NATIONAL

G. Y.

HYMNAL

PRICE

Muslin, 40 cents; Boards, 50 cents

PUBLISHED BY

National Baptist Publishing Board

521-523 Second Avenue, North

NASHVILLE, TENN.

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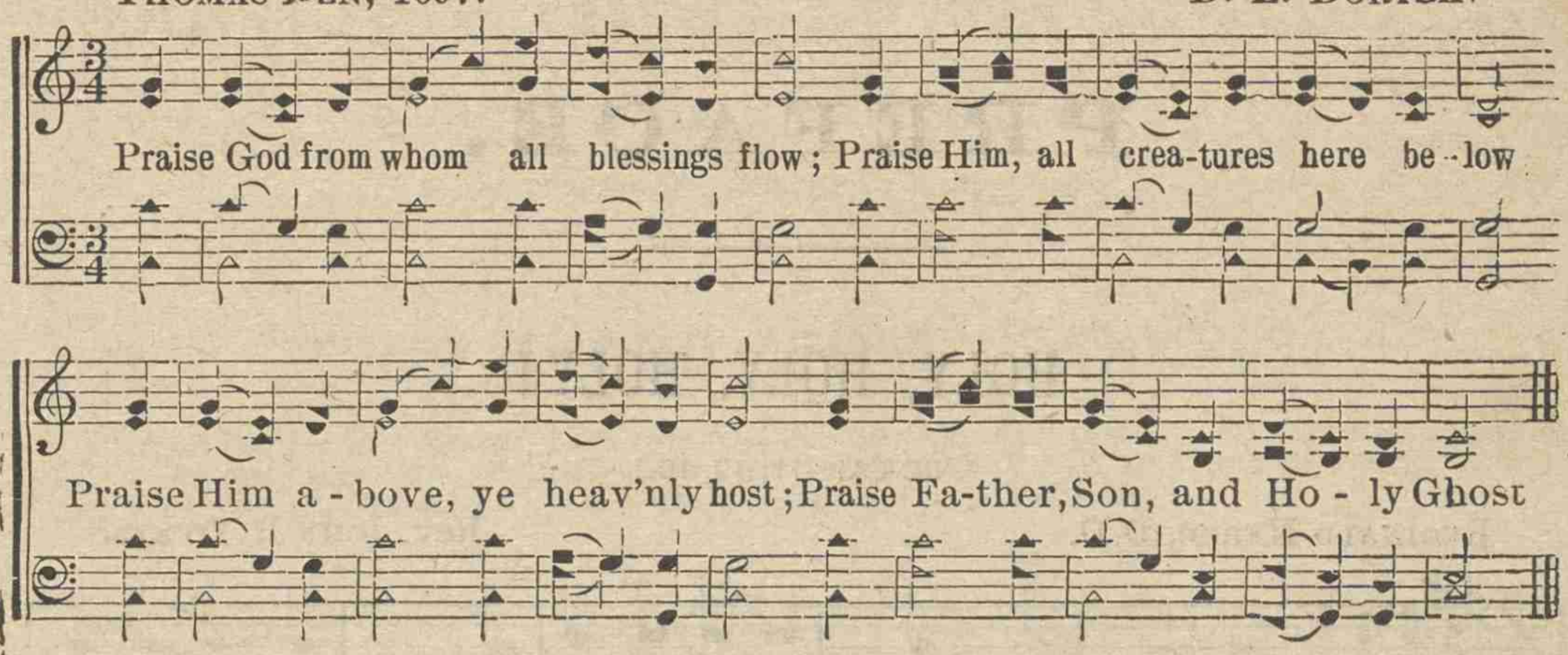
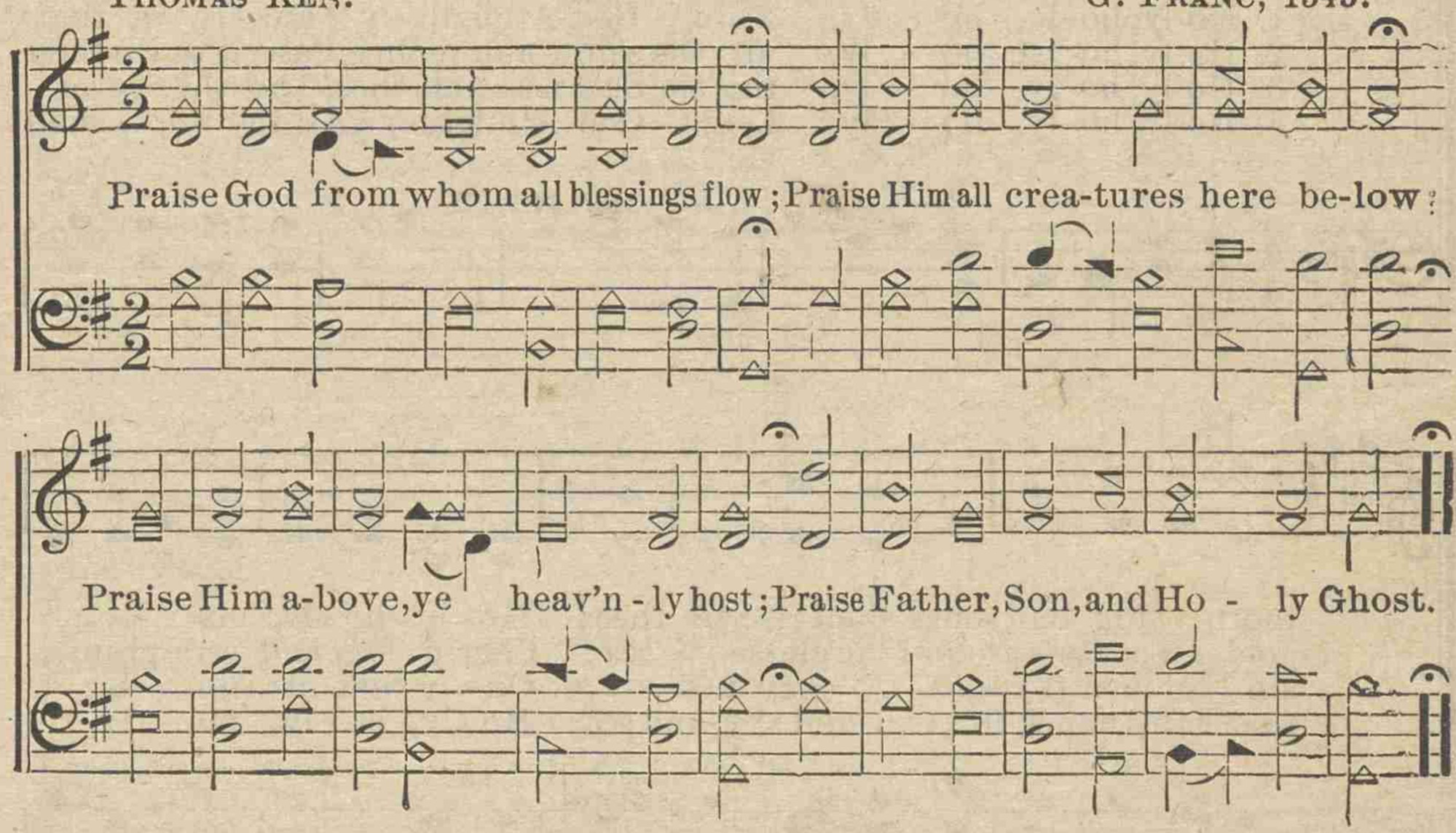
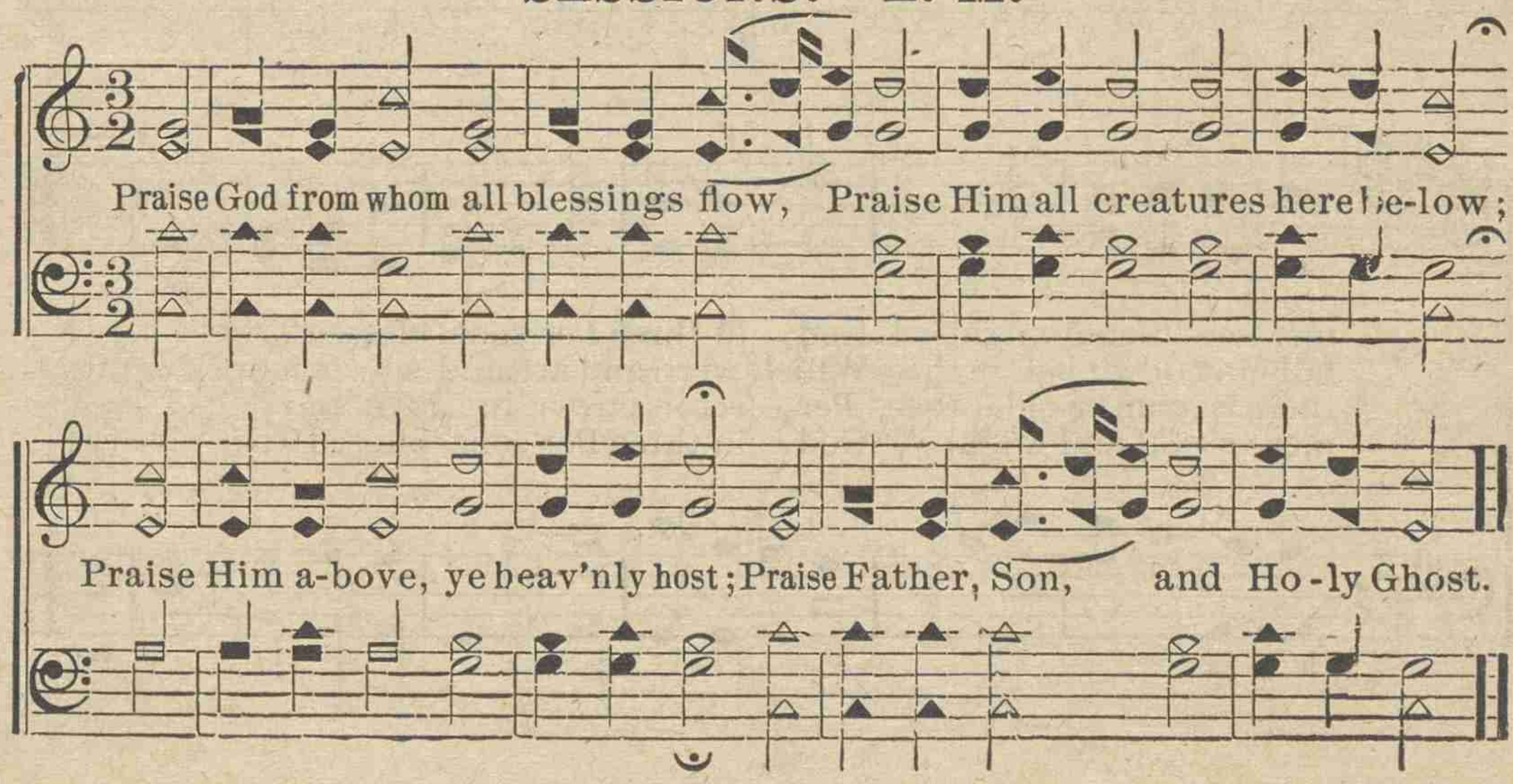
DOXOLOGY.

THOMAS KEN, 1697. D. E. DORTCH.

OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN. G. FRANC, 1545.

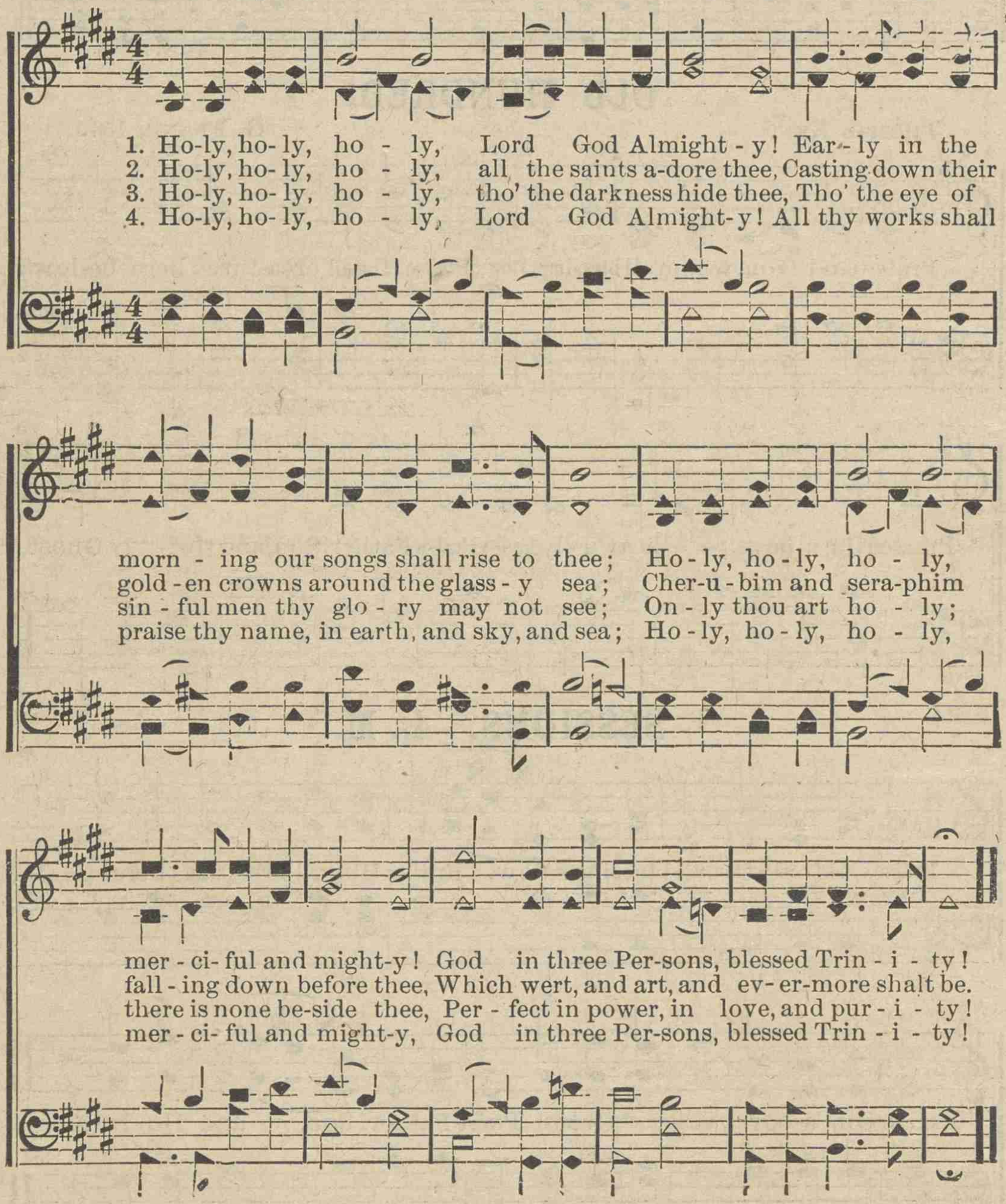


SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

PREFACE.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

(NICÆA. 11, 12, 10.)

REGINALD HEBER, D.D. — Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

Dortch's Gospel Voices No. 1.

By D. E. DORTCH.

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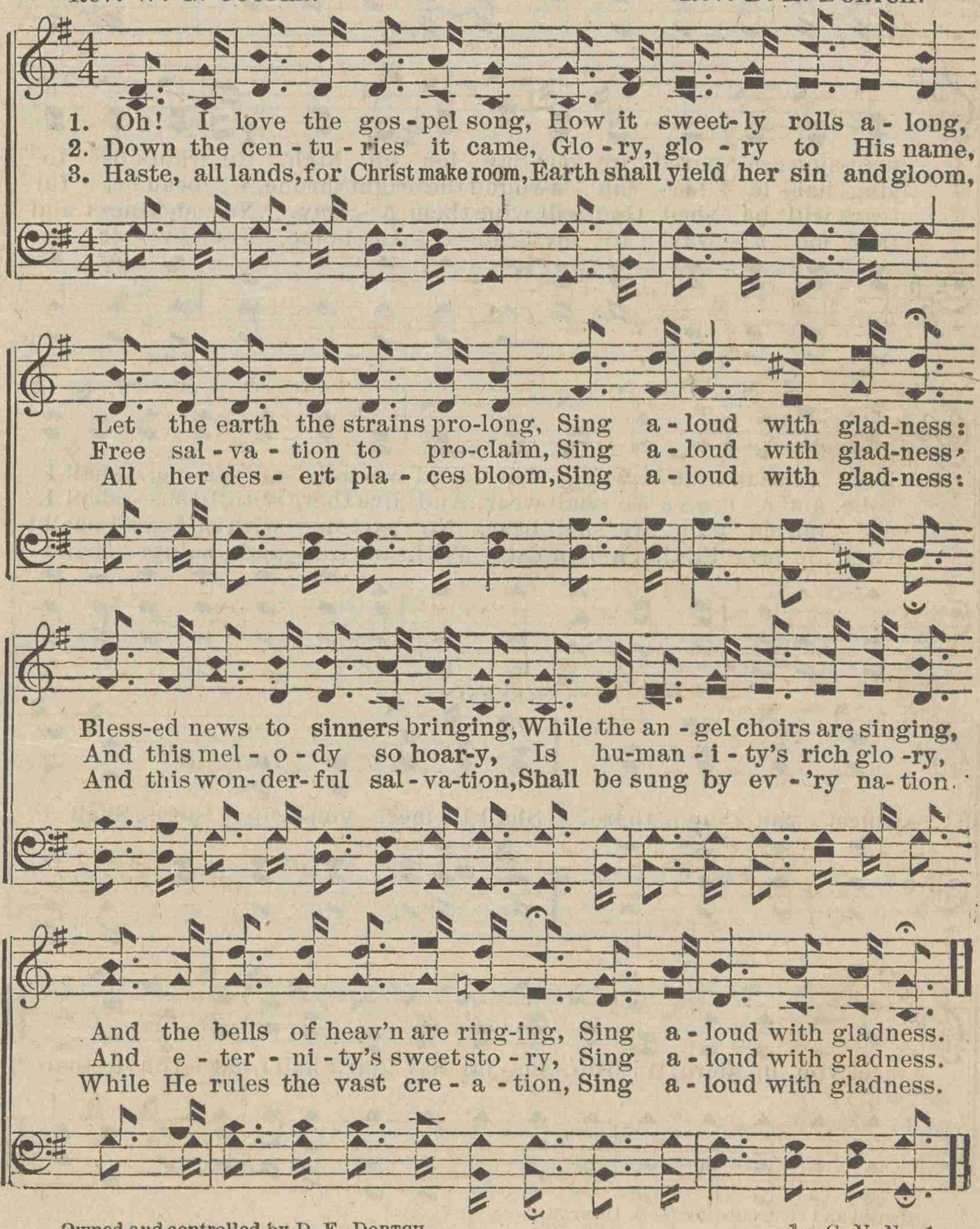
1. SING ALOUD WITH GLADNESS.

