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NEW LIFE

FOR OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL

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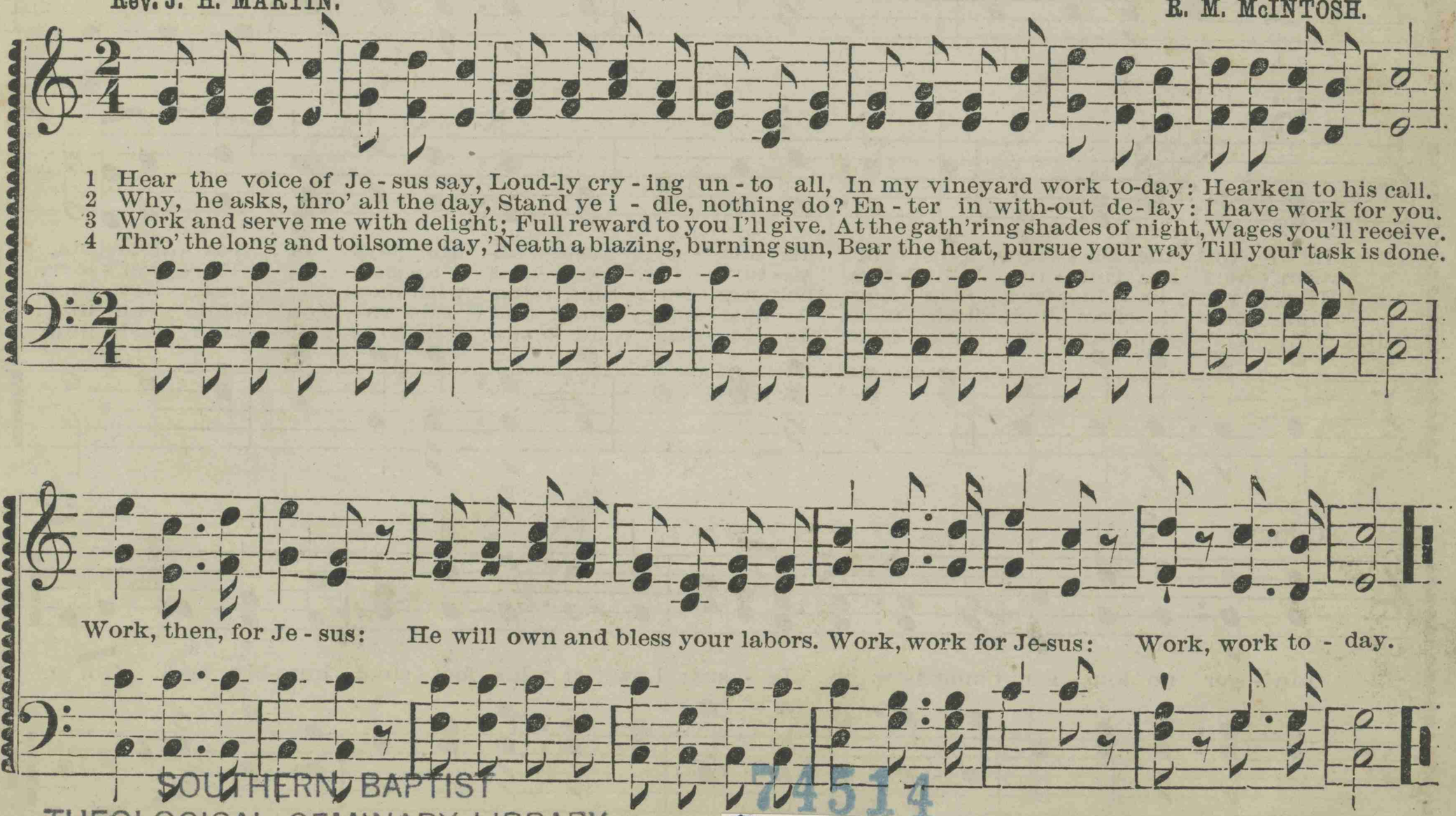
No 2 in

Mrs. John Coleman
.25

NEW LIFE.

No. 1. WORK FOR JESUS.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.



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No. 2. LINGER NO LONGER.

T. C. O'K. T. E. PERKINS.

1 Come, need - y sin - ners: Je - sus is wait - ing,—Wait - ing to give you peace with - in;
2 Come, come to Je - sus: An - gels are wait - ing,—Wait - ing to bear the news a - bove.
3 Come, come to Je - sus: Dear friends are wait - ing,—Wait - ing to greet you in their throng;
4 Come, come to Je - sus: All things are read - y,— Read - y for your re - turn to - day;

Haste to the Sa - viour, Trust in his mer - cy, Taste all the joys of par - doned sin.
Sin - ners are com - ing, Wand'-rers re - turn - ing, Seek - ing a - gain a Fa - ther's love.
Hap - py in Je - sus, Shar - ing their rap - ture, Sing - ing with them the new, new song.
Time fast is fleet - ing, Judg - ment is hast' - ning, Come find sal - va - tion while you may.
D.S. Lin - ger no long - er: Come now to Je - sus. Je - sus will save you,— save just now.

CHORUS.

Lin - ger no lon - ger: Come now to Je - sus: Low at his foot - stool hum-bly bow. Oh,

No. 3. NO OTHER ONE BUT JESUS.

C. H. G.
Andante.

C. H. GABRIEL.

1 No oth - er one but Je - sus. No oth-er one, no oth - er one. No oth - er but
2 No oth - er one but Je - sus. No oth-er one, no oth - er one. No oth - er one but
3 No oth - er one but Je - sus. No oth-er one, no oth - er one. No oth - er one but
4 No oth - er one but Je - sus. No oth-er one, no oth - er one. No oth - er one but

Je - sus: No oth - er one but him. He is my Proph - et, Priest, and King, My
Je - sus: No oth - er one but him. He came to earth from yon - der throne, With
Je - sus: No oth - er one but him. He pleads my sins be - fore my God; He
Je - sus: No oth - er one but him. The sting of death he takes a - way; He

Shep - herd, and my Guide; My ev' - ry Help in time of need,—The Lamb that bled and died.
life and love for all; He died, a ran - som on the tree, To save me from the fall.
in - ter - cedes for me.— The ho - ly, god - like Son of heav'n For-ev - er mine shall be.
leads the Chris-tian home To ev - er - last - ing joy and peace, Where sin can nev - er come.

No. 4. SUMMER LAND.

M. B. C. SLADE.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1 Be-yond this land of part - ing, los - ing and leav-ing, Far be-yond the loss - es, dark - en-ing this, And
2 Be-yond this land of toil - ing, sow - ing and reap-ing, Far be-yond the shadows, dark - en-ing this, And
3 Be-yond this land of sin - ing, faint-ing and fall-ing, Far be-yond the doubtings, dark-en-ing this, And
4 Be-yond this land of wait-ing, seek-ing and sigh-ing, Far be-yond the sor - rows, dark-en-ing this, And

REFRAIN.

far be-yond the tak - ing and the be-reav-ing Lies the summer land of bliss, Land be - yond, so fair and
far be-yond the sighing, moan-ing and weeping Lies the summer land of bliss,
far be-yond the griefs and dan-gers be-fall-ing Lies the summer land of bliss,
far be-yond the pain and sick-ness and dy-ing Lies the summer land of bliss, Land beyond, so fair and

bright! Land be - yond, where is no night! Sum-mer Land, God is its Light. Oh, happy Summer Land of bliss!
bright! Land beyond, where is no night! Summer Land.

No. 5. WONDERFUL GRACE.

Rev. W. H. BURRELL. Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! This great sal-va-tion brings: The soul de - liv - ered
2 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! Which saves the soul from sin; The pow'r of ris - ing
3 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! Its streams are full and free; Are flow - ing now for
4 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! Which bears the soul a - bove; The light which gleams from

CHORUS.

of its load, In sweet-est rap - ture sings.
e - vil slays, And reigns supreme with-in.
all the race; They e - ven flow to me.
Je - sus' face Is rap - ture, peace and love.

'Tis grace! . 'Tis grace! . . Wonderful, wonderful

'Tis wonderful grace, 'tis wonderful grace,

grace! . . . 'Tis grace! . . . . 'tis grace! . . . . Flow-ing still free - ly for me.
won-der-ful grace! 'Tis wonderful grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace,

No. 6. CLOSE TO THEE.

FANNIE CROSBY. S. J. VAIL.

1 Thou my ev - er - last-ing portion, More than friend or life to me, All a - long my pil-grim
2 Not for ease or world-ly pleasure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be: Glad - ly will I toil and
3 Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Lead me o'er life's fit - ful sea; Then the gate of life e-

REFRAIN.

jour - ney, Sa - viour, let me walk with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to
suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to
ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to

thee; All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sa - viour, let me walk with thee.
thee; Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.
thee; Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

No. 7. SHALL WE GLADLY MEET?

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Shall we glad - ly meet, shall we glad - ly meet, On the bright and the hap - py shore?
Shall we see and greet, shall we see and greet, Lov - ing friends that have gone be - fore?
2 Shall we joy - ful stand, shall we joy - ful stand, And the throne of the Lamb sur - round?
With a harp in hand, with a harp in hand, And with light and with glo - ry crowned?
3 Shall we rest in heav'n, shall we rest in heav'n, When the toil and the task are done?
Will a crown be giv'n, will a crown be giv'n, When the race we have ful - ly run?

REFRAIN.

Yes, we all shall meet, Yes, we all shall meet, If the
Yes, we all shall meet, shall meet Yes, we all shall meet, shall meet, With the
Lord we love, Who is throned a - bove. There we all, there we all shall meet.

No. 8. REVIVE THY WORK.

ALBERT MIDLANE. E. S. LORENZ

1 Re - vive thy work, O Lord! Thy might - y arm make bare; Speak with the voice that
2 Re - vive thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death: Quick - en the smold'ring
3 Re - vive thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt thy pre - cious name; And, by the Ho - ly
4 Re - vive thy work, O Lord! And give re - fresh - ing showers. The glo - ry shall be

REFRAIN.

wakes the dead, And make the peo - ple hear.
em - bers now By thy al - might - y breath.
Ghost, our love For thee and thine in - flame.
all thine own: The bless - ing, Lord, be ours.

Re - vive, thy work, O Lord! Re-

Re - vive,

vive thy work, O Lord! The glo - ry shall be all thine own: The bless - ing, Lord, be ours.

No. 9. COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1 O sin-ner, with guilt and with sorrow oppressed, With fears and with doubts and with terrors distressed, Fly,
2 A foun-tain for sin has been o-pened for thee: It flows a deep cur-rent, a-bundant and free; Oh,
3 Ex-posed to the jus-tice and an-ger of God, Es-cape for thy life from the stroke of his rod; For
4 He's will-ing and wait-ing thy soul to re-ceive. Go, fall at his feet, on the Saviour be-lieve; A

CHORUS.

fly to the Saviour, and wash in his blood: Be purged from thy stains in the soul-cleansing flood. Come to the
come to this fountain and wash in this flood: 'Twas opened by Christ when he poured out his blood.
ref-uge and safe-ty, oh, has-ten and flee, And come un-to Je-sus, who suffered for thee.
stream of sal-va-tion is flow-ing for thee. Oh, wash in this fountain, now o-pen and free.

Foun-tain, Come to the Foun-tain, Come to the Foun-tain, And wash a-way your sins.

No. 10. SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ings Thou art scatt'ring full and free,—Show'rs the thirst-y land re-
2 Pass me not, O God my Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me; but, the
3 Pass me not, O gra-cious Sa-viour: Let me live and cling to thee; Fain I'm long-ing for thy
4 Love of God, so pure and change-less; Blood of Christ, so pure and free; Grace of God, so full and

REFRAIN.

fresh-ing: Let some droppings fall on me.
rath-er, Let thy mer-cy light on me.
fav-or: Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me.
boundless;—Mag-ni-fy it all in me.

E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some droppings fall on me; E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.
E-ven me, E-ven me, E-ven me, e-ven me,

No. 11. I HAVE A SWEET HOPE.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1 I have a sweet hope that in heav-en a - bove The Saviour is waiting for me,— That
2 In midst of the troubles and sor-rows I bear, By faith I re - pose on his breast: I
3 He's gone to pre - pare for his peo - ple a place,— A mansion of glo - ry on high; And
4 I know when this bo - dy of flesh shall de - cay, My Strength and my Por-tion he'll be: In

CHORUS.

ransomed and sav'd by his mer - cy and love, My Friend and my Portion he'll be.
know he will make my af - flic-tions his care, And bring me at last to his rest.
when I shall fin-ish my jour-ney and race, He'll give me a home in the sky.
death he will be my sweet Comfort and Stay: The Sa-viour is waiting for me.

} Je - sus, dear Je - sus will

welcome me, Welcome me, welcome me, Je - sus, dear Je - sus will welcome me Home to the beautiful land.

No. 12. THE MUSTARD SEED.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Lik - en the kingdom to the springing, Springing of smallest seeds we know; Soon in the branches
2 Say not too hum-ble seems thy plant-ing. Trust in the sto - ry Je - sus told. Dews of his grace our
3 Oh, the re - joic-ing when, at ev - en, Thy la - bor end - ed, safe at home, High in the branches,

CHORUS.

birds are sing - ing: So shall the heav'n-ly kingdom grow.)
Lord is grant-ing: Soon it shall yield an hun-dred fold. } Wide o'er the mead Fling thou the seed!
up in heav - en Sing - ing, "O Lord, thy kingdom's come!"

Sun - shine of heav - en shall be giv - en. Seed of the king - dom free - ly sow.

No. 13. THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

T. C. O'KANE.

With feeling.

1 Be - hold a Stran-ger at the door! He gently knocks,—has knocked before; Has waited long, is
2 Oh, love - ly at - ti - tude! He stands With melting heart and load-ed hands; Oh, matchless kind - ness!
3 But will He prove a Friend indeed? He will,—the ve - ry Friend you need; The Friend of sin - ners?
4 Rise, touched with gratitude di - vine: Turn out His en - e - my and thine,—That soul-des - troy - ing
5 Ad - mit Him, ere his an - ger burn: His feet, de - part - ed, ne'er re - turn? Ad - mit him, or the

wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
Yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
mon - ster, Sin, And let the heav'n-ly Stranger in.
hour's at hand You'll at his door re - ject - ed stand.

Oh, let the dear Sa-viour come in, He'll come in,

cleanse the heart from sin; Oh, keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
from sin; come in.

No. 14. FREE WATERS.

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

1 There's a fountain free, 'tis for you and me: Let us haste, oh, haste to its brink; 'Tis the fount of love from the
2 There's a living stream, with a crystal gleam: From the throne of life now it flows; While the waters roll let the
3 There's a living well and its wa-ters swell, And e - ter - nal life they can give; And we joy - ful sing, ev - er
4 There's a rock that's cleft and no soul is left, That may not its pure waters share; 'Tis for you and me, and its

CHORUS.

Source a - bove, And he bids us all free - ly drink.
wea - ry soul Hear the call that forth free - ly goes.
spring, oh, spring, As we haste to drink and to live.
stream I see: Let us has - ten joy - ful - ly there.

Will you come to the fountain free? Will you come, Will you come,

come? 'tis for you and me; Thirsty soul, hear the welcome call: 'Tis a fountain o-pen'd for all.
Will you come, Thirsty soul,

No. 15. BY AND BY.

SEMI-CHORUS. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 It may be far, it may be near, There is a hope, there is a fear, But in the
2 Im-pa-tient soul, and murm'ring heart, Your murm'ring cease and bear your part Of pain and
3 Yes, "by and by" will soon be now, And God shall wipe each tear-staind'd brow; The Lamb shall
4 Oh, ver-dant fields! oh, shi-ning shore! The Lamb of God spreads wide the door; Ah, gold-en

CHORUS.

fu-ture waiting I Shall Je-sus see, yes, "by and by."
la-bor on life's road, For soon 'twill lead thee to thy God.
eed them from the throne, To liv-ing foun-tains lead his own.
cit-y sure-ly I Shall see thy glo-ries "by and by."

} By and by, yes, by and by, By and by, yes, by and by,

{ But in a fu-ture wait-ing, I Shall Je-sus see, yes, by and by.
{ There's pain and la-bor on life's road, But soon 'twill lead thee to thy God.
{ The Lamb shall feed them from the throne: To liv-ing fountains lead his own.
{ Ah, gold-en cit-y! sure-ly I Shall see thy glo-ries "by and by."

No. 16. TO THAT CITY WILL YOU GO?

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

1 Where the jas-per walls are beam-ing, Where the pearly por-tals are glow-ing, Where the gold-en street is
2 O - pen are the shi-ning por-tals; Shut by day or night are they nev-er: With the glo-ri-fied im-
3 In that man-y-mansioned dwelling, Je-sus one for you is pre-par-ing; Where ho-san-nas glad are
4 Joy-ful-ly in-to the keep-ing Of our lov-ing Lord are we go-ing: No more sorrow, pain, nor
5 There shall be no days de-clin-ing, Though no sun nor moon light the heav'n: From amidst the throne is

CHORUS.

gleam-ing, Where the crystal wa-ters are flow-ing,—
mor-tals, Will you dwell with them for-ev-er?
swell-ing, Will you come, their joy sweetly shar-ing?—
weep-ing,— No more waves of woe o'er us flow-ing.
shi-ning Glo-ry, from the Lord free-ly giv-en.

Down be-side that won-drous riv-er,

Where the trees of healing grow, We shall meet and live for ev-er. To that cit-y will you go?

No. 17. McANALLY. C. M.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb? And shall I fear to
2 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a
3 Thy saints in all this glo-rious war Shall con-quer, though they die; They see the tri-umph

own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Must I be car - ried to the skies
friend to grace, To help me on to God? Sure I must fight, if I would reign:
from a - far: By faith they bring it nigh. When that il - lus-trious day shall rise,

On flow-ery beds of ease, While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
In-crease my cour-age, Lord; I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word.
And all thy ar - mies shine, In robes of vic - t'ry through the skies, The glo-ry shall be thine.

No. 18. COME UNTO ME.

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

1 Hark! the gentle voice of Je - sus fall - eth Ten-der - ly up - on your ear; Sweet his cry of love and
2 Take his yoke; for he is meek and low - ly: Bear his bur-den: of him learn. He who call - eth is the
3 Then, his loving, ten-der voice o - bey - ing, Bear his yoke: his bur-den take. Find the yoke, his hand is

CHORUS.

pit - y call - eth: Turn and lis - ten, stay and hear.
Mas-ter, ho - ly: He will teach, if you will learn.
on you lay - ing, Light and ea - sy for his sake.

} Ye that la - bor and are heav - y - la - den,

Lean up - on your dear Lord's breast. Ye that la-bor and are heav-y - la-den, Come, and I will give you rest.

No. 19. BE NOT AFRAID.

Rev. J. PARKER. W. G. FISCHER.

1 Fear not the gloom of the mid-night, Dread not the storm of the sea; 'Tis I who am coming to
2 Fear not the heat of the fur - nace: The Master is speaking to thee; 'Tis I who am cooling the
3 Head not the wrath of the temp-ter· My presence thy shelter shall be; 'Tis I who am keeping thy
4 Fear not the chill of the val - ley For death but a shadow shall be; My rod and my staff shall sup-

CHORUS.

save thee. 'Tis I! art thou trusting in me?
foot - steps. 'Tis I! art thou trusting in me?
spir - it. 'Tis I! art thou trusting in me?
port thee. 'Tis I! keep on trusting in me.

Trusting in thee, yes, trusting in thee: I'll doubt thee no more, my Re-deem-er. Yes, trusting in thee, yes, trusting in thee, I'll ev - er be trusting in thee.

No. 20. BEYOND THE SUNSET.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. W. O. PERKINS.

DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1 Be - yond the sunset's radiant glow There is a brighter world, I know, Where golden glories ev - er
2 Be - yond the sunset's purple rim,—Be-yond the twilight, deep and dim, Where clouds and darkness never
3 Be - yond this desert, dark and drear, The gold-en cit - y will ap-pear; And morning's lovely beams a-
4 Those gold-en por-tals ev - er shine Be-yond the reach of day's decline; And Je - sus bids my soul pre-

FULL CHORUS.

shine,—Be - yond the thought of day's de-cline.
come, My soul shall find its heav'nly home.
rise Up - on my man-sion in the skies.
pare To gain a hap - py entrance there.

Be - yond the sun-set's ra - diant glow, There

radiant glow,

Repeat pp.

is a brighter world, I know; Be - yond the sunset I may spend De - lightful days that nev-er end.

No. 21. THE HOME OF THE BLEST.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Oh, when shall I dwell in a man-sion all bright, And Jesus, my Sa-viour be - hold? Or walk by his
2 No pearl from the o - cean or gold from the mine Can par-don or pu - ri - ty buy: I'll trust in the
3 But while I'm a stran-ger, a - way from my home, I'll toil in the vineyard and pray: I'll car - ry the

CHORUS.

side, like an an - gel of light, In a cit - y all garnished with gold?
blood of a Saviour di - vine, And cling to the cross till I die.
cross, while I think of the crown, And watch for the break of the day.
} Home of the blest! Home of the blest!

When wilt thou ever be mine? Home of the blest! Home of the blest! Soon shalt thou ever be mine.

No. 22. THE SHINING PORTALS.

E. R. LATTA. C. H. GABRIEL.

1 When we pass the shi - ning por-tals Where life's beauteous riv - er flows, We shall fear the
2 When we pass the shi - ning por-tals Shut-ting yon - der cit - y in, We shall nev - er
3 When we pass the shi - ning por-tals Where the fields in beau - ty lie, We shall join the
4 When we pass the shi - ning por-tals (And the pass - ing soon may come), We shall join the

CHORUS.

blast no long - er That on earth so mad-ly blows.
know temp-ta - tion We shall nev - er yield to sin.
bless - ed dwell - ers, And shall nev - er, nev - er die.
an - gel cho - rus, In our ev - er - last-ing home.

No more sick - ness, no more sor - row,

No more part - ing e'er shall be, When we pass the shi-ning portals That shall o - pen o'er the sea.

No. 23. VANDERBILT.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Come, thou al - migh - ty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise!
2 Come, thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on thy migh - ty sword: Our prayer at - tend:
3 Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour;
4 To thee, great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be Hence ev - er - more!

Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign
Come and thy peo - ple bless, And give thy word suc - cess: Spir - it of
Thou, who al - migh - ty art, Now rule in ev' - ry heart, And ne'er from
Thy sove - reign maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e-

o - ver us, An - cient of Days! An - cient of Days!
ho - li - ness, On us de - scend, On us de scend.
us de - part, Spir - it of power, Spir - it of power.
ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore! Love and a - dore!

This music was composed to an ode by Dr. Summers, and was sung at the laying of the corner-stone of Vanderbilt University.

No. 24. FOLLOW THOU ME.

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

1 If I like Gal - i - lee fish - ers, Were mending my nets by the main, And Je - sus, coming, should
2 If I were dwelling in plea-sure, Or sit - ing in pla - ces of gain, And Je - sus, passing, should
3 If I were sink-ing in sad-ness, Or dreading the cross and the pain, And Je - sus ten - der - ly

CHORUS.

call me,
call me,
call'd me,
} He nev - er should call in vain. } Then fol - low the sum-mons of Je - sus, Where-

ev - er, how - ev - er it falls; For high up the pathway he sees us, And, "Follow thou me!" he calls.

By permission of R. M. McIntosh.

No. 25. I WILL GO TO JESUS.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 La - den with a heav - y bur - den, To my Sa-viour I will go, Cast-ing all my care up-
2 Je - sus is the bur - den-bear - er; All my sin's on him were laid; Dy - ing on the cross ac-
3 At the feet of Je - sus fall - ing, Rent with anguish, pain and grief, Of my crimes with tears re-
4 By his grace and mer - cy pardoned, All my sin's and guilt forgiven, I will thank and bless and

REFRAIN.

on Him, He will bear my load, I know.
curs - ed, He a full a-tonement made.
pent - ing, He will give me sweet re - lief.
praise Him, For the joy - ful hope of heav'n.

} I will go with all my guilt to Je - sus, Wretched

poor, and helpless tho' I be; I will go and wash my spirit in the fountain. His blood shall set me free.

