GOSPEL HYMNS

AND

SACRED SONGS.

BY

P. P. BLISS & IRA D. SANKEY,

AS USED BY THEM IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

PUBLISHED BY

BIGLOW & MAIN
76 East Ninth Street, New York,
73 Randolph Street, Chicago.

JOHN CHURCH & Co.
66 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati,
Root & Son's Music Co., Chicago.

May be ordered of Booksellers and Music Dealers.

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PREFACE.

THIS Collection of GOSPEL HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS, has been compiled with great care, and is believed to contain the most useful and popular pieces to be found in the whole library of Christian Song.

A large number of the hymns were used in the late Special Services in Great Britain, and it is hoped that a like blessing will accompany the use of them in this land, together with the new hymns found in this collection.

P. P. Bliss

Ira D. Sankey

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BIGLOW & MAIN,
JOHN CHURCH & CO.

GOSPEL HYMNS

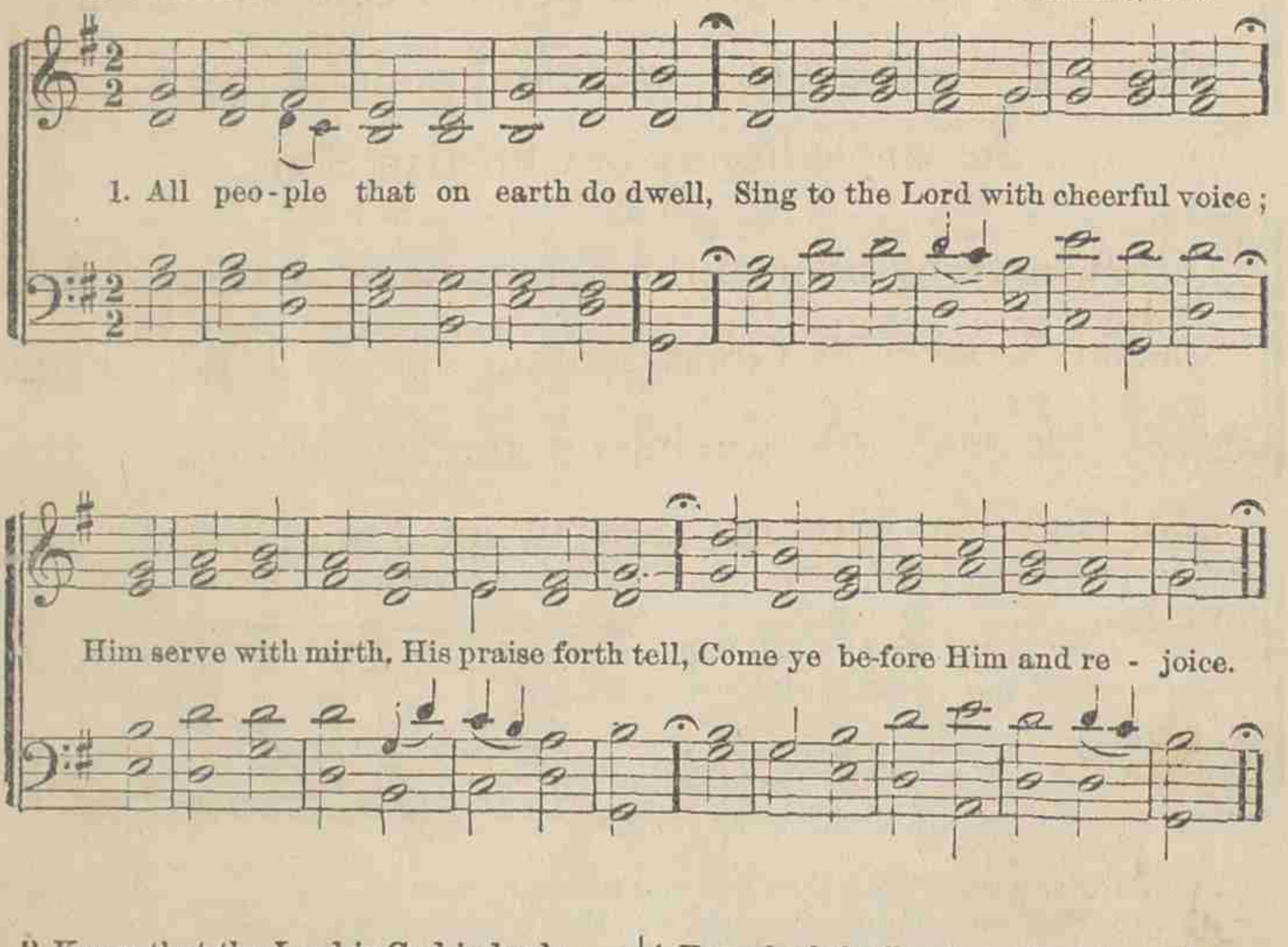
AND

SACRED SONGS.

No. 1. Old Hundred. L. M.

"Come before His presence with singing."—PSA. 100 : 2.

REV. WM. KETHE, 1561. G. FRANC, 1545.



2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

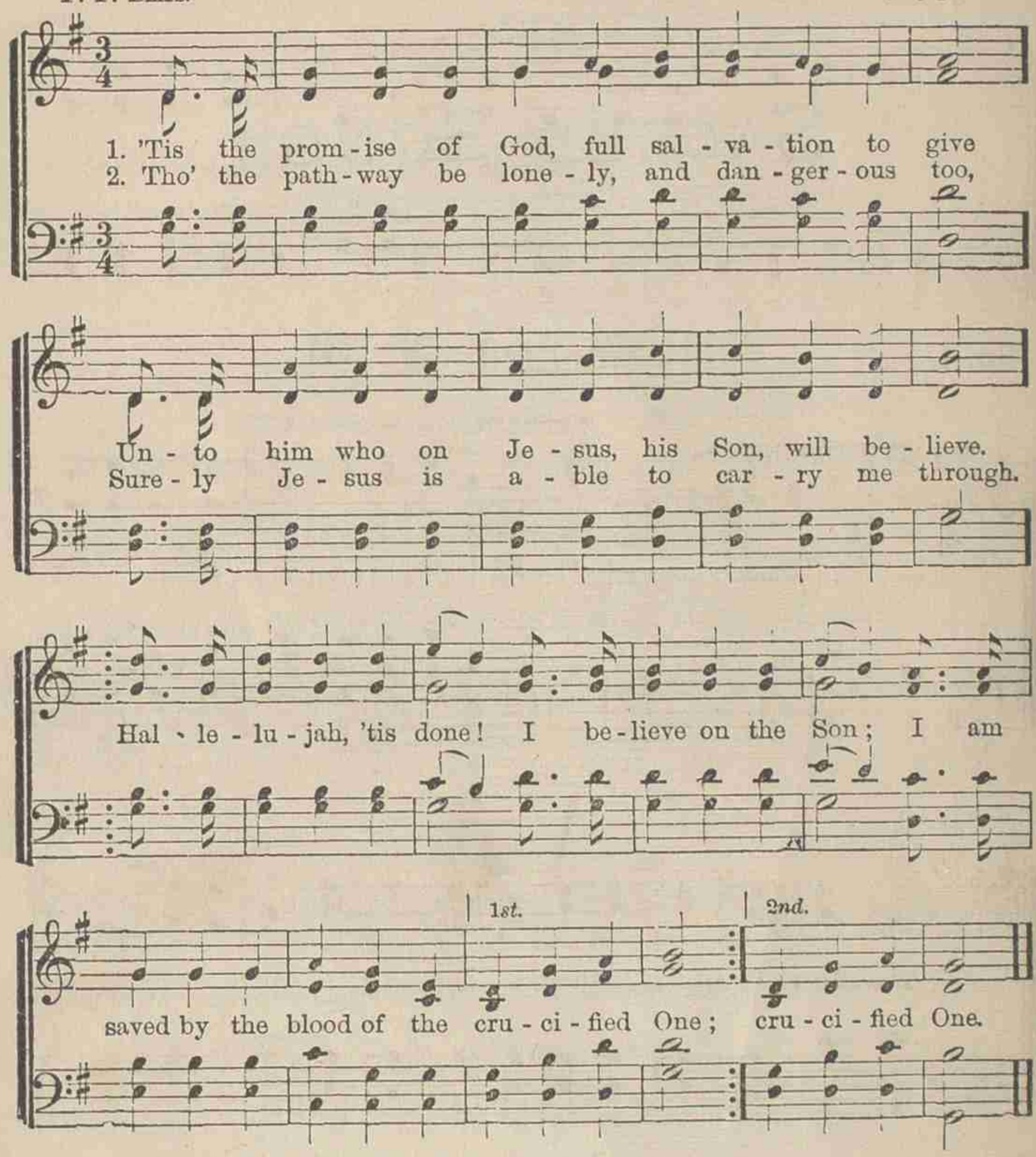
DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bp. THOS. KEN. 1697.

No. 2. Hallelujah, 'tis Done!

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN 3 : 16.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

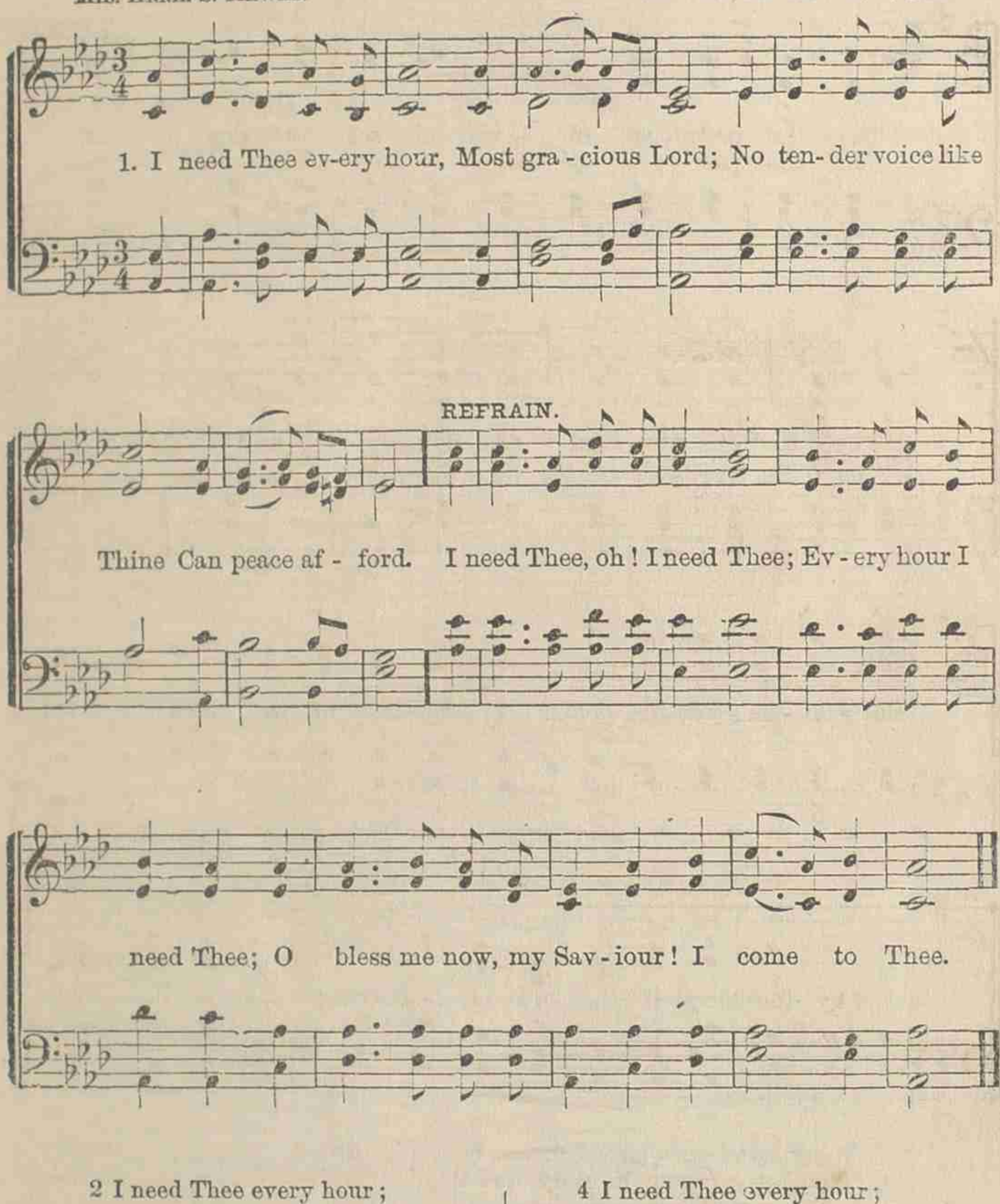
5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

No. 3. I Need Thee Every Hour.

"Without Me ye can do nothing." JOHN 15: 5.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh. *Ref.*

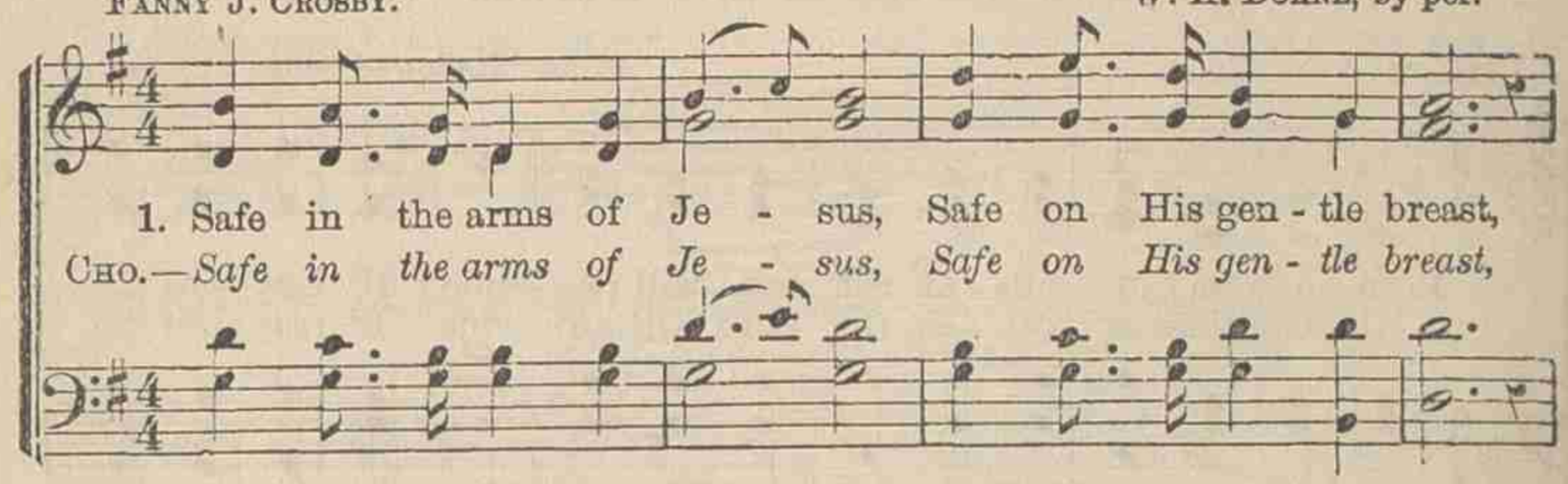
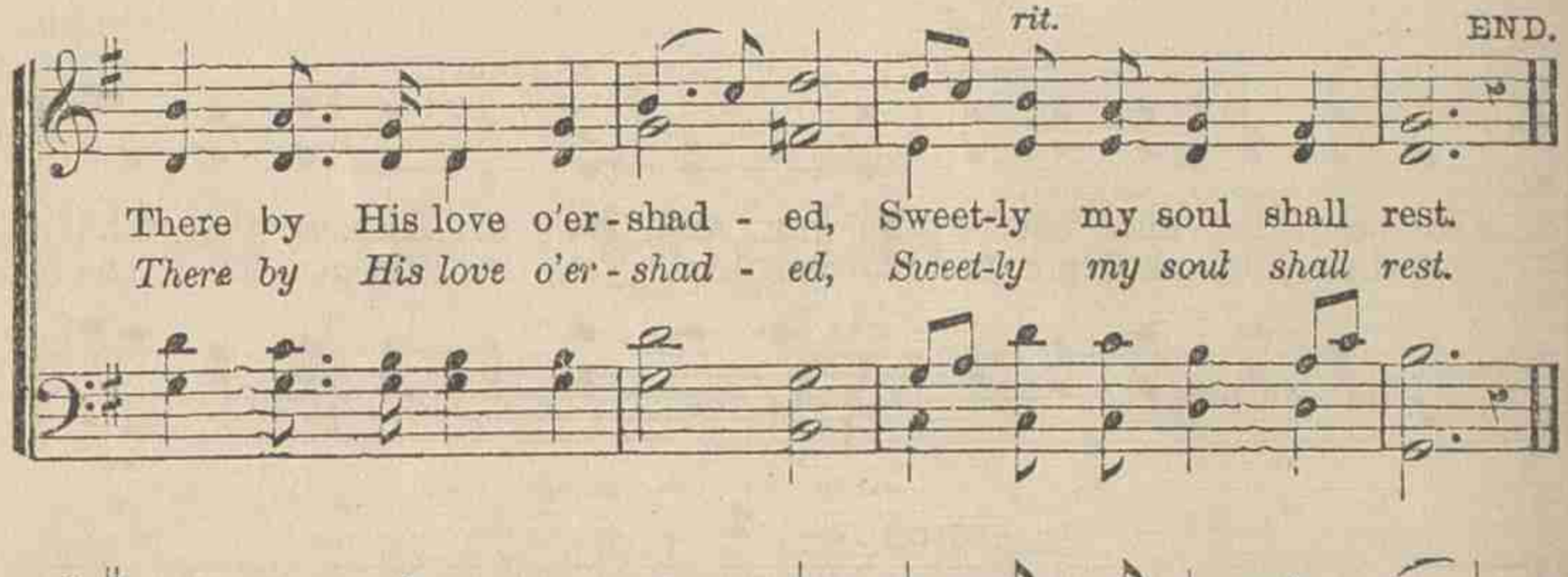
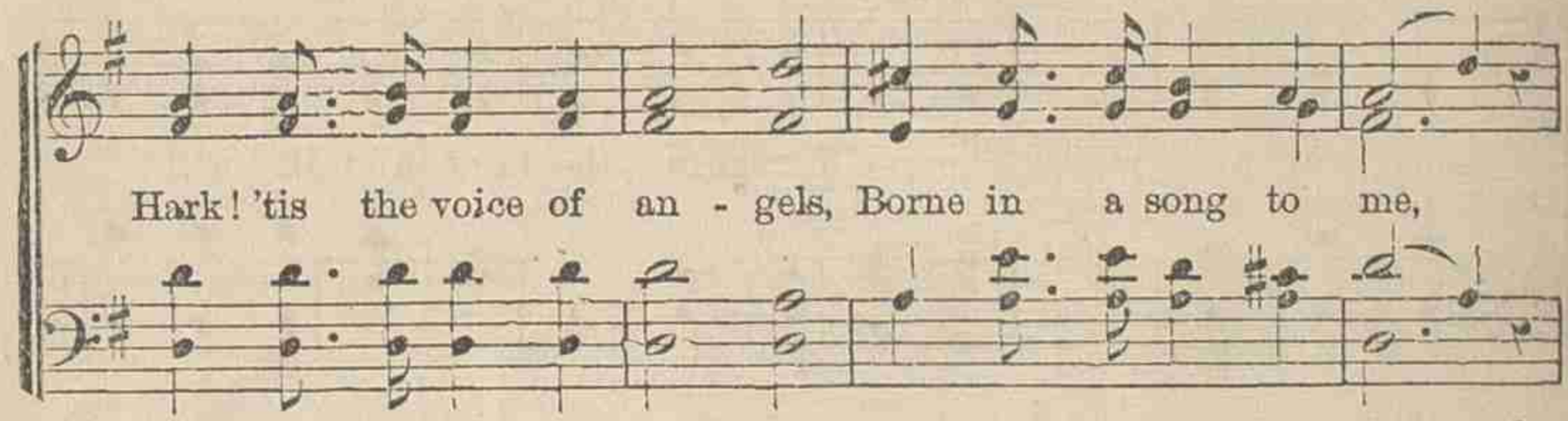
3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain. *Ref.*

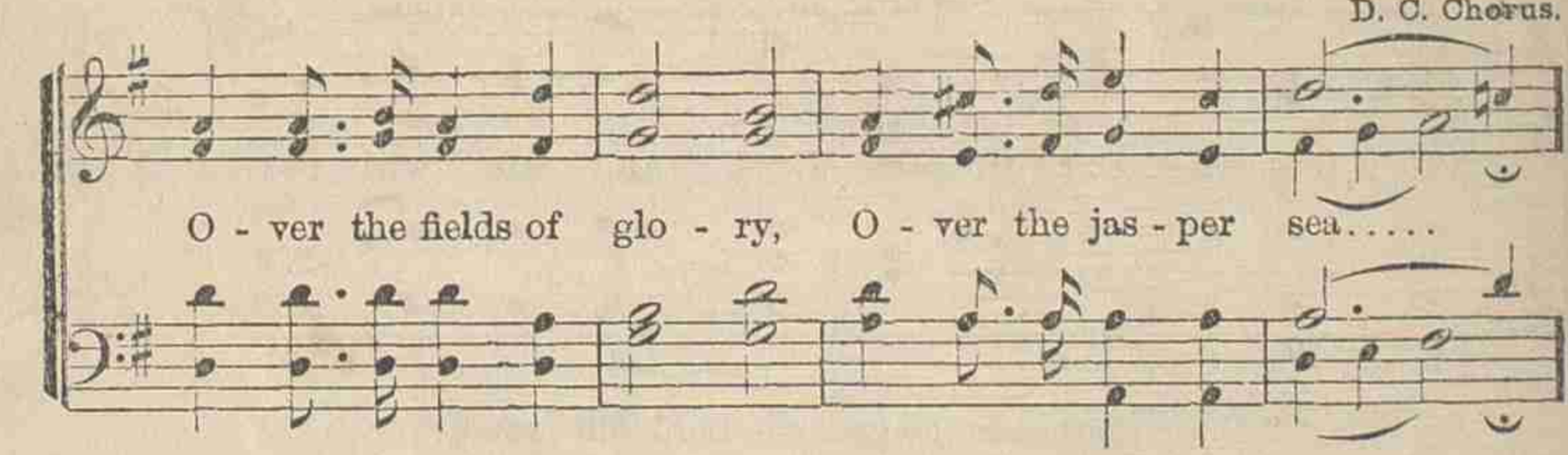
4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil. *Ref.*

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son. *Ref.*

No. 4. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. 33: 27.

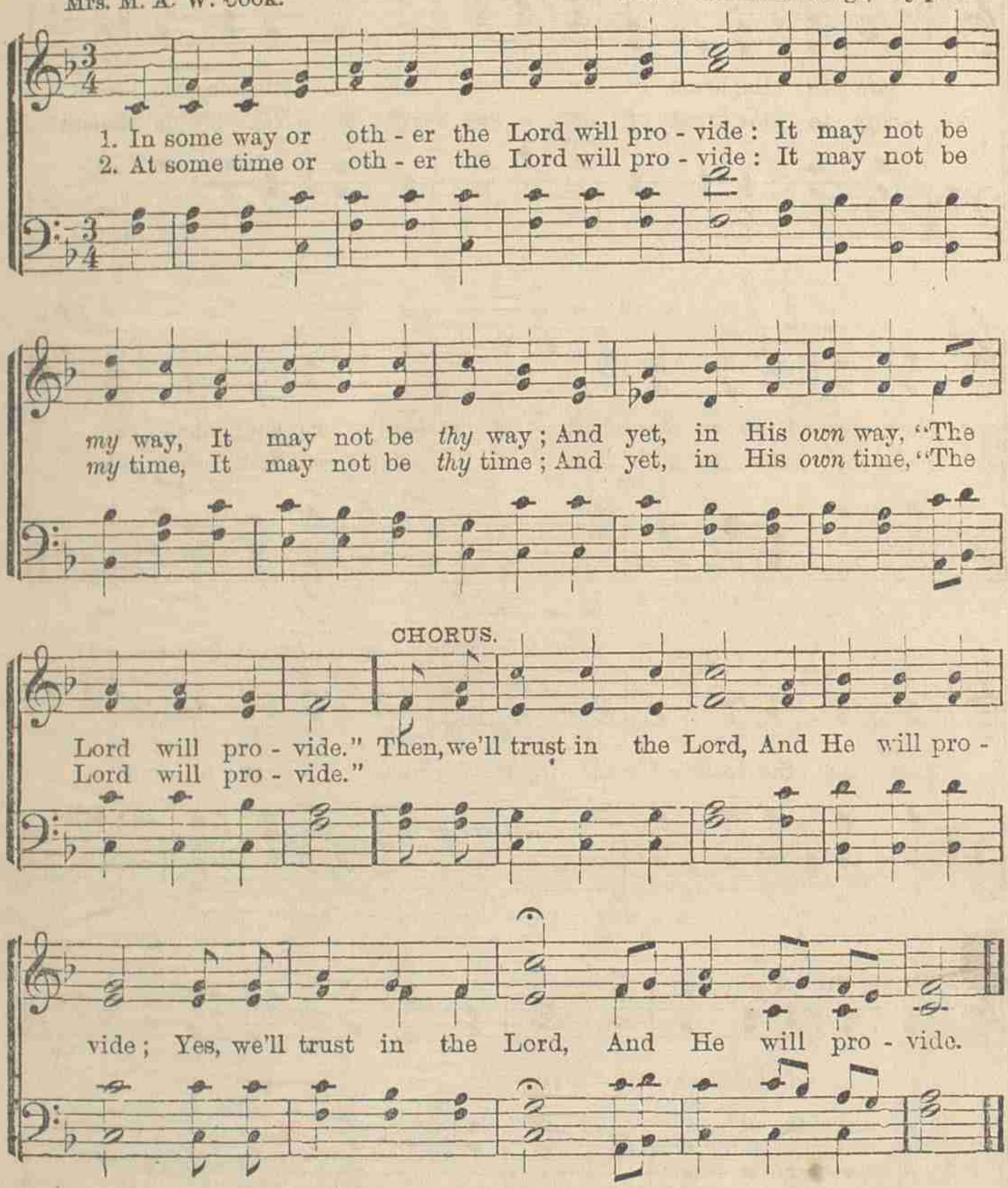
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.



D. C. Chorus.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!—*Cho.*

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.—*Cho.*

No. 5. The Lord will Provide.

'Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 PETER, 5: 7.

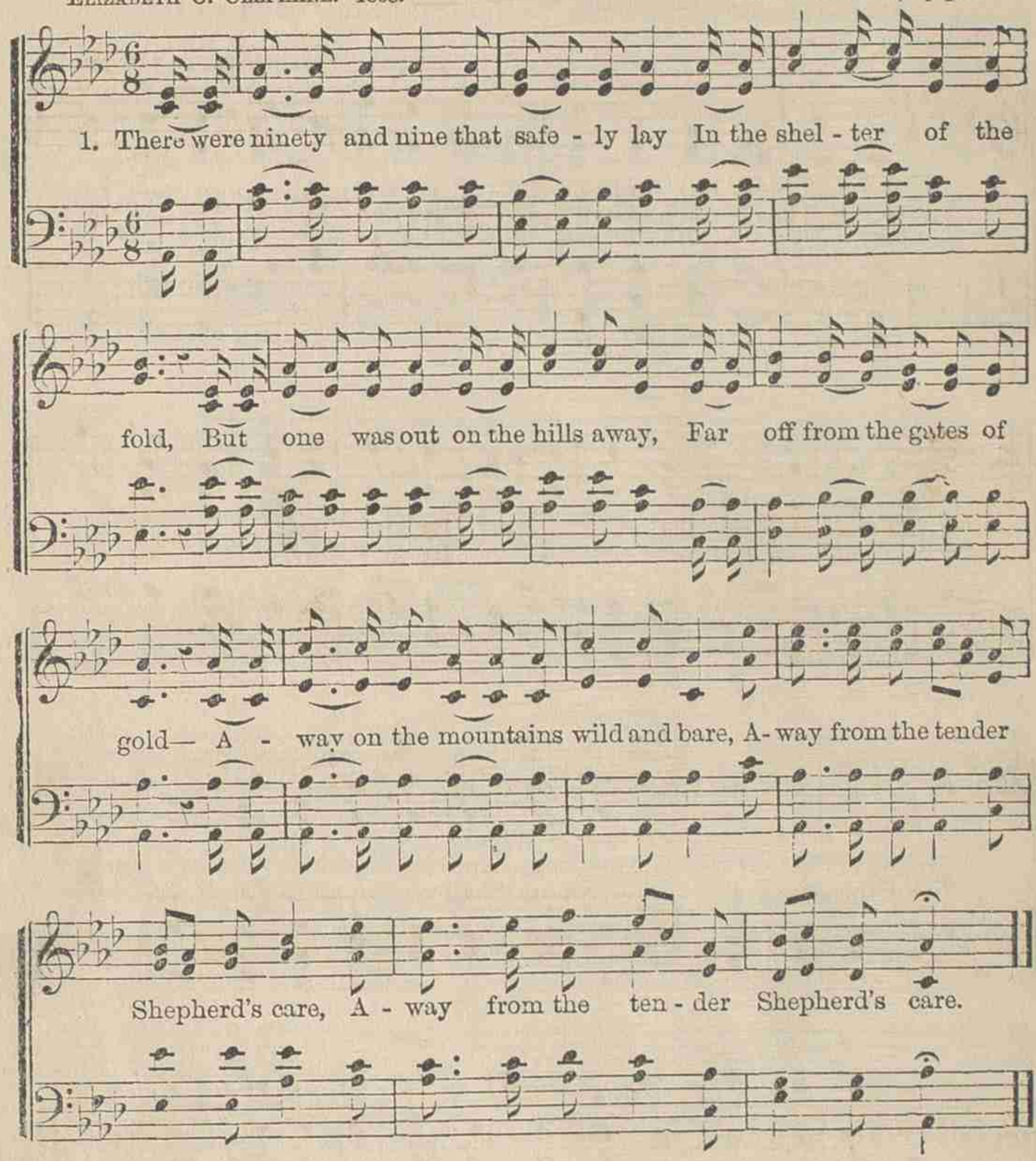
Mrs. M. A. W. COOK. From "Hallowed Songs," by per.

3 Despond then no longer: the Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken:
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on then right boldly; the sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

No. 6. The Ninety and Nine.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost."—LUKE 15: 6.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. 1868. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



2.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "'T is of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3.

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5.

But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

No. 7. We Shall Meet By and By.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISAIAH 30: 10.

REV. JOHN ATKINSON. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, By and by, by and by;
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by, by and by;

And the darkness shall be o - ver, By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's sto - ry, By and by, by and by;

With the toil - some journey done, And the glorious bat - tle won,
And the strains for ev - er-more Shall re - sound in sweetness o'er

We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
Yon-der ev - er - last - ing shore, By and by, by and by.

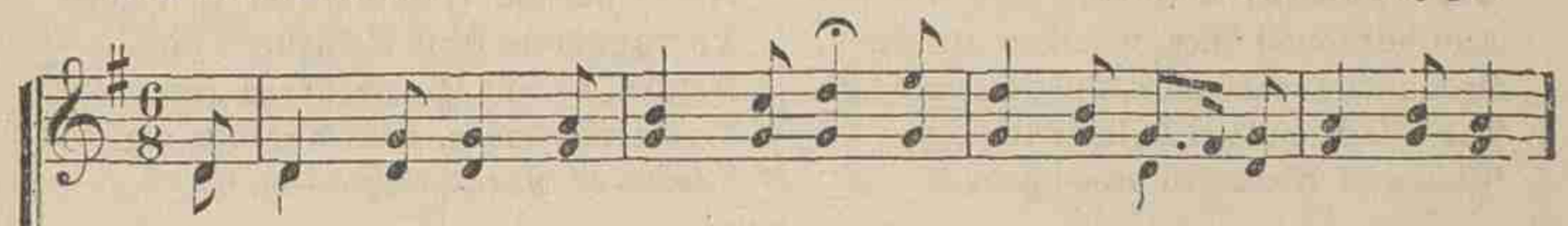
We shall see and be like Jesus,
By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us,
By and by, by and by;
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of His will
Shall attend, and love us still,
By and by, by and by.

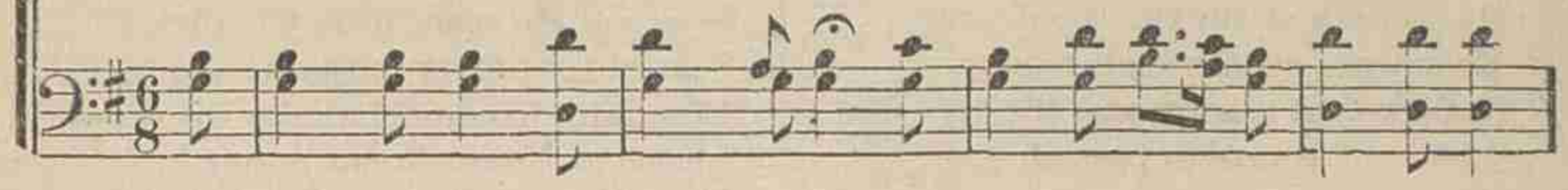
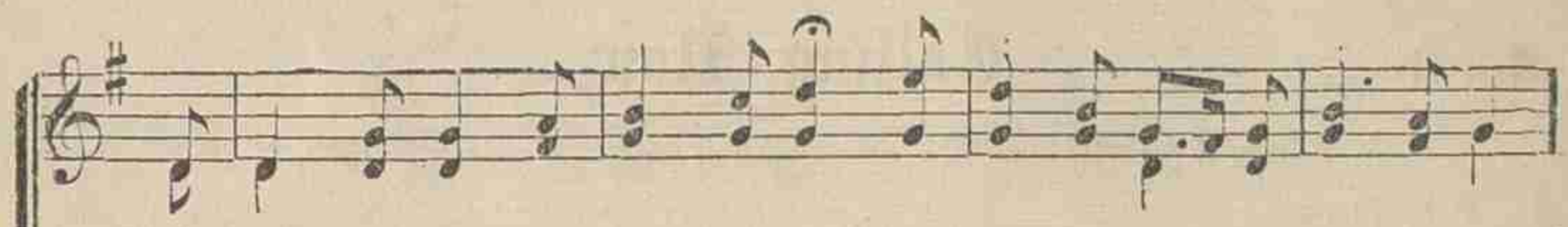
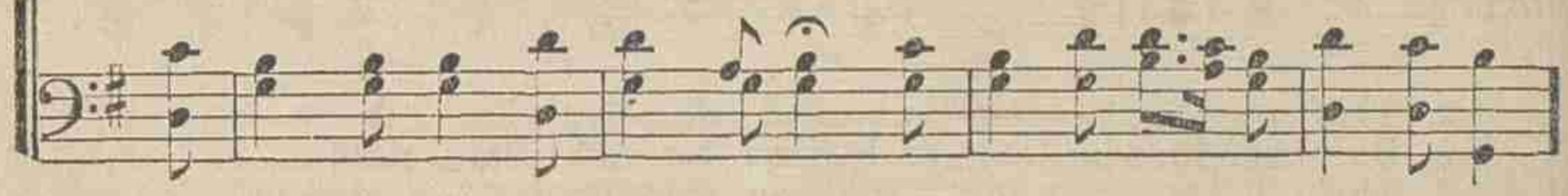
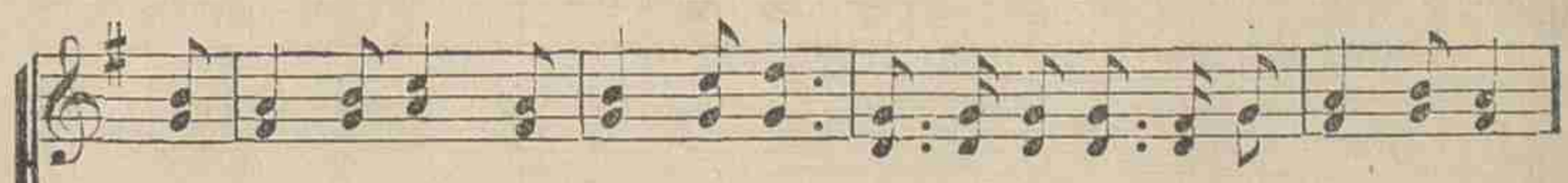
4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,
By and by, by and by;
And with sweetest rapture knowing,
By and by, by and by;
All the blest ones, who have gone
To the land of life and song,—
We with shoutings shall rejoin,
By and by, by and by.

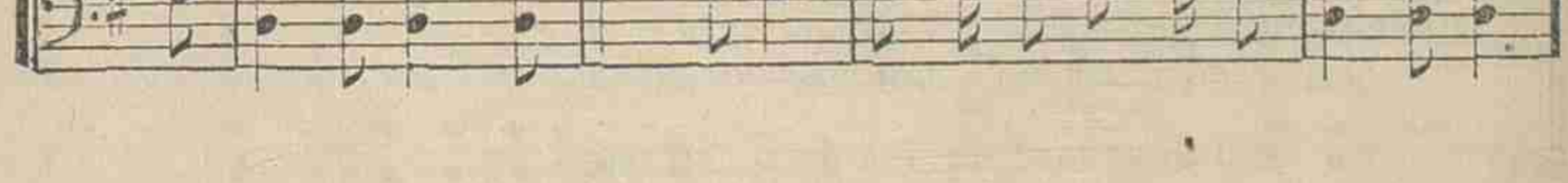
No. 8. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK 10: 47.

Miss ETA CAMPBELL. THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.



1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along -
2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should He The cit - y move so might-i - ly?

These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange commotion pray?
A pass - ing stranger, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?

In accents hush'd the throng re-ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by."
A - gain the stir - ring notes re-ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by."



In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je - sus of Naz-a-reth passeth by."
A - gain the stir ring notes re-ply: "Je - sus of Naz-a-reth passeth by."

Jesus of Nazareth.—Concluded.

4 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

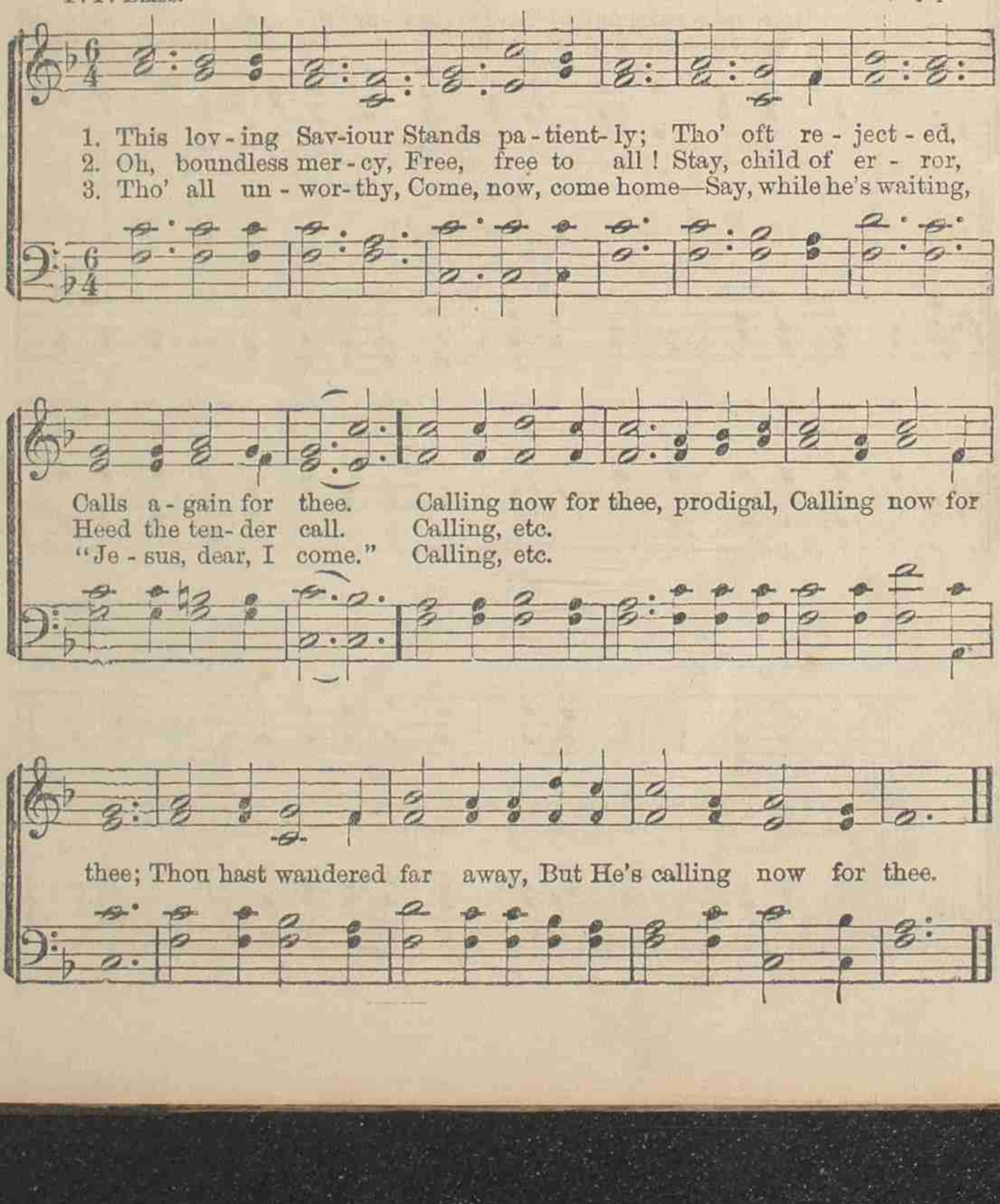
5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh.
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

No. 9. Calling Now.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. 3: 15.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.



No. 10. "Whosoever Will."

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.

Joyfully.

1. "Who-so - ev - er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed tidings
2. Who-so - ev - er com - eth, need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so - ev - er will," the promise secure; "Whoso - ev - er will," for

all the world around; Spread the joy-ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en - dure; "Who-so- ev - er will," 'tis life for e - vermore:

CHORUS.

"Who - so - ev-er will, may come." "Who-so - ev - er will, who- so - ev - er will,"

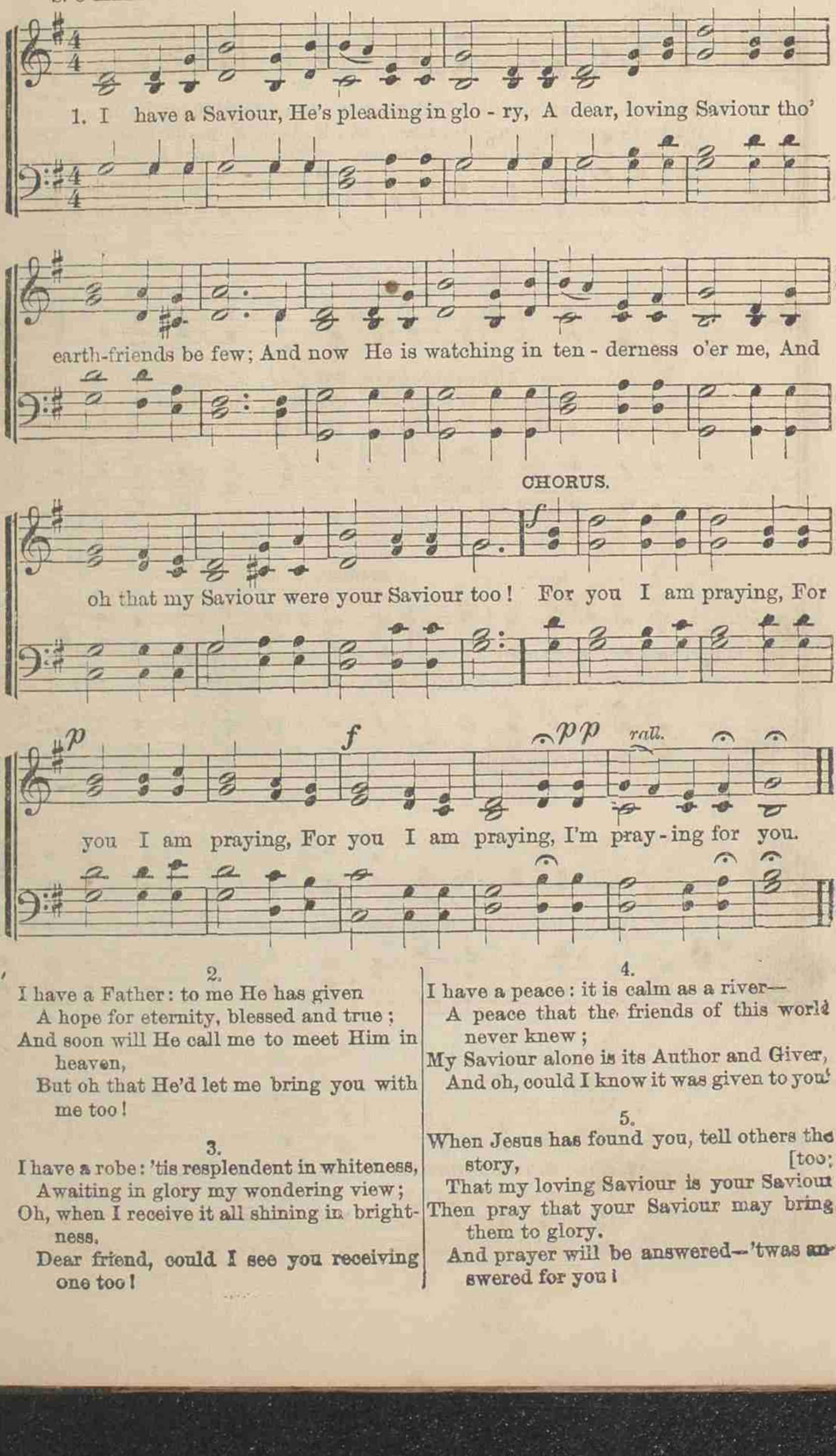
Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing

Fa - ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who-so - ev - er will, may come."

No. 11. I Am Praying for You.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."—Psa. 55 : 17.

S. O'Maley Cluff. Ira D. Sankey, by per.



2.

I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But oh that He'd let me bring you with me too!

3.

I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!

4.

I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

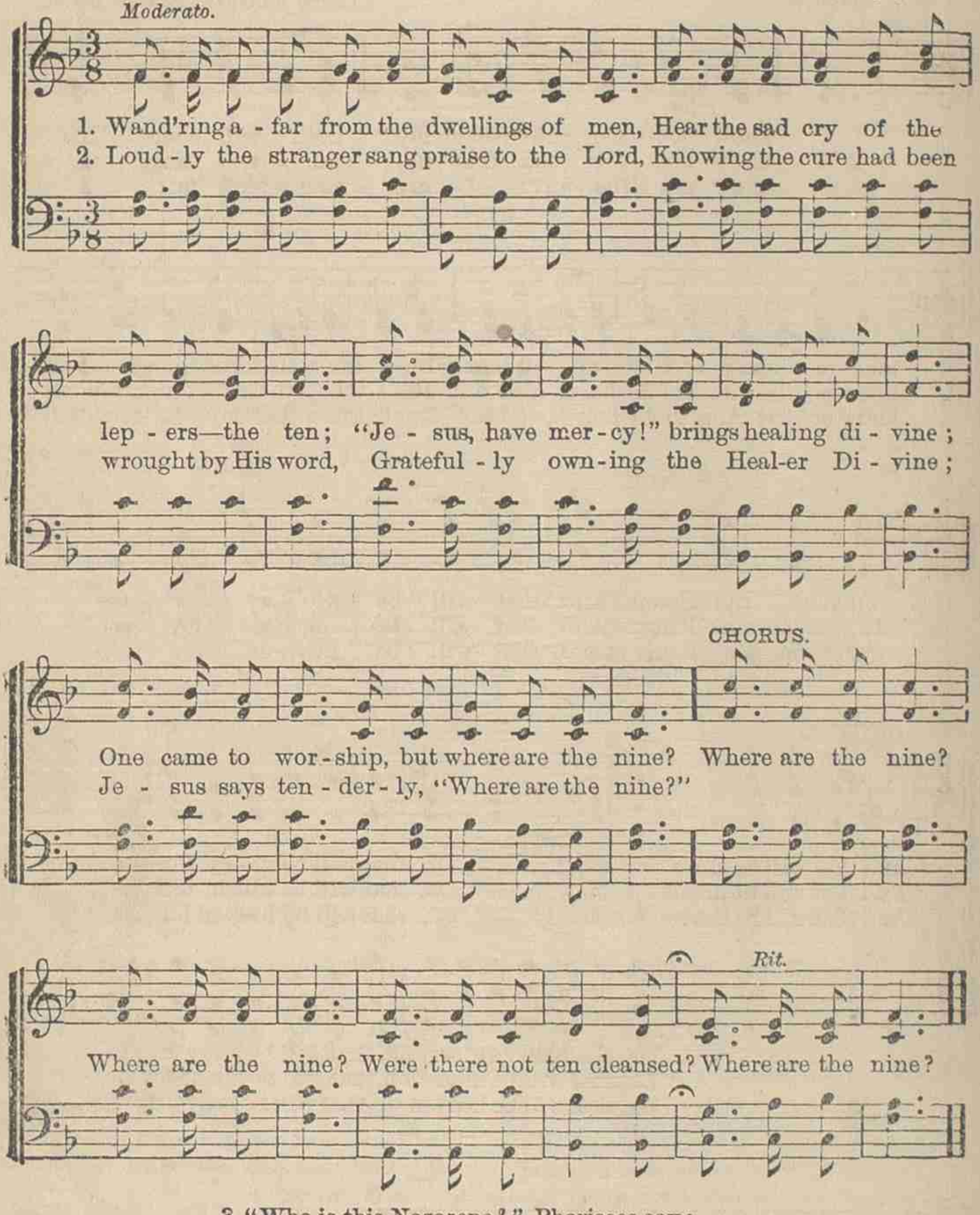
5.

When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory.
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

No. 12. Where Are the Nine?

Read LUKE 17: 12–19.

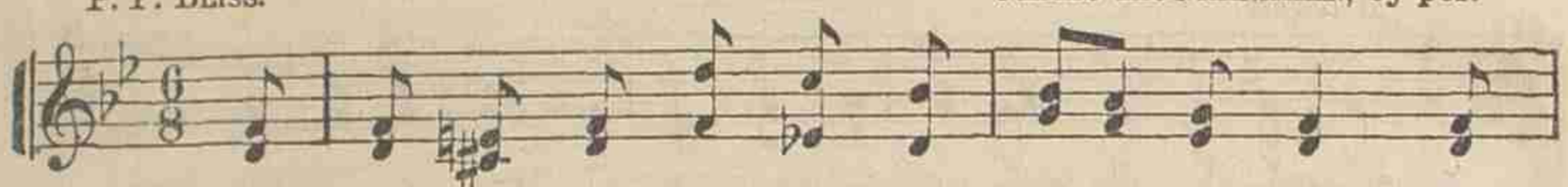
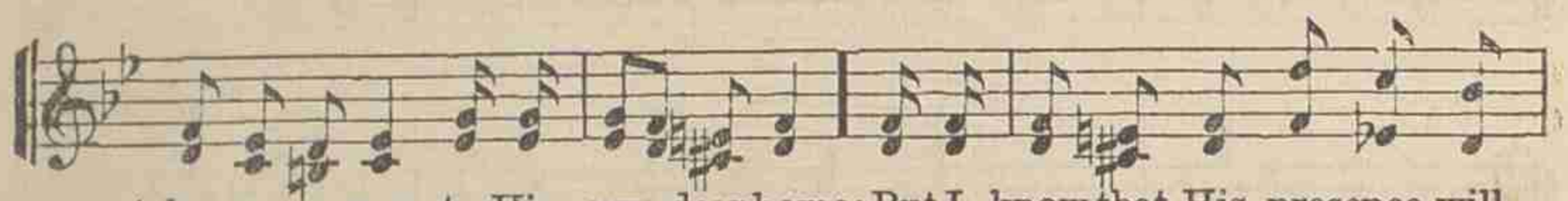
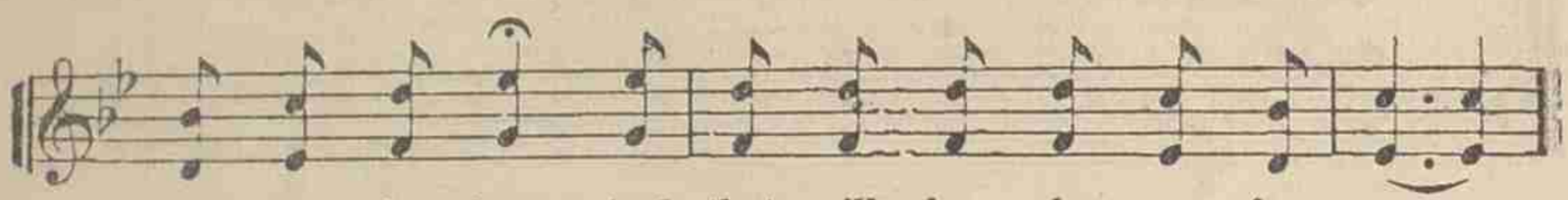
P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

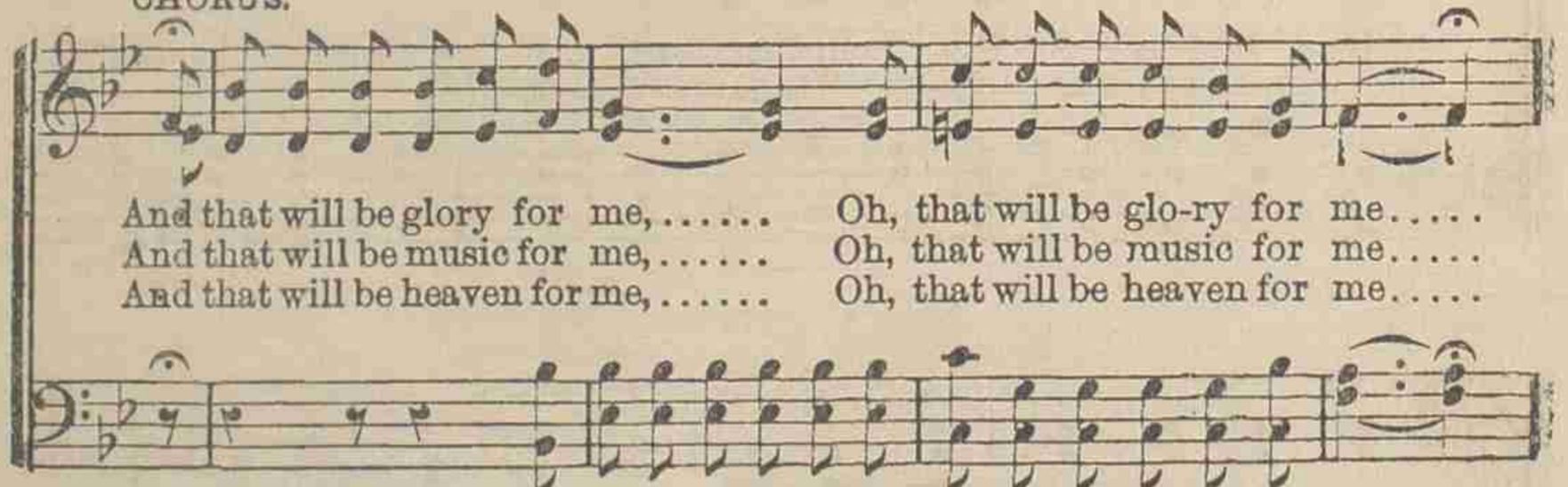
Moderato.

3 "Who is this Nazarene?" Pharisees say;
"Is He the Christ? tell us plainly, we pray."
Multitudes follow Him seeking a sign,
Show them His mighty works—Where are the nine?—*Cho.*

4 Jesus on trial to-day we can see,
Thousands deridingly ask, "Who is He?"
How they're rejecting Him, your Lord and mine!
Bring in the witnesses—Where are the nine?—*Cho.*

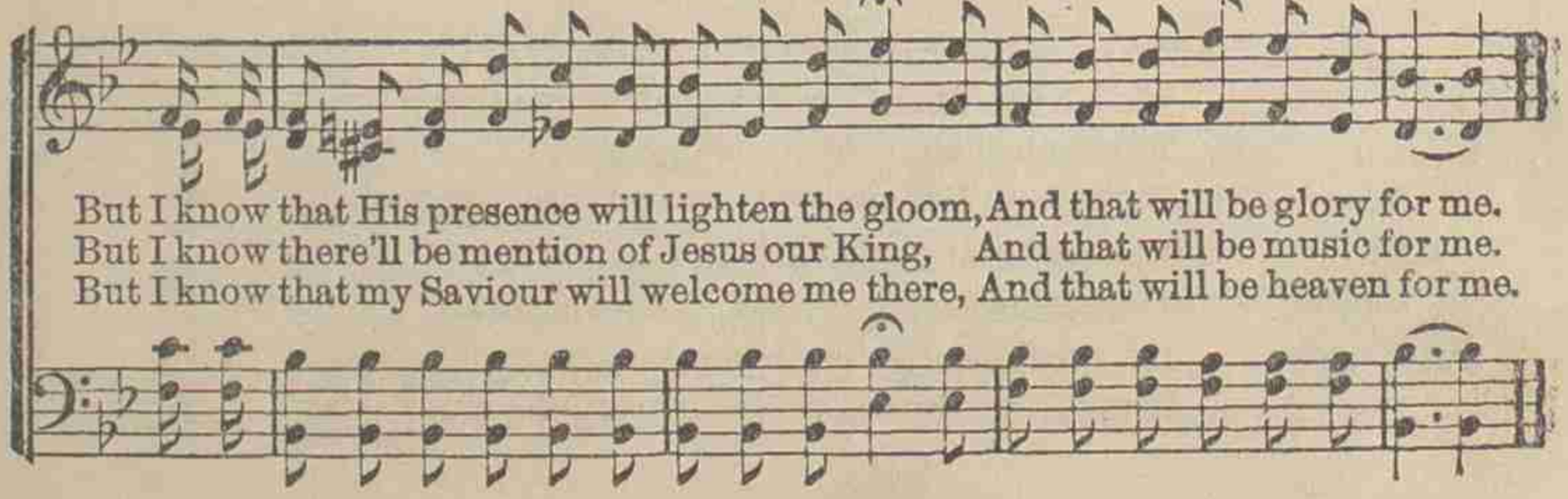
No. 13. That will be Heaven for Me.

"We know that, when He shall appear we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."—1 JOHN 3: 2.

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

1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come To
2. I know not the song that the an - gels sing, I
3. I know not the form of my man - sion fair, I

take me a-way to His own dear home; But I know that His presence will
know not the sound of the harps' glad ring; But I know there'll be mention of
know not the name that I then shall bear; But I know that my Sav-iour will

light-en the gloom, And that will be glo - ry for me.
Je - sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.
wel-come me there, And that will be heav-en for me.

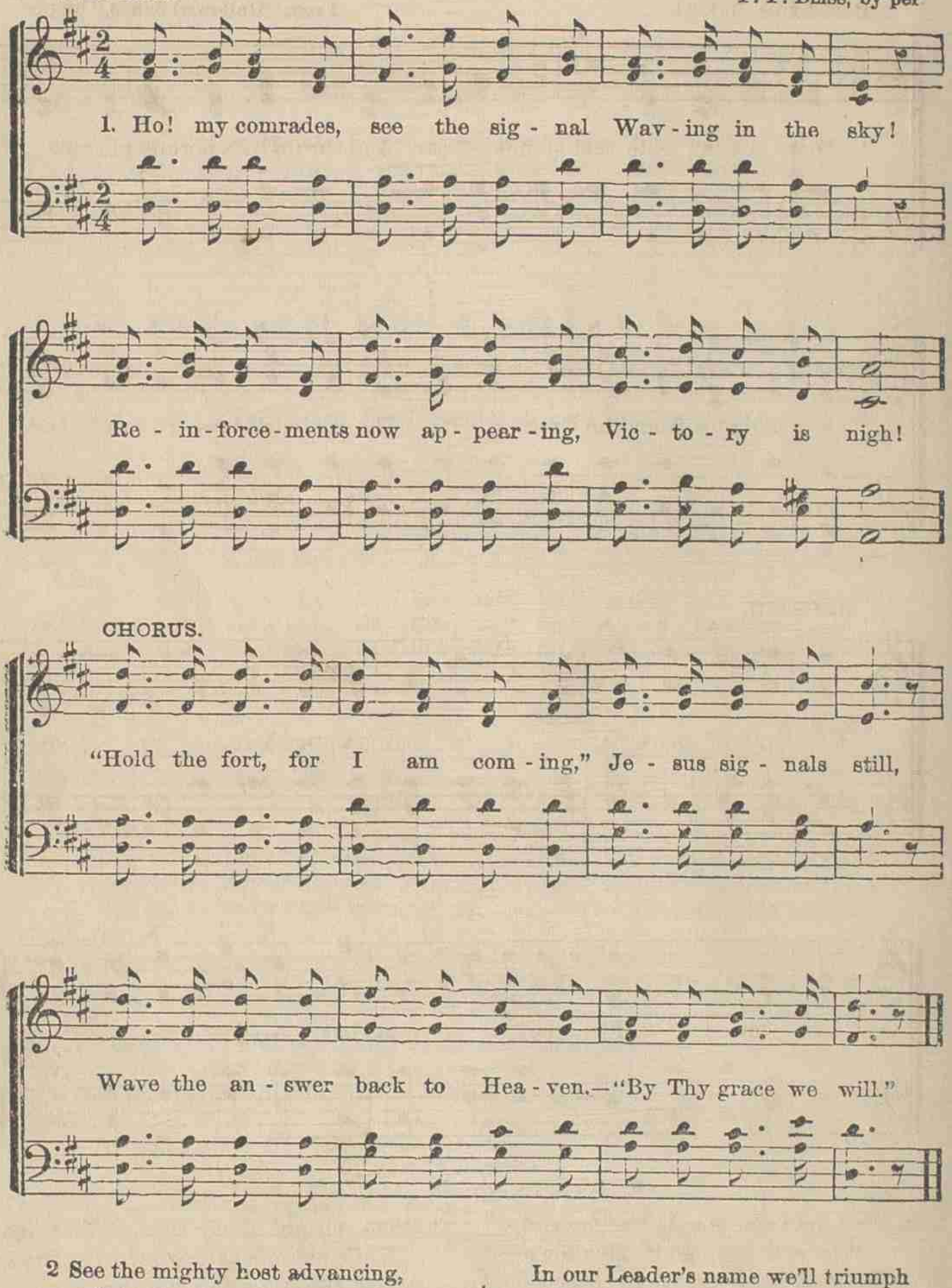
CHORUS.

And that will be glory for me,..... Oh, that will be glo-ry for me.....
And that will be music for me,..... Oh, that will be music for me.....
And that will be heaven for me,..... Oh, that will be heaven for me.....

Yes, that will be glory, oh, that will be glory for me....
Yes, that will be music, oh, that will be music for me....
Yes, that will be heaven, oh, that will be heaven for me..

Ritard.

But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glory for me.
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King, And that will be music for me.
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there, And that will be heaven for me.

No. 14. Hold the Fort.

"That which ye have, hold fast till I come."—Rev. 2 : 25.

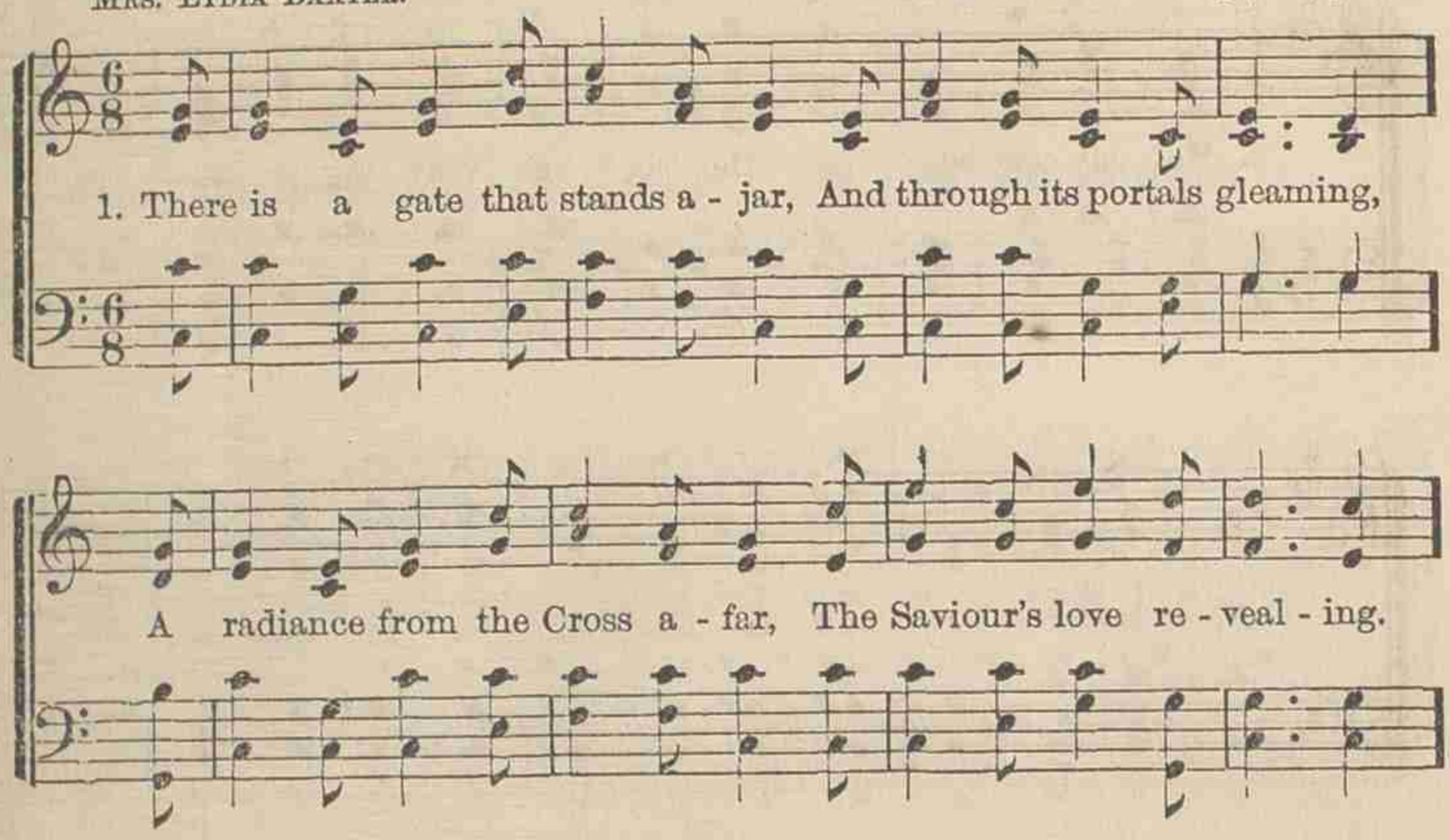
P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.—*Cho.*

3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow.
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.—*Cho.*

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!—*Cho.*

No. 15. The Gate Ajar for Me.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—Rev. 21:25.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. From "Hallowed Songs," by per.

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation. *Ref.*

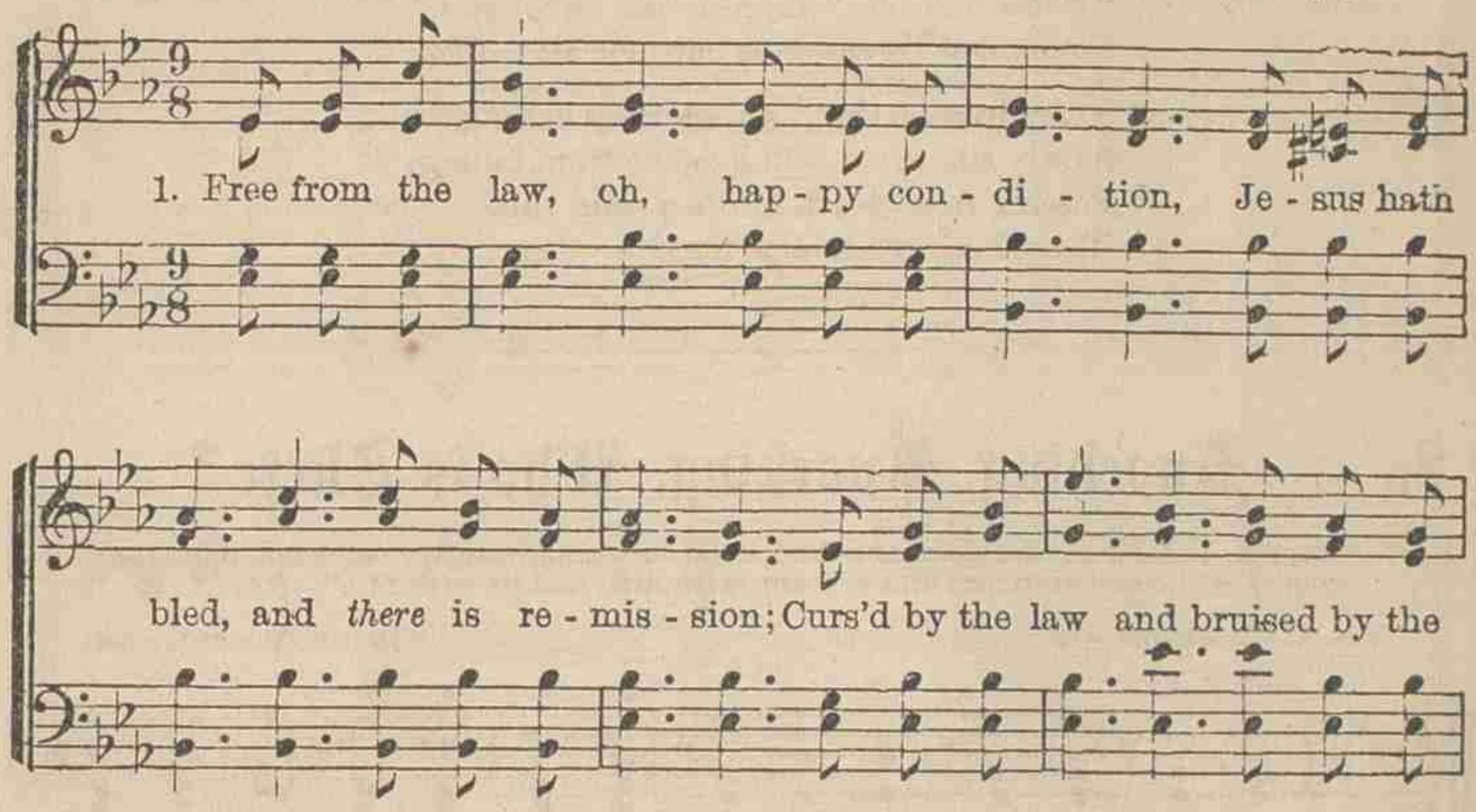
3 Press onward then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token. *Ref.*

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven. *Ref.*

No. 16. Once for All.

"Justified by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—ROMANS 3 : 24.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

Once for all.—Concluded.

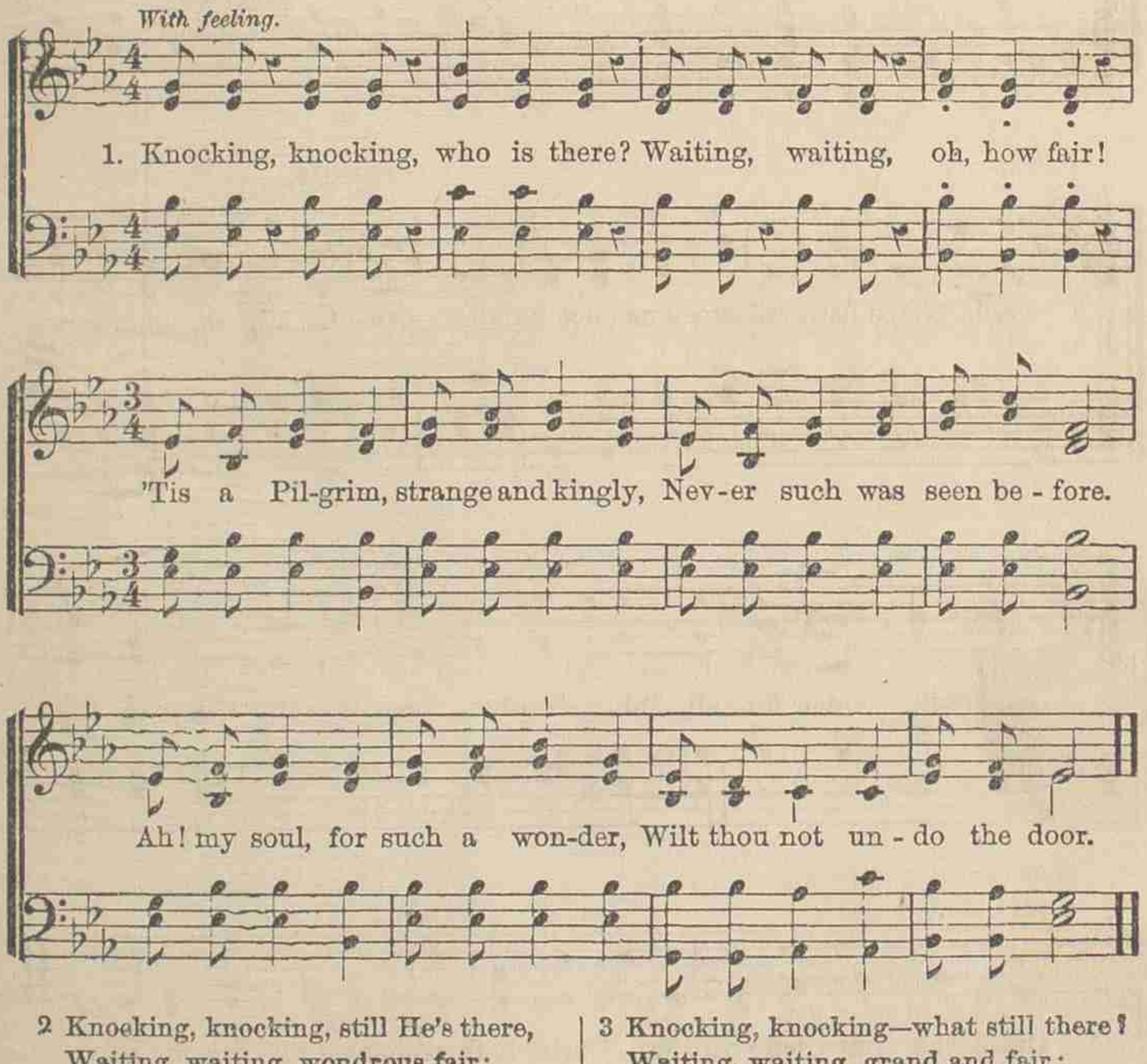
2 Now are we free—there's no condemnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation;
"Come unto *Me*," oh, hear His sweet call,
Come, and He saves us once for all.—*Cho.*

3 "Children of God," oh, glorious calling,
Surely His grace will keep us from falling;
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation once for all.—*Cho.*

No. 17. Knocking, Knocking, Who is There?

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me."—REV. 3: 20.

MRS. H. B. STOWE, arr. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

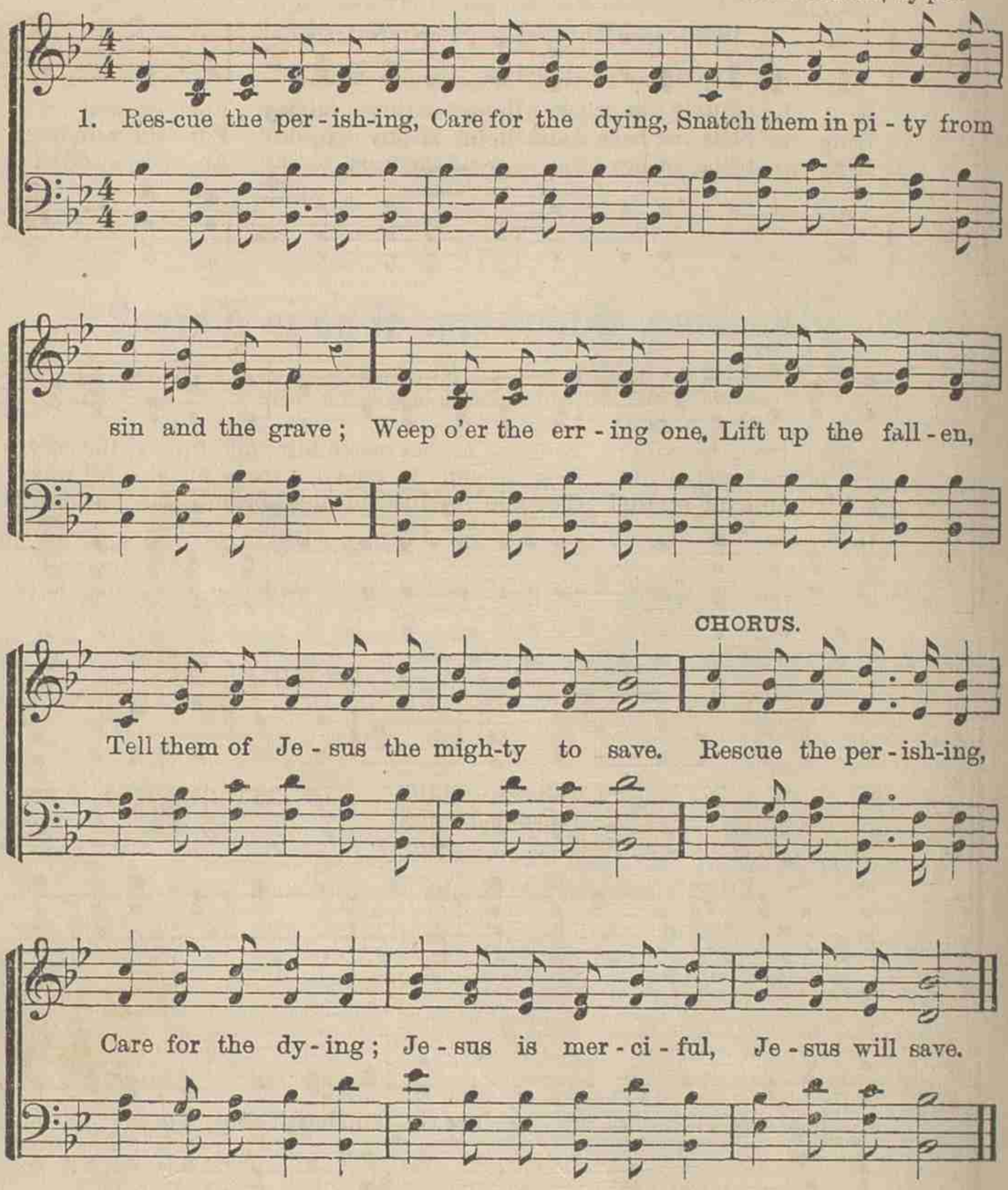


2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking, knocking—what still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

No. 18. Rescue the Perishing.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 23.

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

2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness, [more.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it; [provide:
Strength for thy labor the Lord will
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

No. 19. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15: 10.

REV. WM. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Joyfully.

1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to-day, For a soul re -
2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to-day, For the wanderer
3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to-day, An - gels, swell the

turn-ing from the wild; See! the Father meets him out up-on the way,
now is re - con-ciled; Yes, a soul is res-cued from his sin - ful way,
glad triumphant strain! Tell the joy-ful tid-ings! bear it far a - way!

CHORUS.

Wel-com-ing His wea-ry, wand'ring child. Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the
And is born a - new a ransomed child.
For a precious soul is born a - gain.

an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring; 'Tis the ransomed

ar - my, like a mighty sea, Peal-ing forth the anthem of the free.

No. 20. Home of the Soul.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14 : 2.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES. From "Hallowed Songs," by per.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
beat on the glit - ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ev - er
beat on the glit - ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

Home of the Soul.—Concluded.

2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
‖: Between the fair city and me. :‖ Till I fancy, etc.

3 That unchangable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever, is He,
‖: And He holdeth our crowns in His hands. :‖ The King of, etc.

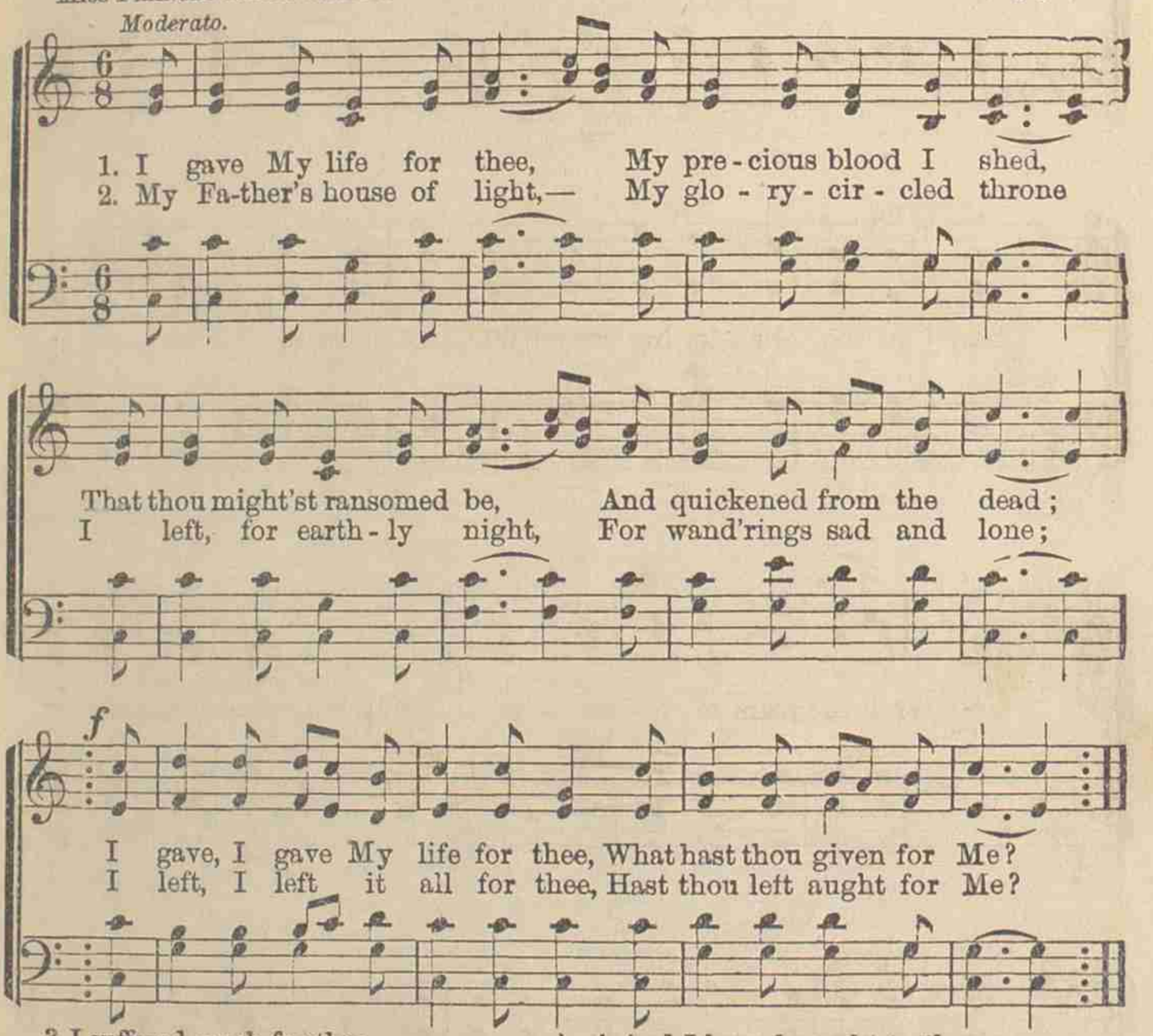
4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
‖: To meet one another again. :‖ With songs on, etc.

No. 21. What Hast Thou Done for Me?

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."—HEB. 9: 28.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Moderato.



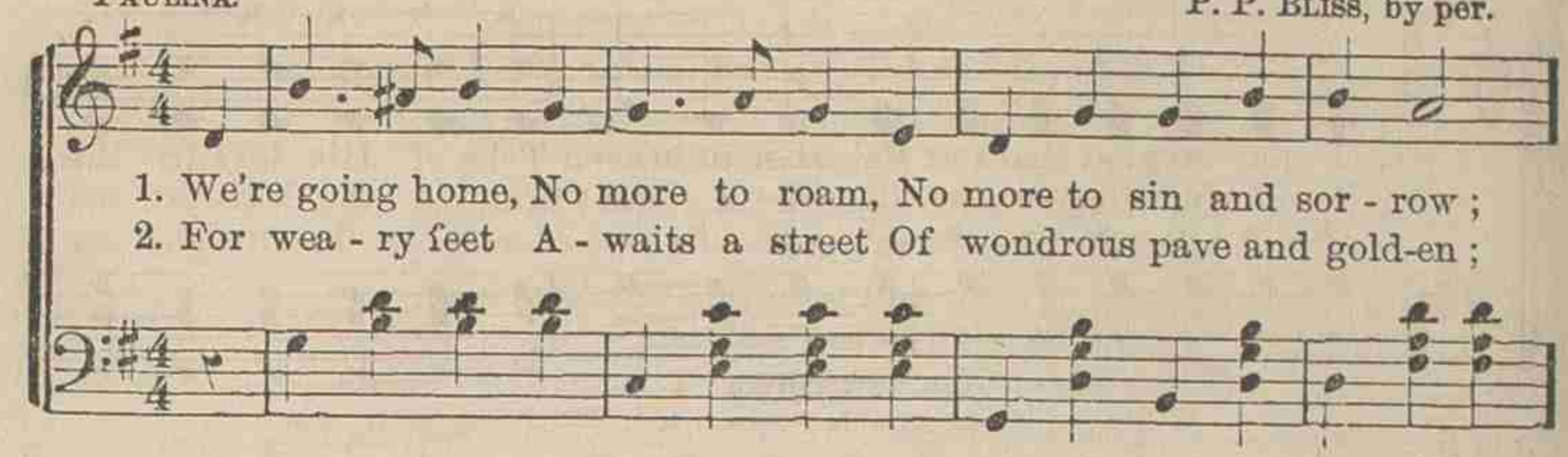
3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

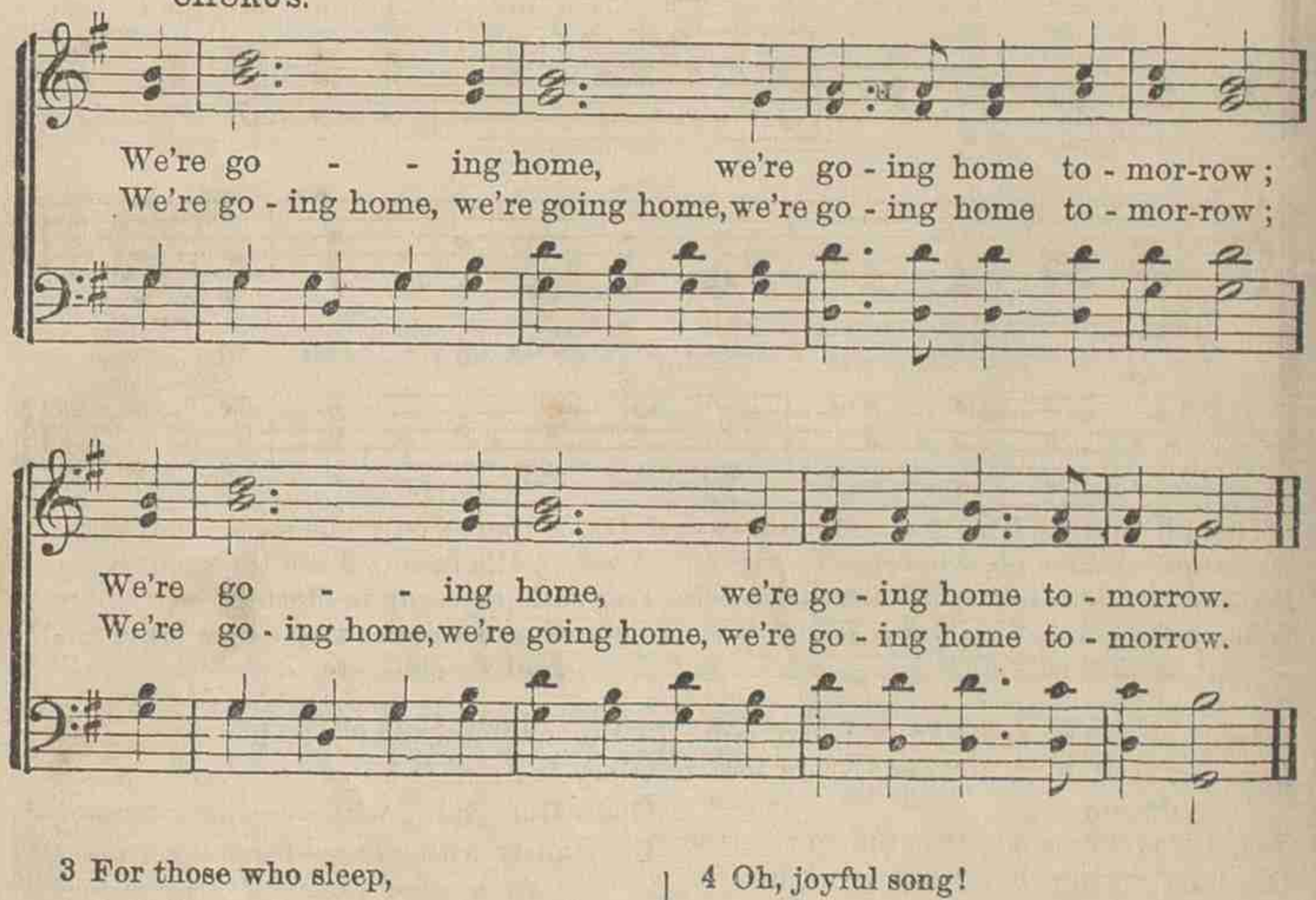
No. 22. We're Going Home To-morrow.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. 5: 8.

PAULINA. P. P. Bliss, by per.



CHORUS.



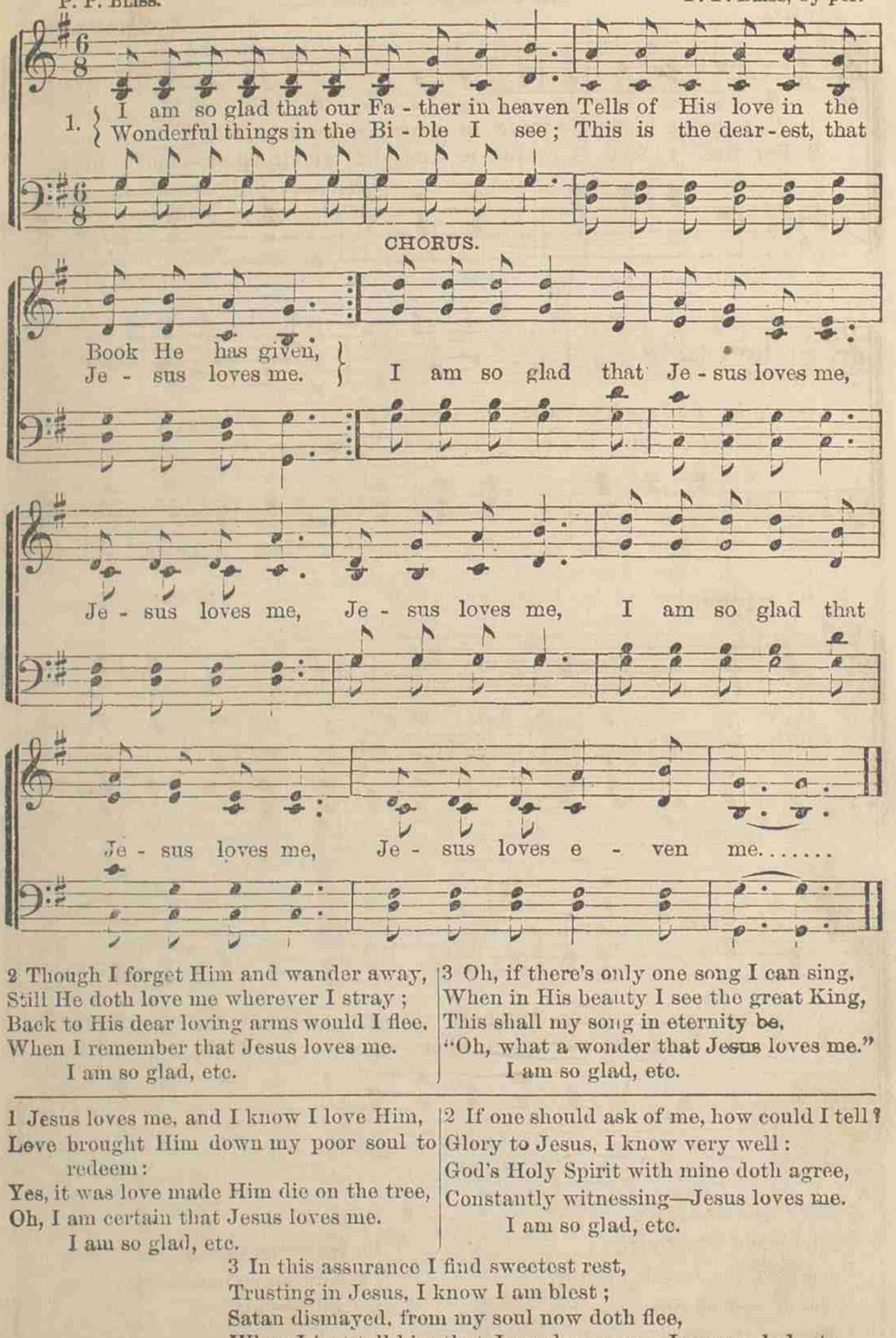
3 For those who sleep,
And those who weep,
Above the portals narrow,
The mansions rise
Beyond the skies—
We're going home to-morrow.

4 Oh, joyful song!
Oh, ransomed throng!
Where sin no more shall sever;
Our King to see,
And, oh, to be
With Him at home forever!

No. 23. Jesus Loves Even Me.

"God is love."—1 JOHN 4: 8.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."
I am so glad, etc.

---

1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem:
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

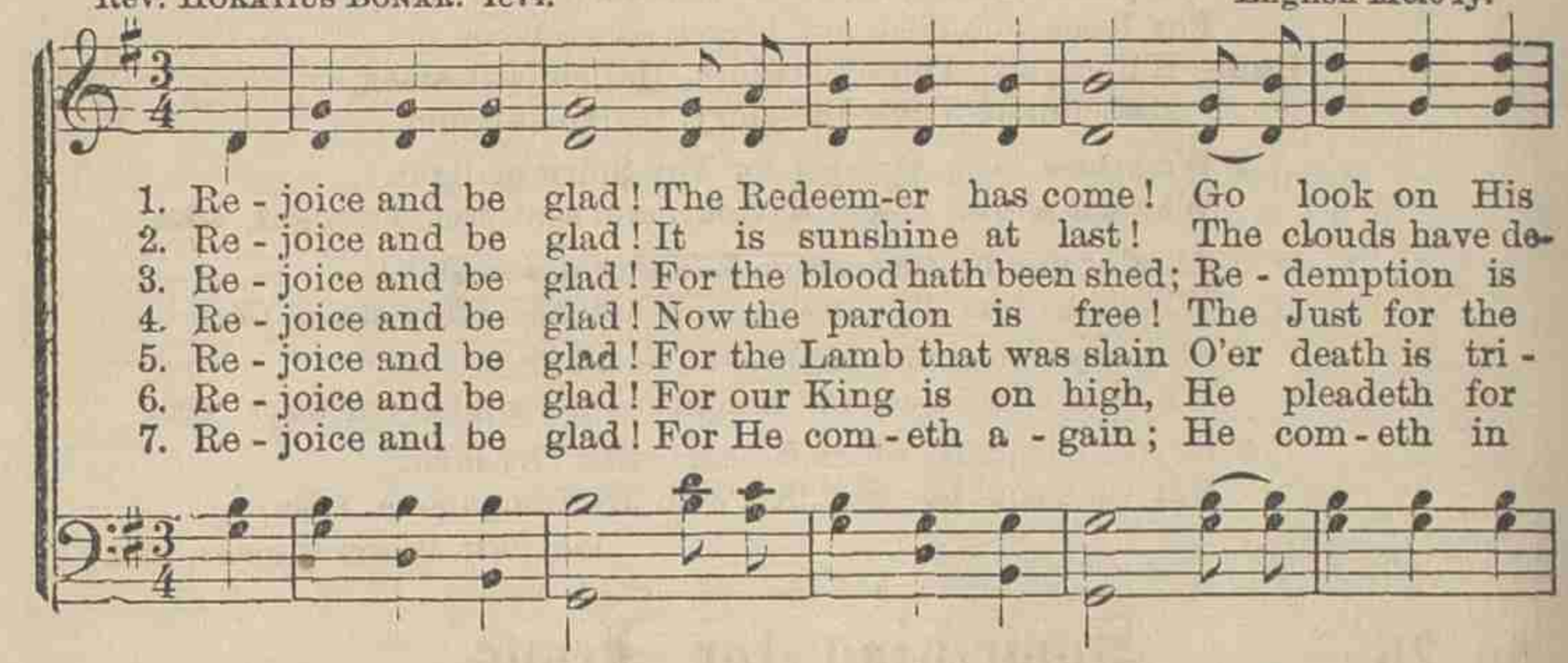
2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell?
Glory to Jesus, I know very well:
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me. I am so glad, etc.

No. 24. Rejoice and be Glad.

"The poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. 29: 19.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. 1874. English Melody.



(Cho. for 7th verse.)

Words written for Messrs. M & S.

No. 25. Revive us Again.

(Tune on Page 26.)

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—HAB. 3: 2.

1 We praise Thee O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen,
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night. *Cho.*

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain. *Cho.*

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us; and sought us, and guided our ways. *Cho.*

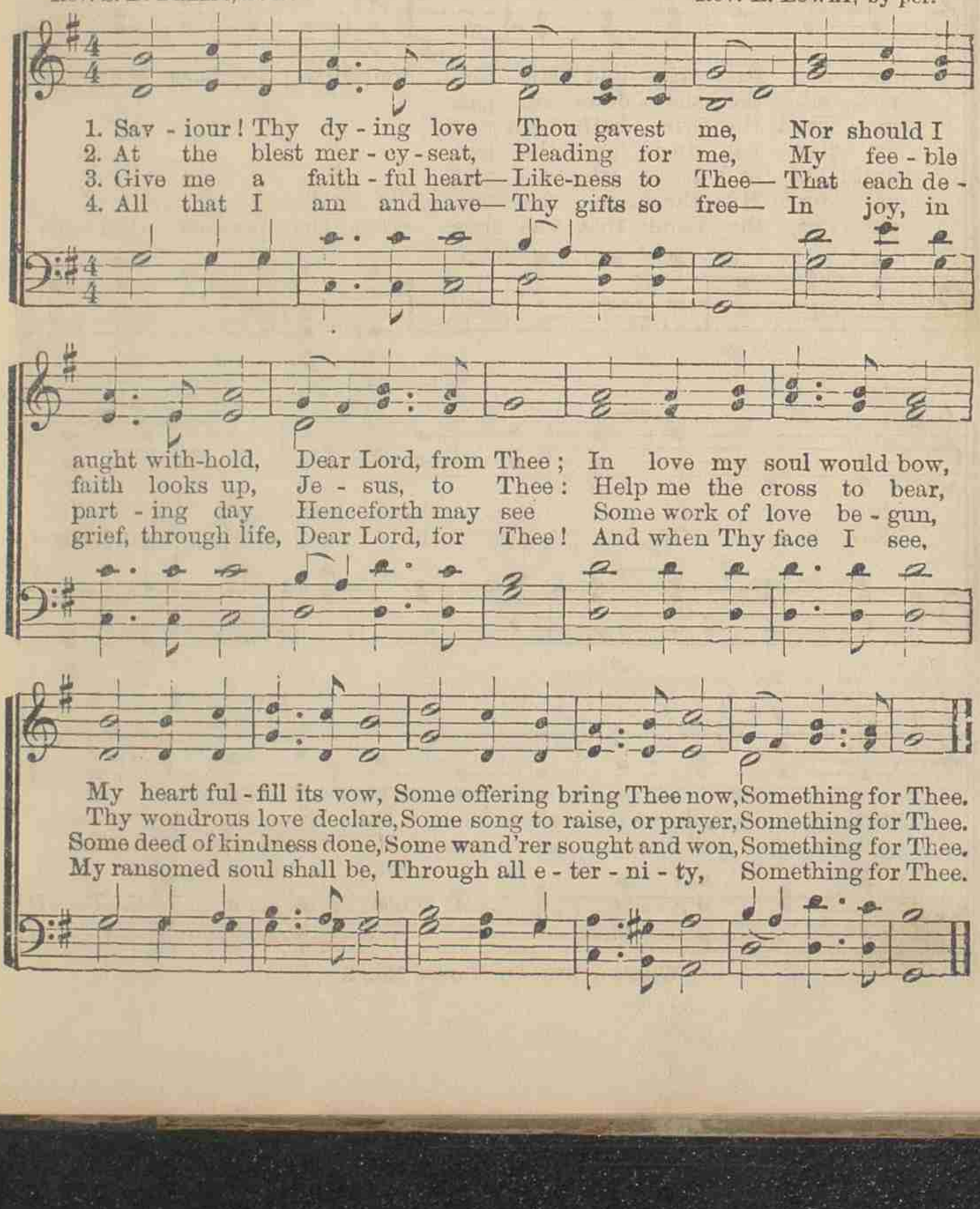
5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above. *Cho.*

Rev. WM. PATON MACKAY, 1863.

No. 26. Something for Jesus.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—ACTS 9: 6.

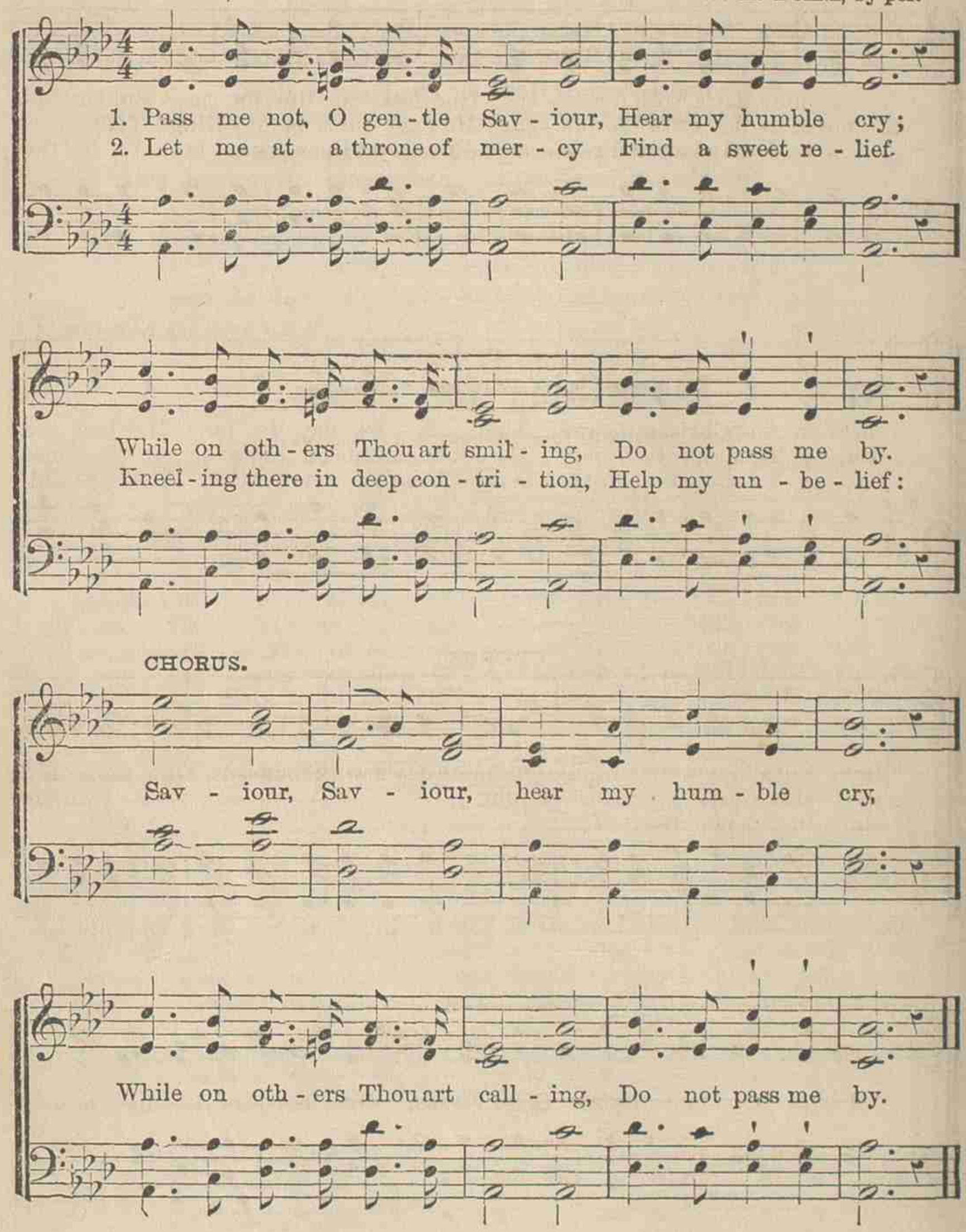
Rev. S. D. PHELPS, D. D. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



No. 27. Pass Me Not.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—ACTS 2: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868. W. H. DOANE, by per.



3.

Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace. *Cho.*

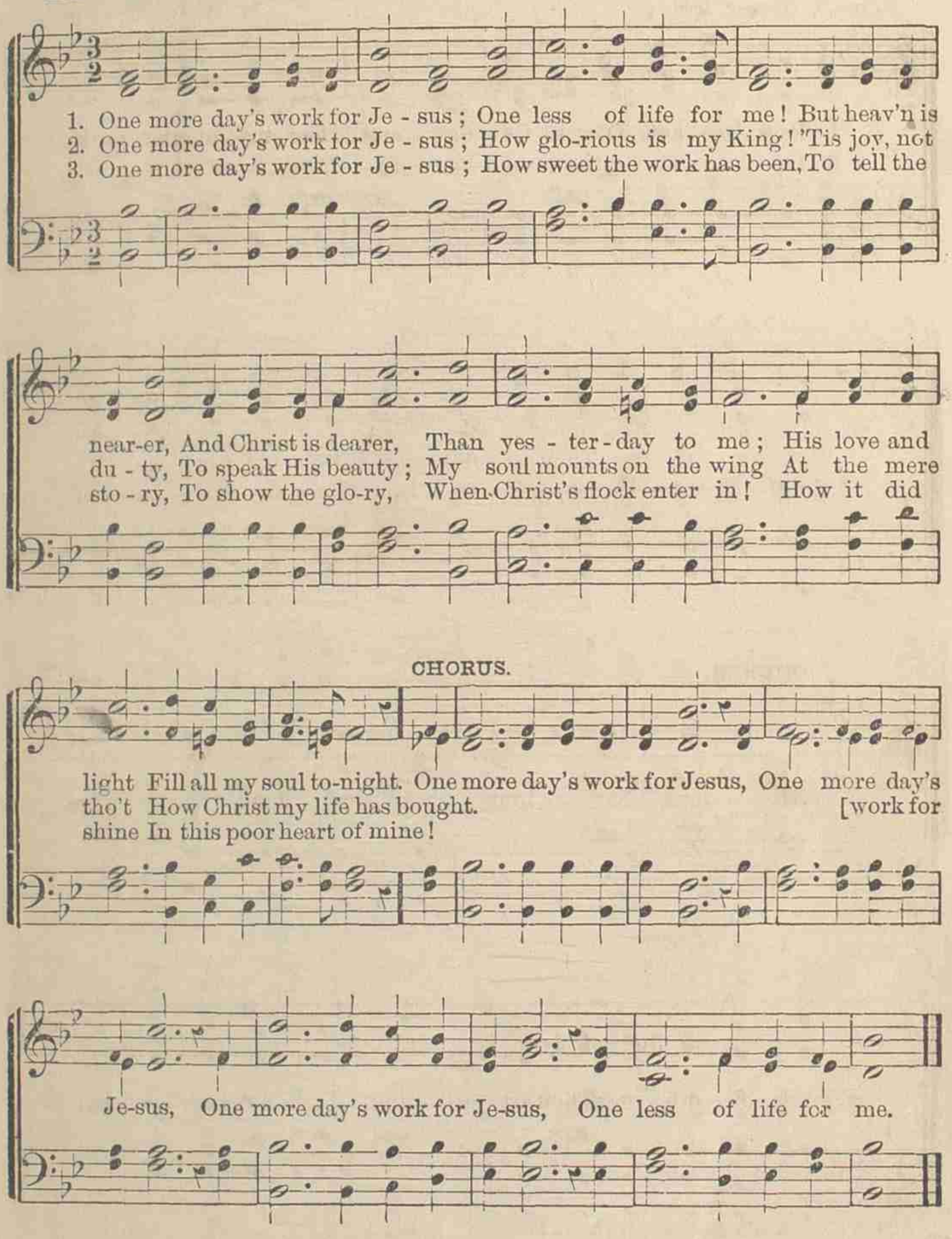
4.

Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in Heaven but Thee? *Cho.*

No. 28. One more Day's Work for Jesus.

"I must work the works of HIM that sent Me, while it is day."—JOHN 9: 4.

Miss ANNA WARNER. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



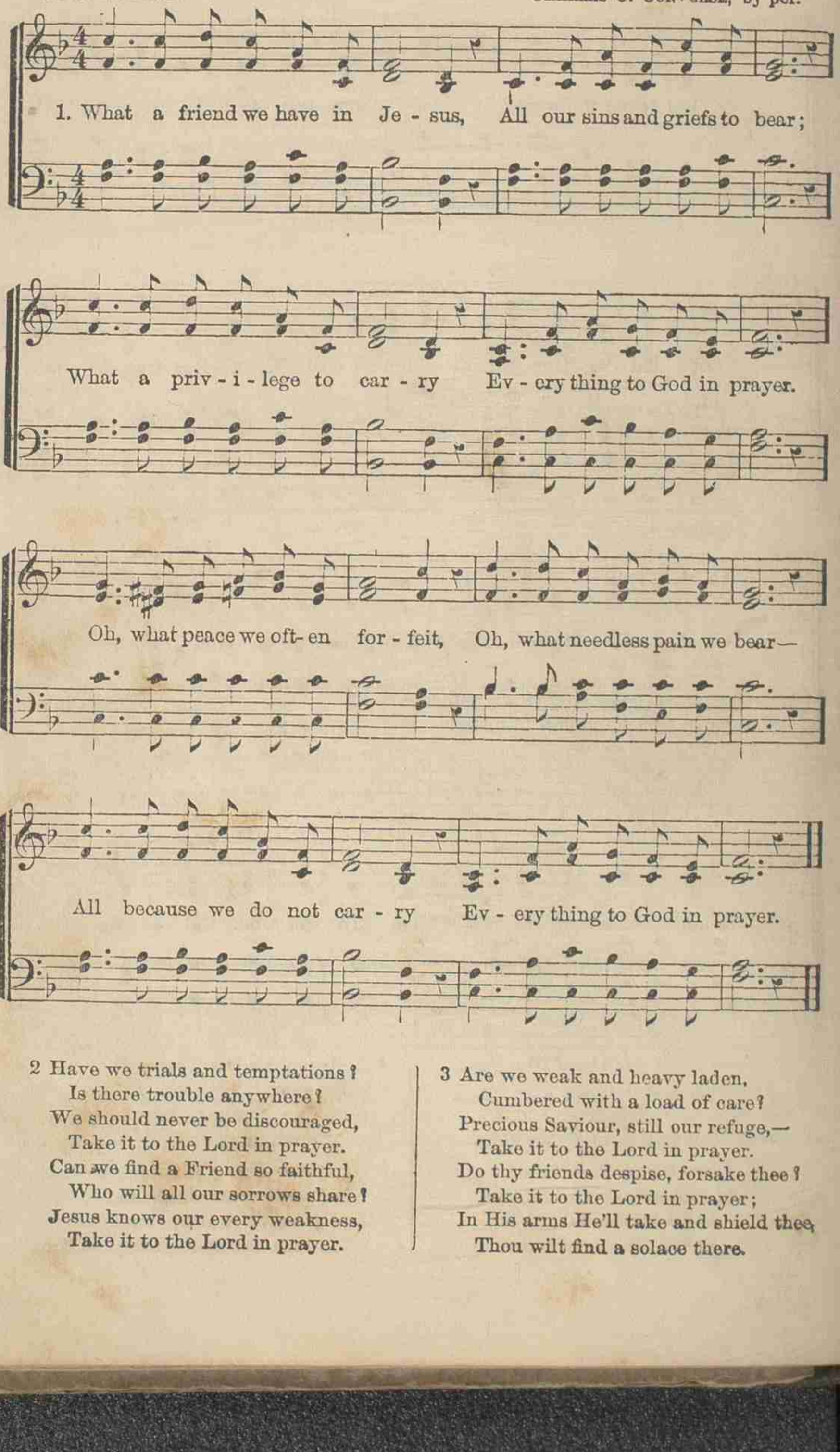
4 One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before His face I fall.—*Cho.*

5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.—*Cho.*

No. 29. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

Rev. H. BONAR. CHARLES C. CONVERSE, by per.

