National Gospel Voices.

BY

D. E. DORTCH.

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R. H. BOYD, Secretary,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

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In Ordering Mention Kind of Notes Wanted.

Z8B
D739



Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

PRESENTED BY

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

TO

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OUR OWN SONG BOOK,

NATIONAL

GOSPEL VOICES

BY

D. E. DORTCH.

During the year 1897, the National Baptist Publishing Board received many inquiries and requests for a song book with music, such as would be suited to the needs of the Churches, Sunday schools and Young People's Unions, of the National Baptist Convention, in doctrine, style, melody and price, so that there could be some uniformity in the sacred music used by the young people. One of the greatest difficulties of the Board has been to get a book whose price would meet the needs of our churches and schools. After a careful examination by the Board, of the doctrine and text of the songs that compose "Gospel Voices," they were submitted to a number of leading pastors of the Baptist churches of the different States, who reported favorably upon the same. The musical arrangement was then submitted to a Music Committee, who made the following report;

To Whom This May Concern:

We, the undersigned Committee, appointed by the National Baptist Publishing Board to examine the hymns of "Gospel Voices," do hereby certify that we have performed with much care the duty assigned us, and heartily endorse the hymns as set forth by the preface, to a letter. We further recommend this book to the consideration of the Churches, Sunday schools and Young People's Unions of the National Baptist Convention.

Respectfully submitted,

Prof. Wm. Harrison, Music Director of the Sunday School Union of Nashville, Tenn.; *Prof. T. L. Jones*, Professor of Public Vocal Music, Nashville, Tenn.; *Mrs. M. C. Kenney*, Matron of Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tenn.; *Mrs. E. M. Abner*, Professor of Music in Gaudalupe College, Seguin, Tex.; *Mrs. A. E. Hall*, Palestine, Texas.

After taking these precautions, the Board adopted this book as their own, and send it forth with their endorsement. Notwithstanding the many sacred songs that have gone before the public, yet they hope that this little book may prove a great blessing and an instrument, in the Churches, Sunday schools and Young People's Unions, in saving souls, inspiring young Christians and bringing better uniformity of worship into our Baptist Churches and Sunday schools.

National Baptist Publishing Board.

R. H. Boyd

Secretary.

Z8/3 Hymn
D739 1895
Dort A

PREFACE.

THE author of "GOSPEL VOICES" has edited several song books, all of which have been well received. Much time and labor have been given to the preparation of this one, and it is confidently believed that it is the best of his life-work.

The HYMNS are full of pure GOSPEL TRUTH, the MUSIC sweet and flowing.

All songs of doctrinal differences have been rejected, so that all denominations can use this book, adopting it as theirs.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES can find in this collection songs suitable for their several uses.

A careful comparison between this and other song books will convince song-loving people that it is equal to the best, and inferior to none.

GOSPEL VOICES, go thou, and do thy work! Strengthen the weak, comfort the sorrowing, bind up the broken-hearted, lift up the fallen, save the lost, and when thou returnest lay many precious sheaves at the Master's feet!

THE AUTHOR.

June 1st, 1895.

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GOSPEL VOICES.

BY

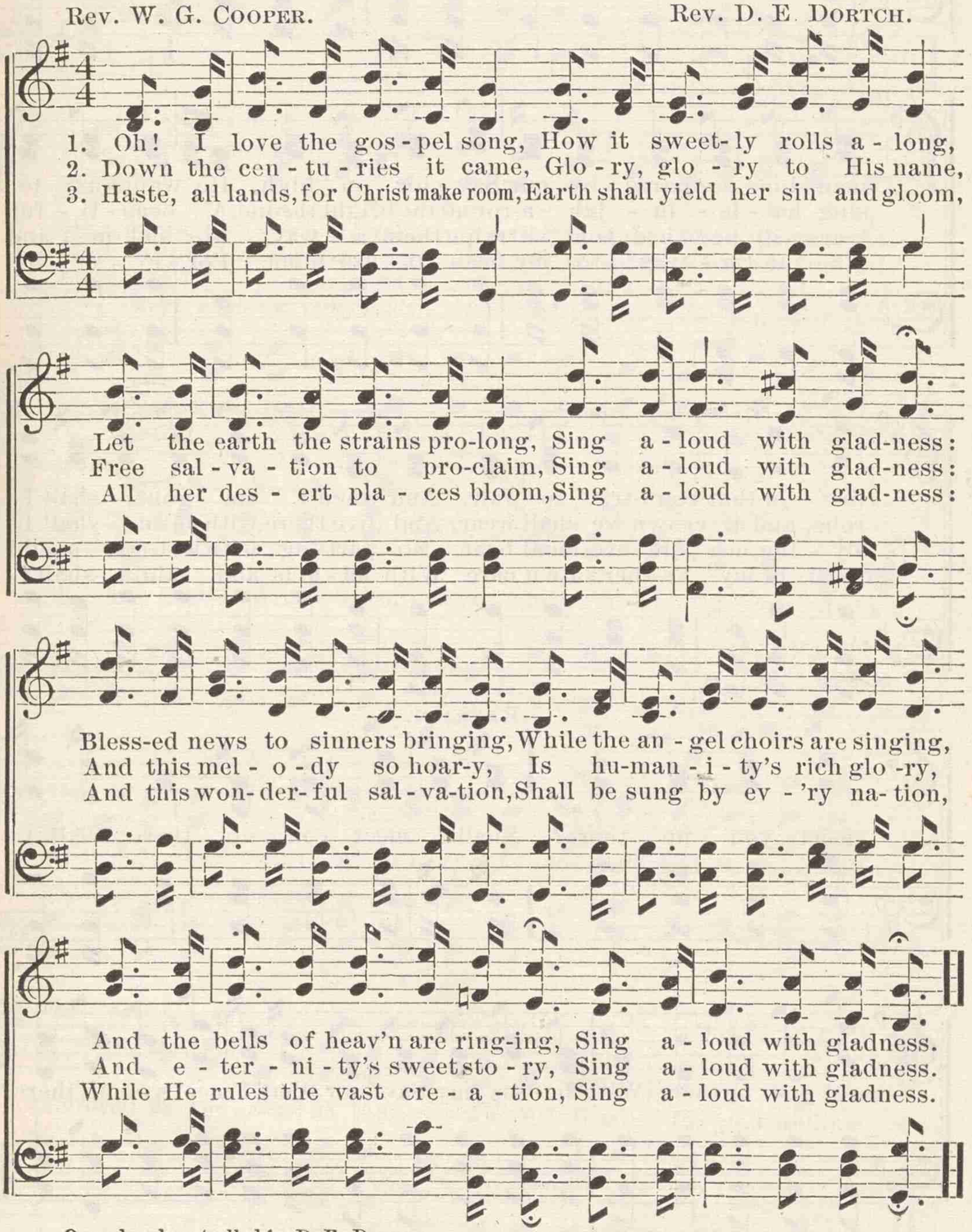
D. E. DORTCH.

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1. SING ALOUD WITH GLADNESS.

"The Lord will comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."—Is. 51: 3.

Rev. W. G. COOPER. Rev. D. E. DORTCH.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

2. SHALL I MEET YOU UP THERE?

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14: 2.

UNKNOWN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home far up in the sky, And
2. In that beau - ti - ful land no sor - row will come, We shall
3. No night shall be there, 't is one end - less day, No
4. When my work here is done, then the an - gels will come And

man-sions pre-pared by our Sav - ior on high, He wants us to
sing hal - le - lu - jah a-round the bright throne, A beau - ti - ful
tears will be shed, God will wipe them a - way, No sick-ness and
take me a - way to my beau - ti - ful home, For - ev - er to

live in that coun-try so fair, And when I am gone, shall I
robe, and a crown we shall wear, And live there with Je-sus—shall I
dy - ing, no pain we shall bear, No part-ing with lov'd ones—shall I
dwell in my Fa-ther's own care With an - gels and saints—shall I

REFRAIN.

meet you up there? Shall I meet you up there; Shall I
meet you up there; With Je - sus my Sav-iour, Shall I meet you up there?

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

3. SHELTERED AT THE CROSS.

"A shadow in the daytime from the heat, and for a place of refuge."—Is. 4 : 6.

Dr. H. BONAR. D. E. DORTCH

1. Oppress'd with noonday's scorching heat, To yon-der cross I flee;
2. Be - neath that cross clear waters burst, A fountain spark-ling free;
3. A strang-er here I pitch my tent, Beneath this spread-ing tree;
4. For burdened ones a rest-ing place, Be - side that cross I see;

Be - neath its shel - ter take my seat, No shade like this for me.
And there I quench my des - ert thirst, No spring like this for me.
Here shall my pil - grim life be spent, No home like this for me.
I here cast off my wea - ri - ness, No rest like this for me.

CHORUS.

p

I am sheltered at the cross, yes, sheltered at the cross, I am

sheltered at the cross of Cal - va - ry; I am sheltered at the cross, yes,
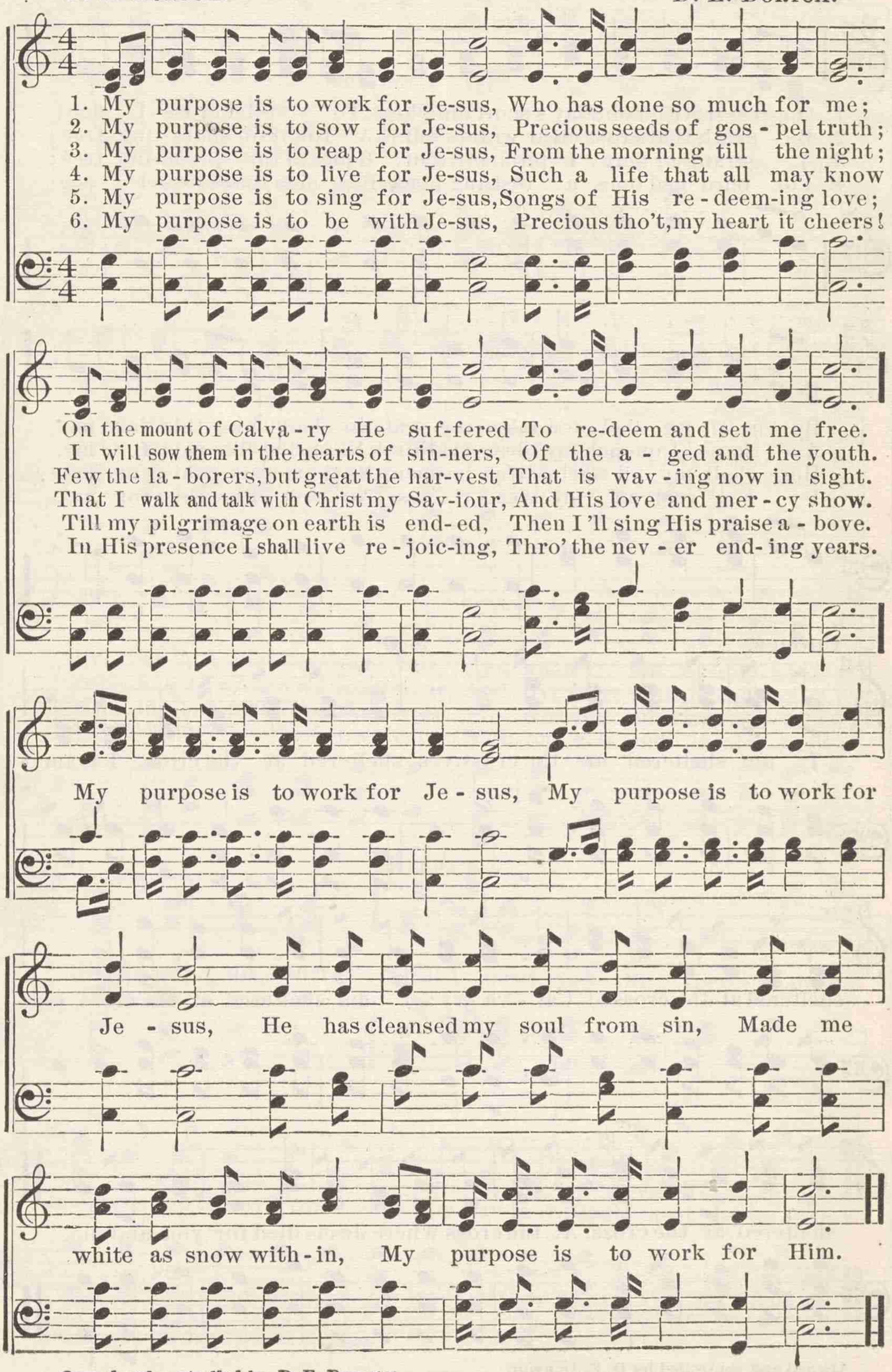
sheltered at the cross, At the cross where Jesus died for you and me.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

4. MY PURPOSES.

"Every purpose is established by counsel."—Prov. 20: 18.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.
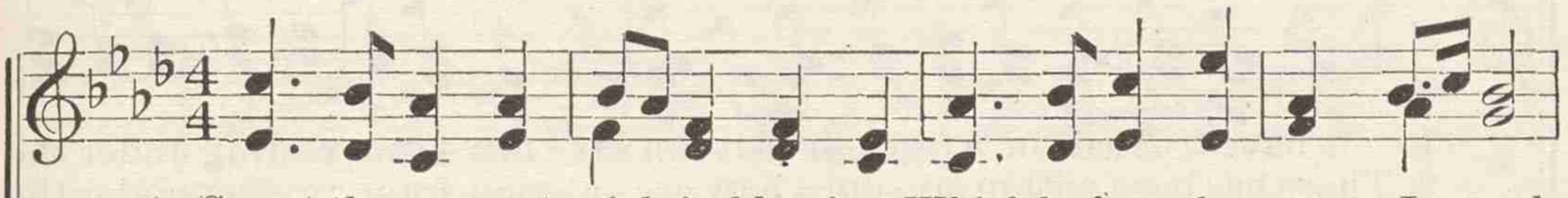


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5. STANDING BY THE CROSS.

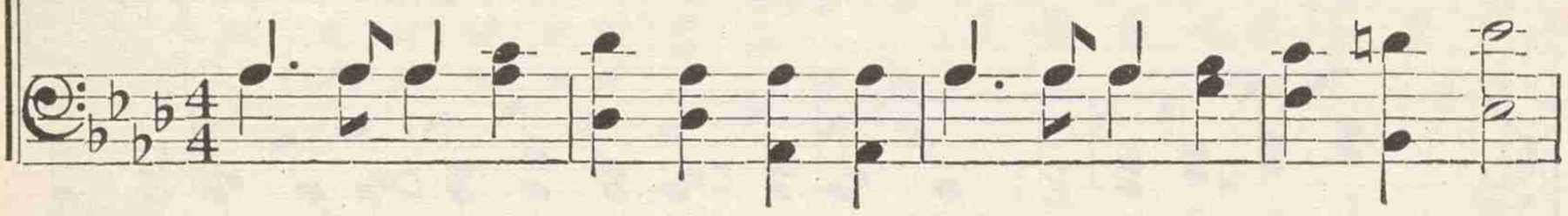
"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother."— John 19: 25.
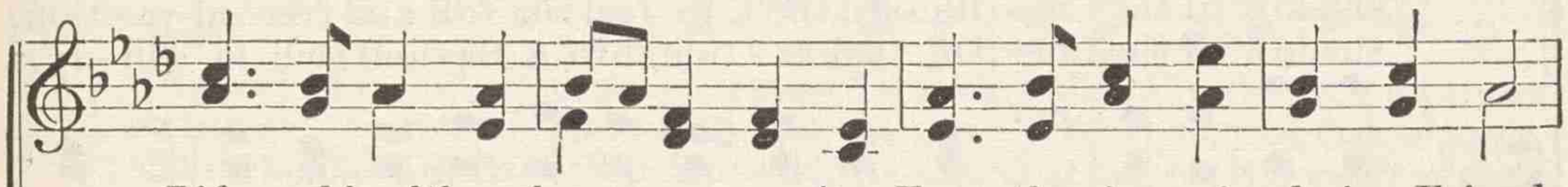
ALLAN SHIRLEY.
REF. by A. J. S.

A J. SHOWALTER.

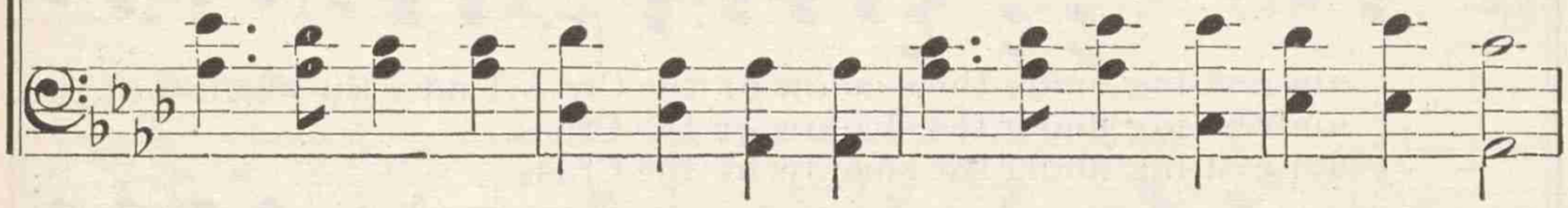


1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend,
2. Here I 'll rest for - ev - er view-ing Mer-cy poured in streams of blood;
3. Tru - ly blessed is this sta - tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,
4. Here I feel my sins for - giv -en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze,
5. Still in ceaseless con-tem-pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
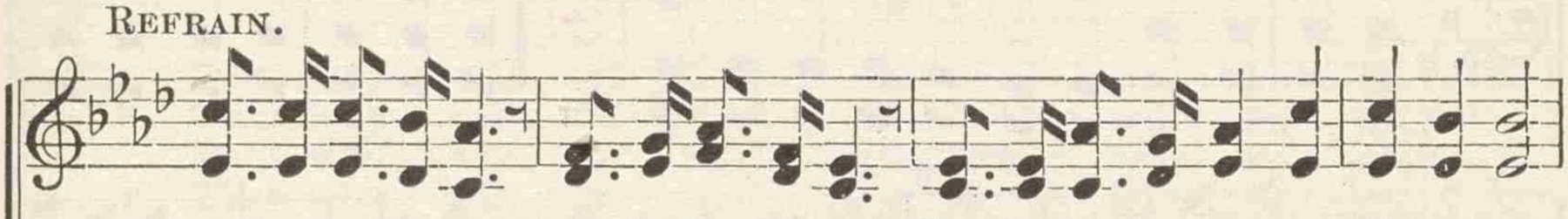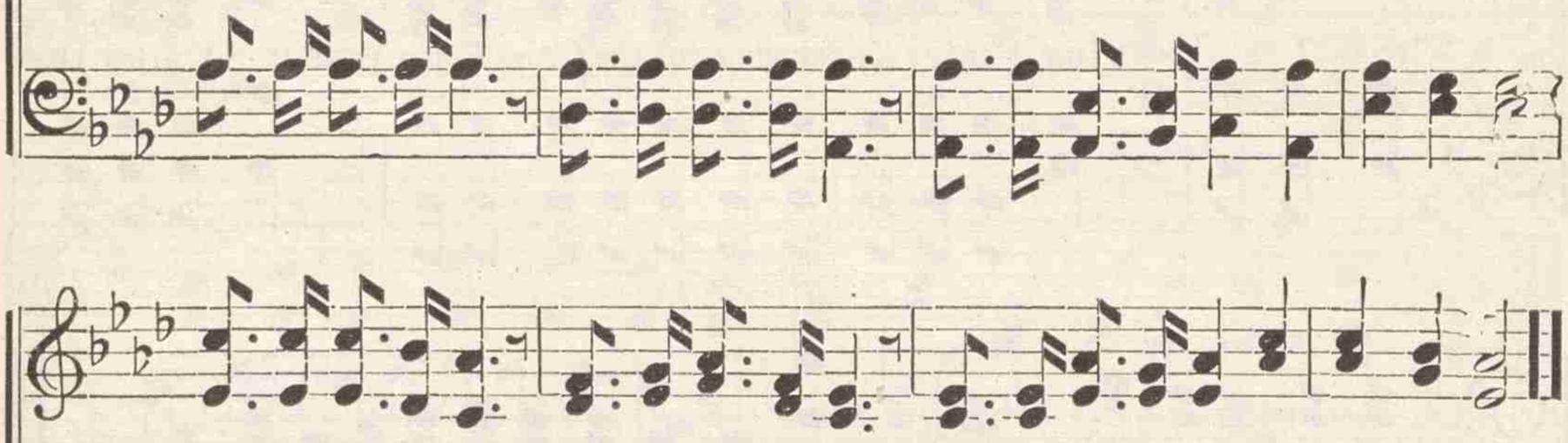




Life, and health and peace possessing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
Precious drops my soul be - dewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
While I see di - vine compass-ion, Beam-ing in His gra-cious eye.
And my tho'ts are all of heav-en, And my lips o'erflow with praise.
Till I taste Thy full sal - va - tion, And, unveiled, Thy glo - ries see.
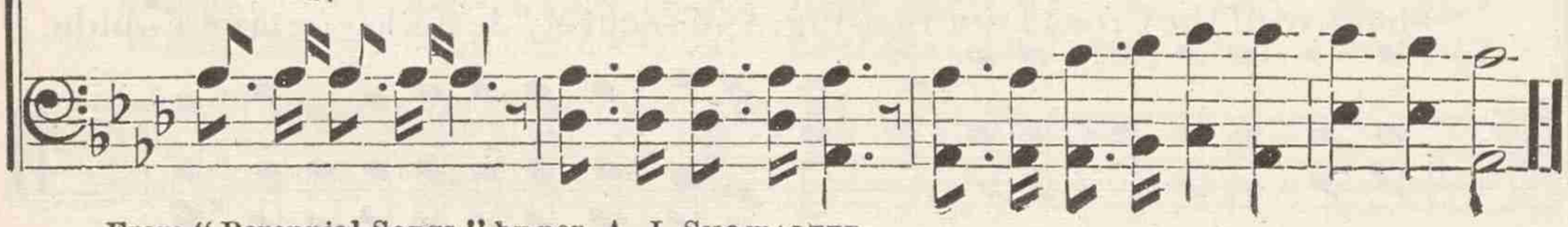


REFRAIN.



Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Calva - ry;



Looking up to Christ, trust-ing in His love, Hoping in His mercy full and free.



From "Perennial Songs," by per. A. J. SHOWALTER.

6. UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

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

E. HANKS. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I have trusted in a Saviour that can save me, I am resting under the
2. There has been within my soul a new cre - a - tion, I am resting under the
3. Oh, I love to tell the sweet and wondrous sto-ry, I am resting under the

shadow of the Cross; When I trust-ed, oh, the bliss and joy it gave me,
shadow of the Cross; Blessed tho't, to feel the full and free sal-va - tion,
shadow of the Cross; Of sal-va - tion thro' a Saviour rich in glo - ry,

REFRAIN.

I am rest-ing under the shadow of the Cross. Under the shadow of the
I am rest-ing under the shadow of the Cross.
I am rest-ing under the shadow of the Cross.

Cross I am rest-ing, Under the shadow of the Cross I am rest-ing, Under the

shadow of the Cross I am rest-ing, And securely Jesus lets me there a - bide.
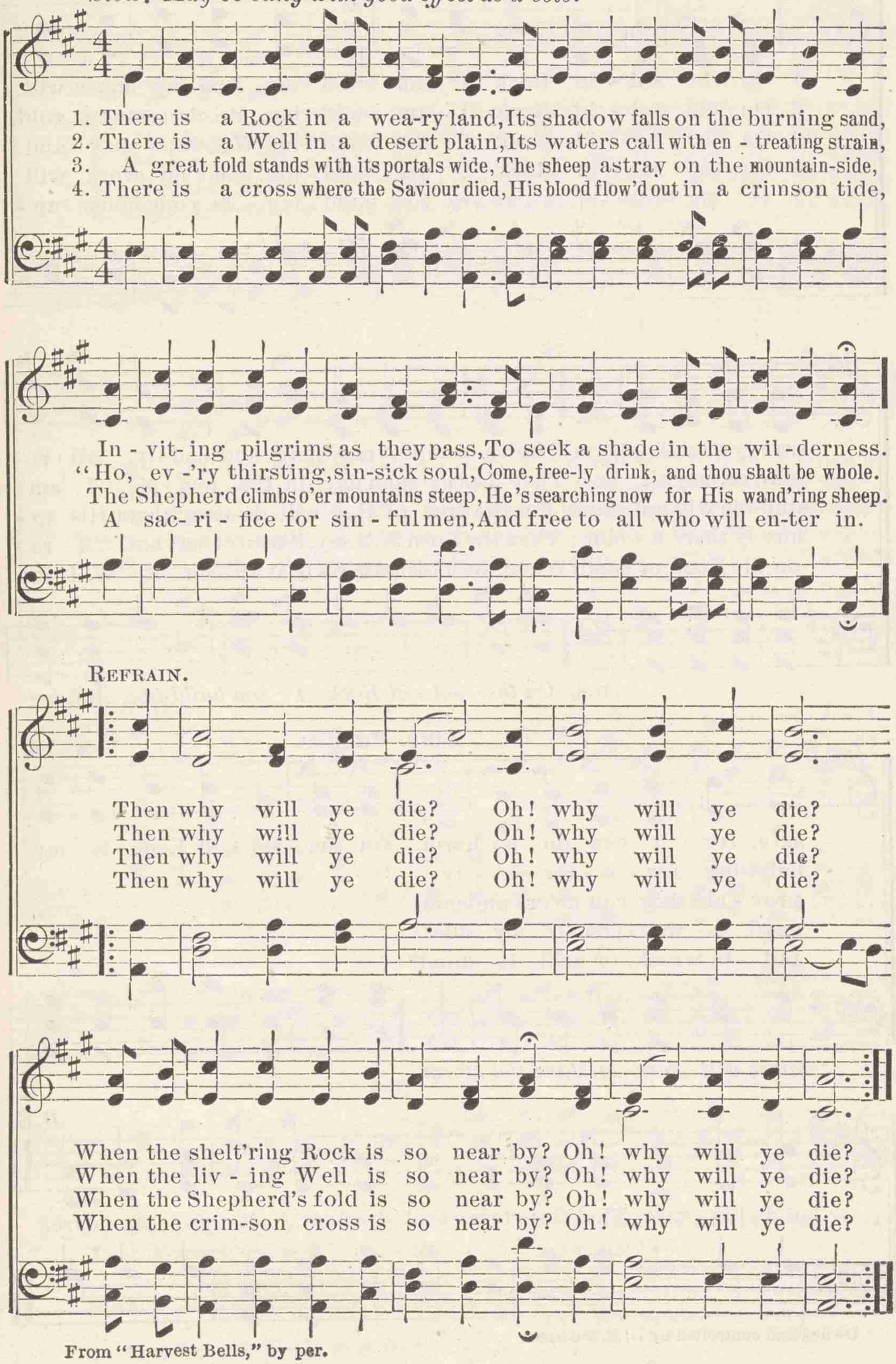
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7. THE SHELTERING ROCK.

Is. 32: 2; 12: 3; 65: 10; Col. 1: 20.

W. E. P. Rev. W. E. PENN.

Slow. May be sung with good effect as a solo.
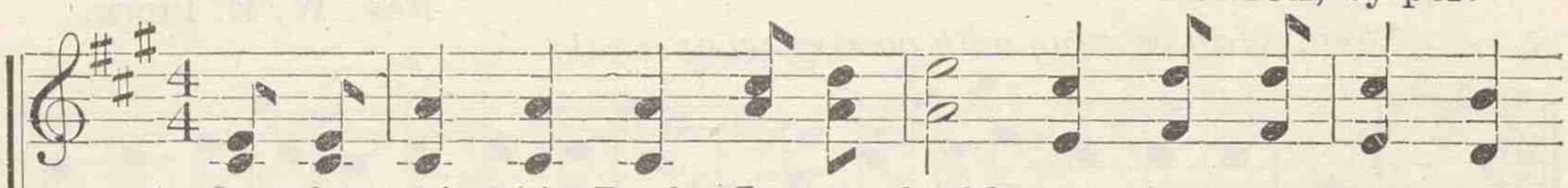


From "Harvest Bells," by per.
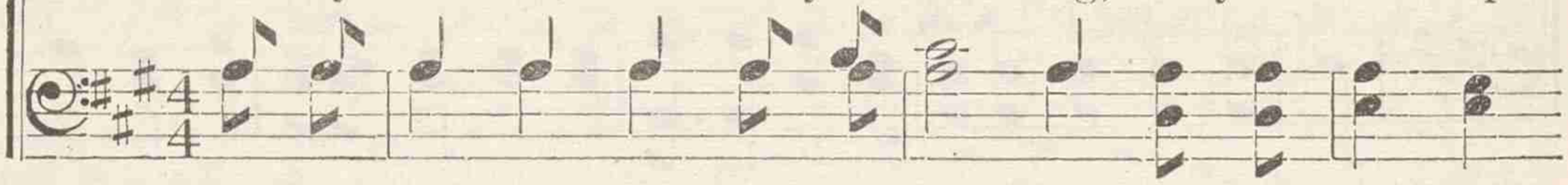
8. BUILDING ON THE ROCK.
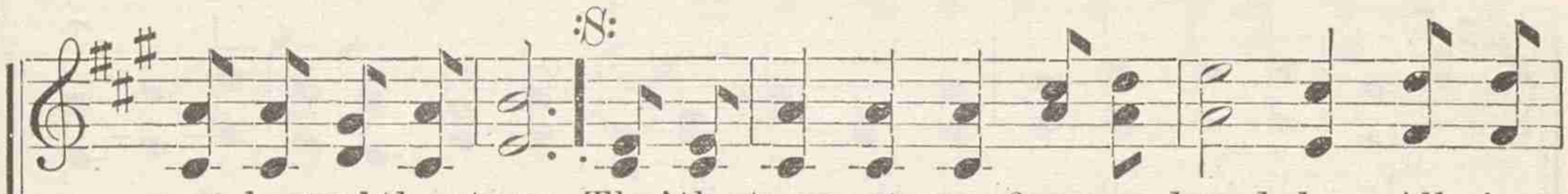
Matt. 7: 26, 27; 1 Cor. 3: 9-15.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing, And my house will
2. On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing, Precious stones, gold,
3. On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing, Wood and hay and
4. On the sol - id Rock I am build - ing, And my work will
5. O my broth - er, where are you build - ing, Is your house up -
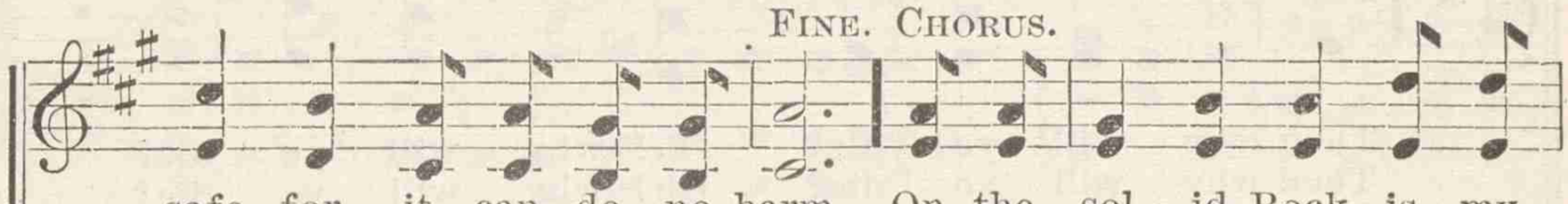




sure-ly stand the storm; Tho' the tempest rage fierce and mad - ly, All is
sil-ver, may all be That I place each day in the tem - ple, I am
stub-ble will not stand For the fires of God will de-stroy them, His ap -
sure-ly there a - bide; Then the Lord will say, Faithful servant, A re -
on the Rock, or sand? When the winds and waves beat up - on it, Will it

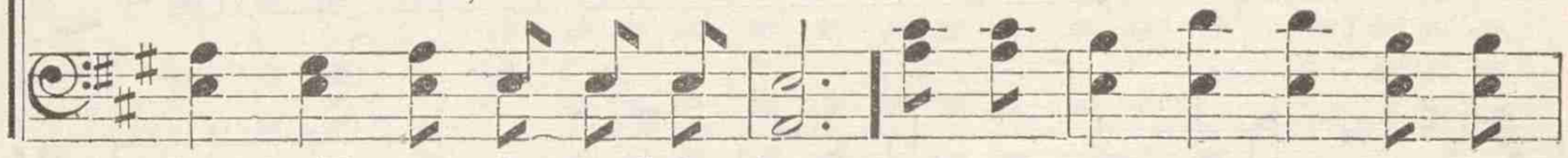


D.S. *On the sol - id Rock I am build-ing, And my*

FINE. CHORUS.
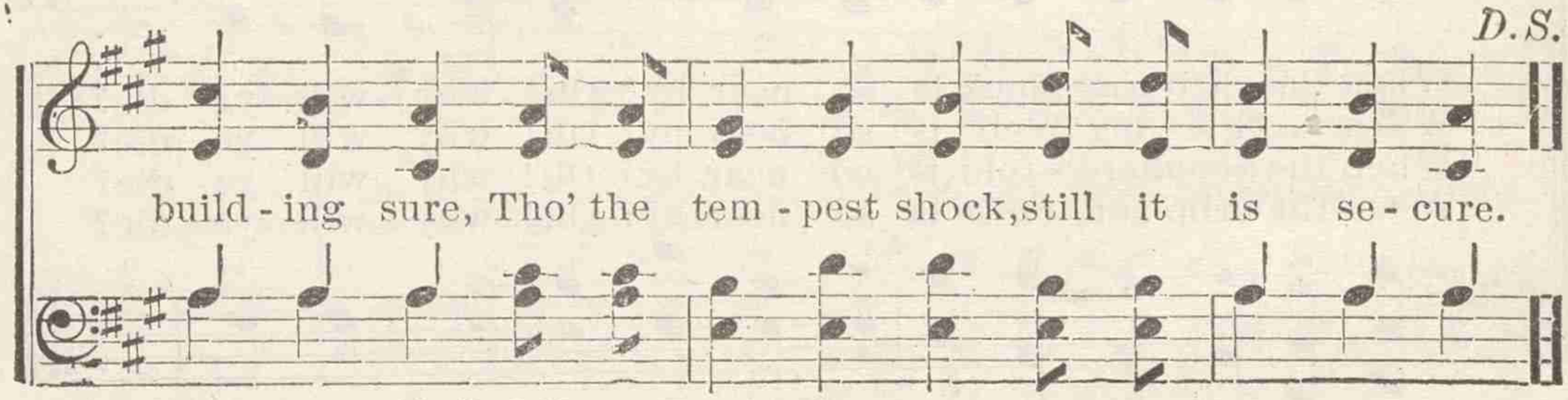


safe, for it can do no harm. On the sol - id Rock is my
build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty.
prov - al they can ne'er command
ward a - waits you by my side.
fall in wreck, or will it stand?



house will sure - ly stand the storm.

D.S.
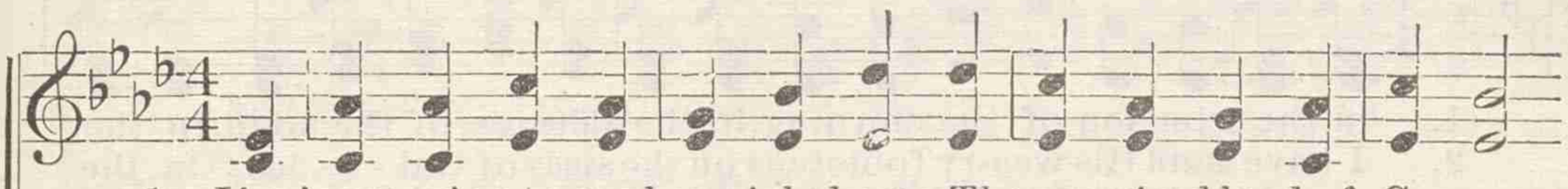


build - ing sure, Tho' the tem - pest shock, still it is se - cure.

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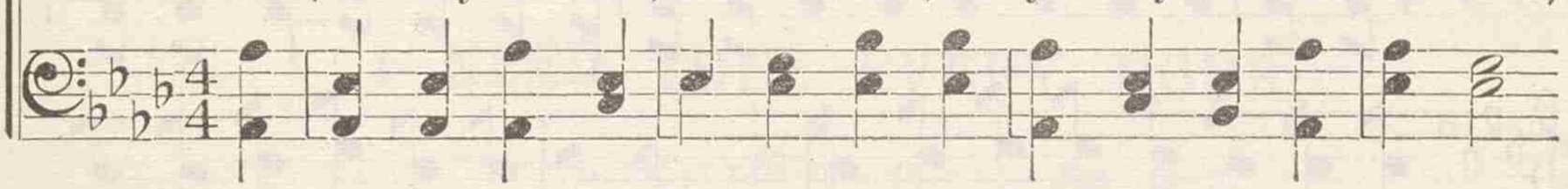
9. CANAAN.
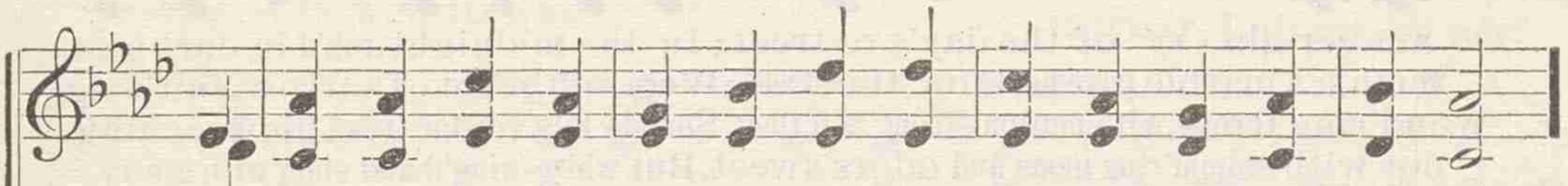
"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good."— Num. 10: 29.

W. H. BERRY. D. E. DORTCH.
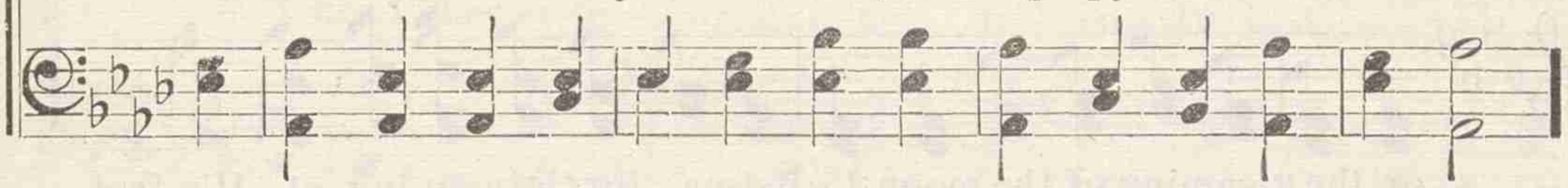


1. I'm journeying to my heav-'nly home, The promised land of Ca-naan;
2. My Sav-iour helps me on the way, While trav'ling on to Ca-naan;
3. Life's riv - er there for - ev - er flows To glad the land of Ca-naan;
4. No more shall sin dis-tress the heart, It curs - es not fair Ca-naan;
5. Come, friendly sin - ner, with us come, And journey on to Ca-naan;
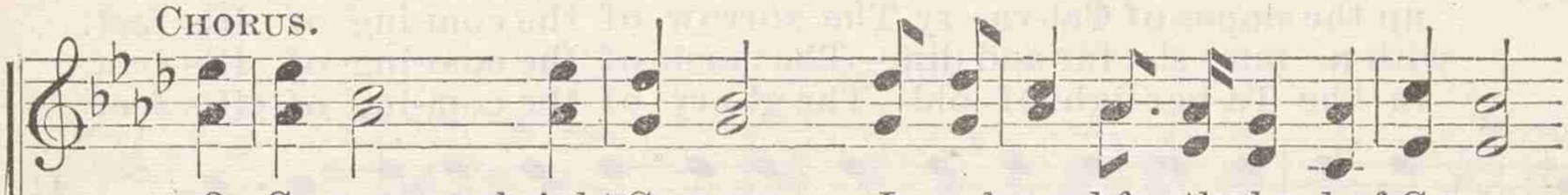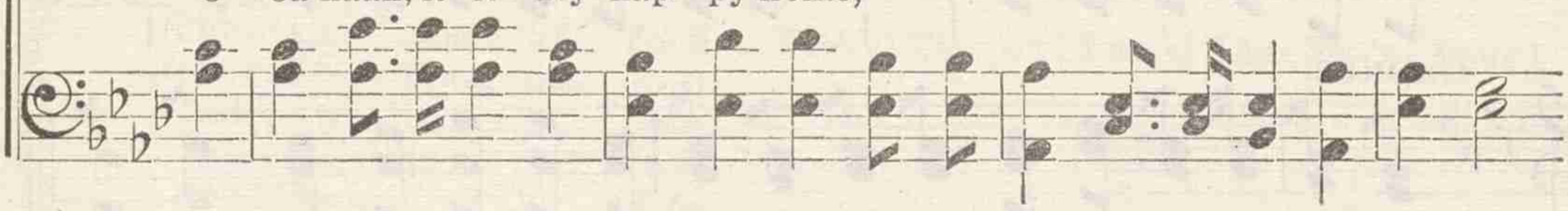




My heav-'nly Fa-ther bids me come And dwell with Him in Ca-naan.
And of - ten gives me when I pray A sweet fore-taste of Ca-naan.
The heal-ing tree be - side it grows To shade the land of Ca-naan.
There friends u - nit - ed ne'er shall part, Nor say fare-well in Ca-naan.
The Sav-iour of- fers you a home, A hap - py home in Ca-naan.
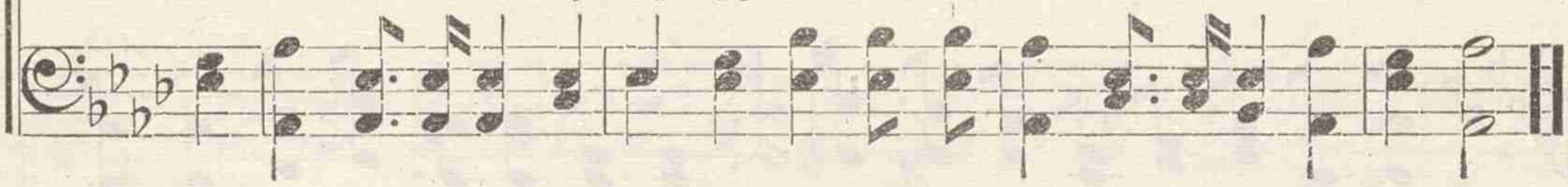


CHORUS.



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



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



6 This world can never give the rest
That 's promised you in Canaan;
Its richest joys lose all their zest
Compared with those of Canaan.

7 Throw off, dear friend, the world's restraints,
And go with us to Canaan;
Come cast your lot in with the saints
And find a home in Canaan.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

10. THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

"Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24: 42.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. In the crim-son of the morning, in the white-ness of the noon, In the
2. I have heard His wea-ry footsteps on the sands of Gal - i - lee, On the
3. Down the minster-aisles of splen-dor, from betwixt the cherubim, Thro' the
4. Sandled not with shoon of sil-ver, girdled not with woven gold, Weighted

am-ber glo - ry of the day's re-treat; In the midnight, rob'd in darkness,
temple's marble pavement, on the street; Worn with weight of sorrow, falt'ring
wond'ring throng, with motion strong and fleet, Sounds His vic-tor tread approaching
not with shimm'ring gems and odors sweet, But white-wing'd and shod with glo-ry

or the gleaming of the moon, I list-en for the com-ing of His feet.
up the slopes of Cal-va - ry, The sorrow of the com-ing of His feet.
with a mu - sic far and dim—The music of the com-ing of His feet.
in the Ta-bor light of old—The glo-ry of the com-ing of His feet.
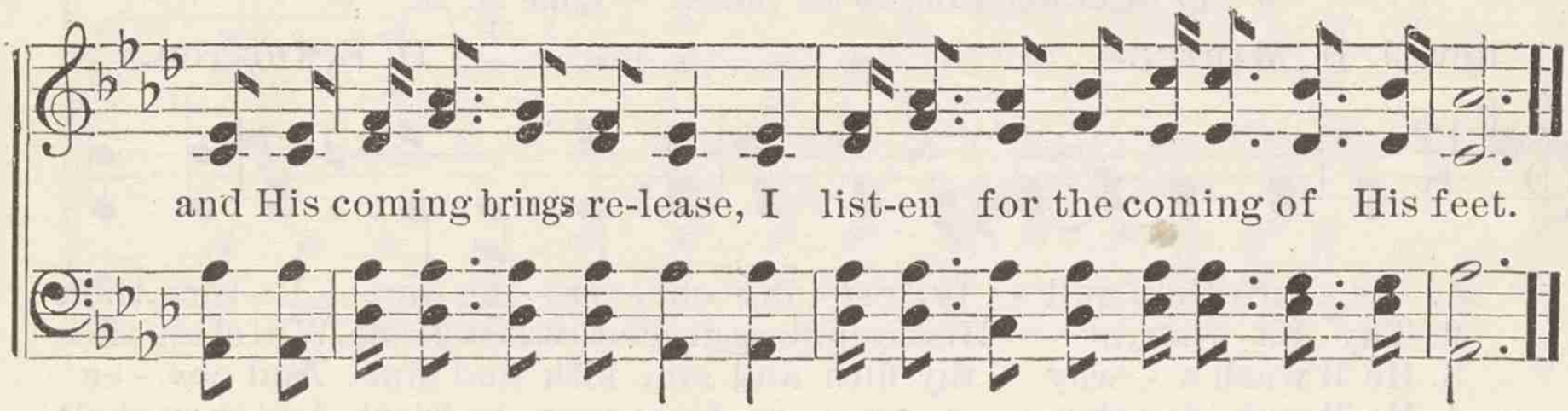
CHORUS.

He is com-ing, O my Spir - it! with His ev - er-last-ing peace, With His

bless-ed-ness im-mor-tal and complete; He is com-ing, O my spir - it!

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

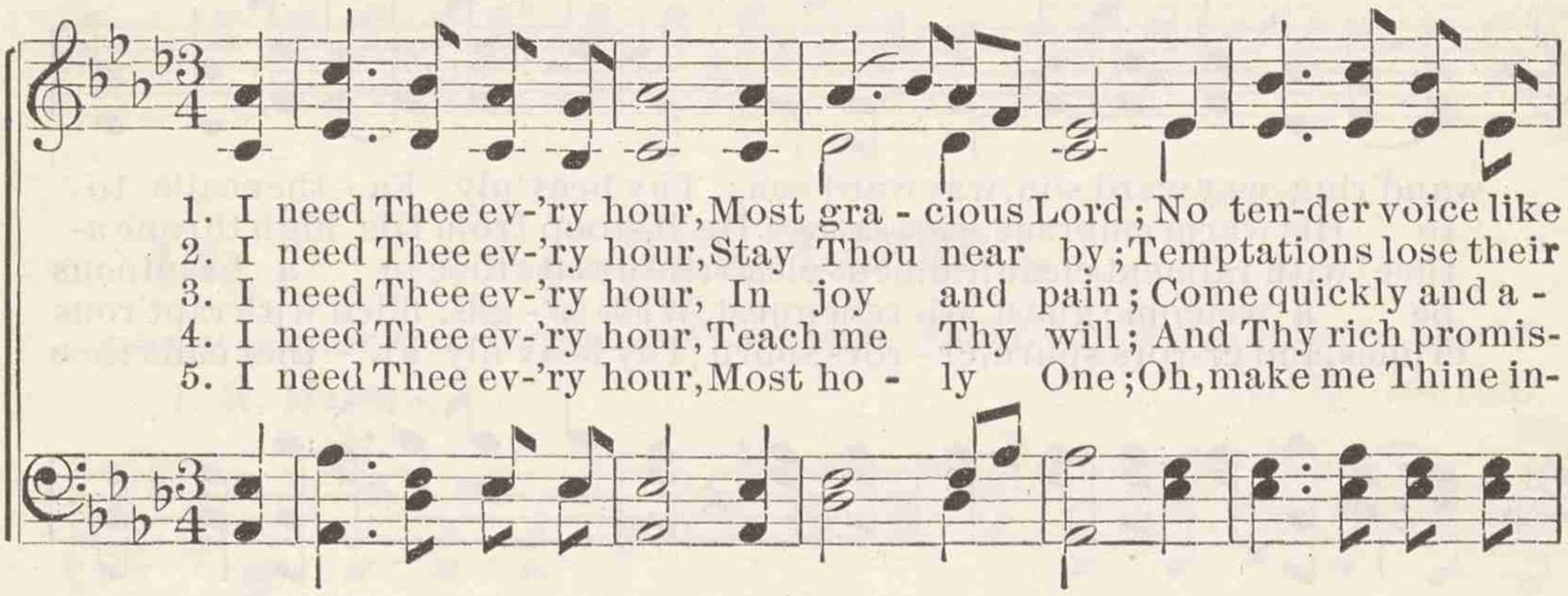
THE COMING OF HIS FEET.
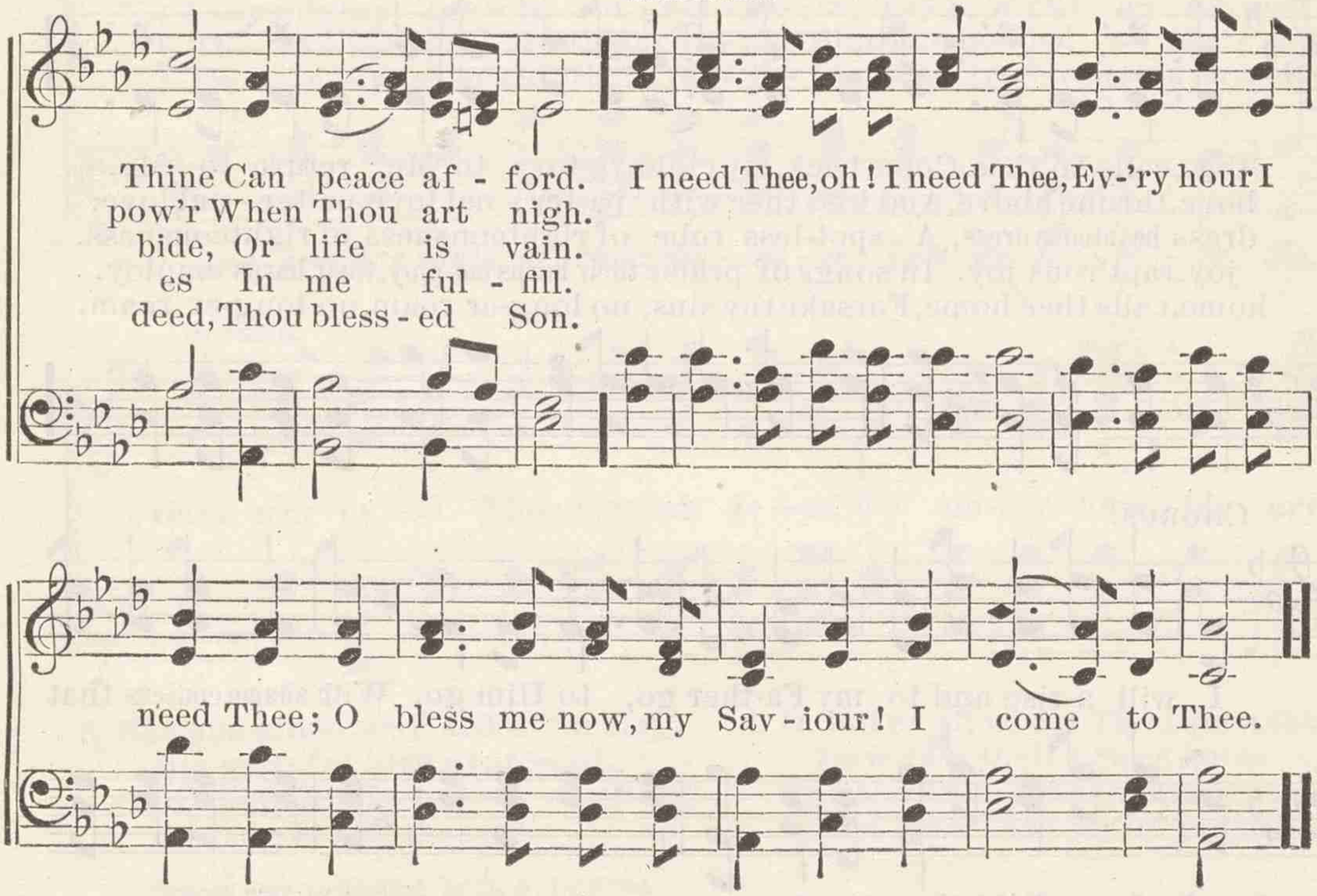


11. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15: 5.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Robert Lowry, by per.



Refrain.
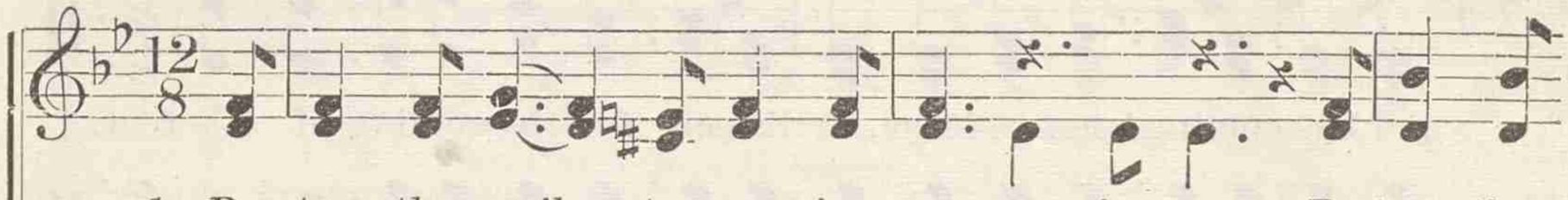


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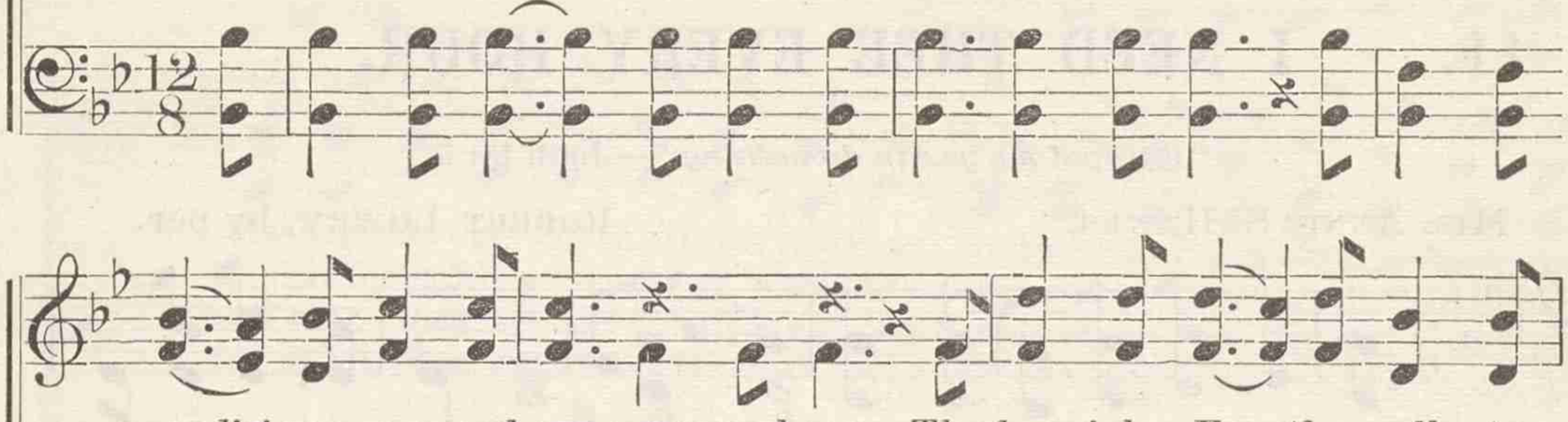
12. RETURN.

"He arose and came to his father."—Luke 15: 20.
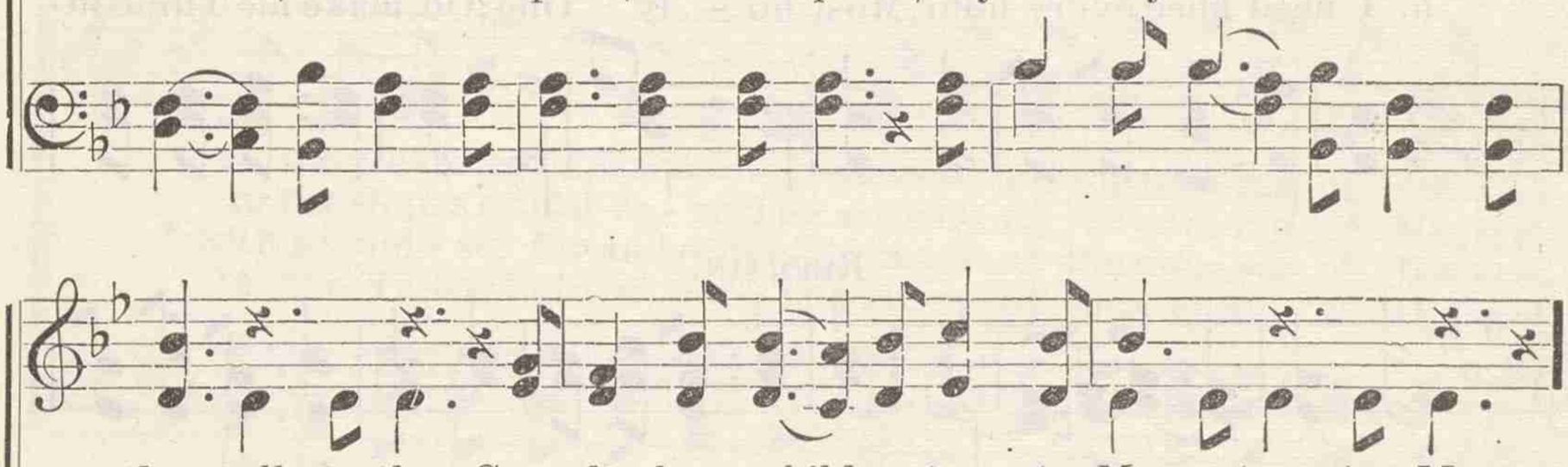
Rev. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.
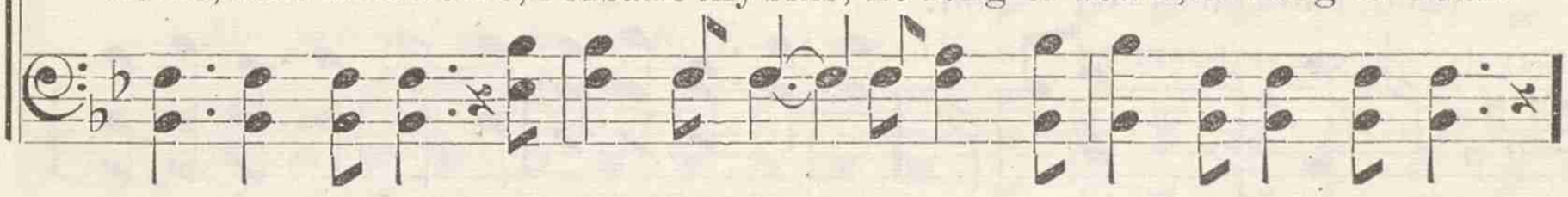


1. Re - turn, thou guil - ty, err - ing one, err - ing one, Re-turn, thou
2. Thy Fa - ther, in His boundless grace, boundless grace, Will clasp thee
3. He 'll wash a - way thy filth and sin, filth and sin, And cov - er
4. He 'll make for thee a mer - ry feast, mer - ry feast, And thou shalt
5. Re - turn, thou prod - i - gal, re - turn, oh, re - turn, Thy fol - lies,
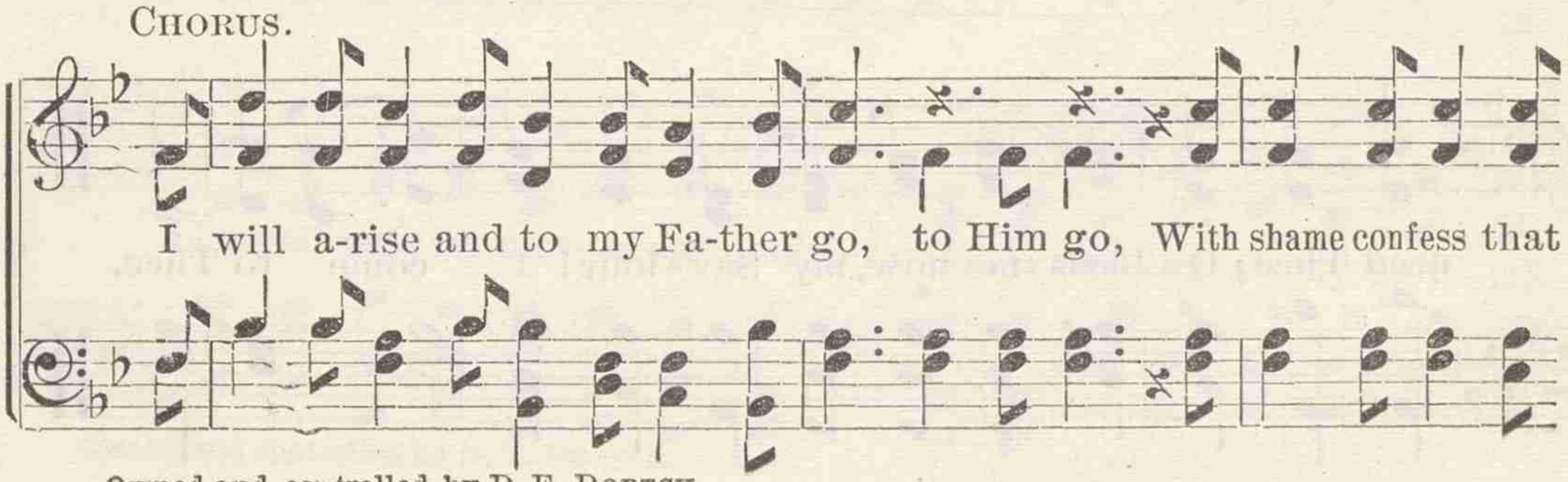


wand'ring, wayward son, wayward son; Thy heav'nly Fa - ther calls to
to His warm embrace, warm embrace. He 'll stoop from His high throne a-
thee with raiment clean, raiment clean; He'll clothe thee in a beauteous
be a welcome guest, wel- come guest, While an - gels, filled with rapt'rous
crimes, and er-rors spurn, er - rors spurn; Thy heav'nly Fa - ther calls thee



thee, calls to thee, Come back, my child, re-turn to Me, return to Me.
bove, throne above, And kiss thee with pa-ter - nal love, pa-ter - nal love.
dress, beauteous dress, A spot-less robe of righteousness, of righteousness.
joy, rapt'rous joy, In songs of praise their harps em-ploy, their harps employ.
home, calls thee home, Forsake thy sins, no long-er roam, no long-er roam.