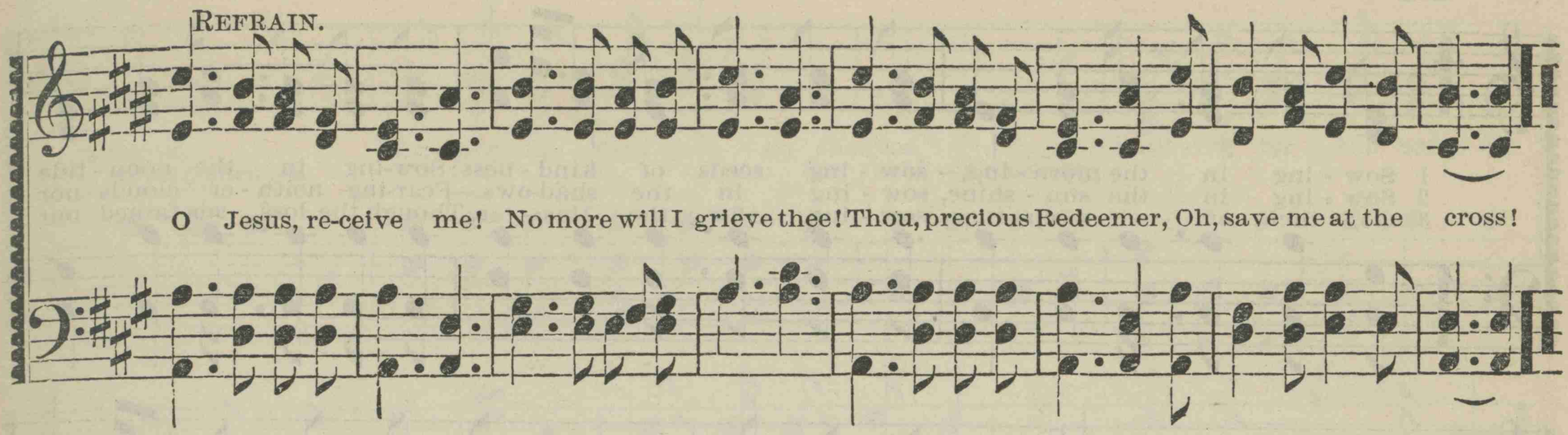
No. 26. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

As sung by Rev. GEORGE W. YARBROUGH.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1 There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood,
And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, be - neath that flood, be - neath that flood,
2 The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see, re - joiced to see, re - joiced to see,
And there may I, though vile as he, vile as he, vile as he,
3 Dear dy - ing Lamb, thy prec - ious blood, prec - ious blood, prec - ious blood,
Till all the ran - som'd church of God, church of God, church of God,
4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream, saw the stream, saw the stream,
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, been my theme, been my theme.
5 Then, in a no - bler, sweet - er song, sweet - er song, sweet - er song,
When this poor lisp - ing, stam-m'ring tongue, stam-m'ring tongue, stam-m'ring tongue,

There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
And sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains.
The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Dear dy - ing Lamb, thy prec - ious blood Shall nev - er lose its power,
Till all the ran - somed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
E'er since by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisp - ing, stam - m'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.



No. 27. Homeward bound.

KEY A.

1 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride:
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Tossed on the waves of a restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Far from the safe quiet harbor we rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,—
Promise of which on us each he bestowed:
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Look! yonder lie the bright, heavenly shores:
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel!
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale.
Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail!
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound:
Try to persuade them to enter our throng:
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number. Oh, come and be blest!
Journey with us to the mansions of rest:
We are homeward bound, homeward bound.

No. 28. Jesus of Nazareth.

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, say?
In accents hushed 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 notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 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, there's a Refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 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. 29. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

K. S.

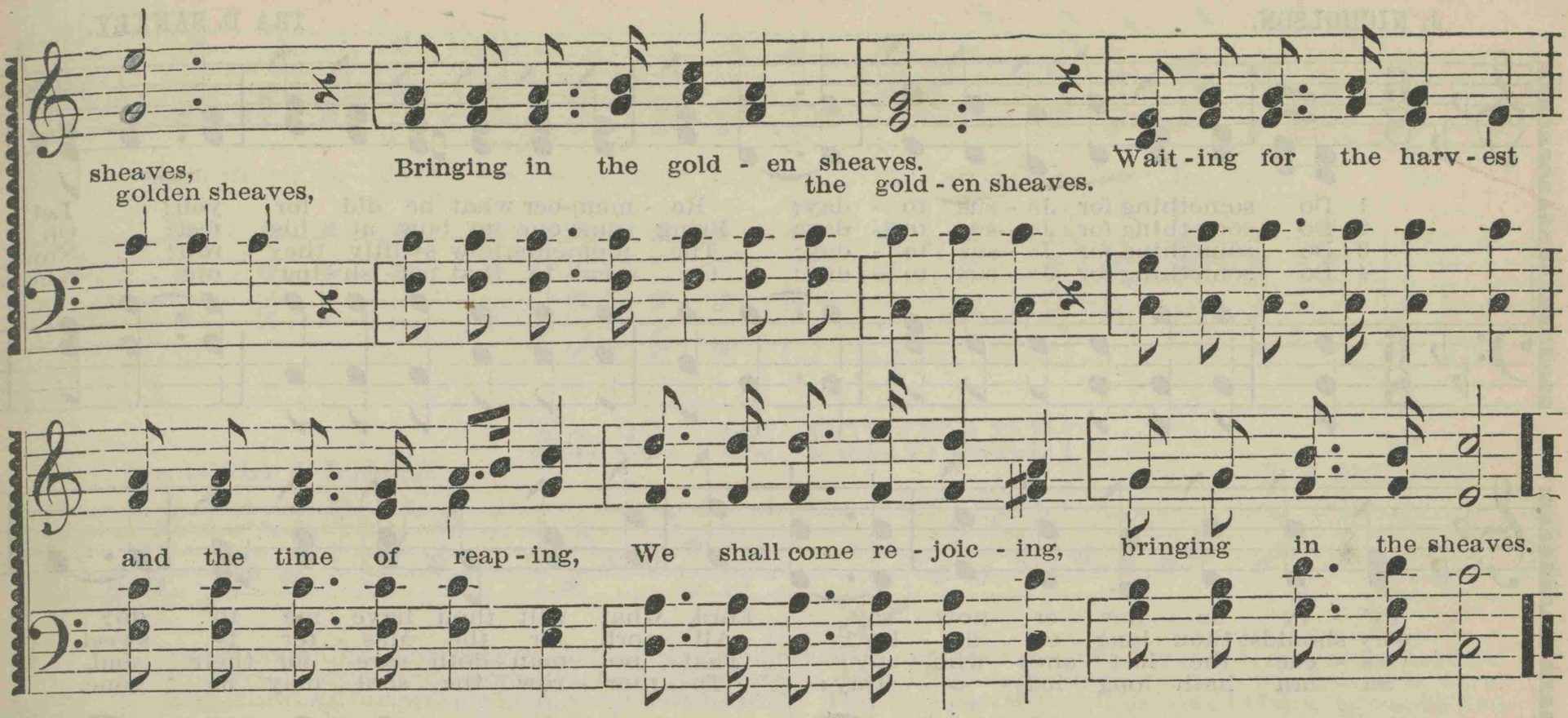
KNOWLES SHAW.

1 Sow - ing in the morn - ing,— sow - ing seeds of kind - ness: Sow-ing in the noon - tide
2 Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad-ows,—Fear-ing neith - er clouds nor
3 Go, then, ev - en weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Though the loss sus-tained our

and the dew - y eve: Wait - ing for the harv - est and the time of reap - ing,
win - ter's chill - ing breeze: By and by the harv - est, and the la - bors end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves: When our weep - ing's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come:

REFRAIN.

We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.
We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.
We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.
} Bring-ing in the gold - en the



No. 30. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

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 see 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.

No. 31. Cross and Crown.

KEY B♭.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death doth set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,—
For there's a crown for me.

No. 32. DO SOMETHING FOR JESUS TO-DAY.

J. NICHOLSON. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 Do something for Je - sus to - day: Re - mem-ber what he did for you! Let
2 Do something for Je - sus to - day: Bring some one to bow at his feet: Oh,
3 Do something for Je - sus to - day: The moments, how swiftly they roll! Now
4 Do something for Je - sus to - day: Go speak to that per-ish - ing one Whom

ev' - ry be - liev - er now say, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?
why shouldst thou long - er de - lay? All work for the Mas - ter is sweet.
res - cue the lost ones who say That no man doth care for their soul.
Sa - tan hath long led a - stray: To - mor - row the soul may be gone.

REFRAIN.

Do some-thing for Je - sus to - day, Do some-thing for Je - sus to - day. Do to-day, to-day,

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No. 33. GO FORWARD!

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

1 We are marching, marching on To the heav'nly shore. Wait not till the daylight's gone: It may come no more.
2 Who would linger, linger here, Mid the fading flowers, When the angels whisper near Of immortal bowers?
3 Storms are beating, beating loud. Never look behind! Tho' the heart with grief is bowed, Comfort you will find.
4 Let us onward, onward press Toward the silvery strand; And our labors God will bless In the radiant land.

CHORUS.

Forward go! forward go To the land of rest! There's a home in heav'n we know, For the pure and blest.

* These groups may be played an octave above.

No. 34. KEEP ME NEAR THEE.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, keep me near thee! Let me nev-er go a-stray!
2 I am fee-ble, frail, un-sta-ble, Vile, cor-rupt, un-clean with-in:
3 When my days are dark and drea-ry With af-flic-tions, toil, and grief,—

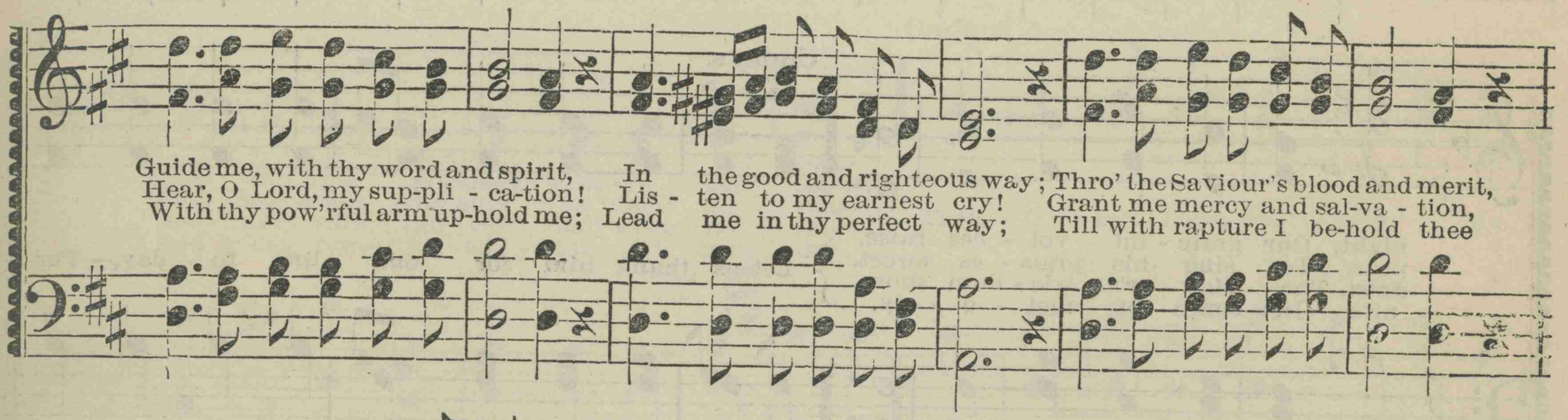
ORGAN.

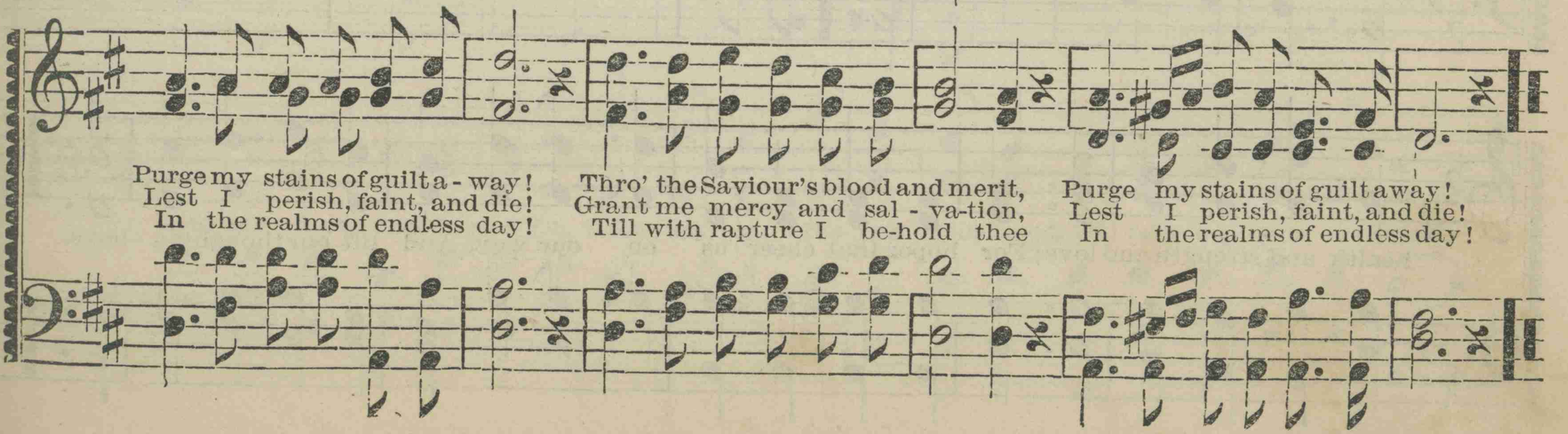
When temp-ta tions fierce as-sail me, Help me to re-sist, I pray!
Thou art might-y, strong, and a-ble To de-liv-er me from sin.
When I'm lone-ly sad, and wea-ry, Give me suc-cor and re-lief!

Guide me, with thy word and spir-it, In the good and right-eous way;
Hear, O Lord, my sup-pli-ca-tion! Lis-ten to my earn-est cry!
With thy powerful arm up-hold me; Lead me in thy per-fect way;


Through the Saviour's blood and mer - it, Purge my stains of guilt a - way!
Grant me mer - cy and sal - va - tion, Lest I per - ish, faint, or die!
Till with rap-ture I be - hold thee In the realms of end - less day!

CHORUS.


Guide me, with thy word and spirit, In the good and righteous way; Thro' the Saviour's blood and merit,
Hear, O Lord, my sup-pli - ca-tion! Lis - ten to my earnest cry! Grant me mercy and sal-va - tion,
With thy pow'rful arm up-hold me; Lead me in thy perfect way; Till with rapture I be-hold thee


Purge my stains of guilt a - way! Thro' the Saviour's blood and merit, Purge my stains of guilt away!
Lest I perish, faint, and die! Grant me mercy and sal - va-tion, Lest I perish, faint, and die!
In the realms of endless day! Till with rapture I be-hold thee In the realms of endless day!

No. 35. SING PRAISES TO JESUS.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1 Come, let us all u - nite To sing the Sa - viour's praise; From ear - ly dawn till
2 Come, chil - dren, gath - er near, A - round the mer - cy - seat. Let hap - py hearts ap-
3 The sun - lit mountain crest, The smil - ing vale be - low, In joy - ful beau - ty
4 When Na - ture beams so bright, We, too, should thankful be; And all, this day, u -

CHORUS.

night, Our grate - ful voi - ces raise.
pear, To sing his prais - es sweet.
drest, Their Mak - er's wis - dom show.
nite In songs of mel - o - dy.

} Let us thank him for our life to - day,— For

health and strength and love; For hopes that cheèr us on our way, And lift our thoughts a - bove.

No. 36. TAKE MY SINS AWAY.

Dr. H. BONAR. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1 A few more years shall roll,— A few more seas - ons come; And we shall be with
2 A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rock - y shore; And we shall be where
3 A few more strug - gles here,— A few more part - ings o'er; A few more toils, a
4 A few more Sab - baths here Shall cheer us on our way; And we shall reach the

CHORUS.

those who rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb:
temp - ests cease, And surg - es swell no more:
few more tears, And we shall weep no more:
end - less rest,—Th'e - ter - nal Sab - bath day.

Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day! Oh, wash me in thy prec - ious blood, And take my sins a - way!

No. 37. FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

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

1 Sweet - ly, Lord, have we heard thee call - ing, Come, fol - low me! And we see where thy
2 Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek - ing his sheep; Or a - long by Si-
3 If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preaching the word; Or in homes of the
4 By and by, thro' the shi - ning por - tals, Turn - ing our feet, We shall walk, with the
5 Then at last when on high he sees us, Our jour - ney done, We will rest where the

CHORUS.

foot - prints fall - ing, Lead us to thee.
lo - am's foun - tains, Help - ing the weak.
poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
glad im - mor - tals, Heav'n's gold - en streets.
steps of Je - sus End at his throne.

Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow; We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus, Wher - e'er they go.

By permission of R. M. McINTOSH.

No. 38. DO WE LIVE FOR JESUS?

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT

1 Do we live a - lone for Je - sus, Who suf - fered on the tree?
2 Do we feed the starv - ing sin - ner, Who craves the bread of life?
3 Do we clothe the need - y or - phan, Who braves the win - ter's snow?
4 Do we pour on troub - led wa - ters, The oil of gen - tle peace?
5 If so, then we work for Je - sus, Who suf - fered on the tree?

Do we love to work for Je - sus, Who died for you and me?
Do we give the cup of wa - ter, And hush the din of strife?
Do we shield the wea - ry pil - grim, And soothe the tear of woe?
Do we whis - per of the Sa - viour, Who bids all sor - rows cease?
And we live a - lone for Je - sus, Who died for you and me?

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Je - sus! blessed Je - sus! Give us grace to live and work for thee!

No. 39. WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

K. S.

KNOWLES SHAW.

1 When the trump of God shall sound, And the na - tions gather round, And the
2 When the Del - uge swept the world, And to death its millions hurled, And the
3 When the cit - ies of the plain Were en - vel - oped in the flame, And de-
4 When the day of wrath is come, And the day of mer - cy gone, And to

Judge shall sit up - on his roy - al throne: Who will hear the wel-come word, From the
wa - ters cov - ered o - ver all the land; Those who trust - ed in the Lord, And o-
struc - tion swept the mul - ti - tudes a - way; There was just a lit - tle band Who were
judg-ment they are called from ev' - ry land; Sin - ner, how is it with thee? Christian,

lips of Christ the Lord, "En - ter in, Good and faith - ful, with my own."
beyed his ho - ly word, These were all that were a - ble then to stand.
a - ble then to stand In that great and that aw - ful judgment day.
how then shall it be? Shall we all there be a - ble then to stand?

WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND? Concluded.

CHORUS.

Who shall be a - ble then to stand?
Who shall be a - ble, shall be a - ble then to stand?

Who shall be a - ble then to
Who shall be a ble, shall be

stand?
a - ble then to stand?

All who trust in Christ the Lord, And o

bey his ho - ly word: These shall be a - ble then to stand.

No. 40. AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 I think I should mourn o'er my sor - row - ful fate, If sor - row in heav-en can be.
If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, There wait-ing and watching for me.
2 How sad-ly I'd feel in the heav - en - ly state, If sad - ness in heav-en can be.
If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, Con-duct - ed to glo - ry by me.
3 O Lord, I be-seech thee for wis - dom and grace, In win-ning lost souls un - to thee.
That many may be in that beau - ti - ful place, A crown of re - joic-ing to me.

CHORUS.

"Yes, wait - ing and watching for me, Yes, wait - ing and watching for me; May
Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me, Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me, May

man - y of those at the beau - ti - ful gate Be wait - ing and watching for me.

No. 41. THOUGH IN DARKNESS.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

DUET.

1 Do not faint when trib-u - la - tion Darkens, like a cloud, thy sky,— When the storms of des-o-
2 Should thy way be rough and dreary With a gloom - y shade o'er-cast, Should thy feet be sore and
3 Onward press, a - mid thy sadness, Till thy toils and cares are o'er: All thy grief shall turn to

CHORUS.

la - tion On thee beat and o'er thee fly.
wea - ry, Thou shalt reach thy home at last.
glad-ness, On the fair ce - les - tial shore.

} Though in darkness, God will never Cease to

love, or thee for - sake: In thy sor-row He will ev - er Be thy Stay for Je - sus' sake.

No. 42. THE GOLDEN CITY.

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

1 Say, have you read in the sto - ry old - en, Of the ci - ty fair that waits? Jas - per the walls, and the
2 Say, have you heard of the riv - er flow-ing, Clear as crys-tal is its tide? Forth from the throne are its
3 Say, have you read in that wondrous sto-ry, How no moon nor sun need they? For it is light - ed with
4 Say, if we keep all the dear Lord's teaching, May we glad - ly en - ter in? Joy - ful the gates ev - er

CHORUS.

streets are gold - en, And of pur - est pearl the gates.
wa - ters go - ing: Shall we roam that stream be - side?
God's own glo - ry: Shall we see that end - less day?
o - pen, reaching, Of that ci - ty with-out sin.

} There we shall dwell with the Lord for - ev - er,

Go - ing out no more: There shall we go, when we cross the riv - er,— O - ver on the oth - er shore.

By permission of R. M. McINTOSH.

No. 43. JUST BEYOND.

T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'KANE.

FIRST VOICE.



1 Hear you ev - er an - gels sing - ing, As a - round the throne they shine?
2 Hear you ev - er, in your slum - bers, Songs from those who've gone be - fore?
3 Do you ev - er feel like go - ing To that land so bright and fair?
4 Let us cher - ish, now and ev - er, Glow - ing hopes of joys to come;

SECOND VOICE.



Yes, I of - ten hear them chant - ing,— Chant - ing hymns of love di - vine.
Oh, how of - ten do I hear them Sing - ing on the oth - er shore!
Oh, how of - ten would I glad - ly Go and join the loved ones there!
And, when earth - ly ties we sev - er, Meet in heav'n,— our hap - py home.

CHORUS.



Heav - en's plains are just be - fore us,— Just be - yond the shores of time:

Soon we'll join the migh-ty chorus In that bright - er, bet - ter clime.

REMARK.—The 1st, 2d, and 3d stanzas should be sung by SOLO voices, as marked; and the 4th stanza as a DUET, by the two voices.

No. 44. ONE DROP OF THE BLOOD.

W. A. OGDEN. S. H. BLAKSLEE.

1 One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, He shed up-on Cal-va-ry's brow, Will
2 One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, He gave as a ransom for me, Will
3 One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, Oh, sprinkle it now in thy love; Oh,

cleanse me with-in, Will free me from sin, And make me e'en whit-er than snow.
cleanse ev'-ry stain, Re-move ev'-ry pain Which now in thy spir-it may be.
save me to-day, And save me for aye, And fit me for heav-en a-bove.

CHORUS.

