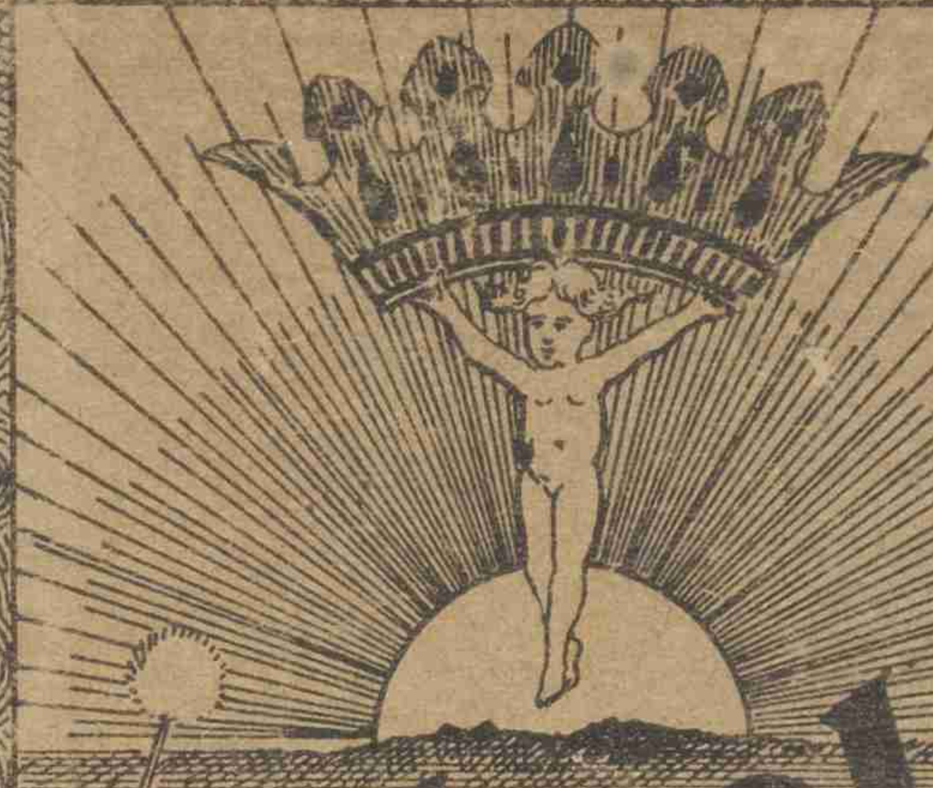


Winning Crown No. 2

A Book of Gospel Songs

By
J. H. Hall
J. H. Ruebush and
A. S. Kieffer

Associate Authors
E. T. Hildebrand
W. H. Ruebush and
J. D. Vaughan

Z7
R836.2

Dayton, Virginia:
THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER COMPANY,
Music Publishers.



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AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

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Crowning Day, No. 2

A COLLECTION OF

Gospel Songs

...FOR...

Sunday Schools, Revivals, Young People's Meetings, Etc.

...BY...

J. H. HALL, J. H. RUEBUSH
and A. S. KIEFFER

Associate Authors:

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Price, 30 Cents per Copy, $3.00 per Dozen

Hymn
1896
Crow

Z7
R836.2

PREFACE.

May the Beautiful Gospel Songs of "Crowning Day, No. 2," be accompanied by the Holy Spirit and do even more effectual work than those of No. 1.

We send this volume of songs forth to "Sing its own praise," and earnestly hope that it will prove a Messenger of Joy and Peace to many dear hearts wherever it goes.

Yours for Sacred Song,

The Authors.

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THE CROWNING DAY

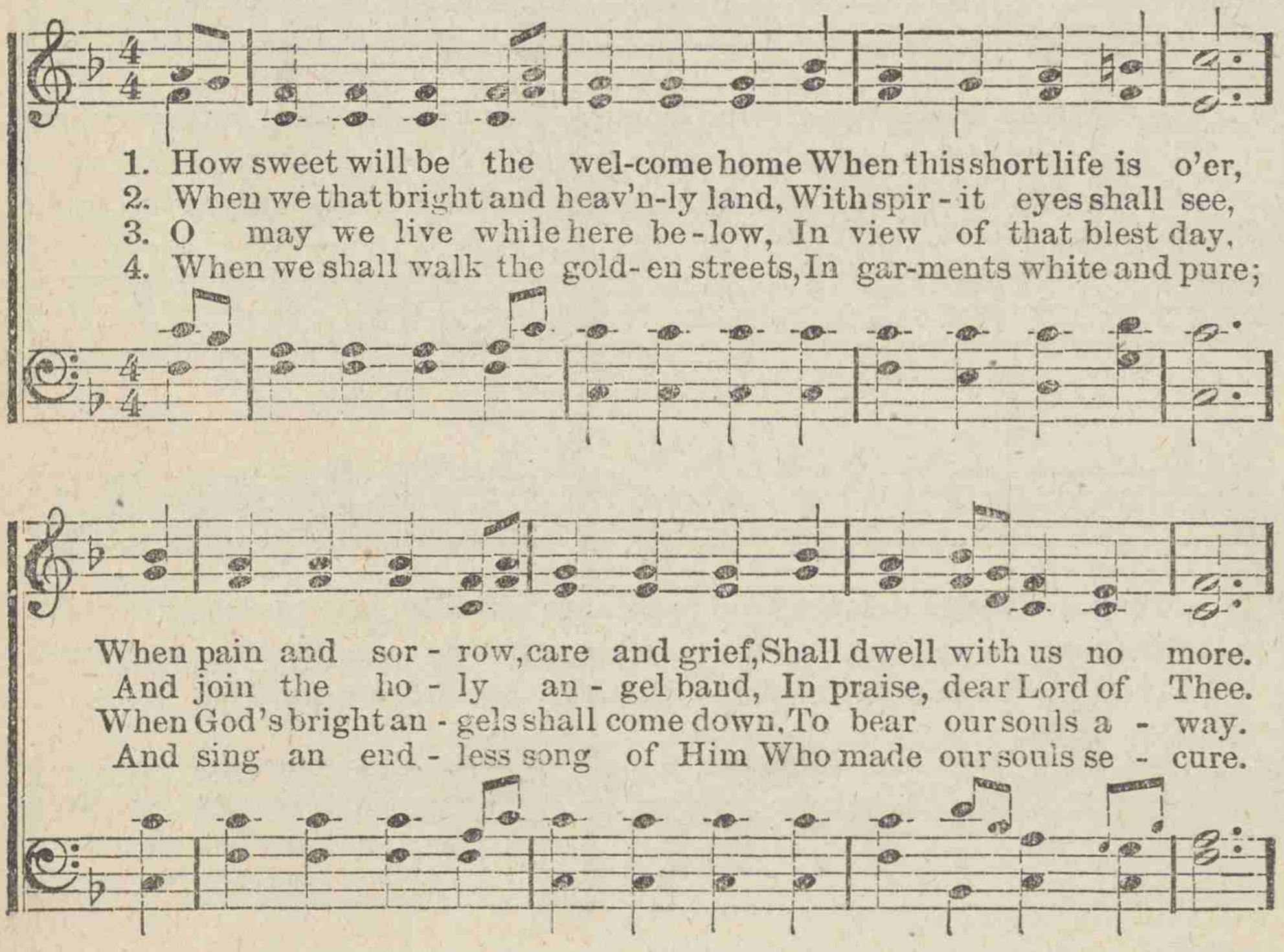
No. 2.

"When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 PETER 5 : 4.
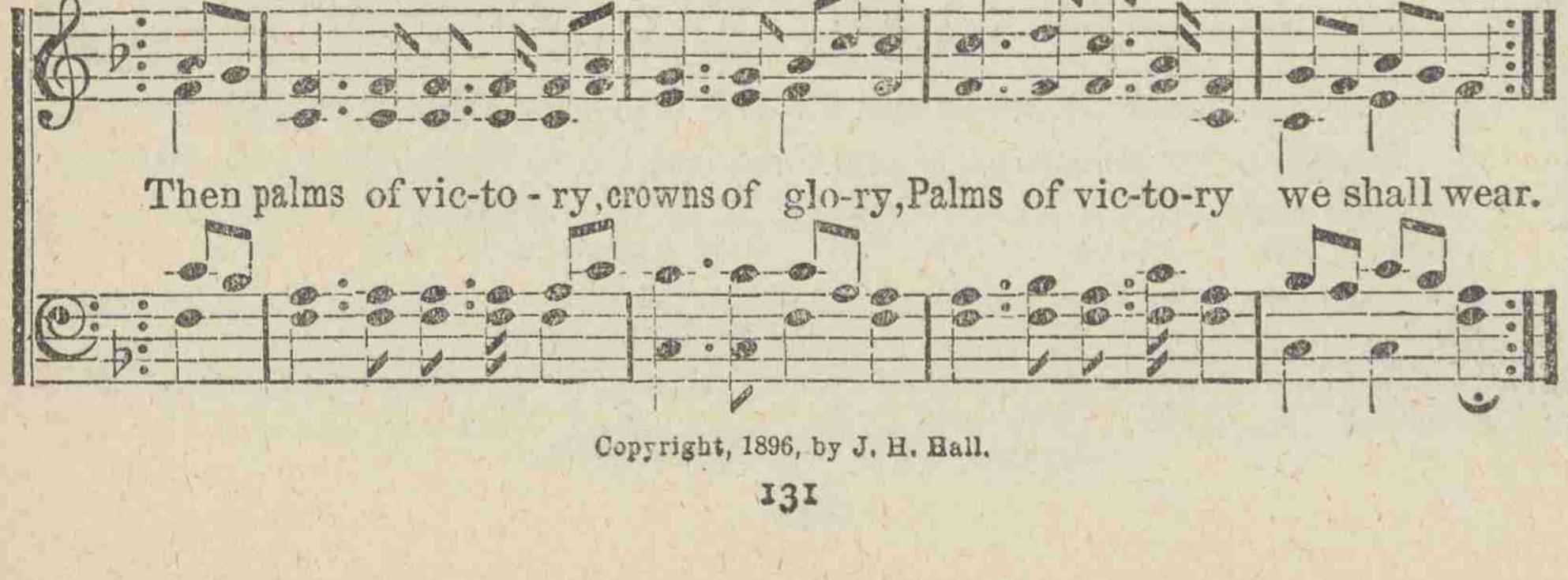
No. 131. Crown After Cross.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISA. 35 : 10.

Chorus by Rev. J. B. Matthias. J. H. Hall.



CHORUS.

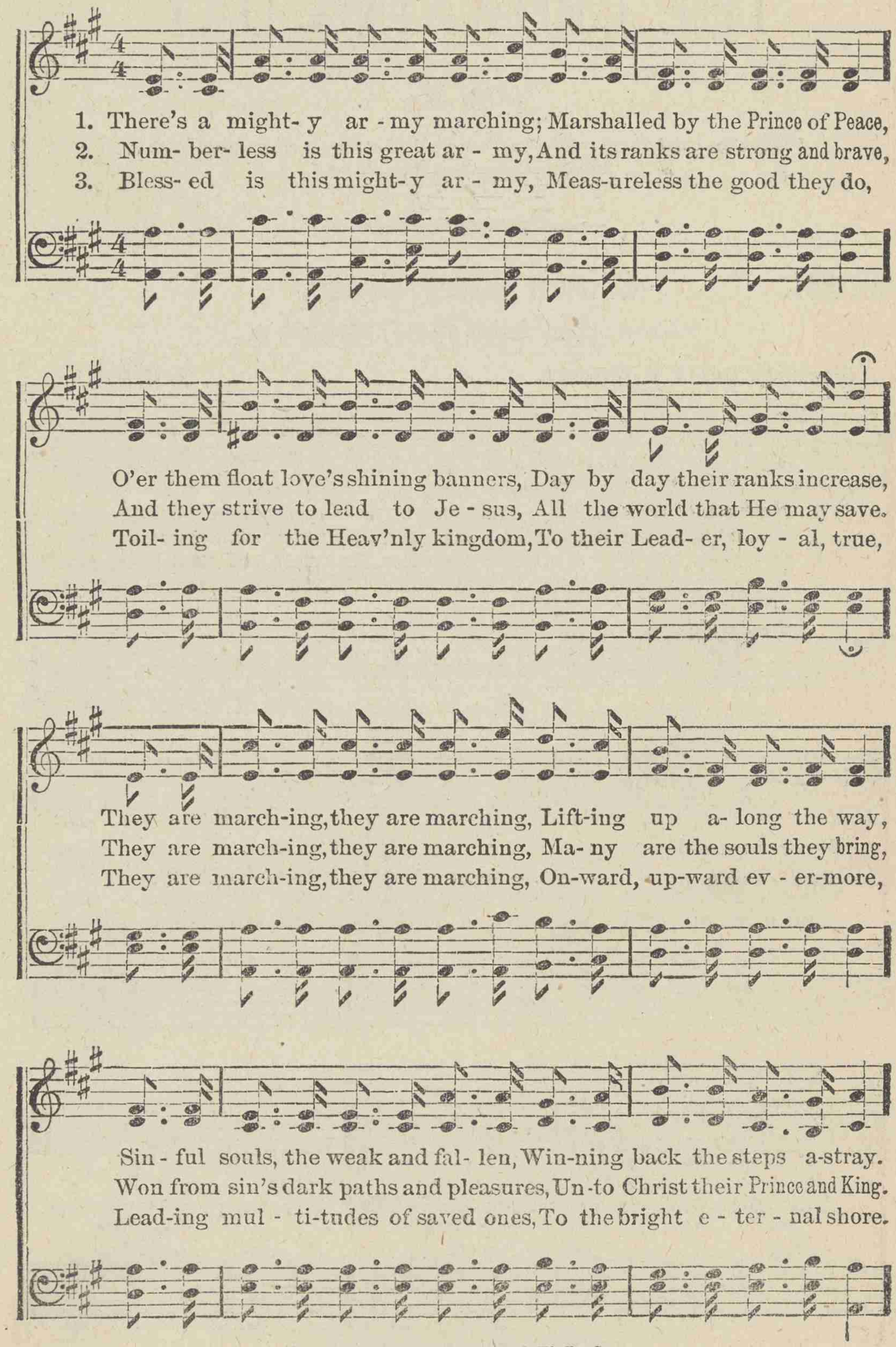


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No. 132. There's a Mighty Army Marching.

(This song is respectfully dedicated to the noble army of S. S. workers of W. Va.)

Ida L. Reed. J. H. Ruebush.



1. There's a might- y ar - my marching; Marshalled by the Prince of Peace,
2. Num- ber- less is this great ar - my, And its ranks are strong and brave,
3. Bless- ed is this might-y ar - my, Meas-ureless the good they do,

O'er them float love's shining banners, Day by day their ranks increase,
And they strive to lead to Je - sus, All the world that He may save.
Toil- ing for the Heav'nly kingdom, To their Lead- er, loy - al, true,

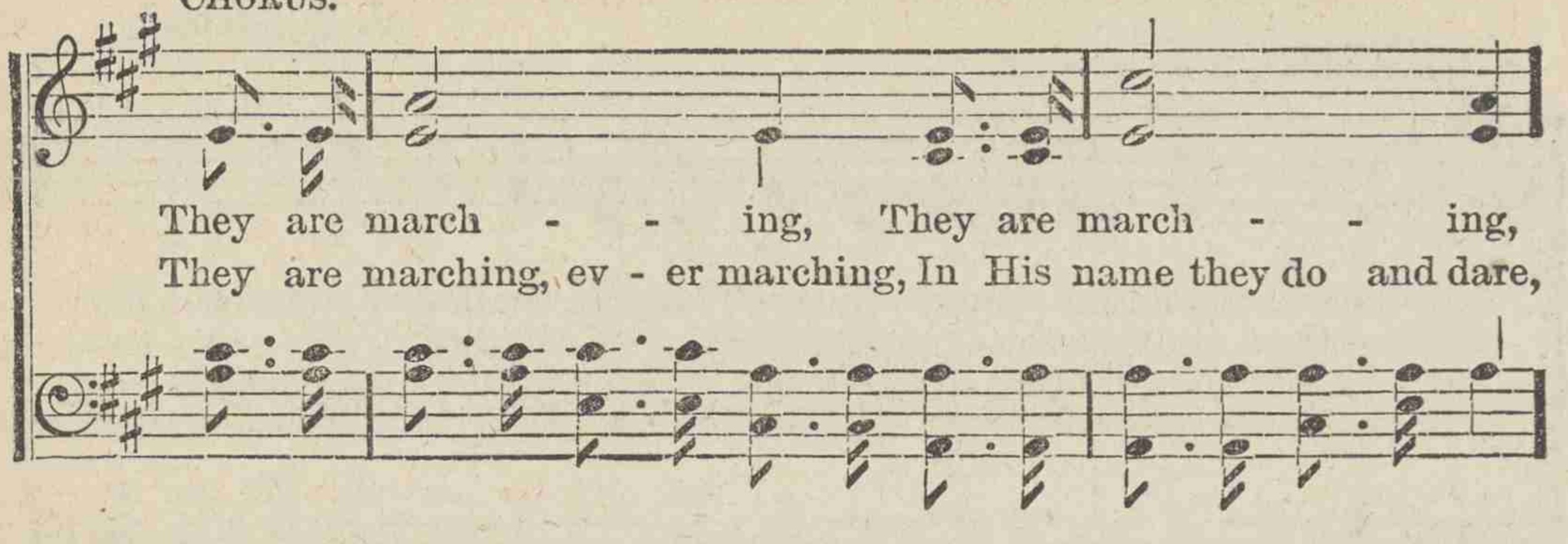
They are march-ing, they are marching, Lift-ing up a- long the way,
They are march-ing, they are marching, Ma- ny are the souls they bring,
They are march-ing, they are marching, On-ward, up-ward ev - er-more,

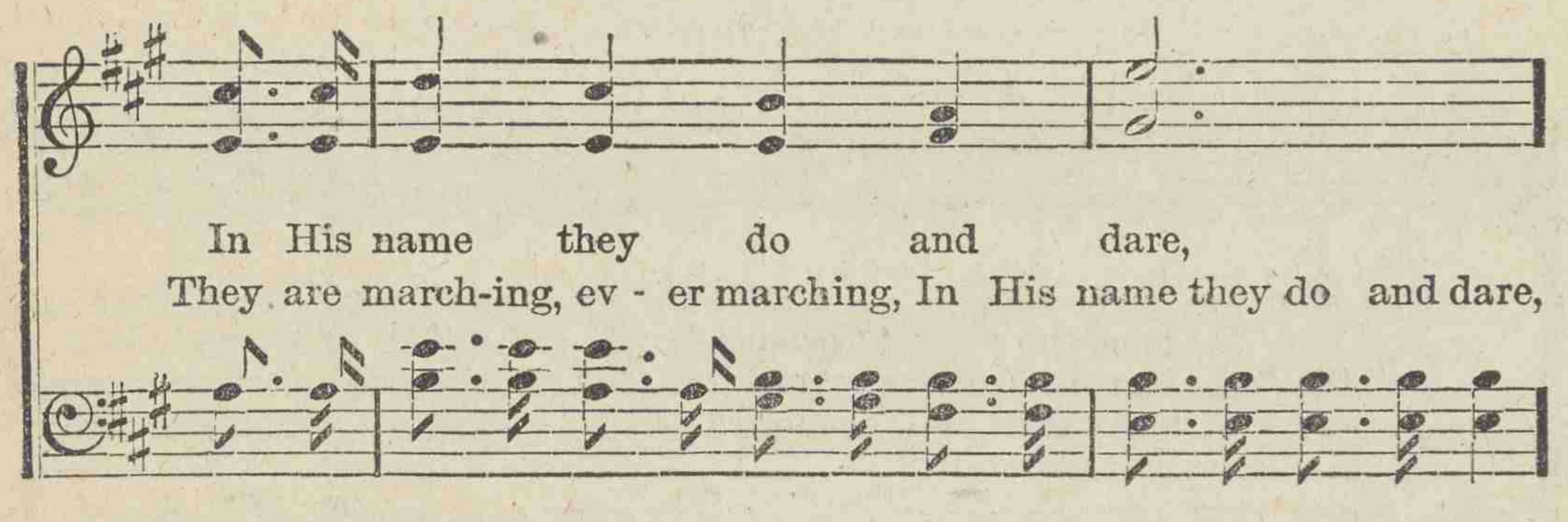
Sin - ful souls, the weak and fal- len, Win-ning back the steps a-stray.
Won from sin's dark paths and pleasures, Un-to Christ their Prince and King.
Lead-ing mul - ti-tudes of saved ones, To the bright e - ter - nal shore.

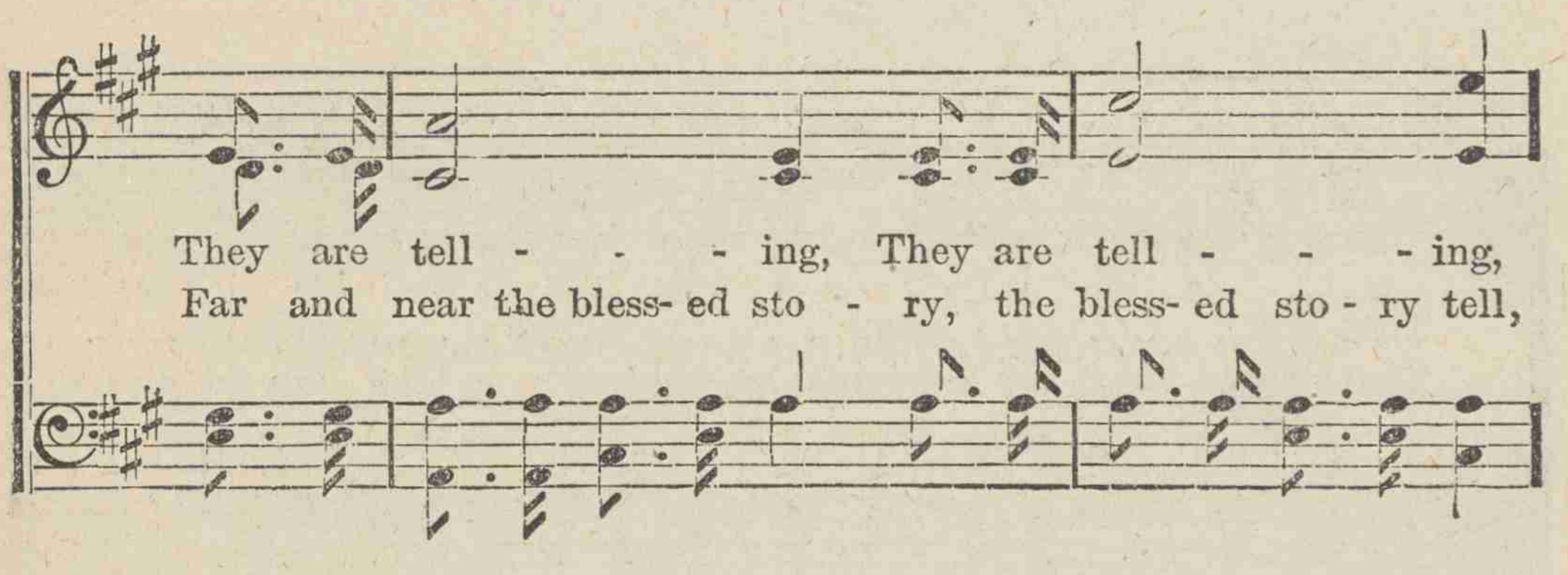
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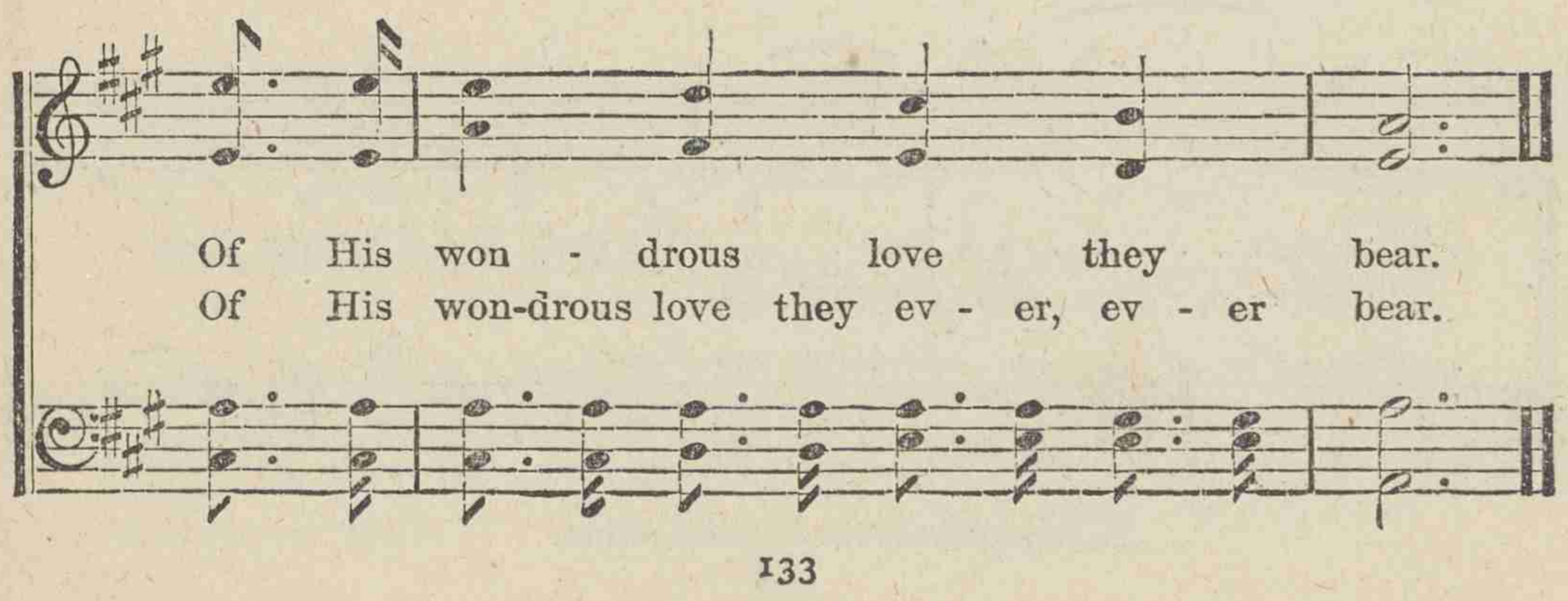
There's a Mighty Army Marching. Concluded.

CHORUS.









No. 133. "The Star of Bethlehem."

J. H. Ruebush.

Marcato. March movement.

1. When marshalled on the might-y plain, The glitt'ring hosts be- stud the sky;
2. Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From ev - 'ry host, from ev - 'ry gem;
3. It was my guide, my light, my all! It bade my dark fore-bodings cease;
4. Now safe - ly moored my per - ils o'er I'll sing, first in night's di - a - dem;

One star a- lone of all the train Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
But one a- lone the Sav-iour speaks, It is the Star of Beth - le-hem.
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port in peace.
For- ev - er and for - ev - er-more The star, the Star of Beth - le- hem.

CHORUS.
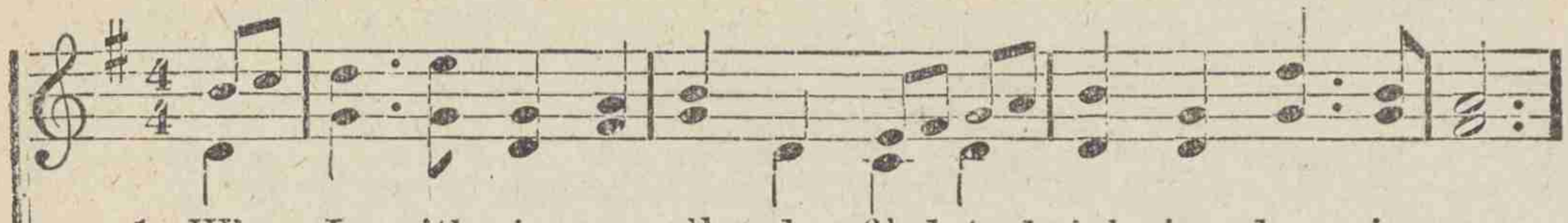
That star . . . . a - lone . . . my hope . . . . shall be . . .
That star a- lone my hope shall be, that star a- lone can set me free,

That star . . . . . a - lone . . . can set the sin - ner free.
That star a - lone can set me free,

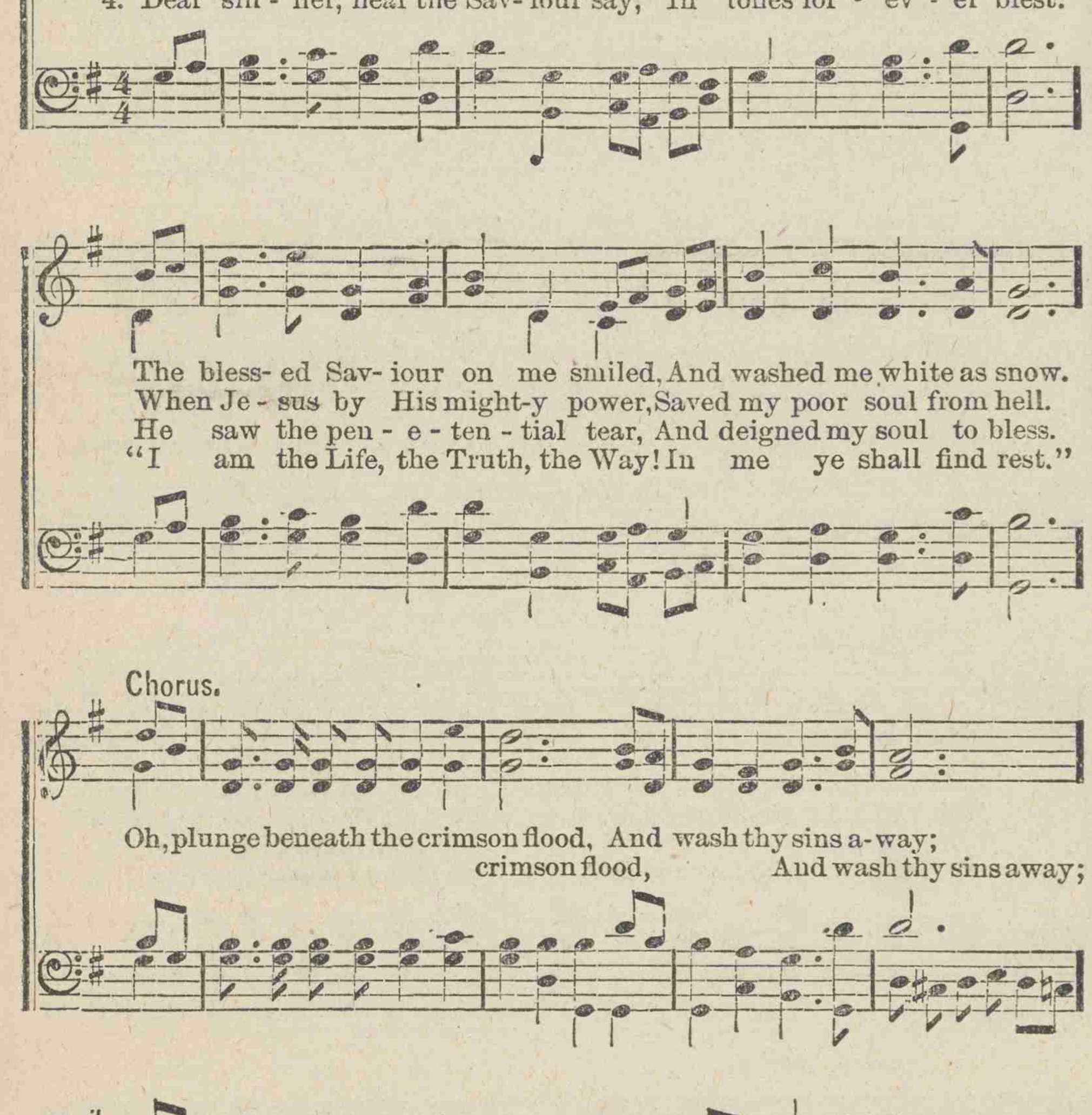
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No. 134. Jesus Will Save.

Jas. D. Vaughn.* J. H. Rosecrans.



1. When I with sin was all de - filed, And sink- ing down in woe,
2. The joy the bliss of that glad hour, No mor - tal tongue can tell,
3. By faith I trembling- ly drew near, And did my guilt con- fess;
4. Dear sin - ner, hear the Sav- iour say, In tones for - ev - er blest:



The bless- ed Sav- iour on me smiled, And washed me white as snow.
When Je - sus by His might-y power, Saved my poor soul from hell.
He saw the pen - e - ten - tial tear, And deigned my soul to bless.
"I am the Life, the Truth, the Way! In me ye shall find rest."

Chorus.

Oh, plunge beneath the crimson flood, And wash thy sins a- way;
crimson flood, And wash thy sins away;

For thee the Saviour shed His blood— He'll save, He'll save to-day.
shed His blood—

* Words from the "Million."
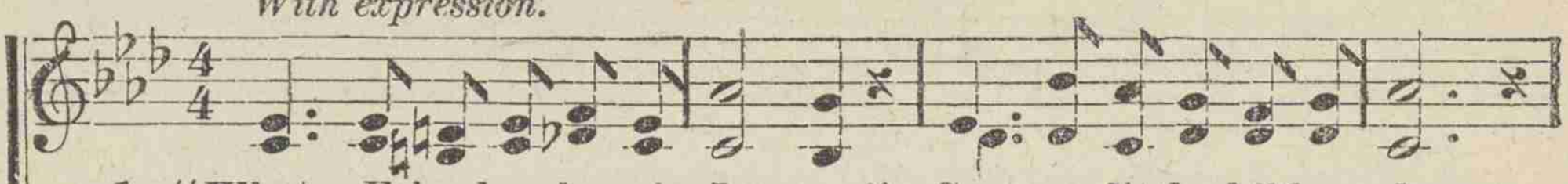
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No. 135. The Blessing of Song.
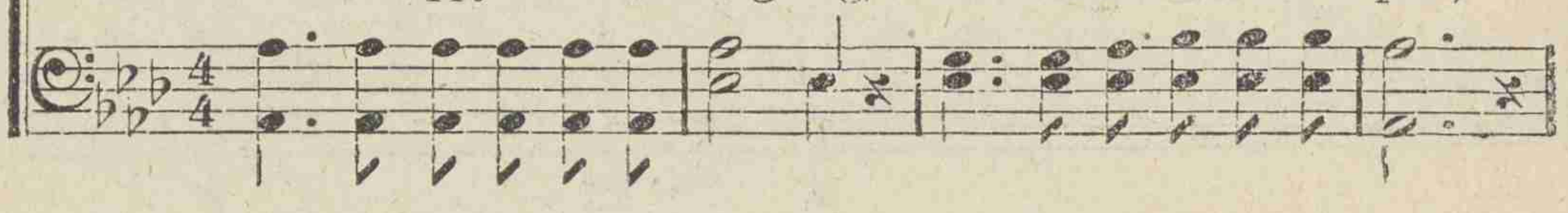
"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." Ps. 55: 22.
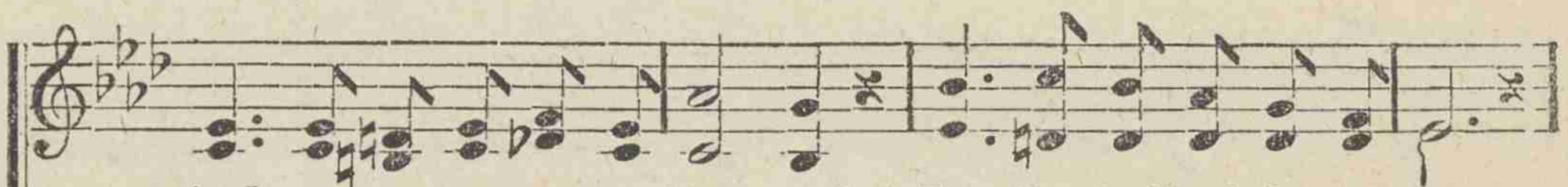
C. H. FRED. A. WORDEN.

With expression.

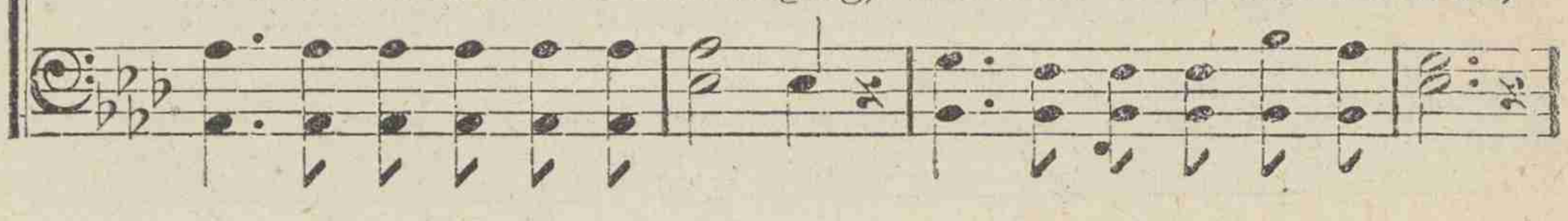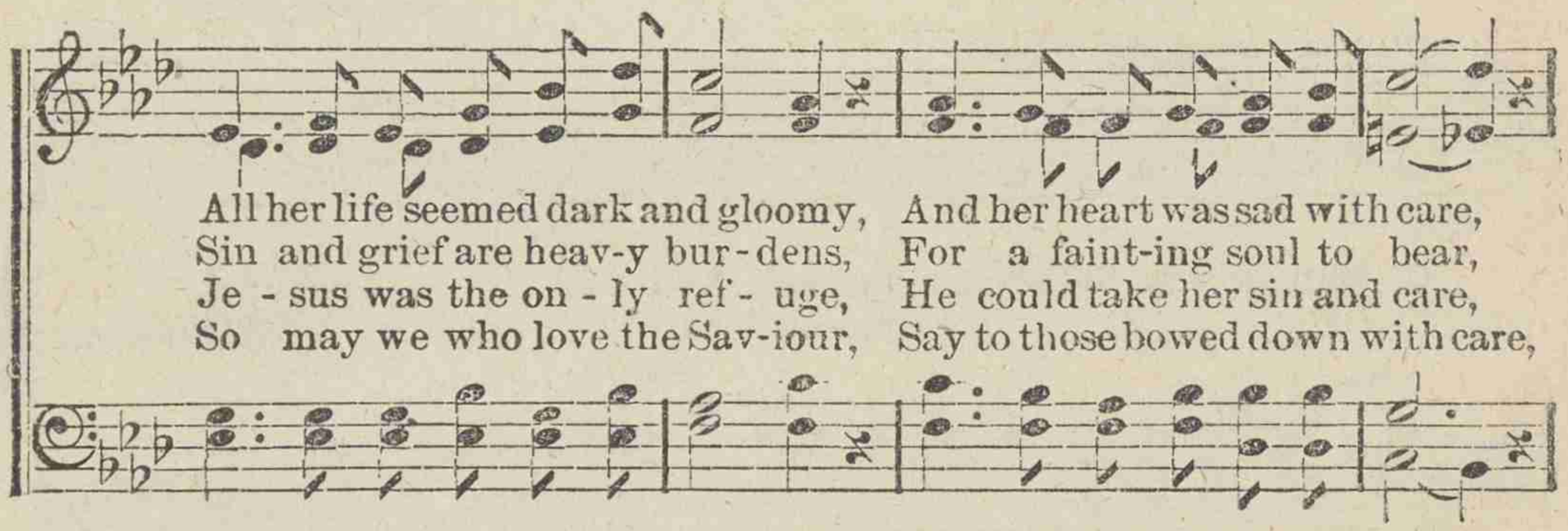


1. "What a Friend we have in Je - sus," Sang a little child one day;
2. "Are we weak and heav-y la - den," He will car-ry ev-'ry woe,
3. "Je - sus knows our ev-'ry weakness," Weak and worn she turned to God,
4. And the happy child still sing - ing, Lit-tle knew she had a part,



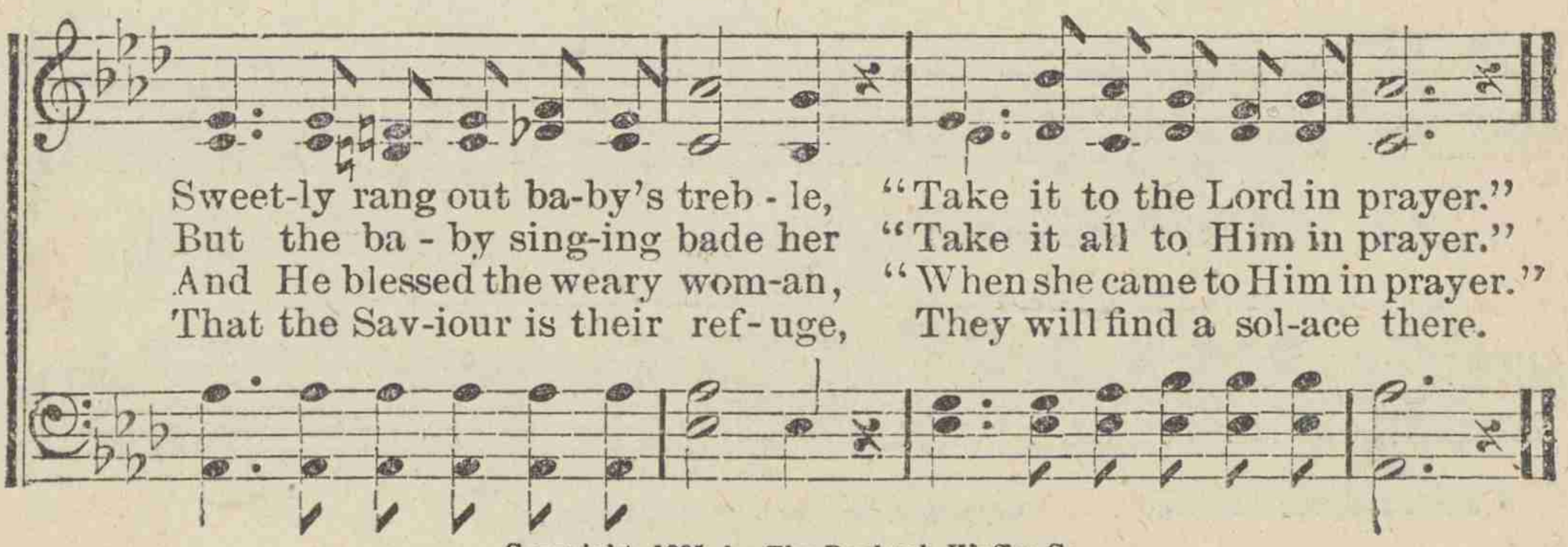


And a wea-ry wom-an list - ened To the darling's hap-py lay;
And the one who sad - ly list - ened, Need-ed that dear help-er so;
Ask-ing Christ to take her bur - den, As He is the sin-ner's Lord;
In God's wondrous work in bringing, Peace un - to the troubled heart;





All her life seemed dark and gloomy, And her heart was sad with care,
Sin and grief are heav-y bur - dens, For a faint-ing soul to bear,
Je - sus was the on - ly ref - uge, He could take her sin and care,
So may we who love the Sav-iour, Say to those bowed down with care,



Sweet-ly rang out ba-by's treb - le, "Take it to the Lord in prayer."
But the ba - by sing-ing bade her "Take it all to Him in prayer."
And He blessed the weary wom-an, "When she came to Him in prayer."
That the Sav-iour is their ref - uge, They will find a sol-ace there.

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No. 136. Joy to the World.

"The Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—Isa. 9: 6.

Rev. Isaac Watts. J. H. Hall.

Copyright, 1895, by J. H. Hall.

No. 137. Send the Glad Tidings.

W. Barkla. H. E. Engle.

1. Send the glad tid- ings far o'er the sea, Shout the glad news on
2. Quick-ly go tell of the liv - ing bread, Sent un - to all the
3. Mill-ions now grop- ing in sor - row's night, Pleading, a- wait the
4. Tell them how Je - sus on Cal - v'ry died, Show them the fount that's

shore and o'er lea—News of sal - va - tion, so full and so free—The
Sav- iour hath said; Let the world's fam-ish- ing souls be fed— Go
heav- en - ly light. Souls that are pre-cious in Je - sus' sight Must
e'er o - pen wide, Bear-ing a - broad on its flow-ing tide, A

CHORUS.

heav-en-born message of love.
bearing His message of love.
hear His sweet message of love.
won-der-ful message of love.

Won- der-ful news! wonderful news!

Waft - ing now sweet - ly o - ver the tide, Tell - ing of

Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied—Won-derful mes- sage of love.

Copyright, 1895, by H. E. Engle.

No. 138. Glad Tidings of Great Joy.

J. H. Ruebush.

Can be used as a Solo.

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground,
2. Fear not, said He, for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind,
3. All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace,

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a- round.
Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind.
Good-will hence-forth from heav'n to men, Be- gin and nev - er cease.

CHORUS.

Glad ti - dings, glad ti - - dings to all man -
Glad tidings of great joy, glad tidings of great joy, glad tidings of great
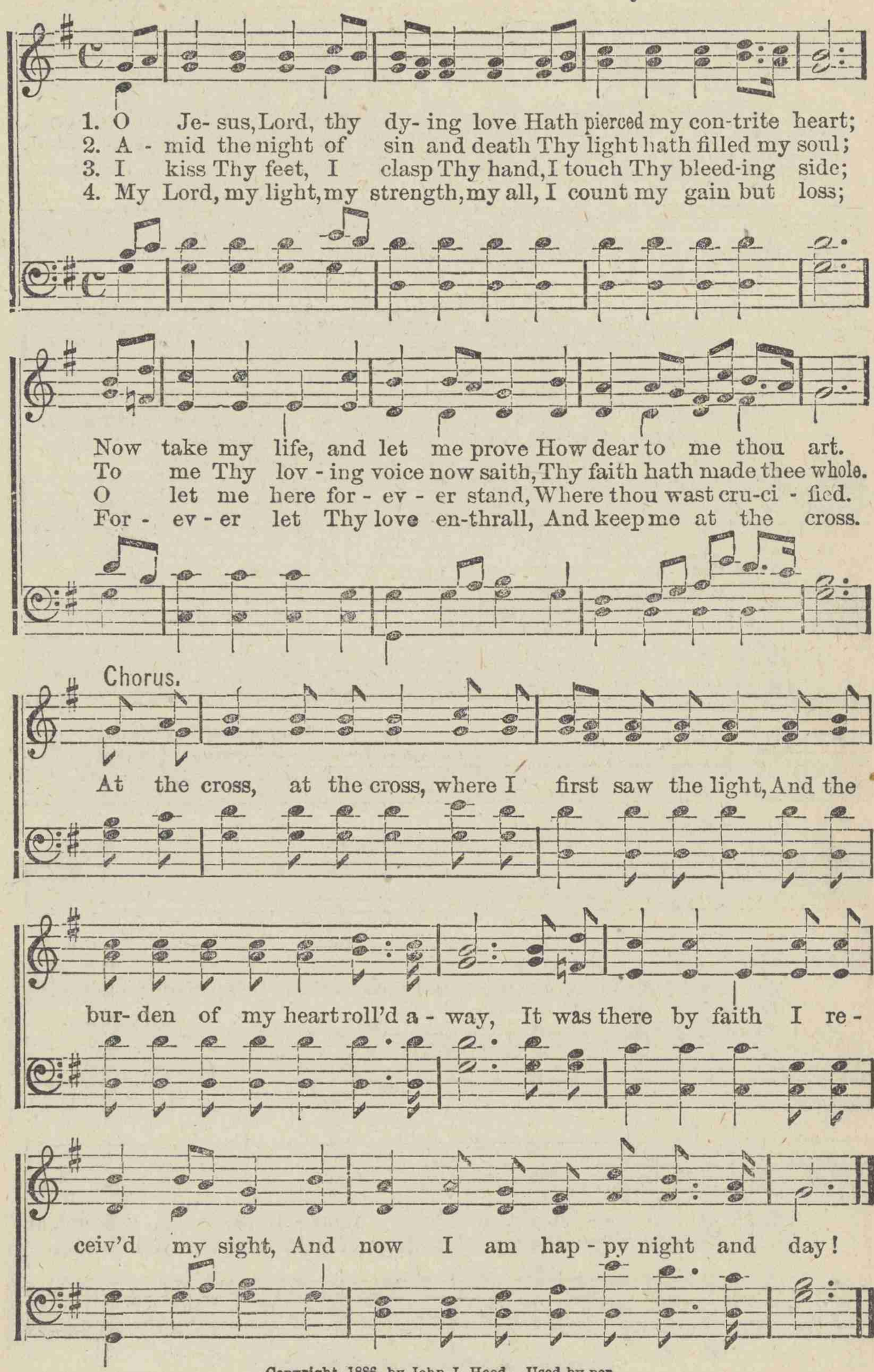
kind I bring, Glad ti - - dings
joy to all man-kind, to all man-kind, Glad tidings of great joy,

Glad ti - - dings to all man - kind I bring.
Glad tidings of great joy, glad tidings of great joy, to all I bring.

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No. 139. At the Cross.

R. Kelso Carter. Arr. by E. E. Nickerson.



Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood. Used by per.

No. 140. The Story Sweet and Old.

Rev. Wm. Houghton. W. H. Ruebush.

1. Have you listened to the sto- ry sweet and old, Filling life with light and
2. It is full of human sweetness ev- er new, Rich in love divine com-
3. When I heard the wondrous story so di- vine, Coming down thro' annals

glo - ry men have told, How there came a heav'n-ly stranger, Cra- dle
pleteness, oh, how true! Grief her lone- ly vig - il keeping, Care her
hoa- ry, Christ was mine, Oh, that love be- yond com-par-ing, Burdened

low in Beth'lem's manger, Strong to shield you from all danger, God's dear fold.
trust with sorrow steeping, Lift your eyes and hear it weeping, 'Tis for you.
heart thy sorrow bearing, For thy sake the thorn crown wearing, Is he thine?

CHORUS.

{ Oh, the sto - - - - - ry, wondrous sto - ry,
{ Oh, the sto - - - - - ry, sweet old sto - ry,

Sto-ry, sweet old sto- ry, wondrous sto-ry, sweet old sto- ry,

1. Filling earth with light and glo- ry, 2. Tell it o'er and o'er a- gain.

glory, light and glory,

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No. 141. A Few More Years.

William Henry Gardner. Frank M. Davis

1. A few more years of toil and care, And then our
2. A few more heart - aches, groans and tears, Ere life's dark
3. A few more years of deep des - pair, Ere Christ shall

sor - row will be o'er, Midst pal - a - ces and gar - dens fair,
shad - ows flee a - way, And then through end-less hap - py years,
bid us to Him come, For an - gels soon will call us there,

REFRAIN.

We shall be glad for-ev - er-more.
We shall in peace the days survey.
To end- less rest in heaven's home.
} A few more years, ...
A few more years

A few more years . . . . . A few more
A few more years,

years of toil and care, And then our sor - row will be o'er.

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No. 142. What are you Recording?

W. H. R. W. H. Ruebush.

1. What are you writ- ing, broth-er? On that page so white and fair,
2. How are you walk-ing, broth-er? In this world so full of care,
3. Oh speak with care, my broth-er, For your words are written there,

Your sins th ough few, are many Are all re- cord - ed there,
Are you in the path of du- ty? Would you mer-it "well done" there?
Your ev - il thoughts and sayings, Will soil that page so fair.

Just stop and think, my broth-er, Of what you're writing there,
Just step with care, my broth-er, For sink holes here and there,
Just wait a-while, my broth-er, When words unbridled spring,

D.S.

Are you making on - ly blotches, When the page should be so fair.
And dang'rous places ma - ny, Are 'round you ev -'ry - where.
Just think of pain and suffering, Such words may of - ten bring.

FINE.

D.S.—For all your deeds and ac - tions, Will face you in "That day."

CHORUS D.S.

Be care- ful then, my broth-er, Of what you think or say,

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143. Passing This Way.

Arr. by D. W. C. D. W. Christ, by per.

1. Je- sus of Naz'reth, to Beth- le-hem came, Heal-ing the blind, the sick and the lame; Oh, it was won- der - ful, blest be his name!
2. Je- sus of Naz'reth, the same as of old, When a stray sheep a - way from the fold, Gent- ly and long he hath sought for my soul; set my soul free; Oh, it was won- der - ful, how could it be?

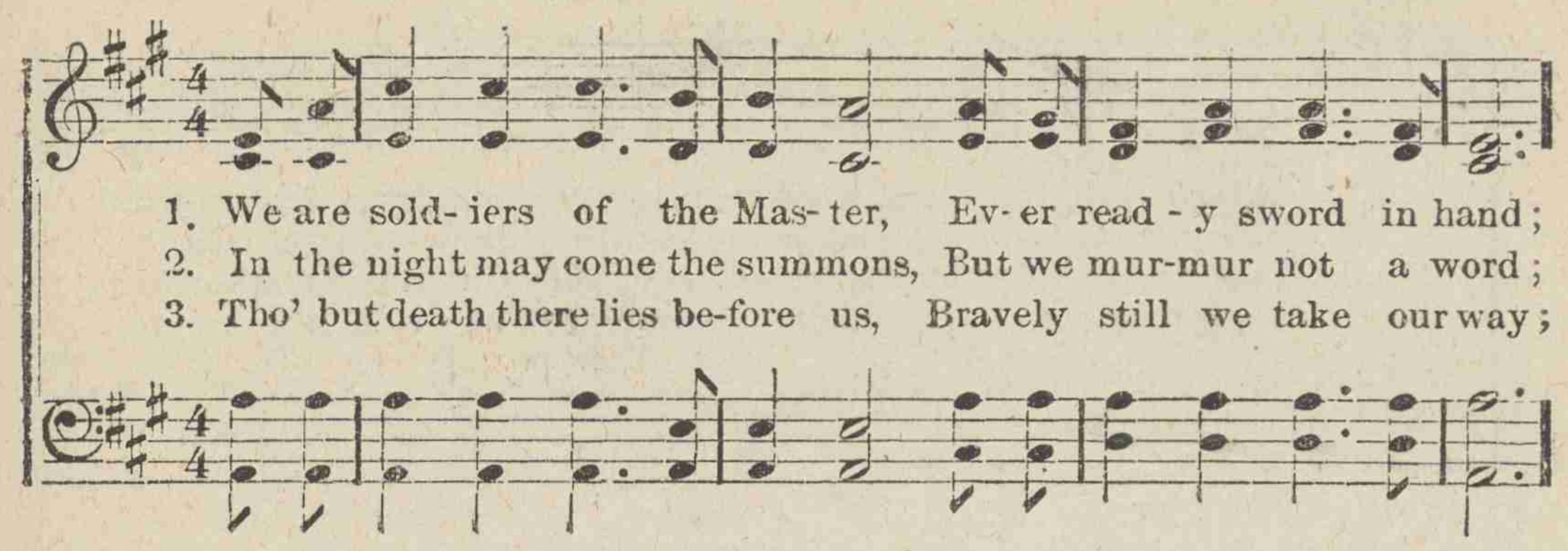
CHORUS.

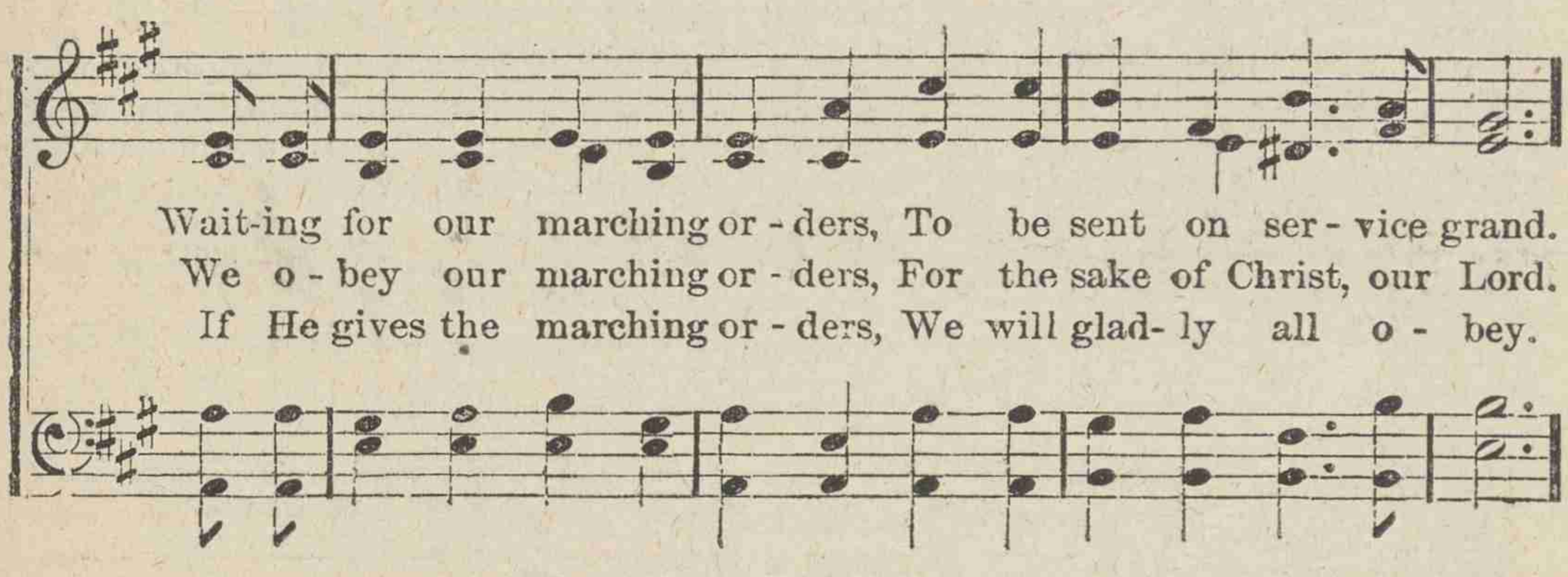
Still he is pass - ing by. Pass - ing this way, pass-ing this way, Je - sus is pass- ing this way; Oh, it was won - der - ful, blest be his name, Still he is pass - ing by.
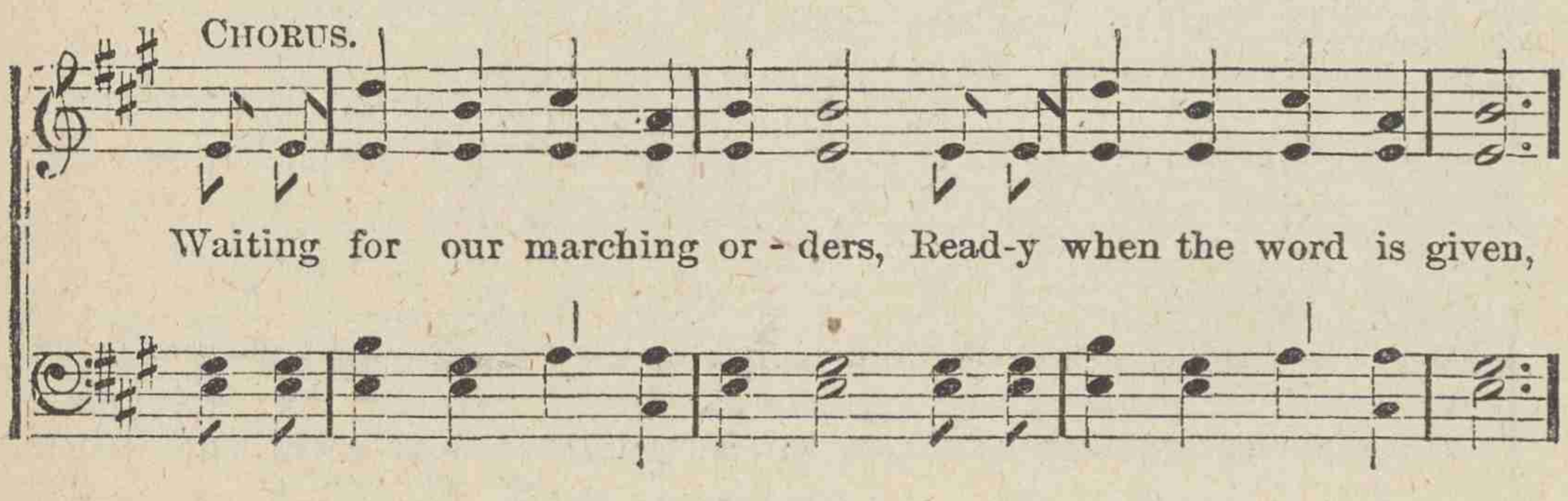
From "Gospel Gleanings," by per.