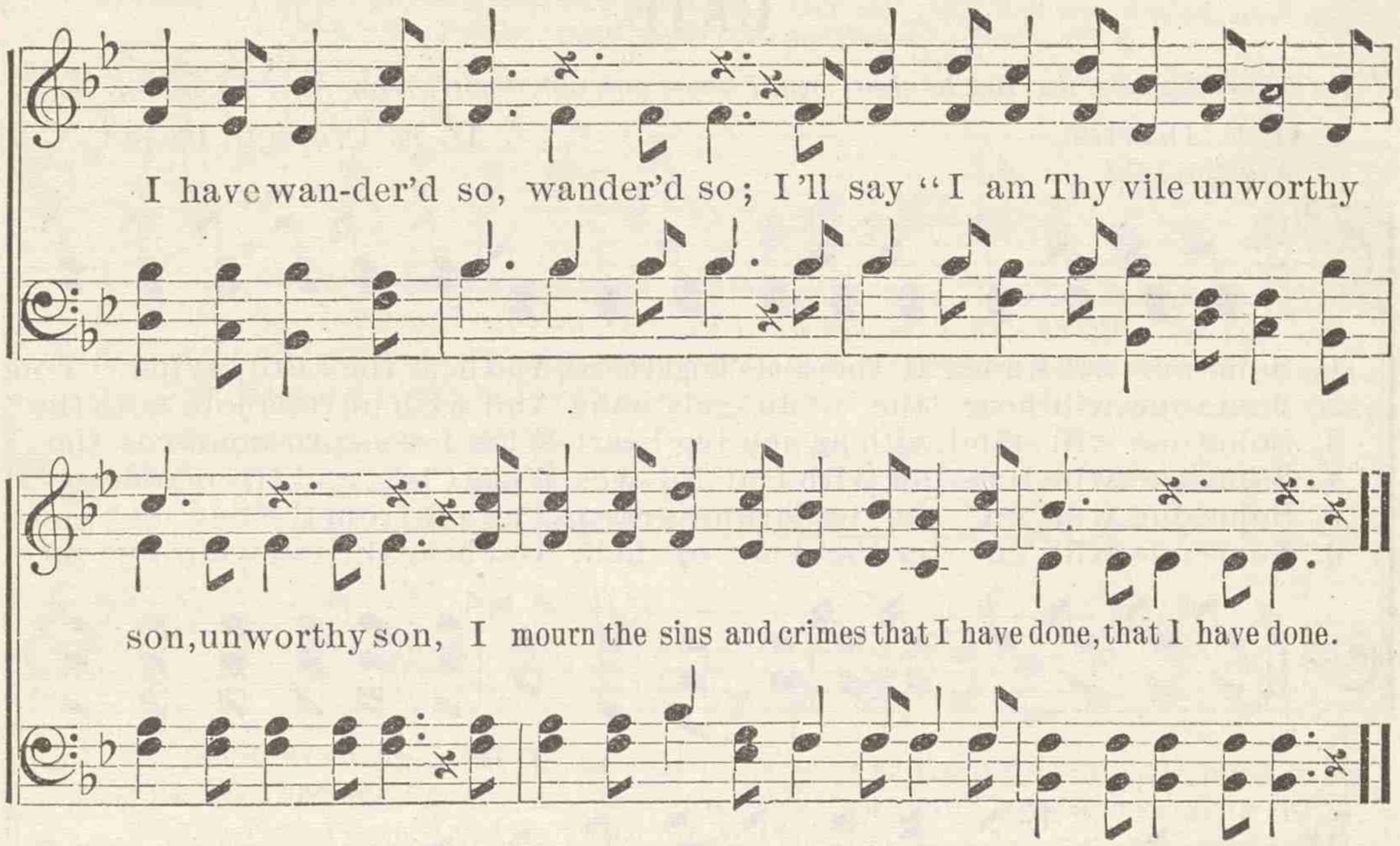
CHORUS.



I will a-rise and to my Fa-ther go, to Him go, With shame confess that

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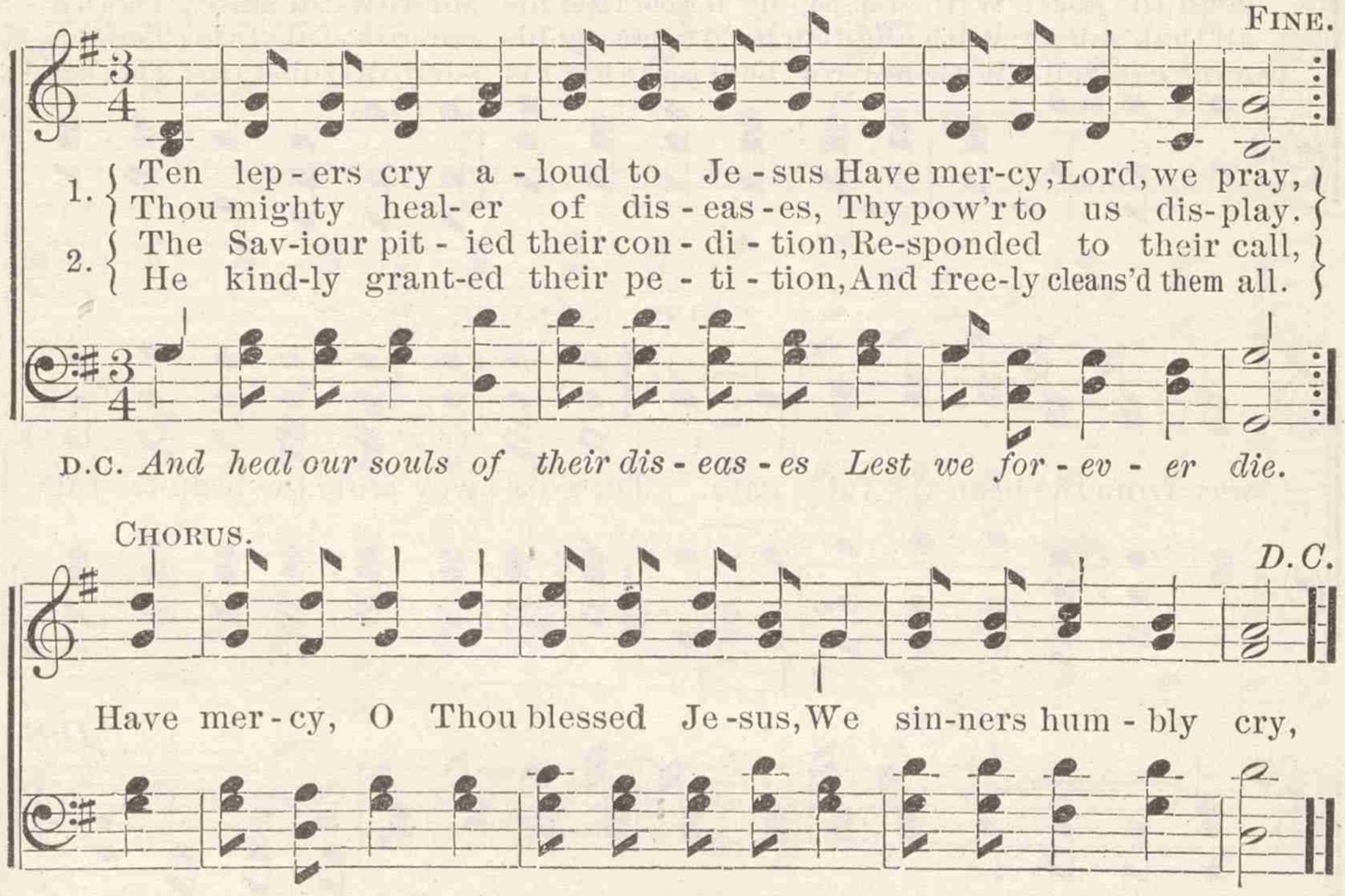
RETURN.



13. TEN LEPERS.

"And they lifted up their voices and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."—Luke 17: 13.

J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.



3 But one alone with ardor burning,
His grateful love expressed,
Glory and thanks to God returning
Silent were all the rest.

4 O God of all whom Thou didst favor,
How few their voices raise
To bless Thee for a gracious Saviour
And give Thee joyful praise.

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14. TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

"Lord, Lord, open to us. But he shall say, I know you not, depart from me."—Luke 13: 25, 27.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

Not too fast.

1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Some one will hear the an-gels' song, And wish he could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an ach-ing heart, While Je-sus pro-noun-ces the
4. Some one will lin-ger with tear-ful eyes, While Christ and His people as-
5. Some one will go in-to darkness drear, Far off from the Sav-iour and
6. Some one will en-ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wail-ing no

can-not come;" With sadness he 'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
hap-py throng; With sighing he 'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
word, "depart;" With groanings he 'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
cend the skies; With weep-ing he 'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
all that 's dear; With anguish he 'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-
tongue can tell; With hor-ror he'll mourn o'er his sor-row-ful state; Turn'd a-

FINE. REFRAIN.

way from the beau-ti-ful gate. Turn'd a-way from the beau-ti-ful

D.S.
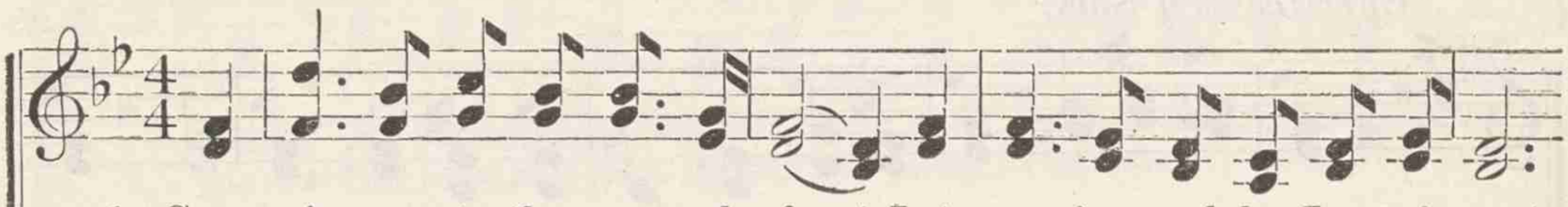
gate, . . . Turn'd a-way from the beau-ti-ful gate. . . .
beau-ti-ful gate, beau-ti-ful gate.

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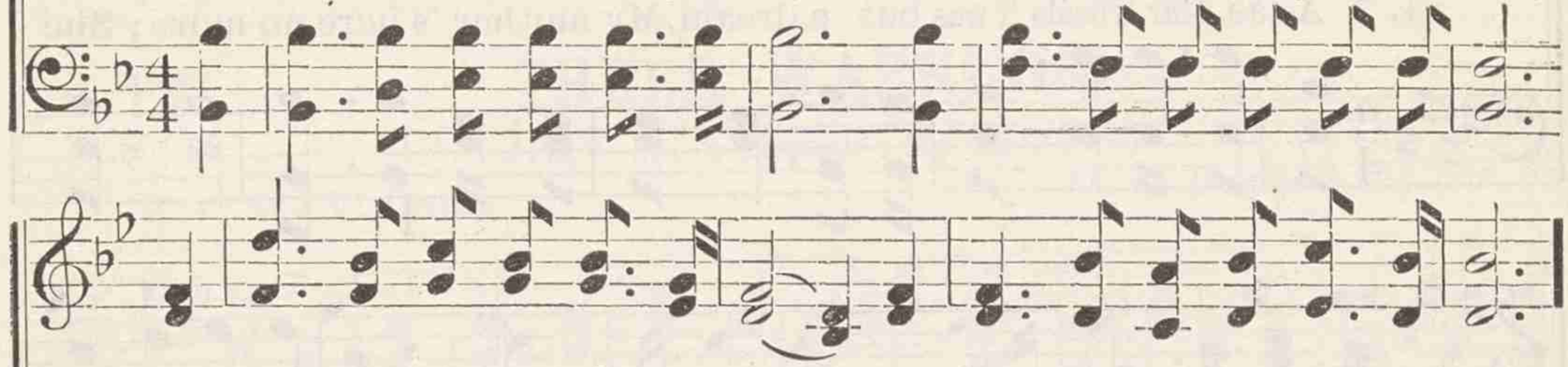
15. OH, COME, QUICKLY COME.

"Behold, I have prepared my dinner: my oxen and my fattlings are killed, and all things are ready: come unto the marriage."—Matt. 22: 4.
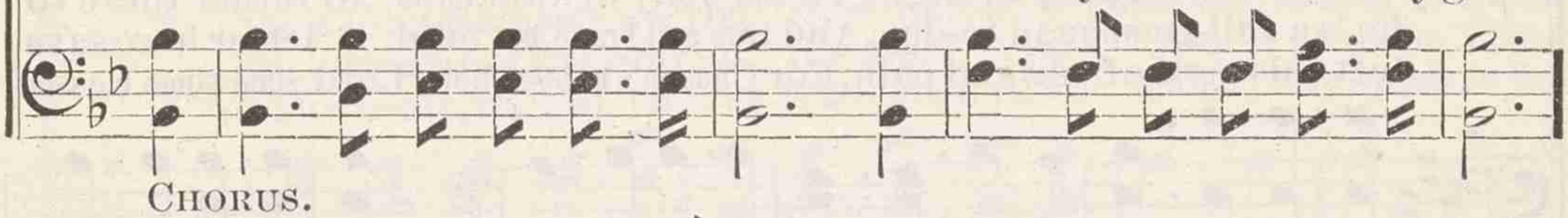
CHARLES WESLEY. D. E. DORTCH.
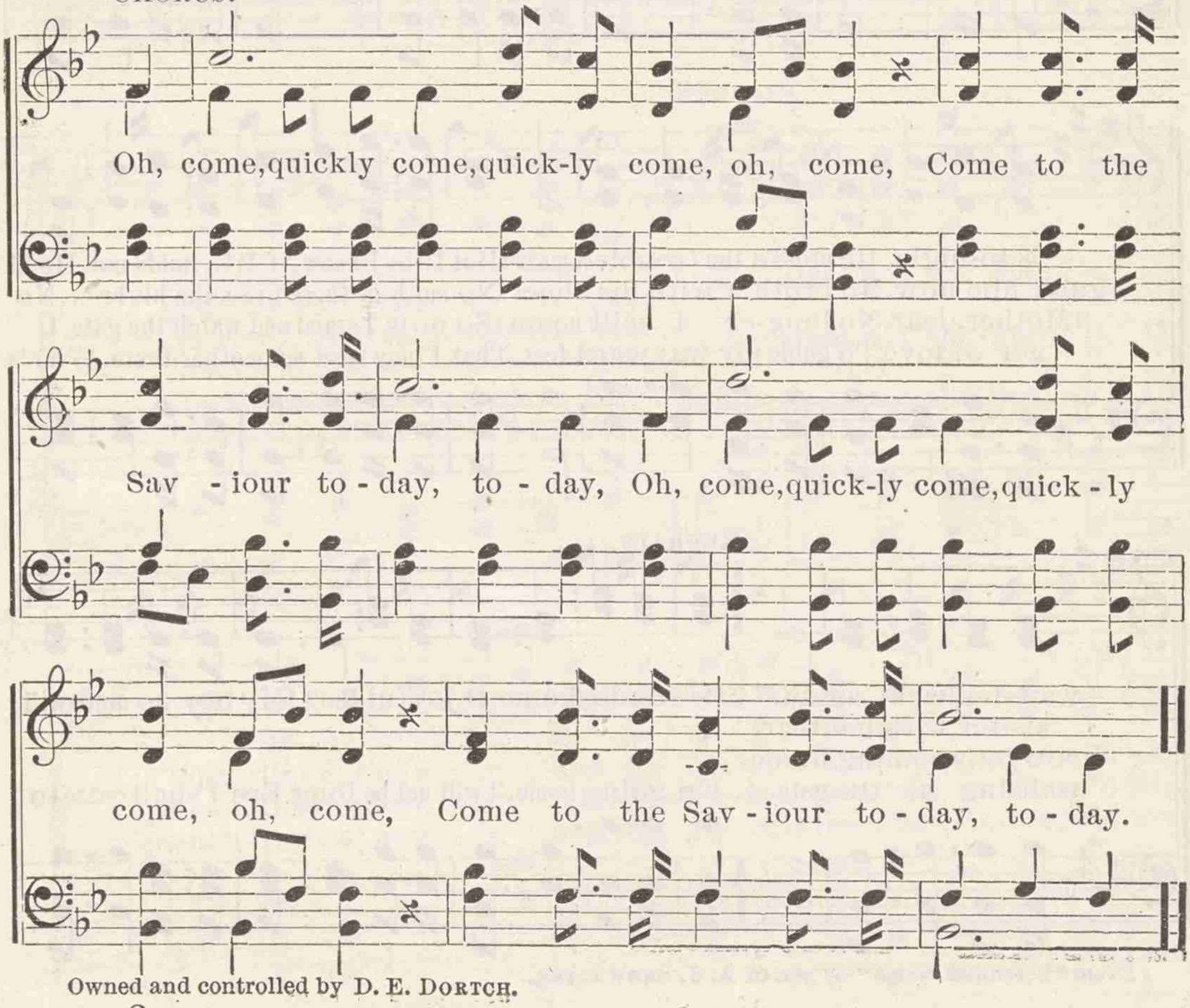


1. Come, sin-ners, to the gos - pel feast, Let ev - 'ry soul be Je-sus' guest;
2. Sent by my Lord on you I call, The in - vi - ta-tion is for all;
3. Come all ye souls by sin op - prest, Ye rest-less, wand'rers after rest;
4. See Him set forth before your eyes, That precious bleeding sac-ri - fice;



Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid-den all man-kind.
Come all the world, come sinners thou! All things in Christ are read - y now.
Ye poor and maim'd, and halt and blind, In Christ a heart-y welcome find.
His of-fered ben-e - fits em-brace, And free - ly now be sav'd by grace.



CHORUS.



Oh, come, quickly come, quick-ly come, oh, come, Come to the
Sav - iour to - day, to - day, Oh, come, quick-ly come, quick - ly
come, oh, come, Come to the Sav - iour to - day, to - day.

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16. A DREAM OF HOME.

T. J. S. Rev. T. J. SWANZEY.

Effective as a Solo.

1. I sat a-lone at midnight hour, And watch'd the star-lit sky, And
2. He 's gone tho' now, far, far, a-way, Per-haps in des-erts wild; O
3. I fan-cy now I see his face, As fair as when a child; And
4. A-las, dear friends 't was but a dream, My mother 's here no more; She

dream'd I heard my mother say: "I wish my boy was nigh. I know not where he
God, to Thee, I pray to-night To keep my distant child, No father there to
he 's a full-grown man to-day, And true and brave, but mild. A letter here says
left this world of sin and pain, For Canaan's happy shore. Lord, send some messen-
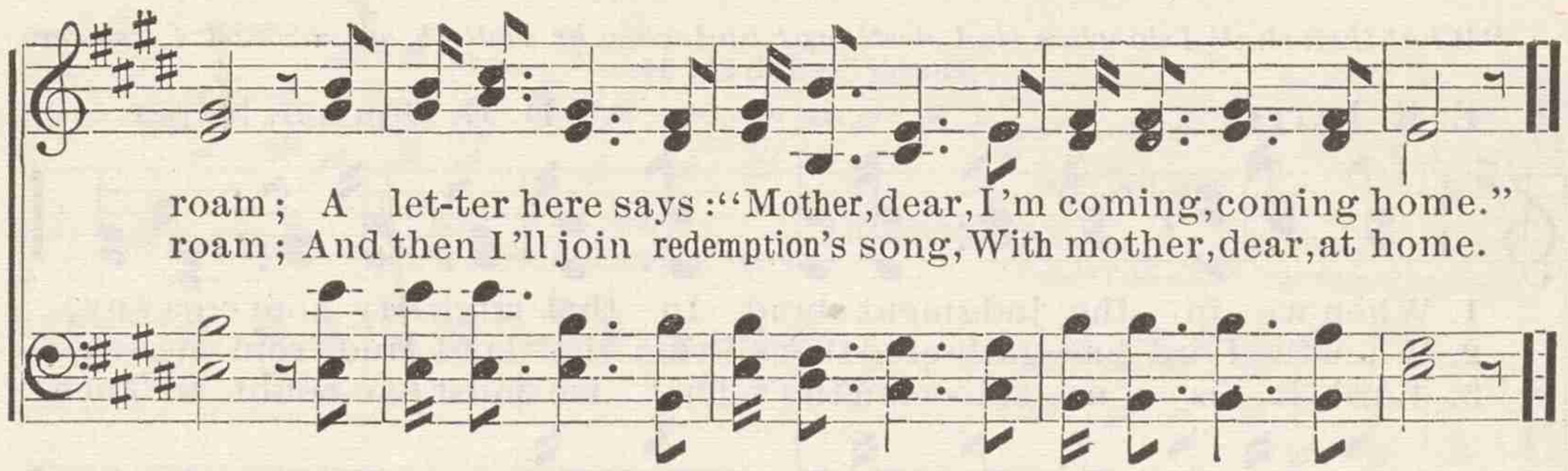
is to-night, He cross'd the troubled main; But this I know, if life holds out, He 'll
guide him now, No brother with his cheer, No moth-er there to soothe his brow, No
"Mother, dear, No long-er I will roam; So now I stand and watch the gate, I
ger of love To guide my wayward feet, That I may meet my mother there, Who 's

REFRAIN.

wan-der back again." "He's coming home, O joyful tho't! My boy no more will
sis-ter with her tear."
know he 's coming home."
wait-ing at the gate. 4. I'm going home, 't will not be long Ere I shall cease to

From "Perennial Songs" by per. of A. J. SHOWALTER.

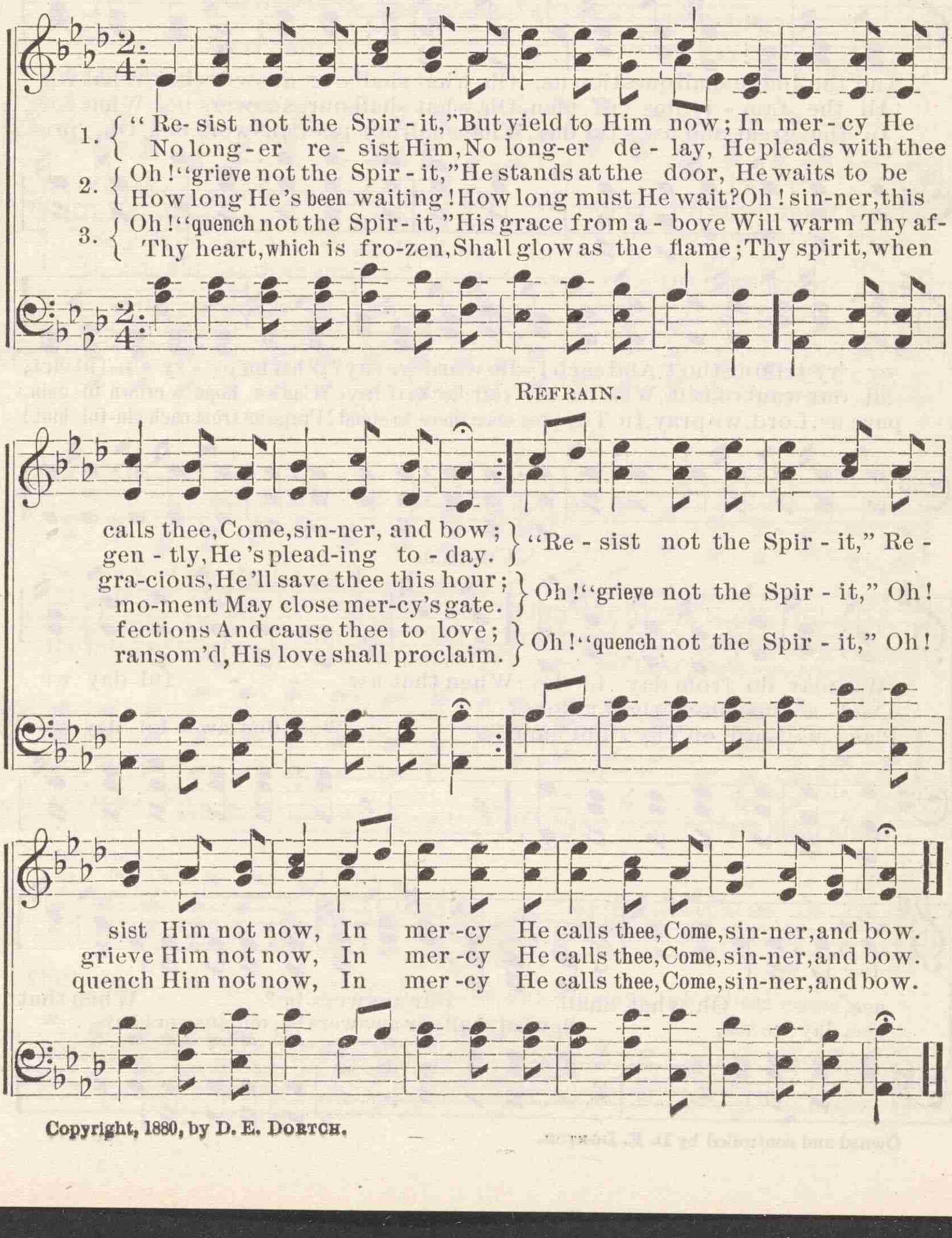
A DREAM OF HOME.



17. THREE WARNINGS.

Acts 7: 51; 1 Thess. 5: 19; Eph. 4: 30.

REV. W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



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18. WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

"What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?"—Job 31: 14.

E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

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

And the Judge shall question us, Oh, what shall our answers be? What for
All the fam - i - lies of men, Oh, what shall our answers be? What for
In that great and aw - ful day, What shall our poor answers be? Oh, pre-
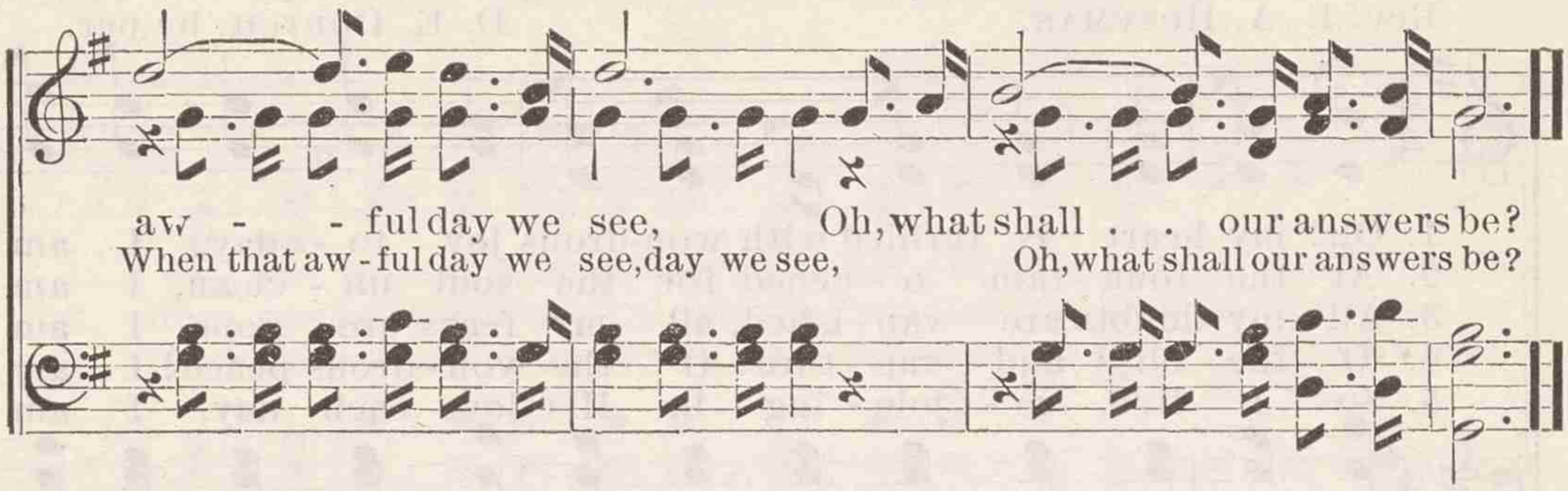
ev - 'ry trifling tho't, And each i - dle word we say? What for ev - 'ry sin-ful act,
all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love? Can we hope a crown to gain,
pare us, Lord, we pray, In Thy pres-ence there to stand! Purge us from each sin-ful blot!

CHORUS.

We may do from day to day? When that aw - - ful day we see,
And a mansion bright a-bove? Oh, what shall our answers be?
Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand! When that aw - ful day we see, day we see,
Oh, what shall our an-swers be, our answers be?

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WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

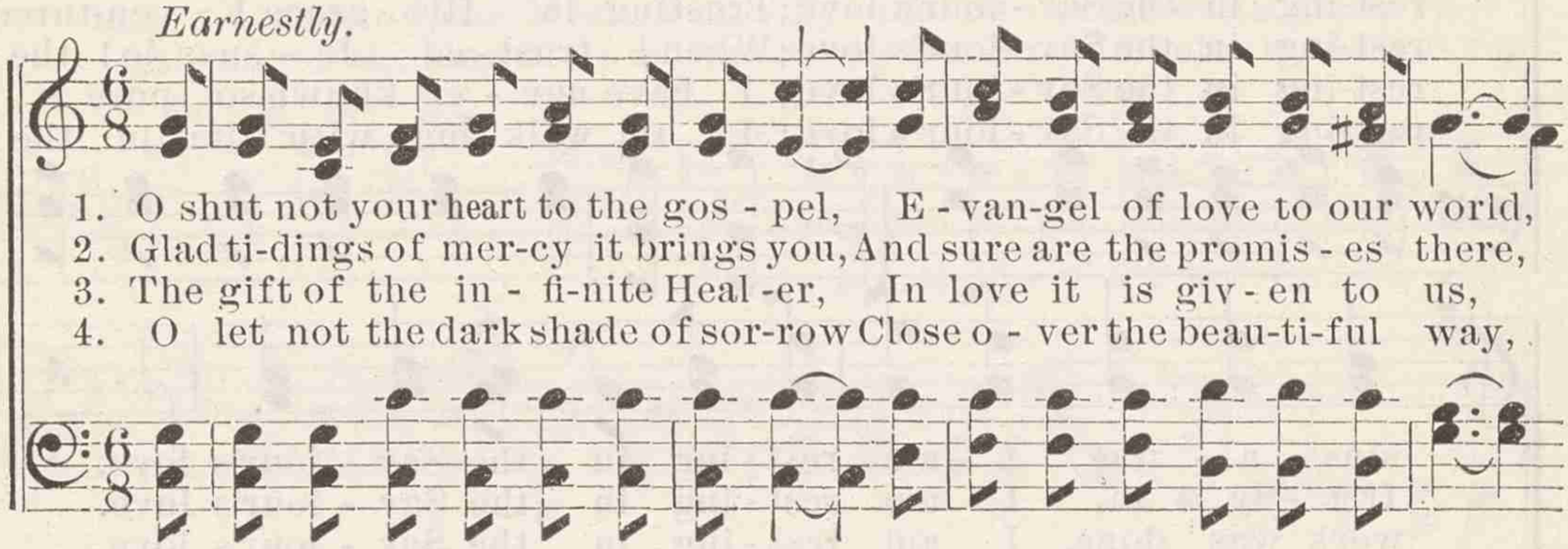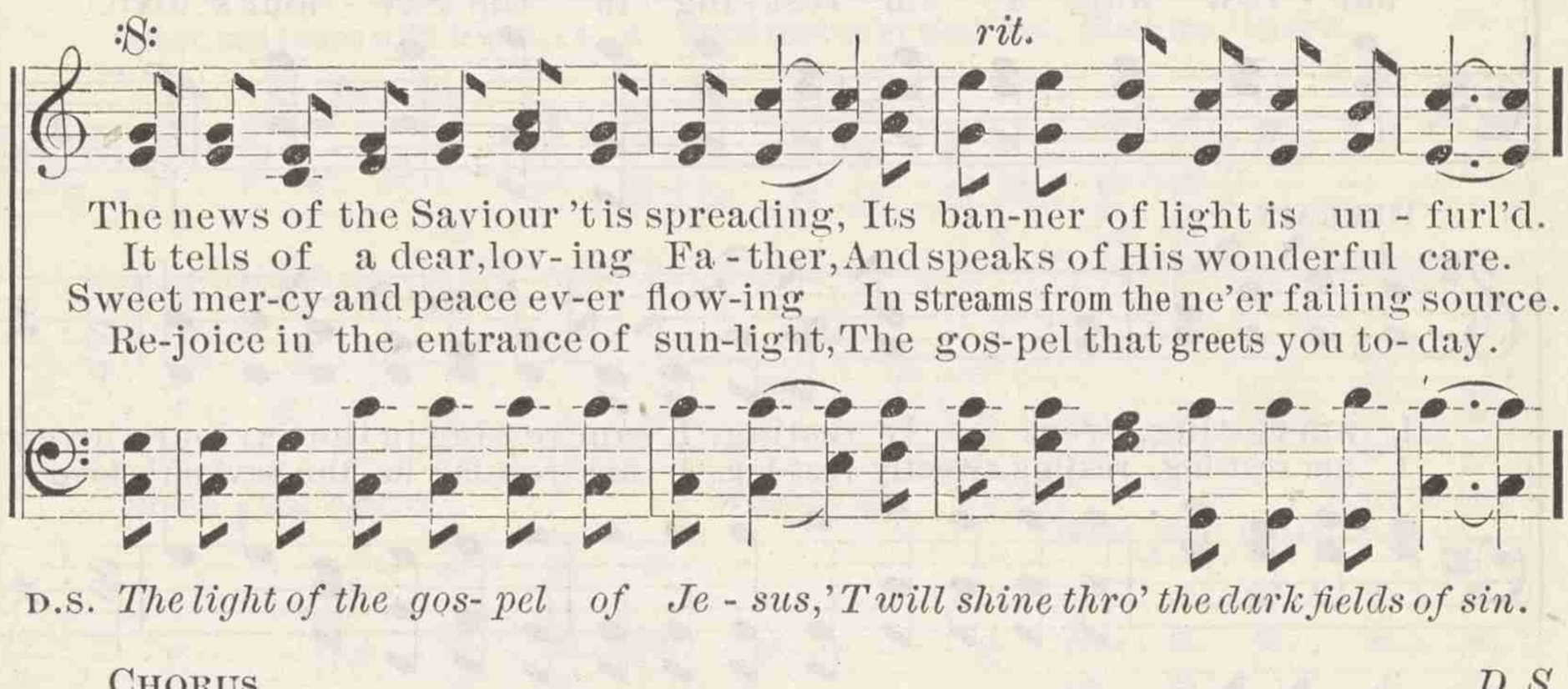


19. THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL.

"*The light of the glorious gospel of Christ.*"—2 Cor. 4: 4.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. D. E. DORTCH.
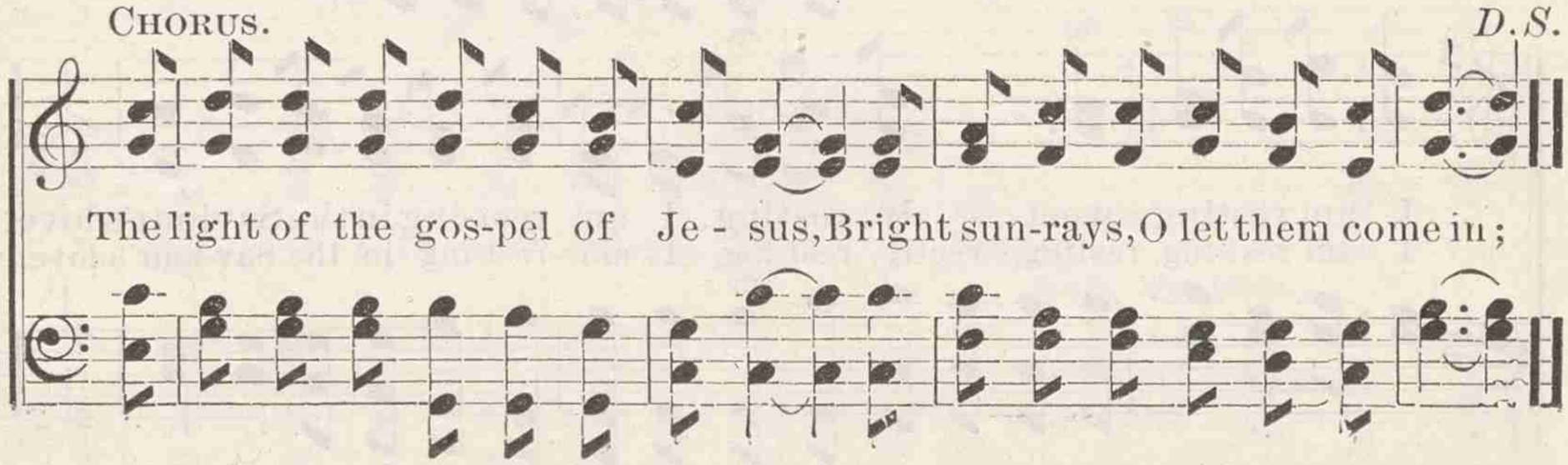
Earnestly.





D.S. *The light of the gos- pel of Je - sus,' T will shine thro' the dark fields of sin.*
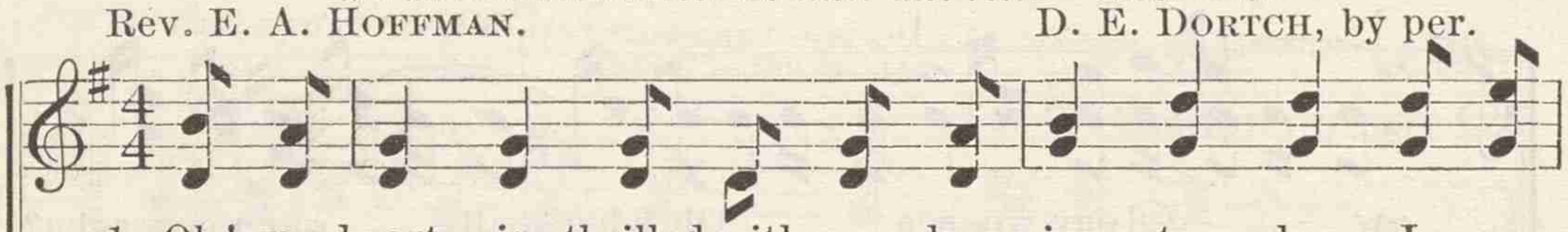
CHORUS. *D.S.*
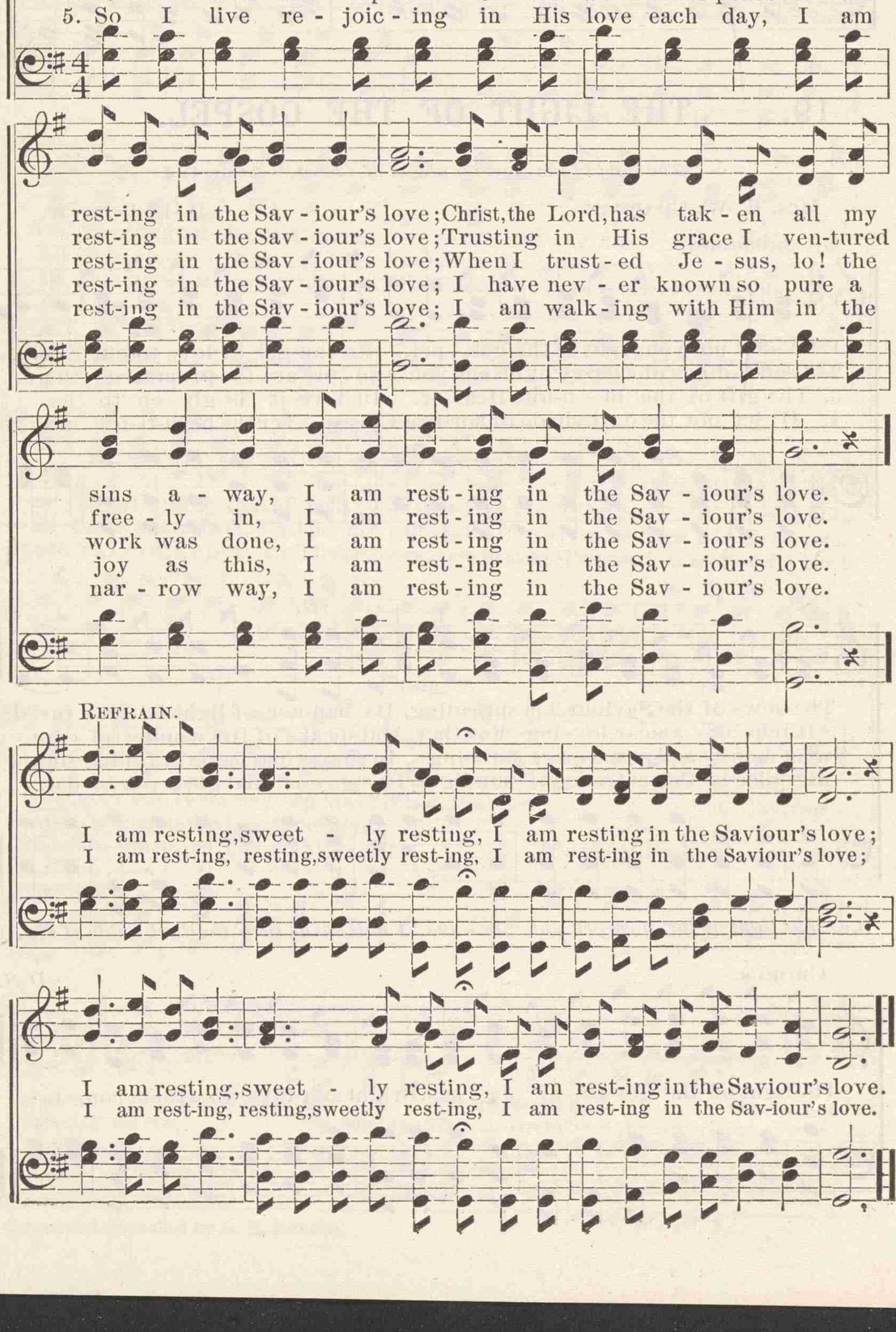


20. I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

"We which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 3.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. Oh! my heart is thrilled with won-drous joy to - day, I am
2. At the foun - tain o - pened for the soul un - clean, I am
3. All my doubts are van - ished, all my fears are gone, I am
4. O the bliss and rap - ture! O the won - drous peace! I am
5. So I live re - joic - ing in His love each day, I am



rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; Christ, the Lord, has tak - en all my
rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; Trusting in His grace I ven-tured
rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; When I trust - ed Je - sus, lo! the
rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; I have nev - er known so pure a
rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; I am walk - ing with Him in the

sins a - way, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.
free - ly in, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.
work was done, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.
joy as this, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.
nar - row way, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.

REFRAIN.

I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am resting in the Saviour's love;
I am rest-ing, resting, sweetly rest-ing, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love;

I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.
I am rest-ing, resting, sweetly rest-ing, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love.

21. MEET ME THERE.

Rev. 22: 2.

H. E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.

1. On the hap- py golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Where the
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain, But in
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there. Where the night dis-solves a-way In - to
heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there. By the riv - er sparkling bright, In the
pal - ace of the king, Meet me there. Where in sweet communion blend, Heart with

D.S. *storms of life are o'er, On the*

FINE.

pure and perfect day, I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.
cit - y 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.

happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there, meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the
Meet me there, Meet me there.

Tree of Life is blooming, Meet me there; Where the
meet me there;
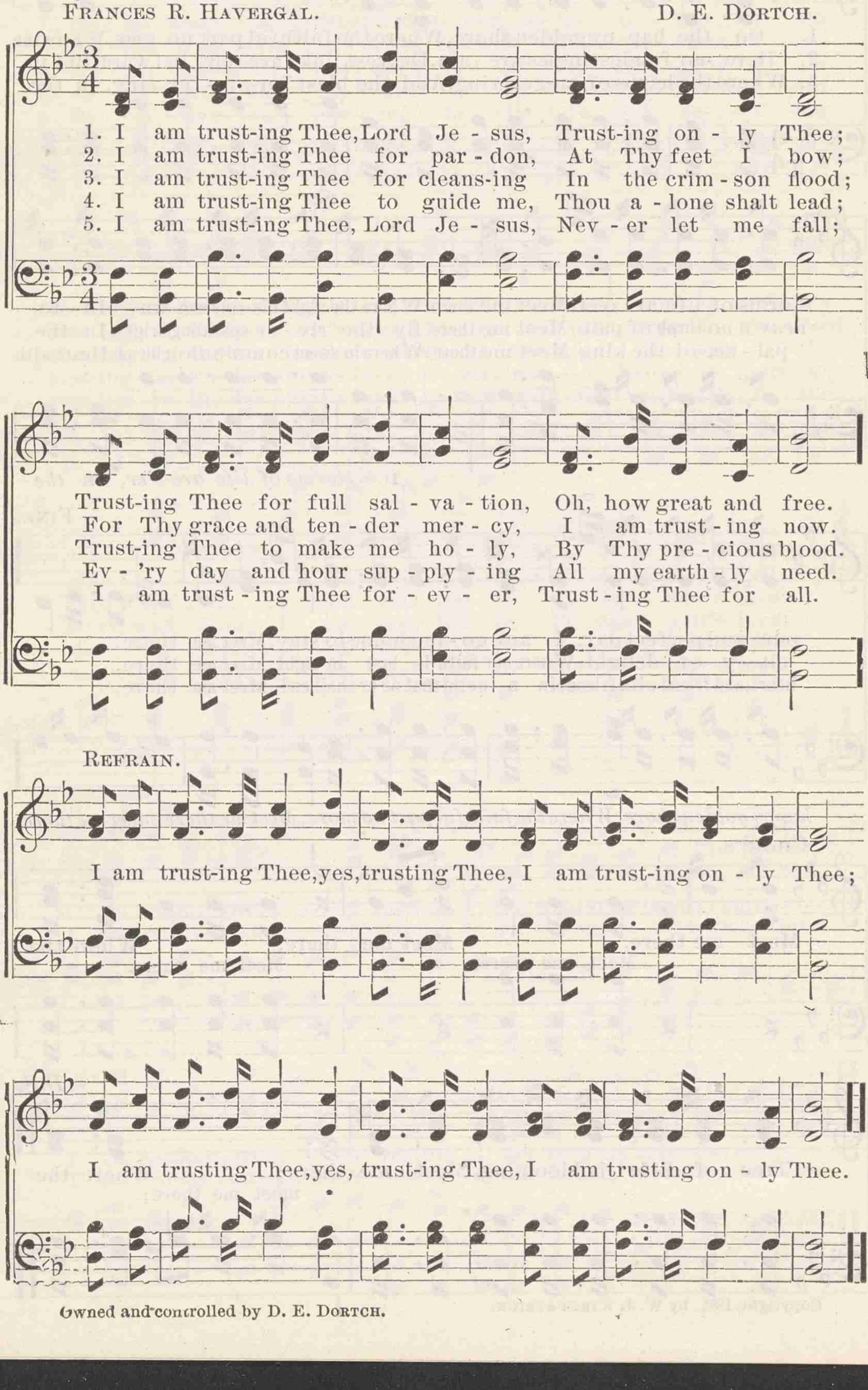
D.S.

Copyright, 1885, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

22. I AM TRUSTING THEE.

"His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112: 7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. D. E. DORTCH.



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23. HERE AM I, SEND ME!

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I, send me."— Is. 6: 8.

Rev. W. E. PENN. F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Ear - ly in the morning, bless-ed Sav -iour, Sam- uel - like I'd be,
2. Ear - ly in the morning, bless-ed Sav -iour, I would come to Thee,
3. Ear - ly in the morning, bless-ed Sav -iour, I would live for Thee,
4. Has - ten, ev-'ry wand'rer now to Je - sus, For He call - eth thee;

Leav - ing ev - 'ry sin - ful pleas-ure, say - ing: Here am I, send me!
Bring-ing all my earth-ly treas-ure, say - ing: Here am I, send me!
So that I may ev - er be found say - ing: Here am I, send me!
Come, and join the heav'nly ar - my say - ing: Here am I, send me!

CHORUS.

Here am I, here am I, here am I, here am I, Here am
I, here am I, send me, send me! Read - y for Thy ser - vice
ev - er would I be, Here am I, send me, send me!

From "Harvest Bells," and used by per. W. E. PENN, owner of the copyright.
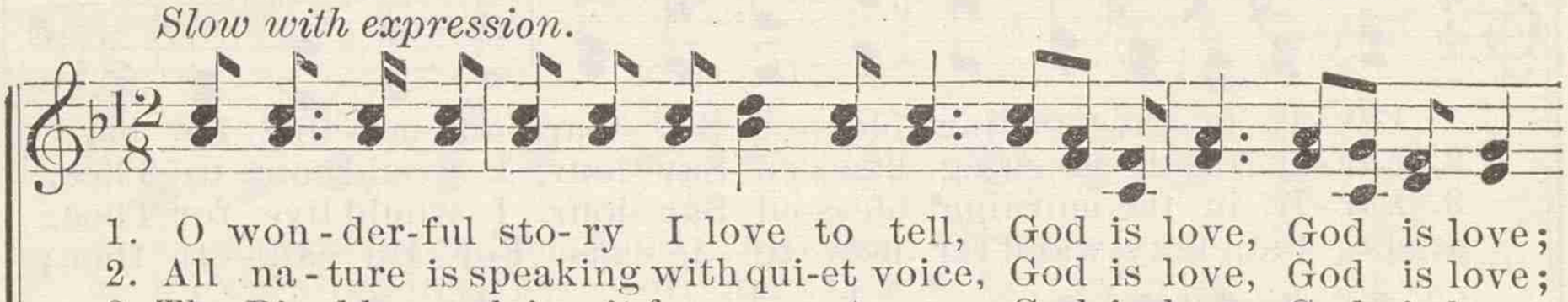
24. GOD IS LOVE.

"*God is Love.*"—1 John 4: 16.
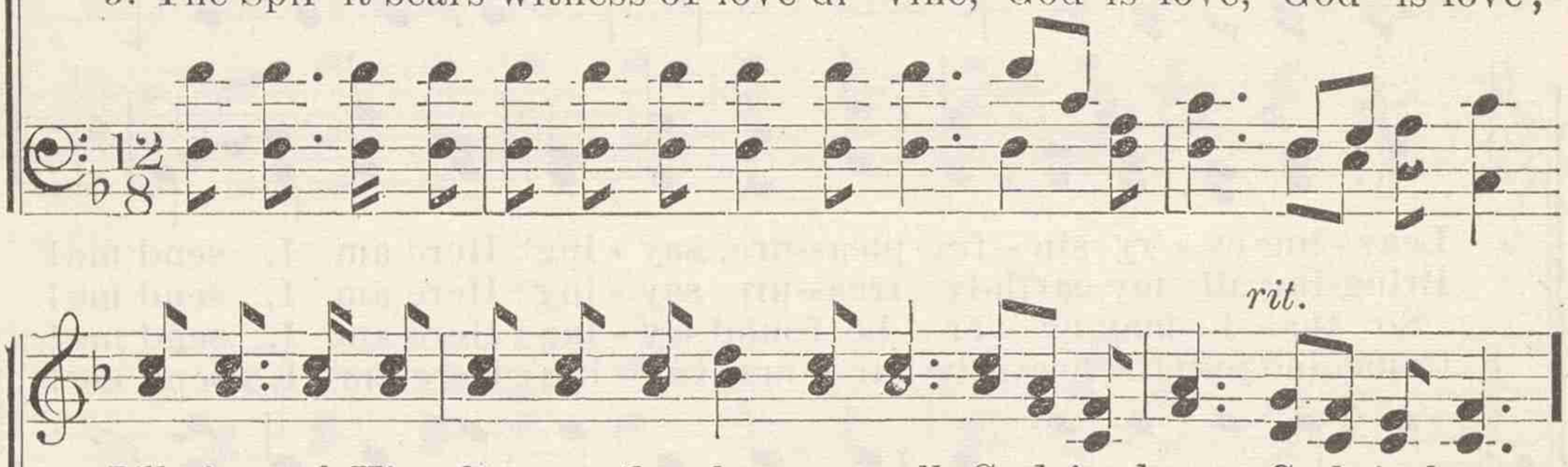
Written in memory of, and dedicated to, our departed little Bliss, who loved this passage of Scripture above all others.
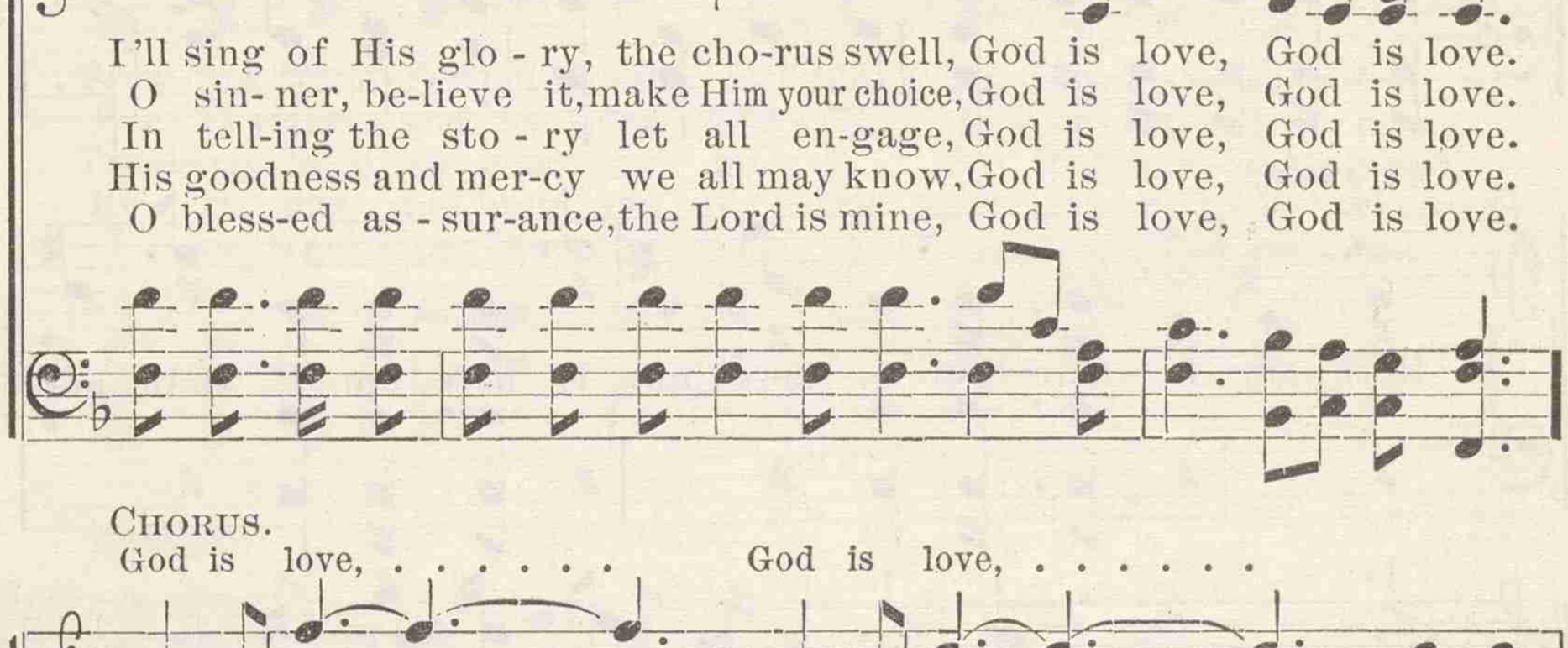
D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.

Slow with expression.



1. O won-der-ful sto-ry I love to tell, God is love, God is love;
2. All na-ture is speaking with qui-et voice, God is love, God is love;
3. The Bi-ble proclaims it from page to page, God is love, God is love;
4. Our Sav-iour reveal'd it while here be-low, God is love, God is love;
5. The Spir-it bears witness of love di-vine, God is love, God is love;
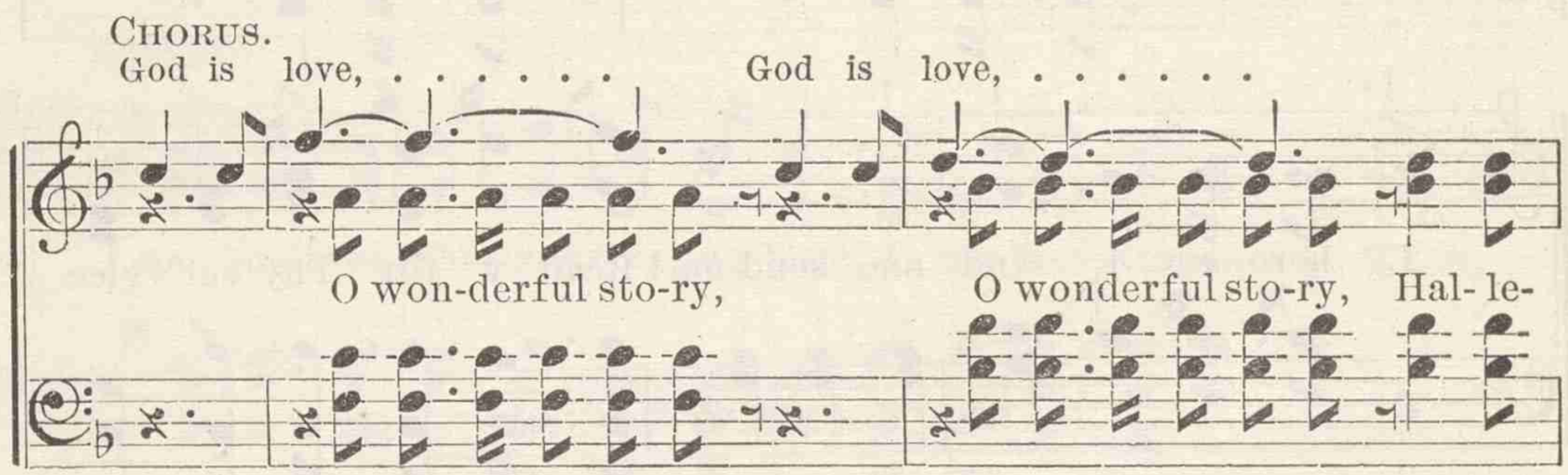




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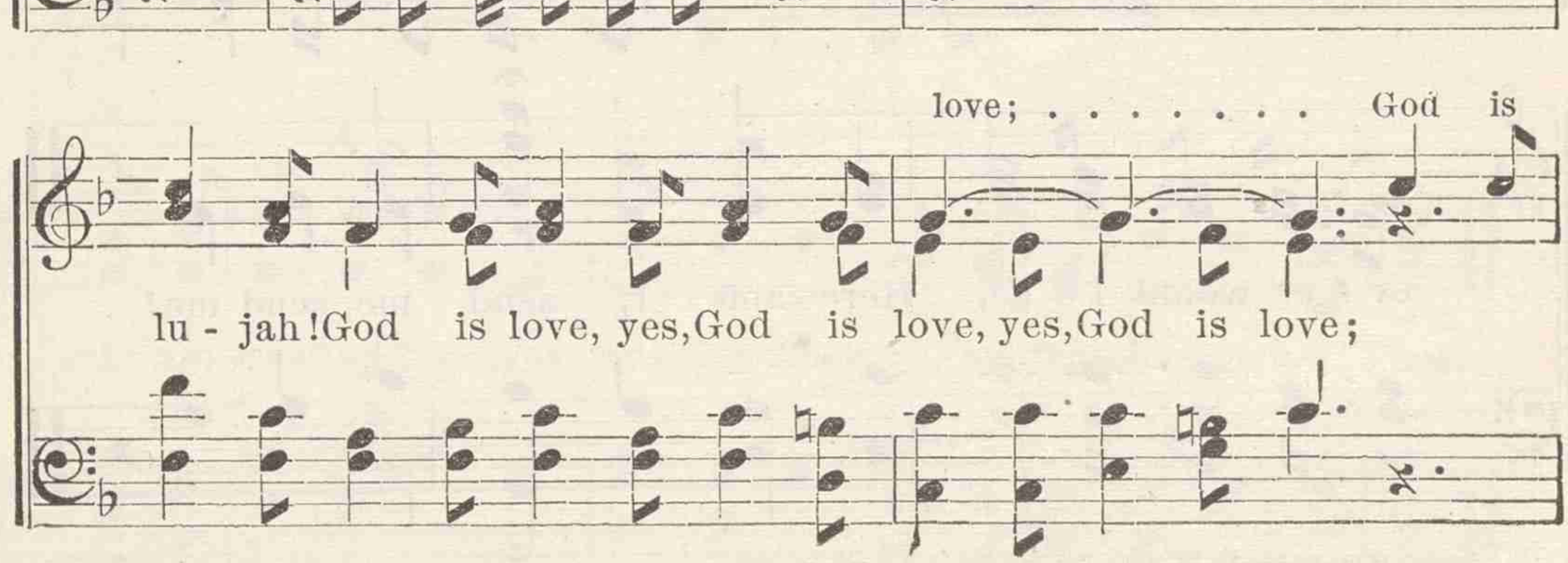
I'll sing of His glo-ry, the cho-rus swell, God is love, God is love.
O sin-ner, be-lieve it, make Him your choice, God is love, God is love.
In tell-ing the sto-ry let all en-gage, God is love, God is love.
His goodness and mer-cy we all may know, God is love, God is love.
O bless-ed as-sur-ance, the Lord is mine, God is love, God is love.

CHORUS.

God is love, ... God is love, ...