Whi-ter than snow, ... Yes, whit-er than
Yes, whi-ter than snow,

snow, Yes, whi-ter than snow One drop of the blood. One drop of the blood, from Calva - ry's

brow. from Cal - va - ry's brow, Will cleanse me with - in, Will cleanse me with - in, and free me from

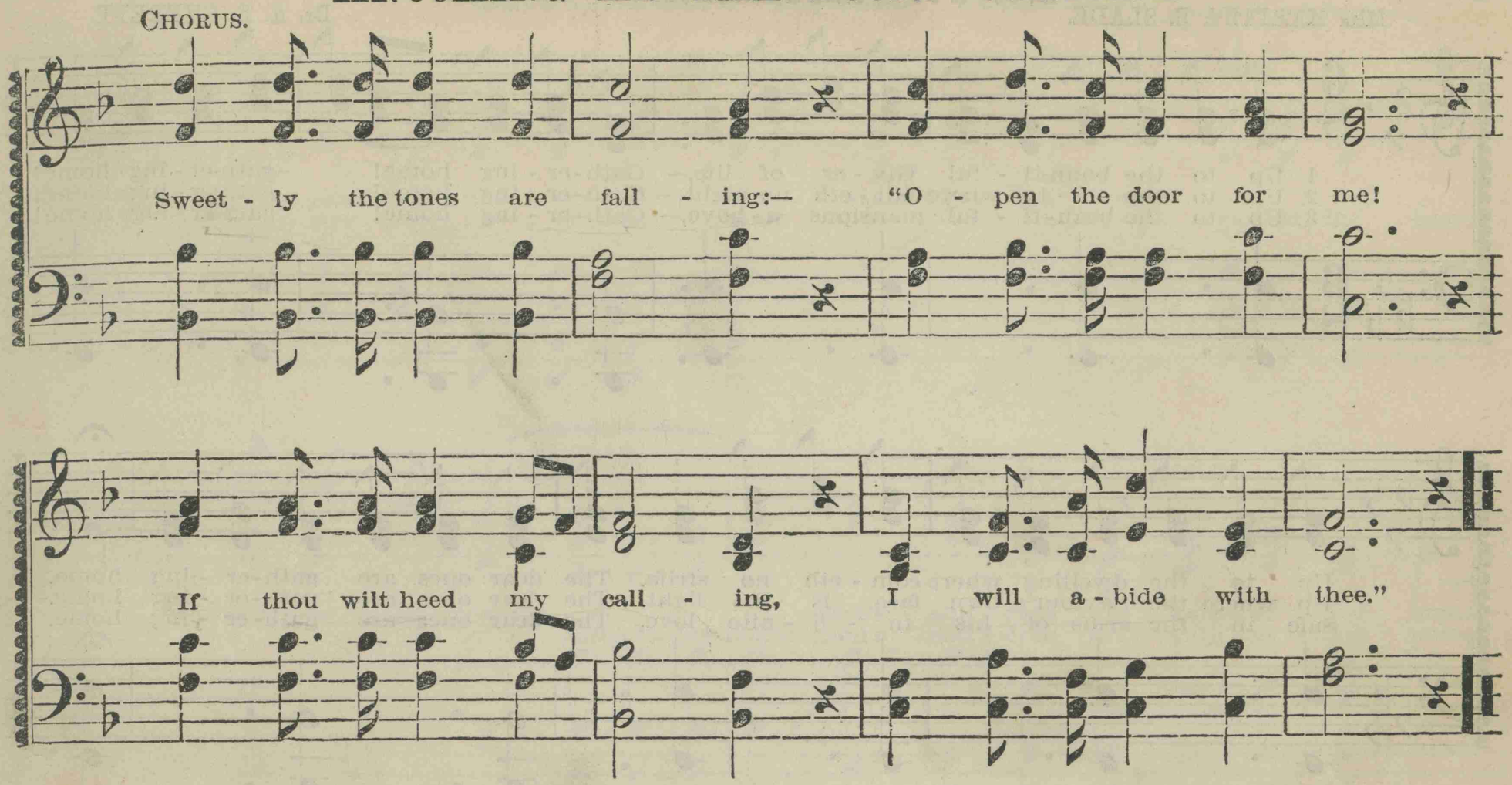
sin, and free me from sin, And make my soul And make my soul e'en whiter than snow. whiter than snow.

No. 45. KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

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

1 Who at my door is stand - ing,— Pa - tient - ly draw - ing near,
2 Lone - ly with-out he's stay - ing: Lone - ly with - in am I.
3 All through the dark hours drear - y, Knock - ing a - gain is he.
4 Door of my heart, I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide.

En - trance with-in de - mand - ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
While I am still de - lay - ing, Will he not pass me by?
Je - sus, art thou not wea - ry, Wait - ing so long for me?
Though he re - buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.



No. 46. The Old, Old Story.

KEY A♭.

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,—
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

CHORUS.—*I love to tell the story:*
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,—
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—*Chorus.*

3 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.—*Chorus.*

No. 47. GATHERING HOME.

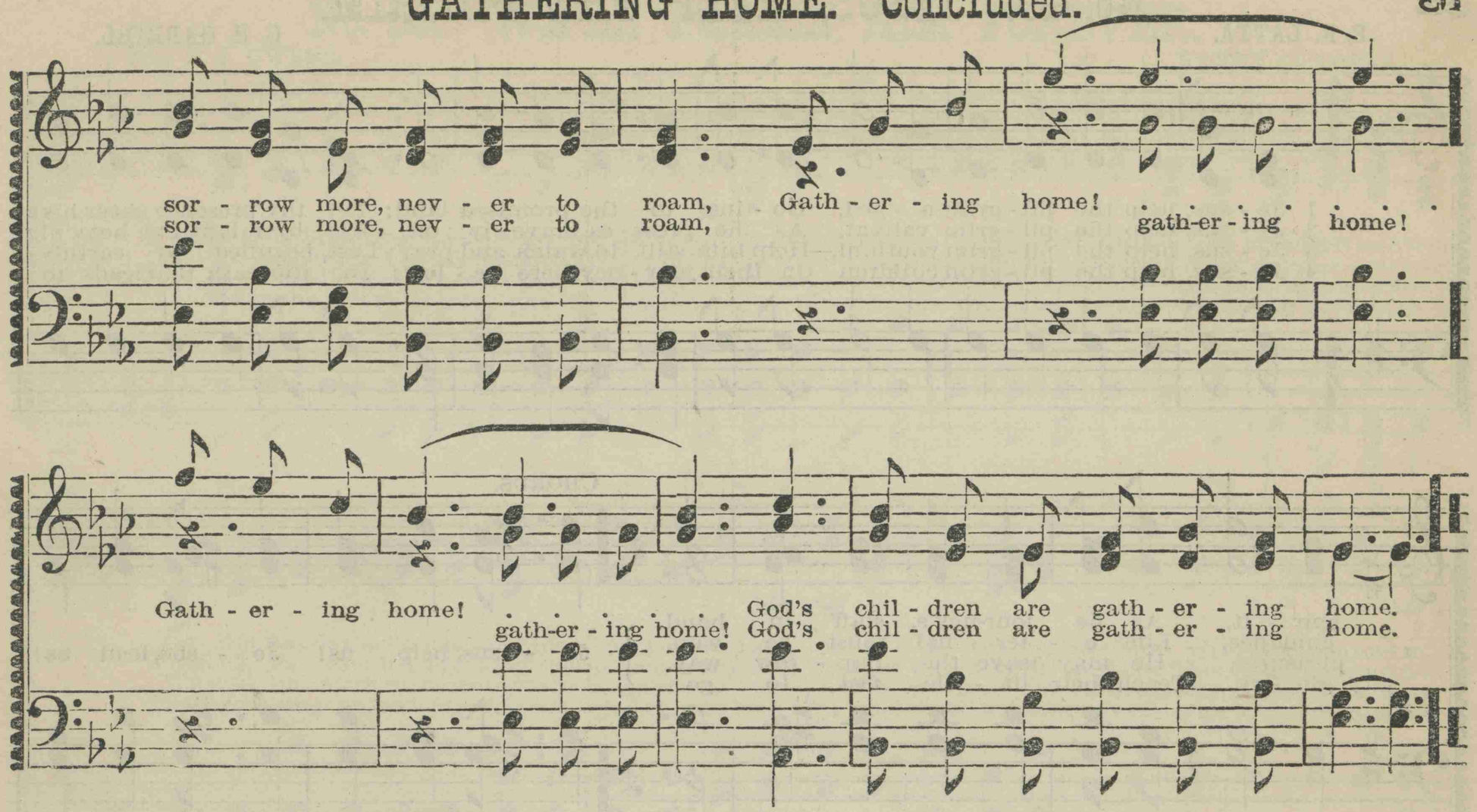
Miss MARIANA B. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1 Up to the boun-ti - ful Giv - er of life,— Gath-er - ing home! gath-er - ing home!
2 Up to the ci - ty where fall - eth no night,— Gath-er - ing home! gath-er - ing home!
3 Up to the beau-ti - ful mansions a - bove,— Gath-er - ing home! gath-er - ing home!

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

CHORUS.

Gath-er - ing home! Gath-er - ing home! Nev - er to
gath-er - ing home! gath-er - ing home! Nev - er to



No. 48. Work!

KEY F.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
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.

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No. 49. JESUS, HELP THE PILGRIM.

E. R. LATTA. C. H. GABRIEL.

1 Je - sus, help the pil - grim a - ged, Go - ing to the promised land: Let thy presence cheer his
2 Je - sus, help the pil - grim valiant, As he press - es brave - ly on; Not by might, but heav'nly
3 Je - sus, help the pil - grim youthful,—Help him still to watch and pray; Lest, beguiled by earthly
4 Je - sus, help the pil - grim children On their jour - ney here be - low: In the path that leads to

spir - it, As he jour-ney's, staff in hand.
guidance, Life e - ter - nal must be won.
pleasures, He may leave the nar - row way.
glo - ry, Teach their lit - tle feet to go.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, help us! Je - sus, lead us!

Let thy love and grace up-hold: We the flock and thou the Shepherd, Guide us to the up-per fold!

No. 50. WE'LL PRAISE HIM FOREVER.

Miss P. J. OWENS. HARRY SANDERS.

1 In the Sunday-school ar-my our names are enrolled, And we fol-low our Lead-er all steadfast and bold;
2 We are young, but his wisdom shall guide us aright; We are weak, but his strength is our courage and might;
3 In our childhood we come: if no ripe sheaves be ours, We will garland his pathway with blossoms and flowers;
4 When the vict'ry is won, and the conflict is o'er, We will close 'round our Leader on Canaan's bright shore;

On the Sunday-school banner his name you may see; It is Je - sus, our Sa-viour, who loved you and me.
When we fol - low his standard the darkness will flee, And our watch-word is always, "he loved you and me."
We will go forth at morning his gleaners to be: He will wel-come us, smiling, who loves you and me.
Then we'll sing on, ex - ult - ing his glo - ry to see, For we'll dwell with him ev-er who loves you and me.

CHORUS.

We'll praise him for ev - er, We'll praise him for-ev - er, We'll praise him for-ev - er, Who loved you and me.

No. 51. WATCH AND PRAY.

W. F. COSNER. C. H. GABRIEL.

1 Watch, for the hour is com - ing When the Mas - ter shall come a - gain: With a shi - ning band from the heav'n - ly land, He shall come, ev - er - more to reign.
2 Glo - rious shall be his com - ing; But there's none knows the day nor hour—No, not ang - els bright in that world of light— When the Lord shall de - scend with power.
3 Quick - ly the hour is com - ing When a - gain, from the far - off land, He shall come and call for his servants all:— And be - fore him we all must stand.
4 "Watch, for the hour is com - ing," Is the charge he has left for all: Still your vig - ils keep, nor be found a - sleep When he sends forth the solemn call.

CHORUS.

Then may we all be ready For that great and glo-rious day: Yes, may we all be ready For that

great and glo-rious day. Since that day is known un - to God a - lone, Let us al - ways watch and pray.

No. 52. REVIVE US.

English Melody.

1 All glo - ry and praise be to Je - sus our Lord, So plen - teous in grace, and so true to his word.
2 To us he hath giv - en the gift from a - bove,— The earn - est of heav - en, the spir - it of love.
3 Ye all may re - ceive, who on Je - sus do call, The gift of his Spirit,—'tis proffer'd to all.
4 The peace and the pow - er, ye sin - ners em-brace, And look for the shower,—the spir - it of grace.

REFRAIN.

{Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
{Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, [*Omit.* . . . . . } Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 53. OPEN THE DOOR.

T. PIERPONT.

1 O - pen the door for the chil - dren; Ten - der - ly gath - er them in;
2 O - pen the door for the chil - dren. See! they are com - ing in throngs:
3 O - pen the door for the chil - dren; Take the dear lambs by the hand:

In from the high - ways and hedg - es; In from the pla - ces of sin;
Bid them sit down to the ban - quet; Teach them your beau - ti - ful songs.
Point them to truth and to good - ness; Send them to Ca - na - an's land.

Some are so young and so help - less; Some are so hung - ry and cold:
O - pen the door for the chil - dren; Pray you that grace may be given;
Some are so young and so help - less; Some are so hung - ry and cold:

OPEN THE DOOR. Concluded.

O - pen the door for the chil - dren; Gath - er them in - to the fold.
Pray you the Fa - ther to bless them; "Such is the king - dom of heaven."
O - pen the door for the chil - dren: Gath - er them in - to the fold.

REFRAIN.

Gath- . . . er them in, ... Gath-er them in from the pla - ces of sin;
Gath - er them in, yes, gath-er them in,

Gath- . . . er them in, ... Gath - er them in - to the fold.
Gath-er them in, yes, gath - er them in,

No. 54. A HOME WITH JESUS.

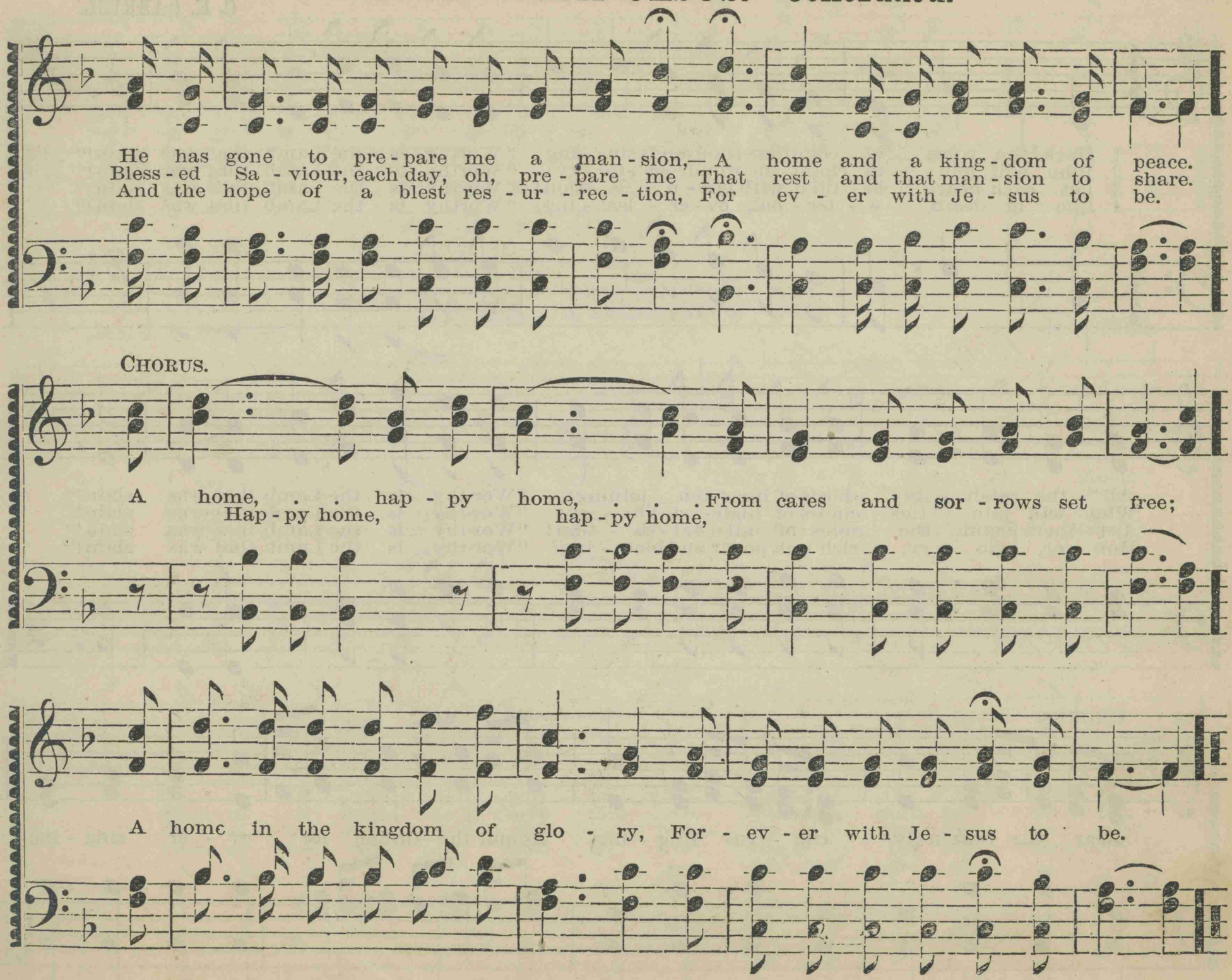
K. S.

KNOWLES SHAW.

1 I long for a home with my Sa - viour, Who died on the cross for me;
2 We have but a glimpse of that man - sion, While pil - grims we walk be - low:
3 Here hearts once u - nit - ed are sev - ered; Here part - ings and tears ob - tain;

To dwell in his king-dom for - ev - er,— For - ev - er with Je - sus to be.
That home where the dear ones shall ga - ther,— That kingdom where Christians shall go.
But all who are true to the Sa-viour, Shall meet on that heav - en - ly plain.

To reign with the Sa - viour in glo - ry, When all of my wan - der - ings cease;
But sweet is the stream ev - er flow - ing,— The fountain of joy o - ver there;
Oh, sweet is this glo - ri - ous prospect, That we from all pain shall be free,


He has gone to pre - pare me a man - sion,— A home and a king - dom of peace.
Bless - ed Sa - viour, each day, oh, pre - pare me That rest and that man - sion to share.
And the hope of a blest res - ur - rec - tion, For ev - er with Je - sus to be.
CHORUS.
A home, . . hap - py home, . . . From cares and sor - rows set free;
Hap - py home, hap - py home,
A home in the kingdom of glo - ry, For - ev - er with Je - sus to be.

No. 55. WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

C. H. GABRIEL.

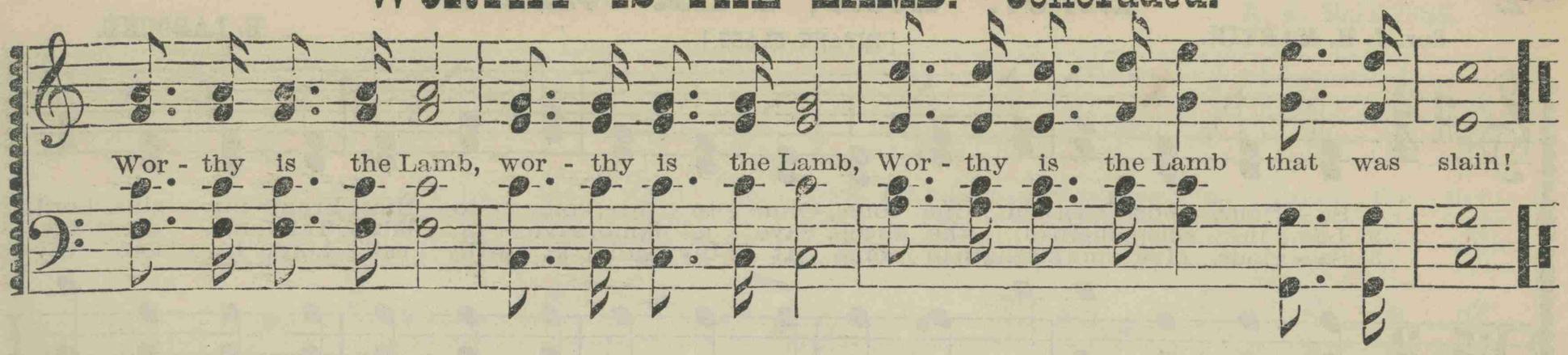
1 Hark! the voice of countless thousands sing - ing: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"
2 Who will join to chant the wondrous sto - ry: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"
3 Let each heart be fill'd with em - u - la - tion! "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"
4 Life or death e - ter - nal, ev - er - last - ing: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

All the migh - ty hosts of heav - en joining: "Wor-thy is the Lamb that was slain!"
Who will join the choirs of high - est glo - ry: "Wor-thy is the Lamb that was slain!"
Let them chant the notes of full sal - va - tion! "Wor-thy is the Lamb that was slain!"
Hon - or, glo - ry, rich - es, pow'r and bless - ing: "Wor-thy is the Lamb that was slain!"

CHORUS.

Hear the heav'n - ly cho - rus ring - ing, Round the throne for - ev - er sing - ing,

WORTHY IS THE LAMB. Concluded.



No. 56. PRESSING ON.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.



No. 57. LORD, I AM COMING.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. [INFANT CLASS.] E. LAROCHE.

1 Sa - viour, thou hast bid me come, Come to thee, come to thee: From my sins, Lord,
2 Lov - ing Shep - herd of the sheep, Save a lamb, save a lamb: Take me, Je - sus,
3 Sa - viour, give me strength to come At thy call, at thy call: Lord, be - fore thy

REFRAIN.

set me free! Smile on me! smile on me!
as I am: For to save Je - sus came. } Lord, I am com - ing,
cross I fall: Be my life! be my all!

Lord, I am com-ing, Lord, I am com - ing; To thee I'm com - ing now.

No. 58. WHY NOT TO-NIGHT? 63

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Oh, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a - gainst the light;
2 To - morrow's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long - de - lud - ed sight;
3 Our God in pi - ty lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus his love re - quite?
4 Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to him their soul u - nite:

Poor sin - ner, hard - en not thine heart: Thou would'st be saved! why not to - night?
This is the time, oh, then be wise: Thou would'st be saved! why not to - night?
Re - nounce at once thy stub - born will: Thou would'st be saved! why not to - night?
Be - lieve in him: the work is done: Thou would'st be saved! why not to - night?

REFRAIN.

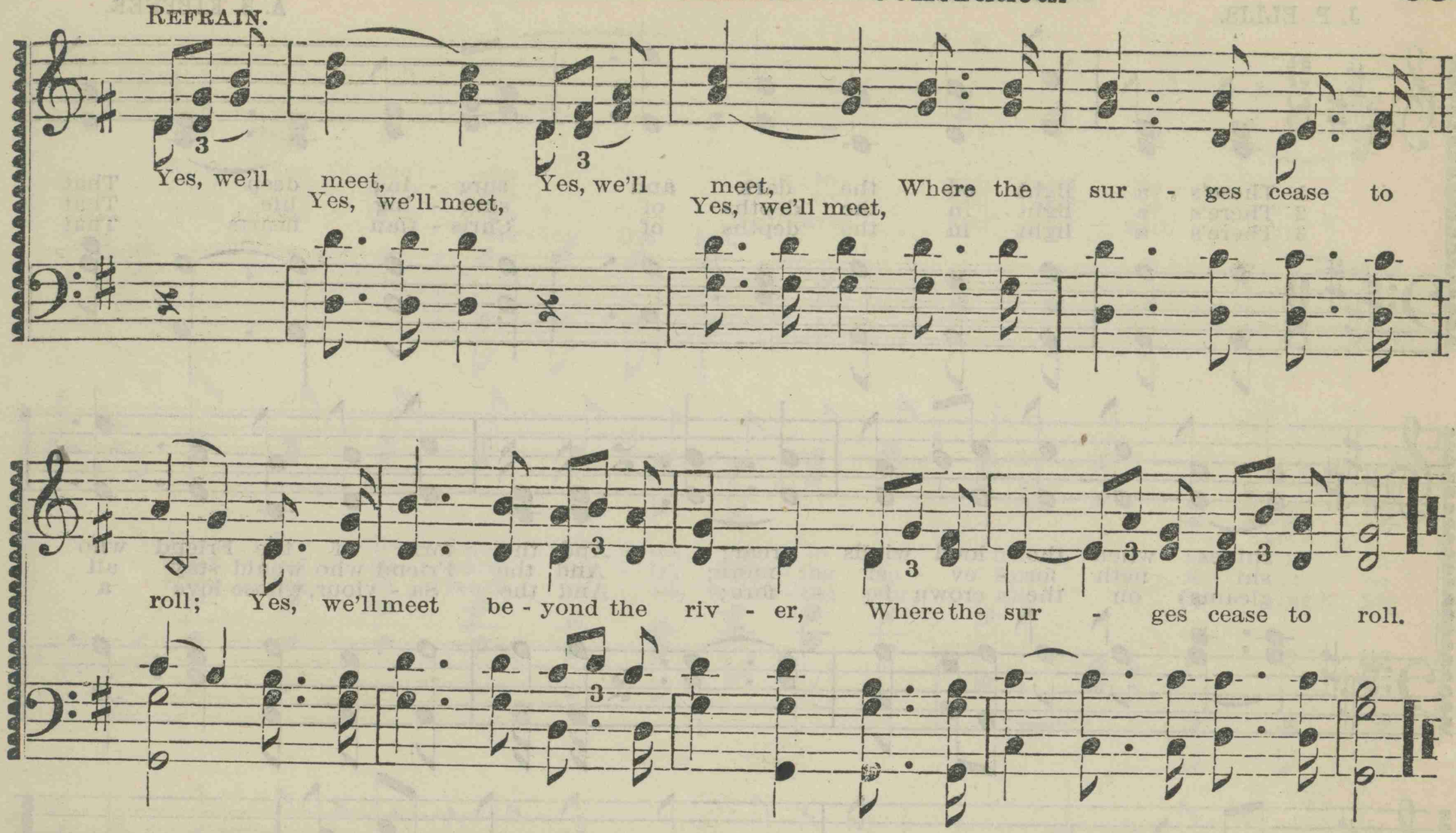
Why not to - night? why not to - night? Thou would'st be saved! why not to - night?