"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, 'tis 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?

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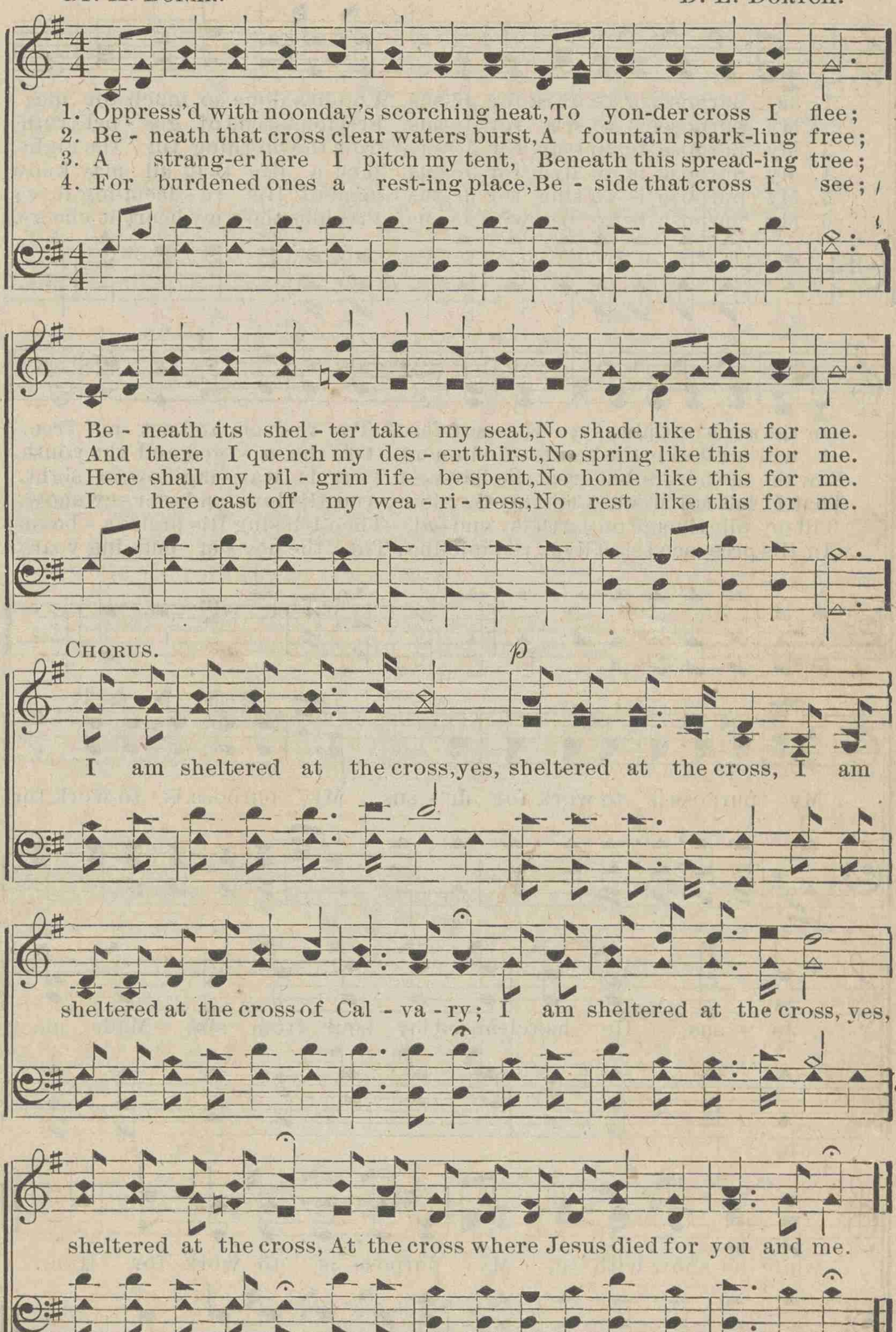
3. SHELTERED AT THE CROSS.

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

Dr. H. Bonar. D. E. Dortch.



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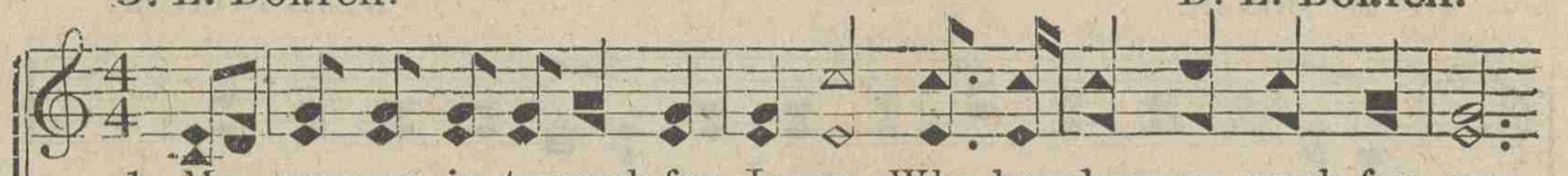
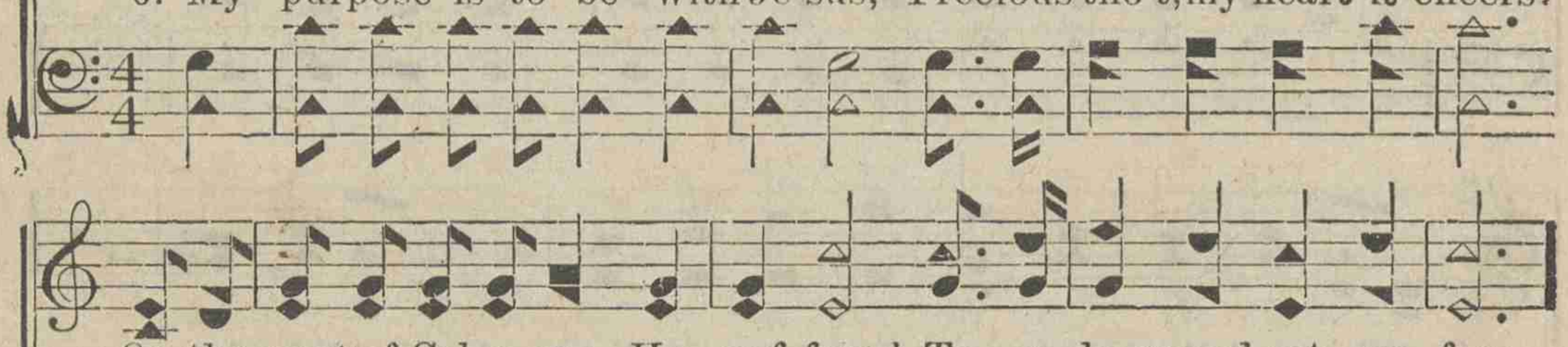
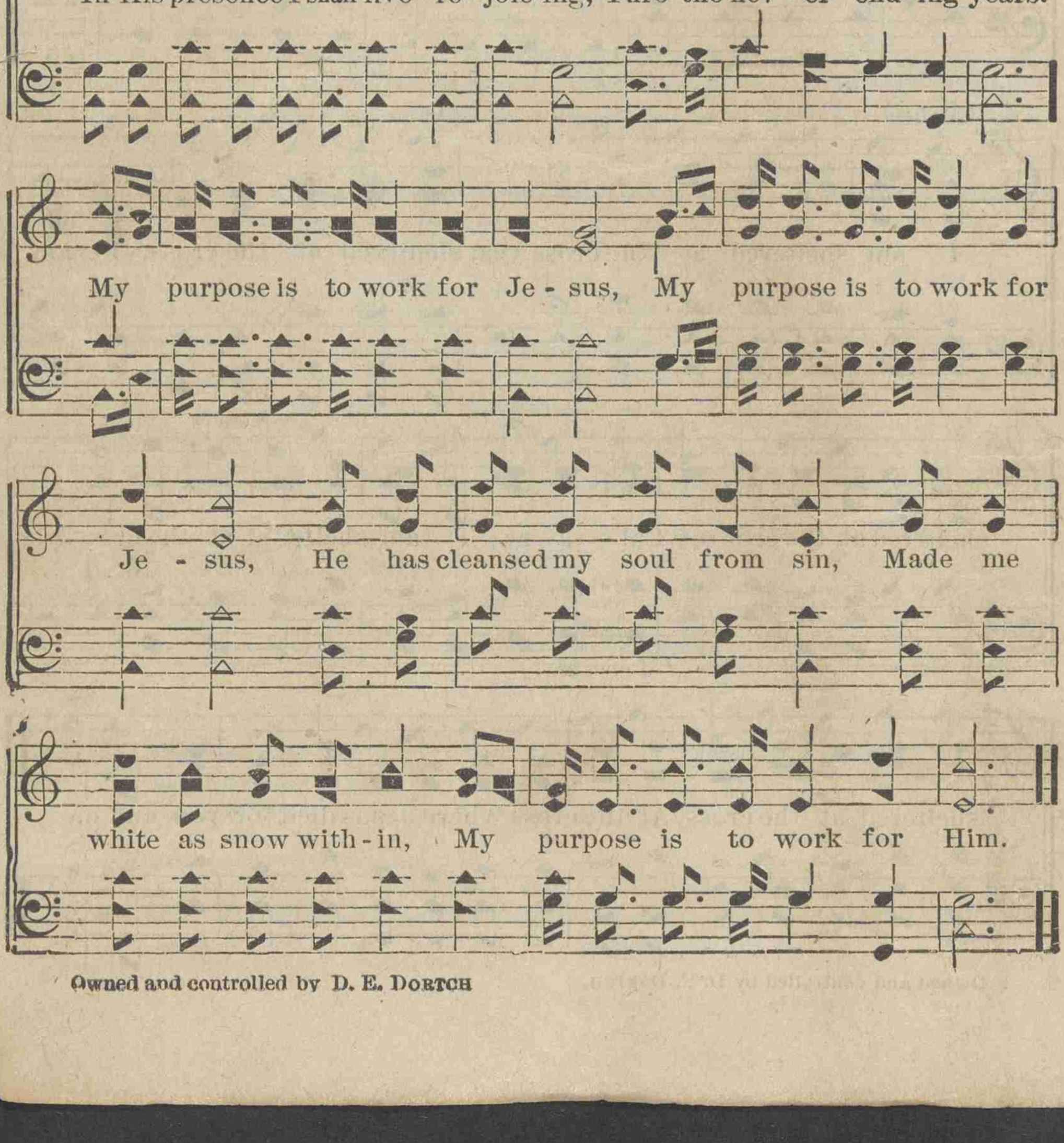
4. MY PURPOSES.

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

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

1. My purpose is to work for Je-sus, Who has done so much for me;
2. My purpose is to sow for Je-sus, Precious seeds of gos - pel truth;
3. My purpose is to reap for Je-sus, From the morning till the night;
4. My purpose is to live for Je-sus, Such a life that all may know
5. My purpose is to sing for Je-sus, Songs of His re - deem-ing love;
6. My purpose is to be with Je-sus, Precious tho't, my heart it cheers!

On the mount of Calva - ry He suf-fered To re-deem and set me free.
I will sow them in the hearts of sin-ners, Of the a - ged and the youth.
Few the la - borers, but great the har-vest That is wav - ing now in sight.
That I walk and talk with Christ my Sav-iour, And His love and mer - cy show.
Till my pilgrimage on earth is end-ed, Then I 'll sing His praise a - bove.
In His presence I shall live re - joic-ing, Thro' the nev - er end-ing years.



My purpose is to work for Je - sus, My purpose is to work for
Je - sus, He has cleansed my soul from sin, Made me
white as snow with - in, My purpose is to work for Him.

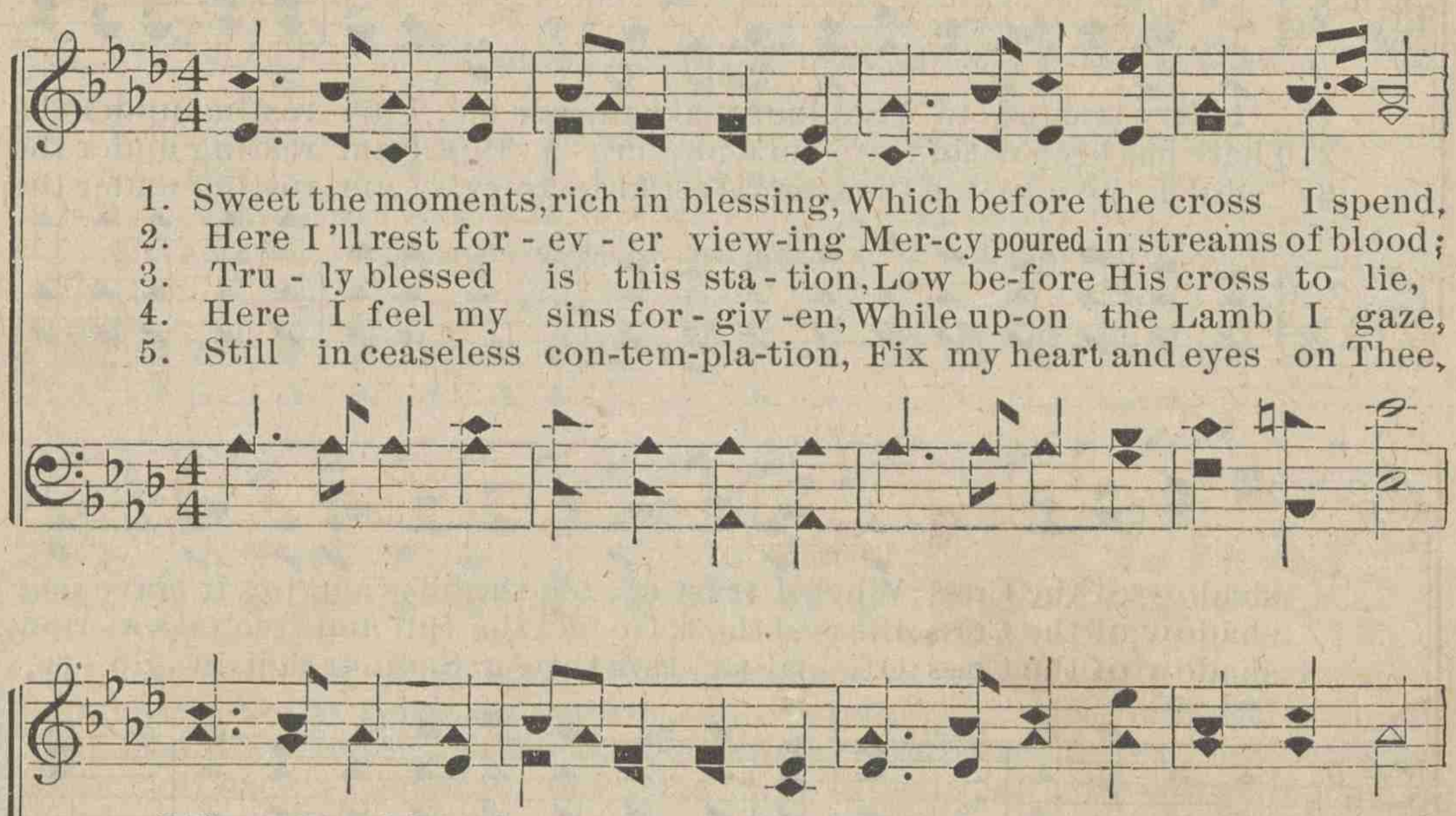
Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH

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.



