Mabel Stone

SELECTIONS

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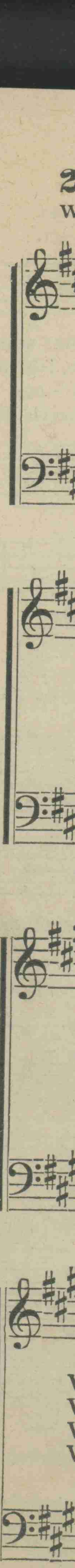
PROF. E. T. RINEHART,

---IN---

DR. CARRADINE'S MEETINGS.

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2. The Sheltering Rock.

W. E. P. W. H. PENN, by per.

Moderato.

1. There is a Rock in a wea-ry land, Its shad-ows fall on the
2. There is a well in a des-ert plain, Its wa-ters call with en-
3. A great fold stands with its por-tals wide, The sheep a-stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Saviour died, His blood flowed out in a

burn-ing sand, In-vit-ing pilgrims as they pass, To seek a shade
treat-ing strain, "Ho, ev-'ry thirst-y, sin-sick soul, Come, free-ly drink
mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now
crim-son tide, A sac-ri-fice for sin-ful men, And free to all

CHORUS.

in the wil-der-ness. Then, why will ye die? O, why will ye die?
and thou shalt be whole."
for His wand'ring sheep.
who will en-ter in.

rit. - - - - - -

When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by, O, why will ye die?
When the liv-ing well is so near by,
When the Shepherd's fold is so near by,
When the crim-son cross is so near by,

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The Fountain From the Rock.

"He smote the Rock, that the waters gushed out, and the streams overflowed."—Ps. 78: 20.

E. E. Hewitt. L. L. Pickett.

1. I have come to the fountain that flows from the Rock, The Rock that was
2. While I drink of the fountain that flows from the Rock, Sweet peace, like a
3. There is strength at the fountain that flows from the Rock, For life ev - er-
4. I'll abide by the fountain that flows from the Rock, And sink 'neath its

smitten for me; For I heard a sweet voice gently speak to my soul, O
beau - ti- ful dove Nestles down in my heart, while the Spirit divine, A-
last- ing is there; And the soul gains a power that will victory win, In
bright, cleansing waves; All its waters are sparkling with heavenly light; Our

CHORUS.

come to the wa - ters so free. O won - der- ful fount- ain that
wak - ens the mu - sic of love.
hours of temp-ta - tion and care.
Je - sus a - bun- dant- ly saves.

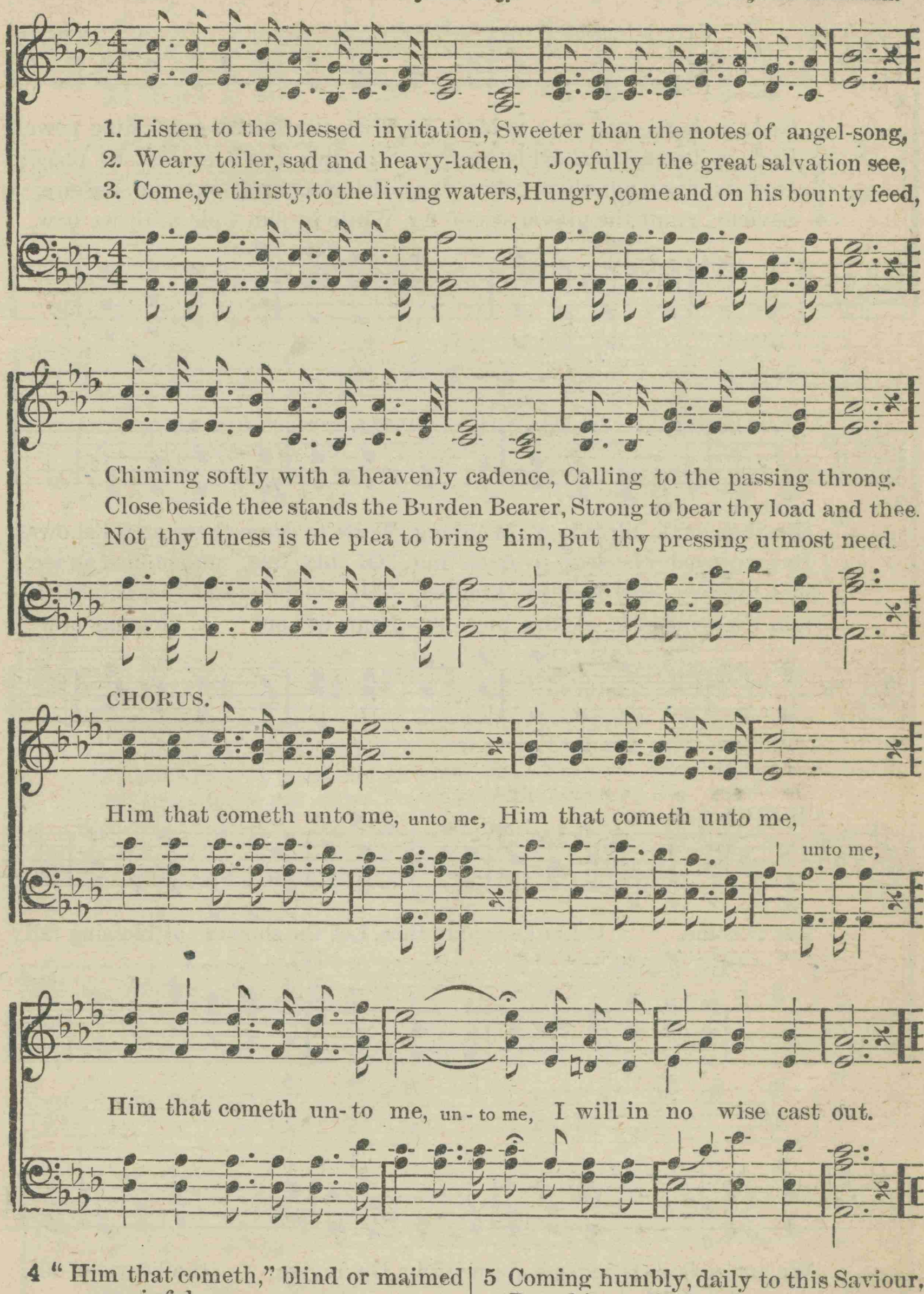
flows from the Rock, What tides of sal - va - tion out-pour! 'Tis for

you, 'tis for me, hal- le - lu - jah! Take free-ly, and thirst nevermore.

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Him that Cometh unto Me.

E. E. Hewitt. John vi. 37. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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

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

Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Revive the Hearts of All.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. God is here, and that to bless us With the Spirit's quick'ning power;
2. God is here! we feel his presence In this con - se-crat-ed place;
3. God is here! oh, then, believ - ing, Bring to him our one de-sire,
4. Saviour, grant the prayer we of- fer, While in sim - ple faith we bow,

See, the cloud alread - y bend - ing, Waits to drop the grateful shower.
But we need the soul- re- fresh- ing Of his free, unbounded grace.
That his love may now be kindled, Till its flame each heart inspire.
From the windows of thy mer - cy Pour us out a blessing now.

CHORUS.

Let it come, O Lord, we pray thee, Let the shower of blessing fall;
Let it come, Let the shower

We are wait - ing, we are waiting, Oh, revive the hearts of all.
We are waiting, Oh, re- vive

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All Bright Above.—CONCLUDED.

ad lib.

all bright a- bove, Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus! 'tis all bright a- bove.

According to Your Faith.

Rev. J. L. Stokes. L. L. Pickett.

1. Blest Saviour, what a word is this! My heart leaps as I read;
2. It claims our Father's boundless store, The rich - es of his grace,
3. Par- don and peace and ho - li - ness, And heav - en's own re - ward,—
4. All, all is ours by sim - ple faith, Nothing have we to do,

'Tis all the strength, the love, the bliss We wea - ry sin - ners need.
Greater than angel's thought, and more Than an - gel's hand can trace.
Saviour, as - ton- ished, we con- fess Nev - er was such a word.
But rest on what the Sa-viour saith, And find his word is true.

REFRAIN.

"Ac - cord - ing to your faith" Is what the Sa- viour saith;
Lord, I be - lieve, And now re- ceive Ac- cord - ing to my faith.

Beautiful Day.

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

1. Beauti- ful day, lovely thy light; Ho- ly each ray, banishing night;
2. Beauti- ful day, calm was thy dawn; Joyous the lay, blessed the morn,
3. Beauti- ful day, perfect- ly bright; Jesus alway, boundless delight,
4. Beauti- ful day, haven of rest; Ev'ry one may come and be blest;

Cloudless thy sky; peacful my stay Here in the sunlight of beautiful day.
When in my heart, over my way First shone the noontide of beautiful day.
Bliss all around, heaven by the way, Shining in fulness, oh, beautiful day!
Glory to God! naught can dismay; Christ is the light of this beautiful day.

REFRAIN.

Beautiful, beautiful day, Evermore shine on my way;
Beauti - ful, beauti- ful day, Evermore shine on my way;

Saviour, I pray, keep me alway Safe in this beautiful day.

beau- ti - ful day.

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What a Wonderful Saviour!

"And his name shall be called Wonderful,"—Isa. ix. 6.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. by per.

1. Christ has for sin atonement made, What a wonder - ful Saviour!
2. I praise him for the cleansing blood, What a wonder - ful Saviour!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a wonder-ful Saviour!
4. He walks beside me in the way, What a wonder - ful Saviour!

We are redeemed! the price is paid! What a wonderful Saviour!
That reconciled my soul to God; What a wonder - ful Saviour!
And now he reigns and rules therein, What a wonder- ful Saviour!
And keeps me faithful day by day; What a wonder - ful Saviour!

CHORUS.

What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Je - sus!

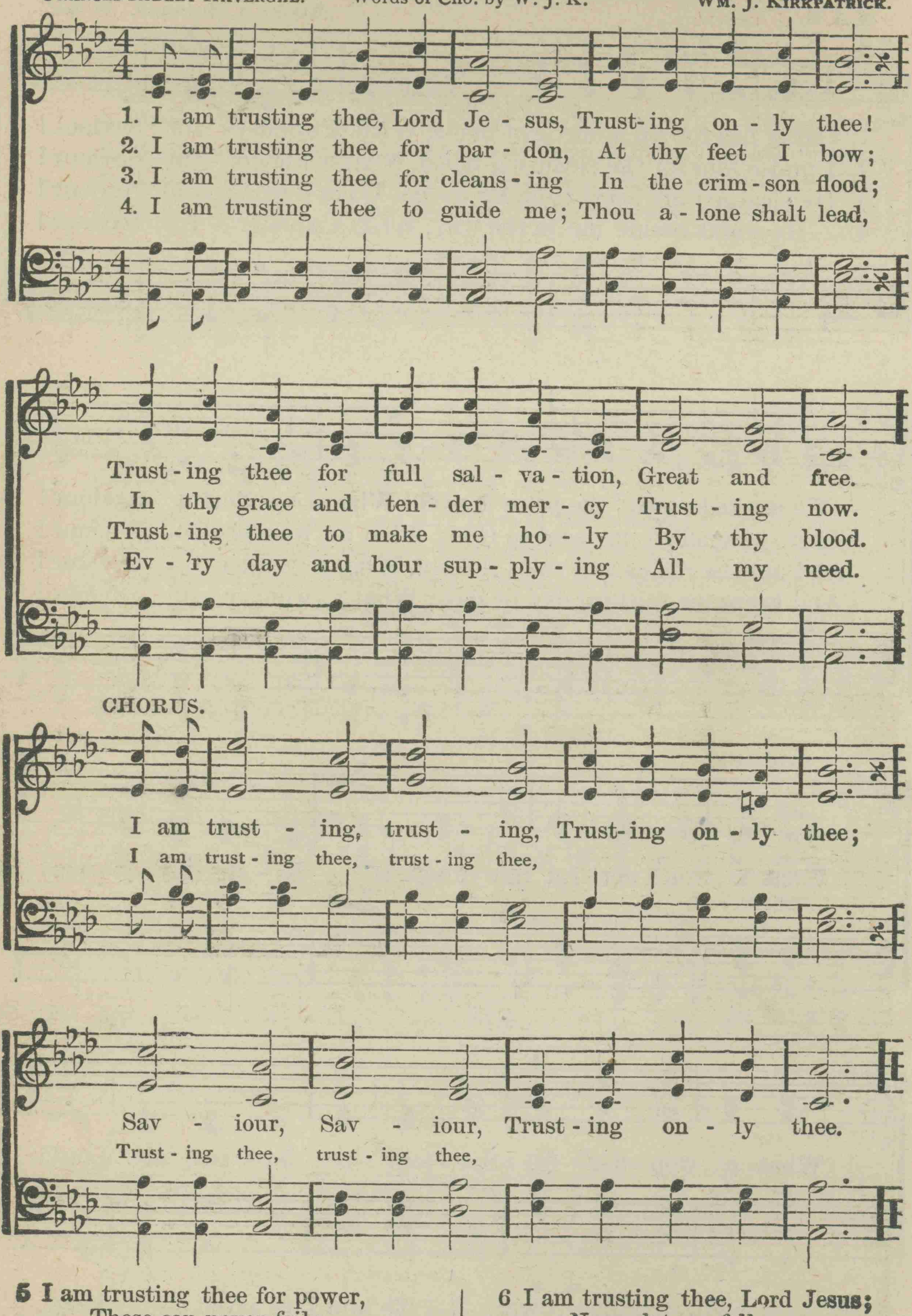
What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Lord!

5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Saviour!
And triumph in each conflict hour,
What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Saviour!
The world shall never share a part,
What a wonderful Saviour!

Trusting Only Thee. 23

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Words of Cho. by W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



5 I am trusting thee for power,
These can never fail;
Words that thou thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting thee for ever,
And for all.

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Jesus Waits to Help You.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Broth - er, leave the path of sin, Je - sus waits to help you;
2. Broth - er, be no more a slave, Je - sus waits to help you;
3. Broth - er, come and join our band, Je - sus waits to help you;
4. Broth - er, will you still de - lay? Je - sus waits to help you;

He can break the bands with- in, Je - sus waits to help you.
Per - fect free - dom you may have, Je - sus waits to help you.
He will lead you by the hand, Je - sus waits to help you.
Take a stand for right to - day, Je - sus waits to help you.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! Glorious, glorious vic - to - ry!

Christ will break the tempter's power, Give you vict'ry from this hour.

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I ask, seeking guidance from heaven, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?

Sweetly Resting.

MARY D. JAMES — W. WARREN BENTLEY. By per.

1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest- ing, Safely sheltered I a- bide,
2. Long pursued by sin and Sa - tan, Weary, sad, I longed for rest;
3. Peace which passeth understanding, Joy the world can never give,
4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past,

There no foes nor storms molest me, While within the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'nly shel- ter, Opened in my Saviour's breast.
Now in Je - sus I am find - ing: In his smiles of love I live.
All se- cure in this blest ref - uge, Heeding not the fiercest blast.
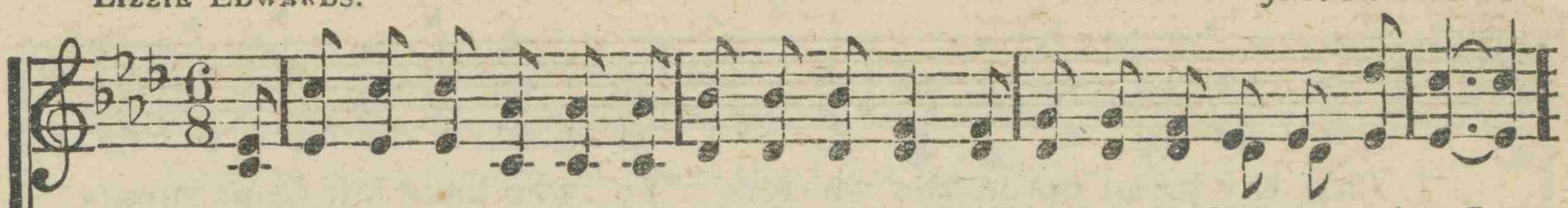
REFRAIN.

Now I'm rest - ing, Sweetly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me;
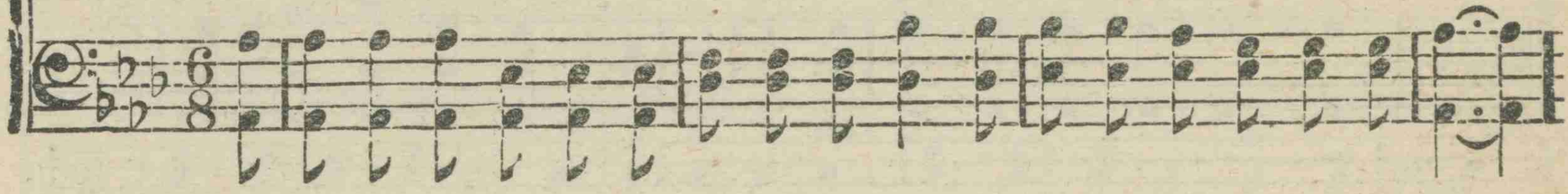
Je - sus, blessed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my- self in thee.
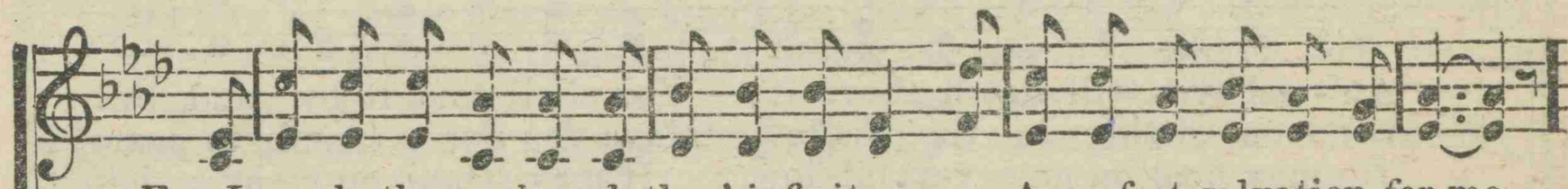
I'm Happy, so Happy!

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.
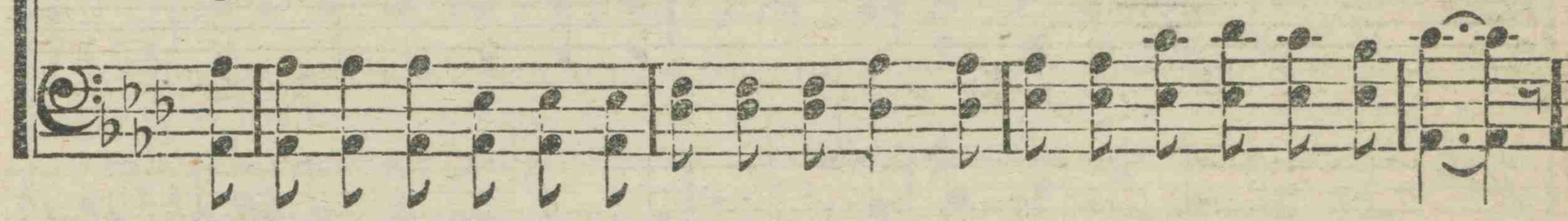


1. I'm happy, so happy! no words can express The joy and the comfort I see,
2. I'm happy, so happy! while trusting in him Whose presence o'ershadows my way;
3. My love may be tested, my faith may be tried, The depth of its fervor to prove,
4. O blessed Redeemer, some day I shall stand O'erwhelmed with the light of thy face,
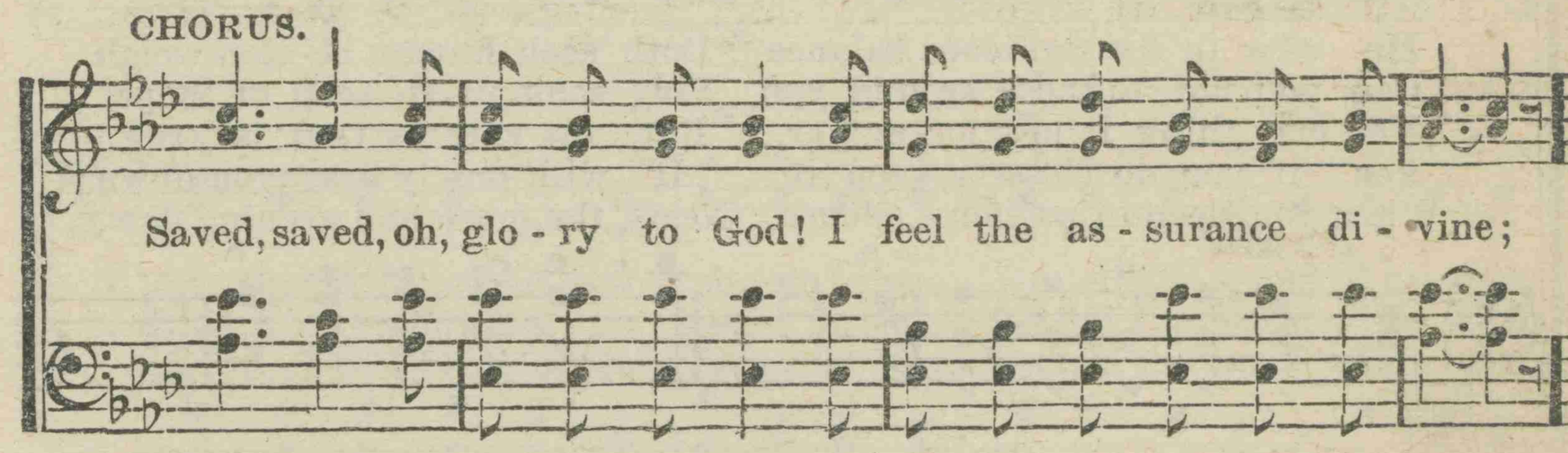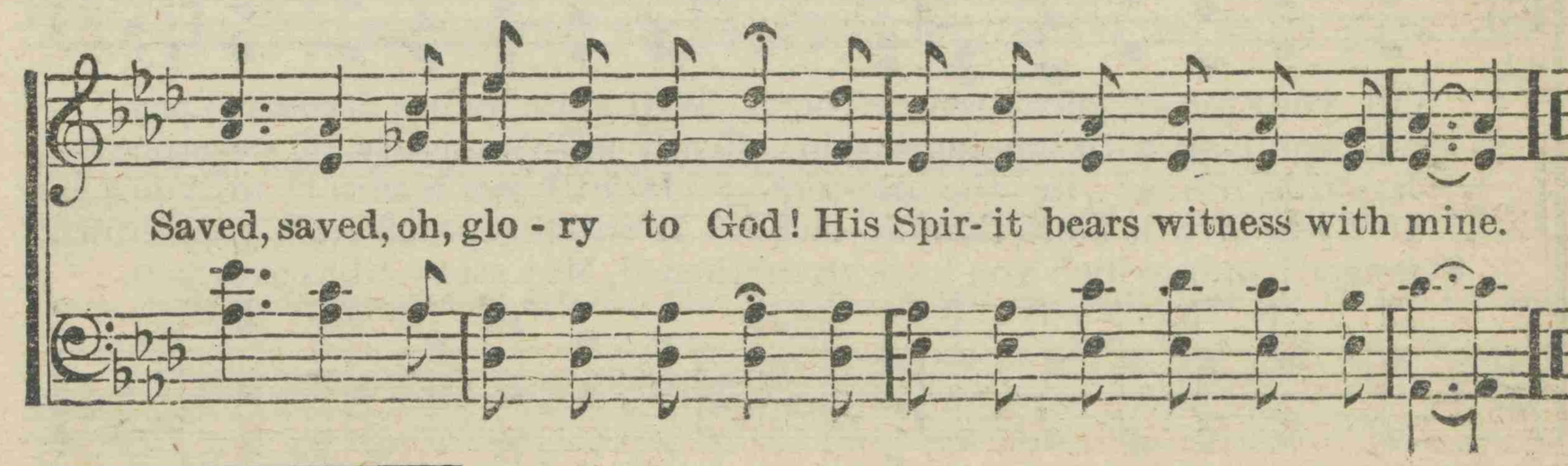




For Jesus hath purchased, thro' infinite grace, A perfect salvation for me.
Who leadeth my soul by the river of peace, And giveth me strength as my day.
But welcome each trial, my Saviour designs The gold from the dross to remove.
Adoring forever, and shouting thy praise, Because thou hast saved me by grace.



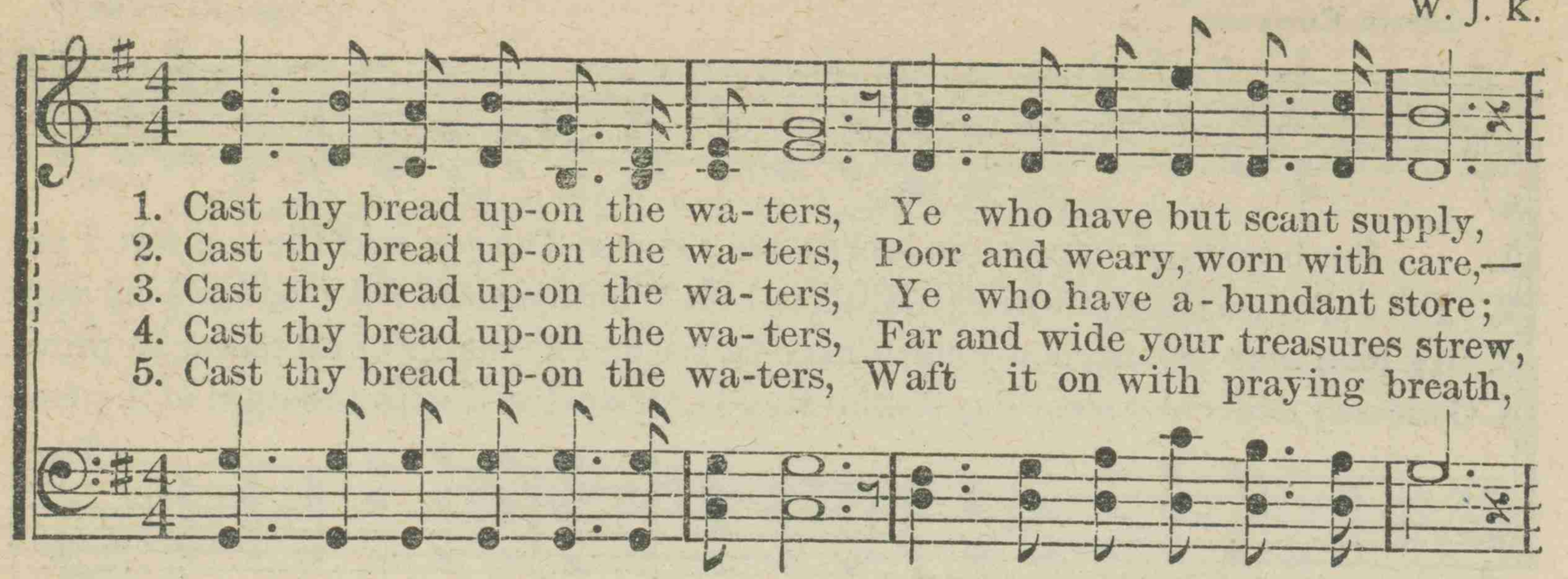
CHORUS.





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W. J. K.



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Go Tell the World of His Love. 33

ABBIE MILLS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Heirs to the kingdom of Jesus the Lord, Go tell the world of his love;
2. Think how he labored that we might have rest, Go tell the world of his love;
3. Plead to the lost ones to come while they may, Go tell the world of his love;

Publish the blessings that flow from his word, Go tell the world of his love;
Think how he suffered that we might be bless'd, Go tell the world of his love:
Jesus is waiting, he'll save them to-day, Go tell the world of his love:

Love that has purchas'd redemption from sin, Love that makes happy the spirit within
Sav'd by his mercy, upheld by his care, Tell of the goodness we constantly share;
Love that is nearest when earth joys are past, Lighting our pathway by cloud so ver cast;

Fine.

Love that will help us our conquest to win, Go tell the world of his love.
Fill'd with his fulness, no longer forbear, Go tell the world of his love.
Love that will bring us to glo- ry at last, Go tell the world of his love.

D.S.—Heirs to the kingdom of Jesus the Lord, Go tell the world of his love.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Go tell the world, Go tell the world, Go tell the world of his love of his love;

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At the Golden Landing.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Friends of yore have flown to heaven, Springing from the house of clay;
2. Oft- en at the shades of evening, When I sit me down to rest,
3. And I seem to see their fac - es, Beaming with ce - les- tial love,
4. And I think I hear them speaking, As they oft - en spake to me,
5. Broth- er, sis - ter, faithful sol - dier, If our mingling here so sweet,

Glad to gain their joy - ful free- dom, Borne by an - gel bands a- way.
One by one I count them o - ver, They who are in glo - ry blest.
Shin- ing as their blessed Mas - ter, White-robed, with the saints above.
While I seem to hear them say - ing, "Pil- grim, heaven is waiting thee."
What shall be our joy- ous rap- ture When we at the landing meet!

CHORUS.

While on Pisgah's mount I'm standing, Looking t'ward the vernal shore,

There I seem to see them banding, Just beside the Golden Landing,

Wait - ing to receive me o'er, Precious ones who went before!

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44 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel- lowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -

last - ing arms; What a bless - ed- ness, What a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

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

lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

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

By per. A. J. Showalter.

Trusting Jesus, That is All.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sim - ply trusting ev - 'ry day; Trusting, though a stormy way;
2. Bright-ly doth his Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust- ing as the moments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by,

Ev - en when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
While he leads I can- not fall,— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan- ger, for him call,— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
Trust- ing him, whate'er be - fall,— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

CHORUS.
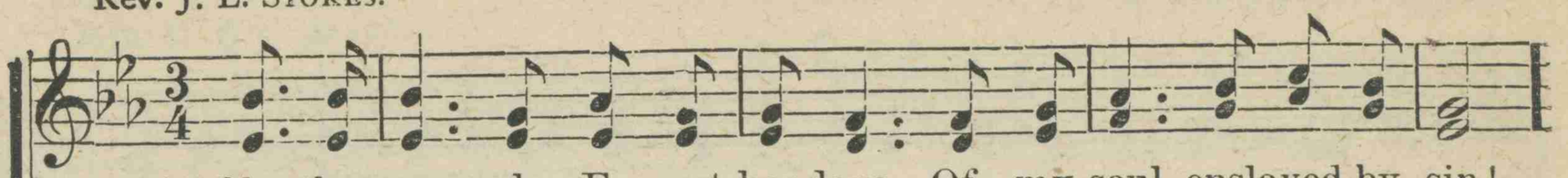
Trusting him while life shall last, . Trusting him till earth is past— . . .
while life shall last, till earth is past—

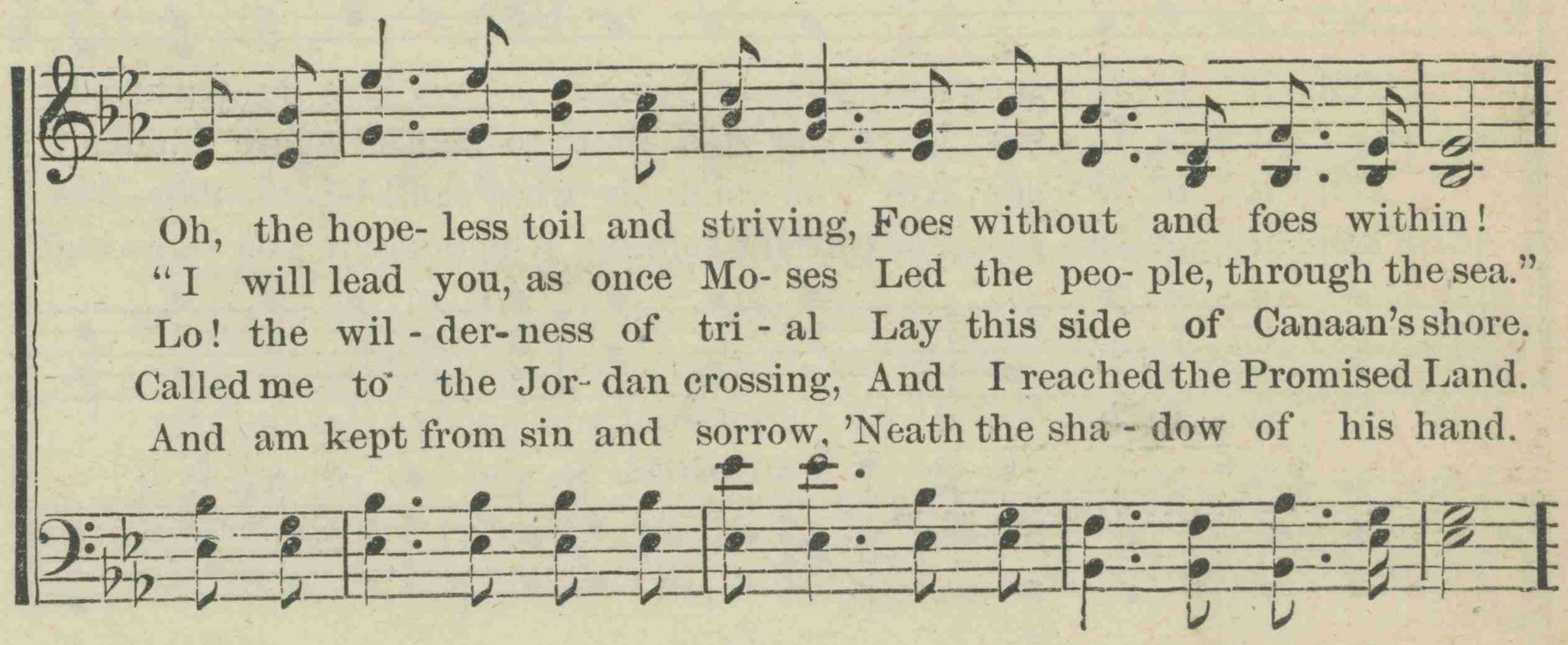
Till within the jas- per wall— . . . Trusting Jesus, that is all.
the jas - per wall—

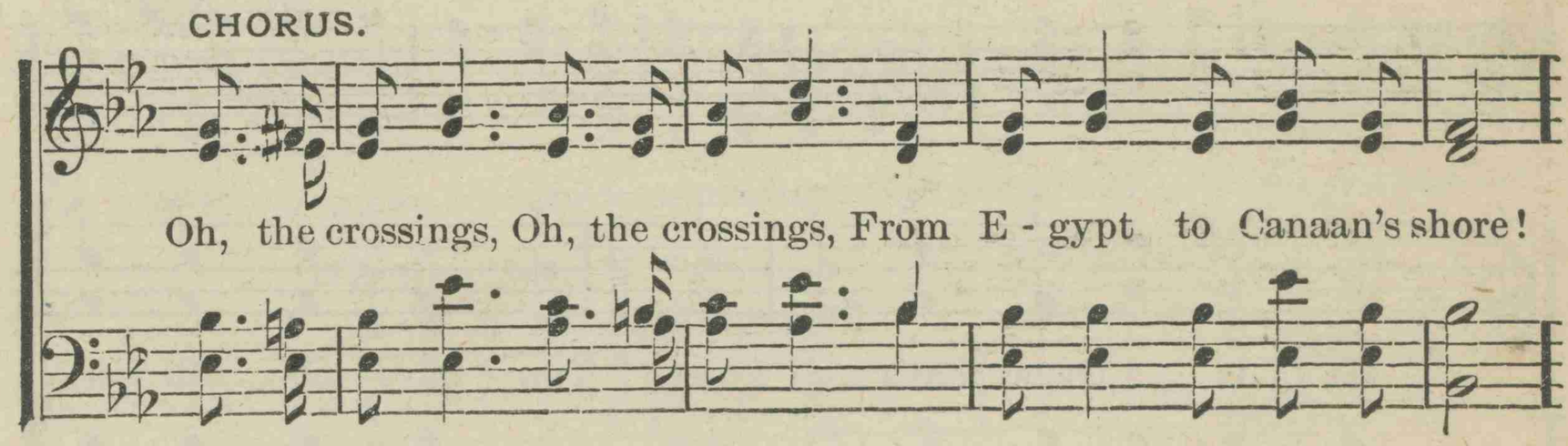
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The Crossings.

Rev. J. L. STOKES. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.







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Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. Matt. xiv. 12. E. S. Lorenz. By per.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heavy - hearted? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un- bidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troubled at the thought of dying? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you grieving o - ver joys de - part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anxious what shall be to - mor - row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.

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.

Free Waters.

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

1. There's a fountain free, 'tis for you and me: Let us haste, oh, haste to its brink;
2. There's a living stream, with a crystal gleam: From the throne of life now it flows;
3. There's a living well and its waters swell, And e-ter-nal life they can give;
4 There's a rock that's cleft and no soul is left, That may not its pure waters share;

'Tis the fount of love from the Source above, And he bids us all freely drink.
While the wa-ters roll let the weary soul Hear the call that forth freely goes.
And we joyful sing, ever spring, oh, spring, As we haste to drink and to live.
'Tis for you and me, and its stream I see: Let us hasten joy-ful-ly there.

Chorus.

Will you come to the fountain free? Will you come? 'tis for you and me;
Will you come, Will you come,

Thirsty soul, hear the welcome call: 'Tis a fountain open'd for all.
Thirsty soul,

Meet me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away Into
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the river sparkling bright, In the
3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the palace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

Fine.

pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.
ci - ty of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

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

CHORUS.

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

D.S.

Meet me there;

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61 Redeeming Love.

J. A. C. Arr. Music by Judge Thos. O. Lown.

Moderate.

1. Re - deem-ing Love! Re - deem-ing Love! This is the
2. The an - gel hosts all wond'ring see, But fail to
3. And here on earth the pow'r is given To sing this
4. Oh, shout a - loud, ye sons of men! Tell the glad

rit.

theme.... of saints a-bove; Ar-ray'd in heaven's own spot-less
solve..... the mys - te-ry; They hear, en - tranc'd, this no -ble
sweet - - est song of heav'n, And our poor voi - - ces e'en to
ti - - - dings o'er a-gain; Oh, earth be - low! oh, heav'n a -

rit.

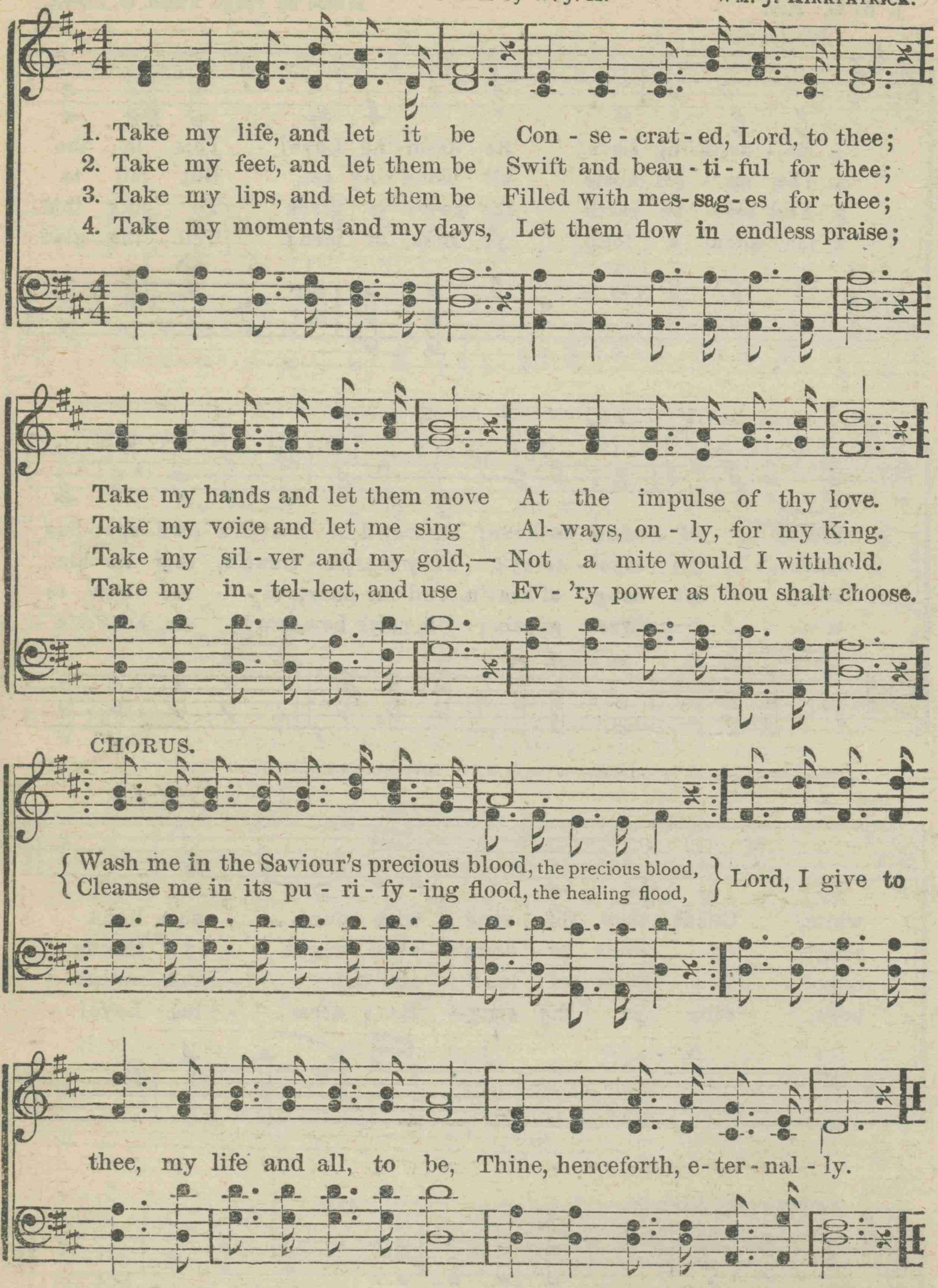
white, Chant they this song with pure.... de - light.
song Of souls re - deem'd—a might - - y throng.
raise In notes of loud and joy - - - ous praise.
bove, Sing ye the song— Re - deem - - ing Love!

REFRAIN. Slowly. *rit.*

Re - deem-ing Love! Re-deem-ing Love! Re - deem-ing Love!

Entire Consecration. 69

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Chorus by W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart.—it is thine own,—
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!

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Stepping-stones to Jesus.

E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Moderato.

1. Stepping-stones to Je- sus All our joys may be, Used with glad thanksgiving
2. Stepping-stones to Je- sus, Leading to his feet, Are the lit - tle tri - als,
3. Stepping-stones to Je- sus, All the pure delight In his works of beauty,
4. Stepping-stones to Jesus, Blessed means of grace; Prayer and sweet communion

For his love so free. Many, many blessings In our pathway fall, Stepping-stones to
Which we daily meet; Ev'ry need that presses, Ev'ry vexing care, Ev'ry dis-ap-
All things fair and bright. Ev'ry sweet affection, Tender human love Brought in conse-
In the sacred place; Ev'ry self - denial For the Master's cause, Each renewed o-

CHORUS.

Jesus We may find them all. Looking for the stepping-stones
pointment, Ev'ry cross we bear. Placed along life's way;
cration To the Friend above.
beying Of his ho - ly laws.

Looking for the stepping-stones, We find them ev'ry day; Stepping-stones to Jesus,

poco rit. *ad lib.*

Stepping-stones to Jesus, Looking for the stepping-stones, We find them ev'ry day.

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Sing On.

CARRIE M. WILSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, Nor think the moments long;
2. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, While here on earth we stay
3. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, The time will not be long

My faith is heav'nward ris - ing With ev - 'ry tune - ful song;
Let songs of home and Je - sus Be - guile each fleet - ing day;
Till in our Fa - ther's king - dom We swell a no - bler song,

Lo! on the mount of bless - ing, The glo - rious mount! I stand,
Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of his re - deem - ing love,—
Where those we love are wait - ing To greet us on the shore,

And, look - ing o'er the riv - er, I see the heav'n - ly land.
The ev - er - last - ing cho - rus That fills the realms a - bove.
We'll meet be-yond the riv - er, Where surg - es roll no more.

Copyright, 1886, by John R. Sweney.

Sing On.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise

My heart is filled with rap-ture, My soul is lost in praise:

Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise

Sing on; bliss - ful, bliss - ful mu - sic,

My heart is filled with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.

I will Trust in My Saviour.

MRS. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. MCINTOSH. By per.

1. Tho' the shadows gather o'er my pathway here, And no sun comes with joyous ray,
2. In the tempest when the winds around me roll, And the thunders my heart affright,
3. When the chilling blight of death is on my brow, And the earth passes from my view,

In the darkness not an e - vil will I fear, For my Saviour is leading the way.
Sweetly comes a loving whisper to my soul, Then the world is all beauty and light.
Simply trusting in my Saviour then, as now, He will lead me in paths ever new.

REFRAIN.

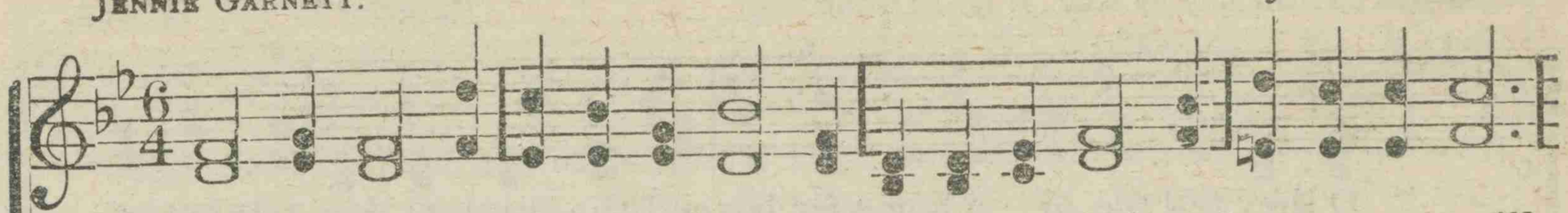
I will trust in my Saviour, I will trust in my Saviour, I will

trust in my Saviour al - way; He will lead me thro' the night, By his

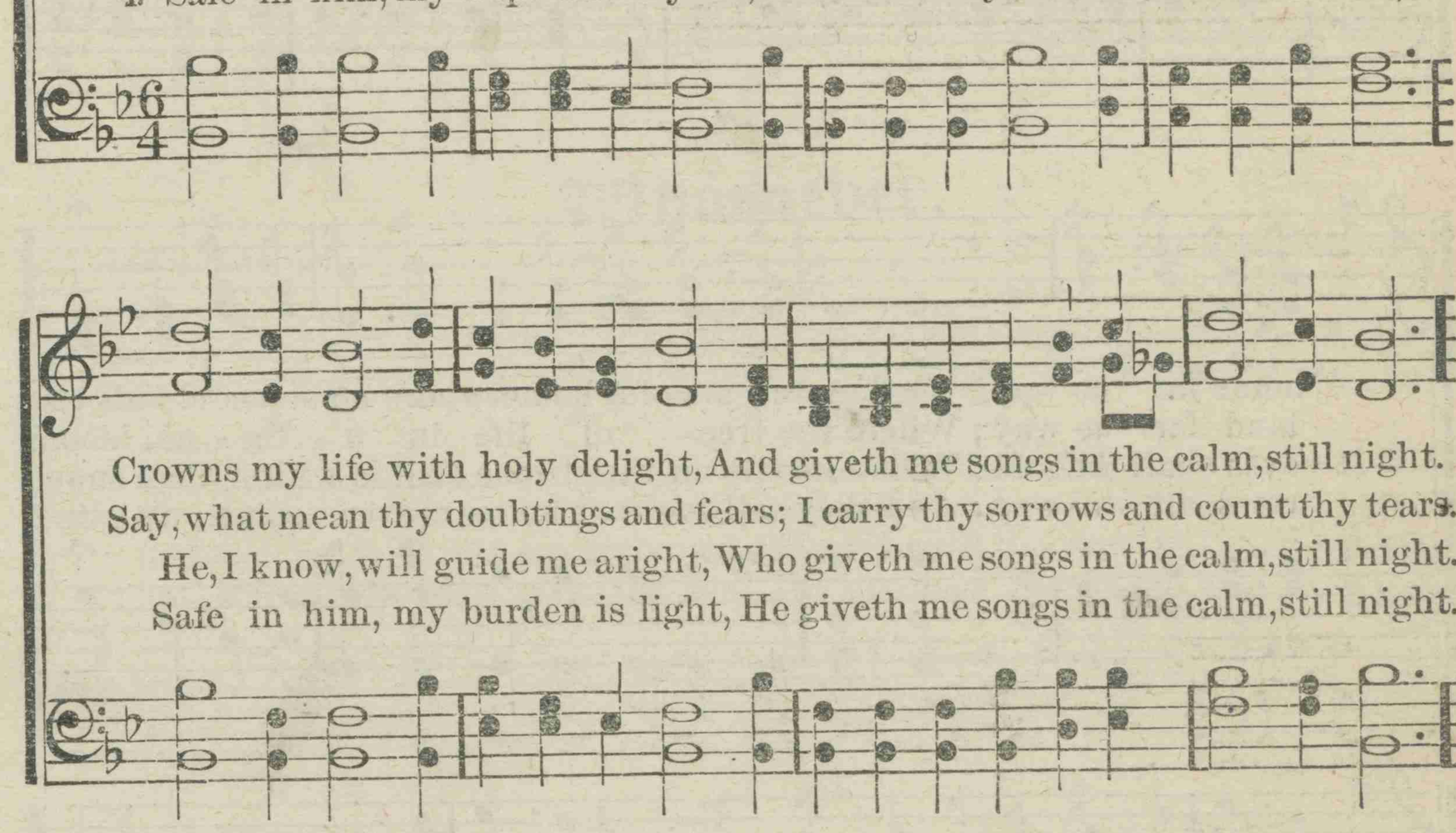
ev - er shin - ing light, I will trust in my Sav-iour to - day!

Songs in the calm, still Night.

JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.
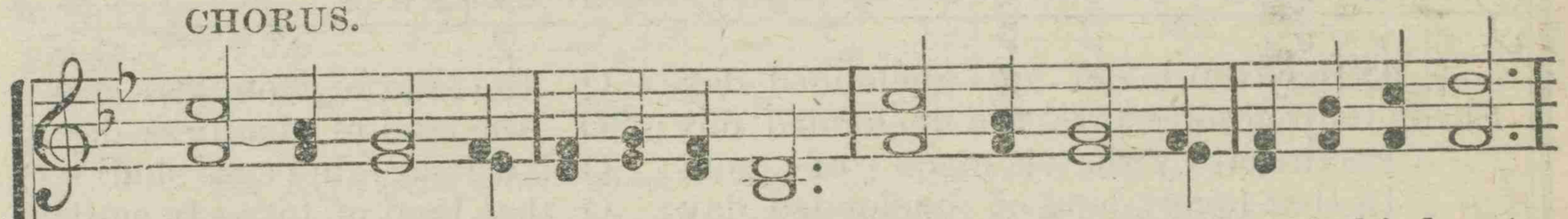


1. 'Tis the Lord who leadeth me still, 'Tis he who controls and governs my will,
2. 'Tis the Lord who whispers to me, I offered myself a ransom for thee;
3. Safe in him, I will not repine, Tho' trials and cares may sometimes be mine;
4. Safe in him, my hope and my all, Who tenderly hears whenever I call;
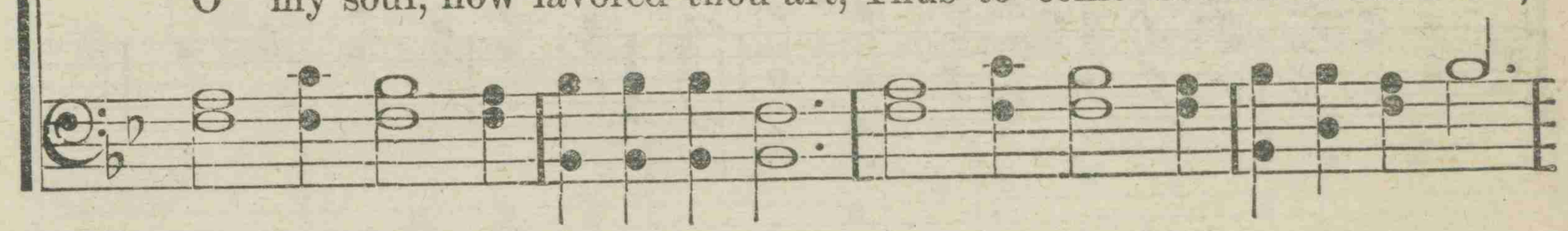


Crowns my life with holy delight, And giveth me songs in the calm, still night.
Say, what mean thy doubtings and fears; I carry thy sorrows and count thy tears.
He, I know, will guide me aright, Who giveth me songs in the calm, still night.
Safe in him, my burden is light, He giveth me songs in the calm, still night.

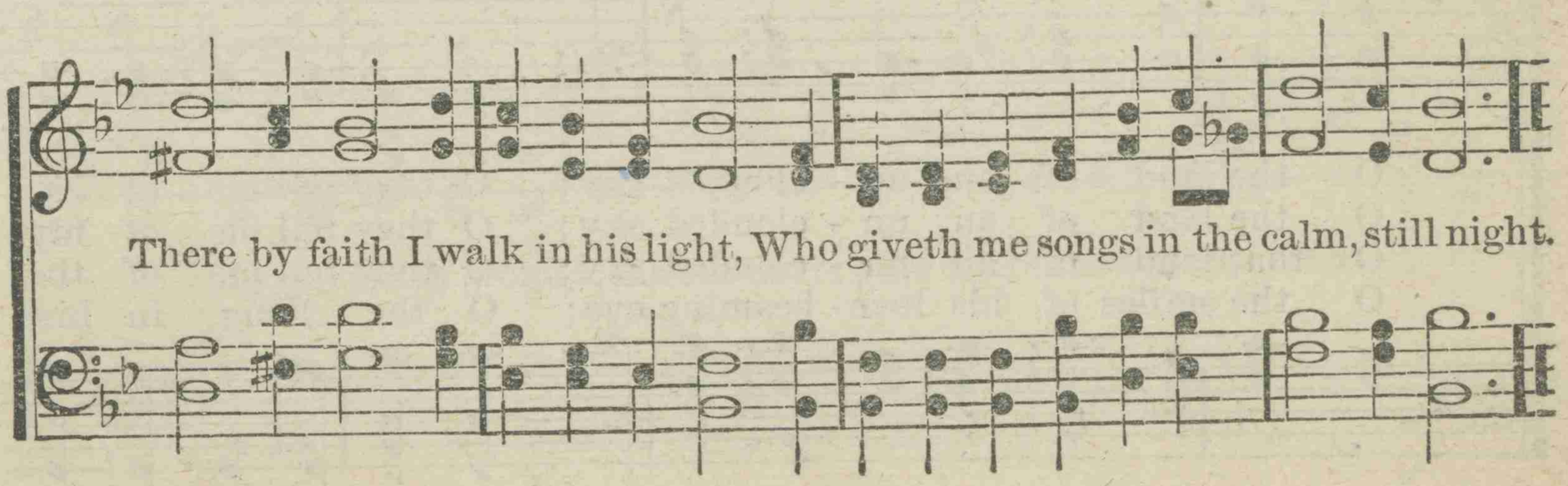
CHORUS.



O my soul, how favored thou art, Thus to come so near to his heart;



There by faith I walk in his light, Who giveth me songs in the calm, still night.



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The Unclouded Day.

(May be used as a Solo.)

Words and Melody by Kev. J. K. Alwood. Harmony by J. F. Kinsey.

1. O they tell me of a home far beyond the skies, O they tell me of a
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that
3. O they tell me of the King in his beauty there, And they tell that mine
4. O they tell me that he smiles on his children there, And his smile drives their sor-

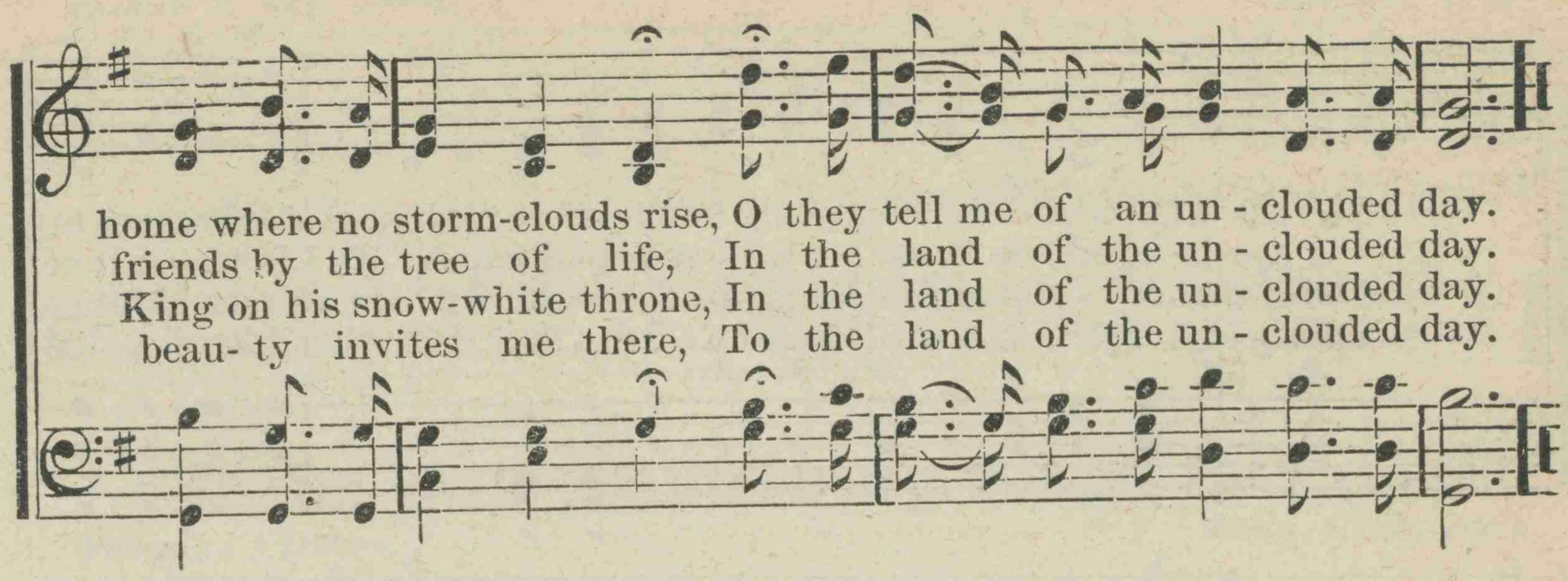
home far a-way; O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,
land far a-way; Where the tree of life in e-ter-nal bloom
eyes shall behold; Where he sits on the throne that is whiter than snow,
rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears ever come a-gain,

O they tell me of an unclouded day; O the land of cloudless day,
Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day; O the land of cloudless day,
In the cit-y that is made of gold; O that land mine eyes shall see,
In that lovely land of unclouded day; O that land of love-ly smiles,

O the land of an un-clouded sky; O they tell me of a
O the land of an un-clouded sky; O they tell me of my
O that land of an un-clouded sky; O they tell me of the
O the smiles of his love-beaming eye; O the King in his

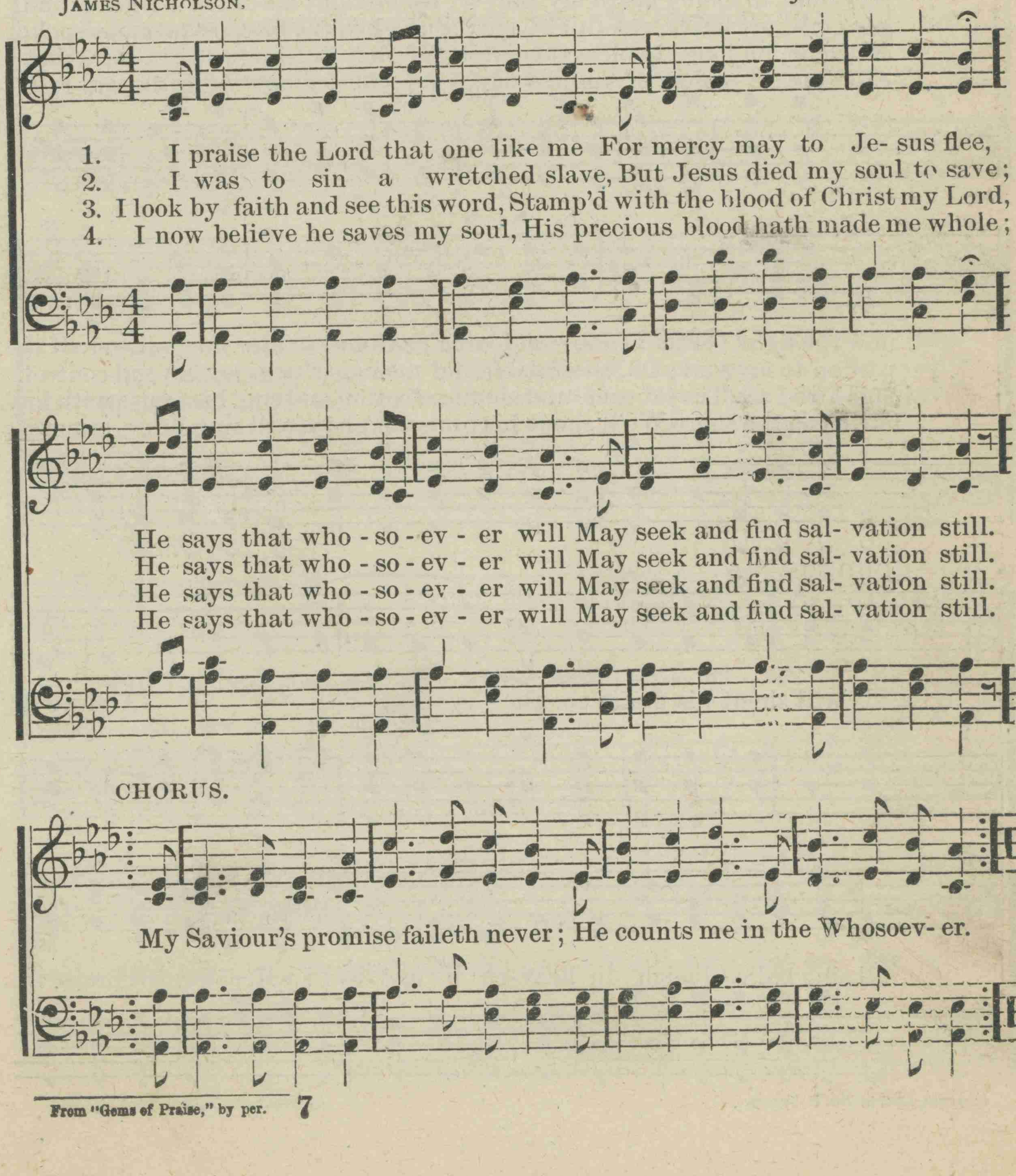
By per. of The Echo Music Co.