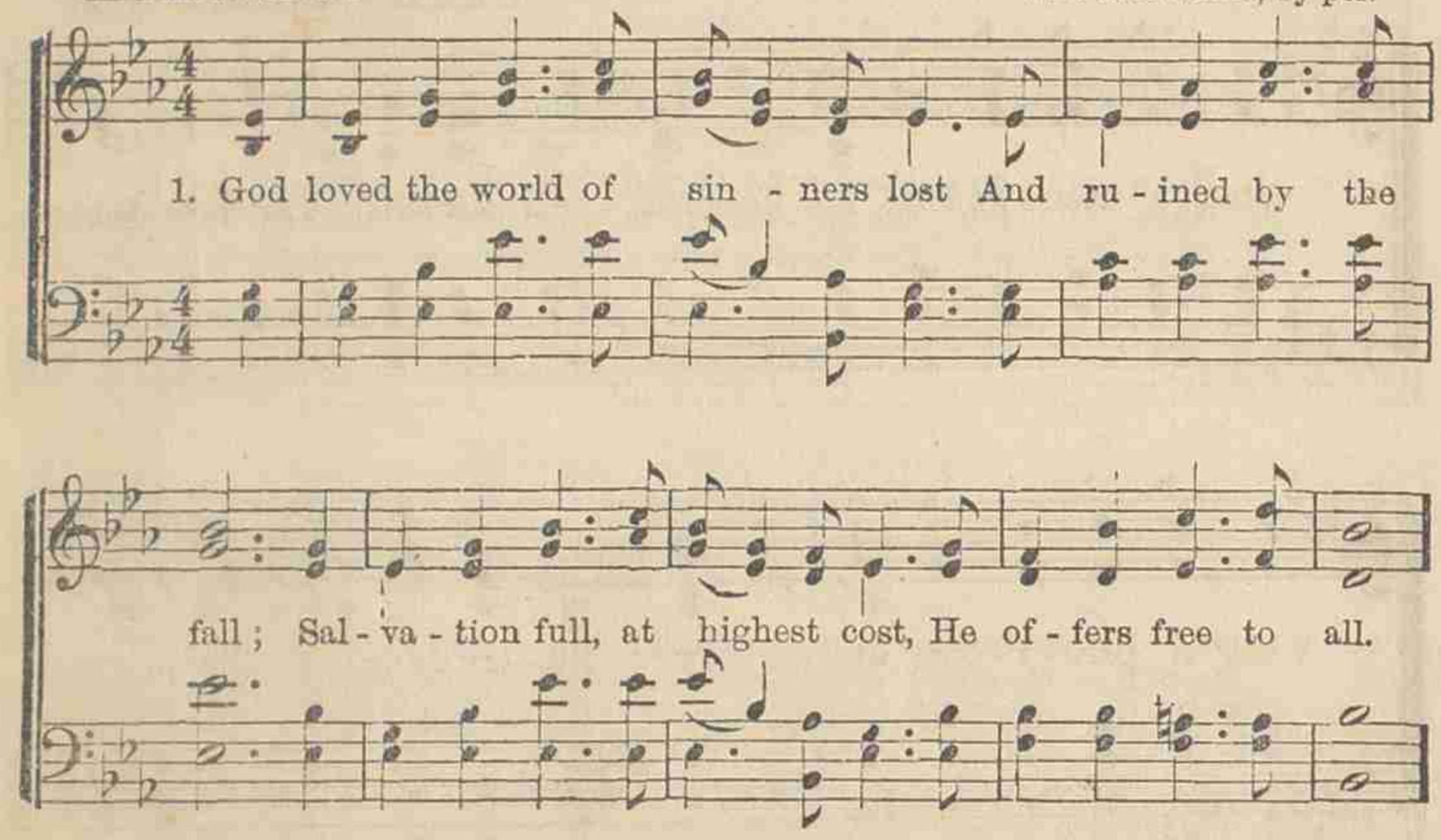
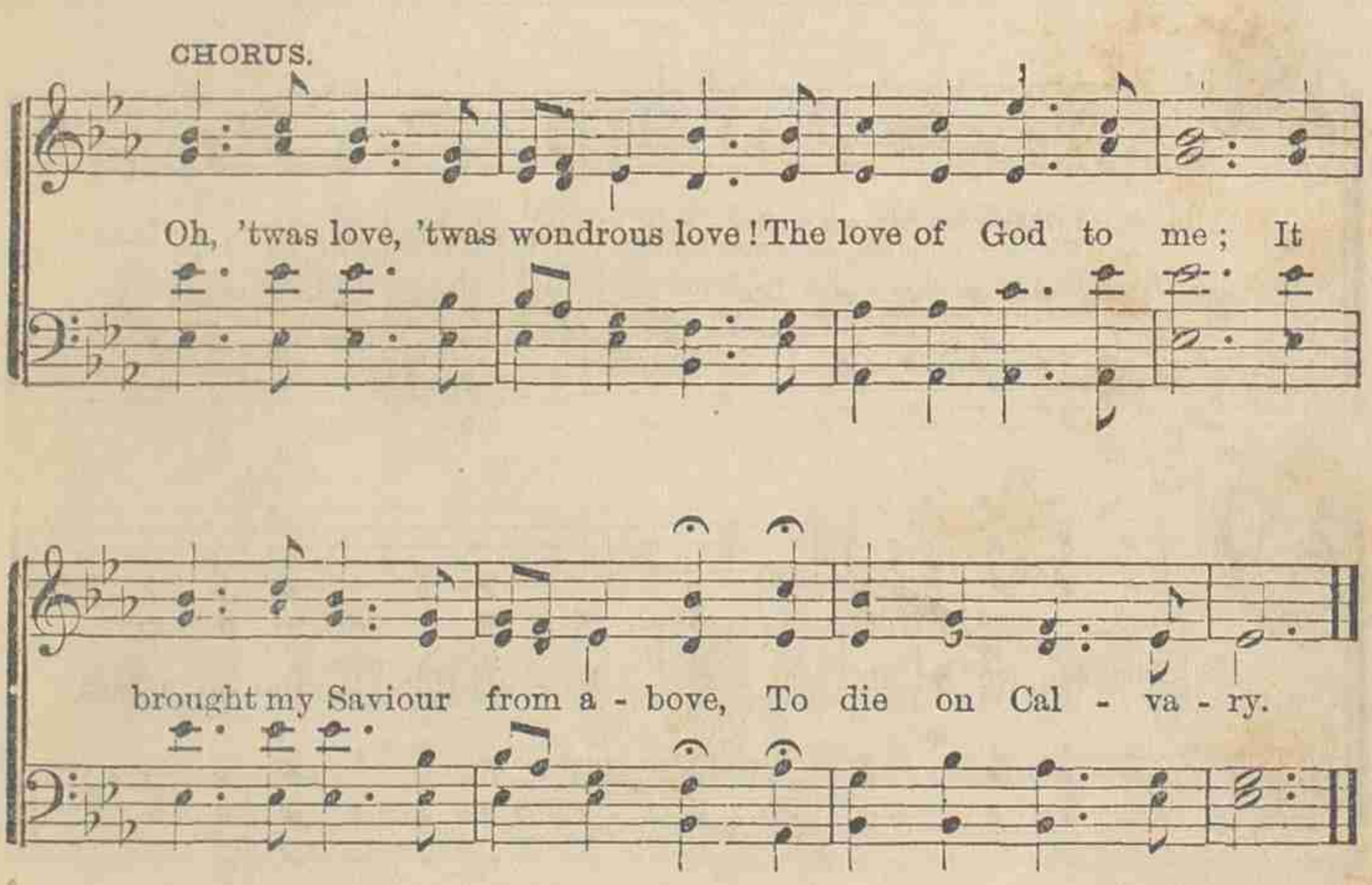


2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 30. Wondrous Love.

"God so loved the world."—JOHN 3: 16.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.

No. 31. "More to Follow."

"Bring me yet a vessel."—2 KINGS 4 : 6.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Have you on the Lord believed? Still there's more to fol-low;
2. Have you felt the Sav-iour near? Still there's more to fol-low;
3. Have you felt the Spirit's power? Still there's more to fol-low:

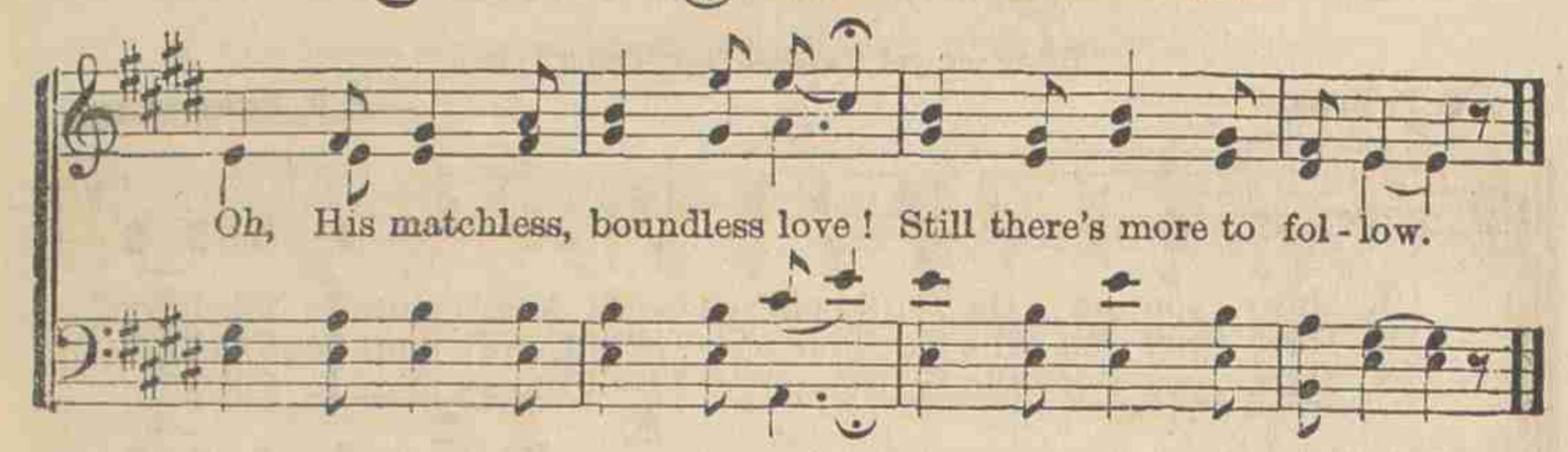
Of His grace have you received? Still there's more to fol-low;
Does His bless-ed presence cheer? Still there's more to fol-low;
Fall-ing like the gen-tle shower? Still there's more to fol-low:

Oh, the grace the Fa-ther shows! Still there's more to fol-low,
Oh, the love that Je-sus shows! Still there's more to fol-low,
Oh, the power the Spir-it shows! Still there's more to fol-low,

Free-ly He His grace bestows, Still there's more to fol-low.
Free-ly He His love bestows, Still there's more to fol-low.
Free-ly He His power bestows, Still there's more to fol-low.

CHORUS.

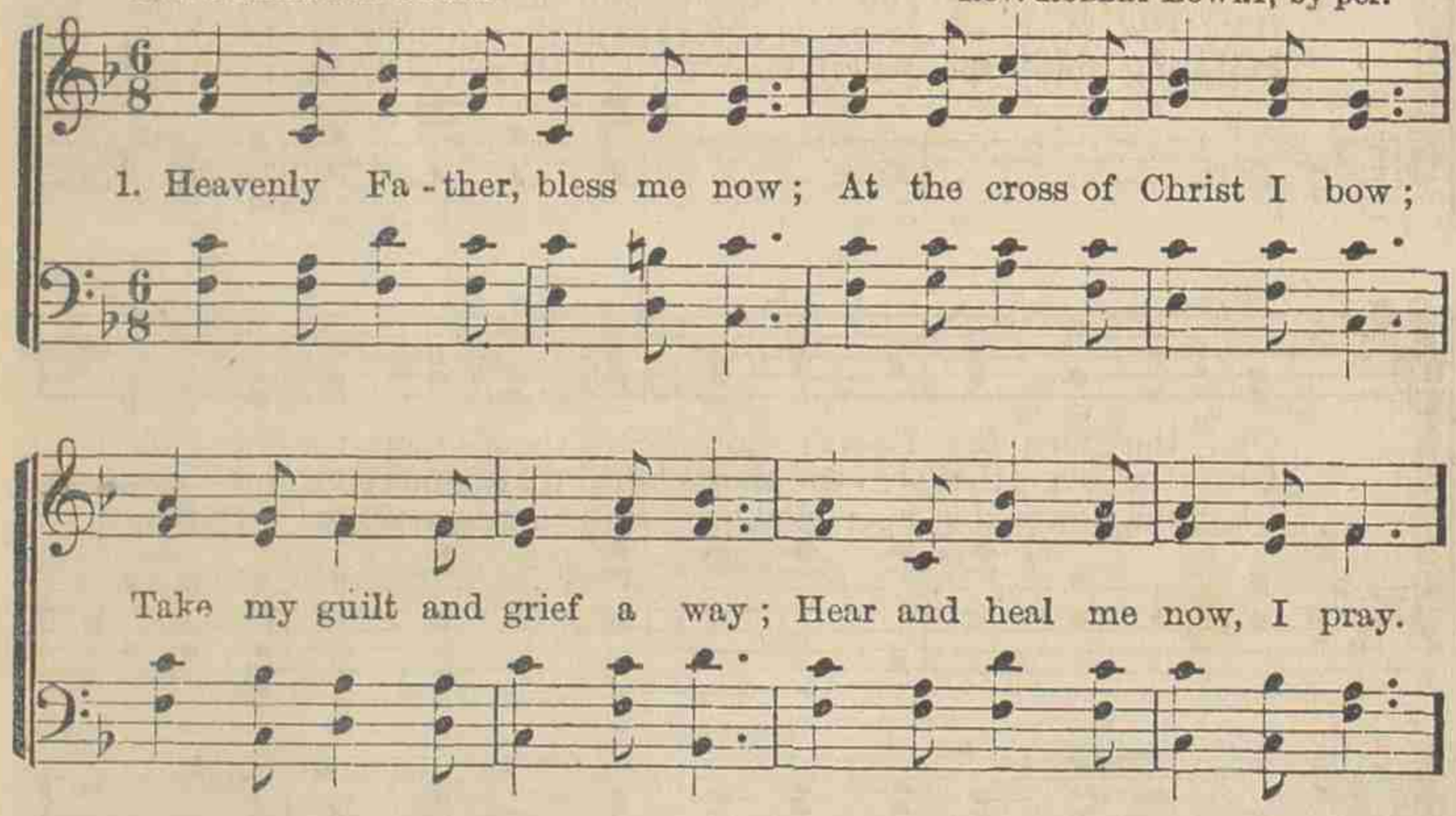
More and more, more and more, Al-ways more to fol-low,

"More to Follow."—Concluded.

No. 32.

Bless Me Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6 : 2.

Rev. Alexander Clark. Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.



2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,
Send Thy grace and show Thy power;
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord! *Ref.*

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die. *Ref.*

4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, thy Son, before;
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show Thy grace. *Ref*

No. 33. Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-day?

"The field is the world * * * and the reapers are the angels"—MATT. 13: 38.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Question.

1. Wea-ry gleaner, whence comest thou, With empty hands and clouded brow?
2. Careless gleaner, what hast thou here, These faded flow'rs and leaf-lets sere?
3. Burden'd gleaner, thy sheaves I see; In - deed thou must a-wea - ry be!

Plodding a - long thy lone - ly way, Tell me, where hast thou glean'd to-day?
Hungry and thirst - y, tell me, pray, Where, oh, where hast thou glean'd to-day?
Singing a - long the homeward way, Glad one, where hast thou glean'd to-day?

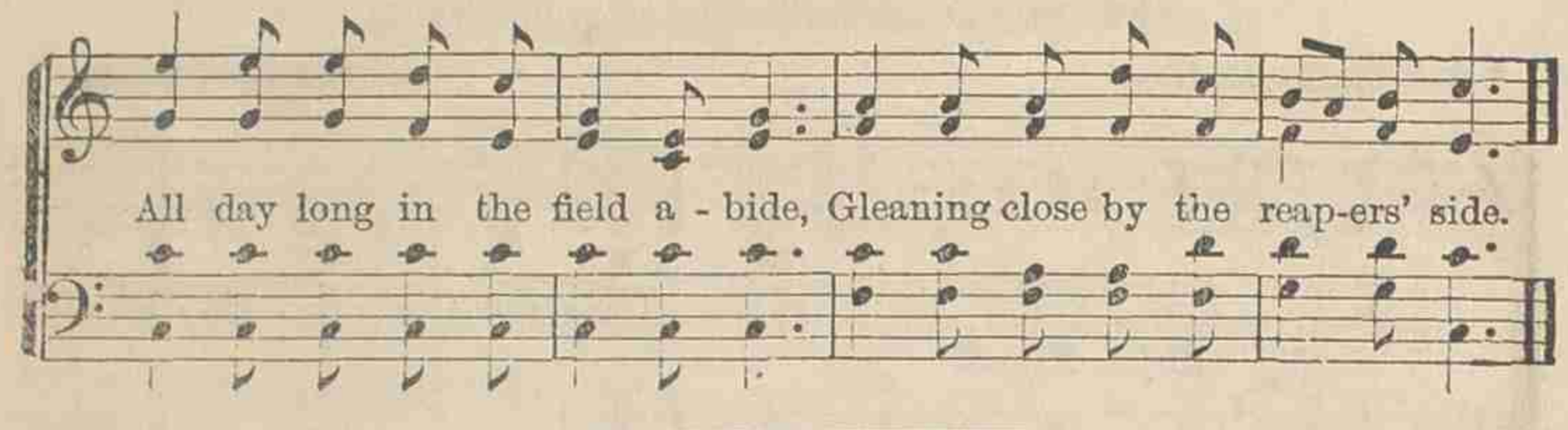
Answer.

Late I found a bar - ren field, The har - vest past my search revealed,
All day long in sha - dy bow'rs, I've gai - ly sought earth's fairest flow'rs;
Stay me not, till day is done I've gath-er'd hand - fuls one by one;

Oth - ers golden sheaves had gained, On - ly stub- ble for me re - mained.
Now, a - las! too late I see All I've gather'd is van - i - ty.
Here and there for me they fall, Close by the reapers I've found them all.

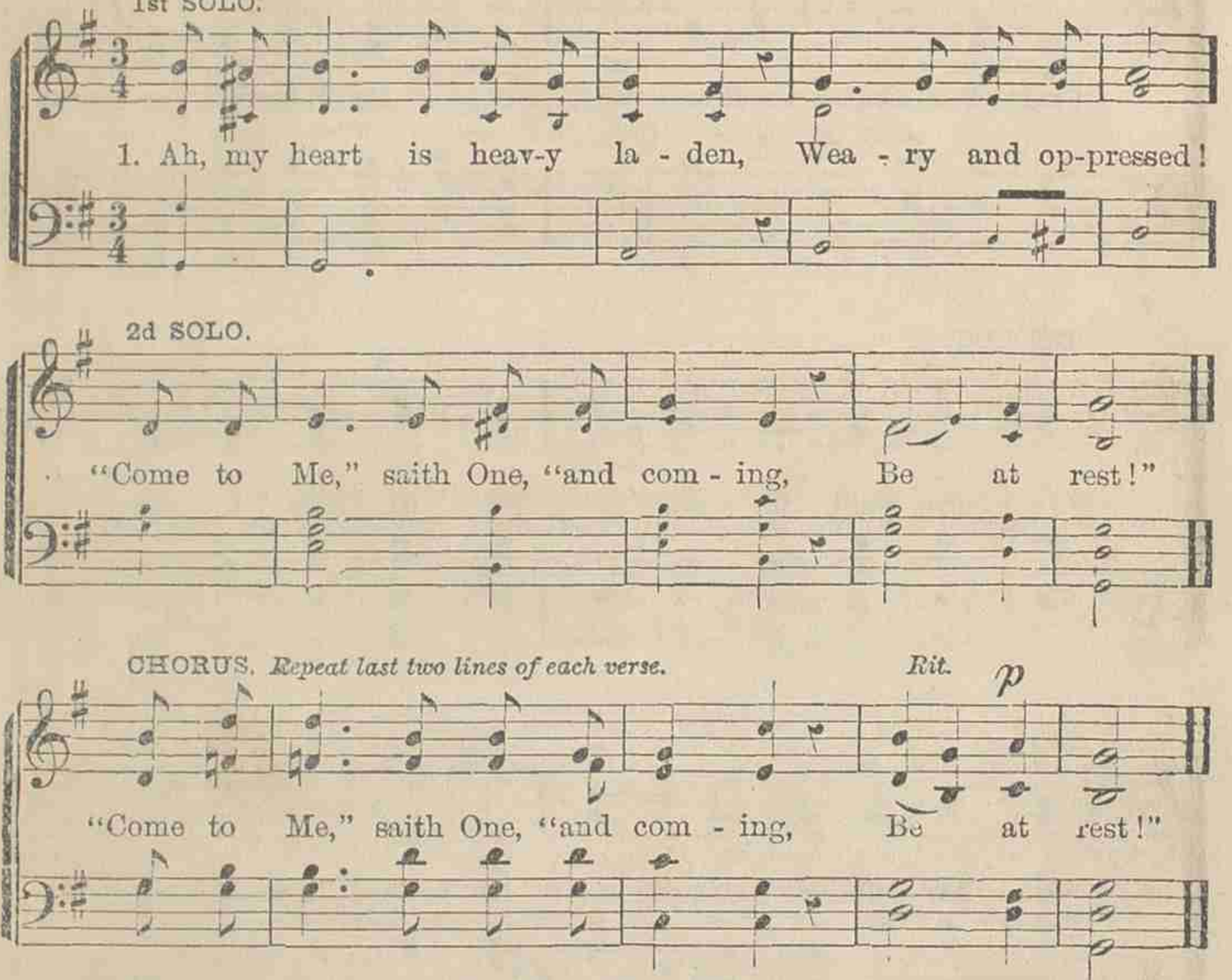
CHORUS.

Forth to the har-vest field a - way! Gather your hand-fuls while you may;

Where Hast Thou Gleaned?—Concluded.

No. 34. Ah, My Heart.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—MATT. 11: 28.

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE. P. P. BLISS, by per.



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."—*Cho.*

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"—*Cho.*

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What's my portion here?
"Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
Many a tear."—*Cho.*

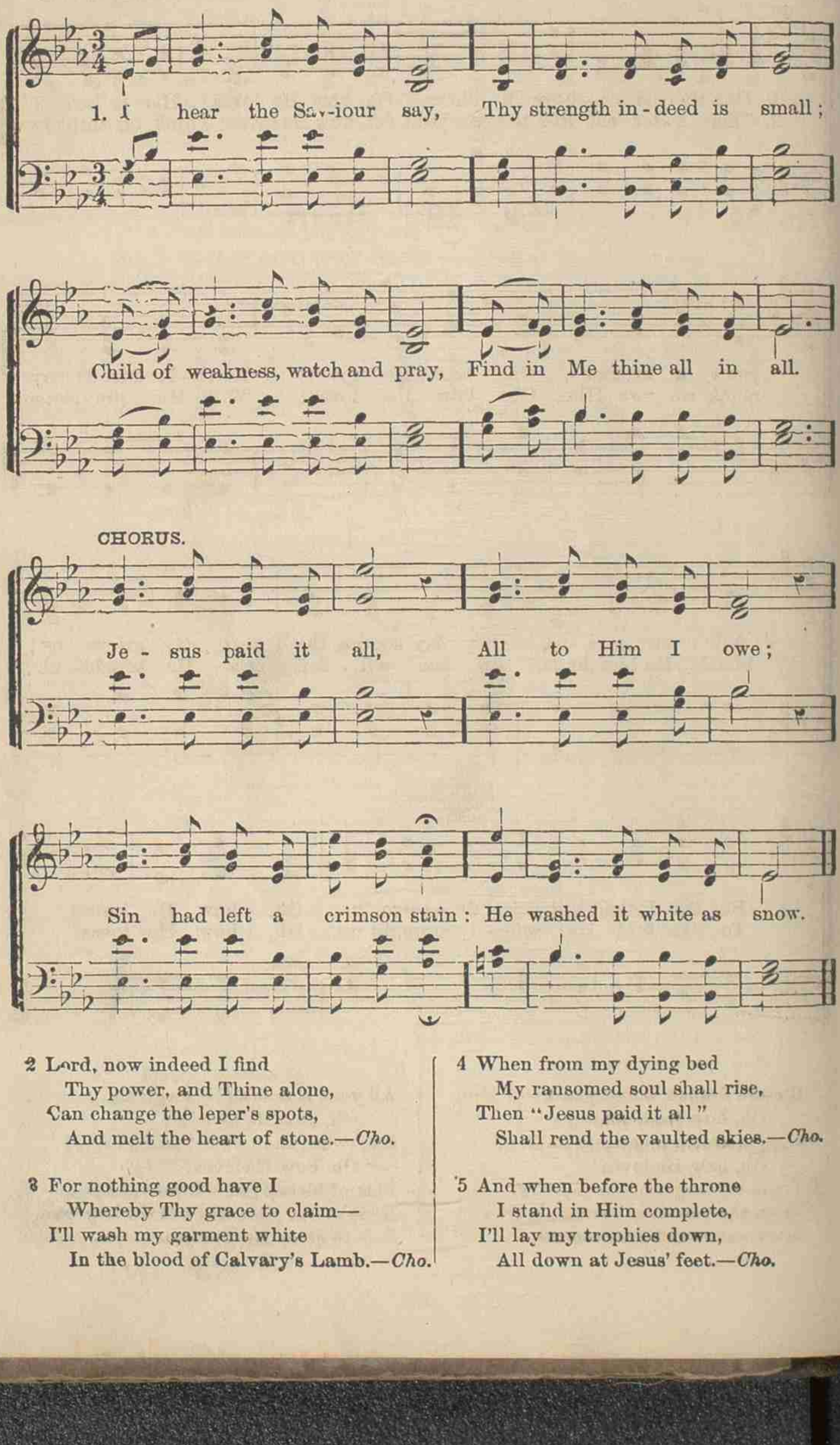
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What have I at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"—*Cho.*

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"—*Cho.*

No. 35. All to Christ I Owe.

"Who His own self bare our sins."—1 PETER 2: 24.

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



2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.—*Cho.*

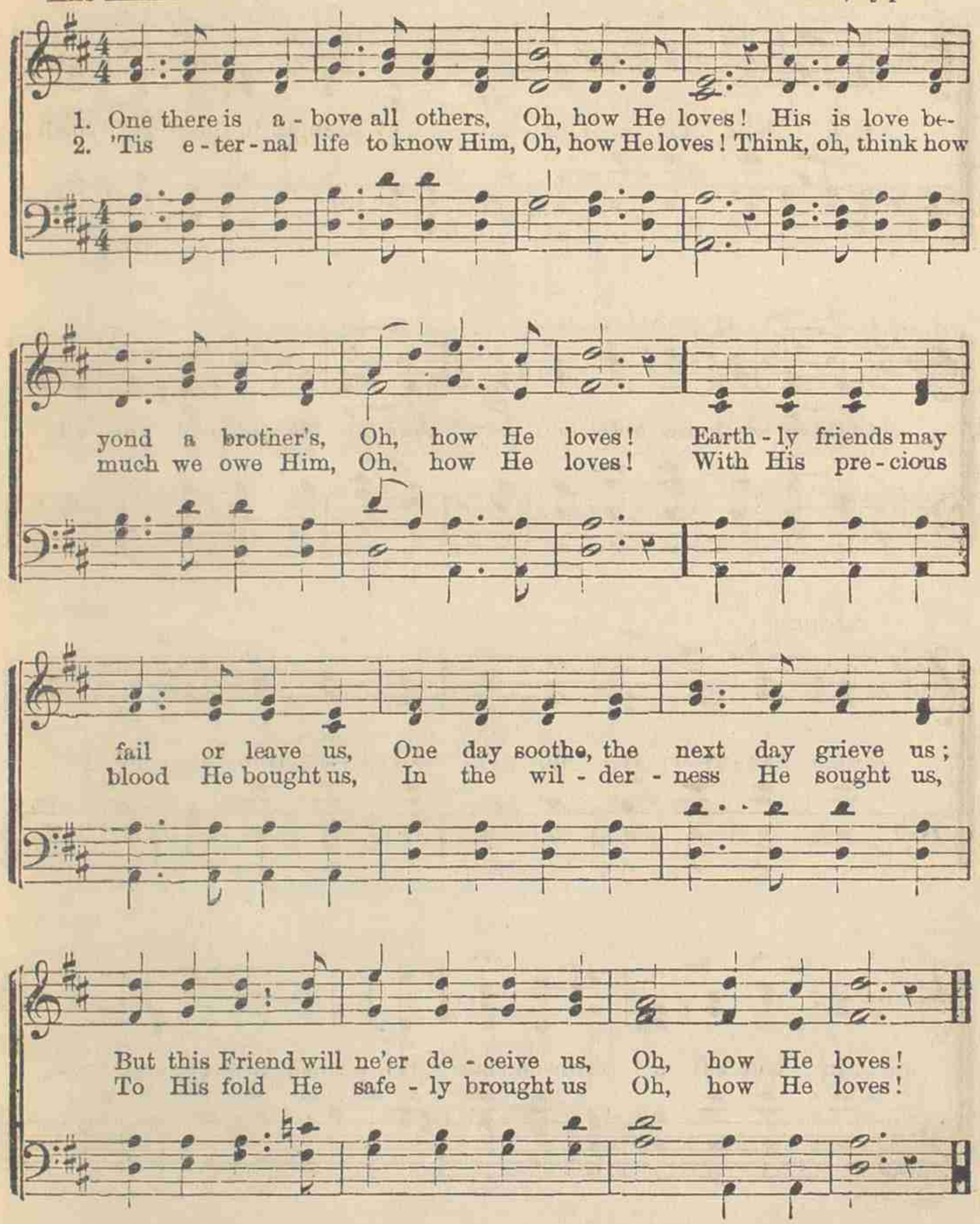
3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—*Cho.*

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

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

No. 36. Oh, how He Loves.

"A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

Miss Marianne Nunn. Hubert P. Main, by per.

3.

Blessed Jesus! would you know Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow,
Oh, how He loves!

4.

All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you.
Safe to glory He will guide you,
Oh, how He loves!

No. 37. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—MARK 5: 19.

Miss KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the Sto-ry
wonder-ful re - demp - tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin. Tell me the Sto-ry

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 "early dew" of morn - ing Has

CHORUS.

help - less and de - filed. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
passed a - way at noon.

Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

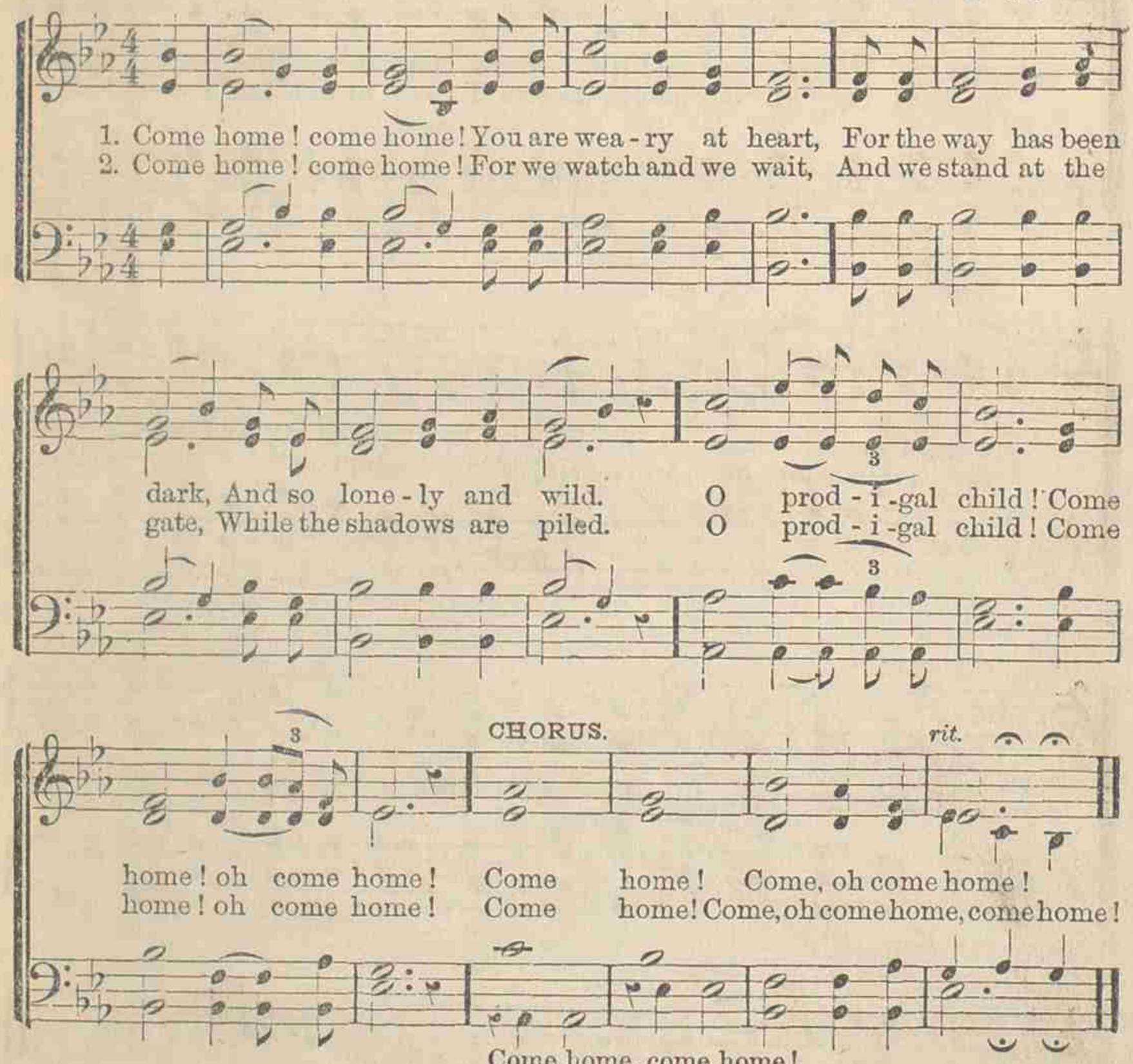
Tell Me the Old, Old Story.—Concluded.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save,
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

No. 38. The Prodigal Child.

"I will arise, and go to my father."—Luke 15: 18.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. W. H. Doane, by per.

3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh come home!

4 Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there,
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

No. 39. I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."—PSAL. 145: 5.

Miss KATE HANKEY, 1867. W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the Sto-ry Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and His
2. I love to tell the Sto-ry! More wonderful it seems, Than all the golden

Glo-ry Of Je - sus and His Love! I love to tell the Sto - ry! Be-
fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the Sto - ry! It

cause I know it's true; It sat-isfies my longings, As nothing else would do.
did so much for me! And that is just the reason, I tell it now to thee.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

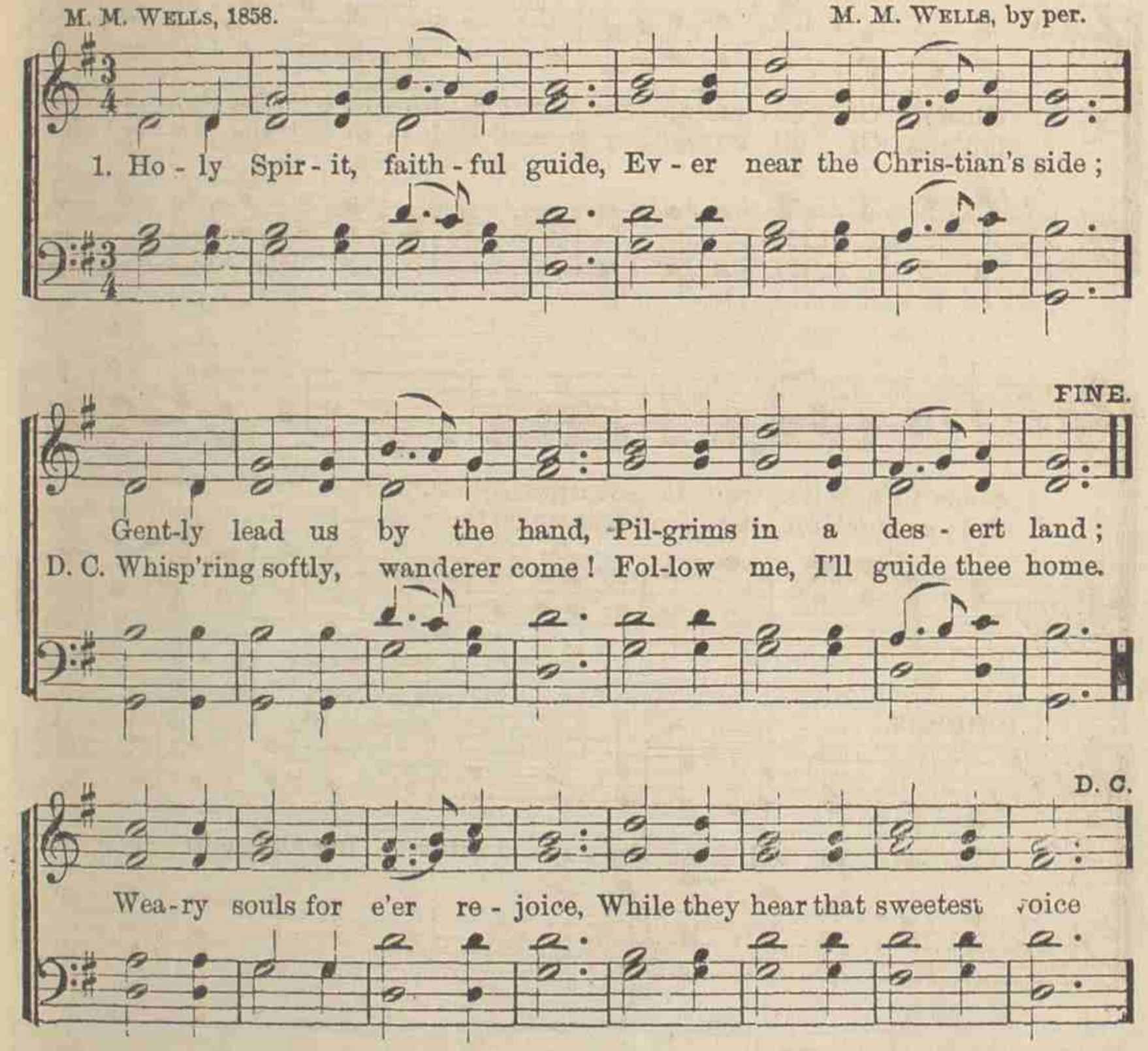
I Love to Tell the Story.—Concluded.

3 I love to tell the Story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the Story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

No. 40. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—PSALM 32: 8.

M. M. WELLS, 1858. M. M. WELLS, by per.

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

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

No. 41. The Light of the World is Jesus.

"I am the light of the world."—JOHN 9: 5.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

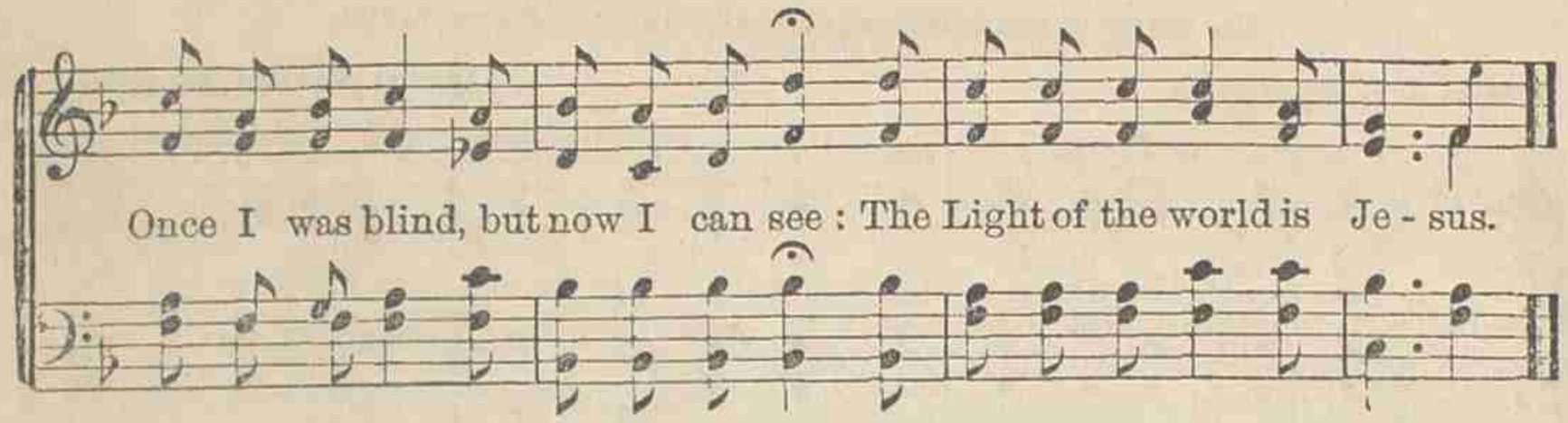
1. The whole world was lost in the dark - ness of sin; The
2. No dark - ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The
3. Ye dwell - ers in dark - ness with sin - blind-ed eyes, The
4. No need of the sun - light in heav - en, we're told, The

Light of the world is Je - sus. Like sun - shine at noon - day His
Light of the world is Je - sus. We walk in the Light when we
Light of the world is Je - sus. Go, wash, at His bid - ding, and
Light of that world is Je - sus. The Lamb is the light in the

glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
fol - low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
light will a - rise, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
Cit - y of Gold, The Light of that world is Je - sus.

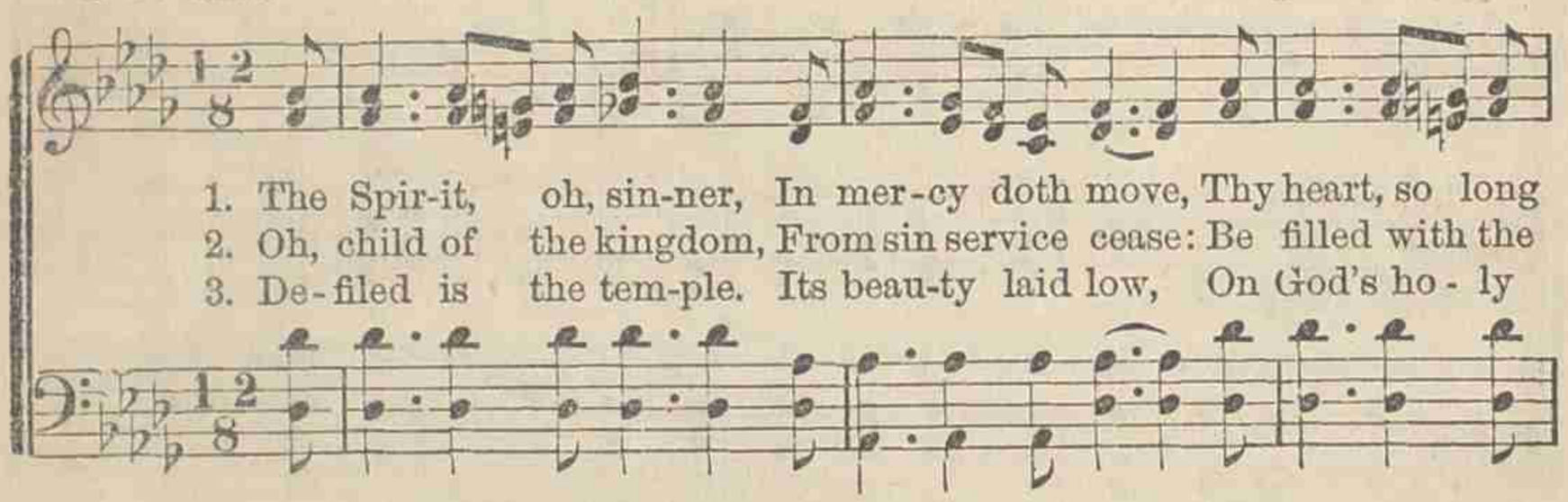
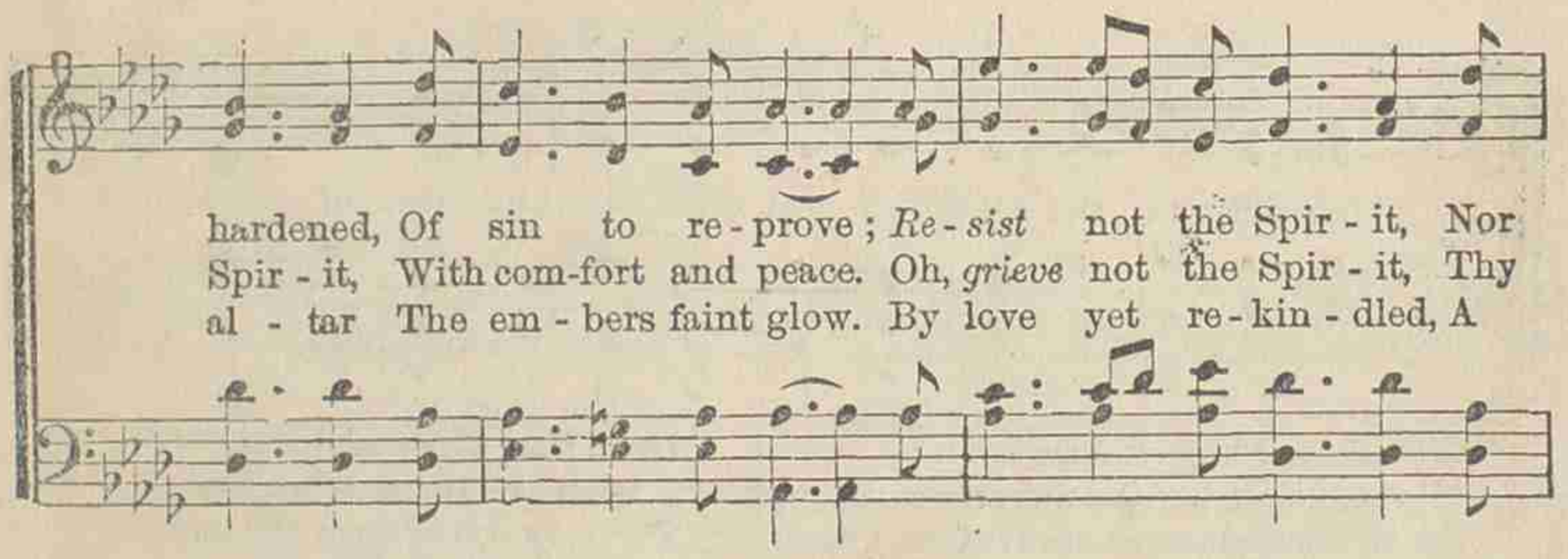
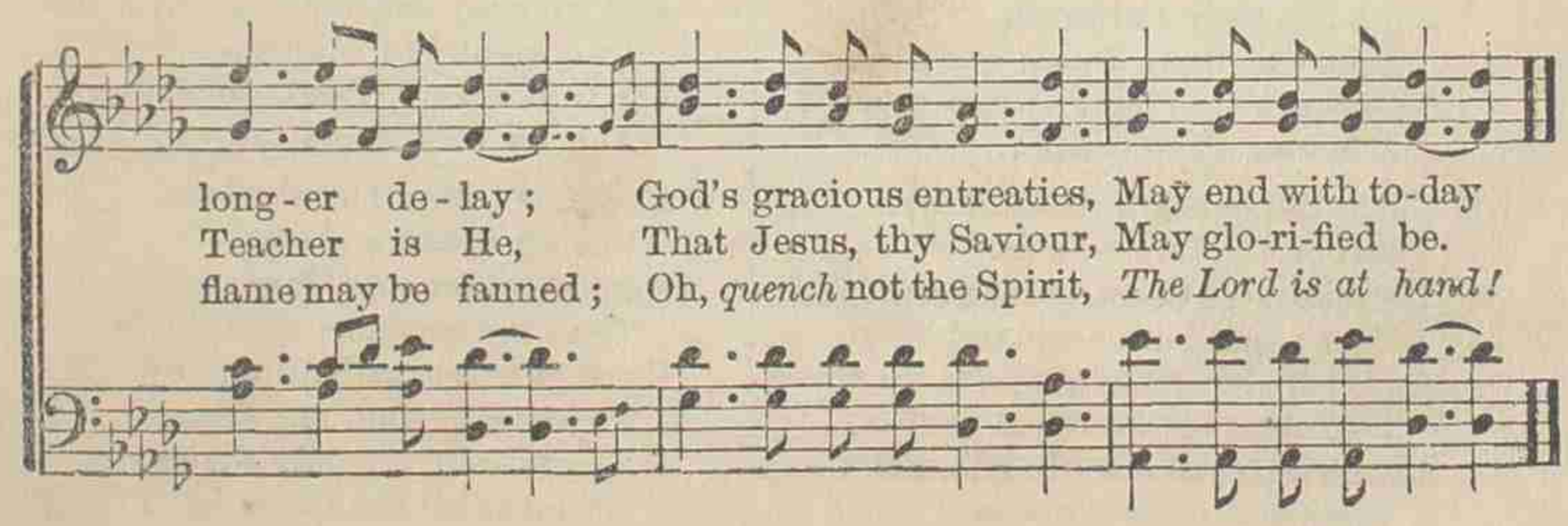
CHORUS.

Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawn'd upon me,

The Light of the World.—Concluded.

No. 42.

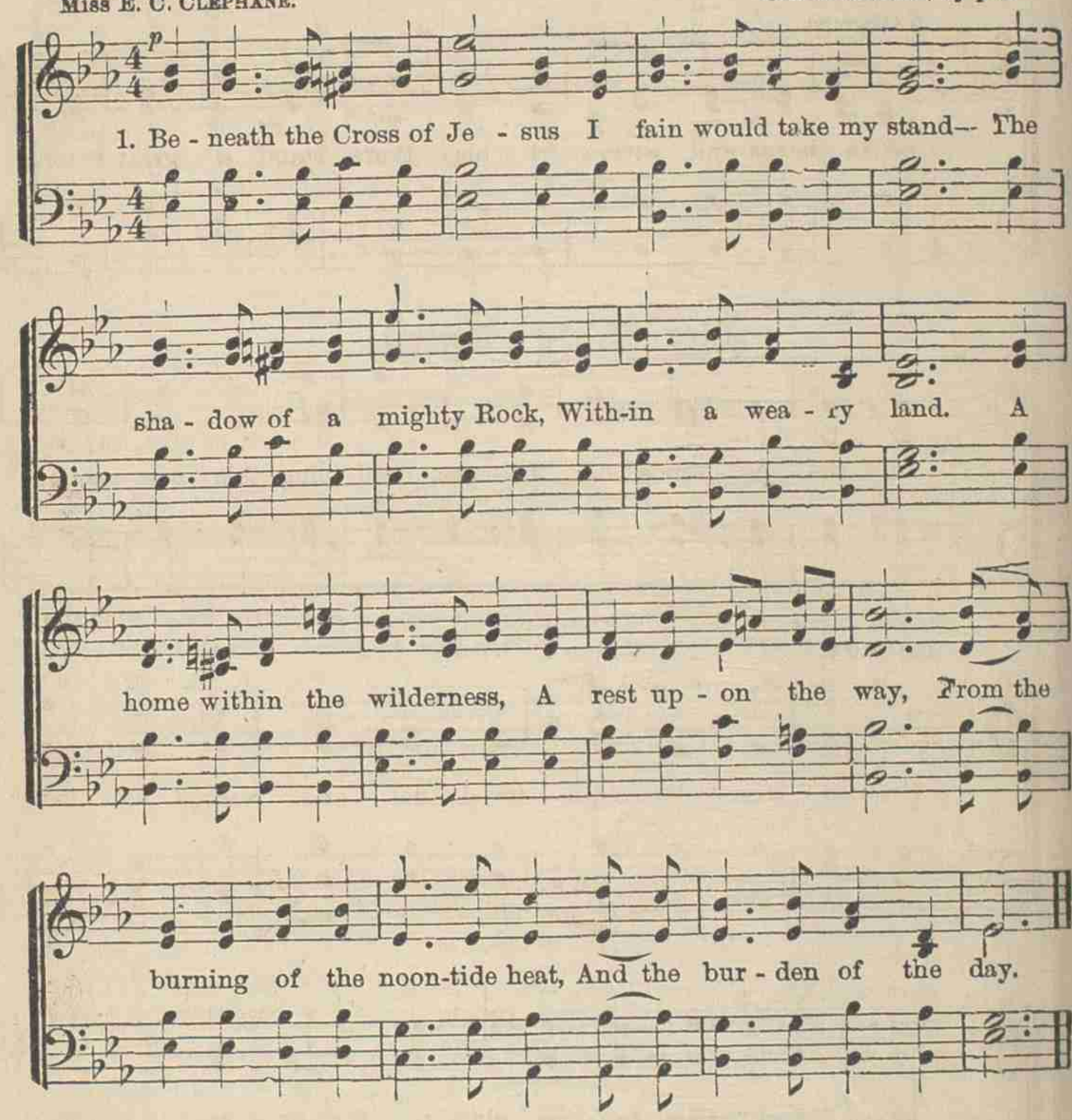
The Holy Spirit.

Three warnings : Resist not, Grieve not, Quench not.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.



No. 43. The Cross of Jesus.

"His children shall have a place of refuge."—PROV. 14: 26.

Miss E. C. CLEPHANE. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love,
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the Holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

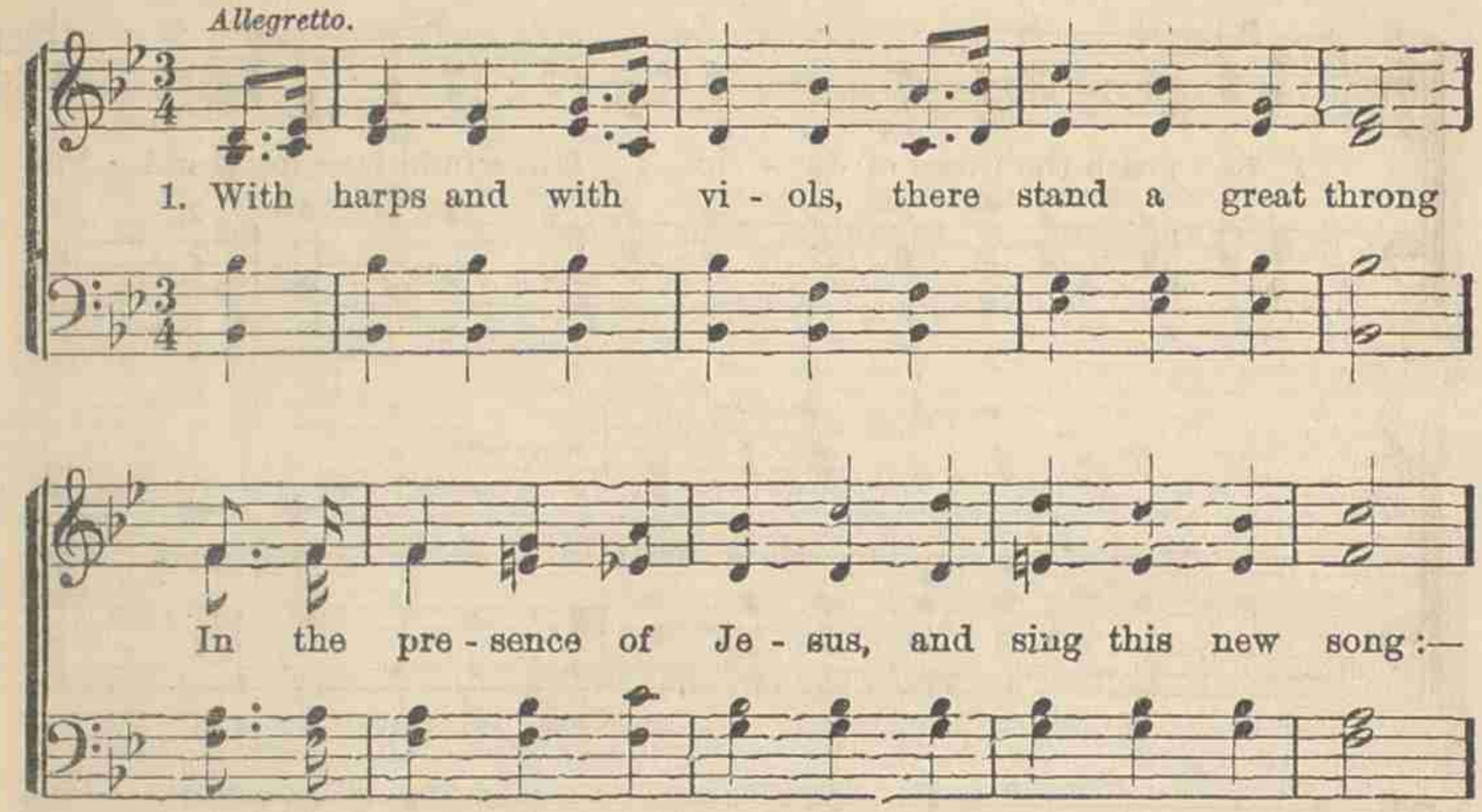
4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

5 I take, O Cross, Thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face.
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,—
My glory all the Cross.

No. 44. The New Song.

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev. 14: 3.

Rev. A. T. Pierson. P. P. Bliss, by per.

Allegretto.

2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite.—*Cho.*

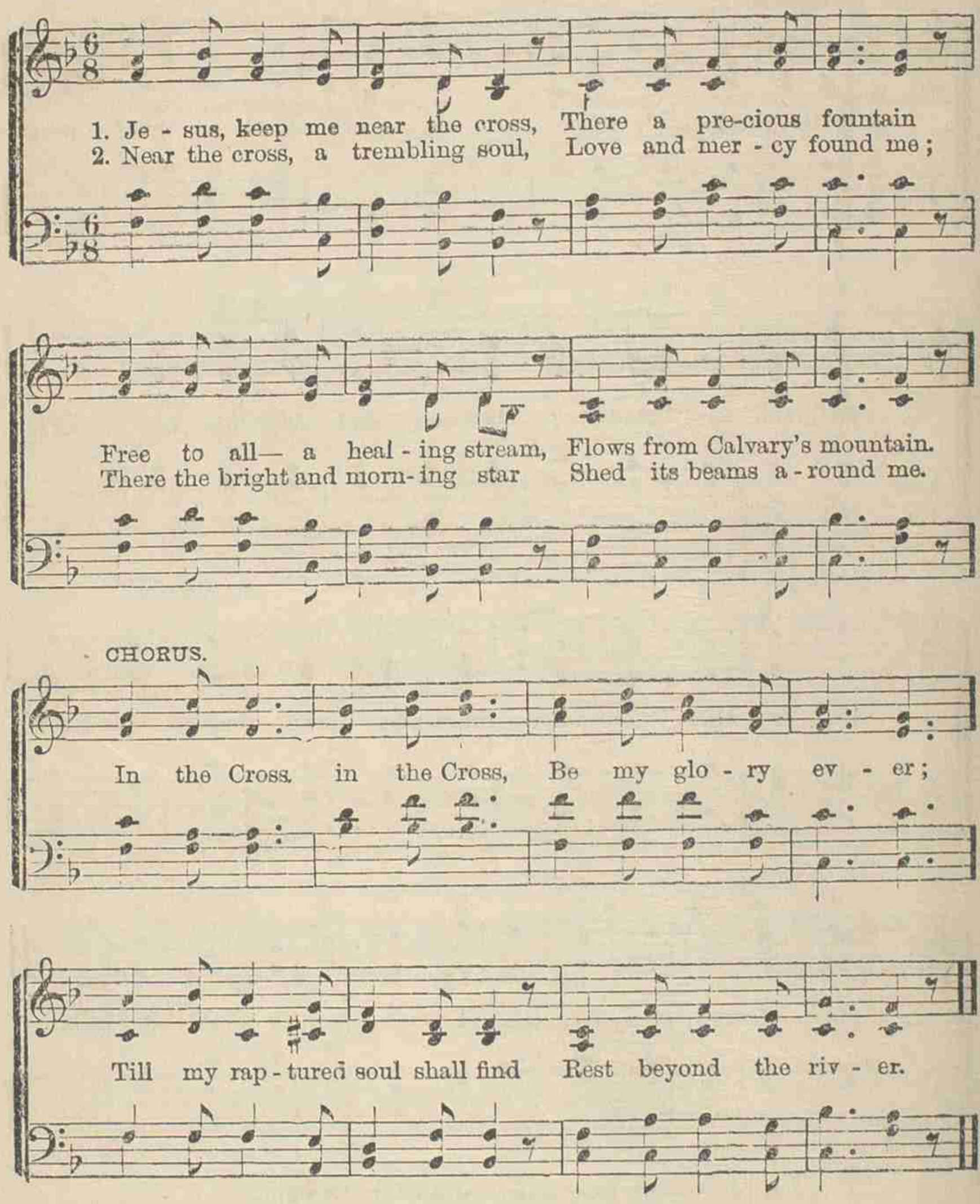
3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing.—*Cho*

4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.—*Cho.*

5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,
So that others believing, this new song shall sing.—*Cho.*

No. 45. Near the Cross.

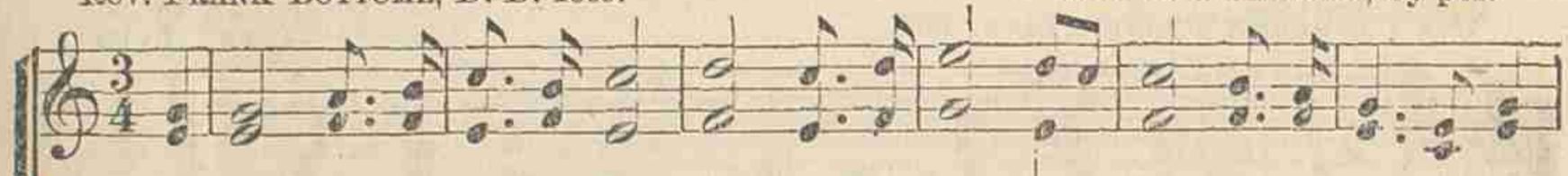
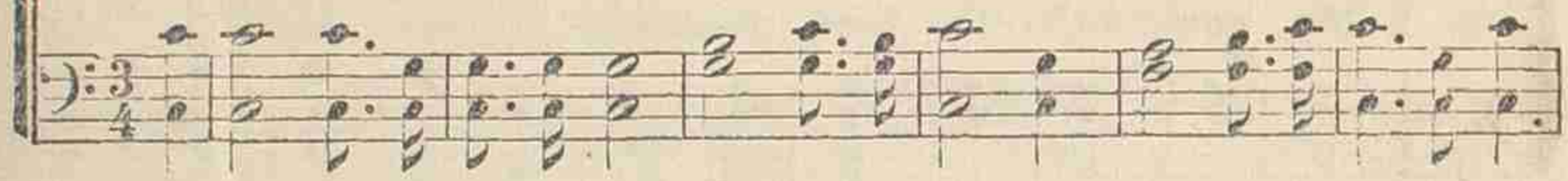
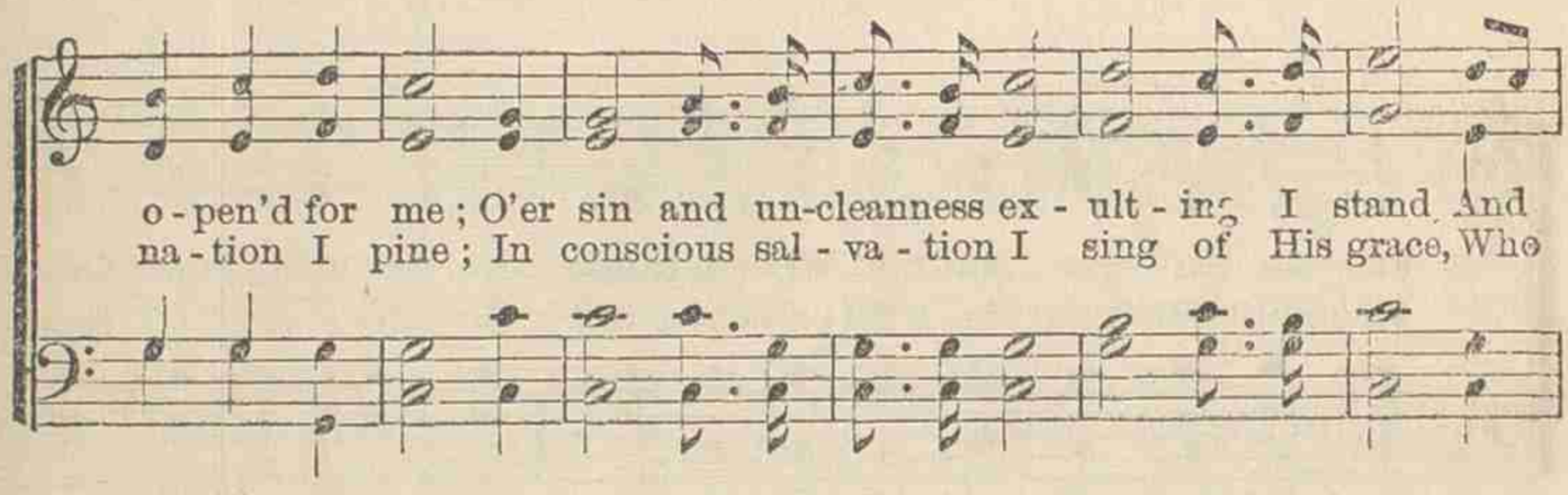
"Peace through the blood of His cross."—COLL. 1: 29.

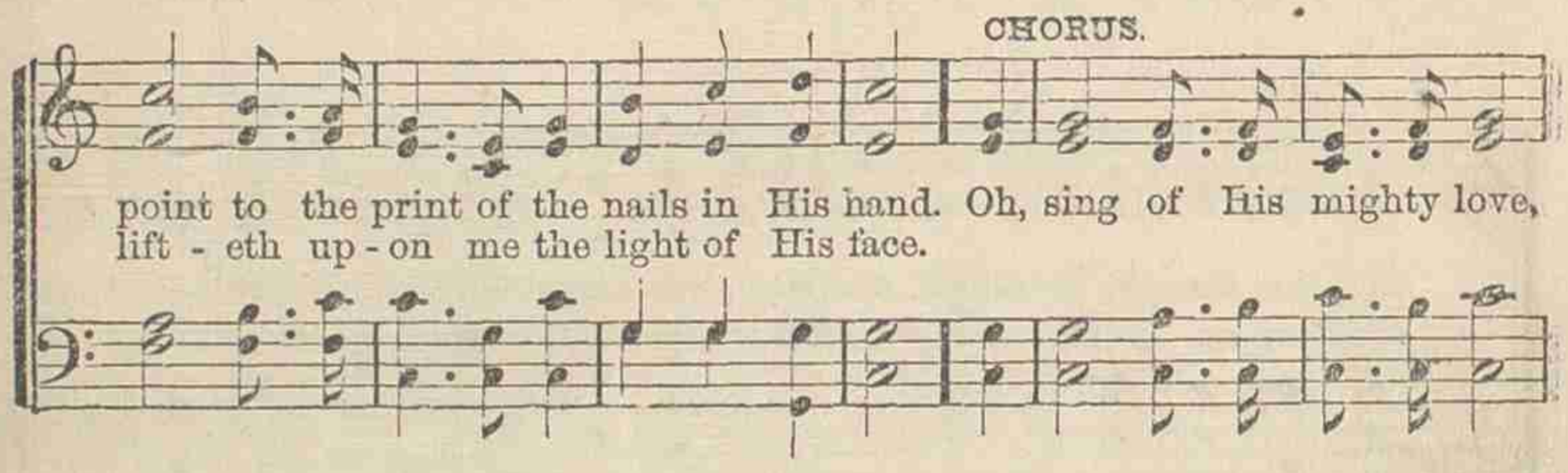
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me. *Cho.*

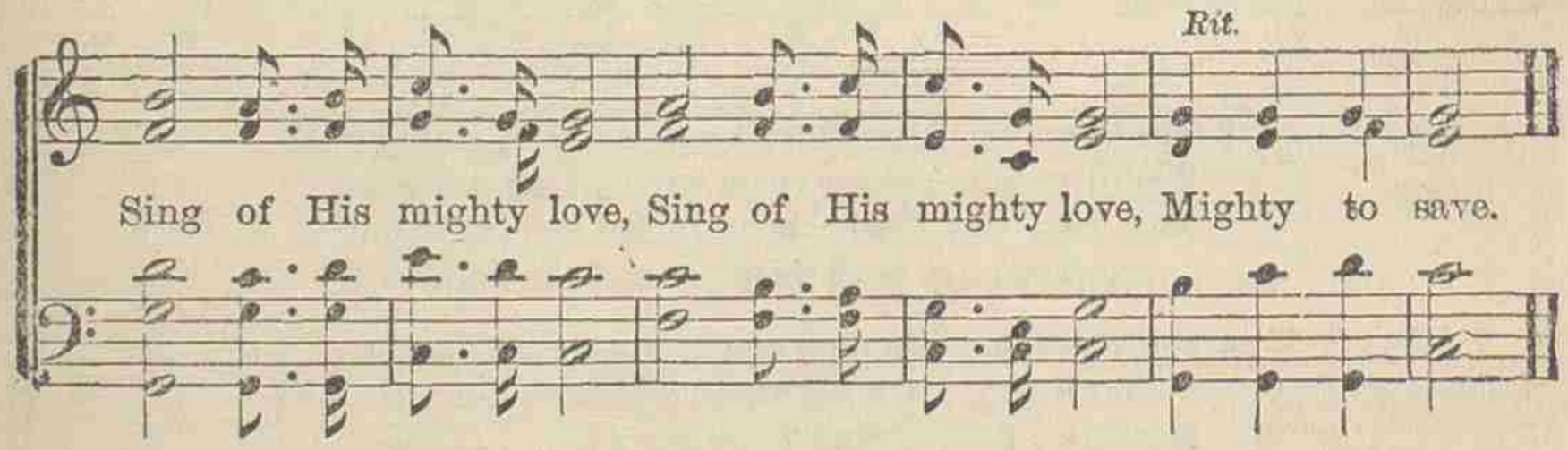
4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
'Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river. *Cho.*

No. 46. Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

"Mighty to save."—ISAIAH 63: 1.

Rev. FRANK BOTTOME, D. D. 1869. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crimson tide
2. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied, Je - sus is mine, No longer in dread-condem-

o - pen'd for me; O'er sin and un-cleanness ex - ult - ing I stand And
na - tion I pine; In conscious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace, Who

CHORUS.

point to the print of the nails in His hand. Oh, sing of His mighty love,
lift - eth up - on me the light of His face.

Rit.

Sing of His mighty love, Sing of His mighty love, Mighty to save.

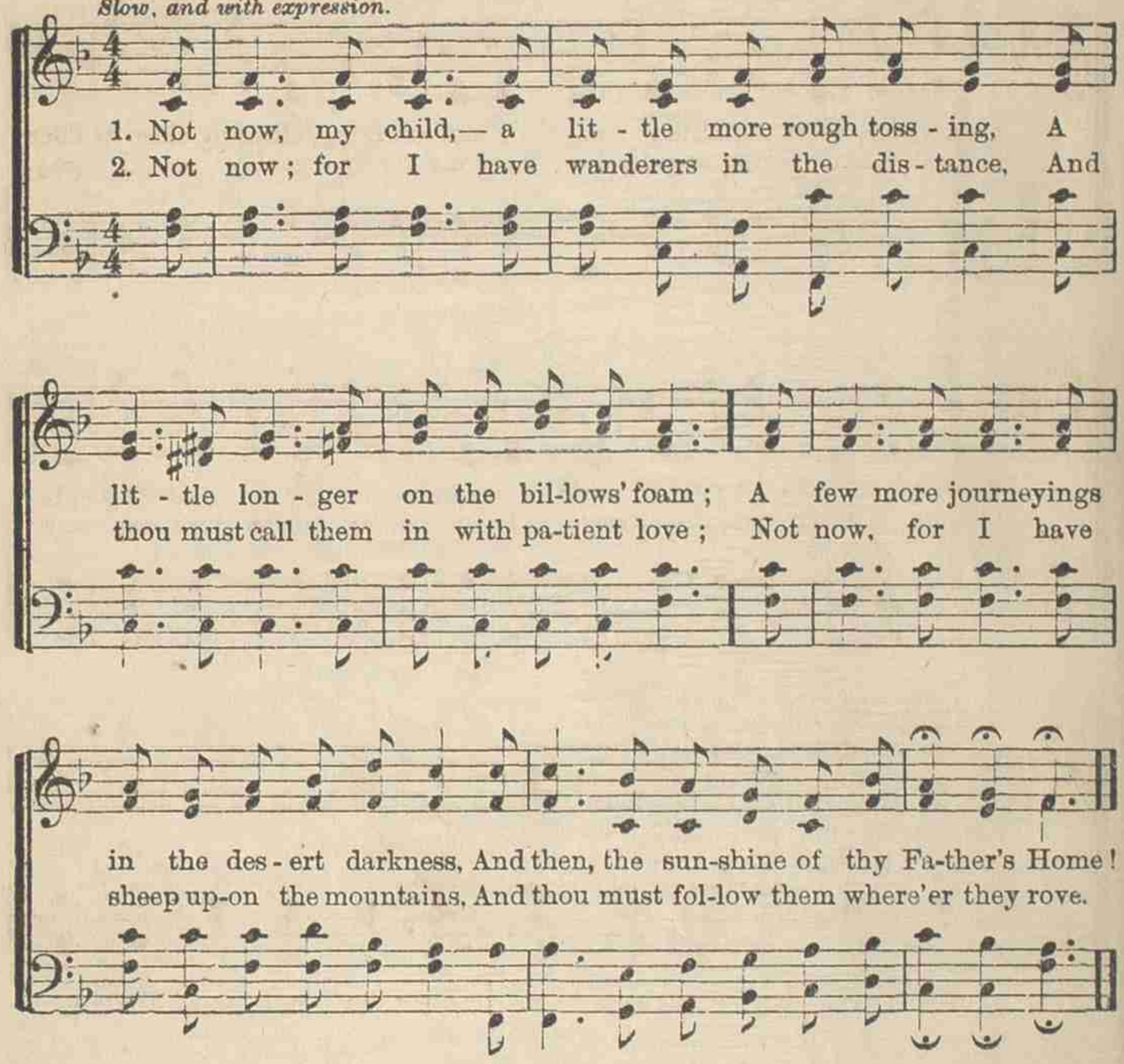
3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast. *Cho.*

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save." *Cho.*

No. 47. Not Now, My Child.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—PSALM 4: 6.

MRS. CATHERINE PENNEFATHER. 1863. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

Slow, and with expression.

3 Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

4 Not now: for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

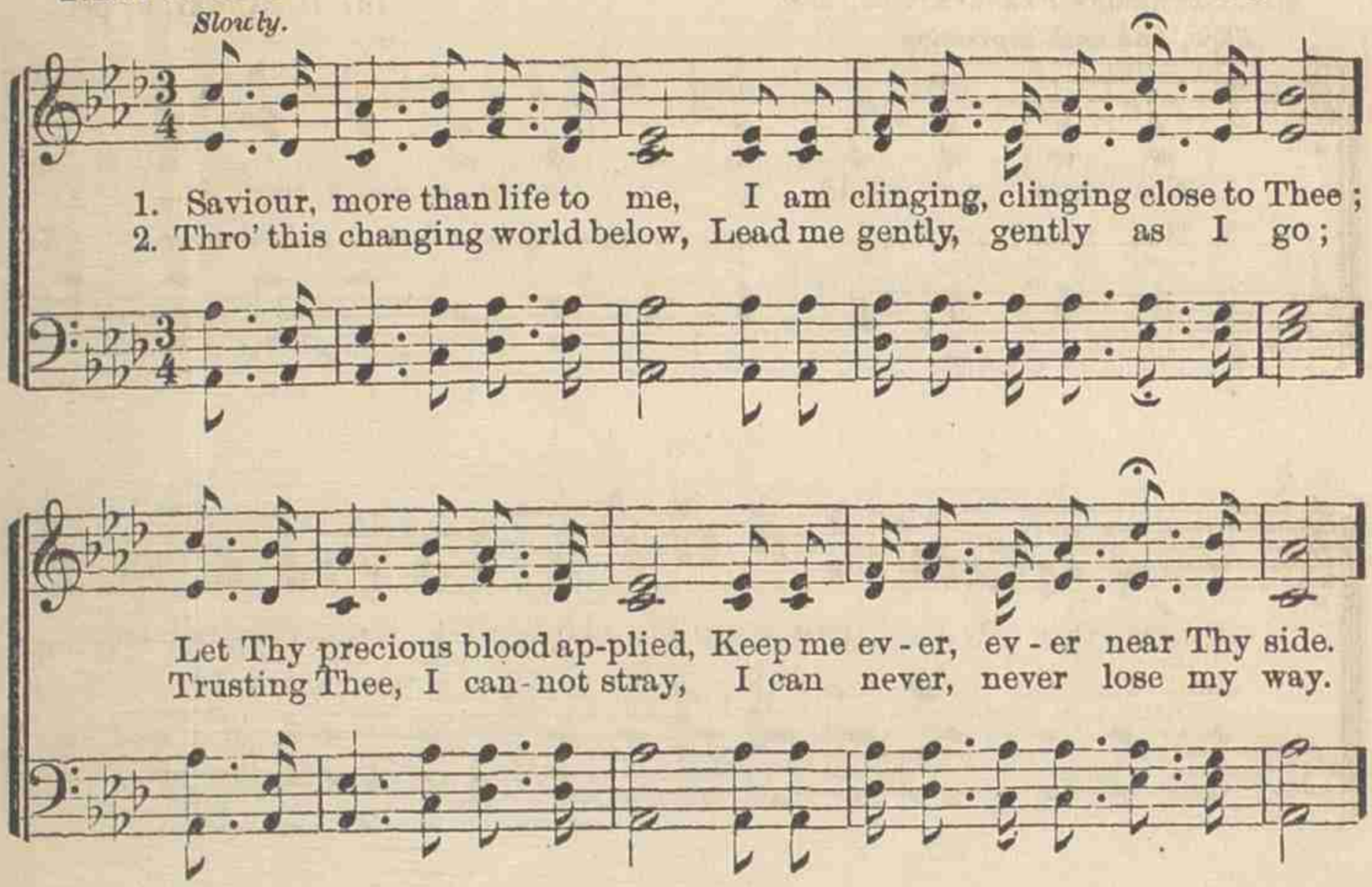
6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

No. 48. Every Day and Hour.

"Cleanse me from my sin."—Ps. 51: 2.

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

Slowly.



3

Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

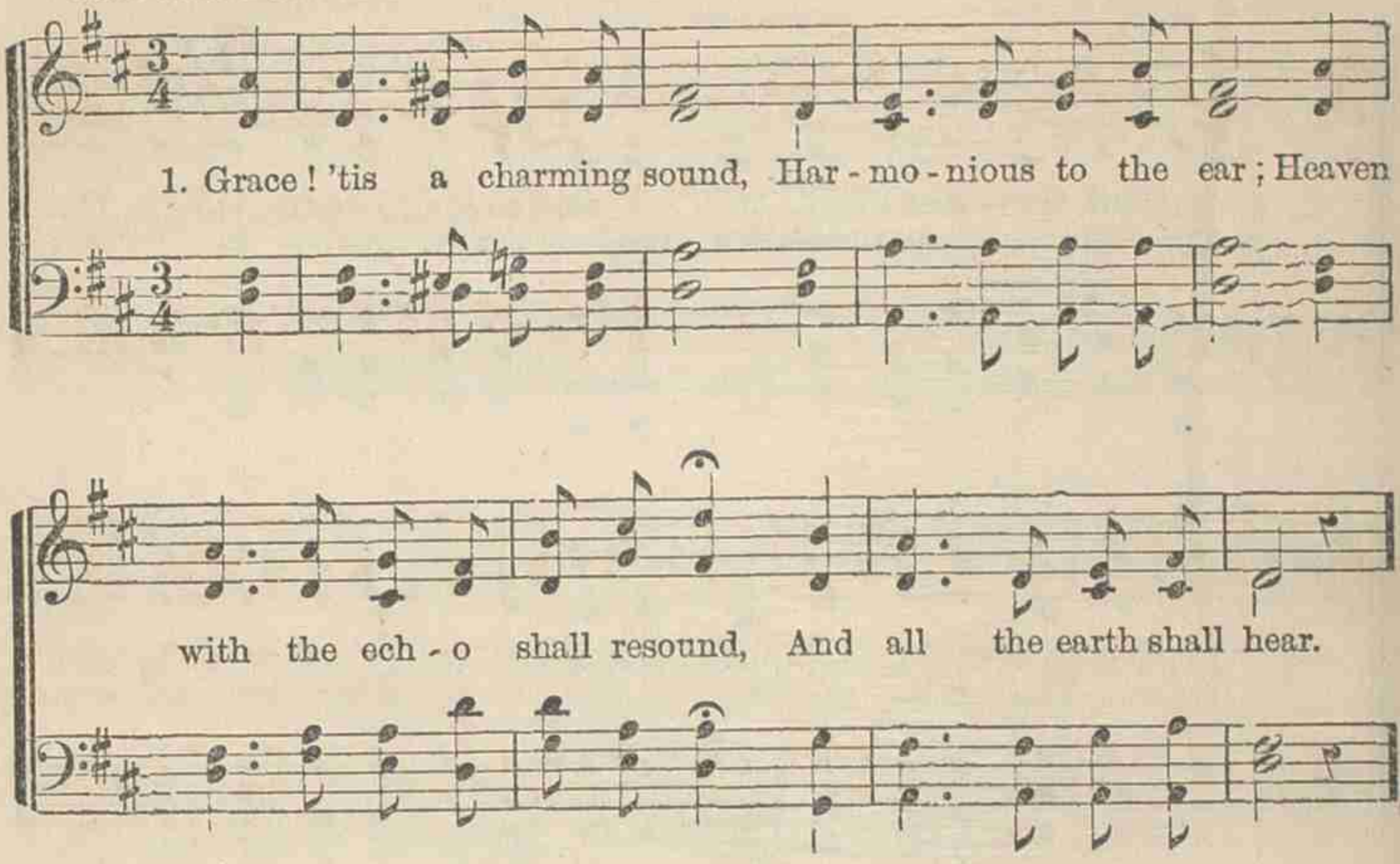
Ref. Every day and hour, &c.

No. 49.

The Wondrous Gift.

"By grace are ye saved."—Eph. 2: 8.

Dr. Philip Doddridge. Ira D. Sankey, by per.



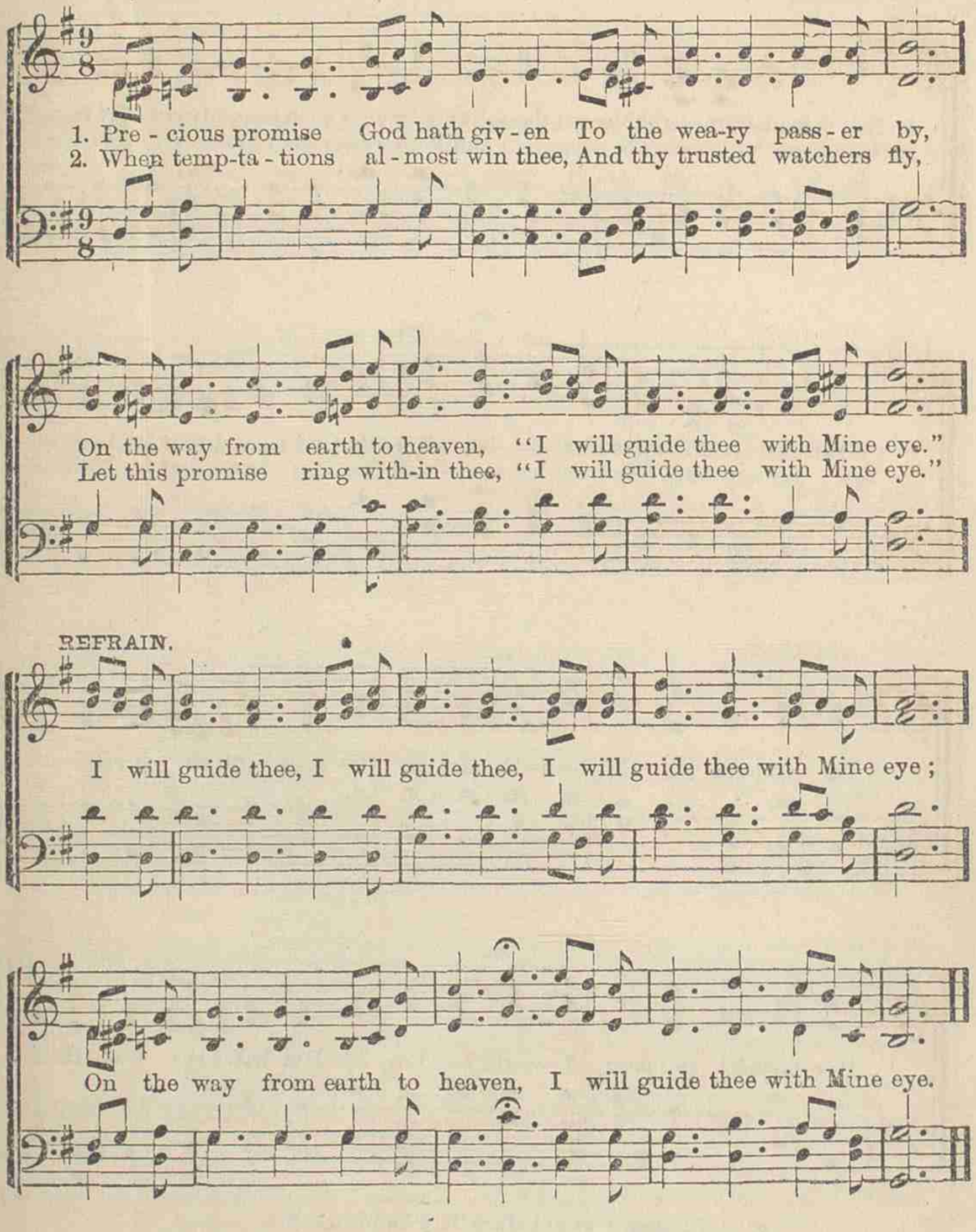
2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan. *Ref.*

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God. *Ref.*

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise. *Ref.*

No. 50. Precious Promise.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 PET. 1: 4.

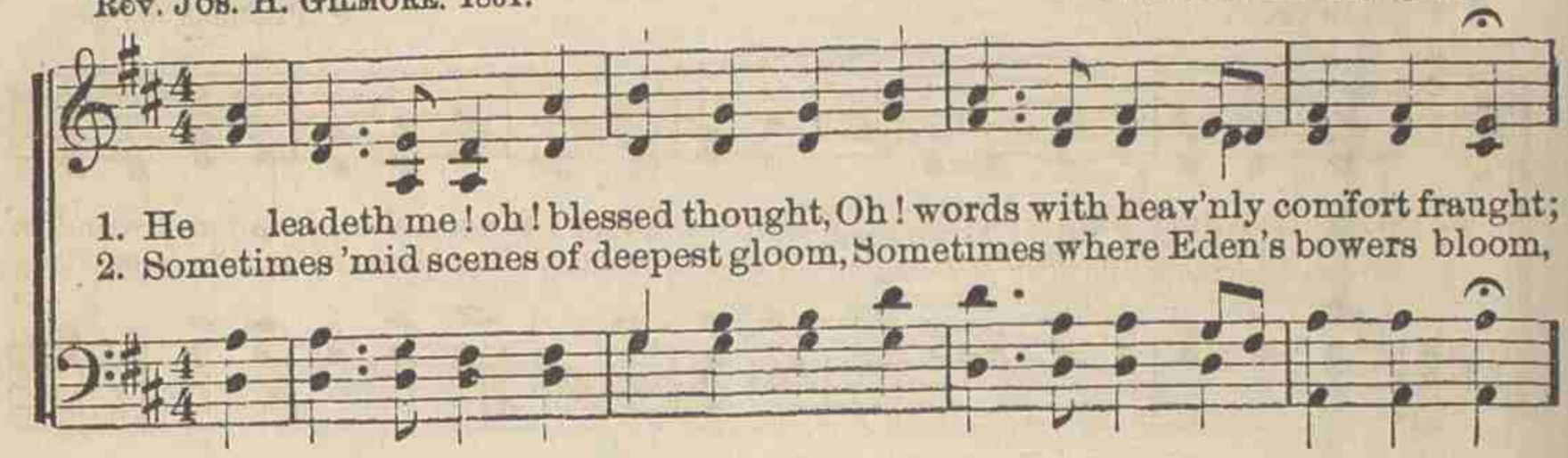
Words by N. N. P. P. BLISS, by per.

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

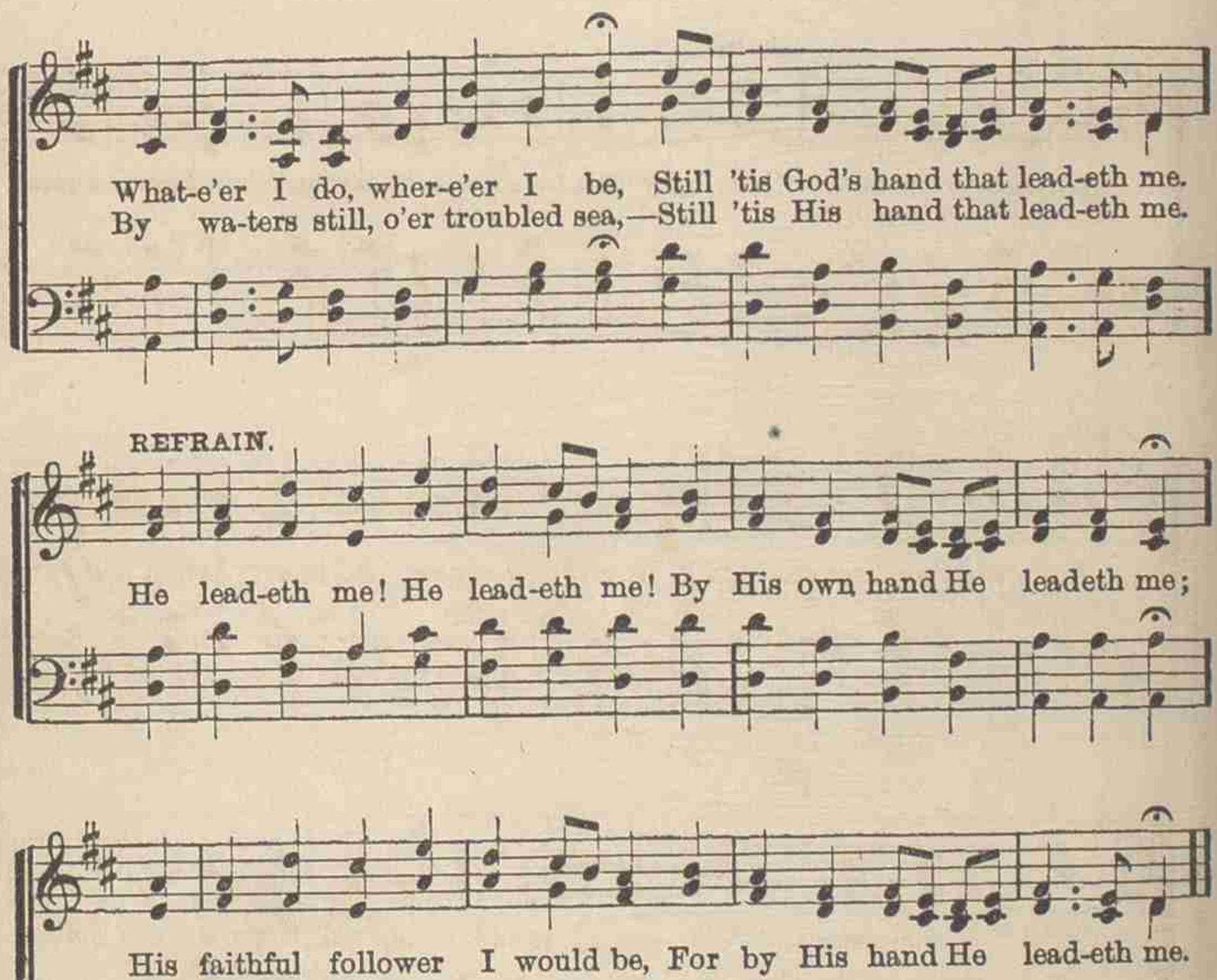
4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

No. 51. He Leadeth Me.

"He leadeth me by the still waters."—PSALM 23: 2.

REV. JOS. H. GILMORE. 1861. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.





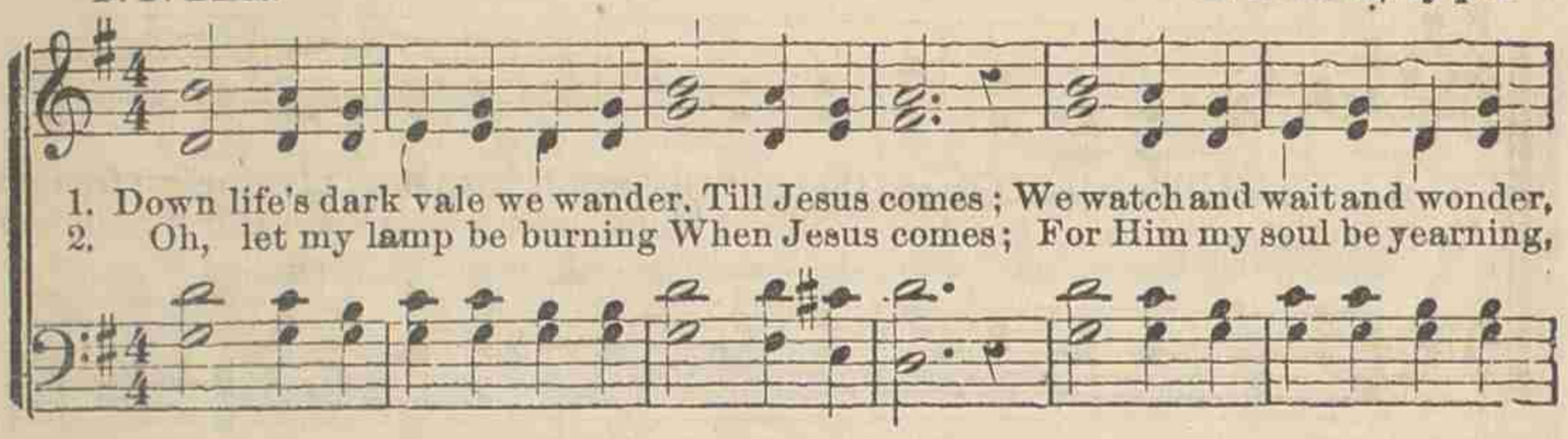
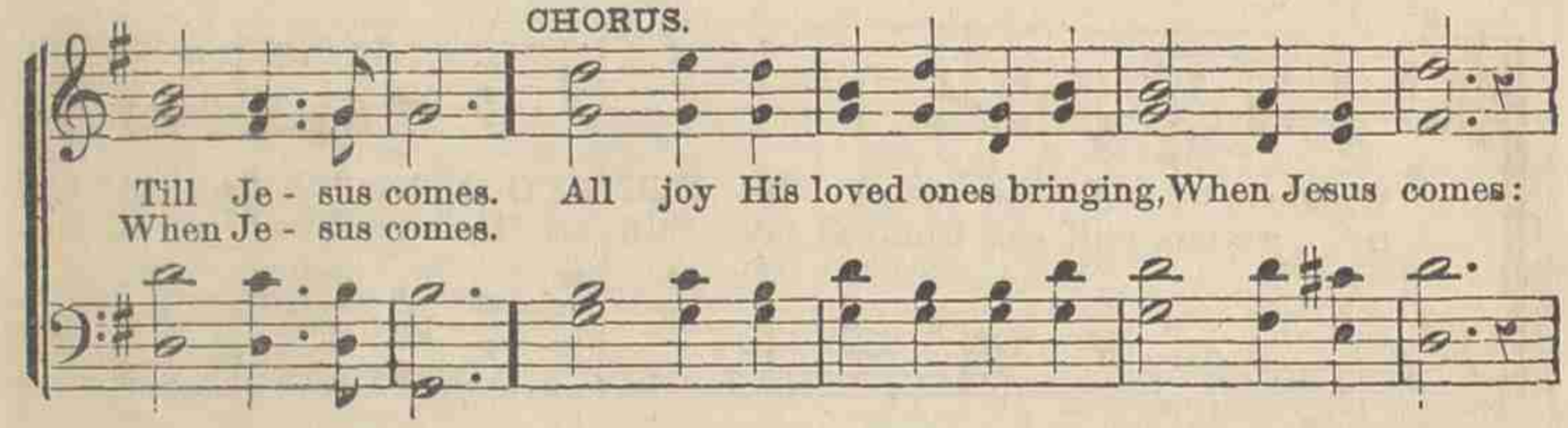
3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—*Ref.*

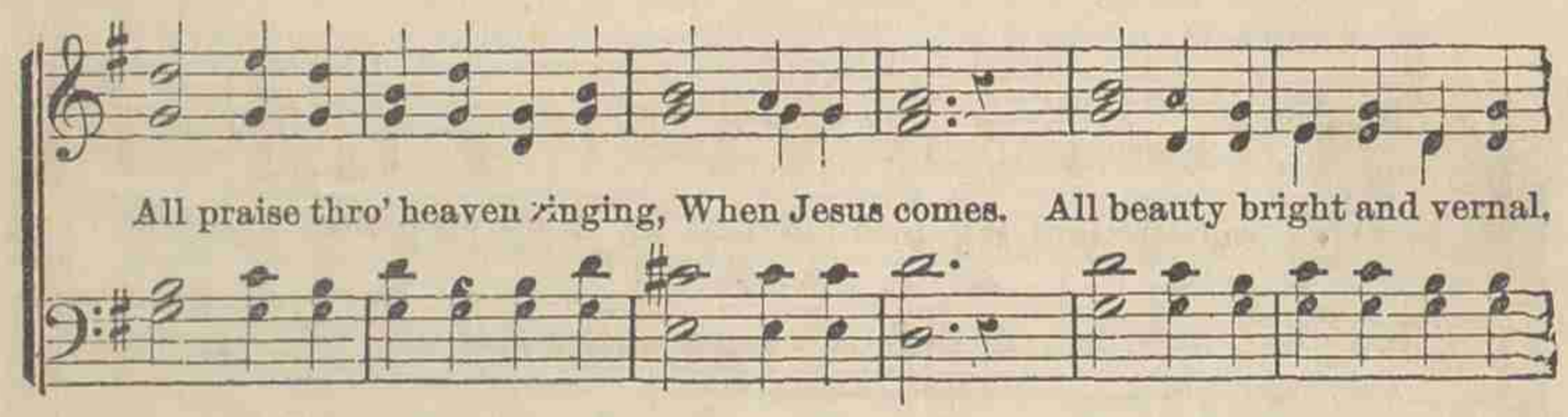
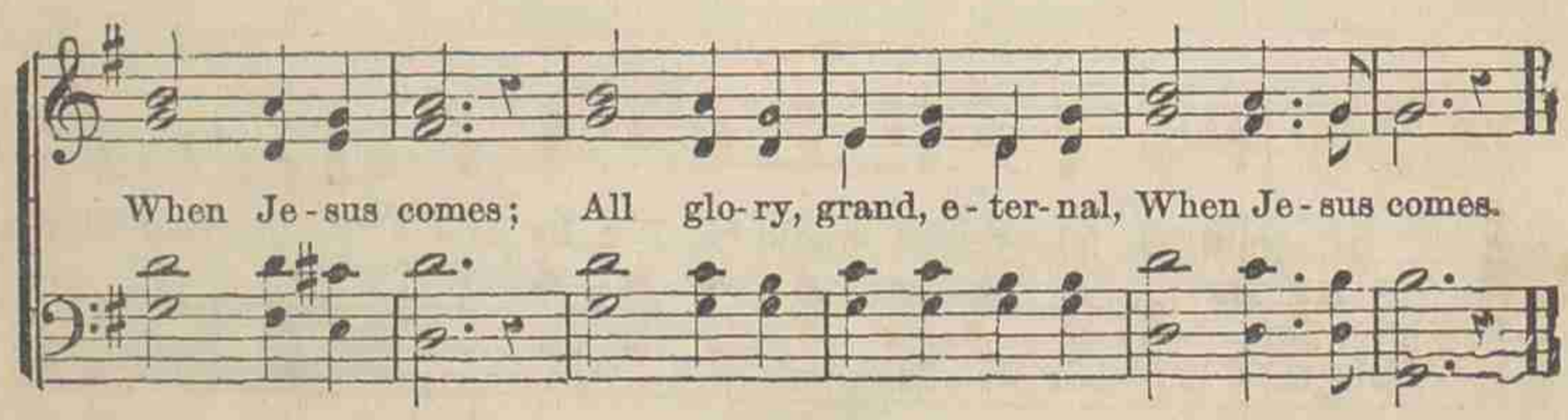
4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—*Ref.*

No. 52. When Jesus Comes.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—Heb. 9 : 28.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.





3 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
All peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes. *Cho.*

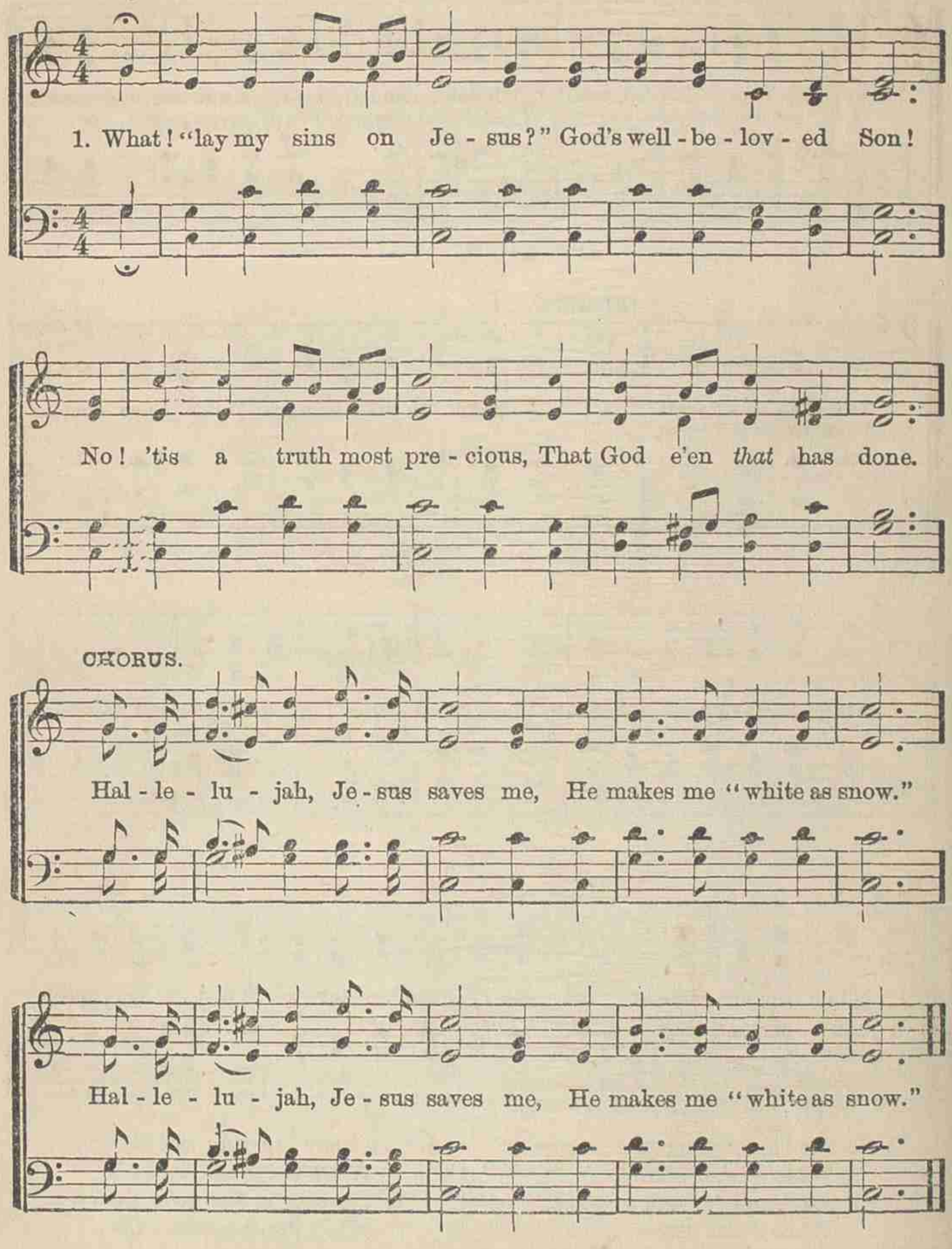
4 All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes. *Cho.*

5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes. *Cho.*

6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes. *Cho.*

No. 53. White as Snow.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the LORD: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—ISA. 1: 18.

Words by L. N. P. P. BLISS, by per.

2.

Yes, 'tis a truth most precious,
To all who do believe,
God laid our sins on Jesus,
Who did the load receive. *Cho.*

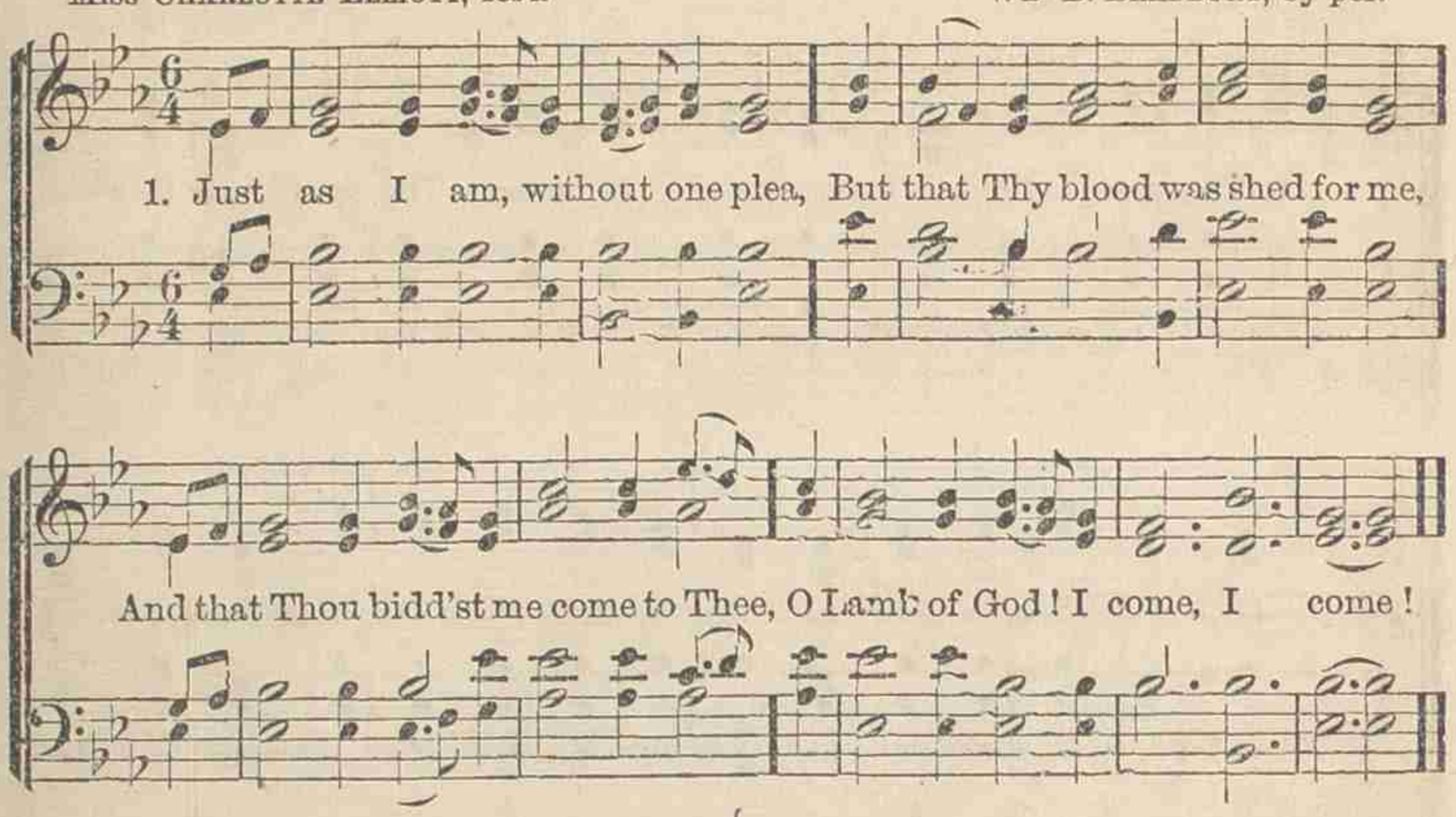
3.

What! "bring our guilt to Jesus!"
To wash away our stains;
The act is passed that freed us,
And nought to do remains. *Cho.*

No. 54. Just as I Am. L. M.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6 : 37.

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



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

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

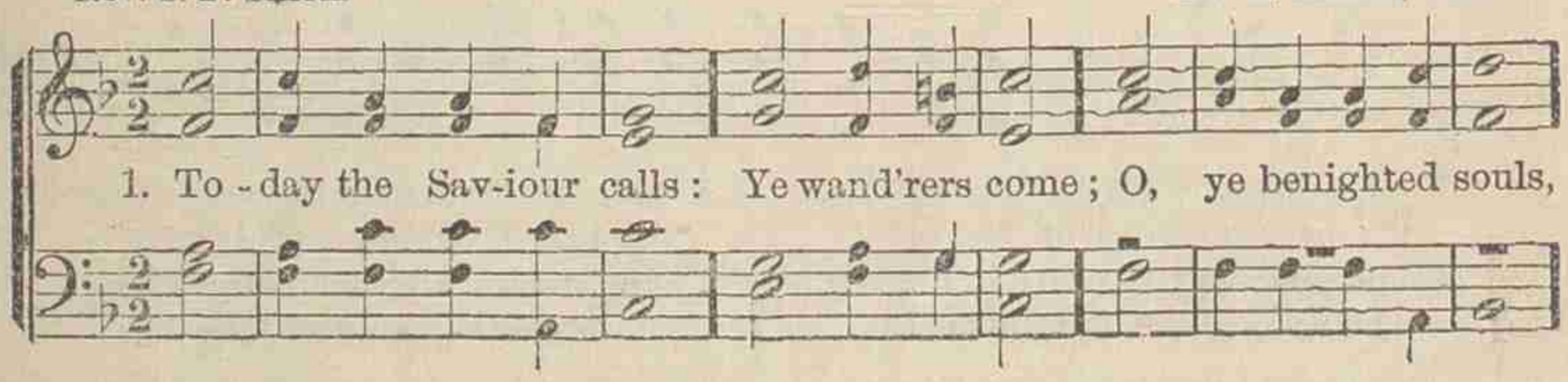
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

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

No. 55. To-Day. 6s & 4s.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice."—PSA. 95: 7.

Rev. S. F. SMITH. DR. L. MASON, 1831.



2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now:
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

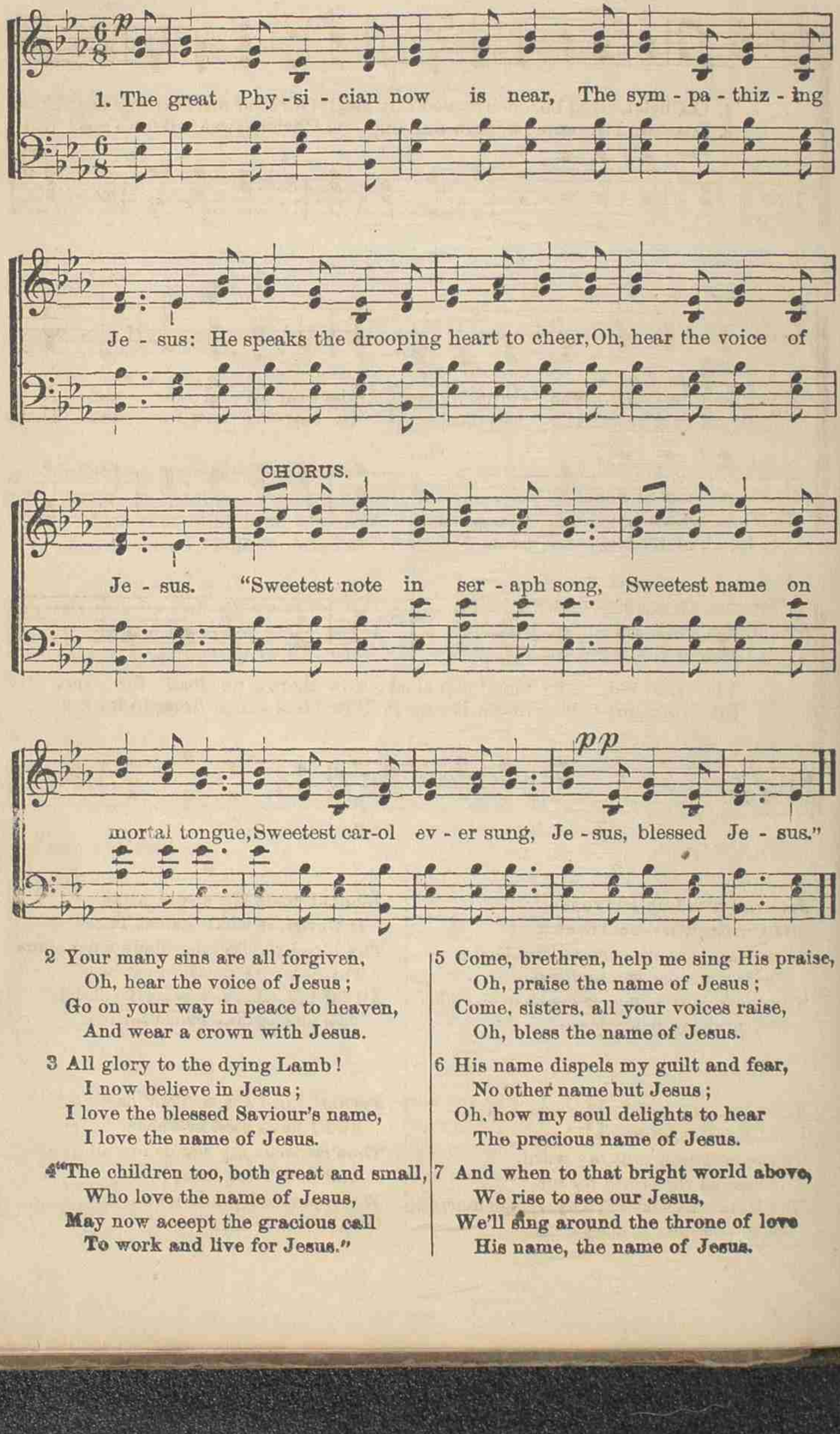
3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 56. The Great Physician.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"—JER. 8: 22.

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



2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

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

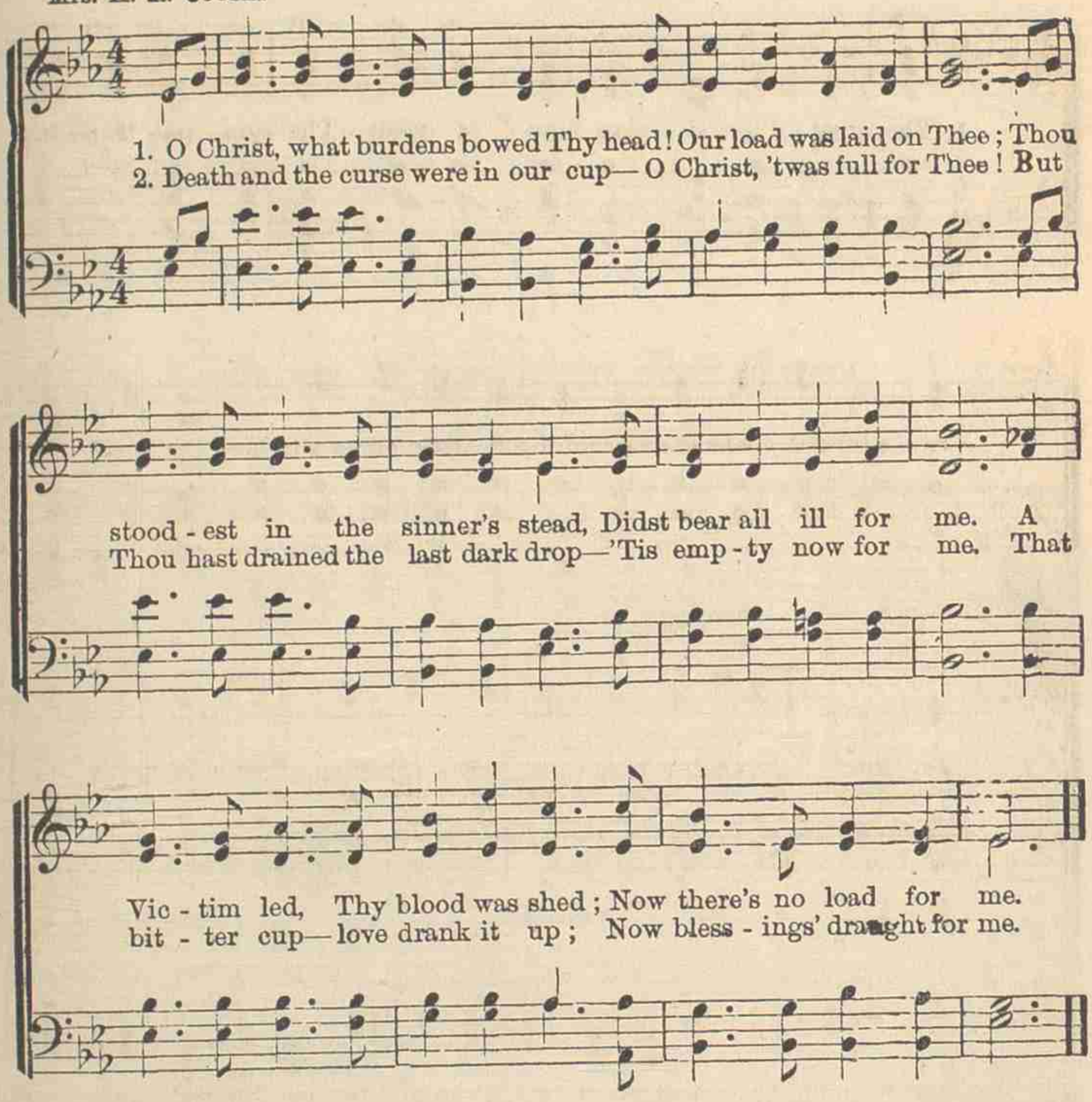
5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

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

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

No. 57. Substitution.

"He was wounded for our transgressions." —Isaiah 53: 5.

Mrs. A. P. Cousin. Ira D. Sankey, by per.

3.

Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.

4.

The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me.

5.

Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6.

For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy Glory then for me!

No. 58. In the Presence of the King.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—PSALM 16: 11.

Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG. 1864. English.

Moderato.

1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of won - der, Where the
2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearning heart grows fonder Of

an - gel voi - ces min-gle, And the an - gel harpers ring; To be
look-ing to the east, to see the blessed day - star bring Some

cres.

free from pain and sor - row, And the anxious, dread to - mor - row, To
tid - ings of the wak - ing, The cloudless, pure day breaking; My

f *rit.* *tempo.*

rest in light and sunshine In the pre - sence of the King.
heart is yearning—yearning for the com - ing of the King.

3 Oh, to be over yonder!
Alas! I sigh and wonder
why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart
to any earthly thing;
Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away for ever;
But there's no more separation in the presence of the King.

4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling
Where angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens ring?
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning star is beaming?
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the presence of the King?

In the Presence of the King.—Concluded.

