PRAISE HIM



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For the
"Churches of Christ."
(Separated from the
"Disciples of Christ.")

285

PRAISE HIM

CONTAINING

MANY NEW AND SOME OF THE BEST OF THE OLD HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR ALL OCCASIONS OF

CHRISTIAN WORK AND WORSHIP

EDITED BY

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK AND A. B. LIPSCOMB

NASHVILLE, TENN.
McQUIDDY PRINTING COMPANY
1914

Hymn
1914
Prai

Z6/
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PREFACE.

In this volume of songs, new and old, we have endeavored to secure the very best, as regards both sentiment and music, in order that those using the book may not only sing, but **excel** in that part of the worship designated in the New Testament as "teaching and admonishing one another with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto God."

It is fortunate, indeed, that the service of song comes nearest to being universal among men, having escaped, more than any other, the limitations incident to territorial, political, and religious division. When we study the meaning of hymns, it is surprising how few of the noted song writers ever attempted to magnify earthborn creeds and ecclesiasticisms by their efforts in this direction. The majority of them were content to give vent and expression to thoughts and feelings in full accord with the teaching of the Scriptures. Of course there are some exceptions, and these we have endeavored to eliminate from **Praise Him.**

A good song is the sweetest legacy of an overflowing heart, and especially so when the author sings of his Redeemer. In that case the legacy often proves imperishable. From an almost illimitable field of selection we have gathered together nearly three hundred such treasures, which we hope may be richly enjoyed by thousands.

This desired result will surely follow if the song leader and those who follow him catch the spirit of acceptable worship: "Whatsoever ye do, work heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men."

Microfilmed
SOUTHEASTERN PROJECT

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PRAISE HIM.

No. 1. Divine Guidance.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In this world of sin and dan - ger, How I need a constant guide!
2. While thy mighty hand shall hold me, Weak and helpless tho' I be,
3. Trust-ing in thy lov-ing guidance, Peace-ful - ly I tread the way!
4. Un - der thy great wing of mer - cy How se-cure-ly do I rest;

Wi - ly foes are all around me,—Je-sus, keep me near thy side.
Safe - ly I shall pass thro' dangers, Fearless of the foes I see.
Look-ing ev - er un - to Je - sus, Thou wilt nev-er let me stray.
Clouds may come and fearful tempest, But I'm lean-ing on thy breast.

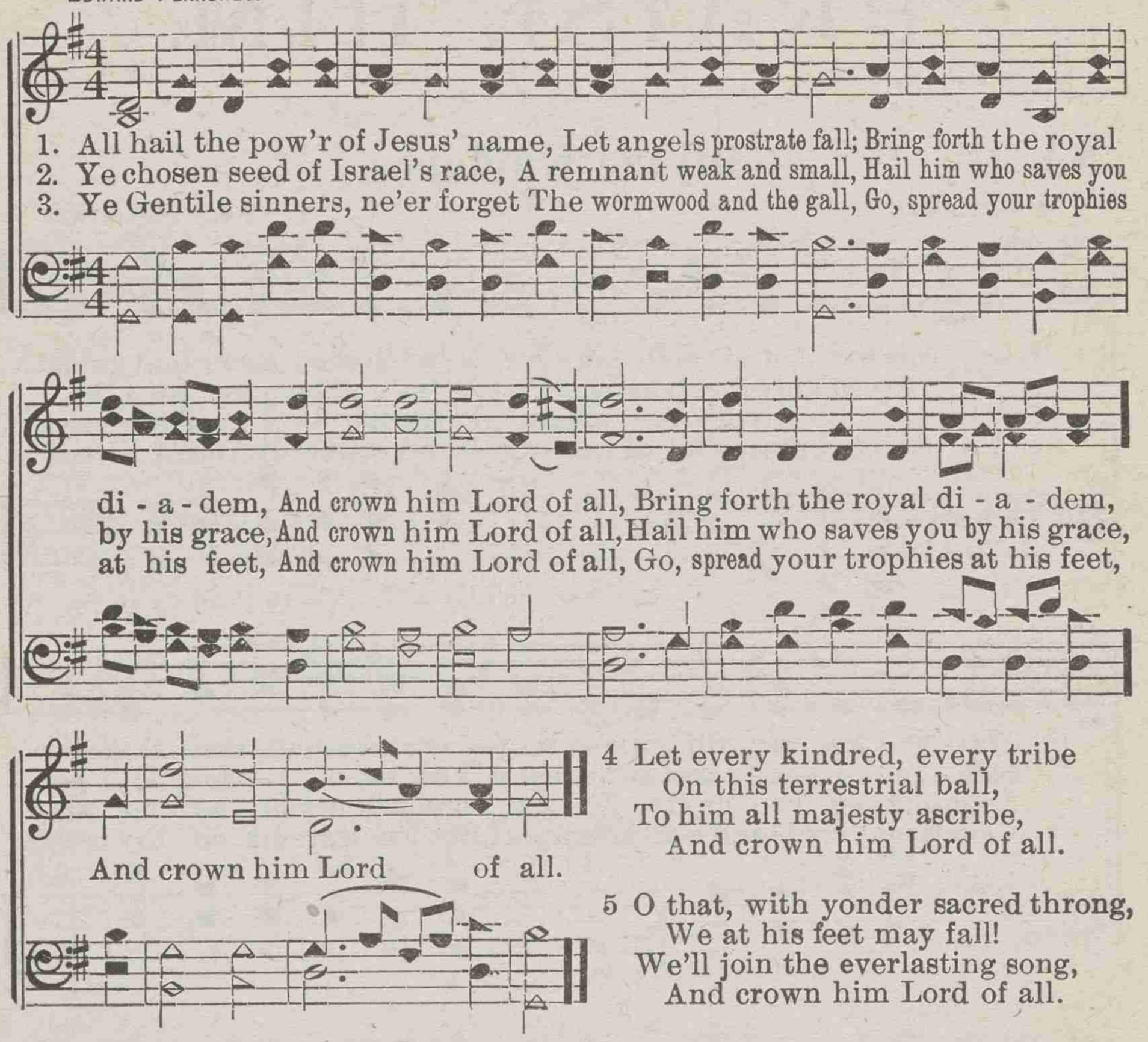
Bless-ed Sav-iour, Blessed Sav - iour, Let me in thy love a - bide;
Dear Re-deem-er, Dear Re-deem-er, All my trust is stayed on thee;
Great Pro-tect-or, Great Pro-tect-or, Thou wilt keep me night and day;
Bless-ed shel-ter, Blessed shel - ter, Here no e - vil can mo - lest;

Bless-ed Sav-iour, Blessed Sav-iour, Let me in thy love a - bide.
Dear Re-deem-er, Dear Re-deem-er, All my trust is stayed on thee.
Great Pro-tect-or, Great Pro-tect-or, Thou wilt keep me night and day.
Bless-ed shel-ter, Bless-ed shel - ter, Here no e - vil can mo - lest.

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No. 2. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDWARD PERRONET. CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.



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

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

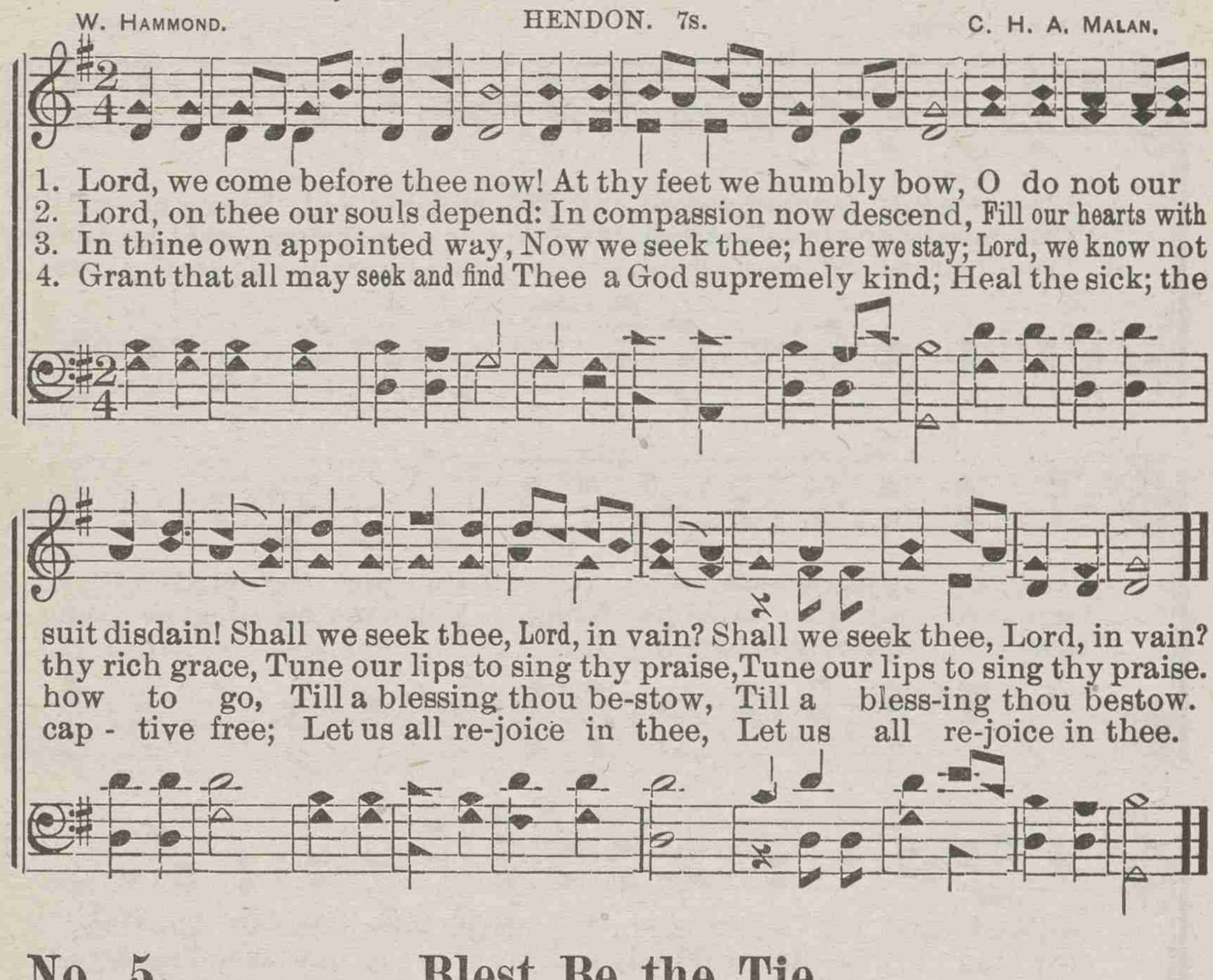
No. 3. All Hail the Power. (SECOND TUNE.)

EDWARD PERRONET MILES LANE. C. M. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.



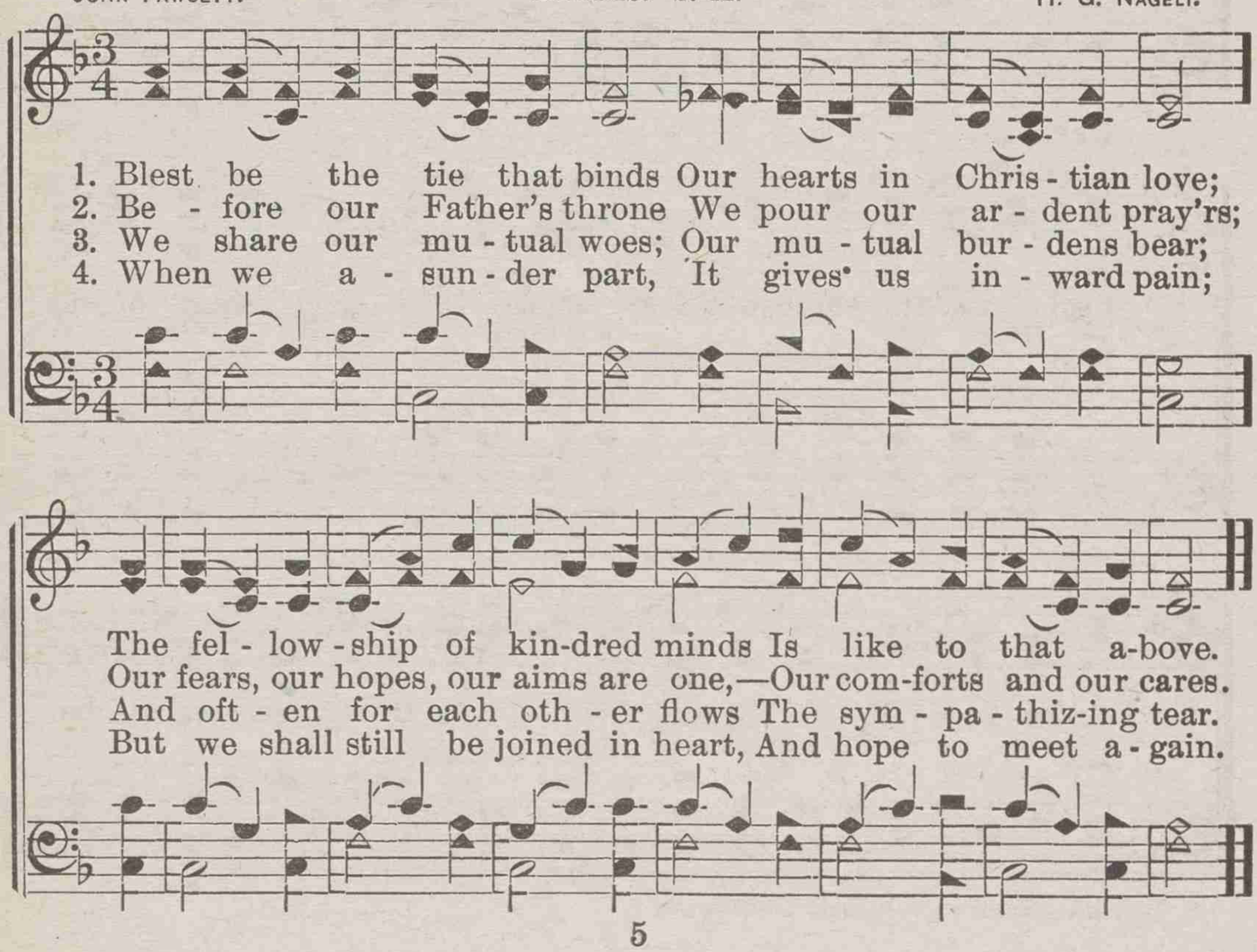
No. 4. Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

W. HAMMOND. HENDON. 7s. C. H. A. MALAN.



No. 5. Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. DENNIS. S. M. H. G. NAGELI.



No. 6. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, faithful and loy - al, King of our
2. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, full-est al - le - giance Yielding hence -
3. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, Sav-iour all glo-rious! Take thy great

lives, by thy grace we will be; Un - der the stand-ard ex -
forth to our glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav-or and
pow - er and reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af -

alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in thy strength we will bat-tle for thee.
lov - ing o - be-dience, Freely and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
fec - tions vic - to-rious, Free-ly sur-ren-dered and wholly thine own.

REFRAIN.

Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it nev - er! Song of our
Peal si - lence Song
Peal out the watch-word! loy - al for-ev - er! King of our
Peal loy - al King

spir-its, re - joic - ing and free; lives, By thy grace we will be.
re-joic-ing and free;

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No. 7. Just to Follow Jesus.

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

1. Just to do the lit - tle things Day by day, With the hopeful heart that sings
2. Just to speak in gentle tone, Words of cheer, Knowing we are not a - lone,
3. Just to trust his gracious care, More and more; Learn the blessed pow'r of pray'r,

All the way; Just to ease a lit - tle bit, Some one's load, Casting rays, all
Christ is near; Just to bear the ills of life By his grace, See-ing ev - er
O'er and o'er; Serving, as each moment flies, Where he leads, Praising him, who

CHORUS.

heav-en - lit, On life's road.
thro' the strife His dear face. Just to follow Je - sus Clos-er ev -'ry day,
sat - is - fies All our needs.

Rev'rently to list - en, promptly to o - bey; Just to let his Spir - it

en - ter, cleanse and fill; Just to fol - low Je - sus, just to do his will.

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No. 8. Great and Mighty.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Great and mighty is the God who reigneth, King, Creator, and the Lord of all; Robed in maj - es-ty and light transcendent, Thrones and mon-archs at his feet shall fall.
2. O ye na - tions of the earth, adore him! O ye peo-ple, in the Lord re-joice! Come be-fore him with a cheer-ful spir - it, Sing his prais - es with a tune - ful voice. Praise the Lord, the Mighty One!
3. Tho' he dwell-eth on the mount of Zi - on, Now ex - alt - ed to the throne a-bove, He is mer - ci - ful to those who fear him, He is gra - cious and a God of love.
4. Come and worship our di-vine Re-deem-er, O the rap-ture that he longs to give; Come, be-liev-ing in his pow'r to save you, Ful - ly trust him and your soul shall live.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, his triumph sing! He shall reign vic - to - rious King, Reign from shore to shore; Sing a-loud, with joy proclaim, Glo-ry, hon - or

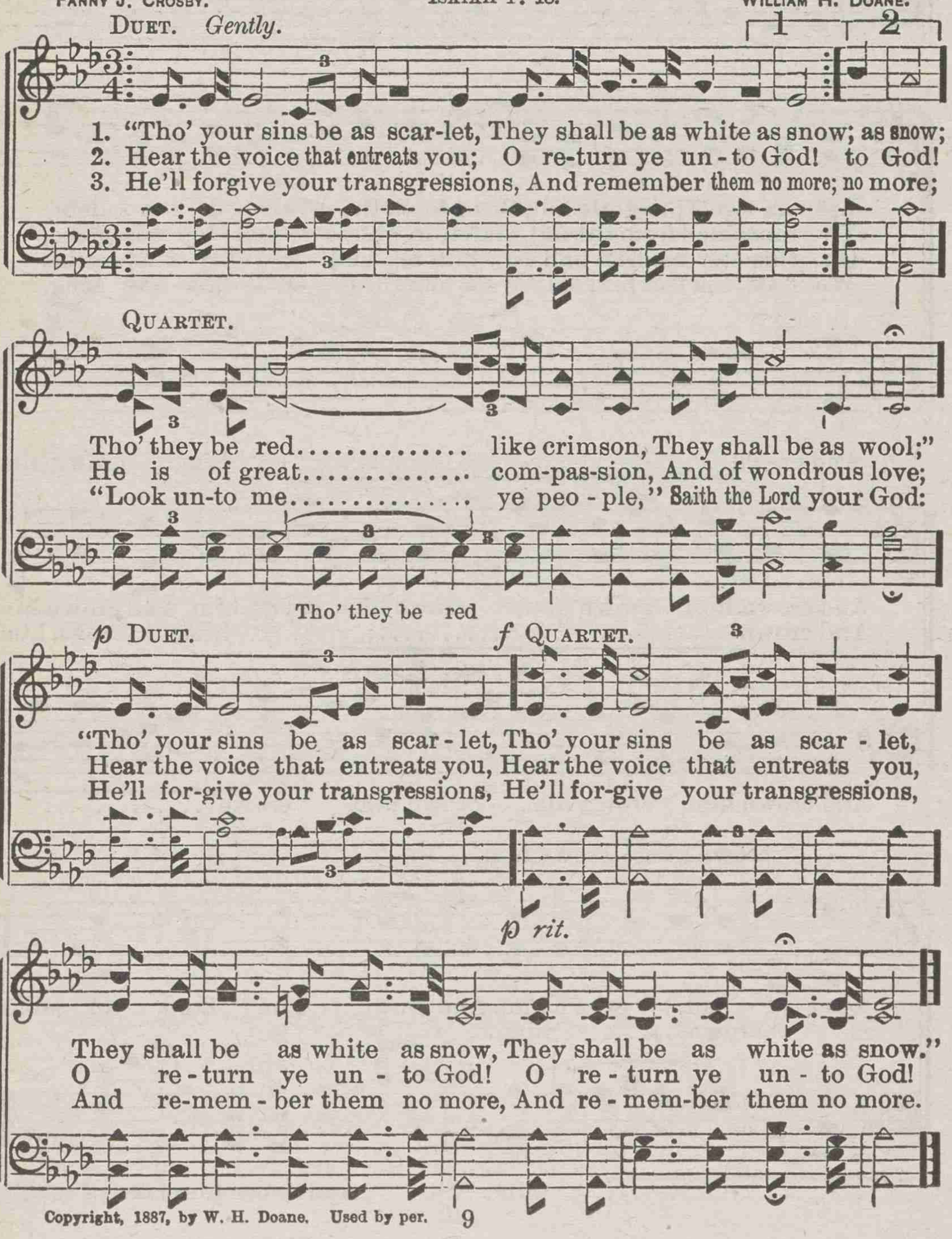
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Great and Mighty. Concluded.



No. 9. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ISAIAH 1: 18. WILLIAM H. DOANE.



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No. 10. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. PERRONET. DIADEM. C. M. JAMES ELLOR.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall,
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
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,

Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace,
On this ter-res-trial ball, To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at his feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown..... him, crown him,

And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, And crown him
And crown..... him, crown him,

And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown.....

crown him, crown him,

Lord of all, crown him, And crown him Lord of all!
crown..... him,

..... him, And crown him Lord of all!

No. 11. Crown Him.

THOMAS KELLEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the Man of sor-rows now;
2. Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him: Rich the trophies Je-sus brings:
3. Sin - ners in de - ri-sion crowned him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
4. Hark, those bursts of acclamation, Hark, those loud triumphant chords!

From the fight returned victorious, Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow:
In the seat of power enthrone him, While the vault of heaven rings:
Saints and angels crowd around him, Own his ti-tle, praise his name:
Je - sus takes the highest sta-tion: O what joy the sight af - fords!

Crown him, crown him! Crowns become the Victor's brow;.....
Crown him, crown him! Crown the Saviour King of kings;.....
Crown him, crown him! Spread abroad the Victor's fame;.....
Crown him, crown him! King of kings, and Lord of lords;.....

Crowns.... become the Victor's brow;

Crowns be - come the Vic-tor's brow.

Crown him, crown him! Crowns be-come the Vic - tor's brow.
Crown him, crown him! Crown the Sav-iour King of kings.
Crown him, crown him! Spread a-broad the Vic - tor's fame.
Crown him, crown him! King of kings, and Lord of lords.

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No. 12. Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!

PSALM 146.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah! From the heavens praise his name;
2. Let them prais-es give Je - ho - vah, They were made at his command;
3. All ye fruit-ful trees and ce - dars, All ye hills and mountains high,

Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est, All his an - gels praise pro-claim.
Them for - ev - er he es - tab-lished, His de-cree shall ev - er stand.
Creeping things and beasts and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav-ens fly.

All his hosts to - geth- er praise him, Sun, and moon, and stars on high;
From the earth, O praise Je - ho - vah, All ye floods, ye dra- gons all;
Kings of earth and all ye peo - ple, Princes great, earth's judges all;

Praise him, O ye heav'n of heav - ens, And ye floods a - bove the sky.
Fire, and hail, and snow, and va - pors, Stormy winds that hear him call.
Praise his name, young men and maid-ens, A - ged men, and chil-dren small.

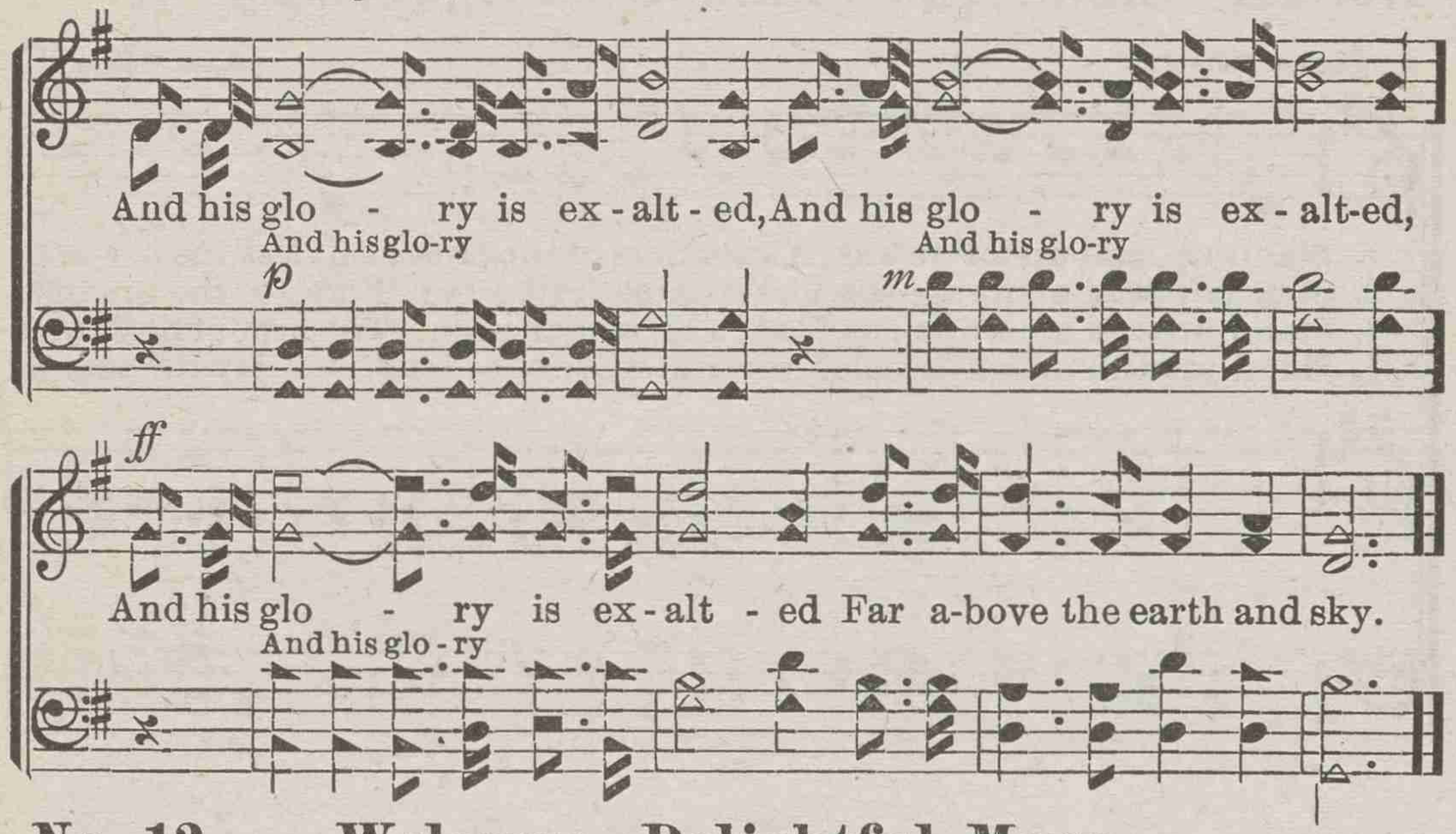
CHORUS.

Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For his name a - lone is high,

Let them praises

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Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah! Concluded.



No. 13. Welcome, Delightful Morn.

J. HAYWARD. LISCHER. H. M. FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER.



2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne with grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

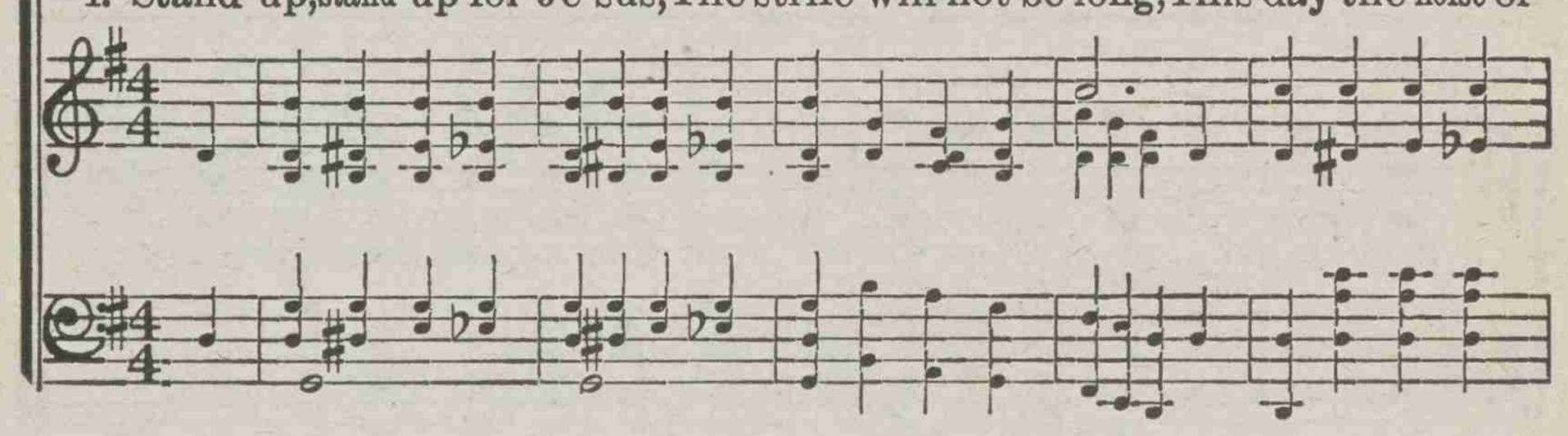
3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

No. 14. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.

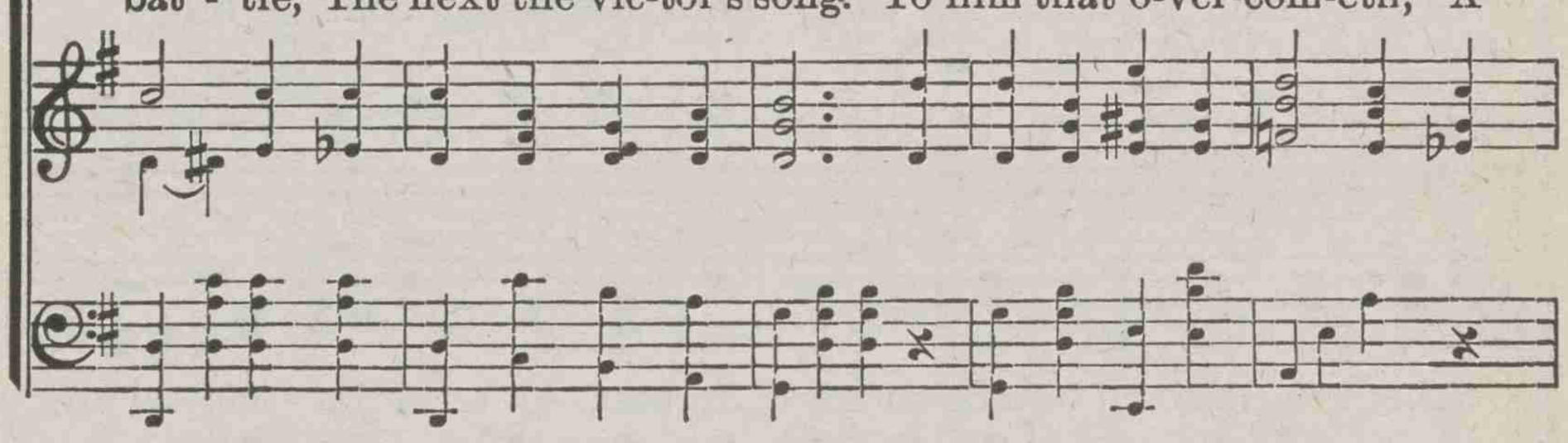


1. Stand up,stand up for Je-sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his roy-al
2. Stand up,stand up for Je-sus,The trumpet call o-bey, Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up,stand up for Je-sus,Stand in his strength a-lone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up,stand up for Je-sus,The strife will not be long;This day the noise of



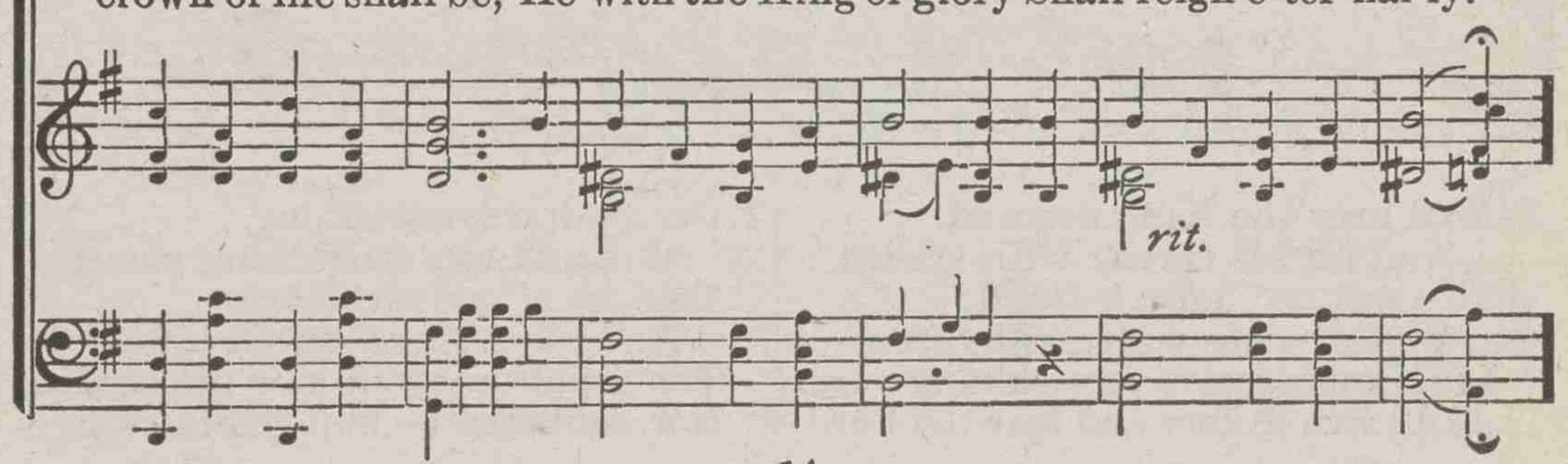


ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry His
con - flict, In this his glorious day: "Ye that are men now serve him" A -
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, Each
bat - tle, The next the vic-tor's song: To him that o-ver-com-eth, A





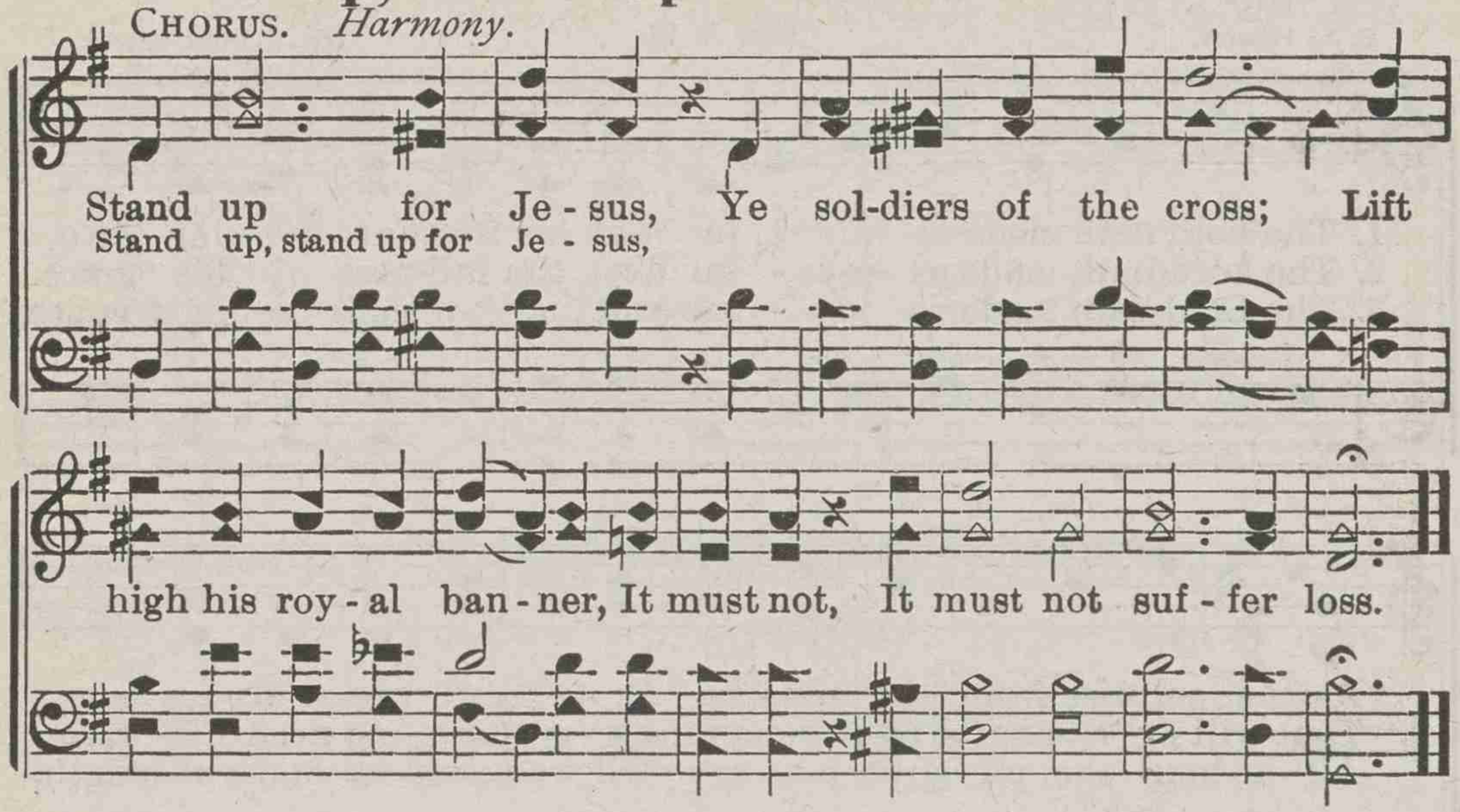
ar-my shall he lead,Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,And Christ is Lord indeed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger,And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with pray'r;Where duty calls, or dan-ger, Be never want-ing there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glory Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.



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Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*



No. 15. The Purifying Hope.

ANON. 1 JOHN 3: 3. E. L. JORGENSON.

Slowly.



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No. 16. The Lord Hath Made Us Joyful.

E. E. HEWITT. EZRA 6: 22. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The Lord hath made us joy - ful With his free, for - giv - ing love,
2. The Lord hath made us joy - ful With the full-ness of his grace,
3. The Lord hath made us joy - ful And his joy shall be our strength,

As the sun-rise from the sun - set In the az - ure vault a - bove;
That will ev-'ry hour's re-quirement, Ev-'ry press-ing need em-brace;
All a - long the pil - grim jour-ney Till we reach our home at length,

So our sin he more than par-dons, For he puts it far a - way,
In the midst of toil and con-flict, When thro' darkened paths we go,
Where the harps of God are ring-ing, Where the jewelled arch-es blaze,

poco ritardando.

Sending down up-on his chil-dren All the glad-ness of the day.
With a com-fort like a moth-er's, His own peace will he be - stow.
There the Lord will make us joy-ful Thro' the ev-er - last - ing days.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Un-to him whose roy - al boun - ty Grants to all his rich sup-plies,

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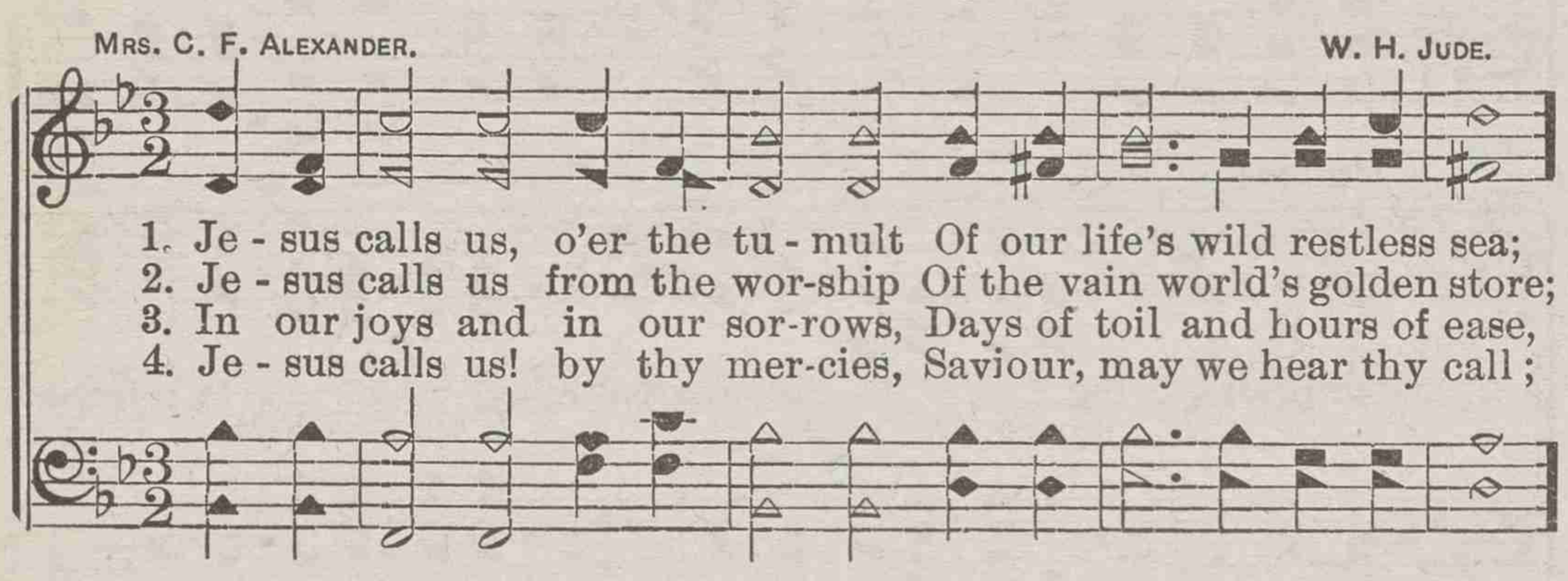
The Lord Hath Made Us Joyful. Concluded.

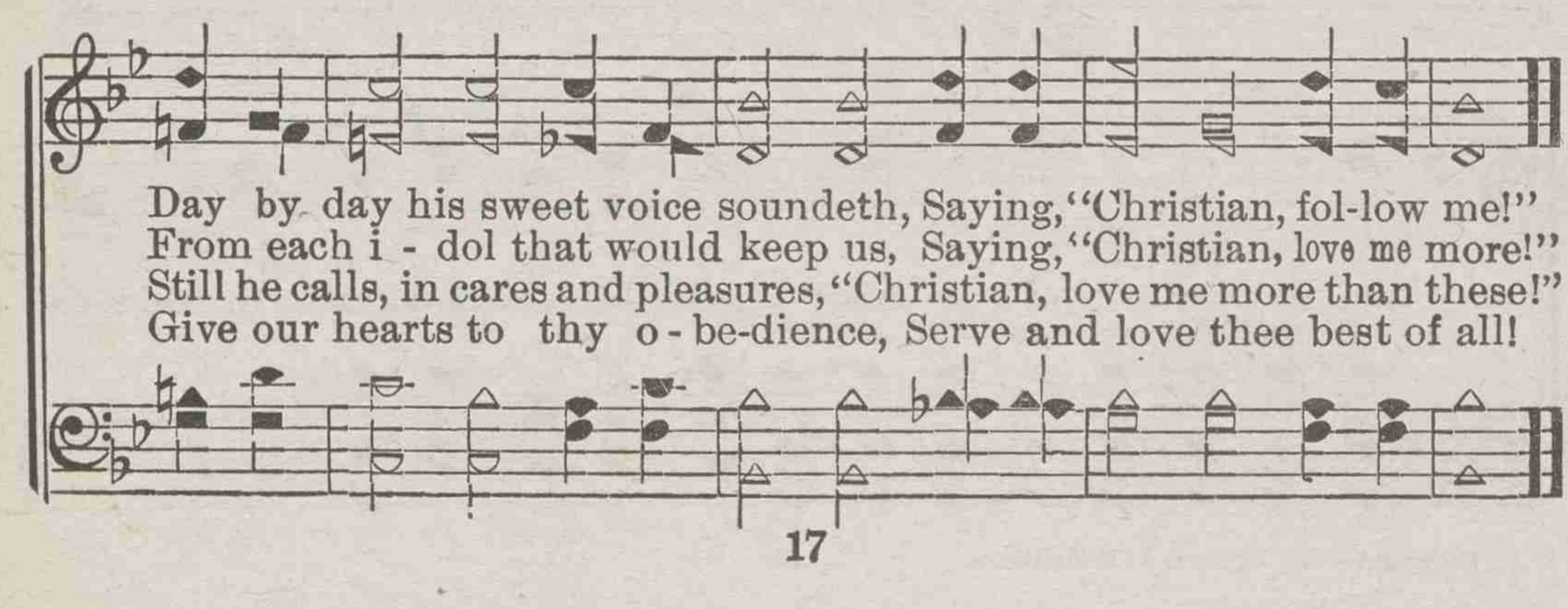






No. 17. Jesus Calls Us.





No. 18. O Sing His Praises.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. O sing his prais-es, who is the great Cre-a - tor, Sing of the pow - er that made the land and sea; He is the Ru - ler of an - gel hosts in heaven, He is our King, and for ev - er-more shall be.
2. O sing his prais-es, who is our great Re-deem-er, Sing of the cross where he put our sins a - way; Sing of the love that can chase a-way all shadows, Turn darkest night to a glad e - ter-nal day.
3. O sing his prais-es, who is the mighty Vic - tor O'er sin and death and the pow - er of the grave; His is the word that can heal the soul's dis-eas-es, His is the pow'r that for evermore can save.

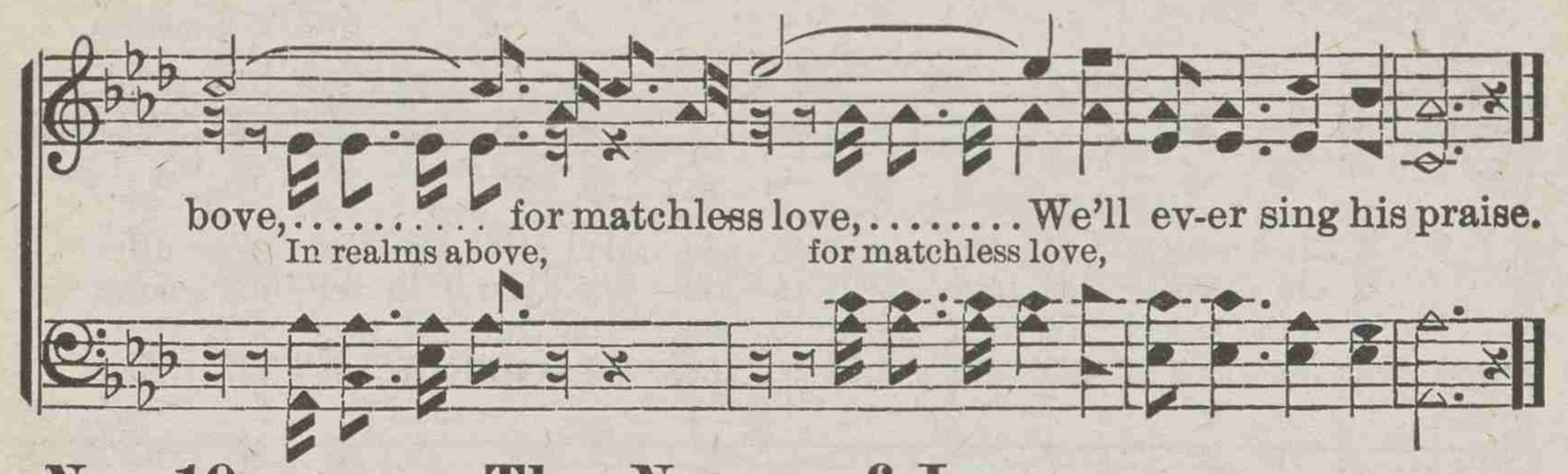
CHORUS.

Glad praises bring..... to our great King,..... Go tell the sto - ry of his pow - er, love and grace; In realms a -

Glad praises bring to our great King,
Tell the old, old sto - ry of his

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O Sing His Praises. Concluded.



No. 19. The Name of Jesus.

W. C. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.



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No. 20. Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With-out him I would fall.
I go to him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
O, how could I this Friend de - ny, When he's so true to me?
I trust him now, I'll trust him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.

When I am sad, to him I go; No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sunshine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol - low-ing him, I know I'm right; He watch-es o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend, Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

When I am sad, he makes me glad: He's my Friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain: He's my Friend.
Fol - low - ing him, by day and night: He's my Friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy: He's my Friend.

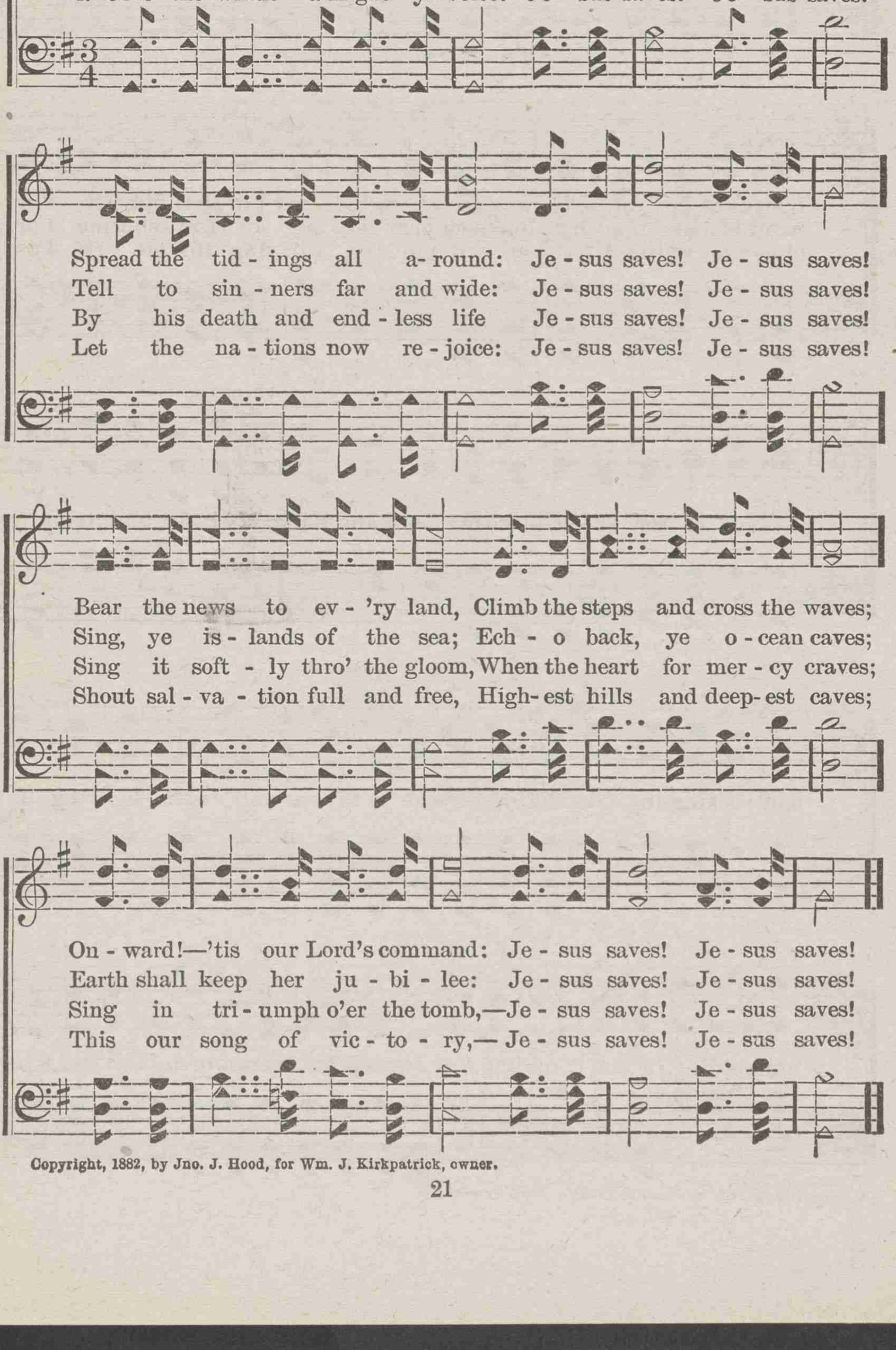
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No. 21. Jesus Saves!

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We have heard the joy - ous sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Spread the tid - ings all a- round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By his death and end - less life Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High- est hills and deep- est caves;

On - ward!—'tis our Lord's command: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

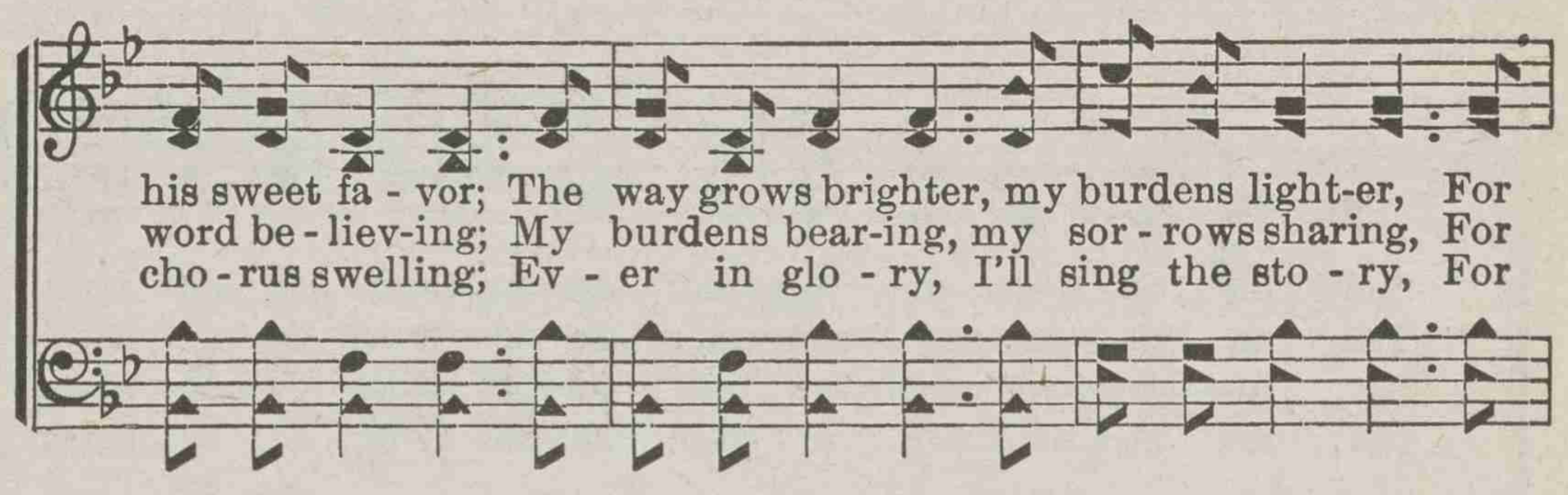
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No. 22. My Heart is Clinging.

KATHARINE S. WADSWORTH. JAMES M. BLACK.

Moderato.





CHORUS.



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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
let me fly,

Rock that is high-er than I; O, then, to the
is high-er than I;

Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.
let me fly,

No. 24. O Bless the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Psalm 103. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O bless the Lord, our souls, and all within; O bless the Lord, who pardons ev - 'ry sin; Give thanks to him with ev -'ry fleet-ing breath;
2. O bless the Lord, ye worlds beyond the sky; Break forth, ye depths, let rocks and hills reply; Praise him, ye stars that saw cre-a - tion's birth,

FINE.

Give thanks to him who triumphed over death. O bless the Lord, ye
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord,
Whose music hailed the pure and shining earth. O bless the Lord, the
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord,

an - gels round his throne, Who do his
bless the Lord, ye angels round his throne, Bless the Lord,
Prince..... of Peace a-dore, And let his
bless the Lord, the Prince of Peace a-dore, Let his love,

will and make ... his wonders known; Strike, strike your
bless the Lord, bless the Lord, and make his wonders known; Strike your harps,
love re - sound.... from shore to shore; O bless the
let his love, let his love resound from shore to shore; Bless the Lord,

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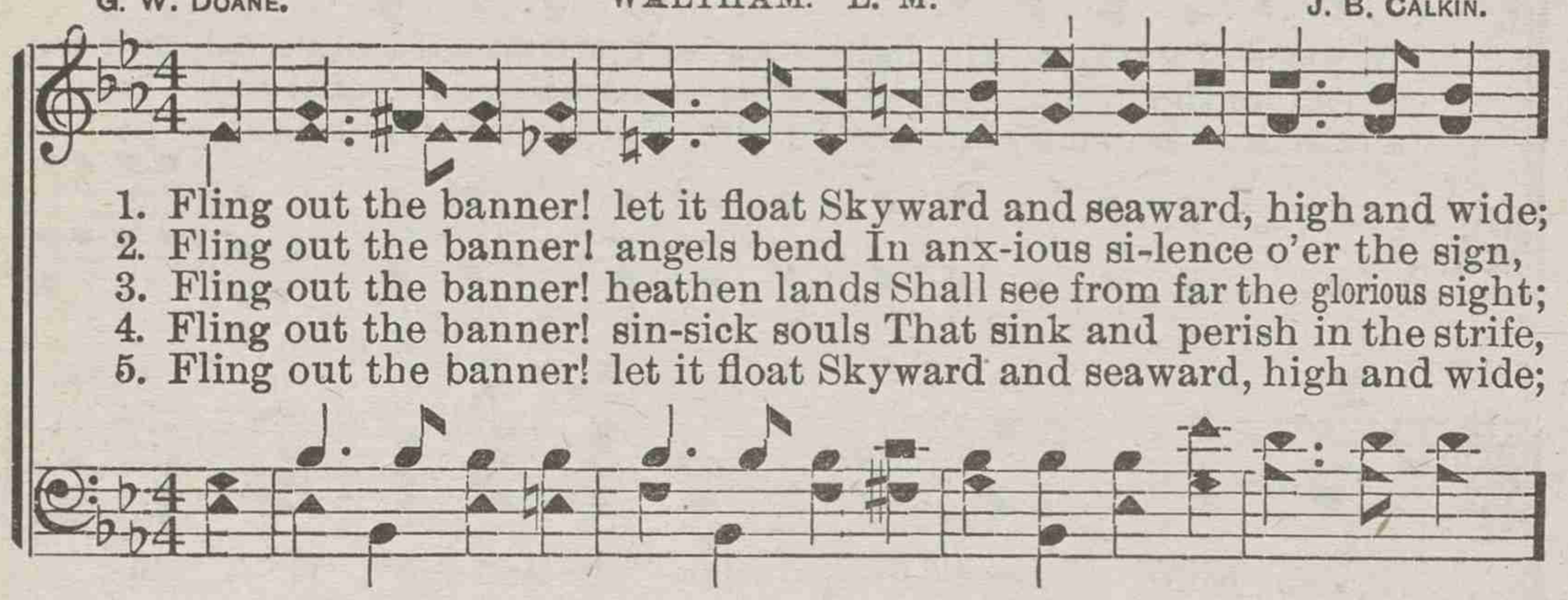
O Bless the Lord. Concluded.





No. 25. Fling Out the Banner.

G. W. DOANE. WALTHAM. L. M. J. B. CALKIN.



No. 26. Saviour and Lord is He.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

Unison.

1. Sing-ing our praise to the King divine, For his great goodness and love;
2. Sing-ing our praise for his holy word, For all the prom-is-es there;
3. Sing-ing our praise that he answers pray'r, When on his great name we call;

When we were lost in the night of sin, He came our Saviour to be;
Won-der-ful life-giving book of truth, Truth that can make each one free;
Guards us from danger and leads us on, When but a step we can see;

In place of darkness the light doth shine, Eyes that were blind can now see.
Bread for the hungry, the light of heav'n, Lamp to our feet it will be.
Praise him for comfort instead of care, Our friend and brother is he.

f. FINE.