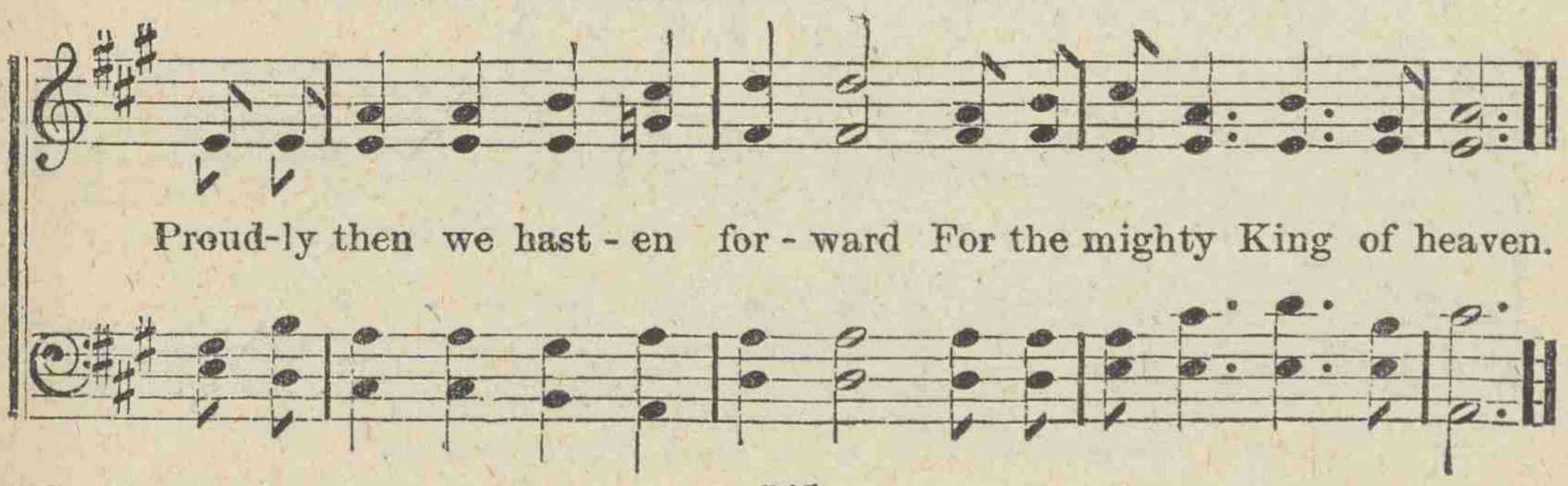
No. 144. "Marching Orders."

Wm. H. Gardner. Wm. A. Ogden.









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No. 145. Our Nation for Jesus.

W. F. McCauley. E. S. Lorenz.

1. O Chris-tian, a watchword we bring you to-day, As up-ward the
2. No realm 'neath the skies is more beaut'ous than ours Or rich- er in
3. But o - ver the land comes a cry of dis-tress From souls that in
4. We'll pause not a mo-ment the foe to as - sail, But in - to our

path leads be-fore us; Our na- tion for Je - sus! we'll sing on our way,
marks of God's fa - vor; We'll bring it with joy and with shoutings of song,
dark-ness are ly - ing, 'Tis borne to our ears from the field and the street,
ranks quickly fall - ing, Our na - tion for Je - sus! we sing and prevail.

Chorus.

And trust in the love that is o'er us.
To lay at the feet of our Sav-iour.
The wail of the lost and the dy - ing.
For Je - sus to vic - t'ry is call - ing.
} Then toil on, pray on,

nev-er faint or fall, But join in a constant en-deav- er Our land with its

mill-ions to Je- sus to bring, To love Him and serve Him for-ev-er.

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No. 146. The Song I Love.

Harriet E. Jones. Frank M. Davis.

SOLO. *Andante with expression.*

1. I learned a song with sweet re-frain, Back in the long a - go,
2. One day I left my father's cot, A - noth - er home to fill,
3. My birds from out the par-ents nest, To oth - er homes have flown;

I sang it o'er and o'er a-gain, Be-cause I loved it so,
Yet oft - en in my dai - ly tho'ts, This song would lin- ger still,
Yet still the song of songs the best, I sing when all a - lone,

This gold - en song I oft - en heard, In sooth - ing lul - la - by,
A treas- ure in my heart to keep My nest-lings heard each strain,
Some- time in yon- der shin - ing home, I'll find my loved a - gain,

As moth- er breath'd each tender word To hush the ba - by cry.
And oft in dreamland took a peep, While learn-ing the re - frain.
And while the a - ges go and come, We'll sing in sweet-er strain.

QUARTETTE.

Home, home, sweet, sweet, home, There is no place like home, There is no place like home.

Copyright, 1896, by Frank M. Davis.

No. 147. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. Will. L. Thompson.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call- ing for
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the mo-ments are pass- ing, Pass-ing from
4. Oh, for the won- der - ful love He has prom-ised, Promised for

you and for me, See on the portals He's waiting and watching,
you and for me, Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
you and from me, Shad-ows are gath-er- ing, death beds are coming,
you and for me, Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon,

CHORUS.

Watch-ing for you and for me.
Mer- cies for you and for me?
Com- ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.
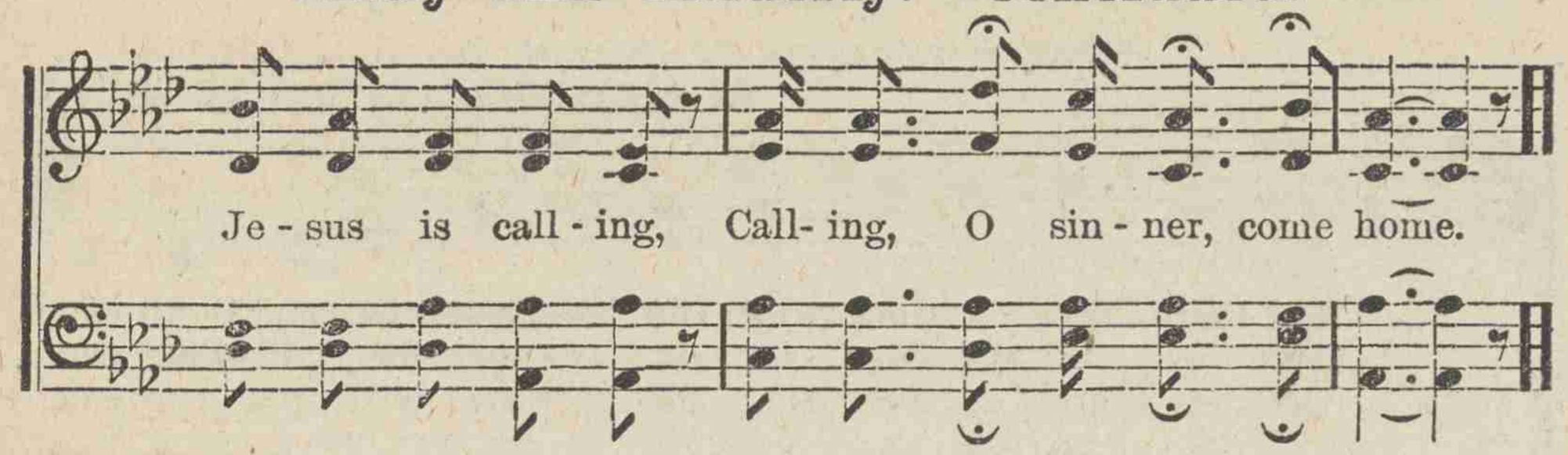
Come home, come home, . .

Come home, come home,

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

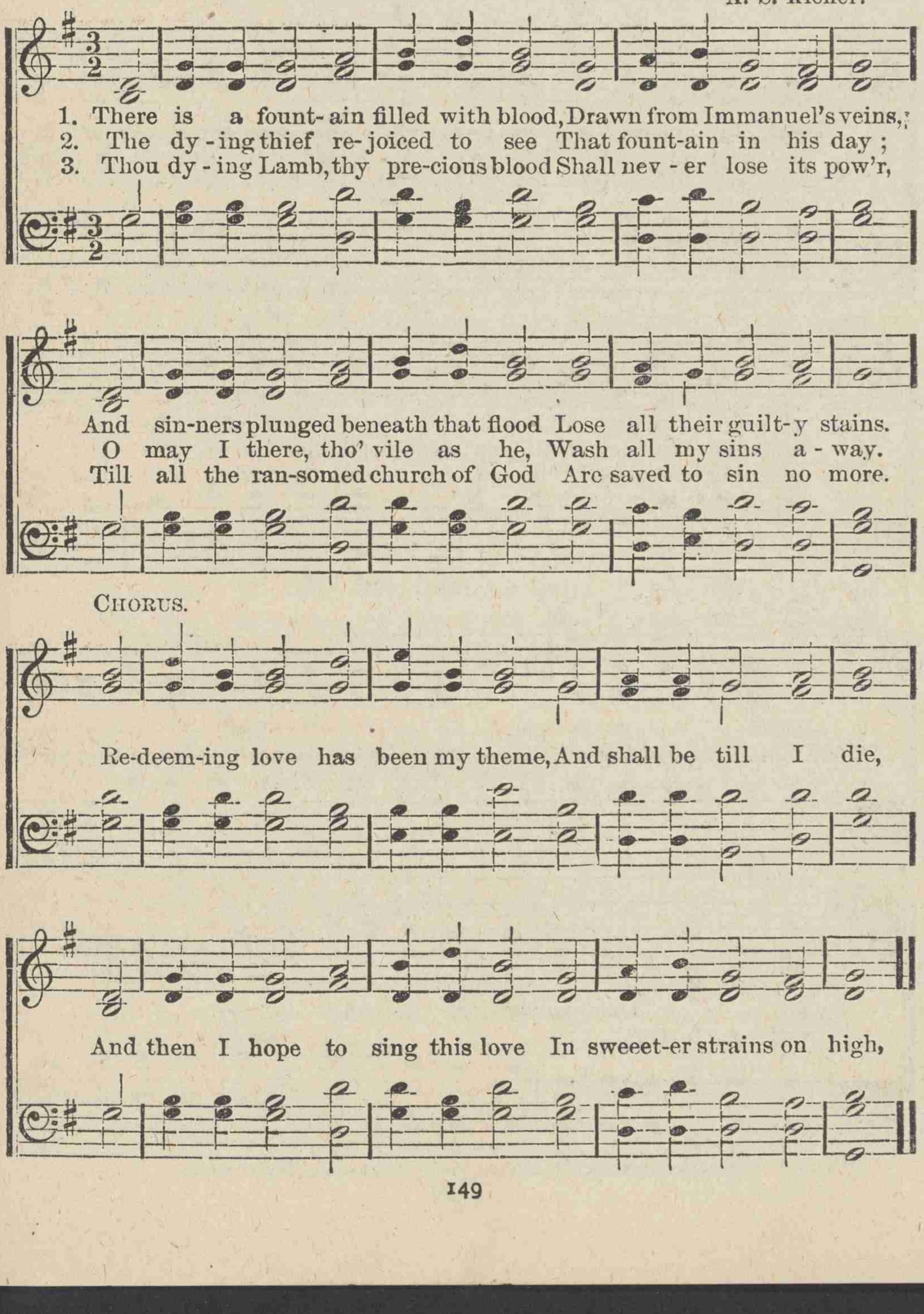
By permission of Will. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago, Ill.

Softly and Tenderly. Concluded.



No. 148. Redeeming Love.

A. S. Kieffer.



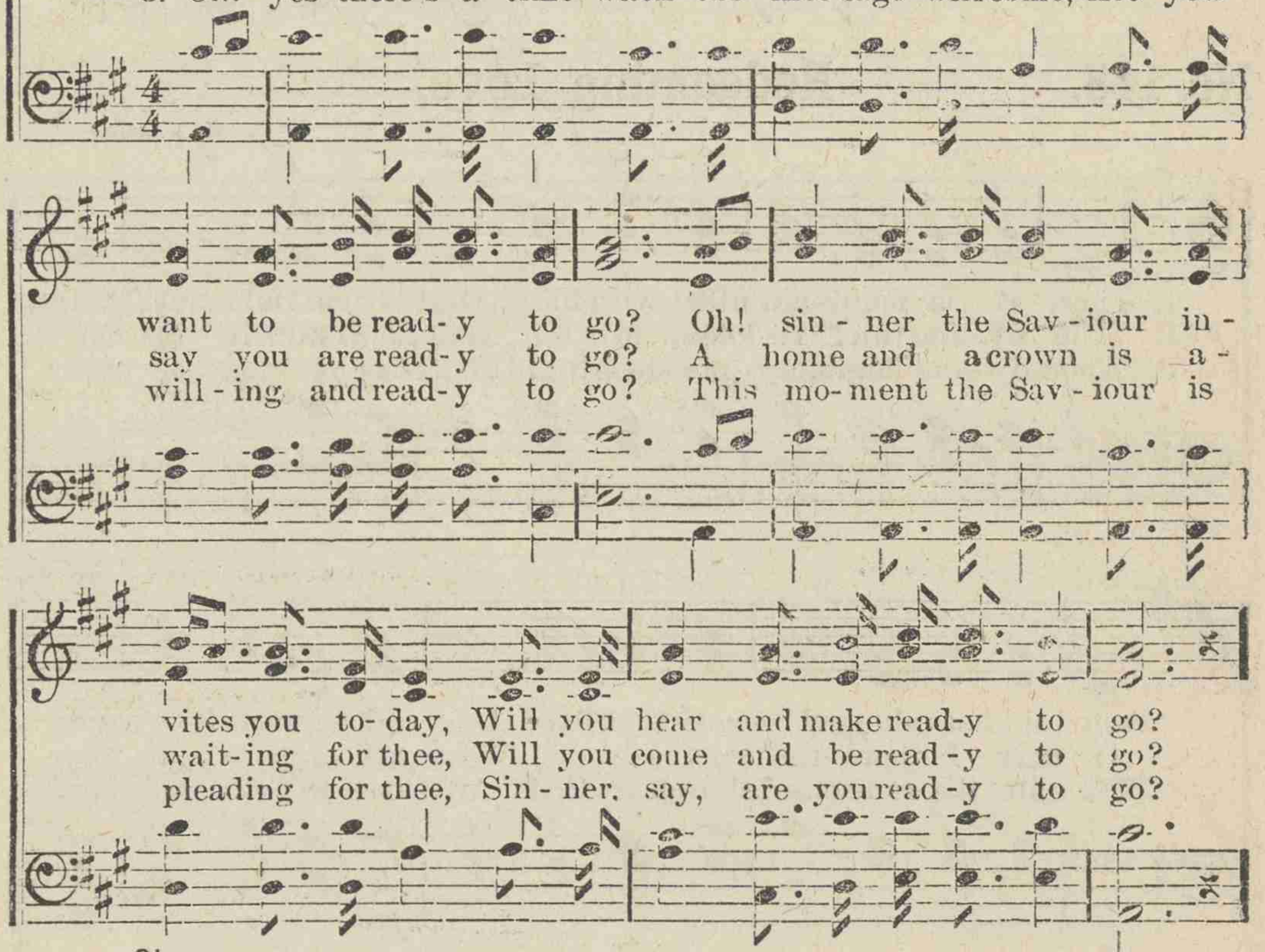
No. 149. Don't You Want to be Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—MATT. 24 : 44
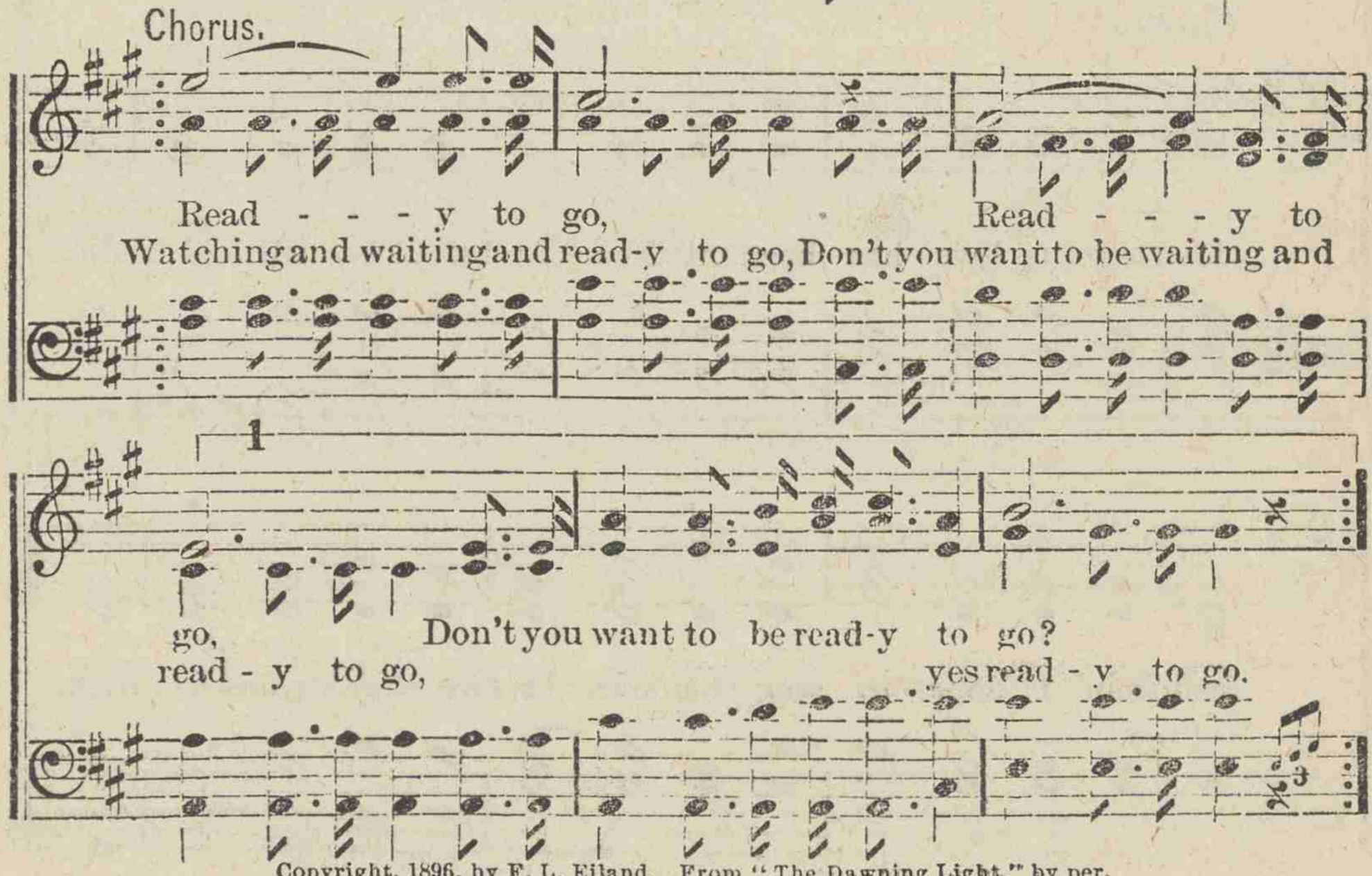
Words and Music by F. L. Eiland.



1. Oh! there is a time when the mes-sage will come, Don't you want to be read-y to go? Oh! sin-ner the Sav-iour in-
2. To-day is the day of sal-va-tion for all, Can you say you are read-y to go? A home and a crown is a-
3. Oh! yes there's a time when the mes-sage will come, Are you will-ing and read-y to go? This mo-ment the Sav-iour is



vites you to-day, Will you hear and make read-y to go?
wait-ing for thee, Will you come and be read-y to go?
pleading for thee, Sin-ner, say, are you read-y to go?
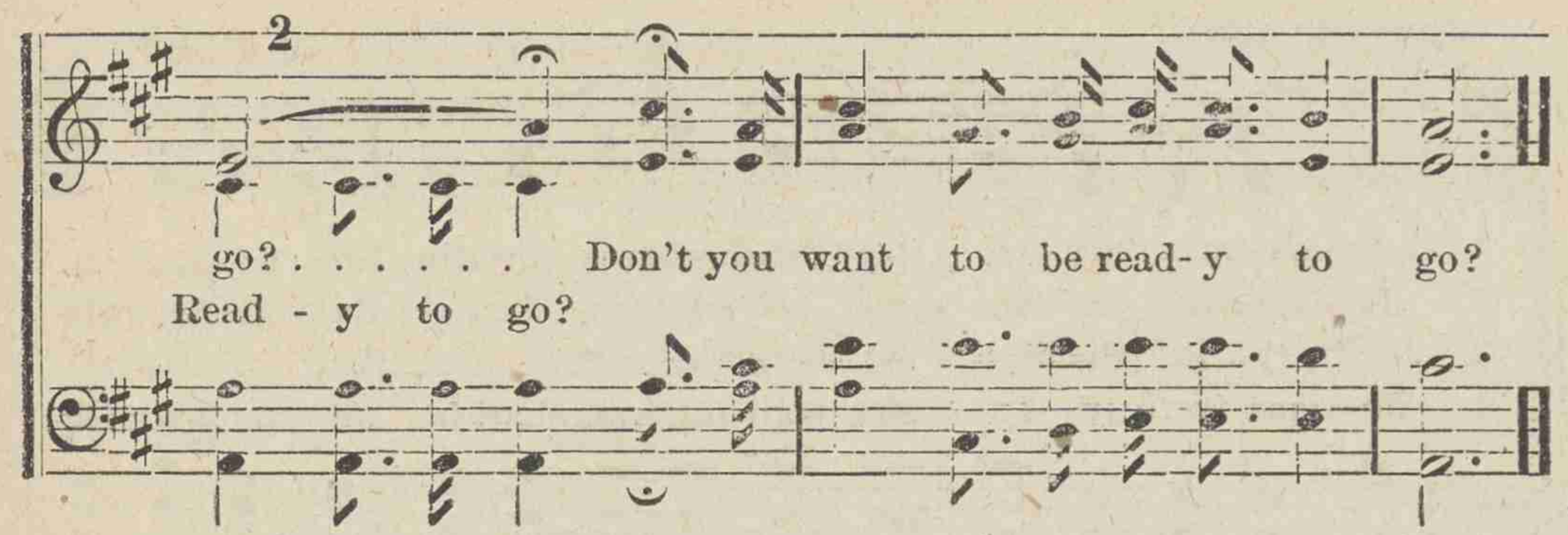


Chorus.

Read - - - y to go, Read - - - y to go,
Watching and waiting and read-y to go, Don't you want to be waiting and read - y to go,
Don't you want to be read-y to go?
yes read - y to go.

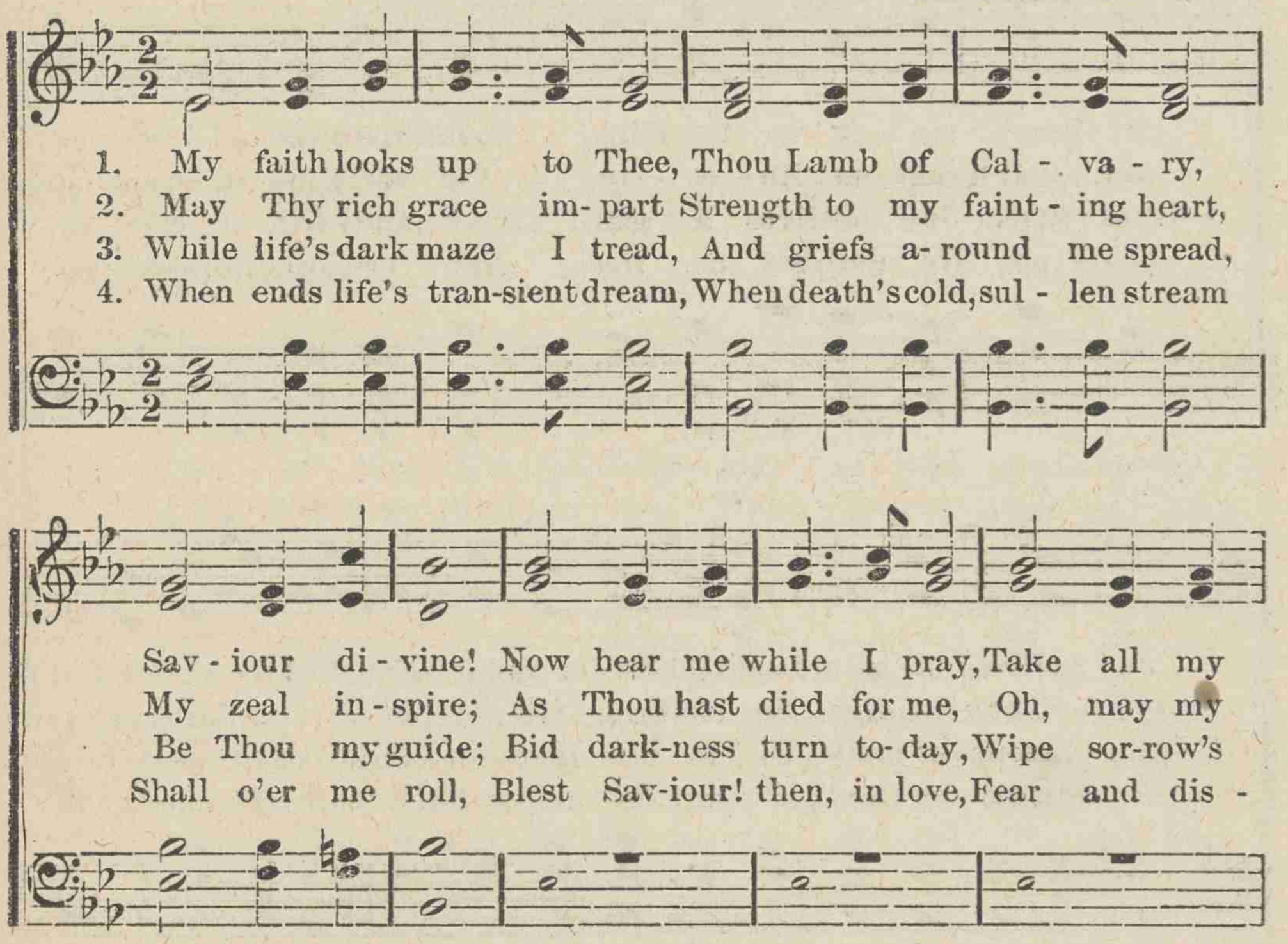
Copyright, 1896, by F. L. Eiland. From "The Dawning Light," by per.

Don't You Want to be Ready? Concluded.
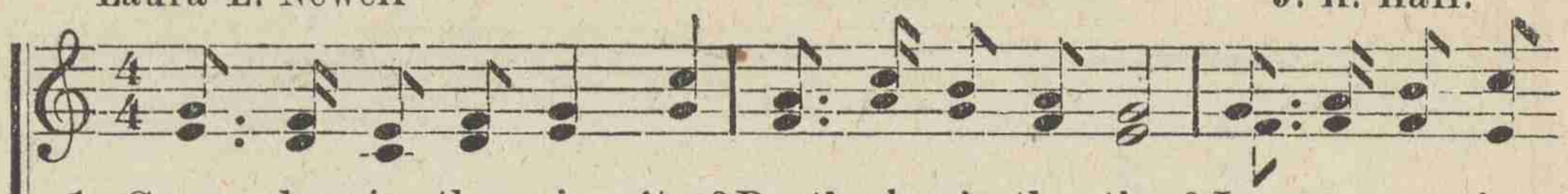


No. 150. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

Dr. Lowell Mason.
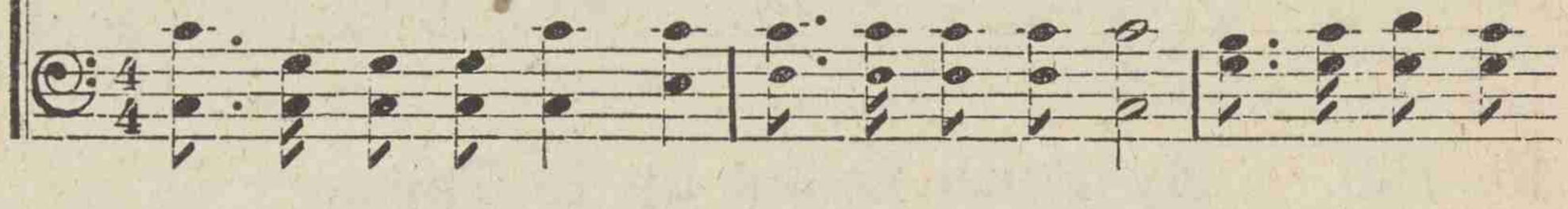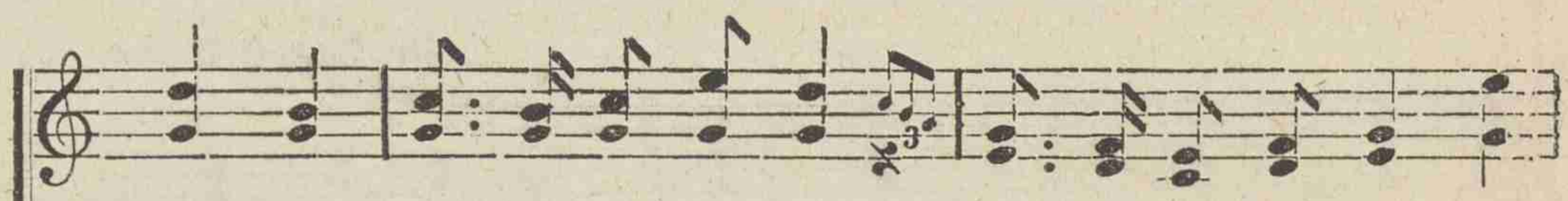


No. 151. Victory O'er the Grave.

Laura E. Newell J. H. Hall.
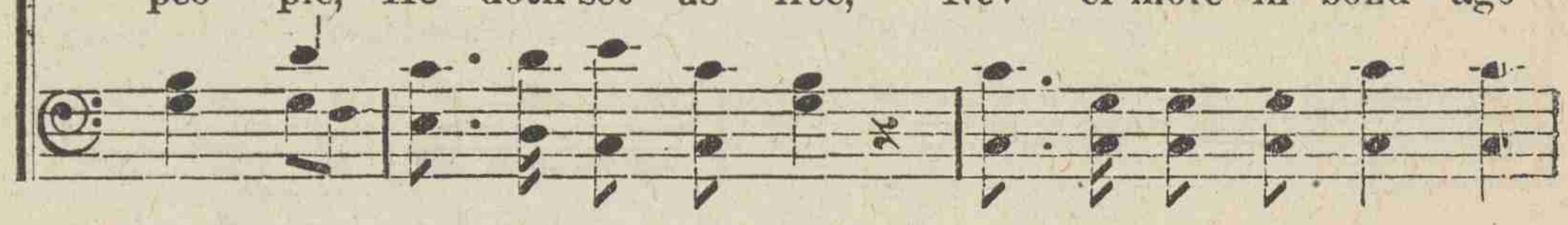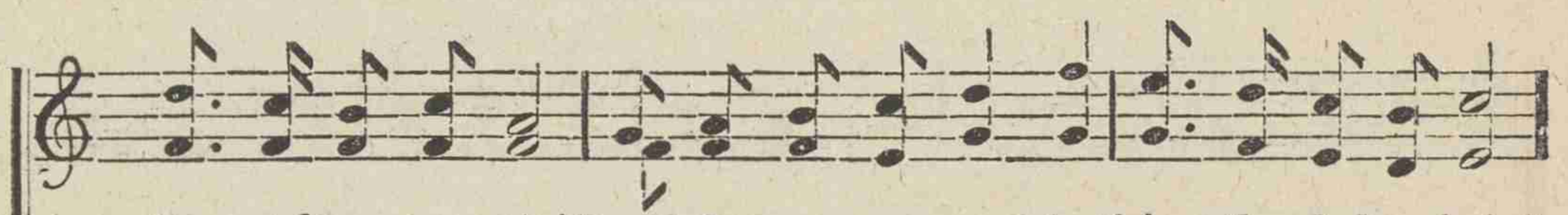


1. Grave where is thy vic - 'try? Death where is thy sting? Je - sus rose in
2. Je - sus died in an - guish on the cru - el tree! But He rose Ho -
3. Glo - ry in the high - est! shout the grand re - frain Bear a-broad the
4. Je - sus on - ly Je - sus, still our song shall be, Je - sus loves His
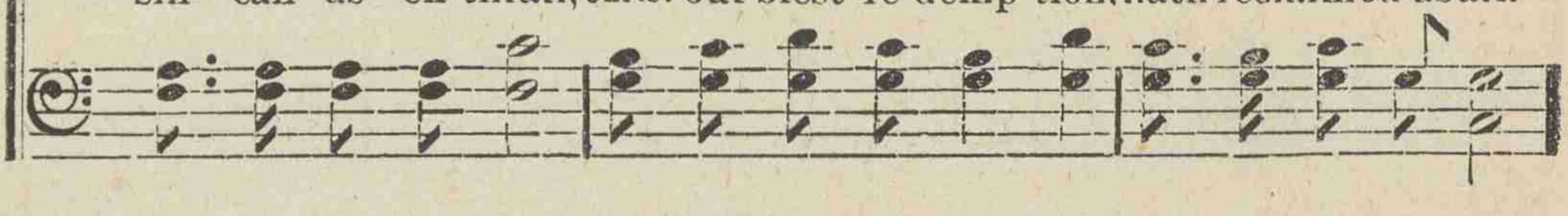




tri - umph! glo - ry to the King! Sound the bless - ed tid - ings!
san - na! brings us lib - er - ty! Vic - tor! King su - per - nal!
mes - sage, Je - sus lives a - gain! Heav'n and earth in cho - rus,
peo - ple, He doth set us free, Nev - er-more in bond - age
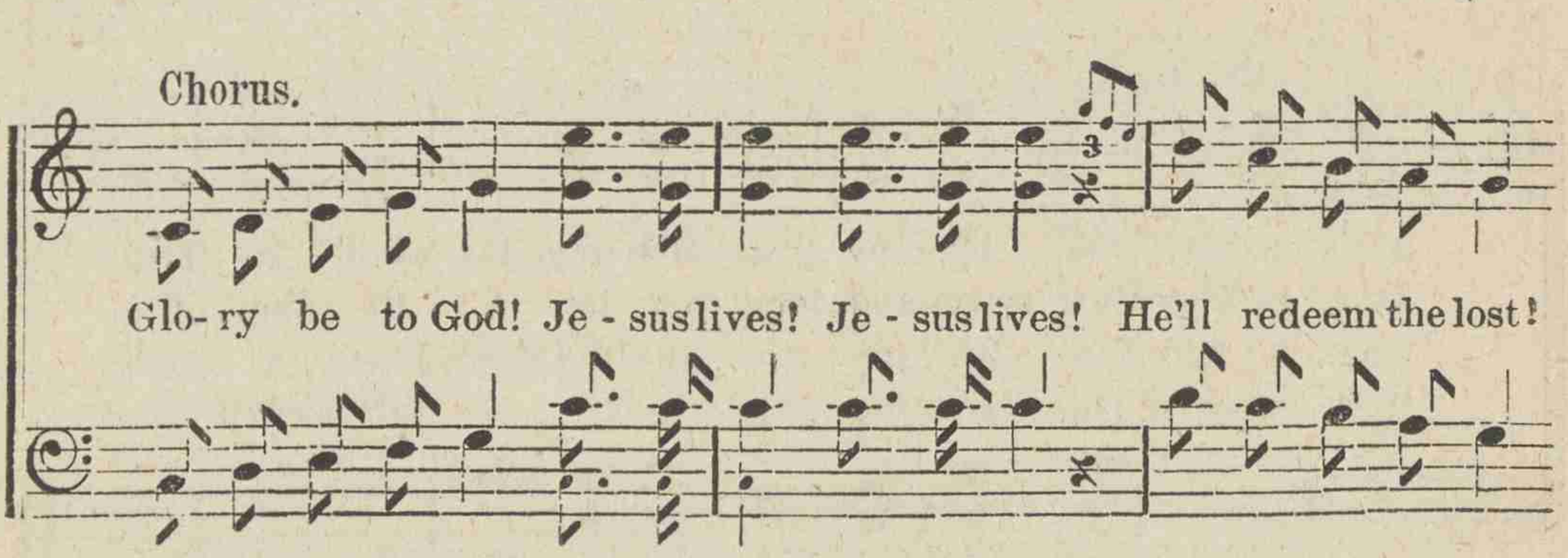




Je - sus lives a - gain! Death for- ev- er vanquished! shout the glad re-frain!
glo - ri- ous in might, Je - sus brings His peo- ple ev - er- last-ing light.
join in songs of praise, Un - to our Re-deem- er hearts and voic-es raise.
sin can us en-thrall, Christ our blest re-demp-tion, hath reclaimed us all.
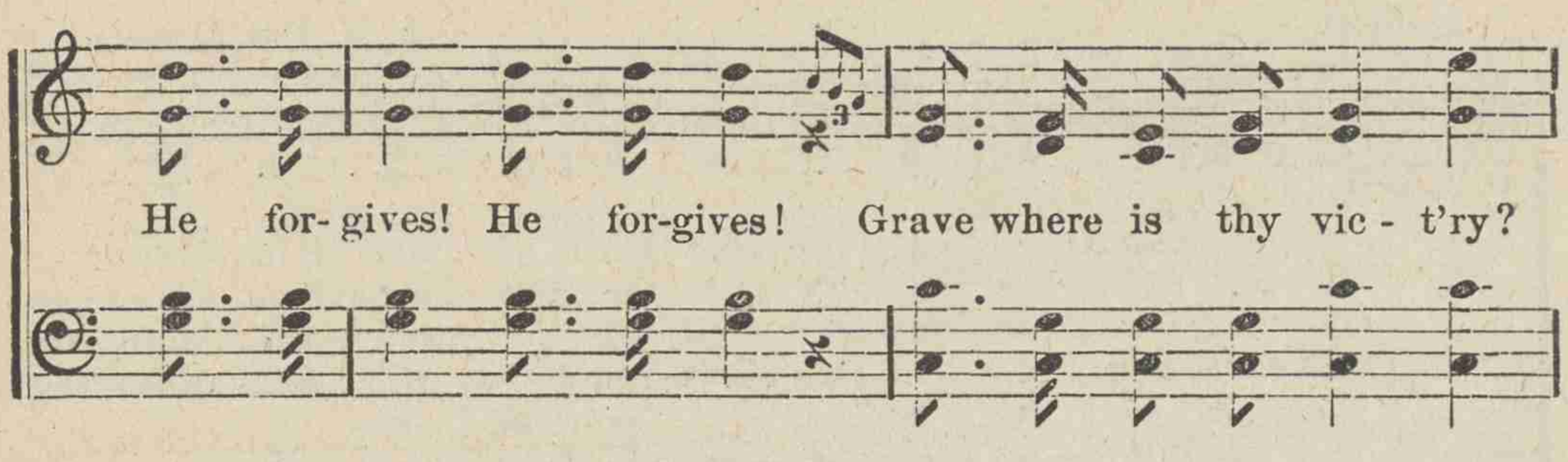


Chorus.
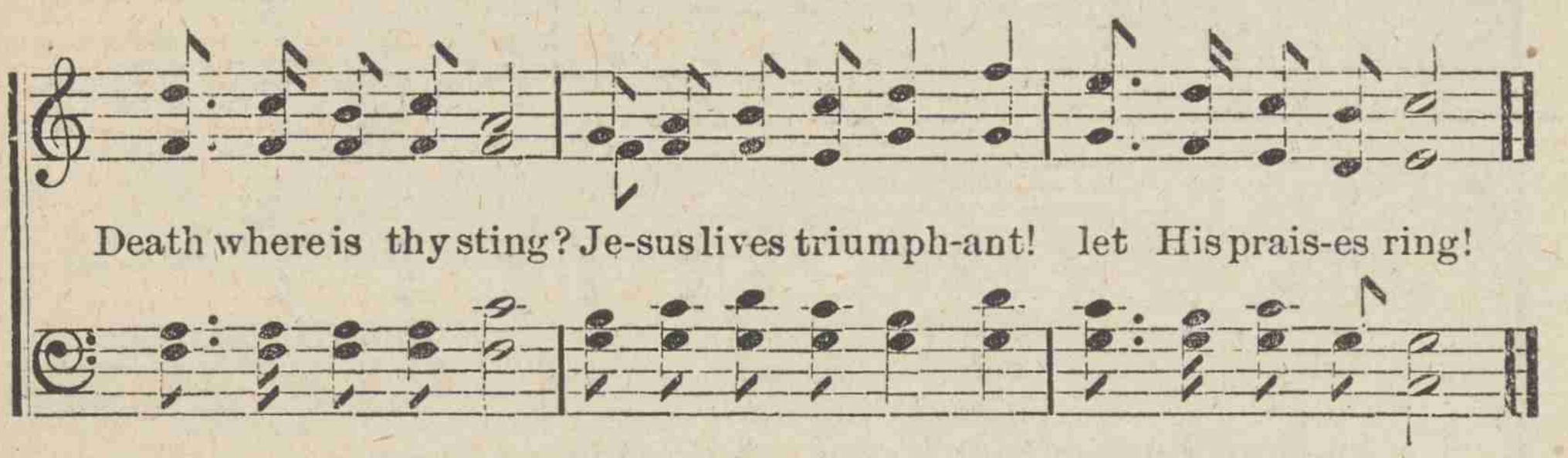


Glo- ry be to God! Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! He'll redeem the lost!

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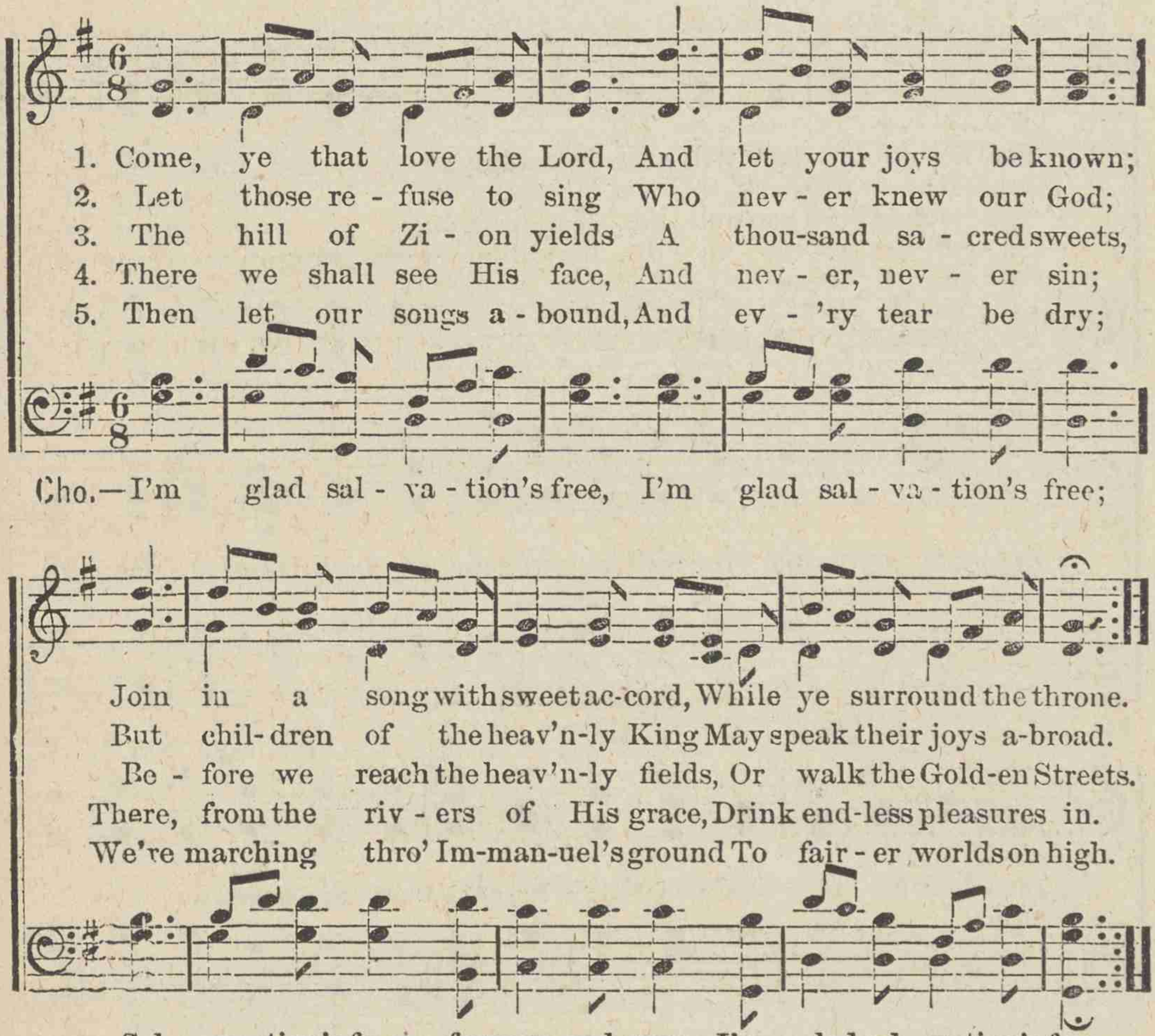
Victory O'er the Grave. Concluded.





No. 152. Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Rev. C. R. Dunbar.



No. 153. We Are Marching On.

L. H. P. L. H. Parthemore.

1. We are march-ing 'neath the ban-ner of our King, Marching
2. We will tell the sto-ry of the Sav-iour's love, Marching
3. Oh it was the Sav-iour died up-on the tree, Marching
4. There we'll sing of His re-deem-ing love so free. Marching

on, march-ing on, And His prais-es
on, march-ing on, How He left His
on, march-ing on, Yes He gave His
on, March-ing on, march-ing on, marching on, Through the cease-less

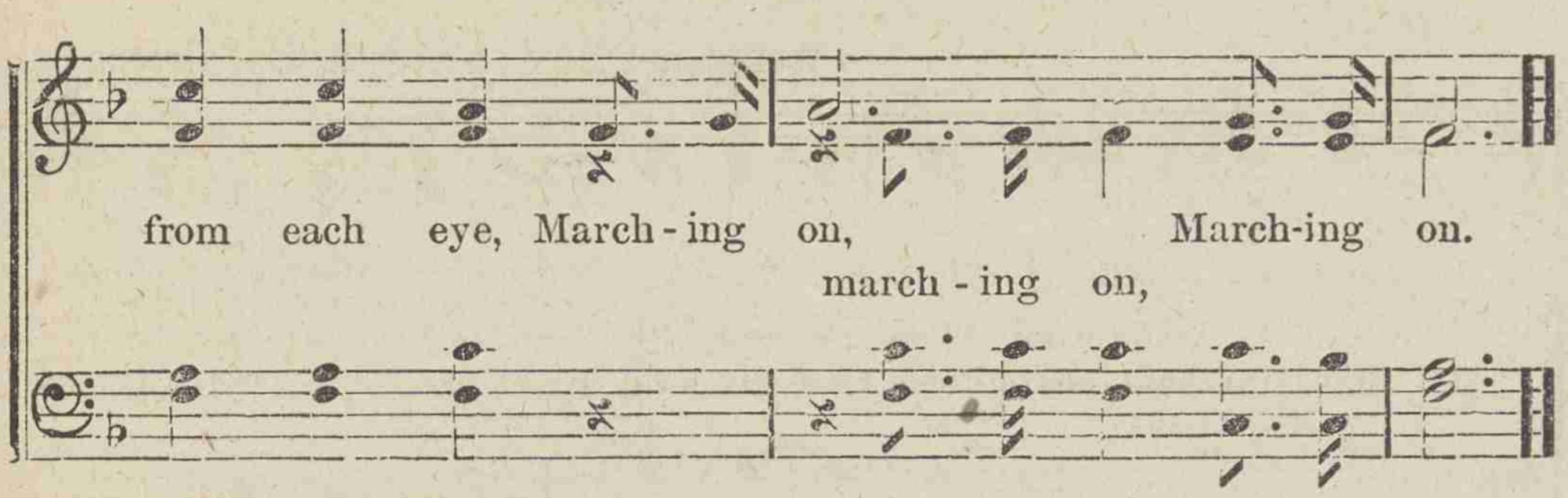
now for-ev-er we will sing, Marching on, march-ing on.
glorious throne in heav'n a-bove, Marching on, march-ing on.
life to save both you and me, Marching on, march-ing on.
a-ges of e-ter-ni-ty, Marching on, Marching on, marching on.

Chorus.

We are march-ing onward to our home on high, Home of ma-ny
mansions far be-yond the sky, Where the tears are wiped for ev-er

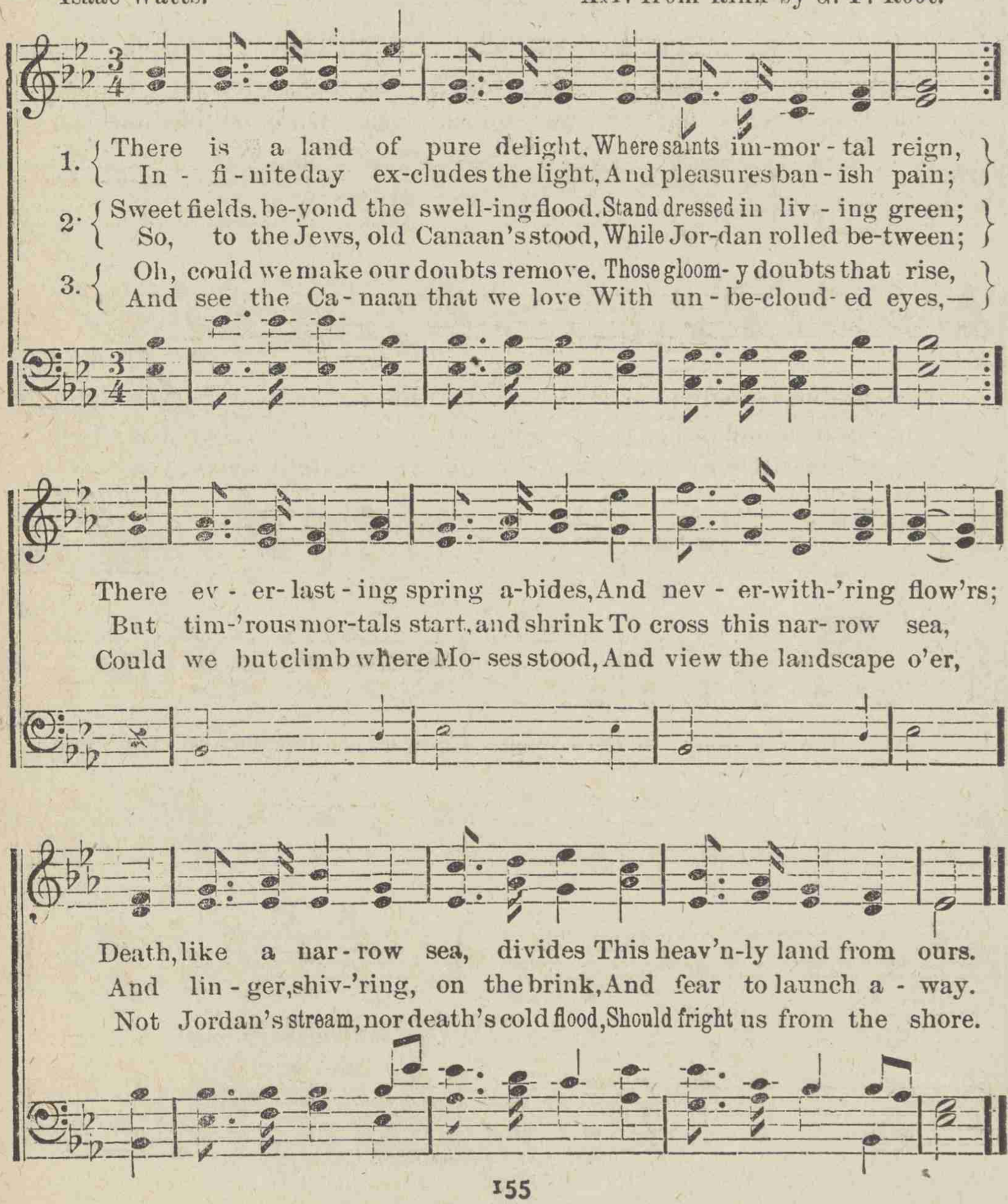
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We Are Marching On. Concluded.



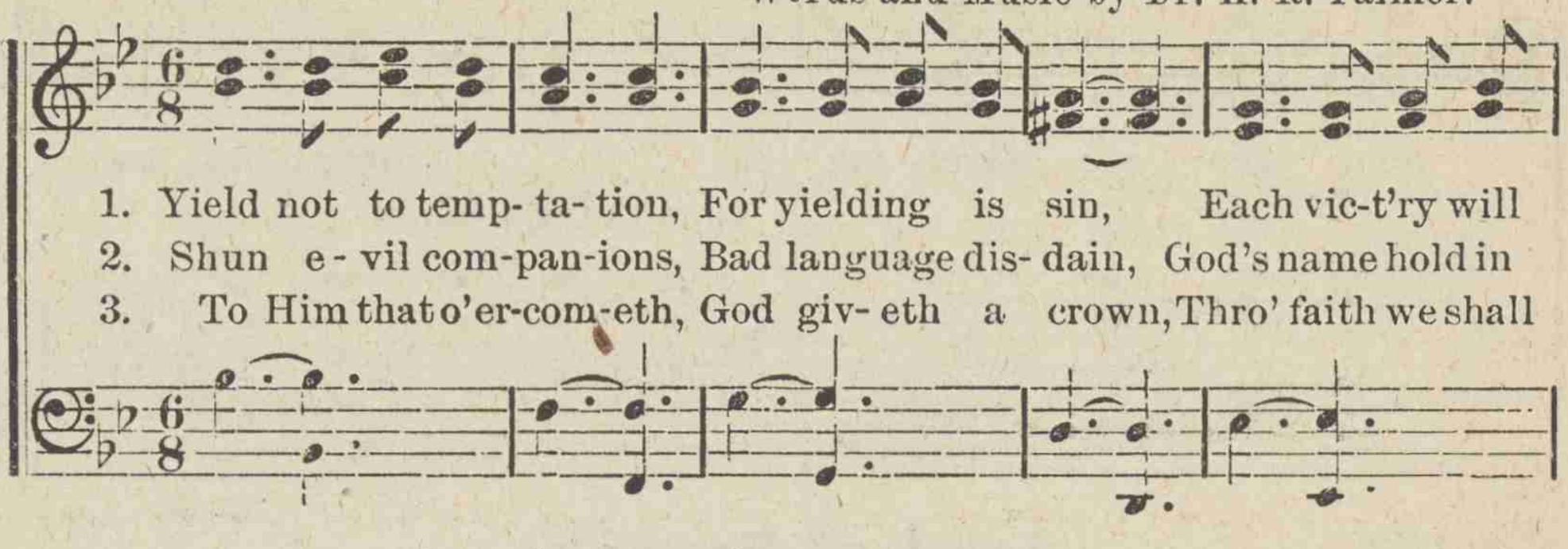
No. 154. Land of Promise.

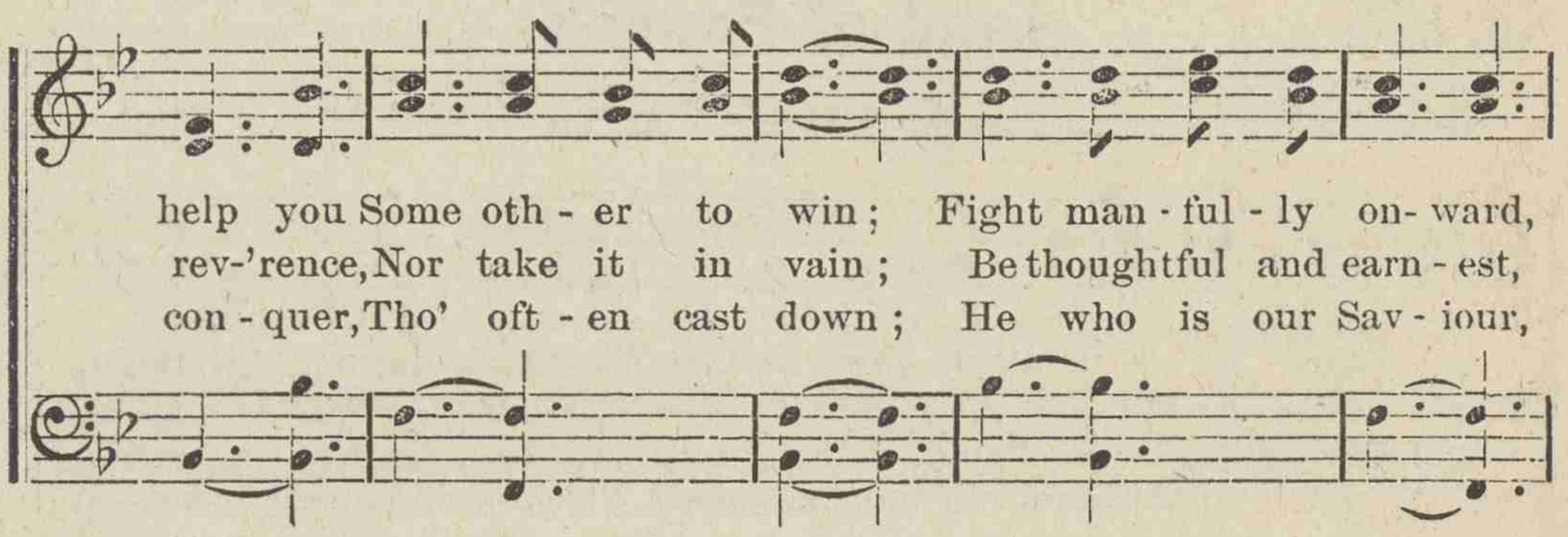
Isaac Watts. Arr. from Rink by G. F. Root.
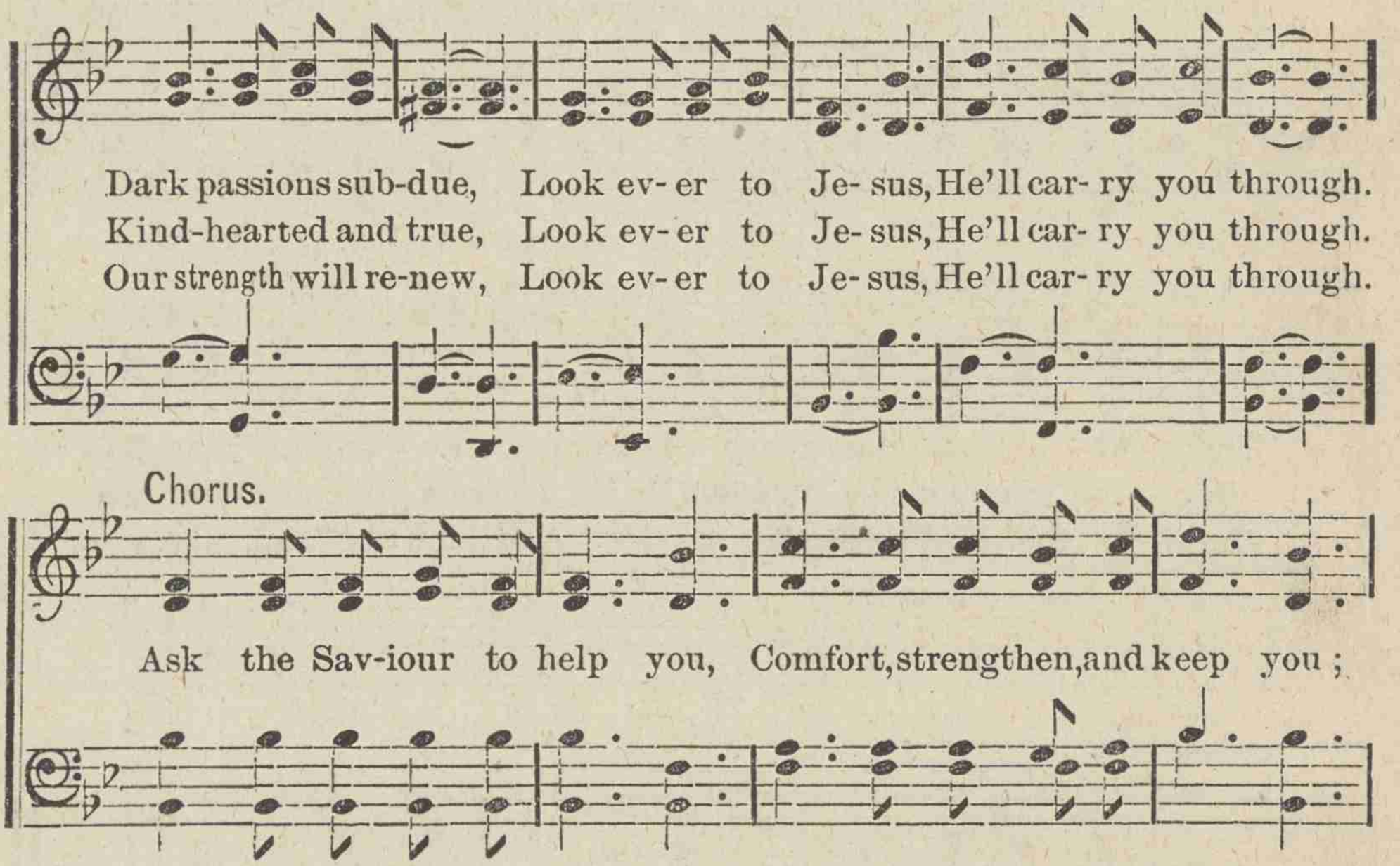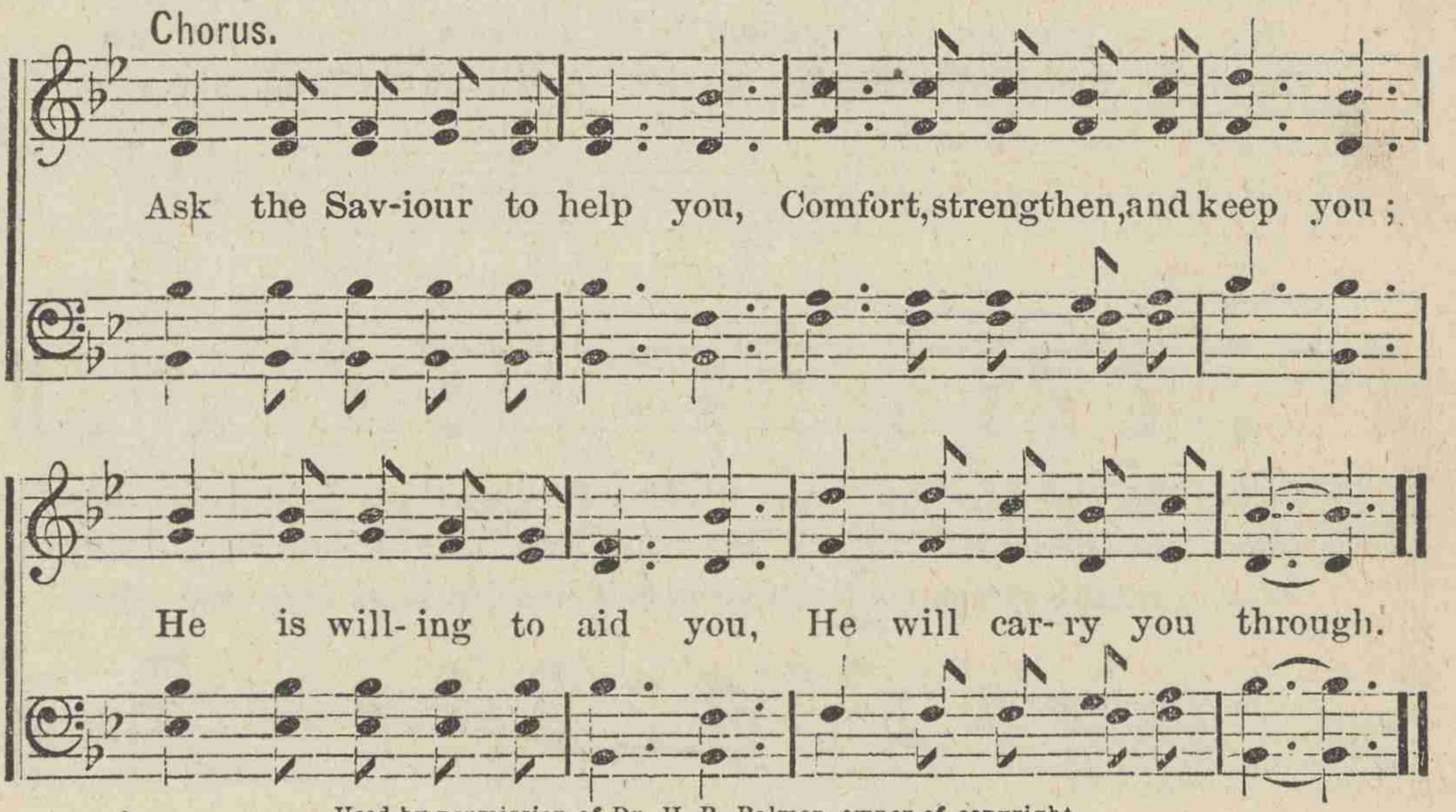


No. 155. Yield Not to Temptation.