O won-derful sto-ry, O wonderful sto-ry, Hal-le-
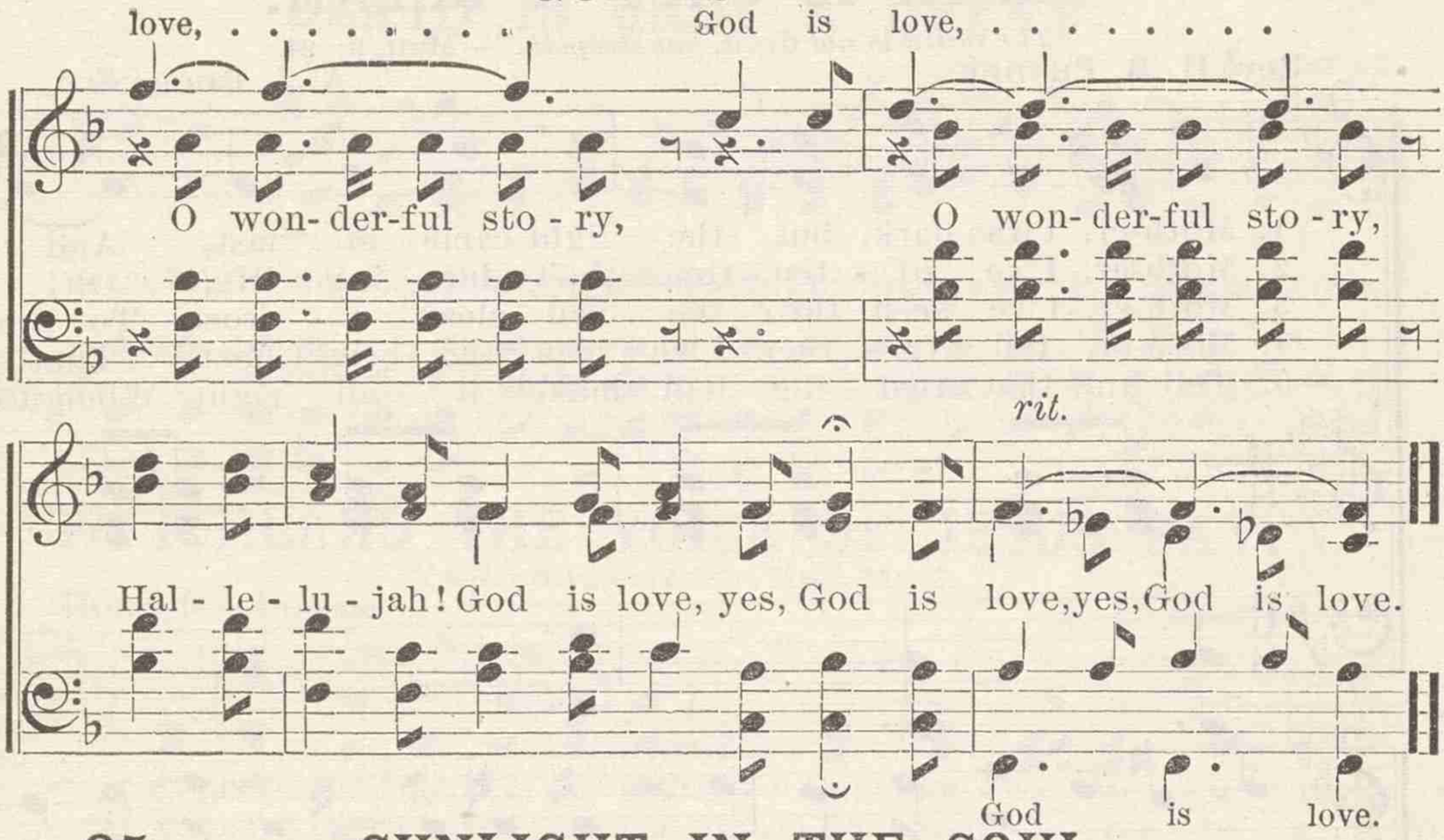


love; . . . . . God is

lu-jah! God is love, yes, God is love, yes, God is love;
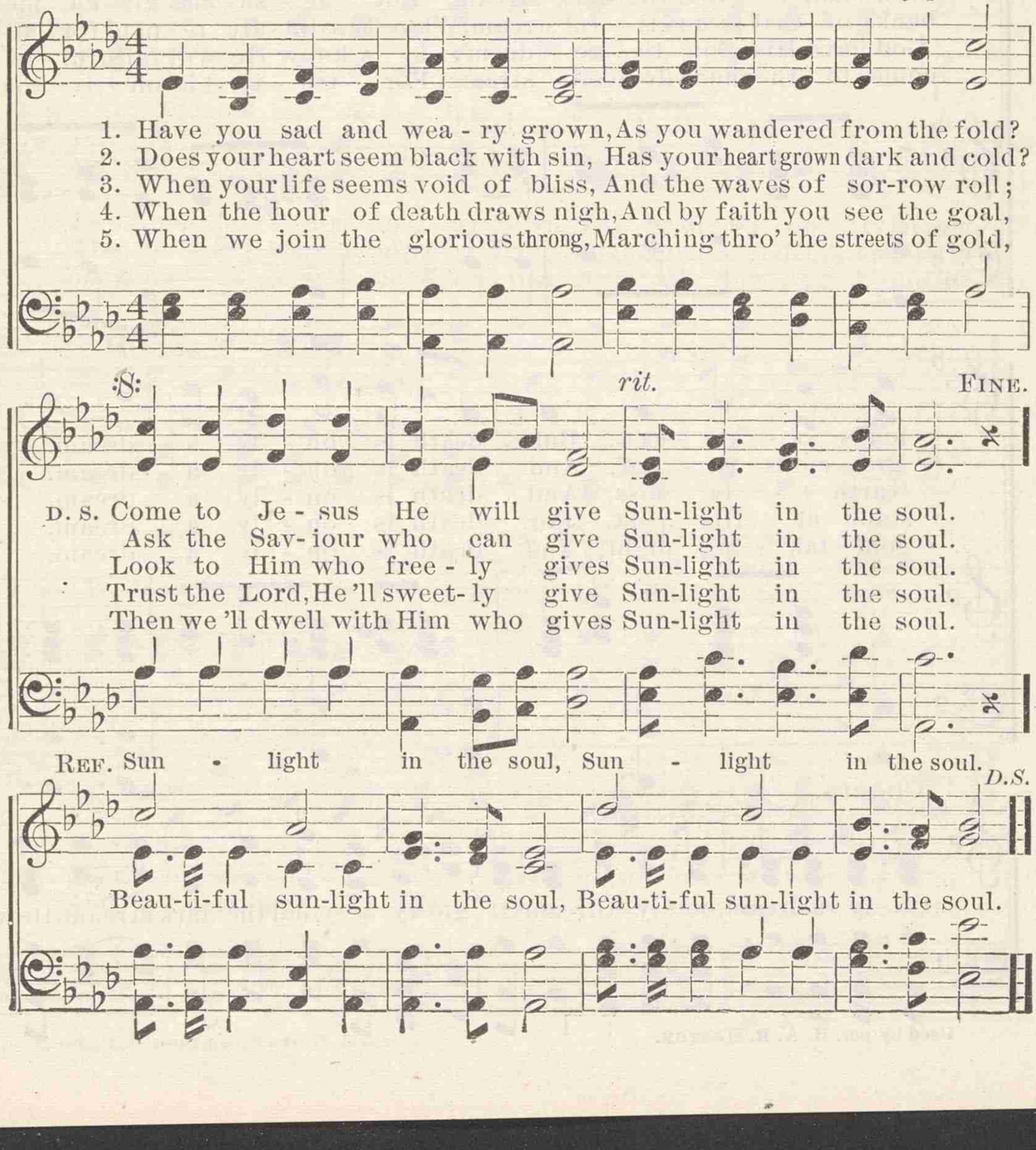
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GOD IS LOVE.



25. SUNLIGHT IN THE SOUL.

A. F. MYERS. A. F. MYERS, by per.



26. DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.

"The maid is not dead, but sleepeth."—Matt. 9: 24.

Rev. H. B. PENDER. A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. Moth-er, 't was dark, but the light came at last, And
2. Moth-er, I've of - ten - times tho't dur - ing life, Oh!
3. Moth-er, I've seen thro' the veil clear a - cross To the
4. Moth-er, tell fa - ther I've seen the bright host, That
5. Tell him that trust - ing will make it all right, When he

flood-ed my soul with its gleam; 'T is true that this life is by
how shall I cross the dark stream, But Je - sus has giv - en me
banks of that beau - ti - ful stream, Where the saints are re - paid for all
God gave His Son to re - deem; I know He will faithful - ly
comes to the much dreaded stream, For tru - ly, 't is on - ly the

clouds o - ver - cast, But death is on - ly a dream.
gra - cious re - lief, And death is on - ly a dream.
earth - ly loss, And death is on - ly a dream.
stand at His post, For death is on - ly a dream.
soul tak - ing flight, And death is on - ly a dream.

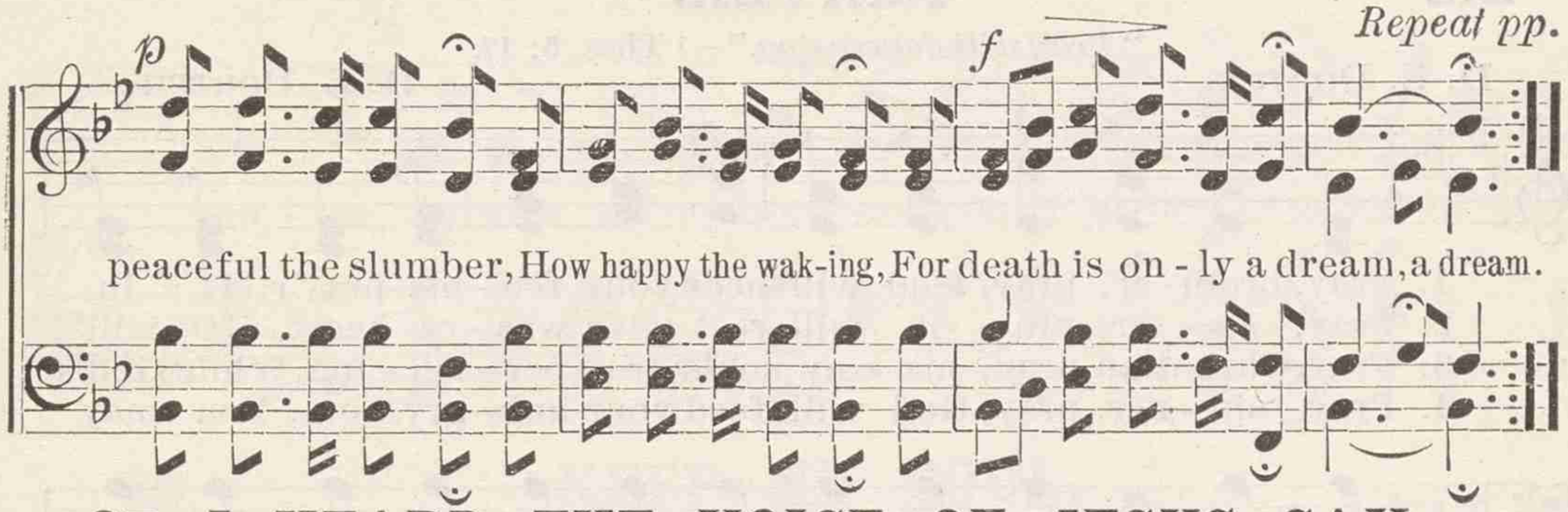
CHORUS.

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream Of glo-ry be-yond the dark stream, How

Used by per. H. A. R. HORTON.

DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.
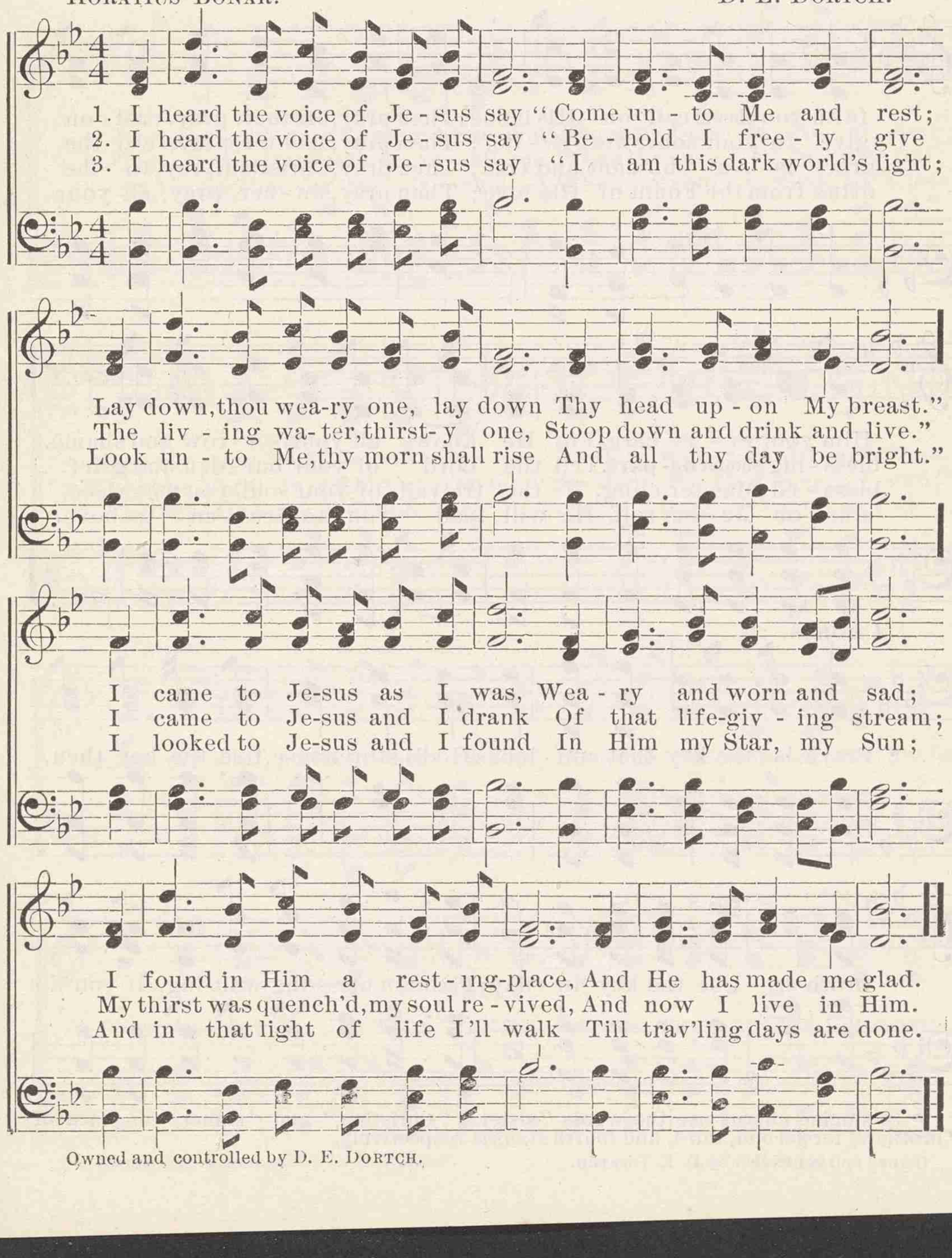
Repeat pp.



27. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

"I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

HORATIUS BONAR. D. E. DORTCH.
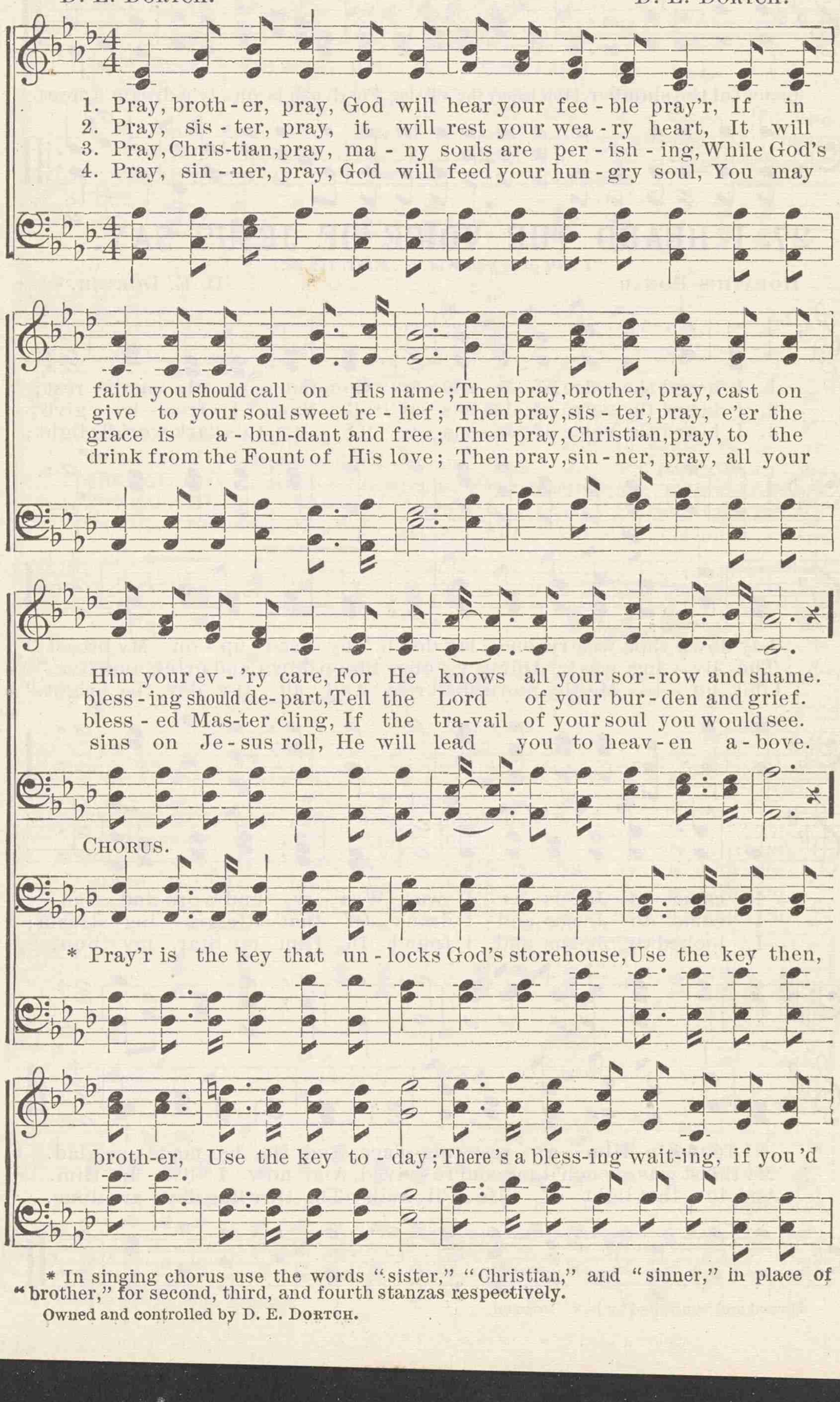


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28. PRAYER.

"*Pray without ceasing.*"—1 Thes. 5: 17.
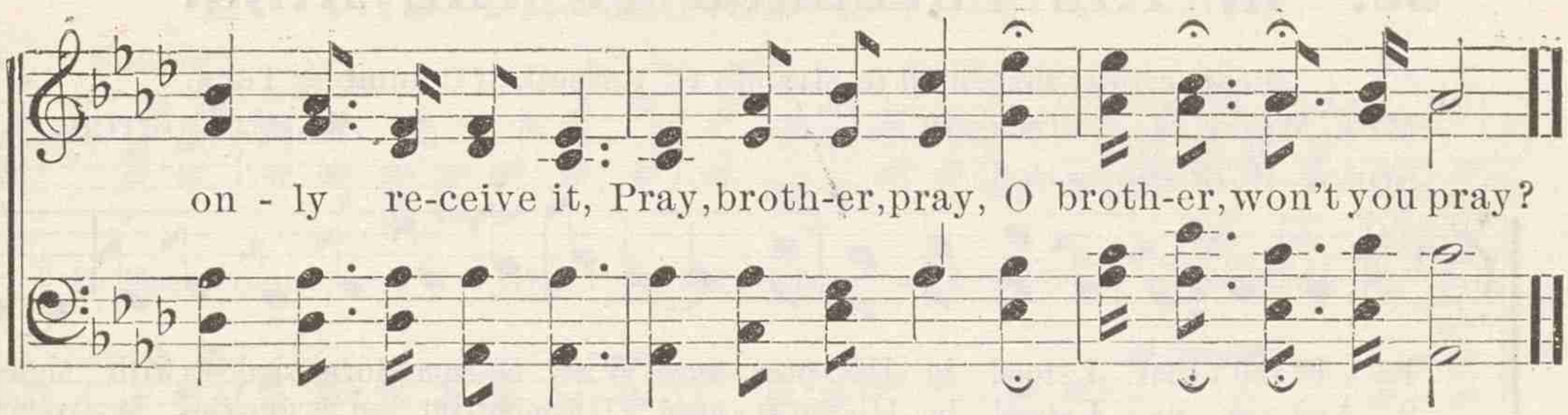
D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.



* In singing chorus use the words "sister," "Christian," and "sinner," in place of "brother," for second, third, and fourth stanzas respectively.

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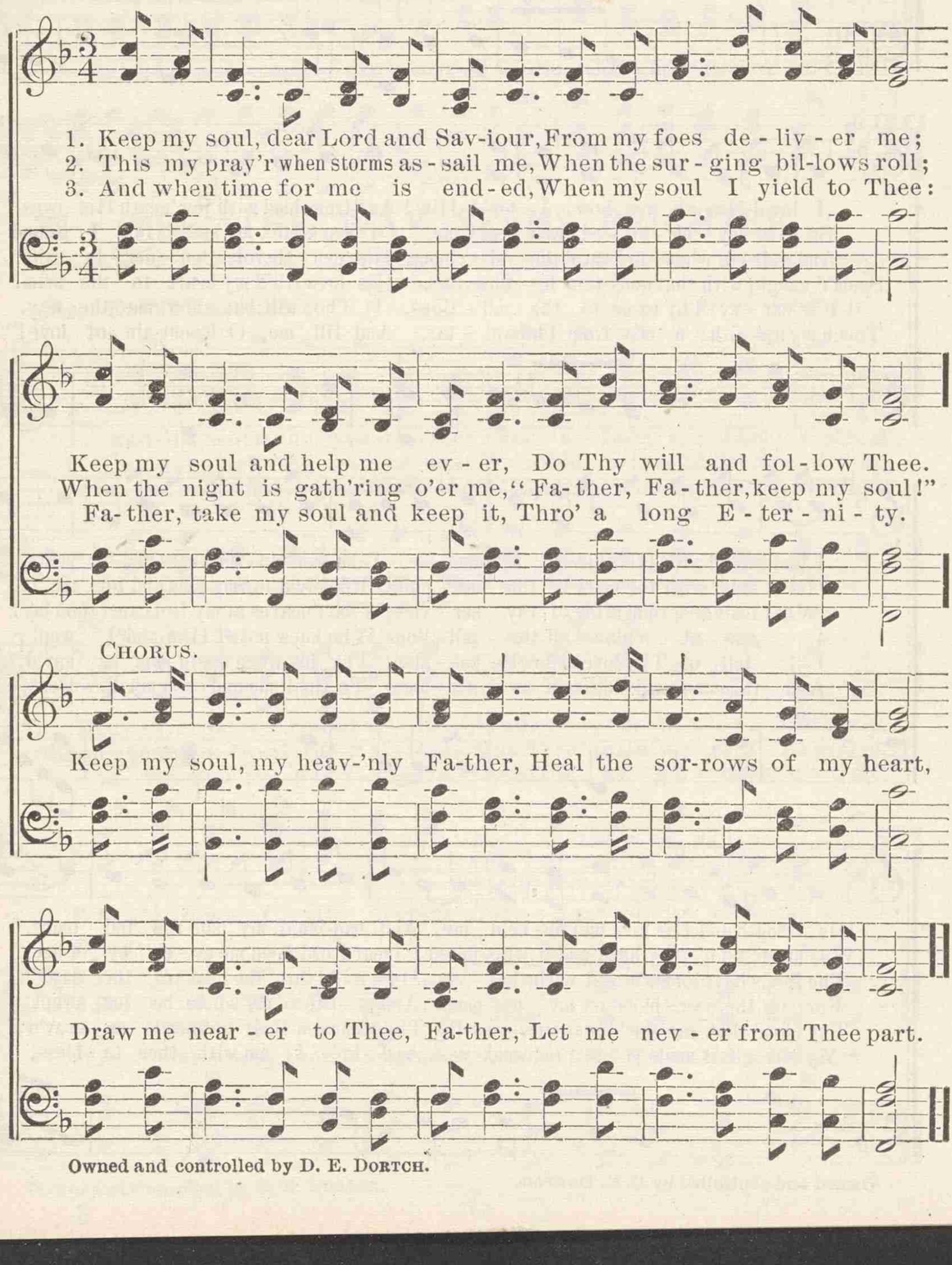
PRAYER.



29. KEEP MY SOUL.

"O keep my soul, and deliver me."—Psalm 25: 20.

Miss Ida Hedrick. E. G. Leonard.
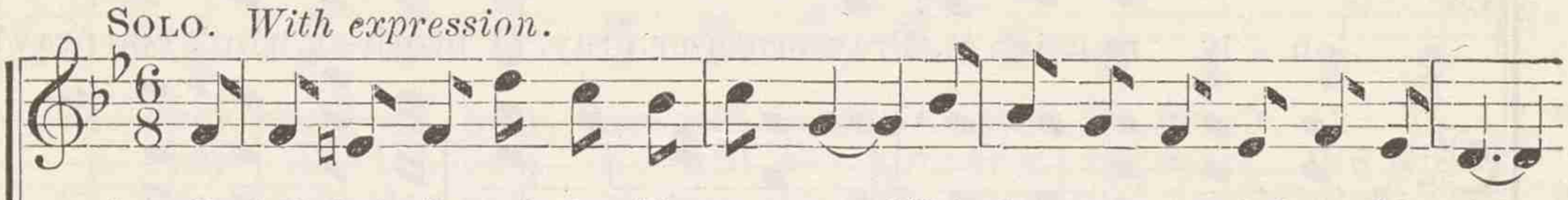


Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

30. IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING.
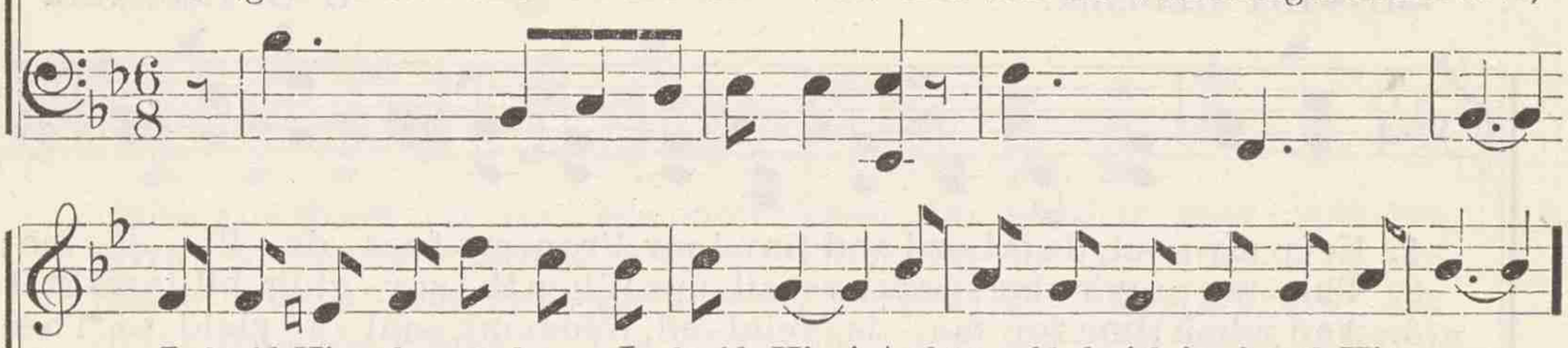
Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Jo H. Fussell, of Columbia, Tenn.

MRS. MARY M. ANDERSON. D. E. DORTCH.
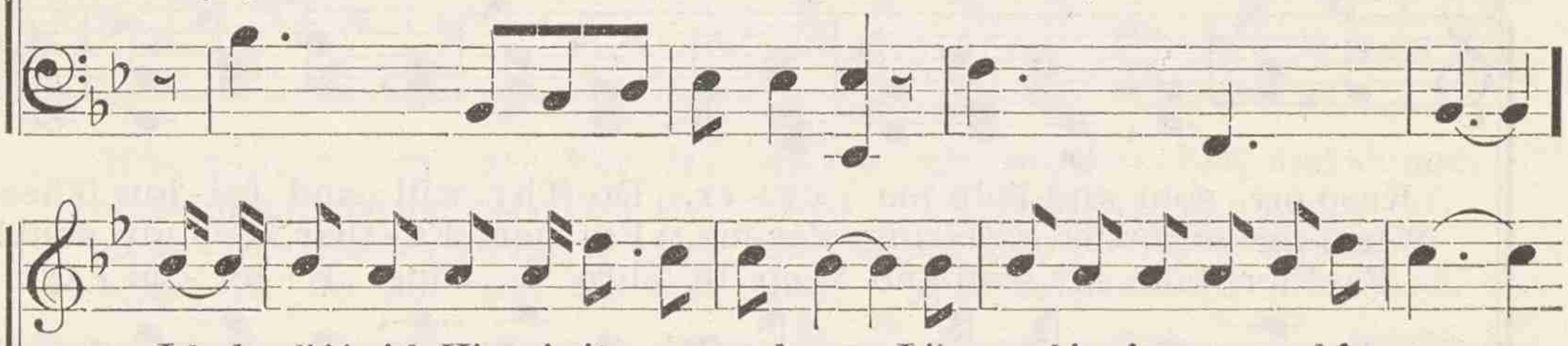
SOLO. *With expression.*
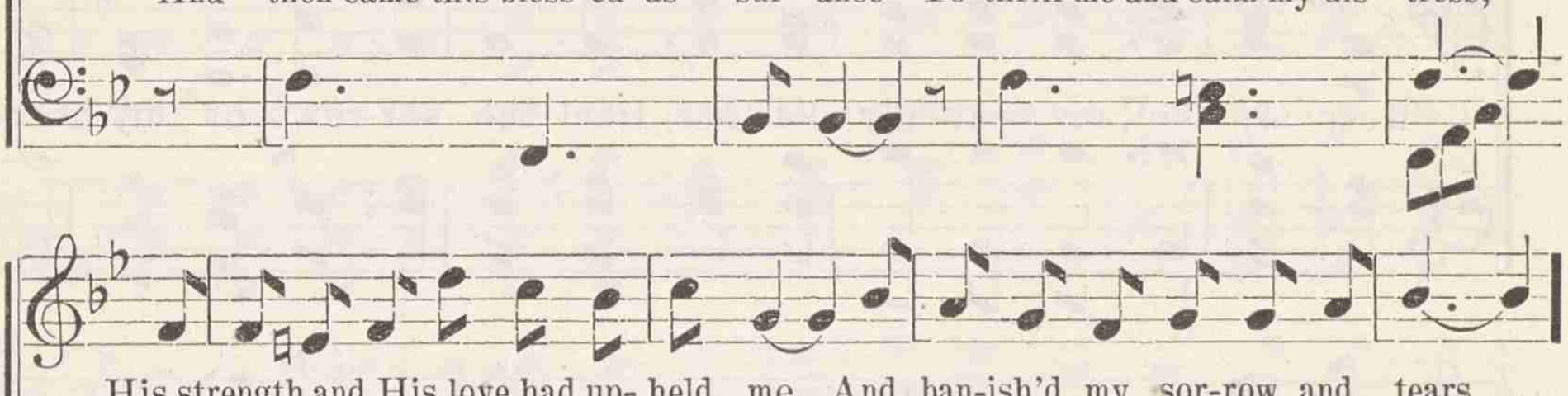


1. I tho't that I stood in His pres - ence, With bo-som storm-shak-en with sighs,
2. And now as I stood in His pres - ence, Un-mind-ful of glo-ries a - round,
3. I yearn'd with a rap - ture of long - ing, To feel that blest hand on my head,
4. I trem-bled and start -ed, the ser - vice I thought I had ren der'd for Him,
5. "Dear Master," I whisper'd, "I love Thee; Have pit - y and mer - cy I pray;
6. "Oh, grant me still time for this ser - vice, And seal me with strength from a-bove,



I lov'd Him, ah, yes, how I lov'd Him! And trem-bled with joy 'neath His eyes.
So He my be - lov - ed was near me, I sank to my knees; for I found
And wait-ed, when lo! thro' the si - lence His gen - tle voice ten - der - ly said:
Seem'd naught with that ques-tion be - fore me, His love fill'd my heart to the brim.
I'll car - ry Thy name to the mil - lions, If Thou wilt but show me the way.
Touch my lips with a coal from Thine al - tar, And fill me, O Fount-ain of love!"



I had walk'd with His spir-it a-round me, Like sunshine for years and for years,
His hand with the mark of the nail - points Re-ceiv'd for my sins and for me,
"What fruit dost thou bring of thy ser - vice, What sheaves at my feet canst thou lay?
I saw at a glance all the mil - lions Who knew not of Him, and I wept;
I'll tell of Thy love and com - pas - sion, Thy joy when a sin - ner is sav'd,
And then came this bless-ed as - sur - ance To thrill me and calm my dis - tress,

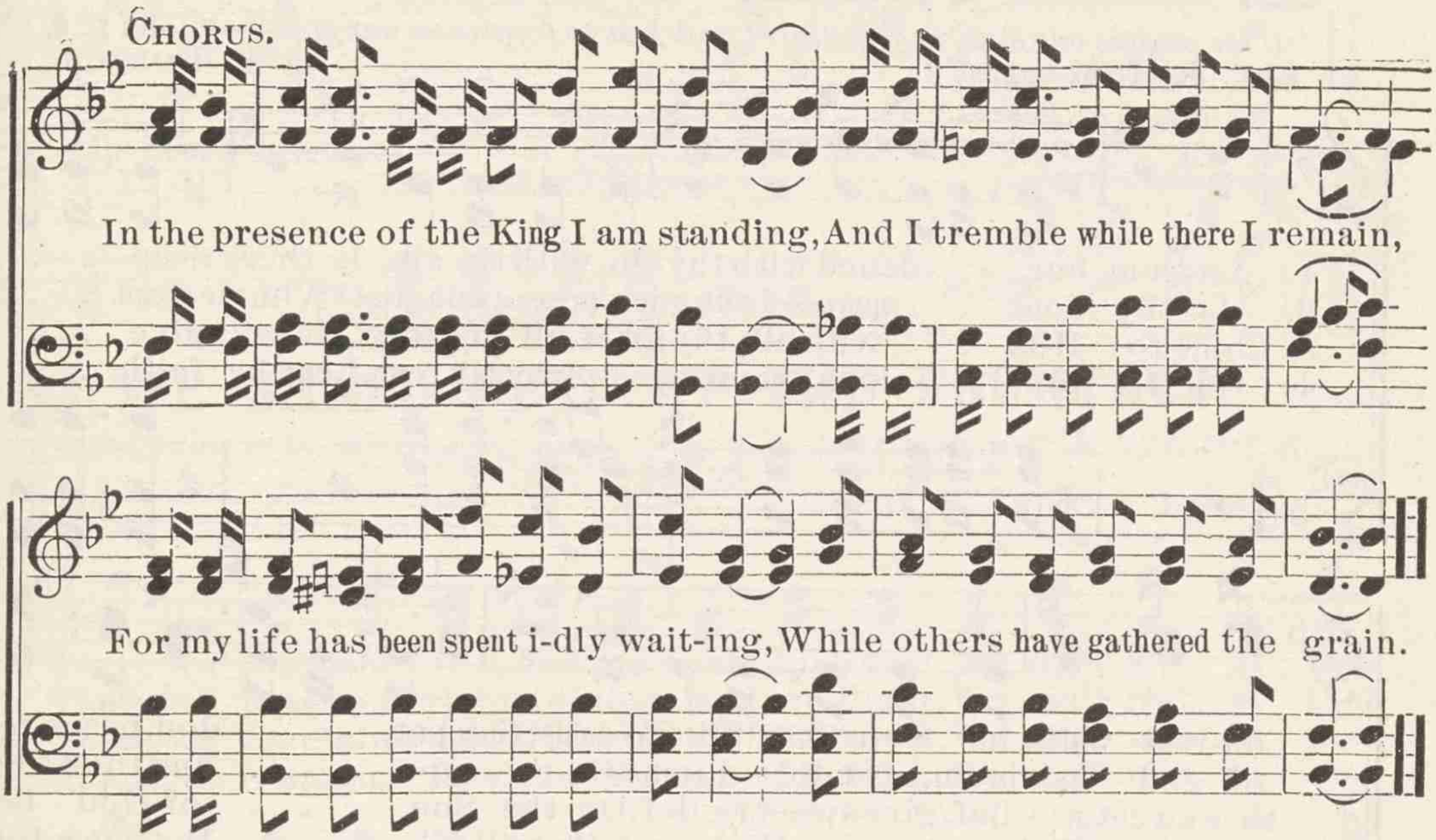


His strength and His love had up- held me, And ban-ish'd my sor-row and tears.
Was stretch'd o'er my head, and I whis-pered, "Dear Lord, keep me ev - er by Thee."
The fields have long whit-ed with har - vest, Hast toil'd thro' the heat of the day?"
For oh, there was blood on my gar-ments, And grief thro' my whole be - ing swept.
Thy blood that was shed for their cleans-ing, Thy name on their foreheads en - grav'd."
"My strength is made per-fect in weak - ness, And lo! I am with thee to bless.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING.
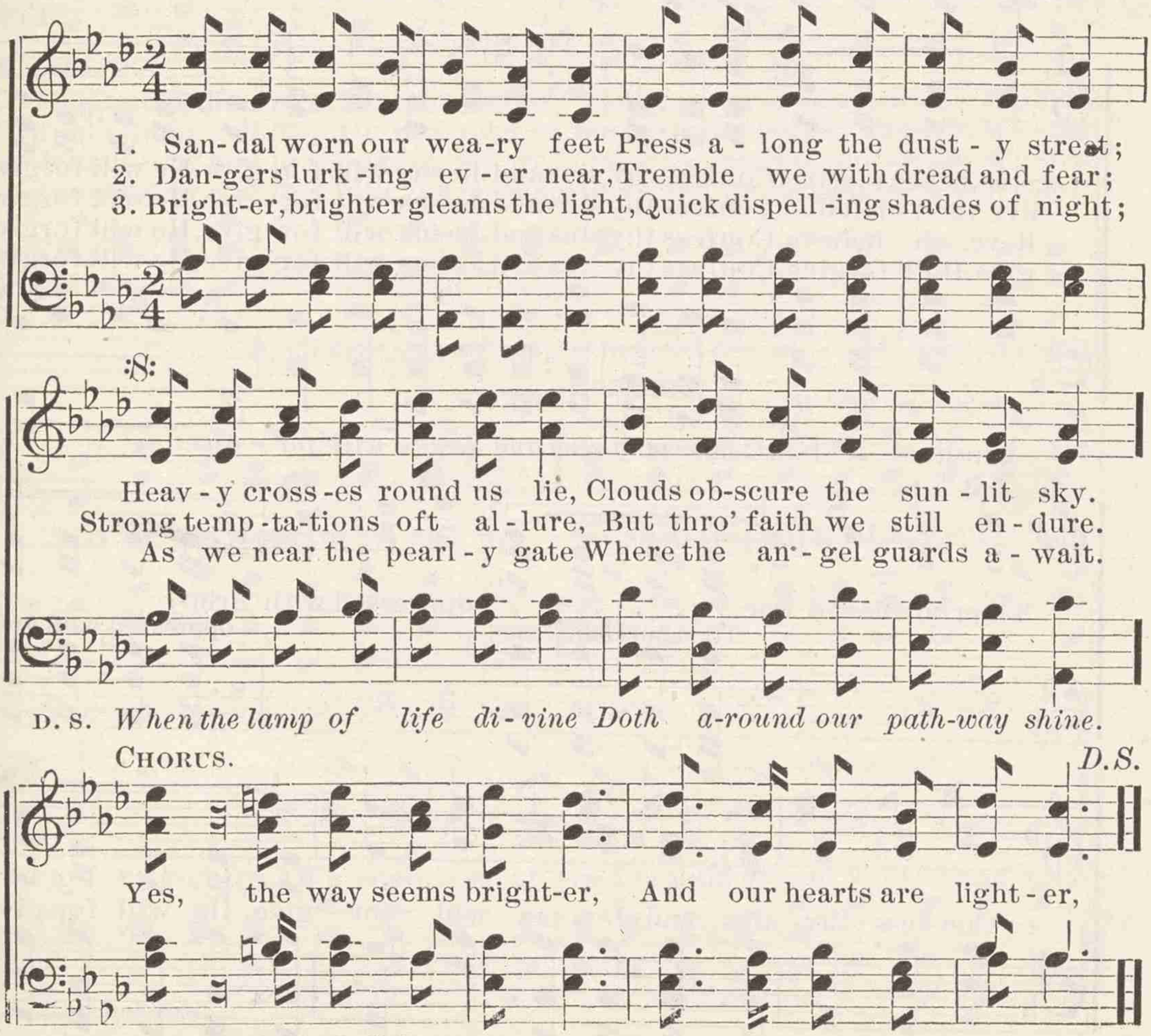
CHORUS.



31. YES, THE WAY SEEMS BRIGHTER.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—Prov. 4: 18.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. D. E. DORTCH.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

32. CONFESS THY SINS.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."—1 John 1: 9.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Art thou bur - dened with thy sin, with thy sin, Is there deep . .
2. Is thy soul . . oppressed with grief, 'pressed with grief? With the dread . .
3. Come to Him . . with all thy grief, all thy grief, He will give . .
4. On His pre - cious promise rest, sweetly rest, Lean by faith . .

un-rest with- in, un-rest within? Wouldst thou par - - don, peace re-
of end - less doom, of endless doom? O es - cape . . . and thou shalt
thee sweet re - lief, give sweet re-lief, On the Son . . . of God be-
up - on His breast, up-on His breast, He will all . . . thy woes for-

ceive, peace receive, Confess thy sins and Je-sus will for- give, He will forgive.
live, thou shalt live, Confess thy sins and Je-sus will for- give, He will forgive.
lieve, oh, believe, Confess thy sins and Je-sus will for- give, He will forgive.
give, He'll forgive, Confess thy sins and Je-sus will for- give, He will forgive.

FINE.
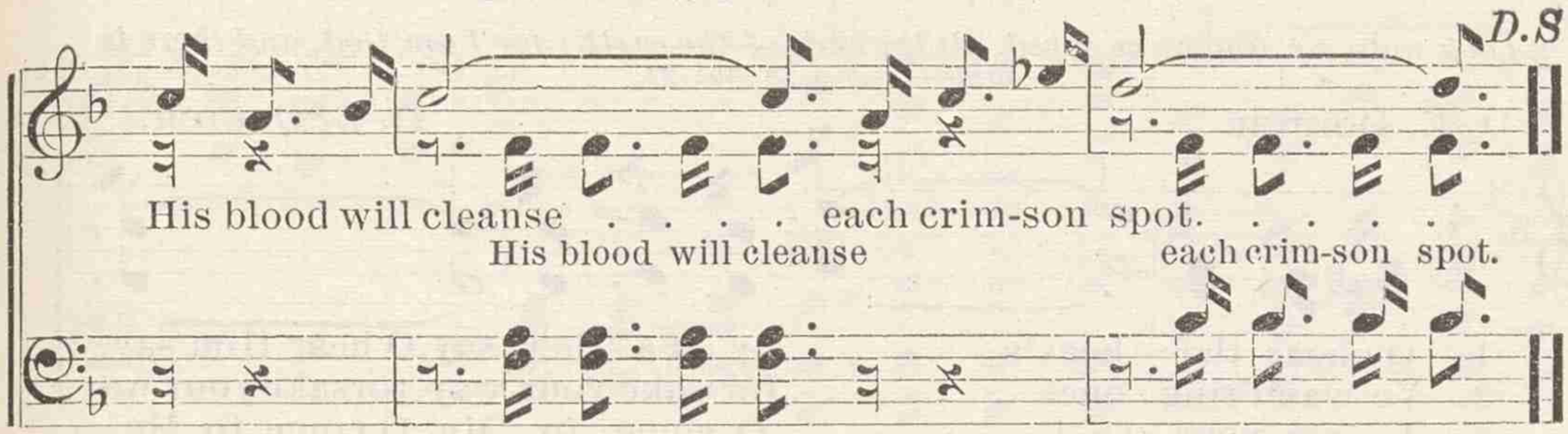
CHORUS. D.S. *Confess thy sins and Je-sus will for - give.* . . . .

Thou bur-dened one, ... oppressed with grief,
Thou bur-dened one, oppressed with grief,

Con-fess thy sins and Je - sus will for - give, He will for-give;

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.
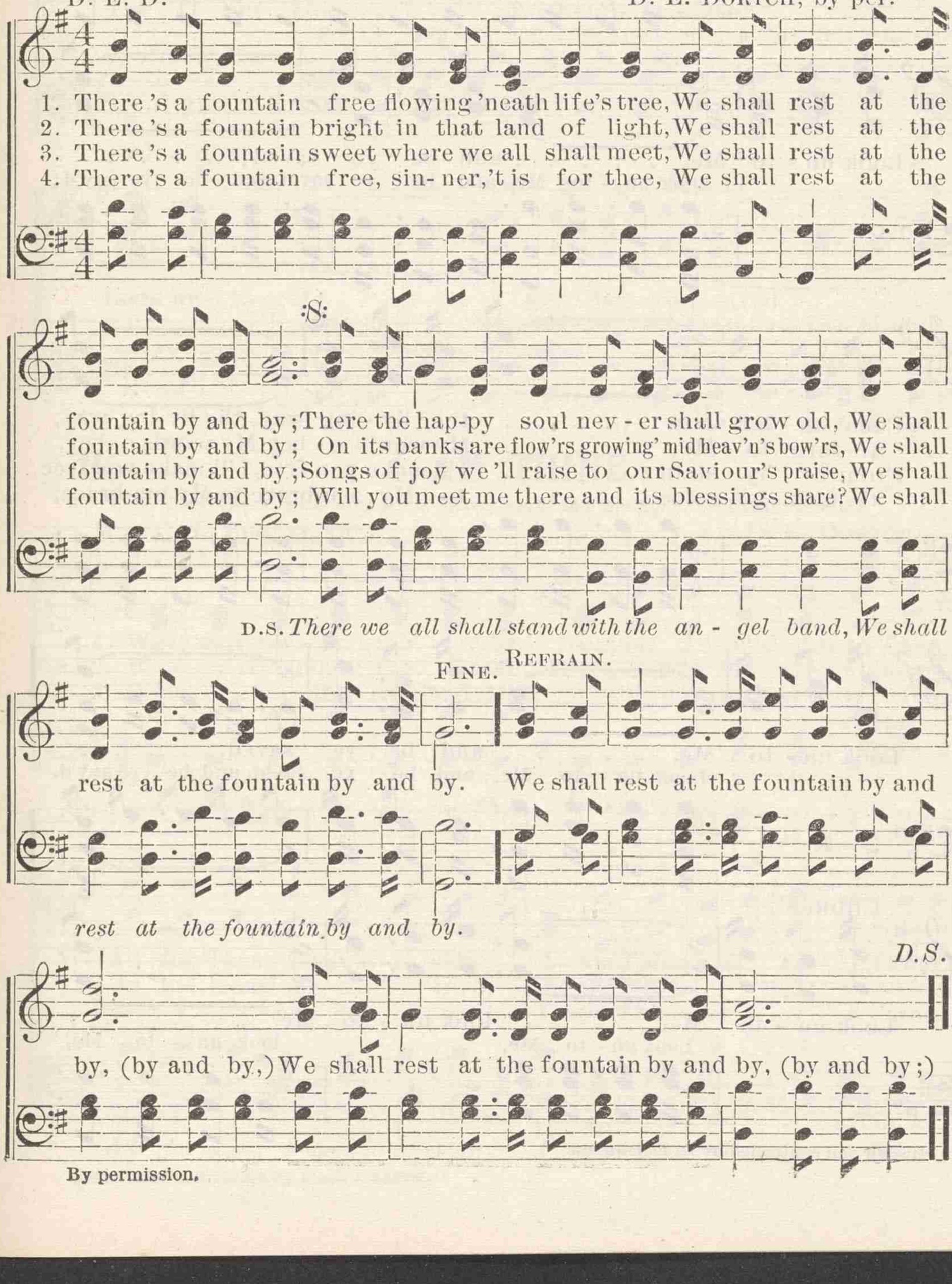
CONFESS THY SINS.



33. WE SHALL REST AT THE FOUNTAIN.

"In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life."—Rev. 22: 2.

D. E. D. D. E. Dortch, by per.



By permission.

34. LOOK UNTO ME.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else."—Is. 45: 22.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O hear the heav'n - - ly Fa-ther say, O hear Him say,
2. Ye wand'ring ones, ... for-sake your way, forsake your way,
3. I am your God, ... O come to Me, O come to Me,
4. There is none else . . . . to give you grace, to give you grace,

Look un - to Me, ... and be ye saved; . . . . . .
Look un - to Me, and be ye sav'd, and be ye sav'd;

Come en - ter now . . . . . the liv - ing way, the liv-ing way,
Re-turn to Me, ... My words o - bey, My words o- bey,
From ev - 'ry stain . . . . . I'll make you free, I 'll make you free.
O quick - ly come . . . . . to My em-brace, to My em-brace,

Look un - to Me, ... and be ye saved. . . . .
Look un - to Me, and be ye sav'd, and be ye sav'd.

CHORUS.

Look un - to Me, ... look un - to Me, ...
Look un - to Me, look un - to Me,

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

LOOK UNTO ME.

Look un - to Me, ... and be ye saved; . . . .
Look un - to Me, and be ye sav'd, and be ye sav'd;

For I am God, ... and there's none else. . . . . .
For I am God, and there's none else, and there's none else.

rit. et dim.

Look un - to Me, ... and be ye saved. . . . .
Look un - to Me, and be ye sav'd, and be ye sav'd.

35. I AM THINE.

"*I am thine, save me; for I have sought thy precepts.*"—Psalm 119: 94.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. D. E. Dortch.

1. Weak and low - ly tho' I be, Sav-iour, I would come to Thee,
2. Wea - ry, friendless, tho' I roam, There is rest for me at home,
3. What is all the care and strife Of this fleet-ing, earth -ly life?

Cho.—*I am Thine, on - ly Thine, I am Thine, on - ly Thine;*
D. C. for Chorus.

All for Thee I would re-sign; I am Thine, and on - ly Thine.
In the mansions of Thy love, In the realms of light a - bove.
When e - ter - nal joy is mine! I am Thine, for - ev - er Thine.

All for Thee I would re - sign; I am Thine, and on - ly Thine.

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

36. WE ARE MARCHING, ONWARD MARCHING.

"In the name of our God, we will set up our banners."—Ps. 20: 5.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. E. DORTCH.

1. We are march-ing, onward marching 'neath the banner of the Lord,
2. We are pass-ing thro' the wa-ters, but our hearts are un-dis-may'd;
3. By the faith that rests on Je-sus shall the bar-ri-ers of sin,
4. There is life and joy im-mor-tal in the ser-vice of the Lord,

We are guid-ed with the ar-mor of His might; We are
He will guide us to the bright and hap-py shore; Where the
That im-pede our on-ward course, be swept a-way; In His
In His pres-ence is the glo-ry of the day; Shall we

trust-ing in the prom-ise of His nev-er fail-ing word, We shall
stream of life is flow-ing, where the blos-soms nev-er fade, We will
pow'r a-lone we tri-umph, we the vic-to-ry will win, If His
choose the path of dark-ness? shall we lose our sure re-ward? Shall we

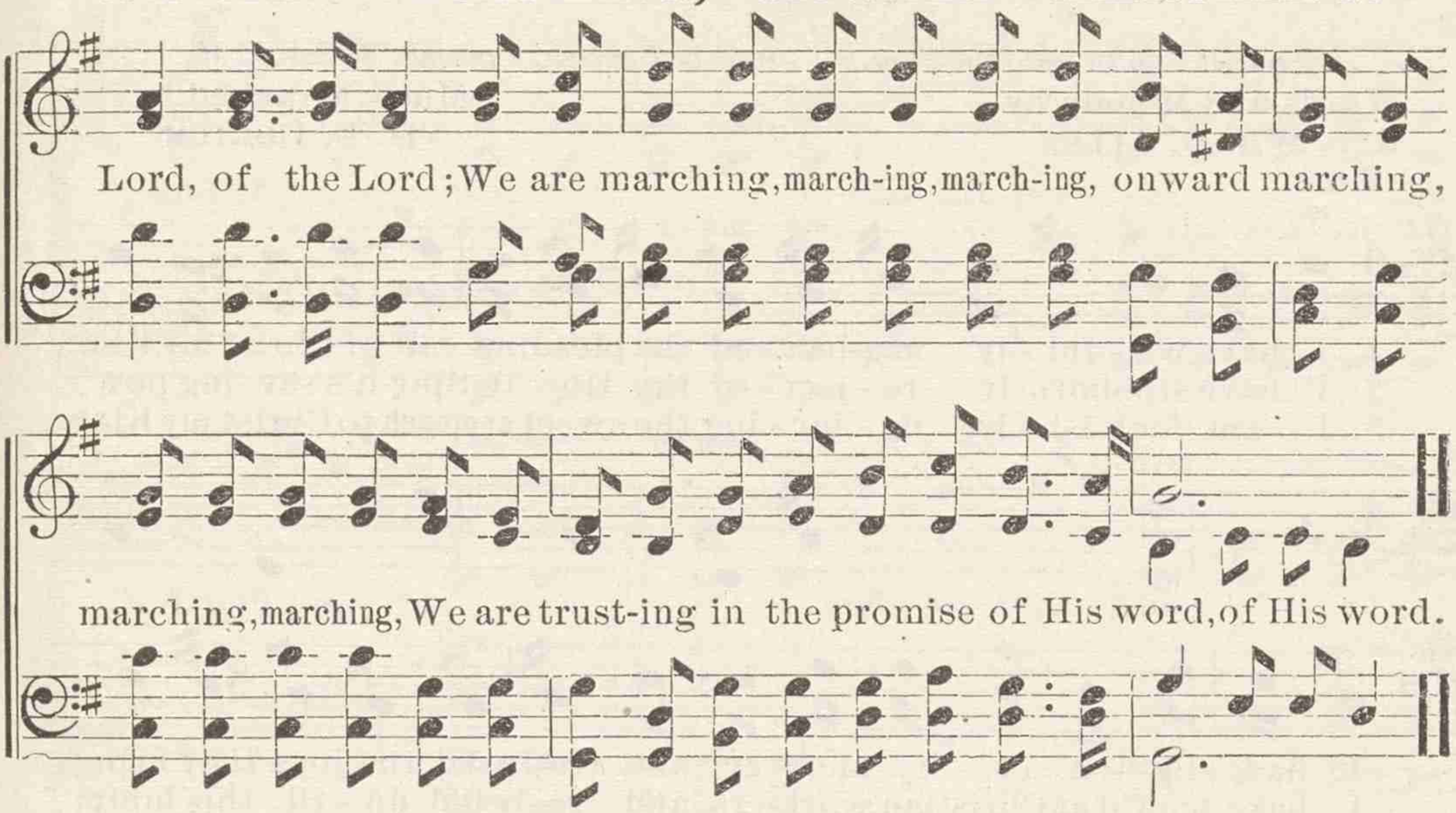
CHORUS.

con-quer, we shall con-quer in the fight. We are marching, marching, march-ing,
praise Him, we will praise Him ev-er-more.
precepts, pure and ho-ly, we o-bey.
lin-ger, shall we lin-ger by the way?

Onward marching, march-ing, march-ing, We are marching 'neath the banner of the

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

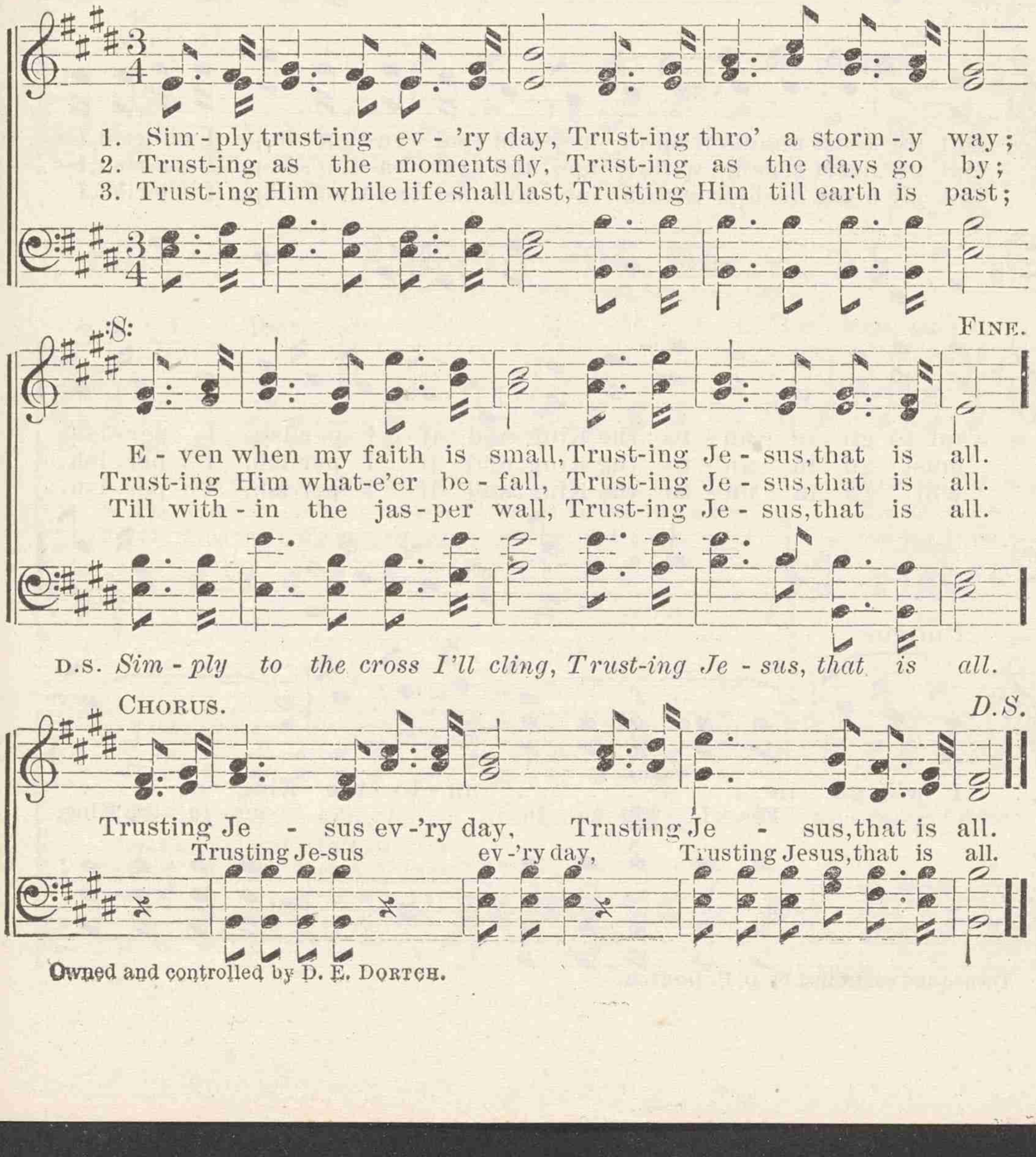
WE ARE MARCHING, ONWARD MARCHING.



37. SIMPLY TRUSTING.

"*Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.*"—Job 13: 15.

EDGAR PAGE. J. M. HAGAN.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

38. IF I PERISH, I PERISH.

"So will I go in unto the king, . . . and if I perish, I perish."—Est. 4: 16.

Words and Melody by
Rev. Wm. B. Allen.

Music arranged by
D. E. Dortch.

Solo.

1. I have wil - ful - ly neg-lect - ed the pleading call of Christ my King,
2. I have stubborn-ly re - ject - ed the Ho - ly Spir-it's sav -ing pow'r,
3. I am fool -ish - ly de - lay - ing the sweet approach to Christ my King,

I have slighted ev - 'ry mer - cy, and re-fused the joys they bring;
I have scoff'd at Christian work-ers, and re - bell'd un - til this hour;
That would change my in -ward na - ture, so my soul would ev - er sing;

But my heart recoils with-in me, and sal - va-tion's hope I cherish, I
But my heart repents within me, and sal - va-tion's hope I cherish, I
But my heart decides within me, and sal - va-tion's hope I cherish, I
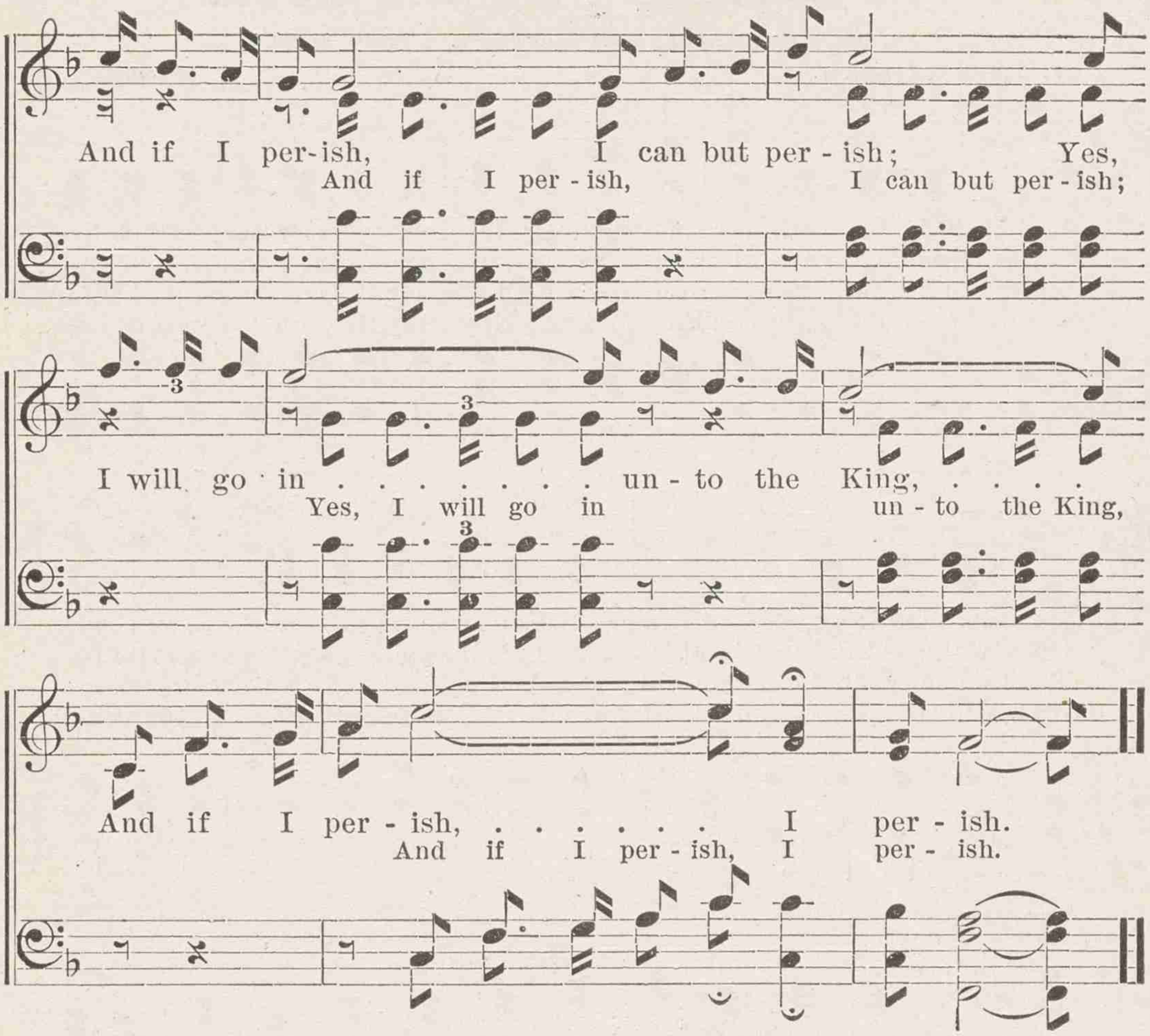
want to go in un - to the King, and if I per-ish, I per - ish.
must go in un - to the King, and if I per-ish, I per - ish.
will go in un - to the King, and if I per-ish, I per - ish.