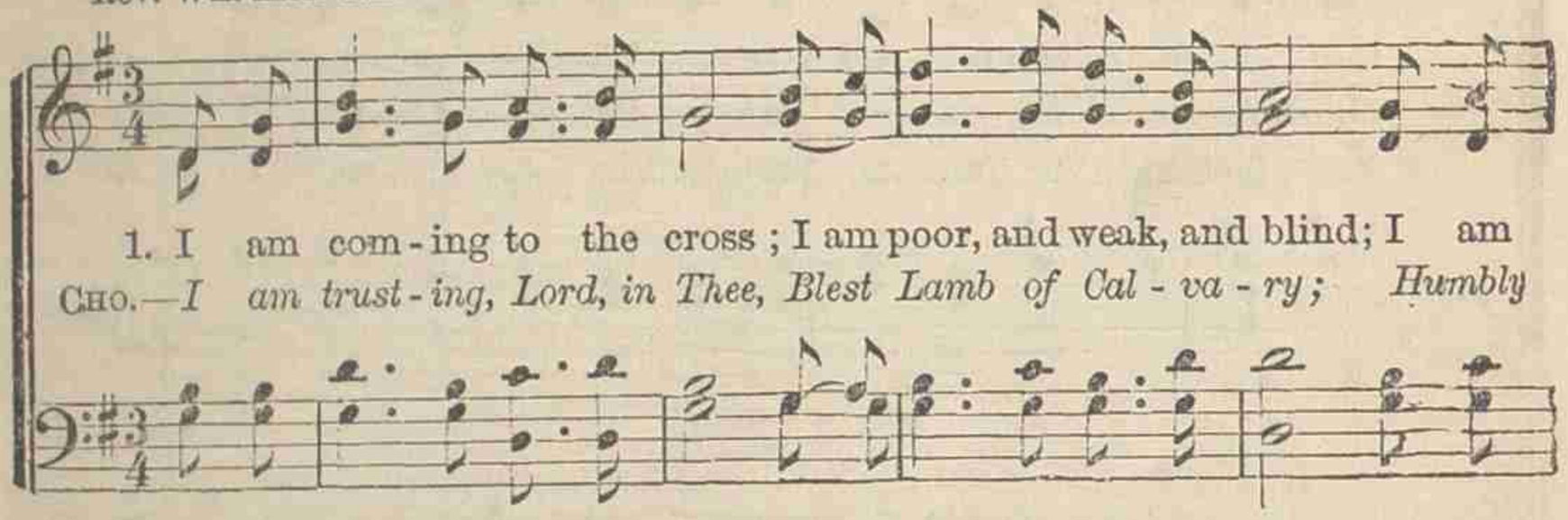
5 Oh, when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do sing
Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels vail their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.

6 Oh I shall soon be yonder,
And lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the bird's fleet wing,
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder, in the presence of the King.

No. 59. I am Coming to the Cross.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.



2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin. *Cho.*

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore. *Cho.*

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified. *Cho.*

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb. *Cho.*

No. 60. All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

"The Lord alone did lead him."—DEUT. 32: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

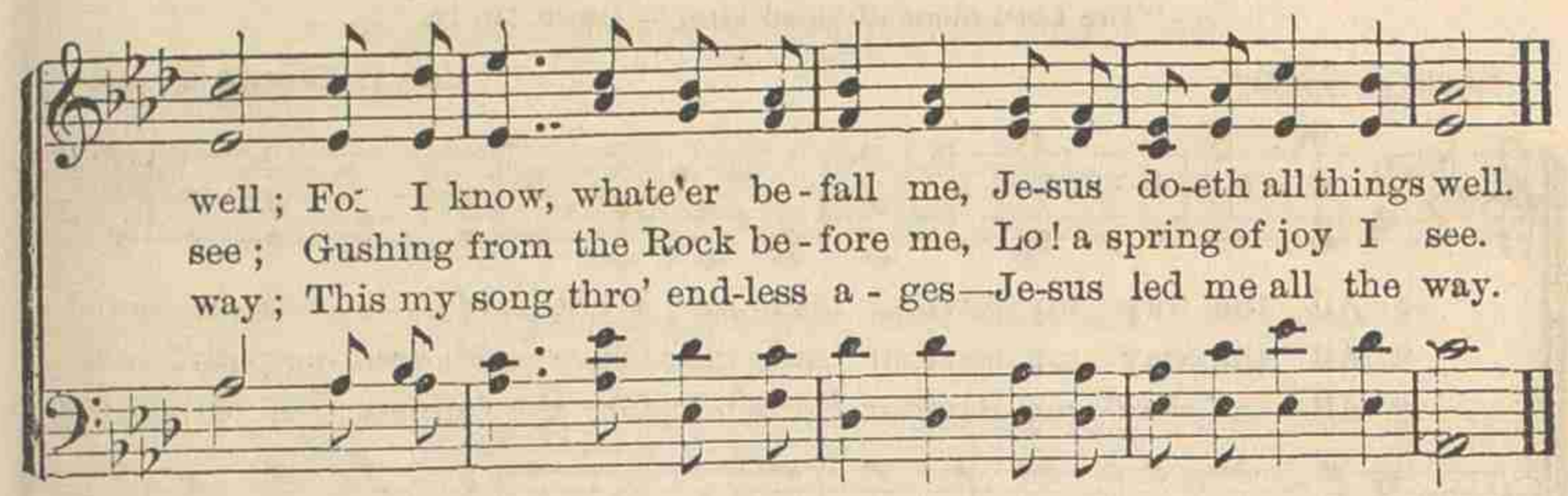
1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Saviour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Saviour leads me; Oh, the fullness of His love!

Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev-ery tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is promised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;

Heaven'ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, cloth'd immor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

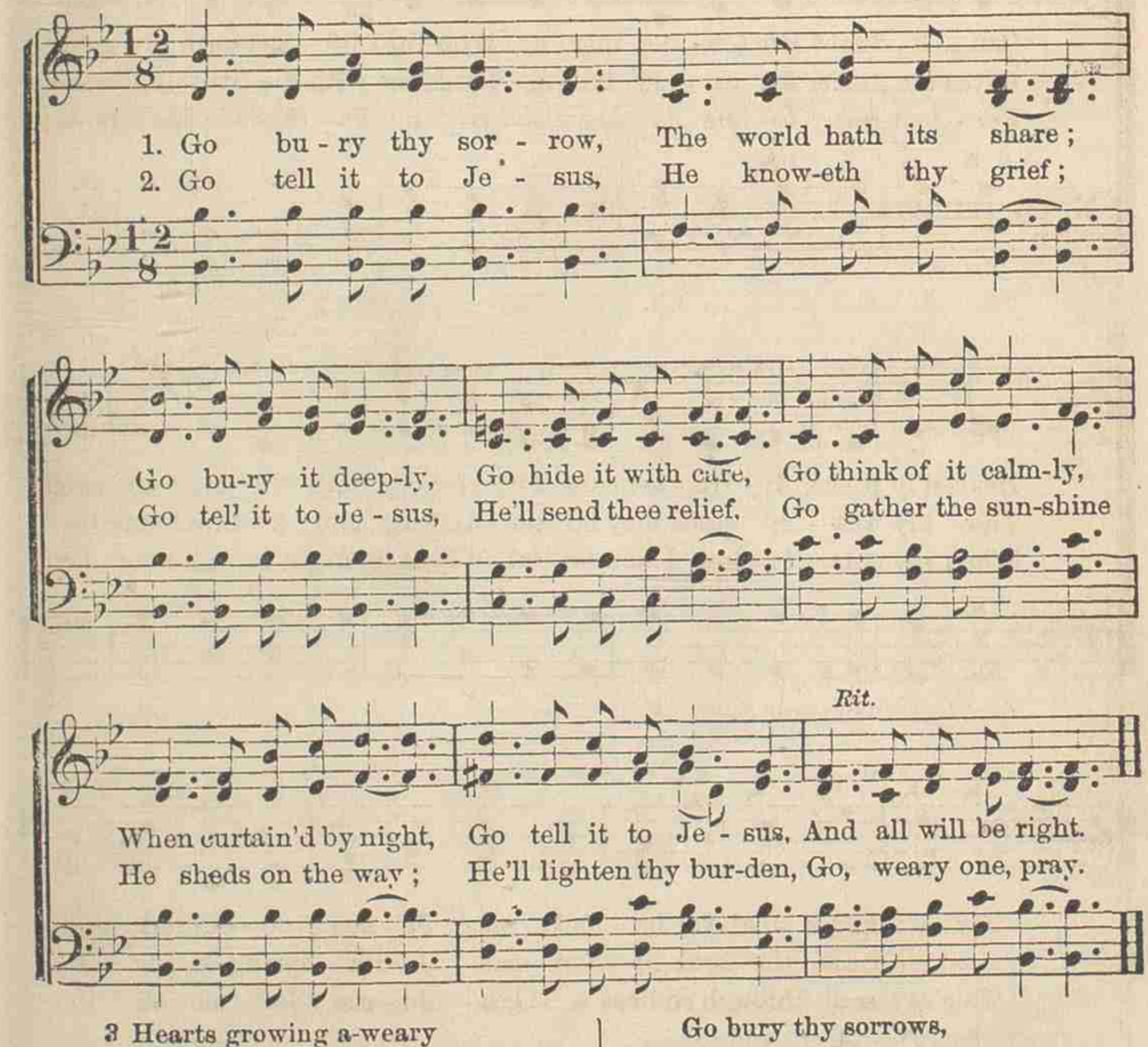
For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things
Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I
This my song through endless a-ges— Je-sus led me all the

All the Way.—Concluded.



No. 61. Go Bury thy Sorrow.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH 35: 10.

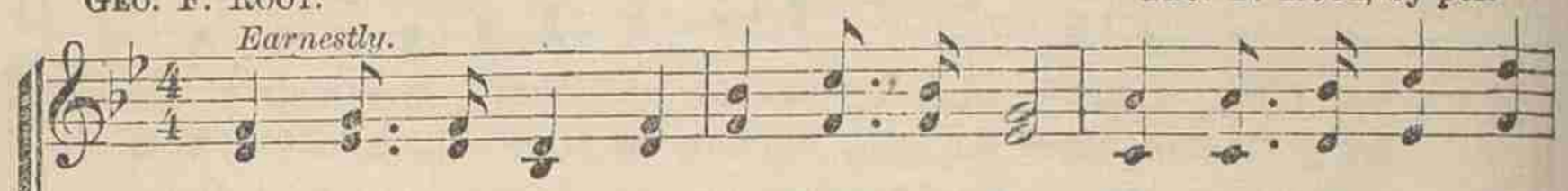
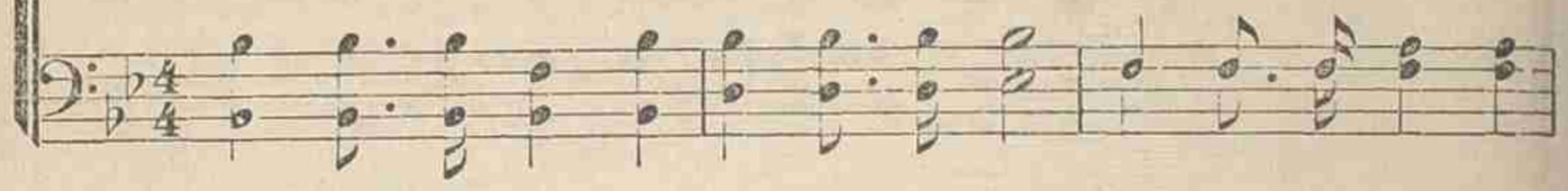
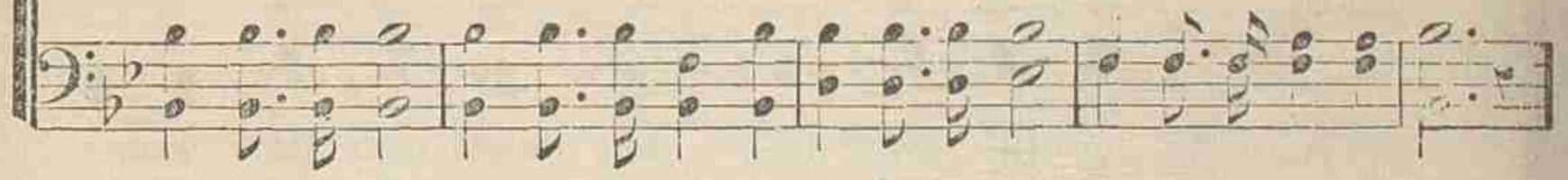
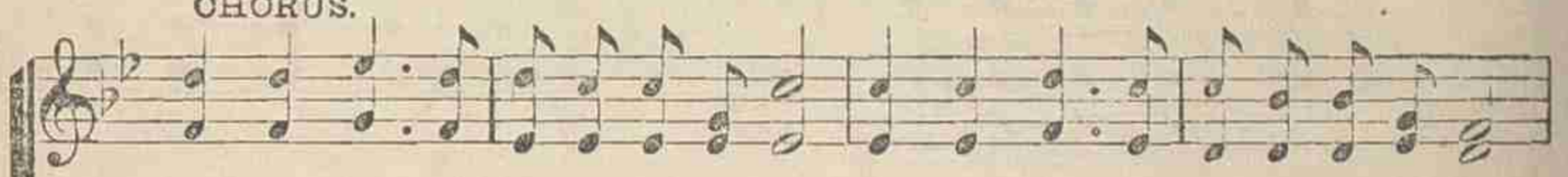
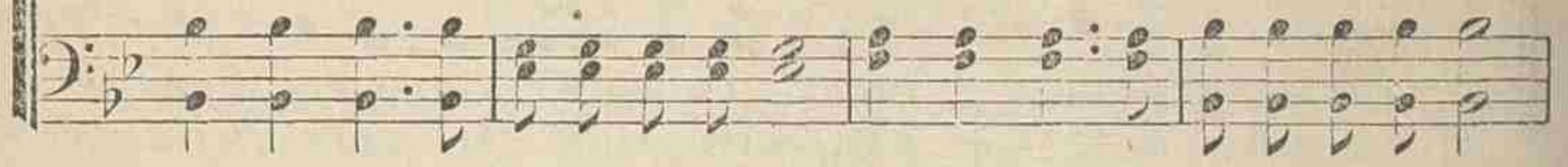
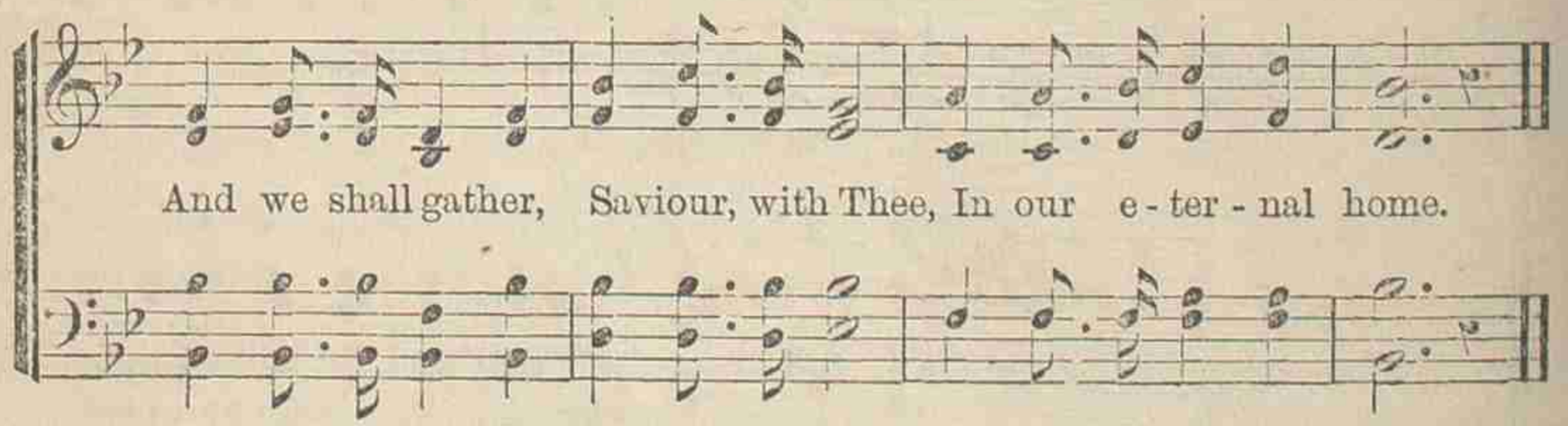
ANON. P. P. BLISS, by per,

3 Hearts growing a-weary
With heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—
Go comfort them, go!

Go bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine,
Tell Jesus the rest

No. 62. Come to the Saviour.

"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."—PSALM. 66: 1.

GEO. F. ROOT. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Earnestly.

1. Come to the Sav - iour, make no de - lay; Here in His word He's

shown us the way; Here in our midst He's standing to-day, Tenderly saying, "Come!"

CHORUS.

Joy - ful, joyful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee, In our e - ter - nal home.

2.

"Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice,
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come. *Cho.*

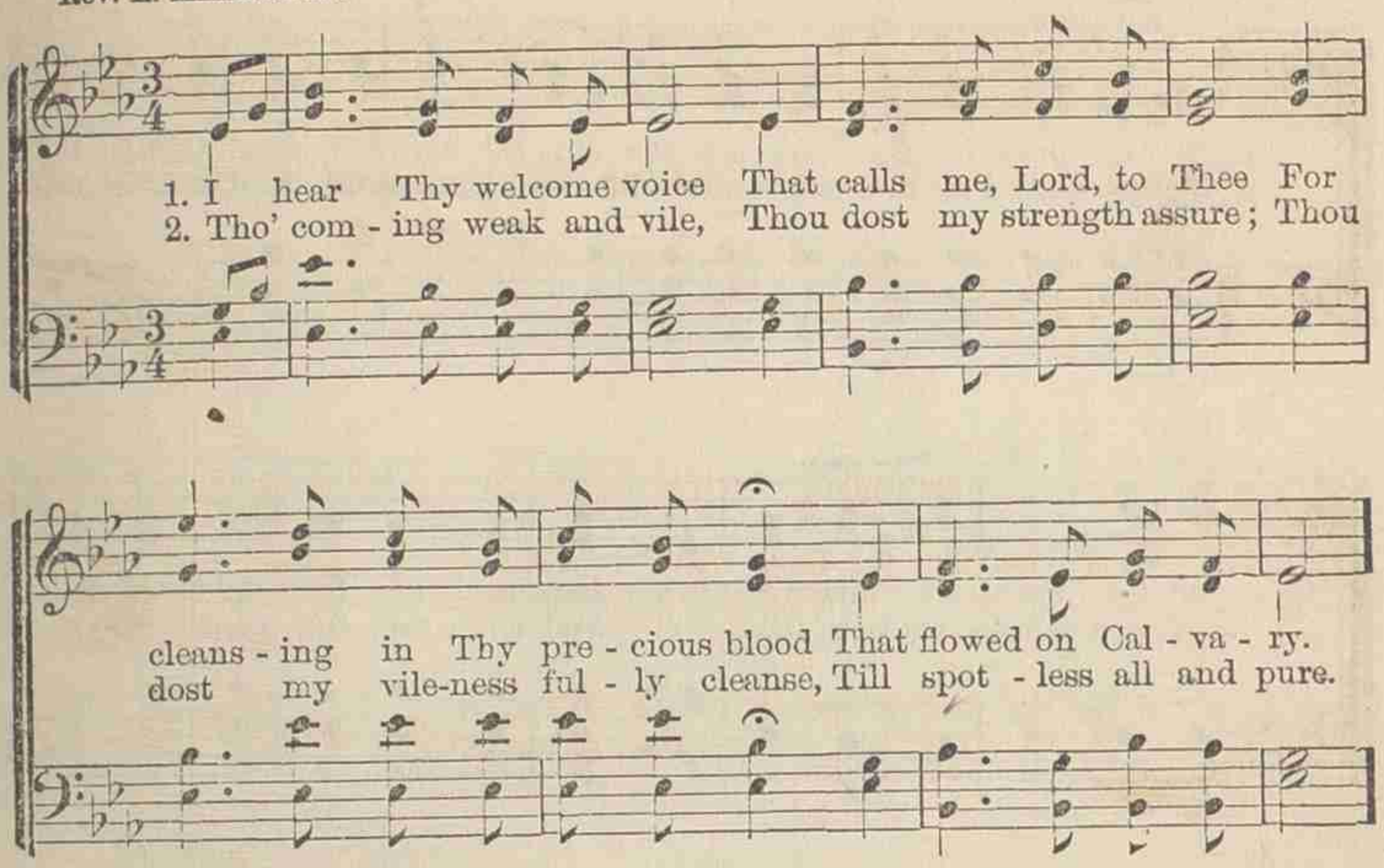
3.

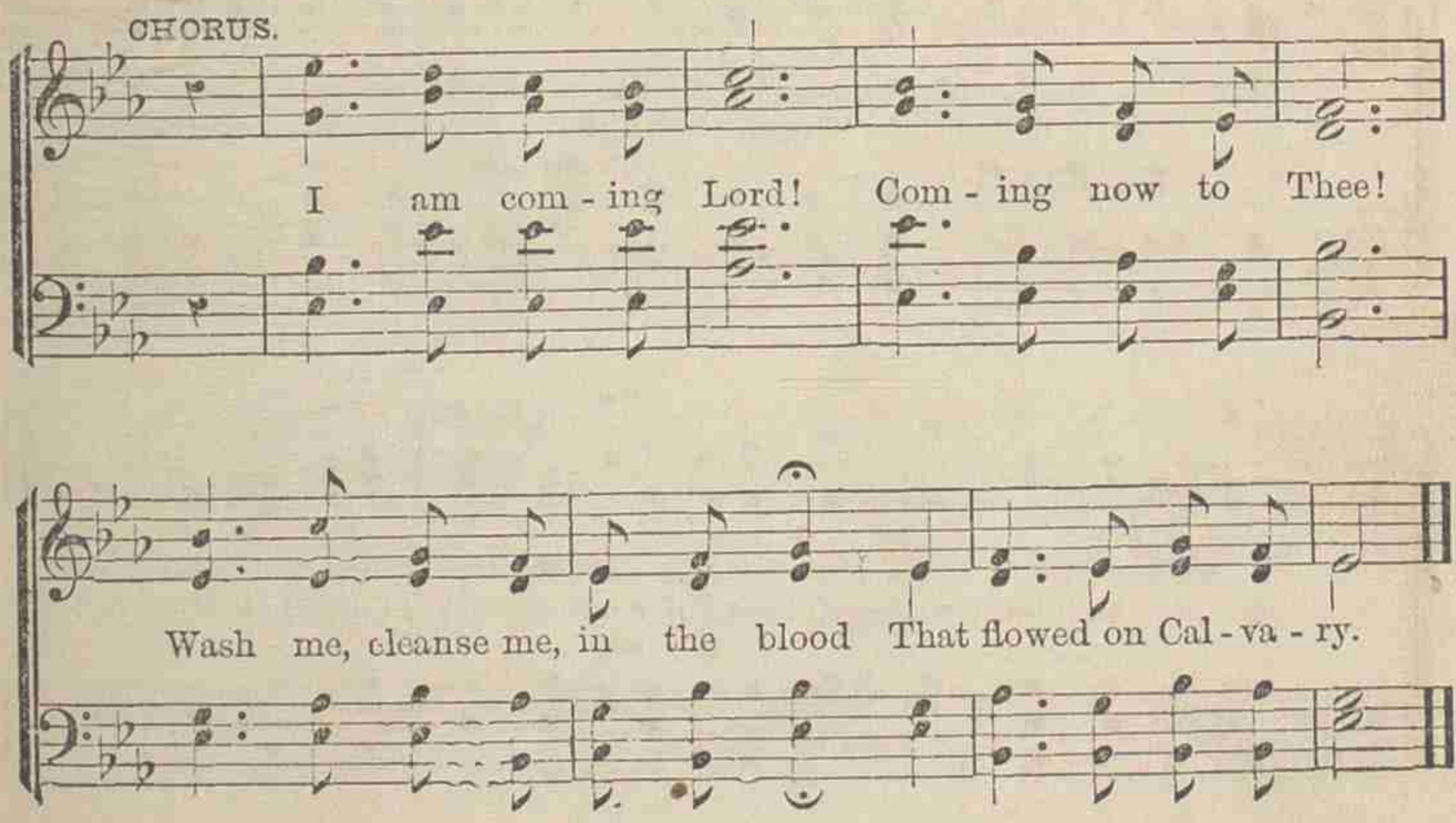
Think once again, He's with us to-day;
Heed now His blest commands, and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?" *Cho.*

No. 63. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. From "Hallowed Songs," by per.





3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

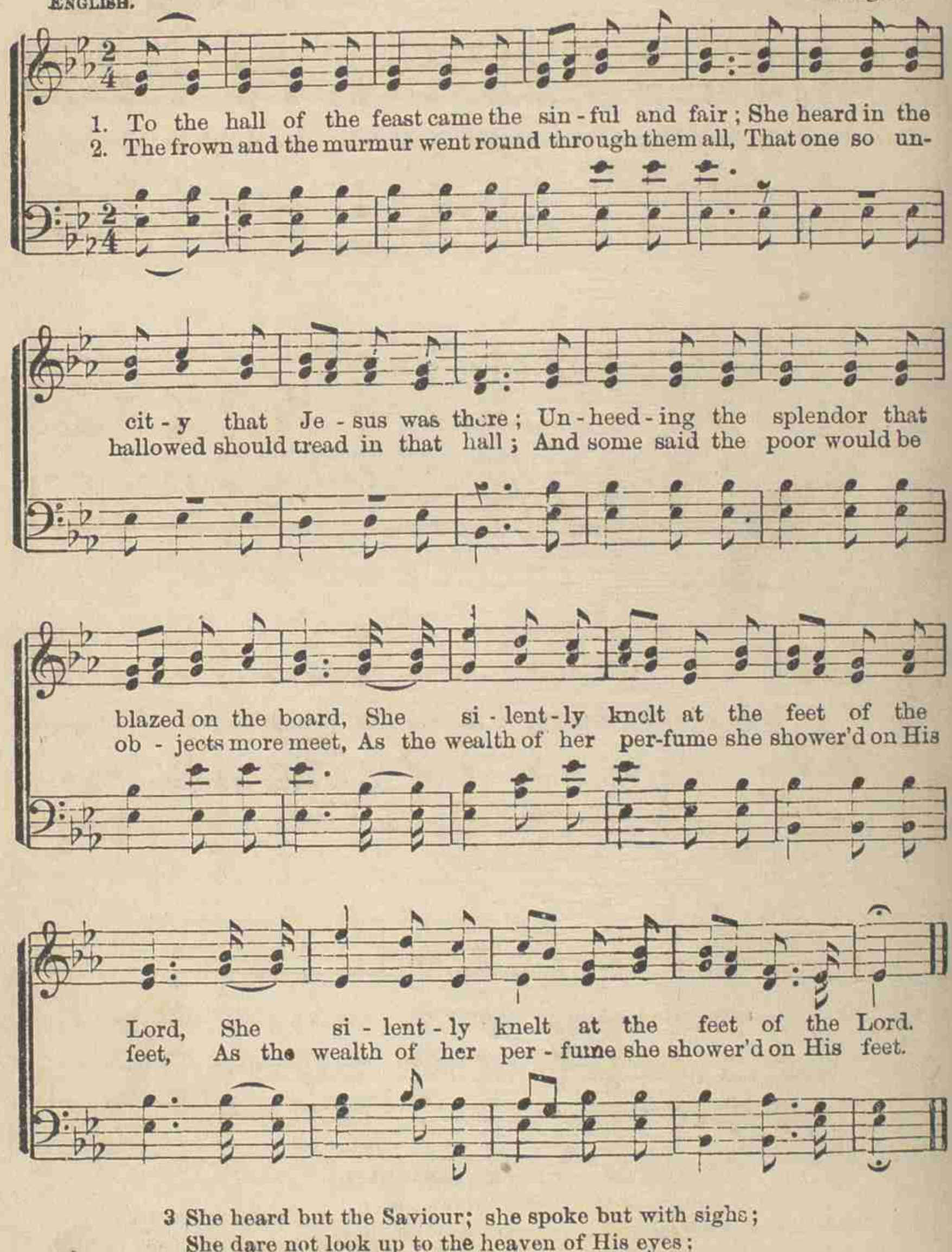
5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

No. 64. A Sinner Forgiven.

"He said unto her, thy sins are forgiven."—LUKE 7: 48.

ENGLISH. Arranged.



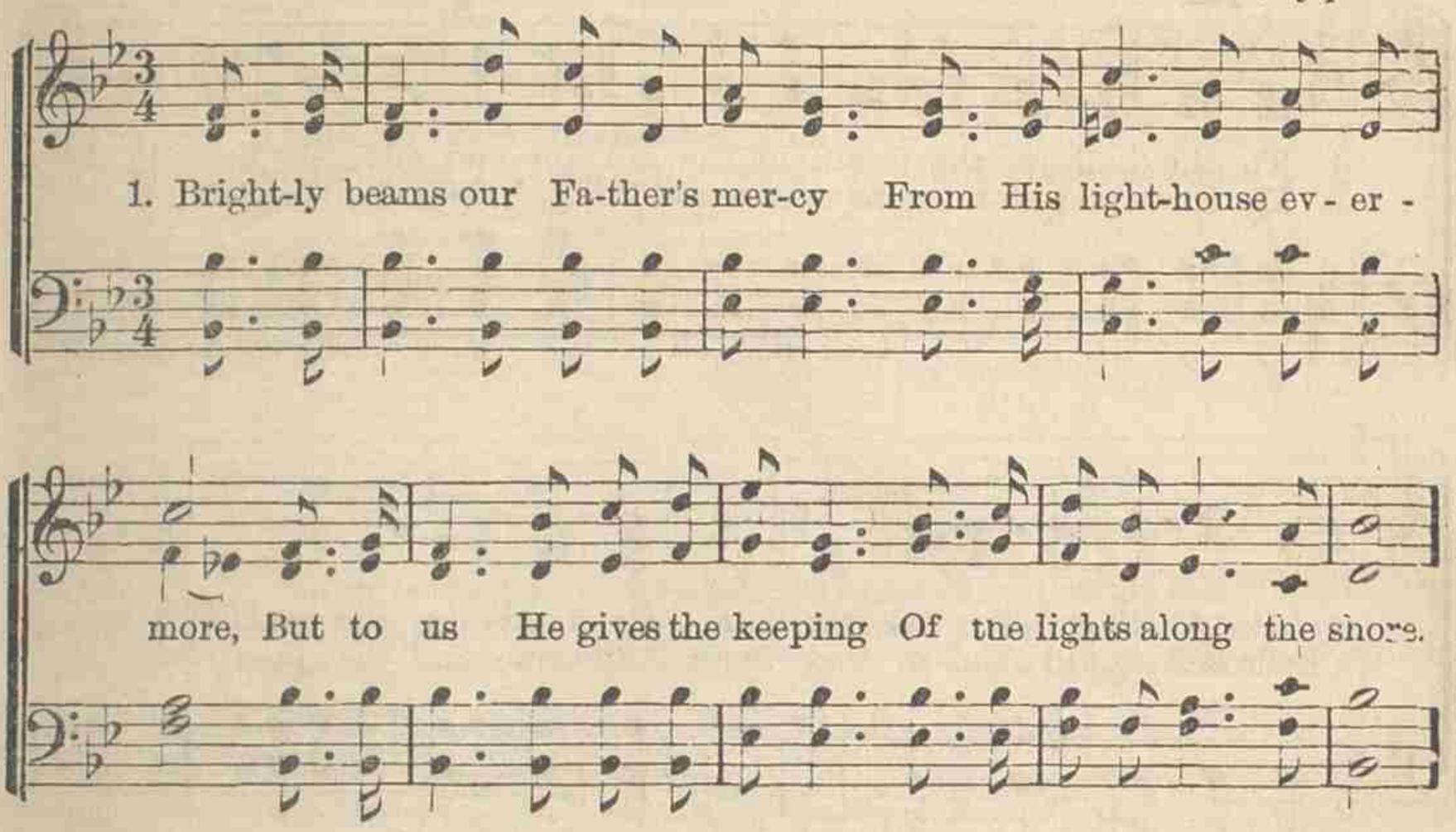
3 She heard but the Saviour; she spoke but with sighs;
She dare not look up to the heaven of His eyes;
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.

4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,—
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow
He looked on that lost one: "her sins were forgiven,"
And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven.

No. 65. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. 5: 16.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



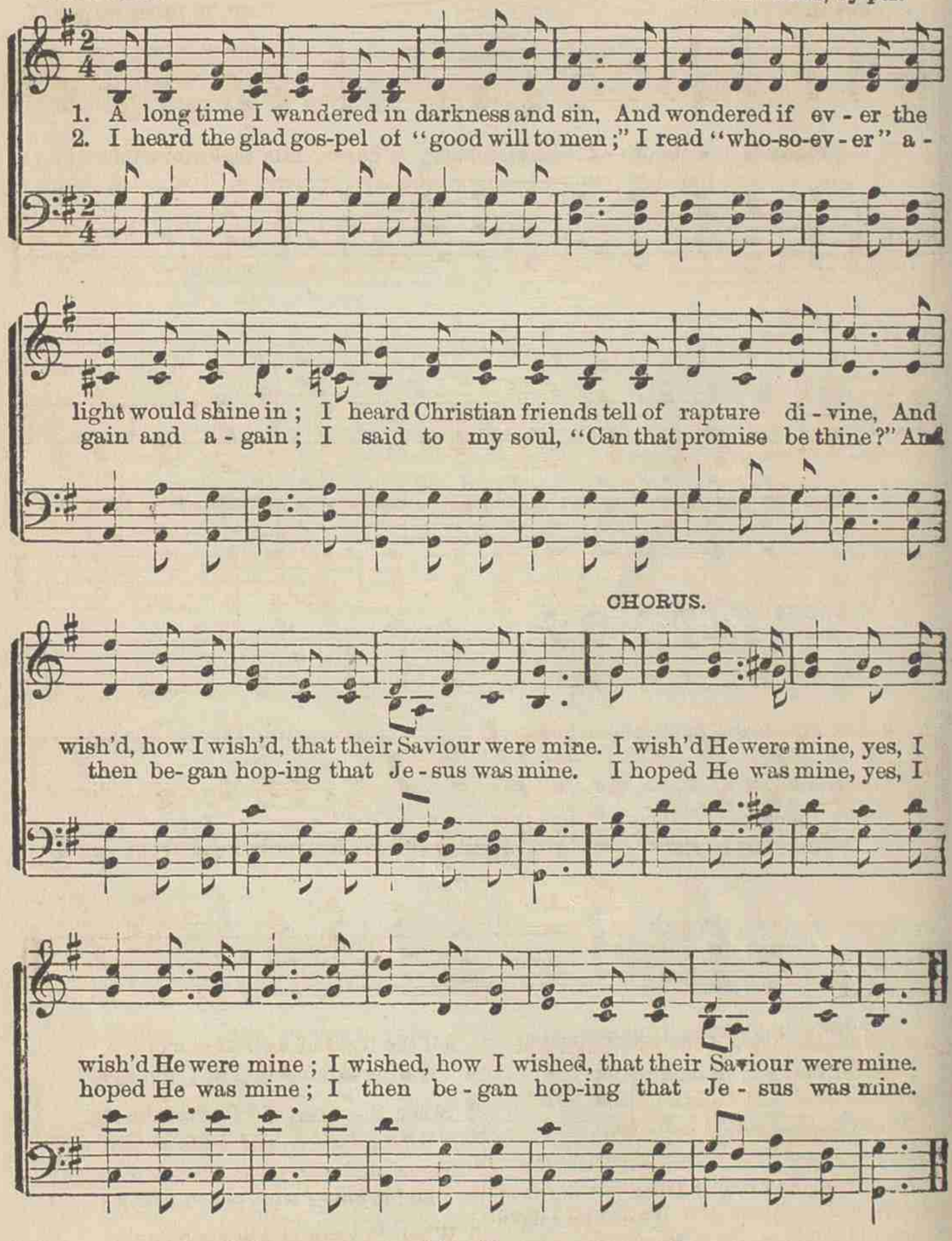
2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.—*Cho.*

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother:
Some poor sailor tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness *may be lost.—Cho.*

No. 66. Wishing, Hoping, Knowing.

"My beloved is mine, and I am His."—SONGS OF SOLOMON 2: 16.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



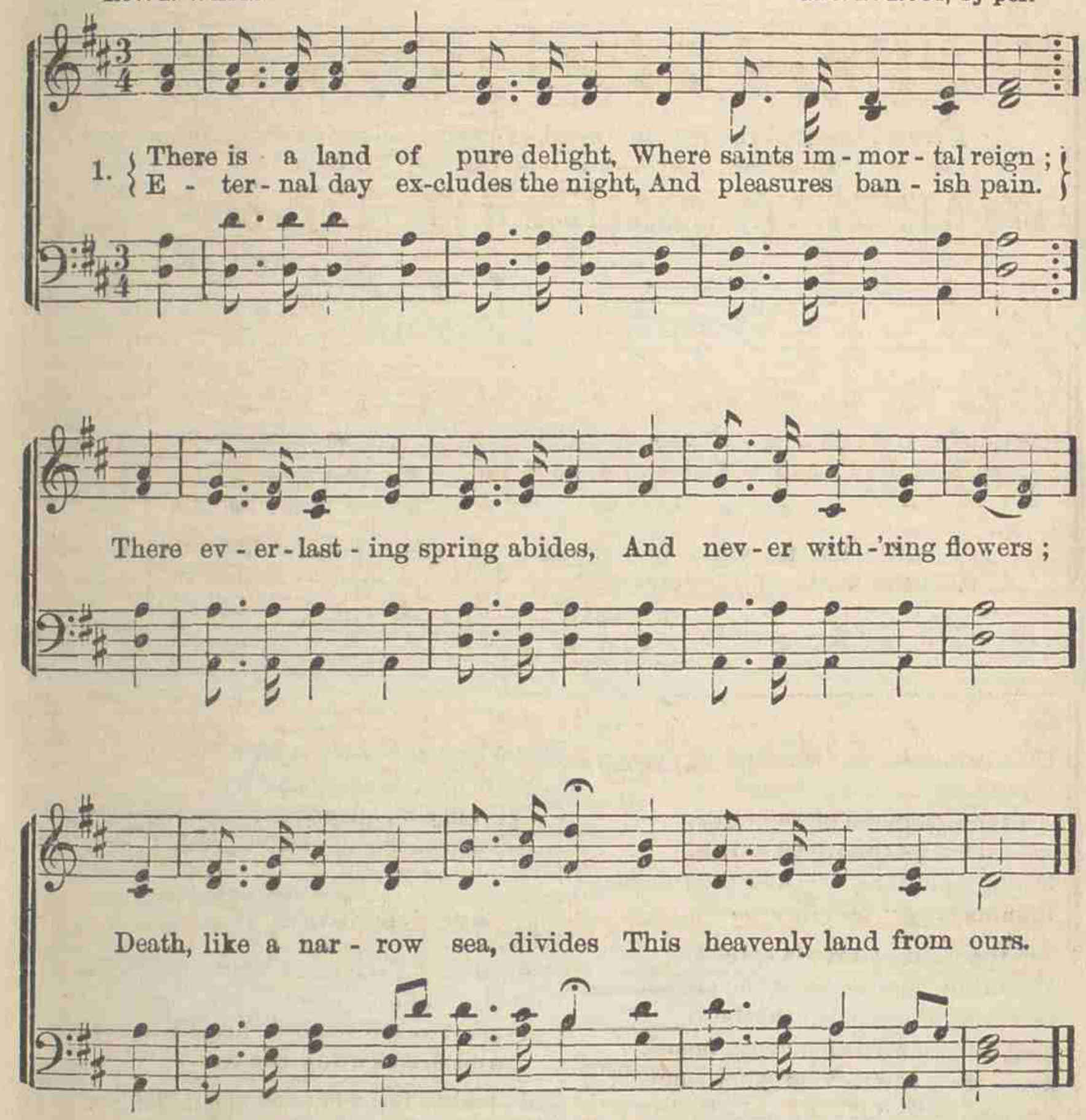
3 Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even me!
"Thy portion forever," He says, "will I be."
On His word I'm resting—assurance divine—
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine!

Chorus.—I know He is mine, yes, I know He is mine;
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine!

No. 67. Varina. C. M. D.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa 33 : 17.

Rev. I. Watts. Geo. F. Root, by per.



2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

No. 68. Rathbun. 8s & 7s.

Key C.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me ;
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

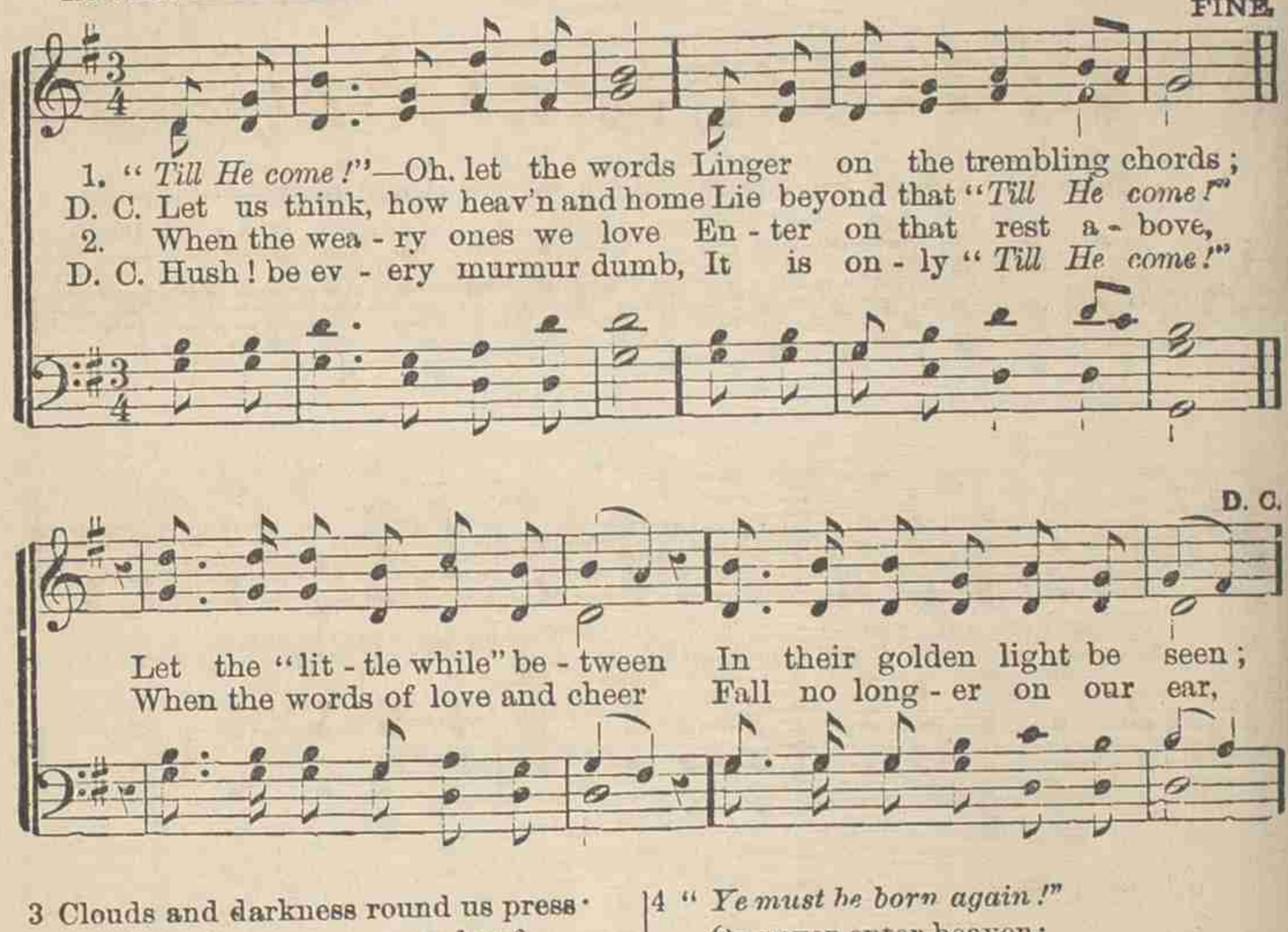
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bain and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 69. Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

Rev. ED. H. BICKERSTETH. Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1840.



3 Clouds and darkness round us press·
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "*Till He come!*"

4 See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come!*"

No. 70.

DENNIS. S. M.
Key F.

1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"*Ye must be born again!*"

2 "*Ye must be born again!*"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice—
'Tis *life* poor sinners need.

Ye must be born again!"
And life *in Christ* must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis He *alone* can save.

4 "*Ye must be born again!*"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
The ransomed and forgiven.

ANON

No. 71.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.
Key B♭.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes His sorrows, heals His wounds,
And drives away His fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, My Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

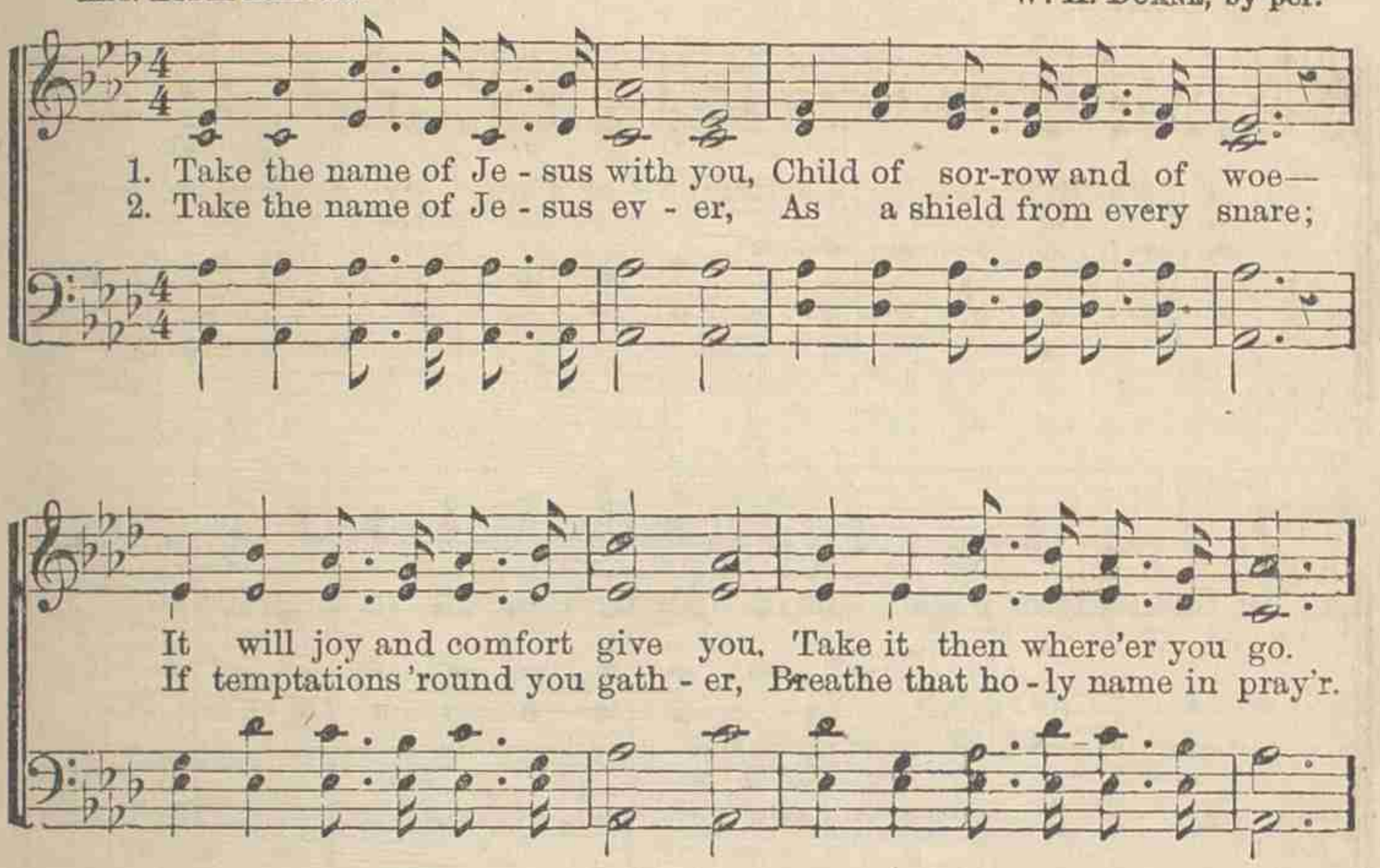
5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

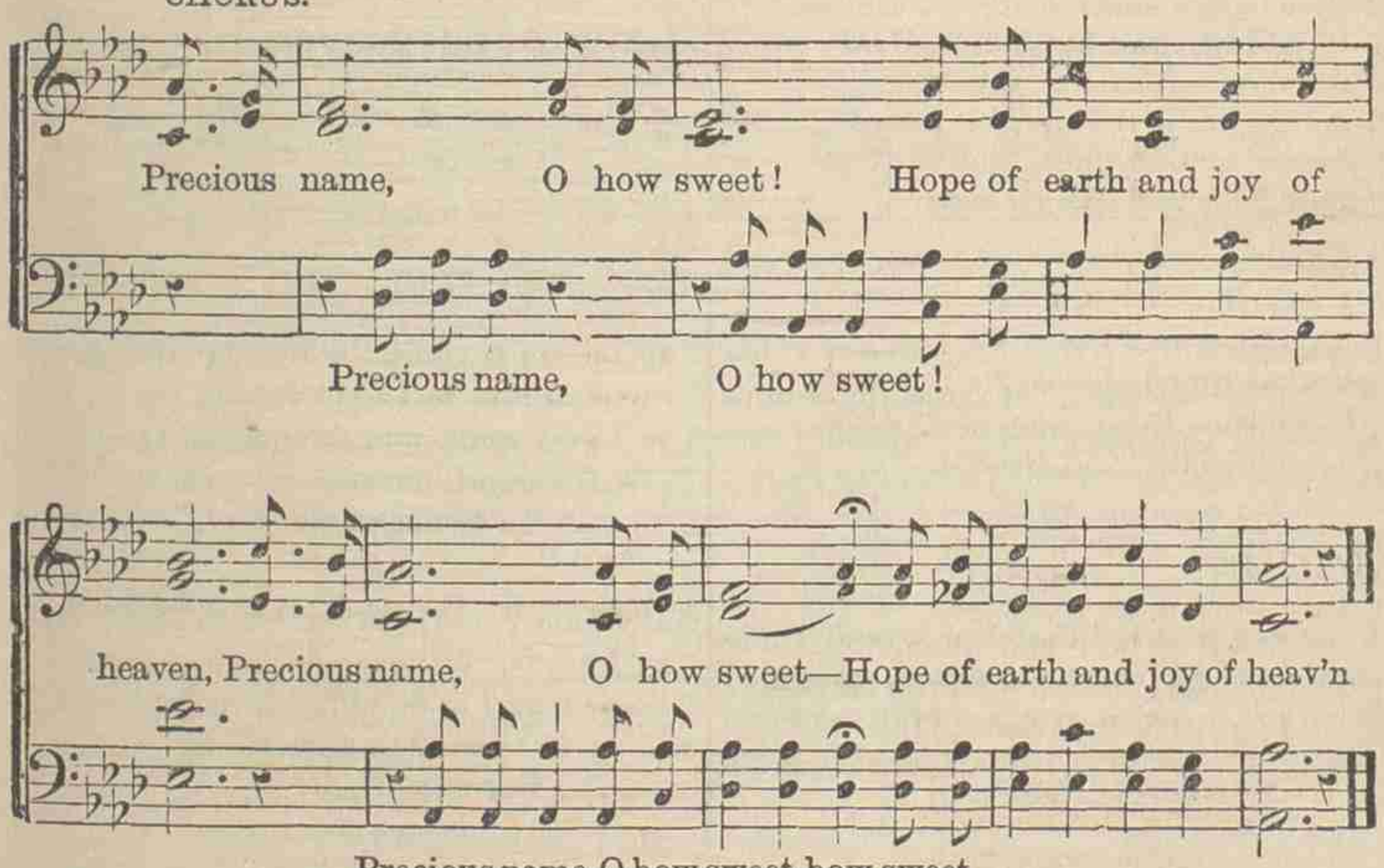
Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

No. 72. The Precious Name.

"And blessed be His glorious name for ever."—Psa. 72: 19.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. W. H. Doane, by per.



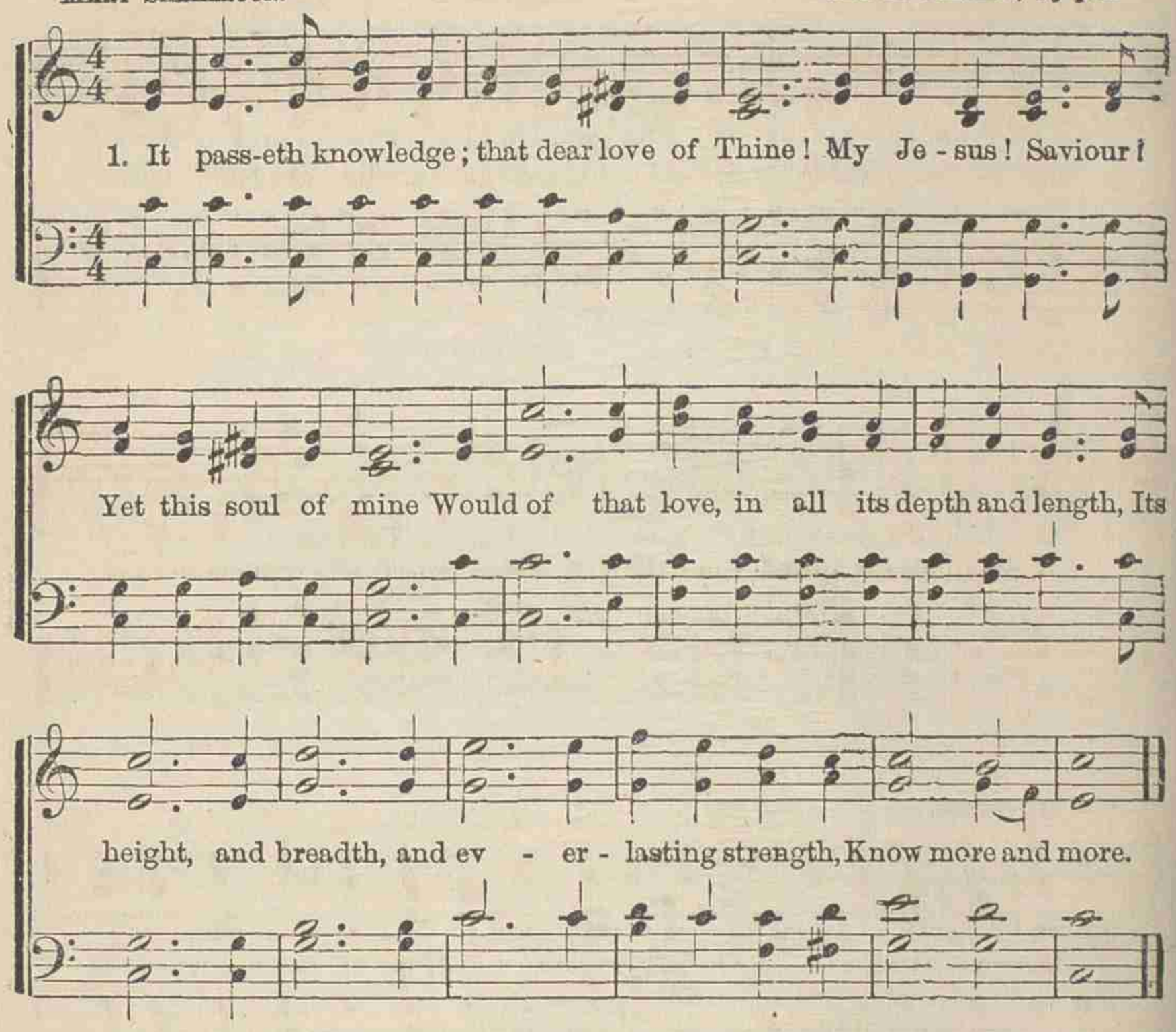
CHORUS.

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ! *Cho.*

At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete. *Cho.*

No. 73. "It Passeth Knowledge."

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—EPH. 3: 19.

MARY SHEKLETON. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



2,

It passeth *telling!* that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.

3.

It passeth *praises!* that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet this heart of mine
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,
Which brought an undone sinner, such as me,
Right home to God.

4.

But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
The fulness of that love, whilst here below;
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring,
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

5.

I *am* an empty vessel! scarce one thought
Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought,
Yet, I *may* come, and come again to Thee
With this—the contrite sinner's truthful plea—
"*Thou lovest me!*"

6.

Oh! *fill* me, Jesus! Saviour! with Thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount above:
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly
But unto Thee!

7.

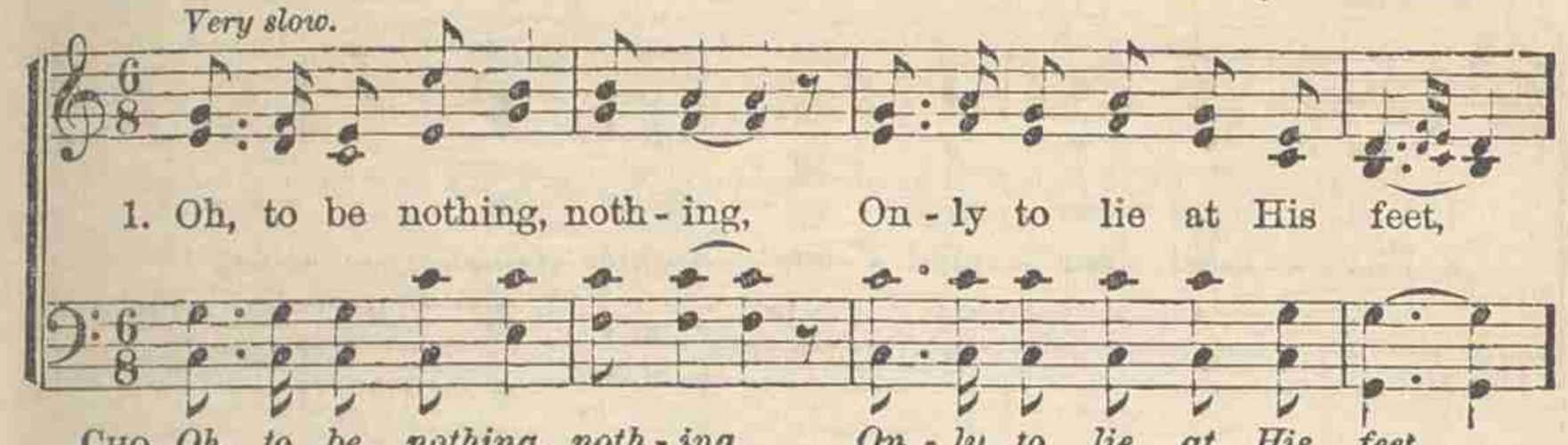
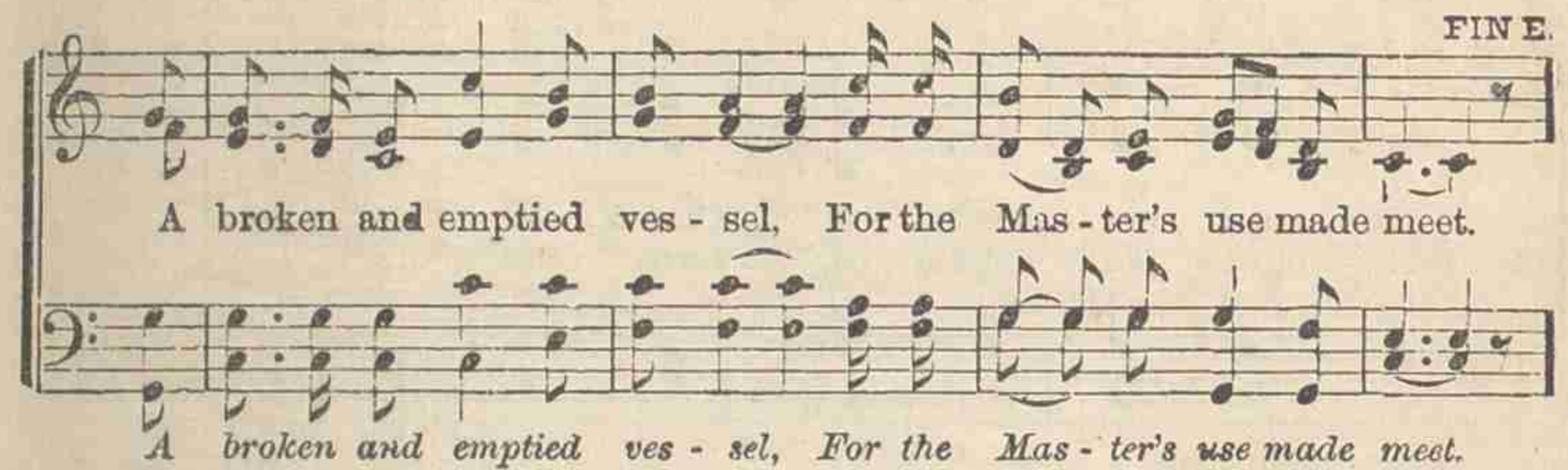
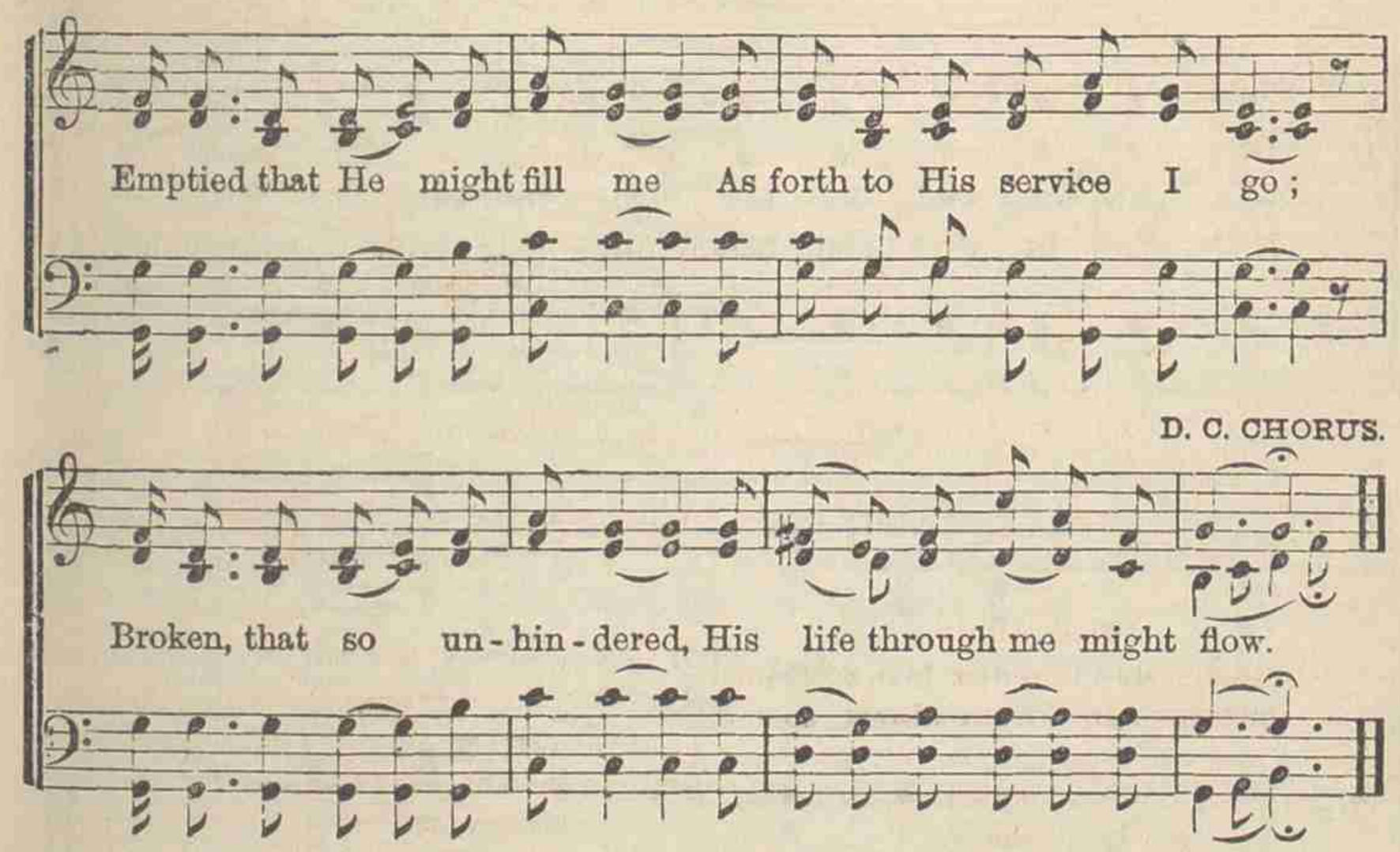
And when, my Jesus! Thy dear face I see,
When at Thy lofty throne I bend the knee,
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting strength—
My soul shall sing.

No. 74. Oh, to be Nothing.

"Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth."—1 Cor. 3: 7.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR, 1869. R. GEO. HALLS. Arr. by P. P. BLISS.

Very slow.

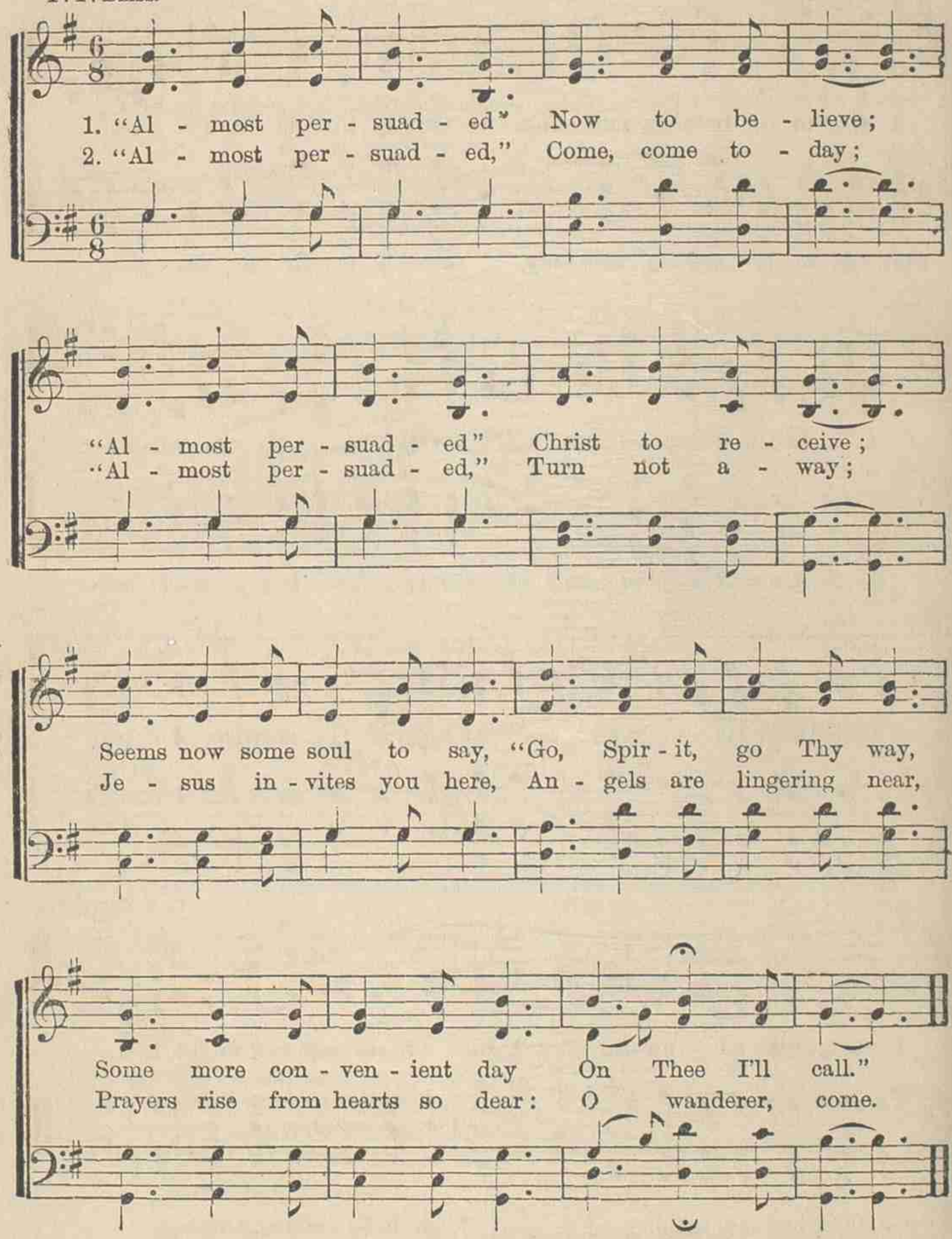


2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command,
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will,
Willing, should He not require me,
In silence to wait on Him still. *Cho.*

3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be,
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world might my Saviour see.
Rather be nothing, nothing,
To Him let their voices be raised,
He is the Fountain of blessing,
He only is meet to be praised. *Cho.*

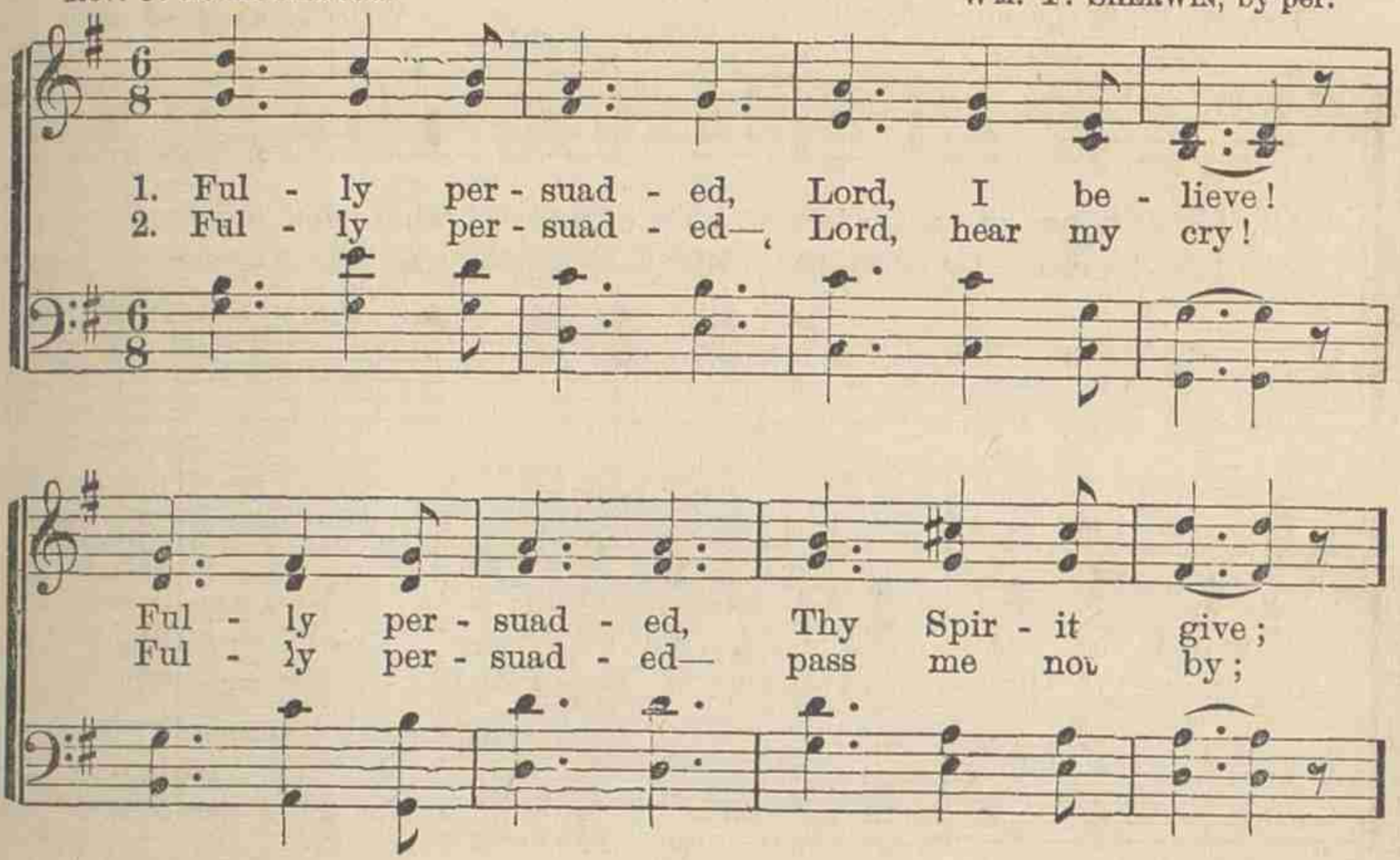
No. 75. Almost Persuaded.

"Almost Thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts 26: 28.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" can not avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost—*but lost!*"

No. 76. Fully Persuaded.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS 16: 31.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

3.

Fully persuaded, no more opprest,
Fully persuaded, now I am blest:
Jesus is now my Guide,
I will in Christ abide;
My soul is satisfied
In Him to rest!

4.

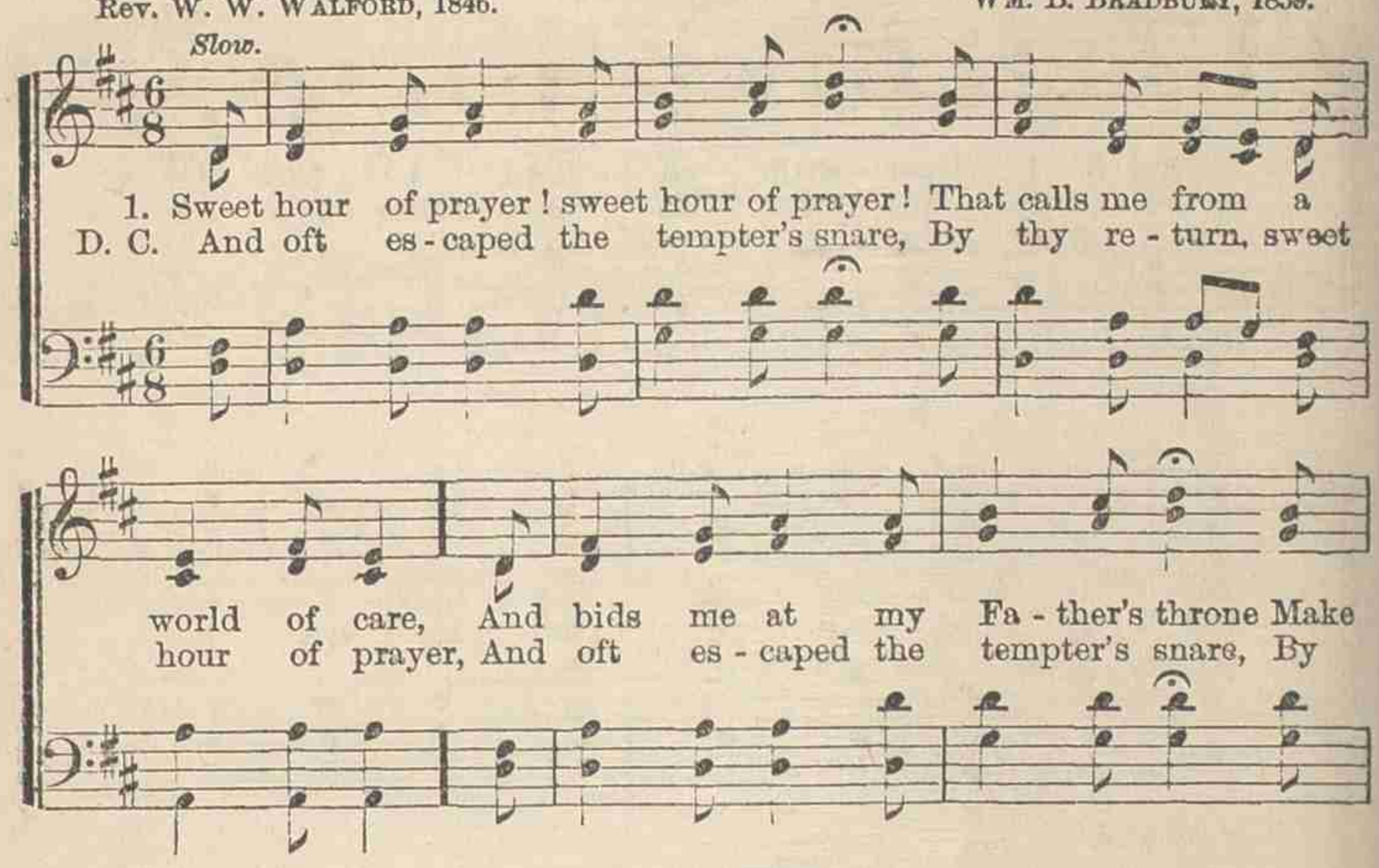
Fully persuaded, Jesus is mine;
Fully persuaded, Lord, I am Thine!
O make my love to Thee
Like Thine own love to me,
So rich, so full and free,
Saviour divine!

No. 77. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray."—PSALM 4: 17.

Rev. W. W. WALFORD, 1846. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1859.

Slow.



2.

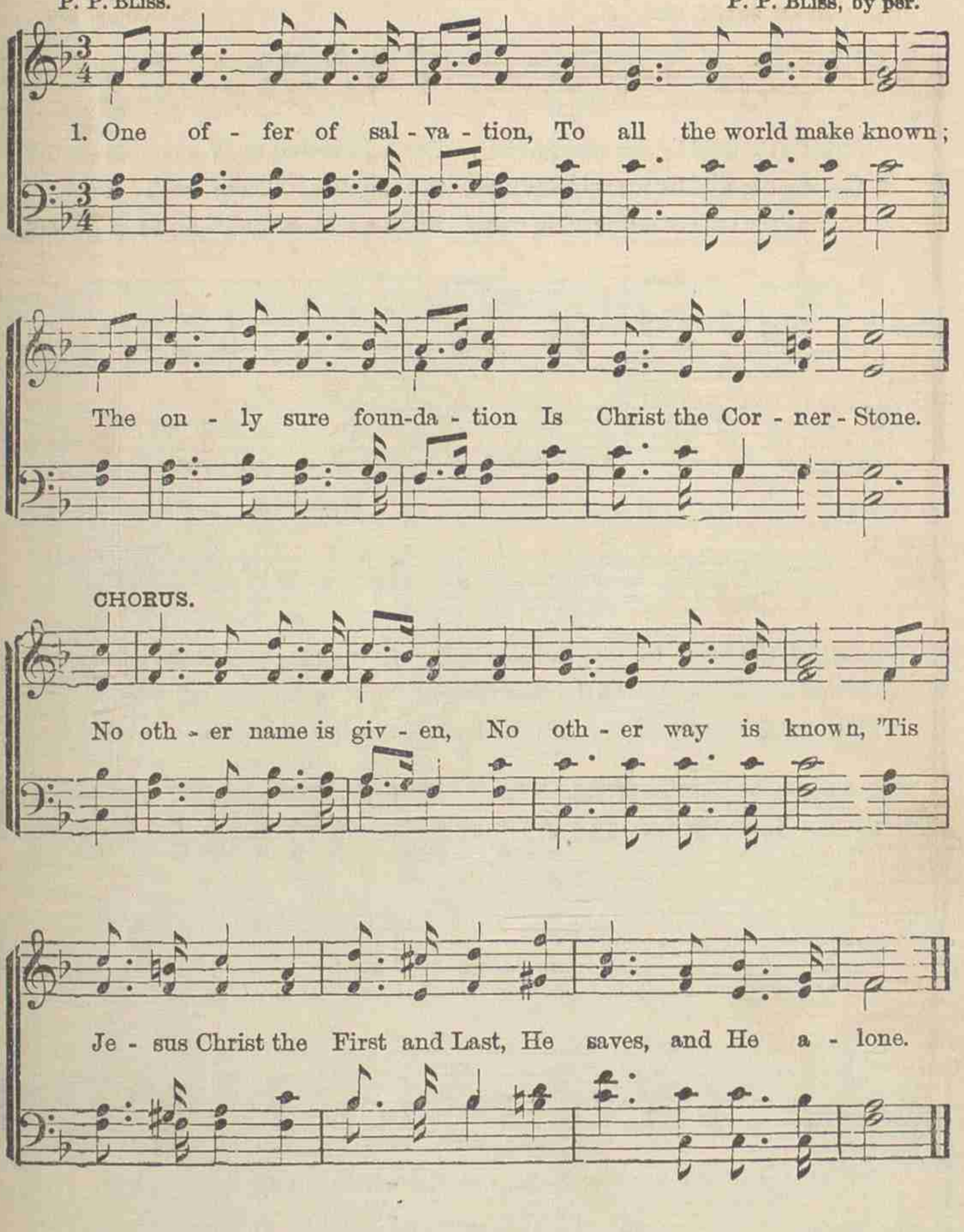
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3.

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

No. 78. No Other Name.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—ACTS 4 : 12.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

2 One only door of heaven
Stands open wide to-day,
One sacrifice is given,
'Tis Christ, the living way. *Cho.*

3 My only song and story
Is—Jesus died for me;
My only hope of glory,
The Cross of Calvary. *Cho.*

No. 79. What Shall the Harvest Be?

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. 6: 7.

Mrs. EMILY S. OAKEY, 1850. *Alt.* P. P. BLISS, by per

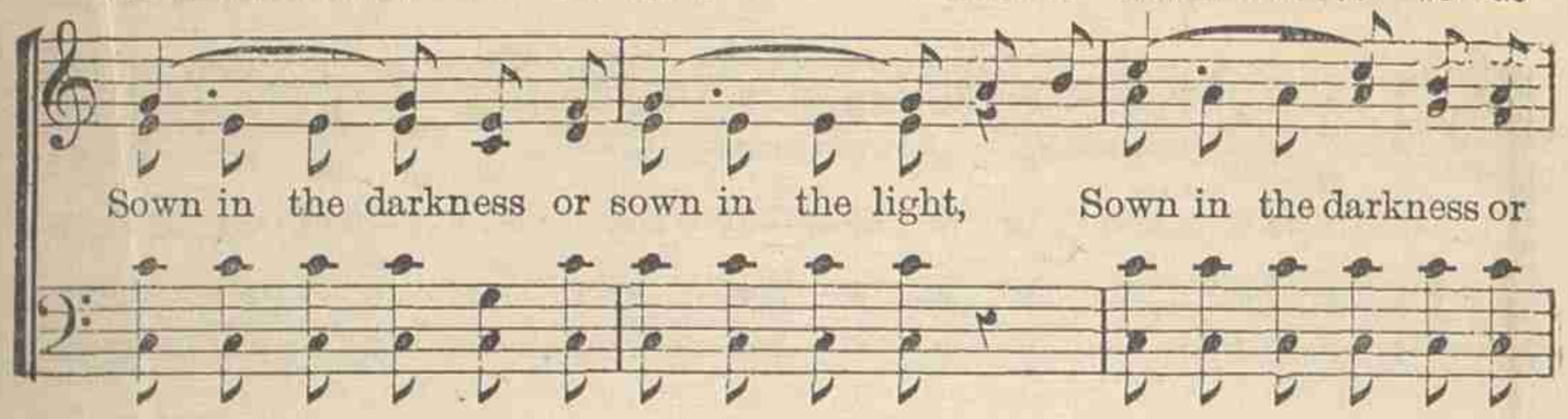
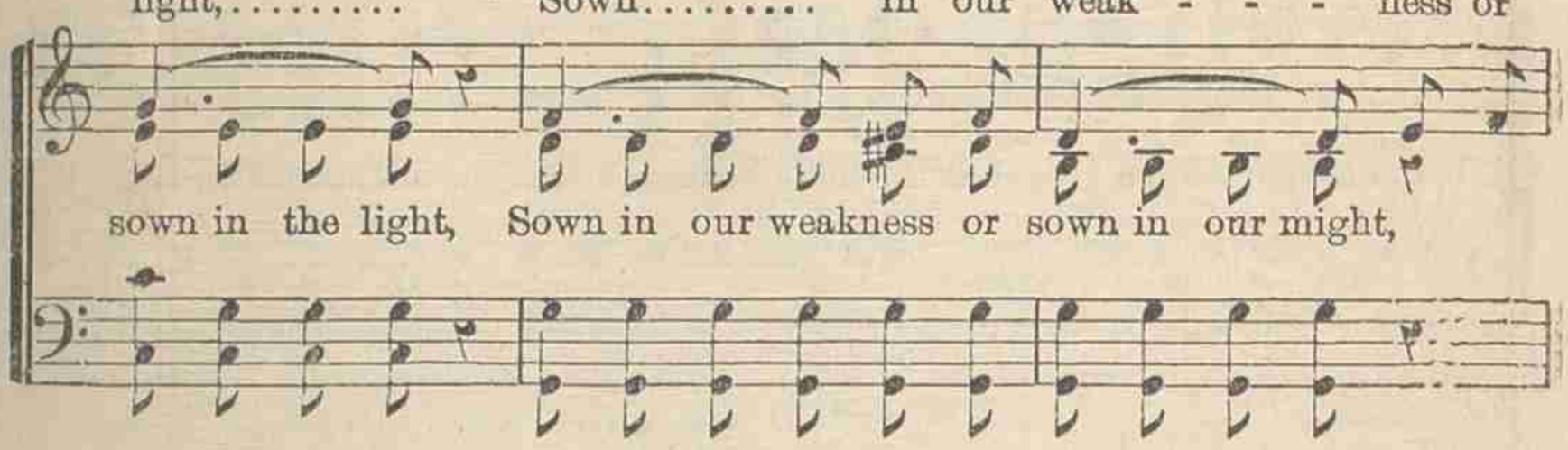
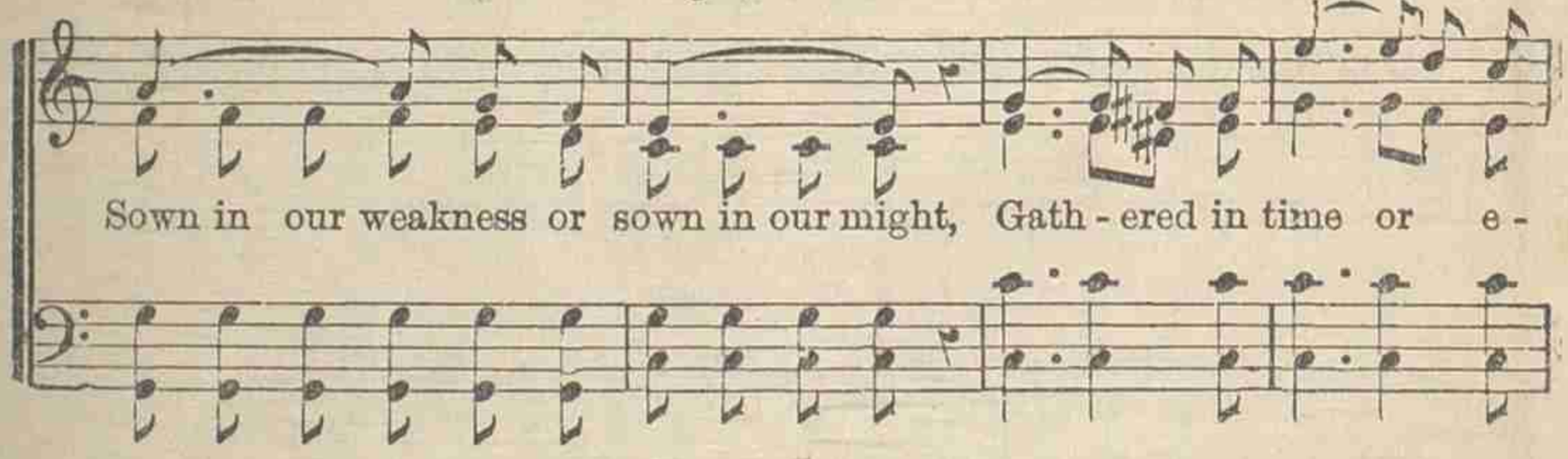
1. Sowing the seed by the daylight fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,

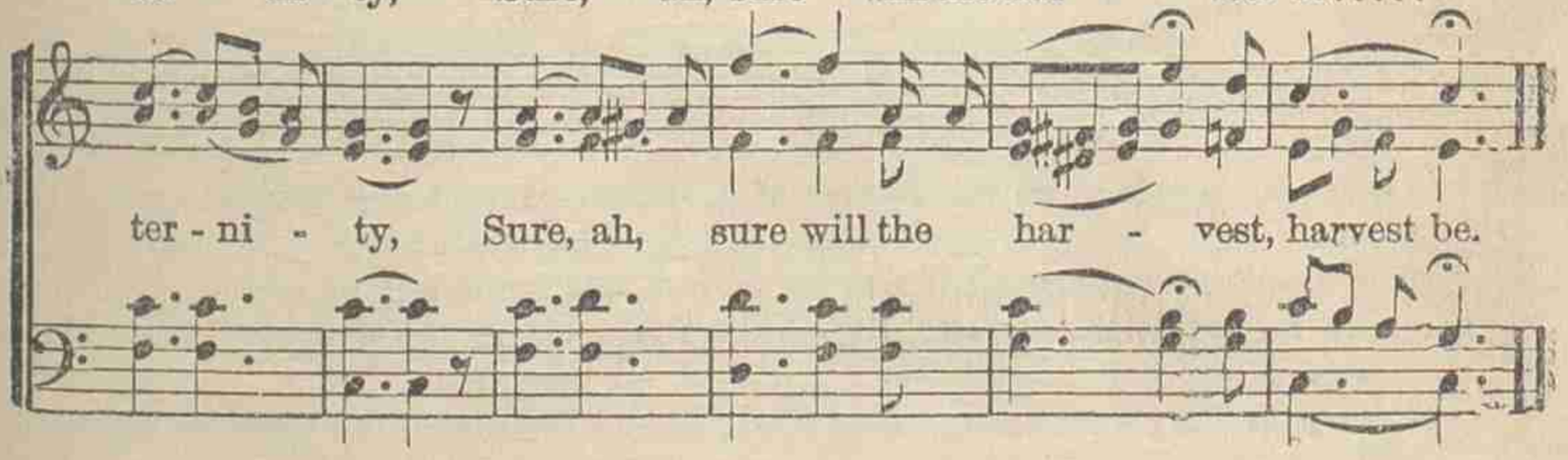
Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer - tile soil;
Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of e - ter-nal shame;

Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?....

What Shall the Harvest Be.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

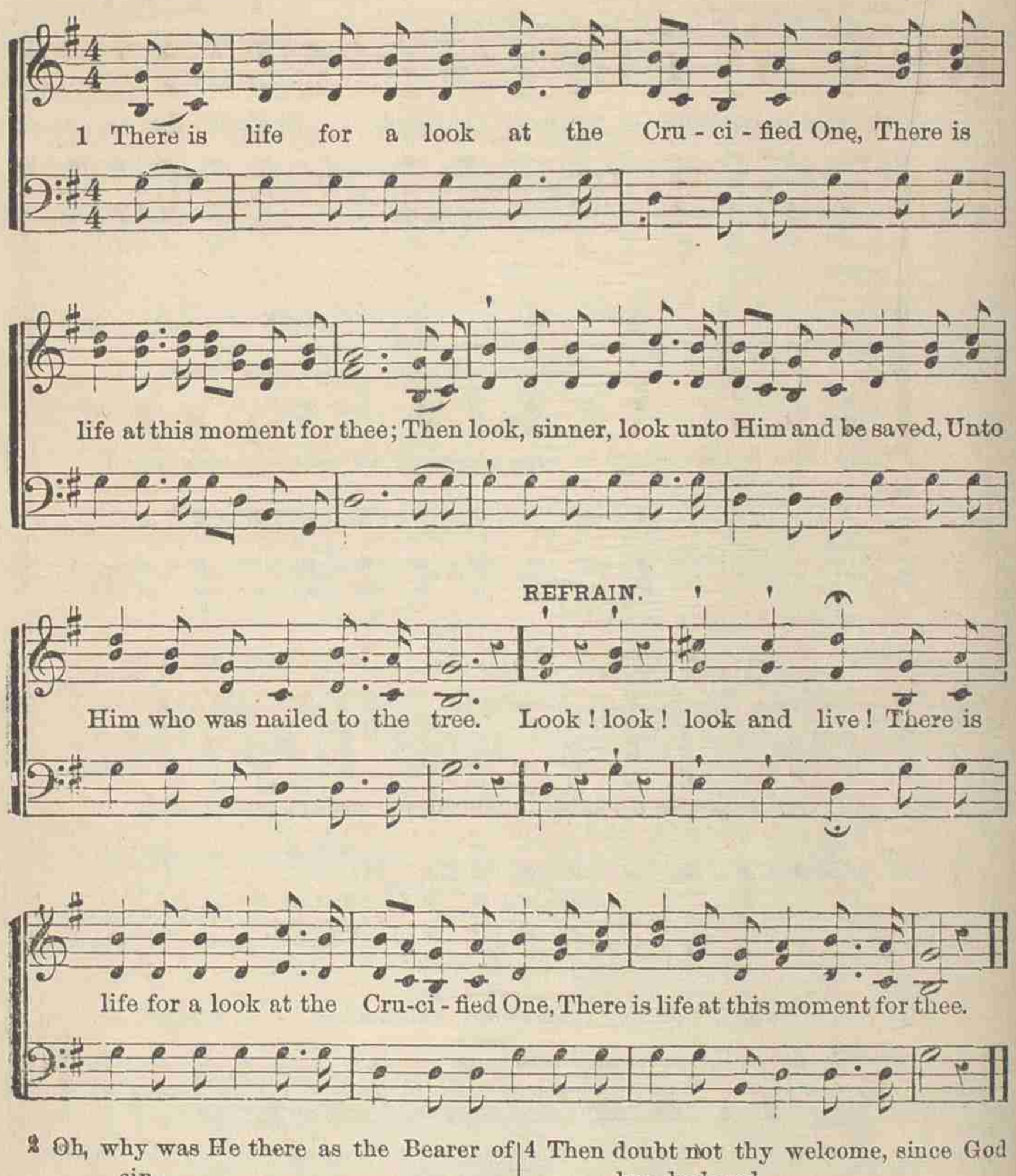
Sown..... in the dark - - - - ness or sown..... in the

light,..... Sown..... in our weak - - - ness or

sown..... in our might,..... Gath - ered in time or e -

ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - - vest be.....



4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start
Sowing in hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

No. 80. There is Life for a Look.

"Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—ISAIAH. 14: 22.

AMELIA M. HULL. Rev. E. G. TAYLOR, by per.

2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the *Blood*, that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

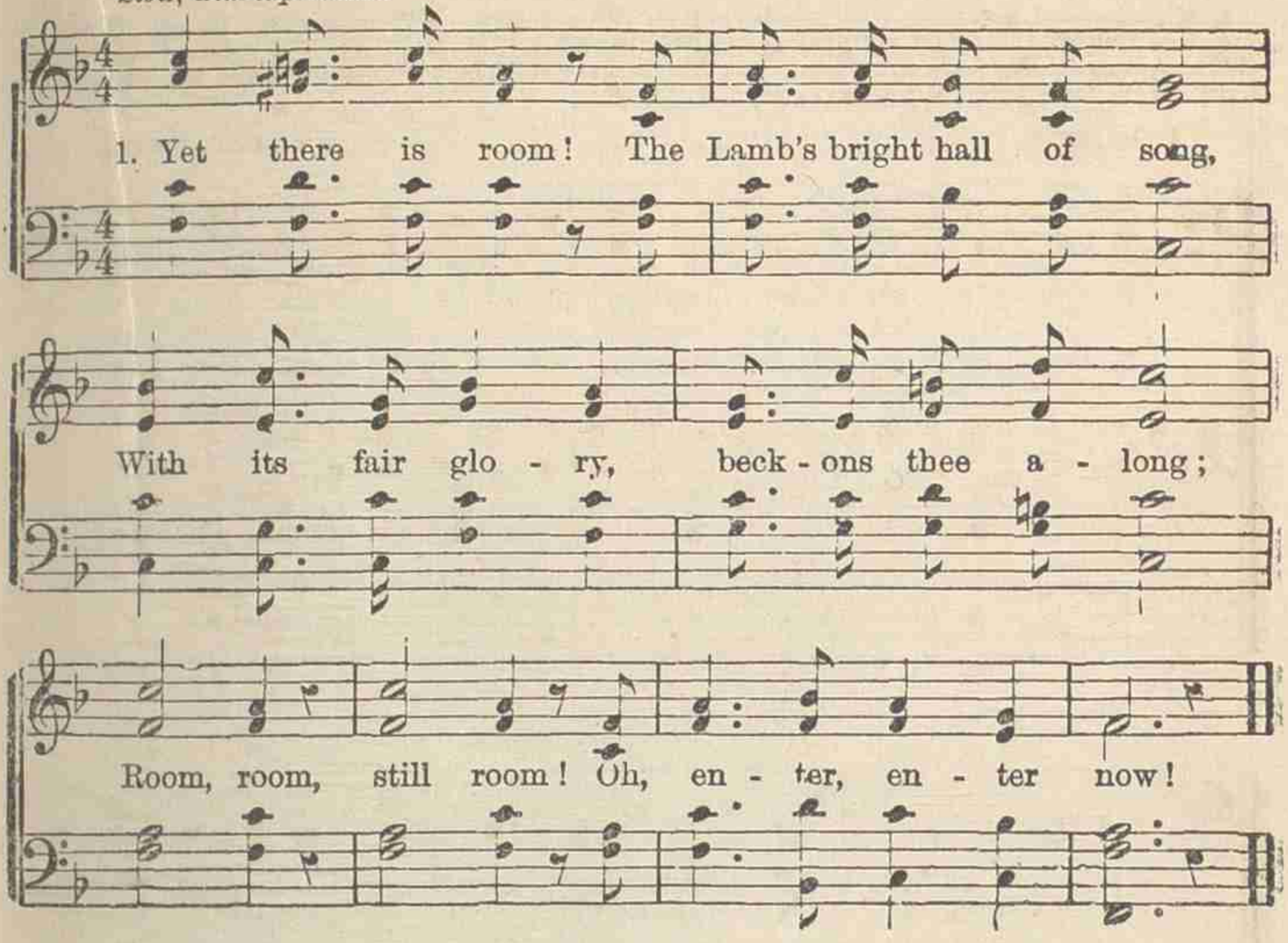
4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die
Since Jesus thy righteousness, lives.

No. 81. Yet There is Room.

"Yet there is room."—LUKE 14: 22.

REV. H. BONAR, 1873. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

Slow, with expression.

2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast:
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now;

6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

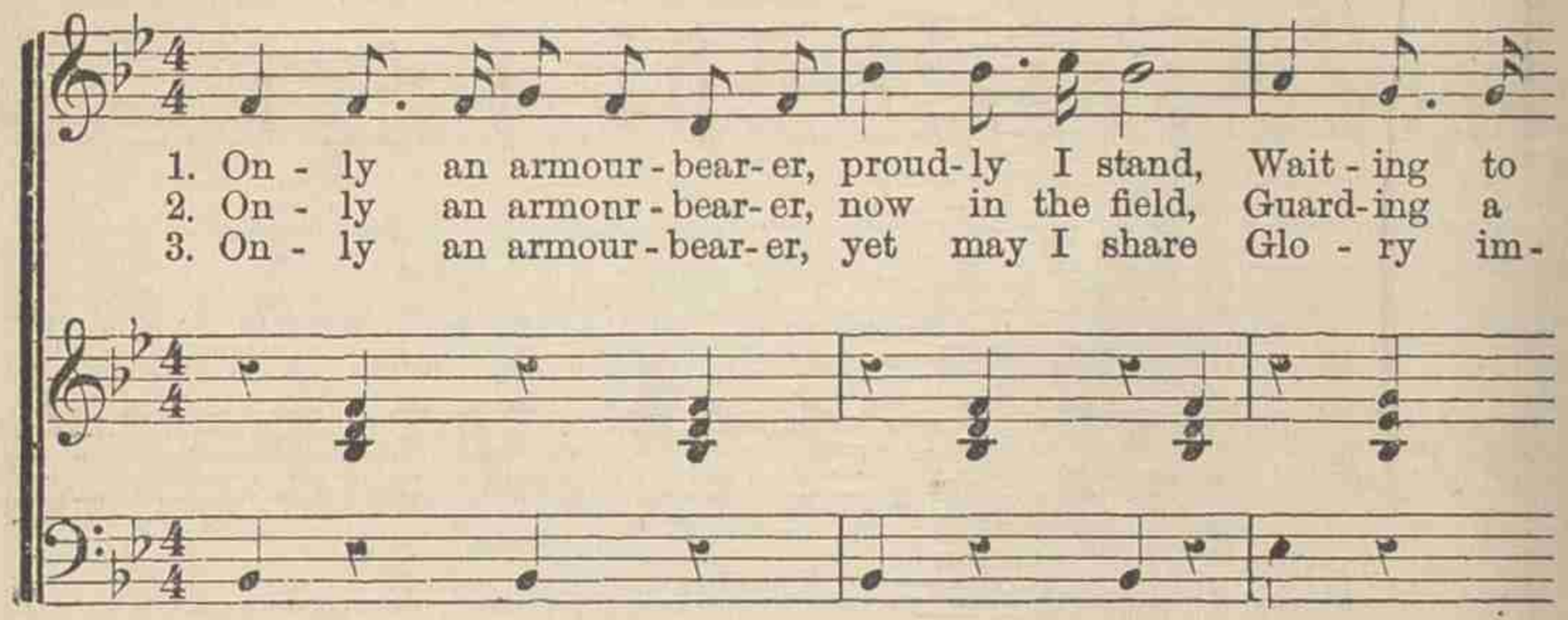
8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:
Reom, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
Then the last, low, long cry;—"No room, no room!"
No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

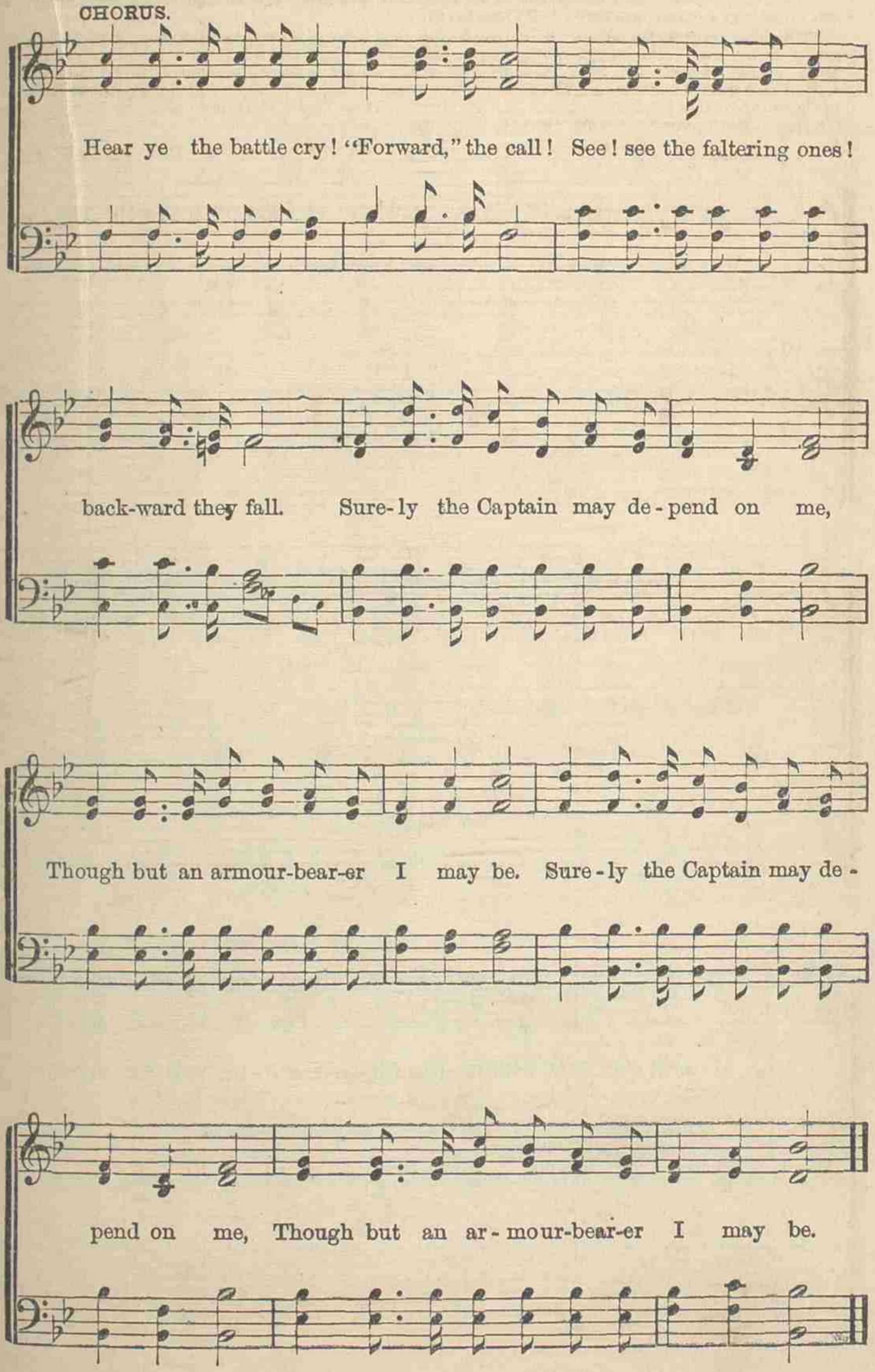
Words written for Messrs M. & S.

No. 82. Only an Armour-Bearer.

"Now it came to pass upon a day, that Jonathan the son of Saul said unto the young man that bare his armour, Come, and let us go over to the Philistines' garrison that *is* on the other side; it may be that the LORD will work for us: for *there is* no restraint to the LORD to save by many or by few. And his armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that *is* in thine heart: turn thee; behold, I *am* with thee according to thine heart. And Jonathan climbed up upon his hands and upon his feet, and his armour-bearer after him: and they fell before Jonathan: and his armour-bearer slew after him. So the LORD saved Israel that day: and the battle passed over unto Beth-aven."—1 SAM. 14: 1, 6, 7, 13, 23.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Only an Armour-Bearer.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

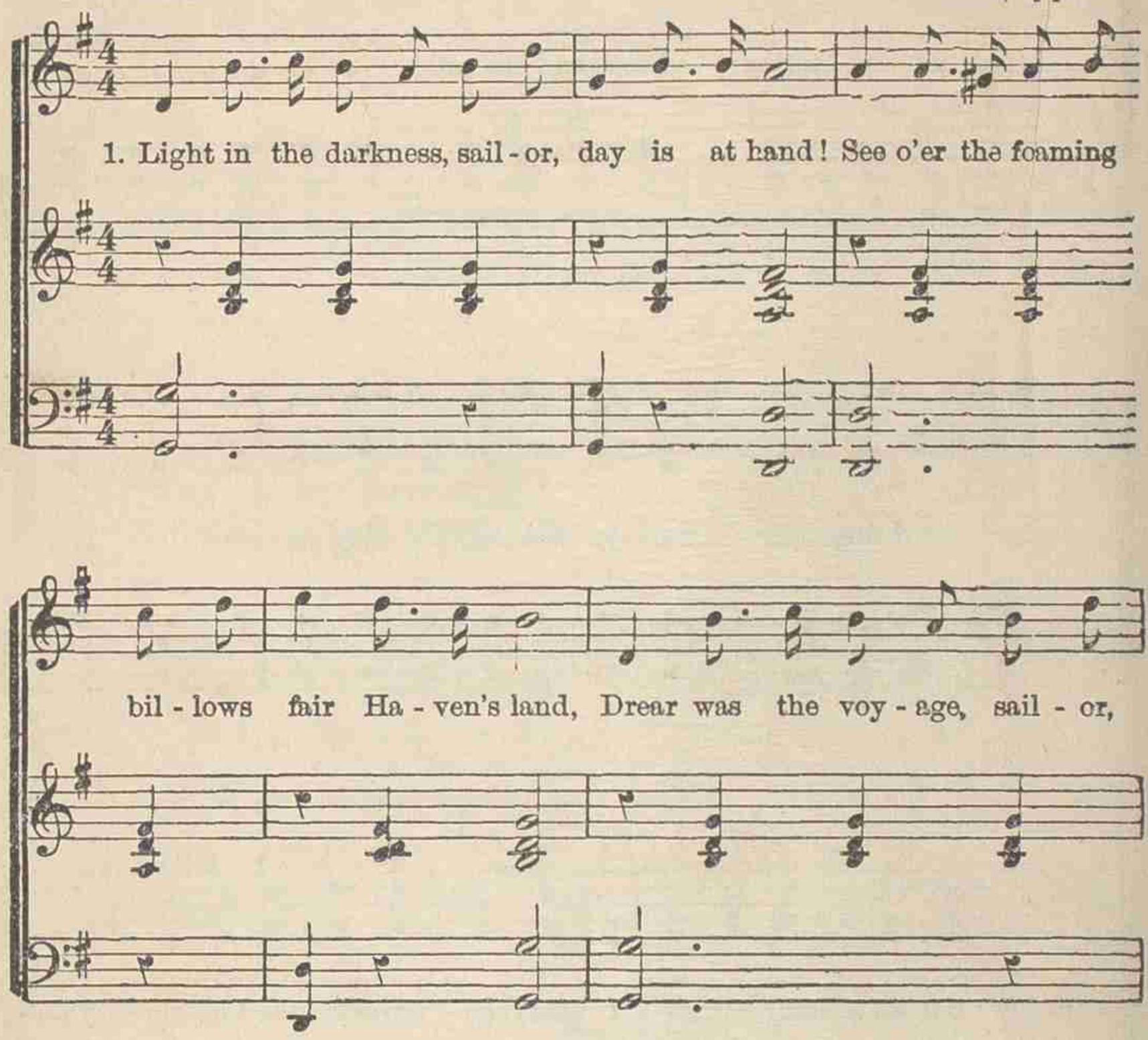


No. 83. Pull for the Shore.

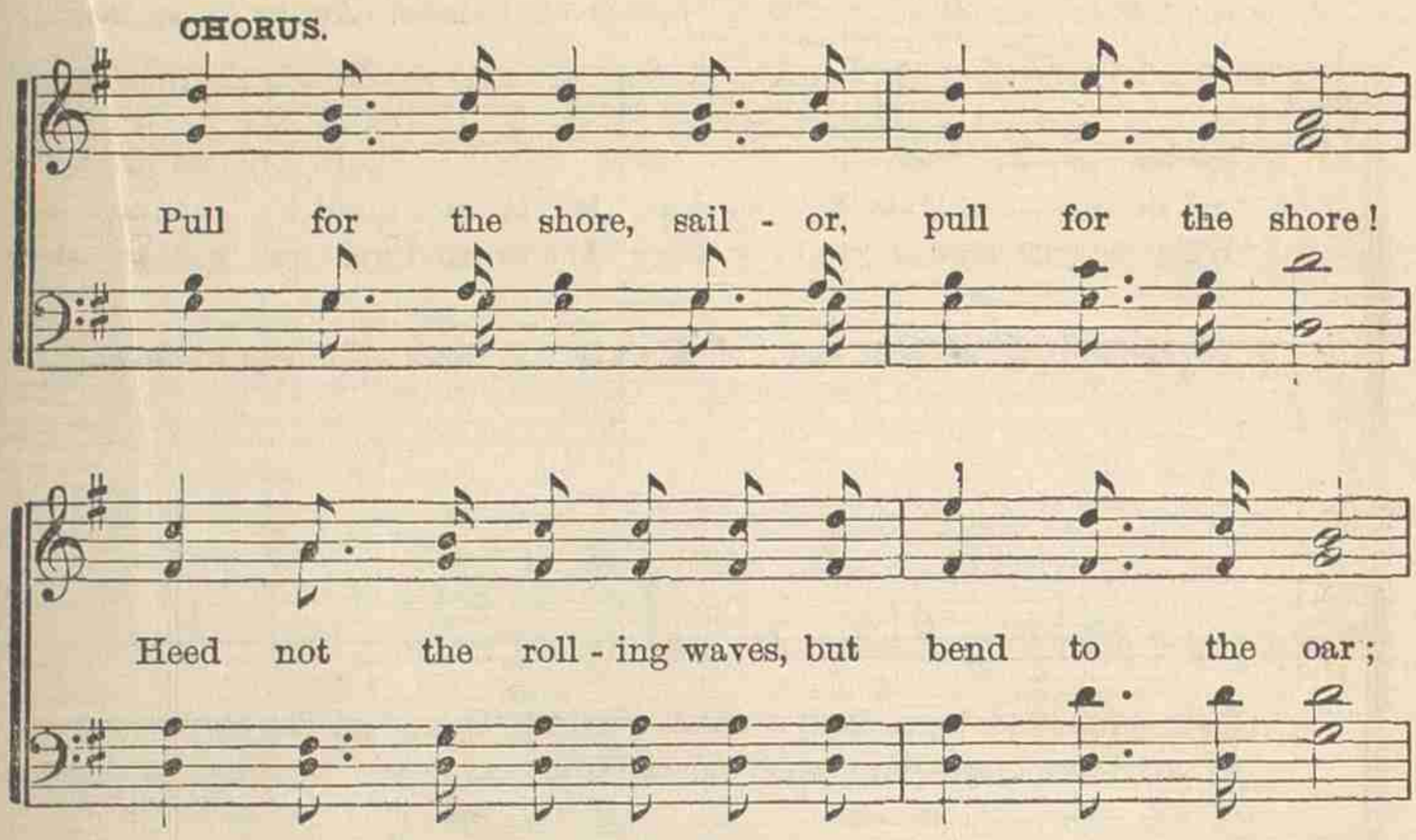
"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become NEW."—2 COR. 5: 17.

"Therefore, my beloved, * * * work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."—PHIL. 2: 12.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



Pull for the Shore.—Concluded.

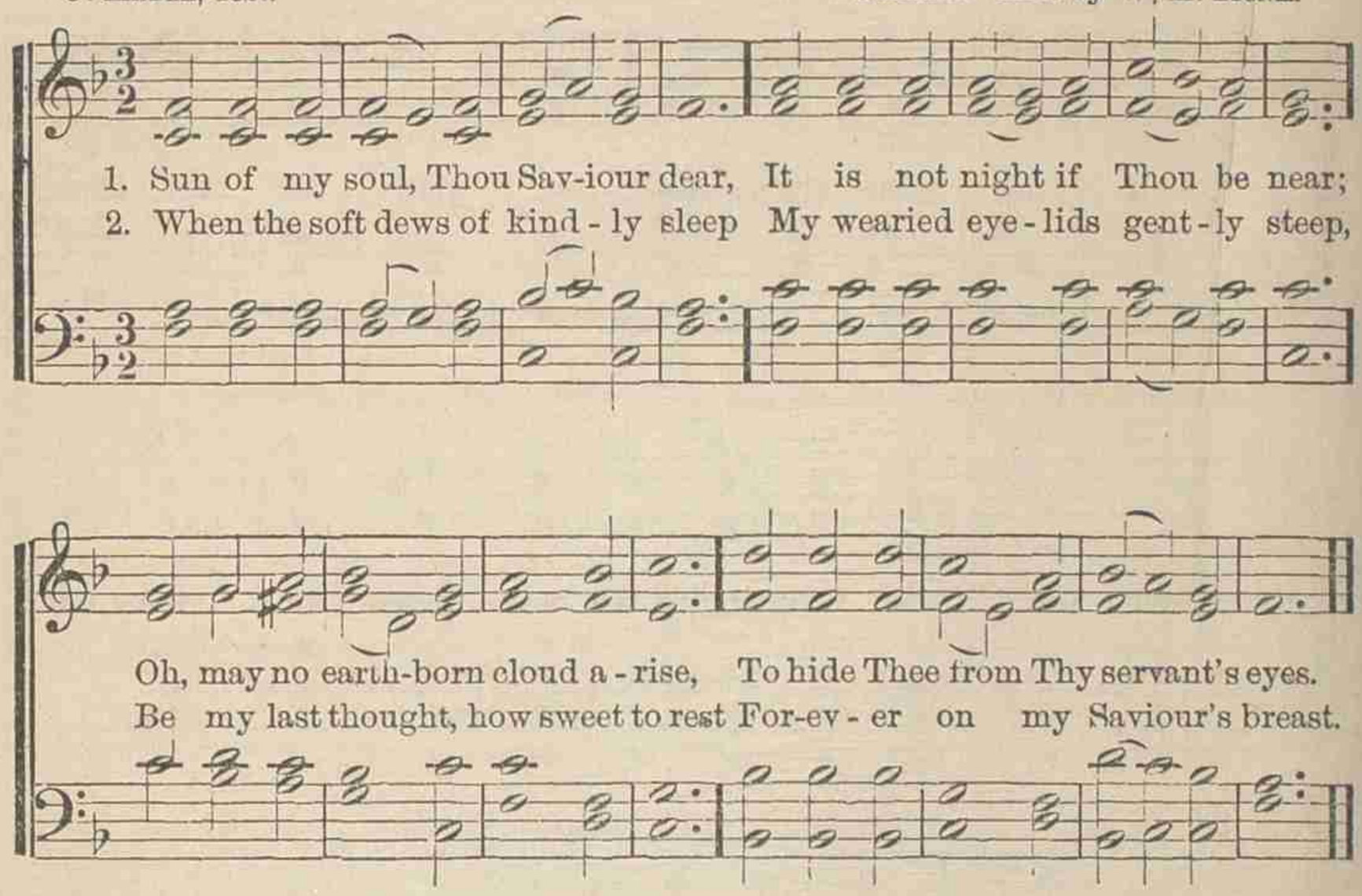
CHORUS.