Praise him! praise him! Sav - iour and Lord is he!

D.S.—*Praise him! praise him! Sav - iour and Lord is he!*

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Praise him, praise him! Sing to his hon - or and glo - ry,

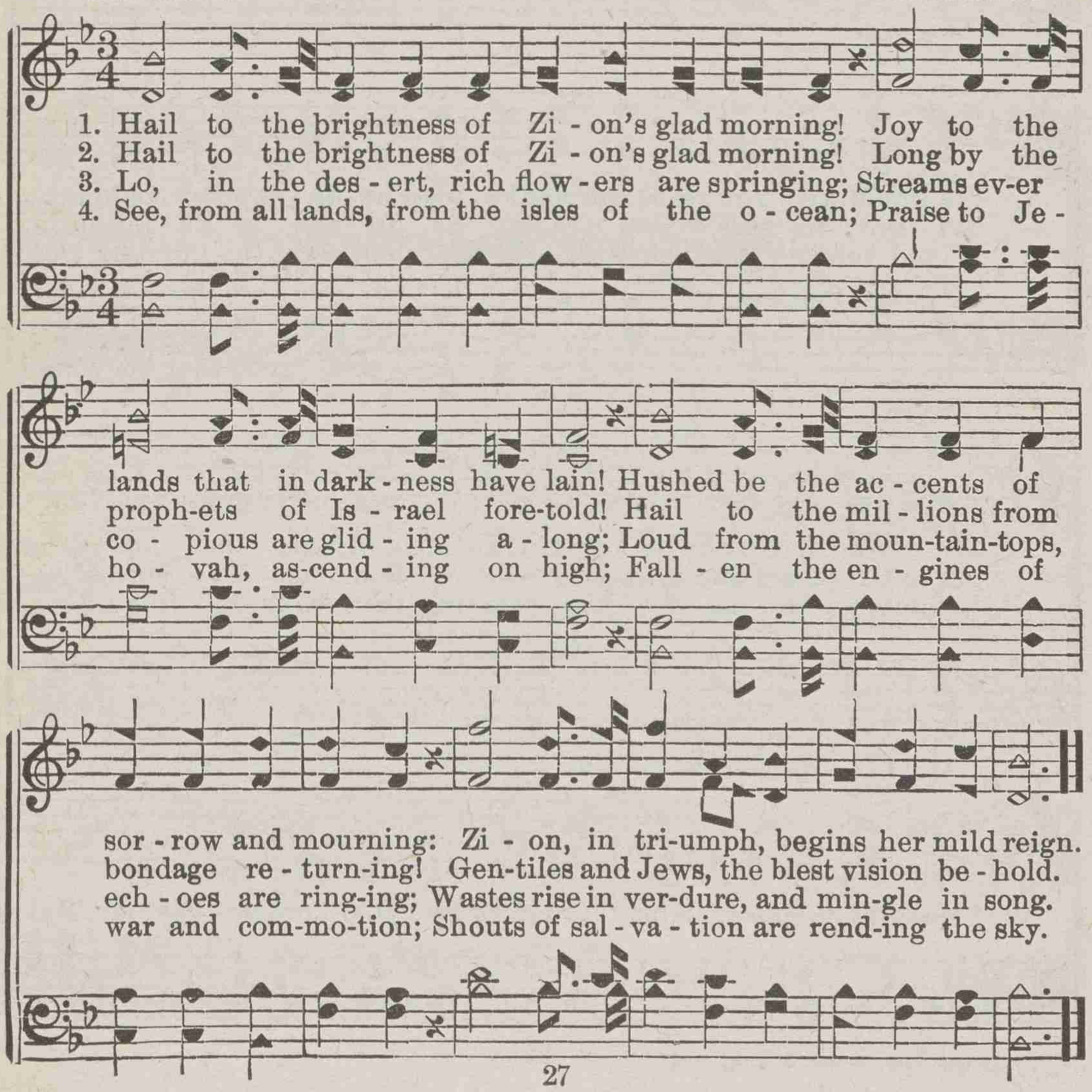
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Saviour and Lord is He. Concluded.



No. 27. Hail to the Brightness.

THOMAS HASTINGS. LOWELL MASON.



No. 28. Make Jesus King.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

Not too slow, two counts in measure.

1. Je - sus Christ the world's Redeemer who has bought you for his own,
2. Come not with a heart di - vid - ed, glad-ly yield to him your all,
3. He is com-ing, he is com-ing back to earth to claim his own;

. Would to all the blessed ful-ness of his sav-ing grace make known;
In a per-fect con - se - cra-tion humbly at his foot-stool fall;
Would you be among the number who shall share his roy-al throne?

He would give you peace and comfort which no oth - er pow'r could bring,
Let the wa - ters of sal - va-tion be in you a liv - ing spring;
Would you join the mighty cho-rus that shall make the heavens ring?

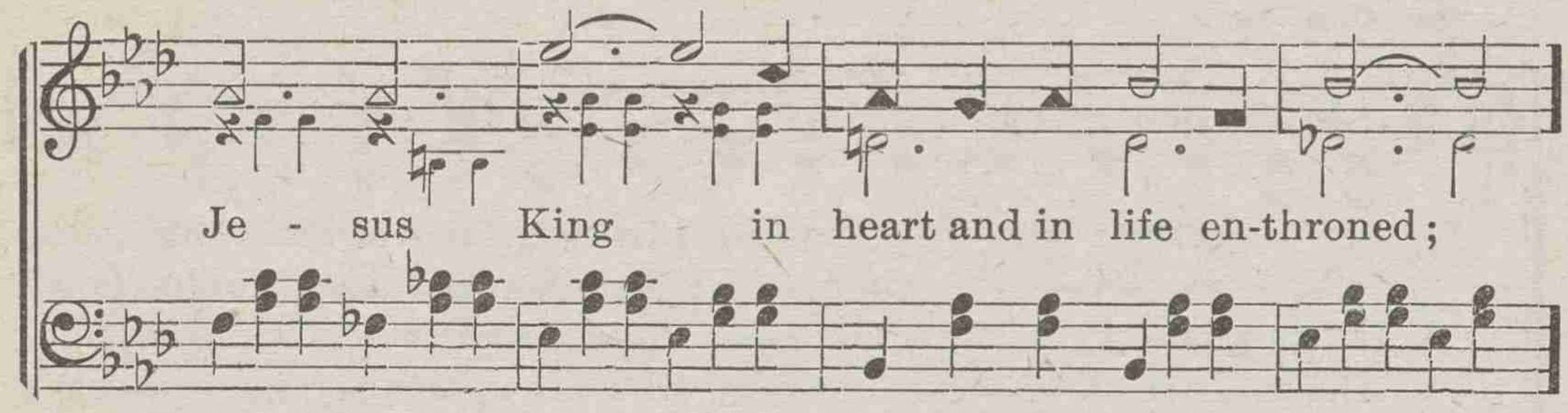
In your heart why not en-throne him and make Je - sus King?
Give your fears and doubtings o - ver and make Je - sus King.
Watching, wait-ing for his com - ing, then make Je - sus King.

CHORUS. *In Unison.*

Make Je - sus King,.... crown him your Lord and Saviour, Make

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Make Jesus King. Concluded.

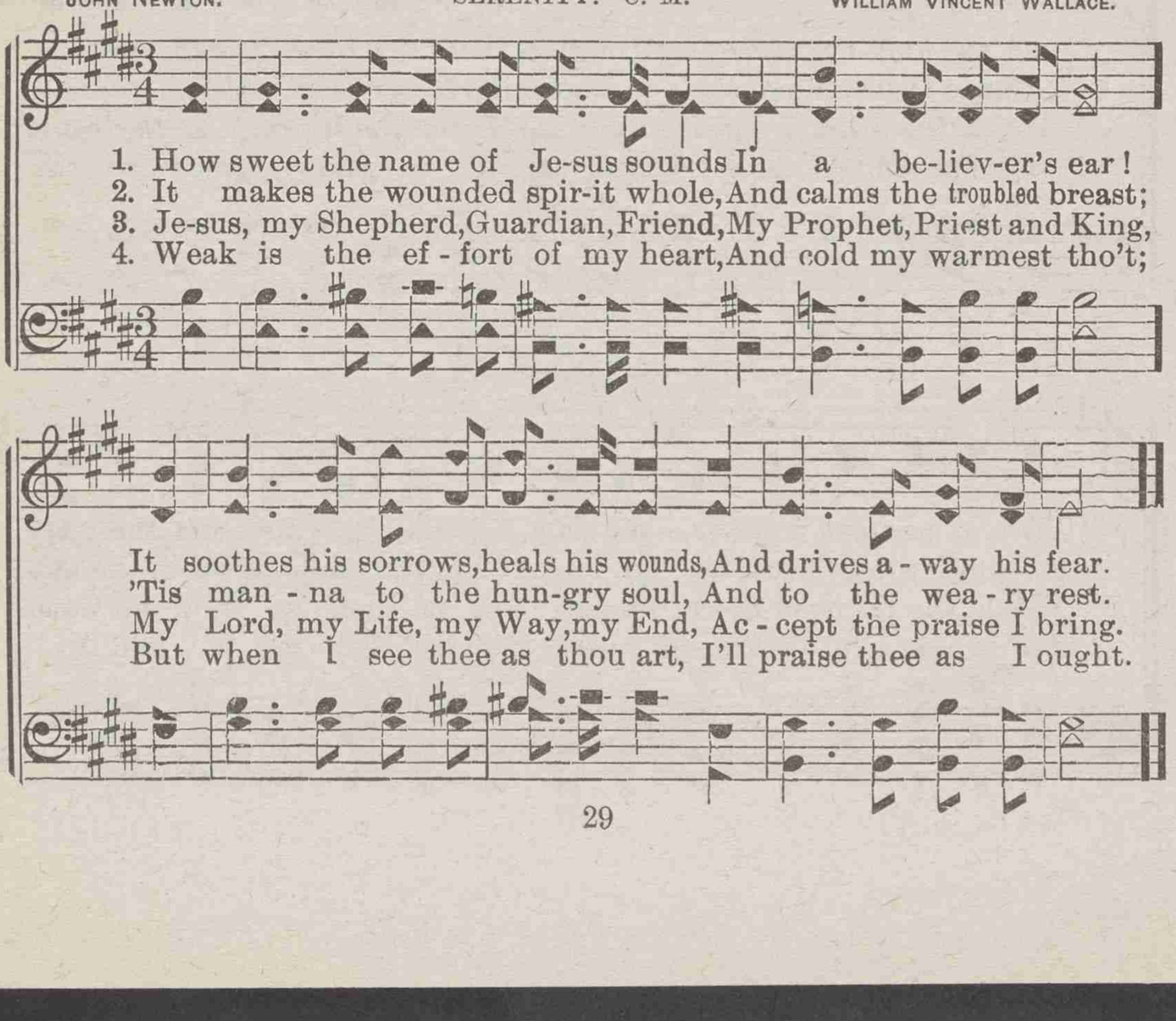


Harmony.



No. 29. How Sweet the Name.

JOHN NEWTON. SERENITY. C. M. WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE.



No. 30. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

MRS. ALBERT SMITH. S. J. VAIL.

1. Let us gath - er up the sunbeams Ly - ing all a-round our path;
2. Strange we never prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
3. If we knew the ba - by fin-gers, Pressed against the window-pane,
4. Ah! those lit-tle ice-cold fin-gers, How they point our mem'ries back

Let us keep the wheat and ro - ses, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff;
Strange that we should slight the violets, Till the lovely flow'rs are gone!
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow, Nev - er trou - ble us a - gain—
To the has - ty words and actions Strewn a-long our backward track!

Let us find our sweet-est com-fort In the bless-ings of to - day,
Strange that summer skies and sunshine Never seem one-half so fair,
Would the bright eyes of our darling Catch the frown upon our brow?
How those little hands re-mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie,

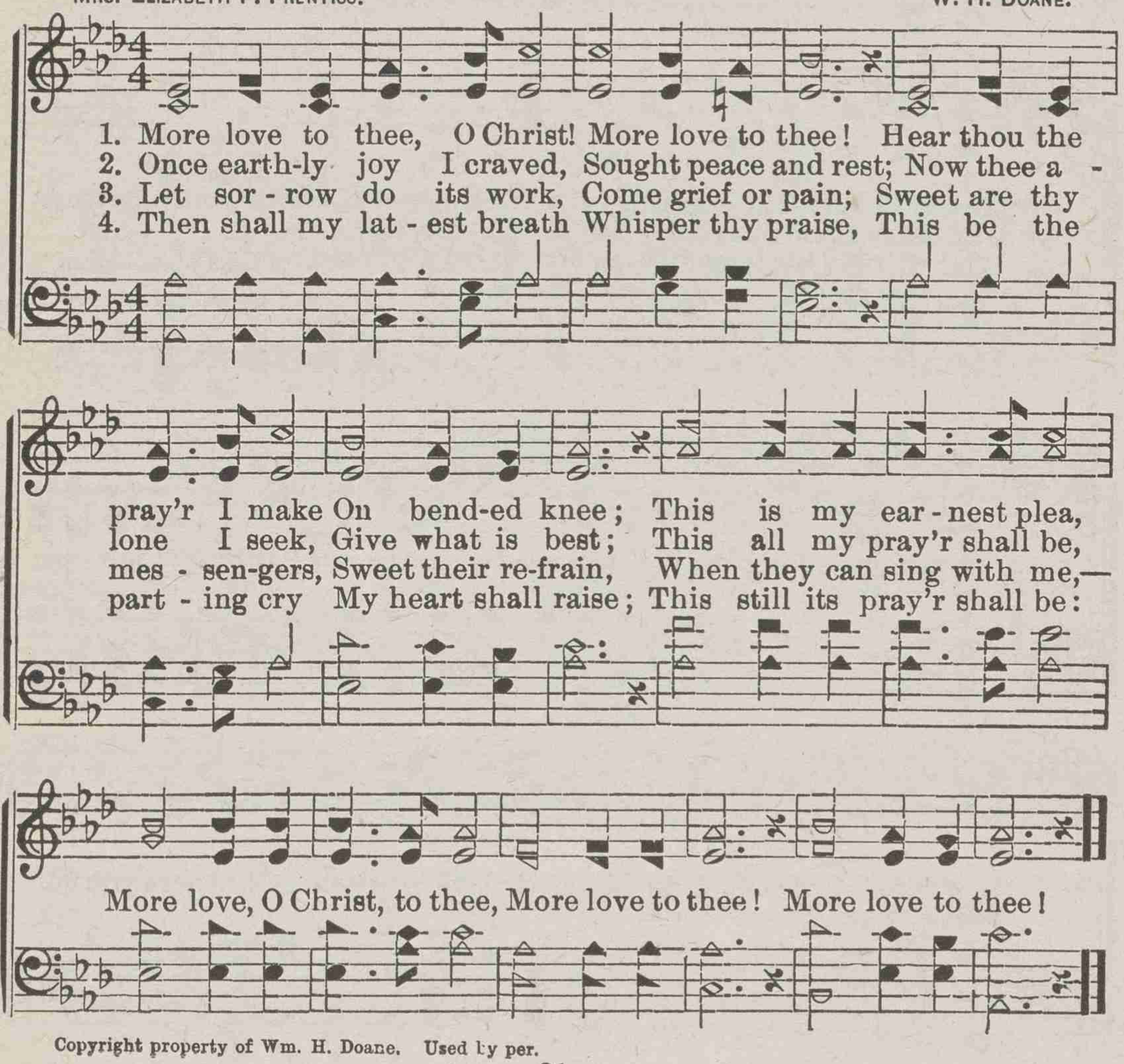
With a pa-tient hand re - moving All the bri - ars from the way.
As when winter's snowy pin-ions Shake the white down in the air.
Would the prints of ro-sy fin-gers Vex us then as they do now?
Not to scat - ter thorns, but ro-ses, For our reap - ing by and by.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness. Concluded.



No. 31. More Love to Thee.

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss. W. H. Doane.



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No. 32. Share Your Blessings.

JAMES ROWE. F. CLARK PERRY

1. As you journey onward thro' the busy throng, Drop a cheering sentence,
2. Just a lit-tle sentence from a lov-ing heart May to some sad spir-it
3. If your path is sunny, make another's bright; Lighten some one's burden,

sing a hap-py song; Ma-ny need-y brothers dai - ly you will meet,
hope and cheer impart; Just a word in passing, or a sun - ny smile,
if your own is light; Thus your soul will daily grow in strength and love,

REFRAIN.

Whose sad hearts are yearning for a blessing sweet. Share your blessings,
May make some one happy for a lit - tle while.
And will lay up treasures in the world a-bove. Share your blessings, as you

as you go a-long, With the need-y in the bus-y throng; Less - en
go a - long, With the needy in the bus - y throng; Lessen sorrow,

sorrow, pain, and care, and woe; Show your love for Jesus ev'rywhere you go.
pain, and care, and woe;

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No. 33. Pass It On.

HENRY BURTON, A. M. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on, pass it on! 'Twas not
2. Did you hear the lov-ing word? Pass it on, pass it on! Like the
3. Have you found the heav'nly light? Pass it on, pass it on! Souls are

giv'n for thee a-lone, Pass it on, pass it on! Let it trav-el down th
sing-ing of a bird, Pass it on, pass it on! Let its mu-sic live and
grop-ing in the night, Daylight gone, daylight gone! Hold your lighted lamp on

:S:

years, Let it wipe an-oth-er's tears, Till in heav'n the deed appears,
grow, Let it cheer an-oth-er's woe, You have reaped what oth-ers sow,
high, Be a star in some one's sky, He may live who else would die,

D. S.—*Christ, you live a-gain, Live for him, with him you reign;*

FINE. CHORUS.

Pass it on, pass it on! Pass it on, pass it on! Cheer-ful
Pass it on, pass it on!

word or loving deed, Pass it on, Live for self, you live in vain; Live for
pass it on,

D. S.

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No. 34. While the Days are Going By.

GEORGE COOPER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go-ing by;
2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days are go-ing by;
3. All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by;

There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by;
Let our face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go - ing by;
One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go - ing by;

If a smile we can re - new, As our jour-ney we pur-sue,
O the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes;
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

O the good that we might do, While the days are go - ing by.
Help your fall - en broth-er rise, While the days are go - ing by.
And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.

CHORUS.

While go - ing by, While go - ing by,
While go - ing by, While go - ing by,

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rit.

O the good we may be do-ing, While the days are go-ing by.

No. 35.

Does Jesus Care?

FRANK E GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Jesus care when my heart is pained Too deeply for mirth or song;
2. Does Jesus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation strong;
4. Does Jesus care when I've said good-bye To the dearest on earth to me,

As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the daylight fades Into deep night shades, Does he care enough to be near?
When for my deep grief, I find no relief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it nearly breaks—Is it aught to him? Does he see?

CHORUS.

O yes, he cares, I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;

ad lib. *rit.*

When the days are weary, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares.

he cares.

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No. 36. Lend a Hand.

KATE ULMER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In this world where sin is so ap - pall - ing By the wayside souls are
2. While the precious hours so swift are fly-ing, While the souls of men in
3. Hear the voice of Je-sus soft - ly say - ing: If you love me, go, the
4. Think what joy when on the golden landing, When beside our blessed

dai - ly fall - ing, For the help that you can give they're call-ing;
sin are dy - ing, Do not say there is no use in try - ing;
cost not weighing, True dis - ci - ples be, my word o - bey - ing;
Lord we're standing, Safe at home with all the ransomed band - ing;

CHORUS.

Lend a hand, a help - ing hand. Lend a hand ..... the wrongs to

Lend a hand

right - en, Lend a hand..... the load to light-en; Lend a

Lend a hand

hand..... the world to brighten, Lend a hand, a help - ing hand.

Lend a hand

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No. 37. Scatter "Deeds" of Kindness.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Let us scat - ter deeds of kind - ness A - long our way,
2. Let us fill with love and sun - shine Some darkened heart,
3. Just some kindly, lov - ing ac - tion May help to bring
4. And the Mas - ter, once a serv - ant, Now throned a - bove,

Try some gloom-y lives to bright - en With love's fair ray.
Let us choose, in serv - ing Je - sus, "The bet - ter part."
Some poor soul from Sa - tan's bond-age To Christ, our King.
Smiles on ev - 'ry deed of kind-ness, For he is love.

mf CHORUS.

"Ev -'ry lit - tle deed of kindness," Says Christ to thee, "That you do un-

Says Christ to thee,

to my breth'ren, Ye do for me," "Ev'ry little deed of kindness,"

"for me,"

Says Christ to thee, "That ye do un - to my breth'ren, Ye do for me."

Says Christ to thee,

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No. 38. Let the Gospel Light Shine Out.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Standing, like a lighthouse, on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of darkness, sin, and crime, O - pen up your windows, there's a work sublime:
2. There are human shipwrecks ly-ing all around; O what mor-al darkness ev - 'rywhere is found! Warn some other ves- sels off from dang'rous ground:
3. Do not let the bush-el cover up your light; Keep your lamp in or- der, trimmed and burning bright; Try to be a bless- ing, bright-en up the night:
4. Try to live for Je - sus till this life is o'er, For a-long this pathway you will pass no more; Till he bids you wel- come on the oth - er shore,

CHORUS.

Let the gos - pel light shine out..... Let the gos - pel light shine out, Let the gos-pel light shine out; While your lamp is shine out, shine out;

burn-ing, keep the win-dows clean, Let the gos- pel light shine out.

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No. 39. Stepping in the Light.

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

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav- iour, Try - ing to fol-low our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is lead- ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle for- bearance, Footsteps of faith-ful-ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Upward, still upward, we'll

Sav- iour and King; Shap-ing our lives by his bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to de-fend us,
mer - cy, and love; Looking to him for the grace free - ly prom-ised,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beau - ty."

CHORUS.

Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring!
Happy, how happy, our prais-es each day!
Happy, how happy, our jour-ney a-bove!
Happy, how happy, our place at his side!
} How beautiful to walk in the

steps of the Sav-iour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light!

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No. 40. I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

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

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

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

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

CHORUS.

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

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No. 41. I Remember Calvary.

W. MARTIN. J. M. BLACK.



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No. 42. Reach Out a Helping Hand.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wher-ev-er there is sor-row, Wher-ev - er there is woe, Wher-ev - er there is trouble On a - ny path you go. O wait not for an-oth - er
2. When stricken hearts are sorest, Be quickest to respond; When earthly props have broken, Point to the help beyond. O speak of him who comforts,
3. Rejoice, or weep with others, With sympathizing heart, Or for - ti - fy the tempted, To act the nobler part. The weak are round thee falling,

To heed love's great command; Reach out, reach out a help - ing hand.
Reach out, reach out, reach out a helping hand.
Who soothes the worst alarms; Who holds beneath his lov - ing arms.
Who holds, who holds beneath his lov-ing arms.
O help them strong to stand; Reach out, reach out a help - ing hand.
Reach out, reach out, reach out a helping hand.

CHORUS.

Reach out a helping hand, Reach out a helping hand, Reach out a helping hand to falling ones a - round; Reach out a helping hand, Reach out a helping hand, Reach out a helping hand, that lost ones may be found.
Reach out fall-ing ones a-round;

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No. 43. Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Would you know earth's highest happiness, Would you know its greatest blessedness, Would you know its truest joy-ful-ness, Make some other
2. Pleasant smiles will cheer a drooping heart, Kindly words relieve a bitter smart, Helping hands to weakness strength impart, Make some other
3. Many hearts are crushed with bitter woe, Many hearts with grief are bending low, Many hearts need help you can bestow, Make some other

CHORUS.

heart re-joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kindly word,
Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kindly word,

Lend a hand to help a broth - er, Give a pleasant smile,
Lend a hand to help a broth - er, Give a pleas-ant smile,

Speak a kindly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.
Speak a kind-ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.

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No. 44. Speak a Loving Word for Jesus.

NELLIE G. RICE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET.



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No. 45. My Lord and I.

MRS. L. SHOREY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I have a friend so precious, So ver - y dear to me, He loves me with such tender love, He loves me faith-ful-ly. I could not live a -
2. Sometimes I'm faint and weary, He knows that I am weak, And as he bids me lean on him, His help I glad-ly seek. He leads me in the
3. He knows how much I love him, He knows I love him well, But with what love he lov-eth me, My tongue can nev-er tell. It is an ev - er -
4. I tell him all my sor-rows, I tell him all my joys, I tell him all that pleases me, I tell him what an-noys. He tells me what I
5. He knows how I am long-ing Some wea-ry soul to win, And so he bids me go and speak The lov-ing word for him. He bids me tell his

part from him, I love to feel him nigh, And so we dwell to-geth-er,
paths of light Be-neath a sun - ny sky, And so we walk to-geth-er,
last - ing love, In ev - er rich sup-ply, And so we love each oth-er,
ought to do, He tells me what to try, And so we talk to - geth-er,
wondrous love And why he came to die, And so we work to-geth-er,

ad lib - i - tum. Ri - tar - dan - do.

My Lord and I, And so we dwell together, My Lord and I.
My Lord and I, And so we walk together, My Lord and I.
My Lord and I, And so we love each other, My Lord and I.
My Lord and I, And so we talk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
My Lord and I, And so we work together, My Lord and I.

my Lord and I, my Lord

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No. 46. God is Good to You and Me.

KATHARINE S. WADSWORTH. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. When the way is dark be - fore us, And the cross seems hard to bear,
2. In the hour of deep-est sor-row, He will stand close by our side,
3. O - ver all the rough and stormy way He leads us by his hand,

God is good to you and me; Thro' the darkness he will guide us
God is good to you and me; In the se - cret of his pres-ence
God is good to you and me; By and by we'll meet our loved ones

With his ten - der, lov-ing care, God is good to you and me.
We may then se-cure - ly hide, God is good to you and me.
O - ver on the gold-en strand, God is good to you and me.

CHORUS.

God is good.....to you and me, God is good to you and me;
God is good to you and me, to you and me,

Ev-'ry-where, in his care, God is good to you and me.
Ev-'ry-where, in his care,

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No. 47. On, Toilers, On.

A. C. W. AGNES C. WOOLSTON.

1. On, toil-ers, on-ward, Ne'er looking downward, Rejoicing, ev - er
2. Go forth, O toil-ers, Glad serv-ice giv - ing, In low-ly pla - ces
3. Then, onward, toil-ers, In shade or glad-ness, With steady purpose

keep thy eye a-bove, For God is o'er us, He goes be-fore us,
giv - en o'er to sin, Till free from sor-row, Shall fair to-mor-row,
ev-er strong and true, The har-vest glo-rious, In strife vic-to-rious,

yes, yes,

CHORUS.

His ban-ner o - ver us is love.
Rejoice with sheaves all garnered in. On, march on with chorus loud and
The laborer crowned when toil is thro'.

strong, O sing it, On, march on, for right against the wrong, O ring it, On, march on, Our

watchword in the fray, With God in sight we'll work for right, And win the day.
And win the day.

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No. 48. Never Give Up.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Nev-er be sad or de-spond-ing If thou hast faith to be-lieve;
2. What if thy burdens oppress thee; What tho' thy life may be drear;
3. Nev-er be sad or de-spond-ing, There is a mor-row for thee;

Grace for the du-ties be-fore thee, Ask of thy God and re-ceive.
Look on the side that is brightest, Pray and thy path will be clear.
Soon thou shalt dwell in its brightness, There with the Lord thou shalt be.

CHORUS.

Nev-er give up,..... Nev-er give up,.....
Nev-er give up, nev-er give up, Never give up, never give up,

Nev-er give up to thy sor-rows, Je-sus will bid them de-part;

Trust..... in the Lord,..... Trust..... in the
Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,

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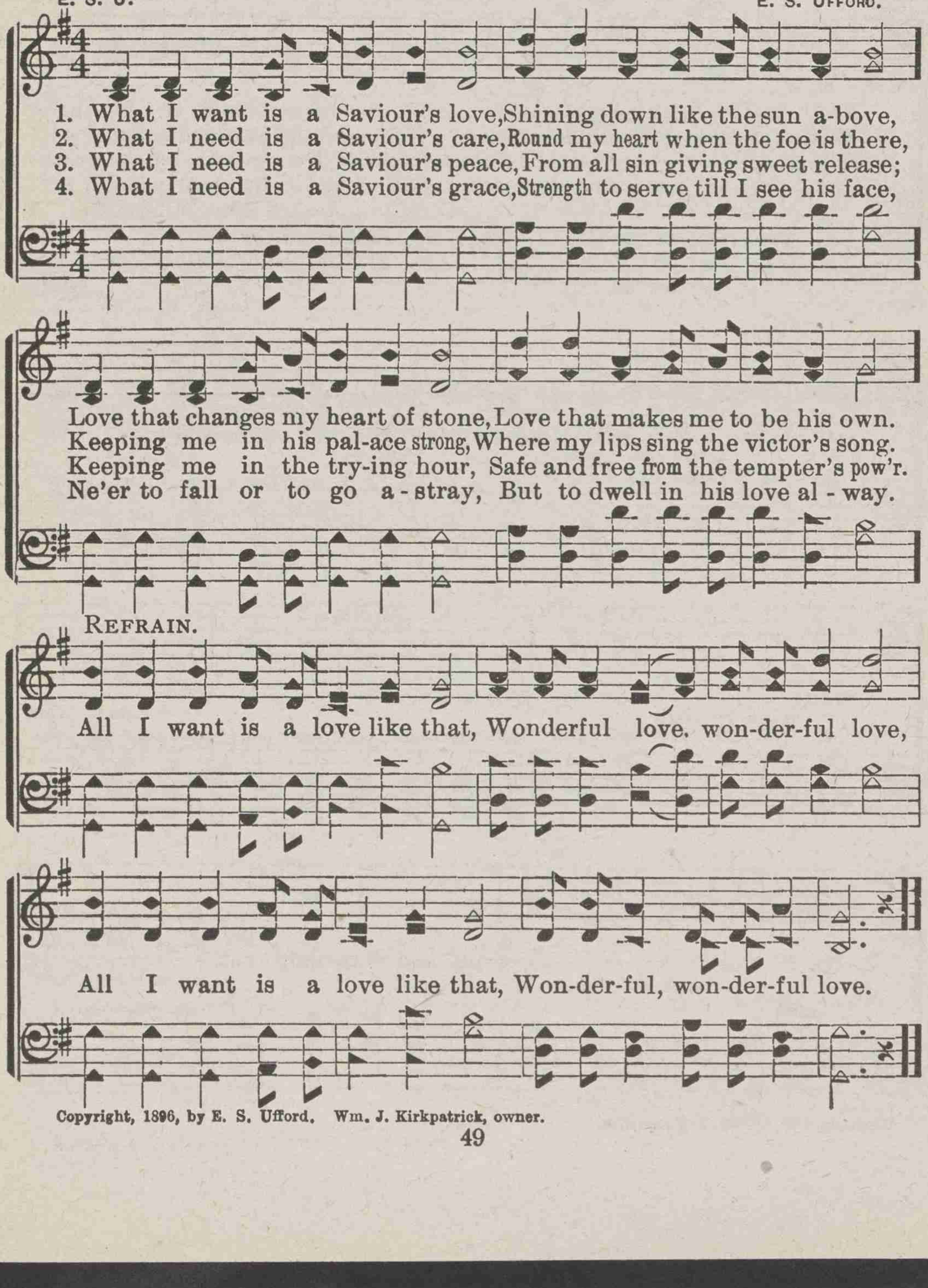
Never Give Up. Concluded.



No. 49. All I Want Is a Love Like That.

"If you love me like that, it's all I want."—JERRY MCAULEY.

E. S. U. E. S. UFFORD.



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No. 50. Wait, and Murmur Not.

W. H. BELAMY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
Thou yearn'st to reach that blest abode, Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reach'd a ho - li - er than thou.
The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.

CHORUS.

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

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No. 51. A Blessing in Prayer.

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

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No. 52. Take Thou My Trembling Hand.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take thou my trembling hand And clasp it in thine own;
2. Take thou my trembling hand, The way grows dark and wild;
3. My Fa - ther, 'tis thy voice That whispers in my ear;
4. Why should I then complain, Be-cause the way is long?

A - long this rug - ged path I can - not walk a - lone.....
The tem-pest o'er me breaks, O help thy faint-ing child.....
I will not doubt thy love Nor yield my soul to fear.....
O take my trembling hand And tune my heart to song. ..

CHORUS. *Unison.*

If thou, my Father, hold me up, Tho' joy.... or
sor - row fill.... my cup, It mat - ters not what -
e'er..... it be, If step by step I walk with thee.

rit.

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No. 53. Just Such a Friend is Jesus.

BIRDIE BELL. I. H. MEREDITH.

Tenderly.

1. Have you been seeking a Friend that's kind, One who is read - y all
2. Have you been longing for some-one near, One who is will - ing to
3. Have you been sinking beneath your grief? Think of the Help-er who
4. Have you been shrouded in dreary night? Strain-ing your vi - sion for

wounds to bind? All that is need-ful your heart can find,—
wipe each tear, One who is a - ble to ban - ish fear?
gives re - lief, Haste to the Sav-iour, for life is brief;
day - dawn bright? Some-one has promised to be your light,

rit.

CHORUS.

Just such a Friend is Je - sus. Just such a Friend in him you'll find,

Just such a Friend, for - ev - er kind, Read - y each

ach - ing heart to bind, Just such a Friend is Je - sus.

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No. 54. Somebody Cares.

IRENE DURFEE. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Nev - er a-lone in this earthly way, Somebody cares, somebody cares,
2. When I am singing a hap-py song, Somebody cares, somebody cares,
3. When I am wea-ry and long for rest, Somebody cares, somebody cares,

I have a help-er each bus - y day, Somebody cares, 'tis Je - sus;
When I am fighting against the wrong, Somebody cares, 'tis Je - sus;
When by the tempter I'm sorely pressed, Somebody cares, 'tis Je - sus;

Unison.

Some-bod-y cares when the clouds hang low, Cares when my heart is o'er-
Some-bod-y cares when I stand a - lone, Cares when the pleasures of
Some-bod-y cares, and what-e'er be - tide, Walks ev-'ry hour by the

Harmony.

whelmed with woe, Cares, and is marking my path below, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.
earth are gone, Cares when my fond hopes with wings have flown, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.
Christian's side, Love so amazing will e'er abide, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.

REFRAIN.

Some - bod - y cares for me, Some - bod - y cares for me,
Some-bod-y cares, yes, Some-bod-y cares, yes, he

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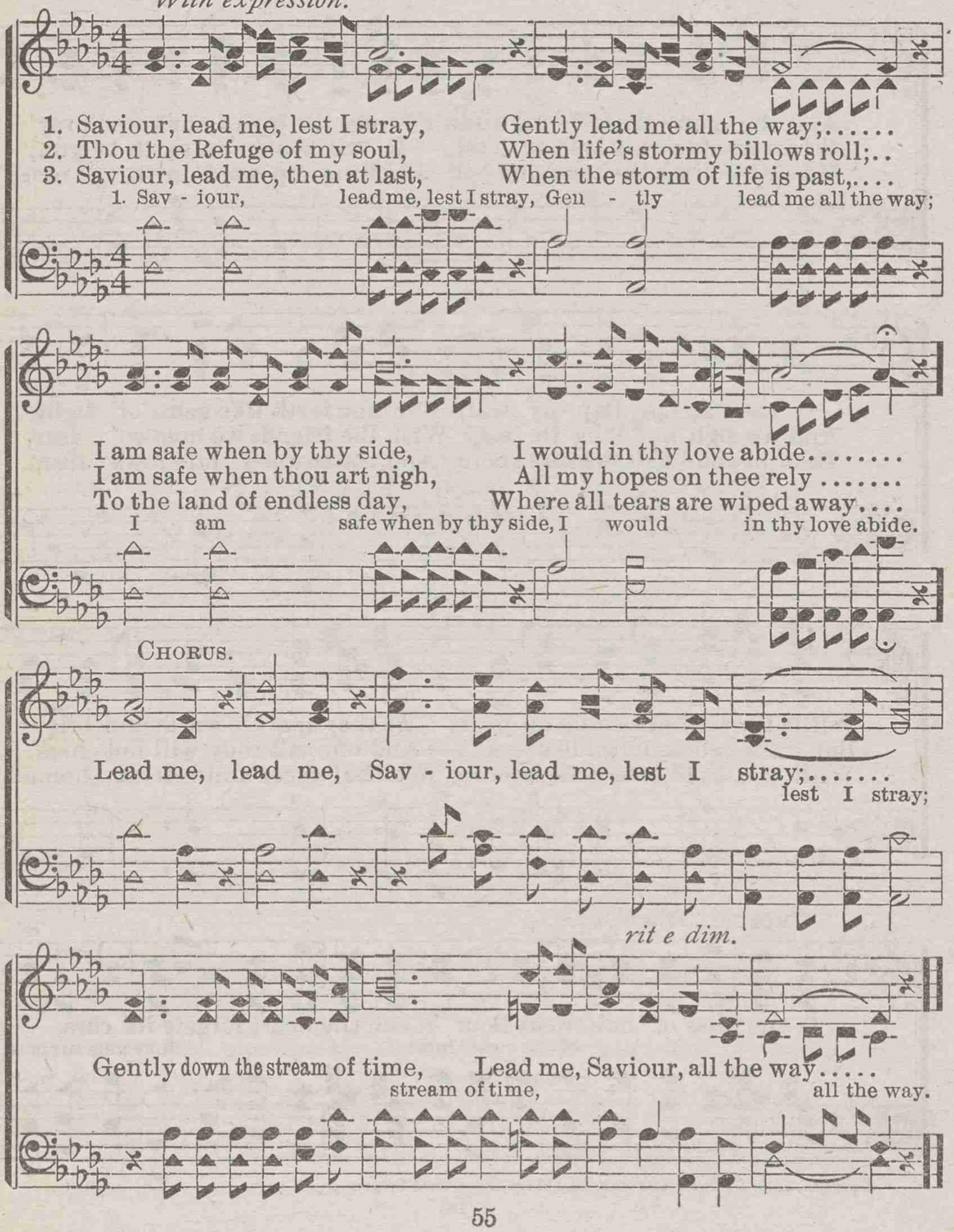
Somebody Cares. Concluded.



No. 55. Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D. Psalm 31: 3. Frank M. Davis.

With expression.



No. 56. The Bliss of One Sweet Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. T. MEYER.

Solo or Unison.

1. O the bliss of one sweet hour When the heart forgets its care,
2. When our songs of rapture swell, And our souls in Christ are one,
3. There'll be more of rapture still Than the heart has ev - er known,

And the gen - tly fall - ing show'r Brings the joy of answered pray'r;
When we meet his love to tell, O 'tis heav'n on earth be-gun;
When we climb the towering hill, Lead-ing up-ward to the throne;

O the hap - py, hap - py tears Bursting forth like gems of light,
And we sigh and long to stay With the friends we hold so dear,
Then beyond this fleeting shore, And the storm-y bil - lows' foam,

While the Father's smile ap-pears As they sparkle warm and bright.
But the moments glide a - way— And our call they will not hear.
With the loved ones gone be-fore We shall meet and rest at home.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

O the bliss of one sweet hour When the heart forgets its care,
of one sweet hour for - gets its care,

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The Bliss of One Sweet Hour. Concluded.



No. 57. We Love to Gather at Evening.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 58. The Abiding Presence.

MARY G. BRAINARD. SOLO OR DUET. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With much feeling.

1. O thou, dear Lord, who stay - est When all the guests are gone,
2. The gladness and the beau - ty Have vanished from our sight,
3. As on the Mount of Vi - sion, A - mid the shin - ing Three,
4. Thanks to thy name that ev - er In grief thou dost ap-pear,

When in its si - lent cham-bers The soul sits down a - lone;
The foot - steps of our dear ones Have died a - way in night;
The o - ver-awed dis - ci - ples Looked up— and saw but thee;
That by each deep-'ning shad - ow, We know thy sun-shine near;

Our gar - lands all are with - ered, Our sweet-est songs are sung,
Yet thanks to thee that ev - er Thou com - est at our will,
So we, our bright-ness fad - ed, Our sweet companions flown,
Be Rul - er of our feast - ing, Thou Love of love a - lone;

The lamps which lit our feast - ing, Have gone out one by one.
Thy voice is heard the clear - er When all the house is still.
Lift up our trou - bled fac - es To find thou art not gone.
O thou, dear Lord, who stay - est When all the guests are gone.

ad lib.

Be near us, be near us, O leave us not a - lone.

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No. 59. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old,old sto - ry Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je-sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry
2. Tell me the sto-ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That wonder - ful re-demp-tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry
3. Tell me the sto-ry soft - ly, With earnest tones, and grave; Remember, I'm the sin - ner Whom Je-sus came to save. Tell me the sto - ry
4. Tell me the same old sto-ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's emp-ty glo - ry Is cost-ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
oft - en, For I for - get so soon; The "ear-ly dew" of morn-ing, Has
al - ways, If you would really be, In a - ny time of trou - ble, A
glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto-ry: "Christ

CHORUS.

helpless and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old,old
com-fort-er to me.
Jesus makes thee whole."

sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

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No. 60. I Belong to the King.

IDA L. REED. SOLO OR DUET. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his pal-ace so fair; For he tells of his bliss in yon heaven a-bove, And his
2. I be-long to the King, and he loves me, I know, For his mercy and kindness, so free, Are unceasingly mine, wheresoever I go, And my
3. I be-long to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be gathered at last In his kingdom above, by life's waters so pure, When this

CHORUS.

chil-dren its splendors shall share.
ref - uge un - fail - ing is he. I be-long to the King, I'm a
life with its tri - als is past.

child of his love, And he never for-sak-eth his own; He will call me some

day to his pal-ace a - bove, I shall dwell by his glo-ri-fied throne.

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No. 61. The Face of Jesus.

P. H. CLIFFORD. SOLO, OR DUET, AND CHORUS. WM. STONE.

1. The face of Je - sus, to me most dear, Within the glo - ry shall
2. A light, a shad-ow, then I shall see A face, the sweetest of
3. O glorious prospect, Christ's face to see! A joy transcendent, e -

soon ap-pear; The hope it giv - eth my heart doth cheer, While I am
all to me; The face of Je - sus, who on the tree Did shed his
ter - nal - ly! The tho't that like him I then shall be Is dai - ly

CHORUS.

wait-ing, waiting here. O face of Je - sus, my Saviour dear!.....
pre-cious blood for me.
moulding, moulding me.

Face of Je-sus, my Saviour dear,

O hope that filleth my heart with cheer! His lovely face.....

Hope that filleth my heart with cheer! His lovely face

I soon shall see,..... And in his likeness transformed I'll be.

I soon shall see,

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No. 62. Jesus is Dearer Than All.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. A. A. BALDWIN.

1. Al-though to my heart I hold ma - ny things dear, Je - sus is
2. No mat - ter which friends are held up to my view, Je - sus is
3. The world may at - tract with her sil - ver and gold, Je - sus is
4. And when I've reached glory I'll sing this same song, "Je - sus is

dear-er than all; Tho' ma - ny great blessings have come to me here,
dear-er than all; Tho' faith-ful and earnest, kind-hearted and true,
dear-er than all; May of - fer her smiles and her hon-ors un - told,
dear-er than all;" And thro' endless a - ges this cho - rus pro-long,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is dear - er than all. Dear - er than all in this

world to me, Dear - er than a - ny-thing else can be, Eith-er in

time or e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is dear - er than all.

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No. 63. Leave It To Him.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Why art thou sad, O trou - bled soul? There's One that makes the
2. How - ev - er dark thy path may be, Tho' tri - als deep may
3. He can - not fail to lead thee right, To turn to day thy
4. He wipes the tears from sor - row's eyes, He calms to peace heart-

wound - ed whole; Up - on the Lord thy bur - den roll;
come to thee, He rules on high thy des - ti - ny;
dark - est night, And flood from heav'n thy path with light;
bro - ken sighs, And points thee up - ward to the skies;

Leave it to him, Leave it to him..... .....
Leave it to him, Leave it to him.

CHORUS.

Leave it to him..... who knoweth all,..... Him who
Leave it to him Leave it to him,

marks.....the sparrow's fall,.... Who listens to the ra-ven's call,
Leave it to him who marks the sparrow's fall,

FINE. D. S.

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No. 64. Keep Me Ever Trusting Thee.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Lov-ing Sav-iour, when the shadows gath-er, On-ly dark-ness
2. When of earth-ly friends be-reft, for-sak-en, Storm-clouds gath'ring
3. When prosper-i-ty my way at-tend-ing, Lest I proud and
4. And when thro' the val-ley's shadow pass-ing, When the judgment

do I see, Let my faith not fal-ter, but the rath-er Keep me
o'er life's sea, Thou who sorrow's path a-lone hath taken, Keep me
boastful be, Humbly still for grace and strength depending, Keep me
bar I see, Thou my pass-port thro' the gates possessing, Keep me

CHORUS.

ev-er trusting thee. Trusting in the sunshine, when my way is bright,

Trusting in the shad-ow and the gloomy night; What-so-e'er my

por-tion, this my pray'r shall be, Keep me ev-er trust-ing thee.

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No. 65. Hide Me There.

KATE ULMER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. To thy heart, dear Master, take me, Keep me safe-ly hidden there;
2. Give to me the peace that passeth All our un-der-standing here;
3. When this life is sad and wear-y, Nothing has the world to give,
4. Hide me there un-til the dawn-ing Of e - ter-ni-ty's bright day,

Hide me in that bless-ed ref - uge, Free from ev-'ry world-ly care.
Let me know the bliss of dwelling Ev - er in thy presence dear.
Then in thee, my precious Saviour, It is joy di-vine to live.
When my soul from earthly bondage Shall for-ev - er flee a - way.

CHORUS.

Hide me there, hide me there, Safe from
Hide me there, hide me there,
ev - - 'ry troubling care; Take me to that bless-ed
Safe from ev - 'ry troub - ling care;
ref - uge, Sav - iour, hide me and keep me there.

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No. 66. Lovest Thou Me?

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

1. Fruitless the toil-ing, drear-y the night; Dawned the fair morning,
2. Deep was the sorrow, dark was the sin; Mar-vel-ous blessing,
3. O have we ful - ly answered the call? To such a Sav-iour,
4. Great his sal-va - tion, boundless his love; Gifts without number

peace-ful and bright, Je - sus to Si - mon, by the blue sea,
mer - cy shone in; Wonderful par-don, ten-der and free!
yield-ing our all? Workers for Je - sus, henceforth to be;
show'red from a-bove; Cometh the morning, shadows will flee;

CHORUS.

Say-ing so sweetly, "lovest thou me?"
Grace more abounding, "lovest thou me?" Lovest thou me? Lovest thou
Car-ing for oth-ers; "lovest thou me?"
Yea, Lord, forev-er, we will love thee!

me? Hark, 'tis the Sav-iour speaking to thee; Lov - est thou

rit.

me? Lovest thou me? Je - sus is call - ing, lov-est thou me?

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No. 67. O Where Are the Reapers?

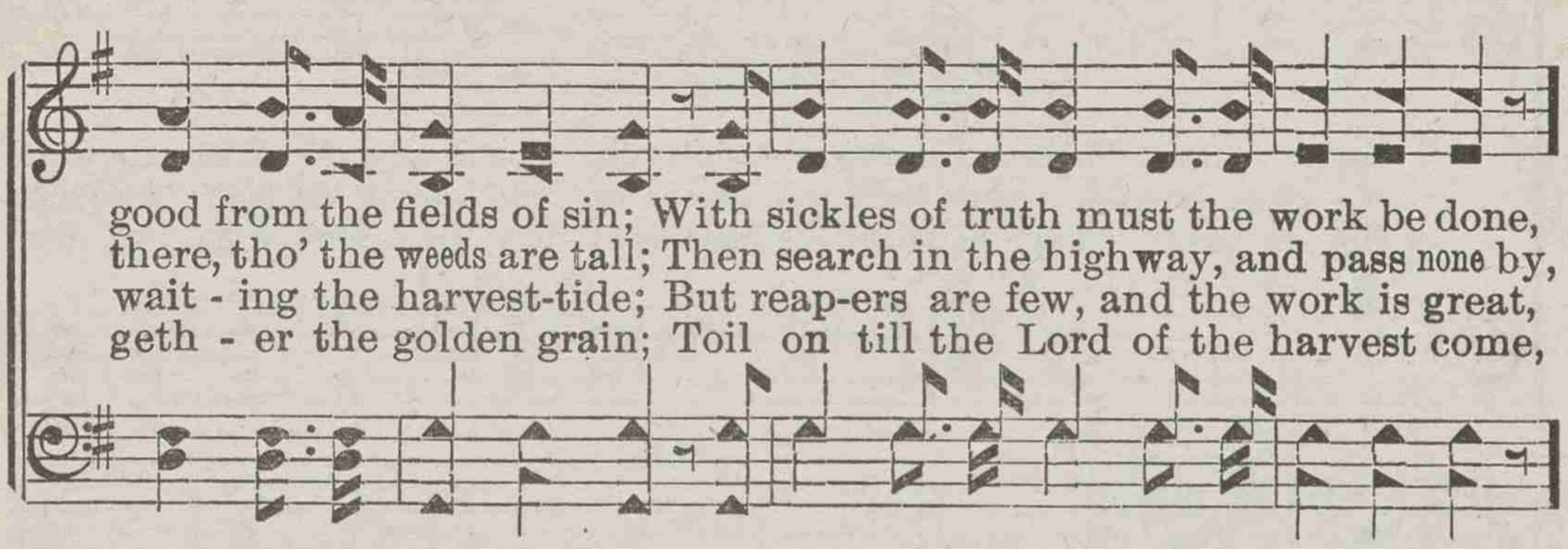
EBEN E. REXFORD. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.



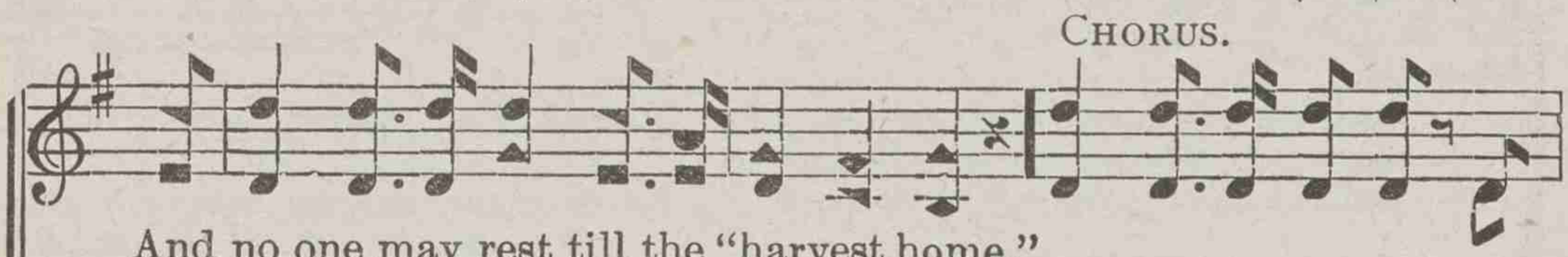
1. O where are the reap-ers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be
3. The fields all are ripe-ning, and far and wide The world now is
4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-



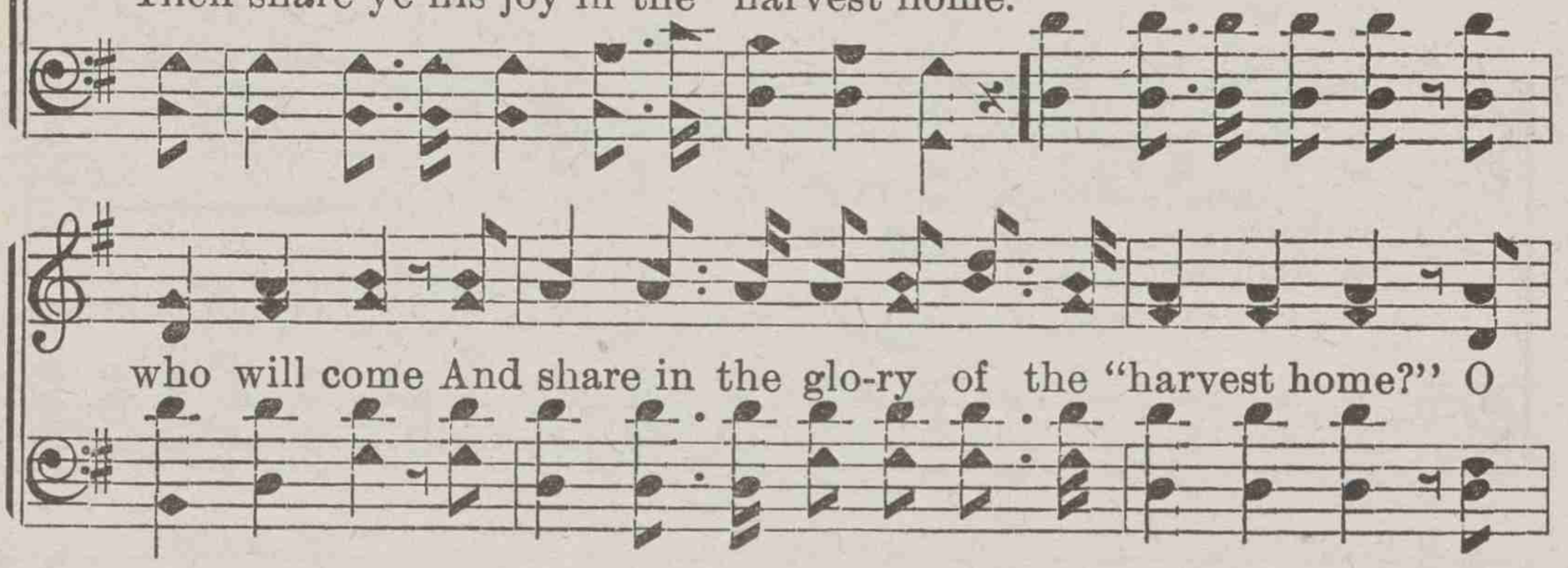


good from the fields of sin; With sickles of truth must the work be done,
there, tho' the weeds are tall; Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
wait - ing the harvest-tide; But reap-ers are few, and the work is great,
geth - er the golden grain; Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,

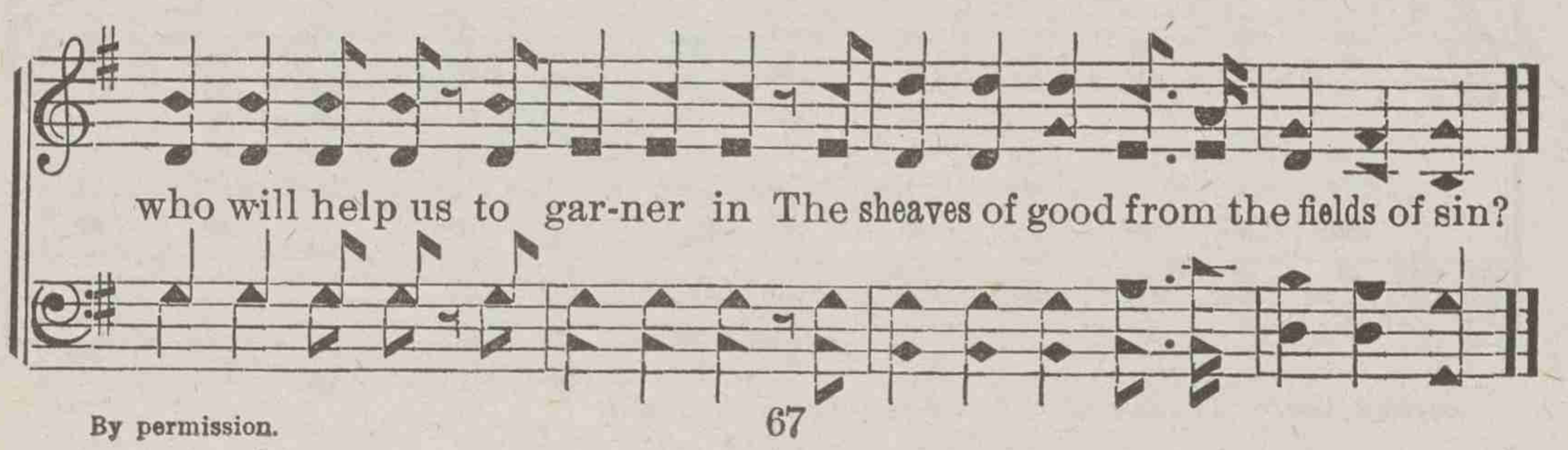
CHORUS.



And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
But gath-er from all for the home on high. Where are the reapers! O
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Then share ye his joy in the "harvest home."



who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "harvest home?" O



who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

By permission.

No. 68. There's a Cross to Bear.

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

1. There's a cross to bear by each one who'd share The sweet bliss of the
2. We must self de - ny for the Lord on high If we would his dis-
3. Let us watch and pray, bear the cross each day, Trusting Je - sus till

life to come; There's a crown so bright for the saints of light In that
ci - ples be; If the crown we'd wear we the cross must bear, And o'er
life is o'er; Then a shin- ing crown he will give his own As we

CHORUS.

beau - ti - ful heav'nly home.
sin gain the vic - to - ry.
reach Canaan's hap - py shore.

I'll bear the cross.....

I'll bear the cross, tho' heavy it be,

for Je - sus' sake,..... Sup-port - ed by.....
for Je - sus' sake, for his dear sake, Sup-port - ed by the Saviour of men,

the Sav - iour di - vine,..... And when in
the Sav - iour di - vine, the Lord di - vine, And when in

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There's a Cross to Bear.—Concluded.

glo - - - ry I a - wake,..... A shin-ing
glo - ry,heav-en-ly glo - ry, I a - wake,with Christ a- wake A shin - ing

crown..... shall ev - er be mine.....
crown, a beau-ti-ful crown. shall ev - er be mine, for - ev - er mine.

No. 69. Perez. 8s, 7s.

J. KEMPTHORNE. LOWELL MASON.

1. Praise the Lord ; ye heav'ns adore him ; Praise him,an - gels in the height ;
2. Praise the Lord ; for he hath spoken ; Worlds his mighty voice o-beyed ;
3. Praise the Lord ; for he is glo-rious ; Nev - er shall his prom- ise fail ;
4. Praise the God of our sal - va- tion ; Hosts on high his pow'r proclaim ;

Sun and moon, rejoice before him ; Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Laws which never shall be broken, For their guidance he hath made.
God hath made his saints victorious ; Sin and death shall not prevail.
Heav'n and earth, and all creation, Laud and mag-ni- fy his name.

REFRAIN.

Hal- le - lu-jah ! A- men, Hal- le - lu- jah ! A- men A - - men.
A - men, A - men.

No. 70. Faith is the Victory.

JOHN H. YATES. 1 JOHN 5: 4. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Encamped along the hills of light, Ye Chris - tian sol - diers rise,
2. His ban-ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God;
3. On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
4. To him that o - ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be given;

And press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies;
We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod;
Let tents of ease be left be-hind, And—on-ward to the fray;
Be - fore the an - gels he shall know, His name confessed in heaven;

A-gainst the foe in vales be - low Let all our strength be hurled;
By faith, they like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;
Sal - va - tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
Then onward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;

Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver-comes the world.
The faith by which they conquer'd death, Is still our shin - ing shield.
The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread, And ech-o with our shout.
We'll vanquish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' conquering name.

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Faith is the Victory. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 71. Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. ALT. NICÆA 11s, 12s, 10s. J. B. DYKES.



No. 72. March Steadily Onward.