Words and Music by Dr. H. R. Palmer.





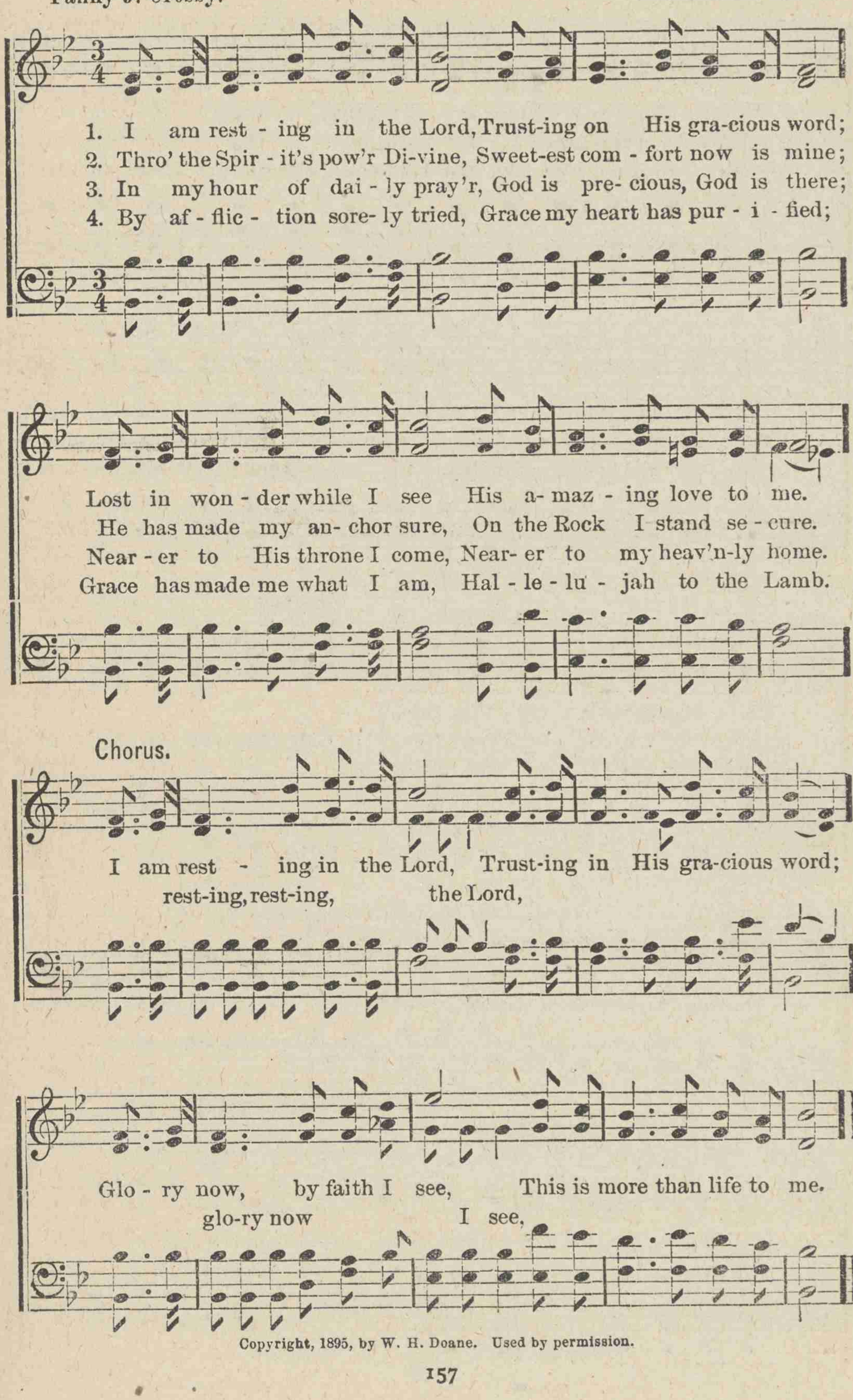




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No. 156. Rest in the Lord.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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No. 157. Calling Me Over the Tide.

Jessie H. Brown. J. H. Fillmore.

1. Friends who have lov'd me are slip-ping a - way, Si - lent - ly on-ward they glide; Still are their voic - es, as backward they stray,
2. Dim - ly thro' gath - er - ing dark-ness I see Je - sus, my Friend and my Guide; An- gels are watching and wait-ing for me,
3. Nar - row the wa - ters, and tran - quil the shore; There my be - lov - ed a - bide,— Christ and the an-gels and friends gone be- fore,

Refrain.

Call - ing me o - ver the tide.
Call - ing me o - ver the tide.
Call - ing me o - ver the tide.

Call - ing to me, they are call-ing to me, Lov'd ones are call-ing me o - ver the tide; They are call-ing to me, they are calling to me, Calling me o- ver the tide.

Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros. Used by per.

No. 158. Follow Him.

M. L. McP. M. L. McPhail.

1. Take up your cross, and fol - low Je - sus, If His dis - ci - ple
2. Take up your cross, and fol - low Je - sus, Tho' it brings sor - row,
3. Take up your cross, and fol - low Je - sus; Mark well His foot-steps
4. Be not asham'd to fol - low Je - sus, As He has taught you

you would be; For - sake the world and all its treas - ures;
loss and pain; All your af - flic - tions He'll re - mem - ber—
all the way; Live but to hon - or and o - bey Him;
in His word; Then when life's con - flicts all are o - ver,

D.S.—All need - ful grace He'll sure - ly give you;

FINE. Chorus.

And fol - low Him, His word be - lieve.
Crown you with ev - er - last - ing gain.
Fol - low Him hum - bly all the day.
You will re-ceive the great re - ward.
} Take up your cross and

Take up your cross and fol - low Him.

D.S.

fol - low Je - sus, Give up the world and all its sin;

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No. 159. On the Wings of the Morn.

"The wings of the morning."—Ps. 139 : 9.

Nellie Montgomery. W. H. Doane.

1. On the wings of the morn, speed, O speed ye away; There are
2. On the wings of the morn, speed, a-way, then, O speed; Lo! the
3. On the wings of the morn, speed ye on - ward His love; Tho' the

mil-lions who per-ish be-cause of de- lay; Sound the trump of Sal-
hun-gry are cry- ing; go help ye their need; When ye know that a
tempt-er de - fi- eth, Christ reign-eth a-bove; Tell the wea - ry He

va- tion, ye her-alds of light; Let the beams of His beau-ty dis -
Sav-iour each want can sup-ply, Will ye still lin - ger on, will ye
giv- eth a rest from their cares, And pro-claim to the fet-tered that

Chorus.

pel all the night. Speed thee on, speed thee on, Speed thee on to -
leave them to die?
free-dom is theirs. on-ward, on-ward,

day; Speed thee on, speed thee on, Speed thee on to - day.
on-ward, on-ward,

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No. 160. We Come, Come Again.

Adaline Hohf Beery. T. Martin Towne.

Not too fast

1. We come to wor-ship Thee, O Ho - ly One, Thy gracious name to
2. Send down Thy Ho-ly Spir - it, Lord, we pray, To move our way ward
3. While here we min-gle with sweet song and pray'r, We gather strength for

own and bless; Before Thy throne in thank-ful - ness we bow, Thy
hearts to Thee; Fill us with sym-pa-thy and pur- pose true, That
dai - ly need; O Sav-iour, keep us all in du - ty's path, And

Chorus. *faster.*

lov - ing kind-ness to con- fess.
faith- ful help- ers we may be.
to the heav'n-ly man- sions lead.
} We come, come a - gain, we

come, come a - gain To praise the Lord, our King; We

come, come a- gain, we come, come a- gain His matchless love to sing.

By per., T. M. Towne, owner of copyright.

No. 161. Ho! Every One That Thirsteth.

W. T. Giffe. W. T. Giffe.

1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirst- eth, come and drink, For the
2. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirst- eth, come and drink; There is
3. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirst- eth, come and drink; Drink the

crys - tal tide is flow- ing free to - day; There is par - don in the
heal - ing in the stream for all who come; Won- der - ful its pow'r to
sa - cred tide be-fore you turn a - way; From the fount-ain of the

fount- ain of His love, Drink ye free - ly of it while you may.
cleanse from ev - 'ry ill; Je - sus speaks the word and it is done.
Sav-iour's lov - ing heart, It is of-fered free to all to - day.

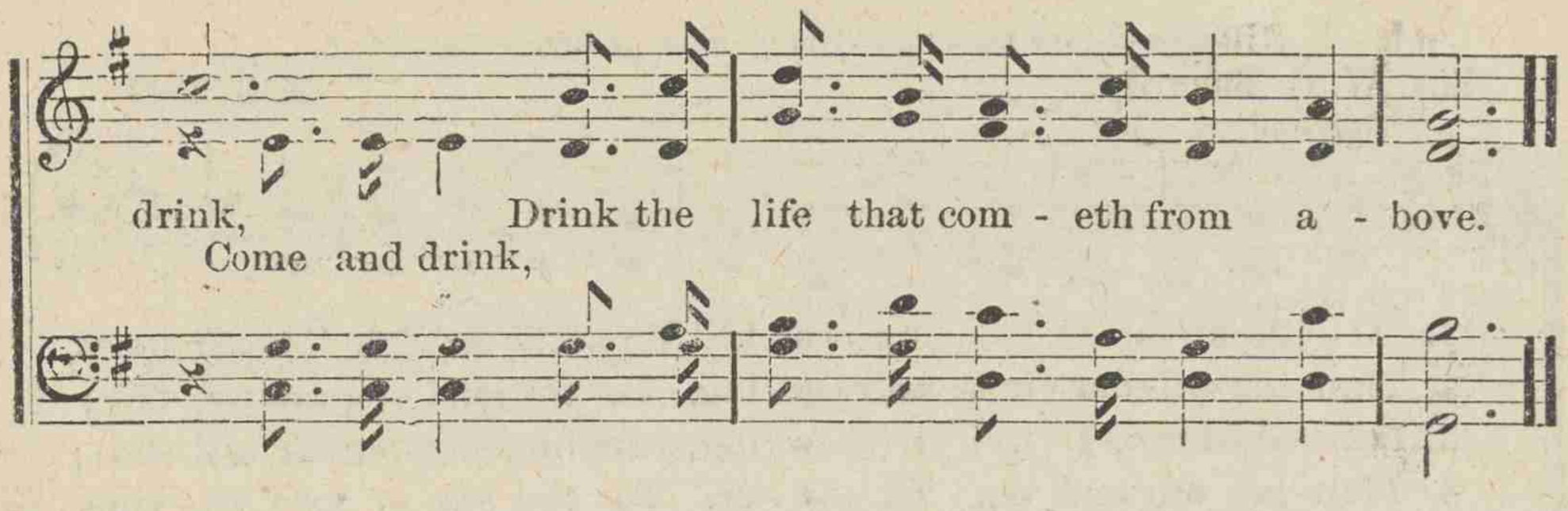
Chorus.

Come and drink . . the pre-cious tide, Flow-ing free - ly from the
Come and drink the precious tide,

Mas - ter's love: Come and drink, Come and
Come and drink, Come and drink,

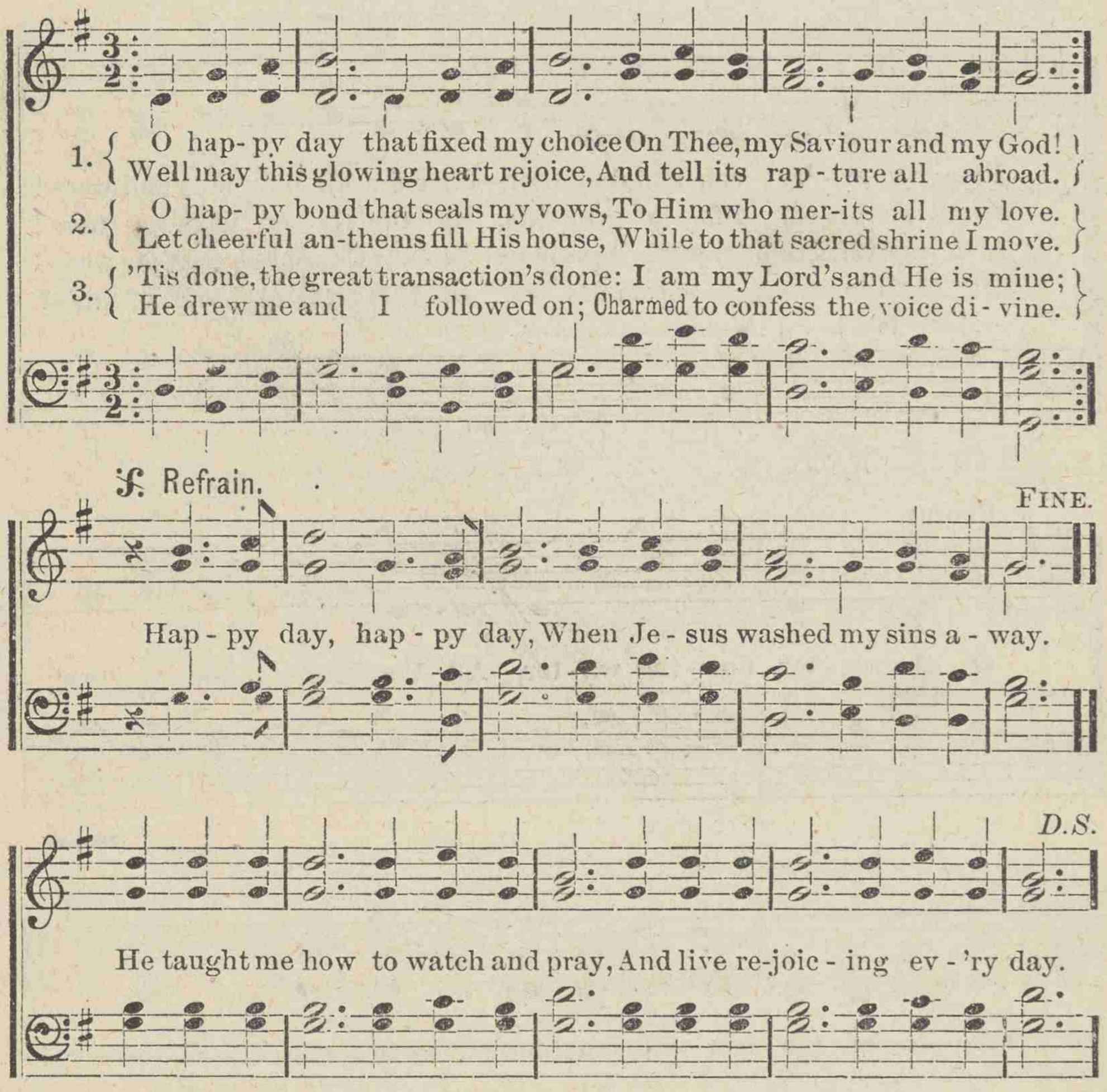
By permission of The Home Music Co.

Ho! Every One That Thirsteth. Concluded.



No. 162. The Happy Day.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. Edward F. Rimbault.



4 Now rest my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good posessed.

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

No. 163. The Flowing Water.
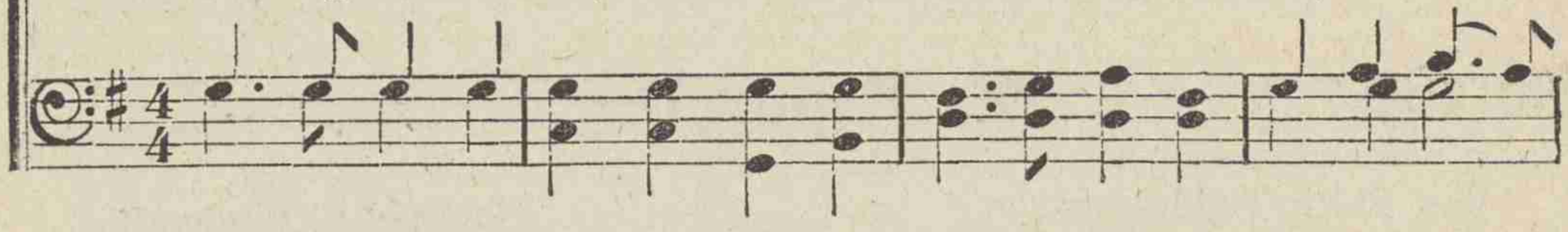
"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. 22 : 1.

Rev. W. C. Macurdy. J. H. Hall.
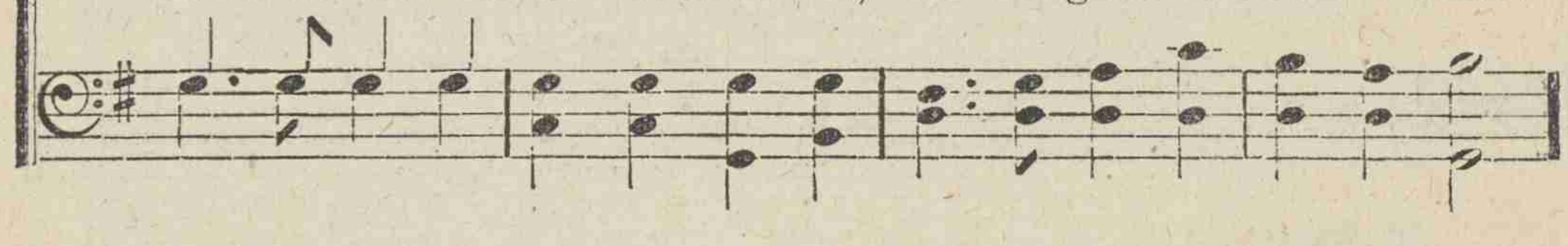
Spirited.



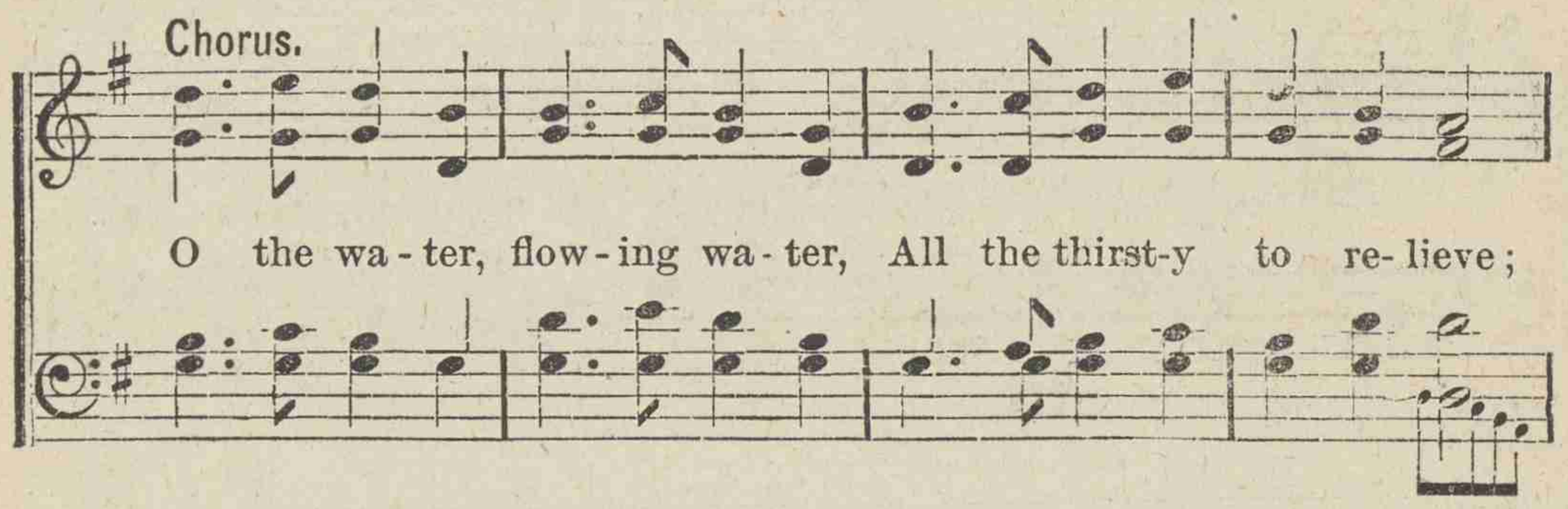
1. O the stream of liv - ing wa - ter! From the stricken Rock, it flows,
2. Thro' the wil- der - ness, we're go- ing, To the land of promise, fair;
3. Praise the Lord, I feel it flow - ing, Rippling, singing, in my soul;
4. Flow- ing on and on, for - ev - er, To the sea of love, Di - vine,
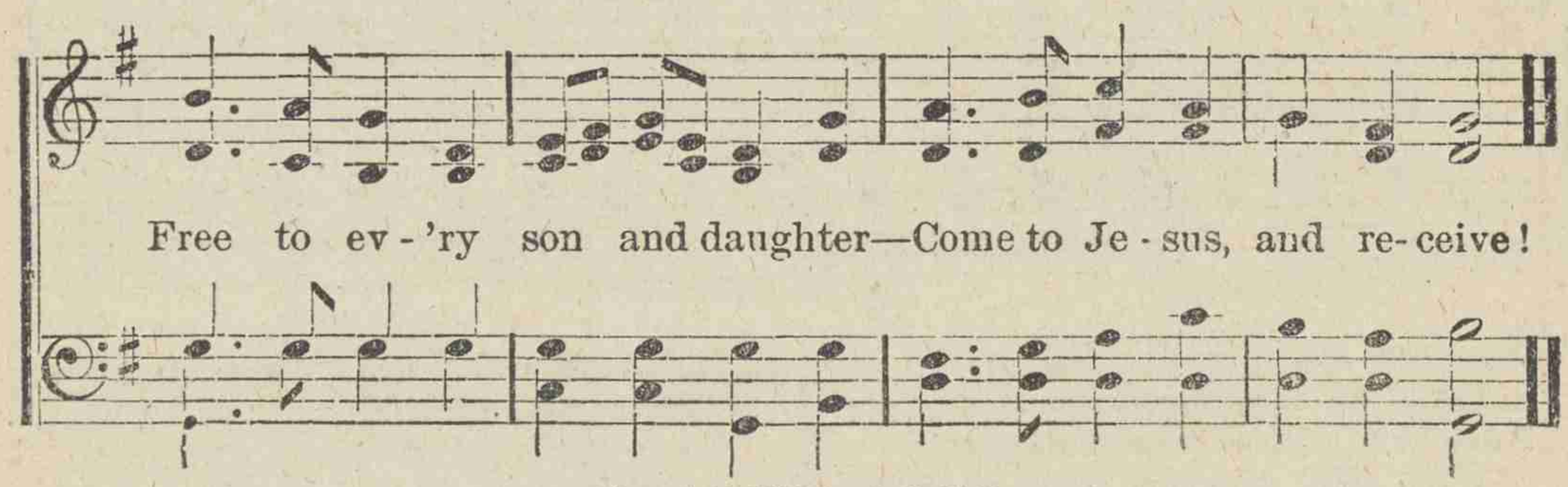


Free to ev - 'ry son and daughter—Cure for all our sins and woes!
Where the tree of life is grow-ing, By the riv - er, flow- ing there!
And my Christian strength is growing! Je - sus Christ hath made me whole!
It shall know ces- sa - tion nev - er, In this grateful heart of mine!



Chorus.



O the wa - ter, flow - ing wa - ter, All the thirst-y to re- lieve;



Free to ev - 'ry son and daughter—Come to Je - sus, and re- ceive!

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No. 164. My Church! My Dear Old Church.

Anonymous. Rev. W. L. Remsberg.

Not too fast.

1. My Church! my Church! my dear old Church! My fa-thers' and my own!
2. My Church! my Church! my dear old Church! My glo - ry and my pride!
3. My Church! my Church! I love my Church, For she ex- alts my Lord;
4. My Church! my Church! I love my Church, For she doth lead me on

On Proph-ets and A - pos - tles built, And Christ the Cor- ner-stone!
Firm in the faith Im - man- uel taught, She holds no faith be- side.
She speaks, she breathes, she teach- es not But from His writ- ten Word;
To Zi - on's pal - ace Beau - ti - ful, Where Christ my Lord hath gone.

cres. *dim.*

All else be- side, by storm or tide, May yet be o - verthrown;
Up - on this rock, 'gainst ev - 'ry shock, Tho' gates of hell as - sail,
And if her voice bids me re - joice, From all my sins re- leased,
From all be- low she bids me go To Him, the Life, the Way,

But not my Church, my dear old Church, My fa-thers' and my own.
She stands se-cure, with prom-ise sure, "They nev - er shall pre- vail."
'Tis thro' th'a - ton - ing sac - ri - fice, And Je - sus is the Priest.
The Truth to guide my err - ing feet From darkness in - to day.

Copyright, 1895, by W. L. Remsberg. By per.

No. 165. Seeking a Refuge.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.—Psa. 46 : 1.

L. A. M. Rev. L. A. Morris.
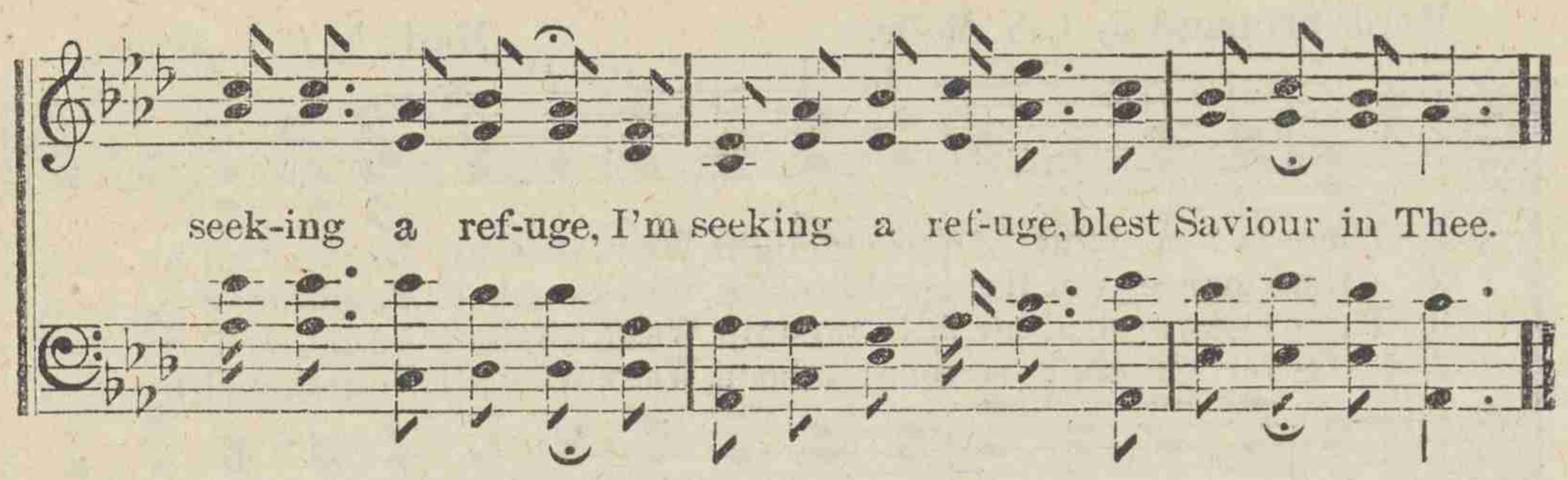
1. Near - er my Sav - iour, still near - er to Thee, This earth's fleeting com-forts, are noth- ing to me; Per - ish - ing dai - ly, like shad-ows they flee, I'm seek-ing a ref-uge, blest Sav-iour in Thee.
2. Though I have wandered a - gain and a - gain, Yet ev - er I hear this in - vit - ing re - frain; Let noth- ing keep thee a - way from my love, It turns my af - fections to heav- en a - bove.
3. Dark are the shad-ows of sor-row and woe, But Je - sus will light up the path-way I know; Beau - ti - ful man-sions a - wait- ing on high, With this blest as - surance, my hope can-not die.
4. When the dark val - ley I'm called to pass thro', A light from those man-sions will o - pen to view; Je - sus my Sav- iour, the bright Morning Star, Will lead to the cit - y whose gates are a - jar.

Chorus.

Seek-ing a ref - uge, seek-ing a ref - uge, I'm seek-ing a ref - uge, blest Sav- iour in Thee. Seek- ing a ref - uge,

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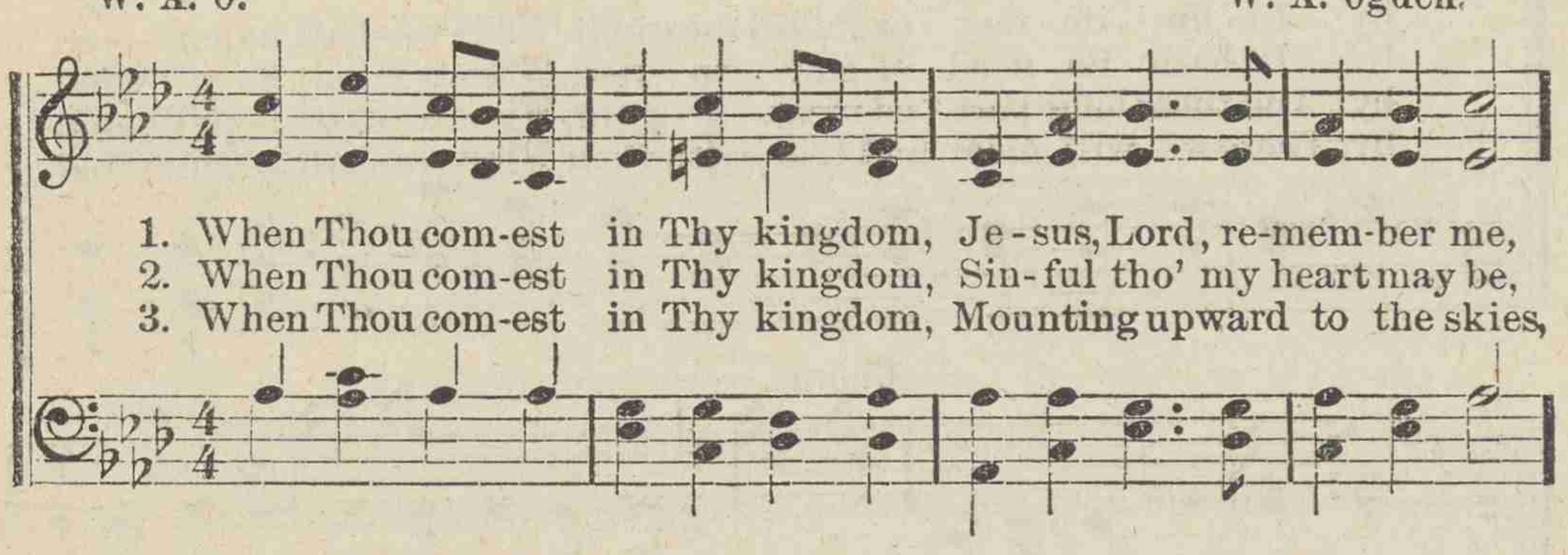
Seeking a Refuge. Concluded.

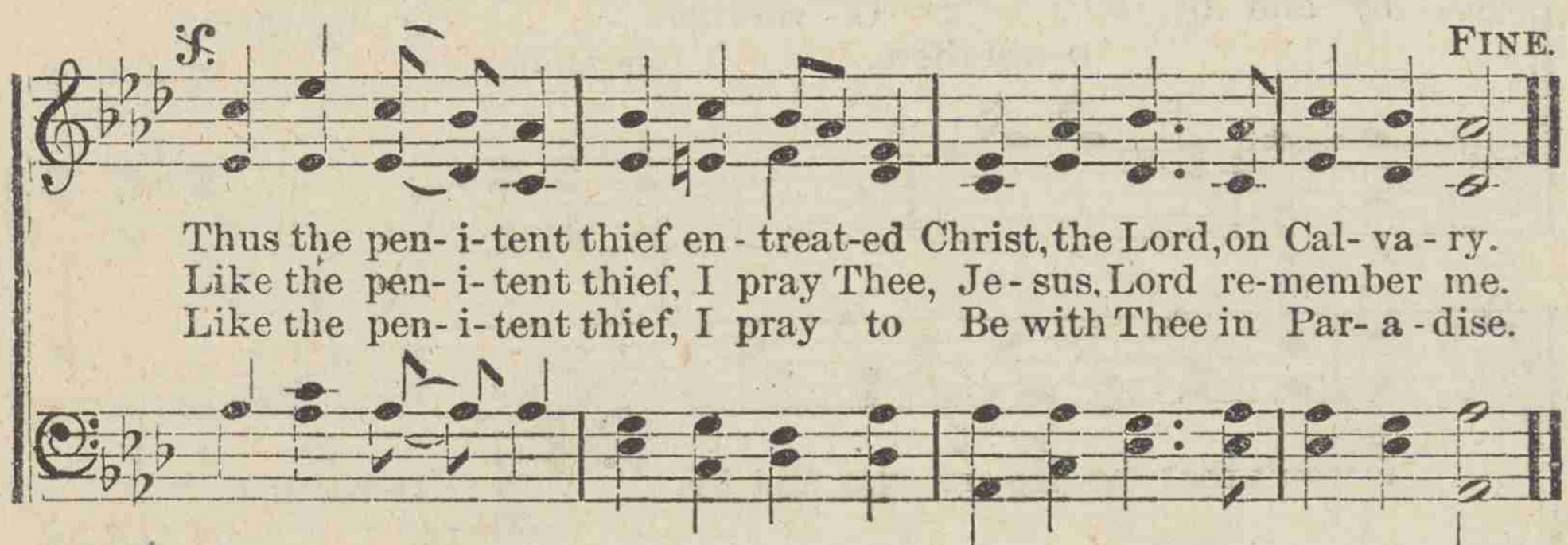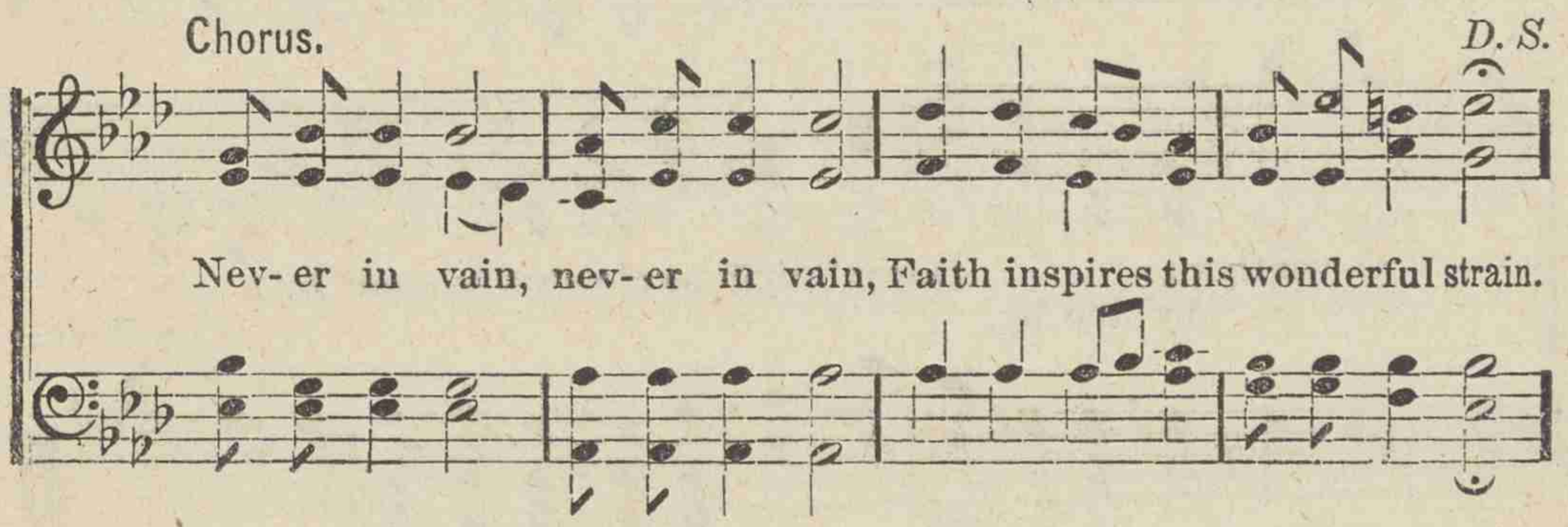


No. 166. When Thou Comest.

"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."—LUKE 13 : 42.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.







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No. 167. Glory Over There.

Words arranged by I. N. McHose. Music by C. L. Moore.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where we shall be gathered by and
2. Its skies are not like earthly skies, Where we shall be gathered by and
3. There rests no shad-ow, falls no stain, Where we shall be gathered by and
4. O- ver in that se-rene a-bode, Where we shall be gathered by and

by; In-fin-ite day excludes the night, Where we shall be gath-ered
by; It hath no need of sun to rise, Where we shall be gath-ered
by; And those long part-ed meet a-gain, Where we shall be gath-ered
by; There we will meet and live with God, Where we shall be gath-ered

Chorus.

by and by, O-ver there, O-ver there,
o-ver there. by and by, by and by,
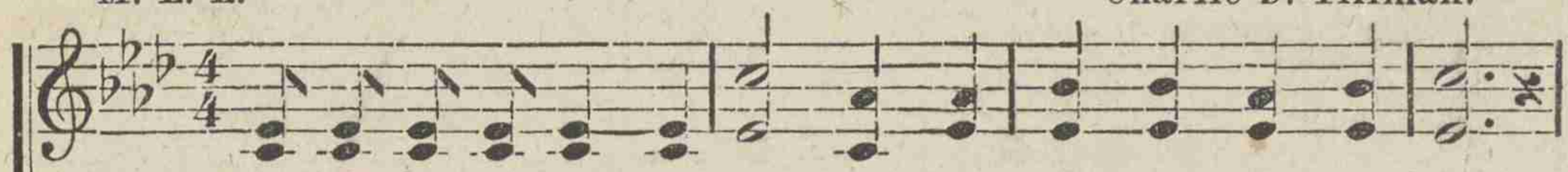
O won't that be glo-ry by and by, O-ver there.
O-ver there; by and by,

O-ver there, O won't that be glo-ry by and by.
by and by, o-ver there.

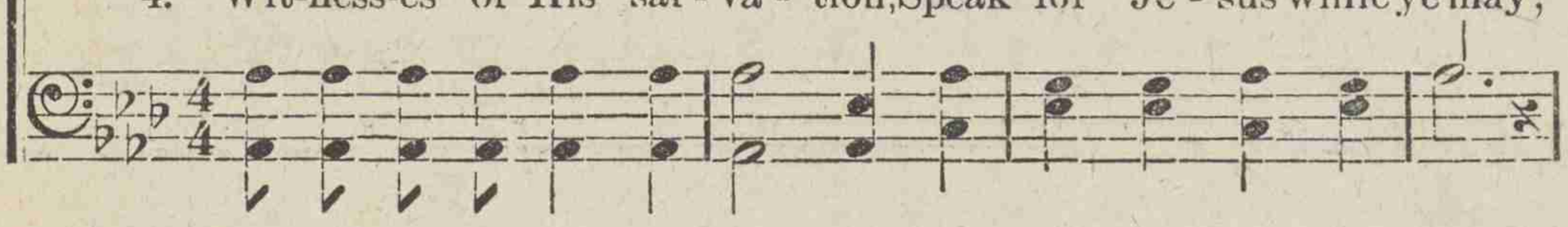
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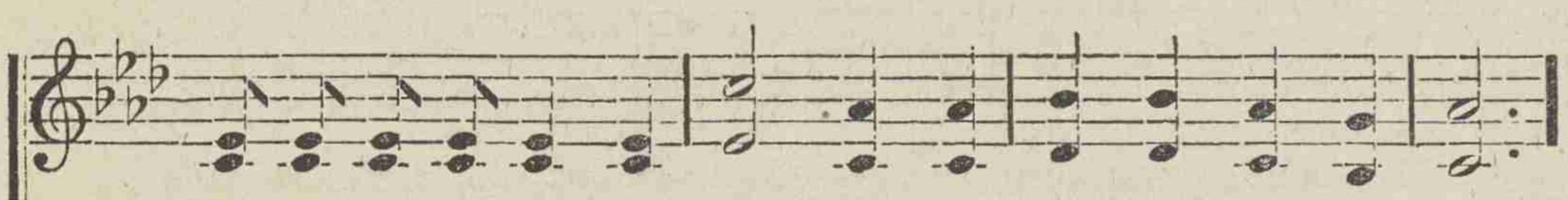
No. 168. Ye Are My Witnesses.

M. L. L. Charlie D. Tillman.
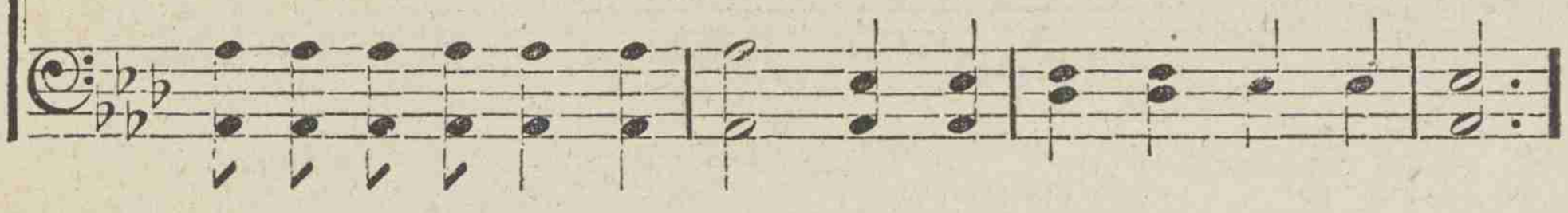


1. Have you an - y words for Je - sus? Oh, speak them day by day,
2. Have you an - y tes - ti - mo - ny For the liv - ing Lord within?
3. Does the Master reign tri-umph-ant In your soul from day to-day?
4. Wit-ness-es of His sal - va - tion, Speak for Je - sus while ye may;

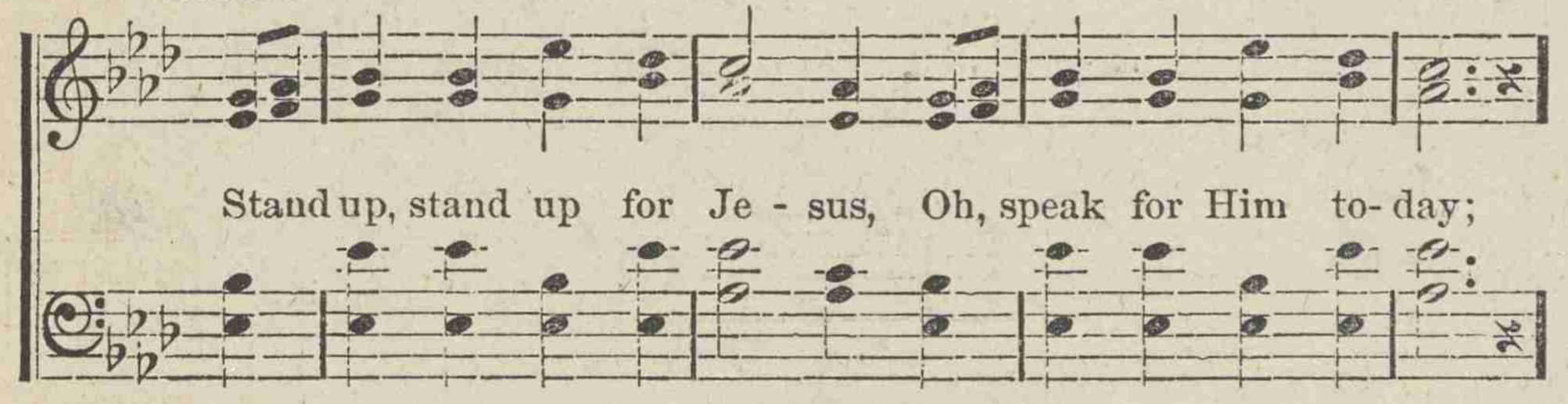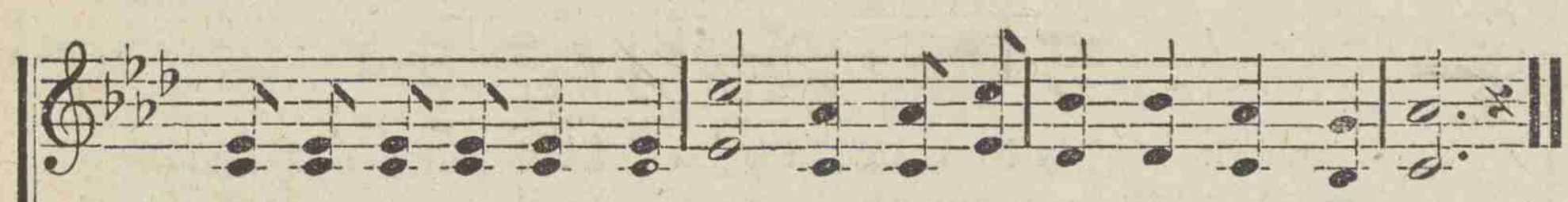




Nev- er leave a word un - spok - en That He would have you say.
It may help a-noth - er, give it; To with-hold it would be sin.
Tell it out un - to your neigh - bors, Tell it, tell it by the way.
Soon will come the long, long si - lence, 'Till the res - ur - rec-tion day.



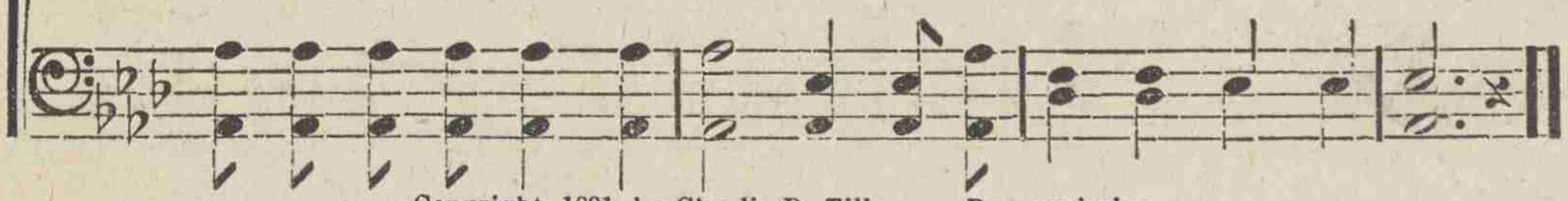
Chorus.



Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Oh, speak for Him to- day;



Be a wit-ness for sal - va - tion, Speak for Je - sus while ye may.



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No. 169. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T.

Use as Solo or Duett.

W. L. Thompson.

1. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home,
2. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home,

When life's toils are end - ed, And part - ing days have come,
In life's dark-est hours, Fa - ther, When life's troub-les come,

Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam,
Keep my feet from wand -'ring, Lest from Thee I roam,

If thou'lt on - ly lead me, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home.
Lest I fall up - on the way-side, Lead me gen - tly home.

rit. *p*

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Lead Me Gently Home, Father. Concluded.

Chorus.

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

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

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

No. 170. The Stranger at the Door.

Words and Music by Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Be - hold! a stran - ger stand-ing at the door; In tones of
2. Pa - tient and yet so lov - ing - ly He stands; Pierced are the
3. Thorn - y the crown up - on His head di- vine; Sin - ner, He

sweet - ness hear His voice im- plore, Hark! hark! He knocks, oh
bleed - ing feet and man - gled hands, While from His side a
wore it for your sins and mine! Hast - en and o - pen
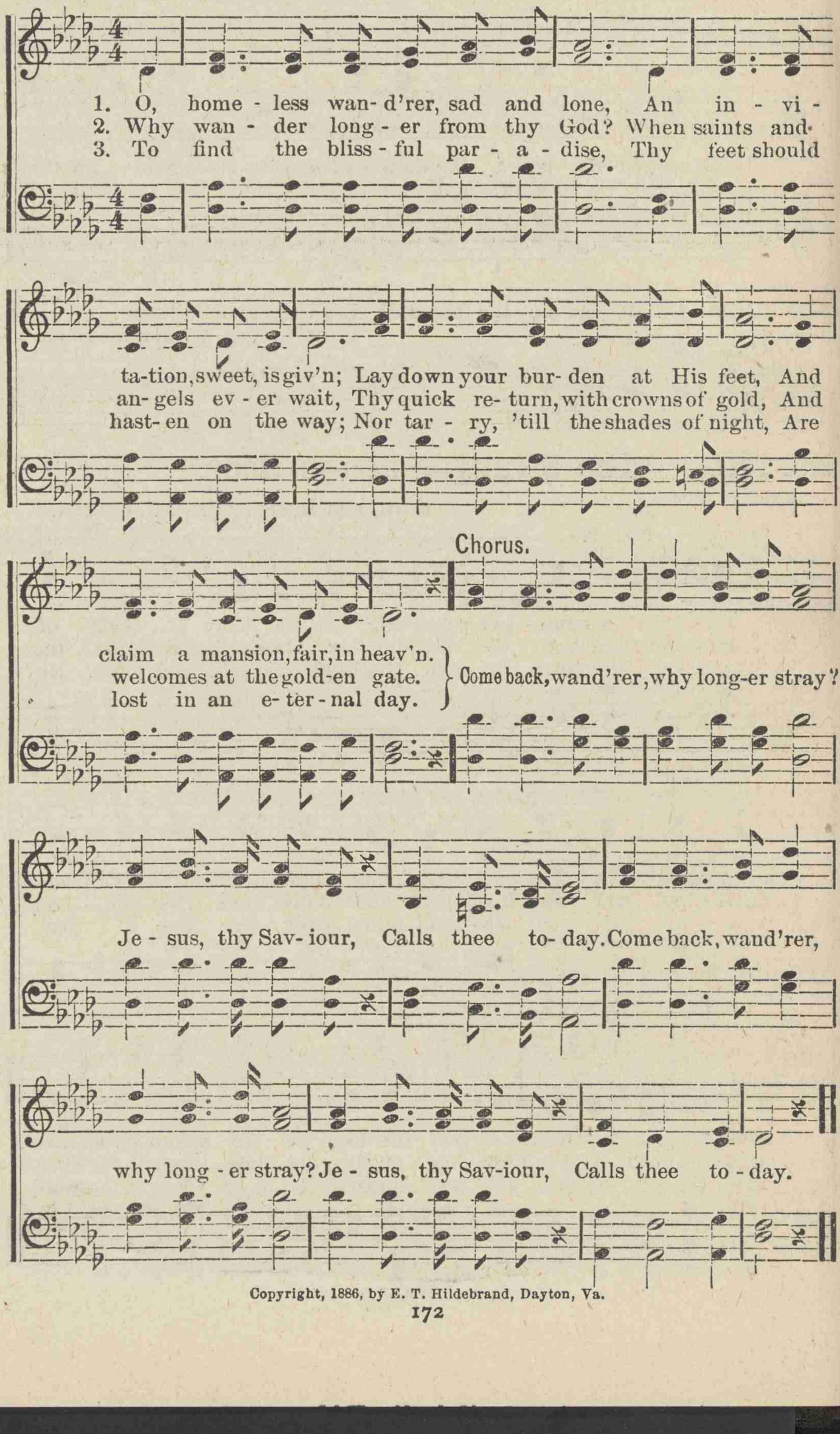
sin - ner, sin - ner, hear! O - pen the door! 'tis Je - sus knocking there.
crim- son flood I see, Flow- ing, O sin - ner; flow - ing still for Thee.
wide the bolt - ed door, Je - sus can save you, save for - ev - er-more.

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No. 171. Come Back, Wanderer.

They have wandered as blind men.—Sam. 4 : 14

Geo. P. Hott. E. T. Hildebrand.
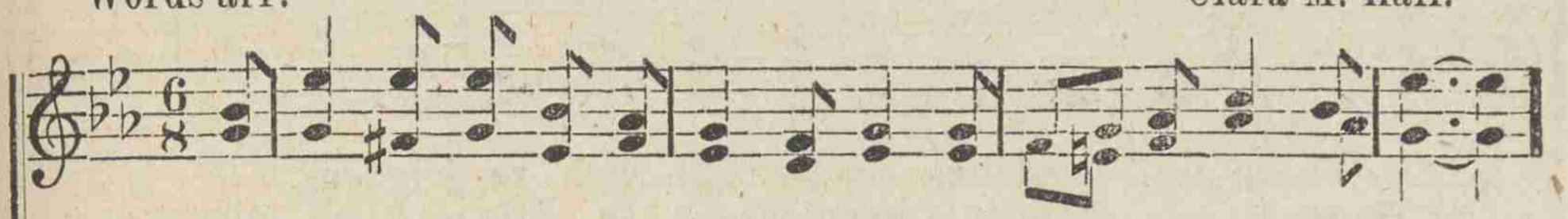


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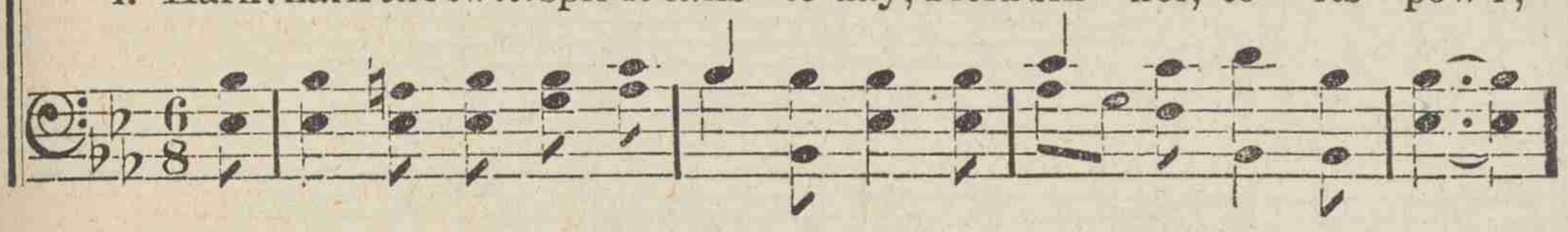
No. 172. Hark, the Saviour Calls!

If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink.—John 7 : 37.

Words arr. Clara M. Hall.
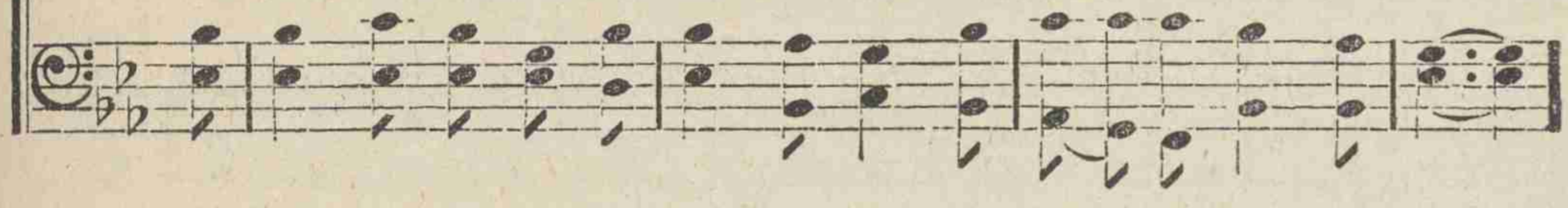


1. Hark! hark to-day, hear the Sav-iour calls, Come, wea- ry wan-d'rer, come;
2. Hark! hark to-day, hear the Sav-iour calls, O sin - ner, hear Him now;
3. Hark! hark to-day, hear the Sav-iour calls, To Him for ref - uge fly;
4. Hark! hark the sweet spir-it calls to-day, Yield sin - ner, to its pow'r;
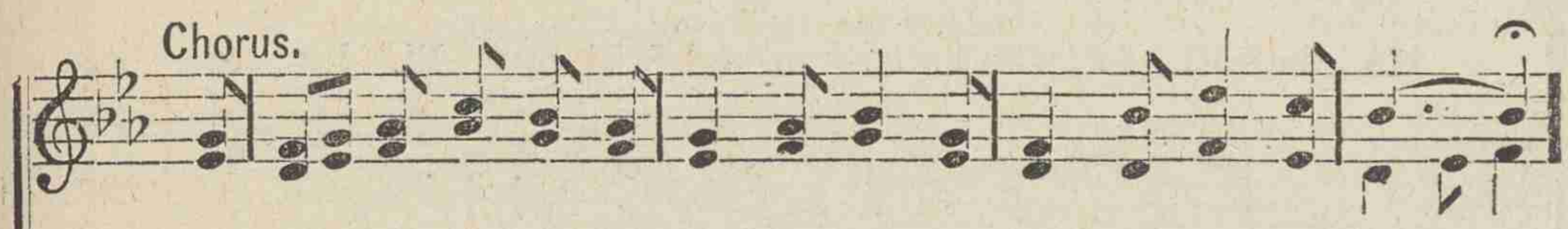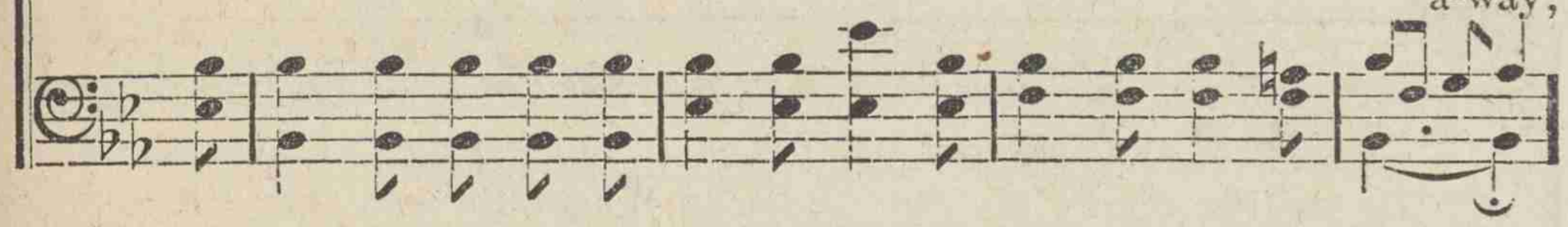




Ye nak - ed, homeless, benight - ed souls, Why will you long - er roam.
Come seek the Saviour with-in these walls, And to Him hum - bly bow.
Be-fore the storm in its fu - ry falls, Be - fore you come to die.
O grieve Him not, turn Him not a - way, Come in at the o - pen door.
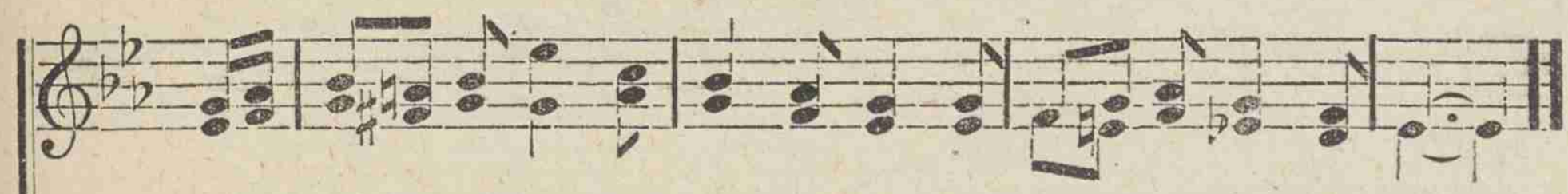


Chorus.
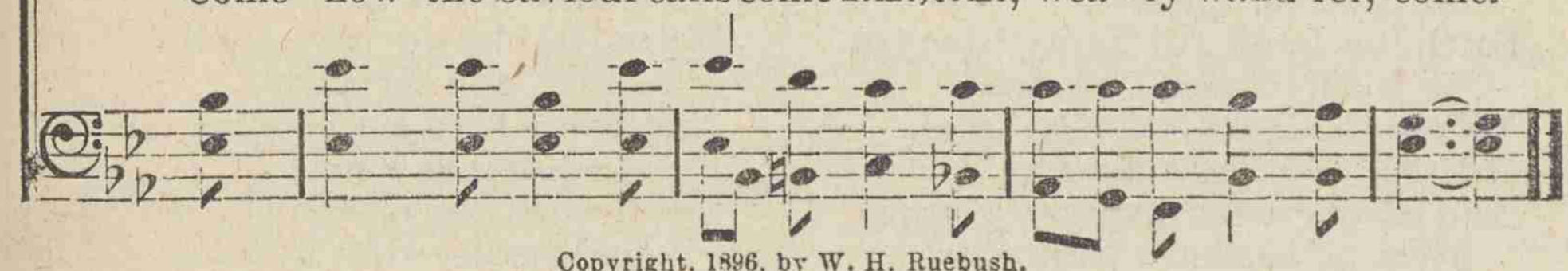


Come weary wand'rer, why long-er roam, Do not turn Him a - way;
a-way;





Come now the Saviour calls come home, Come, wea - ry wand'rer, come.