No. 59. SHALL WE MEET?

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

1 Shall we meet be - yond the Riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll,
2 Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er,
3 Shall we meet with many a loved one, Torn on earth from our embrace?
4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Sa - viour, When he comes to claim his own?

Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an - chor, By the fair ce - les - tial shore?
Shall we lis - ten to their voi - ces, And be - hold them face to face?
Shall we hear him bid us wel - come, And sit down up - on his throne?



No. 60. Jesus paid it all.

KEY E♭.

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

CHORUS.—*Jesus paid it all!*
All to him I owe.
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed me white as snow.

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

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

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

No. 61. WALKING THE SEA.

J. P. ELLIS. A. S. KIEFFER.

1 There's a light on the dark and surg - ing deep That
2 There's a light in the depths of surg - ing life That
3 There's a light in the depths of Chris - tian hearts That

shines when the loud winds roar; And the form of the Friend who
shi - neth for - ev - er - more; And the Friend who would stay all
gleams on the crown be - fore; And the Sa - viour, whose love a

does not sleep, Comes on from the oth - er shore,
sin and strife, Is here from the oth - er shore,
bliss im - parts, At - tends to the oth - er shore,

Walk - ing the sea to you and to me;
Walk - ing life's sea to you and to me;
Walk - ing life's sea with you and with me;
Walk - ing the sea,

Keep - ing the light of us, e'er to be friend,
Walk - ing so care - ful - ly, seek - ing to find,
Keep - ing in reach of us, watch - ing for all,
Ev - er in
Ev - er so
Car - ing for

sight of us, suc - cor to lend, Walking the sea, Walking the sea.
prayer - ful - ly, earn - est and kind, Walking the sea, Walking the sea.
each of us, lest we should fall, Walking the sea, Walking the sea.

Walking the sea,

No. 62. HAPPY BAND.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. [INFANT CLASS.] E. LAROCHE.

1 We, a lit - tle in - fant band, Seek a fair and hap - py land; We are
2 He's a Shep-herd, kind and good; He'll sup - ply his lambs with food; When ex-
3 Ten - der babes are his de - light; Dear and pre-cious in his sight; Let the
4 Bless - ed Je - sus, in thy love, Guide us to the heav'n a - bove; Guard, pro-

CHORUS.

marching on our way; Christ, our Cap - tain, we o - bey.
posed to hun - ger, cold, He will bring them to his fold.
lit - tle ones, he cried, Come to me, nor be de - nied.
teet our lit - tle band; Lead us to that hap - py land.

Hap - py band! hap - py band! Christ our

Lead - er, Guide will be Till we reach the heav'n - ly land And his glo - ry see.

No. 63. JESUS IS MINE!

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Fade, fade each earth - ly joy: Je - sus is mine! Break, ev' - ry
2 Tempt not my soul a - way: Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3 Fare - well, ye dreams of night: Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4 Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty: Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e-

ten - der tie: Je - sus is mine! Dark is this wil - der-ness; Earth has no
ev - er stay: Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for
dawn - ing light: Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried, Left but an
ter - ni - ty: Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O lov'd and blest, Wel - come, sweet

rest - ing - place; Je - sus a - lone can bless: Je - sus is mine!
one brief day, Pass from my soul a - way: Je - sus is mine!
ach - ing void. Je - sus has sat - is - fied: Je - sus is mine!
scenes of rest, Wel - come, my Sa - viour's breast: Je - sus is mine!

No. 64. BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS.

Mrs. M. B. C SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 O'er the hills and adown the snowy dells, As the ech - oes ring of the Christmas bells,
2 Bring good-will to the suf - fer - ing and sad; Speak the ten - der word that shall make them glad;
3 Peace on earth! bid all strife and tumult cease; For this night a - gain gives the Lord his peace,
4 So, glad hearts, on this hap - py Christmas night Bring your gifts of love: make his al - tar bright.

FINE.

An - gel songs in our hearts re-sound a - gain, Singing peace on earth and good-will to men!
Tell them how o'er the hills of Beth - le - hem When the an - gels sang, 'twas good news for them.
While our hands shall his tem - ple beau - ti - fy, Car - ol, glo - ry be un - to God most high.
Sing glad songs that shall sweetly sound as when An - gels sang of peace and good-will to men.

CHORUS.

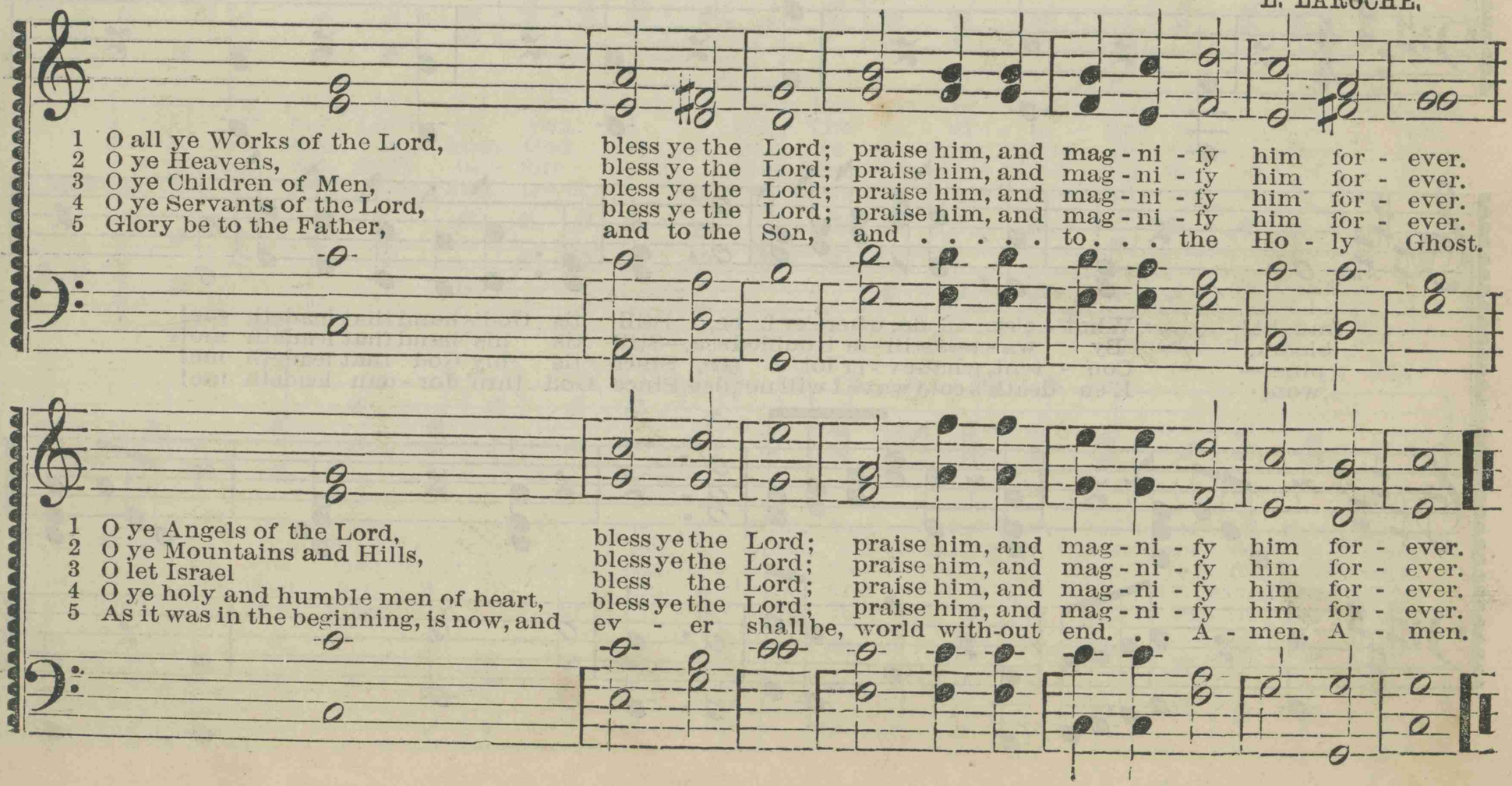
Bring pine and fir - tree: weave the garlands bright: Gladden the tem - ple of the King to - night!

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS. Concluded.



No. 65. PRAISE HIM, AND MAGNIFY HIM FOREVER.

E. LAROCHE.



No. 66. HE LEADETH ME.

Mrs. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 He lead - eth me! oh, bless - ed thought, Oh, words with heav'nly com - fort
2 Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Some - times, where E - den's bow - ers
3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er murmur or re-
4 And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vict'ry's

fraught!
bloom,
pine:—
won,

What - e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
By wa - ters still or troubled sea,—Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan leadeth me!

HE LEADETH ME. Concluded.

CHORUS.

He leadeth me, leadeth me! He leadeth me! By his own hand he leadeth me!

No. 67. FREE GRACE.

1 Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev' - ry soul be Je - sus' guest;
2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all;
3 My mes - sage as from God re - ceive; Ye all may come to Christ and live;
4 See him set forth be - fore your eyes, That pre-cious bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice;
CHORUS. There is free grace and never - dy - ing love, There is free grace and nev - er - dy - ing love.

Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all man - kind.
Come, all the world! come, sin - ner, thou, All things in Christ are rea - dy now.
Oh, let his love your hearts con - strain, Nor suf - fer him to die in vain.
His of - fered ben - e - fits em - brace, And free - ly now be saved by grace.
There is free grace and nev - er - dy - ing love, Reigning in the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

No. 68. BETHANY.

SARAH F. ADAMS. L. MASON.

1 Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee: E'en though it
2 Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3 There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou
4 Then with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with thy praise, Out of my
5 Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams, I'd be
send - eth me In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be

Near - er, my God to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

No. 69. MY SAVIOUR PITIED ME.

Rev. D. A. HOFFMAN. T. F. ALLEN.

1 I turned my heart from ways of sin, And to the Sa - viour came; I bowed me hum-bly
2 I clasped his wounded, bleeding feet; I sank in his em - brace; I looked, and smiles of
3 A - ma - zing love! that Christ should save A soul so vile as mine. Dear Je - sus, seal me

REFRAIN.

at his feet, O'erwhelmed with guilt and shame.
pardoning peace Were lighting up his face.
with thy grace, And keep me ev - er thine.

My Sa-viour pit-ied me! He heard my fer-vent
My Sa - viour pitied me He heard my

prayer; He blessed me with his sav - ing grace, And with his mer - cy there.
fer-vent prayer;

No. 70. BEAUTIFUL HEAVEN.

ELLA LEA. KNOWLES SHAW.

1 Oh, would to me were on - ly given, A tongue inspired to tell The
2 There hope's sweet flowers e - ter - nal bloom, While seasons come and go, Un-
3 And all, whose hopes are cen - tered there, Shall rise o'er grief and pain; For

beau - ties of yon peace - ful heaven, Where saints im - mortal dwell! Oh, would that I could
touched by sor - row's chill - ing winds, That blight us here be - low. There lim - pid wa - ters,
in that land no earth - ly care Shall vex our souls a - gain. But with that bright an-

here por-tray The rap - tures, all com - plete, Of those who see their Fa - ther's face, And
bright and clear, Flow o'er the gold - en sands, While thrill-ing mu - sic strikes the ear From
gel - ic throng, And friends who've gone be - fore, We'll praise the Lord a - round the throne In



No. 71. Shall we gather?

KEY E♭.

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS. *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.—*Chorus.*

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-King we own,
We shall meet and sorrow never,
'Neath the glory of the throne.—*Chorus.*

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river;
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.—*Chorus.*

No. 72. THE SAVIOUR IS CALLING.

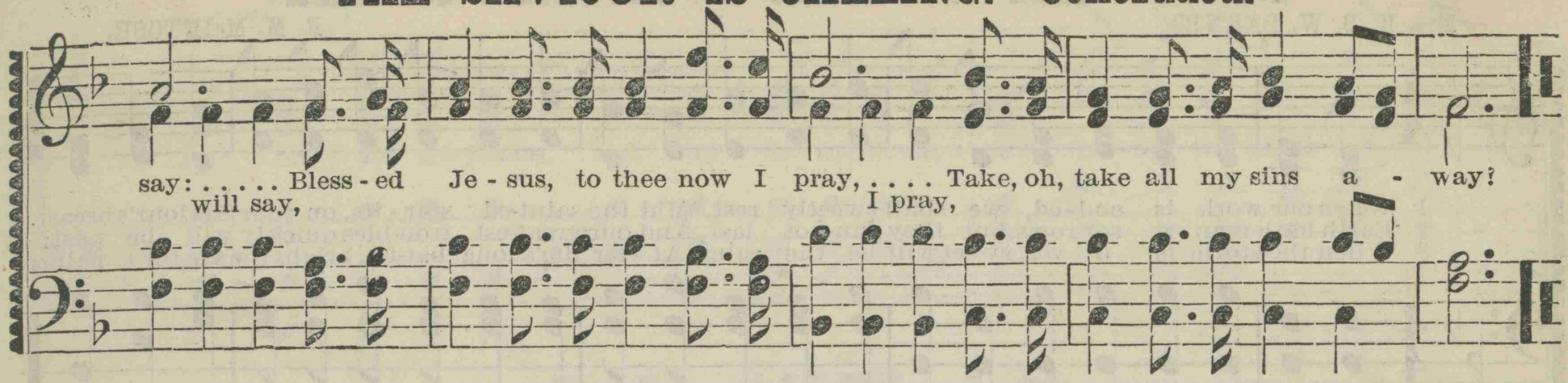
Rev. A. B. EMMONS. C. H. GABRIEL.

1 Oh, the Sa - viour is call - ing to - day, And mer - cy is plead - ing with me:
2 Oh, the Sa - viour is call - ing to - day, And wait - ing to bless ev - en me:
3 Bless - ed Sa - viour, I seek thee to - day: To speak words of peace un - to me:

Shall I turn Christ, the Sa - viour, a - way, When his love is so rich and so free?
Shall I say to him thus, "Go thy way!" When his love is so rich and so free?
Keep, oh, keep me from sin, Lord, I pray; For thy love is so rich and so free.

CHORUS.

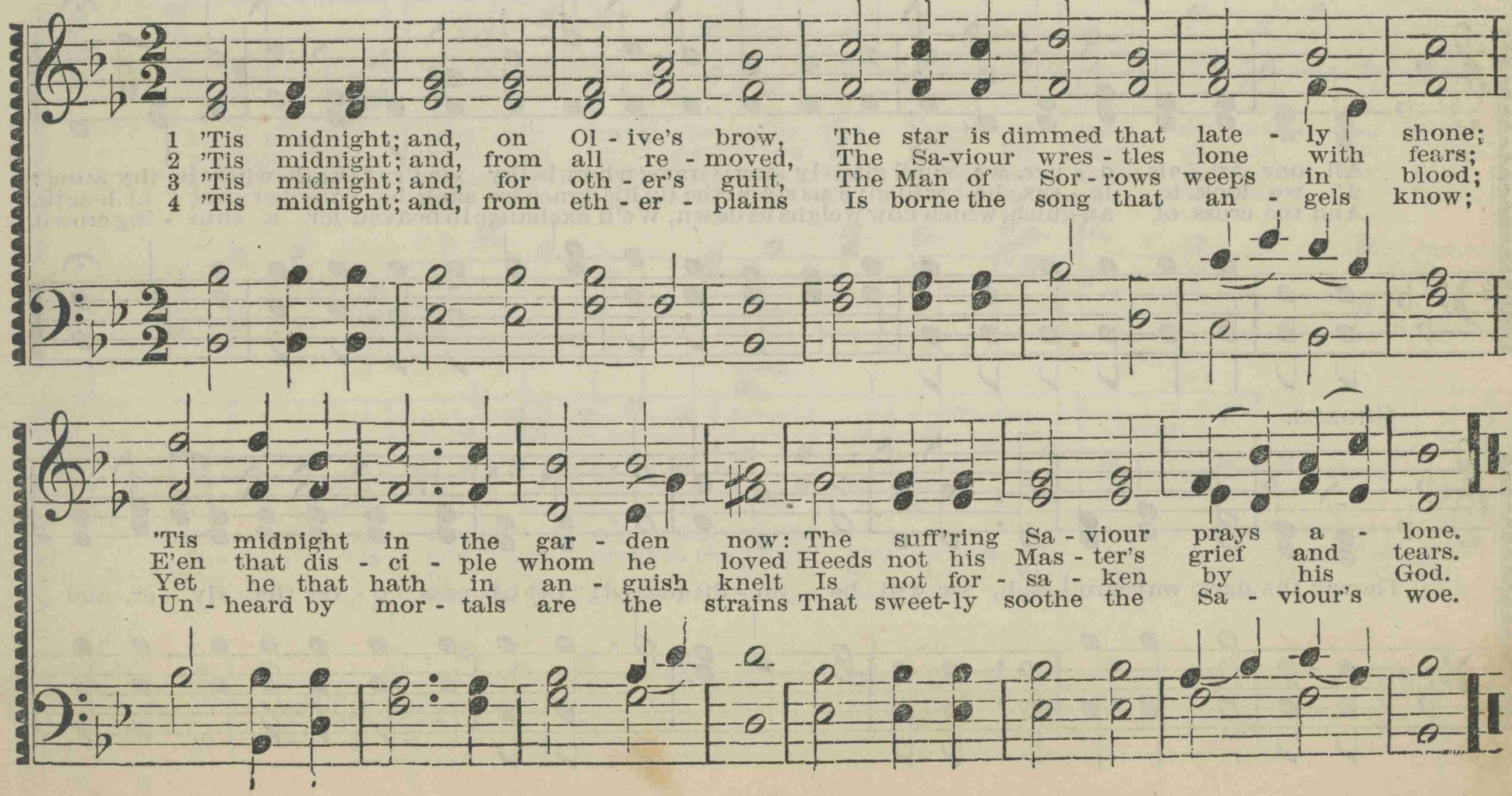
No: I'll an - swer his call - ing to - day: . . . . I will bow at his feet, and will to - day:



TAPPAN.

No. 73. BROKER. L. M.

E. LAROCHE.



No. 74. LET US PASS OVER THE RIVER.

Mrs. H. B. W. BARNES. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 When our work is end-ed, we shall sweetly rest, 'Mid the saint-ed spir-its, on our Saviour's breast.
2 Earth hath man-y sor-rows, but they can-not last, And our great-est trou-bles quickly will be past;
3 When the storm is o-ver, sweet will be the calm; Af-ter life's long bat-tle, bright the vic-tor's palm;

All our tri-als o-ver, we shall glad-ly sing: Grave, where is thy vic-t'ry? Death, where is thy sting?
If we look to Je-sus, he will give us strength; By his grace we shall be con-quer-ors at length.
And the cross of an-guish, which now weighs us down, We'll exchange in heaven for a shin-ing crown.

CHORUS.

Though the dark waves roll high, we will be un-dis-mayed: "Let us pass o-ver the riv-er, and

rest un - der the shade, rest un - der the shade, rest un - der the shade of the trees."

No. 75. ALLEN. L. M.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 As when the wea - ry travel - er gains The height of some com-mand - ing hill,
2 Thus, when the Chris - tian pil - grim views By faith his man - sion in the skies,
3 The thought of home his spir - it cheers: No more he grieves for troub - les past,
4 Je - sus, on thee our hopes we stay To lead us on to thine a - bode;

His heart re - vives if, o'er the plains, He sees his home, though dis - tant still;
The sight his faint - ing strength re - news, And wings his speed to reach the prize.
Nor an - y fu - ture tri - al fears So he may safe ar - rive at last.
As sured our home will make a - mends For all our toil while on the road.

No. 76. IS IT FAR?

K. S. KNOWLES SHAW.

1 Is it far to the land of rest,—Where the wea - ry feet shall nev - er, nev - er roam?
2 Is it far to that peace-ful shore,—Where the ach - ing heart shall sor-row not a - gain?
3 Is it far to the plains of light,— To that cit - y with its jas - per walls a - glow?
4 It is near - er than ere be - fore; And our path is growing brighter day by day:

To the mansion of the pure and the blest,— Where we all shall meet at home?
Where the friends who meet shall part nev - er - more,— But with Christ for - ev - er reign?
Where the glo - ry of the Lord is the light? To that home, say, will you go?
Oh, we soon shall reach that heav - en - ly shore, If we faint not by the way.

CHORUS.

Is it far? Is it far? Will you
to that beau - ti - ful home of the blest?



No. 77. The Gate Ajar.

KEY C.

1 There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the Cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

REFRAIN.—*Oh, depth of mercy! can it be*
That gate was left ajar for me?

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.—*Refrair*

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.—*Refrain.*

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.—*Refrain.*

No. 78. SABBATH CHIMES.

R. G. S.

R. G. STAPLES.

1 Trip - ping lightly, tripping o'er the ver - dant lawn, Glad - ly haste we on our way,
2 'Tis a hap - py greeting that a - waits us where Teach - ers true, we love so dear,
3 Hast - en children, hast-en while the bells chime on, Call - ing you to Sun - day - school;

To the mu - sic of the chiming bells, each morn Of the precious Sab - bath day.
With a kind - ly in - t'rest in our soul's wel - fare, Speak to us in words of cheer.
Lis - ten to the sto - ry of a Sa - viour born: Learn to keep the gold - en rule.

Songs of glad - ness we will sing With voic - es tuned in har - mo - ny;
Oh, 'tis love that fills each heart, And leads our feet un - to the place
Learn there, too, that Je - sus died From end - less woe thy soul to save;

Songs of love in hon-or of our Sa - viour, King,— Hap - py chil - dren we.
Where the faith-ful Christian meets us to im - part Mes - sa - ges of grace.
To the rug-ged cross was nailed and cru - ci - fied; Triumphed o'er the grave.

CHORUS.

Chime, chime on,
Chiming, sweet-ly chiming are the Sab-bath bells,
Mer - ry, mer - ry Sab - bath bells, chime on;
Mer - ry, mer - ry chim-ing Sab - bath bells;

Chime, chime on,
Lis-ten to the mu - sic of the chim-ing bells,
Mer - ry, mer-ry Sab - bath bells.
Mer - ry, mer-ry Sab - bath bells.

No. 79. THE GLORY LAND.

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

1 There's a land of love shi - ning far a - bove In the end - less glo - ry of day,
2 Oh, I love to sing of the hearts that cling To the light of that gold - en shore,
3 And I love to dream of the crys - tal gleam Rest - ing on the bright riv - er there,
4 There shall be no night! oh, the bless - ed light That illumes the heav - en - ly shore!

And I long to know all the good who go To that radiant land far a - way.
Star - ry crowns they'll wear and its glo - ries share With the hap - py ones gone be - fore.
Of the white-robed throng and the glad new song And the fade - less flow - ers so fair.
No more sor - row there, and no cross to bear: All is joy and peace ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

Oh, the glo - ries there are so bright and fair, Here no long - er would I roam.

How my spir - it sighs for the cloud - less skies Of that hap - py, heav - en - ly home

No. 80. ANDREW. L. M.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Thine earth - ly Sab - baths, Lord, we love; But there's a no - bler rest a - bove;
2 No more fa - tigue, no more dis - tress: Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
3 No rude a - larms of rag - ing foes; No cares to break the long re - pose;
4 O long - ex - pect - ed day, be - gin; Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;

To that our la - b'ring souls as - pire With ar - dent pangs of strong de - sire.
No sighs shall min - gle with the songs Which war - ble from im - mor - tal tongues.
No mid - night shade, no cloud - ed sun, But sa - cred, high, e - ter - nal noon.
Fain would we leave this wea - ry road, And sleep in death to rest with God.

