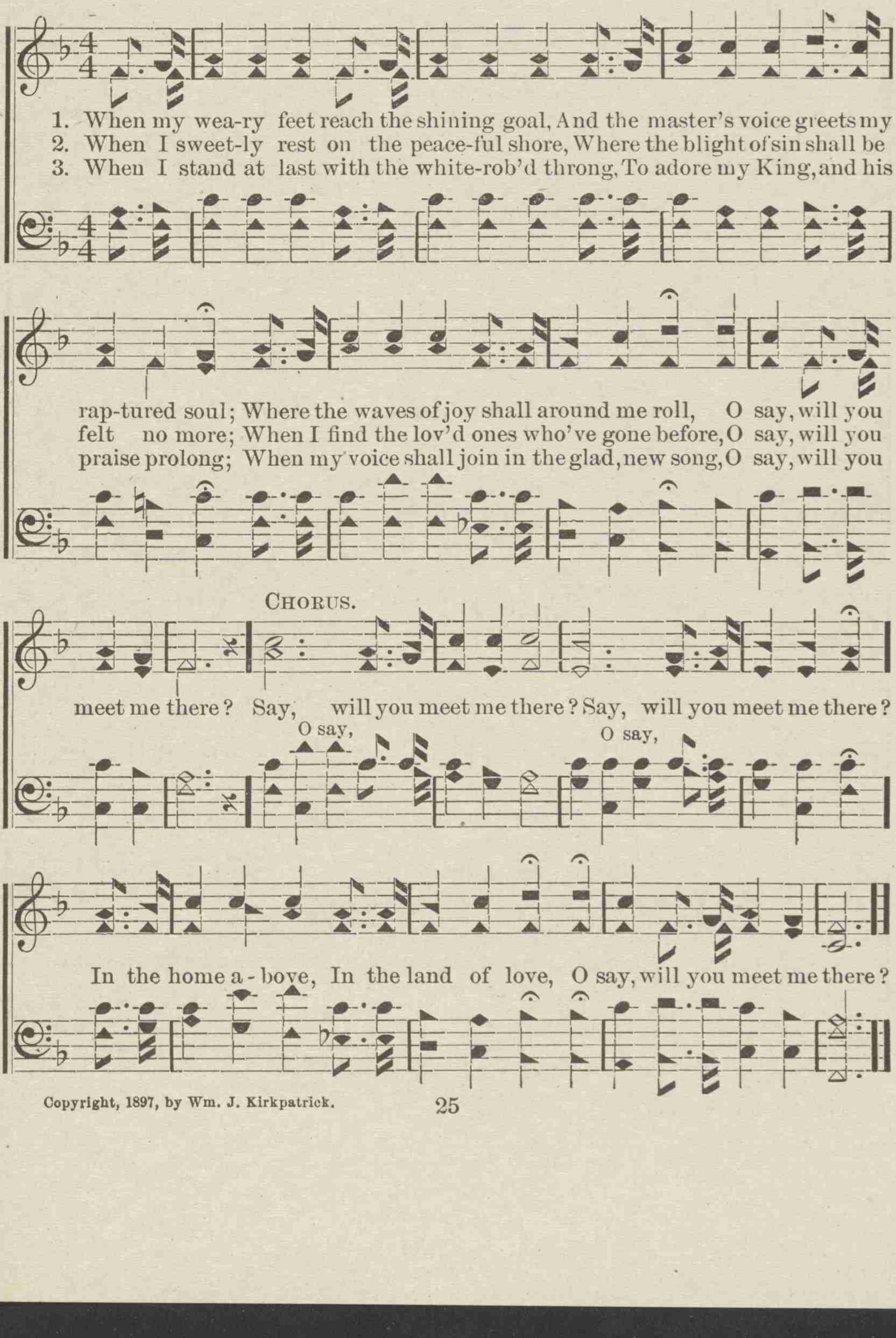
In the Morning of Joy.—Concluded.

No. 25. Say, Will You Meet Me There?

MAY MAURICE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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No. 26. The Cloud and Fire.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As of old when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil-der-
2. To and fro as a ship with-out a sail, Not a compass to guide them
3. All the day of their wand'rings they were fed, To the land of the prom-ise

ness to dwell, Trust-ing they in their God to lead the way To the
thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their
they were led, By the hand of the Lord in guid-ance sure, They were

CHORUS.

light of per - fect day.
faint-ing hearts to cheer.
brought to Canaan's shore.

So the sign of the fire by night, And the

sign of the cloud by day, Hov'ring o'er, just be-fore, As they journey

on their way, Shall a guide and a leader be, Till the wilderness be past,

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The Cloud and Fire.—Concluded.

For the Lord our God, in his own good time, Shall lead to the light at last.

No. 27. Heavenly Sunlight.

H. J. ZELLEY. G. H. COOK.

1. Walking in sun - light, all of my jour - ney; O - ver the moun-tains
2. Shadows a- round me, shadows a - bove me, Nev- er con - ceal my
3. In the bright sun- light, ev - er re - joic - ing, Pressing my way to

thro' the deep vale; Je- sus has said, "I'll nev- er for- sake thee,"
Sav-iour and Guide; He is the light, in him is no dark- ness,
mansions a - bove; Sing-ing his prais - es, glad- ly I'm walk - ing,

D.S.—Hal - le - lu - jah! I am re - joic - ing,

FINE. CHORUS.

Prom- ise di- vine that nev- er can fail.
Ev - er I'm walk- ing close to his side.
Walk- ing in sun- light, sun-light of love.
} Heav- en - ly sun- light,

Sing- ing his prais - es, Je - sus is mine.

D.S.

heav- en - ly sun-light, Flooding my soul with glo - ry di - vine;

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No. 28. Ship of Zion.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. D. SULLINS.

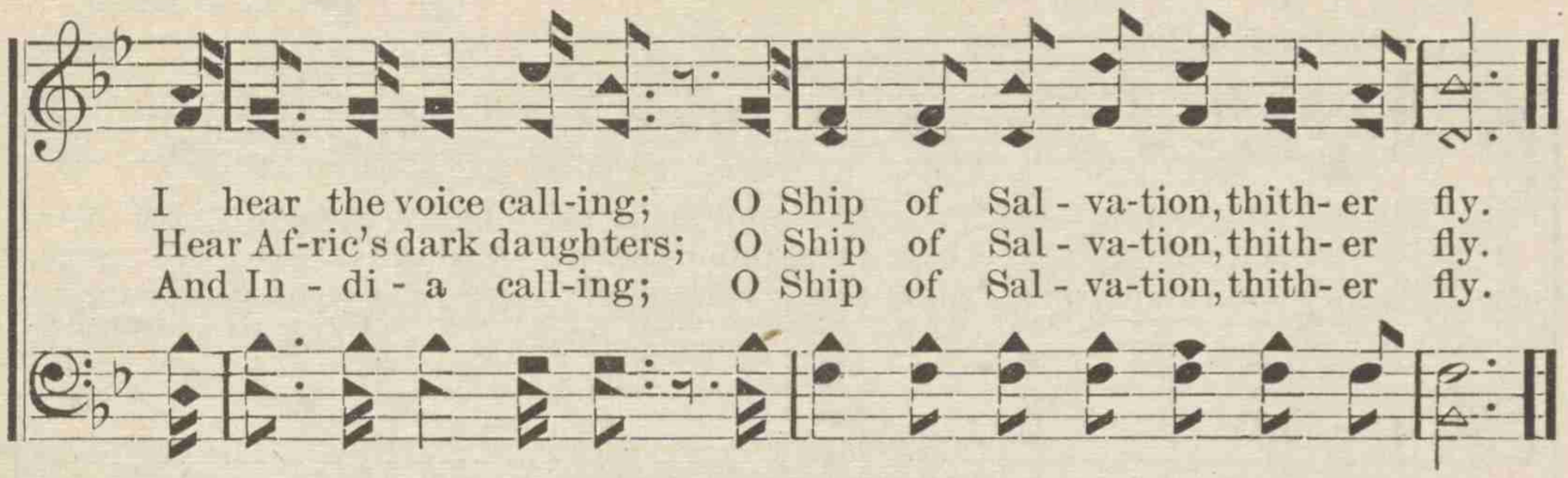
1. There's a wail from the is - lands of the sea, (of the sea,) There's a
2. There's a moan from the des - ert, full of pain, (full of pain,) There's a
3. There's a groan from the Gang - es where they fall (where they fall,) At the

voice that is call - ing you and me, (you and me,) In the old Ship of
sigh o - ver Af - ric's sun - ny plain, (sunny plain,) In the old Ship of
feet of the i-dols, in their thrall, (in their thrall,) In the old Ship of

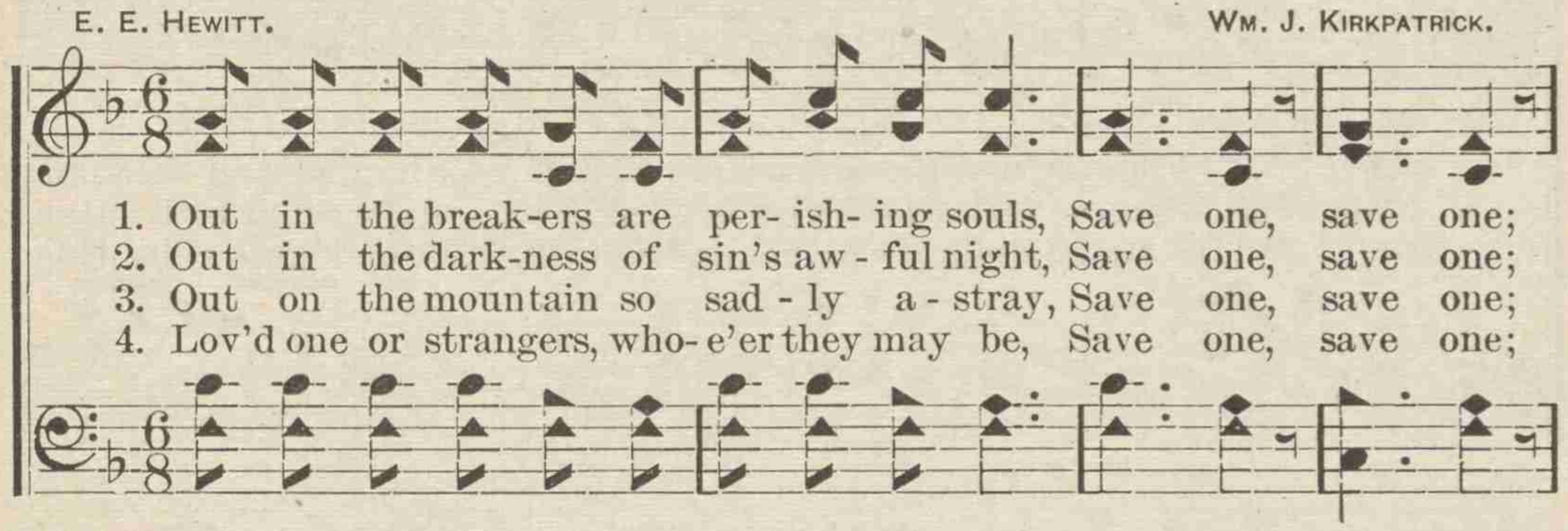
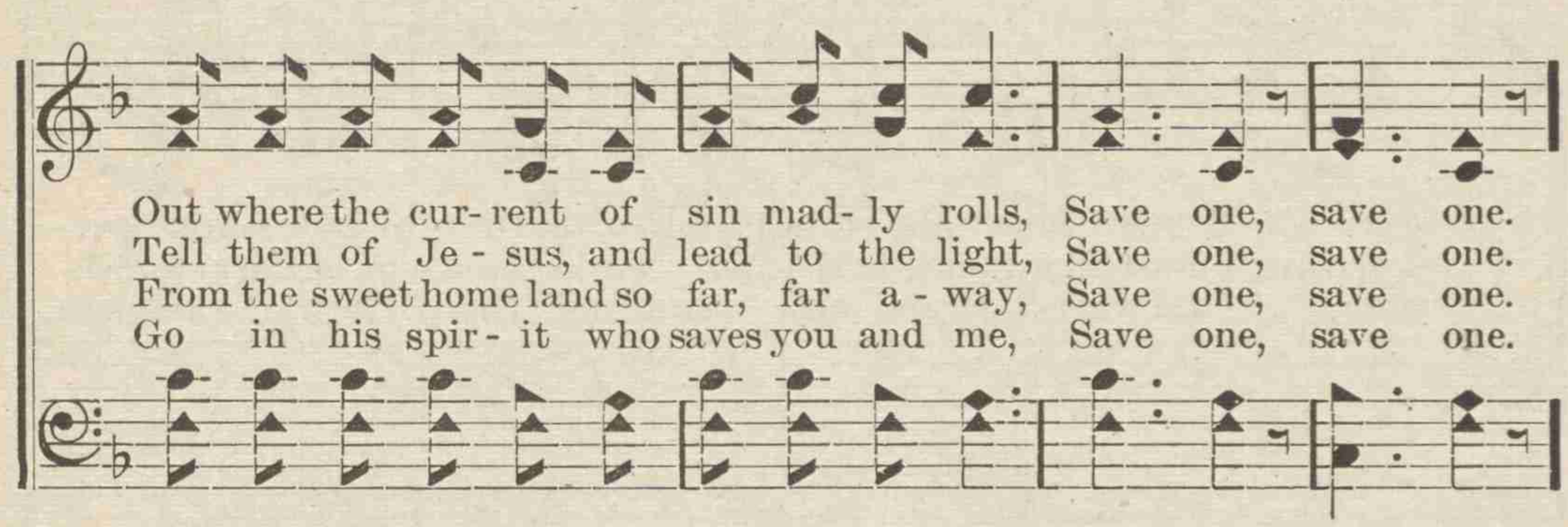
Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on, The good news of Zi - on, car - ry ye!
Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on, Bear good news of Zi - on, o'er the main.
Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on, The good news of Zi - on, bear them all!

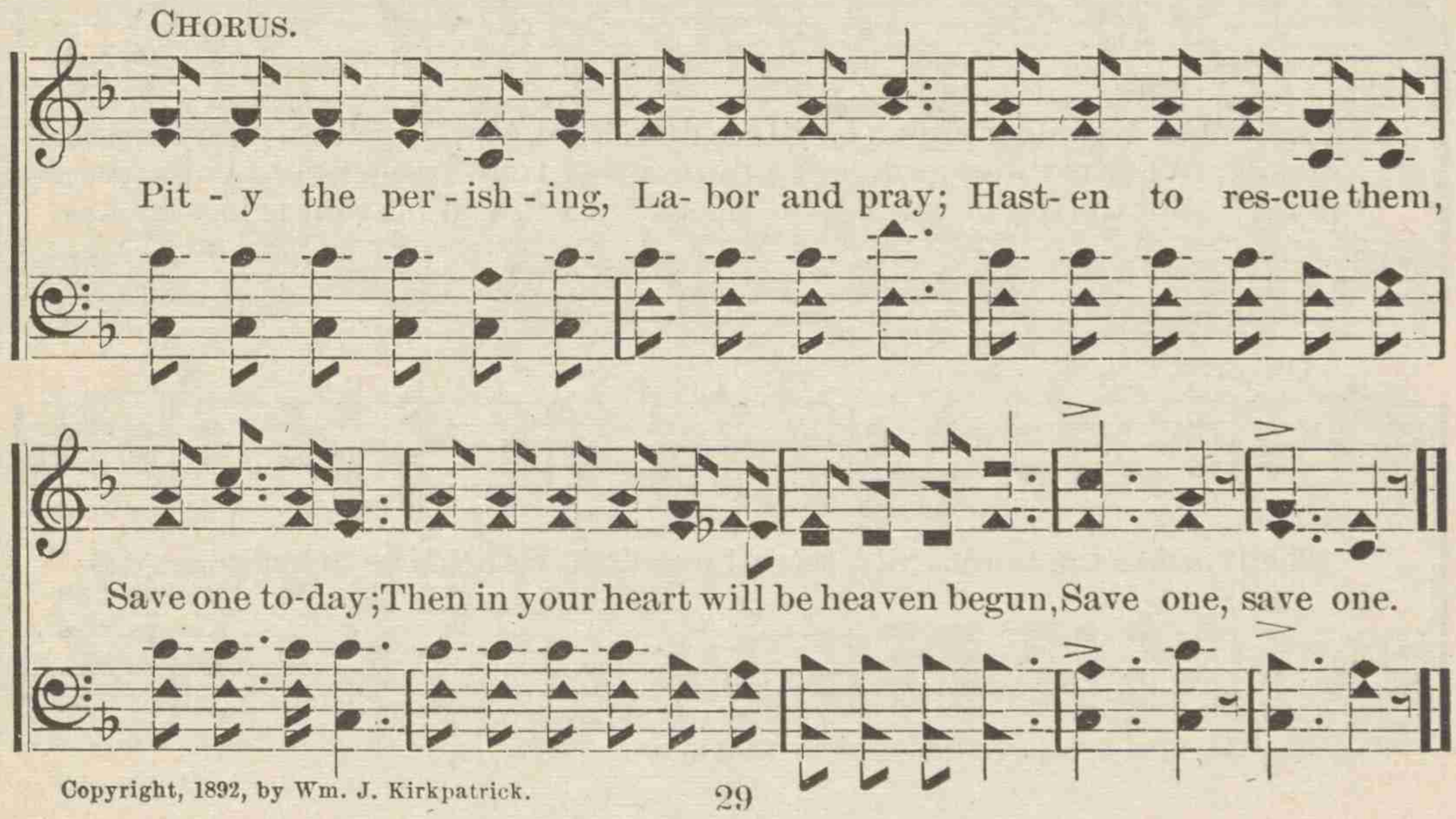
CHORUS.

"Come o - ver and help us!" is the cry; (is the cry;) "Come o - ver and
help us, or we die," (or we die,) { I see the woe fall-ing,
A - cross the wide wa - ters,
I see i - dols fall-ing,

Ship of Zion.—Concluded.

No. 29. Save One.

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



CHORUS.

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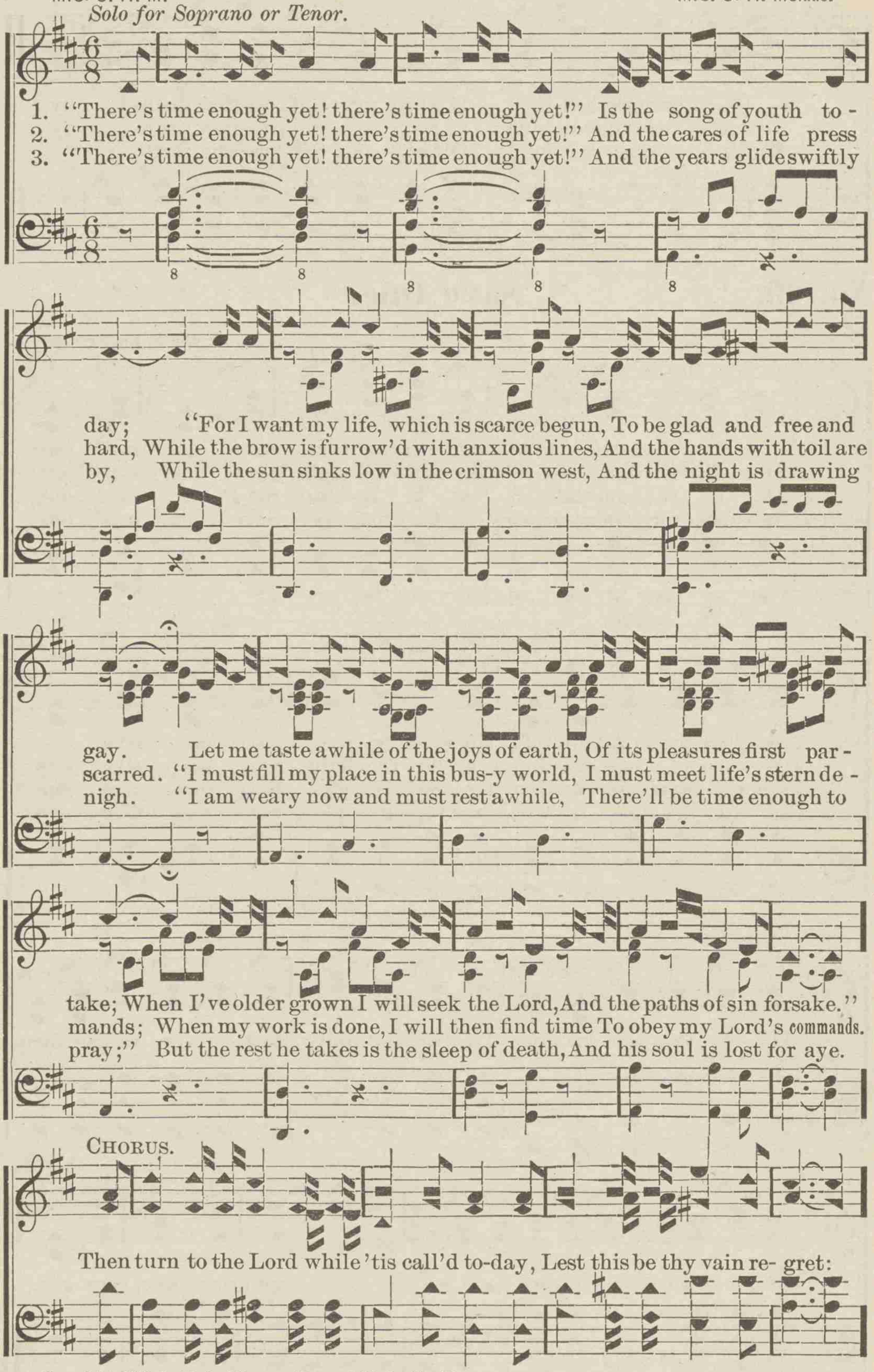
No. 30. There's Time Enough Yet.

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

Solo for Soprano or Tenor.



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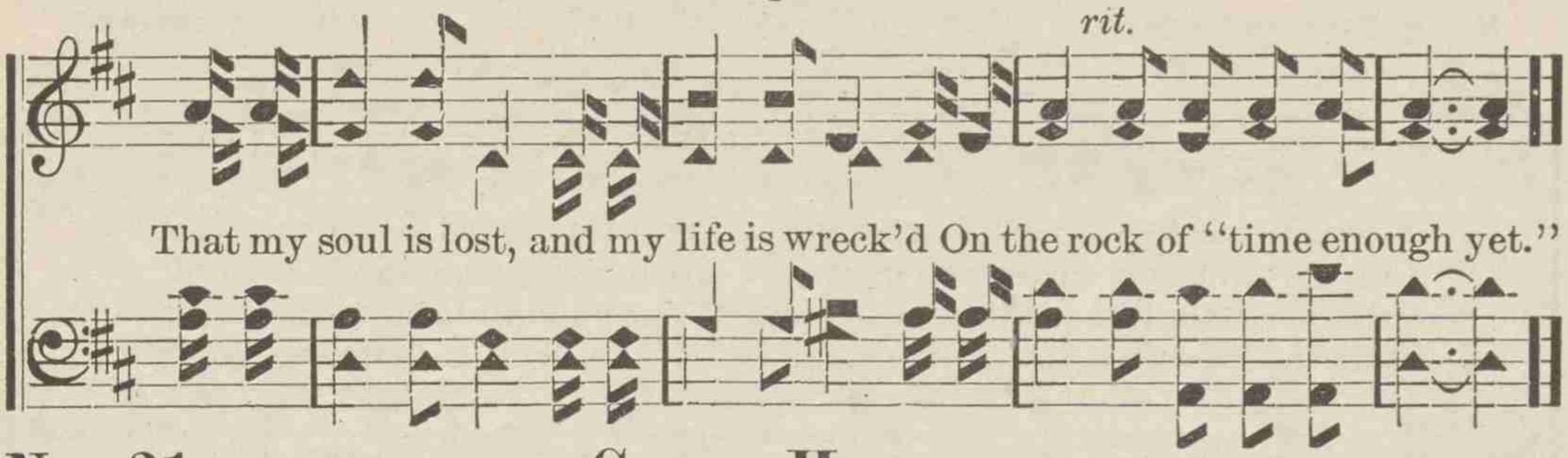
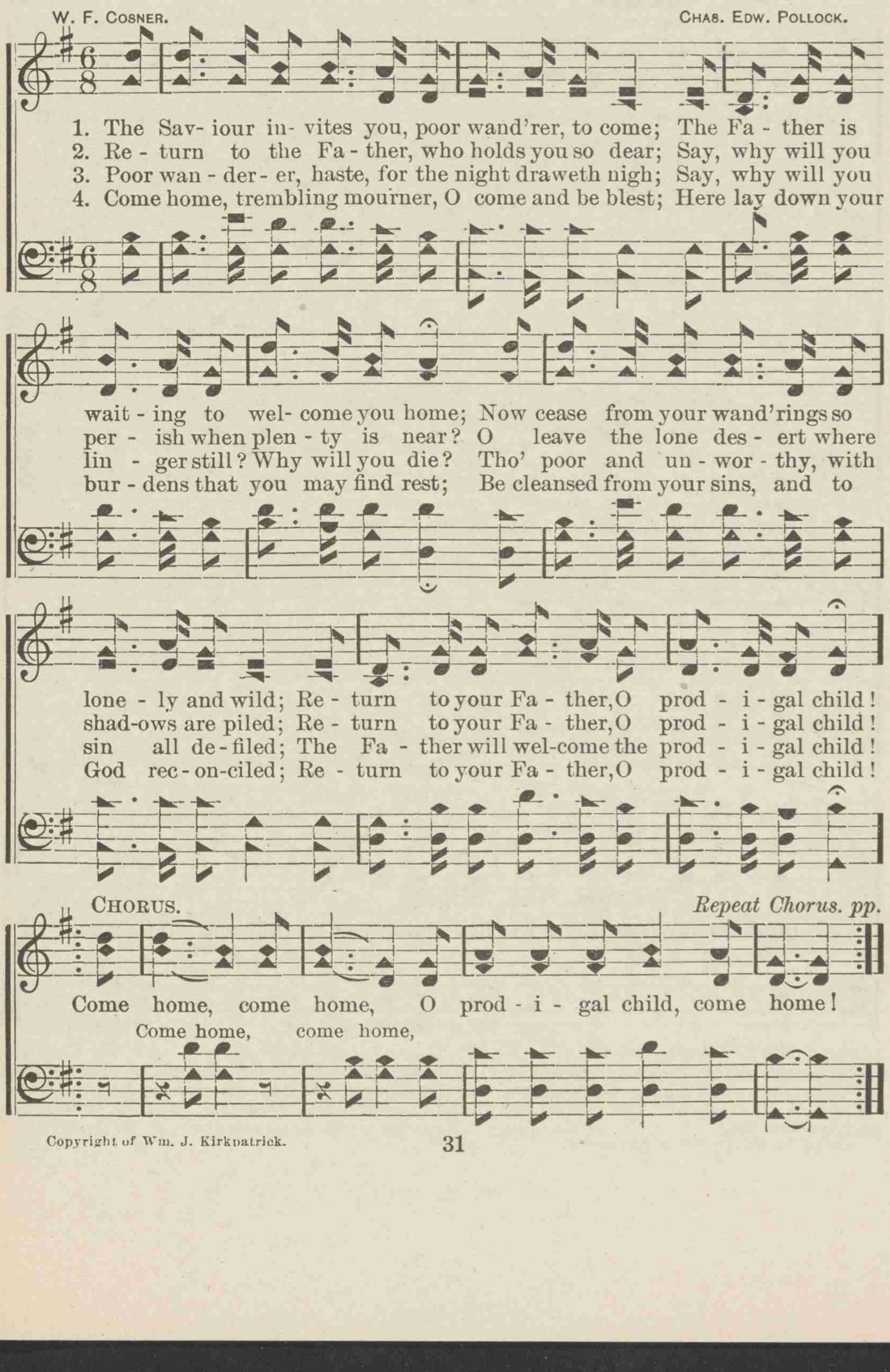
There's Time Enough Yet.—Concluded.



No. 31. Come Home.

W. F. COSNER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

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No. 32. * Take the Life-Boat.

Mrs. H. BRADFORD SPOOR. (Solo or Duet and Chorus.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Are you wrecked upon life's ocean? Loud the waves about you roar;
2. Lin-ger not for earthly treasures, Yonder lies the land of gold;
3. Precious souls, like you, have lingered; "Time enough" they gaily said;
4. Take the life-boat, you are sinking, Do not wait a moment more;

Still there's hope you need not per- ish; You may reach the heav'nly shore.
Friends and lov'd ones there are waiting, There are joys for you un-told.
Ere the mor - row they had per-ished, They are numbered with the dead.
This may be your fi- nal of - fer, Has - ten now for yon-der shore.

CHORUS.

Take the life-boat; take the life-boat, See, the Sav-iour holding

Take the life - boat, take the life - boat,

out a help - ing hand..... Wait no lon- ger,

Wait no lon - ger, take the

take the life-boat, Start to - day for heaven's bright and happy land.

life - boat,

*Consul Gen. Wildman and family, who went down with the Steamship Rio de Janerio, Feb. 24, 1901, while entering the Golden Gate, San Francisco, might have been saved had they hastened into the life-boat. But while they waited to secure some valuables, the ship went down *and they were lost.*

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No. 33. To the Rescue.

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

1. To the res - cue! to the res - cue! Souls are drifting with the tide;
2. Who will tell of this sal - va- tion, Bless-ed life- boat close at hand,
3. Some are con-scious of their dan-ger, And for suc - cor loud- ly cry;
4. Hu-man wrecks are all a - bout us, Vic- tims of the tempter's pow'r;

On - ward tow'rd the rocks before them With the cur-rent swift they glide.
Ere their barks are wreck'd and scatter'd Far and near up - on the strand?
Cut the shore-lines, has- ten to them Ere in sin they sink and die.
O the joy be - yond all tell- ing Could we res - cue one this hour!

mf Chorus. *p*

Farther and farther a - way!..... Farther and farther a - way!.....
drifting away, drifting away,

cres.

With the cur-rent drift- ing by,... To the res - cue quick-ly fly,
With the current drifting, drifting by, To the rescue quickly, quickly fly,

God will help us if we try, Help to save some one to - day.
God will help us if we on - ly try,

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No. 34. Drifting Down.