2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale,
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;
Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.
Pull for the shore, &c.

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye;
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore;
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore.
Pull for the shore, &c.

No. 84. Sun of My Soul.

"The Lord God is a sun."—Psa. 74: 11.

J. Keble, 1827. German. Arr. by W. H. Monk.



3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

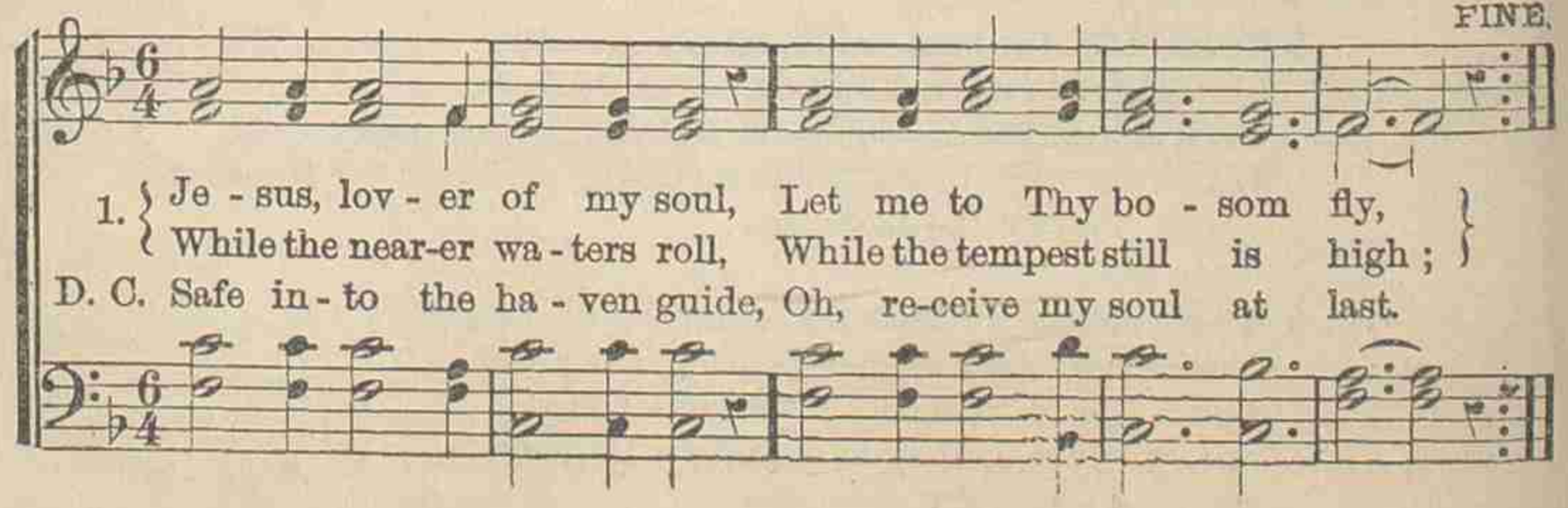
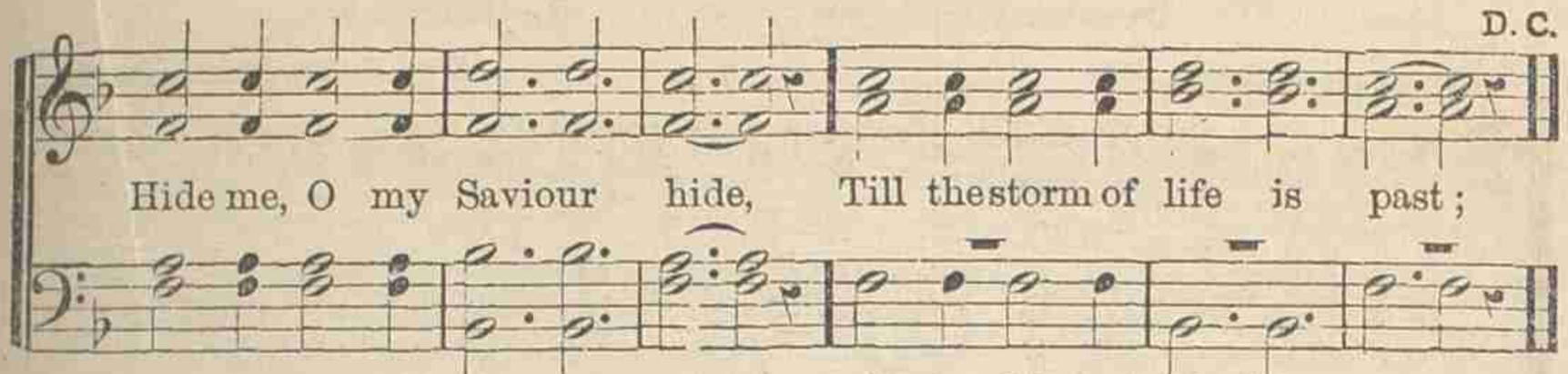
4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

No. 85. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

"The Lord will be a refuge in times of trouble."—Psalm 9: 9.

Rev. Ch. Wesley, 1740. Simeon B. Marsh, 1834.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.—Concluded.

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

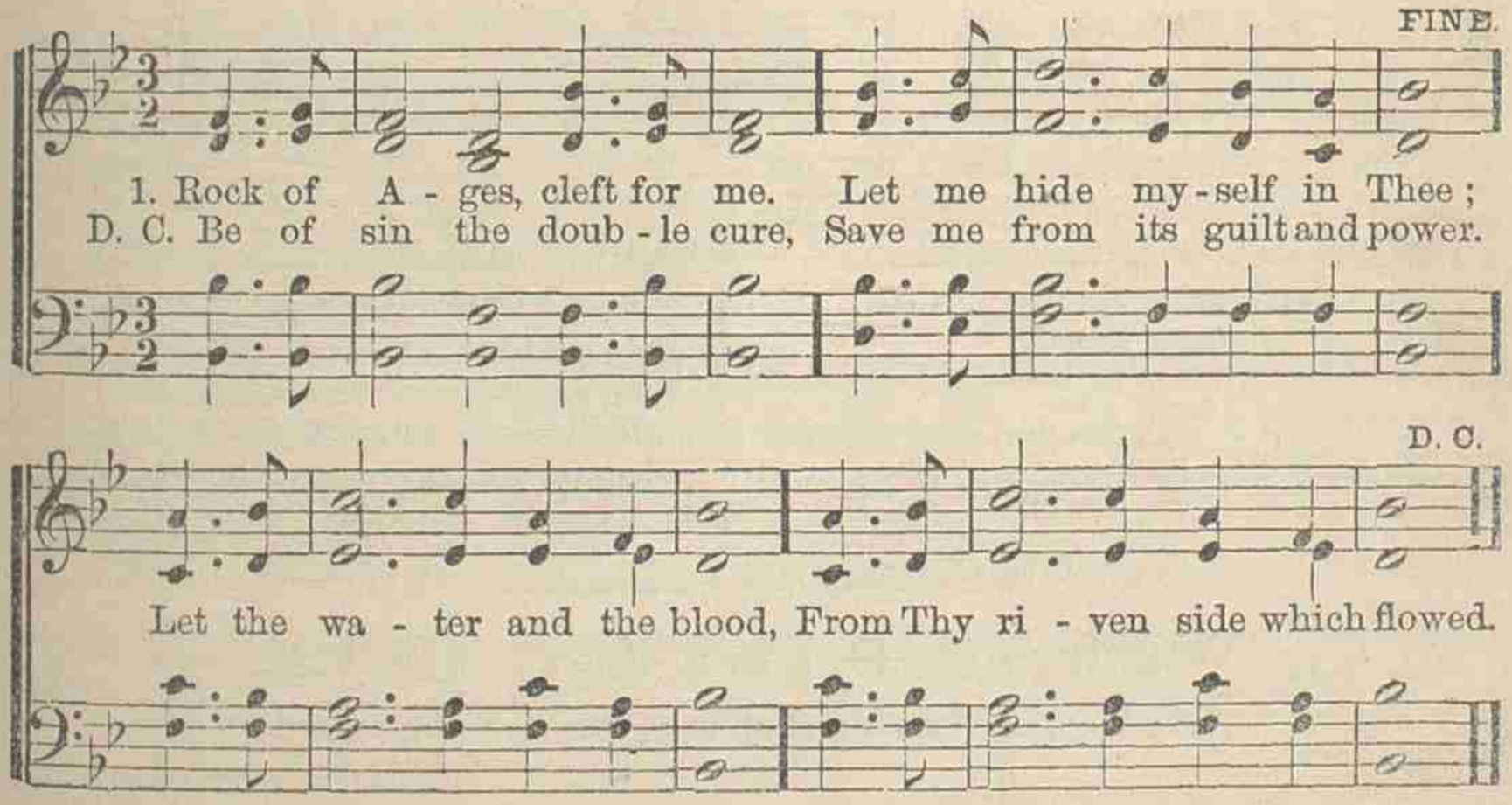
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, 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. 86. Rock of Ages.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—Psa. 94: 22.

Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1776. Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1830.



2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

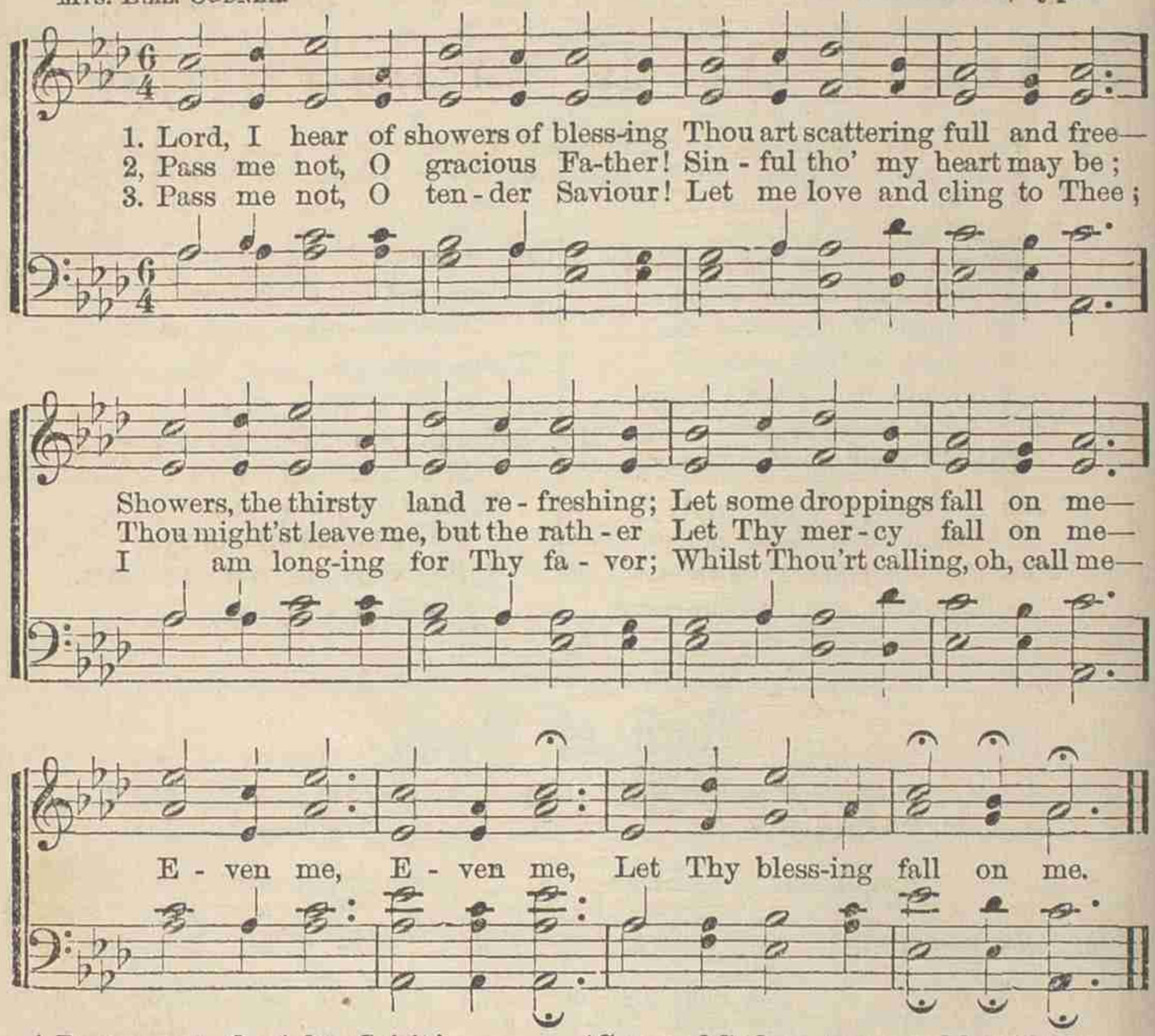
3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 87. Even Me.

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—GEN. 27: 38.

MRS. ELIZ. CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



1 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.–Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—
Magnify them all in me.—Even me.

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me.—Even me.

No. 88. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

"For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—PSALM 31: 3.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1771.

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 89. Yield Not to Temptation.

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. 10: 13.

H. R. Palmer. H. R. Palmer, by per.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic - t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,
3. To him that o'ercom - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con - quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

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

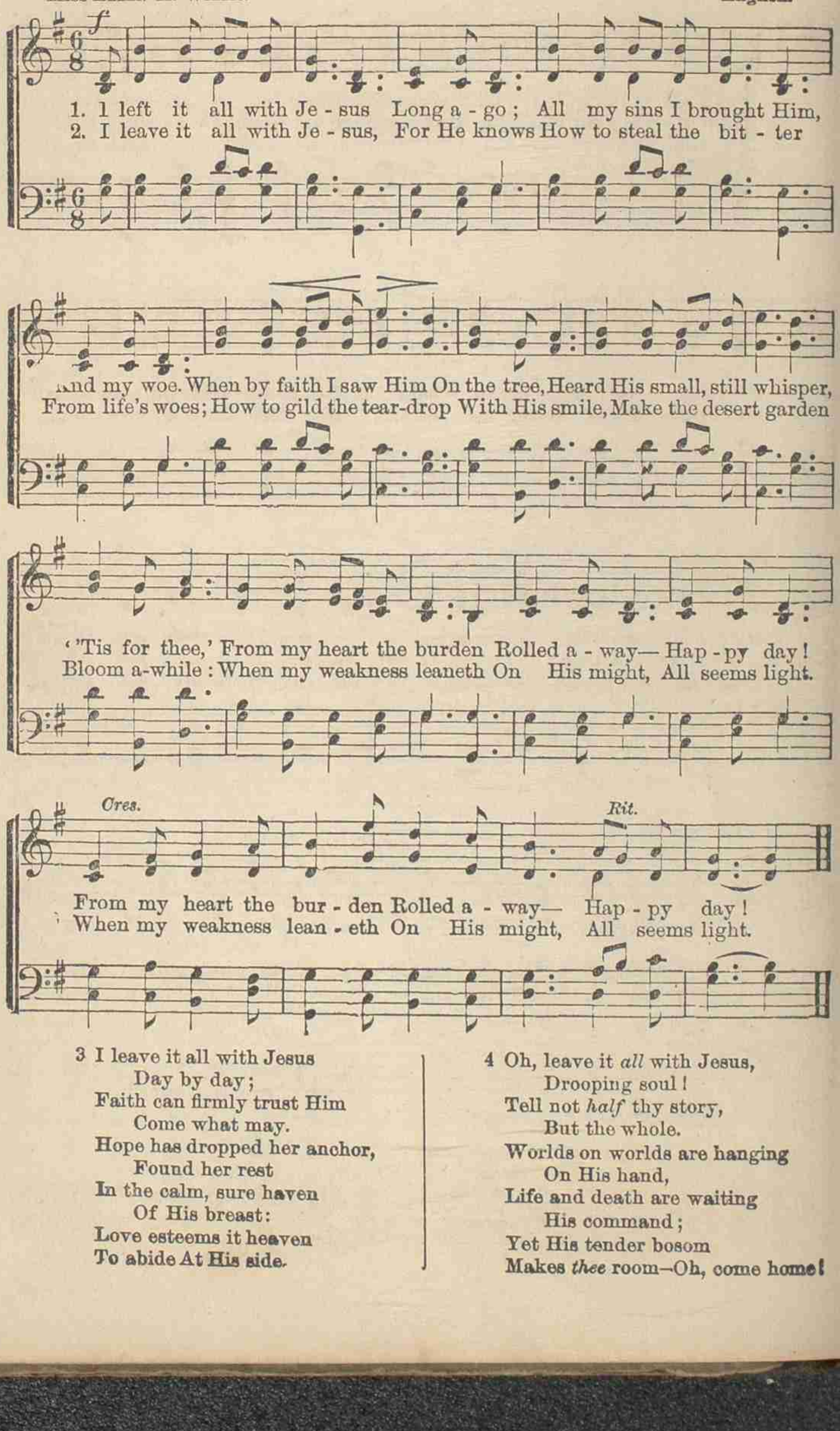
CHORUS.

Ask the Saviour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

No. 90. I Left it All with Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."—1 PETER 5: 7.

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS. English.

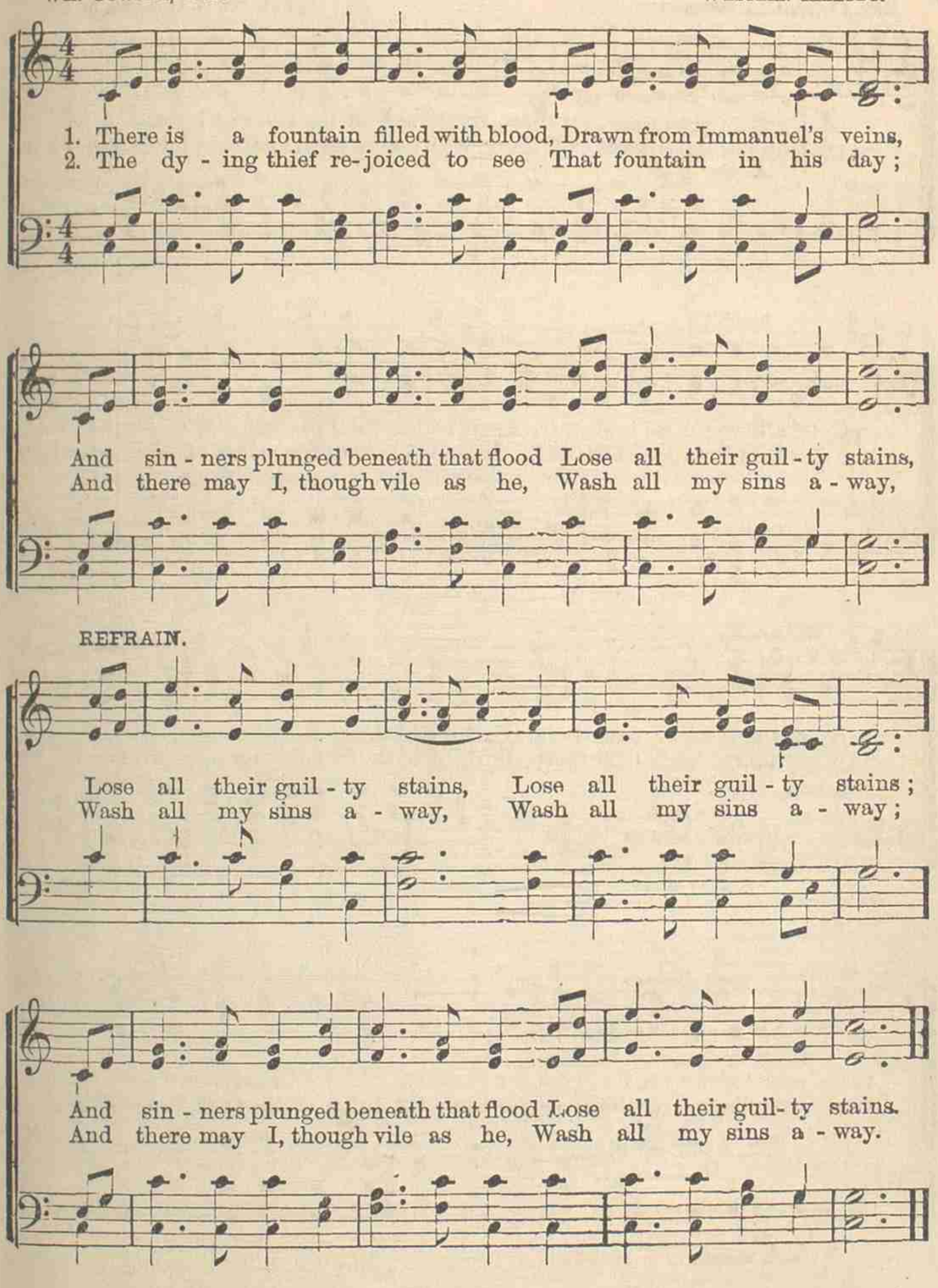


3 I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven
To abide At His side.

4 Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus,
Drooping soul!
Tell not *half* thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On His hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes *thee* room—Oh, come home!

No. 91. There is a Fountain.

"A Fountain opened for sin."—ZECH. 13: 1.

WM. COWPER, 1779. WESTERN MELODY.

3

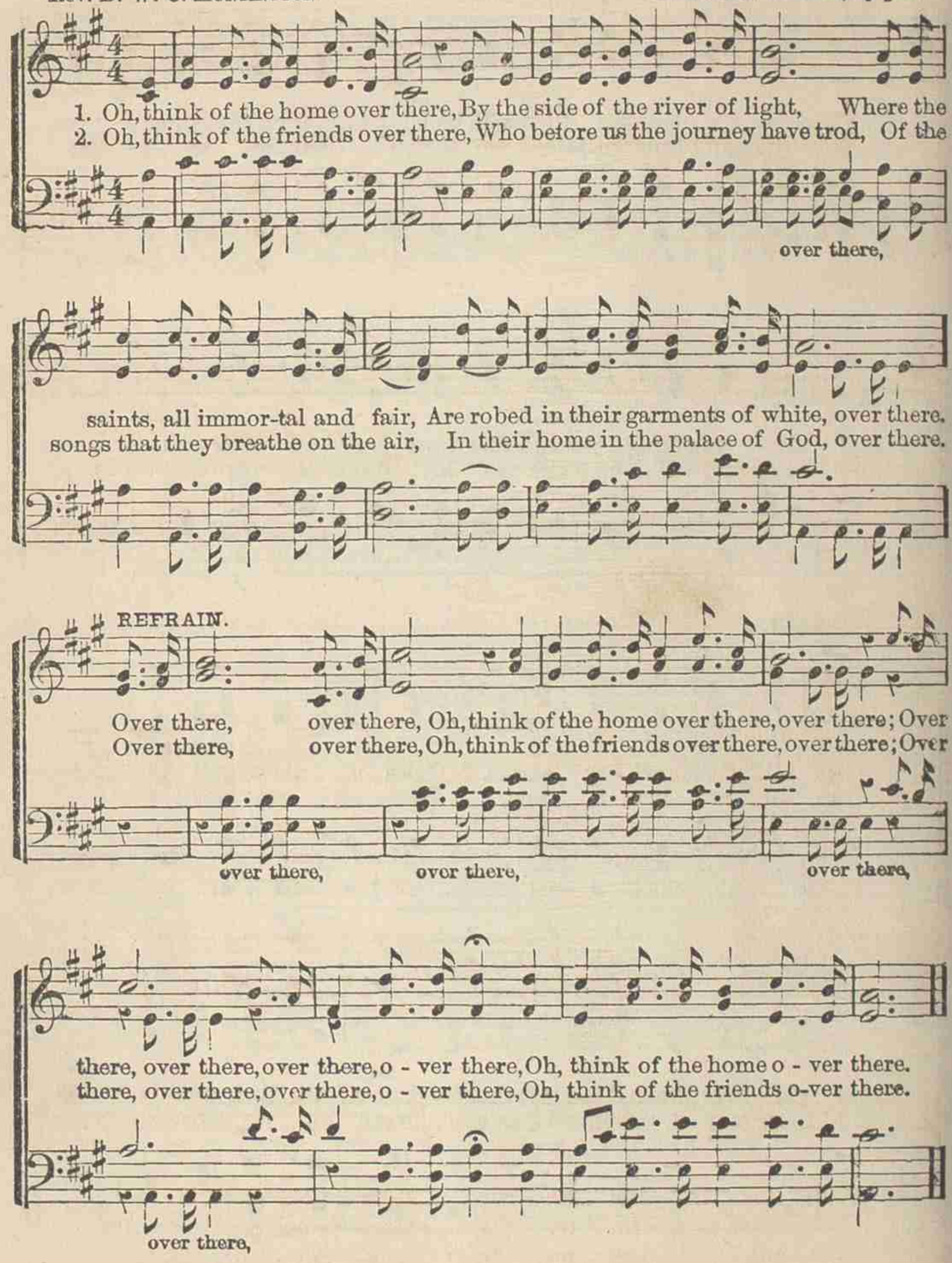
E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die. *Ref.*

4

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. *Ref.*

No. 92. The Home Over There.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—PSALM 55: 6.

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

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

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

No. 93.

My Prayer.

"Be ye therefore perfect."—MATT. 5: 8.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv - ings with - in;
2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord;
3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come;

More pa - tience in suff - 'ring, More sor - row for sin;
More pride in His glo - ry, More hope in His word;
More free - dom from earth - stains, More long - ings for home;

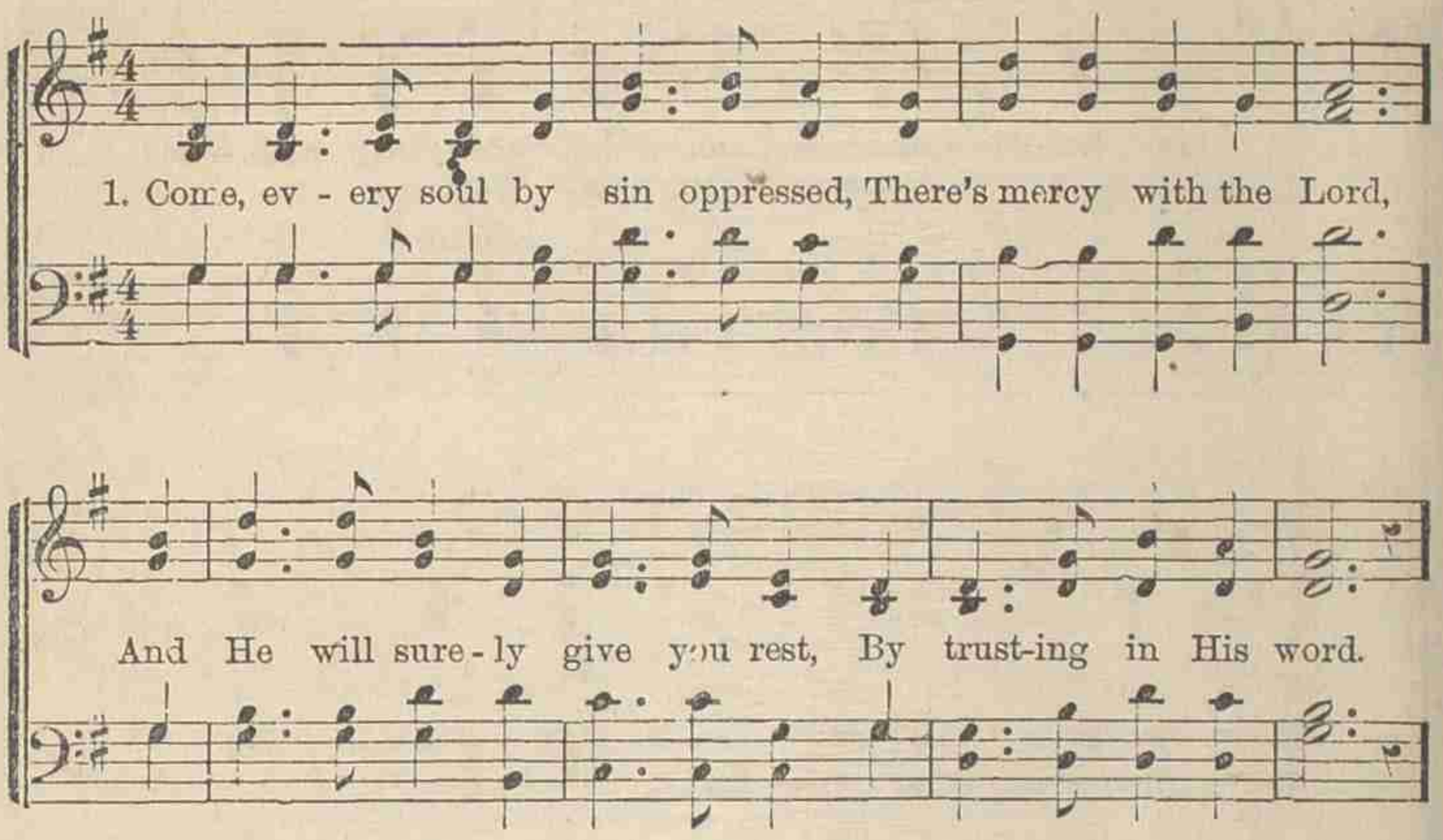
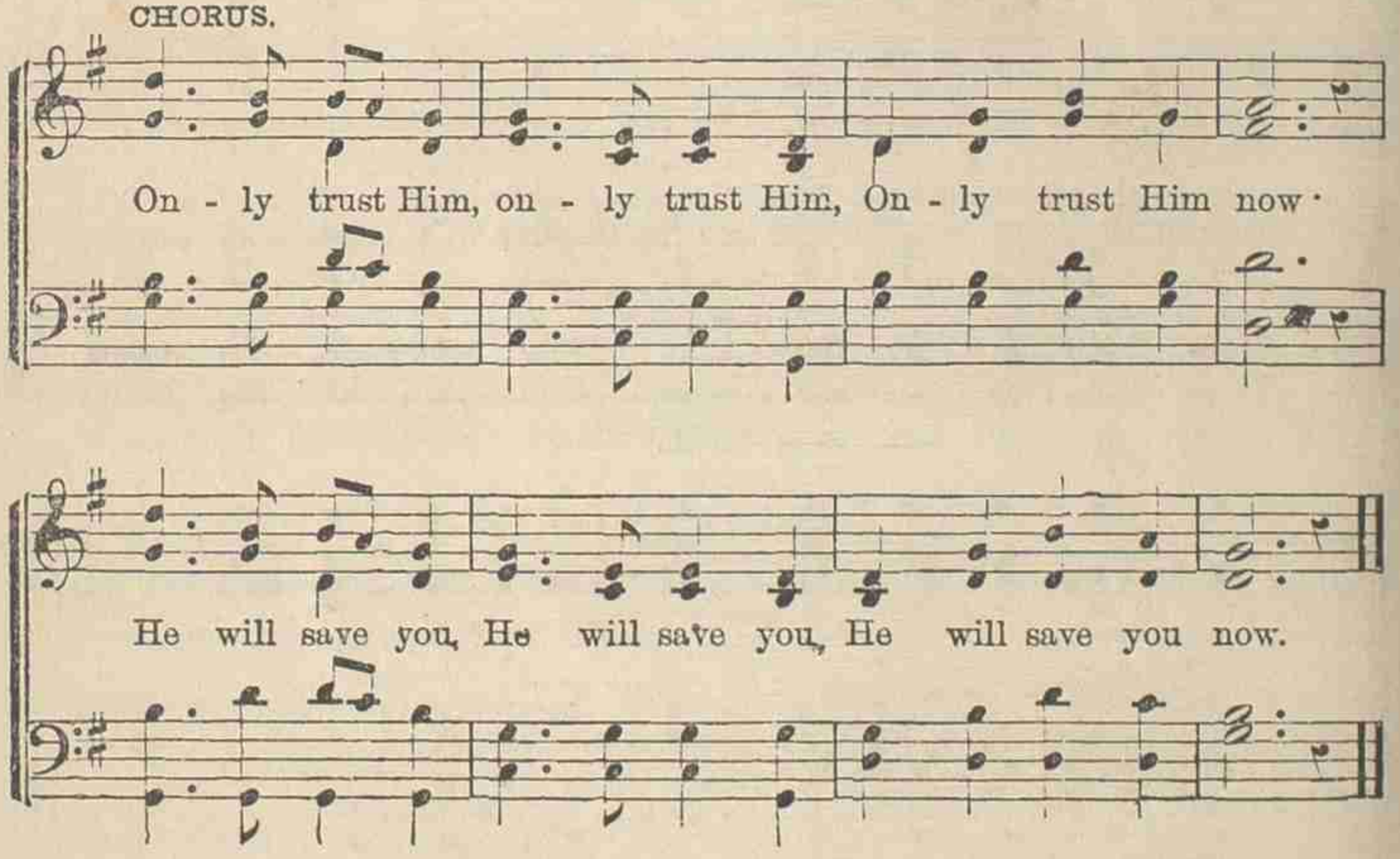
More faith in my Sav - iour, More sense of His care;
More tears for His sor - rows, More pain at His grief;
More fit for the king - dom, More used would I 'be;

Rit.

More joy in His ser - vice, More pur - pose in prayer.
More meek-ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - iour, *like Thee.*

No. 94. Only Trust Him.

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—MATT. 11: 29.

Rev. J. H. S. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

CHORUS.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

No. 95. Yes, There is Pardon for You.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55: 17.

FANNY J CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

Slowly.

1. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, be - lieve in His name, And
2. The way of trans - gres - sion that leads un - to death, Oh,
3. Be warned of your dan - ger; es - cape to the cross; Your

ask Him your heart to re - new; He waits to be gra-cious, O
why will you long-er pur - sue? How can you re - ject the sweet
on - ly sal - va-tion is there; Be - lieve, and that moment the

turn not a - way, For now there is par - don for you.
mes - sage of love That of - fers full par - don for you?
Spir - it of grace Will an - swer your pen - i - tent prayer.

CHORUS.

Yes, there is pardon for you,.... Yes, there is pardon for you;....

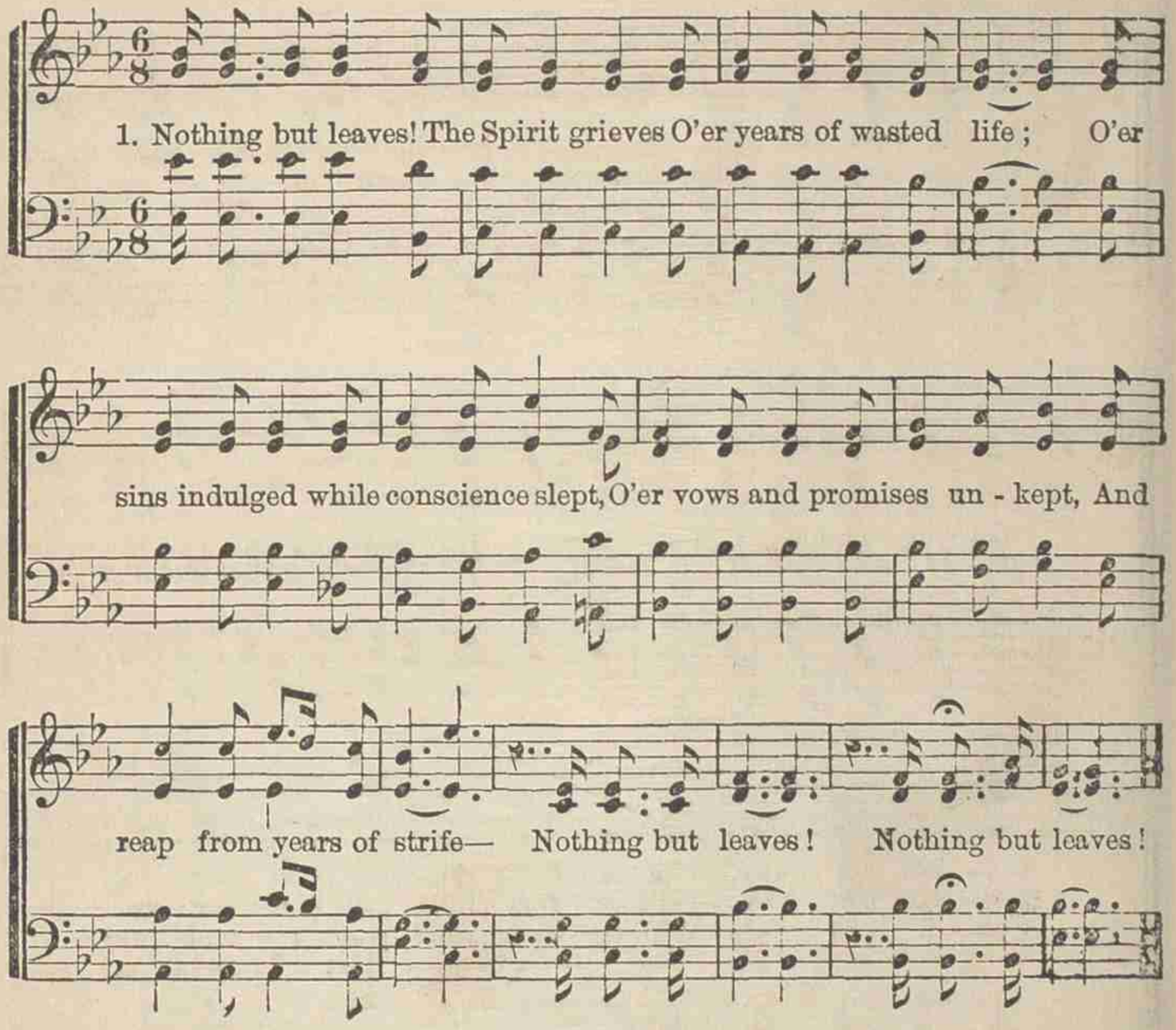
for you, for you.

For Je - sus has died to re-deem you, And of - fers full pardon to you.

No. 96. Nothing but Leaves.

"And when He came to it He found nothing but leaves."—MARK 11: 13.

L. E. A. SILAS J. VAIL, by per.



2 Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves,
Of life's fair ripening grain:
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—
Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—
Then reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3 Nothing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves
No veil to hide the past:
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and misspent day
We sadly find at last—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

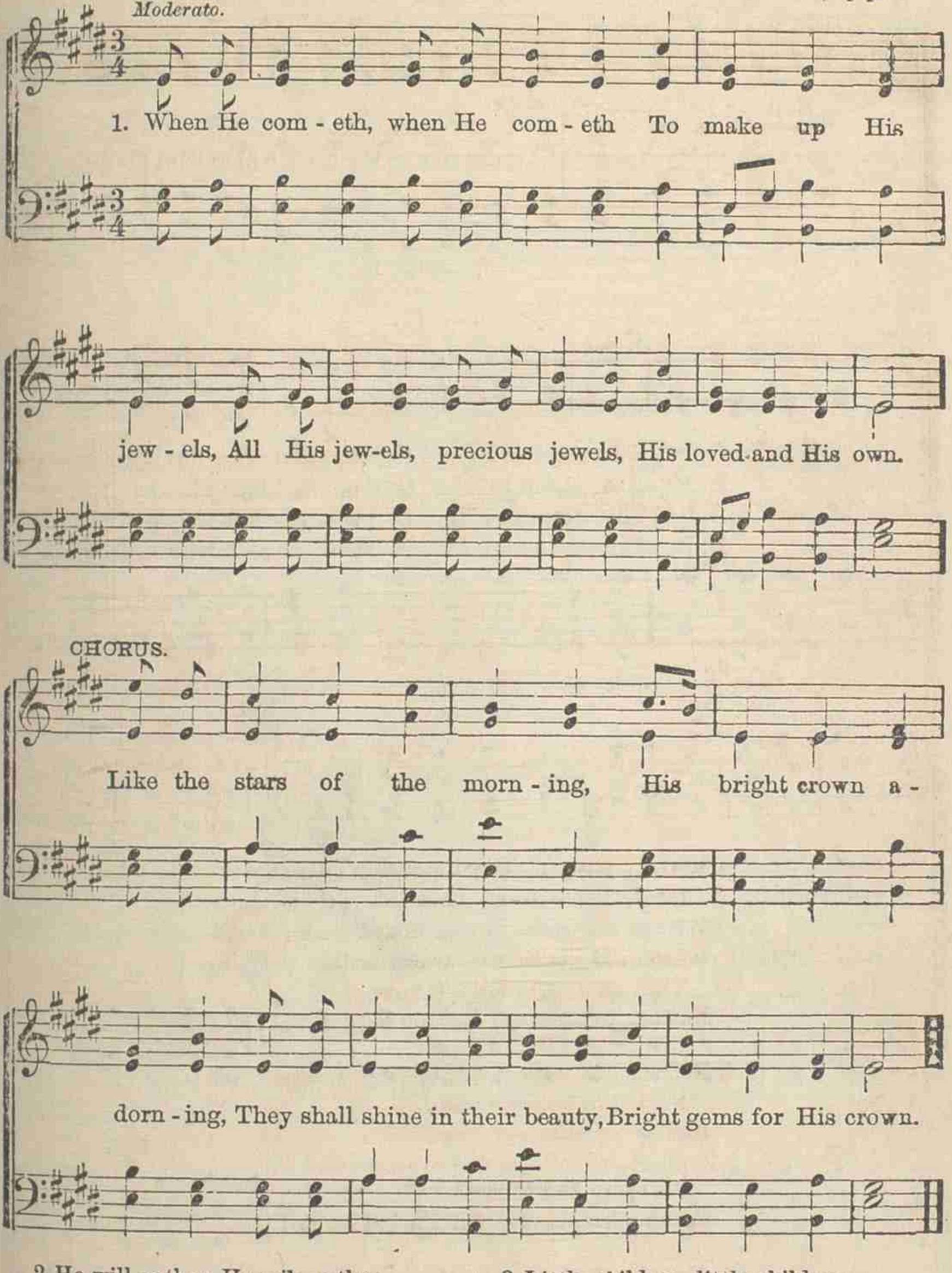
Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat
Lay down for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

No. 97. Jewels.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."—MALACHI 3: 17.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Moderato.



2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom:
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own. *Cho.*

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own. *Cho.*

No. 98. Go Work in My Vineyard.

"Go work to-day in My vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

ANON. From "Dew Drops," by per. of T. C. O'KANE.

1. "Go work in My vineyard," There's plenty to do, The harvest is great and the
2. "Go work in My vineyard," I claim thee as Mine, With blood did I buy thee, and

lab'rers are few; There's weeding and fencing, and clearing of roots, And
D. S.—I've sheep to be tend-ed, and lambs to be fed, The
all that is thine; Thy time and thy ta-lents, thy loft-iest powers, Thy
D. S.—In pain and tempta-tion, in anguish and shame, I

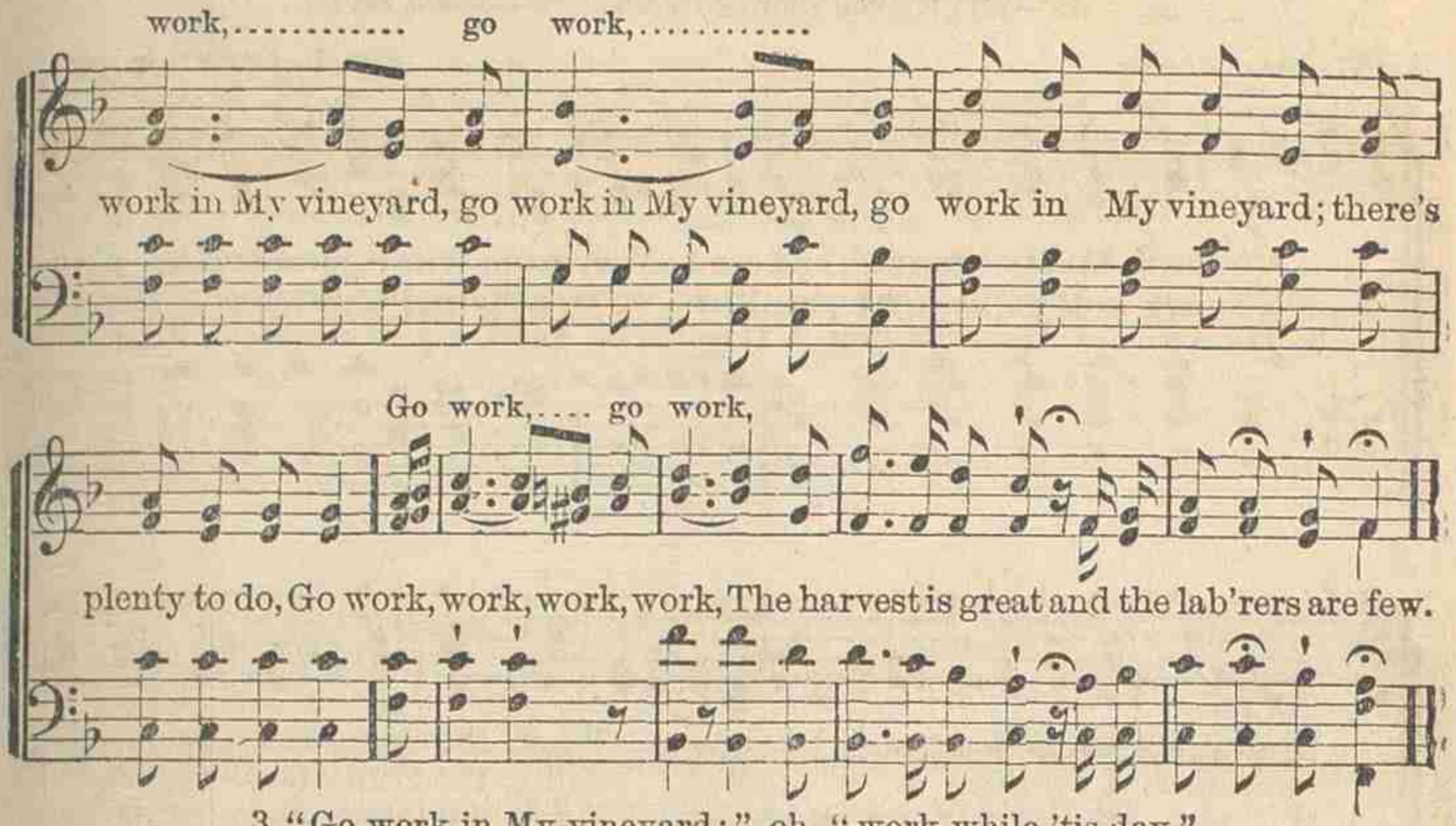
ploughing, and sowing, and gath'ring the fruits. There are foxes to take, there are
lost must be gathered, the wea-ry ones led. [*Go to Chorus.*]
warm-est af-fec-tions, thy sun-ni-est hours. I will-ing-ly yielded My
paid thy full ran-som; My purchase I claim. [*Go to Chorus.*]

wolves to de-stroy, All a-ges and ranks I can ful-ly em-ploy. Go
king-dom for thee, The song of arch-an-gels—to hang on the tree;

D. S.

CHORUS.

Go Work in My Vineyard.—Concluded.

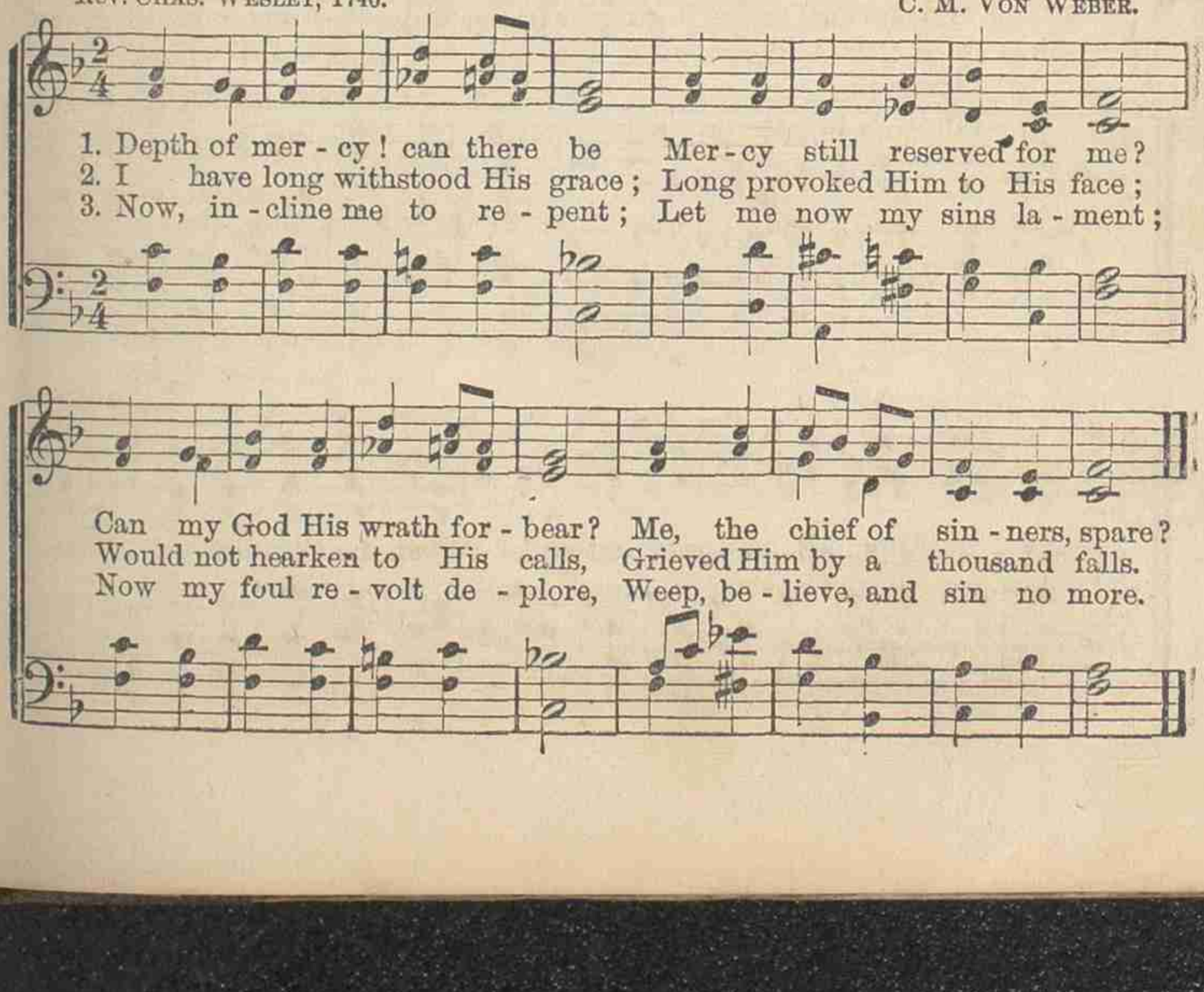


3 "Go work in My vineyard;" oh, "work while 'tis day,"
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away;
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast;
Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.
Begin in the morning, and toil all the day,
Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay;
And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent few,
Who finish the labor I've given them to do.

No. 99. Seymour. 7s.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. 51 : 17.

Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1740. C. M. Von Weber.



No. 100. When the Comforter Came.

"He shall give you another Comforter."—JOHN. 14: 16.

WILLIAM MOORE. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. My heart, that was heavy and sad, Was made to re - joice and be glad,
2. To sin and to e - vil in-clined, With darkness per-vad-ing my mind,
3. The voice of thanksgiving I raised, The Lord, my Re-deem-er I praised;

And peace without measure I had, When the Com - fort - er came.
No rest I could a - ny-where find, Till the Com - fort - er came.
I was at His mer - cy a - maz'd, When the Com - fort - er came.

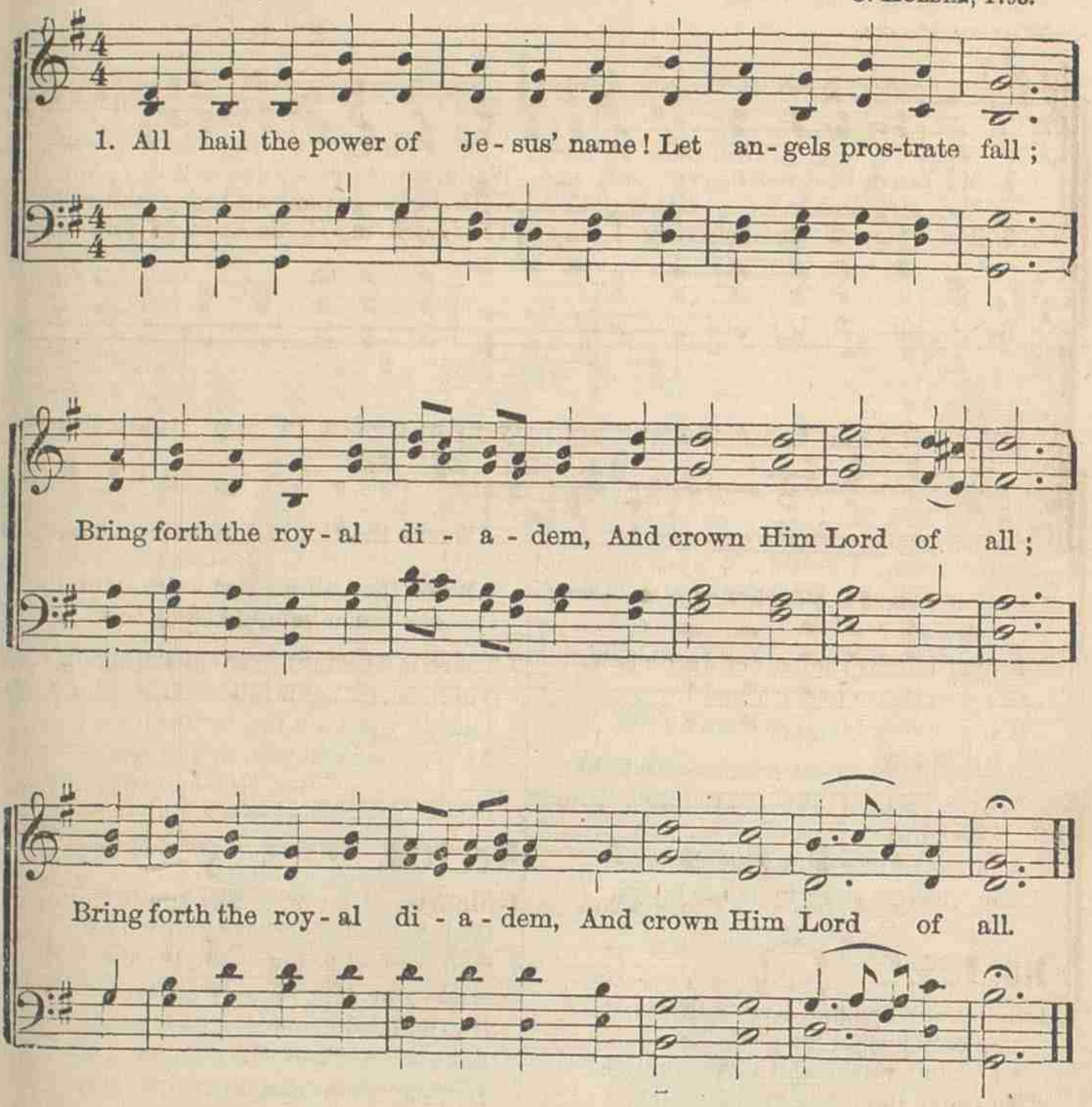
REFRAIN.

Peace, sweet peace, Peace when the Comfort-er came! My heart that was

heav - y and sad, Was made to re - joice and be glad,

And peace without measure I had, When the Comfort - er came.

No. 101. Coronation. C. M.

Rev. E. PERRONET, 1780. O. HOLDEN, 1793.

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

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 102.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.

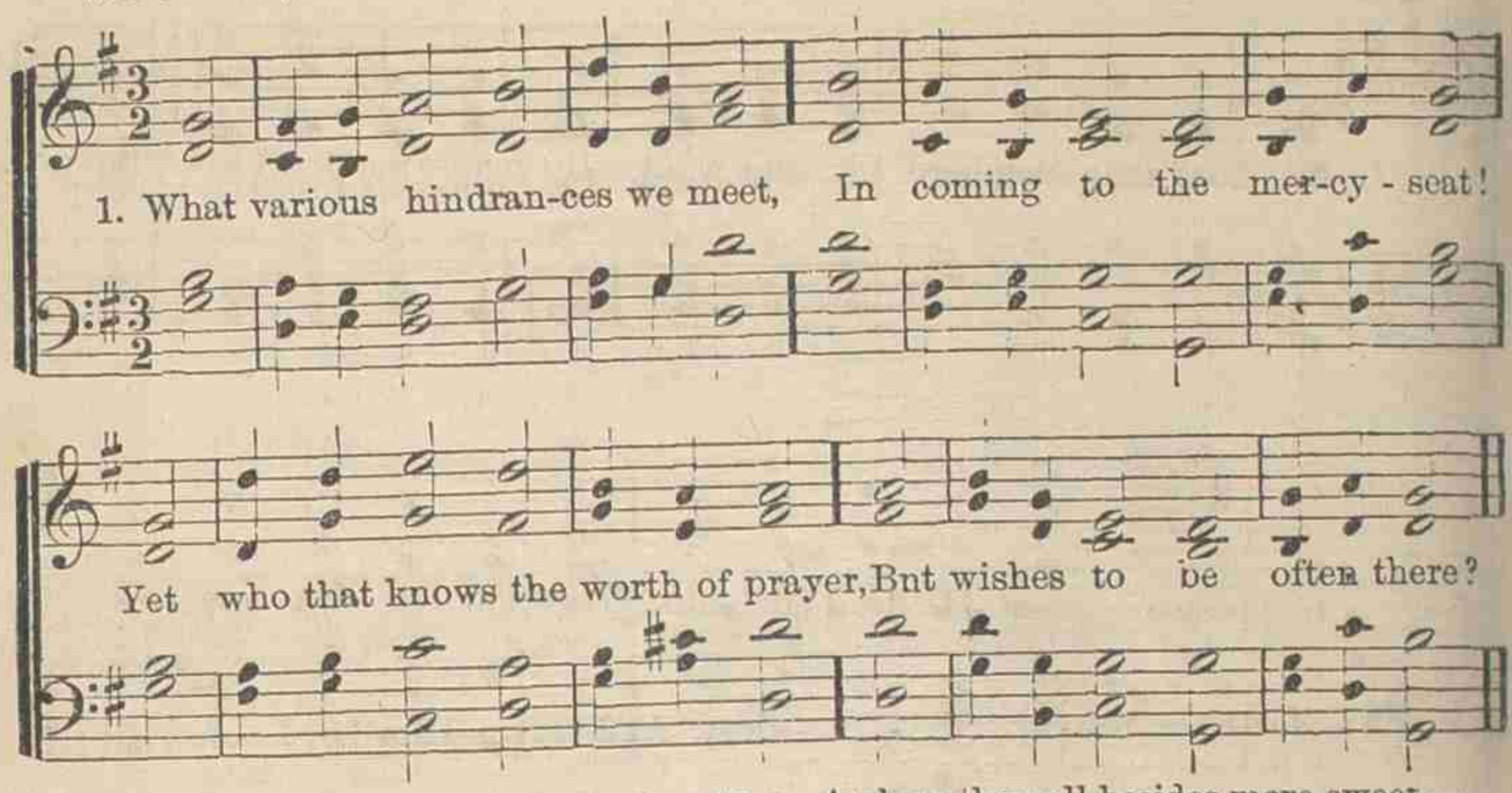
3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740.

No. 103. Rockingham. L. M.

WM. COWPER, 1779. DR. LOWELL MASON, 1832.



2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

No. 104. L. M.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709.

No. 105. RETREAT. L. M. Key C.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

Rev. HUGH STOWELL, 1827.

No. 106. BENEVENTO. 7s. 8 lines. Key F.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of His own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

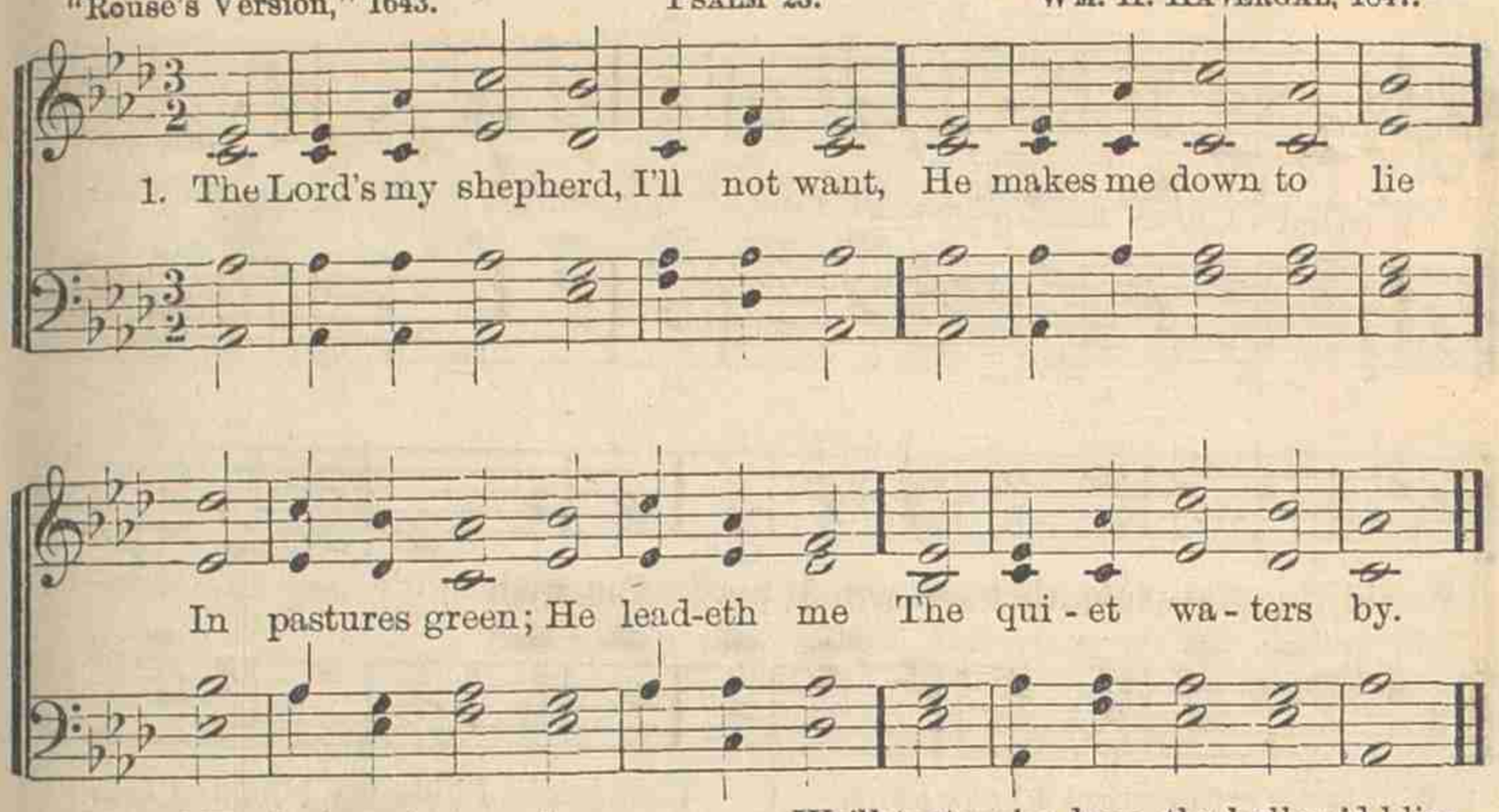
2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grâce and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

Rev. C. WESLEY, 1745.

No. 107. Evan. C. M.

"Rouse's Version," 1643. PSALM 23. WM. H. HAVERGAL, 1847.



2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup o'erflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

No. 108. C. M.

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

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

Rev. W. H. BATHURST, 1831.

No. 109. AZMON. L. M.

Key A.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709.

No. 110. ANTIOCH.

Key E♭.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

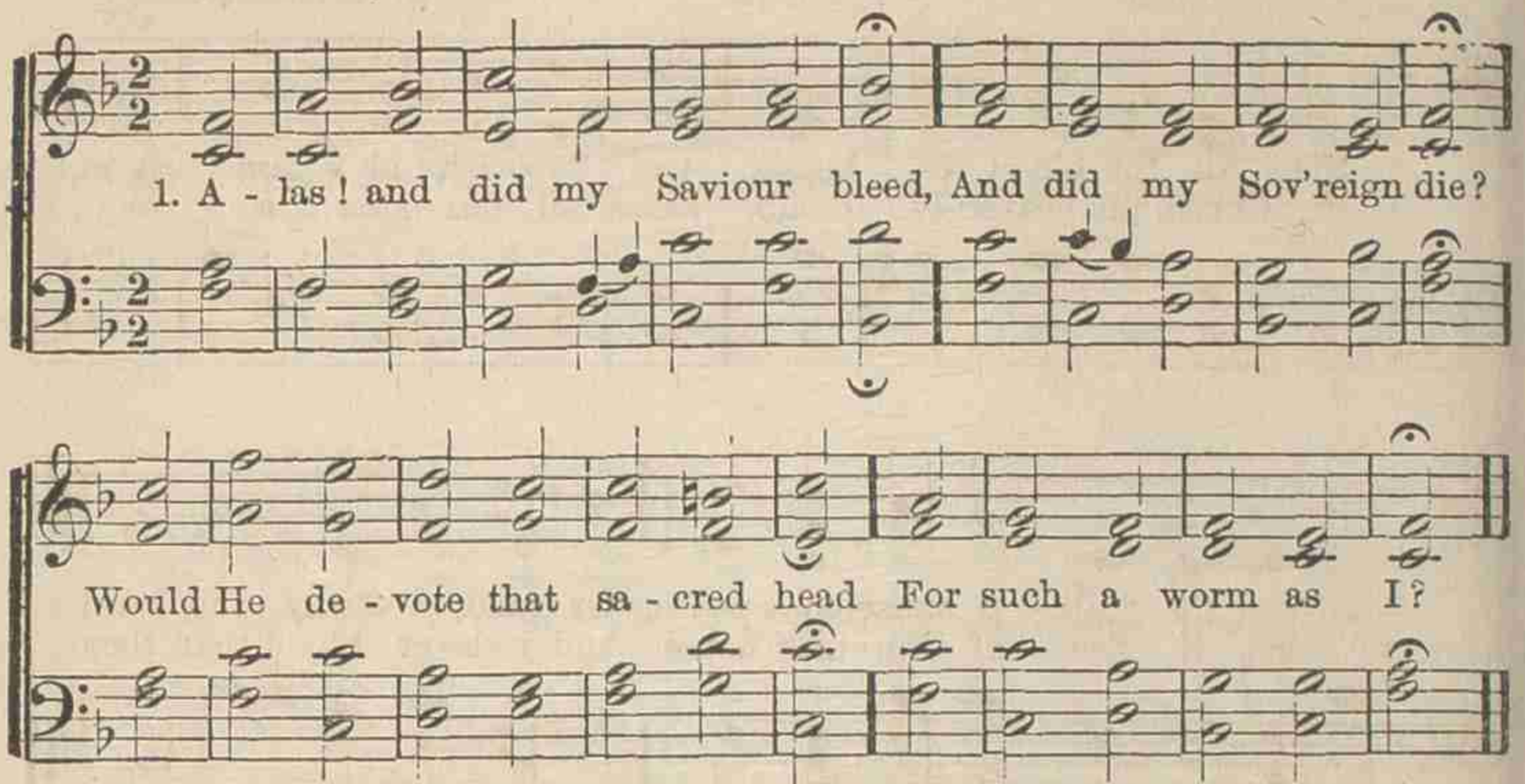
2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1719.

No. 111. Dundee. C. M.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709. Guillaume Franc, 1545.



2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

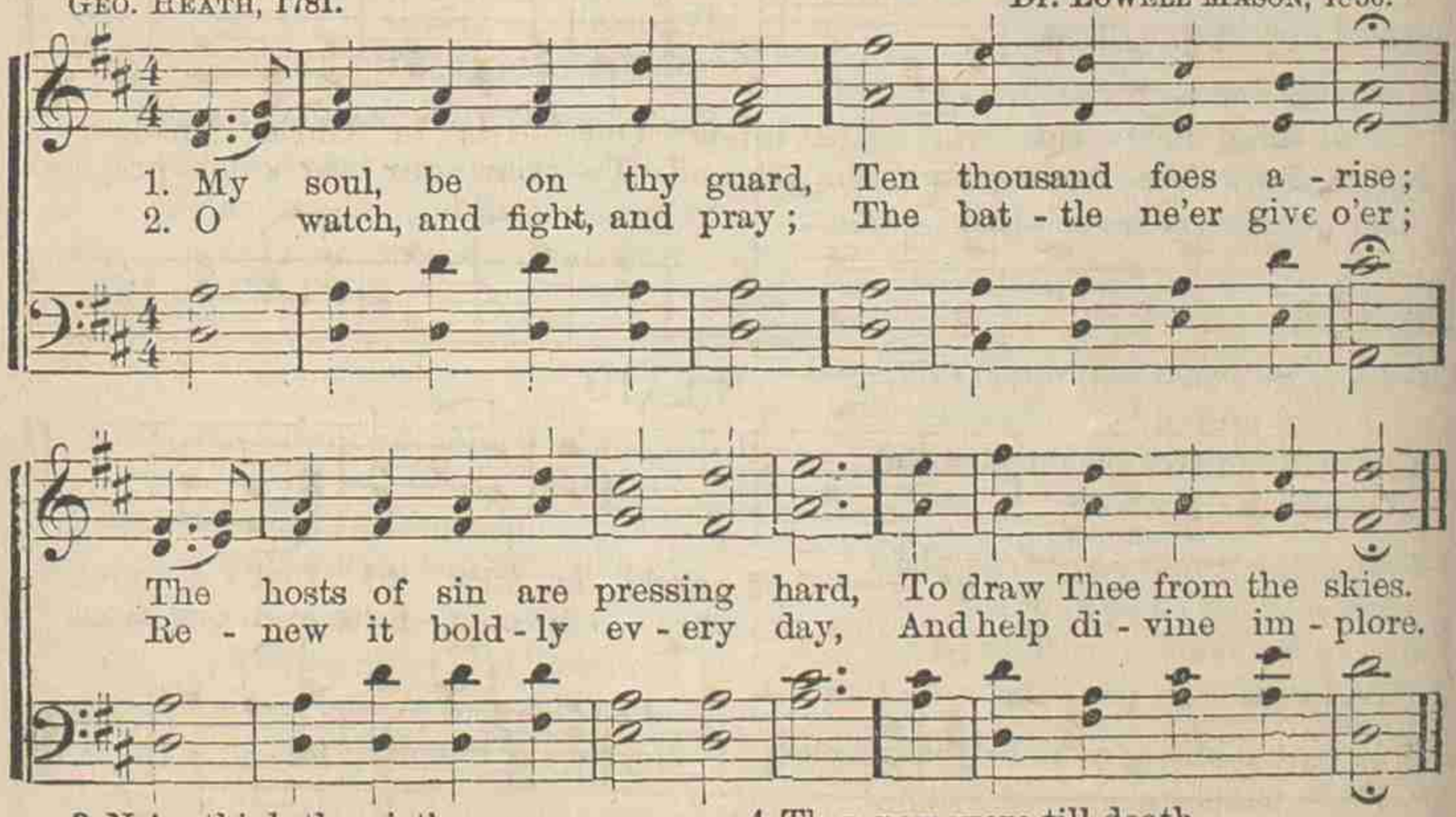
Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.

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

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

No. 112. Laban. S. M.

Geo. Heath, 1781. Dr. Lowell Mason, 1830.

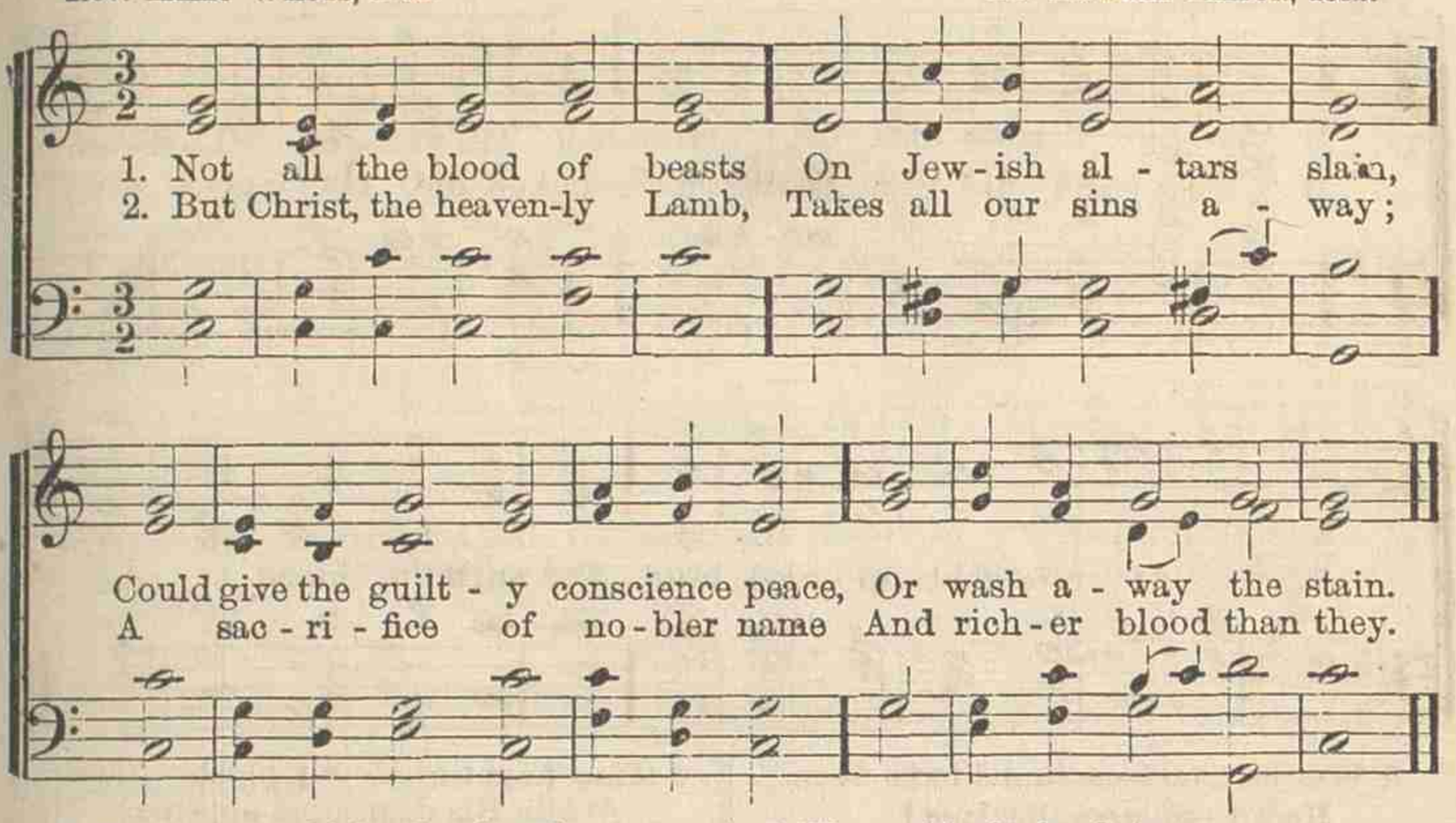


3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

No. 113. Boylston. S. M.

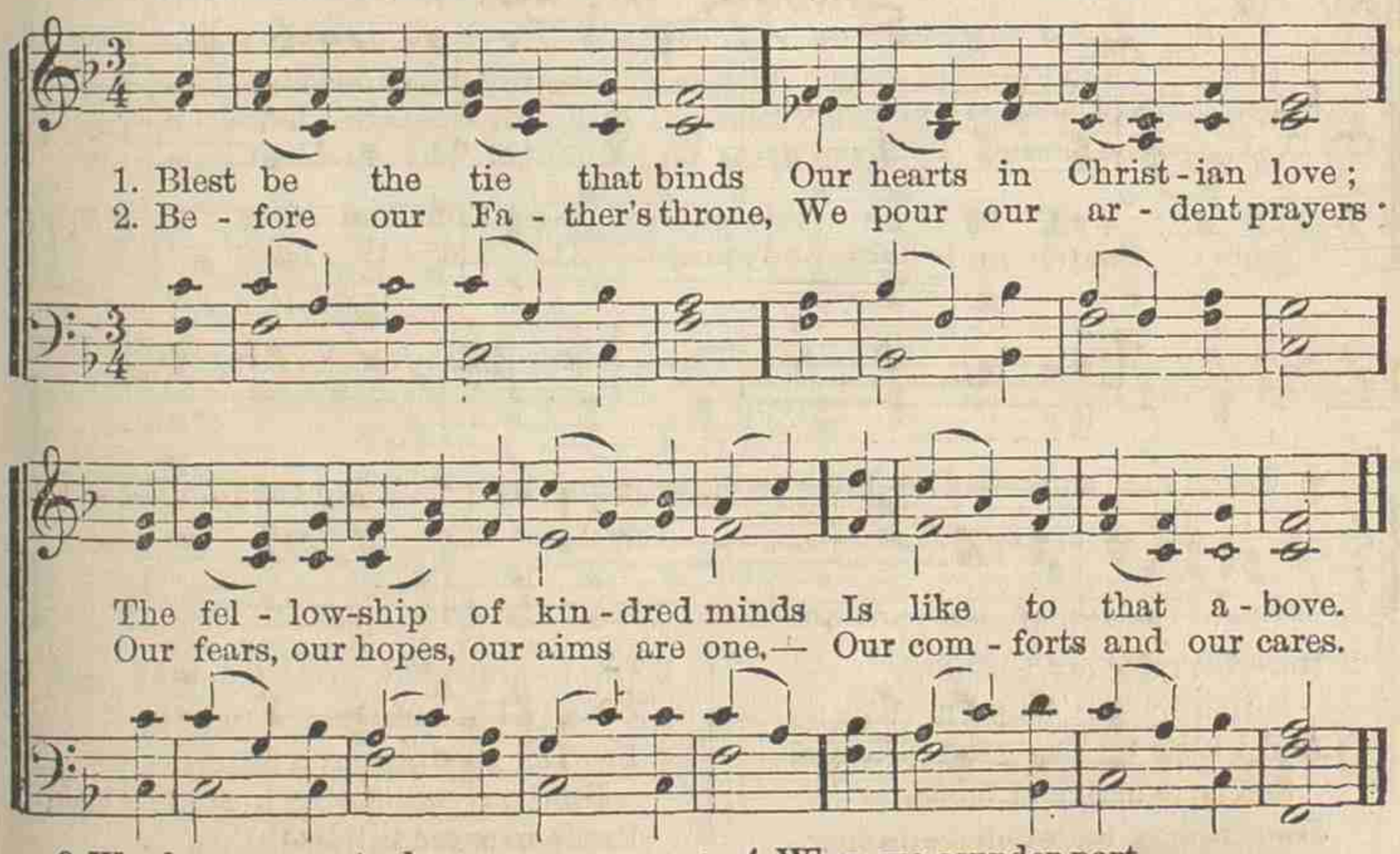
Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1832.



3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
While hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

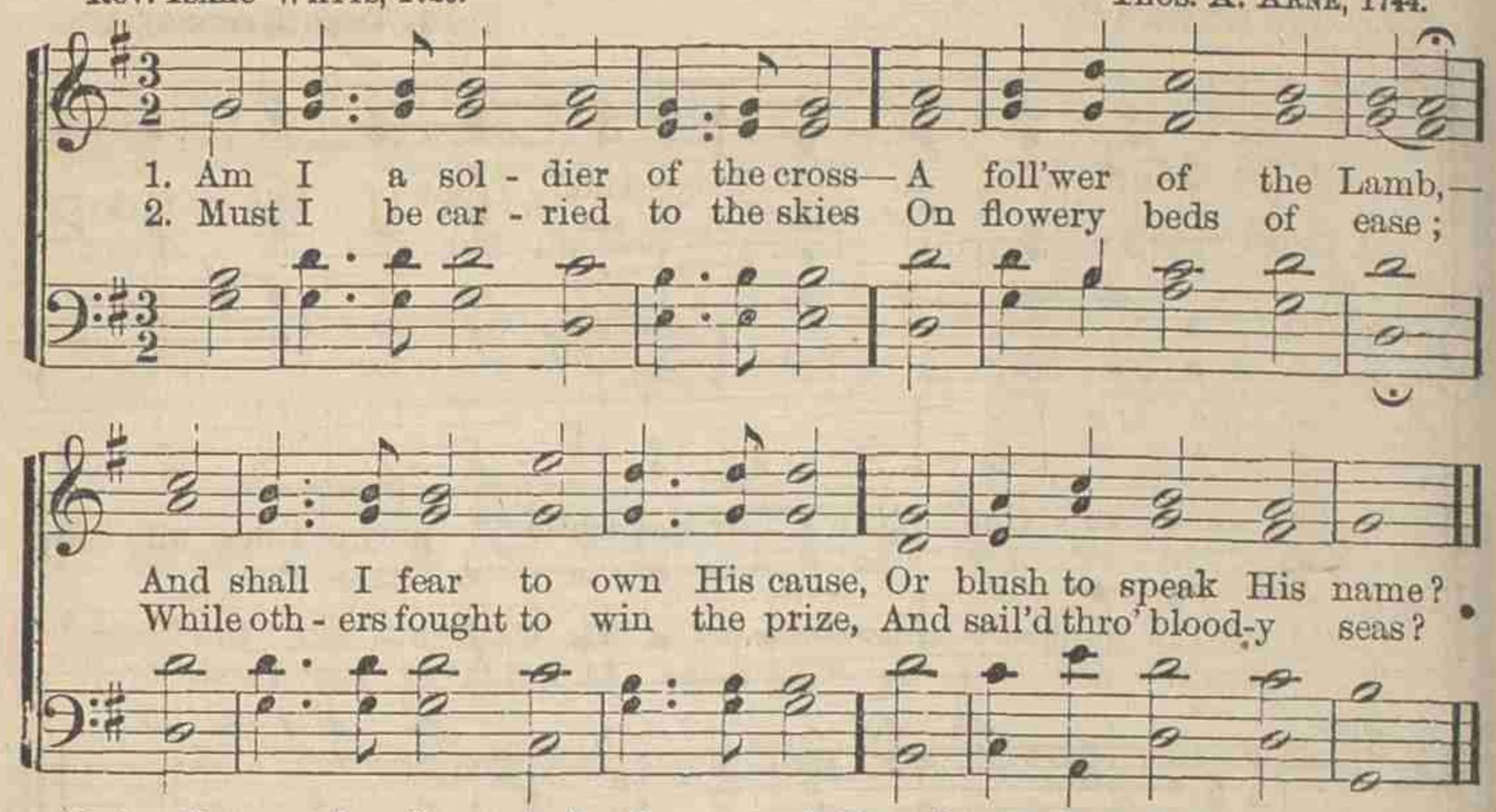
No. 114. Dennis. S. M

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772. From H. G. NAGELI.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 115. Arlington. C. M.

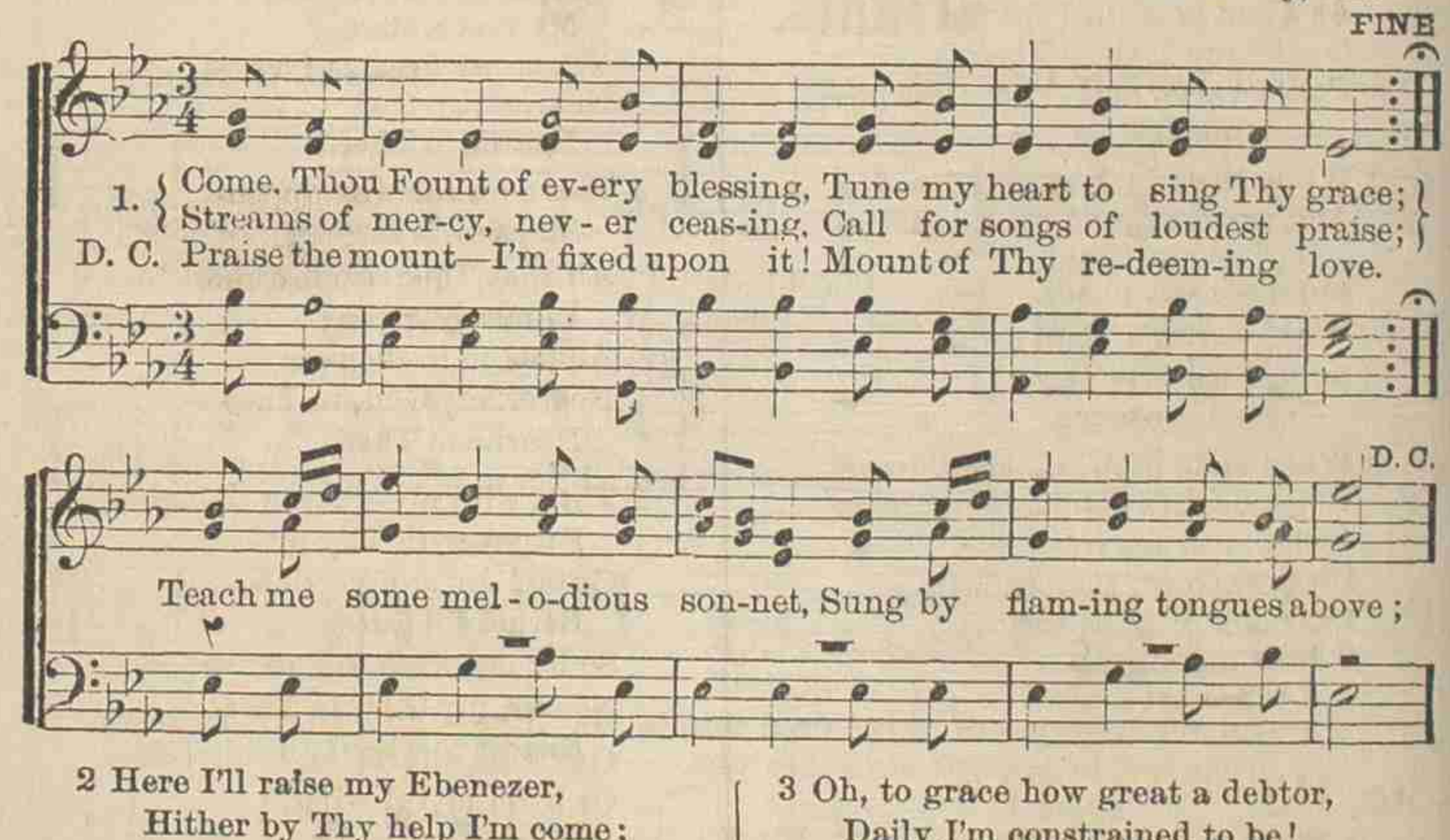
Rev. Isaac Watts, 1720. Thos. A. Arne, 1744.



3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

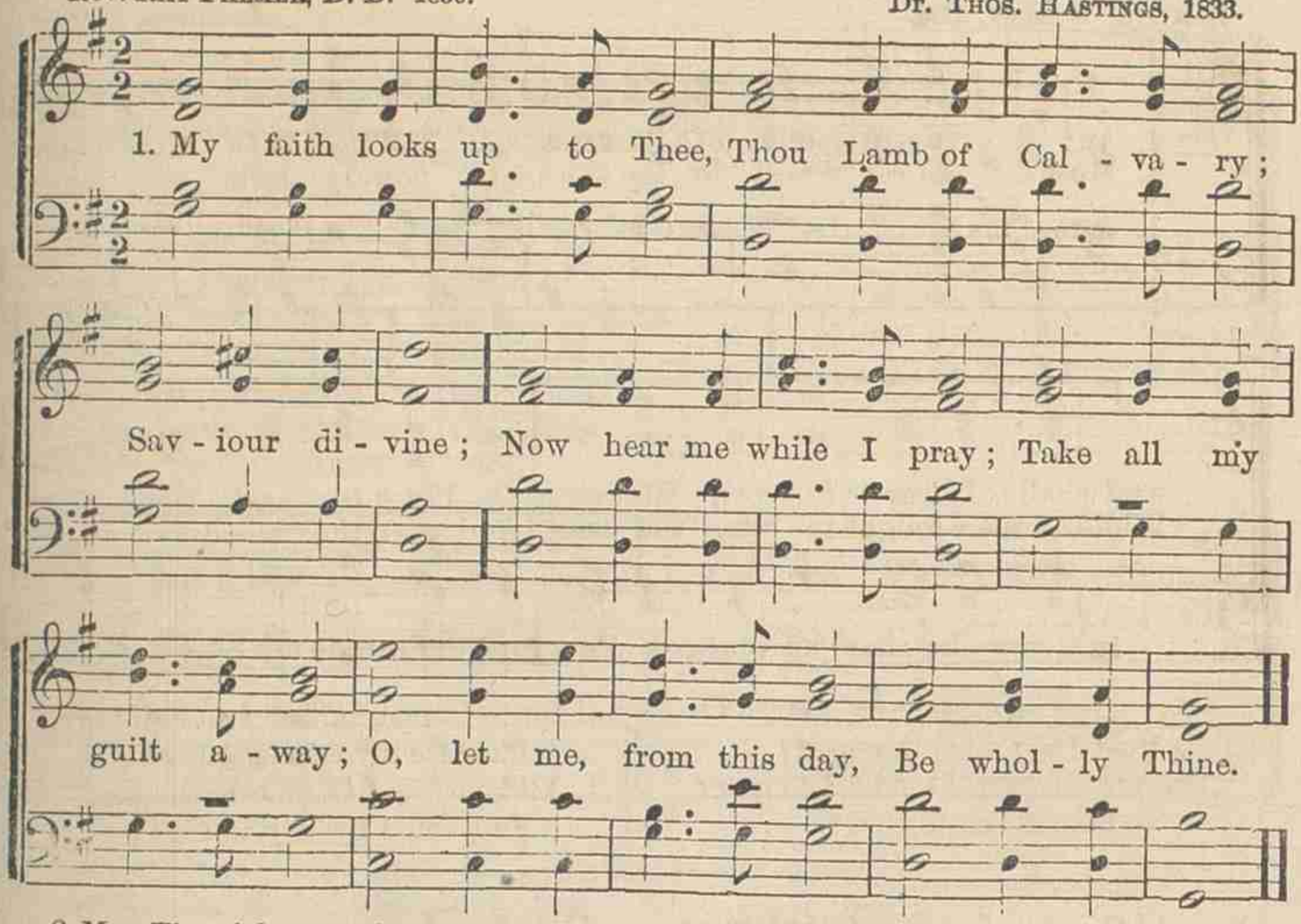
No. 116. Nettleton. 8s & 7s.

Rev. R. Robinson, 1758. Old Melody, 1812.

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

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 117. New Haven. 6s & 4s.

Rev. RAY PALMER, D. D. 1830. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS, 1833.



1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.

No. 118. BETHANY. 6s & 4s. Key G.

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

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

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

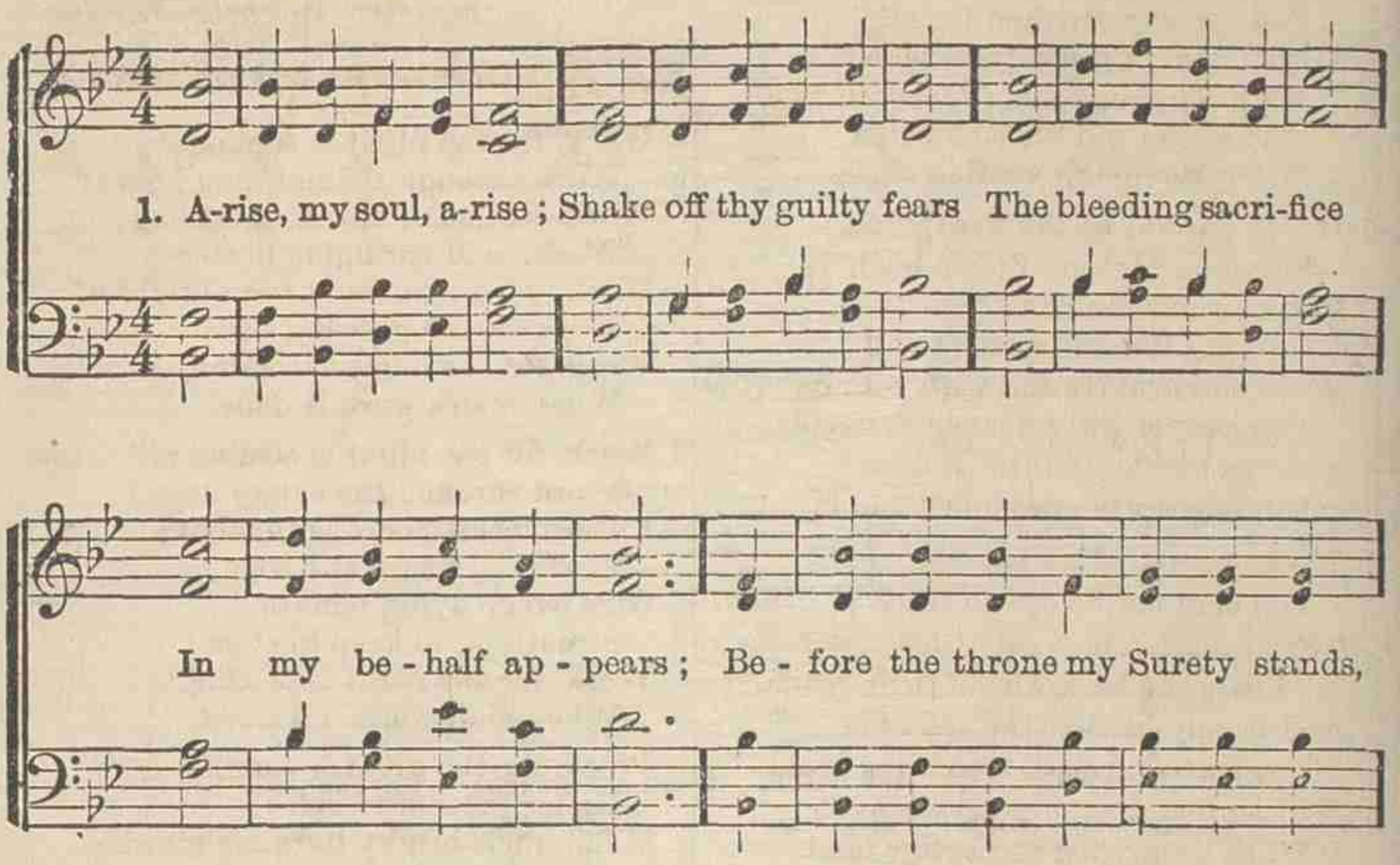
4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS, 1840.

No. 119. Lenox. 6s & 8s.

Rev. Ch. Wesley, 1742. J. Edson, 1782.



2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

No. 120. "Your Mission." Key F.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus crying.—
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee:
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in His sight.

No. 120.—*Concluded.*

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

1 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

5 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach; [herd,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shep-
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

6 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

Rev. DAN'L. MARCH, 1869.

No. 121.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.
Key B♭.

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr., 1858

No. 122.

TUNE.—WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.
Key F.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

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.

Arr. from Rev. S. DYER, 1864

No. 123.

EVAN. C.M.
Key A♭.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light,
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
'Till trav'ling days are done.

Rev. H. BONAR, 1857.

No. 124. THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER. Key E♭.

1 Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.—*Cho.*

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.—*Cho.*

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.—*Cho.*

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.—*Cho.*

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, 1864.

No. 125. 40th PSALM. C. M.

1 I waited for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear;
At length to me He did incline
My voice and cry to hear.

2 He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
Establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify;
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

4 O blessed is the man whose trust
Upon the Lord relies;
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

SCOTCH VERSION.

No. 126. SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s & 4. Key E♭.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rest care,
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us
For our use Thy folds prepare;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. :‖

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray. :‖

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, 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, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still. :‖

DOROTHY THRUPP, 1838.

No. 127. ZION. 8s, 7s & 4. Key D.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
‖: He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more. :‖

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—
‖: Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy. :‖

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
‖: This He gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam. :‖

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry 'till you're better,
You will never come at all;
‖: Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call. :‖

Rev. JOS. HART, 1759.

No. 128. C. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

I. WATTS, 1709.

No. 129. HE LOVED ME.

(*Tune on page* 23.)

1 Once I was dead in sin,
And hope within me died;
But now I'm dead to sin—
With Jesus crucified.
CHO.—And can it be that "He loved me,
And gave Himself for me?"

2 Oh height I can not reach,
Oh depth I can not sound,
Oh love, O boundless love,
In my Redeemer found! *Cho.*

3 Oh cold, ungrateful heart
That can from Jesus turn,
When living fires of love
Should on his altar burn. *Cho*

4 I live—and yet, not I,
But Christ that lives in me;
Who from the law of sin
And death hath made me free. *Cho.*

Rev. A. T. PIERSON.

No. 130. THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME. P. M.

Key C.

1 In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
CHO.—||: There is rest for the weary,:||
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you. *Cho.*

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land. *Cho.*

3 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through. *Cho.*

Rev. SAM'L. Y. HARMER. 1856.

No. 131. BOYLSTON. S. M.

Key C.

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

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

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

Rev. BENJ. BEDDOME, 1787.

No. 132. COME TO JESUS.

Key F.

1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now.

2 He will save you, etc.

3 He is able, etc.

4 He is willing, etc.

5 He is waiting, etc.

6 He will hear you, etc.

7 He will cleanse you, etc.

8 He'll renew you, etc.

9 He'll forgive you, etc.

10 If you trust Him, etc.

11 He will save you, etc.

ENGLISH.

No. 133. HAPPY DAY. L. M.

Key G.

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away:
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day,
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Cho

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed. *Cho.*

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear. *Cho.*

Rev. P. DODDRIDGE, 1755.

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2 'Tis found in the blood
Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

3 He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the surety and sinner are free.

4 And though here below
'Mid sorrow and woe,
My place is in heaven with Jesus I know.

5 And this I shall find,
For such is His mind,
"He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

Rev. John Gambold.

—o—

No. 129.

Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 26. Key G.

1 Rejoice and be glad!
The Redeemer has come! [tomb.
Go look on His cradle, His cross and His

Cho.—Sound His praises, tell the Story
Of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with glad-
He liveth again. [ness,

2 Rejoice and be glad!
It is sunshine at last! [past.
The clouds have departed, the shadows are

3 Rejoice and be glad!
For the blood hath been shed;
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad!
Now the pardon is free! [tree.
The Just for the unjust hath died on the

5 Rejoice and be glad!
For the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant and liveth again.

6 Rejoice and be glad!
For our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.

7 Rejoice and be glad!
For He cometh again; [slain.
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was

Cho.—Sound His praises, tell the Story
Of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with glad-
He cometh again. [ness,

Horatius Bonar, D. D., 1874.

—o—

No. 130.

Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 16. Key D.

1 Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

Cho.—"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to heaven,—
"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow.
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

P. P. Bliss, 1870.

—o—

No. 131.

Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 36. Key E_b.

1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.

Cho.—Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

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

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

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall, 1865.

—o—

No. 132.

Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 80. Key B_b.

1 Only an armor-bearer, proudly I stand,
Waiting to follow at the King's command:
Marching if "onward" shall the order be,
Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

Cho.—
Hear ye the battle cry! "Forward," the call!
See! see the faltering ones! backward they fall!
||:Surely the Captain may depend on me,
Tho' but an armor-bearer I may be.:||

2 Only an armor-bearer, now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield,
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."

3 Only an armor-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear:
If, in the battle, to my trust I am true,
Mine shall be the honors in the Grand Review.

P. P. Bliss

No. 124. Tune—THE SHINING SHORE. Key G.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning. *Cho.*

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. *Cho.*

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

Rev. DAVID NELSON, 1835.

—o—

No. 125. Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 86. Key A♭.

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.
CHO.—Even me, even me,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.

4 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—
Magnify them all in me.

5 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860.

—o—

No. 126. Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 57. Key E♭.

1 O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Didst bear all ill for me.
A Victim led, Thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in our cup—
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop—
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup—love drank it up;
Now blessings' draught for me.

3 Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood beneath it flow'd;
Thy bruising healeth me.

4 The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarr'd, Thy visage marr'd,
Now cloudless peace for me.

5 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me.

Mrs. ANNIE ROSS COUSIN.

—o—

No. 127. 8s & 7s. Key C.

1 We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

2 Though the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.

3 And the bright celestial city,
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

4 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them
When we too have crossed the tide.

5 When we've passed the vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

Miss MARY P. GRIFFIN,

—o—

No. 128. Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 26. Key G.

1 My God I have found
The thrice blessed ground,
Where life, and where joy, and true comfort abound.
CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

—o—

No. 120.

Tune—ANTIOCH. C. M.
Key E♭.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

—o—

No. 121.

8s, 12s, 8.
Key E.

1 There's a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,—
When by sorrows pressed down, I long for a crown,
In that beautiful land on high.
CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there, He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

2 There's a beautiful land on high,
I shall enter it by and by;
There, with friends, hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand,
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*

3 There's a beautiful land on high,
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way to the realms of day,
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*

4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
Methinks I now see how they're waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*

5 There's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be shed,
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*

6 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good-bye!"
When over the river we're happy forever,
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*

JAMES NICHOLSON, 1856

—o—

No. 122.

Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 87.
Key B♭.

1 Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.
CHO.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through. *Cho.*

3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through. *Cho.*

H. R. PALMER, 1868.

—o—

No. 123.

Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 94.
Key E♭.

1 Nothing but leaves! The spirit grieves
O'er years of wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reaps from years of strife—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves

2 Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves,
Of life's fair ripening grain:
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—
Words, idle words for earnest deeds—
Then reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3 Nothing but leaves! sad mem'ry weaves
No vail to hide the past:
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and misspent day
We sadly find at last—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat
Lay down for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

L. E. A., alt.

No. 115. Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 10. Key G.

1 What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion,
pray?
||:In accents hush'd the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.":||

2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
||:Again the stirring tones reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.":||

3 Jesus, 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,
||:The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.":||

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
||:Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.":||

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden come:
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
||:Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.":||

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
||:"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*":||

Miss Emma Campbell, 1864.

—o—

No. 116. Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 18. Key E♭.

1 Free from the law, oh, happy condition,
Jesus hath bled, and *there* is remission;
Curs'd by the law and bruised by the fall,
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

Cho.—
Once for all, oh, sinner receive it,
Once for all, oh, brother believe it;
Cling to the Cross, the burden will fall,
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

2 Now are we free—there's no condemnation;
Jesus provides a perfect salvation;
"Come unto *Me*," oh, hear His sweet call,
Come, and He saves us once for all.

3 "Children of God," oh, glorious calling,
Surely His grace will keep us from falling:
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation once for all.

P. P. Bliss.

No. 117. Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 46. Key F.

1 Jesus, keep me near the Cross,
There a precious fountain
Free to all—a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

Cho.—In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

Fanny J. Crosby, Feb. 1868.

—o—

No. 118. Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 90. Key A.

1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

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

Ref.—Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

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

Ref.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

Rev. D. W. C. Huntington, 1868.

—o—

No. 119. Tune.—Prayer. 7s. Key D.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer,
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee, nay.

No. 111. Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 85. Key B♭.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed:
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

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

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

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1776.

—o—

No. 112. Tune—WORK, FOR THE NIGHT. Key F.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

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.

Arr. from Rev. S. Dyer, 1854,
by Annie L. Walker, 1860.

No. 113. Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 74. Key D.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
||: And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :||

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

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

Rev. W. W. Walford, 1846.

—o—

No. 114. Tune—G. H. & S. S., No. 1, p. 5. Key A♭.

1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine,
Can peace afford.

Ref.—I need Thee, oh! I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

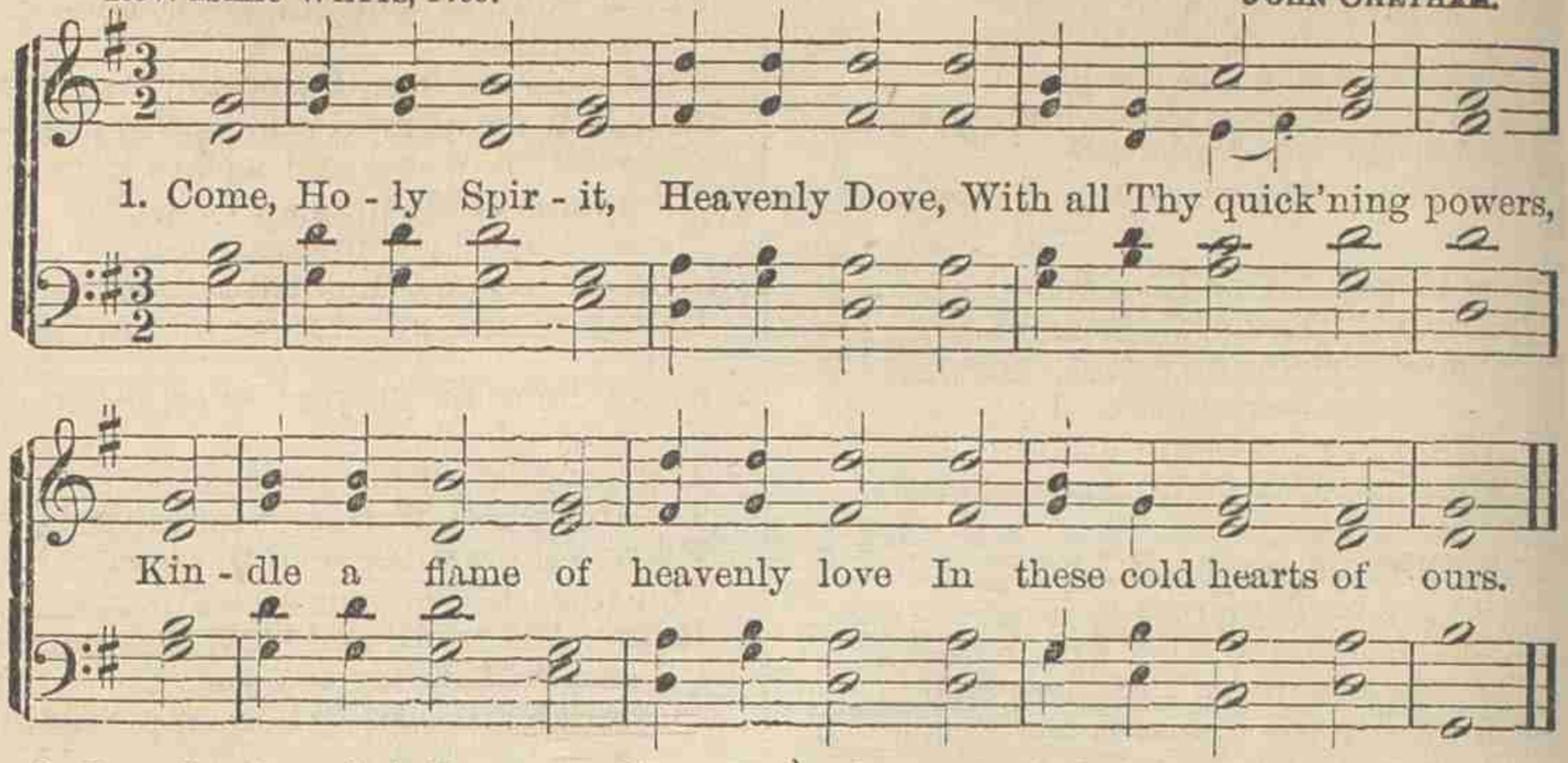
3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour:
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks, 1872.

No. 109. Marlow. C. M.

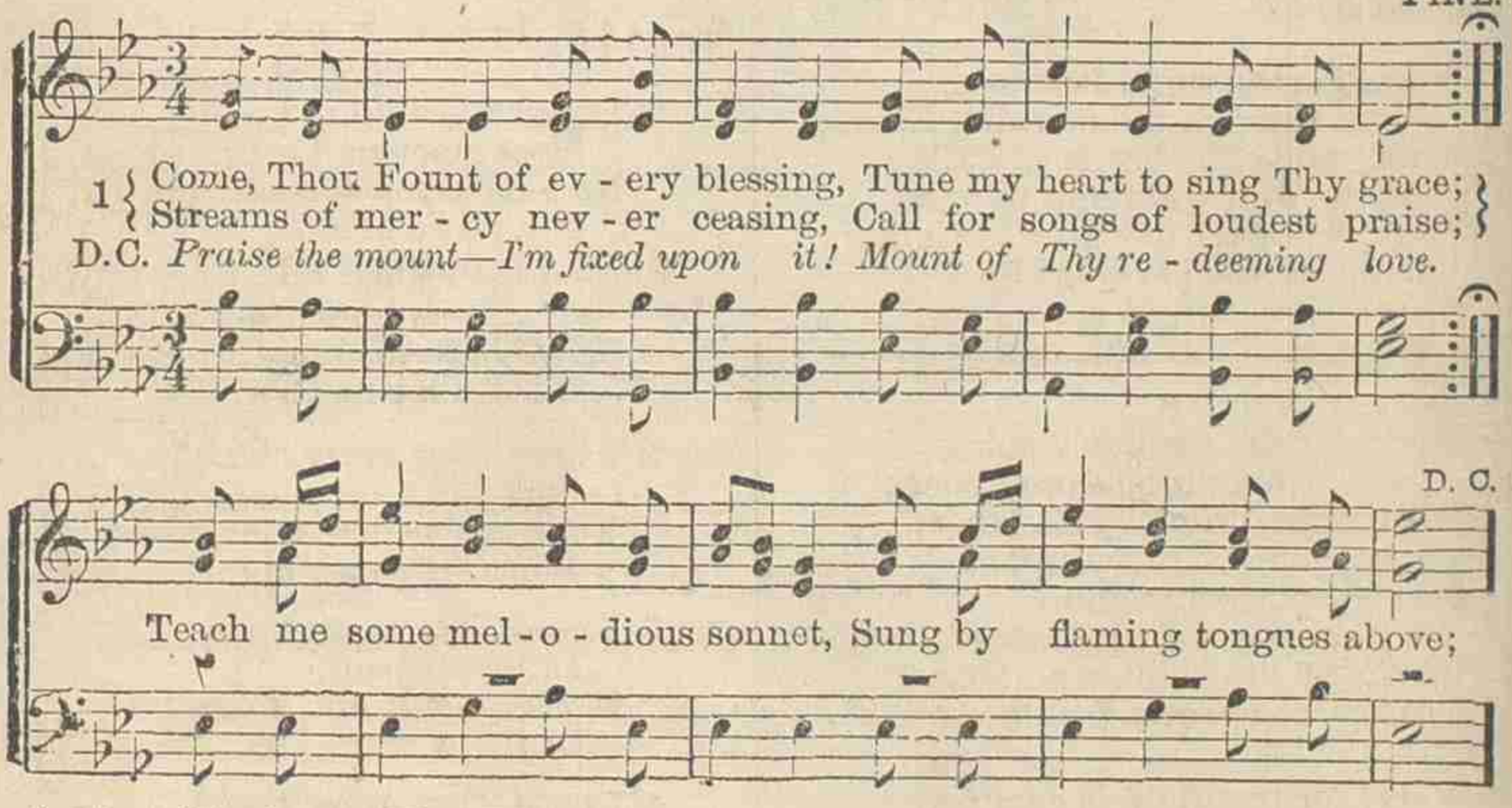
Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709. JOHN CHETHAM.

2 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

No. 110. Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. ROBINSON, 1758. Old Melody, 1812.

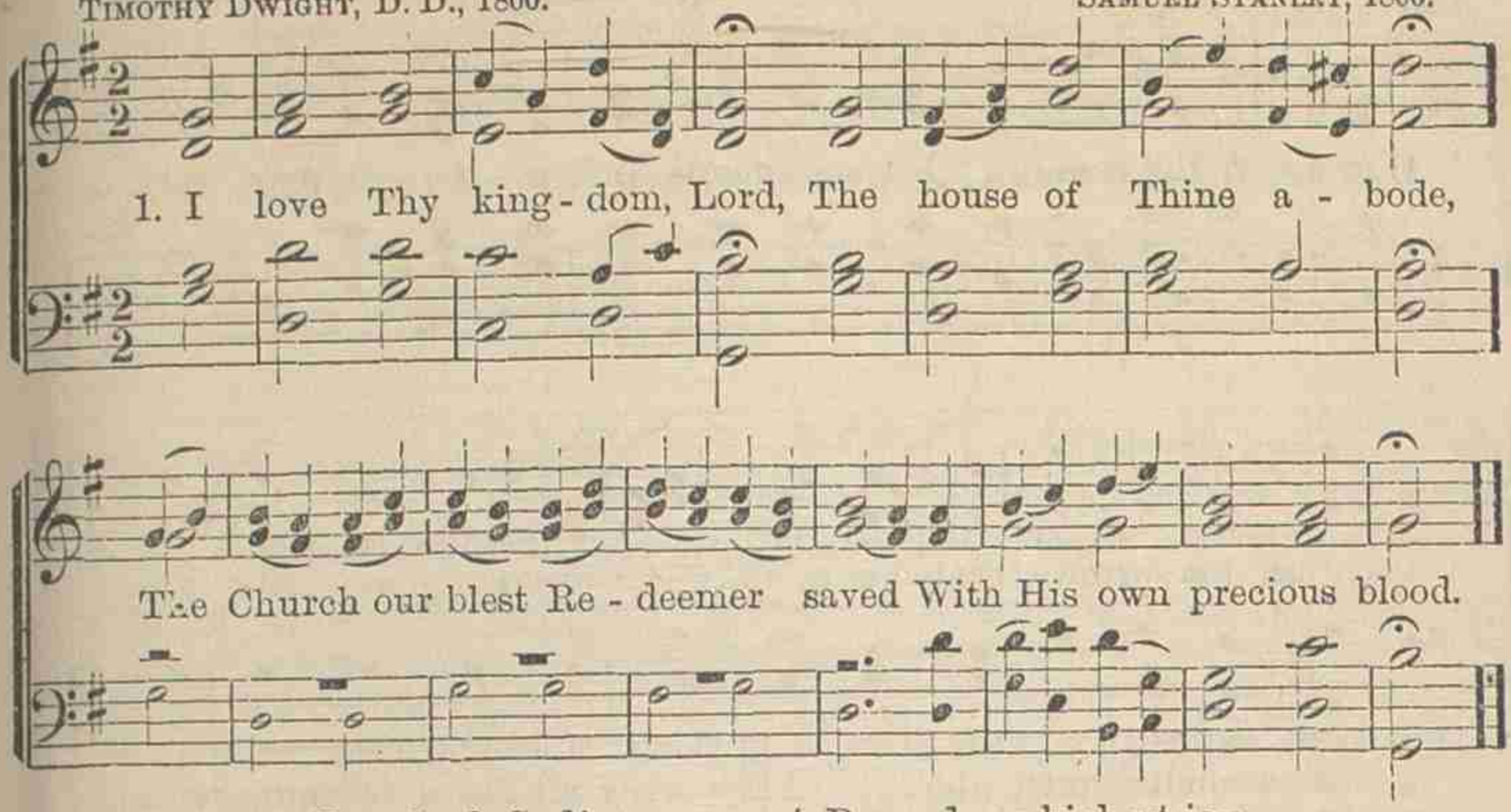
FINE.



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

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 107. Shirland. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., 1800. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.

2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

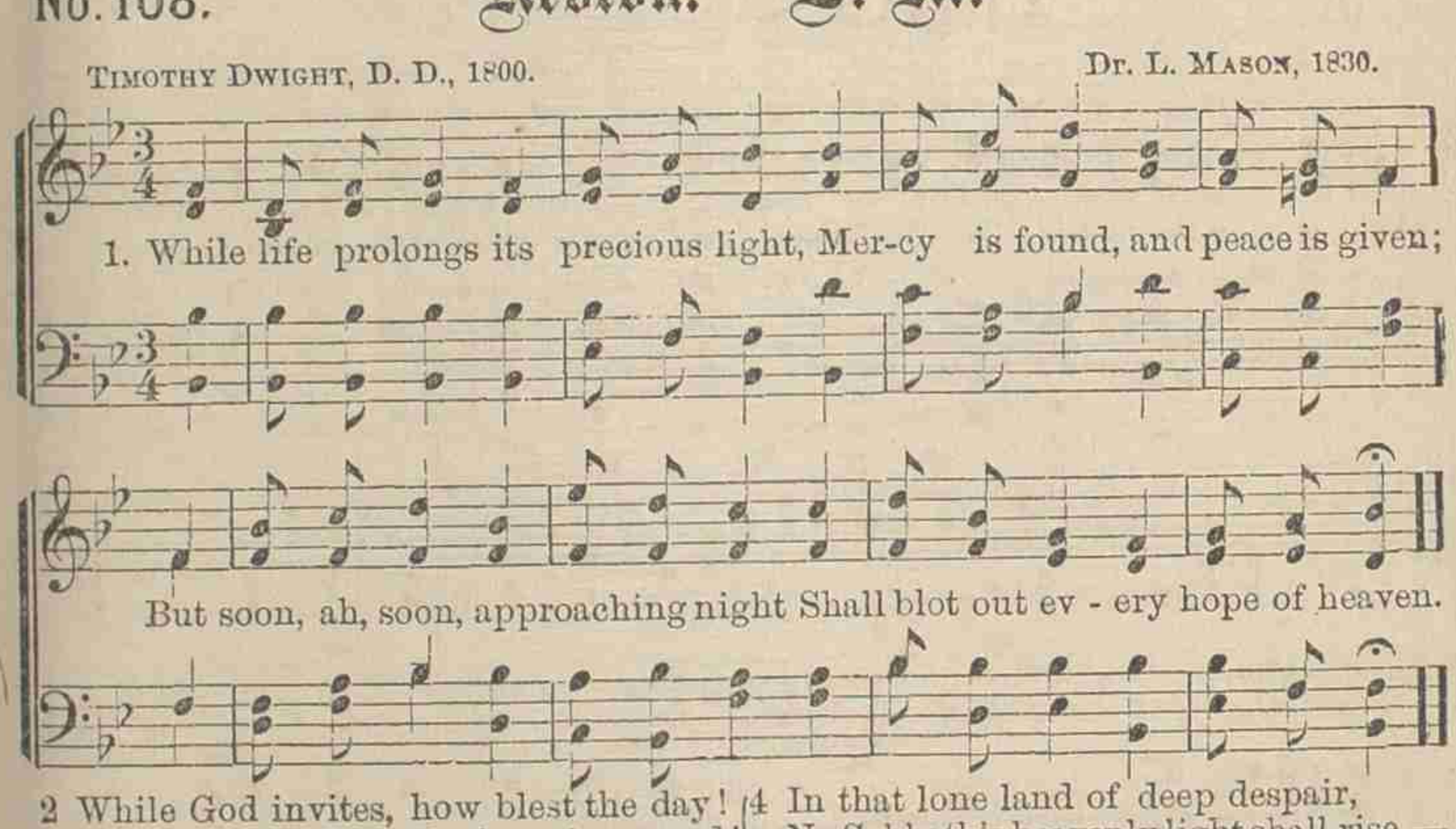
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

—o—

No. 108. Hebron. L. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., 1800. Dr. L. MASON, 1830.