The Unclouded Day.—CONCLUDED.



Whosoever.

JAMES NICHOLSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.



98 # I will Shout His Praise in Glory.

P. H. DINGMAN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before his throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when his voice shall

Sav - iour in mercy heard my prayer; He brought me out of darkness and
sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke
welcome, he longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that
call me to realms of endless day, As one by one we gath - er, re-

now the light I see; O blessed, loving Saviour! to him the praise shall be.
pardon to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control.
in his love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing his praise with me.
joicing on the shore, We'll shout his praise in glory, and sing forev- ermore.

CHORUS.

I will shout his praise in glo - ry, . . . And we'll
So will I, so will I,

all sing halle - lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout his praise in

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glo - ry, . . . And we'll all sing hallelujah in heaven by and by.
So will I, so will I,

Have You Something Good to Tell.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too slow.

1. Have you something good to tell us, My Christian friend, to - day?
2. Have you something good to tell us Of Je - sus kind and true?
3. We are waiting now to hear you Proclaim his grace so free;

Tell how the Lord has met you, And helped you on your way.
Of hopes that reach to heav - en? Of mer - cies ev - er new?
Speak out and tell each sin - ner "His love has pardoned me."

CHORUS.

Tell of the lov - ing Sav - iour Who keeps us day by day;

Oh, tell of the pre - cious Saviour,—'Twill help us on our way.

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102 Sing, O Sing the Love of Jesus.

MAY CLIFTON. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus, Boundless, deep, unmeasured love;
2. Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus, Render hearty thanks and praise;
3. An - gel lips will join our an - them, Thro' the sky the sound prolong;
4. Pow'r and might and bliss e-ter - nal Now and ev - er-more shall be

Let the soul - in - spir- ing cho - rus Ring thro' all the courts a- bove.
While he gives us life and be - ing, Praise him on through endless days.
Heav'nly hosts take up the cho - rus, And with rap- ture swell the song.
Un - to him who loved and saved us With a love so full and free.

CHORUS.

Sing, O sing . . . . . the love of Je - - - - - sus,
the love of Je - sus, Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus,

Heav'n and earth . . . . . re- peat the strain;
re - peat the strain, Heav'n and earth re- peat the strain;

Sing, O sing, ... till ev - 'ry na - - - - - tion
till ev - 'ry na - tion, Sing, O sing, till ev - 'ry na - tion

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Ech - oes on . . . . . the sweet re - frain.

the sweet re - frain, Ech - oes on the sweet re - frain

The Beautiful Land.

H. E. Engle.

1. There's a beautiful land far beyond the sky, And Jesus my Saviour is there;
2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high,
They are free from all sorrow and care;
3. We shall meet in that beautiful land on high, And be with the bright and the fair;

He has gone to prepare me a home on high—Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
And I trust I shall meet them above the sky—Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
Where the waters of life sweetly murmur by—Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!

CHORUS.

In that beau - - - - ti- ful land, Where the an - gels stand,

In that beau - ti - ful land, In that beau - ti - ful land,

We shall meet, We shall meet, We shall meet in that beautiful land.

We shall meet We shall meet,

From "Temple Star" by per. of A. S. Kieffer

Abiding and Confiding.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. L. L. Pickett, alt.

1. I have learned the wondrous secret Of a - bid- ing in the Lord;
2. I am cru - ci-fied with Jesus, And he lives and dwells in me,
3. All my sick- ness- es I bring him, And he bears them all a- way;
4. For my words I take his wisdom, For my works his Spirit's power,

I have found the strength and sweetness, Of con-fid- ing in his word;
I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no long- er I, but he;
All my fears and griefs I tell him, All my cares from day to day.
For my ways his gracious Presence Guards and guides me every hour.

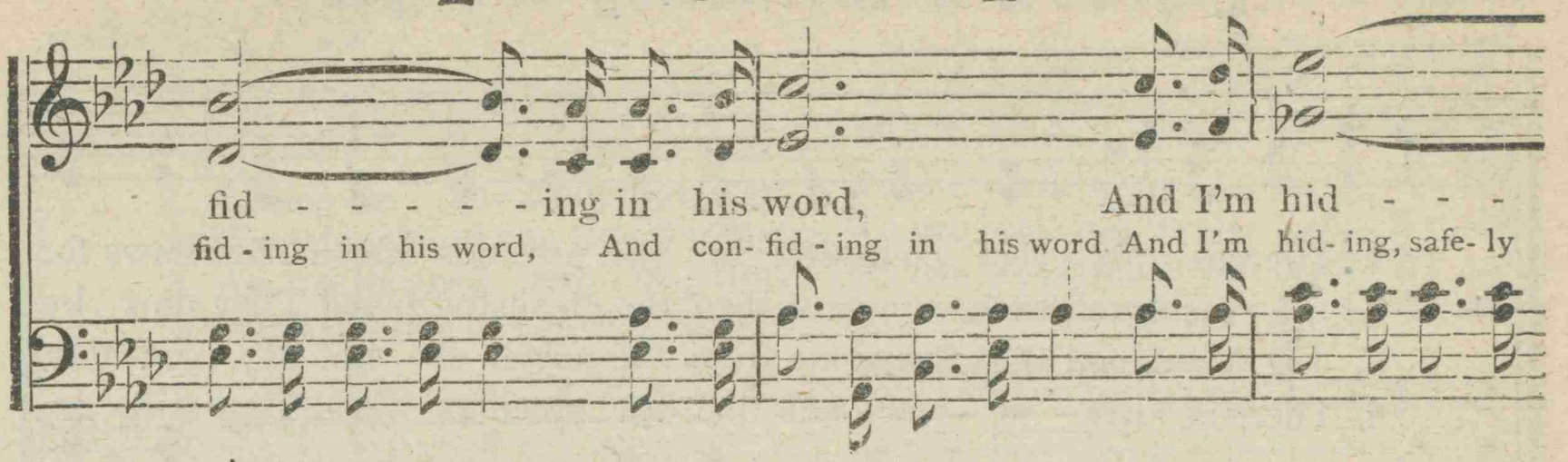
I have tast - ed life's pure fountain, I am drinking of his blood,
All my will is yield- ed to him, And his Spir - it reigns within,
All my strength I draw from Je- sus, By his breath I live and move;
Of my heart he is the Portion, Of my joy the ceaseless Spring;

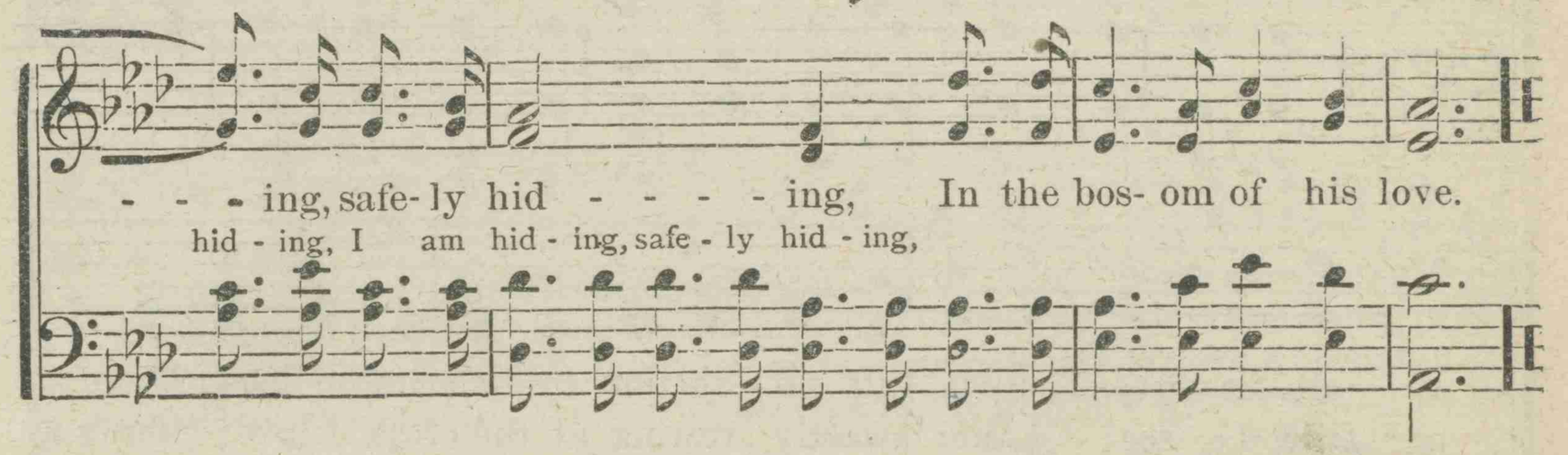
I have lost my-self in Je- sus, I am sinking in - to God.
And his precious blood each moment Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.
E'en his ver - y mind he gives me, And his faith, and life, and love.
Saviour, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Healer, Glorious Lord and com- ing King!

CHORUS.

I'm a - bid - - - - - ing in the Lord, And con-
I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord And con-

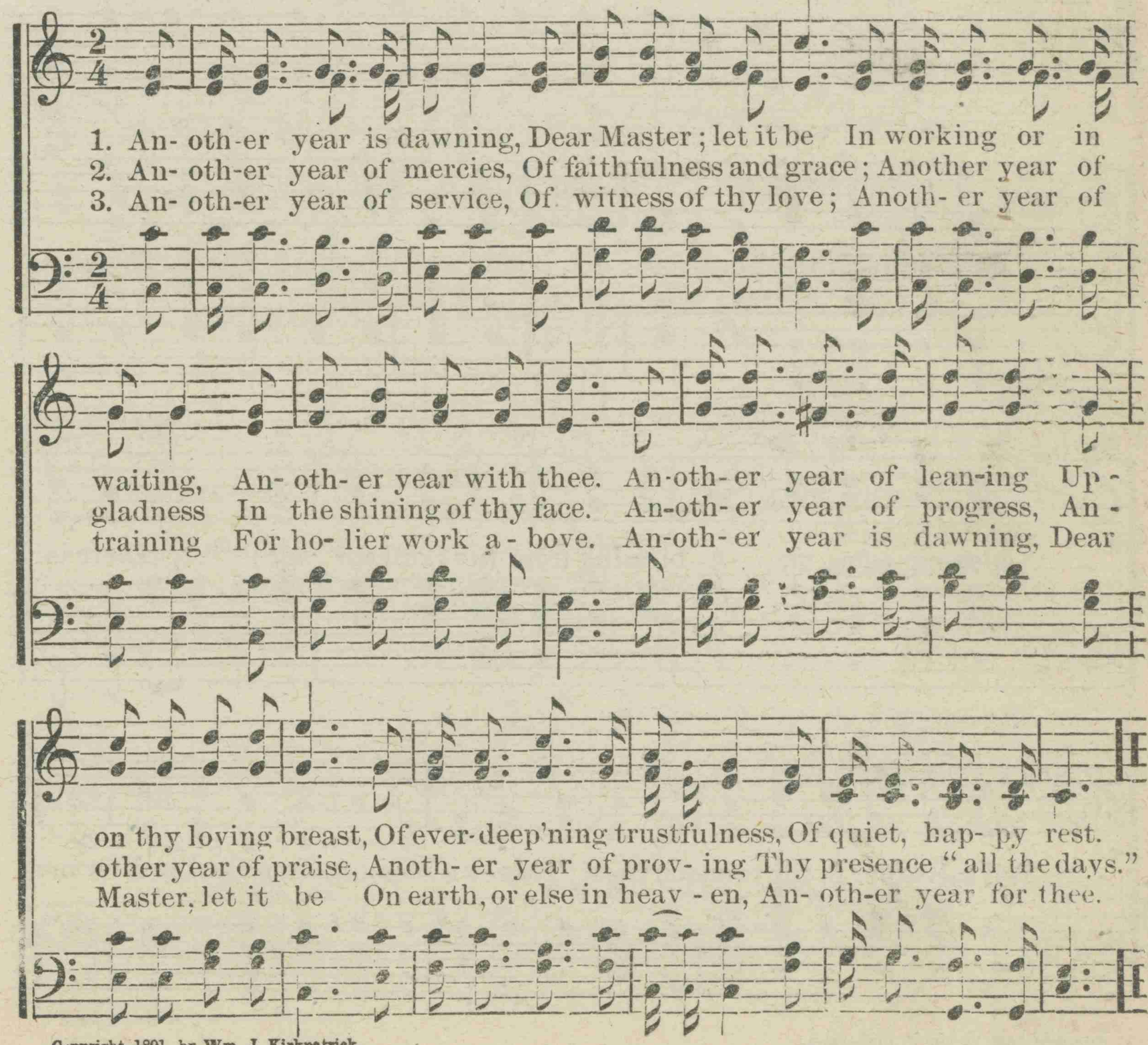
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Another Year.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. L. L. PICKETT, Alt.



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106

There's a Blessing for Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is per - fect cleansing in the precious blood That flows for all so free, There is full sal - va-tion in its crimson flood; There's a
2. I am saved each moment thro' the cleansing blood That now by faith I see; I am sweetly resting at the cross I love; There's a
3. O the blood that keeps me from the power of sin My con-stant theme shall be; I have laid my burden at the Saviour's feet; There's a
4. There is life e - ter - nal in the precious blood That still is flow-ing free, And my soul shall glory in the Saviour's cross; There's a

CHORUS.

blessing from the Lord for me. There's a blessing for me, There's a blessing for me, A blessing from the Lord for me; There is full salvation in the crimson flood; There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

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The Beautiful Light.

R. KELSO CARTER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je-sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are
2. We who know our sins forgiven, We are walking in the light, We are
3. As we journey here be - low, We are walking in the light, We are
4. We will sing his power to save, We are walking in the light, We are

walking in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of heaven, We are walking in the
walking in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the

REFRAIN.

beautiful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the light, We are

Walking in the light, beautiful light of God.

walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - - ing in the

Walking in the light, beau- ti- ful light of God, Walking in the light,

light, ... We are walking in the beauti - ful light of God.

Walk - ing in the light,

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More about Jesus. 109

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY

1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern;
3. More about Je-sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More about Je-sus; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own;

More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful say-ing mine.
More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.

More, more a-bout Je - sus, More, more a-bout Je - sus;

More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.

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110

Wondrous Glory.

SALLIE M. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY

1. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Borne a - loft by faith, we stand,
2. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Where so oft 'tis ours to be,
3. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Where he bids us come and rest,
4. If on earth our souls are honored With such visions of delight,

While we drink the crystal wa - ters Flowing down from Eden's land.
In the brightness of his presence, Christ our Lord revealed we see.
Je - sus spreads a feast be - fore us, Making each a welcome guest.
Who can tell our heights of rap - ture, When our faith is lost in sight.

CHORUS.

How the heart its toil for- gets, In the
How the heart, its toil forgets,

joy we there behold; In the ful -
In the joy we there behold, there behold, In the

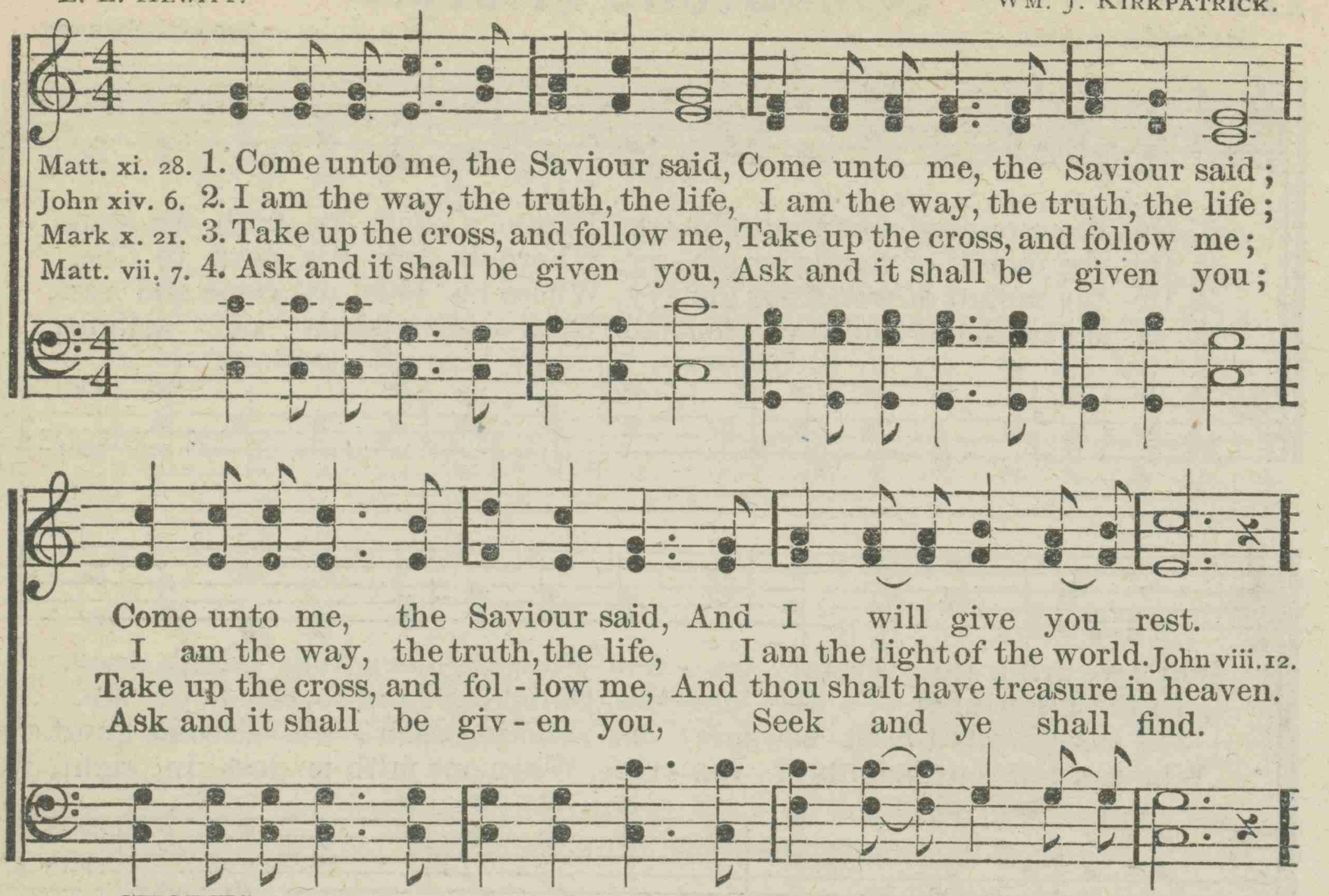
- - ness of his love, That is bet - ter felt than told.
ful - ness of his love, of his love,

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112

Words of Jesus.

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



John iii. 36.

5 He that believeth | on the Son, :‖
Hath everlasting | life.

Is. xlv. 22.

6 Look unto me, and | be ye saved, :‖
All the ends of the | earth.

Matt. v. 8.

7 Blessed are the | pure in heart, :‖
For | they shall see | God.

Matt. v. 12.

8 Re- | joice and be ex- | ceeding glad, :‖
For | great is your reward in | heaven.

John xiv. 18.

9 I | will not leave you | comfortless, ‖
I will come unto | you.

John vii. 37.

10 If | any man thirst let him | come unto
And drink of the water of | life. [me, :‖

Mark. x. 14.

11 Suffer little children to | come unto
me, :‖ [heaven.
For of | such is the kingdom of |
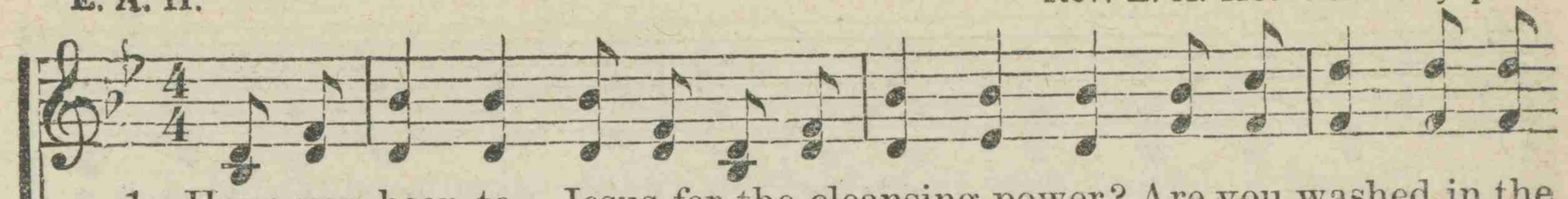
John xiv. 2.

12 I | go to prepare a | place for you, ‖
In my Fathers' house.

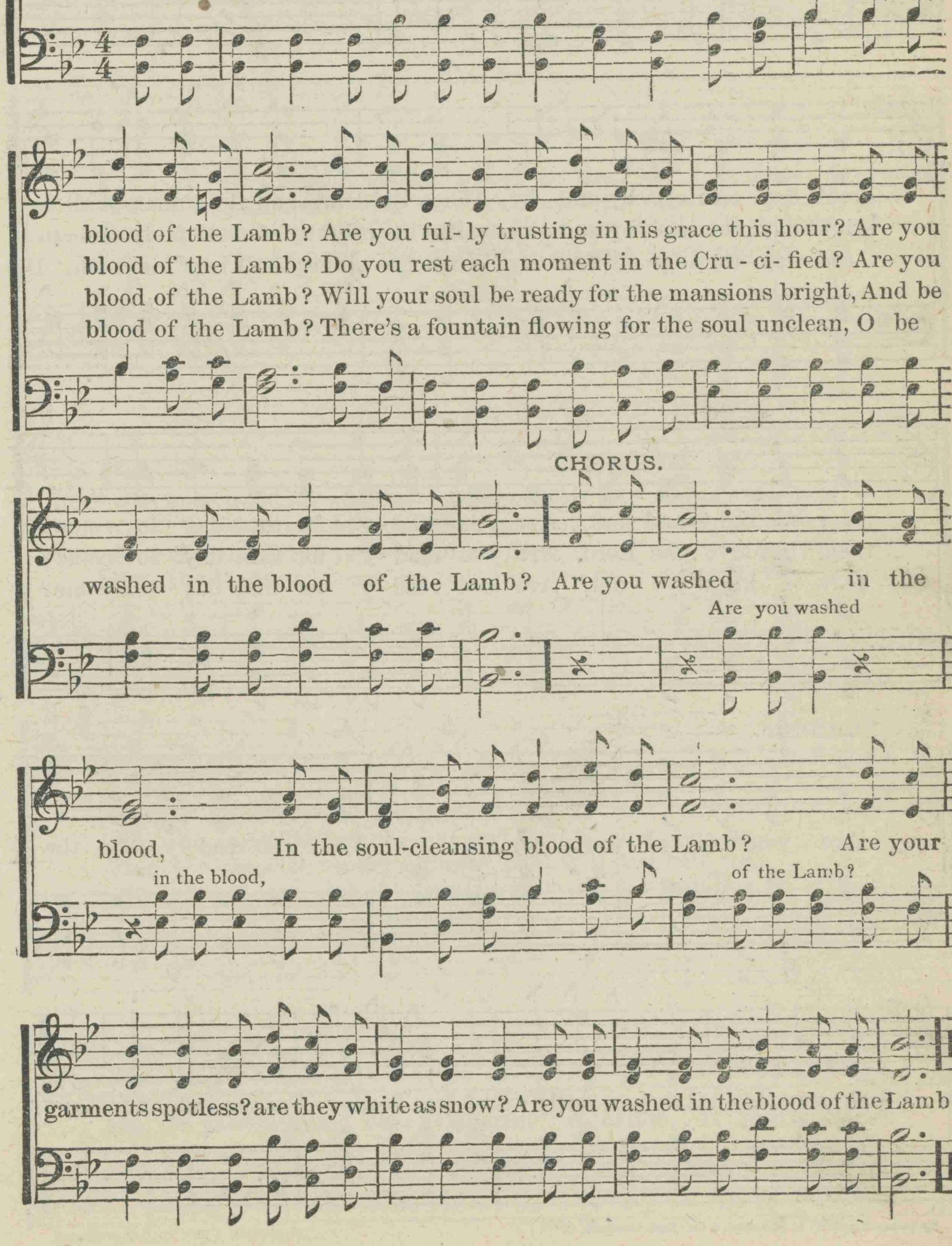
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Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman. By per.



1. Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walking dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a- side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the



blood of the Lamb? Are you ful- ly trusting in his grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci- fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright, And be
blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, O be

CHORUS.

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
Are you washed
blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
in the blood, of the Lamb?
garments spotless? are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

118 # There's a Great Day Coming.

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

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?

2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?

3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day coming by and by, When the sinner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judgment day? Are you ready? are you ready For the judgment day?

By permission of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O.

It Just Suits Me.

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

1. What a wonder - ful salvation! For its length and breadth and height
2. Oh, this blessed "who-so - ev - er," Calling ev - 'ry one who will,
3. Precious promis - es of Je - sus, Sweeping ev - 'ry human need!
4. What a perfect, present Saviour! What a true and loving friend!

Far ex - cel the grandest knowledge Of the ser - a- phim in light;
To the sparkling, liv- ing waters, Flowing ful - ly, free - ly still;
For the grace of our Redeem- er Must our high - est thought exceed;
Can we ev - er praise him rightly? Tell how grace and glo - ry blend?

I can nev - er, nev - er fathom Half its ho - ly mys - ter - y,
No, I know not why he loves me, But his blood is all my plea;
To the mighty, roy - al storehouse Let me use the gold - en key,
Now the Prince of Peace is reigning, O - ver - rul- ing all I see;

CHORUS.

But I know it is for sinners, And it just suits me. It just suits
I can trust his "whoso- ev - er," For it just suits me.
Find the special, tender promise That will just suit me.
So, whatev - er lot he orders, May it just suit me.

me, It just suits me, This wonderful salvation, It just suits me.

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In the Secret of His Presence.

Rev. Henry Burton, M. A. Jno. R. Sweney.

Moderato.

1. In the se-cret of his presence I am kept from strife of tongues;
2. In the se-cret of his presence All the darkness dis-ap-pears;
3. In the se-cret of his presence Nev-er-more can foes a-larm;
4. In the se-cret of his presence Is a sweet, un-bro-ken rest;

His pa-vil-ion is around me, And with-in are cease-less songs!
For a sun, that knows no setting, Throws a rainbow on my tears.
In the sha-dow of the Highest I can meet them with a psalm:
Pleasures, joys, in glorious ful-ness, Making earth like Ed-en blest:

Storm-y winds his word ful-fil-ing, Beat without, but can-not harm,
So the day grows ev-er light-er, Broad'ning to the per-fect noon;
For the strong pa-vil-ion hides me, Turns their fier-y darts a-side,
So my peace grows deep and deeper, Widening as it nears the sea,

For the Master's voice is stilling Storm and tem-pest to a calm.
So the day grows ev-er brighter, Heav'n is com-ing, near and soon.
And I know, whate'er be-tides me, I shall live be-cause he died!
For my Sav-iour is my Keep-er, Keeping mine and keep-ing me!

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REFRAIN.

In the se - - cret of his presence, Jesus keeps, I know not how;
In the secret of his presence, Jesus keeps, I know not how; I know not how;

In the shad - - ow of the Highest, I am resting, hiding now.
In the shadow of the Highest, In the shadow of the highest,

Healing at the Fountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is healing at the fountain, Come, behold the crimson tide,
2. There is healing at the fountain, Come and find it, weary soul,
3. There is healing at the fountain, Look to Je - sus now and live,
4. There is healing at the fountain, Precious fountain filled with blood,

Flowing down from Calvary's mountain, Where the Prince of Glory died.
There your sins may all be cov - ered; Je - sus waits to make you whole.
At the cross lay down your bur - den; All your wanderings he'll forgive,
Come, O come, the Saviour calls you; Come and plunge beneath its flood.

CHORUS.

1st. 2d.

O the fountain! blessed, healing fountain! I am glad 'tis flowing free,
O the fountain! precious, cleansing fountain! Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.

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126

Waiting at the Pool.

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

1. Thousands stand to-day in sorrow, Waiting at the pool; Saying they will
2. Souls your filthy garments wearing, Waiting at the pool; Hearts your heavy
3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; Come their voices
4. Mother leaves the son, the daughter, Waiting at the pool; Calls to them a-
5. Step in boldly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool: Jesus may no

wash to-morrow, Waiting at the pool; Oth- ers step in left and right,
bur- den bearing, Waiting at the pool; Can it be you nev- er heard,
back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool; Back from Canaan's happy shore,
cross the water, Waiting at the pool; You can nev - er more embrace
more invite you, Waiting at the pool; Faith is near you, take her hand,

Wash their stained garments white, Leav- ing you in sorrow's night,
Jesus long a - go hath stirred-The wa - ters with his might- y word,
Sor - rows past and la - bor o'er, Where they stand in tears no more,
Moth - er or be - hold her face, If you keep the lep - er's place.
Seek with her the bet - ter land, And no long - er doubting stand

Waiting at the pool, Waiting, wait- ing, waiting at the pool.

'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

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

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take him at his word;
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust thee, Precious Je-sus, Saviour, Friend;

Just to rest up-on his promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je-sus simp-ly tak-ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus, Je-sus, how I trust him! How I've proved him o'er and o'er!

Je-sus, Je-sus, precious Je-sus! O for grace to trust him more.

From "Songs of Triumph," by per.

"Overcomers."

W. J. K. QUESTION.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1 John v. 5. 1. Who, who is he? Who, who is he? Who, who is he that o-ver-
Rev. iii. 5. 2. What shall he wear? What shall he wear? What shall he wear that over-
Rev. ii. 7. 3. What shall he eat? What shall he eat? What shall he eat that o-ver-
Rev. iii. 12. 4. What shall he be? What shall he be? What shall he be that o-ver-

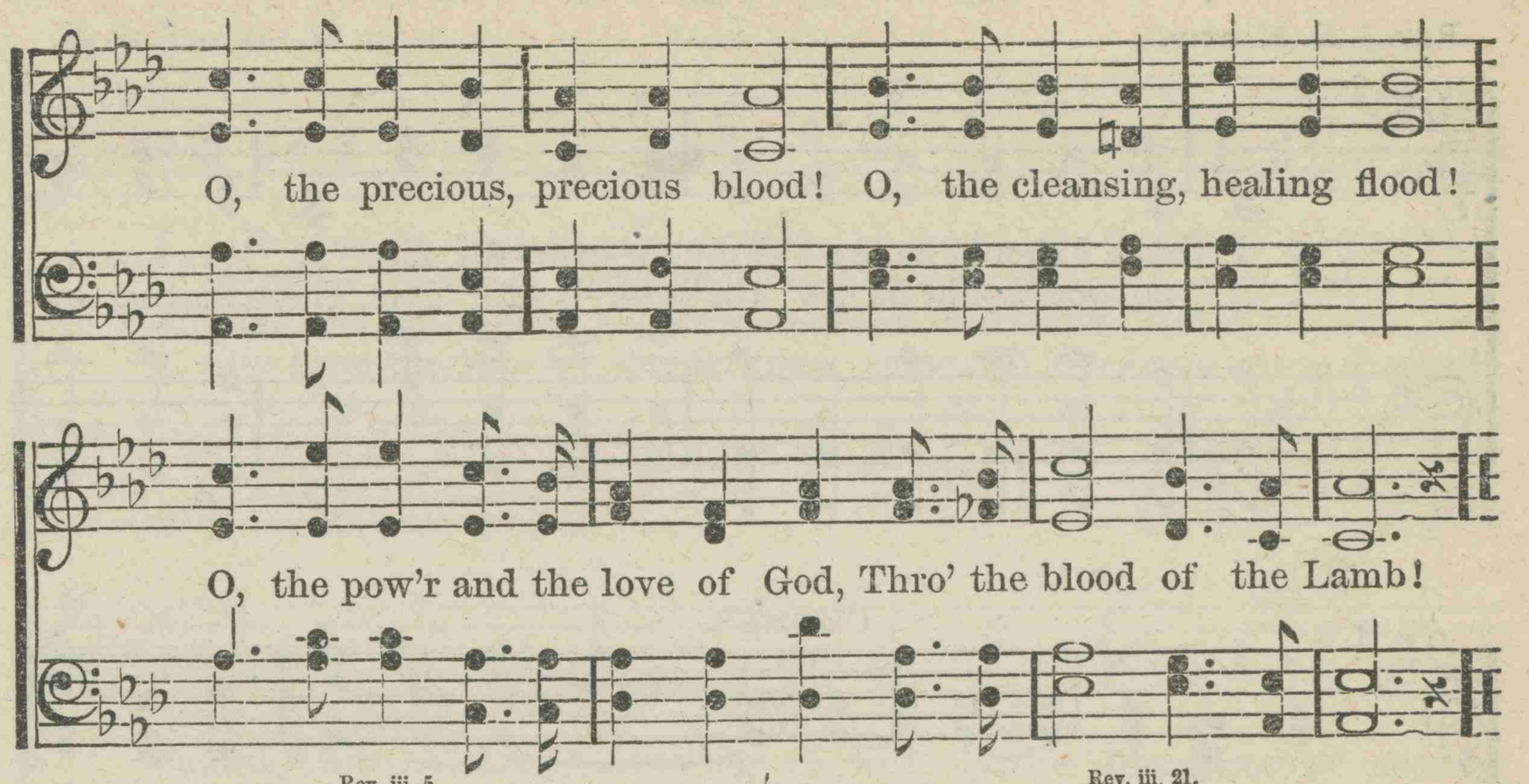
RESPONSE.

com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He that be-liev-eth and is
com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be clothed in
com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall eat of the
com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be a pil-lar in the

born of God, He that be-liev-eth and is born of God,
rai-ment white, He shall be clothed in rai-ment white,
tree of life, He shall eat of the tree of life,
tem-ple of God, He shall be a pil-lar in the temple of God,

He that believeth and is born of God, Shall overcome by the blood.
He shall be clothed in raiment white, That overcomes by the blood.
He shall eat of the tree of life, That overcomes by the blood.
He shall be a pillar in the temple of God, That overcomes by the blood.

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Rev. iii. 5.

5 ‖: What shall he hear?:‖ that over-
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh
‖: He shall hear his name con- | fessed in
heaven, :‖
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. xxi. 7.

6 ‖: What shall he have?:‖ that over-
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh
‖: God will give him all things, and |
make him his son, :‖
That overcomes by the blood.

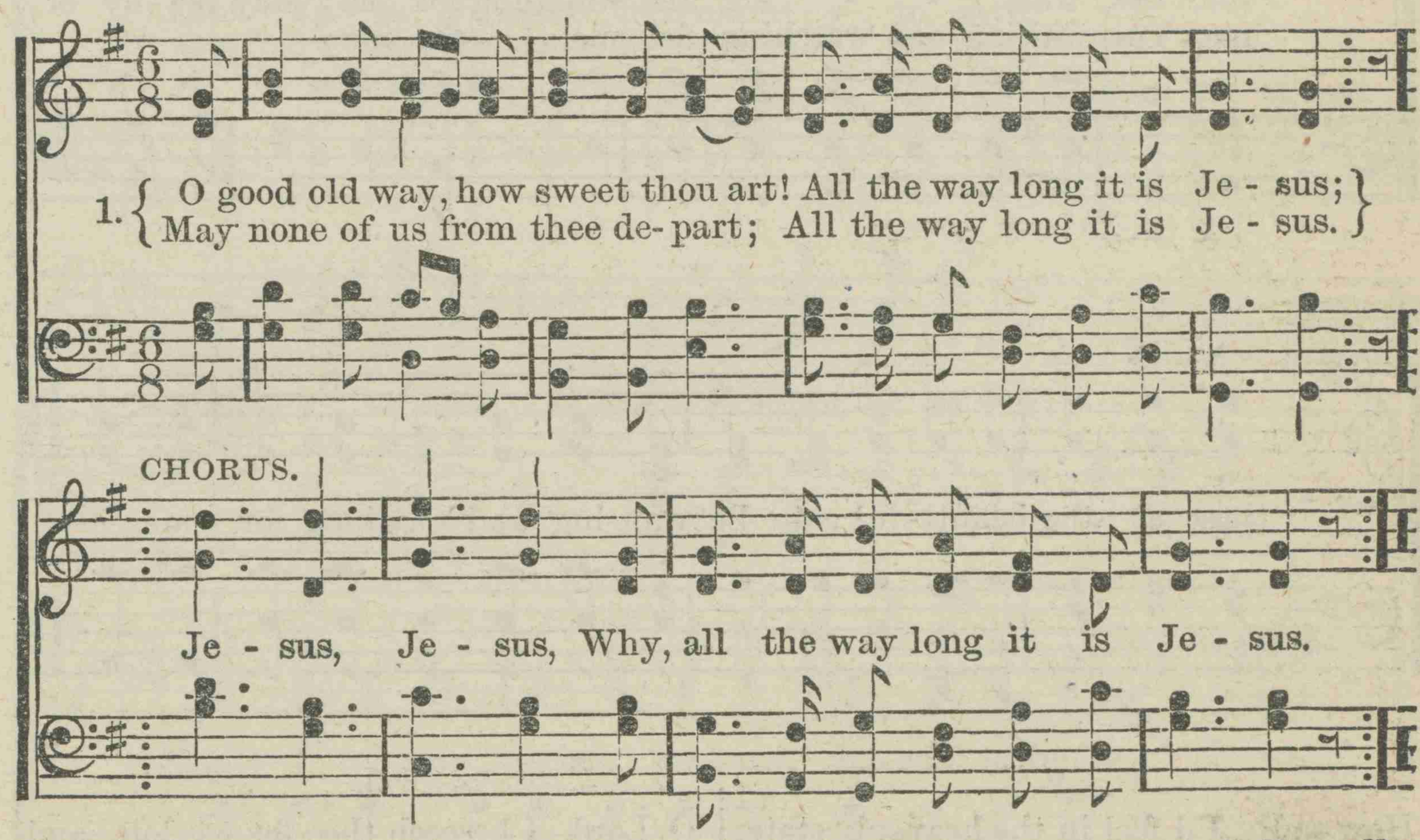
Rev. iii. 21.

7 ‖: Where shall he sit?:‖ that over-
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh
‖: He shall sit with | Jesus, on his
throne, :‖
That overcomes by the blood

1 John v. 4.

8 ‖: What is the victory?:‖ that over-
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh
‖: Faith is the victory that | over-
cometh, ‖:
By the blood of the Lamb.

129 All the way long it is Jesus.
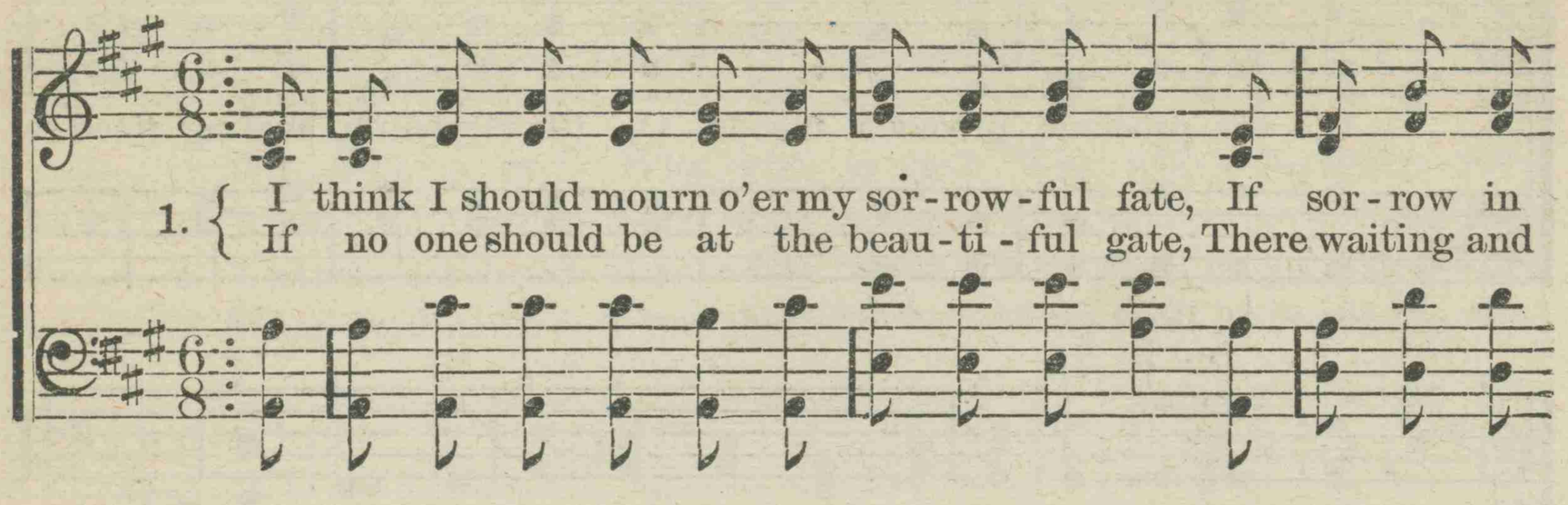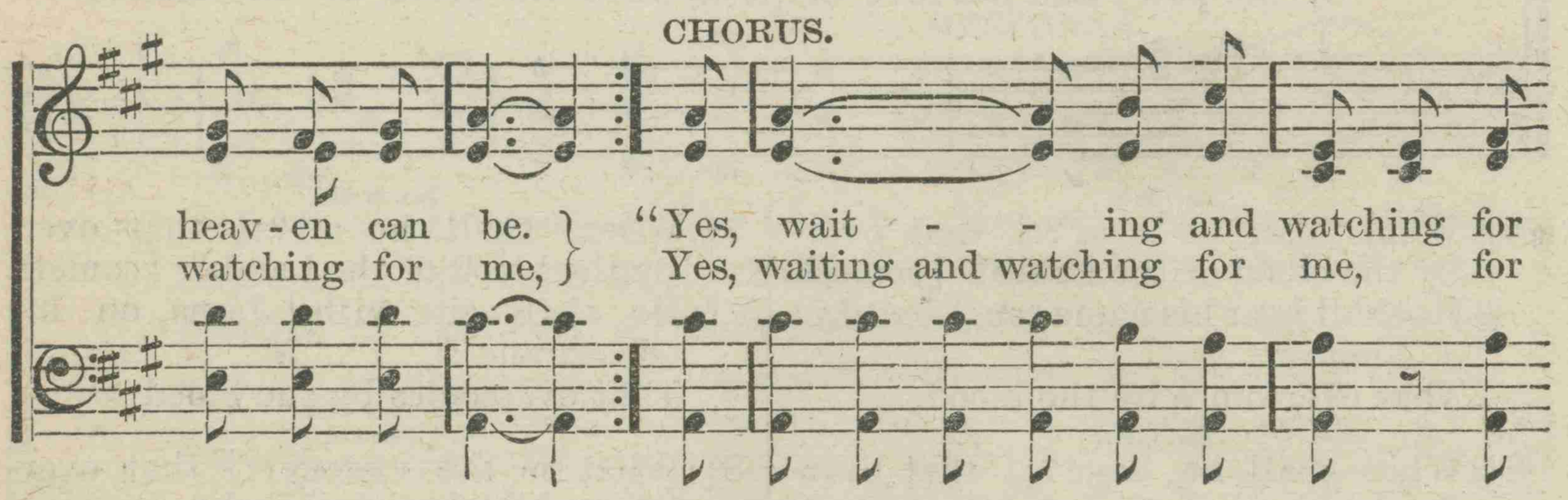


2 But may our actions always say
We're marching in the good old way.

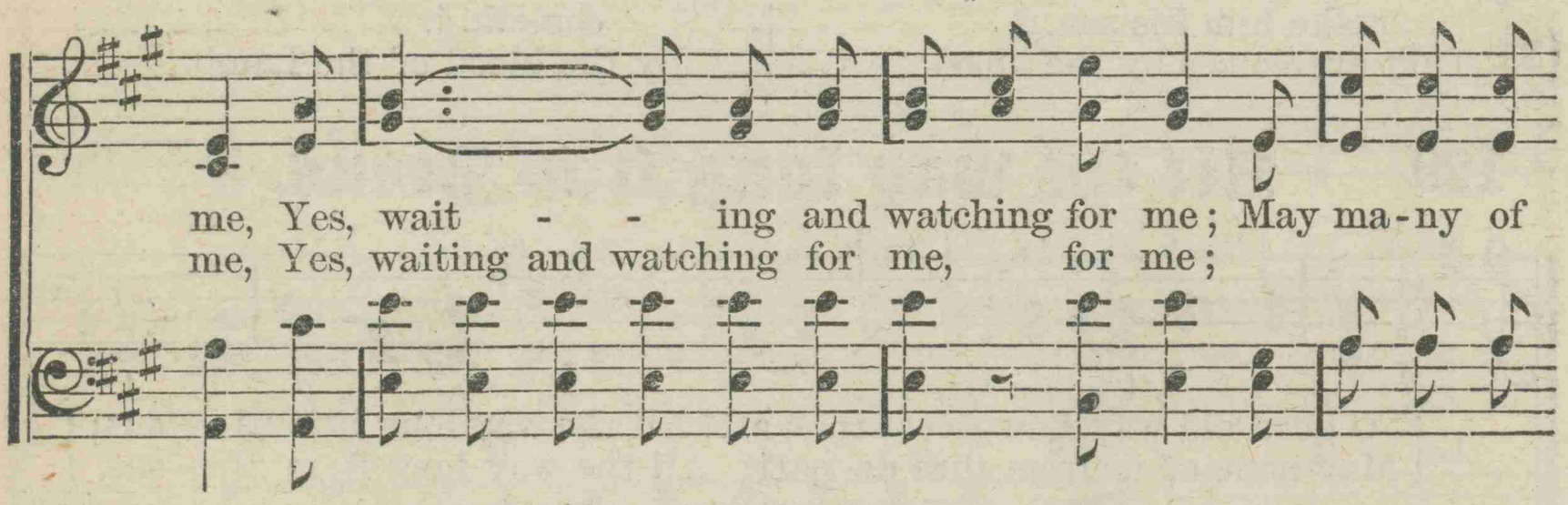
3 This note above the rest shall swell,
That Jesus doeth all things well.
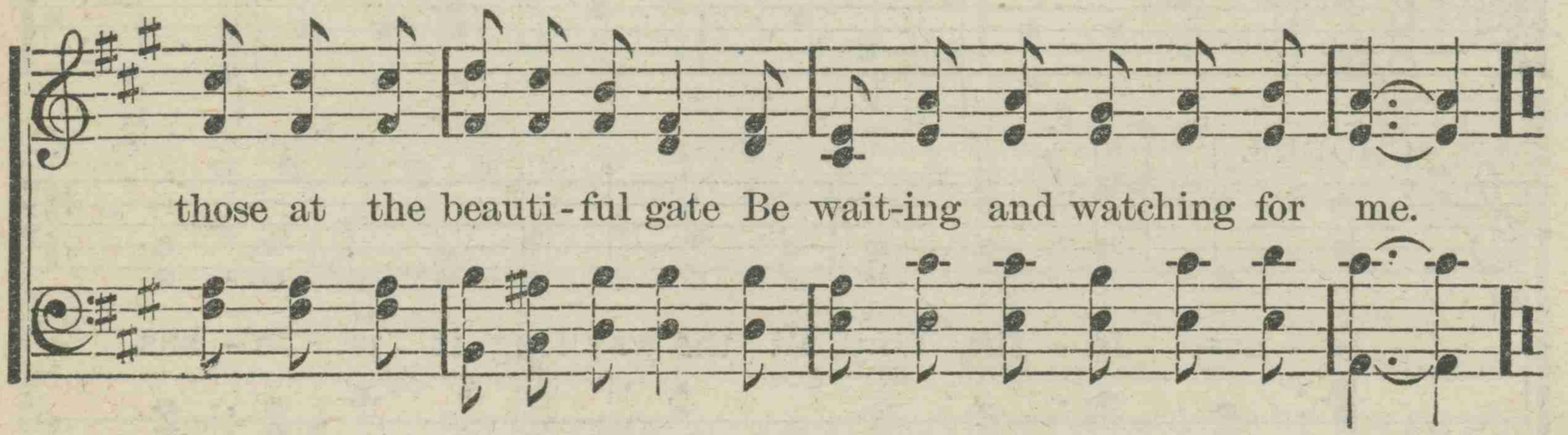
At the Beautiful Gate.

REV. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.









2.

How sadly I'd feel in the heavenly state,
If sadness in heaven can be.
If nó one should be at the beautiful gate,
Conducted to glory by me.

3.

O Lord, I beseech thee for wisdom and grace,
In winning lost souls unto thee.
That many may be in that beautiful place,
A crown of rejoicing to me.

He's Mighty to Save. 137

E. E. Hewitt. Isaiah lxiii. 1. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus is wait-ing his grace to be-stow; Sin "red like crimson" he
2. Standing a-lone in the strife we shall fail, Close to our Leader his
3. Take him the burden that weighs on your heart, Take him the trouble, he'll
4. Up from the val - ley the darkness is gone When Jesus brings there the

makes white as snow; Lov - ing us free - ly, his life - blood he gave;
might will pre- vail; Or if a bless - ing for oth - ers we crave,
com - fort im - part; Held by his hand we can walk on the wave;
beau - ty of dawn; Vic - t'ry, glad vic - t'ry, we sing o'er the grave!

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Redeem - er! he's might - y to save. Might - y to save,
Pray on, be - liev - ing,—he's might - y to save.
Look up to Je - sus, he's might - y to save.
Glo ry to Je - sus! he's might - y to save.

might - y to save, Je - sus is might - y to save;

is might - y to save, he is

Might - y to save, mighty to save, Je - sus is mighty to save.

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Jesus is Good to Me.

Rev. E. H. Stokes. D. D. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I love my Saviour, his heart is good, He has loved me o'er and o'er;
2. He calls, I rise, and he maketh me whole,—How fond his tender embrace!
3. I want to love him with all my heart, Tho' all its powers are small;
4. He's good to me in my sorrow's night, He's good in the tempest's roll;

He sought me wand'ring, I'm saved by his blood, And I love him more and more.
He cleanses and keeps me and blesses my soul'—My day the smile of his face.
I will not keep from him any part, For he is worthy of all.
He bringeth from darkness into light,—With joy he filleth my soul.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is good to me, . . . Je - sus is good to me; . . .
to me, to me;

So good! so good! Je - sus is good to my soul.

Copyright, 1885, by John T. Hoyt.

146

Only Believe.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. Mark v. 36. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, why should we wres - tle with fears And doubts, which the
2. His word is as - sur - ance com - plete; Thy sins and thine
3. How ea - sy the terms of his grace: 'Tis on - ly to

Spir - it must grieve? And why should we languish in sor - row and tears,
i - dols now leave; Come, pleading his promise, and fall at his feet,
ask and re - ceive; The seal of his fav - or, the smile of his face,

CHORUS.

When there's nothing to do but be - lieve. Be - lieve, be-
Then you've nothing to do but be - lieve.
Are for those who will on - ly be - lieve. Be - lieve, be-lieve,

lieve, On - ly on Je - sus be - lieve; Sal - va - tion is
be - lieve,

wait - ing for you and for me, There is nothing to do but be - lieve.

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Blessed Assurance. 147

F. J. CROSBY. "He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. x. 23. Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - surance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glory di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his
2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rap - ture burst on my sight, Angels descend- ing, bring from a - bove Echoes of
3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am happy and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with his

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in his blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my
mer - cy, whispers of love.
goodness, lost in his love.

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

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My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"London Hymn Book."

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."
John xvii. 10.

A. J. Gordon. By per.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
2. I love thee be - cause thou have first lov - ed me,
3. I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less delight,

For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright;

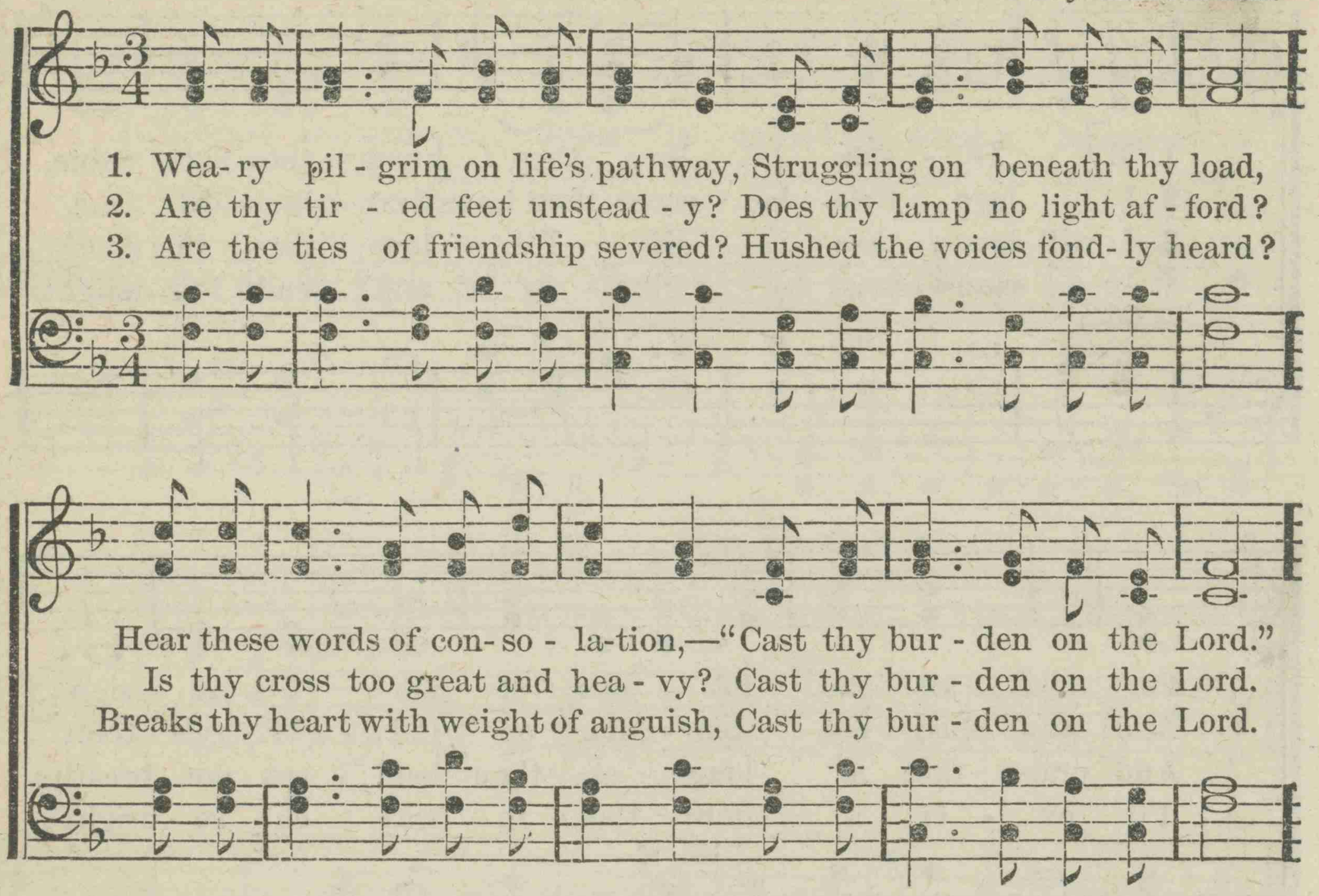
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art thou,
I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;
And say, when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

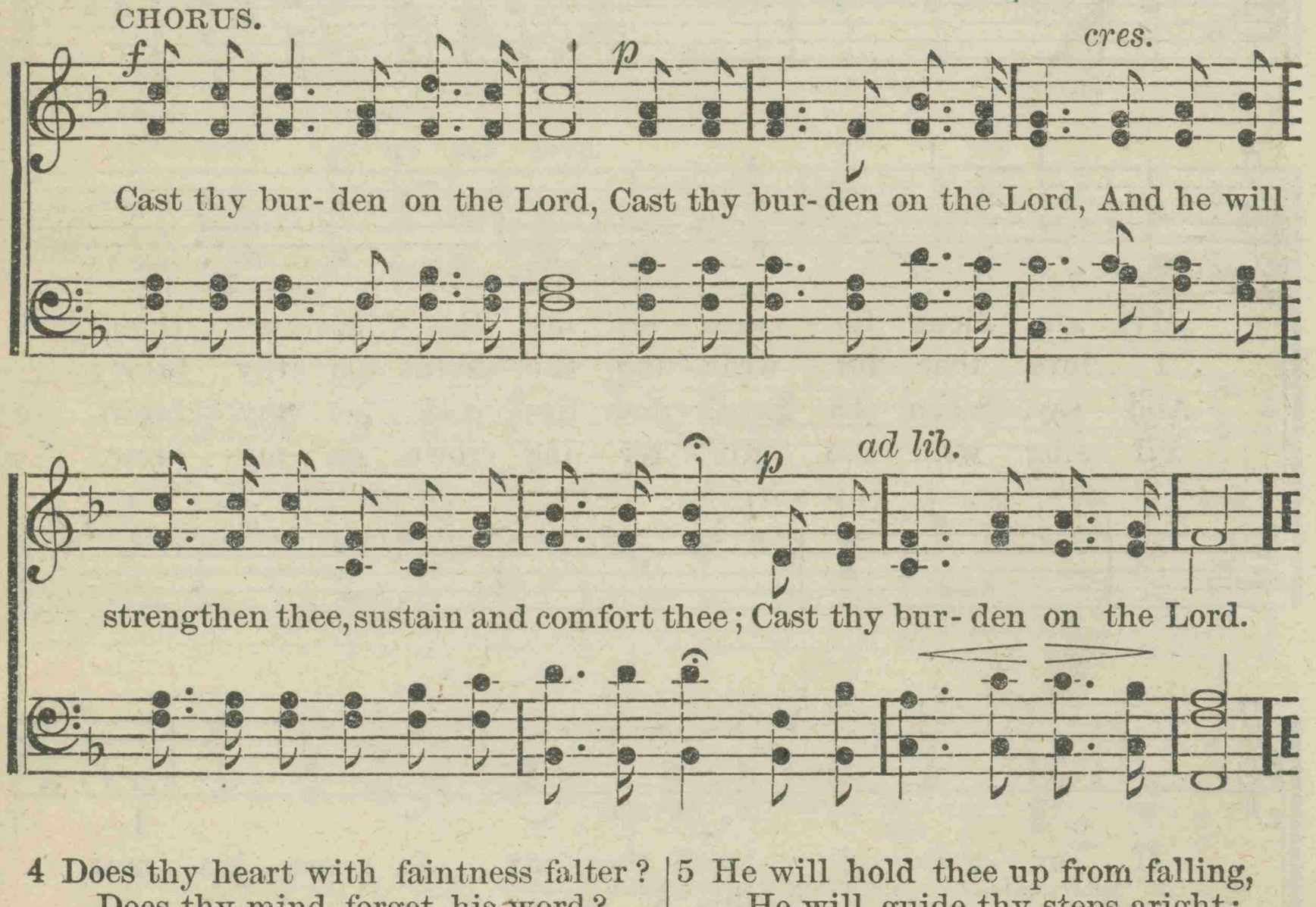
Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."
1 Peter v. 7.

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



CHORUS.



4 Does thy heart with faintness falter?
Does thy mind forget his word?
Does thy strength succumb to weak-
Cast thy burden on the Lord. [ness?

5 He will hold thee up from falling,
He will guide thy steps aright;
He will strengthen each endeavor;
He will keep thee by his might.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

Saved to the Uttermost.

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

1. Saved to the uttermost: I am the Lord's, Jesus my Saviour salvation affords,
2. Saved to the uttermost: Jesus is near, Keeping me safely, he casteth out fear;
3. Saved to the uttermost: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but now it is day,"
4. Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing Loud hallelujahs to Jesus, my King;

Gives me his Spirit a witness within, Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.
Trusting his promises, how I am blest! Leaning upon him, how sweet is my rest!
Beauti- ful vis- ions of glo- ry I see, Je- sus in brightness revealed unto me.
Ransom'd and pardon'd, redeemed by his blood, Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory [to God!

CHORUS.

Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost, Saved, saved by pow- er di- vine;

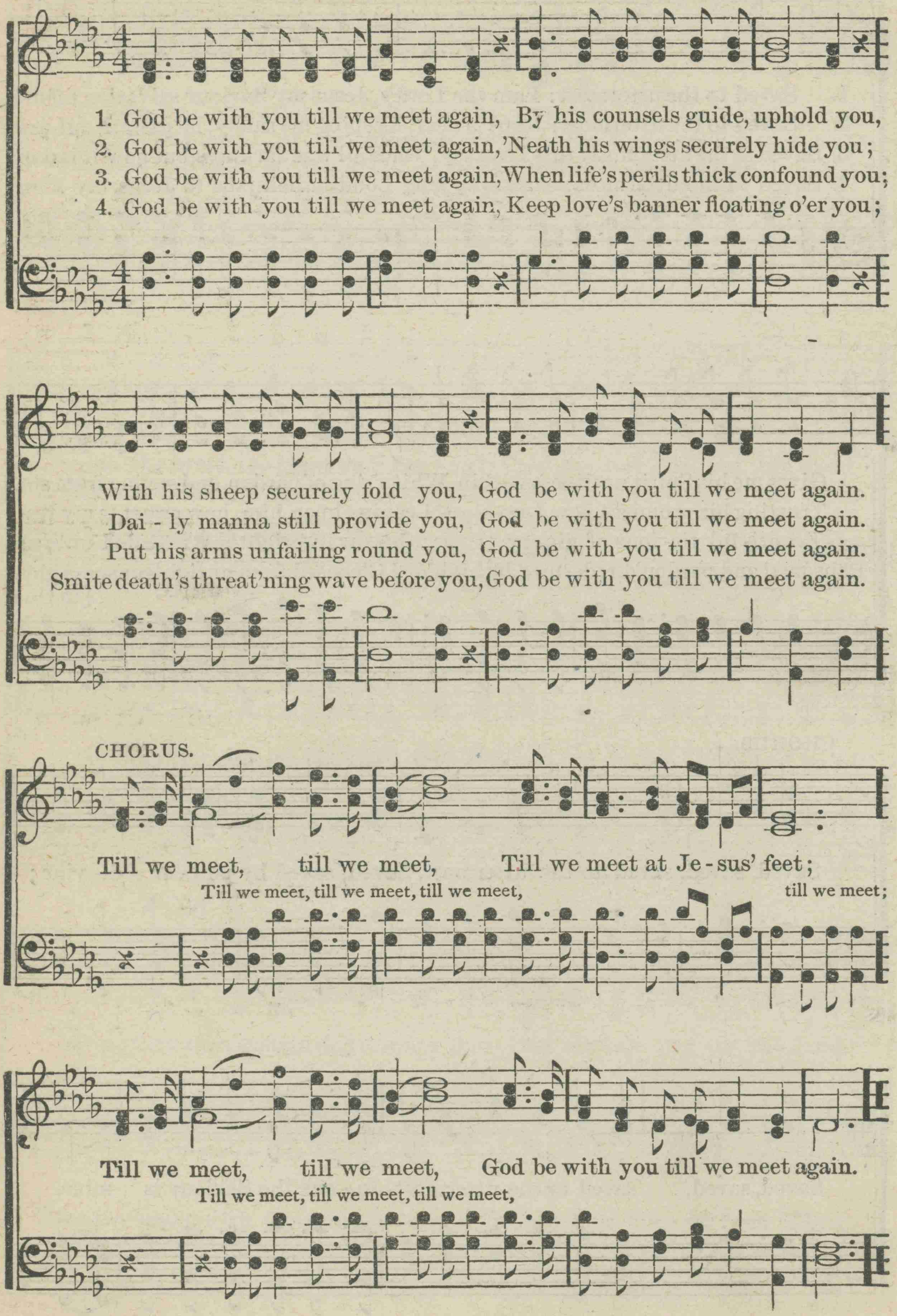
Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost, Je - sus the Saviour is mine.