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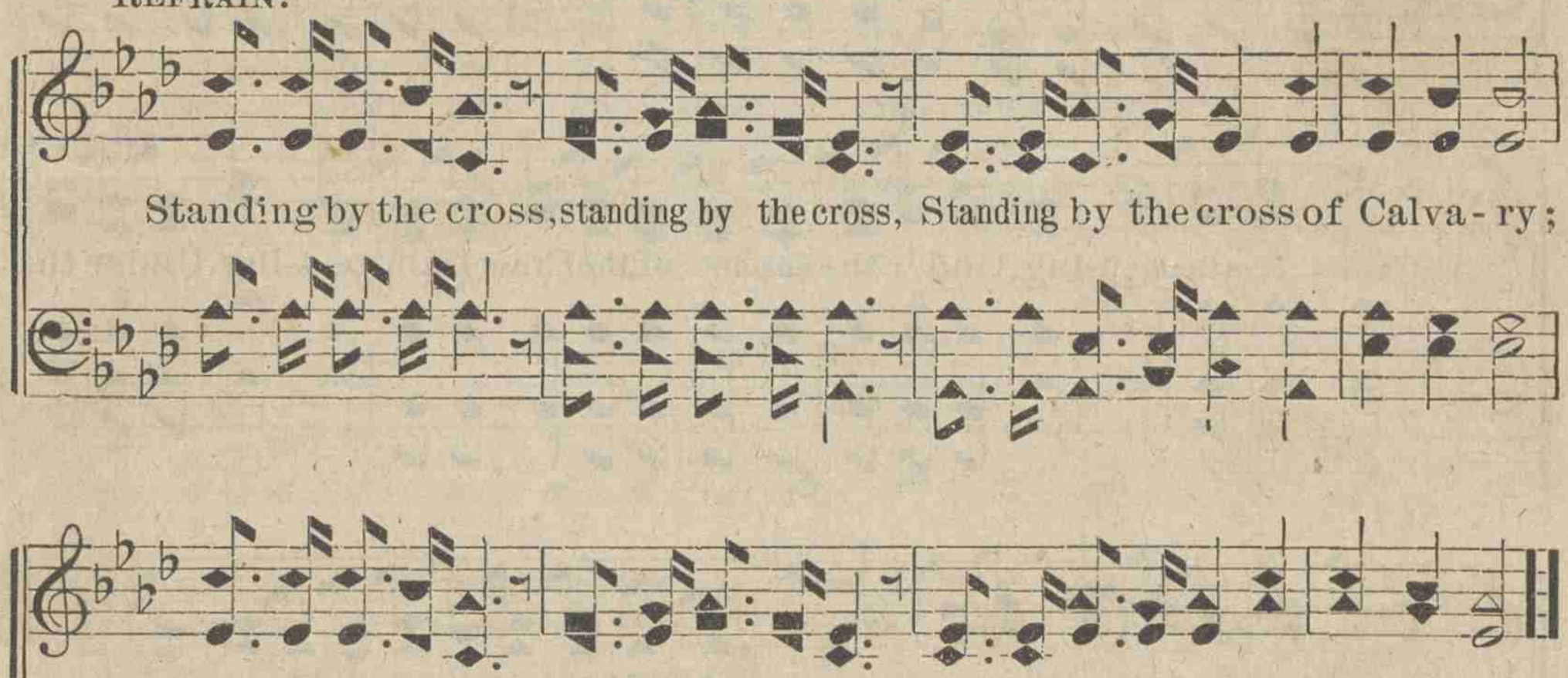
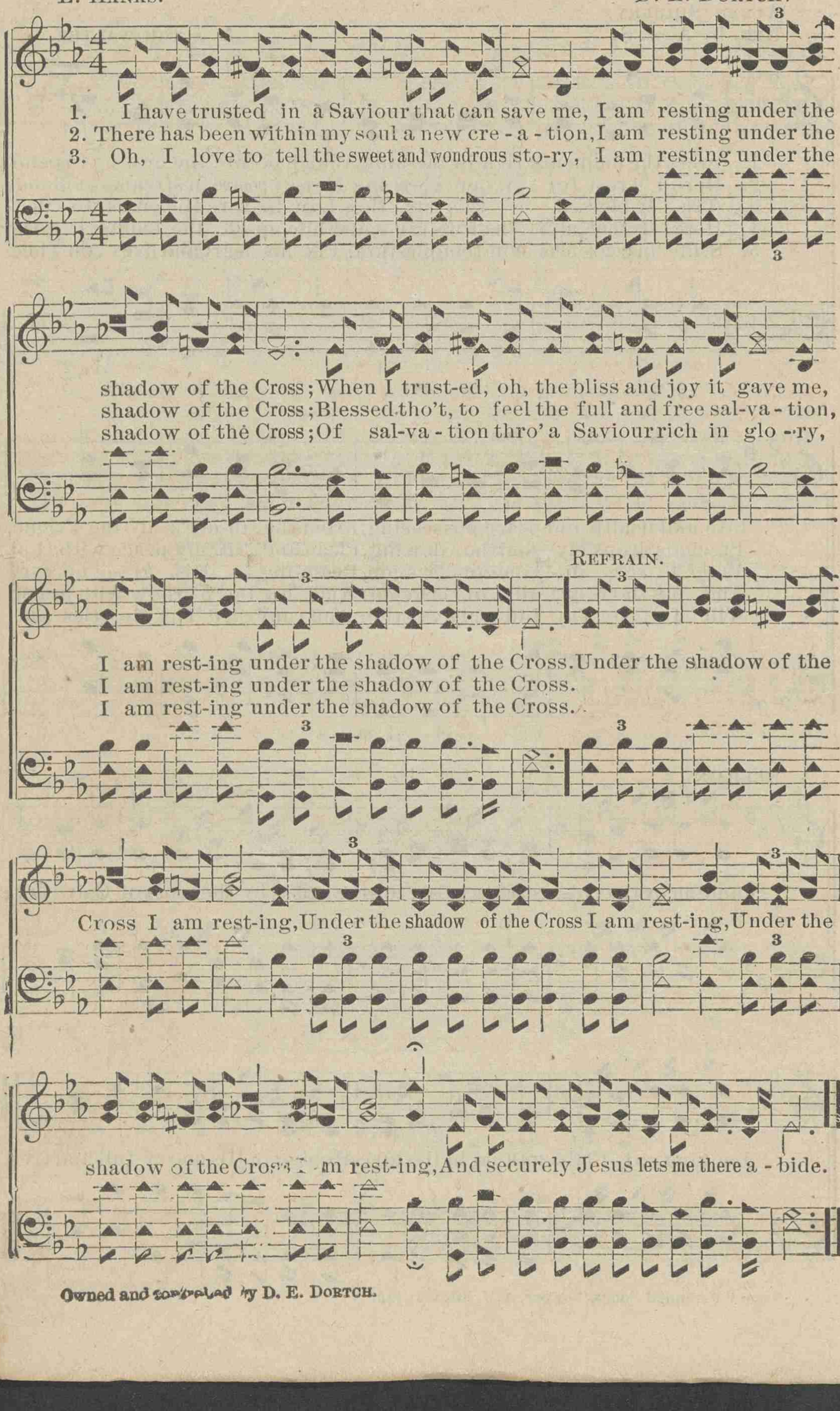

From "Perennial Songs," by per. A. J. SHOWALTER.

6. UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

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

E. HANKS. D. E. DORTCH.

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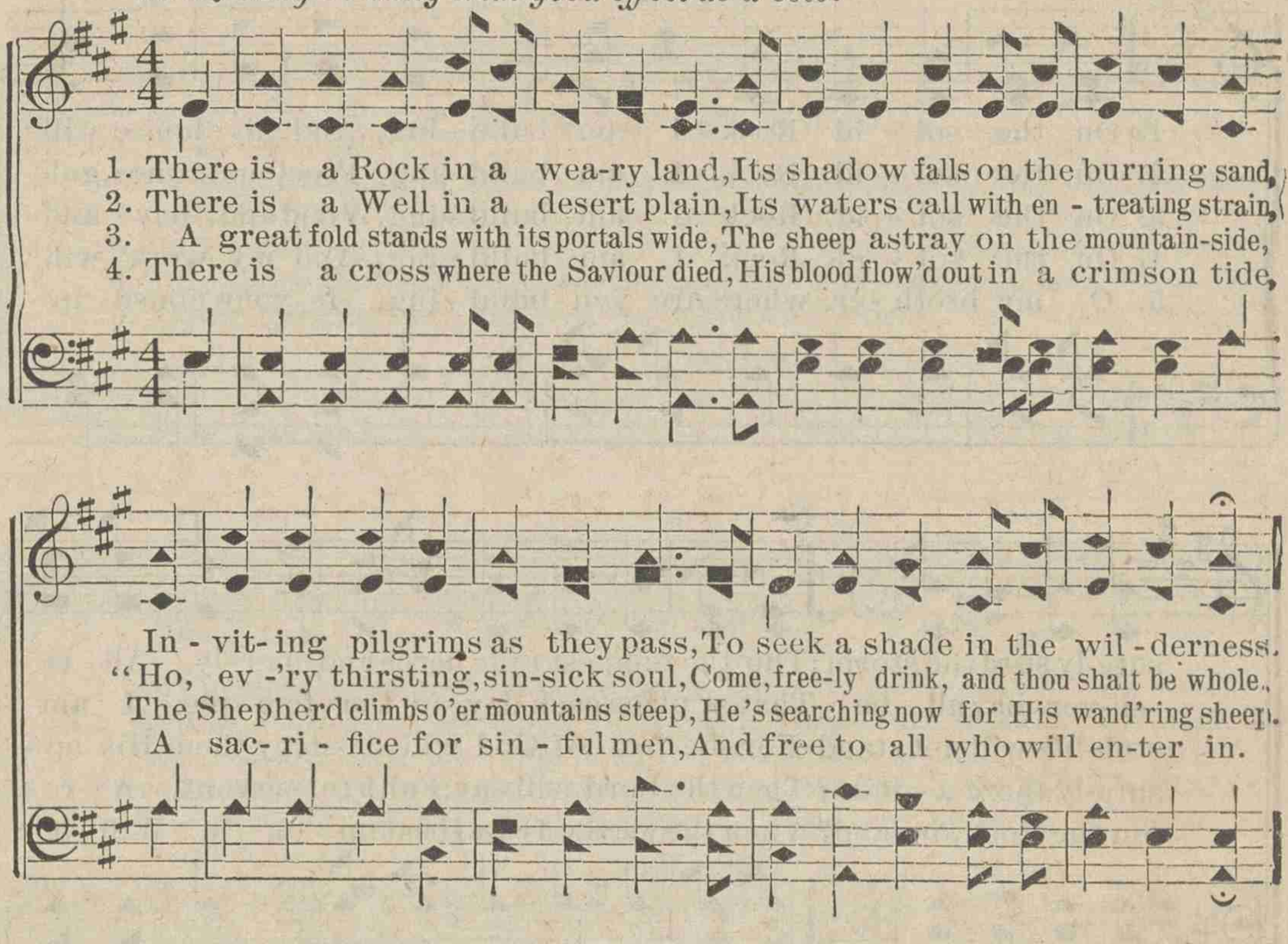
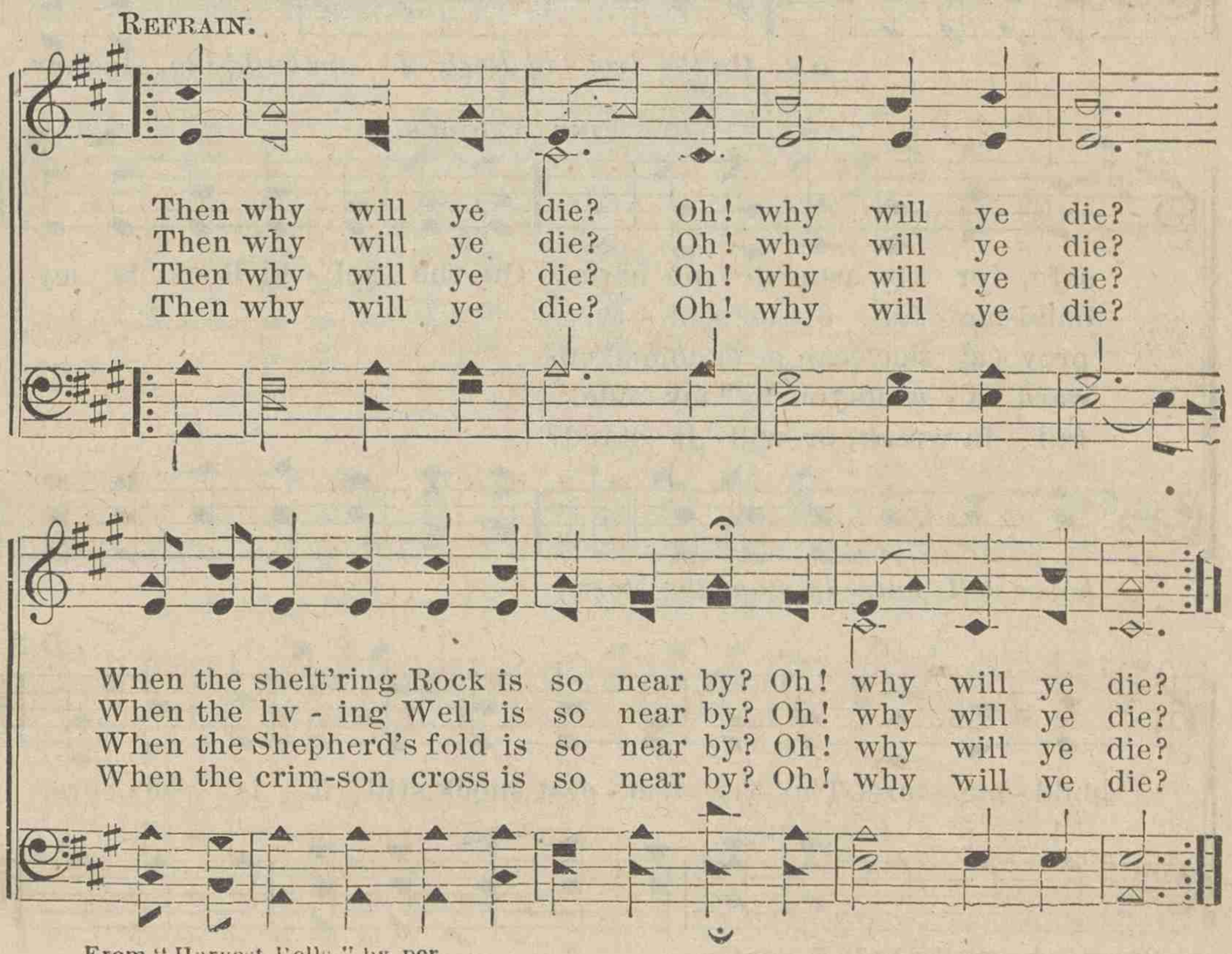
7. THE SHELTERING ROCK.

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.



Refrain.

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 -

:S:

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.

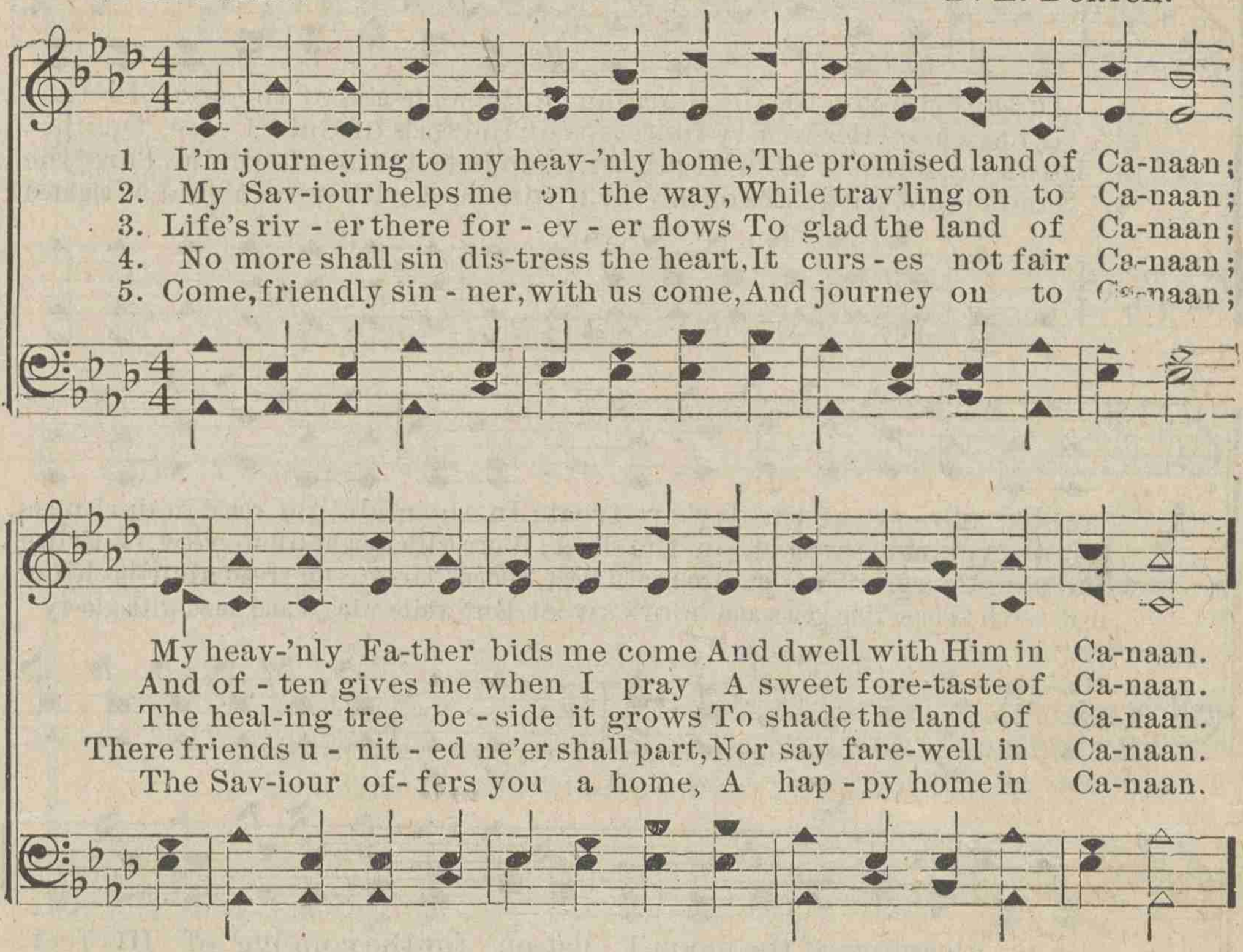
build - ing sure, Tho' the tem - pest shock, still it is se - cure.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

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.