2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away
While yet a pard'ning God is found

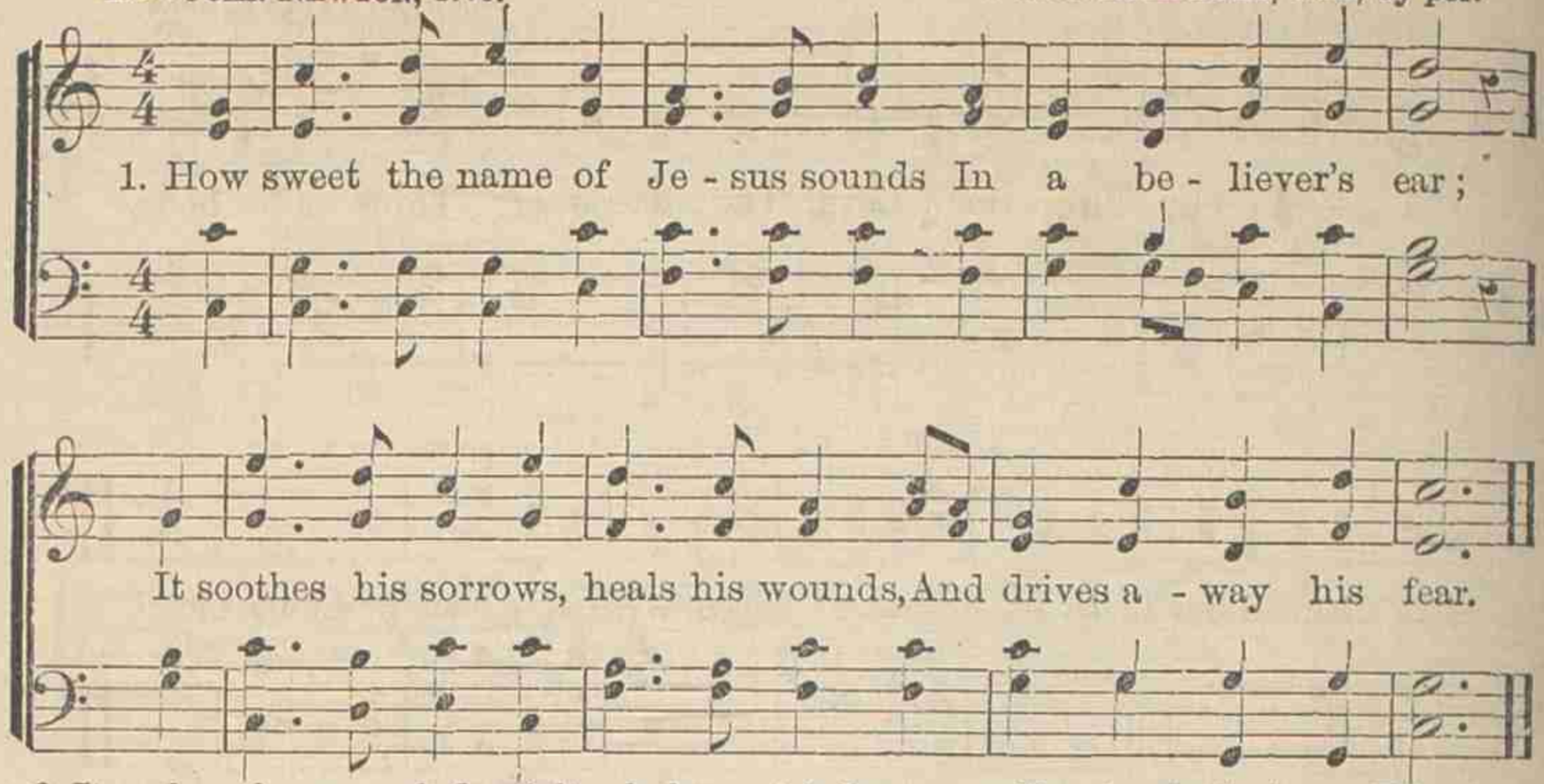
3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,—
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

No. 105. Brown. C. M.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1844, by per.



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

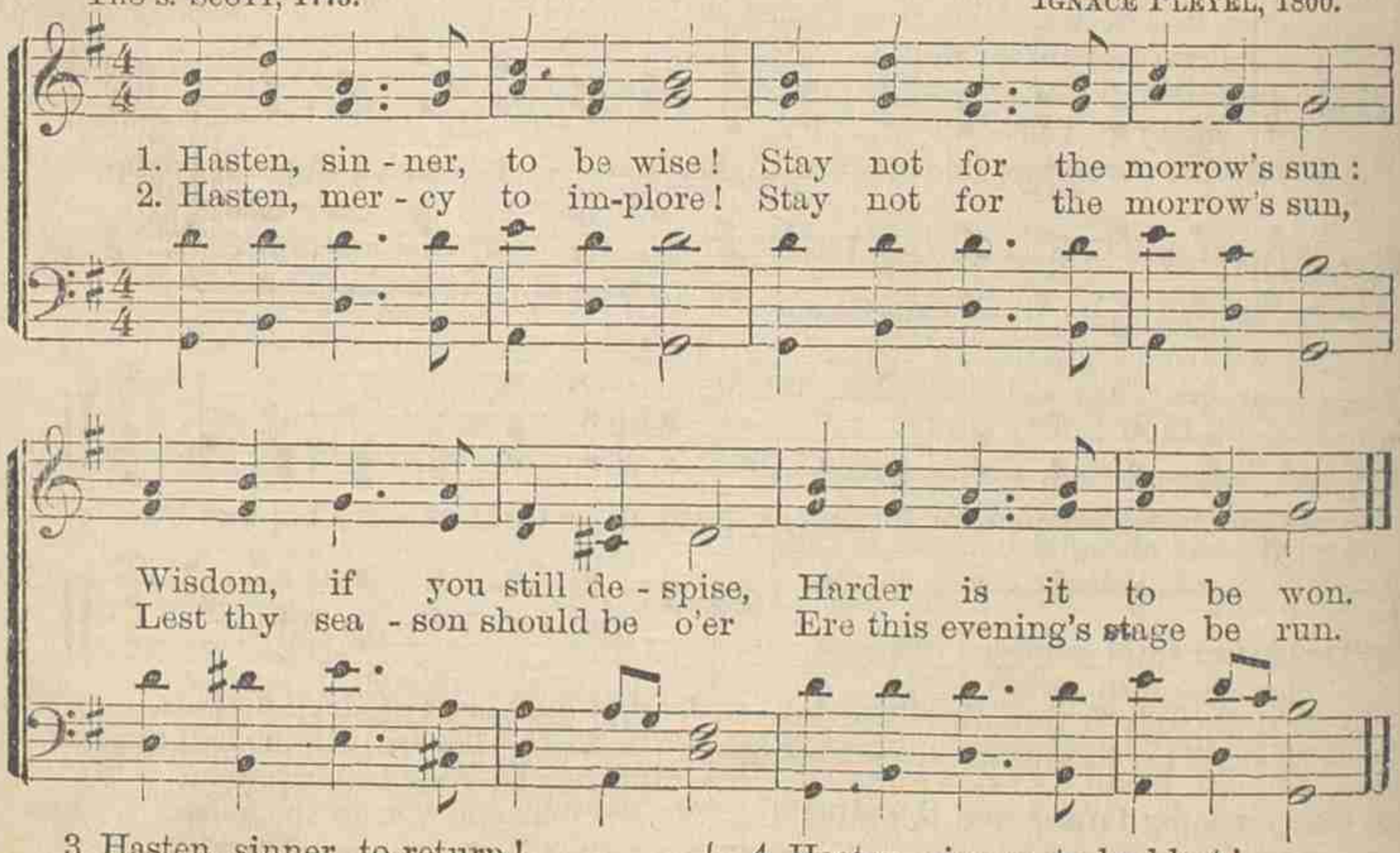
4 Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,—
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

—o—

No. 106. Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

THO'S. SCOTT, 1773. IGNACE PLEYEL, 1800.

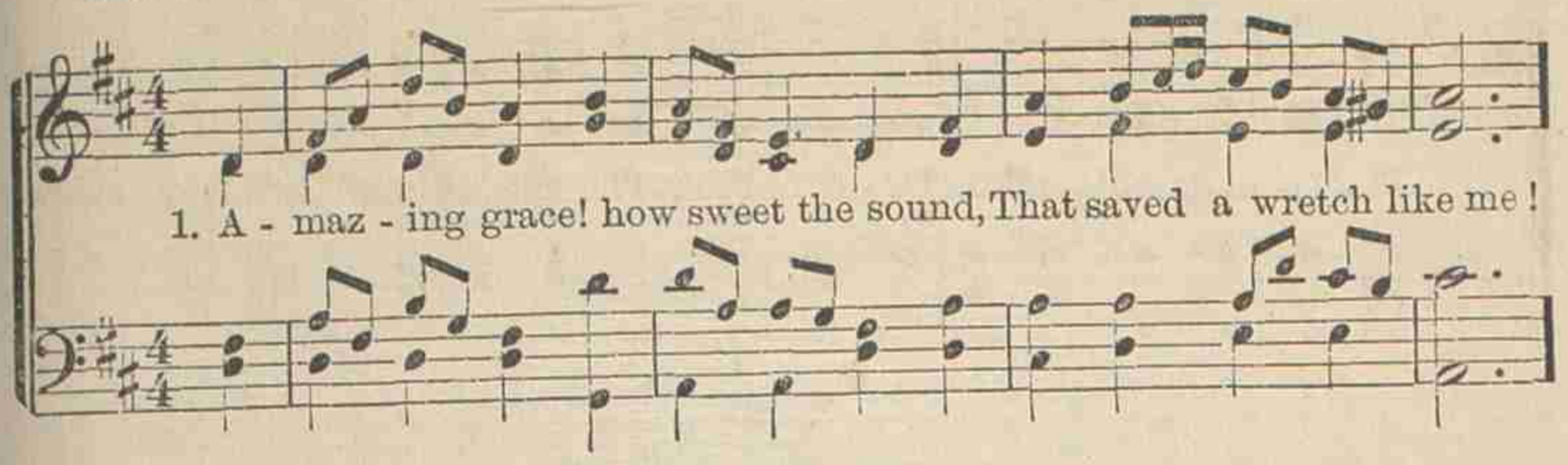
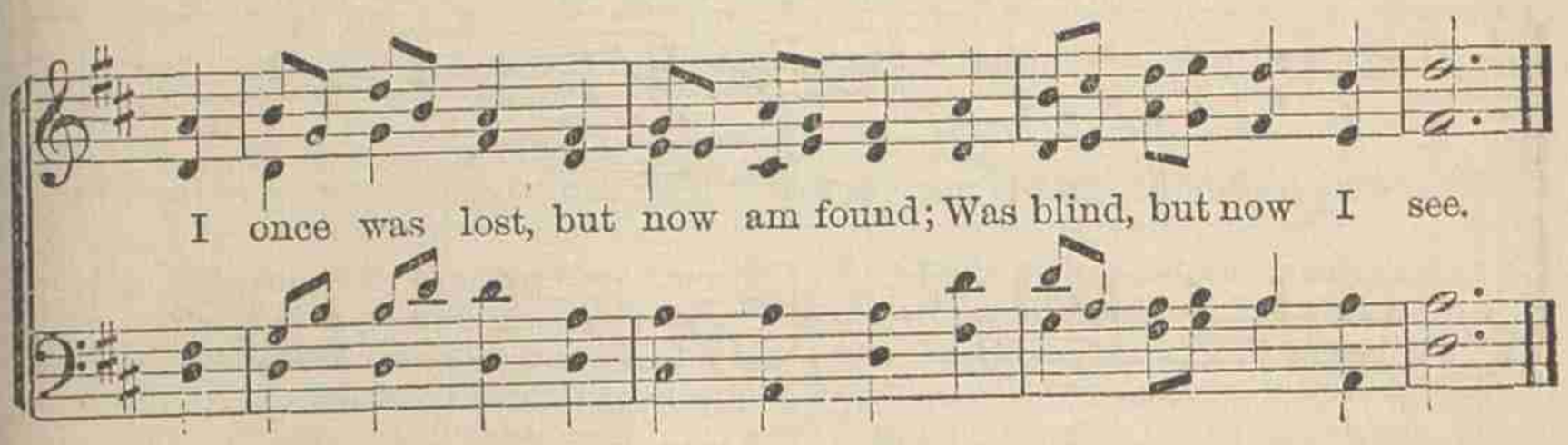


3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

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

No. 102. Warwick. C. M.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1806.



2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

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

When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.—Lies silent, &c.

WM. COWPER, 1779.

—o—

No. 103.

Tune—G. H. & S. S. No. 1, p. 89.
Key C.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

REF.– Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.—Wash all, &c.

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.—And shall, &c.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,

No. 104.

Tune—EVAN. C. M.
Key A♭.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

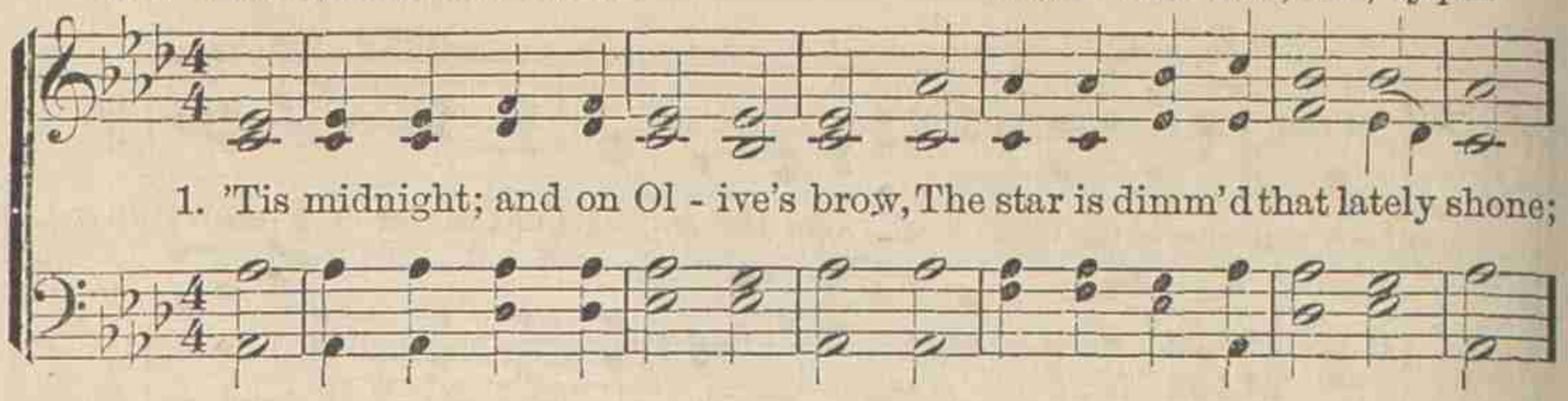
4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light,
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
'Till trav'ling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1857.

No. 99. Olive's Brow. L. M.

Rev. Wm. Bingham Tappan, 1819. Wm. B. Bradbury, 1855, by per.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; and, from ether-plains
Is born the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

—o—

No. 100. G. H. & S. S., No. 1., page 55. Key E♭.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

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

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

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

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

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

—o—

No. 101. Tune—HAPPY DAY. L. M. Key G.

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Chc.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away:
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart:
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed, shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

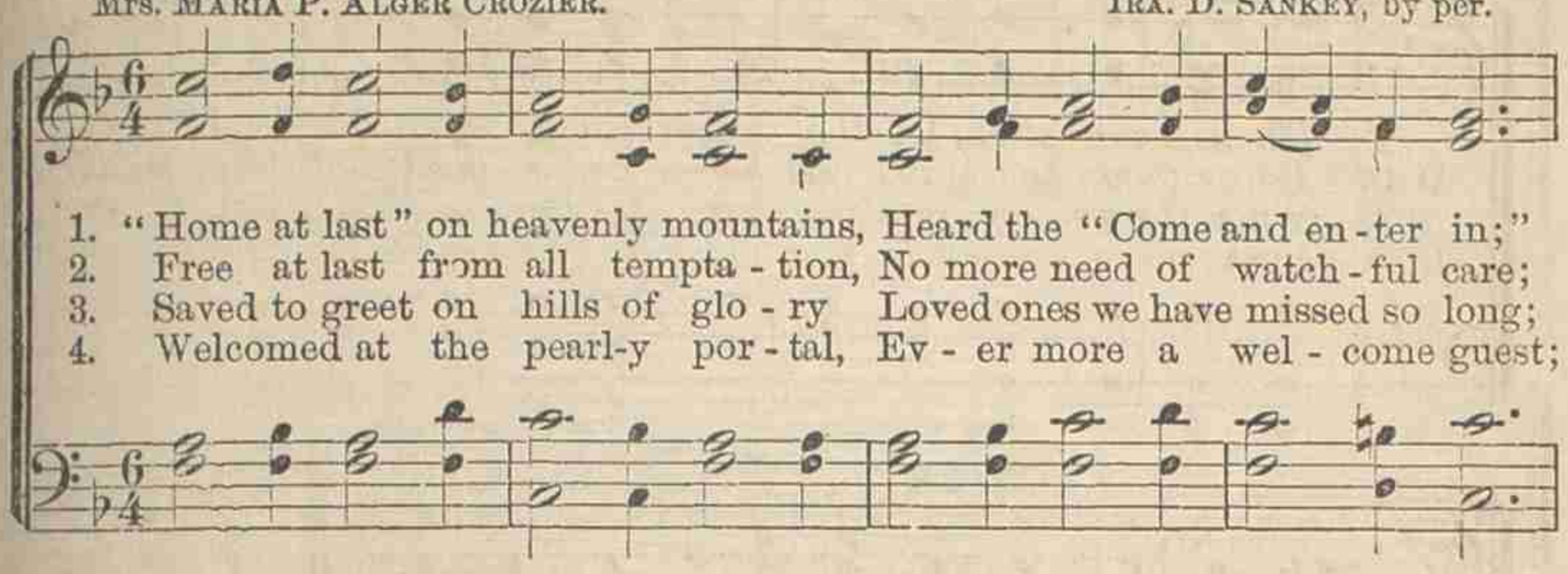
Philip Doddridge, 1755.

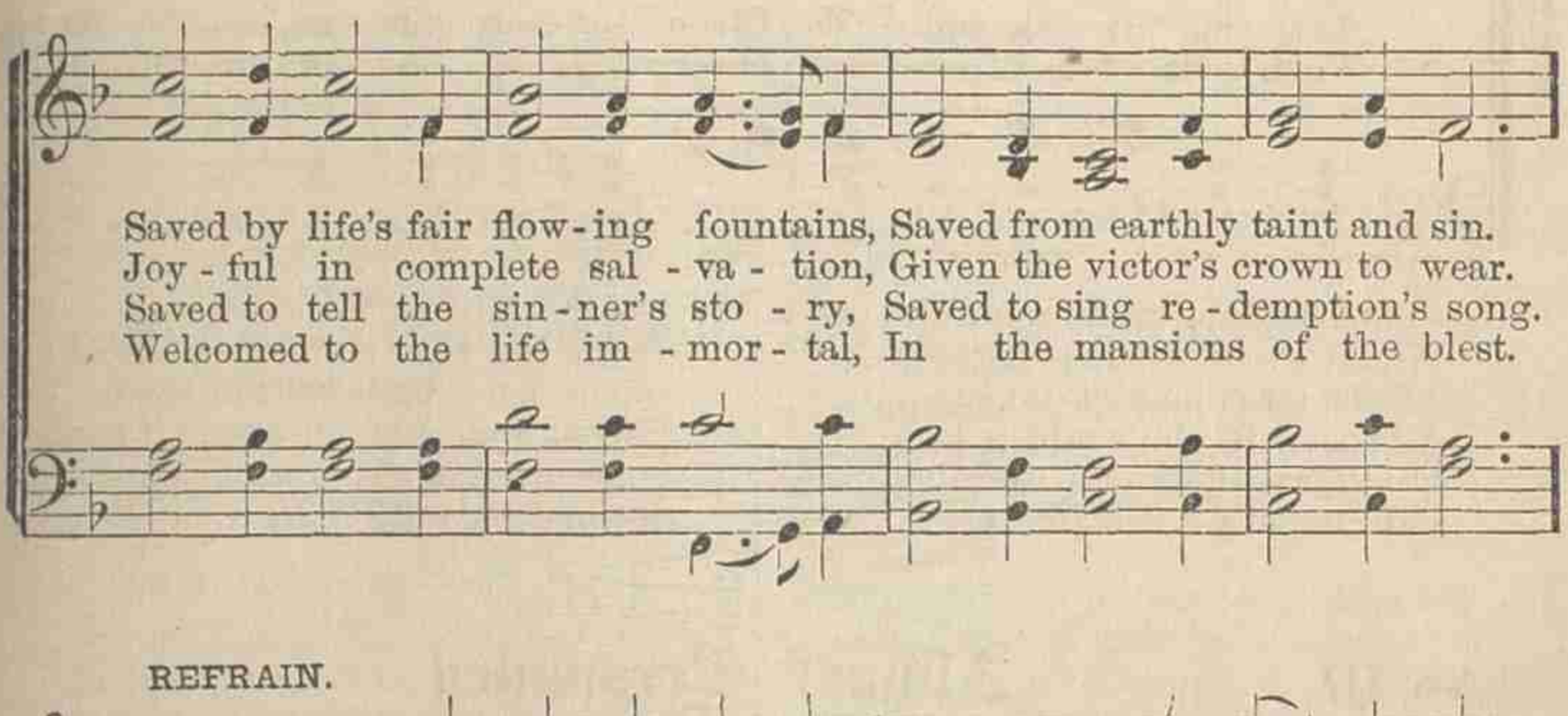
No. 98.

Home at Last.

"In my Father's house are many mansions....I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14 : 2.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying,"—REV. 21 : 4.

MRS. MARIA P. ALGER CROZIER. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

1. "Home at last" on heavenly mountains, Heard the "Come and en-ter in;"
2. Free at last from all tempta-tion, No more need of watch-ful care;
3. Saved to greet on hills of glo-ry Loved ones we have missed so long;
4. Welcomed at the pearl-y por-tal, Ev-er more a wel-come guest;



Saved by life's fair flow-ing fountains, Saved from earthly taint and sin.
Joy-ful in complete sal-va-tion, Given the victor's crown to wear.
Saved to tell the sin-ner's sto-ry, Saved to sing re-demption's song.
Welcomed to the life im-mor-tal, In the mansions of the blest.

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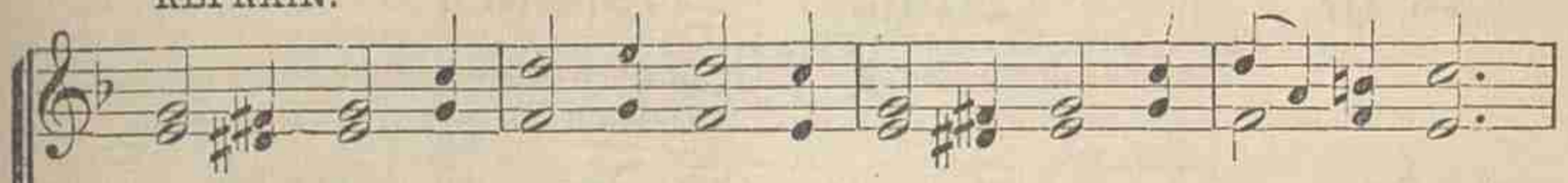
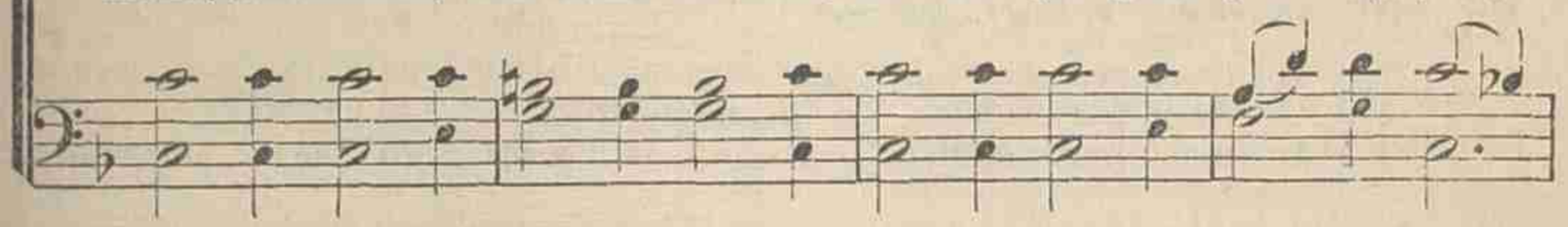
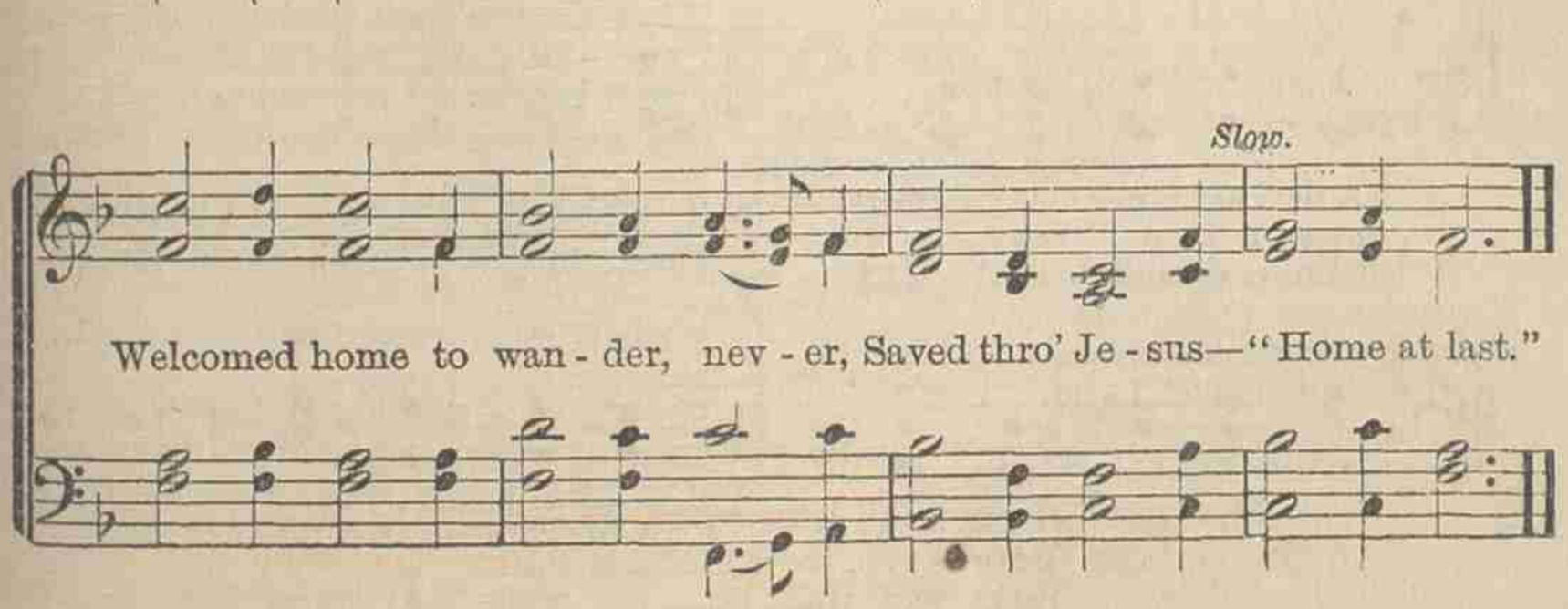

"Home, sweet home," our home forev-er; All the pil-grim-jour-ney past;

Slow.

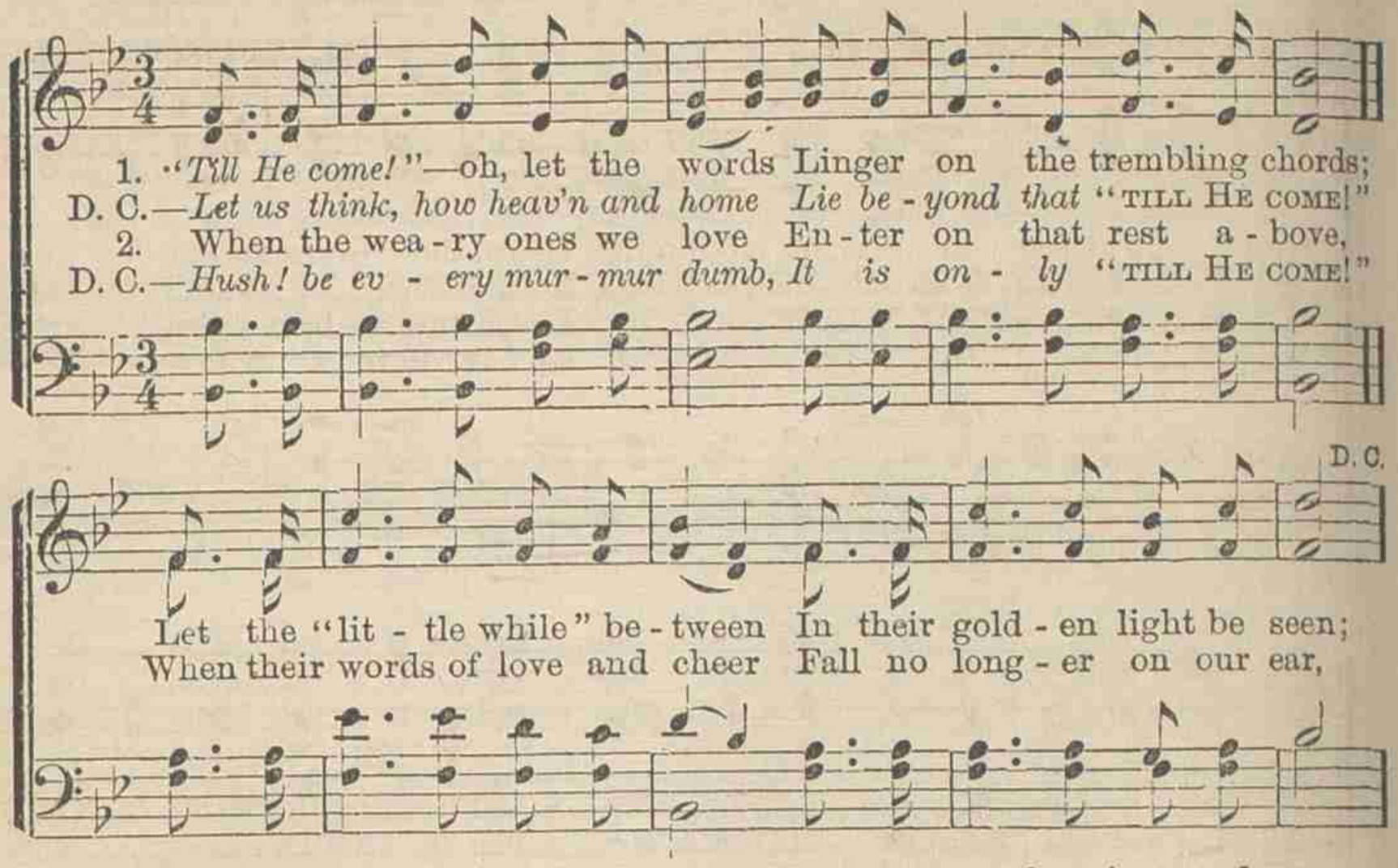
Welcomed home to wan-der, nev-er, Saved thro' Je-sus—"Home at last."



No. 96. Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and He that shall come will come."- HEB. 10: 37.

Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH. 1866. P. P. BLISS, by per.



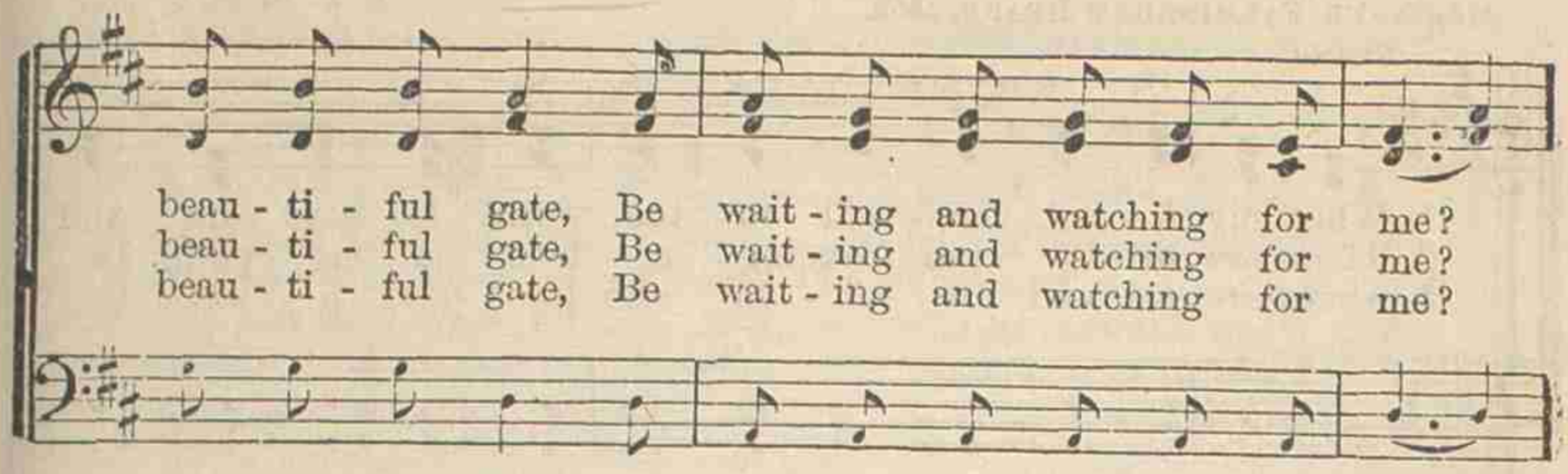
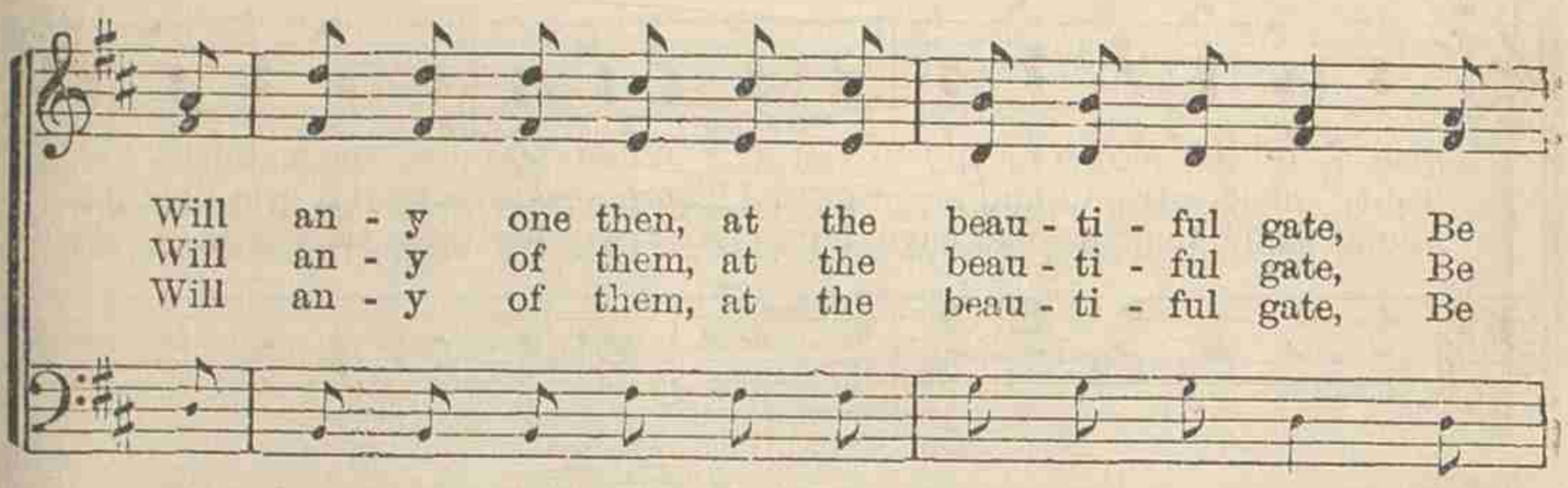
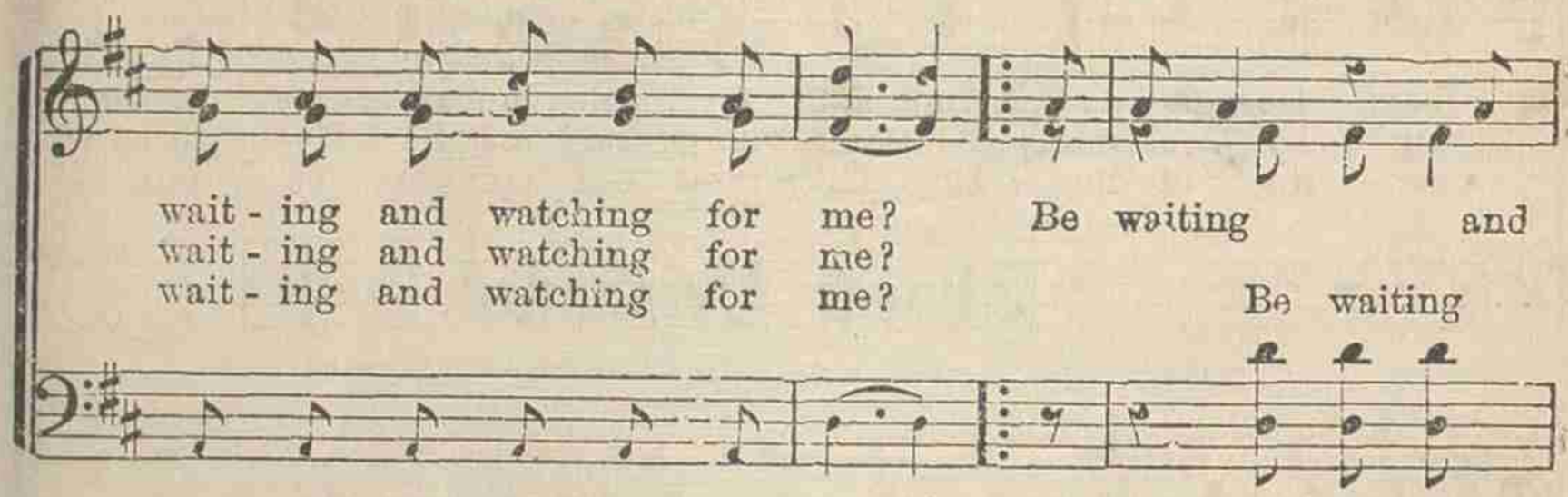
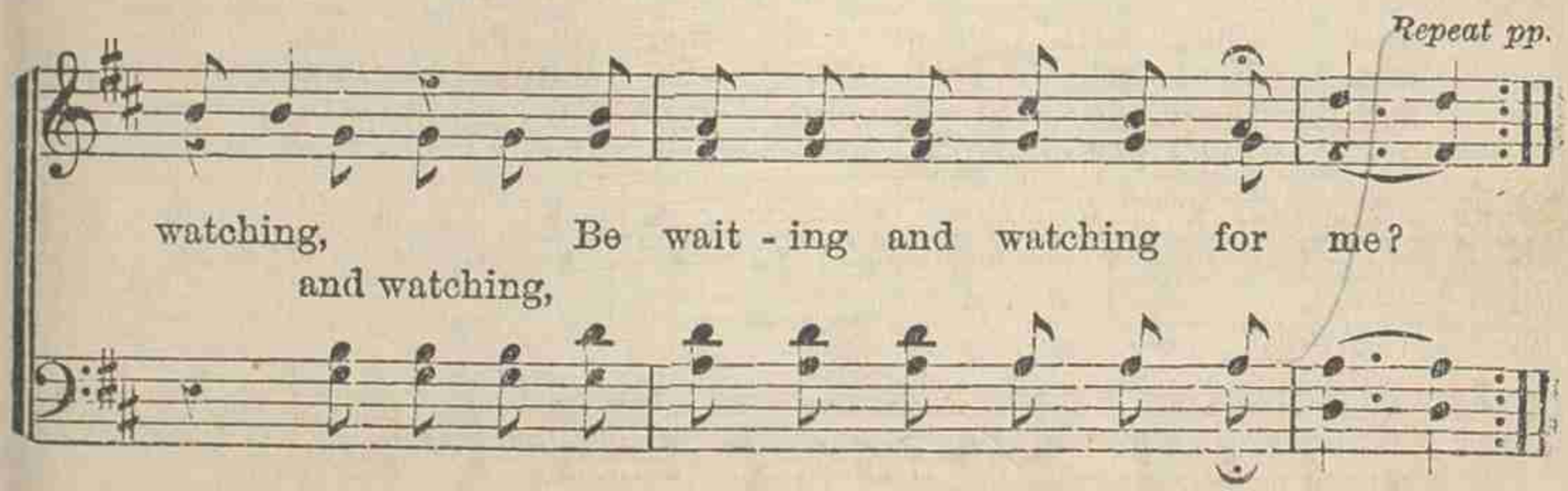
3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only *"Till He come!"*

4 See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only *"Till He come!"*

No. 97. Almost Persuaded.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—ACTS. 26: 28.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Waiting and Watching for Me.—Concluded.

4 Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace
Of Him who delights to forgive,
Though I bless not the weary about in my path,
Pray only for self while I live,—
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be,
||:Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me! :||

No. 95. Waiting and Watching for Me.

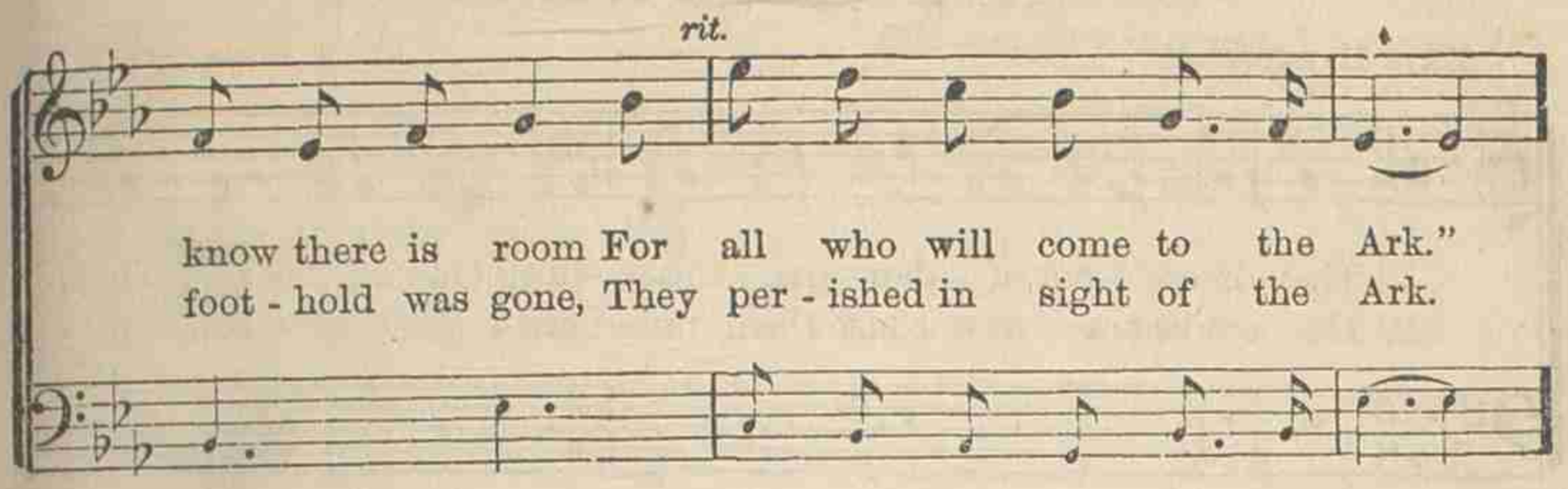
"I shall go to him * * * he shall not return to me."—2 SAM. 12: 23.

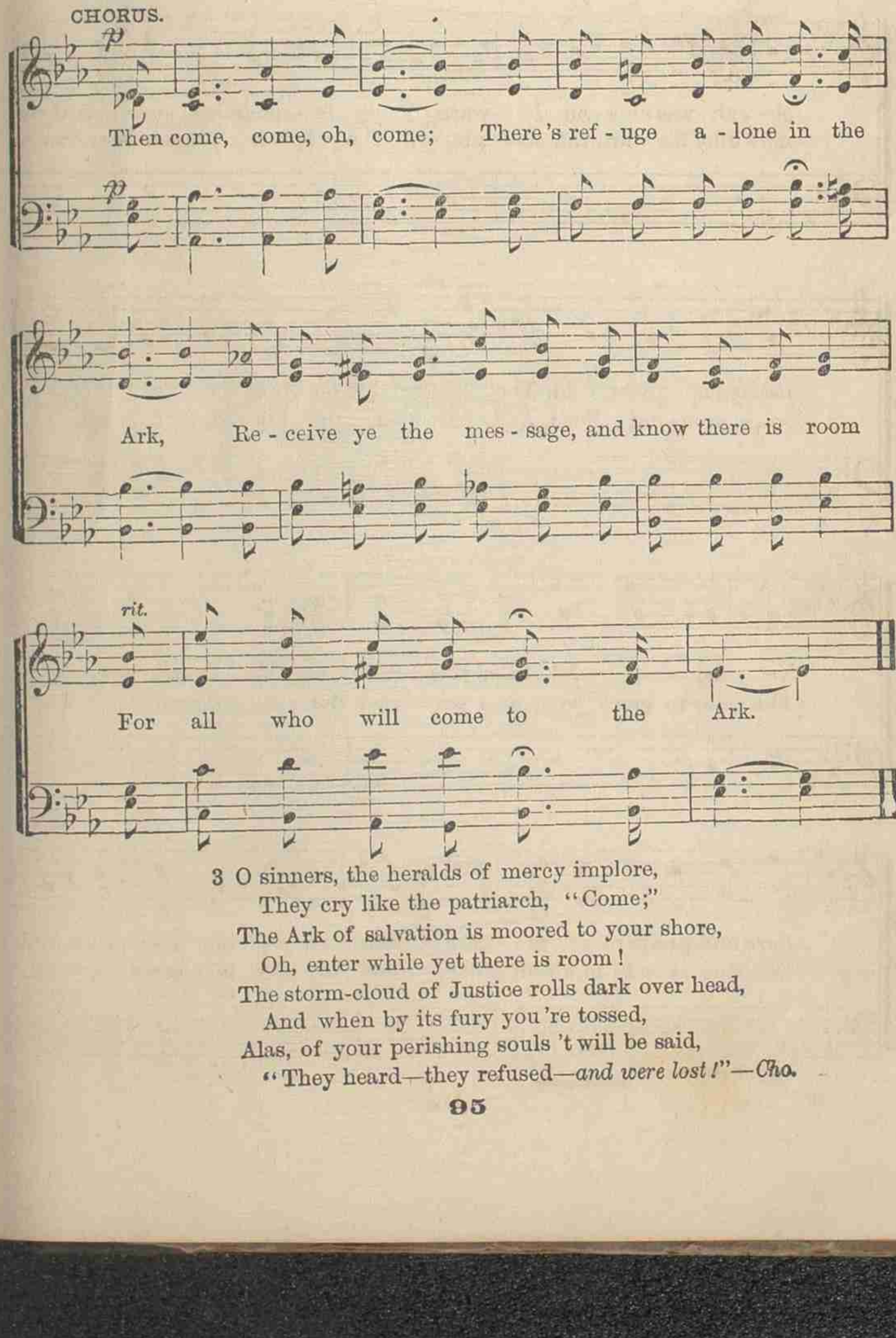
MARIANNE FARMINGHAM HEARN, 1862. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Slowly.

1. When my fi - nal fare - well to the world I have said, And glad - ly lie down to my rest; When soft - ly the watchers shall say, "He is dead," And fold my pale hands o'er my breast; And when, with my glo - ri - fied vis - ion at last The walls of "That Cit - y" I see, Will an - y one then at the
2. There are lit - tle ones glancing a - bout in my path, In want of a friend and a guide; There are dear lit - tle eyes looking up in - to mine, Whose tears might be eas - i - ly dried. But Je - sus may beck - on the children a - way In the midst of their grief and their glee— Will an - y of them, at the
3. There are old and for - sak - en who lin - ger a - while In homes which their dearest have left; And a few gen - tle words or an ac - tion of love May cheer their sad spir - its be - reft. But the Reap - er is near to the long standing corn, The wea - ry will soon be set free— Will an - y of them, at the

Out of the Ark.—Concluded.





3 O sinners, the heralds of mercy implore,
They cry like the patriarch, "Come;"
The Ark of salvation is moored to your shore,
Oh, enter while yet there is room!
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark over head,
And when by its fury you 're tossed,
Alas, of your perishing souls 't will be said,
"They heard—they refused—*and were lost!*"—*Cho.*

No. 94. Out of the Ark.

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—GEN. 7: 1.

KATE HARRINGTON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. They dream'd not of dan - ger, those sin - ners of old, Whom
2. He could not a - rouse them, un - heed-ing they stood, Un -

No - ah was chos - en to warn; By fre - quent transgressions their
mov'd by his warn-ing and prayer; The proph-et passed in from the

rit.

hearts had grown cold, They laughed his en - treat - ies to scorn:
on - com - ing flood, And left them to hope - less de - spair:

Yet dai - ly he called them, "oh, come, sin - ners, come, Be -
The flood - gates were o - pened, the del - uge came on, The

lieve and pre-pare to em - bark! Re - ceive ye the mes - sage, and
heav-ens as mid-night grew dark, Too late, then they turned, ev - 'ry

The Palace of the King.—Concluded.

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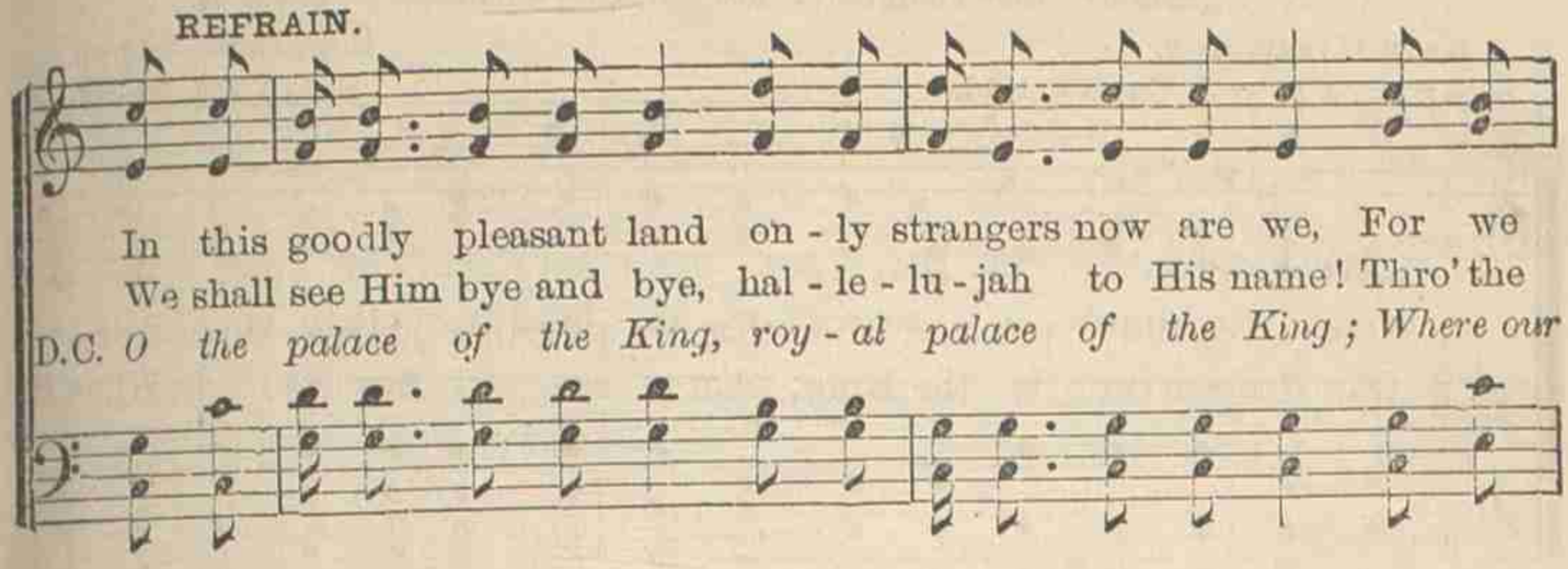
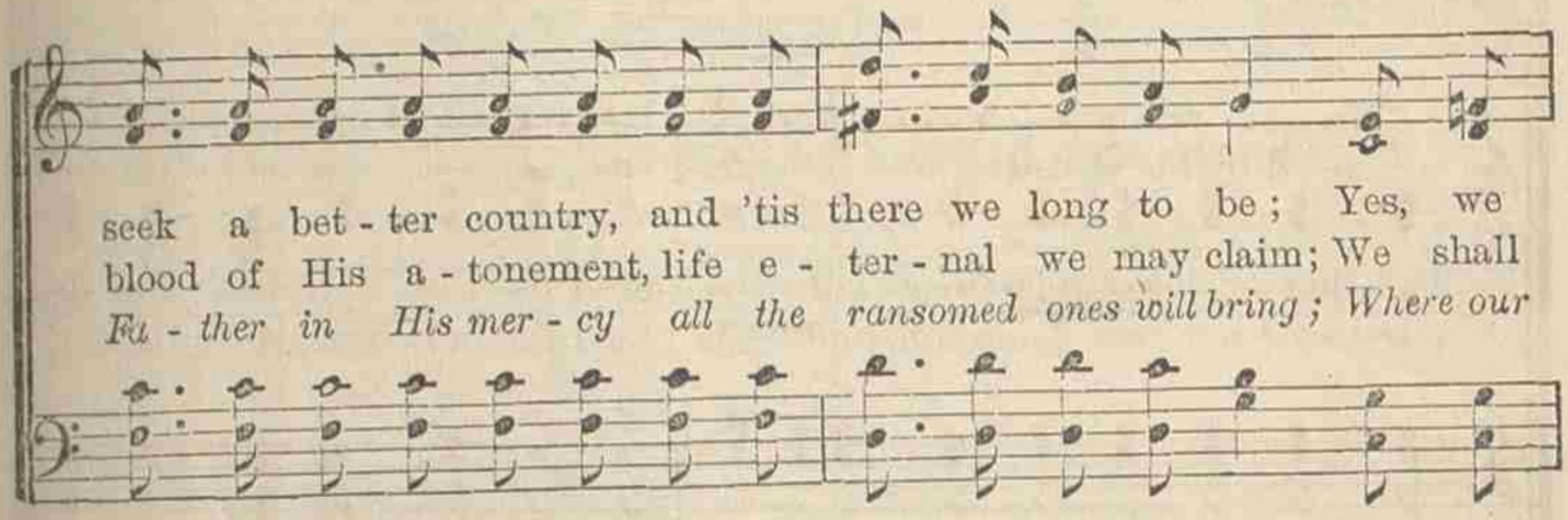
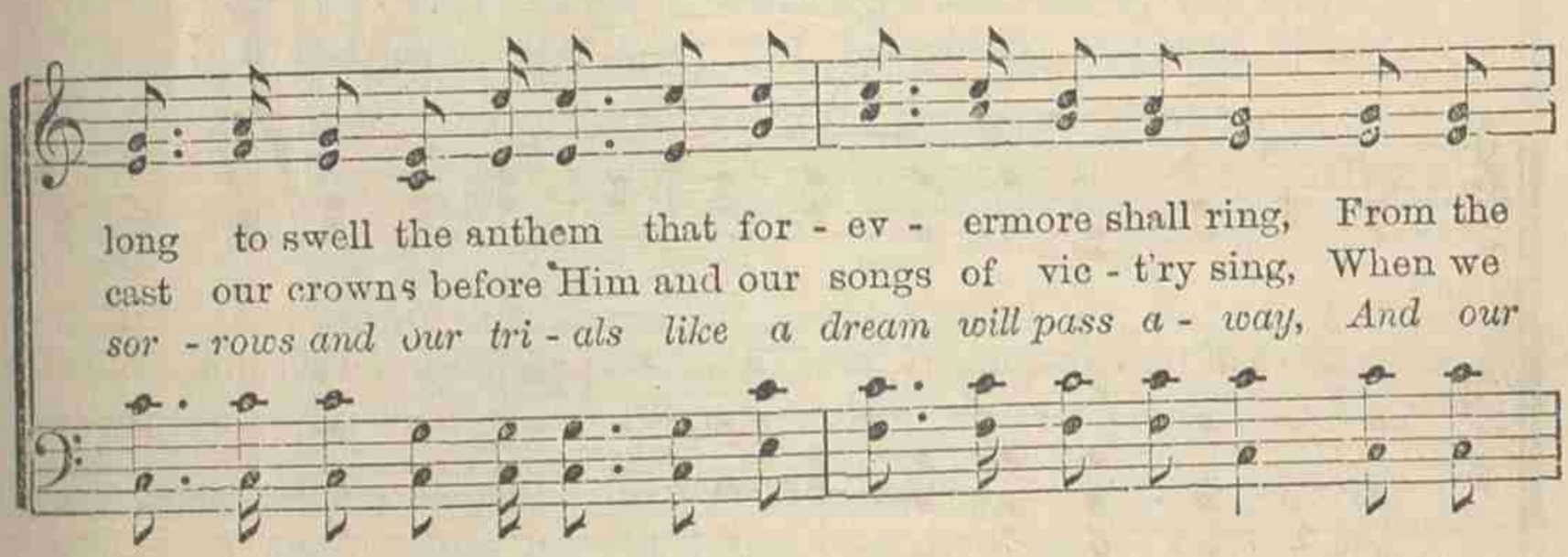
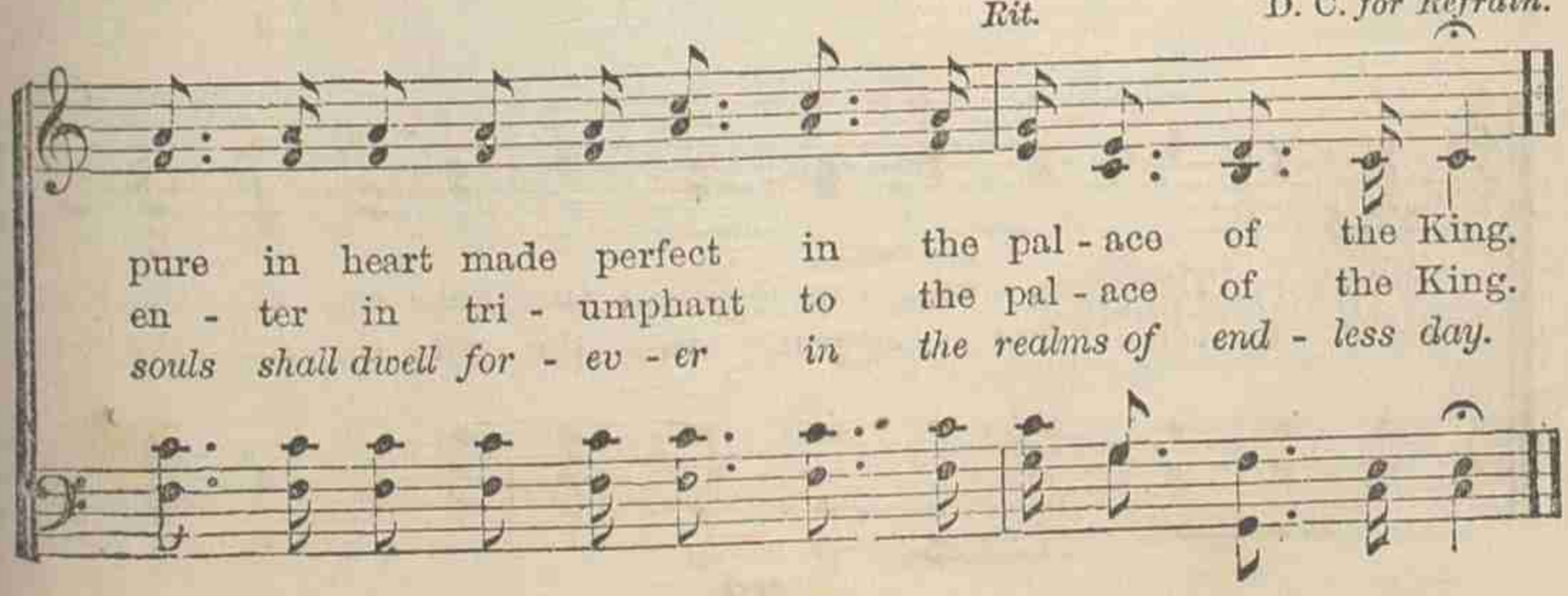



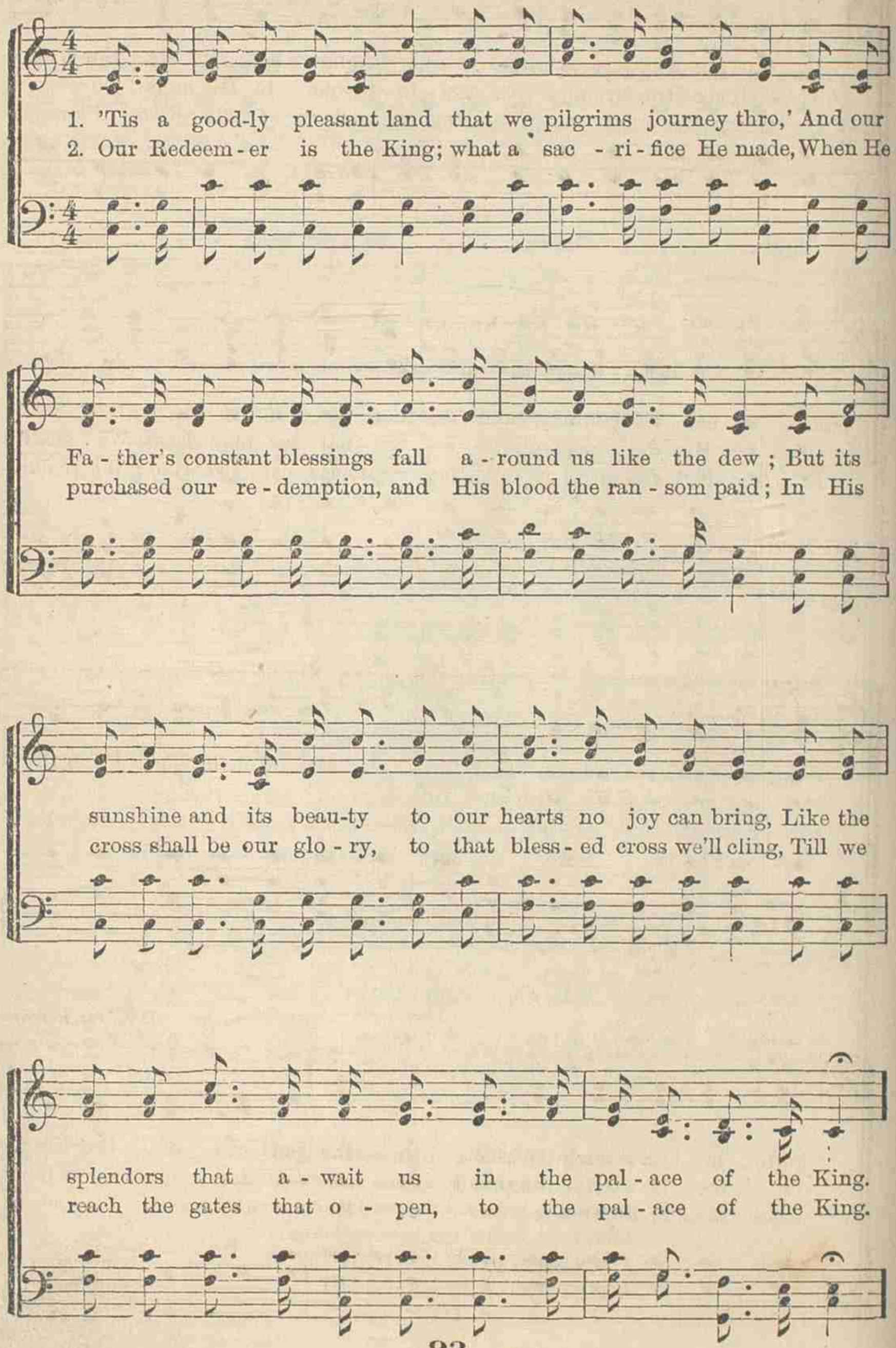


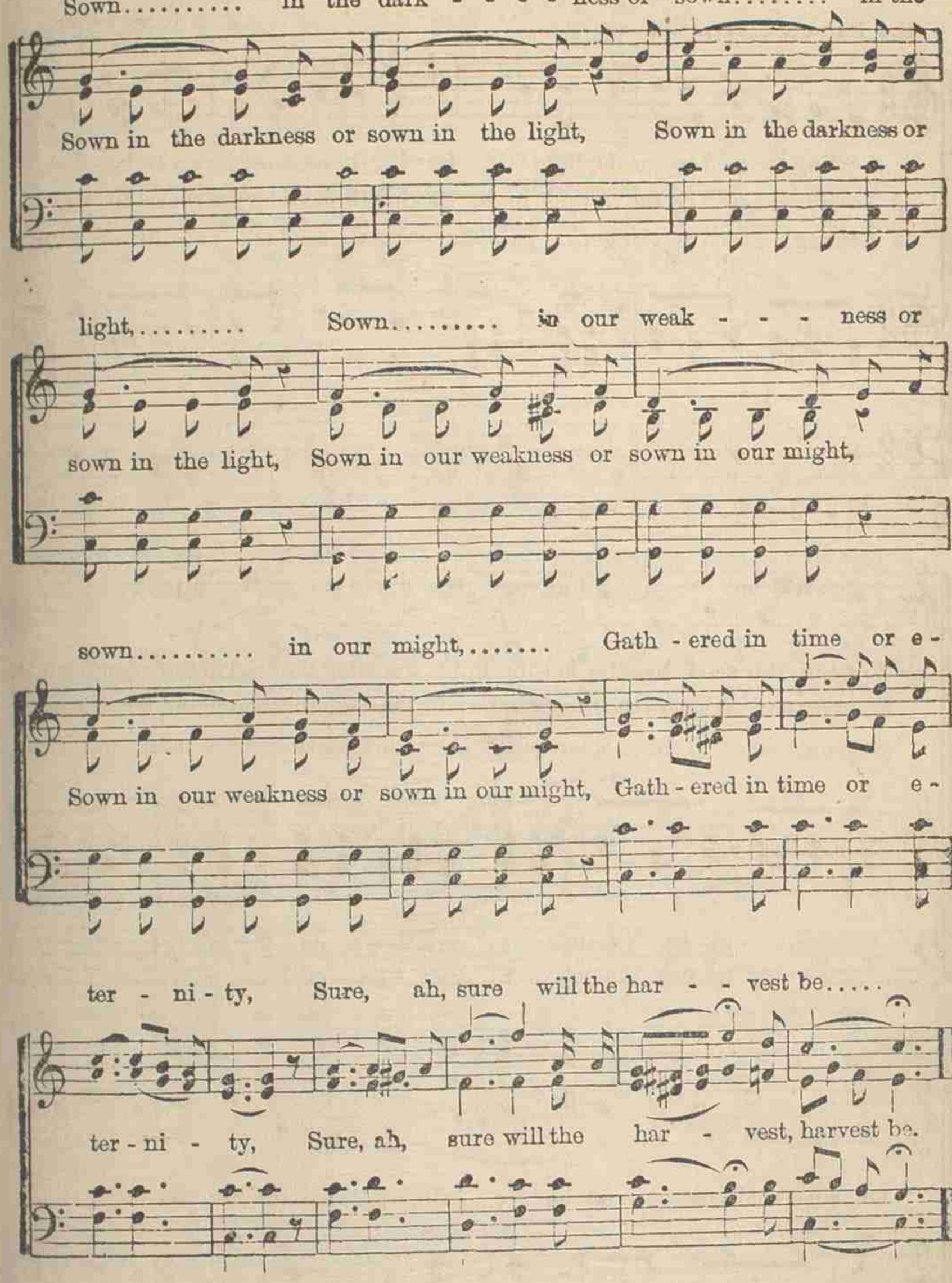
Rit. D. C. *for Refrain.*



No. 93. The Palace of the King.

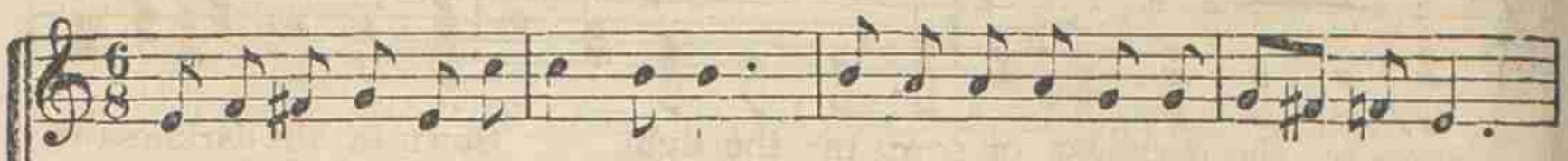
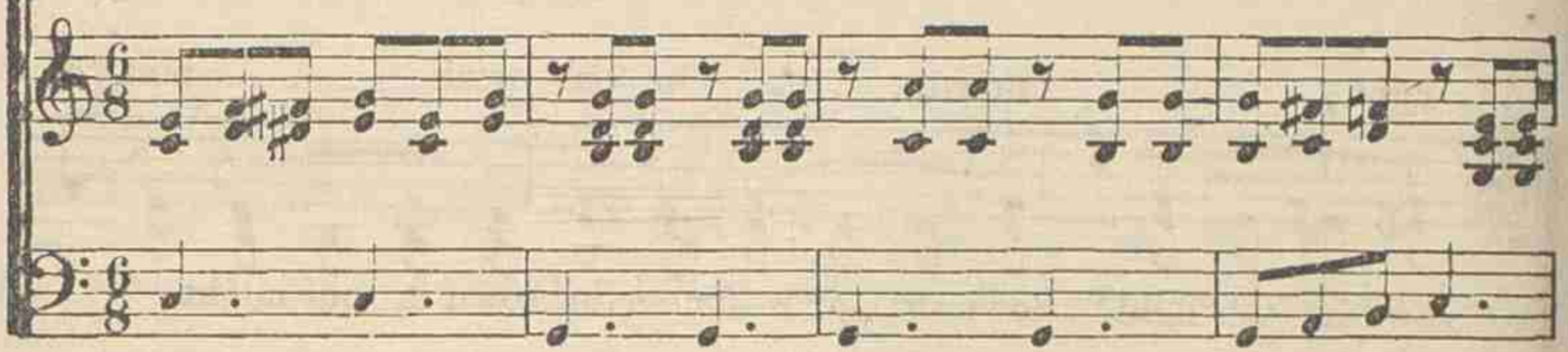
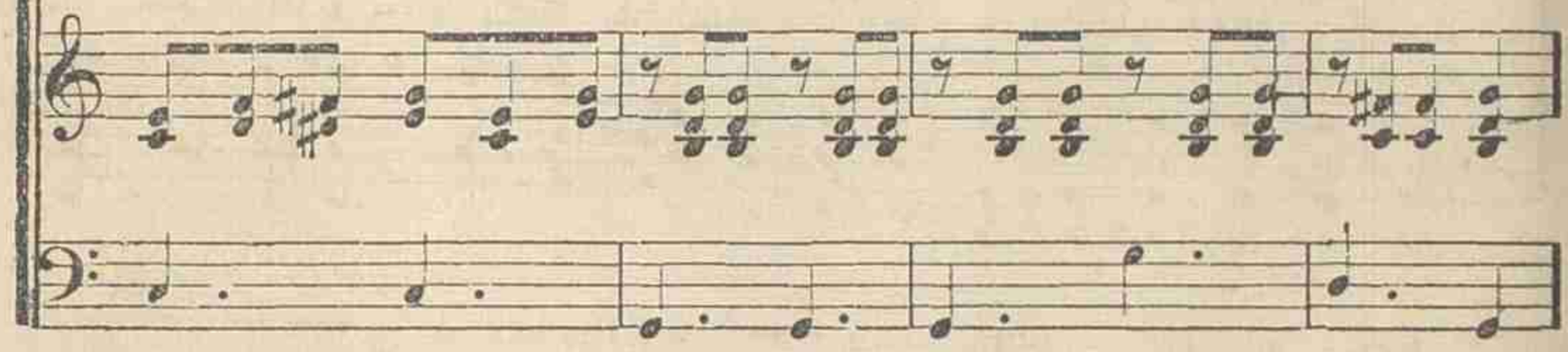
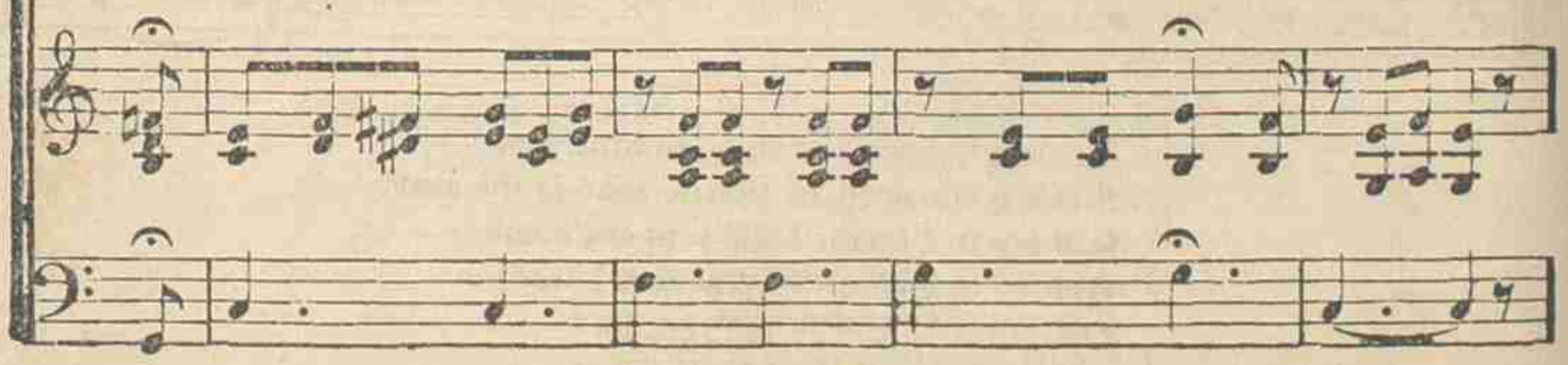
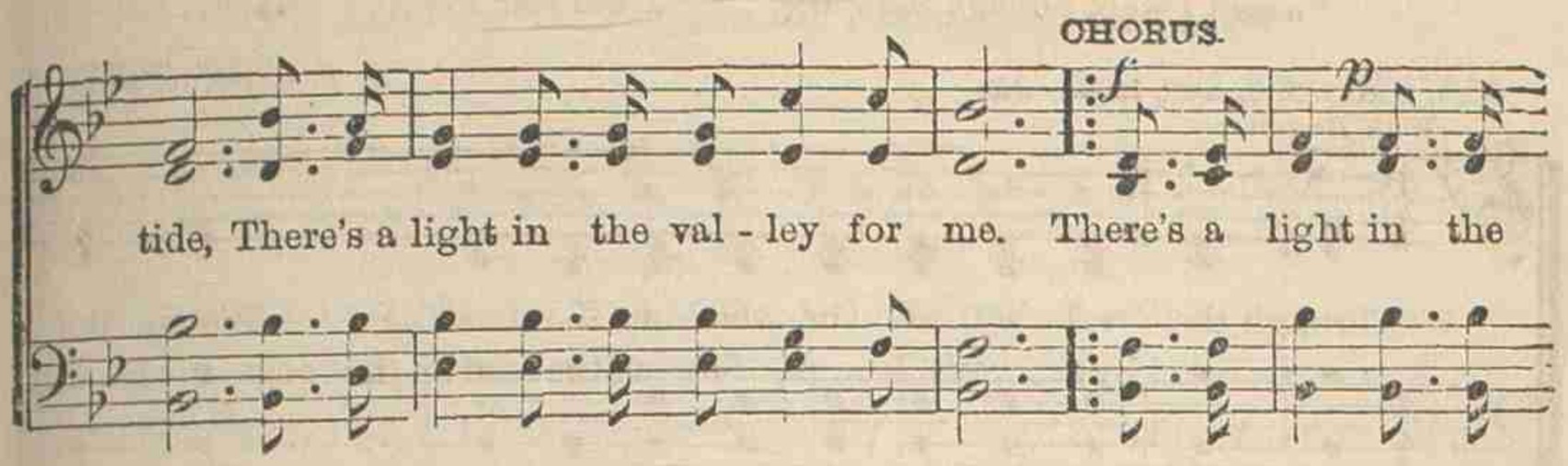
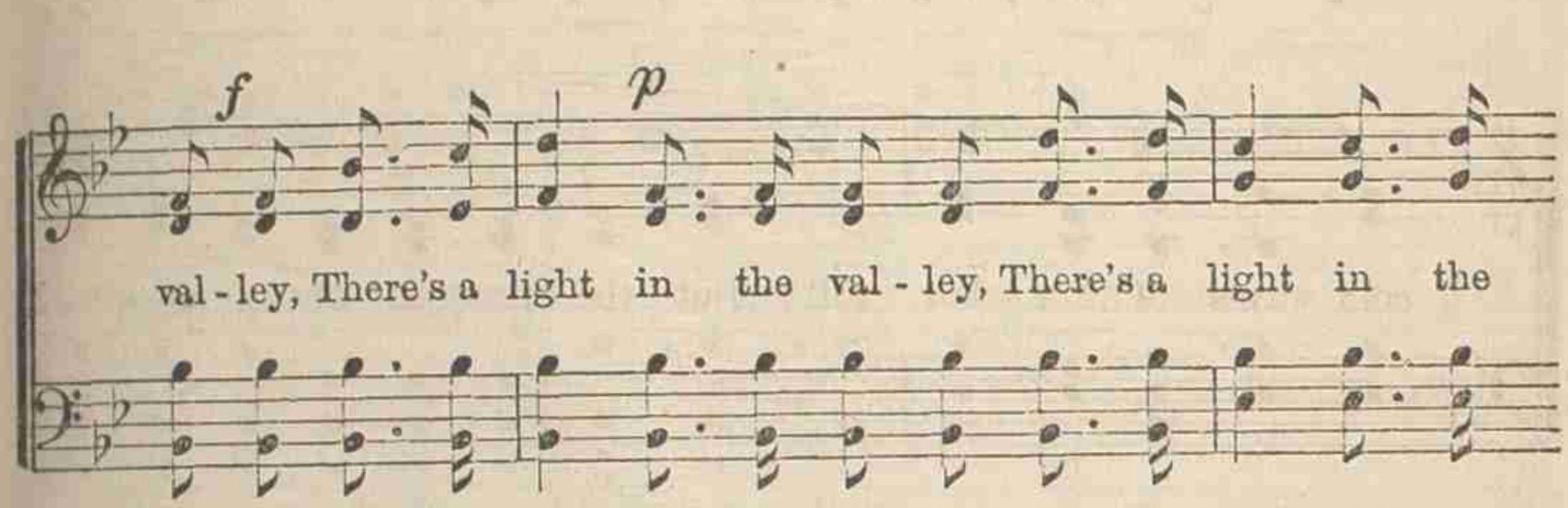
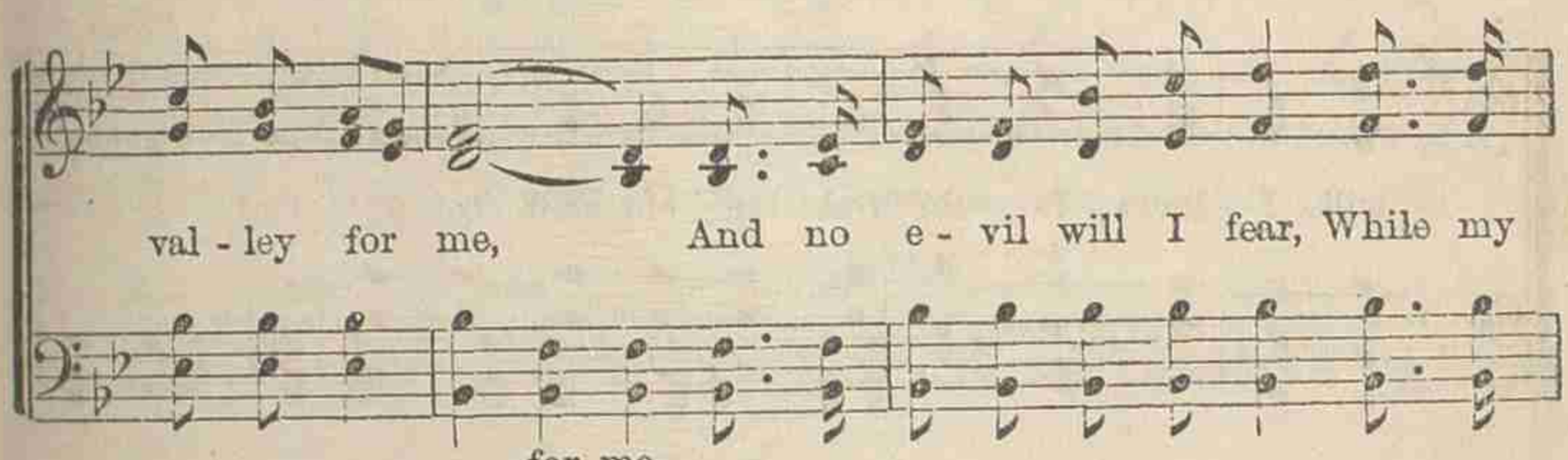
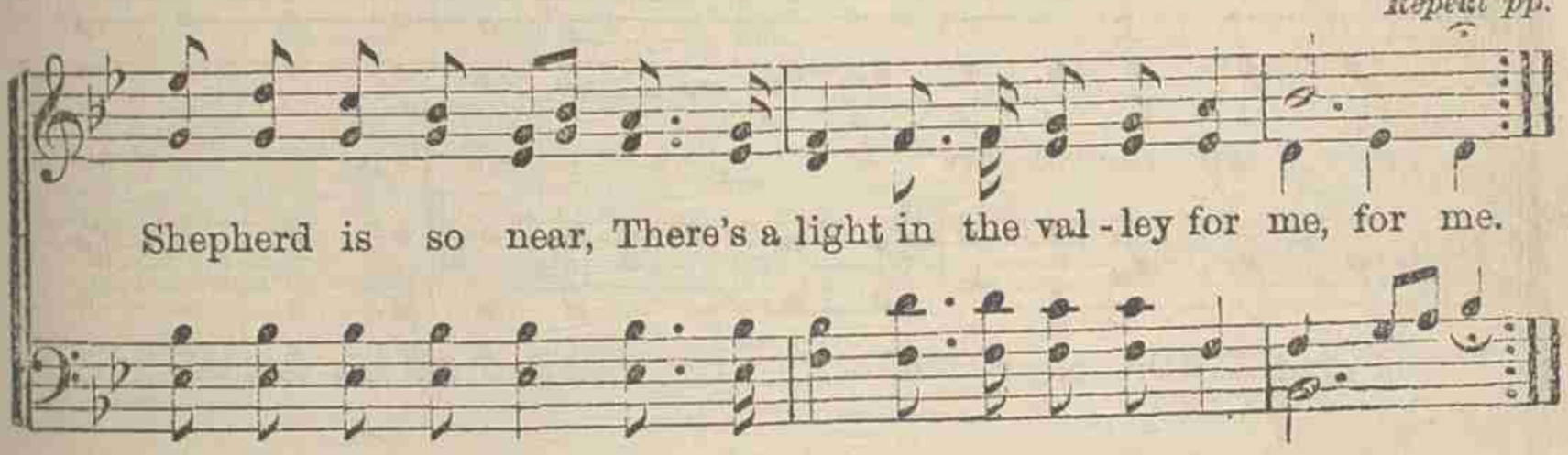
"With gladness—they shall enter into the King's palace."—Ps. 48: 15.

Arr. by Fanny J. Crosby, 1876. S. J. Vail, by per.

What Shall the Harvest Be.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start
Sowing in hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

No. 92. What Shall the Harvest Be?

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal. 6: 7.

Mrs. Emily S. Oakey, 1850. *Alt.* P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Sowing the seed by the daylight fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,

Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer-tile soil;
Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of e-ter-nal shame;

Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?....

There's a Light in the Valley.—Concluded.



2 Now the rolling of the billows I can hear,
As they beat on the turf-bound shore;
But the beacon light of love so bright and clear,
Guides my bark, frail and lone safely o'er.
I shall find down the valley no alarms,
For my Saviour's blessed smile I can see;
He will bear me in His loving, mighty arms,
There's a light in the valley for me.
There's a light, &c.

No. 91. There's a Light in the Valley.

"Though I walk through the valley * * * I will fear no evil." PSA. 23 : 4.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

With Expression.

1. Through the val - ley of the shadow I must go, Where the cold waves of Jor - dan roll; But the promise of my Shepherd will I know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul. E - ven now down the val - ley as I glide, I can hear my Saviour say, "Follow me!" And with Him I'm not a - fraid to cross the

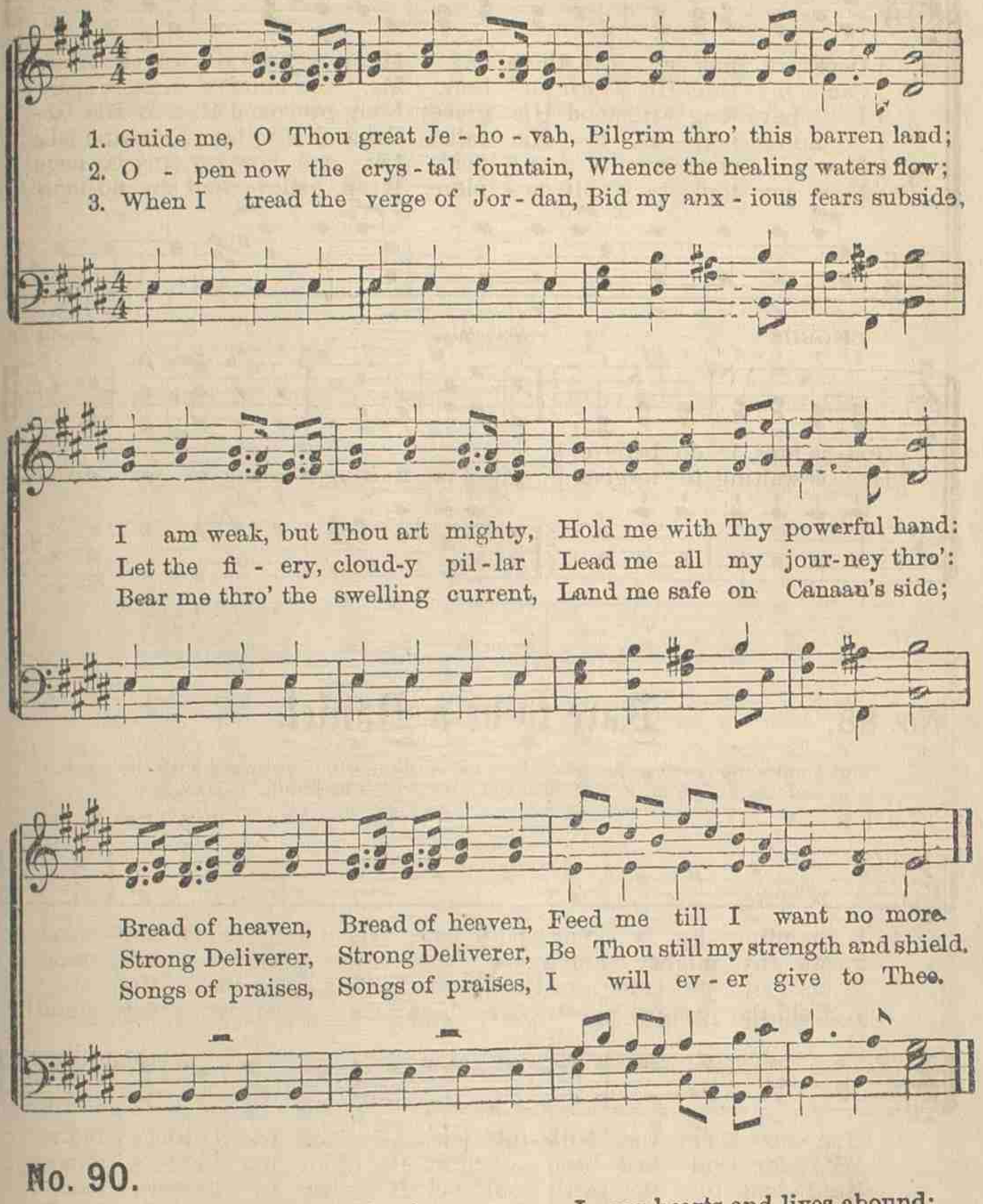
Slower.

A tempo.

No. 89. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.

"For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1773. MOZART.



No. 90.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us, O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful, Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

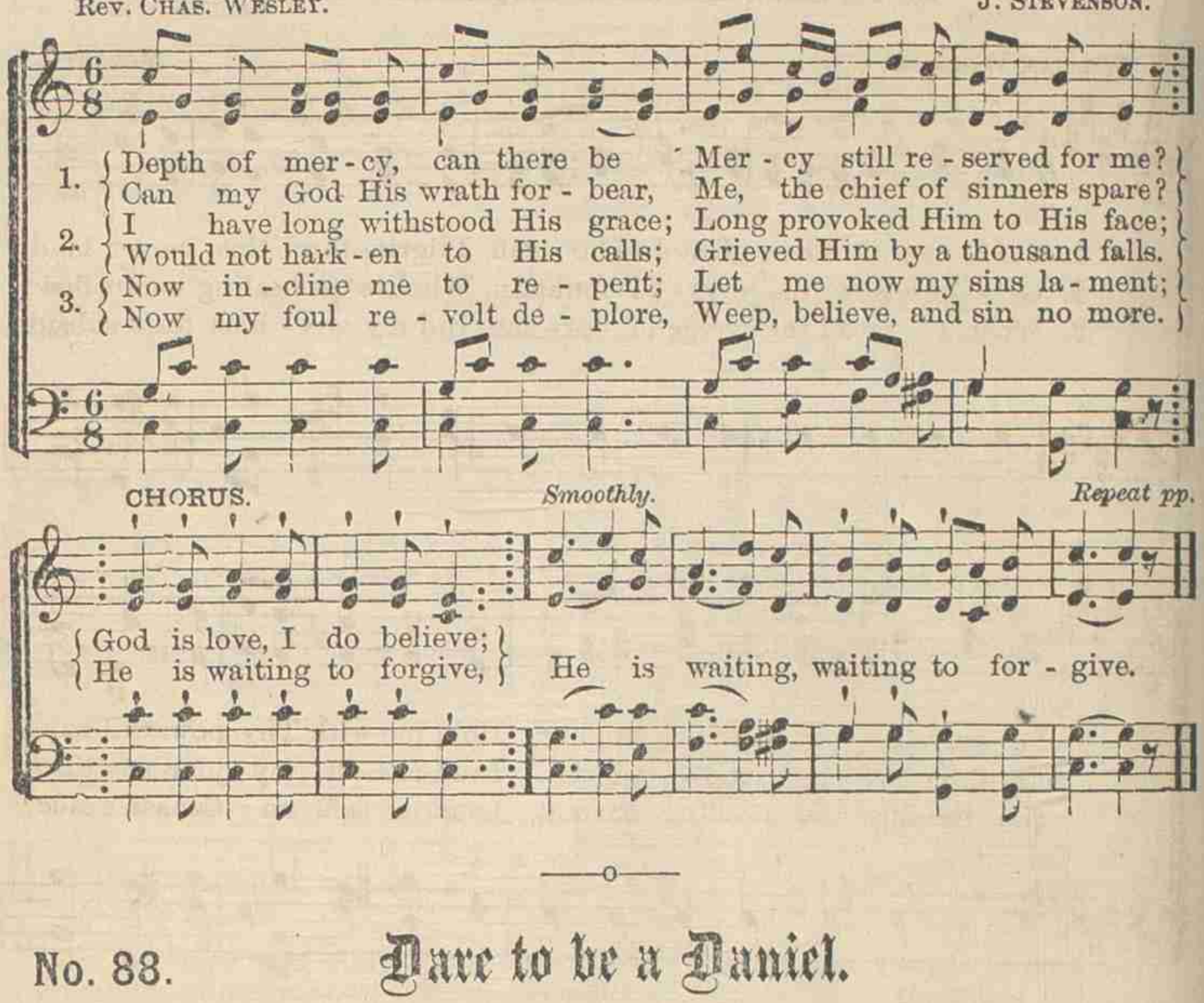
3 So, whene'er the signal 's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

JOHN FAWCETT, 1774.

No. 87. Depth of Mercy.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God thou wilt not despise."—Psa. 51 · 17.

Rev. Chas. Wesley. J. Stevenson.



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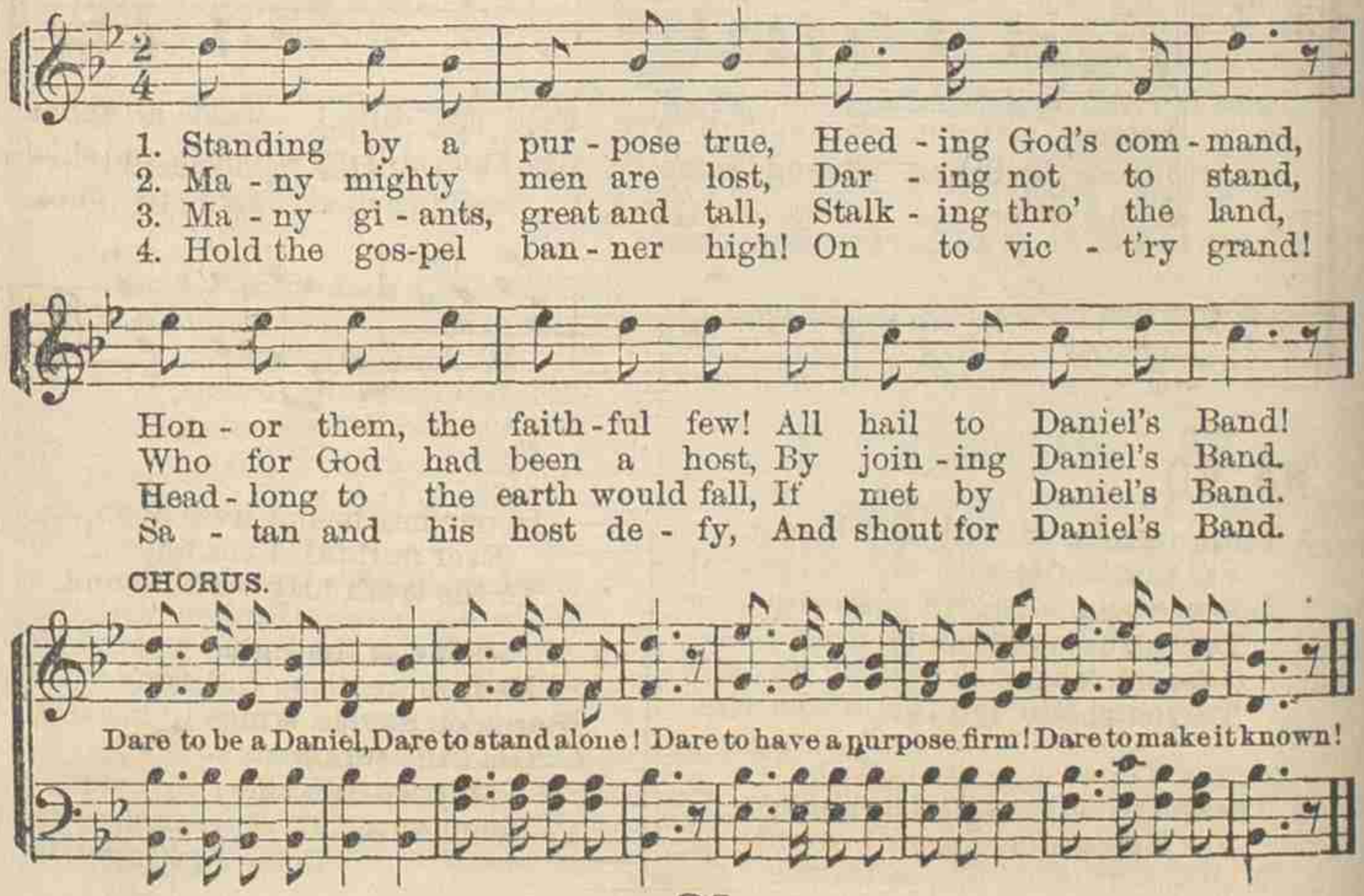
No. 88. Dare to be a Daniel.

"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank."—Dan. 1: 8.

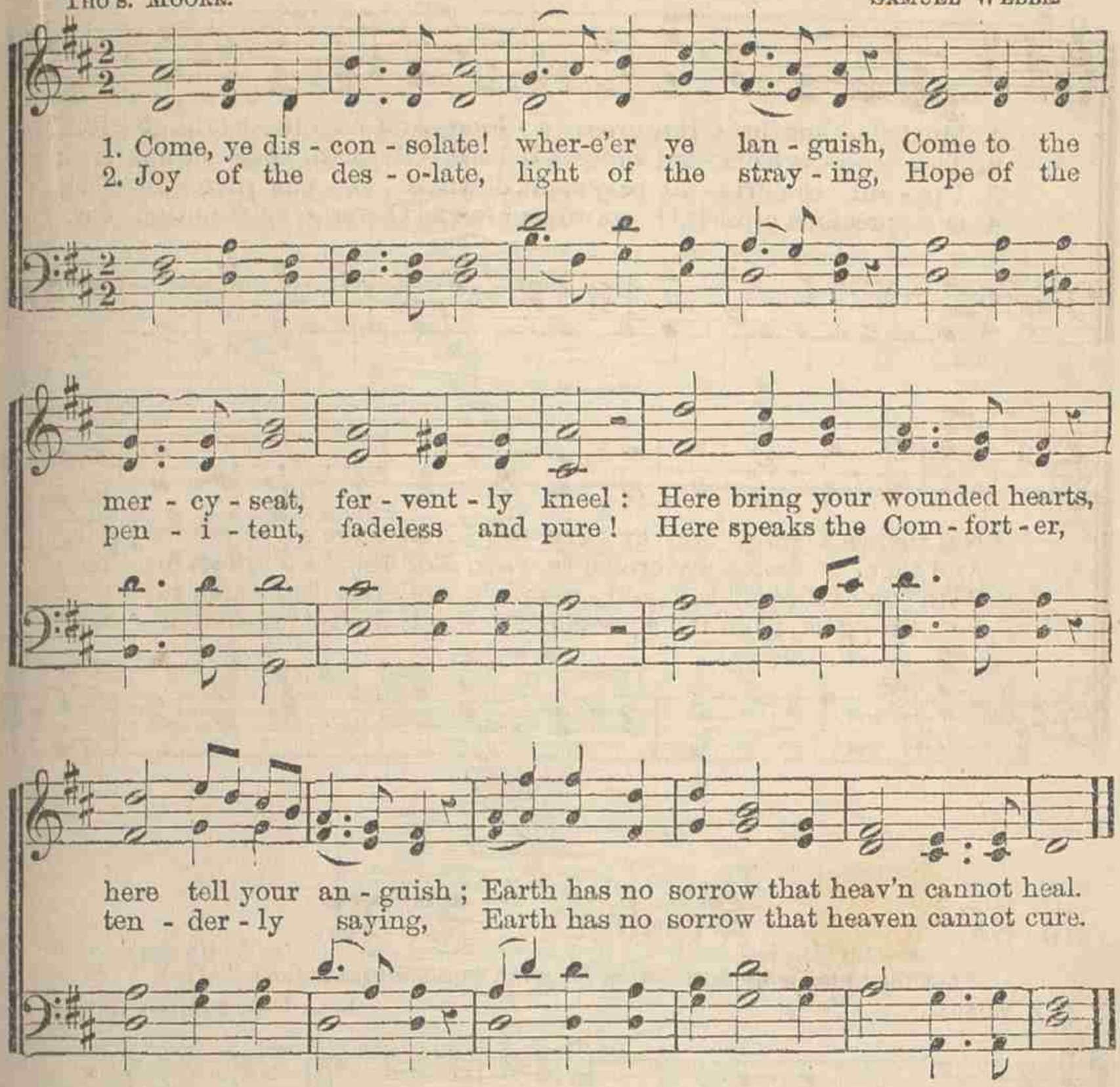
P. P B. P. P. Bliss, by per.



No. 85. Come, ye Disconsolate.

'Come unto me and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11 : 28.

THO'S. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.



3 Here see the bread of life : see waters flowing,
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above :
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrows, but heaven can remove.

No. 86.

Tune—OLIVET.
Key E♭.

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray :
Take all my guilt away ;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day ;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

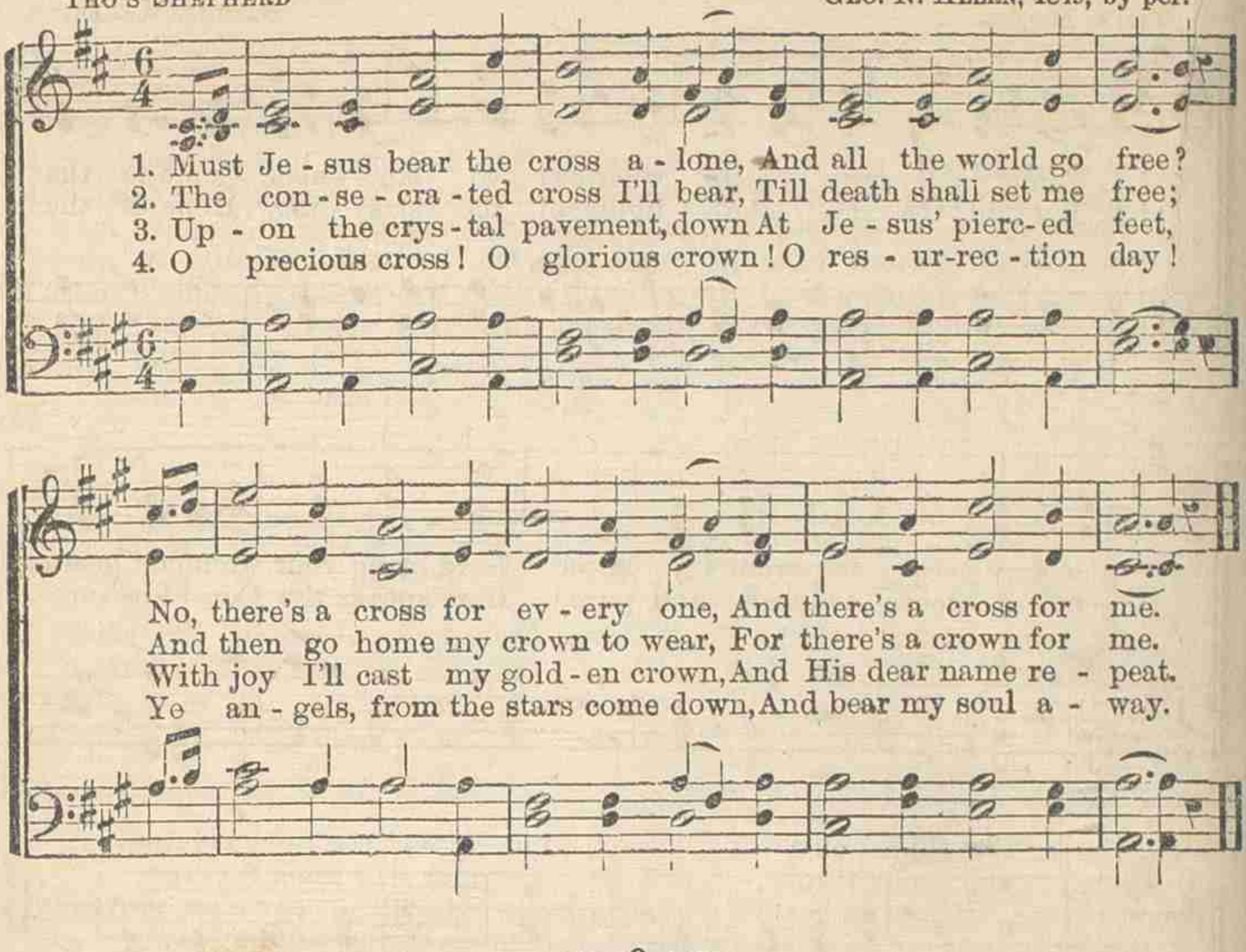
4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.

RAY PALMER, D. D., 1836.

No. 83. Cross and Crown.

"And he bearing his cross, went forth."—JOHN 19: 17.

THO'S SHEPHERD — GEO. N. ALLEN, 1849, by per.



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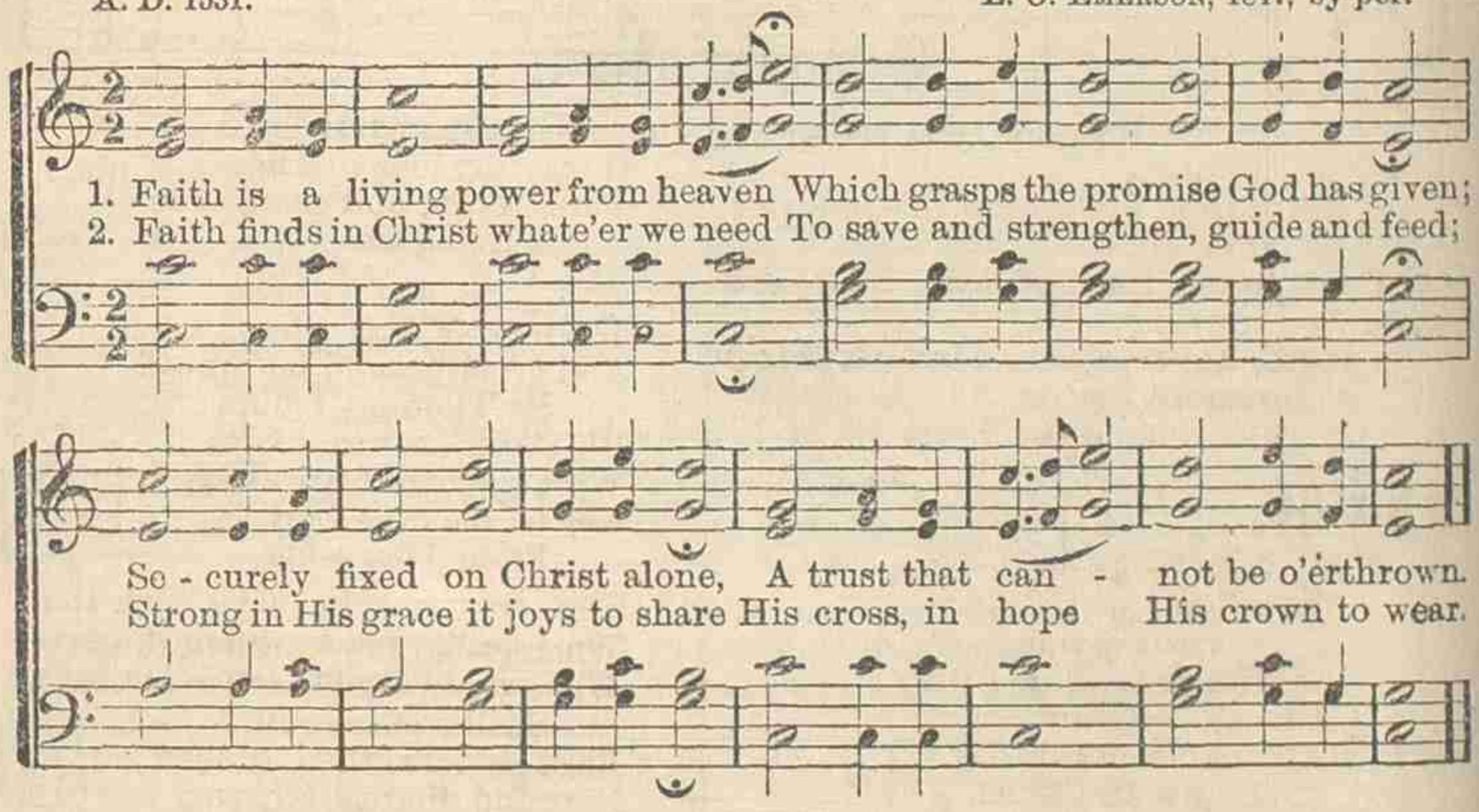
No. 84. Sessions. L. M.

"That the promise by faith might be given to them that believe."—GAL. 3: 22.

A. D. 1531. — L. O. EMERSON, 1847, by per.



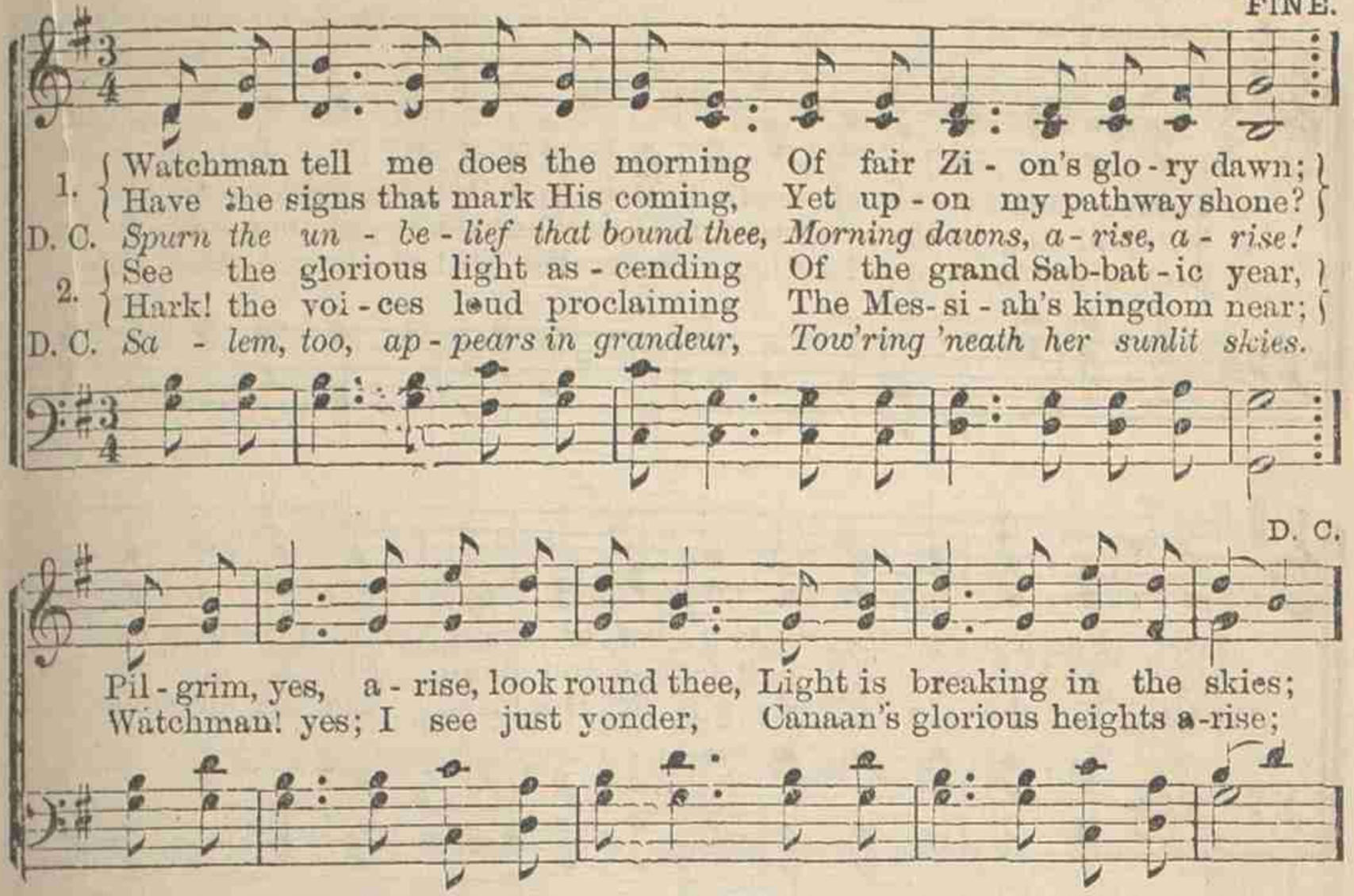
3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,
And bids the mourner's sighing cease;
By faith the children's right we claim,
And call upon our Father's name.

4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers Thy favor grant
In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,
Who is our fount of health alone.

No. 81. Watchman, Tell Me.

"Watchman, what of the night?"—Isa. 21 : 11.

Rev. Sidney Smith Brewer. Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.



3 Pilgrim in that golden city,
Seated in the jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There, on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of thy coming day,
When the last loud trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from earth to sea
All the saints of God now sleeping,—
Clad in immortality.

No. 82. Expostulation.

"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die."—Eze. 33: 11.

J. H. Rev. J. Hopkins, 1830.

No. 80. Sweet By-and-By.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 35: 10.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster, by per.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
2. We shall sing on that beauti - ful shore The mel-o - di - ous songs of the
3. To our boun-ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our tri - bute of

far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a
blest, And our spir - its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the
praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the blessings that

CHORUS.

dwelling place there. In the sweet by - and - by, We shall
blessing of rest.
hal - low our days.