No. 81. THE KINGDOM COMING.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's heathen ra - ces Oh, see how the thick shadows fly! The
2 The sun-light is glanc - ing O'er ar - mies ad - van-cing To conquer the king-dom of sin; Our
3 With shouting and sing - ing, And ju - bi-lant ring-ing, Their arms of re - bel-lion cast down; At

voice of sal - va - tion A-wakes ev' - ry na - tion: Come ov - er and help us, they cry.
Lord shall pos-sess them, His pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter there-in.
last ev' - ry na - tion The Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re-deem - er shall crown.

CHORUS.

The king-dom is com-ing: Oh, tell ye the sto - ry! God's ban-ner ex-alt - ed shall be! TL-

earth shall be full of his know-ledge and glo - ry As wa - ters that cov - er the sea!

No. 82. JUST AS I AM.

E. LAROCHE.

1 Just as I am,— with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And
2 Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
3 Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt, With
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind, Yea

CODA. This may be omitted.

that thou bid'st me come to thee,
thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
fears with - in and wars with - out,
all I need in thee to find,
} O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!

No. 83. DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. PERKINS.

1 Ere you left your room this morning Did you think to pray? In the name of Christ, our Sa-viour,
2 When you met with great temptation Did you think to pray? By his dy-ing love and mer-it
3 When your heart was filled with anger, Did you think to pray? Did you plead for grace, my broth-er,
4 When sore tri-als came up-on you, Did you think to pray? When your soul was bowed in sor-row,

CHORUS.

Did you sue for lov-ing fa-vor, As a shield to-day?
Did you claim the Ho-ly Spir-it As your guide and stay?
That you might for-give an oth-er Who had cross'd your way?
Balm of Gil-ead did you bor-row At the gates of day?
} Oh, how pray-ing rests the wea-ry!

Prayer will change the night to day; So, when seems life dark and drea-ry, Don't for-get to pray.

No. 84. JESUS WILL FORGIVE.

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

1 Come, ye sin - ners, come to - day: Je - sus will for-give you free - ly. All your sins he'll
2 Come un - to the mer - cy - seat: Je - sus will for-give you free - ly. Humbly fall - ing
3 Lay your treasures up a - bove: Je - sus will for-give you free - ly. Trust the rich - es
4 Earn - est - ly a bless - ing seek: Je - sus will for-give you free - ly. Trembling sin - ner,
5 He is a - ble all to save: Je - sus will for-give you free - ly. For your love his
6 Then, ye sin - ners, come to day: Je - sus will for-give you free - ly. All your sins he'll

REFRAIN.

wash a - way: Je - sus will for-give you free - ly.
at his feet, Je - sus will for-give you free - ly.
of his love: Je - sus will for-give you free - ly.
faint and weak, Je - sus will for-give you free - ly.
blood he gave: Je - sus will for-give you free - ly.
wash a - way: Je - sus will for-give you free - ly.

Oh, come to - day! Why long - er stay a - way? He will not say you nay: Je - sus will for-give you free - ly.

No. 85. WHEN WE GET HOME.

E. R. LATTA. W. O. PERKINS.

1 When we get home to that beau - ti - ful land, With its beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold:
2 When we get home from our wan - der - ings here, To that clime where they wander no more;
3 When we get home, and our troub - les are o'er, And our jour - ney is end - ed be - low;

When we've pass'd o - ver the riv - er of death, And are safe in the heav - en - ly fold;
When, with the loved ones who've pass'd in - to rest, We shall stand with our harps on the shore:
When we are free from each cum - ber - ing weight, And the sins that doth hinder us so;

Wea - ri - some toil, trib - u - la - tion and care, That bur - den our spir - its to - day,
Sor - row and strife, and our proneness to err, The pain and the sick - ness we bear,
Tears that we shed in our sor - row - ful hours, The fears and the doubts that mo - lest,

Like as a dream or a shad - ow shall pass, Shall pass, un - re - turn - ing, a - way.
Like as a dream or a shad - ow shall pass, And ne'er shall they troub - le us there.
Like as a dream or a shad - ow shall pass, And reach not the home of the blest.

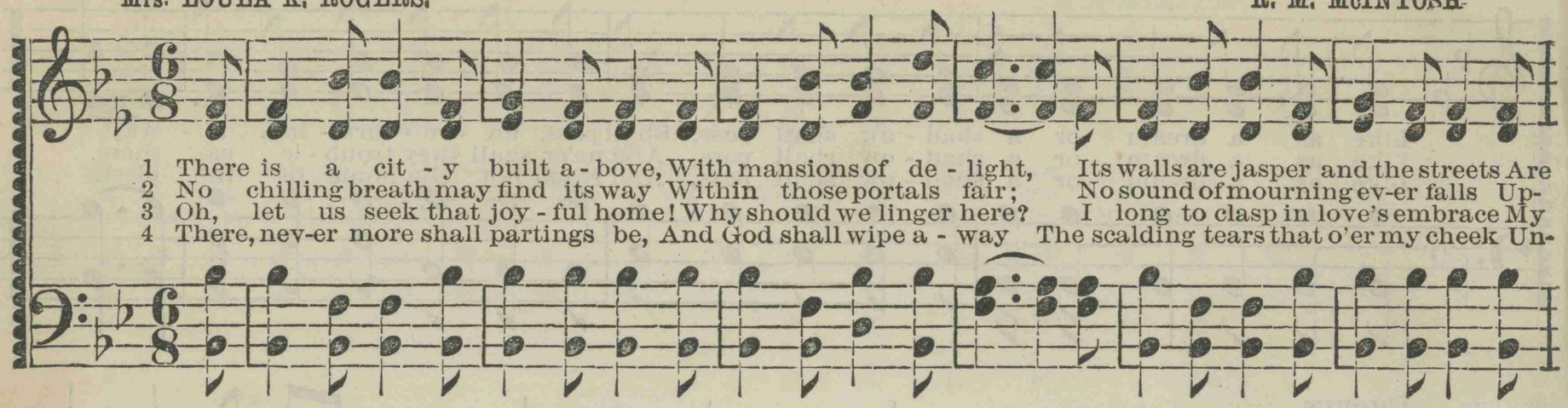
CHORUS.

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

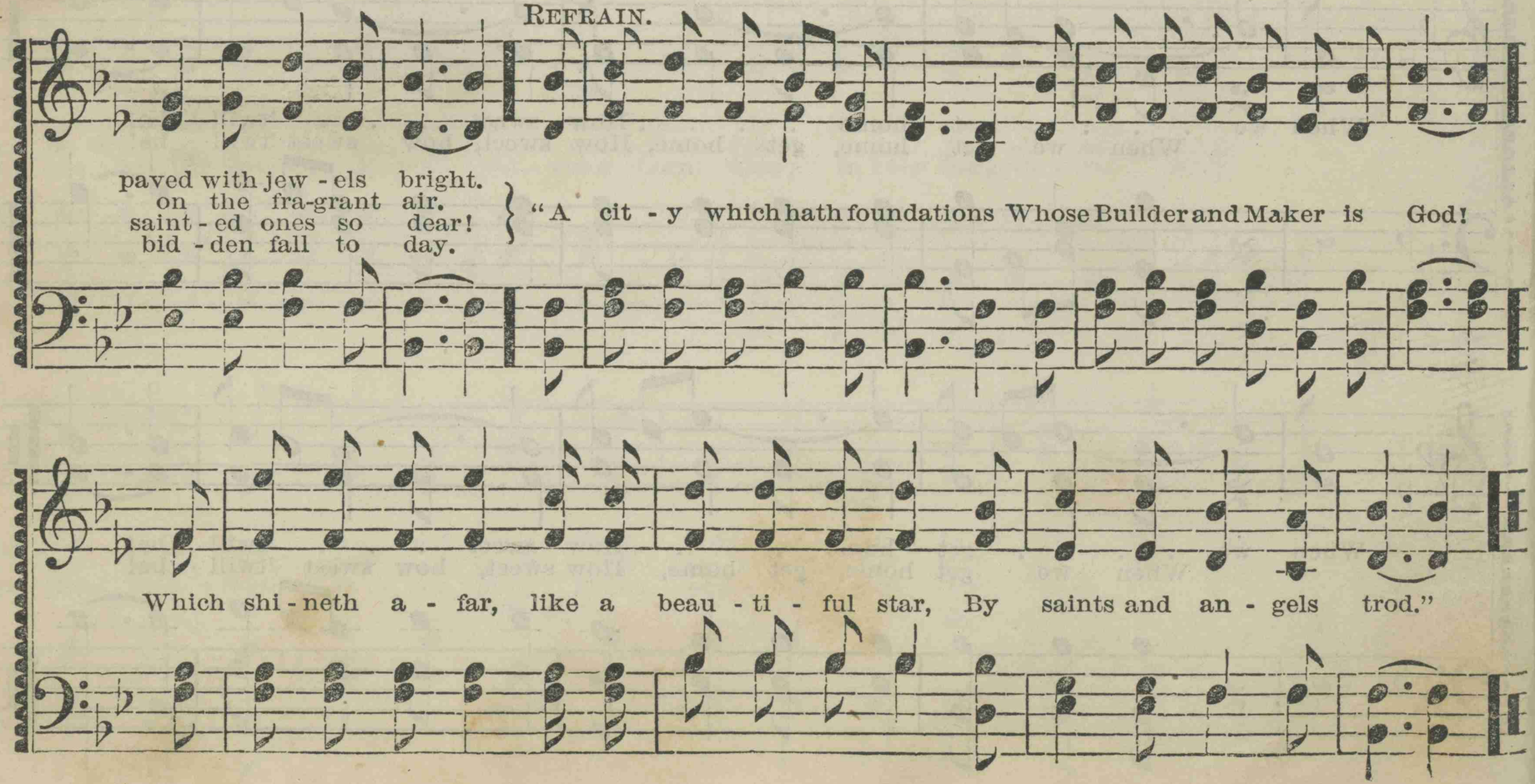
When we . . . get home . . . How sweet . . . 'twill be!
When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill be!

No. 86. THE CITY ABOVE.

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



REFRAIN.



No. 87. HOLY NIGHT! [Christmas.]

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! All is dark, save the light
2 Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! On - ly for shep - herd's sight
3 Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Child of heav'n! Oh, how bright

mf *pp* *mf* *pp*

Yon - der where they sweet vi - gil keep O'er the Babe who, in si - lent sleep,
Came blest vis - ions of an - gel throngs, With their loud hal - le - lu - jah songs,
Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast born! Blest in - deed was that hap - py morn:

pp *rit - - - ad - - - lib.*

Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
Say - ing, Je - sus is come, Say - ing, Je - sus is come.
Full of heav - en - ly joy, Full of heav - en - ly joy.

No. 88. TELL IT AGAIN.*

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

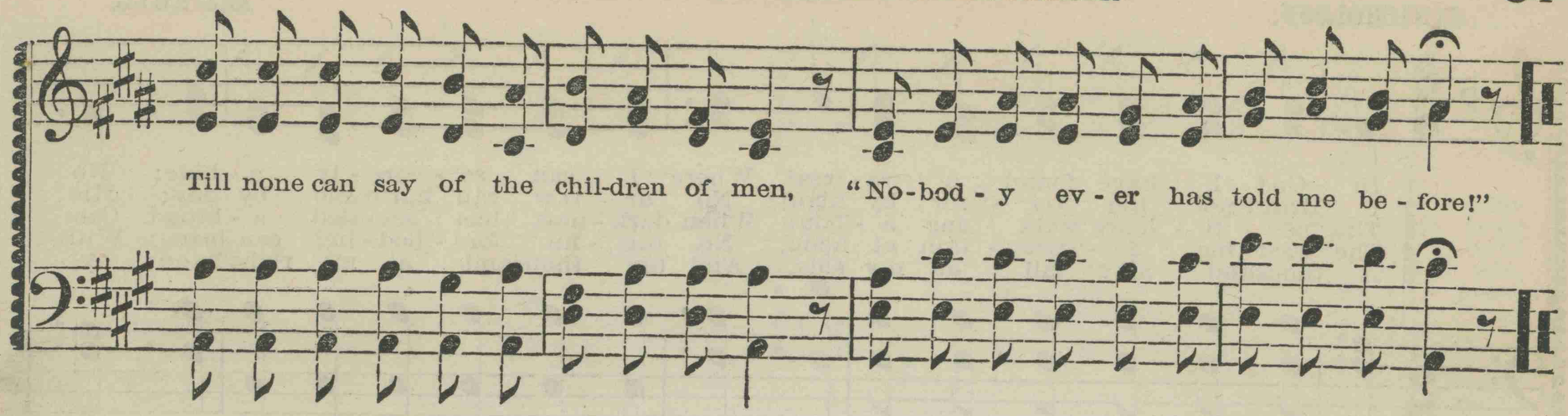
1 In - to the tent where a gip - sy boy lay Dy - ing a - lone, at the close of the day,
2 "Did he so love me,—a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good tid - ings of joy?
3 Bending, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the val - ley of death;
4 Smil-ing, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for me he was sent!"

News of sal - va - tion we car-ried. Said he, "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
Need I not per-ish? My hand will he hold? "No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
"God sent his Son!—who-so - ev - er?" said he; "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west, "Lord, I be-lieve! tell it now to the rest!"

REFRAIN.

Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain! Sal - va-tion's sto - ry re-peat o'er and o'er,

* A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent. Bending over him, he said: "God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard, and whispered, "Nobody ever told me."



No. 89. Come to Jesus.

KEY G.

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.

No. 90. The Shepherd.

KEY F.

1 I was a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice;
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child;
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child:
They followed me o'er vale and hill,—
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is:
'Twas he that loved my soul;
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole:
'Twas he that sought the lost,—
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold;
'Tis he that still doth keep.

No. 91. UNDER HIS WING.

J. NICHOLSON. ASA HULL.

1 In God I have found a re-treat Where I can se-cure-ly a-bide; No
2 I dread not the ter-ror by night; No ar-row can harm me by day; His
3 The pes-ti-lence walk-ing a-bout When dark-ness has set-tled a-broad, Can
4 The wast-ing de-struc-tion at noon, No fear-ful fore-bod-ing can bring: With
5 A thousand may fall at my side, And ten thousand at my right hand; A-

re-fuge nor rest so com-plete; And here I in-tend to re-side.
shad-ow shall cov-er me quite: My fears he has driv-en a-way.
nev-er com-pel me to doubt The pres-ence and pow-er of God.
Je-sus my soul doth com-mune: His per-fect sal-va-tion I sing.
bove me his wings are spread wide: Be-neath them in safe-ty I stand.

CHORUS.

Oh, what comfort it brings, As my soul sweetly sings: I am safe from all danger While under his wings!

No. 92. BE SAVED!

F. C. S. J. VAIL.

1 Sin - ner, how thy heart is troubled; God is com - ing ve - ry near;
2 Je - sus now is bend - ing o'er thee,— Je - sus, low - ly, meek and mild;
3 Art thou wait - ing till the mor-row? Thou may'st nev - er see its light.
4 With a low - ly, con - trite spir - it, Kneel - ing at the Sa - viour's feet,
5 Let the an - gels bear the tid - ings Up - ward to the courts of heav'n;

Do not hide thy deep e - mo - tion; Do not check the fall - ing tear.
To the Friend who died to save thee, Canst thou not be rec - on - ciled?
Come at once; ac - cept his mer - cy; He is wait - ing: come to - night.
Thou canst feel this ver - y mo - ment, Par - don— pre - cious, pure and sweet.
Let them sing, with ho - ly rap - ture, O'er an - oth - er soul for - giv'n.

CHORUS.

Oh, be saved! His grace is free. Oh, be saved! He died for thee. Oh, be saved! He died for thee

No. 93. THE OPEN DOOR.

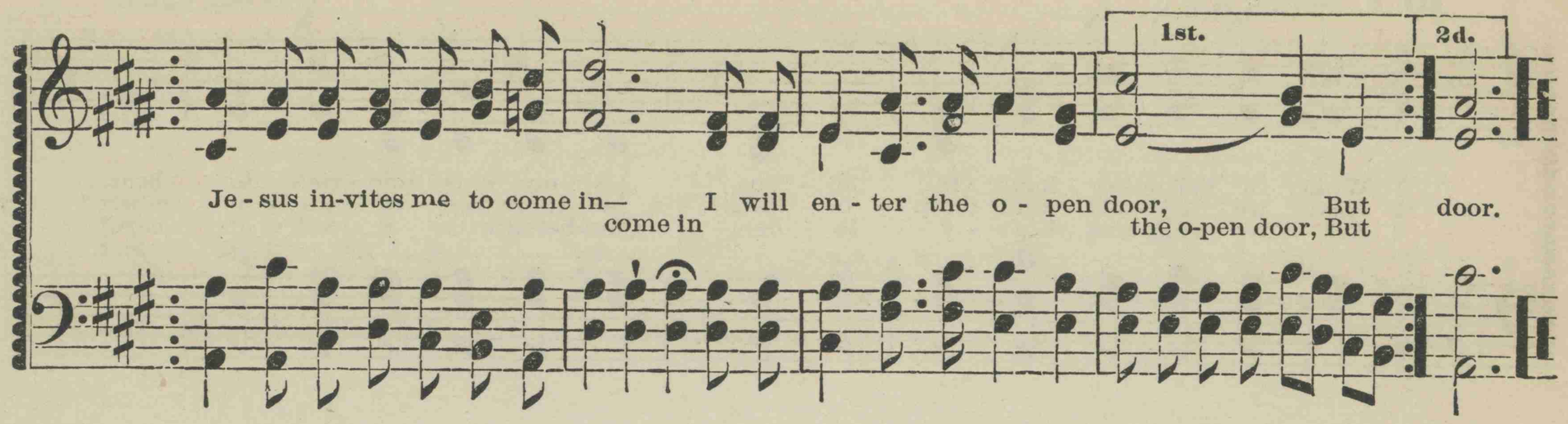
UNA LOCKE. T. C. O'KANE.

1 The mis-takes of my life have been man-y, But the sins of my heart have been more;
2 I am low-est of those who would love him; I am weak-est of those who would pray;
3 My mis-takes his free grace now will cov-er, And my sins he will wash all a-way;
4 The mis-takes of my life have been man-y, And my spir-it is wea-ry with sin;

And I scarce-ly can see for my weep-ing, But I'll knock at the o-pen door.
But I come to him as he has bid-den, And I know he'll not say me nay.
And the feet that now stum-ble and falt-er, Soon may en-ter the gate of day.
Though I scarce-ly can see for my weep-ing, Yet the Sa-viour will let me in.

CHORUS.

I know I am sin-ful and un-wor-thy, And now I feel it more and more, But more and more,



No. 94. The Cross.

KEY E.

1 There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

REFRAIN.—*If the cross we meekly bear,*
Then a crown we shall wear
When we dwell on that radiant shore:
Oh, how sweetly there we'll sing
Hallelujah to our King,
And praise him forevermore.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 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. 95. The Land of Beulah.

KEY C.

1 My latest sun is sinking fast;
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past;
My triumph is begun.

REFRAIN.—*Oh, come, angel band, come, and around me stand!*
Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home!
Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home!

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear;
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks:
The crossing must be near.—*Refrain.*

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

4 Oh, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.—*Refrain.*

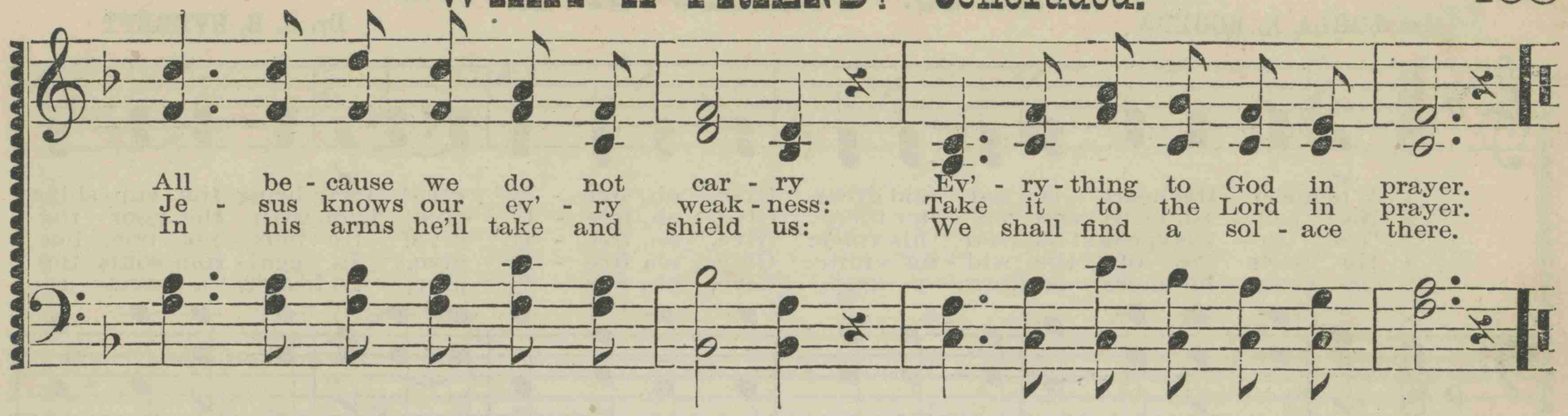
No. 96. WHAT A FRIEND!

Rev. H. BONAR, D.D. C. C. CONVERSE.

1 What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear.
2 Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
3 Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev' - ry - thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged: Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sa - viour, still our Ref - uge: Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit,— Oh, what need - less pain we bear,—
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do our friends de - spise, for - sake us? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



No. 97. Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

MARTYN. 7s. KEY F.

1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide:
Oh, receive my soul at last!

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

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

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart:
Rise to all eternity!

No. 98. My God, My Life.

JUDD. S. M. KEY. A♭.

1 My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove;
For thou art all in all.

2 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss:
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford:
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

No. 99. FREELY GIVE.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. Dr. A. B. EVERETT

1 When e'er the heart is sad and drear, Give, oh, free - ly give! 'Twill bring the sun-shine
2 No self - ish heart can en - ter there: Give, oh, free - ly give! Then with the poor thy
3 'Tis Je - sus speaks! oh, hear his voice: Give, oh, free - ly give! He bids not one, but
4 He tells us of the wid - ow's mite: Give, oh, free - ly give, In gen' - rous souls the
5 On peace - ful shore or storm - y deep, Give, oh, free - ly give, In heav'n a sweet re-

CHORUS.

bright and clear: Give, oh, free - ly give!
bless - ing share: Give, oh, free - ly give!
all re - joice: Give, oh, free - ly give!
saints de - light: Give, oh, free - ly give!
ward thou'lt reap: Give, oh, free - ly give!

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

We'll give, yes, free - ly

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

No. 100. OH, HOW I LOVE JESUS!

Arr. by E. LAROCHE.

1 A - las! and did my Sa-viour bleed? And did my Sove - reign die?
2 Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?
3 Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4 Thus might I hide my blush-ing face, While his dear cross ap - pears;
5 But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er died For man, the crea - ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful - ness And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way: 'Tis all that I can do.

REFRAIN.

Oh, how I love Je-sus! Oh, how I love Je-sus! Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be-cause he first loved me!

No. 101. WHEN HE SHALL APPEAR.

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

1 No one can tell when the Sa - viour shall come, Wheth - er in day, or in
2 Oh, bless - ed hope, that hath lift - ed the weak, And thrilled with rap - ture the
3 E - ven to me this sweet prom - ise is giv'n! That I may shine in the
4 Oh, let us strive, then, to work with a will. Soon he will come and his

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

REFRAIN.

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



Rev. WM. McDONALD. **No. 102. TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.** WM. G. FISCHER.



No. 103. SWEET REST.

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

1 Come un - to me, all ye wea - ry and worn; All ye that la - bor and all that mourn,
2 Eas - y my yoke, and my bur-den is light; I am the Way in the dark - some night;
3 List - en! oh, list - en! 'tis Je - sus to - day Calls you from sor-rows of earth a - way.

All who have laid their sweet treas - ures a - way Far from the light of day:
Fol - low me, trust - ing where - ev - er I lead, Giv - ing you all ye need;
All, all are bid - den to seek the bright goal,— Rest for the wea - ry soul!