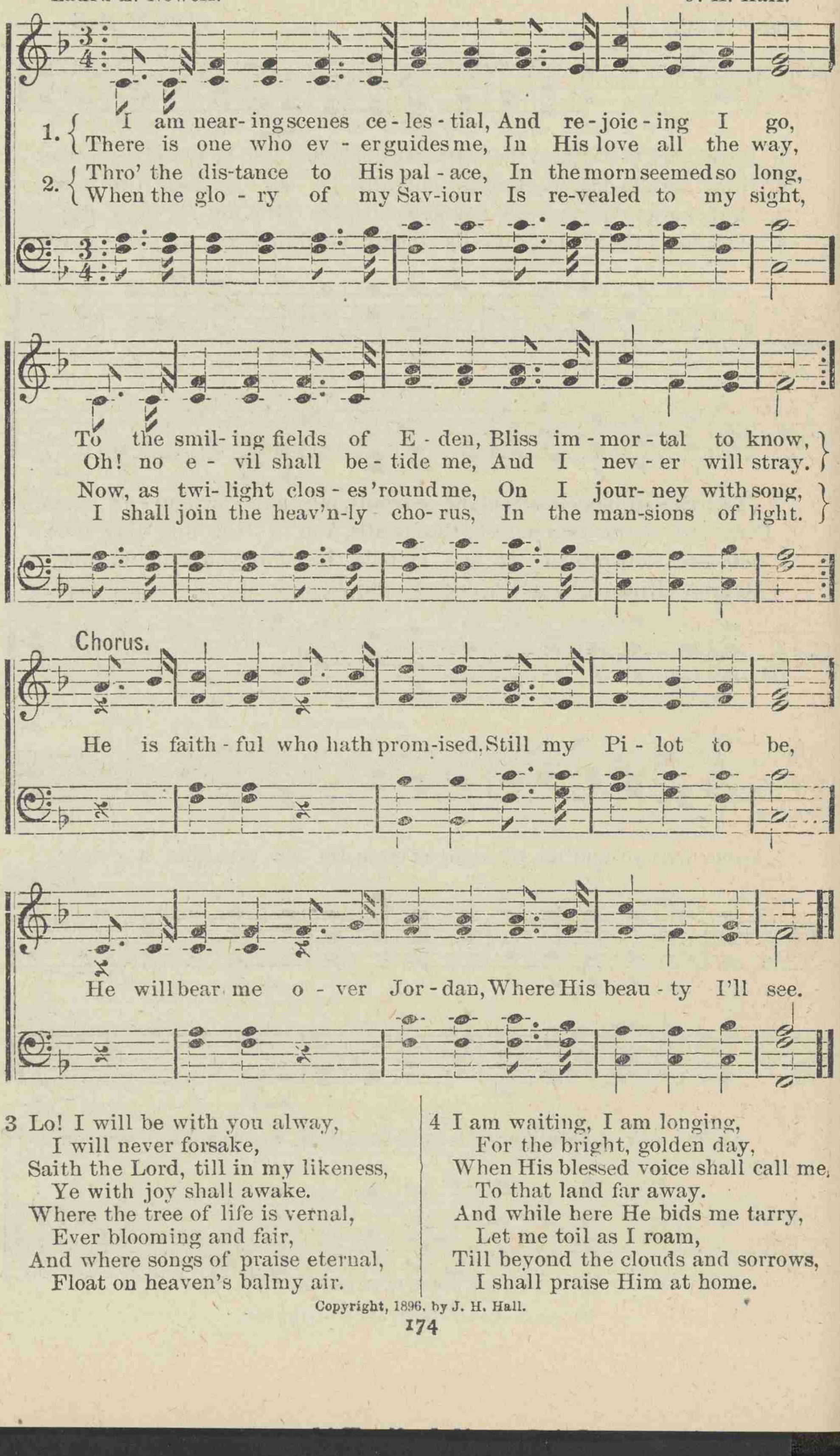


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No. 173. The Faithful Pilot.

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

Laura E. Newell. J. H. Hall.



3 Lo! I will be with you alway,
I will never forsake,
Saith the Lord, till in my likeness,
Ye with joy shall awake.
Where the tree of life is vernal,
Ever blooming and fair,
And where songs of praise eternal,
Float on heaven's balmy air.

4 I am waiting, I am longing,
For the bright, golden day,
When His blessed voice shall call me,
To that land far away.
And while here He bids me tarry,
Let me toil as I roam,
Till beyond the clouds and sorrows,
I shall praise Him at home.

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No. 174. Will You Come to the Feast?

E. R. Latta. JOHN 7 : 37. Rev. C. V. Strickland.

1. Will you come to the feast that is spread you? Will you come? will you come? Long a - go would the
2. Will you come to the feast you haveslight - ed? Will you come? will you come? By the pa - tient Re -
3. Will you come to the feast of sal - va - tion? Will you come? will you come? Will you come, and be
4. Will you come to the feast while 'tis of - fered? Will you come? will you come? To pro-vide it, how

Will you come? Will you come?

Sav - iour have fed you! Will you come? will you come?
deem - er in - vit - ed, Will you come? will you come?
done with pri - va- tion, Will you come? will you come?
Je - sus once suf-fered! Will you come? will you come?

Will you come?

Chorus.

Will you come to the feast, needy sinner? He'll the needs of your soul supply.

Will you come to the feast, dy - ing sin-ner? Will you come to the feast, or die?

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No. 175. Onward to the Fray.

F. M. D. Frank M. Davis.

1. On - ward sol - diers, on - ward to the fray, Christ your
2. On - ward sol - diers has - ten to the field, March - ing
3. On - ward sol - diers o - ver mount and plain, Christ vic -

Lead - er bids you win the day; Cour - age strong to
brave - ly with the sword and shield; With your ar - mor
to - rious be your glad re - frain; Lift - ing high the

bat - tle with the foe, Nev - er fal - ter, on to vic - t'ry go.
gleam-ing in the light, You shall con - quer in your Leader's might.
stand-ard of the cross That shall nev - er, nev - er suf - fer loss.

Chorus.

Shout- ing the tri - umph o - ver ev - 'ry foe, While you on-ward go,

Look to Je - sus watch and pray, Sure - ly you shall win the day.

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No. 176. Trusting in the Love of Jesus.

E. R. Latta. J. H. Ruebush.

1. There's a joy that there is no ex - press - ing, Trust-ing in the
2. Oh, how ma - ny, in the past, have tast - ed, Trust-ing in the
3. Come, ye wan - der-ers in des - ert plac - es, Trust-ing in the

love of Je - sus! And its ev- 'ry one's, to share that bless - ing,
love of Je - sus; And, to tell the gladsome news, have hast - ed,
love of Je - sus! Oh, the joy that shall il-lume your fa - ces,

Chorus.

Trust-ing in the love of Je - sus. } We will trust Him, We will
Trust-ing in the love of Je - sus.
Trust-ing in the love of Je - sus.

trust in Him,

trust Him Ev - er trust in Je - sus' name, ... Ev - er
trust in Him, bless-ed name,

trust Him, Ev - er trust Him, Ev - er trust in Je - sus' name.
trust in Him, trust in Him,

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No. 177. Sinner, Won't You Come to Jesus?

L. H. P. L. H. Parthemore.

1. There's a fount-ain o-pened with-in the house of Da-vid,
2. Come with all your guilt, all ye wea-ry, heav-y la-den,
3. Je-sus, I am com-ing, oh heal my bro-ken spir-it,

And who-so-ev-er will may come; Ev-'ry one may plunge in this
Now in this fount-ain plunge to-day; It will make you whole, heal you
Oh! do not cast my soul a-way; While the waters troubled with-

ev-er flow-ing fount-ain. Sin-ner, won't you come to Je-sus now?
wounded bro-ken spir-it, Sin-ner, won't you come, come plunge and pray.
in this great Bethes-da, Wash me in that fount-ain now, I pray.

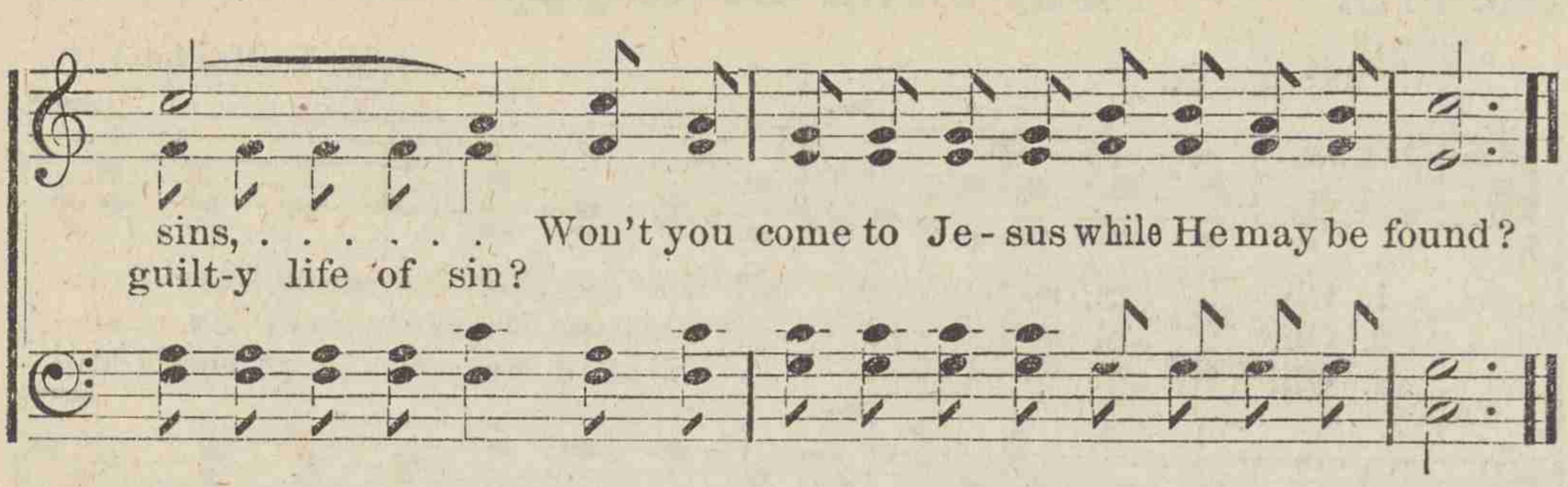
Chorus.

Sin-ner, won't you come to Je-sus? To that
Sin-ner, won't you come to Je-sus and be saved?

fount-ain flowing free for you, Won't you come and be cleansed from your
To that fountain flowing free for you,
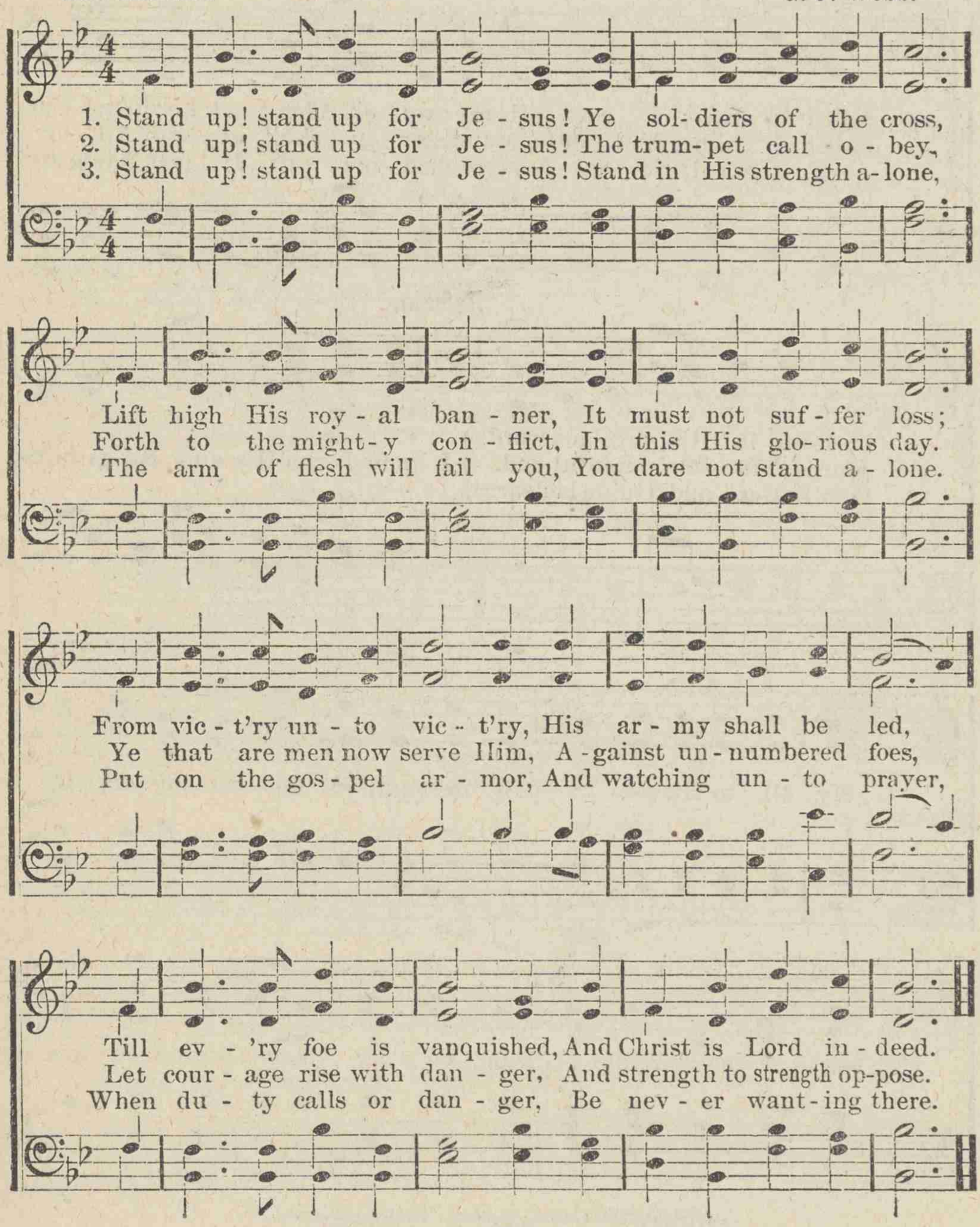
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Sinner, Won't You Come to Jesus? Concluded.



No. 178. Stand Up for Jesus.

Geo. Duffield. G. J. Webb.



No. 179. Oh, I Am So Happy.

F. G. Burroughs. M. L. McPhail.

1. Oh, I am so hap - py all the day, My bur-dens have all
2. Oh, I am so hap - py all the time, Hope's bells of joy so
3. Oh, I am so hap - py in the Lord, He is my shield and

rolled a - way; I cast all my care on Christ, my Lord, And I'm
sweet - ly chime; And good-ness and mer - cy shall at - tend All my
my re-ward; No val - ley of shad - ow will I fear While my

Refrain.

trust-ing in His precious word.
journey to its bliss-ful end.
Com-fort-er and Guide is near.
} I know I am His and He is mine,

My all to His care I now re - sign; No foe can my peace-ful
spir - it harm While I lean on my dear Sav - iour's arm.

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No. 180. Christian Battle Cry.

Margaret Moody. W. A. Ogden.

Spirited.

1. On- ward march we 'neath the roy- al ban- ner, Sol-diers of the
2. On- ward march we, need-ful weapons bear- ing For life's long great
3. On- ward march, nor fal - ter- ing nor fear- ing, God's pure word our
4. Glo-rious ban- ner! great and mighty Sav- iour! Vic - tor o - ver

heav'nly King; Sing - ing now to God our glad ho- san - na,
bat- tle- day; Each the oth - er's heav - y bur - den shar - ing,
trust-y sword; On our ban - ner, lo! the name ap-pear - ing
ev - 'ry foe, We to - day would seek Thy lov - ing fa - vor;

Chorus. *f*

All our ranks with mu- sic ring.
Thus we jour - ney on our way.
Of our Cap - tain, Christ the Lord.
Where Thou lead- est we will go.

} Glo- ry be to God, Hal - le -

cres.

lu - jah! Glo - ry be to God, to God on high!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Shout a- loud the bat - tle cry.

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No. 181. Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. Philip Phillips. By per.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams,
3. That un-chang - a - ble home is for you and for me,
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,

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

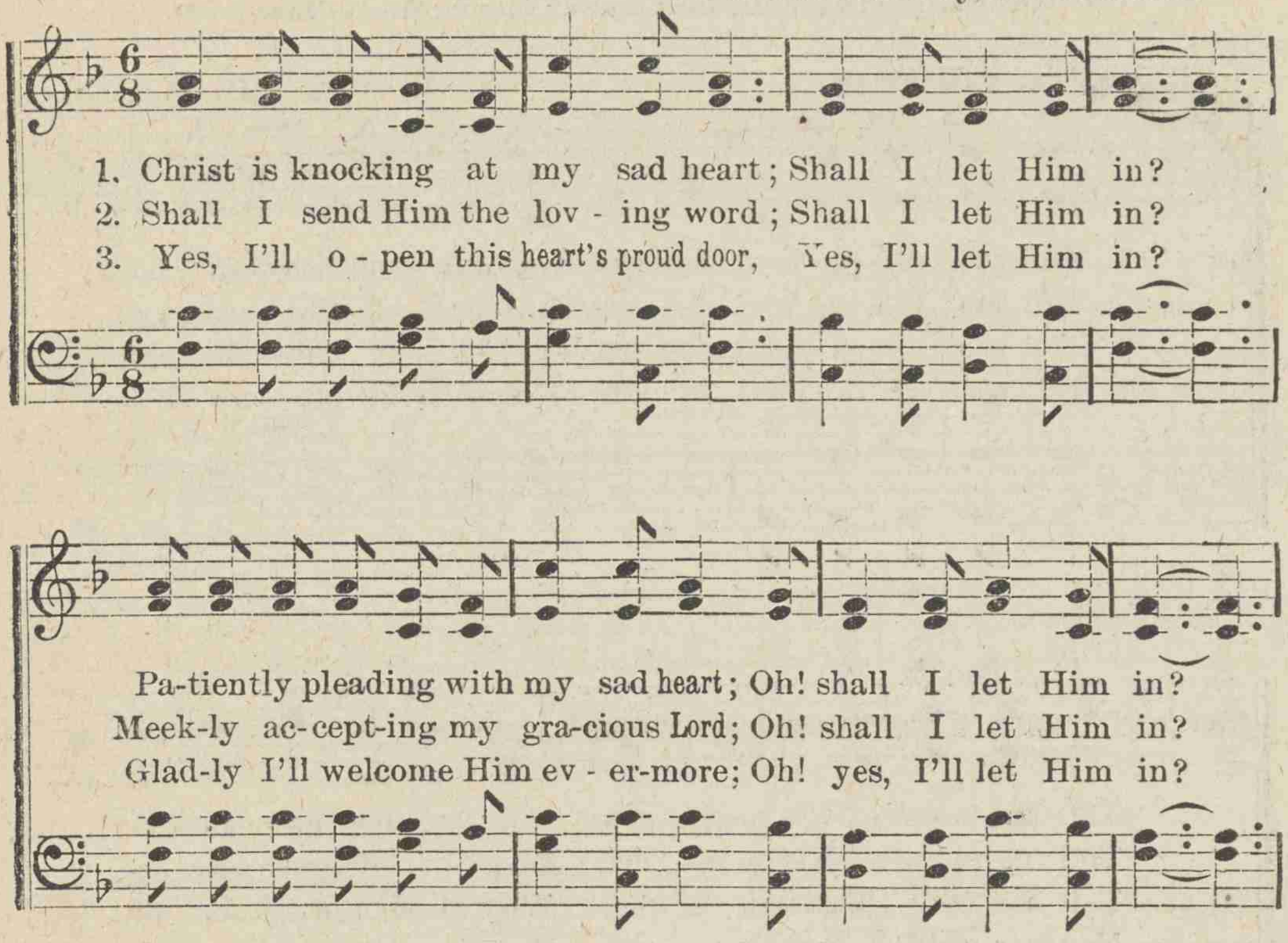
beat on the glit - ter- ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
thin - ly the vail in - ter- venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and
king-doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His
lips, and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a -

roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; ter - ni - ty roll.
me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; cit - y and me.
hands, And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands; crowns in His hands.
gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; oth - er a - gain.

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No. 182. Shall I Let Him In.

Words and Music by H. R. Palmer.



Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer.

No. 183. Tell Me All About Jesus.

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

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

1. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Who came from heav'n a - bove;
2. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry:
3. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Who dai - ly cares for me;
4. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Re-peat the sto - ry o'er;

Tell me more of His good - ness, More of His pre- cious love.
Tell me more of His mer - cy, More of His grace to me.
Tell me why He should love me, Why He should die for me.
Nev - er shall I grow wea - ry, Hear-ing it more and more.

Chorus.

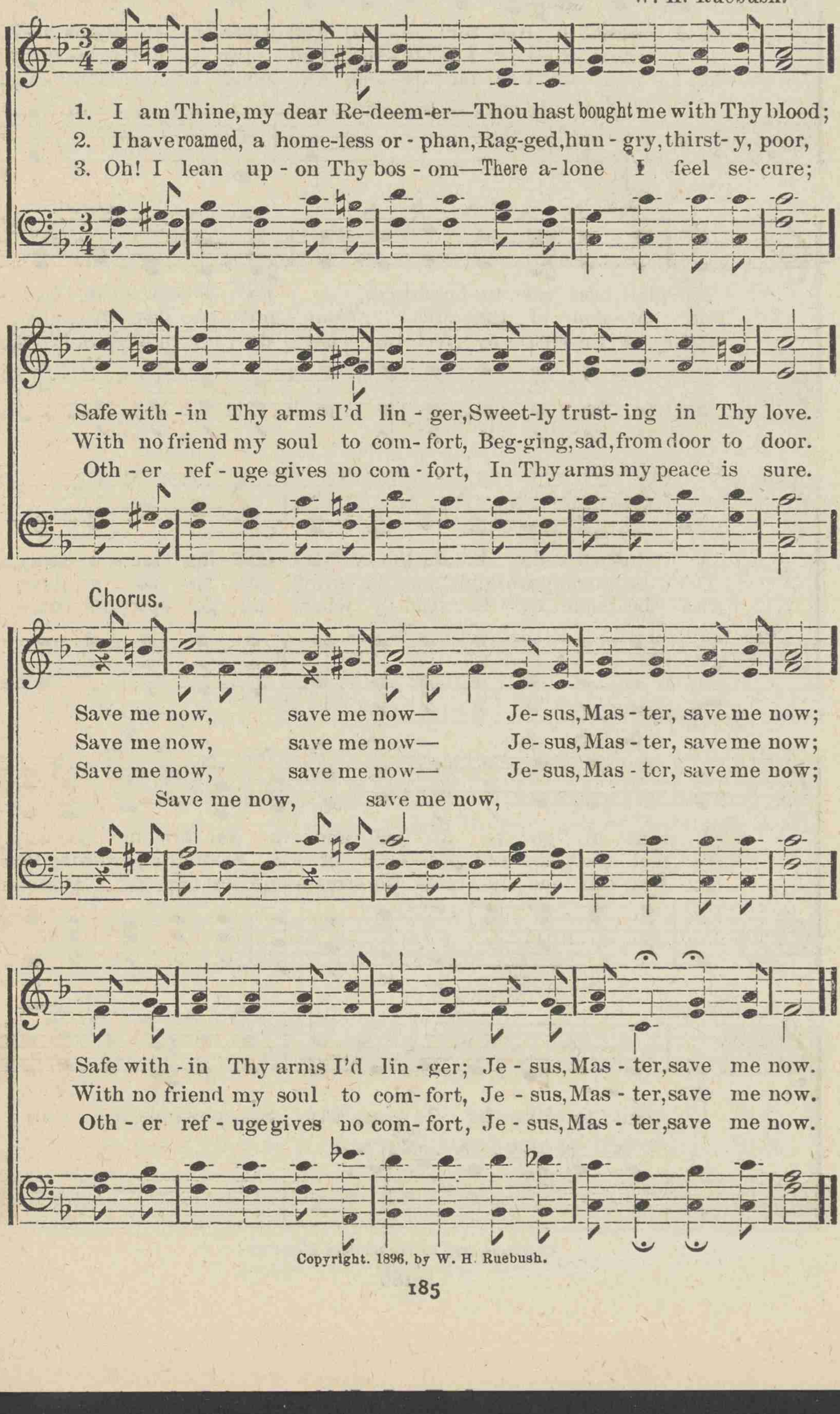
Tell me all a - bout Je - sus; Tell me that I may know
The sto - ry of the Sav - iour, Who loves, who loves me so.

By permission.

No. 184. Save Me Now.

Return O Lord, deliver my soul, O save me for thy mercies' sake.—Ps. 6 : 4.

W. H. Ruebush.



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No. 185. I Want to Live for Jesus.

Lizzie Scott Bushey. J. Calvin Bushey.

1. I want to live for Je-sus, And feel as christians feel;
2. I want to live for Je-sus, And pray as christians pray;
3. I want to live for Je-sus, And sing as christians sing;

A glad-ness all un-bound-ed, A joy I can't con-ceal;
For par-don of the sins Com-mit-ed day by day;
To know the hap-py feel-ing That do-ing right does bring;

A sin-ner's life is darkness 'tis lead-ing me a-stray,
To be made pure and ho-ly, grow gen-tle as a dove,
And be made ev-er read-y where an-gel spir-its come,

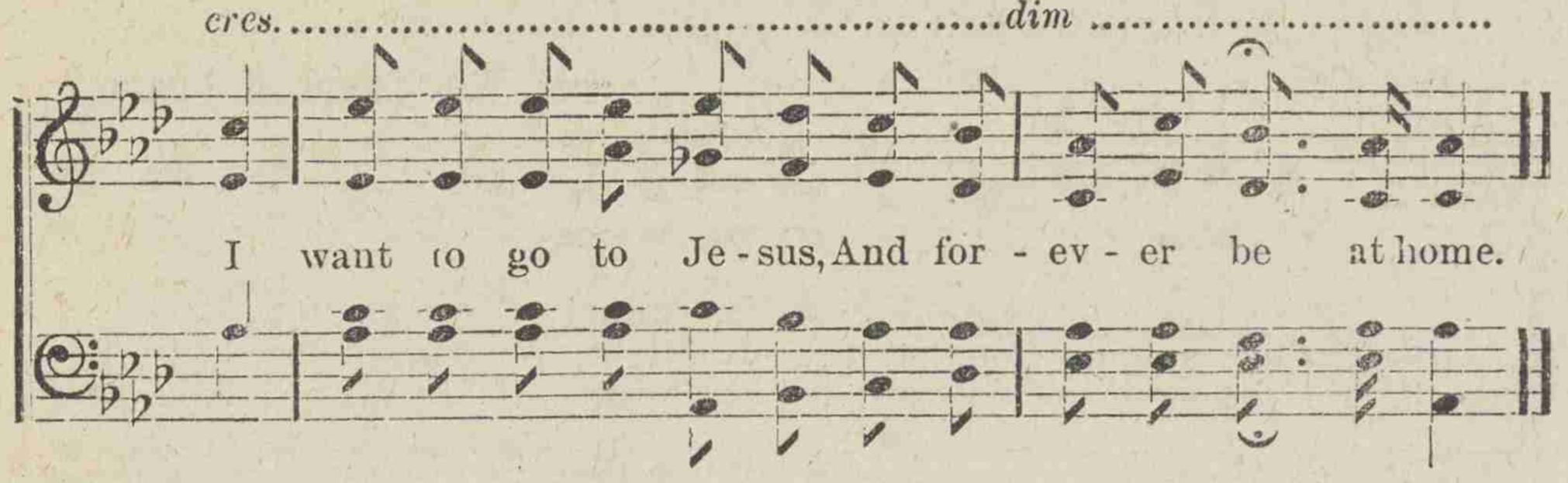
I want to go to Je-sus, and to fol-low in His way.
To feel the peace and pres-ence of a Saviour's pard'ning love.
To bea-con me a-cross the stream and ev-er be at home.

Chorus.

I want to live for Je-sus, My Sav-iour bids me come;

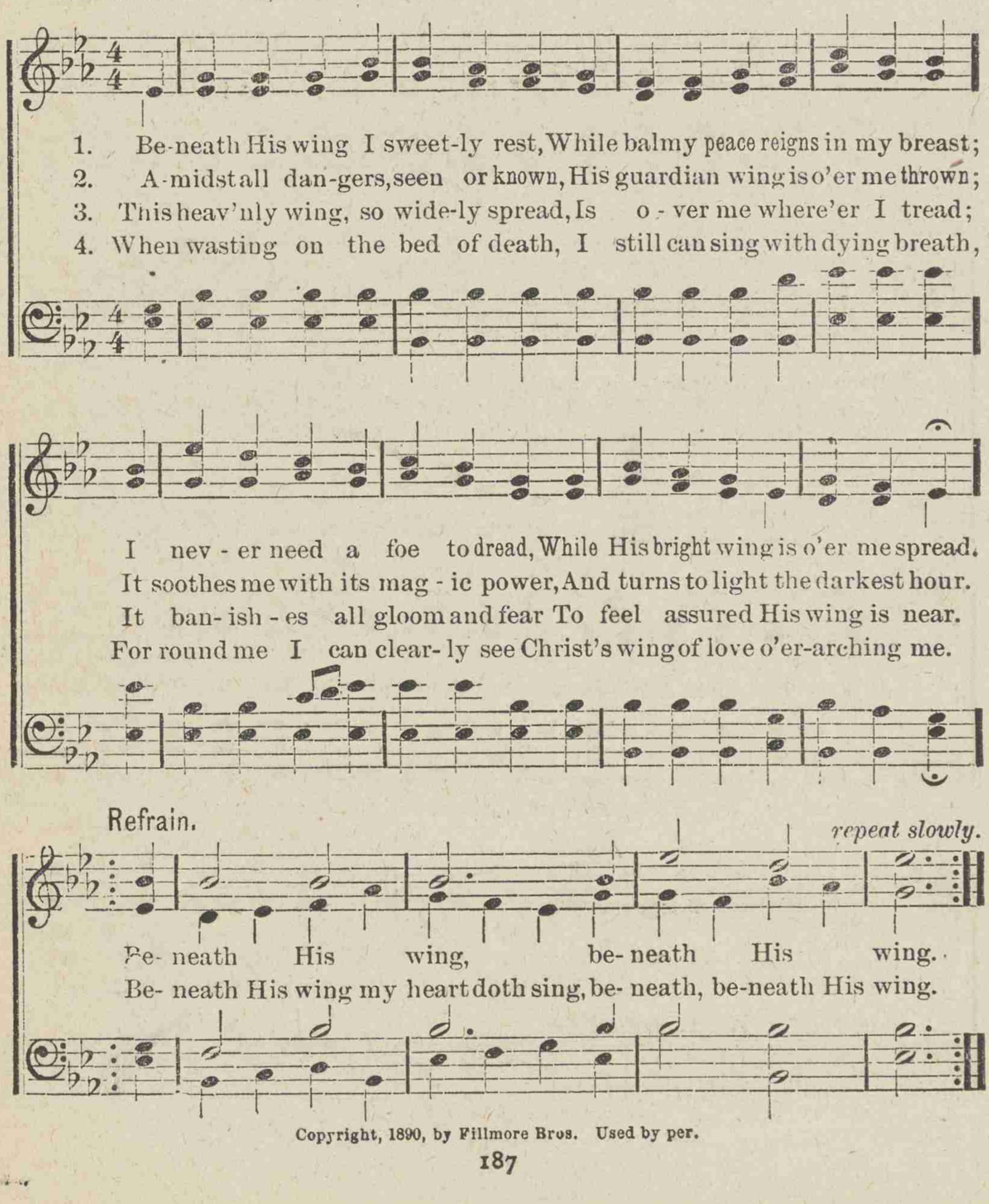
Copyright, 1896, by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

I Want to Live for Jesus. Concluded.



No. 186. Beneath His Wing.

Edwin H. Nevins, D.D. J. H. Fillmore.



Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros. Used by per.

No. 187. Blessed Assurance.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. 10: 23.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Je- sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
2. Per- fect submiss- ion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight. An- gels de- scend- ing bring from a - bove,
3. Per- fect submiss- ion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap - py and blest. Watching and wait - ing, look- ing a - bove,

Chorus.

Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love.
} This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp. Used by per.

No. 188. By the Crystal Sea.

C. A. S. C. A. Shaw.

1. I will sing a song of that land so fair, O - ver by the
2. There no foes pre - vail, there no fears an - noy, O - ver by the
3. We will rest in peace, by the wa - ters side, O - ver by the

crys - tal sea; Where the bless - ed throng of the ran-somed are,
crys - tal sea; There our souls may dwell in e - ter - nal joy.
crys - tal sea; In the love of Christ we shall there a - bide,

Refrain.

O - ver by the crys - tal sea.
O - ver by the crys - tal sea.
O - ver by the crys - tal sea.
} Heav'nly Ca-naan, bright Ca - naan, O
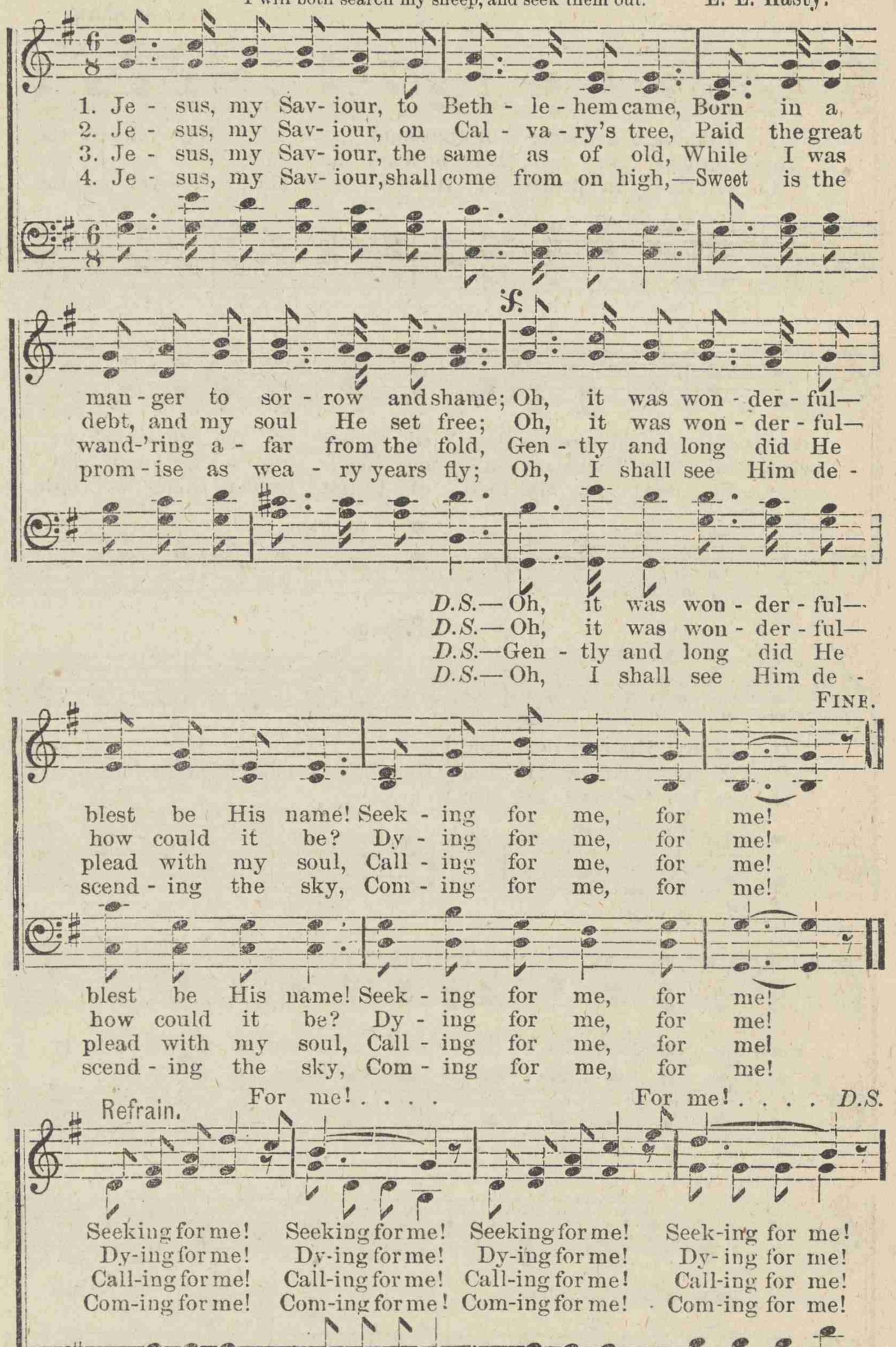
may our por- tion be To find a home in thee, Heav'n- ly

Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, O - ver by the crys - tal sea.

Copyright, 1894, by C. A. Shaw, by per.

No. 189. Seeking for Me.

"I will both search my sheep, and seek them out." E. E. Hasty.



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No. 190. Jesus is Calling.

A. R. Meusch. Geo. F. Rosche.

1. Je - sus is call - ing, O heed His voice, Ten - der - ly plead - ing with
2. Je - sus is call - ing, O heed His voice, "Wea - ry one come, I will
3. Je - sus is call - ing, O heed His voice, Wilt thou, O soul, send thy

thee, O soul; "Come un - to me, I will give thee rest,
share thy grief; Wan - der no long - er in sin a - stray,
Lord a - way? Come to Him now ere it be too late;

Free thee from sor - row and make thee whole." Call - ing,
I will sus - tain thee, give thee re - lief."
Come to the Sav - iour, O come to - day. Je - sus is call - ing,

Chorus.

call - - ing, Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing:
Je - sus is call - ing,

"Come un - to me," Je - sus is calling to - day.
Je - sus is call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing,

Copyright, 1895, by Geo. F. Rosche. By per. All rights reserved.

No. 191. Little Ones Like Me.

"* Jesus said, suffer little children, * * to come unto me."—MATT. 19 : 14.

J. H. Hall.

1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sin-ners came to die,
2. 'Twas for them His life He gave, To re- deem them from the grave;
3. Chil- dren then should love Him too, Strive His ho - ly will to do,

In His mer - cy pass'd not by Lit - tle ones like me.
Je - sus a - ble is to save Lit - tle ones like me.
Pray to Him, and praise Him too, Lit - tle ones like me.

Chorus.

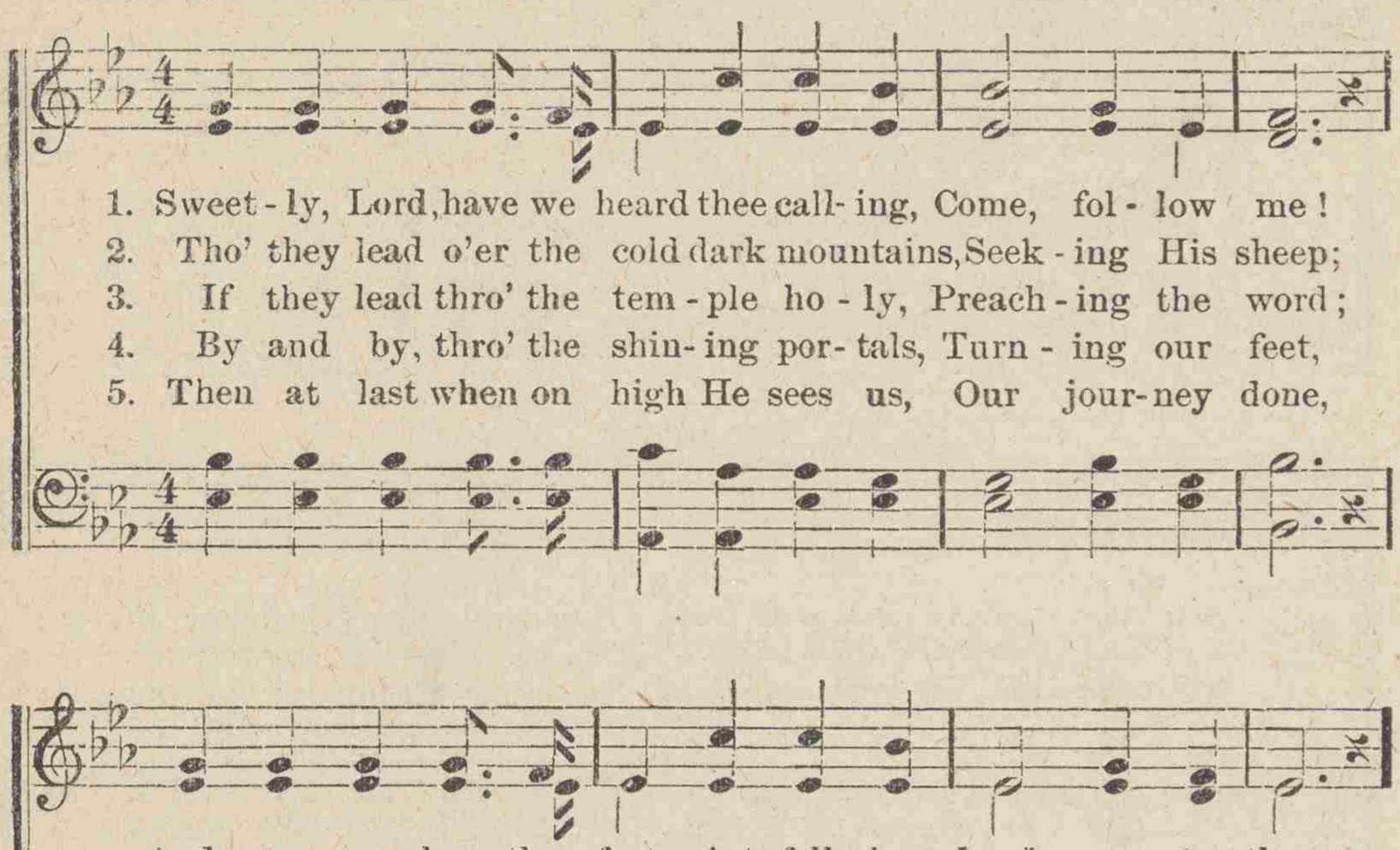
Lit - tle ones like me; Lit - tle ones like me;
like me; like me;

In His mercy pass'd not by, Lit - tle ones like me.
In His mer - cy pass'd not by, like me.

Copyright, 1896, by J. H. Hall.

No. 192. Footsteps of Jesus.

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



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No. 193. Lead Me to the Rock.

Words arranged. J. H. Kissinger, by per.

1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll repair, When burden'd with
2. When Sa-tan, my foe, com-eth in like a flood, To drive my poor
3. And when I have end-ed my pil-grimage here, In robes of pure

sor-row and anxious with care; From the depth of my soul un-to
soul from the fount-ain of good, Un-to Je-sus, my Sav-iour, I
whiteness then let me ap-pear; In the swell-ing of Jor-dan, or

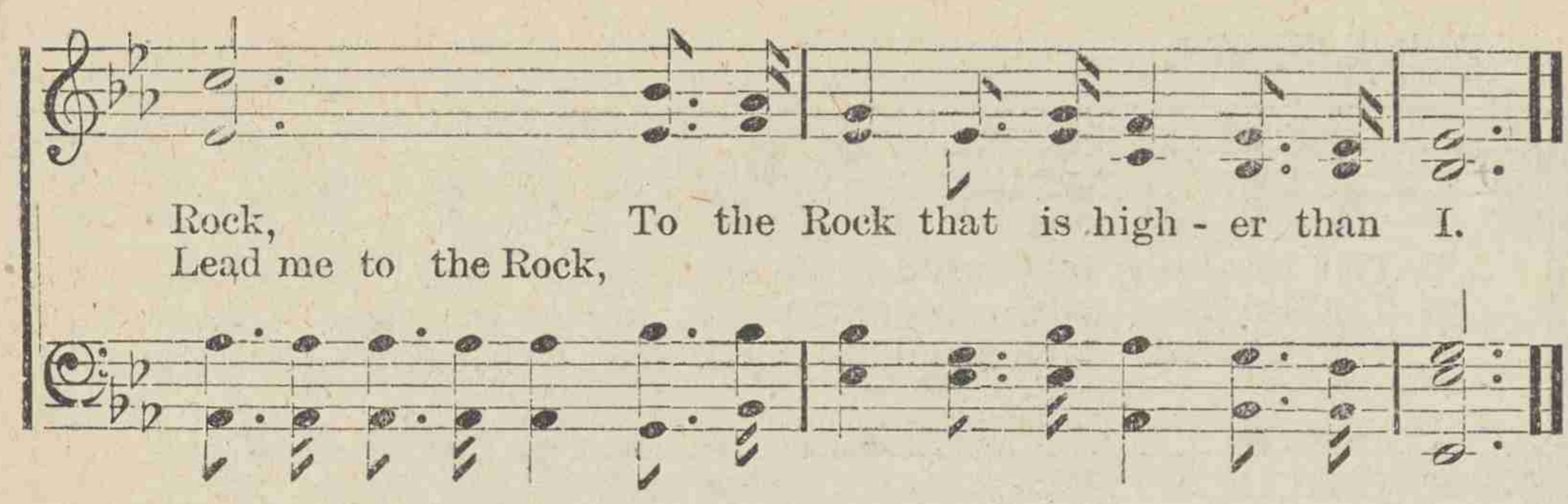
Thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.
quick-ly will fly, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.
Thee I'll re-ly, And look to the Rock that is high-er than I.

CHORUS.

Lead . . . . me to the Rock,
Lead, O lead me, Lead me to the Rock,
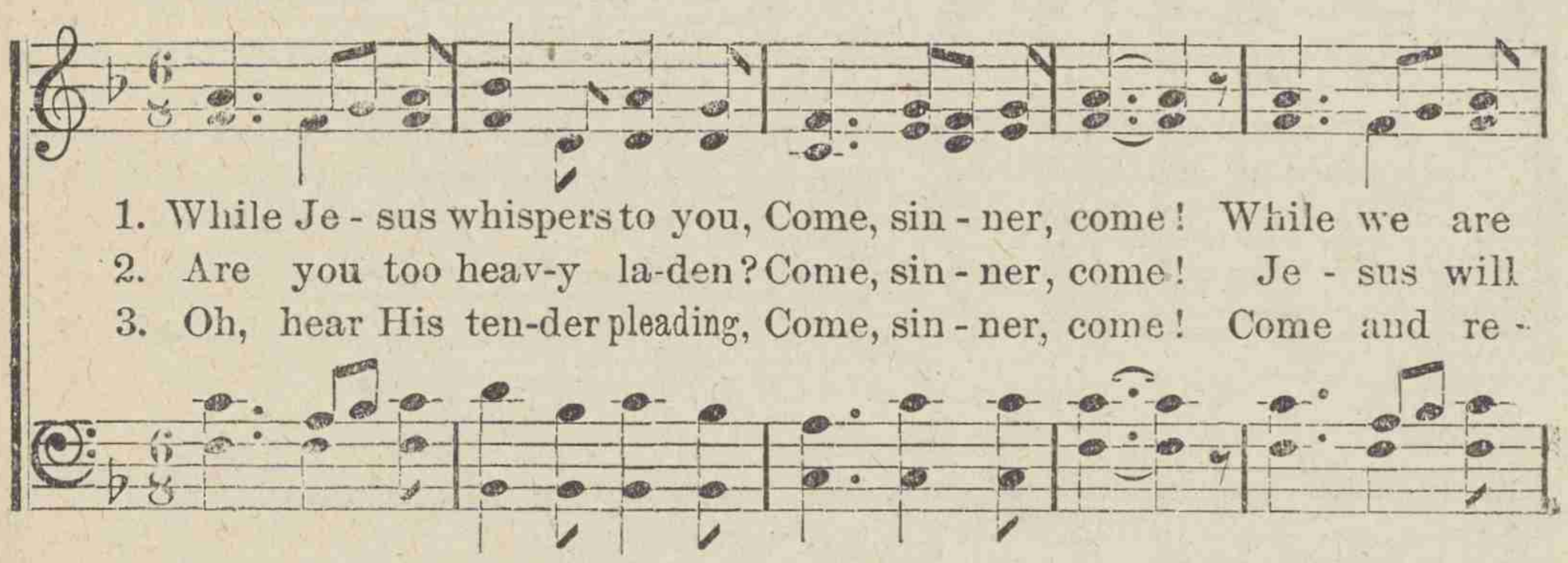
Lead . . me to the Rock, Lead . . me to the
Lead, O lead me, Lead me to the Rock, Lead, O lead me,
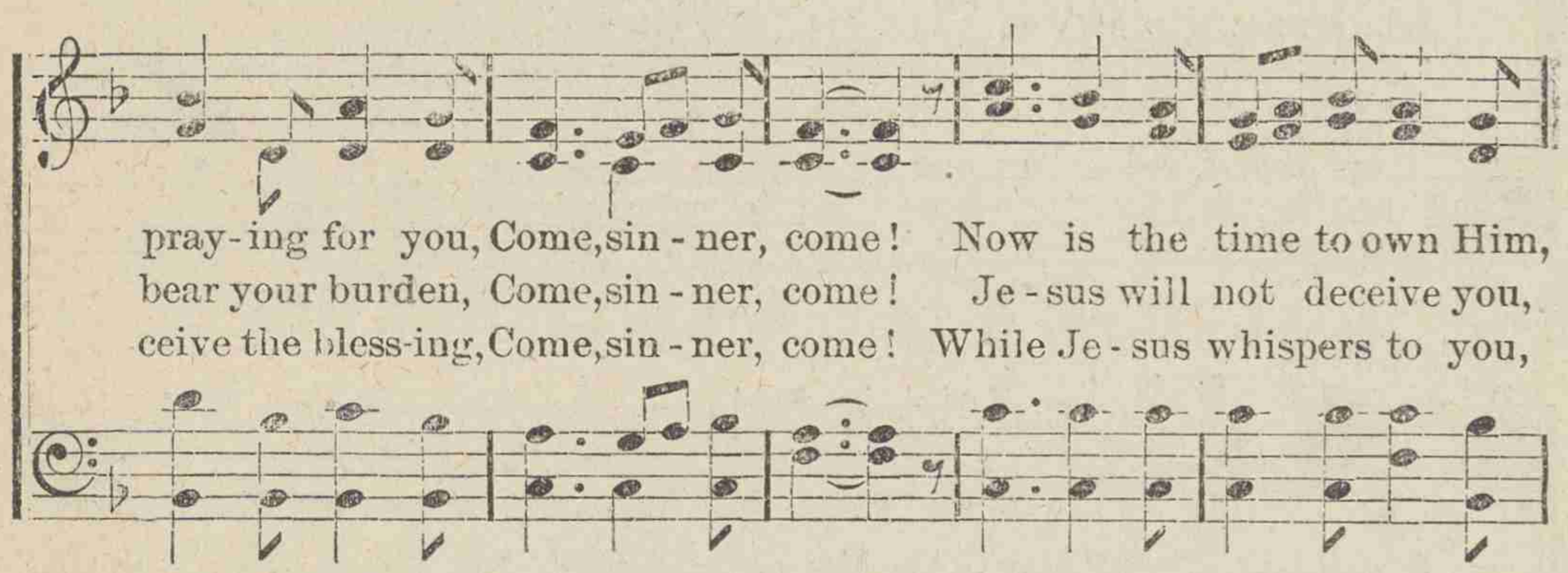
Lead Me to the Rock. Concluded.

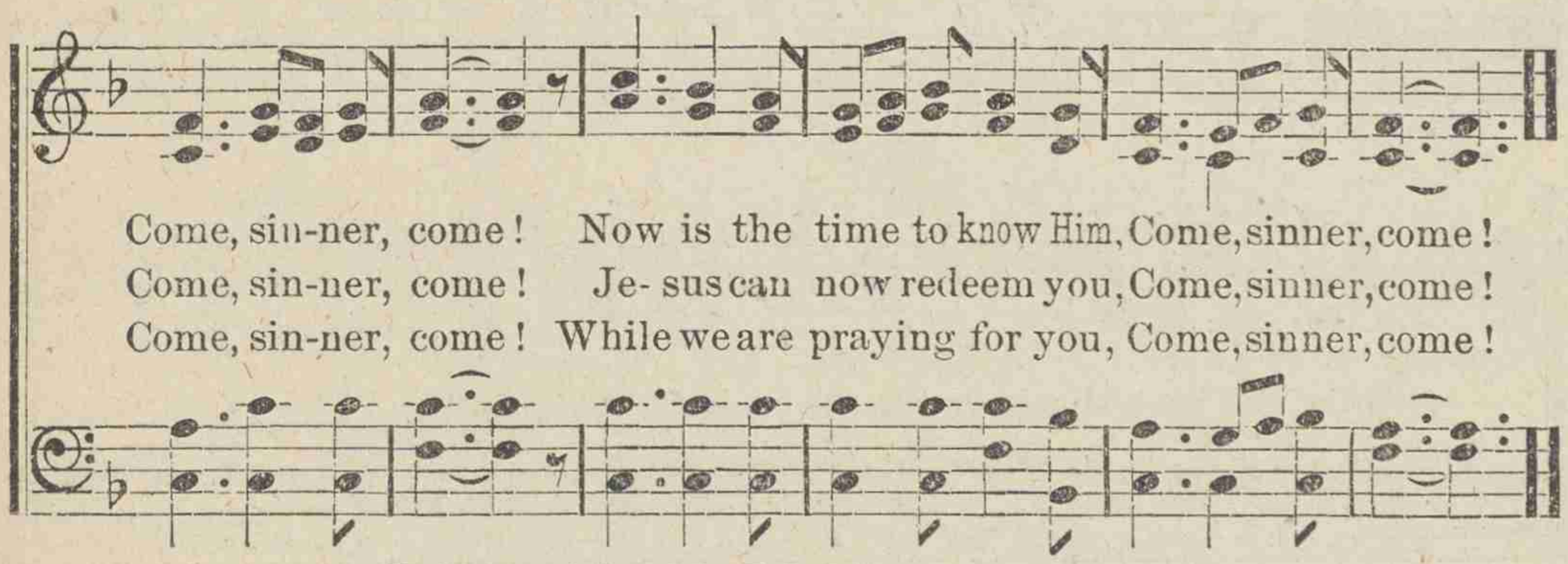


No. 194. Come, Sinner, Come.

Will. E. Witter. Dr. H. R. Palmer.







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No. 195. Step in the Life-boat.

Perla E. Higgins. D. E. Dortch.

1. The life-boat is launch'd on the wild, stormy sea, To res - cue the lost who are drift - ing a - way; For Sa - tan is striv- ing their souls to ob-tain, Yes, Je - sus is call- ing, "I'll save you to- day."
2. The life-boat is launch'd, it is now at your side; Christ's hands are out - stretch'd to af - ford you re - lief; Ac - cept the kind aid and be res-cued from death; Re-ject- ing is choos-ing your soul's end - less grief.
3. The life-boat is launch'd, she is tak- ing us home, While thousands are drift- ing to end - less de-spair; O, broth - er, come with us, sal - va-tion is free; The Sav-iour will par-don, sub- mit to His care.

Rit.

Chorus.

Step in the life-boat, step in the life-boat, Je-sus invites you, no long-er de-lay;
Step in the life-boat, step in the life-boat, Je-sus is calling, "I'll save you to-day."

Copyright by D. E. Dortch. Used by per.

No. 196. Hallelujah! Bless His Name.

J. H. K. J. H. Kurzenknabe.

1. A sin-ner, I came, for my Lord to see, Halle - lu- jah, bless His name!
2. I knew that the Lord would not pass me by, Halle - lu- jah, bless His name!
3. Oh, the rapture I felt I can nev - er tell, Halle - lu- jah, bless His name!
4. I'll watch, for to-day yet the Lord may come, Halle - lu- jah, bless His name!

He knew me at once and a-bode with me, Hal-le- lu - jah, bless His name!
He knows ev'ry heart, and He heard my cry, Hal-le- lu - jah, bless His name!
For the great re - lief when my bur-den fell, Hal-le- lu - jah, bless His name!
To grant me the joy of His hap - py home, Hal-le- lu - jah, bless His name!

Chorus.

Hal-le - lu- jah, oh, the glo - ry! Je-sus loves me, this I know;
Hal-le-lu-jah!
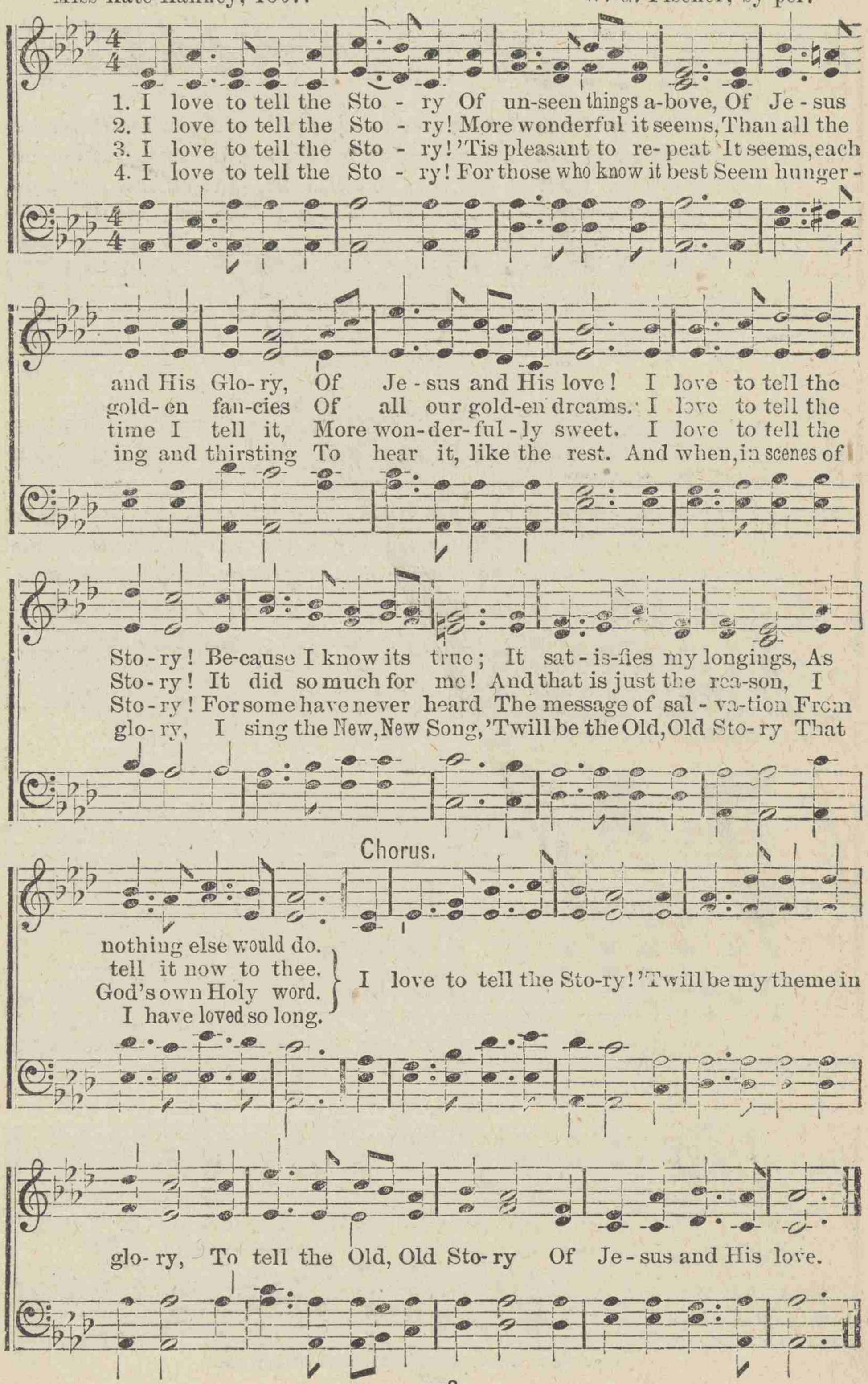
For I feel the bless-ed par - don That our Sav- iour did be - stow.