In the sweet by-and-by,

meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by - and -

by-and-by by-and-by, by-and

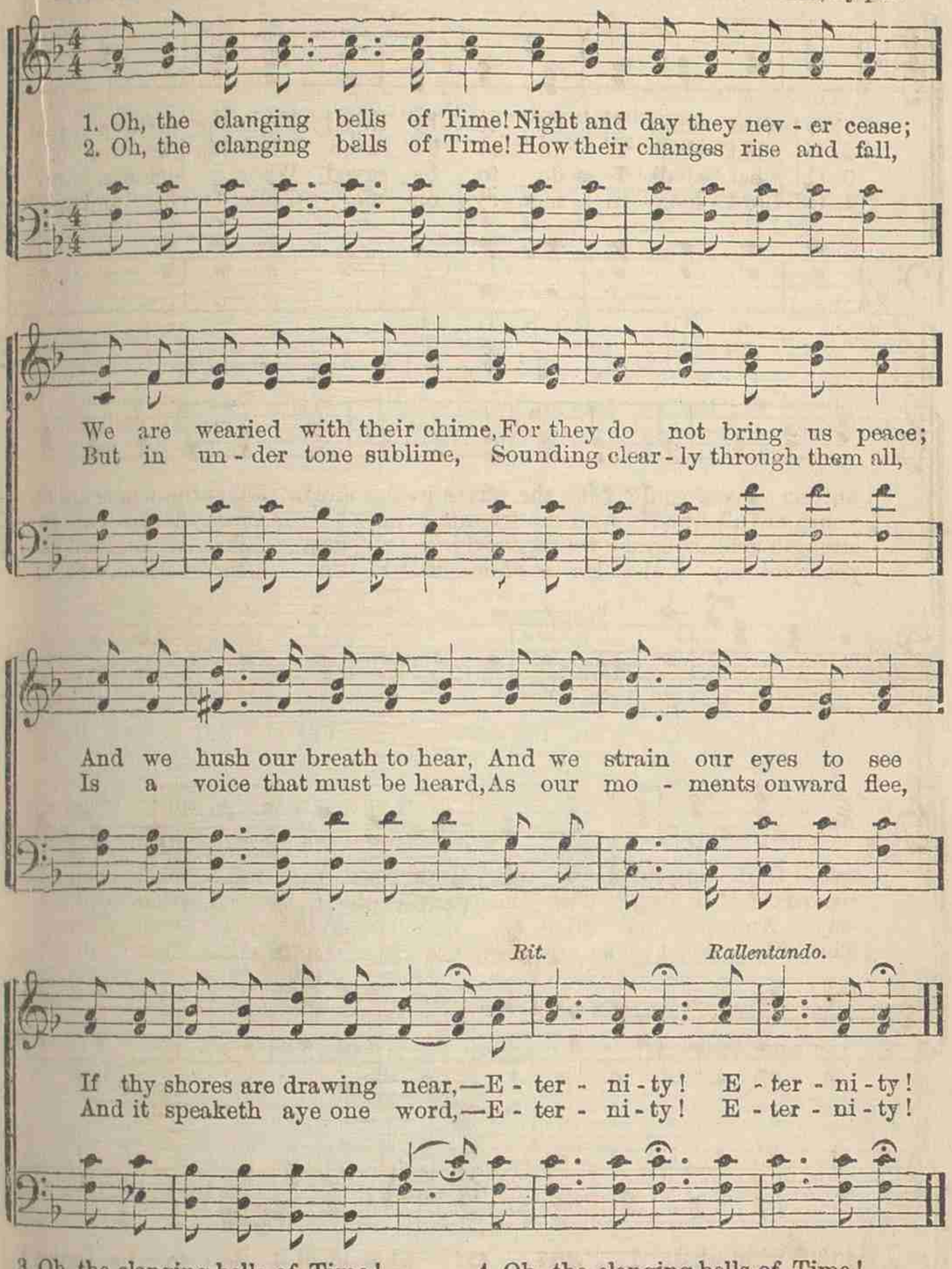
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

by, by - and - by,

No. 79. Eternity!

"Remember how short my time is."—Ps. 89 : 47.

ELLEN H. GATES. P. P. BLISS, by per.



3 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
To their voices, loud and low,
In a long, unresting line
We are marching to and fro;
And we yearn for sight or sound,
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round,—
Eternity! Eternity!

4 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
Soon their notes will all be dumb,
And in joy and peace sublime,
We shall feel the silence come;
And our souls their thirst will slake,
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break,—
Eternity! Eternity!

No. 78. What Shall I do to be Saved?

"What must I do to be saved?"—Acts, 16: 30.

J. W. Holman, 1852. Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.

1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that
2. O! what shall I do to be saved When the pleasures of
3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my
4. O! Lord look in mer-cy on me, Come, O come and speak

burden my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at
youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re-
strength shall subdue? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll a-
peace to my soul: Un-to whom shall I flee, Dearest Lord, but to

war, Chill-ing floods of dis-tress o'er me roll. What shall I
moved And I weep o'er the graves of the dead. What shall I
way, And e-ter-ni-ty o-pens to view? What shall I
Thee, Thou canst make my poor, bro-ken heart whole. That will I

do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do! that will I do! To Je-sus I'll go and be saved!

No. 77. Jesus is Mighty to Save.

"Mighty to save."—Isa. 63: 1.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

Moderato.

1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be given, That life and salvation are free;
2. From darkness and sin and de - spair, Out in - to the light of His love,
3. Oh, the rapturous heights of His love, The measureless depths of His grace,
4. In Him all my wants are sup - plied, His love makes my heaven below,

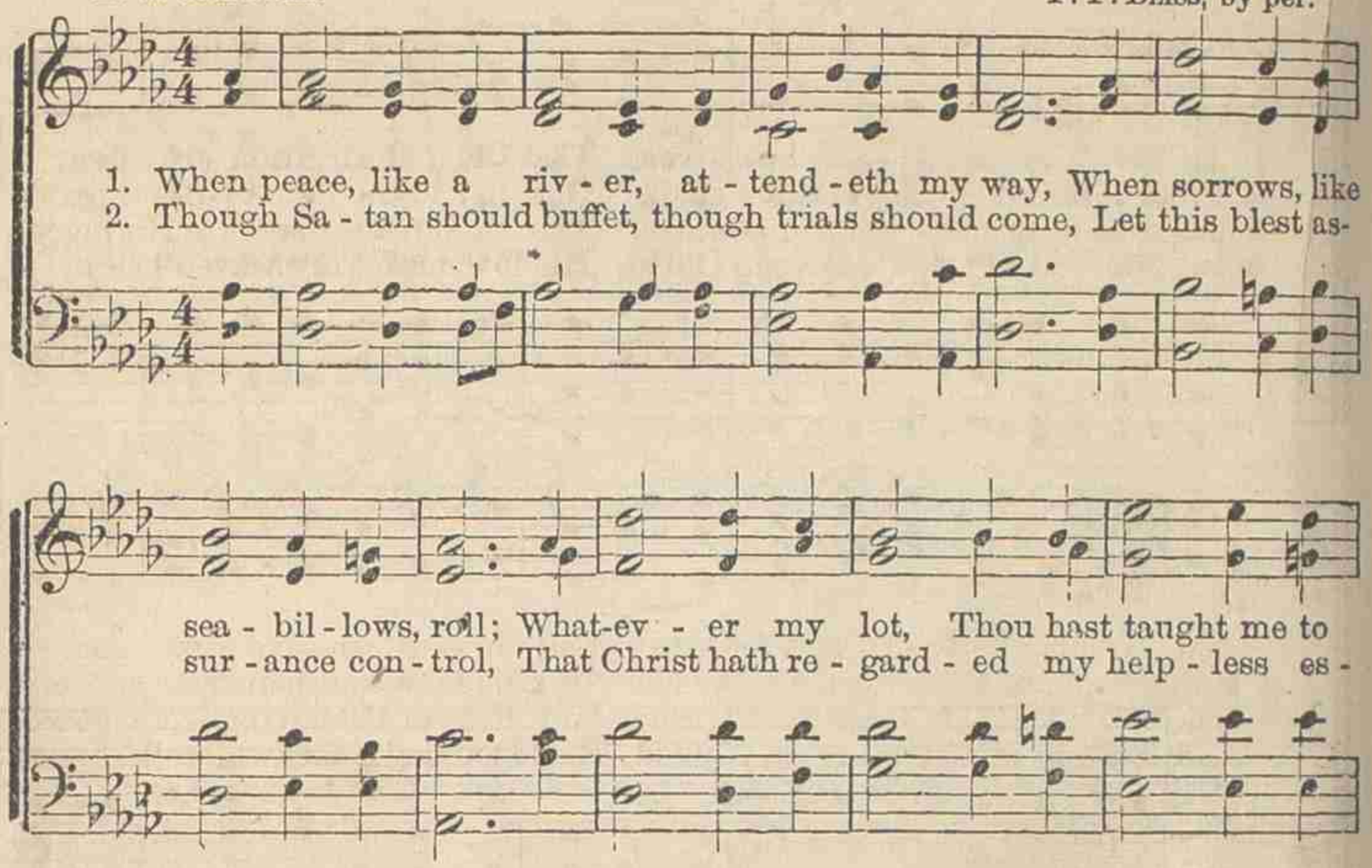
And all may be wash'd and for-given, And Je - sus can save even me.
He has brought me and made me an heir, To kingdoms and mansions above.
My soul all His fullness would prove, And live in His loving em - brace.
And free - ly His blood is ap - plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus is mighty to save,..... And all His sal - va - tion may
is mighty to save, sal -
know,..... On His bo - som I lean, And His
va - tion may know,
blood makes me clean, For His blood can wash whit - er than snow.

No. 76. It is Well with My Soul.

"He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. 55: 18.

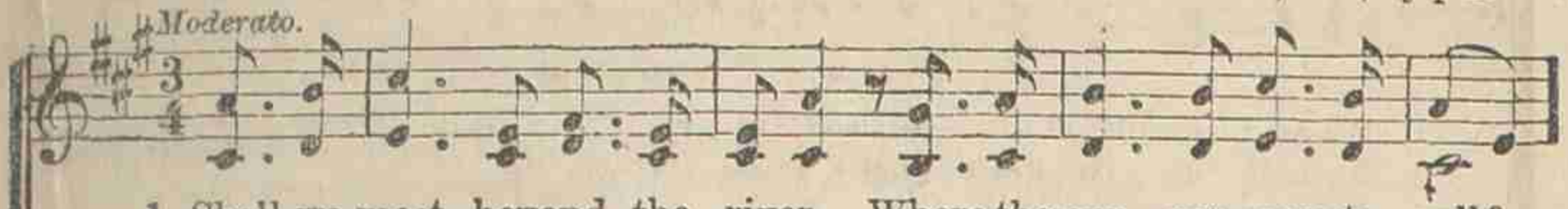
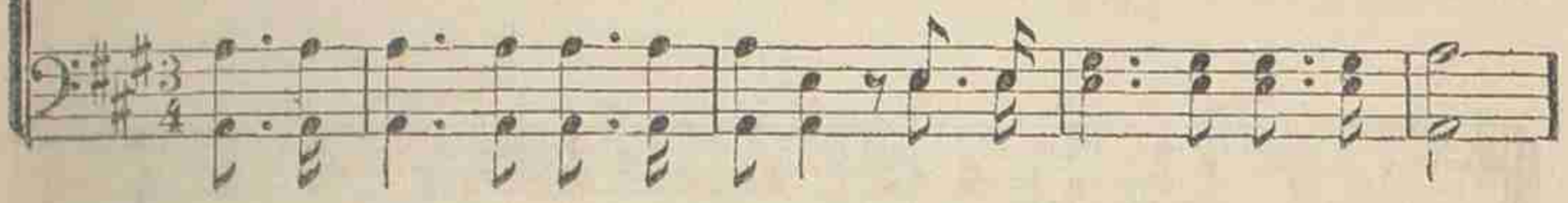
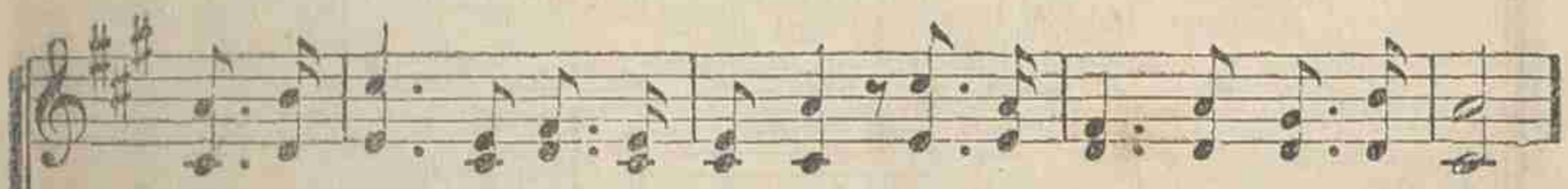
H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS, by per.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul! *Cho.*

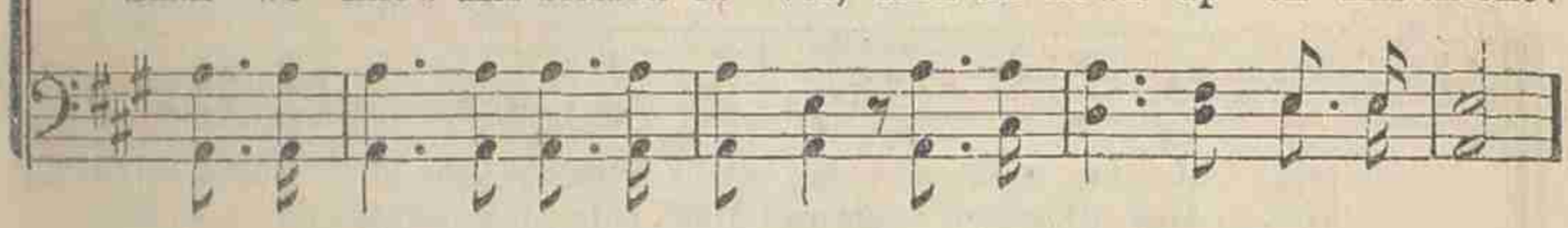
4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul. *Cho.*

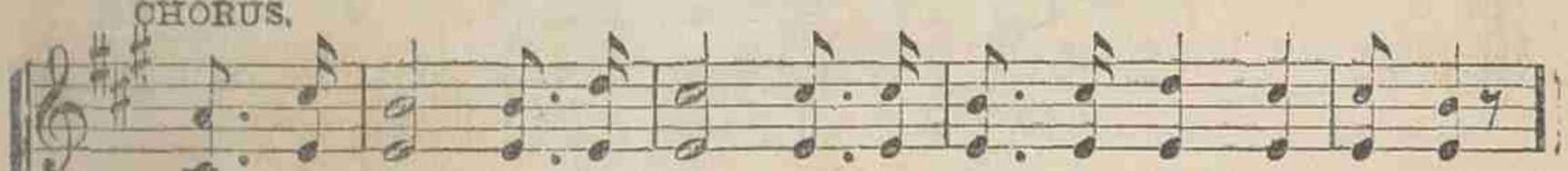
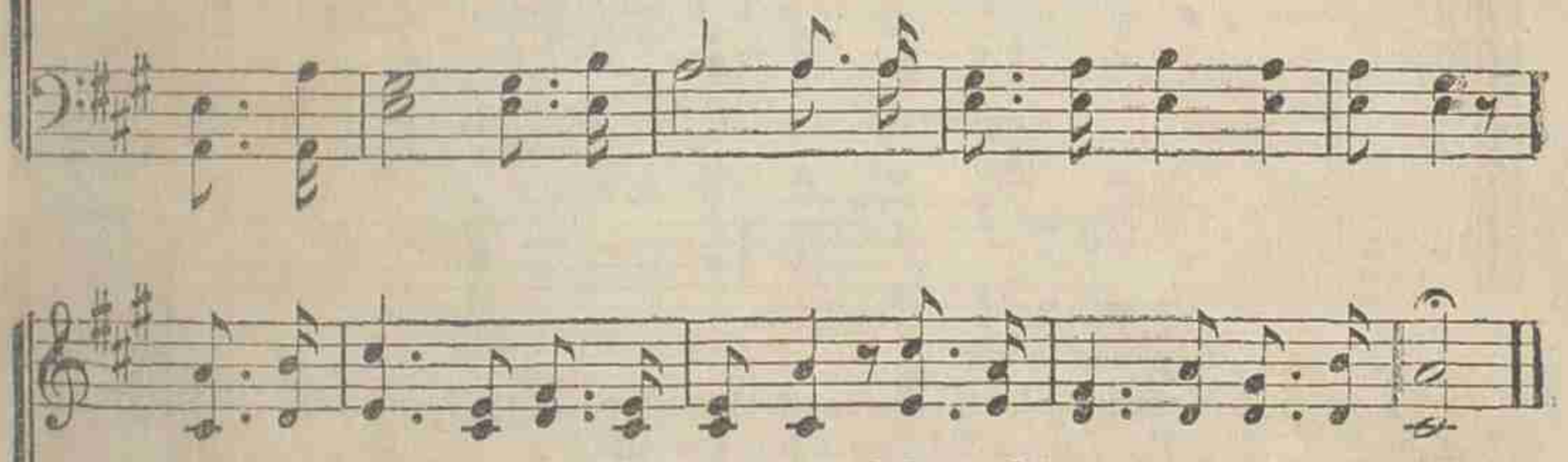
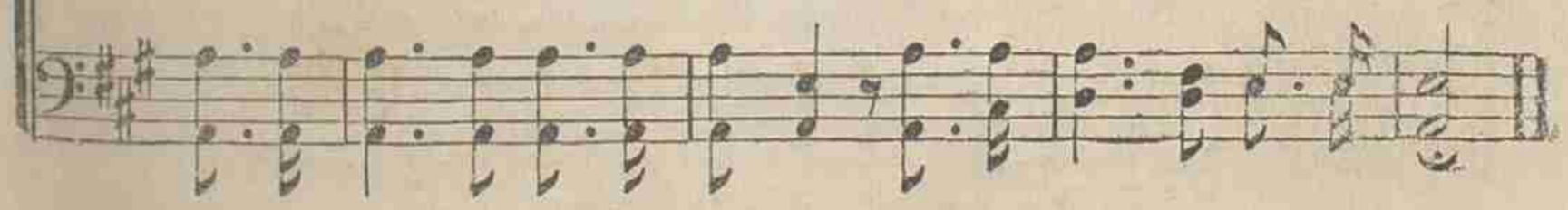
No. 75. Shall we Meet beyond the River?

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 30: 10.

Horace L. Hastings, 1858 — Elihu S. Rice, 1866, by per.

Moderato.

1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

Where, in all the bright for-ev - er, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?—
Shall we know His blessed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?



CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv - er?

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

No. 74.

Arise and Shine.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."—Isa. 60 : 1.

Mary A. Lathbury. P. P. Bliss, by per.

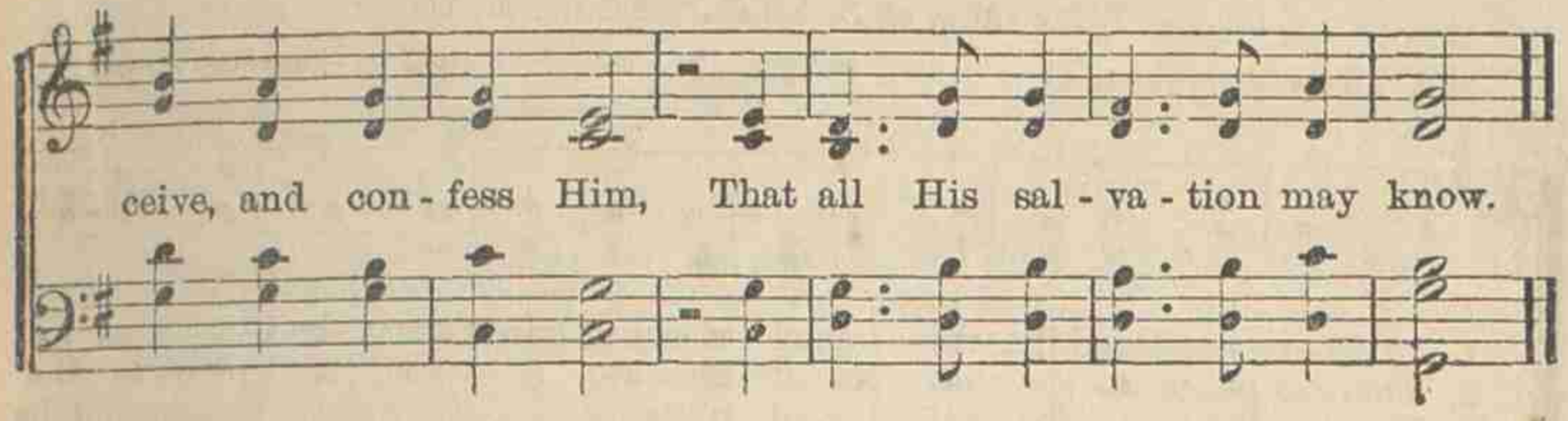
1. Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing, Dear land, with strength lift up thy voice! The kingdoms of the earth are bringing Their
2. And shall His flock with strife be riv - en? Shall en-vious lines His church di-vide, When He, the Lord of earth and hea-ven, Stands
3. Lift up the gates! bring forth ob-la-tions! One crowned with crowns, a message brings, His word, a sword to smite the nations; His
4. He comes! let all the earth a - dore Him; The path His hu-man na - ture trod Spreads to a roy - al realm be - fore Him, The

CHORUS.

treas - ures to thy gates—re - joice! A - rise and shine in
at the door to claim His bride?
name—the Christ, the King of kings.
Light of life, the word of God!

youth im - mor - tal, Thy light is come, thy King ap - pears! Be -

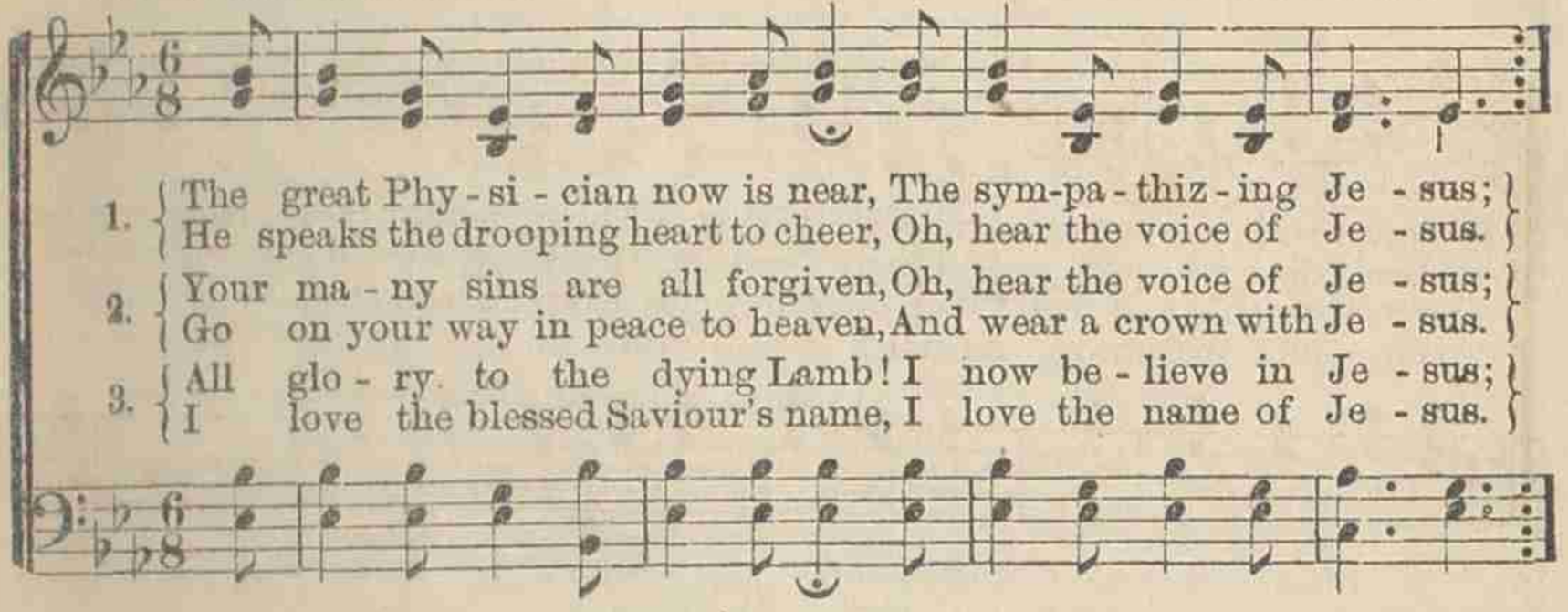
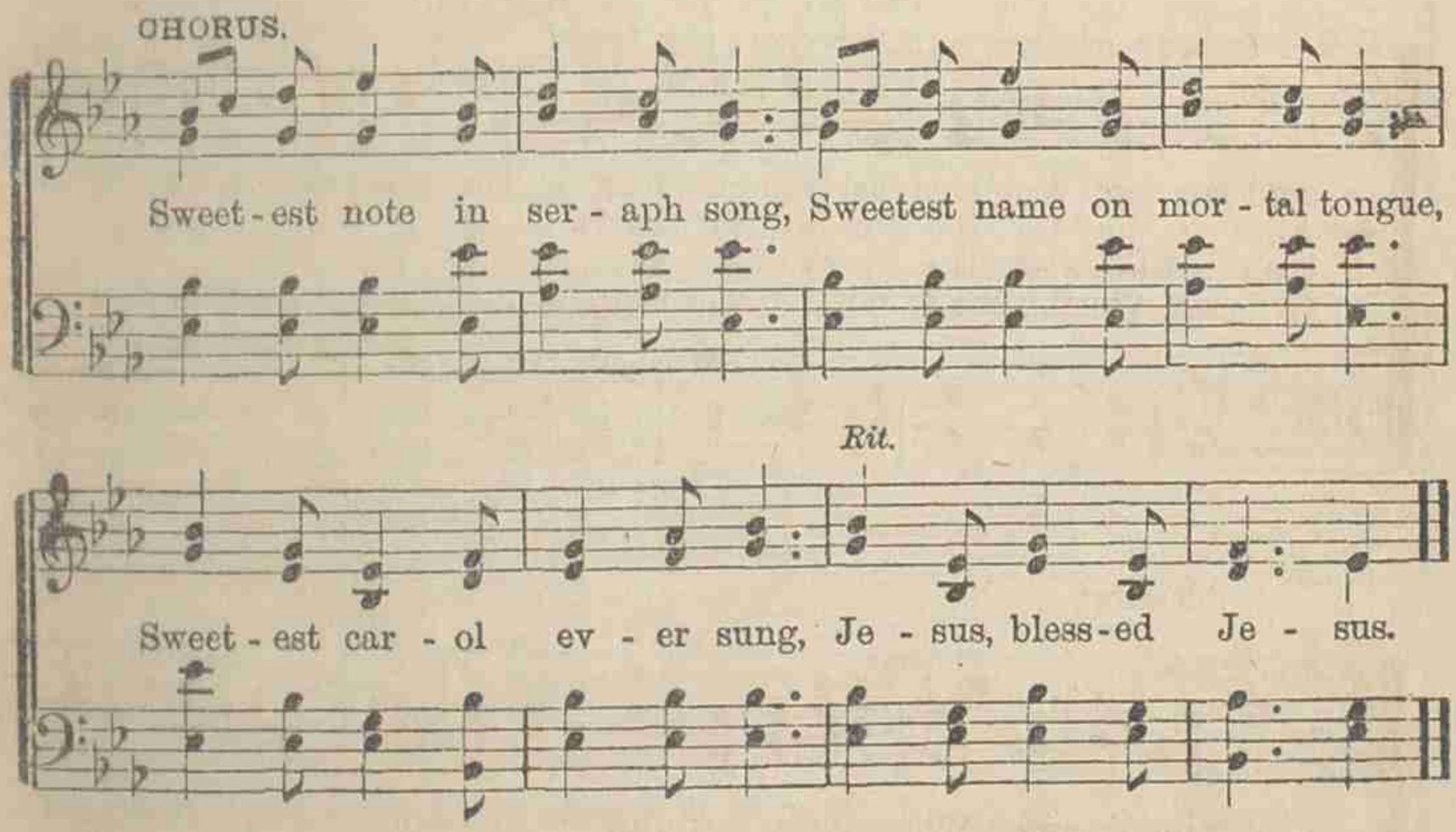
yond the Century's swinging portal, Breaks a new dawn—*the thousand years!*

The Valley of Blessing.—Concluded.

—o—

No. 73. The Great Physician.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"—JER. 8 : 22.

Rev. WILLIAM HUNTER, 1842. Arr. by Rev. JOHN H. STOCKTON, by per.



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

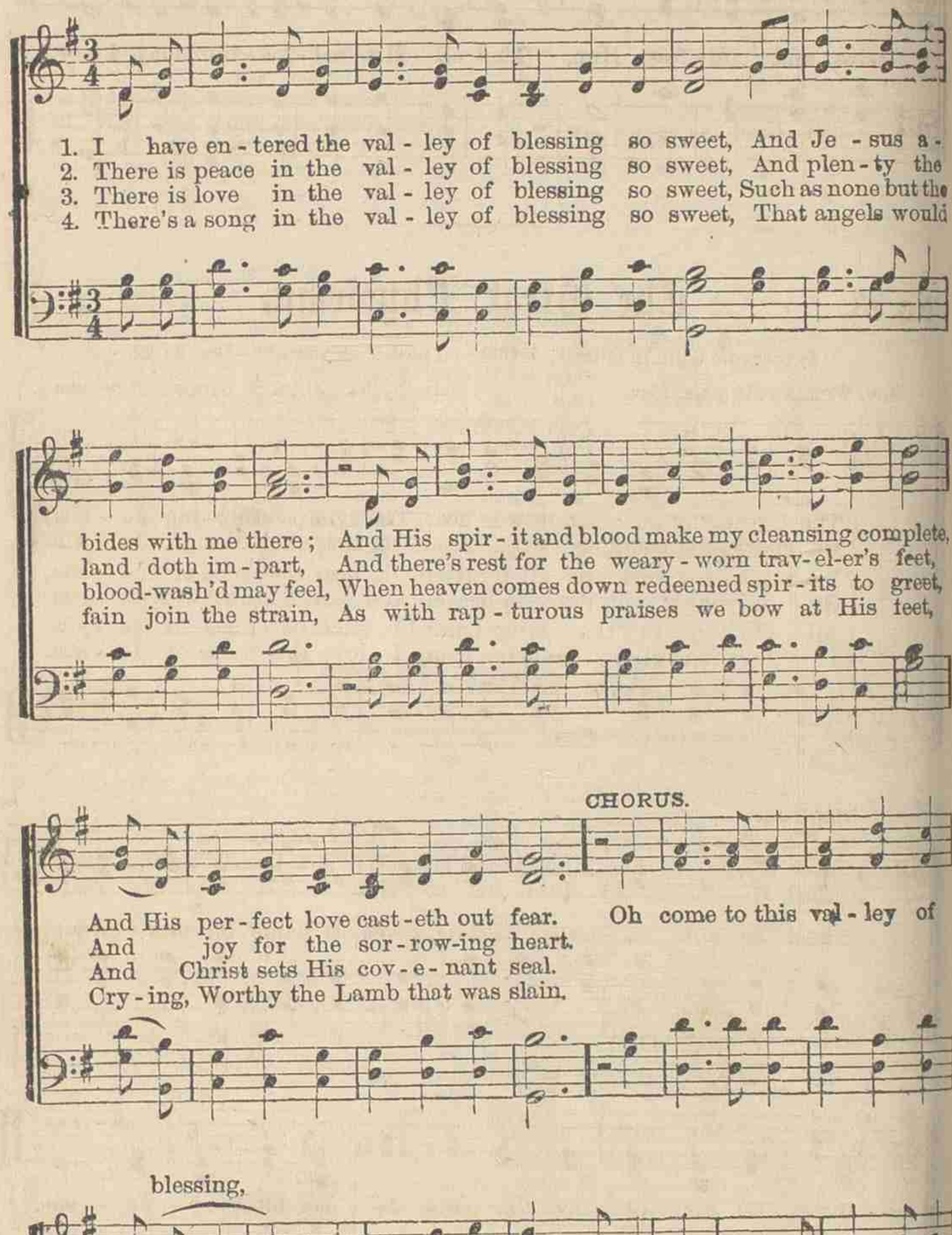
5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus. *Cho.*

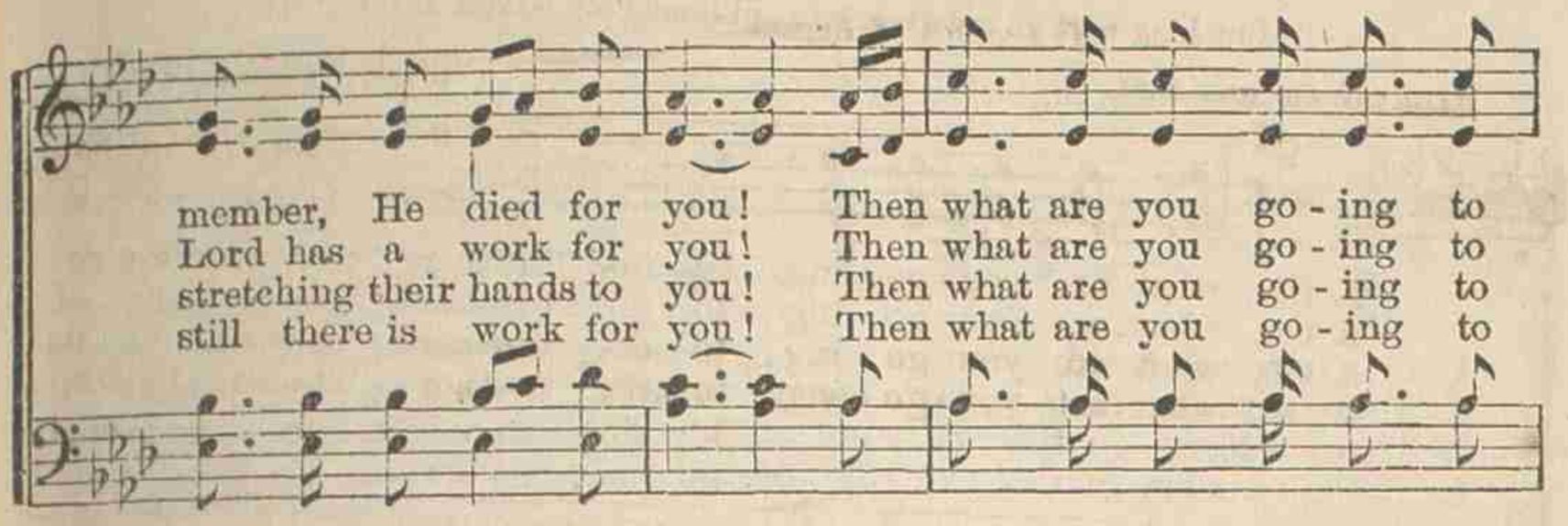
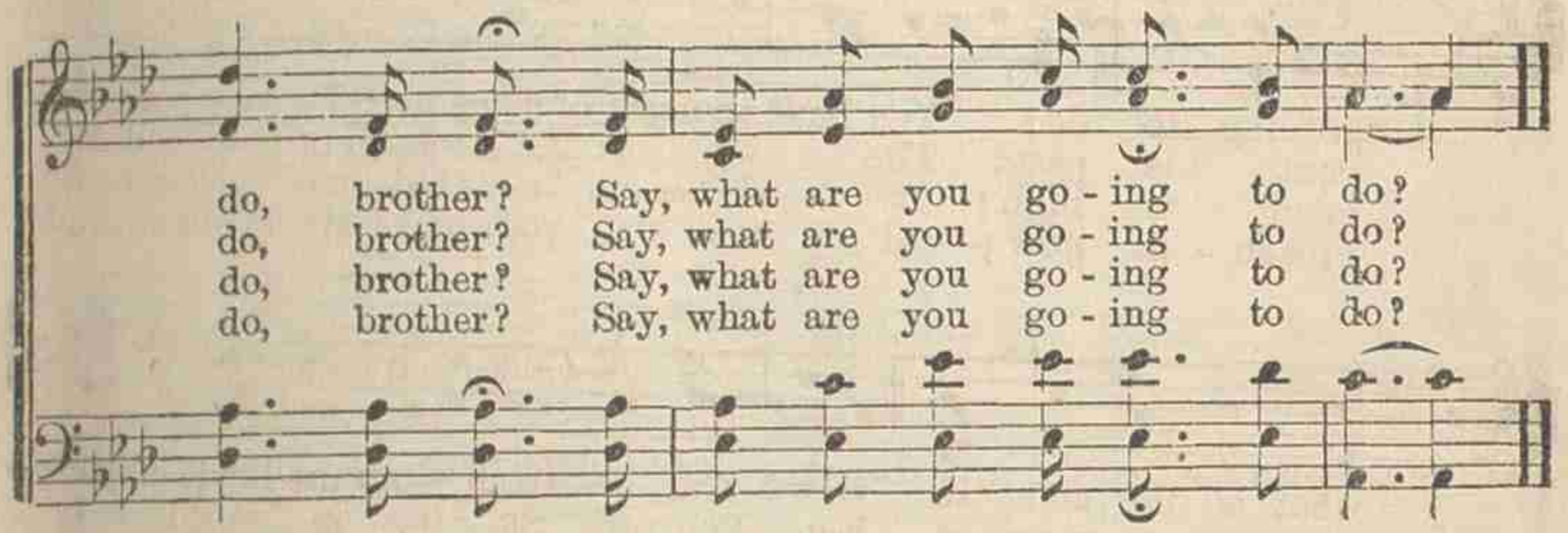
No. 72.

The Valley of Blessing.

"The valley of Berachah."—2 Chr.. 20 : 26.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. G. Fischer by per.

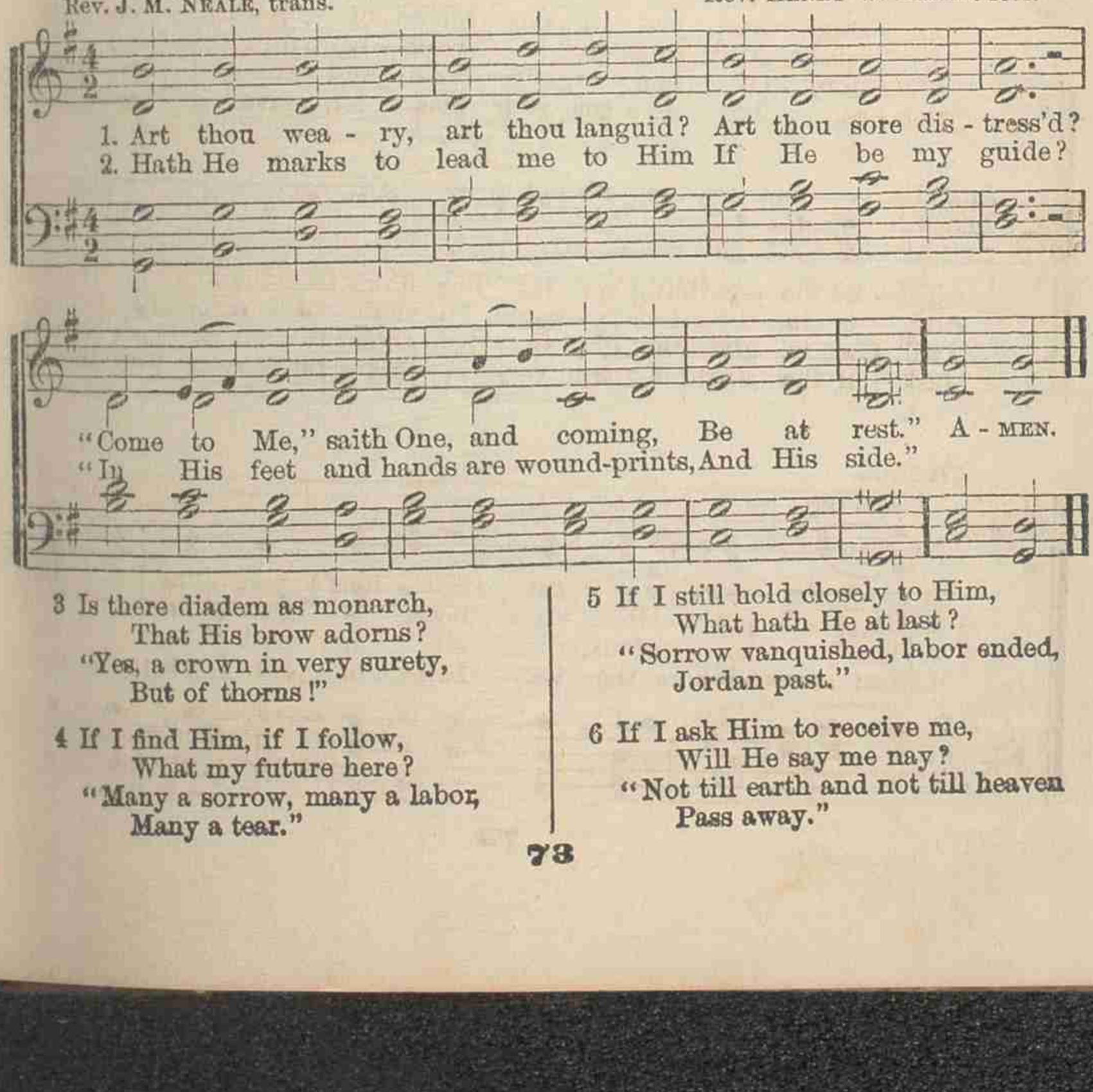


Oh, what are You Going to Do?—Concluded.



No. 71. Art Thou Weary?

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Rev. J. M. NEALE, trans. Rev. HENRY W. BAKER, 1861.



3 Is there diadem as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my future here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

No. 70. Oh, what are You Going to Do?

"How long halt ye between two opinions."—1 KINGS, 18: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1867. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother? Say, what are you go - ing to do? You have thought of some useful la - bor, But
2. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother? The morning of youth is past; The vig - or and strength of manhood, My
3. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother? Your sun at its noon is high; It shines in me - rid - ian splendor, And what is the end in view? You are fresh from the home of your
4. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother? The twi - light ap - proach - es now;— Al - read - y your locks are silvered, And brother, are yours at last: You are ris - ing in world - ly
rides through a cloudless sky: You are hold - ing a high po -
win - ter is on your brow: Your tal - ents, your time, your

boy - hood, And just in the bloom of youth! Have you
pro - spects, And prospered in world - ly things;— A....
si - tion, Of hon - or, and trust, and fame;— Are you
rich - es, To Je - sus, your Mas - ter, give; Then....

tast - ed the sparkling wa - ter That flows from the fount of truth?
du - ty to those less fa - vored, The smile of your fortune brings.
will - ing to give the glo - ry And praise to your Saviour's Name?
ask if the world a-round you Is bet - ter because you live.

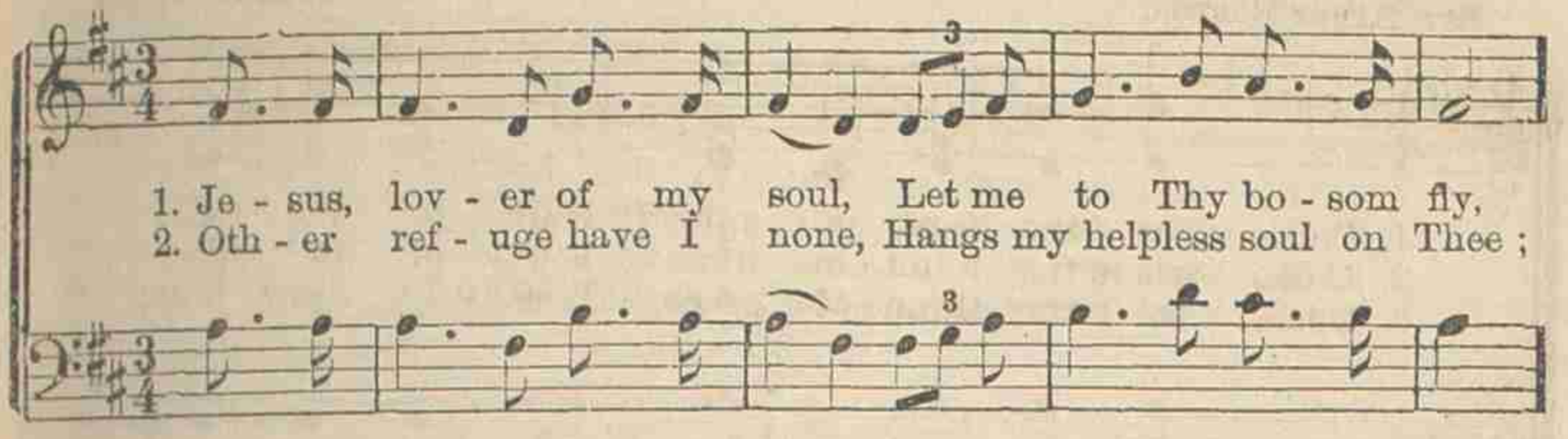
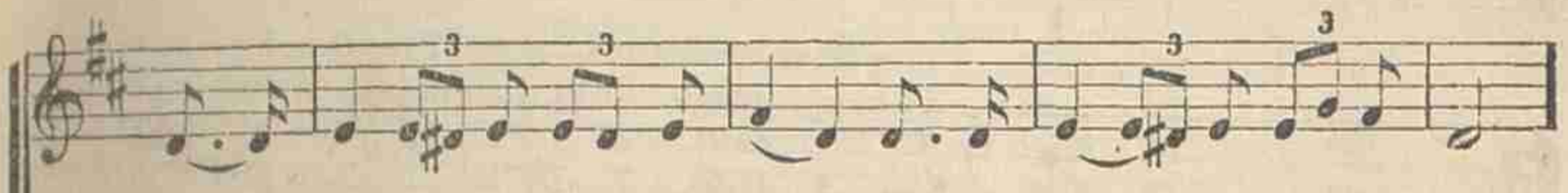
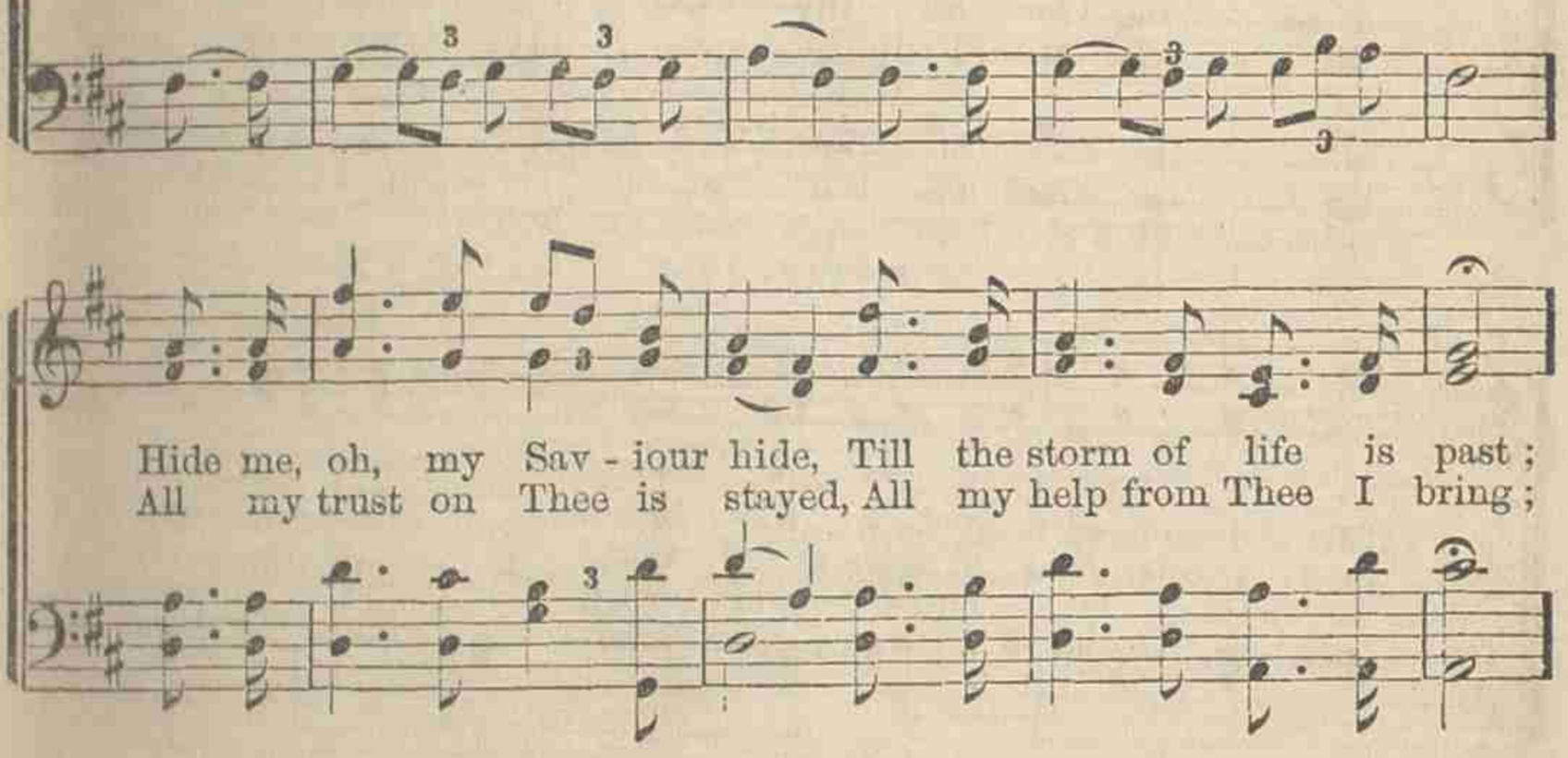
CHORUS.

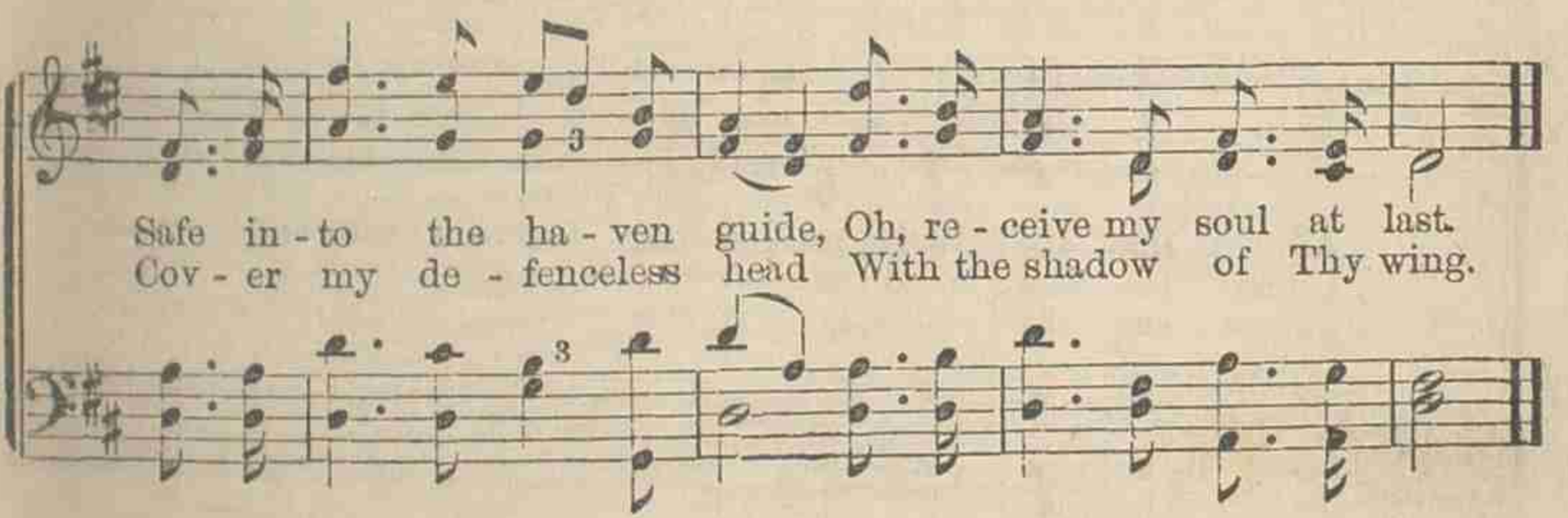
Is your heart in the Sav - iour's keep - ing? Re -
Go, prove that your heart is grate - ful— The
The re - gions that sit in dark - ness Are
You are near - ing the brink of Jor - dan, But

No. 69. Refuge. 7s.

"The Lord also will be a refuge....in times of trouble."—Ps. 9: 9.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749. JOS. P. HOLBROOK, by per.



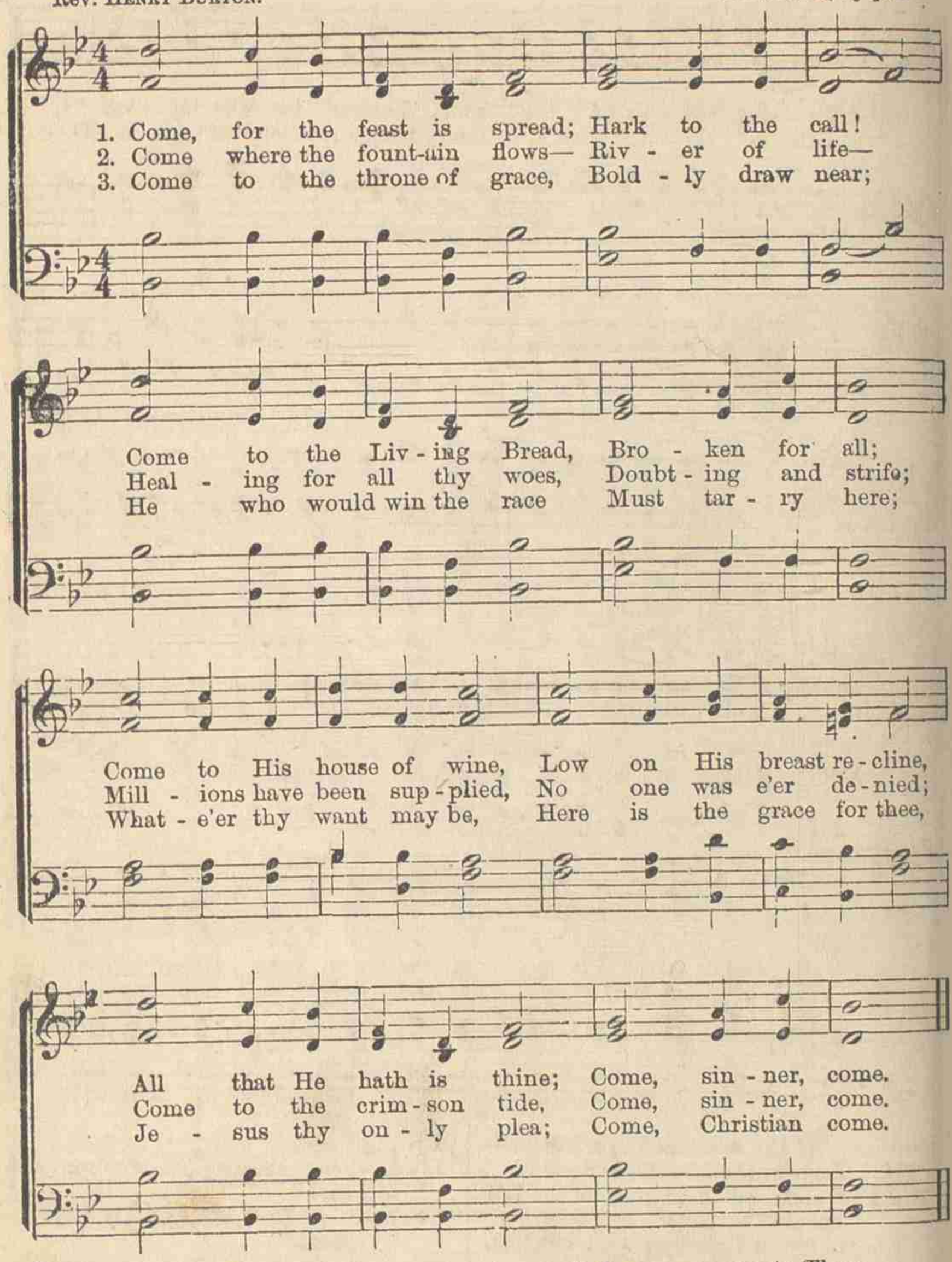


3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, 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. 68. Come; for the Feast is Spread.

"Come; for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14: 17.

Rev. HENRY BURTON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

4 Come to the Better Land,
Pilgrim, make haste!
Earth is a foreign strand—
Wilderness waste!
Here are the harps of gold,
Here are the joys untold—
Crowns for the young and old;
Come, pilgrim, come.

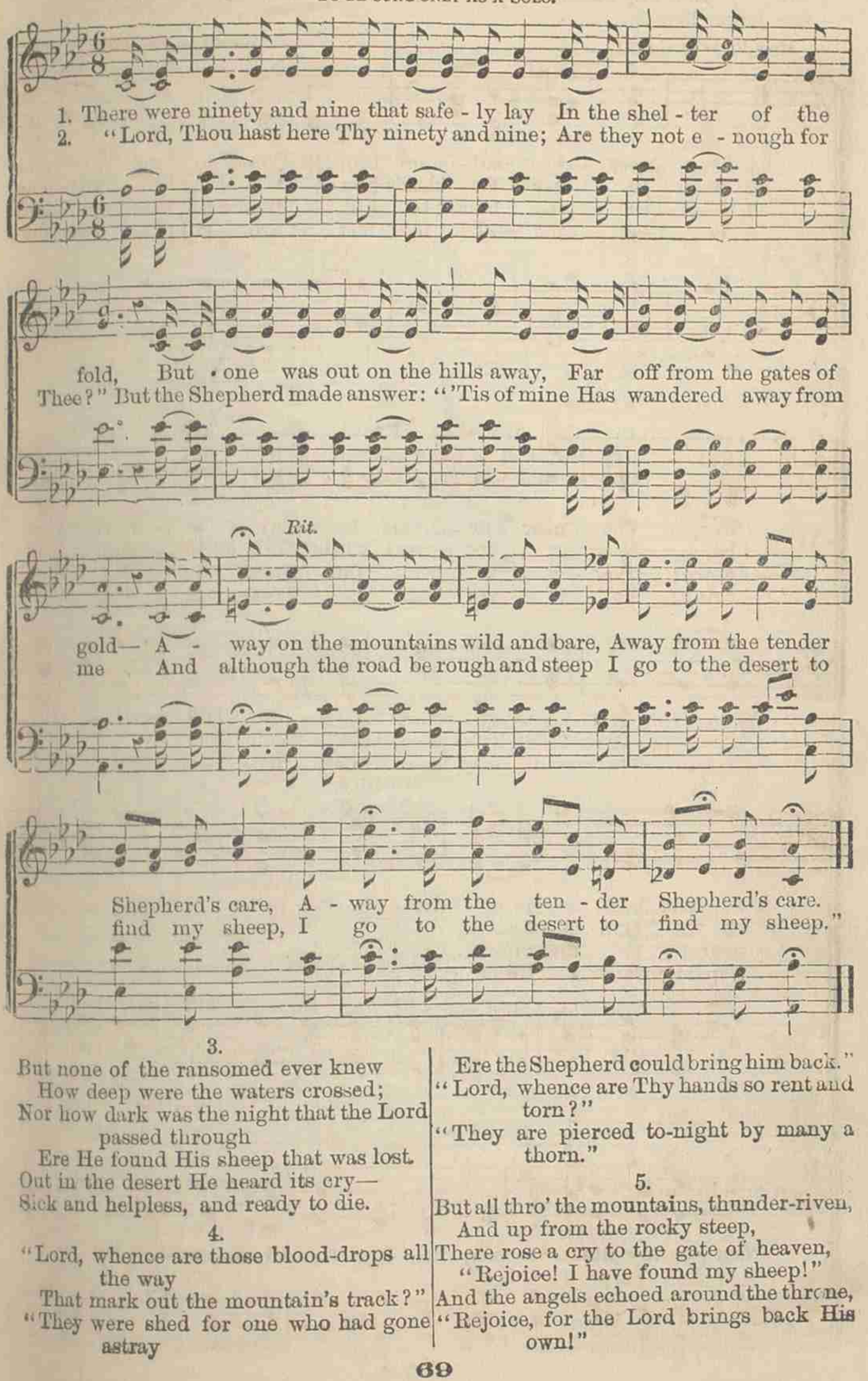
5 Jesus, we come to Thee,
Oh, take us in!
Set Thou our spirits free;
Cleanse us from sin!
Then, in yon land of light,
Clothed in our robes of white,
Resting not day nor night,
Thee will we sing.

No. 67. The Ninety and Nine.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost."—LUKE 15: 6.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, 1868. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

TO BE SUNG ONLY AS A SOLO.



3.

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

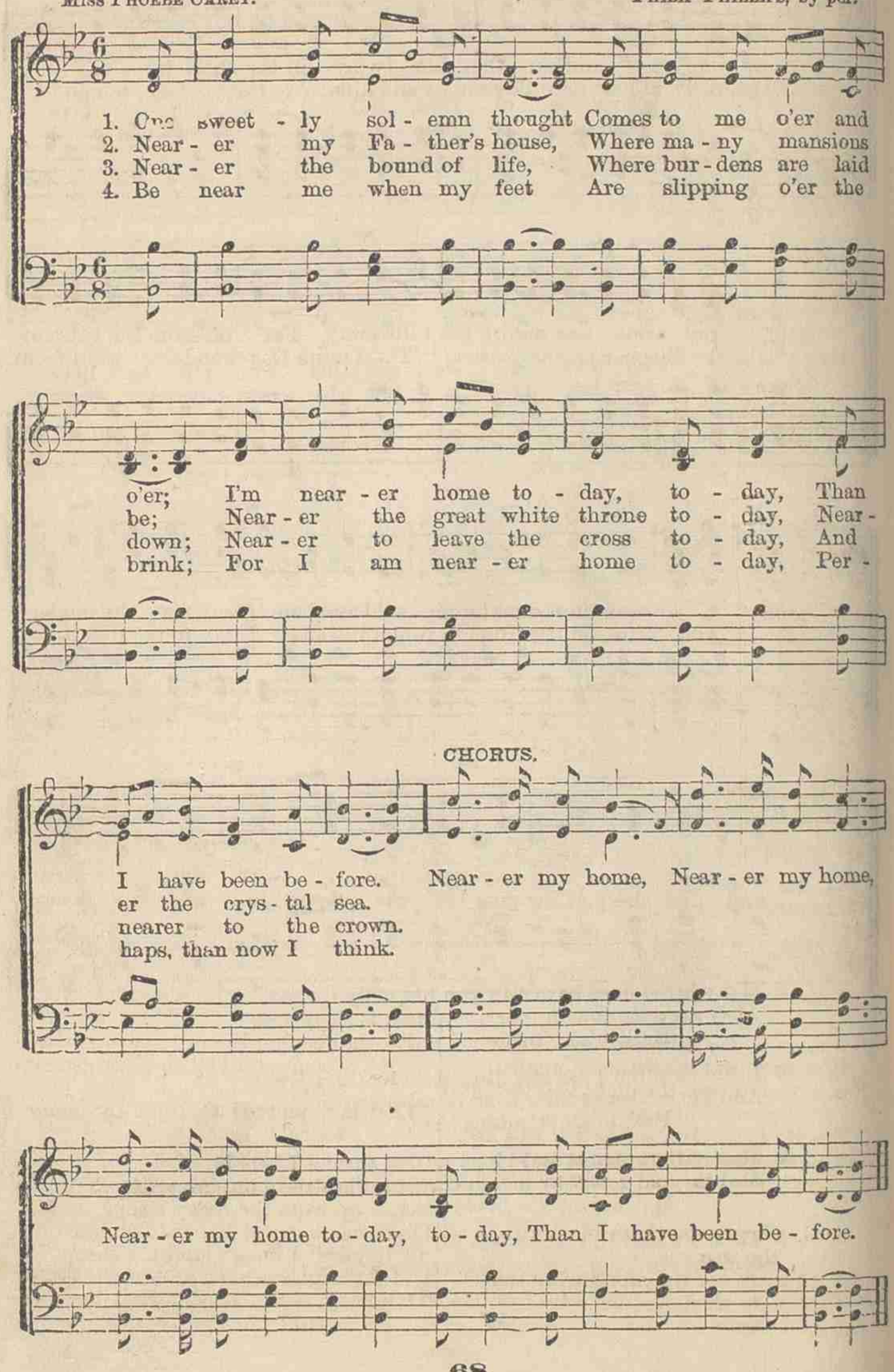
5.

But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

No. 66. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

"Now they desire a better country that is, an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

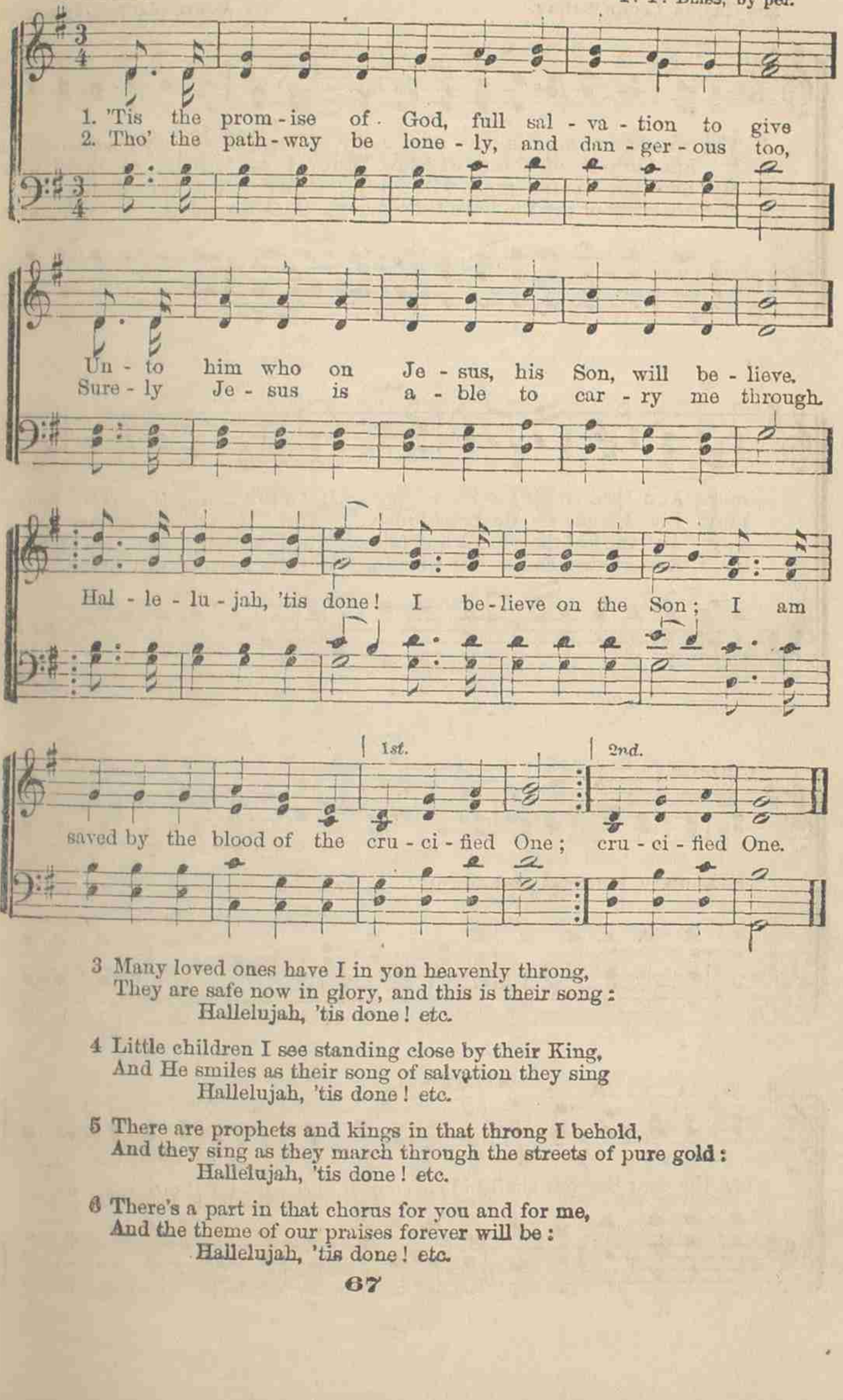
Miss Phoebe Carey. Philip Phillips, by per.



No. 65. Hallelujah, 'tis Done!

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN 3 : 16.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! *etc.*

4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing
Hallelujah, 'tis done! *etc.*

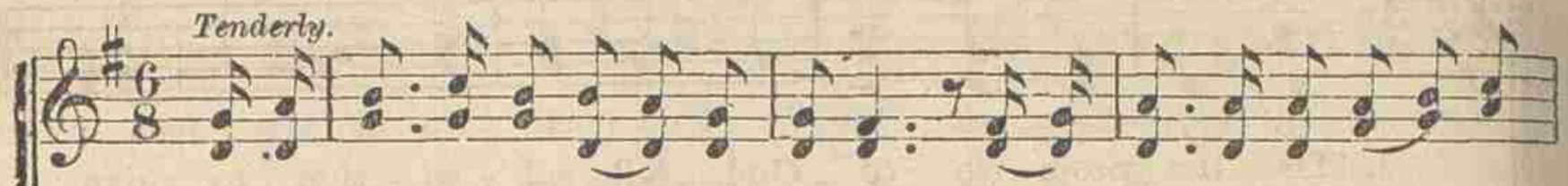
5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! *etc.*

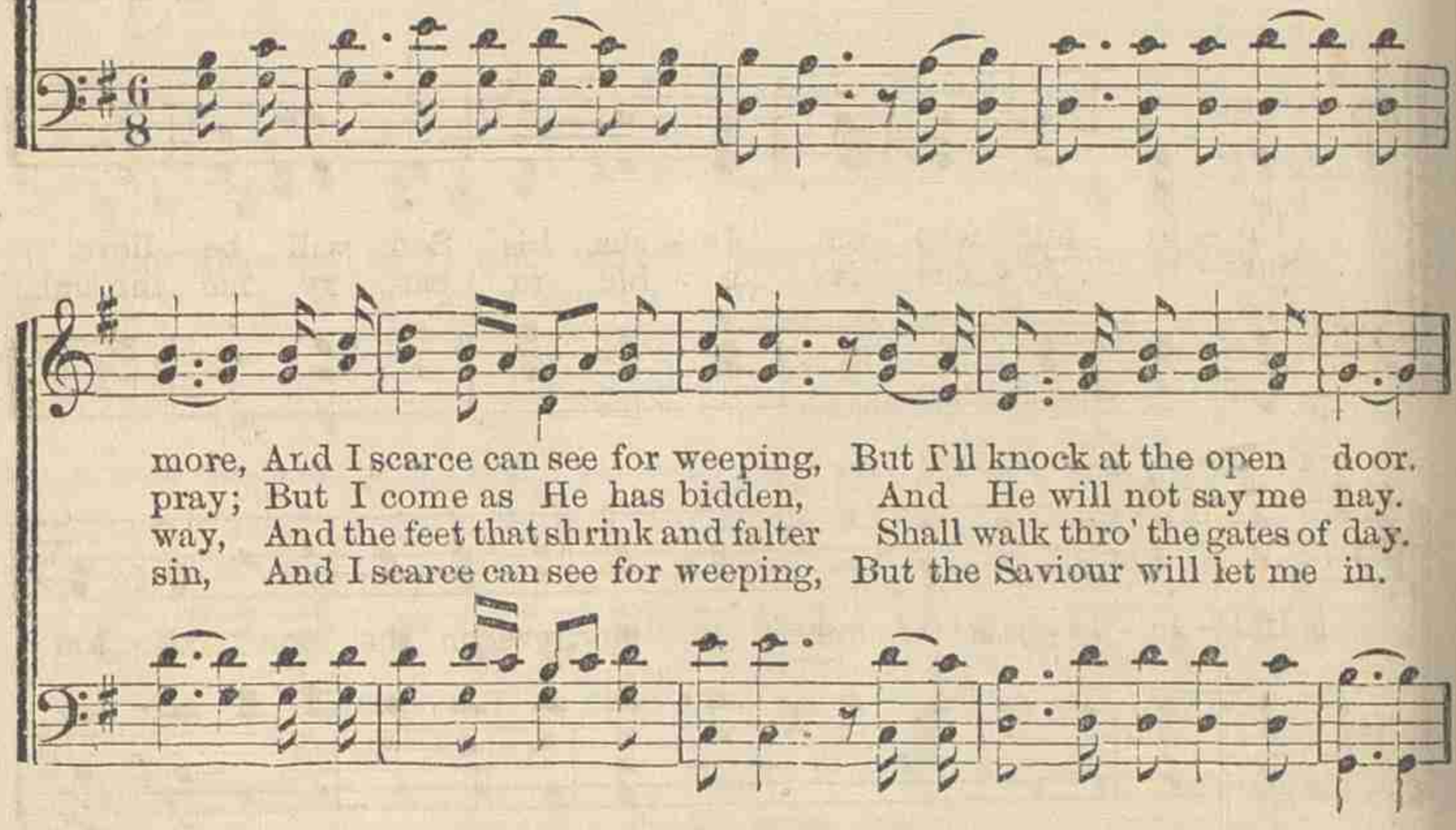
6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! *etc.*

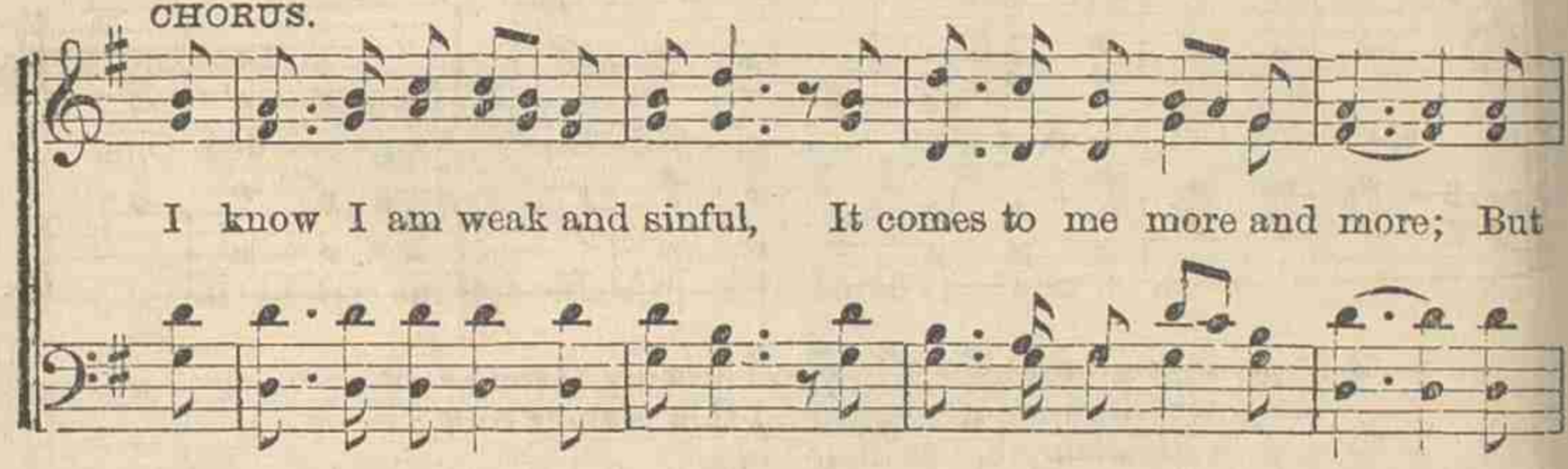
No. 64. The Mistakes of my Life.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door"—Rev. 3: 8.

Mrs Urania Locke Bailey. Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.

Tenderly.

1. The mistakes of my life have been many, The sins of my heart have been more, And I scarce can see for weeping, But I'll knock at the open door.
2. I am lowest of those who love Him, I am weakest of those who pray; But I come as He has bidden, And He will not say me nay.
3. My mistakes His free grace will cover, My sins He will wash a - way, And the feet that shrink and falter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.
4. The mistakes of my life have been many, And my spirit is sick with sin, And I scarce can see for weeping, But the Saviour will let me in.



CHORUS.

I know I am weak and sinful, It comes to me more and more; But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.

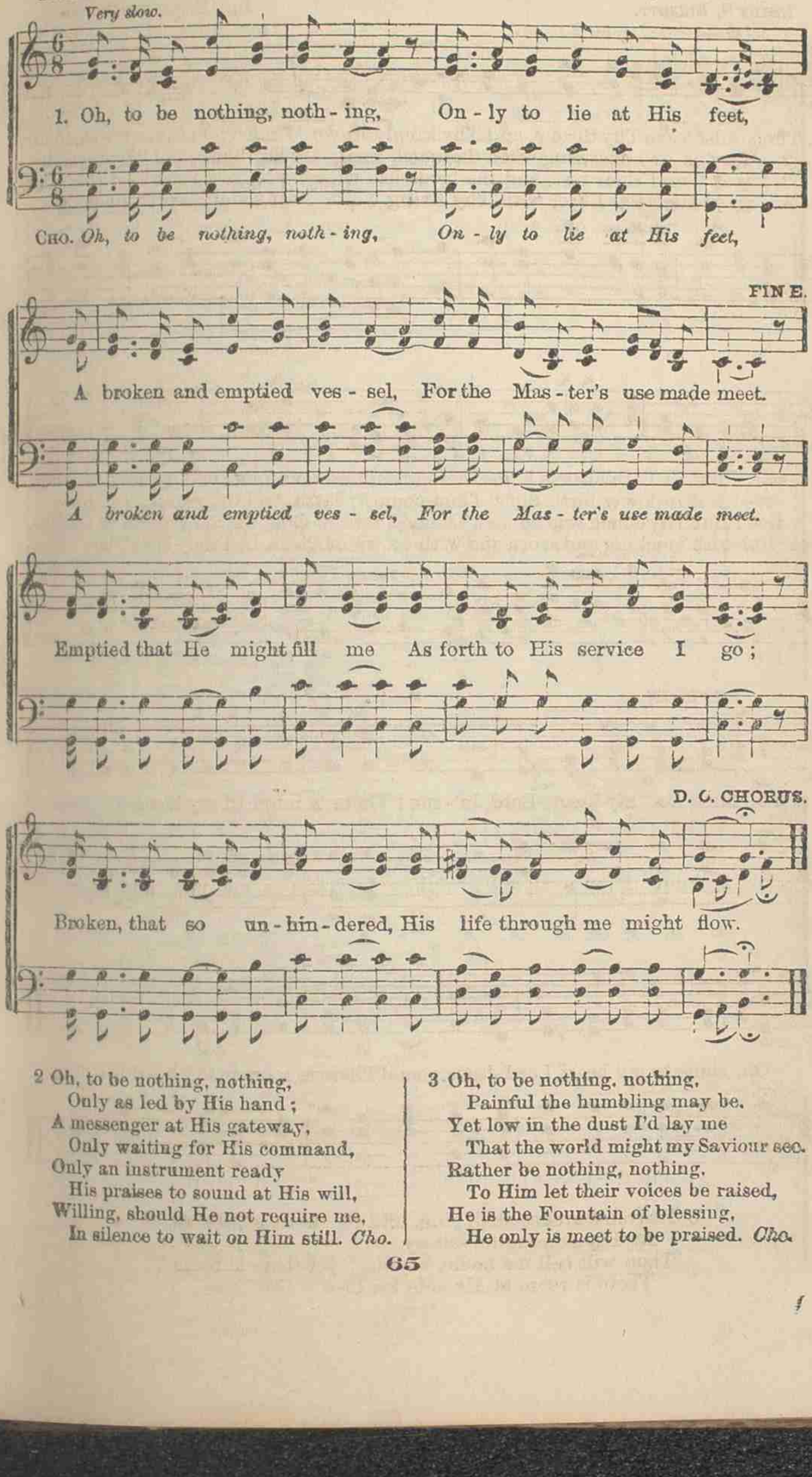
No. 63.

Oh, to be Nothing.

"Neither is he that planteth, anything, neither he that watereth."—1 Cor. 3: 7.

Georgiana M. Taylor, 1869. R. Geo. Halls. Arr. by P. P. Bliss.

Very slow.



2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command,
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will,
Willing, should He not require me,
In silence to wait on Him still. *Cho.*

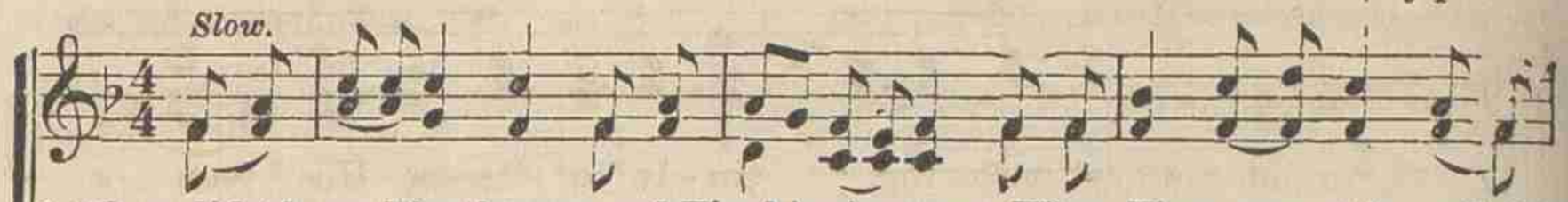
3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be.
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world might my Saviour see.
Rather be nothing, nothing,
To Him let their voices be raised,
He is the Fountain of blessing,
He only is meet to be praised. *Cho.*

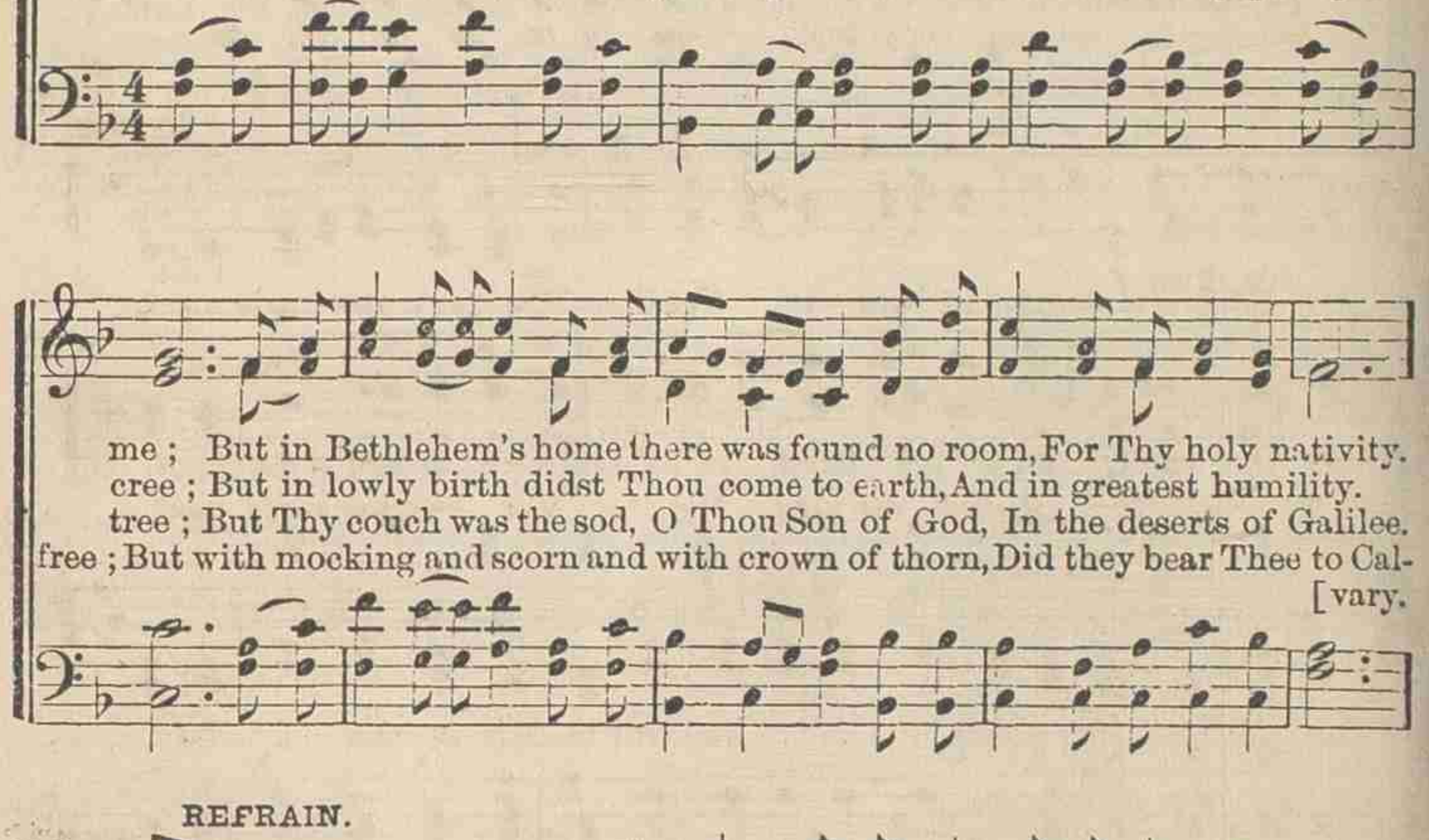
No. 62.

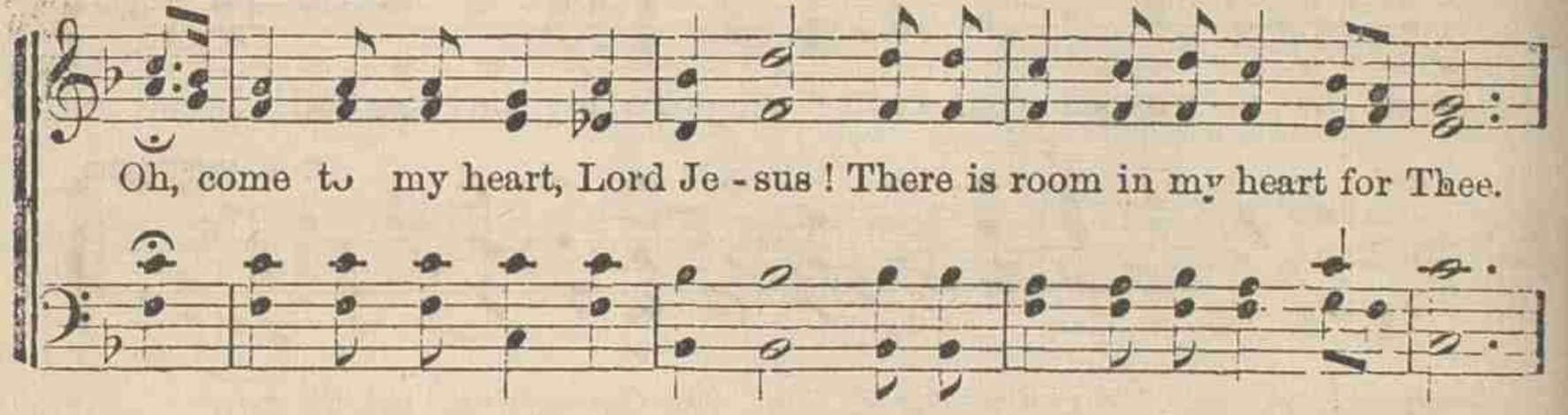
Room for Thee.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE. 2: 7.

EMILY S. ELLIOTT. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per

Slow.

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy kingly crown, When Thou camest to earth for me ; But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room, For Thy holy nativity.
2. Heav'ns ar - ches rang when the angels sang, Of Thy birth, and Thy royal de- cree ; But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in greatest humility.
3. Foxes found their rest, and the birds had their nests, In the shade of the cedar tree ; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God, In the deserts of Galilee.
4. Thou camest O Lord, with Thy living word, That should set Thy peo - ple free ; But with mocking and scorn and with crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Cal- vary.



REFRAIN.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus ! There is room in my heart for Thee.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come! There is room in my heart for Thee.

5 Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Thou wilt call me home, saying "yet there is room,"
There is room at My side for thee. *Cho.*

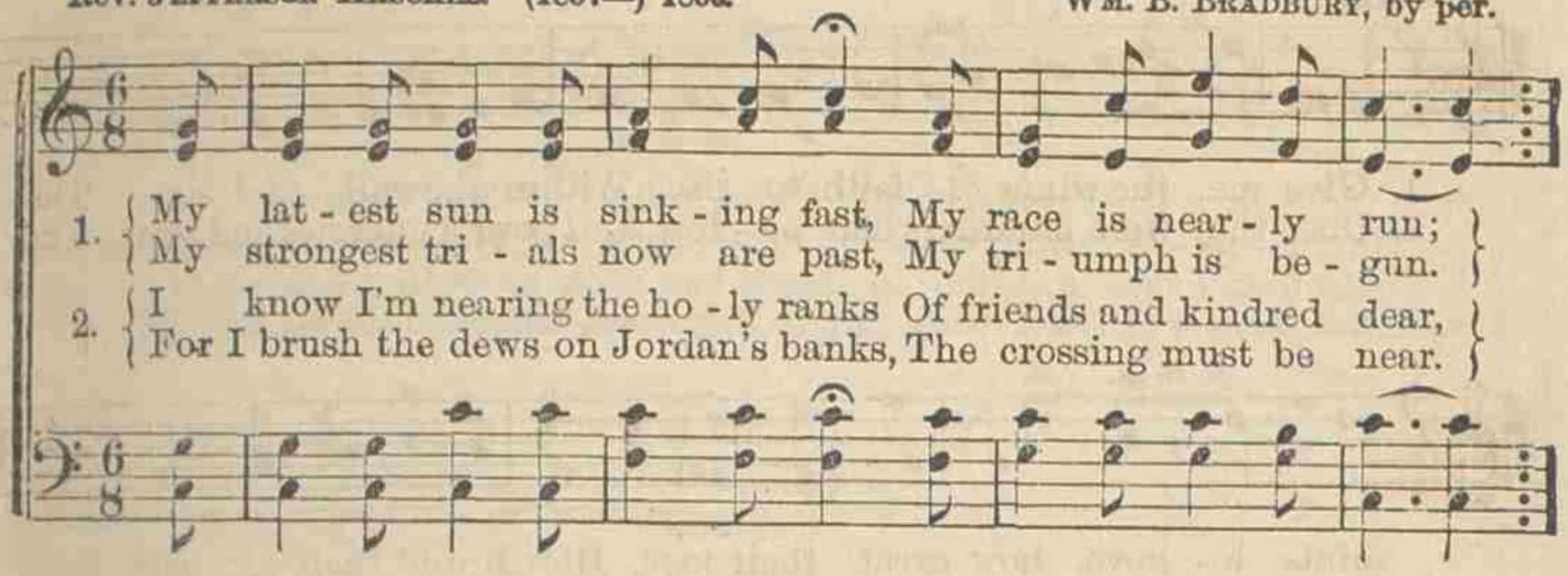
No. 61.

The Land of Beulah.

"Thou shalt be called Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee."—Isa. 62: 4.

As sung by the late Bishop Morris.

Rev. Jefferson Hascall. (1807—) 1860. Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.



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

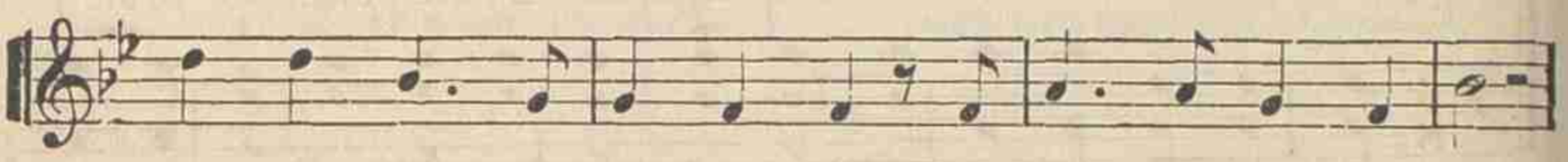
4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

No. 60. Give me the Wings of Faith.

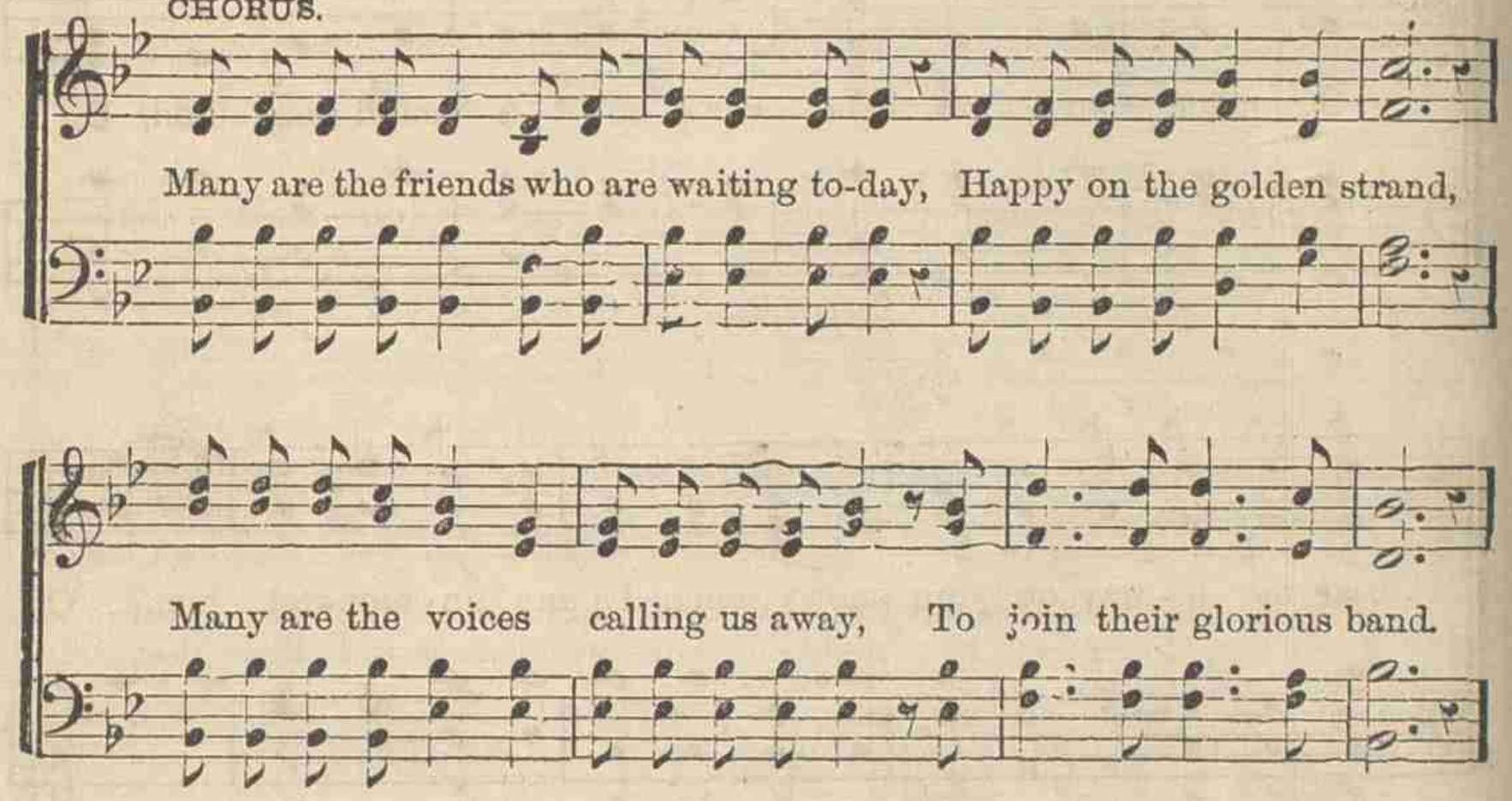
"Here we have no continuing city."—Heb. 13: 14.

Rev. I. Watts, 1709. Arr. by Walter Kittredge.

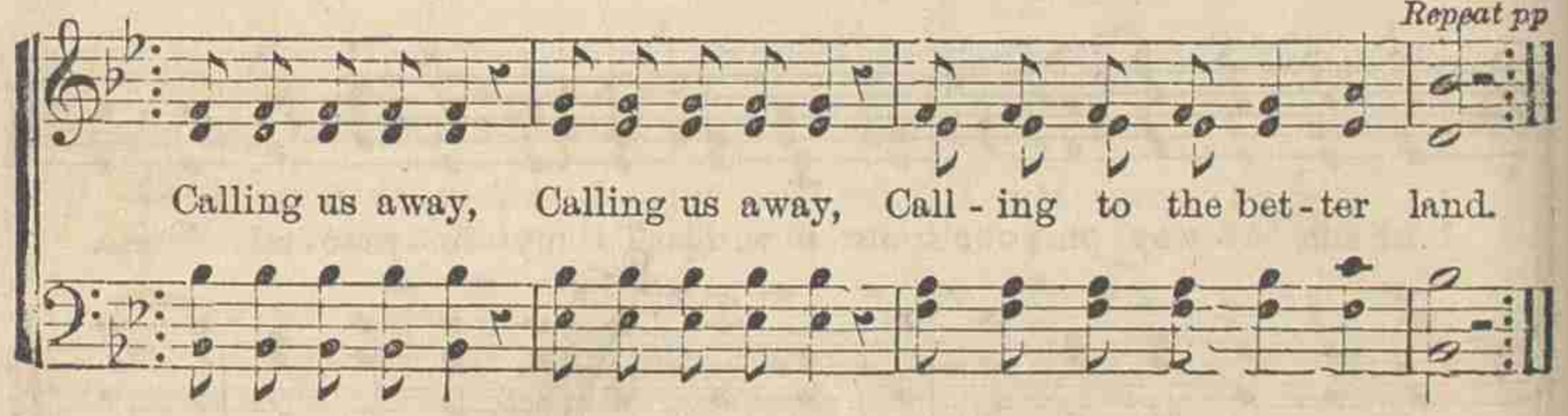
SOLO.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, Within the vail, and see The
2. Once they were mourners here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears; They

saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.
wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

CHORUS.



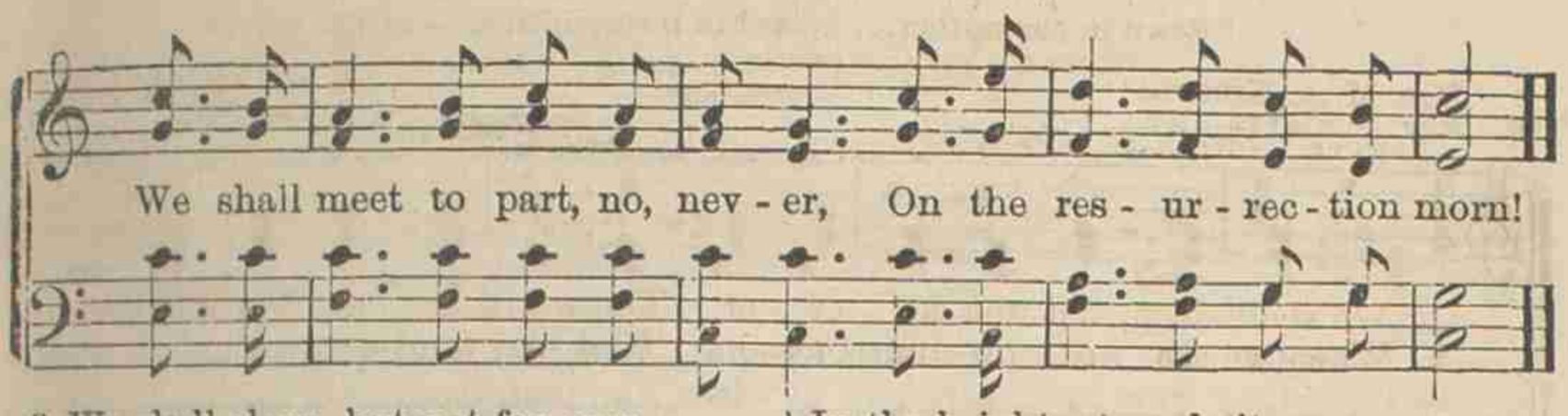
Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand,
Many are the voices calling us away, To join their glorious band.

Repeat pp

Calling us away, Calling us away, Call - ing to the bet - ter land.

3.

I ask them whence their victory came.
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
Many are the friends, &c.

We shall Sleep.—Concluded.



3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.

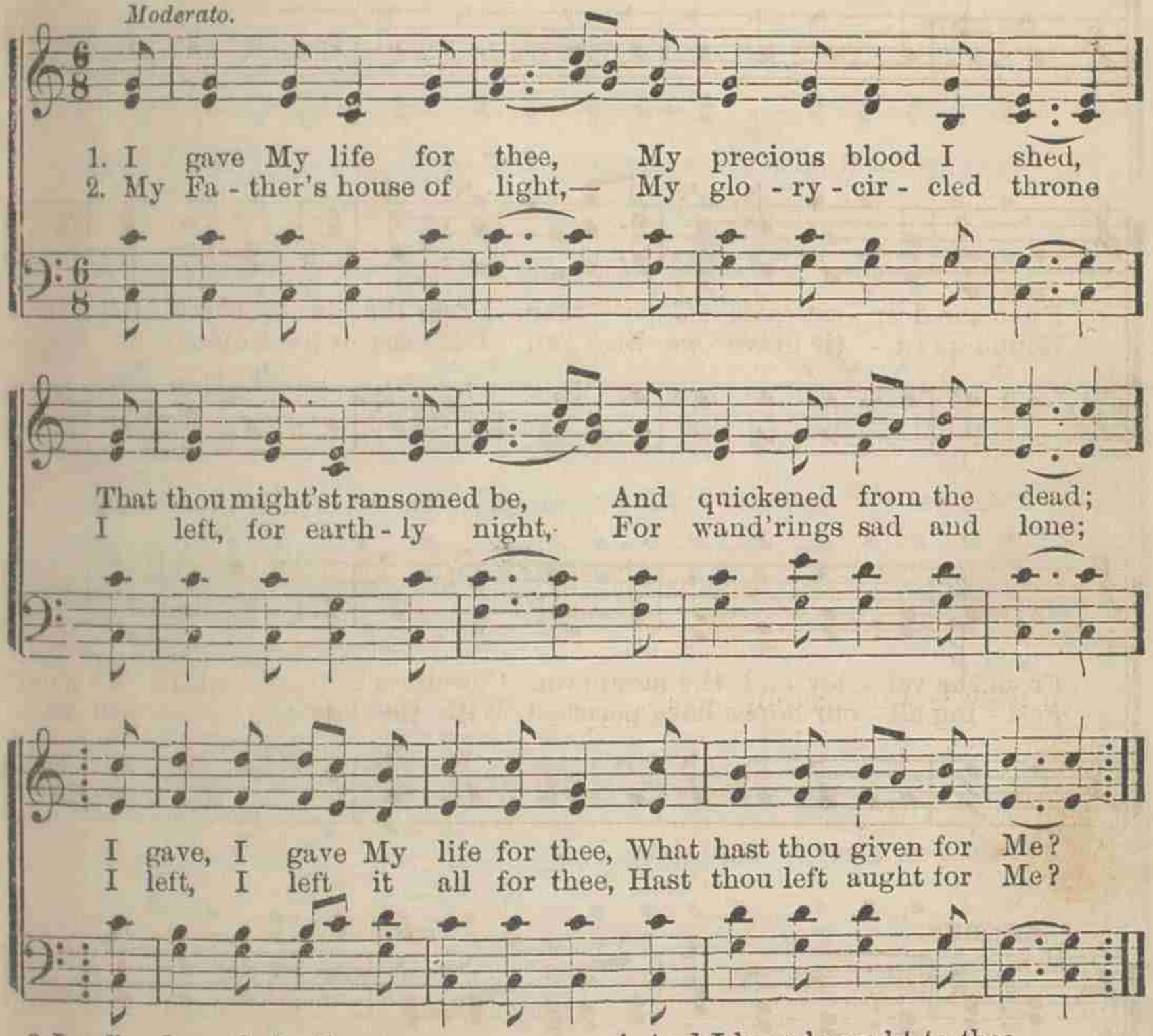
In the bright, eternal city
Death can never, never come!
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to Home, sweet Home.
Cho.

No. 59. What hast Thou done for Me?

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."—HEB. 9 : 28.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Moderato.



3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

No. 58. We shall Sleep, but not Forever.

"Sown in corruption....raised in incorruption."—1 Cor. 15: 42.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. S. J. Vail, by per.

1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn!
2. When we see a precious blossom That we tend-ed with such care,

We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the re - sur - rection morn!
Rudely tak - en from our bo - som, How our ach - ing hearts de - spair!

From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the de - sert and the plain,
Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger, Till the set - ting sun is low,

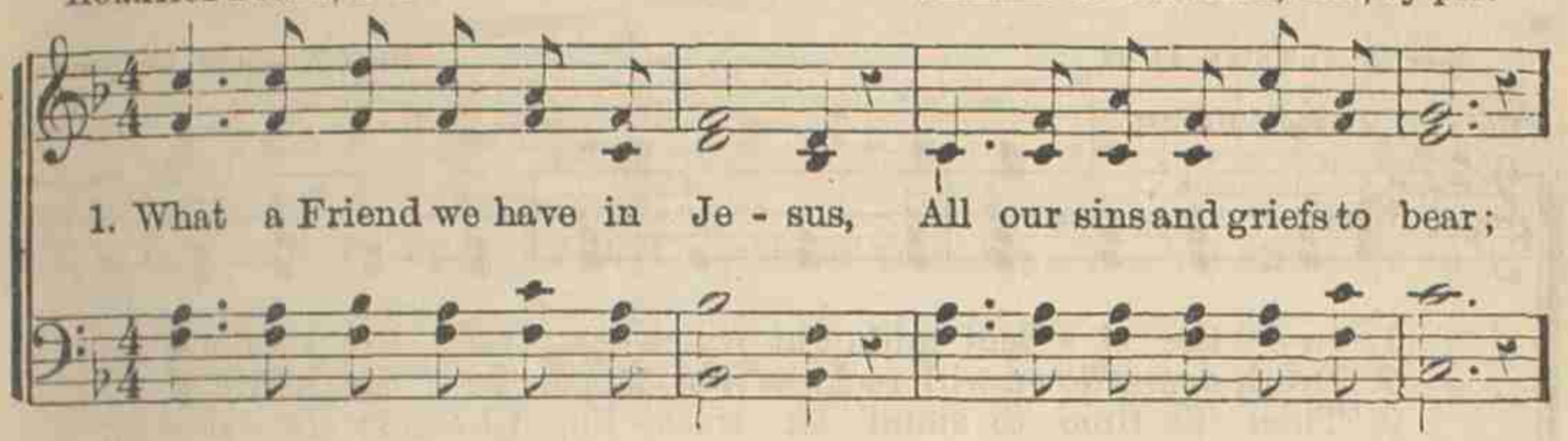
From the val - ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise a - gain.
Feel - ing all our hopes have perished With the flow'r we cherished so.

CHORUS. *cres.*

We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn;

No. 57. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. CHARLES C. CONVERSE, 1868, by per.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 56. In the Silent Midnight Watches.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3 : 20.

Rev. A. C. Coxe, D. D. Geo. F. Root, by per.

Piano e Marcato.

1. In the si - lent midnight watch - es, List—thy bosom's door!
2. Death comes down with reckless foot - steps, To the hall and hut;
3. Then 'tis time to stand en treat - ing Christ to let thee in;

How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev - er - more!
Think you death will tar - ry knocking, When the door is shut?
At the gate of hea - ven beat - ing, Wail - ing for thy sin?

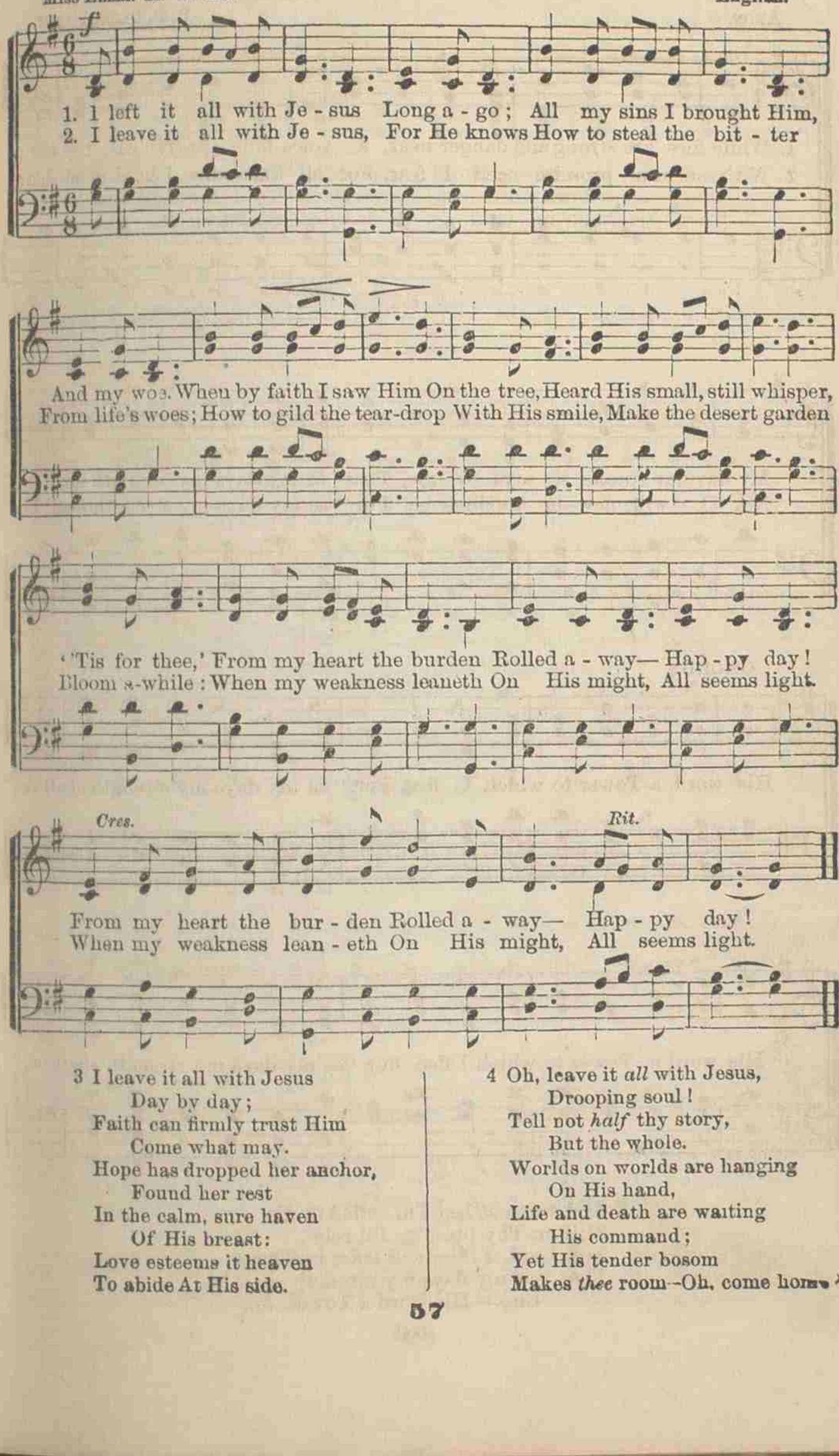
Say not 'tis thy puls - es beat - ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin;
Je - sus wait - eth, wait - eth, wait - eth; But the door is fast;
Nay! a - las, thou guilt - y crea - ture! Hast thou, then, for - got?

'Tis thy Sav - iour knocks, and cri - eth, "Rise, and let me in!"
Grieved, away thy Sav - iour go - eth, Death breaks in at last.
Je - sus wait - ed long to know thee, Now He knows thee not!

No. 55. I Left it All with Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."—1 PETER 5: 7.

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS. English.



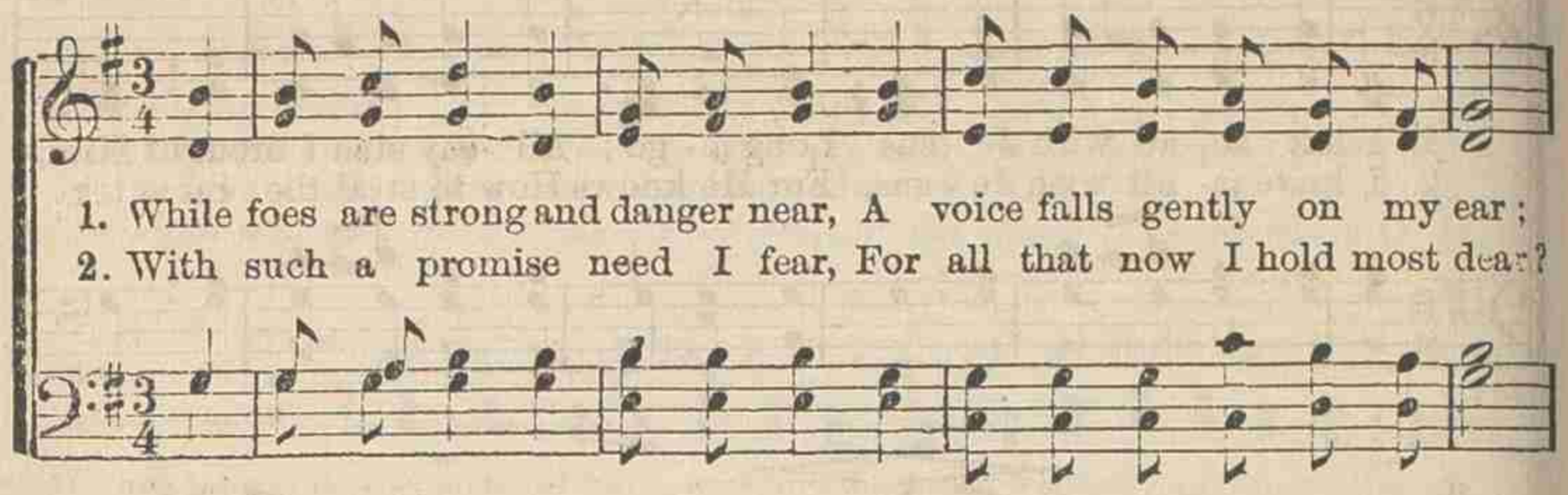
3 I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven
To abide At His side.

4 Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus,
Drooping soul!
Tell not *half* thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On His hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes *thee* room—Oh, come home!

No. 54.

His Word a Tower.

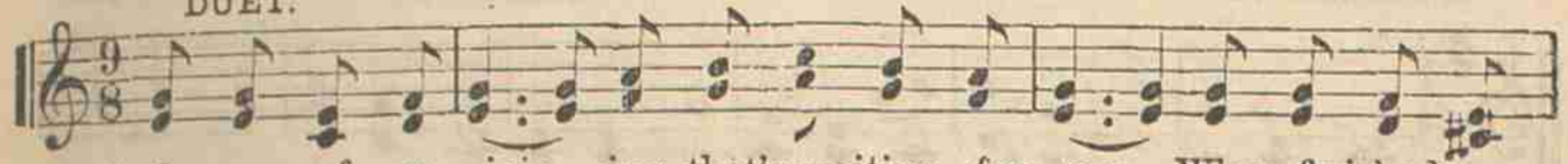
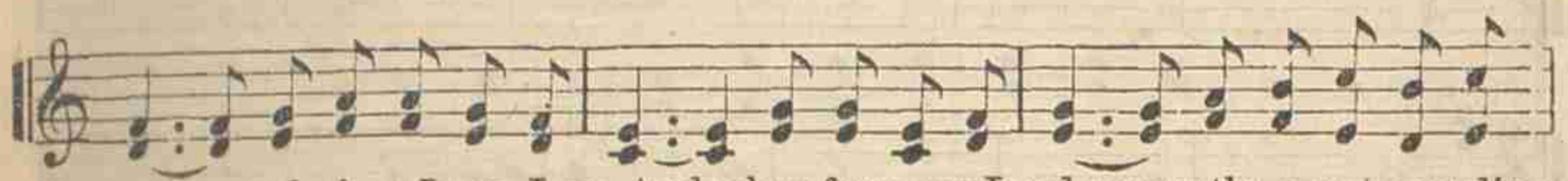
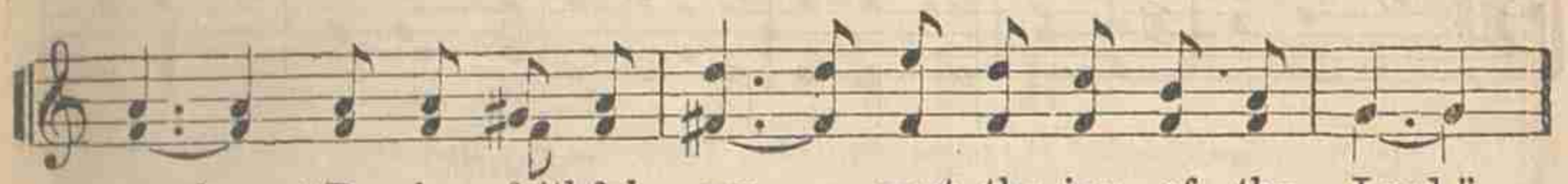
"As thy days, so shall thy strength be!"—DEUT. 33 : 25.