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

Slowly, with expression.

1. You are drifting far from shore, lean-ing on an i - dle oar, You are
2. Lights upon the Homeland shore give you warning o'er and o'er, You are
3. Voices from the Homeland shore faint-er grow, as they im-plore, You are

drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; You are drifting with the tide, to the
drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; Soon beyond the har-bor bar will your
drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; O, my brother, do not wait! heed them

rit. ad lib.

o- cean wild and wide, You are drift-ing, slowly drift-ing, drifting down.
boat be car- ried far, You are drift-ing, slowly drift-ing, drifting down.
ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drifted, drift- ed down.

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

You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down To the
You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, you are slow-ly drifting down

rit. *a tempo.*

dark and awful sea; You are drift- ing down From a Father's loving care,
dark and aw- ful sea; You are drifting, slowly drifting,

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Drifting Down.—Concluded.

rit. ad lib.

To the blackness of despair, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.

drifting down.

No. 35. To That City Will You Go?

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

1. Where the jasper walls are beaming, Where the pearly portals are glowing;
2. O - pen are the shining por-tals, Shut by night or day are they never;
3. In that many-mansioned dwell-ing, Je - sus one for you is pre-par - ing;
5. There shall be no day's declining, Tho' no sun or moon light the heaven;

Where the golden street is gleaming, Where the crystal waters are flow-ing:—
With the glo- ri-fied im-mor-tals, Will you dwell with them for- ev - er?
Where ho-san-nas glad are swell-ing, Will you come their joy sweetly sharing?
From amidst the throne is shin- ing, Glo - ry from the Lord freely giv - en.

Chorus.

Down be- side the wondrous riv - er, Where the trees of heal-ing grow,

Repeat. pp

We shall meet and live for-ev - er; To that cit - y will you go?

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No. 36. Tell Mother I'll Be There.

C. M. F. CHARLES M. FILLMORE.

1. When I was but a lit-tle child, how
2. Tho' I was oft-en way ward, she was
3. When I be-came a prod-i-gal, and
4. One day a message came to me; it

well I rec-ol-lect How I would grieve my moth-er with my
al-ways kind and good, So pa-tient, gen-tle, lov-ing, when I
left the old roof-tree, She al-most broke her lov-ing heart in
bade me quick-ly come, If I would see my moth-er ere the

fol-ly and neg-lect; And now that she has gone to heav'n, I
act-ed rough and rude; My childhood griefs and tri-als she would
mourning aft-er me, And day and night she prayed to God to
Sav-iour took her home; I prom-ised her, be-fore she died, for

miss her ten-der care,— O an-gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there.
glad-ly with me share,—O an-gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there.
keep me in his care,— O an-gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there.
heav-en to pre-pare,— O an-gels, tell my moth-er I'll be there.

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Tell Mother I'll Be There.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Tell { moth-er I'll be there in an-swer to her pray'r, This
moth-er I'll be there, heav'n's joys with her to share, Yes,

1 2

message, guardian angels, to her bear; Tell {
tell my dar-ling (*Omit*.....) } moth-er I'll be there.

No. 37. Right-About, Face.

E. R. LATTA, alt. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, wand'ring broth-er, in sin or dis-grace; Turn, turn to
2. En - ter the king-dom of mer - cy and grace! Je - sus in -
3. Come to the Sav - iour, sal - va - tion em-brace, Turn from all
4. He with the ran-somed will grant you a place, If from your
5. Might - y re-demp-tion! it cov - ers your case, Turn - ing to

CHORUS.

Je - sus, O right - a-bout, face.
vites you, O right - a-bout, face.
e - vil, Now right - a-bout, face.
wand'rings You right - a-bout, face.
Je - sus, O right - a-bout, face.

Right a- bout, face,

Right - a - bout, face; Turn, turn to Je - sus, O right - a - bout, face.

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No. 38. Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.

Gently with feeling.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And earthly dreams and vigils cease;
2. Some day for me my Lord shall call, With gentle whis- per in my ear;
3. O when shall break life's silver cord, And when the morn of morns I see,

rit.

My spir- it will its clay for- sake, And find the hav- en-land of peace.
The sil- ver cord will loose and fall, When I his ten-der voice shall hear.
With friends I love, my King and Lord At heaven's gate shall wel-come me.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

The sil - ver cord some day will break, And I to
sil - ver cord, will break,

end - - less joys a - wake; O then for me
end - less, end - less, me, for me

rit.

shall life be done, (be done,) E - ter - nal life and heav'n be won!

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No. 39. Welcome for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far a- way from its nest, I had wander'd, my Sav-iour, from thee; But thy dear lov- ing voice call'd me home to thy breast, And I knew there was wel-come for me.
2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold - ed my wings On the bo - som of mer - cy di - vine; I am fill'd with the light of the pres- ence so bright, And the joy that will ev - er be mine.
3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Tho' a - round me the sur - ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the day nev - er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

CHORUS.

Wel-come for me, Saviour, from thee; A smile and a welcome for me:
Now, like a dove, I rest in thy love, And find a sweet ref-uge in thee.
in thee.

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No. 40. Only a Few Short Years.

E. P. C. ETHEL P. CRIPPEN.

1. O it's on - ly a few short years of heart-ache and long - ing;
2. O it's on - ly a few short years, then waste not one mo - ment;
3. O it's on - ly a few short years, tho' pain oft o'er - take us;

O it's on - ly a few short years of pa-tient serv - ice here! Then the
O it's on - ly a few short years, the days go swift-ly by! Do each
O it's on - ly a few short years, tho' care and grief seem long! Then live

Sav - iour will gen - tly lead us Where we'll find all our heart's de-sire,
du - ty, tho' great or hum - ble, In a spir - it of tend'rest love,
on - ly and all for Je - sus, In his serv - ice is joy complete;

When we cast a - way these earth- ly lim - i - ta - tions On the
Then the lit - tle heav'n of love a-round you grow - ing, You shall
If he bids you, wait in qui - et, sweet com-mun - ion; If he

p CHORUS.

joy - ful res-ur - rec - tion morn.
some day find in heav'n a - bove.
sends you, go on swift glad feet.

O it's on - ly a few short years,

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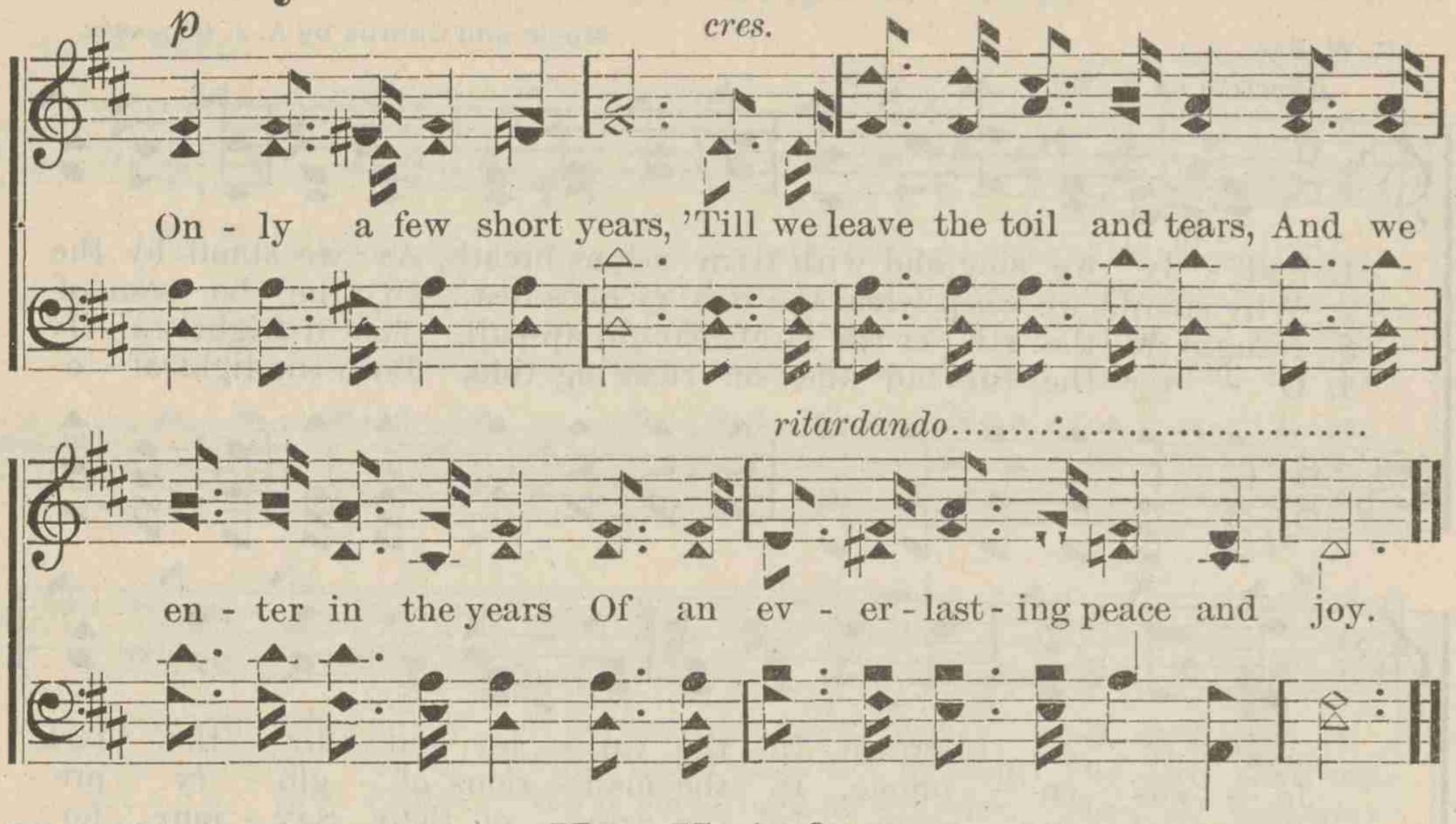
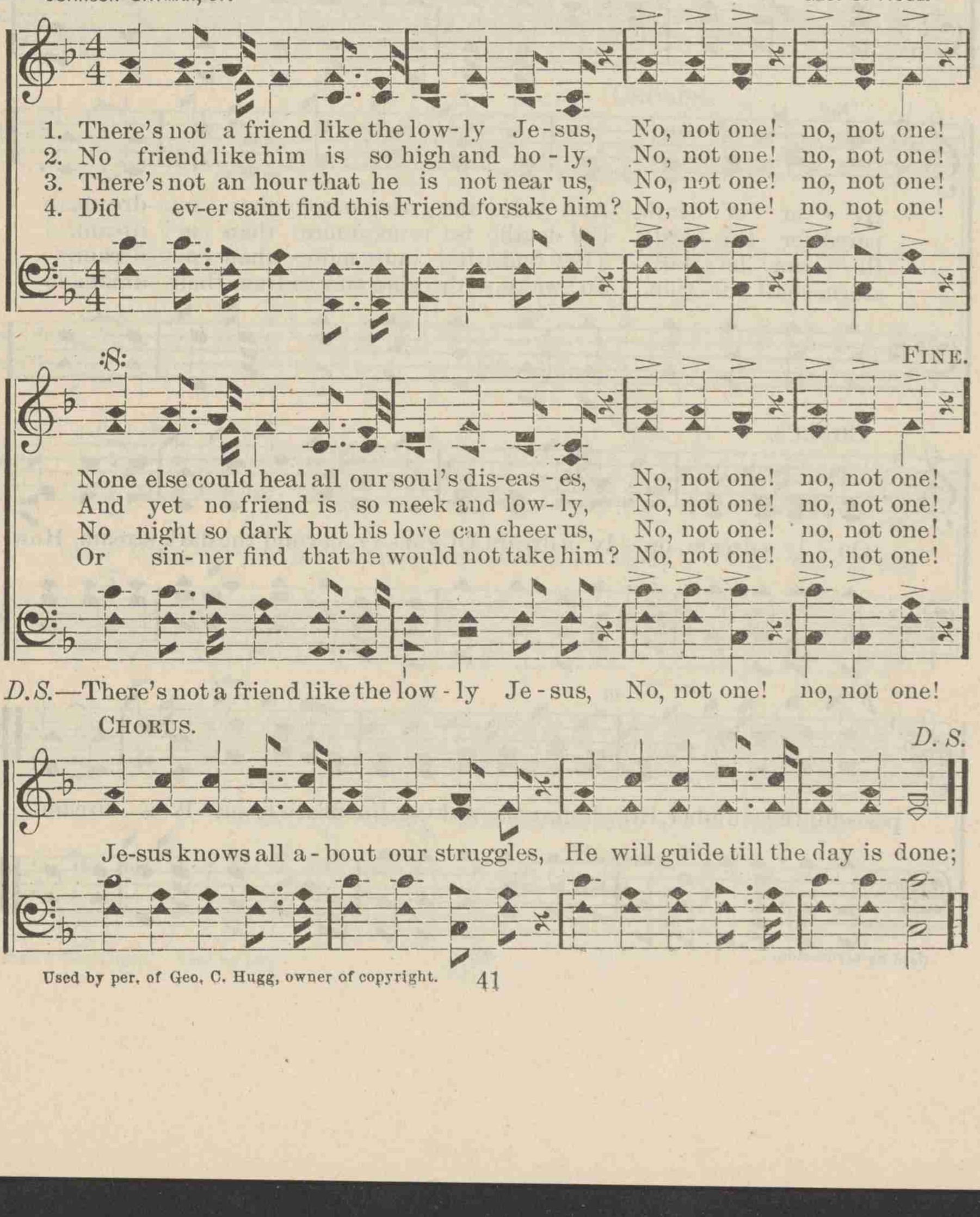
Only a Few Short Years.—Concluded.



No. 41. No, Not One.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.



CHORUS.

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No. 42. Death is Only a Dream.

C. W. RAY. Music and Chorus by A. J. BUCHANAN.

Effective as a Solo.

1. Sad - ly we sing and with trem- u-lous breath, As we stand by the
2. Why should we weep when the wea- ry ones rest, In the bo - som of
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap-pall, Tho' it fright- ful - ly
4. O - ver the tur- bid and on- rush-ing tide, Doth the light of e -

mys - ti - cal stream, In the val - ley and by the dark
Je - sus su - preme, In the man - sions of glo - ry pre -
dis - mal may seem, In the arms of their Sav - iour no
ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ran - somed the dark - ness and

riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
storm shall out- ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

CHORUS.

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream Of glo - ry beyond the dark stream, How

peaceful the slumber, How happy the waking, For death is on - ly a dream.

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No. 43. The Beautiful City of God.

MARY A. MCKEE. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. With man-sions of fair-ness, And beau-ty, and rare-ness, And streets with a pavement of gold;
2. Its riv - ers of glad-ness Will ban - ish all sad-ness, And sor- row shall van - ish a - way;
3. But light will be giv- en, All storm clouds be riven From o - ver that cit - y of God;
4. No sor - row or sigh-ing, Nor an-guish or dy- ing, Can shad- ow the bliss of that home;

Where no one grows weary,— No pros- pect is drear-y,—and no one can ev- er grow old.
The moon shall not lighten, The sun shall not bright-en, That cit-y by night or by day.
We'll view them in won-der, Thro' all that may sund-er, The path that in sorrow we trod.
And pil-grims who rest there, For - ev - er are blest there, Nor yearn in their rapture to roam.

CHORUS.

O there is a cit- y, a beau- ti-ful cit-y, Whose builder and maker is God! A far - a-way cit - y, A won-der- ful cit- y, The beau-ti - ful cit- y of God.

From "The Helper." Used by per.

No. 44. What Will You Do?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Mrs. FANNIE L. SIMPSON.

Andante con moto.

1. What will you do with Christ Jesus, the Lord? Behold him, he cometh this way;
2. What will you do with the soul-cleansing blood That takes all defilement a-way?
3. What will you do with the of-fer of grace, And heaven's remis-sion of sin?

Close to thee now he is pass-ing a-long And off'ring sal-
Crim-son it flows, so a-bun-dant and free, And a-ble to
Will you not o-pen the door of your heart, And let the dear

cres. *f*

rall.

va-tion to-day.
save you to-day.
Saviour come in?

CHORUS.

O what will you do now that Christ is so nigh?

pp *cres.* *sf*

O what will you do? Will you let him pass by? Why not draw near him and

dim. e rall.

ten-der-ly hear him? O give him your heart while his grace is so nigh.

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No. 45. Cross the Line.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Cross the line, cross the line from the world to the Christ, He has wait-ed so long there for you; Will you still hold as dear fleeting pleasures of earth, When the
2. Cross the line, cross the line, lay your bur-den of sin At the feet of the Saviour of men; Hear his voice "Come to Me," take the step while you can, Slighted
3. Cross the line, cross the line to the bright other side, Cling with faith to the strengthening hand; Ere the dark shadows fall and life's sun sinks to rest, On the

CHORUS.

days of your life are so few?
once, he may ne'er call a - gain.
Lord's side re - joic- ing - ly stand.
} Cross the line, cross the line, he will not come to you, "Follow me," heed the call and o - bey; (o - bey,) Cross the line, cross the line, it is on- ly a step, From the world to the heavenly way.

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No. 46. Turned Away From the Beautiful Gate.

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

Not too fast.

1. Someone will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You can - not come." With sad-ness, he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state—
2. Someone will hear the an- gels' song, And wish he could join with the hap - py throng. With sigh-ing, he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state—
3. Someone will stand with an ach-ing heart, While Je - sus pronounces the word, "de- part." With groaning, he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state—
4. Someone will lin - ger with tear-ful eyes, While Christ and his peo-ple as- cend the skies. With weeping, he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state—
5. Someone will go in- to darkness drear, Far off from the Saviour and all that's dear. With an-guish, he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state—

CHORUS.

Turned a-way from the beau-ti- ful gate! Turned a-way from the beauti - ful gate! Turned a- way from the beau - ti - ful gate! With sadness, he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state—Turned away from the beauti- ful gate!

Controlled by D. E. Dortch. Used by per.

No. 47. God is Calling.

E. BORTHWICK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God call- ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call- ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov- ing voice de-spise,
3. God call- ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bon- dage live?
4. God call- ing yet! I can-not stay: My heart I yield with-out de- lay;

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum- ber lie?
And base ly his kind care re- pay? He calls me still; can I de- lay?
I wait, but he does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart a- wake!
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

CHORUS.

God..... is call-ing you,..... God..... is
God is call-ing you, God is call-ing you, God is call-ing me,

call - ing me,..... God is call - ing,
God is call - ing me, God is gen - tly call - ing,

God is call-ing, God is call- ing you and me.....
God is gen-tly call - ing, God is call- ing me.

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No. 48. On the Cross of Calvary.

C. F. O. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. On the cross of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus died for thee and me; There he
2. O what wondrous, wondrous love, Bro't me down at Je - sus' feet! O such
3. Take me, Je - sus, I am thine, Wholly thine for - ev - er- more; Bless-ed
4. Clouds and darkness veil'd the sky, When the Lord was cru-ci-fied; "It is

shed his precious blood, That from sin we might be free. O the cleansing stream doth
wondrous, dy-ing love, Asks a sac - ri-fice complete! Lord, I give my-self to
Je - sus, thou art mine, Dwell within for-ever-more. Cleanse, O cleanse my heart from
fin-ish'd!" was his cry, When he bow'd his head and died. It was fin-ished there for

flow, And it wash-es white as snow: It was for me that Je-sus died On the
thee, Soul and bod - y thine to be: It was for me thy blood was shed On the
sin, Make and keep me pure within: It was for this thy blood was shed On the
me; All the world may now go free: It was for me that Je-sus died On the

D.S.—that Je-sus died On the

CHORUS. *D.S.*

cross of Cal-va-ry. On Calvary, ... on Cal-va-ry, ... It was for me

On Calvary, on Calvary,

cross of Ca-lva-ry.

No. 49. O Why Not To-night?

ELIZABETH REED. J. CALVIN BUSHBY.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our God in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quite?
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to him their souls u-nite;

Poor sin - ner, hard - en not thy heart, Be saved, O to - night.
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.

CHORUS.

O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
O why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

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No. 50. Seek Ye First the Kingdom.

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

1. Seek ye first the king- dom; Not the things of earth, Priceless are the
2. Seek ye first the king- dom; Ev - er-last- ing love Woos you to the
3. Seek ye first the king- dom; Seek the "Gift of God;" 'Tis the Saviour's

treasures Of immor- tal worth. Like a flitting shad - ow, Time will
blessings From the land a - bove. Pardon and re- new - al, Righteous-
of - fer, Purchased by his blood. Seek ye first his glo - ry; Be it

pass a - way, But the heav'nly rich - es Change not, nor de - cay.
ness and peace, Grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Joys that never cease.
life's sweet aim, Him to serve and hon - or, Trusting in his name.

CHORUS.

Seek ye first the kingdom; 'Tis the Master's voice; In his precious promise

Ev- er- more re - joice. "All things else," his word is true, "Shall be add-ed

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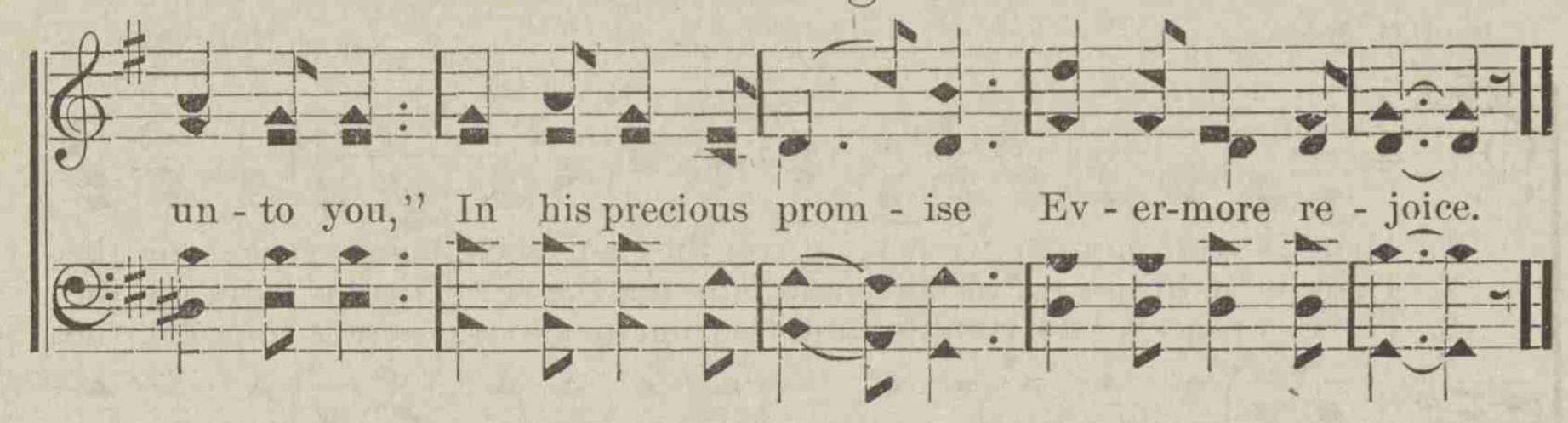
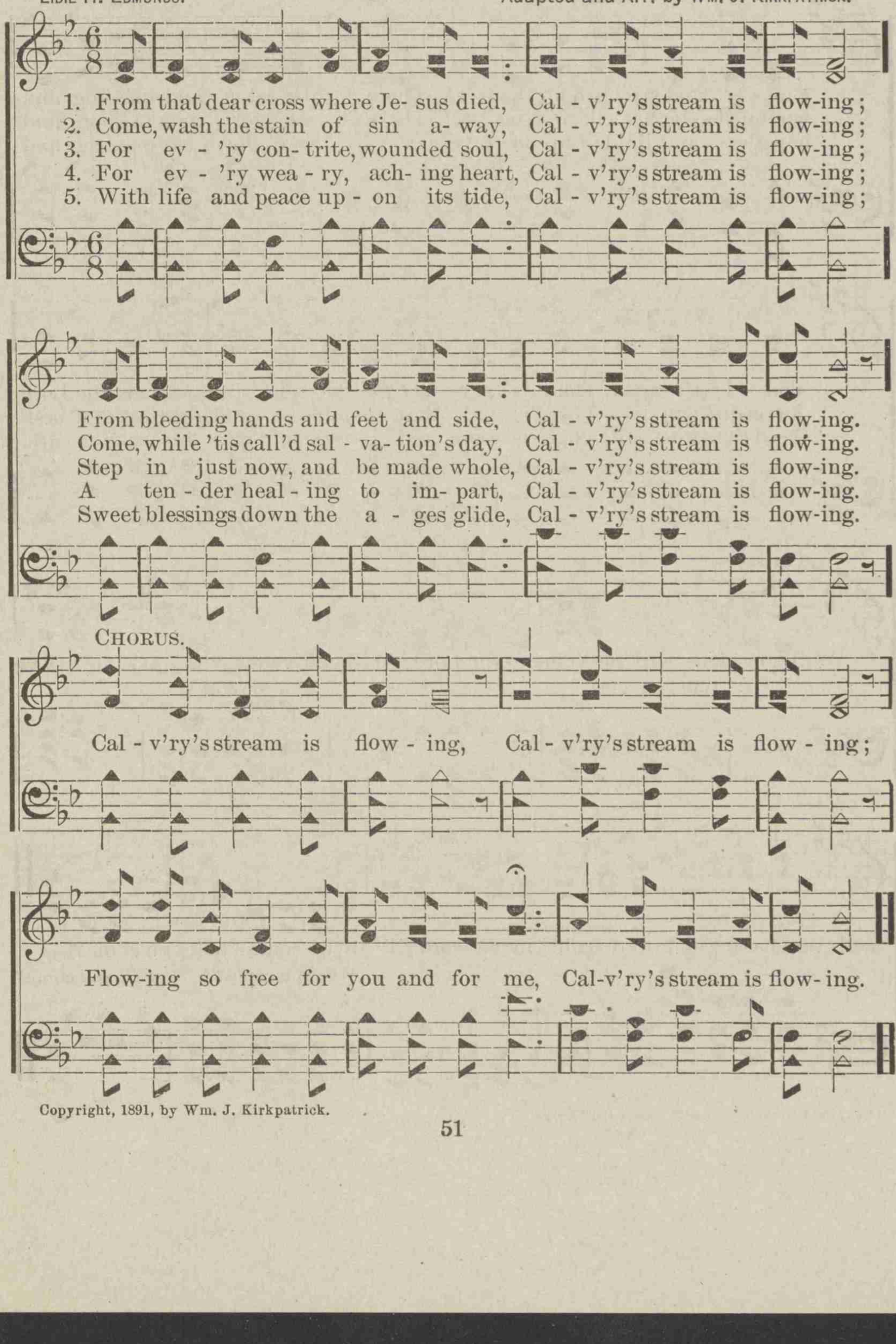
Seek Ye First the Kingdom.—Concluded.



No. 51. Calvary's Stream is Flowing.

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS. Adapted and Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 52. Will You Come?

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. There is rest for the wea-ry, if rest they will seek, There is cheer for the
2. There is sight for the blinded and cure for the ill, There is balm for the
3. There is peace for the troubled and freedom for slaves, There is hope for the

lone - ly and strength for the weak, There is par - don and blessing, and
wounded— be healed if you will, There is rest for your la - bors, and
hope-less, and light up-on graves; O..... hear the glad mes-sage and

end - less reward, There is per - fect sal-va- tion in Je - sus the Lord.
sweet-ness in rest, There is all that is pur- est, and dear-est and best.
heed the sweet call, There is room and a welcome with Je - sus for all.

CHORUS.

Will you come, will you come to the Lord? Will you come? will you come? O, ye
souls that have seen him revealed in his word? Will you come? will you come?.....

Will you come, Will you come?

Will you come? will you come?

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No. 53. He Saves with Power Divine.

N. P. C. NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER.

1. Hear a-gain the blessed, blessed sto - ry Of the Saviour's wondrous pow'r to save; How for us he left his home in glory, Conquered sin, death and the grave.
2. Sorrow, toil, and pain were in his pathway All a-long his jour-ney here be-low, Leading him at last to Calv'ry's mountain, All to save our souls from woe.
3. May we now accept this blessed Sav-iour Who has done so much for me and you; Give to him our hearts, and tell the story, Others then may find him too.

CHORUS.

Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves, Sing a - loud the sto - ry; Je - sus saves,

Je - sus saves, Give him all the praise and glory; Je-sus saves, Je - sus saves,

ril.

Saves this soul of mine; Je-sus saves, Jesus saves, He saves with pow'r divine.

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No. 54. Will You Be One?

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

1. Have you giv'n your-self to Je - sus, do you now to him be- long?
2. Will you be a- mong the num-ber who their golden sheaves will bring
3. Will you be a- mong the num-ber of the sol- diers brave and true
4. As the vir- gins wise were wait-ing, are you watching day and night

Will you be a- mong the num- ber of the hap-py blood-wash'd throng
To the feet of the Re-deem- er and u - nite to crown him King,
Who, in spite of all a-gainst them, with their Lord are go-ing thr.u.h
For the coming of the Bridegroom, with your lamps all trimm'd and bright;

Who a - round God's throne for-ev-er sing the hal - le - lu - jah song?
Join- ing in the shouts of tri-umph mak-ing heav- en's arch - es ring?
Will you gath - er in the homeland at that glo- rious, grand re- view?
Read- y with the saints to gath- er dress'd in gar-ments spot-less white?

CHORUS.