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No. 197. I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."
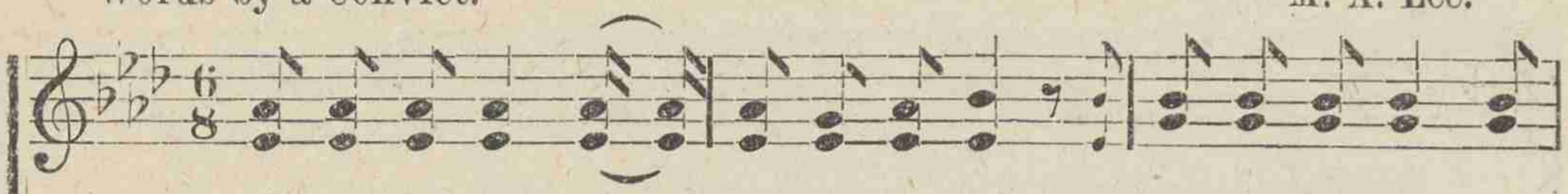
Miss Kate Hankey, 1867. W. G. Fischer, by per.
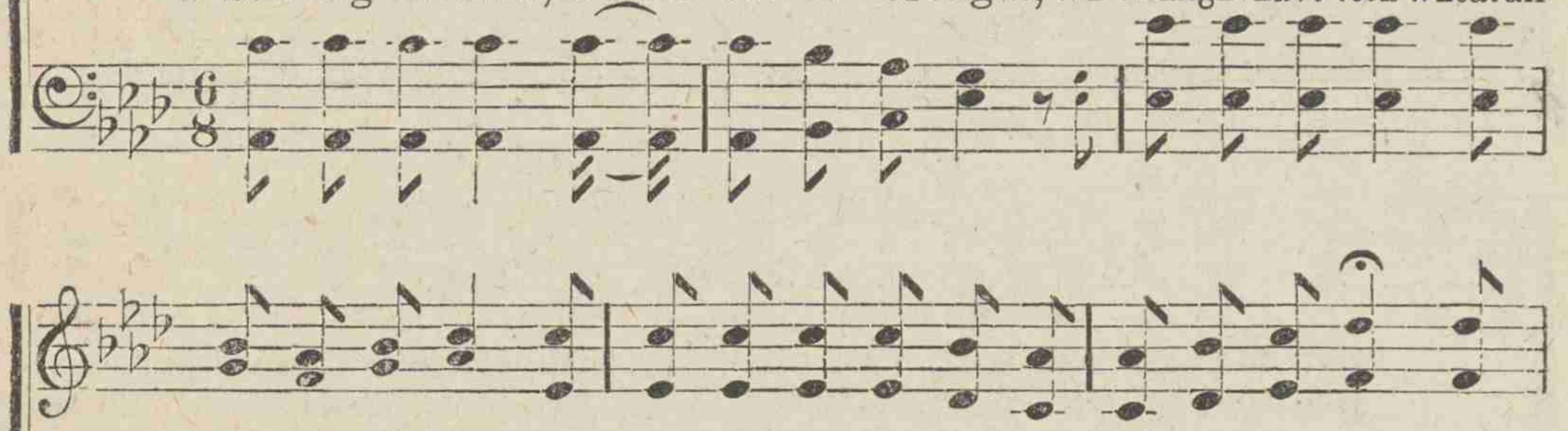


No. 198. Sowing the Tares.*

Dedicated to "Brother Will." M. Cell 1069.

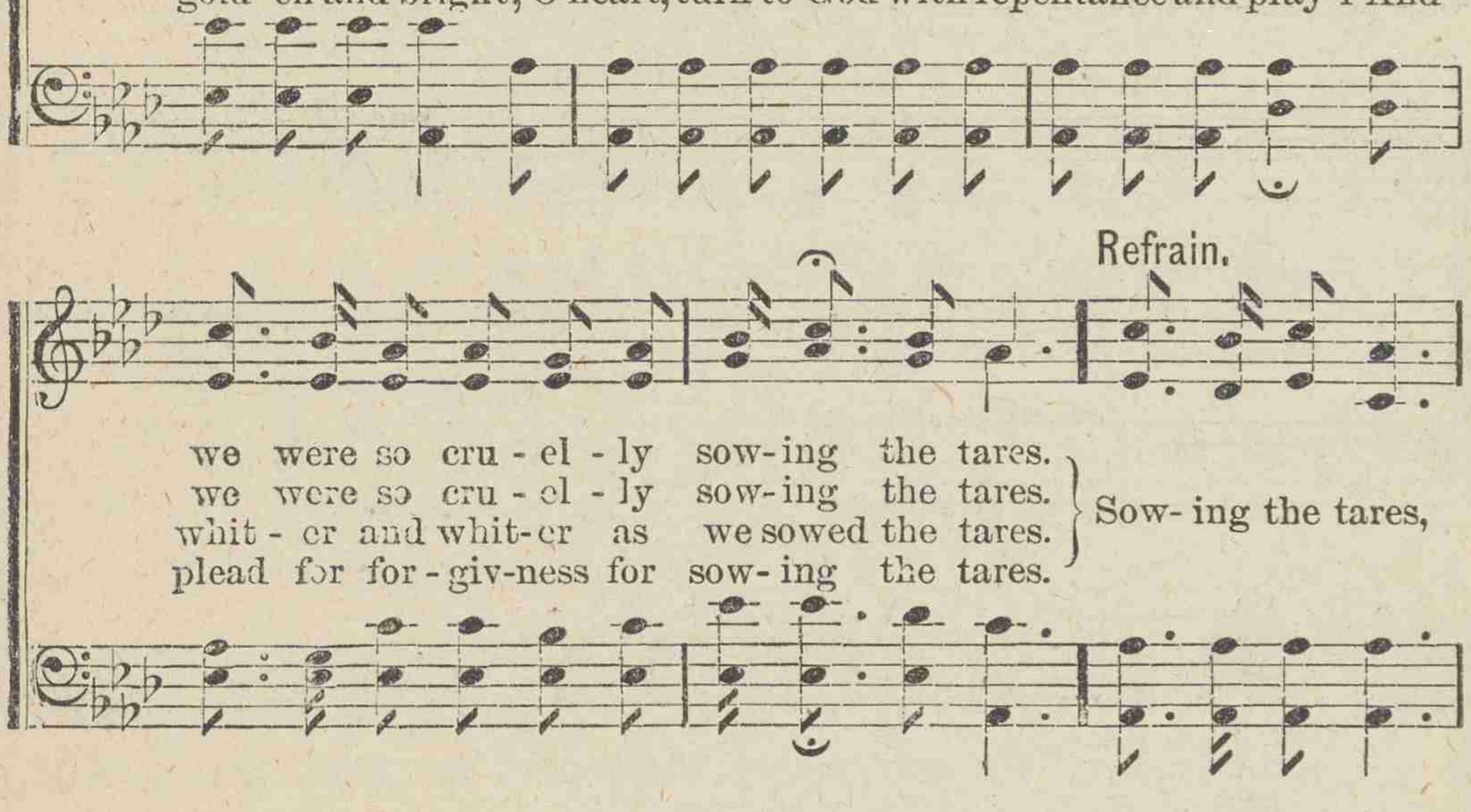
Words by a Convict. M. A. Lee.



1. Sow-ing the tares, when it might have been wheat, Sow-ing of mal - ice,
2. Sow-ing the tares, how dark the black sin, Mingling a curse with
3. Sow-ing the tares, that bring sor-row down, Robs of its jew - els
4. Sow-ing the tares, un-der cov- er of night, Which might have been wheat all
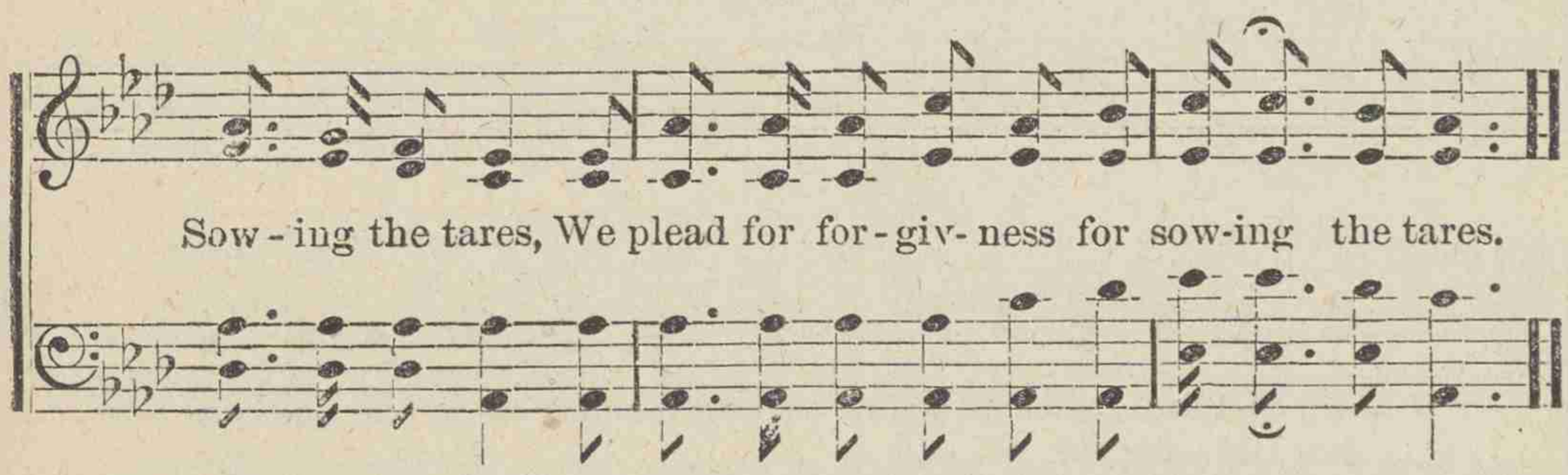


spite, and de-ceit, We might have sown roses a - mid life's sad cares, While
life's sweetest hymn, And heeding no anguish, no pit-e-ous prayers, While
life's fair-est crown; And turning to sil- ver the once golden hairs, Grown
gold- en and bright; O heart, turn to God with repentance and pray'r And



Refrain.

we were so cru - el - ly sow-ing the tares.
we were so cru - el - ly sow-ing the tares.
whit - er and whit-er as we sowed the tares.
plead for for - giv-ness for sow- ing the tares.
} Sow- ing the tares,



Sow - ing the tares, We plead for for - giv- ness for sow-ing the tares.

NOTE.—A prisoner in the Maryland penitentiary, after hearing Mr. D. L. Moody, retired to his cell where he wrote these sad words and handed them to Mr. Moody, who read them at Maryland Institute the same day.

From "Rescue Songs." Used by per. H. H. Hadley.

No. 199. A Work for All.

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

Laura E. Newell. J. H. Hall.

1. There's a work, a work that we all may do, For our
2. There's a work, a work and it must be done, If we
3. There's a cross, a cross for us each to bear, But His

Sav- iour if we will, Then with joy, with joy let's our task pur-sue,
live and strive a - right, With the end in view, blest the work begun,
strength each day He'll give, And at last a crown we in heav'n may wear,

Chorus.

And our miss - ion here ful - fill.
Let us la - bor with our might.
Near to Je - sus let us live.
} There's a work that each may do for
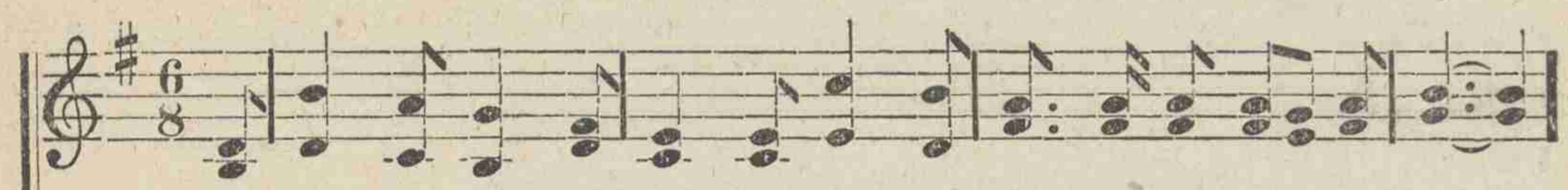
Je - sus, We may serve Him ev - 'ry day, (yes,) We may

tell His love to those who wander, We may seek the lambs a- stray.
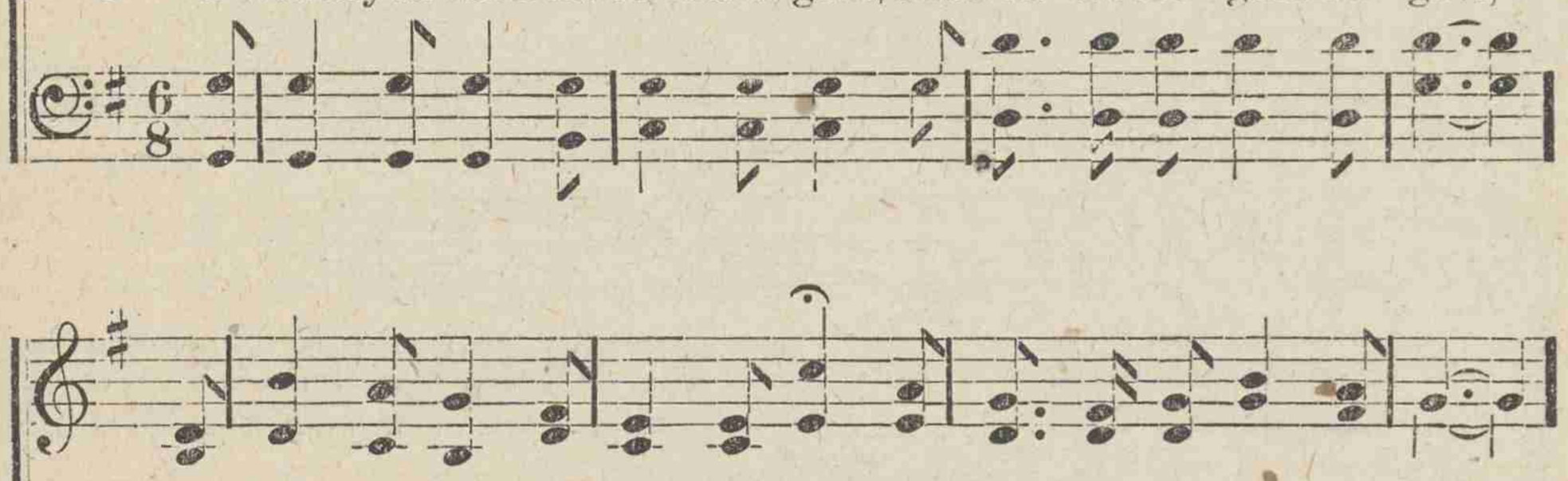
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No. 200. The Beautiful Golden Gate.
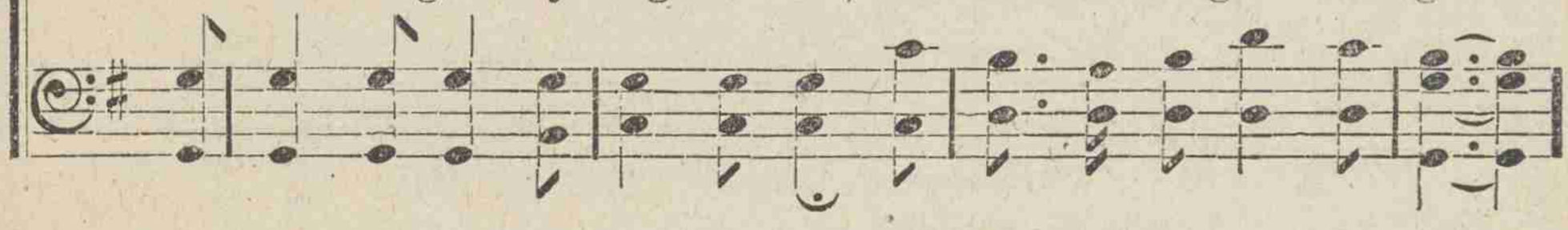
Edwin Oliver. Arr. by O. E. Murray.
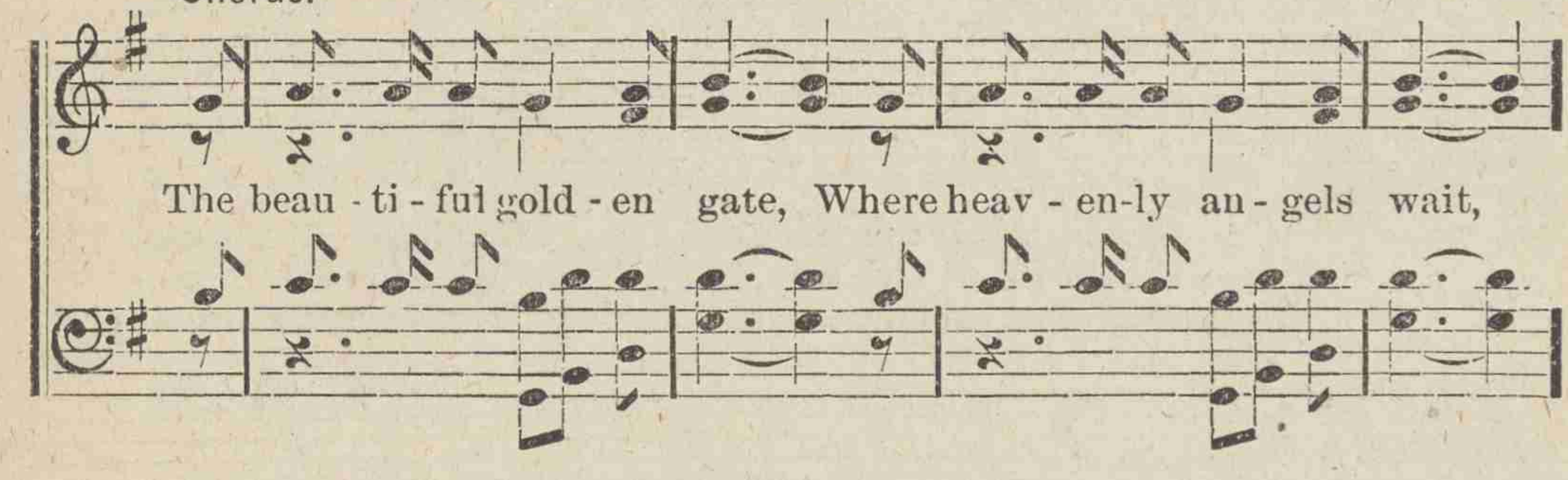


1. There is a gate that o - pens wide, The beau- ti-ful gold-en gate,
2. Do you de- sire to en - ter thro' The beau - ti-ful gold-en gate?
3. Pre-pare, for soon the time will come, To en - ter that gold-en gate,
4. How sad the words "too late, too late" To en - ter the gold-en gate!
5. O would you walk the streets of gold, Then en- ter the gold-en gate,



'Twas o- pened when the Sav-iour died, The beau - ti- ful gold - en gate.
Re- pent, or you will nev - er view The beau - ti- ful gold - en gate.
Ex- cept ye be con-vert - ed here, None en - ter the gold - en gate.
May they not seal your last es- tate, Come en - ter the gold - en gate.
Would see the glo - ry long fore-told, Then en - ter the gold - en gate.

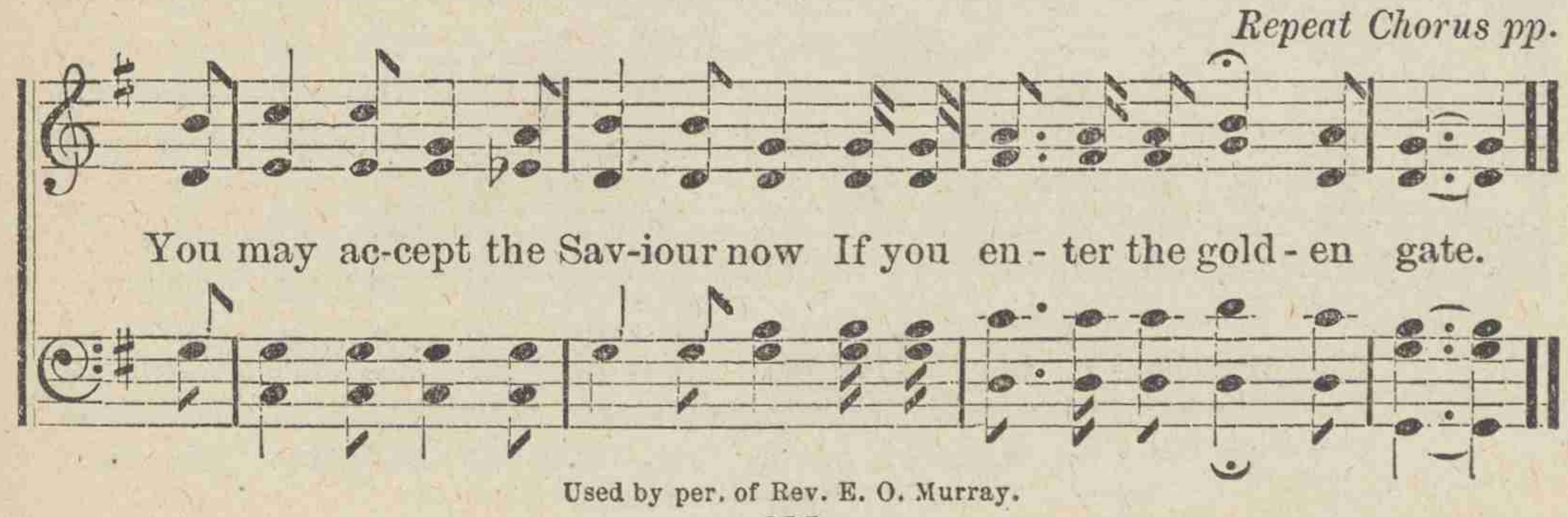


Chorus.



The beau - ti - ful gold - en gate, Where heav - en-ly an - gels wait,

Repeat Chorus pp.
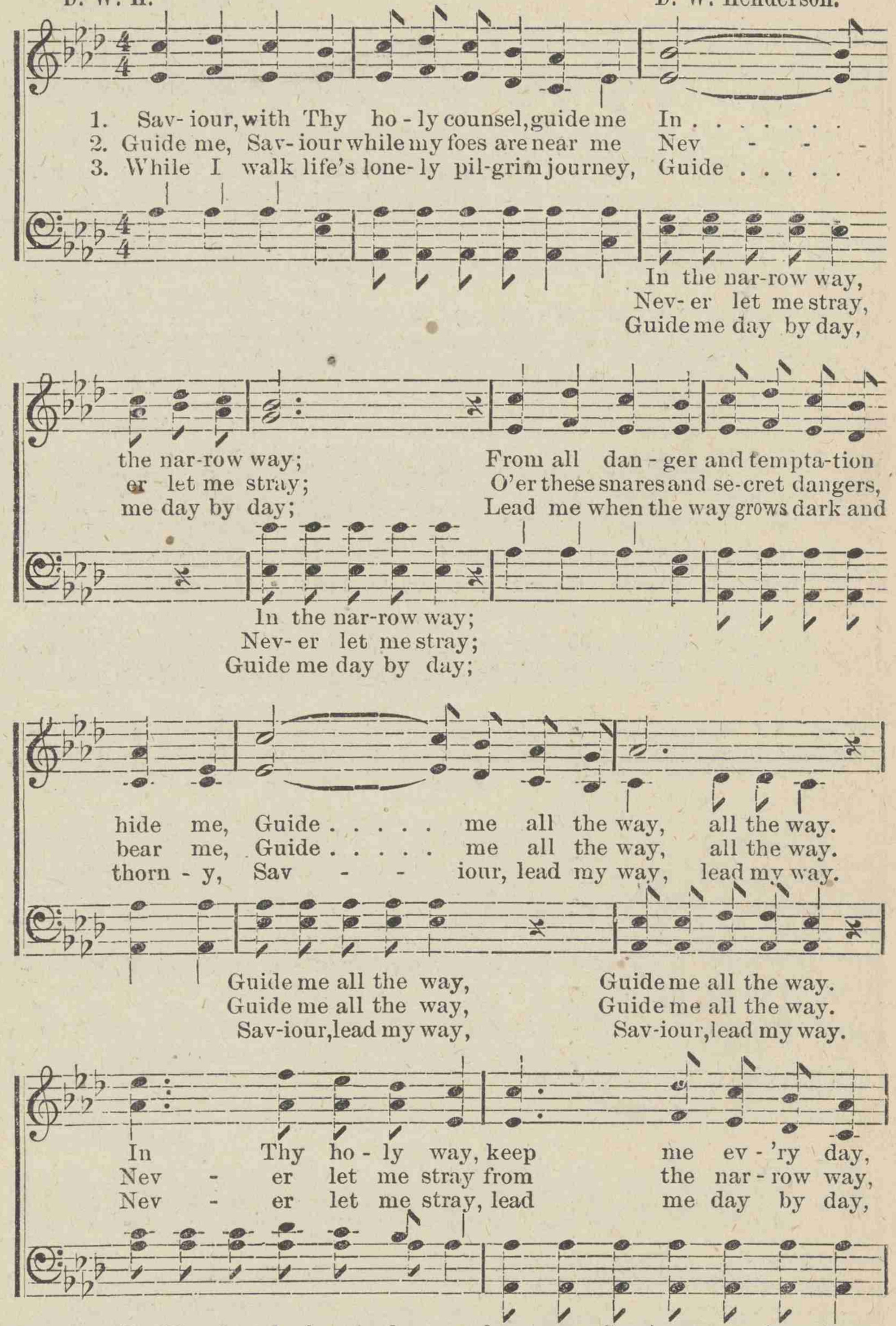


You may ac-cept the Sav-iour now If you en - ter the gold - en gate.

Used by per. of Rev. E. O. Murray.

No. 201. Guide Me, Saviour.
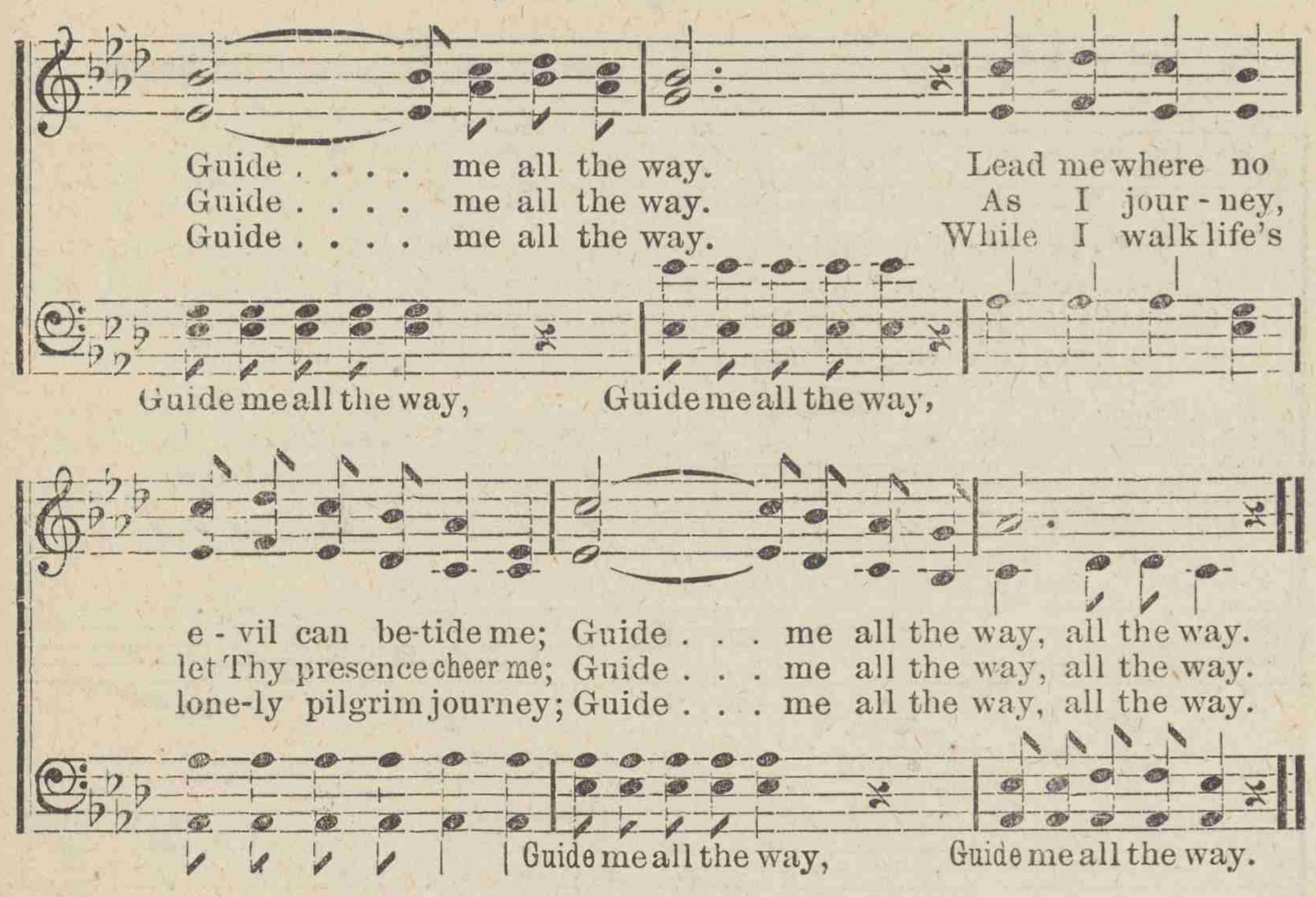
"He will be our guide even unto death."—PSALM 48 : 14.

D. W. H. D. W. Henderson.
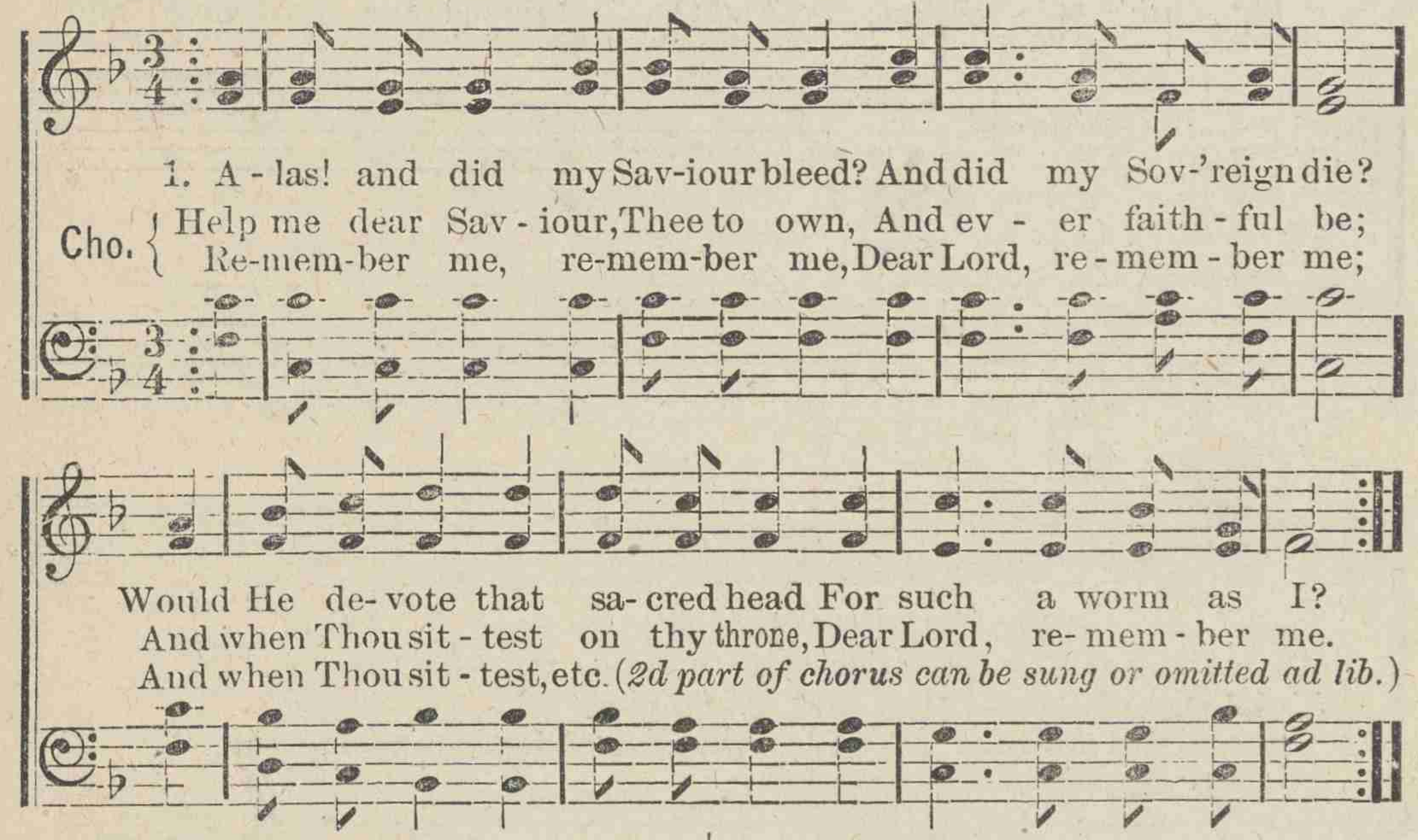


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Guide Me, Saviour. Concluded.



No. 202. Dear Lord, Remember Me.

Isaac Watts. Music and Chorus by Asa Hull.



2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

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

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

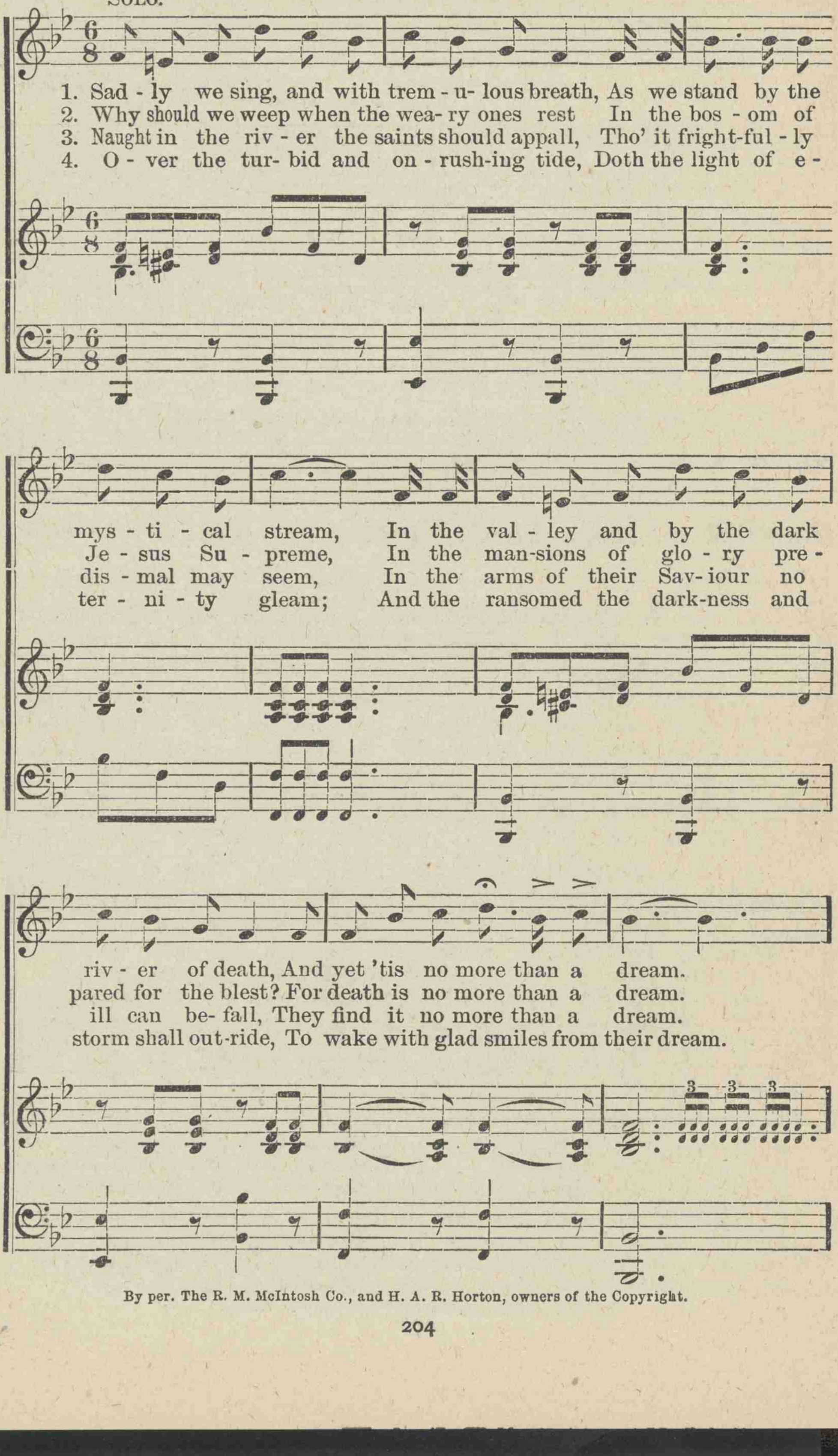
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

Copyright, 1867, by Asa Hull. Re-entered, 1896. By per.

No. 203. Death is Only a Dream.

Rev. C. W. Ray. A. J. Buchanan.

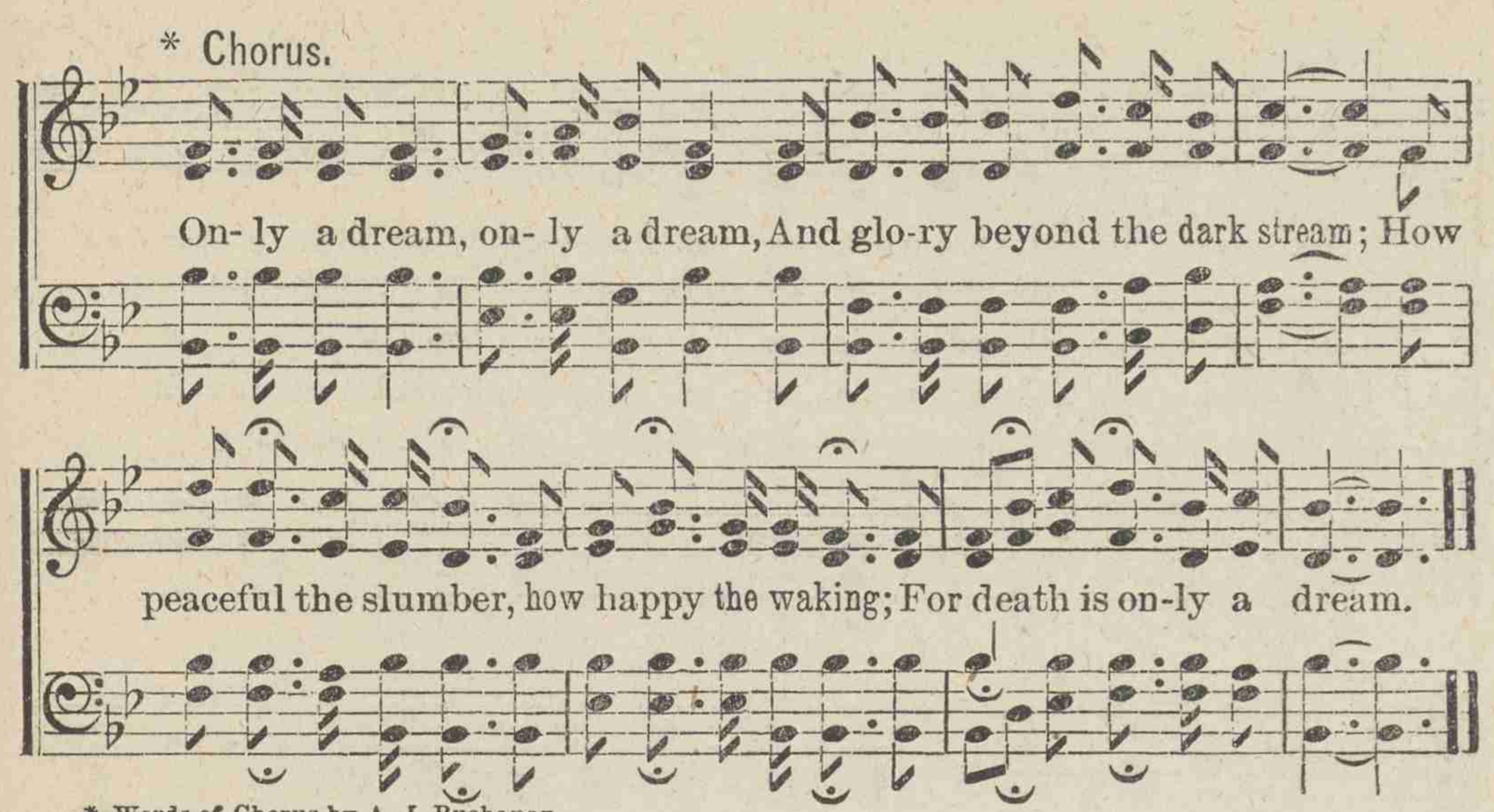
SOLO.



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Death is Only a Dream. Concluded.

* Chorus.
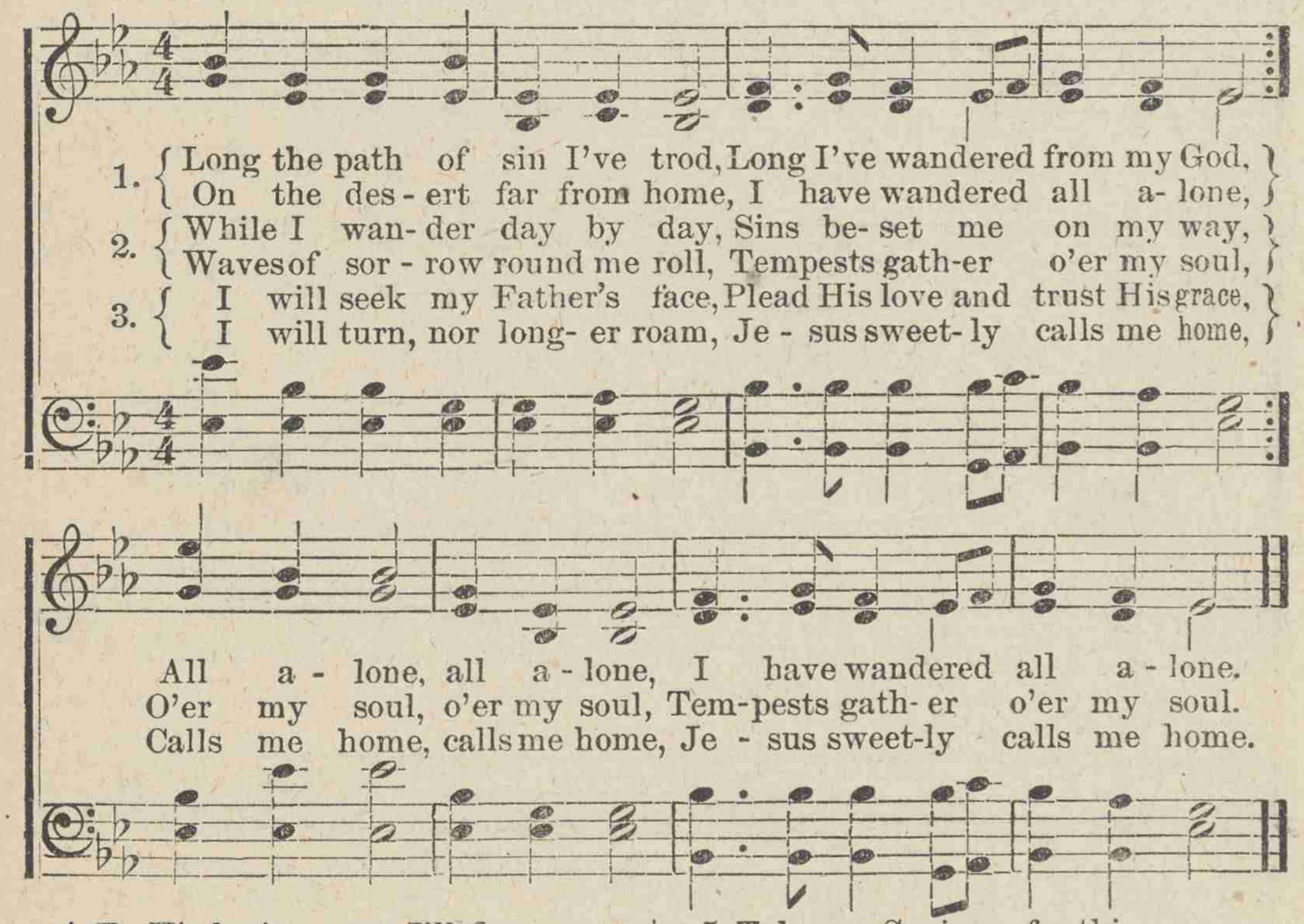


* Words of Chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

No. 204. Turning to God.

"I would seek unto God."—Job 5: 8.

D. W. H. D. W. Henderson.



4 To His loving arms I'll fly,
In His care I cannot die;
Saviour Thou who loves me best,
On Thy bosom let me rest,
Let me rest, let me rest,
On Thy bosom let me rest.

5 Take me Saviour, for thine own
Thou canst save, and Thou alone,
From my idols now I flee,
I resign them all for Thee,
All for Thee, all for Thee,
I resign them all for Thee.
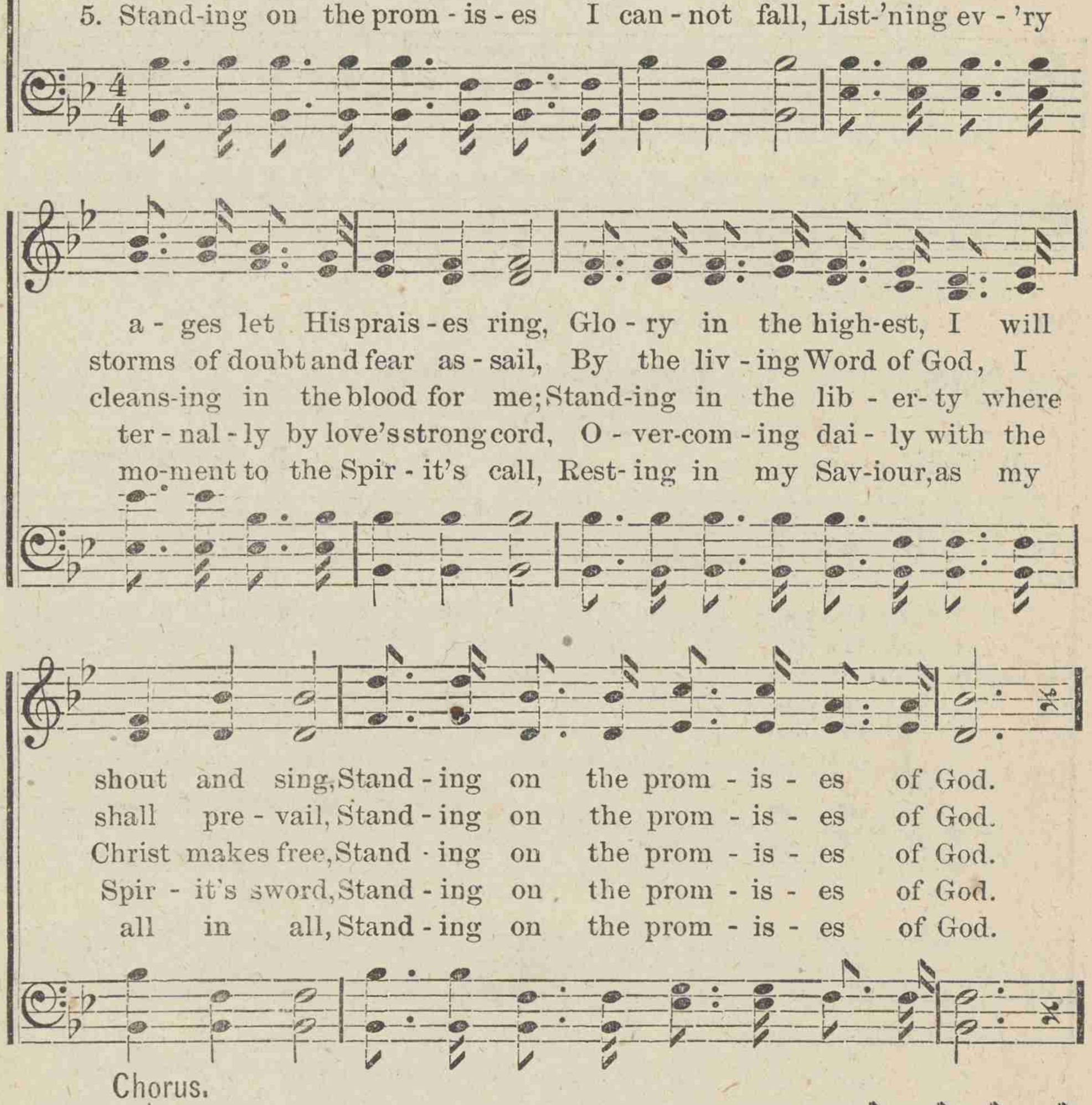
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No. 205. Standing on the Promises.

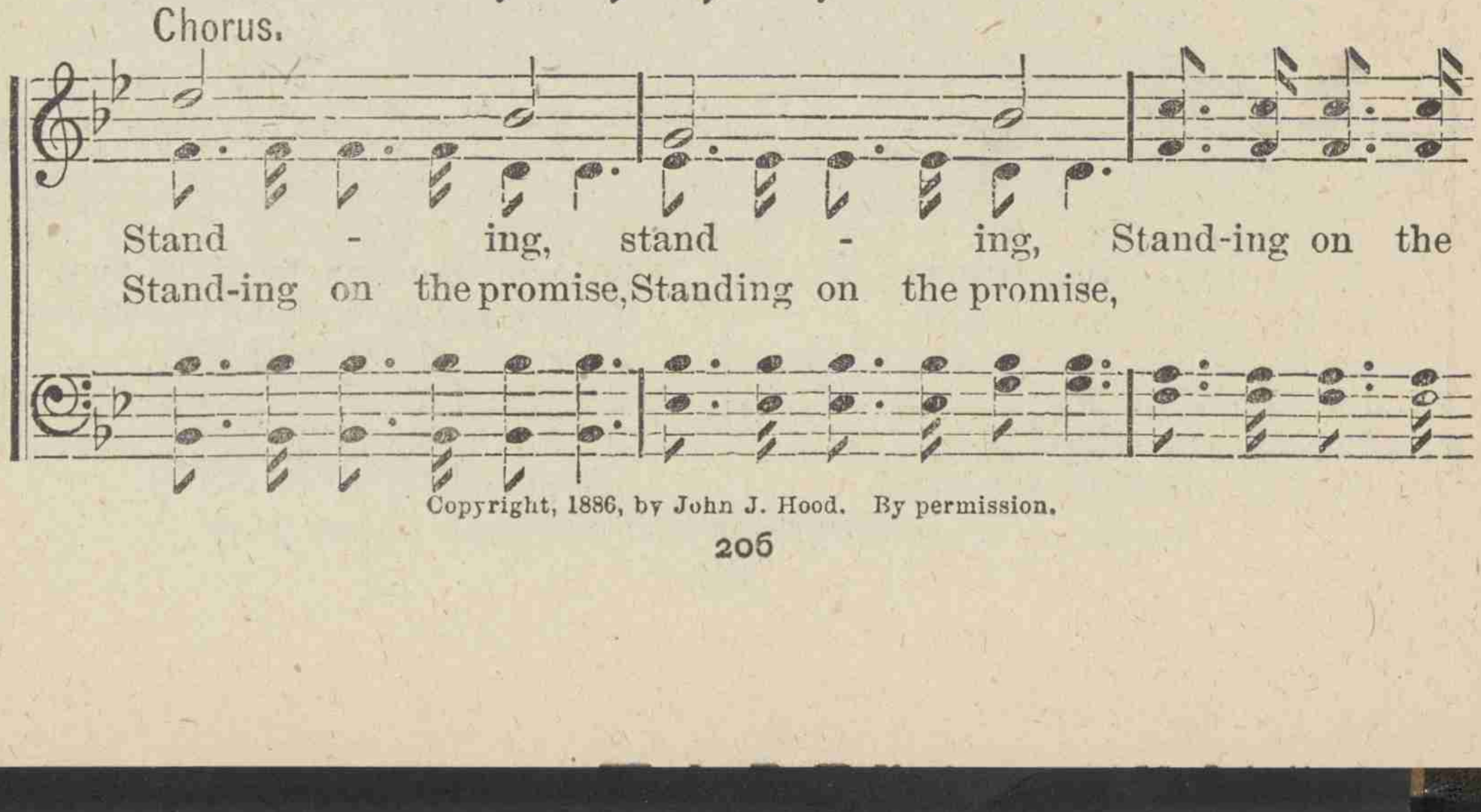
R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.



1. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es that can - not fail, When the howl-ing
3. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es I now can see; Per - fect, pres- ent
4. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -
5. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es I can - not fall, List-'ning ev - 'ry



a - ges let His prais - es ring, Glo - ry in the high-est, I will
storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God, I
cleans-ing in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib - er- ty where
ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com - ing dai - ly with the
mo-ment to the Spir - it's call, Rest- ing in my Sav-iour, as my
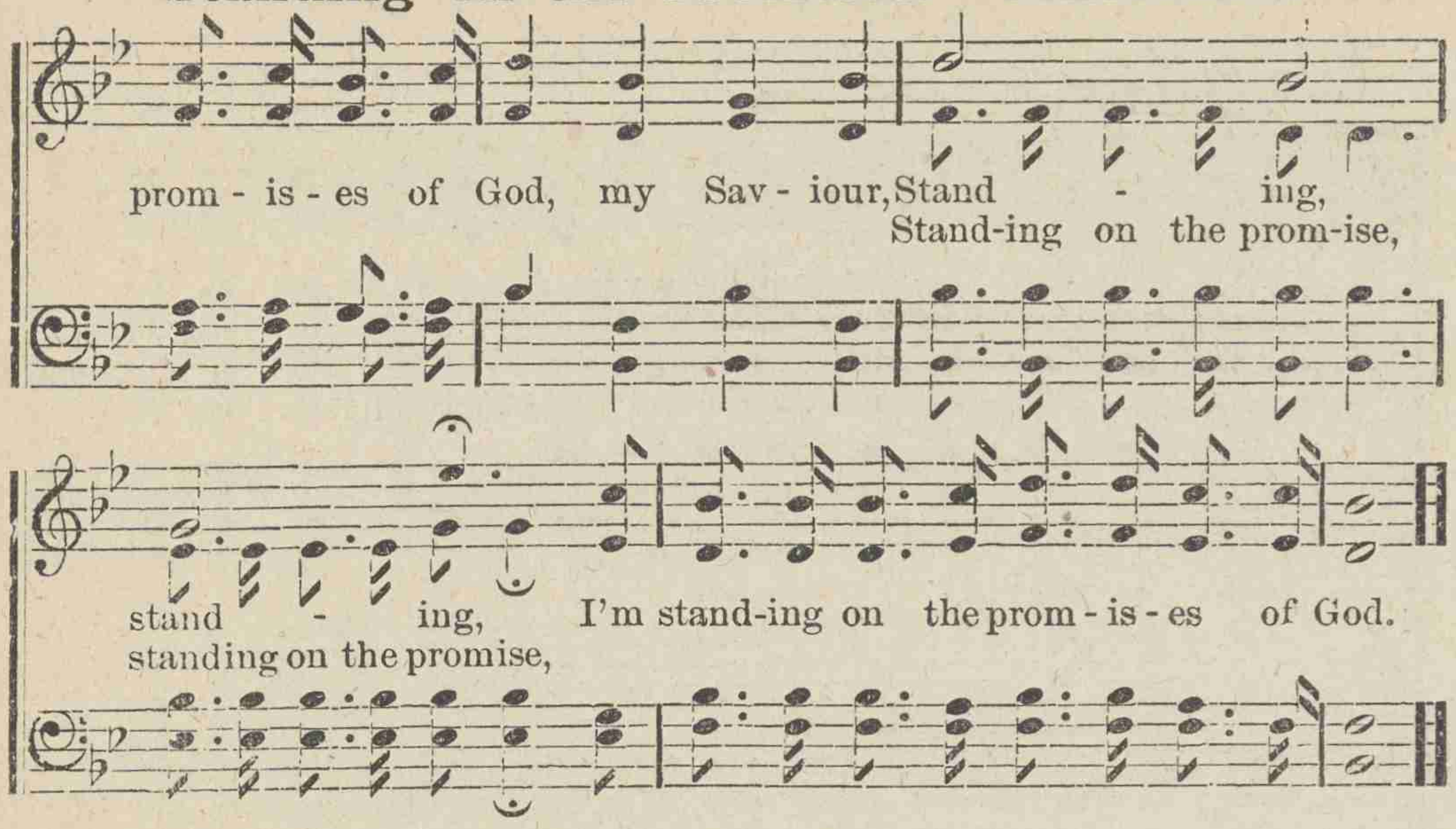


shout and sing, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
shall pre - vail, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
Christ makes free, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
Spir - it's sword, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
all in all, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.

Chorus.

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

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Standing on the Promises. Concluded.



No. 206. Heaven is Not Far Away.

C. E. L. C. E. Leslie, by per.

Copyright, by C. E. Leslie.

No. 207. Tell It to Jesus.

"Tell it to Jesus."—MATT. 14 : 12.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav-y heart- ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbid-den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor- row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troub-led at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je-sus, Are you griev- ing o - ver joys de-part - ed?
Tell it to Je-sus, Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
Tell it to Je-sus, Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor - row?
Tell it to Je-sus, For Christ's com-ing king-dom are you sigh - ing?

Chorus.

Tell it to Je- sus a- lone.
Tell it to Je- sus a- lone.
Tell it to Je- sus a- lone.
Tell it to Je- sus a- lone.

Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je- sus,

He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a- lone.

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No. 208. Friend Unfailing.

D. A. Clippinger.

1. O, Je - sus friend un- fail- ing, How dear Thou art to me;
2. What fills my soul with glad-ness, 'Tis thine a-bounding grace;
3. For ev - 'ry trib - u - la- tion, For ev - 'ry sore dis- tress;

Are cares or fears as - sail- ing, I find my strength in Thee.
Where can I look in sad- ness, But, Je - sus, on Thy face.
In Christ I've full sal - va - tion, Sure help and qui - et rest.

Why should my feet grow wea - ry, Of this my pil - grim way;
My all is Thy pro- vid - ing, Thy love can ne'er grow cold;
No fear of foes pre-vail - ing, I tri - umph, Lord, in Thee;

Rough tho' the path and drear-y, It ends in per - fect day.
In Thee my ref - uge, hid- ing, No good wilt Thou with-hold.
O Je - sus, friend un- fail- ing, How dear Thou art to me.

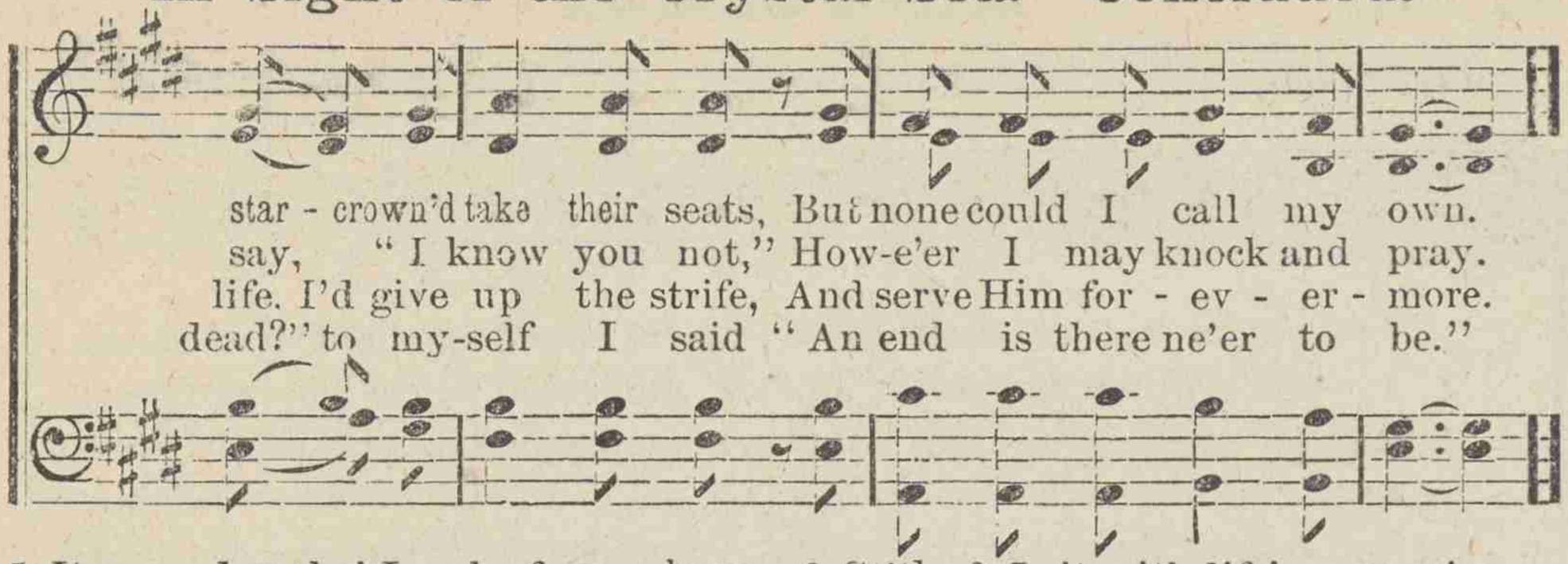
Copyright, 1896, by D. A. Clippinger.