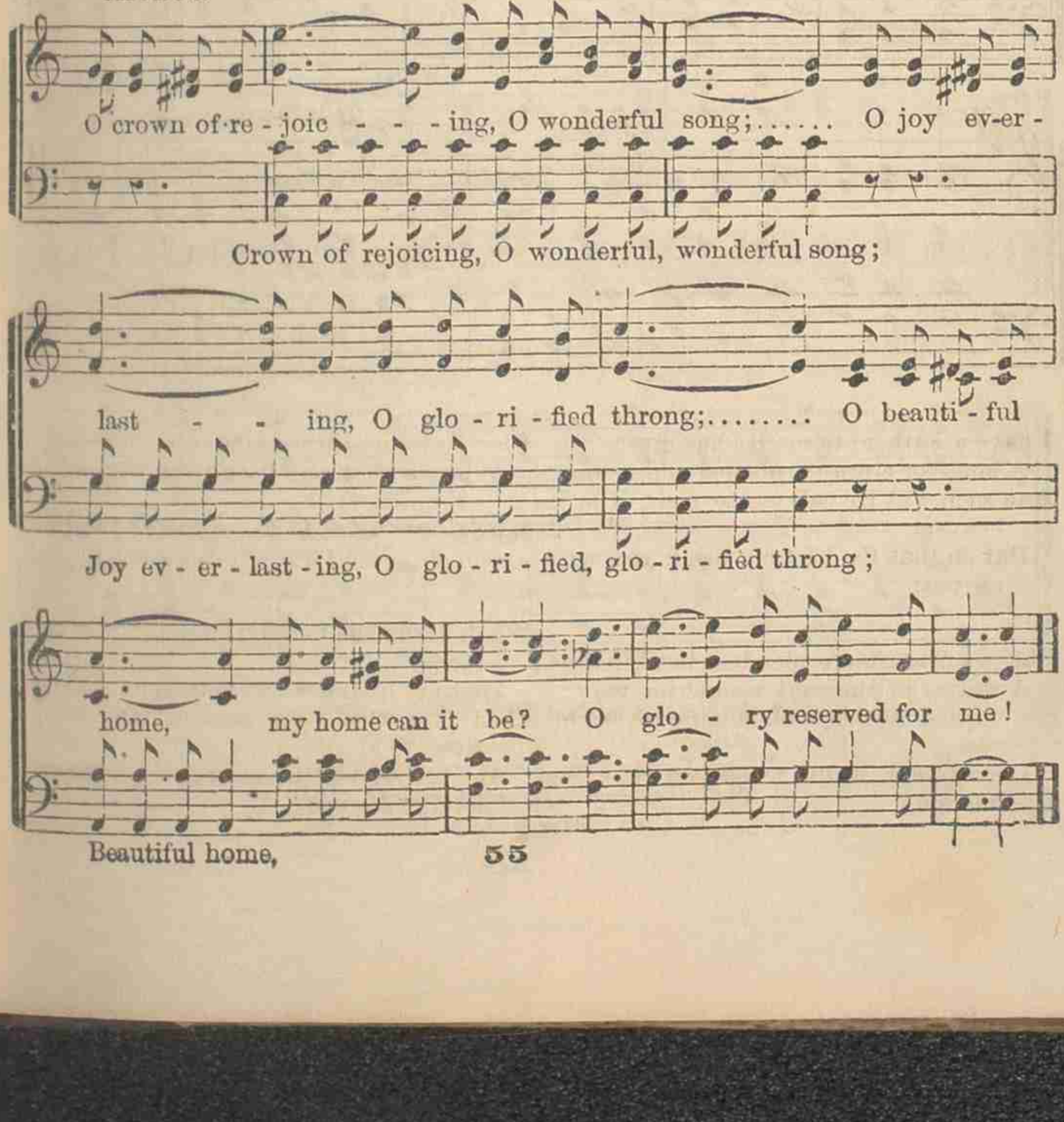
ANON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

3 And when at last I'm called to die,
Still on Thy promise I'll rely;
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee,
That "as my days my strength shall be."
CHO.—His word a Tower, &c.

No. 53. A Crown of Rejoicing.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." —2 Tim. 4: 8.

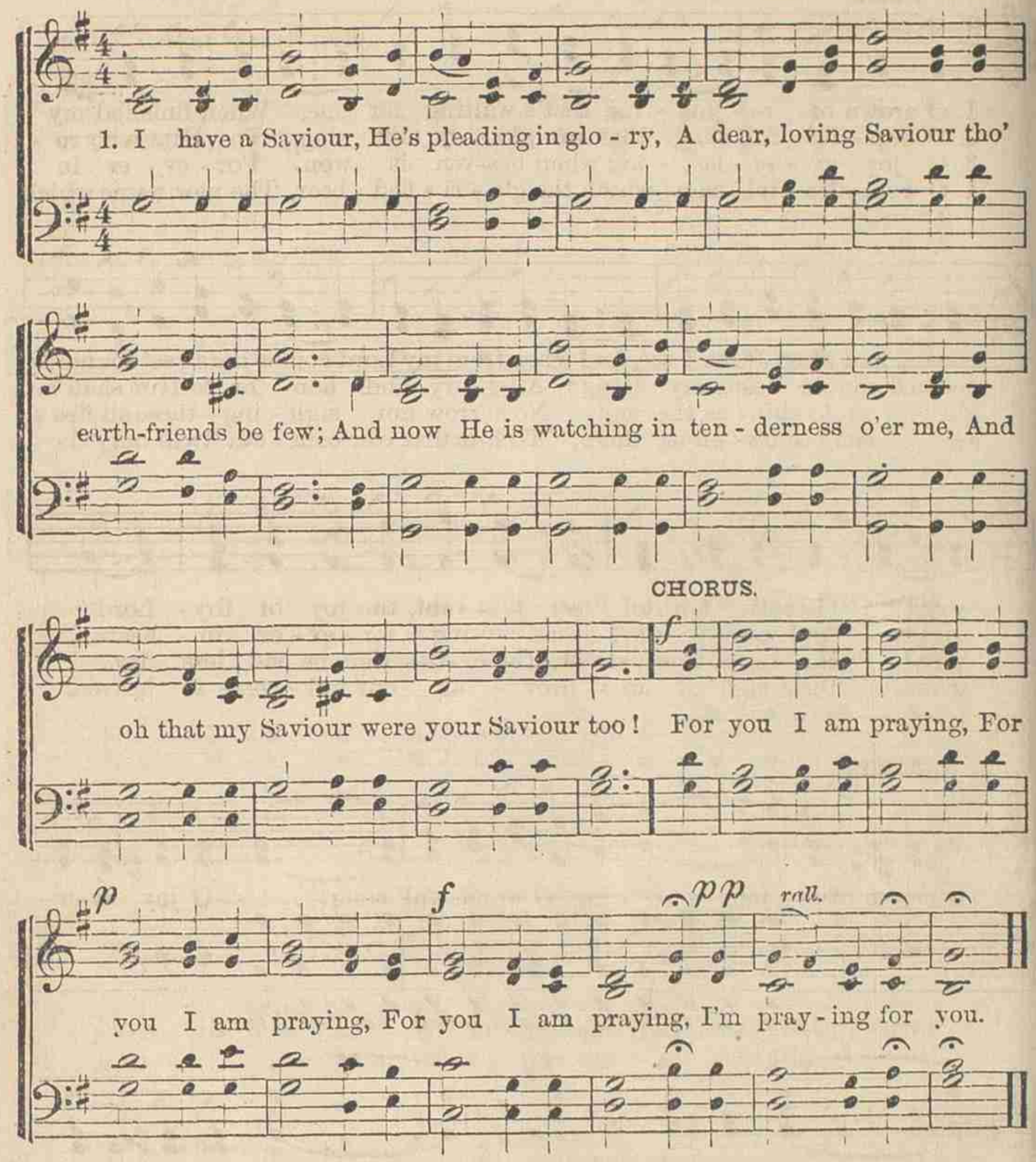
Rev. J. B. Atchinson. P. P. Bliss, by per.

DUET.

1. O crown of re - joic - ing that's waiting for me, When finished my course, and when Jesus I see,
2. O won - der - ful song that in glo - ry I'll sing, To Him who re - deemed me to Jesus my King;
3. O joy ev - er - last - ing when hea-ven is won, For - ev - er in glo - ry to shine as the sun;
4. O won - der - ful name which the glo - ri - fied bear, The new name which Je - - sus bestows on us there;

And when from my Lord comes the sweet sounding
All glo-ry and hon - or to Him shall be
No sorrow nor sigh - ing—these all flee a-
To him that o'er-com - eth 'twill only be

word: "Receive faithful ser - - vant, the joy of thy Lord."
given, And praises un - ceas - ing for - ev - er in heaven.
way, No night there, no shad - ows— 'tis one end - less day.
given, Blest sign of ap - prov - al, our wel - come to heaven.

CHORUS.

O crown of re - joic - - - - ing, O wonderful song;..... O joy ev-er - last - - - ing, O glo - ri - fied throng;..... O beauti - ful
Crown of rejoicing, O wonderful, wonderful song;
Joy ev - er - last - ing, O glo - ri - fied, glo - ri - fied throng;
home, my home can it be? O glo - ry reserved for me!
Beautiful home,

No. 52. I Am Praying for You.

"Praying always for you."—COL. 1 : 2.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

2.

I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But oh that He'd let me bring you with me too!

3.

I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!

4.

I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

5.

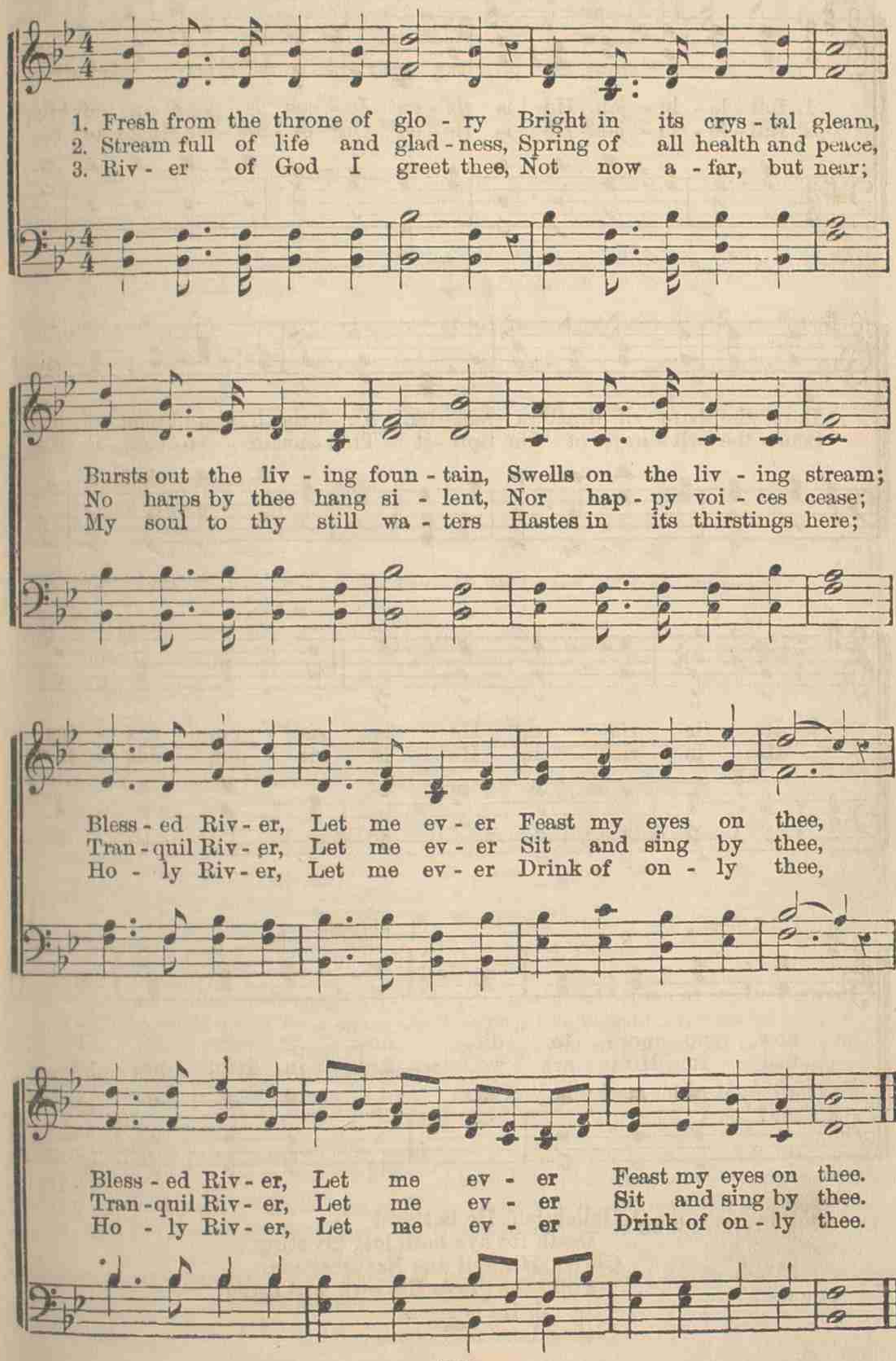
When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

No 51.

Blessed River.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. 22: 1.

Horatius Bonar, D. D. Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.



No. 50.

Hallelujah, He is Risen!

"He is not here; for he is risen, as he said."—MATT. 28: 6.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Je - sus is gone up on high!
2. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Our ex - alt - ed Head to be;

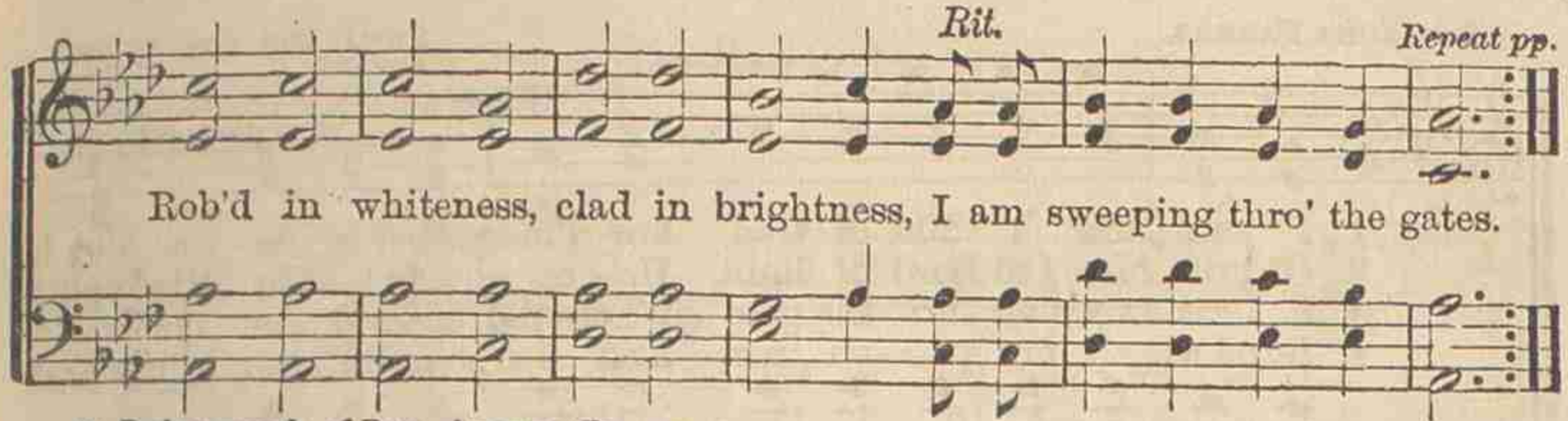
Burst the bars of death a - sun - der, An - gels shout and men re - ply:
Sends the wit - ness of the Spir - it That our Ad - vo - cate is He:

He is ris - en, He is ris - en, Liv - ing
He is ris - en, He is ris - en, Jus - ti -

1st time. 2d time.

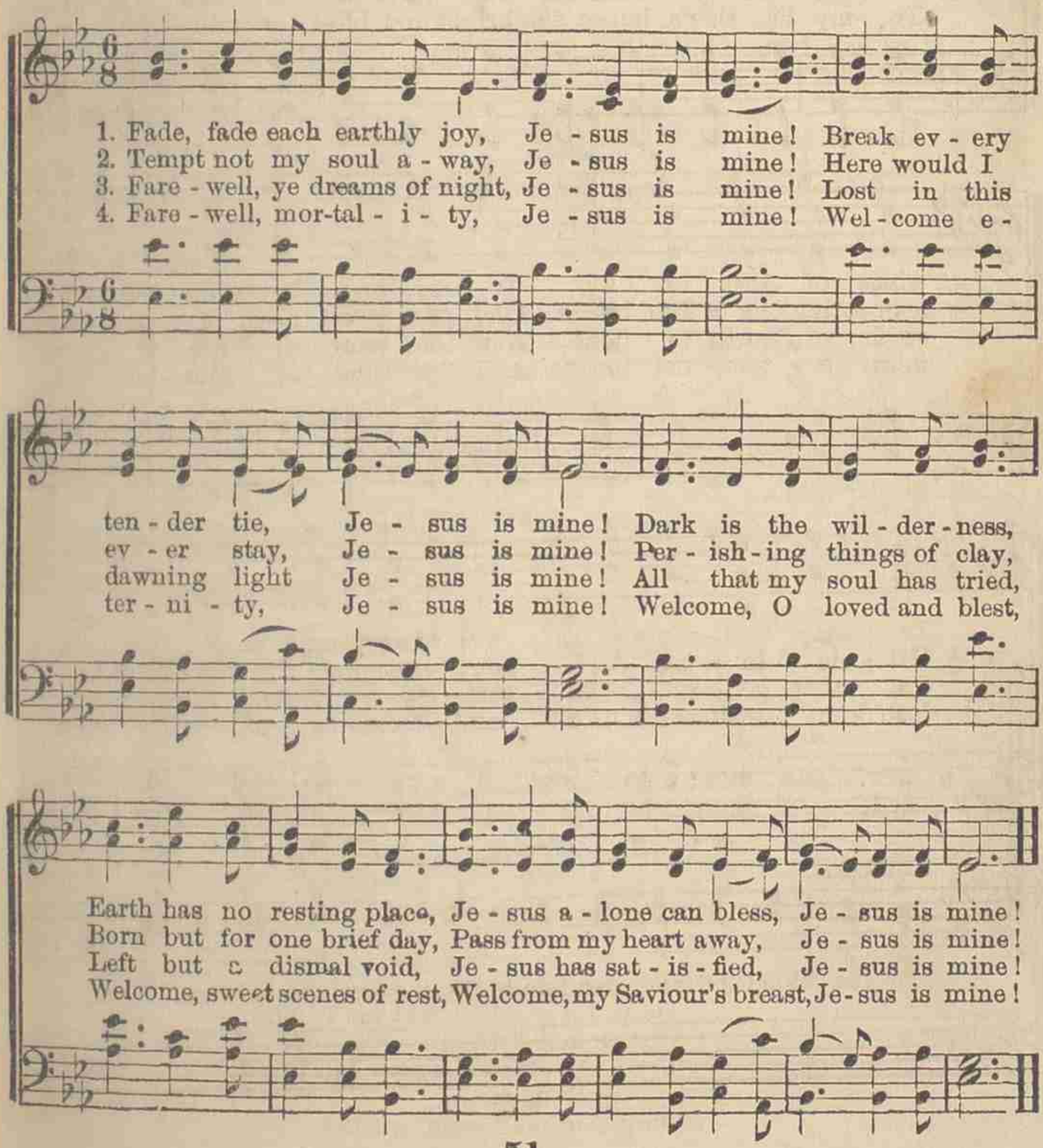
now, no more to die. now, no more to die.
fied in Him are we. fied in Him are we.

3 Hallelujah, He is risen!
Death for aye hath lost his sting,
Christ, Himself the Resurrection,
From the grave His own will bring:
||: He is risen,
Living Lord and coming King. :||

I am Sweeping through the Gates.—Concluded.

* *Dying words of* Rev. Alfred Cookman.

No. 49. Jesus is Mine.

"My beloved is mine."—Song of Solomon 2: 16.

Mrs. Catherine J. Bonar, 1843. T. E. Perkins, by per.

No. 48. I am Sweeping through the Gates.*

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day."—Rev. 21: 25.

Rev. John Parker. Philip Phillips, by per.

1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je - sus' blood;
2. Oh! the bless - ed Lord of light, He up - holds me by His might:
3. I am sweeping thro' the gate Where the blessed for me wait:
4. Burst are all my pris - on bars, And I soar be - yond the stars;

I am watching and I'm long - ing while I wait. Soon on
And His arms en - fold, and com - fort while I wait. I am
Where the wea - ry work-ers rest for - ev - er - more. Where the
To my Fa - ther's house, the bright and blest es - tate. Lo! the

wings of love I'll fly, To my home be - yond the sky,
lean - ing on His breast, Oh! the sweet - ness of His rest,
strife of earth is done, And the crown of life is won,
morn e - ter - nal breaks, And the song im - mor - tal wakes,

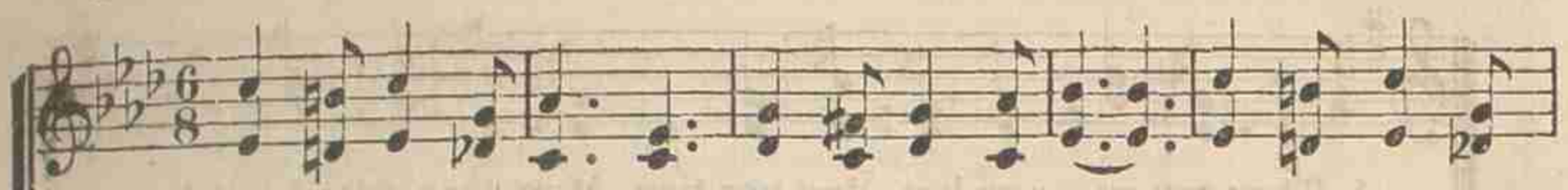
To my wel - come, as I'm sweeping thro' the gates.
Hal - le - lu - jah, I am sweeping through the gates.
Oh, the glo - ry of that cit - y just be - fore!
Rob'd in whiteness I am sweeping thro' the gates.

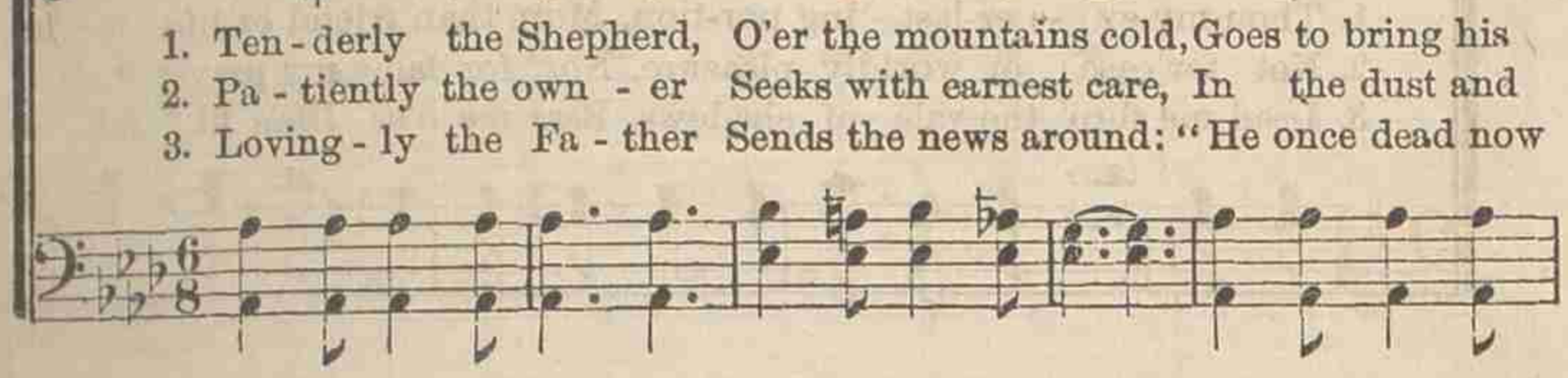
REFRAIN.

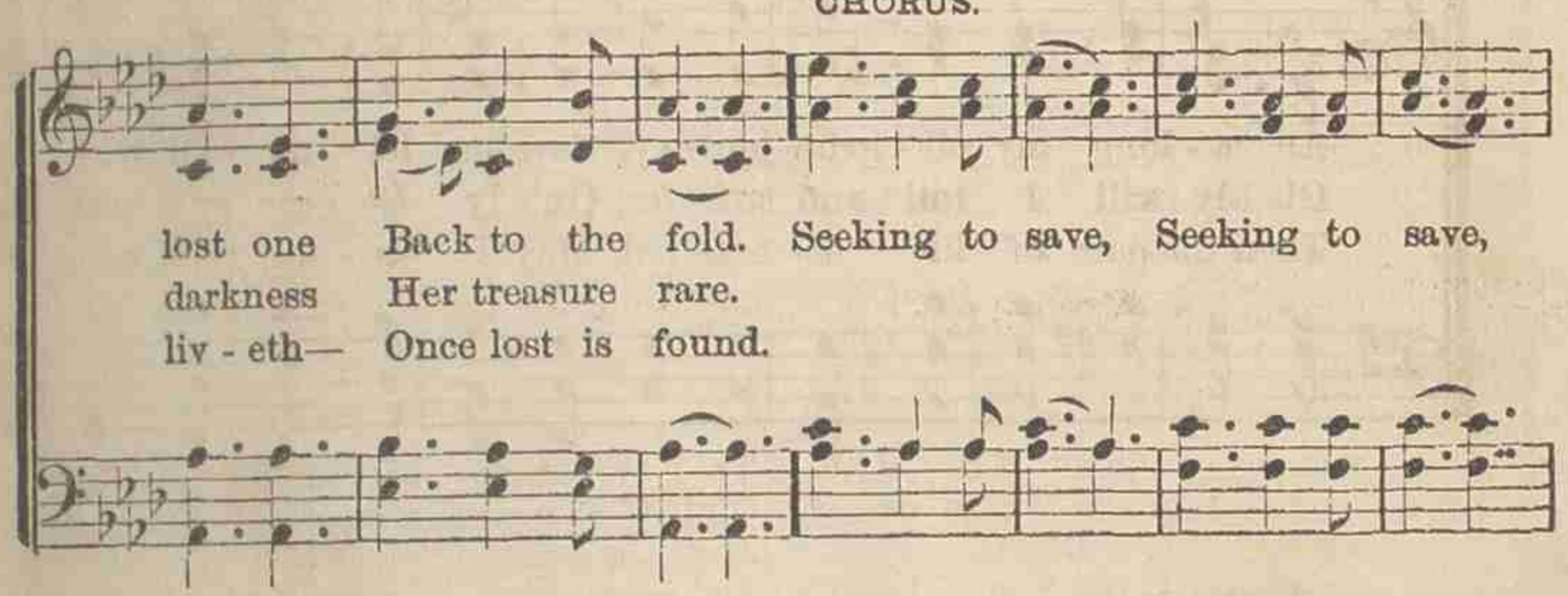
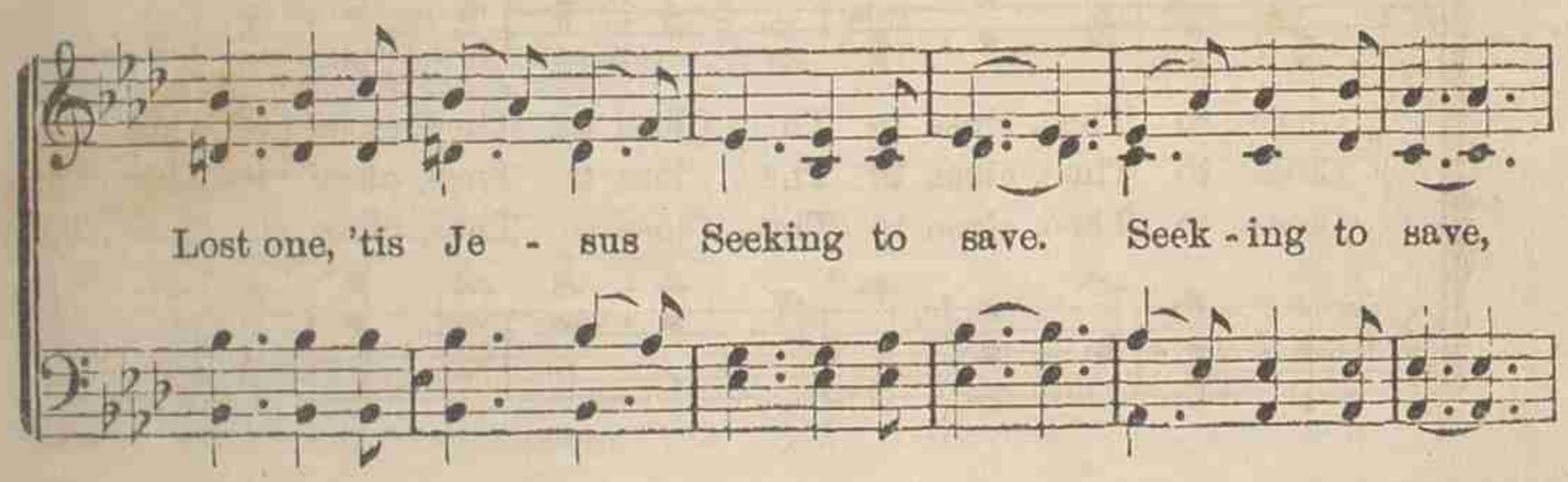
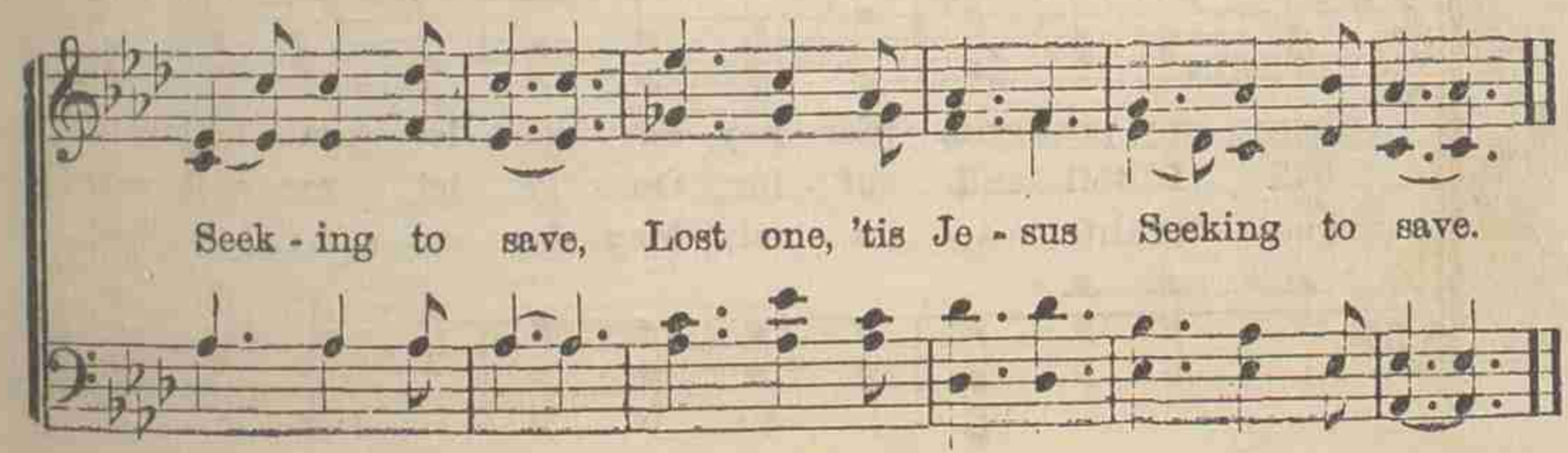
In the blood of yon - der Lamb, Wash'd from every stain I am;

No. 47. Seeking to Save.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19: 10.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Ten - derly the Shepherd, O'er the mountains cold, Goes to bring his
2. Pa - tiently the own - er Seeks with earnest care, In the dust and
3. Loving - ly the Fa - ther Sends the news around: "He once dead now



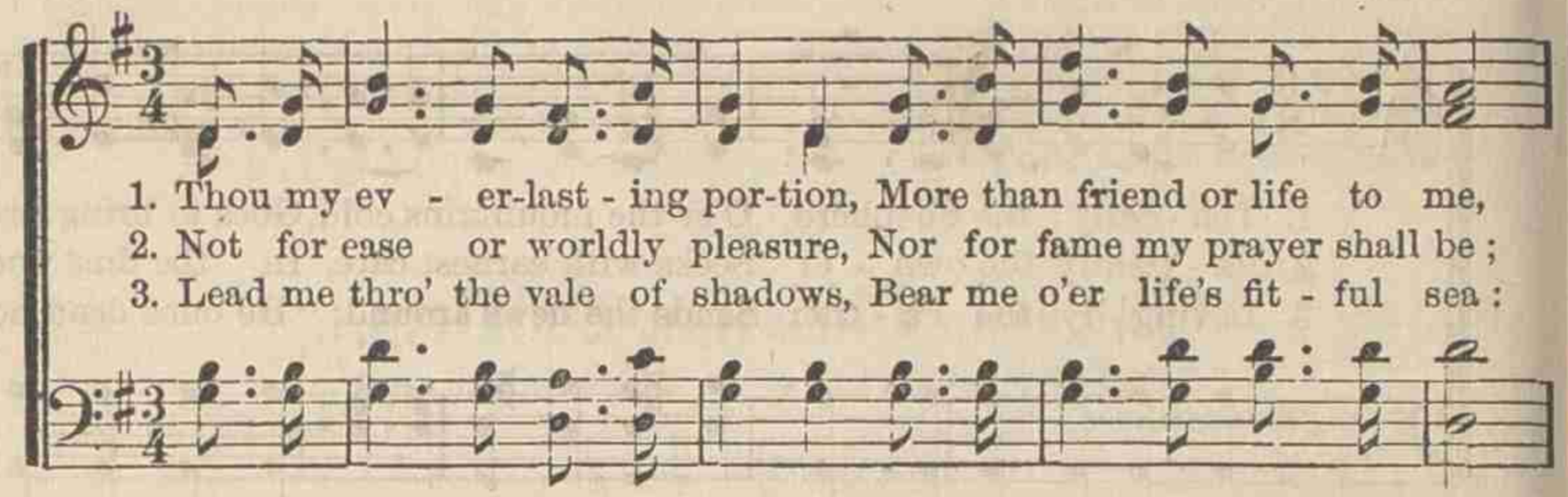
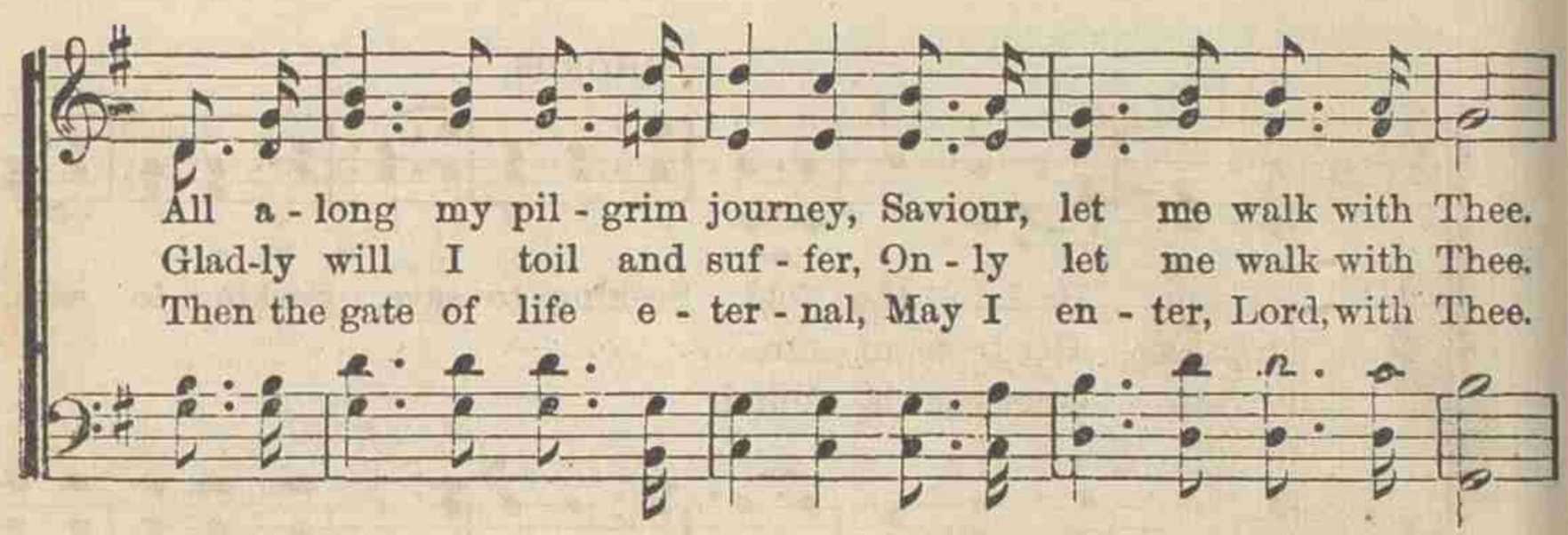
CHORUS.

lost one Back to the fold. Seeking to save, Seeking to save,
darkness Her treasure rare.
liv - eth— Once lost is found.

Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seeking to save. Seek - ing to save,

Seek - ing to save, Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seeking to save.

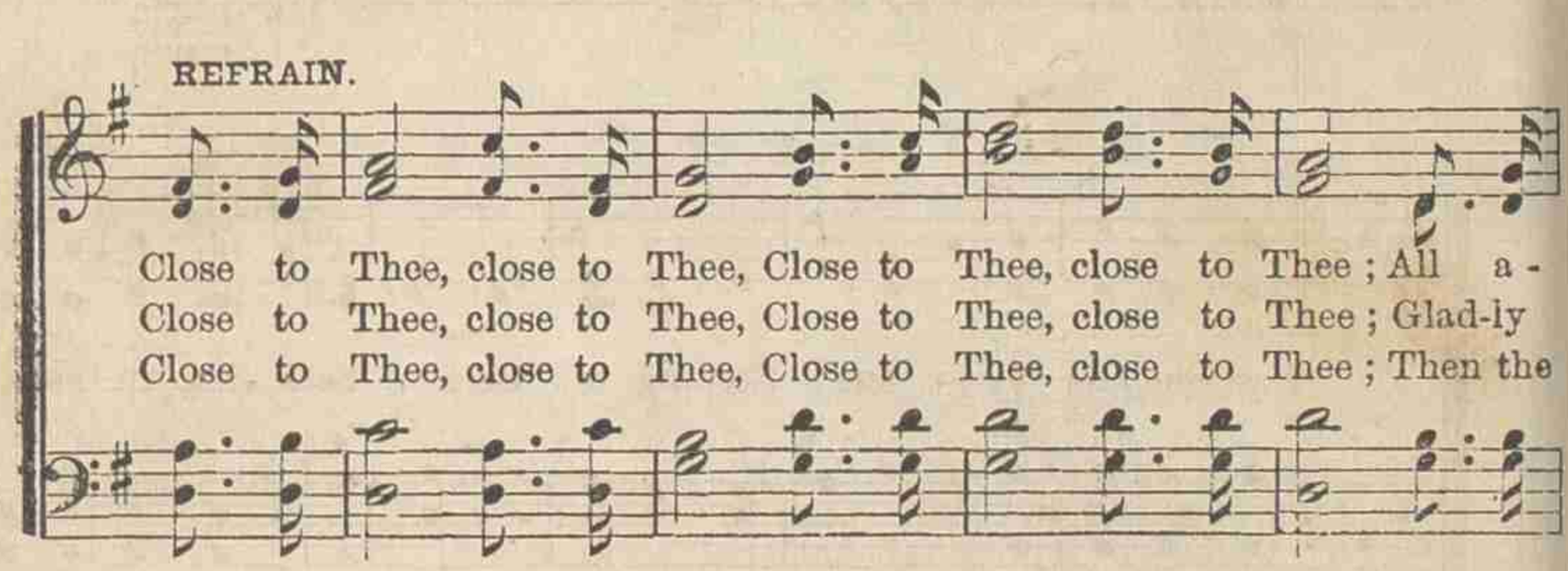
No. 46.

Close to Thee.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73 : 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL, by per.





Scatter Seeds of Kindness.—Concluded.

3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?—
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

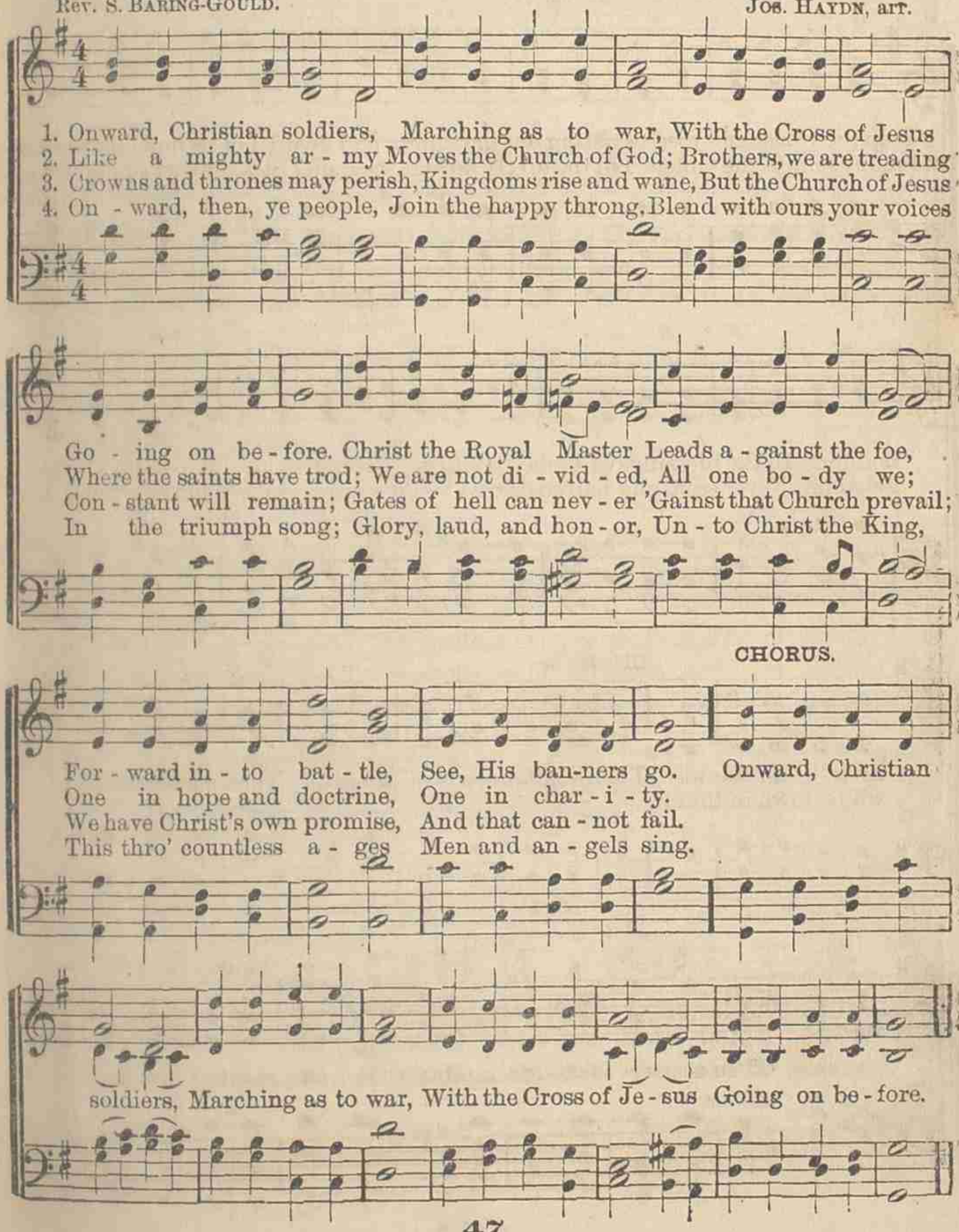
4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

—o—

No. 45. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

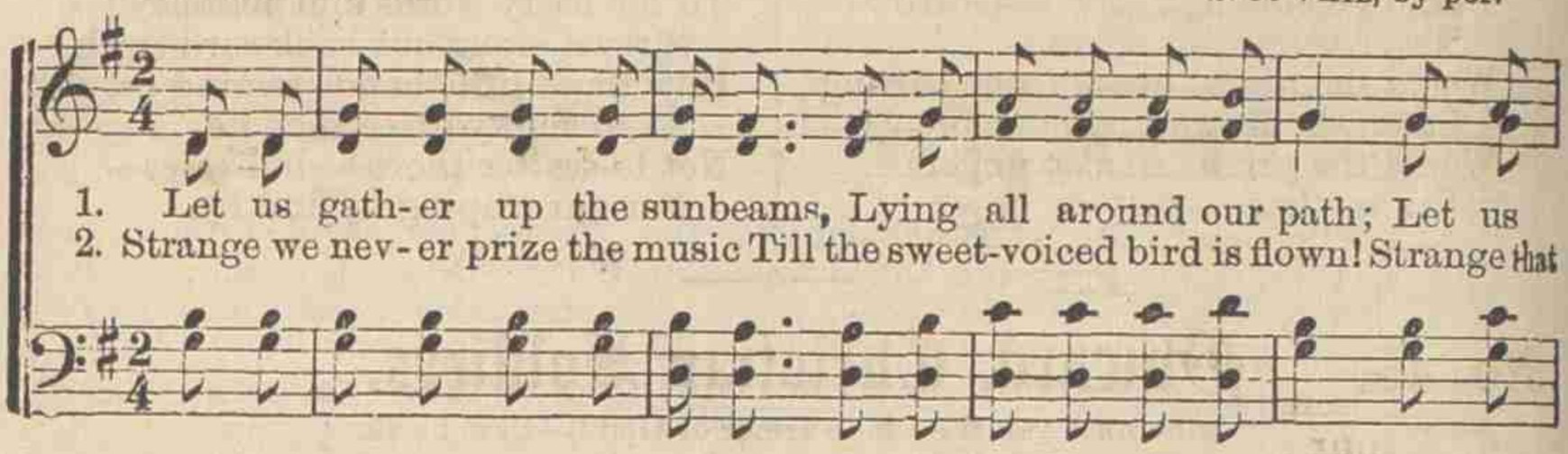
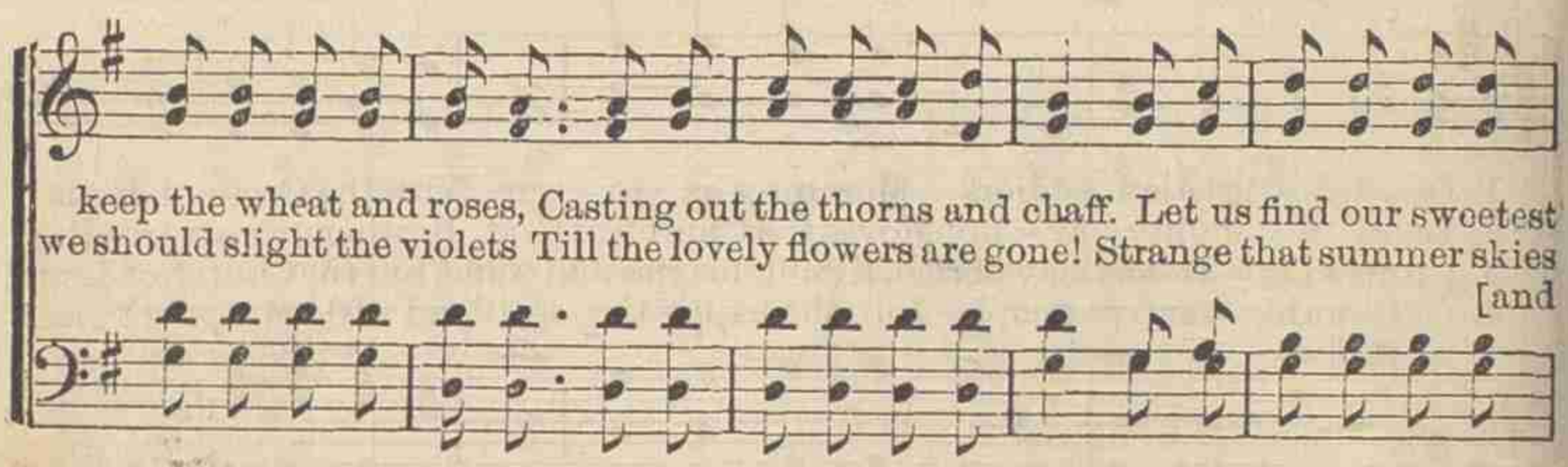
"Take unto you the whole armor of God."—EPH. 6: 13.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD. JOS. HAYDN, arr.

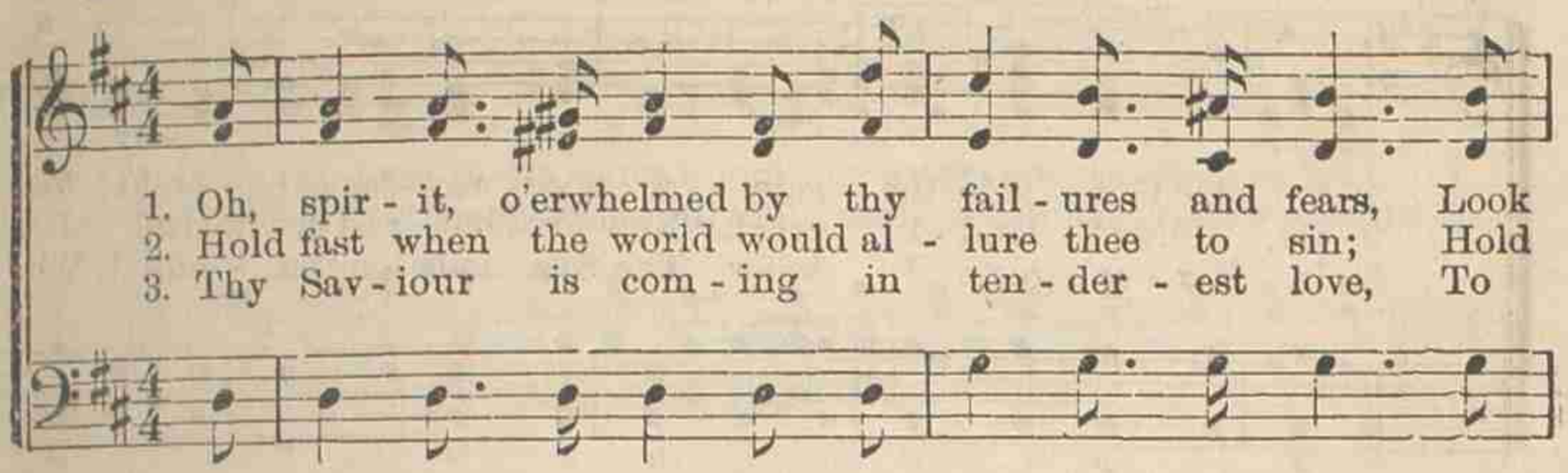


No. 44. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. 12: 10.

Mrs. Albert Smith. S. J. Vail, by per.

No. 43. Hold Fast till I Come.

"That which ye have already, hold fast till I come."—Rev. 2: 25.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. P. P. Bliss, by per.

No. 42. I Stood Outside the Gate.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate."—MATT. 7: 13.

Miss JOSEPHINE POLLARD. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. I stood out - side the gate, A poor, way - far - ing child; With-
2. Oh, "Mercy!" loud I cried, "Now give me rest from sin!" "I
3. In Mer - cy's guise I knew The Sav - iour long a - bused, Who

in my heart there beat A tempest loud and wild; A fear oppressed my
will," a voice re - plied; And Mer - cy let me in; She bound my bleeding
of - ten sought my heart, And wept when I re - fused; Oh! what a blest re -

soul, That I might be *too late*; And oh, I trembled sore, And
wounds, And soothed my heart oppress; She washed a-way my guilt And
turn For all my years of sin! I stood out - side the gate, And

prayed out - side the gate, And prayed out - side.... the gate.
gave me peace and rest, And gave me peace and rest.
Je - sus let me in, And Je - sus let.... me in.

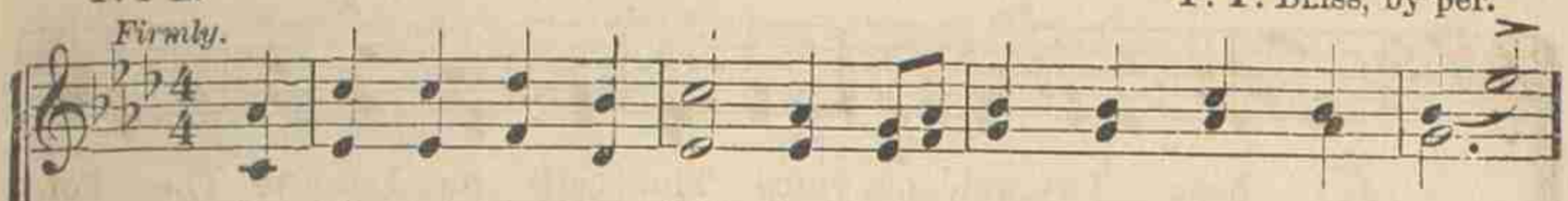
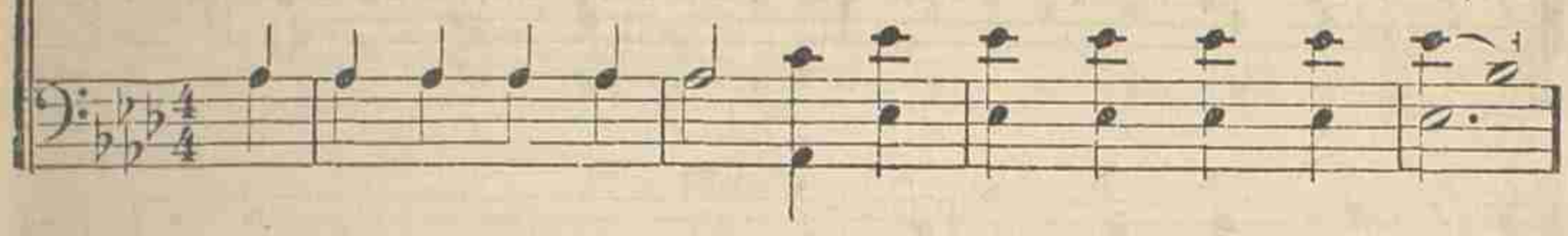
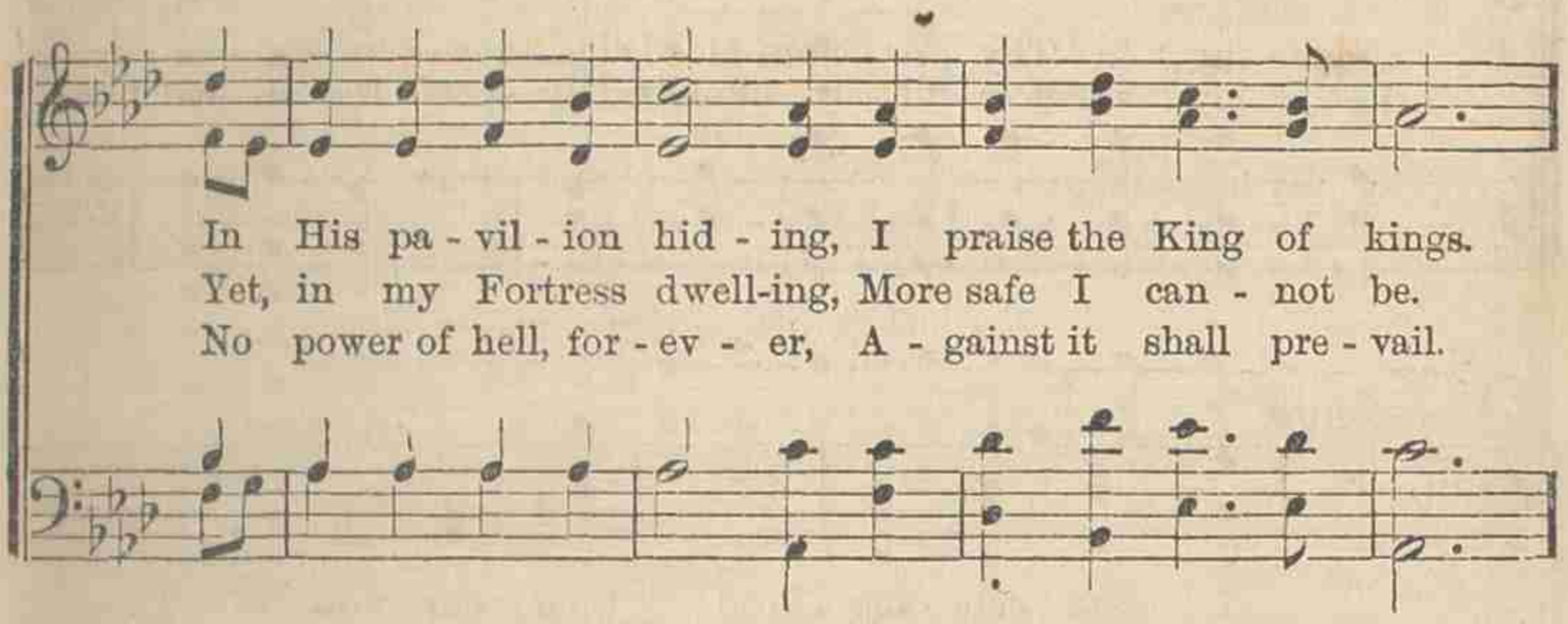
No. 41.

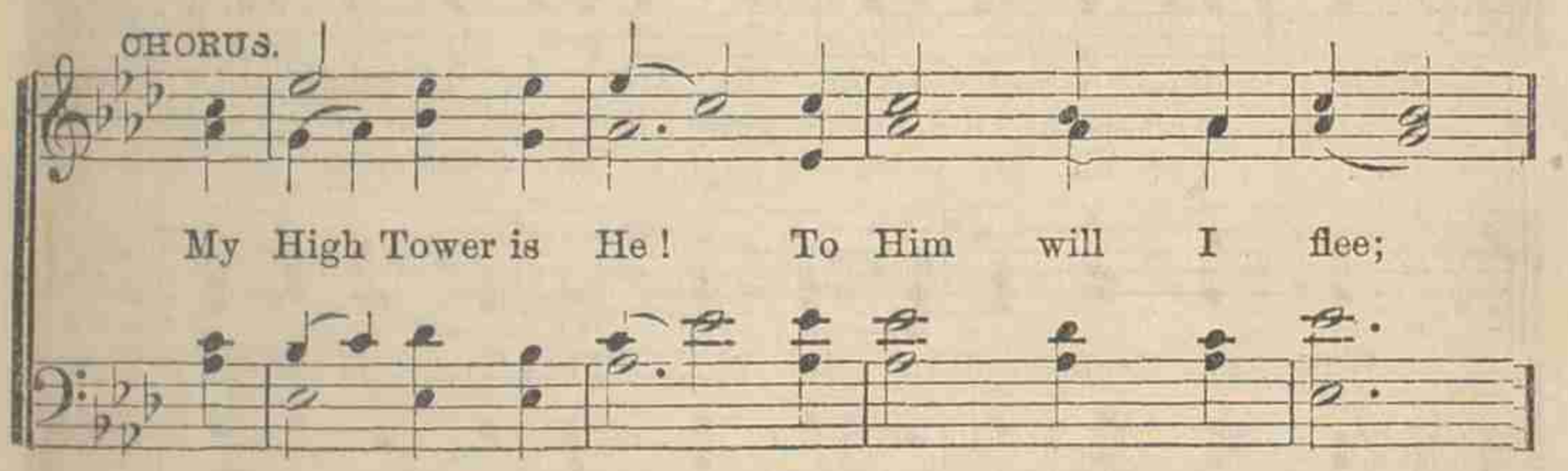
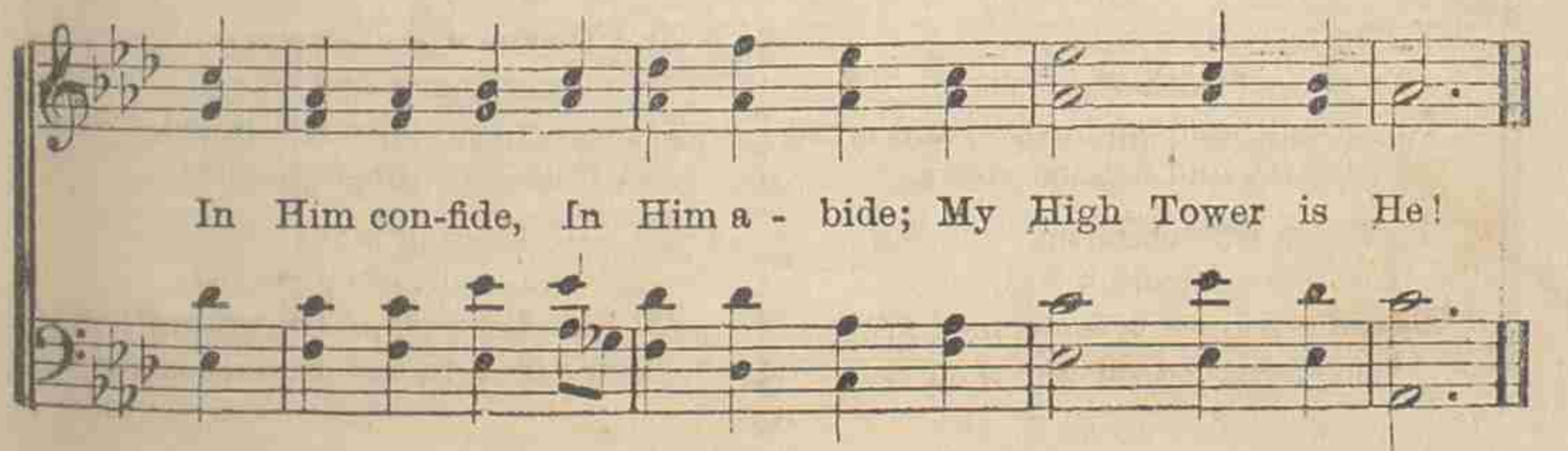
My High Tower.

"The Lord is my Rock.....and my high Tower."—Ps. 18: 2.

P. P B.

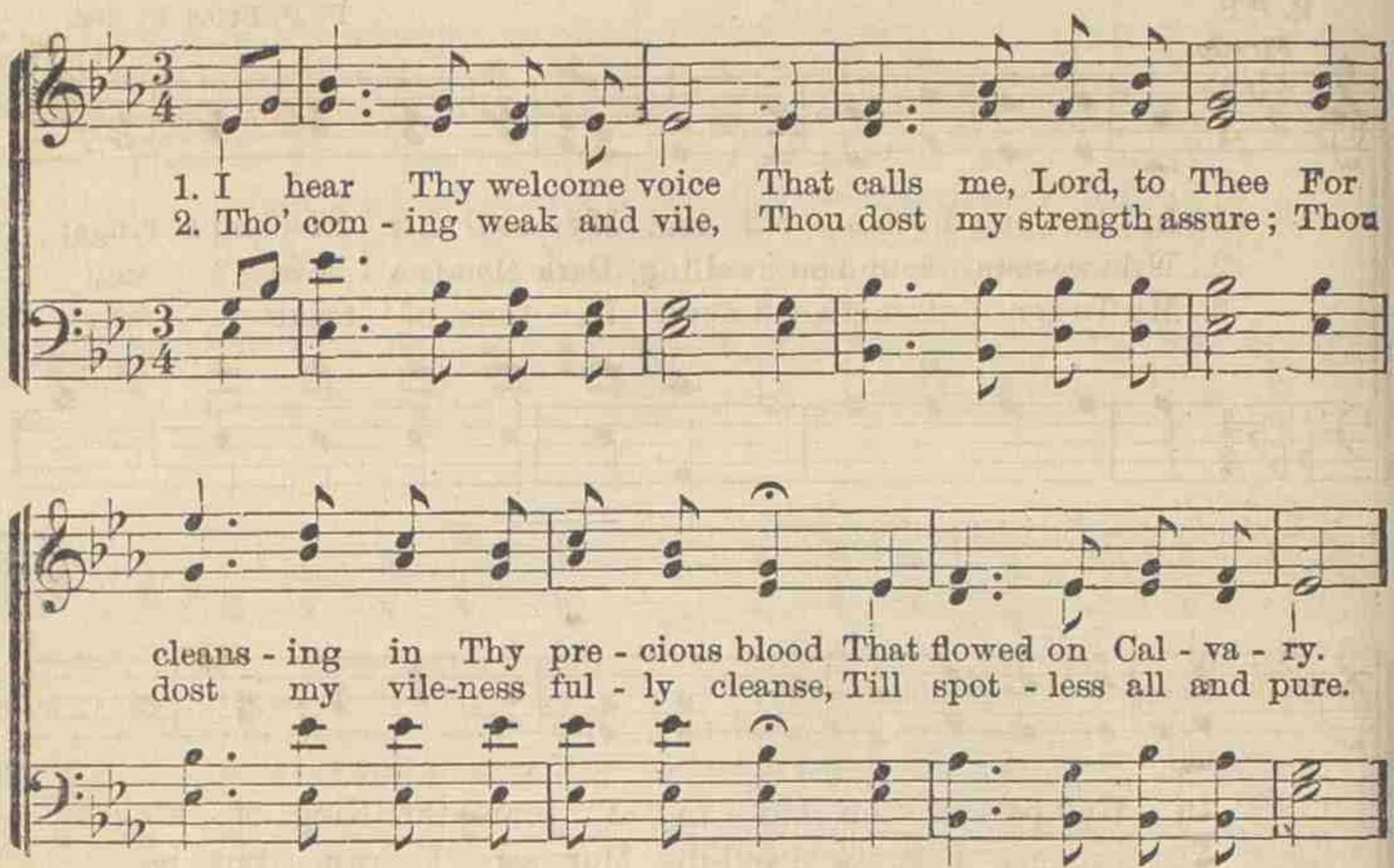
P. P. Bliss, by per.

Firmly.

1. In Zi - on's Rock a - bid - ing, My soul her tri - umph sings;
2. Wild waves are round me swelling, Dark clouds a - bove I see;
3. My Tower of strength can never In time of troub - le fail;



In His pa - vil - ion hid - ing, I praise the King of kings.
Yet, in my Fortress dwell-ing, More safe I can - not be.
No power of hell, for - ev - er, A - gainst it shall pre - vail.

My High Tower is He! To Him will I flee;

In Him con-fide, In Him a - bide; My High Tower is He!

No. 40. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Rev. L. H. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, by per.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

No. 39. Whiter than Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

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

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down every i - dol, cast
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tiently wait; Come now, and with- in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

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

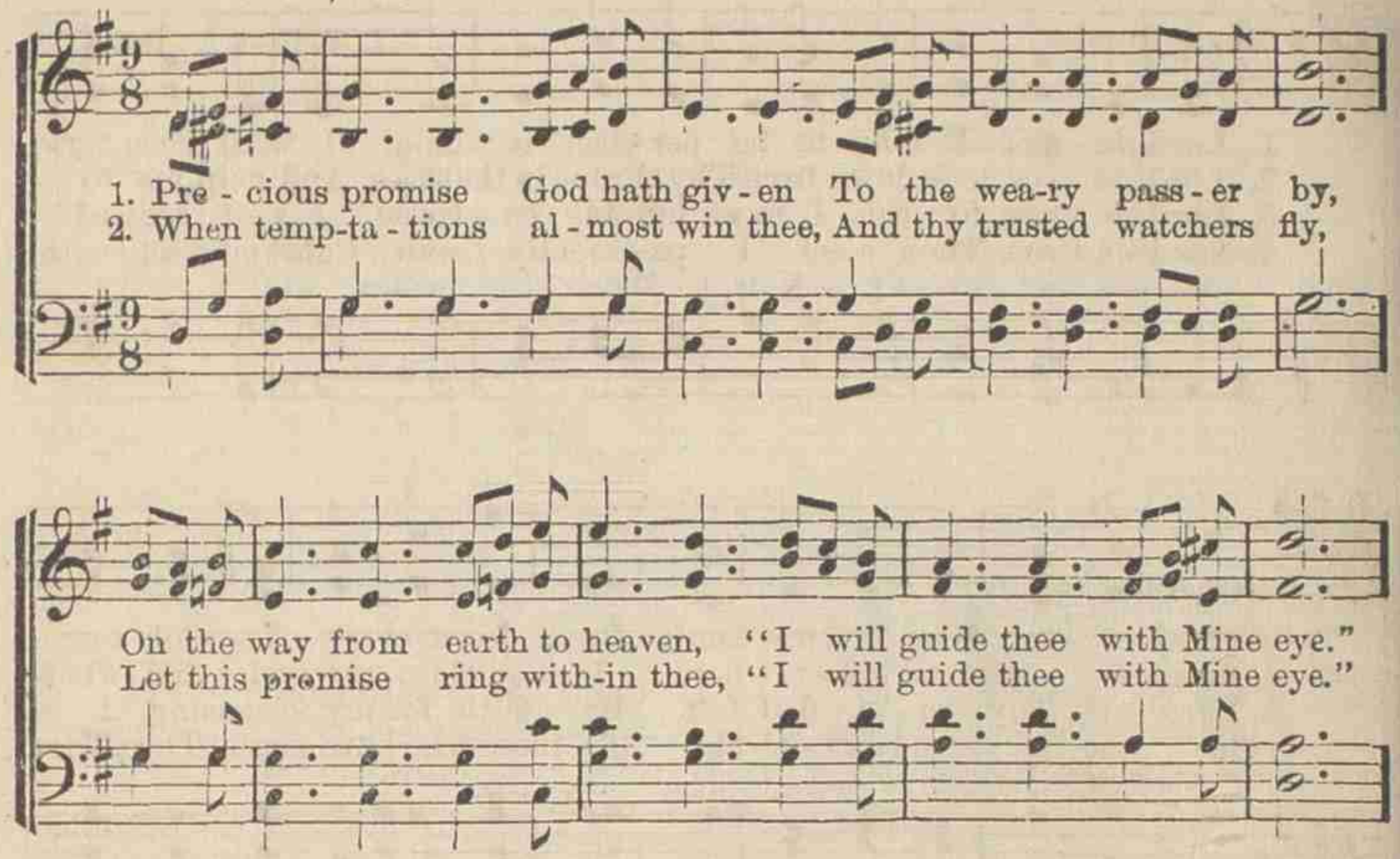
CHORUS.

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

No. 38.

Precious Promise.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 Pet. 1: 4.

Nathaniel Niles, 1872. P. P. Bliss, by per.

REFRAIN.

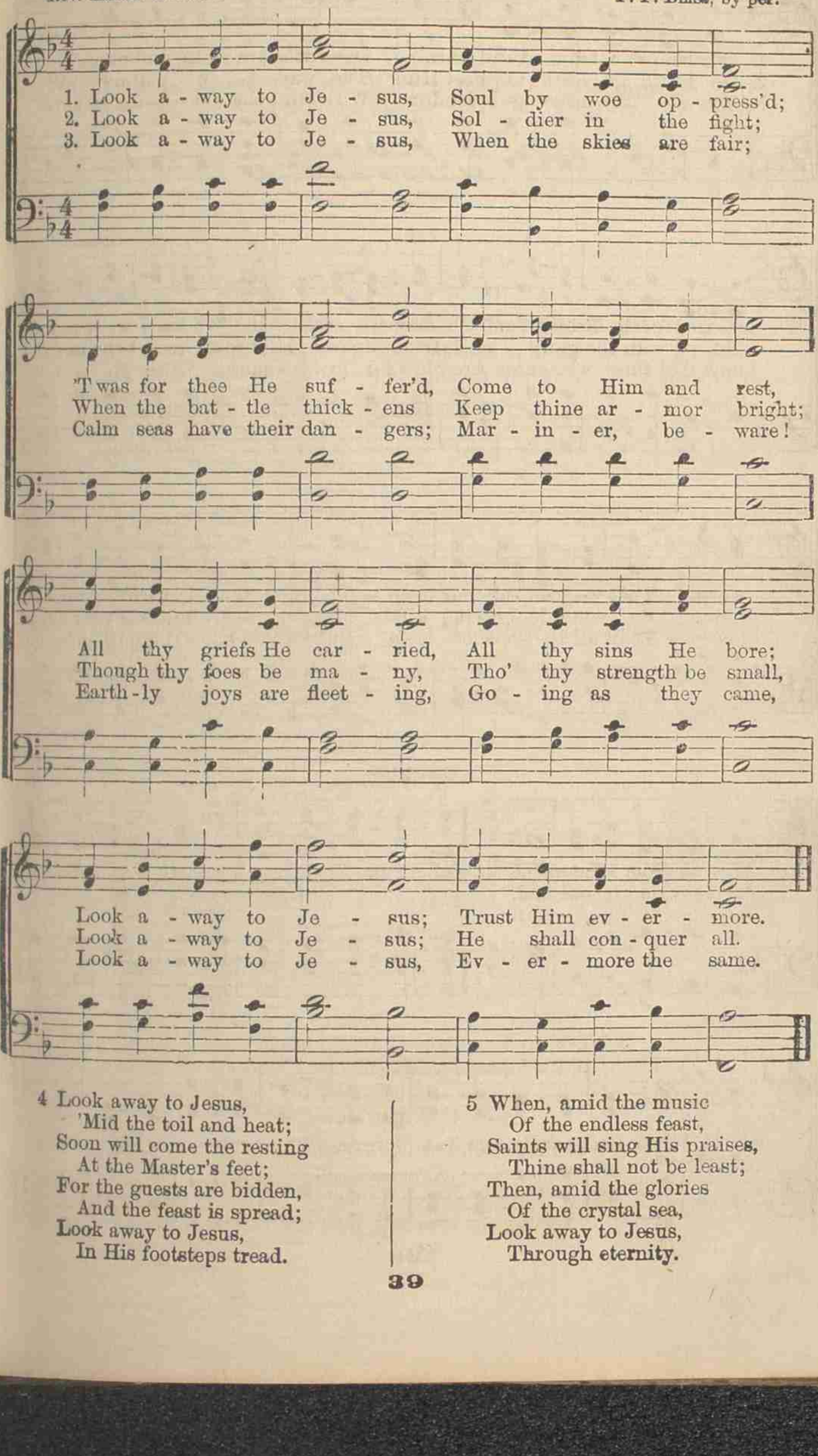
3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

No. 37. Look Away to Jesus.

"Looking unto Jesus."—Heb. 12: 2.

Rev. Henry Burton. P. P. Bliss, by per.



4 Look away to Jesus,
'Mid the toil and heat;
Soon will come the resting
At the Master's feet;
For the guests are bidden,
And the feast is spread;
Look away to Jesus,
In His footsteps tread.

5 When, amid the music
Of the endless feast,
Saints will sing His praises,
Thine shall not be least;
Then, amid the glories
Of the crystal sea,
Look away to Jesus,
Through eternity.

No. 36. Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh!

"At midnight there was a cry made, behold the Bridegroom cometh!"—MATT. 25: 6.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

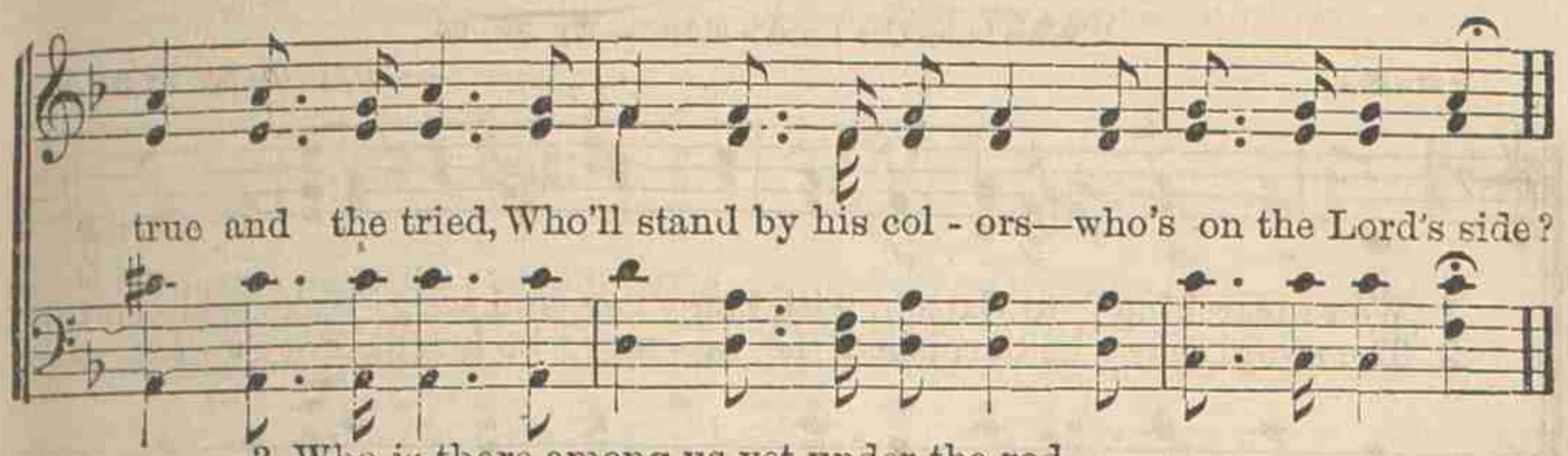
1. Our lamps are trimm'd and burning, Our robes are white and clean, We've tar - ried for the Bridegroom, Oh, may we enter in? We know we've nothing
2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him, The way is o - pen now, All light - ed with the glory That's streaming from His brow. Accept the in - vi -
3. We see the marriage splendor With - in the o - pen door; We know that those who enter Are blest for - ev - er - more. We see He is more

worthy That we can call our own— The light, the oil, the robes we wear,
tation Be - yond de-serv- ing kind; Make no delay, but take your lamps,
lovely Than all the sons of men, But still we know the door once shut,

CHORUS.

Are all from Him alone. Behold the Bridegroom cometh! And all may
And joy e - ternal find.
Will nev - er ope a - gain.

enter in, Whose lamps are trimm'd and burning, Whose robes are white and clean.

Who's on the Lord's Side?—Concluded.

3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,
Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God?
Oh, bring to Him humbly the heart in its pride;
Oh, haste, while He's waiting and seek the Lord's side. *Cho.*

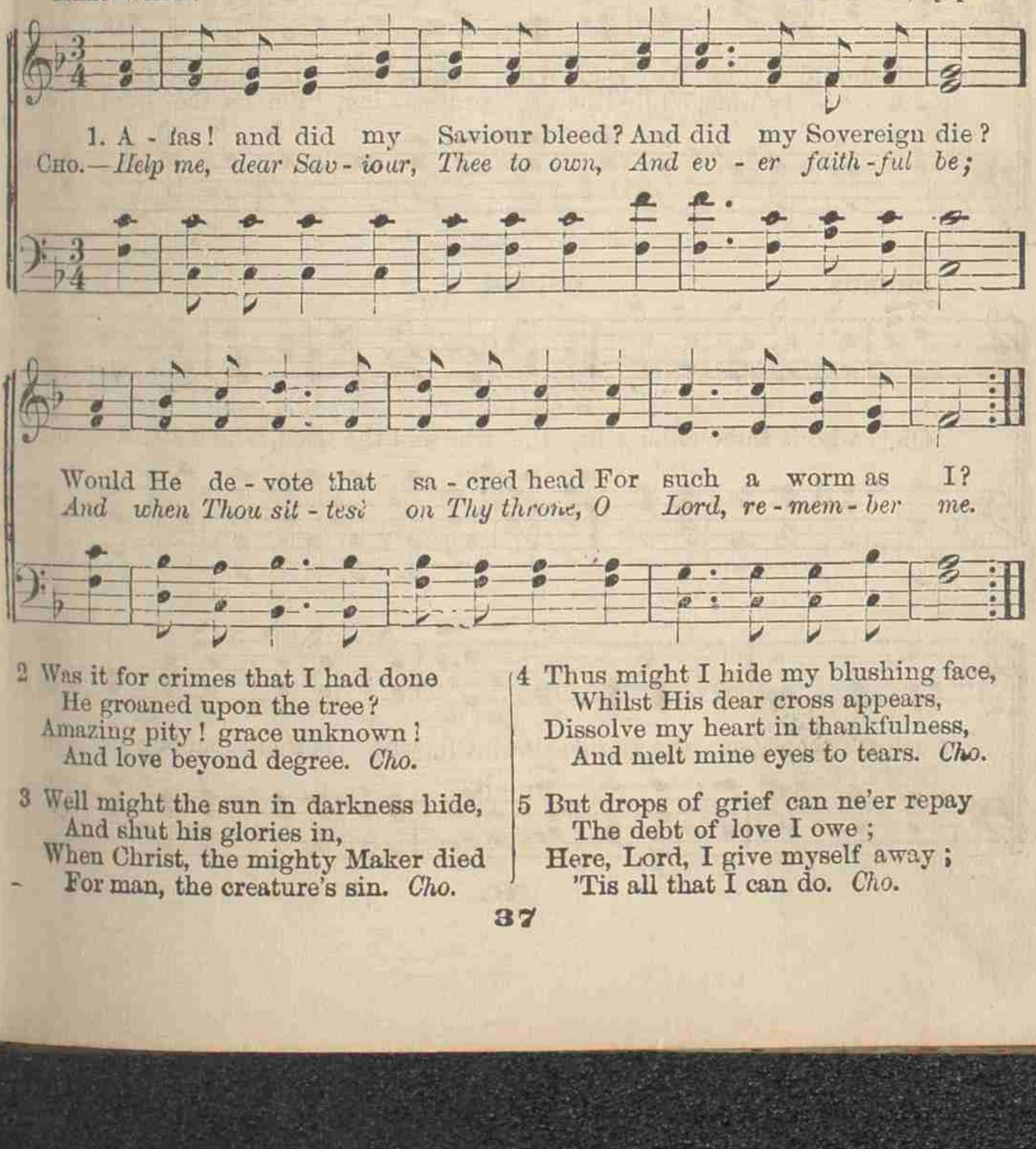
4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain and the wrong,
For soon shall our sighing be changed into song;
So, bearing the cross of our covenant Guide,
We'll shout, as we triumph, "*I'm on the Lord's side.*" *Cho.*

—o—

No. 35. Remember Me.

"O Lord, Thou knowest; remember."—JER. 15: 15.

ISAAC WATTS. ASA HULL, by per.



2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree. *Cho.*

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin. *Cho.*

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
Whilst His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears. *Cho.*

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

No. 34. Who's on the Lord's Side?

"Who is on the Lord's side."—Ex. 32 : 26.

PAULINA. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. We're marching to Canaan with ban - ner and song, We're soldiers en - list - ed to fight 'gainst the wrong; But, lest in the con-flict our strength should divide, We ask, Who among us is on the Lord's side?
2. The sword may be burnished, the ar - mor be bright, For Sa - tan ap - pears as an an - gel of light; Yet dark - ly the bo - som may treach - e - ry hide, While lips are profess - ing, "I'm on the Lord's side."

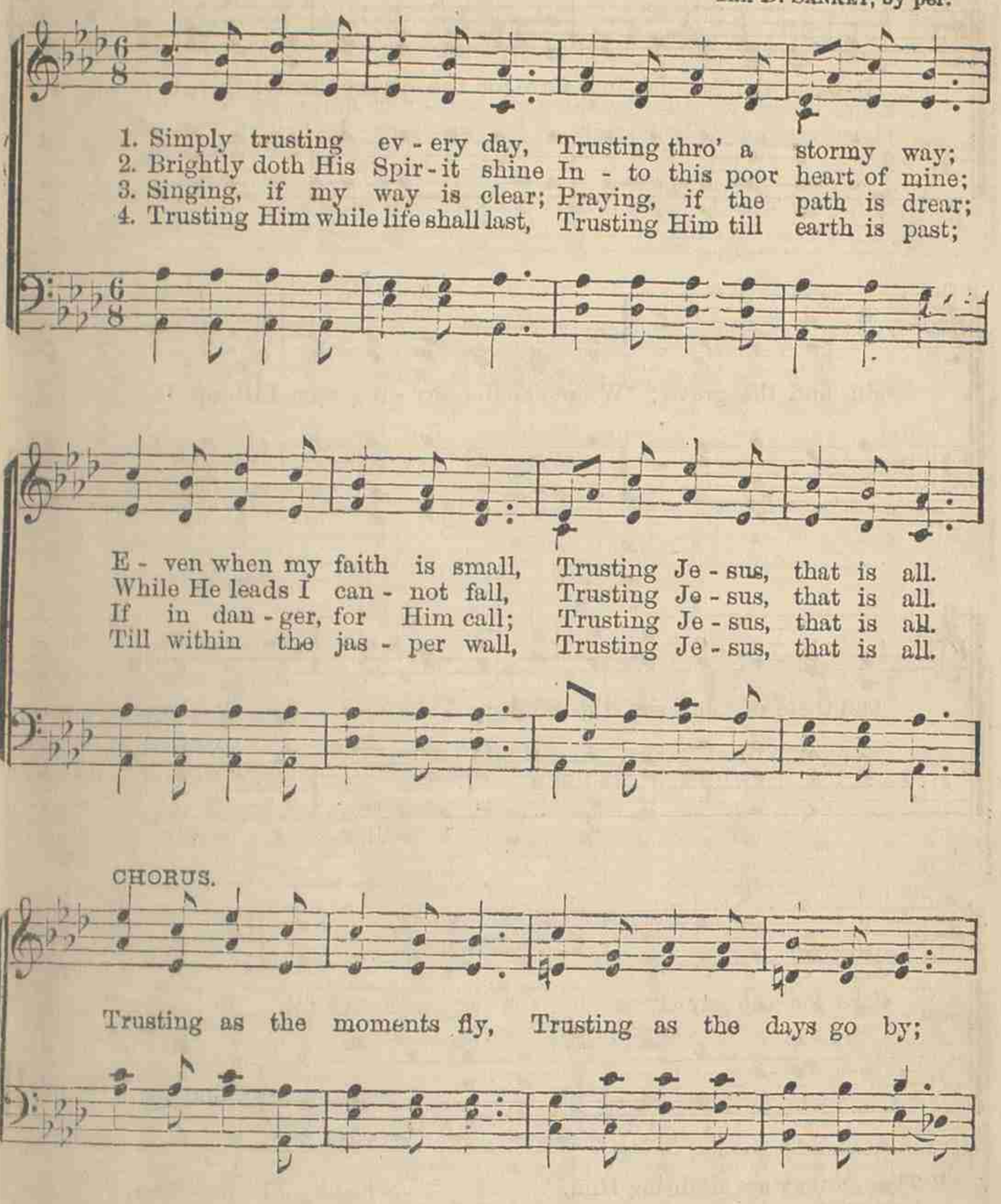
CHORUS.

Oh, who is there among us, the true and the tried, Who'll stand by his colors—who's on the Lord's side? Oh, who is there among us, the

No. 33. Trusting Jesus, That is All.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."—Job 13: 15.

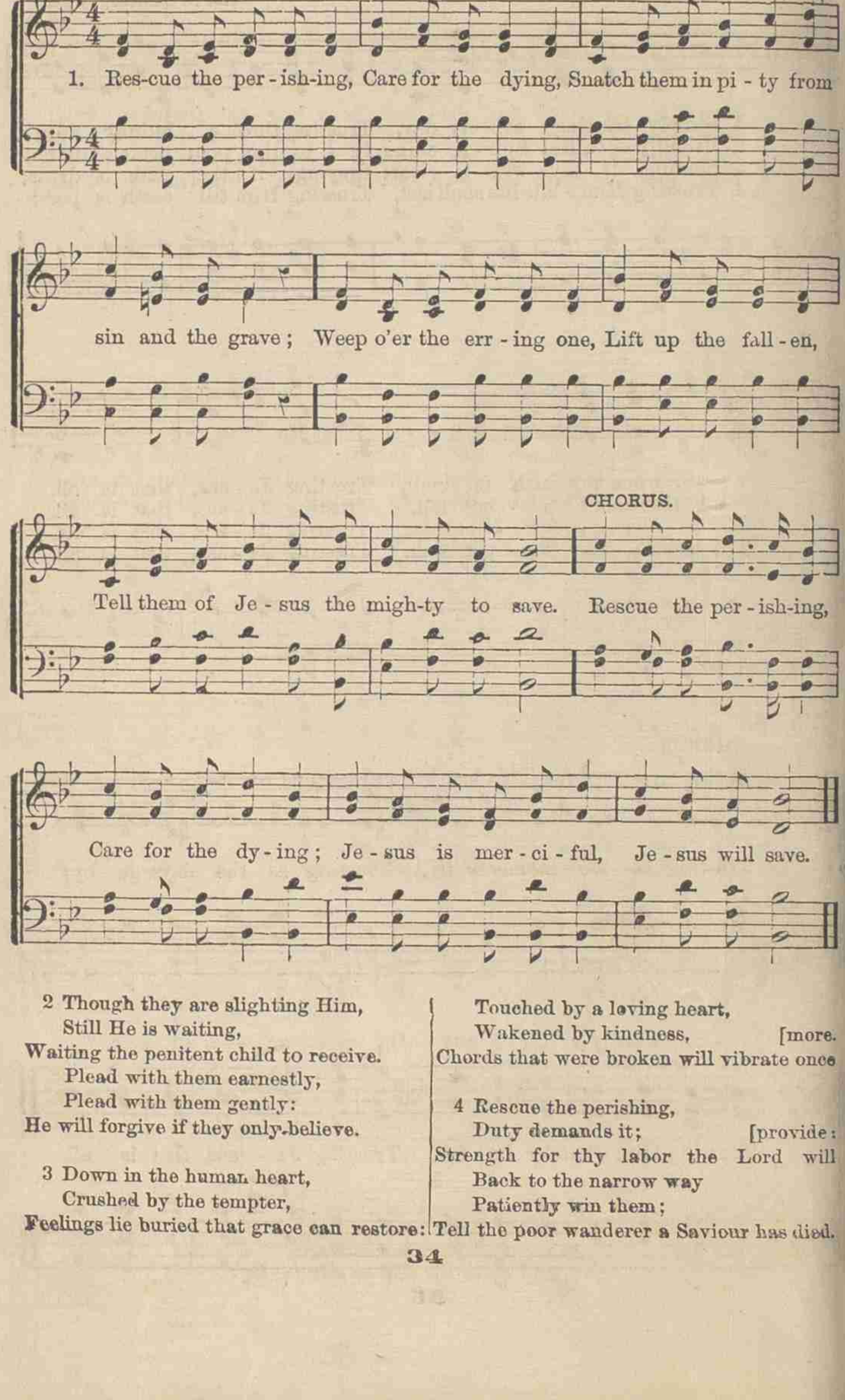
EDGAR PAGE. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



No. 32. Rescue the Perishing.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 23.

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



2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

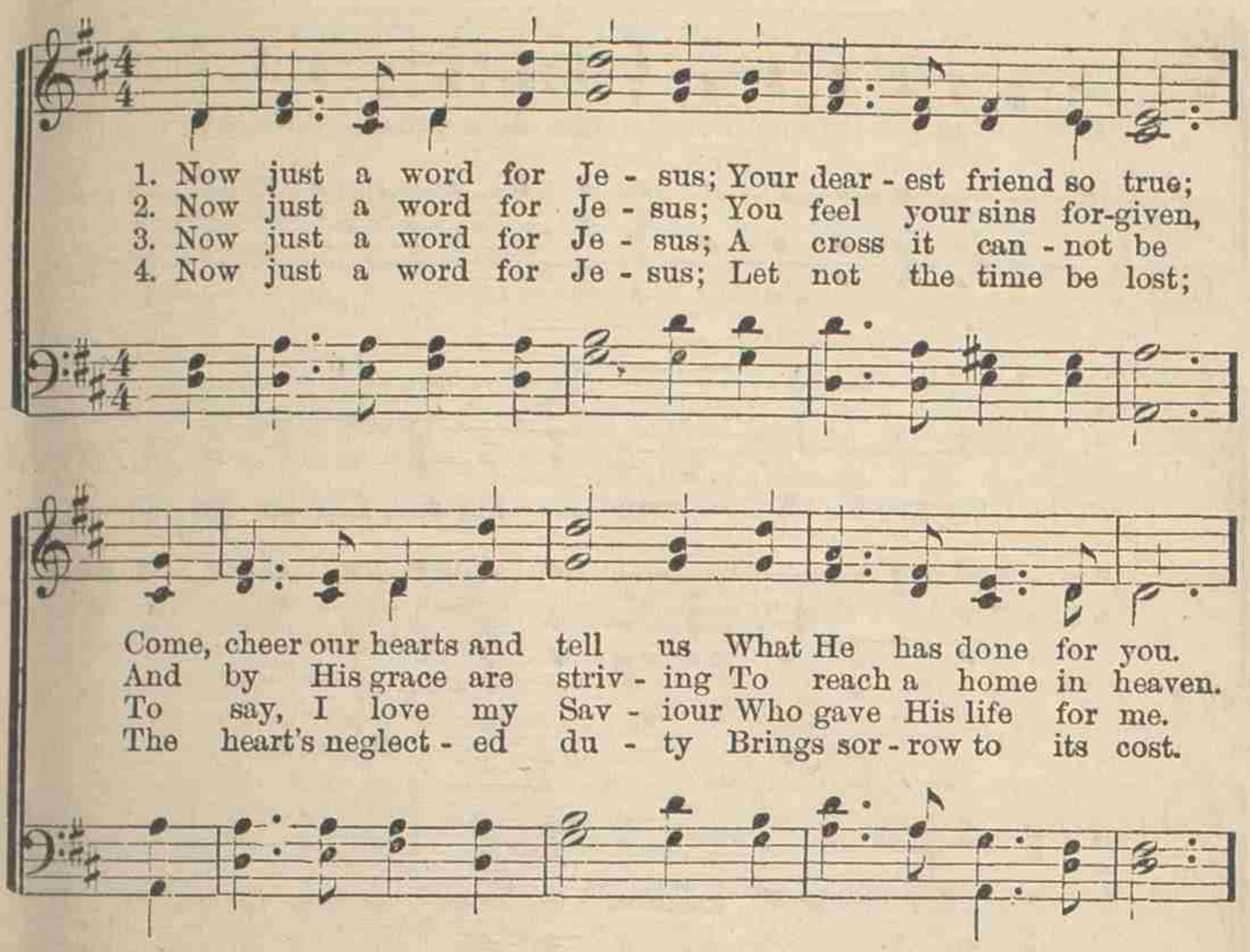
3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness, [more.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it; [provide:
Strength for thy labor the Lord will
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

No. 31. Just a Word for Jesus.

"Wilt thou not tell."—EZEK. 24: 19.

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



5.

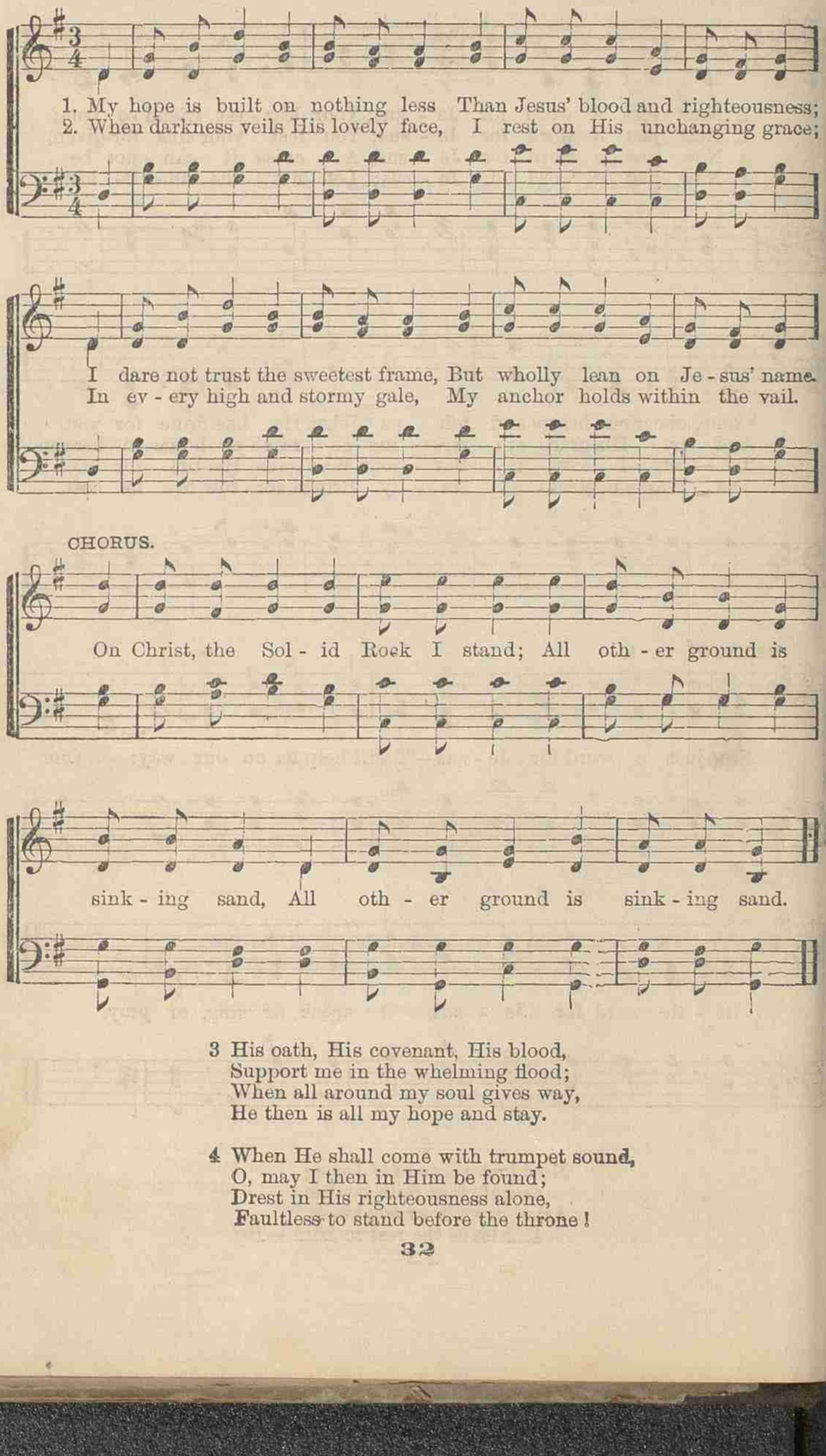
Now just a word for Jesus;
And if your faith be dim,
Arise in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to Him.—*Ref.*

No. 30.

The Solid Rock.

"The Lord is my defence, and rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

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



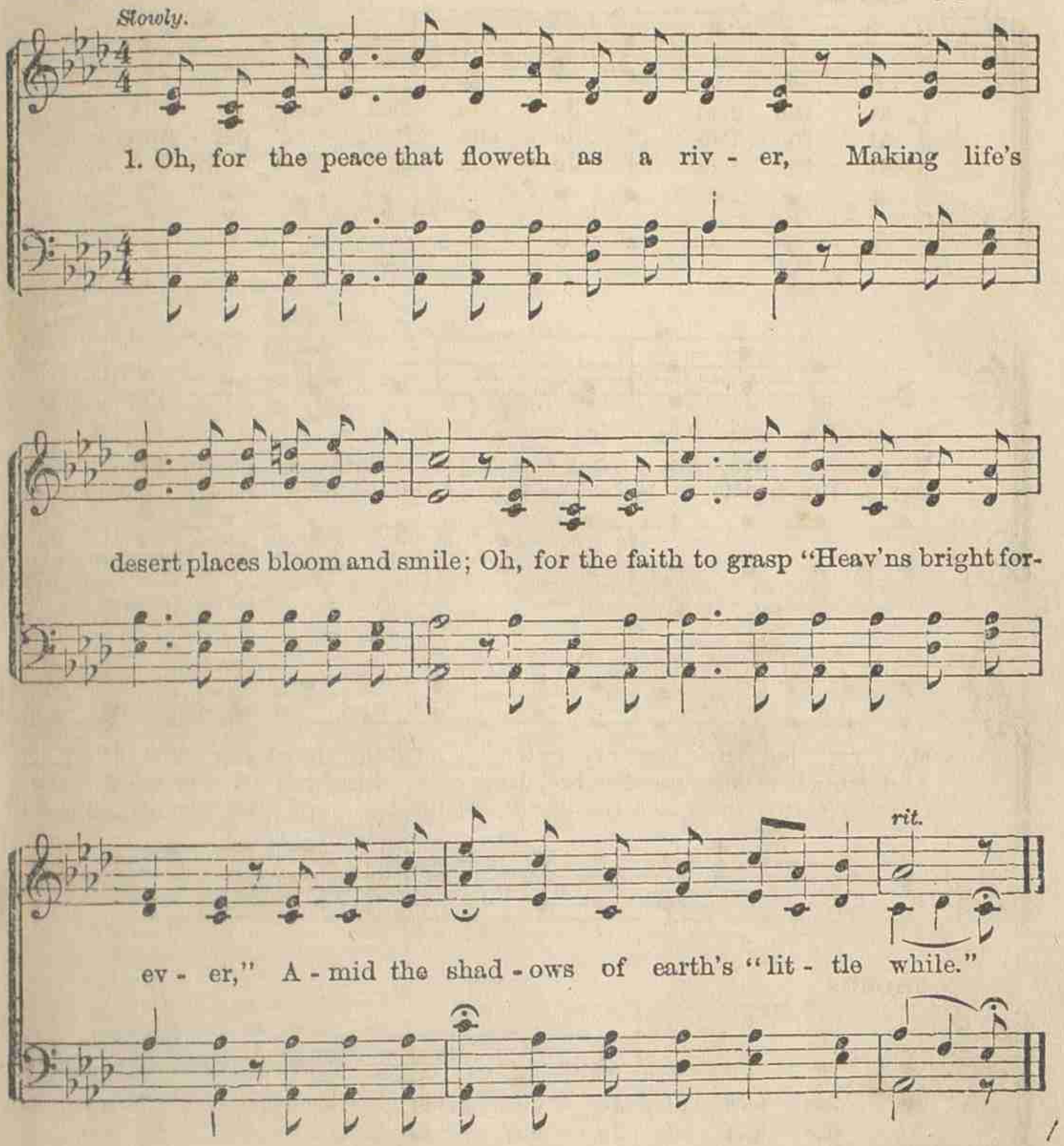
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in Him be found;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

No. 29. A Little While.

"What is this that he saith a little while."—JOHN 16: 17.

MRS. JANE CREWDSON. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



2 "A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm and wrestle with the strong;
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

3 "A little while" the earthern pitcher taking,
To wayside brooks, from far off fountains fed;
Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

4 "A little while" to keep the oil from failing,
"A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

No. 28. At the Feet of Jesus.

"Mary which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word."—LUKE 10: 39.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

Moderato.

1. At the feet of Je - sus, List - 'ning to His word:
2. At the feet of Je - sus, Pour - ing per - fume rare,
3. At the feet of Je - sus, In that morn - ing hour,

Learn - ing wis - dom's les - son From her lov - ing Lord:
Ma - ry did her Sav - iour For the grave pre - pare:
Lov - ing hearts re - ceiv - ing Res - ur - rec - tion power:

Ma - ry, led by heav'nly grace, Chose the meek dis - ci - ple's place.
And, from love the "good work" done, She her Lord's ap - prov - al won.
Haste with joy to preach the word: "Christ is ris - en, Praise the Lord!"

CHORUS.

At the feet of Je - sus is the place for me,
At the feet of Je - sus is the place for me,
At the feet of Je - sus, ris - en now for me,

There a hum - ble *learn - er* would I choose to be.
There in sweet - est *ser - vice* would I ev - er be.
I shall sing His *prais - es* through e - ter - ni - ty.

Song of Salvation.—Concluded.

1. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 TIM. 1: 15.—*Cho.*

2. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. And with His stripes we are healed." ISA. 53: 5.—*Cho.*

3. "In my Father's house are many mansions....I go to prepare a place for you....That where I am, there ye may be also." JOHN 14: 2, 3. *Cho.*

4. "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." REV. 21: 6, 7.—*Cho.*

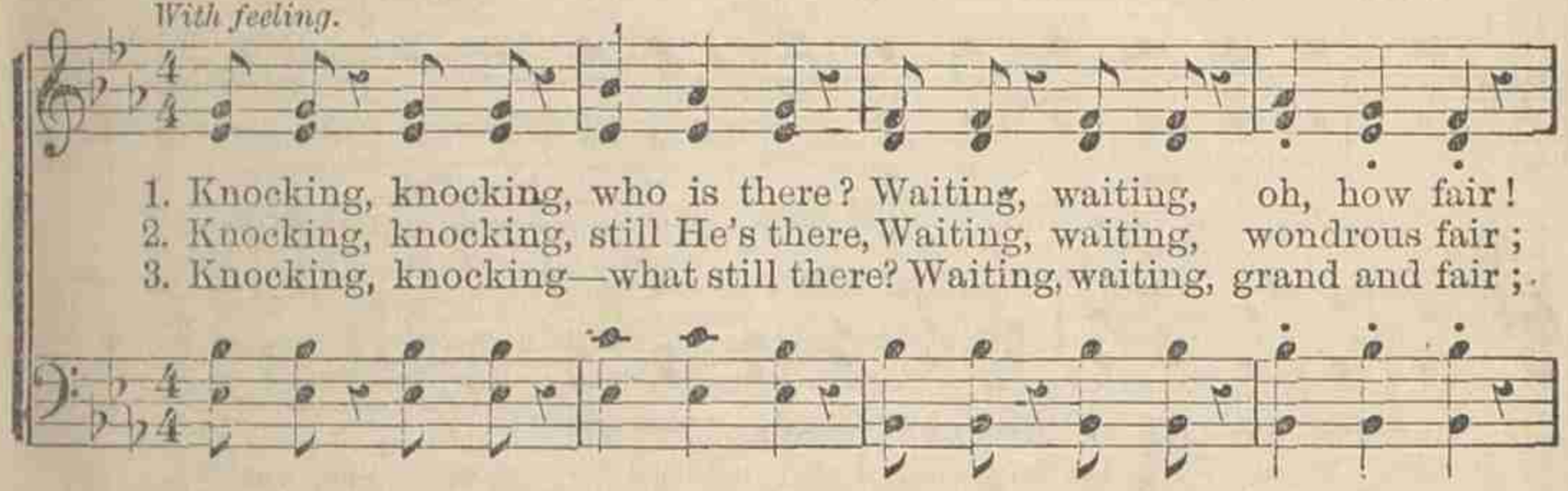
—o—

No. 27. Knocking, Knocking, Who is There?

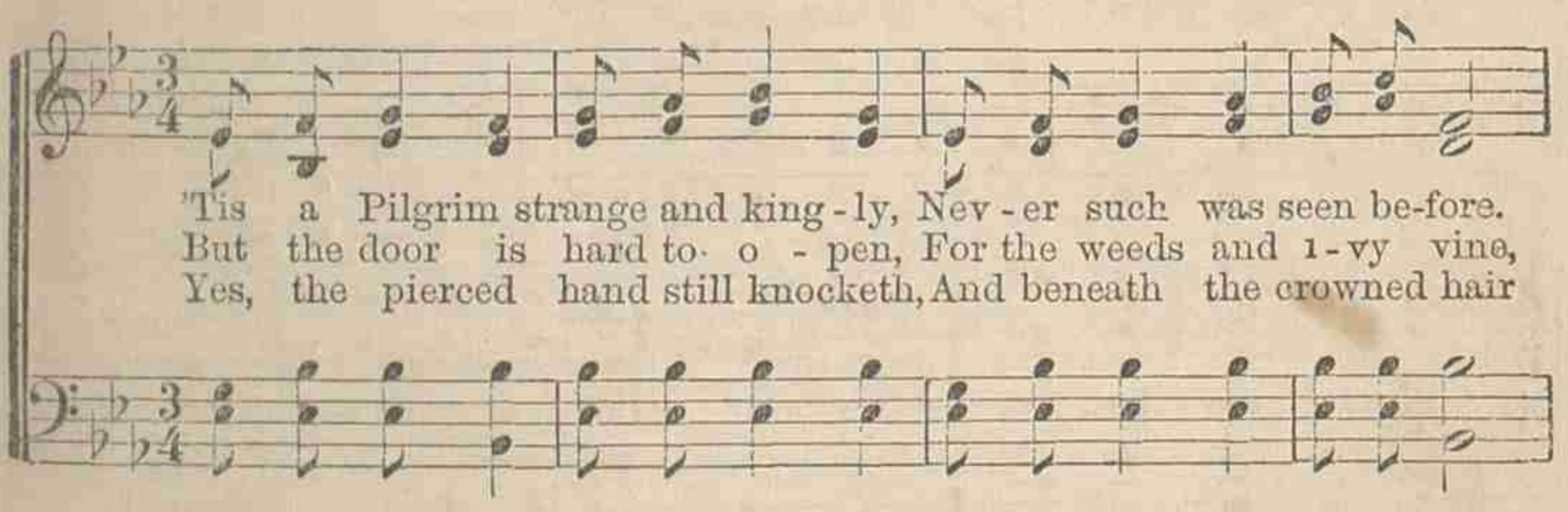
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me."—REV. 3: 10.

MRS. H. B. STOWE, AIT, GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

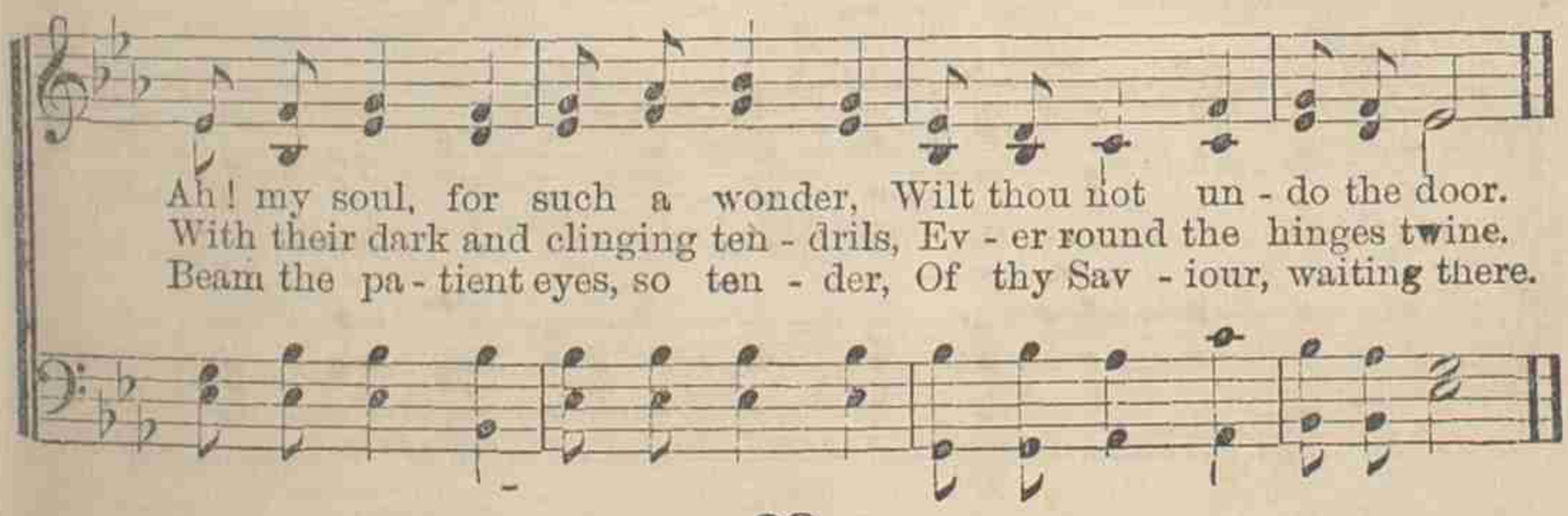
With feeling.



1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there, Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
3. Knocking, knocking—what still there? Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;



'Tis a Pilgrim strange and king-ly, Nev-er such was seen be-fore.
But the door is hard to o-pen, For the weeds and i-vy vine,
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh, And beneath the crowned hair



Ah! my soul, for such a wonder, Wilt thou not un-do the door.
With their dark and clinging ten-drils, Ev-er round the hinges twine.
Beam the pa-tient eyes, so ten-der, Of thy Sav-iour, waiting there.

No. 26. Song of Salvation.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

ANON. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a won-der-ful love it must be;
2. I have heard how He suffered and bled, How He languish'd and died on the tree;
3. I've been told of a heaven on high, Which the children of Jesus shall see;
4. Lord, answer these questions of mine, To whom shall I go but to Thee?

But did He come down from a-bove, Out of love and compassion for
But then is it an-y-where said, That He languish'd and suffered for
But is there a place in the sky Made read-y and furnished for
And say by Thy Spir-it di-vine, There's a Saviour and heaven for

CHORUS.

me, for me, Out of love and compassion for me?
me, for me, That He languished and suffered for me!
me, for me, Made read-y and furnished for me?
me, for me, There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

Response. ✲ Yes, yes, yes, for

me, for me, Yes, yes, yes for me; Our Lord from a-bove in His

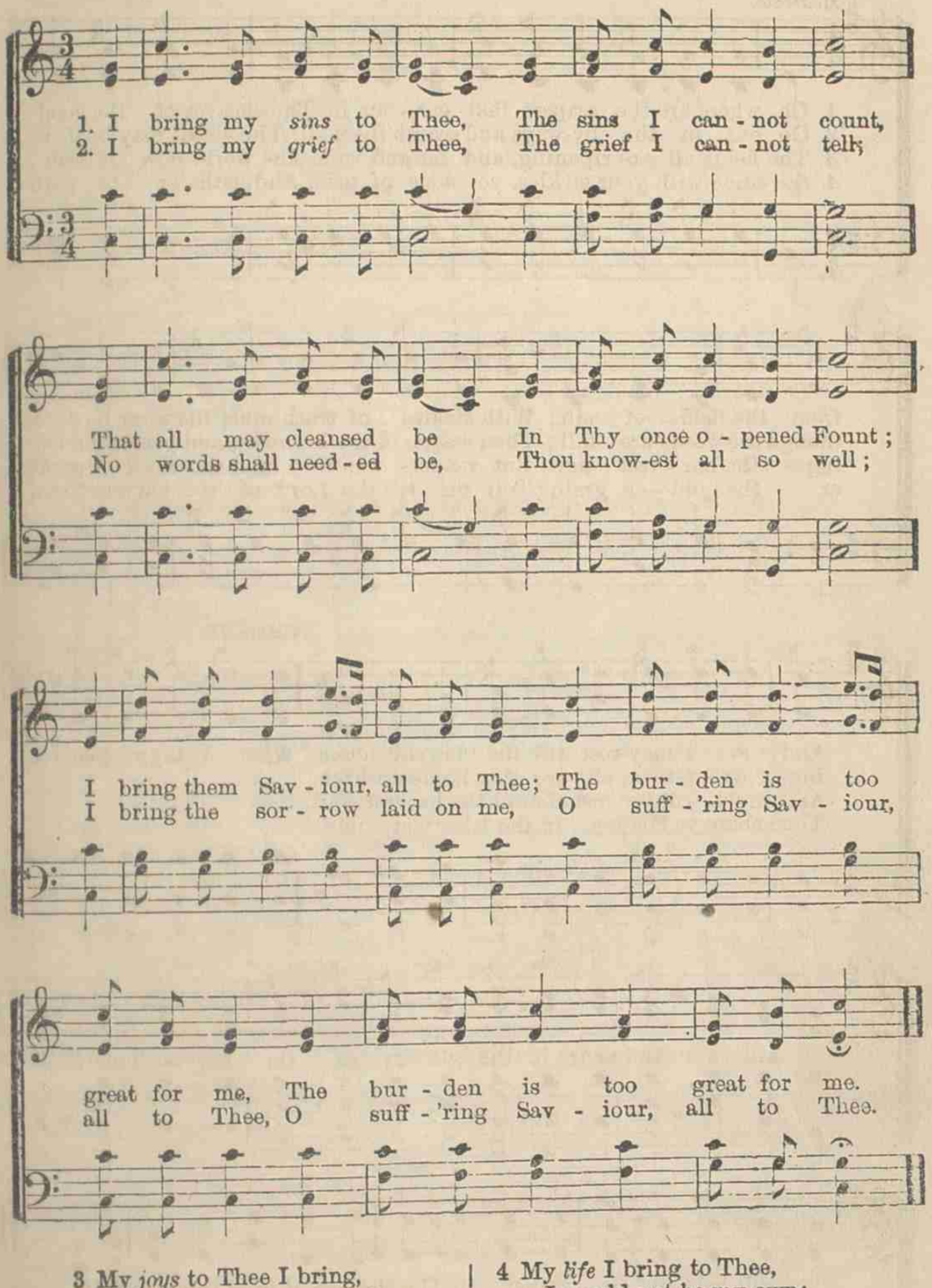
Rit.

in-fin-ite love, On the cross died to save you and me.

✲ The Response, or Scripture text, to be read for each verse, before singing the Chorus.

No. 25. I Bring my Sins to Thee.

"In returning and rest ye shall be saved."—Isa. 30 : 15.

Frances Ridley Havergal. P. P. Bliss, by per.

3 My *joys* to Thee I bring,
The joys thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven,
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

4 My *life* I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone,
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

No. 24. Oh, Where are the Reapers.

"I will say to the reapers: gather the wheat into my barn."—MATT. 13: 30.

EBEN E. REXFORD — GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Moderato.

1. Oh, where are the reapers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,
3. The fields all are ripening, and far and wide The world now is wait -
4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gath - er to - geth -

from the fields of sin; With sickles of truth must the work be done,
though the weeds are tall; Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
ing the har - vest tide: But reapers are few, and the work is great,
er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,

CHORUS.

And no one may rest till the "harvest home." Where are the reapers! Oh,
But gather from all for the home on high.
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."