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

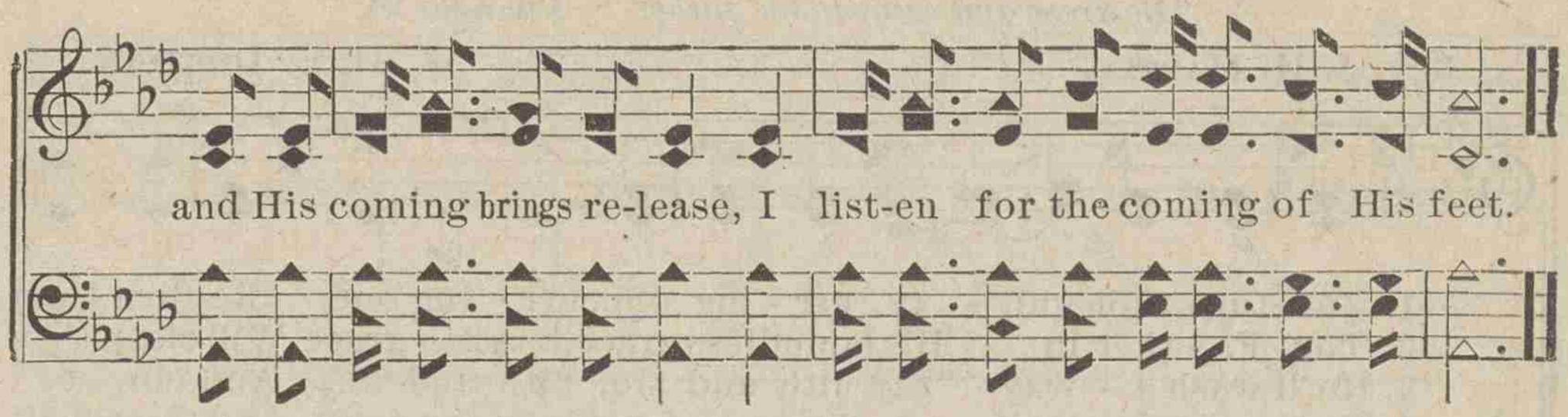
am-ber glo - ry of the day's re-treat; In the midnight, rob'd in darkness,
temple's marble pavement, on the street; Worn with weight of sorrow, falt'ring
wond'ring throng, with motion strong and fleet, Sounds His vic-tor tread approaching
not with shimm'ring gems and odors sweet, But white-wing'd and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

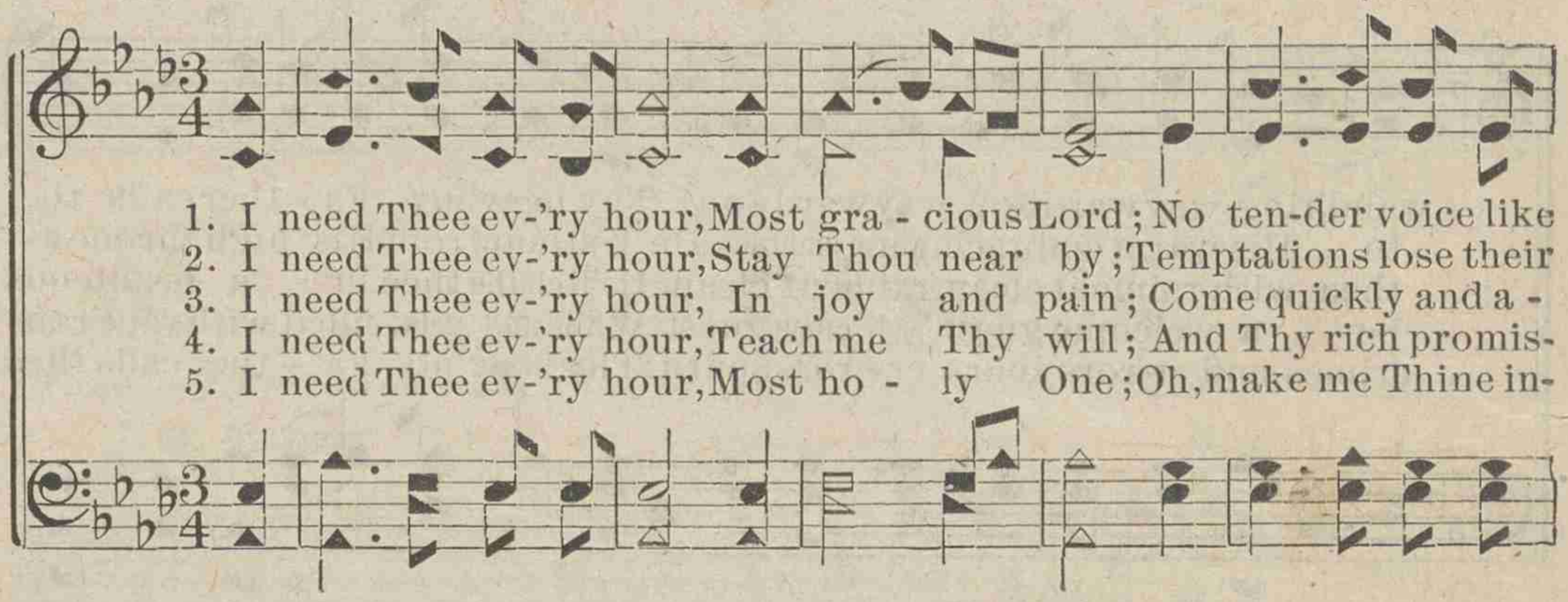
He is com-ing, O my Spir - it! with His ev - er-last-ing peace, With His
bless-ed-ness im-mor-tal and complete; He is com-ing, O my spir - it!

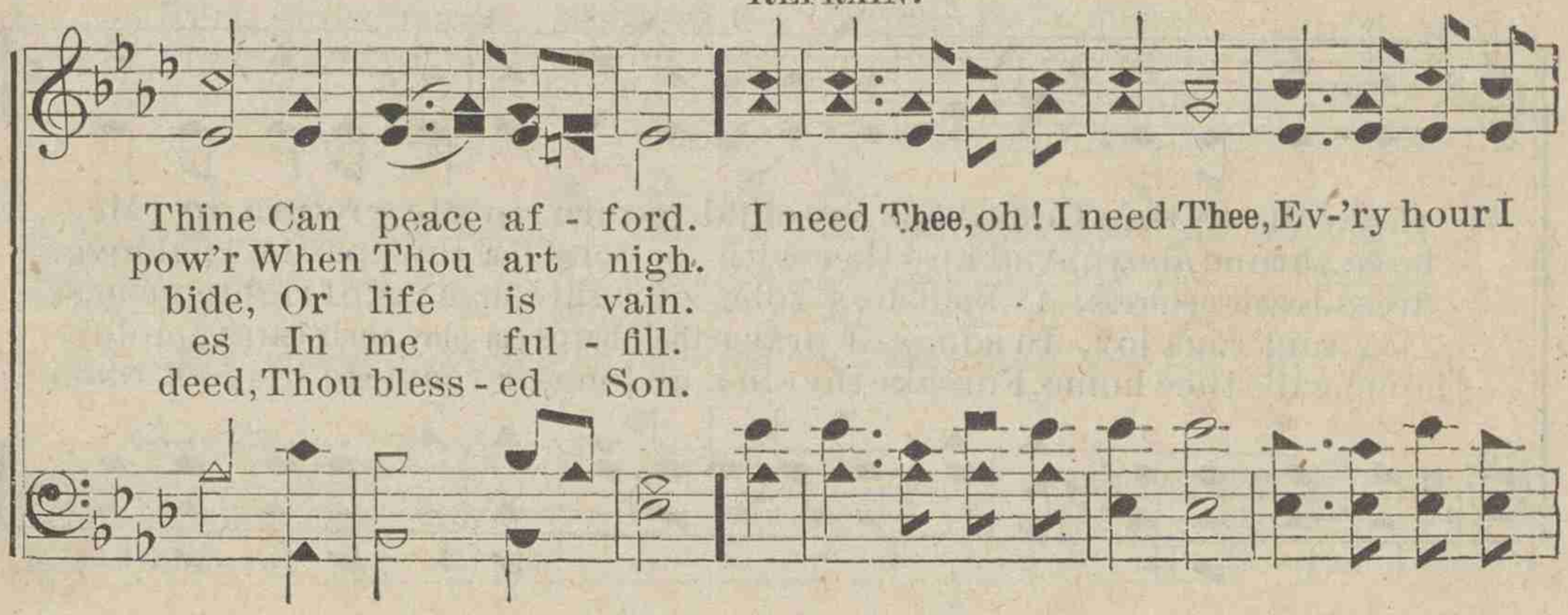
Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

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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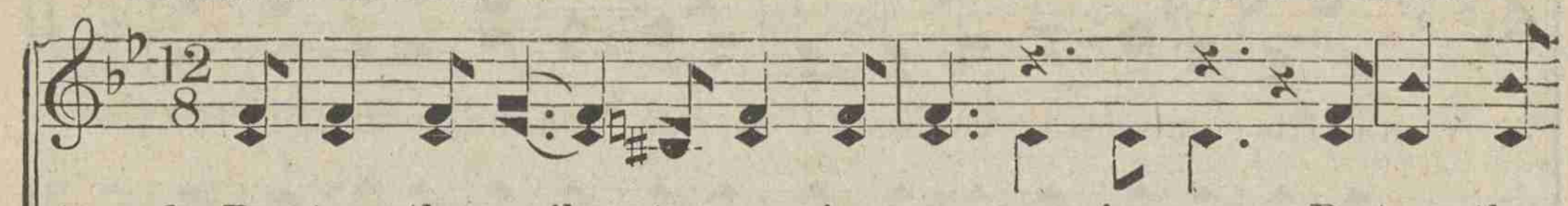
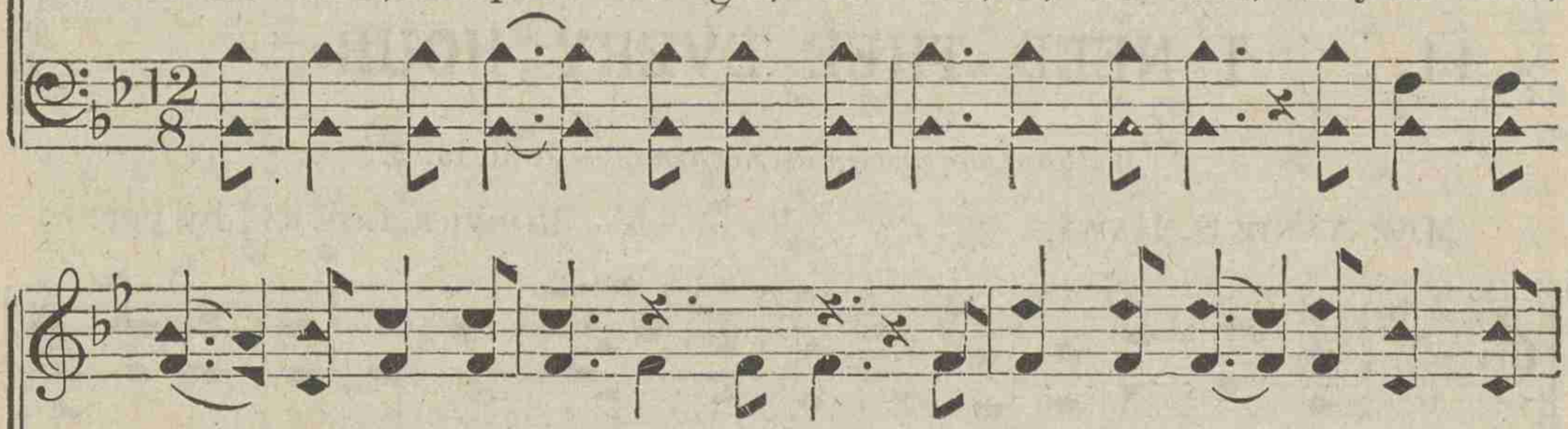
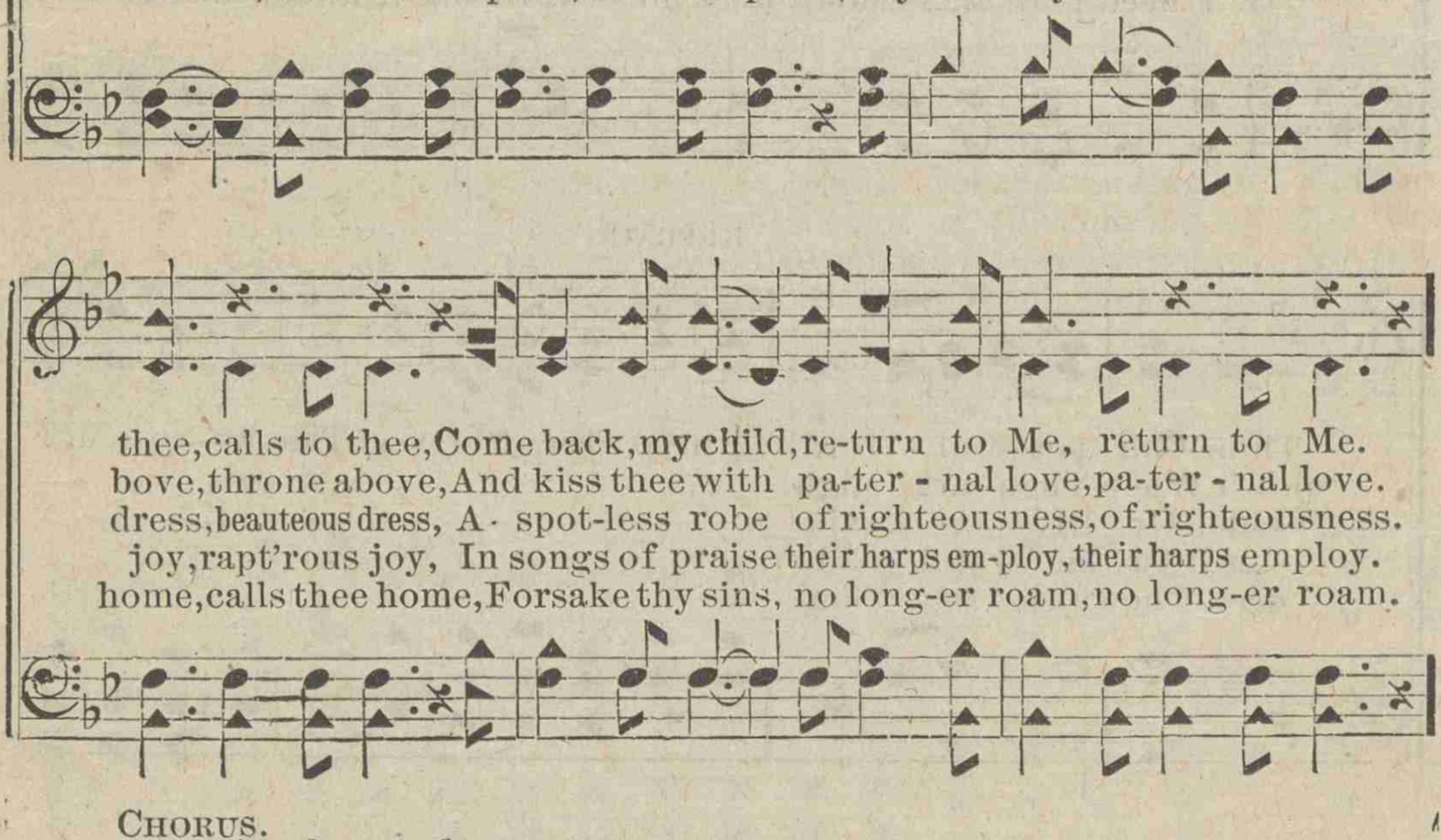
12. RETURN.

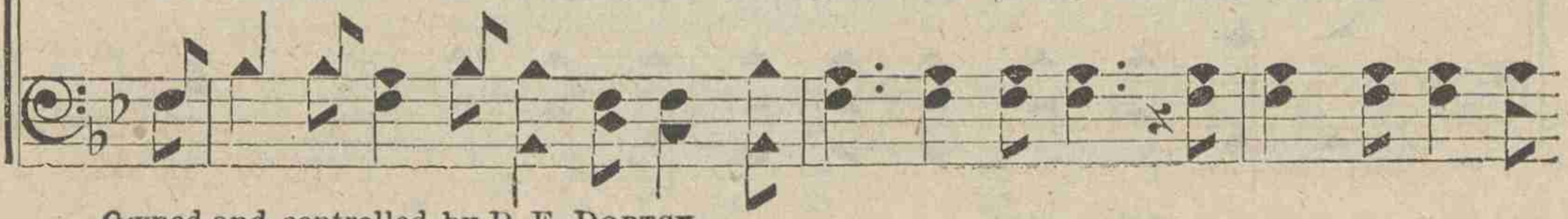
"He arose and came to his father."—Luke 15: 20.