No. 209. In Sight of the Crystal Sea.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. J. W. Bischoff.

By per J. E. Rankin.

In Sight of the Crystal Sea. Concluded.

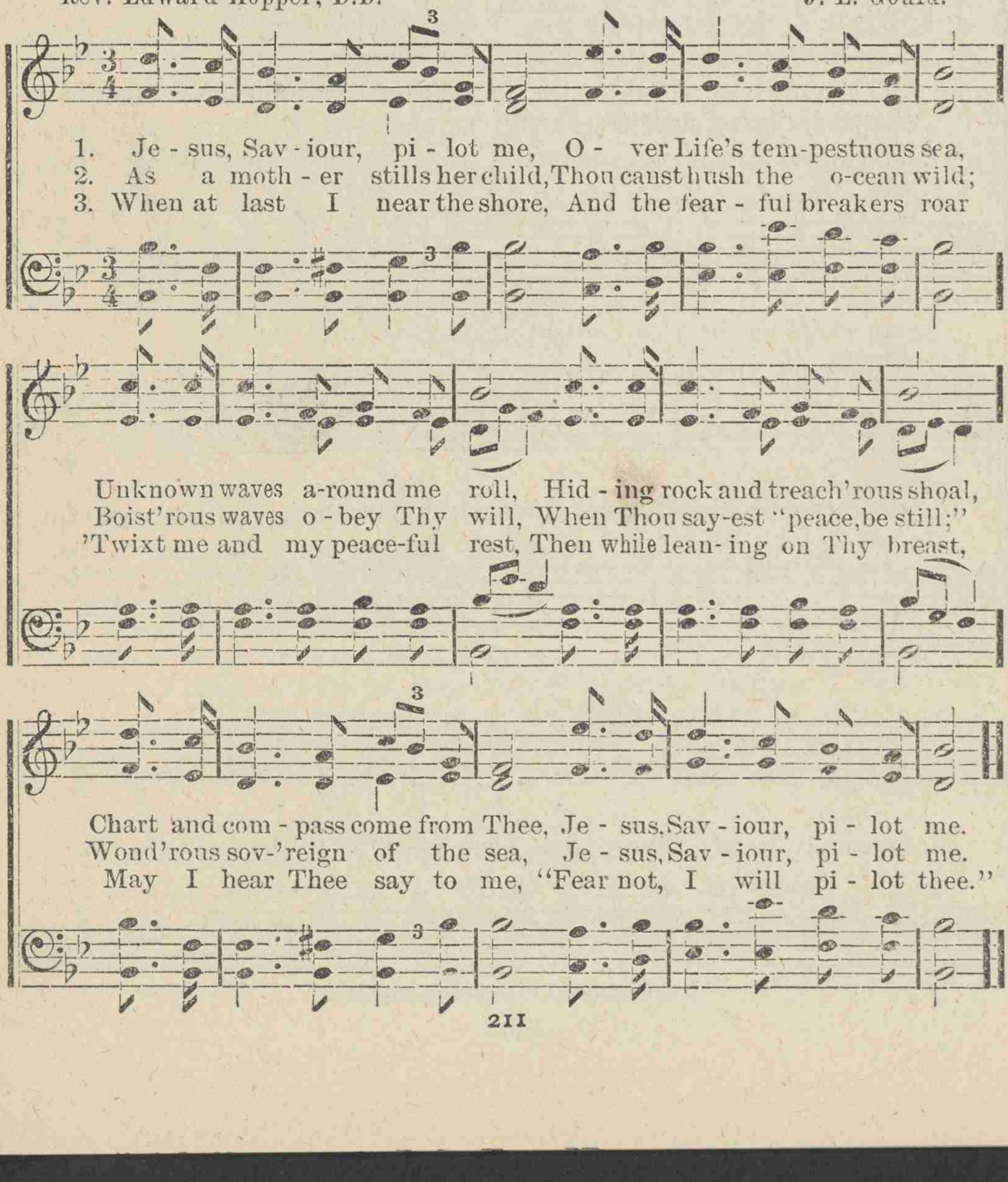


5 It seemed as tho' I woke from a dream,
How sweet was the light of day!
Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells
From towers that were far away,
I then became as a child,
And I wept afresh;
For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,
And given a heart of flesh.

6 Still oft I sit with life's memories,
And I think of the crystal sea;
And I see the thrones of star-crown'd ones,
I know there's a crown for me;
And when the voice of the Judge says, come,
Of the Judge on the great white throne,
I know 'mid the thrones of the star-crown'd ones,
There's one I shall call my own.
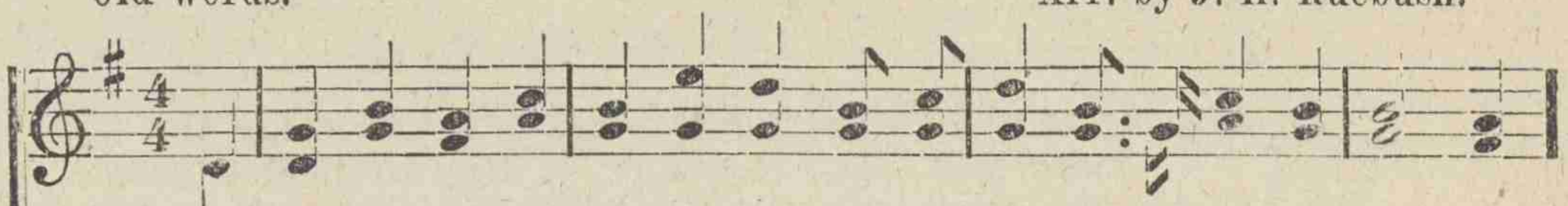
No. 210. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. Edward Hopper, D.D. J. E. Gould.
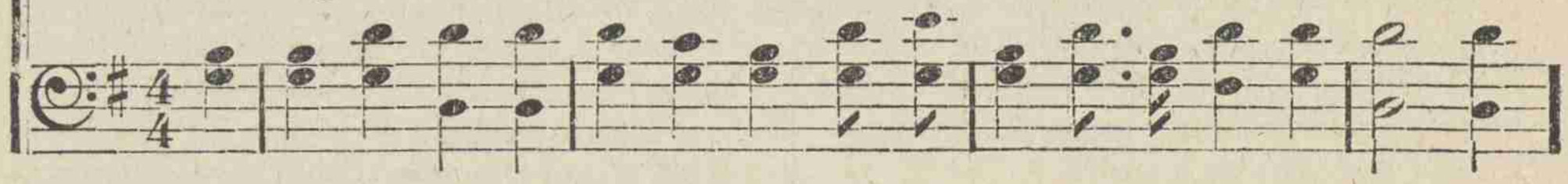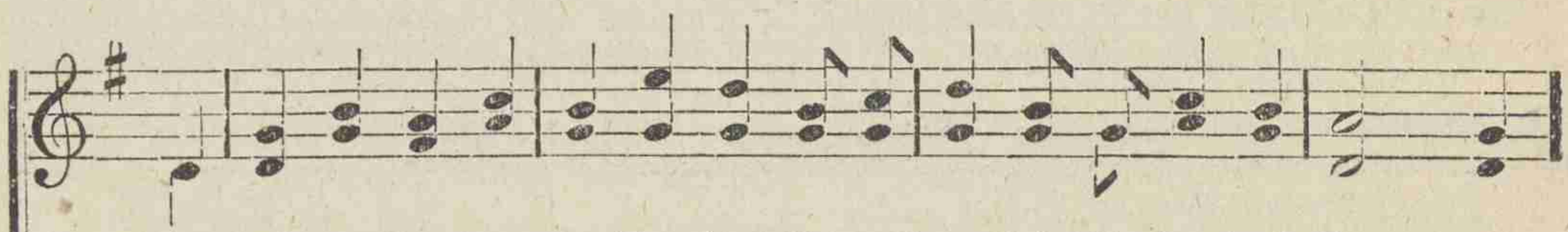


No. 211. Bright Canaan.

Old words. Arr. by J. H. Ruebush.

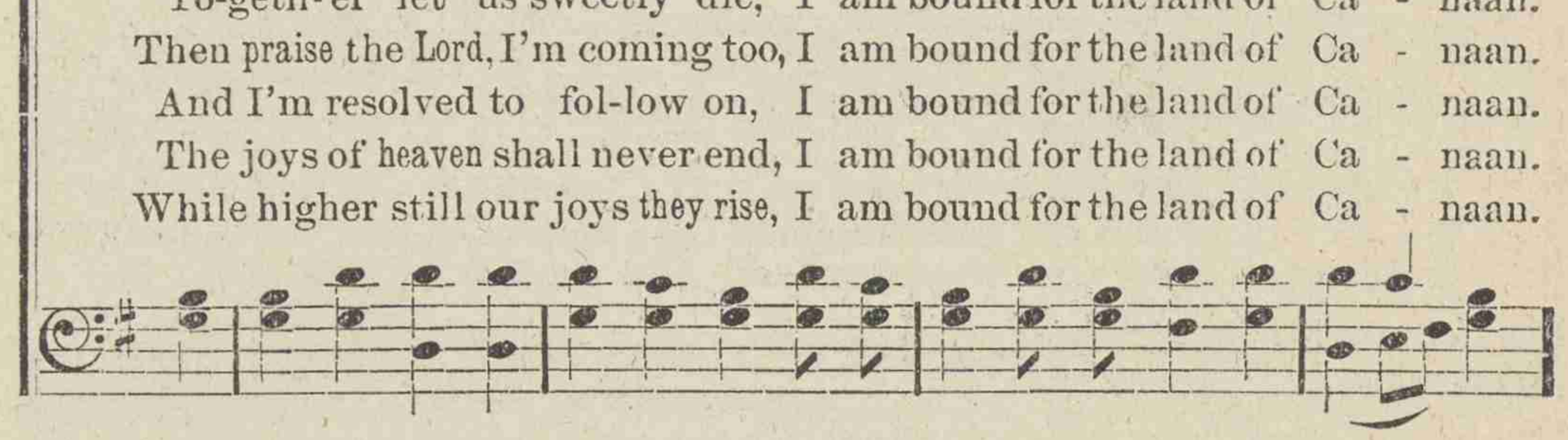


1. To - geth-er let us sweetly live, I am bound for the land of Ca-naan,
2. If you get there be-fore I do, I am bound for the land of Ca-naan,
3. Part of my friends the prize have won, I am bound for the land of Ca-naan,
4. Then come with me be-lov-ed friend, I am bound for the land of Ca-naan,
5. Our songs of Praise shall fill the skies, I am bound for the land of Ca-naan,

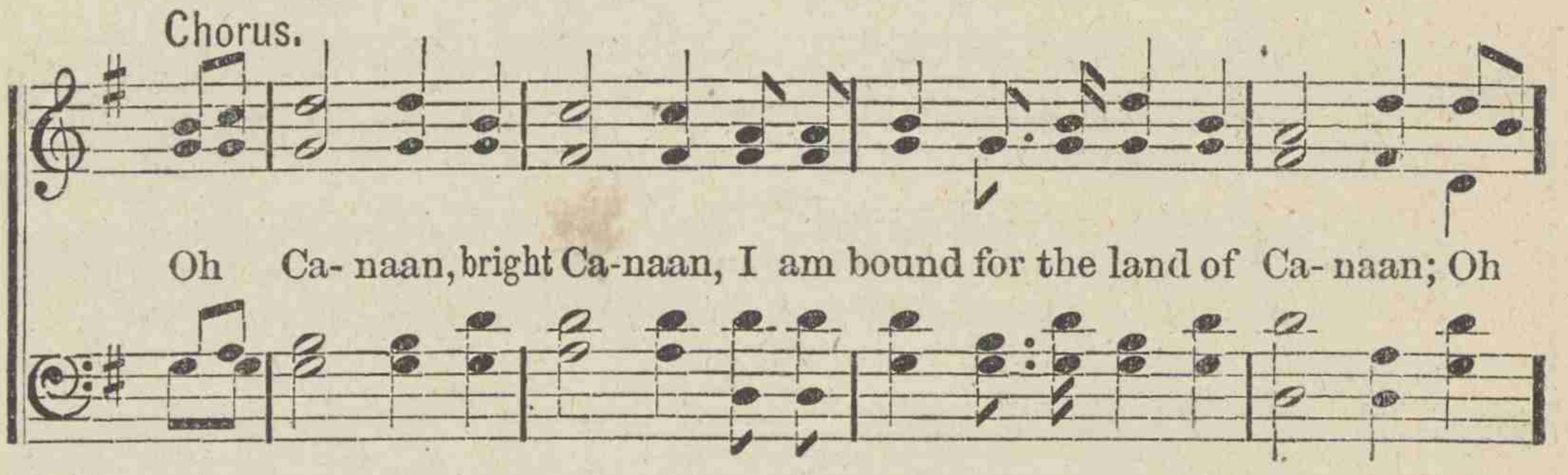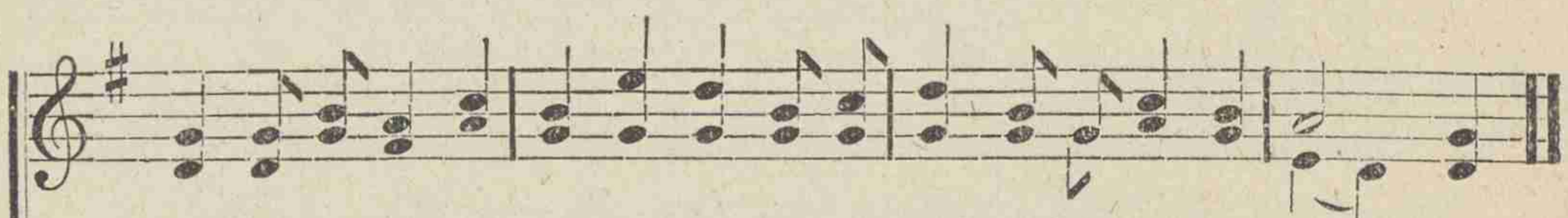




To-geth-er let us sweetly die, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
And I'm resolved to fol-low on, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
The joys of heaven shall never end, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
While higher still our joys they rise, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.



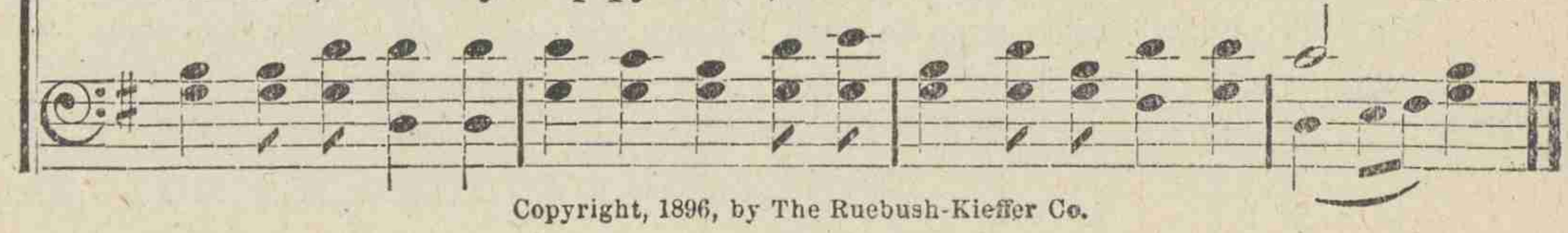
Chorus.



Oh Ca- naan, bright Ca-naan, I am bound for the land of Ca- naan; Oh



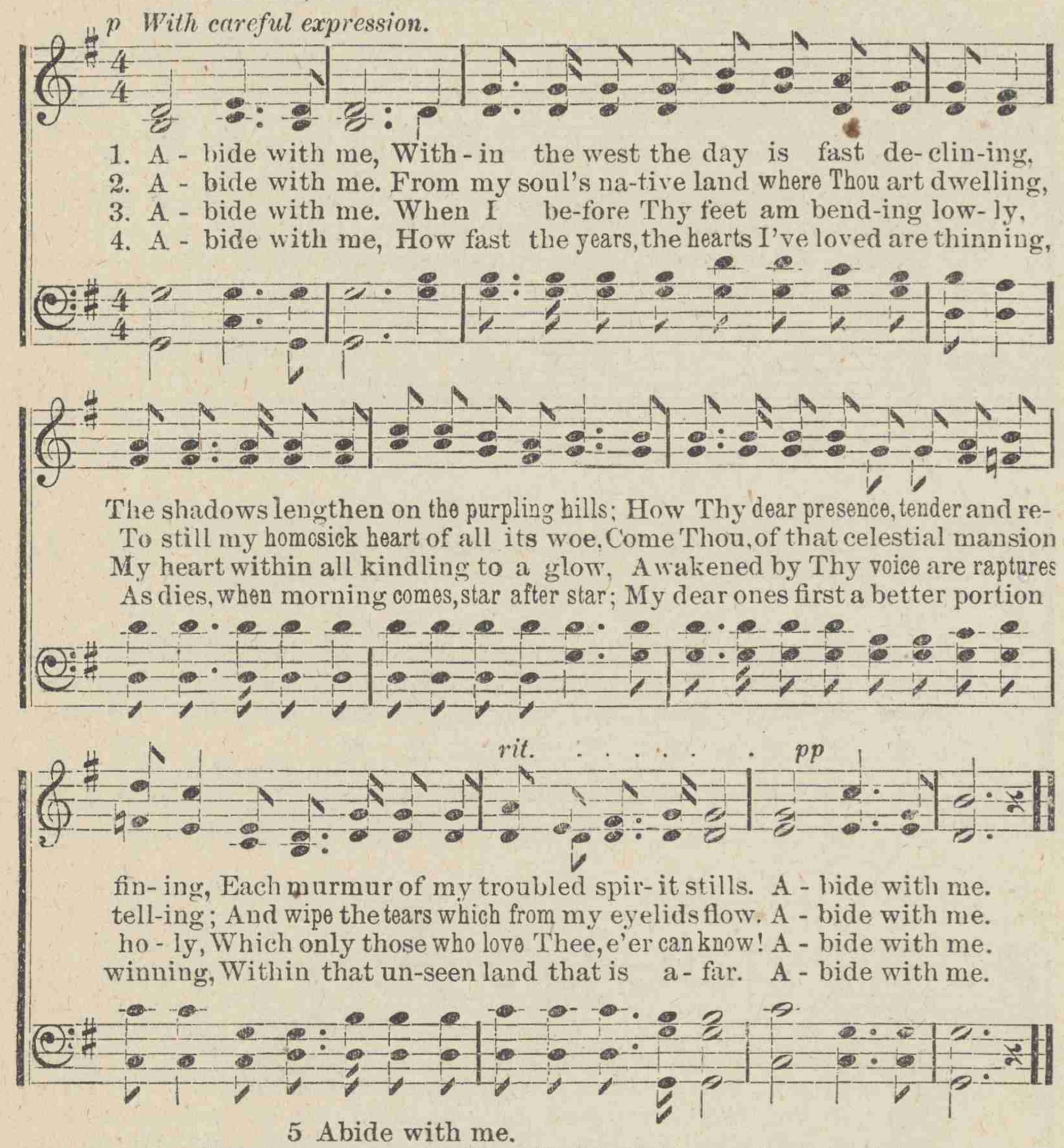
Canaan, it is my hap-py home, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.



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No. 212. Abide With Me.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D. Chas. Edw. Prior.



5 Abide with me.
"My peace be with thee!" this thine evening greeting;
Thus let me see the radiance of Thy face;
How swift to night the day of life is fleeting,
And death and life beyond come on apace.
Abide with me.

6 Abide with me.
Soon will for me these earthly scenes be ending
Like some brief vision of night-watches fled;
The length'ning shadows on life's hills descending,
And the last word above my dust be said.
Abide with me.

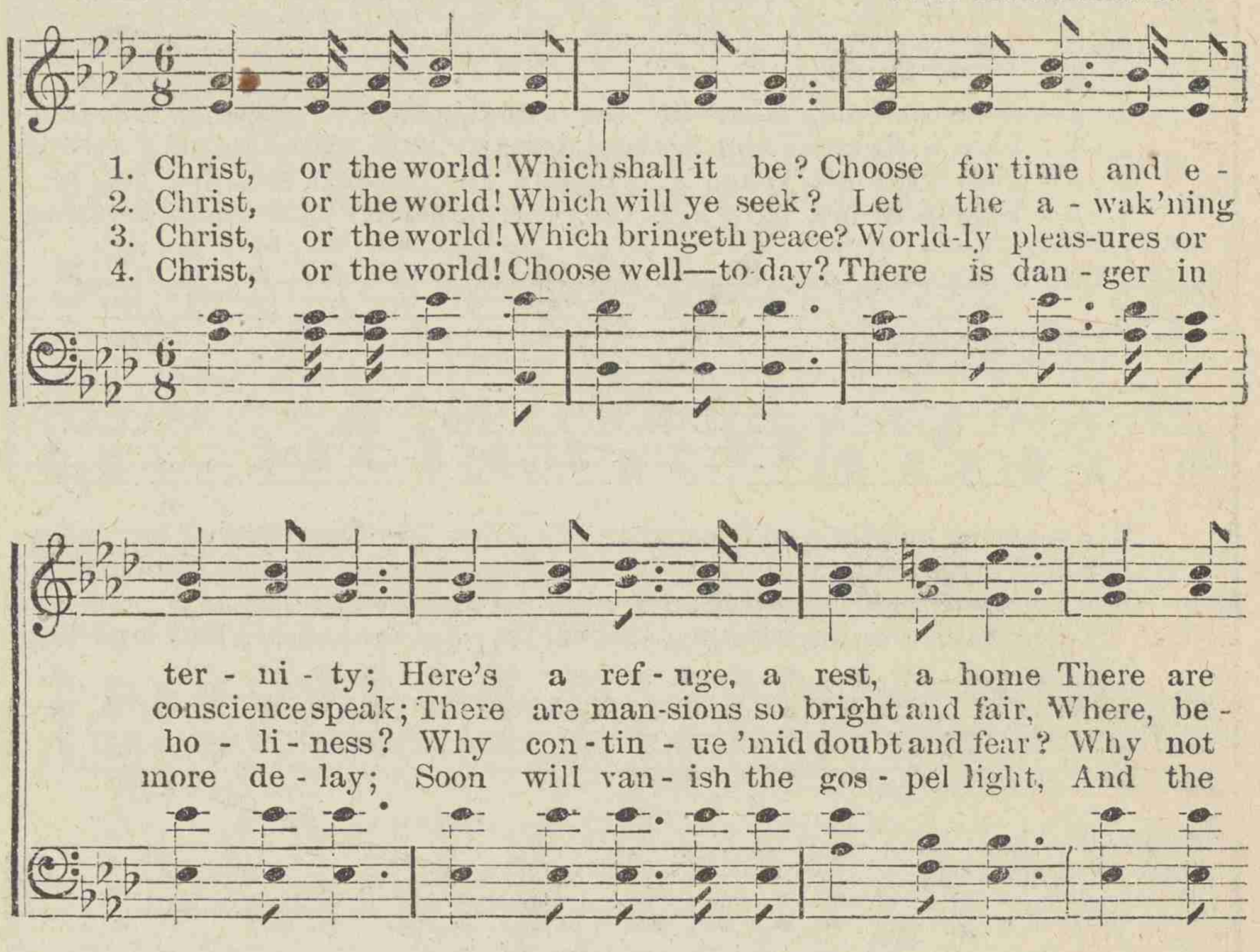
7 Abide with me.
Ah, then O Lord, through Thy rich grace I enter
That land of which Thou art the life and light;
Where from all climes Thy ransomed captives enter,
And know no parting, or descending night.
Abide with me.

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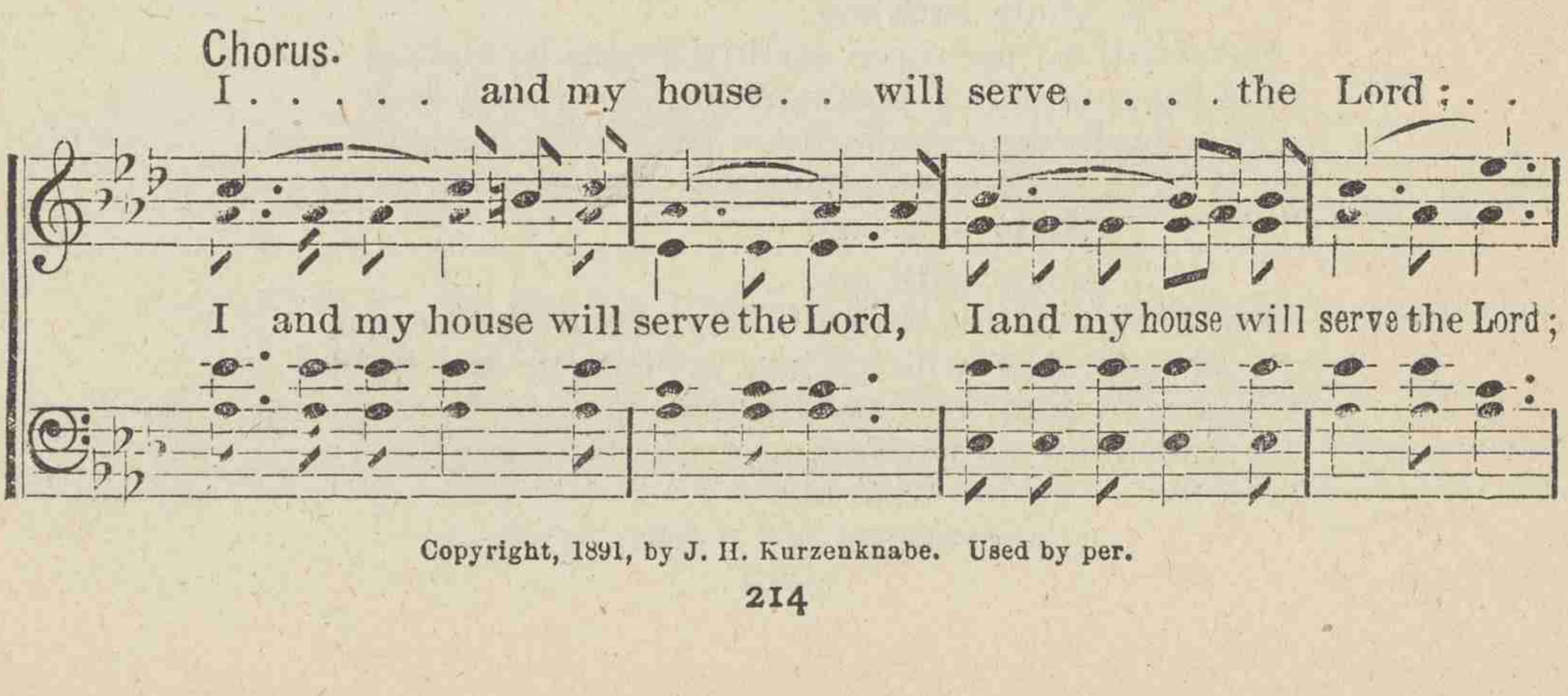
No. 213. Christ, or the World.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."—Joshua 24 : 15.

J. H. K. J. H. Kurzenknabe.



Chorus.



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Christ, or the World. Concluded.

If . . . . . we prove faithful,

If we are true and prove faithful, We shall have great re- ward.

No. 214. Sing Glory!

Rev. Wm. Appel. A. Beirly.

1. My heart is fixed to praise the Lord, Glo - ry, glo- ry, hal- le - lu - jah!
2. The fair- est of the fair is He, Glo - ry, glo- ry, hal- le - lu - jah!
3. I'm still re - joic- ing in His love, Glo - ry, glo- ry, hal- le - lu - jah!
4. In heav'n I'll sing it o'er and o'er, Glo - ry, glo- ry, hal- le - lu - jah!

I'm feed-ing on His pre-cious word, Glo - ry, glo- ry, hal- le - lu - jah!
To see His bless- ed- face, will be Glo - ry, glo- ry, hal- le - lu - jah!
I'm go - ing to my home a - bove, Glo - ry, glo- ry, hal- le - lu - jah!
I'll praise the Sav-iour more and more, Glo - ry, glo- ry, hal- le - lu - jah!

Chorus.

The Sav-iour is my faithful Friend! Sing glo-ry, sing glo - ry! I'll

sing His prais- es with-out end, Sing glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
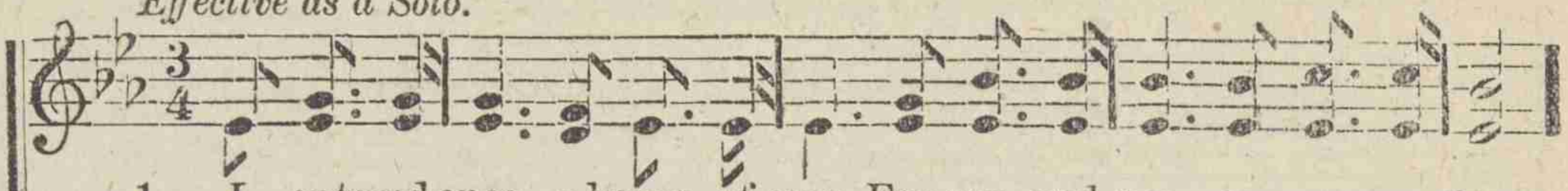
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No. 215. Christ is All.

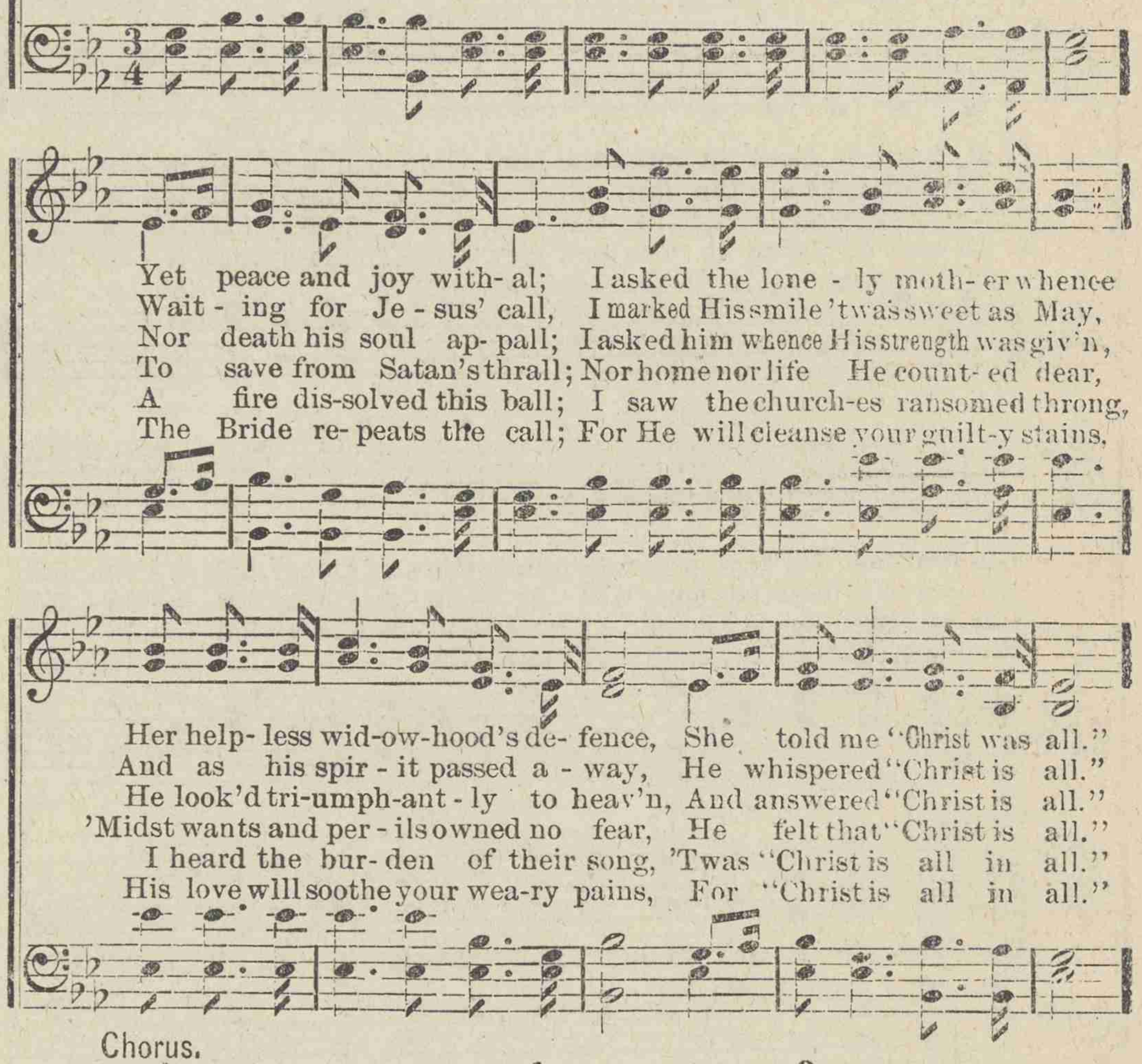
"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. 2 : 7.

W. A. Williams.

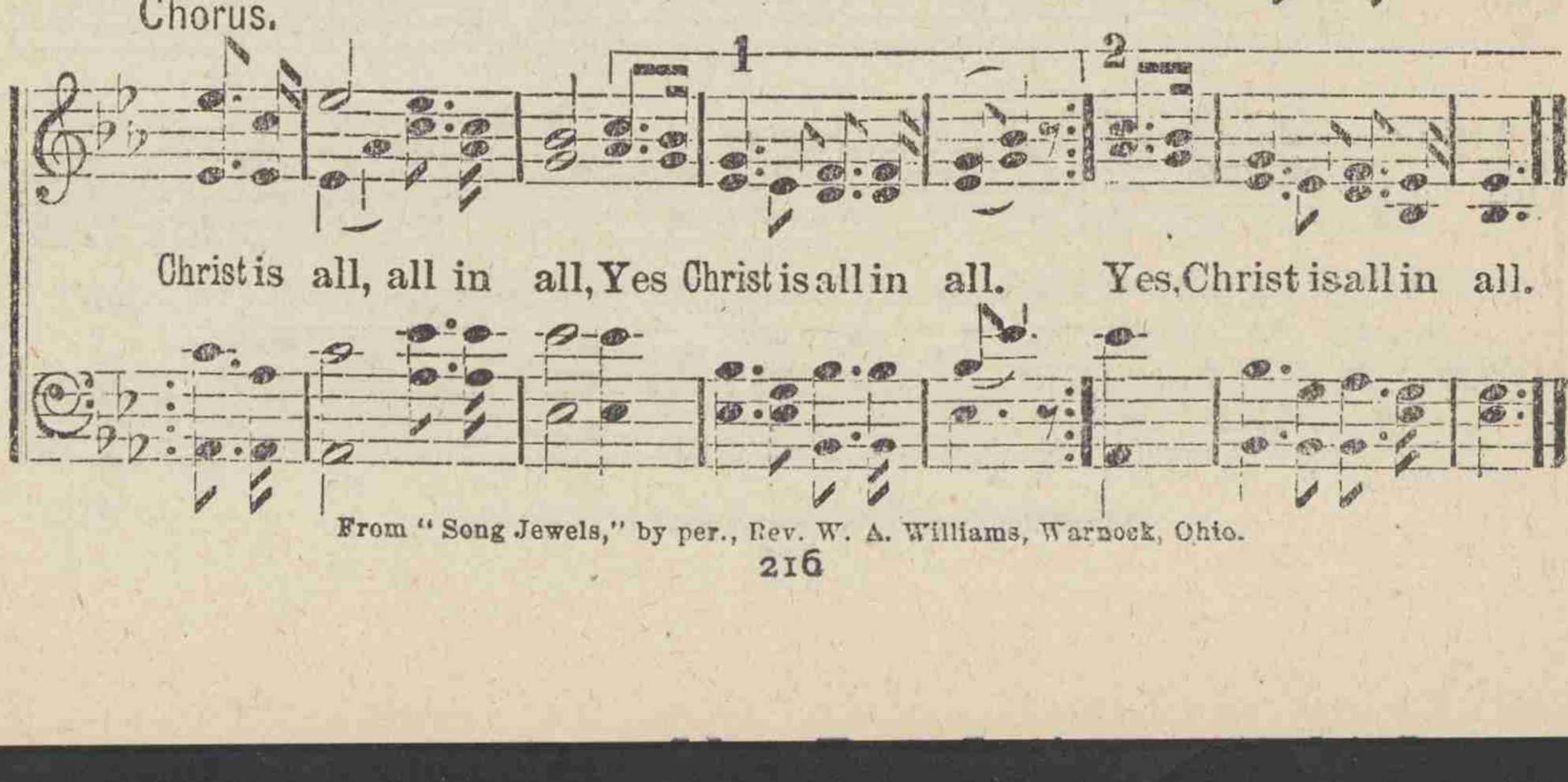
Effective as a Solo.



1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there;
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach-ing head.
3. I saw a mar-tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour-age shake,
4. I saw the gos- pel her- ald go, To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,
5. I dreamed that hoar- y time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
6. Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day, The Fa- ther, Son, and Spir- it say;



Yet peace and joy with- al; I asked the lone - ly moth- er whence
Wait - ing for Je - sus' call, I marked His smile 'twas sweet as May,
Nor death his soul ap- pall; I asked him whence His strength was giv'n,
To save from Satan's thrall; Nor home nor life He count- ed dear,
A fire dis-solved this ball; I saw the church-es ransomed throng,
The Bride re- peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilt-y stains,



Her help- less wid-ow-hood's de- fence, She told me "Christ was all."
And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered "Christ is all."
He look'd tri-umph-ant - ly to heav'n, And answered "Christ is all."
'Midst wants and per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
I heard the bur- den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
His love will soothe your wea-ry pains, For "Christ is all in all."

Chorus.

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

From "Song Jewels," by per., Rev. W. A. Williams, Warnock, Ohio.

No. 216. Is My Name Written There?

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder. Frank M. Davis.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei- ther sil - ver nor gold;
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea,
3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light,

I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold,
But Thy blood, O my Sav- iour, Is suf - fi - cient for me;
With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar- ments of white;

In the book of Thy king-dom, With its page white and fair,
For Thy prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,
Where no e - vil thing com- eth, To de - spoil what is fair;

FINE.

Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav- iour, Is my name writ - ten there?
"Tho your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
Where the an - gels are watch-ing, Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

D.S.—In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ - ten there?
Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

Chorus. *D.S.*

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
2 & 3 vs. Yes, my name's writ - ten there, On the page white and fair.

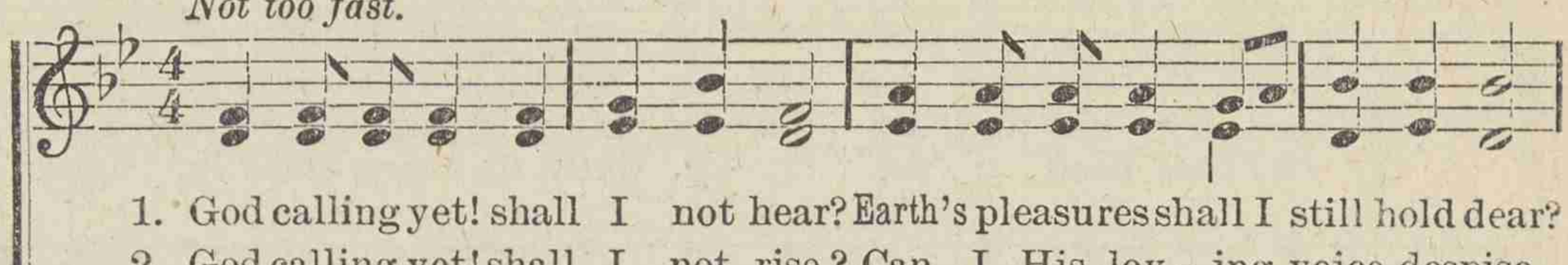
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No. 217. God Calling Yet.

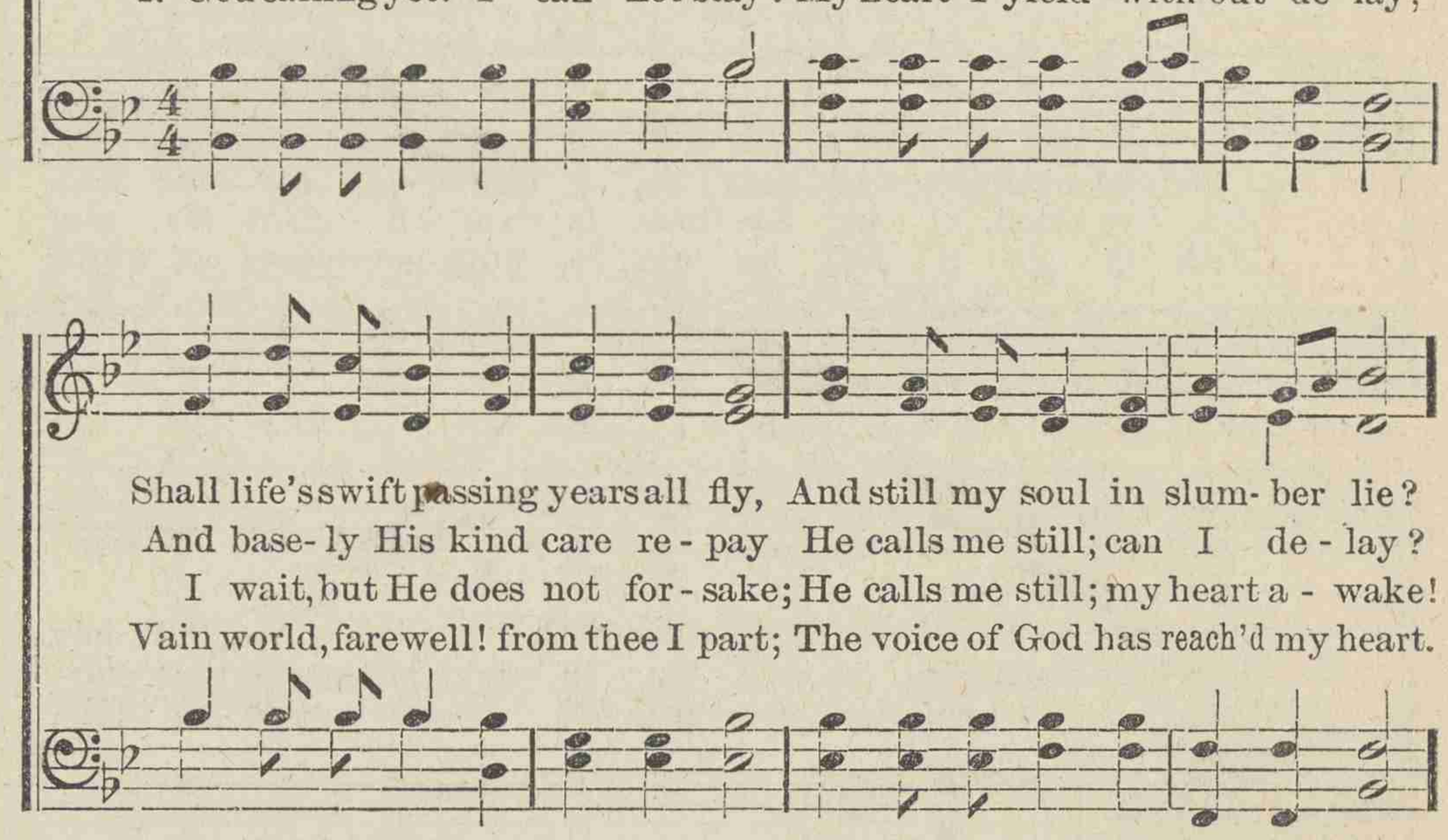
"I have called, and ye have refused."—PROV. 1 : 24.

J. Borthwick. John.

Not too fast.
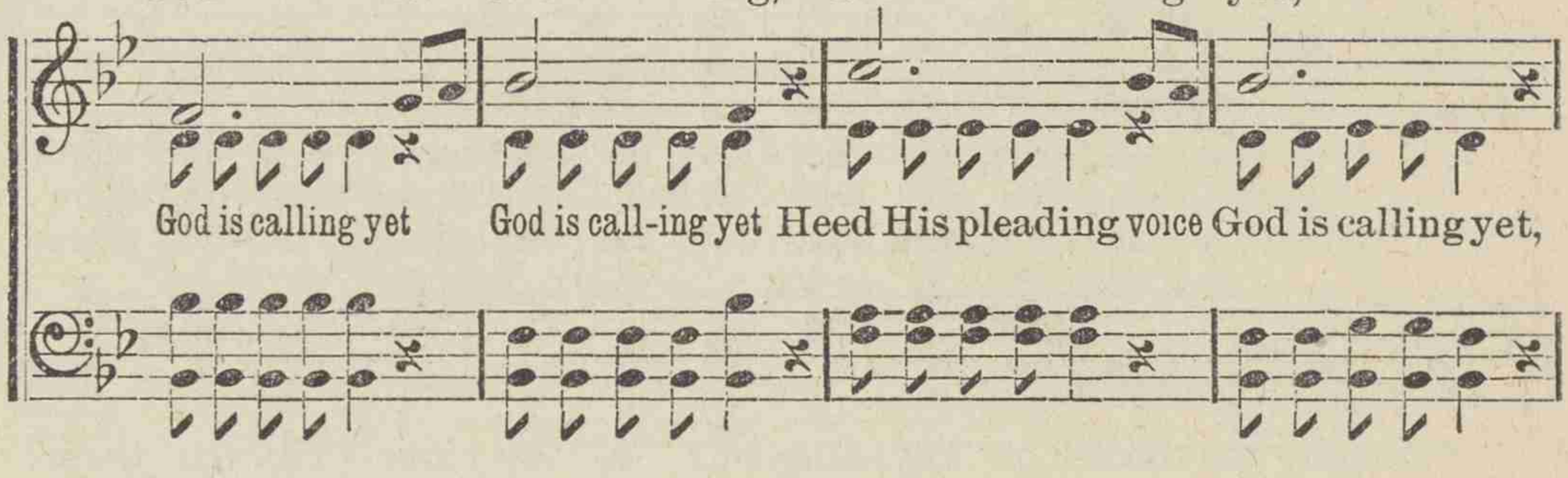


1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice despise,
3. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live?
4. God calling yet! I can - not stay: My heart I yield with-out de- lay;
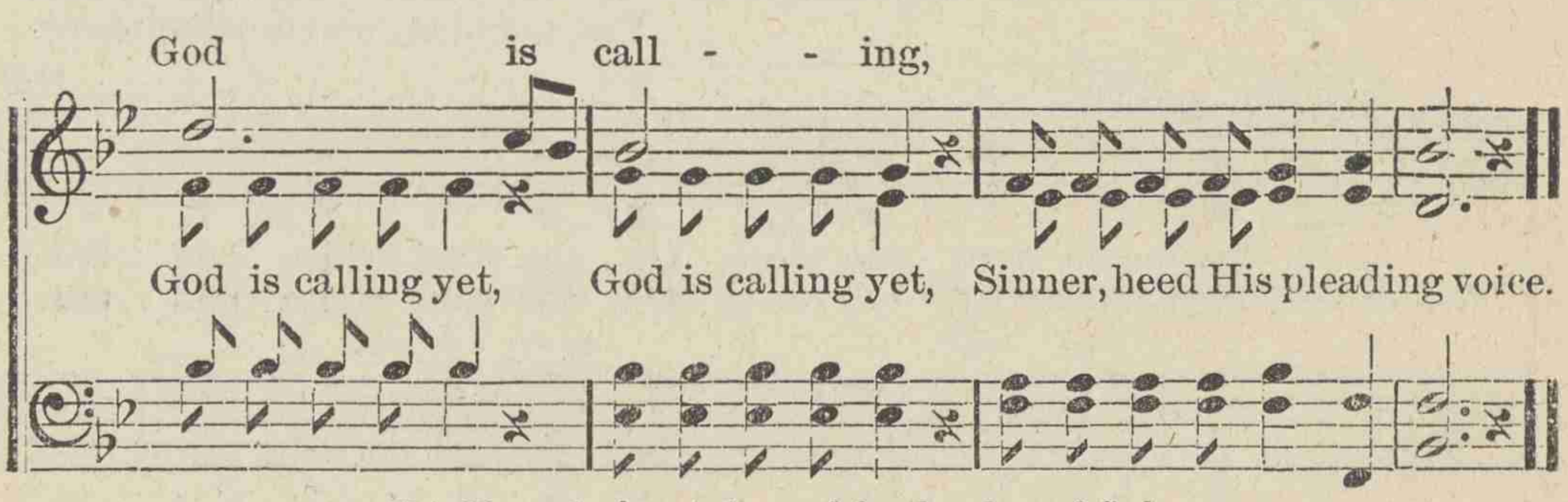


Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum- ber lie?
And base- ly His kind care re - pay He calls me still; can I de - lay?
I wait, but He does not for - sake; He calls me still; my heart a - wake!
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.

Chorus.

God is call - ing, call - - ing yet,



God is calling yet God is call-ing yet Heed His pleading voice God is calling yet,



God is call - - ing,
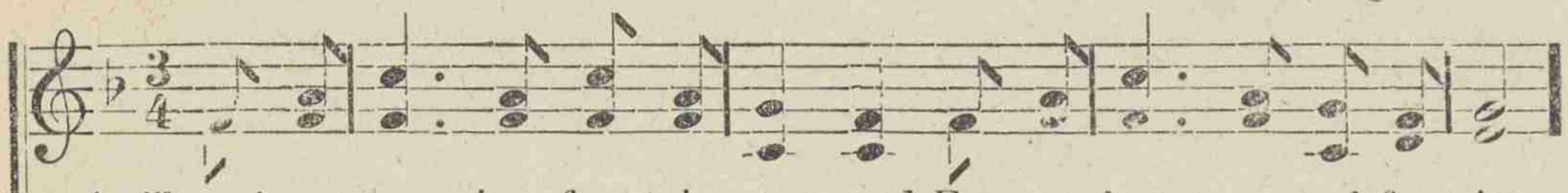
God is calling yet, God is calling yet, Sinner, heed His pleading voice.

This Hymn is *free* to be used for the glory of God.

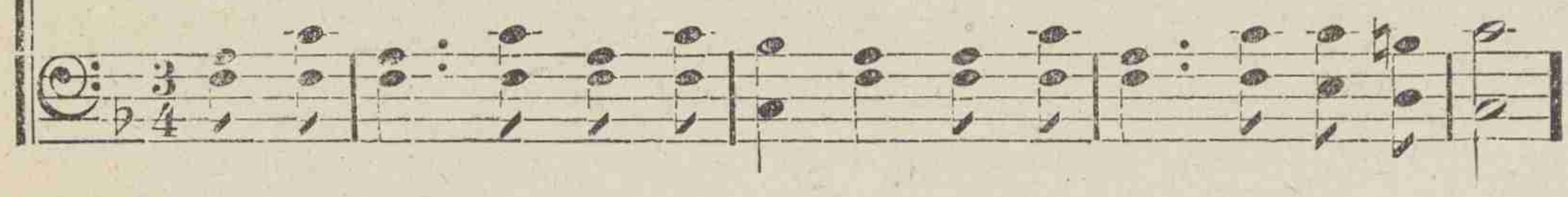
No. 218. The Open Fountain.
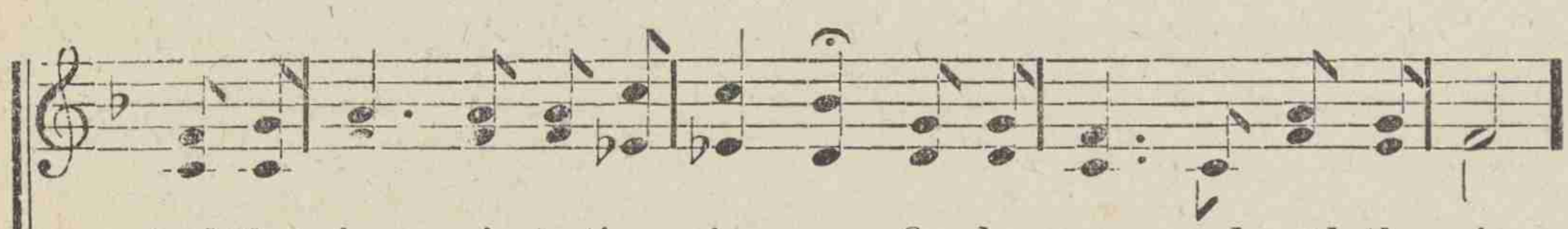
"In that day there shall be a fountain opened.....for sin and uncleanness."—ZECK. 13 : 1.

J. D. V. Jas. D. Vaughan.
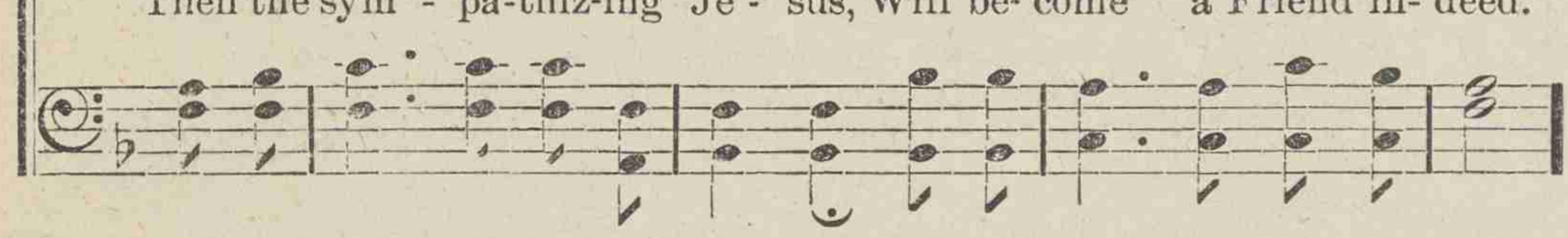


1. There's a pre - cious fountain o - pened, For un-clean- ness and for sin,
2. Though your sins may be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow,
3. Oh! my friend why do you lin - ger, Wash in Cal-vary's crimson wave,
4. Will you heed the in - vi - ta - tion, Come to Je - sus, don't de-lay,
5. When your dear-est friends forsake you; In your sor - est want and need,
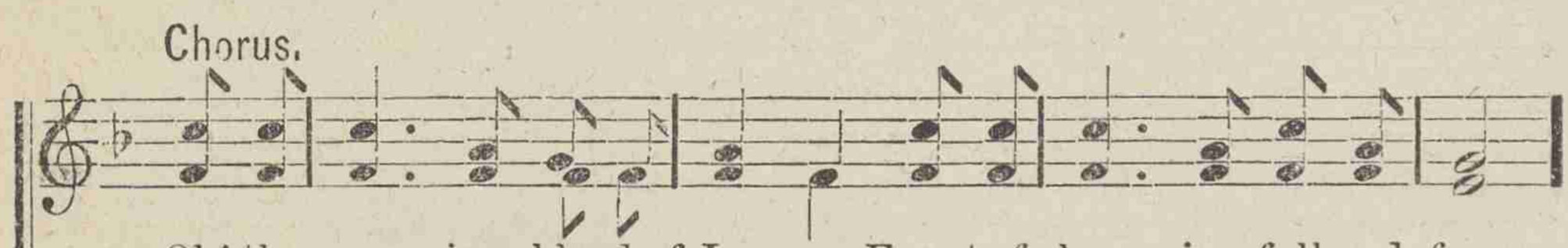




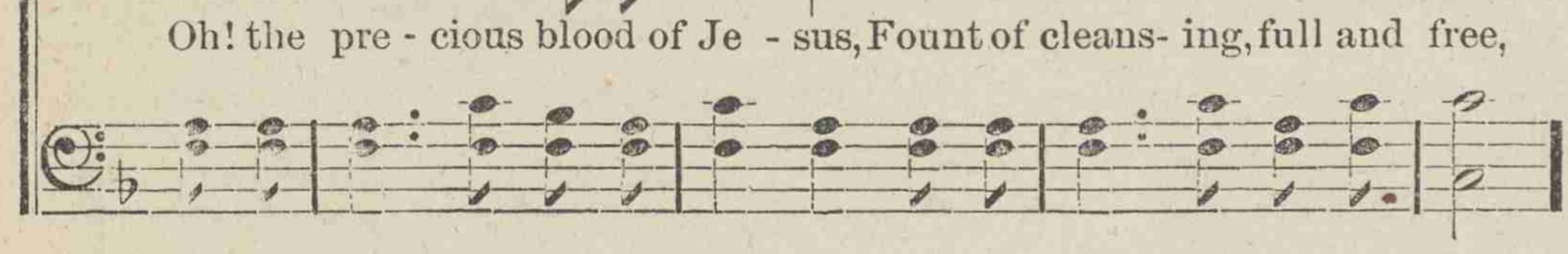
And the in - vi - ta-tion giv - en, On- ly come and wash there-in.
He who wash - es in this fount- ain Shall its heal - ing vir-tues know.
Come now for there's no re- pent-ance, In the cold and si - lent grave.
Ere to - mor - row death may claim you, Oh, to-day's sal - va-tion's day.
Then the sym - pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, Will be- come a Friend in- deed.



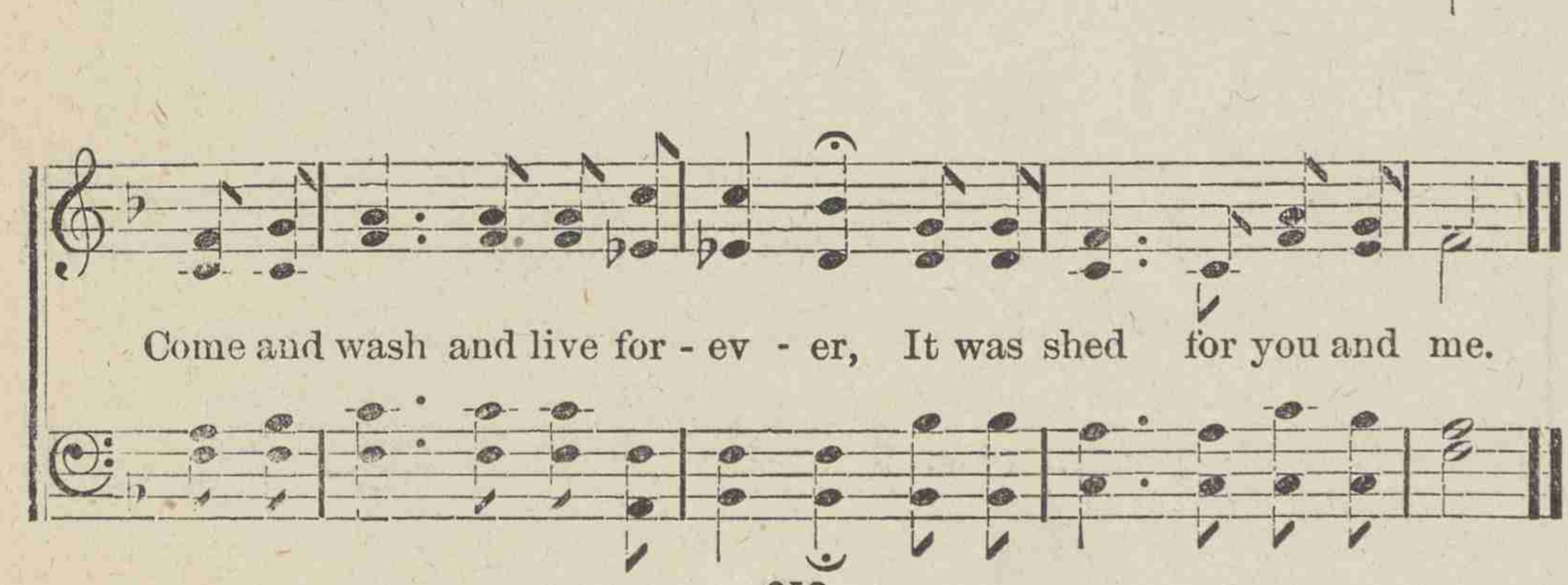
Chorus.



Oh! the pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Fount of cleans- ing, full and free,



Come and wash and live for - ev - er, It was shed for you and me.



No. 219. O Prodigal, Don't Stay Away.

J. E. Rankin D.D. W. H. Ruebush.

1. O prod - i - gal, don't stay a - way! The Fa-ther is wait- ing to - day; There's room and to spare, There is rai- ment to wear, O
2. O prod - i - gal, broth-er, come home! Why long-er in wretch-ed-ness roam? You're lone - ly and lost, You are driv - en and toss'd, O
3. O prod - i - gal, what will you do? Love's ta - ble is wait- ing for you; For - give- ness so sweet, Sure, you're com-ing will greet, O
4. O prod - i - gal, broth-er a - rise! For par- don, look up to the skies; No long - er then stray From Thy Fa - ther a - way, O

Chorus.

prod - i - gal, don't stay a - way.
prod - i - gal, broth - er, come home.
prod - i - gal, what will you do?
prod - i - gal, broth - er, a - rise.