Will you, will you be one?..... Yes, by God's assisting grace I will
Will you be one? will you be one?
run the Christian's race, And I'll be among the ransomed over there; In that
over there;

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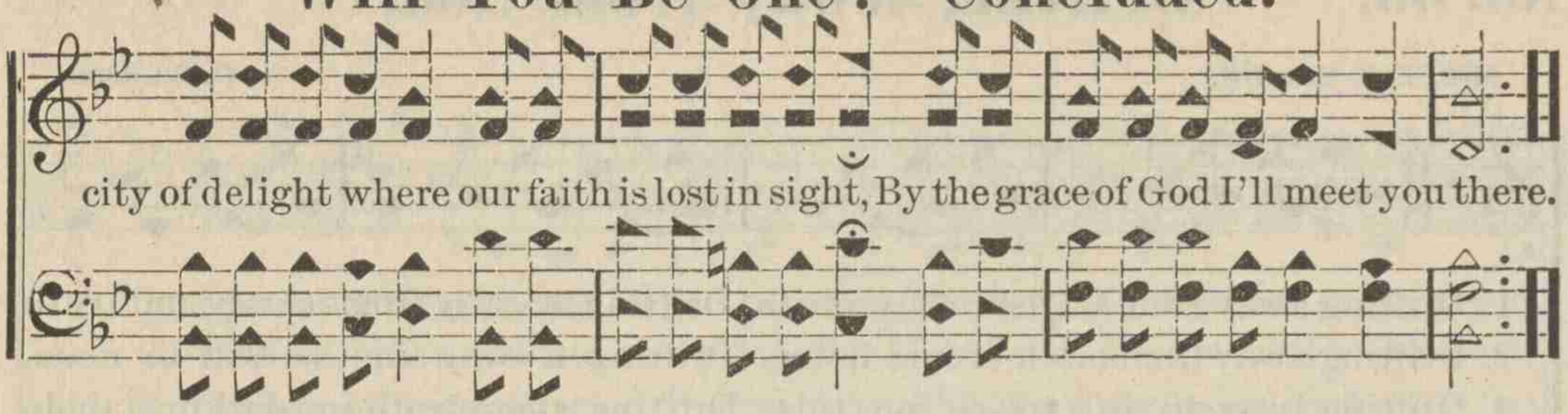
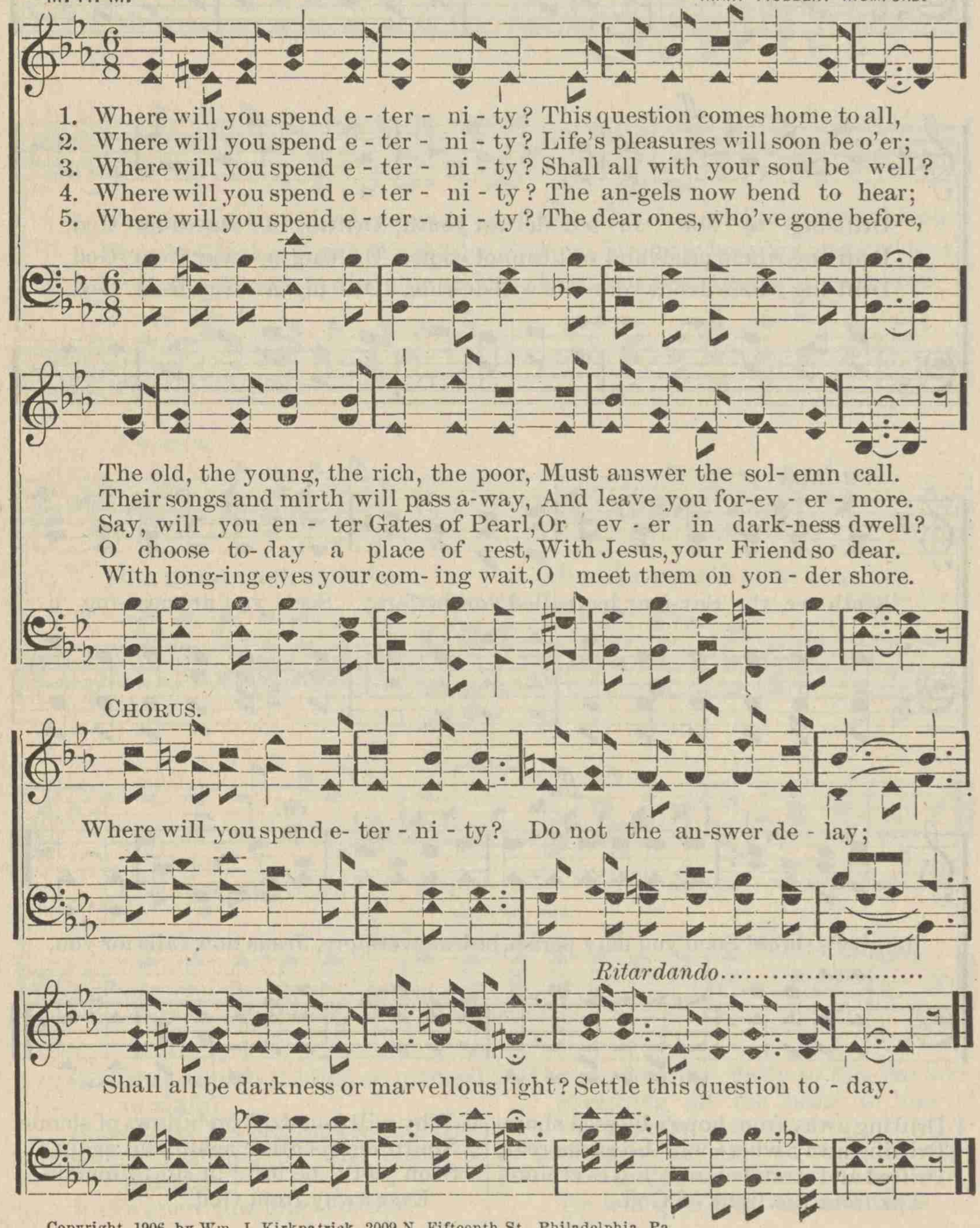
Will You Be One?—Concluded.

No. 55. Where Will You Spend Eternity?

M. H. M. MARY HUBBERT MUMFORD.



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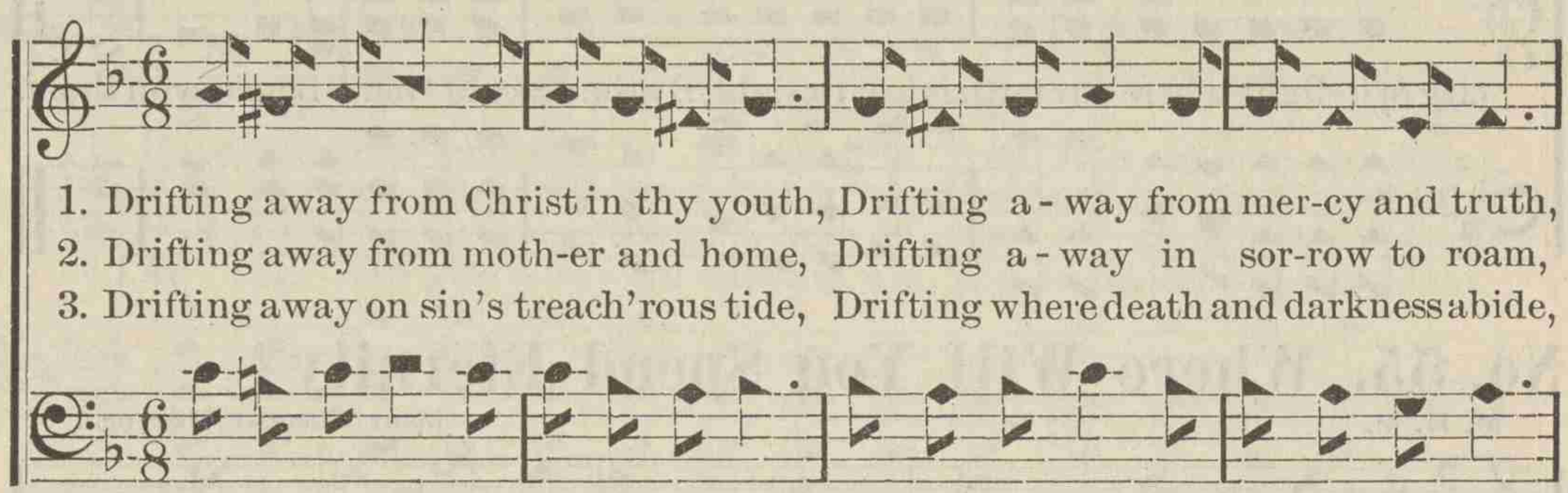
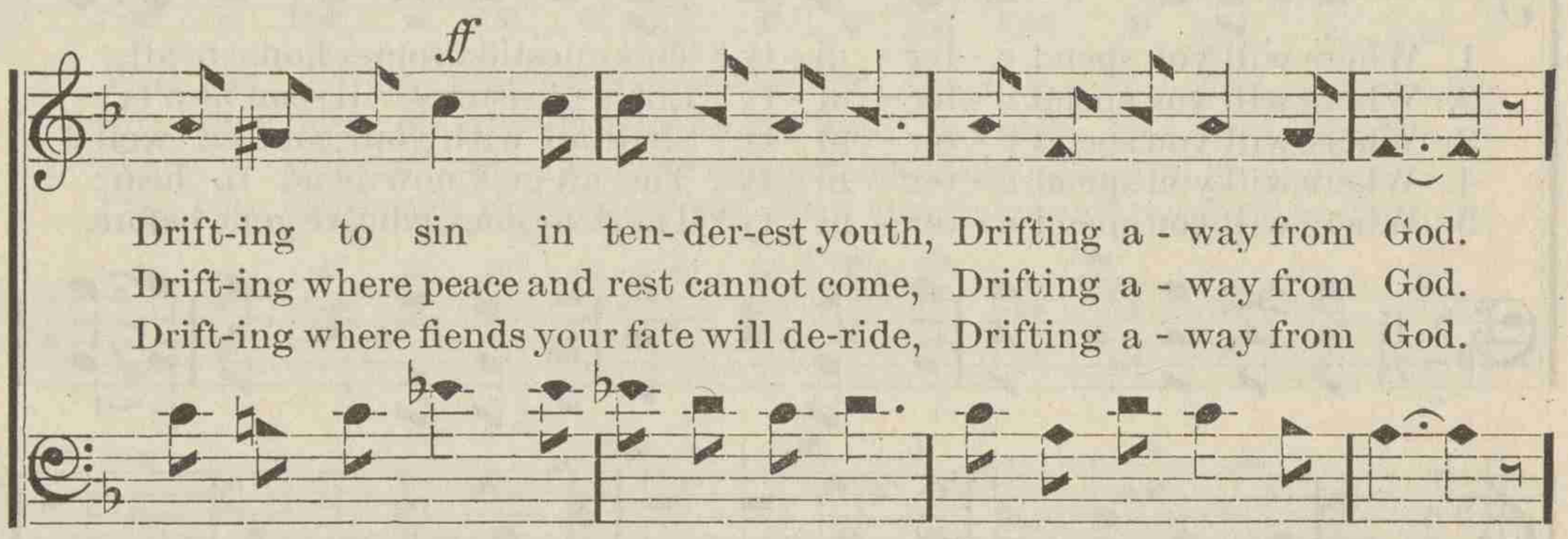
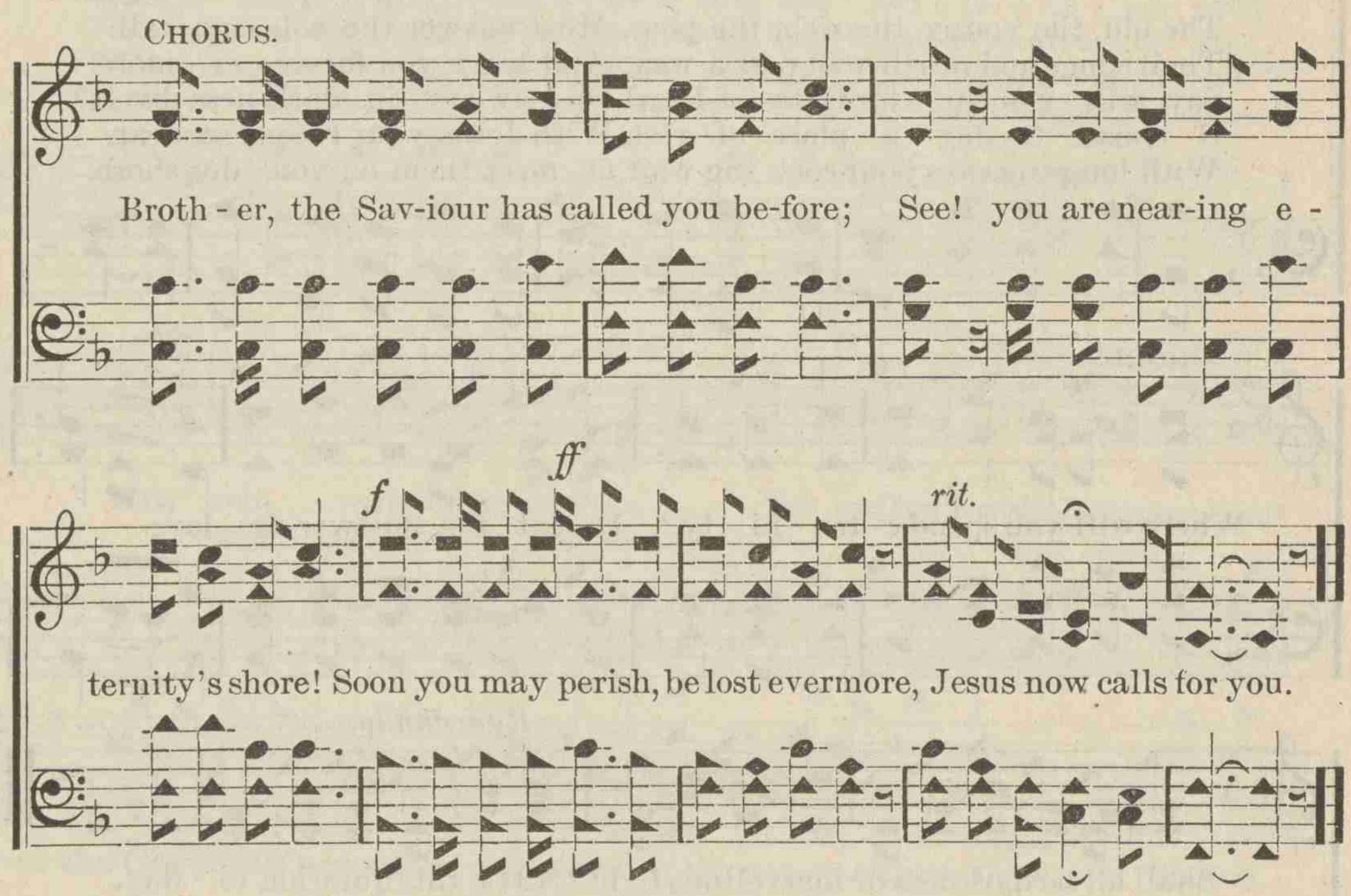
No. 56. Drifting Away from God.

Mrs. J. A. GRIFFITH. P. BILHORN.





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

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

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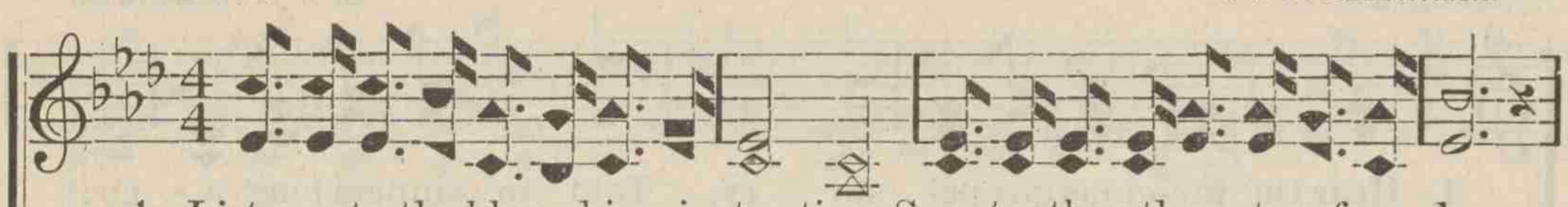
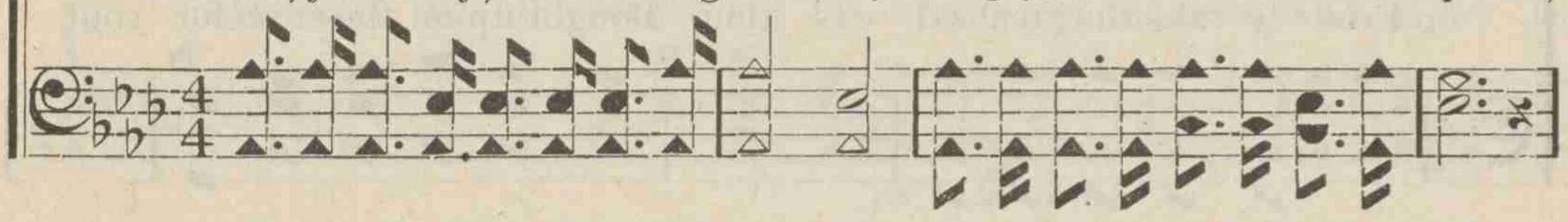
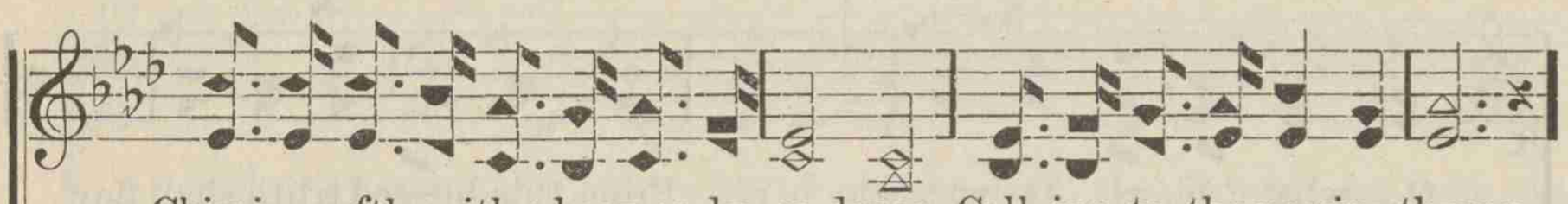
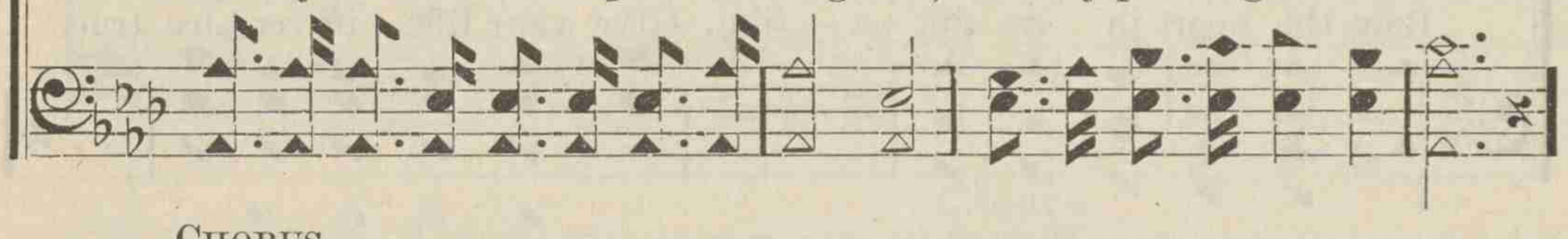
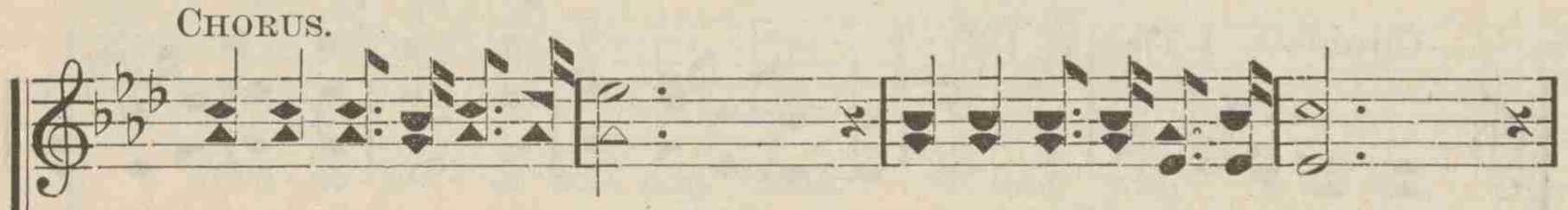
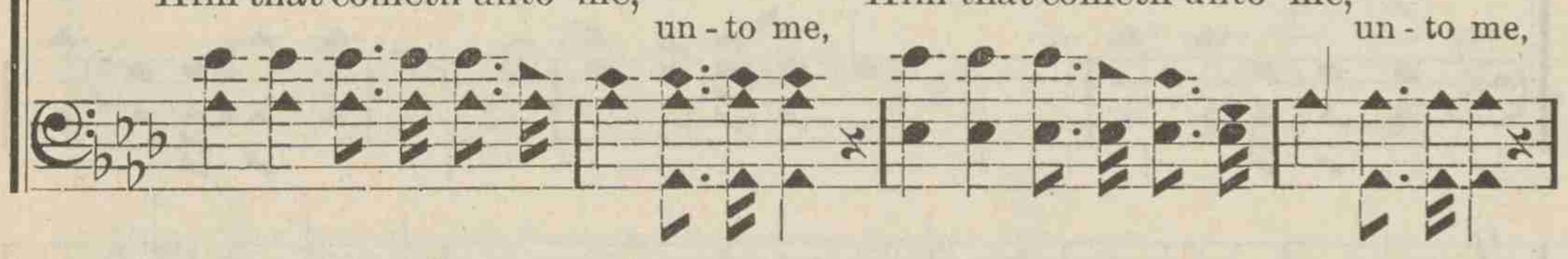
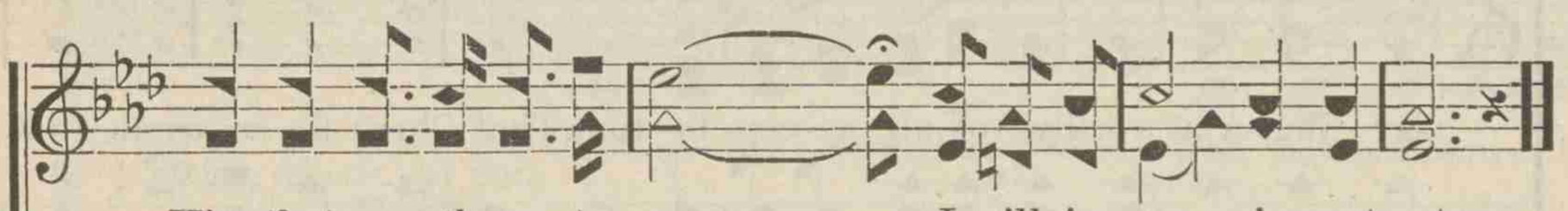
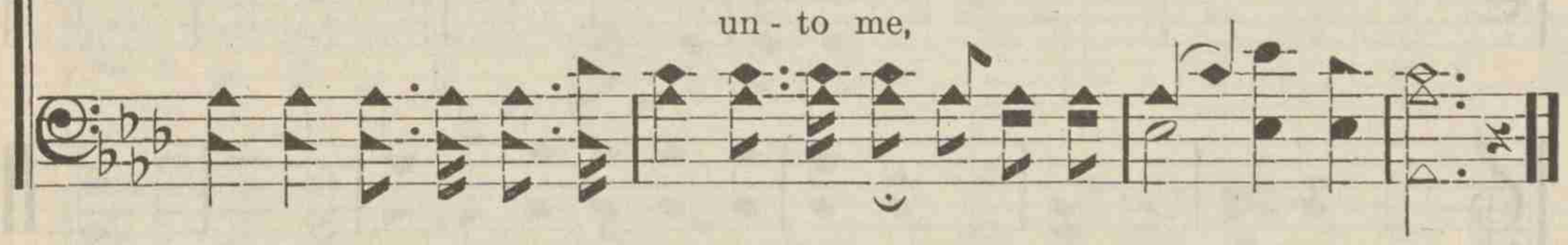
No. 57. Him That Cometh Unto Me.

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

1. List - en to the blessed in-vi - ta - tion, Sweeter than the notes of angel-song,
2. Wea-ry toil-er, sad and heavy la - den, Joy-ful-ly the great sal-va-tion see,
3. Come, ye thirsty, to the living wa-ters, Hungry, come and on his bounty feed,

Chiming softly with a heav-en-ly ca-dence, Call-ing to the passing throng.
Close beside thee stands the Burden Bear-er, Strong to bear thy load and thee.
Not thy fit-ness is the plea to bring him, But thy pressing utmost need.

CHORUS.

Him that cometh unto me, Him that cometh unto me,

un - to me, un - to me,



Him that cometh un - to me,..... I will in no - wise cast out.

un - to me,

4 "Him that cometh," blind or maimed
or sinful
Cometh for his healing touch divine.
For the cleansing of the blood so
precious,
Prove anew this gracious line.

5 Coming humbly, daily to this Saviour,
Breathing all the heart to him in
prayer;
Coming some day to the heavenly
mansions,
He will give thee welcome there.

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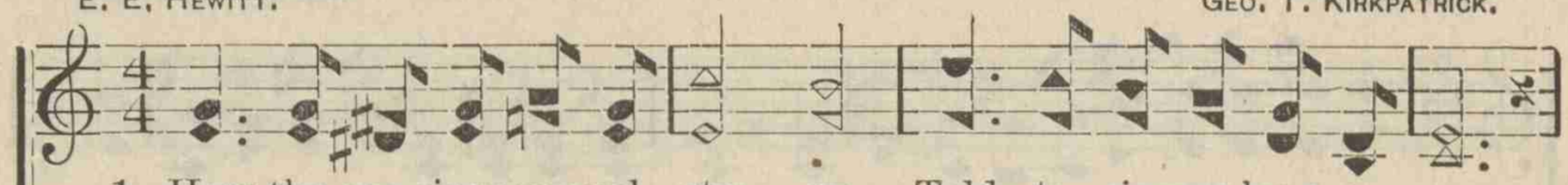
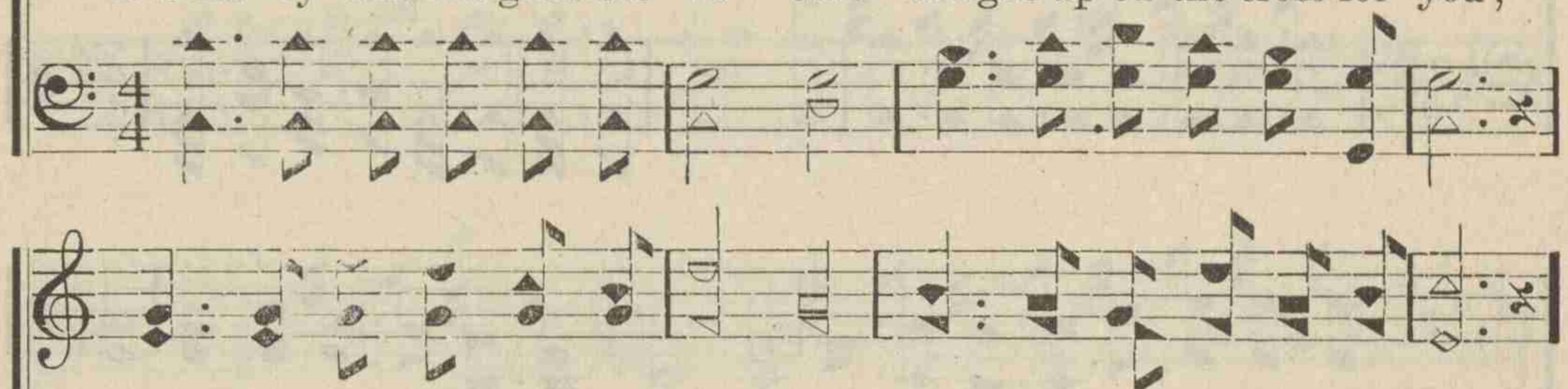
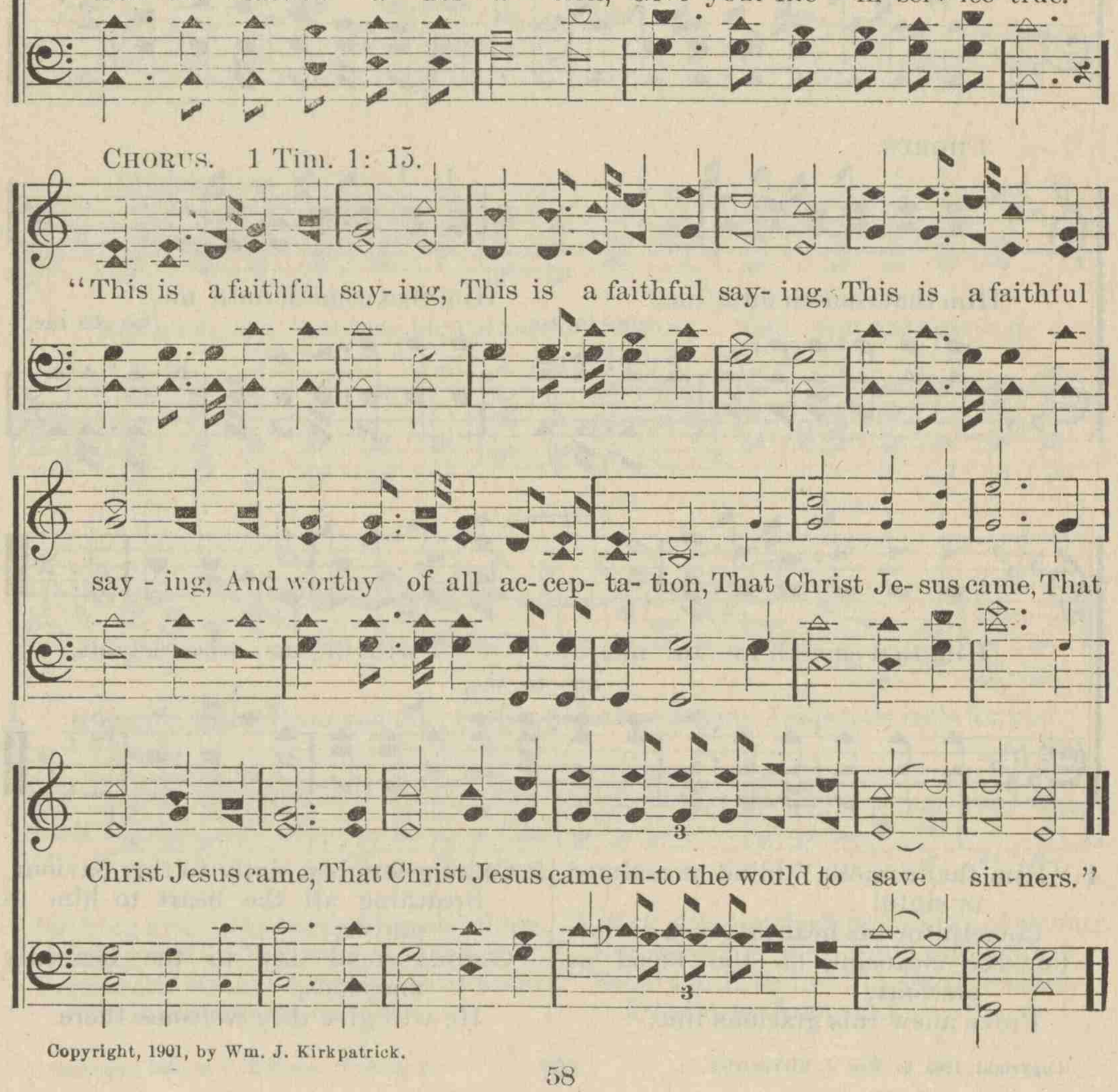
No. 58. This is a Faithful Saying.