From "Precious Songs," by per.

God be with You. 151

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

J. E. Rankin, D. D. Rom. xvi. 20. W. G. Tomer.

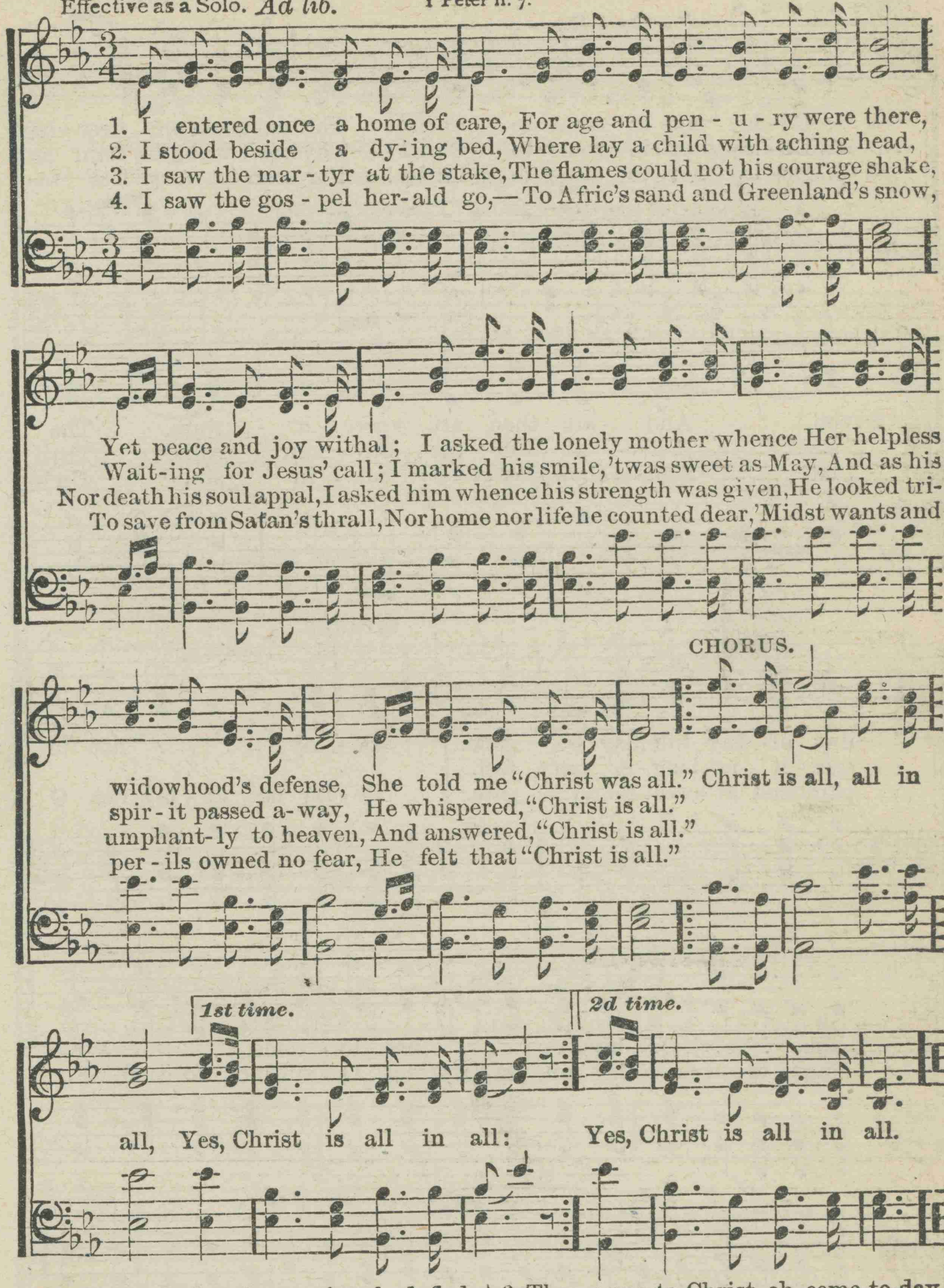


From "Gospel Bells," by per.

Christ is All.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." 1 Peter ii. 7. W. A. WILLIAMS.

Effective as a Solo. *Ad lib.*



5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
And earth and sea gave up their dead,
A fire dissolved this ball,
I saw the church's ransomed throng,
I heard the burden of their song,
'Twas "Christ is all in all."

6 Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day,
The Father, Son, and Spirit say;
The Bride repeats the call,
For he will cleanse your guilty stains,
His love will soothe your weary pains,
For "Christ is all in all."

By permission

Delay Not to Come. 153

E. A. HOFFMAN. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. De - lay not to come to Christ! The moments are fleet - ing
2. De - lay not to come to Christ! Thy heart will grow hard as
3. De - lay not to come to Christ! For soon it may be too

on, And ere thou art scarce a - ware, The
steel, Un - til, tho' the Sav - iour calls, Thy
late, And thou may'st be left in sin, Un -

day of thy life may be gone.
spir - it no long - er can feel.
pardoned at sweet mercy's gate.

CHORUS.

De - lay . . . . not to
De - lay not, de - lay not, O

come, . . . De - lay . . . . not to come, . . . While
sinner, to come, De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, to come, For

Je - - - sus in - vites, . . . Delay not, delay not to come.
Jesus hath power to save thee this hour, Oh, delay not, delay not to come.

154

Sunshine in the Soul.

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

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri- ous and bright Than
2. There's mu- sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near The
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For

REFRAIN.

glows in an - y earthly sky, For Je - sus is my light. Oh, there's
Je - sus, list - ening, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

sun - - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments
sunshine in the soul, bless - ed sunshine in the soul,

roll; When Jesus shows his smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
happy moments roll;

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156

Beautiful Robes.

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

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of delight, Where the

enter naught that may defile; Where the day-beam ne'er declines, For the
beauty of the King we see; Holding converse full and sweet, In a
Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead, For his blood shall wash each stain, Till no
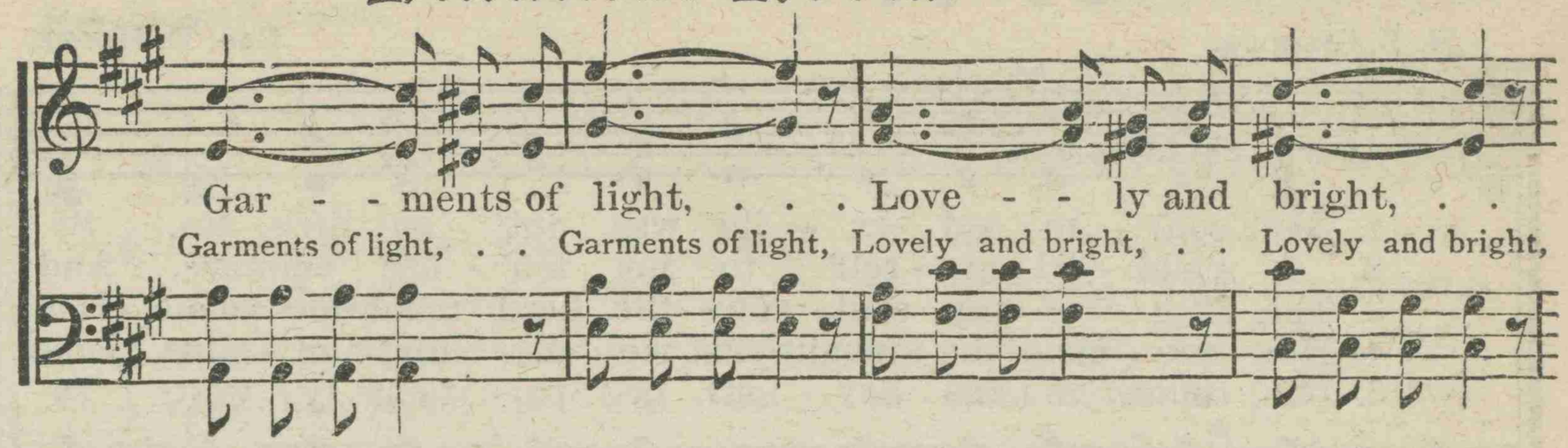
blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
fel - lowship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
spot of sin remain, And the soul for - ev - ermore is freed.
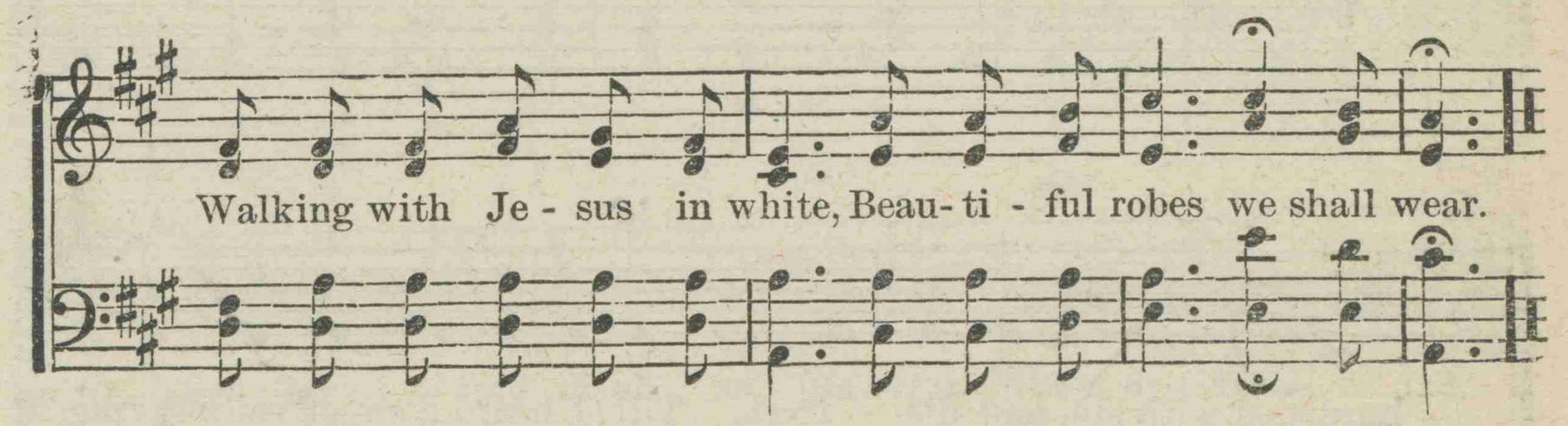
CHORUS.

Beau - - tiful robes, . . Beau - - tiful robes, . .
Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,

Beau - - - ti- ful robes we then shall wear, . .
Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear,

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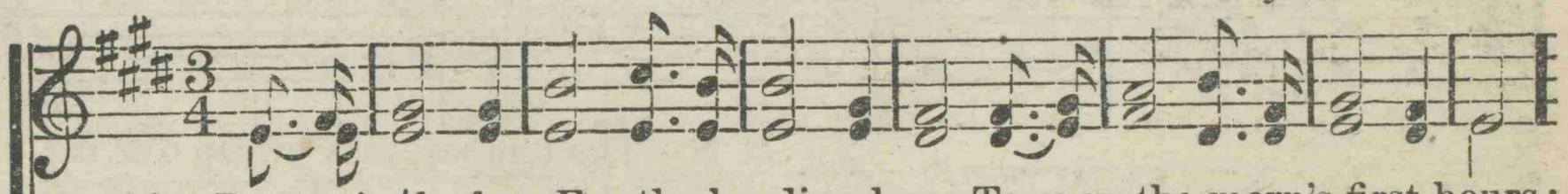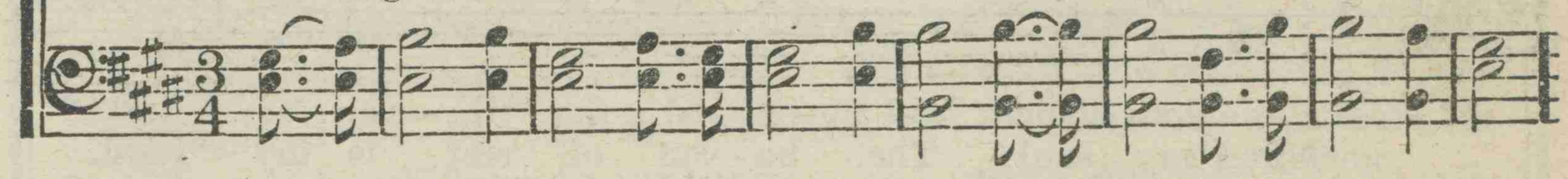




The Golden Key.

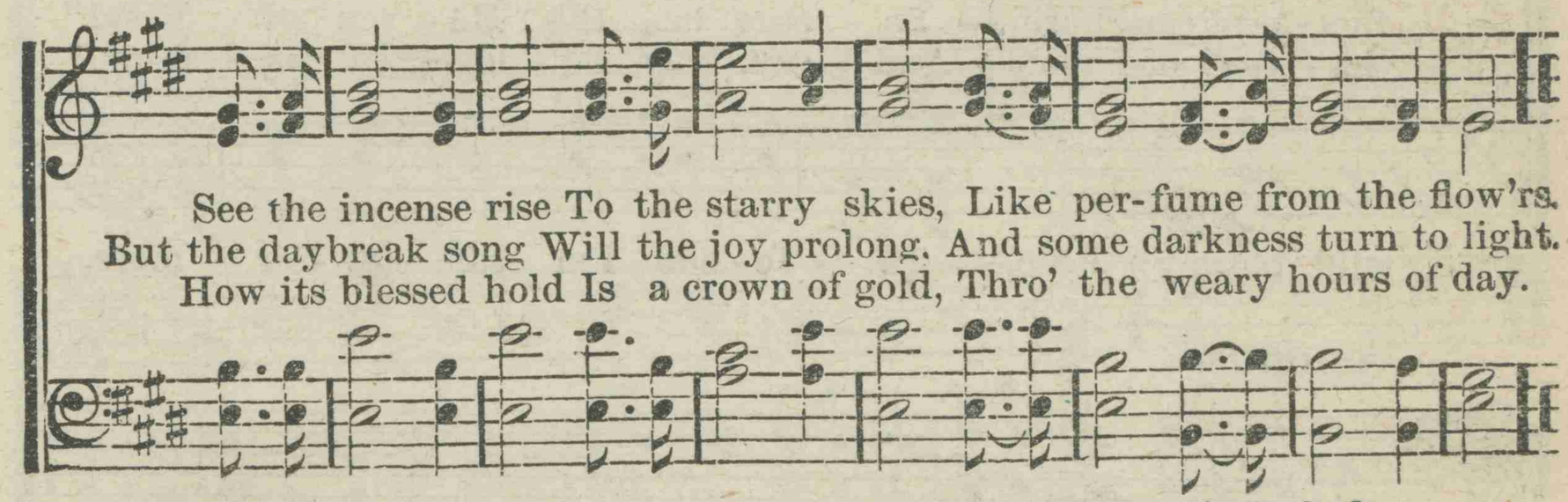
"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,





See the incense rise To the starry skies, Like per-fume from the flow'rs.
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil dent feet,
And an antidote for pain

5 Soon the year's dark door
Shall be shut no more:
Life's tears shall be wiped away,
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harps ring,
And the sun unsheathe for aye.

Copyright, 1875, by John J. Hood.

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der embrace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, he pa - tient- ly waits To

burdened with sin, and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying,
faith taking hold of the word, My fetters fell off, and I
been the OLD STORY so blest Of Jesus, who'll save who-so-
John the be- lov - ed and blest, On Jesus' strong arm, where no
save by his power di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the

D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the

Fine.

make me your choice; And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
anchored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

wild, stormy deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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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,

:S:

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 - ar - eth stands; The King of all
So free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our

beat on the glit - tering strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
thin - ly the vail in - tervenes Be - tween the fair cit - y and
kingdoms 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 ci - ty and me; ci - ty and me.
hands, And he holdeth our crowns in his hands; crowns in his hands.
gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; oth - er a- gain.

Copyright, 1865, by Philip Phillips.

160 His Blood Washes Whiter than Snow.

JOSHUA GILL. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus saves me and keeps me from sin, By the blood that he shed on the tree; Through his Spir-it and Word I am clean, For his grace is a-
2. It is bless-ed his presence to feel, And his faithful dis-ci-ple to be; For his love he delights to re - veal, And his grace is a-
3. In his care I am hap - py and blest, And his perfect peace flows unto me, And my spir - it is al-ways at rest, For his grace is a-
4. When in glo - ry the Saviour we meet, When the King in his beauty we see, We'll con - fess, as we fall at his feet, That his grace is a-

REFRAIN.

bundant and free. I be-lieve Je-sus saves, And his blood wash-es whit - er than snow,
I believe Je-sus saves, I be-lieve
Yes, whit - er than snow, I be-lieve Je-sus saves,
Je - sus saves, And his blood washes whit-er than snow.
I be-lieve Je - sus saves.

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Jesus of Nazareth Died for Me. 161

Wm. H. Clark. W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I'm help - less, Lord, to thee I fly, In mer - cy hear me
2. I know thou wilt my sins for - give, For thou hast bid me
3. My Sav - iour now is lift - ed up, I look to him, my
4. And now I hear thy pard'ning voice, That bids me in thy

when I cry, While now I urge one on - ly plea:
turn and live, With long - ing heart I come to thee;
on - ly hope, I trust thy word, and press the plea:
love re - joice, My soul doth tri - umph in the plea:

CHORUS.

Je - sus of Naz - a - reth died for me! Je - sus of Naz - a - reth died for me,

Died to re - deem me and set me free; This is my hope, my

on - ly plea: Je - sus of Naz - a - reth died for me!

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Jesus is Precious to Me

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." 1 Peter, ii. 7.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. W J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sweet is the name of my Lord, Hap- py his servants must be,
2. Precious his love that sus - tains, Precious in joy and de - light,
3. Precious in days of my youth, Precious in age and de - cline,
4. Precious the blood that he shed, Precious the tears that he wept,
5. Precious the cross that I bear, Sent as a to - ken of love,

Singing in joy - ful ac - cord, "Je - sus is precious to me."
Precious in conflict and pains, Precious in sor- row and night.
Precious the voice of his truth, Precious the hope that is mine.
Precious the ransom he paid, Precious the grave where he slept.
Precious the crown I shall wear, Radiant with glo - ry a - bove.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is precious to me, . . Je - sus is precious to me, . .
to me, to me.

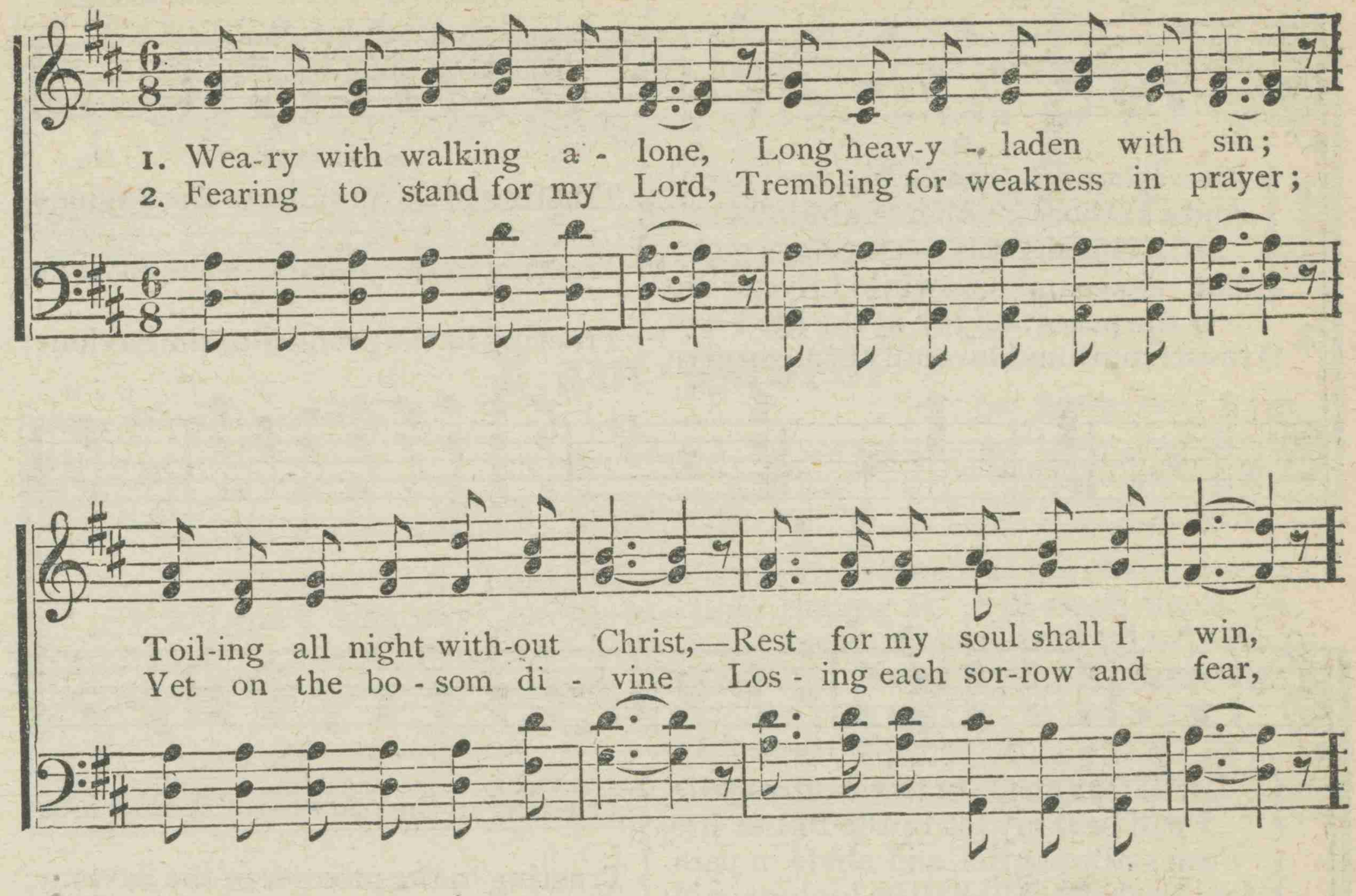
Saved by his grace, so full, so free, Je - sus is precious to me. . . .
to me.

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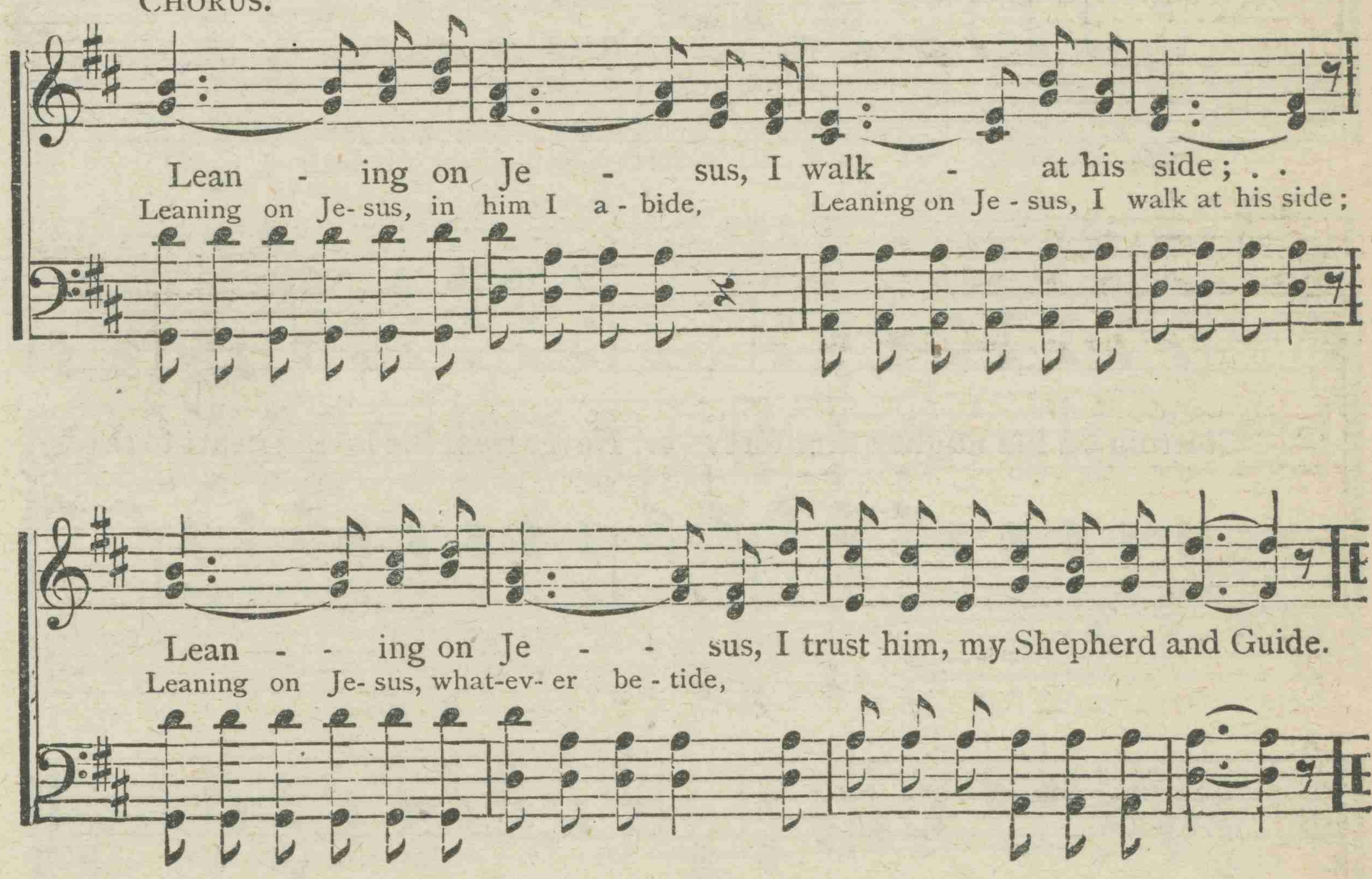
168

Leaning on Jesus.

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



CHORUS.
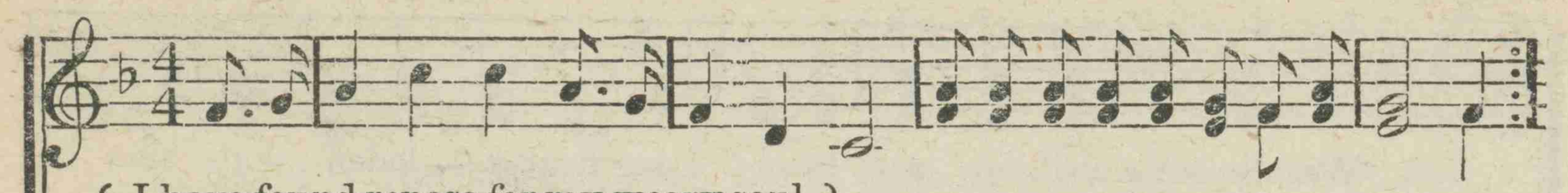


3 Anxious no longer for self,
Shrinking no longer from pain,
Leaning on Jesus alone,
He all my care will sustain.

4 Leaning, I walk in "the way,"
Leaning, "the truth" I shall know;
Leaning on heart-throbs of Christ,
Safe into "life" I may go.

From "Leaflet Gems." by permission of JOHN J. HOOD.

Trusting in the Promise. 169
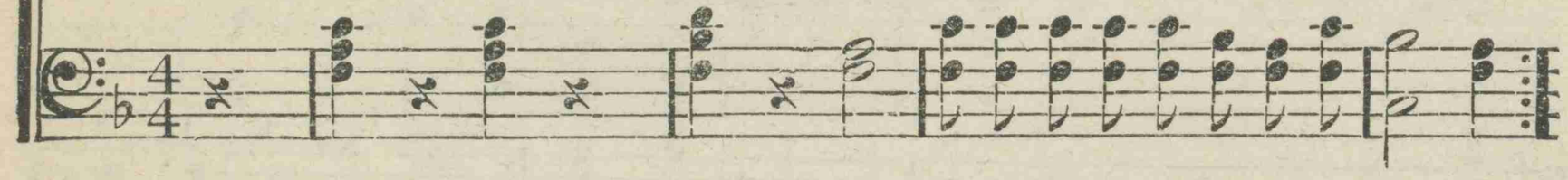
Rev. H. B. HARTZLER. E. S. LORENZ.



1. I have found repose for my weary soul,
And a harbor safe when the billows roll,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;

2. I will sing my song as the days go by,
And rejoice in hope, while I live or die,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
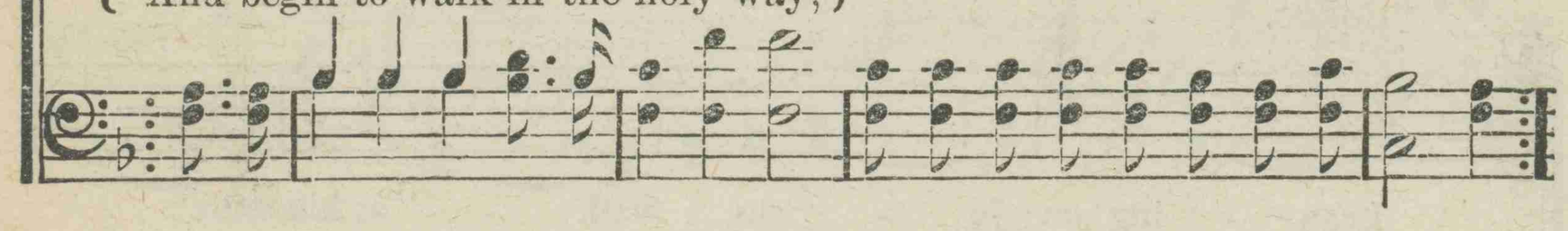
3. O the peace and joy of the life I live,
O the strength and love only God can give,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
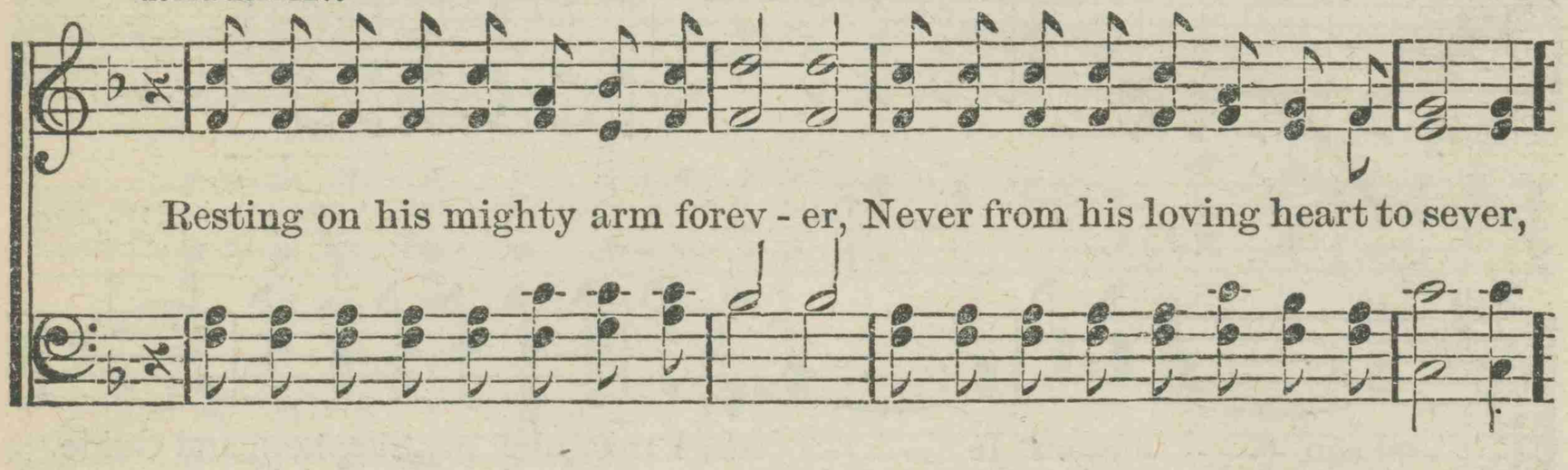


I will fear no foe in the deadly strife,
I will bear my lot in the toil of life,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;

I can smile at grief, and abide in pain,
And the loss of all shall be highest gain,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
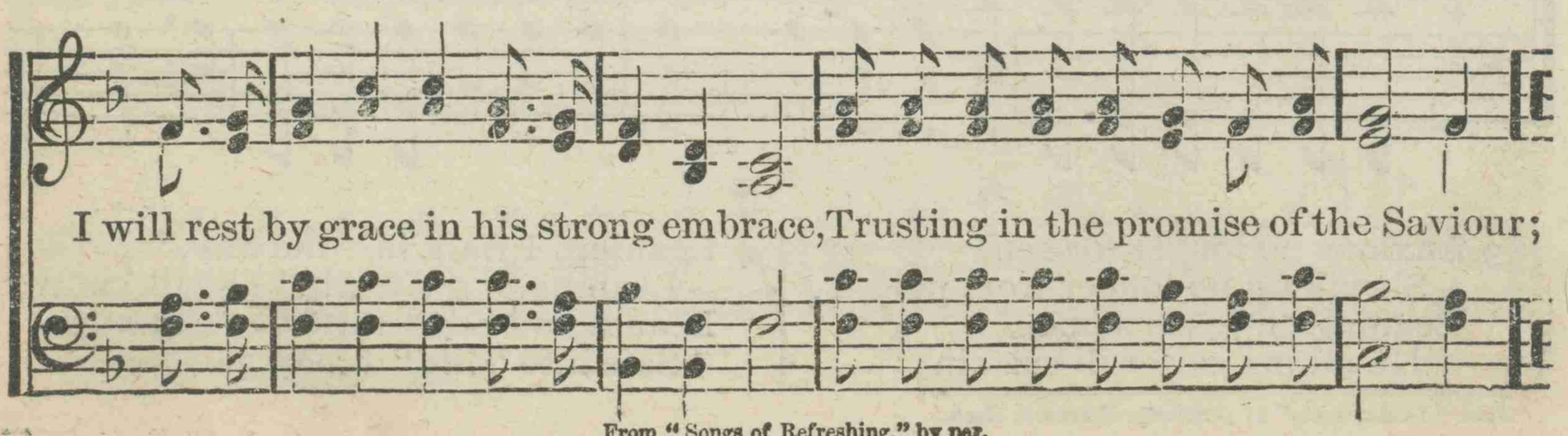
Whosoever will may be saved to-day,
And begin to walk in the holy way,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;



REFRAIN.



Resting on his mighty arm forev - er, Never from his loving heart to sever,



I will rest by grace in his strong embrace, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;

From "Songs of Refreshing," by per.

D.C.

Fill it with cheer; Make it glo - ri - ous with joy and light.

I am Saved.

MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glorious news!
2. Loud I sing my ex - ul - ta - tion, Hoping it will reach the skies,
3. Free sal-va - tion! glad salva - tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
4. When at last the days are gathered In - to thy great judgment one,

I have tast - ed God's salva - tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.
Keep, dear Lord, my soul forev - er Un - der thy pro - tect - ing eyes,
Un-til each dis - eased na - tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
May I find my name deep written In the re - cords of thy Son.

CHORUS.

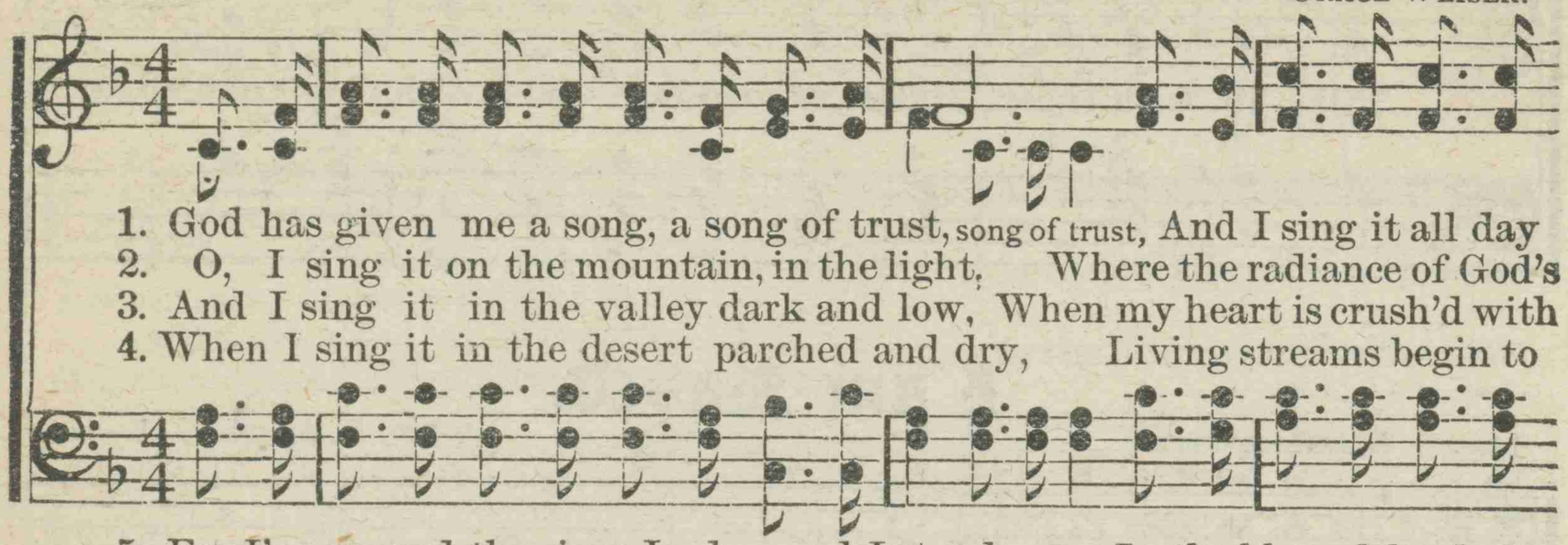
Glo-ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I re - joice sal - va - tion came;

Glo-ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I am saved in Je - sus, name.

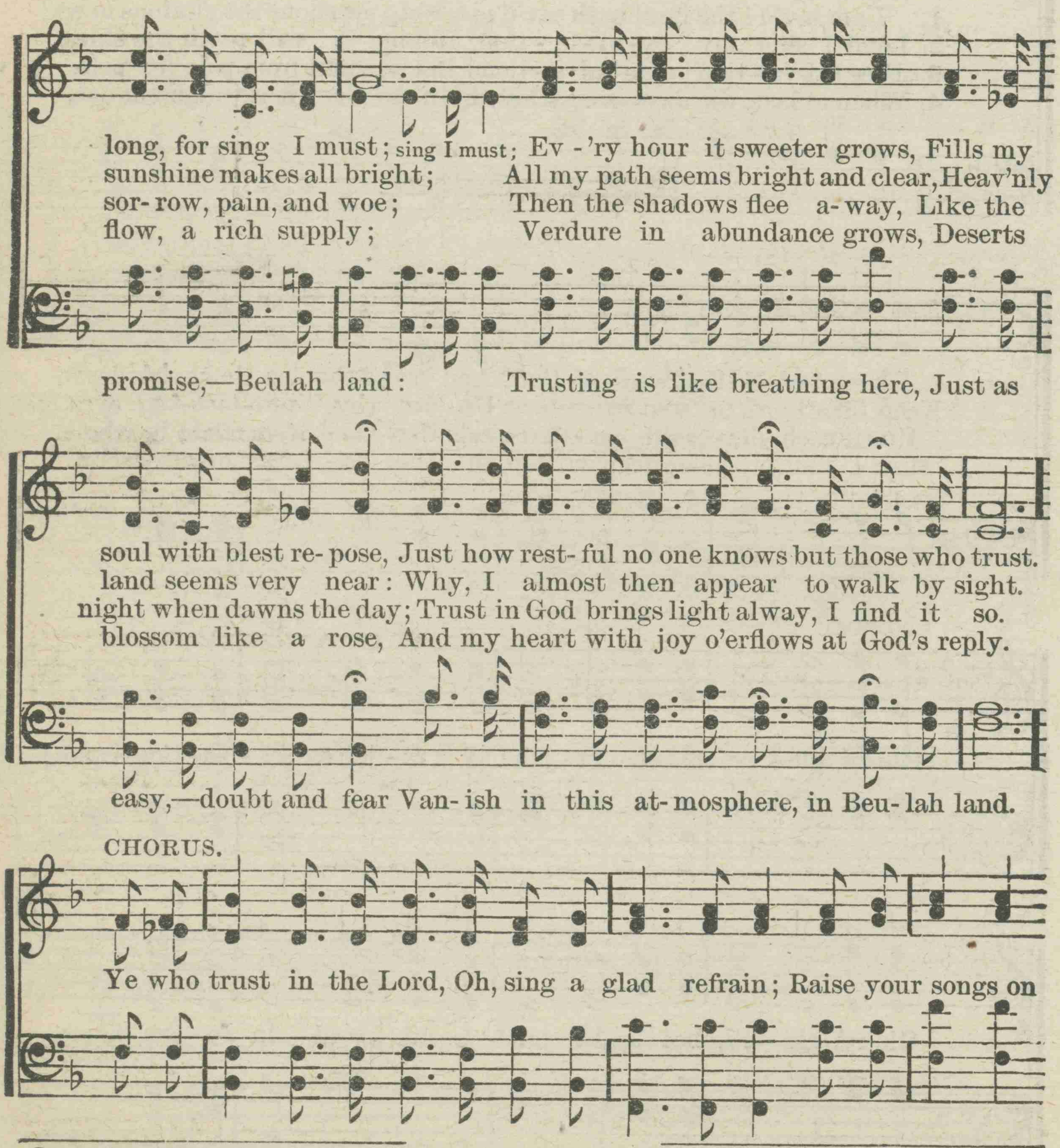
A Song of Trust.

"For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." "And I will give her the valley of Achor for a door of hope: and she shall sing there."

"BEULAH." GRACE WEISER.



1. God has given me a song, a song of trust, song of trust, And I sing it all day long, for sing I must; sing I must; Ev-'ry hour it sweeter grows, Fills my
2. O, I sing it on the mountain, in the light, Where the radiance of God's sunshine makes all bright; All my path seems bright and clear, Heav'nly
3. And I sing it in the valley dark and low, When my heart is crush'd with sor-row, pain, and woe; Then the shadows flee a-way, Like the
4. When I sing it in the desert parched and dry, Living streams begin to flow, a rich supply; Verdure in abundance grows, Deserts
5. For I've crossed the river Jordan, and I stand In the blessed land of promise,—Beulah land: Trusting is like breathing here, Just as



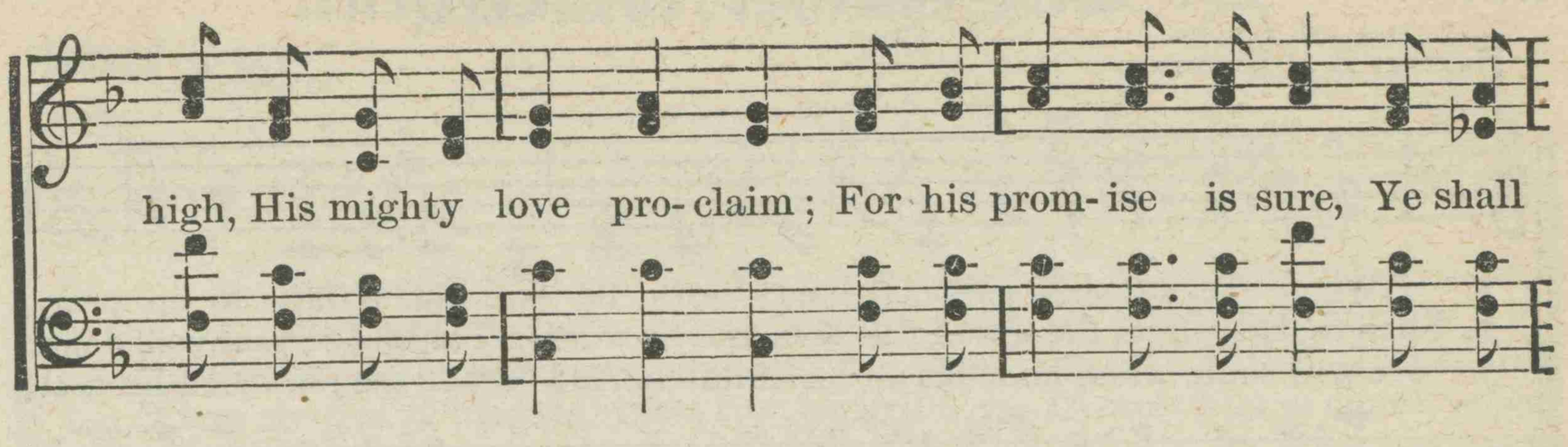
soul with blest re-pose, Just how rest-ful no one knows but those who trust.
land seems very near: Why, I almost then appear to walk by sight.
night when dawns the day; Trust in God brings light alway, I find it so.
blossom like a rose, And my heart with joy o'erflows at God's reply.
easy,—doubt and fear Van-ish in this at-mosphere, in Beu-lah land.
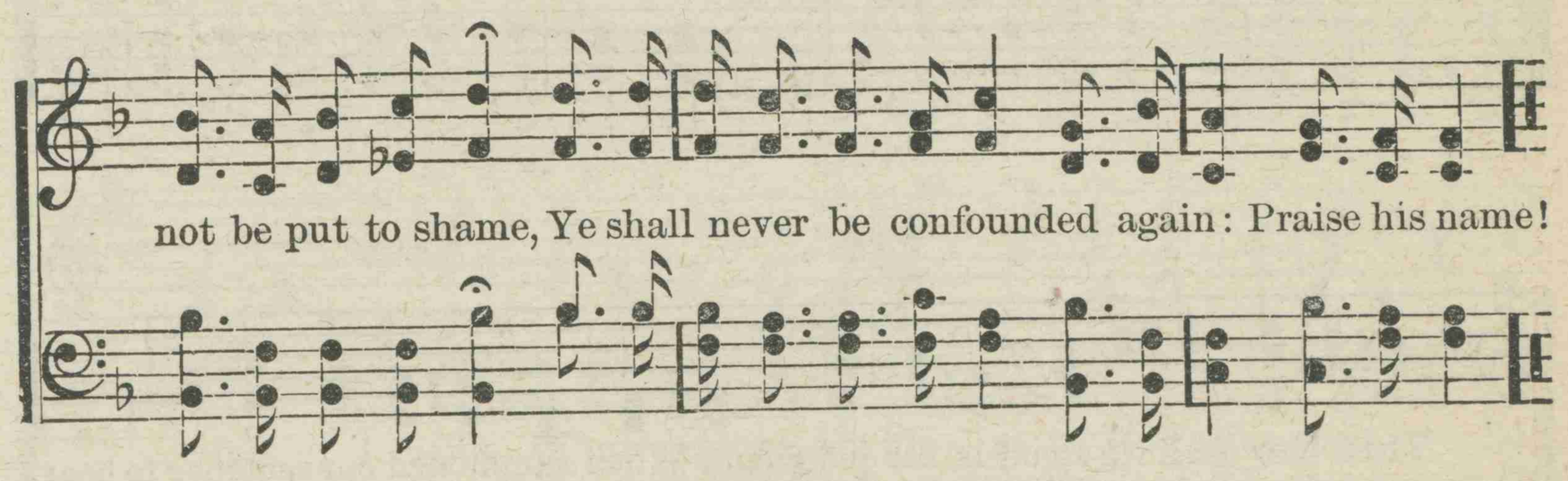
CHORUS.

Ye who trust in the Lord, Oh, sing a glad refrain; Raise your songs on

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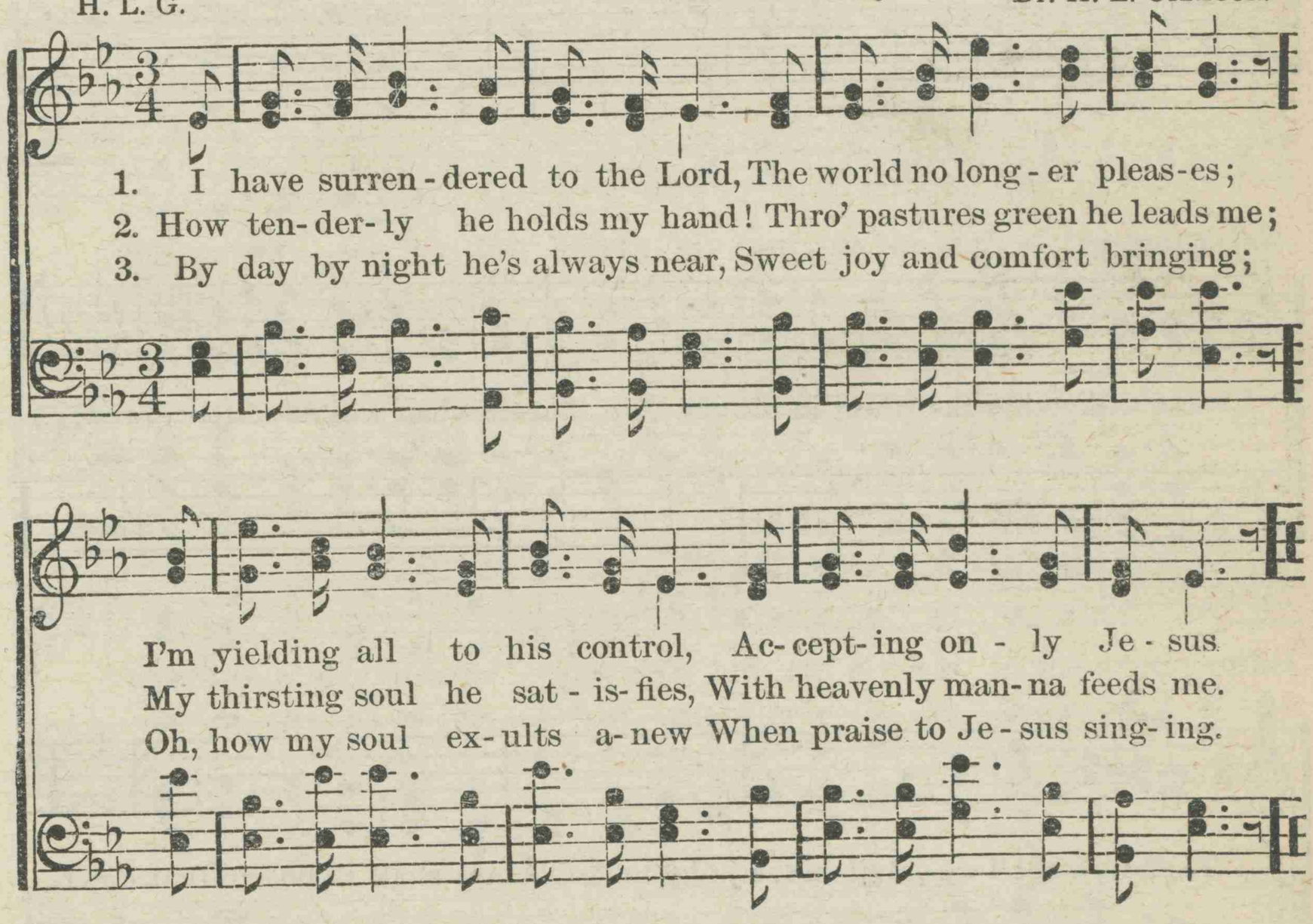
From "Melodious Sonnets," by per.





Surrendered.

H. L. G. Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.



4 No noonday drought affects my soul,
In Jesus I'm confiding;
Oh, constant, sweet companionship,
With Christ in me abiding.

5 Oh, victory that's always sure!
Oh, blest emancipation!
Oh, vanquished tempter of my soul!
Oh, free and full salvation!

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From "Melodious Sonnets," by per.

He will Gather the Wheat.

HARRIET B. M'KEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY

1. When Je- sus shall gather the na - tions Be- fore him at last to ap- pear,
2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words, 'Faithful servant, well done;'
3. He will smile when he looks on his children, And sees on the ransomed his seal;

Then how shall we stand in the judgment, When summoned our sentence to hear?
Or, trembling with fear and with anguish, Be banished away from his throne?
He will clothe them in heavenly beau - ty, As low at his footstool they kneel.

CHORUS.

He will gather the wheat in his gar - ner, But the chaff will he scatter a-way;

Then how shall we stand in the judgment, Oh, how shall it be in that day?

4 Then let us be watching and waiting,—
Our lamps burning steady and bright,—
When the Bridegroom shall call to the wed-
Our spirits made ready for flight. [ding

5 Thus living with hearts fixed on Jesus
In patience we wait for the time,
When, the days of our pilgrimage ended,
We'll bask in his presence divine

He Hideth my Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A wonderful Saviour is Je- sus my Lord, A wonderful Saviour to
2. A wonderful Saviour is Je- sus my Lord, He taketh my burden a-
3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his fulness di-
4. When clothed in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in clouds of the

me, He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where rivers of
way, He holdeth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giveth me
vine, I sing in my rapture, oh, glo - ry to God For such a Re-
sky, His perfect salvation, his wonderful love, I'll shout with the

CHORUS.

pleasure I see. He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That
strength as my day.
deemer as mine!
millions on high.

shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid- eth my life in the depths of his

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

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Welcome for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far a-way from its nest, I had wandered, my Saviour, from thee; But thy dear lov-ing voice called me home to thy breast, And I knew there was wel-come for me.

2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold-ed my wings On the bo-som of mer-cy di-vine; I am filled with the light of thy pres-ence so bright, And the joy that will ev-er be mine.

3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Though a-round me the surg-es may roll; I will look to the skies, where the day nev-er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

CHORUS.

Welcome for me, Saviour, from thee; A smile and a welcome for me:
Now, like a dove, I rest in thy love, And find a sweet refuge in thee. in thee.

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186

Abiding in Him.

CHAS. B. J. ROOT. Melody by D. C. WRIGHT, arranged

1. A- bid-ing, oh, so wondrous sweet! I'm resting at the Saviour's feet;
2. He speaks, and by his word is given His peace, a rich foretaste of heaven!
3. I live; not I; thro' him alone By whom the mighty work is done:—
4. Now rest, my heart, the work is done, I'm saved thro' the Eter - nal Son!

I trust in him, I'm sat - is-fied, I'm rest-ing in the Cru - ci-fied!
Not as the world he peace doth give, 'Tis thro' this hope my soul shall live.
Dead to myself, a-live to him, I count all loss his rest to gain.
Let all my powers my soul employ, To tell the world my peace and joy.

CHORUS.

A-bid - ing, a-bid - ing, Oh! so wondrous sweet!
A-bid-ing in him, I'm rest-ing in him, Oh! so wondrous sweet, wondrous sweet!

I'm rest - ing, rest - ing At the Saviour's feet.
I'm rest-ing in him, rest-ing in him, At the Sav - iour's feet, at his feet.

By permission

Watch and Pray. 187

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watch and pray that when the Master cometh, If at morning, noon or night,
2. Watch and pray; the tempter may be near us; Keep the heart with jealous care,
3. Watch and pray, nor let us ev- er wea - ry; Jesus watched and prayed alone:
4. Watch and pray, nor leave our post of duty, Till we hear the Bridegroom's voice:

He may find a lamp in ev'ry window, Trimmed and burning clear and bright.
Lest the door, a moment left unguard - ed, Evil thoughts may enter there.
Prayed for us when on- ly stars beheld him, While on Olive's brow they shone.
Then, with him the marriage feast partaking, We shall ev - ermore re - joice.

CHORUS.

Watch and pray, ... the Lord command - - - eth; Watch and

Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth, Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth; Watch and

pray, ... 'twill not be long: Soon he'll gath - - -

pray, 'twill not be long, Watch and pray, 'twill not be long: Soon he'll gather home his

- - - er home his loved ones To the happy vale of song. of song.

loved ones, Soon he'll gather home his loved ones To the happy vale of song. the vale of song.

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188

At the Cross I'll Abide.

I. B. "And many women were there."—Matt. xxvii. 55. I. BALTZELL.

1. O Jesus, Saviour, I long to rest Near the cross where thou hast died;
2. My dy- ing Je- sus, my Saviour God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,
3. O Je- sus, Saviour, now make me thine, Never let me stray from thee;
4. The cleansing pow'r of thy blood apply, All my guilt and sin re- move;

For there is hope for the ach- ing breast, At the cross I will a - bide.
Now wash me, cleanse me with thine own blood, Ever keep me pure and clean,
Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for thou art mine, And thy love is full and free.
Oh, help me, while at thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with perfect love.

CHORUS.

At the cross I'll a- bide, At the cross I'll a- bide,
At the cross I'll a- bide, At the cross I'll abide;
At the cross I'll abide, There his blood is applied; At the cross I am sanctified.

By permission.

Happy in the Love of Jesus. 189

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

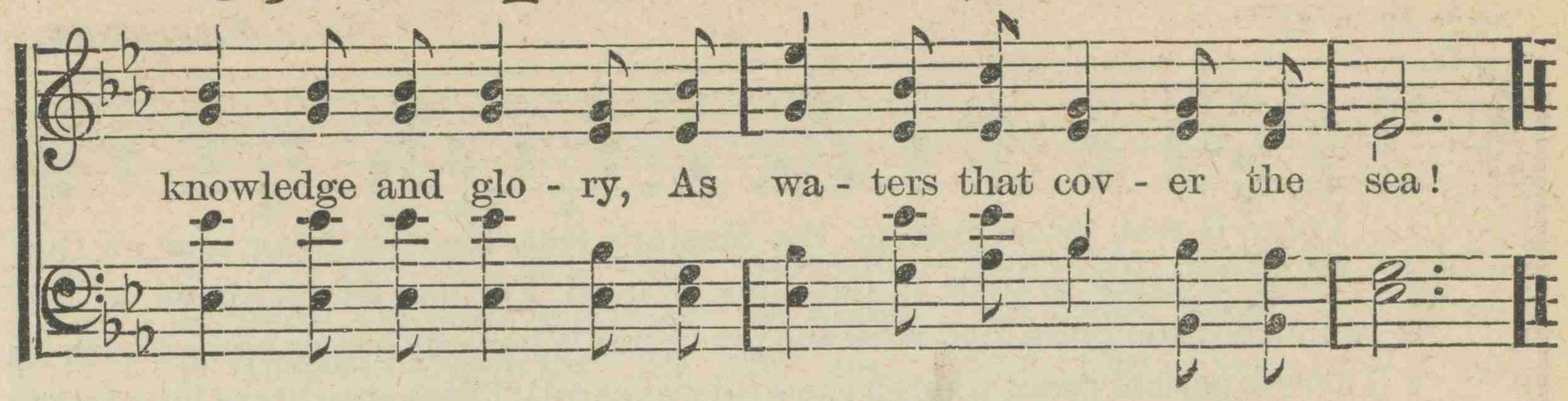
1. Bright is the day-star shin-ing for me, Happy in the love of Je - sus;
2. He has redeemed me, I am his own, Happy in the love of Je - sus;
3. How I am honored, how I am blest, Happy in the love of Je - sus;
4. Firm is my anchor, steadfast and sure, Happy in the love of Je - sus;

Now from my bondage grace makes me free, Happy in the love of Je - sus.
Drawn by his mer-cy near to his throne, Happy in the love of Je - sus.
Un-der his ban-ner sweet-ly I rest, Happy in the love of Je - sus.
All things with patience I can endure, Happy in the love of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

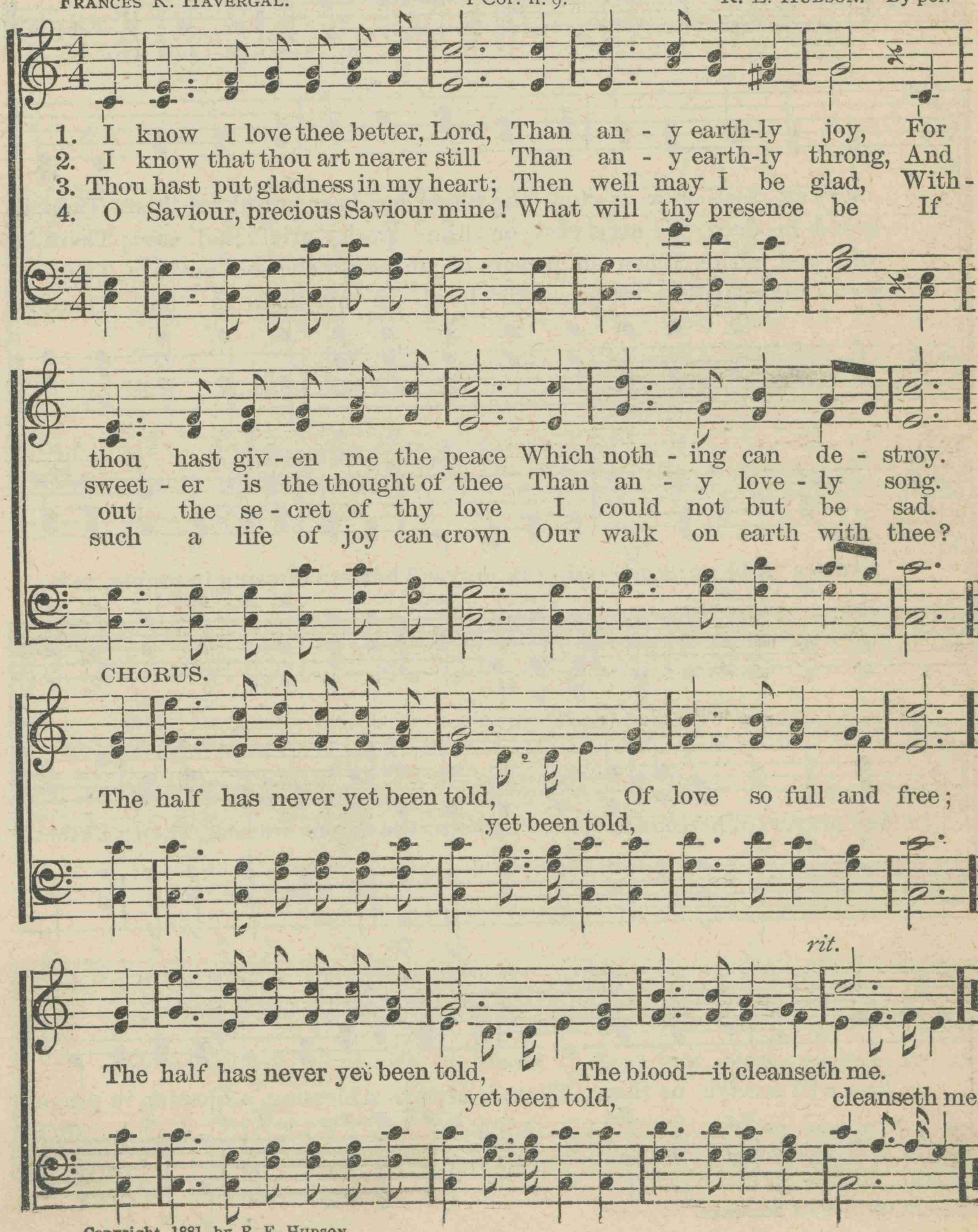
Praise from my full heart loudly shall ring, Born of the Spirit, child of a King;
Heir to his glo - ry, now will I sing,—Happy in the love of Je - sus.