Chorus.

I will go in . . . . . un - to the King, ...
Yes, I will go in un - to the King,

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.
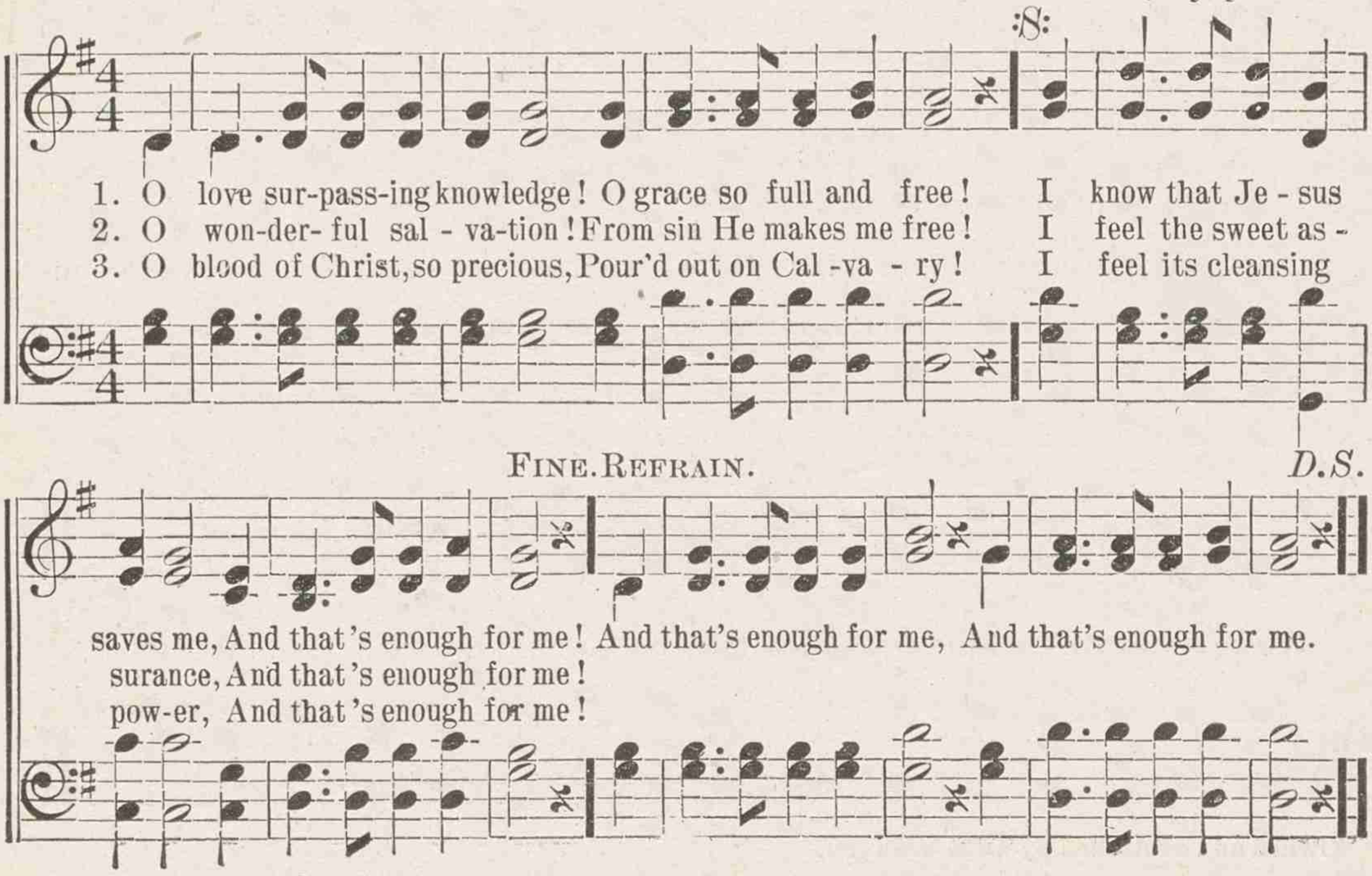
IF I PERISH, I PERISH.



39. ENOUGH FOR ME.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."—2 Cor. 12: 9.

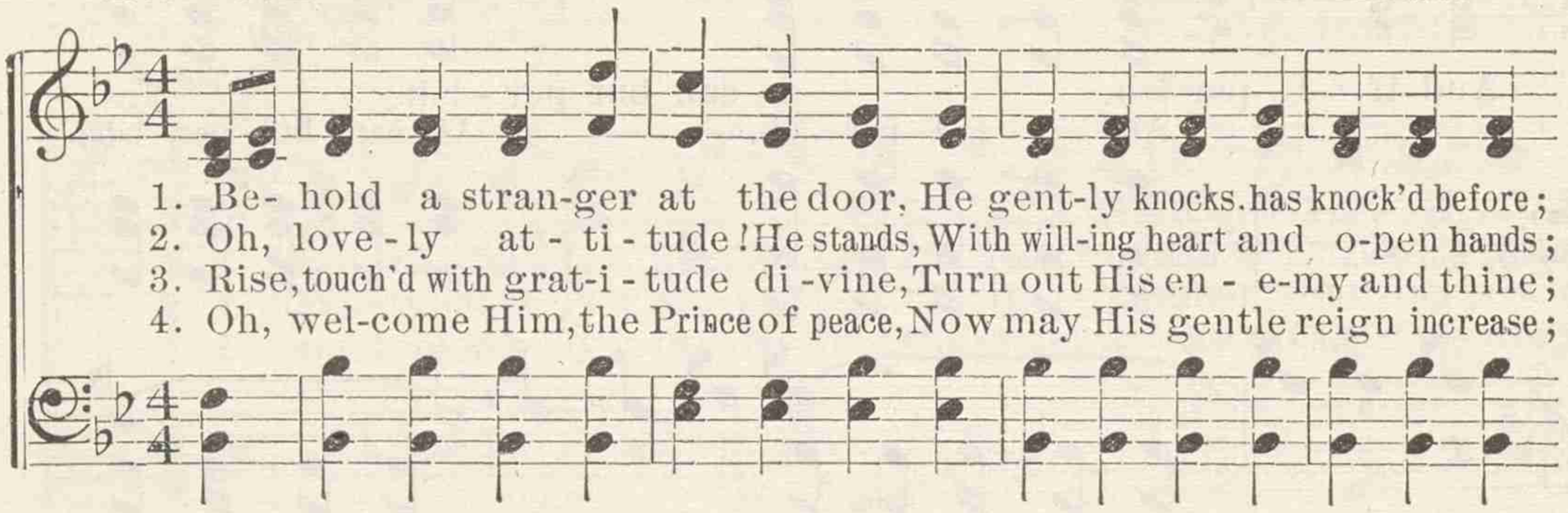
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

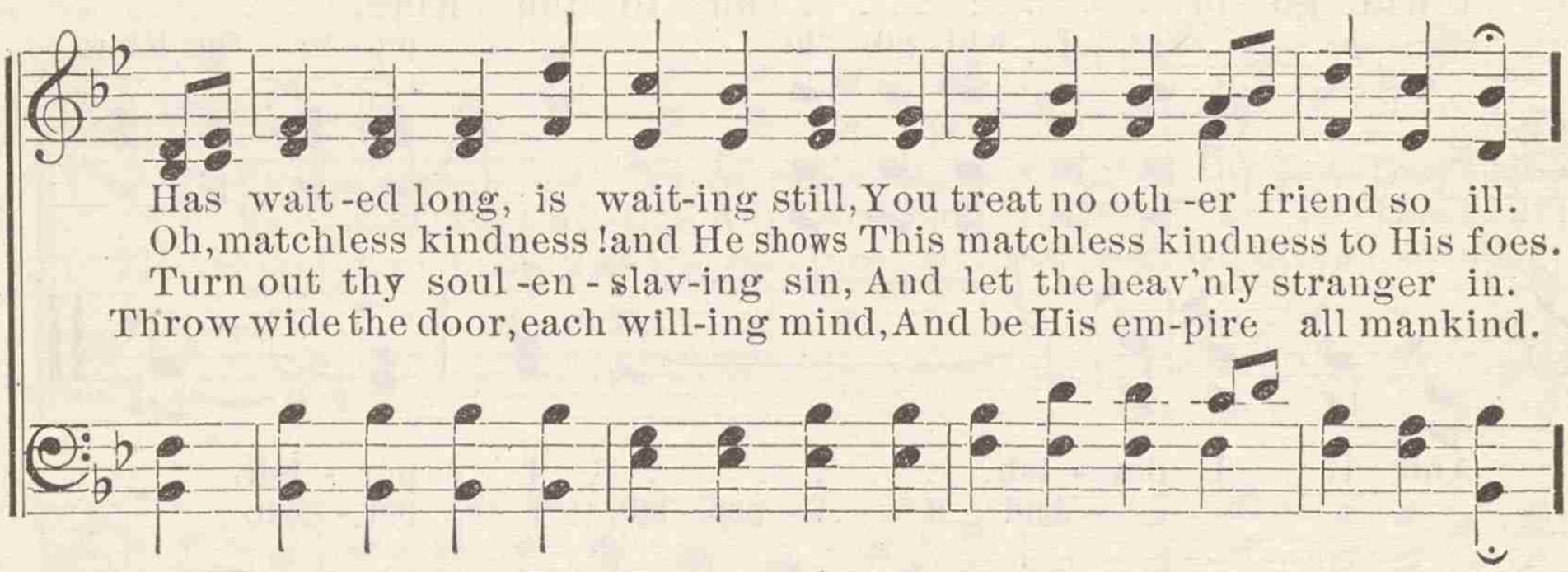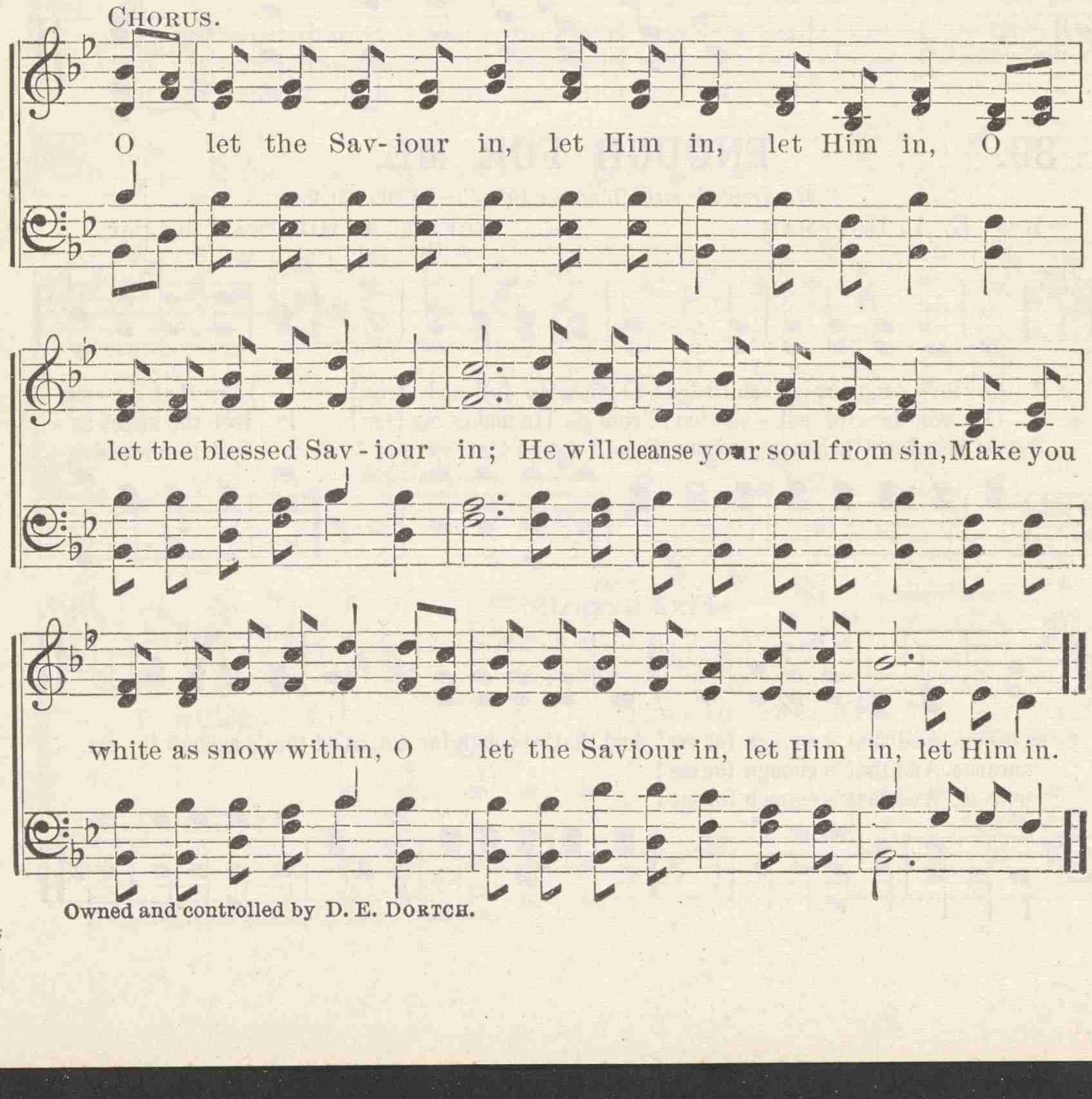


40. THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

"*Behold, I stand at the door and knock.*" — Rev. 3: 20.

Rev. Joseph Gregg. E. Hanks.
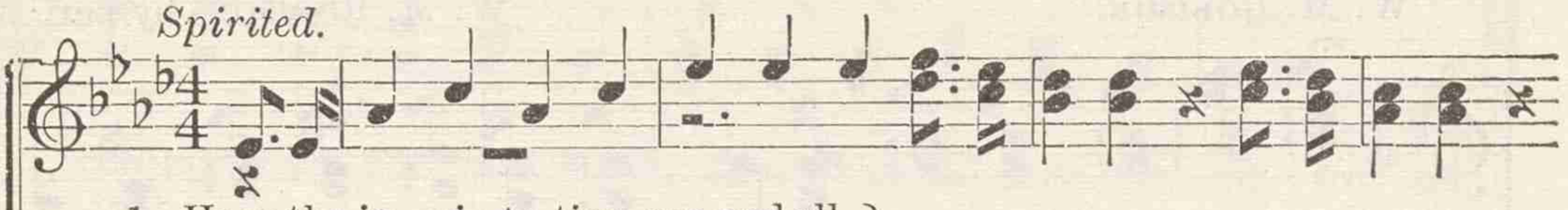






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41. WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME.

"*Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*"—Rev. 22: 17.
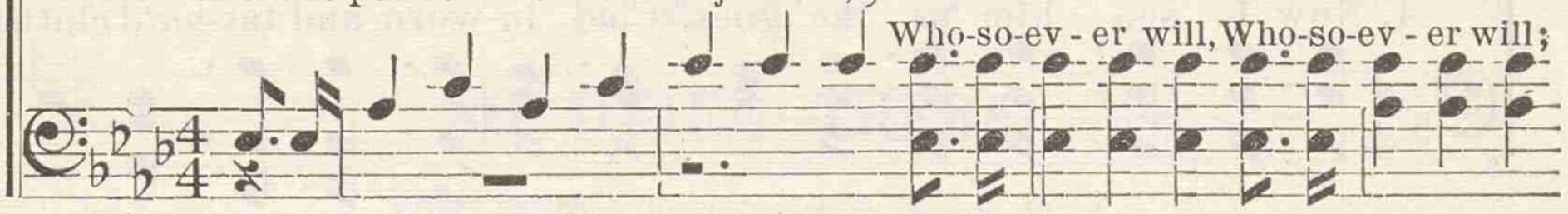
D. E. DORTCH. A. F. MYERS.

Spirited.

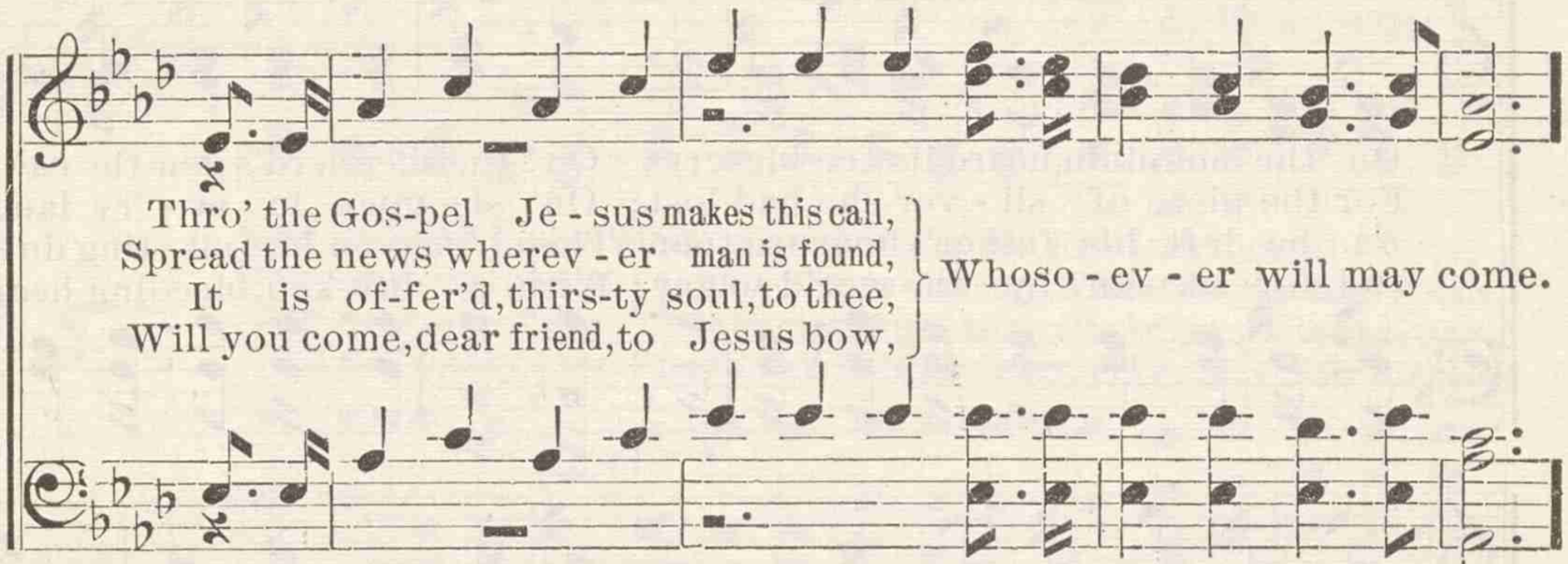


1. Hear the in - vi - ta-tion one and all,
2. Send the blessed tidings all around,
3. Come, the water ev -er floweth free,
4. There is pardon at the cross just now,

Whoso-ev-er, who-so-ev- er;

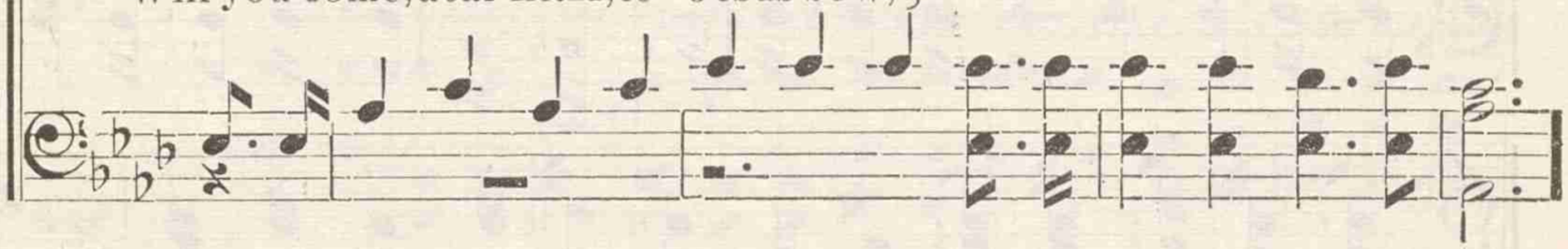


Who-so-ev - er will, Who-so-ev - er will;

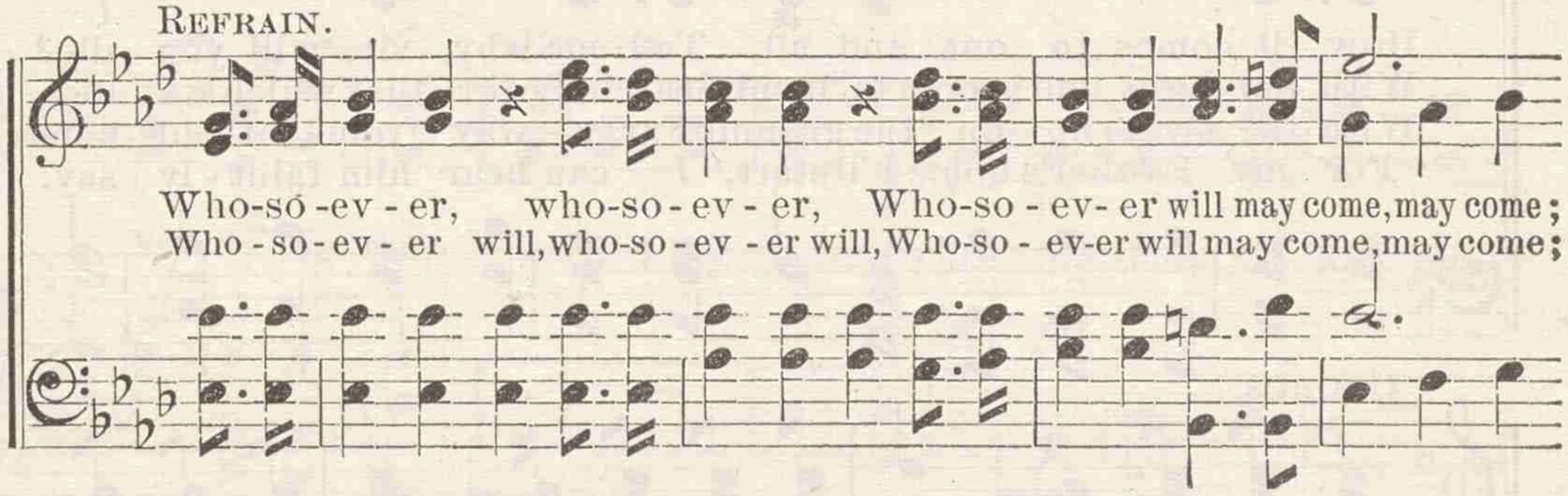


Thro' the Gos-pel Je - sus makes this call,
Spread the news wherev - er man is found,
It is of-fer'd, thirs-ty soul, to thee,
Will you come, dear friend, to Jesus bow,

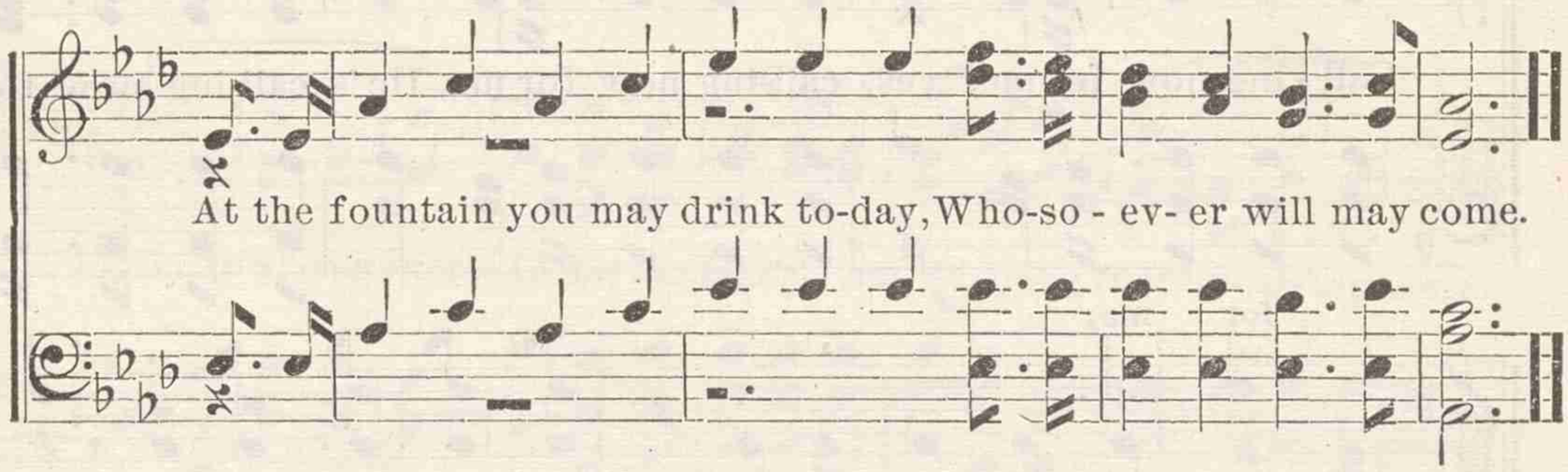
Whoso - ev - er will may come.



REFRAIN.



Who-so -ev - er, who-so - ev - er, Who-so - ev- er will may come, may come;
Who - so - ev - er will, who-so - ev - er will, Who-so - ev-er will may come, may come;



At the fountain you may drink to-day, Who-so - ev- er will may come.

5 If you trust in Jesus He will save,
Whosoever (will), whosoever (will);
On the cross His life for you He gave,
Whosoever will may come.

6 There's a mansion in that home above,
Whosoever (will), whosoever (will);
For the one who rests in Jesus' love,
Whosoever will may come.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH and A. F. MYERS.

42. CALLING FOR ME.

Luke 15th Chapter.

Words arranged and Chorus by D. E. DORTCH.

W. M. ROBISON. W. M. ROBISON, by per.

1. I have watch'd the sheep a - stray, As it wan-der'd day by day,
2. I have watch'd the wo-man search, For the gem of price-less worth,
3. I have watch'd the boy de - part, With a proud and anx- ious heart,
4. Now I see him as he goes, Clad in worn and tat-ter'd clothes,

On the mountain heard its fee-ble cry; Oh! the shepherd's gen-tle call,
For the piece of sil - ver she had lost; On she goes in ev - 'ry land,
As he left his father's house to roam; Then I've seen him sit - ting down
And for-sak - en by the world so gay; With a bro-ken, bleeding heart,
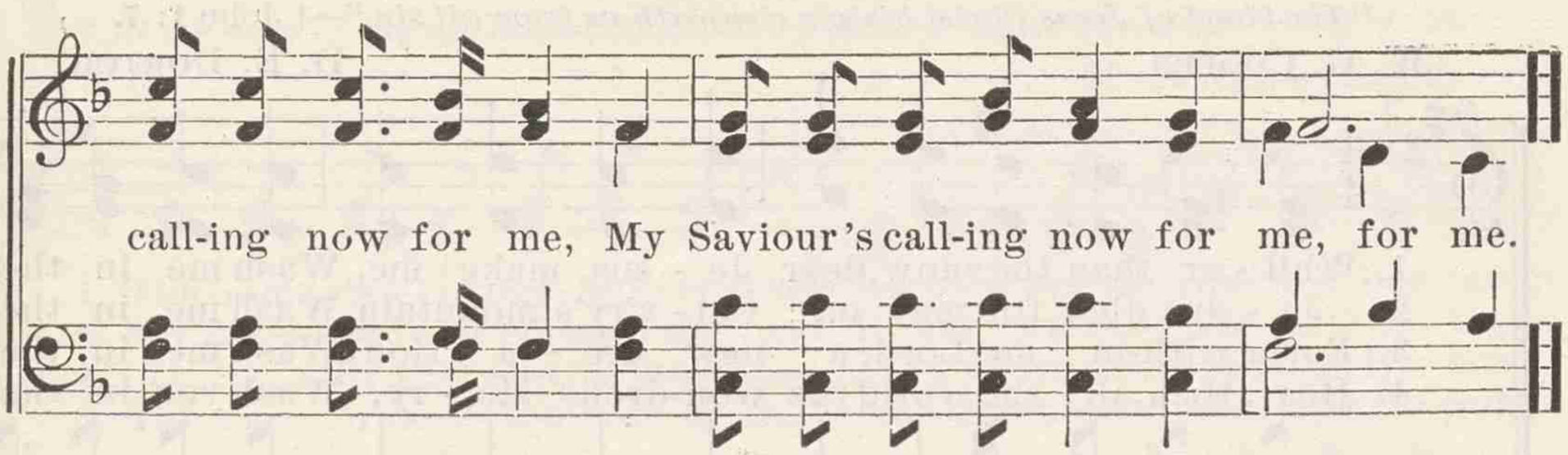
How it comes to one and all, Tell me why, sir, will you die?
With her light and broom in hand, Searching for that which was lost.
With the swine up - on the ground, Far a - way from that old home.
"For my Fa-ther's home I'll start," I can hear him faint - ly say.

CHORUS.

Call - ing now for me, yes, call-ing now for me, He's call-ing now for me; He's call - ing now for me; Call - ing now for me, yes,

This arrangement owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

CALLING FOR ME.
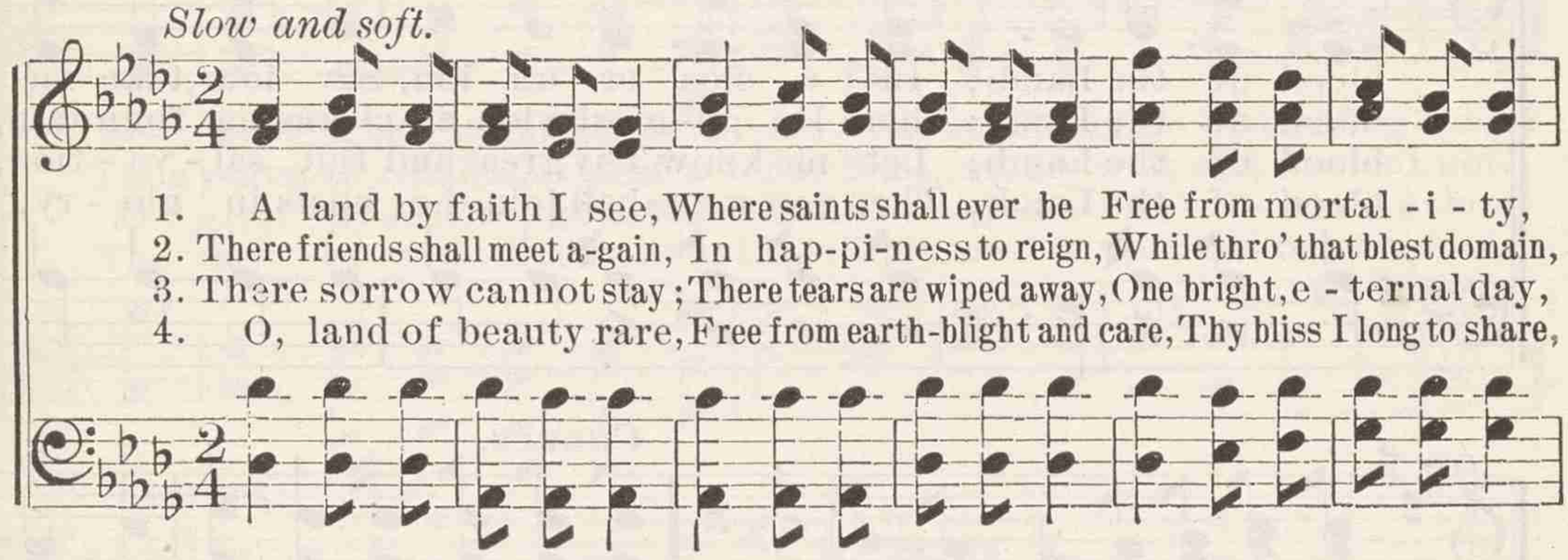


43. NO DYING THERE.

"*There shall be no more death.*"—Rev. 21: 4.

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.

Slow and soft.



5 For such a priceless boon,
Who would not seek that home,
Safe from the dreaded tomb,
No dying there.

6 For thee, sweet home, I wait,
Come, and my soul elate,
Welcome, O deathless state,
No dying there.

From Harvest Bells," and used by per. of W. E. PENN, owner of the copyright.

44. WASH ME IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Whit - er than the snow, dear Je - sus, make me, Wash me in the
2. Je - sus died for me on Cal - v'ry's mountain, Wash me in the
3. Form with-in me, Lord, a new cre - a - tion, Wash me in the
4. Hear, then, all the world the won-drous sto - ry, Wash you in the

blood of the Lamb; In a clos - er un - ion, Sav - iour, take me,
blood of the Lamb; There He op - ened wide a cleansing foun-tain,
blood of the Lamb; Let me know Thy great and full sal - va - tion,
blood of the Lamb; Then you soon shall join the hosts in glo - ry,

CHORUS.

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb. Oh, the precious blood of Je - sus
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb.
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb.
Wash you in the blood of the Lamb.

cleanses, Whiter than the snow, yes, whiter than the snow; Glo-ry to His

name, He saves com-plete - ly, Washes in the blood of the Lamb.

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45. WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

"*All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.*"—Job 14: 14.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The home where changes nev-er come, Nor pain nor sor-row, toil nor care;
2. Yet when bowed down beneath the load By heav'n allowed, thine earth-ly lot;
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow;
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one prayer for-got;

Yes, 't is a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
Thou yearnst to reach that blest a- bode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
If grief thy sorr'wing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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46. I AM WEARY, LET ME REST.

"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest."— Isaiah 28: 12

Altered and arranged by D. E. DORTCH.

Words arr. by W. T. DALE. W. M. ROBISON, by per.

DUET.

1. I would love Thee, blessed Je - sus, I would lean up-on Thy breast;
2. Let me love Thee, love Thee ev - er, While this fleeting life shall last,
3. Oh, how dark this world with-out Thee, Shine up - on me from on high;

*Gen - tly fold Thy arms a-round me, I am wea - ry, let me rest:
And I'll love Thee, bless-ed Je - sus, When the scenes of earth are past.
Let Thy bless-ed smiles now cheer me, Cheer me when I come to die;
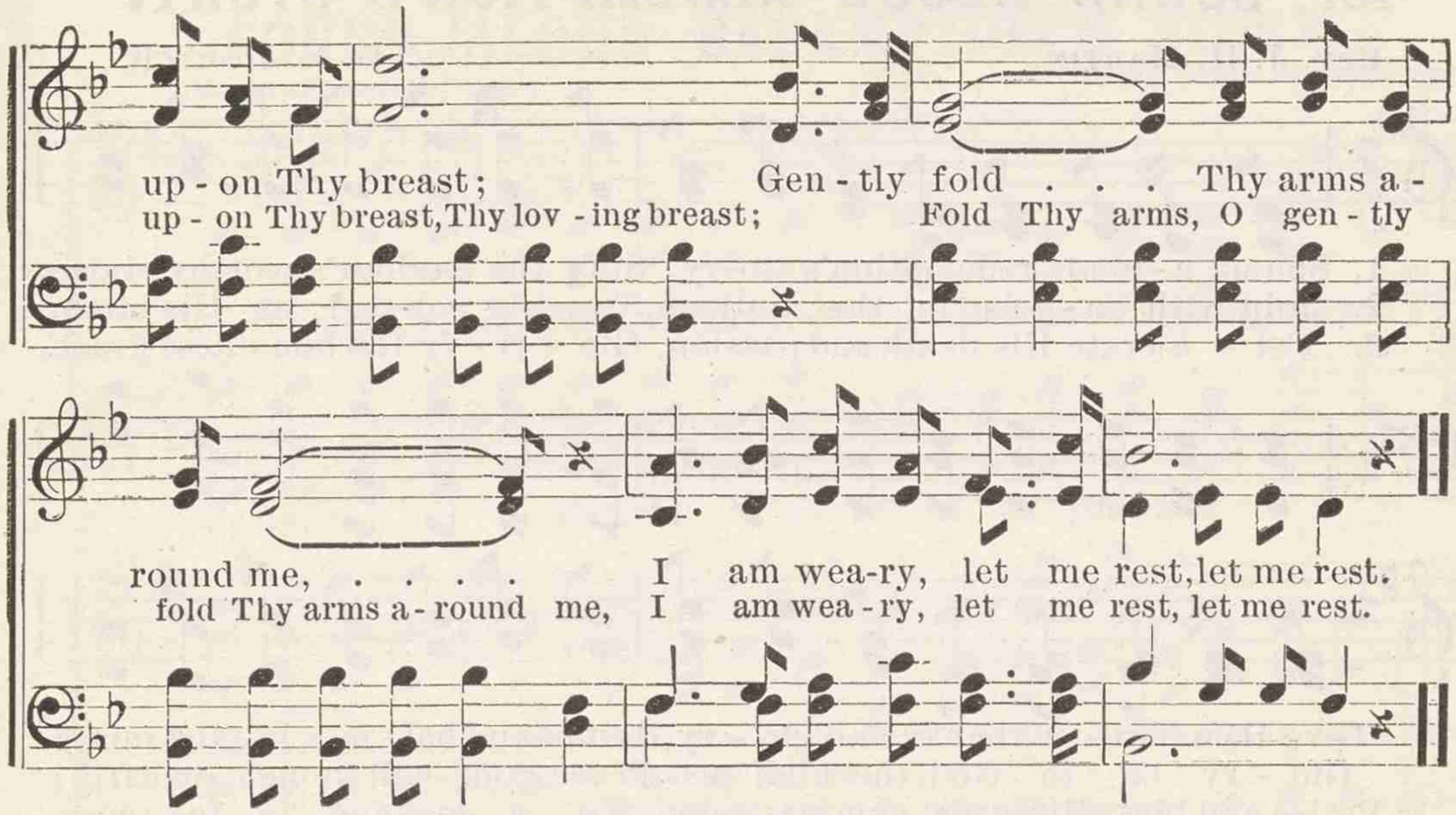
Scenes of earth their charms are los - ing, Brighter dawns the heav'nly day.
Tell me, Je - sus, tell me sweet-ly, Thou who diedst my soul to save,
Then in scenes of end-less glo - ry I shall praise Thee ev - er-more.

I am wait-ing for Thy com-ing, Come, oh, come without de - lay.
Shall I dwell with Thee in heav-en, When I pass be-yond the grave?
Tell with joy the wondrous sto - ry, And re - peat it o'er and o'er.

CHORUS.

O, Thou ten-der, lov-ing Sav - iour, . . . I would lean . . . .
O Thou ten-der, lov - ing Sav - iour, let me rest, I would lean my wea-ry head
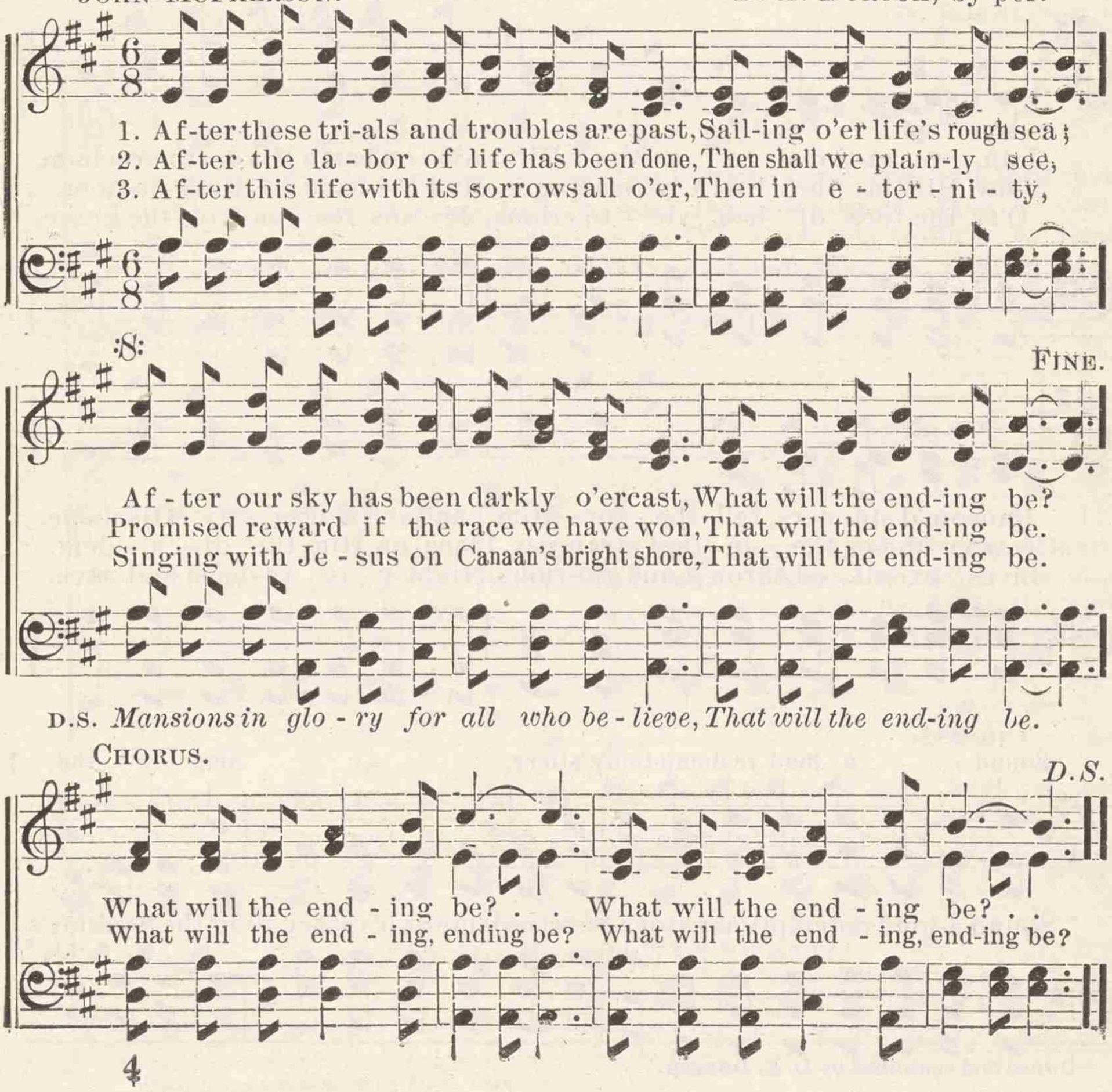
I AM WEARY, LET ME REST.



47. WHAT WILL THE ENDING BE?
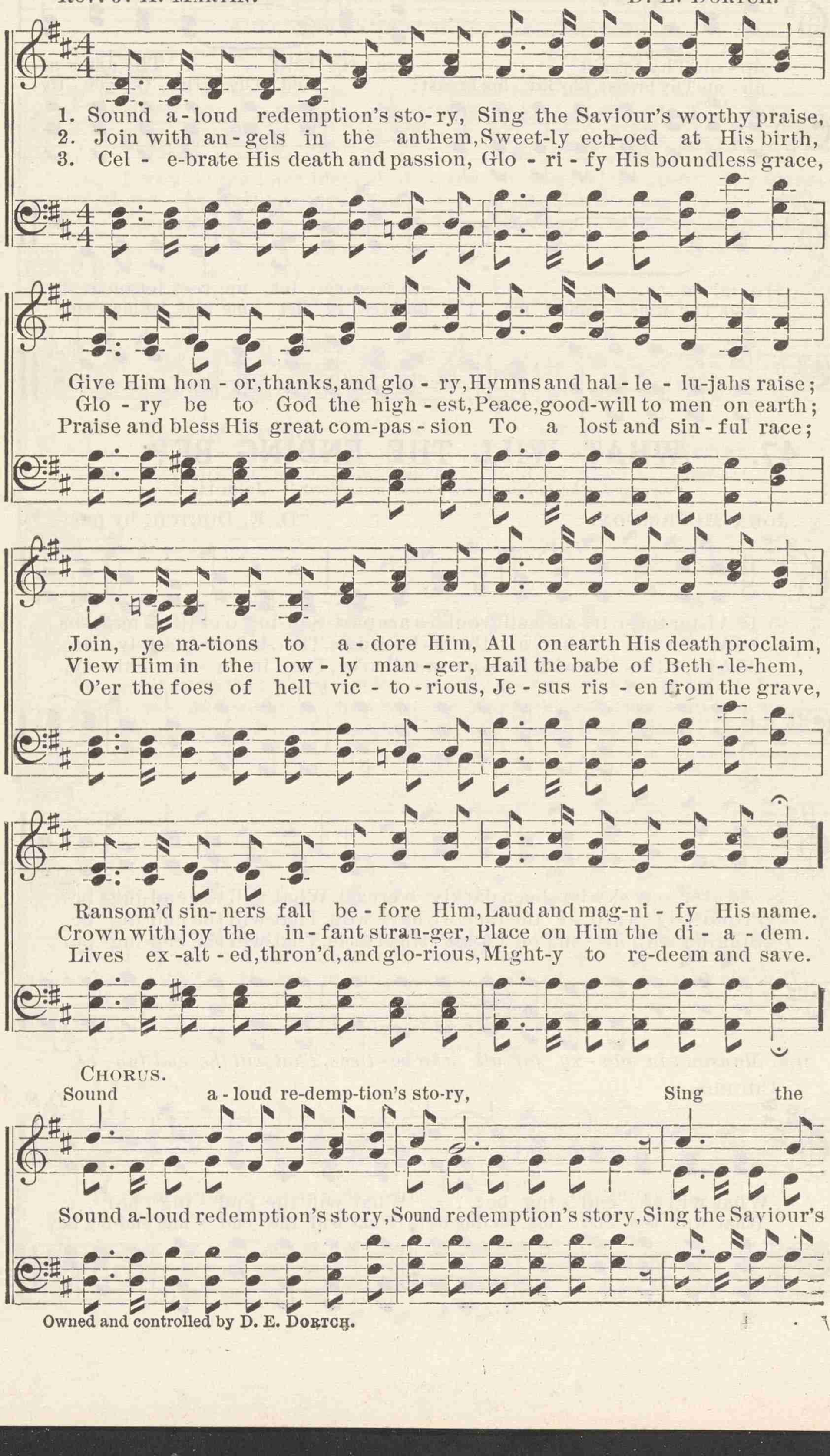
"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

JOHN MCPHERSON. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



48. SOUND ALOUD REDEMPTION'S STORY.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

SOUND ALOUD REDEMPTION'S STORY.

Sav-iour's worthy praise; Give Him hon - or, thanks, an

worthy praise, yes, sing His worthy praise; Give Him honor, thanks, and glo - ry,

glo- ry, Hymns and hal - le - lu - jahs raise.

honor, thanks, and glory, Hymns and halle -lu-jahs raise, and halle-lu-jahs raise.

49. COME TO JESUS.

Rev. W. G. Cooper. D. E. Dortch.

1. Sin-ner, Christ to you is say- ing, "Prod-i - gal, give me thine heart;
2. Sin-ner, come, O come to Je - sus, Do not long-er thus de - lay;
3. There's no bet - ter time that 's coming, When you may re-turn to God;
4. Come then ask Him for sal - va-tion, And you shall in Him be blest;

FINE.

And I'll give to thee a king-dom, That from thee shall ne'er de-part."
For He 's wait-ing to re-ceive you, Come, O come to Him to - day.
Ver - y soon you may be ly - ing, Cold in death be- neath the sod.
Cast your bur- den on the Sav-iour, He will give you sweet-est rest.

D.S. *There is dan - ger in de - lay - ing, Come just now and hap - py be.*

D.S.

Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, While He waits to set you free;

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

50. THE KINGDOM TO COME.

"He hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. 11: 16.

Mrs. Hannah M. Richards. Rev. W. G. Cooper, by per.

1. Let the world have its diamonds, its sil - ver and gold, I am rich-er by far with the ti - tle I hold; I am heir to a kingdom, a crown and a throne, That shall stand when earth's kingdoms are all o-verthrown.
2. Let the world have its pot-tage, my birthright I 'll keep, For its pleasures or toys I 'll not grov- el or creep; I 'm a child of a King, I 'll not bar - ter a crown, For the tri - fles of earth, for its wealth or re-nown.
3. Let the world have its hon-ors, am - bi-tions and fame, In the Lamb's Book of Life has been writ-ten my name; When the world is on fire still my name shall en-dure, And my kingdom and pal- ace will then be se-cure.
4. Let the world dive for pearls 'neath the ocean's blue deep, All its treasures and diamonds and pearls it may keep; I 've a mansion pre-pared in the cit - y of gold, Where the gates are of pearl, and its wealth is un- told.
5. I am near-ing the cit - y, its spires I can see, And its pearl-y gates soon will be o-pened to me, With the shout of a vic - tor I soon shall be crown'd, While the arch-es of heav'n with ho- san- nas re-sound.

Chorus.

Hal - le - lu - jah, my soul mounts up - ward and sings, Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus, the King of all kings! Hal-le - lu - jah, the

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THE KINGDOM TO COME.

kingdom to come draw-eth nigh, What a crowning 'twill be in the

rit. ad lib.

sweet by and by, What a crowning 't will be in the sweet by and by.

51. HEAVEN, JESUS, ANGELS.

FOR WEE VOICES.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. I love to think of Heaven, a cit-y fair and bright, A par-a-dise of
   The country of the ransom'd, the ev-er-last-ing rest, Where souls are free from
2. I love to think of Je-sus, the Saviour from above, Who left the courts of
   Be-came a lit-tle in-fant, and hung upon the tree, He bore the cross of
3. I love to think of An-gels, arrayed in robes of light, In garments white and
   The throne of God surrounding, triumphant songs they raise, Ex-alt and laud the

REFRAIN. *For each stanza.*

pleas-ure, a land of pure de-light;
sor-row, with peace for-ev-er blest.
} I love to think of Heav-en,

glo-ry, to do a work of love,
an-guish, and died on Cal-va-ry.
} I love to think of Je-sus,

splen-did, and daz-zling to the sight,
Sav-iour with hymns of joy-ful praise.
} I love to think of An-gels,

Heav-en, Heaven, I love to think of Heav-en, sweet, sweet Heaven.
Je-sus, Je-sus, I love to think of Je-sus, dear, dear Je-sus.
An-gels, An-gels, I love to think of Angels, bright, bright An-gels.

52. JESUS OF NAZ'RETH.

"*Is not this the carpenter?*"—Mark 6: 3.

An English Hymn. D. E. DORTCH.

SOLO.

1. I once was a stranger to grace and to God, I knew not the danger-ous
2. I oft read with pleasure to soothe or engage, The wonderful truths of the
3. When free grace awoke me by light from on high, I cried, "Jesus save me, oh,
4. My ter-rors all vanish'd be-fore that sweet name, My guilty fears banish'd with
5. E'en treading the val-ley and shadow of death, This watchword shall rally my

path that I trod; Tho' friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree, Je - sus of
God giv-en page; But e'en when was pictur'd the blood on the tree, Je - sus of
save or I die! He saw my deep sorrow, He an-swer'd my plea, Je - sus of
boldness I came To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free, Je - sus of
fal-ter-ing breath, And while from life's burdens my God sets me free, Je - sus of
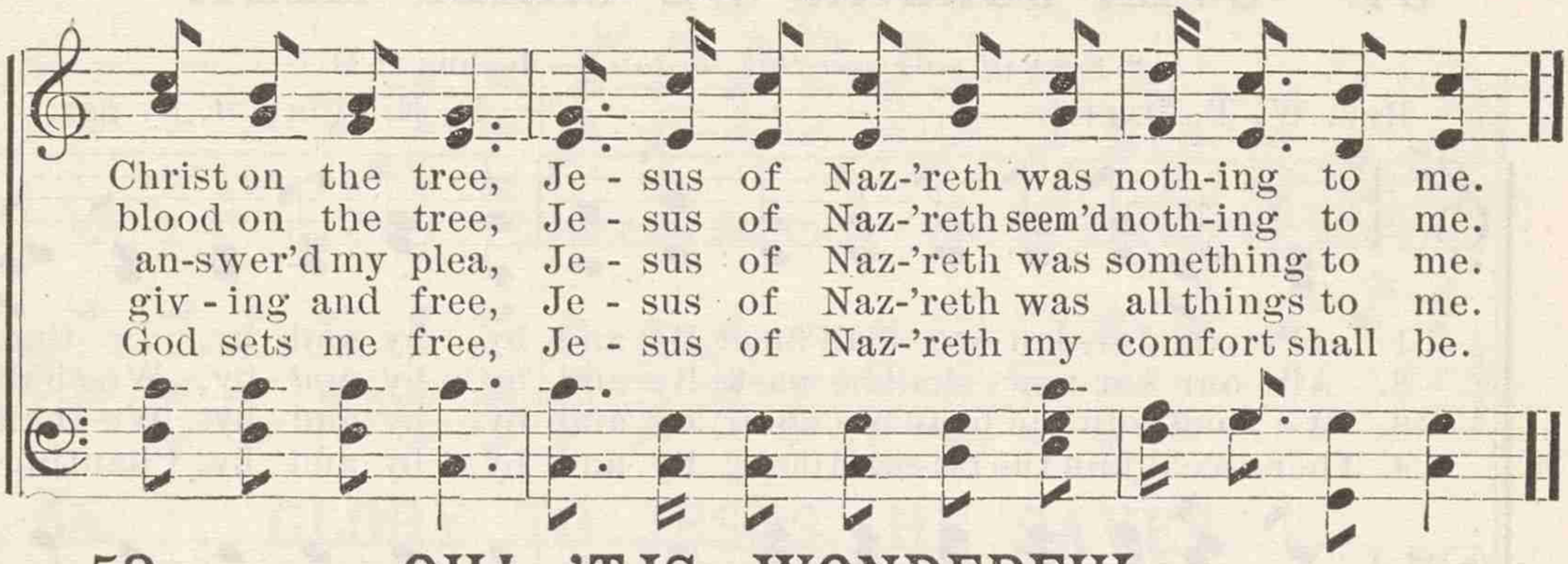
REFRAIN.

Naz'reth was nothing to me. Was nothing to me, was nothing to me,
Naz'reth seem'd nothing to me. Seem'd nothing to me, seem'd noth-ing to me,
Naz'reth was something to me. Was something to me, was something to me,
Naz'reth was all things to me. Was all things to me, was all things to me,
Naz'reth my comfort shall be. My comfort shall be, my comfort shall be,

Je - sus of Naz'reth was nothing to me; Tho' friends spoke in rap-ture of
Je - sus of Naz'reth seem'd nothing to me; But e'en when was pict-ur'd the
Je - sus of Naz'reth was something to me; He saw my deep sor-row, He
Je - sus of Naz'reth was all things to me; I drank at the fountain life
Je - sus of Naz'reth my comfort shall be, And while from life's burdens my

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JESUS OF NAZ'RETH.



53. OH! 'TIS WONDERFUL.

"*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*"—1 Tim. 1: 15.

E. A. Barns. Jno. R. Sweney.
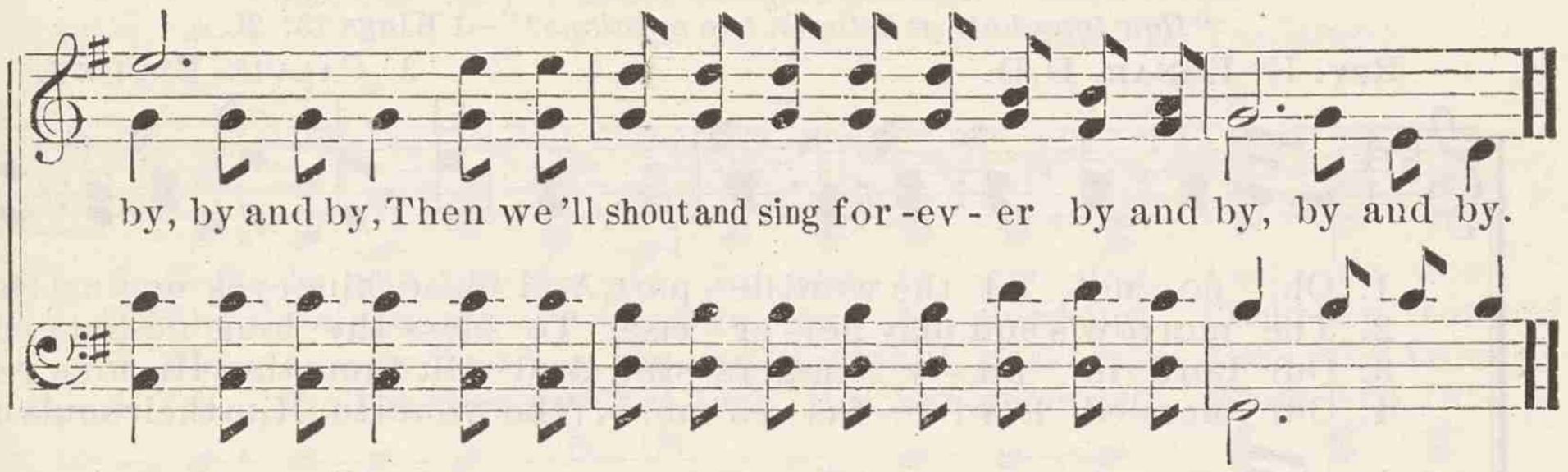
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54. OVER JORDAN WE SHALL MEET.

"Ye shall pass over this Jordan."—Joshua 1: 11.

Rev. W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH, by per.
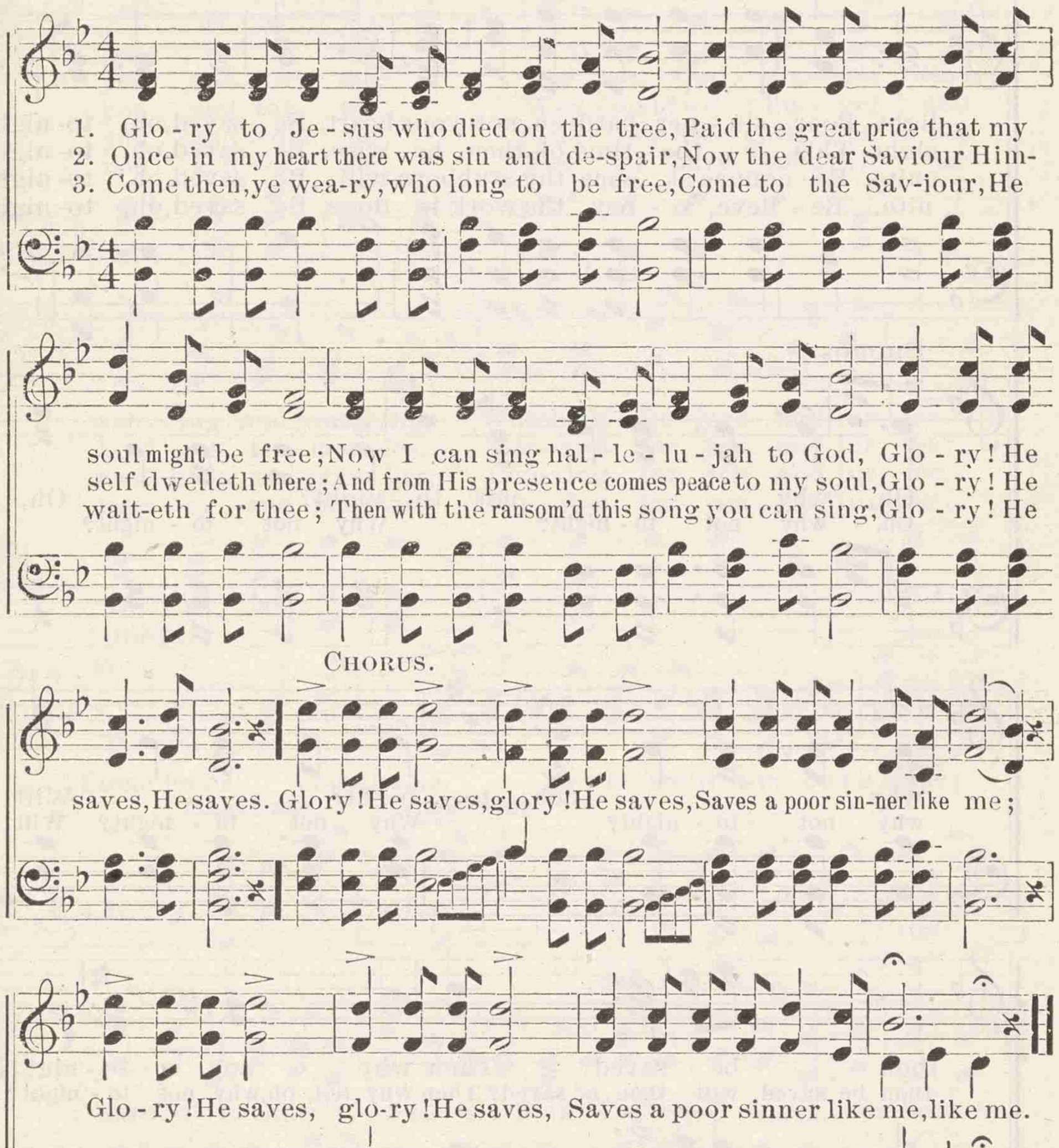
OVER JORDAN WE SHALL MEET.



55. GLORY TO JESUS, HE SAVES.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

P. B. PETER BILHORN, by per.



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56. OH, WHY NOT TONIGHT?

"How long halt ye between two opinions?"—1 Kings 18: 21.

Rev. H. BONAR, D.D. J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

From "Songs for All," by per. of E. T. Pound.