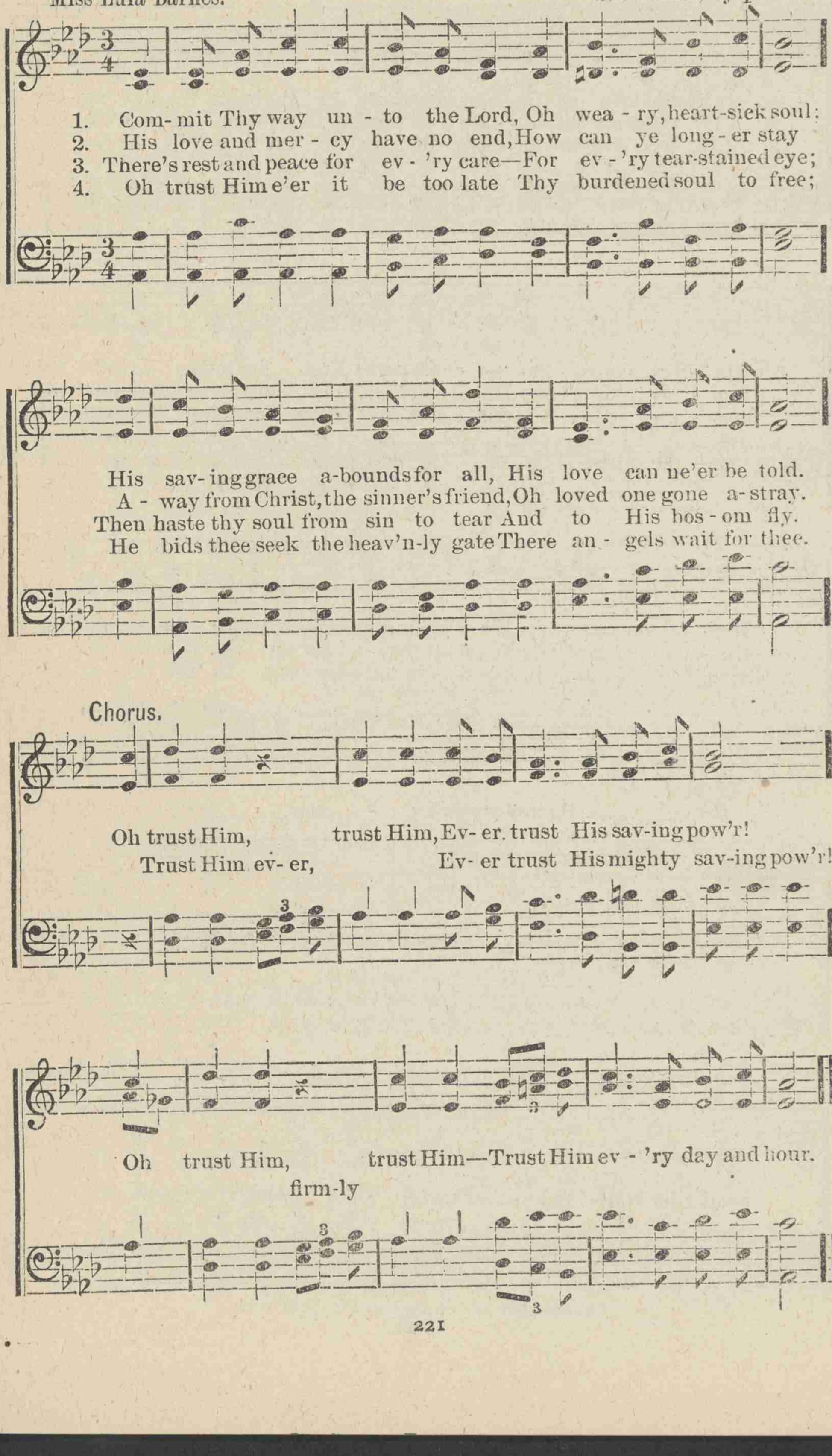
Come home, come home,
Come home, come home,

Prod - i - gal, won't you come home? . . . There's wel - come for home to- day?

you from the Fa-ther so true, O prod - i-gal, don't stay a - way.

No. 220. Trust in the Lord.

Miss Lula Barnes. S. J. Oslin, by per.



No. 221. Strive to Follow Jesus.

E. D. K. E. D. K.

1. When the love of Je - sus Dwell-eth in the heart, We, like lov - ing
2. If the great ex - am - ple Of our Mas- ter dear, Be our aim and
3. Let us strive to fol - low Je - sus all the way, Till we see the

Ma - ry, Choose the bet - ter part; And in love a - bid - ing,
mot - to While we lin - ger here,—If our lives are sim - ple,
morn - ing Of the per - fect day; Then as stars for- ev - er,

Joy - ful on our way, We will journey on-ward To the per- fect day.
Un - de-filed as His, We shall then in heav-en See Him as He is.
Each a spot-less gem, We shall shine e-ter - nal In His di - a - dem.

Chorus.

Come, ... thou blessed Sav - iour, Dwell . . with-
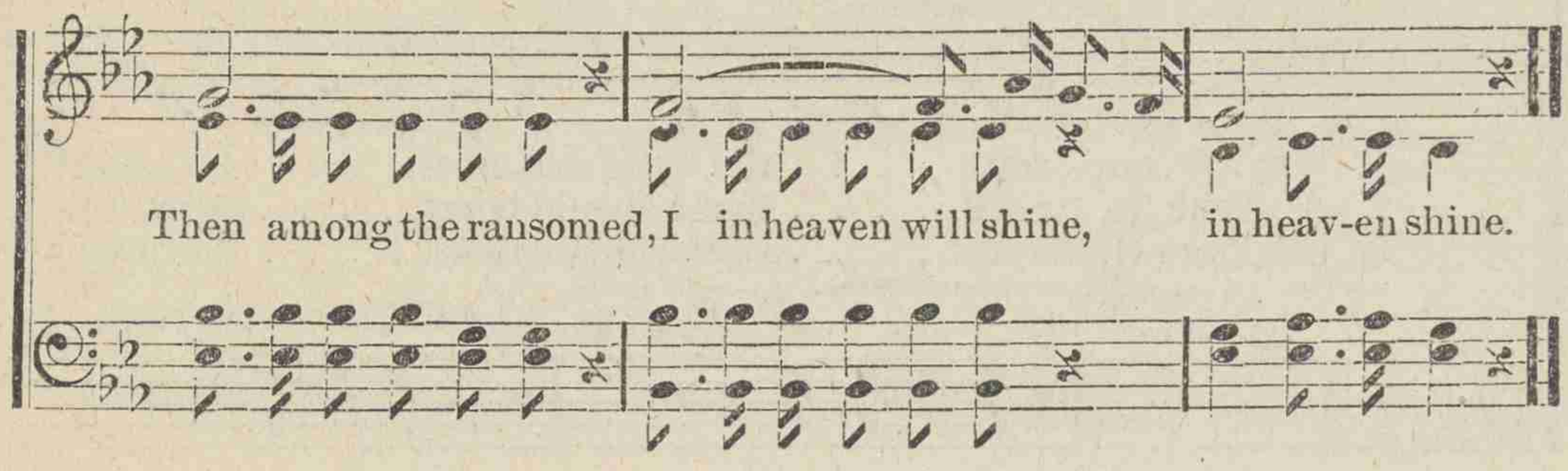
Come, thou blessed Saviour, Come, thou blessed Saviour, Come and dwell within this

in this heart of mine; Then . . . . . a-mong the

heart, this wait- ing heart of mine; Then among the ransomed,

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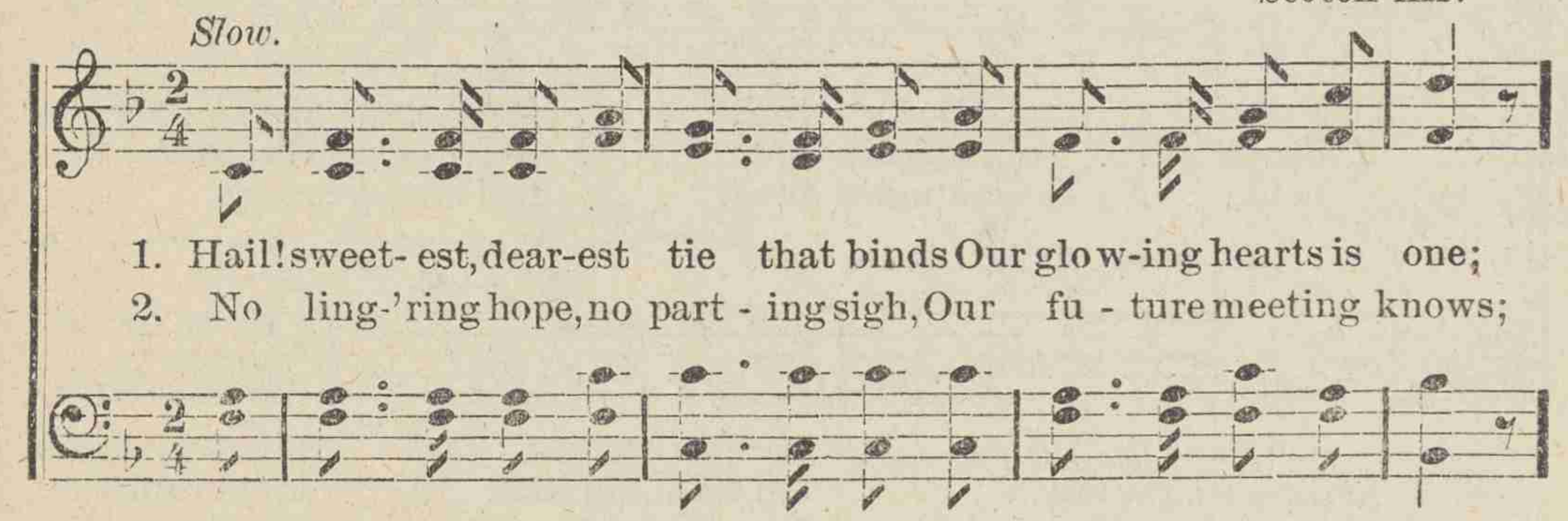
ran - somed, I . . . . . in heav'n will shine.

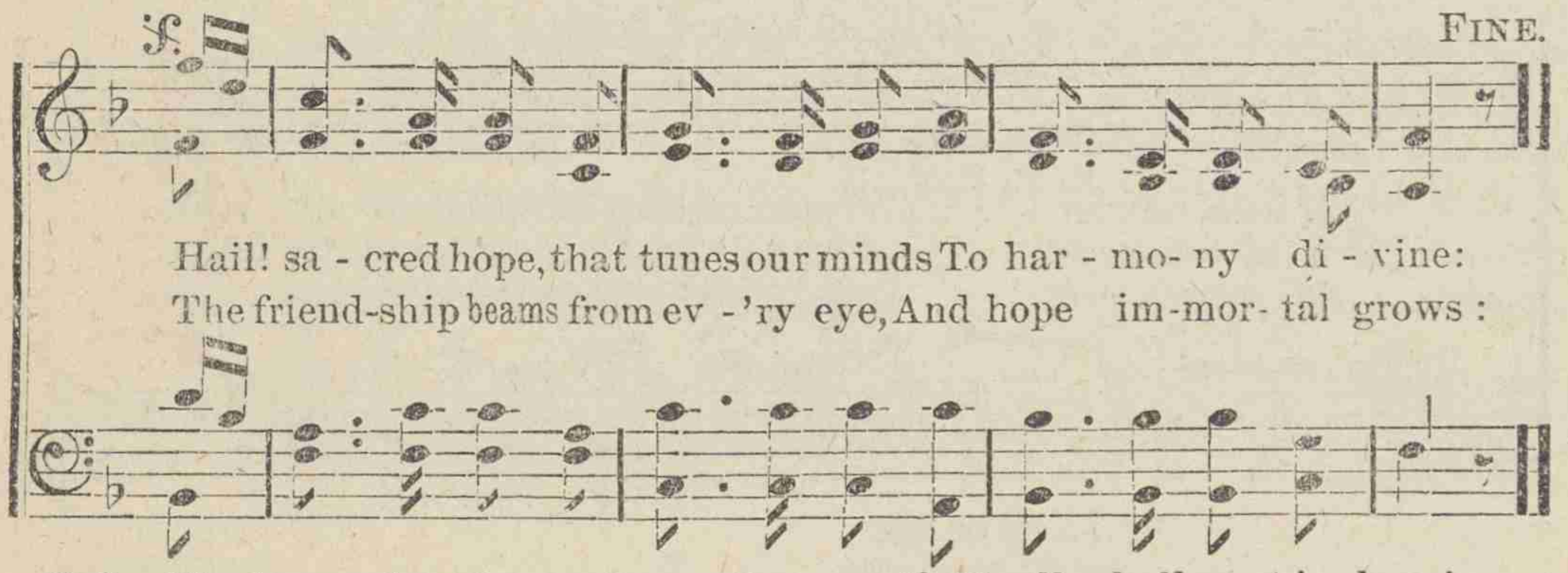


No. 222. Fair Haven.

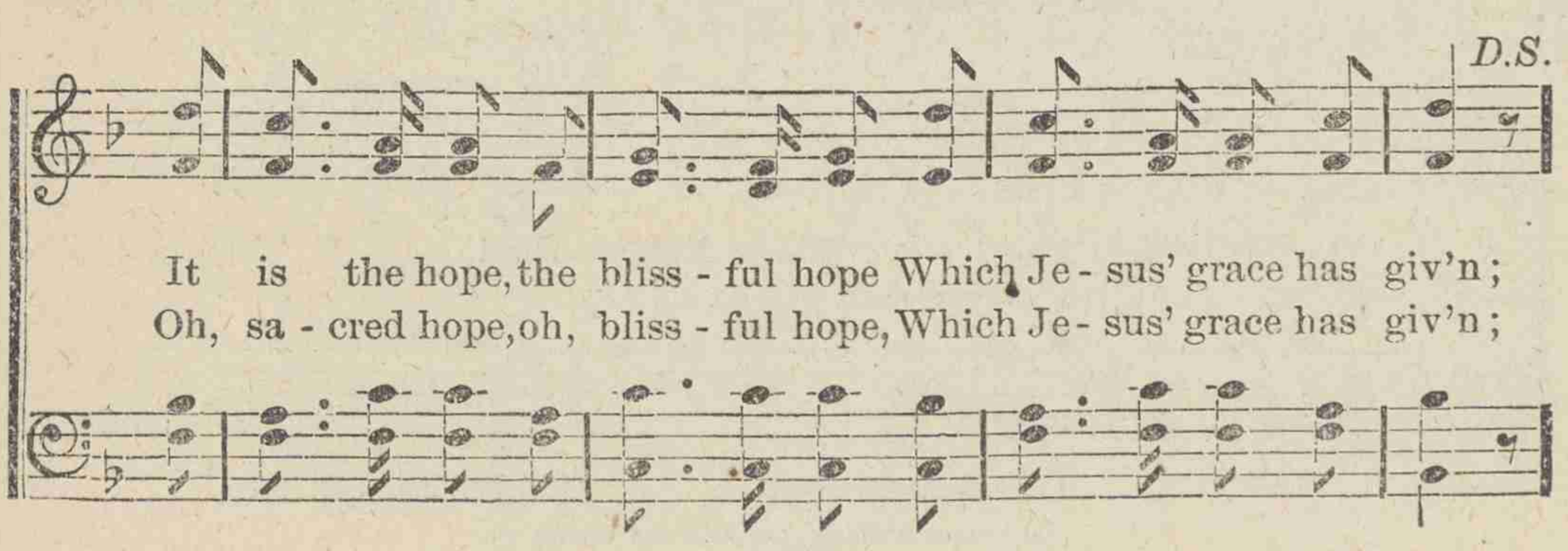
Scotch Air.

Slow.





D.S.—The hope, when days and years have pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.



No. 223. The Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. J. H. Ruebush.

1. When I sur - vey . . . . . the wondrous cross . . . . On which the
2. For-bid it, Lord, ... that I should boast, ... Save in the
3. See, from His hands, ... His head, His feet, ... Sorrow and

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast,
3. See, from His hands, His head, His feet,

Prince . . . of Glo-ry died, ... My richest gain . . . .
death . . . of Christ, my God: . . . . All in vain things . . .
love . . . . flow mingled down: . . . Did e'er such love . . .

On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:

My richest gain
All in vain things
Did e'er such love

I count but loss, . . . And pour contempt on all, on all my pride. . .
that charm me most, . . . I sac-ri- fice them to His, to His blood. . .
and sorrow meet, . . . Or thorns compose so rich, so rich a crown? .

I count but loss, on all my pride.
that charm me most, them to His blood.
and sorrow meet, so rich a crown.
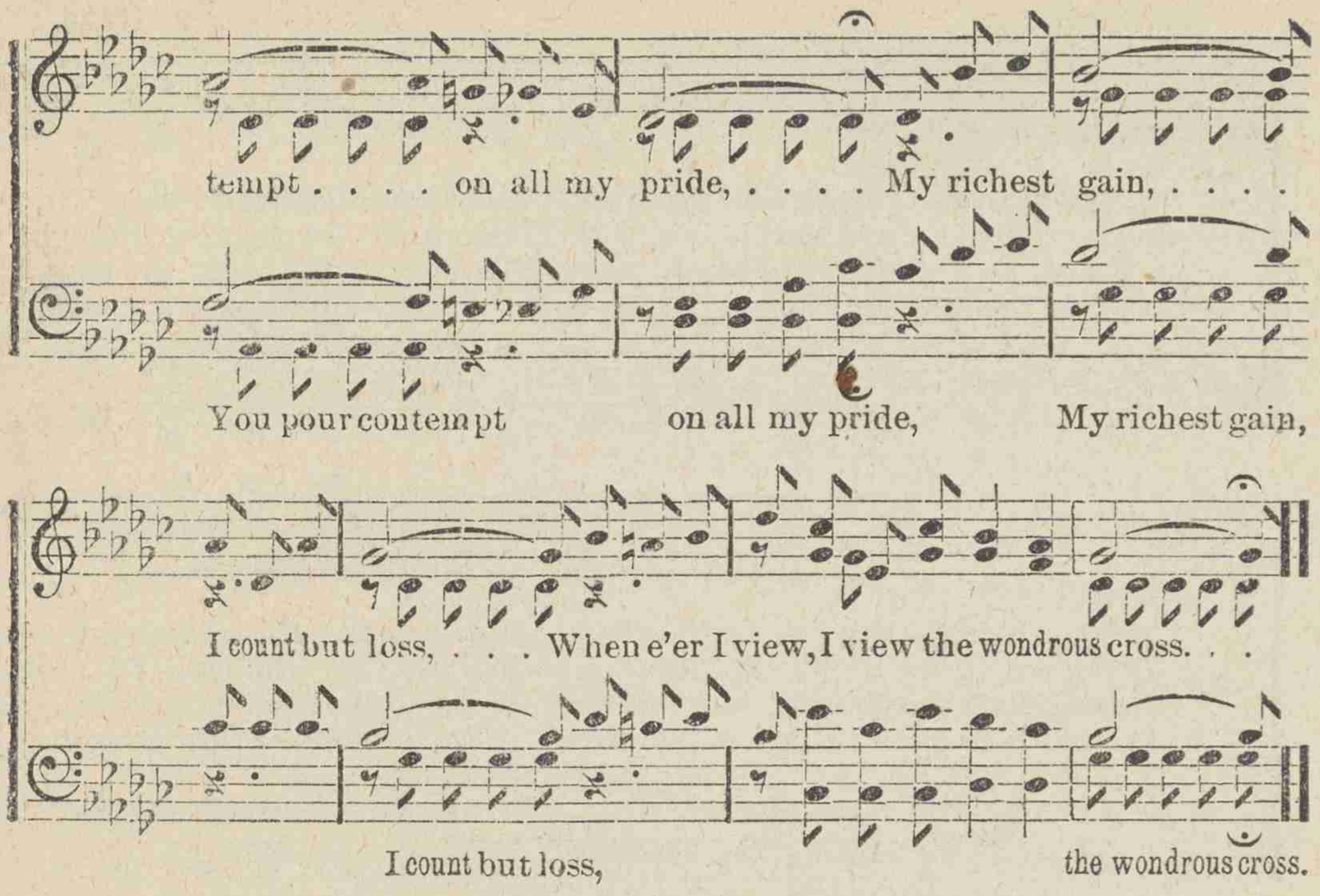
Chorus.

Oh, wondrous cross, . . . Where Je-sus died, ... You pour con-

Oh wondrous cross, Where Jesus died,

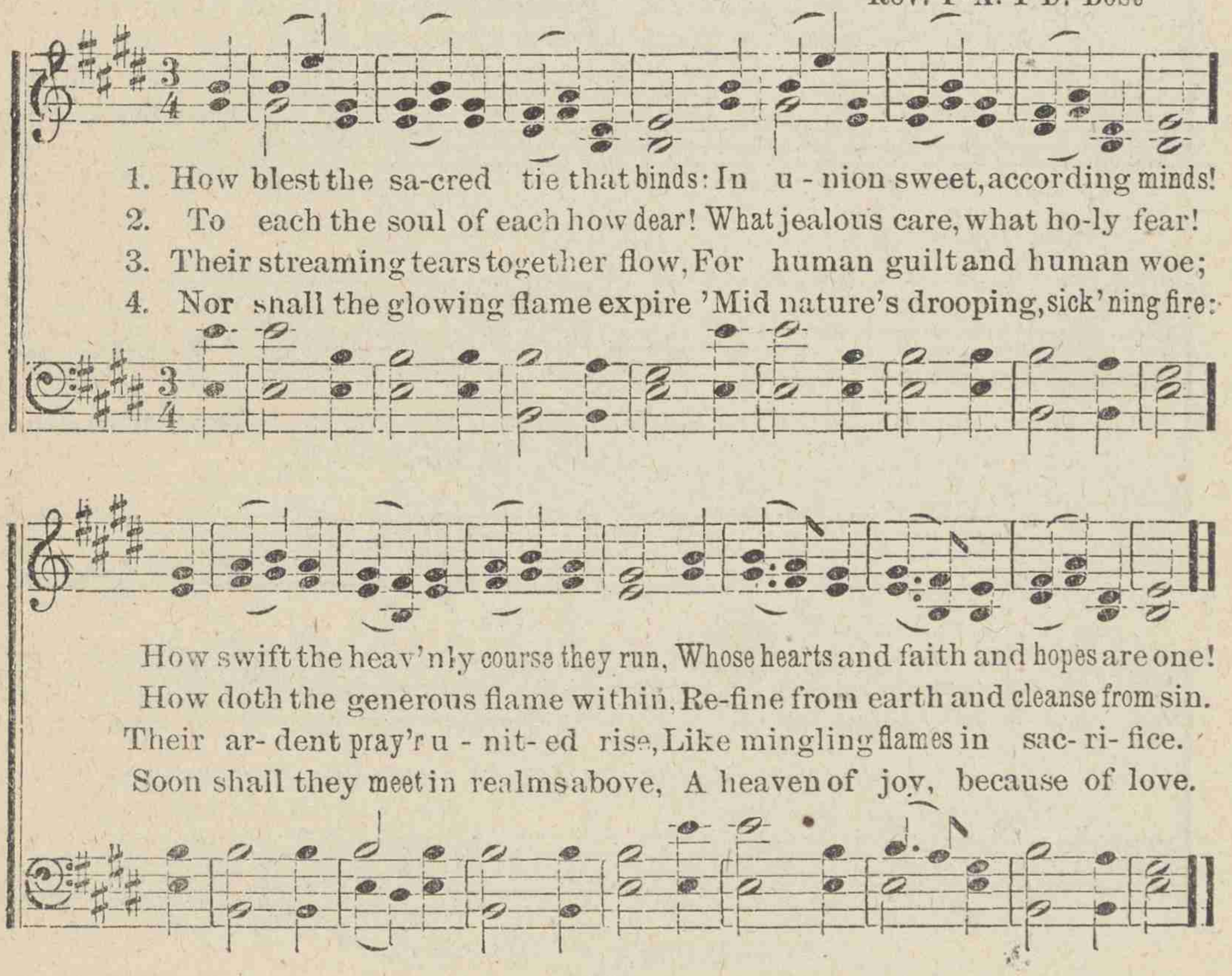
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The Wondrous Cross. Concluded.
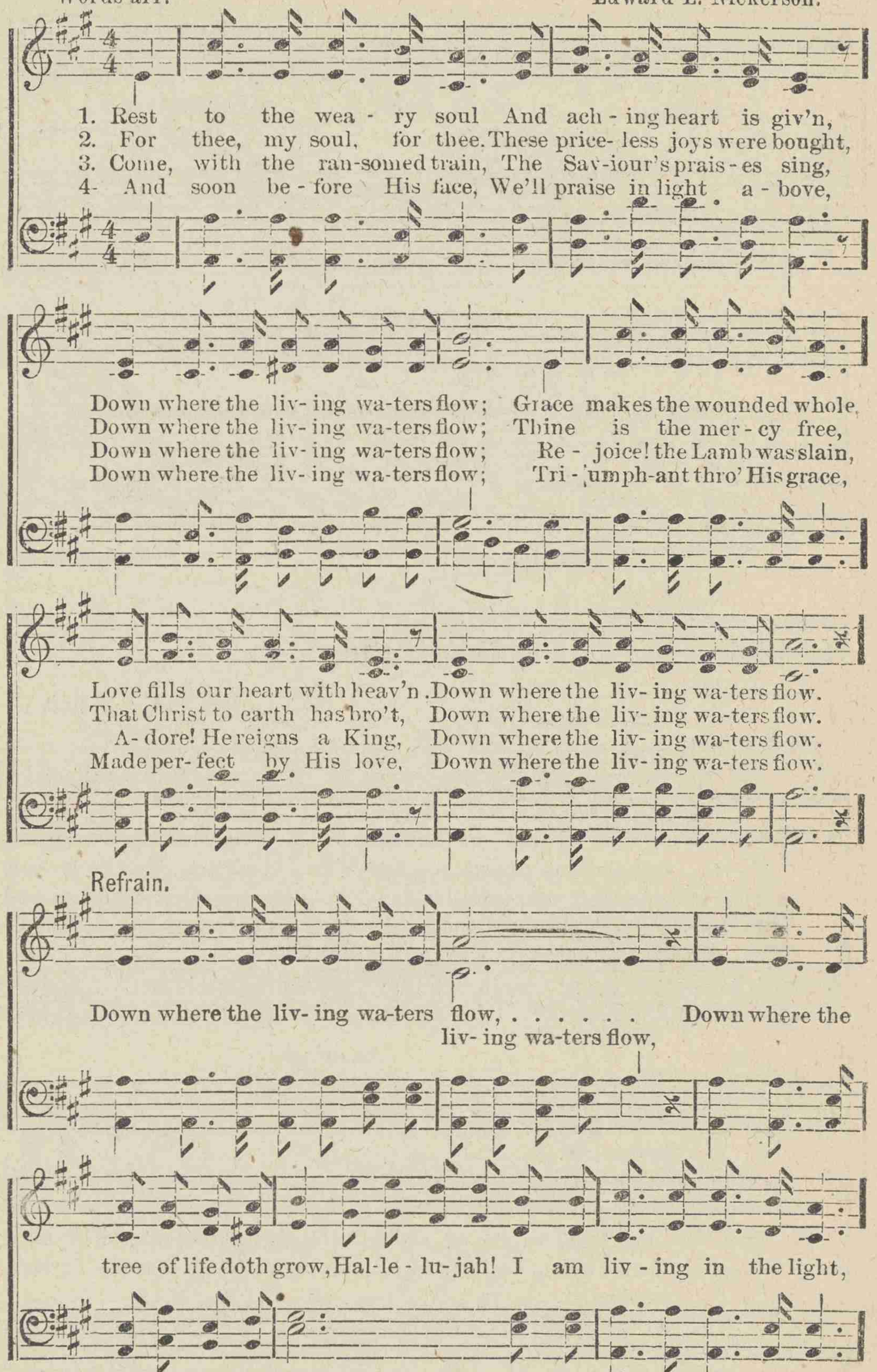


No. 224. Gratitude.

Rev. P-A. I-D. Bost



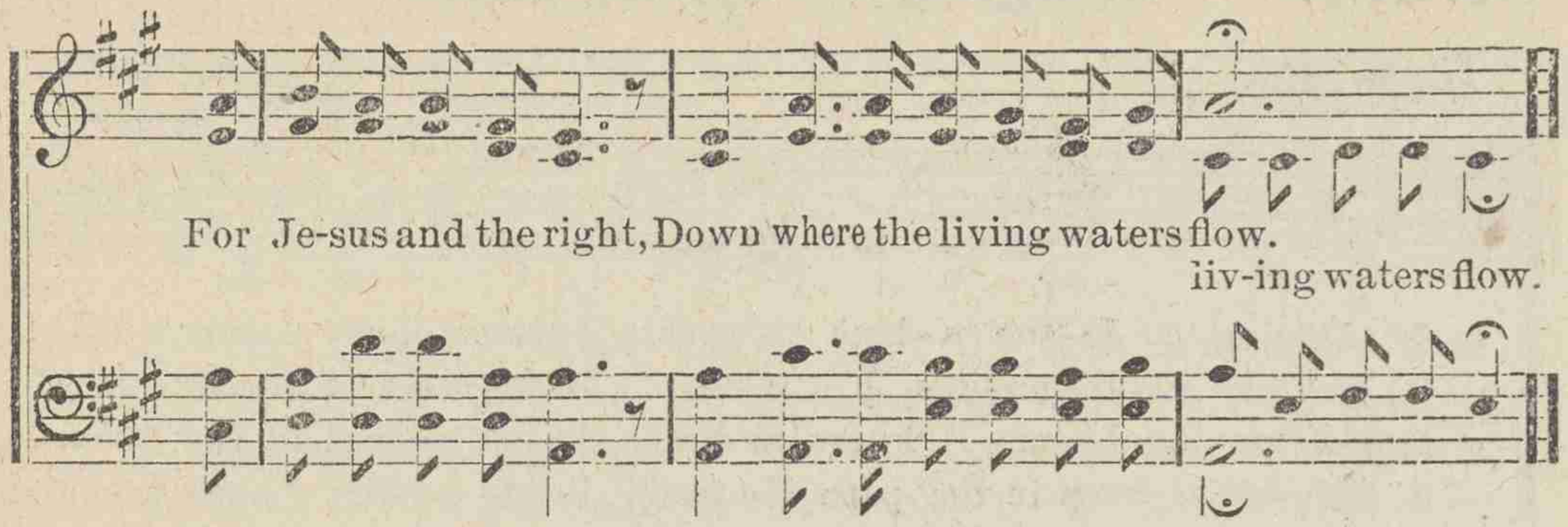
No. 225. Where the Living Waters Flow.

Words arr. Edward E. Nickerson.



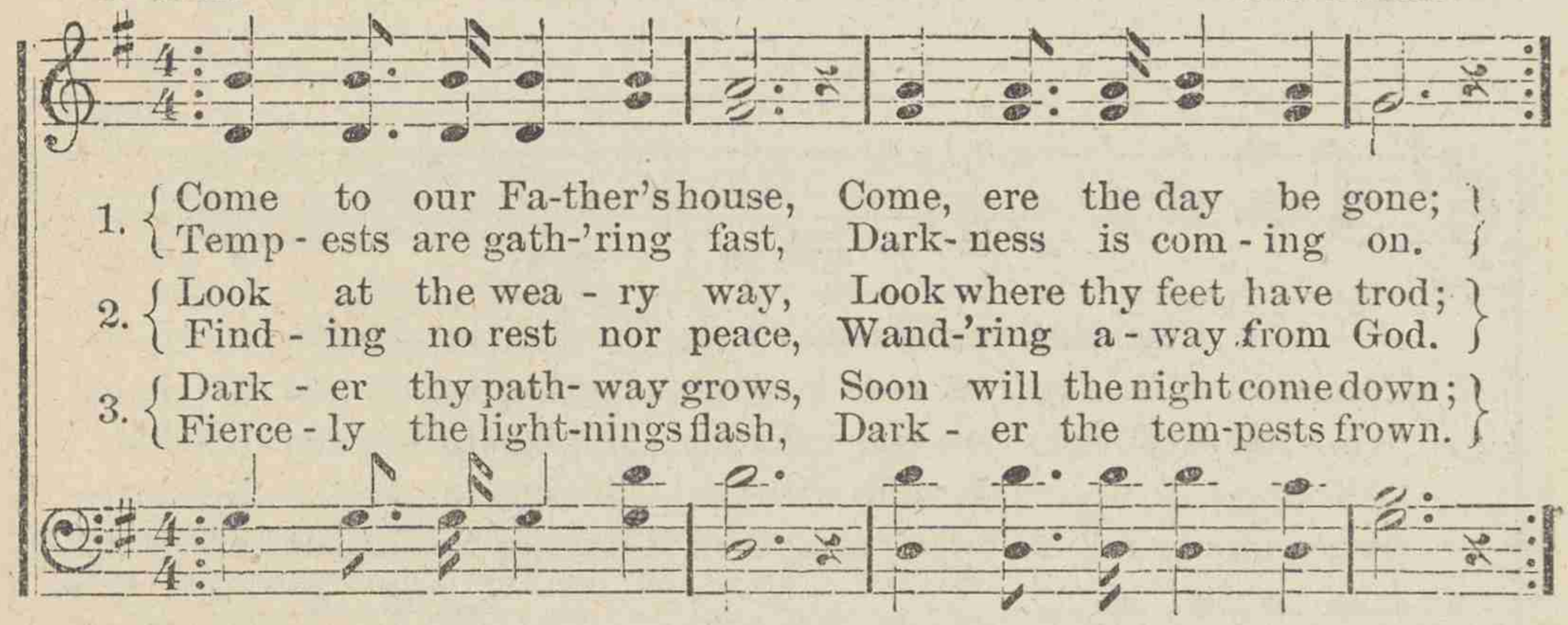
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Where the Living Waters Flow. Concluded.



No. 226. Jesus Will Let You In.

A. S. K. A. S. Kieffer.
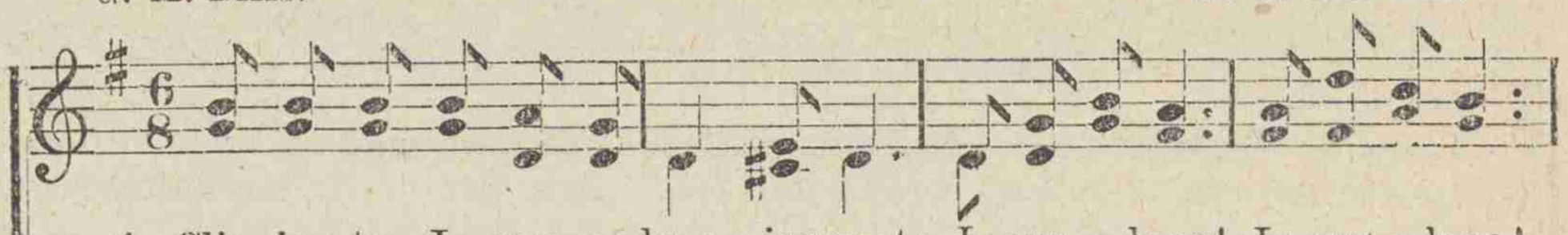


4 Fly from the fields of sin,
Fly for thy life to-day;
Fly to our Father's house,
Enter the narrow way.

5 Here will thy soul find rest,
Safe from each angry blast;
Here find a perfect peace,—
Joys that forever last.
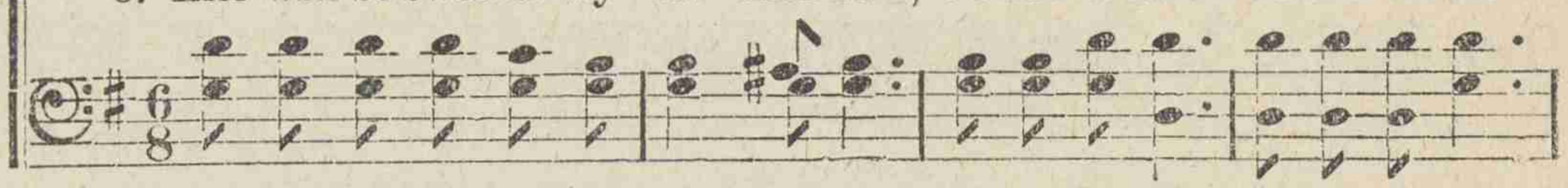
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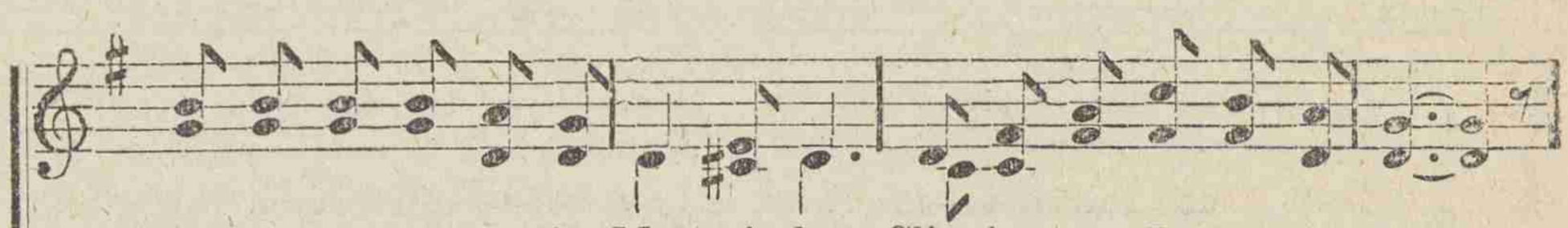
No. 227. Clinging to Jesus, Alone.

G. M. Bills. M. L. McPhail.
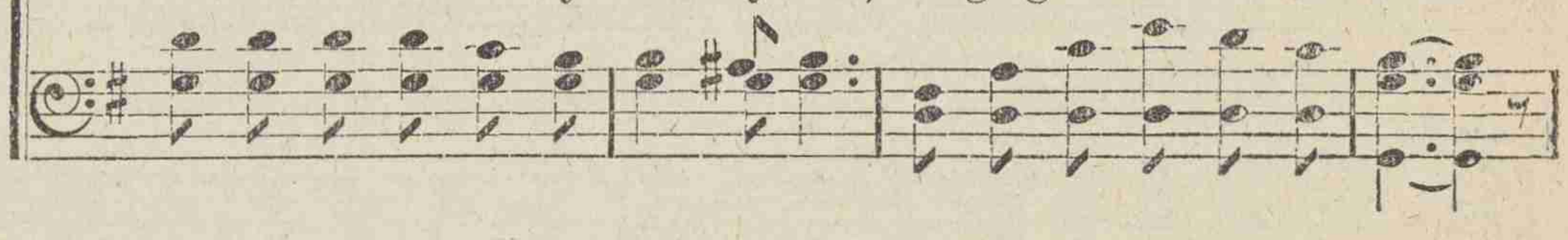


1. Clinging to Je-sus a-lone is sweet; Je-sus a-lone! Je-sus a-lone!
2. Worldly al-li-an-ces I re-sign, Je-sus a-lone! Je-sus a-lone!
3. Fol-low-ing Je-sus I know is best; Je-sus a-lone! Je-sus a-lone!
4. Humbly I keep in the path He trod; Je-sus a-lone! Je-sus a-lone!
5. Life will be sweeter by far than now, Je-sus a-lone! Je-sus a-lone!
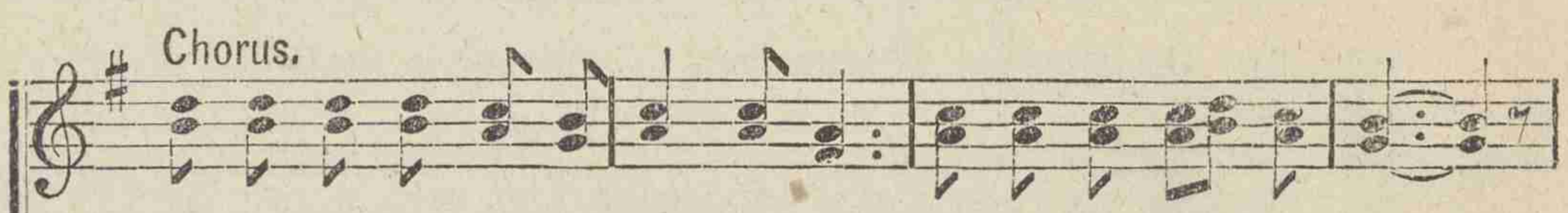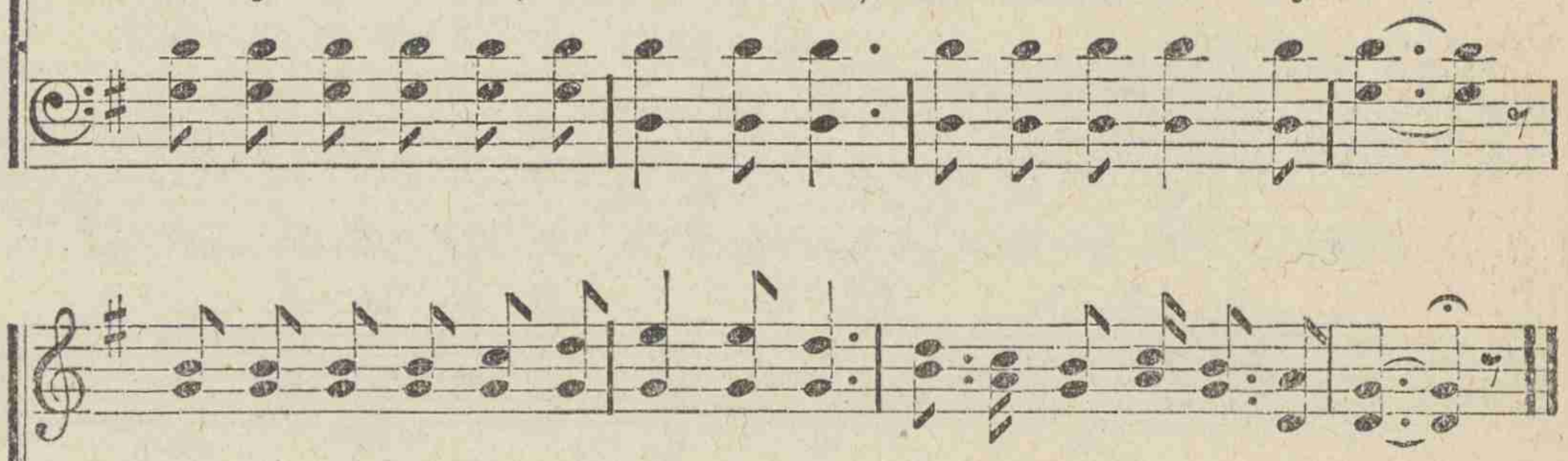




Wisdom I learn at the Master's feet, Clinging to Je-sus a-lone.
Pleasures of fol-ly can-not be mine; Clinging to Je-sus a-lone.
Toil-ing as-sur-eth e-ter-nal rest, Clinging to Je-sus a-lone.
Walking with Je-sus I walk with God, Clinging to Je-sus a-lone.
When immor-tal-i-ty crowns my brow; Clinging to Je-sus a-lone.
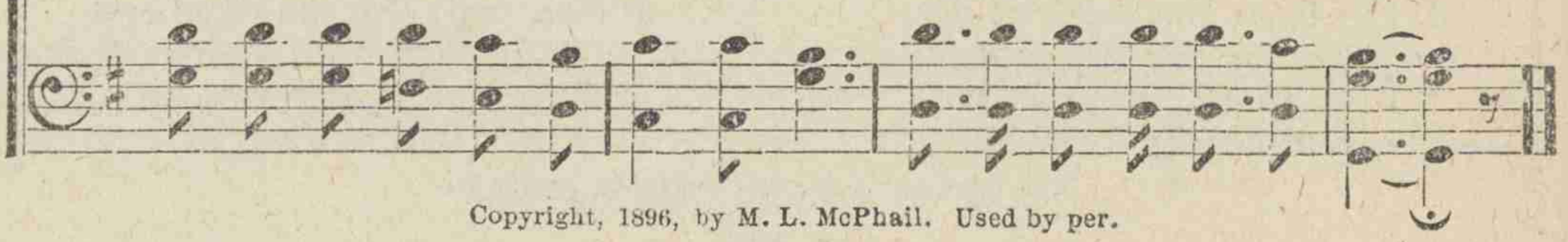


Chorus.



Glo-ry and hon-or, and love un-told, Ev-er shall be my own:



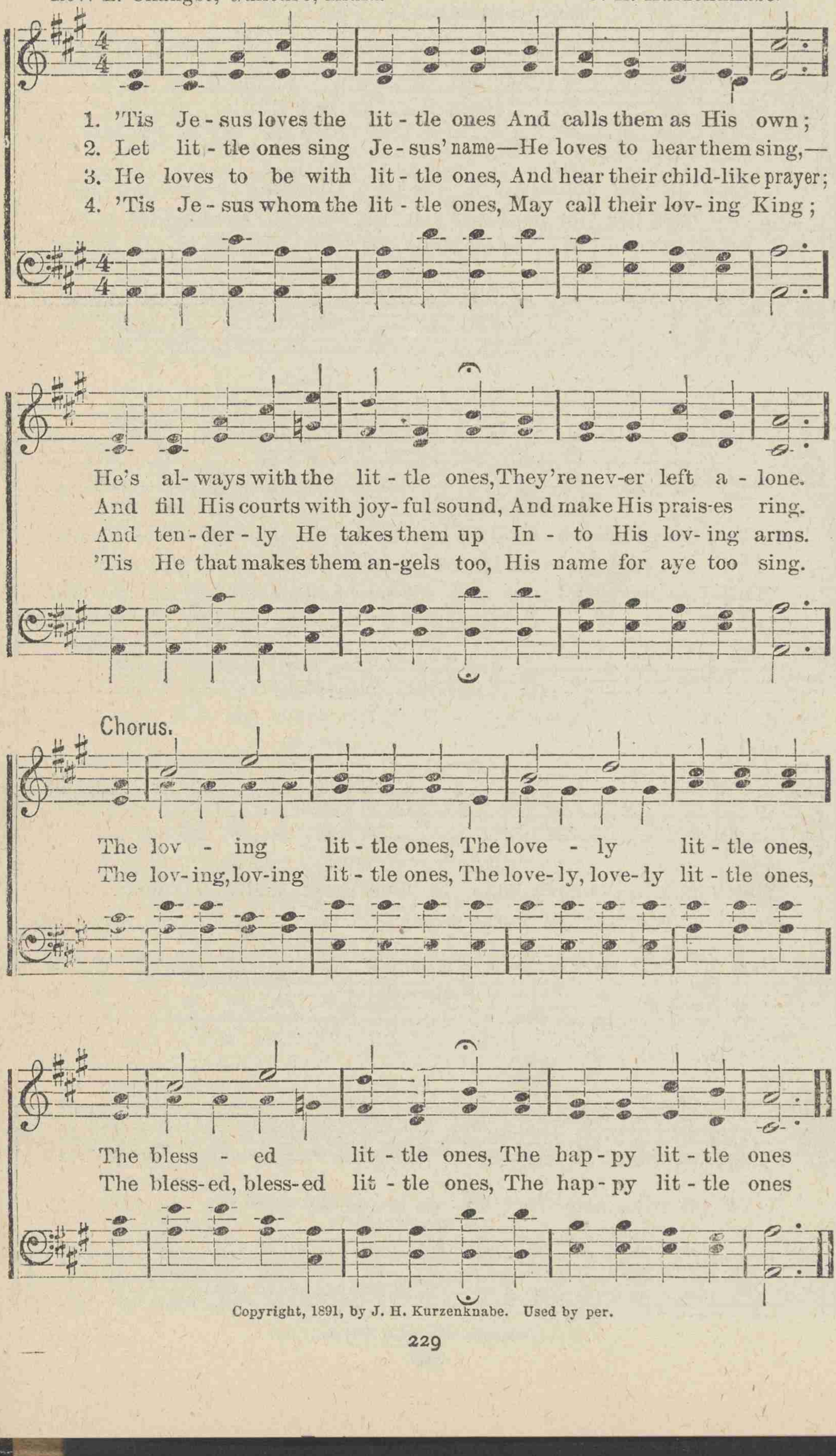
When I am walking the streets of gold, Clinging to Je-sus a-lone.



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No. 228. The Loving Little Ones.

Rev. E. Unangst, Gunture, India. J. H. Kurzenknabe.



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No. 229. March On.

"Sorrow is turned into joy."—Job 41: 22.

J. H. Hall.

Joyfully.

1. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great De-liv-'rer sing;
2. His hand di-vine shall lead you on, Thro' all the bliss-ful road,
3. Bright garlands of im-mor-tal joy Shall bloom on ev-'ry head;

Ye pil-grims, now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in the Lord.
Till to the sa-cred Mount you rise, And see your gra-cious God.
While sor-row, sigh-ing and dis-tress, Like shad-ows, all are fled.

Refrain.

March on, . . . march on, . . . Your great De-liv-'rer sing;
March on, march on, ye ransomed ones, March on,

Ye pil-grims, now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in your King.

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No. 230. Weeping One of Bethany.

Respectfully inscribed to "The Hall Quartett.

J. C. B. J. Calvin Bushey.

1. Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But His love is
2. Je - sus wept! and still in glo - ry, He must mark the
3. Je - sus wept! that tear of sor - row If a leg - a -

still the same, Kins - man, friend and eld - er
mourn - ers tear, Lov - ing still to trace the
cy of love, Yes - ter - day, to - day, to -

Chorus.

broth-er, Is His ev - er- last - ing name. } Weep- ing one,
sto - ry Of the hearts He strengthened here.
mor - row, He the same doth ev - er prove. } Weeping one,

weep-ing one, Sav - iour, who can love like thee, Weep-ing
weeping one,

one, weep- ing one. Weep-ing one of Beth - an - y.
weep-ing one, weep-ing one,

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No. 231. What Shall Our Answers Be?

"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in the body * * * whether it be good or bad."—2 Cor. 5 : 10.

E. R. Latta. Rev. D. E. Dortch.

1. When we in the judgment stand, In that might-y com-pa-ny,
2. When the Lord has gathered there, From the land and from the sea,
3. Lord, it is a sol- emn tho't, That we must ac-count to Thee!

And the Judge shall question us, O, what shall our an-swers be?
All the fam - i - lies of men, O, what shall our an-swers be?
In that great and aw - ful day, What shall our poor an-swers be?

What for ev - 'ry tri- fling tho't, And each i - dle word we say?
What for all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love?
O, pre - pare us, Lord, we pray, In Thy pres-ence there to stand!

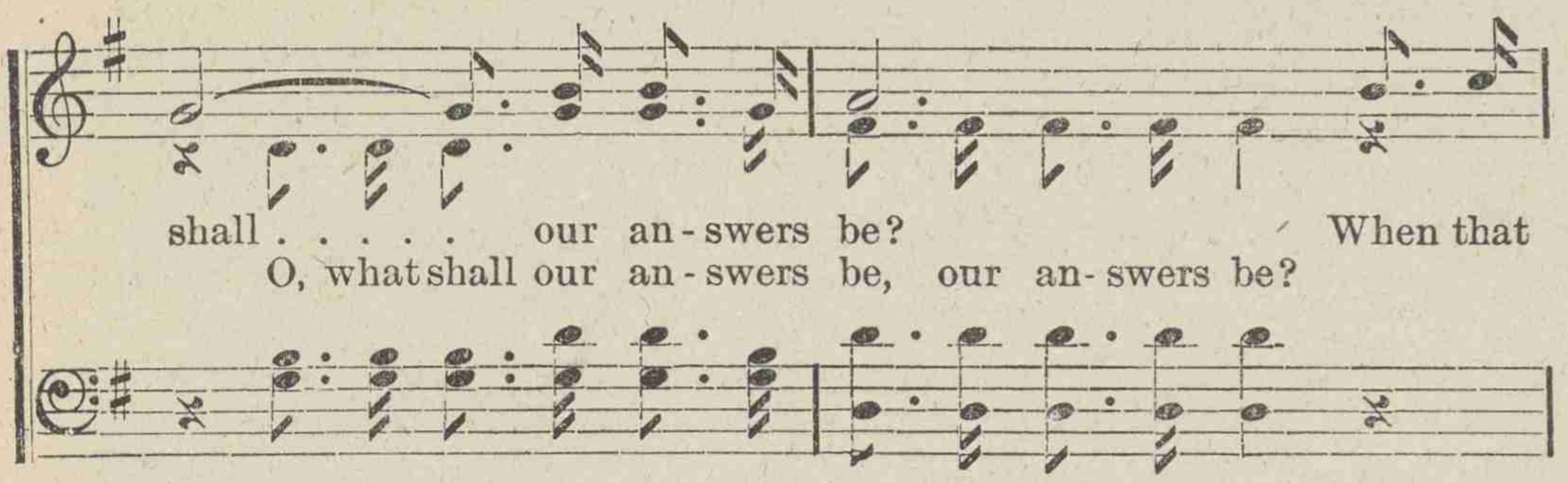
What for ev - 'ry sin - ful act, We may do from day to day?
Can we hope a crown to gain, And a man-sion bright a - bove?
Purge us from each sin - ful blot! Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand!
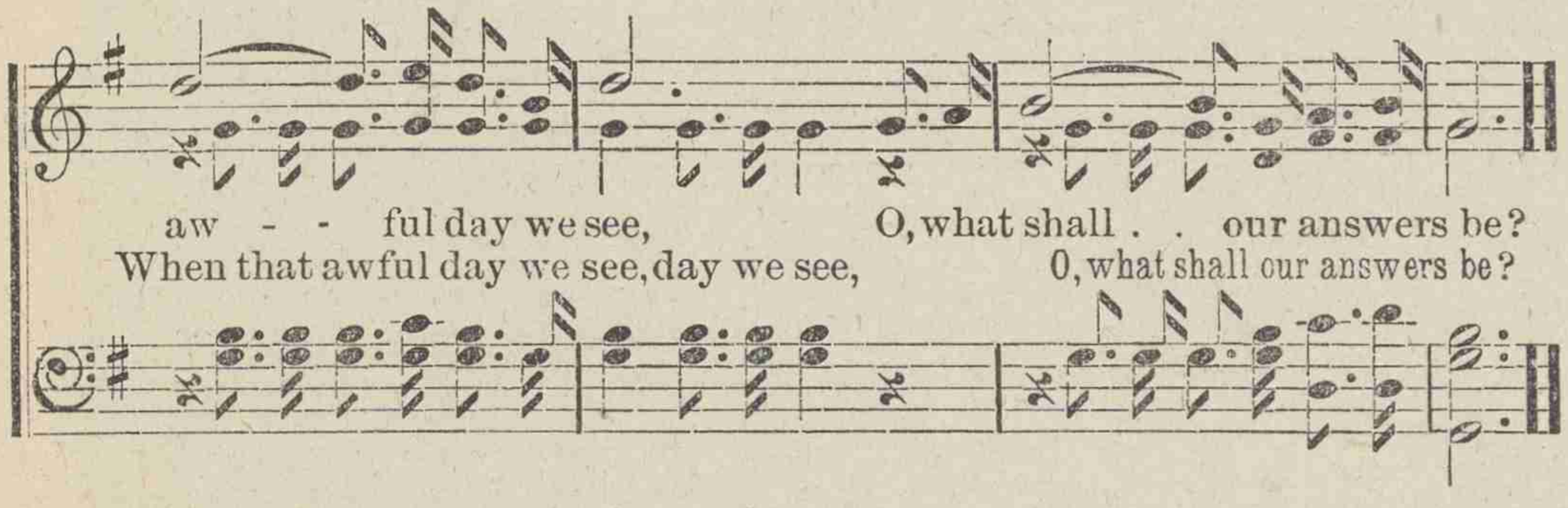
Chorus.

When that aw - - ful day we see, O, what
When that aw - ful day we see, day we see,

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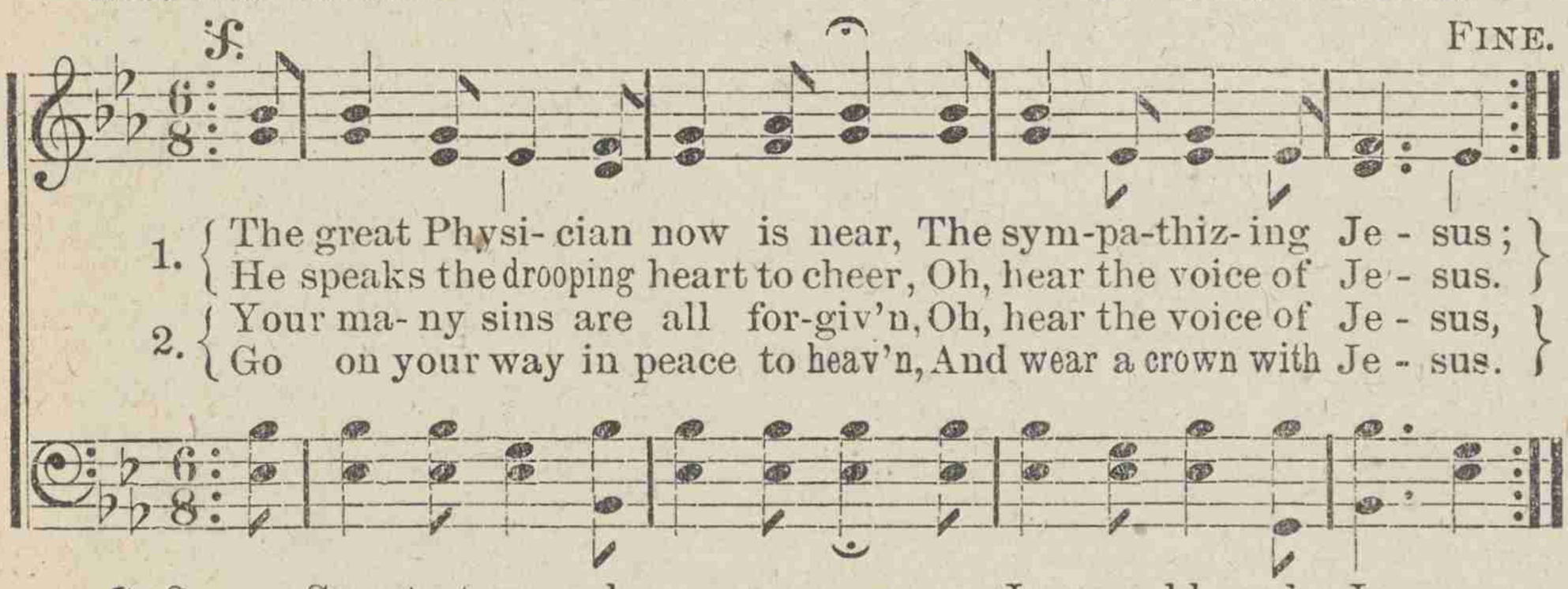
What Shall Our Answers be? Concluded.

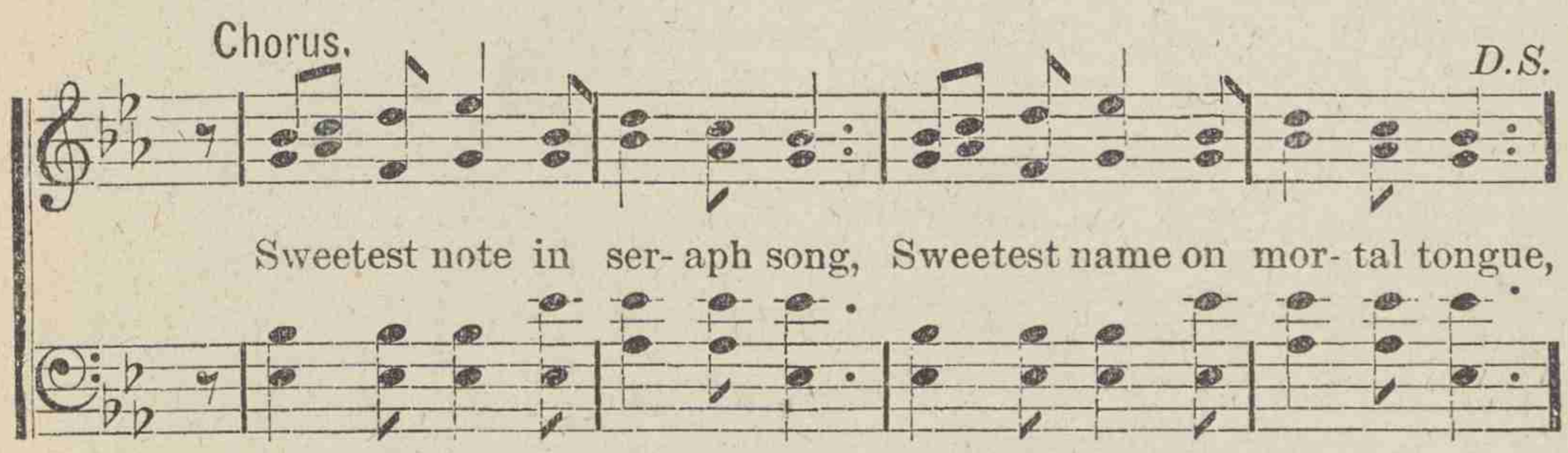




No. 232. The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Rev. J. H. Stockton.