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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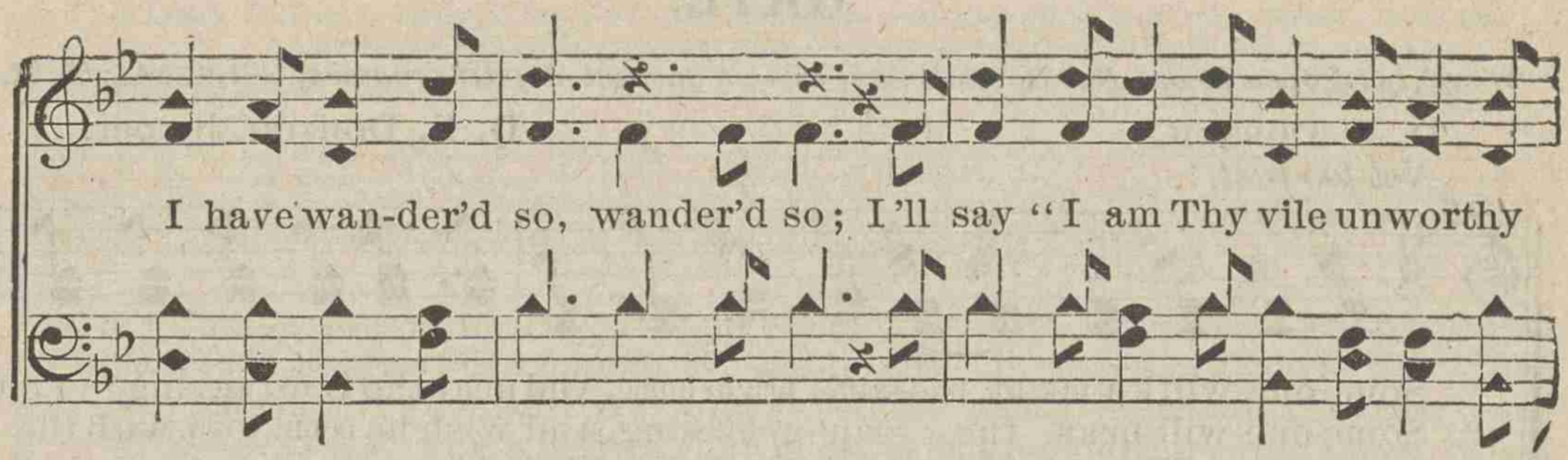
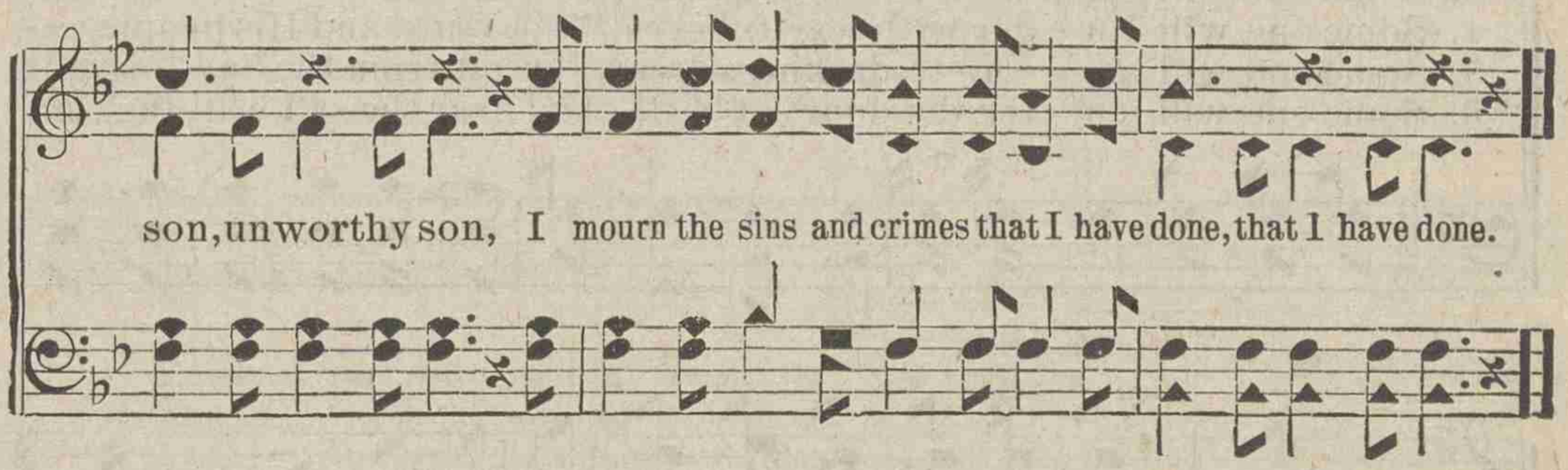
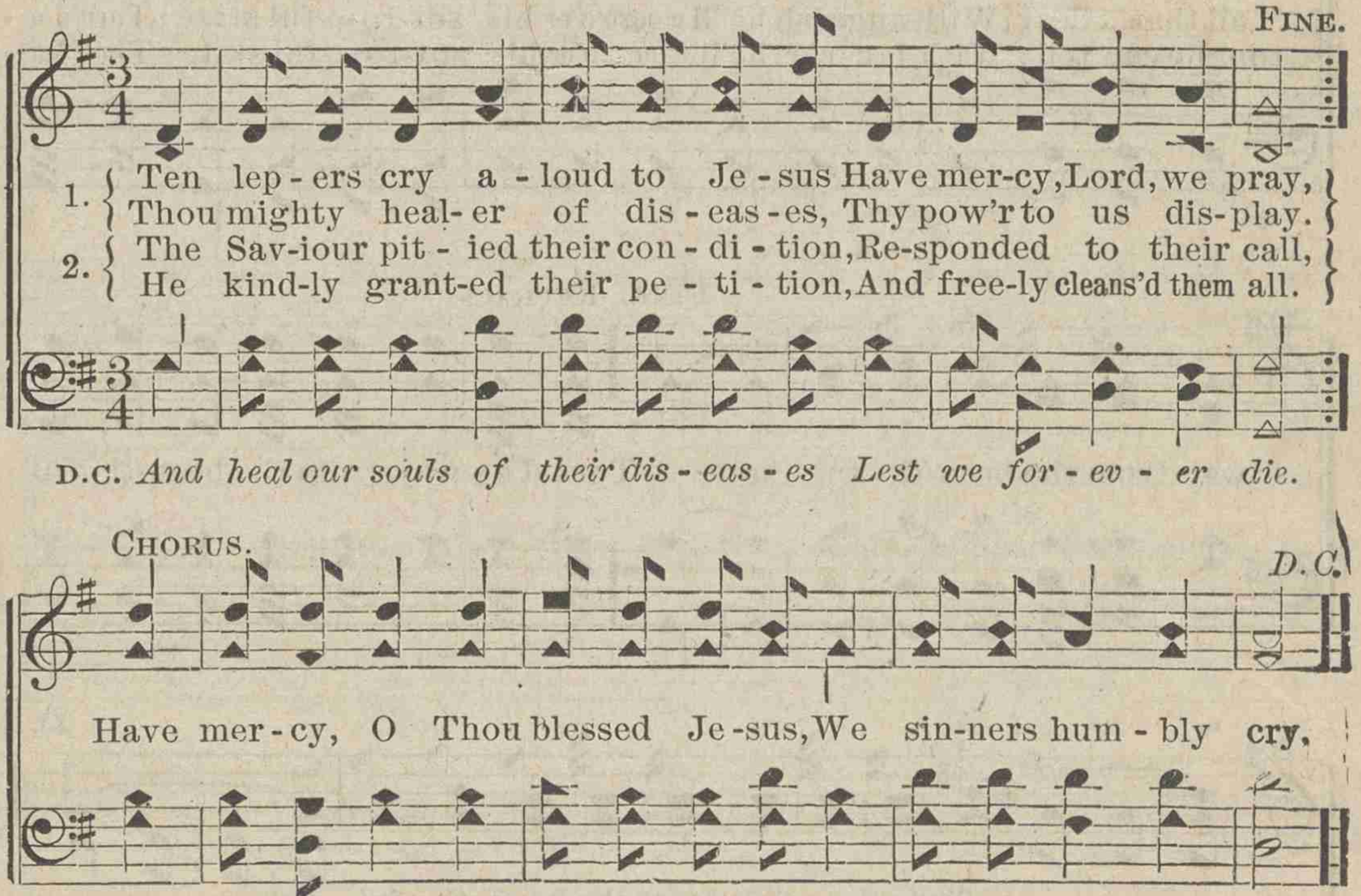
RETURN.

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.

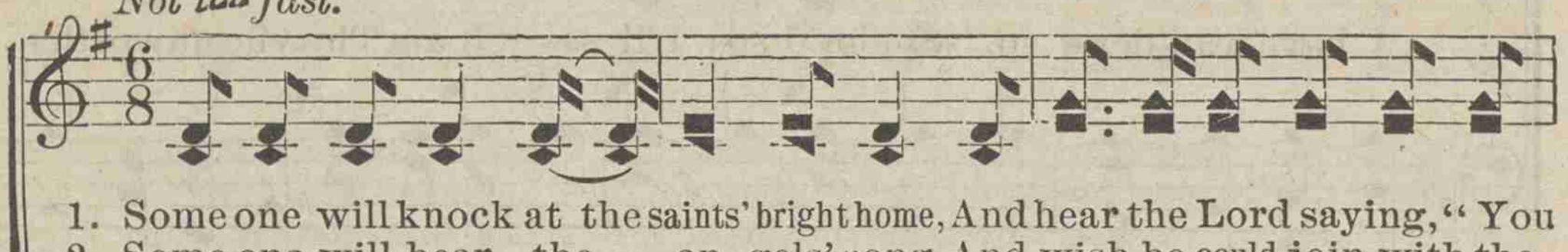
Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

14. TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

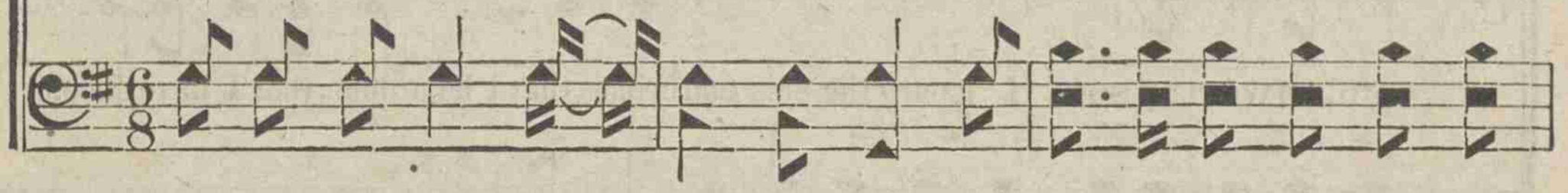
"Lord, Lord, open to us. But He shall say, I know you not, depart from me."—Luke 13: 25, 27.

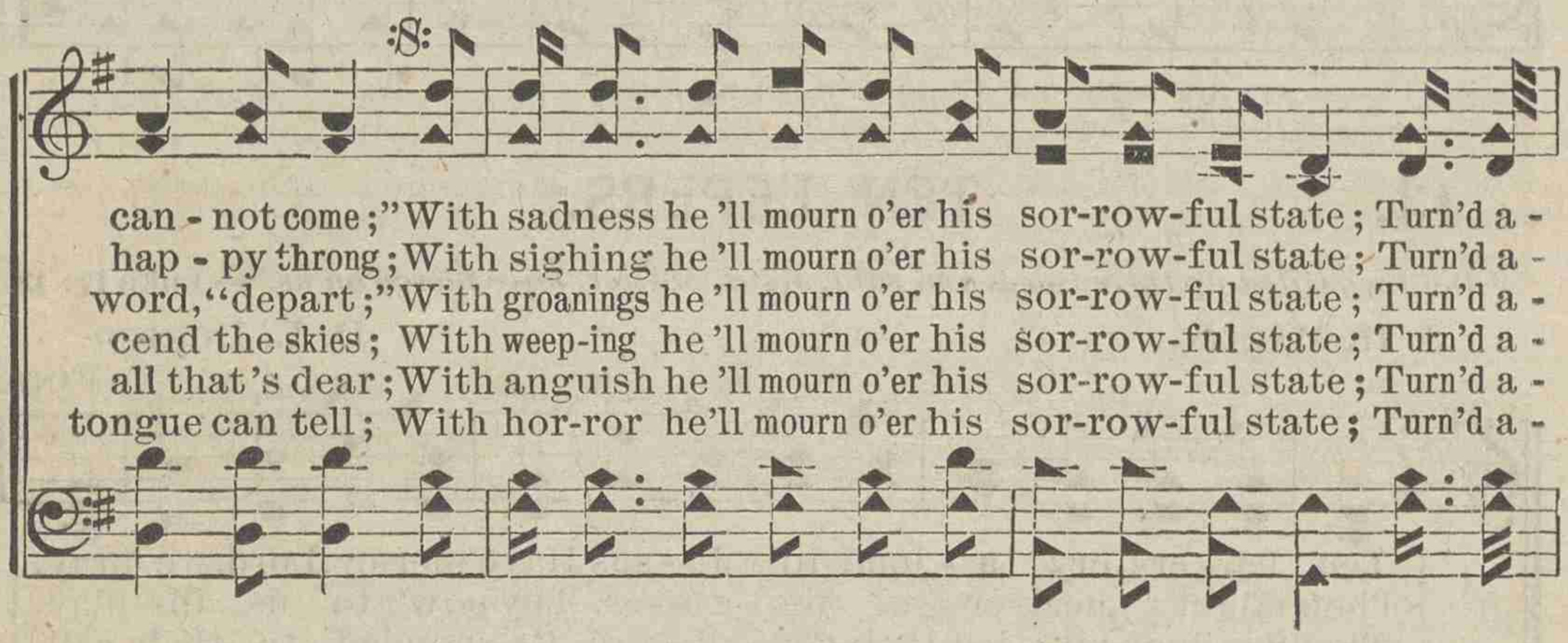
D. E. DORTCH. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

Not too fast.

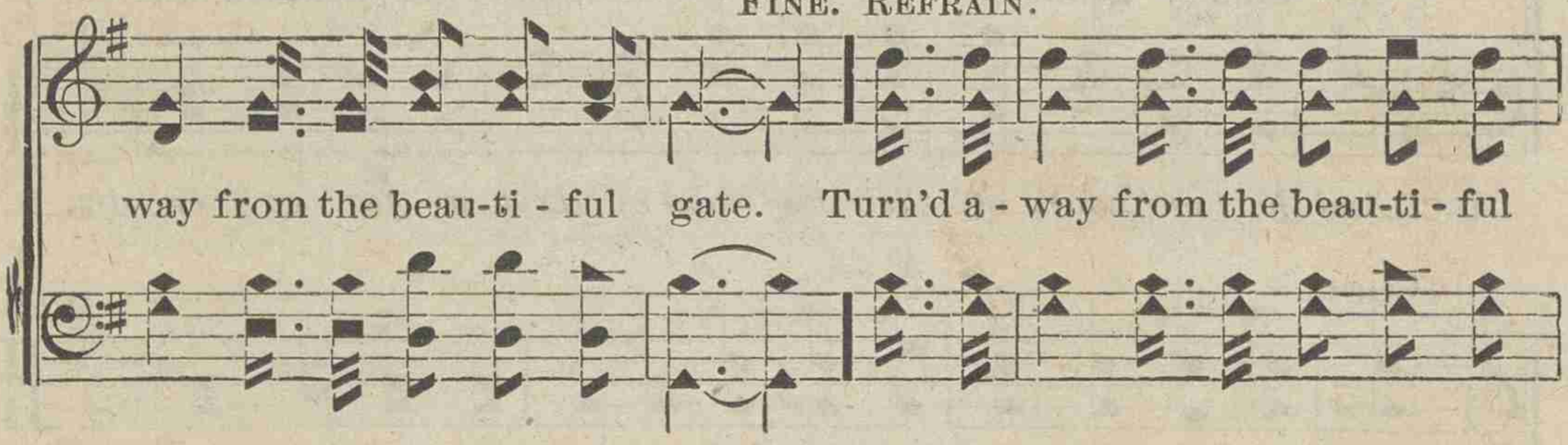


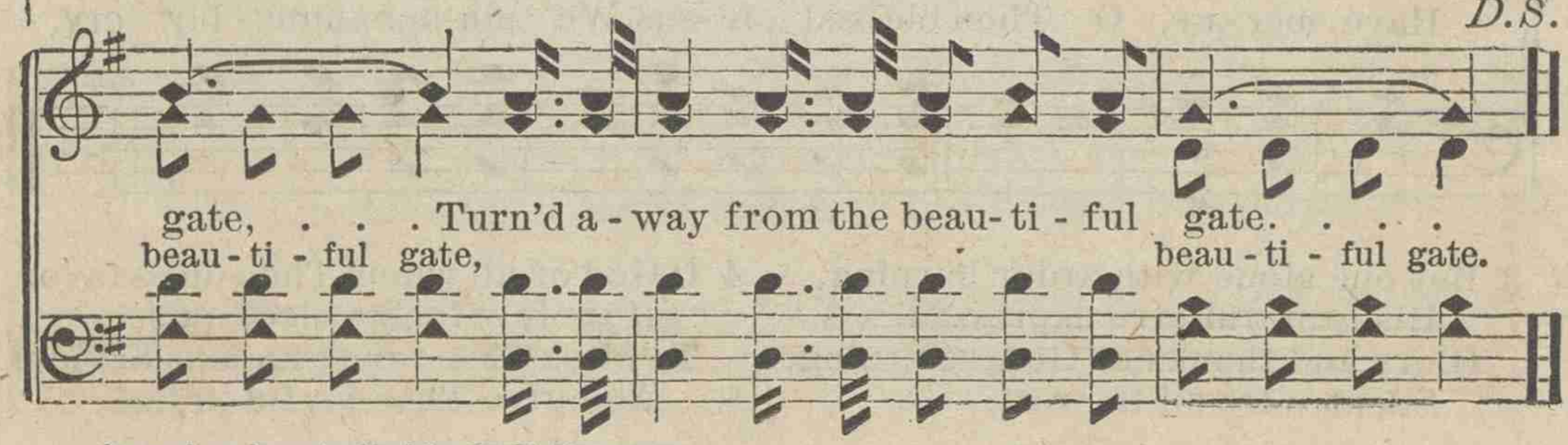
1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Some one will hear the an-gels' song, And wish he could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an ach-ing heart, While Je-sus pro-noun-ces the
4. Some one will lin-ger with tear-ful eyes, While Christ and His people 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-