E. E. Hewitt. Geo. T. Kirkpatrick.



1. Hear the pre-cious gos-pel sto - ry, Told to sinners long a - go;
2. Now ac-cept this "faithful say - ing," Let it draw you to his feet;
3. All your sins shall be for-giv - en, Washed in Calv'ry's stream to-day;
4. Grasp a-new this "faithful say - ing," Trust-ing Je-sus, doubt no more;
5. Free - ly take the great sal - va - tion Bought up-on the cross for you;



O what comfort, O what glo - ry, From this blessed truth shall flow.
Come to him, no more de - lay - ing, Find in him deliverance sweet.
All your fet- ters shall be riv - en, All your dark-ness flee a - way.
Press-ing onward, watching, pray - ing, En - ter ev - 'ry o- pen door.
Bow the heart in a - dor - a - tion, Give your life in serv-ice true.

Chorus. 1 Tim. 1: 15.

"This is a faithful say- ing, This is a faithful say- ing, This is a faithful say - ing, And worthy of all ac- cep- ta- tion, That Christ Je- sus came, That Christ Jesus came, That Christ Jesus came in-to the world to save sin-ners."

Copyright, 1901, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 59. That Grand Word, "Whosoever."

E. E. H. E. E. HEWITT.

1. That grand word "whosoev-er" is ringing thro' my soul, Who - so- ev - er will may come; In riv - ers of sal-va- tion the liv - ing wa - ters roll,
2. When-ev - er this sweet message in God's own Word I see, Who - so- ev - er will may come; I know 'tis meant for sinners, I know 'tis meant for me,
3. I heard the lov - ing message, and now to oth - ers say, Who - so- ev - er will may come; Seek now the precious Saviour, and he'll be yours to- day,
4. To God be all the glo- ry! his on - ly Son he gave, Who - so- ev - er will may come; And those who come believing he'll to the ut-most save,

CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er will may come. O that "who - - - so - ev - - - er"! Who-so- ev - er will may come; The Sav-iour's in - vi- ta - tion is free - ly sounding still, Who - so - ev - er will may come.

Who - so - ev - er will

who - so - ev - er will,

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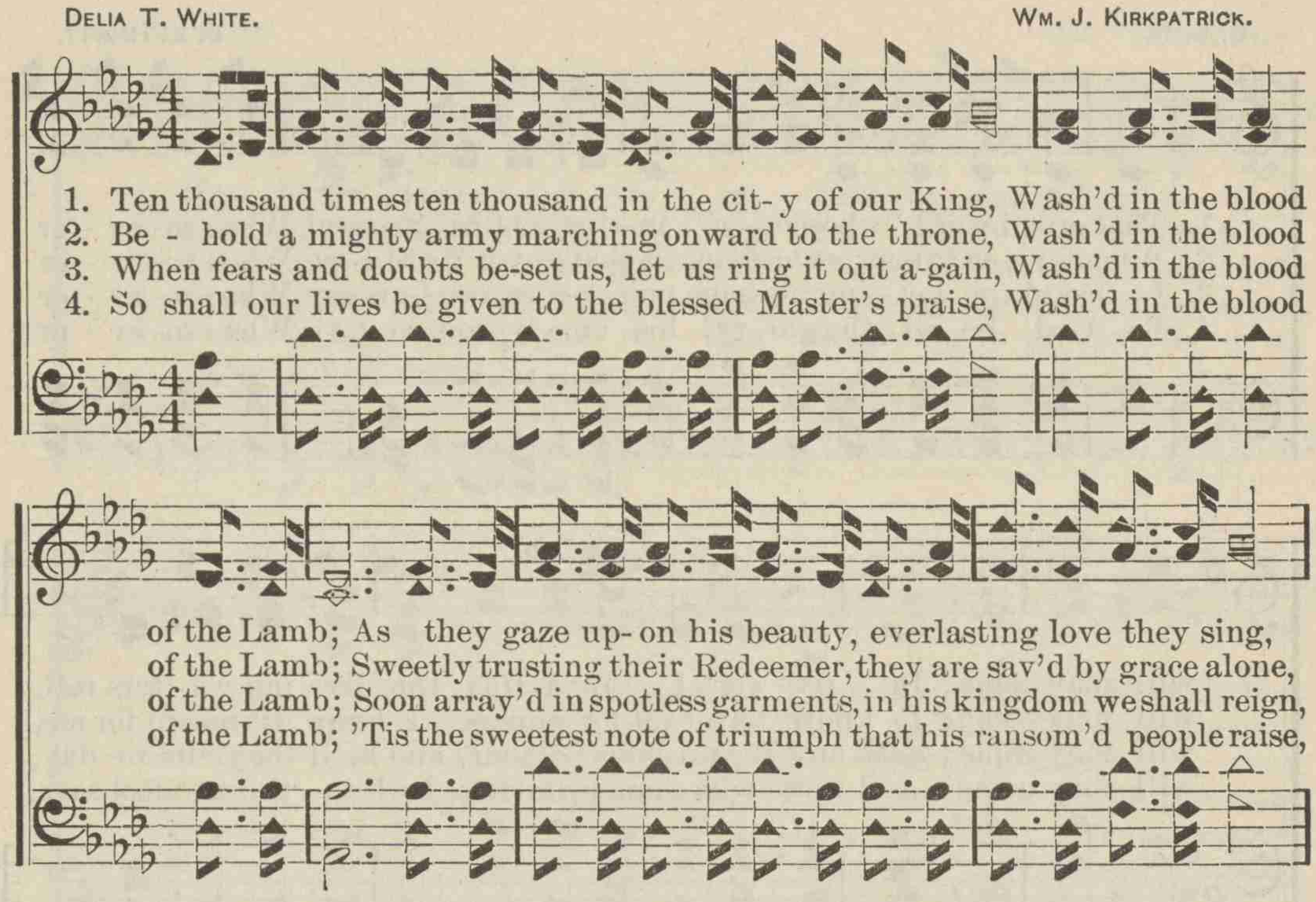
No. 60. Meet Me in the City.

DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 61. Come unto Me.

E. F. S. E. F. STANTON.

1. The Sav- iour sweet-ly calls to-day "O come un - to Me and rest;
2. The Sav- iour whis-pers ten - der-ly "O come un - to Me and rest;
3. The ris - en Sav- iour calls in love "O come un - to Me and rest;
4. The Saviour calls from mansions bright "O come un - to Me and rest;

I am the Life, the Truth, the Way, O come un - to Me and rest."
I died for thee on Cal - va- ry, O come un - to Me and rest."
With joy and glad-ness look a-bove, O come un - to Me and rest."
My yoke is eas - y, bur- den light, O come un - to Me and rest."

CHORUS.

Come un - to Me, Come
Come un - to Me, Come un - to Me, O come un - to Me,
un - to Me, O come un - to
come un - to Me, come un - to Me,

rit.

Me, And I will give you rest.
come un - to Me, sweet rest.

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No. 62. Calling Me Over the Tide.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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No. 63. Meet Me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap - py, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves a-way In - to pure and per - fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear- est links are rent in twain; But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv-er spark-ling bright, In the cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

FINE.

meet me there.

D.S.—happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is blooming, Meet me there;
Meet me there, Meet me there, When the storms of life are o'er, On the
Meet me there,

D.S.

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No. 64. He will Meet Me At the Portal.

IRVIN H. MACK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET. Soprano and Alto, or Tenor.

1. When the cares of life have ended And I cross the si-lent stream;
2. I shall know my blessed Saviour When he comes to greet me there,
3. O, the joys of that glad meeting, Precious thought! it thrills me now,

As I reach the heav'nly portal And its glories on me beam;
When he takes me to him gently, Bids me all those blessings share.
I shall hear him bid me welcome, Feel his kiss upon my brow.

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

I shall see the Saviour coming And shall know his loving call.
I shall rest up- on his bos-om, Praise him thro' e-terni - ty.
There I'll shout glad hallelujahs, Safe within the heav'nly fold.

CHORUS.

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

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

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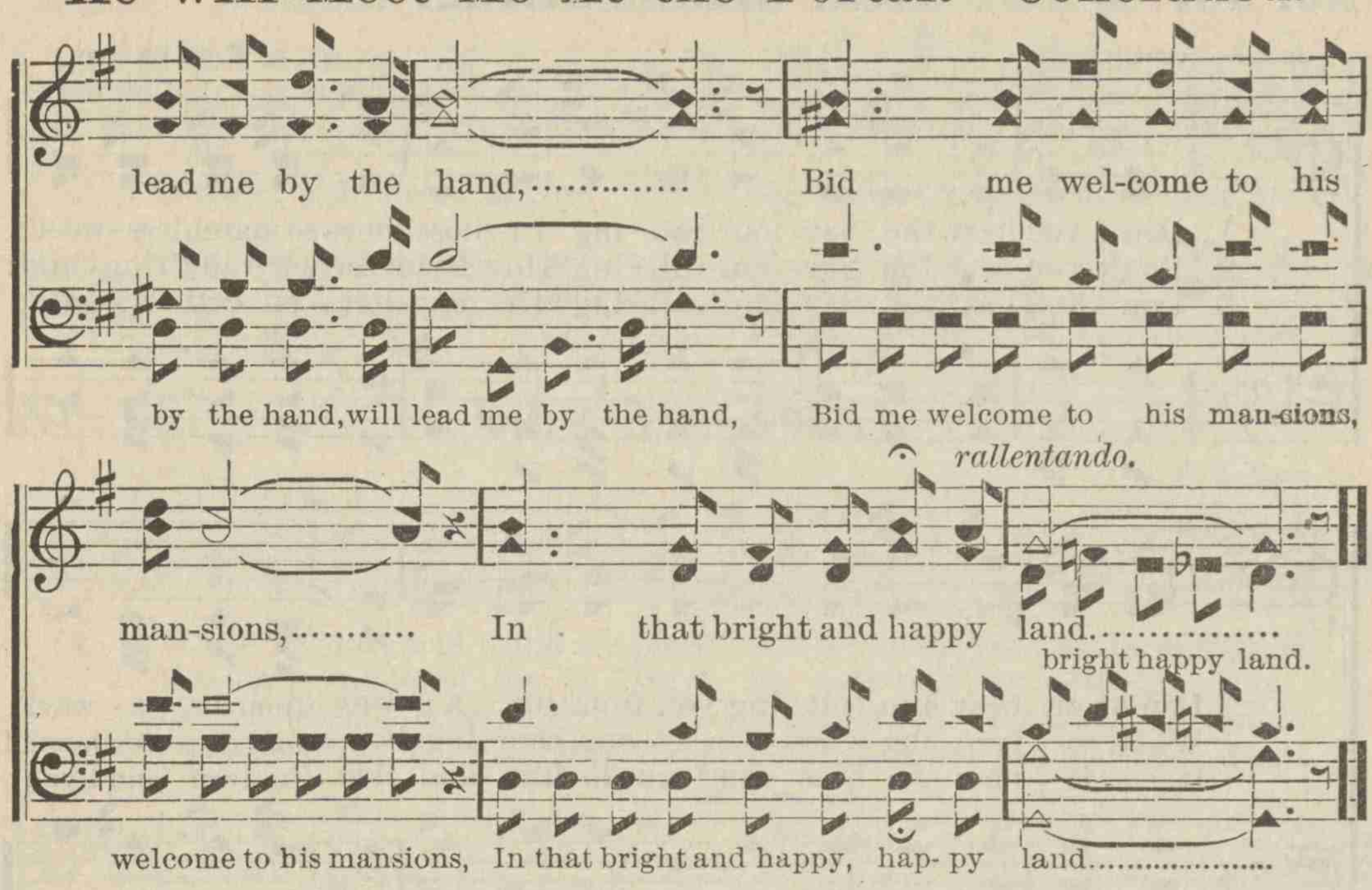
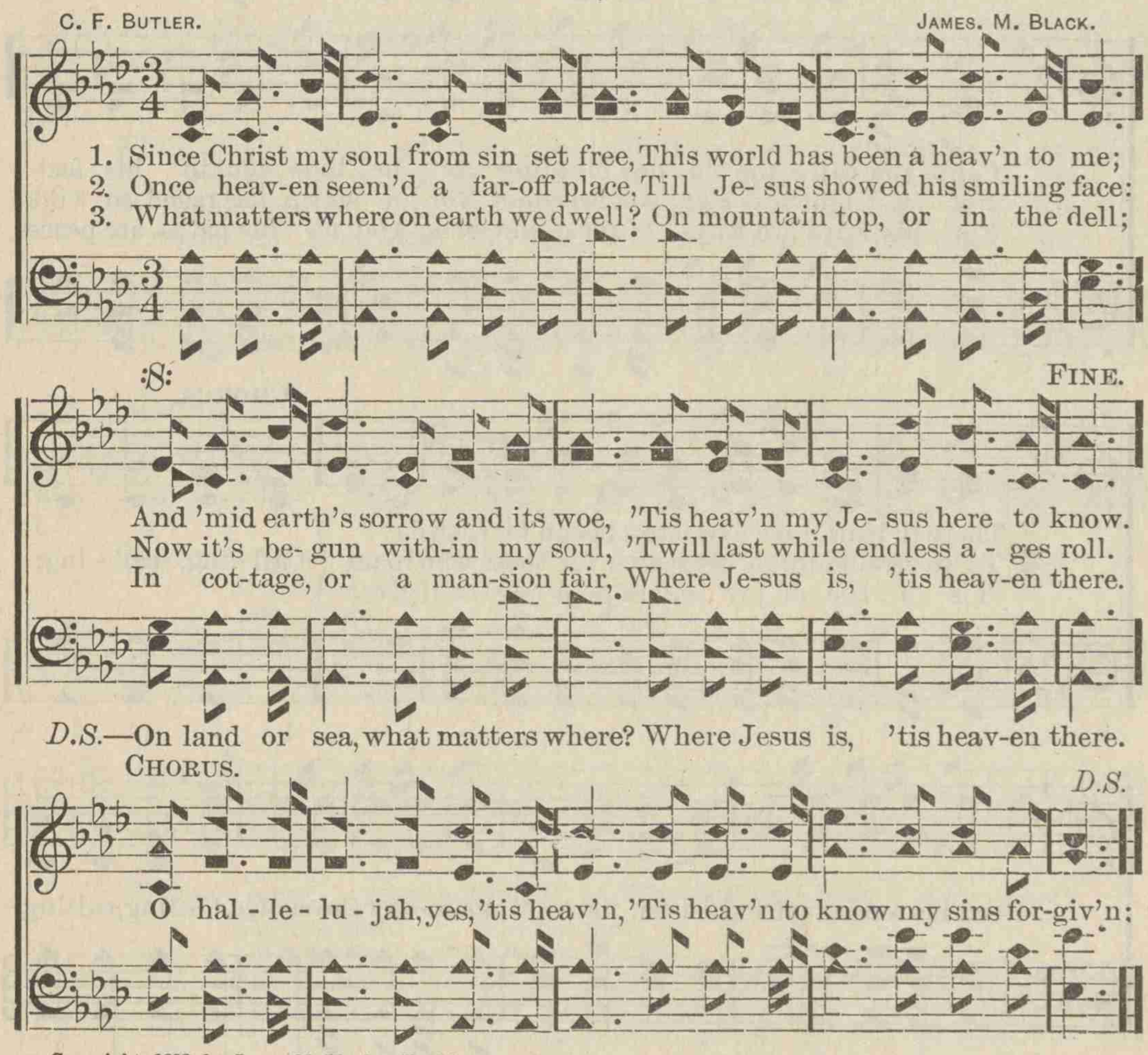
He will Meet Me At the Portal.—Concluded.

No. 65. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. BUTLER. JAMES. M. BLACK.

3 Copyright, 1898, by James M. Black. Used by per.

No. 66. Hear Him Calling.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. P. P. BILHORN.

1. Don't you hear the Sav-iour call-ing In those tones so matchless sweet?
2. Don't you hear the Sav-iour call-ing? How he loves each wand'ring child:
3. Don't you hear the Sav-iour call-ing? He may nev-er call a-gain;

Don't you hear him call-ing you from sin a-way (from sin a-way)?
What re-joic-ing when he sees one com-ing home (one com-ing home)!
It is now he bids you turn to him and live (O, turn and live);

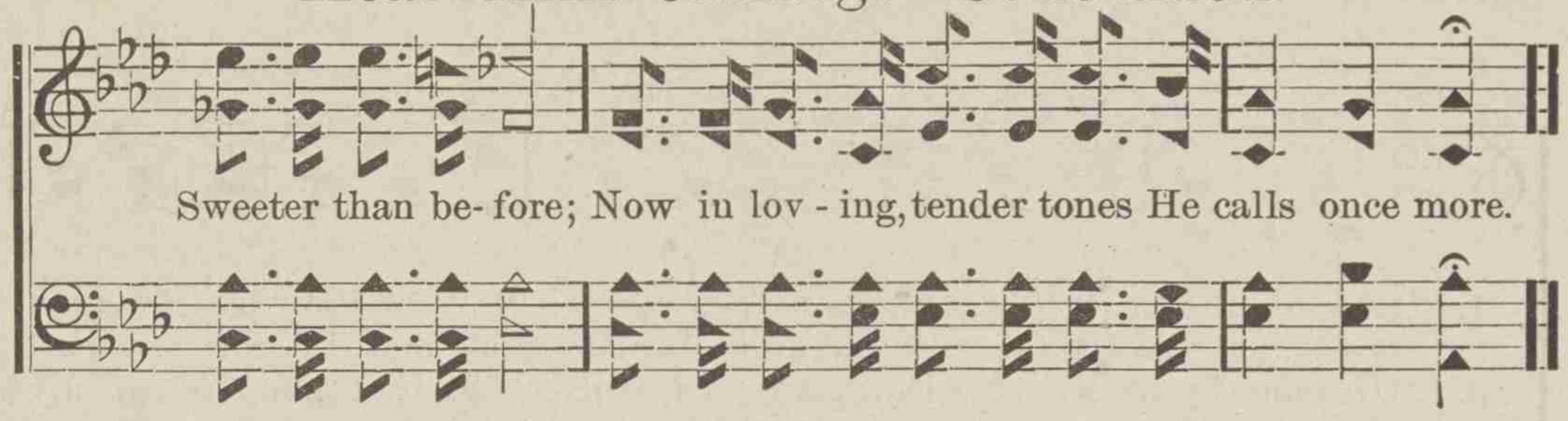
Can't you catch the ten-der pleading, As he bids you to his feet,
Not a night was e'er so cheer-less, Nor a storm has raged so wild
For his ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness, And all his paths are peace;

CHORUS.

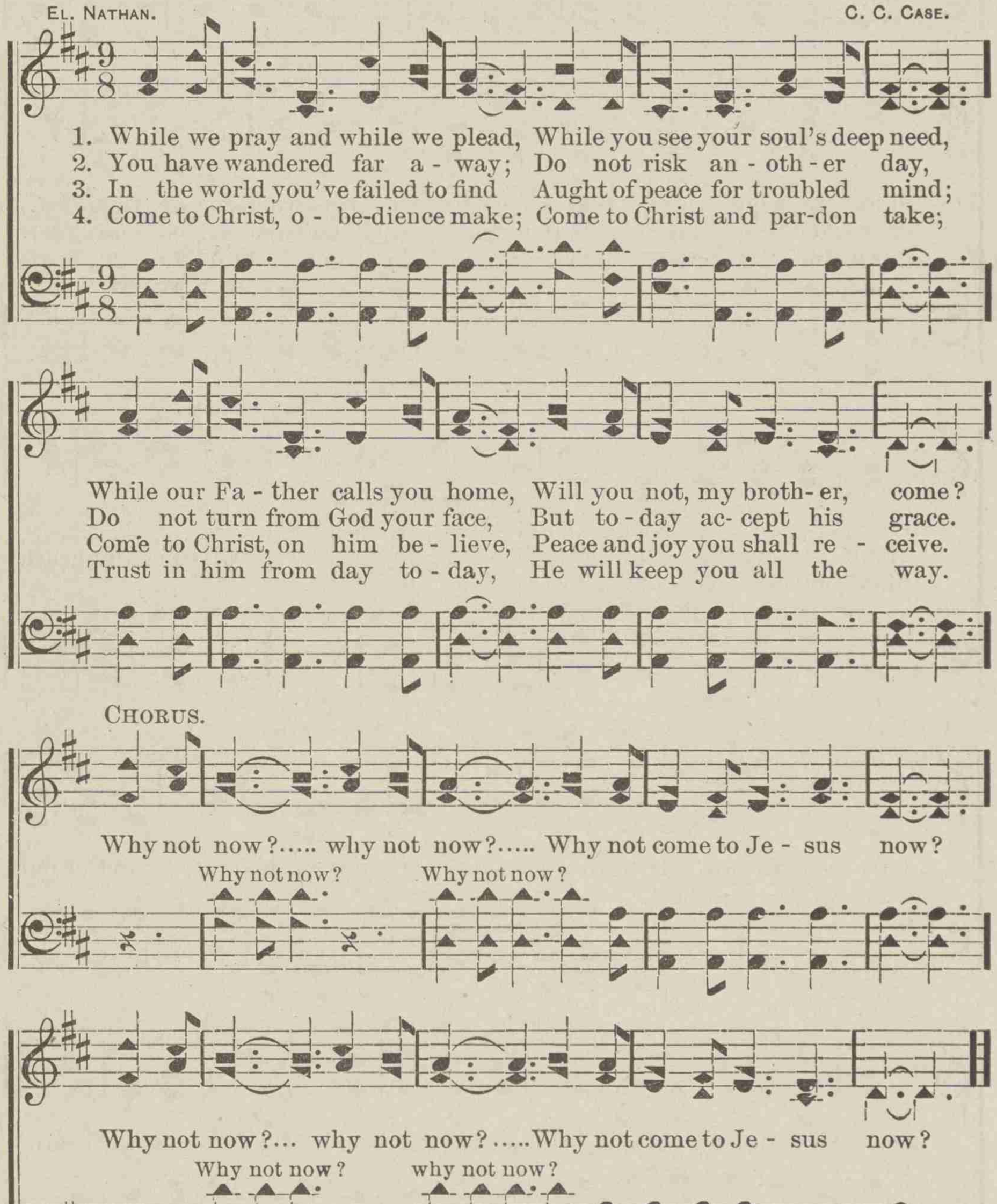
There to learn love's sweetest lesson for each day?
To re-strain him in his search for those who roam.
'Tis a life of joy and hap-pi-ness he'll give.
} Call-ing, call-ing;

Heed his tender voice; List-en, listen, Make to-day the choice. Call-ing, calling,

Words and Music copyright, 1901, by P. P. Bilhorn.

Hear Him Calling.—Concluded.

No. 67. Why Not Now.

EL. NATHAN. C. C. CASE.



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No. 68. Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. HEWITT. ANNA F. BOURNE.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

p

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

rit.

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

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No. 69. There's a Great Day Coming.

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

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
those who love the Lord; Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not;" Are you read-y for that day to come?

m CHORUS. *pp* *m*

Are you read-y, Are you read-y, Are you read-y for the

m *pp* *m*

judgment day? Are you ready, Are you ready, For the judgment day?

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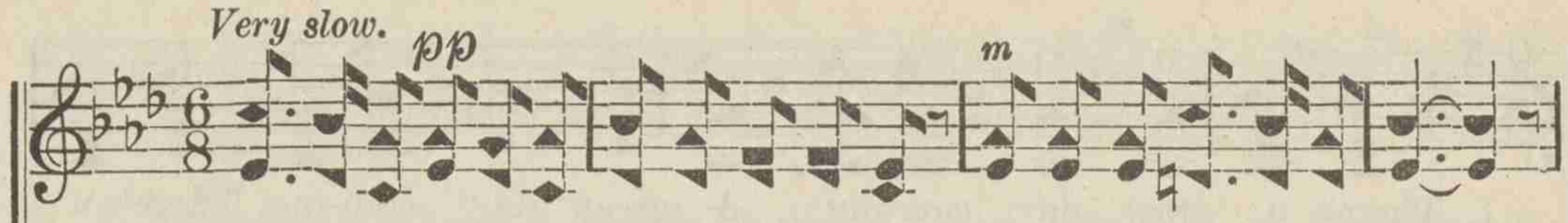
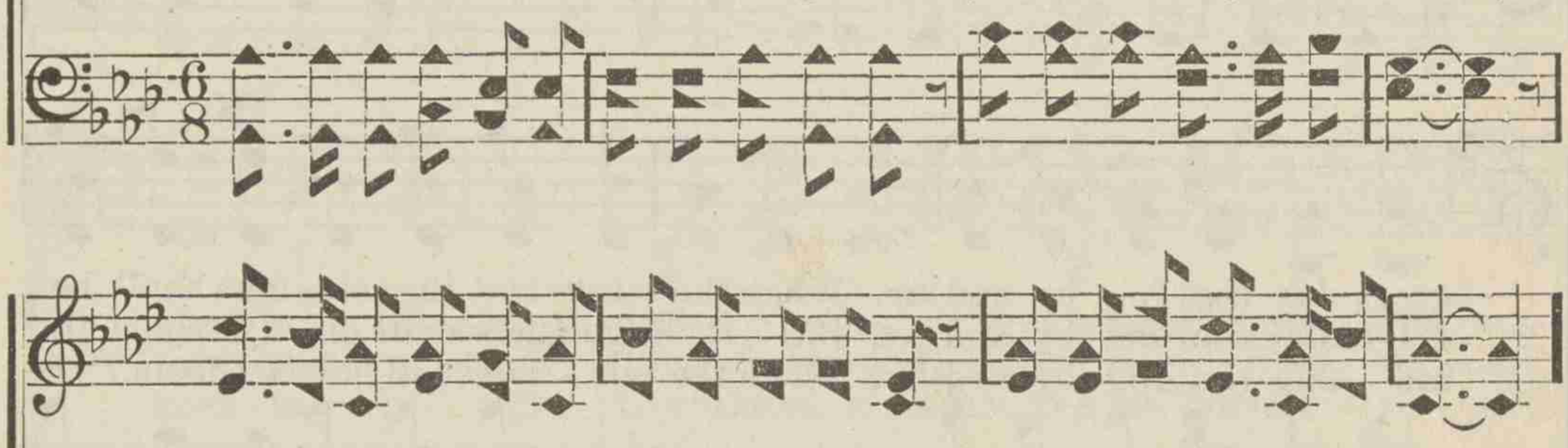
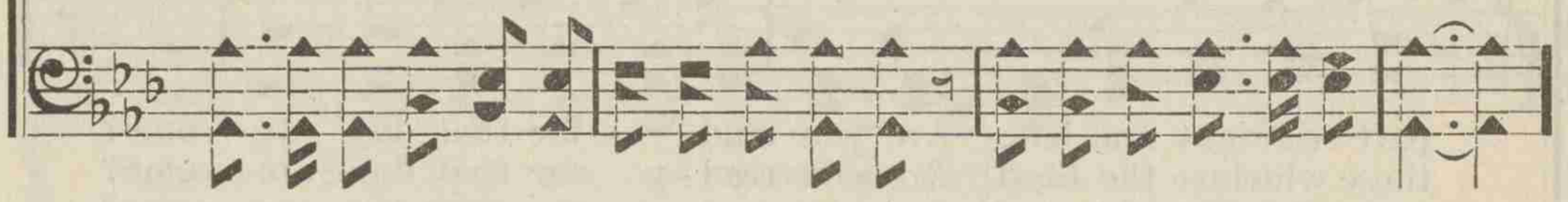
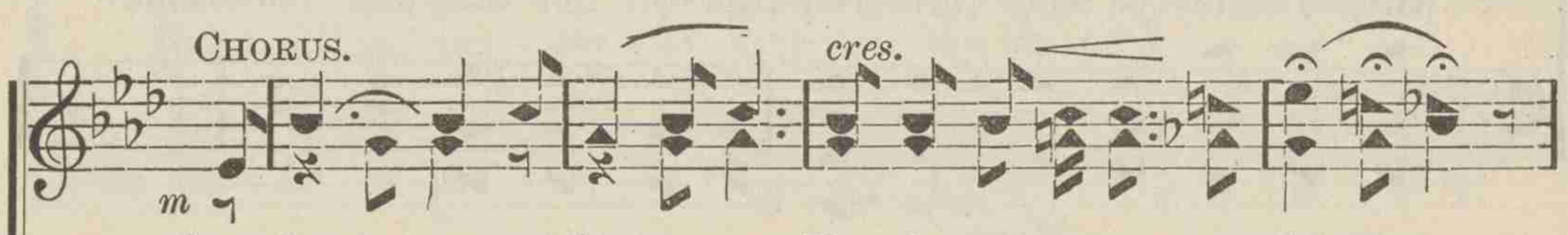
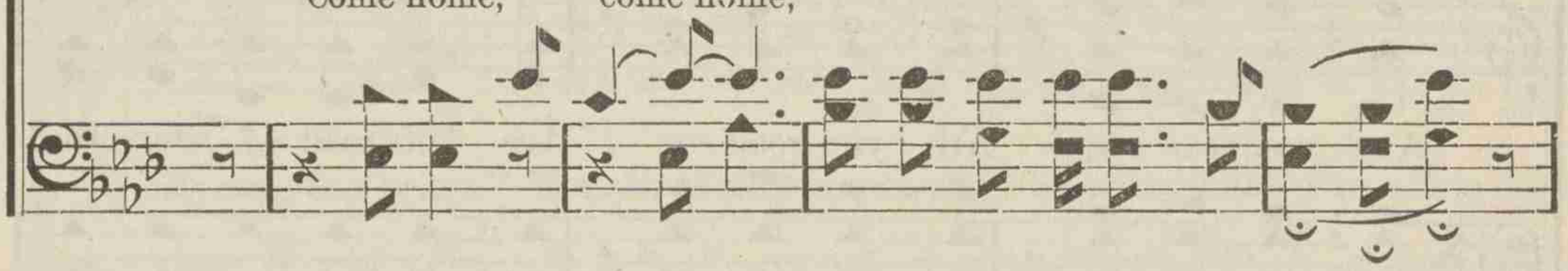
No. 70. Softly and Tenderly.