Bring me your bur-dens, ye faint-ing and weak: I a - lone prom-ise the rest ye seek:
And if thy path-way seem rug-ged and drear, Fol - low, still fol - low the voice you hear,
Come, and drink now of the Riv - er of Life; Cast off the bur-dens of sin and strife;

SWEET REST. Concluded.

Come, all ye strick-en, by sor - row op-pressed, And I will give you sweet rest!
Lead-ing you safe - ly, with all who are blest, To the sweet ha-ven of rest!
Fol-low wher-ev - er his foot - step hath prest, Find - ing sweet comfort and rest!

REFRAIN.

Sow - ing or reap - ing, Smil-ing or weep - ing, What-e'er the la - bor assigned you may be.

Sowing Smiling

p - - - - - - *pp*

Je - sus will give you sweet rest! Rest! rest! Je - sus will give you sweet rest!

No. 104. THE FLOWING FOUNTAIN.

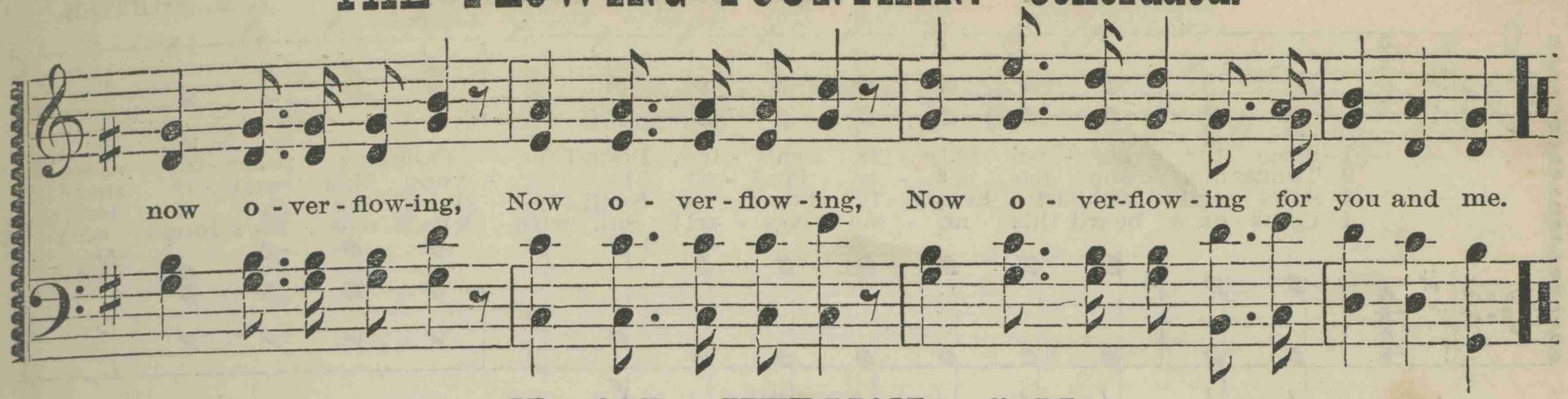
Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Will you drink the flow - ing foun - tain? Will you bid your friends draw near
2 Lead the wound - ed and the sorrowing, All the suff' - ring and the poor,
3 Lit - tle chil - dren, Je - sus calls you. Will you hear his lov - ing voice?
4 He is wait - ing now to bless you. Meek - ly fall - ing at his feet,

Where the spark - ling, crys - tal wa - ters Ev - er rise so bright and clear?
To the fount of heal - ing wa - ters, Bring - ing joy for - ev - er - more!
Meet him at the flow - ing foun - tain: Let your hap - py hearts re - joice!
Drink, oh, drink the cup he gives you, Full of joy and com - fort sweet.

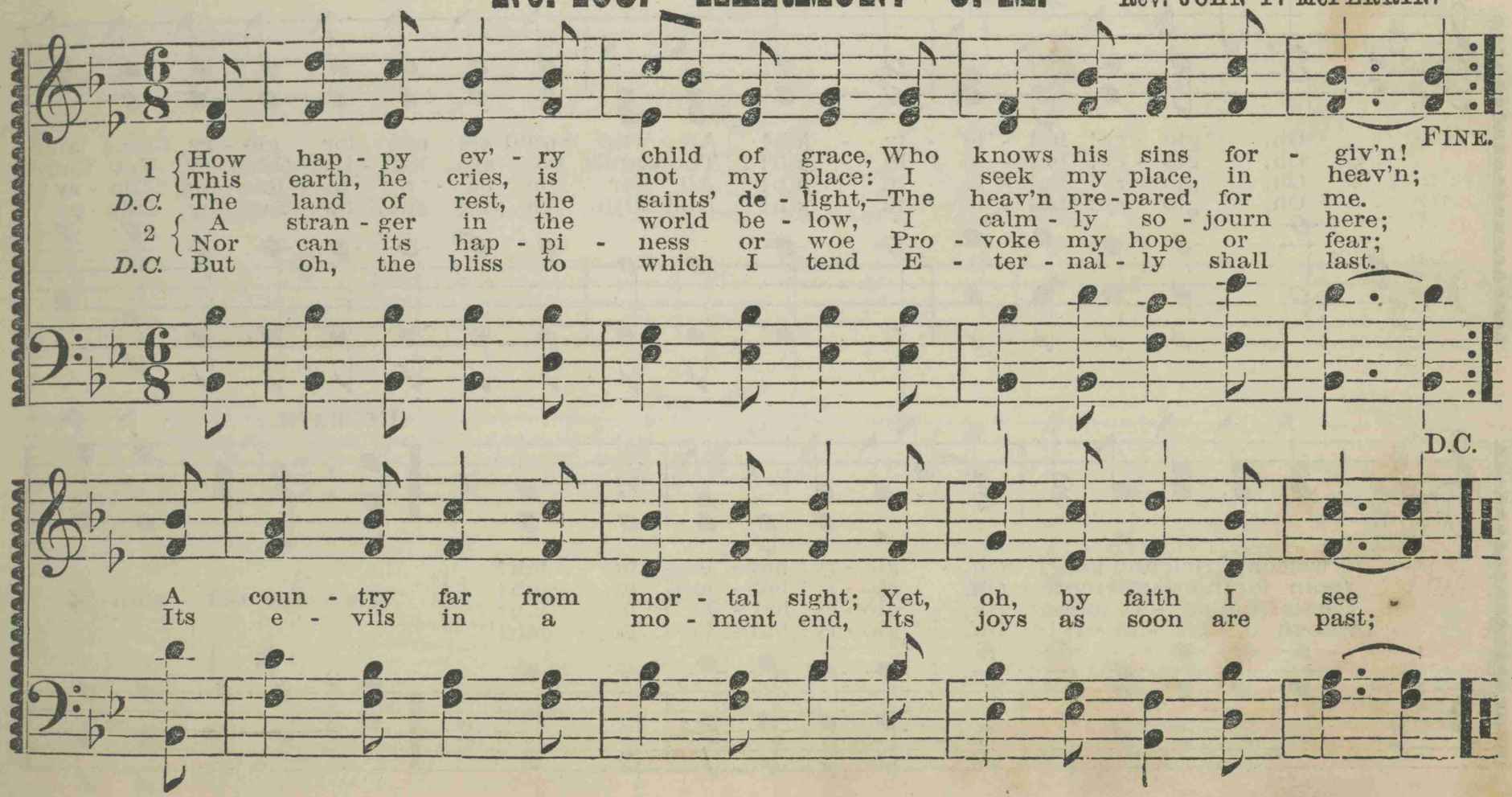
REFRAIN.

Oh, come to the foun-tain, Come to the foun-tain, Come to the fountain, the fountain free. 'Tis



No. 105. HERMON. C. M.

Rev. JOHN P. McFERRIN.



No. 106. THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 See, the gos - pel ship is sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's peace - ful shore:
2 Thousands she has safe - ly land - ed Far be - yond this earth - ly shore!
3 Sails well fill'd with heav'n - ly breez - es, Swift - ly glides the ship a - long:
4 Come on board this no - ble ves - sel! Sail with us o'er life's rough sea:

Oh, glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! All who would set out for glo - ry, Come and
Oh, glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! Thousands now are sail - ing thith - er, Yet there's
Oh, glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! All her com - pa - ny re - joic - ing, "Glo - ry!"
Oh, glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! And with us you shall be hap - py, Hap - py

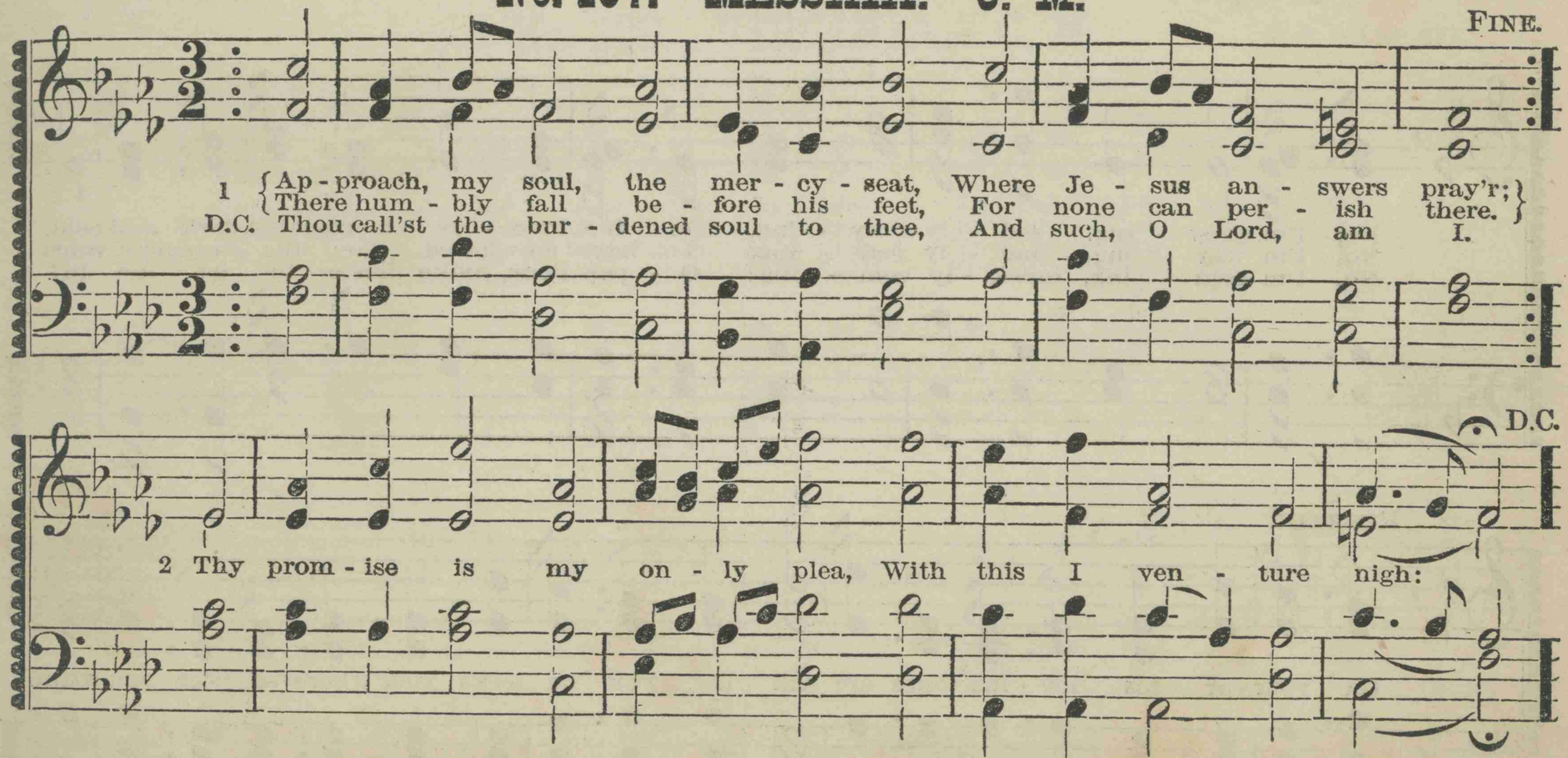
REFRAIN.

welcome, rich and poor! Oh, glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah!
room for thousands more. Oh, glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah!
bursts from ev' - ry tongue. Oh, glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah!
through e - ter - ni - ty! Oh, glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah!

} 'Tis the old ship of



No. 107. MESSIAH. C. M.



3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still!
My promised grace receive:"—
'Tis Jesus speaks. I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

No. 108. HEAR HIM CALLING.

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

1 Are you stay - ing, safe - ly stay - ing, In the ten - der Shep-herd's peace - ful folds?
2 Are you hear - ing, glad - ly hear - ing, How he bids his fold - ed flock re - joice?
3 Are you roam - ing, long - er roam - ing, In the cold, dark night of doubt and sin?

No, I'm stray - ing, sad - ly stray - ing, On the lone - ly moun-tains, dark and cold.
No, I'm fear - ing, sad - ly fear - ing, I have fol - lowed far the stranger's voice.
No, I'm com - ing, quick - ly com - ing! O - pen Door, make haste to let me in!

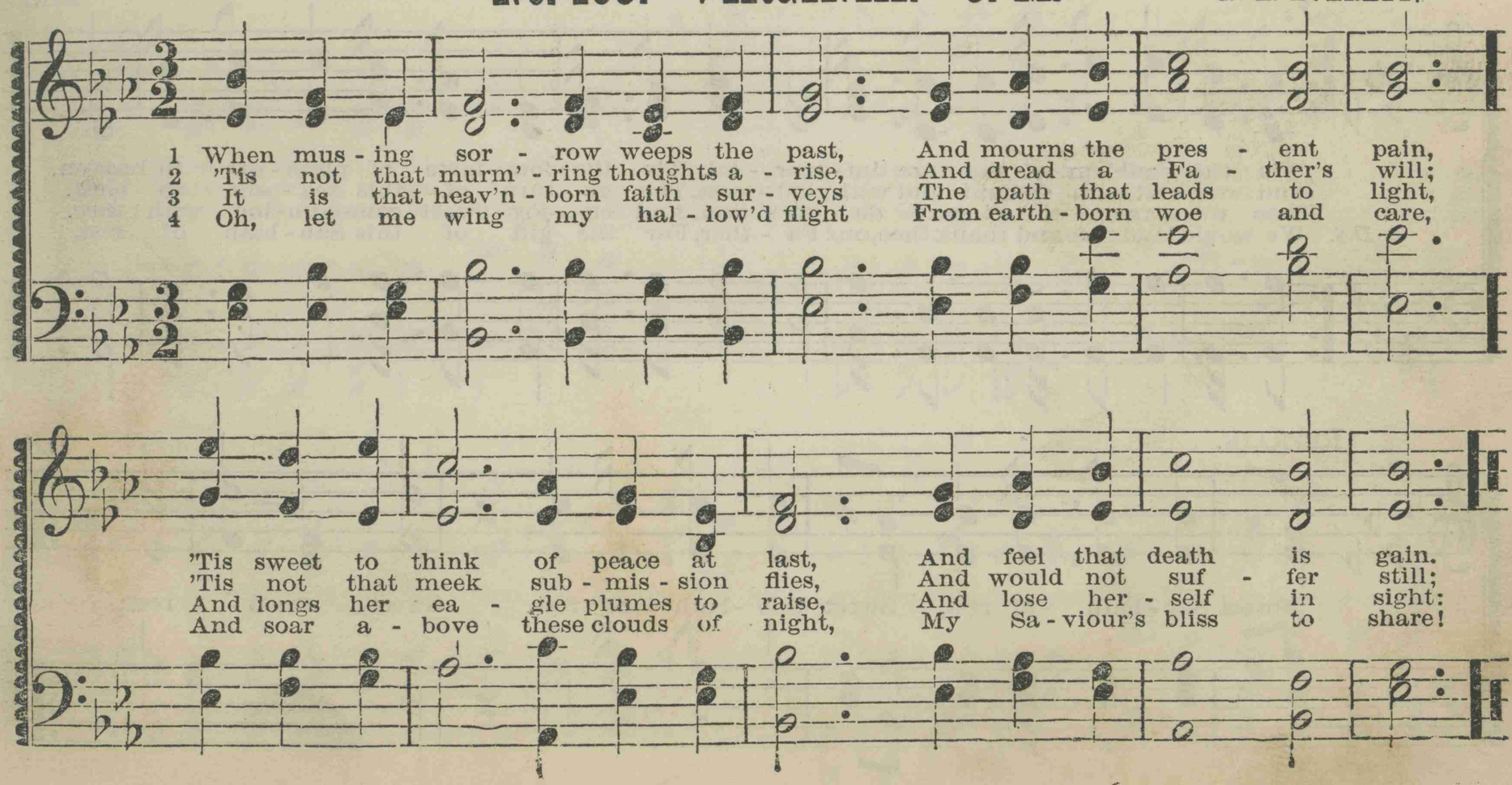
REFRAIN.

On your ear his lov - ing tones are fall - ing, For he seeks you, where - so - e'er you roam.



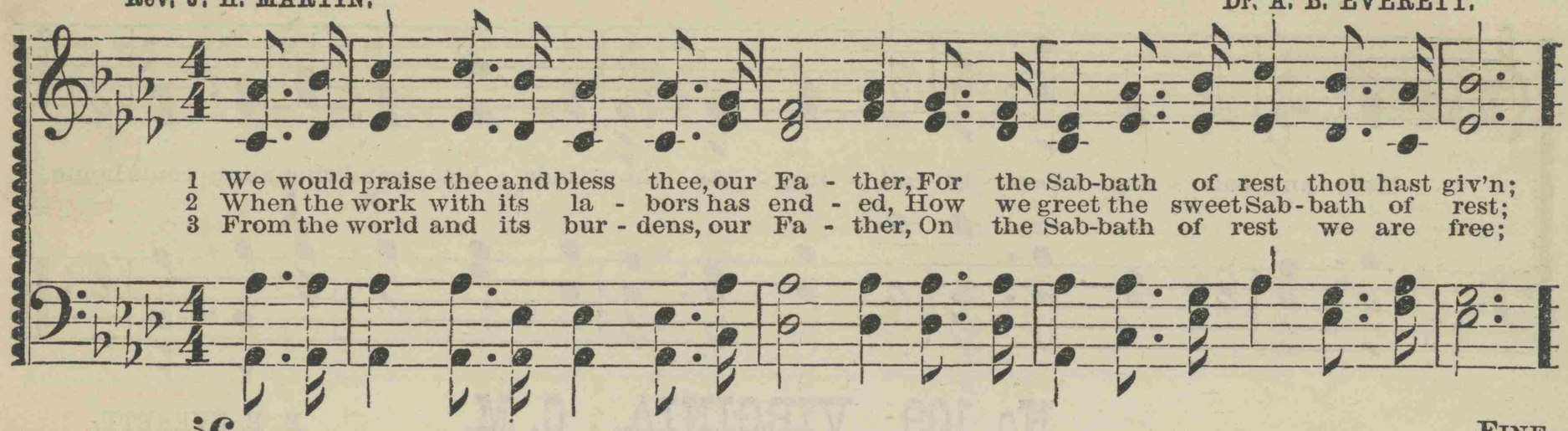
No. 109. VIRGINIA. C. M.

N. E. EVERETT.



No. 110. SWEET SABBATH OF REST.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



No. 111. IN THE HAPPY EDEN.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 In the hap - py E - den, In the land a - bove, Souls de-part - ed call us, To that home of love.
2 There the bless-ed an - gels Ev - er - more do cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Is the Lord most High,
3 On the Tree immor - tal Fruits am-bro-sial grow; From the liv - ing Foun-tain Streams refreshing flow;

There the flow'rs are blooming In e - ter - nal spring; There the ransomed spir-its Hal - le - lu - jahs sing.
There the saints in glo - ry In the song u - nite, Praise the Lamb with gladness, Rest not day and night.
There no sor - rows en - ters; Tears are shed no more; Pain and death are strangers On that heav'nly shore.

REFRAIN.

At the gate of E - den, In that par - a - dise, Lov - ing ones shall greet us, When to heav'n we rise.

No. 112. ONE BY ONE.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. E. LAROCHE.

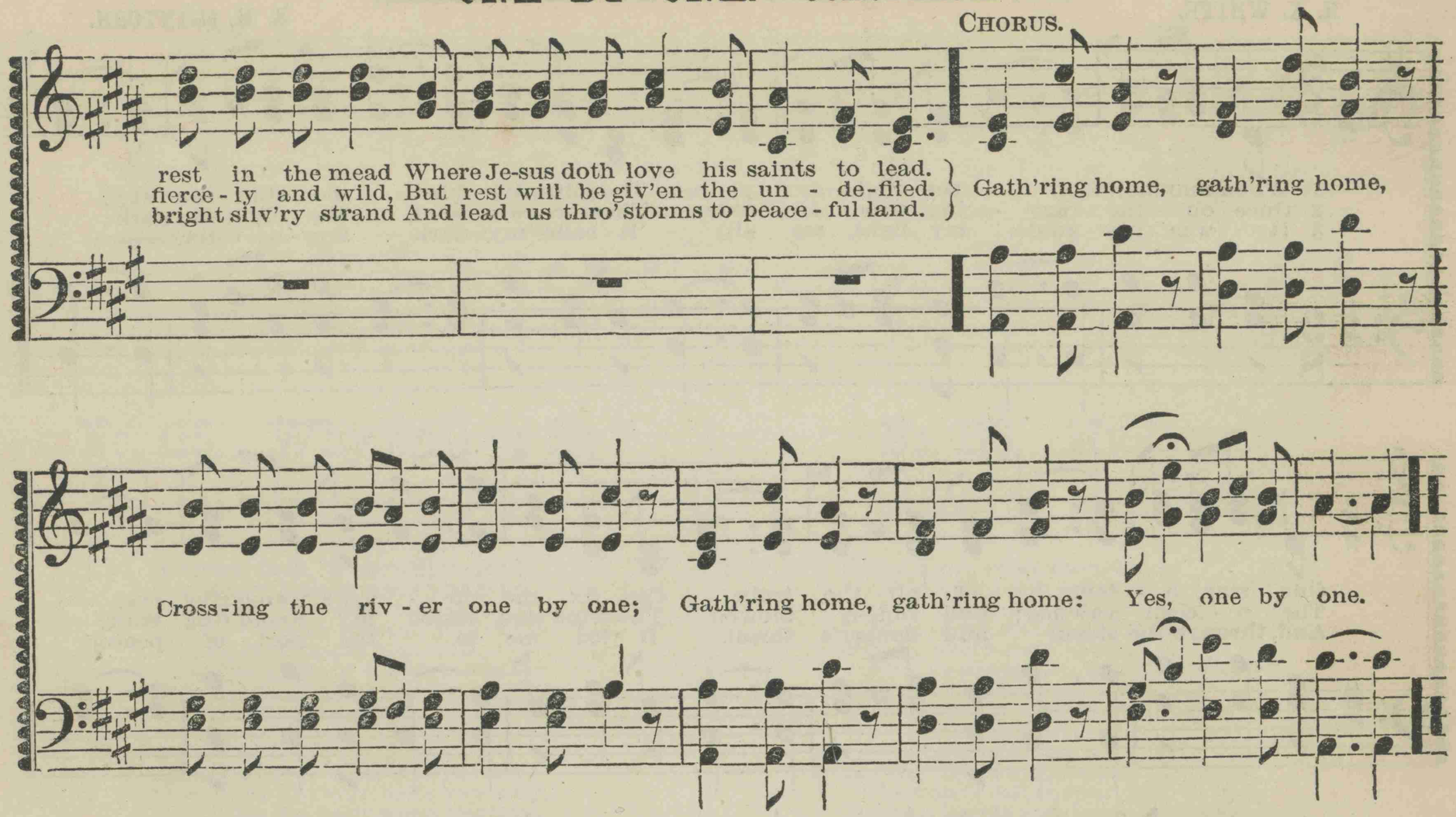
SOLO. CHORUS.