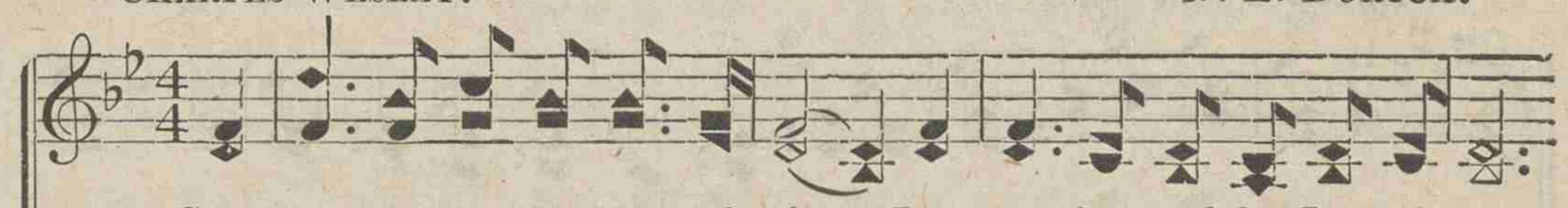
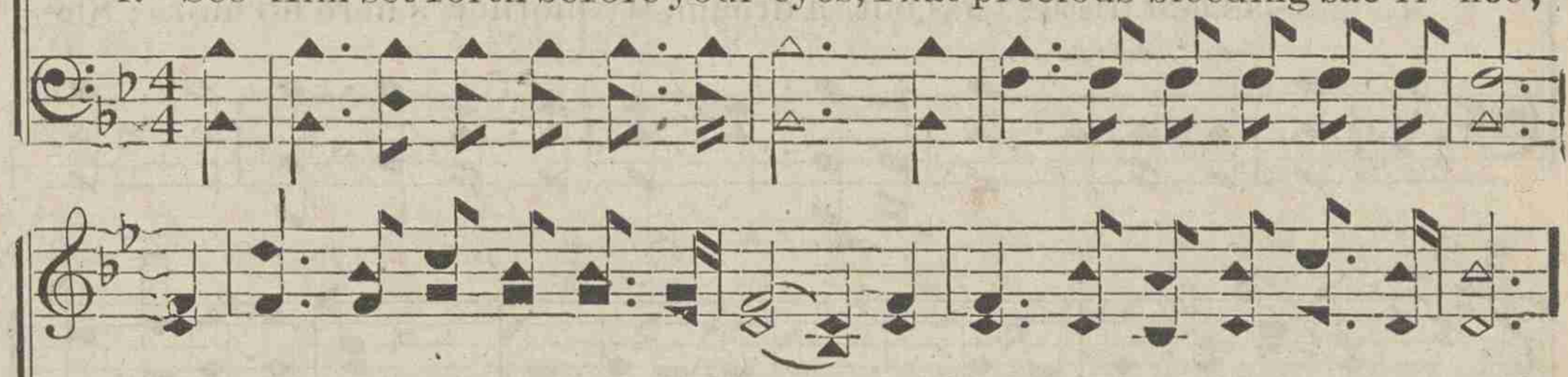
FINE. REFRAIN.

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

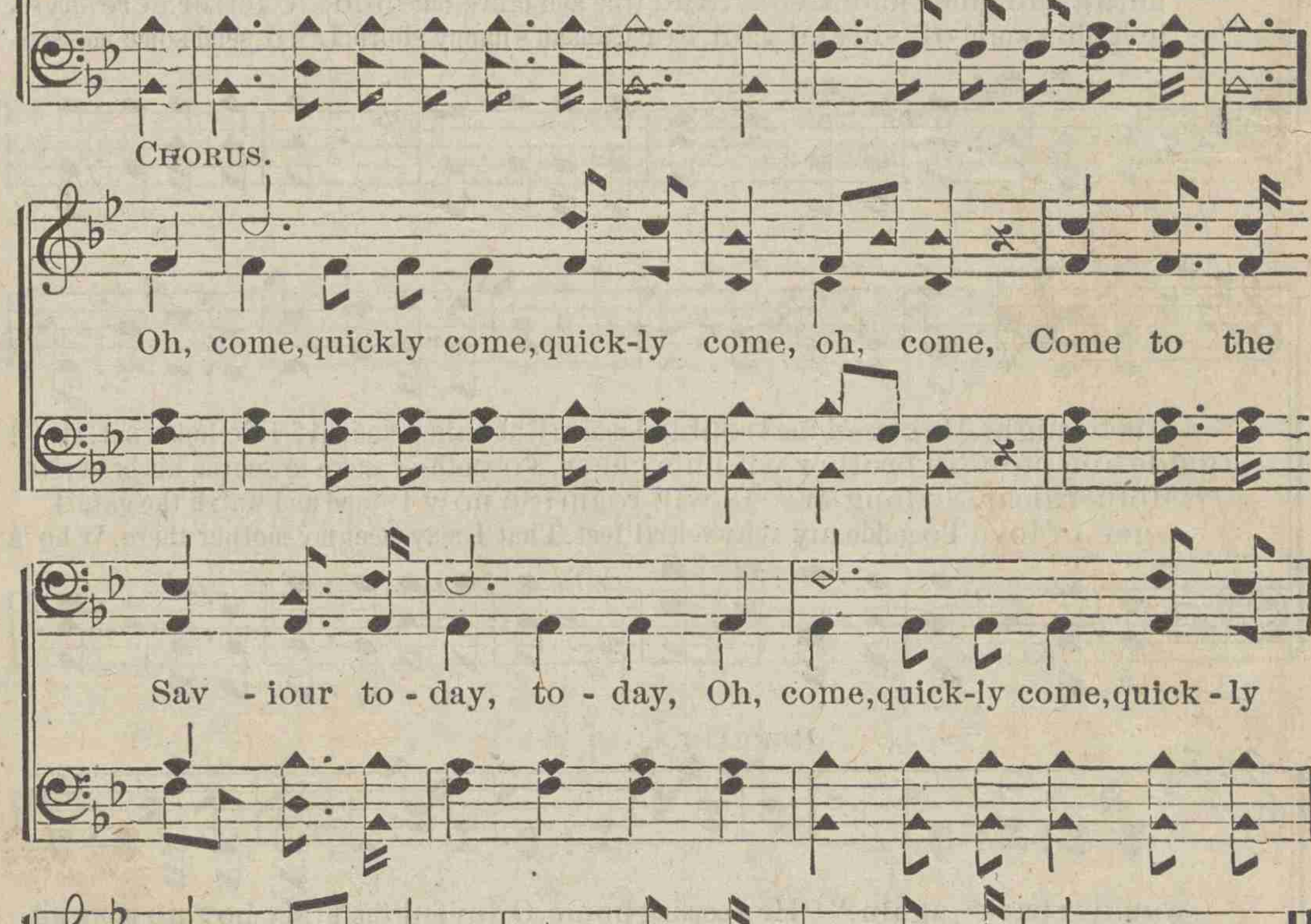
D.S.

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

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

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

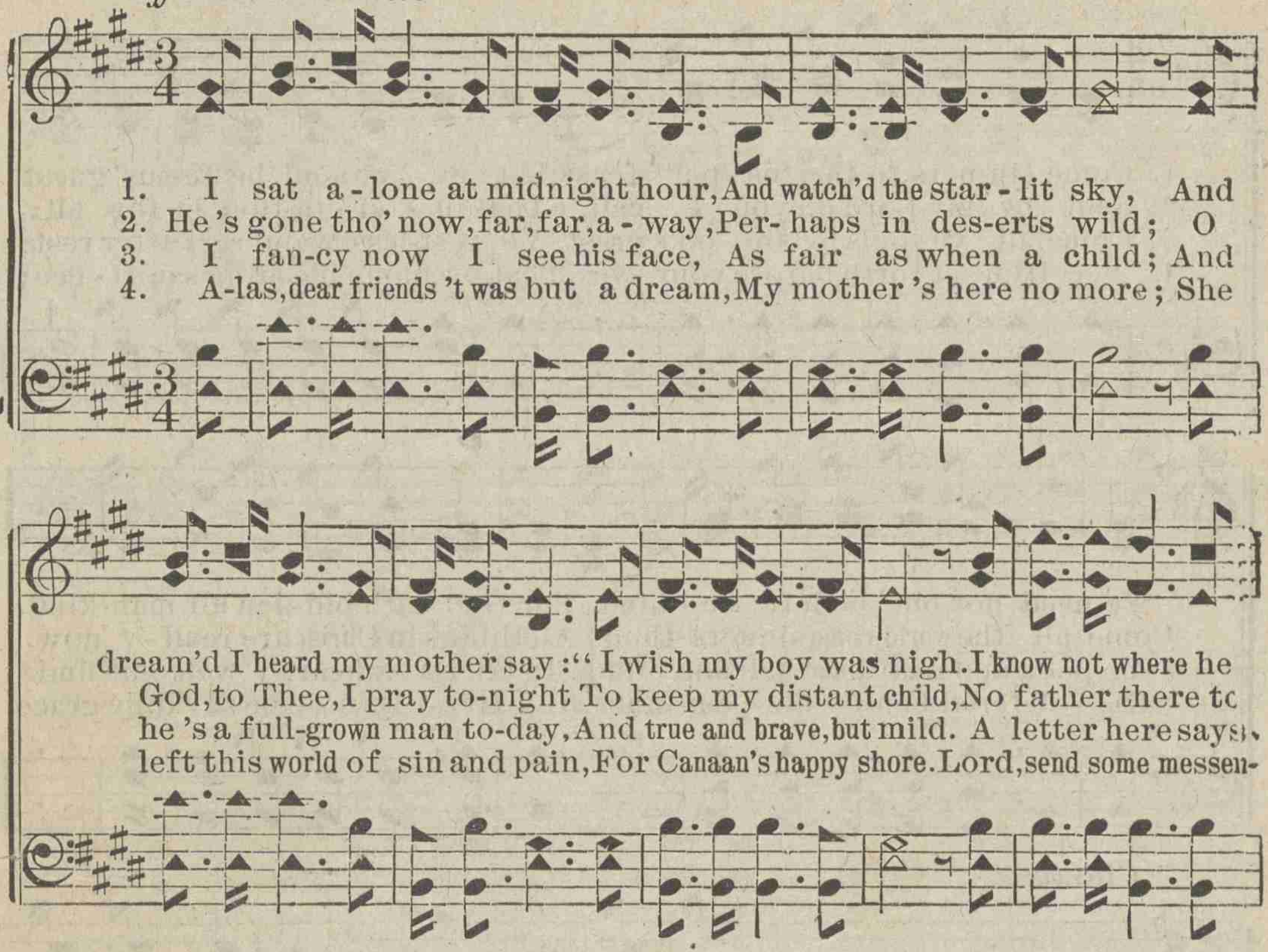
come, oh, come, Come to the Sav - iour to - day, to - day.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

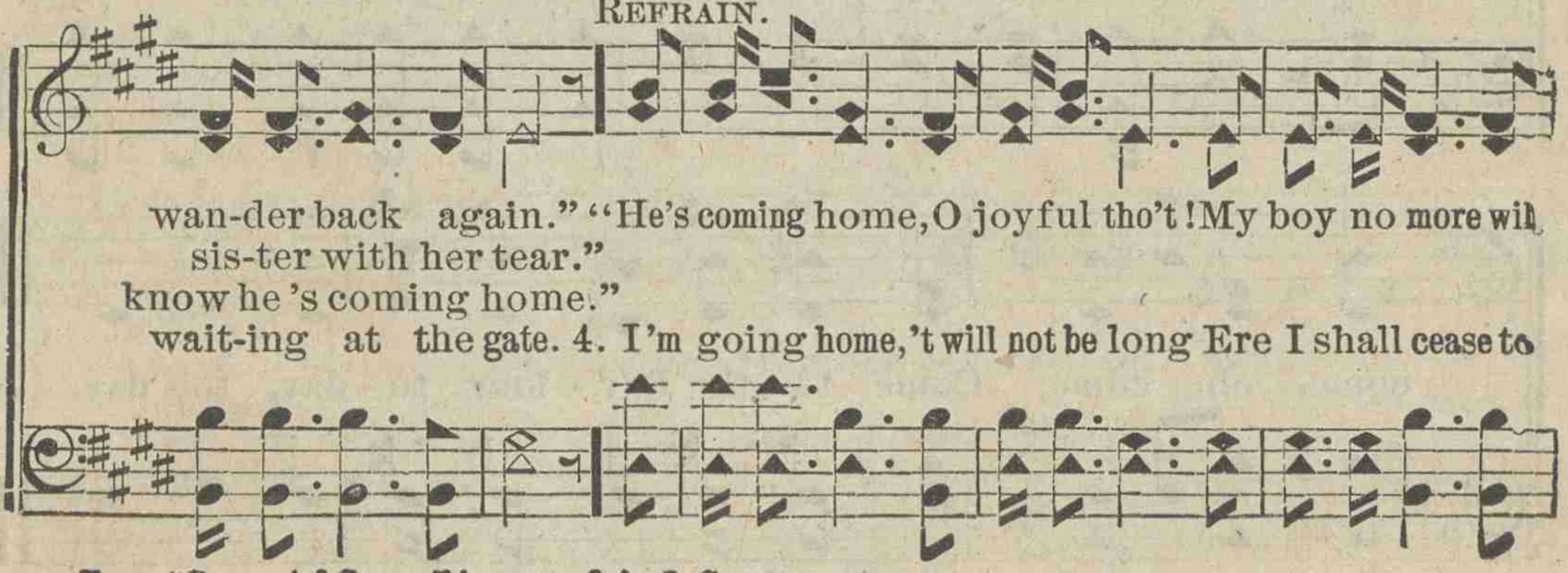
16. A DREAM OF HOME.

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

Effective as a Solo.