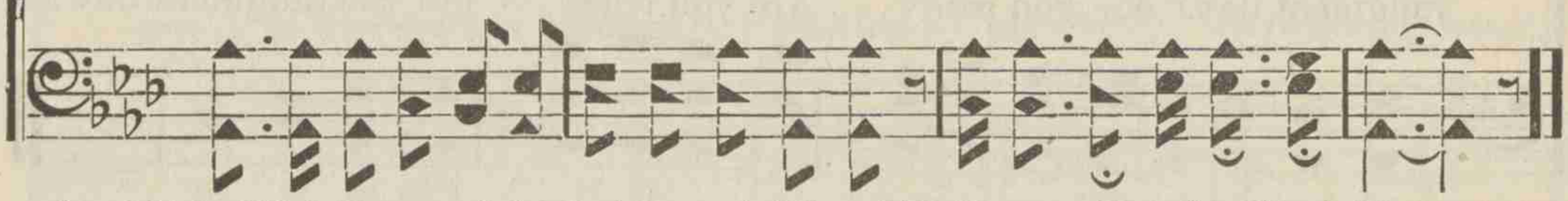
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and tenderly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the won-der-ful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See, on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death warnings coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.



Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home;
Come home, come home,



Ear-nest-ly, tenderly, Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sinner, come home!



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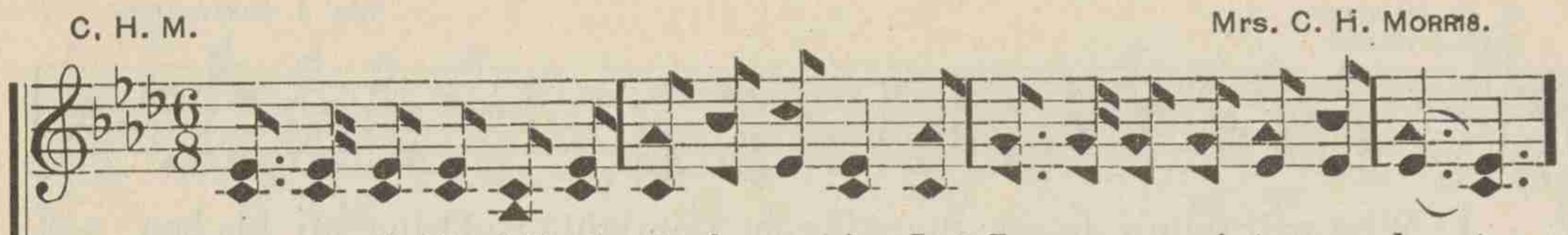
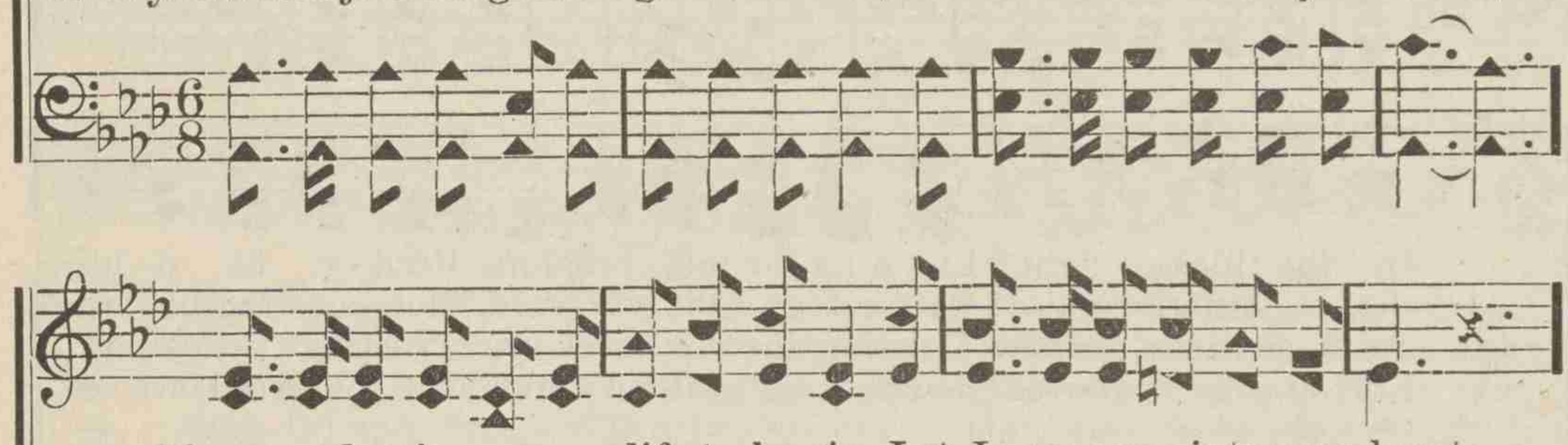
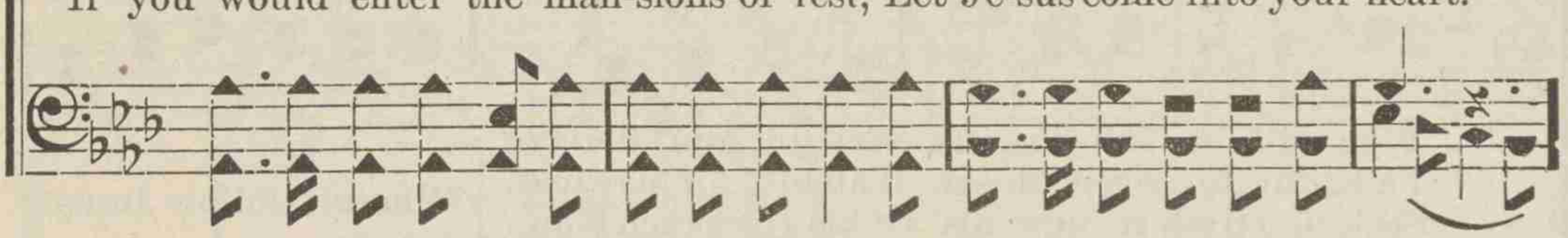
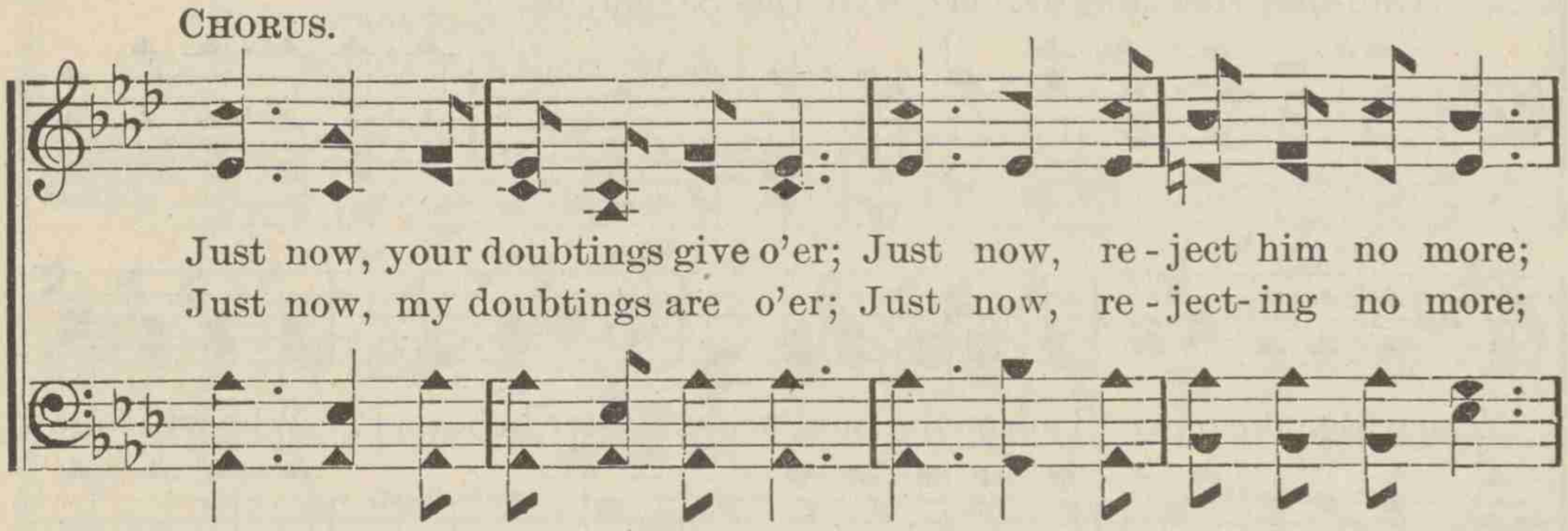
No. 71. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

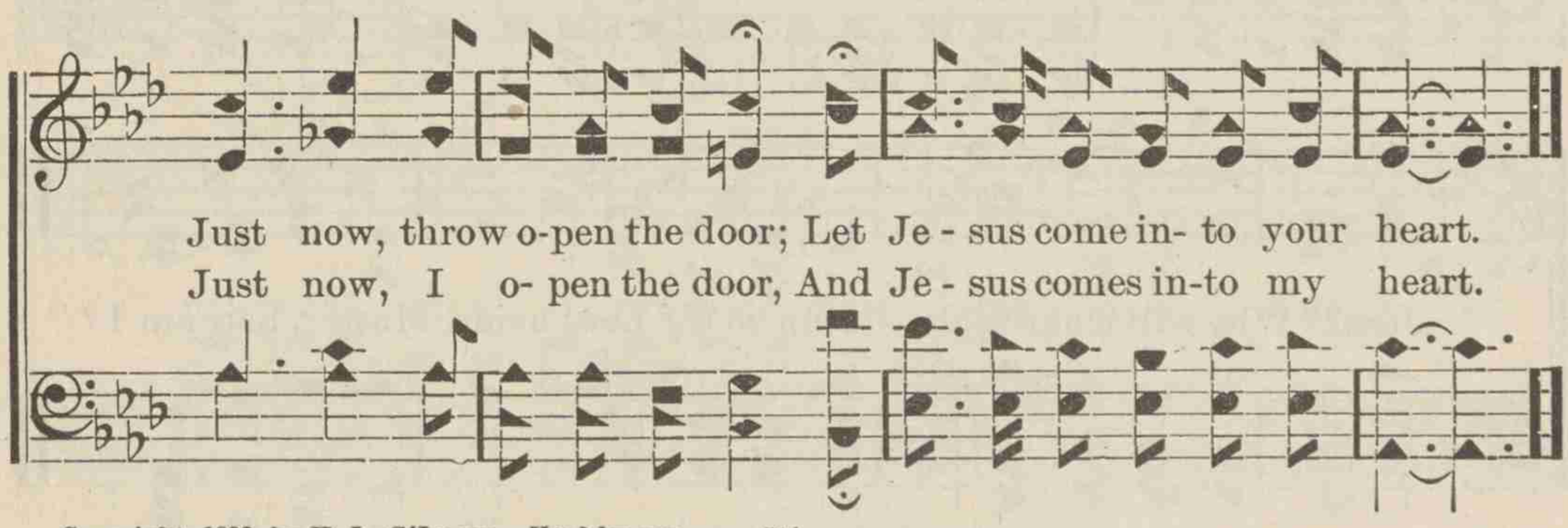
C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je- sus come into your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur-i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je- sus come into your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice can-not still, Let Je- sus come into your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven un-true, Let Je- sus come into your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je- sus come into your heart;

If you des- ire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come into your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come into your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je-sus come into your heart.
Find what a Friend he will be un- to you, Let Je-sus come into your heart.
If you would enter the man-sions of rest, Let Je-sus come into your heart.



Chorus.



Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more;
Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject- ing no more;



Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je - sus come in- to your heart.
Just now, I o- pen the door, And Je - sus comes in-to my heart.

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No. 72. Who Will Follow Jesus?

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

1. Who will follow Je-sus; Standing for the right, Hold-ing up his ban - ner
2. Who will follow Je-sus In life's bus - y ways, Working for the Mas- ter,
3. Who will follow Je-sus When the tempter charms, Flee-ing, then, for safe - ty
4. Who will follow Je-sus In his work of love? Leading oth - ers to him

In the thickest fight? List'ning for his or - ders, Read - y to o - bey,
Giv- ing him the praise? Earn-est in his vineyard, Hon - or - ing his laws,
To the Saviour's arms? Trusting in his mer - cy, Trusting in his pow'r,
Lifting pray'rs above? Courage, faithful serv- ant; In his word we see,

CHORUS.

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

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

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No. 73. I Want to Go There.

H. L. HENRY LOPER.

1. We are told of a home in that cit - y a-bove, When with life and it
2. Since here God has called me, I'll stand at my post, And do what he
3. Soon this brief life is end-ed, our work here is done, For the days are so
4. There none but the pure shall that cit - y be-hold; 'Tis the home of the

cares we are thro', Where the walls are of jas - per, the streets are of gold;—
gives me to do, For the thought is re- fresh-ing as homeward I look;—
fleet- ing and few, Where lov'd ones have gathered no death ever comes;—
faith- ful and true, Where the Saviour a man- sion for me has prepared;—

CHORUS.

I want to go there, don't you?
I want to go there, don't you?
I want to go there, don't you?
I expect to go there, don't you?

I want to go there, I want to go there,

Where lov'd ones are wait- ing in that home-land so fair, Where there's

nev - er a tri- al, a sor-row or care, I want to go there, don't you?

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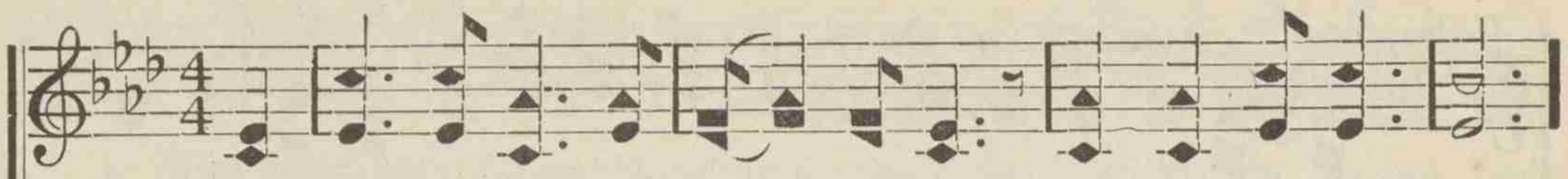
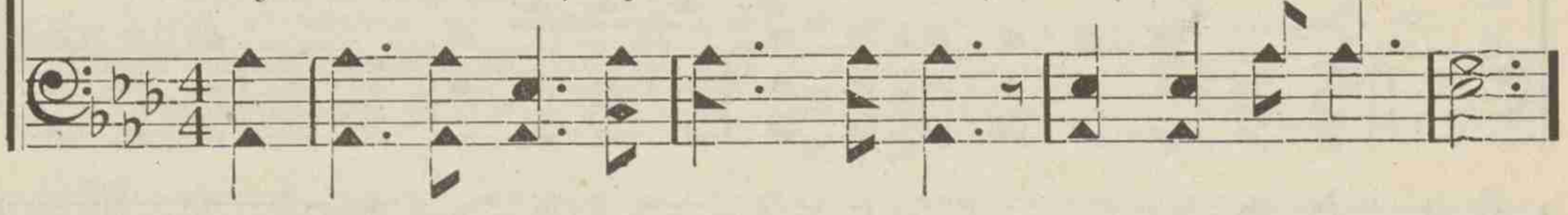
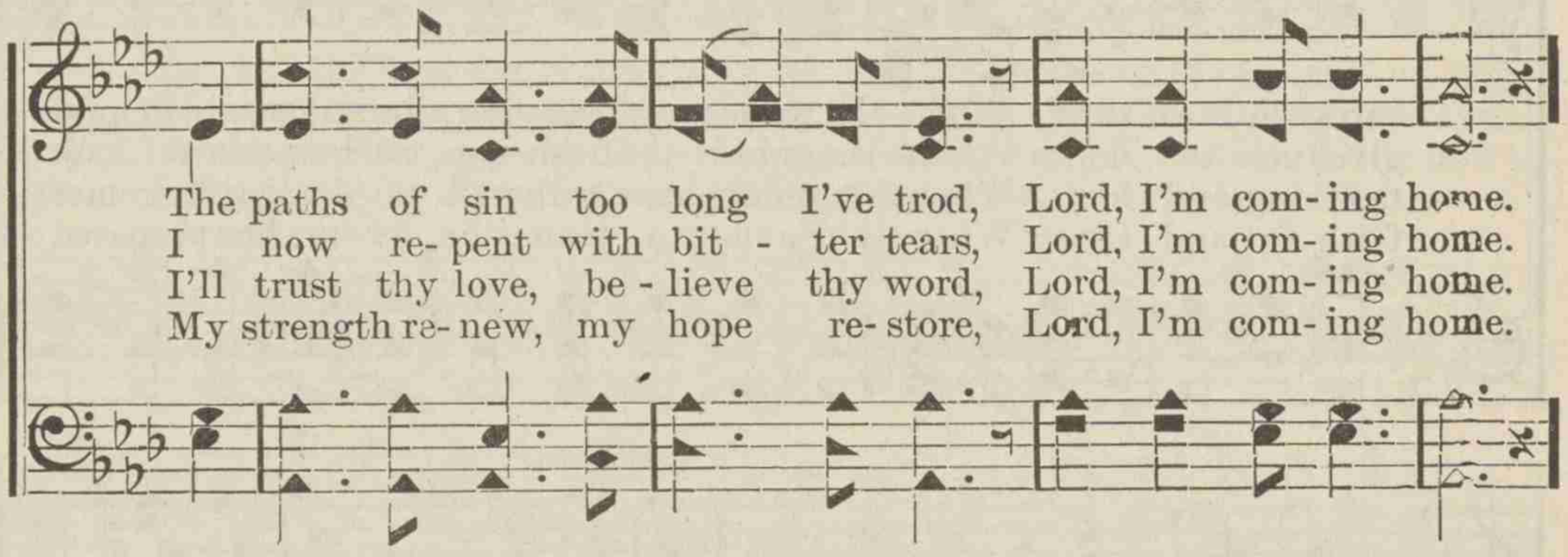
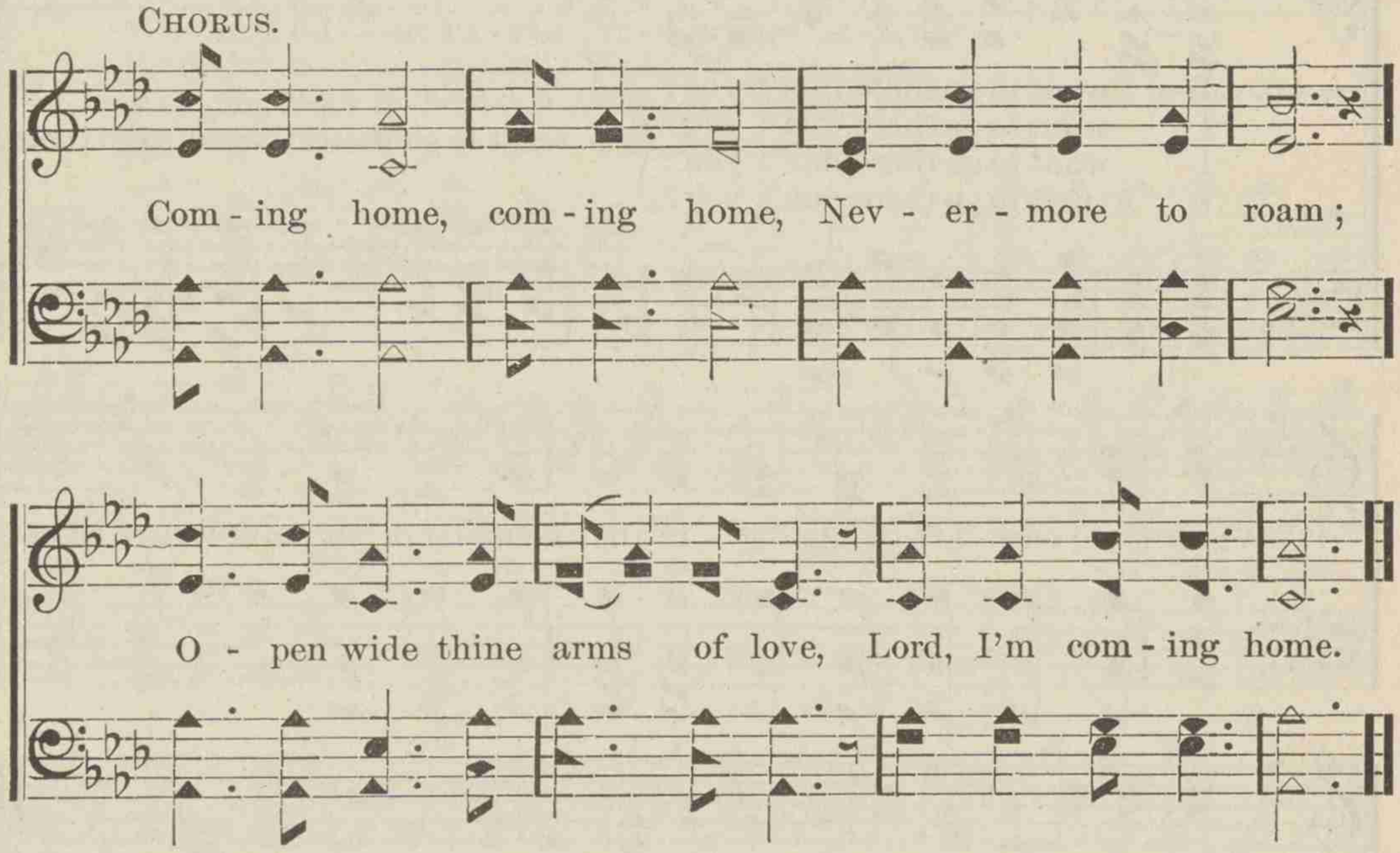
No. 74. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

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



1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;

O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

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

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

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No. 75. God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN. Rom. 14 : 20. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, 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 di - 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.

CHORUS.

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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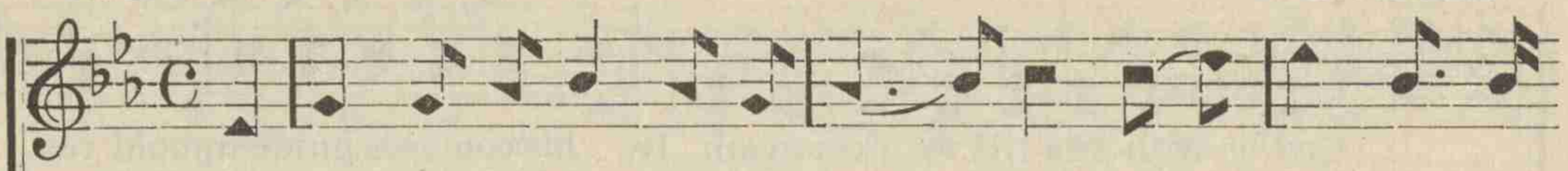
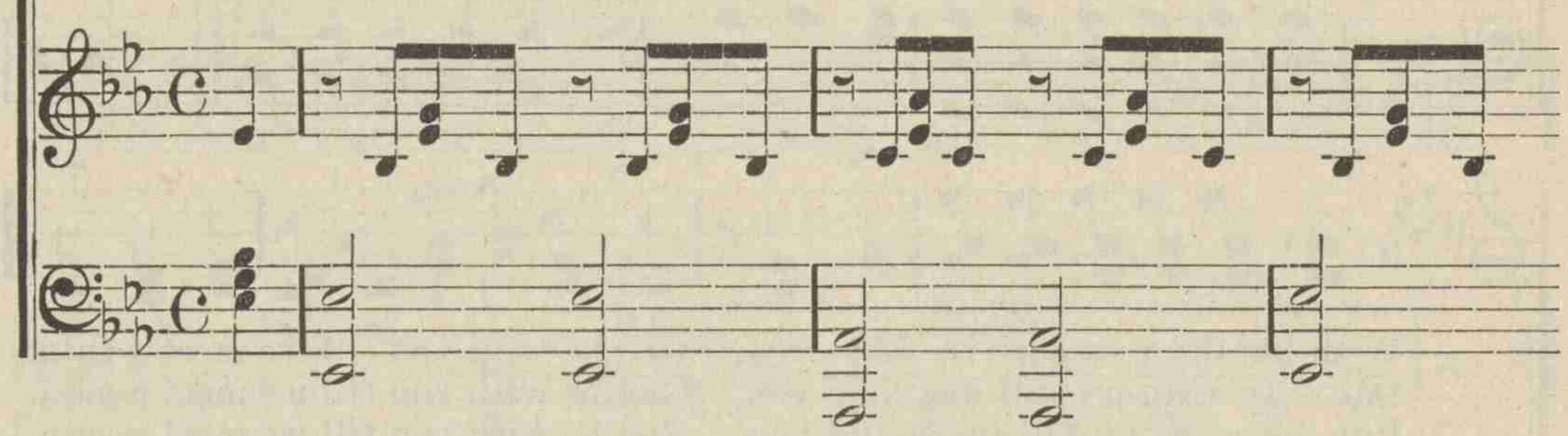
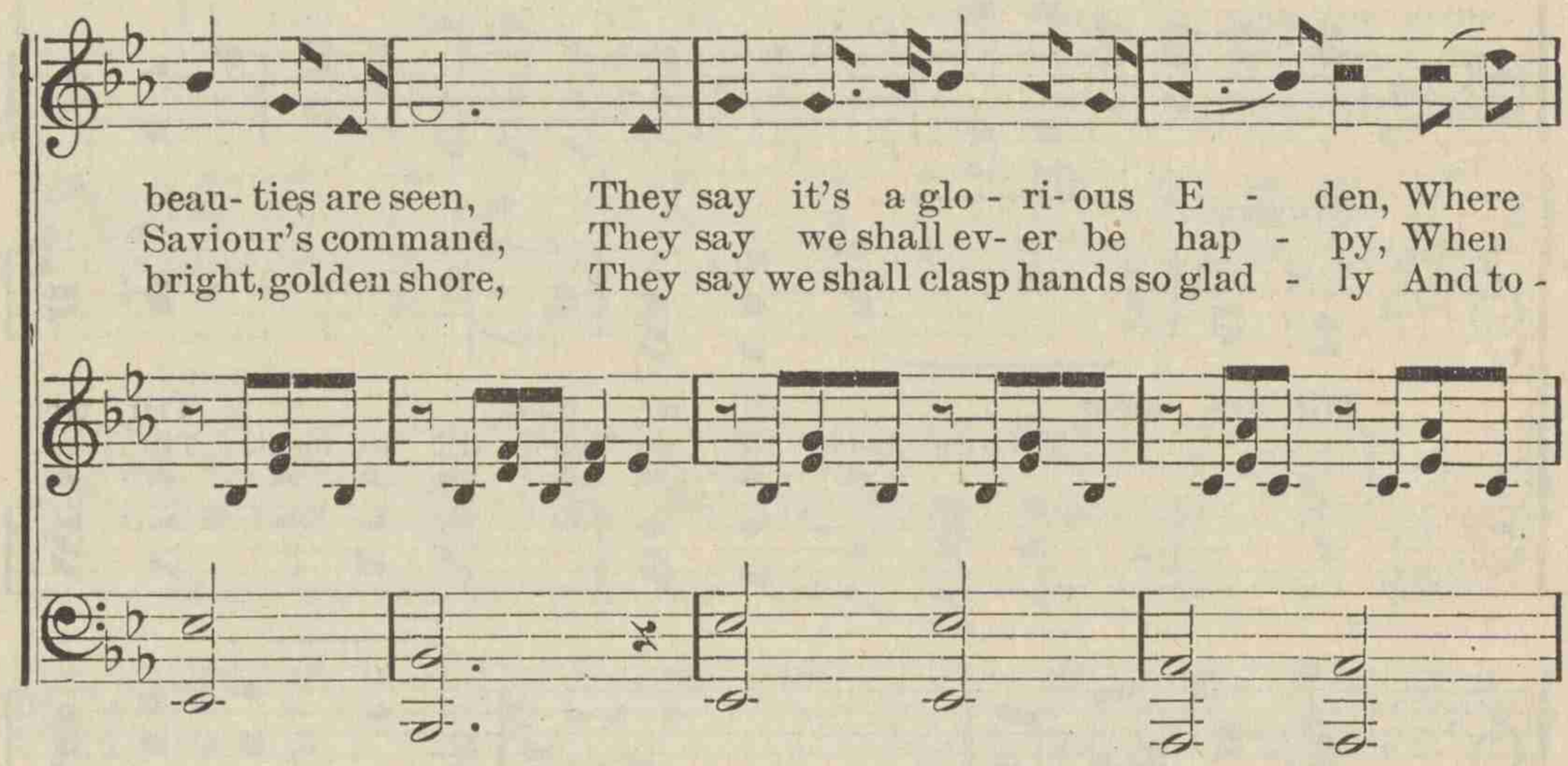
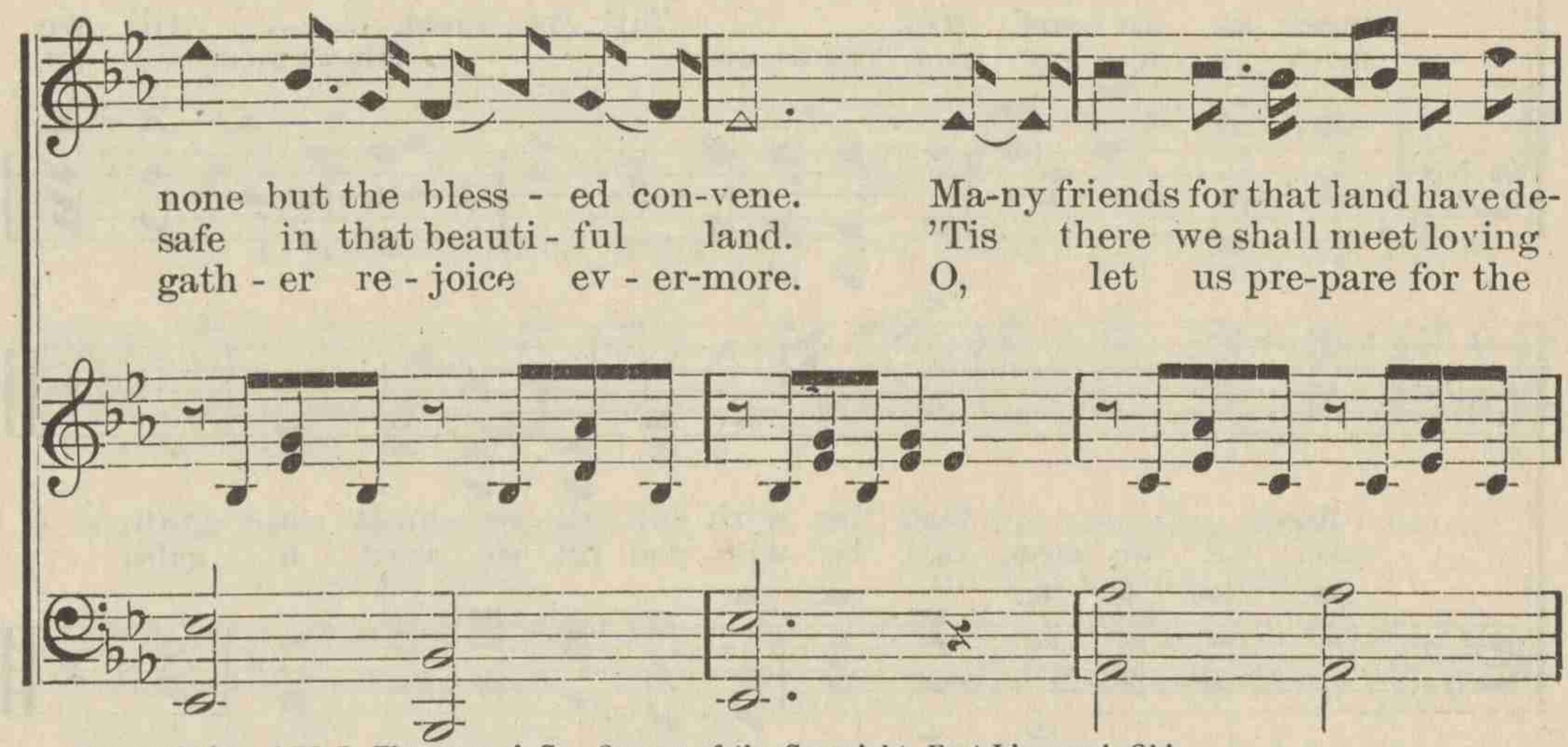
No. 76. They Say there's a Land.