57. SOFTLY AND TENDERLY JESUS IS CALLING.

"Come unto me . . and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Slow.

m

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

you and for me; See on the por - tals He's
you and for me; Why should we lin - ger and
you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing,
you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd He has

wait - ing and watching, Watching for you and for me.
heed not His mer-cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
death-bells are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

m

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;
Come home, come home,

rit.

Earnest-ly, tenderly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

By permission Will L. Thompson and Co., East Liverpool, Ohio, and Chicago, Ill.

58. DON'T DELAY.

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

SALLIE HENCILL. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Time is glid-ing swiftly by, Death and judgment draweth nigh, To the
2. Children, seek the narrow way, Youth and beau-ty soon de - cay, Here you
3. We've responded to the call, Christ redeem'd us from the fall, And we'll

arms of Je - sus fly, Don't de - lay.
have not long to stay, Don't de - lay.
crown Him Lord of all, Don't de - lay.

Oh, you'd bet-ter now de-cide,
Then how sad will be your state,
Per-fect vic - to - ry have we,

don't de-lay,

Mer-cy's door is o - pen wide, Quickly turn from sin's dark tide, Don't delay.
If you're left out-side the gate, And you hear the cry, "too late!" Don't delay.
Thro' the blood of Cal - va - ry, And from sin our souls are free, Don't delay.

CHORUS.

Don't de - lay, Don't de - lay,

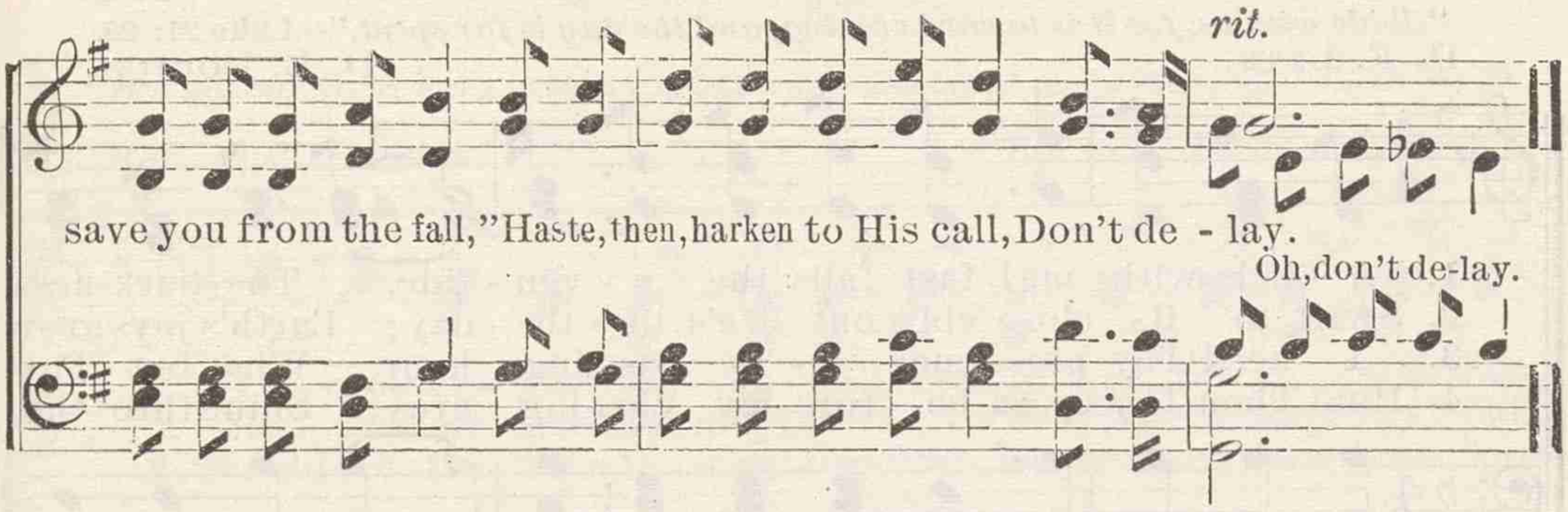
Don't de-lay, but come to Je-sus, Don't de- lay for He will save you. Children,

Jesus now is calling, Don't de-lay. Yes, He cries to one and all, "I will!

Don't delay,

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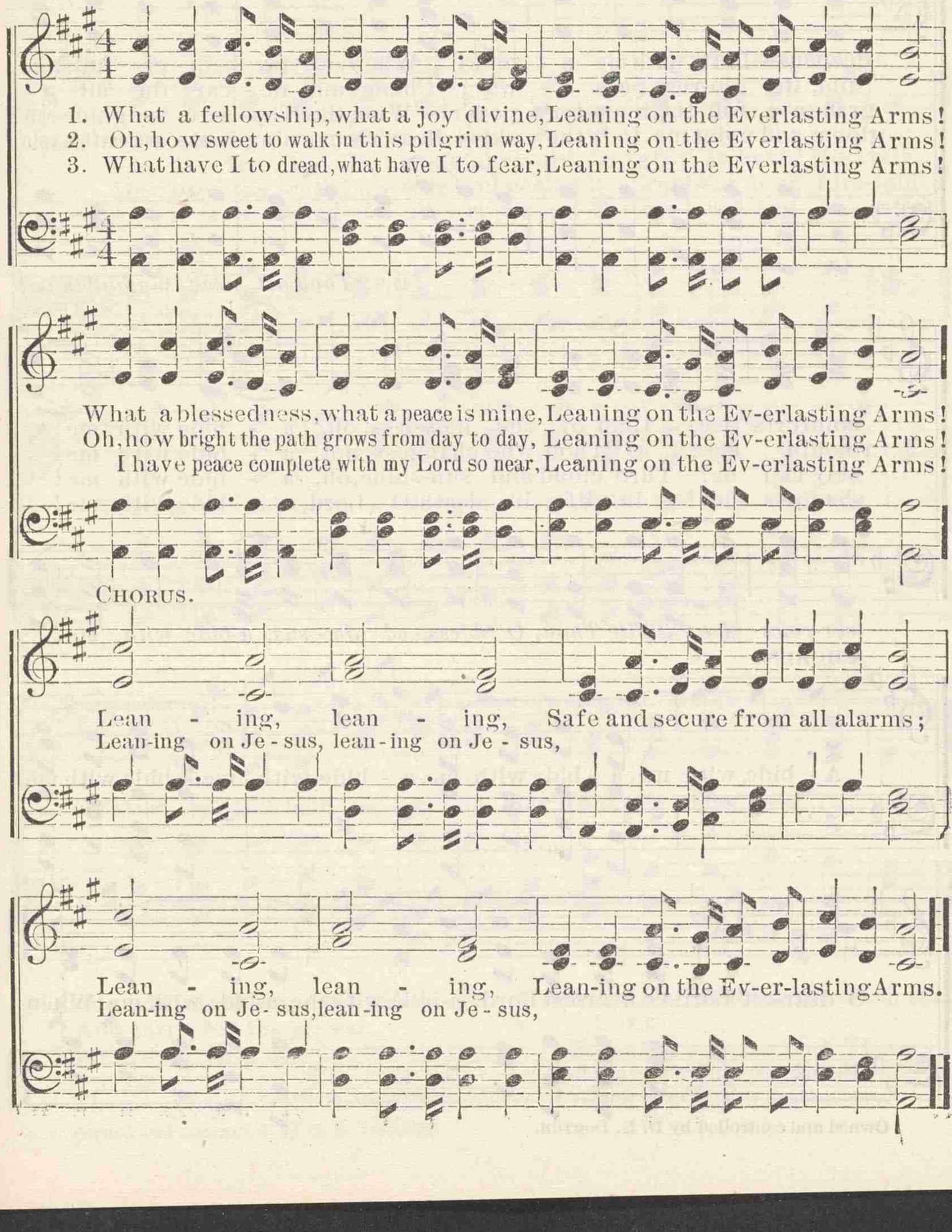
DON'T DELAY.



59. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

"*Underneath are the everlasting arms.*"—Deut. 33: 27.
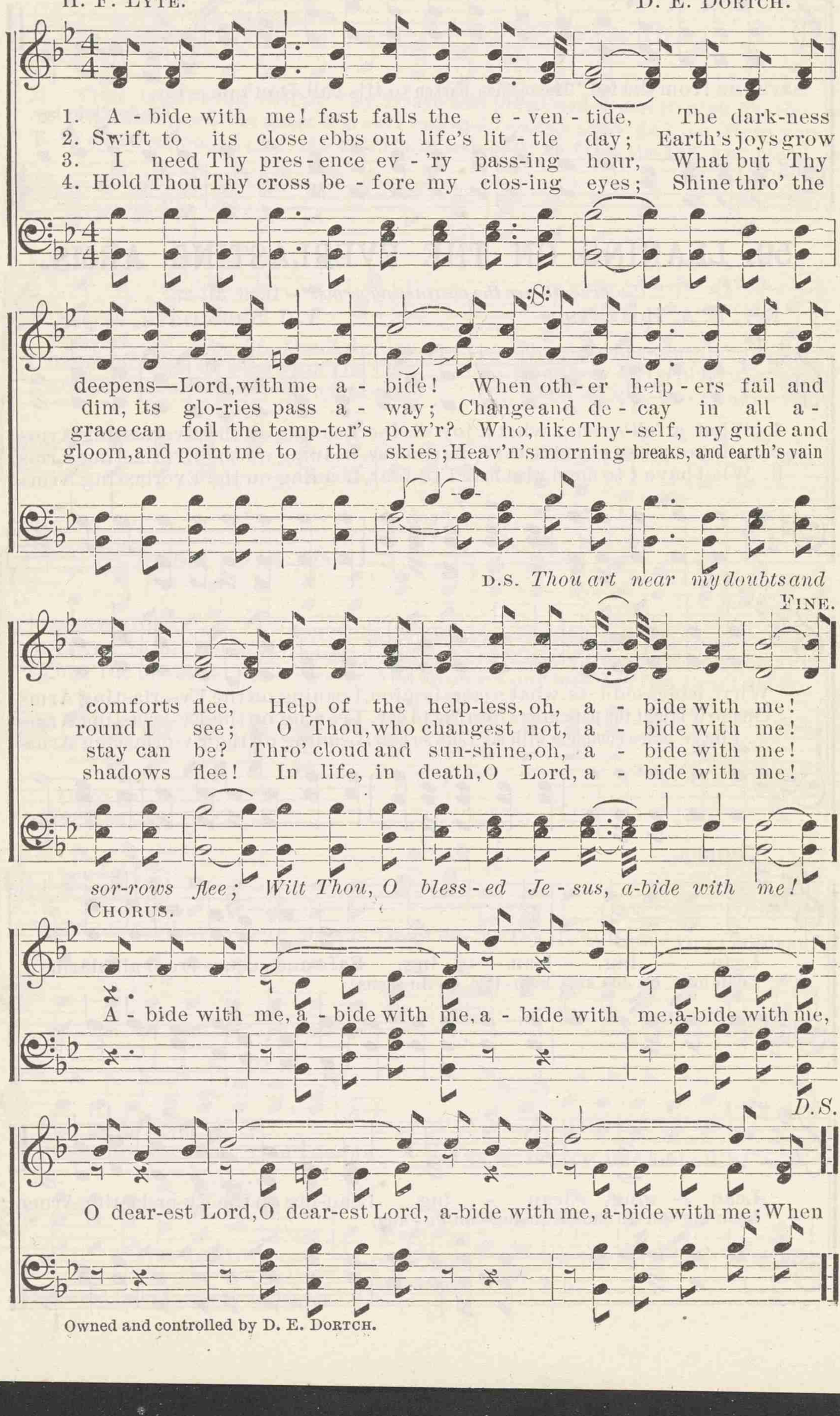
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



60. ABIDE WITH ME.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."—Luke 24: 29.

H. F. LYTE. D. E. DORTCH.
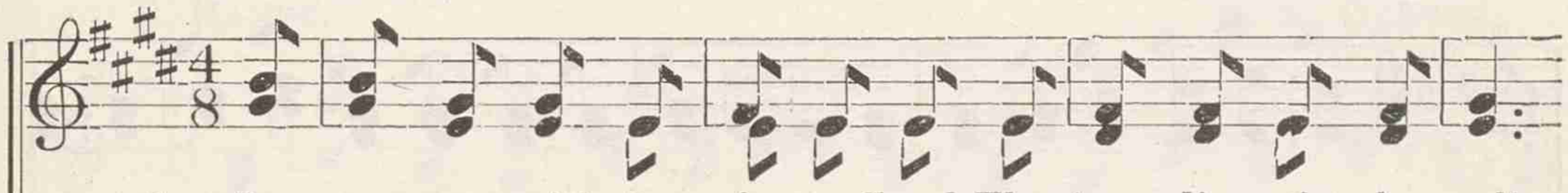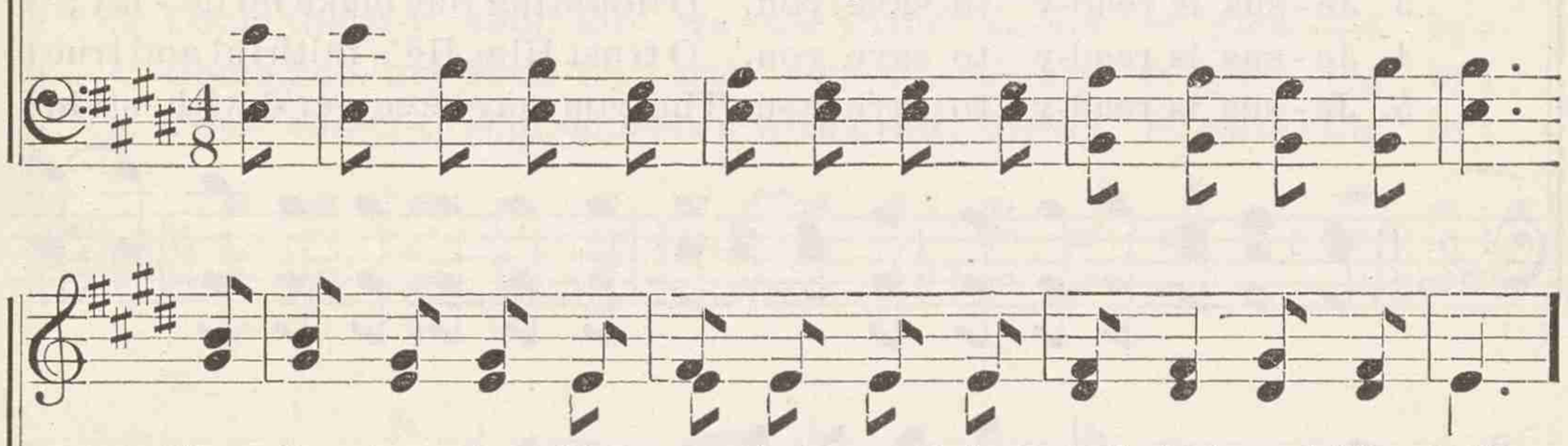


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61. THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

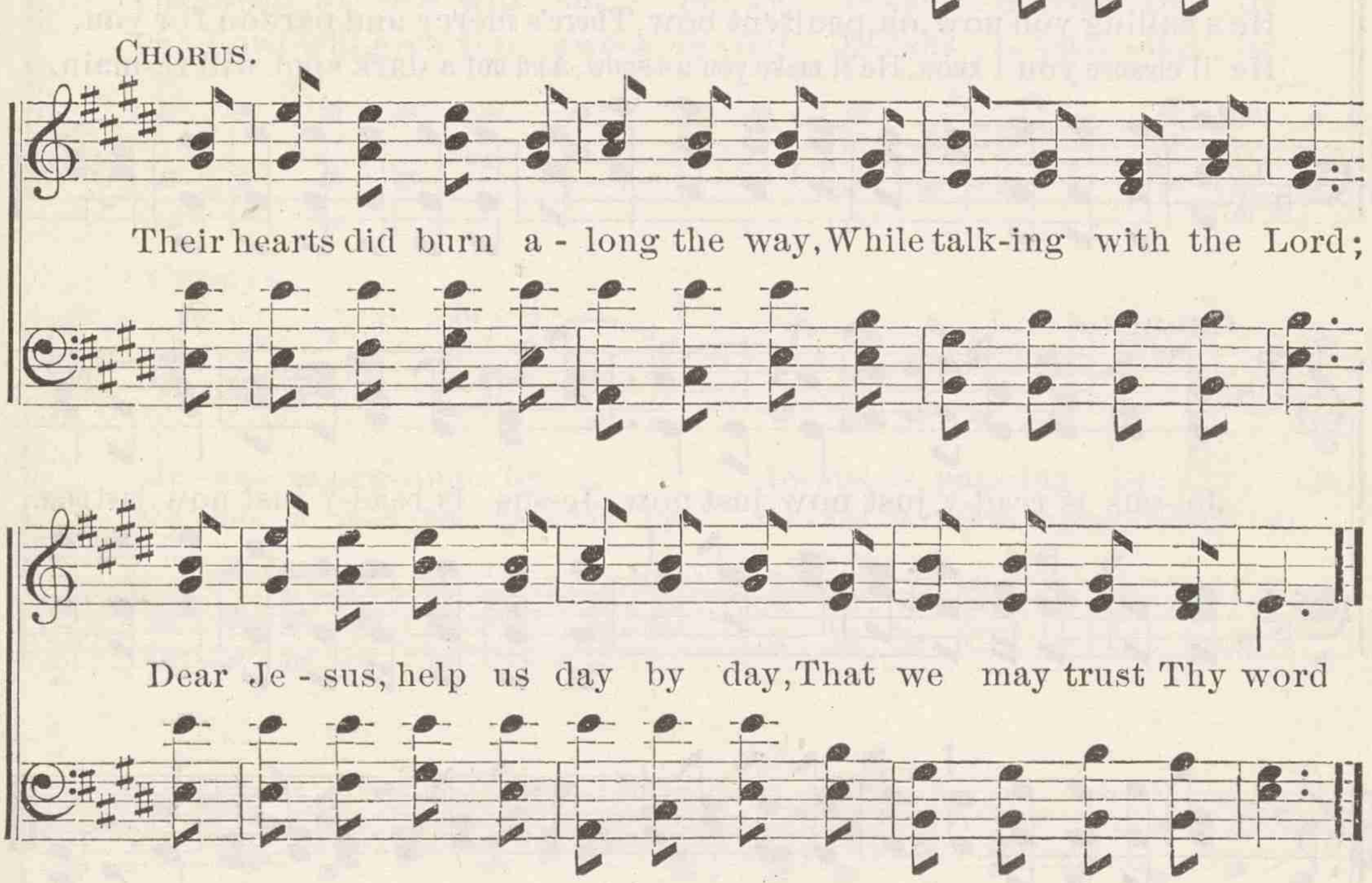
"*Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way.*"—Luke 24: 32.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.





CHORUS.



4 Abide with us at eve, they said,
And tarry for the night;
They knew Him as He broke the bread,
Then vanished from their sight.
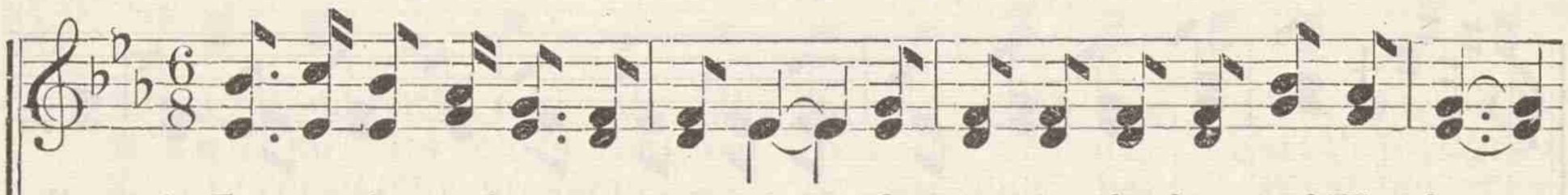
5 Grant, Lord, that we the truth may learn,
From intercourse with Thee;
And make our hearts within us burn,
When we Thy beauties see.

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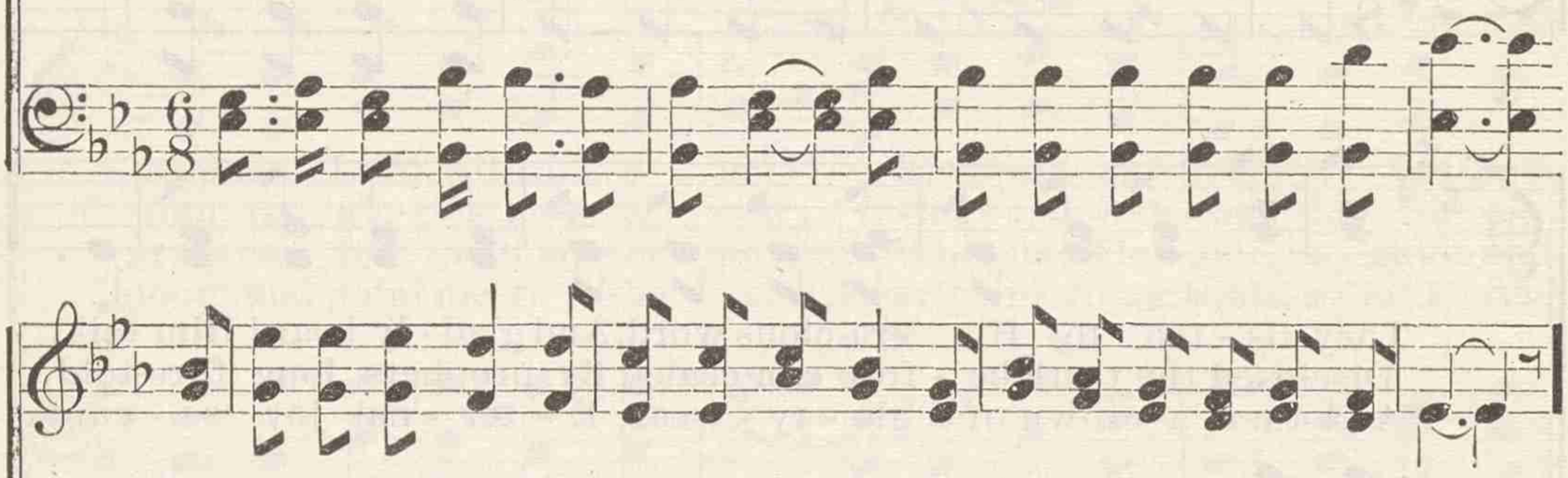
62. JESUS IS READY TO SAVE YOU.

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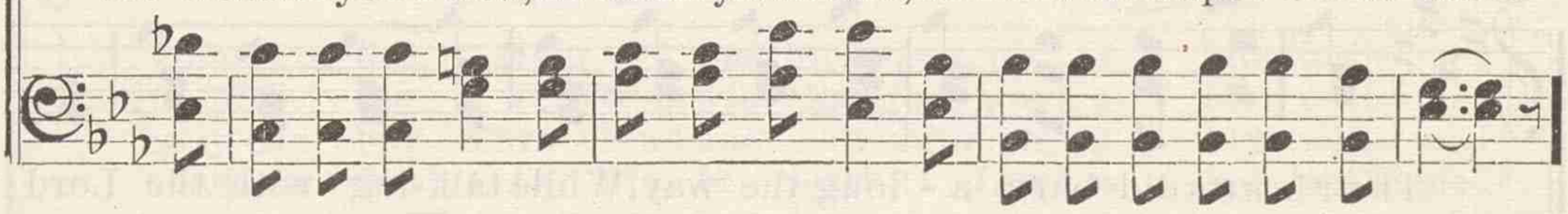
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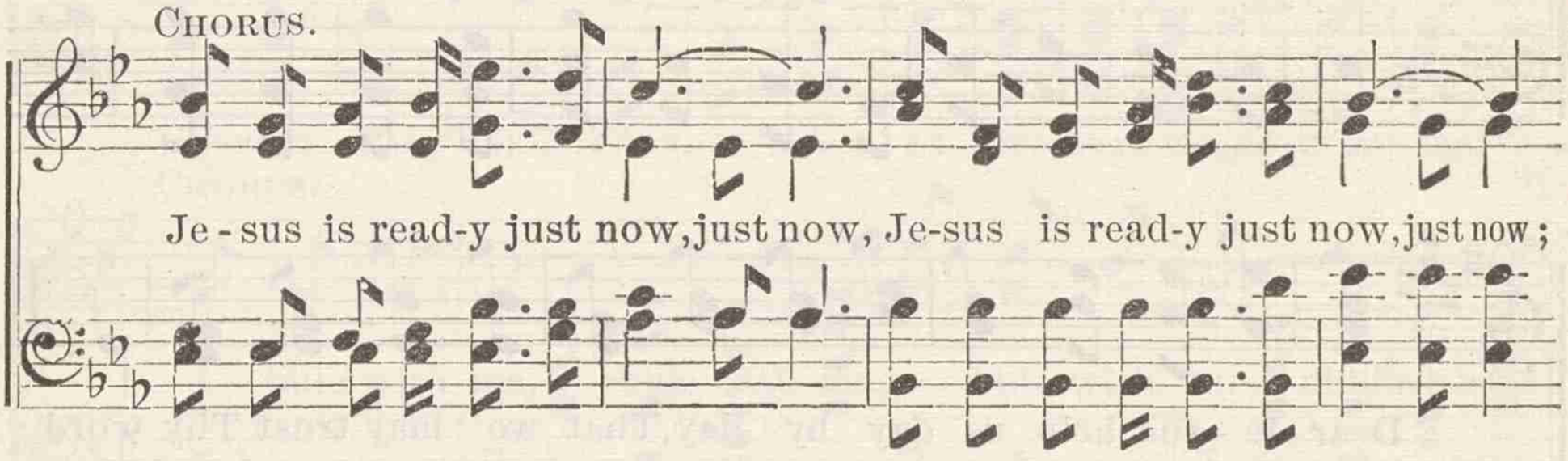


1. Je-sus is read-y to save you, O come to the fount of His love;
2. Je-sus is read-y to save you, O hear Him say "Come un-to Me;"
3. Je-sus is read-y to save you, O doubting one make no de-lay;
4. Je-sus is read-y to save you, O trust Him, He's faithful and true;
5. Je-sus is read-y to save you, Tho' you may be cov-er'd with stain;
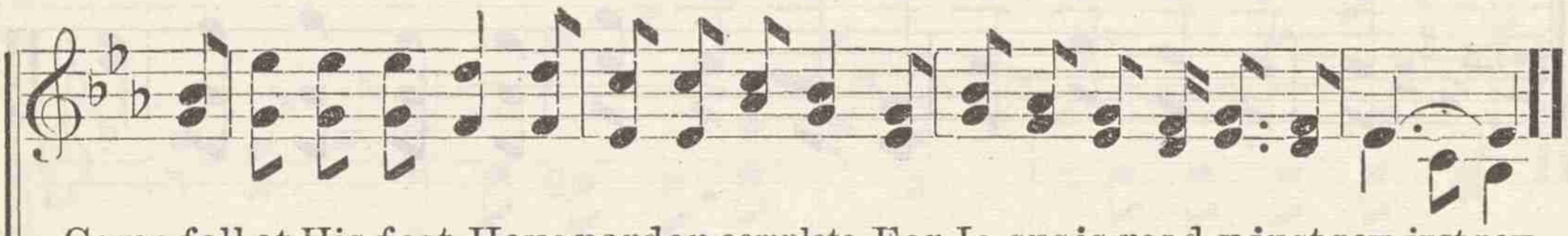


The wa-ter is free, 'T is flowing for thee, It issues from heaven a-bove.
Come, lean on His breast, He'll give you sweet rest, And make your soul happy and free.
If you will believe, His precepts receive, He'll take all your sorrow away.
He's calling you now, oh, penitent bow, There's mercy and pardon for you.
He 'll cleanse you I know, He'll make you as snow, And not a dark spot will re-main.
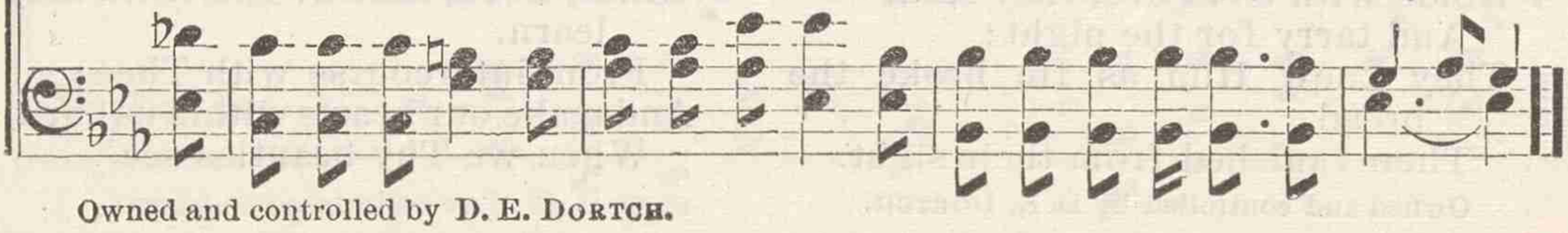


CHORUS.



Je-sus is read-y just now, just now, Je-sus is read-y just now, just now;



Come fall at His feet, Have pardon complete, For Je-sus is read-y just now, just now.
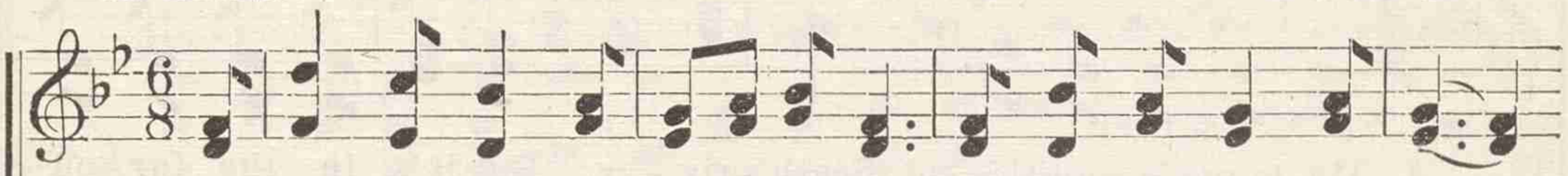


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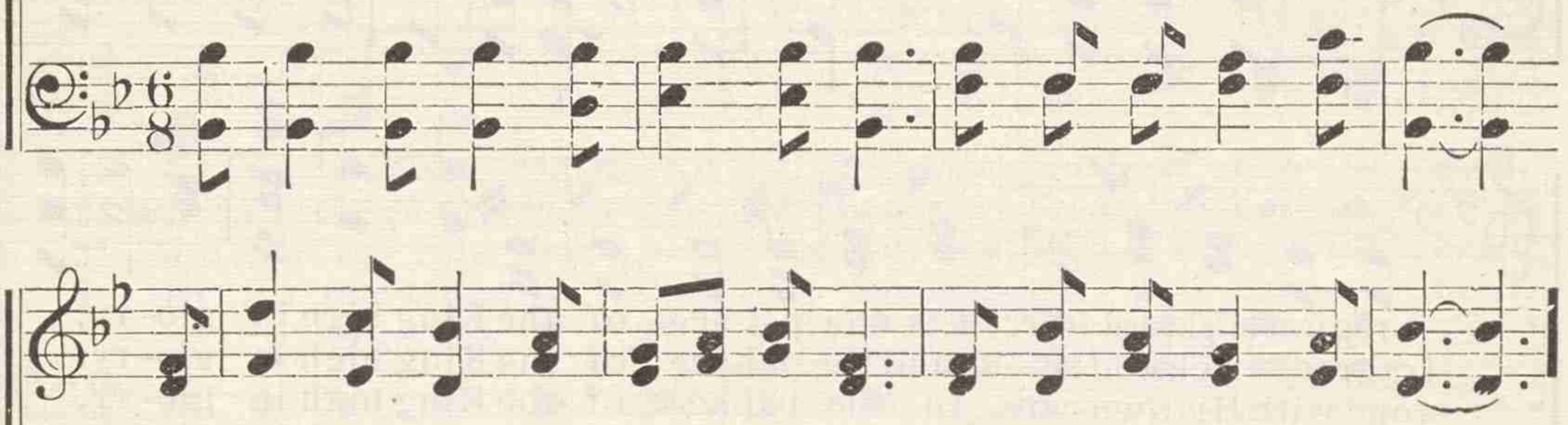
63. JESUS IS PASSING BY.

"*He was to pass that way.*"—Luke 19: 4.
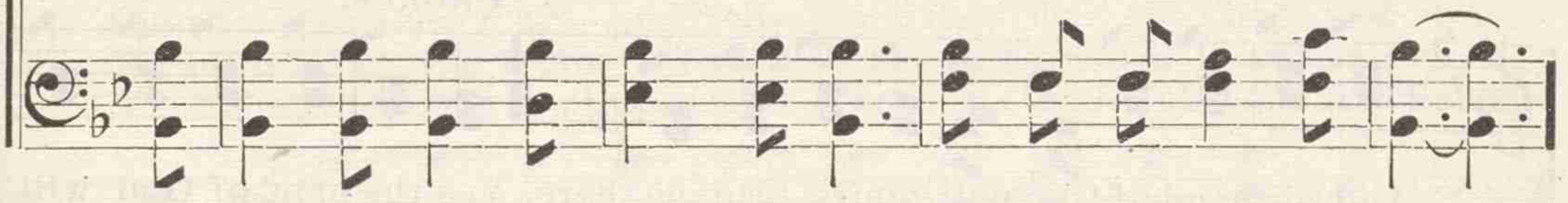
E. HANKS. D. E. DORTCH.
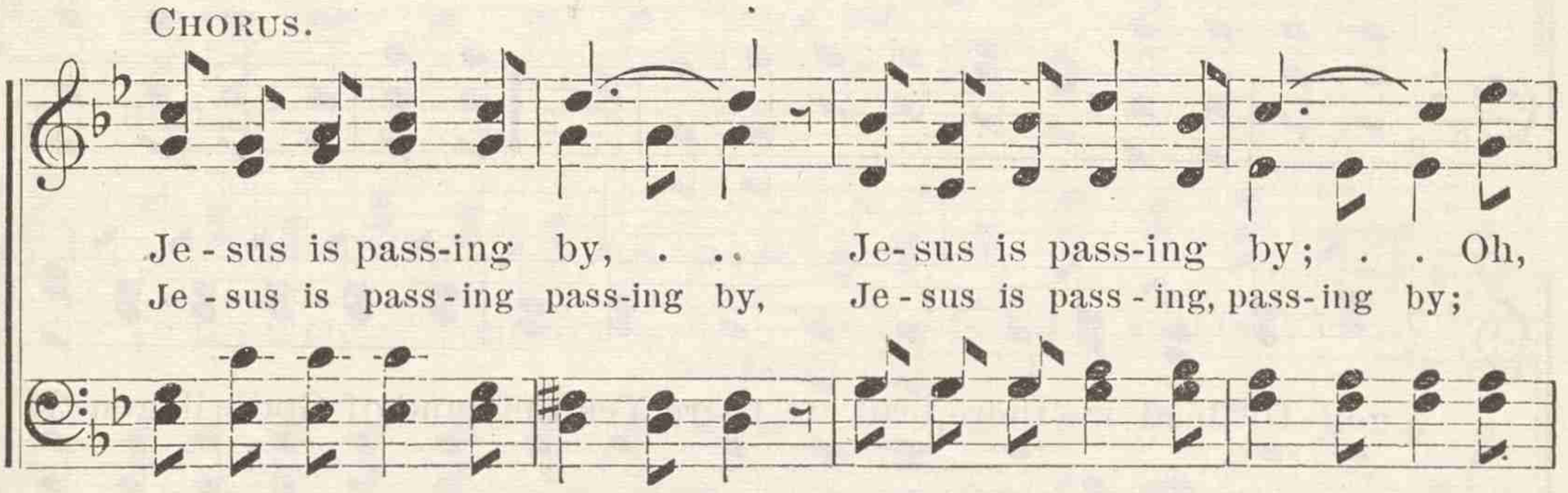


1. Come, wea - ry soul, for you there's rest, Je-sus is pass - ing by;
2. Come, bur-den'd soul, with all your care, Je-sus is pass - ing by;
3. Come, thirst-y soul, the wa - ter 's free, Je-sus is pass - ing by;
4. Come, hun- gry soul, ob - tain sup-ply, Je-sus is pass - ing by;
5. Come, con-trite soul, oppress'd with grief, Je-sus is pass - ing by;
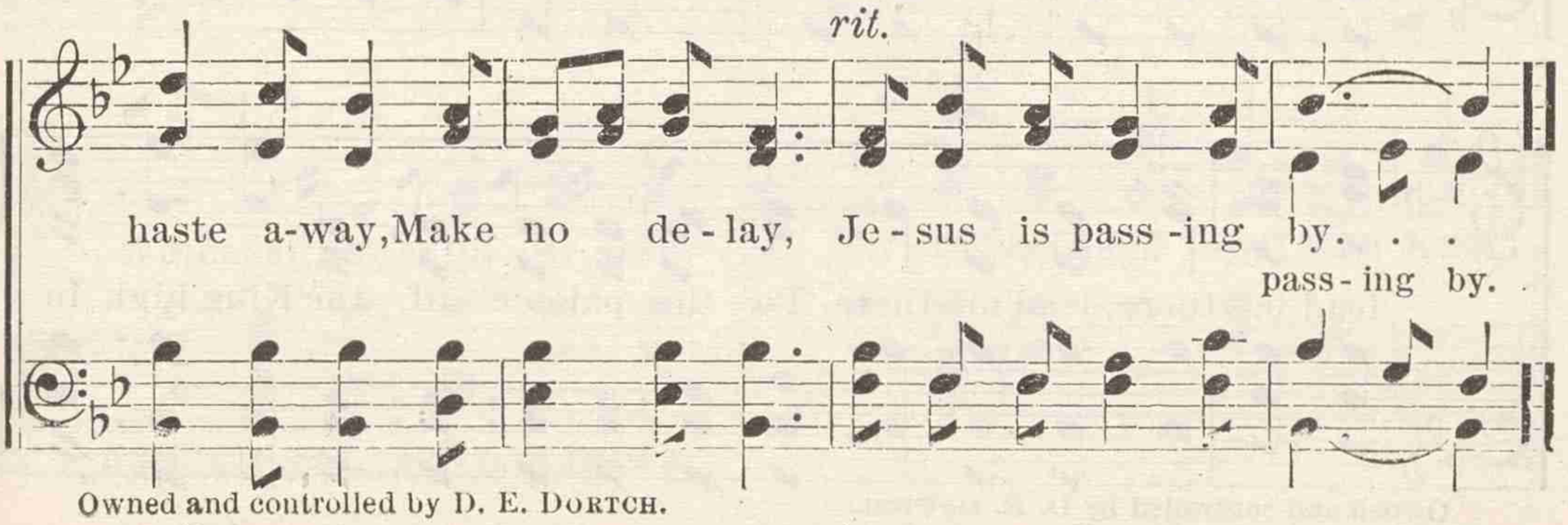


Come lean your head on Je - sus' breast, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
Your hea - vy cross-es He will bear, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
The fountain 's fill'd from Cal - va - ry, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
The bread of life will sat - is - fy, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
The Lord will give you sweet re - lief, Je - sus is pass - ing by.



CHORUS.



Je - sus is pass-ing by, . . . Je-sus is pass-ing by; . . Oh,
Je - sus is pass - ing pass-ing by, Je - sus is pass - ing, pass-ing by;



rit.

haste a-way, Make no de - lay, Je - sus is pass -ing by. . .
pass - ing by.

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64. MY HOME.

"Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 13: 14.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.
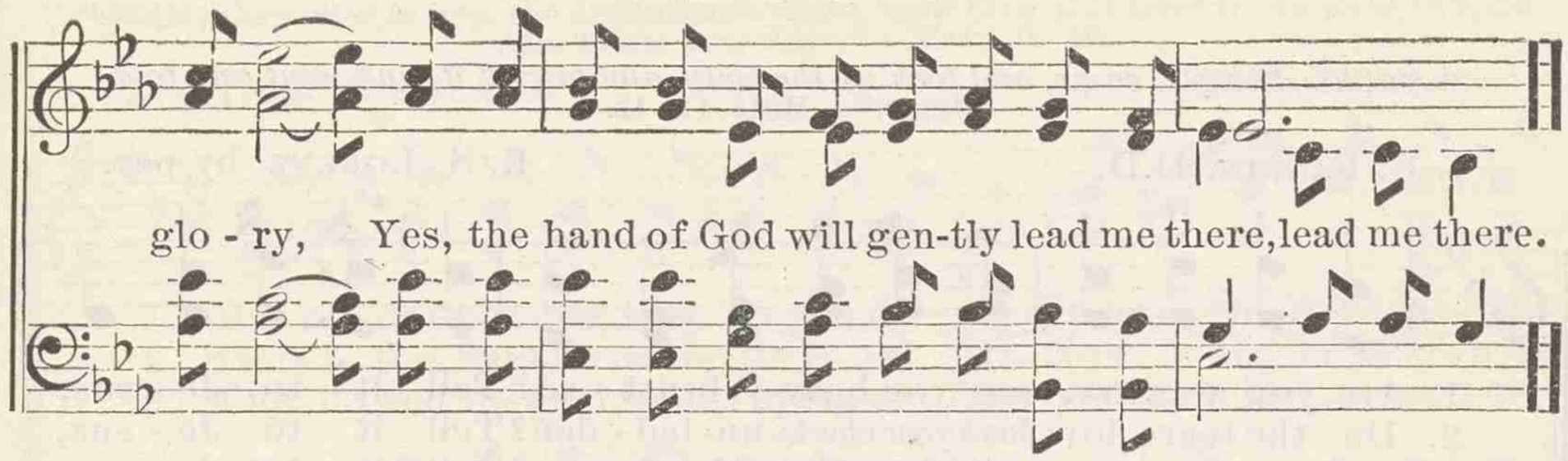
1. My home is not this side death's riv - er, But it's in the far - off region bright and fair, 'T is the pal-ace of the King high in glo- ry,
2. My home is not a - mong the bri - ars, But the ro - ses bloom with fragrance rich and rare, Round the pal-ace of the King high in glo- ry,
3. My home is not of hu - man build-ing, But my Father placed each stone with His own care, In the pal-ace of the King high in glo- ry,
4. My home is not a place of sor - row, But the songs of joy and gladness fill the air, Of the pal-ace of the King high in glo- ry,

CHORUS.

And the hand of God will gently lead me there. Yes, the hand of God will gen - tly lead me there, lead me there, Yes, the hand of God will gen-tly lead me there, lead me there, To the pal-ace of the King high in

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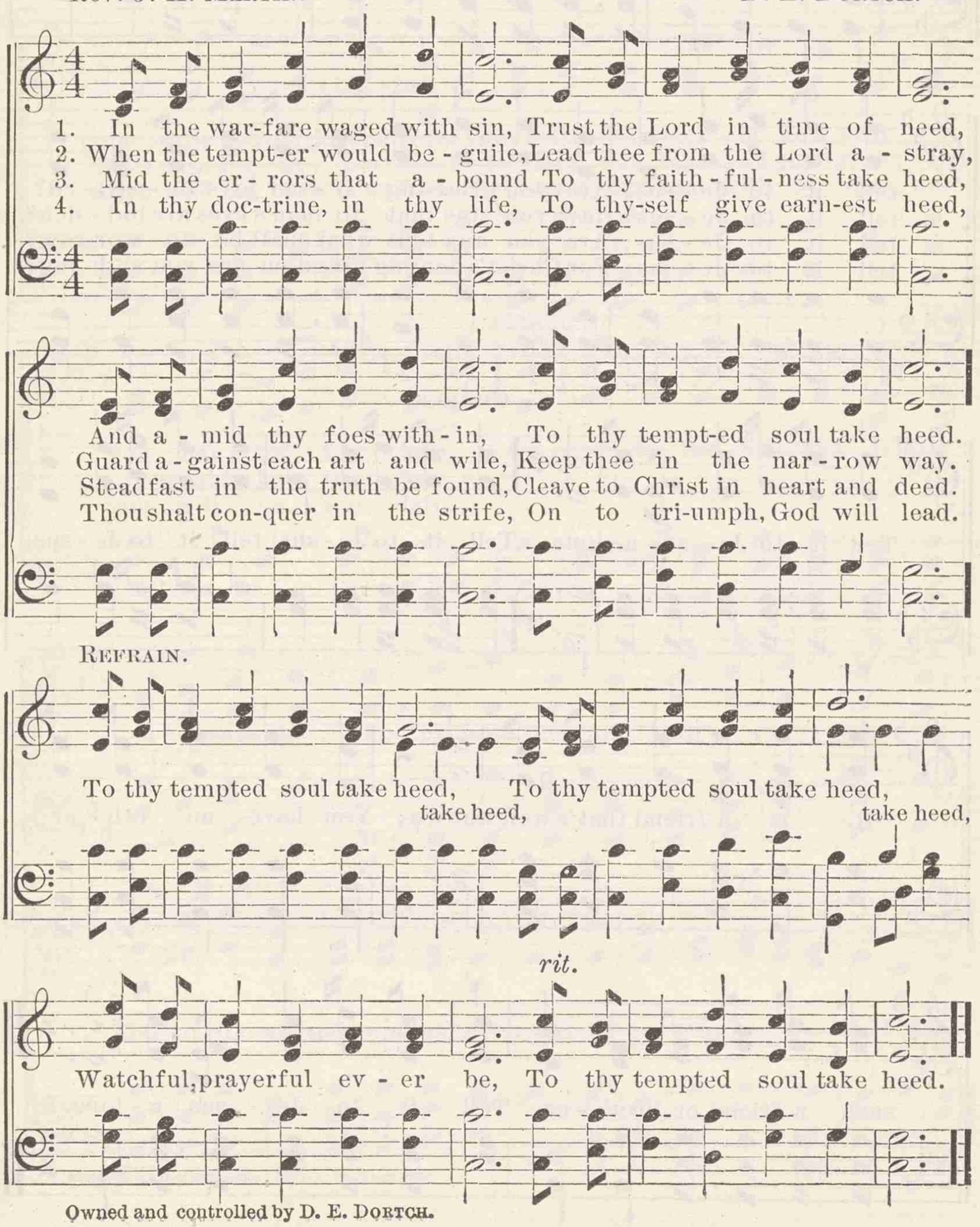
MY HOME.



65. TAKE HEED.

"*Take heed unto thyself.*"—1 Tim. 4: 14.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

66. TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

"*And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus.*"—Matt. 14: 12.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. E. S. LORENZ, by per.

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

tell it to Je-sus; Are you griev-ing o-ver joys de-part-ed?
tell it to Je-sus; Have you sins that to man's eyes are hid-den?
tell it to Je-sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor-row?
tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's 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.

67. YOU MAY BE TOO LATE.

"While they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage."—Matt. 25: 10.

Arr. from KINGSLAND. D. E. DORTCH,

1. Sin-ner, dear sin-ner, why do you de - lay? Come to the Sav-iour, oh,
2. Haste to the Saviour, while He is yet nigh, Now is the moment, while
3. Why do you lin-ger? time's flying so fast, Soon your last moment on

come while you may; Turn from your folly, for mer - cy now pray, Or
He 's pass-ing by; Do not re-ject Him for fear you should die, Then
earth will be past, Then from His presence your soul will be cast, For

CHORUS.

you may be too late. Oh, come to the Sav-iour, if you 'd
it would be too late
you will be too late.

al - ways be Hap - py both now and thro' e - ter - ni - ty;

List to His call, and come while you may, Or you may be too late, too late.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

68. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

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

Rev. W. W. WALFORD. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, . . . sweet hour of prayer, . . That calls me
2. Sweet hour of prayer, . . . sweet hour of prayer, . . Thy wings shall
3. Sweet hour of prayer, . . . sweet hour of prayer, . . May I thy

from a world of care, And bids me at . . . . my Fa-ther's
my pe - ti - tion bear To Him whose truth . . . and faith-ful-
con - so - la - tion share, Till, from Mount Pis - - - gah's loft - y
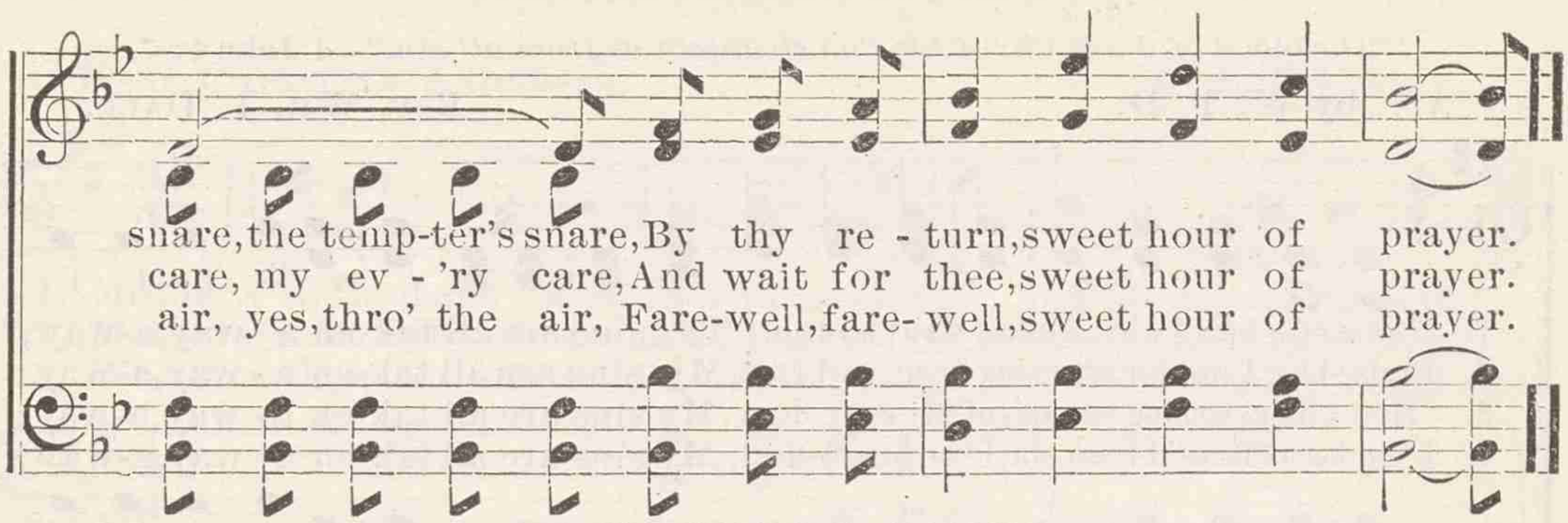
throne, my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known;
ness, and faith-ful - ness, En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
height, its loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;

In sea-sons of . . . . dis-tress and grief, . . . My soul has
And since He bids . . . . me seek His face, . . . Be-lieve His
This robe of flesh . . . . I'll drop and rise . . . . To seize the

oft - en found re - lief; And oft es - caped . . . the tempter's
word, and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him . . . my ev - 'ry
ev - er - last - ing prize; And shout while pass - - ing thro' the

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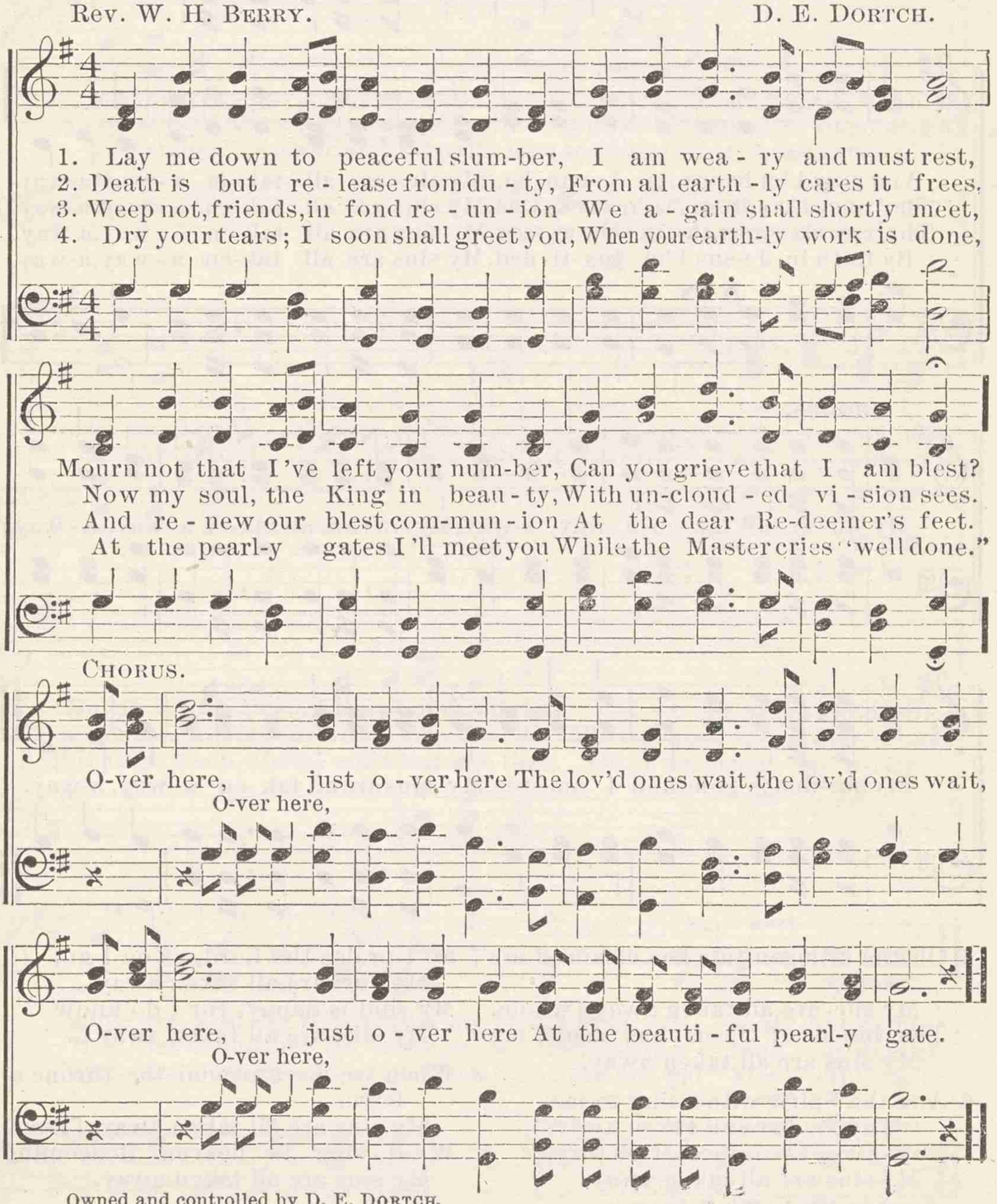
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.



69. A SPIRIT'S ECHO.

FOR FUNERAL SERVICES.

Rev. W. H. BERRY. D. E. DORTCH.
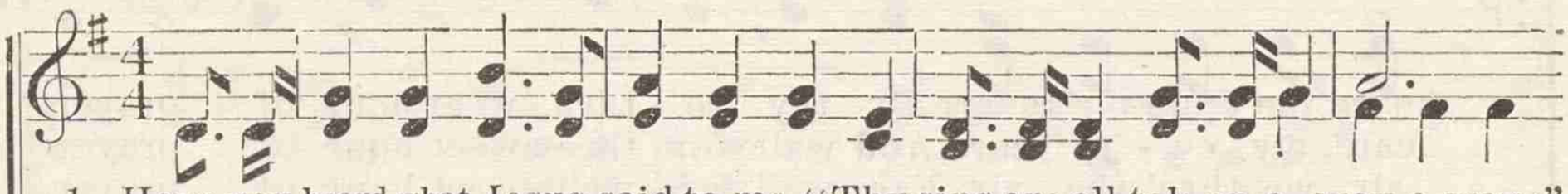


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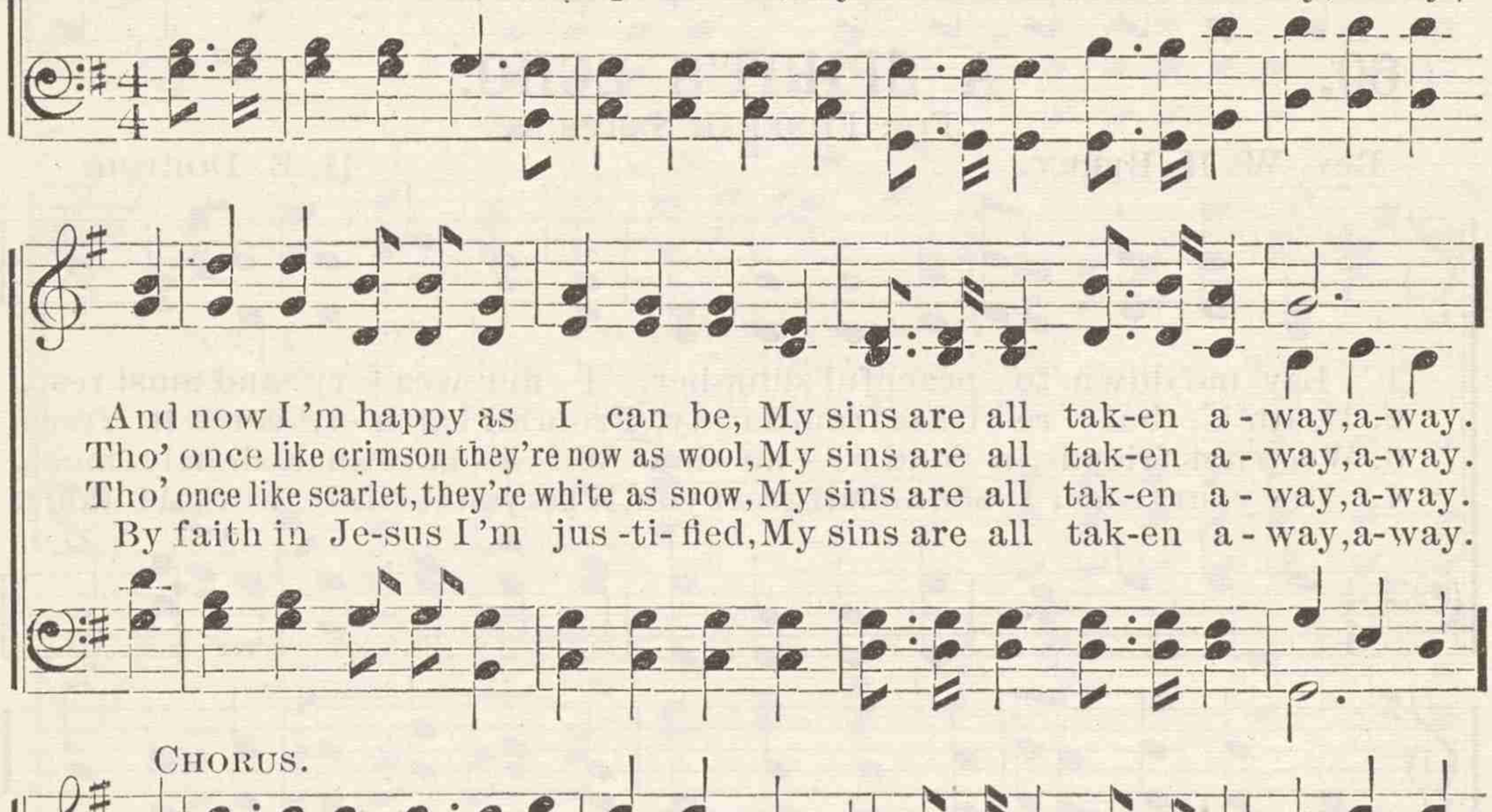
70. MY SINS ARE ALL TAKEN AWAY.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

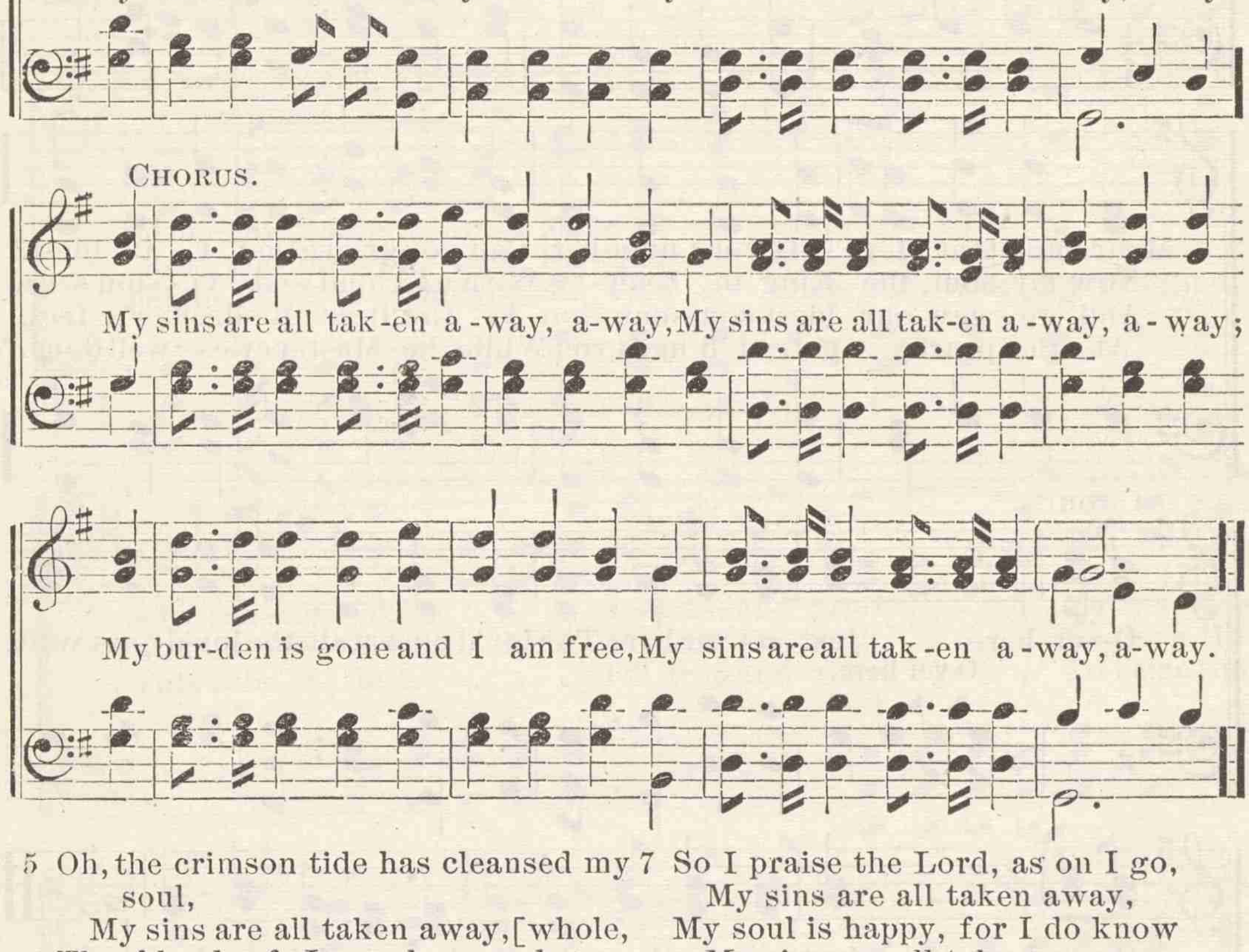
Arr. by W. T. D. Rev. Wm. T. Dale.