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The Half has Never been Told.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1 Cor. ii. 9. R. E. HUDSON. By per.



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192

A Blessing in Prayer.

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

1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Master's feet, There is favor now at the
2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our friend above is a
3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its
4. There is perfect peace though the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the

mer - cy seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there; There is
friend in- deed, We may cast on him ev- 'ry grief and care; There is
ills and strife, When the powers of sin would the soul ensnare, There is
seek - ing soul; Till we praise the Lord in his home so fair, There is

REFRAIN.

always a blessing, a blessing in prayer. There's a blessing in prayer, in be -
lieving prayer; When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear, Then a Father's
love will receive us there; There is always a blessing, a blessing in prayer.

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Saviour, Blessed Saviour. 193

FANNY J CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O the joy, the bliss di - vine, Sav - iour, bless - ed Saviour,
2. Once my path was dark as night, Sav - iour, bless - ed Saviour,
3. Thou did'st give thy life for me, Sav - iour, bless - ed Saviour,
4. Make me stronger, day by day, Sav - iour, bless - ed Saviour,

Thus to know and call thee mine, Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour.
Now thy presence makes it bright, Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour.
Now I give my all to thee, Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour.
Still to run the heav'nly way, Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour.

CHORUS.

Not a sor - row, not a care, Thou dost all my burdens bear,

While thy con - stant love I share, Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour.

Copyright, 1885, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

196

By the Grace of God we'll Meet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Thro' the gates of pearl and jasper To the ci- ty paved with gold, When the
2. When the harvest work is ended, And the summer days are past, When the
3. Let us fol- low on with firmness, keeping ev - er in the way Where our

ransomed host shall en - ter, And their gracious Lord be- hold, When they
reap - ers go re- joic - ing To their bright re- ward at last; When the
bles - sed Lord has taught us, To be faith-ful, watch and pray; Then, in

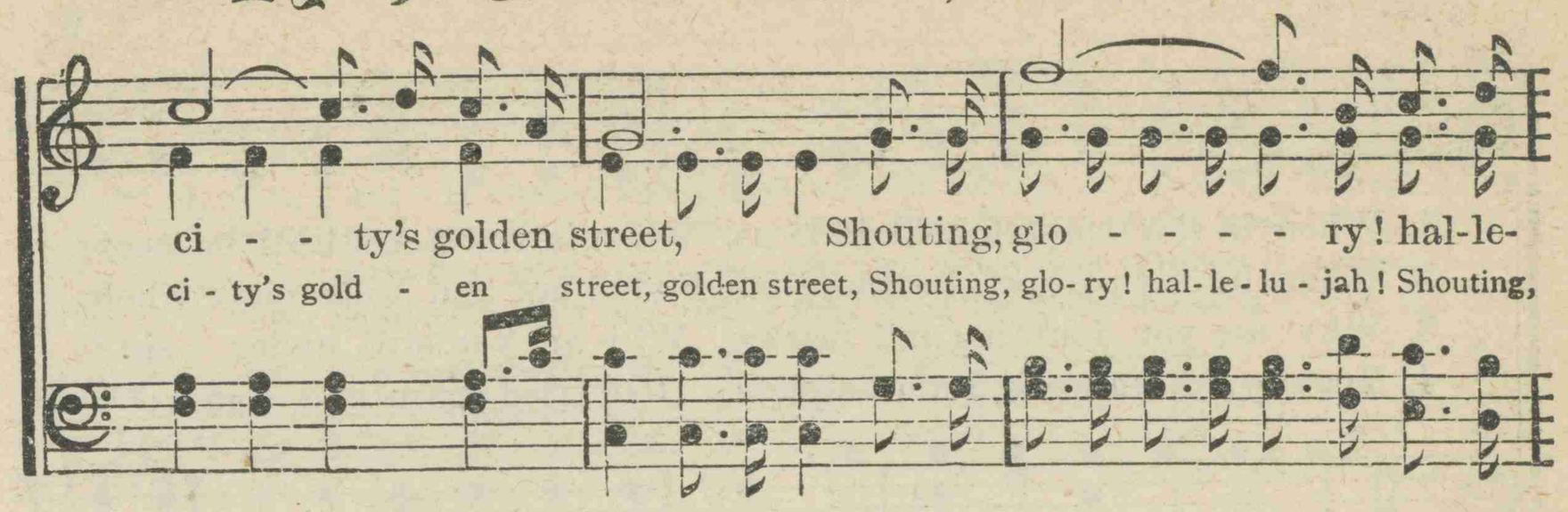
meet in bliss - ful triumph By the tree of life so fair Shall we
white-robed an- gel leads them to the gates of joy so fair, Shall we
garments pure and spotless, By the tree of life so fair, We shall
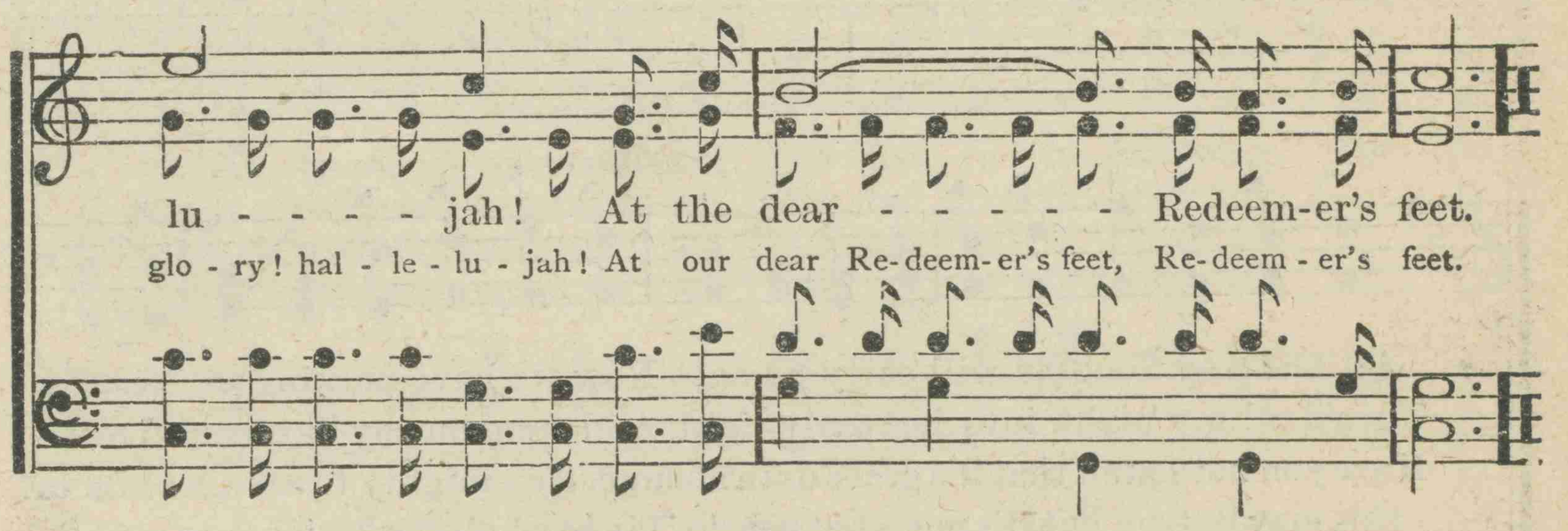
join the no - ble arm - y, And re - ceive a wel - come there?
join their hap - py num - ber? Will they bid us wel - come there?
sing through endless ag - es With the count - less mil - lions there.

CHORUS.

By the grace . . . . . of God we'll meet . . . . . In the
By the grace of God we'll meet, By the grace of God we'll meet In the

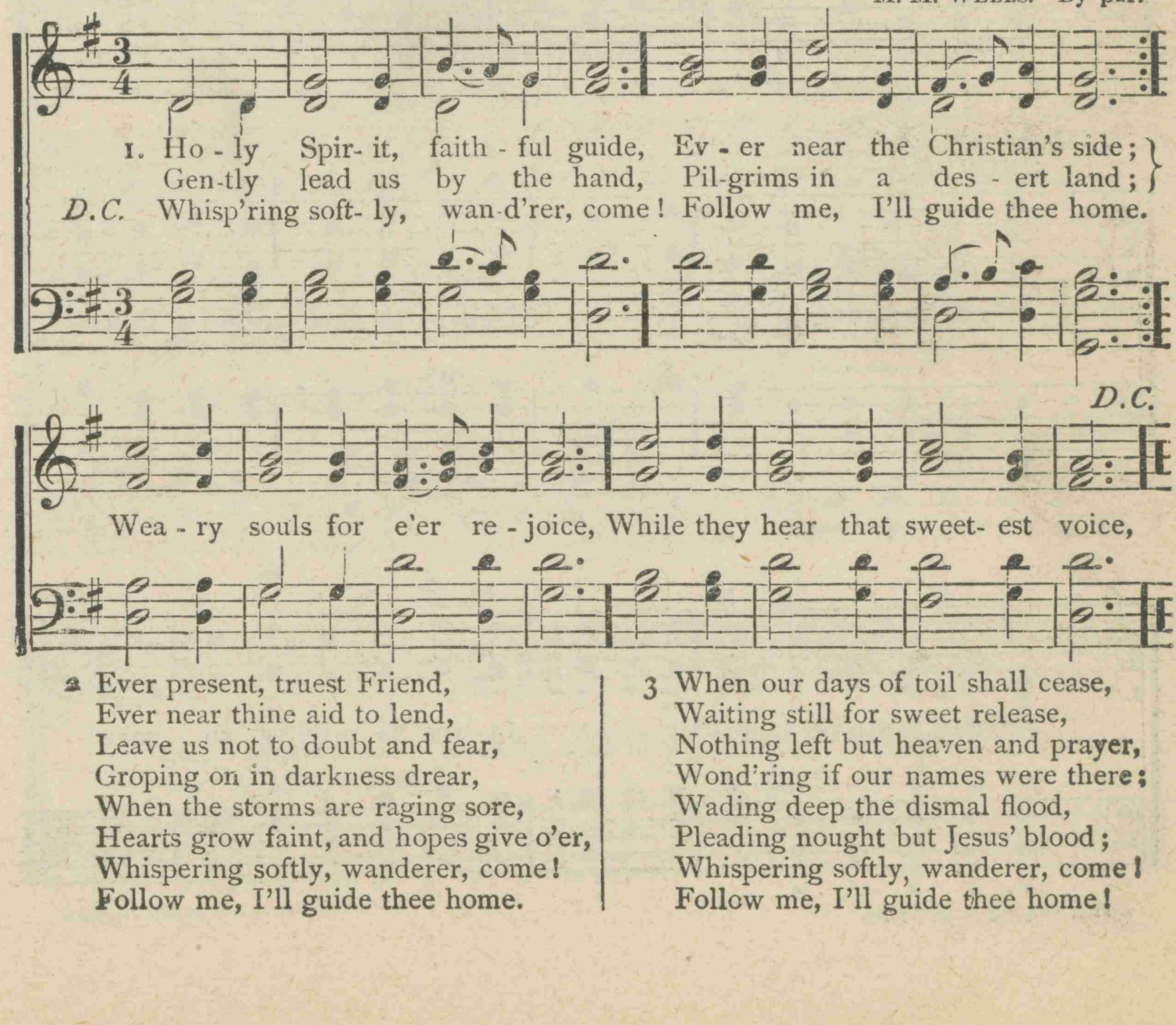
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Faithful Guide.

M. M. Wells. By per.



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

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

Jesus is Strong to Deliver.

J. P. W.

1. When in the tempest he'll hide us, When in the storm he'll be near;
2. When in my sorrow he found me, Found me, and bade me be whole,
3. Why are you doubting and fearing, Why are you still under sin?
4. You say, "I-am weak, I am helpless, I've tried again and again;" Well,

All the way 'long he will carry us on,—Now we have nothing to fear.
Turn'd all my night into heavenly light, And from me my burden did roll.
Have you not found that his grace doth abound, He's mighty to save, let him in!
this may be true, but it's not what *you* do, 'Tis *he* who's the "mighty to save."

CHORUS.

Je-sus is strong to de-liv-er, Mighty to save, mighty to save!

Je-sus is strong to de-liv-er, Je-sus is mighty to save!

From "Highway Songs," by per.

The Morning Draweth Nigh. 199

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, ral - ly round the stand- ard Of Christ, our roy - al King; Oh,
2. Tho' long and deep the sha - dows The dreary night may bring, Our
3. To yon- der gold - en reg - ion Our faith now plumes her wing; Our
4. To him who paid our ran - som, And took from death the sting, Be

ral - ly round his stand- ard, And hal - le - lu - jahs sing. For the
lamps are trimm'd and burn- ing, Our hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
hearts with joy are bound - ing, And hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
ev - er - last- ing prais - es, Let hal - le - lu - jahs ring.

CHORUS.

morn - - - ing draweth nigh, For the morn - - -
morning draweth nigh, For the morning draweth nigh, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal- le-

- - - ing draweth nigh; We can see . . . it in the
lu - jah! yes, the morn- ing draw - eth nigh; We can see it, we can

dis - tance, We shall hear it, we shall hear it by and by. by and by.
see it in the distance,

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200

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. pp

m

1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

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

CHORUS. *cres.*

m

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

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., Chicago, Ill., and E. Liverpool, Ohio.

Showers of Blessing.

"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."
Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.
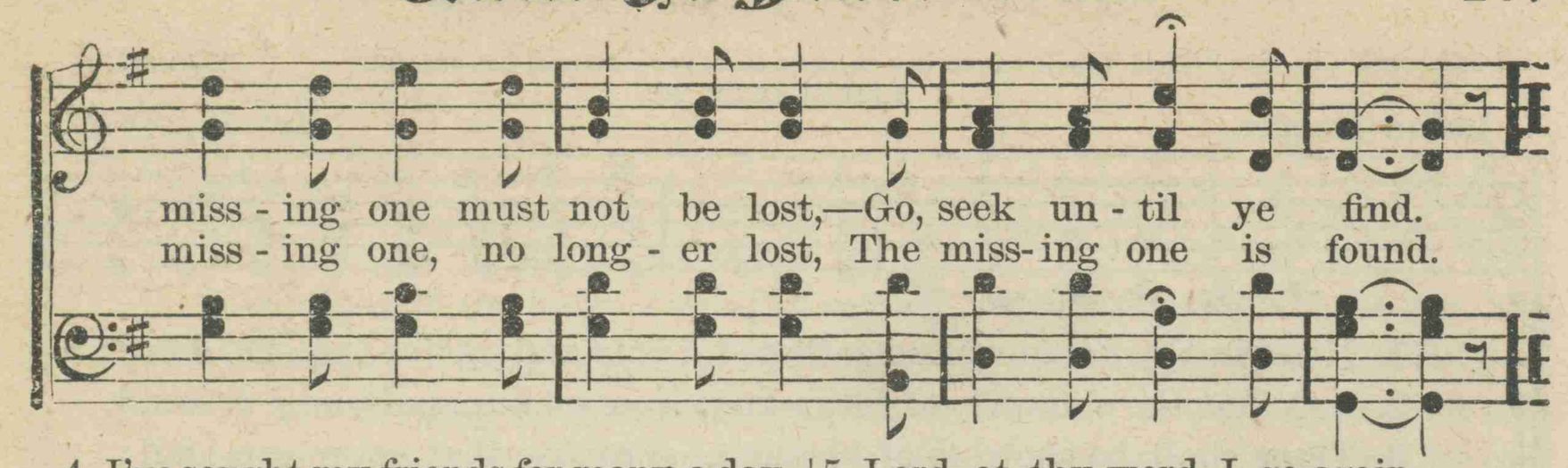
1. Here in thy name we are gathered, Come and revive us, O Lord;
2. O that the showers of bless-ing Now on our souls may descend,
3. There shall be showers of blessing,—Promise that never can fail;
4. Showers of blessing,—we need them, Showers of blessing from thee;

"There shall be showers of bless-ing" Thou hast declared in thy word.
While at the footstool of mer - cy Pleading thy promise we bend!
Thou wilt regard our pe - ti - tion; Sure-ly our faith will pre-vail.
Showers of blessing,—oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.

CHORUS.

Oh, gracious-ly hear us, Gracious-ly hear us, we pray:
gracious-ly hear us,
Pour from thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to-day.
Lord, pour up-on us

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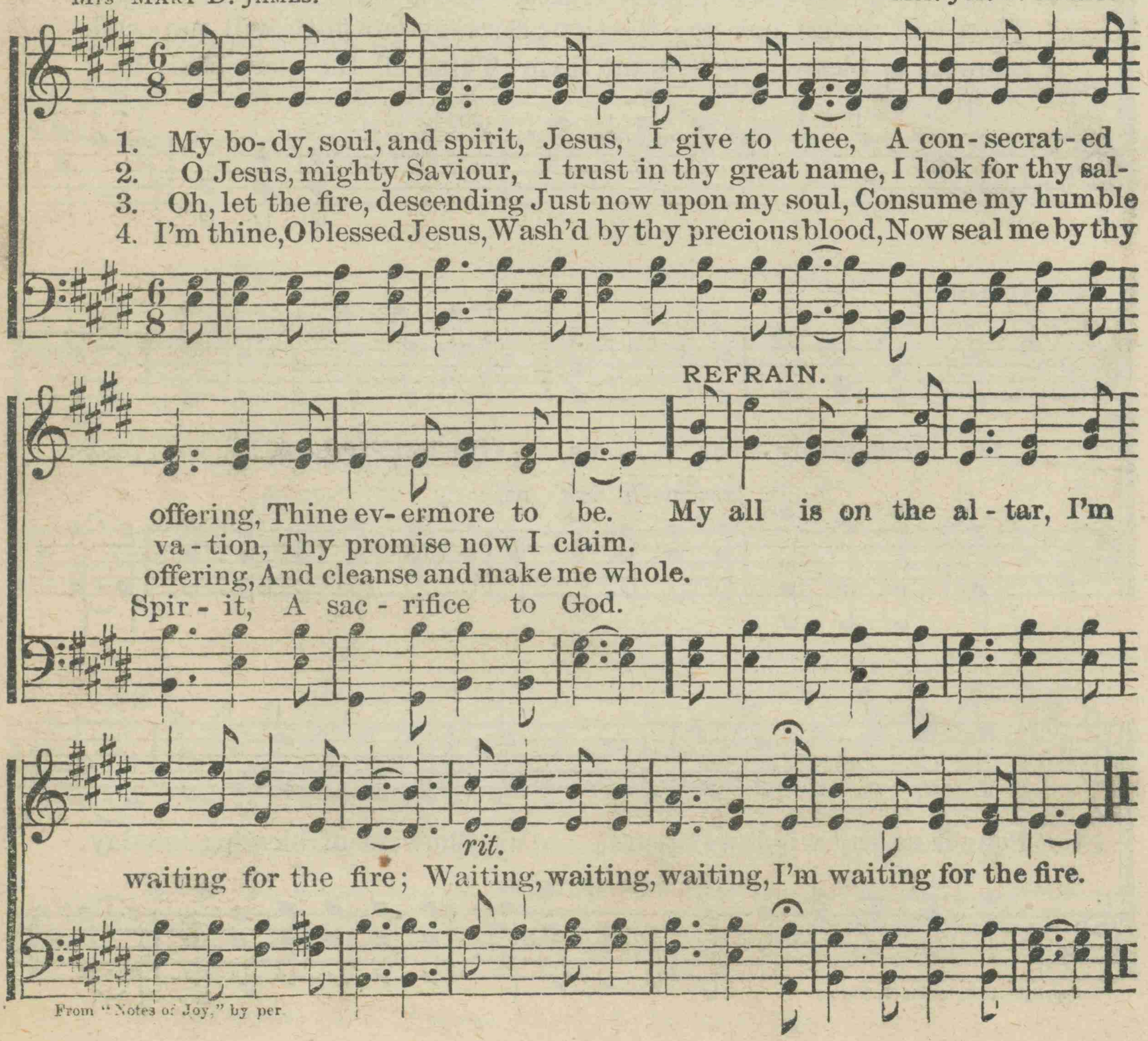


4 I've sought my friends for many-a day,
Have prayed for many-a year;
Yet, still they wander far away,
O'er mountains dark and drear;
How long thus seek with burdened mind?
"Seek," Jesus saith, "until ye find;"
The missing one must not be lost,—
"Go, seek until ye find!"

5 Lord, at thy word I go again,
Believing I shall find:
I listened, and a low refrain
Came to me on the wind;
Led by the sadly joyful sound
I rushed, and, lo, the lost was found!
Joy! joy! O blessed joy divine!
The lost one I have found.

Consecration.
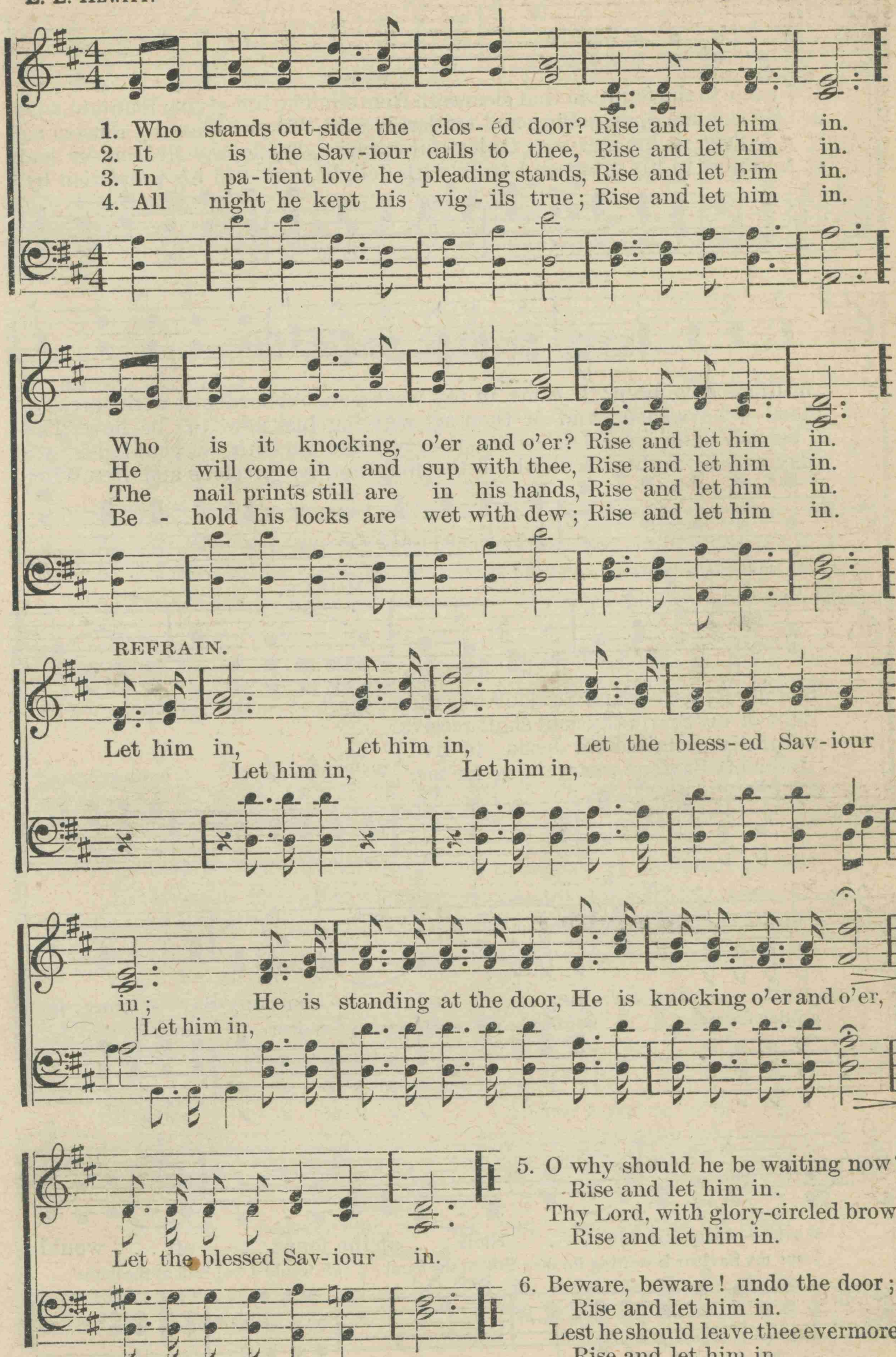
Mrs Mary D. James. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.



From "Notes of Joy," by per

Let the Blessed Saviour in. 209

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



5. O why should he be waiting now?
Rise and let him in.
Thy Lord, with glory-circled brow,
Rise and let him in.

6. Beware, beware! undo the door;
Rise and let him in.
Lest he should leave thee evermore,
Rise and let him in.

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212

Waiting for Me.

FRANK HENDRICKS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I came to the fountain that cleanseth from sin, The life-giving fountain, where
2. He saw me approaching and tender- ly said, To purchase thy ransom my
3. I flew to his mer- cy, O joy- ful surprise, For lo, my Redeem- er had
4. And now in his presence I walk with delight, And feel his protection by

millions have been; I came in my weakness, o'erburdened with care, To
blood I have shed; And if thou art will- ing just now to be- lieve, The
opened mine eyes; I flew to the ref- uge no oth - er could give, And
day and by night; I think of the fountain, so precious and free, Where

find my Redeemer and Saviour was there. Wait - - ing for me, ...
light of my Spirit thy soul shall receive.
faithfully promised for Jesus to live.
Jesus my Saviour was waiting for me.

CHORUS.

Waiting for me, waiting for me,

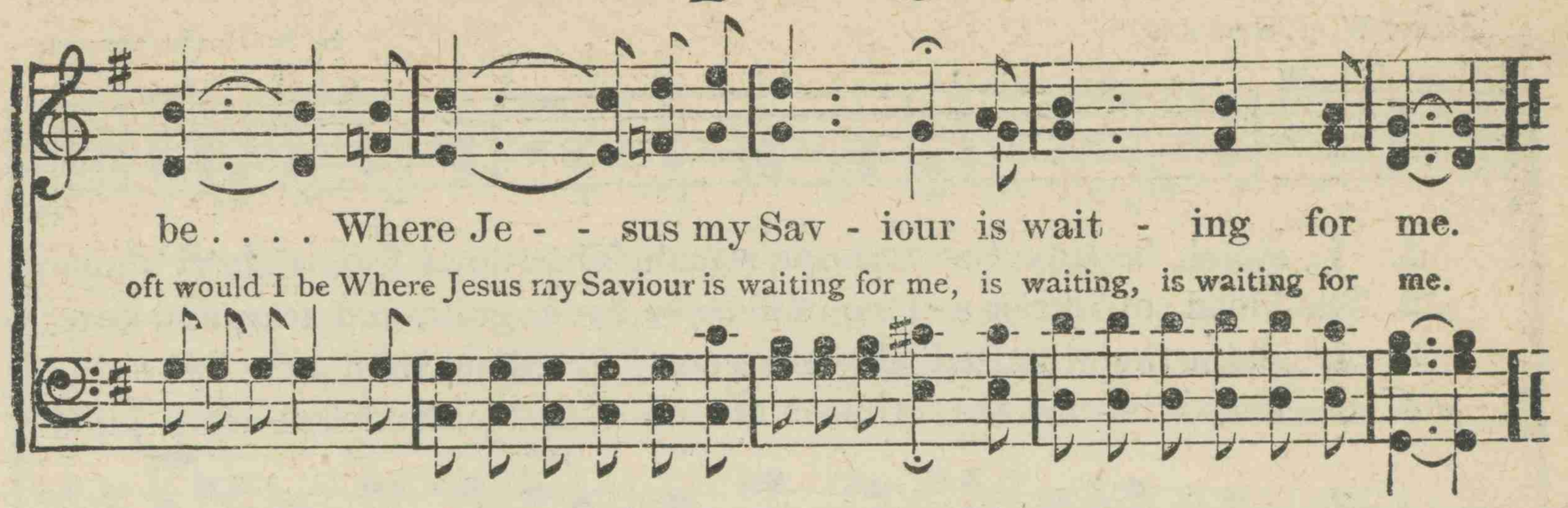
wait - - ing for me, . . . Je - - sus my Sav - iour is

waiting for me, waiting for me, Je-sus my Sav-iour is waiting for me,

wait - ing for me; . . . Still . . at the fount . . oft . . . would I

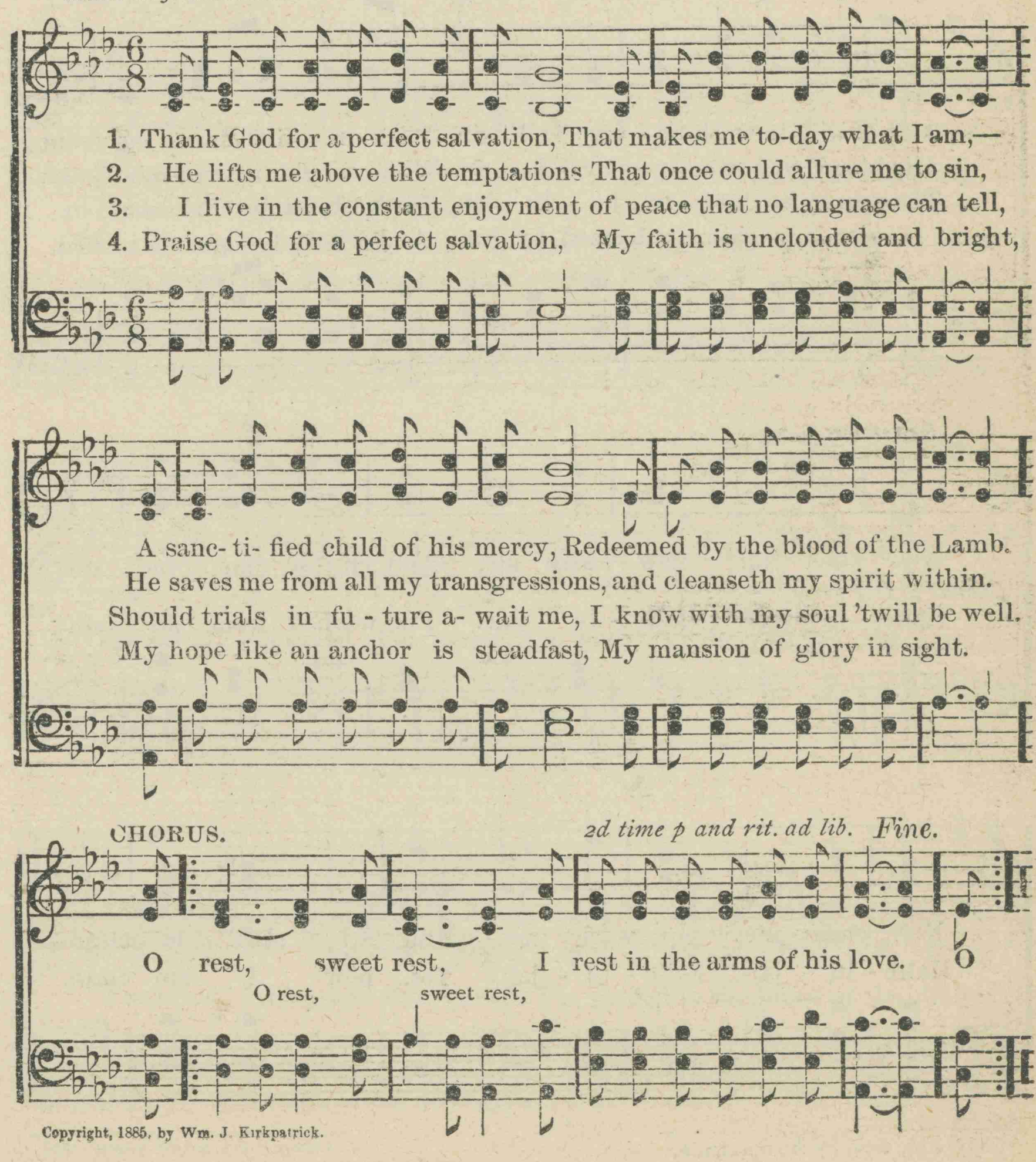
Jesus my Saviour is waiting for me; Still at the fount oft would I be, Still at the fount

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O Rest, Sweet Rest.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
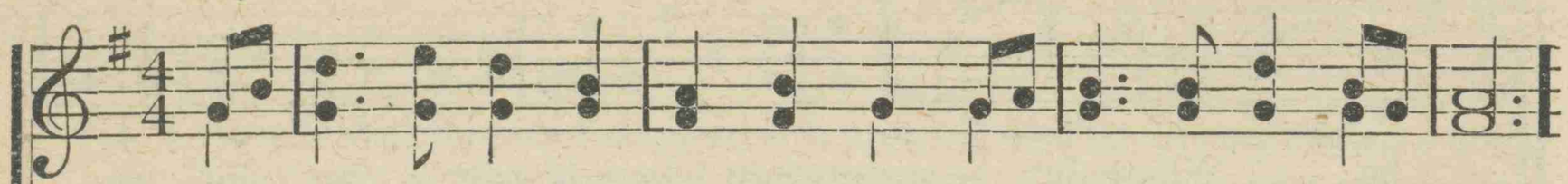


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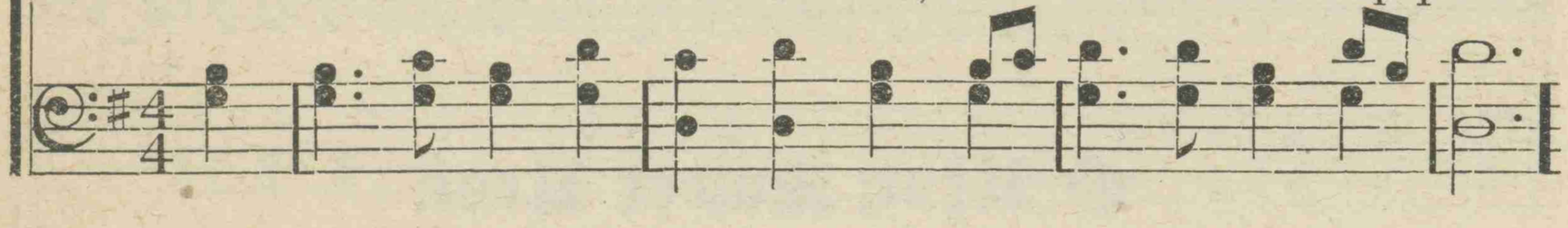
214

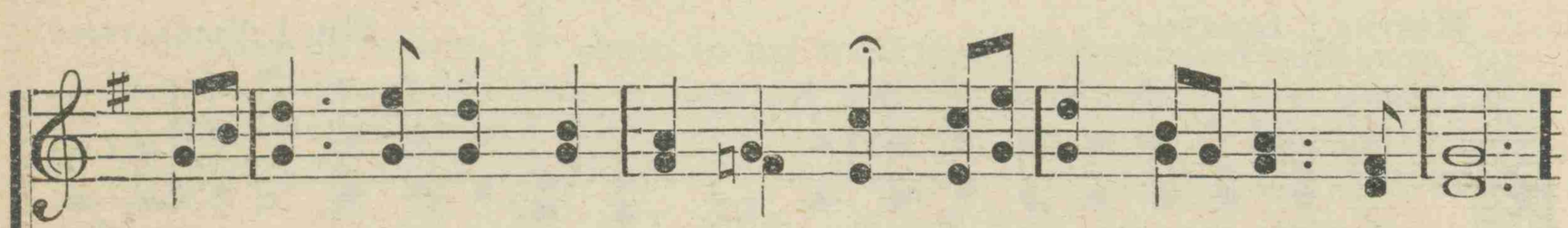
The Crimson Stream.

Rev. W. J. STEVENSON. S. B. ELLENBERGER.
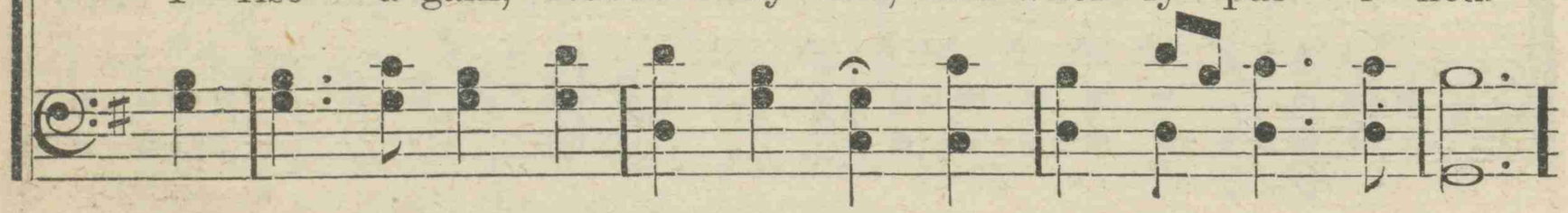


1. I stand be-side the crimson stream That flows from Calv'ry's mount,
2. The blood of Christ a-lone will save From guilt, and fear, and care;
3. I claim the promised bles-sing now, Freedom from ev-'ry sin,
4. I sink in-to the crimson stream, Christ's blood is now ap-plied?

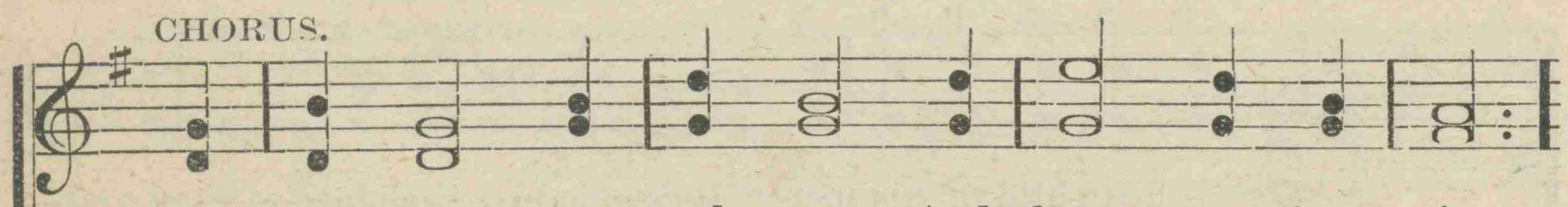




And long to wash a-way all sin, With-in its cleans-ing fount.
His blood will sweetly pur-i-fy, When sought in ear-nest prayer.
The power to lead a ho-ly life, With Christ in God shut in.
I rise a-gain, redeemed by him, And whol-ly pur-i-fied.
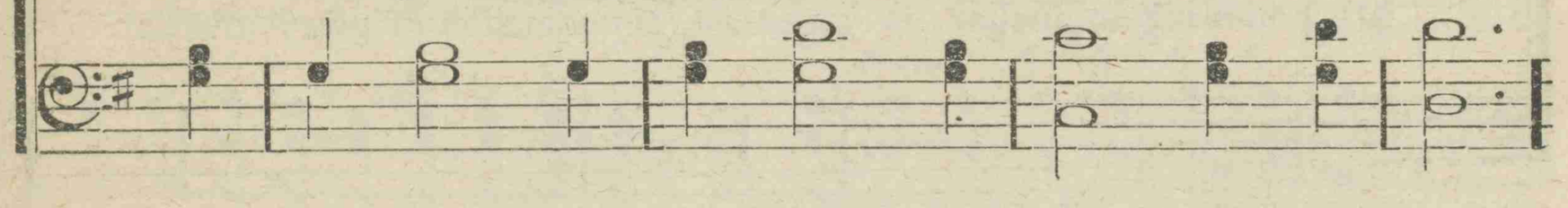


CHORUS.

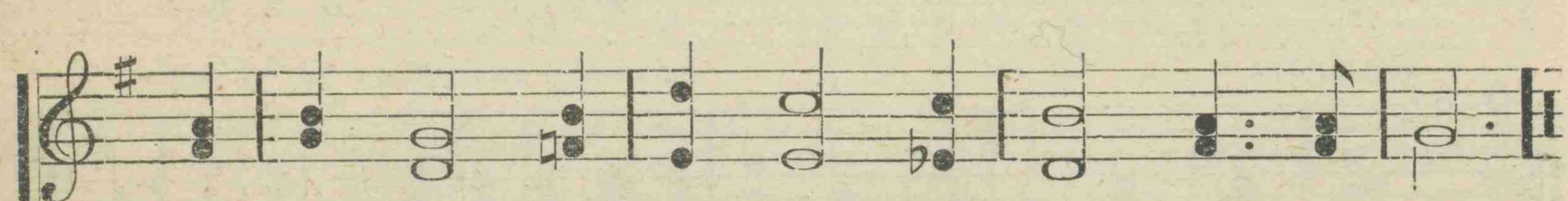


Now wash me, now wash me, And cleanse me from sin;
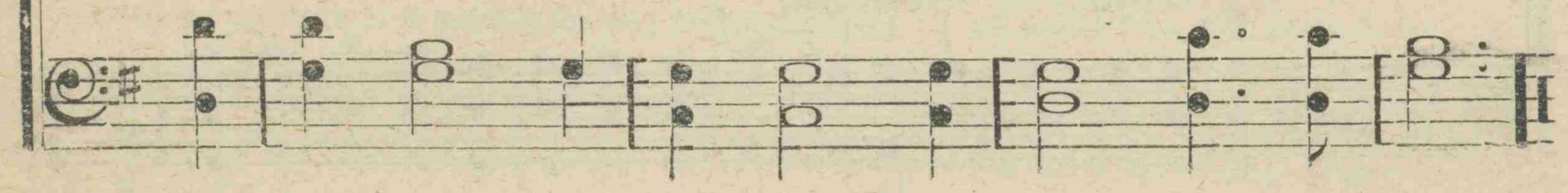
Chorus to last verse:—

Halle-lu-jah! halle-lu-jah! I'm washed from all sin;





Now wash me, now wash me, And I shall be clean.
Halle-lu-jah! halle-lu-jah! Yes, now I am clean.



Copyright, 1874, by A. WALLACE.

I'm Saved!

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D. Jno. A. Duncan.

1. I'm saved! I'm saved! oh, blessed Lord, I'm sweetly saved in thee;
2. I'm saved! I'm saved! oh, joy sublime! I'm saved from self and sin;
3. Saved at the cross, the blessed cross; Saved without and with - in:
4. I'm saved! I'm saved! I'll tell it here, I'll sing it o'er and o'er;

Saved by thy blood and by thy word, And thine henceforth will be.
I'm saved, I'm saved, oh, bliss di - vine! And love has clos'd me in.
I'm saved, I'm saved, oh, what a loss Who fail this joy to win.
I'm saved in Je - sus, oh, how sweet! I'll sing it ev - er more.

CHORUS.
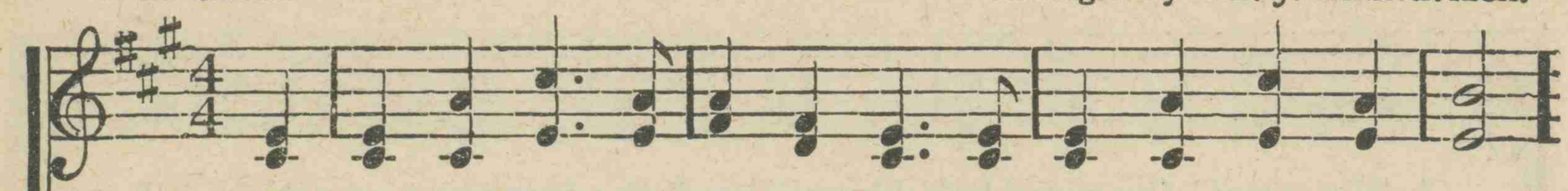
I'm saved! I'm saved! I'm saved! I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

I'm saved! I'm saved! I'm saved! I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
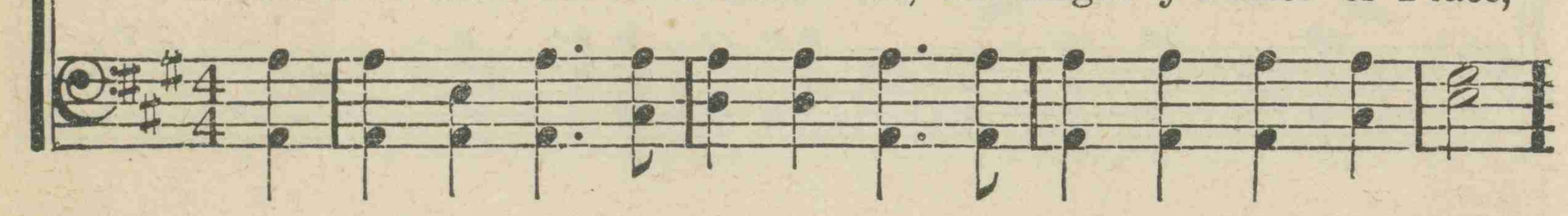
From "Songs of Triumph," by permission.
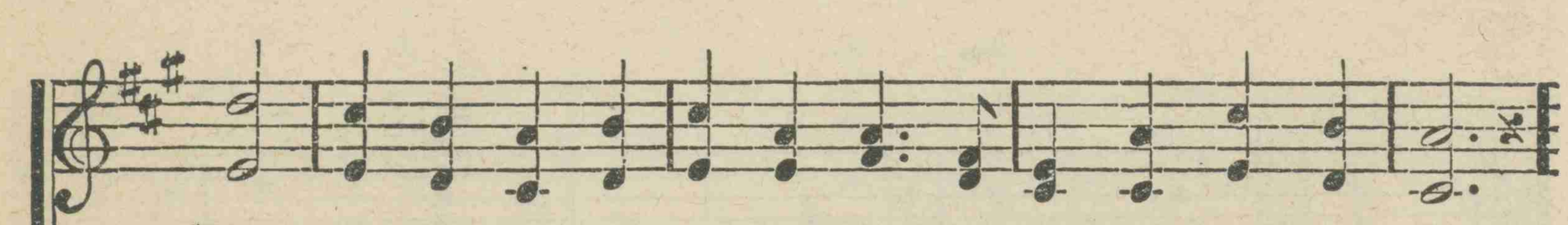
Blessed be the Name.

W. H. CLARK. Arranged by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
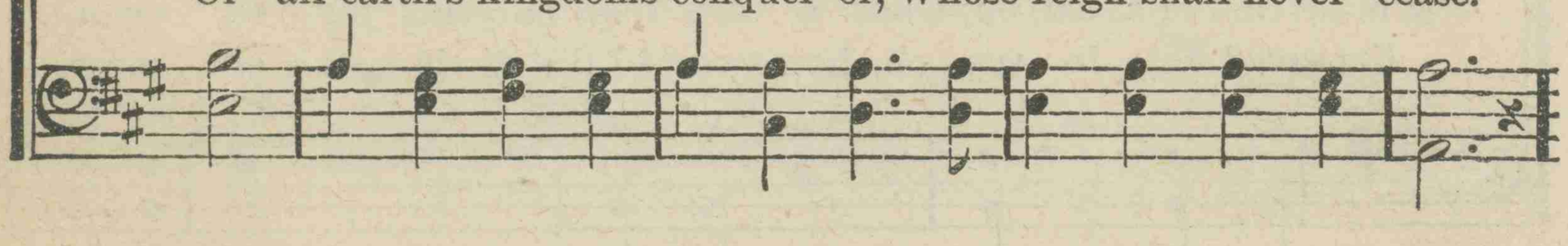


1. All praise to Him who reigns a- bove, In ma - jes - ty su- preme,
2. His name a- bove all names shall stand, Exalt - ed more and more,
3. Re- deem - er, Saviour, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Counsel - lor, The might- y Prince of Peace,
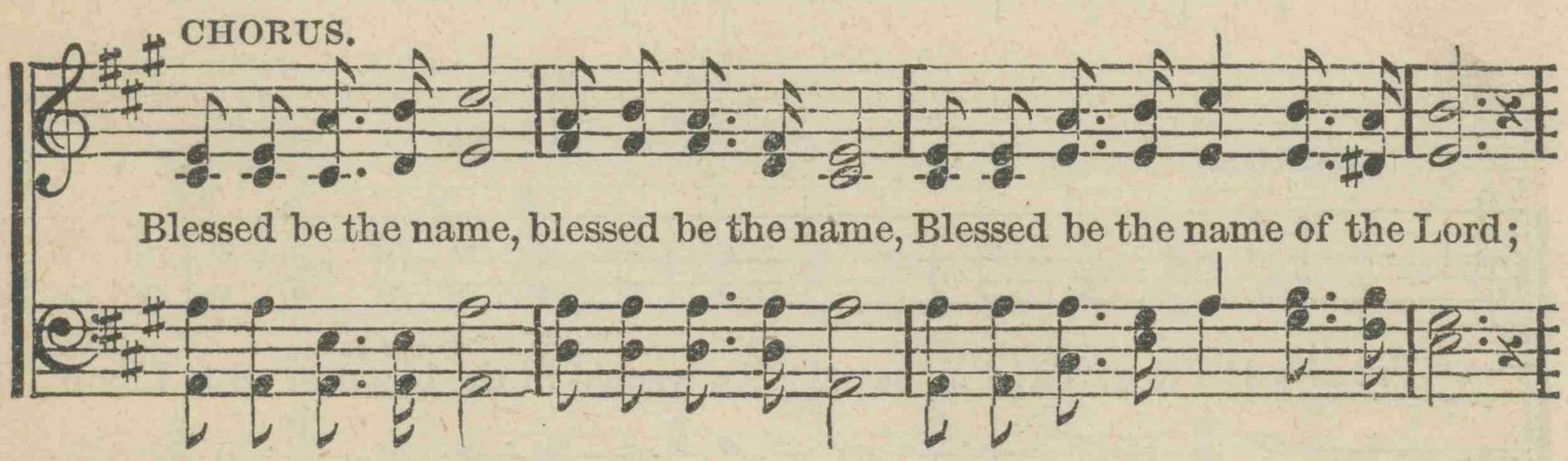




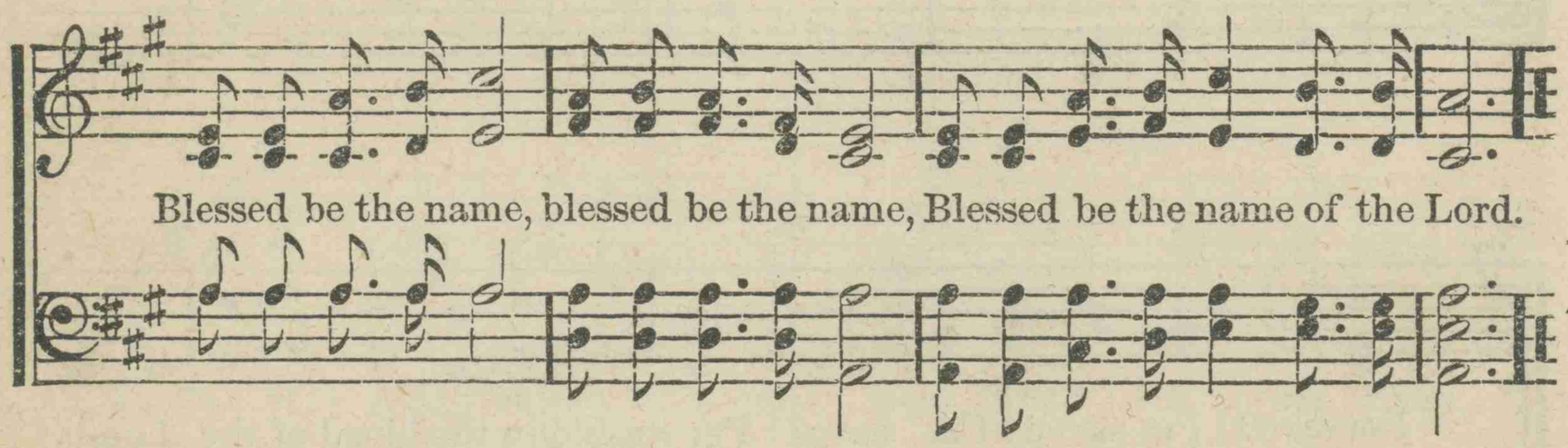
Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re- deem.
At God the Father's own right hand, Where angel hosts a- dore.
Thou hast devised sal - vation's plan, For thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdoms conquer- or, Whose reign shall never cease.



CHORUS.



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

5 The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring
Their praise and homage meet;
With rapturous awe adore their King,
And worship at his feet.

6 Then shall we know as we are known,
And in that world above
Forever sing around the throne
His everlasting love.

Copyright, 1888, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

He has Come.

"Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Behold, thy King cometh!"

Mrs. J. KNOWLES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. He has come! He has come! My Redeemer has come! He has taken my heart as his own cho-sen home. At last I have giv-en the
2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord! Ev'ry thought of my be-ing is swayed by his word. He has come, and he reigns in the
3. He has come! He has come! Oh, hap-pi-est heart! He has giv-en his word that he will not de-part. What trou-ble can enter; what
4. He has come to a-bide: and ho-ly must be The place where my Lord deigns to ban-quet with me. And this is my prayer: "Lord,

welcome he sought; He has come, and his coming all gladness has brought.
realm of my soul, And his scep-tre is love! oh, bless-ed con-trol!
e-vil can come To the heart where the God of all peace has his home?
since thou art come, Make meet for thy presence my heart as thy home!"

CHORUS.

He has come! He has come! My Redeemer, my Redeem-er has come! His presence is heav'n, My Redeemer has come!
He has come! He has come! My Redeem-er, my Redeemer, my Re-deemer has come! My heart is his home!

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218 While the Years are Rolling on.

HARRIET B. McKEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Recitante.

1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on, Christian
2. There's no time to waste in sighing, While the years are rolling on; Time is
3. Let us strengthen one anoth - er, While the years are rolling on; Seek to
4. Friends we love are quickly flying, While the years are rolling on; No more

[pursue,
souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on. While our journey we
flying, souls are dying, While the years are rolling on, Loving words a soul may win,
raise a fallen brother, While the years are rolling on. This is work for ev'ry hand
parting, no more dying, While the years are rolling on. In the world beyond the tomb

With the haven still in view, There is work for us to do, While the years are rolling on.
From the wretched paths of sin; We may bring the wand'rers in, While the years, etc.
Till, Throughout creation's land, Armies for the Lord shall stand, While the years, etc.
Sorrow never more can come, When we meet in that blest home, While the years, etc.

CHORUS.

Are roll - ing on, are rolling on, Are roll- ing on, are rolling on,

Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are rolling on.

Copyright, 1876, by Jno. R Sweney.

ti - tion, Go not hence, abide with me. . . .
prayer, my soul's petition, a- bide with me, Go not hence, abide with me.

Oh, to be Like Him.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Jno. R. Sweney.

DUET.

1. Oh, to be like him, Ten- der and kind, Gen - tle in spir- it,
2. Oh, to be like him, Quick to o - bey, Child-like and truthful,
3. Oh, to be like him, Tempted in vain, Dwell- ing with sinners,

Low- ly in mind; More like to Je - sus, Day af - ter day,
Rea- dy to say, "I and my Fa - ther Purpose have one,
Yet without stain; Giv - ing our life- work Sin- ners to save,

CHORUS.

Filled with his Spirit, Now and al - way. Yes, to be like him,
Thine, not my will, Ev - er be done."
Triumph- ing o - ver Death and the grave.

We must a - bide Near to Our Sa-viour, Close to his side.

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222 What a Gath'ring that will be.

J. H. K. "Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. l. 5. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to meet again together, on the
3. At the great and final judgement, when the hidden comes to light, When the Lord in all his glory we shall see; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri- umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of

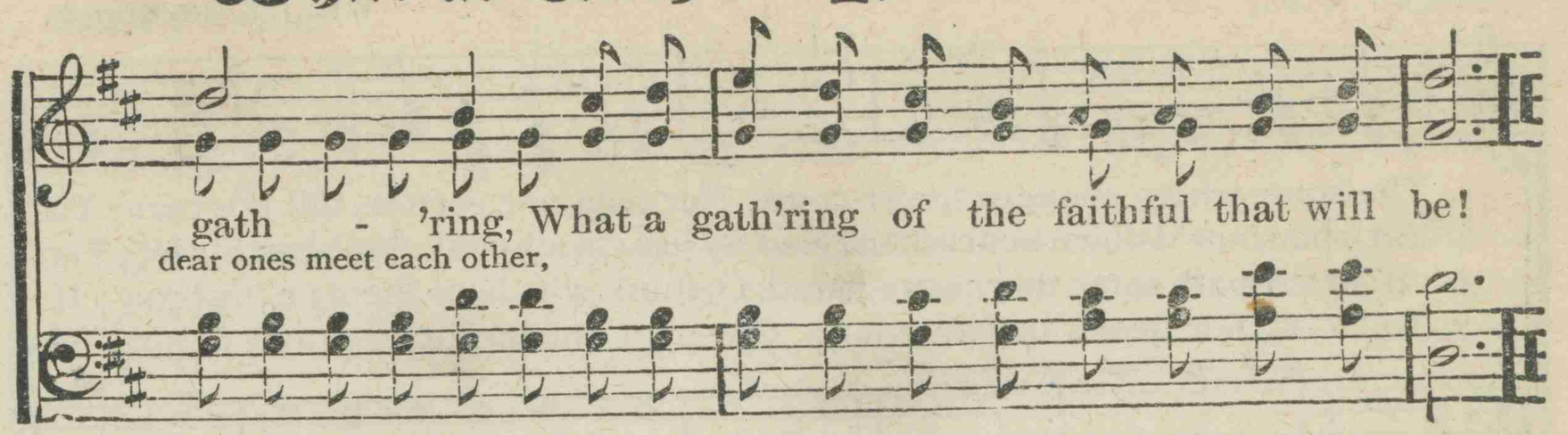
crystal sea;

waiting us to come, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
bright ce - lestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
blessed to my right, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
Moses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!

CHORUS.