S. MARTIN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. March steadi- ly onward to the battle-field a-way, Haste! fol-low our
2. March steadi- ly onward like the armies gone before, Wear bravely the
3. March steadi- ly onward to the conquest here below, March steadily

Lead-er, let one and all his voice o-bey; O march steadi-ly onward,
armor, the shield that once on earth they wore; O march steadily onward,
on-ward, nor let us fear to meet the foe; But march steadi-ly onward,

FINE.

let the ranks be filled to-day, March under the banner of the Sav - iour.
till our life's great work is o'er, March under the banner of the Sav - iour.
shouting vic-t'ry as we go, March under the banner of the Sav - iour.

March hopefully on-ward, our col-ors dis-play-ing, No longer de-
March trustingly on-ward thro' sorrow and gladness, Thro' sunshine or
March joyful-ly on-ward, what-ev-er be - fall us, Till Je-sus shall

lay - ing our place at once to fill; No e - vil can harm us,
sad-ness with joy our way pur-sue; Our hearts will be light - er
call us, and say our work is done; Keep step to the cho - rus

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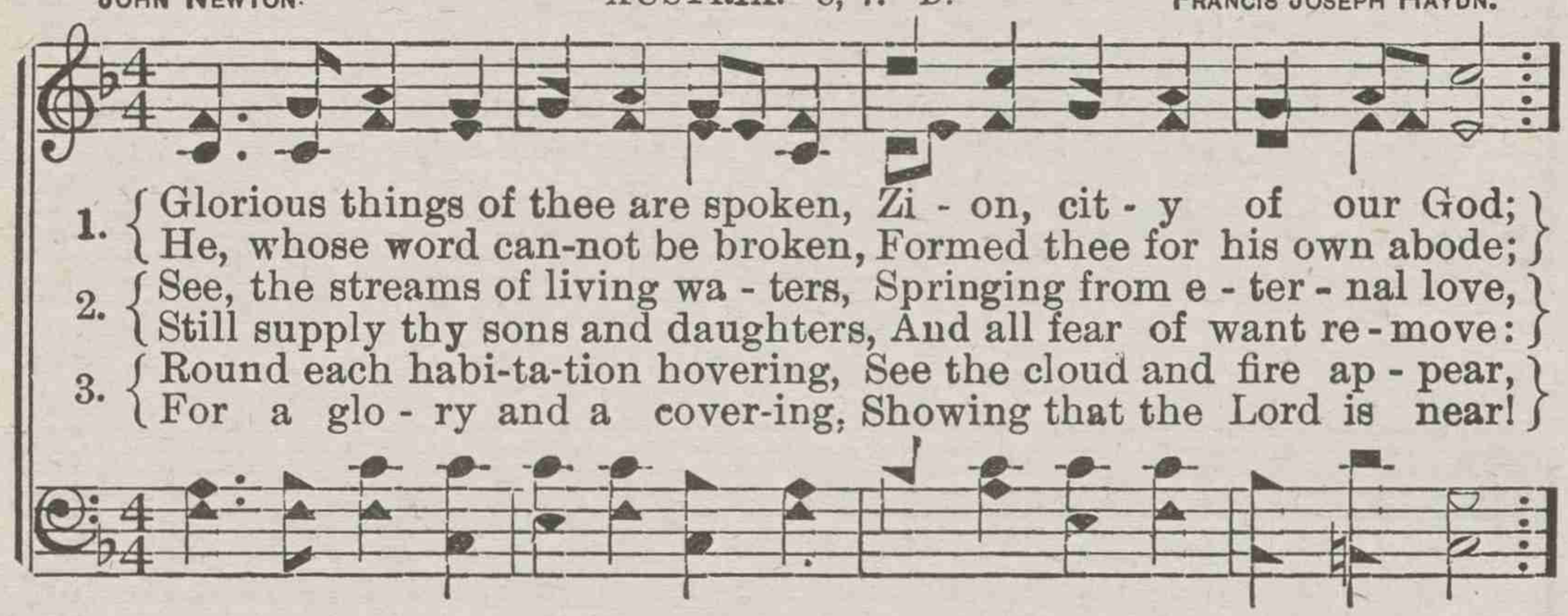
March Steadily Onward. Concluded.

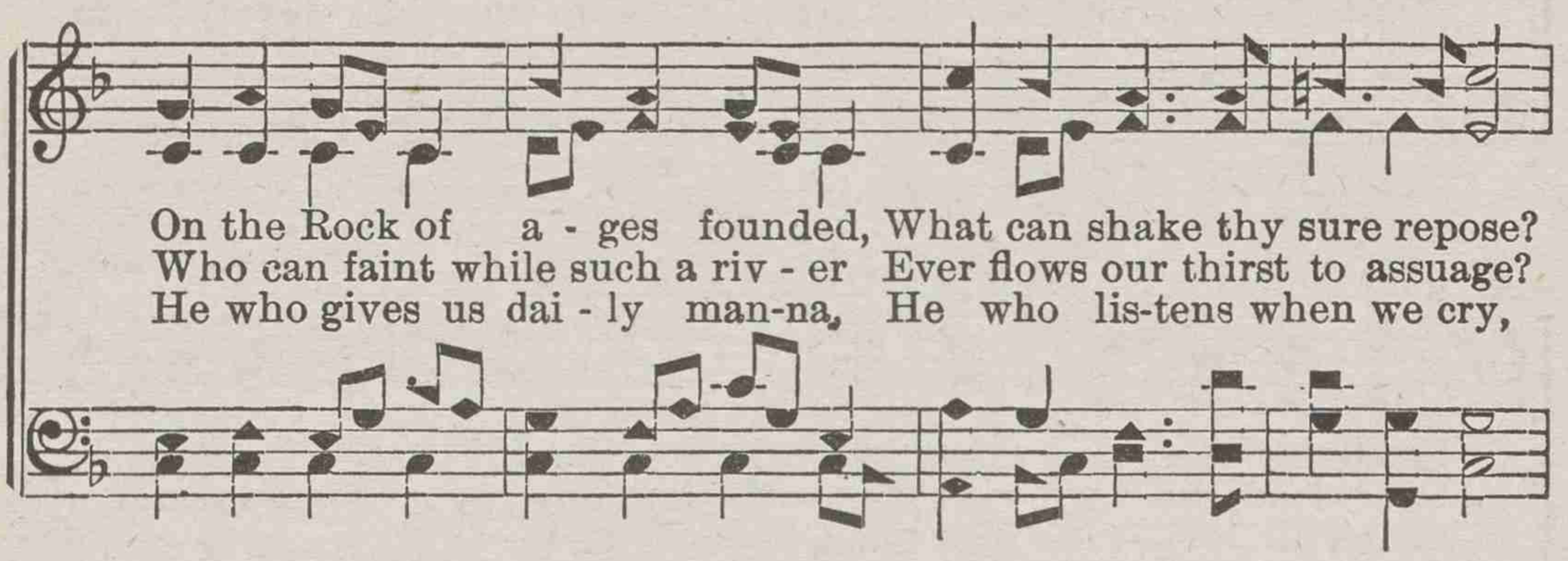
D. C. first four lines for Chorus.



No. 73. Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

JOHN NEWTON. AUSTRIA. 8, 7. D. FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.







No. 74. Soldiers of the Crucified.

G. A. G. GEO. A. GRISWOLD.

Unison.

1. Sol - diers of the Cru - ci - fied Beneath the cross en - list - ed;
2. Trusting in the Saviour's strength And on his word re - ly - ing,
3. All the world's dominions wide Shall hear the gos - pel sto - ry;

Seek in vain the world for God By grace di - vine as - sist - ed;
Ceaseless urge the fight of faith With hope and zeal un - dy - ing;
Ev - 'ry knee to Christ shall bow And he shall reign in glo - ry;

Fear-less of the foe-man's pow'r, Grasp the Spir-it's two-edged sword,
More than conq'rors you shall be While you do his bless - ed will,
Push the bat - tle to the gate, Has-ten on the joy - ful day

CHORUS. *Unison.*

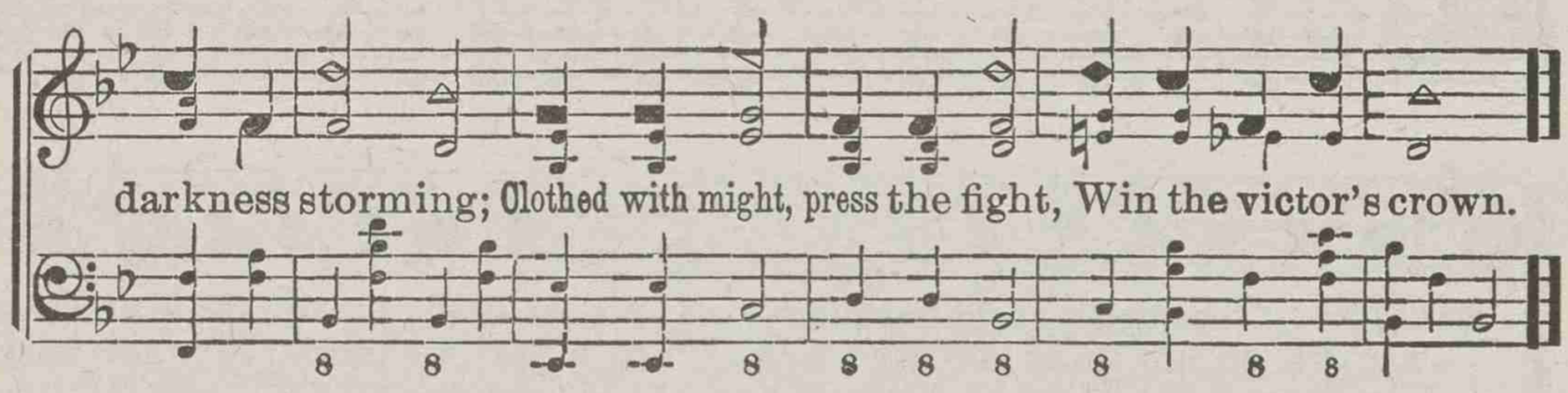
Strike for the king - dom of Christ your Lord.
Pow'r from the high - est your souls shall fill. Onward march with
When all cre - a - tion shall own his sway.

sword in hand, The day of vict'ry's dawning, Cast all craven fear aside, The

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Soldiers of the Crucified. Concluded.





No. 75. Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. A. BARNES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 76. Marching On.

JENNIE GARNETT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. With our col-ors wav-ing bright in the blaze of gos-pel light We are
2. Oft the tempter we shall meet, but we will not fear de-feat, Tho' his
3. We have gird-ed on the sword and the ar-mor of the Lord, We have
4. Soon we'll reach the pearly gate, where the blessed army wait, Soon their

marshalled on the world's great field; (great field;) We are ready for the strife and the
arrows at our ranks may fly; (may fly;) Thro' a Saviour's mighty love more than
ta-ken up the cross he bore; (he bore;) O the trophies we shall win, O the
welcome, welcome song may ring; (may ring;) When we lay our armor down and re -

bat-tle work of life, Ev-er trust-ing in the Lord our Shield.
conquerors we shall prove, Shout-ing, Glo-ry be to God on high.
vic-t'ry o-ver sin, When the bat-tle and the strife are o'er!
ceive a star-ry crown, Shout-ing, Glo-ry be to God our King!

CHORUS.

Glory to God! we are marching, marching on, Marching to a home a - bove;

Glory to God! we are marching, marching on, Happy in a Saviour's love.

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No. 77. Look for the Beautiful.

T. H. SOLO OR DUET. THORO HARRIS.

1. Look for the beau-ti-ful, look for the true, Look for the beau-ti-ful
2. Think of the beau-ti-ful, think of the pure, On - ly the beau-ti-ful
3. Speak of the beau-ti-ful, speak of the pure, These to e - ter - ni-ty,
4. Look to the stars of light (not down to earth;) All that is beau-ti-ful

life's journey thro';Seeking true loveliness,joy you will know,As to the
long can en-dure; God to his low-ly ones"giveth more grace;"None but the
fadeless en-dure; Er-ror shall vanish soon,e - vil de - cay, God and the
there had its birth; Upward and forward go,looking a-bove; There is the

CHORUS.

home a-bove onward you go.
pure in heart look on his face. Look for the beau-ti-ful,seek to find the true,
beau-ti-ful pass not a - way.
dwell-ing-place of perfect love.

God and the beau-ti-ful will dwell with you; Look for the beau-ti-ful,

seek to find the true, You shall be beau-ti-ful,beau-ti-ful with-in.

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No. 78. What Vessel Are You Sailing In?

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. We are out to - day on the sea of life, We are tempest tossed by the sin and strife; If the heav'nly harbor you hope to win, Tell me
2. See, the gos - pel bark with her sails unfurled Of - fers pas-sage free for the whole wide world; Tho' the storms may beat and the billows roar, On she
3. Ma - ny bro - ken ships now the wa-ters ply, And their tattered sails in the breezes fly; Aimlessly they drift, chart and compass gone, Leaky
4. Hear the voices borne from the farther shore, 'Cross the wa-ters dark sweetly wafted o'er, "Trust the gospel ship, with her Pilot true, Landed

CHORUS.

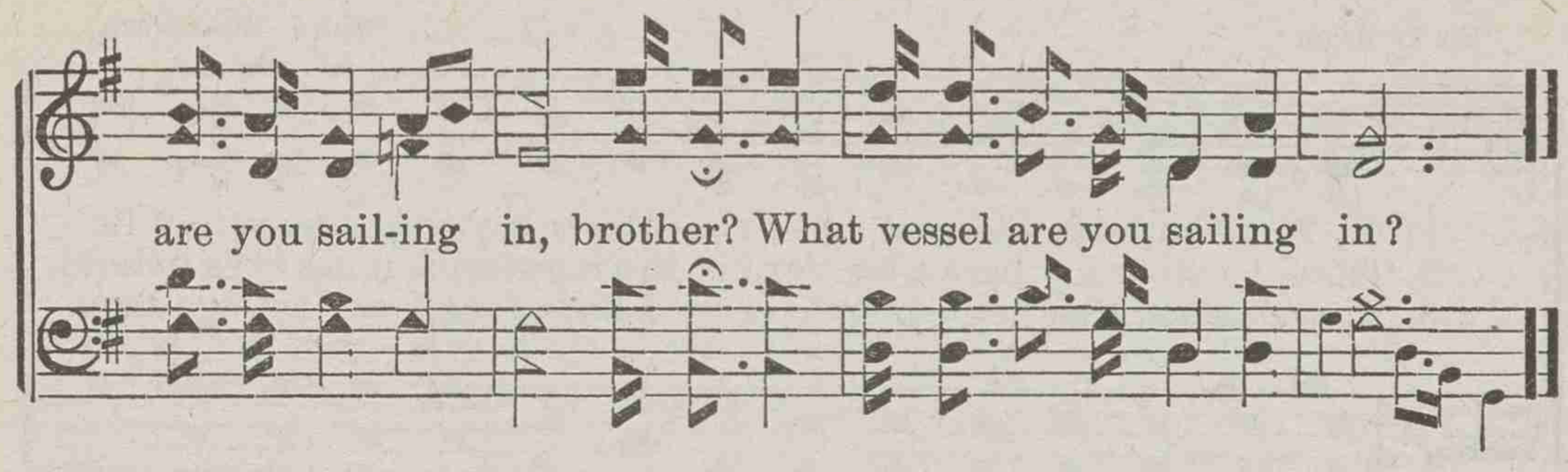
now—what ship are you sail - ing in?
proudly steers for the glo - ry shore. What vessel are you sail - ing
ves - sels they which shall soon go down. What
safe are we, she will not fail you."

in? What ves-sel are you sailing in?..... Waves are
ves-sel are you in? What ves - sel are you in?

dashing, billows lashing, Heaven's port you hope to win; What vessel

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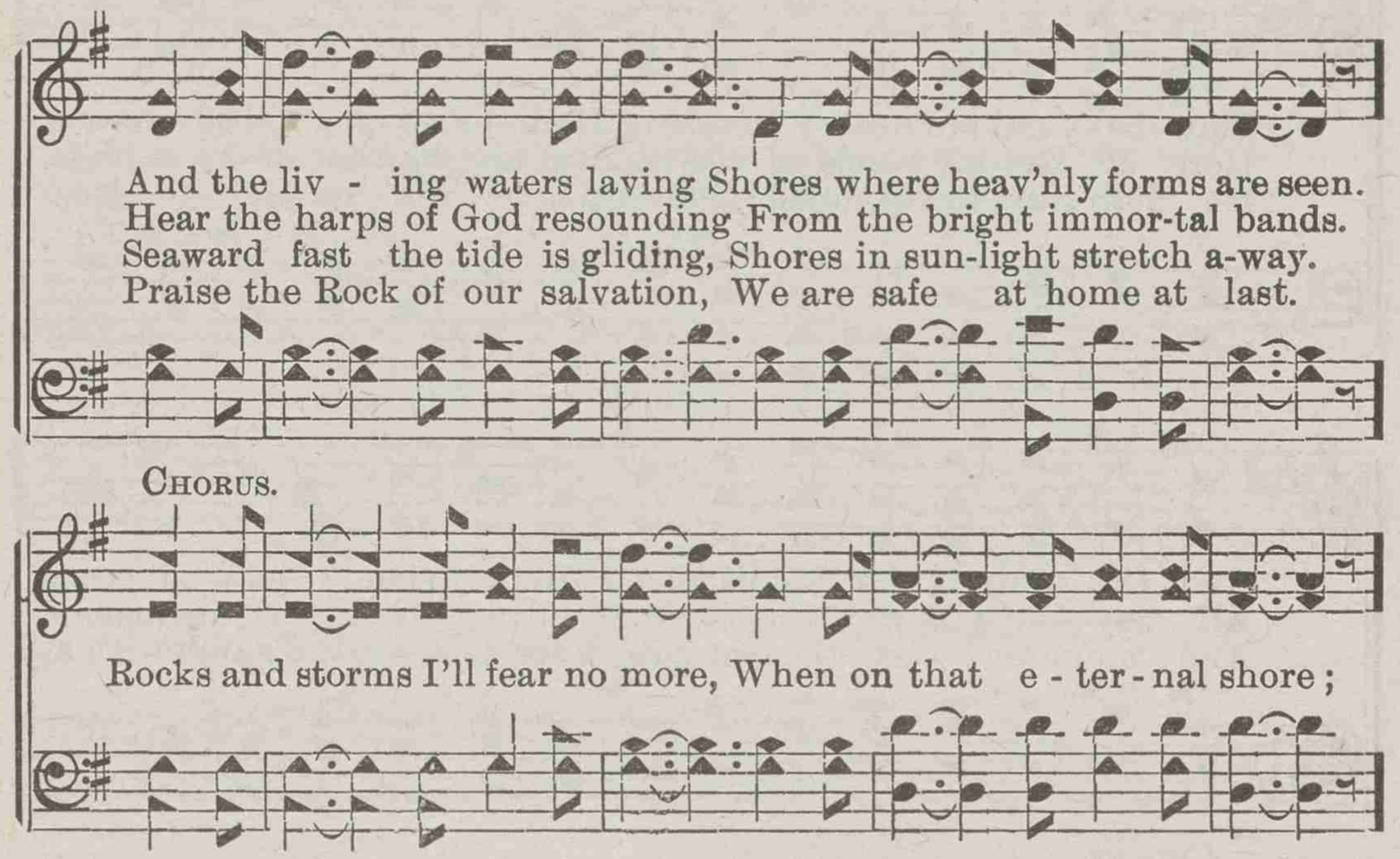
What Vessel Are You Sailing In? Concluded.



No. 79. Safe Within the Vail.

E. ADAMS. J. M. EVANS.





No. 80. The Haven of Prayer.

IRA L. REED. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I have found a bless-ed ha - ven Where my ship may safely lie,
2. Here I steer my bark when o'er me Ris-ing storms mine eyes behold,
3. There's no storm so fierce but ev - er I have found a ref-uge here,

Anchored while the storms are sweeping Down from life's tempestuous sky;
And tho' dark the skies a-bove me, Peace doth her white wings unfold;
And no waves can o-ver-whelm me, With my blessed Sav-iour near;

Tho' be - yond are heav-y breakers, Here the an - gry bil-lows cease,
Here I rest my hands so wea-ry, And my Fa-ther stoops to bless,
He doth calm the troubled bil-lows, As he did on Gal - i - lee,

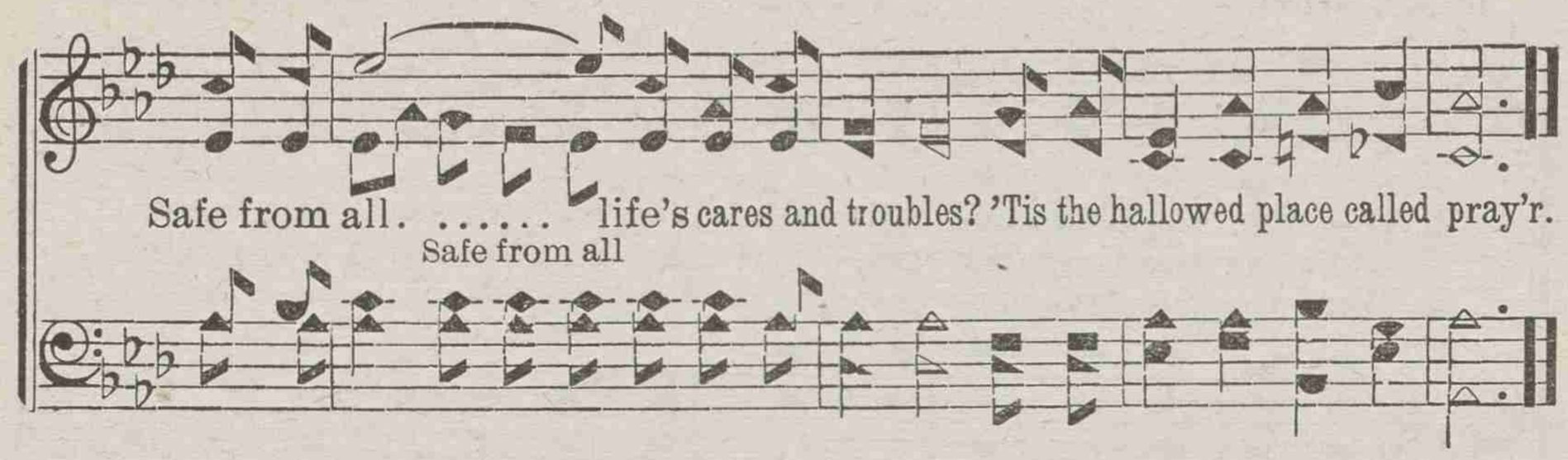
And the tempest can - not harm me, And my soul is now at peace.
All my soul with words so cheering, In his love and righteousness.
And no more I fear the tem-pest, Since he keeps the watch with me.

CHORUS.

Would you know.. this blessed haven, Do you long.... to anchor there?
Would you know Do you long

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The Haven of Prayer. Concluded.



No. 81. The Answering Time Will Come.

MARY B. WINGATE. JAMES M. BLACK.



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No. 82. As White as Snow.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O - ver the plains and hill - sides Lies the un - trod - den snow,
2. Glo-rious the trans- for - ma - tion! Sins that like scar - let glow,
3. Beau- ti - ful type he giv - eth; What is so white as snow?

Marr'd by no hu - man foot-print, Fair in the noon-tide glow.
E'en tho' they be as crim - son, "They shall be white as snow."
Naught but the sin-stain'd spir - it Wash'd in the crim- son flow.

Oft as it lies be - fore me Com - eth the word of light
Nev - er a word more bless - ed Comes to the heart of sin.
Soon with the saints in glo - ry, Clad in fair robes of light,

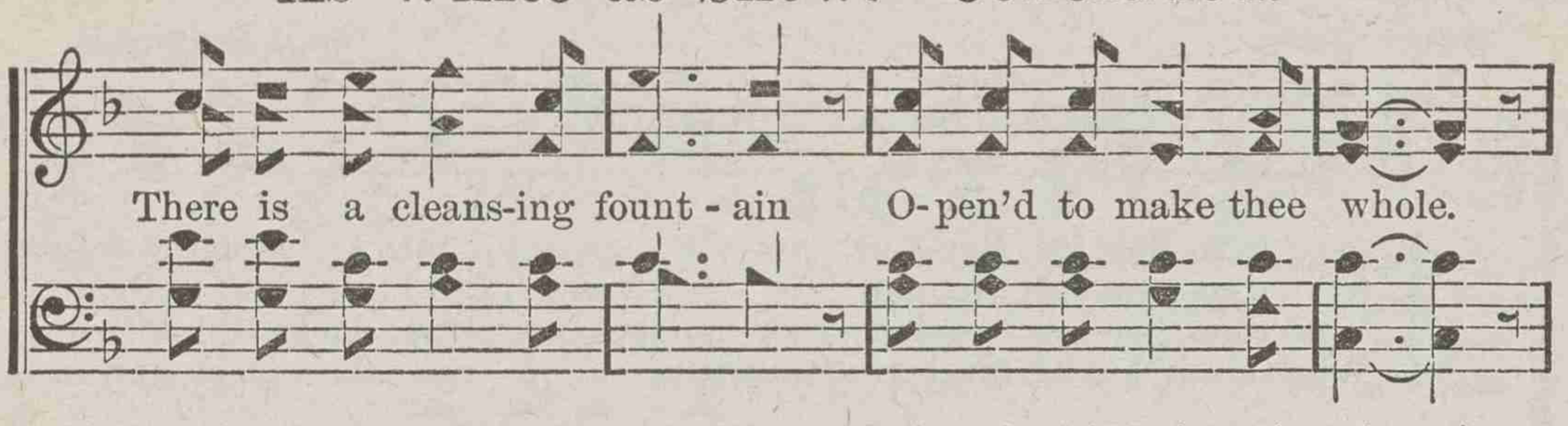
Un - to my sin-stain'd spir - it: "Scar - let shall be as white."
Fly to the cleans- ing fount - ain: "Wash you, and make you clean."
We shall re - peat the sto - ry: "Je - sus hath made us white."

CHORUS.

Won- der - ful word of prom - ise Un - to the sin - ful soul:

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As White as Snow.—Concluded.

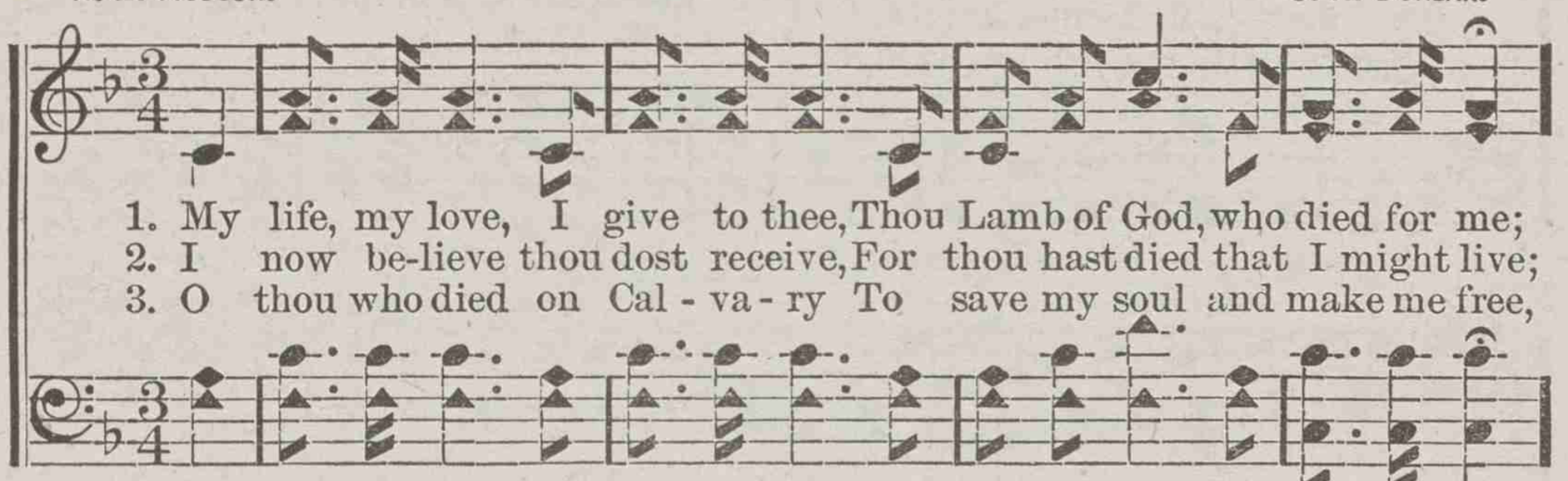






No. 83. I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.





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No. 84. He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A won- der- ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der- ful
2. A won- der- ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord; He tak - eth my
3. With num- ber- less blessings each moment he crowns; And fill'd with his
4. When cloth'd in his brightness transport - ed I rise To meet him in

Sav- iour to me; He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur- den a - way; He hold- eth me up, and I shall not be moved;
full- ness di - vine, I sing in my rap-ture: "O, glo - ry to God
clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va-tion, his won - der- ful love,

CHORUS.

Where riv-ers of pleasure I see.
He giveth me strength as my day.
For such a Redeemer as mine!"
I'll shout with the millions on high.
} He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,

That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hideth my life in the depths of his love,

And covers me there with his hand, And covers me there with his hand.

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No. 85. I Know He's Mine.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's one above all earthly friends, Whose love all earthly love transcends,
2. He's mine because he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;
3. He's mine because he's in my heart, And nev-er, nev-er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo-ry shall behold,

It is my Lord and Christ divine, My Lord, because I know he's mine.
With joy I worship at his shrine, And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
Then, while his arms around me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

CHORUS.

I know he's mine,..... this friend so dear,..... He lives with
I know he's mine, this friend so dear,

me,..... he's ev - er near;..... Ten thou-sand charms.....
He lives with me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms

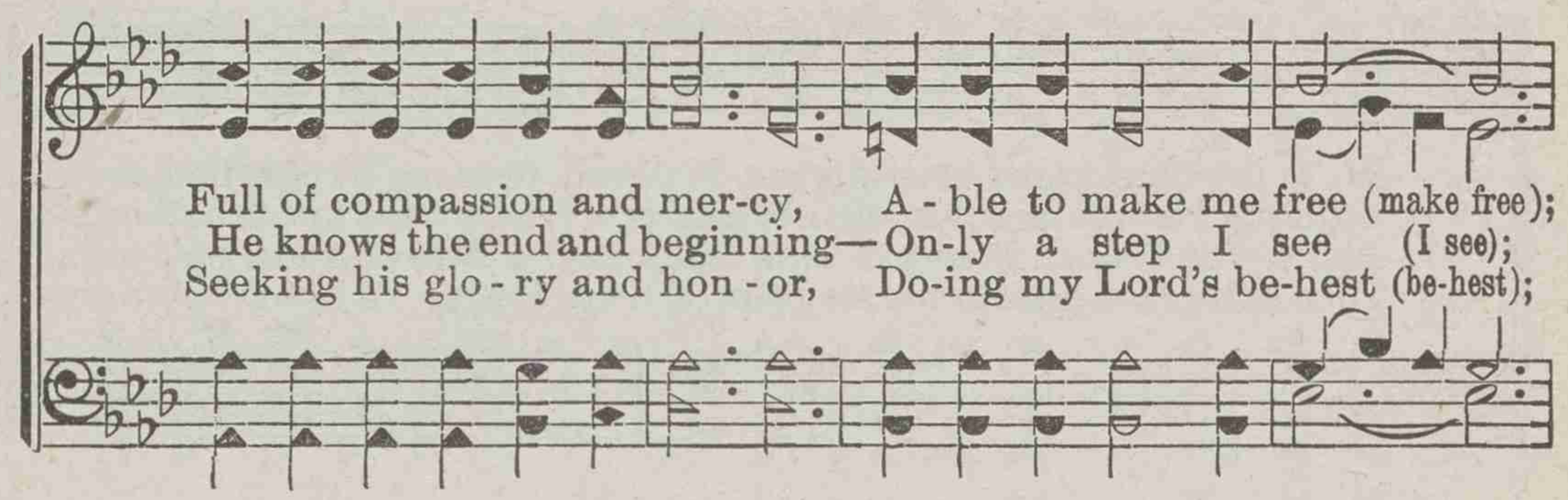
around him shine,..... And, best of all, I know he's mine.
around him shine,

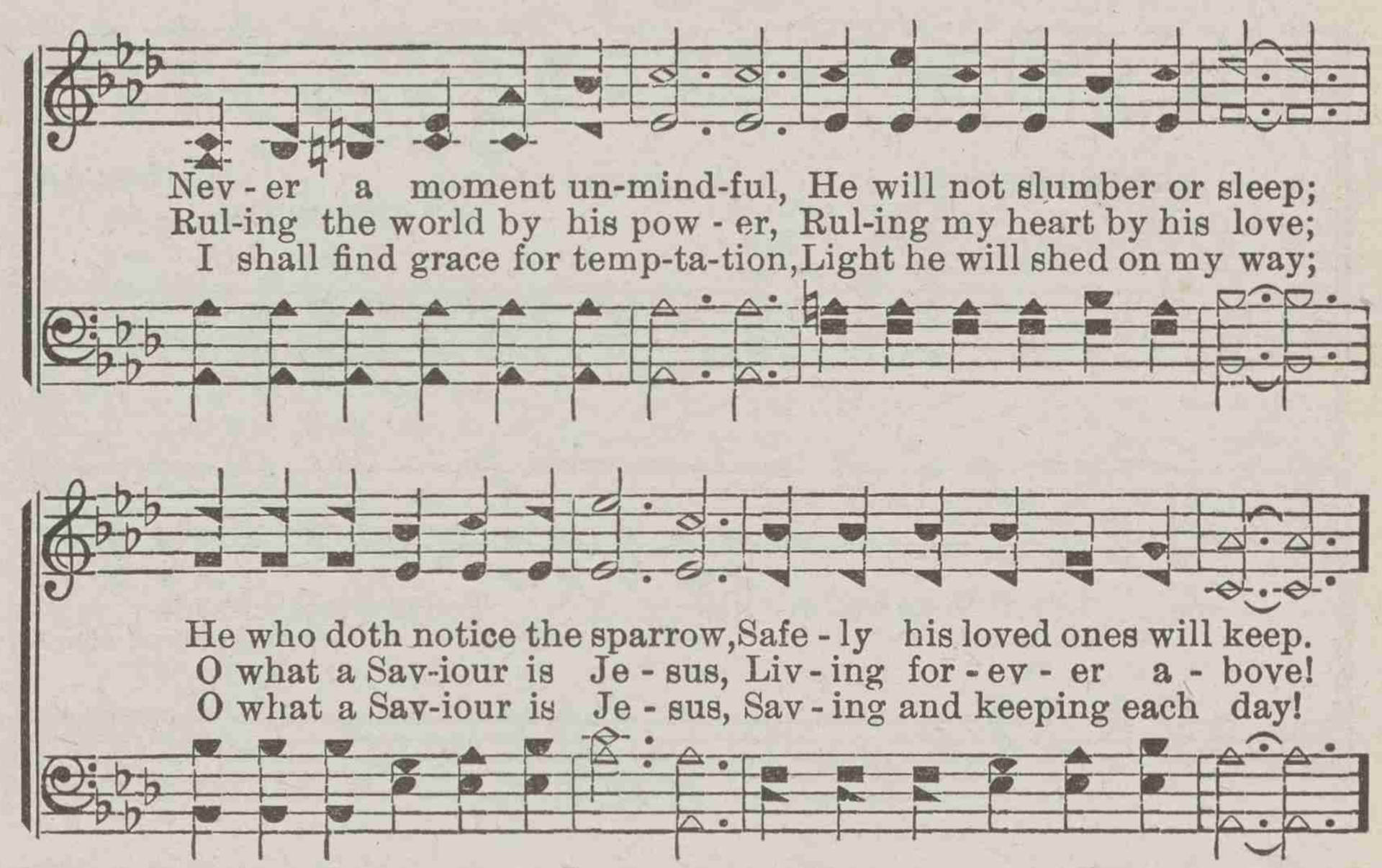
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No. 86. I Have An Every-Day Saviour.

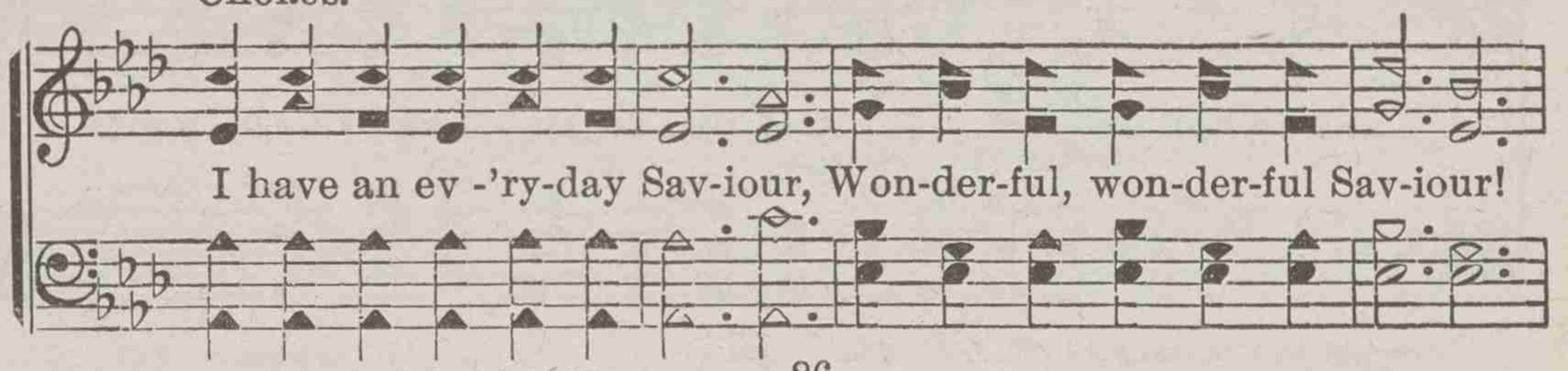
MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.







CHORUS.



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I Have An Every-Day Saviour. Concluded.



No. 87. He Knows it All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SOLO, DUET, OR QUARTET. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 88. O to Be Like Thee!

T. O. CHISHOLM. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O to be like thee! bless-ed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant
2. O to be like thee! full of com-pass-ion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing,
3. O to be like thee! low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly and harm-less,
4. O to be like thee! Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re-ceive th' a-
5. O to be like thee! while I am plead-ing, Pour out thy Spir-it,

long-ing and prayer; Glad-ly I'll for-feit all of earth's treas-ures,
ten-der and kind; Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,
pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,
noint-ing di-vine; All that I am and have I am bring-ing;
fill with thy love; Make me a temp-le meet for thy dwell-ing,

CHORUS.

Je-sus, thy per-fect like-ness to wear.
Seek-ing the wand-'ring sin-ner to find.
Will-ing to suf-fer, oth-ers to save.
Lord, from this mo-ment all shall be thine.
Fit me for life and heav-en a-bove.

O to be like thee!

O to be like thee! Blessed Re-deem-er, pure as thou art; Come in thy

ritard.

sweetness, come in thy full-ness; Stamp thine own image deep on my heart.

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No. 89. Wonderful Peace.

W. D. CORNELL. Alt. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to- night Rolls a mel - o - dy sweeter than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un -
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can
3. I am rest - ing to- night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing sweet - ly in Je- sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
5. Ah! soul, are you here with-out com - fort or rest, Marching down the rough pathway of time? Make Je- sus your Friend ere the

ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
night and by day, And his glo - ry is flood-ing my soul.
ran - somed will sing In that heav - en - ly king-dom will be:
shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime!

CHORUS.

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

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No. 90. I Long To Be Holy.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I long to be ho - ly, All spotless within,..... Free from the de-
2. I long to be ho - ly, Car - nal-i - ty slain, My heart a fit
3. I long to be ho - ly, Lord, thou hast the pow'r To sanc-ti - fy

file - ment Of ev-'ry known sin; The past with its fol - lies
tem - ple Where Jesus shall reign; When pure is the fountain,
whol - ly Thy children this hour; Faith claims the blest promise,

All under the blood, Soul, bod-y and spir-it, All yielded to God.
The stream will be pure, Thy blood for my cleansing, The rem-e-dy sure.
Thy word can not fail, And for us this moment The blood doth avail.

CHORUS.

Take..... me and make me Ho - ly in
Take me, dear Saviour, make me for - ev - er Ho-ly in heart,

heart; ..... Take me and make me pure as thou art.....
ho - ly in heart; as thou art.

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No. 91. Come To the Fountain.

J. H. MARTIN. REV. 22 : 17. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come to the fountain, a-bund-ant and free, Come to the waters, they're flow - ing for thee, Come to the riv - er and stand on its brink,
2. He that shall hear is in - vit - ed to come; Pen - i - tent sin-ner, re - turn to thy home; Back to thy fa - ther thy foot - steps re - trace,
3. He that is thirst - y shall welcome ob-tain, Life - giv-ing wa - ter re - fresh-ing shall gain; Who - so is will - ing this wa - ter may take,—

CHORUS.

Thirsty and longing, stoop downward and drink. Come, come to the
Pardon implore and receive thro' his grace.
Now from the fountain of life may partake. Come, come to the fountain,

foun - tain, Flow - - ing for thee; O come,
Come, come to the fountain, Come, come to the fountain, Flowing for thee; Come, drink of its wa-

drink of its wa - ters, Life-giving, plenty and free.....
ters, Come, drink of its waters, plenty and free,

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No. 92. Into His Image.

E. R. LATTA. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In - to his im-age to grow, Ev - er my pur-pose shall be,
2. In - to his im-age to grow, Ev - er re-sem-bling him more,
3. In - to his im-age to grow, Out of the like-ness of sin:

Who from the courts of the sky, Came as a ran-som for me:
As in his footsteps I tread, Seek - ing the heav - en - ly shore:
Trust-ing, thro' merits of his, Glo - ry e - ter - nal to win:

Like as a serv-ant he came, Bear - ing my guilt and my shame,
Yea, I will ear-nest-ly plead, Plead to be like him in - deed,
Per - fect in faith and in love, Meet for his king-dom a - bove:

Bear-ing my burden of woe, Lov - ing and suf - fer - ing so!
Who, up-on Cal - va-ry's tree, Purchased sal - va - tion for me.
This the dear wish of my soul, Now to be per - fect - ly whole.

REFRAIN.

Lov - - ing and suf-fer-ing so, Lov - - ing and suf-fer-ing so!
Lov-ing, yes, loving Lov-ing, yes, loving
Pur - - chased sal-va-tion for me, Pur - - chased sal-va-tion for me,
Purchased sal-va-tion Purchased salvation
Per - - fect in faith and in love, Meet.... for his kingdom above;
Perfect, yea, perfect Meet for his kingdom

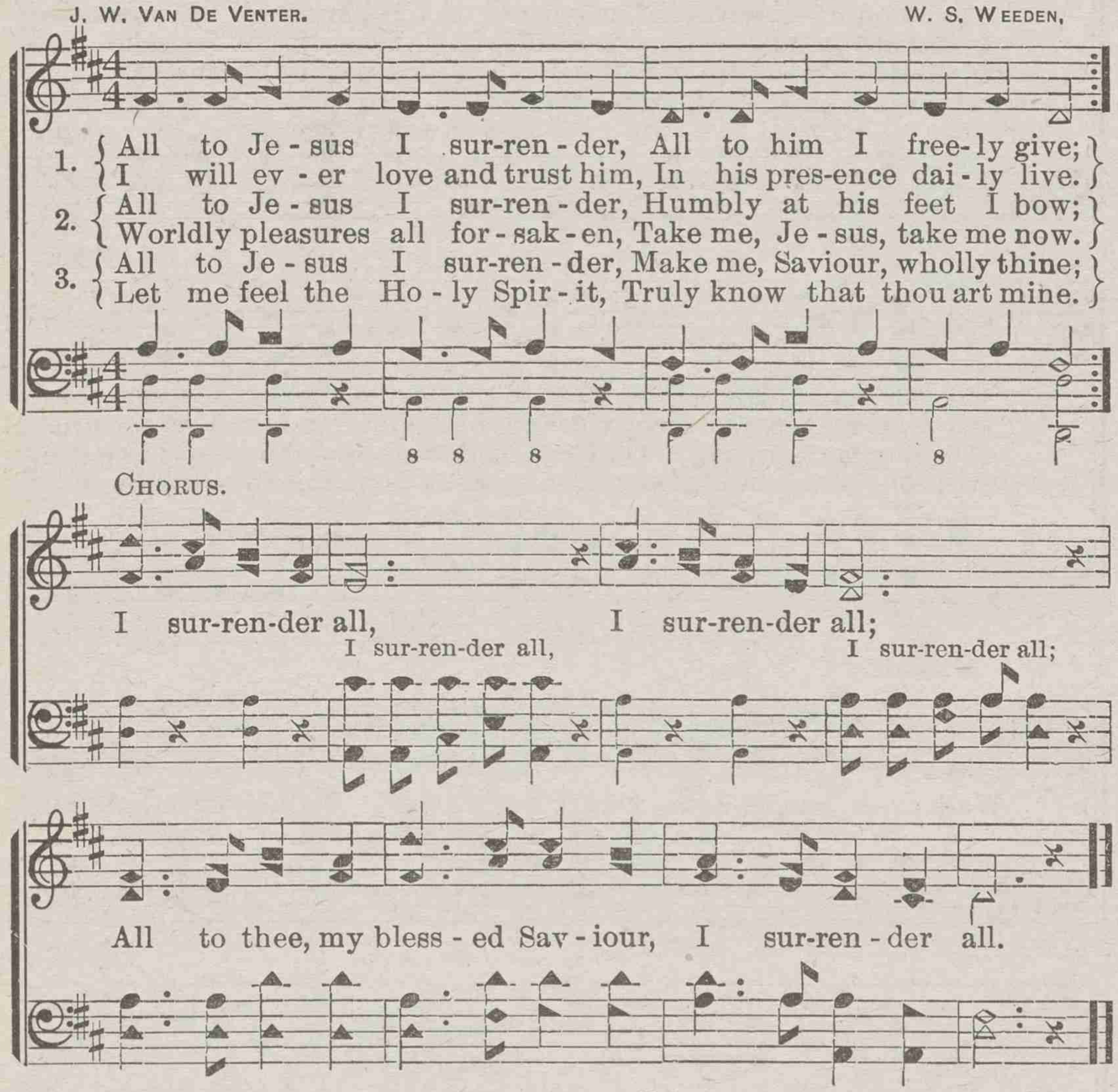
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Into His Image. Concluded.



No. 93. I Surrender All.

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



4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee;
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name!

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No. 94. Keep Close To the Saviour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. Keep close to the Sav-iour, no oth-er so dear, Thy ear-nest pe -
2. Keep close to the Sav-iour, tho' tempted and tried, His staff will sup -
3. Keep close to the Sav-iour, thy Brother and Friend, His ban-ner will
4. Keep close to the Sav-iour, look upward to him, Let faith be thy

ti - tion he wait-eth to hear; He knoweth thy weakness,
port thee what - ev - er be - tide; He will not for-sake thee,
shield thee, his arm will de - fend; Keep close to the Sav - iour,
watch word, tho' earth skies are dim; His spir - it with - in thee,

:S: FINE.

thy burden of care, Keep close to the Saviour, he'll answer thy pray'r.
his promise is sure, Keep close to the Saviour, and thou art se-cure.
thy Shepherd divine, O follow his footsteps and peace will be thine.
will constantly dwell, Keep close to the Saviour, and all will be well.

D. S.—*Walk ev-er be - side him, he'll an-swer thy pray'r.*

CHORUS.

Walk ev-er be-side him, O turn not a - way, Walk ever be-side him

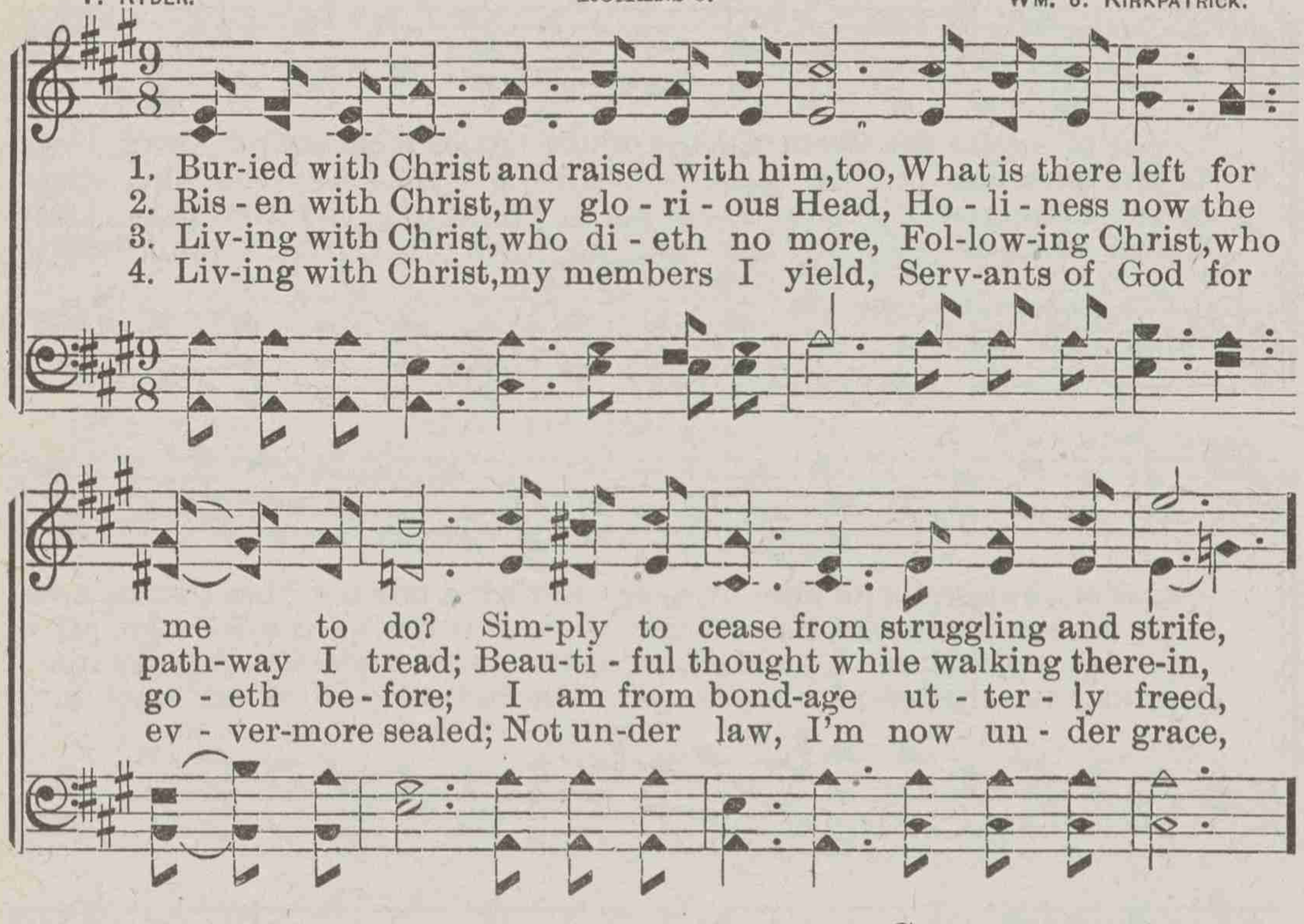
D. S.

from day un-to day; He knoweth thy weakness, thy burdens of care,

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No. 95. Buried With Christ.

T. RYDER. ROMANS 6. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



CHORUS.

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 96. Get Under the Shelter.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J Kirkpatrick.

1. O pil - grim flee from dan-ger, there comes a threat'ning storm, Get
2. The darkness of de - struc-tion will o - ver - cast the sky, Get
3. In moments of temp-ta - tion, in hours of grief and pain, Get
4. Our peace is ev - er - last - ing when we in Christ a - bide! Get

un-der the shelter of his wings; For what our Lord has promised he's
un-der the shelter of his wings; O has-ten to the Ref-uge, sal -
un-der the shelter of his wings; His mercy there will rescue, his
un-der the shelter of his wings; The Saviour still is call-ing, in

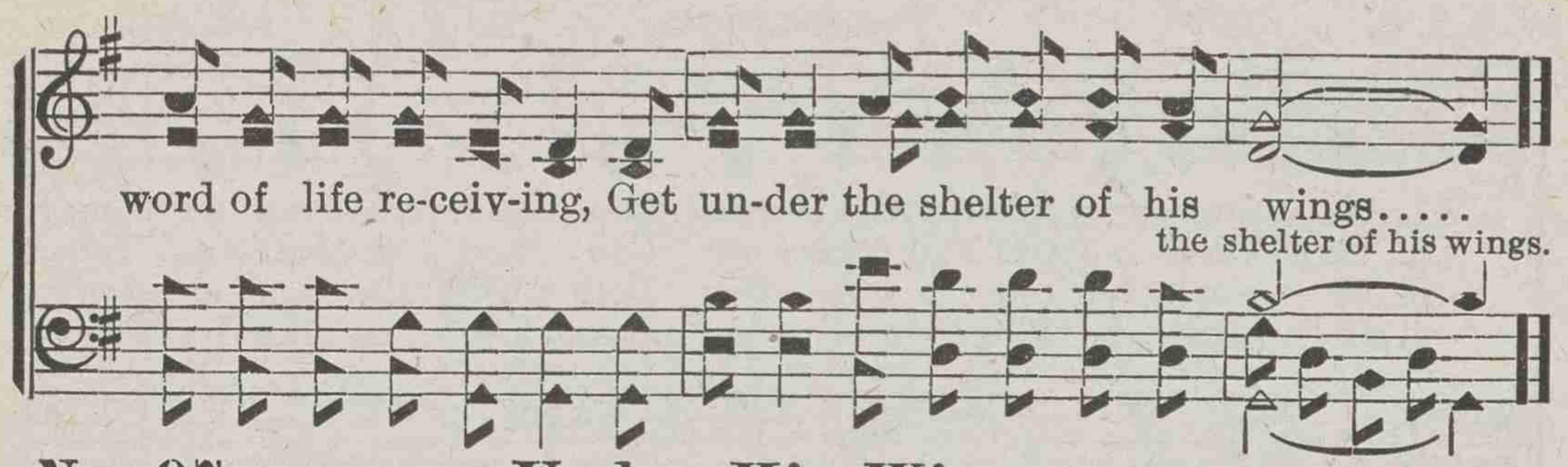
a - ble to perform, Get un-der the shel - ter of his wings.
vation now is nigh, Get un-der the shel - ter of his wings.
Spir-it will sustain, Get un-der the shel - ter of his wings.
him a-lone confide, Get un-der the shel - ter of his wings.

Chorus.

Get un-der the shelter, the safe and happy shelter, Get un-der the
shel-ter of his wings;..... In Je - sus be - liev - ing, his
the shel-ter of his wings;

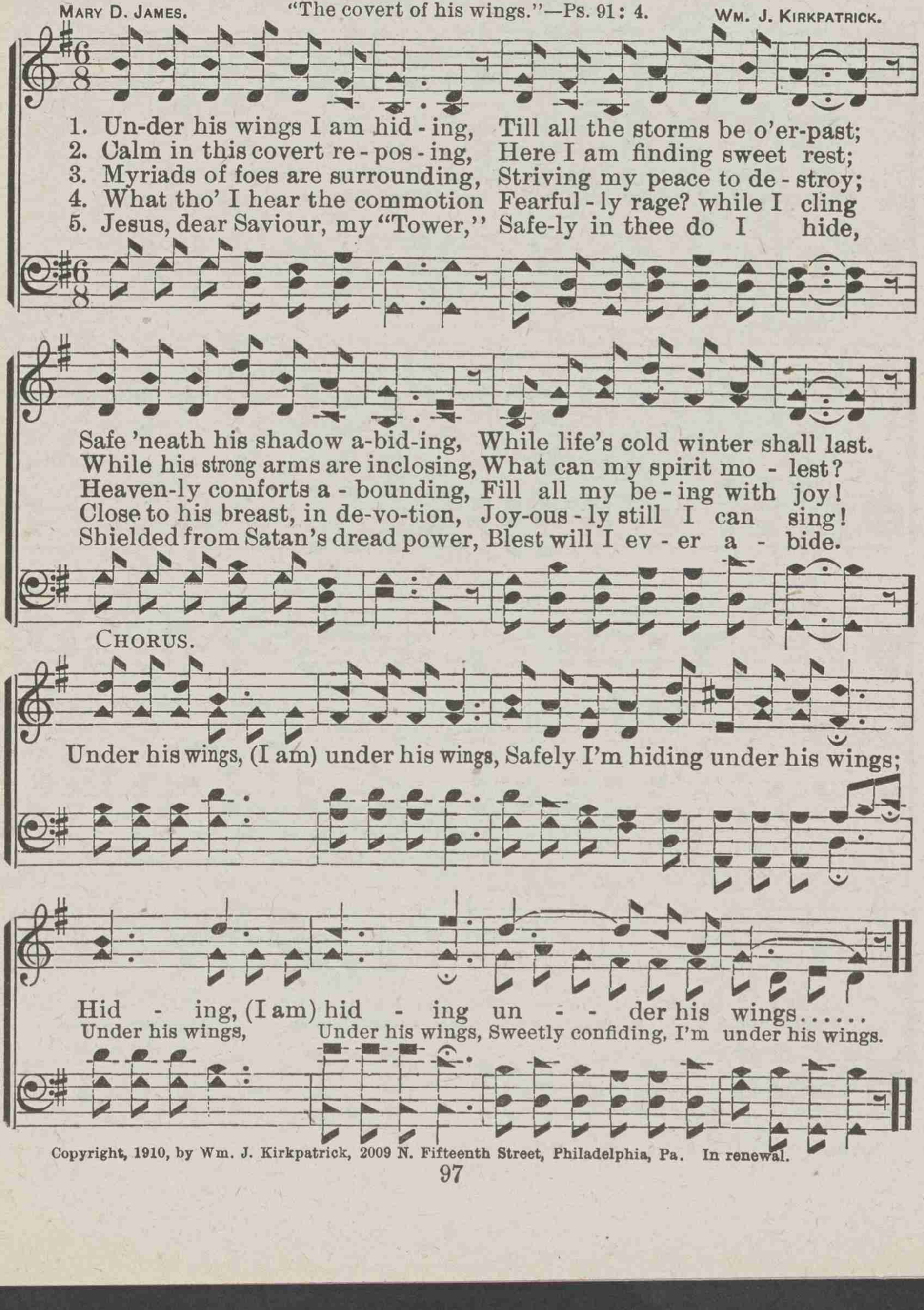
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Get Under the Shelter. Concluded.



No. 97. Under His Wings.

MARY D. JAMES. "The covert of his wings."—Ps. 91: 4. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 98. Come Unto Me.

F. E. B. Duet and Chorus. F. E. BELDEN.

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

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

CHORUS

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

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

I will give you rest.....