1. Have you heard what Jesus said to me, "Thy sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way;"
2. Praise the Lord for grace so free and full, My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way;
3. See the cleansing streams of Mer-cy flow, My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way;
4. I've been cleans'd from sin, I'm pu-ri-fied, My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way;

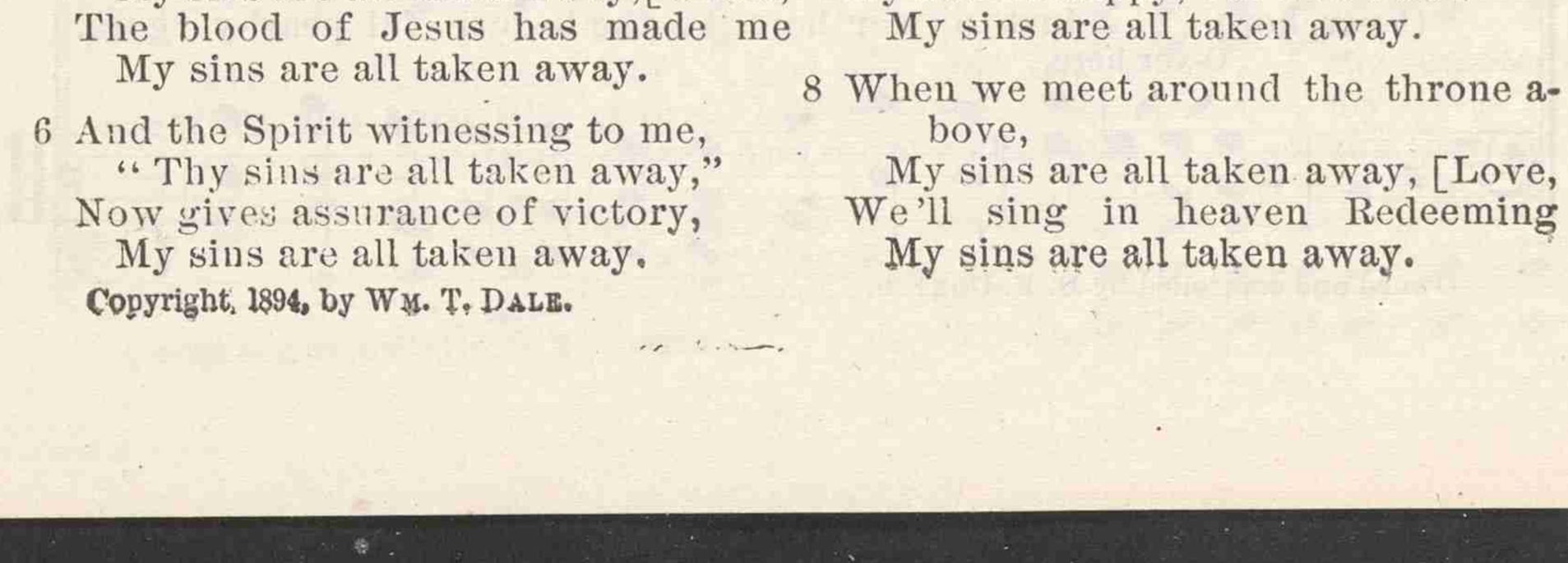


And now I'm happy as I can be, My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way.
Tho' once like crimson they're now as wool, My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way.
Tho' once like scarlet, they're white as snow, My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way.
By faith in Je-sus I'm jus-ti-fied, My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way.



CHORUS.

My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way, My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way;



My bur-den is gone and I am free, My sins are all tak-en a-way, a-way.

5 Oh, the crimson tide has cleansed my soul,
My sins are all taken away, [whole,
The blood of Jesus has made me
My sins are all taken away.

6 And the Spirit witnessing to me,
"Thy sins are all taken away,"
Now gives assurance of victory,
My sins are all taken away.

7 So I praise the Lord, as on I go,
My sins are all taken away,
My soul is happy, for I do know
My sins are all taken away.

8 When we meet around the throne above,
My sins are all taken away, [Love,
We'll sing in heaven Redeeming
My sins are all taken away.

Copyright, 1894, by Wm. T. Dale.

71. THE DYING CHILD.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Mother, I 'm tired and I would fain be sleeping, Let me repose upon thy
2. Mother, one stands beside me now! and lis-ten! Dost thou not hear the music's
3. Why dost thou clasp me as if I were go-ing? Why dost thou press thy cheek thus

bosom seek; But promise me thou wilt leave off weep-ing, Because thy tears fall hot up-
sweet accord? See how his white wings beauti-ful-ly glisten? Surely those wings were giv'n
un-to mine? Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing:—I will, dear mother, will be

on my cheek. Here it is cold; the tempest rav-eth mad-ly;
by our Lord! Green, gold, and red are floating all a-round me:
al-ways thine! Do not sigh thus: it marreth my re-joic-ing;

But in my dreams all is so won'drous bright; I see the angel children
They are the flowers the angel scat-ter-eth. Shall I have also wings whilst
And if thou weep, then I must weep with thee. Oh, I am tired; my weary

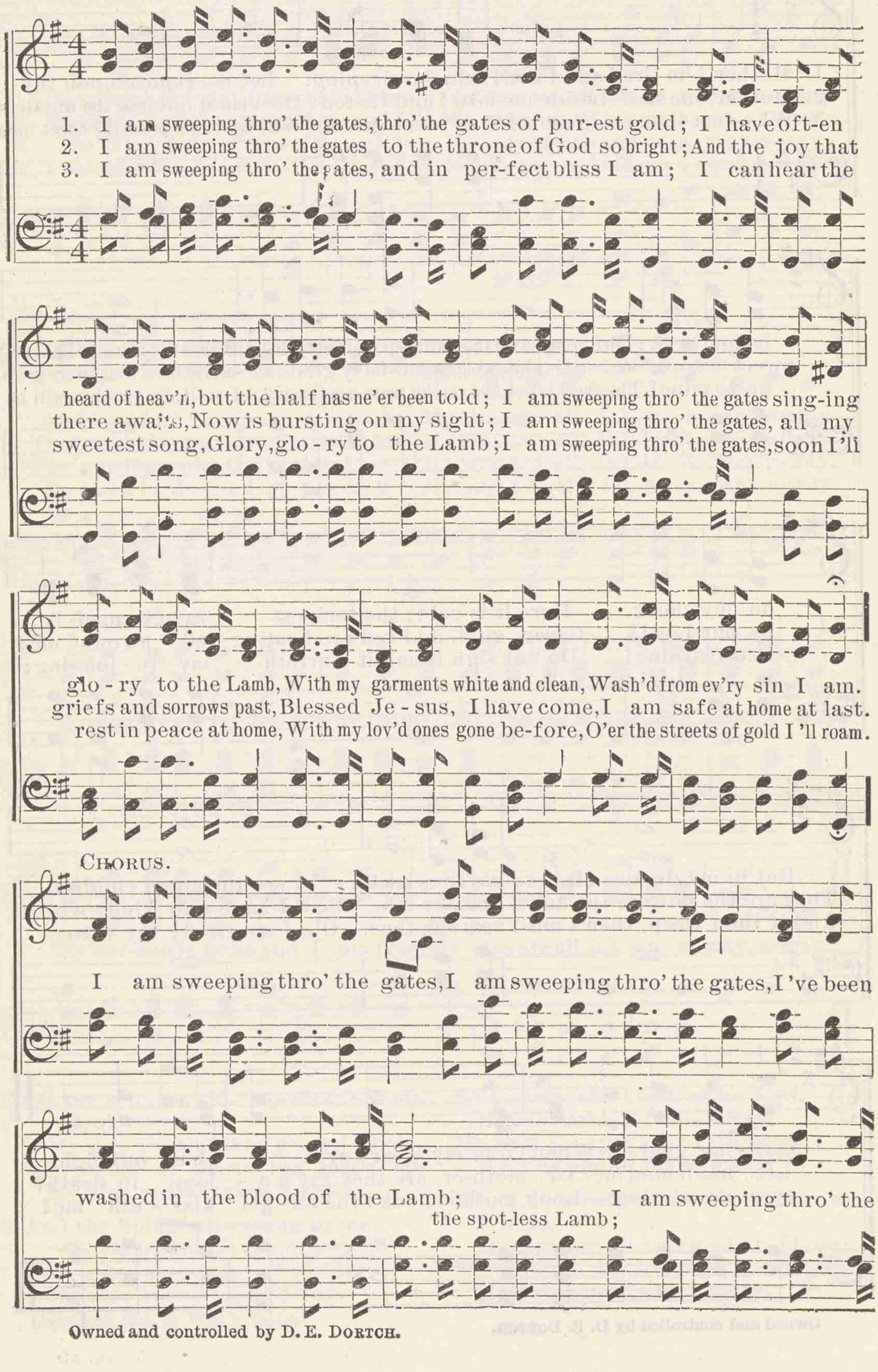
smil-ing glad-ly When from my weary eyes I shut out light.
life has bound me? Or moth-er, are they giv'n a-lone in death?
eyes are closing,—Look, moth-er, look! the an-gel kiss-eth me!

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72. I AM SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

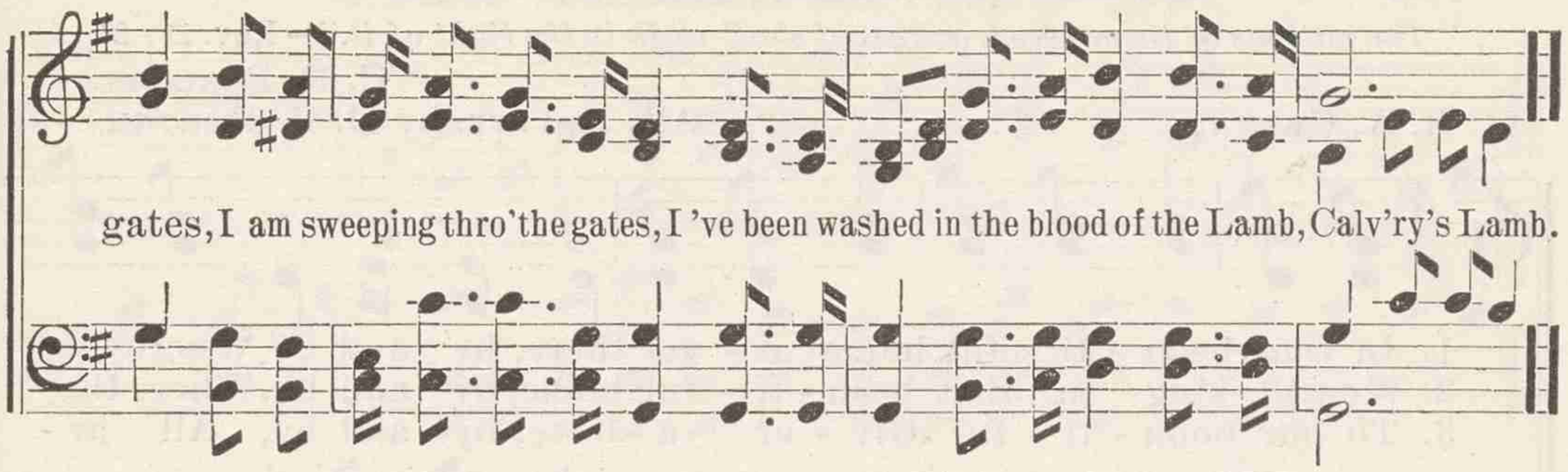
"I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb."—Last words of the Rev. ALFRED COOKMAN.

Rev. W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH.



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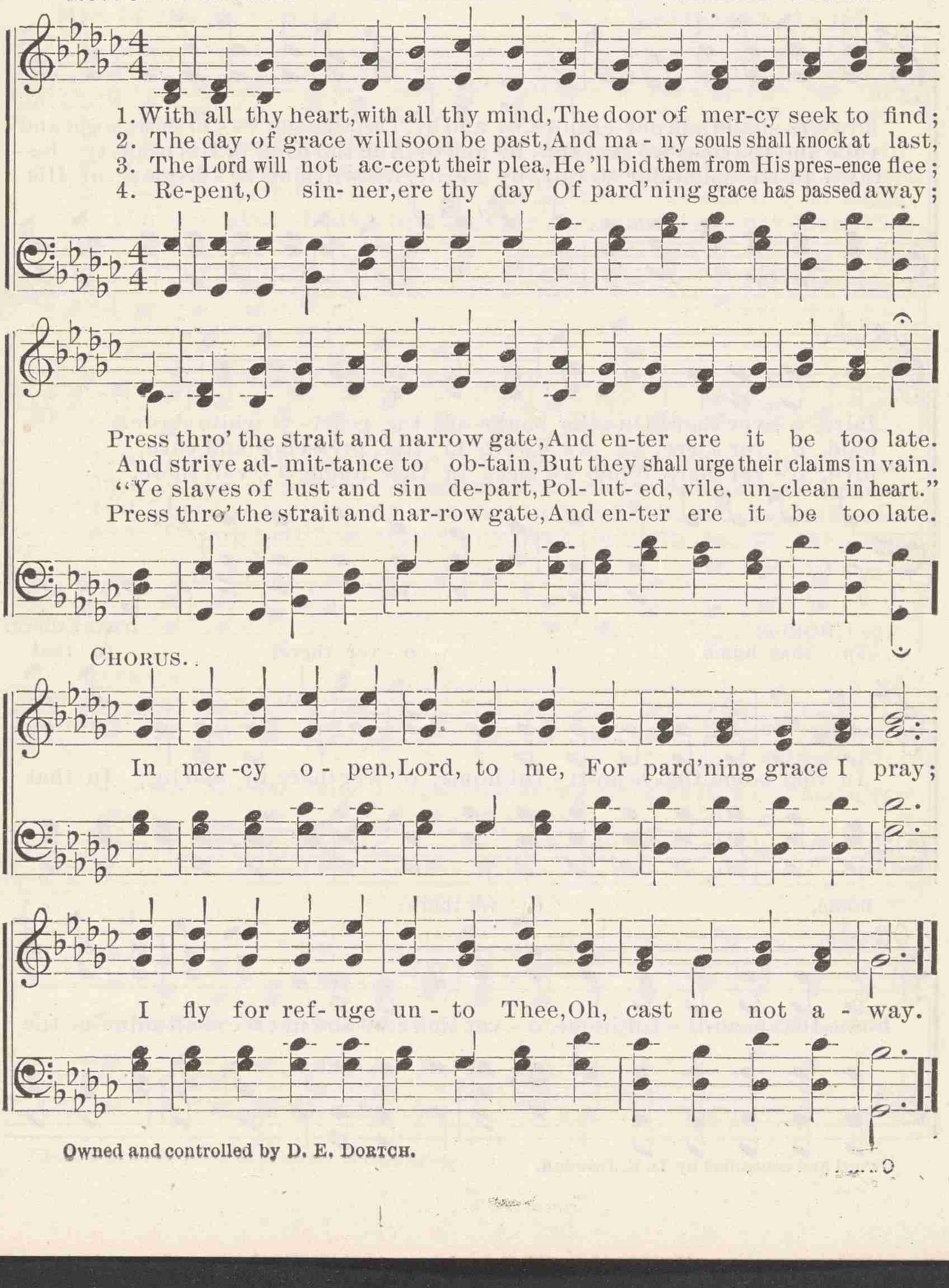
I AM SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.



73. IN MERCY OPEN, LORD, TO ME.

"Open to me the gates of righteousness."—Ps. 118: 19.

Rev. J. H. Martin. William Russell.



Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

74. OVER THERE, BY AND BY.

"The nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it."—Rev. 21: 24.

C. E. POLLOCK.

R. A. GLENN. Alt. and arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. In that beau - ti - ful home o - ver there, by and by, Where the
2. We will sing in that beau - ti - ful home, by and by, Where the
3. To our boun - ti - ful Giv - er a - bove, by and by, All ar -

flow-ers shall fade nev-ermore, by and by, There the sun ev - er shines bright and
robe and the crown we shall wear, by and by, And the King in His beau - ty be -
ray'd in His splen-dor so fair, by and by, We will sing ev - er-more of His
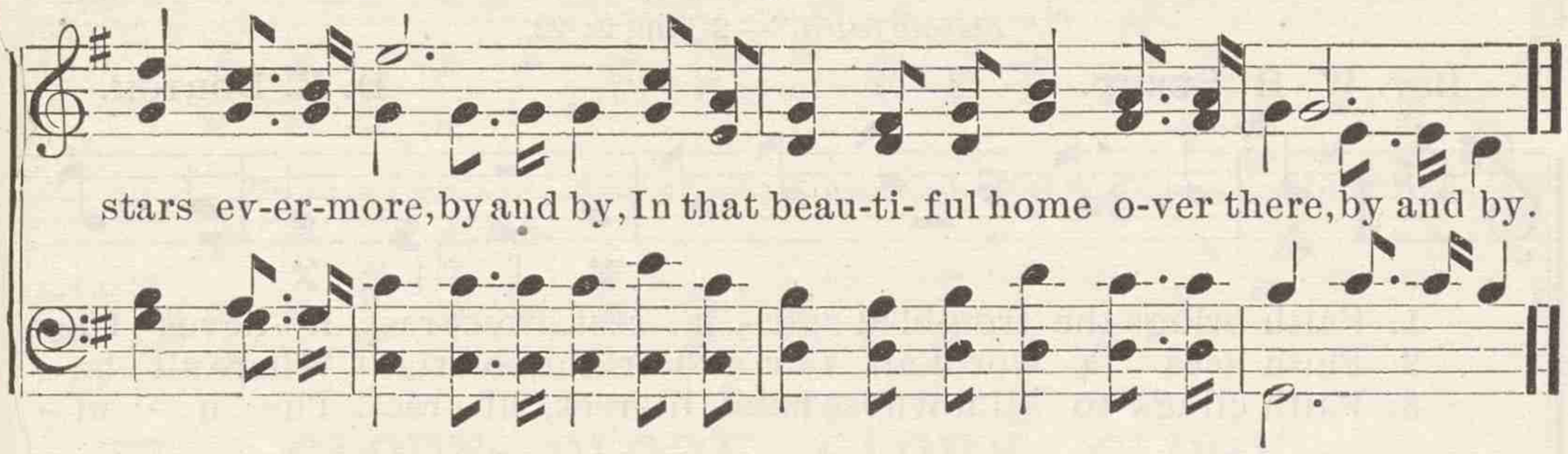
fair, o - ver there, On the banks of the pearl - y white shore.
hold, o - ver there, As we dwell in His pres-ence and care.
love, o - ver there, When we meet in that home o - ver there.

CHORUS.

In that home o - ver there, In that home, that beau-ti - ful home, o - ver there, by and by; In that home, o - ver there; In that home, that beau-ti - ful home, o - ver there, by and by; We shall shine as the

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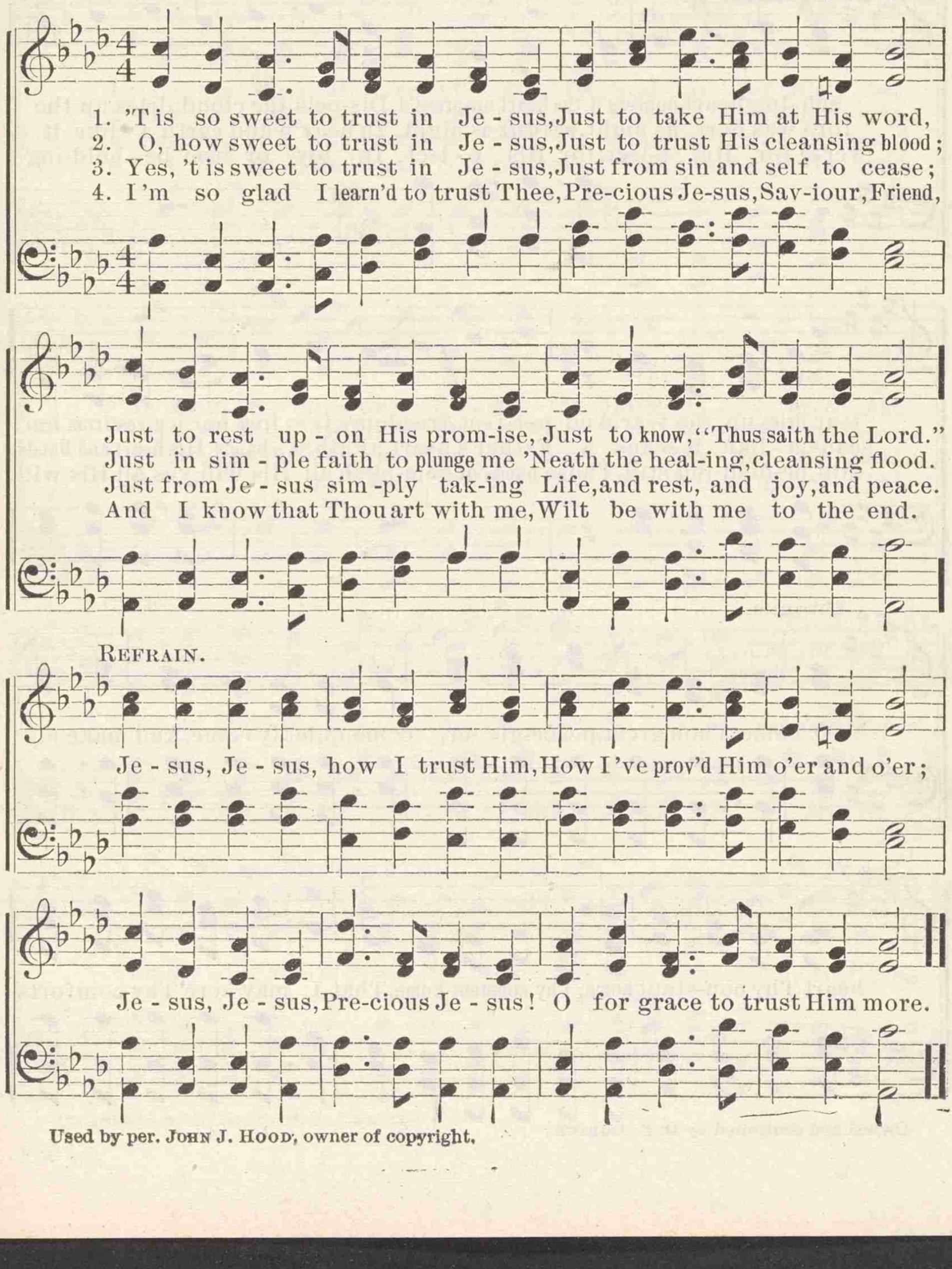
OVER THERE, BY AND BY.



75. 'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

"*In his name shall the Gentiles trust.*"—Matt. 12: 21.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



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76. FAITH'S BLESSINGS.

"*Follow faith.*"—2 Tim. 2: 22.
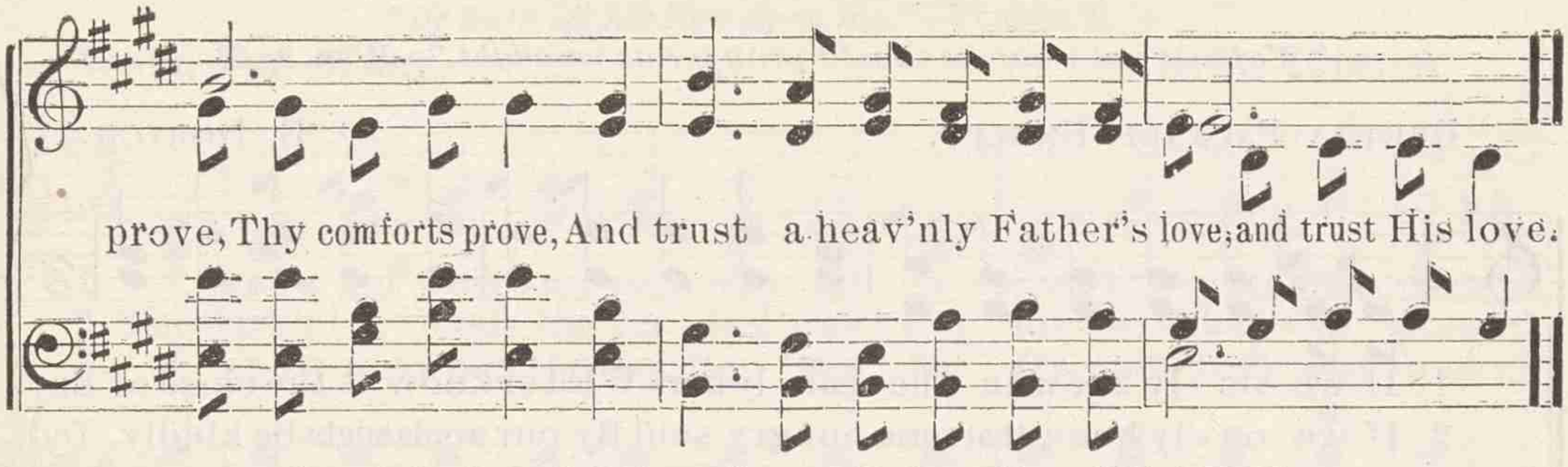
Rev. W. H. BERRY. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Faith brings the trou-bled spir - it rest, sweet rest, Re-lieves the ach -ing heart oppress'd, the heart op-press'd, Dis-pels the cloud, dries up the tear, dries up the tear, And per-fect freedom gives from fear, it gives from fear.
2. Faith sees a world all fair and bright, so bright, Where all be - fore was dark as night, was dark as night, In heav'n and earth a - like it scans, a - like it scans, A Father's heart, a Father's hands, His heart and hands.
3. Faith clings to Him whose hands di-rect, di - rect, The u - ni - verse for His e-lect, for His e - lect, In joy or woe be - hold-ing still, be-hold-ing still, Those hands accom-plish all His will, yes, all His will.

CHORUS.

O come, Thou great peace-giv -er, come, quickly come, And make my heart Thy con-stant home, Thy constant home, That I may here Thy comforts
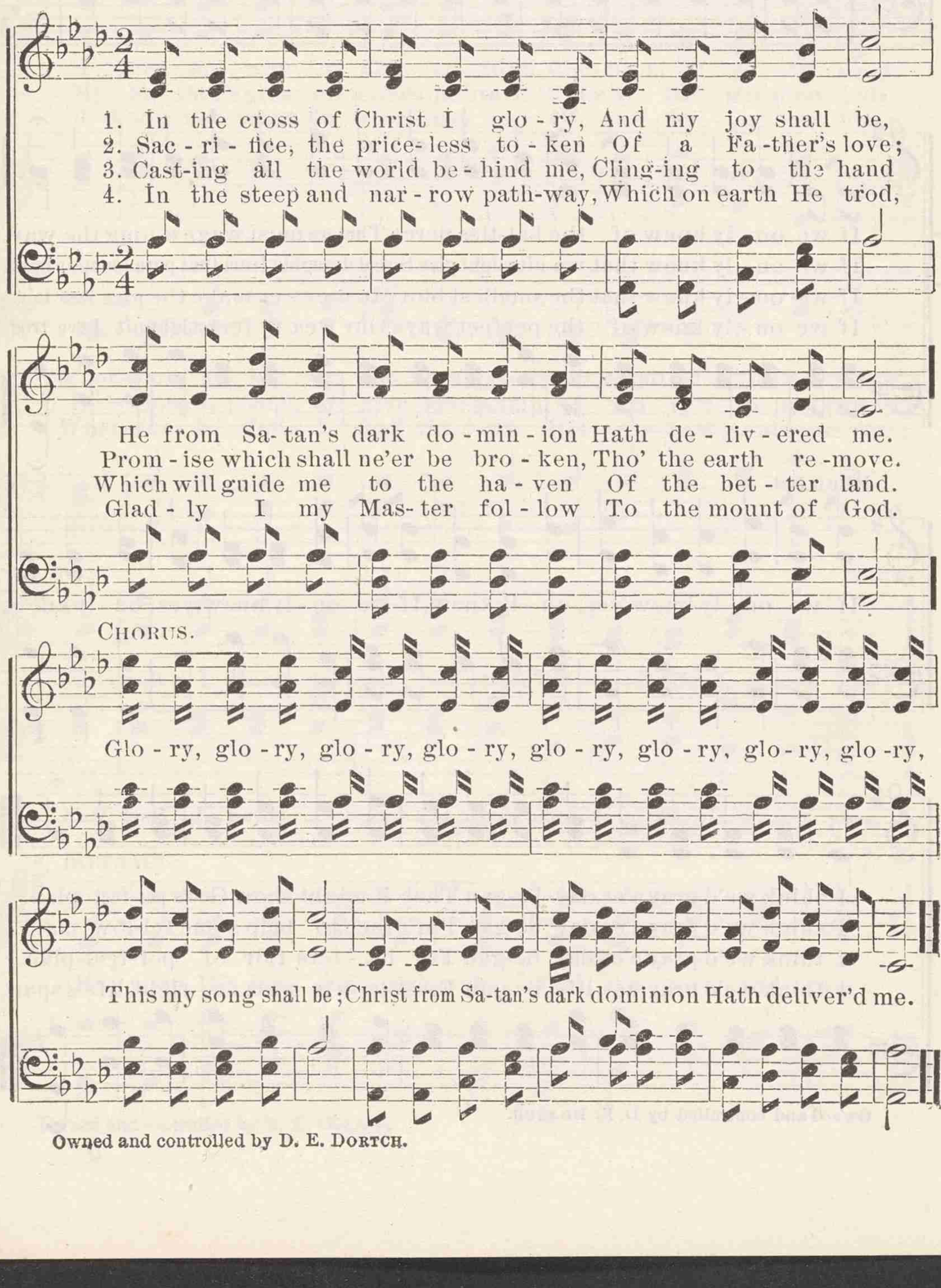
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77. GLORY, GLORY, GLORY, GLORY.

"*He hath delivered me out of all trouble.*"—Psalms 54: 7.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. E. DORTCH.



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78. IF WE ONLY KNEW.

"We know not what we should pray for as we ought."—Rom. 8: 26.

BERTHA PACKARD ENGLET. D. E. DORTCH.

1. If we on - ly knew in the ear - ly morn What we know at the close of day,
2. If we on - ly knew that some hungry soul By our words might be kindly fed,
3. If we on - ly knew that the written page Must de-pend on the letters there;
4. If we on - ly knew in the ear - ly days What we'll know at the bar of God,

If we on - ly knew of the bat-tles fierce That we must wage a-long the way.
If we on - ly knew that we oft might give Sweet draughts from that pure fountain head.
If we on - ly knew that the smallest blot Must ev - er make the page less fair.
If we on - ly knew of the perfect ways Our wea-ry feet might oft have trod.

REFRAIN.

If we on - ly knew, yes, on - ly knew, If we on - ly knew, yes, on - ly knew,

I think we'd pray e'er day be-gan That it might show God's per-fect plan.
I think we'd pray e'er day be-gan For grace to help some fel-low man.
I think we'd pray e'er day be-gan For let - ters fair of per-fect plan.
I think we'd pray as life be-gan For strength to pass a - right life's span.

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79. FULL WELL.

"He hath set his love upon me."—Psalms 91: 4

WORD AND WORK. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I know not where my path may lie A - cross life's trackless deep;
2. The dark'ning clouds, the ris - ing wave For me can have no dread;
3. I know not when the storm-y sea My fra - gile bark may toss;

I trust my way to One on high, Who prom-is - es to keep,
My Fa - ther's presence makes me brave, While by His wis-dom led;
I know not what in store may be, Of suf - fer - ing or loss;

Wher-e'er it be He tak - eth me 'Neath cloud-ed skies or fair,
He's close at hand, to give com-mand, At - ten - tive to my prayer;
What-e'er be - fall, I shall thro' all His con-stant goodness share;

FINE.

Full well "I know I can - not drift Be - yond His love and care."

D.S. *Full well I know I can - not drift Be - yond His love and care.*

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

Be - yond His love and care, Be - yond His love and care;

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80. WORKING FOR THE CROWN.

"*Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.*"—1 Cor. 9: 25.

Mrs. H. A. Mabry. H. A. R. Horton.

1. Shall I be con-tent with one star in my crown, When heav-en's bright por-tals I see? The an-swer comes back—strive a clus-ter to win,
2. When Lord must I work? Shall I go in the heat To white and to wide har-vest fields? Where work is so great and the la-bor'rs so few,
3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My task, then, quite plain I can see; And now hav-ing found it I'll la-bor and wait,
4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my crown? Must I wait till heav-en I gain? Yes, yes, but toil here for the Mas-ter's re-nown,

Chorus.

Work - - - ing for the crown, work - - - ing for the beau-ti-ful, gold-en crown, Work-ing for the crown, for the
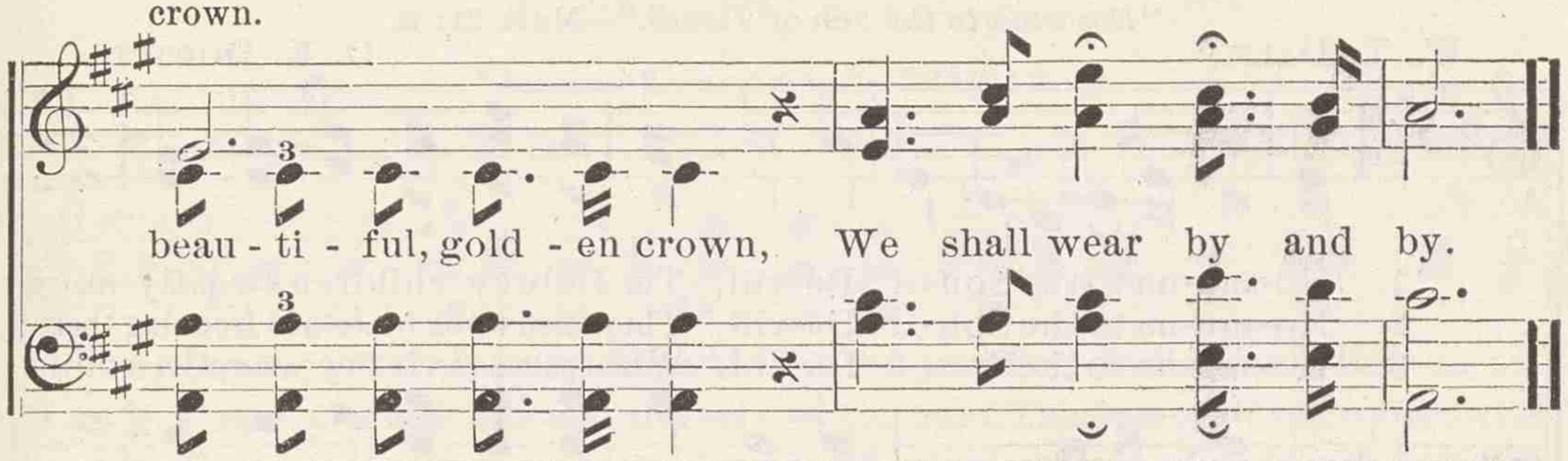
rit.

And the way will be bright-er for thee. Work-ing for the crown,
And the prom-ise a boun-ti-ful yield?
For whol-ly Thine, Lord, would I be.
Day by day for the Lamb that was slain.

for the crown, work - - - ing for the beau-ti-ful, gold-en crown, work-ing for the crown, for the crown, work - - - ing for the beau-ti-ful, gold-en crown, Work-ing for the crown, for the

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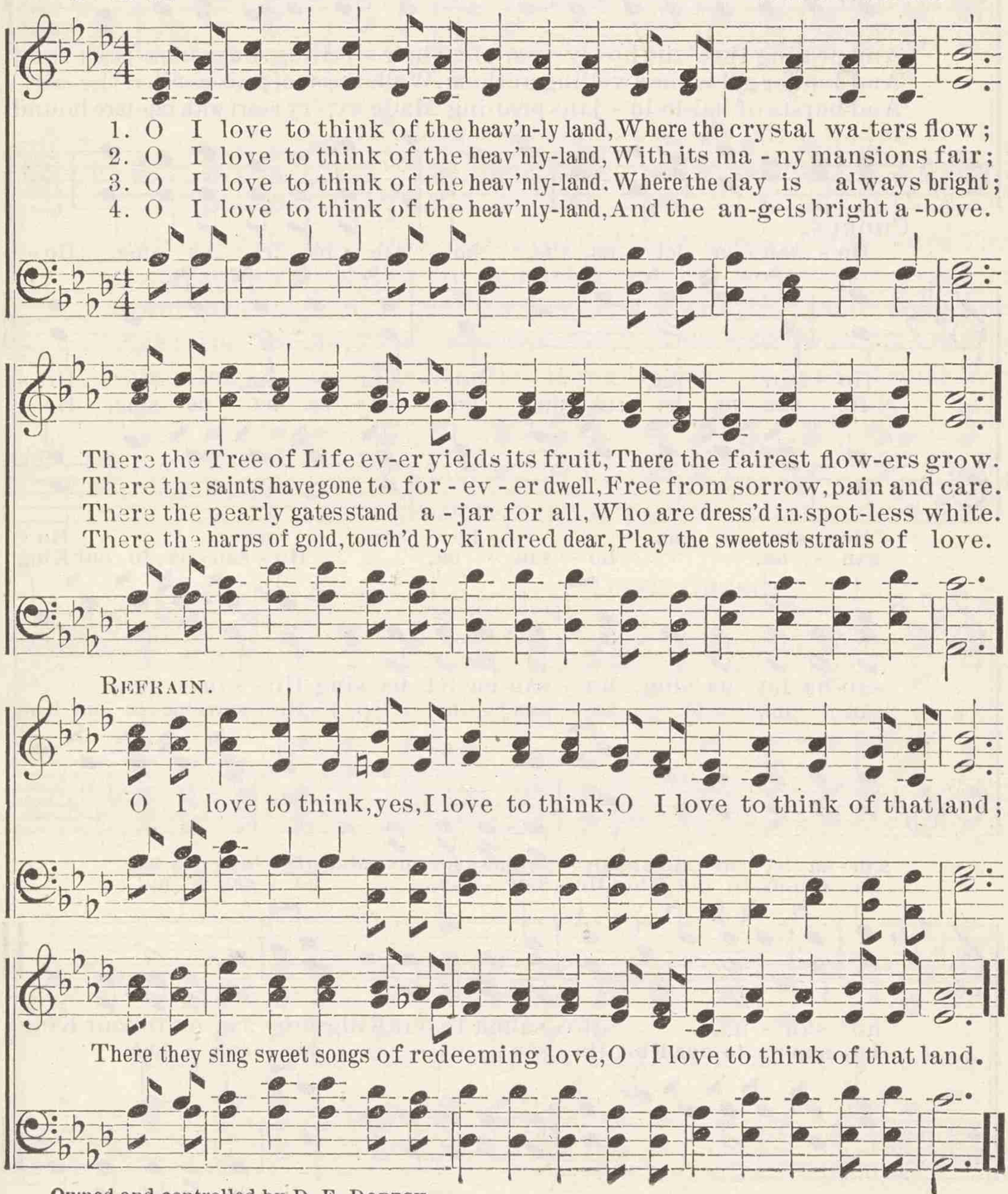
WORKING FOR THE CROWN.



81. O I LOVE TO THINK OF THE HEAVENLY LAND.

"*Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.*"—Heb. 11: 16.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

82. HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID.

"Hosanna to the Son of David."—Matt. 21: 9.

W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH.

1. "Ho-san-na to the Son of Da-vid," The Hebrew children sweetly sung;
2. "Ho-san-na to the Son of Da-vid," They cried while foes stand frowning there;
3. "Ho-san-na to the Son of Da-vid," While palms of vict'ry waved a-round;

And pealing thro' the ho - ly tem-ple, Their swelling strains trium-phant rung.
And louder grew the swelling anthem, While shouts of prais-es filled the air.
And bursts of hal-le-lu - jahs peal-ing Made ev -'ry heart with rap-ture bound.

CHORUS.
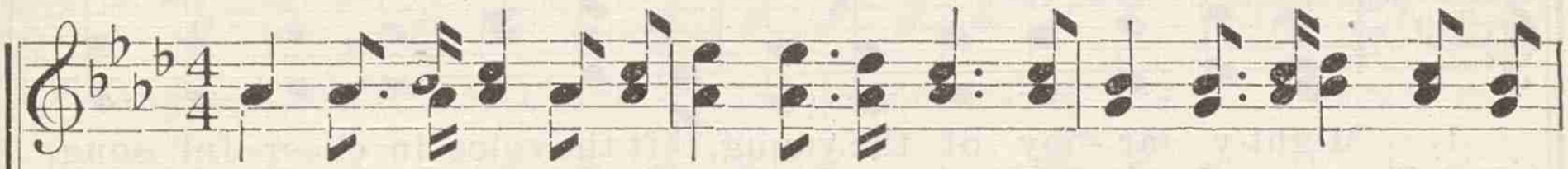
Ho - san - na let us sing, ho - san - na let us sing, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, Ho. -
Ho - san - na let us sing, ho - san - na let us sing, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, Ho -
san - na, ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to our King,
san-na let us sing, ho - san-na let us sing, Ho - san - na,
san - na, ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to our King,
san - na let us sing, ho - san-na let us sing, Ho - san - na,
ho - san-na to our King, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na!
ho - san - na, Ho - sanna to our King, ho - san-na to our King.
ho - san-na to our King, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na!
ho - san - na, Ho - san-na to our King, ho - san - na to our King.

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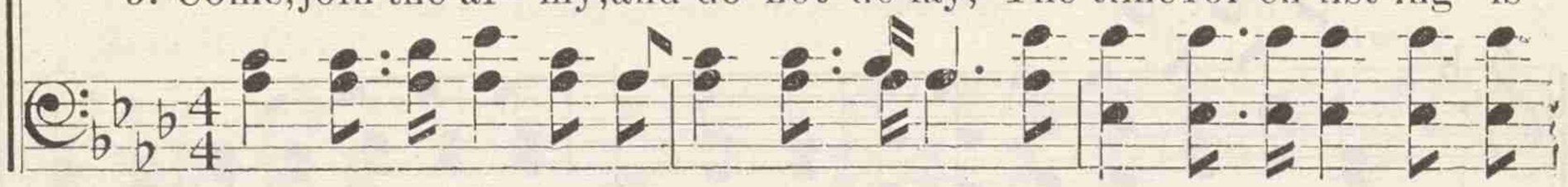
83. THE ARMY OF THE LORD.
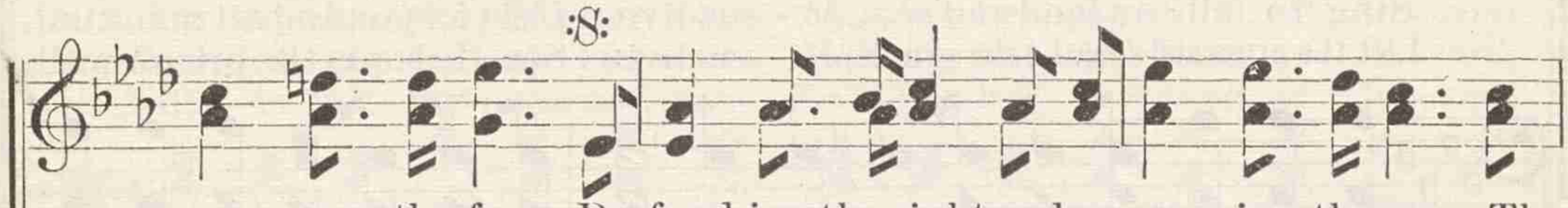
"*Increase thine army.*"—Judges 9: 29.

Words arr. by D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.



1. Come, join the ar - my, to bat - tle we go, Our Saviour will help us to
2. Come, join the ar - my, and en - ter the field, The sword of the Spirit with
3. Come, join the ar - my, the foe must be driv'n To Je - sus our Captain, the
4. Come, join the ar - my, the foe we de-fy, We're true to our col-ors, we'll
5. Come, join the ar - my, and do not de-lay, The time for en-list-ing is
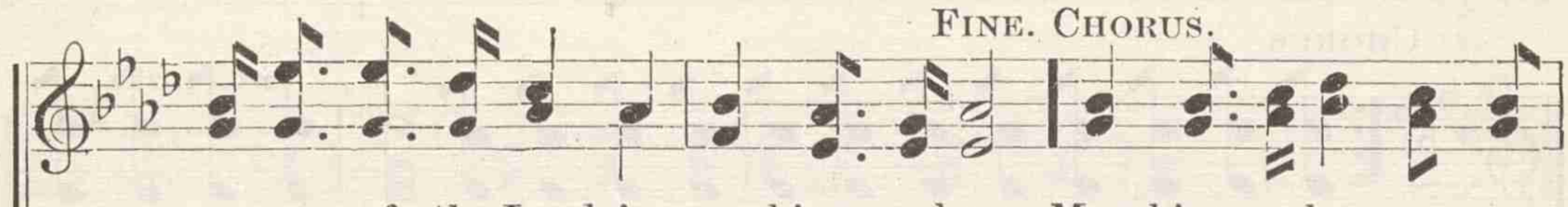




con - quer the foe; De-fend-ing the right and op-pos - ing the wrong, The
strong faith we wield; Our ar - mor is bright and our weapons are strong, The
world shall be giv'n; If hell should surround us, we 'll press thro' the throng, The
fight till we die; Then "saved from all sin" is our watchword and song The
pass - ing a - way, The bat - tle is rag - ing, the vic- t'ry will come, The
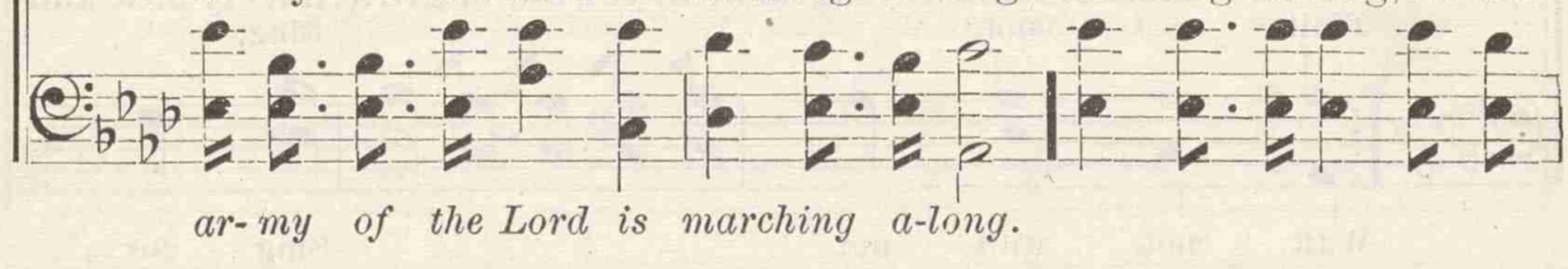


D.S. *Ye sol-diers of Je - sus, be valiant and strong, The*
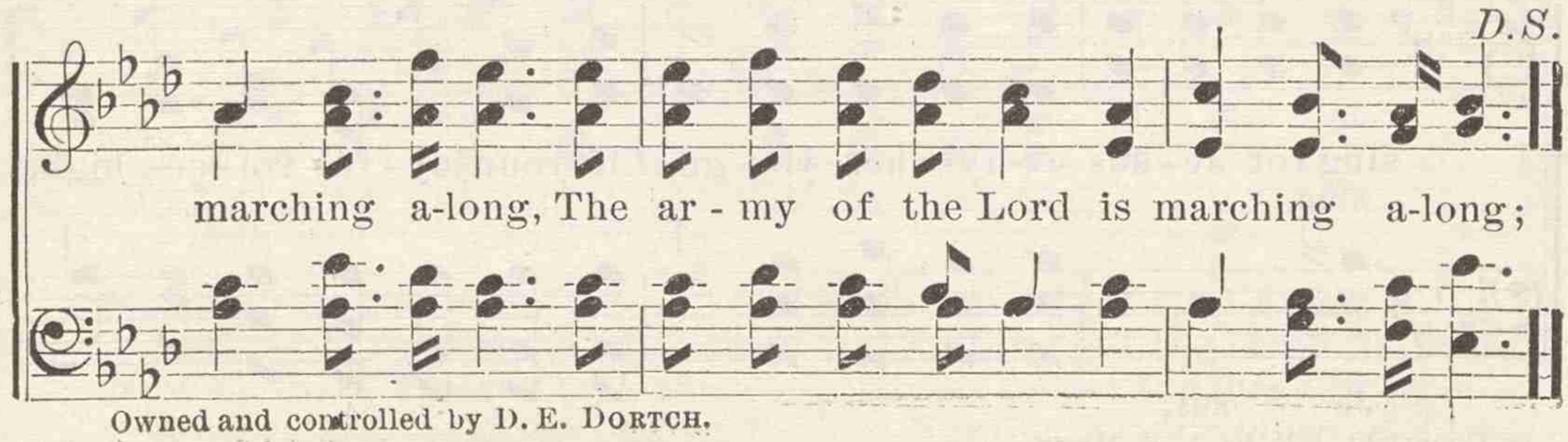
FINE. CHORUS.



ar-my of the Lord is marching a-long. Marching a-long, we are



ar- my of the Lord is marching a-long.



D.S.

marching a-long, The ar - my of the Lord is marching a-long;

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

84. JESUS LIVES!

For young people's societies.

Rev. John R. Colgan. A. F. Myers, by per.

1. Might-y ar - my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer- ful song,
2. Tongues of chil-dren light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je - sus lives, O bless - ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word along, Je - sus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Je - sus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Je - sus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall,

Bore our sins up -on the tree, Now He lives to make us free, Je - sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je - sus all may find, Je - sus lives!
Throws a-side the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Je - sus lives!

Chorus.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you old-er grow, Ral - ly now and

Wait not, Sing,

Wait not, wait not, Sing for

sing for Je - sus ev-'ry-where you go, Lift your joy - ful voi - ces high,

sing,
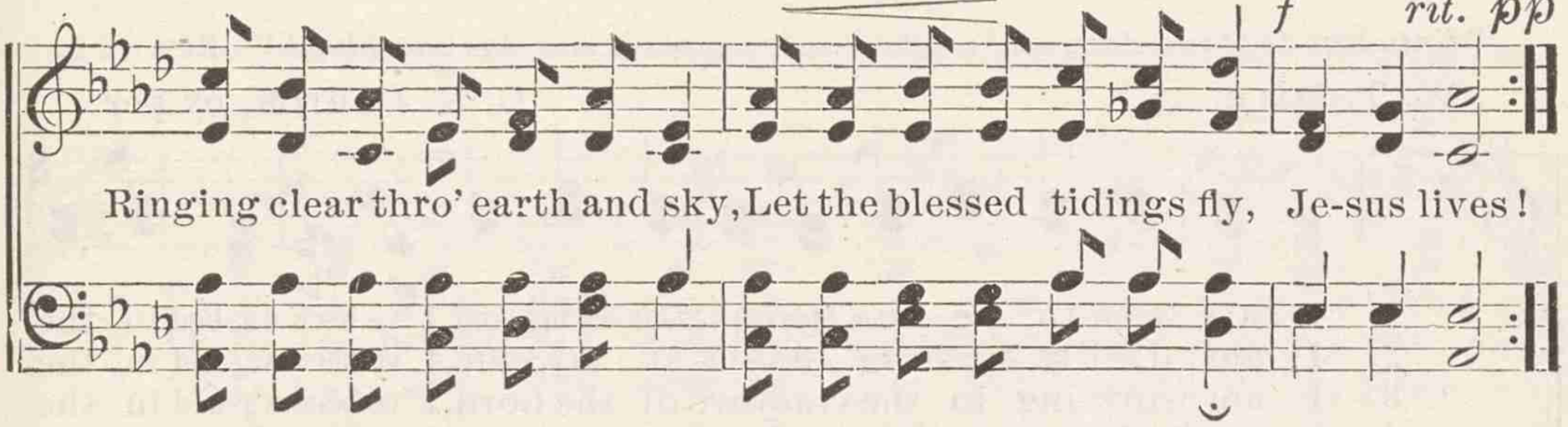
Je - sus,

Copyright, 1891, by A. F. Myers.

JESUS LIVES!

Repeat Chorus.
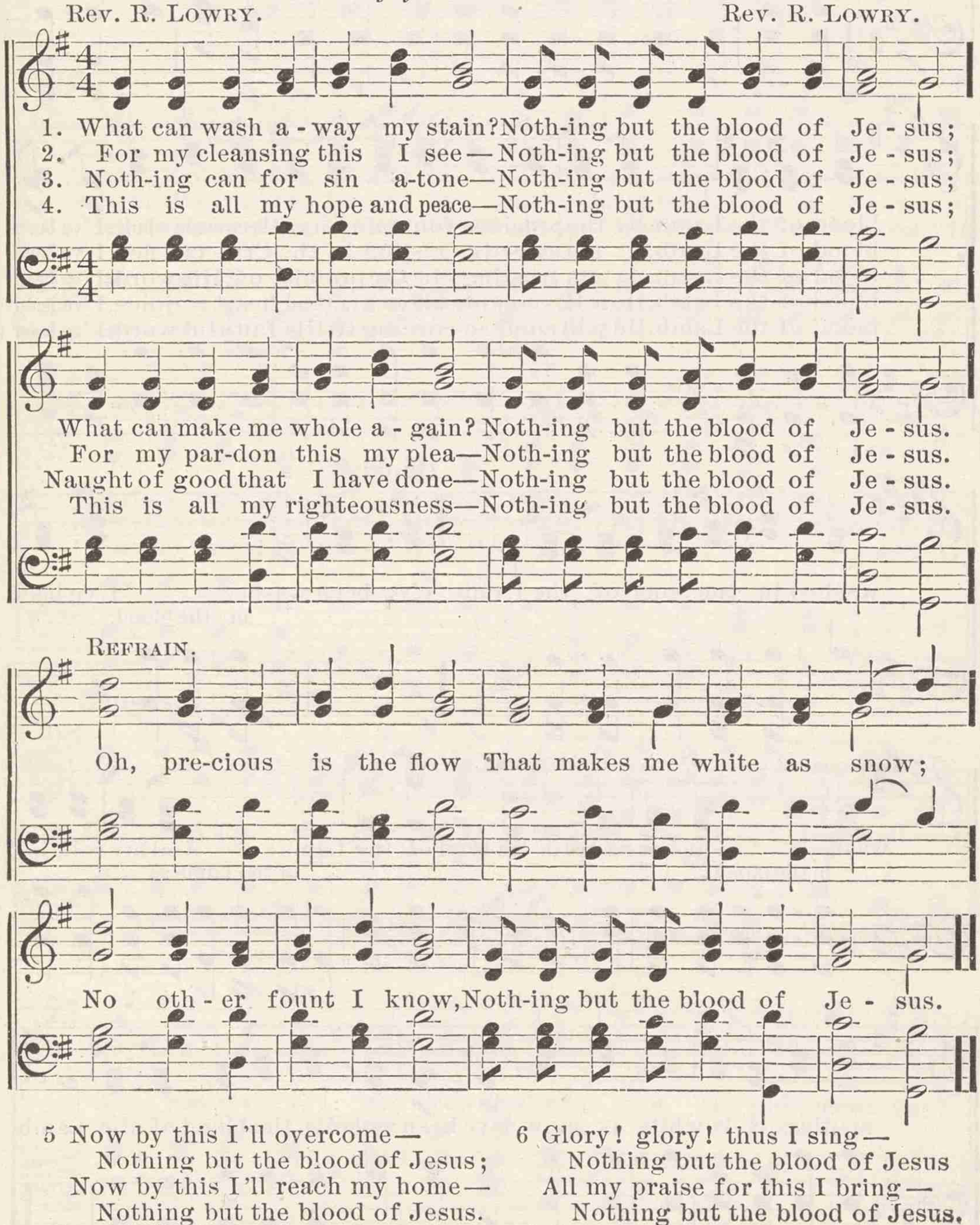
f *rit.* *pp*



85. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

"*Without shedding of blood is no remission.*"—Heb. 9: 22.

Rev. R. LOWRY. Rev. R. LOWRY.



5 Now by this I'll overcome—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Now by this I'll reach my home—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

6 Glory! glory! thus I sing—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus
All my praise for this I bring—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Copyright, 1876, by Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per. of Author.

86. I'VE BEEN WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

"*Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.*"—Rev. 1: 5.

W. T. Dale. D. E. Dortch, by per.

1. I have been to Je - sus, He has cleansed my soul, I 've been washed in the
2. I am dai - ly trusting Je - sus at my side, I 've been washed in the
3. I am work-ing in the vineyard of the Lord, I 've been washed in the
4. I am list'ning now to hear the Bridegroom's voice, I 've been washed in the
5. Yes, I'm watching for the coming of my Lord, I 've been washed in the

blood of the Lamb. By the precious fountain I have been made whole, I 've been
blood of the Lamb. I am sweetly resting in the Cru - ci - fied, I 've been
blood of the Lamb. I am trusting in the promise of His word, I 've been
blood of the Lamb. How His coming will each faithful heart re-joice, I 've been
blood of the Lamb. He will come ac-cording to His faithful word, I 've been
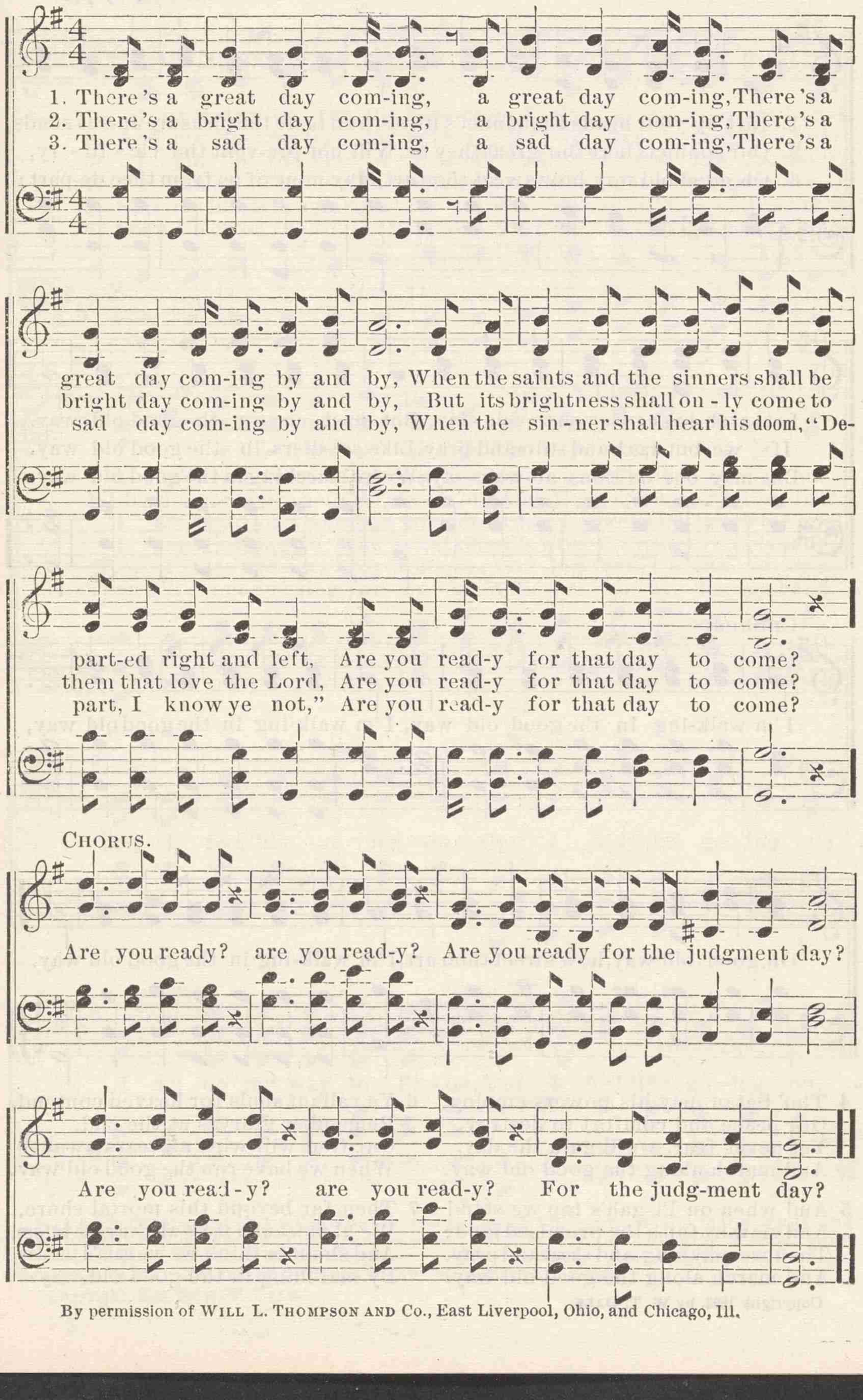
Chorus.

washed in the blood of the Lamb. I've been washed, I've been
in the blood,
washed, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb; And my robe is
in the blood, of the Lamb;
spotless, it is white as snow, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

87. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

"And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left."—Matt. 25: 33.