1 They're gath-er - ing homeward from ev' - ry land One by one, one by one; As,
2 Ere rest - ing they pass thro' the toil and strife One by one, one by one; Thro'
3 And we, too, shall come to the riv - er - side One by one, one by one; We're

SOLO. CHORUS. DUET.

wea - ry, their feet touch the shi - ning strand: Yes, one by one. Their brows are enclosed in a
wa - ters of death ere they en - ter life: Yes, one by one. To come are the floods of the
near - er its wa - ters each e - ven - tide: Yes, one by one. We hear the great roar of death's

gold - en crown; Their trav - el-stained garments are all laid down, And, clothed in white raiment, they
riv - er still, While wending their way to the heav'n-ly hill. To oth - ers the waves o'er - flow
chil - ly stream, Ev - er and a - non thro' life's fev' - rish dream, But Je - sus will point out the



No. 113. How sweet the Name!

BONNELL. C. M. KEY A.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrow, 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 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

No. 114. STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

H. K. WHITE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 When marshall'd on the night - ly plain, The glittering host be - stud the sky,
2 Once on the rag - ing seas I rode; The storm was loud, the night was dark;
3 It was my guide, my light, my all; It bade my dark fore - bo - ding cease;

One star a - lone of all the train Can fix the sin - ner's wan-d'ring eye.
The o - cean yawned; and rude-ly blowed The wind that tossed my found'ring bark:
And, through the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace.

Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks, From ev' - ry host, from ev' - ry gem;
Deep hor - ror then my vi - tals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
Now, safe - ly moored, my per - ils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di - a - dem,



No. 115. Why will ye die?

BENEVENTO. 7s. KEY E♭.

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.
God, 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 grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn. Why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why.
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love·
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

No. 116. My Cross.

NETTLETON. P. M. KEY. E♭.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee:
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shall be.
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known:
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

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

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

No. 117. GALILEE.

R. MORRIS, D.D., LL.D.

R. M. McINTOSH.

DUET.

1 Each coo - ing dove and sigh - ing bough, That makes the eve so blest to
2 Each flow' - ry glen and mos - sy dell, Where hap - py birds in song a-
3 And when I read the thrill - ing love Of Him who walked up - on the

me, Has some-thing far di - vin - er now: It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.
gree, Thro' sun - ny morn the prais - es tell Of sights and sounds in Gal - i - lee.
sea, I long, oh, how I long once more To fol - low Him in Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS.

O Gal - i - lee, Sweet Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus loved so

GALILEE. Concluded.

much to be, O Gal - i - lee, Blest Gal - i - lee, Come sing thy song a - gain to me.

No. 118. NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

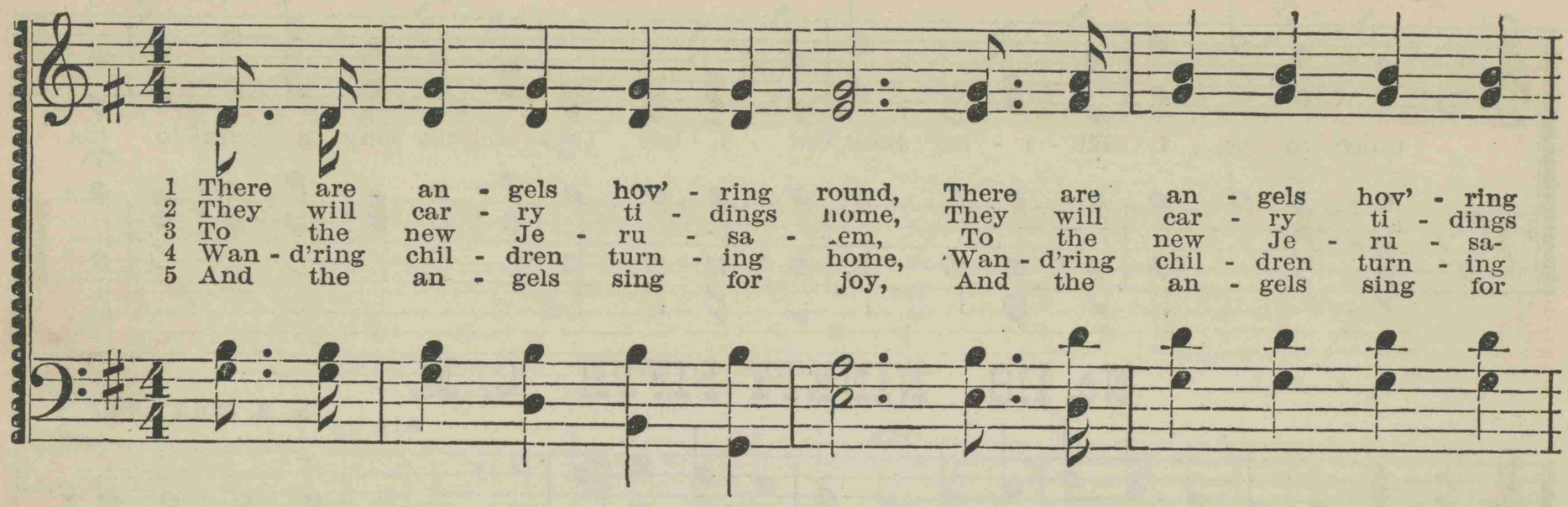
Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1 When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid fare-well to
2 Should earth a-gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be hurled, Then I can smile at
3 Let cares, like a will de - luge, come, Let storms of sor-row fall; So I but safe - ly
4 There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest, And not a wave of

ev' - ry fear, I'll bid fare - well to ev' - ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Satan's rage, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
reach my home, So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
trouble roll, And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace-ful breast.

No. 119. GLAD TIDINGS.

Sing without interlude.



No. 120. LET THEM COME.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. W. O. PERKINS.

1 Oh, I love to think how Je - sus, When he walked on earth be - low, Used to bless the lit - tle
2 Lit - tle chil-dren, now from Je - sus, Will you his dear blessing seek? From his home on high he
3 Just as close his arms will hold you; Just as kind his blessing fall; Just as warm his love en-

CHORUS.

chil - dren, For he loved them, loved them so! } Un - to me, un - to me, Of the
sees us: Hear him kind - ly to us speak. }
fold you; Just as sweet - ly doth he call. } let them come! let them come!

lit - tle ones, saith he: For the bless-ed heavenly king-dom Of such as they shall be.
Of the lit - tle ones saith he:

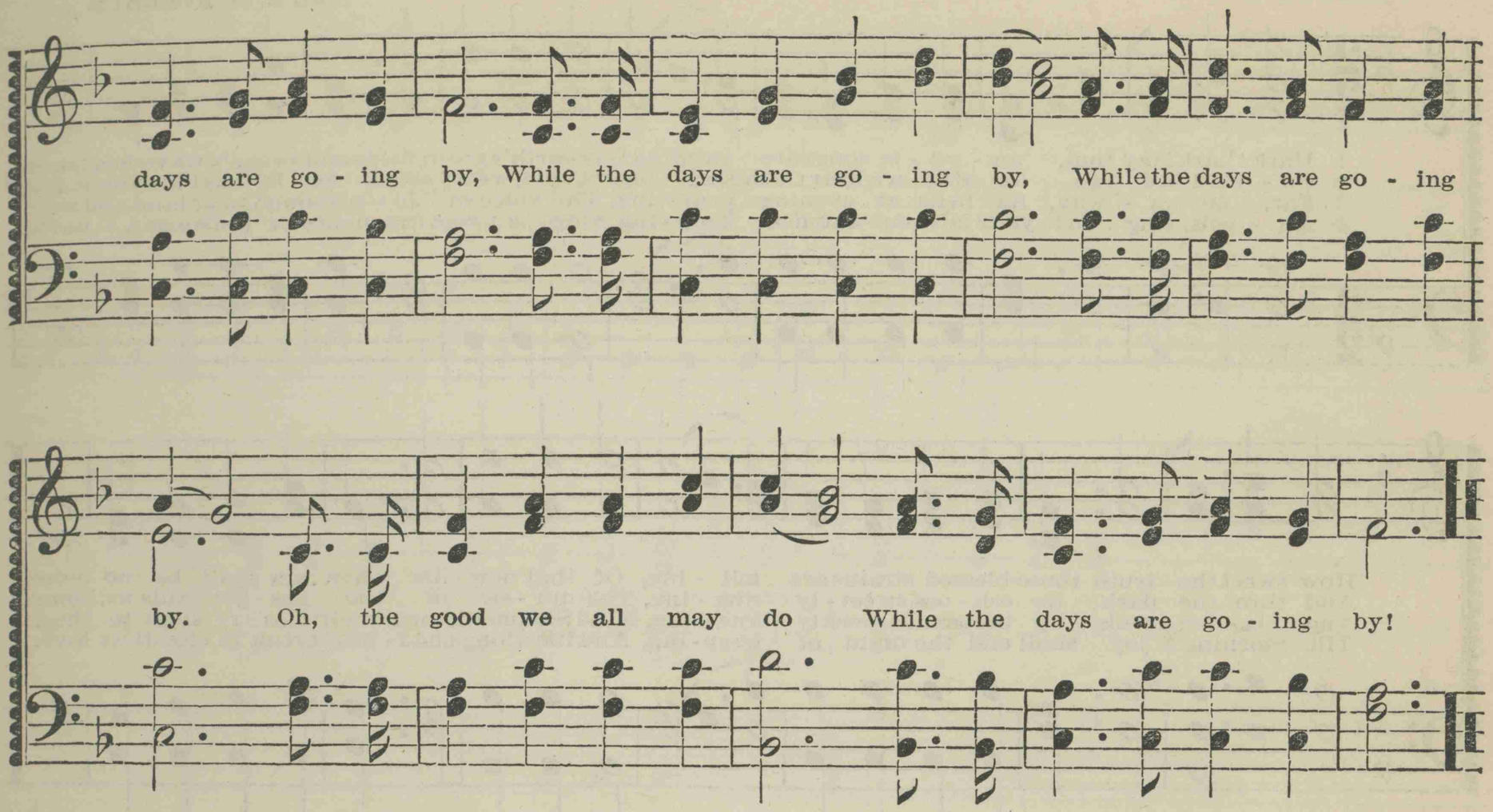
No. 121. DO GOOD!

R. M. McINTOSH.

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

wea - ry souls who per - ish While the days are go - ing by; If a smile we can re-
face be like the morn - ing While the days are go - ing by; Oh, the world is full of
one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by; But the seed of good we

new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue, Oh, the good we all may do
sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes,— Help your fall - en broth - er rise } While the
sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will keep our hearts a - glow



No. 122. Sow the Seed.

DUNCAN. S. M. KEY D♭.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed:
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed.
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 The good, the fruitful ground.
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill, o'er dale, by plots, 'tis found:
Go forth, then, everywhere.

3 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

5 Thence, when the final end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, "Harvest home!"

No. 123. ANGELIC SONGS.

Dr, A. B, EVERETT.

1 Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
2 On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, weary souls, for Je - sus bids you come;"
3 Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea;
4 An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watches keep - ing, Sing us sweet fragments of the songs a - bove;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
And la - den souls by thousands meekly kneel-ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep - ing, And life's long shad - ows break in cloudless love.

CHORUS.

An - gels of Je - sus! An - gels of light! Sing - ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night.

No. 124. REDEEMING LOVE.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. J. B. COPELAND.

1 Ten thousand gold - en harps a - bove, With sweet, melodious sound, Ex - tol and praise re-
2 There saints with rapture loud proclaim The glo - ries of the Lamb,— With an - gels join to
3 "Wor-thy is He that died," they cry, "And washed us in his blood, To be enthroned, ex-
4 Tri - um-phant, lof - ty hymns of praise, With joy - ful voice they sing, Ex - ult - ing, loud ho-

CHORUS.

deem-ing love, And spread the notes a - round.
bless his name, And laud the great I AM.
alt - ed high, And glo - ri - fied with God."
san - nas raise In hon - or of their King.

Oh, may I join the hap - py throng Of ransomed souls a - bove, And sing the ev - er - last - ing song Of Je - sus and his love.

No. 125. HAPPY PILGRIMS.

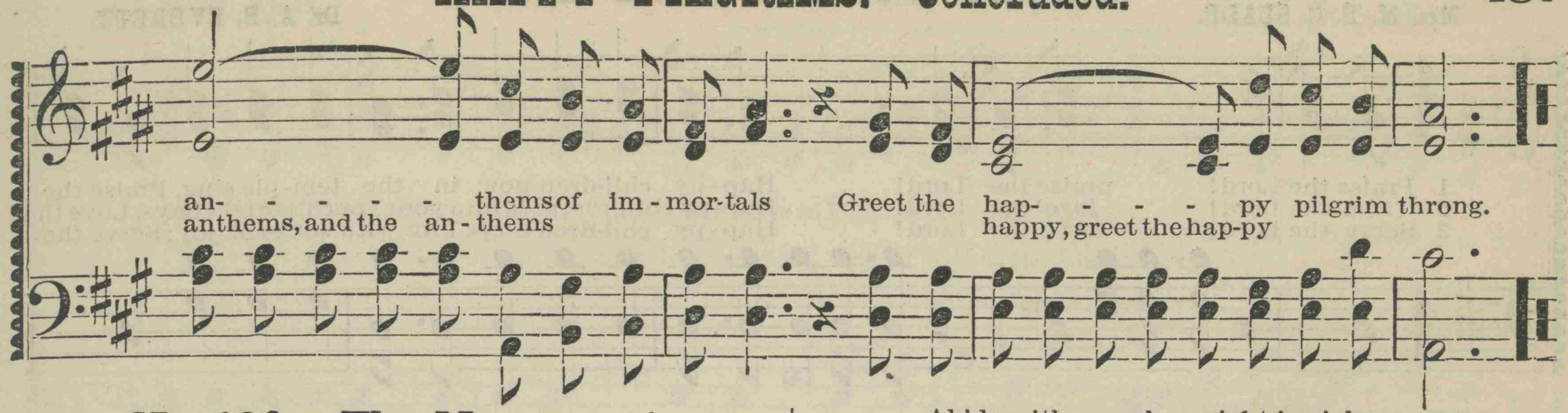
Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 To the heav-en-ly Je-ru-sa-lem They are singing, as they go; And the King thereof shall
2 In the heav-en-ly Je-rusalem, No more night their souls shall know; There the Lord's dear face shall
3 In the heav-en-ly Je-ru-sa-lem, All their tears shall cease to flow; No more sorrow, pain, nor
4 To that heav-en-ly Je-ru-sa-lem, With the pilgrims will you go? Sing-ing songs of end-less

CHORUS.

wel-come them, For he loves, he loves them so. Through the o- - - - - - pen, pear-ly
shine on them, For he loves, he loves them so.
death for them, For he loves, he loves them so.
praise with them, For he loves, he loves them so. o-pen, thro' the o-pen,

por-tals Sounds the won- - - - - - - drous new-made song; And the
won-drous, sounds the won-drous



No. 126. The Mercy-seat.

STOWELL. L. M. KEY A.

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 sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 127. Abide with us.

PASCAL. L. M. KEY G.

1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes

2 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.

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

4 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. 128. The Gospel.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. KEY E♭.

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night and day, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light or feel the sun.

No. 129. PRAISE THE LORD!

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

1 Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Hap-py chil-dren now in the tem-ple sing, Praise the
2 Love the Lord! love the Lord! Hap-py children, give him your youth's bright days; Love the
3 Serve the Lord! serve the Lord! Hap-py chil-dren serve him with songs of joy; Serve the

Lord! praise the Lord! Ho-san-na to the Lord our King. Oh, praise him for the flow'rs that grow, Oh,
Lord! love the Lord! He ev-er lov-eth you, he says. Oh, love him for he loves us so; Oh,
Lord! serve the Lord! And let his work your hands employ. Oh, serve him, whatsoe'er ye do; Oh,

praise him for the stars that move; Praise the Lord here be-low, And praise him in his courts a-bove.
love him for his won-drous love; Love the Lord here be-low, And love him in his courts a-bove.
serve him wheresoe'er ye move. Serve the Lord here be-low, And serve him in his courts a-bove.

No. 130. THE SURE FOUNDATION.

S. S. JOURNAL.

T. C. O'KANE.

1st. 2d.

1 There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to Heav'n its head sublime;
That Rock is cleft, and they are blest, Who . . . . . find within this cleft a rest.

2 That Rock's a Cross, its arms outspread, Ce-les-tial glo-ry bathes its head;
To its firm base my all I bring, and . . . . . to the Cross of A - ges cling.

3 That Rock's a Tow'r, whose lofty height, Illumed with heav'ns unclouded light,
Opes wide its gate be-neath the dome, Where . . . . . saints find rest with Christ at home.

CHORUS.

Some build their hopes on the ev - er - drift-ing sand; Some on their fame, or their treasure, or their land;

Mine's on a Rock that for - ev - er will stand,—Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

No. 131. DEAR JESUS.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. E. LAROCHE.

1 To Je - sus, to Je - sus, How pre-cious and dear Are souls in their childhood and youth;
2 He calls you, He calls you, In - vites you to come. Oh, haste to the Sa-viour to - day!
3 You'll find him, you'll find him When, with the whole heart, You search for the good and right way;

Oh, seek him thus ear - ly! To Je - sus draw near, And fol - low his light and his truth.
Fly, fly to his bo - som, For yet there is room: To seek him no lon - ger de - lay.
Then turn un - to Je - sus; From e - vil de - part; Your Lord and your Mas - ter o - bey.

REFRAIN.

Dear Je - sus, dear Je - sus, As - sist us, weak chil - dren, to seek thee; Oh,



No. 132. The Word of God.

SHIRLAND. S. M. KEY G.

1 Behold the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just:
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

No. 133. My Shepherd.

SCHUMANN. S. M. KEY G.

1 The Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied.
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray.
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

No. 134. He knows.

BOYLSTON. S. M. KEY C.

1 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath:
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are like the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

No. 135. SEEKING.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 What saith Je-ho-vah, the Ho-ly One on high? Searcher of hearts and of spir-its am I.
2 What saith Je-ho-vah, the Ho-ly One a-bove? Them that love me, saith the Lord, will I love.
3 What saith Je-ho-vah, the sweet-ly sol-emn sound? Seek ye the Lord, while yet he may be found.

Lord, we would serve thee with willing heart and mind: Teach us, oh, teach us the way thy grace to find.
Hear him his own pre-cious word of promise speak: Ear-ly shall they find me, ear-ly they that seek.
Call ye up-on him, while you he draw-eth near; O-pen our hearts, Lord, thy loving call to hear.

REFRAIN.

If thou wilt seek him, he will be found of thee: If thou for-sake him, oh, where wilt thou be!



No. 136. HOW GOES THE BATTLE?*

ASA HULL.

SOLO. *Traveler.*



* From "Royal Favorite," by permission.

HOW GOES THE BATTLE? Continued.



SOLO. *Watchman.*



HOW GOES THE BATTLE? Concluded.

Pressing on to the kingdom, where Christ has gone, They in his strength will conquer when the victory is won.
Trusting in their Redeemer, they journey on, Till in his strength they conquer and the victory is won.
Some fall out by the way, but the host press on, In Jesus' strength they conquer when the victory is won.

f CHORUS. *pp* *f*

In Je-sus' strength they conquer, In Je-sus' strength they conquer, In Jesus' strength they conquer when the

ff *ritard.*

vic - to - ry is won, when the vic - to - ry is won, when the vic - to - ry is won.

No. 137. WATCH!

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE.

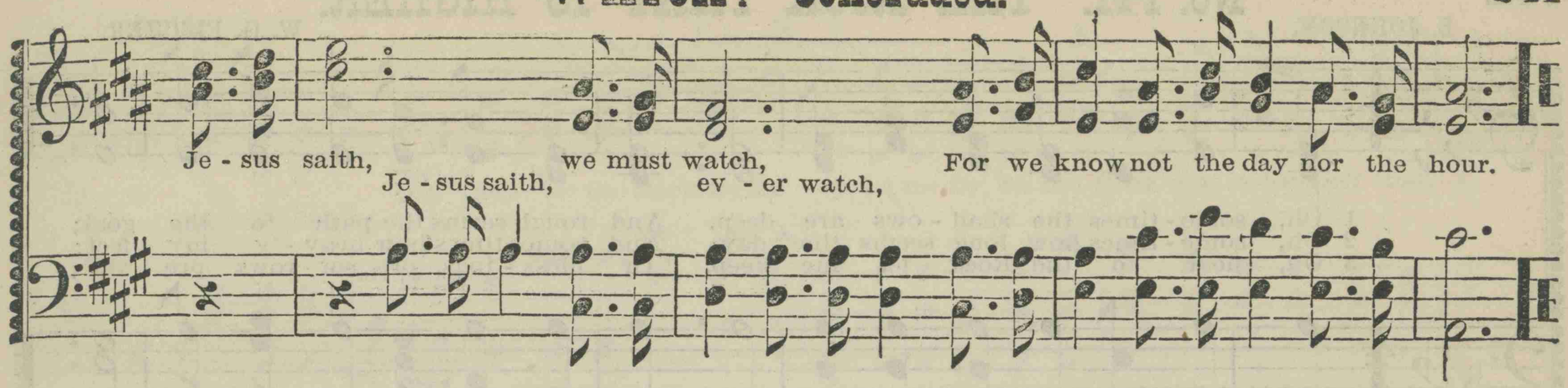
R. M. McINTOSH.

1 When the cry shall be made at the mid-night, "Go ye out, for the Bridegroom is near!"
2 Till he comes now he bids us be read - y. Can you say to the Bridegroom, I am?
3 Oh, how sad if our oil is all wast - ed, Though we has - ten our lamps to re - new,
4 Oh, when ris - es the glo - ri - ous sum-mons, "Meet the Bridegroom and join in the song!"

Will you rise with your lamps trimmed and burn-ing? Will you joy - ful - ly bid him draw near?
Will you en - ter the door that is o - pen, To the dear marriage-feast of the Lamb?
If we find that the Bridegroom has en - tered! Left with-out, then, oh, what shall we do?
May we all, with our lamps brightly burn - ing, En - ter in with the wor - ship - ing throng!

REFRAIN.

We will watch, ev - er watch! Till the Bridegroom shall come in his power;
We will watch, we will watch!



No. 138. Joy to the World.

ANTIOCH. C. M. KEY D.

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 earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ!
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

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

No. 139. His Goodness.

HEAD. C. M. KEY A.

1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all:
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down.
When virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou givest the mourner rest.

3 Thou knowest the pains thy servants feel;
Thou hearest thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

No. 140. Rest.

BROWN. C. M. KEY C.

1 Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our souls' desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 Oh, that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin!

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,—
The Sabbath of thy love.

No. 141. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

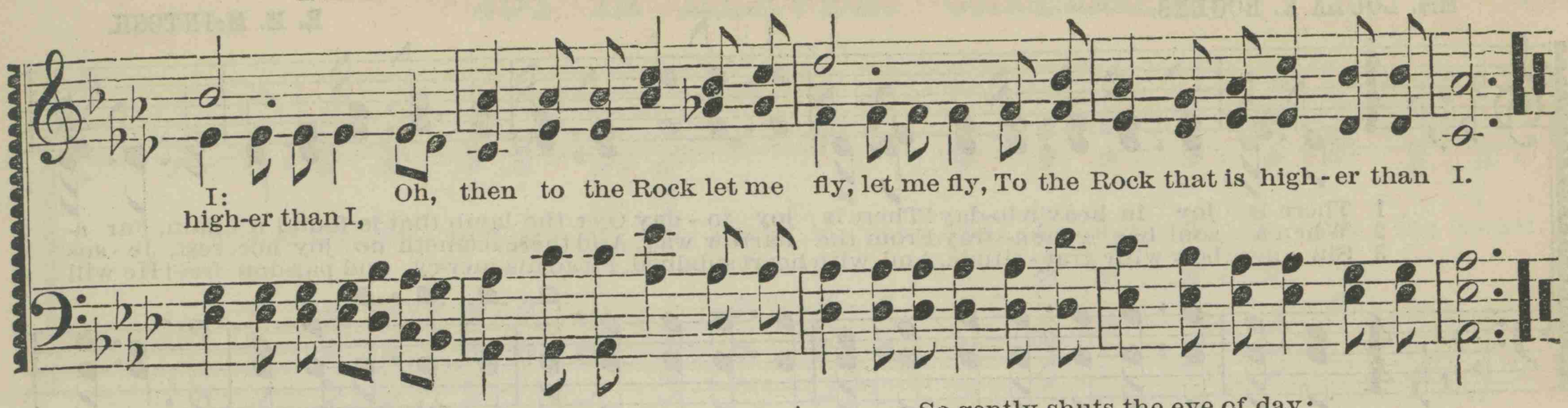
E. JOHNSON. W. G. FISCHER.