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

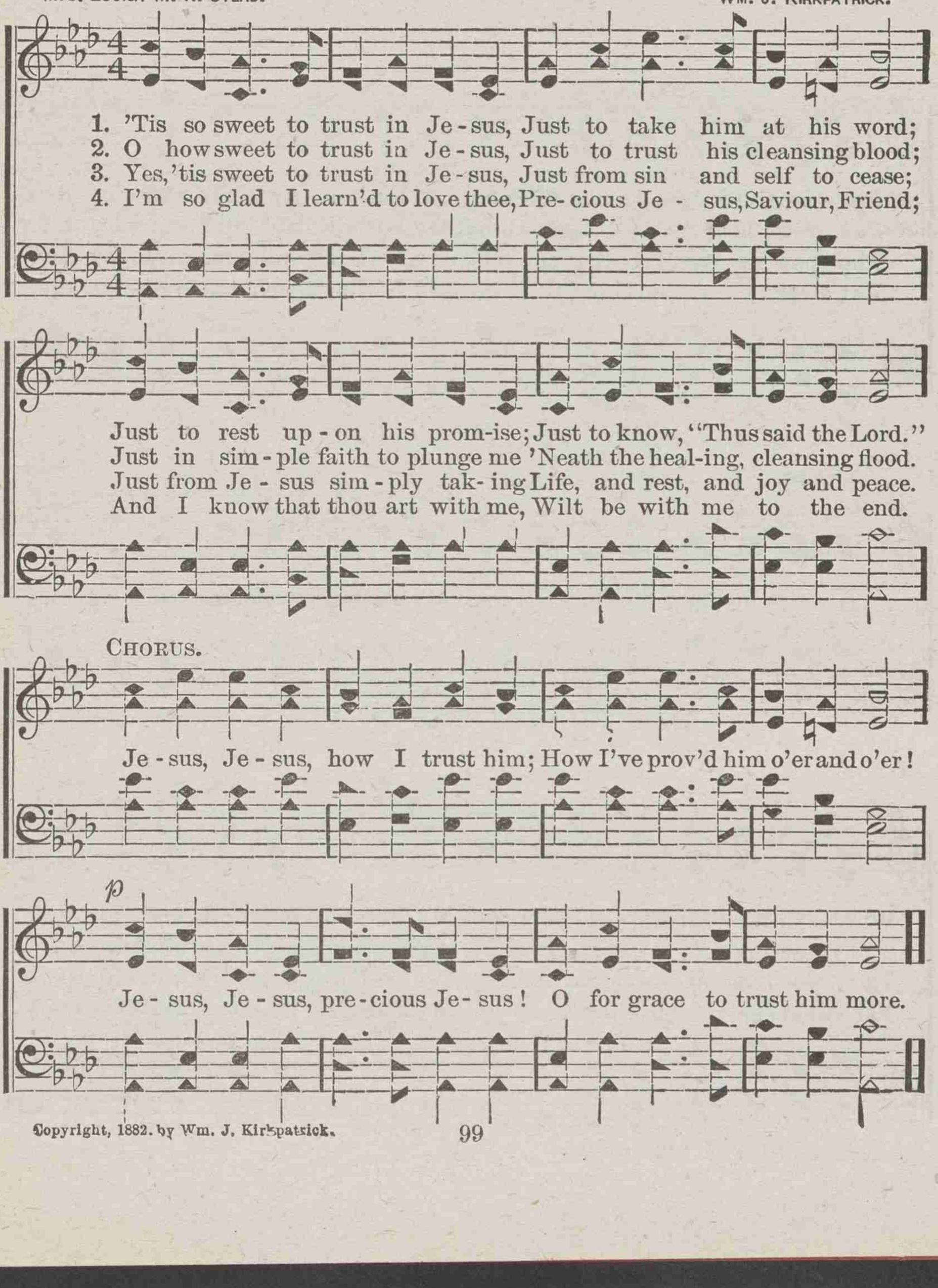
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Come Unto Me.—Concluded.



No. 99. 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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No. 100. My Father's Welcome.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. My pilgrim path from day to day May be a dark and toilsome way;
2. A-bove my head the storm may beat, A flint-y path beneath my feet;
3. Tho' now I walk a wea-ry land, My place is kept at his right hand;
4. The an-gel harps shall greeting ring, The saints in raptured tones shall sing;



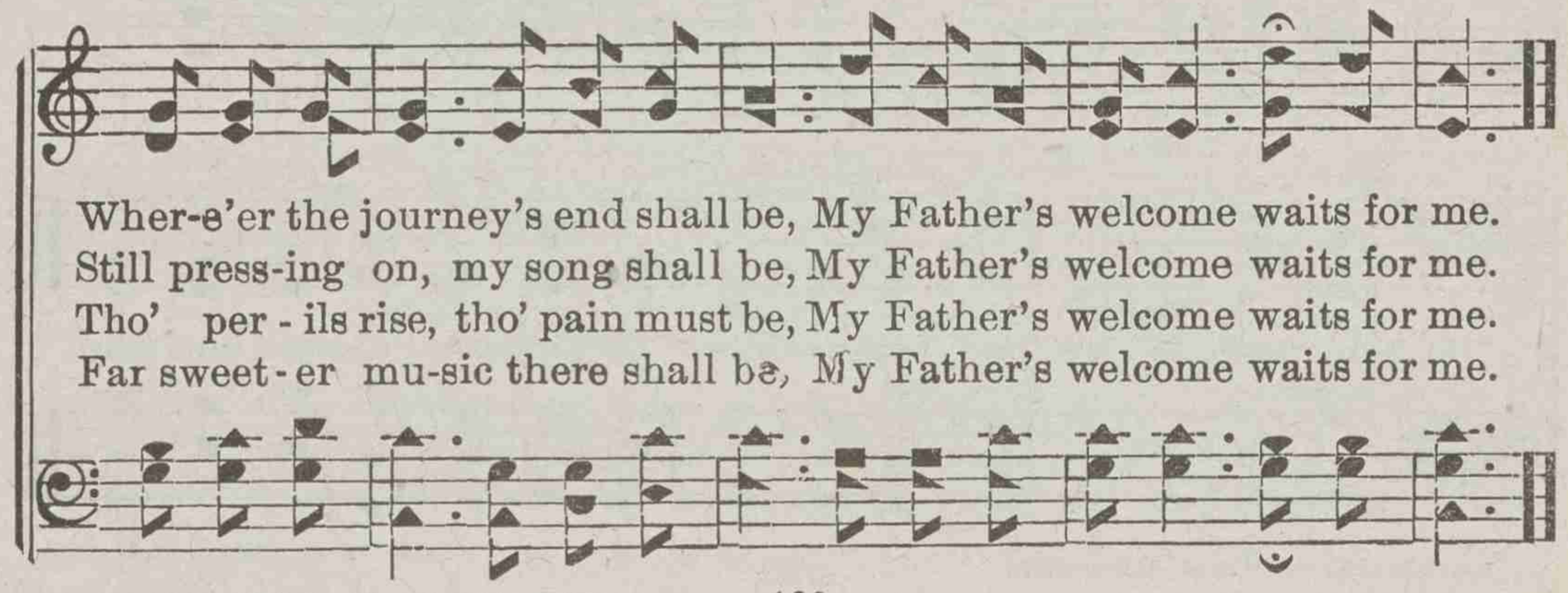
But where the journey's end shall be, A Father's welcome waits for me.
But pressing on, my song shall be, My Father's welcome waits for me.
Tho' per-ils rise, tho' pain must be, My Father's welcome waits for me.
But sweeter mu-sic there shall be, My Father's welcome waits for me.



CHORUS.



It waits for me, it waits for me, My Father's welcome waits for me;



Wher-e'er the journey's end shall be, My Father's welcome waits for me.
Still press-ing on, my song shall be, My Father's welcome waits for me.
Tho' per-ils rise, tho' pain must be, My Father's welcome waits for me.
Far sweet-er mu-sic there shall be, My Father's welcome waits for me.

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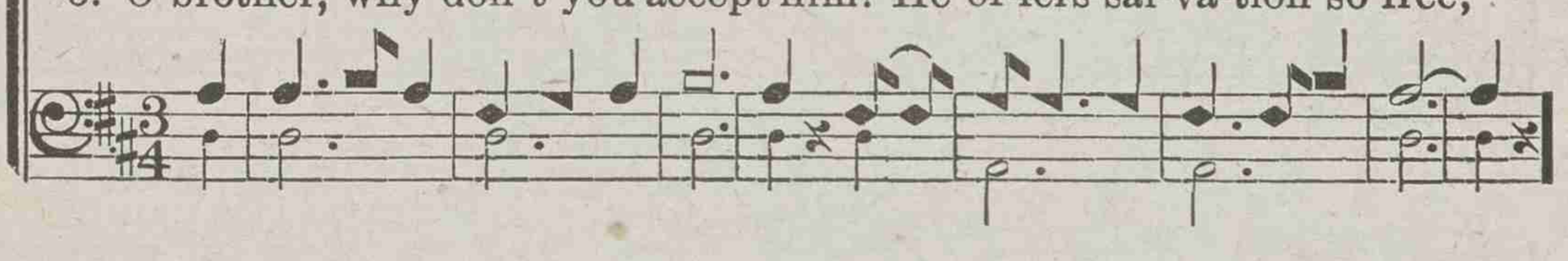
No. 101. He'll Never Forget to Keep Me.

TENOR AND ALTO DUET.

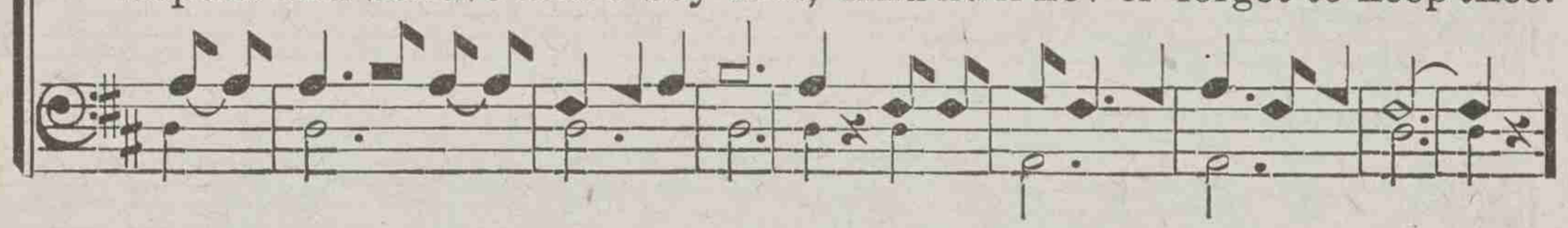
F. A. G. F. A. GRAVES.



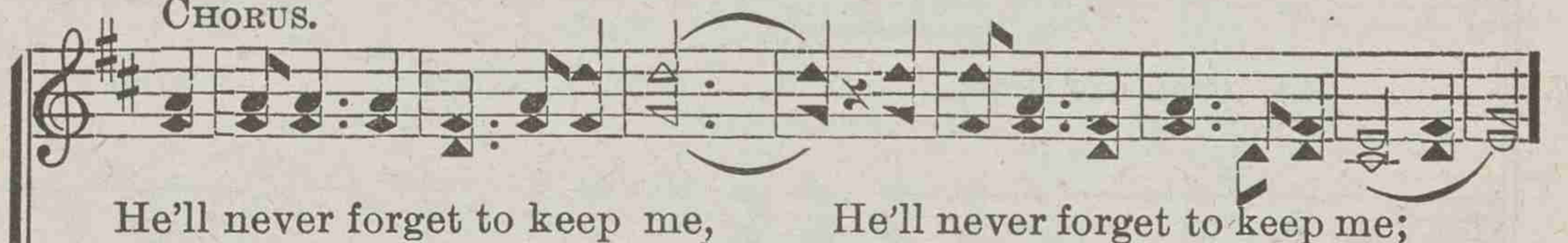
1. My Father has many dear children; Will he ever forget to keep me?
2. Our Father remembers the sparrows, Their value and fall he doth see;
3. The words of the Lord are so priceless, How patient and watchful is he;
4. I now will a-bide in his shadow, Never restless nor fearful will be;
5. O brother, why don't you accept him? He of-fers sal-va-tion so free;



He gave his own Son to redeem them, And he cannot forget to keep me.
But dearer to him are his children, And he'll nev-er forget to keep me.
Tho' the mother forget her own off-spring, Yet he'll nev-er forget to keep me.
In the secret of his presence he'll hide me, And he'll nev-er forget to keep me.
Repent and believe and o-bey him, And he'll nev-er forget to keep thee.



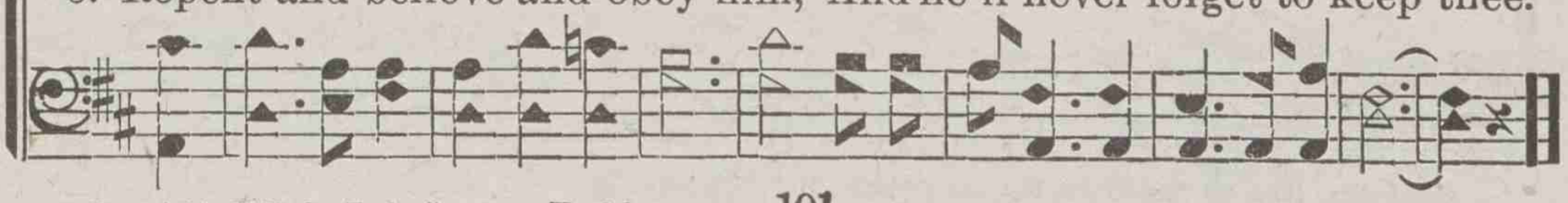
CHORUS.



He'll never forget to keep me, He'll never forget to keep me;
keep me, keep me;
He'll never forget to keep thee, He'll never forget to keep thee;
keep thee, keep thee.



1. He gave his own Son to redeem me, And he'll never forget to keep me.
2. But dearer to him are his children, And he'll never forget to keep me.
3. Tho' the mother forget her own off-spring, Yet he'll never forget to keep me.
4. In the secret of his presence he'll hide me, And he'll never forget to keep me.
5. Repent and believe and obey him, And he'll never forget to keep thee.



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No. 102. At Evening Time.

MRS. W. B. DINGMAN. W. A. POST.

With expression.

1. He knoweth well the way I take, I walk by faith for his dear sake;
2. Sometimes with eyes bedimmed with tears, I wonder if my Father hears;
3. When in the valley he doth lead, And there my God supplies each need;
4. Here in the shadow-land I'll wait, My work I'll do, tho' small or great;

p *rit.*

His will is best, his way is right, At evening time it shall be light!
My anxious heart he quickly stills, My soul with wondrous peace he fills.
He talks with me along the way, And gives me strength for ev-'ry day.
Content to know my Lord is near; In sun or shade I'll know no fear.

CHORUS.

At even-ing time,..... it shall be light!.... In that blest
land..... there is no night!..... The path he
chose is best for me, For it shall lead me home.

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No. 103. Safe in the Hollow of His Hand.

FRANK E. GRAEFF. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am safe in the hollow of his hand, When the tempests wildly rage on
2. I am safe in the waters deep and wide, Thro' the swiftly flowing current
3. I am safe when the furnace fires glow, Tho' thro' them in fearful tri-al
4. I am safe in the valley with its shades, As the light of earth's last morning

sea or land; For his promise standeth sure, And in this I rest se-cure,
he will guide, "For they shall not overflow," This the promise, and I know
I must go, For he whispers to me there, "I am with thee all to share,"
sure-ly fades, There my soul shall know no fear, For my Saviour walketh near,

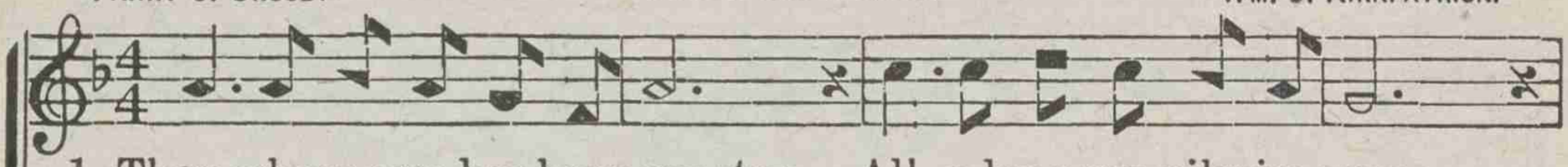
CHORUS.

I am safe in the hollow of his hand. I am safe in the hollow of his
safe.....
in the
hand,..... I am safe in the hollow of his hand,..... There I'm
safe .....
hollow of his hand, in the hollow of his hand,
rit.
hid - ing And a - bid - ing, I am safe in the hollow of God's hand.
hiding, there I'm hiding, biding, and abiding,

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No. 104. Take Care of Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SOLO OR DUET. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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





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

CHORUS.



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



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

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No. 105. Because He Loves Me So.

DUET AND QUARTET OR CHORUS.

E. A. HOFFMAN. MRS. FANNIE L. SIMPSON.

1. I see the nail-pierced hands of Christ, I hear his cry of woe,
2. I see him in Geth-sem-a - ne, In sor-row bend - ing low,
3. He wears the cru-el crown of thorns, To death my Lord doth go,
4. O won-der - ful the debt of love To my dear Lord I owe,

And know he bears this bit-ter pain, Because he loves me so.
The blood upon his ho - ly brow, Because he loves me so.
To sac - ri - fice himself for me, Because he loves me so.
Who gives his life to ran-som me, Because he loves me so.

CHORUS. *Animato.* *cres.*

'Tis wonderful, 'tis wonder-ful, The debt of love I owe To Christ, the

con espress. *pp rall.*

precious Son of God, Because he loves me so, Because he loves me so.

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No. 106. Nailed to the Cross.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUET. *Ad lib.*

1. There was One who was will-ing to die in my stead, That a soul, so unworth-y, might live, And the path to the cross he was
2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me, While he cleanses my heart of its dross, But "there's no condemnation"—I
3. I will cling to my Sav-iour and nev - er de-part— I will joy - ful - ly jour-ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

CHORUS.

willing to tread, All the sins of my life to forgive.
know I am free, For my sins are all nailed to the cross. They are nailed to the cross,
song in my heart, That my sins have been taken away.

pp

They are nailed to the cross, O how much he was willing to bear, With what

rit.

anguish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! And he carried my sins with him there!

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No. 107. Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D. J. M. DRIVER.

1. Wonderful sto-ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful sto - ry of love: Wake the immor-tal strain! An-gels with rapture an-
2. Wonderful sto-ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful sto - ry of love: Still he doth call to - day; Call-ing from Cal-va-ry's
3. Wonderful sto-ry of love: Je - sus provides a rest; Wonderful sto - ry of love: For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a-

nounce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sinner, O won't you believe it?
mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of creation,
bove us, With those who've gone on before us, Singing the rapturous cho-rus,

CHORUS.

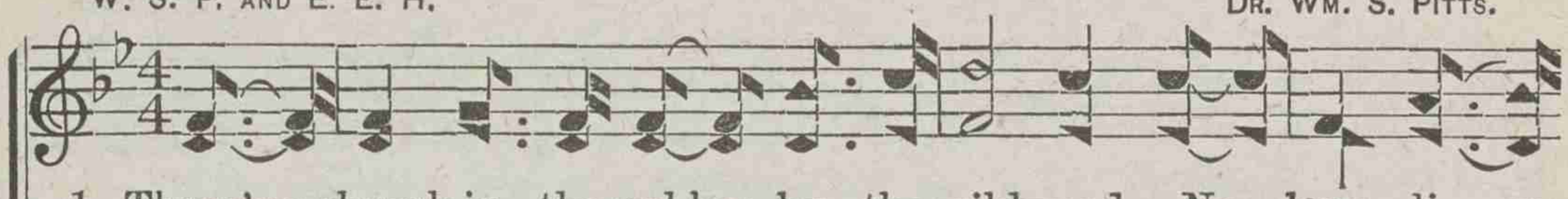
Wonderful sto-ry of love. Won - der - - ful! Won - der - ful sto - ry of love! Won-der-ful

der - ful! Won - der - ful! Wonderful sto-ry of love!
sto-ry of love! Wonderful story of love!

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No. 108. *The Church In the Wildwood.

W. S. P. AND E. E. H. DR. WM. S. PITTS.



1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wildwood, No love- li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sunday morning To list to the
3. It was there that the sto - ry of Je - sus First at-tract-ed my
4. It is close to the church in the val - ley That my loved ones so





place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my childhood As the
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call - ing, O
heart by its charms; And 'twas there God's dear messenger taught me How to
peace - ful - ly rest; I shall see them a-gain in the Homeland, Where we'll

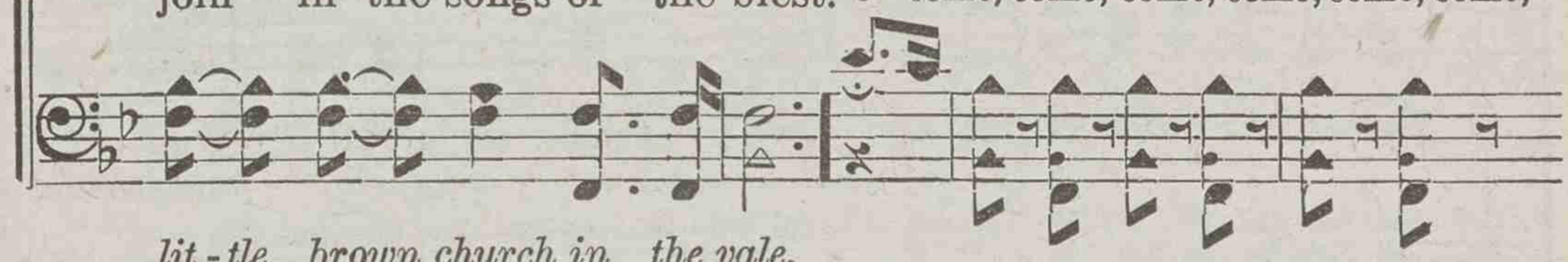


D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.

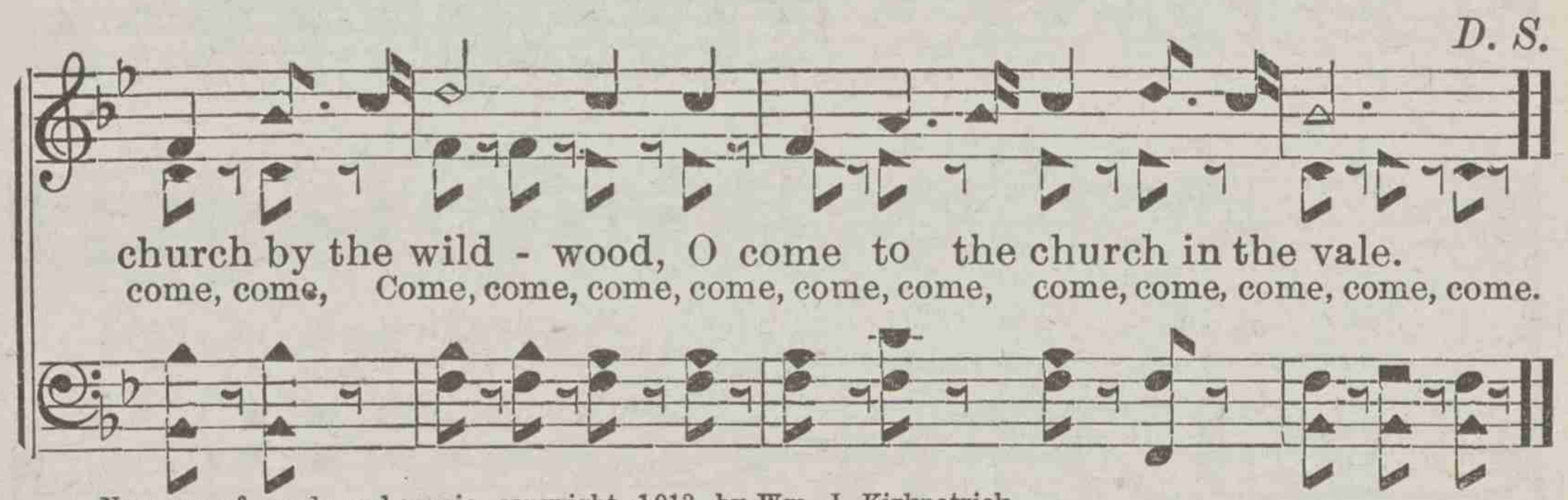


lit - tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
come to the church in the vale.
come to his mer - ci - ful arms.
join in the songs of the blest. O come, come, come, come, come, come,



lit - tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.



church by the wild - wood, O come to the church in the vale.
come, come, Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come.

New arr. of words and music, copyright, 1913, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

*For male voices—1st tenor sing alto, 2d tenor or 1st bass sing the melody.

No. 109. Will Jesus Keep Me?

E. P. C. ETHEL PERKINS CRIPPEN.

1. Will Je-sus keep me a-long life's journey, Thro' valleys dark, where mists of doubt annoy? Will Jesus lead me, tho' dim the pathway, And with me climb the mountain heights of joy?
2. Will Je-sus keep me when all a-round me The sub-tle snares are set to trip my feet? Will he in mercy walk close beside me, To whisper words of cheer and counsel sweet? Yes, he will keep me, if I but trust him
3. Will Je-sus keep me till that bright morning When I shall reach my Father's home on high; To share his glory thro' endless ages, While bright and swift the joyous moments fly?

CHORUS.

Thro' ev -'ry tri - al with - out a doubt or fear; Yes, he will guide me, if I but fol-low Each step he leads till all my path is clear.

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No. 110. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.



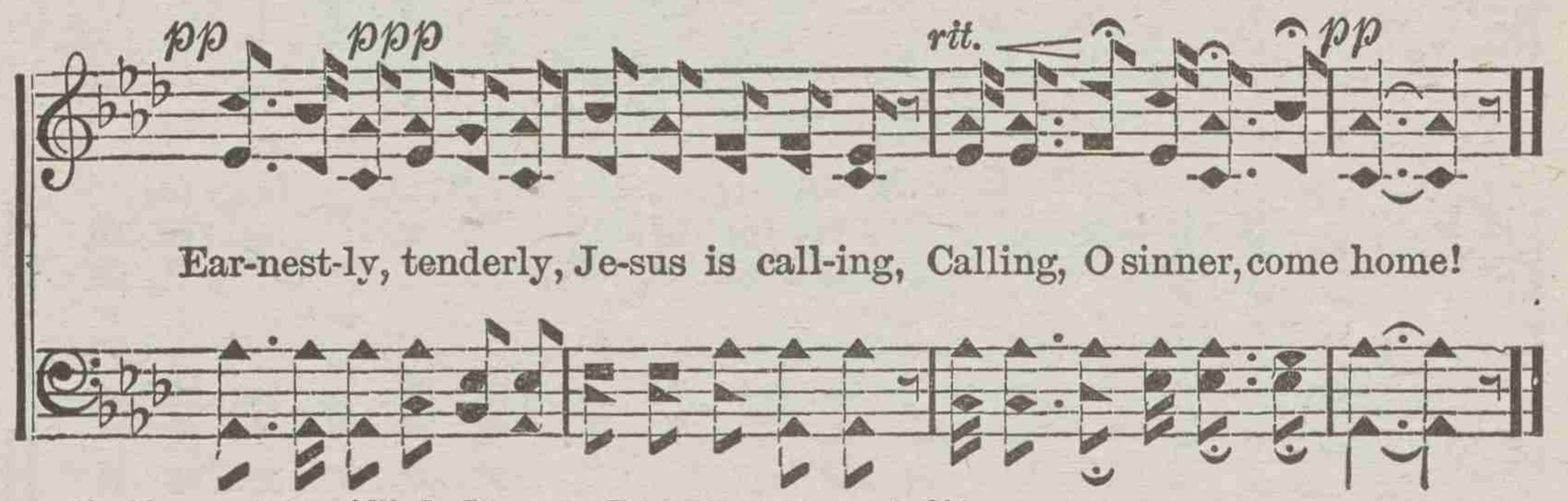
1. Soft - ly and tenderly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the won-der-ful love he has promised, Promised for you and for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

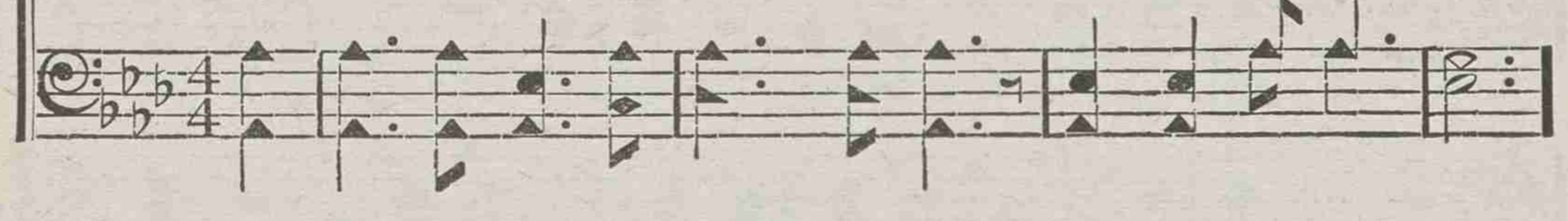
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No. 111. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

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

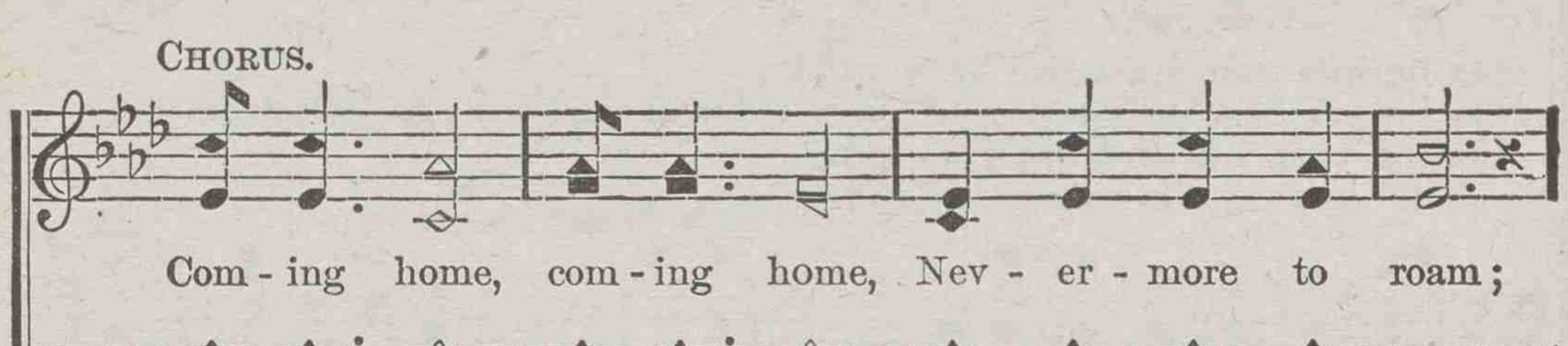


1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;





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. 112. Shall I Close My Heart's Door?

JULIETTE E. PERRY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Shall I close my heart's door in the face of my Lord, Whose brow wore the thorn-crown for me? At the threshold he stands waiting now to come in,
2. Shall I close my heart's door at the knock of the hand That was nailed to the cross for my sin? To that hand still outstretched, pleading gently to-day,
3. Shall I close my heart's door from the Lord who for me, Broken-hearted, on Cal - va - ry died? Shall I spurn his dear voice, that so ten-der-ly calls?
4. I'll swing wide my heart's door, bidding Jesus come in, Lest that time make it hard to un - do; Lest the Saviour be grieved and for-ev - er I mourn

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

My heart's welcome guest he would be.
My heart's best af-fec-tion to win. I will open my heart's door wide,
Shall I turn his en-treat-y a - side?
The loss of his friendship so true.

I will open my heart's door wide,

I will bid my dear Lord come in;..... By love he doth

I will bid my dear Lord come in;

conquer; My heart he doth win; Saviour, dear Saviour, come in. (come in.)

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No. 113. Sweet Will of God.

MRS. C. H. M. DUET. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. My stub-born will at last hath yield - ed; I would be
2. I'm tired of sin, foot - sore and wea - ry, The dark-some
3. Thy pre-cious will, O con - quering Sav-iour, Doth now em -
4. Shut in with thee, O Lord, for - ev - er, My way - ward

thine and thine a - lone; And this the prayer.... my lips are
path hath drear - y grown, But now a light..... has ris'n to
brace and com - pass me; All discords hushed,... my peace a
feet no more to roam; What pow'r from thee.... my soul can

rit. CHORUS.

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

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

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

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No. 114. Come Near to Me.

MIRIAM E. ARNOLD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O love so great and wonderful That Je-sus to his children shows;
2. O hear the loving Saviour's voice, As he doth call to thee to-day;
3. Re-fuse no more his loving call, For he has died that you might live!

Although for-get-ful they may be, He kind-est love on them be-stows.
For-sake the famine-stricken land, Come near to me, O haste a-way.
Come now and he will give you rest, Your many sins he will for-give.

CHORUS.

"Come near to me,"..... O hear him say,.....

"Come near to me," O hear him say,

And lin-ger not in guilt-y fear;.....Come near to me,.....
And lin-ger not in guilt-y fear;

Come near to me,

I will for-give,.....Come near to me, come near, come near.

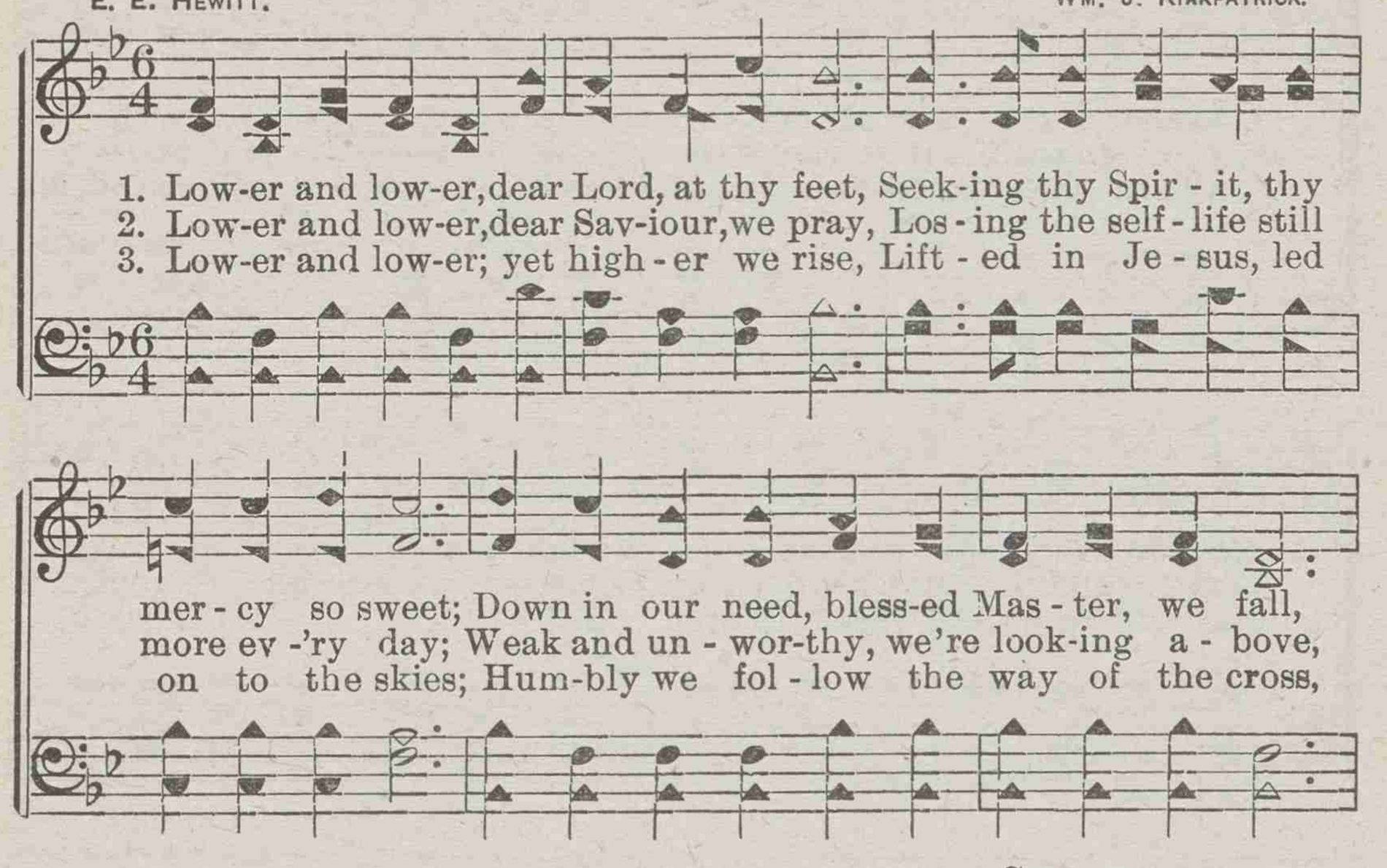
I will for-give, come near to me,

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No. 115. Lower And Lower.

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

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



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No. 116. Message of Mercy.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Come to the ark of ref - uge, Come to the place of rest;
2. Come to the heart that loves thee, Come to the soul's true home,
3. Christ is the soul's true ref-uge: When breaks the world's fierce blast,

Safe in this qui - et har - bor, Naught can thy peace mo - lest;
Come, while the Lord invites thee, Come, while there yet is room;
He will pro - tect his chil - dren Till all is o - ver - past;

Come with thy guilt to Je - sus, Wea - ry and sore dis - trest;
Tell him thy ev - 'ry sor - row, Naught from this friend withhold;
When storms without are raging, Rest and be not a - fraid;

rit.

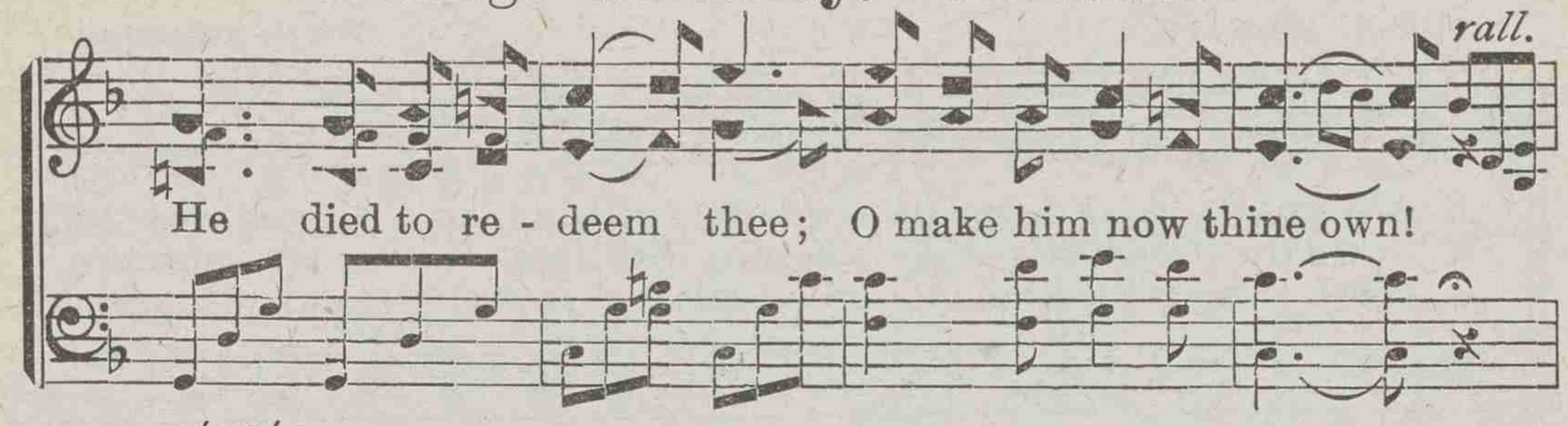
List to his plea, "Come unto me, And I will give you rest." ....
He'll hear thy pray'r, Thy burden bear: Trust in his love untold.
Look to the Lord, Hope in his word, Trust, and be undismayed ...
He is calling thee.

CHORUS. *Unison.* (*Alto part may be sung.*)

O mes-sage of mer - cy! Un - bounded, un - known!

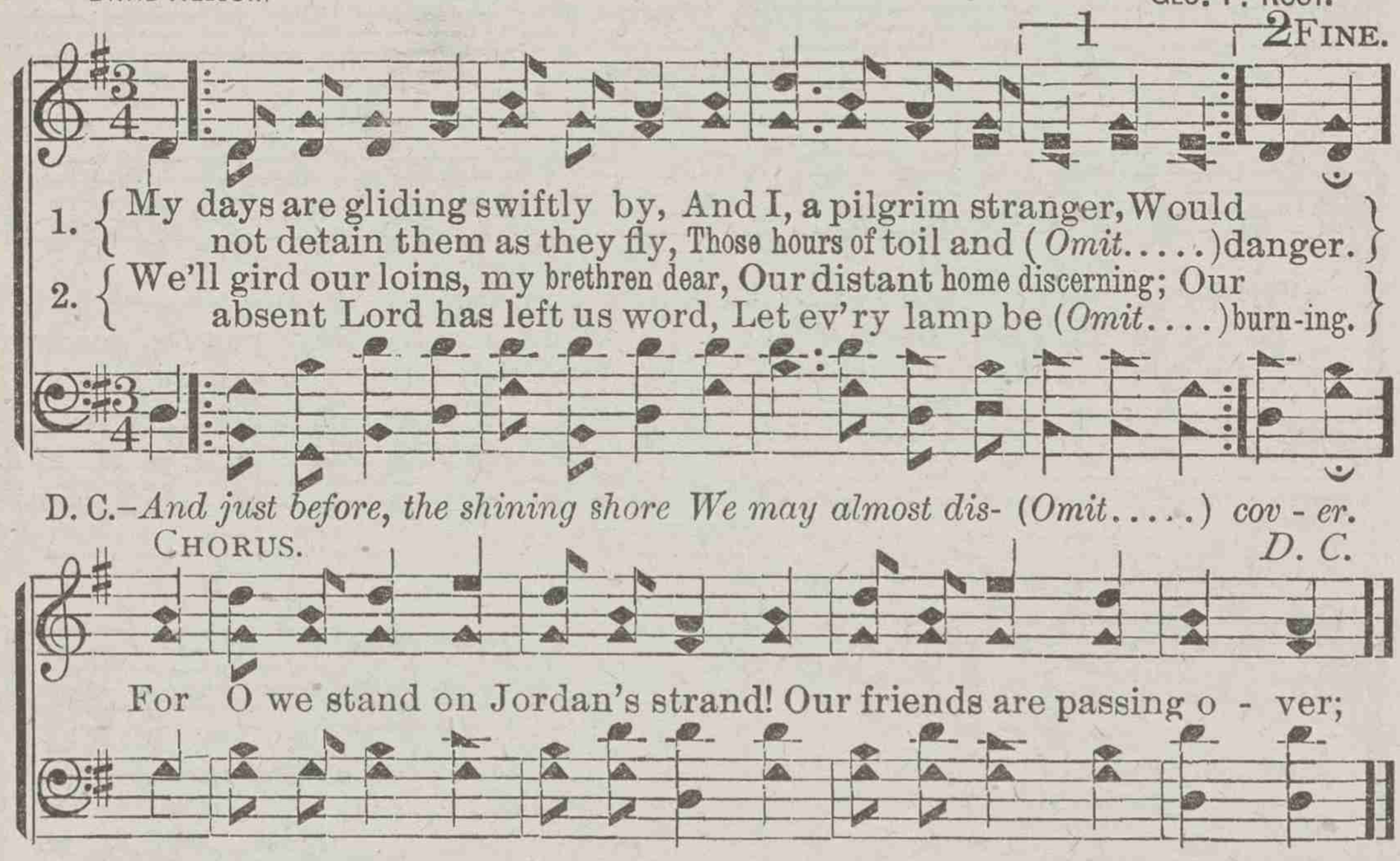
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Message of Mercy. Concluded.



No. 117. The Shining Shore.

DAVID NELSON. GEO. F. ROOT.



3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there's
Forever, O forever! [our home

No. 118. Are You Drifting?

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Are you drift-ing down life's current, Drift-ing on a dang'rous tide?
2. Down the stream of worldly pleasure, Drift-ing, drifting ev - er-more
3. Heed, O heed the kind mo - ni - tion! Give your aimless wand'rings o'er,

Near the rap - ids' fear-ful per - il All un-con-scious do you glide?
T'ward the great unfathomed o - cean, Bound for yon e - ter - nal shore?
Cease to seek in earth your pleasure, Head your bark for heav'n's bright shore,

Down the stream of sin and fol - ly,—Heeding not the dan-ger near,
Drift - ing, drifting,—go - ing—whither? Aimless, purposeless;—how vain!
Take on board the skillful Pi - lot, Use the oars of faith and pray'r;

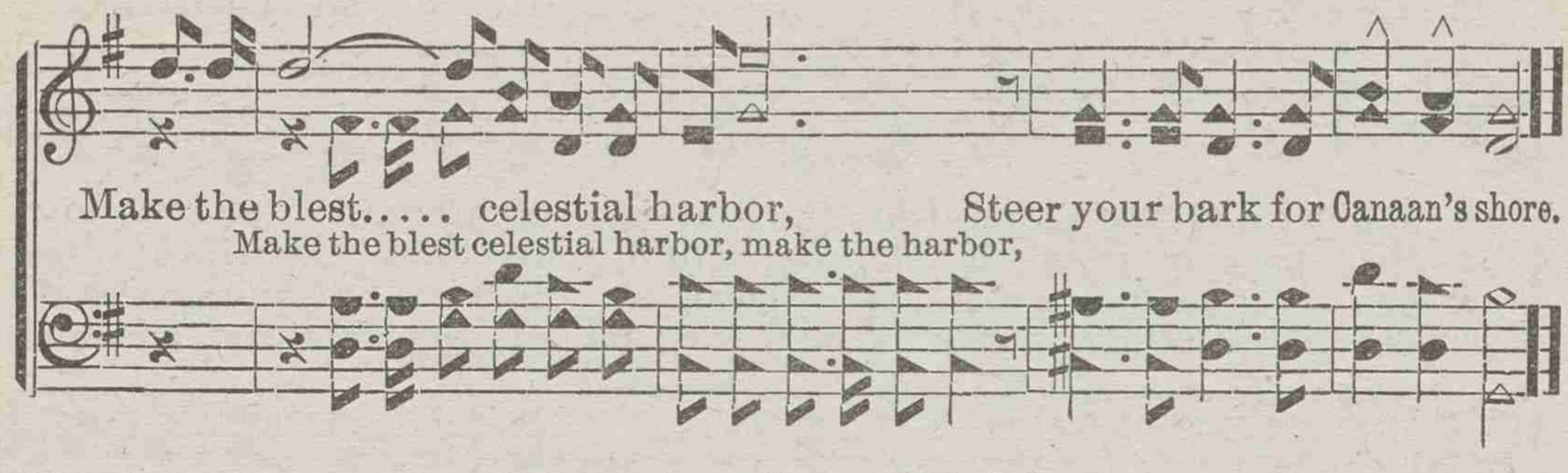
Drift-ing on in self-com - pla-cence, Feel-ing no remorse or fear?
To the dark and dread for-ev - er! What, O what have you to gain!
Then you'll make the port of glo - ry, God will guide you safe-ly there.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Hark the voice.. of yonder Pilot; Cease your drifting, seize the oar;
Hark the voice, the warning voice of yonder Pilot; seize the oar;

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Are You Drifting? Concluded.



No. 119. The Anchor Holds.

MARY D. JAMES. HEB. 6: 19. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 120. Come This Way.

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

1. While wand'ring a - far from the Spir - it of grace, A - far from my home, and the Fa-ther's em-brace, I saw, thro' the gloom, heaven's bright beck'ning ray, And heard a voice call-ing, "Come this way."
2. He took me from sin to the light of his love, To path ways that lead to the man-sions a - bove, And when from his word I am tempt-ed to stray, I hear his voice call-ing, "Come this way."
3. As on-ward I press, he re-veals to my view Fresh pas-tures of peace, wondrous blessings and new; I long more and more all his rule to o - bey, I hear his voice call-ing, "Come this way."
4. When thro' the dark vale I shall trust-ful - ly go, His rod and his staff shall up-hold me I know; I'll pass from the shades to his beau - ti - ful day, I'll hear his voice say-ing, "Come this way."

REFRAIN.

Come this way, Come this way, Lord, I will follow thy beckoning ray;
Come this way, Come this way, Saviour, I'm coming, I'm coming to-day.

*May be sung as an echo, or sung by the Tenors *pp*.

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No. 121. The Pilot of Galilee.

MRS. C. H. M. SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Out on life's o - cean, with per - ils ev - er nigh, I have a
2. Wondrous his pow - er and matchless is his skill, Bil - lows and
3. Fierce was the tem-pest once rag - ing in my soul When of my
4. Hear it, ye storm-tossed up-on the sea of sin, Why will ye

Pi-lot on whom I can re - ly, With him to guide me, life's storms I can de-
tempests obey his sovereign will; Hushed into silence at his blest "Peace, be
bark he my Pi-lot took control, With voice commanding above the thunder's
not take the Heav'nly Pi-lot in? Safe-ly he'll guide you the haven blest to

CHORUS.

fy, 'Tis Christ of Gal - i - lee.
still," This Man of Gal - i - lee. He is my Pi-lot on life's stormy sea,
roll, This Man of Gal - i - lee.
win, This Man of Gal - i - lee.

This wondrous Man of Gal - i - lee; I'm safe in his keep-ing, tho'

storms are round me sweeping, This Pi - lot of Gal - i - lee.

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No. 122. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T. SOLO, DUET OR UNISON. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are end - ed, and parting days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me,
2. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, In life's dark-est hours, Father, when life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring,

rit. *p*

Ne'er from thee I'll roam, If thou'lt only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Lest from thee I roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

CHORUS.

Lead me gen - tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,

Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gen - tly home.
gen - tly home.

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and the Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

No. 123. Pilot Me.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. On the o - cean of life we are sail - ing, For the Ca-naan a -
2. For he knows where the dangers are lurking, Where the rocks and the
3. Soon the ha-ven our barques will be nearing, The Je - ru - sa - lem

bove we are bound; We are cer-tain the port to be gain-ing Since the
hid - den reefs lie; We are safe tho' the billows are breaking, And the
gold - en and fair; Soon the lights of the cit - y ap-pear-ing, Soon the

CHORUS.

heavenly Pilot we've found, Pi - lot me, pi-lot me;
hungry waves dash mountain high.
home of the ransomed we'll share.

O Sav-iour, pi - lot, pi-lot me;

Take the helm in thine own hand, Bring my sinking barque to land; Pilot
Pi - lot me,

me,.... pi-lot me,.... Pi - - lot me.....
pi-lot me, Sav-iour, pi-lot me, Je-sus, Saviour, pi - lot e - ven me.

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No. 124. Jesus Is Enough for Me.

G. A. G. GEO. A. GRISWOLD.

1. "Glo-ry to God in the high-est," This is the cry of my soul;
2. For my in - iq - ui - ty dy - ing, Je - sus on Cal-va - ry bled;
3. What I shall be in the fu - ture Does not in fullness ap - pear,

Blessings like billows of mer - cy O'er me un-ceas-ing-ly roll.
Ma-ny a drop of his heart's blood For my sal - va-tion was shed.
Viewed in a mirror but dark - ly, Seen thro' the cloud and the tear;

Je-sus has come to il - lu - mine My dark and sorrowful heart;
Now there is no condem-na - tion, Gone is my burden of sin;
But this I know with re-joic-ing, When all my battles are past,

So sweet I find his com-mun-ion, Nev-er from him will I part.
Longings for pur-i - ty fill me, I would be spotless with - in.
Purged from my errors and earth-stains, I shall be like him at last.

CHORUS.

I will fol - low Je - sus by the help of God, Thro' the lone-ly

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Jesus Is Enough for Me. Concluded.

path where Calv'ry's He-ro trod; The world and all its fol - ly I

rit.

would for - ev - er flee: Je - sus is enough for me.....
is e-nough for me.

No. 125. Jesus, I Come to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, I come to thee, Long-ing for rest; Fold thou thy
2. Je - sus, I come to thee, Hear thou my cry; Save, or I
3. Now let the roll-ing waves Bend to thy will, Say to the
4. Swift-ly the parting clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der thy

CHORUS.

wea - ry child Safe to thy breast.
per - ish, Lord, Save or I die. Rocked on a storm-y sea,
trou-bled deep, Peace, peace be still.
bow ap-pears, Love - ly and bright.

O be not far from me. Lord, let me cling to thee, On - ly to thee.

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No. 126. It Is My Lord.

ADA BLENKHORN. May be sung as a duet and chorus. JAS. M. BLACK.

1. Above the tempest of the seas, A voice of sweet command I hear;
2. When friends forsake and foes assail, I feel the sacred presence near
3. When bowed by some great sorrow deep, A tender hand wipes ev'ry tear,
4. When darkest clouds have passed away, The heavens shine serene and clear,

The waves o - bey the word of peace,—It is my Lord to me so
Of One who can - not, will not fail,—It is my Lord to me so
And faithful watch with me doth keep,—It is my Lord to me so
And songs of glad-ness fill the day,—It is my Lord to me so

CHORUS.

dear.... It is my Lord,..... It is my Lord, ... His
so dear. It is my Lord, It is my Lord,

tender, loving voice I hear,..... It is my Lord, ...
his lov-ing voice I hear, It is my Lord,

rit.

It is my Lord, (my Lord,) to me so dear, to me so dear.....
It is my Lord, to me so dear.

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No. 127. Has He Saved You?

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

1. This Jesus who came from his home in the sky, To suffer for sinners, as-
2. He calls to the burdened, the sad and oppressed, And bids all the weary to
3. Unnumbered the souls who have heeded his voice, On earth, or in heaven, in
4. There's no disappointment in coming to him, The cup of his blessing o'er-

cend-ed on high; Abundant sal - va-tion he of - fers a - new; He's a
come and find rest; He'll keep them and comfort them life's journey thro'; He's a
him they rejoice; The Giver of grace will bestow glory too; He's a
runneth the brim; His Spirit is waiting your soul to re-new; He's a

CHORUS.

wonderful Saviour, but has he saved you? Has he saved you? Has he saved

you? He's a wonderful Saviour, But has he saved you? Has he saved you?

Has he saved you? He's a wonderful Saviour, But has he saved you?

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No. 128. The Waiting Guest.

MRS. R. N. TURNER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

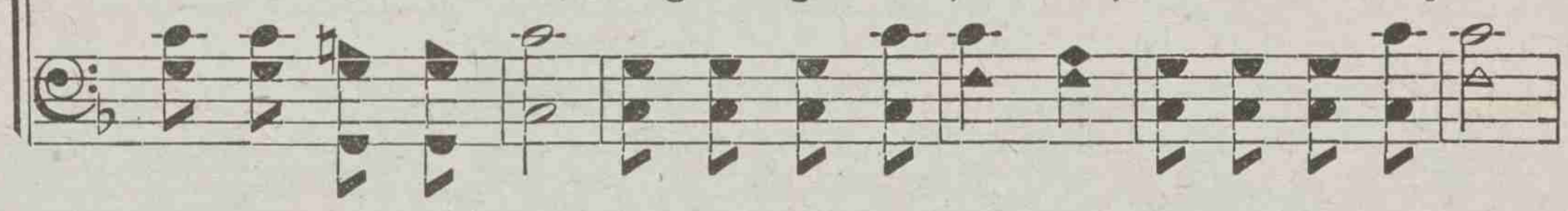


1. Who is this that waiteth, Waiteth for my call, While the dews of morning
2. Who is this that waiteth In the storm outside, Sad and worn and weary,
3. O it is my Sav-iour! Saw I not before All that bleeding sor-row,
4. Thou shalt wait no longer In the gloom outside! En-ter, O sweet Stranger,





Gently round him fall? Hark! I hear him knocking, Knocking at my door,
Still his wish de-nied? O such gen-tle patience Must an entrance win;
All that anguish sore? Saw I not the nail-prints, When his blood was shed?
And with me a-bide! Long I sought thee, Saviour, Thou wast at my door!

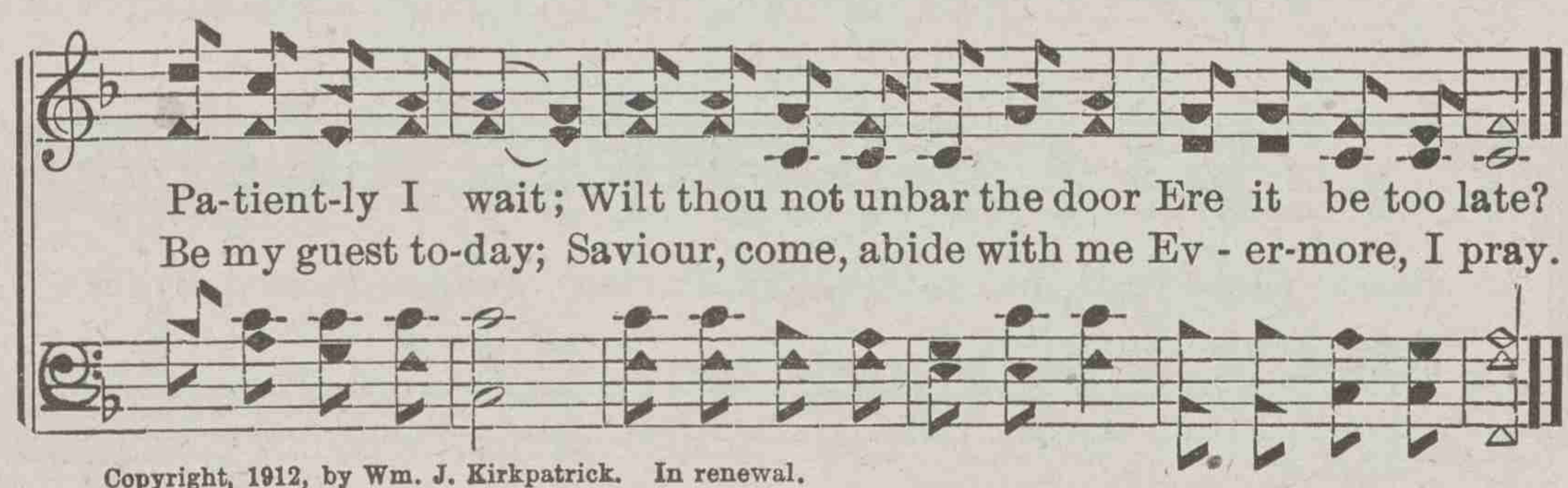


CHORUS.



Asking me for entrance,—Pleading o'er and o'er!
Still I hear him pleading, "Let me en-ter in." Let me in, let me in,
Saw I not the thorn-crown On his kingly head?
Now I bid thee welcome, Welcome evermore! O come in, O come in,





Pa-tient-ly I wait; Wilt thou not unbar the door Ere it be too late?
Be my guest to-day; Saviour, come, abide with me Ev - er-more, I pray.

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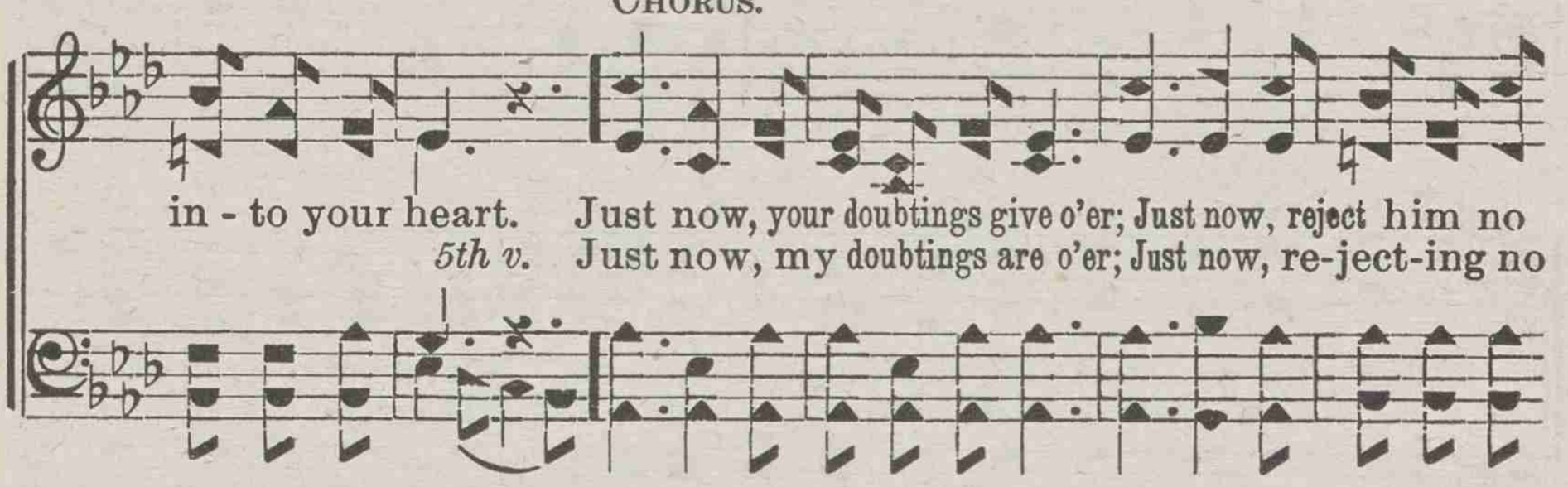
No. 129. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart; If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
2. If 'tis for pur-i-ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart; If there's a void this world nev-er can fill, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart; Find what a Friend he will be un-to you, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart; If you would en-ter the mansions of rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.