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

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

No. 233. The Story Tell Again.

J. E. H. J. E. Hall.

1. To tell the joy - ful sto - ry o'er, And songs of glad - ness
2. To tell to those who know Him not, With what great love hath
3. To sing so sweet that some might heed, Who nev - er knew the
4. To swell His prais-es by and by, With all the mill - ions

forth to pour, And praise my Sav - iour more and more, Be
Je - sus sought, To give sal - va - tion which He brought, Be
Lord in - deed, And they be brought to feel their need No
there on high; And Je - sus name to mag - ni - fy, Will

Chorus.

this my chief em - ploy. The sto - ry tell a - gain,
this my high-est joy.
song so sweet as this.
be e - ter - nal bliss.

tell a-gain,

The sto - ry tell a - gain, The old, old sto - ry,

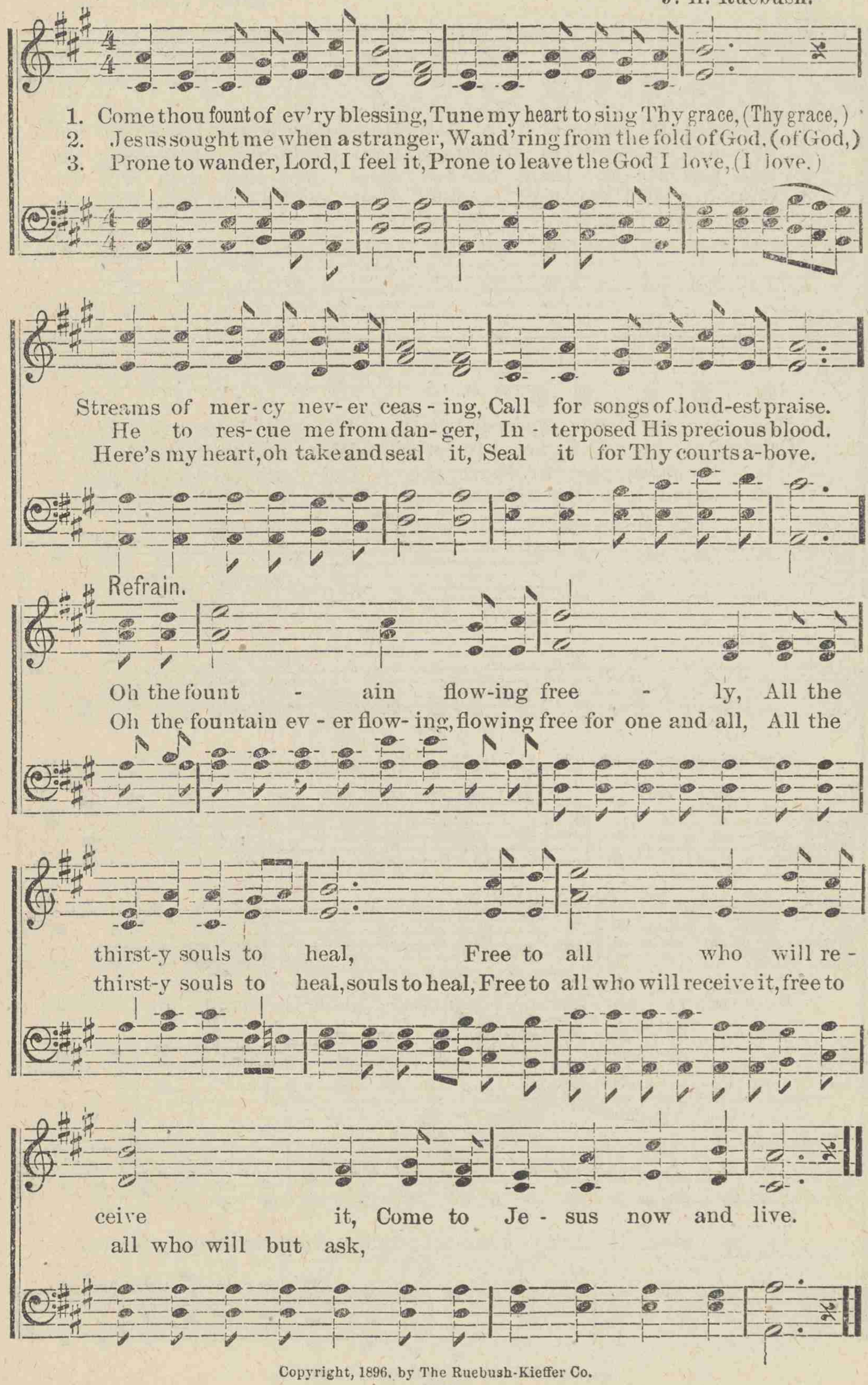
tell a-gain,

tell it once a - gain, And sing with joy the glad re - frain.

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No. 234. The Flowing Fountain.

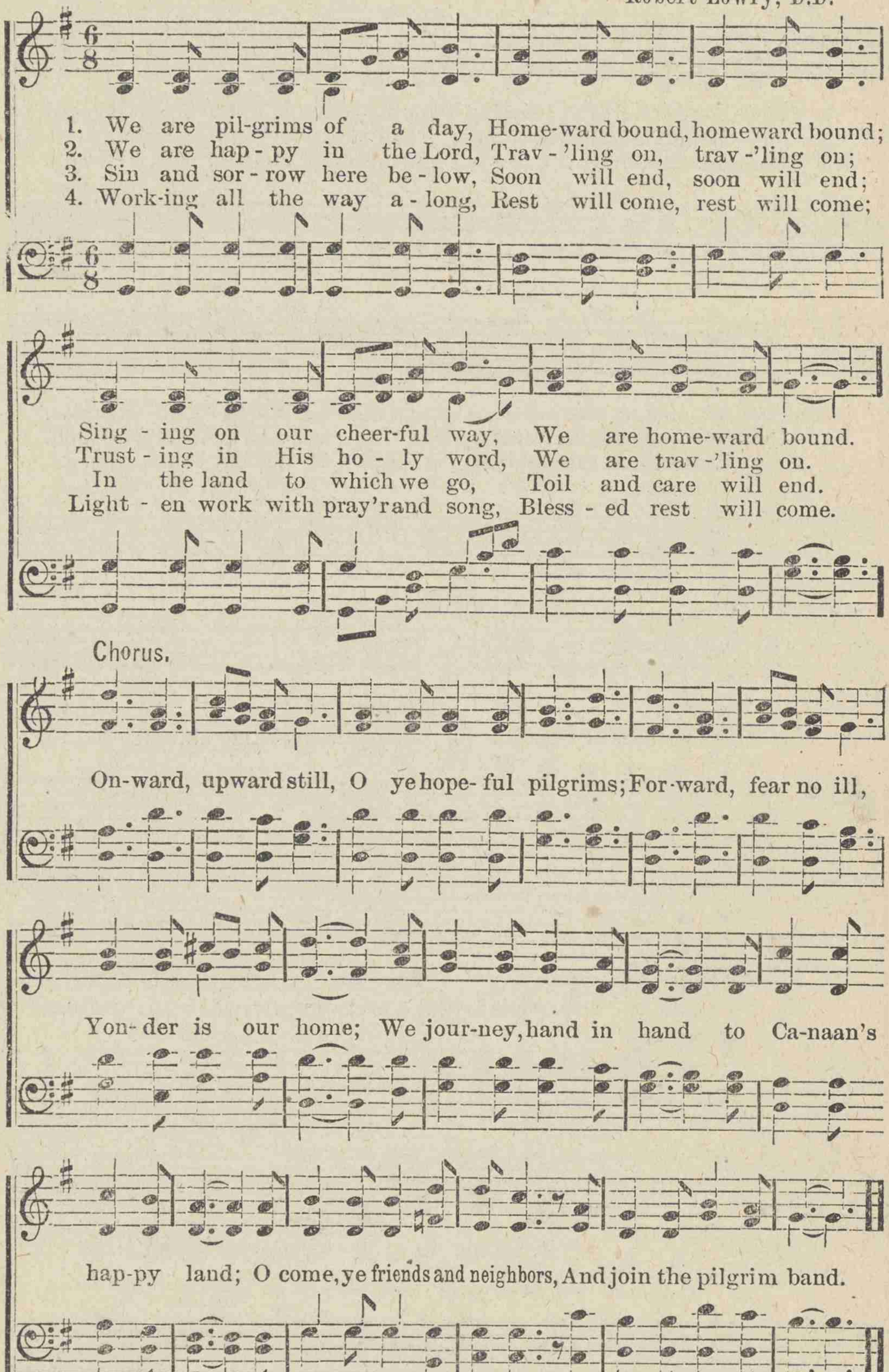
J. H. Ruebush.



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No. 235. We are Pilgrims of a Day.

R. L. Robert Lowry, D.D.

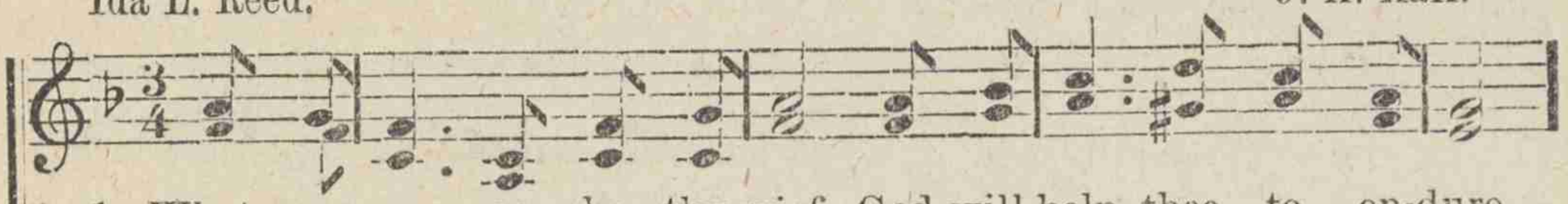


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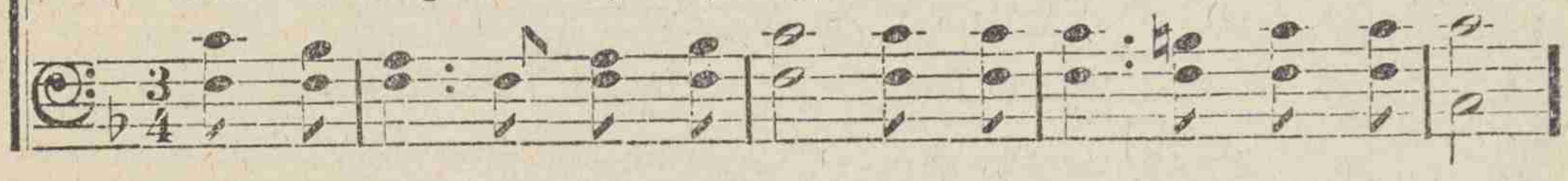
No. 236. God Will Help Thee.

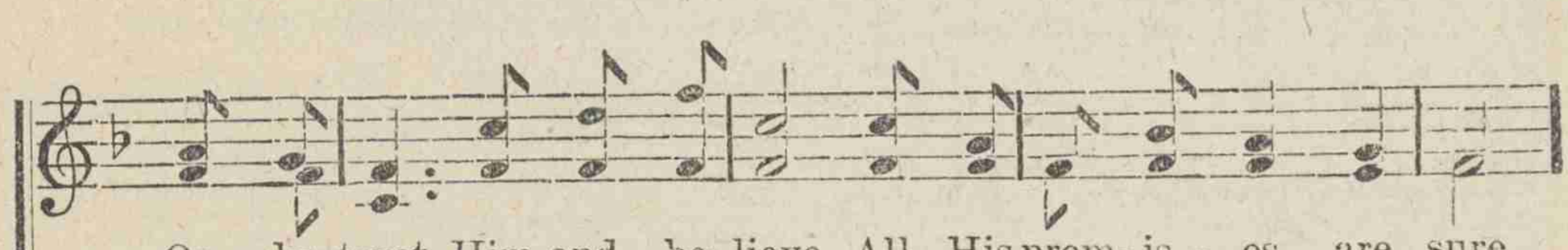
"God, even our Father, comfort your hearts.—2 Thess 2 : 16, 17.

Ida L. Reed. J. H. Hall.

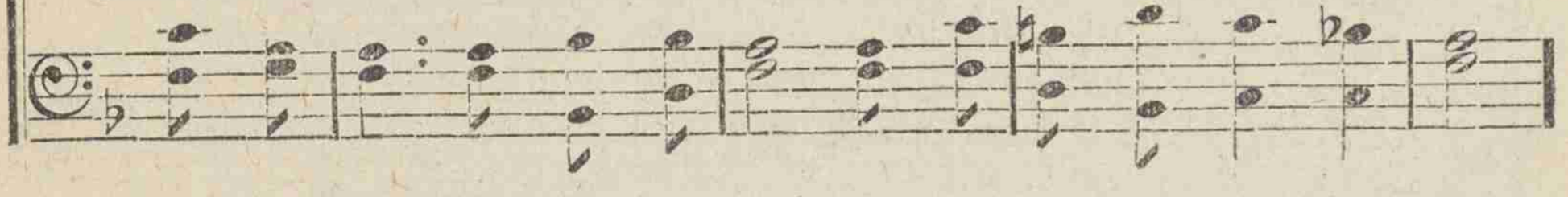


1. What - so - ev - er be thy grief, God will help thee to en-dure,
2. God will help thee ev - er-more, If thou trust- ing lift thine eyes,
3. Let this prom-ise cheer thy heart, He will help and com - fort thee,
4. God will help thee day by day, We can nev - er- more for - get,





On - ly trust Him and be- lieve, All His prom- is - es are sure.
He will bear thee safe - ly o'er, All that here thy spir - it tries.
Nev - er let thy hope de-part, Ev - er-more thy friend will be.
Though the shad- ows cloud thy way, He will guard and guide thee yet.
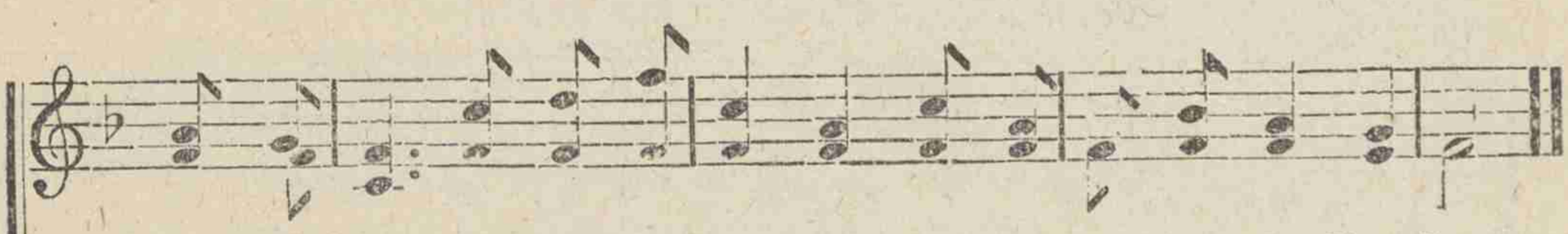


Chorus.
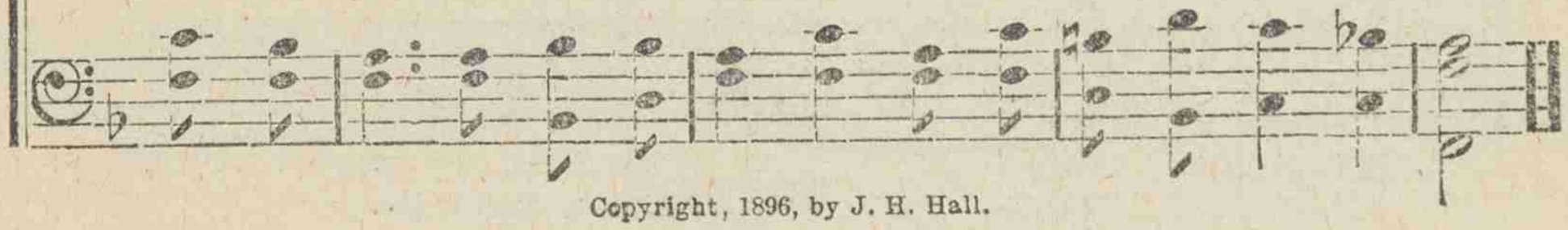


He will help thee, He will help thee, Yield to Him and nev - er fear;





Give Him all thy doubts and troubles, He will all thy pleadings hear.



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No. 237. Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers on the mountain a-stray; "Come un-to me," His mes-sage re-
2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je-sus, Souls that are weak, and hearts that are sore; Leading them forth in ways of sal-
3. There I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing Christ from day un-to day; Cheer-ing the faint, and rais-ing the

peat-ing, Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to-day.
va-tion, Show-ing the path to life ev-er-more.
fall-en; Point-ing the lost to Je-sus, the way.
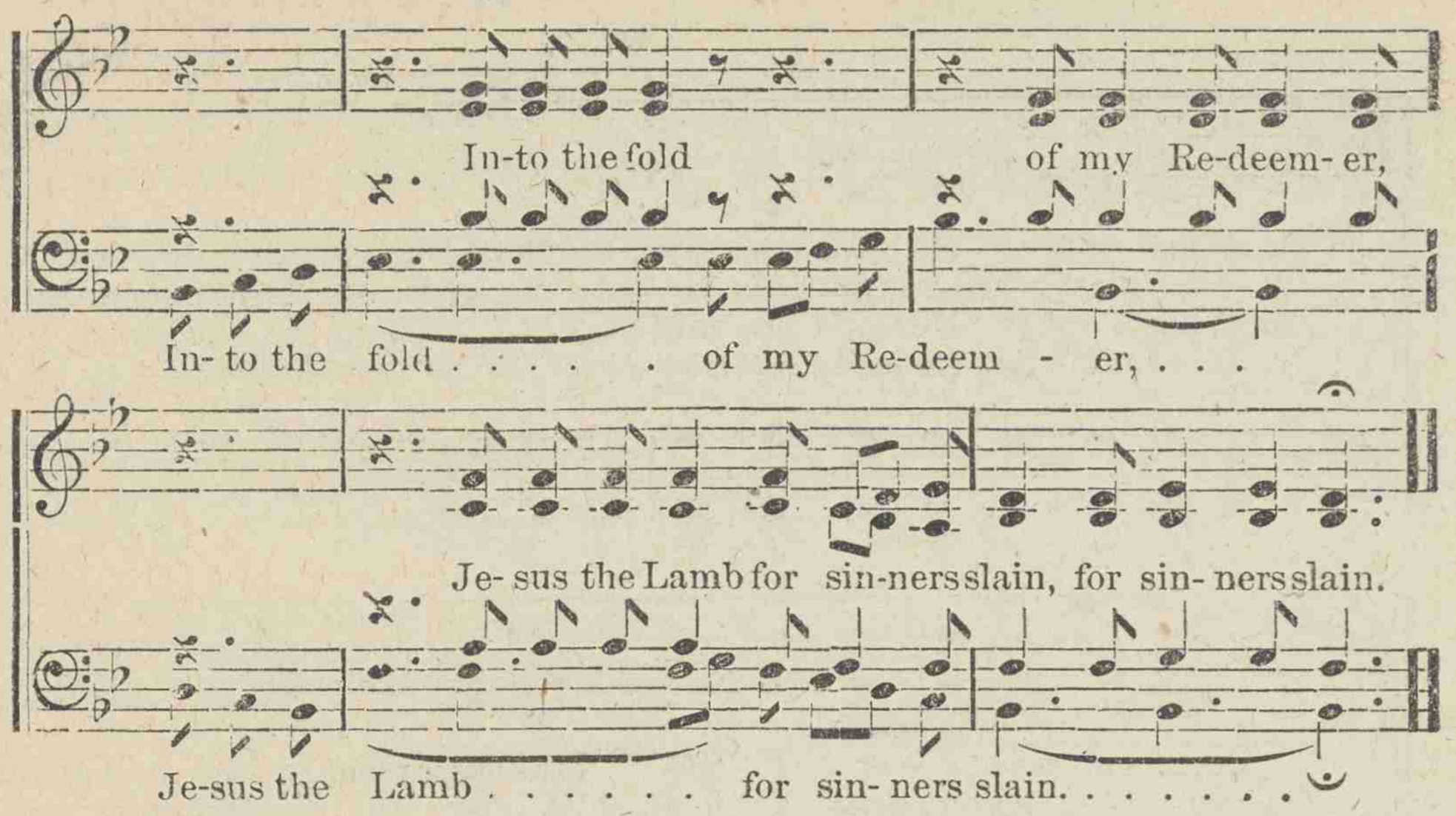
Chorus.

Go-ing a-far up-on the mountain,
Go-ing a-far . . . . . up-on the mount-ain. . .

Bringing the wand'rer back a-gain, back a-gain,
Bringing the wan - - - d'rer back a-gain, ...

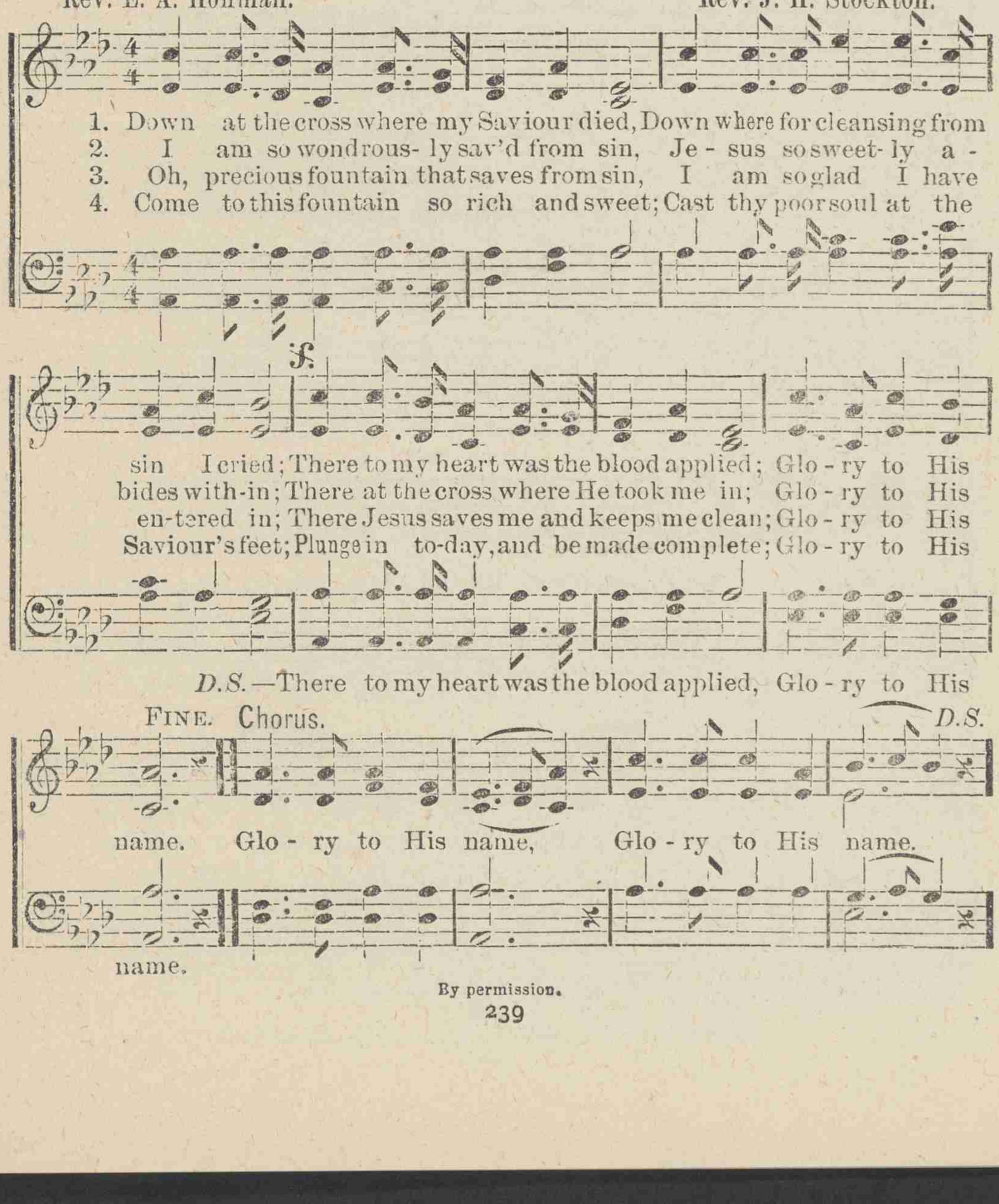
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Seeking the Lost. Concluded.



No. 238. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



By permission.

No. 239. Wherever He Leads Me.

D. A Clippinger.

1. Wher- ev - er He leads me, my Je - sus I know All things do-eth well, wher- so - ev - er I go, He knows what is best, and doth
2. How blest, when temptations be - set me, and care En-cum-bers me sore - ly, while bur-dens I bear, I lay at His feet, all my
3. Wher- ev - er He leads me, 'mid tri - al or pain, So oft, but I count all af - flic- tions but gain, His coun- sel and smile, light the
4. Wher- ev - er He leads me, How sweet to be led! With manna He feeds me, so wond-rous - ly fed Am I for the bread of life
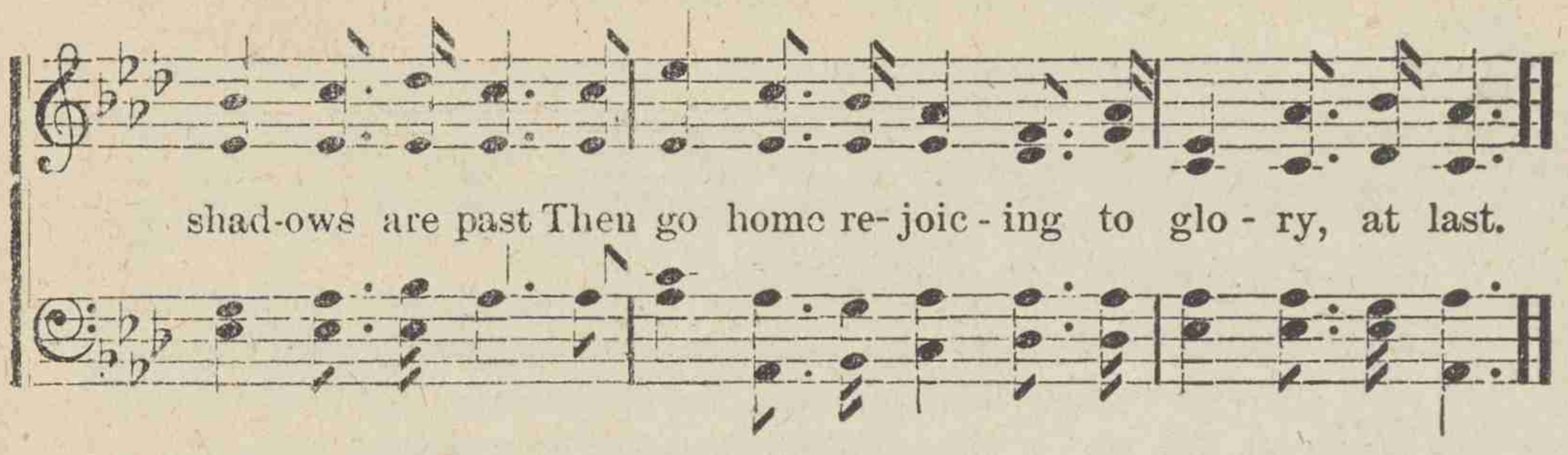
guide me in love T'ward mansions prepared for His chil-dren a-bove.
sor- rows, and sing, Wherev - er He leads me, I'll own Him my King.
drear - i - est day, My Sav- iour doth com-fort me all of the way.
feed - eth my soul, My Sav- iour sus-tains me who mak- eth me whole.

Chorus.

Wher - ev - er He leads me, I'll fol - low each day His foot-steps and walk in the straight, narrow way; I'll praise Him I love till the

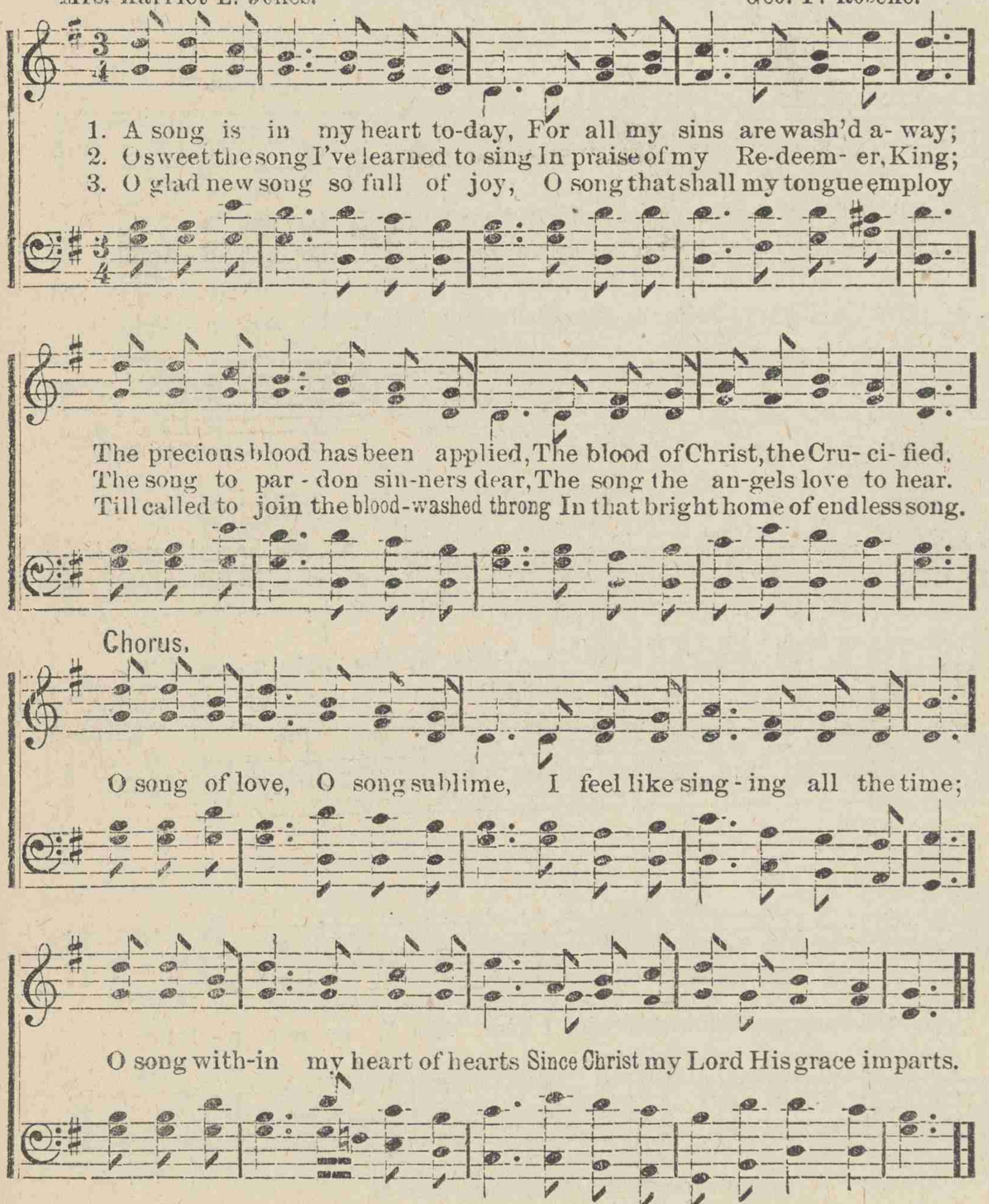
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Wherever He Leads Me. Concluded.



No. 240. A Song is in My Heart.

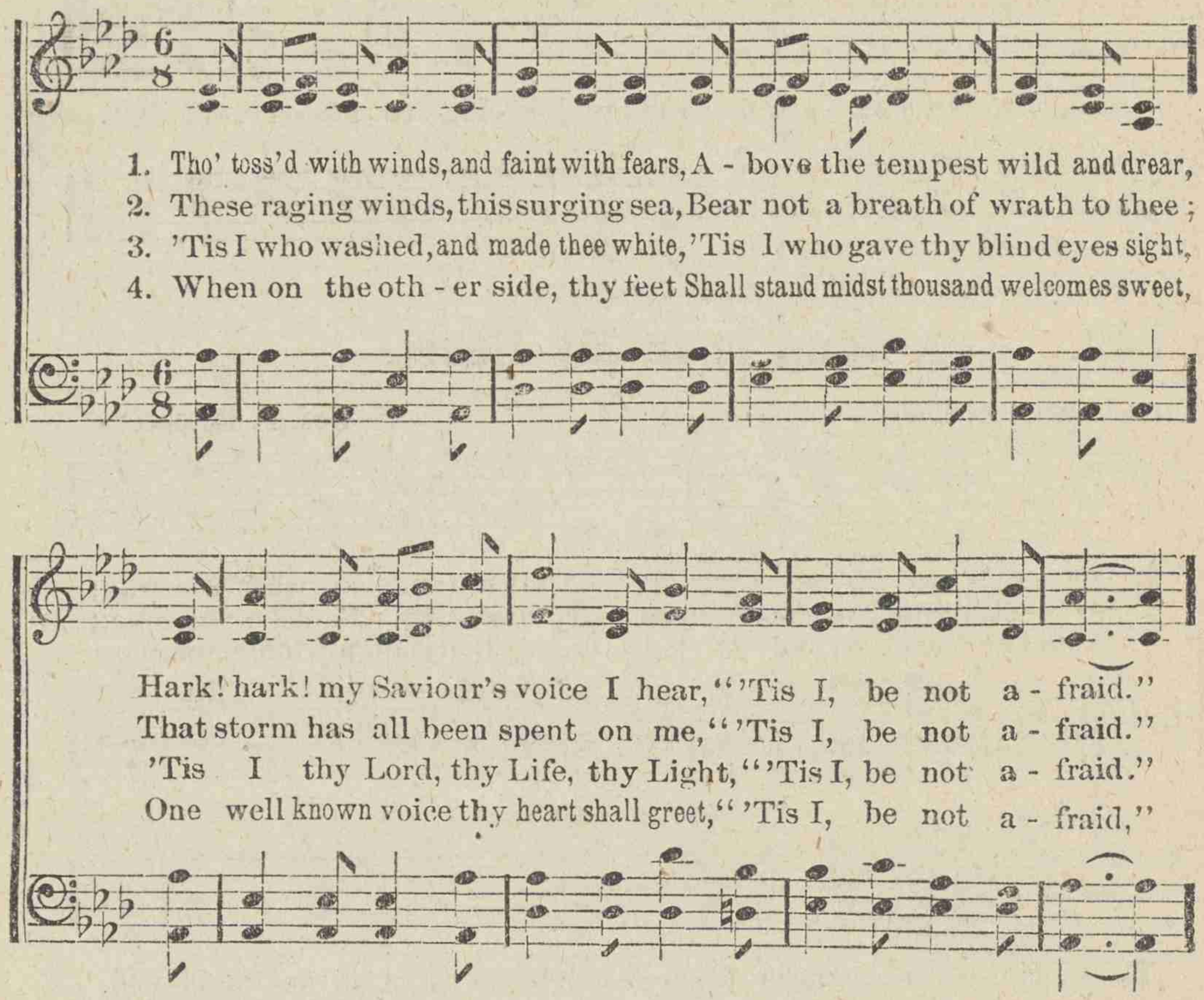
Mrs. Harriet E. Jones. Geo. F. Rosche.

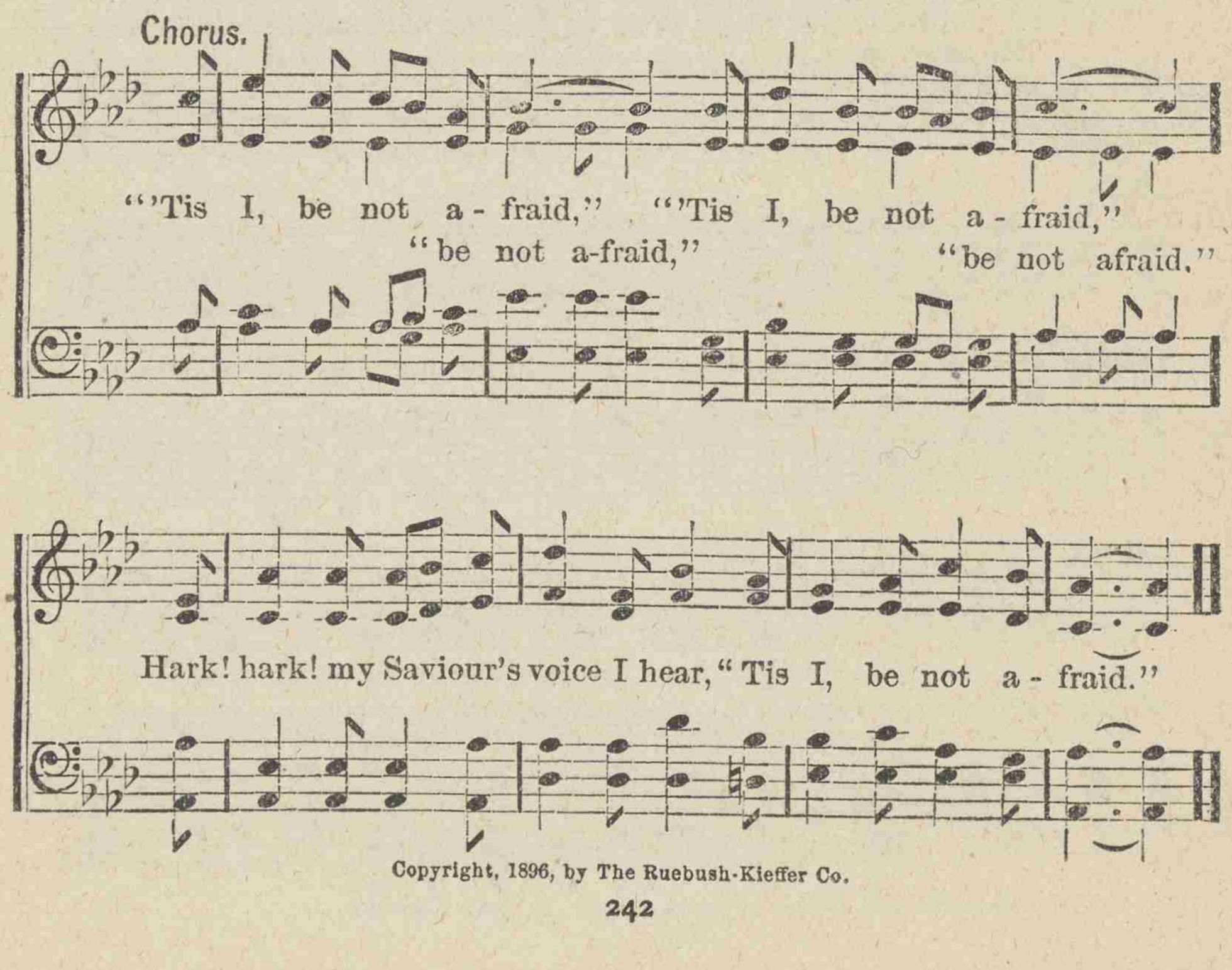


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No. 241. "'Tis I! be not Afraid."

Anon. W. A. Ogden.





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No. 242. Saviour, Guide Me.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Bless- ed Sav-iour, ev - er guide me, For I dare not walk a- lone,
2. Sav - iour guide me, ev - er guide me, For I could not find the way;
3. Sav- iour, thro' this dark world guide me; How I need just such a friend!
4. On - ward, up- ward, Sav-iour guide me, In - to ho - ly realms of love;

But, I pray Thee, walk be-side me, Let Thy blood for me a - tone.
I am safe with Thee be- side me, Lead me on to end - less day.
For no ev - il can be- tide me, If Thou wilt Thy pres- ence lend.
In Thine own pa - vil - ion hide me, Take me to Thy home a - bove.

Sav - iour, guide me,

Sav-iour guide me, safe- ly guide me,

Bid my doubts and fears all cease
May my hope and faith increase;
Speak, and all life's storms will cease;
Till the cap - tive gets re-lease;

Sav - iour, guide me,

Sav-iour guide me, safe- ly guide me,

Lead me in Thy paths of peace.
Lead me in Thy paths of peace.
Lead me in Thy paths of peace.
To Thy home of joy and peace.

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No. 243. When the King Comes In.

A. P. Cobb. A. C. Hopkins.

1. There's a feast of love in the courts a - bove, There is room for
2. See! the robes they wear, who are gath-er'd there See! the Bridegroom
3. Woe to them that come on that wed - ding morn! Woe to them that

all in the wed-ding hall; For the King's Son weds, and a feast He spreads,
now, with the thorn-crown'd brow, And the wedding dress is His righteousness,
there oth- ers robes shall wear! For none en-ters in with a robe of sin,

Chorus.

In the roy - al wed- ding hall.
In the roy - al wed- ding hall.
To the roy - al wed- ding hall.

} When the King comes in, When the

King comes in To the feast of love in the courts a - bove, Ev-'ry

wed-ding guest must be richly dress'd, When the King, when the King comes in.

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No. 244. The One Whom Jesus Loved.

"God is Love."—1 Jno. 4 8.

Geo. P. Hott. E. T. Hildebrand.

1. Rich bless-ing, oft has earth to give, And heav'n has much in store,
2. Fain would I lay my bur-dens down, My sins at Je - sus' feet;
3. To share the love of Christ my Lord, His love, so full, so free;

For him a- lone "whom Je- sus loved"—Oh, may I love Him more.
'Tis all I have, 'tis all I wish, To be in Him com-plete.
All I could hope, all I could ask, 'Tis all my earth- ly plea.

Chorus.

The one, the one whom Je - sus loved, Best hope of life for me,

To be the one whom Je - sus loved, Is heav'n on earth for me.

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No. 245. Walking in the King's Highway.

Mrs. Grace Weiser Davis. Chas. H. Gabriel

1. I am hap - py ev - 'ry day, I am hap - py all the way,
2. Li - ons oft seem in the way—Straight a - head, I keep and pray,
3. I re-joice e'en when I'm sad, For His prom - ise makes me glad,
4. Such bap-tisms of His love! Such a - nointings from a - bove,

Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Things may seem all right or wrong,
Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Then a vic - to - ry is gained,
Since I'm walking in the King's highway; For each wound I have a balm,
Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Jesus comes and walks with me,

Trusting still, I march a-long, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
For I find the lions chained, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
In the fight I wear a palm, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
More in Him each day I see, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.

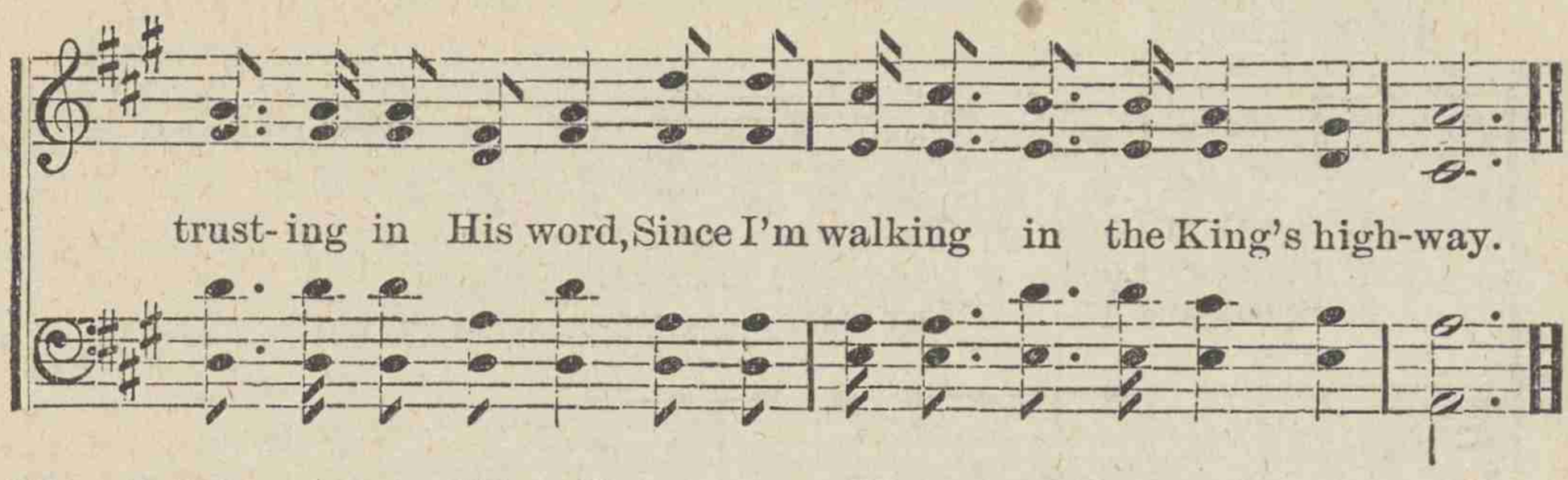
Chorus.

Walking in the King's high-way! I am walk-ing in the high-way!

King's high- way! I am hap - py in the Lord, I am
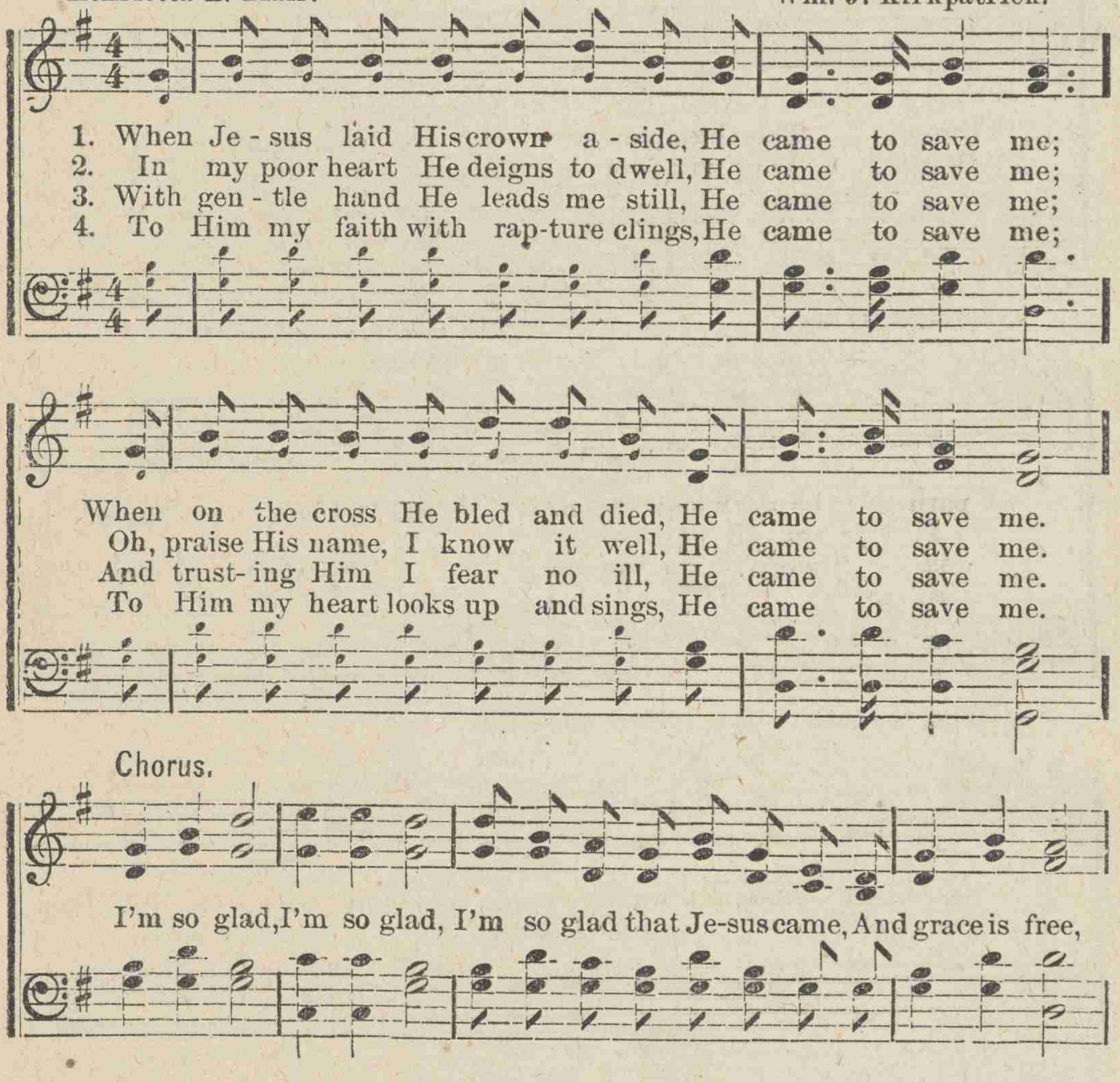
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Walking in the King's Highway. Concluded.



No. 246. He Came to Save Me.

Henrietta E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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No. 247. Speak O Lord.

"Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord."—Ps. 1 : 1.

Ida L. Reed. J. H. Hall.

1. Speak O Lord Thy voice o - bey- ing, I will Thy commandments
2. Speak O Lord be-hold I'm standing, Waiting at Thy ho- ly
3. Speak and I Thy voice o - bey- ing, Glad-ly will Thy precepts

Speak O Lord Thy voice obey- ing, I will Thy com -

keep, I will fol - - low where Thou lead- est, Tho' the
throne, Thou hast on - - ly to com-mand me, Hence-forth
keep, They will save my steps from stray - ing, When tem -

mandments keep, I will fol- low where Thou lead- est,

Chorus.

path be dark and steep.
I am all Thine own.
ta - tions o'er me sweep.

Speak O Lord Thy ser-vant
Speak O Lord Thy servant

Tho' the path be dark and steep.

hear - eth, And I wait to do Thy will. Glad-ly
hear - eth, And I wait to do Thy will,

I for Thee would la-bor, Would my task of love ful-fill. . .
Glad-ly I for Thee would la-bor, Would my task of love ful-fill.

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No. 248. Waiting at the Pool.

Rev. A. J. Hough. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Thousands stand to-day in sor-row, Waiting at the pool;
   Say-ing they will wash to-mor-row, Waiting at the pool;
2. Soul, your filth-y gar-ments wearing, Waiting at the pool;
   Hearts, your heavy bur-den bearing, Waiting at the pool;
3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool;
   Come their voic-es back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool;
4. Step in bold-ly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool;
   Je-sus may no more in-vite you, Waiting at the pool;

Oth-ers step in left and right, Wash their stain-ed garments white,
Can it be you nev-er heard, Je-sus long a-go hath stirred
Back from Canaan's hap-py shore, Sor-rows past and la-bors o'er,
Faith is near you, take her hand, Seek with her the bet-ter land,

Chorus.

Leav-ing you in sor-row's night.
The waters with His might-y word.
Where they stand in tears no more.
And no long-er doubt-ing stand.
} Wait-ing at the

pool, Wait-ing, wait-ing, Wait-ing at the pool.

By permission.

No. 249. Oh! Why Not To-Night.

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

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D. J. Calvin Bushey.

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light, Poor sin- ner, hard- en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev- er rise, To bless thy long de- lud- ed sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin- gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite; Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
5. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus- es none, Who would to Him their souls u- nite, Be-lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

Chorus.

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night!
Oh, why not to-night! why not to-night? why not to-night?

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

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No. 250. We'll Never Say Good-By.

Geo. C. Hugg. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. In the morn of morns when we all meet there, In the home far a -
2. Nev-er sad- ness there, neither grief nor tear, In that beau-ti - ful
3. With our kin-dred dear, in that home of love, While the a - ges e -

bove the sky, We'll re-call the scenes we have left be- hind, But we
home on high! But they swell the song, hap-py ran-som'd throng, And they
ter - nal fly, We will meet, and sing at the Sav-iour's feet, But we

Chorus.

nev - er will say "good- by." In the dawn - ing of the
In the dawn-ing clear of the

morn - ing, In that home far a- bove the sky; Hap - py
morn - ing fair,

meet - ing, hap - py greet - ing, When we nev- er say "good-by."
meeting there, hap - py greeting there,

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No. 251. O For a Faith.

R. Simpson.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by ev - 'ry foe,
2. That will not mur-mur nor complain, Beneath the chast'ning rod,
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage with-out:
4. Lord, give us each such faith as this, And then, what-e'er may come,

That will not trem- ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe!
But, in the hour of grief and pain, Will lean up - on its God.
That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark- ness feels no doubt.
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.

No. 252. Boylston.

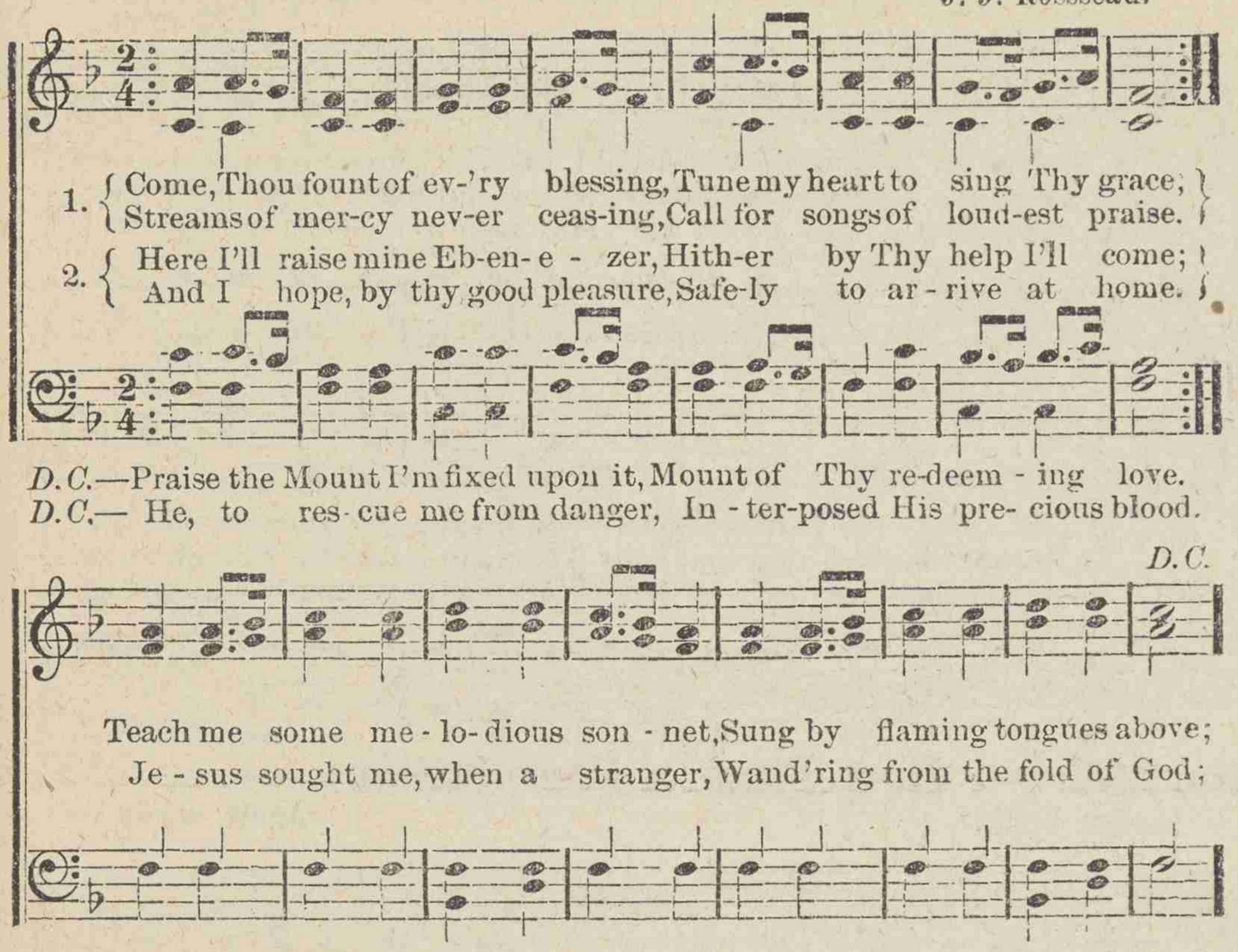
Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with - in me join,
2. O bless the Lord, my soul! Nor let His mer - cies lie
3. 'Tis He for- gives thy sins, 'Tis He re-lieves thy pain,

And aid my tongue to bless His name, Whose fa - vors are di - vine.
For - got- ten in un- thank-ful - ness, And with- out prais - es die.
'Tis He that heals thy sick- ness - es, And makes thee young a - gain.

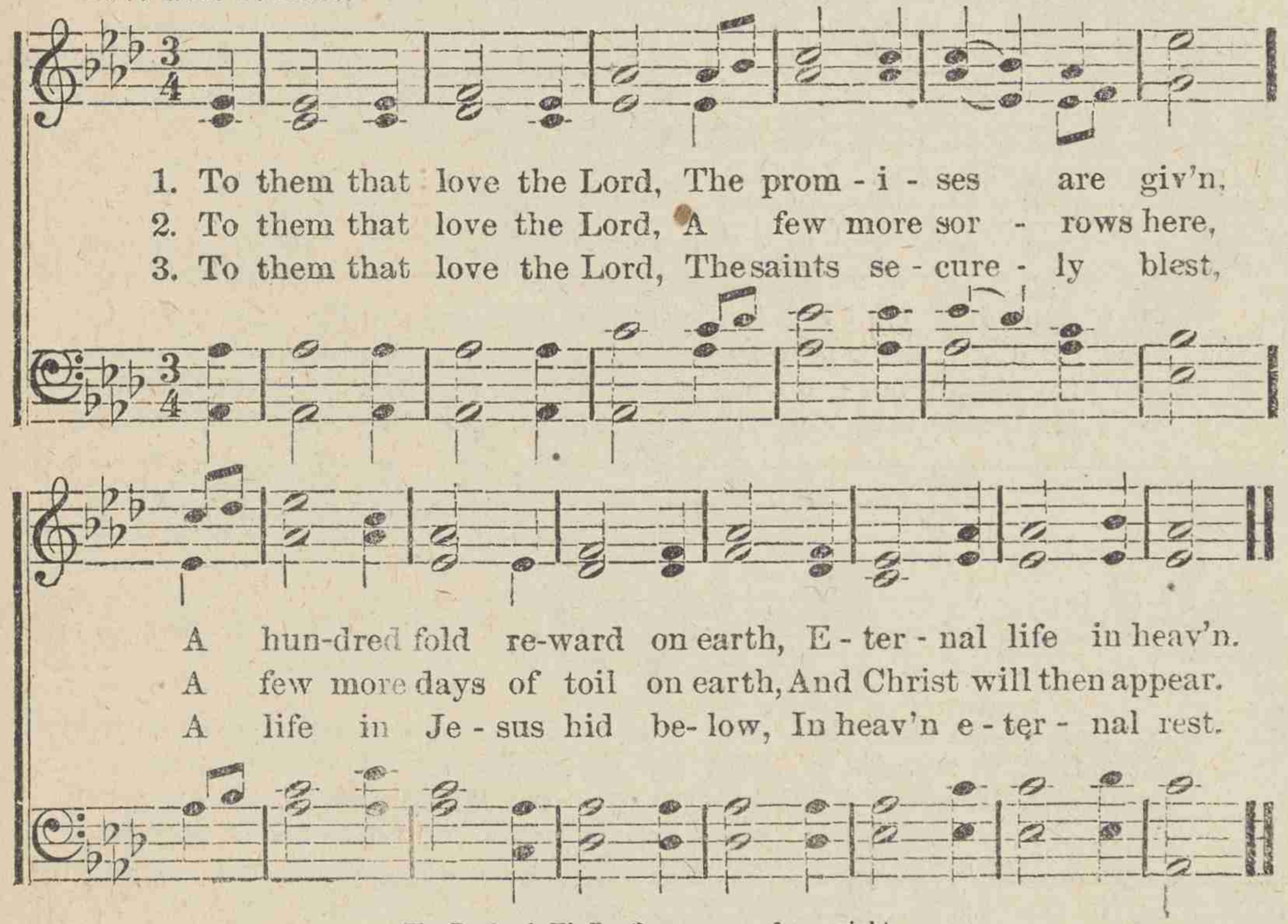
No. 253. Greenville.

J. J. Rossseau.



No. 254. To Them that Love the Lord.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. J. H. Hall.



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No. 255. Asleep in Jesus.

W. B. Bradbury.

1. Asleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep;
2. Asleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supreme-ly blest;
3. Asleep in Je - sus! oh for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be!

A calm and un-dis- turbed repose, Un-broken by the last of foes.
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man-i- fests the Saviour's pow'r.
Se-cure-ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high.

No. 256. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Annie Steele.

1. How firm a foun-da- tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed! For I am thy
3. When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re-pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex - cel- lent word! What more can He say, than to
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor - rows shall not o - ver- flow; For I will be with thee thy
will not, de - sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en -

you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous om - ni - po-tent hand.
troub - les to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis-tress.
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for-sake.

No. 257. America.

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."—Ps. xxxiii : 12.

S. F. Smith — Henry Carey.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic sweep the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rock's and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's

cres.

Pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount- ain side Let free-dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro- long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 258. Benediction.

J. H. Hall.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the | love of God | And the communion of the Holy Ghost, be

with you all, | Now and ev - er - more. A - MEN.

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