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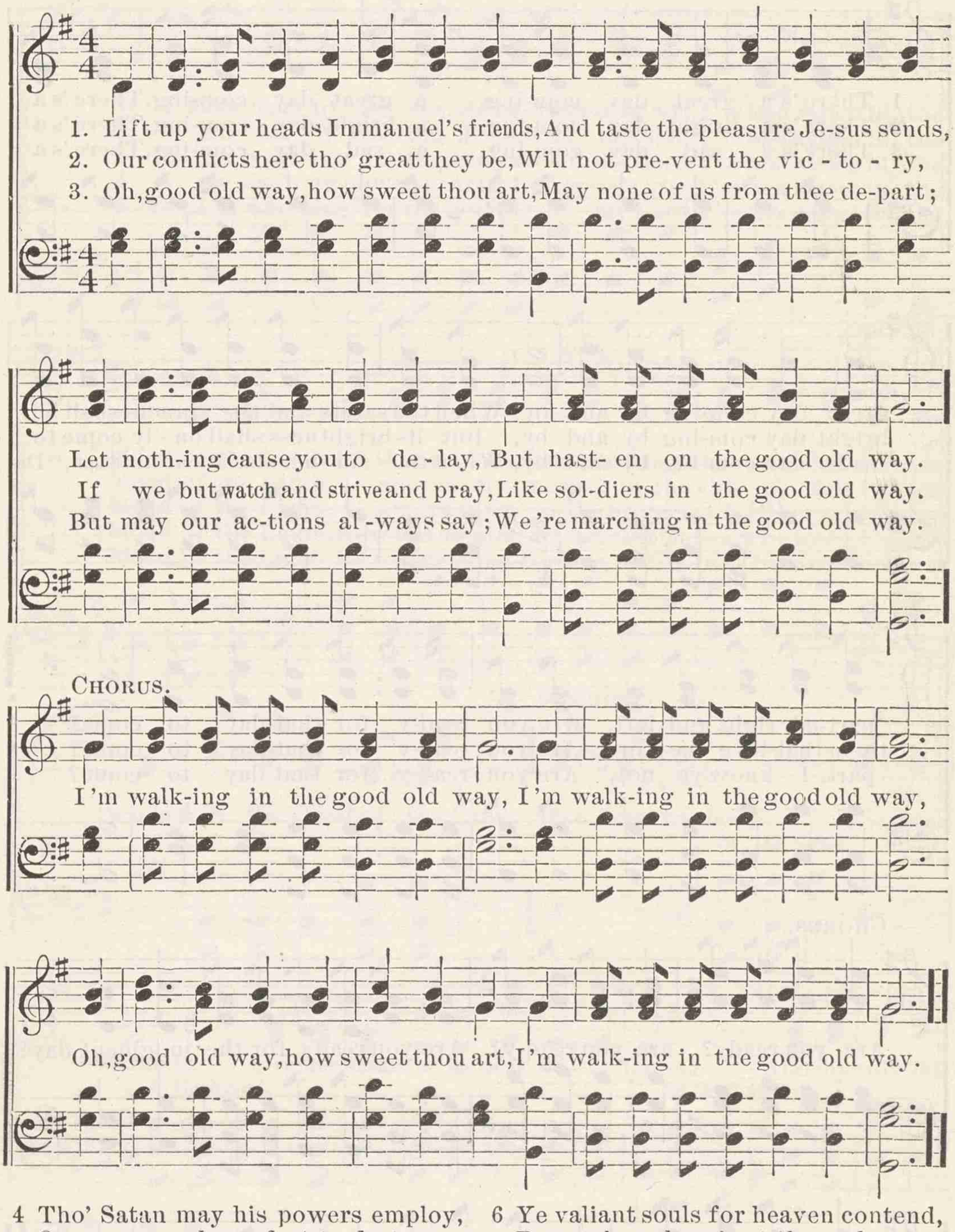


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88. THE GOOD OLD WAY.

"Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein."—Jer. 6: 16.

W. T. DALE, by per.



4 Tho' Satan may his powers employ,
Our peace and comfort to destroy,
Yet never fear, we 'll gain the day,
And march along the good old way.

5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand
And view by faith the promised land;
Then we may sing, and shout and pray,
And march along the good old way.

6 Ye valiant souls for heaven contend,
Remember glory 's at the end,
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We 'll meet with those who 've gone before,
And shout to think we 've gain'd the day,
By marching in the good old way.

Copyright 1893, by W. T. DALE.

89. I FEEL LIKE GOING ON.

"*They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.*"—Heb. 11: 16.

(Dedicated to Rev. J. W. BURKE.)

W. T. D. W. T. DALE, by per.

1. I have start-ed for the king-dom, I am on my jour-ney home,
2. And my Saviour's go-ing with me, Ev-'ry day I feel Him near;
3. I am in the land of Beu-lah, And its breez-es fan my soul;
4. I am dwelling on the mountains, And in sight of Ca-naan stand;
5. Now my friends are wait-ing for me, Who have cross'd the chilling tide;
6. Soon I'll cross the roll-ing Jor-dan, Soon I'll en-ter Ca-naan's land;

I shall reach the "better coun-try," And I feel like go-ing on.
With His pres-ence here He cheers me, And He quells each ris-ing fear.
I am near-ing Ca-naan's bor-der, And I soon shall reach the goal.
I am drink-ing of the fountains, Flowing thro' this good-ly land.
Now I see them as they beck-on, Call-ing from the oth-er side.
Then I'll shout and sing for-ev-er, With that ho-ly, hap py band.

CHORUS.

Yes, I feel like go-ing on, Oh, I feel like go-ing on;
I am on my way to Zi-on, And I feel like go-ing on.
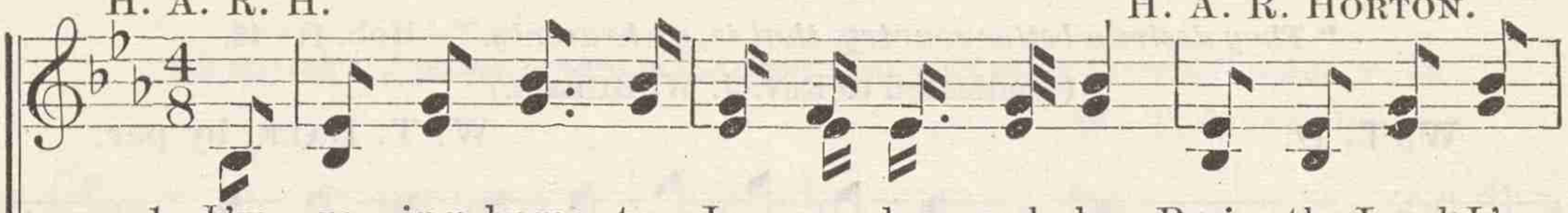
* In a Testimony Meeting a Christian in the prime of life spoke of his many trials and discouragements, and seemed utterly cast down. Following him an old gray-headed father arose to his feet, and in clear, thrilling tones said: "Brethren, *I feel like going on*, the Lord being my help." His words proved an inspiration to every heart.

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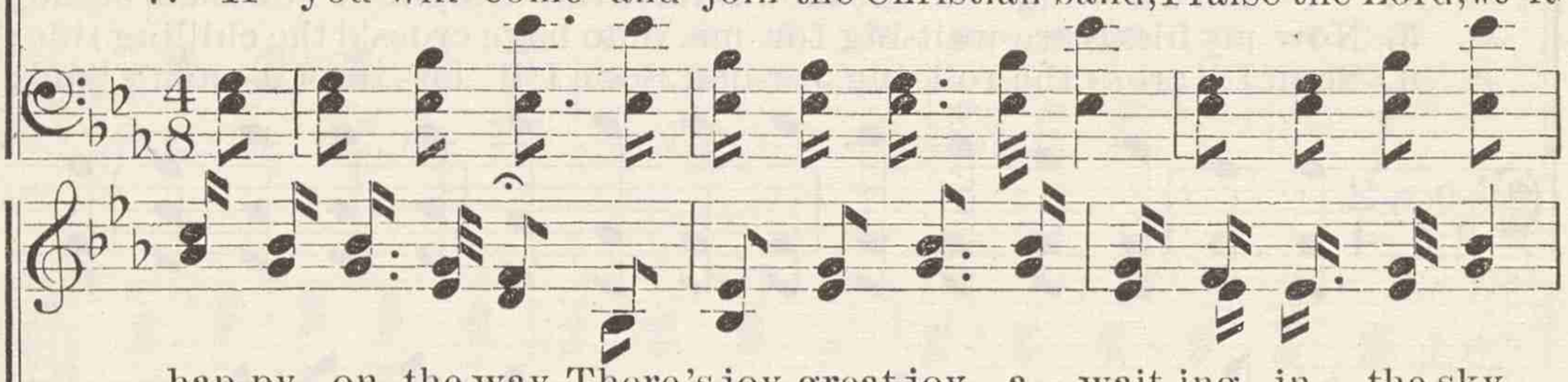
90. HAPPY ON THE WAY.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."—Prov. 16: 20.
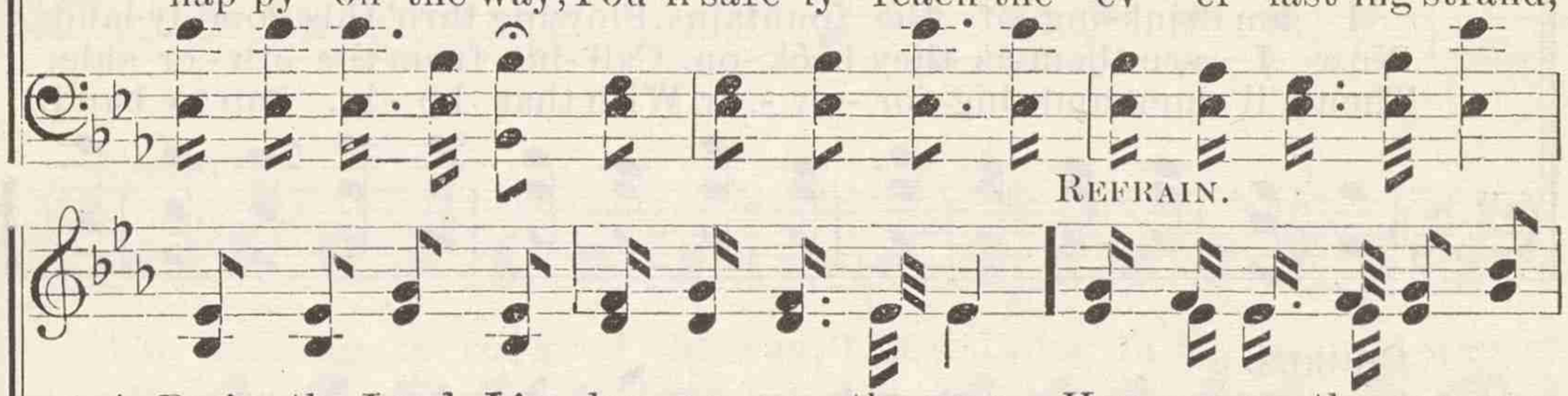
H. A. R. H. H. A. R. Horton.



1. I'm go - ing home to Je - sus by and by, Praise the Lord, I'm
2. Oh, I'm so glad I have a Saviour's love, Praise the Lord, I'm
3. The gos - pel ship will bear me safe - ly home, Praise the Lord, I'm
4. At heav-en's gate dear loved ones I shall meet, Praise the Lord, I'm
5. Dear Christian friends, let all our ac - tions say, Praise the Lord, we 're
6. Come, sin-ner friends, and step a - board the train, Praise the Lord, we 're
7. If you will come and join the Christian band, Praise the Lord, we 're
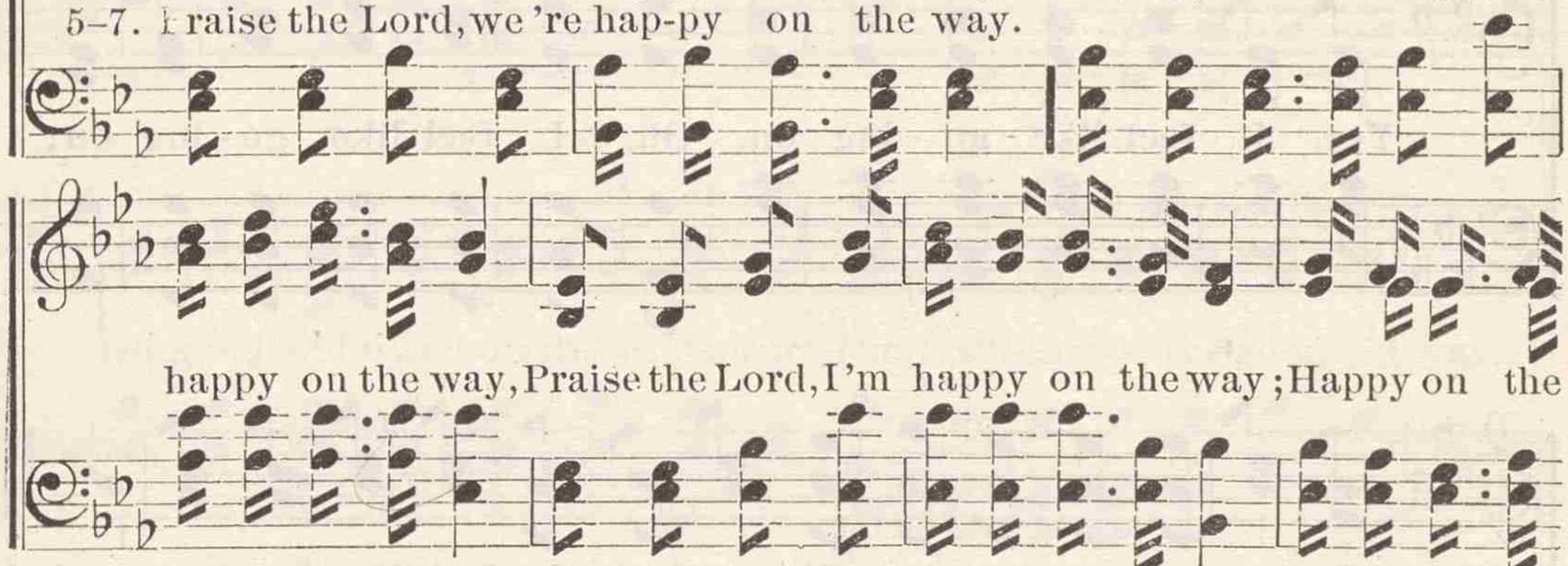


hap-py on the way, There's joy, great joy a - wait-ing in the sky,
hap-py on the way; When life is o'er I'll dwell with Him a - bove,
hap-py on the way, To that fair land where sorrows nev - er come,
hap-py on the way, In per-fect bliss we'll fall at Je - sus' feet,
hap-py on the way, We're marching on to glo - ry day by day,
hap-py on the way, For - sake your sins if heav-en you would gain,
hap-py on the way, You'll safe-ly reach the ev - er - last-ing strand,
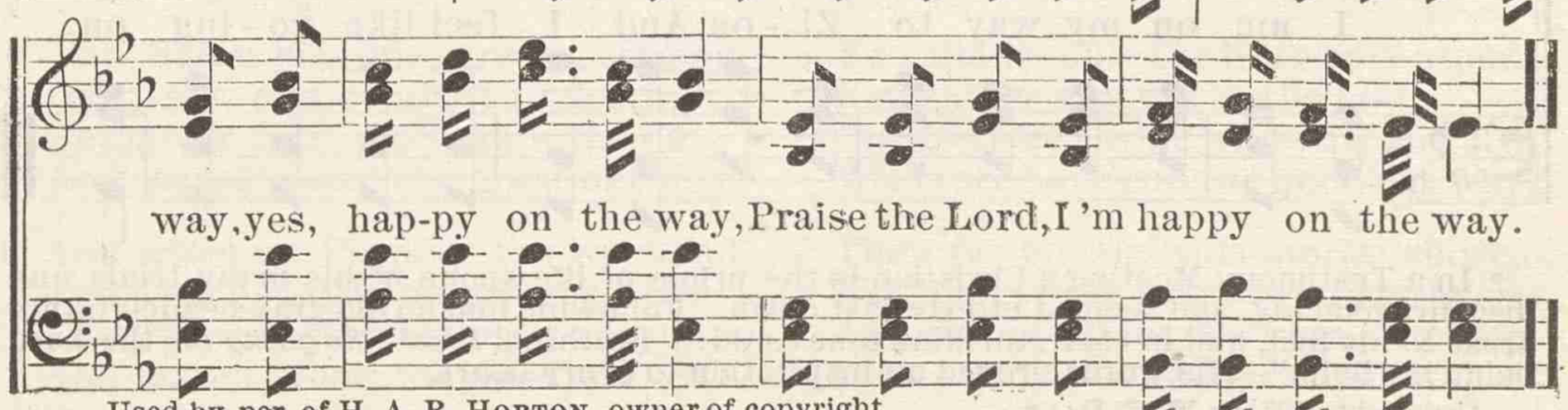


Refrain.

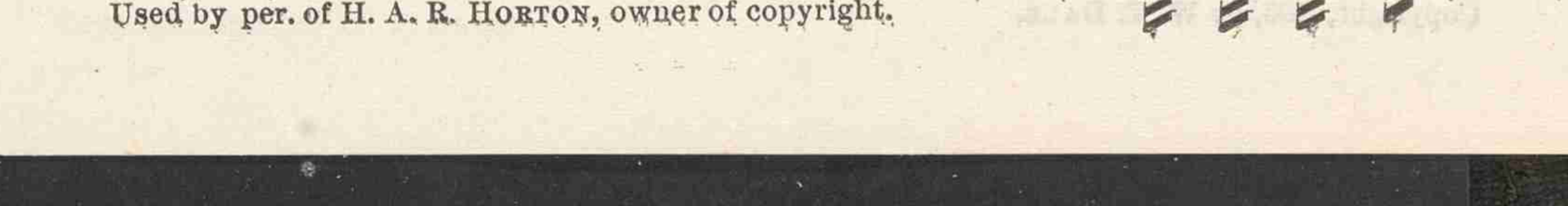
1–4. Praise the Lord, I'm hap-py on the way. Hap - py on the way, yes,
5–7. Praise the Lord, we're hap-py on the way.



happy on the way, Praise the Lord, I'm happy on the way; Happy on the



way, yes, hap-py on the way, Praise the Lord, I'm happy on the way.



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91. WONDERFUL PEACE.

"Great peace have they which love thy law."—Ps. 119: 165.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL, alt. Rev. W. G. COOPER.

DUET.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

Used by per. of Rev. W. G. COOPER.

92. I'LL BE THERE.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. When the roll is call'd in heav- en, I'll be there, yes, I'll be there; When the
2. When I reach that bright to- mor-row, I'll be there, yes, I'll be there; I shall
3. When I dwell with Christ in glo - ry, I'll be there, yes, I'll be there; Gladly
4. When I hear the harp-strings ringing, I'll be there, yes, I'll be there; And the

crown of life is giv - en, I'll be there, yes, I'll be there; When my
know no pain or sor - row, I'll be there, yes, I'll be there; In that
then I'll tell the sto - ry, I'll be there, yes, I'll be there; In that
heav-'nly voi - ces sing - ing, I'll be there, yes, I'll be there; O the

Sav - iour calls me home, I shall cease on earth to roam, And shall
land for - ev - er blest, I shall ev - er sweet-ly rest, Lean-ing
cit - y bright and fair, I shall meet my lov'd ones there, And the
mu - sic, soft and sweet, As the cho - rus they re - peat, Ev - 'ry

CHORUS.

I'll be there, I'll be

dwell beneath heav'n's dome, I'll be there. I'll be there, yes, I'll be there, I'll be
on my Saviour's breast, I'll be there.
heav'nly blessings share, I'll be there.
soul is there re- plete, I'll be there.

there,

there, yes, I'll be there. When the roll is called in heav - en, I'll be

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I'LL BE THERE.

there, yes, I 'll be there; Then be - fore the King I 'll stand, With the

hap-py sainted band, In that ev - er-last-ing land, I 'll be there, yes, I 'll be there.

93. I KNOW NOT; BUT I KNOW.

"*Ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.*"— Matt. 24: 42.

WILLIAM RUSSELL. WILLIAM RUSSELL.

1. I know not the hour of His coming, Nor when from this life I 'll be free;
2. I know not the joy that a-waits me, In heav-en so boundless and free;
3. I know not the beauties of heaven, Nor what in that land I shall see;
4. I know not, but O, I am waiting, I long in His presence to be;

But I know that sooner or la - ter, My Sav -iour will call for me.
But I know that sooner or la - ter, My Sav -iour will call for me.
But I know that sooner or la - ter, My Sav -iour will call for me.
And I know that sooner or la - ter, My Sav -iour will call for me.

D.S. *Yes, I know that soon-er or la - ter, My Sav-iour will call for me.*

REFRAIN. D.S.

He will call for me, He will call for me, My Saviour will call for me, for me.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

94. LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

"Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."—Heb. 12: 2.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Looking un - to Je-sus, who left His home on high, Looking un - to
2. Looking un - to Je-sus, the Might-y One to save, Looking un - to
3. Looking un - to Je-sus, the Sav-iour of the world, Looking un - to
4. Looking un - to Je-sus, the sym-pa-thiz-ing Friend, Looking un - to
5. Looking un - to Je-sus, oh, sin-ner, come to - day, Looking un - to

Je - sus, who came to earth to die; Looking un - to Je - sus, tho'
Je - sus, whose life for me He gave; Looking un - to Je - sus, the
Je - sus, whose ban-ner is unfurl'd; Looking un - to Je - sus, God's
Je - sus, whose ears my pray'rs attend; Looking un - to Je - sus, to
Je - sus, He'll take your sins a - way; Looking un - to Je - sus, then

sin-ful I may be, Looking un - to Je - sus, for He will hear my plea.
Shepherd of the soul, Looking un - to Je - sus, whose blood can make me whole.
well be-lov - ed Son, Looking un - to Je - sus, who ma - ny vict'ries won.
help me on the way, Looking un - to Je - sus, in whom I trust each day.
hap - py you shall be, Looking un - to Je - sus, thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
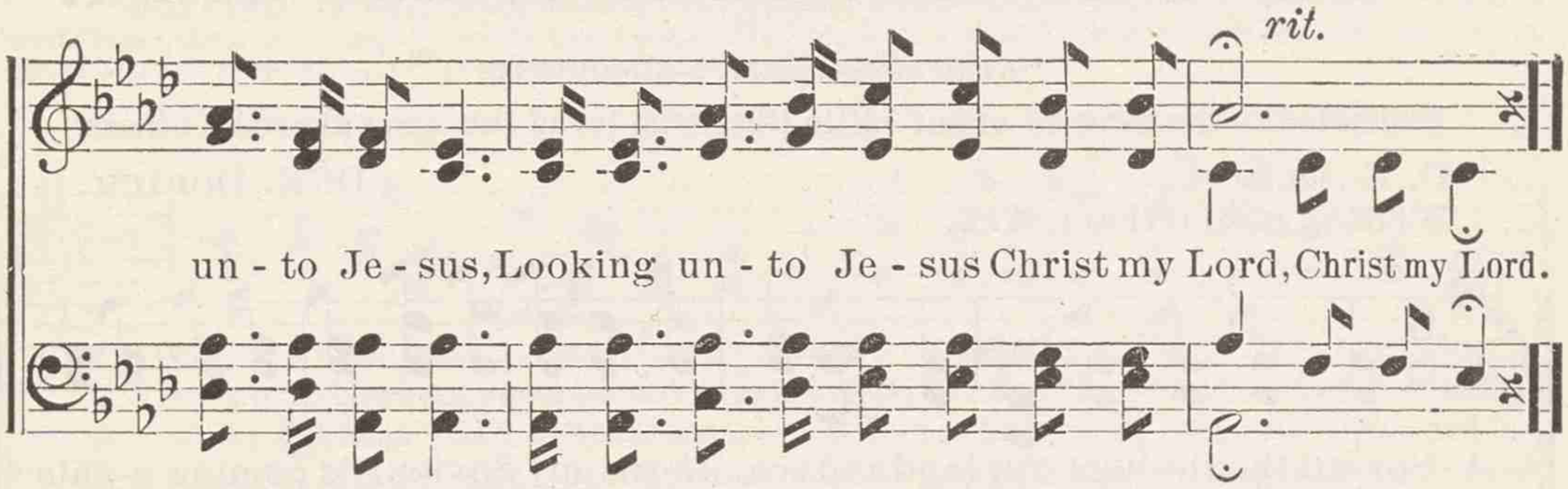
REFRAIN.

Look-ing un - to Je - sus, look-ing un - to Je - sus, Look-ing un - to

Je - sus Christ my Lord, blessed Lord; Looking un - to Je - sus, look-ing

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

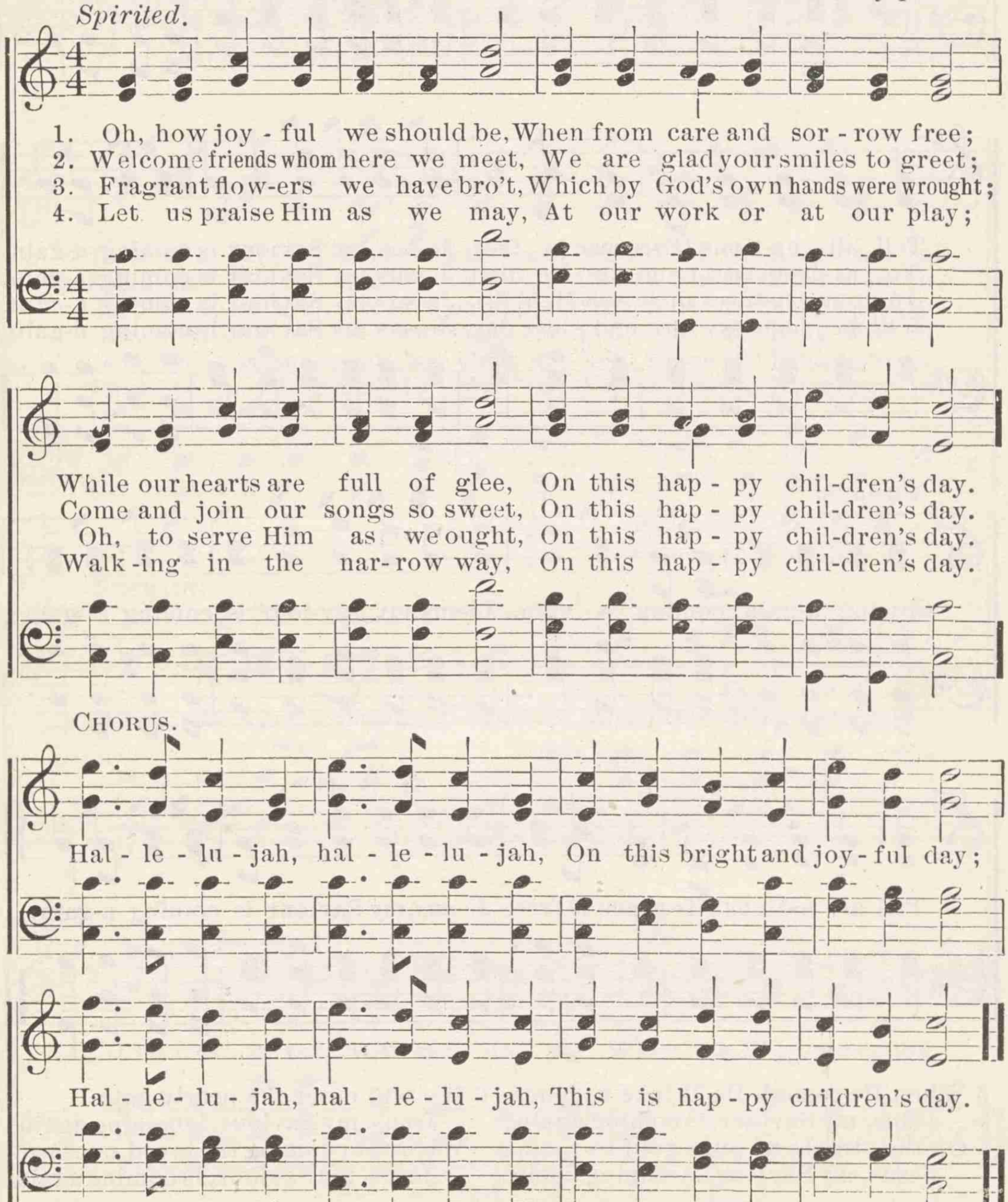


95. THIS IS HAPPY CHILDREN'S DAY.

"*Suffer the little children to come unto me.*"—Mark 10: 14.

A. F. MYERS. A. F. MYERS, by per.

Spirited.
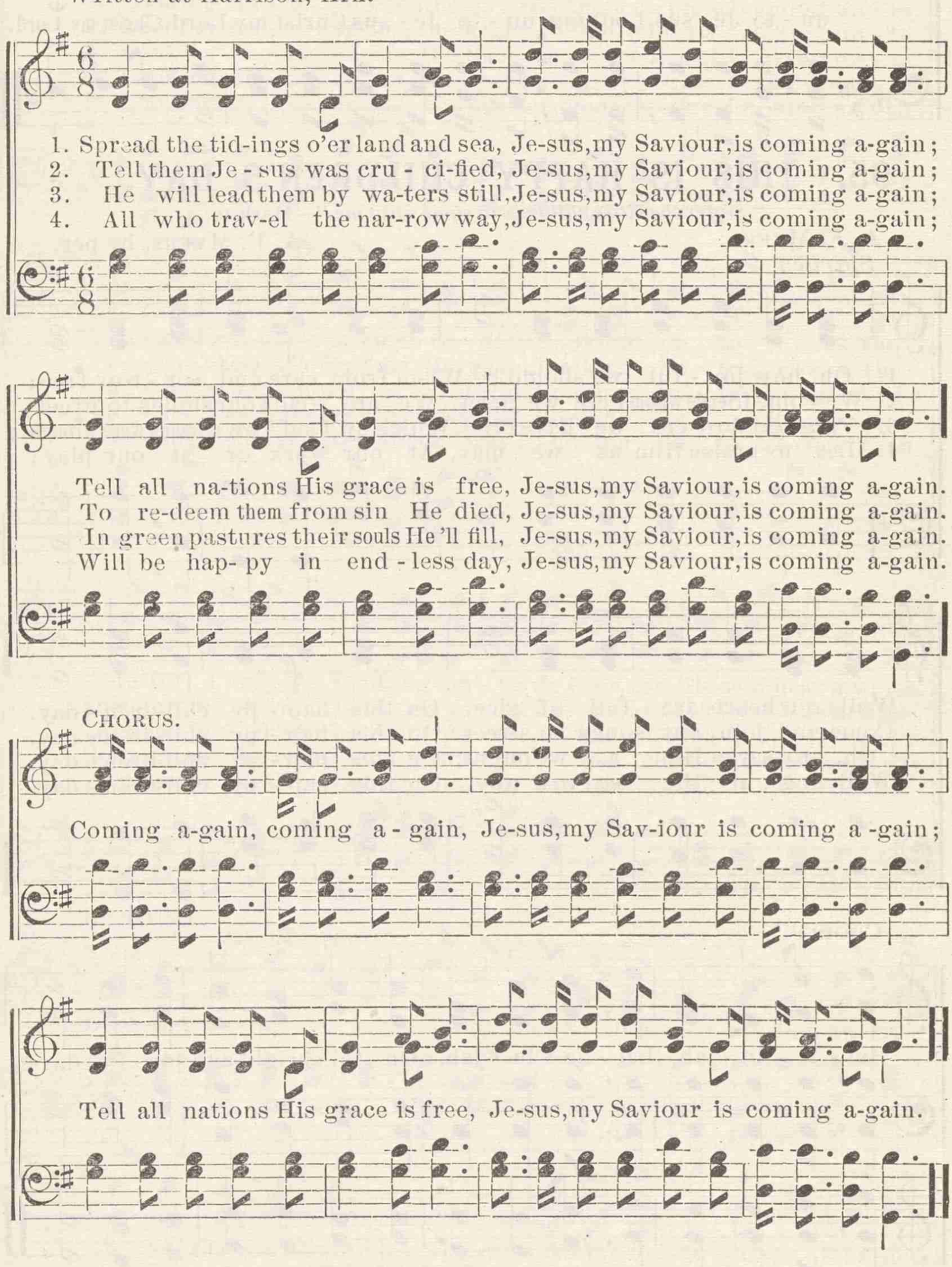


96. JESUS MY SAVIOUR IS COMING AGAIN.

"*I will come again.*"—John 14: 3.

Dedicated to the memory of our Little Bliss who loved this song above all others.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.
Written at Harrison, Ark.



5 When He cometh He 'll take us home,
Jesus, my Saviour, is coming again;
On the streets of pure gold to roam,
Jesus, my Saviour, is coming again.
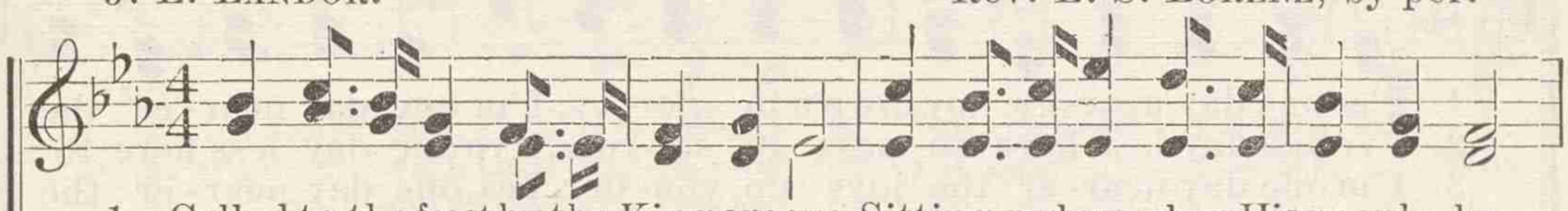
6 We will enter the pearly gate,
Jesus, my Saviour, is coming again;
Where our coming the loved ones wait,
Jesus, my Saviour, is coming again.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.
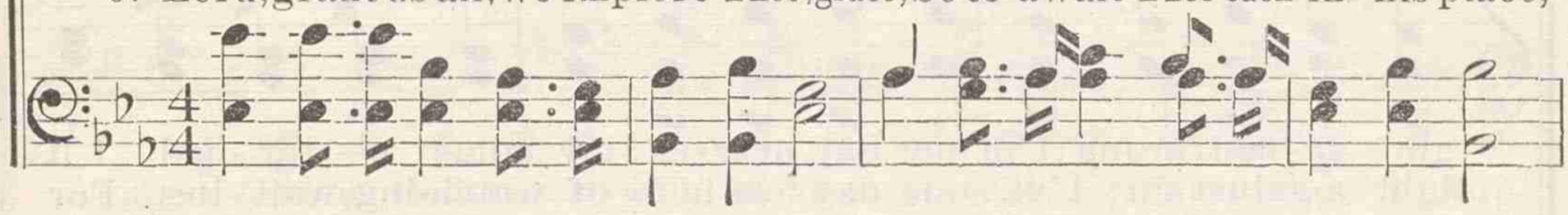
97. WHEN THE KING COMES IN.
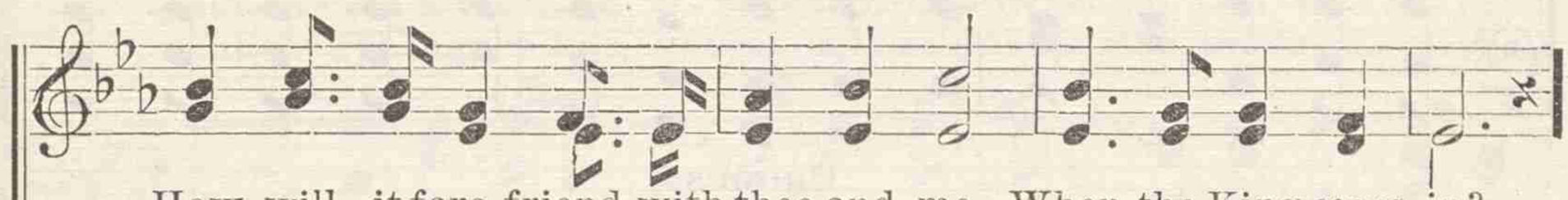
"And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment: and he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless."—Matt. 22: 11, 12.

J. E. LANDOR. Rev. E. S. LORENZ, by per.
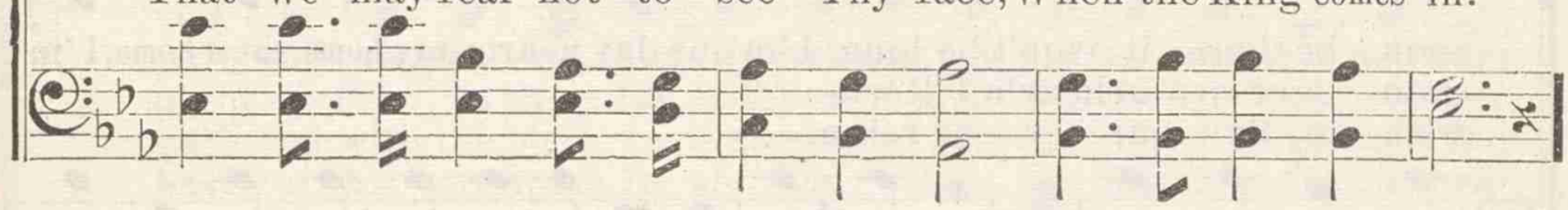


1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sitting, perhaps, where His people be,
2. Crown on the head where the thorns have been, Glori-fied He who once died for men,
3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both friends and foe,
4. Joyful His eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding garments dressed,
5. Endless the parting of kindred then, Bit-ter the cry of de - lud-ed men,
6. Lord, grant us all, we implore Thee, grace, So to await Thee each in his place,
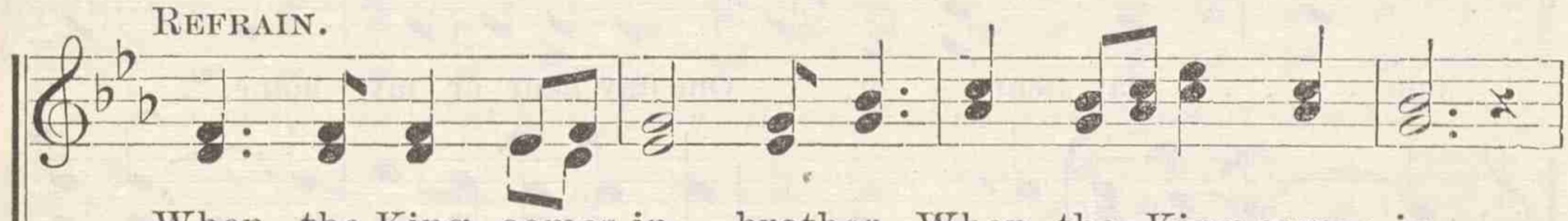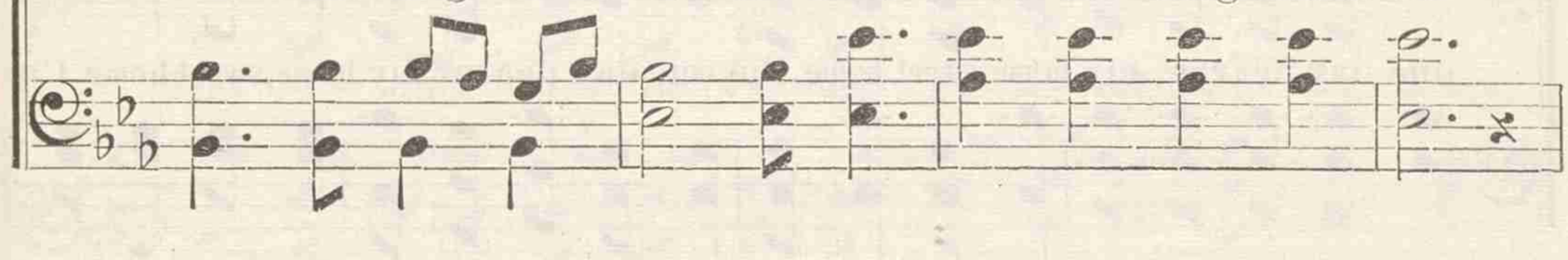




How will it fare, friend, with thee and me, When the King comes in?
Splen-did the vis - ion be - fore us then, When the King comes in.
Just what we are will each neighbor know, When the King comes in.
Ah, well for us if we stand the test, When the King comes in.
Aw - ful that mo-ment be - yond all ken, When the King comes in.
That we may fear not to see Thy face, When the King comes in.
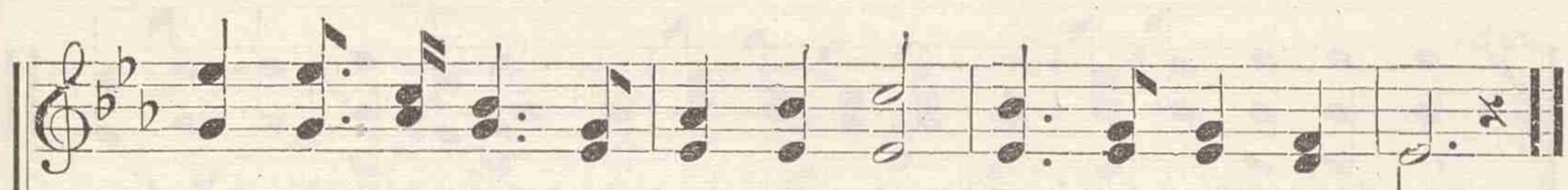


REFRAIN.
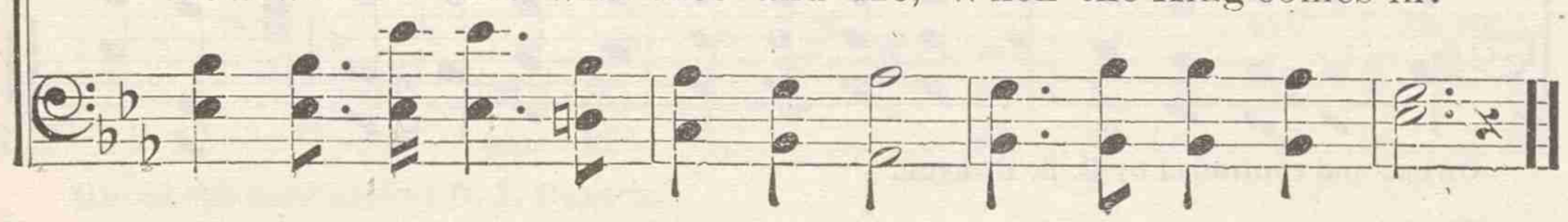


When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes in





How will it fare with thee and me, When the King comes in?



98. I'M ONE DAY NEARER.

"Your redemption draweth nigh."—Luke 21: 28.

R. A. GLENN. R. A. GLENN.

Thoughtfully.

1. I'm one day near-er my crown in glo - ry, I'm one day near-er the glo - ri - fied throng; I'm one day near-er my home e - ter - nal, I'll
2. I've one day less here to pass in sor-row, I've one day less here to fight a-gainst sin; I've one day less here of watch-ing, wait - ing, For
3. I'm one day near-er the joys up yon-der, Yes, one day near-er the ev - er green plain; I'll soon see heav-en in all its splen-dor, And

CHORUS.

I'm one . . . . day near - er,
soon be there, it won't be long. I'm one day nearer my home, sweet home, I'm
soon a crown in heav'n I'll win.
with my Sav-iour ev - er reign.

one . . . . . day near - er, One day near-er my home. . .

one day nearer my home, sweet home, I'm one day nearer my home, sweet home. I'm

one day near-er my home e - ter-nal, I soon must go, it won't be long.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

99. THROUGH THE VALLEY.

"*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.*"—
Psalm 23: 4.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I must walk thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow of death, But I
2. When I walk thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow of death, I will
3. I will walk thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow of death, For a
4. You must walk thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow of death, Then be

know that my Redeem-er will be there; He will be at my side to sup-
see the light come streaming from that shore; Then I 'll lean on the arm of the
gold-en crown a-waits me o-ver there; O how sweet it will be to be
read-y, dy-ing sin-ner, for that day; If you trust in the Lord, you shall

port and strengthen me, For my weak-ness, for my weakness He will bear.
might-y One to save, He will bear me, He will bear me safe-ly o'er.
gathered with the blest, In that cit-y, in that cit-y bright and fair.
have a hap-py home, In the mansions, in the mansions far a-way.

D.S. *For His rod and His staff will be*

FINE.

giv-en in that hour, They will comfort, they will comfort, they will cheer.

Tho' I walk thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow of death,

D. S.

I've His prom-ise, and no e-vil will I fear.

will I fear.

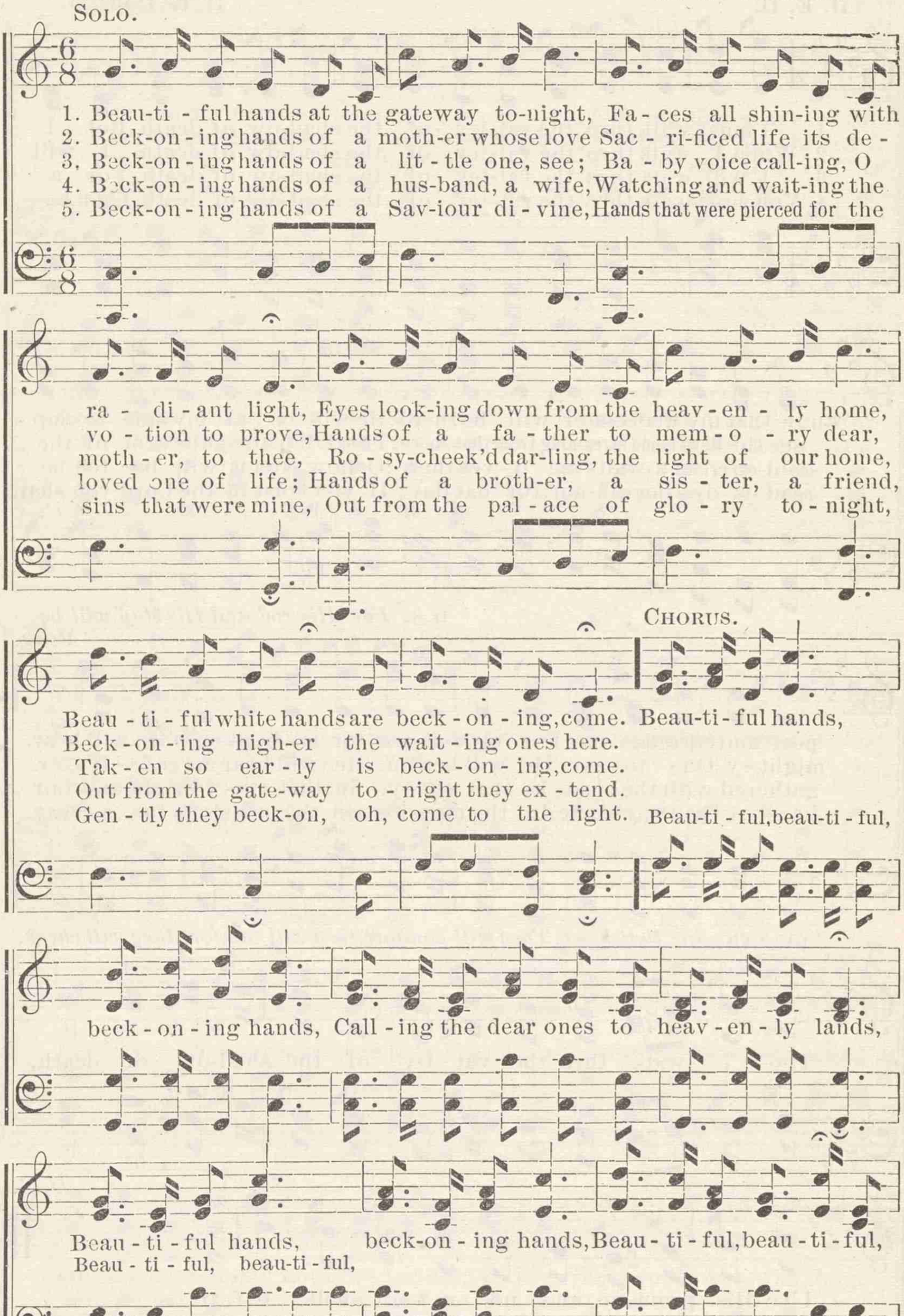
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100. BECKONING HANDS.

A little child, two years old, was dying. Seeing her parents weep, she said, "*Don't cry, I'll be at the window and watch for you when you come.*"
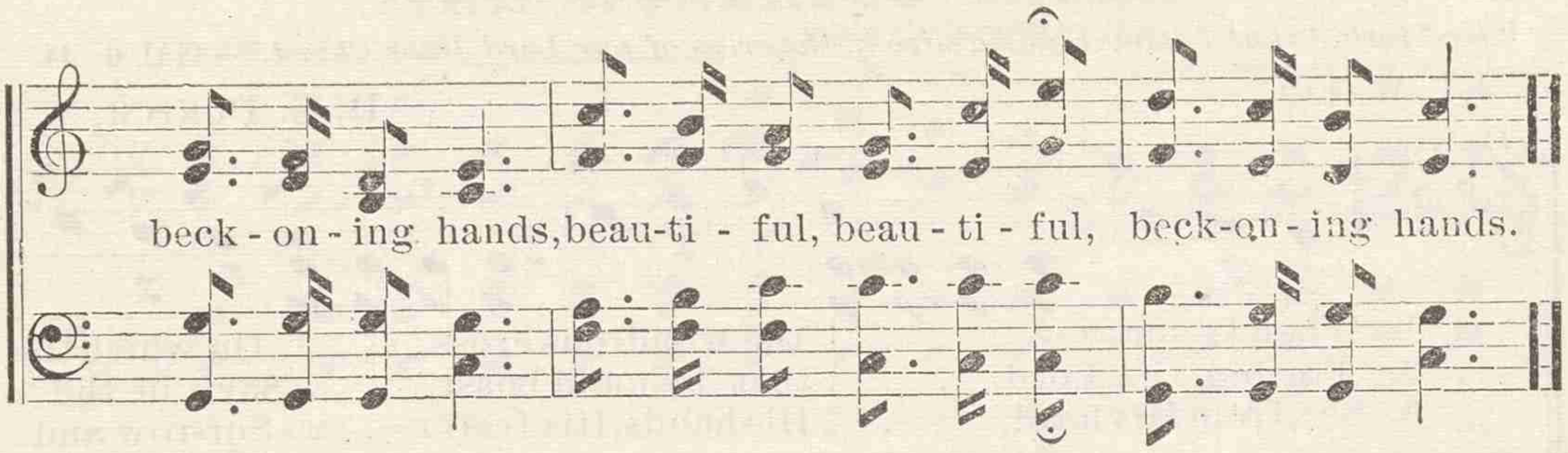
C. C. LUTHER. M. W. VAUGHAN.

SOLO.



Used by per. of M. W. VAUGHAN, Dallas, Texas, who can furnish this song in sheet music form for 20 cents per copy.
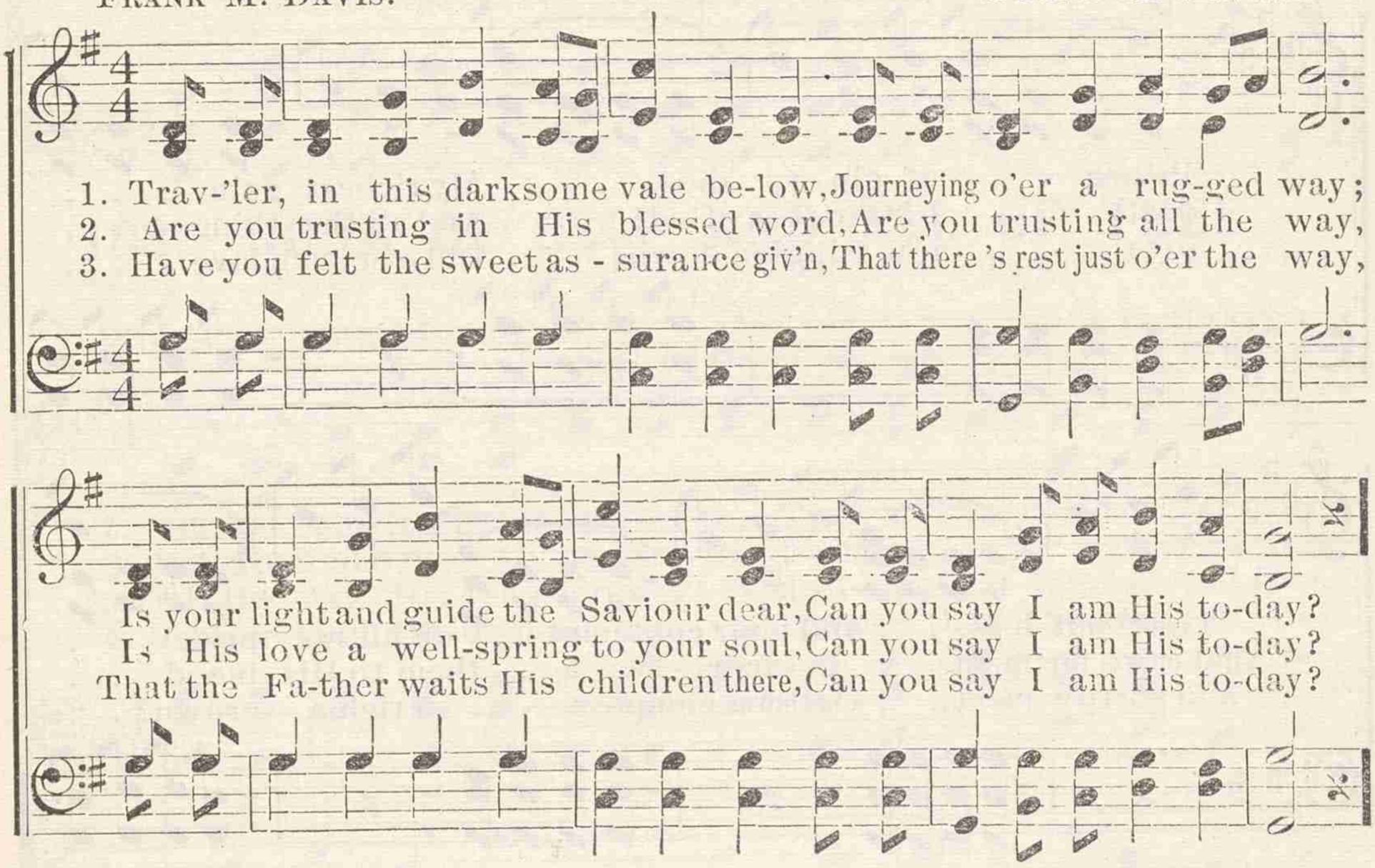
BECKONING HANDS.



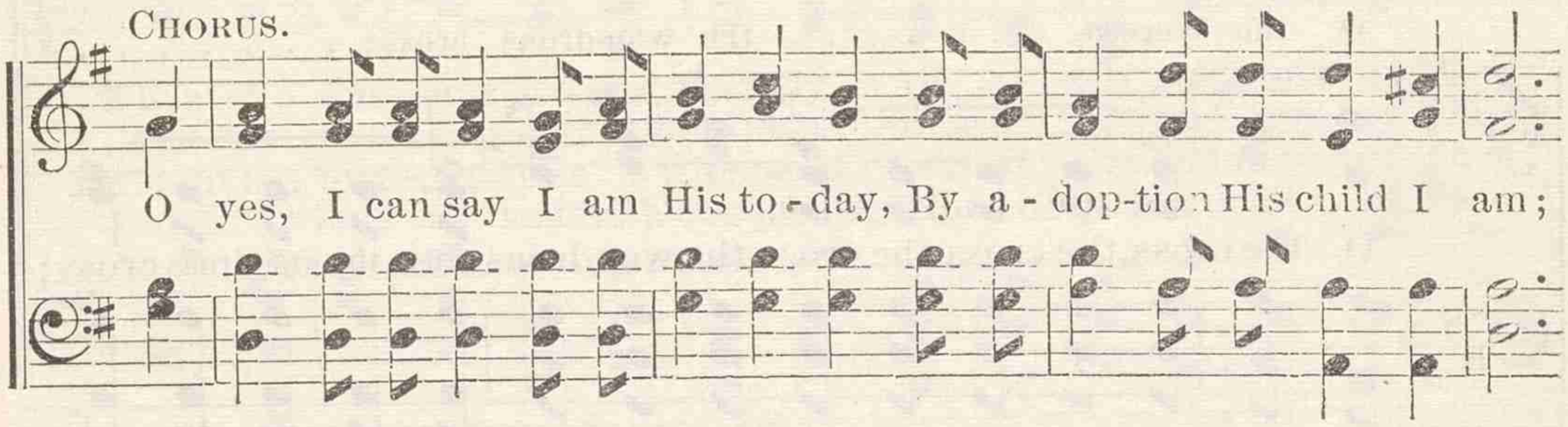
101. CAN YOU SAY I AM HIS TO-DAY?

"*I am thine.*"—Psalm 119: 94.

FRANK M. DAVIS. FRANK M. DAVIS.



CHORUS.
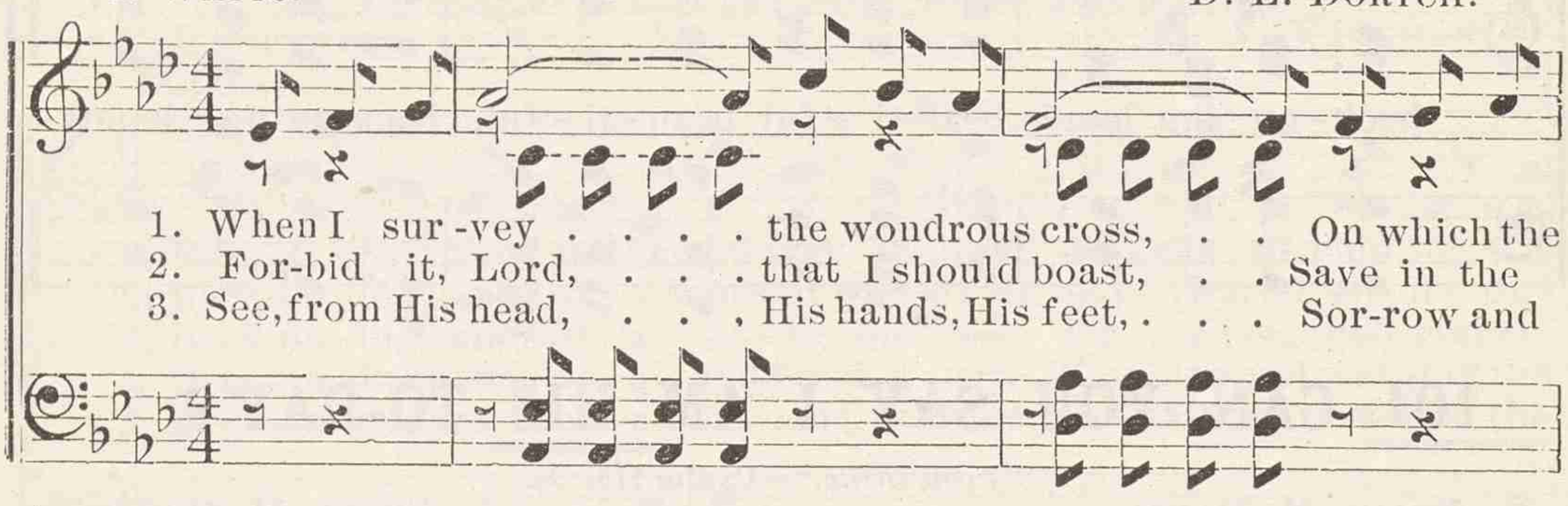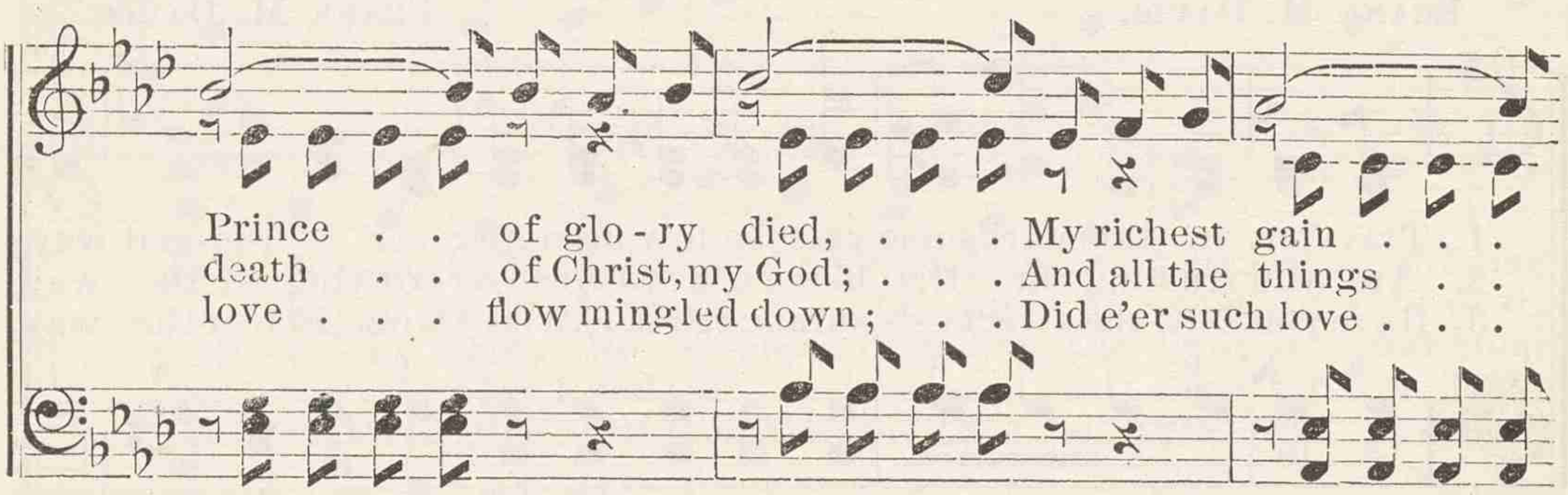


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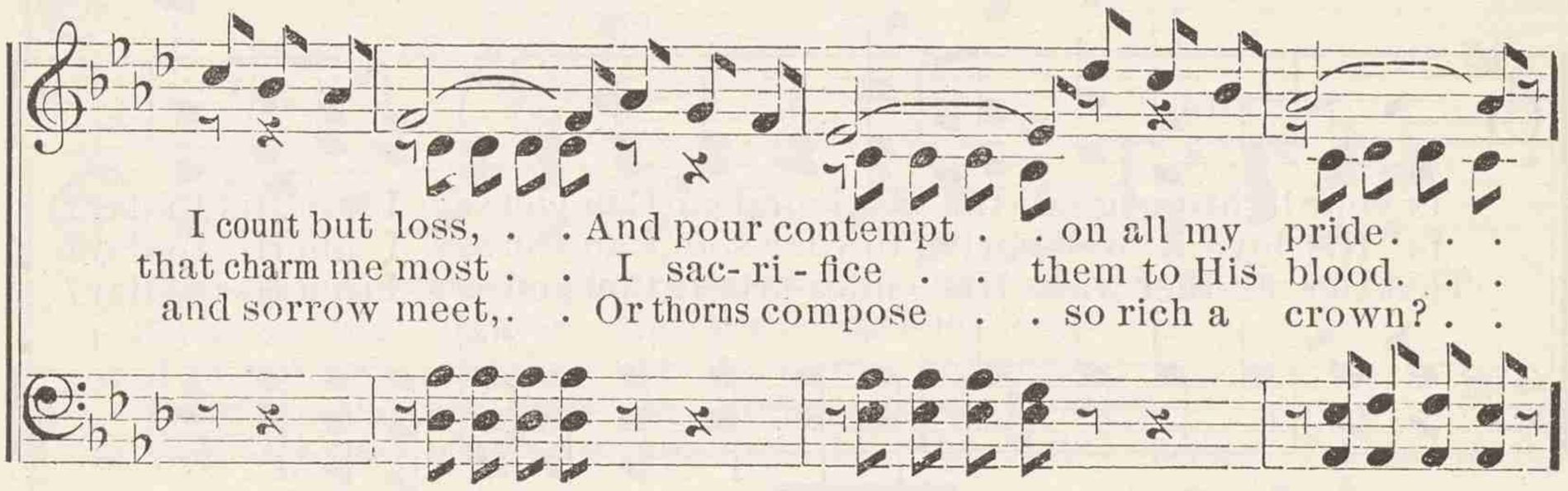
102. THE WONDROUS CROSS.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

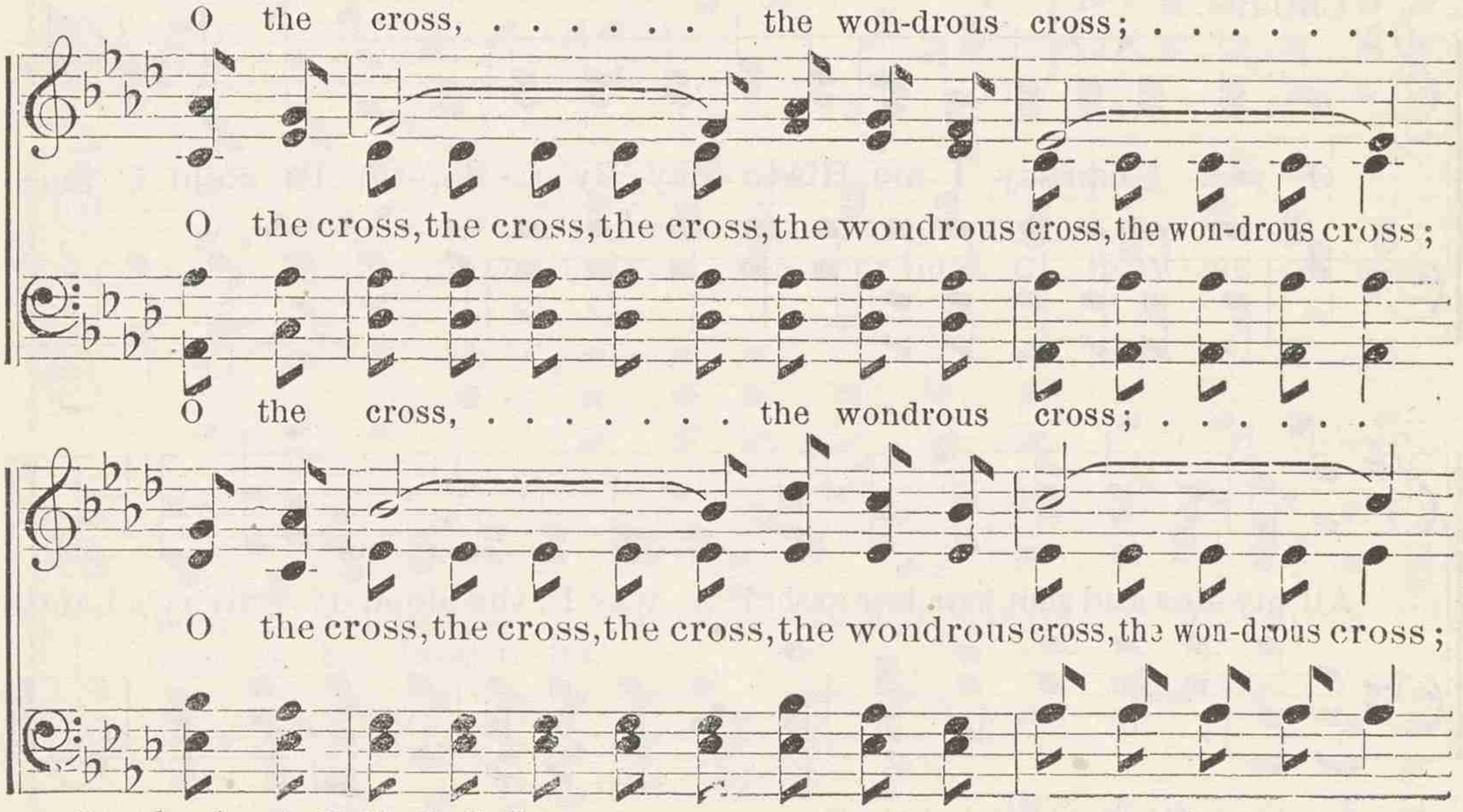
I. WATTS. D. E. DORTCH.