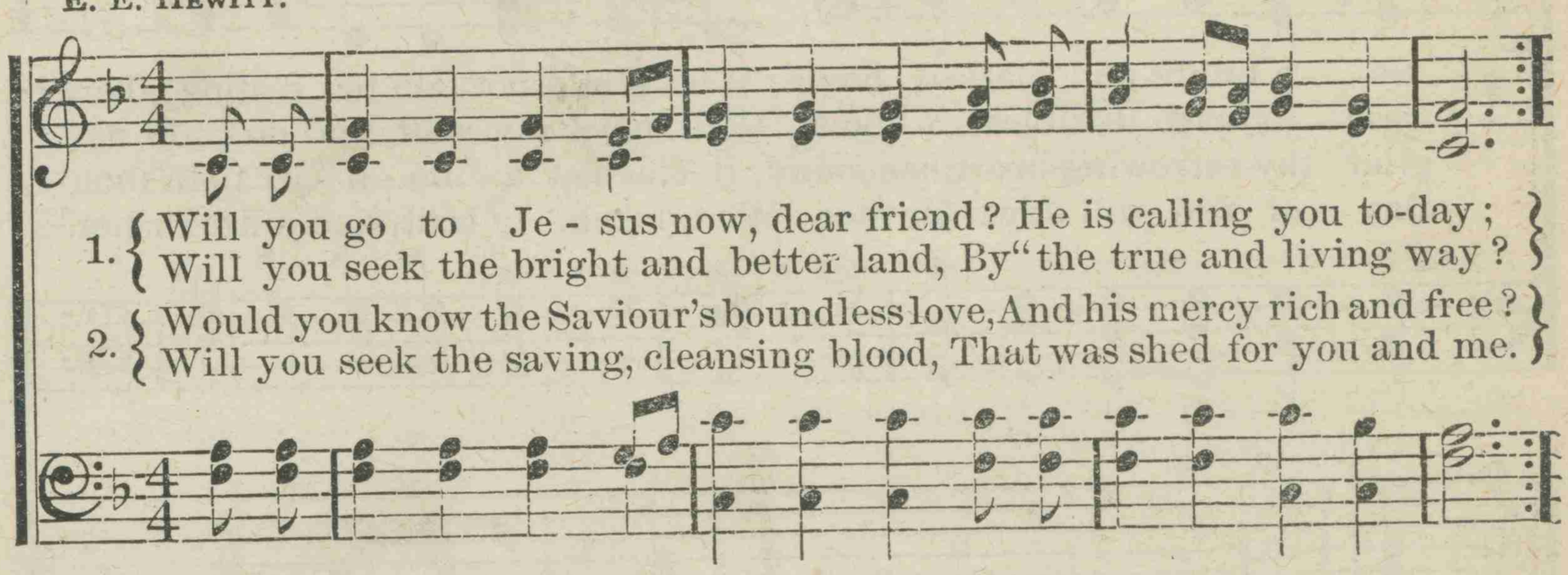
What a gath - - - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring, At the sounding of the glorious jubi - lee! What a gath - 'ring,
What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one an- oth- er, jubilee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

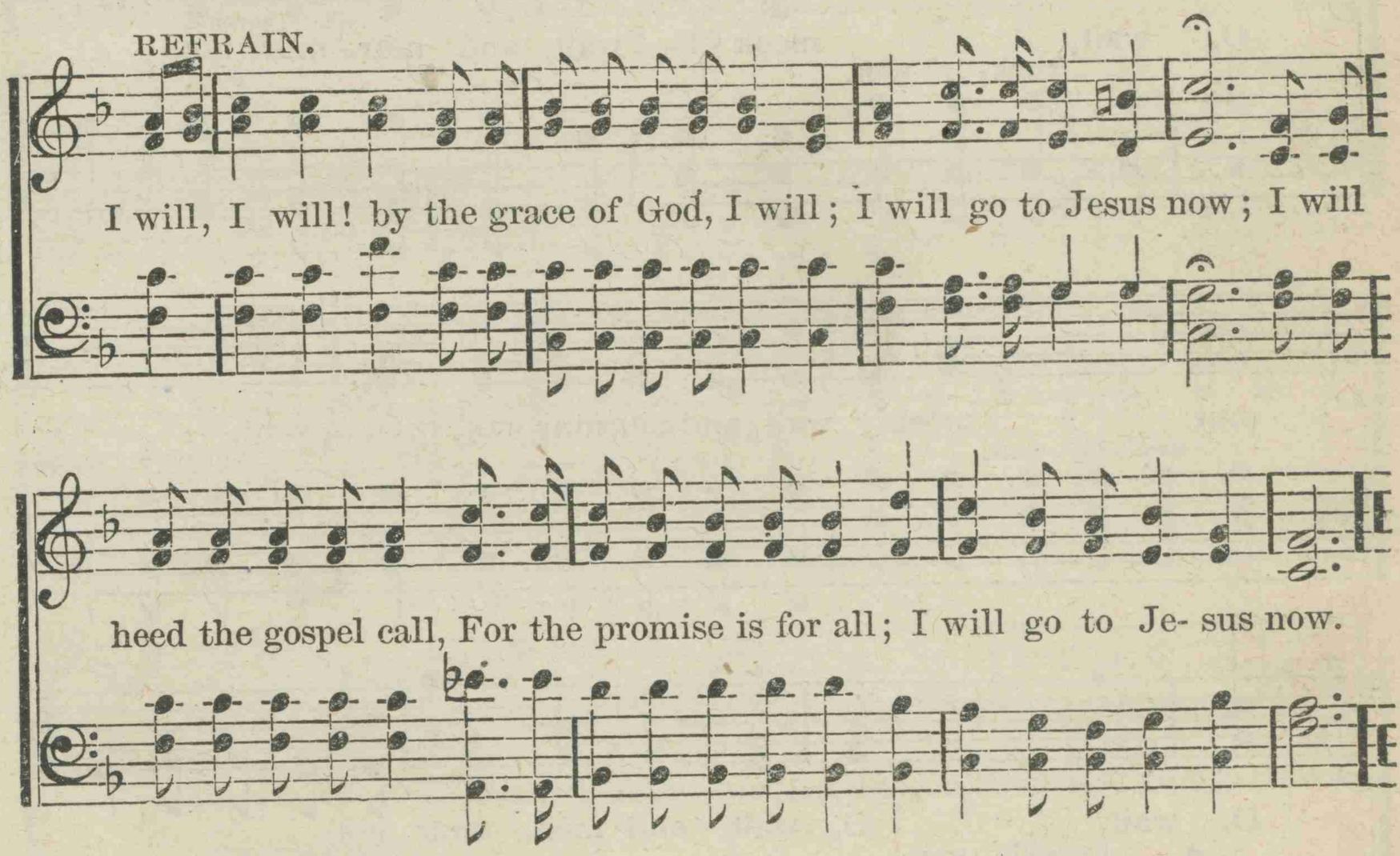
From "Song Treasury," by per.



By Grace I Will.

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





3 Will you consecrate your life to him,
To be ever his alone?
And your loving service freely yield,
To the King upon his throne.

4 Will you follow where the Master leads,
Choosing only his renown,
Will you daily bear the cross for him,
Till he bids you wear the crown?

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Wait, and Murmur Not.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care; Yes!
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot; Thou
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow; If
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot; The

'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be resting there?
yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not.
grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not.

CHORUS.

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

wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, O, wait,
meek - ly wait,
meekly wait,

O, wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not.
meekly wait, O, murmur not.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

A Shout in the Camp.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a shout in the camp, for the Lord is here, Hal - le- lujah! praise his
2. There's a shout in the camp like the shout of old, Hal - le- lujah! praise his
3. There's a shout in the ranks of the King of kings, Hal - le- lujah! praise his
4. There's a shout in the camp while our souls repeat Hal - le- lujah! praise his

name; To the feast of his love we again draw near, Praise, oh,
name; For the cloud of his glo - ry we now be - hold, Praise, oh,
name; While we drink at the Rock from the living springs, Praise, oh,
name; There is room for the world at the Saviour's feet, Praise, oh,

praise his name;

CHORUS.

praise his name. Room for the millions! room for all! Halle - lu- jah! praise his

name; Come to the banquet, great and small, Praise, oh, praise his name.

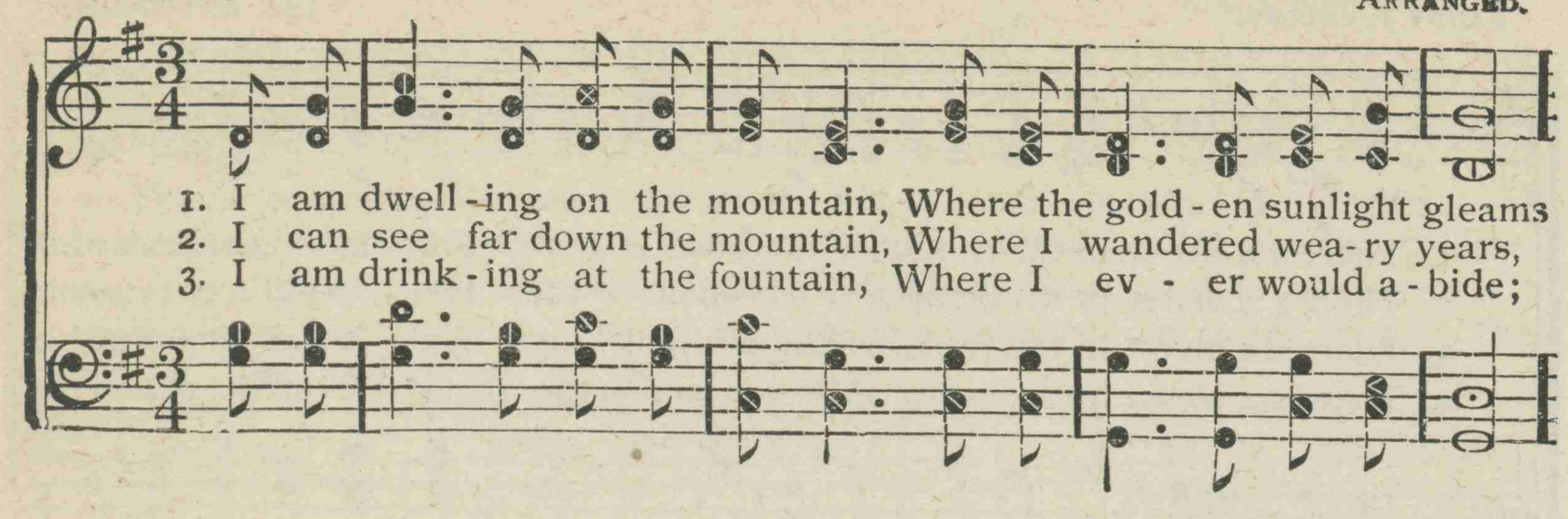
praise his name;

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226

Is not this the Land of Beulah.

ANON. ARRANGED.



D. S. *Chorus.*

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

Resting at the Cross.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. To the cross of Christ, my Sav- iour, I had brought my weary soul,
2. At the cross, while meekly bow - ing, Je - sus, smiling, bade me live;
3. At the cross, while prostrate ly - ing, Je- sus' blood flowed o'er my soul,
4. At the cross I'm calmly rest - ing, Ev - 'ry moment now is sweet;

Burdened, faint, and broken-heart - ed, Praying, "Je- sus, make me whole."
"I have died for your transgressions, And I free - ly all for - give."
All my guilt and sin were cov - ered, And he whispered, "Child, be whole."
I am tast- ing of his glo - ry, I am rest- ing at his feet.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, I am counting all but dross,
I have found a full sal - va - tion, I am resting at the cross;
I'm resting (at the cross), I'm resting (at the cross), I'm resting at the cross.
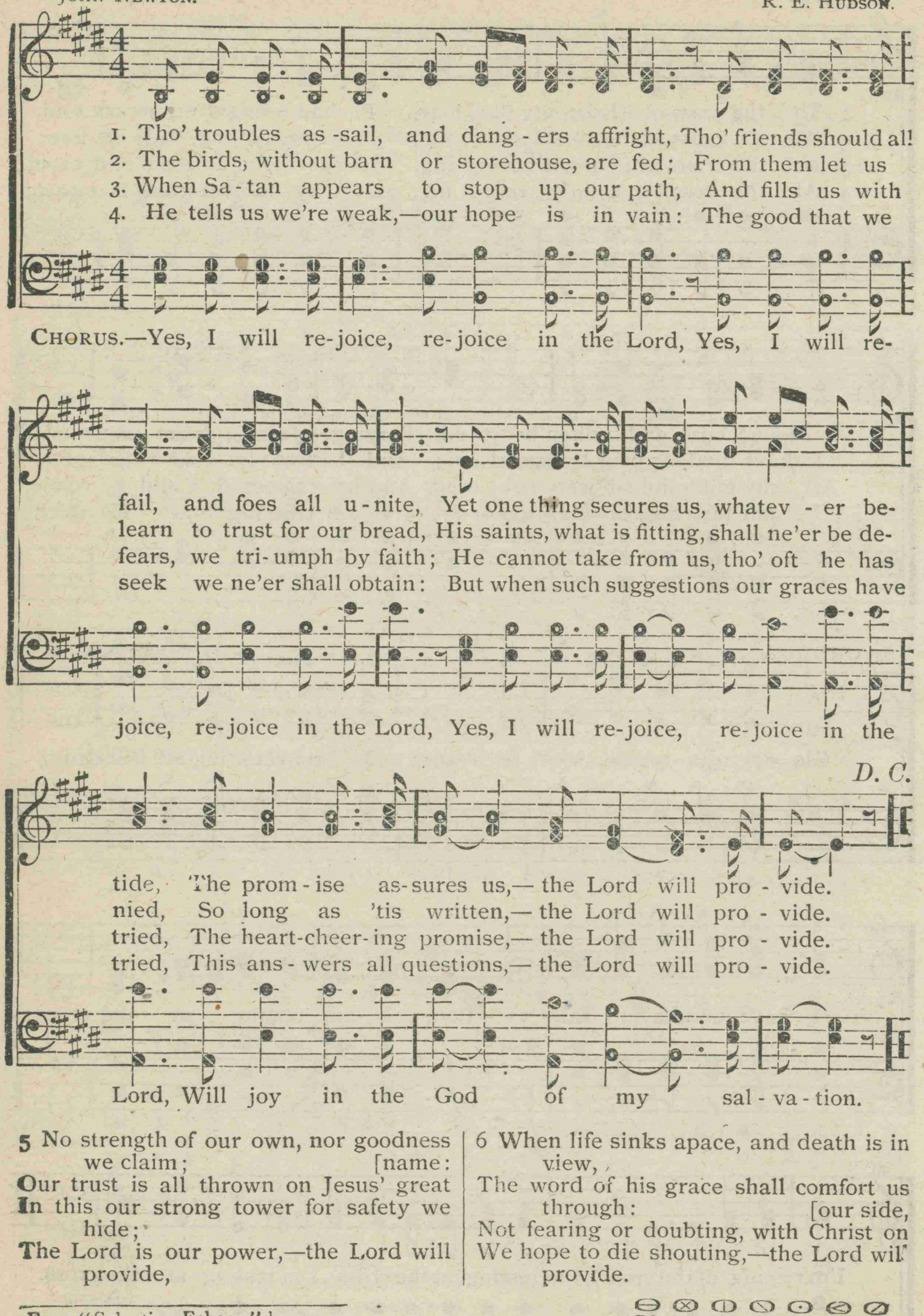
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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

230

Rejoicing Evermore.

JOHN NEWTON. R. E. HUDSON.



5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' great name:
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power,—the Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,—the Lord will provide.
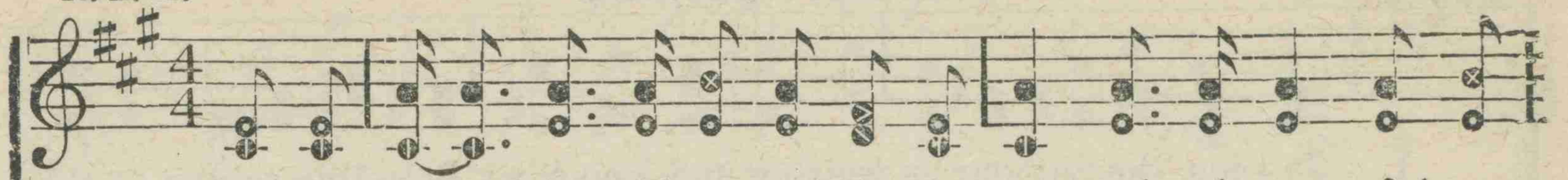
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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

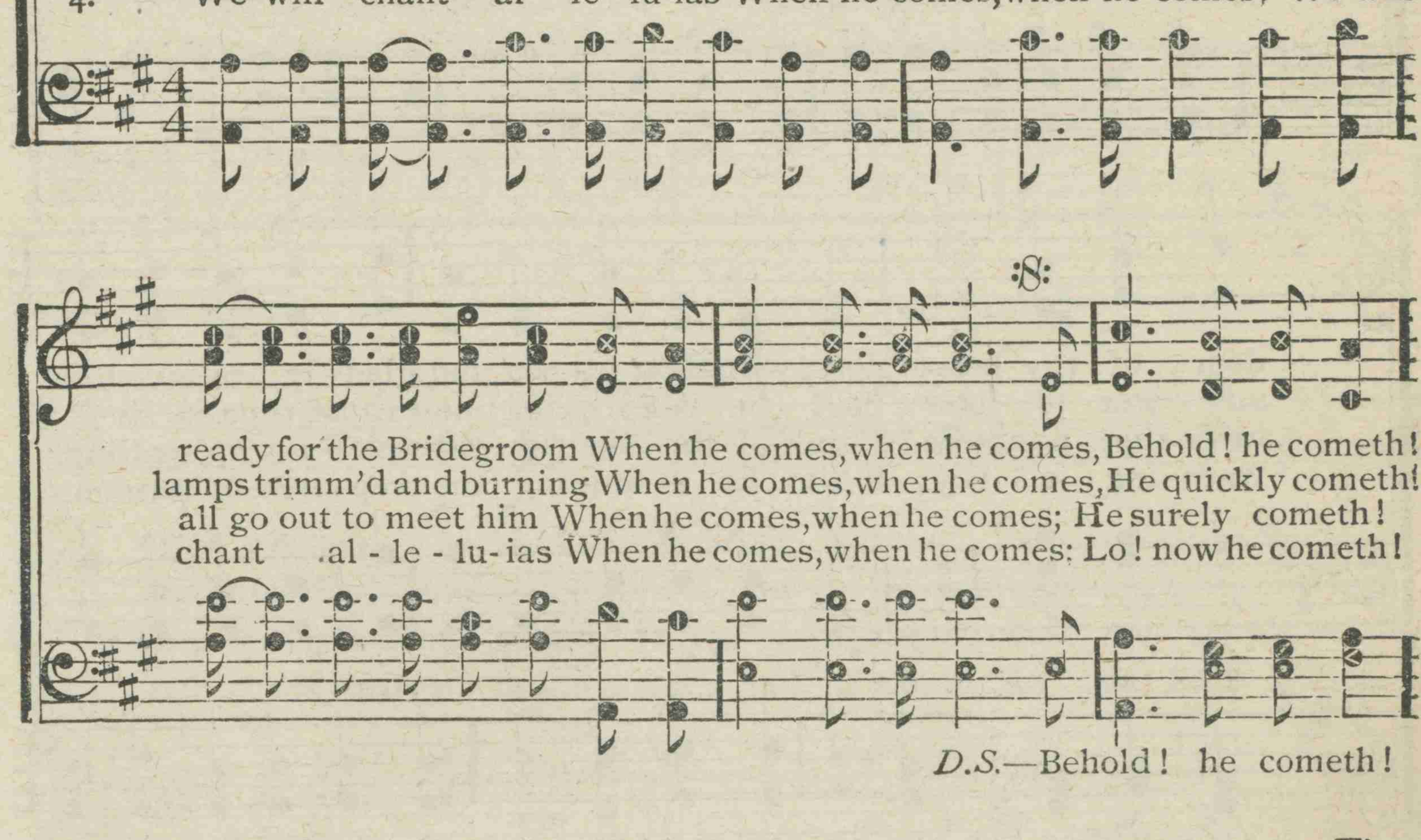
Behold the Bridegroom.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet him."—Matt. xxv. 6.

R. E. H. R. E. Hudson.



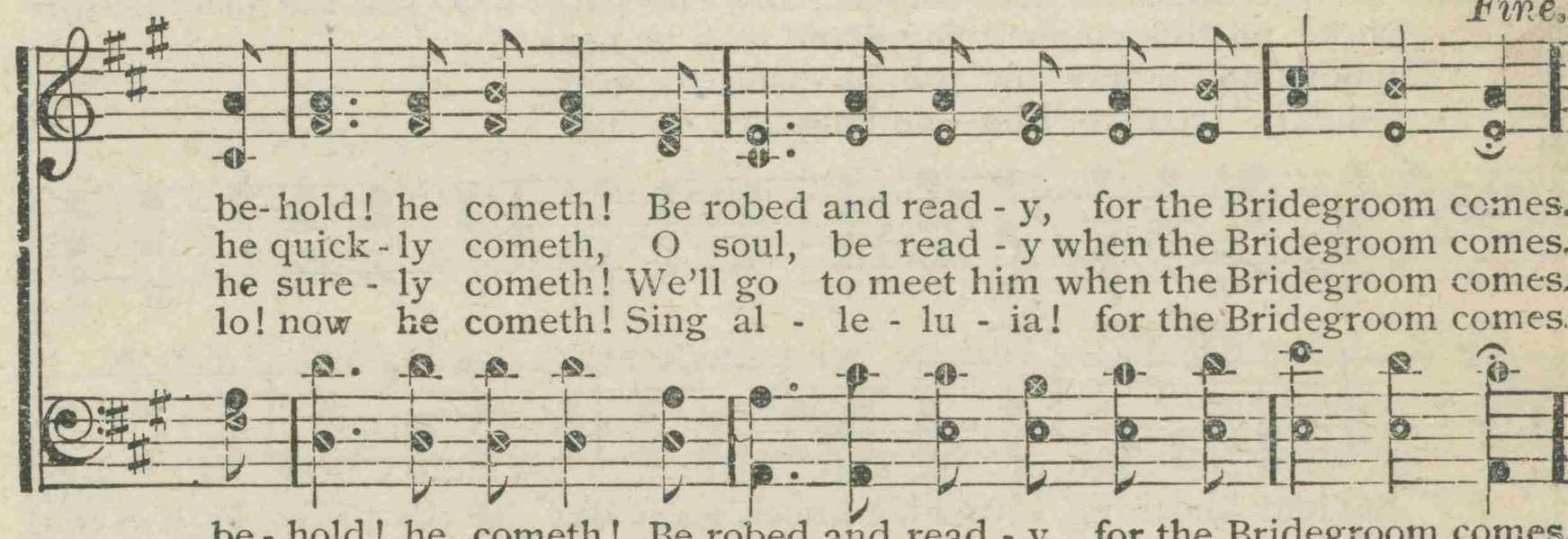
1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
4. We will chant al - le - lu-ias When he comes, when he comes; We will



ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes, Behold! he cometh!
lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes, He quickly cometh!
all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He surely cometh!
chant al - le - lu-ias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh!

D.S.—Behold! he cometh!
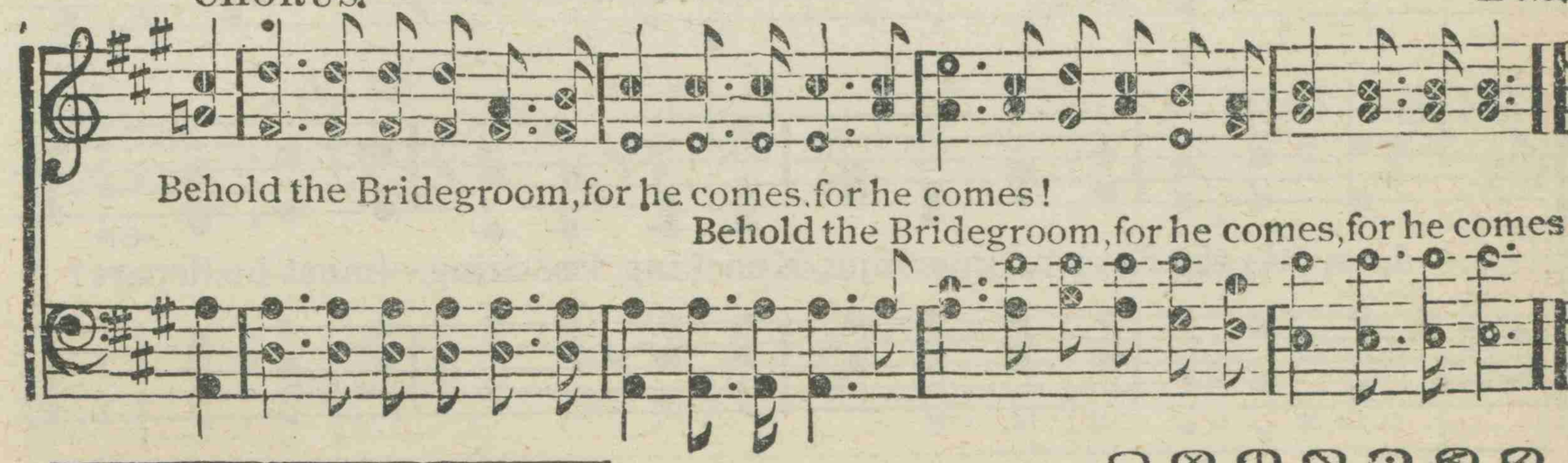
Fine.



be-hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
he quick-ly cometh, O soul, be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
he sure - ly cometh! We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes.
lo! now he cometh! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.

be-hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS. *D.S.*



Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!
Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes

Copyright, 1881, by R. E. Hudson.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Open the Door. 235

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. W. J. K.

1. Je - sus, the Saviour, is waiting and knocking, Standing to-day at the door of thy heart; Say, wilt thou o - pen and glad - ly receive him,
2. Long he has called thee and thou hast refused him, Long he has waited thy ans - wer to hear; Still he is knocking; how canst thou be silent?
3. What if the lamp of thy life should be darken'd? What if the Saviour should call thee no more? Think of the anguish, thy spir - it ap - palling,
4. While he is calling and waits to be gracious Haste to admit him, the warn - ing o - bey; While he is holding the scep - tre of pardon,

CHORUS.

Or wilt thou bid him in sor - row de-part? O - pen the door, 'tis the Saviour knocking, Patiently knocking to-day at thy heart; O - pen the door, 'tis the Saviour knocking, Knocking, knocking,—must he depart?

Now at this moment thy doom may be near.
Knowing the day of pro - ba - tion is o'er.
Quickly receive him—no long - er de - lay.

ad lib.

Copyright, 1884, by JOHN J. HOOD.

Give me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view his constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In his cross my trust shall be,

But his love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - iour watching o'er me I can sing, though billows roll.
Then throughout my pilgrim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, brighter vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

CHORUS.

Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!
Oh, the ful - ness of redemption, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!

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My Spirit is Free. 239

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.

1. I fol - low the footsteps of Je - sus, my Lord, His Spir- it doth lead me a - long; I walk in the pathway made plain by his word,
2. A lep - er he found me, pol- lu - ted by sin, From which he a- lone can set free; He spake,in his mer- cy, "I will, be thou clean,"
3. A cap-tive in woe to my pris - on of night, The Mas- ter hath o- pen'd the door; Shout a- loud of deliv'rance,ye an- gels of light,
4. Proclaim it, 'tis done, full sal - va - tion is wrought For sin-ners from sor- row and woe; Sing a- loud of his grace who my pardon has bought,

REFRAIN.

And he fills all my soul with this song. Glo - ry to God, my
And he in- stant-ly pur - i - fied me.
Praise his name,O my soul, ev - er - more.
For his blood washes whit-er than snow.

spir - it is free, Glo - ry to God, he pur - i - fies me; I'm
walking the thorn-path,but joyful I'll be While following Jesus,my Lord.

By permission.

Wonderful Love of Jesus.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."
Eph. iii. 19.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.

1. In vain in high and ho-ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; For who can sing the worthy praise Of the won-derful love of Je-sus?
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light; In pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the won-derful love of Je-sus.
3. My hope for pardon when I call, My trust for lift-ing when I fall; In life, in death, my all in all, Is the won-derful love of Je-sus.

CHORUS.

Won-derful love! won-derful love! Won-der-ful love of Je-sus!

Wonder-ful love! won-derful love! Wonder-ful love of Je-sus!

From "Holy Voices," by per.

Safe in the Glory Land. 241

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In the good old way where the saints have gone, And the
2. In the good old way like the ransomed throng, Un - to
3. In the good old way with a stead - fast faith, In the
4. Tho' our feet must stand on the cold, cold brink Of the

King leads on be - fore us, We are travelling home to the
Zi - on now re - turn - ing, We are travelling home at the
bonds of love and un - ion, What a joy is ours for the
dark and storm - y riv - er, With the King we'll cross to the

CHORUS.

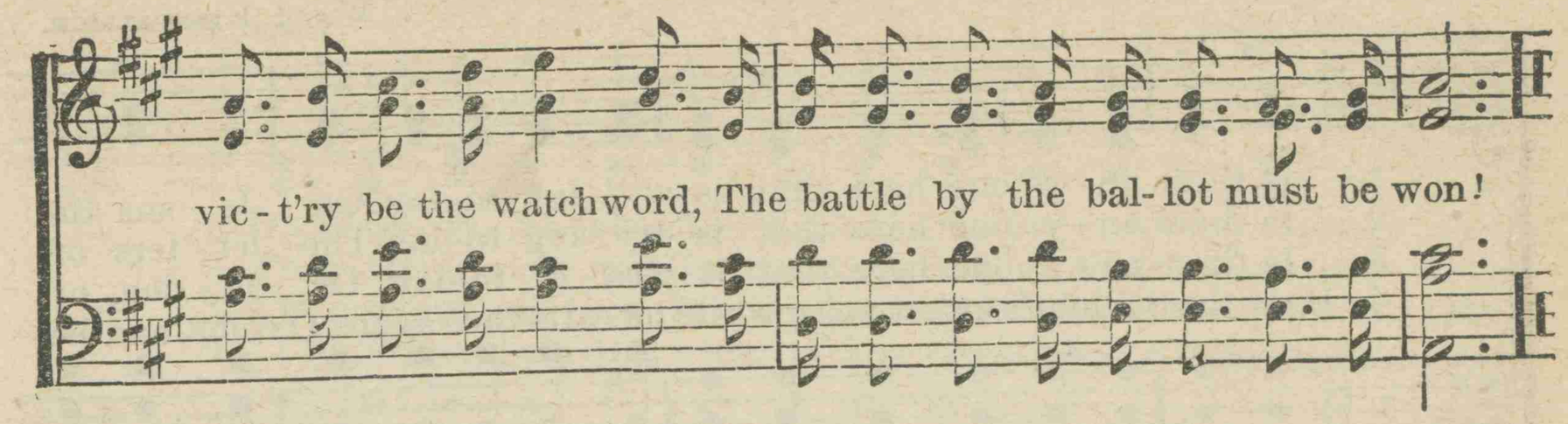
heavenly hills, With the day-star shining o'er us. Travelling home to the
King's command, And our lamps are trimm'd and burning.
King we see, And with him we hold communion.
oth - er side, And we'll sing his praise for-ev - er.

man - sions fair, Crowns of re - joic - ing and life to wear;

O what a shout when we all get there, Safe in the glo - ry land!

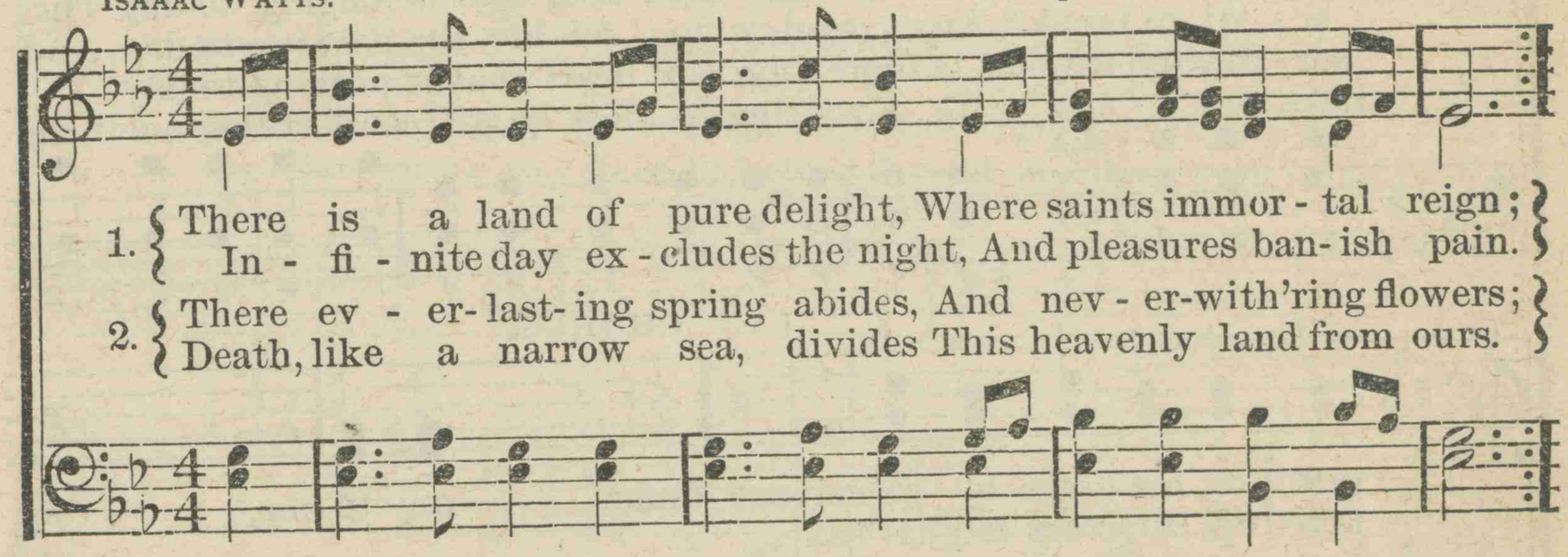
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Coming Victory.—CONCLUDED.



I'll be There.

ISAAAC WATTS. Adapted by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

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248

Is there Any One Here.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Is there an - y one here that is will - ing to-day On Je - sus the
2. Is there an - y one here that is try - ing to-day The fet - ters of
3. Is there an - y one here that is wea - ry to-day, Or la - den, or
4. Hear the Saviour's sweet voice while he calls thee again, O come, and be-

Lord to be - lieve? Is there an - y poor soul that is longing to-day The
e - vil to break? An - y read - y to fol - low the Saviour to-day, And
sor - row oppressed? Is there any sad heart that is praying to-day To
lieve and o - bey; He is waiting to bless, he will comfort thee now! He

CHORUS.

gift of his grace to re - ceive. Come un - to me,
take up the cross for his sake.
find in the Sav - iour a rest?
nev - er turned an - y a - way.

Come un - to me, come un - to me,

Come un - to me; Je - sus is call - ing,

Come un - to me, come un - to me;

ad lib.

call - ing now to thee, Come, oh, come un - to me. un - to me.

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252

Companionship with Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, bless-ed fel-low-ship divine! Oh, joy supremely sweet! Com-
2. I'm walking close to Je-sus' side, So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean-ing on his lov-ing breast, Along life's weary way; My
4. I know his shelt'ring wings of love Are always o'er me spread, And

pan-ion-ship with Je-sus here Makes life with bliss re-plete. In
soft-est wisp-ers of his love, In fel-low-ship so dear, And
path, il-lumined by his smiles, Grows brighter day by day. No
tho' the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from dread, My

un-ion with the pur-est one I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.
feel his great, al-might-y hand Protects me in this hos-tile land.
foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my al-might-y Friend so near.
peace-ful spir-it ev-er sings, "I'll trust the cov-ert of thy wings."

CHORUS.

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time,

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time.

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At the Cross.

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

1. O Je-sus, Lord, thy dy-ing love Hath pierced my con-trite heart;
2. A-mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul;
3. I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand, I touch thy bleed-ing side;
4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;

Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.
To me thy lov-ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole
O let me here for-ev-er stand, Where thou wast cru-ci-fied.
For-ev-er let thy love enthrall, And keep me at the cross.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the
bur-den of my heart roll'd a-way, It was there by
faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py night and day!

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256

The Open Arms.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

wait - ing for you;
wait - ing for you, waiting for you;

Oh, come . . . to your lov-ing Re -
Come, come, come to your lov-ing Re -

deem - - - er, So gen - tle, forgiving, and true.
deemer, your loving Redeemer, Gentle, gentle, forgiving, and true, forgiving and true.

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258

Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let his prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per - fect, present cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e - ter - nally by love's strong cord, O - vercoming dai - ly with the Spir-its' sword,
5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Listening ev - ery moment to the Spir - its' call, Rest - ing in my Saviour, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,
Standing on the promis- es of God my Saviour; Stand - - ing,
Standing on the promis- es,
stand - - ing, I'm standing on the promis- es of God.
Standing on the prom- is- es,

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From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per.

Outside the Gate.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Poor, starving soul, there's room for thee Within thy Fa-ther's home;
2. Thy Father waits; what keeps thee back? Behold his pleading face!
3. O, lin-ger not, the time is short, Its sands are ebb-ing fast;

Why linger still? there's bread to spare; Come in,—no longer roam,—
His circling arms would clasp thee now; O, seek his dear em-brace;
This hour is thine,—improve it well,—This hour,—perhaps thy last;

Come in,—be-hold, thy Fa-ther calls; His love for thee is great;
He longs to hear thee say, for-give; He mourns thy hap-less state;
Come in, while yet thy Father pleads, Slight not his love so great;

FINE.

Come in, come in,—he bids thee come; Why stand outside the gate?

D. S.—Come in, come in, there's room for thee; Why stand outside the gate?

D. S.

CHORUS.

Out-side the gate, out-side the gate, O soul, no long-er wait;

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Let Me in the Life-boat.

L. H. Edmunds. Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Cheer up, wea- ry sail - or; your ship is a - drift, You've lost all your
2. The seas, dark and heav - y, sweep o - ver the deck, Your ef - forts no
3. The good gos- pel life- boat, e - ter- nal-ly planned, Was built by the
4. And now, Christian sail - or, you're tru- ly a- float, And heart- i - ly
5. O, hap - py the course that no billows can thwart, And whether the

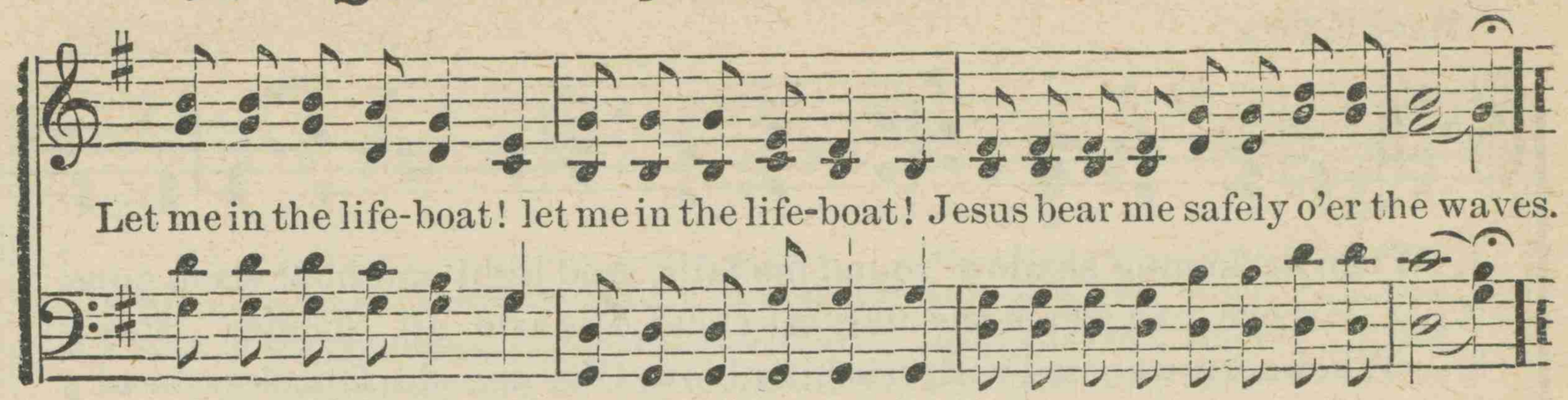
bearings; your eyes upward lift, The shadows are break - ing, and
long - er de- struc- tion can check, Your ves - sel is sink - ing, a -
Sa- viour and launched by his hand, Such won- der - ful love we can
sing - ing sal- va- tion's glad note, Reach out hands of mer - cy, help
voy - age shall be lengthy or short, Our Cap- tain will bring us to

light thro' the rift Shows Je- sus, swiftly coming with the life - boat.
ban- don the wreck! Let Je- sus take and save you in the life - boat.
ne'er un- derstand, The love that seeks and saves us in the life - boat.
souls to the boat, And keep on getting oth - ers in the life - boat.
heaven's bright port; All praise to him who saved us in the life - boat.

CHORUS.

Let me in the life-boat! let me in the life-boat! See the storm it grandly braves,

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6 Our friends over yonder, on Glory's bright shore,
Are sending out signals, and call o'er and o'er,
Step into the life-boat, be saved evermore,
O come and trust to Jesus in the life-boat.

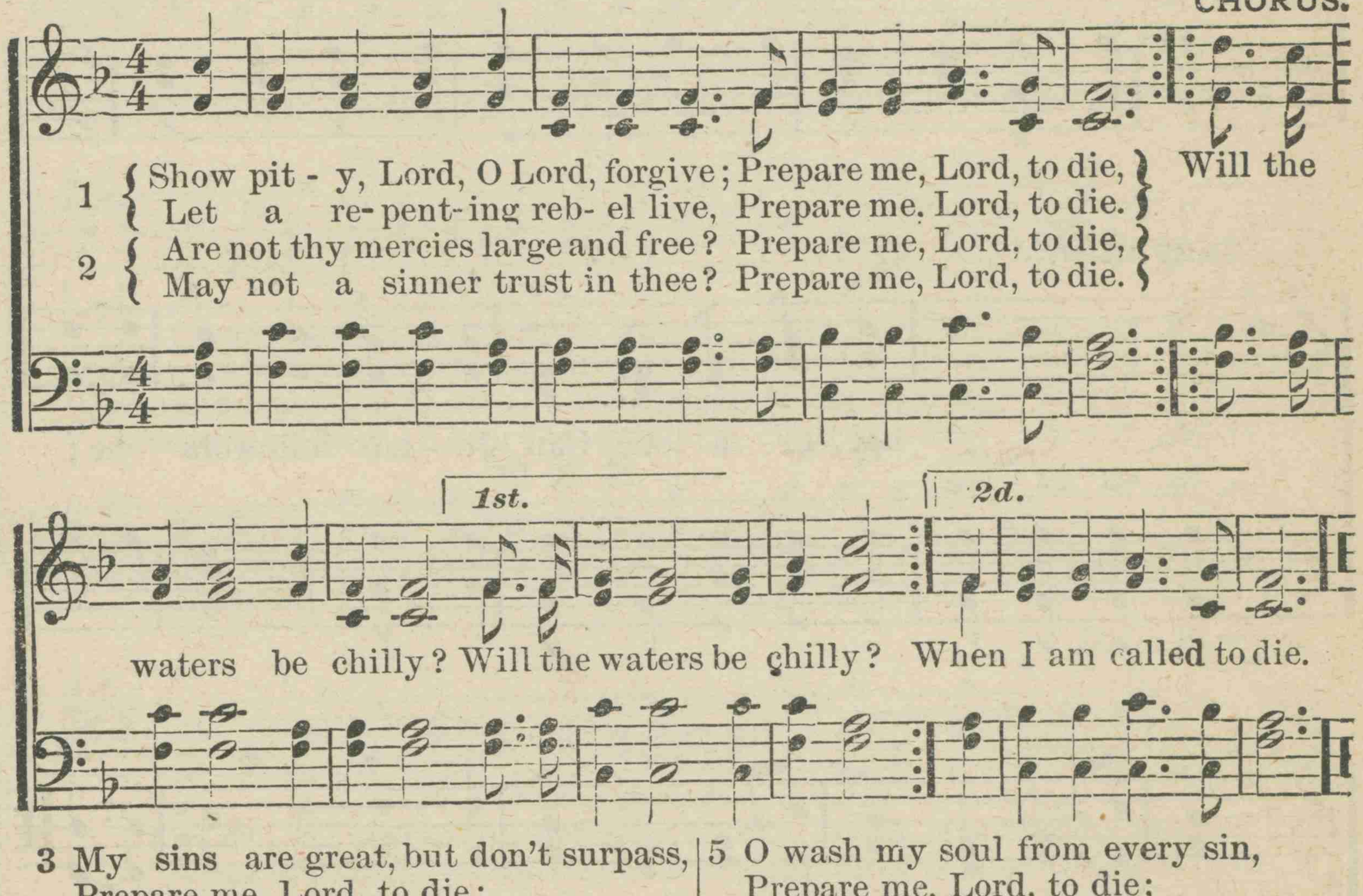
7 How grandly the life-boat is riding the waves,
The shock of the tempest it fearlessly braves,
Who trust it entirely will find that it saves,
For Christ is saving sinners in the life-boat.

8 When into the haven we joyously ride,
The lights of the city will brighten the tide,
We'll answer the shouts of the saints glorified,
All glory be to Jesus for his life-boat.

Will the Waters Be Chilly.

I. WATTS. Arr. by W. J. K.

CHORUS.



3 My sins are great, but don't surpass,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
The power and glory of thy grace;
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

4 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
So let thy pard'ning love be found,
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

5 O wash my soul from every sin,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
And make my guilty conscience clean
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

6 Here on my heart the burden lies,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
And past offences pain my eyes,
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

I'm Not Alone. 263

MARY B. PECK. JOHN E. KURZENKNABE.

1. When darkening shadow 'round me falls, And light and hope seem gone,
2. His eye can pierce the darkest cloud, His arm all danger stay;
3. When sorrows come with crushing blow, O'er my de- fenceless head;
4. So, cheerful - ly I'll trav - el on Through life's dark, thorny way;

There is one thought my heart upholds; It is, I'm not a - lone.
He waits for neith - er look nor word, Our troubles to al - lay.
I tremble not; for well I know Who by my side doth tread.
I'll fear no ill, I'm not a - lone While Je - sus is my stay.
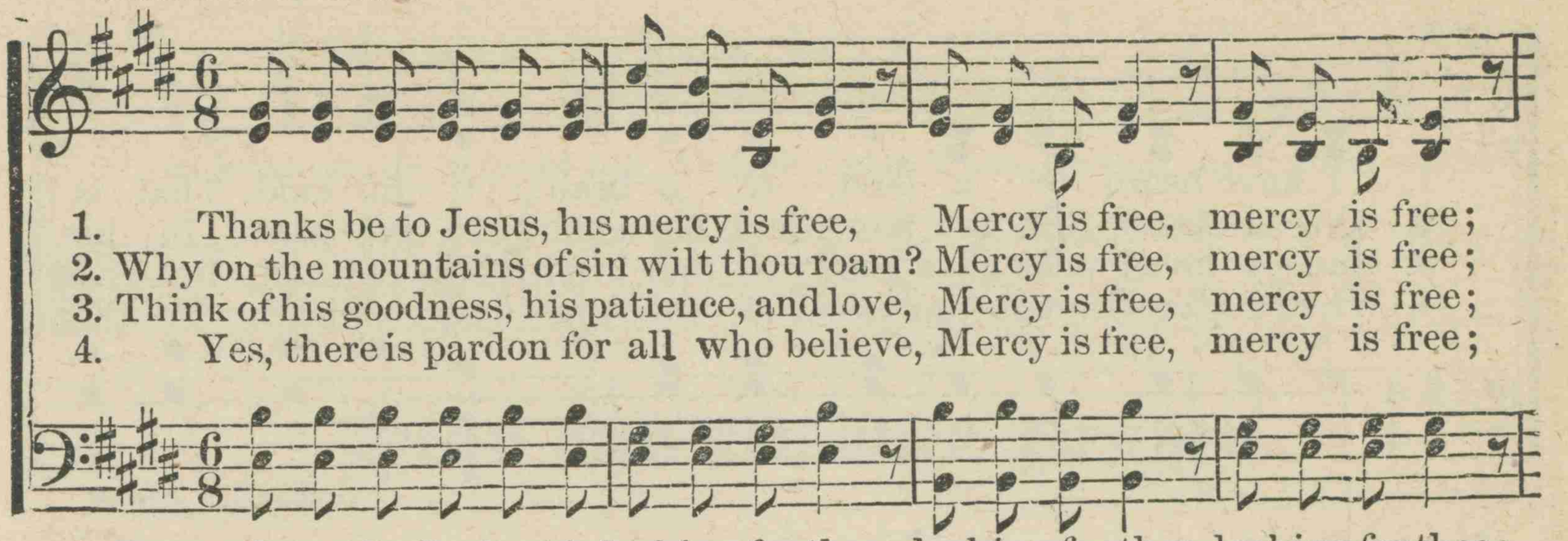
REFRAIN.

No, nev - er a- lone, Can Je - sus' followers be;
No, not a - lone,
He's ev - er near, why should we fear? Our Guide and Hope is He.

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264 Mercy is Boundless and Free.

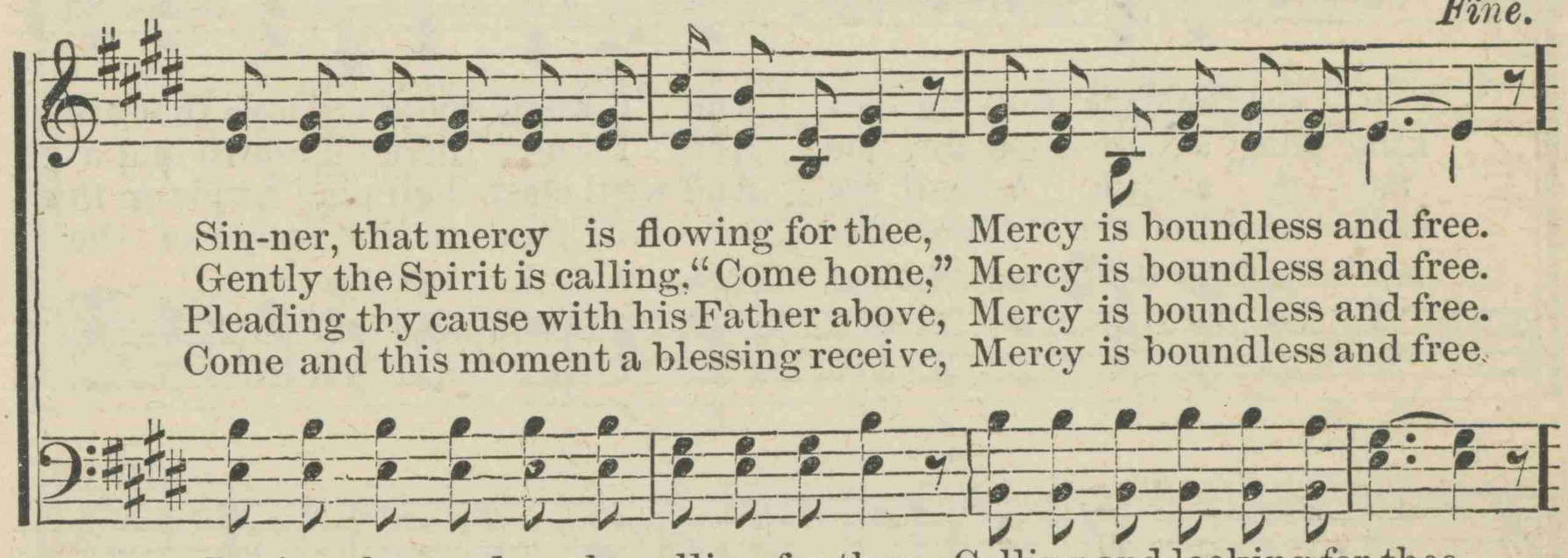
HENRIETTA E BLAIR. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Thanks be to Jesus, his mercy is free, Mercy is free, mercy is free;
2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mercy is free, mercy is free;
3. Think of his goodness, his patience, and love, Mercy is free, mercy is free;
4. Yes, there is pardon for all who believe, Mercy is free, mercy is free;

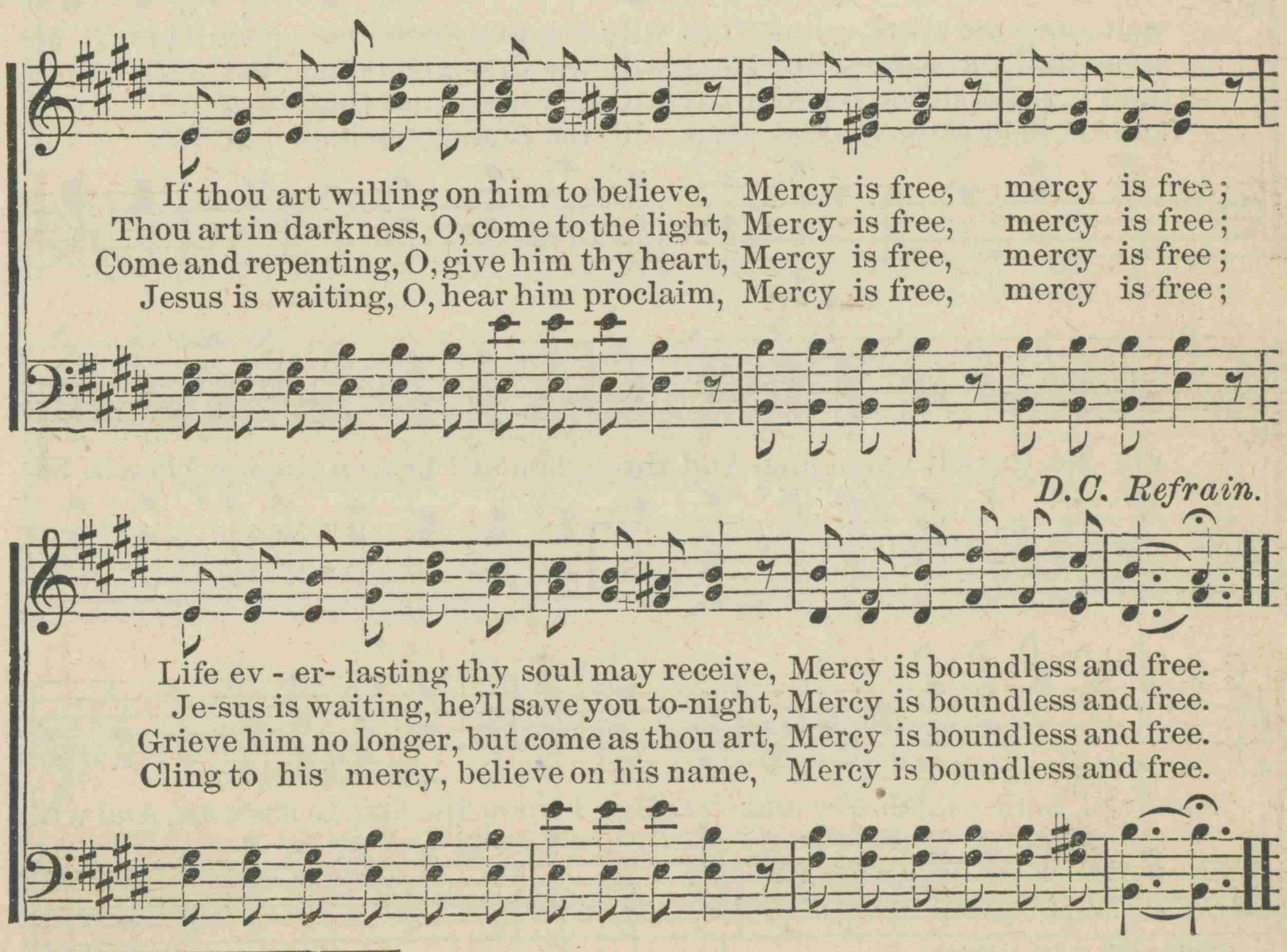
REF.—Jesus the Saviour is looking for thee, looking for thee, looking for thee;

Fine.



Sin-ner, that mercy is flowing for thee, Mercy is boundless and free.
Gently the Spirit is calling, "Come home," Mercy is boundless and free.
Pleading thy cause with his Father above, Mercy is boundless and free.
Come and this moment a blessing receive, Mercy is boundless and free.

Loving- ly, tender - ly calling for thee, Calling and looking for thee.



If thou art willing on him to believe, Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Thou art in darkness, O, come to the light, Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Come and repenting, O, give him thy heart, Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Jesus is waiting, O, hear him proclaim, Mercy is free, mercy is free;

D.C. Refrain.

Life ev - er- lasting thy soul may receive, Mercy is boundless and free.
Je-sus is waiting, he'll save you to-night, Mercy is boundless and free.
Grieve him no longer, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.
Cling to his mercy, believe on his name, Mercy is boundless and free.

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266

What will the First Greeting be?

P. H. DINGMAN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have heard of a land, of a beau - ti - ful land, That is
2. Oh, I know that my Sav - iour has gone to pre - pare In his
3. Man - y loved ones have gone to that bright, hap - py land, But their
4. When I pass through the vale of the sha - dow of death To that

o - ver the dark roll-ing sea, And I know there are joys that are
king-dom a man - sion for me, And I know there's a crown and a
fac - es a-gain I shall see, And we'll clasp their glad hands on that
land where the wea - ry are free, I shall join in the song of the

CHORUS.

wait - ing me there,—But what will the first greet - ing be? There'll be
robe and a song,— But what will the first greet - ing be?
beau - ti-ful strand,—But what will the first greet - ing be?
pur - ified throng,—But what will the first greet - ing be?

mu - sic, there'll be singing, And throughout all heaven ringing There'll be

shouts of halle - lujah o'er and o'er; But I know the first to meet me, And with

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welcome smile to greet me, Will be Jesus when I reach the golden shore.

Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am pray - ing, bless- ed Sav - iour, To be more and more like thee;
2. I am pray - ing, bless- ed Sav - iour, For a faith so clear and bright
3. I am pray - ing to be hum- bled By the power of grace di- vine,
4. I am pray - ing, bless- ed Sav - iour, And my constant prayer shall be

I am pray - ing that thy Spir - it Like a dove may rest on me.
That its eye will see thy glo - ry Thro' the deep - est, dark - est night.
To be clothed up - on with meekness, And to have no will but thine.
For a per - fect con - se - cra - tion, That shall make me more like thee.

CHORUS.

Thou who know- est all my weak-ness, Thou who knowest all my care,
While I plead each precious promise, Hear, oh, hear and answer prayer.

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268

Just Ahead.

EDGAR PAGE. Cho. by H. L. G. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. 'Mid the toil and the bat - tle I think of my home, Where the
2. By the bank of life's riv - er our loved we shall greet, With
3. There cher - ubs ef - ful - gent and ser - aphs that blaze May
4. As year af - ter year shall fly swift - ly a - way, And
5. Pre - pare, then, ye faith - ful, to en - ter your land, The

sound of life's conflict can nevermore come, Where the angel of peace spreads his
them shall rejoice in a rapture complete, Shall join in the song that the
join in our anthem of rapturous praise; And the Son that was given the
yet but begun is e - ter - nity's day, While springs of new pleasure de-
mansion prepared by the Saviour's own hand, 'Tis read - y, now waiting, so

wings o'er the scene, And e - ter - ni - ty's sea is all calm and se - rene.
glo - ri - fied sing, While the arches of heav - en shall tremble and ring.
world to redeem, Shall be of our joy - ing and praising the theme.
light - eth the soul, While on - ward, yet on - ward, the ag - es shall roll.
beauteous and fair! Then bind on your san - dals, we soon shall be there.

CHORUS.

Just a - head, just a - head I see the pearl - y gates unfold, And hear the harps of shining gold, Where blood-bought saints the

a - head,

Copyright, 1889, by H. L. Gilmour.

new song sing To him who redeemed us, our bless - ed King.

On the Way.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O, bless the Lord, what joy is mine! What perfect peace thro' grace divine!
2. O, bless the Lord, he dwells with me, The voice I hear, the hand I see
3. O, bless the Lord for what I know Of heavenly bliss while here below!
4. O, bless the Lord 'twill not be long Till I shall join the ho- ly throng.

Fine.

S.

And now to realms of end - less day, O, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.
Renew my strength from day to day While home to him I'm on the way.
My trusting heart thro' faith can say, To mansions bright I'm on the way.
And shout and sing thro' endless day, Where every tear is wiped a - way.
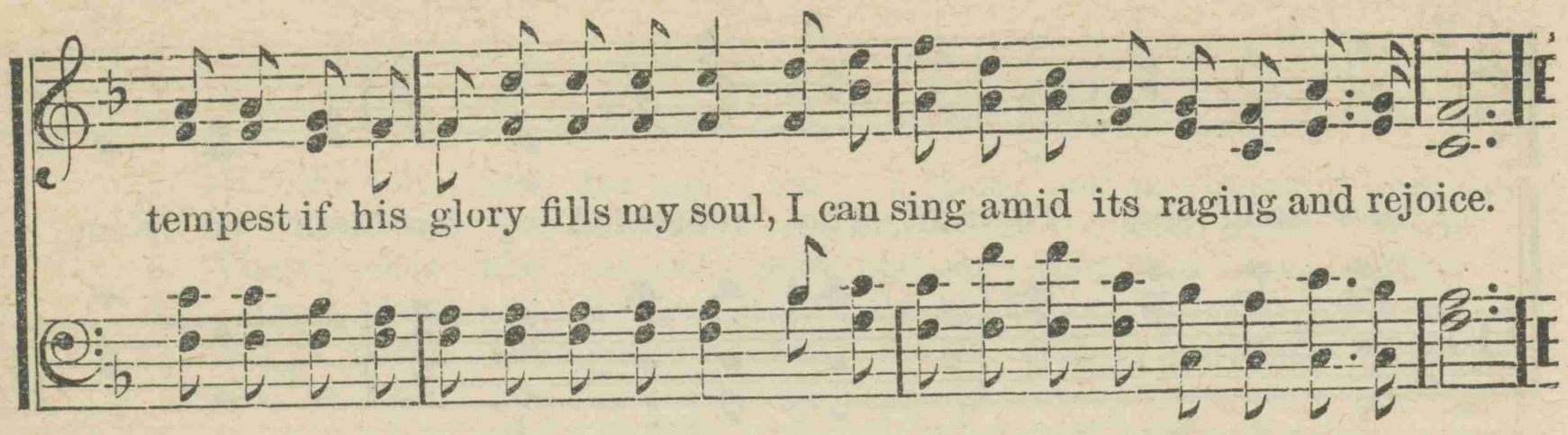
D.S.—crown to wear in end - less day, O, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.

CHORUS.

D.S.

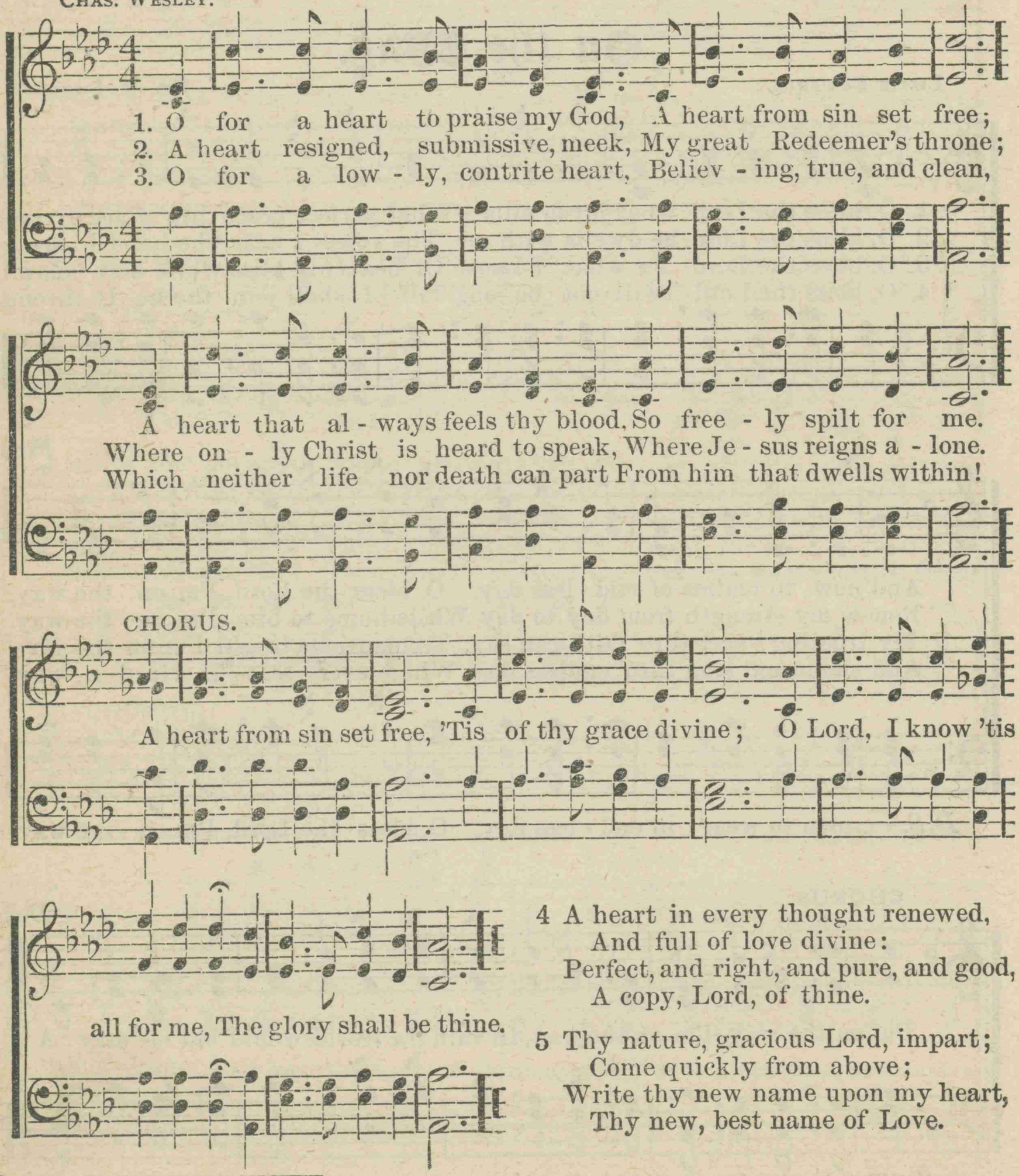
I'm on the way, I'm on the way, In vain the world would bid me stay: A

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A Heart from Sin set Free.