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

1. They say there's a land o'er the o - cean, Where won- ders and beau- ties are seen,
2. They say we shall dwell there for- ev - er, If we list to our Saviour's command,
3. They say we shall know all our loved ones, When we meet on that bright, golden shore,

They say it's a glo - ri- ous E - den, Where none but the bless - ed con-vene.
They say we shall ev- er be hap - py, When safe in that beauti - ful land.
They say we shall clasp hands so glad - ly And to - gath - er re - joice ev - er-more.

Ma-ny friends for that land have de-
'Tis there we shall meet loving
O, let us pre-pare for the

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They Say there's a Land.—Concluded.

part - ed, They have cross'd over life's troubled sea,..... O let us sail
Je - sus, Who suffer'd and died; us to save,..... He will stand on the
jour - ney, Let our hearts be kept loy-al and true,..... Then the Saviour will

o - ver and meet them, Je-sus' life-boat will carry us free.
bright shore, and hail us, As we ride o'er the last broken wave.
watch and pro- tect us, Till the mansions of heaven are in view.

CHORUS.

Then sail sail a - way o'er the o - cean, Where we'll join with the bright angel band,

Then sail sail a- way o'er the o - cean, To our home in that happy, happy land.

No. 77. 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,
2. On that bright and cloudless morn-ing, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn to set-ting sun,

And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo-ry of his res-ur-rec-tion share; When his chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care; Then, when all of life is

gath-er o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up
gath-er to their home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up
o-ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

Chorus.

yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

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

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No. 78. Coronation. C. M.

EDW. PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall:
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race,—A rem-nant weak and small,—
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that, with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all,
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all,
To him all maj - es - ty as- cribe, And crown him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last- ing song, And crown him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all maj - es - ty as- cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

No. 79. Ortonville. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, 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 wea - ry rest, And to the wea - ry rest.
3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warmest tho't, But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought, I'll praise thee as I ought.
4. Till then I would thy love proclaim, With ev-'ry fleeting breath; And may the mu - sic of thy name Re-fresh my soul in death, Refresh my soul in death.

No. 80. Antioch. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord has come! Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs em - ploy;
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sound-ing joy,
He comes to make his bless-ings flow, Far as the curse is found,
The glo - ries of his right-eous- ness, And won-ders of his love,

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
And won-ders of his love, And won - ders, won - ders of his love.

No. 81. Christmas. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

1. A-wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heav'nly
2. A cloud of witness - es a-round Hold thee in full sur - vey; For- get the
3. 'Tis God's all an-i - mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own
4. Blest Saviour, intro-duced by thee, Have I my race be - gun, And, crown'd with

race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.
steps al - read - y trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.
hand pre-sents the prize To thine as- pir-ing eye, To thine as- pir- ing eye.
vic - t'ry, at thy feet I'll lay my hon-ors down, I'll lay my hon-ors down.

No. 82. Olivet. 6s, 4s.

RAY PALMER — Dr. L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As thou hast died for me, O, may my
Be thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way; O, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.
love to thee, Pure, warm, and change-less be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
trust re - move, O, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

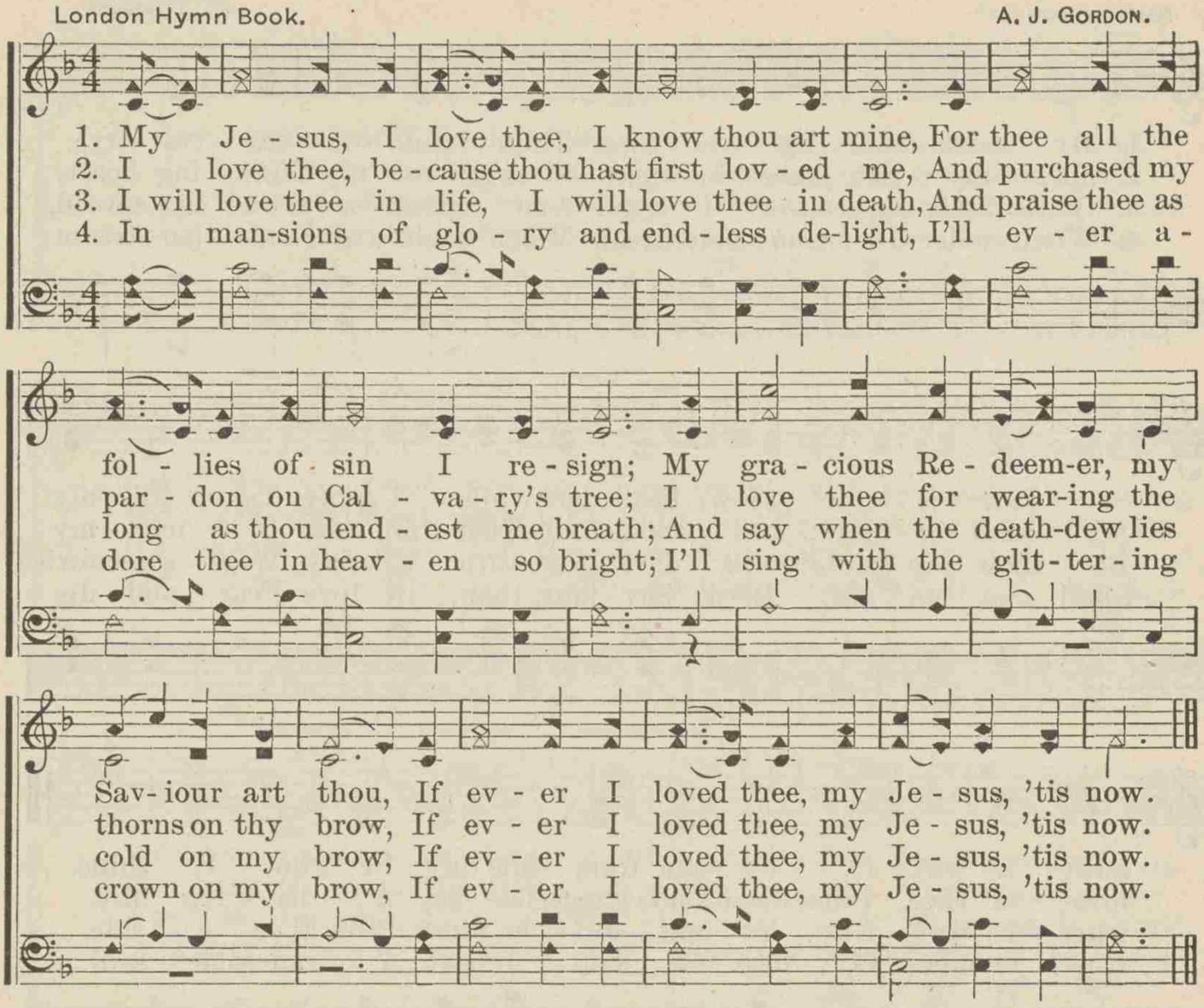
No. 83. Spring. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT.

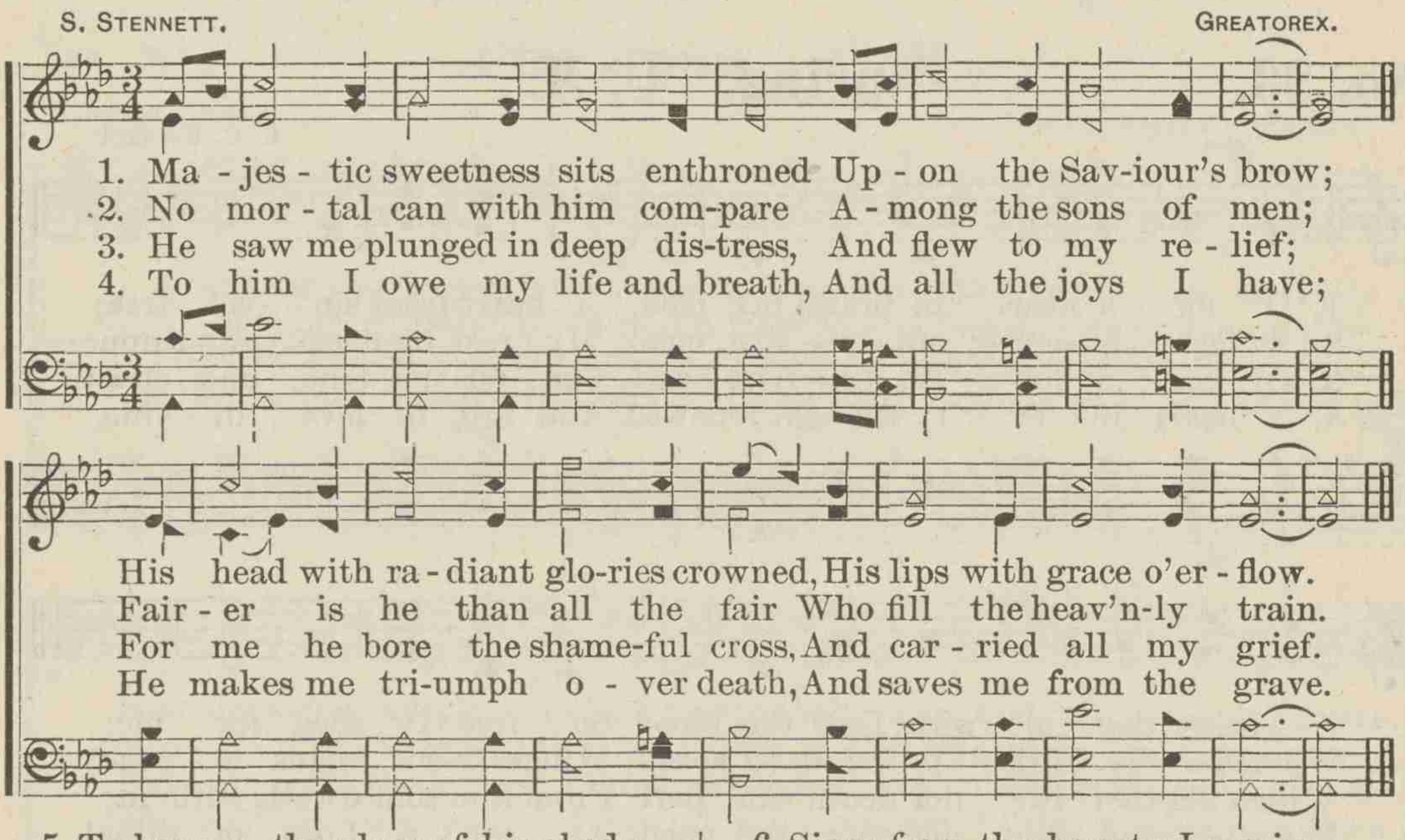
1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
2. A heart re-signed, sub - mis - sive, meek, My great Re-deem - er's throne—
3. O for a low - ly, con - trite heart, Con - fid - ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine,

A heart that al - ways feels the blood So free - ly shed for me;
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a - lone!
Which nei-ther life nor death can part From him that dwells with - in;
Per - fect and right, and pure and good, A cop - y, Lord, of thine!

No. 84. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

No. 85. Manoah. C. M.

S. Stennett. Greatorex.



5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord they should all be thine.

No. 86. Penitence. 6s, 5s. D.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de-
2. With for - bid-den pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did
3. Should thy mercy send me Sor- row, toil and woe, Or should pain at -
4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re -

ni - al I de-part from thee, When thou see'st me wav- er, With a
treasures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my remembrance Sad Geth-
tend me On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail thy
turn- eth To the dust a - gain; On thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that

look re - call, Nor for fear nor fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
sem - a - ne, Or, in dark - er semblance, Cross-crown'd Cal-va - ry.
hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on thee.
mor - tal strife, Je - sus, take me dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

No. 87. Why Keep Jesus Waiting.

C. C. C. C. C. CLINE.

1. Why keep Je- sus wait-ing, Waiting in the cold? He will bear you gen-tly,
2. Why keep Je- sus wait-ing, Waiting at the door? Oft he knocketh soft-ly,
3. Why keep Je- sus pleading, Pleading at the door? He would be your Saviour,
4. Why keep Je- sus waiting—Knocking at the door? Soon he'll cease his pleading,

rit. I im - plore.

Gen - tly to his fold; See him, soul, and o - pen, O - pen, I im-plore.
Soft - ly, o'er and o'er; Hear him, soul, and o - pen, O - pen, I im-plore.
Ev - er, ev - er - more; Love him, soul, and o- pen, O - pen, I im-plore.
Yes, for - ev - er - more; Come, poor soul, OBEY him, O - pen, I im-plore.

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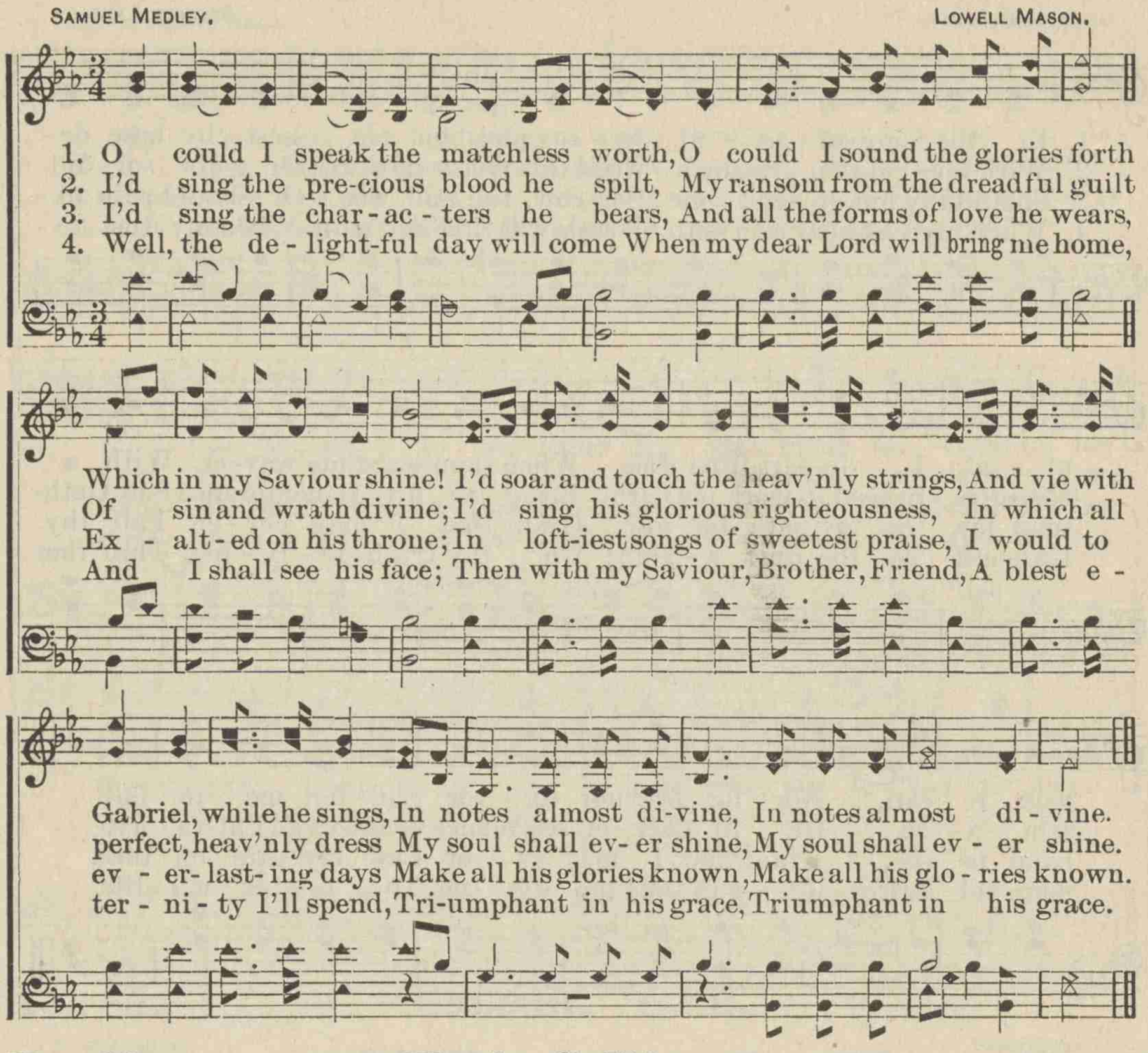
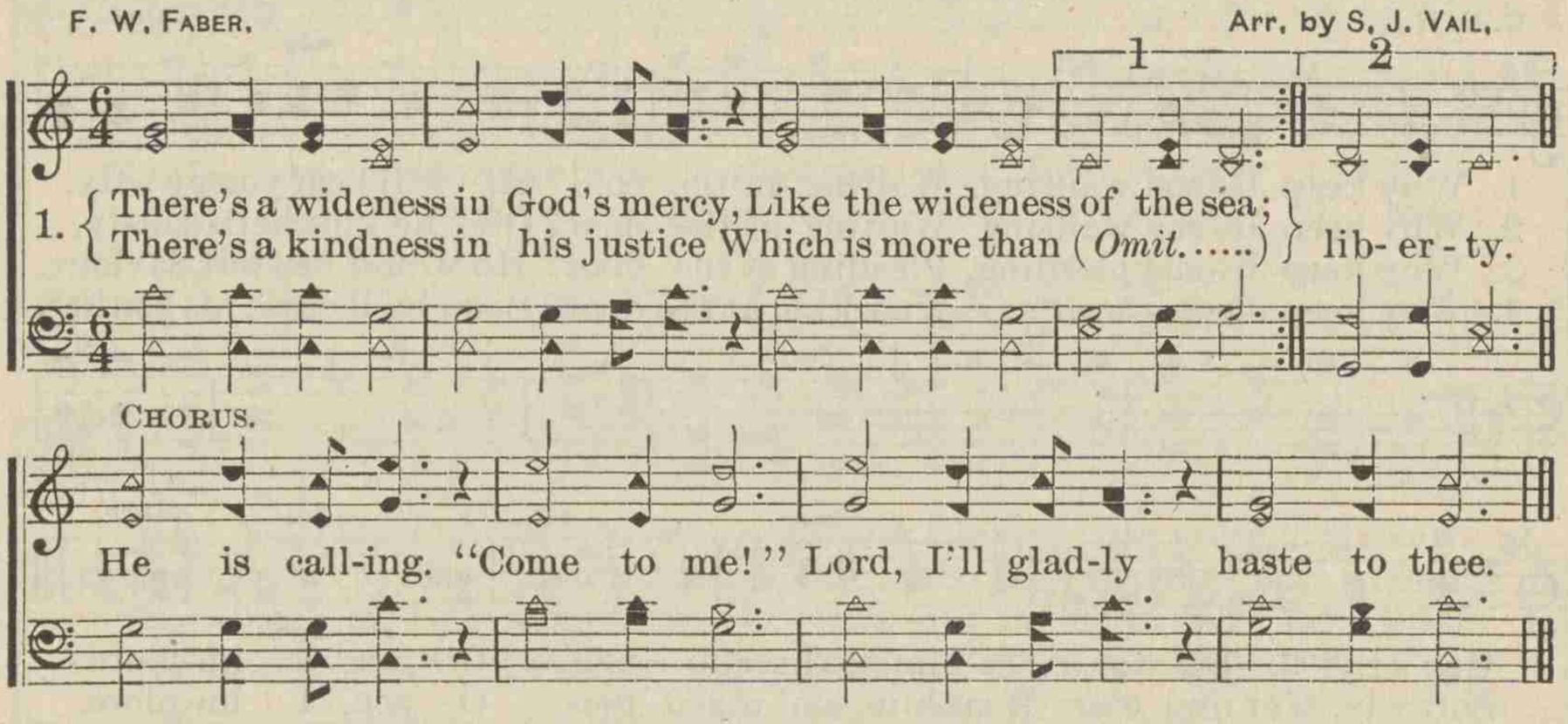
No. 88. Ariel. C. P. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. LOWELL MASON.



No. 89. He is Calling.

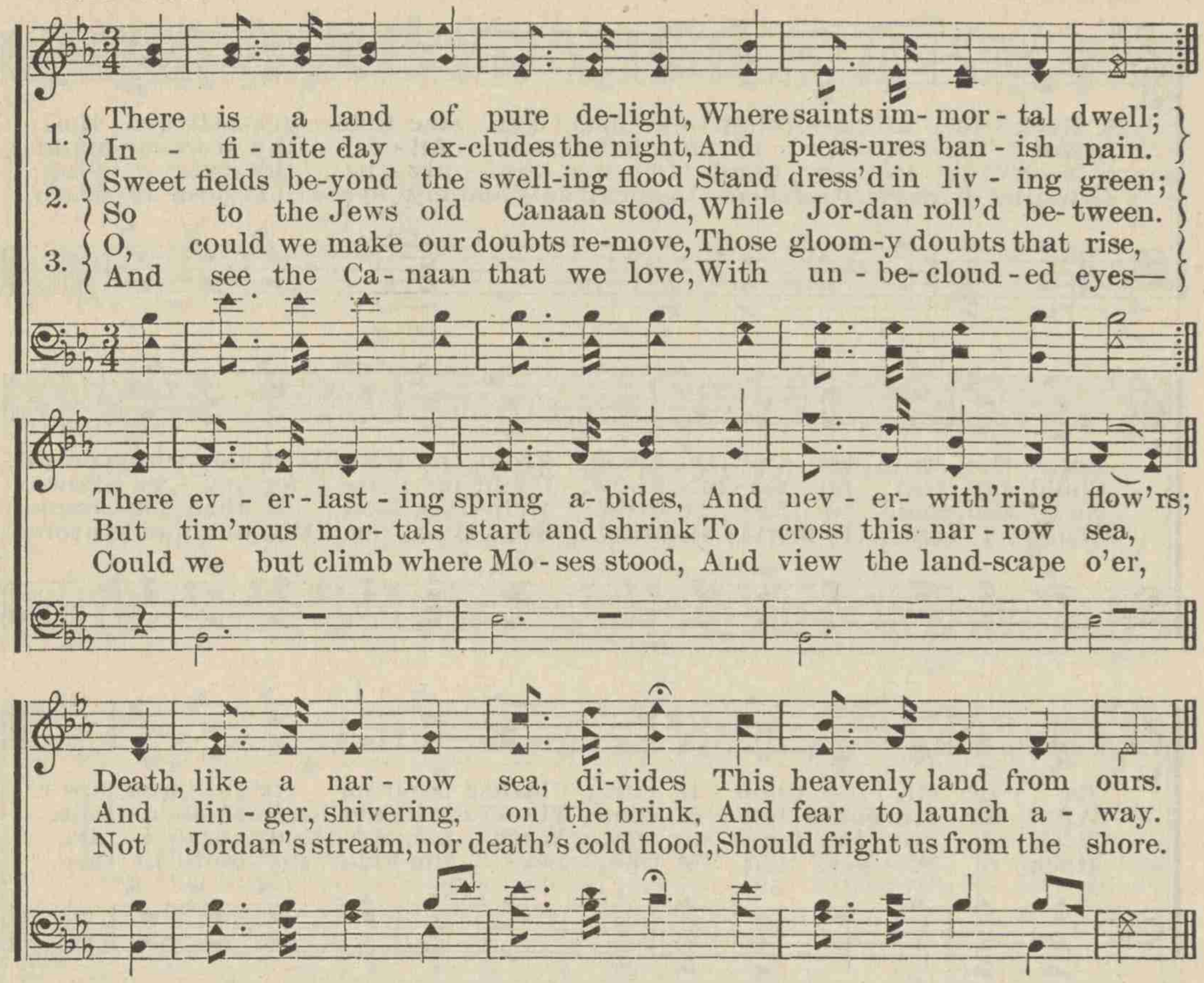
F. W. FABER. Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good:
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.

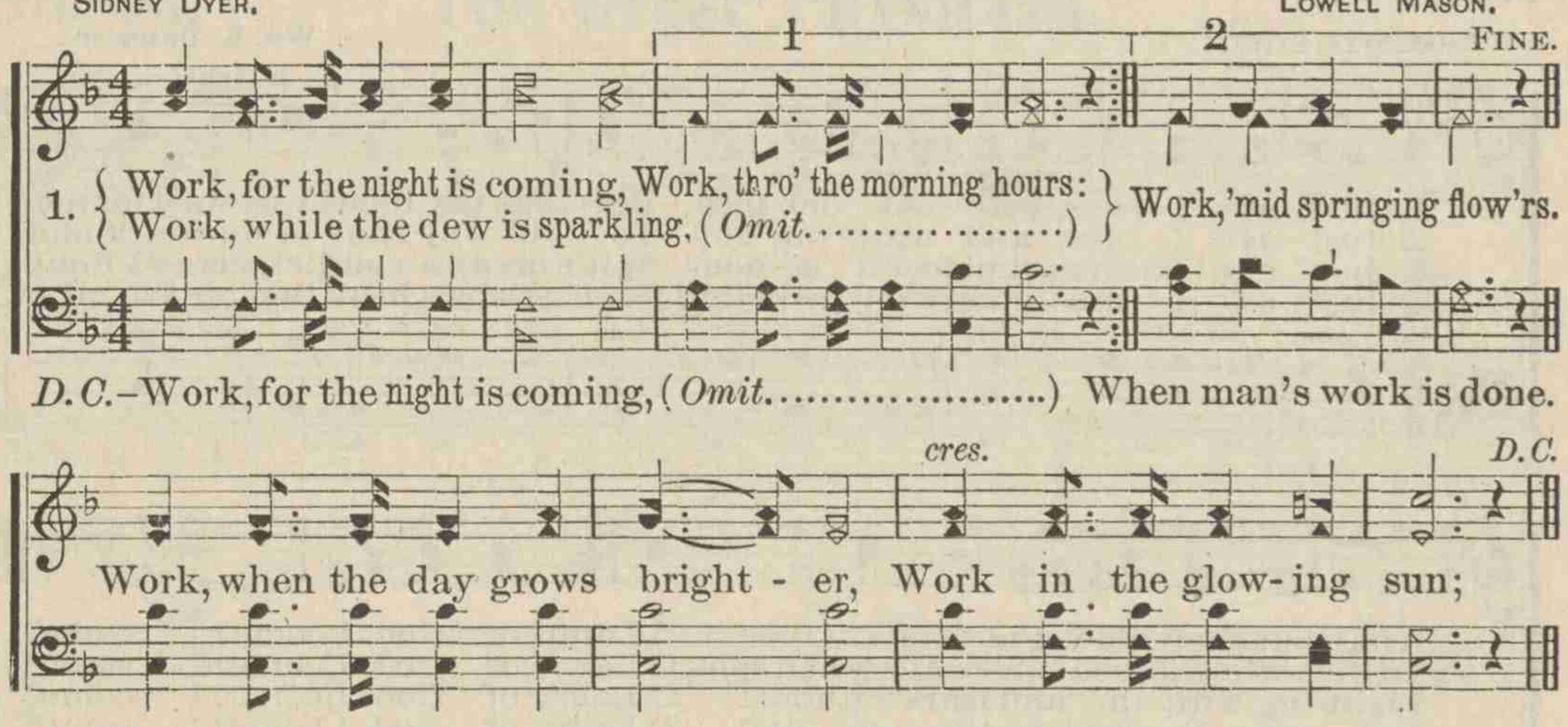
No. 90. Varina. C. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS. GEO. F. ROOT.