1 Oh, some - times the shad - ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
2 Oh, some - times how long seems the day, And some - times how heav - y my feet;
3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or bless - ings, or sor - rows pre - vail;

And sor - rows, how of - ten they sweep, Like temp - ests, down o - ver the soul.
But, toil - ing in life's dust - y way, The Rock's bless - ed shad - ow, how sweet!
Or climb - ing the moun-tain way steep, Or walk - ing the shad - ow - y vale.

CHORUS.

Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than is



No. 142. Solace.

AVON. C. M. KEY B♭.

1 O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 When joy no longer soothes nor cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too:

3 Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above!

4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

No. 143. The Righteous.

ZEPHYR. L. M. KEY C.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast.

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

4 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which the unfettered soul enjoys.

No. 144. Why mourn?

CHINA. C. M. KEY B♭.

1 Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

No. 145. JOY IN HEAVEN.

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

1 There is joy in heav'n to-day! There is joy to - day O'er the lamb that is found a - gain, Far a-
2 When a soul has gone a-stray From the narrow way, And there seemeth no joy nor rest, Je - sus
3 Sin - ner, bow with grat - titude, And, with heart subdued, Plead his mer-cy and par-don free! He will

way from pastures green, Wandering all a - lone On the des - o - late, bar - ren plain!
still is ev - er near, Hear - ing night and day All the cries of the sin - op-pressed!
see the fall - ing tear, Hear the fer - vent prayer, And will tend - er - ly wel-come thee!

REFRAIN.

Glo - ry to the Lord of Hosts, Shout the morning stars on high, Praise him ever, ye angels of light! He has



No. 146. Gratitude.

NETTLETON. 9th P. M. KEY E♭.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount:—I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise 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, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love,—
Here's my heart, oh, take seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above!

No. 147. What of the Night?

WATCHMAN. 7s. KEY D.

1 Watchman, tell us of the night.
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler, yes: it brings the day,—
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own:
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

No. 148. LITTLE WORKERS.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. E. LAROCHE.

1 We are work - ers, earn - est work - ers For Christ our Re - deem - er,
2 We will gath - er, we will gath - er When Sabb - bath bells call us
3 Oh, 'tis joy - ful, yes, 'tis joy - ful To work for our Sa - viour:

And we love him, ev - er love him Who called us his own.
To the al - tar, prec - ious al - tar Where Je - sus will bless.
We'll be jew - els, shi - ning jew - els When he calls us home.

REFRAIN.

Like the flow - ers a - dorn - ing The fresh - ness of morn - ing,



No. 149. Delight in Christ.

DE FLEURY. 10th P. M. KEY G.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim;
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume;
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I:
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky!
Thy soul-cheering presence restore!
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more!

No. 150. Lord of All.

CORONATION. C. M. KEY G.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all!

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forgot
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all!

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

5 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. 151. I'M PRAYING FOR YOU.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 I have a Sa - viour— he's plead-ing in glo - ry— So pre - cious, though earth-ly en-
2 I have a Fa - ther: to me he has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty,
3 When he has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, How Je - sus ex - tend - ed his

joy - ments be few; And now he is watch - ing in tend - er - ness o'er me: But
prec - ious and true; And soon will my spir - it be with him in heav - en: But
mer - cy to you; Then point them a - way to the re - gions of glo - ry, And

REFRAIN.

oh, that my Sa - viour was your Sa - viour too!
oh, that he'd let me bring you with me too!
pray that your Sa - viour may bring them there too.
} For you I am pray - ing, For



No. 152. Who would live alway?

FREDERICK. 27th P. M. KEY F.

1 I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway: no! welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

No. 153. Asleep in Jesus.

REST. L. M. KEY E♭.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,—
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

No. 154. Peaceful Death.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. KEY G.

1 Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed!

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

No. 155. THE PORTALS OF LIGHT.

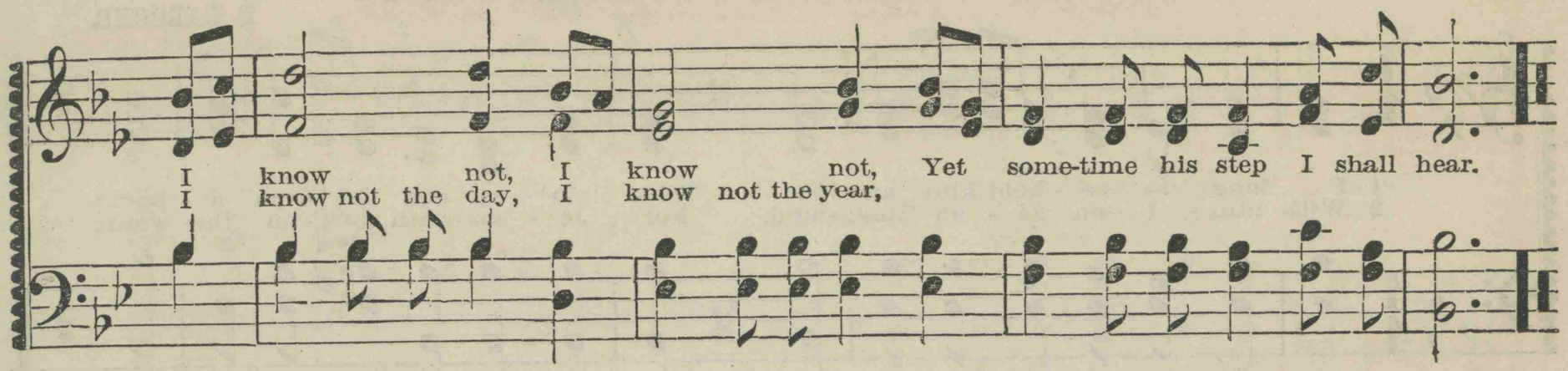
R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES.

1 I know not the time of his com - ing: The hour of the day is not known;
2 I know not what du - ties a - wait me, What work he re-quires me to do;
3 I know not! but wheth - er the sum - mons Shall come in the day or the night,

But I know, that if I am then read - y, I'll not walk the dark val - ley a - lone.
But with heart and with hands ev - er read - y I shall strive to be will - ing and true.
I have faith—with the plea, thou hast called me— I shall en - ter the "Por - tals of Light."

REFRAIN.

I know not, I know not, I know not the day nor the year:
I know not the day, I know not the day,



No. 156. Ashamed of Jesus!

CRICHLOW. L. M. KEY A.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee!

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

No. 157. Joy.

AZMON. C. M. KEY A.

1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found,—and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,—
A sense of pardoning love,—
A hope that triumphs over death,—
Give joy like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the vail,—
To know that God is mine,—
Are springs of joy that never fail:
Unspeakable, divine!

No. 158. Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY. 7s. KEY C.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

2 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown.
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 159. I LONG TO BEHOLD HIM.

E LAROCHE.

1 I long to be - hold him arrayed With glo - ry and light from a - bove:
2 With him I on Zi - on shall stand, For Je - sus hath spok - en the word;

The King in his beau - ty dis-played,— His beau - ty of ho - li - est love:
The breadth of Im - man - u - el's land Sur - vey by the light of the Lord;

I lan - guish and sigh to be there, Where Je - sus hath fixed his a - bode:
But when on thy bos - om re - clined, Thy face I am strengthened to see,



No. 160. Precious Promise

FOUNDATION. 27th P. M. KEY A.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,—
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

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

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

4 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

No. 161. Grace.

BROWN. C. M. KEY C.

1 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

2 Ye careless ones, oh, hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love!
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

3 For you the public prayer is made:
Oh, join the public prayer!
For you the secret tear is shed:
Oh, shed yourself a tear!

4 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach:
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

No. 162. The Conflict.

LABAN. S. M. KEY D.

1 My soul, be on thy guard!
Ten thousand foes arise!
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch and fight and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er:
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down!
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

No. 163. WHOSOEVER WILL.*

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

D.C. 1 Who-so - ev - er will may tru - ly come,
He that is a-thirst, oh, let him come,
2 He that is an hun - ger, let him come,
Who-so - ev - er eat - eth of the bread,
3 'Tis the blessed Sa-viour's words I hear,
Who-so - ev - er will may tru - ly come,

Who - so - ev - er will, Who - so - ev - er will,

Who - so - ev - er will may tru - ly come, And drink life's wa - ter free - ly.
He that is a-thirst, oh, let him come, And drink life's wa - ter free - ly.
He that is an hun - ger, let him come, And eat and live for ev - er.
Who - so - ev - er eat - eth of the bread Of life shall hun - ger nev - er.
'Tis the bless - ed Sa - viour's words I hear, To ev' - ry tribe and na - tion.
Who - so - ev - er will may tru - ly come, And share this great sal - va - tion.

DUET.

CHORUS. 1st. 2d. D.C.

The Spir-it and the Bride say come, Free-ly come, Free-ly come, And drink of life's wa - ter freely.

* By permission, from "Crown of Life," published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio.

No. 164. GONE TO HEAVEN.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Why la-ment the Christian dy-ing? Why in-dulge in tears or gloom? Calmly on the Lord re-
2 Scenes seraphic, high and glo-ri-ous, Now for-bid his lon-ger stay: See him rise, o'er death vic-
3 Hark! the gold-en harps are ring-ing! Sounds unearthly fill his ear: Millions now in heav-en

REFRAIN.

ly-ing He can greet the opening tomb.
to-rious! An-gels bec-kon him a-way.
sing-ing, Greet his joy-ful entrance there.

We'll meet a-gain, by and by! We'll meet a-

gain, by and by! In the realms of end-less glo-ry We shall meet, yes, by and by.

No. 165. ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1 Praise to the Sa - viour! praise to his name! With tune-ful lips his hon - ors proclaim;
2 Praise to the Sa - viour! now let us sing Glad songs and hymns to Je - sus our King;
3 Praise to the Sa - viour! let us o - bey And serve and fol - low him in the way;

With grate - ful hearts spread wide - ly his fame, Thank-ful - ly bless - ing Him.
And let our voi - ces joy - ful - ly ring With ech-oes to his name.
He's pres - ent here, He's with us to - day: Ho - san - nas let us raise!

CHORUS.

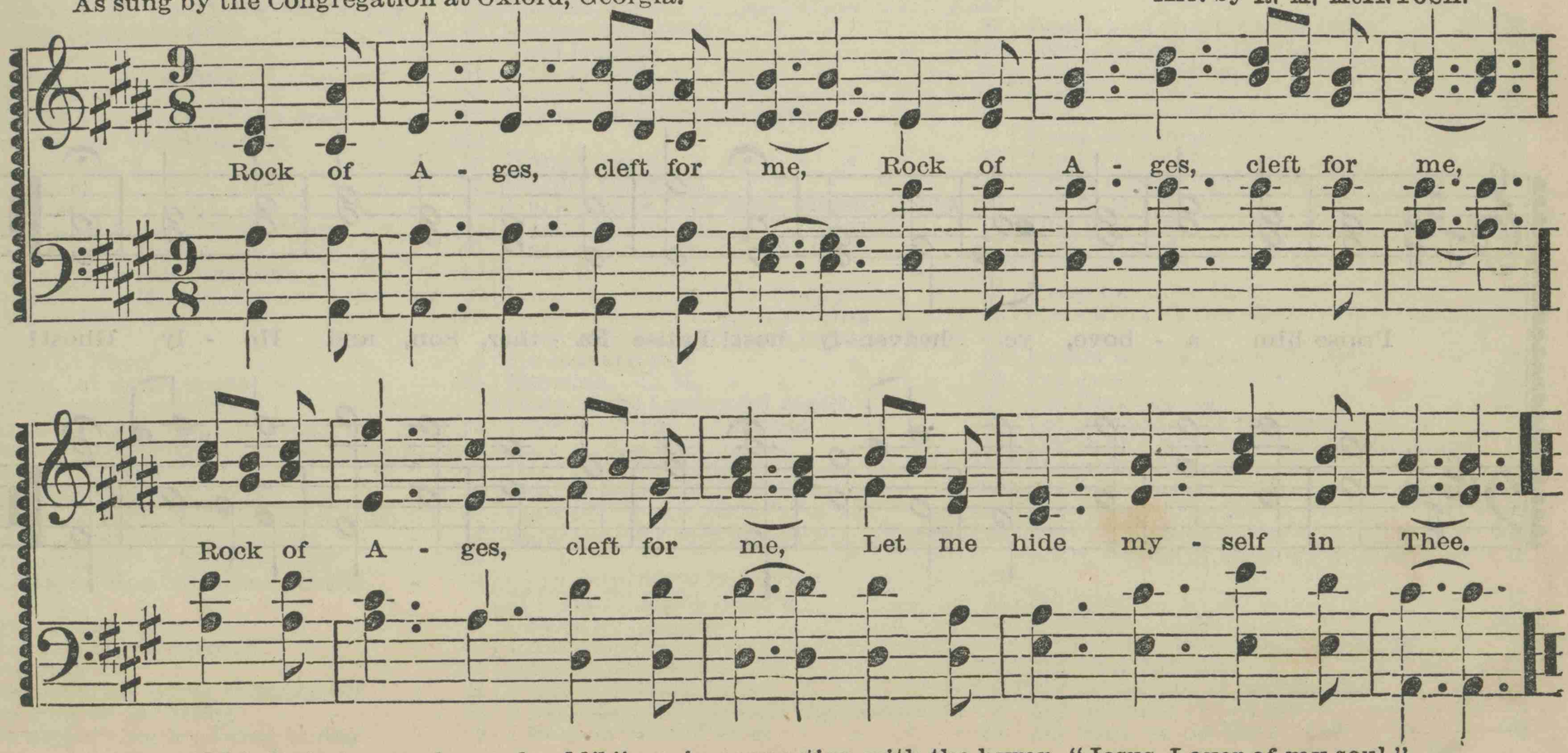
Hap - py, hap - py are our hearts to - day, For the Lord has brought us on our way.



No. 166. YARBROUGH. 7s.*

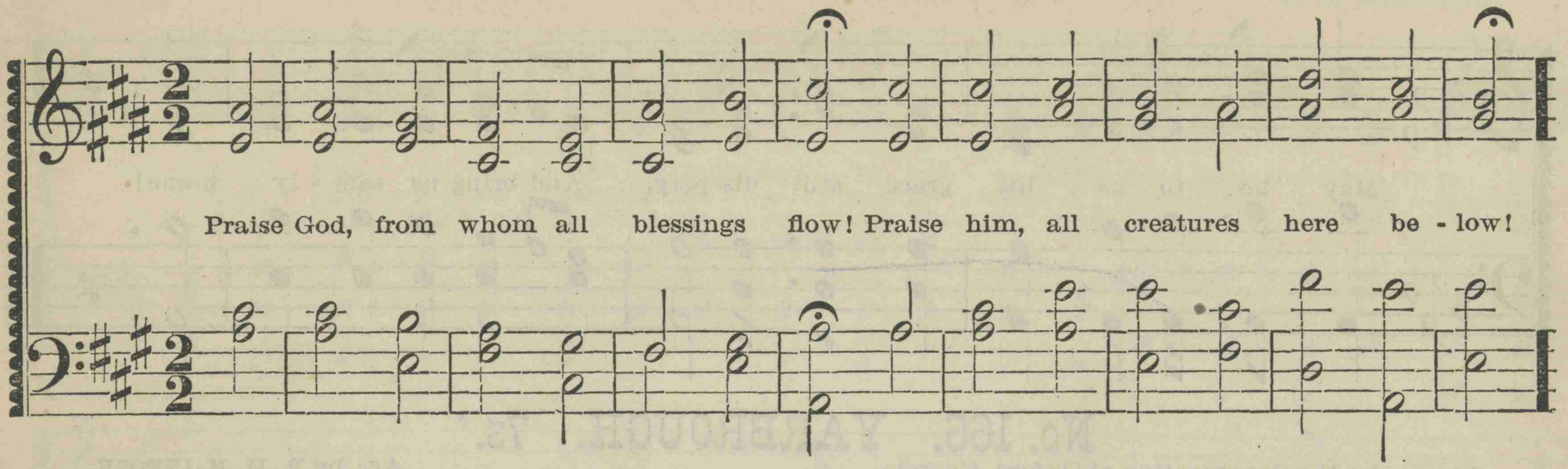
As sung by the Congregation at Oxford, Georgia.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



*This Refrain may be used, *ad libitum*, in connection with the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my soul."

No. 167. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.





INDEX.

	NO.
A few more years shall roll	36
A home with Jesus	54
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	100
Allen. L. M.	75
All glory and praise be to Jesus	52
All hail the power of Jesus' name	150
Am I a soldier of the cross	17
Andrew. L. M.	80
Anniversary hymn	165
Angelic songs	123
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	107
Are you staying	108
Asleep in Jesus	153
As when the weary traveler gains	75
At the beautiful gate	40
Beautiful Christmas	64
Beautiful heaven	70
Behold a stranger at the door	13
Behold the morning sun	132
Be not afraid	19
Be saved	92
Bethany	68
Beyond this land of parting	4
Beyond the sunset	20
Bringing in the sheaves	29
Broker. L. M.	73
By and by	15
Close to Thee	6
Come, let us all unite	35
Come, needy sinners	2
Come, thou almighty King	23
Come, thou Fount of every blessing	146
Come to Jesus	89
Come to the Fountain	9
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast	67
Come unto me	18
Come unto me, all ye weary	103
Come, ye sinners, come to-day	84
Dear Jesus	131
Did you think to pray	83
Do good	121
Do not faint when tribulation	41
Do we live for Jesus	38
Do something for Jesus to-day	32
Each cooing dove and sighing bough	117
Ere you left your room this morning	83
Fade, fade each earthly joy	63
Fear not the gloom of the midnight	19
Follow thou me	24
Footsteps of Jesus	37
Free grace	67
Freely give	99
Free waters	14
From all the dark places	81
From every stormy wind that blows	126
Galilee	117
Gathering home	47
Glad tidings	119
Go forward	33
Gone to heaven	164
Grace is a plant wherein	161
Happy band	62
Happy pilgrims	125
Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs	123
Hark! the gentle voice of Jesus	18
Hark! the voice of countless	55
Hear him calling	108
Hear the voice of Jesus say	1
Hear you ever angels singing	43
Heavenly Father, keep me near thee	34
He leadeth me	66
Hermon. C. M.	105
Holy night! peaceful night	87
How blest the righteous	143
How firm a foundation	160
How goes the battle	136
How happy every child of grace	105
How sweet the name of Jesus	113
How tedious and tasteless the hours	149
I am coming to the cross	102
If I, like Galilee fishers	24
I have a Saviour	151
I have a sweet hope	11
I hear the Saviour say	60
I know not the time	155
I long for a home with my Saviour	54
I long to behold Him	159
I love to tell the story	46
I'm praying for you	151
In God I have found a retreat	91
In the happy Eden	111
In the Sunday-school army	50
Into the tent where a gipsy-boy lay	88
Is it far?	76
I think I should mourn	40
It may be far, it may be near	15
I turned my heart from ways of sin	69
I was a wandering sheep	90
I will go to Jesus	25
I would not live alway	152
Jesus, and shall it ever be	156
Jesus, help the pilgrim	49
Jesus, I my cross have taken	116
Jesus is mine	63
Jesus, Lover of my soul	97
Jesus will forgive	84
Joy in heaven	145
Joy is a fruit that	157
Joy to the world	138
Just as I am	82
Just beyond	43
Keep me near thee	34
Knocking at the door	45
Laden with a heavy burden	25
Let every tongue thy	139
Let them come	120
Let us pass over the river	74
Liken the kingdom to the springing	12
Linger no longer	2
Little workers	148
Lord, I am coming	57
Lord, I believe a rest	140
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	10
McAnally. C. M.	17
Messiah. C. M.	107
Must Jesus bear the cross alone	31
My God, my life	98
My latest sun is sinking fast	95
My Saviour pitied me	69
My soul, be on thy guard	162

	No.
...r, my God, to thee	68
...ety-Fifth. C. M.	118
...o one can tell when the Saviour	101
No other one but Jesus	3
O all ye works of the Lord	65
O'er the hills and adown the snowy	64
Oh, do not let the word depart	58
Oh, how I love Jesus	100
Oh, I love to think how Jesus	120
Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep	141
Oh, the Saviour is calling	72
Oh, when shall I dwell in a mansion	21
Oh, would to me were only given	70
Old Hundred. L. M.	167
One by one	112
One drop of the blood	44
Only a season brief	56
Open the door	53
O sinner, with guilt	9
O Thou who driest the mourner's	142
Out on an ocean	27
Praise God, from whom all blessings	167
Praise Him and magnify Him	65
Praise the Lord	129
Praise to the Saviour	165
Pressing on	56
Redeeming love	124
Revive thy work	8
Revive us	52
Rock of ages	158
Sabbath chimes	78
Saviour, thou hast bid me come	57
Say, have you read in the story olden	42
Seeking	135
See the gospel ship is sailing	106
Shall we gather at the river	71
Shall we gladly meet	7
Shall we meet beyond the river	59
Showers of blessings	10
Sing praises to Jesus	35
Sinner, how thy heart is troubled	92
Sinners, turn, why will ye die	115
Sowing in the morning	29
Sow in the morn thy seed	122
Star of Bethlehem	114
Summer land	4
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear	127
Sweet hour of prayer	30
Sweetly, Lord, have we heard thee	37
Sweet rest	103
Sweet Sabbath of rest	110
Take my sins away	36
Tell it again	88
Ten thousand golden harps above	124
The city above	86
The flowing fountain	104
The glory land	79
The golden city	42
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord	128
The home of the blest	21
The kingdom coming	81
The Lord, my Shepherd is	133
The mistakes of my life have been	93
The mustard seed	12
The old ship of Zion	106
The open door	93
The pity of the Lord	134
The portals of light	155
The Saviour is calling	72
The shining portals	22
The Stranger at the door	13
The sure foundation	130
There are angels hovering round	119
There are lonely hearts to cherish	121
There is a city built above	86
There is a fountain filled with blood	26
There is a gate that stands ajar	77
There is a land of pure delight	94
There is joy in heaven	145
There's a fountain free	14
There's a land of love shining far	79
There's a light on the dark and	61
There stands a Rock	130
The Rock that is higher	141
They're gathering homeward	112
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love	80
Though in darkness	41
Thou my everlasting portion	6
'Tis grace! 'tis grace!	5
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow	73
To Jesus, to Jesus	131
To that city will you go?	16
To the heavenly Jerusalem	125
Tripping lightly, tripping o'er	78
Trusting, Lord, in thee	102
Under His wing	91
Up to the bountiful Giver of life	47
Vanderbilt	23
Virginia. C. M.	109
Walking the sea	61
Watch	137
Watch and pray	51
Watchman, tell us of the night	147
We a little infant band	62
We are marching	33
We'll praise Him forever	50
We would praise Thee	110
What a Friend we have in Jesus	96
What means this eager, anxious	28
What saith Jehovah?	135
Whene'er the heart is sad and drear	99
When He shall appear	101
When I can read my title clear	118
When marshalled on the nightly	114
When musing sorrow weeps the past	109
When our work is ended	74
When the cry shall be	137
When the trump of God shall sound	39
When we get home	85
When we pass the shining portals	22
Where the jasper walls are beaming	16
Who at my door is standing	45
Who shall be able to stand	39
Whosoever will	163
Why do we mourn departing friends	144
Why lament the Christian	164
Why not to-night	58
Why should we start	154
Will you drink the flowing fountain	104
Wonderful grace	5
Work for Jesus	1
Work, for the night is coming	48
Worthy is the Lamb	55
Yarbrough	166

512

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NO.
16
- 125
r - - 78
- - 102
- - 91
life - 47
- - 23
- - 109
- - 61
- - 137
- - 51
ht - 147
- - 62
- - 33
- - 50
- - 110
esus - 96
ous - 28
- - 135
l drear 99
- - 101
ar - 118
ntly - 114
he past 109
- - 74
- - 137
l sound 39
- - 85
rtals - 22
eaming 16
- - 45
- - 39
- - 163
friends 144
- - 164
- - 58
- - 154
ountain 104
- - 5
- - 1
g - - 48
- - 55
- 166

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