CHAS. WESLEY. L. L. PICKETT.



4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine:
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

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272

Happy Tidings.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful e - cho
2. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! a - gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,

Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call,
Come, oh, come to-day; Christ, our lov- ing Sav- iour, Still repeats the call,
Sweeping o'er the plain; Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call,

REFRAIN.

Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all. Whoso- ev - er ask- eth,
Come, ye weary, hea- vy- laden, Room, room for all.
Come, for ev'rything is ready, Room, room for all.

Jesus will receive; Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve; See the living

waters, Flowing full and free; Oh, the blessed whosoever! That means me.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Bringing in the Sheaves. 273

Words from "Songs of Glory." GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev-er weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dew- y eves; Waiting for the har- vest, and the time of reap- ing,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har- vest, and the la- bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,

CHORUS.

We shall come re- joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves,

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves,

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

By permission.

Jesus Saves. 275

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

Spread the glad- ness all a- round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By his death and end- less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

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

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

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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276

Sinner, Turn.

CHAS. WESLEY. JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Sin- ners, turn; why will ye die? God your Mak-er asks you why;
2. Sin- ners, turn; why will ye die? God your Saviour asks you why;
3. Sin- ners, turn; why will ye die? God the Spir - it asks you why;

God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with him- self to live;
He who did your souls retrieve, Died him-self that ye might live.
He who all your lives hath strove, Wooed you to em- brace his love.

He the fa - tal cause demands; Asks the work of his own hands,
Will ye let him die in vain? Cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain?
Will ye not his grace re- ceive? Will ye still re - fuse to live?

Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross his love, and die?
Why, ye ransomed sin- ners, why Will ye slight his grace and die?
Why, ye long-sought sin- ners, why Will ye grieve your God and die?

CHORUS.

1st. Rep. pp. *2d.*

Sinner, turn; O sinner, turn; Turn, O turn, why will you die? will you die?

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278

Stepping in the Light.

L. H. EDMUNDS. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Trying to follow our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is leading, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward we'll

Saviour and King; Shaping our lives by his blessed ex- am - ple,
turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,
mer - cy, and love, Looking to him for the grace free- ly promised,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beauty,"

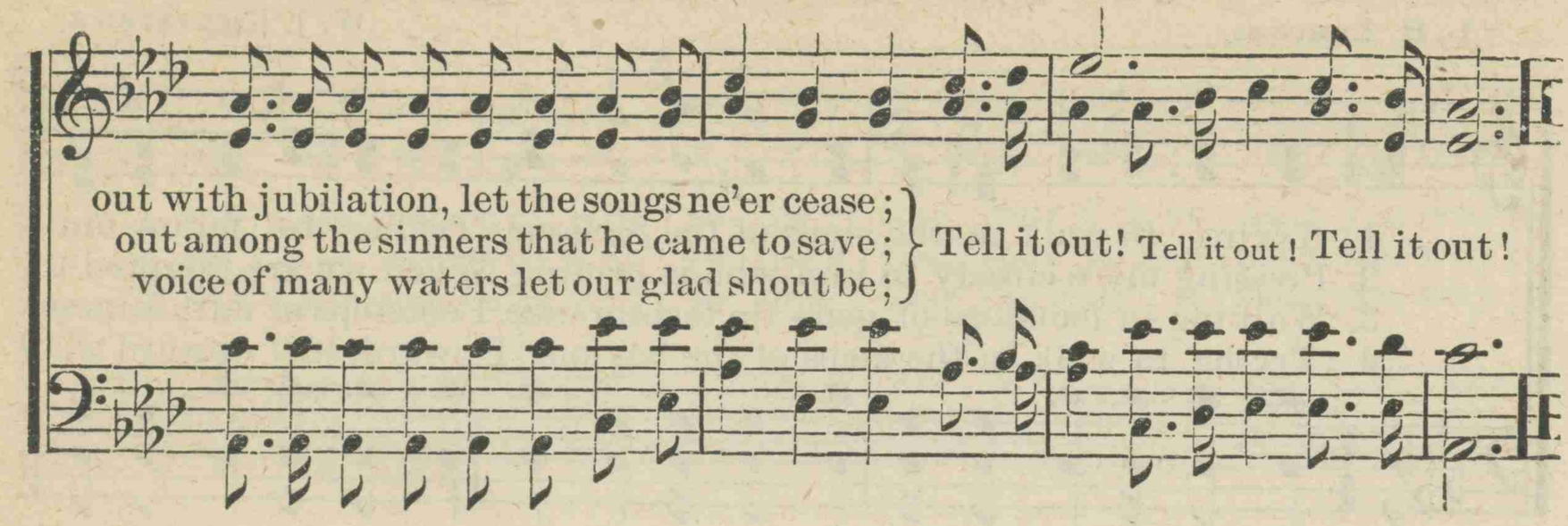
CHORUS.

Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the
Happy, how happy, our praises each day.
Happy, how happy, our journey above.
Happy, how happy, our place at his side.

steps of the Saviour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.

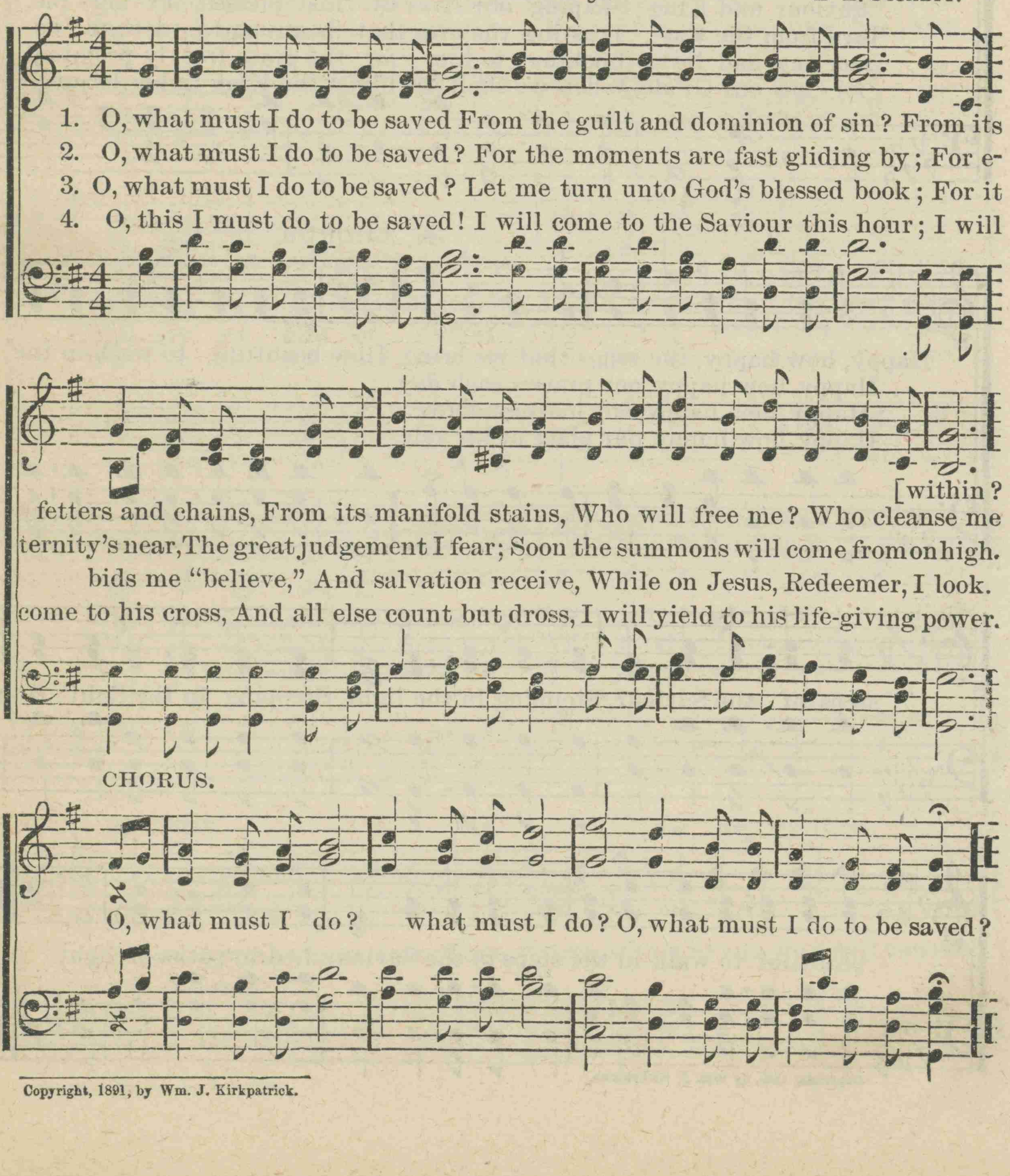
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What Must I Do to be Saved?

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

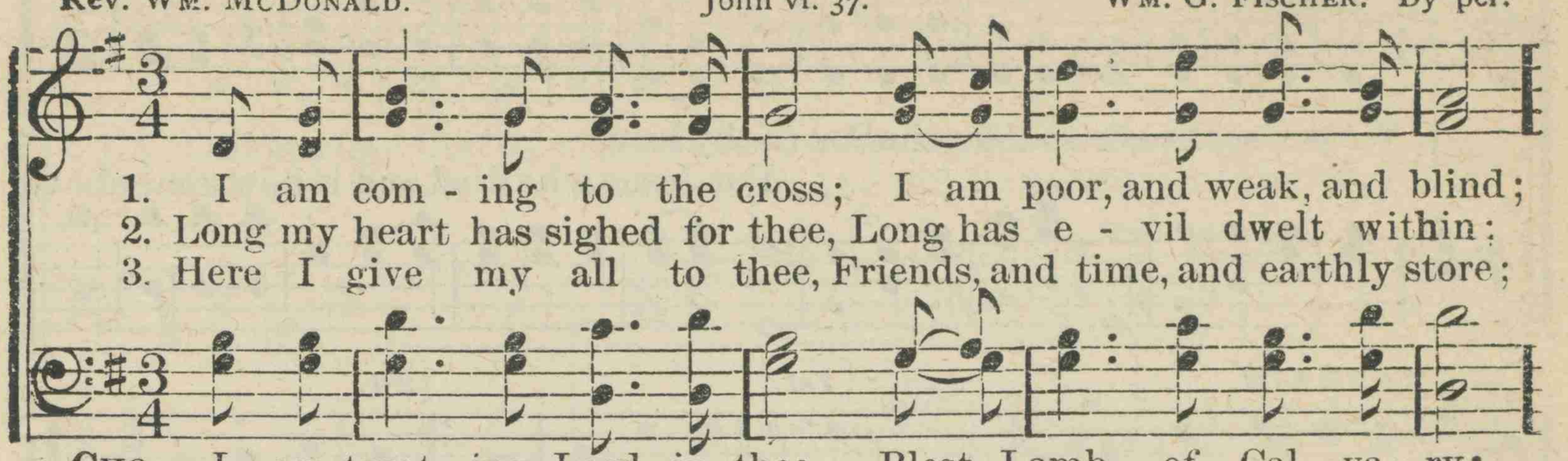
E. E. Hewitt. Acts xvi. 31. L. L. Pickett.

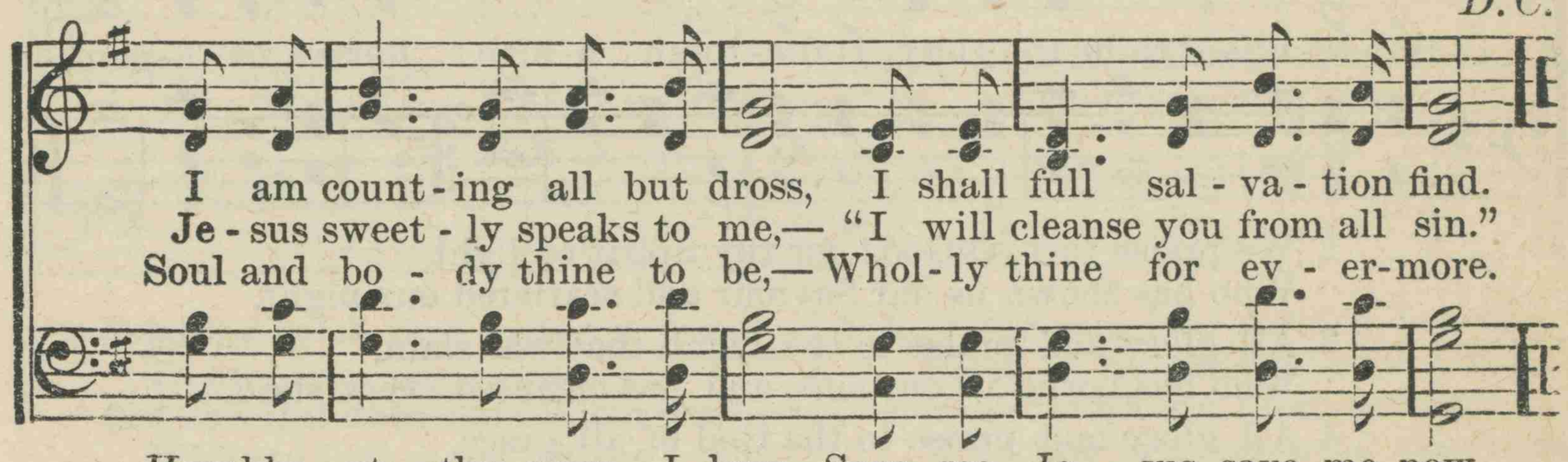


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292 I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. John vi. 37. Wm. G. Fischer. By per.



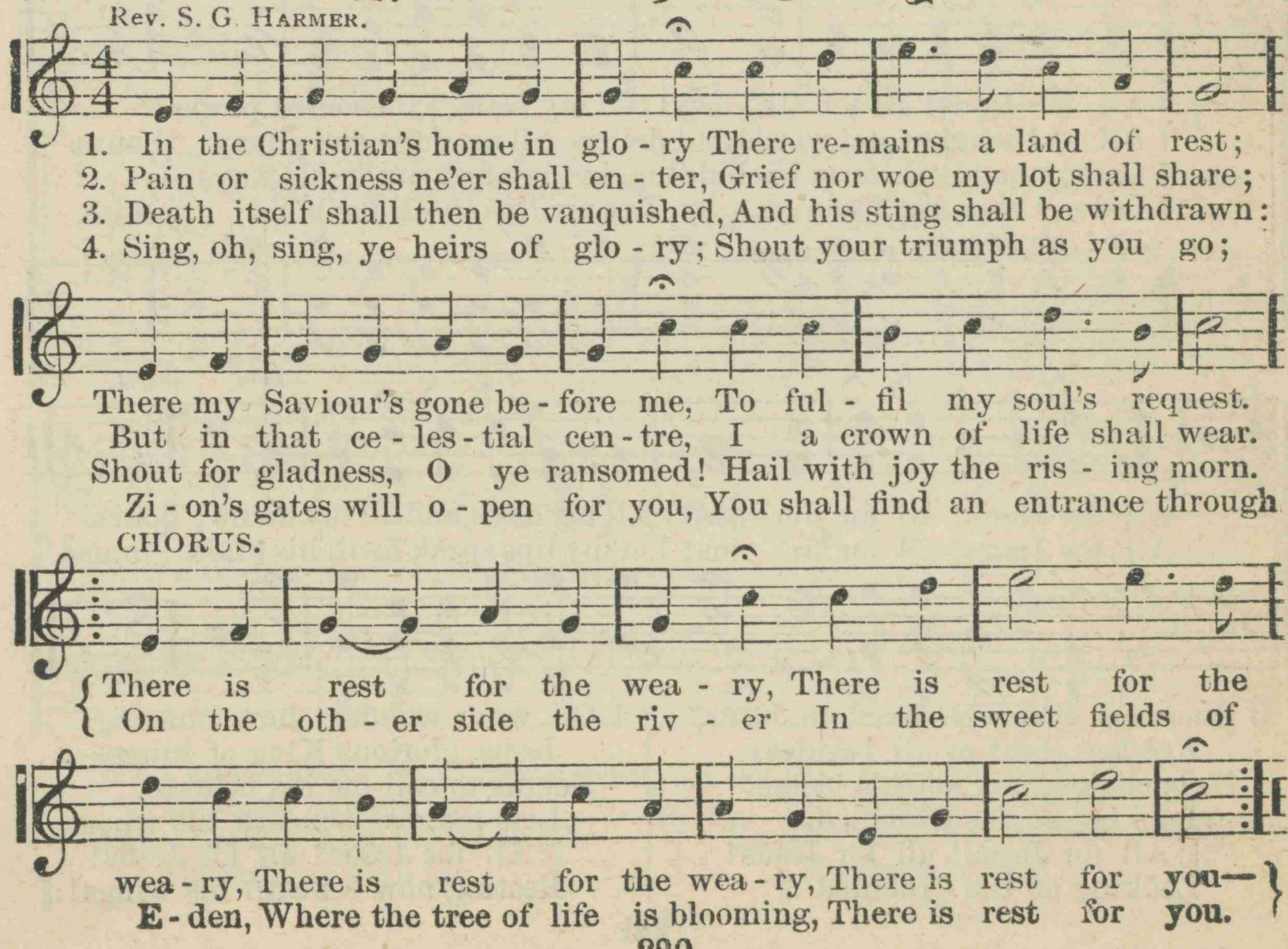


4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.
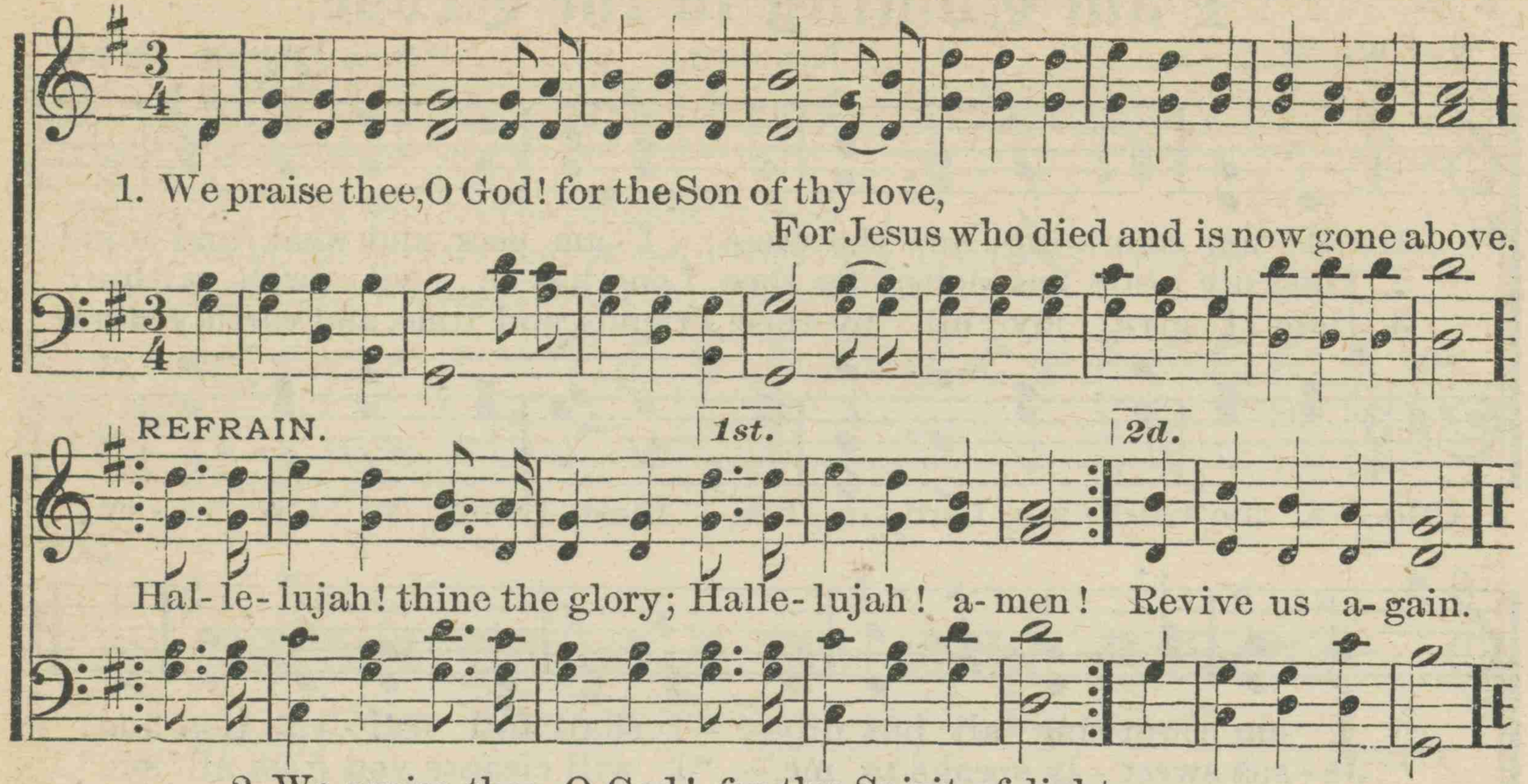
5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

293 Rest for the Weary.

Rev. Wm. McDonald.



294 WM. P. MACKAY. **Revive us again.** J. J. HUSBAND.
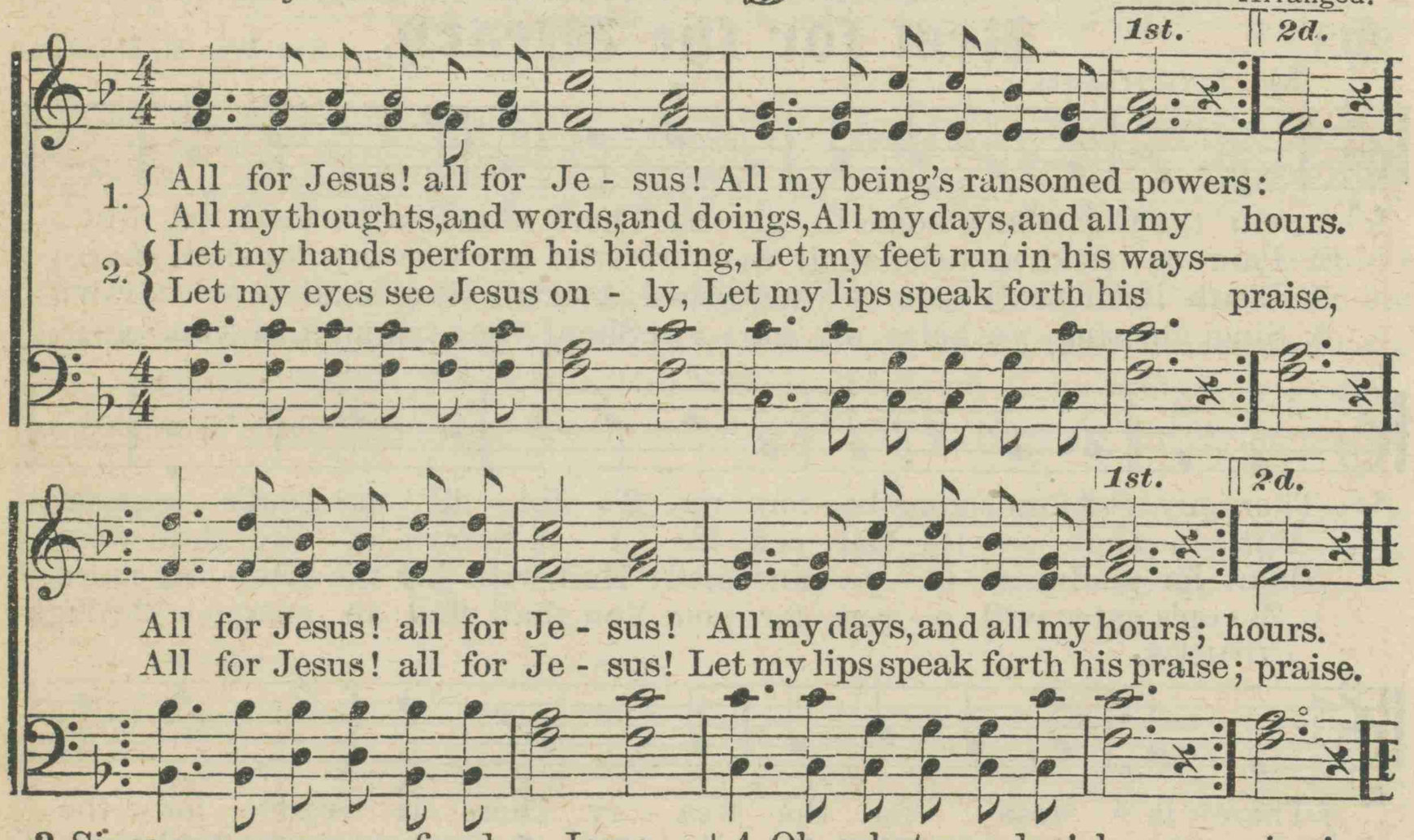


2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.

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

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

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

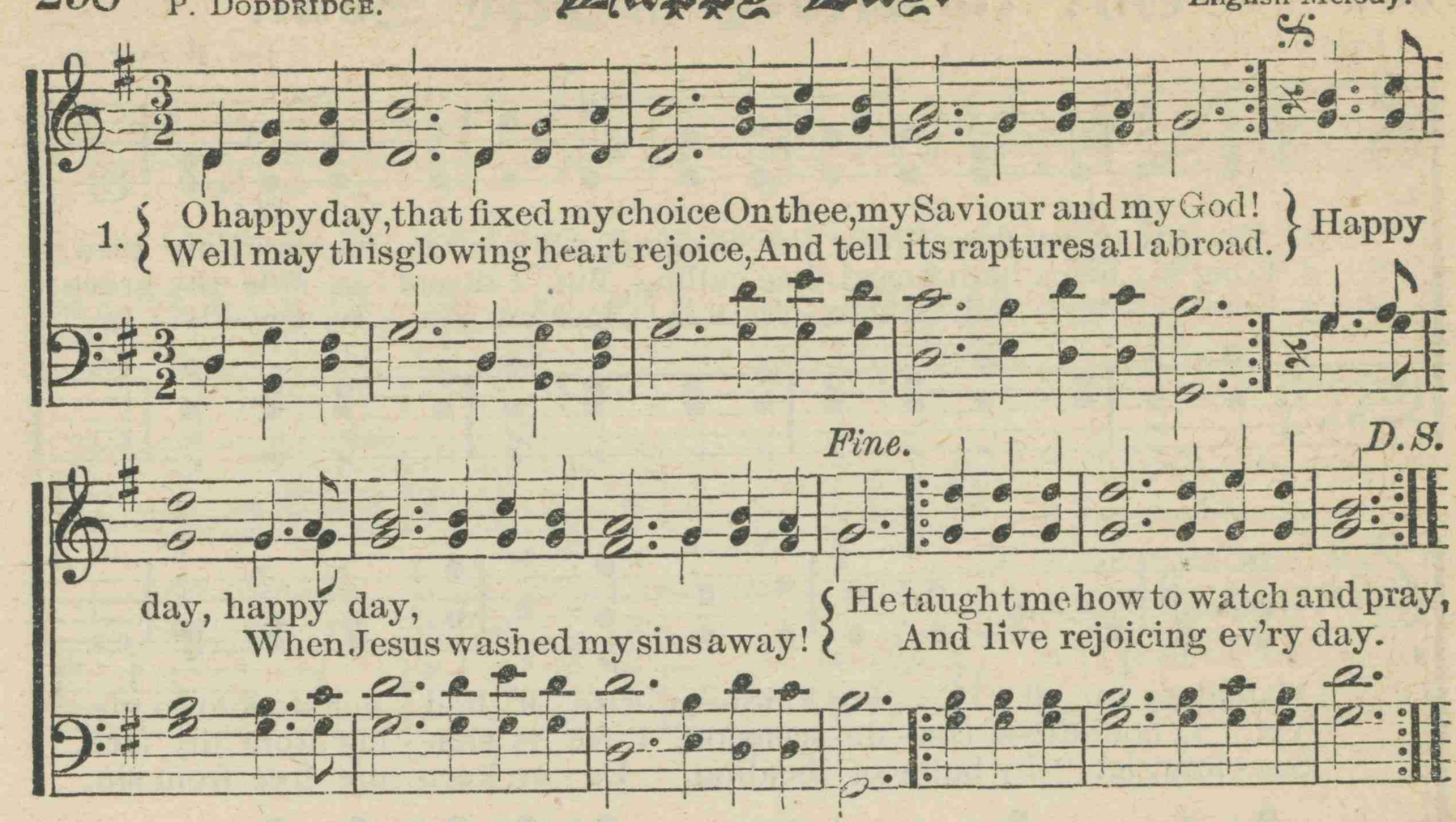
295 MARY D JAMES. **All for Jesus.** Arranged.



3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all besides;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified. :‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings! :‖

298 P. DODDRIDGE. **Happy Day.** English Melody.



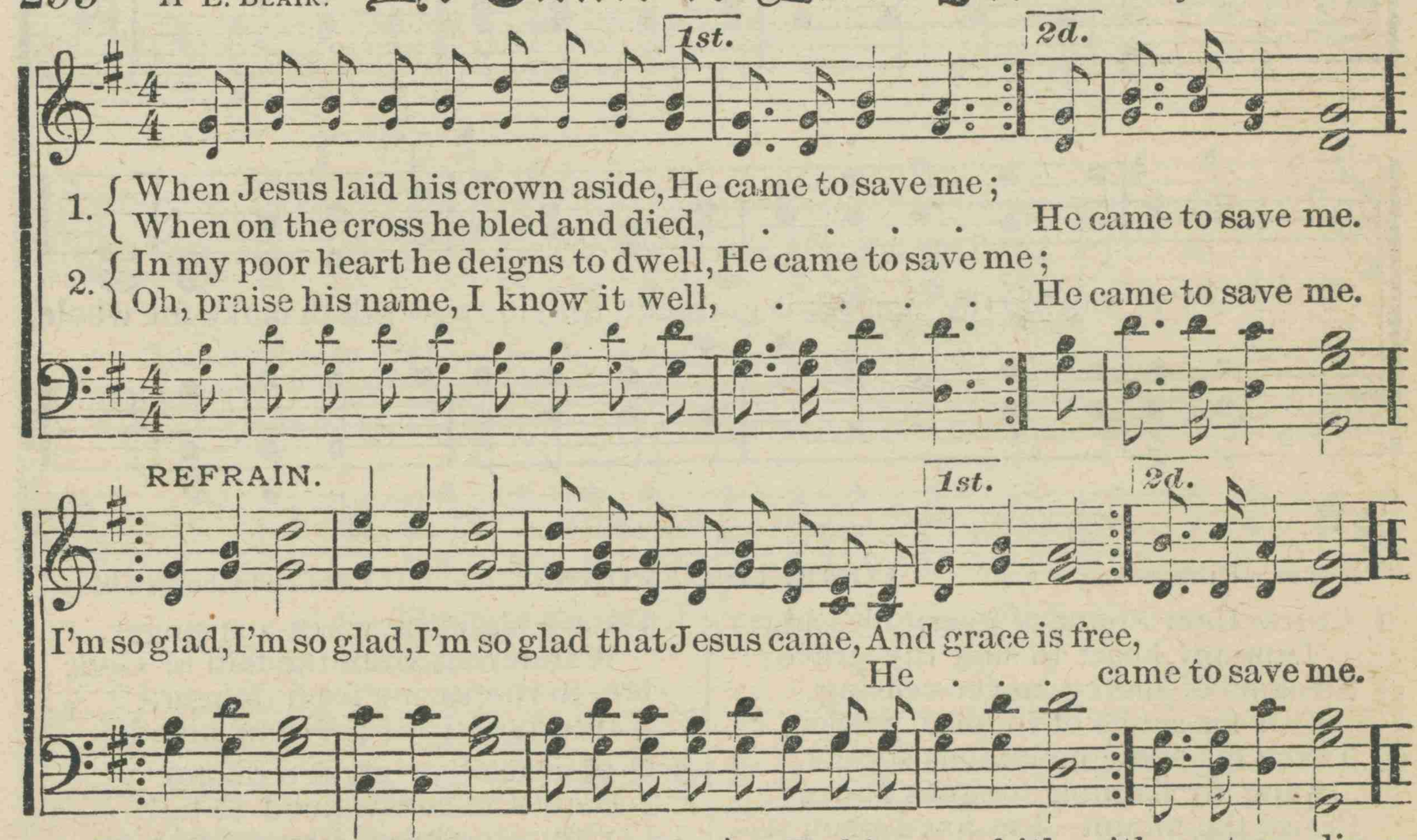
2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess that voice divine.

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

5 High heav'n 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.

299 H E. BLAIR. **He Came to Save Me.** WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
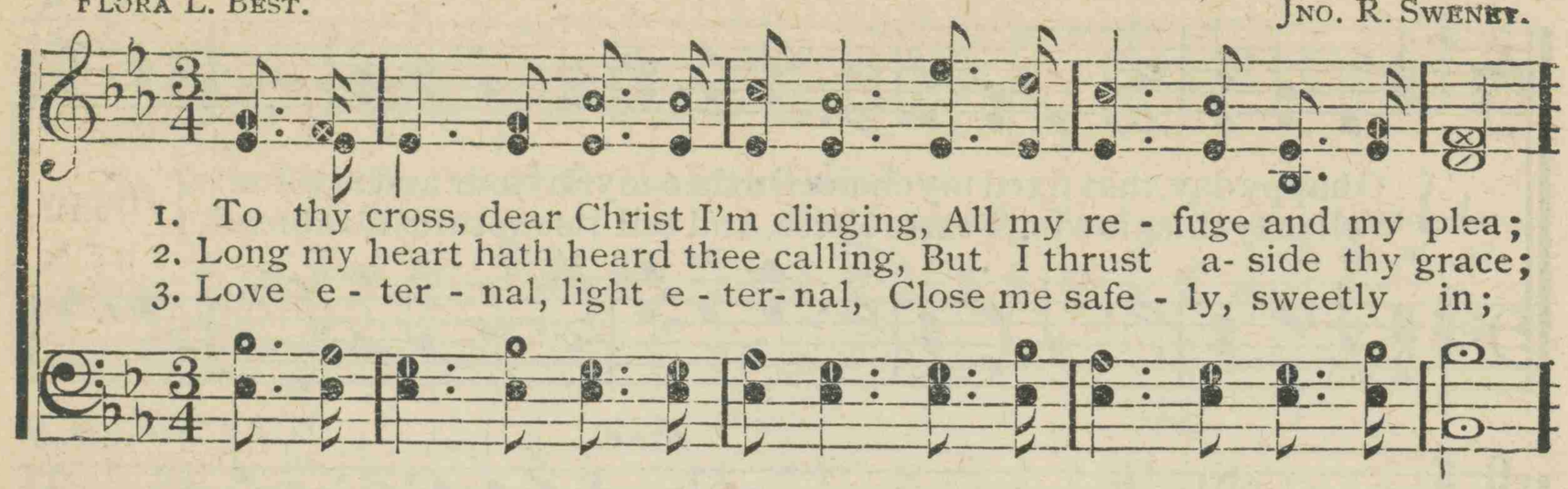


3 With gentle hand he leads me still,
He came to save me;
And trusting him I fear no ill,
He came to save me.

4 To him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me;
To him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.

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300 **Oh! 'tis Glory in My Soul.**

FLORA L. BEST. JNO. R. SWENEY.



301

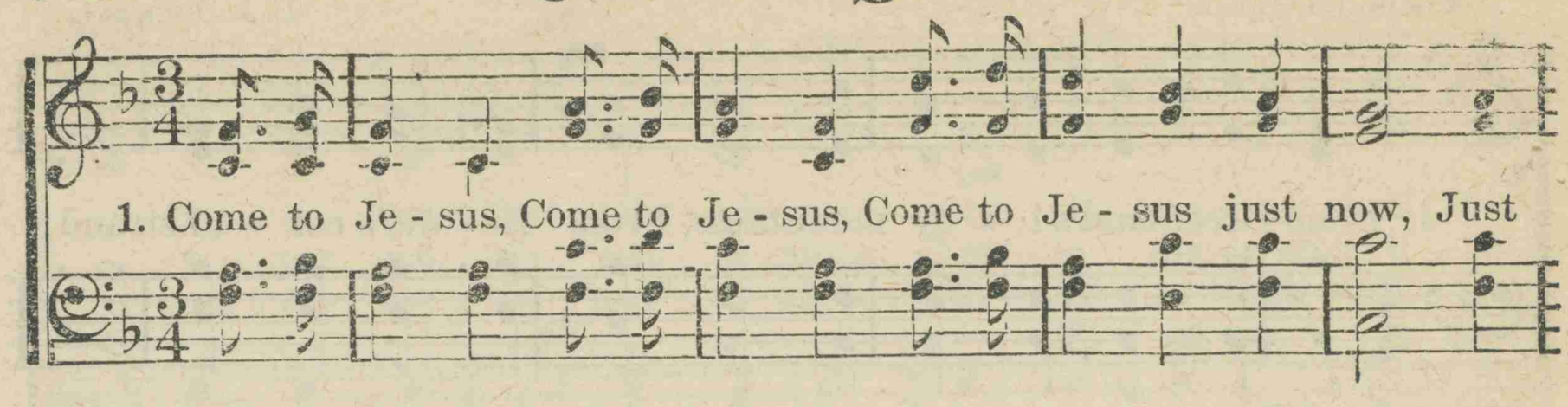
ROBERT ROBINSON. **COME, THOU FOUNT.** Tune and Chorus above.
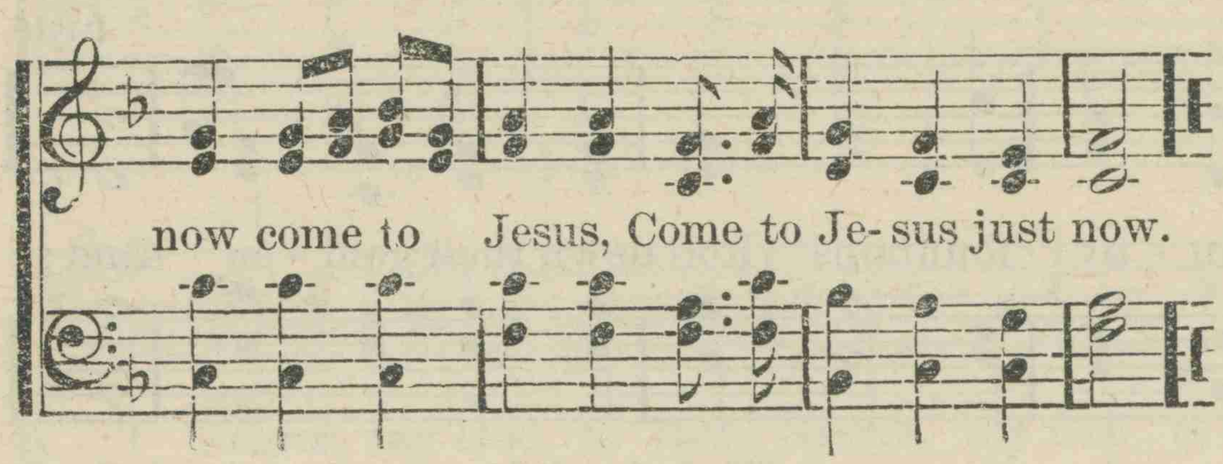
1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing.
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung fly flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

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

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above

302 **Come to Jesus.**
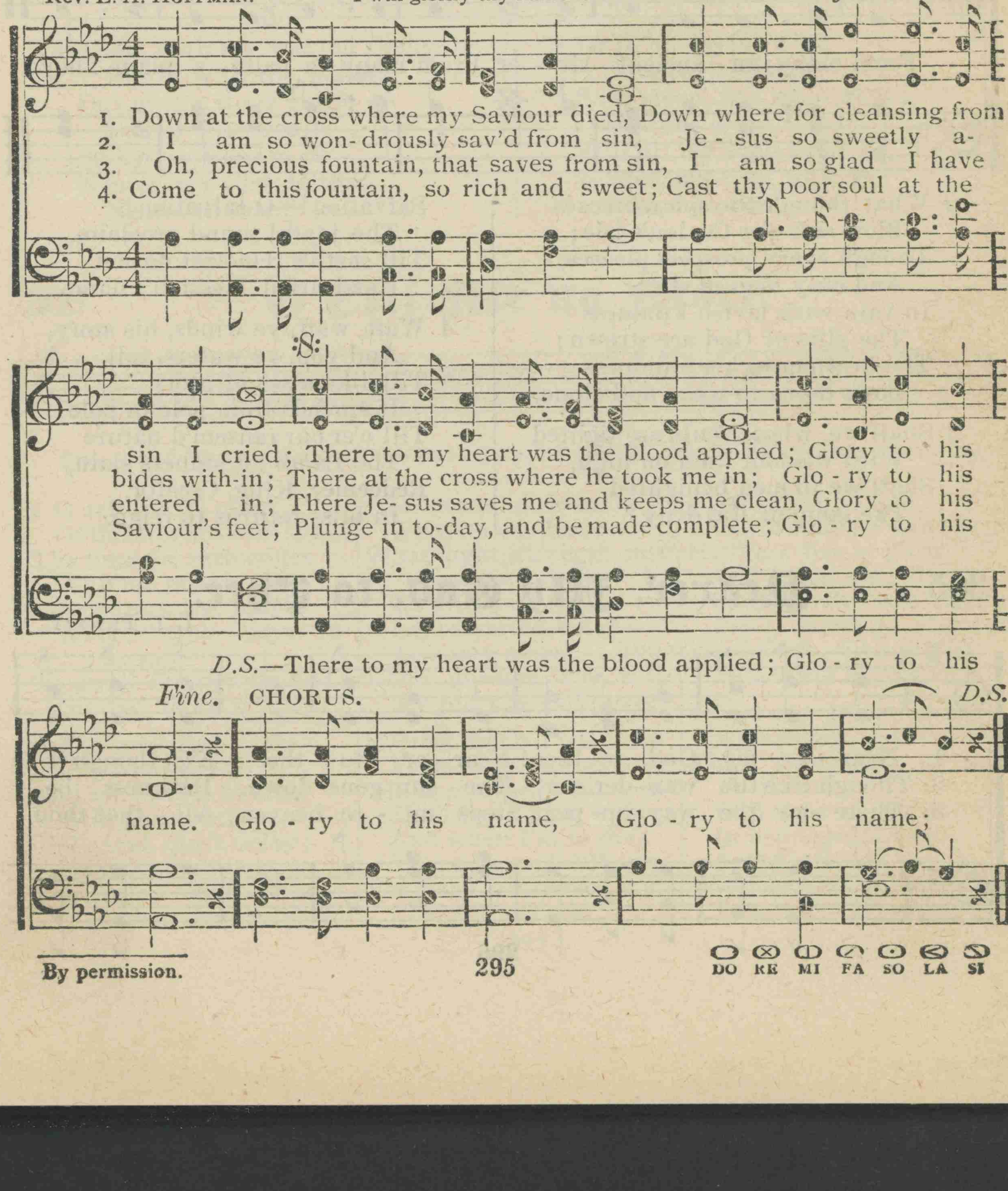




2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is waiting, etc.
6 O believe him, etc.
7 He will bless you, etc.

303 **Glory to His Name.**

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. "I will glorify thy name forevermore." Rev. J. H. Stockton.

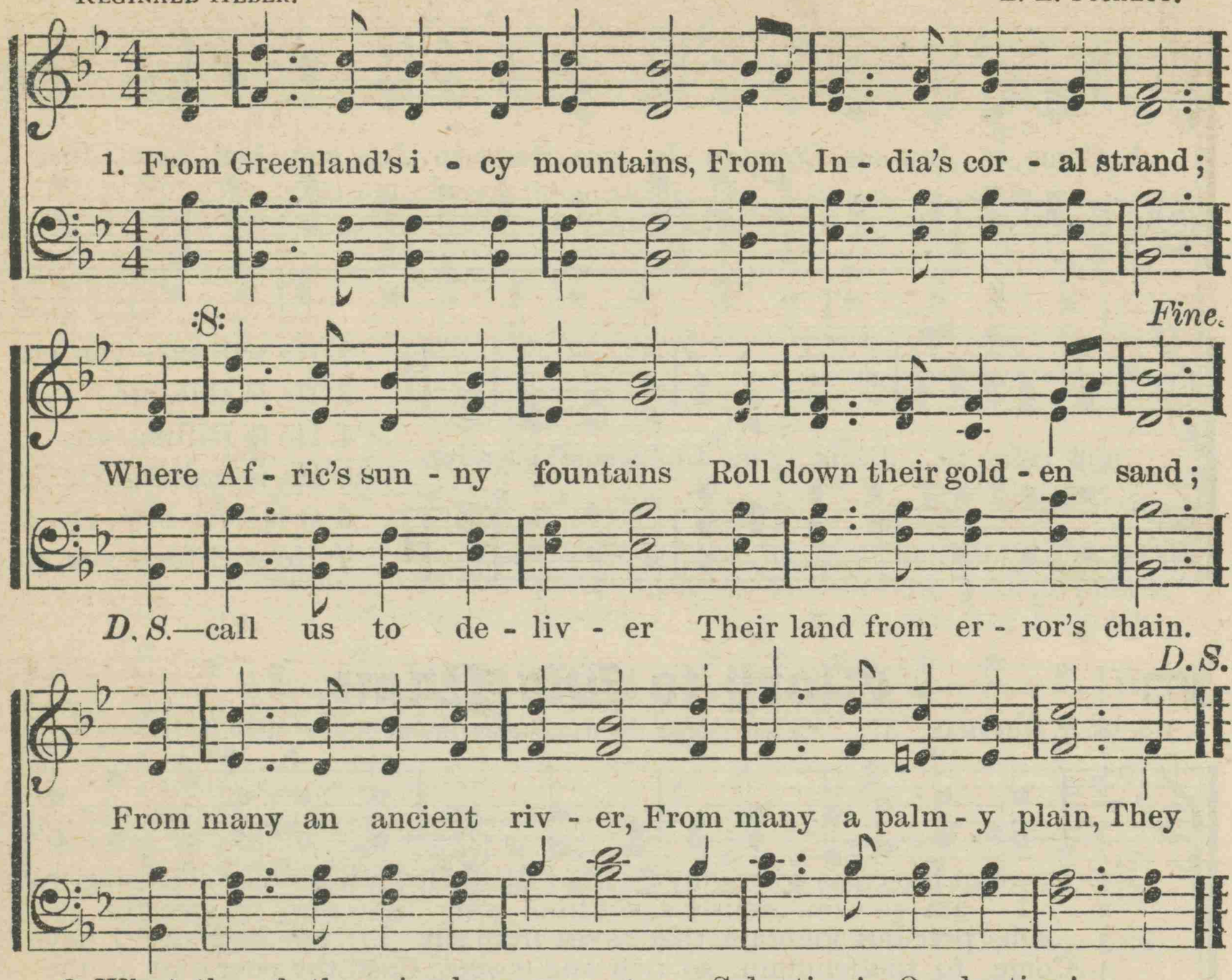


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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

304 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

REGINALD HEBER. L. L. PICKETT.
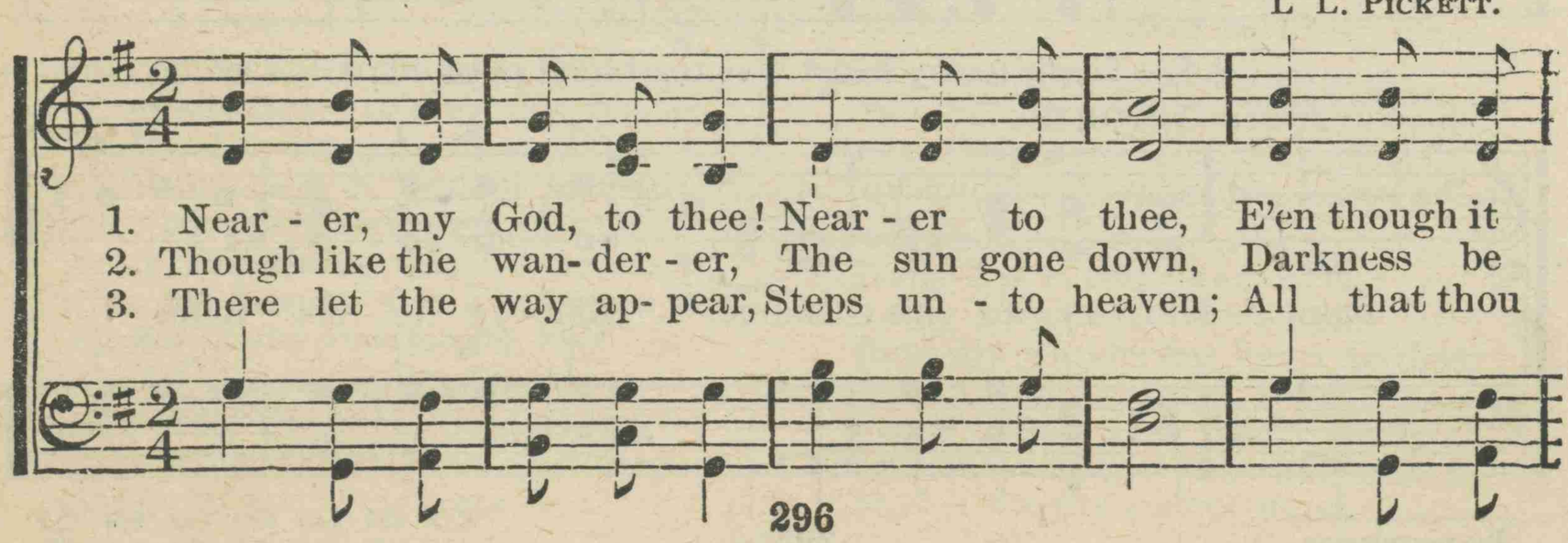


2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.
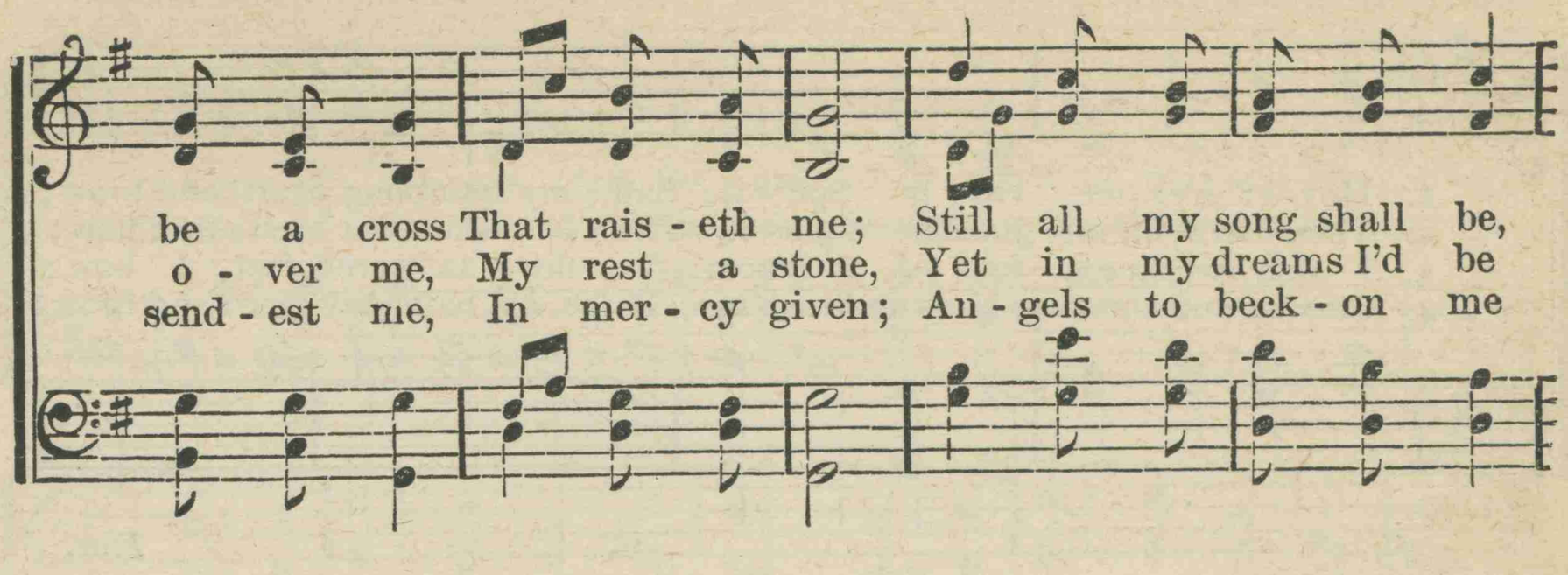
4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.
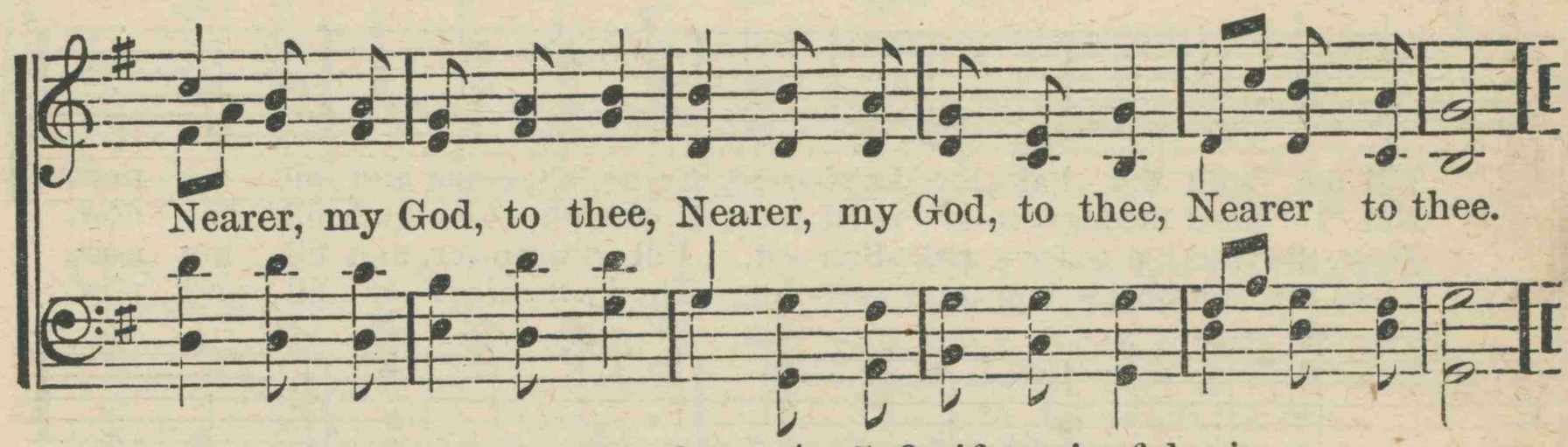
305 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

L. L. PICKETT.



Nearer, My God, to Thee.—CONCLUDED.

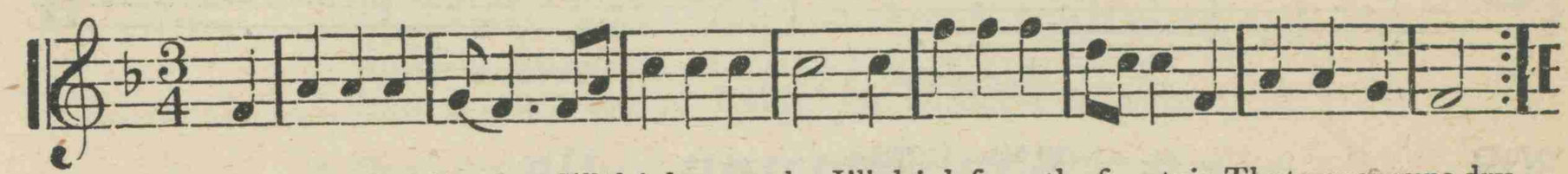




4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

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

306 O Tell Me no More.



Cho.—I'll drink when I'm dry, I'll drink a supply, I'll drink from the fountain That never runs dry.

1 O tell me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er;
A country I ve found
Where true joys a-
bound,
To dwell I'm determined
On that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe
In paradise live,
And me in that number
Will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay;
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour,
And bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,—
What light, strength, and
comfort,—
Go after him, go;
Lo, onward I move
To a city above,
None guesses how won-
My journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win
From death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions
Shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die,
"Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me,
I cannot tell why:

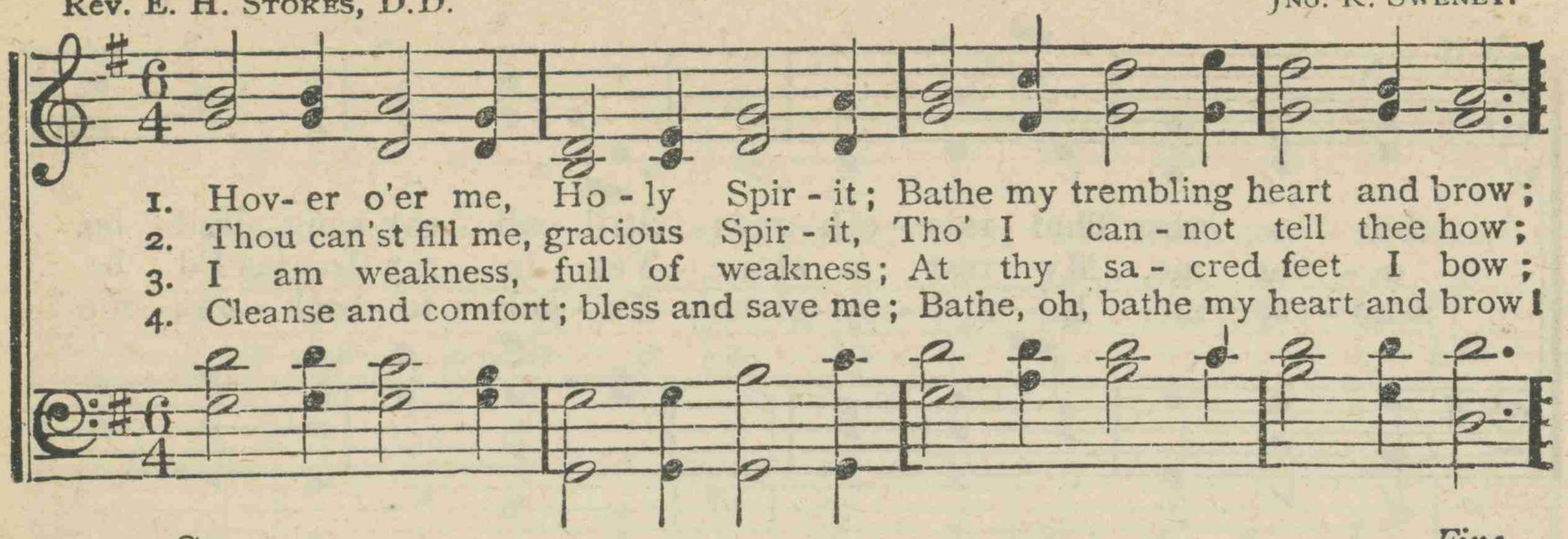
5 But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory
And leave me behind:
So this is the race
I'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted
To see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care
My neighbors may share
These blessings: to seek
them
Will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why,
And death will you lie,
When one here assures you
Free grace is so nigh?

307

Fill Me Now.
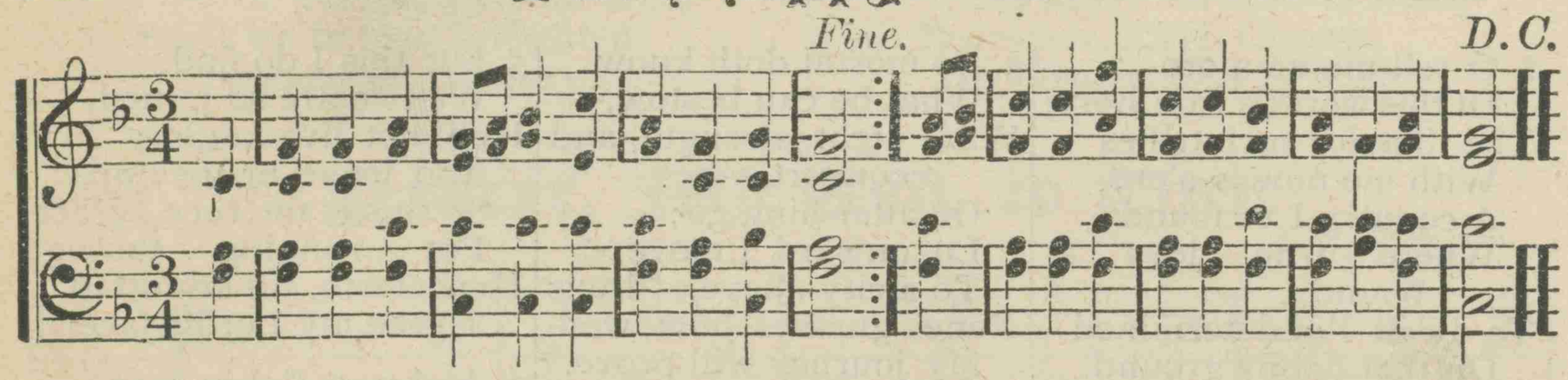
Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D. Jno. R. Sweney.



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308

I'm Happy. 11s.



1 I'm happy, I'm happy,
O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal;
I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure,
And long to be there,
With Jesus and angels,
My kindred so dear.

2 O, who is like Jesus!
He's Salem's bright King!
He smiles, and he loves me,
And helps me to sing:
I'll praise him, I'll praise him,
Whatever his will,
While rivers of pleasure
My spirit doth fill.