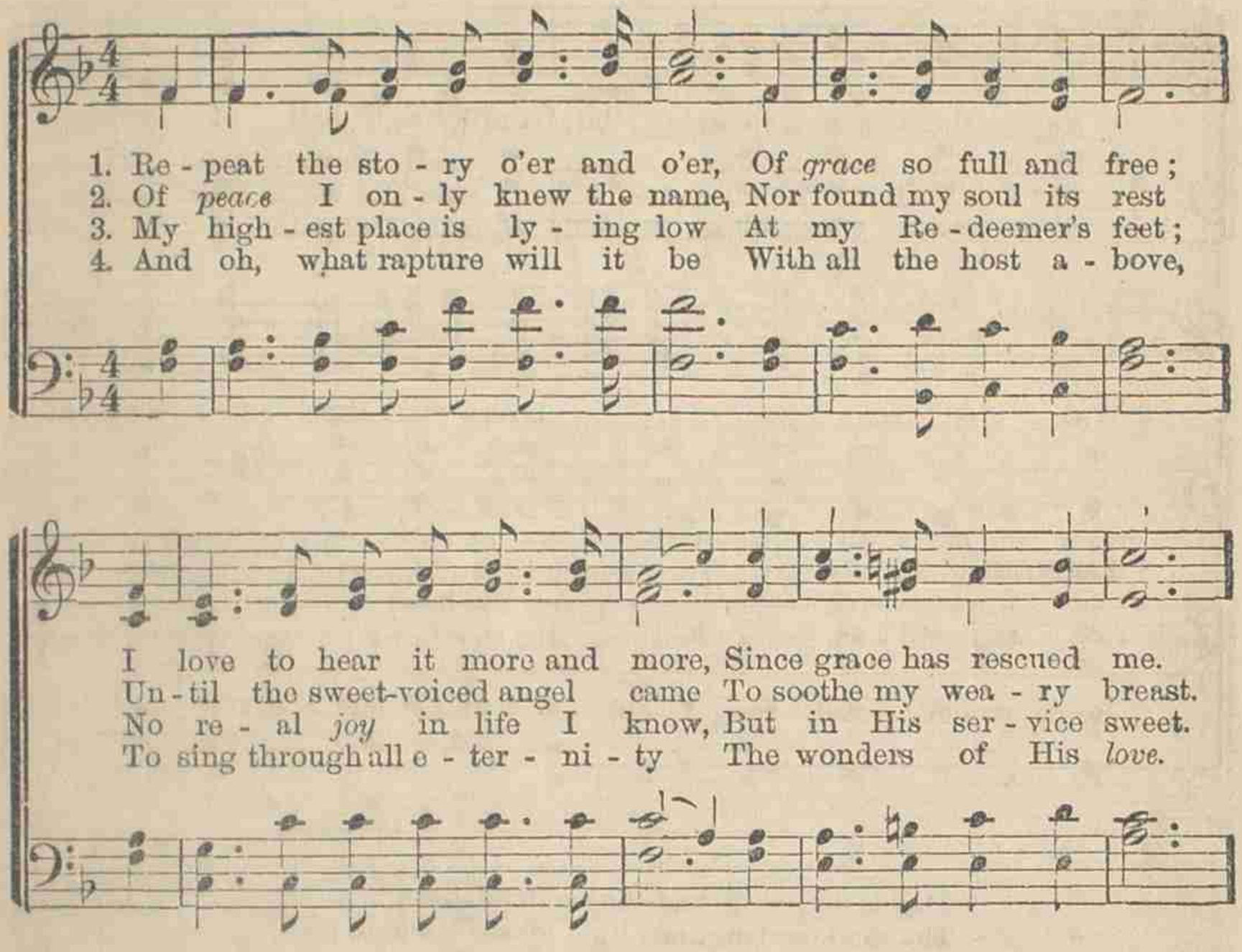
who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "harvest home?" Oh,

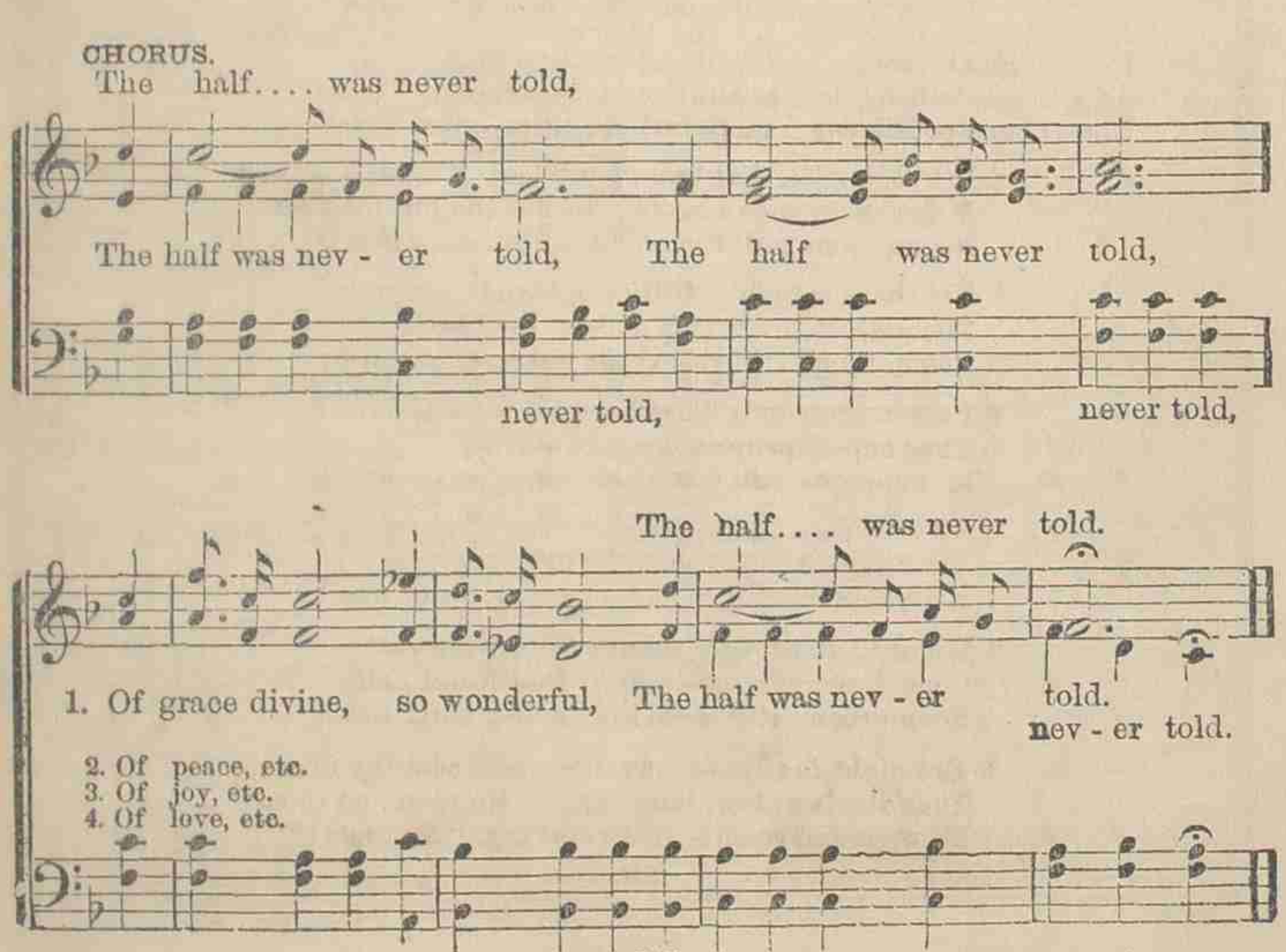
who will help us to garner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

No. 23. The Half was Never Told.

"Behold, the half was not told."—Kings 10: 7.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss, by per.

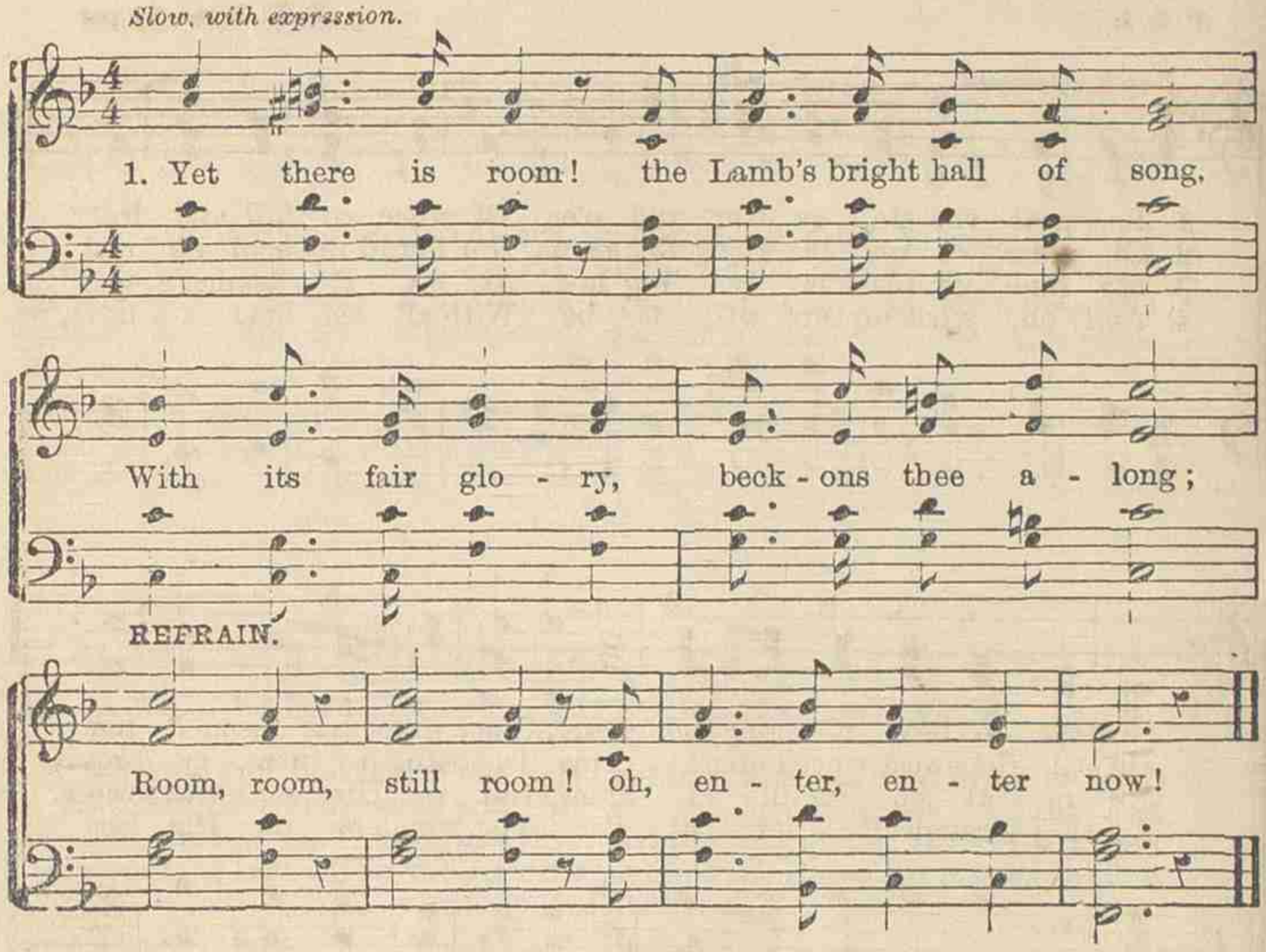




No. 22. Yet There is Room.

"Yet there is room."—LUKE 14: 22.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

Slow, with expression.

2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast:
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now;

6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

8 Louder and sweeter, sounds the loving call;
Come lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
Then the last, low, long cry;—"No room, no room!"
No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

No. 21.

Hear the Call.

"Put on the whole armor of God."—EPH. 6: 11.

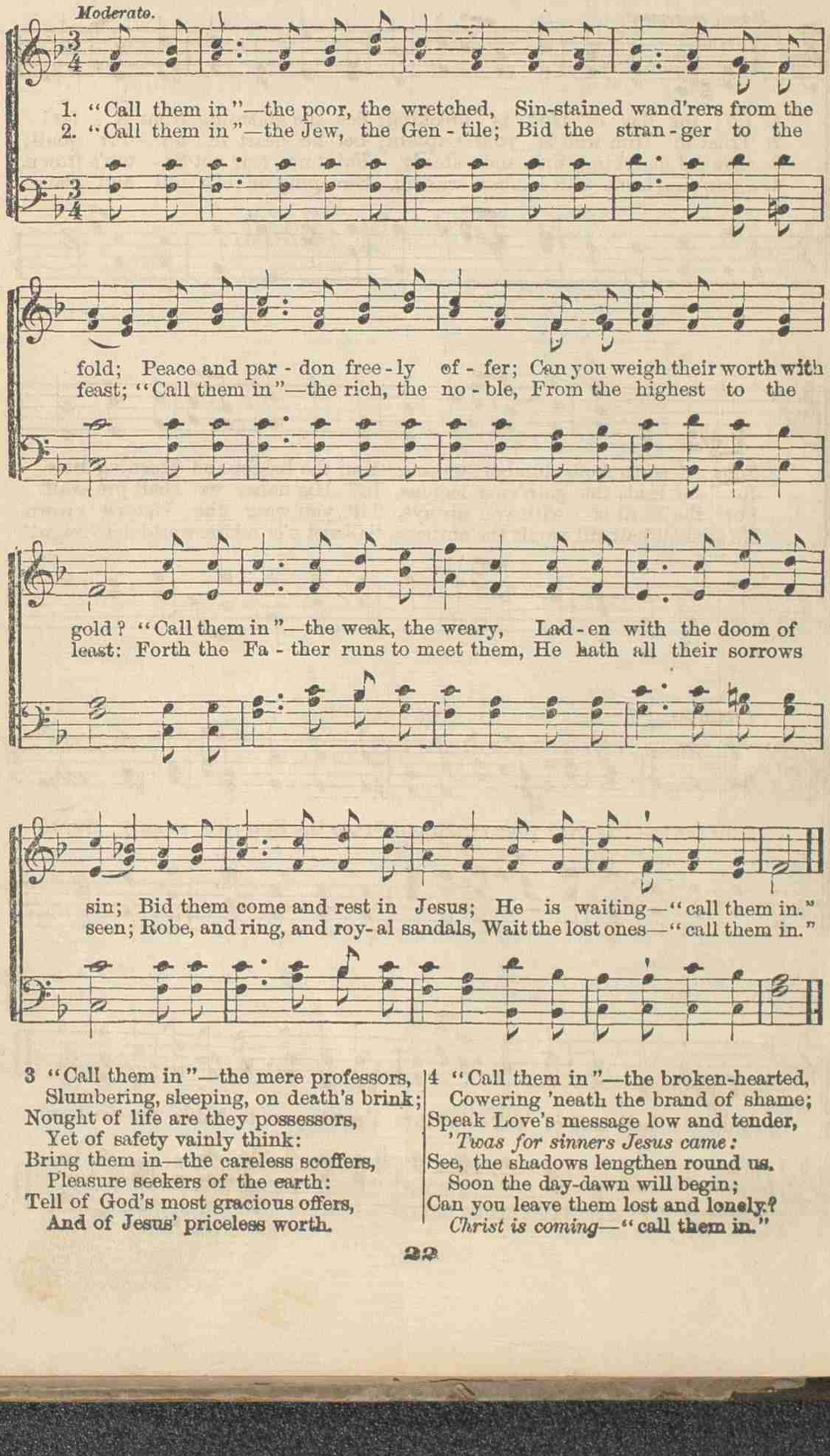
W. F. S. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1876, by per.

No. 20.

Call Them in.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—LUKE 14: 23.

MISS ANNA SHIPTON. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.



3 "Call them in"—the mere professors,
Slumbering, sleeping, on death's brink;
Nought of life are they possessors,
Yet of safety vainly think:
Bring them in—the careless scoffers,
Pleasure seekers of the earth:
Tell of God's most gracious offers,
And of Jesus' priceless worth.

4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak Love's message low and tender,
'Twas for sinners Jesus came:
See, the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming—"call them in."

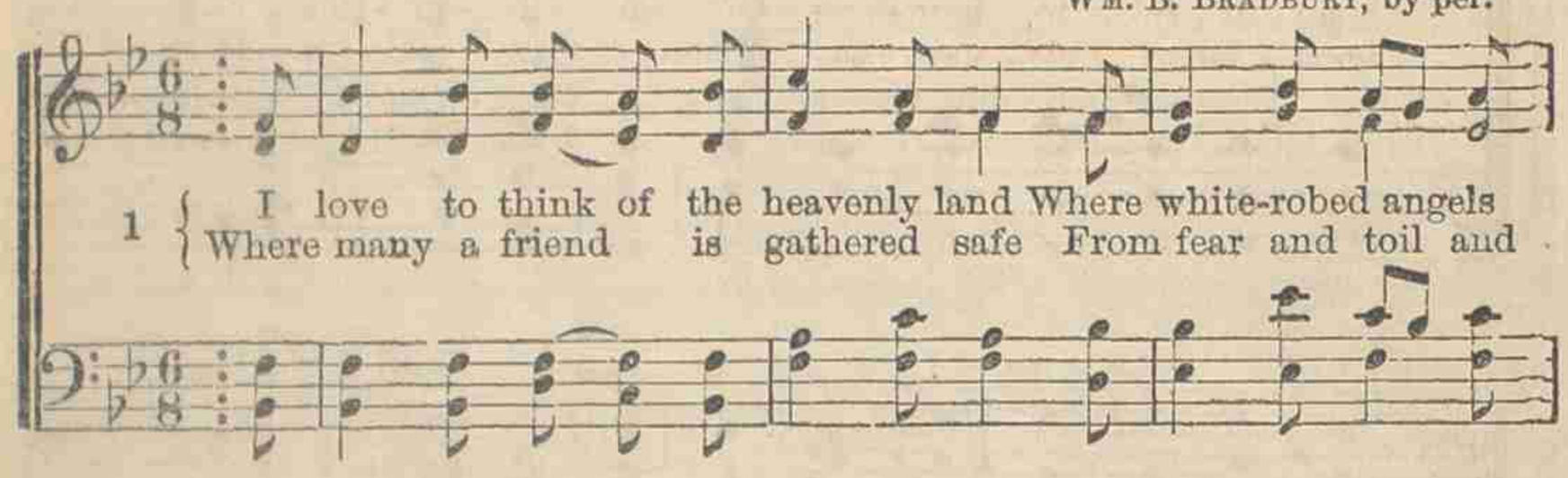
Joy in Sorrow.—Concluded.

3 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade;
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade.
O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight.

4 My Saviour, Thee possessing,
I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm;
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint;
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint!

No. 19. The Heavenly Land.

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

Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains. *Ref.*

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints eternal home.
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one. *Ref.*

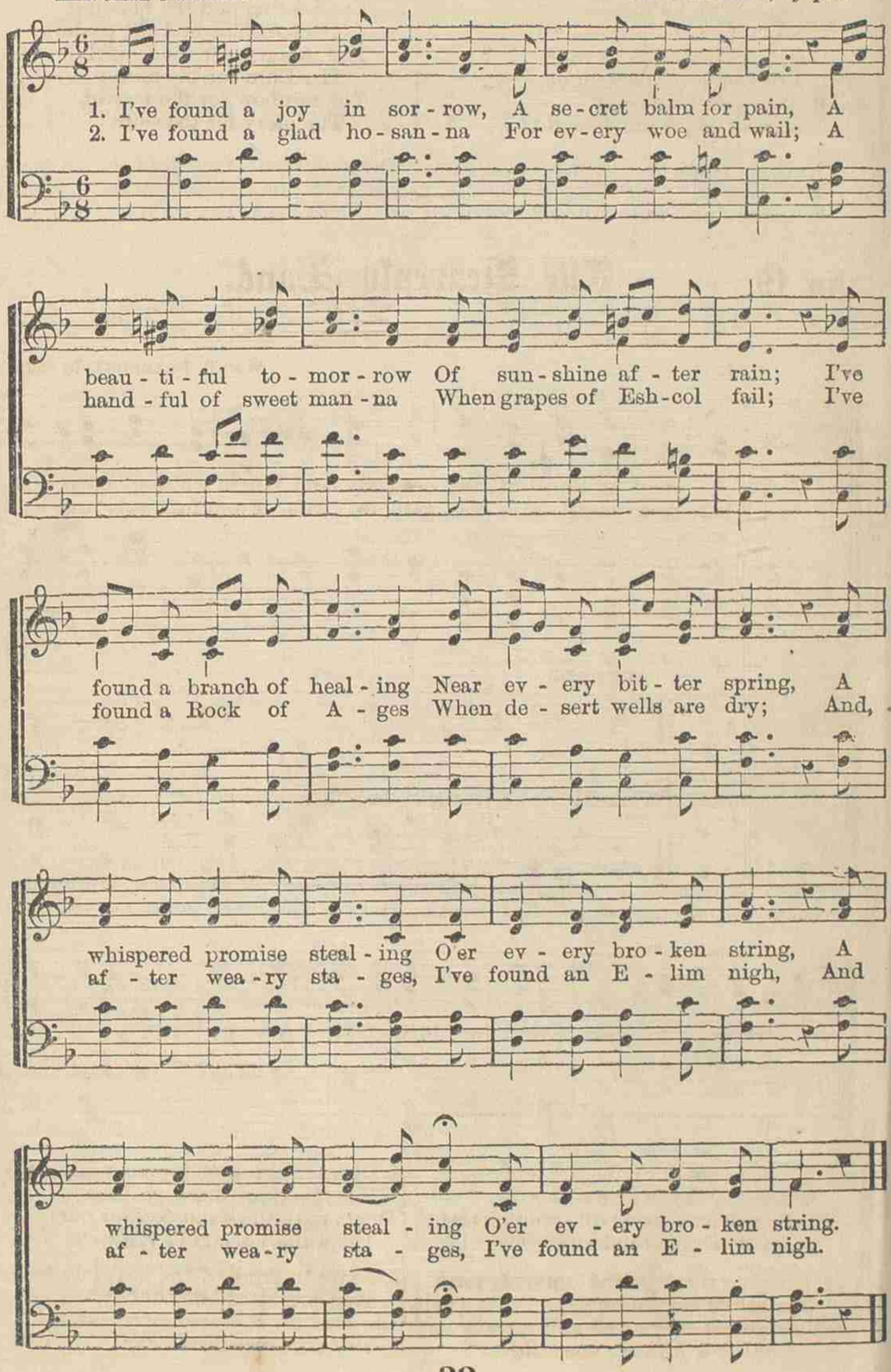
4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets. *Ref.*

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there. *Ref.*

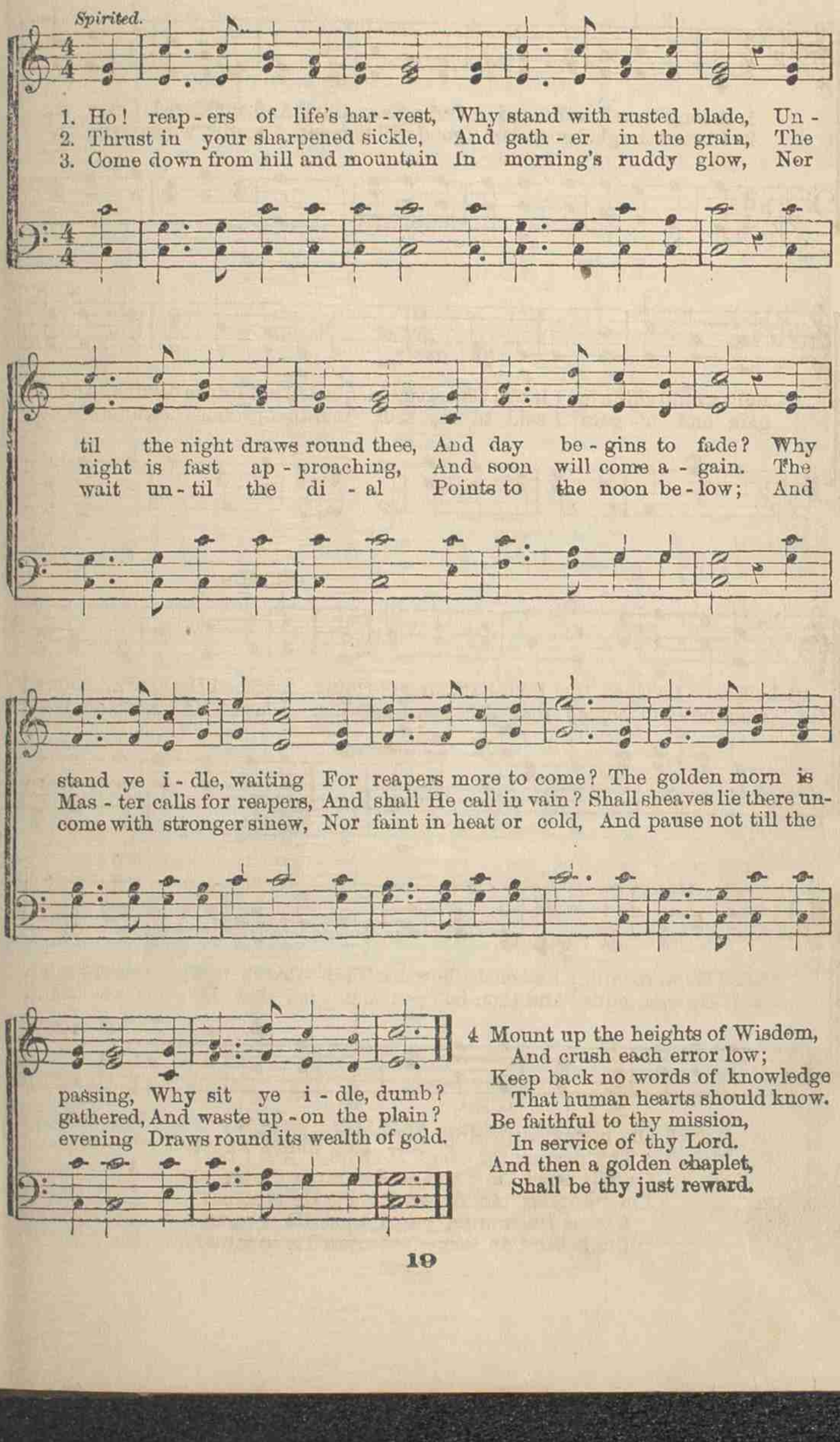
No. 18.

Joy in Sorrow.

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—JOHN 16: 20.

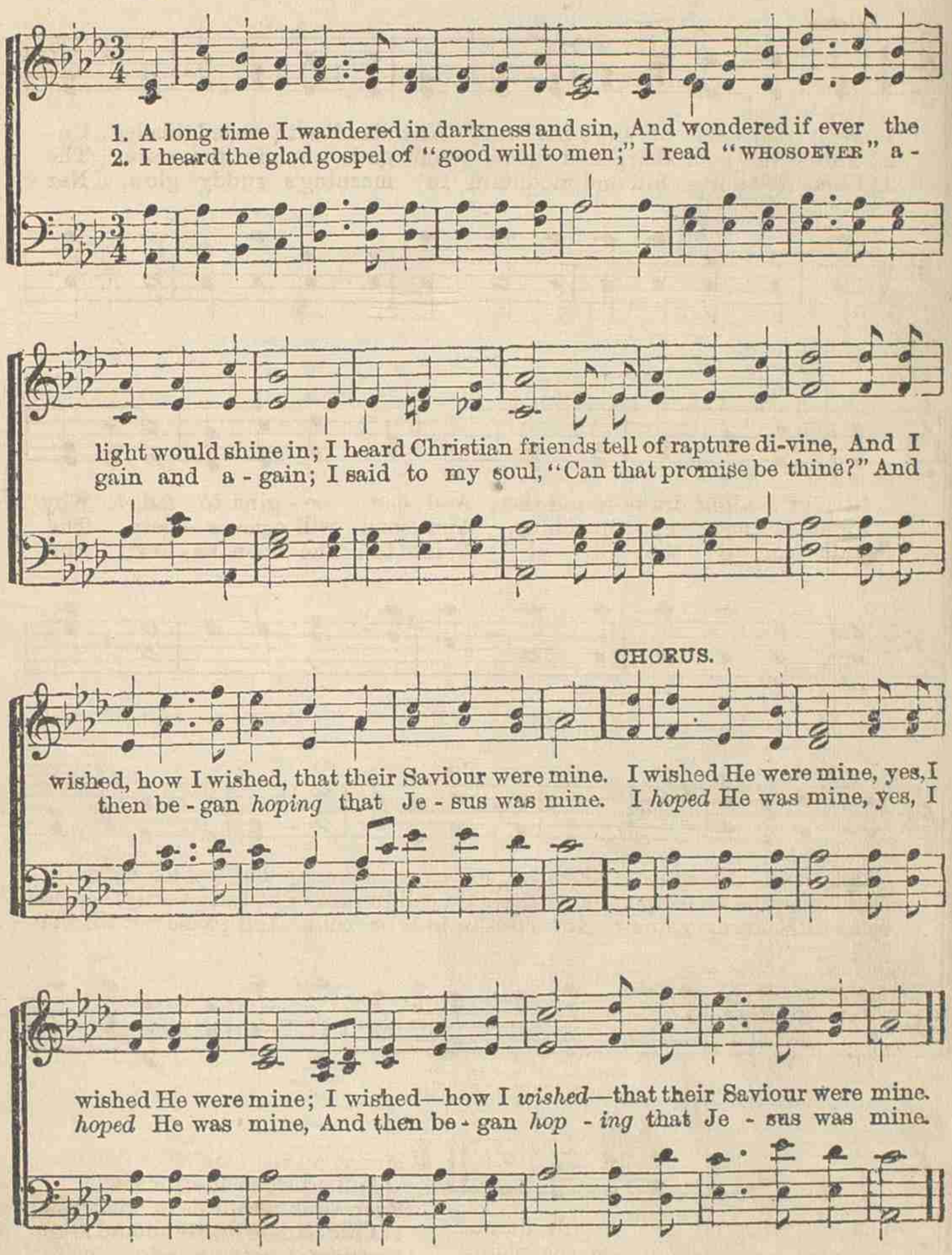
MRS. JANE CREWDSON. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

No. 17. Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."—MATT. 9: 37.

1. B. W. I. B. WOODBURY, by per.

4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord.
And then a golden chaplet,
Shall be thy just reward.

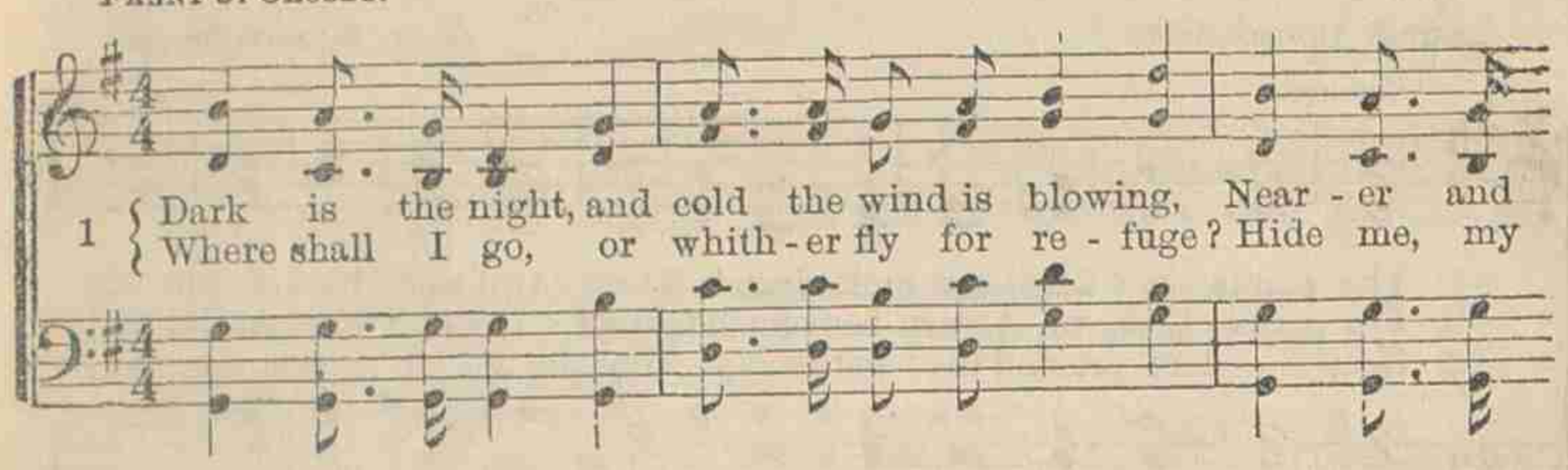
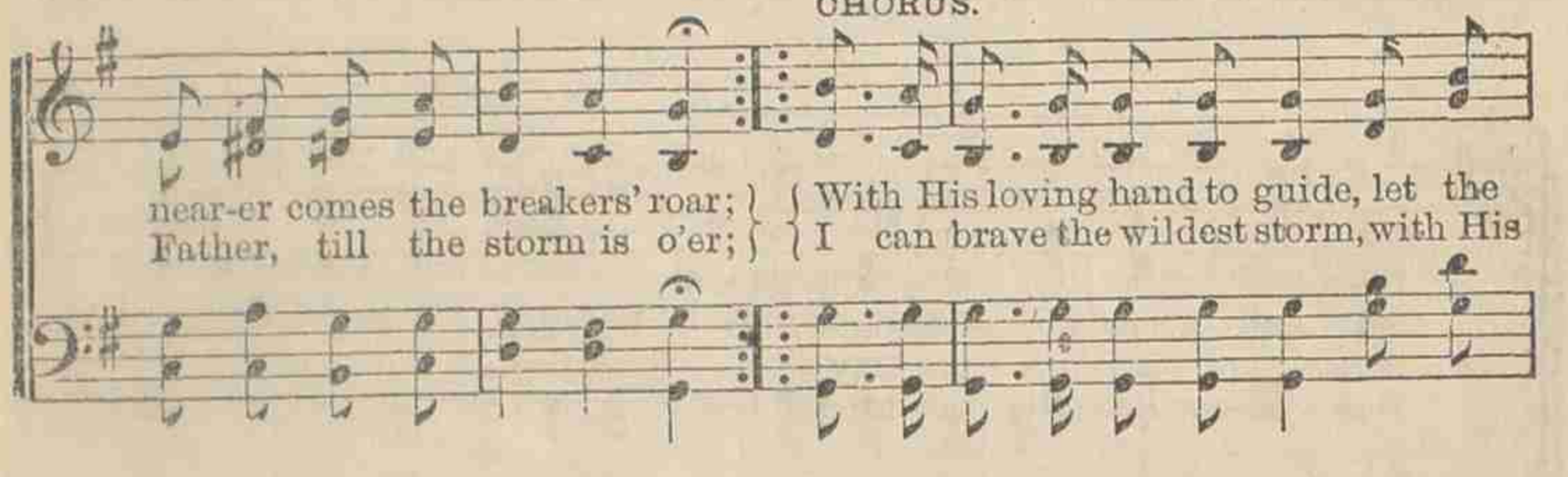
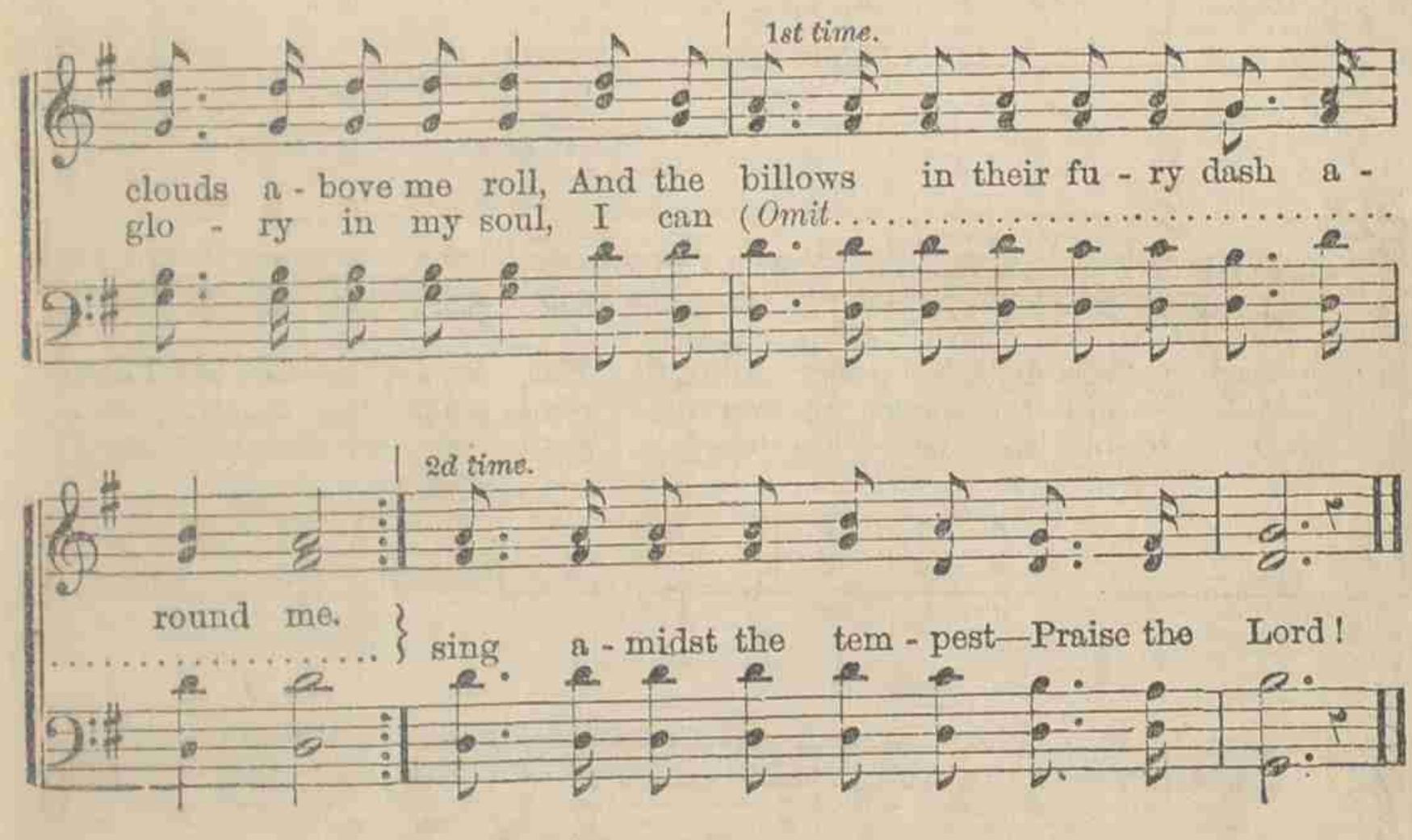
No. 16. I Know He is Mine.

"These things have I written, that ye may know."—1 JOHN 5:—13.

P. P. BLISS. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

3 Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even me!
"Thy portion for ever," He says, "will I be;"
On His word I'm resting—assurance divine—
I'm "hoping" no longer, I *know* He is mine!
I *know* He is mine, yes, I *know* He is mine,
I'm hoping no longer,—I KNOW He is mine!

No. 15. Dark is the Night.

"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Ps. 32: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. T. E. PERKINS, by per.

2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise;
He will go with me o'er the troubled wave;
Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters,
Jesus, the mighty one, and strong to save.

3 Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking,
Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail;
Now at the helm I see my Father standing,
Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.

No. 14.

Immanuel's Land.

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

Annie R. Cousin, 1857. C. M. Wyman, by per.

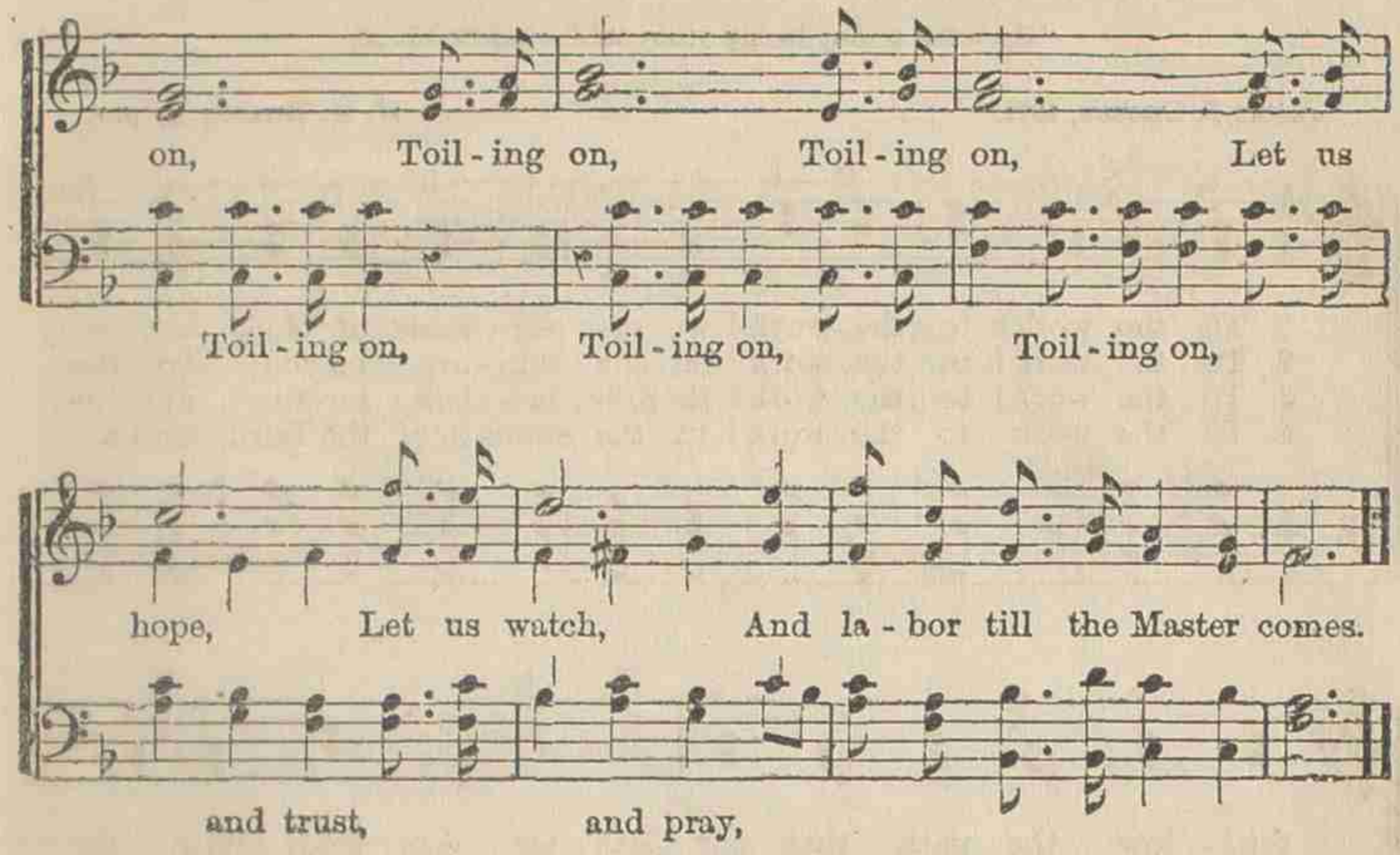
Earnestly.

1. The sands of time are sink-ing, The dawn of heaven breaks,
2. I've wres-tled on t'ward heaven, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
3. Deep wa-ters crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp;

The sum-mer morn I've sighed for— The fair, sweet morn a-wakes.
Now, like a wea-ry trav'-ler That lean-eth on his guide,
Now these lie all be-hind me— O! for a well tuned harp!

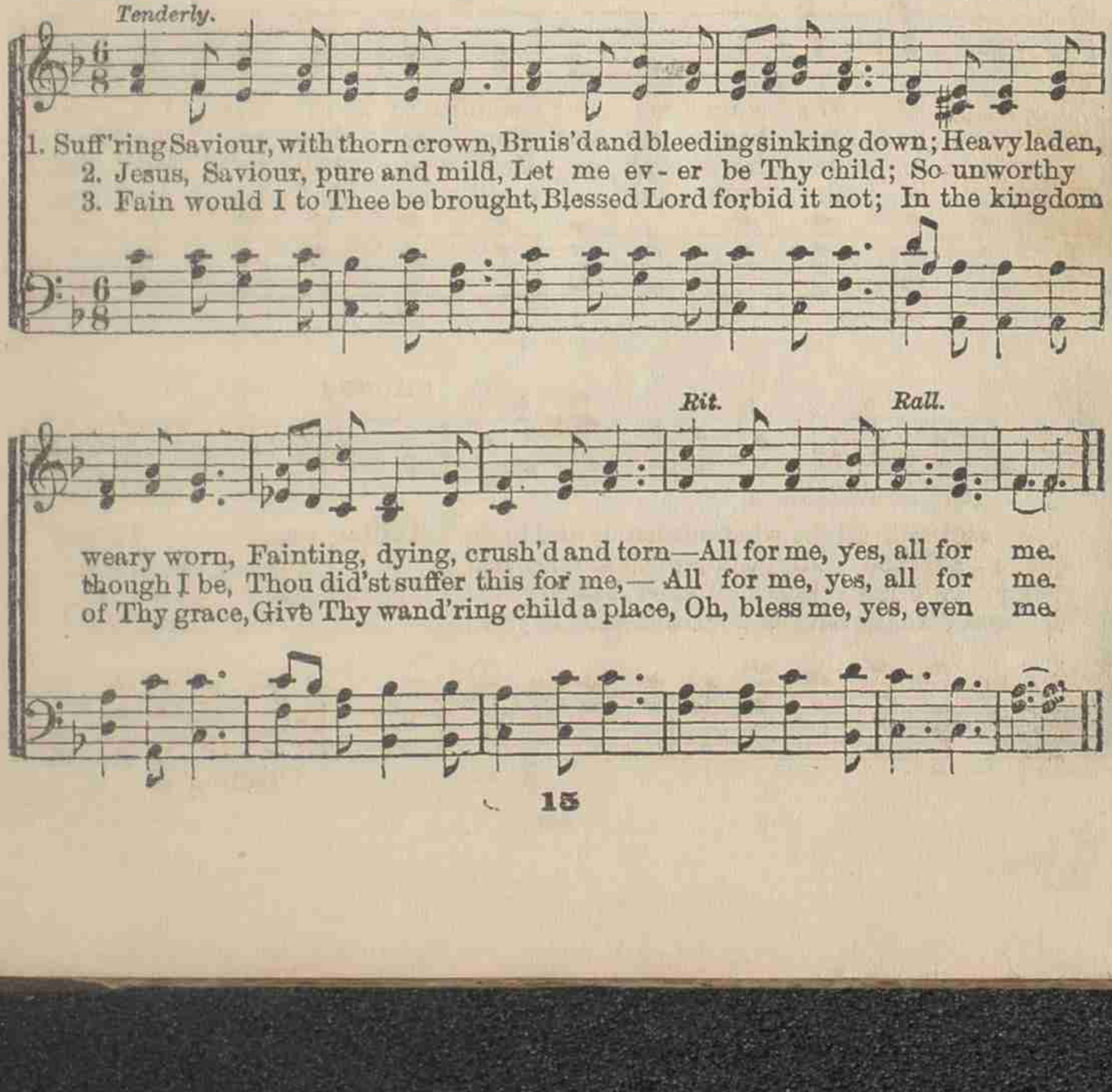
Dark, dark hath been the midnight, But day-spring is at hand,
A - - mid the shades of evening, While sinks life's lingering sand,
O, to join the hal-le-lu-jah With yon triumph-ant band!

And glo-ry— glo-ry dwelleth In Im-man-uel's land.
I hail the glo-ry dawning, From Im-man-uel's land.
Who sing where glo-ry dwelleth, In Im-man-uel's land.

To the Work.—Concluded.

No. 13. All for Me.

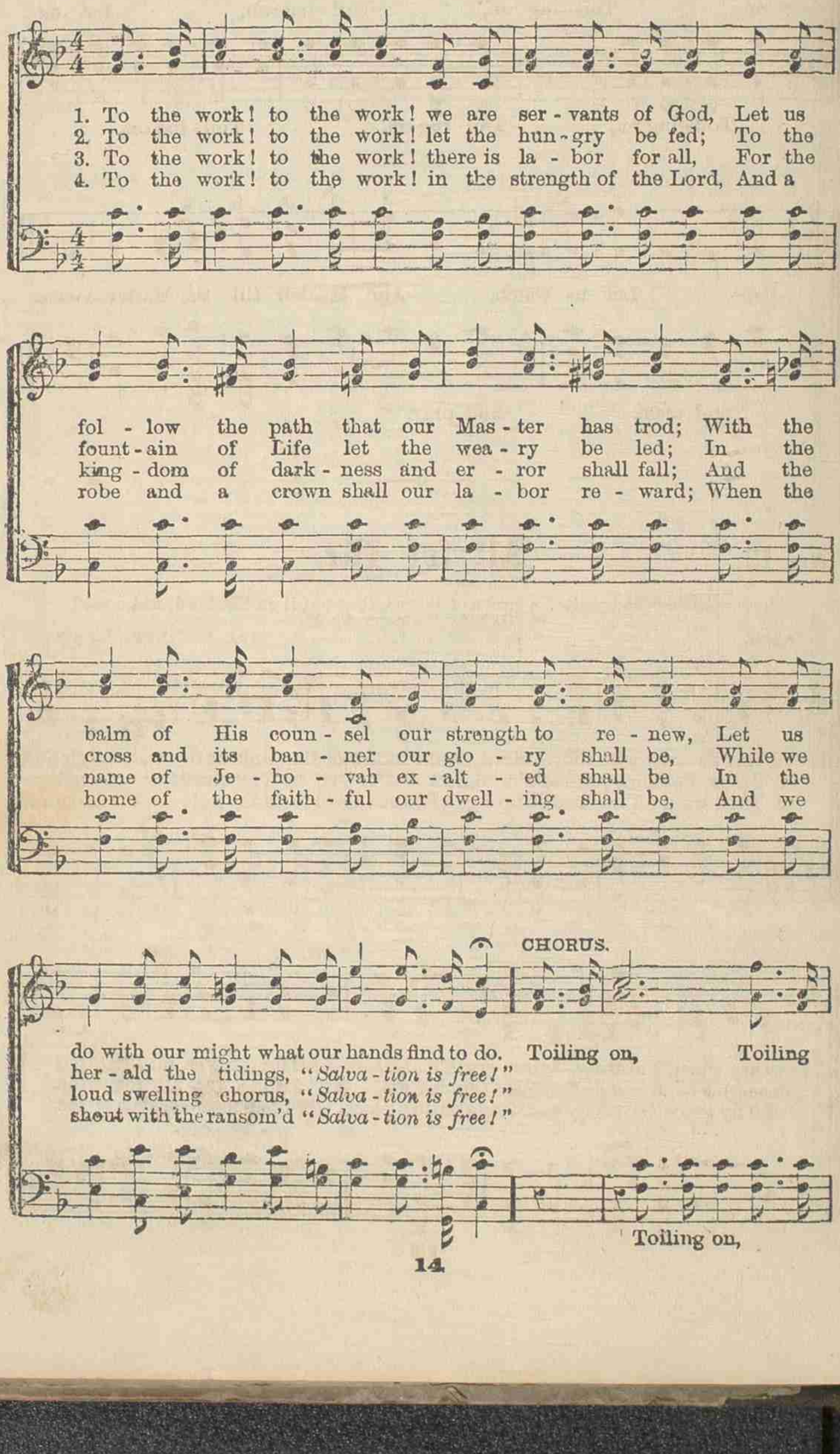
"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it on His head, and a reed in His hand."—MATT. 27: 29.

ANON. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per



No. 12. To the Work.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1871. W. H. DOANE, by per.

No. 11. Only a Step to Jesus.

"Then come thou, for there is peace."—1 Sam. 20: 21.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane, by per.

1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now?
2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live;
3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace;
4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come, and say,

Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, To Him thy Sav - iour bow.
Lov - ing - ly now He's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
What hast thy heart de - cid - ed? The moments fly a - pace.
Glad - ly to Thee, my Sav - iour, I give my - self a - way.

REFRAIN.

On - ly a step, On - ly a step; Come, He waits for Thee;

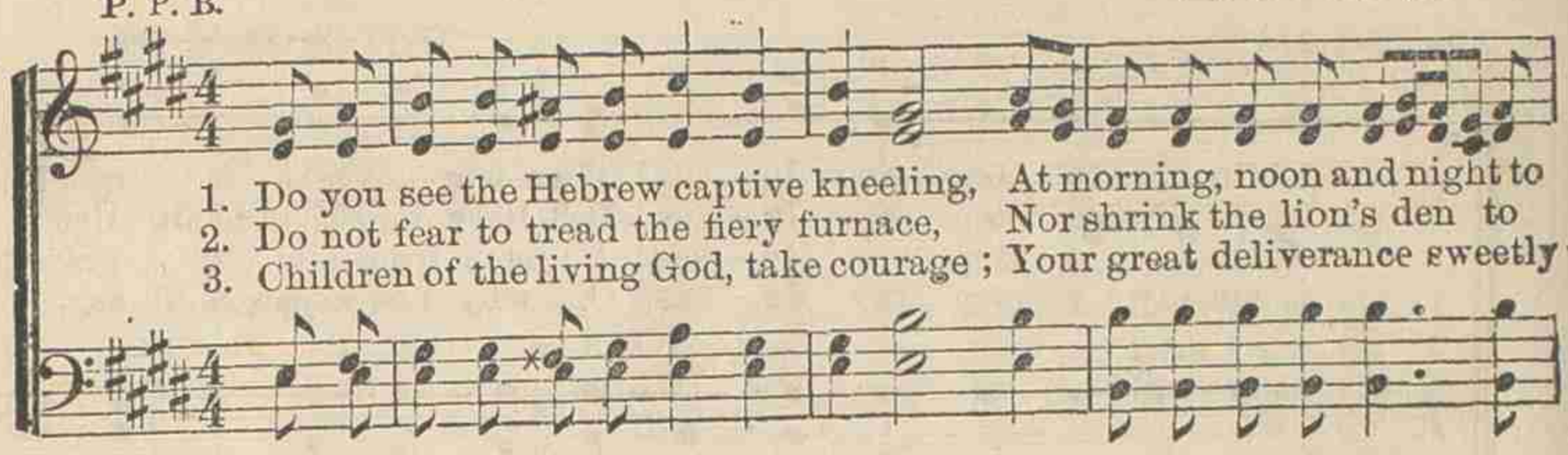
Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt receive a bless - ing;

Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

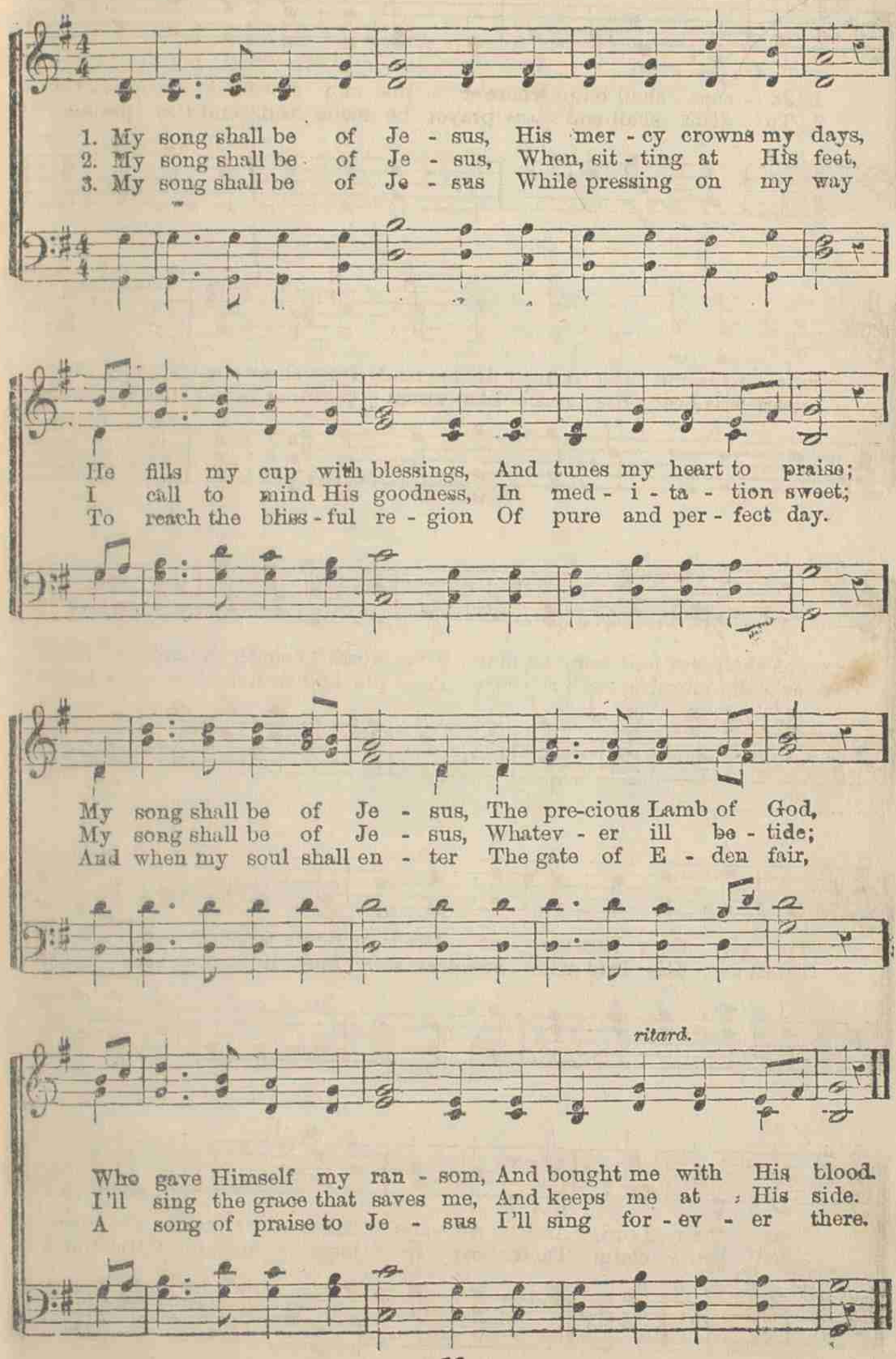
No. 10. Are your Windows open toward Jerusalem?

"And his windows being open toward Jerusalem."—Dan. 6: 10.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

P. P. B.

No. 9. My Song shall be of Jesus.

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. 34: 1.

Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE. W. H DOANE, by per.

No. 8.

Jesus Shall Reign.

"The Lord is King forever and ever."—Ps. 10 : 16.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. KARL WILHELM. ARR.

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-cess - ive jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till
2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made And end-less praises crown His head; His name like sweet perfume shall rise With

moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the princes meet,
ev - ery morning sac - ri - fice. Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue

To pay their homage at His feet; While western em - - pires
Dwell on His love with sweetest song, And in - fant voic - - es

own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend His word.
shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His Name.

No. 7. Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

"A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,"—Isa. 53: 3.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss, by per.

Moderato.

p

1. "Man of sor - rows," what a name
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff ing rude,
3. Guil - - ty, vile and help less, we;
4. Lift - - ed up was He to die,

m

For the Son of God, who came,
In my place con - demned He stood;
Spot - less Lamb of God, was He,
"It is fin - - ished," was His cry,

f

Ru - in'd sin - - ners to re - claim!
Sealed my par - - don with His blood:
"Full a - - tone - ment," can it be?
Now in heaven ex - - alt - - ed high;

ff

Hal - le - lu - - jah, what a Sav - - iour!

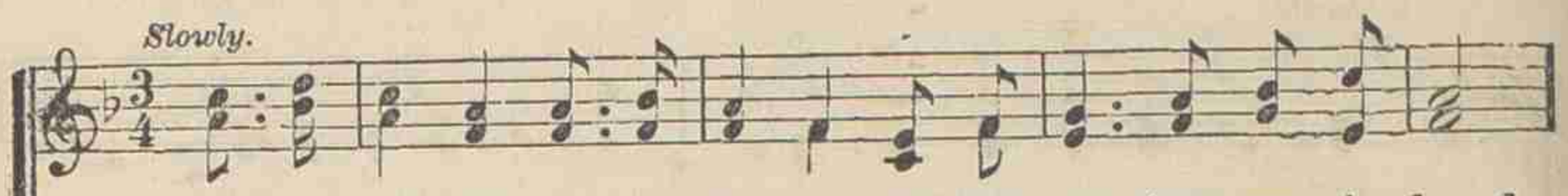
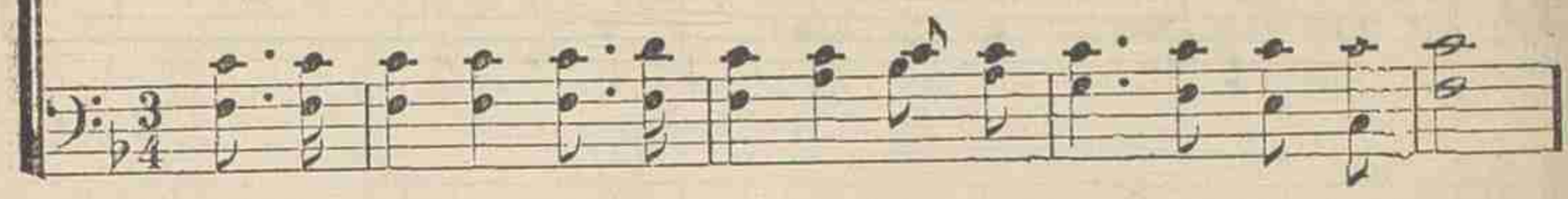
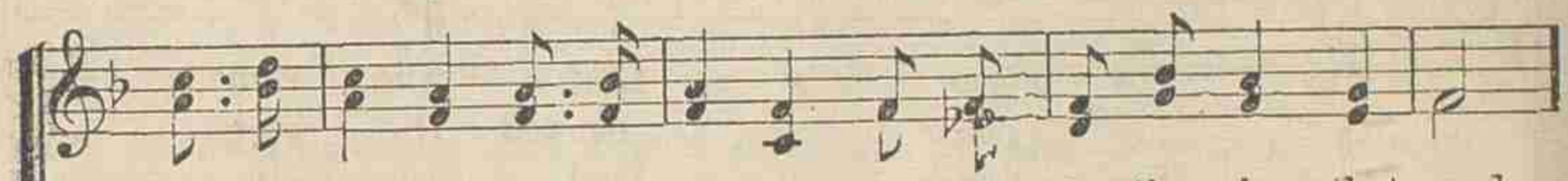
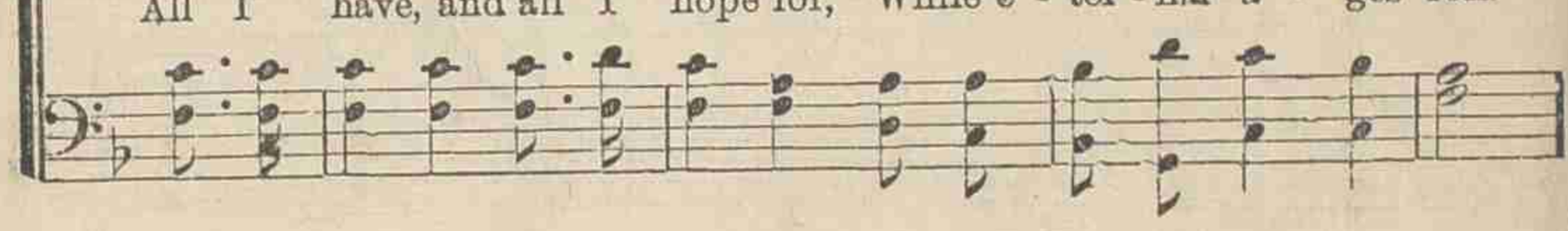
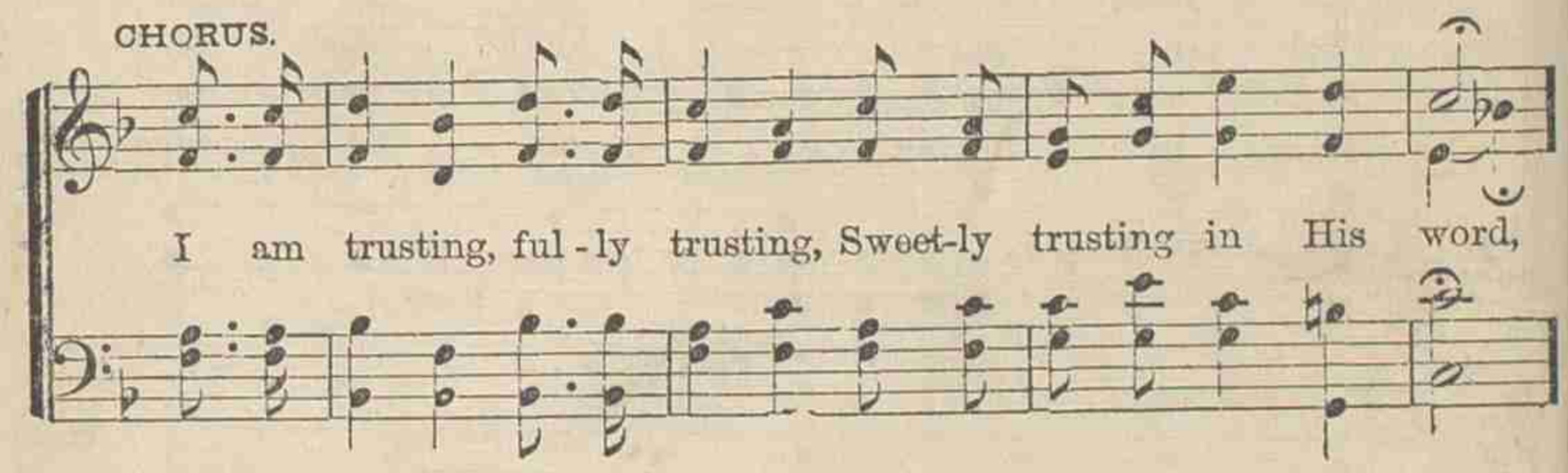
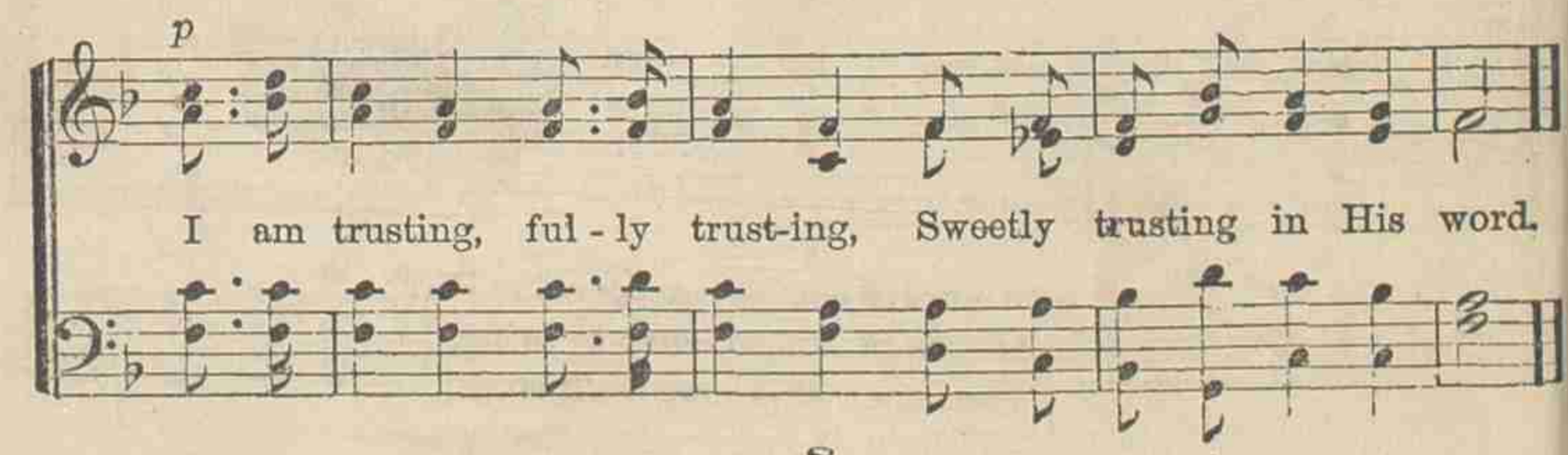
5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

No. 6.

Fully Trusting.

"For I trust in Thy word."—Ps. 119: 42.

J. C. MORGAN. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

Slowly.

1. All my doubts I give to Je - sus! I've His gra-cious promise heard--
2. All my sin I lay on Je - sus! He doth wash me in His blood:
3. All my fears I give to Je - sus! Rests my wea - ry soul on Him;
4. All my joys I give to Je - sus! He is all I want of bliss:
5. All I am I give to Je - sus! All my bod - y, all my soul,

"I shall nev - er be con-founded"—I am trusting in that word.
He will keep me pure and ho - ly, He will bring me home to God.
Tho' my way be hid in darkness, Nev - er can His light grow dim.
He of all the worlds is Mas - ter—He has all I need in this.
All I have, and all I hope for, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.

CHORUS.

I am trusting, ful - ly trusting, Sweet-ly trusting in His word,

I am trusting, ful - ly trust-ing, Sweetly trusting in His word.

ES. 5: 23.

ROBERT LOWRY by per.

whol - ly Thine—
n Thou dost call;
pass - ing hour;

O Christ, art mine
hings, great and small
dost grant the powe

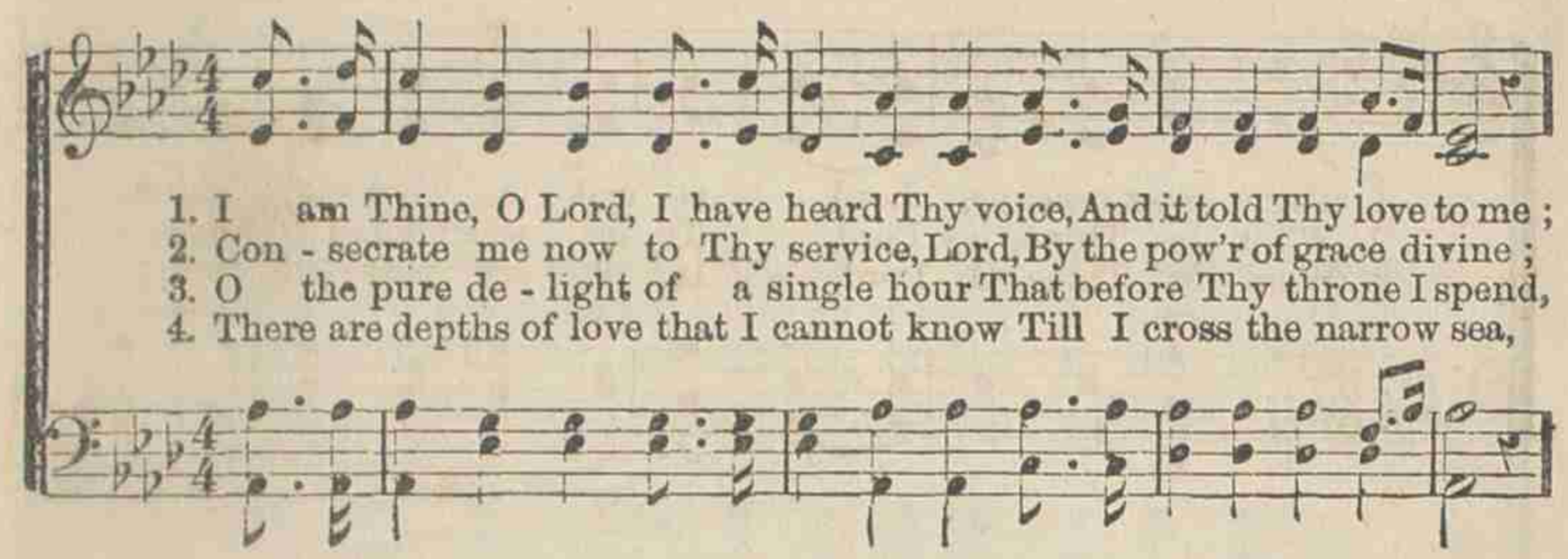
ght me, I am Thi

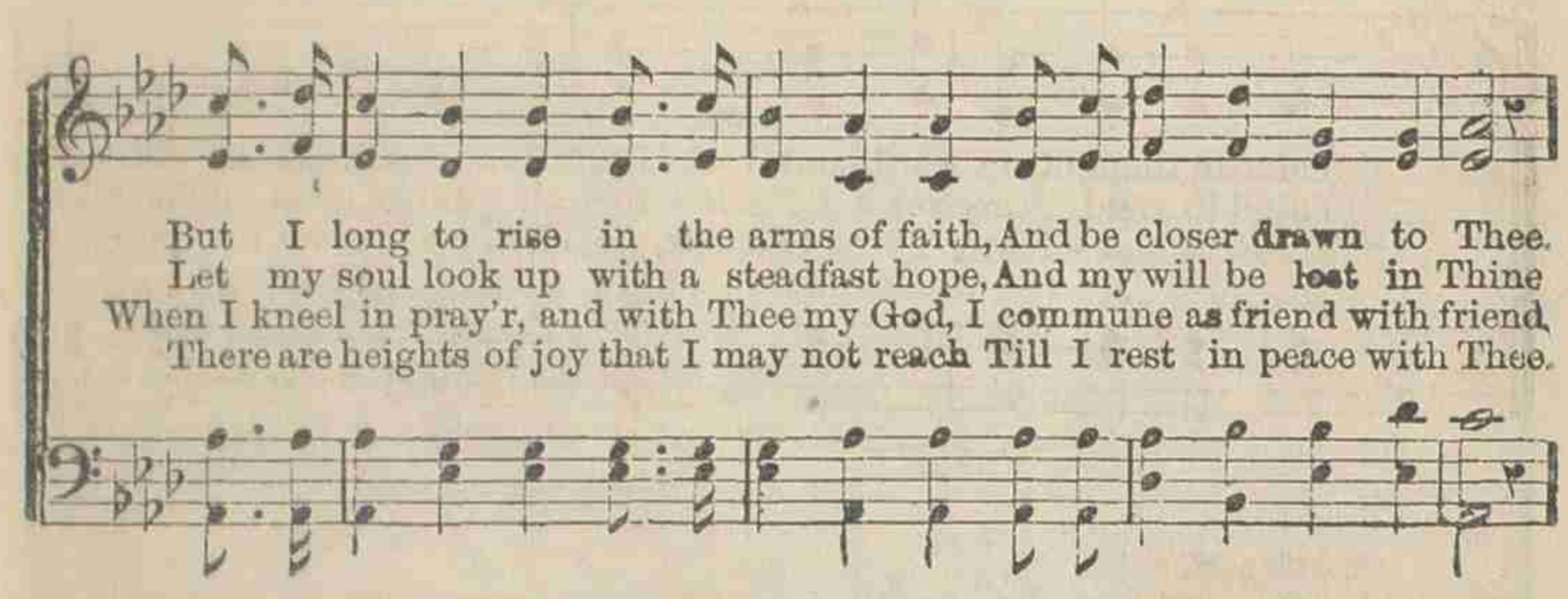
whol - ly Thine.

5.
d, wholly Thine,
one with Thee—
ounded in Thy love
, sure, and free.—*R*

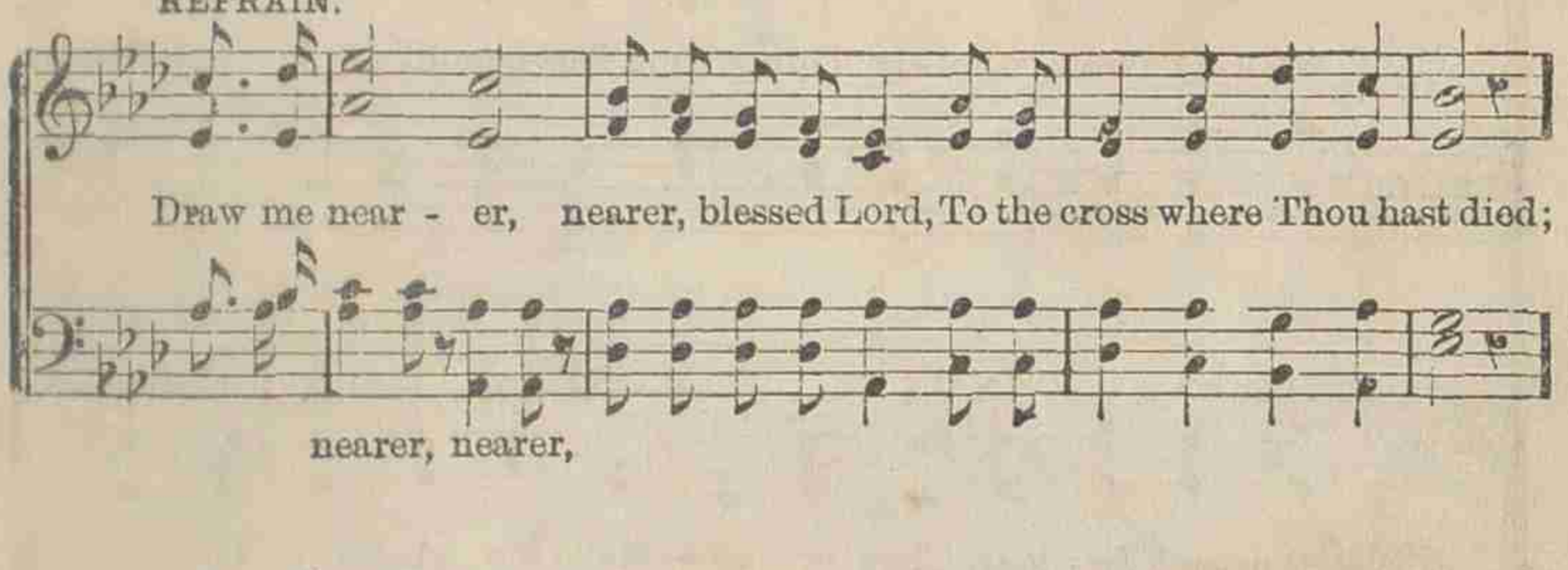
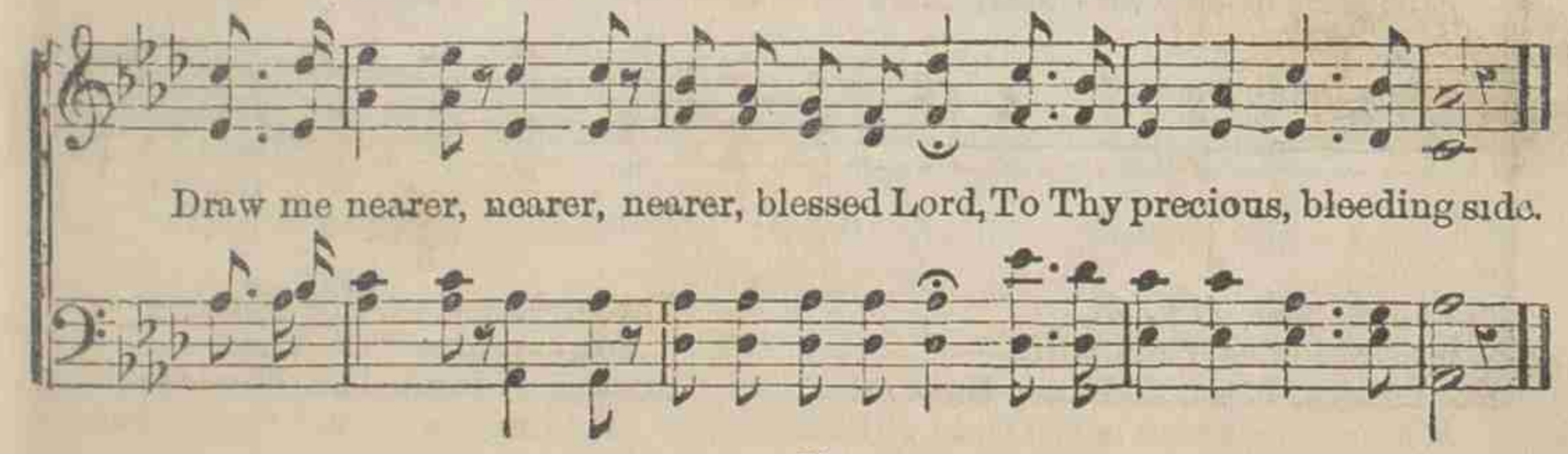
No. 5. Draw Me Nearer.

"Let us draw near with a true heart."—HEB. 10: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY — W. H. DOANE by per.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - secrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace divine;
3. O the pure de - light of a single hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea,



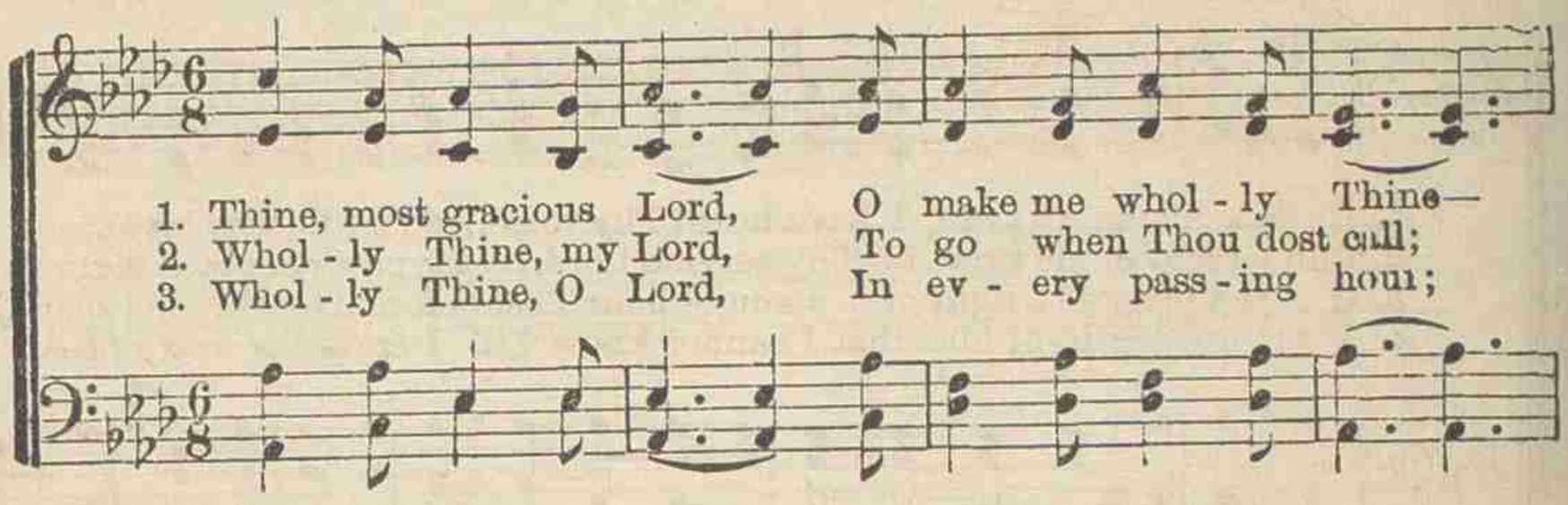
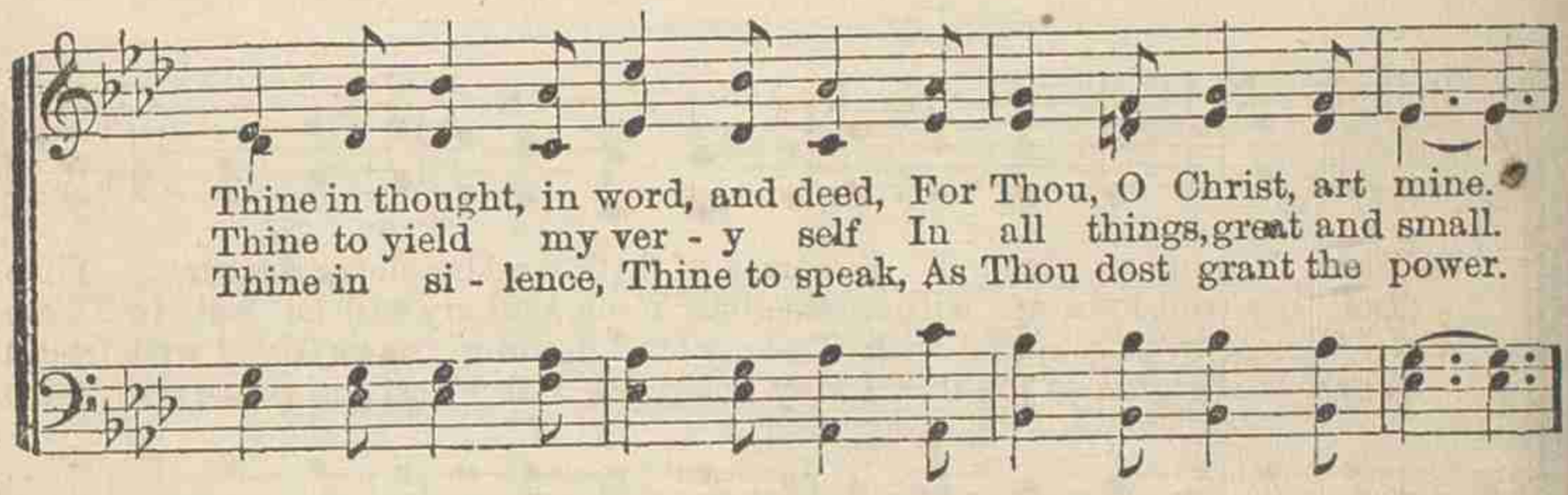
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend,
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
nearer, nearer,

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

No. 4.

Wholly Thine.

"The God of peace sanctify you wholly."—1 Thes. 5: 23.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Rev. Robert Lowry by per.



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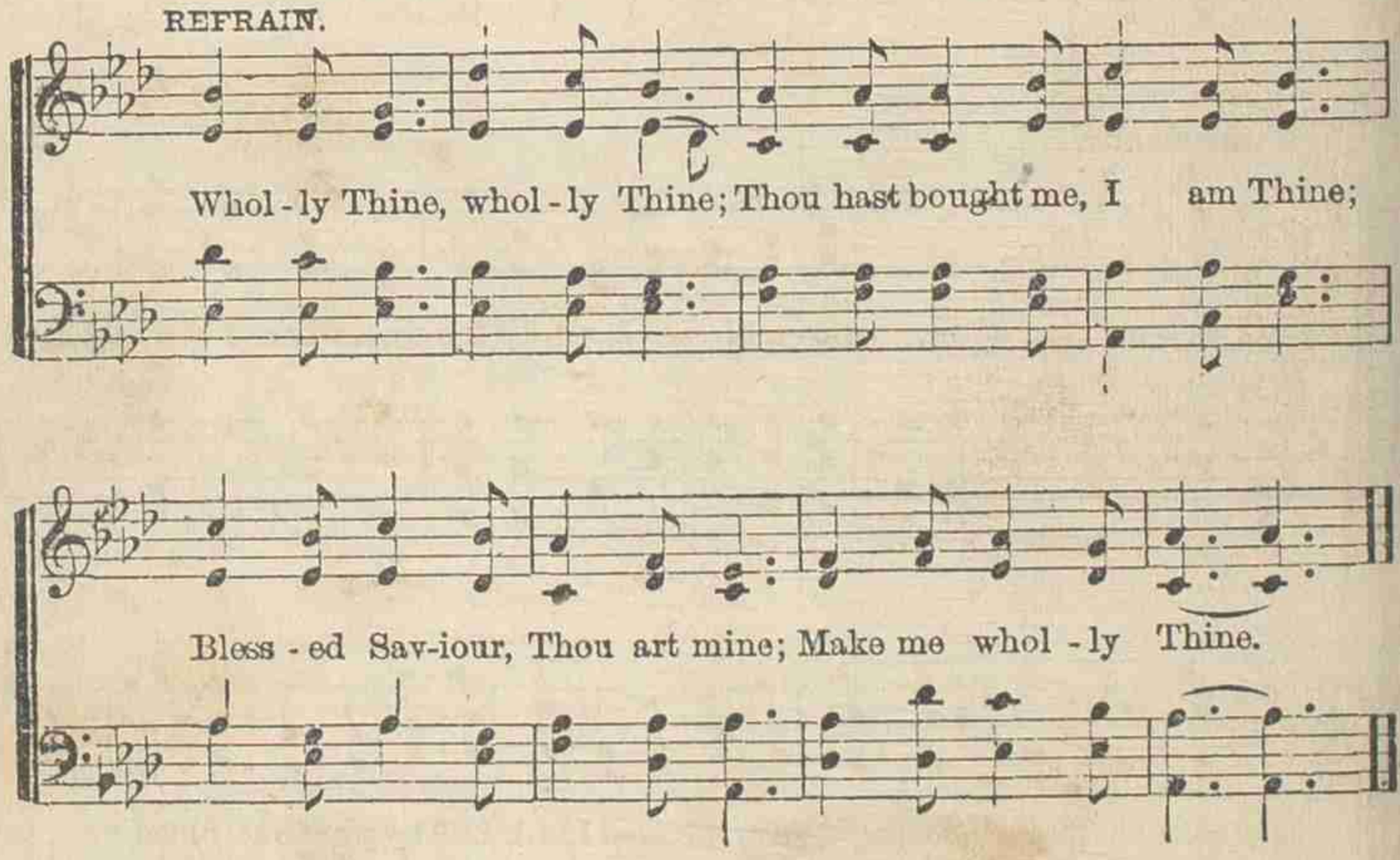
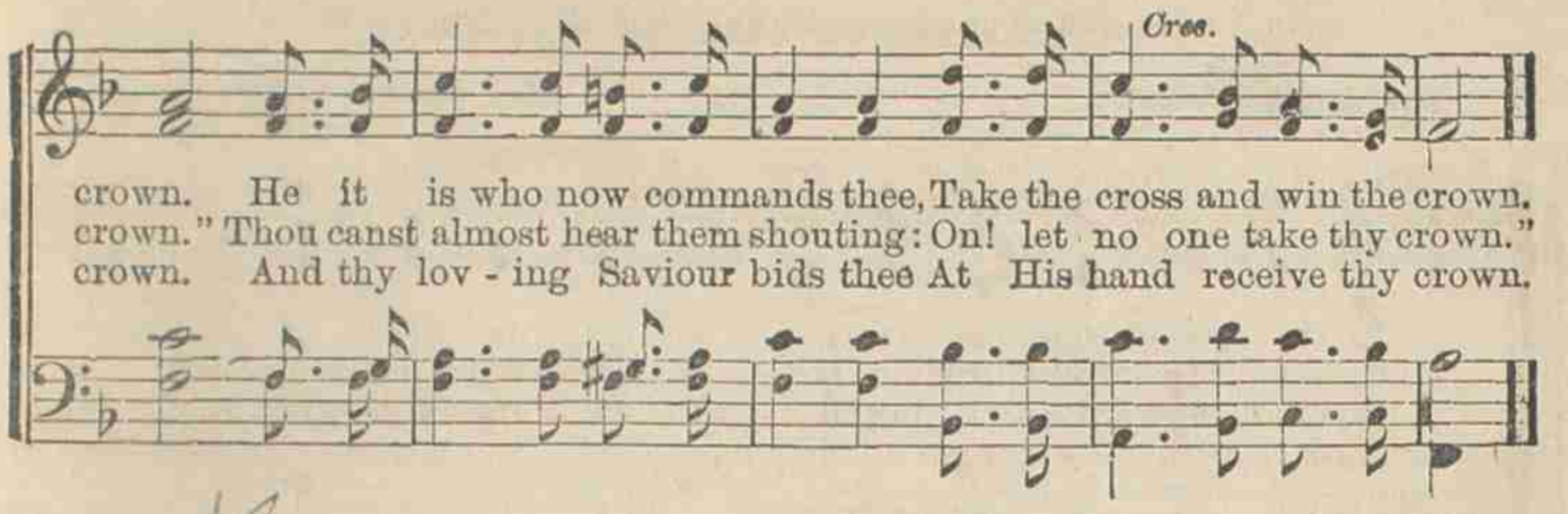

4.

Wholly Thine, O Lord,
To fashion as Thou wilt,—
Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul
Which Thou hast saved from guilt.—*Ref.*

5.

Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,
For ever one with Thee—
Rooted, grounded in Thy love
Abiding, sure, and free.—*Ref.*

Onward, Upward!—Concluded.

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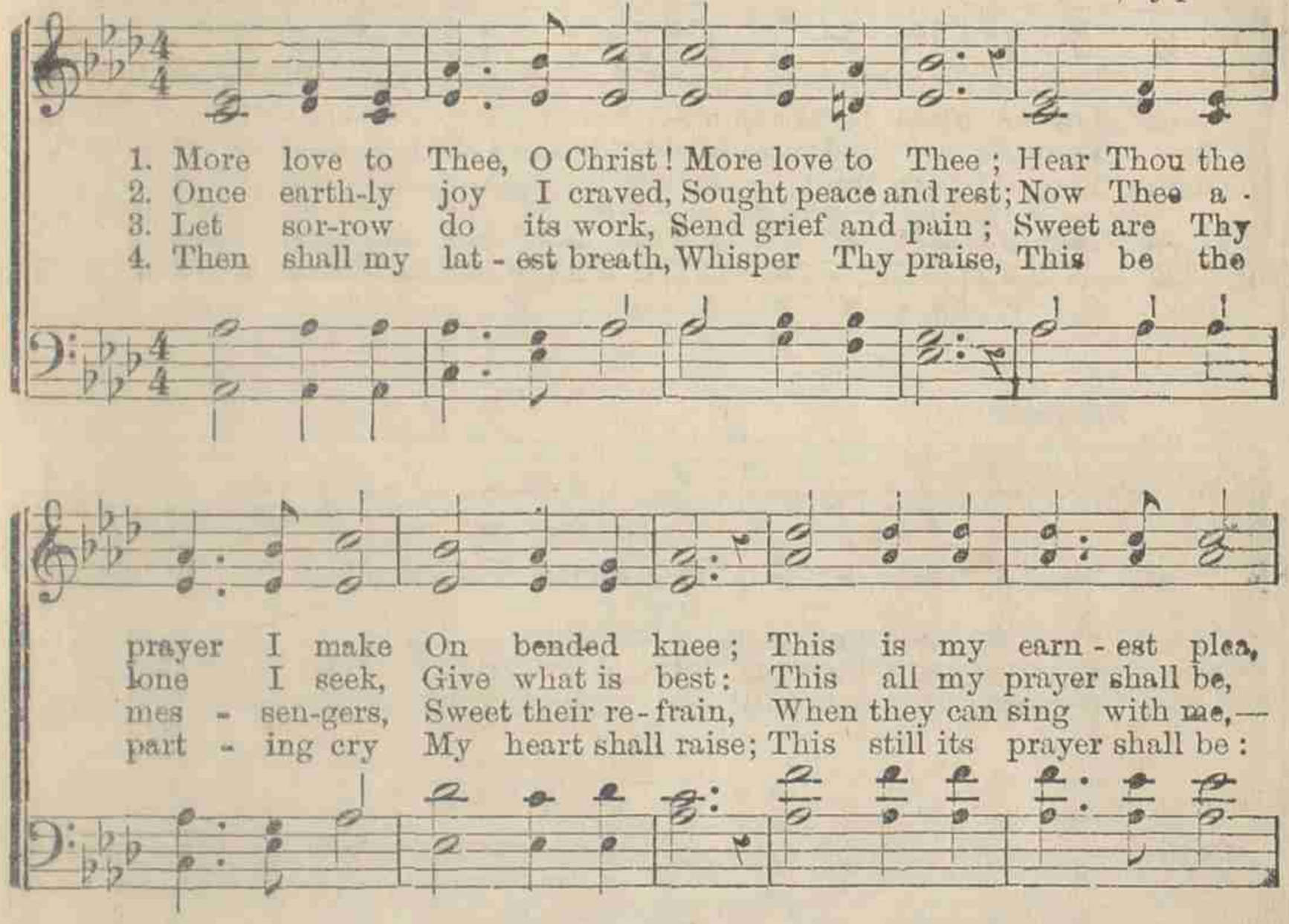
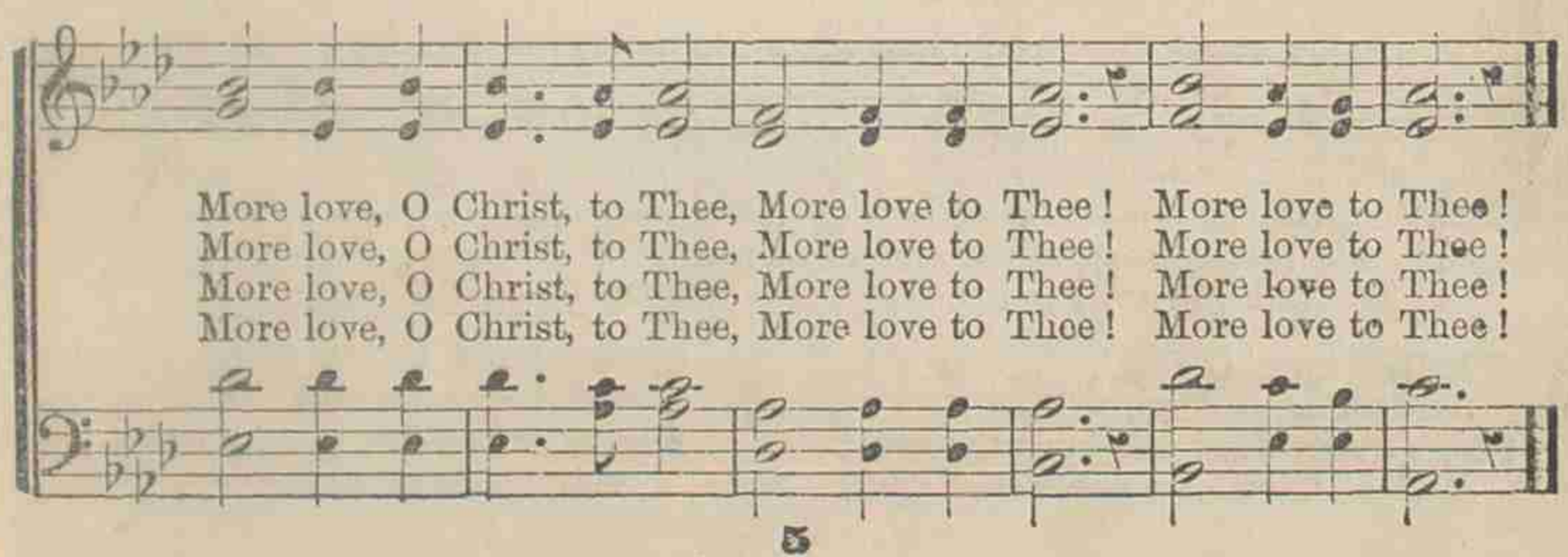
No. 3. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

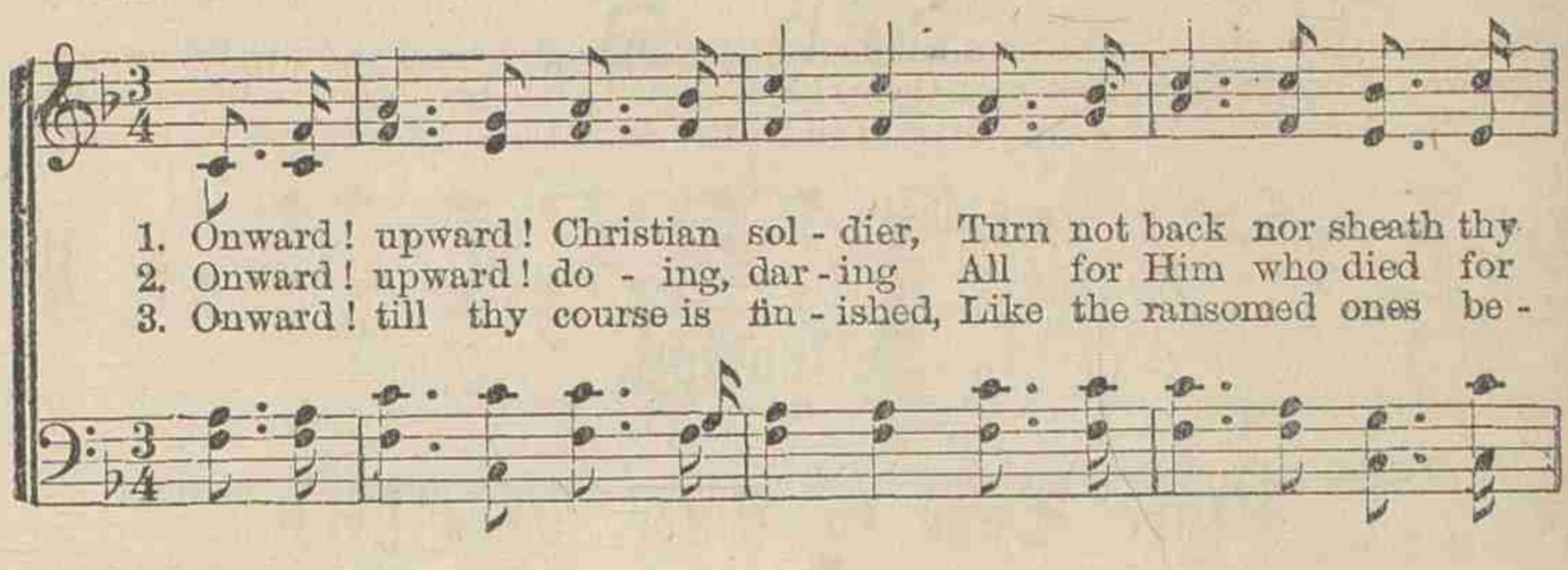
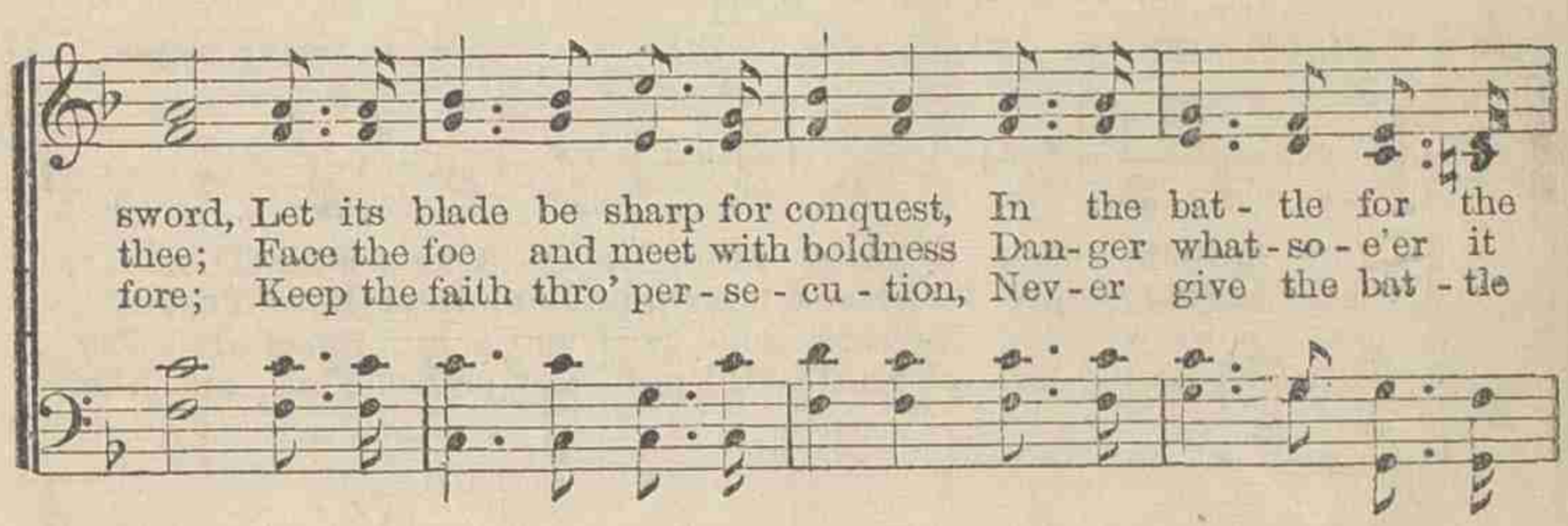
Continue ye in my love."—JOHN 15: 9.

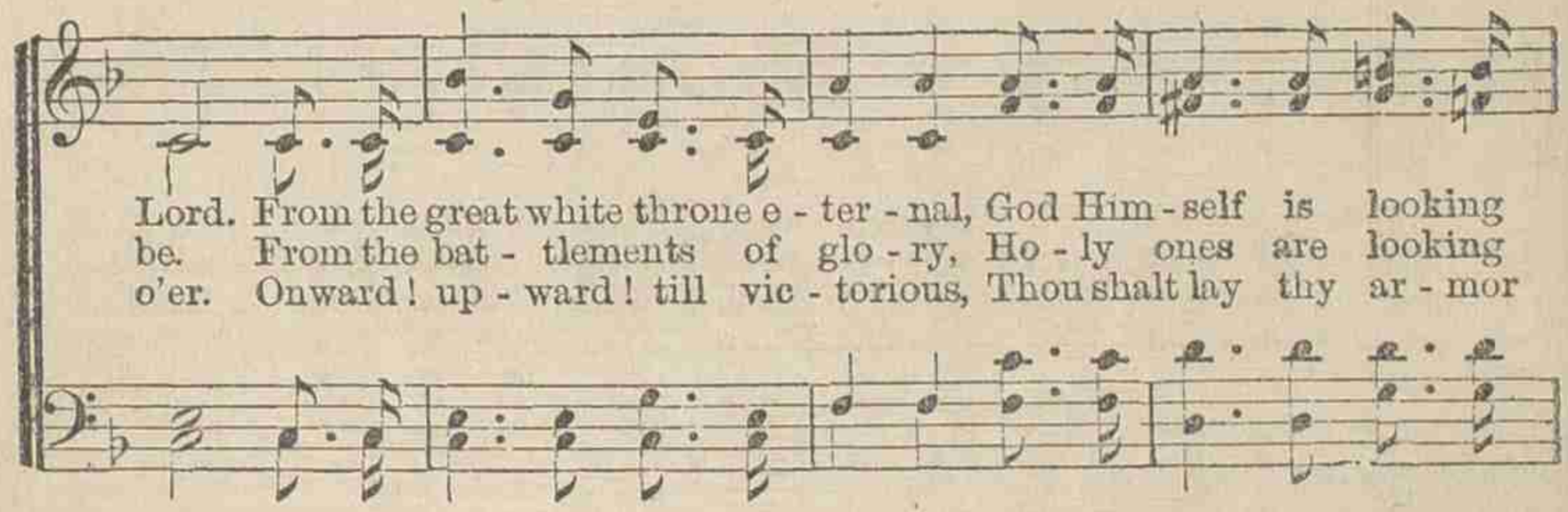
MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE, by per.

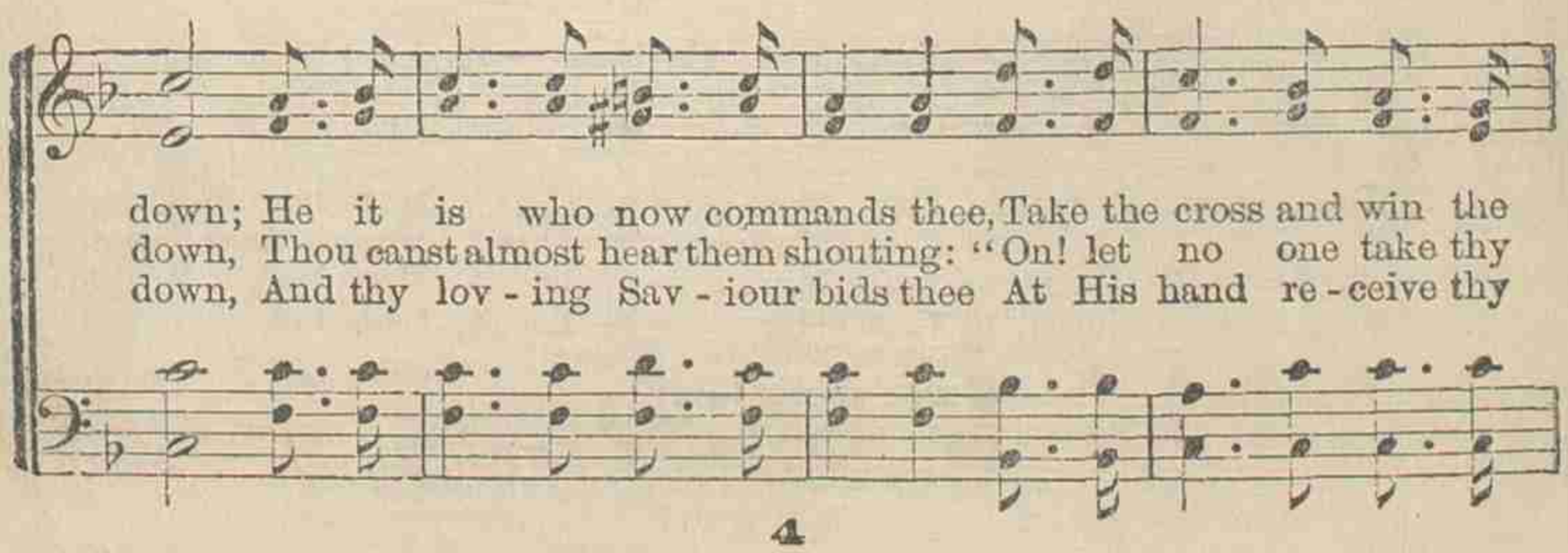


No. 2. Onward, Upward.

"Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3: 11.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey, by per.







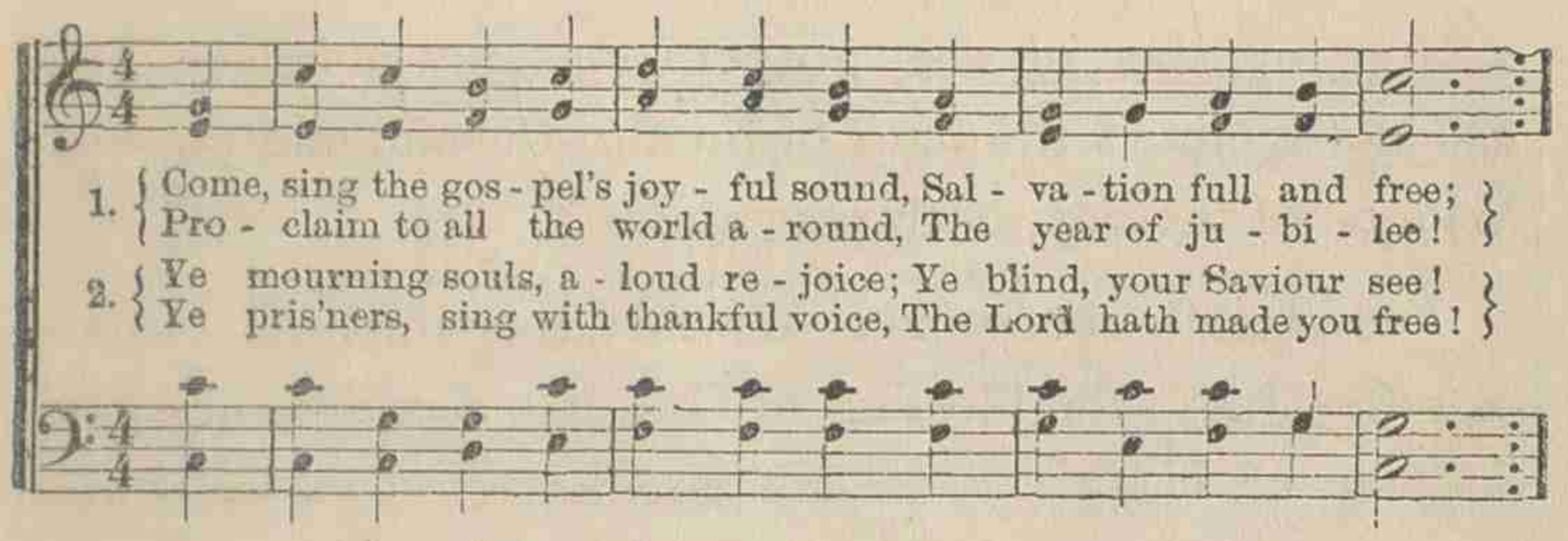
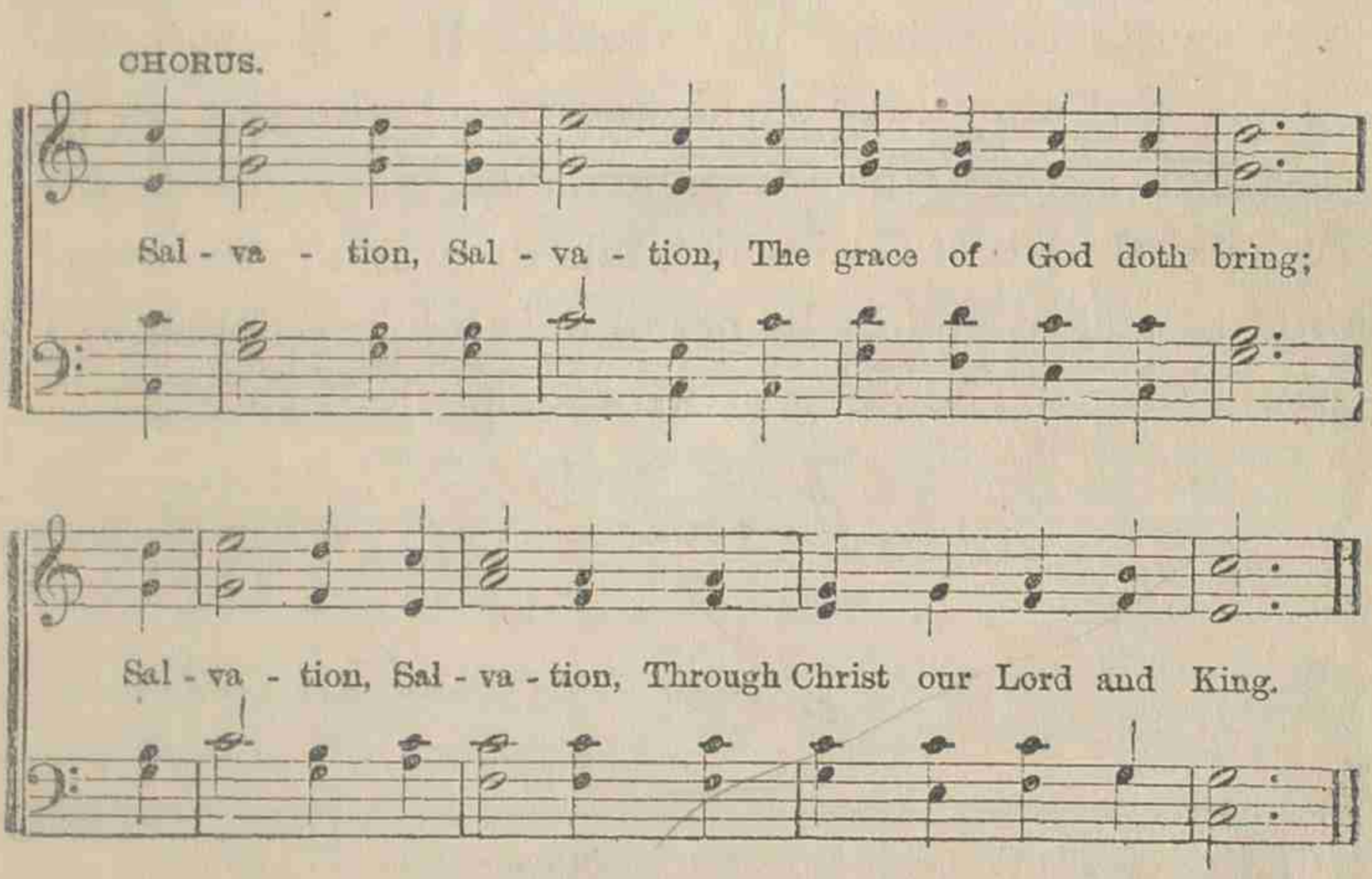
GOSPEL HYMNS.

No. 2.

No. 1. Salvation.

"For the grace of God that bringeth Salvation to all men hath appeared."—TITUS 2: 11.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



3.
With rapture swell the song again,
Of Jesus' dying love;
'T is peace on earth, good will to men,
And praise to God above!—*Cho*

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PREFACE.

Realizing the need of new Hymns and Sacred Songs in the meetings conducted by Messrs. MOODY, WHITTLE and others, we have compiled this volume under the title of "GOSPEL HYMNS, No. 2." It will be found to contain a large number of *new* gospel songs, never before published, together with many of the most useful and popular Hymns of the day, both *new* and *old*.

Gratefully recognizing the fact, that in these "times of refreshing," the blessing of God has accompanied the *singing* of His truth, we are encouraged to send forth this additional volume of "GOSPEL HYMNS," with the prayer that they may be blessed to all who sing them, and that through this instrumentality, many may be led to "The Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and by and by be permitted to join a nobler and better song, "The Song of Moses and the Lamb."

P. P. Bliss.

Ira D. Sankey

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GOSPEL HYMNS

No. 2.

BY

P. P. BLISS AND IRA D. SANKEY,

AS USED BY THEM IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

PUBLISHED BY

BIGLOW & MAIN,
76 East Ninth Street, New York.
73 Randolph Street, Chicago.

JOHN CHURCH & Co.
66 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.
Root & Son's Music Co., Chicago.

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