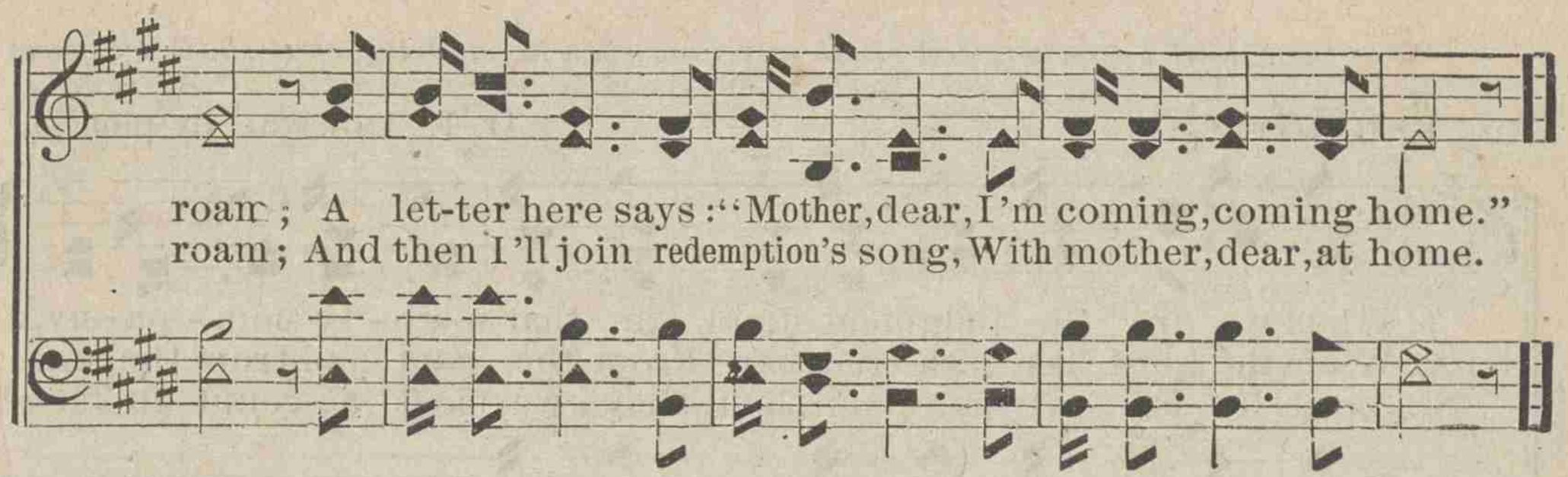


1. I sat a-lone at midnight hour, And watch'd the star-lit sky, And dream'd I heard my mother say: "I wish my boy was nigh. I know not where he is to-night, He cross'd the troubled main; But this I know, if life holds out, He 'll
2. He 's gone tho' now, far, far, a-way, Per-haps in des-erts wild; O God, to Thee, I pray to-night To keep my distant child, No father there to guide him now, No brother with his cheer, No moth-er there to soothe his brow, No
3. I fan-cy now I see his face, As fair as when a child; And he 's a full-grown man to-day, And true and brave, but mild. A letter here says "Mother, dear, No long-er I will roam; So now I stand and watch the gate, I
4. A-las, dear friends 't was but a dream, My mother 's here no more; She left this world of sin and pain, For Canaan's happy shore. Lord, send some messen-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 wander back again."
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

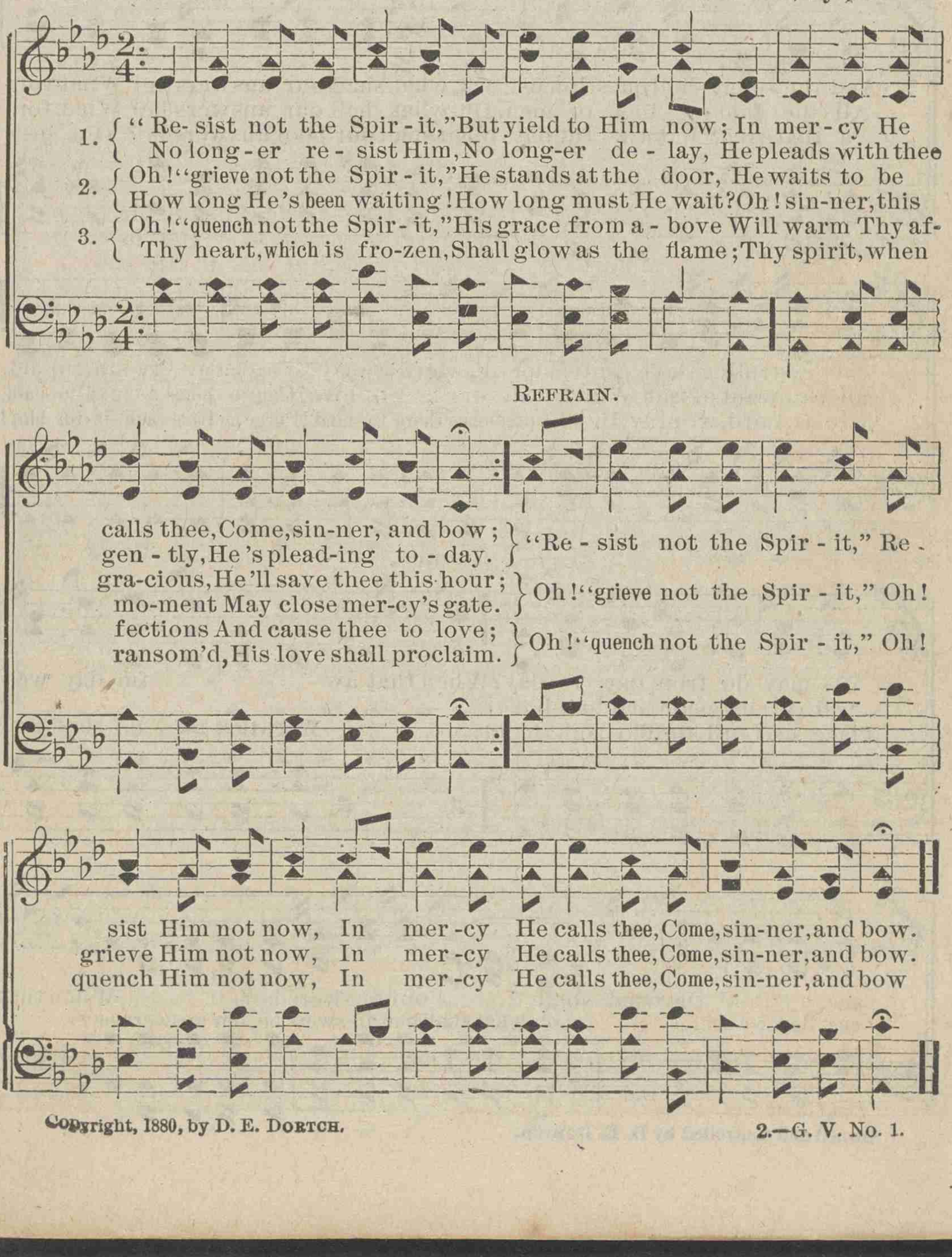
From "Perennial Songs" by per. of A. J. SHOWALTER.

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-

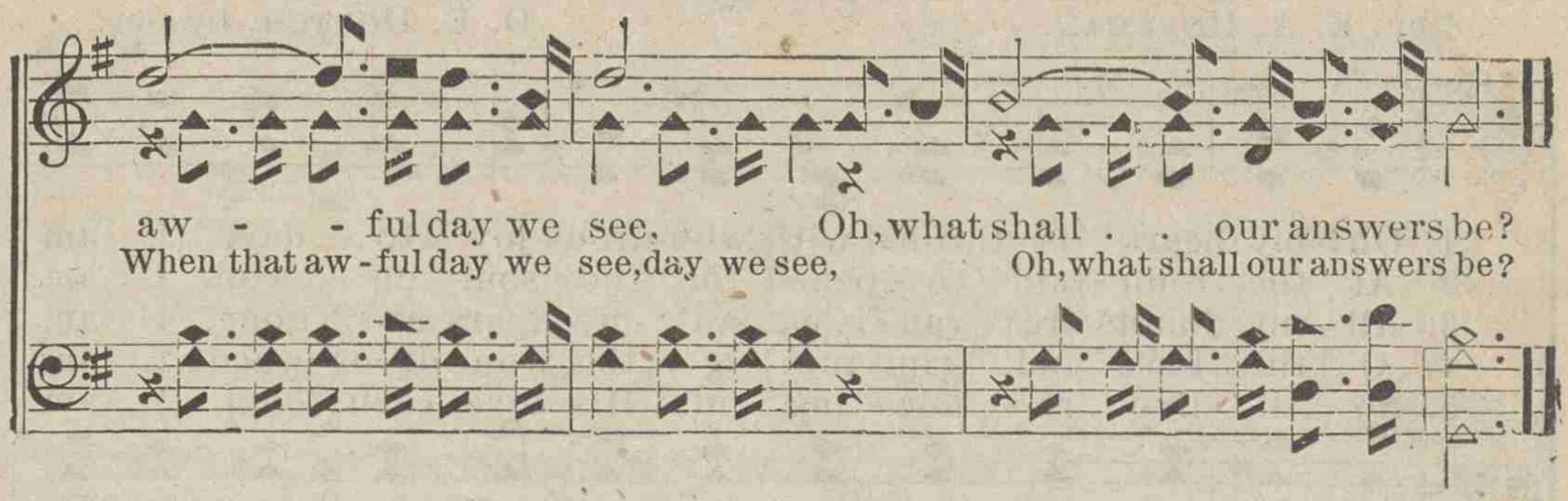
ev - 'ry trifling tho't, And each i - dle word we say? What for ev - 'ry sin-ful act,
all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love? Can we hope a crown to gain,
pare us, Lord, we pray, In Thy pres-ence there to stand! Purge us from each sin-ful blot!

CHORUS.

We may do from day to day? When that aw - - ful day we
And a mansion bright a-bove?
Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand! When that aw - ful day we

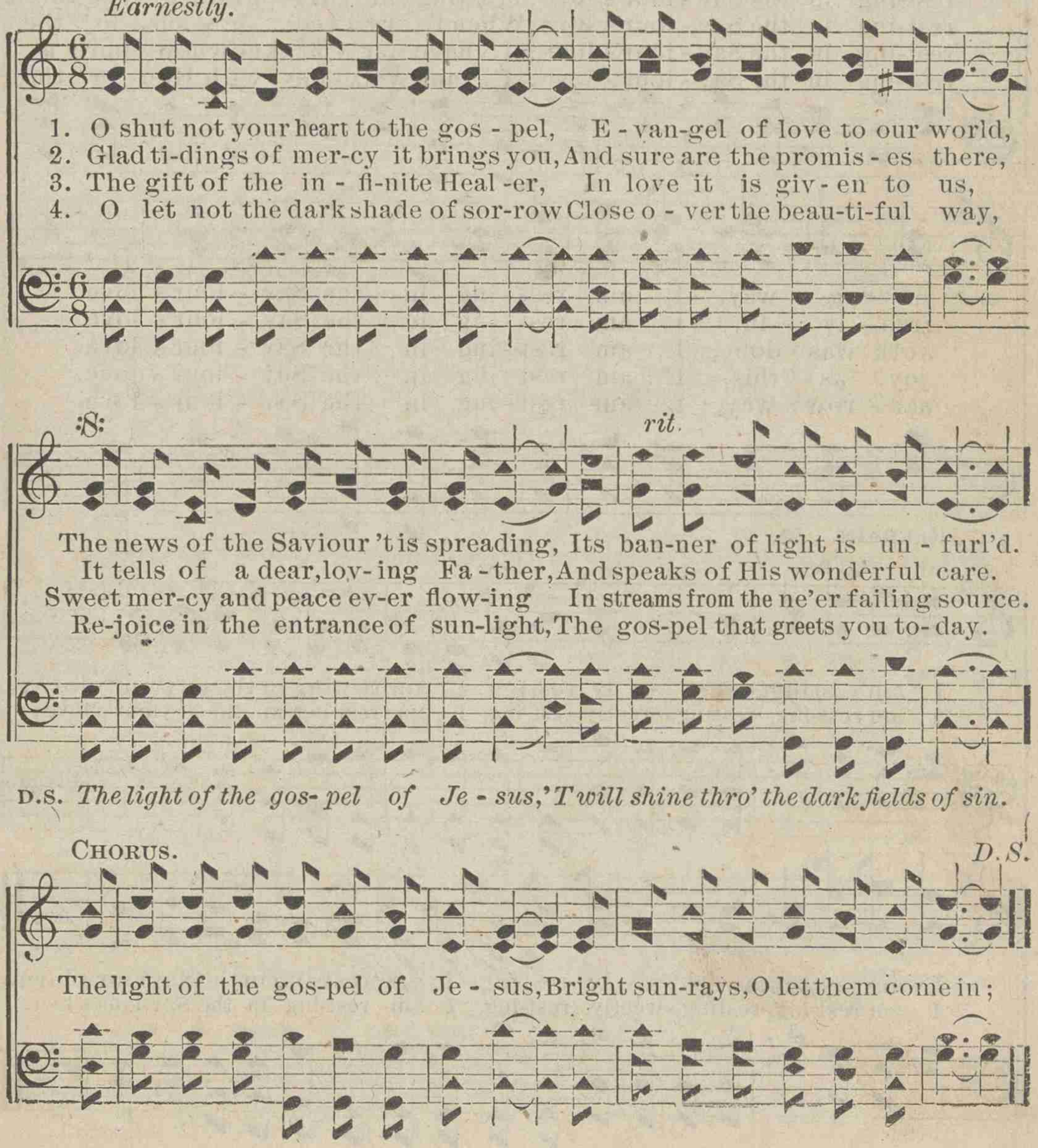
see, Oh, what shall our answers be? When that
see, day we see, Oh, what shall our an-swers be, our answers be?

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

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.



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 rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; Christ, the Lord, has tak - en all my sins a - way, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.
2. At the foun - tain o - pened for the soul un - clean, I am rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; Trusting in His grace I ven-tured free - ly in, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.
3. All my doubts are van - ished, all my fears are gone, I am rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; When I trust - ed Je - sus, lo! the work was done, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.
4. O the bliss and rap - ture! O the won - drous peace! I am rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; I have nev - er known so pure a joy as this, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.
5. So I live re - joic - ing in His love each day, I am rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; I am walk - ing with Him in the 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;

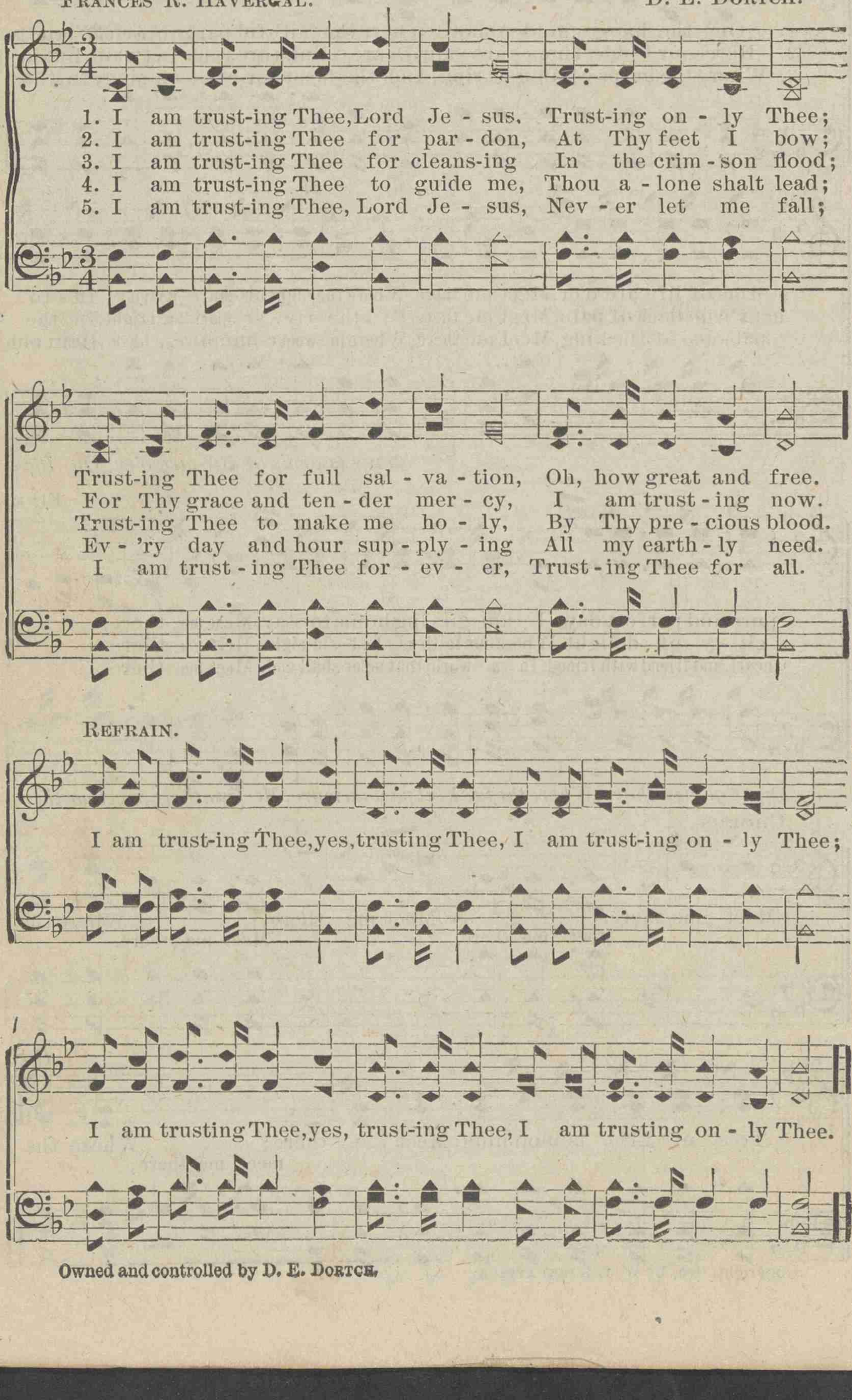
D.S.