No. 91. Work. 7s, 6s, 5s.

SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.

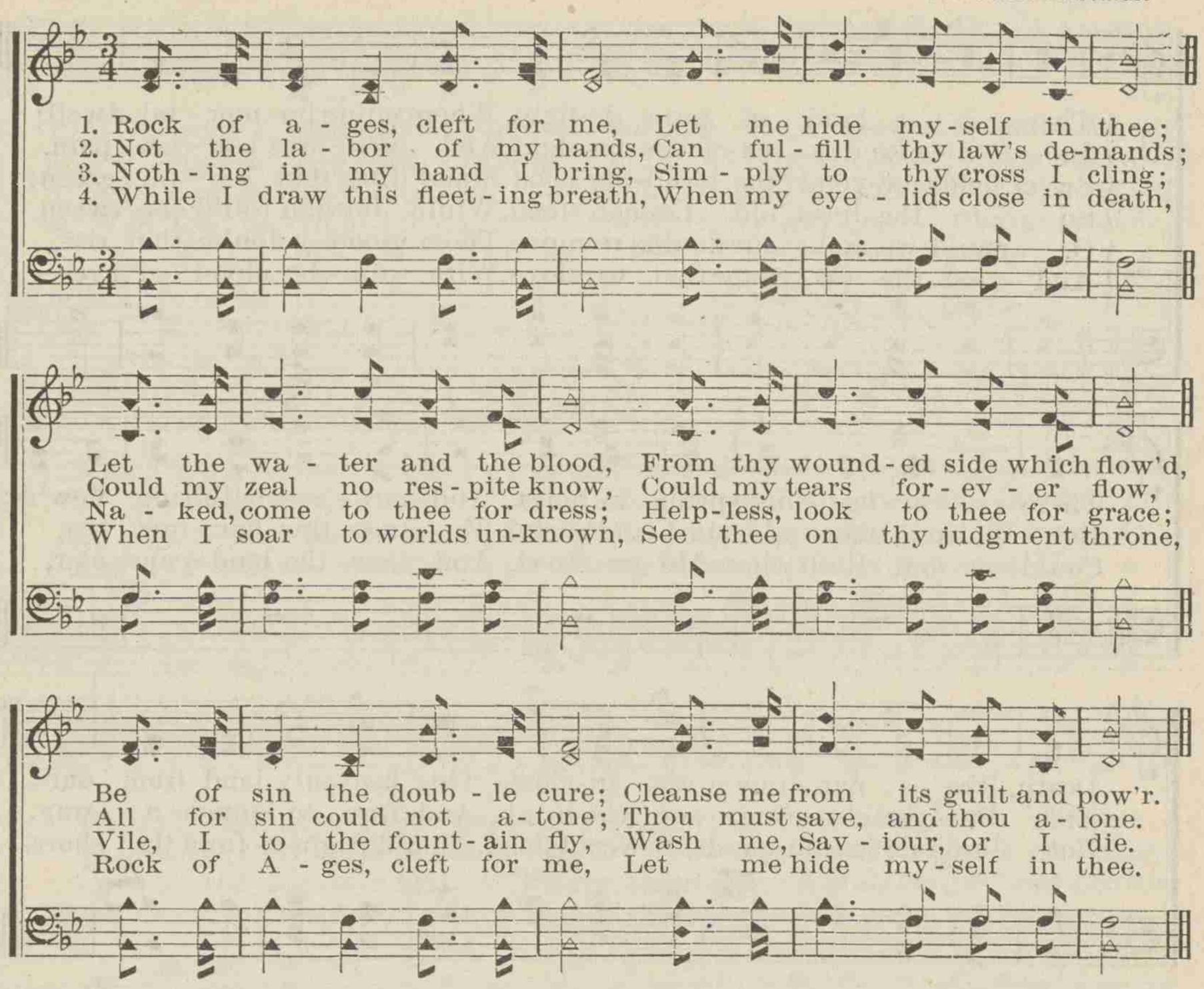


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

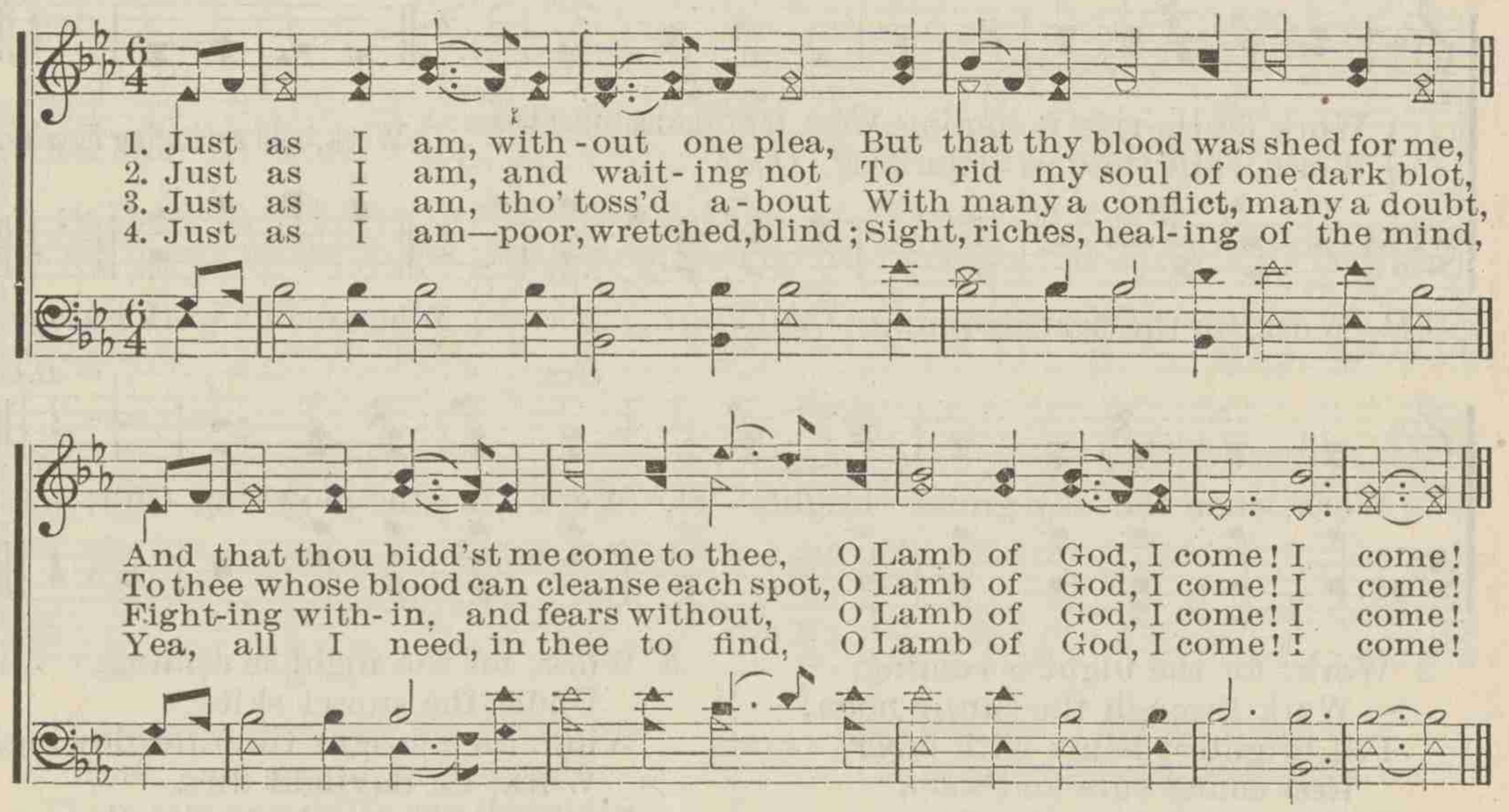
No. 92. Toplady. 7s. 6 lines.

A. M. TOPLADY. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



No. 93. Woodworth. L. M.

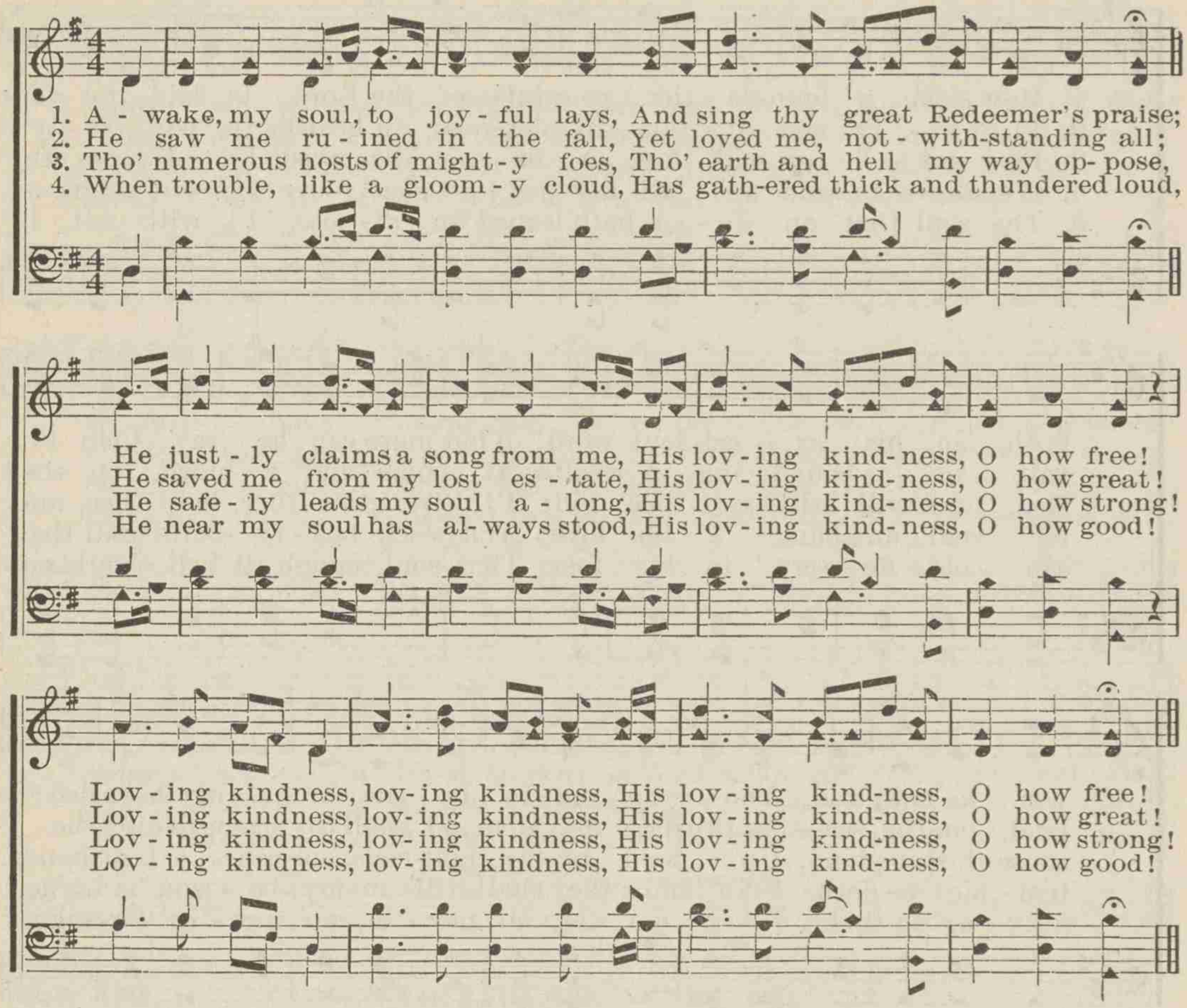
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

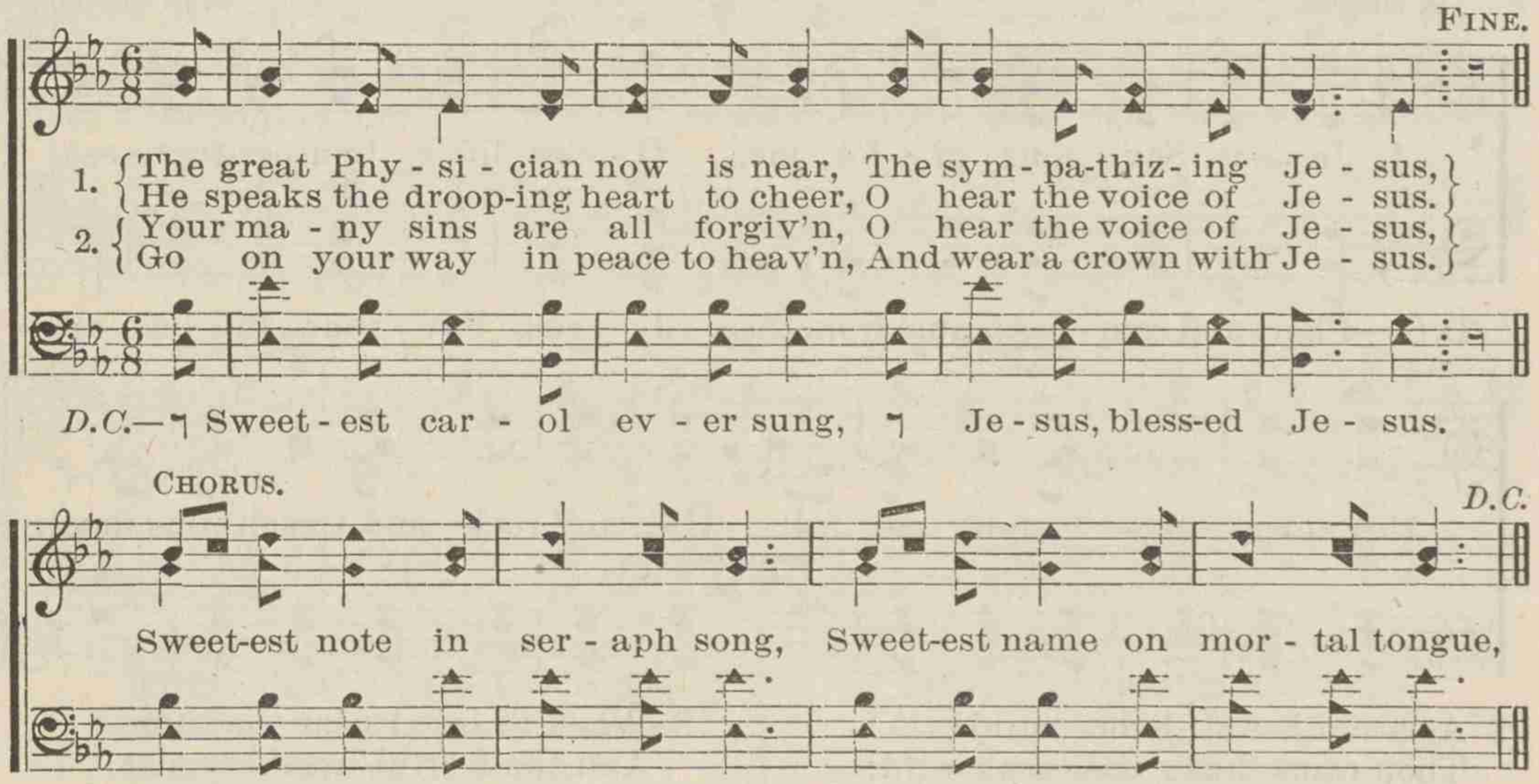
6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 94. Loving Kindness.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. WM. CALDWELL.

No. 95. The Great Physician.

WILLIAM HUNTER. Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.



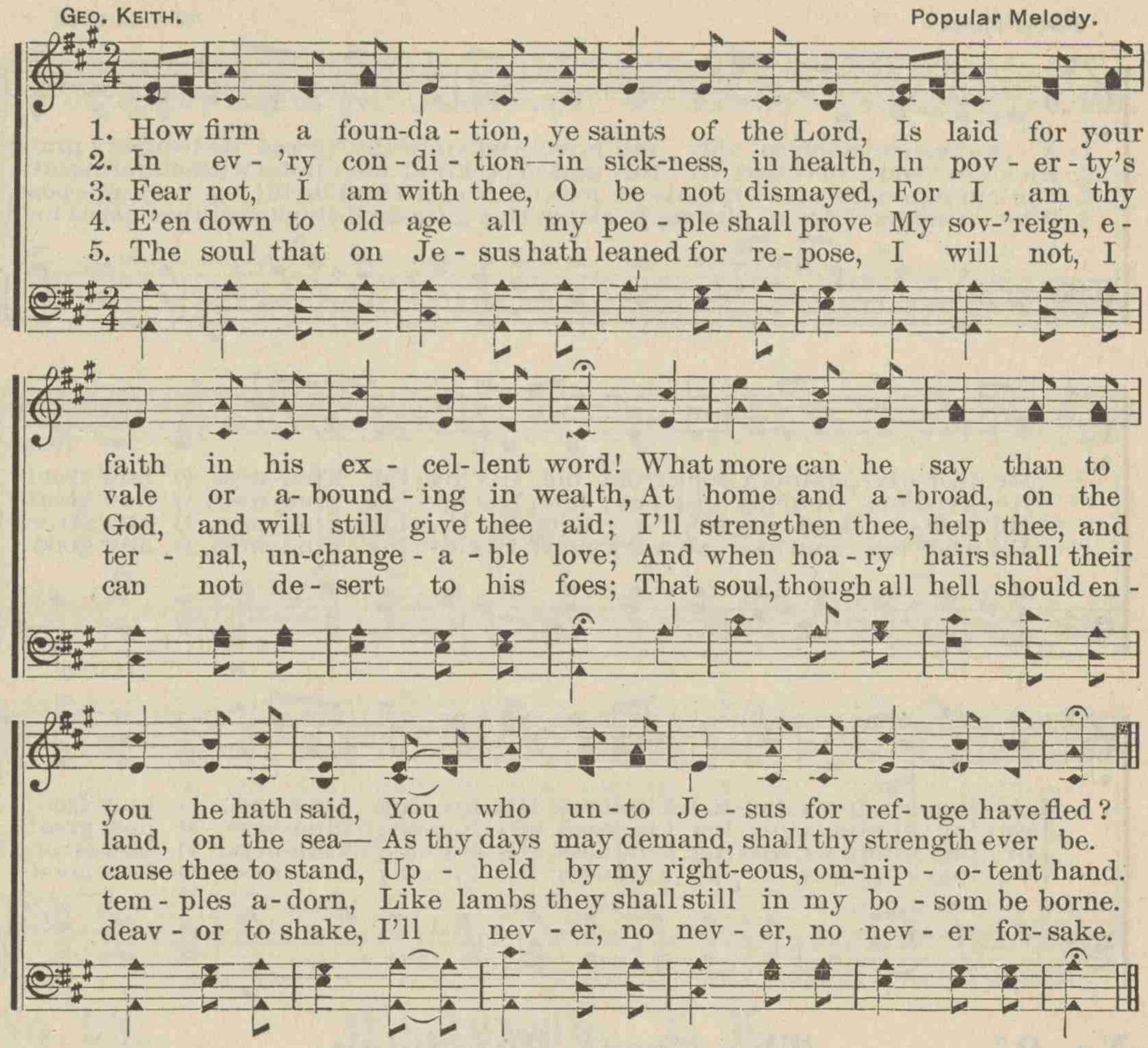
CHORUS. D.C.

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus:
O how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus,

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.

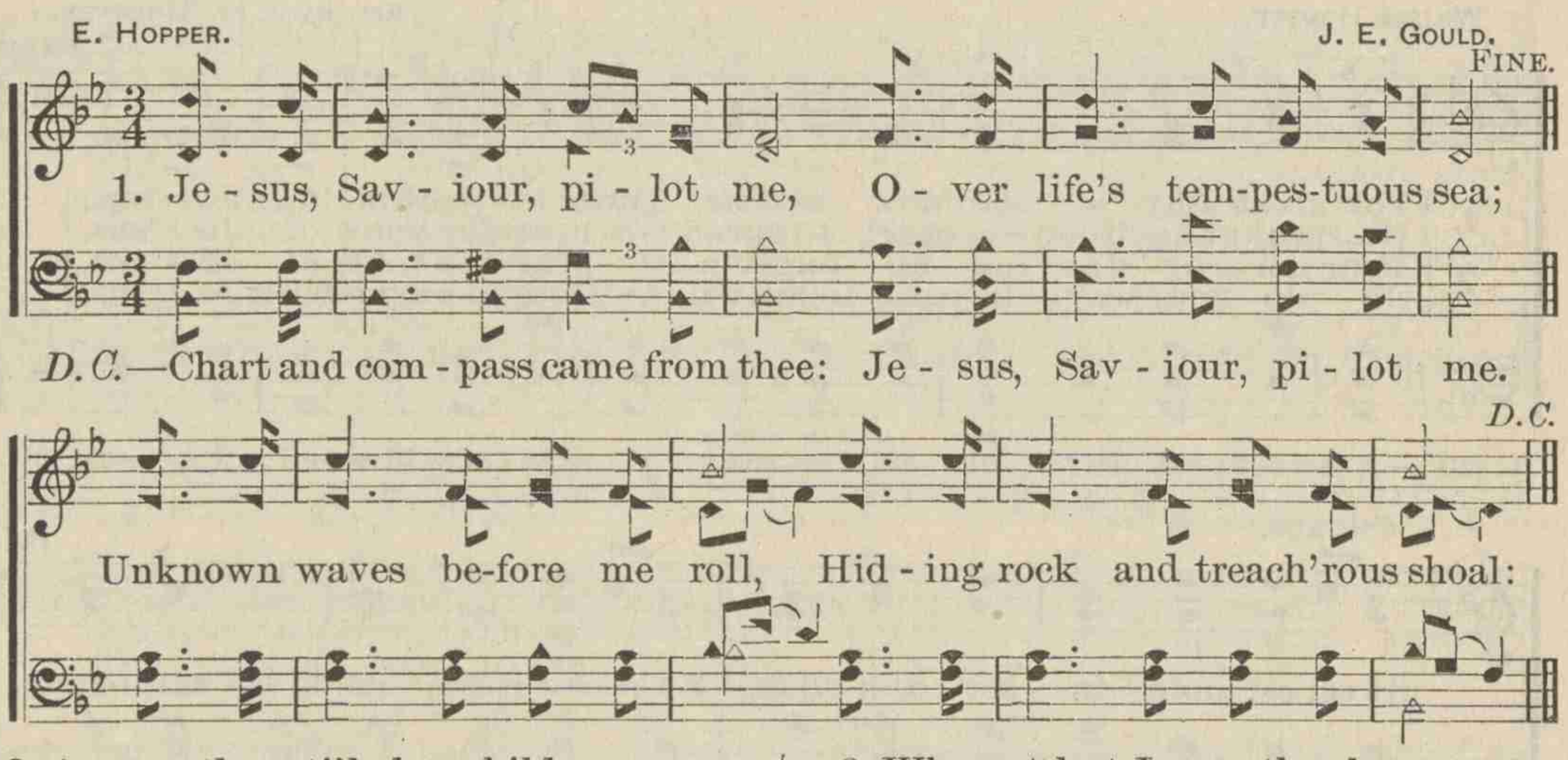
No. 96. How Firm a Foundation.

GEO. KEITH. Popular Melody.



No. 97. Pilot Me. 7s. 6 lines.

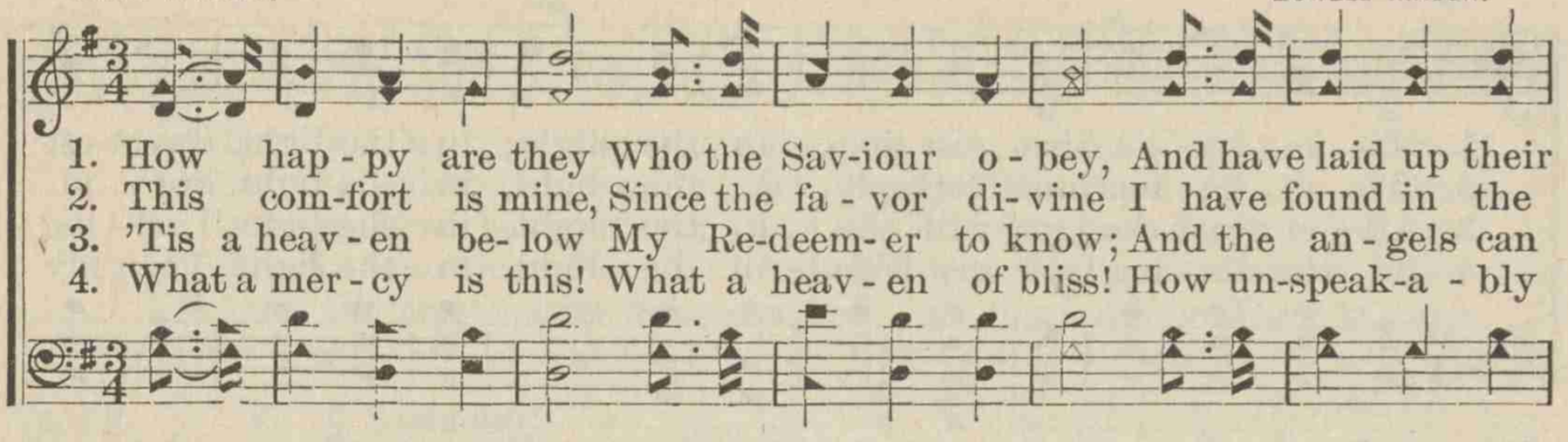
E. HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

2 As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

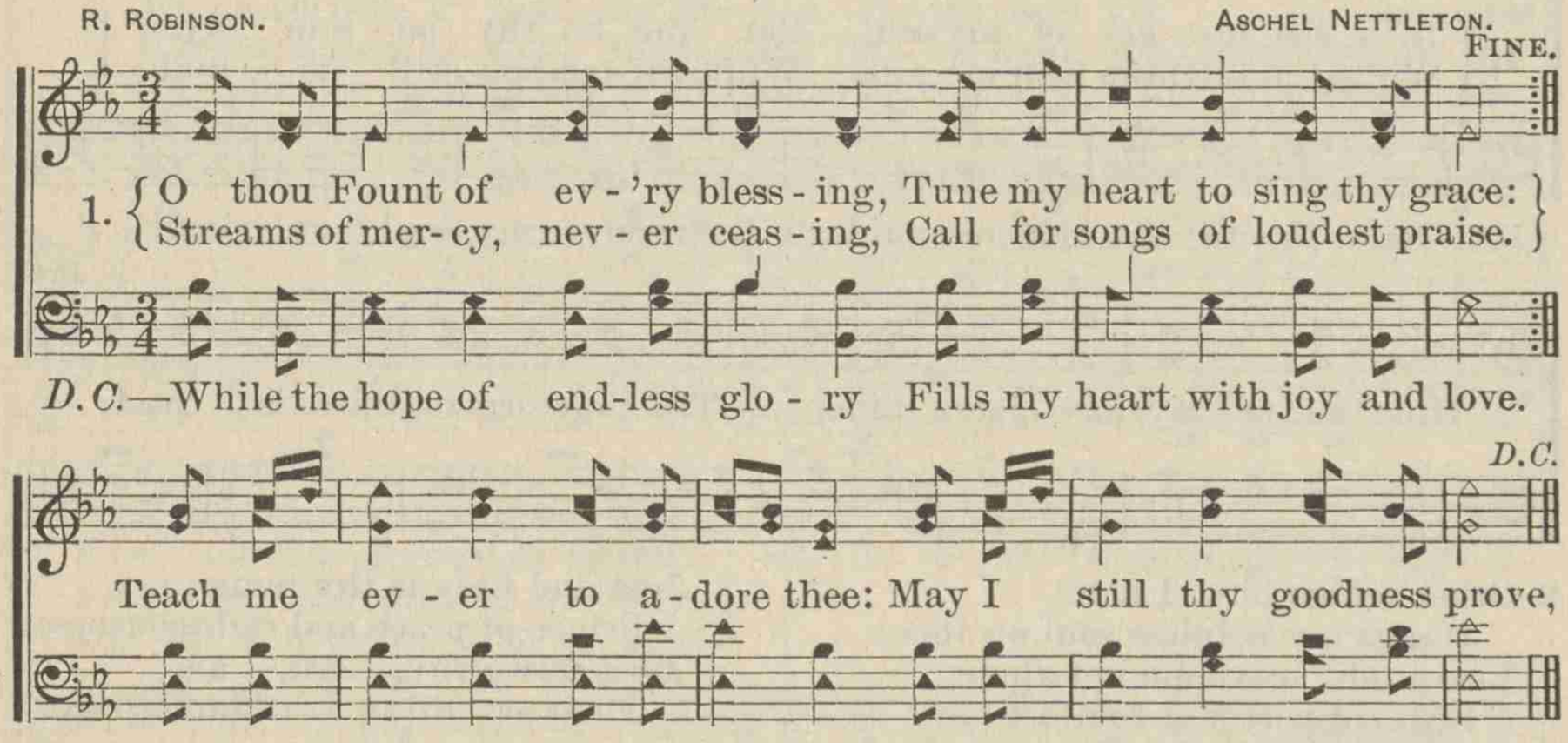
3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 98. Rowley. 5s, 6s, 9s.

CHAS. WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.