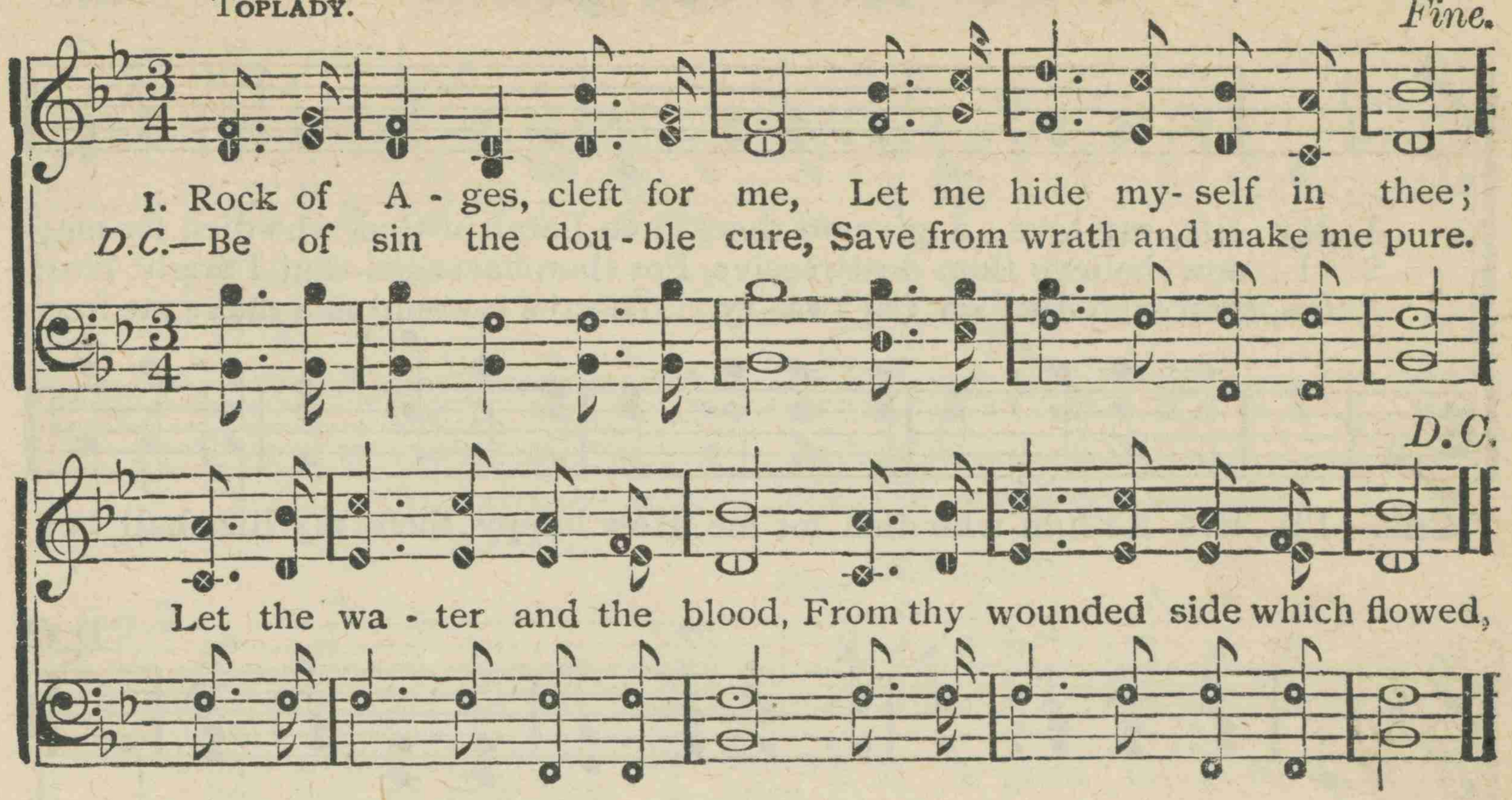
3 I find him in singing,
I find him in prayer;
In sweet meditation
He always is there.
My constant companion,
O my we ne'er part!
All glory to Jesus,
He dwells in my heart.

318

Rock of Ages.

Tune, TOPLADY. 7s.

TOPLADY.



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

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

319

Whiter than Snow.

1 DEAR Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain;
Apply thine own blood, and extract ev'ry stain;
To have this blest washing I all things forego,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Dear Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought thee thou never said'st, no,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
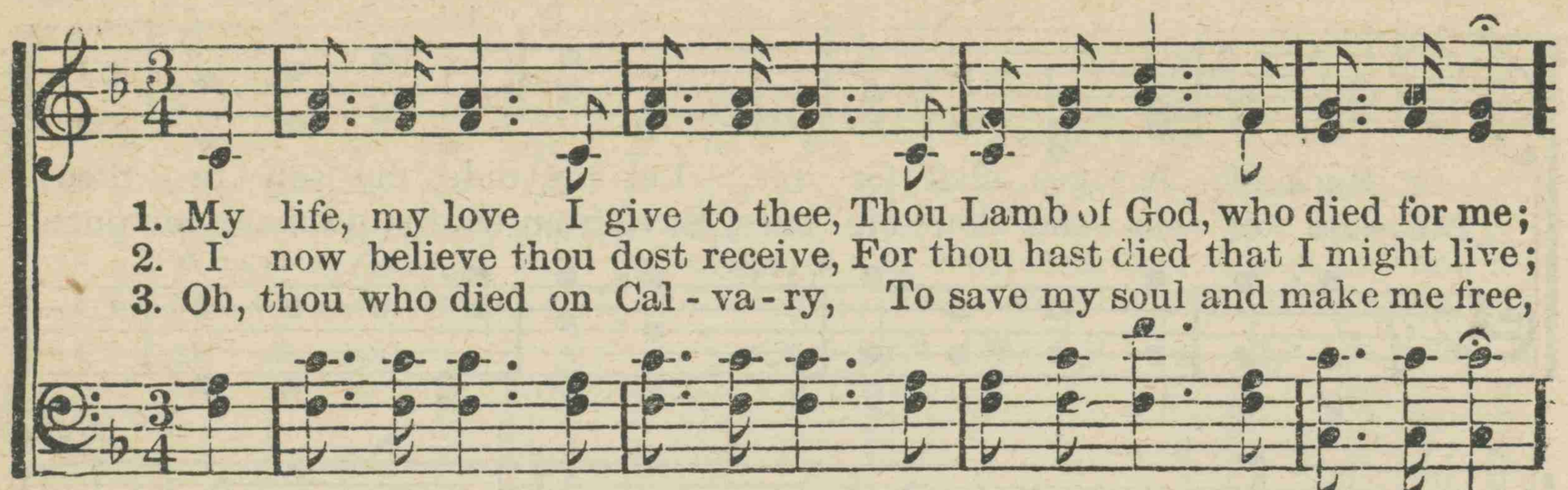
5 Dear Jesus, For this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

6 The blessing by faith I receive from above;
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love!
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied,—I am whiter than snow.

331

I'll Live for Him.

C. R. Dunbar.

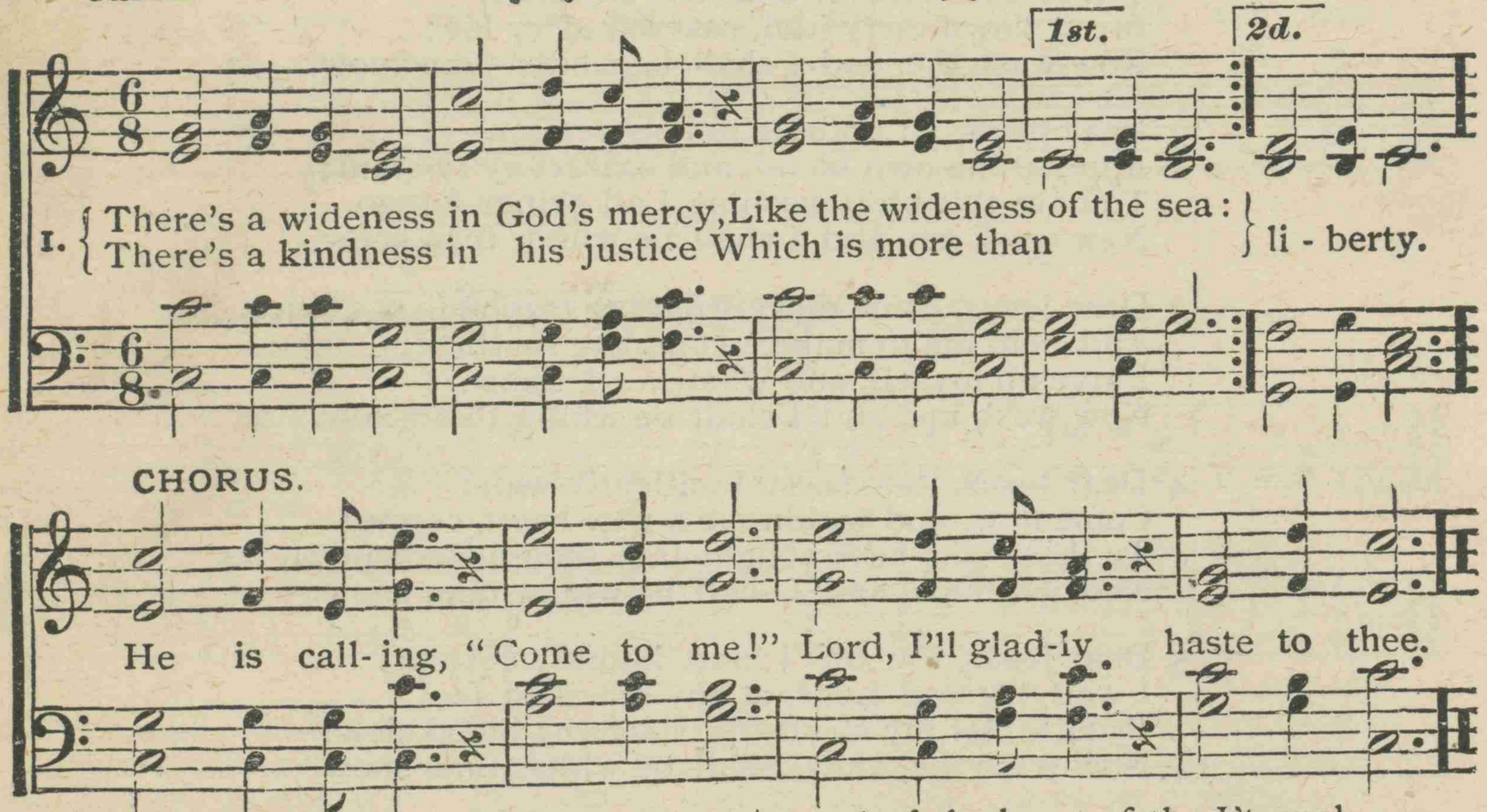


332

Faber.

He is Calling.

Arr. by S. J. Vail.
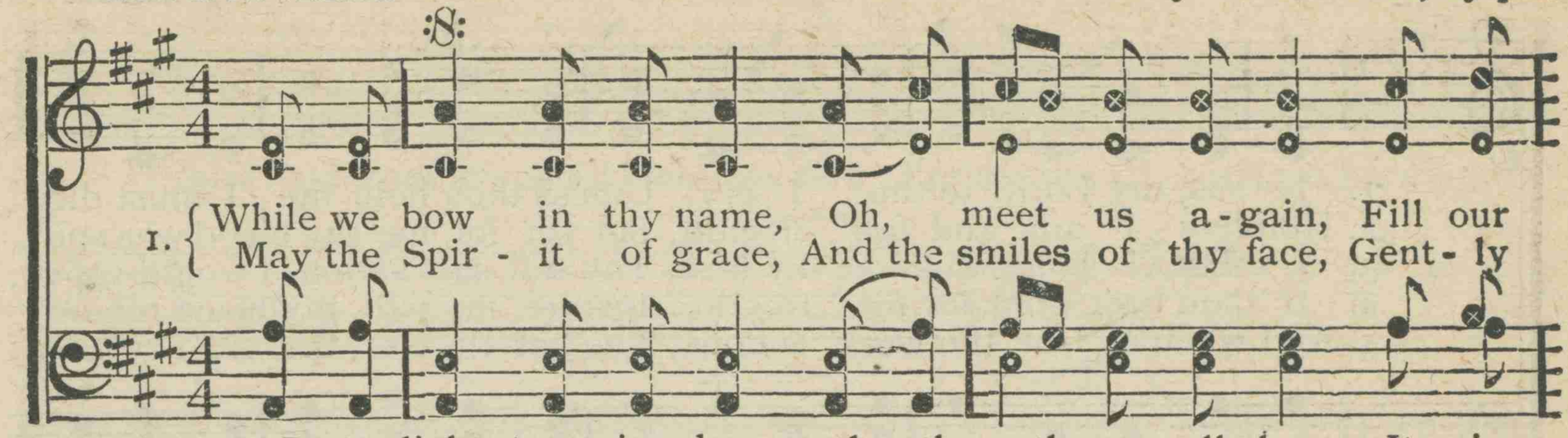


2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.
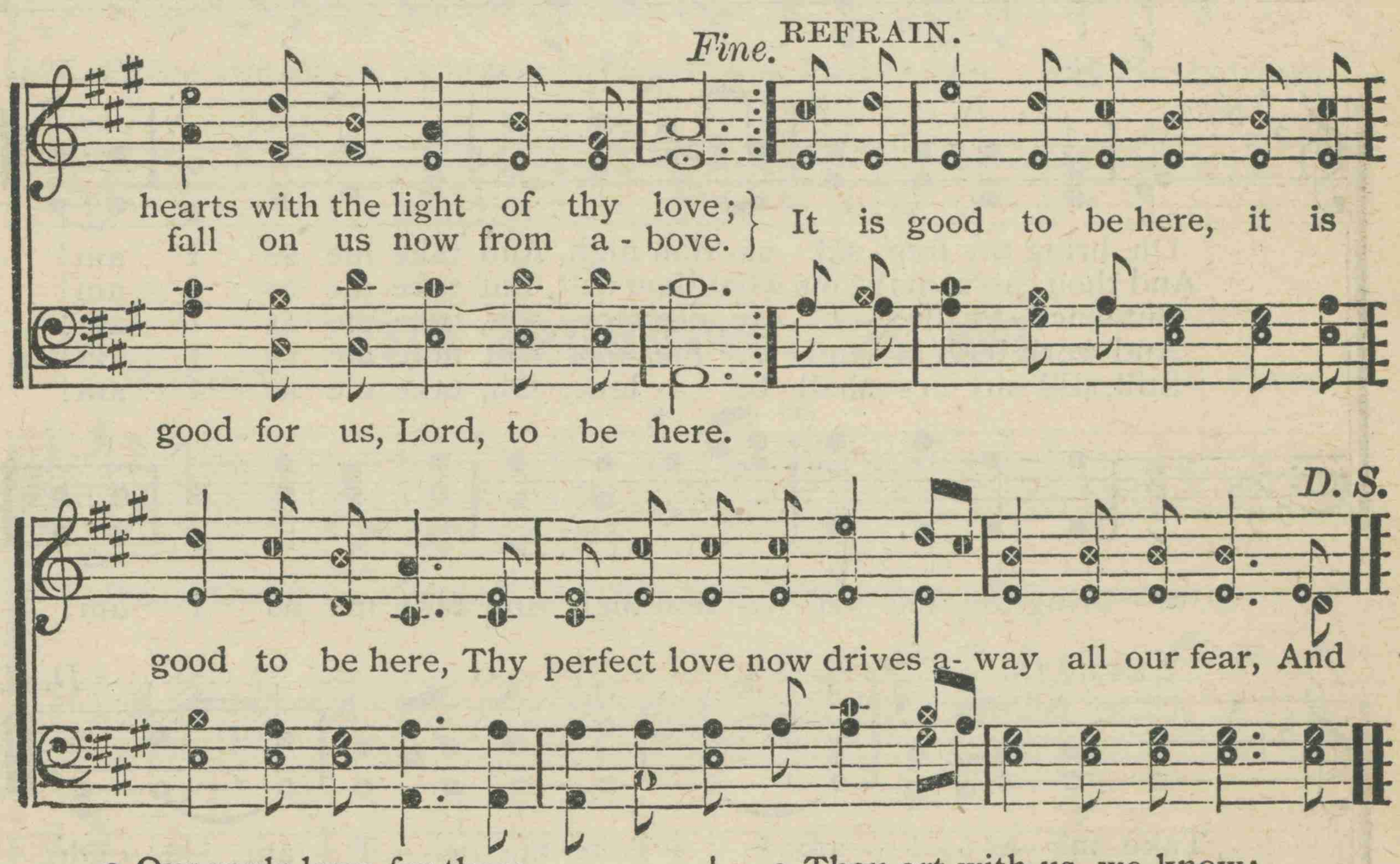
3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

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

338 It is Good to be Here.

Rev. I. N. Wilson — Jno. R. Sweney, by per.





2 Our souls long for thee;
Oh, may we now see
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;
And feel, as it rolls
In power o'er our souls,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;
We feel the sweet flow [tide;
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning
We are washed from our sin,
Made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

Copyright, 1879, by Jno. R. Sweney.

339 O how Happy are They.

Tune and Chorus above.

1 O how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

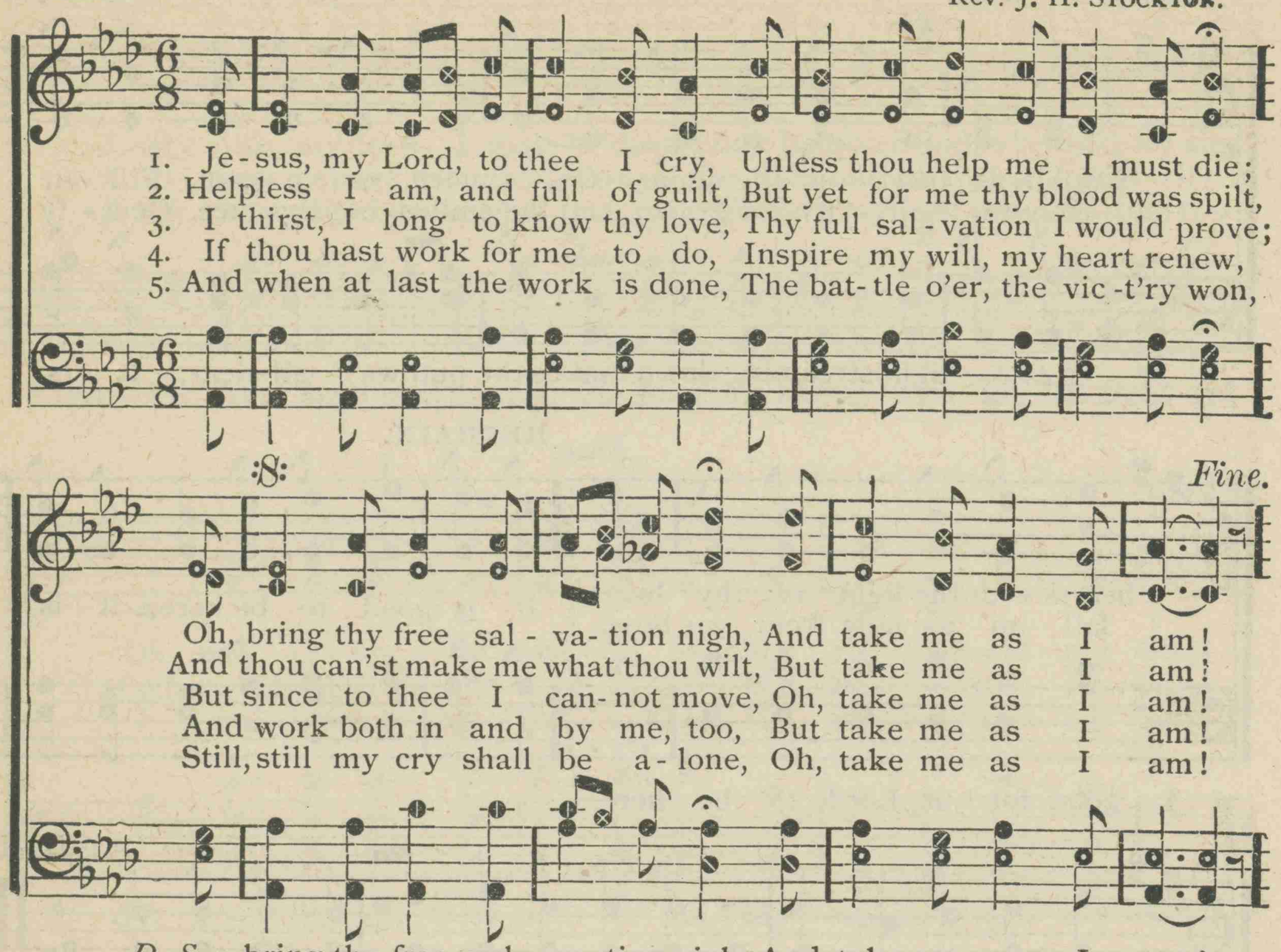
3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O, that all his salvation might see:
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

340

Take me as I am.

ANON. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



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341

JUST AS I AM.

Tune and Chorus above.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

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

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

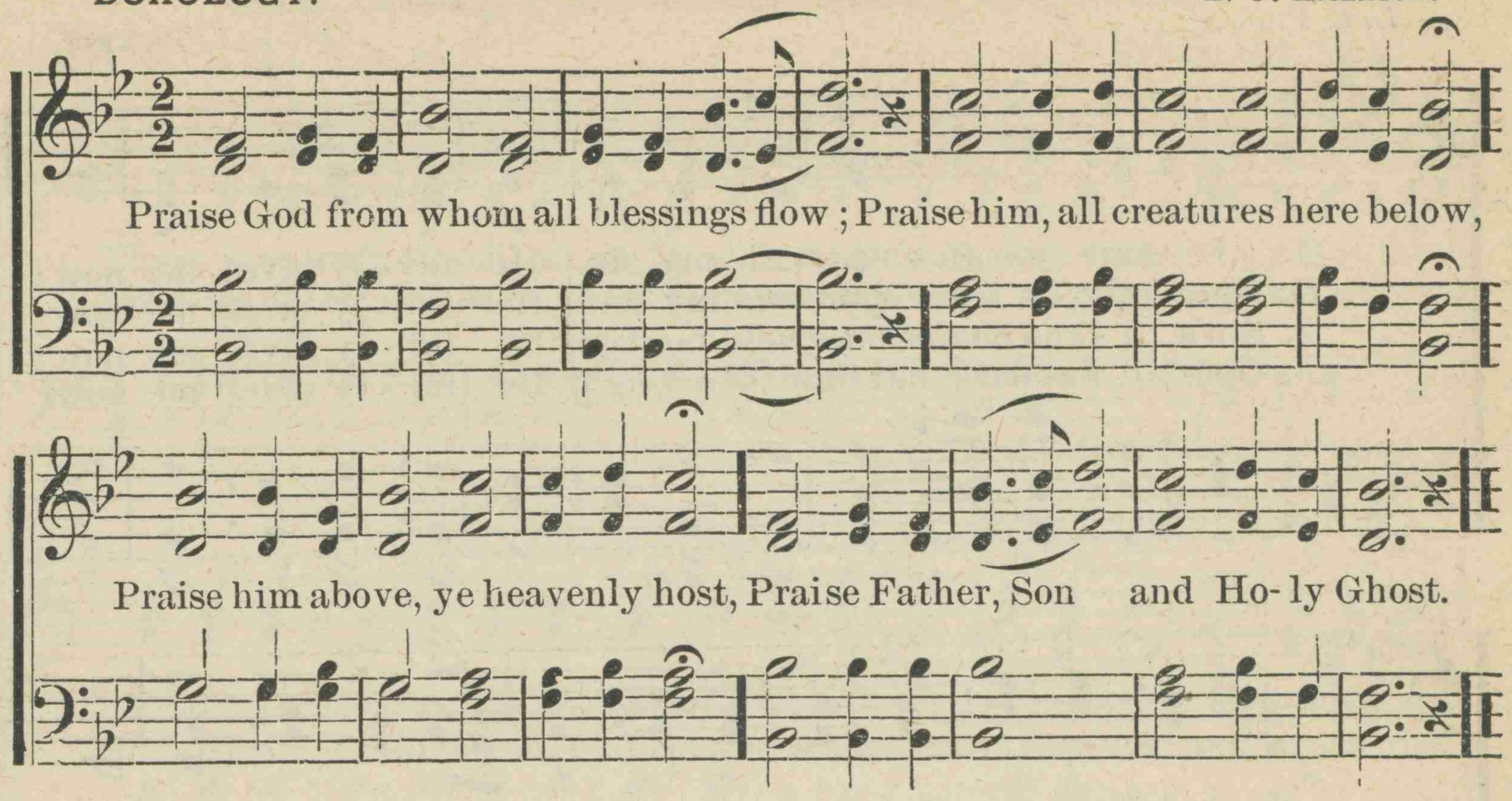
5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

345 DOXOLOGY.

Sessions. L. M.

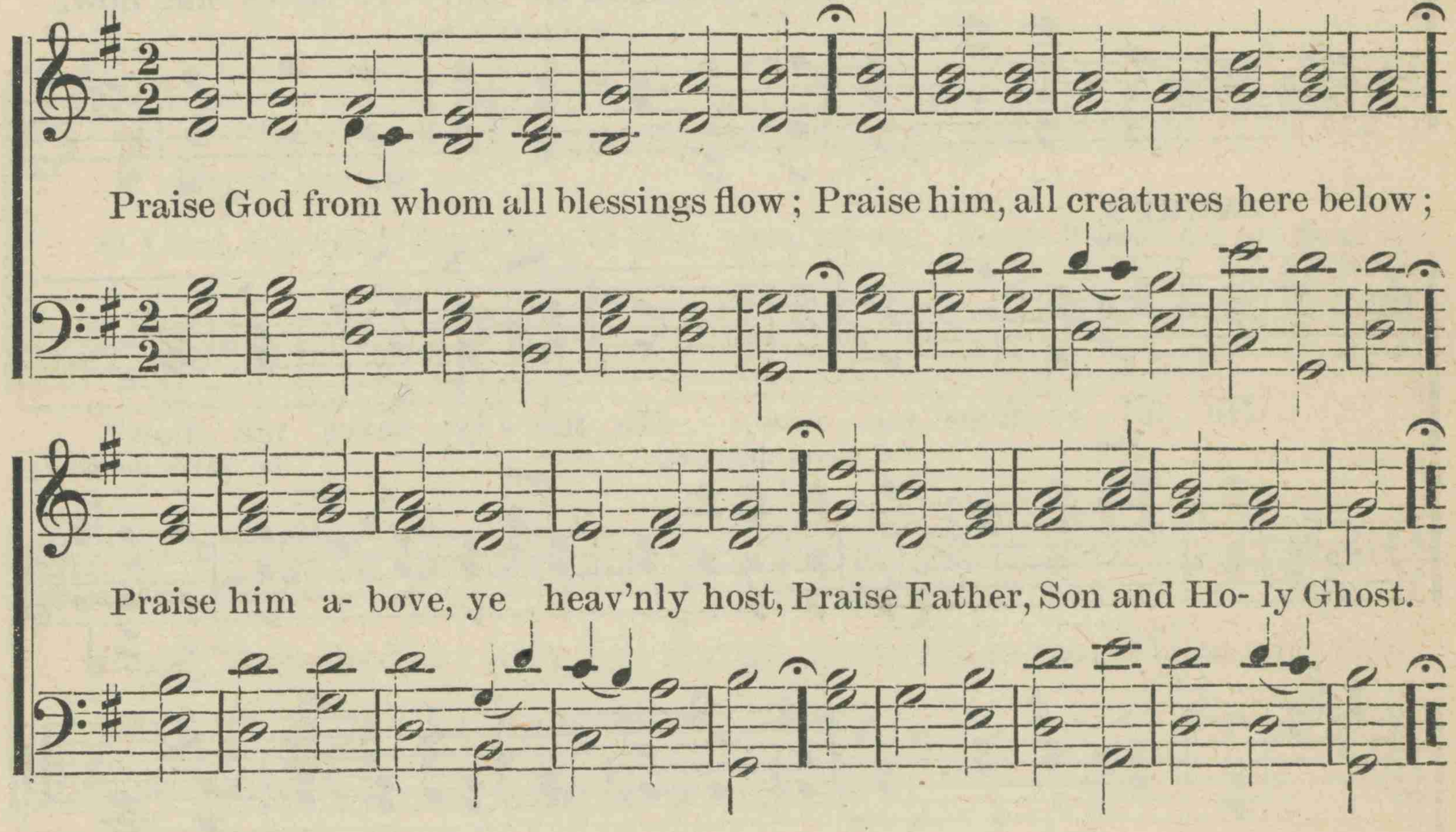
L. O. Emerson.



346 DOXOLOGY.

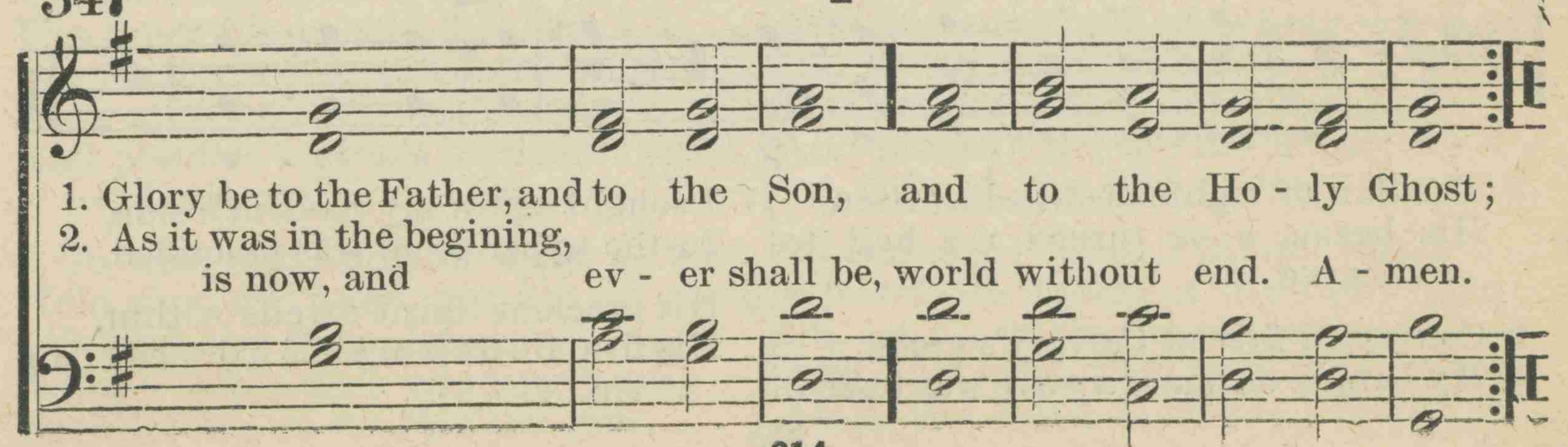
Old Hundred. L. M.

G. Franc.



Gloria Patri.

347
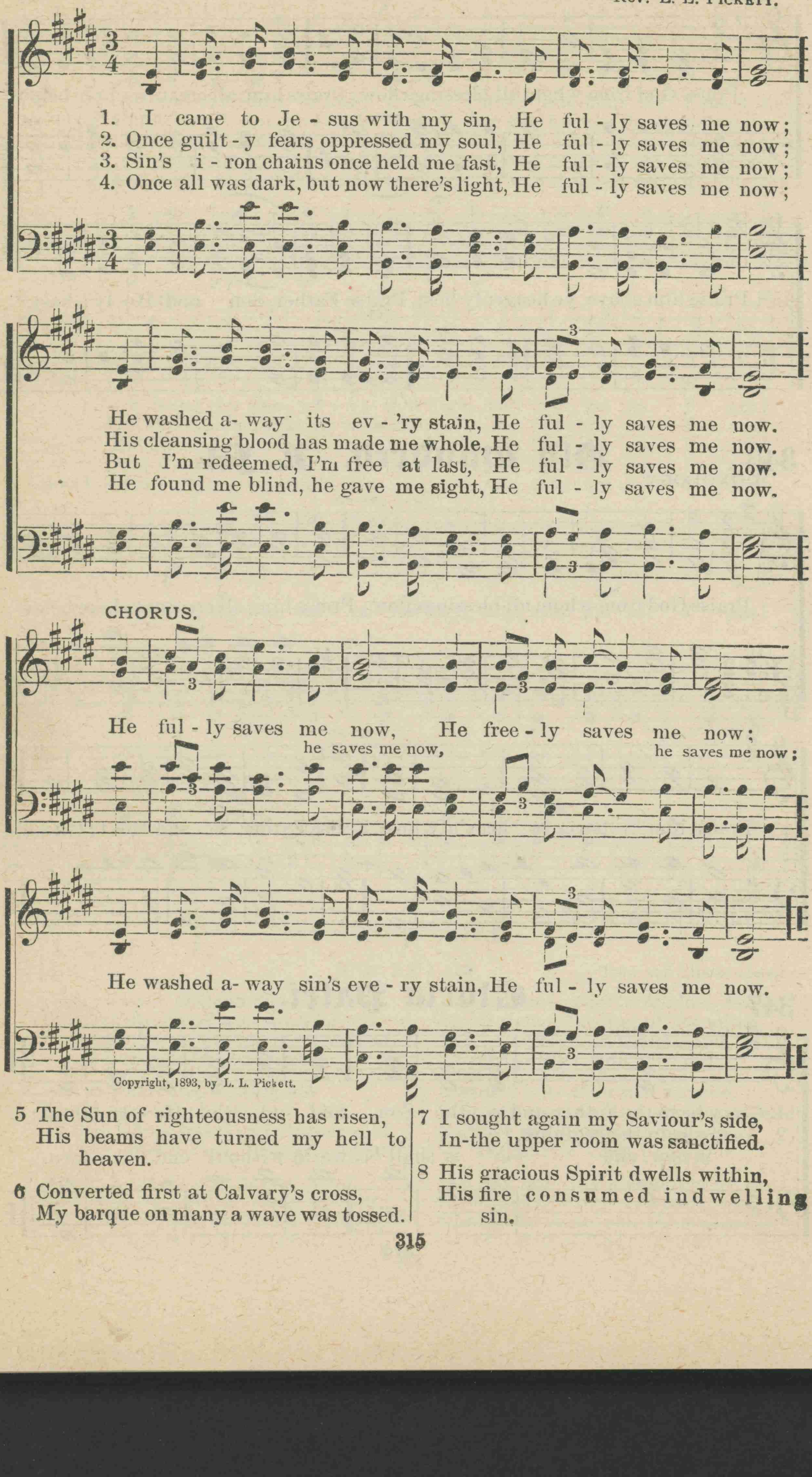


348

He Fully Saves Me Now.

L. L. P.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1893, by L. L. Pickett.

5 The Sun of righteousness has risen,
His beams have turned my hell to heaven.

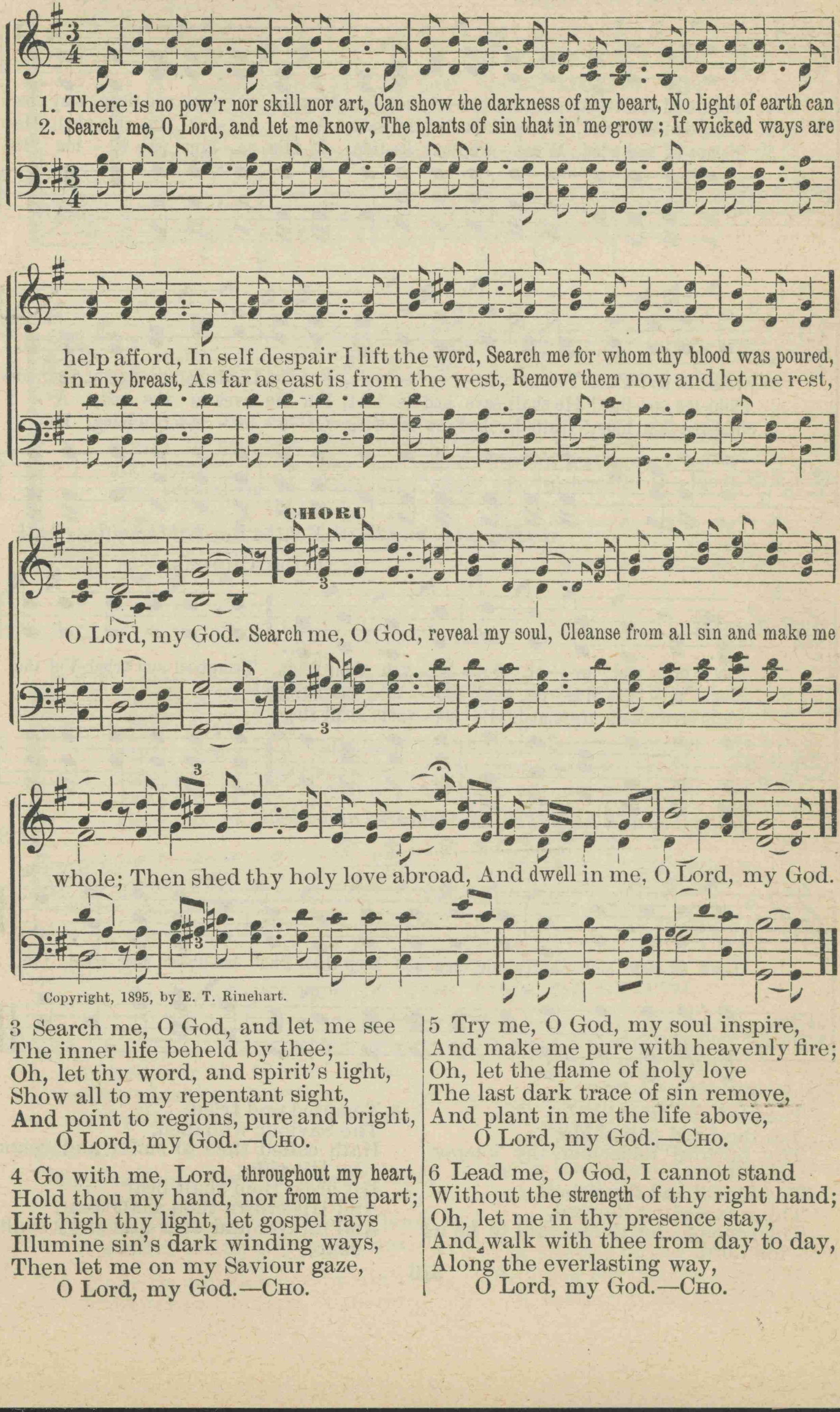
6 Converted first at Calvary's cross,
My barque on many a wave was tossed.

7 I sought again my Saviour's side,
In the upper room was sanctified.

8 His gracious Spirit dwells within,
His fire consumed indwelling sin.

No. 149. Search Me, O God.

REV. B. CARRADINE, D. D. E. T. RINEHART, M. D.



Copyright, 1895, by E. T. Rinehart.

3 Search me, O God, and let me see
The inner life beheld by thee;
Oh, let thy word, and spirit's light,
Show all to my repentant sight,
And point to regions, pure and bright,
O Lord, my God.—CHO.

4 Go with me, Lord, throughout my heart,
Hold thou my hand, nor from me part;
Lift high thy light, let gospel rays
Illumine sin's dark winding ways,
Then let me on my Saviour gaze,
O Lord, my God.—CHO.
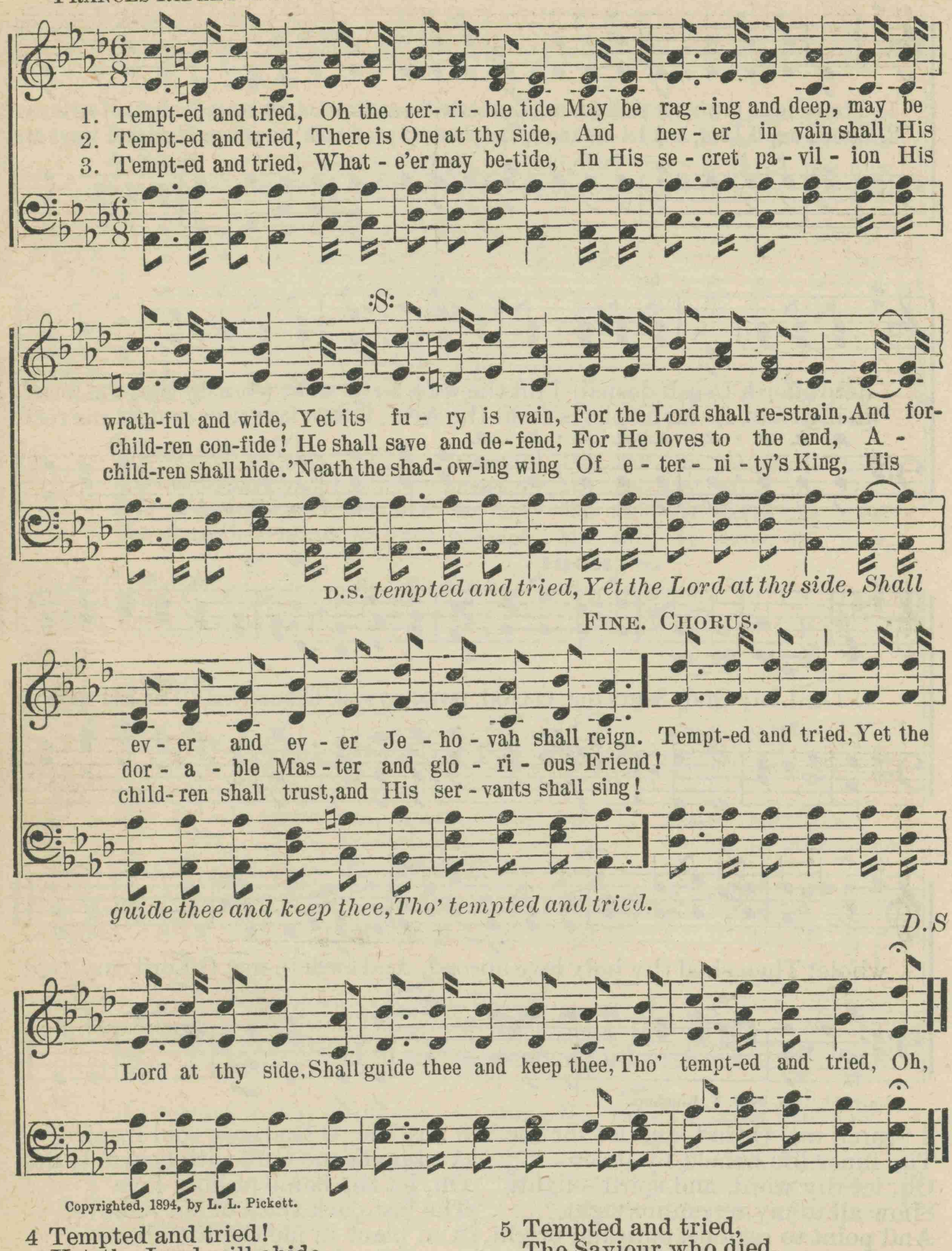
5 Try me, O God, my soul inspire,
And make me pure with heavenly fire;
Oh, let the flame of holy love
The last dark trace of sin remove,
And plant in me the life above,
O Lord, my God.—CHO.

6 Lead me, O God, I cannot stand
Without the strength of thy right hand;
Oh, let me in thy presence stay,
And walk with thee from day to day,
Along the everlasting way,
O Lord, my God.—CHO.

~~349~~

Tempted and Tried.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyrighted, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

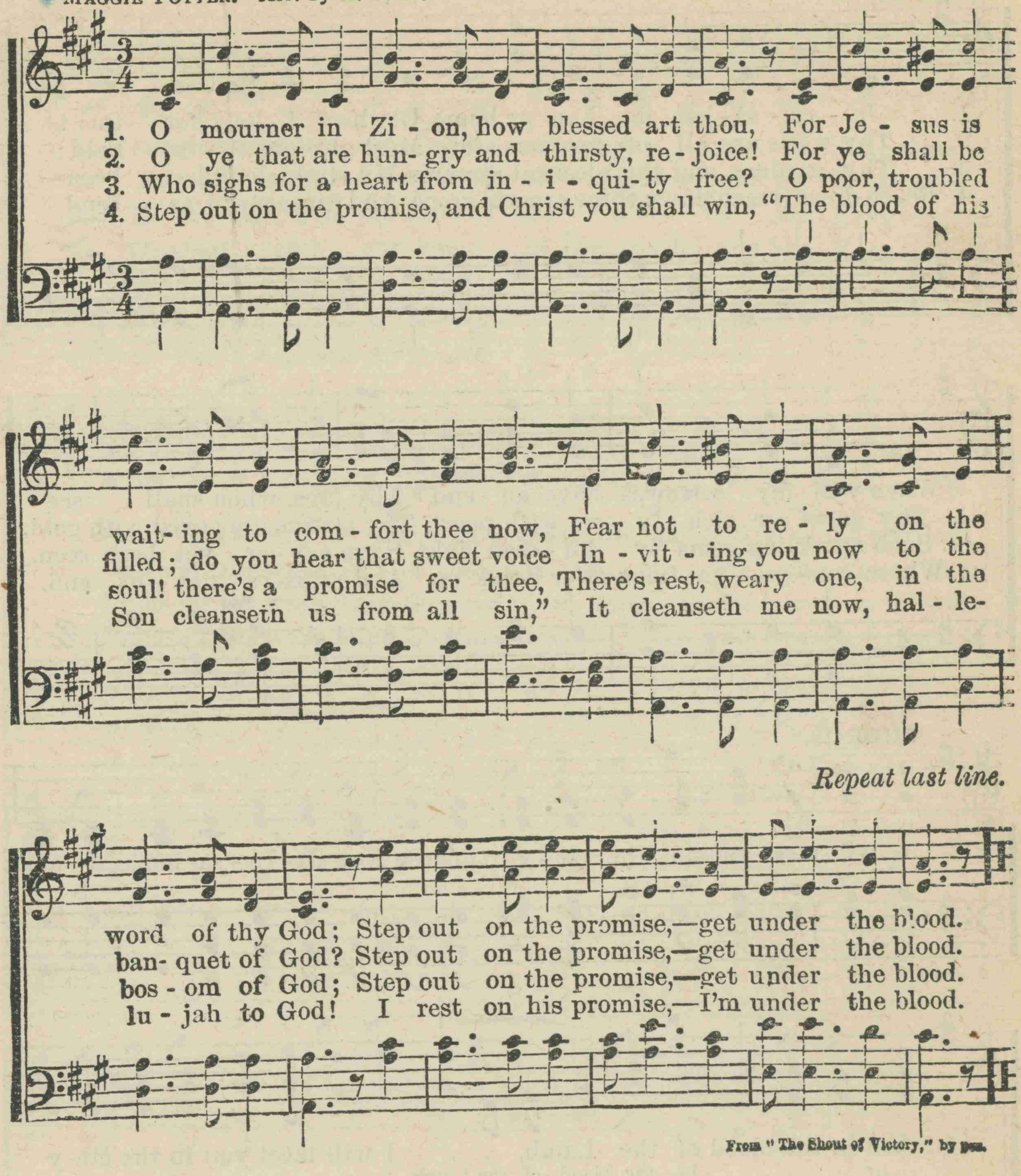
4 Tempted and tried!
Yet the Lord will abide,
Thy faithful Redeemer, thy keeper and Guide,
Thy Shield and thy Sword,
Thine exceeding Reward,
Then enough for the servant to be as his Lord.

5 Tempted and tried,
The Saviour who died,
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side;
His cross thou shalt bear
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And forever and ever His glory shalt share.

350

Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.



Repeat last line.

From "The Shout of Victory," by per.

A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM.

Key of F. Words arr.

1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Chorus.—

Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land,
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

2 A shade by day, defence by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;
No fears alarm, no foes affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

4 O Rock divine, O refuge dear,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Be Thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm.

351

My Happy Home.

ANON. E. O. EXCELL. By per.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap- py home, Oh, how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of precious stone Most glorious to be - hold;
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace, And cause me to as - cend

When will my sorrows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
Such sparkling gems by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.
Where con - gre - ga- tions ne'er break up, And prais- es nev - er end.

CHORUS.

I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je- ru - sa- lem, I am

washed in the blood of the Lamb, . . I will meet you in the cit- y
in the blood of the Lamb,

of the New Je - ru - sa- lem, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

352

Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L. JOHN LANE.

1. When you start for the land of heaven - ly rest, Keep close to
2. Never mind the storms or trials as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heaven by and bye, Keep close to

Jesus all the way; For he is the Guide, and he knows the way best,
Jesus all the way; 'Tis a com- fort and joy his fa - vor to know,
Jesus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the victo - ry is won,
Jesus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye,

CHORUS.

Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,

Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By

day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

Copyright, 1892, 1893, by John J. Hood

No. 155. Passing On.

REV. E. P. GIFFORD. E. T. RINEHART, M. D.

1. Passing to the great unknown, Passing on, passing on! Are you trav'ling all alone?
2. Joy or sorrow, ease or pain, Passing on, passing on! Swifter than the flying train,
3. Passing onward, day by day, Passing on, passing on! Lost or saved, there's no delay,

Passing on, passing on! Or is Jesus by your side? Does the Spirit seem to guide?
Passing on, passing on! Wheels of time are running fast, One by one the stations past,
Passing on, passing on! Down the woeful road of night, Up the shining way of light,

CHORUS.

As to the judgment you glide, Passing on, passing on!
Will you joy to reach the last, Passing on, passing on! Passing on, passing on!
Whither bound in rapid flight, Passing on, passing on!

Do you know to what reward? Passing on! Have you had the blood applied?
Passing on!

Are you saved and sanctified? Can you shout whate'er betide? Passing on, passing on!

Copyright, 1895, by E. T. Rinehart.

356

The Very Same Jesus.

L. H. EDMUNDS. "This same Jesus."—Acts i: 11. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, sinners, to the Liv- ing One, He's just the same Je- sus
2. Come, feast up- on the "living bread," He's just the same Je- sus
3. Come, tell him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je- sus
4. Come un - to him for clear- er light, He's just the same Je- sus

As when he raised the wid- ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when the mul - ti - tudes he fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when he shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when he gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.

CHORUS.

The ver - y same Je - sus, The won- der work- ing Je - sus;
Oh, praise his name, he's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus
As when he hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see
He's just the same Jesus;
Oh, blessed day for you and me!
The very same Jesus.

Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 367. The Judgment Morning.

DR. E. T. RINEHART.

Thoughtfully.

1. I dreamed that the great judgment morn-ing Had dawned and the trumpet had blown,
2 The rich man was there, but his mon- ey Had melt - ed and vanished a - way,
3. The wid - ow was there and the or- phans, God heard and re - membered their cries;
4. The moral man was come to the judg-ment; But his self-righteous rags would not do,

I dreamed that the nations had gath-ered, To judgment be-fore the white throne,
A pau - per he stood at the judgment, His debts were too heav-y to pay;
No sor - row in heav- en for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes;
The men who had cru- ci- fied Je- sus, Had passed off as mor - al men too;

From the throne came the bright shining
The great man was there but his
The gam - bler was there, and the
The souls that had put off sal-

The Judgment Morning. Concluded.

an- gel, And stood on the land and the sea, And swore, with his
greatness, When death came, was left far be - hind; The an - gel that
drunkard, And the man who had sold him the drinks; With the peo- ple who
va- tion, Not to-night, I'll get saved bye and bye; No time now to

hands raised t'ward heaven, That time was no long- er to be.
o- pened the rec - ords, Not a trace of his greatness could find.
gave him the li - cense, To - geth-er in hell they did sink.
think of re - lig - ion, At last they had found time to die.

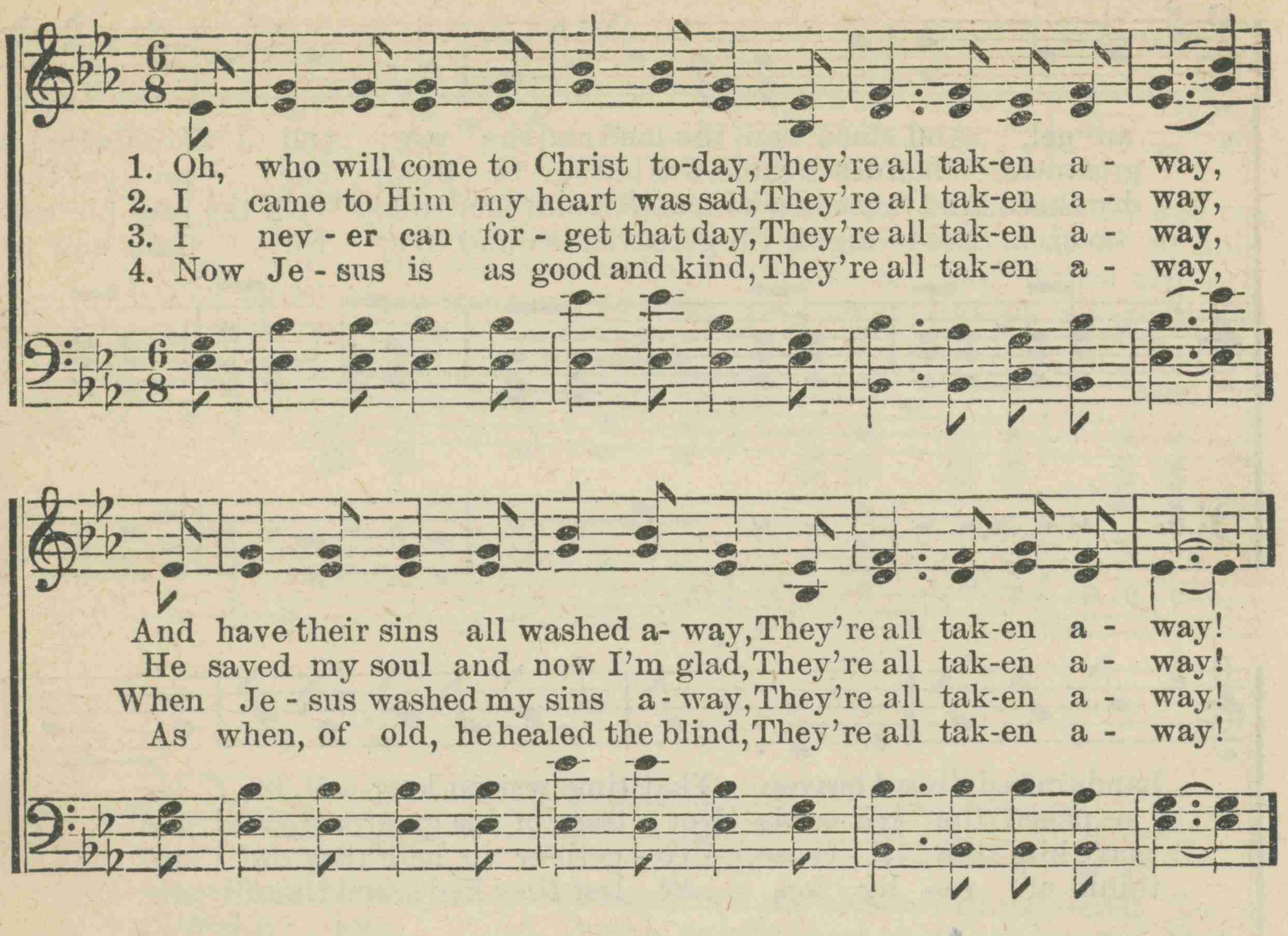
CHORUS.

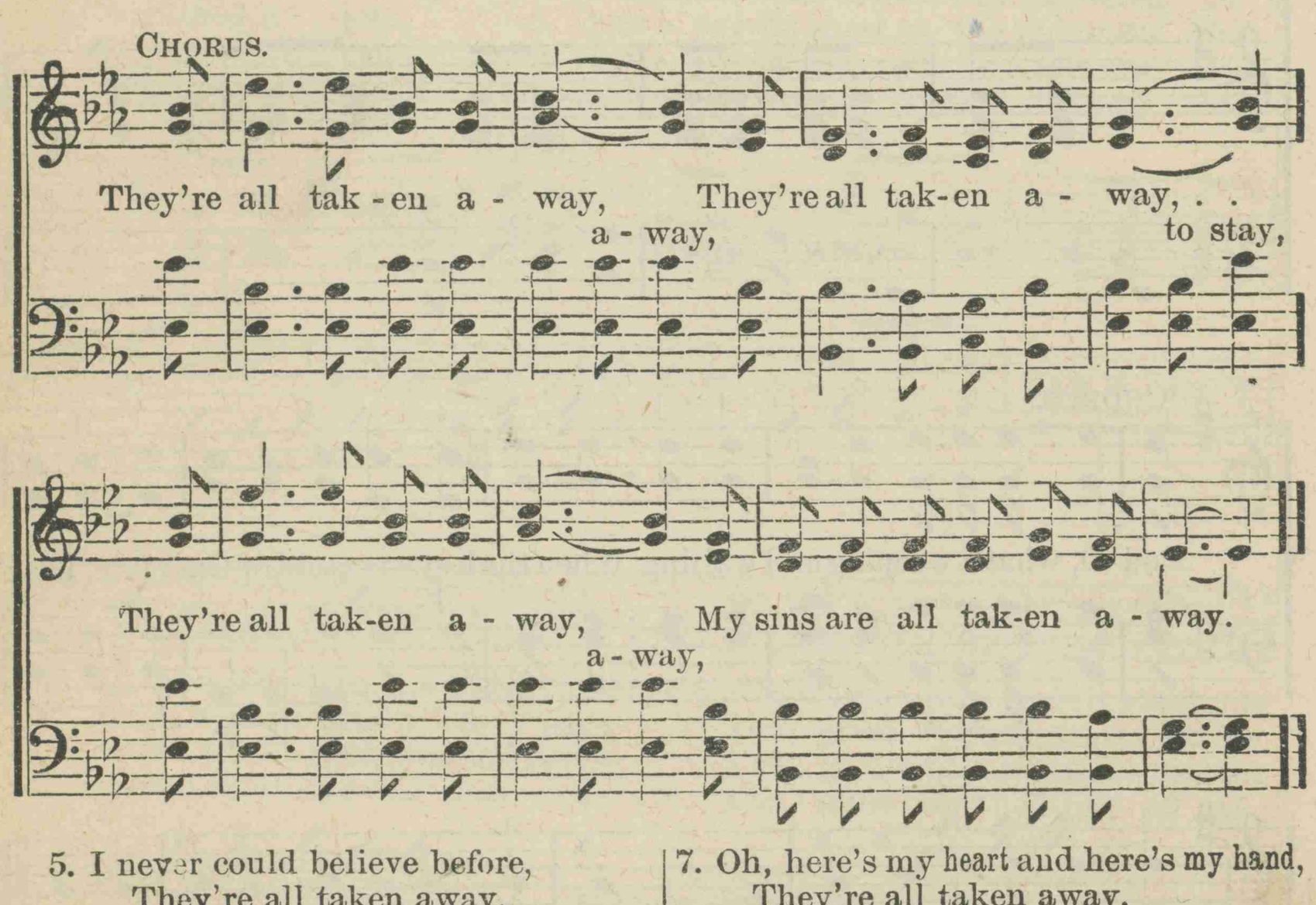
And O, what a weeping and wailing, When the lost were told of their fate, They

cried for the rocks and the mountains, They prayed, but their prayer was too late!

No. 368. All Taken Away.

Arr. by S. H. PRATHER. Arr. by J. M.





5. I never could believe before,
They're all taken away,
That I could go and sin no more,
They're all taken away.

6. I've consecrated all to Thee,
They're all taken away,
And now from sin I know I'm free,
They're all taken away.

7. Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand,
They're all taken away,
To meet you in the better land,
They're all taken away.

8. So now I'll serve Him till I die,
They're all taken away,
And then we'll meet beyond the sky,
They're all taken away.

No. 369. A Little Talk.

Arr. by E. T. R.

1. While fighting for my Sav-iour here, The dev - il tries me hard,
2. Tho' dark the night and clouds look drear, And storm-y o - ver head,
3. When those who once were dear - est friends Be - gan to per - se - cute,
4. And thus by fre-quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry,

Chorus.—*A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right,*
Last verse.—*A lit - tle talk with Je - sus keeps me right, all right,*

He us - es all his might-y power, My pro-gress to re - tard,
And trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross our path-way spread,
And those who once pro-fessed to love, Have si - lent grown and mute,
And march a - long with cheerful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty,

A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right,
A lit - tle talk with Je - sus keeps me right, all right,

He's up to ev - 'ry move, But yet thro' all I prove
How soon I con-quer all When on the Lord I call,
I tell Him all my grief, He quick - ly sends re - lief,
With Je - sus for my friend, I'll prove un - to the end,

Praise God! I al - ways find Thro' trials of ev - 'ry kind
Praise God! I al - ways find Thro' trials of ev - 'ry kind

D.C. Chorus.

A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right.
A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right.
A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right.
A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right.

A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right.
A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right.

Arr. E. T. R.

No. 370. In Canaan Now.

Arr. J. M.

1. I used to think that Canaan, Was somewhere up on high, Where I, per -
2. A land of corn and wine Where milk and honey flow, On which the
3. A life at peace with God, With Je-sus in my soul, A heart wash'd
4. This rest it is for you, Then leave the wilderness, You'll find God's

haps, might go When e'er I came to die. But when I came to Je - sus,
Lord doth smile, As all who live there know. I do the will of God,
in the blood. By Him made ful-ly whole. From death to life di-vine,
word is true, You're a - ble to pos - sess, So put a-way the things

And at His cross did bow, I got sal - va-tion thro' the blood, I'm
Be- cause He shows me how, I stand where good old Joshua stood, I'm
Each dark spot white as snow, He speaks the word and it is done, The
That He doth not al - low, And if your all to Christ you bring, You're

CHORUS.

liv-ing in Canaan now.
liv-ing in Canaan now.
soul re-ceives it now.
liv-ing in Canaan now.