CHORUS.



in-to your heart. Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, reject him no more; Just now, throw open the door, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
5th v. Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-ject-ing no more; Just now, I open the door, And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.

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No. 130. Patiently Pleading.

JAMES ROWE. DUET. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus is pleading, Pa-tient-ly pleading, Sweetly and ten-der - ly,
2. Moments are speeding, Still he is pleading; Much he has suffered the
3. Je - sus is pleading, Ten-der - ly pleading; Sin-ner, no lon-ger re -

sin-ner, with thee; He will receive thee, Comfort, relieve thee, Seek him this
soul to redeem; Sorely to need him, Surely to heed him, Hasten at
sist that sweet voice; Gladly he'll meet thee, Lovingly greet thee; Trust him com -

CHORUS.

mo-ment, sal-va - tion is free,
once to the soul-cleansing stream. Go not a-way, Seek him to - day,
plete-ly, be saved and re - joice.

For he is wait - ing thy Saviour to be; Nev-er-more grieve him,

Come and re-ceive him; Free-ly he of - fers a par - don for thee.

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No. 131. Is He Thine?

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. I have a kind Saviour, a mer-ci-ful friend, Whose tender compassion en-
2. This friend and Redeemer is might-y to save, To res-cue the fall-en his
3. No longer a way-far-ing prod-i - gal rove, But come and rejoice in his

dures to the end; Each moment he saves me by pow-er di-vine, This
life-blood he gave; To him be all hon-or and glo - ry di-vine! This
par - don and love; A - rise and confess him, your Saviour divine, And

f *dim.* *rit.* CHORUS.

blessed Redeemer is mine. (is he thine?)
blessed Redeemer is mine. (is he thine?) O I know he is mine, this Re -
say, "This Redeemer is mine." (he is mine.)

deemer is mine! Each moment he saves me by power di-vine; He is

cres.

true to the end, blessed Master and Friend; Is this wonderful Saviour thine?

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No. 132. Building Day By Day.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. HERBERT D. LOTHROP.

1. We are building in sor-row, and building in joy, A tem-ple the
2. Ev-'ry deed forms a part in this building of ours, That is done in the
3. Then be watchful and wise, let the temple we rear Be one that no

world cannot see; But we know it will stand if we found it on a
name of the Lord; For the love that we show and the kindness we be-
tempest can shock; For the Master has said, and he taught us in his

CHORUS.

rock, Thro' the a-ges of e - ter - ni - ty.
stow, He has promised us a bright re-ward. We are building day by
word, We must build upon the sol-id Rock.

day, as the moments glide away, Our temple, which the world may not
which the

see; Ev-'ry vic-t'ry won by grace Will be sure to find its place
world may not see;

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Building Day By Day. Concluded.

ad lib.

In our build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty. e - ter - ni - ty.
for e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 133. Jesus Only.

E. NASON. C. H. MARSH.

1. Je - sus on - ly, when the morning Beams upon the path I tread;
2. Je - sus on - ly, when the bil-lows Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
3. Je - sus on - ly, when a-dor - ing Saints their crowns before him bring;

Je - sus on - ly, when the darkness Gathers round my wea-ry head.
Je - sus on - ly, when the trumpet Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.
Je - sus on - ly, I will joy - ous Thro' e - ter-nal a - ges sing.

CHORUS.

Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, Let me see thy face di-vine,

rit.

May my stubborn will be yield - ed, Ful - ly yielded, Lord, to thine.

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No. 134. Lifetime is Working Time.

MRS. CARRIE A. BRECK. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Life-time is working time, spend no idle days; Je - sus is call-ing thee on the harvest ways; Working with a willing hand, sing a song of praise;
2. Life-time is working time, learn where duty lies; Grasp ev'ry passing day as a precious prize; Glad to help the sorrowing, glad to sym-pa-thize,
3. Life-time is working time, do thy honest part; Tho' in discouragements, bear a cheerful heart; Trusting Jesus as a friend, ne'er from him depart;

CHORUS.

Work, ev - er work for Je - sus! Swiftly the hours of la - bor fly, Freighted with love let each pass by; There is joy in la - bor for the struggling neighbor, Work, ever work for Je - sus!

Work, work, work,

No. 135. Harvest Fields Are Waiting.

BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Harvest fields are waiting, White the waving grain; Christ the Master calleth,
2. Harvest fields are waiting, Do not linger long; Borne upon the breezes,
3. Harvest fields are waiting, Who will come to-day, Join the band of reapers,

Soon the day will wane: Hasten at his bidding, Join the reap-er band;
Comes the reaper's song: Patiently, O toil-er, Pluck the gold-en grain
Bear the sheaves away? Soon the day of toiling Will be ev-er past;

CHORUS.

Help them at their labor, Work with willing hand. Har - vest fields are
Ere the shades of evening Fall o'er hill and plain.
May the Master's greeting Be, "Well done," at last! Harvest fields are waiting,

wait - ing, La - - bor while you may;.....
Harvest fields are waiting, Labor while you may, Labor while you may;

Time..... is swiftly fly - ing, Come and work to-day.
Time is swiftly flying, Time is swiftly flying,

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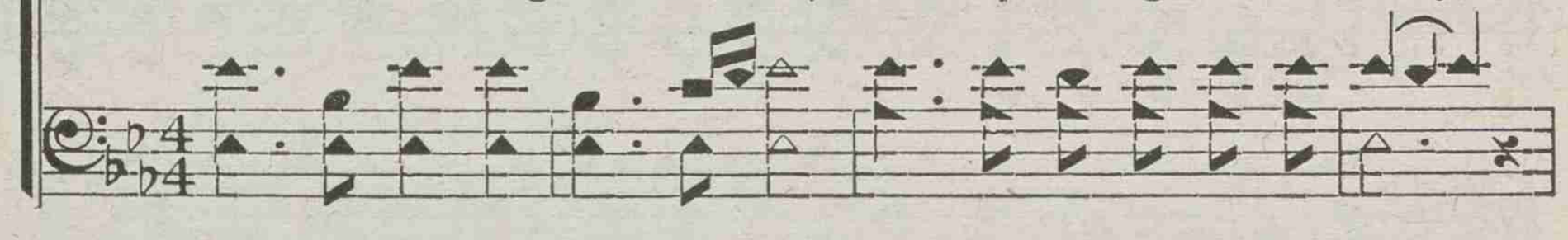
No. 136. Lead Me, Father.

SOLO, DUET OR QUARTET.

NELLIE B. SWEETS. MRS. FANNIE L. SIMPSON.



1. Lead me, Fa-ther, lead, I pray, For the night is dark and wild,
2. Lead me when the morning dawns, Lest in paths of sin I stray,
3. Lead me in the noonday clear, When night's shadows all are gone,
4. When the eve-ning draw-eth on, And my courage ebbs a - way,





And I can-not see my way; Fa-ther, lead thy trem-bling child.
Lest earth's pleasures lure my soul, Lead me in the nar - row way.
Lest I leave thy ten - der care, Lest I dare to walk a - lone.
Lead me then till comes the dawn Of the ev - er - last - ing day.

CHORUS.



mf Lead.....me, Father, lead.....me, Father, For the night is dark and wild;
Lead, O lead me, Fa-ther, lead, O lead me, Fa-ther, the night is dark and wild;



Lead..... me, Father, lead, O lead me, Lead thy trembling child.
Lead, O lead me, Fa - ther,



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No. 137. Nothing But Leaves!

SOLO OR DUET.

LUCY EVELINA ACKERMAN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Nothing but leaves! the Spirit grieves O'er years of wast-ed life;
2. Nothing but leaves! no gather'd sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain;
3. Nothing but leaves! sad mem'ry weaves No veil to hide the past;
4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas-ter meet, And bring but withered leaves?

O'er sins in-dulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and prom - is -
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds, Words, i - dle words, for
And as we trace our wea - ry way, And count each lost and
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet, Be - fore the aw - ful

es un-kept, And reap from years of strife— Noth - ing but
earnest deeds—Then reap, with toil and pain, Noth - ing but
misspent day, We sad - ly find at last— Noth - ing but
judgment-seat, Lay down for gold-en sheaves, Noth - ing but

ad lib.

leaves! Noth - ing but leaves! Noth-ing, Noth-ing but leaves!

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No. 138. 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 Saviour, from thee; But thy dear lov-ing voice called 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 bos - om of mer - cy di - vine; I am filled with the light of thy 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.

Welcome 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 refuge in thee. in thee.

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No. 139. 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. 140. Beautiful Waters of Eden.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Mur-mur-ing soft - ly, car - ol-ing gen - tly, Mu-sic en-chant-ing com-eth to me; O - ver the wa-ters, beau-ti - ful wa-ters, Where in the
2. Si - lent - ly mus-ing, bliss-ful-ly gaz - ing In - to the fu - ture teeming with light, Sweetly the ech-oes float-ing around me Whisper of
3. There our Re-deem-er, lov-ing Re-deem-er, Gath-ers the faith - ful safe on his breast, Out of the changing in-to the changeless, Out of the

home-land soon I shall be. How, like a vi - sion, ten-der - ly steal - ing O - ver my spir - it, wea - ry, oppressed; Drawing me
E - den, love-ly and bright: E - den, where summer, fade-less, e - ter - nal, Scat-ters its ros - es, blooming for aye; There is no
toil - ing in - to the rest. Welcome the mo - ment when to his pres - ence Joy - ful my spir - it flies like a bird; O what a

upward, urging me forward, Telling of sun-shine, rapture and rest.
part-ing, there is no weeping, Sorrow and sigh-ing van-ish a - way.
mor - row, O what a meeting, Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard.

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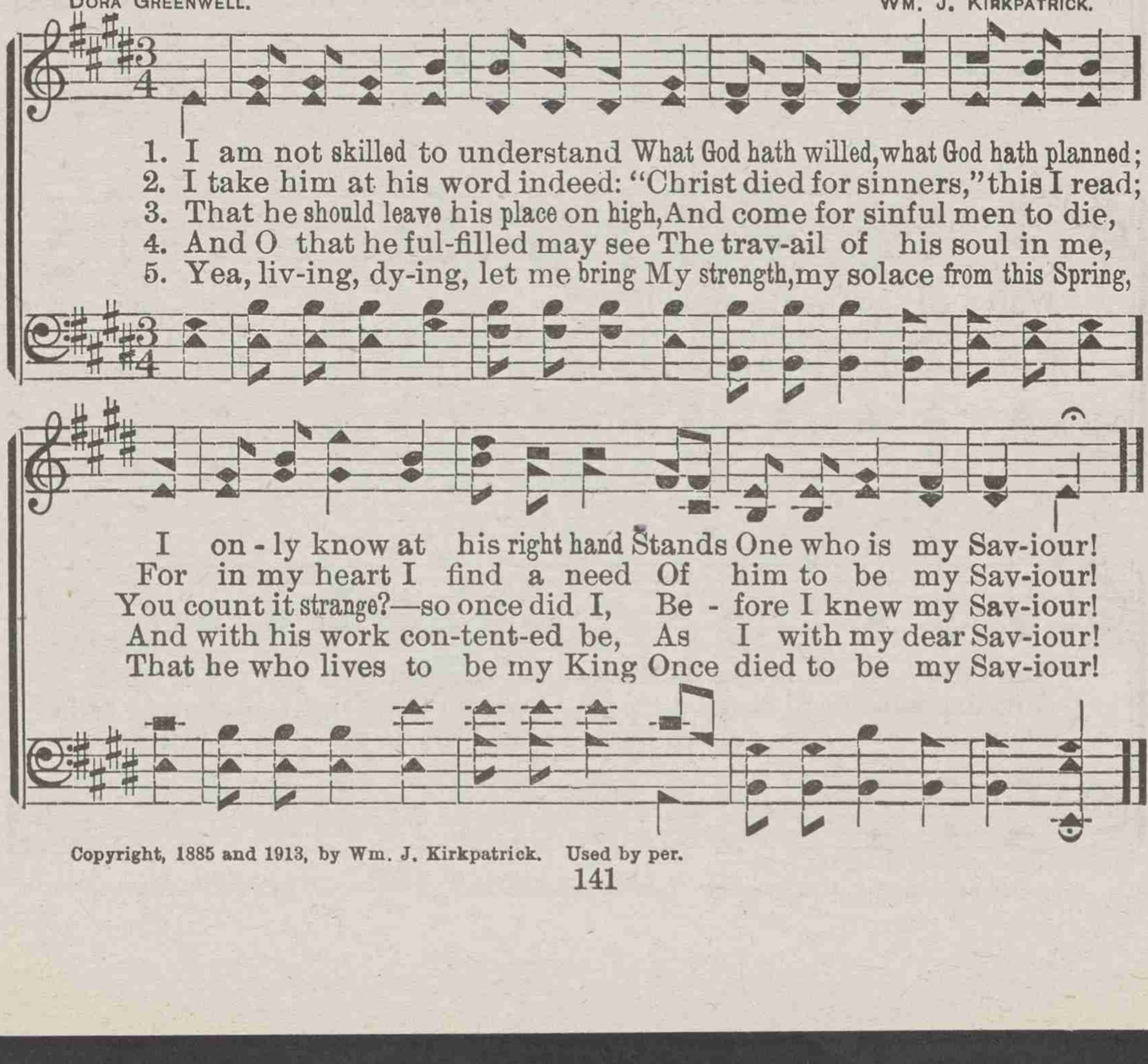
Beautiful Waters of Eden. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 141. My Saviour.

DORA GREENWELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 142. Valley of Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Val - ley of E - den, be-yond the sea, Ha - ven of rest,
2. Val - ley of E - den, the soul's dear home, Bright are thy hills,
3. Val - ley of E - den, be-yond the sea, Love - ly thy bow'rs,

tran-quil and blest; An-chored for - ev - er we soon shall be,
peace-ful thy rills; Hap - py for - ev - er we soon shall roam
fade-less thy flow'rs; Val - ley of E - den, we dream of thee,

Gathered with Jesus to rest; Songs of the ransomed are floating in air,
Over thy bright, blooming hills; Thine are the beauties that never de-cay,
Dream of thy beautiful bow'rs. Friends that were parted with rapture shall meet,

Waft - ed to earth from thy re - gions so fair; An - gels are
Thine is the light of a shad - ow-less day; Voic - es of
Cast - ing their crowns at Im - man - u - el's feet; Still the glad

ten - der - ly call - ing us there, Call-ing the wea - ry to rest.
loved ones are call - ing a - way, Home to thy bright, blooming hills.
voic - es of an - gels re-peat, "Come to the val - ley of flow'rs."

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Valley of Rest. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Repeat pp.*

Come, come, come, come,
Come to this val - ley of E - den fair, Weary and sorrow op-pressed;

Angels are tenderly calling us there, Come to this valley of rest.....
Come, come, come, come, this val - ley of rest.

No. 143.

Rest in Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Come with all thy sor - row, Wea - ry, wan-d'ring soul!
2. He, thy strength in weak - ness, Will thy ref - uge be;
3. Come in faith, be - liev - ing, To his will re - signed;
4. See the door of mer - cy! Wouldst thou en - ter there?

CHORUS.

Come to him who loves thee—He will make thee whole.
Cast on him thy bur - den—He will care for thee. There is rest in
Ask, and he will give thee; Seek, and thou shalt find.
Knock, and he will o - pen; Lo! the key is pray'r.

p *rit.*

Je-sus, sweet, sweet rest, There is rest in Je - sus, sweet, sweet rest.

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No. 144. O Motherland! O Homeland!

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

1. O Home - land! O Home - land! I close my wea - ry eyes,
2. O Home - land! O Home - land! No moan - ing of the sick,
3. O Home - land! O Home - land! The veil is ver - y thin
4. O Home - land! O Home - land! One—Chief of all thy band,

And let the hap - py vi - sion Be - fore my spir - it rise.
No cry - ing of the wea - ry, No sigh-ing of the weak;
That stretches thy dear mead - ows And this cold world be - tween;
One— al - to - geth-er love - ly, One—Lord of all the land,

Now, like an in - fant cry - ing It's moth - er's face to see,
But sound of chil-dren's voic - es, And shout of saint - ly song,
A breath a - side may blow it, A heart-throb burst it through,
Stands, ea - ger at the gate - way; The bridegroom waits his bride;

O Moth - er-land! O Home-land! I stretch my arms to thee!
Are heard thy hap - py high - ways And gold - en streets a - long.
And bring in one glad mo - ment Thy hap - py land to view.
And rest - ing on his bo - som, "I shall be sat - is - fied."

Refrain. *Unison.*

O Moth-er - land! O Home-land! Thy glories I soon may see!

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O Motherland! O Homeland! Concluded.

Ritardando.....



No. 145. Each Passing Day.

SOLO OR DUET.

DR. M. VICTOR STALEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 146. One of God's Days.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. One of God's days, ev-'ry dark cloud, Hid-ing the sun-light of
2. One of God's days, those who are now Faith-ful to Je - sus in
3. One of God's days loved ones so dear, Who in the glo - ry are

heav-en - ly grace, He will re-move, And face to face we shall see
life's constant maze, Soon shall see light; Then will they know all of life's
sing-ing his praise, Lost for a while, We shall soon meet with all the

CHORUS.

Je - sus, One of God's days.
meaning, One of God's days. One of God's days, beau-ti - ful days,
ransomed, One of God's days.

We shall in glo - ry sing his praise; Fightings all done,

rit.

Vic - to - ries won, We shall see Je - sus, One of God's days.

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No. 147. In the Sweet By and By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way,
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more,
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love,

CHORUS.

To prepare us a dwelling place there. In the sweet by and by,
Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.
And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beauti-ful shore; In the
by and by, by and by,

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by and by,

No. 148. Homeland of the Blest.

G. A. G. GEO. A. GRISWOLD.

p Moderately fast.

1. Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! thou homeland of the blest! I
2. Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! up - on thy peace-ful shore Temp-
3. Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! with-in thy por - tals high My

mf

fain would be a shar-er in thy joy - ful rest; And tho' unmurm'ring,
ta-tions cease and tri - als come to vex no more; While smarting here in
friends are passing one by one as years roll by; And lone - ly I shall

here I stay till Christ shall bid me come, Yet thou, O sa-cred cit - y,
heart and flesh beneath cor-rec-tion's rod, I know a rest re-main-eth
be on earth and longings will im - pel My spir-it t'ward the place where-

art my soul's true home. I cov-et not thy splendor, thy halls of dazzling
for the sons of God. I suf-fer here with Je-sus, but soon the fier - y
in my loved ones dwell. Those absent ones return not, but I to them shall

grace, But O! to dwell with Je - sus and see him face to face.
test Will end, and I shall en - ter in - to his per-fect rest.
go, And find them crowned with glo - ry, and pure as drift - ed snow.

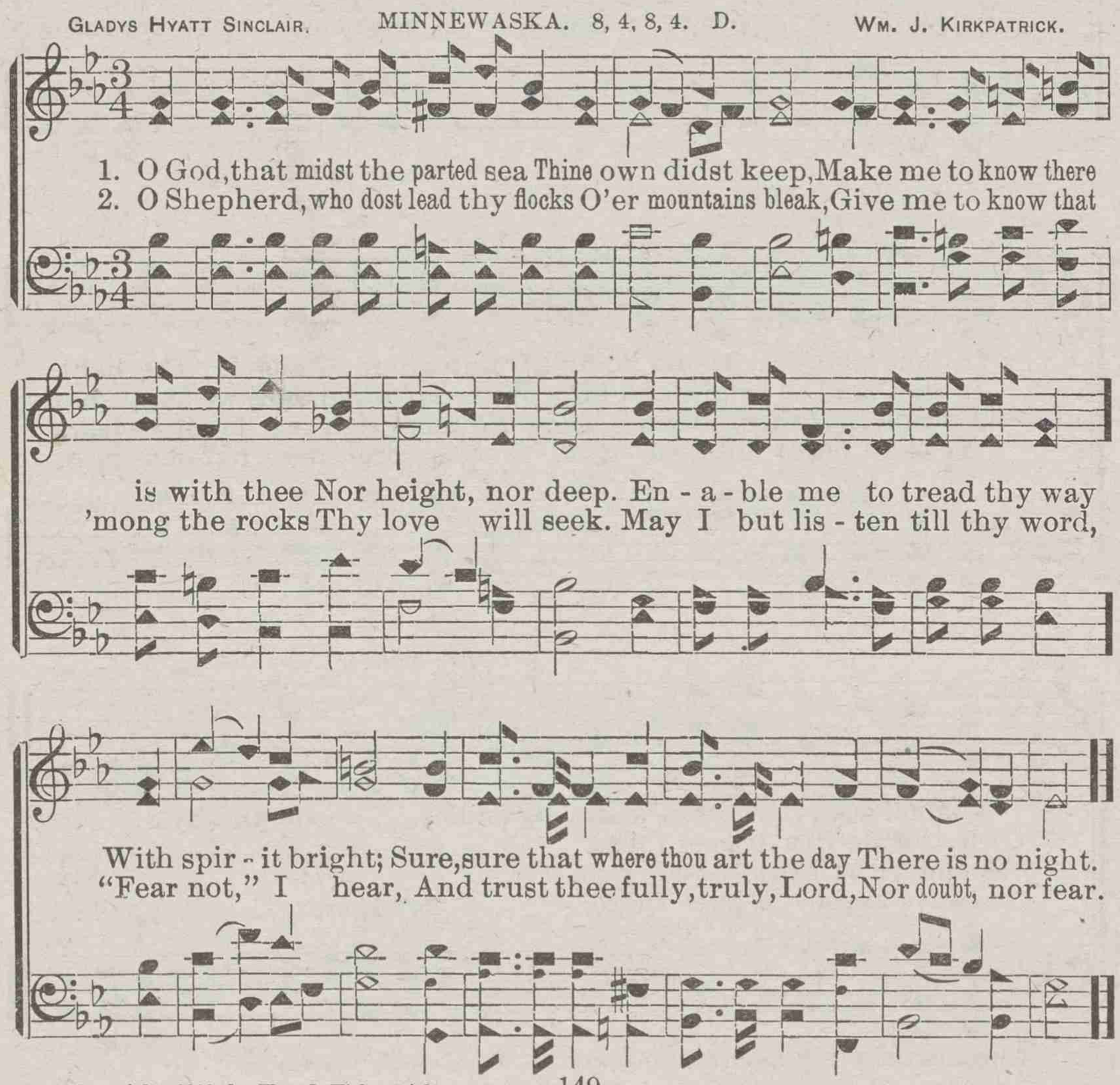
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Homeland of the Blest. Concluded.



No. 149. O God, that Midst the Parted Sea.

Gladys Hyatt Sinclair. MINNEWASKA. 8, 4, 8, 4. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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No. 150. God Shall Wipe All Tears Away.

LOTTA B. WHITE. ISA. 25: 8. A. B. MORTON.



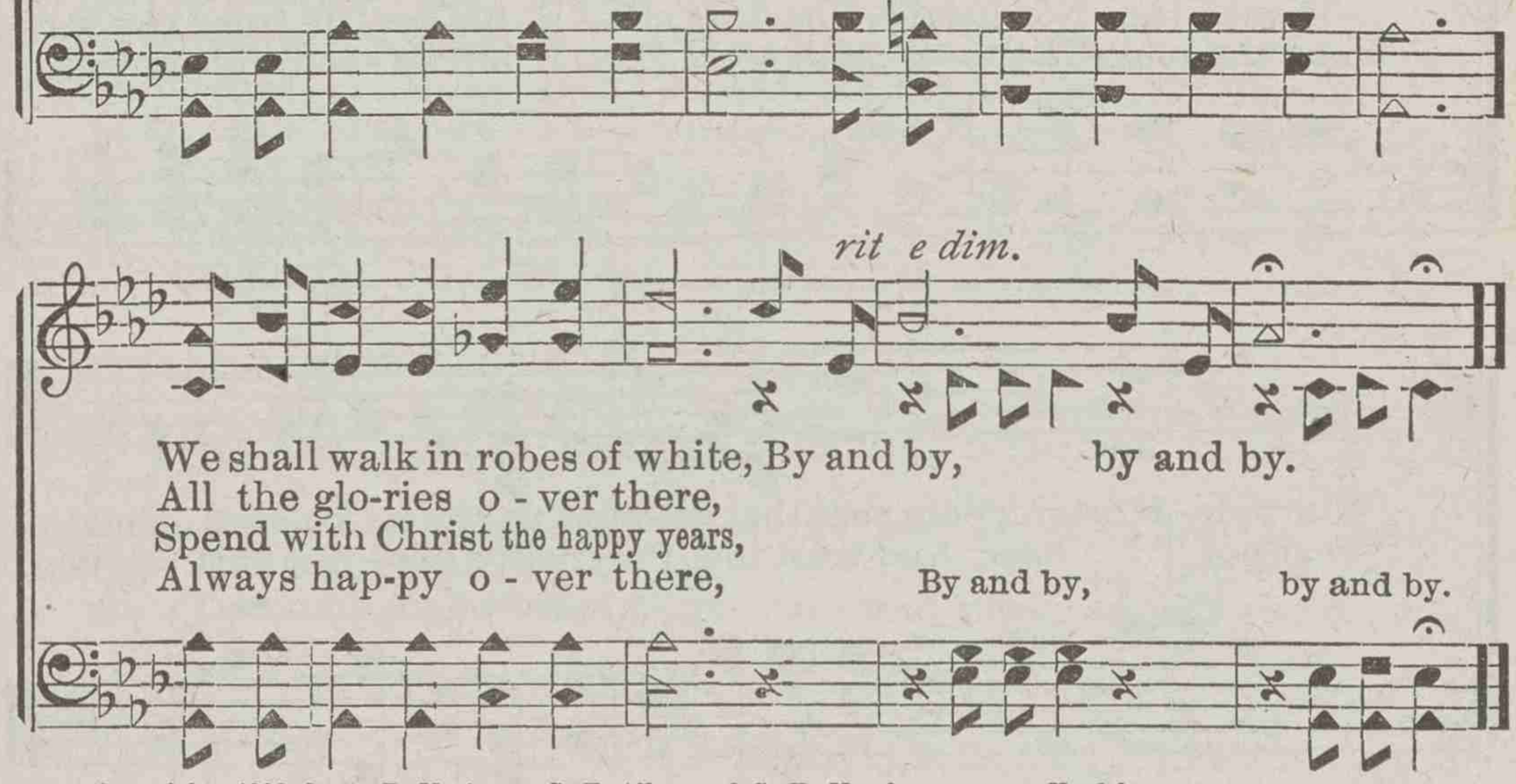
1. God shall wipe all tears a-way, By and by, by and by,
2. God shall wipe all tears a-way,
3. God shall wipe all tears a-way,
4. God shall wipe all tears a-way, By and by, by and by,



When earth's night has passed a-way, By and by, by and by;
In that res-ur-rec-tion day,
All earth's sorrows will repay,
We shall sing his praise for aye, By and by, by and by;



In that land that knows no night, But where Je-sus is the light,
In that land so bright and fair, With our loved ones we shall share
No more partings, no more tears, No more sigh-ing, no more fears,
We shall never know a care, Nor a grief nor bur-den bear,



We shall walk in robes of white, By and by, by and by.
All the glo-ries o - ver there,
Spend with Christ the happy years,
Always hap-py o - ver there, By and by, by and by.

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No. 151. Some Blessed Morning.

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

1. Some blessed morning the sky will be clear, No ling'ring shadow to wak - en a fear; Sun - shine e - ter - nal will ban - ish the gloom,
2. Some blessed morning the race will be run, Look-ing to Je - sus, the goal will be won; Night will be end - ed, and storms will be o'er,
3. Some blessed morning our loved ones we'll meet, In that bright country where joy is complete; There shall we see him whom un-seen we love,
4. Some blessed morning! then, courage is ours, Strength will be given for life's pass-ing hours; Ev - 'ry sweet blessing the sweet - er shall be,

CHORUS.

Flow'rs never fad-ing will burst in - to bloom.
Nothing shall grieve us on yon - der fair shore. Some blessed morning,
We shall be like him, in man-sions a - bove.
Since just be-fore us the home-land we see.

Some glo - rious day! We'll reach that cit - y, Not far a - way.

* The small notes may be omitted, or used only with the chorus or alternate verses.

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No. 152. 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
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
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

pure and per - fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
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; When the storms of life are o'er, On the

Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there,

D.S.

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No. 153. 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. 154. O Blessed Hereafter!

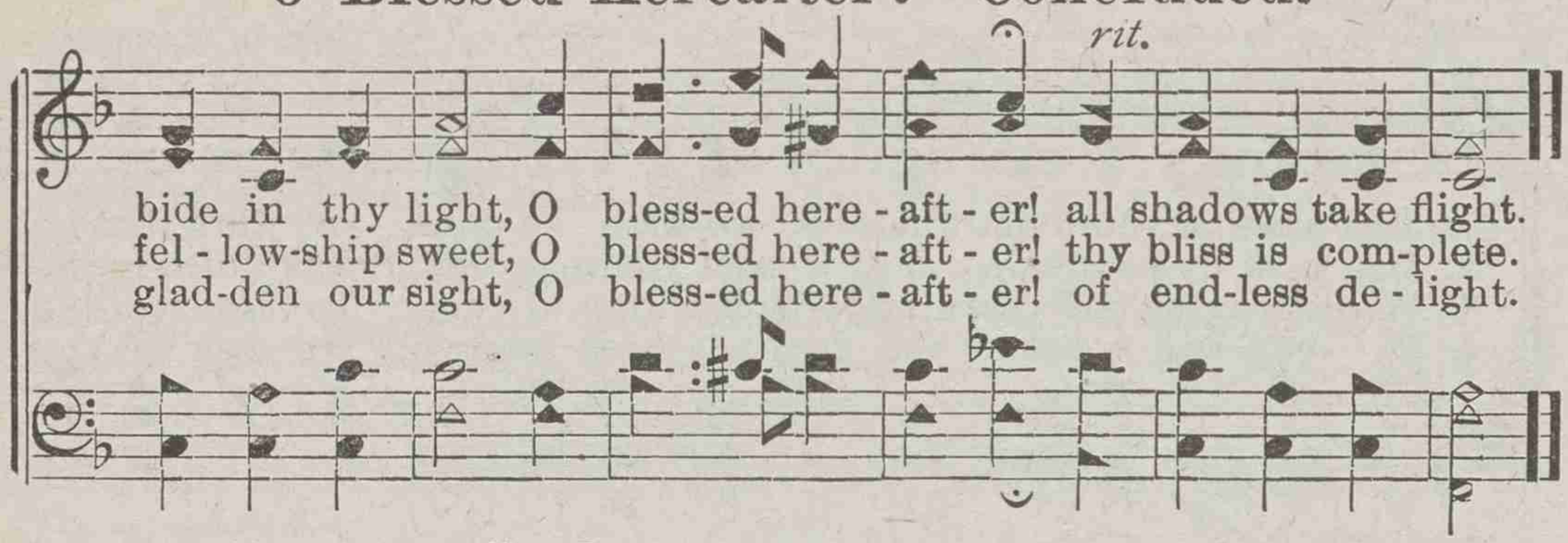
BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O bless - ed here-aft - er! for thee do we long, A glimpse of thy glo - ry, a note of thy song; For sweet is thy prom-ise of
2. O bless - ed here-aft - er! we dream of thy calm, When bruised is the spir - it and earth hath no balm; Some day we shall en - ter thy
3. O bless - ed here-aft - er! for thee must we wait Till God in his wis - dom shall o - pen thy gate; On earth we must la - bor thro' rap - tur-ous joy, Where cares cannot vex us or troubles an - noy.
gate-way of peace And taste of thy pleasures which never will cease.
life's lit - tle day, Thy joys will be giv - en when end-ed the way.

No sor - row up yon-der! all tears wiped a-way, A dwell-ing e - ter - nal in man-sions of day, Where earth's weary pil-grims a -
No part - ing up yon-der! no bit - ter fare-well, Earth's grief all for - got - ten, with loved ones to dwell In hap - py re - un - ion and
No toil - ing up yon-der! the care-worn shall rest Where sin can-not en - ter or dan - ger mo - lest; Thy glo - ries im - mor - tal shall

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O Blessed Hereafter! Concluded.



No. 155. Seal Me Ever Thine.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



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No. 156. Add a Star to Your Crown.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Just close at your hand there is work to be done, A work that no oth - er can do; Some rich, ripened sheaves will for-ev - er be lost, Un-
2. Just now by your side is a soul you may help, Speak quick-ly the life-giv-ing word; The won-der - ful sto - ry of Cal - va - ry tell, And
3. While longing and yearning for something to do, To lead err-ing ones to the light, The un-im-prov'd moments on ea-gle wings flew, And
4. To you and to me the com-mis - sion is giv'n, "Go seek for the wand'rers a-stray;" A shout would go up from the por-tals of heav'n If

less they are gathered by you, Un-less they are gathered by you.
win him to-day for the Lord, And win him to-day for the Lord.
souls have gone out in the night, And souls have gone out in the night.
you should win some one to-day, If you should win some one to-day.

1. by you,

CHORUS.

Add a star to your crown, add a star to your crown, O make haste e'er the sun go - eth down;..... Win a soul for your Lord and re-
go - eth down;

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Add a Star to Your Crown. Concluded.

ceive your re-ward, Add a star, a bright star to your crown.....
to your crown.

No. 157. A Burning and a Shining Light.

E. E. HEWITT. JOHN 5: 35. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Make me, O Lord, by grace divine, A burn-ing and a shin - ing light;
2. Lord, kindle in my heart the flame, A burn-ing and a shin - ing light;
3. O dai - ly feed the flame a-new, A burn-ing and a shin - ing light;
4. To brighten pathways as I go, A burn-ing and a shin - ing light;

For thee to live, for thee to shine, A burning and a shin-ing light.
To mag-ni - fy thy sav-ing name, A burning and a shin-ing light.
That I may ren-der serv-ice true, A burning and a shin-ing light.
To shed around love's cheery glow, A burning and a shin-ing light.

CHORUS.

Burn - - - ing, Shin - - - ing
Burning, burning with the fire of love; Shining, shining for the
ev - er ev - er
King above; By grace divine, O keep me thine! A burning and a shining light.

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No. 158. There's a Glittering Crown.

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

1. Cheer up, O wea-ry pil-grim, to Zi-on's cit-y bound, A man-sion will your loving Lord prepare; Press on thro' light and shadow, let
2. Work on, O will-ing toil-er, and be the service sweet, And cast up- on your Saviour ev-'ry care; The bless-ed gos-pel sto-ry with
3. Fight on, O Christian soldier, our Captain still is nigh, His Spir-it makes us strong to do and dare; Put on the shining ar-mor, and

songs of praise resound; There's a glittering crown awaiting us over there.
burning lips re-peat; There's a glittering crown awaiting us over there.
on his arm re-ly; There's a glittering crown awaiting us over there.

CHORUS.

There's a glittering crown awaiting us o-ver there,..... o-ver there,..... o-ver there;..... There's a glittering crown a-
yes, a-waiting us over there, a-waiting us over there, a-waiting us over there;

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There's a Glittering Crown. Concluded.



No. 159. Face to Face.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK, GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.

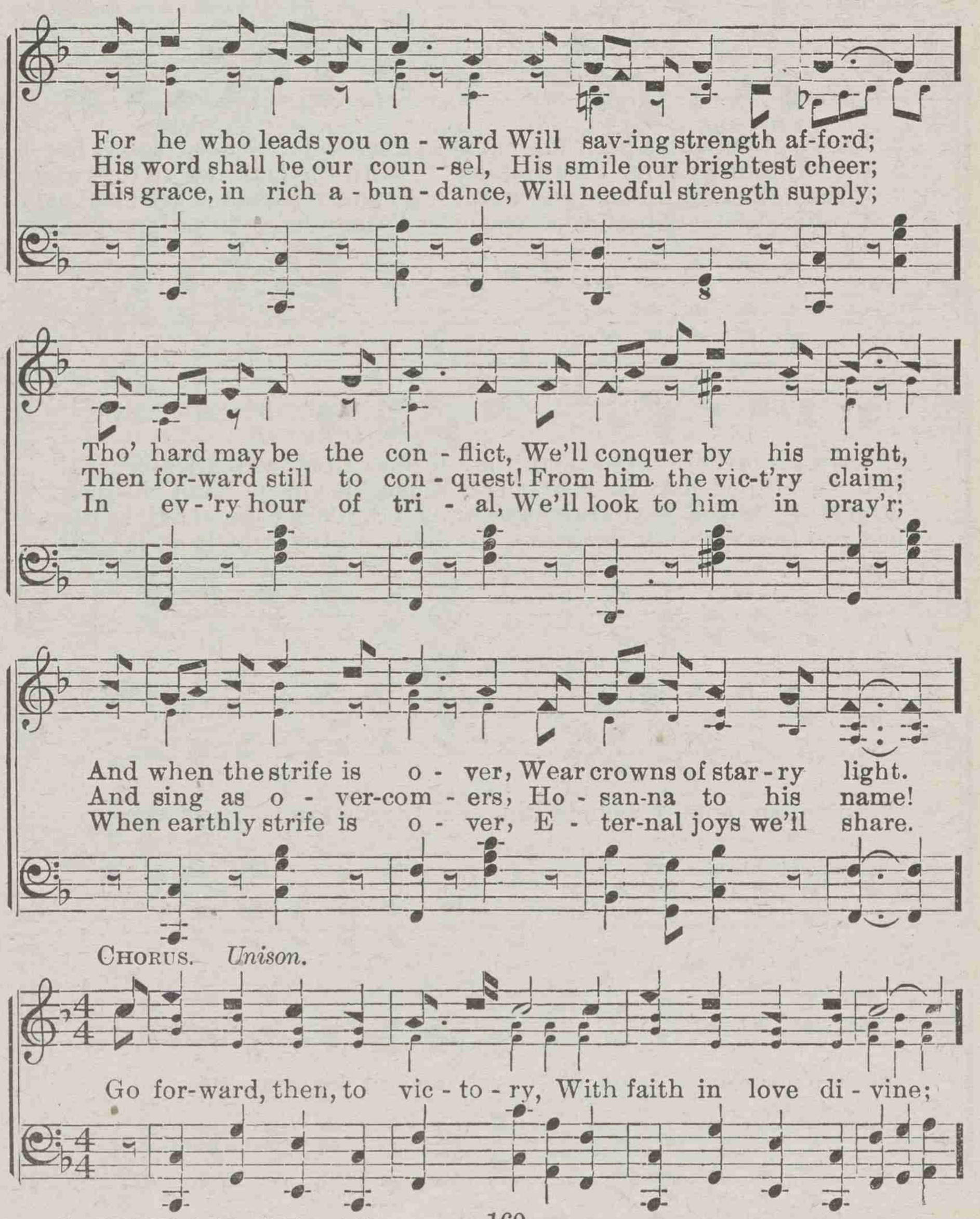


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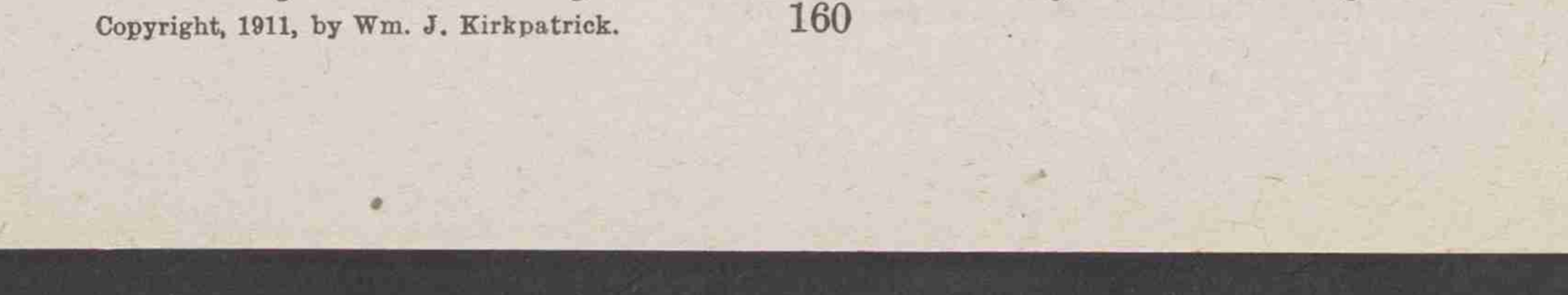
No. 160. Lift Up Your Hearts in Triumph.

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





Chorus. *Unison.*



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Lift Up Your Hearts in Triumph. Concluded.



No. 161. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. HEB. 10: 26. W. A. OGDEN.

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No. 162. So Longeth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O Sav-iour, I long for the gift of thy grace, The gift thou hast promised to me; As pant-eth the hart for the mur-mur-ing brook,
2. I long for a heart where thy temple a-bides, A heart that is gen - tle and mild; I long to be taught from the pa - ges of truth,
3. I long for a faith that is stronger than death, That clings to thy prom-ise di - vine; A hope like an an-chor that can-not be moved,
4. I long to be clothed in a gar-ment of peace, Thy seal on my forehead to bear; And O, on my breast be thy spir - it impressed,

CHORUS.

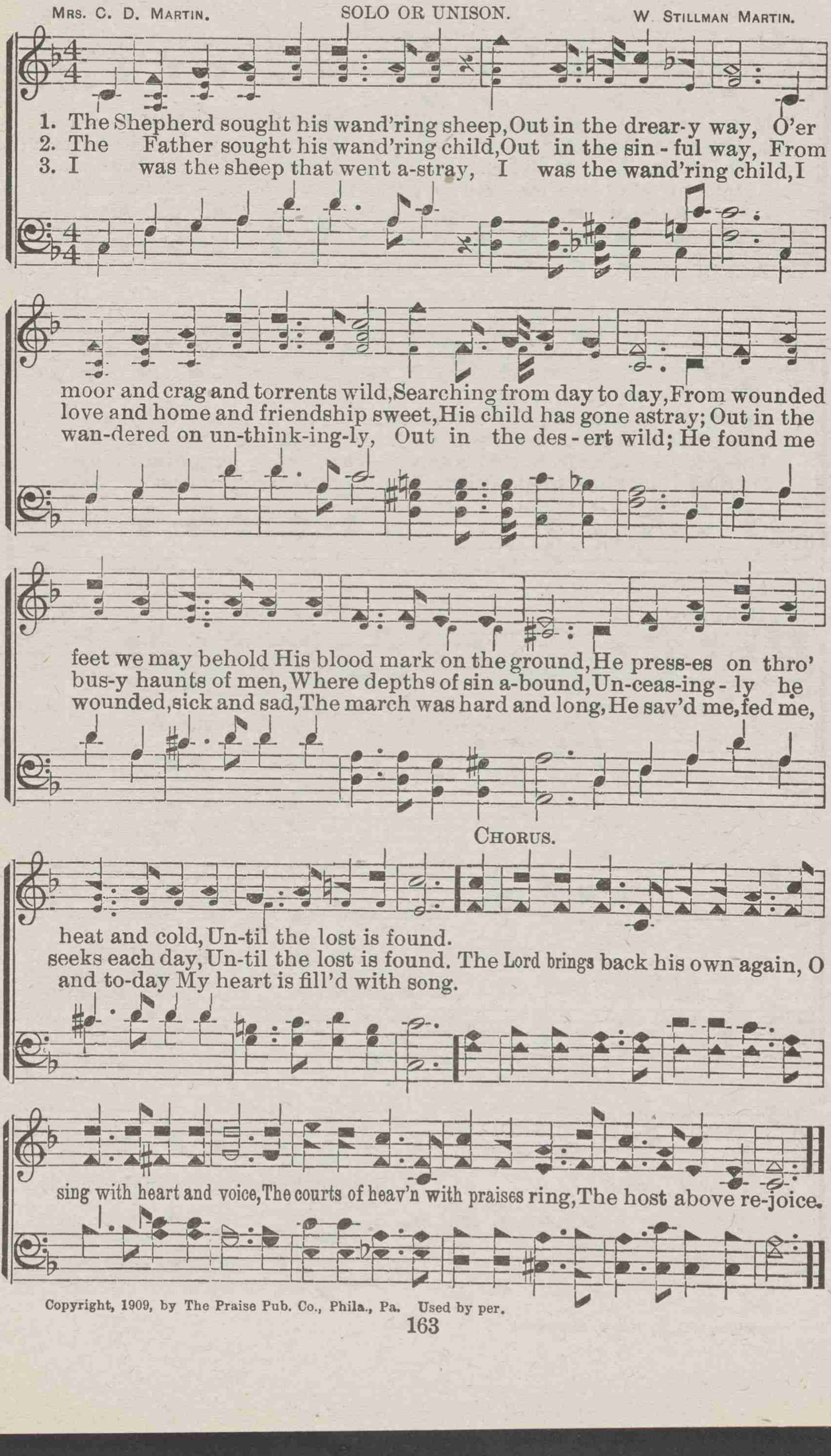
So long-eth my soul for thee.
And sit at thy feet a child. I thirst for the springs of thine
Tho' per - il and storm are mine.
Thine im-age I long to wear.

in - fi-nite love, That flow in the des-ert for me; As pant-eth the hart for the mur-mur-ing brook, So long - eth my soul for thee.

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No. 163. The Lord Brings Back His Own.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. SOLO OR UNISON. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



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No. 164. O Wondrous Grace.

MRS. JULIA A. WILLIAMS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O can it be that I shall see My Sav - iour face to face?
2. Ere time be-gan, Redemption's plan Was ful - ly wrought for me;
3. O grace di-vine! Je - sus is mine, My soul's e - ter - nal stay;
4. Lift up thy face, the God of grace Hath bro - ken Sa-tan's chain;

And joy - ful sing un - to my King, For - ev - er saved by grace?
'Twas grace that gave the Son to save My soul e - ter - nal - ly.
The gift of love from God a-bove,—Thro' grace he's mine for aye.
He died for thee, he'll set thee free, And cleanse from ev-'ry stain.

CHORUS.

O wondrous grace!..... so full and free!..... It o - pens

O wondrous grace! so full and free!

wide..... the gate for me;..... O vi-sion blest!.....

It o-pens wide the gate for me; O vi-sion blest!

I now be-hold..... The jas-per walls, the streets of gold!

I now be-hold

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No. 165. The Open Arms.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O why are you slighting the Saviour, So patient, for-giv-ing, and true?
2. Once led as a lamb to the slaughter, He suffered, and languished, and died;
3. Again the dear Saviour is call-ing, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
4. Again the dear Saviour is pleading, O look to his mer-cy and live;

The arms of his mer-cy are o-pen; He of-fers a welcome to you.
And now, in his ten-der com-pas-sion, He shows you his hands and his side.
Your sun may go down in a moment, The ar-row of death may be nigh.
The pleasures of time are but fleeting, Then trust not the promise they give.

CHORUS.

O come..... to the arms that are waiting, They long .....have been
Come, come, come to the arms that are wait-ing, wait-ing, Come, they long have been

wait-ing for you; O come..... to your lov-ing Re-
wait-ing for you, waiting for you; Come, come, come to your lov-ing Re-

poco rit.

deem - er, So gen - tle, forgiving, and true.
deemer, your loving Redeemer, Gen-tle, gen-tle, for-giv-ing and true, forgiving and true.

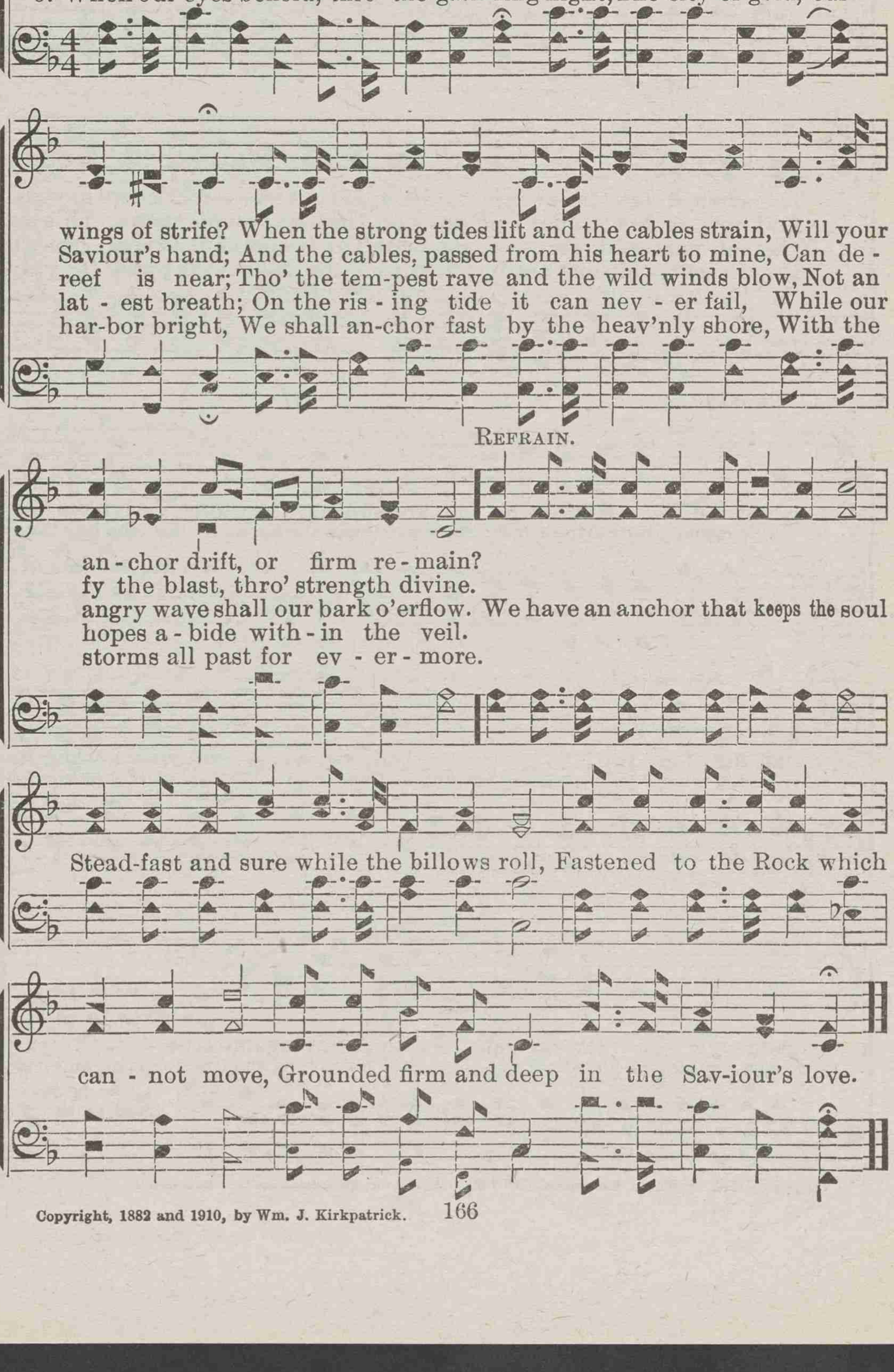
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No. 166. We Have An Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRK ATRICK.



1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift and the cables strain, Will your an-chor drift, or firm re-main?
2. It is safely moored, 'twill the storm with-stand, For 'tis well secured by the Saviour's hand; And the cables, passed from his heart to mine, Can de-fy the blast, thro' strength divine.
3. It will firmly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the reef is near; Tho' the tem-pest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow. We have an anchor that keeps the soul
4. It will surely hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our lat-est breath; On the ris-ing tide it can nev-er fail, While our hopes a-bide with-in the veil.
5. When our eyes behold, thro' the gath'ring night, The city of gold, our har-bor bright, We shall an-chor fast by the heav'nly shore, With the storms all past for ev-er-more.



REFRAIN.

Stead-fast and sure while the billows roll, Fastened to the Rock which can-not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav-iour's love.

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No. 167. I Am Praying for You.

S. O'MALLEY CLOUGH. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Sav-iour, he's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear lov-ing
2. I have a Fa-ther: to me he has giv-en A hope for e-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splen-dent in whiteness, A-wait-ing in
4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv-er—A peace that the
5. When Jesus saves you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov-ing

Sav-iour, tho' earth-friends be few; And now he is watch-ing in
ter-ni-ty, bless-ed and true; And soon he will call me to
glo-ry my won-der-ing view; O when I re-ceive it all
friends of this world nev-er know; My Sav-iour a-lone is its
Sav-iour is your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav-iour may

ten-derness o'er me, But O that my Sav-iour were your Saviour too!
meet him in heav-en, But O that he'd let me bring you with me too!
shining in brightness, Dear friends, could I see you receiving one too!
Au-thor and Giv-er, And O could I know it was giv-en to you!
bring them to glory, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

f CHORUS. *p*

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

f *pp* *rall.*

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

Used by per.

No. 168. Thank God for the Bible.

BURTON H. WINSLOW. FRANK E. WHITNEY. (Cho. from Paul Rodney.)

1. Kind Fa-ther above, we would praise thee For all the rich gifts thou hast giv'n:
2. We join in our glad con-gre-ga-tions, Our tributes of wor-ship to bring;
3. The Bi - ble, a mine of rare treas-ure; The Bi - ble, a gar-den of flow'rs!

For beauties and bounties of nature, But more for the guide-book to heav'n,
And pray'r turns our hearts into praising, When faith gives to promises wing,
With food for the soul without measure, And light for life's gloomiest hours—

REFRAIN. *Unison.*

For the Bible, our guide-book to heav'n.
Till we joy-ful-ly, grate-ful-ly sing.
What abundance of rich-es is ours!

Thank God for the Bi - ble,

More precious than gold! Thank God for the glo - ries Its

pag-es un - fold! ..... Blest guide to our foot-steps! Blest food from a-

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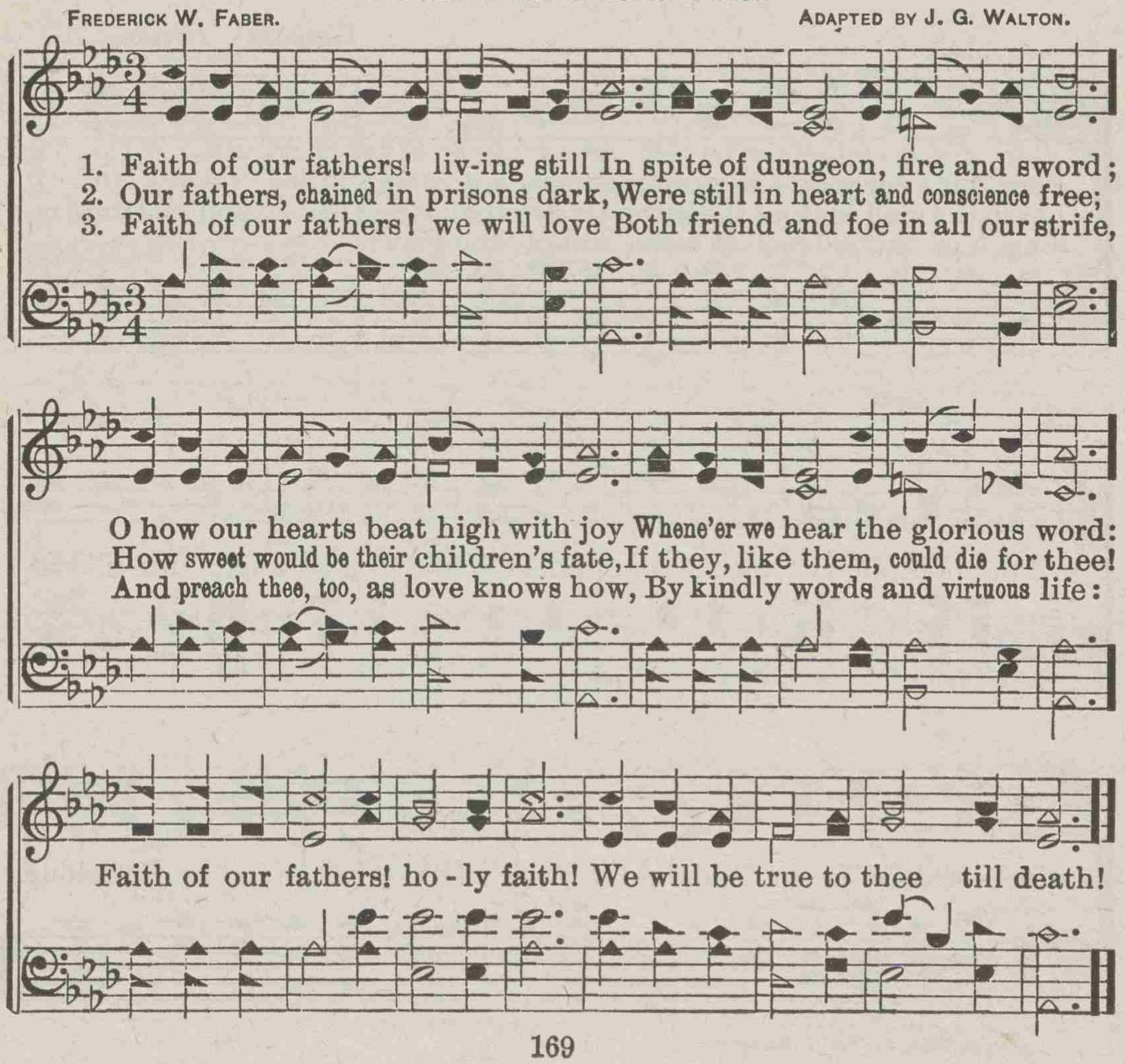
Thank God for the Bible. Concluded.



No. 169. Faith of Our Fathers.

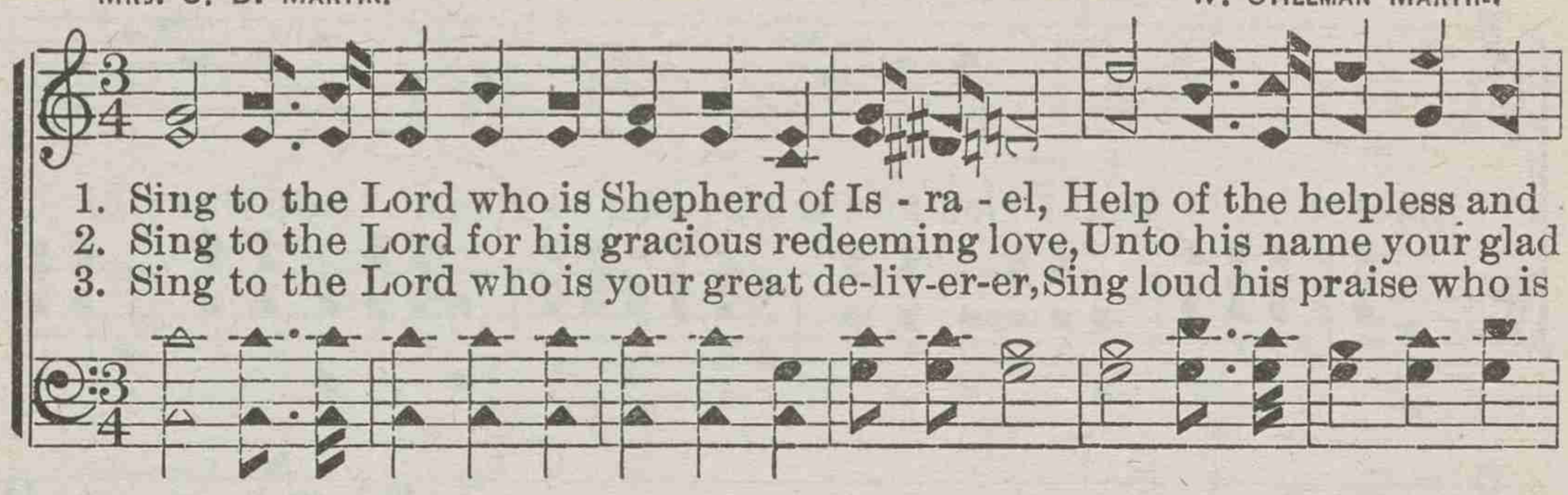
ST. CATHERINE. L. M. 6 lines.