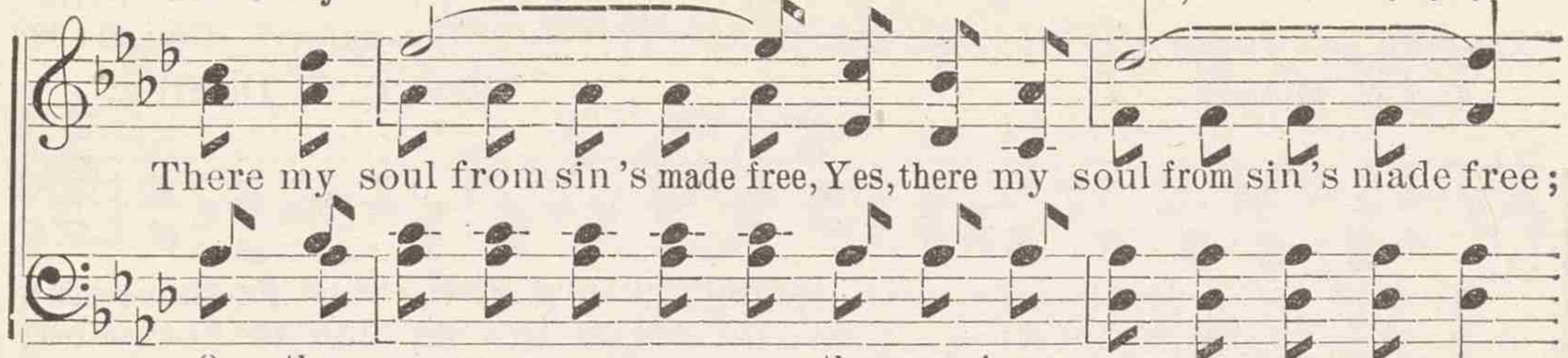
CHORUS.
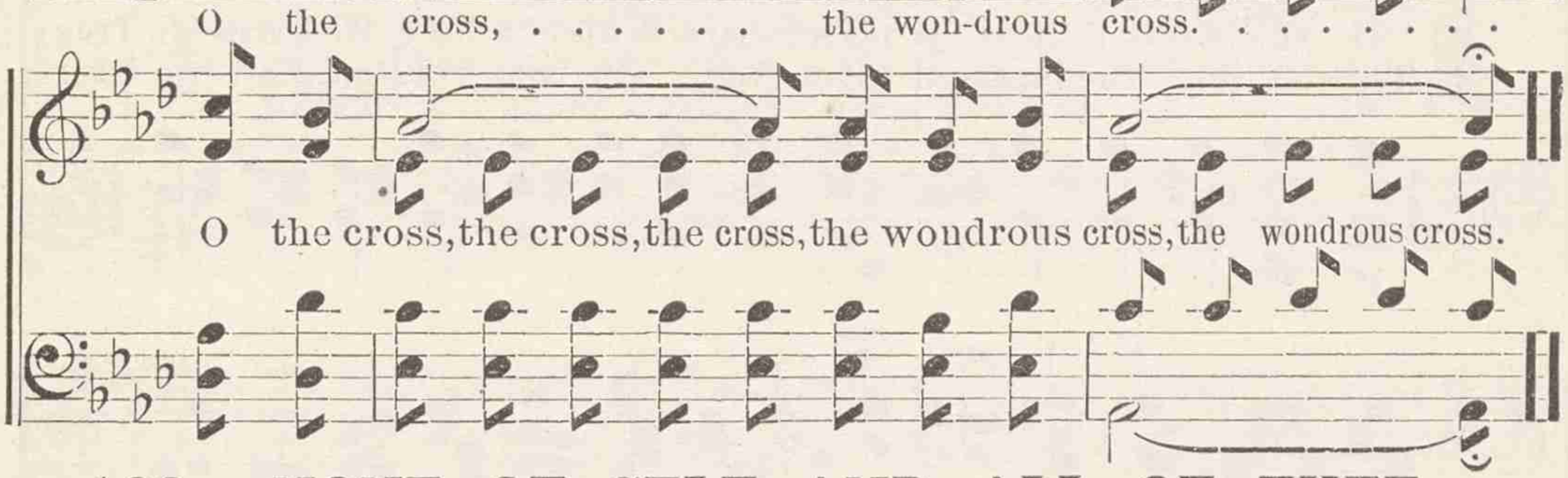


Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

THE WONDROUS CROSS.

There my soul . . . . . from sin 's made free, ...



There my soul from sin 's made free, Yes, there my soul from sin 's made free;



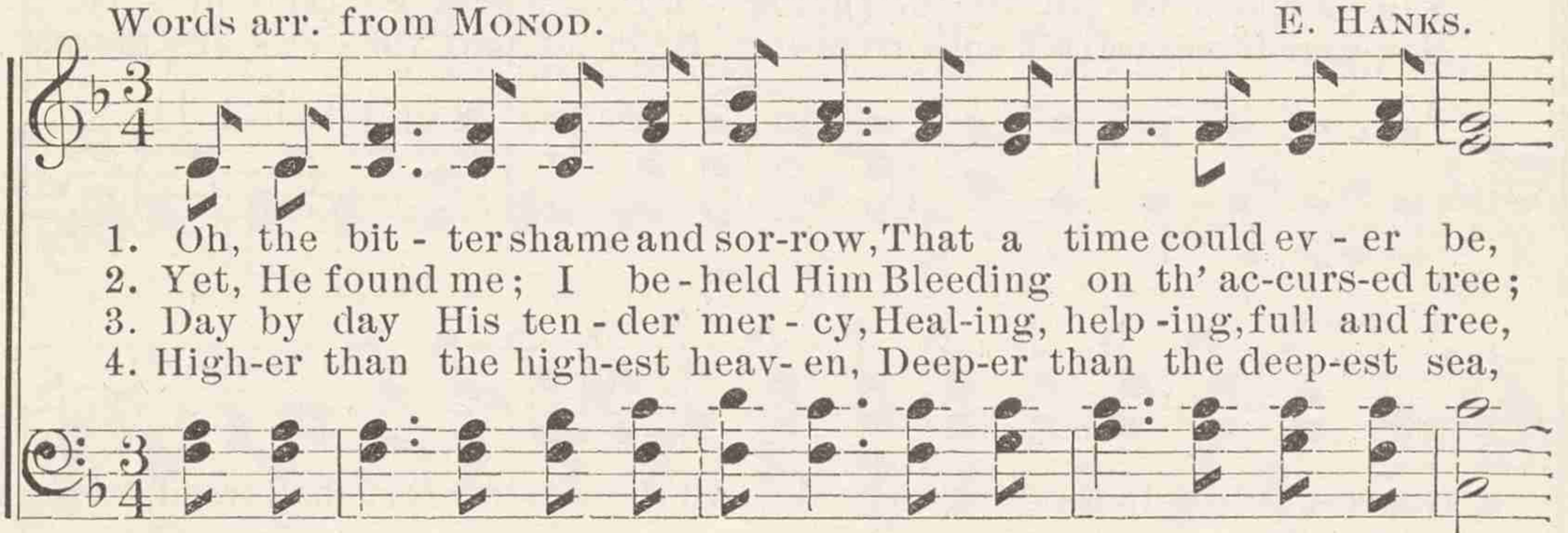
O the cross, ... the won-drous cross. . . . . .

O the cross, the cross, the cross, the wondrous cross, the wondrous cross.
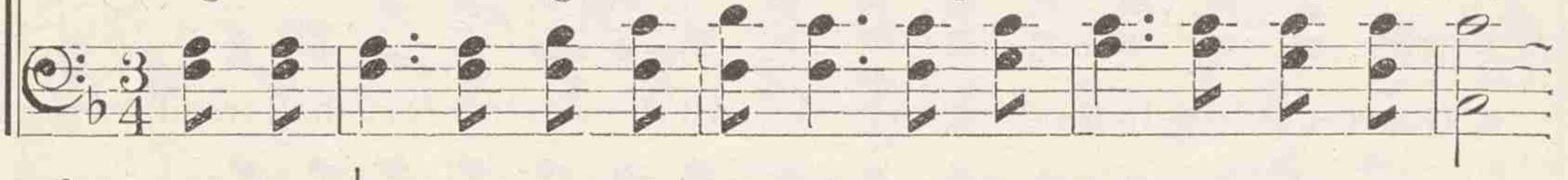
103. NONE OF SELF AND ALL OF THEE.
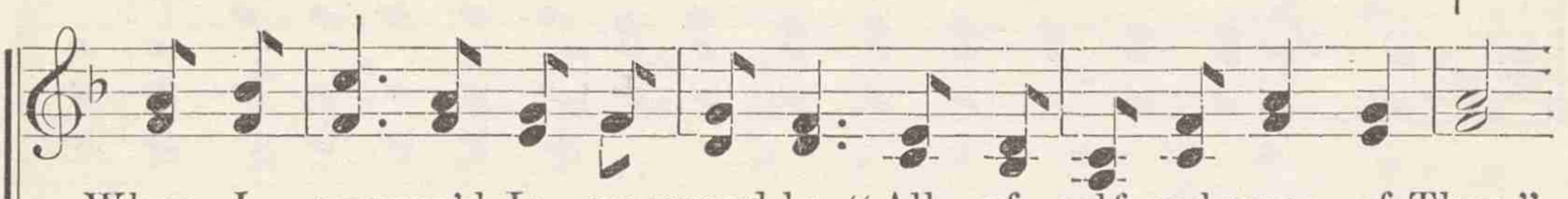
"I say . . . to every man . . . not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think."— Rom. 12: 3.

Words arr. from MONOD. E. HANKS.

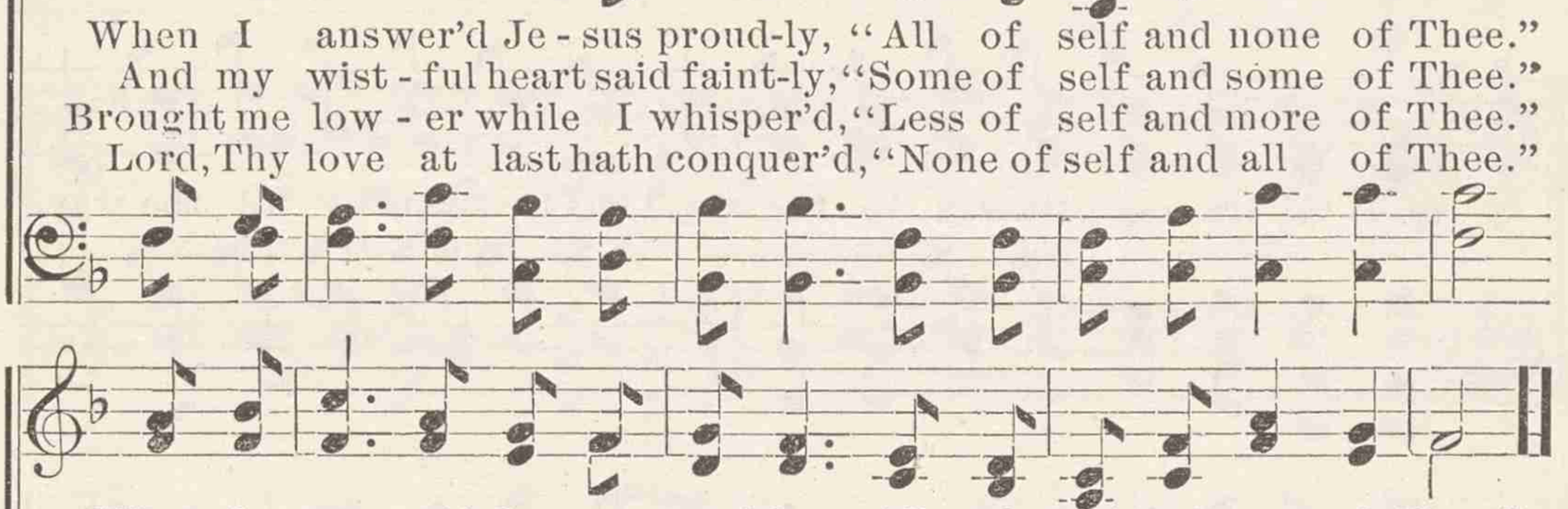


1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor-row, That a time could ev - er be,
2. Yet, He found me; I be - held Him Bleeding on th' ac-curs-ed tree;
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal-ing, help -ing, full and free,
4. High-er than the high-est heav- en, Deep-er than the deep-est sea,

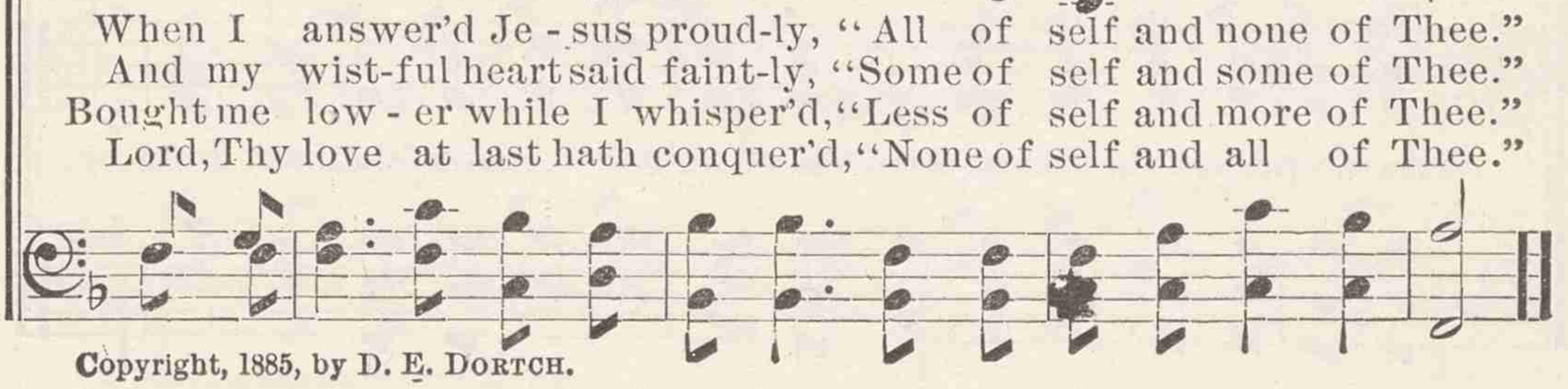




When I answer'd Je - sus proud-ly, "All of self and none of Thee."
And my wist - ful heart said faint-ly, "Some of self and some of Thee."
Brought me low - er while I whisper'd, "Less of self and more of Thee."
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquer'd, "None of self and all of Thee."



When I answer'd Je - sus proud-ly, "All of self and none of Thee."
And my wist-ful heart said faint-ly, "Some of self and some of Thee."
Bought me low - er while I whisper'd, "Less of self and more of Thee."
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquer'd, "None of self and all of Thee."
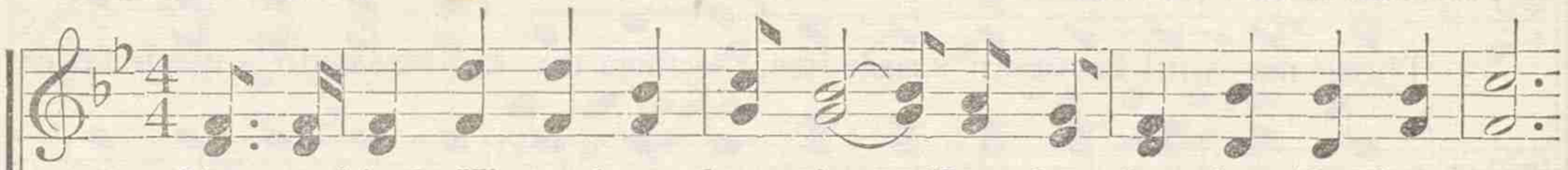


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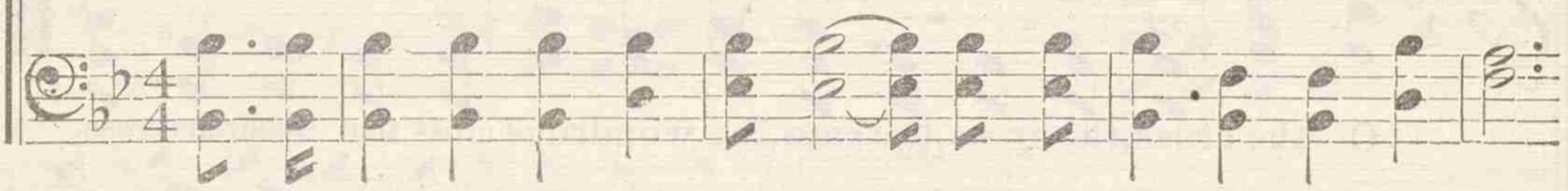
104. ENDEAVOR BENEDICTION SONG.

"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—Gen. 31: 49.
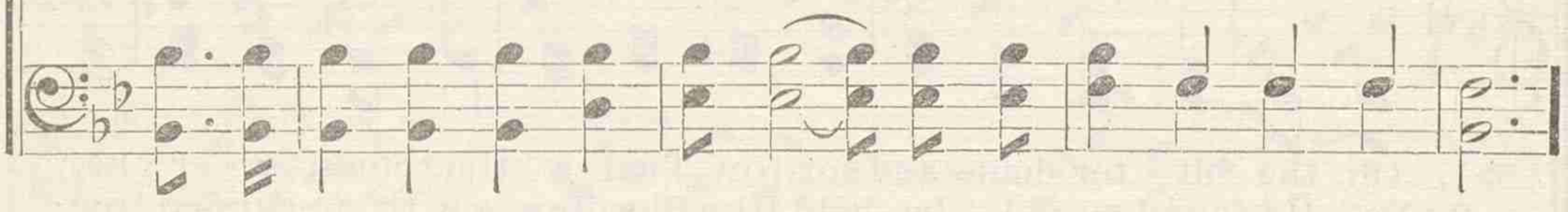
IDA A. HIGBIE. REV. D. E. DORTCH.



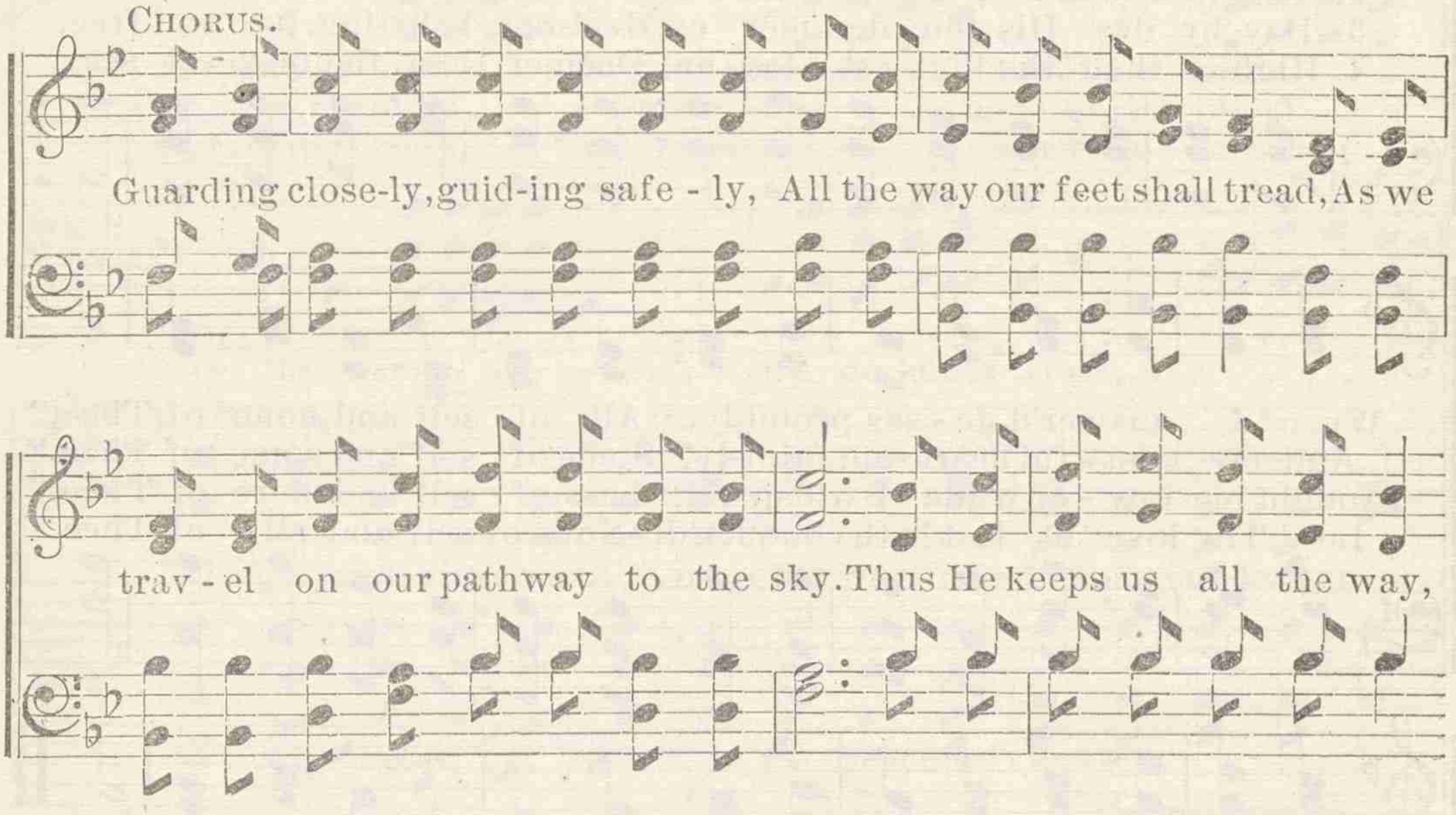
1. O'er us, friends, His watch-care keep-ing, Ten-der-ly the Fa-ther bends;
2. How it grieves Him when to prove us, Sore af-flic-tion He doth send;
3. O the bless-ed, bless-ed watch-care, Which in love He gives so free;
4. Then, O joy, the bless-ed meet-ing, On that gold-en, gladsome shore;
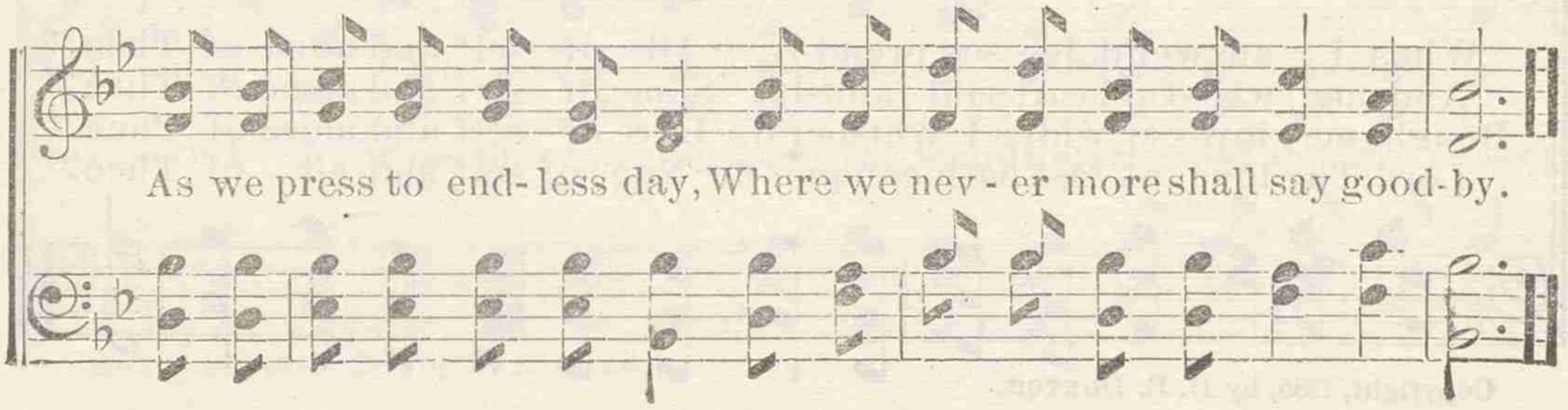


Near us still a-wake or sleep-ing, Noth-ing but His love He sends.
How the an-gel of His pres-ence Cheers us, and His aid doth lend.
Sav-iour, keep us, till the morn-ing Of the glad e-ter-ni-ty.
Sav-iour, friends and lov'd ones greet-ing, Ne'er to part for-ev-er-more.



CHORUS.



Guarding close-ly, guid-ing safe-ly, All the way our feet shall tread, As we trav-el on our pathway to the sky. Thus He keeps us all the way,



As we press to end-less day, Where we nev-er more shall say good-by.

105. FULLY SAVED.

"Filled with all the fulness of God."—Eph. 3: 19.

Mrs. H. M. RICHARDS. Rev. W. G. COOPER.

1. A sea of deep un - fath-om'd joy, Fills my en - rap-tur'd soul!
2. O whith-er came these breez-es now, To stir the depths with -in;
3. One might-y wave would lift my bark In - to the port of bliss!
4. The gate of heav'n must stand a - jar, The glo - ry shines on me;
5. The song of the blood-wash'd I hear, "All glo - ry to the Lamb!

My sins no more my peace de - stroy, Je - sus hath made me whole.
Sure heav'nly zeph-yrs fan my brow, Heav'n's veil seems ver-y thin.
The cross-ing sure can - not be dark, No bliss a - kin to this.
O 'tis the bright and morning star, His glo - ry I can see.
I join the song it seems so near, For wash'd from sin I am.

CHORUS.
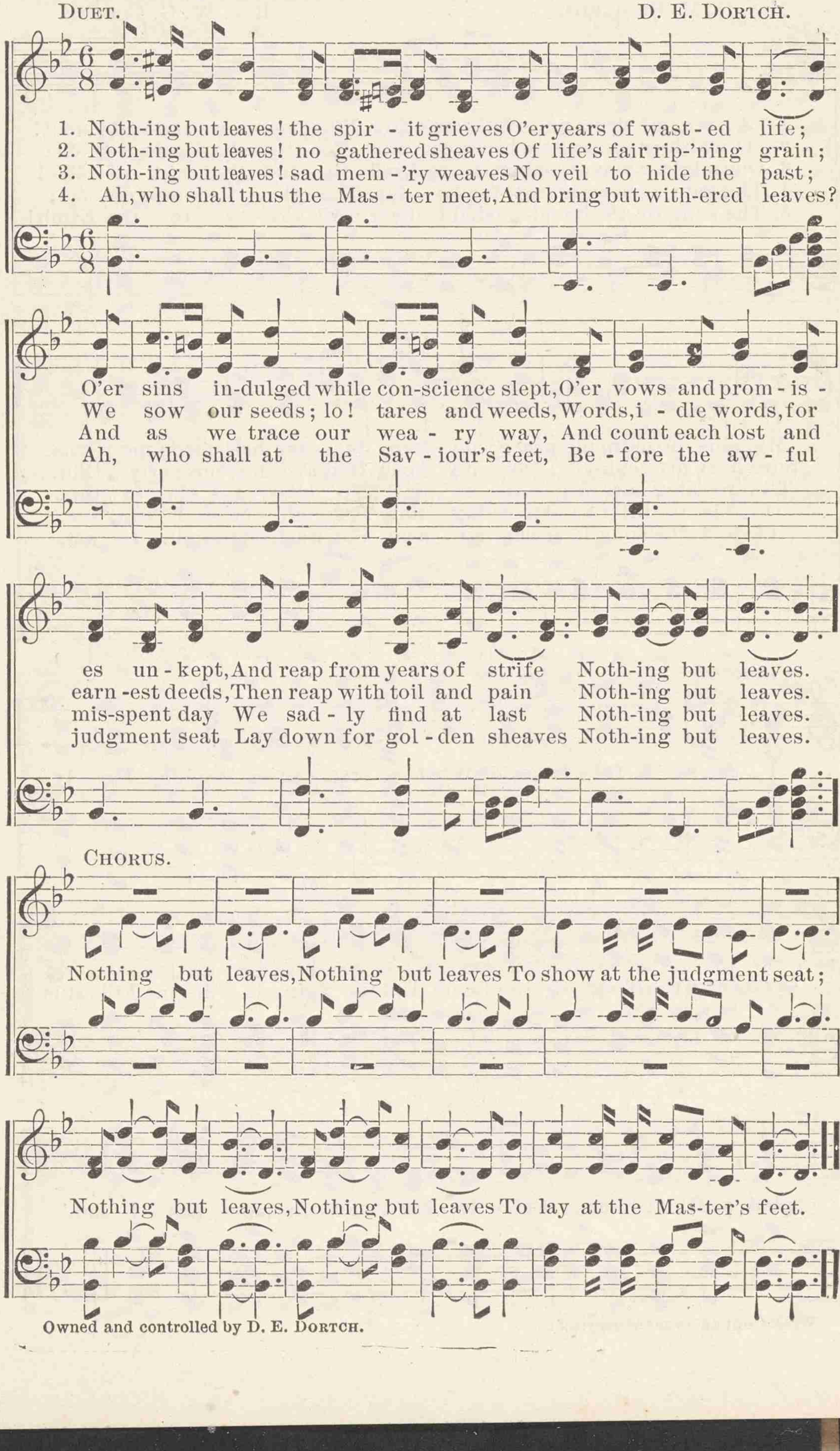
I am sav'd, ful - ly sav'd, What a rap - ture is mine, Ful - ly
sav'd thro' the blood of the Lamb, And the Spir - it di-vine Fills this
glad soul of mine, Ful - ly sav'd now in Je - sus I am.

W. G. COOPER owner of copyright.

106. NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

"And when he came to it he found nothing but leaves."—Mark 11: 13.

DUET. D. E. DORTCH.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

107. WE SHALL REST IN PEACE AT HOME.

"God hath called us to peace."—1 Cor. 8: 15.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. When we gath-er o'er the tide, Where the saints of God a - bide, We shall
2. When we gath-er on that shore, All our sorrows will be o'er, We shall
3. When we gath-er in that land, And with all the ransom'd stand, We shall
4. When we gath-er at His feet, In communion strangely sweet, We shall

rest in peace at home; There we 'll dwell in end-less light, For the
rest in peace at home; There we 'll have no tear - ful eyes, But e -
rest in peace at home; There we 'll sing the glad new song, With the
rest in peace at home; There we 'll meet our loved ones bright, Dressed in

D.S. *There we 'll chant re - deeming love Round the*

FINE.

day is al - ways bright, We shall rest in peace at home.
ter - nal joy shall rise, We shall rest in peace at home.
hap - py, saint-ed throng, We shall rest in peace at home.
robes of spot-less white, We shall rest in peace at home.

throne of God a - bove, We shall rest in peace at home, sweet home.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

We shall rest in peace, sweet peace, We shall rest in peace at home;
We shall rest in peace, in perfect peace, We shall rest in peace at home, sweet home.
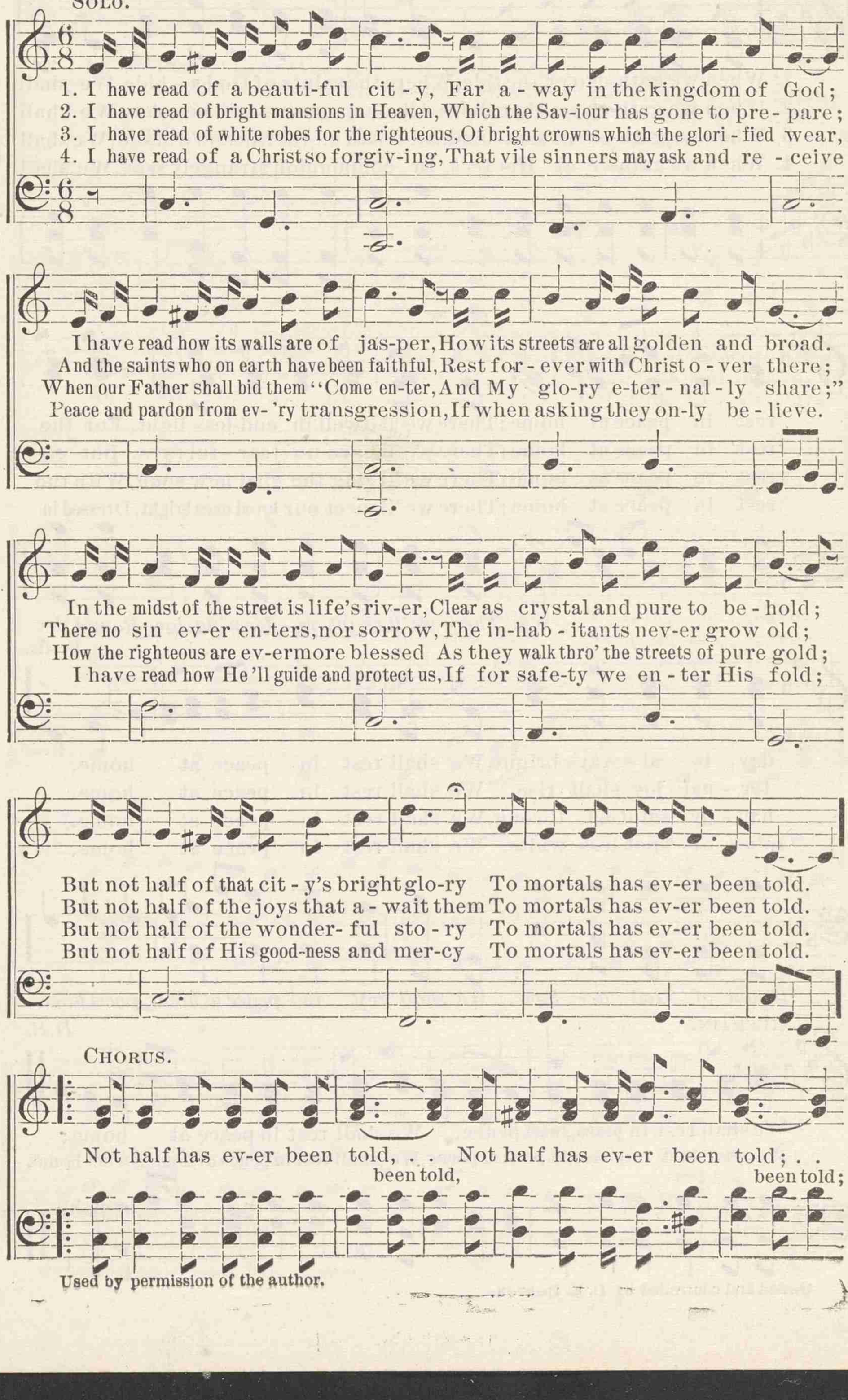
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108. NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD.

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—Rev. 21: 18.

J. B. ATCHINSON. O. F. PRISBERY, by per.

SOLO.
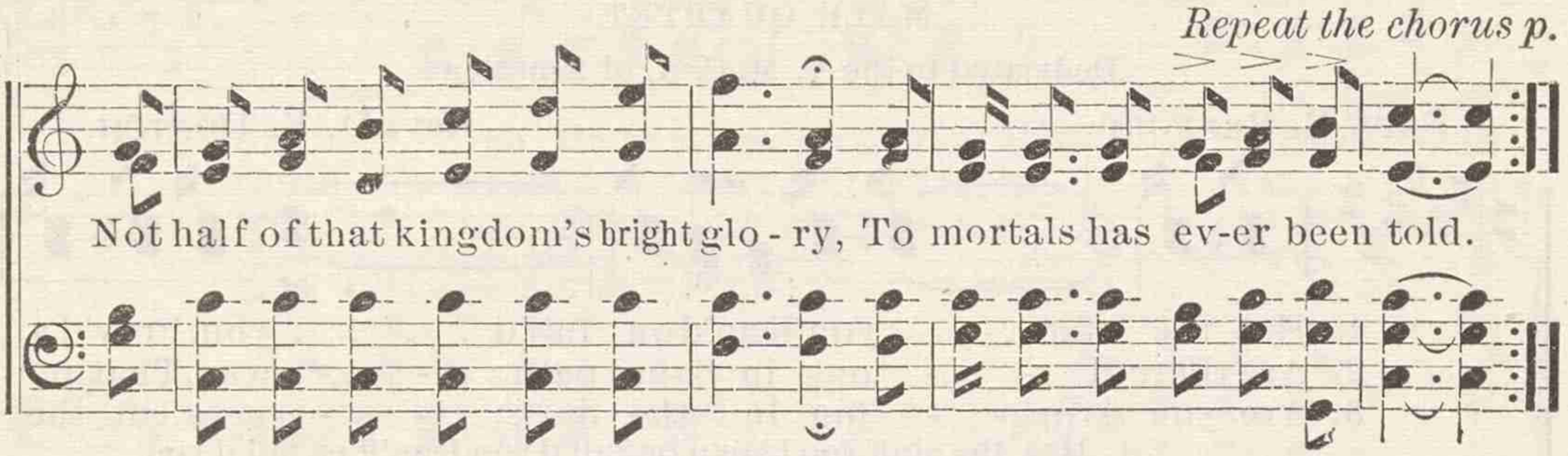


CHORUS.

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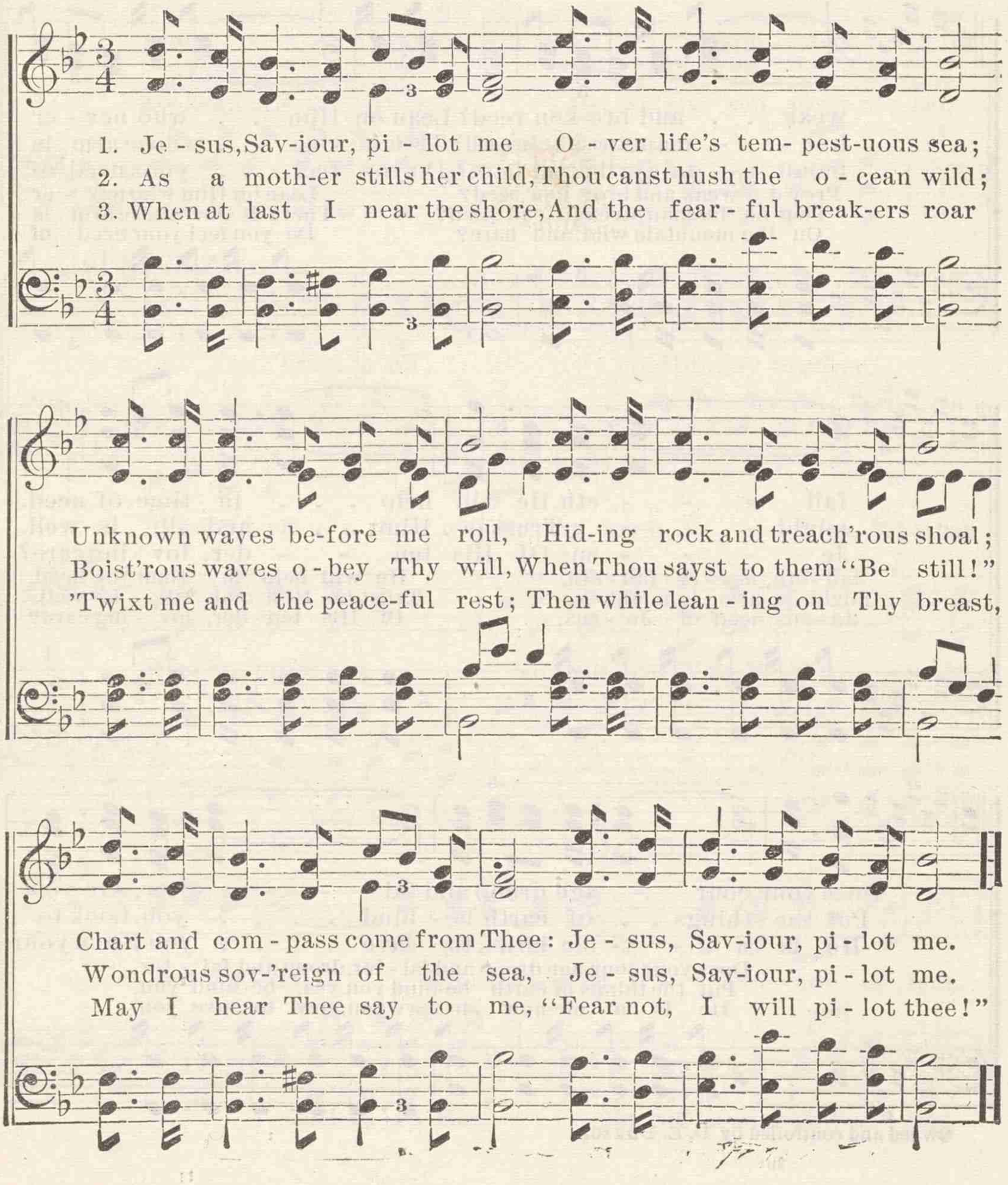
NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD.

Repeat the chorus p.



109. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

Rev. Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.



110. TRUST IT ALL TO HIM.

MALE QUARTET.

Dedicated to the Y. M. C. A. of America.

EBEN E. REXFORD. Rev. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Has the staff . . . you lean'd on fail'd . . . . you, Prov'd a
2. Are there li - - - ons in the path - - - way, That no
3. Are you grop - - - ing in the dark - - - ness, On the

1. Has the staff you lean'd on fail'd you, lean'd on fail'd you,
2. Are there li - ons in the path-way, in the path-way,
3. Are you grop-ing in the dark-ness, in the dark-ness,

weak . . and bro-ken reed? Lean on Him . . who nev - er
hu - - man strength can quell? There is One . . whose arm is
moun - tain wild and bare? Do you feel . . your need of

Prov'd a weak and bro - ken reed? Lean on Him who nev - er
That no hu-man strength can quell? There is One whose arm is
On the mountain wild and bare? Do you feel your need of

fail - - - eth, He will help . . . in time of need.
might - - - y, Trust in Him . . . and all is well.
Je - - - sus, Of His ten - - der, lov - ing care?

fail - eth, nev - er fail - eth, He will help in time of need.
might - y, arm is might - y, Trust in Him and all is well.
Je - sus, need of Je - sus, Of His ten - der, lov - ing care?

Does your cour - age droop and fal - - - ter, Are you
Put the things . . of earth be - hind . . . . you, Look to
He is a - - ble now to save . . . . you From your

Does your cour-age droop and fal - ter, droop and fal - ter,
Put the things of earth be-hind you, yes, be - hind you,
He is a - ble now to save you, now to save you,

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

TRUST IT ALL TO HIM.

oft - en times oppress'd? Come to Him . . . who call - eth
those . . which are be-fore, Trusting in . . . . the love un -
sor - row, pain, and grief, If you trust . . . in Christ the
Are you oft - en times op-press'd? Come to Him who call - eth
Look to those which are be - fore, Trust-ing in the love un -
From your sorrow, pain, and grief, If you trust in Christ the

rit. et dim.

to . . . . . you, And in com - ing thou shalt rest.
fail - - ing, Be ye stead - fast ev - er-more.
Sav - - iour, He will give . . . you sweet re - lief.
to you, call - eth to you, And in com - ing thou shalt rest.
fail - ing, love un-fail - ing, Be ye stead-fast ev - er - more.
Sav - iour, Christ the Saviour, He will give you sweet re - lief.

CHORUS.

Trust it all to Him, my brother,
Trust it all . . . . to Him, my broth - - - er, Who has
Who has promised He will hear When His chil - dren
prom - ised He will hear When His chil-dren
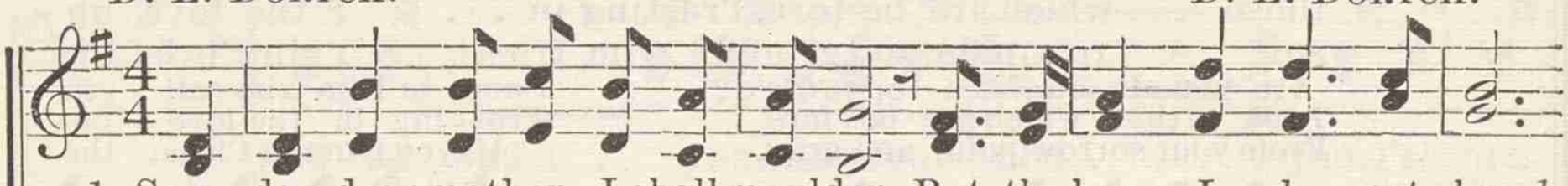
rit. et dim.

call up - on . . . Him. He will an - swer nev - er fear.
call up - on Him. He will an-swer nev - er fear.
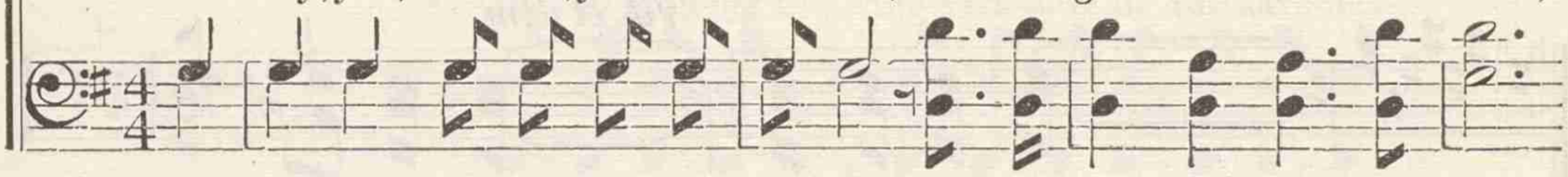
111. SOME DAY.
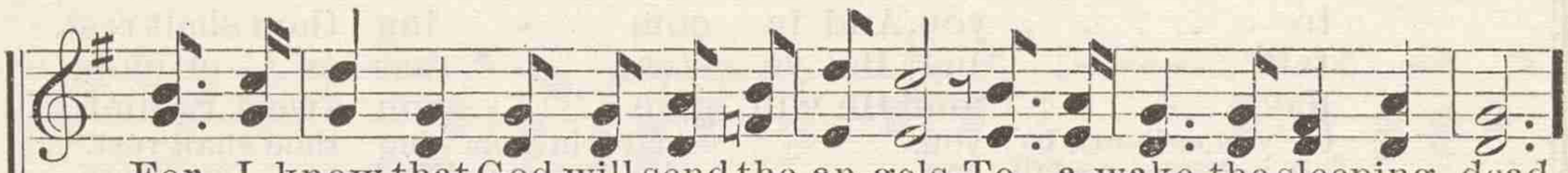
One day last summer, while lying on the bed, seriously meditating on the future, and at the same time looking at his little bare feet and hands, Little Bliss said to his mother: "Mamma, some day these little feet and these little hands will moulder into dust, but it won't hurt me." Last March, the 29th day, he sweetly fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, and "some day" I'll go to see him.—D. E. D.

D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH.
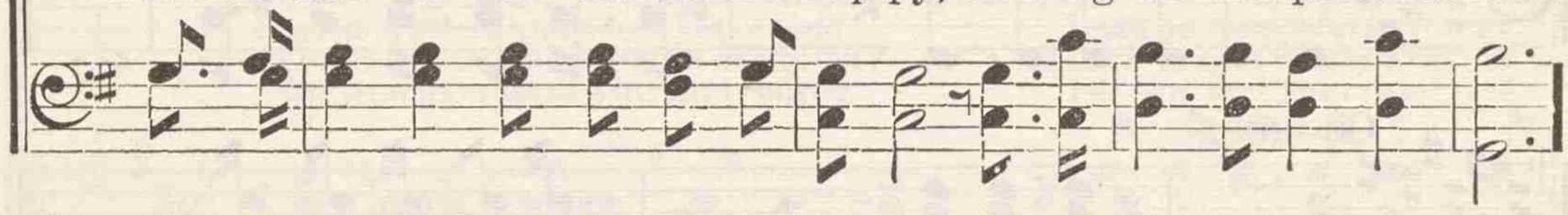


1. Some day, dear mother, I shall moulder, But the hour I do not dread,
2. Some day, dear mother, in that cit - y, I will play with chil-dren fair,
3. Some day, dear mother, won't you fol-low I will want to see you there,
4. Some day, yes, mother, you will meet me, 'Round the great white throne a - bove,
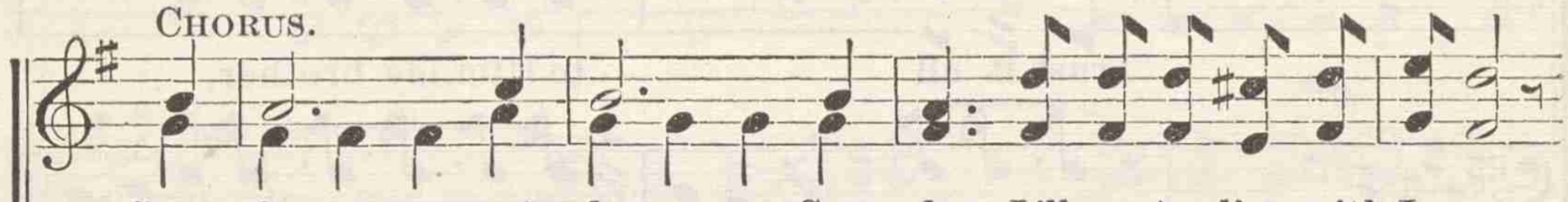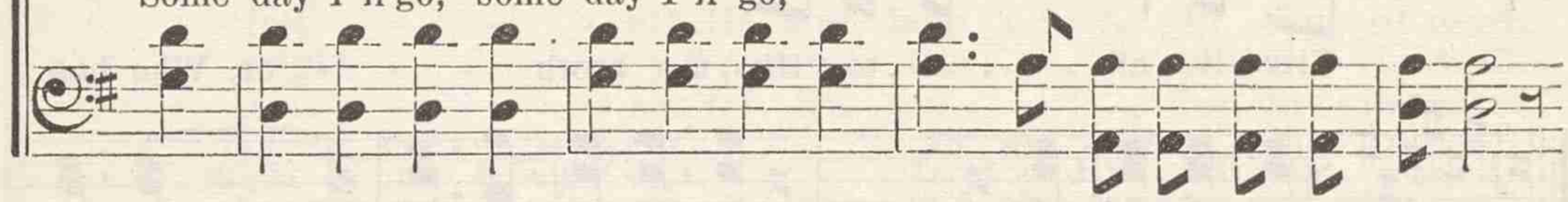




For I know that God will send the an-gels To a-wake the sleeping dead.
And we 'll pull the flow-ers of God's gardens, For I know He will not care.
We will have no tears, no pain, no sorrow, Rest-ing in the Saviour's care.
Then we 'll sit at Je - sus' feet so hap-py, Tell-ing of His precious love.
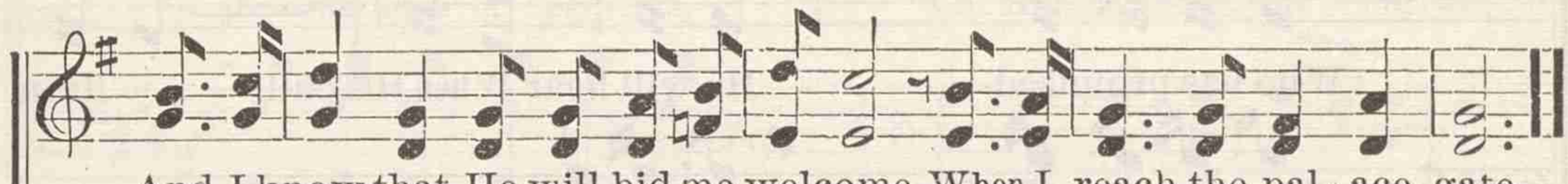


CHORUS.
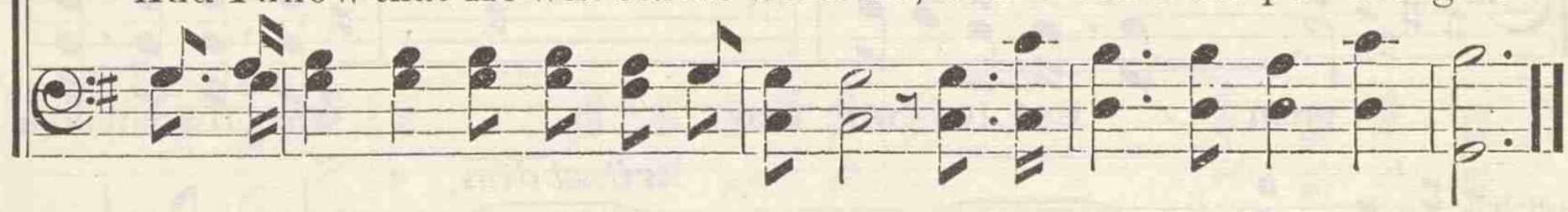


Some day, some day, Some day I'll go to live with Je-sus;
Some day I'll go, some day I'll go,





And I know that He will bid me welcome, When I reach the pal - ace gate.



5 Some day I'll go to see my darling,
Who is safe in that fair land;
And I know that He will bid me welcome,
When I strike the golden strand.

6 Some day I'll quit this vale of sorrows
And shall soar from earth away;
And I know that I shall reach that country,
There to dwell in endless day.

7 Some day I'll go to be with Jesus,
Who redeemed me, made me free;
And I know that I shall see His glory,
And forever happy be.

8 Some day, yes, in that lovely Eden,
I shall feel the thrill of joy,
When, around the throne in happy union
I shall meet my little boy.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

FAMILIAR HYMNS.

112 REVIVE US AGAIN.

(Key of G.)

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS. — Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen;
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Revive us again.

2. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.

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

113 JESUS PAID IT ALL.

(Key of E flat.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

114 I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

(Key of G.)

1. I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS. — I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

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

3. Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be, —
Wholly Thine forever more.

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 came! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am ev'ry whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

115 WHAT A FRIEND.

(Key of F.)

1. What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer.

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

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

116 HAPPY DAY.

(Key of G.)

1. Oh, happy day that fixed my choice,
On thee, my Saviour and my God.
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS. — Happy day, happy day;
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live rejoicing ev'ry day.
Happy day, happy day;
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2. 'Tis done, — the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

3. Now rest, my long divided heart, —
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here I have found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

117 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(Key of F.)

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

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

118 COME THOU FOUNT.

(Key of F.)

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

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

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

119 THE FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD.

(Key of C.)

1. THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners cleansed by that pure flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

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

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

120 ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED.

(Key of A-flat.)

1. ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

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

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

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

121 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

(Key of G.)

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

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

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

122 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

(Key of E-flat.)

1. THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer;
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.—Sweetest note in Seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,—
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

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

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

123 THE HOME OVER THERE.

(Key of A.)

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

Refrain. — Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there, etc.

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

Refrain. — Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there, etc.

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

Refrain. — Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there, etc.

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

Refrain. — Over there, over there,
I will soon be at home over there, etc.

124 JUST AS I AM.

(Key of E-flat.)

1. Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

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

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

125 BOYLSTON.

(Key of C.)

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

2. The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

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

Rev. Benj. Beddome, 1787.

126 ONLY TRUST HIM.

(Key of G.)

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

Cho. — Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

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

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

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

127 I DO BELIEVE.

(Key of F.)

1. Father, I stretch my hands to Thee;
No other help I know;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

Chorus. — I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And thro' His blood, His precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

2. What did Thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath?
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3. Author of faith, to Thee, I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
Oh, may I now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

128 COME YE SINNERS.

(Key of A-flat.)

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.

Chorus. — I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in his arms;
In the arms of my dear Saviour,
Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free beauty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that bring you nigh.

3. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

129 COME TO JESUS.

(Key of G.)

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

2. He will save you, etc.
3. Oh, believe Him, etc.
4. He is able, etc.
5. He is willing, etc:
6. He'll receive you, etc.
7. Call upon Him, etc.
8. He will hear you, etc.
9. Look unto Him, etc.
10. He 'll forgive you, etc.
11. He will cleanse you, etc.
12. Don't reject Him, etc.
13. Only trust him, etc.
14. Hallelujah, Amen.

130 A CLOSER WALK.

(Key of A-flat.)

1. OH, for a closer walk with God,
   A calm and heavenly frame,
   A light to shine upon the road,
   That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Return, O holy Dove, return,
   Sweet messenger of rest,
   I hate the sin that made Thee mourn,
   And drove Thee from my breast.

3. The dearest idol I have known,
   Whate'er that idol be,
   Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
   And worship only Thee.

131 WHAT WONDROUS LOVE

(Key of G.)

1. What wondrous love is this, —
   O my soul! O my soul!
   What wondrous love is this, –
   O my soul!
   What wondrous love is this
   That caused the Lord of bliss
   To bear the dreadful curse
   For my soul, for my soul?
   To bear the dreadful curse
   For my soul?

2. When I was sinking down,
   Sinking down, sinking down,
   When I was sinking down,
   Sinking down!
   When I was sinking down
   Beneath God's righteous frown,
   Christ laid aside His crown
   For my soul, for my soul;
   Christ laid aside His crown
   For my soul.

3. Ye winged seraphs, fly!
   Bear the news! bear the news
   Ye winged seraphs, fly!
   Bear the news!
   Ye winged seraphs, fly!
   Like lightning through the sky,
   Fill vast eternity
   With the news, with the news,
   Fill vast eternity
   With the news.

4. To God and to the Lamb
   I will sing! I will sing!
   To God and to the Lamb
   I will sing!
   To God and to the Lamb,
   And to the great I Am,
   While millions join the psalm,
   I will sing, I will sing;
   While millions join the psalm,
   I will sing!

132 HOLY MANNA.

(Key of A-flat.)

1. Brethren, we have met to worship,
   And adore the Lord our God;
   Will you pray with all your power
   While we try to preach the word?

   CHO. — All is vain unless the spirit
   Of the Holy One come down;
   Brethren, pray, and holy manna
   Will be showered all around.

2. Brethren, see poor sinners round you
   Slumbering on the brink of woe;
   Death is coming, hell is moving,
   Can you bear to let them go?

3. Sister, will you join and help us,
   While we struggle hard with sin?
   Will you tell to trembling mourners
   Jesus waits to take them in.

4. Let us love our God supremely,
   Let us love each other too;
   Let us love and pray for sinners
   Till our God makes all things new.

133 COMMUNION HYMN.

(Key of B-flat.)

1. 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,
   When powers of earth and hell arose
   Against the Son of God's delight,
   And friends betrayed Him to His foes.

2. Before the mournful scene began,
   He took the bread, and blest and brake;
   What love thro' all His actions ran!
   What wondrous words of grace He spake.

3. Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate;
   We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
   Till Thou return and we shall eat
   The marriage supper of the Lamb.

134 DOXOLOGY.

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

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