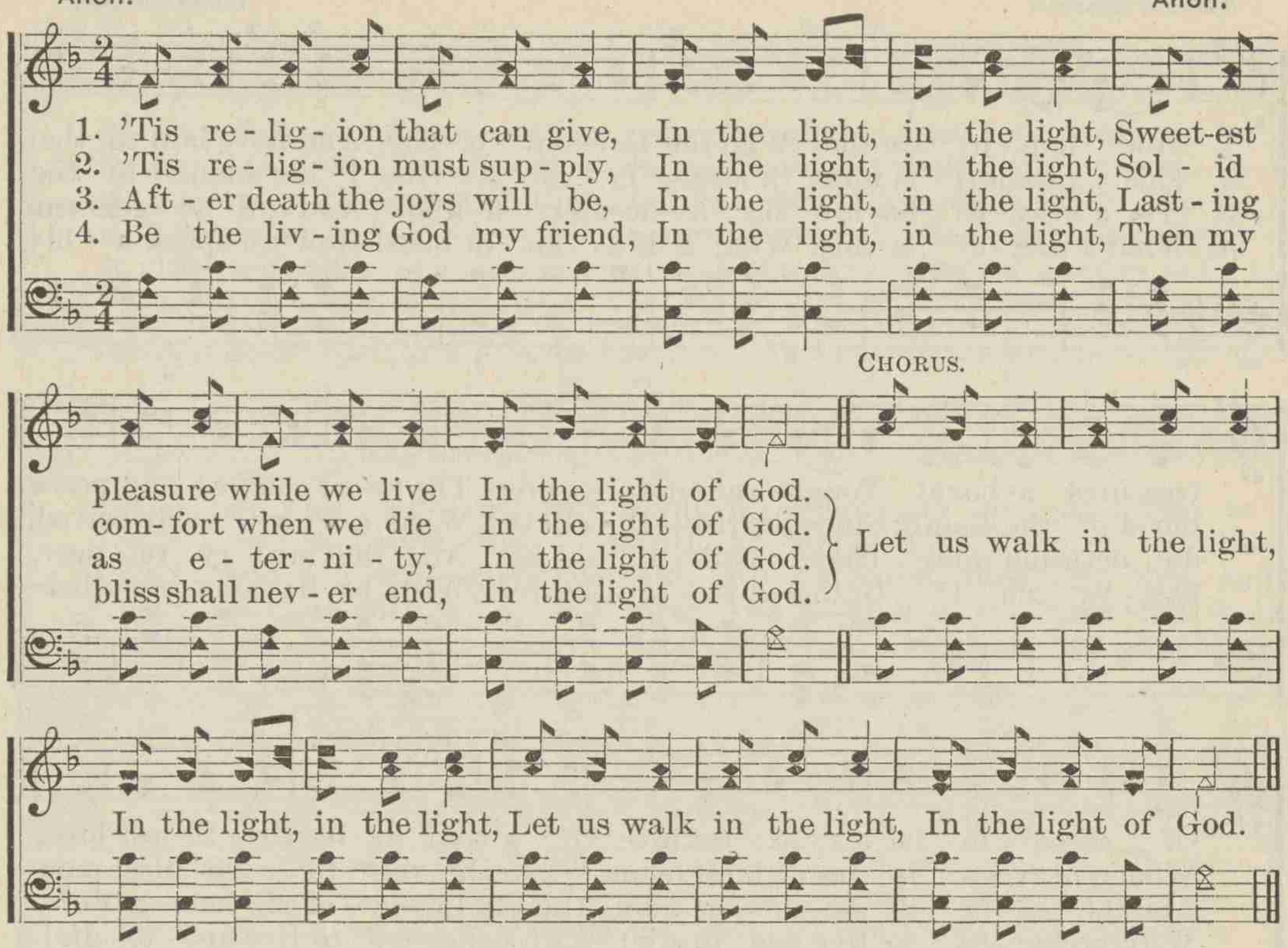


No. 99. Nettleton. 8s, 7s.

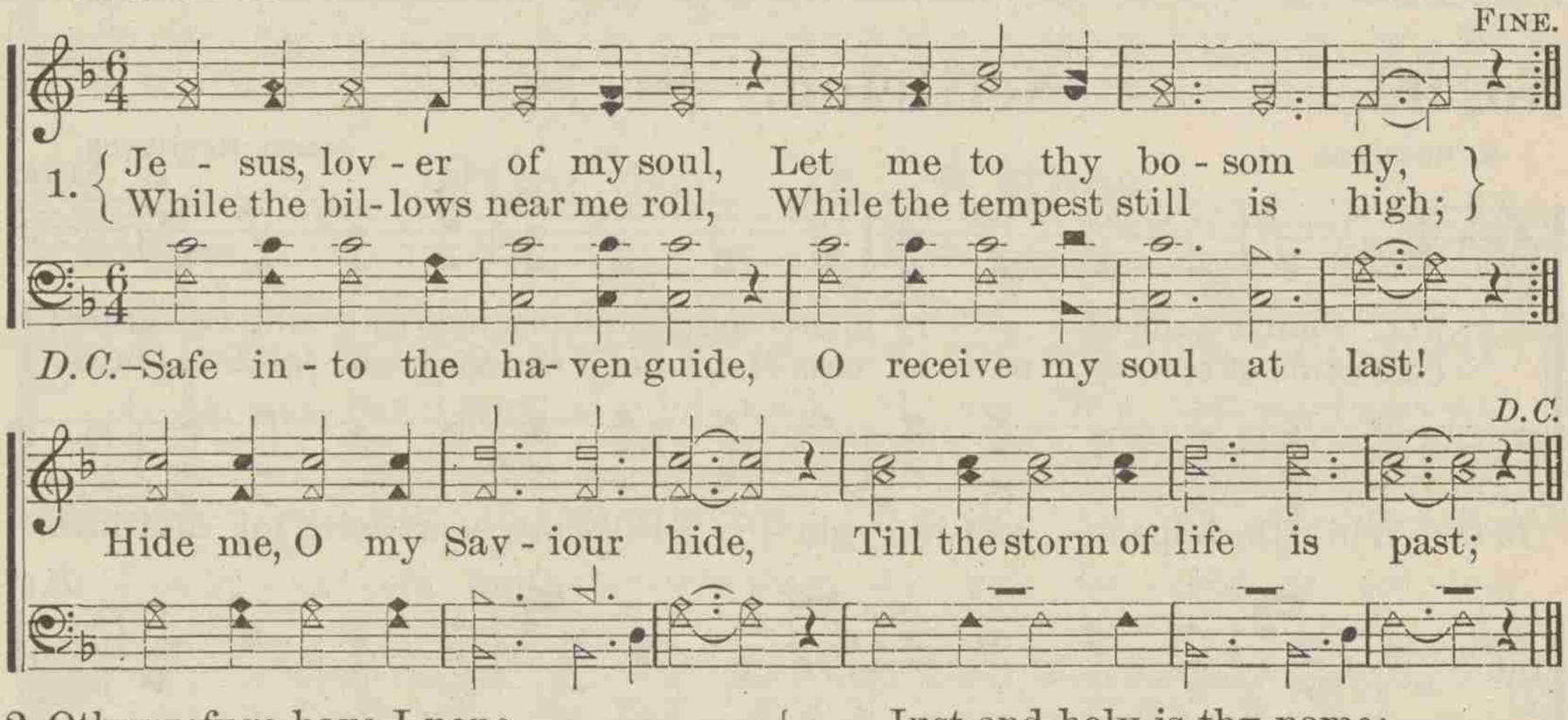
R. ROBINSON. ASCHEL NETTLETON.

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

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

No. 100. Let Us Walk in the Light.

Anon. Anon.

No. 101. Martyn. 7s. D.

CHAS. WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

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 defenseless 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. 102. O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - iour and my God! }
   { Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell the rap-tures all a - broad. }
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows, To him that mer - its all my love! }
   { Let cheerful an-thems fill his house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done! the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's and he is mine: }
   { He drew me, and I followed on, Charm'd to confess the voice divine. }

CHORUS. FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way!

D.S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day.

No. 103. Revive Us Again.

WM. PATTON MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be re -

CHORUS.

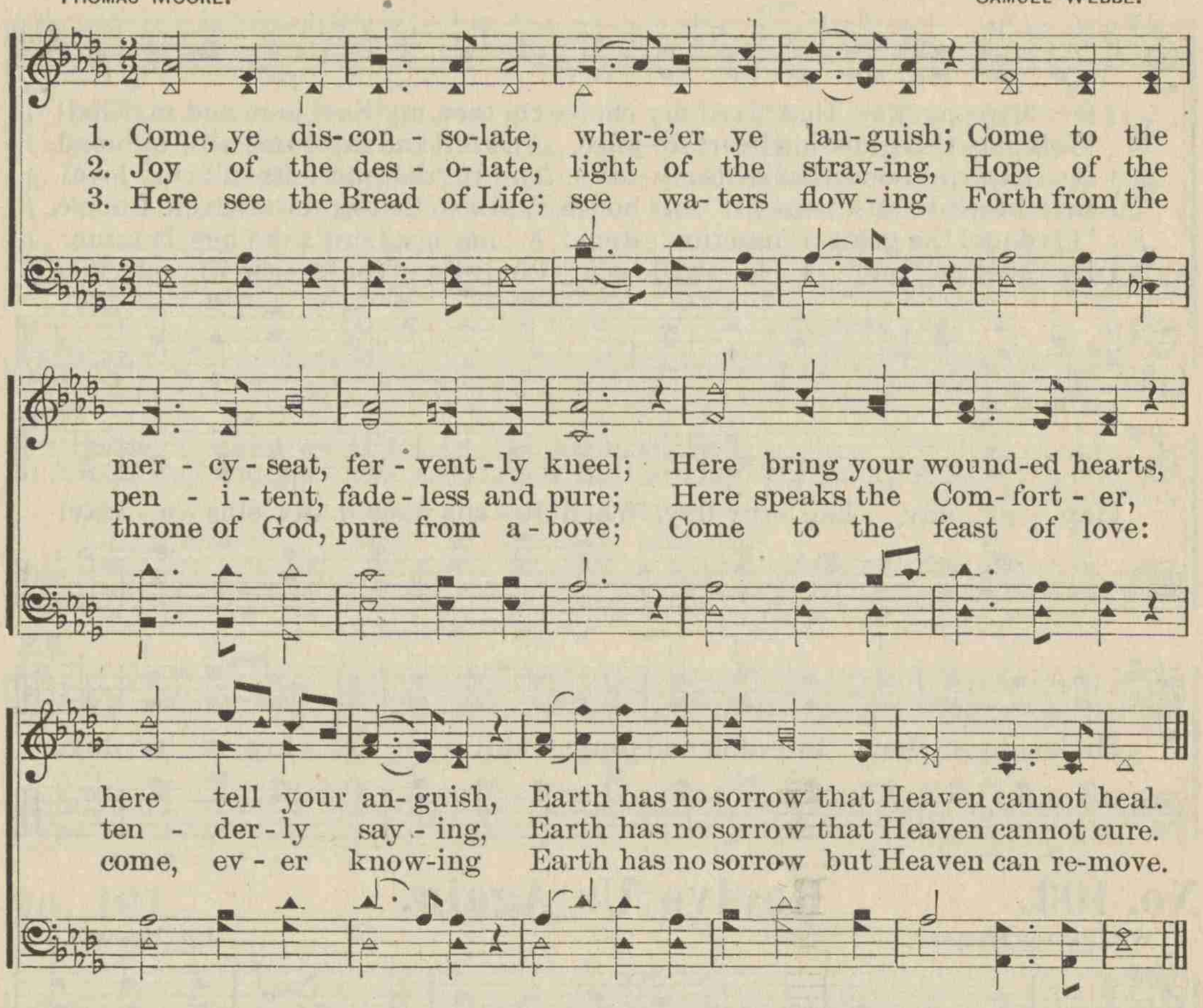
died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - iour and scattered our night.
sins, and Has cleans'd ev'ry stain.
sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry; Hal - le -

lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry; Re - vive us a - gain.

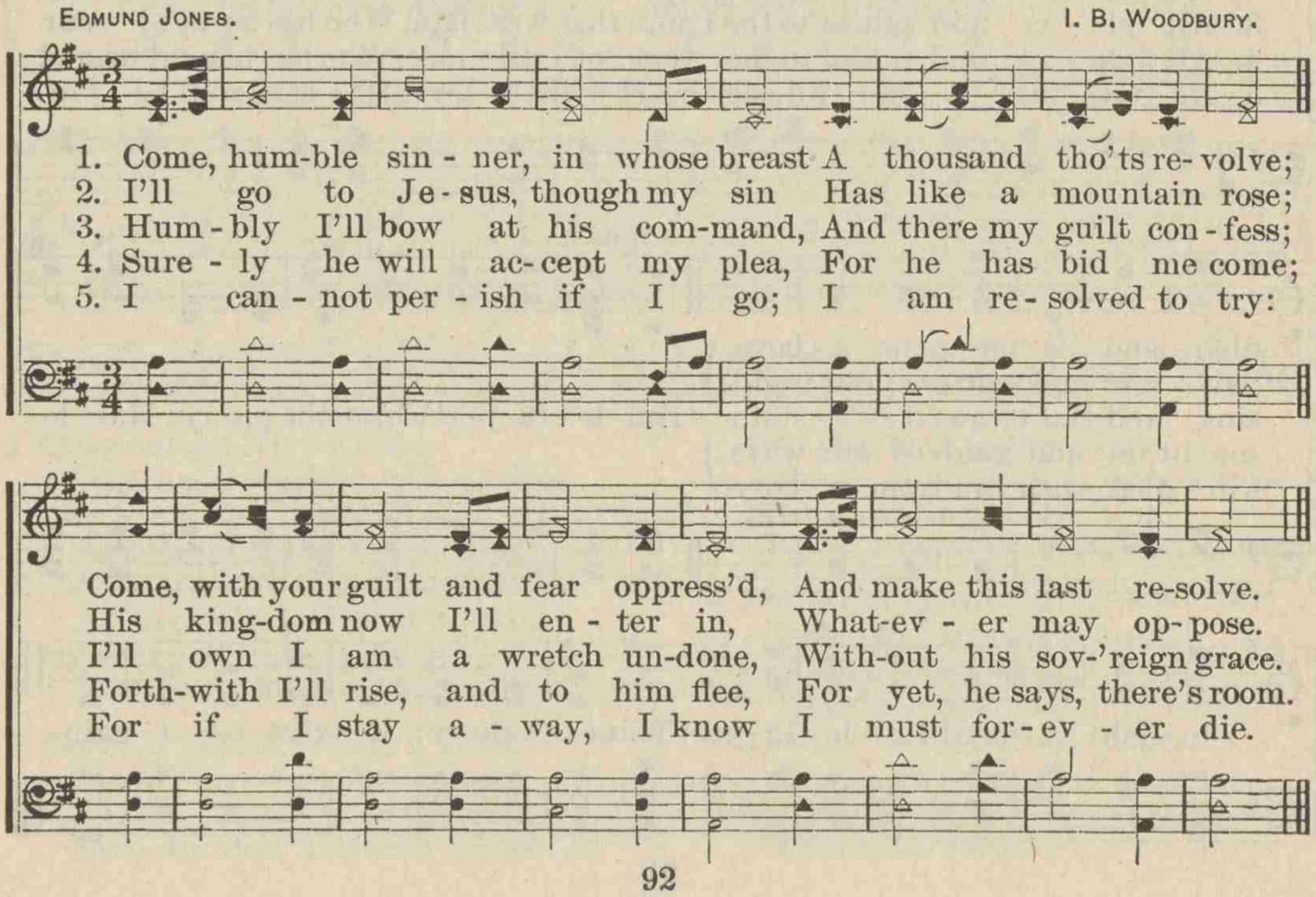
No. 104. Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11s, 10s.

THOMAS MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.



No. 105. Siloam. C. M.

EDMUND JONES. I. B. WOODBURY.



No. 106. Lead, Kindly Light. 10s, 4s.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou Should'st lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on; I lov'd the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis- tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-member not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

No. 107. Bethany. 6s, 4s.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en though it be a cross
2. Though like a wan-der - er, Day-light all gone, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps unto heaven; All that thou send-est me,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston - y grief.
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

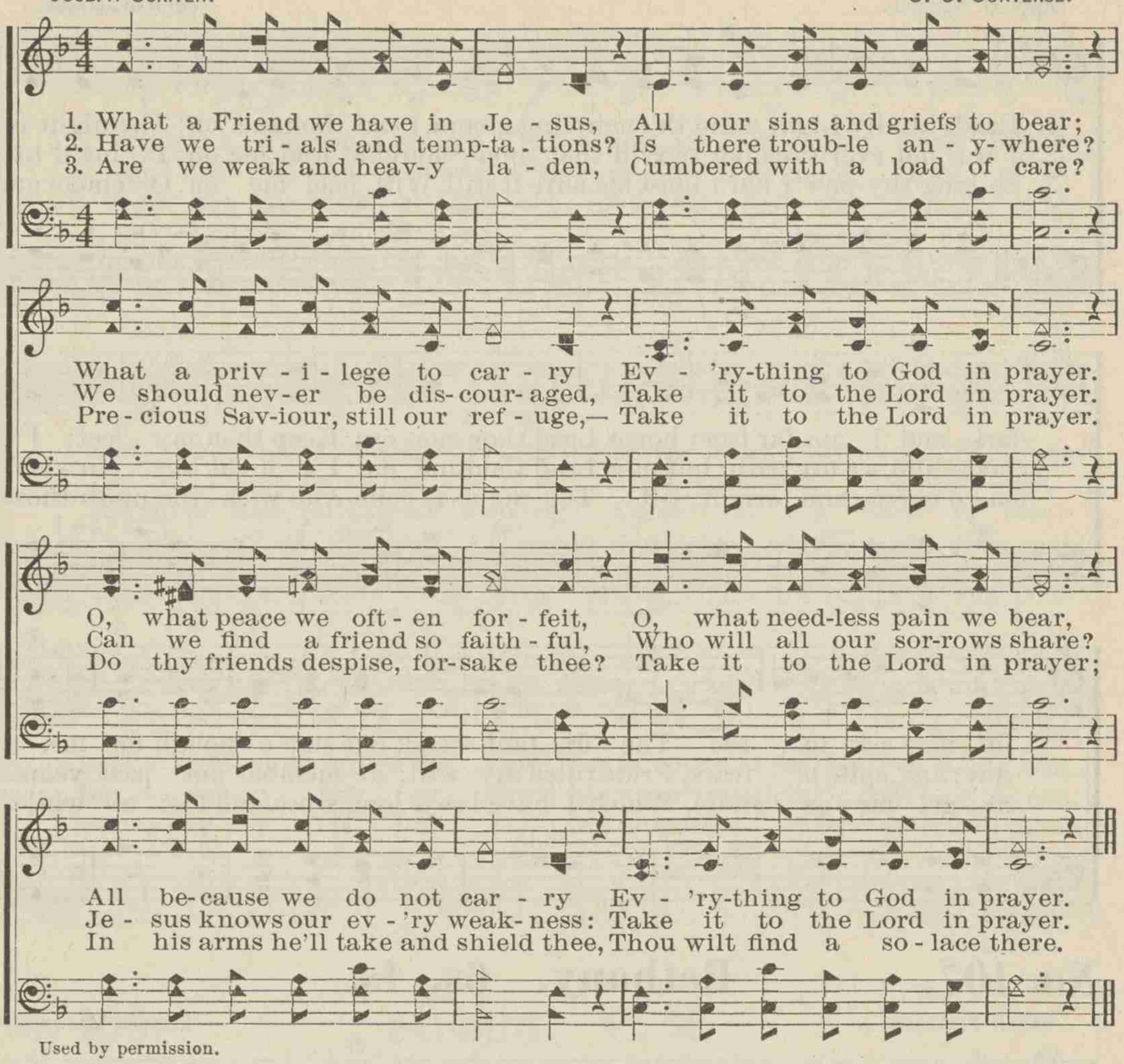
D.S.—Near - er, my God, to thee,

FINE. *D.S.*

That rais- eth me! Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee!
My rest a stone; Yet, in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to thee.
In mer - cy given, An - gels to beck- on me Near - er, my God, to thee!
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to thee!
Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee!

Near-er to thee!

No. 108. What a Friend We Have.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.

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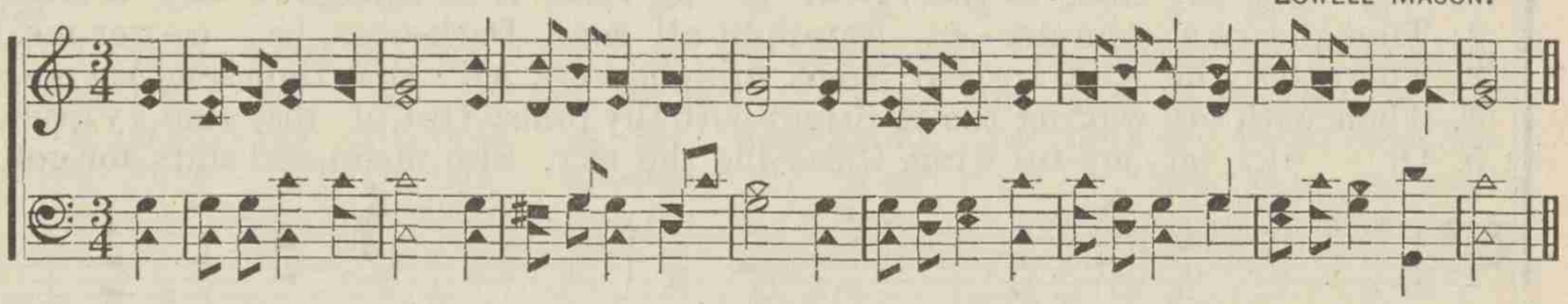
Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

No. 109. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul:
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

—Benjamin Beddome.

No. 110. The Accepted Time.

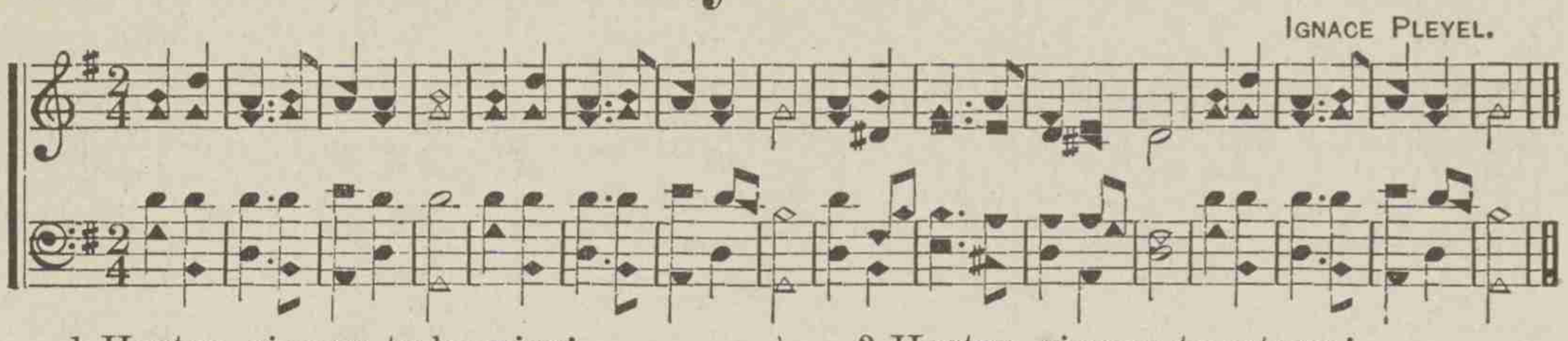
1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

—John Dobell.

No. 111. Pleyel. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

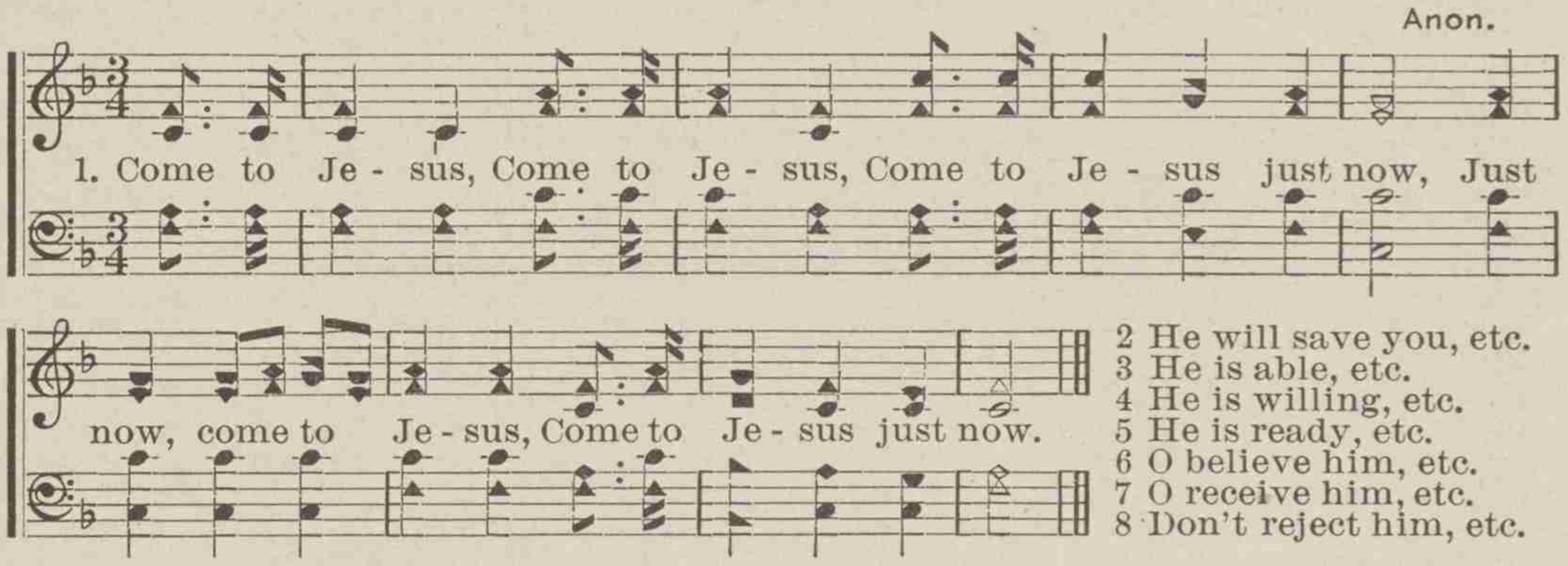
2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

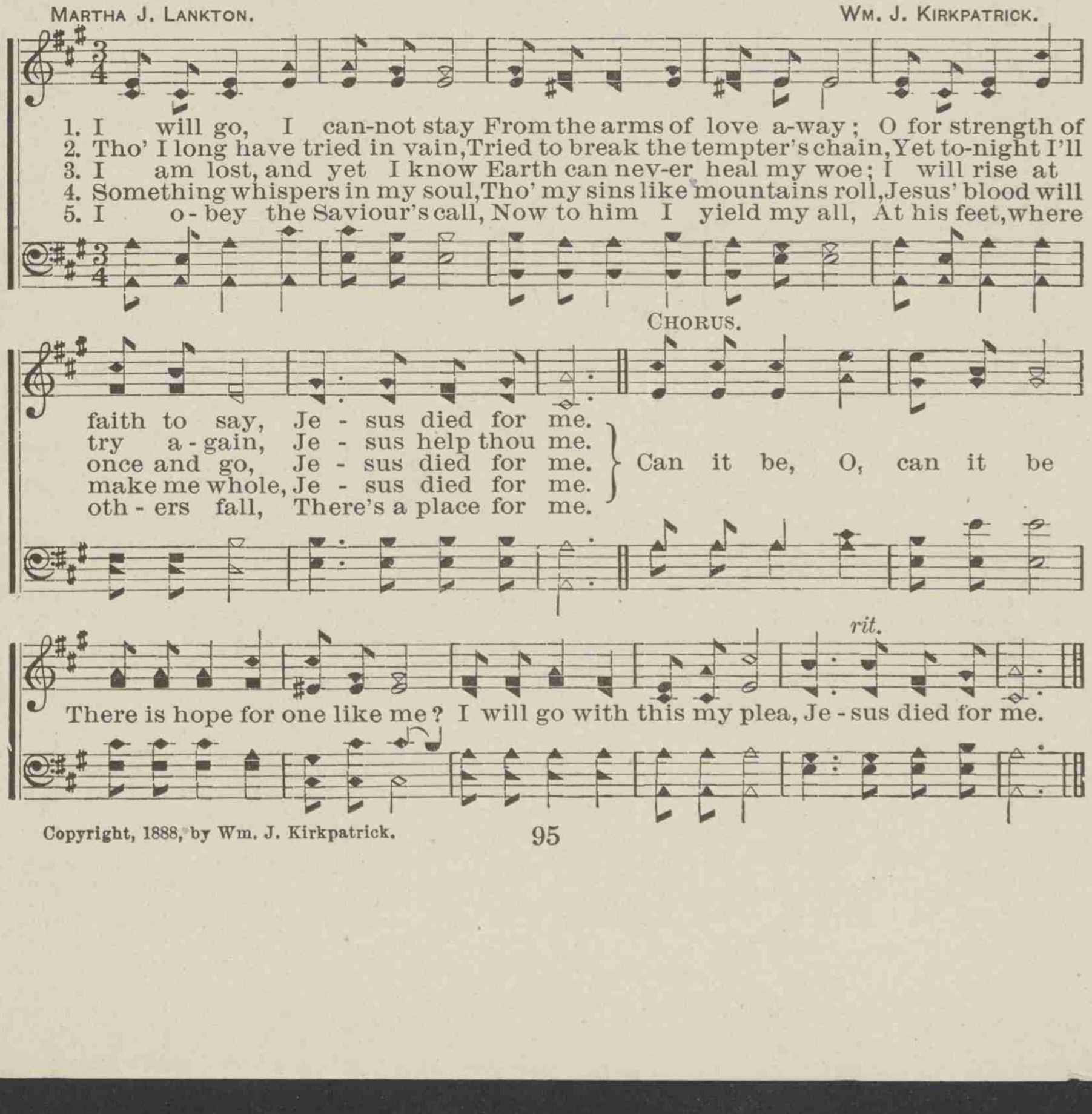
4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

—Thos. Scott.

No. 112. Come to Jesus Just Now.

Anon.

2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is ready, etc.
6 O believe him, etc.
7 O receive him, etc.
8 Don't reject him, etc.

No. 113. I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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