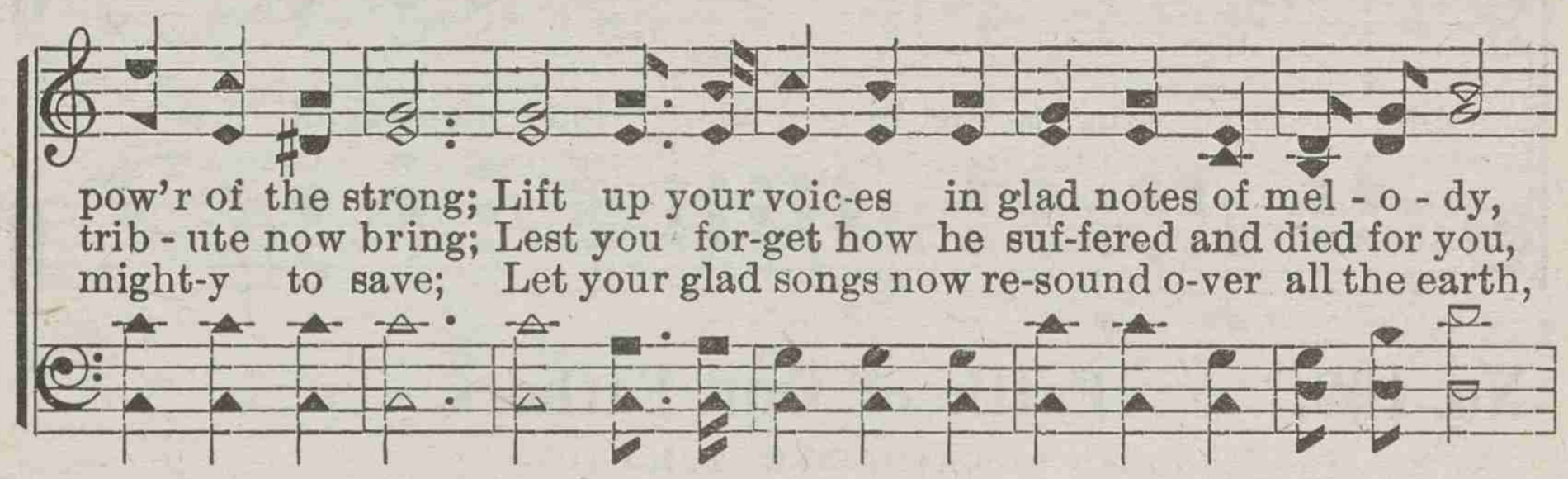
FREDERICK W. FABER. ADAPTED BY J. G. WALTON.



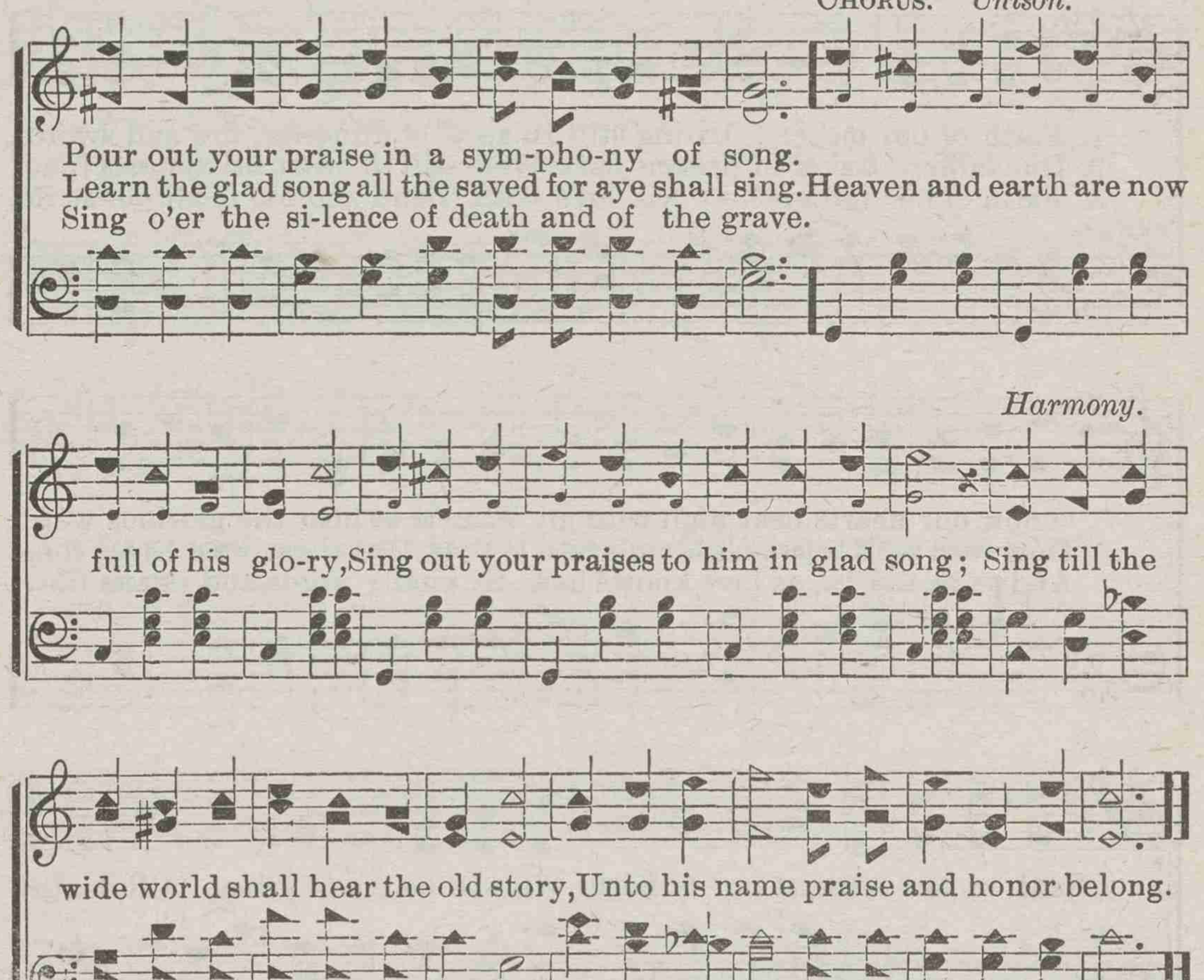
No. 170. Sing to the Lord.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.





CHORUS. *Unison.*



Harmony.

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No. 171. Dependence.

A. B. LIPSCOMB. E. L. JORGENSON.

1. I can plan the dai - ly work, Which my will-ing hand may tend;
2. I can live the span of life, With its weeks and months and years;

I can use the moments well, Which the pass-ing hours may lend;
I can make each milestone glad, That may mark its joys and tears;

I can watch the long night thro', With its an-guish, pain and care;
For my Fa-ther gives me strength, Tempers ev-'ry wind that blows;

I can make its dark-ness light, By my faith and hope and pray'r;
Gives as pass-ing years re-quire, But my trust-ful spir-it knows

But e-ter-ni-ty so vast, On my Fa-ther I must cast.
That e-ter-ni-ty so vast, On my Fa-ther I must cast.

No. 172. Turn a New Leaf for Me.

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

1. Turn a new lea. for me, Fa-ther, I pray, This one is blot-ted, O take it a-way; Cleanse all its stains in the blood of the cross, Let me in
2. Turn a new leaf for me, spotless and white, Hold thou my hand as thy bid-ding I write; Teach me with patience that never shall tire, Let thine own
3. Turn a new leaf for me; then, line by line, Help me to cop - y the Pat-tern di-vine; O that thine eye some resemblance might see, To the sweet
4. Turn a new leaf for me, Fa-ther a-bove, Place there new proofs of thy mer-cy and love; Then shall this page of my life-book be bright, Judged by the

Chorus.

Je - sus find gain for my loss.
Spir - it the rec-ord in-spire. Turn a new leaf for me, Fa-ther, I pray,
les-sons inscribed there for me.
test of e - ter-ni-ty's light.

Turn a new leaf in my life-book to-day; Pardon me gra-cious-ly,

deal with me wondrously, Turn a new leaf in my life-book to - day.

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No. 173. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

(Matt. 24: 42.)

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward his serv-ants, Whether it be noon or night,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us one by one,
3. Have we been true to the trust he left us? Do we seek to do our best?
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch-ing; In his glo - ry they shall share;

Faith - ful to him will he find us watch-ing,
When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
If in our hearts there is naught con-demns us,
If he shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

CHORUS.

rit.

With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
Will he an-swer thee, "Well done?"
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will he find us watch - ing there?

O can we say we are read - y, broth-er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will he find you and me still watching, Wait-ing, waiting when the Lord shall come?

By permission.

No. 174. Speak to My Soul.

L. L. P. ADAPTED BY L. L. PICKETT.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Jesus, Speak now in tend'rest tone; Whisper in
2. Speak to thy children ev-er, Lead in the ho - ly way; Fill them with
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal thy will; Let me know

lov-ing kindness: "Thou art not left a-lone." Open my heart to hear thee,
joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray, May they in con-se-cra-tion
all my du - ty, Let me thy law ful - fill. Lead me to glo - ri - fy thee,

Quickly to hear thy voice, Fill thou my soul with praises, Let me in thee rejoice.
Yield their whole lives to thee Hasten thy coming kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see.
Help me to show thy praise, Gladly to do thy bidding, Honor thee all my days.

CHORUS.

{ Speak thou in soft - est whis-pers, Whis-pers of love to me;
{ Speak thou to me each day, Lord, Al-ways in ten-d'rest tone;

"Thou shalt be always conq'ror, Thou shalt be always free.'
Let me now hear thy whisper, "Thou art not left [*Omit....*] a - lone."

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No. 175. Christian, Be True.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Christian, be true to Christ who died to save you, True to the holy name you
2. Christian, be true to friends on earth who love you, True to your faith in God's own
3. Christian, be true, this is the path of bless-ing, Je-sus was true to man and

bear ; Be what your Lord each moment here would have you, Keeping your garments
word ; True to your hope of glo-ry grand a-bove you, True to your call-ing
God ; If you are true, your Master's name confessing, You shall receive the

CHORUS. *Unison.*

always pure and fair.
in the church of God.
faithful one's reward.

Be true....ev'ry moment, O Christian, O be

true,....where your duty shall call you, For no e - - vil shall

ev-er be - fall....you, If you are true to your Saviour each day....

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No. 176. Just a Word With Jesus.

DUET, ALTO AND TENOR.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Just a word with Jesus Be - fore the day be-gins, Just a plea for
2. Just a tho't in se - cret, A lit-tle whispered pray'r, Makes the heart cour-
3. Just a word with Jesus—But O how much it means When, with trust un-

guid-ance A day of blessing wins, Just a moment's waiting In
a - geous, And lifts a load of care; Just a glimpse of Jesus To
bro - ken, A soul up-on him leans. Grant, O precious Saviour, Tho'

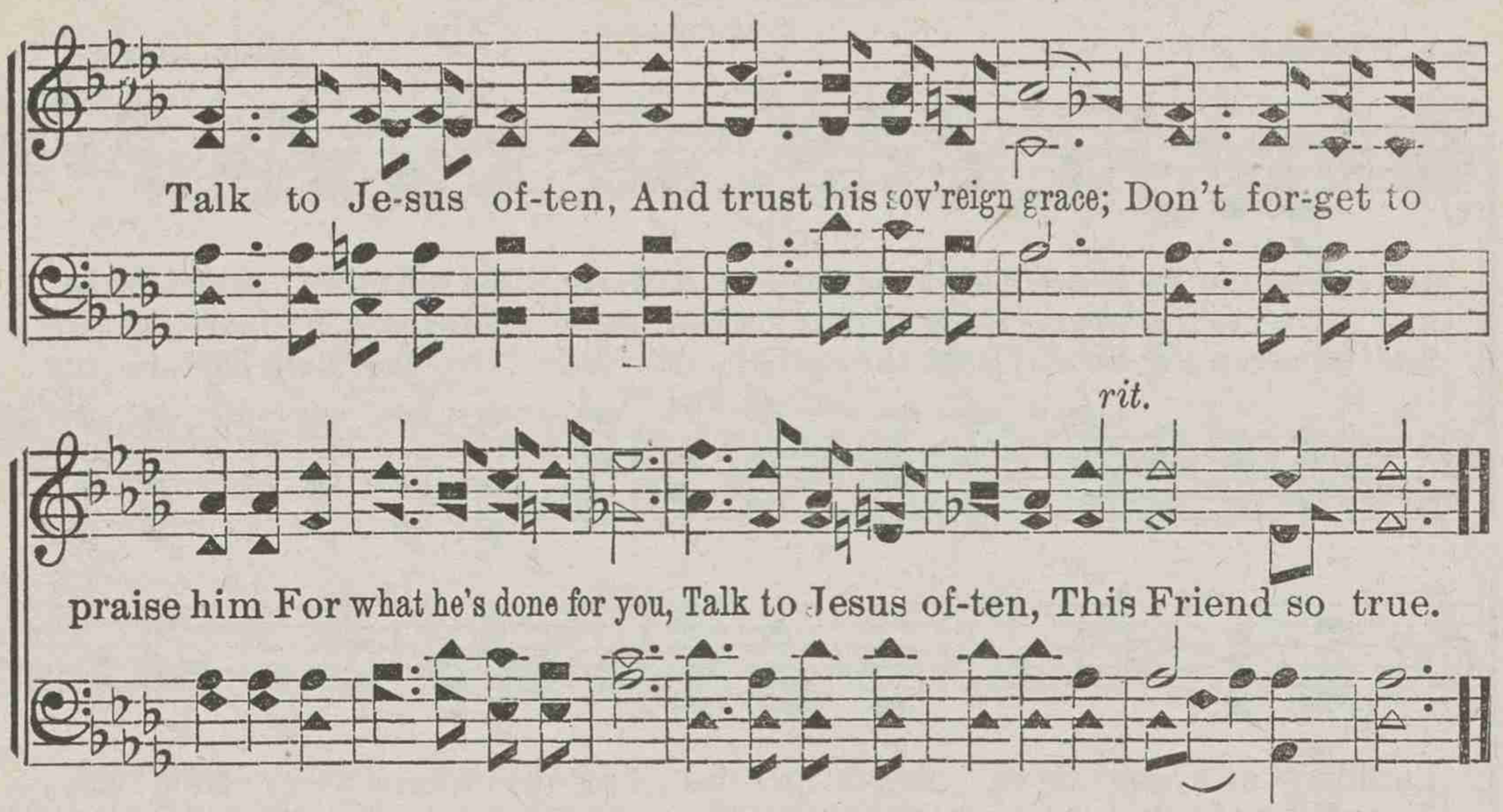
si-lence at his feet, Just to hear him whisper His words of counsel sweet.
faith's unwav'ring sight, Turns the clouds to sunshine, And makes the whole day bright.
much denied may be, We, thro' life's short journey, May walk and talk with thee.

CHORUS.

Talk to Je-sus of - ten, Heart to heart and face to face;
Heart to heart and face to face;

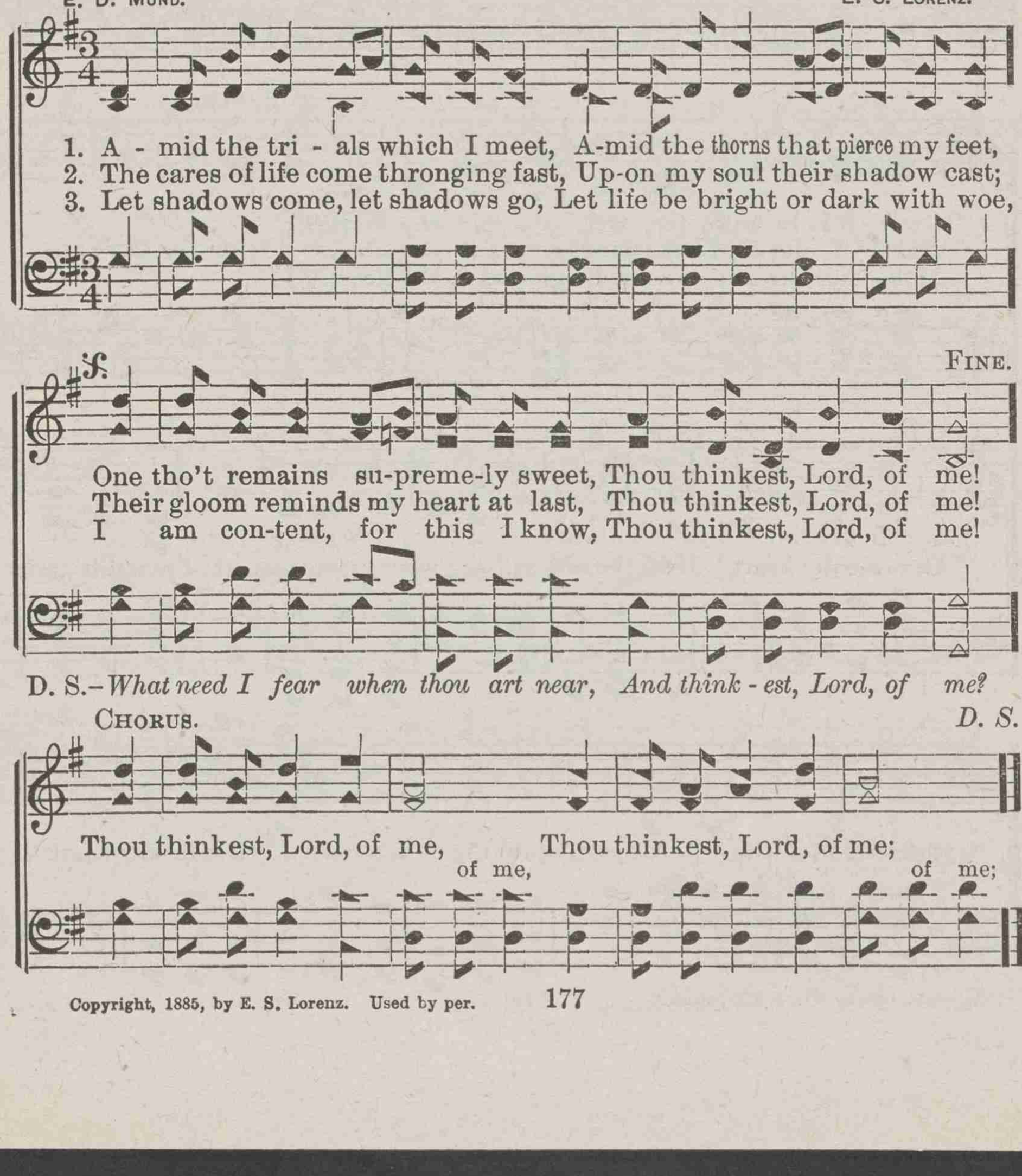
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Just a Word With Jesus. Concluded.



No. 177. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

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



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No. 178. 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."

Copyright, 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 179. Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT. Dan. 12: 3. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. O what joy it will be when his face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at his

sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When his
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there

CHORUS.

be an-y stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-billow rolls.
be an-y stars in my crown.

} Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown?

When at evening the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest
go-eth down?

In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?.....
an-y stars in my crown?

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No. 180. Sing Jehovah's Praise.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON. VIVIAN JONES.

1. Raise we now a joy - ful cho - rus, Sing Je - ho-vah's praise,
2. Praise his name, our Maker roy - al, Sing Je - ho-vah's praise,
3. Tell we now his pow'r and glo - ry, Sing Je - ho-vah's praise,

DUET.

See his mighty works before us, Sing Jehovah's praise; Great and wondrous
Lift all voices, true and loyal, Sing Jehovah's praise; In his dai-ly
Ev - er new the joy-ful sto-ry, Sing Jehovah's praise, For his blessing

Harmony.

gifts he sends us, Joy divine in mercy lends us, Ev'ry day his love befriends us,
grace we're sharing, In his bounty we are faring, He is great beyond comparing,
now implore him, At his throne now bow before him, Come and worship and adore him,

molto rit. CHORUS.

Sing Je-hovah's praise. Sing Je - ho-vah's praise,.....

Sing Je - ho - vah's praise,..... Ev - 'ry day his

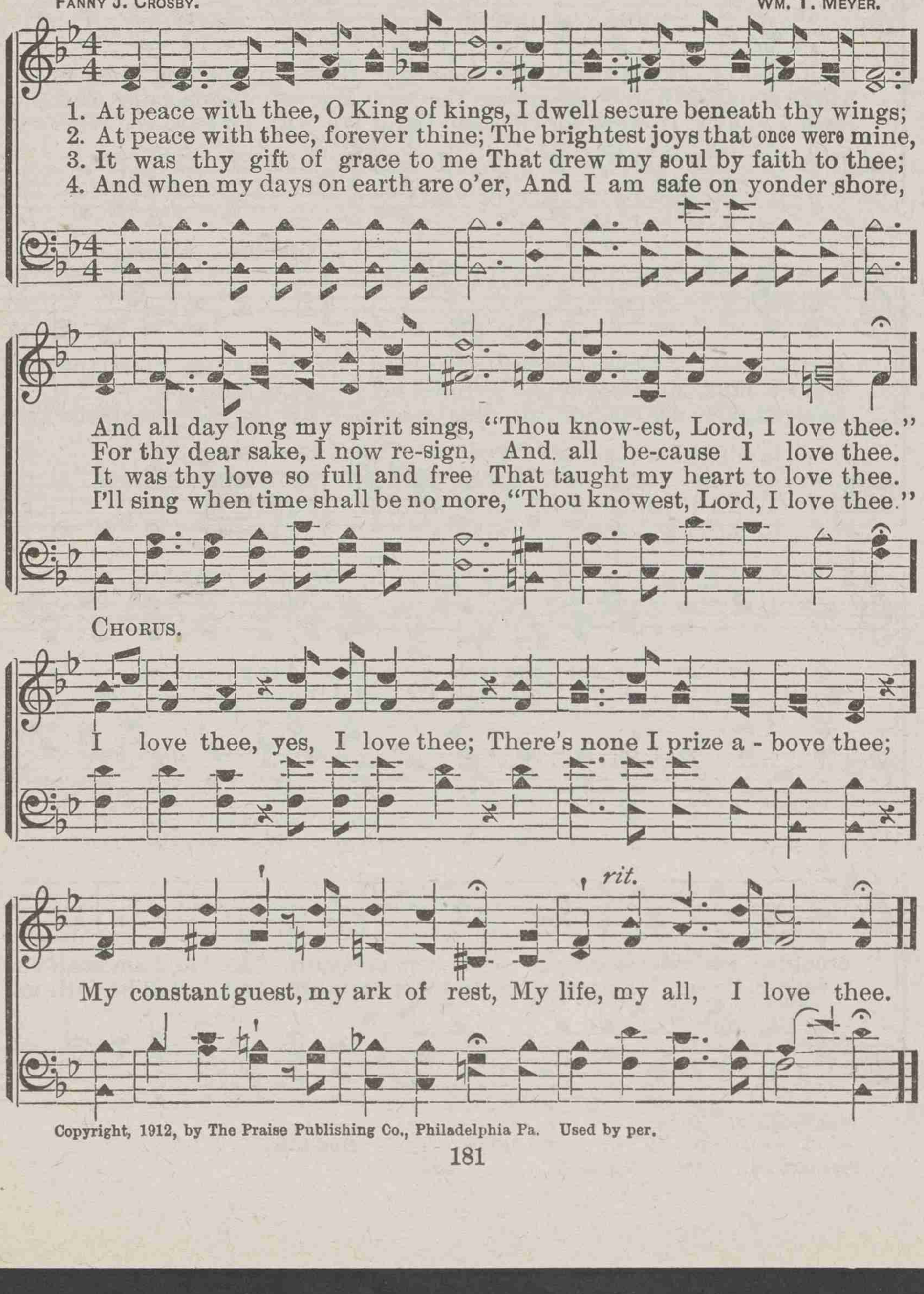
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Sing Jehovah's Praise. Concluded.



No. 181. I Love Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. T. MEYER.



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No. 182. Go Ye Into All the World.

W. J. K. MARK 16: 15. MATT. 28: 20. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Unison.

1. O Brothers in the Church of Je - sus, Hear ye not the cry Ring-ing
2. O Brothers in the Church of Je - sus, Be ye brave and strong, Press the
3. O Lead-ers in the Church of Je - sus, Make ye straight the way, Send us

from the sky, The Master's great command? Doors are opening wide, Enter
work a-long, Where'er he points the way; Mac - e - don-ia calls, And the
forth to-day, To work for God and right; We will forward go, With our

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

and a-bide, No long-er wait - ing stand. "Go ye in - to all the world,
ech - o falls, "Come over and help, we pray." *Chorus for 3d verse.*
hearts aglow, And la-bor in his might. We'll go in - to all the world,

Go ye in - to all the world, And preach the gospel to ev - 'ry
We'll go in - to all the world, Or send the gos - pel to ev - 'ry

And preach the gos - pel,
Or send the gos - pel,

creature, And preach the gospel to ev'ry creature;" "And lo, I am with you!
creature, Or send the gospel to ev'ry creature; And he will be with us!

preach the gos-pel to ev - 'ry, to ev - 'ry crea-ture,
send the gos - pel to ev - 'ry, to ev - 'ry crea-ture,

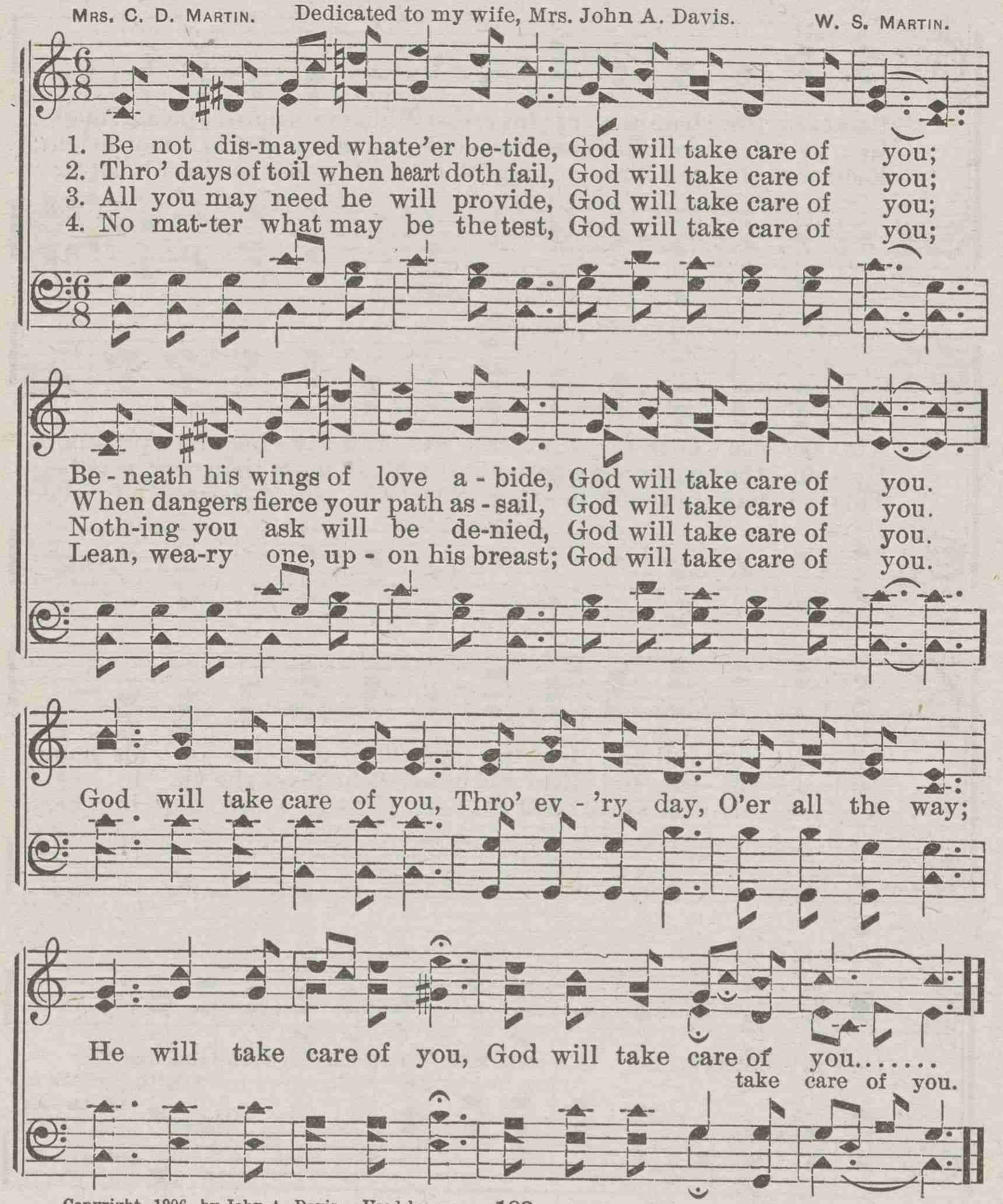
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Go Ye Into All the World. Concluded.



No. 183. God Will Take Care of You.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis. W. S. MARTIN.



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No. 184. Co-Laborers.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. To help to win this world for Christ En - list - ed now are we,
2. His strong right arm our sure - ty is, He leads us in the fight,
3. This earth with fer-tile hills and plains Is his by law-ful right;

Be-neath the ban-ner of his cross, Which ransomed you and me;
In ev - 'ry con-flict goes be - fore And keeps our ar - mor bright;
Each soul the purchase of his blood And precious in his sight;

Am - bas - sa - dors for him we go, And sav - ing grace pro-claim,
Up - on the win-ning side with him We'll more than conq'rors be,
This all our mis-sion here be - low, To tell his grace so free,

Sal' - va - tion full and free for all Thro' mer - its of his name.
And o - ver - com-ers thro' his blood, Who gives the vic - to - ry.
And win this lost world back to God, His ev - er - more to be.

CHORUS.

Co - la - bor-ers, co - la - bor-ers, To - geth-er with God are we,
To - geth - er with God are we,

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Co-Laborers. Concluded.

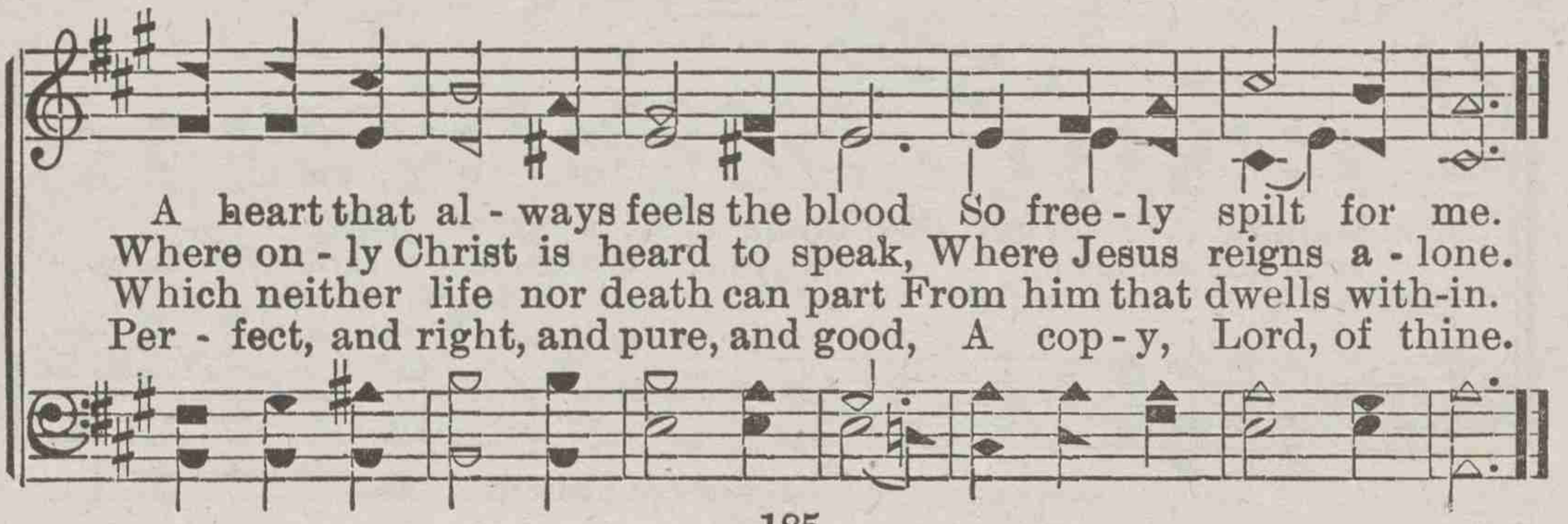




No. 185. O for a Heart to Praise My God.

CHARLES WESLEY. ST. AGNES. C. M. JOHN B. DYKES.





No. 186. Seeds of Promise.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. O scat-ter seeds of loving deeds, A-long the fer-tile field, For
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will surely live; Tho'
3. The harvest home of God will come, And aft-er toil and care, With

grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield.
great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruit-age give.
joy untold your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

REFRAIN.

Then day by day ..... along your way ..... The seeds of prom - - -

Then day by day along your way The seeds of promise

ise cast, ... That ripened grain ..... from hill and

cast, the seeds of prom-ise cast, That ripened grain

plain, ... Be gathered home ..... at last. .....

from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last .....

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No. 187. Work! Work! Work!

W. C. POOLE. VIVIAN JONES.

1. We are liv - ing in a world That is full of work to do, And the
2. We are liv - ing in a time When the call is loud and strong For new
3. We are working for a King, Who has promised in his word He will

need is growing greater ev'ry day For the ones who burdens lift, For the
toilers in the harvest fields so white, Who can gather in the sheaves Thro' the
give us strength for ev'ry time of need, Where our burdens heavy are, There will

loyal, brave and true, As the moments swiftly flying speed away.
summer days so long, And can share the toilers' rest when comes the night.
be our blessed Lord, He will ev-er in the work his work-ers lead.

FINE.

D. S.—*working days on earth will be no more.*

CHORUS.

Work, work, work, the days are flying, We are needed ev -'ry-where;
flying, ev'ry-where;

Life's brief day will soon be o'er, And our Lord will call us home, Then our

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No. 188. Some Day.

SOLO OR DUET.

G. W. R. G. W. RICHARDS.

1. Some day life's tide will ebb a - way for-ev - er Up - on the
2. Some day I'll sheathe the sword within its scabbard, Some day my
3. Some day the earth - ly house will be de-sert-ed, Some day its

shoals of time to beat no more; But O, how glorious then will be its
ar - mor hang up-on the wall; I'll gain the vic-t'ry thro' the blood of
walls by time will be dis-solved; But there I know, I'll have a home in

breaking On yonder glist'ning sands of heav-en's shore. Not a storm my
Je - sus, And for my crown upon the Saviour call. With the foe of
wait-ing, A mansion built beside the throne of God. I have sent my

peaceful soul can hinder As I sail across the crystal sea, And my
death for-ev-er conquered, With the fight of faith forever won; There the
treasures for safe keeping Where no moths corrupt or thieves molest; Where the

life-boat anchors in the harbor Of the Glo-ry-land prepared for me.
victor's wreath my brow will shadow, Placed upon my head by God's own Son.
wicked cease from all their troubling, And the weary ever are at rest.

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Some Day. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I am trusting in the blood that washed my sins away; I am walking

in the light along the King's highway; I am singing of that home where

HARMONY. *rit.*

friends and loved ones stay; Glory to my Saviour King! I'll enter there some day.

No. 189. My Saviour Knows.

ANON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. He knows the bitter, weary way, The endless striving day by day,
2. He knows when faint and worn we sink, How deep the pain, how near the brink
3. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between,
4. He knows! O tho't so full of bliss, For tho' on earth our jov we miss,
5. He knows! O heart, take up thy cross, And know earth's treasures are but dross,

The souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows, my Sav-iour knows.
Of dark despair we pause and shrink, He knows, my Sav-iour knows.
The wounds the world has never seen, He knows, my Sav-iour knows.
We still can bear it, feel-ing this: He knows, my Sav-iour knows.
And all will prove as gain, not loss, He knows, my Sav-iour knows.

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No. 190. The Cross Means Love.

MRS. F. A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Andante.

1. "By this sign we con-quer!" Blessed cross of Christ! Where-up-on they nail'd him, When he was sac - ri - ficed.
2. He for our transgressions Came from heav'n above, Meek-ly died to save us, So won-der-ful his love.
3. Scorn'd and bruis'd, for-sak-en, Much our Saviour bore, All for our re - demp - tion; O what could he do more?
4. Great is this sal-va-tion! Haste, the sto-ry tell! By this sign to con - quer, The cross we love so well.
5. "By this sign we con-quer!" Wheresoe'er we go; Bear it on your ban - ner, Till all the na-tions know:

CHORUS. *Unsion.*

The cross means love, ... The cross means love; .... "By this sign we con-quer," The cross that means love; The cross means love, ... The cross means love; ..... "By this sign we con-quer," The cross that means love.

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No. 191. The Victory Song.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Christian warrior, sing the vict'ry song, Ye who to the winning side be-
2. In all lands the sto-ry must be told, Then our eyes his coming shall be-
3. Shine on, shine on, Sun of Righteousness, With thy glory-beams the land to
4. Hon-or, pow'r and glo-ry ev-er be Un-to him who gives the vic-to-

long; Soon from shore to shore, and sea to sea, Jesus Christ shall conquer'r be.
hold; Prostrate at his feet all nations fall, Hail and crown him Lord of all.
bless; Superstition's night shall fade away, At the dawn of promis'd day.
ry; Je-sus Christ, whose triumph now we sing, Saviour, Lord, and coming King.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

{ Vic-t'ry perches now on Israel's banners, Lift your voic-es, sing your
{ Night is waning, morning light is breaking, Heathen nations from their

Harmony.

loud ho-san-nas, Vic - to - ry is near, yes, vic - to - ry is near;
slum-ber wak-ing, Vic - to - ry is near, yes, [*Omit*]

Christ shall conquer'r be. Vic-to-ry is near, Christ shall conquer'r be.

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No. 192. Keep Step.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Keep step, keep step,

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

Keep step, keep step.

INTERLUDE.

vic - tor crown is won.

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No. 193. Christ Will Win.

JAMES ROWE. W. A. POST.

1. Sing the tidings o'er and o'er, Christ will win! Send the news o'er sea and shore,
2. Fast his fol-low-ers increase, Christ will win! Dawns the blessed day of peace,
3. Long-er grow his battle-lines, Christ will win! As the sun his glory shines,
4. See the hosts of evil frown, Christ will win! See, beyond the victor's crown,

Christ will win! With the hosts he on - ward goes, Mak-ing cap-tives of his foes; For-ward! for the way he knows; Christ will win!
Christ will win! Day by day and hour by hour, Na-tions feel his sav-ing power; Is he not a might - y tow'r? Christ will win!
Christ will win! In the vales of sin and shame, Souls to live a - new be - gin; Praise his ev - er - last - ing name! Christ will win!
Christ will win! Doubt and sin are backward hurled, He is bless-ing all the world, Sa - tan's ban-ners will be furled; Christ will win!

CHORUS. *Unison.* *cres.*

Forward march! the Captain needs us, For-ward in the strife with sin;

HARMONY.

By his might he doth up-hold us; Forward, soldiers, Christ will win!

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No. 194. The Fight is On.

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

1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out; The cry, "To
2. The fight is on; a-rouse, ye soldiers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer- tain vic - to - ry; The bow of

arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
leads, and vic - t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
prom - ise spans the east-ern skies; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry

on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv - en you, And in his strength un - to the end en-dure.
land shall hon-ored be, The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar -

ray,..... With armor gleaming, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and

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The Fight is On.—Concluded.

Harmony.

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not

wea - ry; Be strong, and in his might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban - ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!

Vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry

No. 195. O for a Soul!

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

1. O for a soul a - glow with love, With love for God and man;
2. A soul so large that all man-kind Can be embraced there-in;
3. A soul so great that God a - lone Can ac - tu - ate its will;
4. A soul that loves his fel - low-man, No mat - ter what his need;
5. Lord, give us each a soul like this, To live and work for thee,

Re - joic - ing ev - 'ry pass - ing day To fol - low God's own plan!
The high, the low, the good, the bad, Be count - ed all a - kin.
That ev - 'ry pulse shall beat for him, His pur - pose to ful - fill.
That fol - lows out the Gold - en Rule, In thought, and word, and deed.
And do our best to el - e - vate En - tire hu - man - i - ty.

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No. 196. Look Away to the Hills.

E. E. HEWITT. CLARISSA H. SPENCER.

1. Look a-way to the hills, to the beau - ti - ful hills, From whence
2. Look a-way to the hills, for the morning will break, That shall
3. Look a-way to the hills, there thy dwelling shall be, When thou

com - eth thy help for the way; O the word of his grace, how it
fill all the val - ley with light, And the lin - ger-ing clouds shall thy
hear - est the call of the King; For he'll say, in that hour, Come, ye

FINE.

com-forts and thrills! For the Lord is thy Keep-er to - day.
path-way for - sake, For the Lord is thy sun-shine so bright.
bless - ed, to me, And the harps of the ran-som'd shall ring.

D. S.—*beau-ti - ful hills; For the mists will soon scat - ter and flee.*

CHORUS.

Look a-way to the hills, to the beau - ti - ful hills, Where the
Saviour is pleading for thee;..... Look a-way to the hills, to the
is pleading for thee;

D. S.

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No. 197. Victory!

JAMES ROWE. DE LOSS SMITH.

1. Hear the shouts that rend the air, vic - to - ry! the cry, Banners wave and
2. Sol - diers true are pressing on, vic - to - ry! they cry, Precious souls for
3. Na - tions love the light at last, vic - to - ry! they cry, Un-be - lief is

trumpets blare, vic - to - ry is nigh; Christians have not fought in vain,
Christ are won, vic - to - ry is nigh; Sa - tan's ar-mies take to flight,
flee - ing fast, vic - to - ry is nigh; Conquered souls are coming in

For from hill, and vale, and plain Comes the glad triumphant strain, vic - to - ry!
Christian soldiers win the fight, They are shouting with delight, vic - to - ry!
From the fields of doubt and sin; Soon the world the Lord will win, vic - to - ry!

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Sing with joy the tri-umph song, To the hap-py, waiting throng;

ritard.

Let it ring the whole day long, Vic - to-ry! vic - to-ry! vic-to-ry!

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No. 198. Stand Fast.

MRS. C. H. M. GAL. 5: 1. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. In the dire-ful con-flict rag - ing, Right 'gainst wrong is battle
2. Should the length'ning shadows gather, Never fal - ter but the
3. Suf-fer not these things to move thee, God will nev-er cease to

wag - ing, Ev -'ry ransom'd pow'r en-gag - ing, Soul, stand fast;
rath - er Harder lean up - on your Fa - ther, Soul, stand fast;
love thee, Tho' with fire he oft may prove thee, Soul, stand fast;

He who nev - er help de - nied thee, But has ev - er grace sup -
He knows when the nights are longest, When temp-ta - tions are the
Look beyond the clouds ob-scur - ing, Trust the prom-is - es as -

plied thee, Still will strengthen, cheer, and guide thee, Soul, stand fast.
strong-est, While to him thou still be - long-est, Soul, stand fast.
sur - ing, And un - to the end en - dur - ing, Soul, stand fast.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Stand fast in the lib-er-ty wherewith Christ hath made us free,

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Stand Fast. Concluded.

Nev - - er - more..... en - tan - - gled be,.....

Never more in the yoke of bondage may we en-tan - gled be;....

Harmony.

Stand fast, stand fast in the glo - rious lib-er - ty,

Christian, stand fast in the glorious liberty,

Where - with Christ the Lord hath made us free.

Wherewith the Lord hath for evermore made us, the

No. 199. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

MANOAH. C. M.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. TR. EDWARD CASWALL. G. ROSSINI.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of thee With sweetness fills the breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find
3. O Hope of ev - 'ry contrite heart, O Joy of all the meek!
4. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be thou! As thou our prize wilt be;

But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.
A sweeter sound than thy blest name, O Saviour of man-kind!
To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!
In thee be all our glo - ry now, And thro' e-ter - ni - ty!

No. 200. In the Army of the King of Kings.

MRS. C. H. M. CAN THE LORD DEPEND ON YOU? MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. In the ar - my of the King of kings There's a call for sol-diers brave and true, Her-alds of the gos - pel light, At the
2. In the serv-ice of the King of kings, Who will at the Master's bid - ding haste? There is work that must be done Ere this
3. Loy-al ev - er to the King of kings, On his busi - ness ev - 'ry day in - tent, Numbered with the faith-ful few His am -
4. At the bid-ding of the King of kings We'll as - sem - ble in the bye and bye, With the o - ver-com-ers there Will you

battle's front to fight, For this service can the Captain count on you?
world for Christ is won, For the want of reapers golden harvests waste.
bas-sa-dors are you, Cry-ing out to sin-ners ev'rywhere, "repent?"
meet him in the air? With the ransomed reign in glo-ry up on high?

Emphatic.

For this serv - ice can the Cap - tain count on you?
For the want of reap - ers gold - en har - vests waste.
Cry - ing out to sin - ners ev - 'ry-where, "re - pent?"
With the ran-somed reign in glo - ry up on high?

CHORUS.

Can the Lord depend on you?.... Can the Lord depend on you?
on you? on you?

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In the Army of the King of Kings. Concluded.

Ev'ry ransomed pow'r engaging, To your trust be true; be true;

Can the Lord depend on you?.... Can the Lord depend on you?....
on you? on you?

rit.

In the might-y con - flict rag-ing, Can the Lord depend on you?

No. 201. Awake, My Soul.

THOMAS KEN. MENDON. L. M. GERMAN.

1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly course of du - ty run;
2. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels bear thy part,
3. Glory to thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me while I slept!
4. Lord, I my vows to thee re-new: Scat-ter my sins as morn-ing dew;

Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice.
Who, all night long, unwearied, sing Glory to the E - ter - nal King.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end-less life par-take.
Guard my first springs of tho't and will, And with thy-self my spirit fill.

No. 202. Only a Sunbeam.

E. E. HEWITT. SOLO OR UNISON. GEO. B. NEVIN.

1. On - ly a sunbeam, yet how it brightens Some shad-y cor - ner,
2. On - ly a flow'r-et, mod-est - ly grow - ing, Giv-ing its fra-grance
3. On - ly a star, but stead - i - ly gleaming, Guiding the sail - or

bring - ing it cheer; On - ly a kind-ness, O how it light-ens
free - ly to all; On - ly a greet-ing, pleas-ure be-stow - ing,
o - ver the sea; On - ly a life, with love ev - er beam-ing,

f REFRAIN. *Harmony.*

Some darkened path - way, lone - ly and drear.
Some grate - ful heart will sweet-ness re-call. On - ly a smile,
Lead - ing the wan - d'rer, Sav - iour, to thee.

p

on - ly a word, On - ly a kind-ness, rendered in love;

f *m* *rit.*

Je - sus on high saw it and heard; Wonderful blessing comes from above.

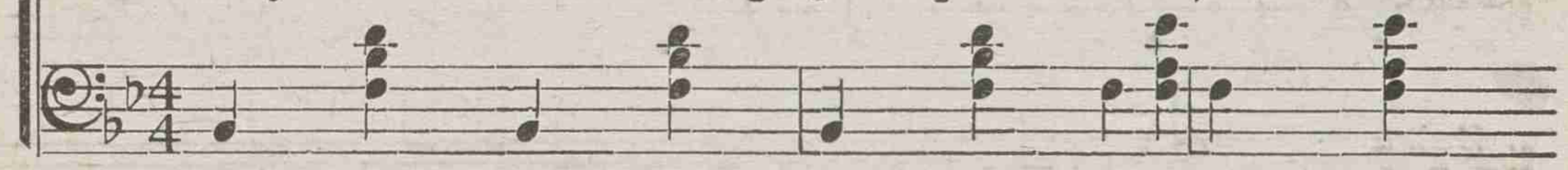
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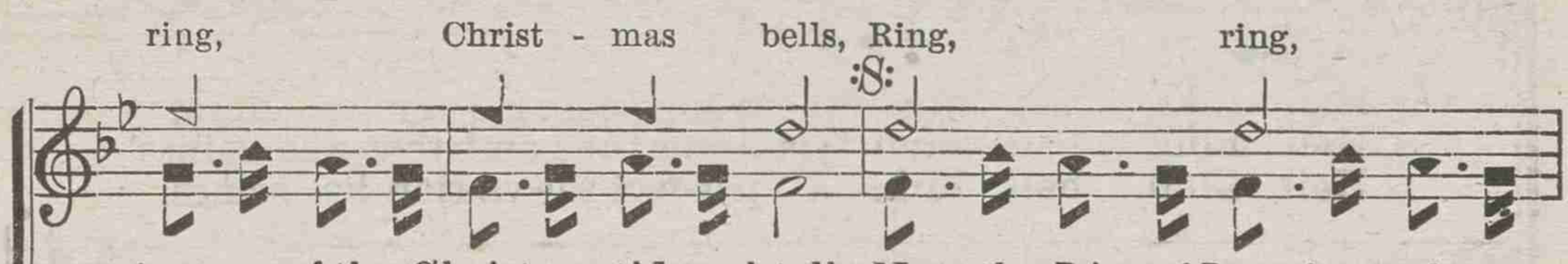
No. 203. Merry Christmas Bells.

W. E. M. Wm. Edie Marks.



1. Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing over hills and dells, And the dear old
2. Christmas bells are pealing once again the old refrain, That which an-gels
3. Merry Christmas bells are ringing over plain and hill, And that dear old





sto - ry of the Christmastide each tells, How the Prince of Peace from glo-ry
sang one night above Ju-de-a's plain; "Glo - ry un - to God," they say, O,
mes-sage ma-ny hap-py hearts doth thrill, Growing ev - er pre-cious for we



D. S.—*Mu-sic spreads o'er hills and dells, and*



came and with us dwells, Hear the tid - ings of the mer-ry Christmas bells.
join the joy-ful strain, Prais-ing him who sent to earth his Son to reign.
dear - ly love it still; Hear them peal the joyful tidings, "Peace, good will!"



of the Sav-iour tells, Sing-ing, ring-ing, swing-ing, mer-ry Christ-mas bells.

Chorus. *Harmony.*



Ring, swing, swing, ring, merry Christmas bells! Ring, swing, swing, ring, merry Christmas bells!

Note.—Have a few selected voices sing the upper notes, the remainder sing in unison.

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No. 204. We'll Crown Him King.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Praise him! praise him! Jesus our blessed Re-deem - er;
2. Praise him! praise him! With his own life-blood he bought us;
3. Praise him! praise him! Worship the King in his beau - ty;

Hail him! hail him! Whom angels in glo - ry a - dore;
Hail him! hail him! 'Tis Jesus the Lamb that was slain;
Hail him! hail him! A per-fect sal-va-tion he brings.

Com-ing to earth as a strang-er, Cradled in Beth-le-hem's manger,
Angels behold him with wonder, Death's chains are broken a-sun-der,
Sing it for - ev - er, ye mor-tals, Opened are heaven's bright portals,

Crown him! crown him! Our Saviour and King ev-er - more.
Crown him! crown him! He liv-eth for - ev - er to reign.
Crown him! crown him! For he is the King of all kings.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God..... in the highest exultingly sing,....
Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! prais - es ex - ult-ing-ly sing,

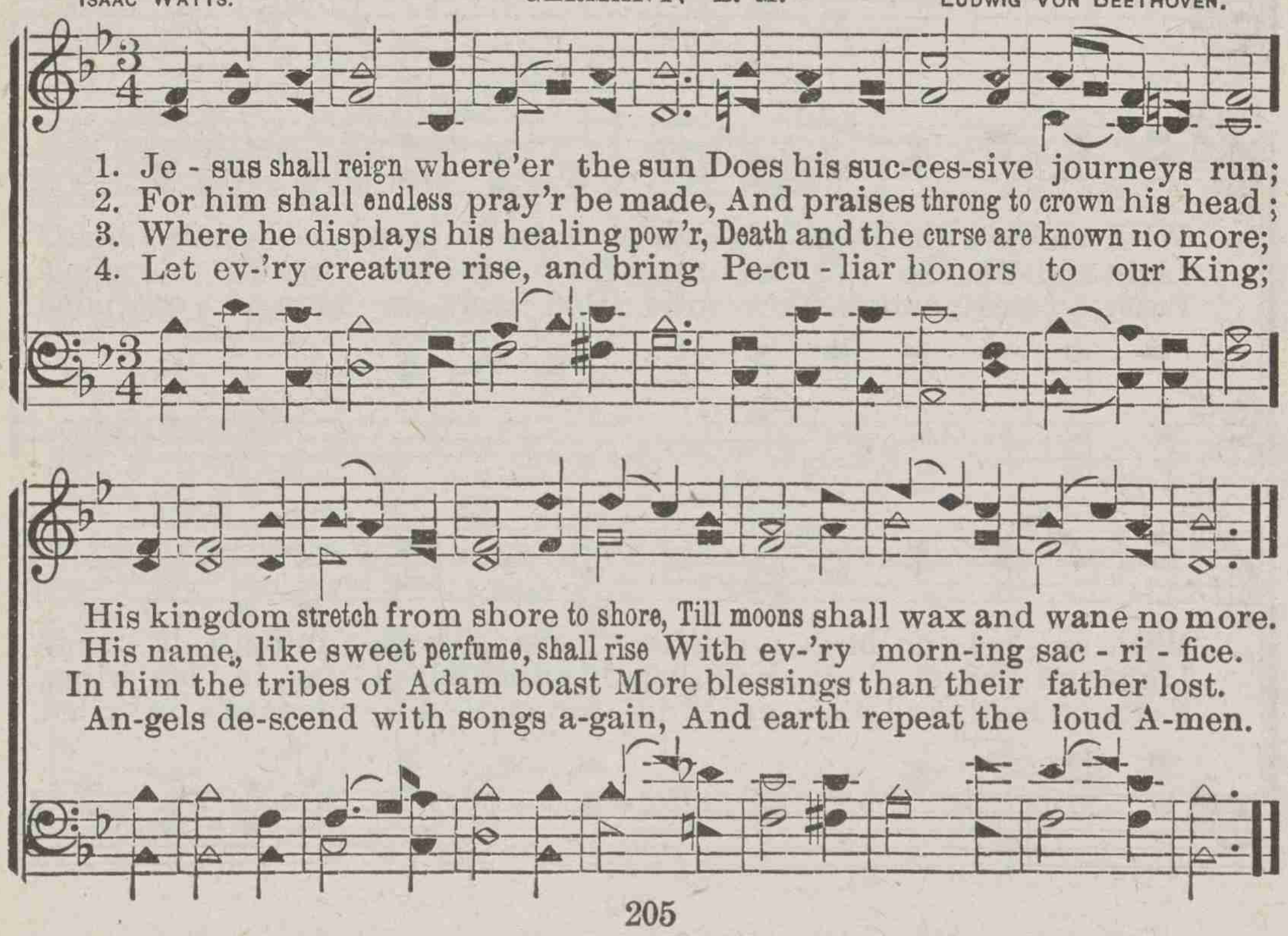
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We'll Crown Him King. Concluded.



No. 205. Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. GERMANY, L. M. LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.



No. 206. Hark! the Herald Angels.

CHARLES WESLEY. MENDELSSOHN. 7s. D. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high-est heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er-last - ing Lord;
3. See, he lays his glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled."
Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail, in - car - nate De - i - ty!
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth.

Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!
Let us then with an - gels sing; "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"

With an - gel - ic hosts pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le - hem,"
Light and life to all he brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in his wings,
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled,

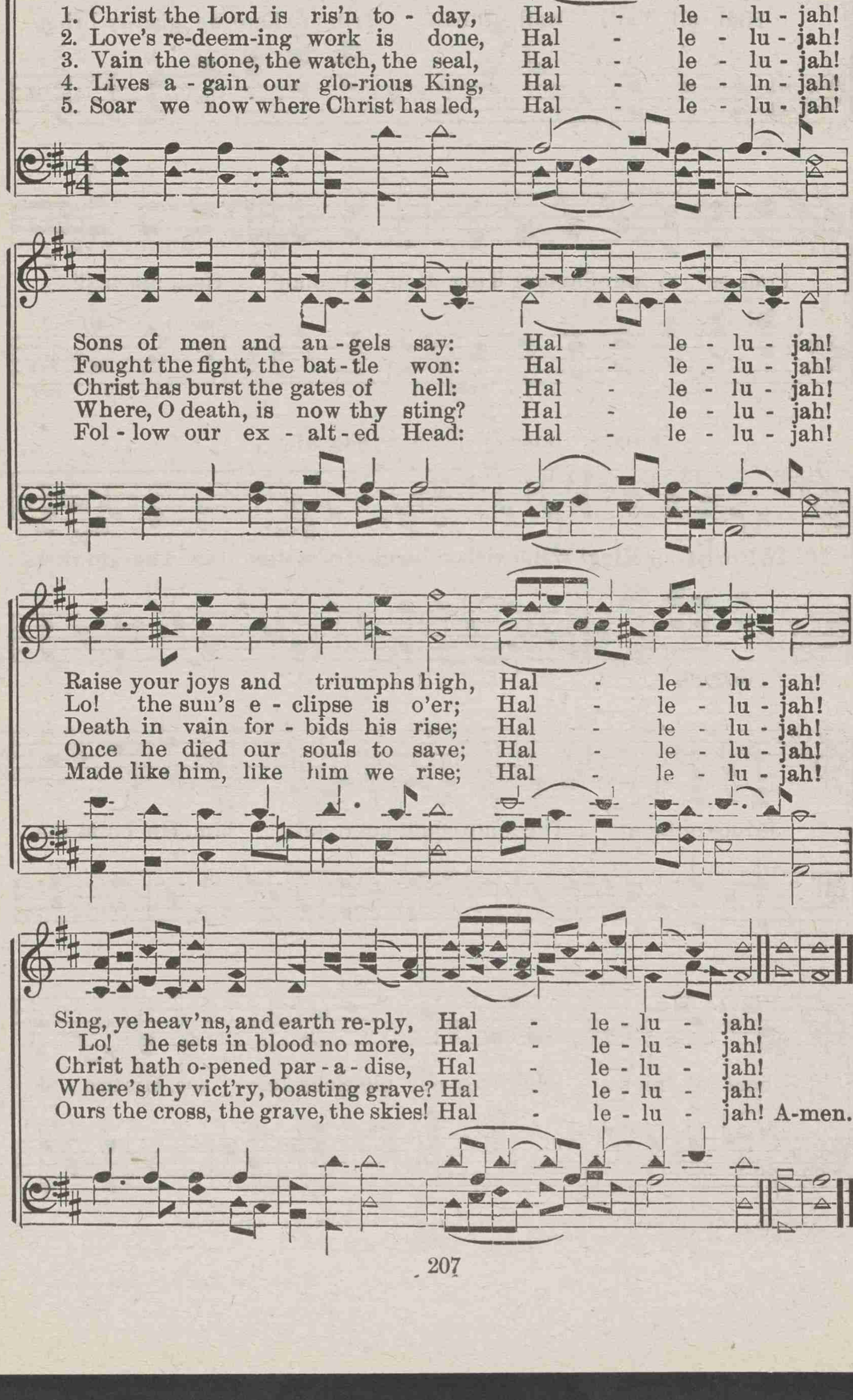
With an - gel - ic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
Light and life to all he brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in his wings.
Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled.