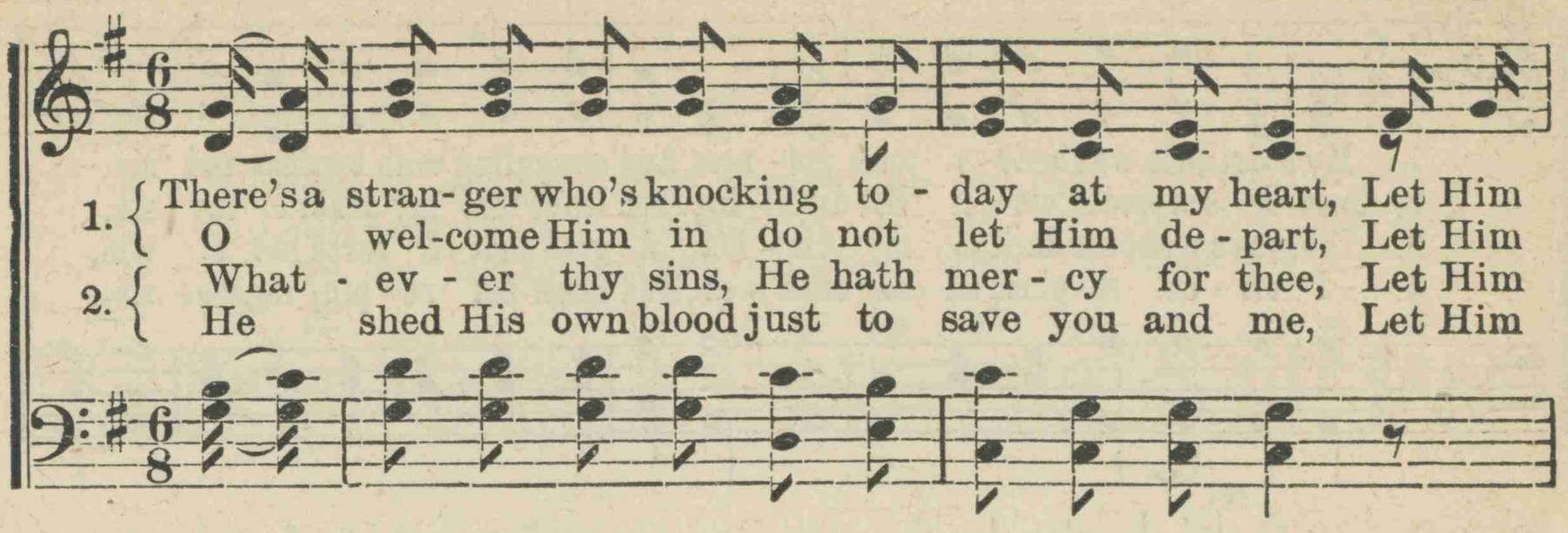
Living in Canaan now, I'm liv-ing in
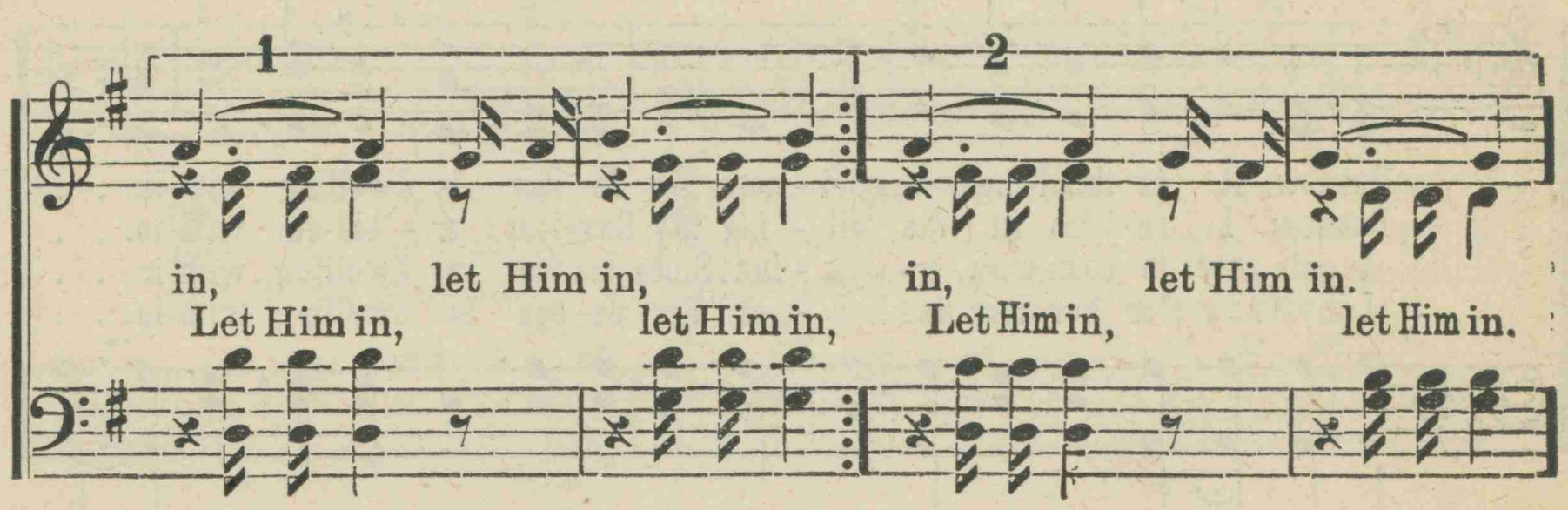
Ca-naan now, I'm do-ing well I'm glad to tell, I'm living in Ca-naan now.

No. 371. Let Him in.

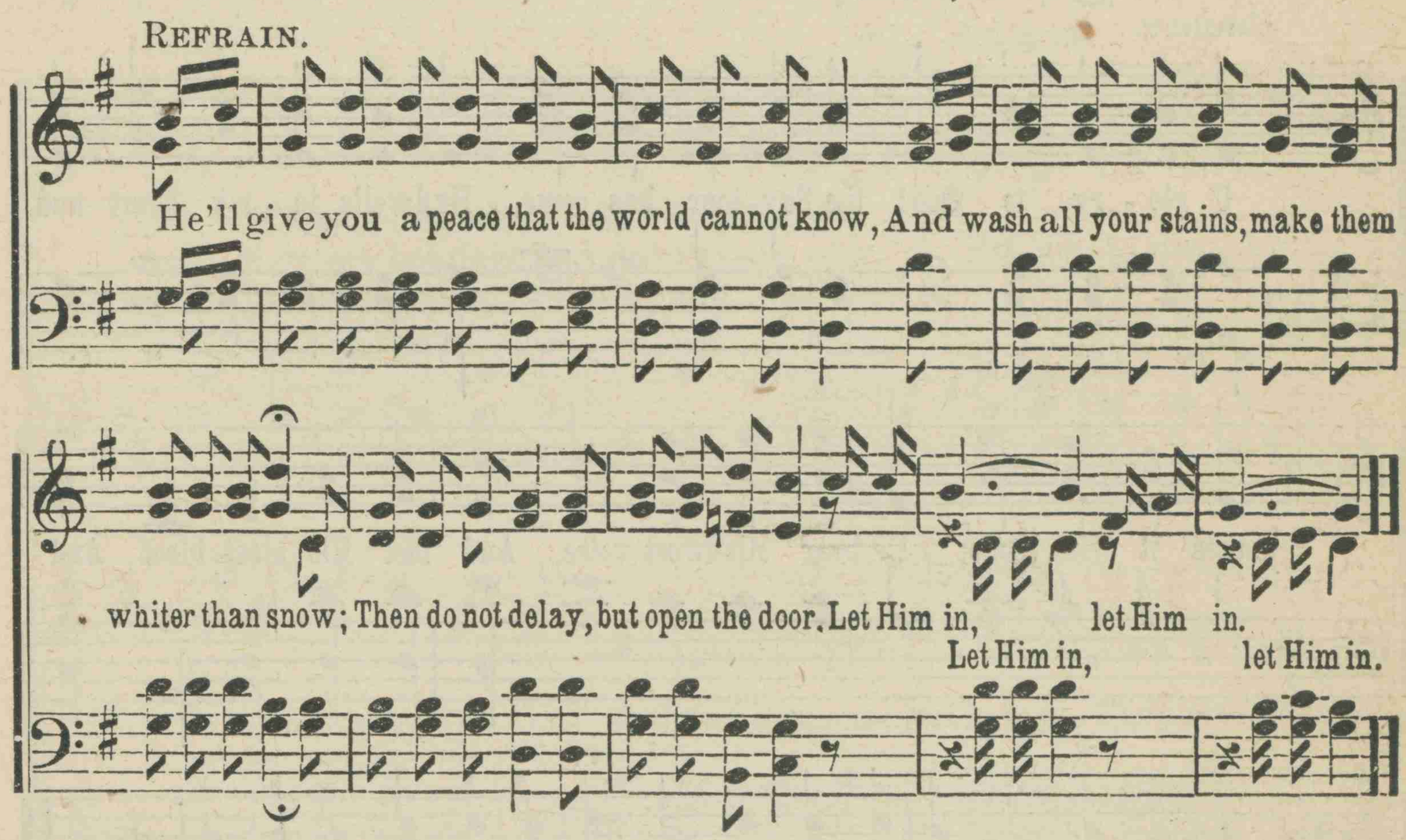
MAUDE CARRADINE, St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. E. T. RINEHART.
JOHN MCPHERSON.





REFRAIN.



3 A voice is now whisp'ring of pardon and peace,
Let Him in, let Him in;
And from all your sins there is perfect release,
Let Him in, let Him in.

4 Go wash in the blood be made whiter than snow,
Let Him in, let Him in;
His perfect salvation thy soul will then know,
Let Him in, let Him in.

5 A friend is now patiently pleading with you,
Let Him in, let Him in;
The gift of His love He is offering anew;
Let Him in, let Him in.

6 Resist Him no longer but only believe,
Let Him in, let Him in;
His blessing this moment thy soul shall receive,
Let Him in, let him in.

No. 372. Christ Within.

* Rev. B. CARRADINE, D. D. (NEW.) Dr. E. T. RINEHART.

1. My heart once was heav- y with sad- ness, And struggling with burdens and sin,
2. Once Je- sus would vis- it His dwell- ing Then leave thro' my doubt or my sin,
3. The grave was once dark to my vis - ion A goal that I cared not to win,
4. I oft - en re- pined un - der cross - es And knew not re - pin- ing was sin,

But now it is thrill-ing with glad - ness For Je- sus is dwelling with-in. . .
But now I re-joice in the tell - ing My Sav-iour a - bid-eth with-in. . .
A gate now to coun-tries e - lys - ian! Since Je- sus is dwelling with-in. . .
I shout now o'er bur-dens and loss - es For Je- sus is dwelling with-in. . .

CHORUS.

O glo - ry to God! the Sav-iour has come, He dwells in my heart and
makes it His home; I hear His sweet voice, And feel His blest blood, And
shout on my way at home and a- broad, O glo-ry, O glo-ry to God!

5 Gone now is the sighing and sorrow
The cares and the fears of the day,
I ask not what comes of the morrow
For Jesus is in me to stay.

6 Let Satan and man now assail me
Let death lay me low in the grave,
The victor within will not fail me
What more can I pray for, or have?

* By permission.

No. 163. Refuge and Rest.

Rev. J. M. WILSON. Dr. E. T. RINEHART.

1. "Why say to my soul, Fly a-way like a bird To yon mountain," and
2. My soul weepeth not By the riv-er of life, As the cap-tives on
3. I fly to "the Rock That is high-er than I." "Rock of A-ges," my

hide from your foe? My ref-uge is God, In the "hill of the
Bab-y-lon's shore: The "sword of the Lord" Hath requie-ted the
feet Thou wilt stay, I've learned "the new song," "Even praise to our

CHORUS.

Lord;" When He sayeth I sure-ly will go.
foe; Now my bondage and sorrows are o'er.
God" I am free from the "mire and the clay."

Fly away, then, my soul,

To the mount of the Lord, And find compas-sion in God. Then rest 'neath His

wings, Con-fide in His word, And dwell in His love shed a-broad.

No. 373. Diamonds in the Rough.

Dr. E. T. RINEHART.

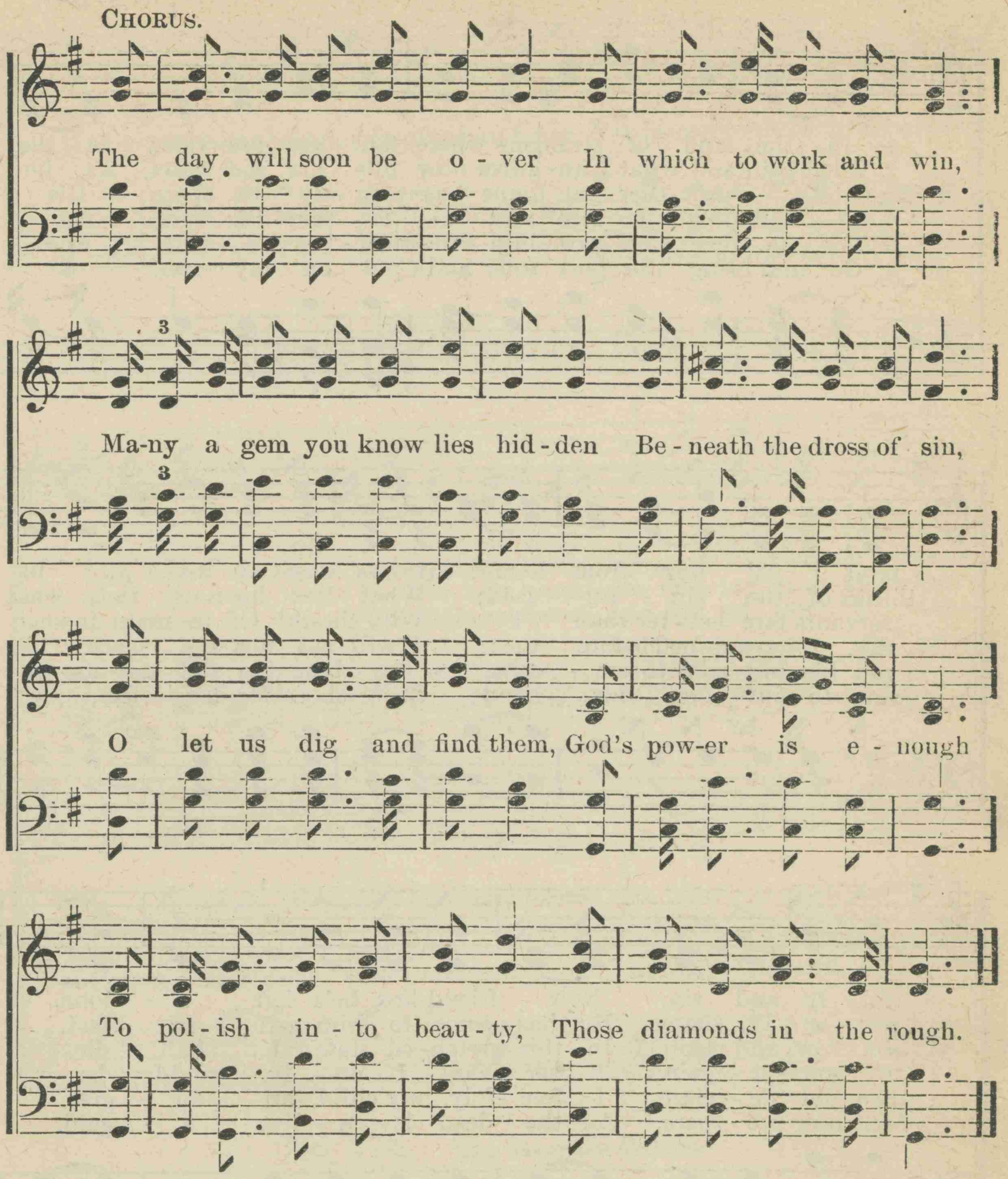
1. There are com-plain-ing peo - ple, Who say we are too bold,
2. Oh ma - ny hearts are ach - ing We find them ev - 'ry where,
3. One day my pre- cious com - rade, You, too, were lost in sin,
4. So let us keep it burn - ing, The Lamp of ho - ly love,

A - las there are still oth - ers Who say we're af - ter gold,
Whose cups are filled with sor - row, Whose homes are filled with care,
But oth - ers sought your res - cue, And Je - sus took you in,
To ev - 'ry per - se - cut - er Point out the way a - bove,

But they are all mis - tak - en, We want not sor - did stuff,
Mis - for - tune o - ver - takes them, The world gives them a cuff,
So when you're tried and tempt-ed, By scoff - er's keen re - buff,
The pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Was shed and that's e - nough,

But souls of poor lost sin - ners—Those dia-monds in the rough.
Or sends them to per - di - tion—Those dia-monds in the rough.
Don't turn a - way in an - ger— This dia-mond in the rough.
O let us tell him of it— That dia-mond in the rough.

Diamonds in the Rough. Concluded.



No. 36. The Blood is all my Plea.

1 I knew that God in His Word had spoken,
The power of sin can all be broken,
The heart held captive yet be free,
Lord, is this blessing not for me?

CHORUS.

The blood, the blood is all my plea,
Hallelujah! it cleanseth me;
The blood, the blood is all my plea,
Hallelujah! it cleanseth me.

2 Must I go on in sin and sorrow,
To-day in sunshine, clouds to-morrow?
First I'm sinning, then repenting,
Now I'm stubborn, then relenting.

3 With anguish wrung, I cried, My Lord,
Is there not power in Jesus' blood
To make in me a perfect cure?
To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?

4 Oh, yes, my love will take you in,
The blood will cleanse you from all sin,
Will wash away your guilty stains,
And cleanse, till not one spot remains.

5 And there I stand this very hour,
Kept by Almighty keeping power,
Temptations come, the blood's my plea,
The precious blood now cleanseth me.

REV. F. C. BAKER.

No. 374. The Prodigal Boy.

S. A. D. S. A. DAY.

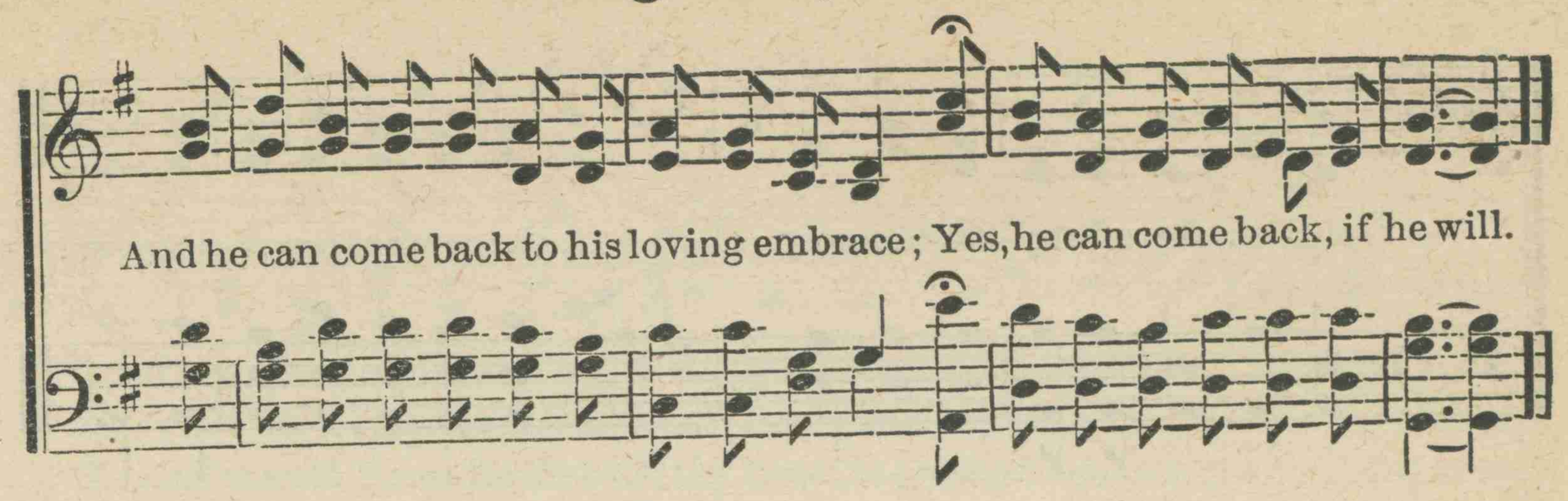
1. In the land of strangers where fam - ine pre- vails, Is the prod - i - gal boy from home; He has wast- ed his all in fol - ly and sin, Now friend-less he's left a - lone.
2. What pain and what an- guish now fills his sad heart, As he thinks of the sin - ful past; What loss he now feels, what pov - er - ty, shame, He has come to him- self at last.
3. My fa - ther at home has plen - ty to spare; His servants fare bet - ter than I; Why should I re- main in such sor - row and pain, In this wretch- ed state I shall die.
4. I will now a - rise and to fa - ther I'll go, And say, I have sinned before thee; I will ask not the place of a son a - gain, A ser - vant I on - ly would be.
5. The fa - ther now saw him re - turn - ing a - far, And ran his lost son to re - ceive; Em - brac- ing and kiss-ing he then did de - clare, I free - ly, my child, all for - give.
6. Go and bring the best robe and put on my son, A ring to put on his hand; Bring shoes for his feet, a feast now pre - pare, For the dead is a - live a - gain.

CHORUS.

But one there is, a friend in-deed, A father that loves him still;

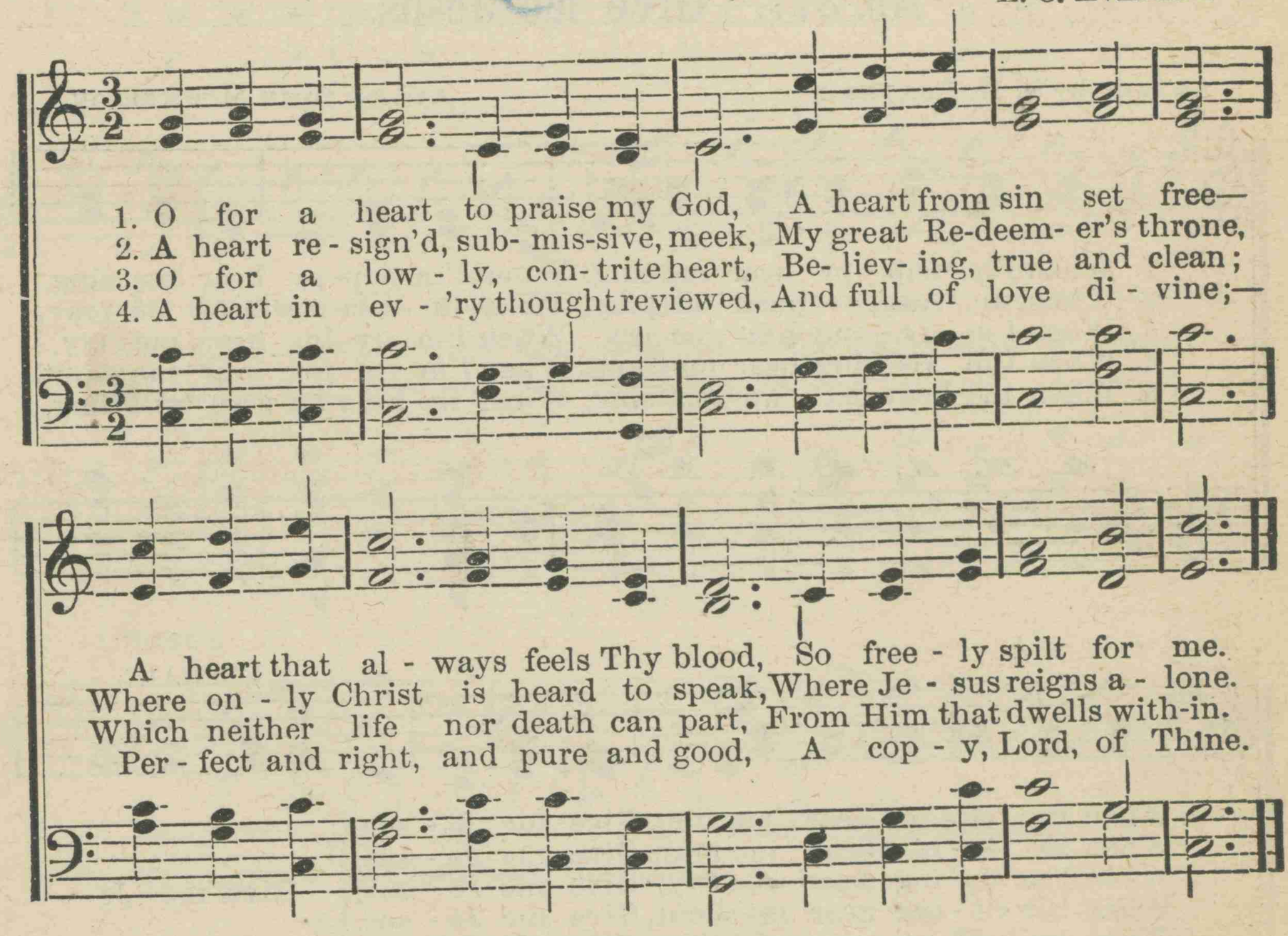
From "Heart Echoes."

The Prodigal Boy. Concluded.



No. 375. Spring. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT.



No. 376. Step Out on the Promise.
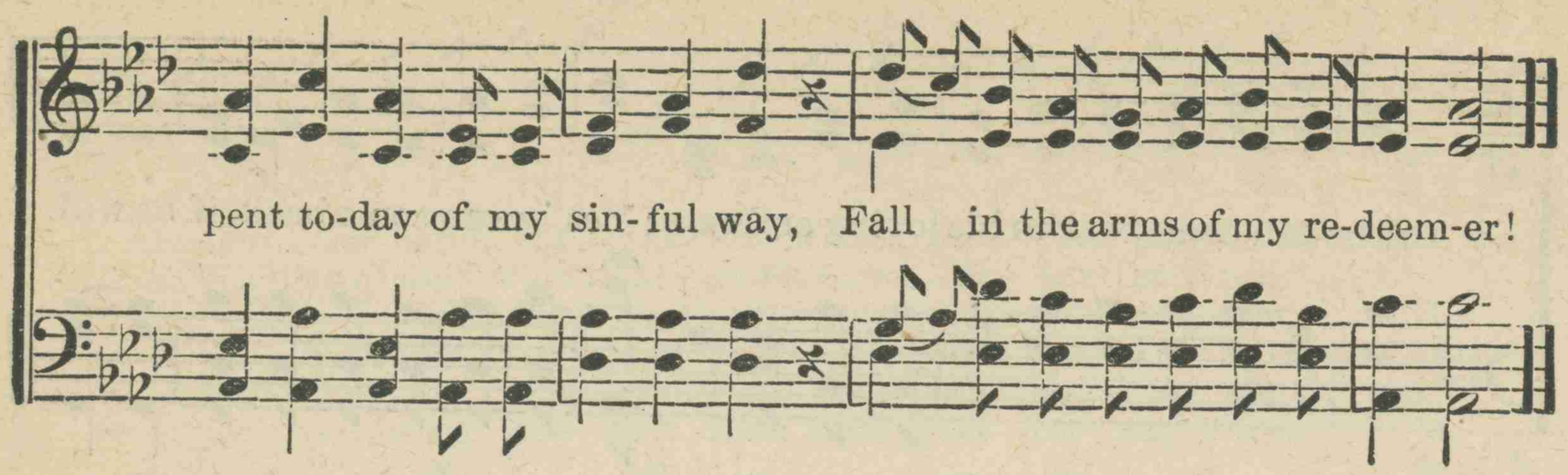
1 O mourner of Zion, how blessed art thou,
For Jesus is waiting to comfort thee now;
Fear not to rely on the word of thy God,
Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

2 O ye that are hungry and thirsty rejoice!
For ye shall be filled; do you hear that sweet voice
Inviting you now to the banquet of God,
Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

3 Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?
O, poor troubled soul! there's a promise for thee;
There's rest, weary one, in the bosom of God,
Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

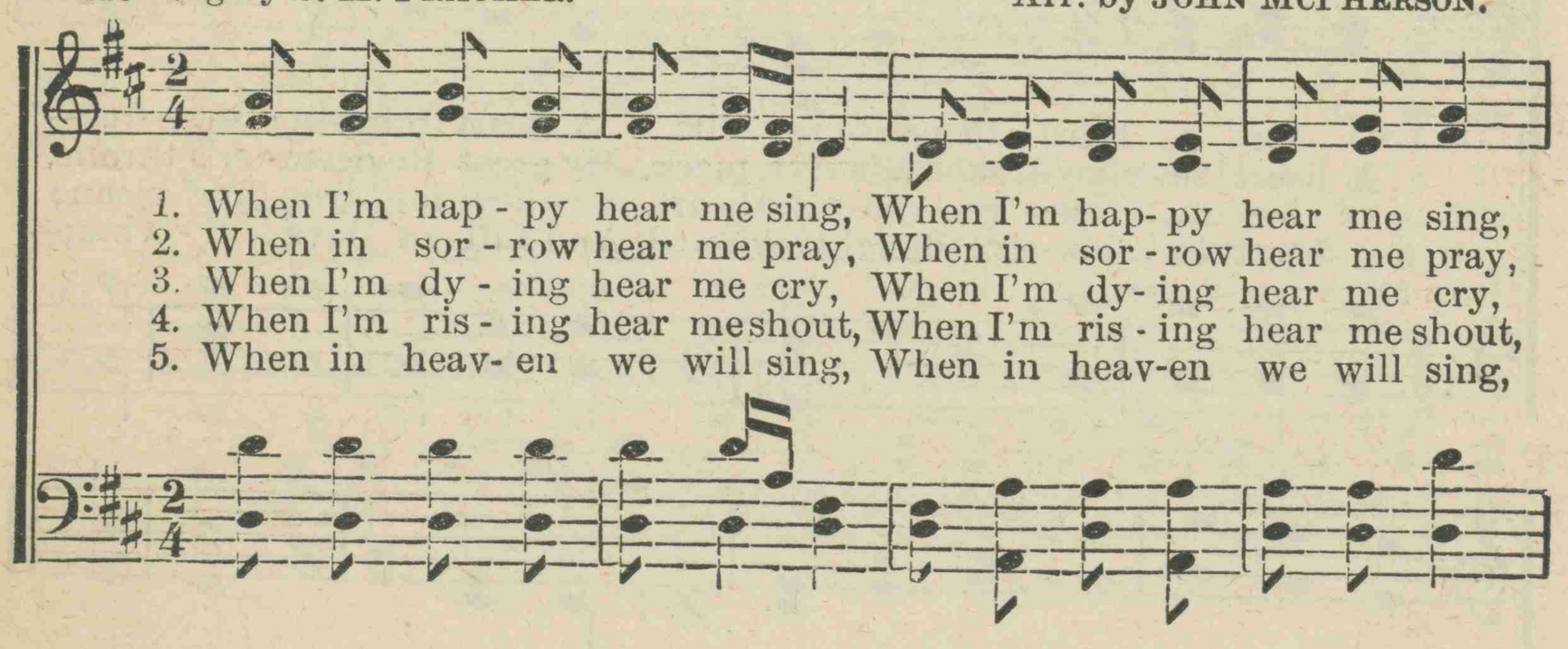
4 The promise don't save, tho' the promise is true;
'Tis the blood we get under that cleanseth us thro',
It cleanses me now, hallelujah to God,
I rest on the promise,—I'm under the blood.

Come to the Redeemer.—Concluded.



No. 377. Give me Jesus.
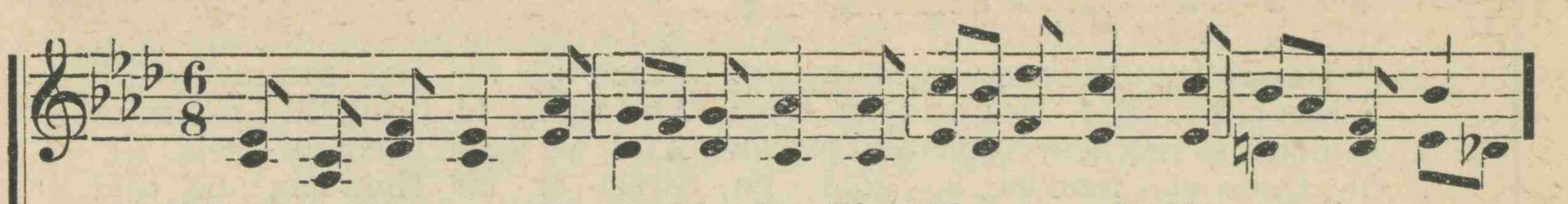
As sung by S. H. PRATHER. Arr. by JOHN MCPHERSON.



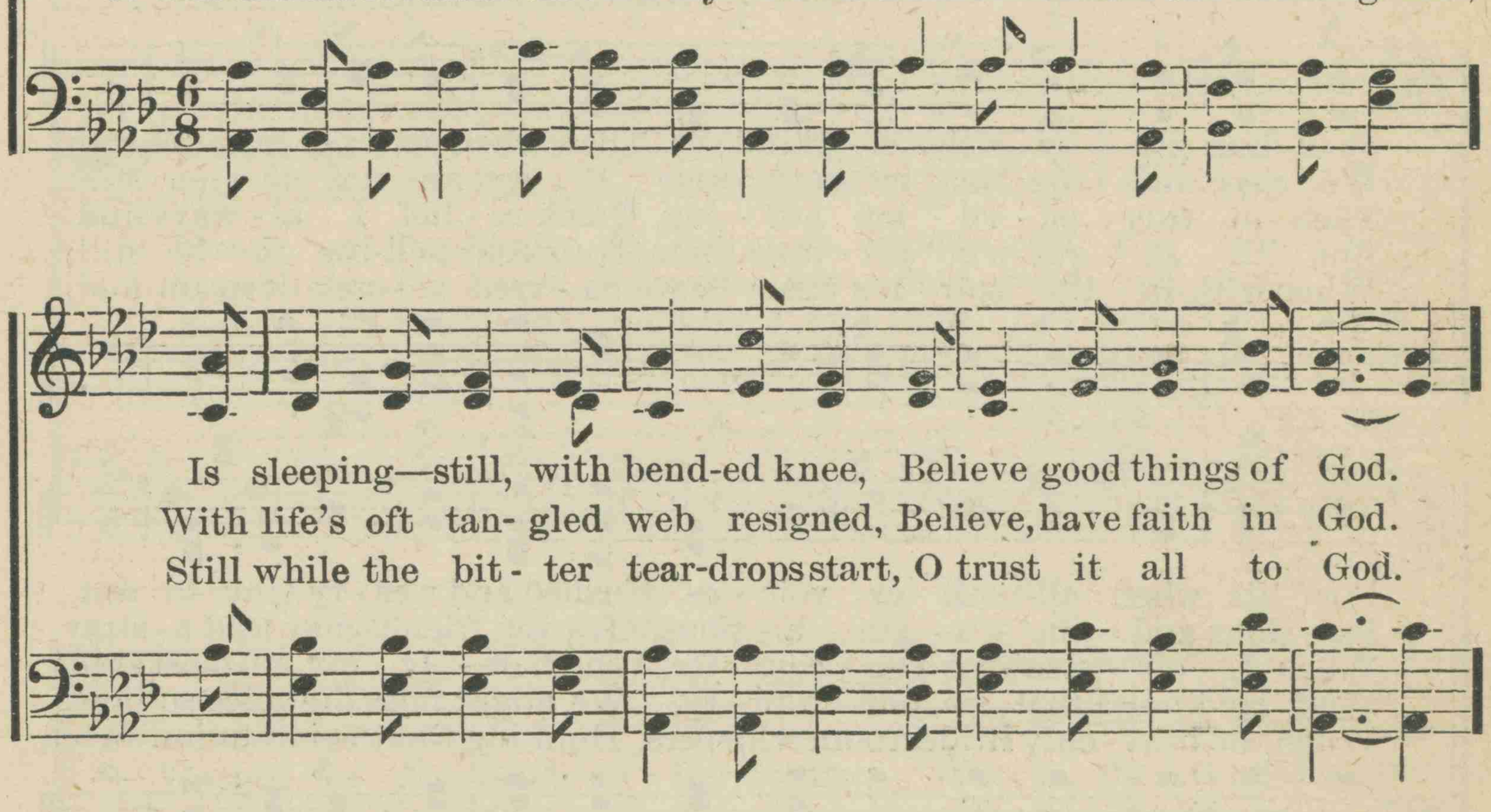
No. 378. TRUST.

Chorus arr. by Dr. RINEHART and B. CARRADINE.

Miss MAUDE CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.
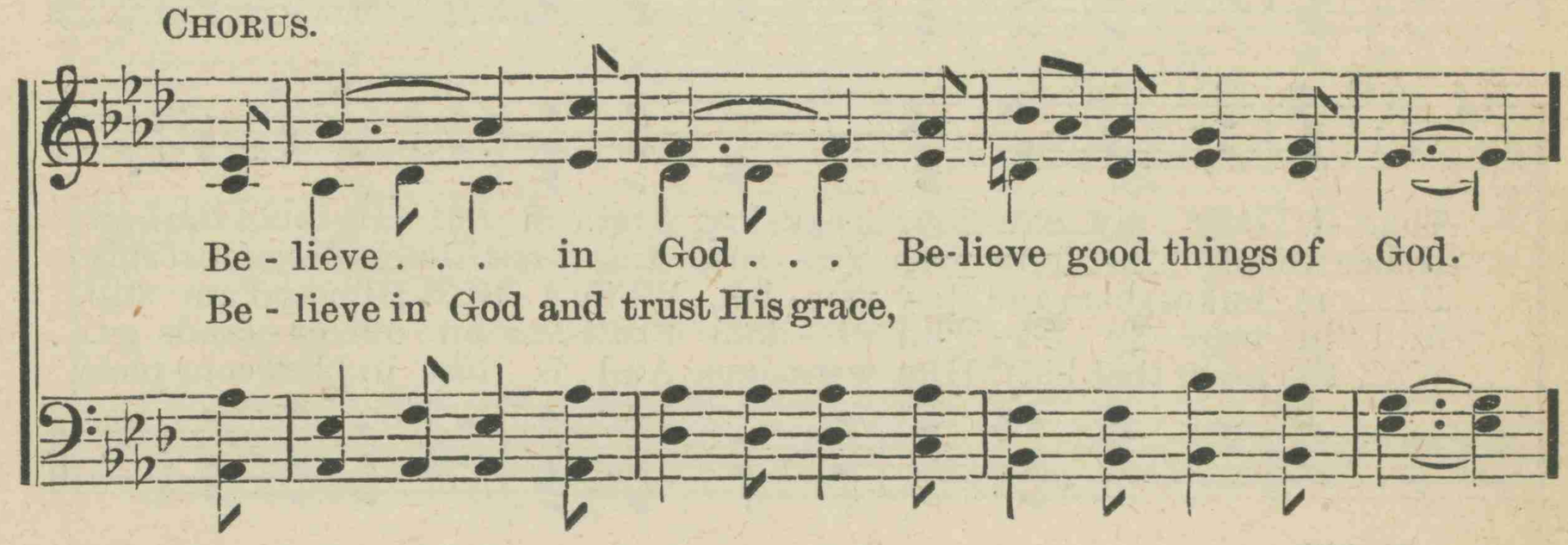


1. When in the storm it seems to thee That He who rules the rag- ing sea
2. When thou hast sought in vain to find The sil-ver thread of love en-twined
3. And should He smite thee till thy heart Is crushed beneath the bruising smart,
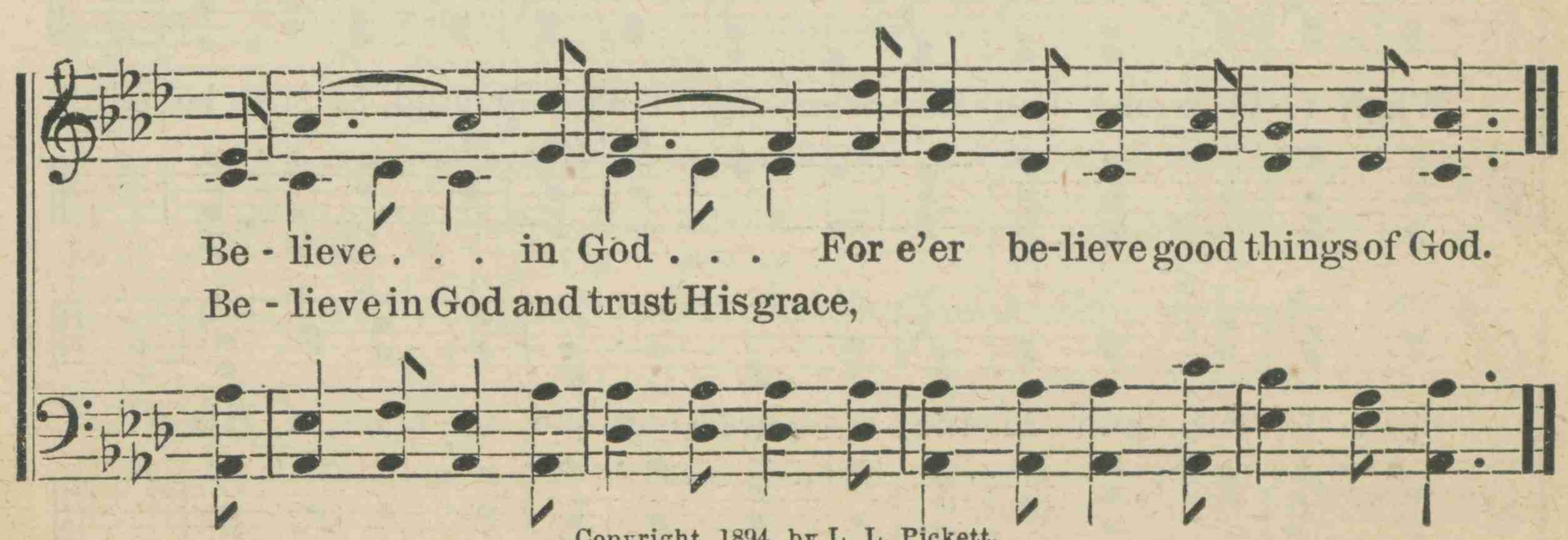


Is sleeping—still, with bend-ed knee, Believe good things of God.
With life's oft tan- gled web resigned, Believe, have faith in God.
Still while the bit- ter tear-drops start, O trust it all to God.

CHORUS.



Be - lieve . . . in God . . . Be-lieve good things of God.
Be - lieve in God and trust His grace,



Be - lieve . . . in God . . . For e'er be-lieve good things of God.
Be - lieve in God and trust His grace,

Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

No. 379. Be Still.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. Psalm 46: 10. Dr. E. T. RINEHART.

1. Oft a sweet and ho - ly still - ness Falls like sun-light on my soul,
2. Deafened by the ma - ny voic - es, Which the fly - ing mo-ments fill,
3. When per-plex - i - ties and tri - als And temp - ta- tions fill my mind,
4. Sometimes sickness comes and sorrow, And we deem them an - gels ill,
5. Oh, these si - lenc-es so gold - en, Sweet - er far than can be told,

Shed-ding glo - ry rich - er, grand - er, Than when waves of rapt-ure roll;
We may miss the Mas - ter's mes - sage If we are not oft - en still;
Then in this pa - vil - ion hid - ing, Quick re - lief I al - ways find;
But 'tis Je - sus who per - mits them, Thus com-pell-ing to be still;
When with-in the spir - it's cham-bers, Sa - cred se - crets deep un-fold;

For 'tis when all oth - er voic - es, Hushed and wea - ry sink to rest,
Pas - sions and im - a - gin - a - tions, E - ven friends may lead a - stray,
When I, ob - stac - les en - coun- ter, Which de - fy my ut-most skill,
Well He knows that in our hur - ry, We might miss the voice so low,
When the heav - enly Bridegroom whispers, Hold-ing there communion sweet,

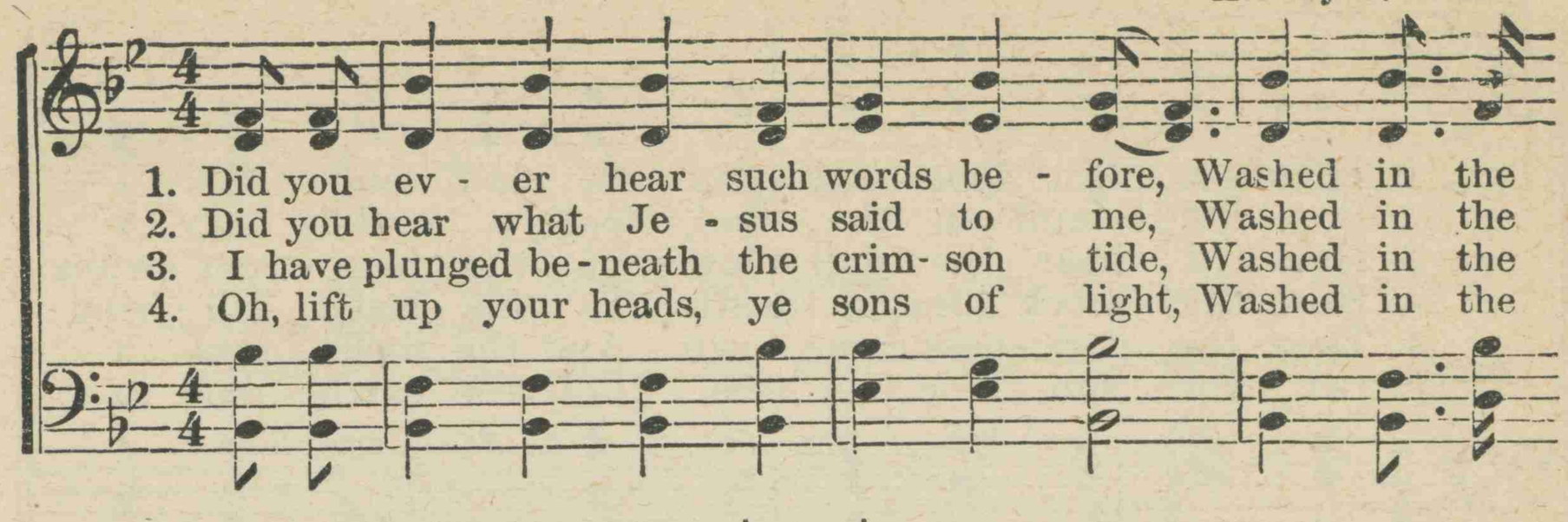
That I hear my Sav - iour speak-ing, And can tell His tones the best.
Hence we oft a - lone with Je - sus, In the still-ness deep must stay.
He re - bukes them and they van - ish, While I trust Him and am still.
And in mere - ly hu - man wis - dom Fruit-less on our er - rands go.
With the heart that bids Him wel-come, And is lost in bliss com-plete.

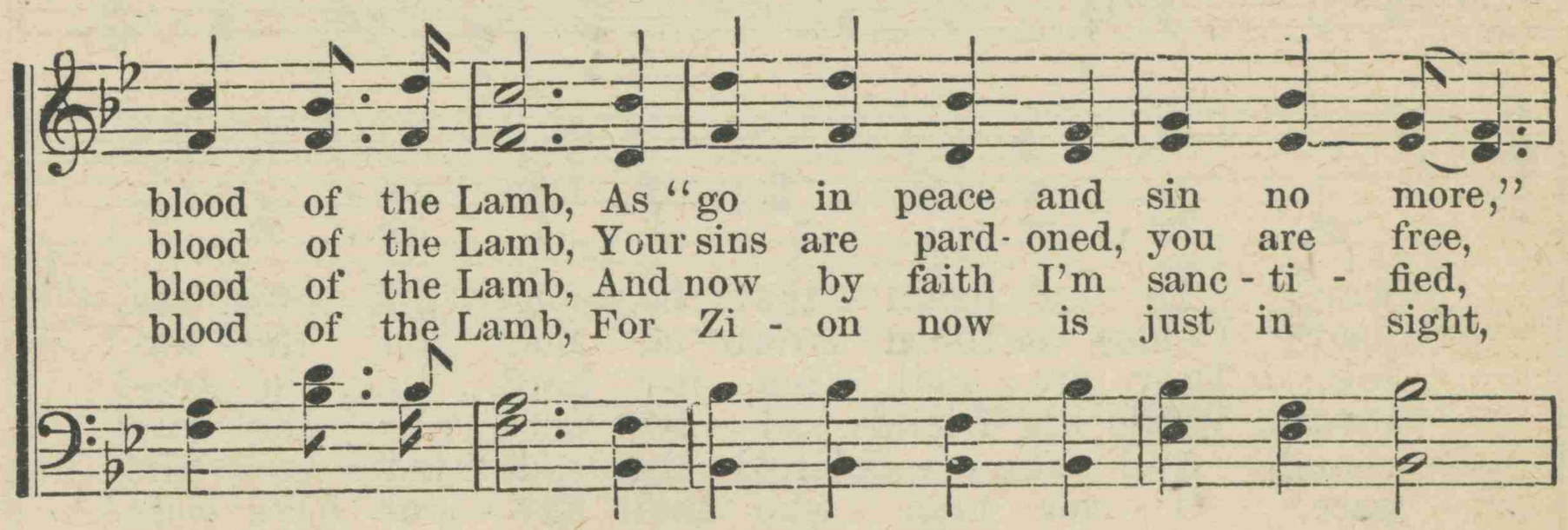
CHORUS.

When I hear my Sav - iour whis - per, "Hush, my child, be still, be still,"
Then I list, and in the si - lence Learn the se - crets of His will.
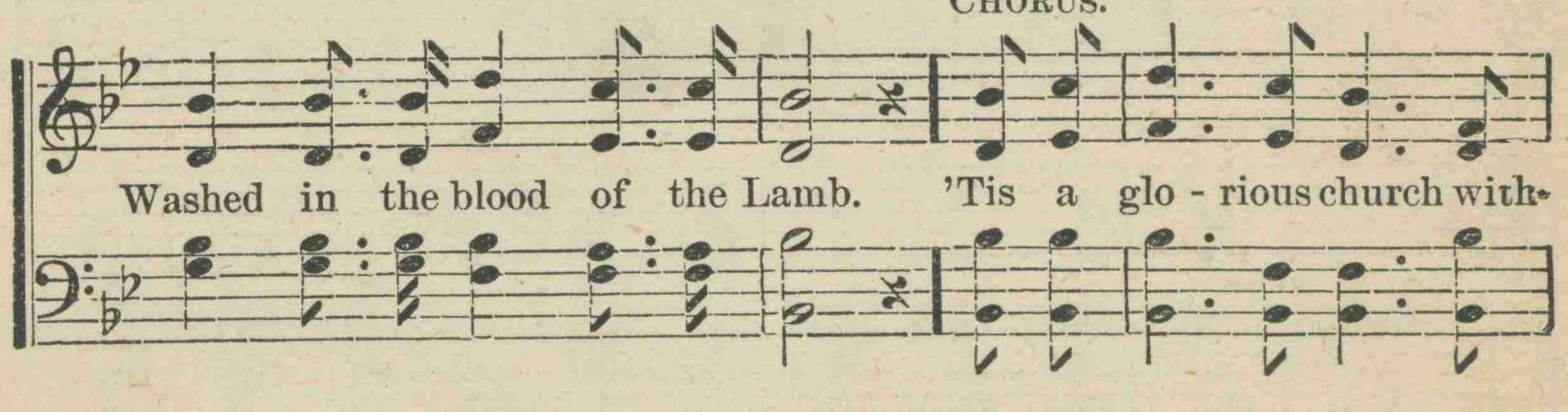
No. 171. 'Tis a Glorious Church.

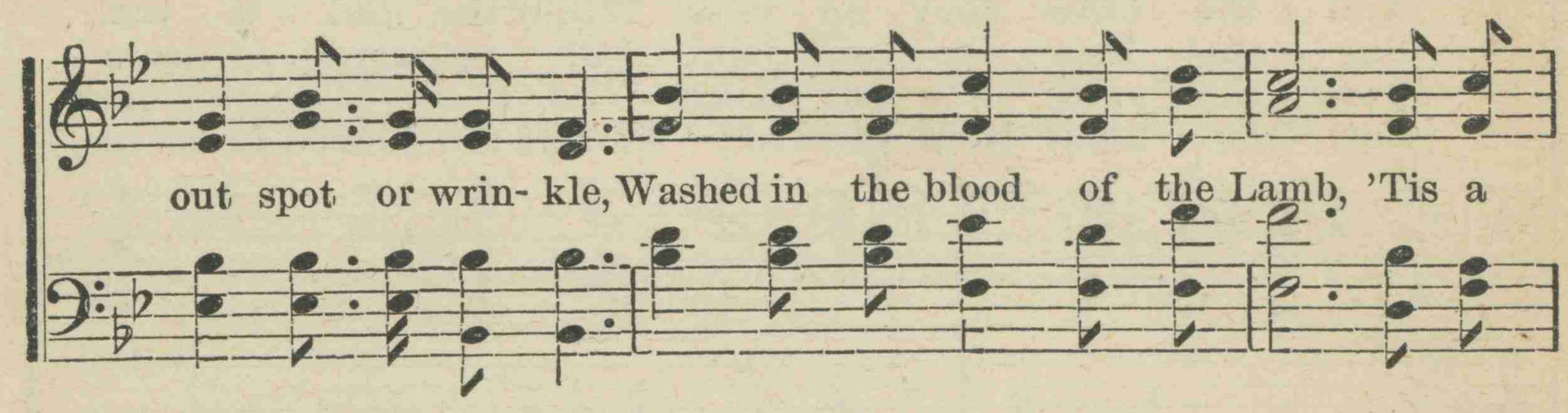
Arr. by E. T. R.

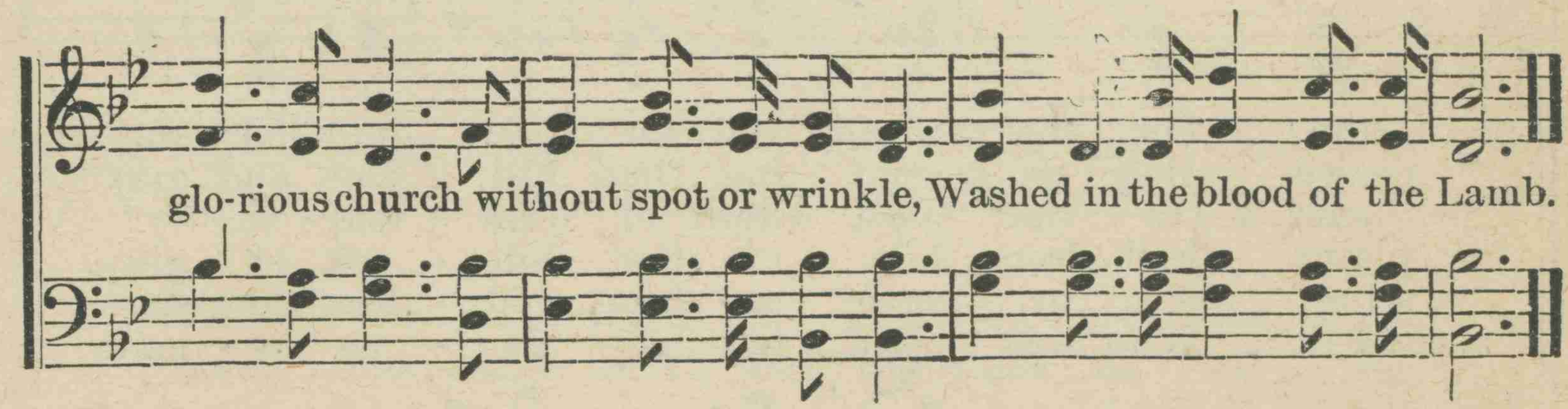




CHORUS.







5. If I get there before you do,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
I'll shout when seeing you come, too,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

* 6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
In robes of victory thro' the skies,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

* Use old words if desired.

No. 172. Calvary.

REV. B. CARRADINE, D. D. E. T. RINEHART, M. D.

1. There's a hill lone and gray In a land far a-
2. Be - hold! faint on the road, 'Neath a world's heav - y
3. Hark! I hear the dull blow Of the ham - mer swung
4. How they mock him in death To his last lab - 'ring
4. Then the dark - ness came down, And the rocks rent a-
6. Let the sun hide its face, Let the earth reel a-

way, In a coun - try be - yond the blue sea,
load, Comes a thorn - crown - ed man on the way!
low; They are nail - ing my Lord to the tree!
breath, While his friends sad - ly weep o'er the way!
round, And a cry pierc'd the sad - lad - en air!
pace, O - ver men who their Sav - iour have slain!

Where be - neath that fair sky Went a man forth to
With a cross he is bowed, But still on thro' the
And the cross they up - raise While the mul - ti - tude
But tho' lone - ly and faint, Still no word of com -
'Twas the voice of our King, Who re-ceived death's dark
But, be - hold! from the sod Comes the bless'd Lamb of

die, For the world and for you and for me.
crowd He's as - cend - ing that hill lone and gray.
gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Cal - va - ry!
plaint Fell from him on the hill - ock of gray.
sting, All to save us from end - less de - spair.
God, Who was slain, but is ris - en a - gain.

Copyright, 1895, by E. T. Rinehart.

Calvary. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, it bows down my heart, And the tear - drops will start, When in mem - 'ry that gray hill I see;

Chorus for last verse.

Shout a - loud, then, my soul, Let the glad tid - ings roll From the land to the ends of the sea!

For 'twas there on its side Je - sus suf - fered and died, To re - deem a poor sin - ner like me.
That Christ con-quered the grave, And has ris - en to save The whole world, and to make us all free.

CONTENTS.

Abiding in Him..... 186
Abiding and Confiding..... 104
A Blessing in Prayer..... 192
According to Your Faith..... 17
A Heart from Sin set Free..... 271
A Little Talk..... 369
All for Jesus..... 295
All Taken Away..... 368
All the Way Long it is Jesus..... 129
Another Year..... 105
Are You Washed in the Blood?..... 116
A Shout in the Camp..... 225
A Song of Trust..... 172
At the Beautiful Gate..... 130
At the Cross..... 253
At the Cross I'll Abide..... 188
At the Golden Landing..... 35

Beautiful Day..... 18
Beautiful Robes..... 156
Behold the Bridegroom..... 232
Be Still..... 379
Blessed Assurance..... 147
Blessed be the Name..... 216
Bringing in the Sheaves..... 273
By Grace I Will..... 223
By the Grace of God we'll Meet..... 196

Calvary..... 381
Cast thy Bread Upon the Waters..... 31
Cast thy Burden on the Lord..... 149
Christ is All..... 152
Christ Within..... 372
Come Thou Fount..... 301
Come to Jesus..... 302
Companionship with Jesus..... 252
Consecration..... 207

Delay Not to Come..... 153
Diamonds in the Rough..... 373

Entire Consecration..... 69

Faithful Guide..... 197
Fill Me Now..... 307
Free Waters..... 55
From Greenland's Icy Mountains..... 304

Give Me Jesus..... 238
Give Me Jesus..... 377
Gloria Patri..... 347
Glory to His Name..... 303
God be With You..... 151
Go Tell the World of His Love..... 33

Happy Day..... 298
Happy in the Love of Jesus..... 189
Happy Tidings..... 272
Have You Something Good to Tell?..... 99
Healing at the Fountain..... 123
Hear and Answer Prayer..... 267
He Came to Save Me..... 299
He Fully Saves Me Now..... 348

He Has Come..... 217
He Hideth my Soul..... 179
He is Calling..... 332

He's Mighty to Save..... 137
He will Gather the Wheat..... 176
Him that Cometh Unto Me..... 5
His Blood Washes Whiter than Snow..... 160
Home of the Soul..... 159

I am Coming to the Cross..... 292
I am Not Alone..... 263
I am Saved..... 171
I'll be There..... 245
I'll Live for Him..... 331
I'm Happy. 11s..... 308
I'm Happy, So Happy..... 30
I'm Saved..... 215
In Canaan Now..... 370
In the Secret of His Presence..... 122
Is Not this the Land of Beulah?..... 226
Is there Any One Here?..... 248
It is Good to be Here..... 338
It Just Suits Me..... 121
I will Shout His Praise in Glory..... 98
I will Trust in my Saviour..... 82

Jesus is Good to Me..... 145
Jesus is Precious to Me..... 162
Jesus is Strong to Deliver..... 198
Jesus of Nazareth Died for Me..... 161
Jesus Saves..... 275
Jesus Waits to Help You..... 24
Just Ahead..... 268
Just as I am..... 341

Keep Close to Jesus..... 352

Leaning on Jesus..... 168
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms..... 44
Let Him In..... 371
Let Me in the Life-boat..... 260
Let the Blessed Saviour in..... 209

Meet Me There..... 60
Mercy is Boundless and Free..... 264
More About Jesus..... 109
My Happy Home..... 351
My Jesus, I Love Thee..... 148
My Spirit is Free..... 239

Nearer, My God, to Thee..... 305

Oh, How Happy are They..... 339
Oh, tell Me no More..... 306
Oh, 'tis Glory in My Soul..... 300
Oh, to be Like Him..... 221
Old Hundred. L. M..... 346
Only Believe..... 146
On the Way..... 269
Open the Door..... 235
O Rest, Sweet Rest..... 213
Outside the Gate..... 259
Overcomers..... 128

Passing On..... 357

Redeeming Love..... 61
Refuge and Rest..... 373
Rejoicing Evermore..... 230
Rest for the Weary..... 293
Resting at the Cross..... 229
Revive the Hearts of all..... 6

Revive us Again 294
Rock of Ages 318
Safe in the Glory Land 241
Saved to the Uttermost 150
Saviour, Blessed Saviour 193
Search Me, O God 349
Sessions. L. M 345
Showers of Blessing 205
Sing On 76
Sing, O Sing the Love of Jesus 102
Sinner Turn 276
Softly and Tenderly 200
Songs in the Calm, Still Night 88
Spring. C. M 375
Standing on the Promises 258
Step Out on the Promise 350
Stepping in the Light 278
Stepping-stones to Jesus 73
Sunshine in the Soul 154
Surrendered 173
Sweetly Resting 27
Take Me as I Am 340
Tell it to Jesus 50
The Beautiful Land 103
The Beautiful Light 107
The Crimson Stream 214
The Crossings 47
The Fountain from the Rock 4
The Golden Key 157
The Half has Never been Told 191
The Haven of Rest 158
The Judgment Morning 367
The Open Arms 256
The Morning Draweth Nigh 199
The Prodigal Boy 374
There's a Blessing for Me 106
There's a Great Day Coming 118
The Sheltering Rock 2
The Unclouded Day 96
The Very Same Jesus 356
'Tis a Glorious Church 380
'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus 127
Trust 378
Trusting in the Promise 169
Trusting Jesus, That is All 45
Trusting Only Thee 23
Wait and Murmer Not 224
Waiting at the Pool 126
Waiting for Me 212
Watch and Pray 187
Welcome for Me 185
What a Gathering that Will Be 222
What a Wonderful Saviour 19
What Must I Do to be Saved? 283
What will the First Greeting be? 266
While the Years are Rolling on 218
Whiter than Snow 319
Whosoever 97
Will the Waters be Chilly? 261
Wondrous Glory 110
Wonderful Love of Jesus 240
Words of Jesus 112

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