No. 207. Christ the Lord Is Risen To-day.

CHARLES WESLEY. LYRA DAVIDICA.



1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah!
2. Love's re-deem-ing work is done, Hal - le - lu - jah!
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Hal - le - lu - jah!
4. Lives a - gain our glo-rious King, Hal - le - lu - jah!
5. Soar we now where Christ has led, Hal - le - lu - jah!



Sons of men and an - gels say: Hal - le - lu - jah!
Fought the fight, the bat - tle won: Hal - le - lu - jah!
Christ has burst the gates of hell: Hal - le - lu - jah!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Hal - le - lu - jah!
Fol - low our ex - alt - ed Head: Hal - le - lu - jah!

Raise your joys and triumphs high, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Lo! the sun's e - clipse is o'er; Hal - le - lu - jah!
Death in vain for - bids his rise; Hal - le - lu - jah!
Once he died our souls to save; Hal - le - lu - jah!
Made like him, like him we rise; Hal - le - lu - jah!

Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re-ply, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Lo! he sets in blood no more, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Christ hath o-pened par - a - dise, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave? Hal - le - lu - jah!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies! Hal - le - lu - jah! A-men.

No. 208. Hail, All Hail!

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

CHORUS.

Hail, all hail! Hail, all hail! Trib-ute here we glad-ly bring,

Prais-es to our Saviour King. Hail, all hail! Hail, all hail!

FINE. SOPRANO SOLO (*or unison*).

To Christ our King! With wicked hands they've slain him, The glo-rious

To Christ

Prince of Light,....The tomb could not re-tain him, He burst the

bars of night; He lives, our glo-rious Je - sus, His cru - el

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Hail, All Hail! Concluded.

suf-f'rings o'er, Grim death his prey re-leas-es, He lives to die no

more, Grim death his prey re-leas-es, He lives to die no more.

D.C.

No. 209. Alleluia to the Lord.

MRS. R. N. TURNER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sing Al-le-lu-ia to the Lord, By saints in heav'n and earth adored!
2. His wisdom planned the whole wide earth, At his great word the stars had birth!
3. His mer-cy sent a Sav-iour down, The Son of God, for man to crown!
4. By his un-err-ing love sent forth, One last sweet blessing came to earth,
5. All glo-ry, hon-or, pow'r and praise, To God, the Three in One, we raise,

Raise once a-gain the glo-rious song Of praise, e-ter-nal, deep and strong!
Each one, o-be-dient, fills its place Because his will per-vades all space!
O sad in-deed would this world be With-out his grace, di-vine and free!
The Com-fort-er, the Spir-it blest, In whom a-bid-ing, all may rest.
To him who sits up-on the throne, In glorious state, one God a-lone!

REFRAIN. *Unison.* *poco ritard.*

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu - - ia!

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No. 210. Fairer Than Lilies.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Bright bloom the dai - sies and sweet opes the rose,
2. Na - ture how love - ly in soft, sun - ny hours,
3. O I do love him, my Sav - iour so dear,

When smiles the morn upon the air,.....
But when my Saviour walks with me,.....
Him will I fol-low ev - 'ry day;.....

But all their beau-ties do noth - ing dis - close....
More sweet the bird-songs and more bright the flow'rs,
Thro' all my jour-ney I know he'll be near,

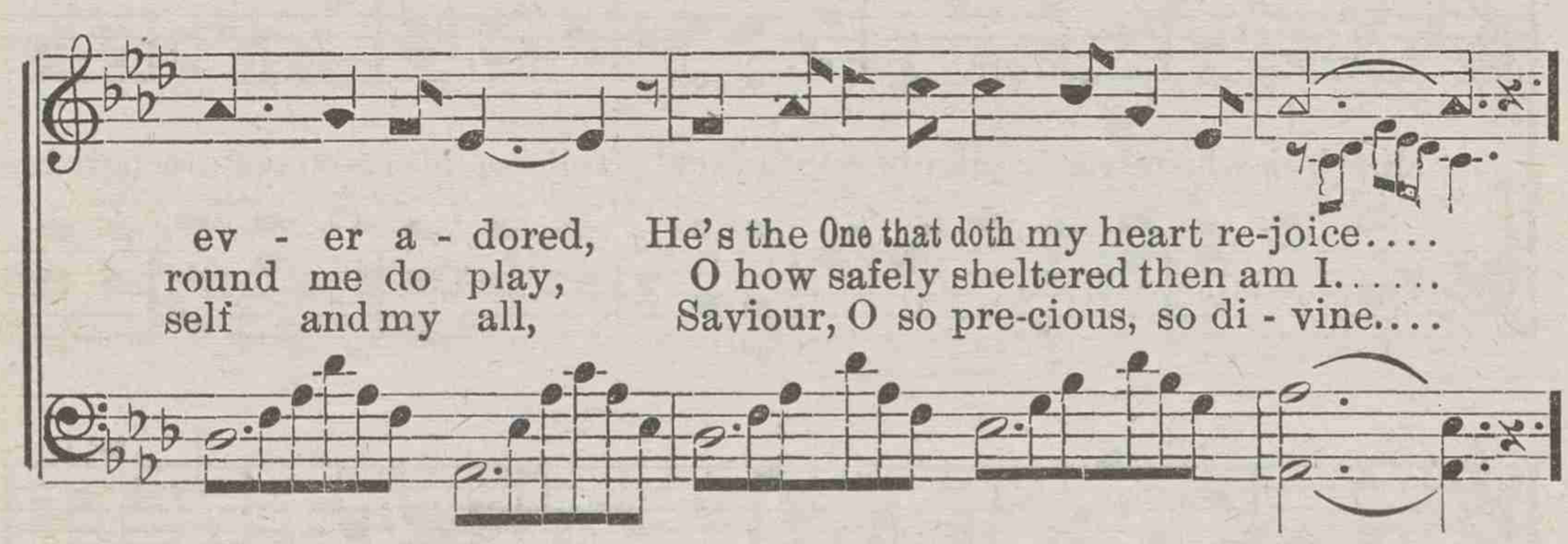
That can with my Sav - iour once com - pare;.....
Joy - ous things will then more glad - some be;.....
He will guide and keep me all the way;.....

Fair - er than lil - ies is Je - sus my Lord, Sweeter than
He rolls the bur - den of sor - row a - way, He chas-es
Glad will I serve him what-e'er may be - fall, For him my

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Fairer Than Lilies. Concluded.





CHORUS.



No. 211. Glory and Honor.

FLORA KIRKLAND. CHAS. GOUNOD.

FULL CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

Glo - ry and hon - or to God our Heav'nly Fa - ther! Praise and a -

dore him who reigns in might and majesty! Tell of his goodness, proclaim his

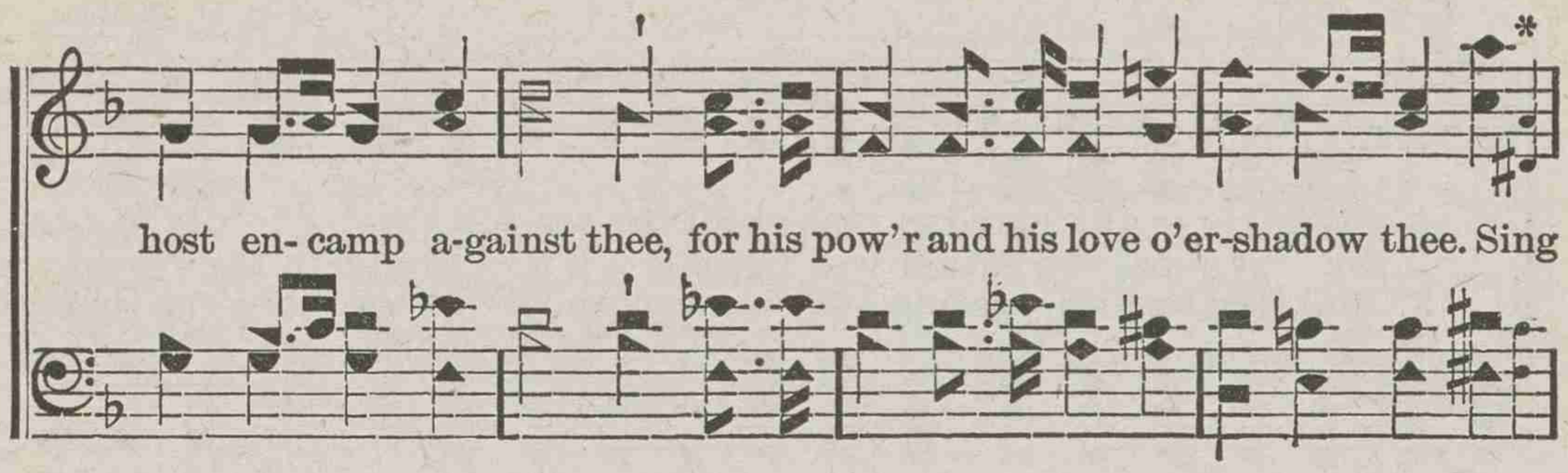
name to ev-'ry land, 'Till all the nations shall own him King for ev- ermore.

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

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

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Glory and Honor.—Concluded.



* Use small notes if desirable.

No. 212. Reapers are Needed.

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

1. Standing in the mar-ket plac-es all the sea-son thro', I - dly say-ing
2. Ev - 'ry sheaf you gather will become a jew-el bright In the crown you
3. Morning hours are passing, and the evening follows fast; Soon the time of

"Lord, is there no work that I can do;" O how ma-ny loi-ter, while the
hope to wear in yonder world of light. Seek the gems im-mor-tal that are
reap-ing will for-ev-er-more be past. Empty handed to the Mas-ter

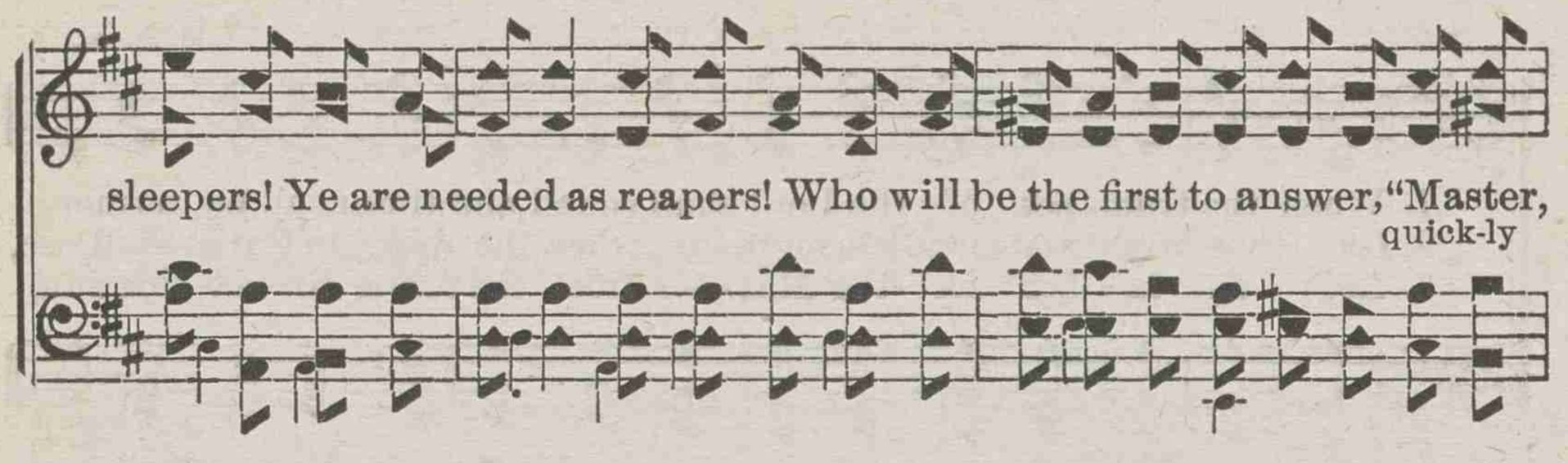
Mas-ter calls a-new—"Reapers! reapers! Who will work to-day?"
pre-cious in his sight! "Reapers! reapers! Who will work to-day?"
will you go at last? "Reapers! reapers! Who will work to-day?"

CHORUS.

Lift thine eyes and look up-on the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look up - on the fields that stand all read - y
Lift thine eyes to fields that stand all
Ripe and read-y for the willing gleaner's hand, Rouse ye, O
Ripe and ready for the will-ing gleaner's hand, O rouse ye,
Read - y for the glean - er's hand, O

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Reapers are Needed. Concluded.



No. 213. 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,

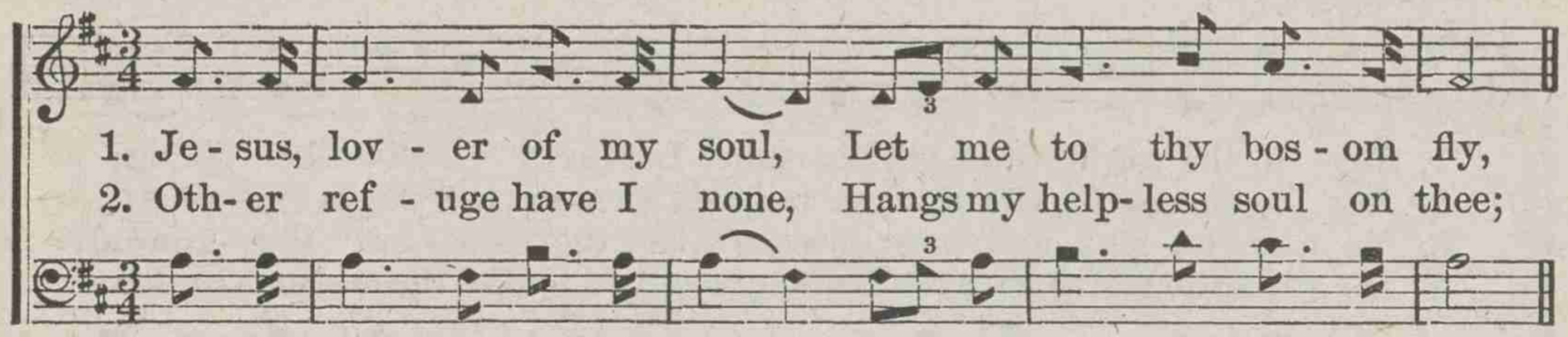
When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

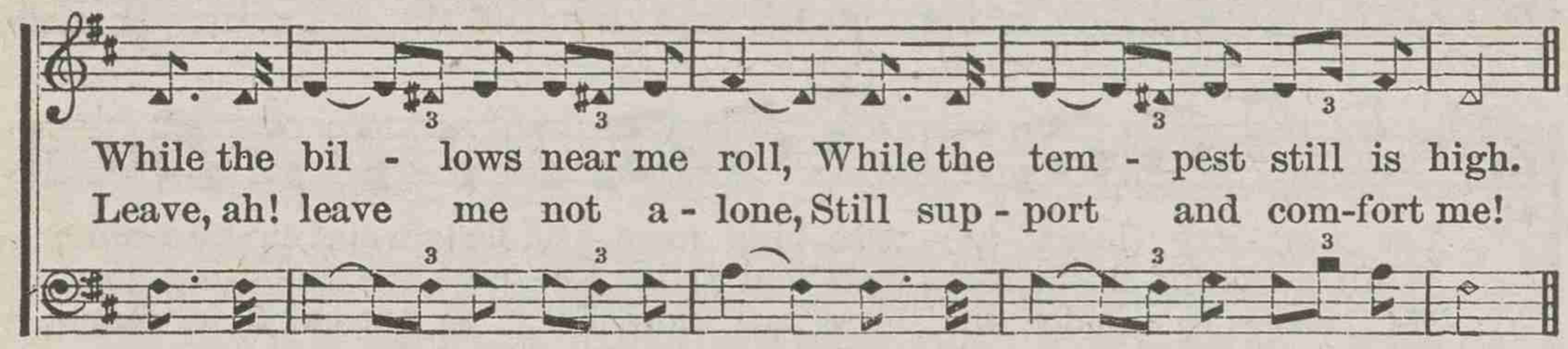
roll..... is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When the roll

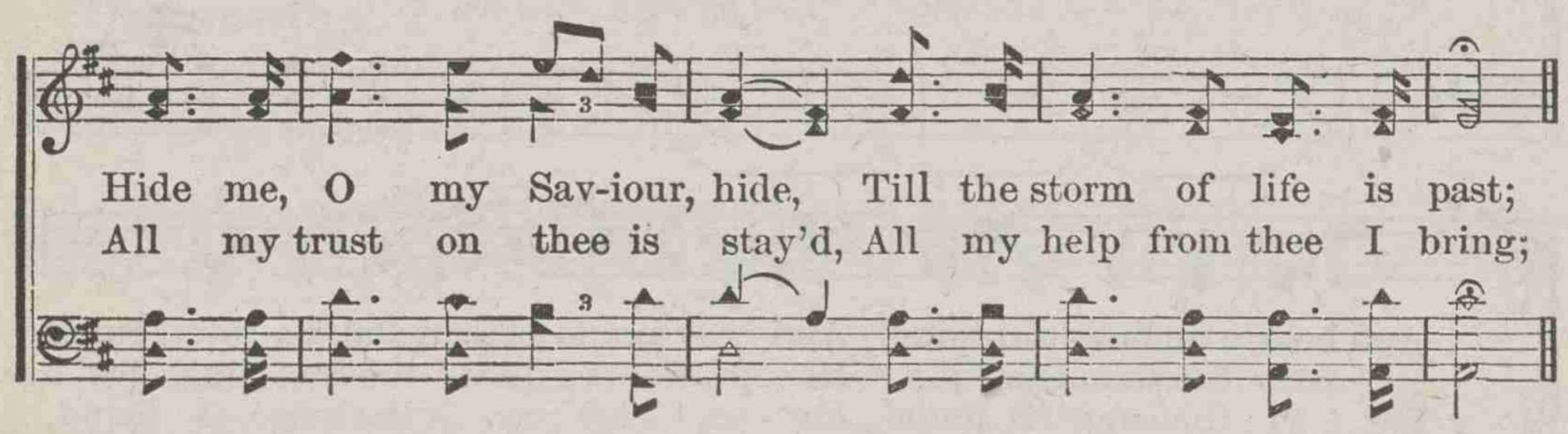
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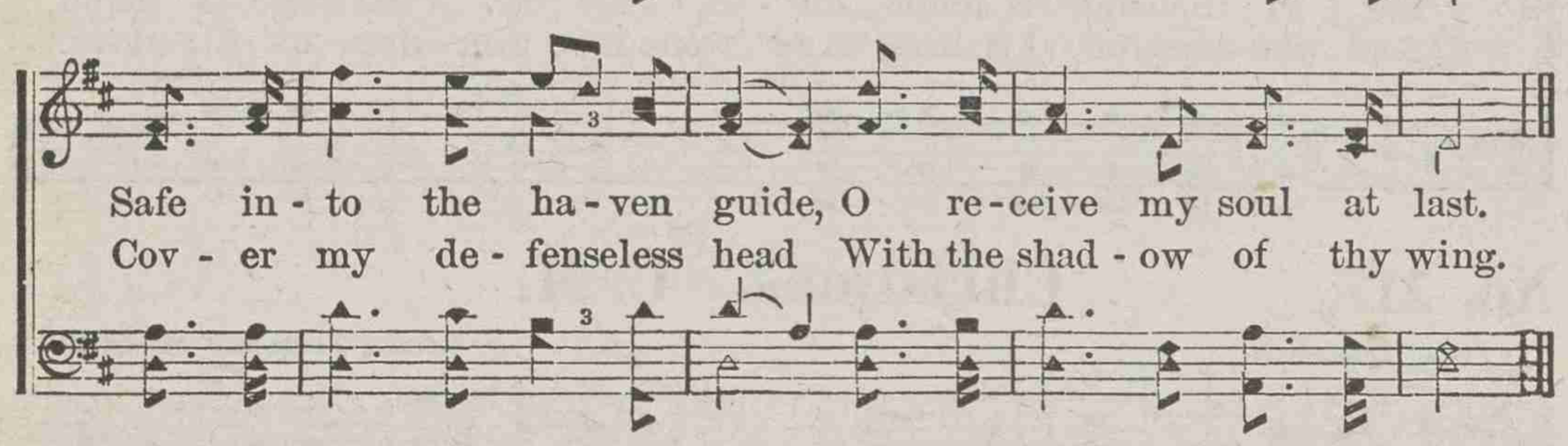
No. 214. Refuge. 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY. J. P. HOLBROOK.









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

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

No. 215. Martyn. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.



No. 216. 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. 217. 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. 218. Ariel. C. P. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. LOWELL MASON.

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears,
4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,

Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
Of sin and wrath divine; I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all
Ex-alt-ed on his throne; In loft-iest songs of sweetest praise, I would to
And I shall see his face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e-

Gabriel, while he sings, In notes almost di-vine, In notes almost di-vine.
perfect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
ev-er-last-ing days Make all his glories known, Make all his glo-ries known.
ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Tri-umphant in his grace, Triumphant in his grace.

No. 219. He is Calling.

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

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea; / There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than (*Omit.....*) } lib-er-ty.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing. "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to thee.

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.

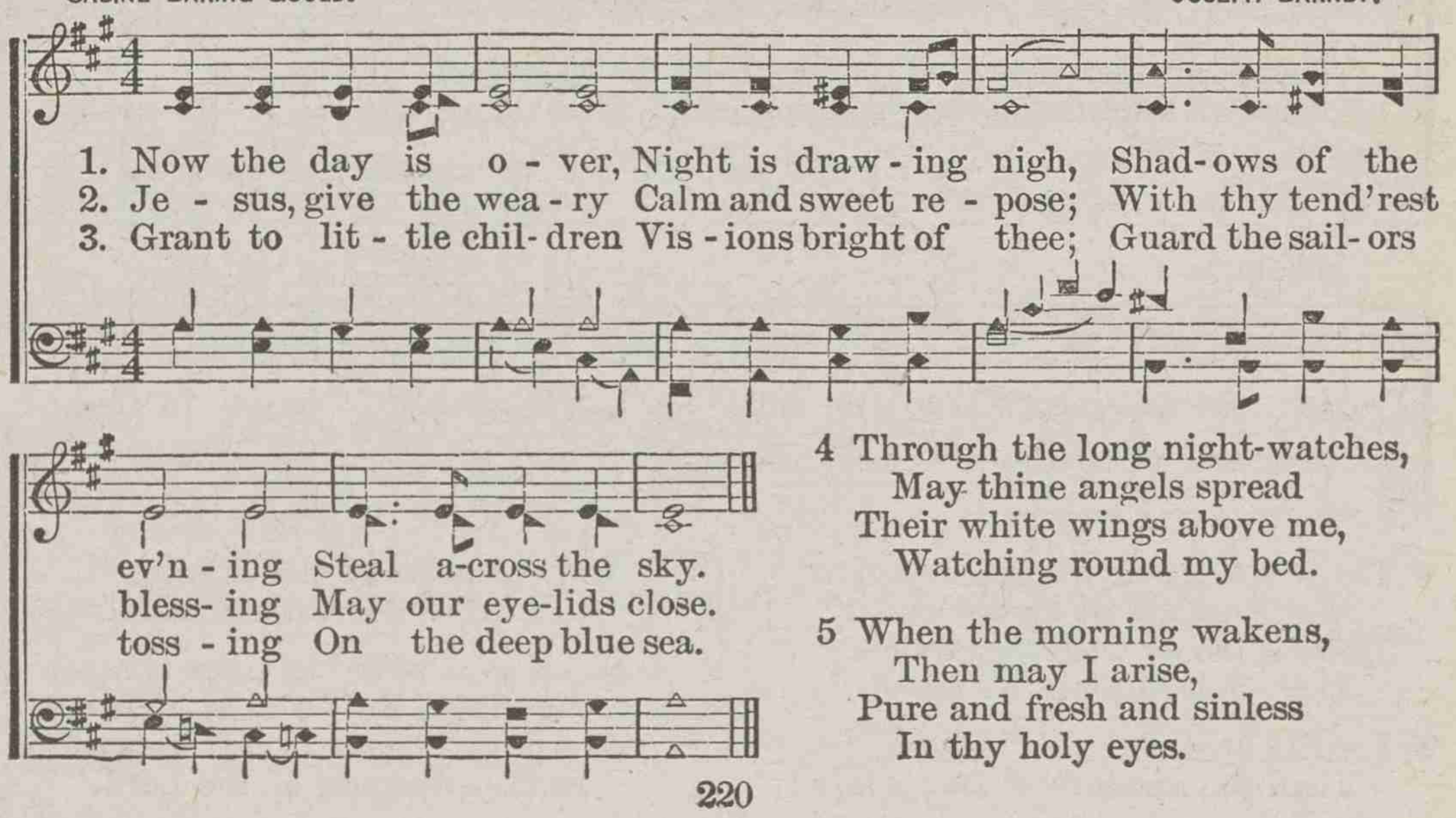
No. 220. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



No. 221. Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.

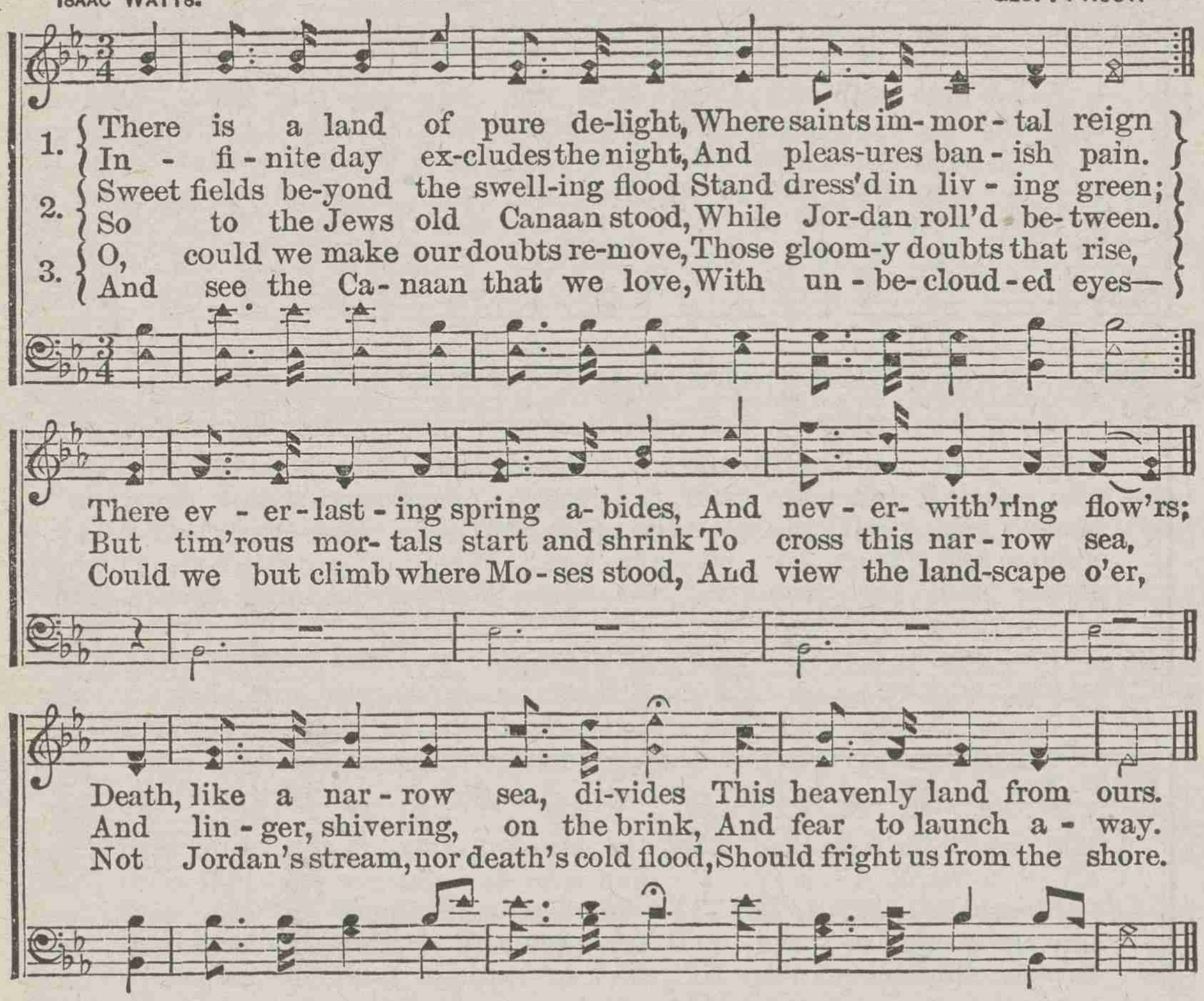


4 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

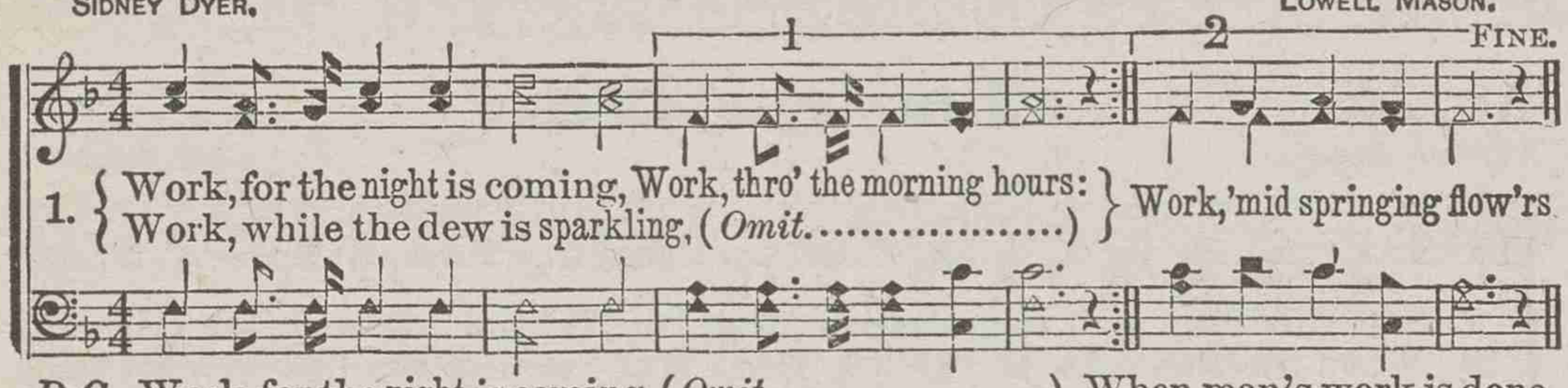
No. 222. Varina. C. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS. GEO. F. ROOT.



No. 223. 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. 224. Eventide. 10s.

HENRY F. LYTE — WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide; When oth - er help - ers fail and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a-round I see; O thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like thy - self my guide and strength can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me!
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if thou a - bide with me.
5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 225. Hursley. L. M.

JOHN KEBLE. — P. RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
Till in the o - cean of thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.

No. 226. Ellesdie. 8s, 7s. D.

HENRY F. LYTE. Arr. from W. A. MOZART.



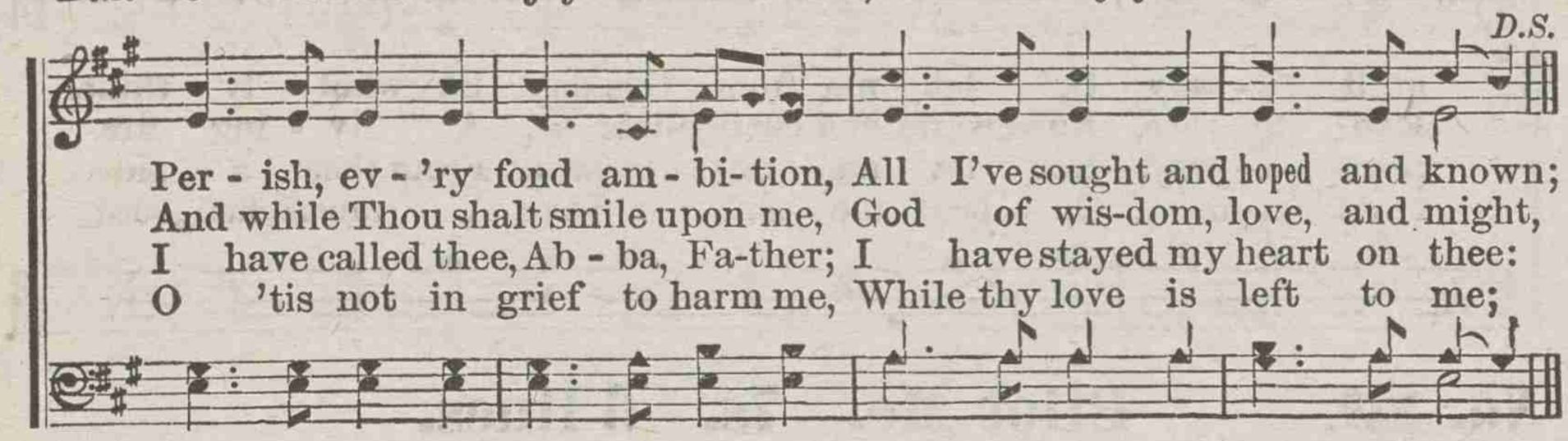
1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me; They have left my Sav - iour, too;
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure! Come, dis- as - ter, scorn, and pain!
4. Man may trouble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;



Des - ti-tute, despised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Hu - man hearts and looks de-ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un-true.
In thy ser-vice pain is pleasure; With thy fa - vor loss is gain.
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.



D.S.—Yet how rich is my con-di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
D.S.—Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show thy face and all is bright.
D.S.—Storms may howl and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.
D.S.—O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mixed with thee.



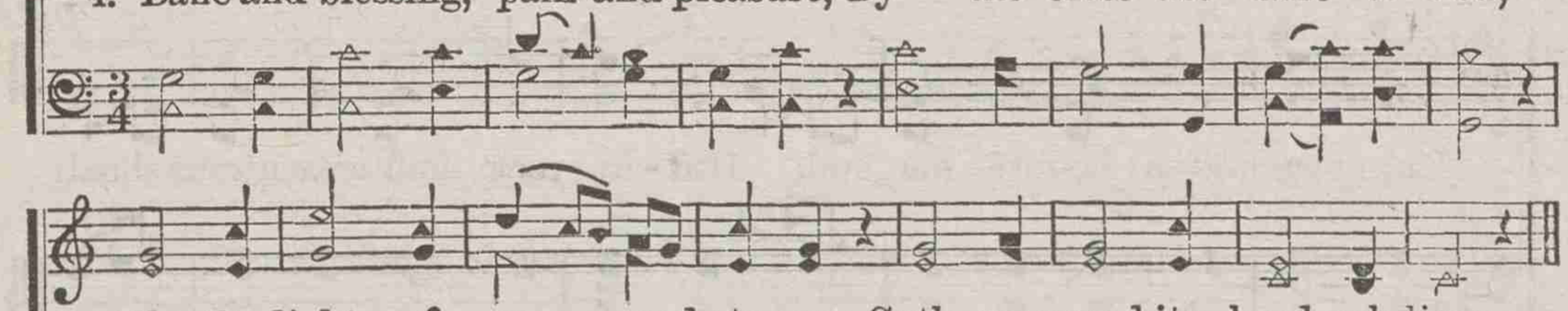
Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi-tion, All I've sought and hoped and known;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
I have called thee, Ab - ba, Fa-ther; I have stayed my heart on thee:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me;

No. 227. Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

J. BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de- ceive, and fears an- noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

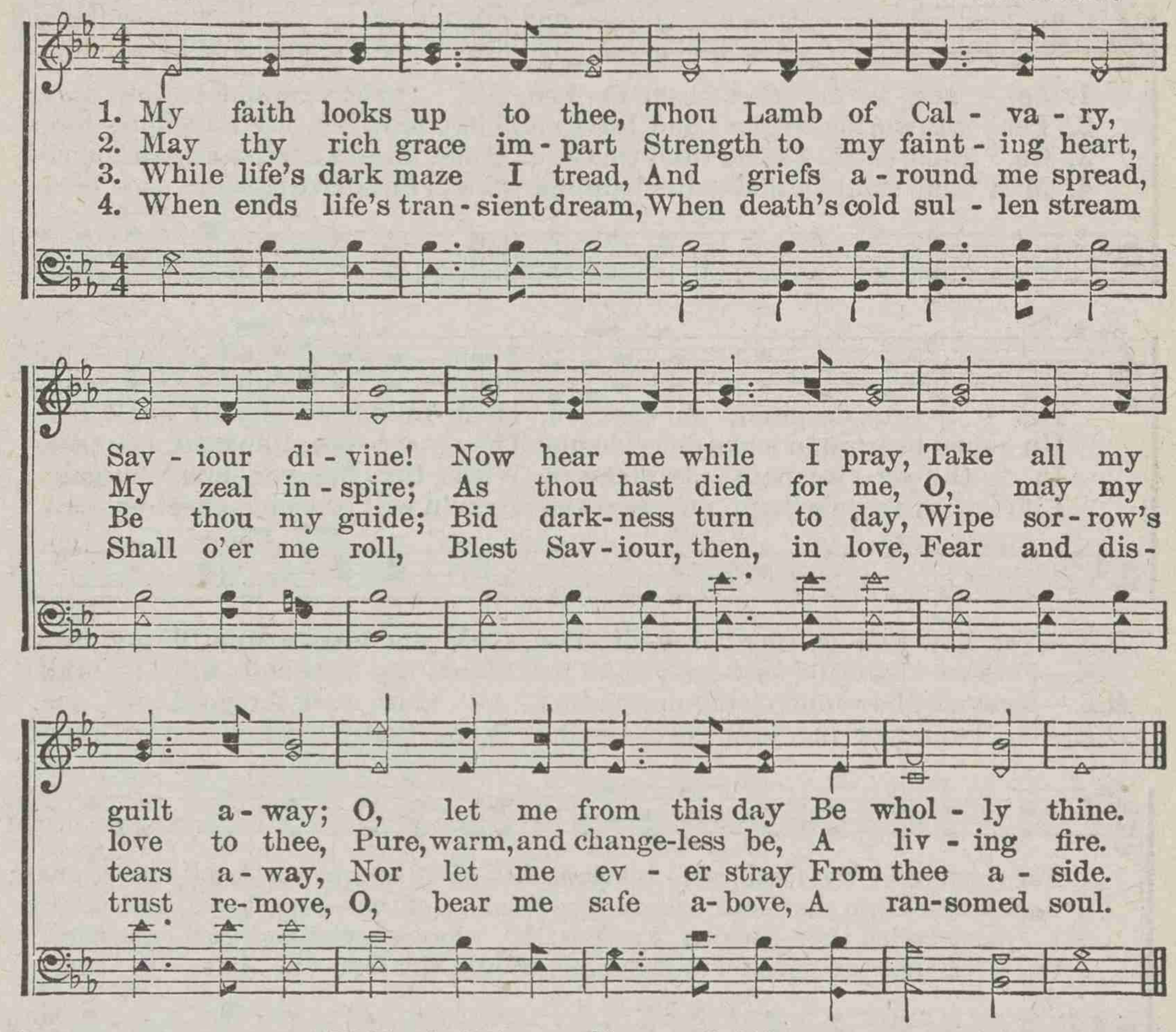


All the light of sa - cred sto- ry Gath- ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.



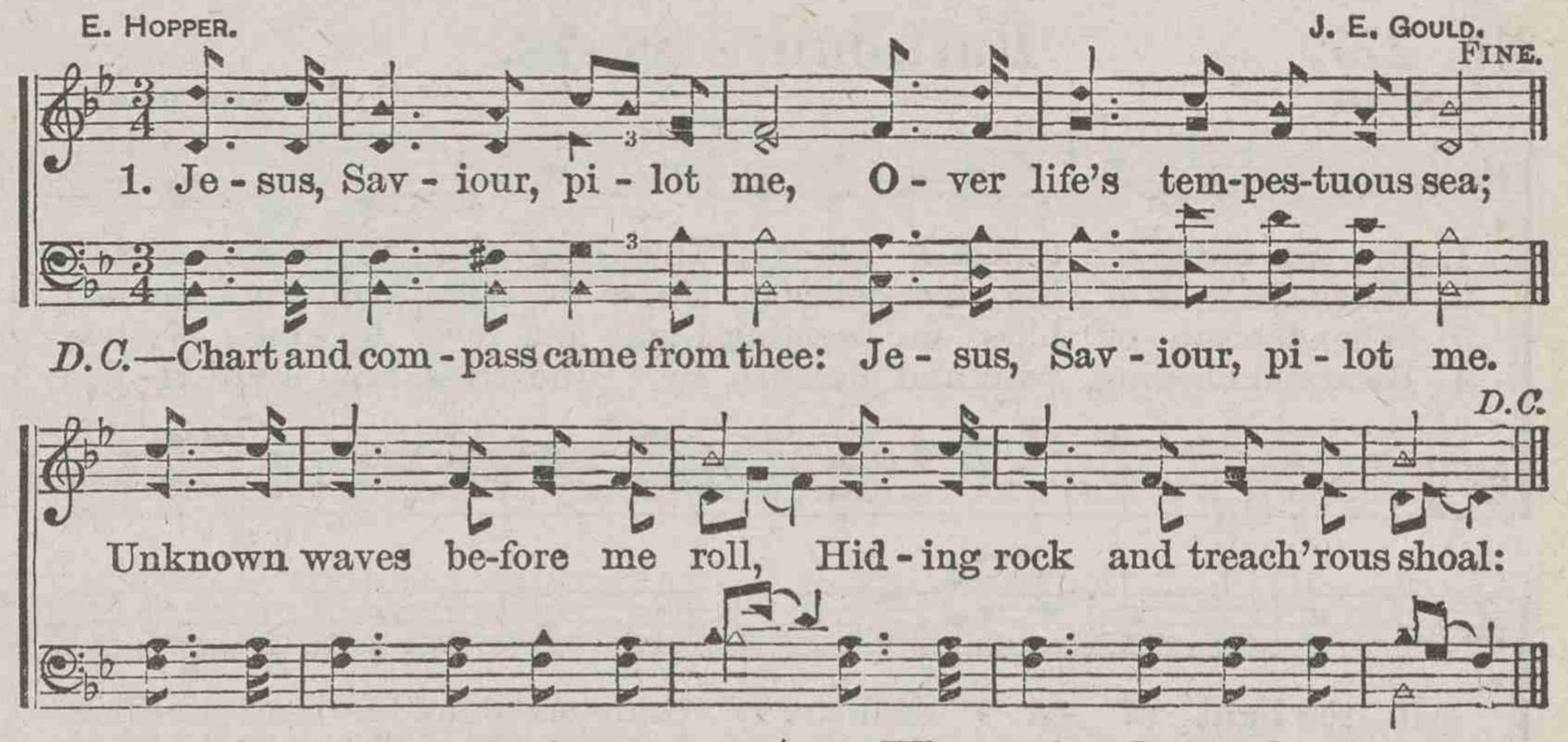
No. 228. Olivet. 6s, 4s.

RAY PALMER — Dr. L. MASON.



No. 229. Pilot Me. 7s. 6 lines.

E. HOPPER. — J. E. GOULD.

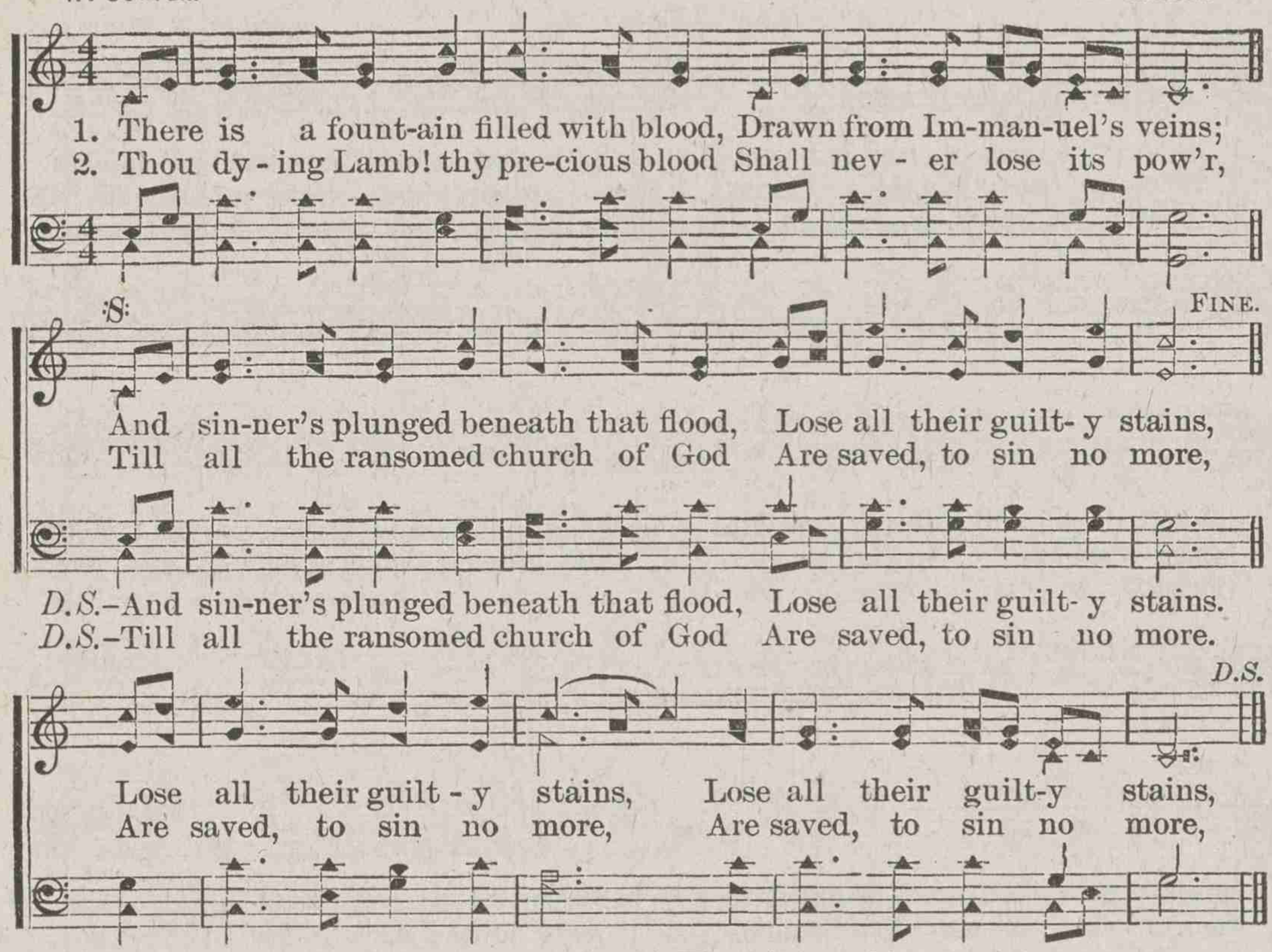


2 As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

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. 230. There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.



3 E'er since, by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 231. Bethany. 6s, 4s.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.



No. 232. Jerusalem, My Happy Home.

F. B. P. MATERNA. C. M. D. SAMUEL A. WARD.

1. Je - ru - sa-lem, my hap-py home, Name ev-er dear to me! When shall my la-bors
2. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor-row know: Blest seats, thro' rude and
3. Apostles, martyrs, prophets there, Around my Saviour stand; And soon my friends in

have an end, In joy and peace and thee? When shall these eyes thy heav'n built walls And
storm - y scenes I on-ward press to you; Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or
Christ be - low Will join the glorious band; Je - ru - sa-lem, my glo-rious home! My

pearl - y gates be-hold; Thy bulwarks with salvation strong, And streets of shin-ing gold.
feel, at death, dis-may? I've Canaan's good-ly land in view, And realms of endless day.
soul still pants for thee; Then shall my la-bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

rit.

No. 233. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

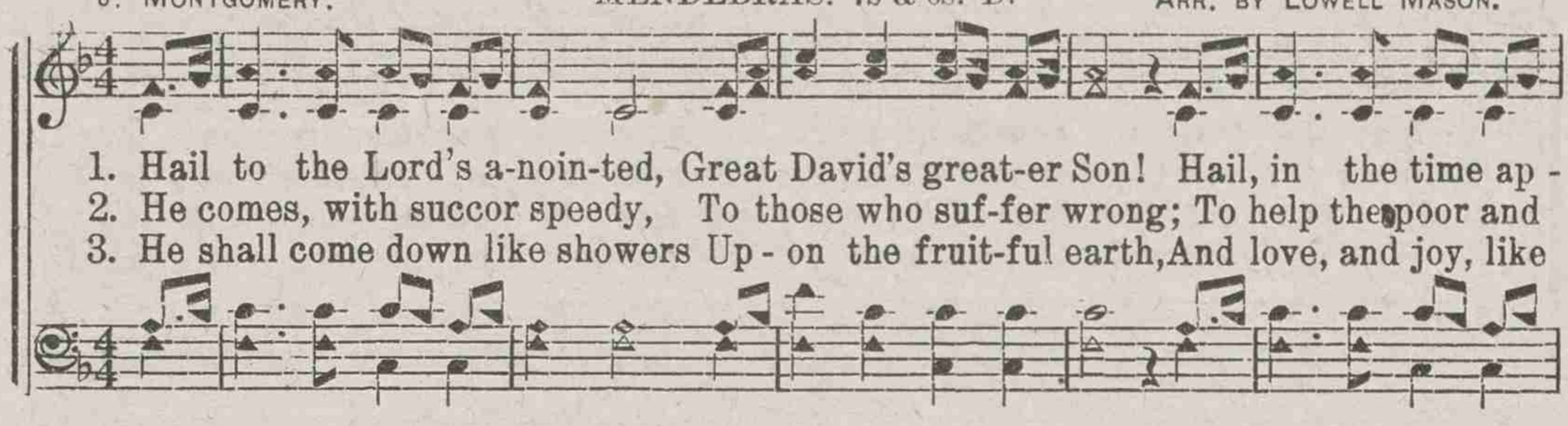
JOHN BURTON. MERCY. 7s. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Hol - y Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav - iour's love;
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, If the Ho - ly Spir - it bless;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, Light and life be - yond the tomb;

Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to teach me what I am.
Mine art thou to guide my feet, Mine to judge, condemn, ac - quit.
Mine to show by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine.

No. 234. Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

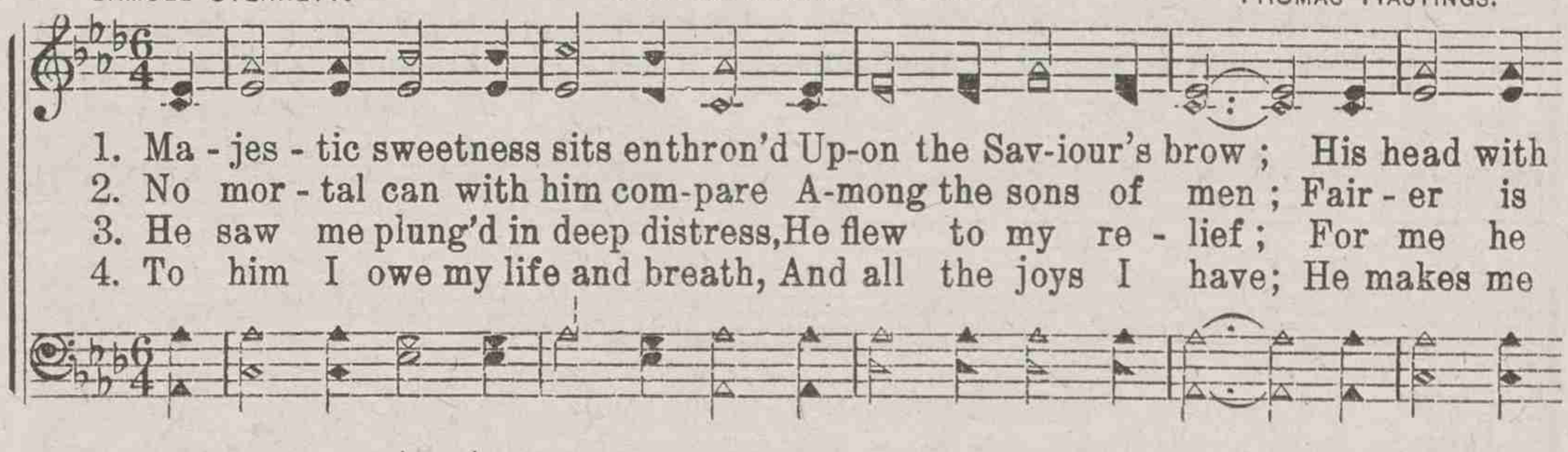
J. MONTGOMERY. MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D. ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.





No. 235. Majestic Sweetness.

SAMUEL STENNETT. ORTONVILLE. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS.



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. 236. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT. BY PER.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er,... O why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er,... To gain by a fur-ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er,.. His Spir - it now striv-ing with - in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er?... The har-vest is pass-ing a - way,

Your Sav-iour is wait-ing to give you A place in his sanc-ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but his way.
O why not ac-cept his sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin.
Your Sav-iour is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to him now? now?

No. 237. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS. BY PER.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day, "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go thy way, Some, more con - ven - ient day On thee I'll call."
ling-'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wand - 'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—but lost!"

No. 238. Hide Thou Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY — Ps. 32: 7. — ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. In thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide thou me; When the fit - ful tem-pest rag - es, Hide thou me; Where no mor - tal arm can sev - er From my heart thy love for - ev - er, Hide me, O thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in thee.
2. From the snare of sinful pleas-ure, Hide thou me; Thou, my soul's e - ter - nal treas-ure, Hide thou me; When the world its pow'r is wield - ing, And my heart is al-most yielding, Hide me, O thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in thee.
3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, Hide thou me; Till in glo - ry dawns the mor - row, Hide thou me; In the sight of Jor-dan's bil - low, Let thy bos - om be my pil-low, Hide me, O thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in thee.

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No. 239. O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. — LYONS. 10s, 11s. — F. J. HAYDN.

1. O wor-ship the King all glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly sing his won-der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor and gird - ed with praise.
2. Thy boun-ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
3. Frail children of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mer-cies, how ten-der! how firm to the end, Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

No. 240. Precious Name.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O! the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at his feet,

It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta - tions 'round you gath-er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
When his lov - ing arms re-ceive us, And his songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him, When our jour - ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.

Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
Precious name, O how sweet!

Pre-cious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

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No. 241. Is My Name Written There?

M. A. KIDDER FRANK M. DAVIS. BY PER.

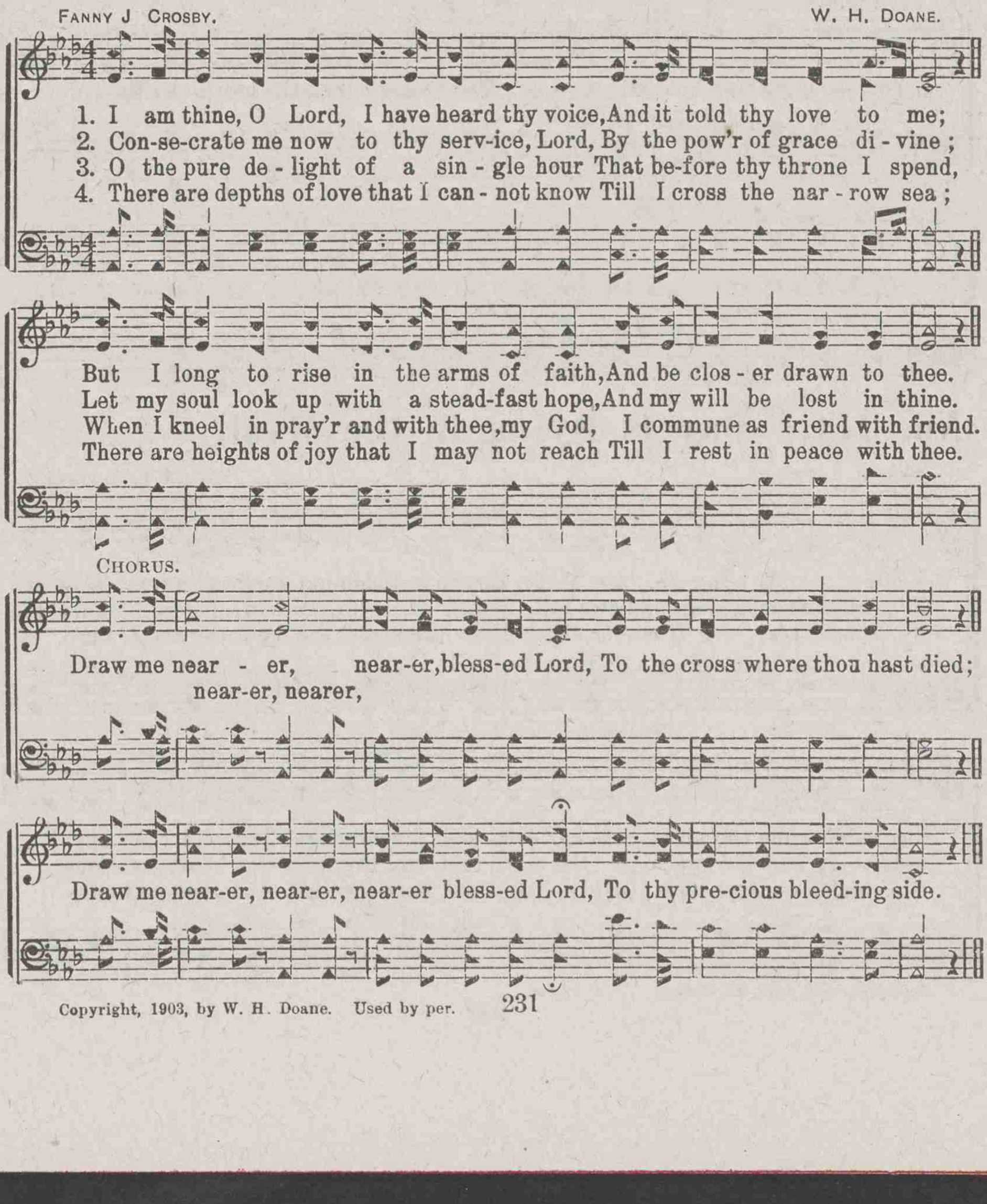
1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei-ther sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my
3. O that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its glo - ri - fied

heav - en, I would en - ter the fold, In the book of thy king-dom, With its
Sav - iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For the prom-ise is writ-ten, In bright
be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing com-eth, To de -

Is My Name Written There? Concluded.



No. 242. I Am Thine, O Lord.



Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

No. 243. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY. BY PER.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;

With its crys - tal tide for-ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon. our hap - py hearts will quiv-er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,—
Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

No. 244. Day is Dying in the West.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy - ing in the West; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and
2. While the deep'ning shad-ows fall, Heart of love en-fold - ing all, Thro' the
3. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of

wor-ship while the night Sets her eve - ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And shad-ows end.

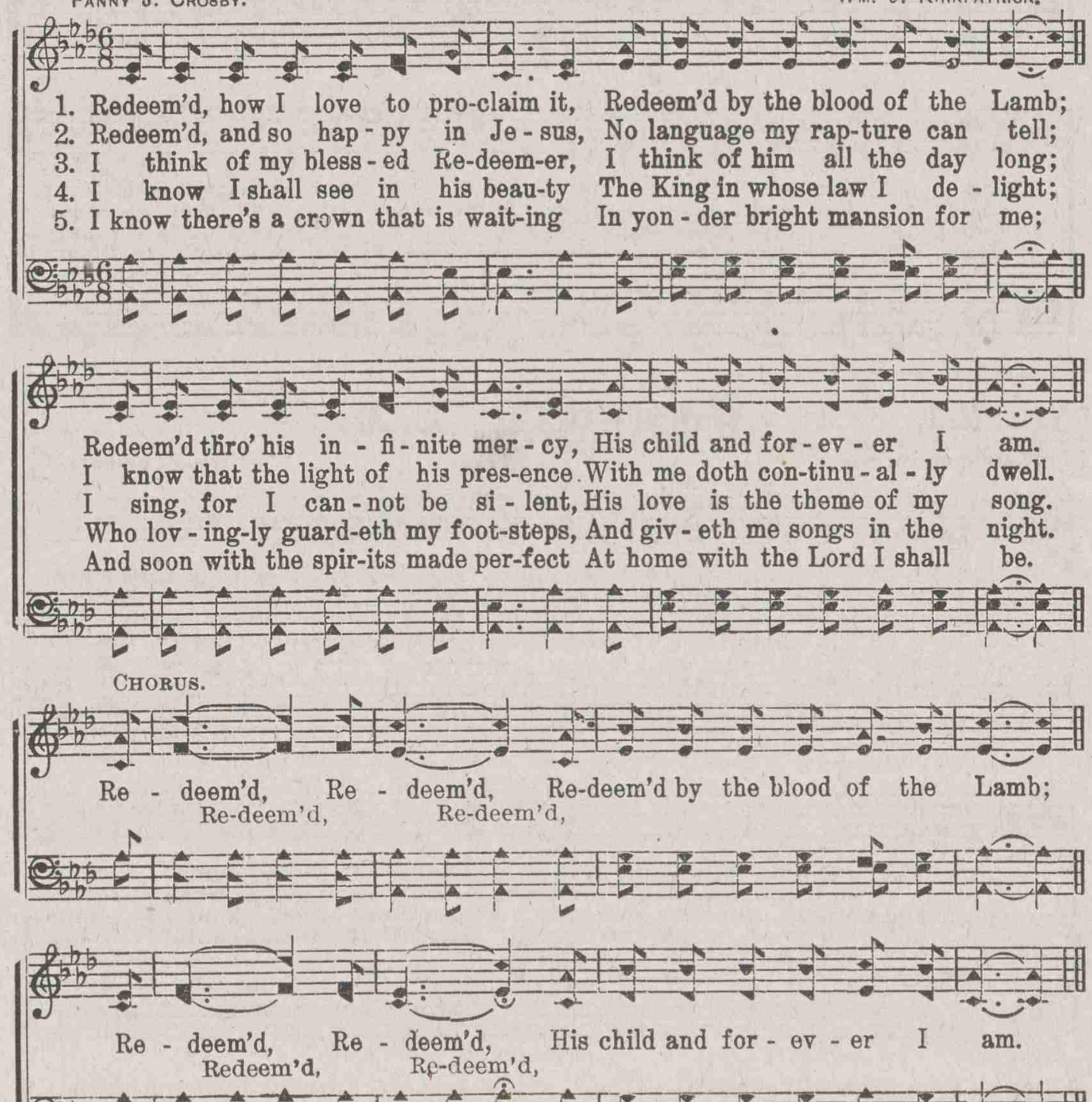
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Day is Dying in the West. Concluded.



No. 245. Redeemed.

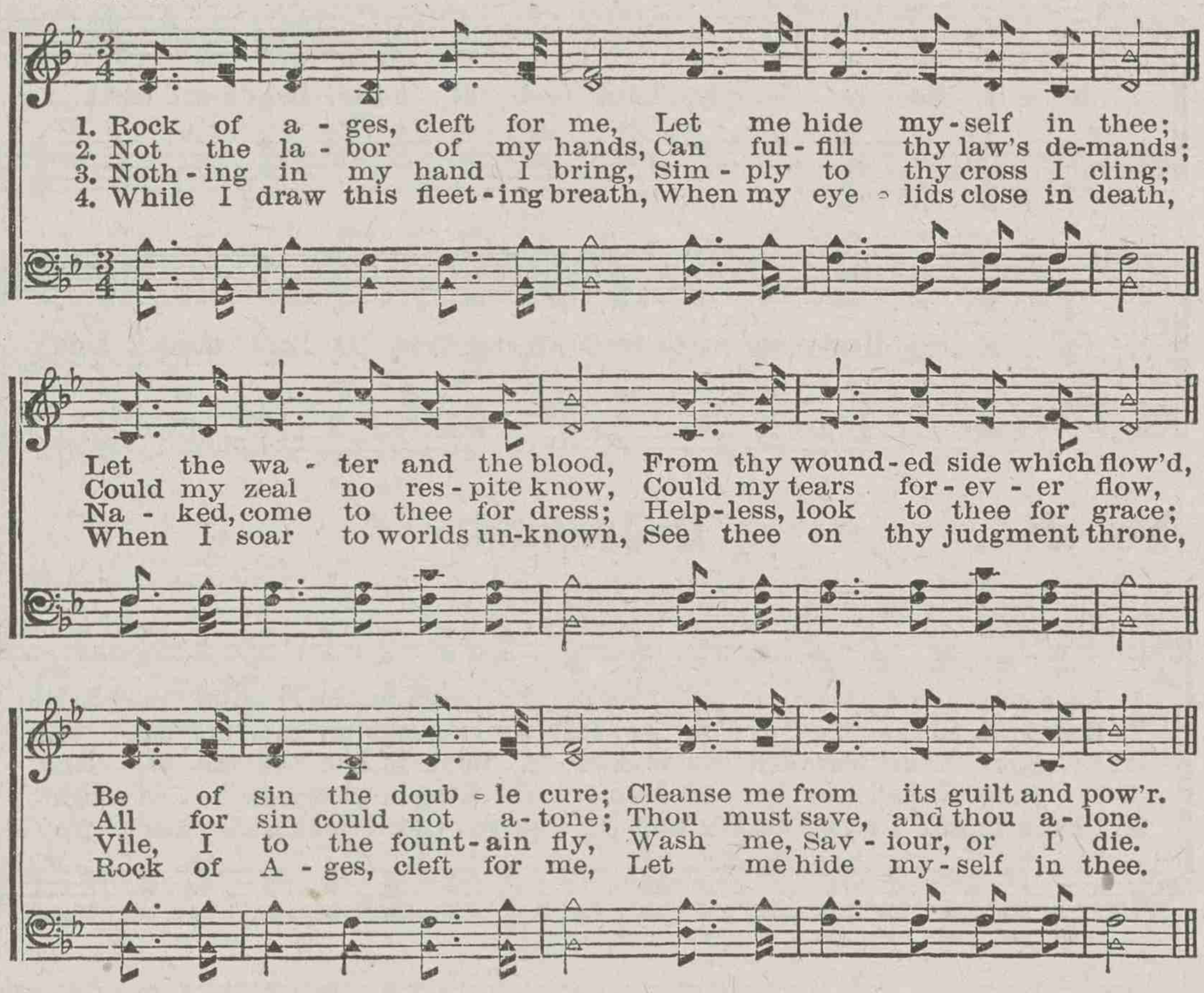
FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1882 and 1910, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

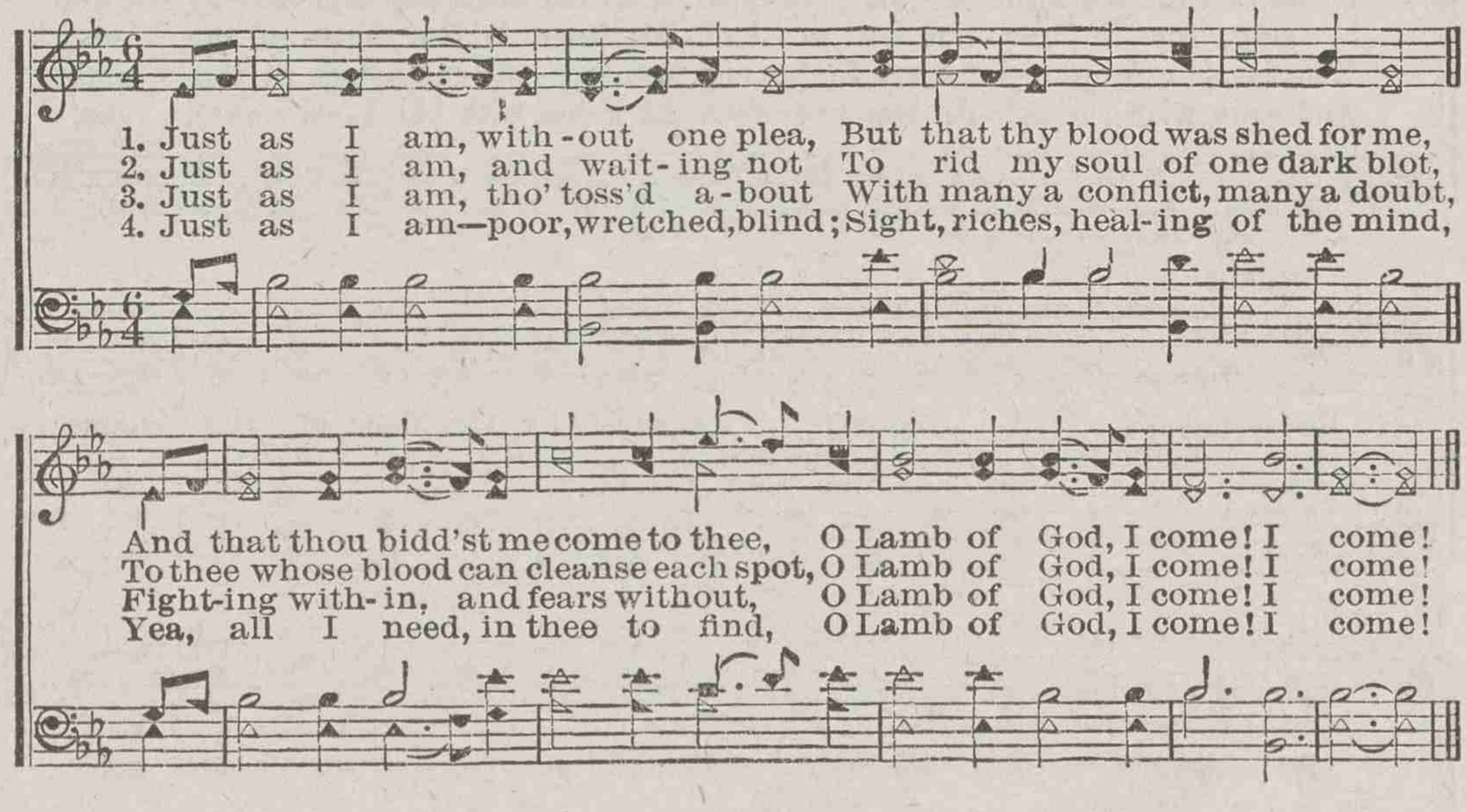
No. 246. Toplady. 7s. 6 lines.

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



No. 247. Woodworth. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.

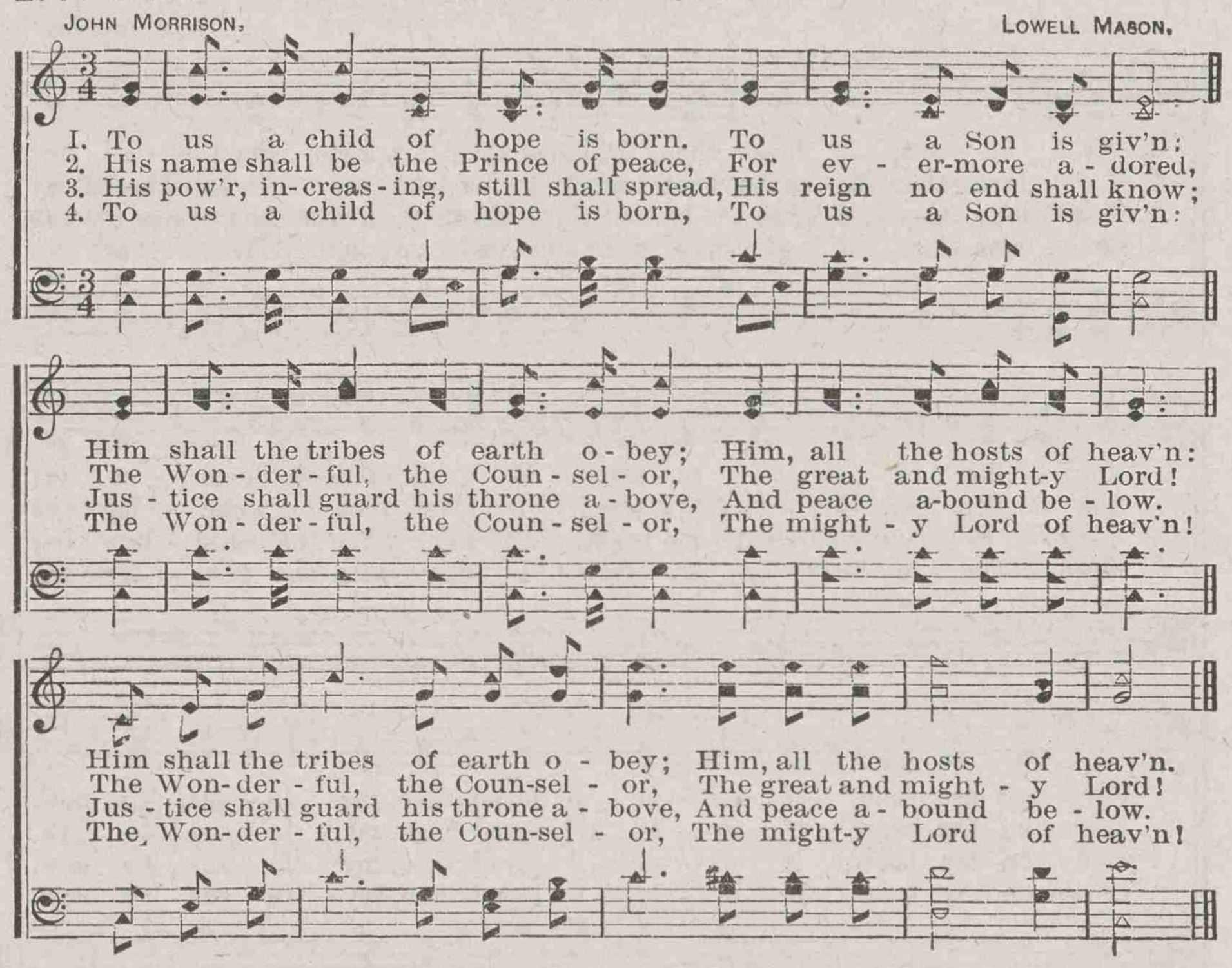


5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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. 248. Zerah. C. M.

JOHN MORRISON. LOWELL MASON.



No. 249. St. Hilda. 7s, 6s. D.

WM. W. HOW. JUSTIN H. KNECHT, et al.



No. 250. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

LONDON HYMN BOOK. A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re-deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 251. Jesus Loves Me!

ANNA B. WARNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so, Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! he who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! he will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I

CHORUS.

ones to him be - long, They are weak but he is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let his lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me!
love him when I die, He will take me home on high.

Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so.

No. 252. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. John 6: 47–63. P. P. Bliss. By per.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Wonderful words of Life, Let me more of their
2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all Wonderful words of Life; Sin - ner, list to the
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos-pel call, Wonderful words of Life, Of - fer pardon and

beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life. Words of life and beau-ty, Teach me
lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life. All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing
peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav-iour, Sanc - ti -

faith and du-ty.
us to heav-en. Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life, . . Life.
fy for-ev - er.

No. 253. Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss. By per.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of his love in the Book he has giv'n,
2. Tho' I forget him and wan-der a - way, Still he doth love me wher-ev-er I stray;
3. O if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in his beau-ty I see the great King;

Won-der-ful things in the Bi - ble I see; This is the dearest, that Je-sus loves me.
Back to his dear loving arms I would flee, When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me.
This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be, "O what a won-der that Je-sus loves me."

Chorus.

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

No. 254. Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun-tain Free to all— a
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer-cy found me; There the bright and
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me; Help me walk from
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop-ing, trust-ing ev - er, Till I reach the

CHORUS.

healing stream, Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
Morning Star Sheds its beams a-round me. In the cross, in the cross, Be my
day to day, With its shad - ow o'er me.
gold-en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.

glo - ry ev - er, Till my raptured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

By permission.

No. 255. Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL.

1. Thou, my ev - er-last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

:S: FINE.

All a - long my pil-grim jour - ney, Sav-iour, let me walk with thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

REFRAIN. *Repeat last line of the verse. D. S.*

Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee;

By permission.

No. 256. Blessed Be the Name.

W. H CLARK. ARR BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All praise to him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su-preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more;
3. His name shall be the Coun - sel - or, The might-y Prince of Peace,
4. Re - deem - er, Sav - iour, Friend of man, Once ru - ined by the fall,

Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re - deem.
At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.
Of all earth's kingdoms Con-quer - or, Whose reign shall nev-er cease.
Thou hast de-vised sal - va-tion's plan, For thou hast died for all.

CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, blessed be the name of the Lord; of the Lord.

Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 257. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. MATT. 5: 16. P. P. BLISS.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - cy From his light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or temp-est - tost,

But to us he gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

FINE.

D.S.–Some poor fainting, struggling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

By permission.

No. 258. Nearer, Still Nearer.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Near-er, still near-er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so pre-cious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shel - ter me
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off - 'ring to Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now con-trite heart, Grant me the
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my an - chor is cast; Thro' end-less a - ges, ev - er to be, Near-er, my

safe in that "Ha - ven of Rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of Rest."
cleansing thy blood doth im-part, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth im-part.
Je - sus, my Lord, cru - ci-fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord, cru-ci - fied.
Sav - iour, still near-er to thee, Near - er, my Sav-iour, still near - er to thee.

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No. 259. Thou, Whose Almighty Word.

JOHN MARRIOTT. ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. F. GIARDINI.

1. Thou, whose almighty word Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight; Hear us we humbly pray, And where the gospel day Sheds not its glorious ray, "Let there be light."
2. Thou, who didst come to bring On thy redeeming wing, Healing and sight, Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the in - ly blind; O now, to all mankind, "Let there be light."
3. Spir - it of truth and love, Life-giv-ing, holy Dove, Speed forth thy flight; Move o'er the water's face By thine almighty grace; And in earth's darkest place, "Let there be light."

No. 260. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s J. READING.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to you he hath said, You who un - to
2. In ev - 'ry con-di - tion—in sick-ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's vale or a - bounding in wealth, At home and a-broad, on the land, on the sea—As thy days may de -
3. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my
4. E'en down to old age all my peo - ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e - ter-nal, un - change-a-ble love; And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, Like lambs they shall
5. The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I can not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll nev - er, no

Je - sus for ref-uge have fled? You who un - to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled?
mand, shall thy strength ever be, As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ev-er be.
righteous, om-nip - o-tent hand, Up - held by my righteous, om-nip - o-tent hand.
still in my bo - som be borne, Like lambs they shall still in my bo-som be borne.
nev - er, no nev - er for-sake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for-sake.

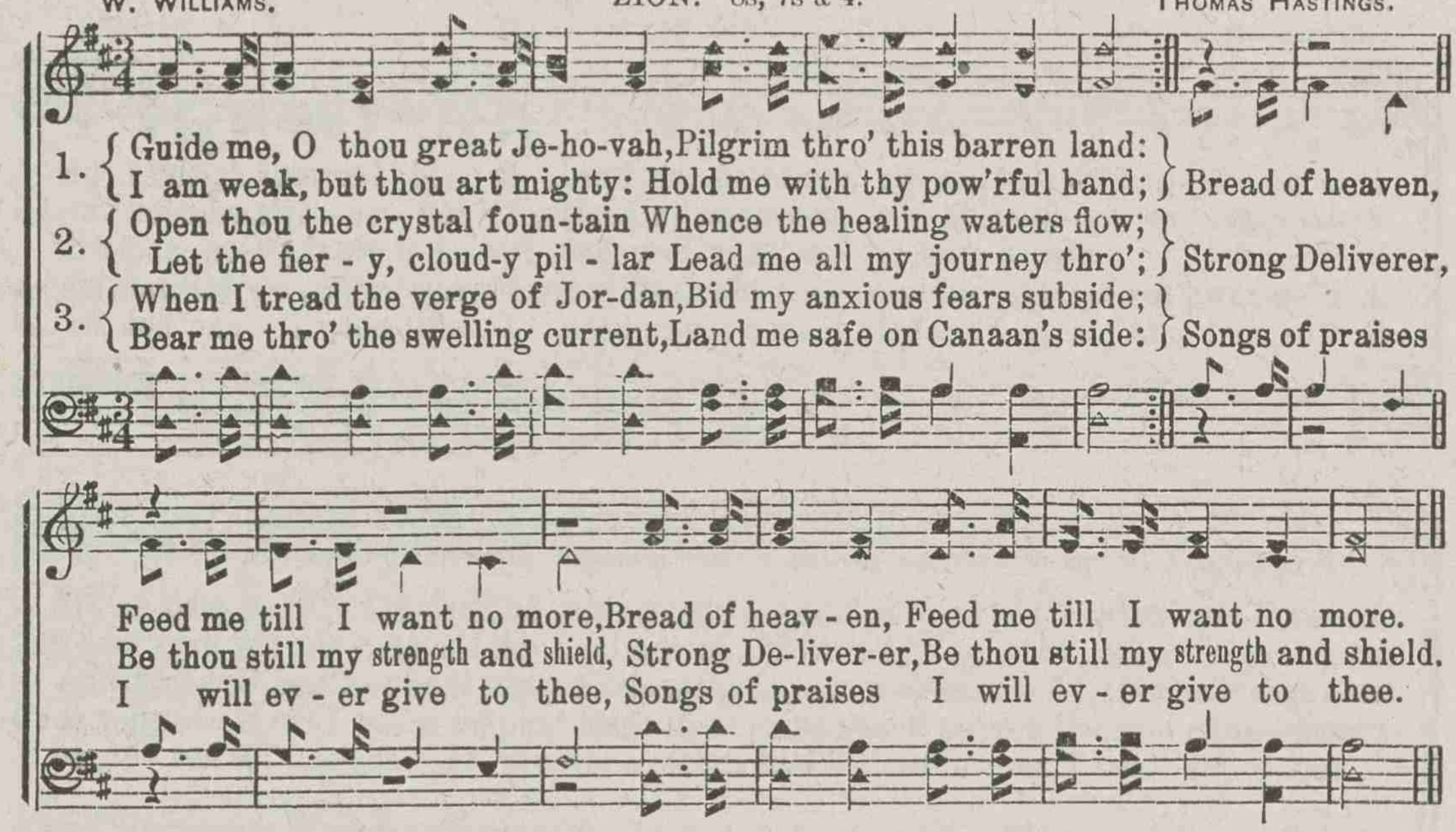
No. 261. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON. ST. MARGARET. 8, 8, 8, 8, 6. ALBERT L. PEACE.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in thee; I give thee back the life I owe, That in thine ocean depths its flow May richer, full-er be.
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to thee; My heart re - stores its borrow'd ray, That in thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fairer be.
3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from thee; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

No. 262. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

W. WILLIAMS. ZION. 8s, 7s & 4. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 263. On The Mountain's Top.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Hath thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning:
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God, thy Saviour, will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

THOMAS KELLY.

Naomi. C. M.

HANS G. NAGELI.



No. 264. Father, Whate'er. C. M.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE.

No. 265. O Thou Who Driest. C. M.

1 O thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

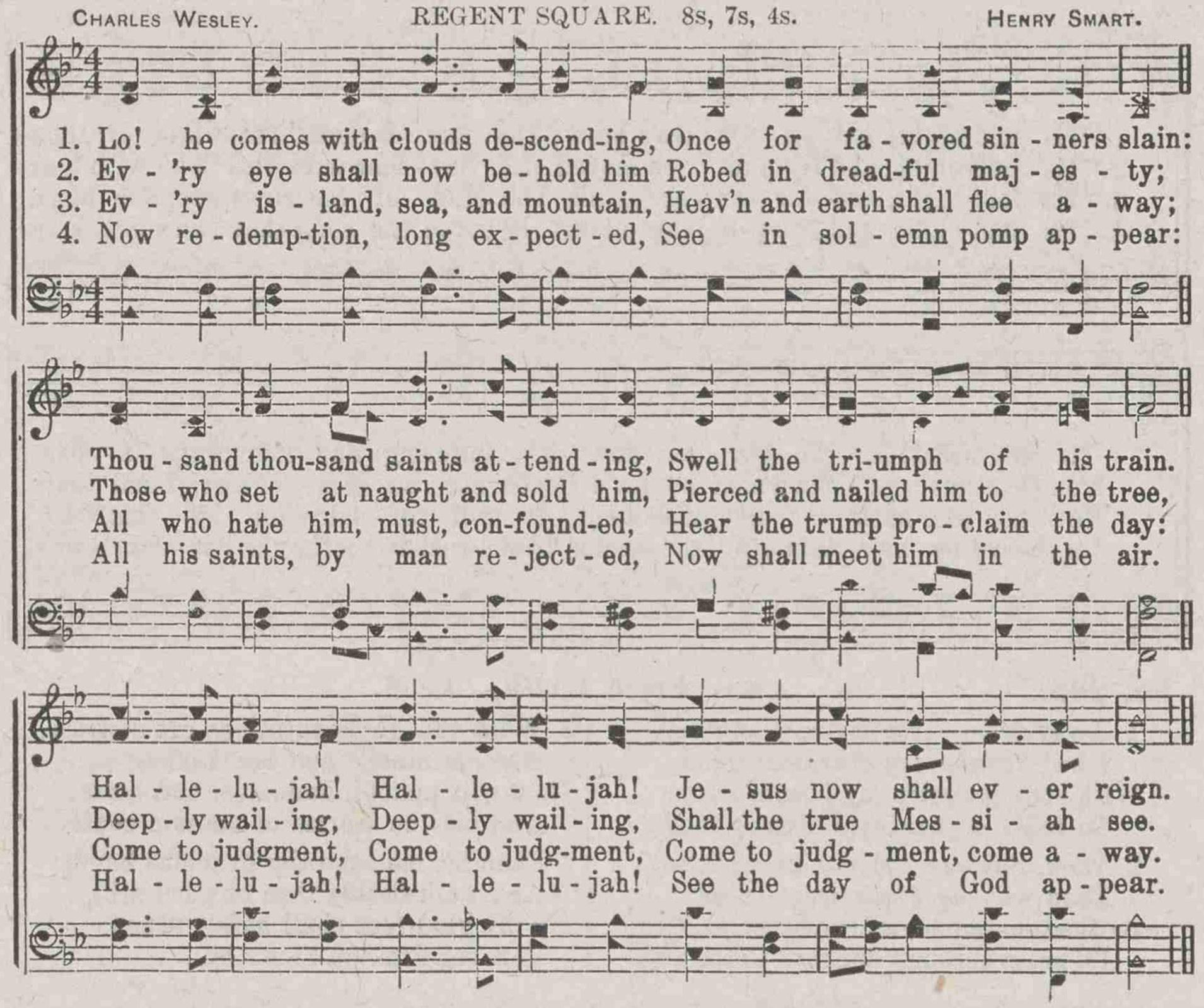
2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
The darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

THOMAS MOORE.

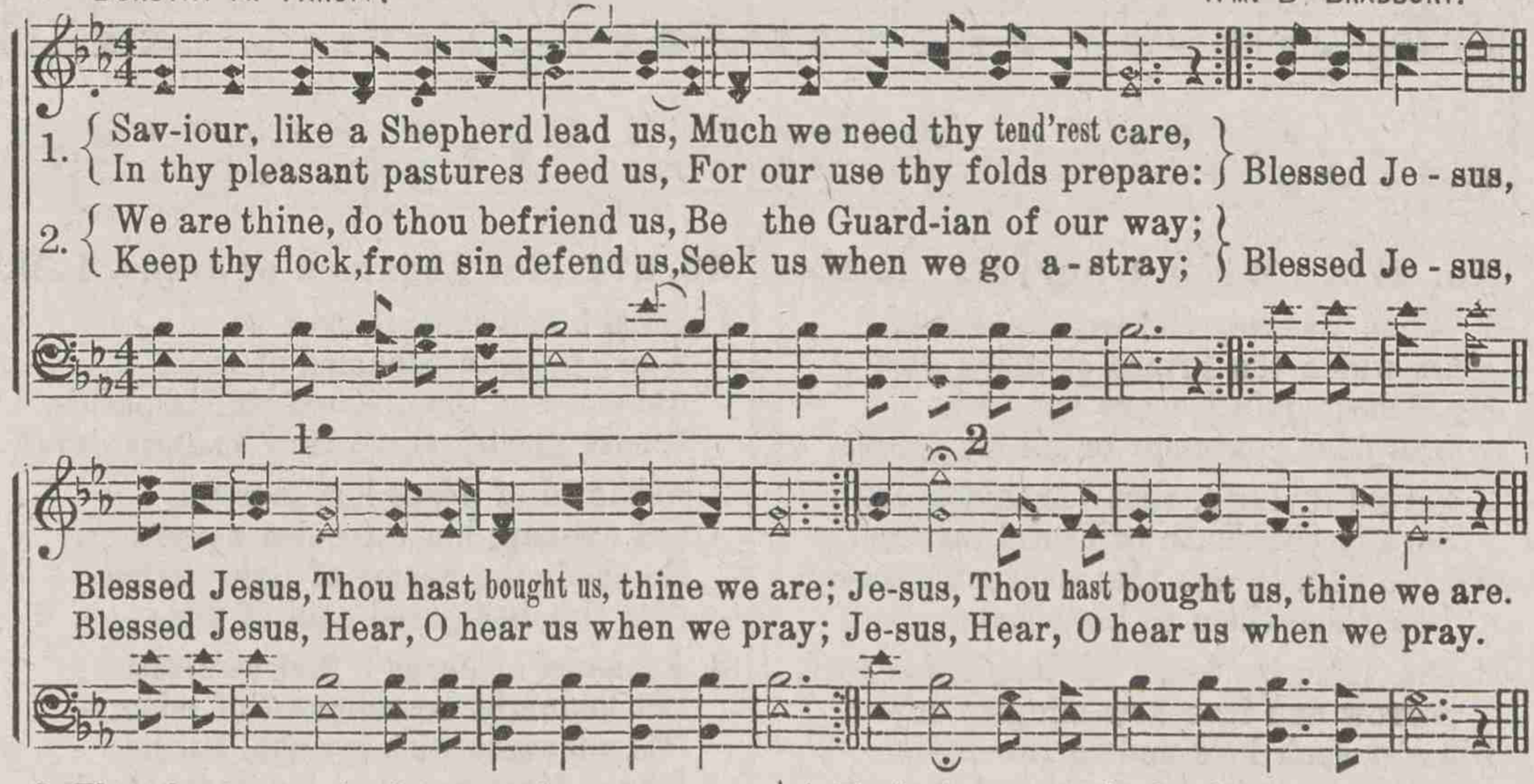
No. 266. Lo, He Comes.

CHARLES WESLEY. REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s, 4s. HENRY SMART.



No. 267. Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B BRADBURY.

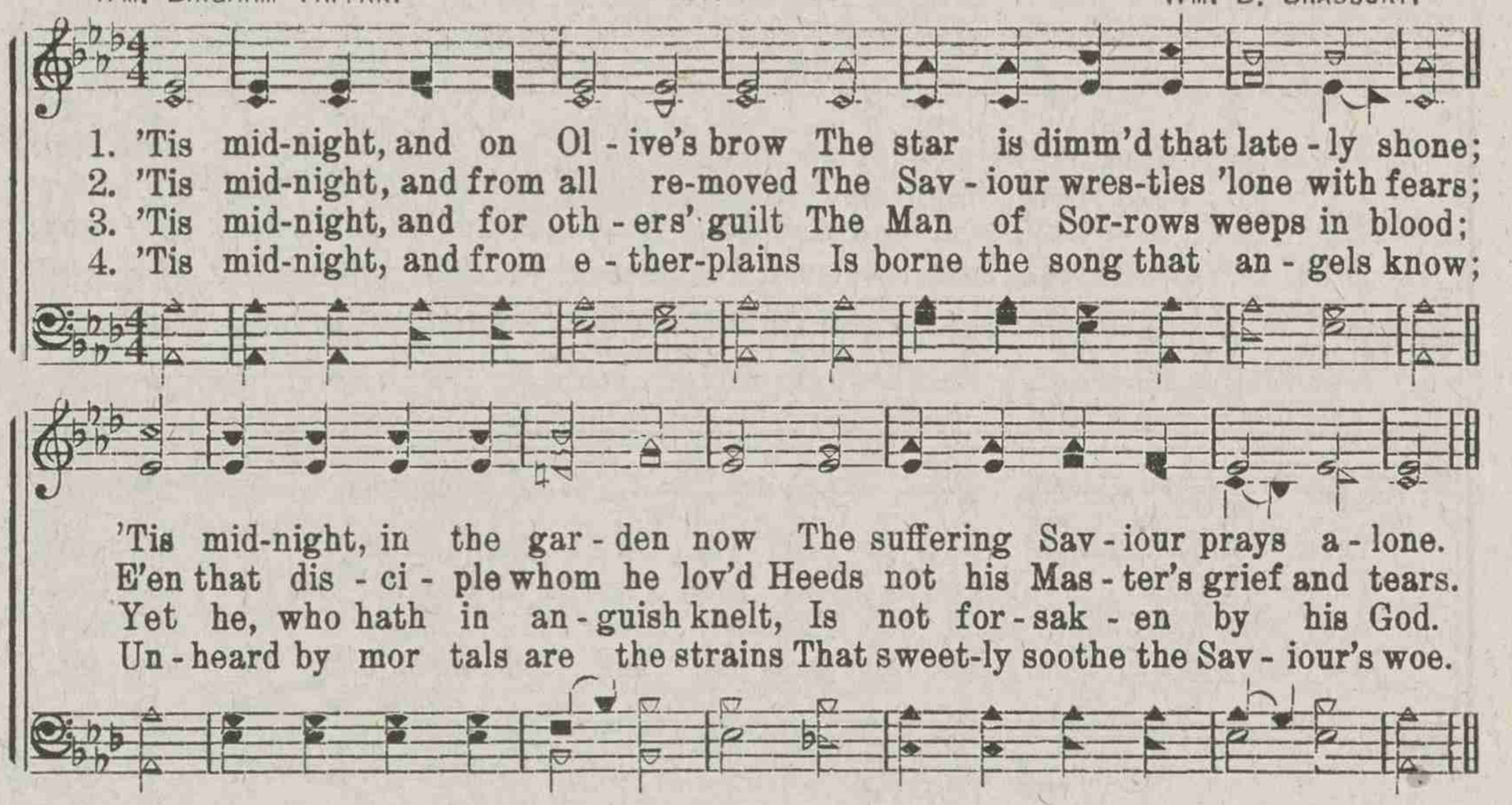


3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 268. Olive's Brow. L. M.

WM. BINGHAM TAPPAN. Matt. 26: 38. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 269. Away From Earth. L. M.

1 Away from earth my spirit turns—
Away from every transient good;
With strong desire my bosom burns
To feast on heaven's diviner food.

2 Thou, Saviour, art the living bread;
Thou wilt my every want supply;
By thee sustained, and cheered, and led,
I'll press through dangers to the sky.

3 What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails and breaks my peace,
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.

4 Then let me take thy gracious hand,
And walk beside thee onward still,
Till my glad feet shall safely stand,
Forever firm, on Zion's hill.

RAY PALMER.

Hamburg. L. M.

ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



No. 270. When I Survey. L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 271. Not Ashamed of Jesus. L.M.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

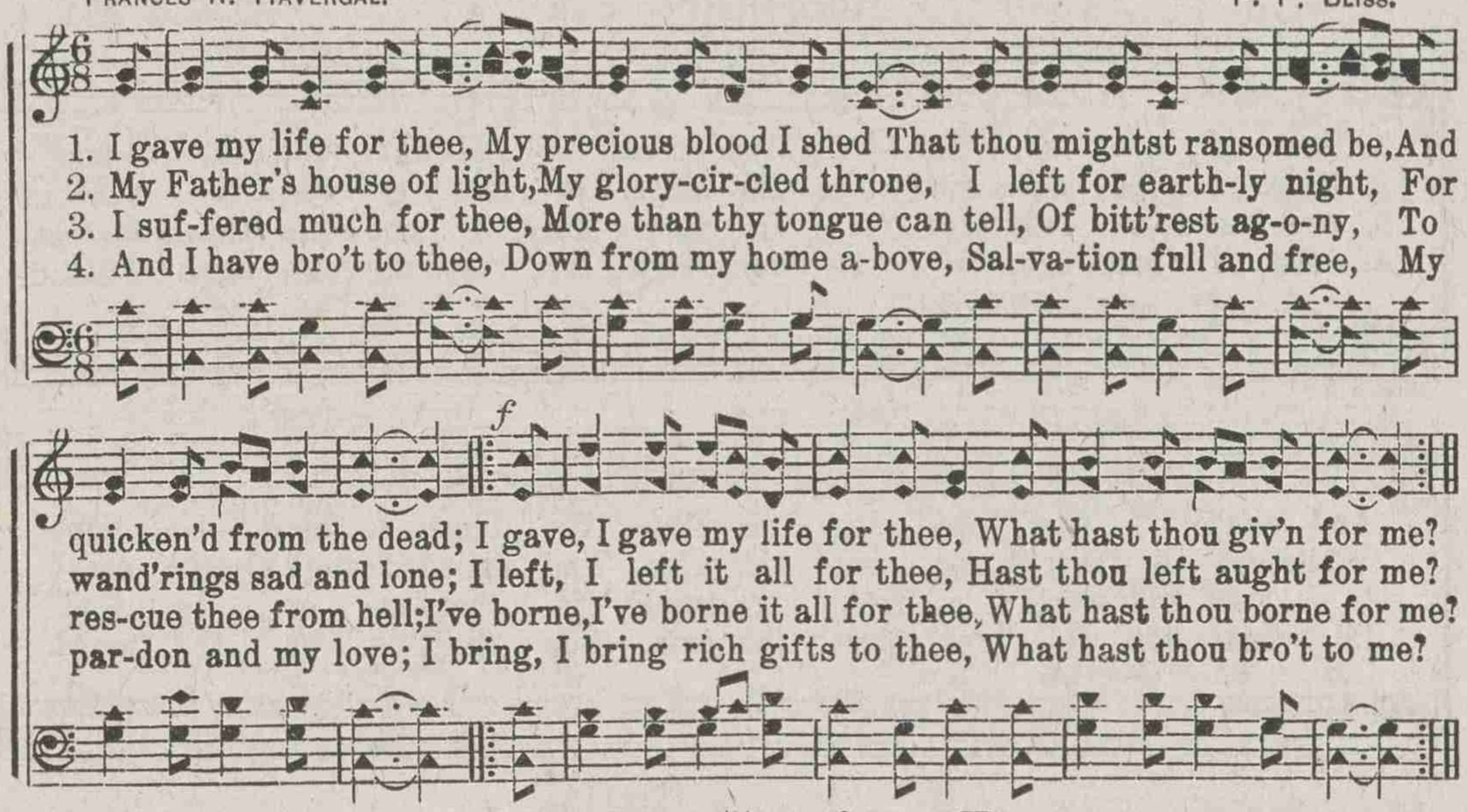
3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

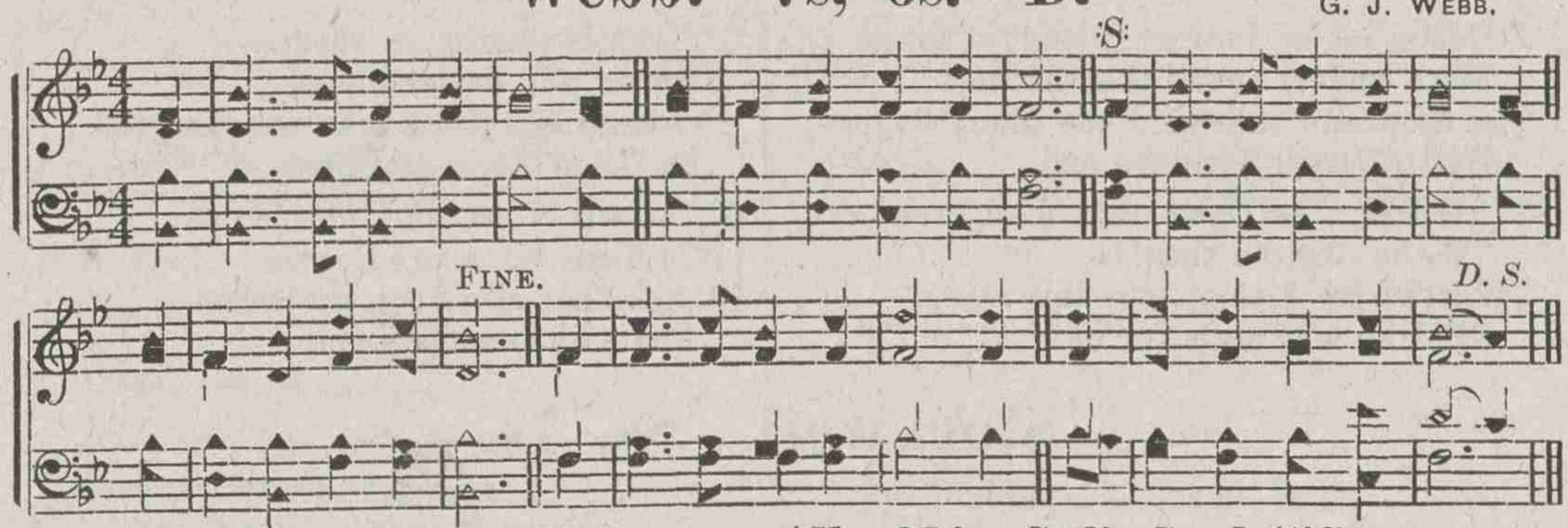
No. 272. I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.



Webb. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.



No. 273. The Morning Light.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

No. 274. God's Good Gifts.

1 We plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered,
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

2 He only is the maker,
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us his children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank thee, then, O, Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seedtime and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all thy love imparts,
And what thou most deservest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

MATHIAS CLAUDIUS. TR. MISS J. M. CAMPBELL.

No. 275. Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

I. WATTS. ARLINGTON. C. M. THOMAS A. ARNE.



No. 276. Come, Let Us Join.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us!"

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

Stockwell. 8s, 7s.

DARIUS ELIOT JONES.



No. 277. The Shades of Evening.

1 Silently the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

2 O the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot!
O the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not!

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

CHRISTOPHER C. COX.

No. 278. Trust in God's Care.

1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON.

Mear. C. M.

AARON WILLIAMS.



No. 279. **O God, Our Help. C. M.**

1 O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm, alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home! ISAAC WATTS.

Dundee. C. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC.



No. 280. **God's Mysteries. C. M.**

1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will.

3 You fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

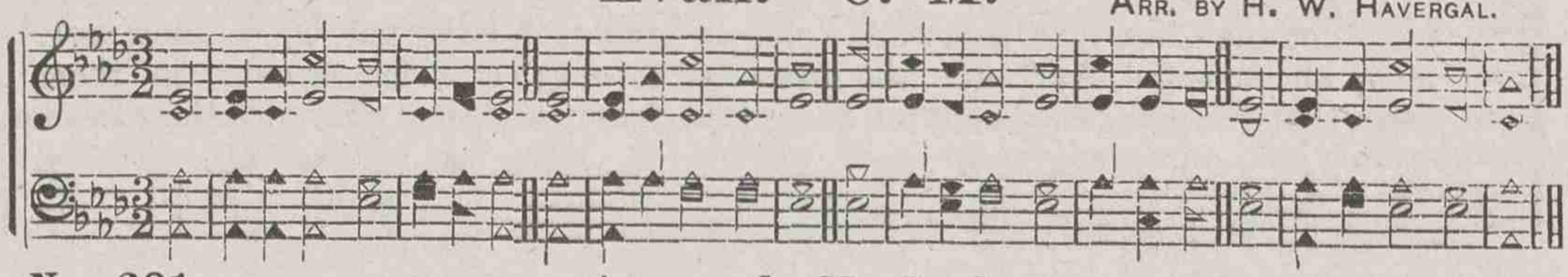
5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

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

WILLIAM COWPER.

Evan. C. M.

ARR. BY H. W. HAVERGAL.



No. 281. **Approach, My Soul.**

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

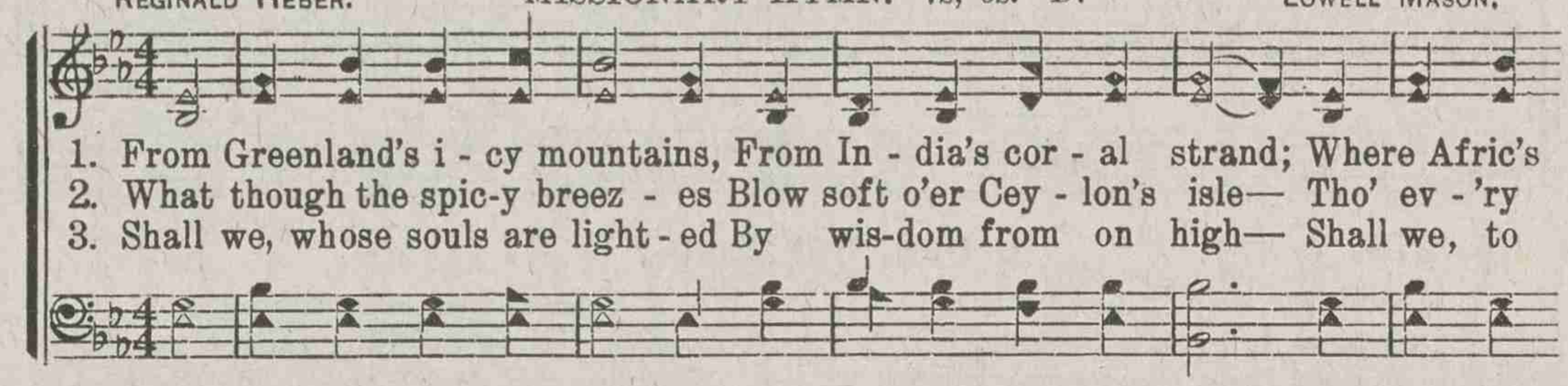
3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

JOHN NEWTON.

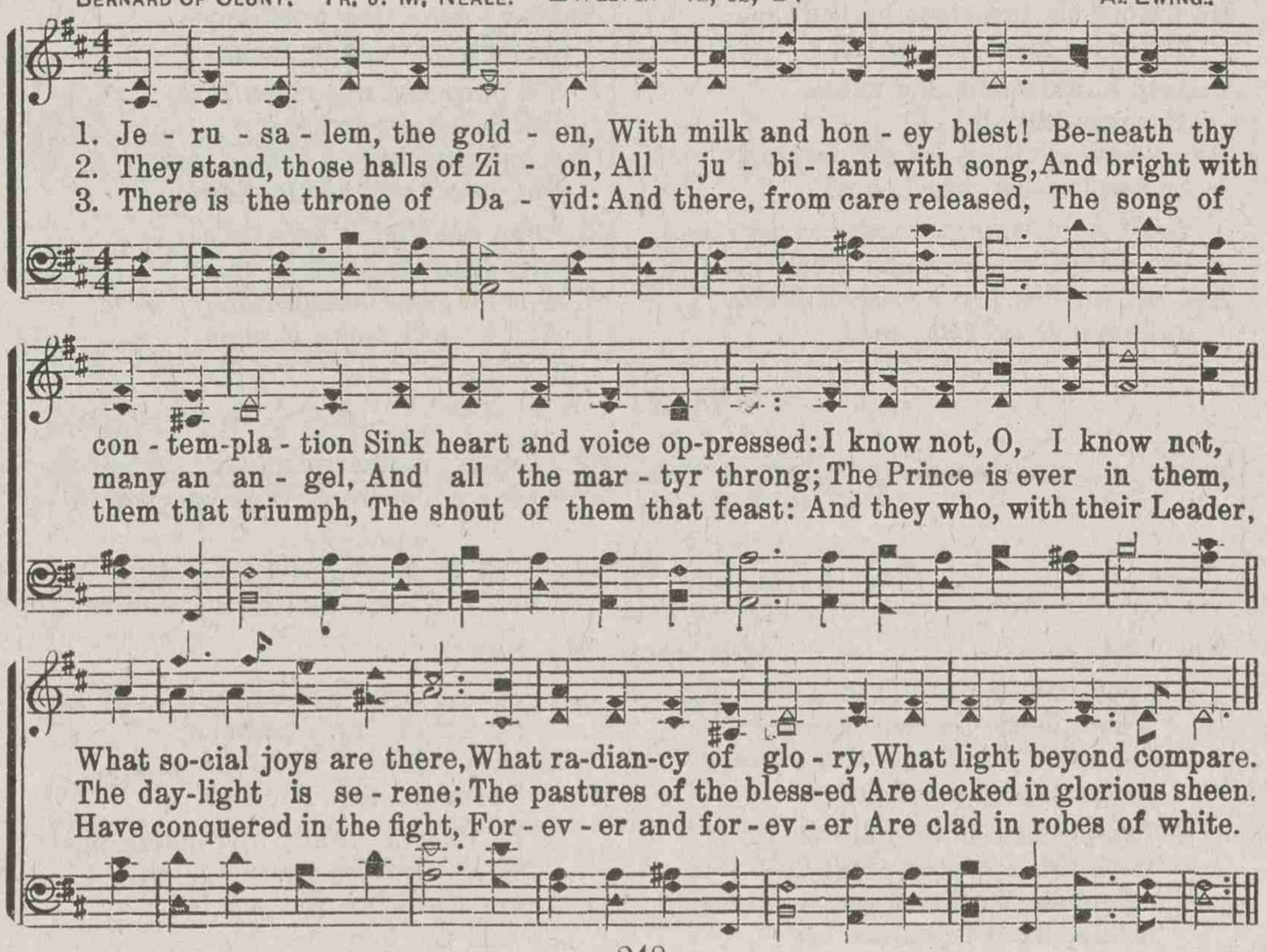
No. 282. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

REGINALD HEBER. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s. D. LOWELL MASON.



No. 283. Jerusalem, the Golden.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. TR. J. M. NEALE. EWING. 7s, 6s, D. A. EWING.



No. 284. Sweet Saviour.

F. W. FABER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - still;
2. The day is done, its hours have run, And thou hast tak - en count of all,
3. Grant us, dear Lord, from e - vil ways True ab - so - lu - tion and re - lease;
4. Do more than par-don; give us joy, Sweet fear, and so - ber lib - er - ty;

And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.
The scant - y tri-umphs grace hath won, The bro - ken vow, the fre-quent fall.
And bless us, more than in past days, With pur - i - ty and in - ward peace.
And lov - ing hearts with-out al - loy, That on - ly long to be like thee.

Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus! be our light.

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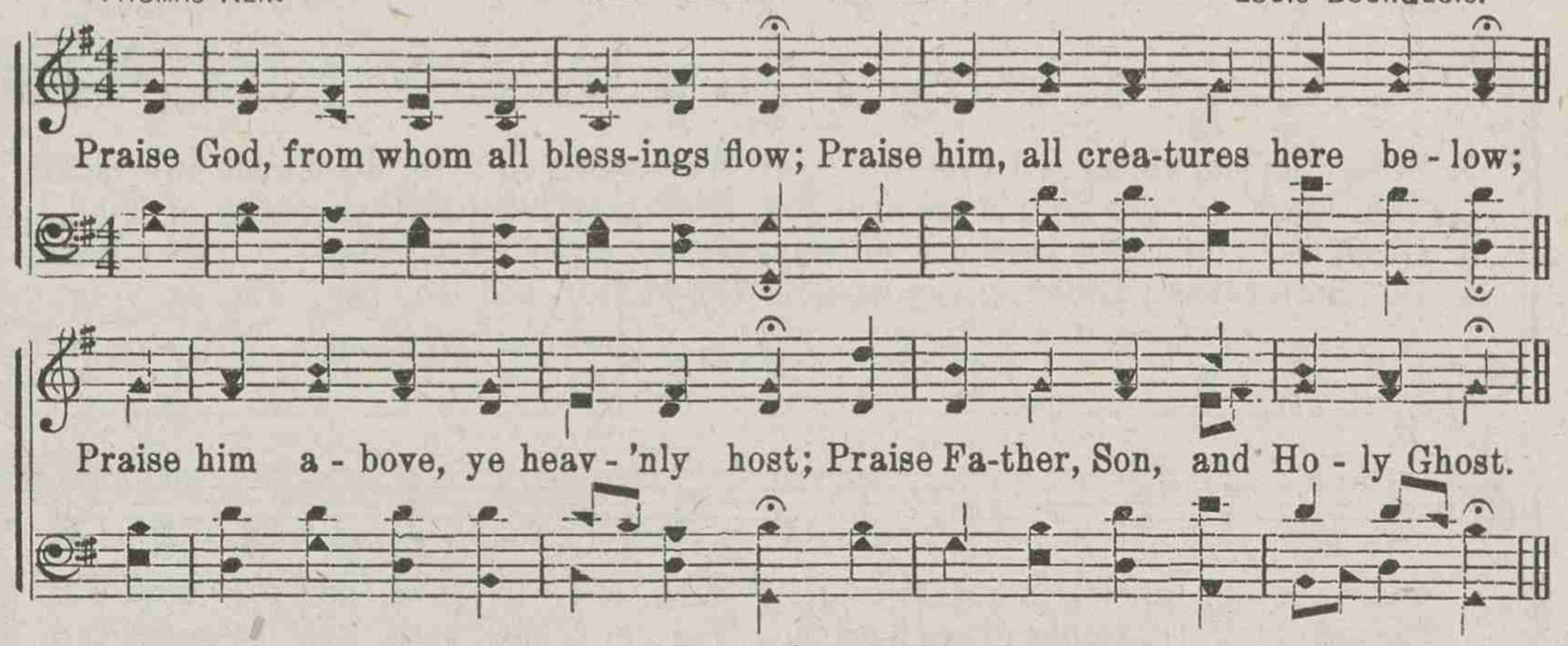
No. 285. Parting Hymn.

JOHN ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav - iour! a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise: We stand to bless thee ere our wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly bend - ing, wait thy word of peace.
2. Grant us thy peace up - on our home - ward way; With thee be - gan, with thee shall end the day; Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on thy name.
3. Grant us thy peace through-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in sor - row and our stay in strife; Then, when thy voice shall bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e - ter - nal peace.

No. 286. Doxology.

THOMAS KEN. OLD HUNDRED. L. M. LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



Thanks At Meals.

"Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."—Ps. 145: 16.

No. 287. Blessing Invoked. L. M.

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored,
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

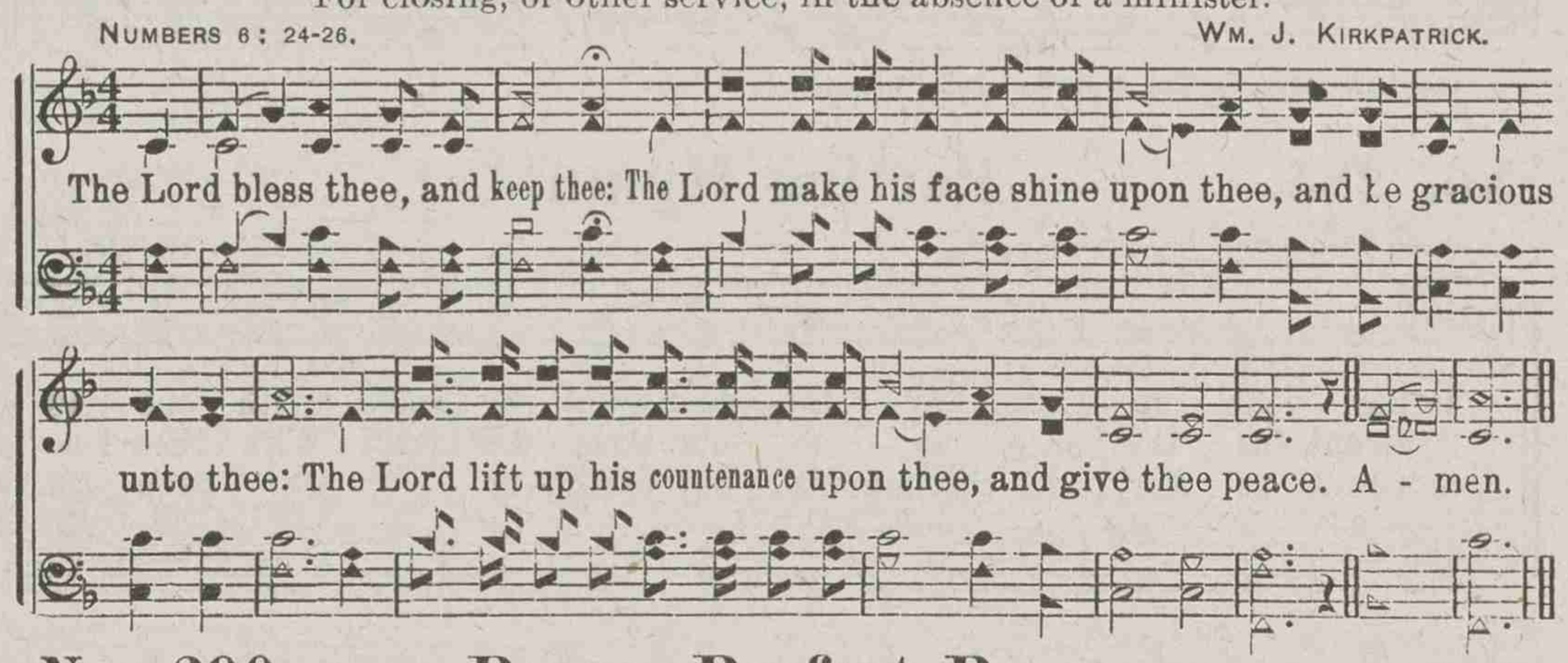
No. 288. Thanks Given. L. M.

We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life and health and mercy good;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from heav'n.

No. 289. The Lord Bless Thee.

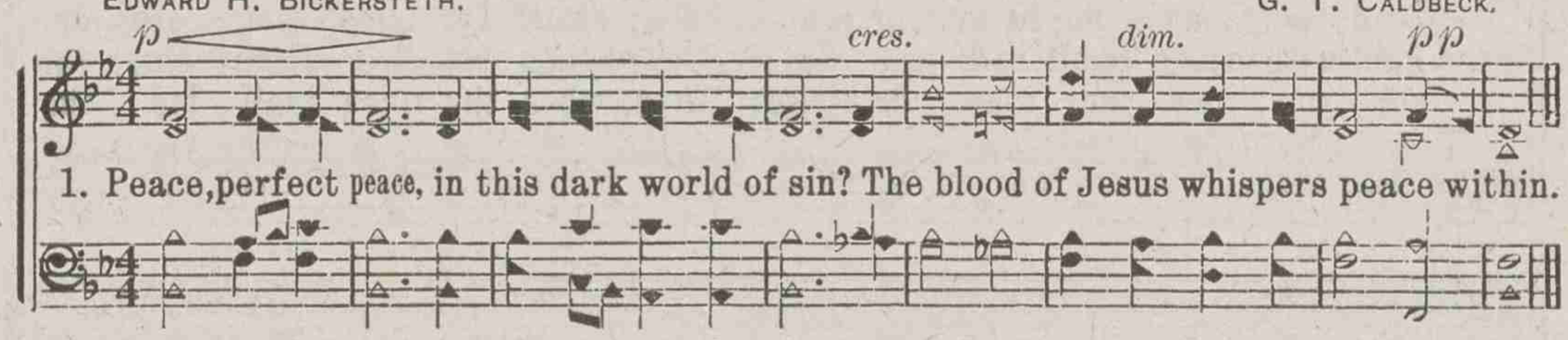
For closing, or other service, in the absence of a minister.

NUMBERS 6: 24-26. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



No. 290. Peace, Perfect Peace.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH. G. T. CALDBECK.



2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

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