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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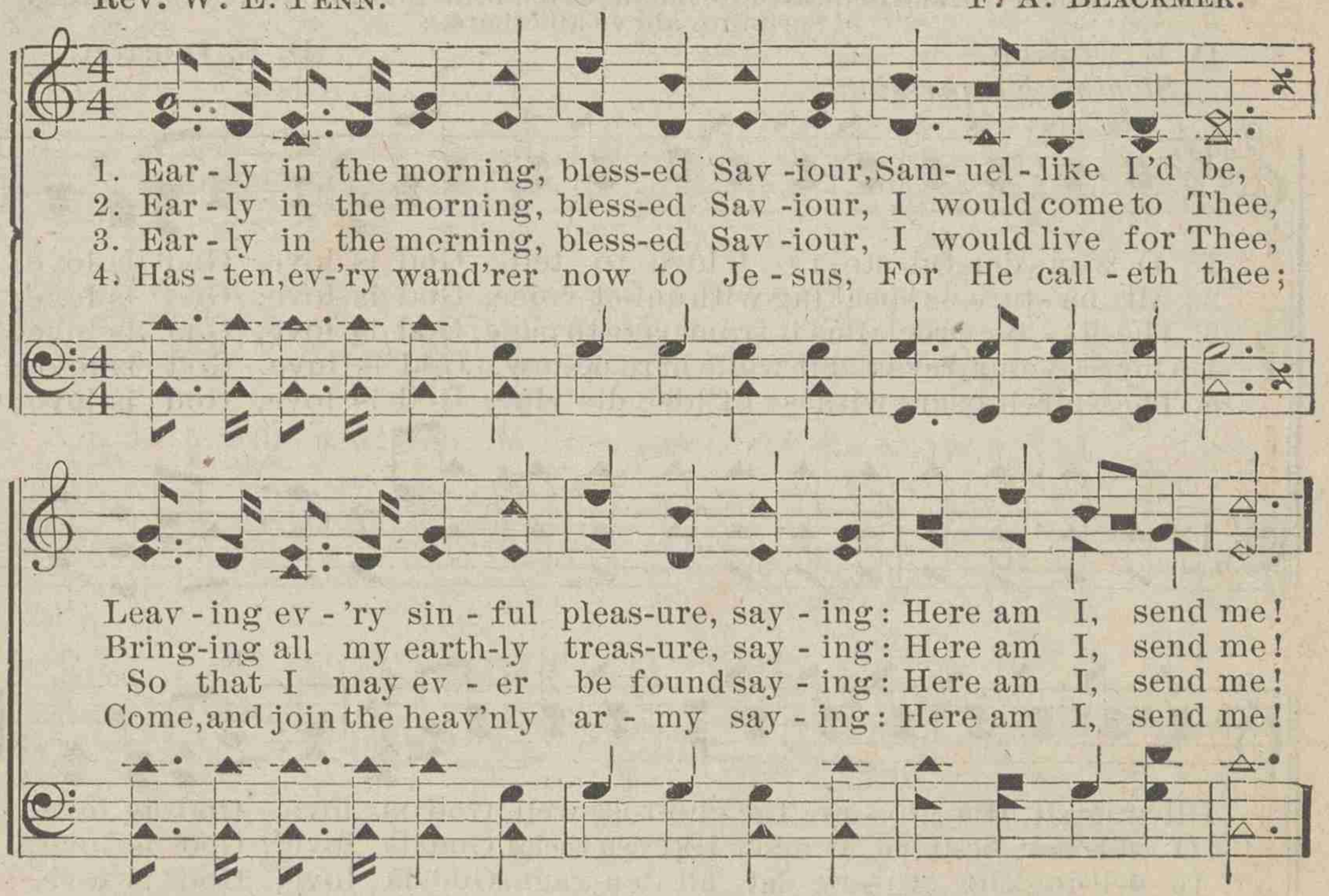
23. HERE AM I, SEND ME!

"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.



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

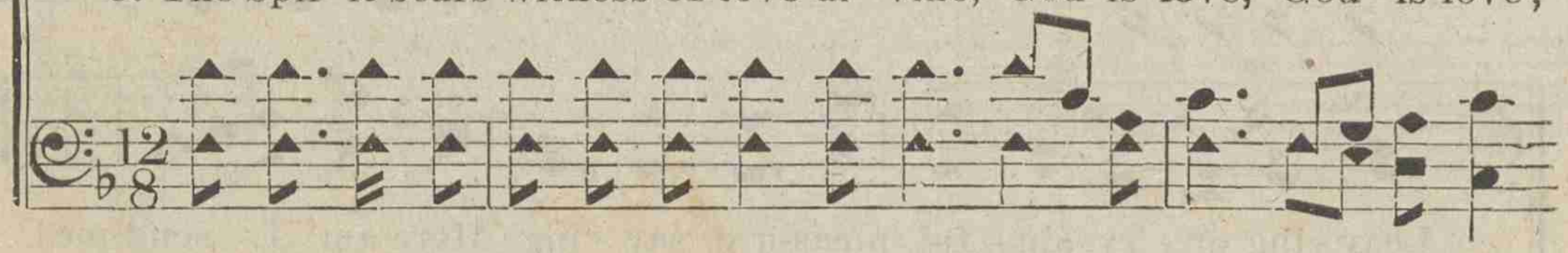
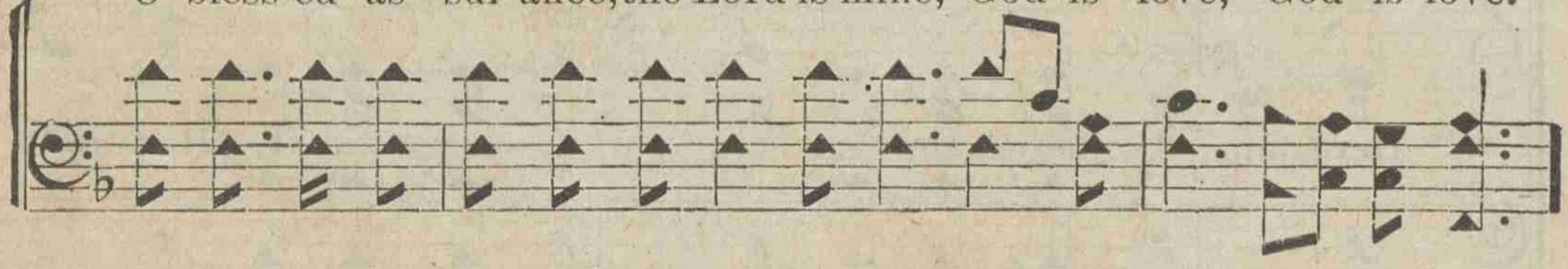
24. GOD IS LOVE.

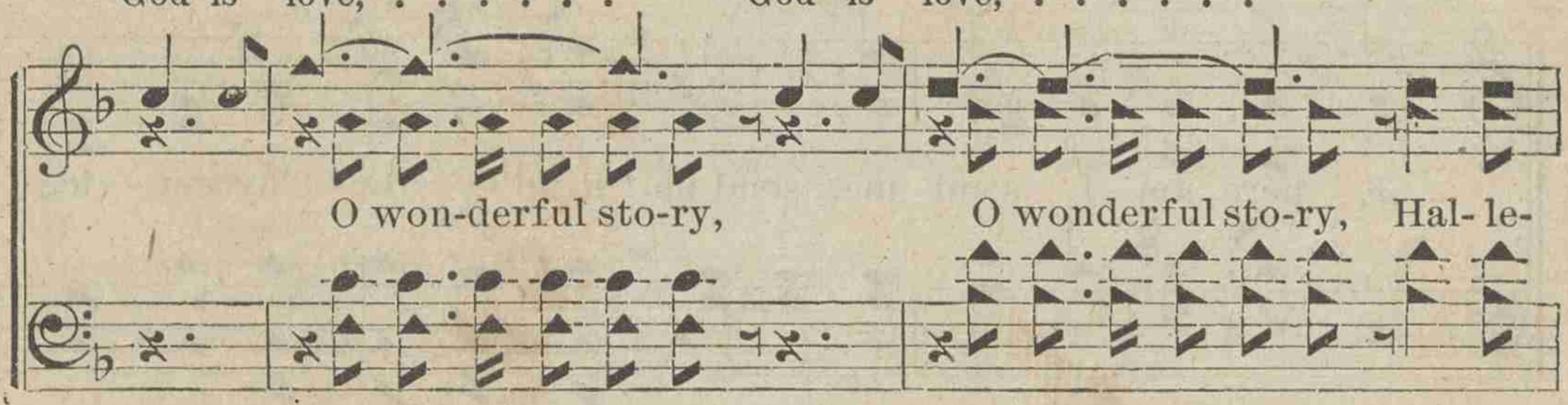
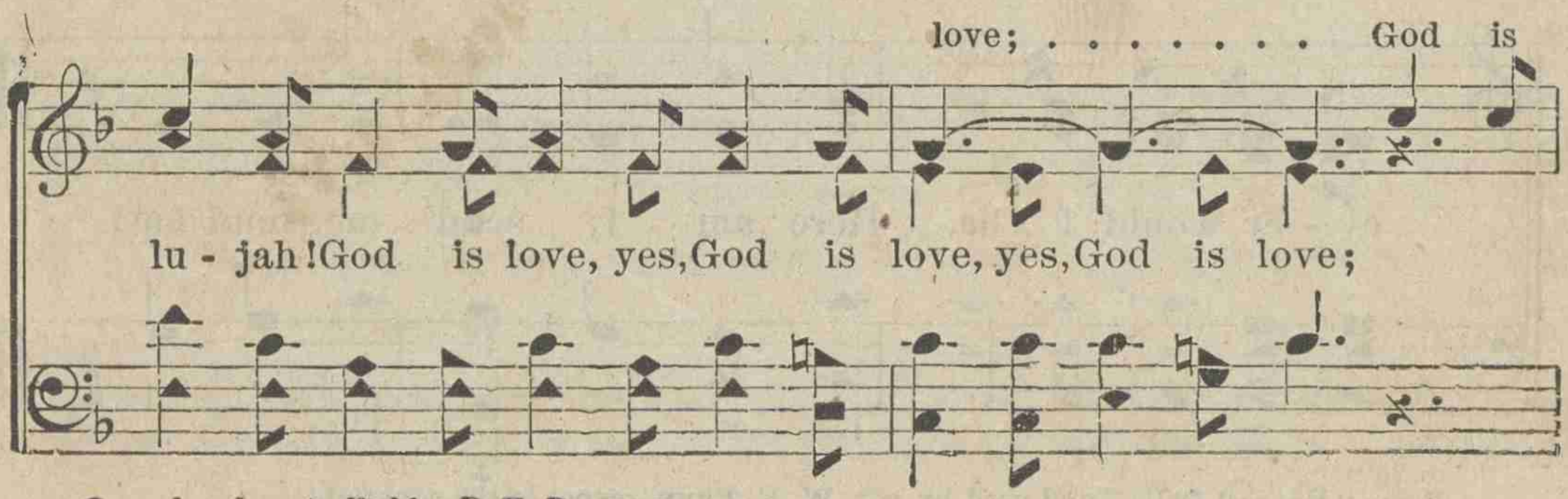
"*God is Love.*"—1 John 4: 16.

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;

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-

lu - jah! God is love, yes, God is love, yes, God is love;

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GOD IS LOVE.

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

O won-der-ful sto-ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry,

rit.

Hal-le-lu-jah! God is love, yes, God is love, yes, God is love.

God is love.

25. SUNLIGHT IN THE SOUL.

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

1. Have you sad and wea-ry grown, As you wandered from the fold?
2. Does your heart seem black with sin, Has your heart grown dark and cold?
3. When your life seems void of bliss, And the waves of sor-row roll;
4. When the hour of death draws nigh, And by faith you see the goal,
5. When we join the glorious throng, Marching thro' the streets of gold,

rit. FINE

D. S. Come to Je-sus He will give Sun-light in the soul.
Ask the Sav-iour who can give Sun-light in the soul.
Look to Him who free-ly gives Sun-light in the soul.
Trust the Lord, He 'll sweet-ly give Sun-light in the soul.
Then we 'll dwell with Him who gives Sun-light in the soul.

REF. Sun - light in the soul, Sun - light in the soul. *D.S.*

Beau-ti-ful sun-light in the soul, Beau-ti-ful sun-light in the soul.

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.

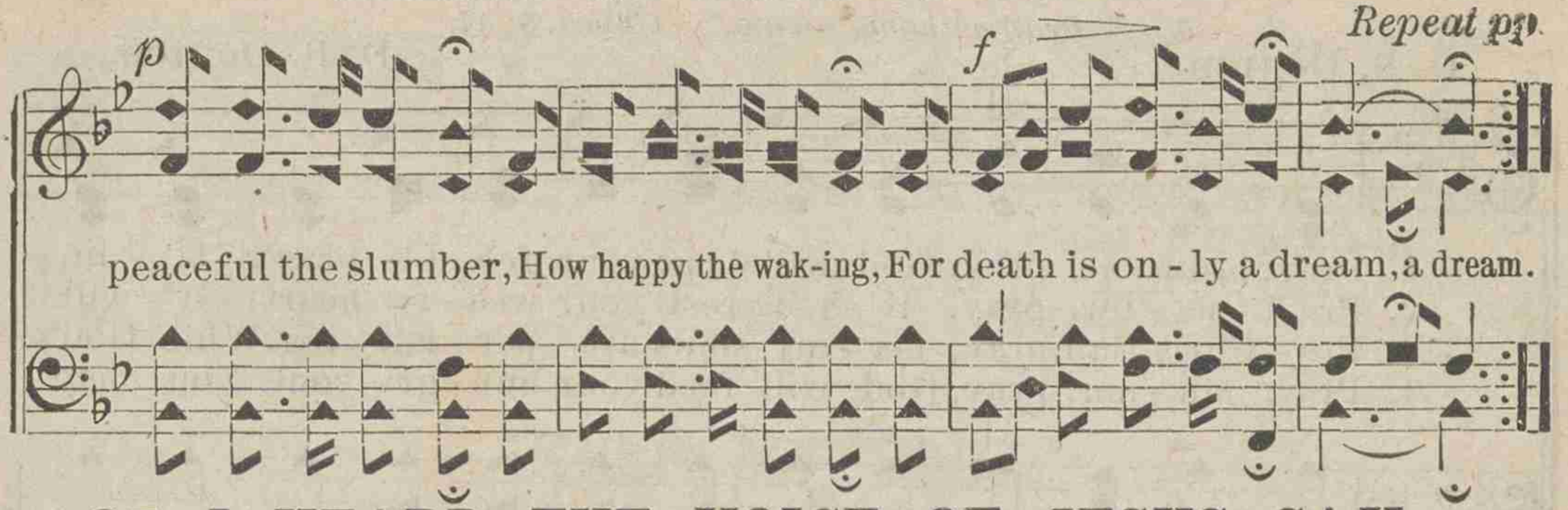
CHORUS.

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

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

DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.

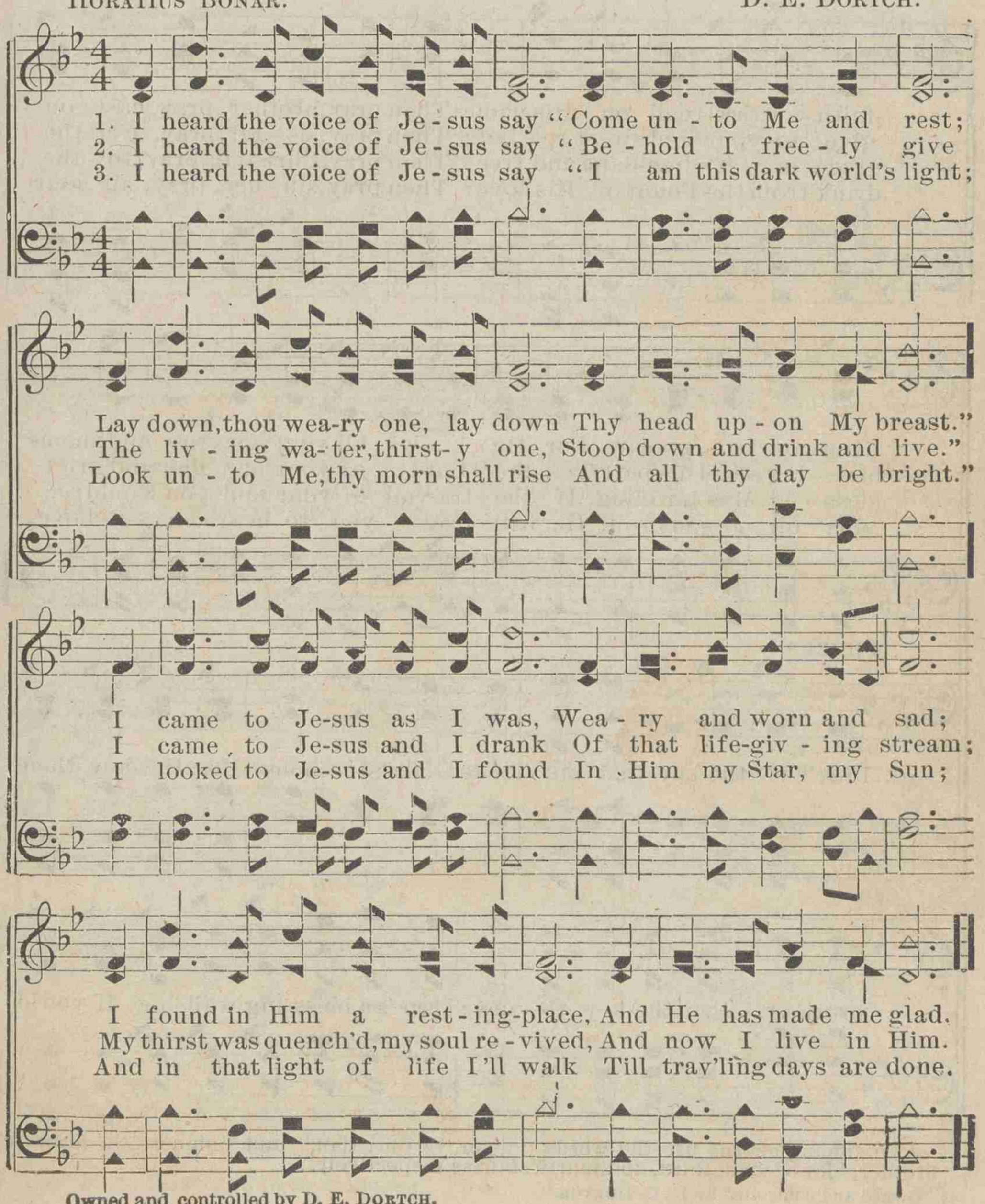
Repeat p.



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.

1. Pray, broth-er, pray, God will hear your fee-ble pray'r, If in faith you should call on His name; Then pray, brother, pray, cast on
2. Pray, sis-ter, pray, it will rest your wea-ry heart, It will give to your soul sweet re-lief; Then pray, sis-ter, pray, e'er the
3. Pray, Chris-tian, pray, ma-ny souls are per-ish-ing, While God's grace is a-bun-dant and free; Then pray, Christian, pray, to the
4. Pray, sin-ner, pray, God will feed your hun-gry soul, You may drink from the Fount of His love; Then pray, sin-ner, pray, all your

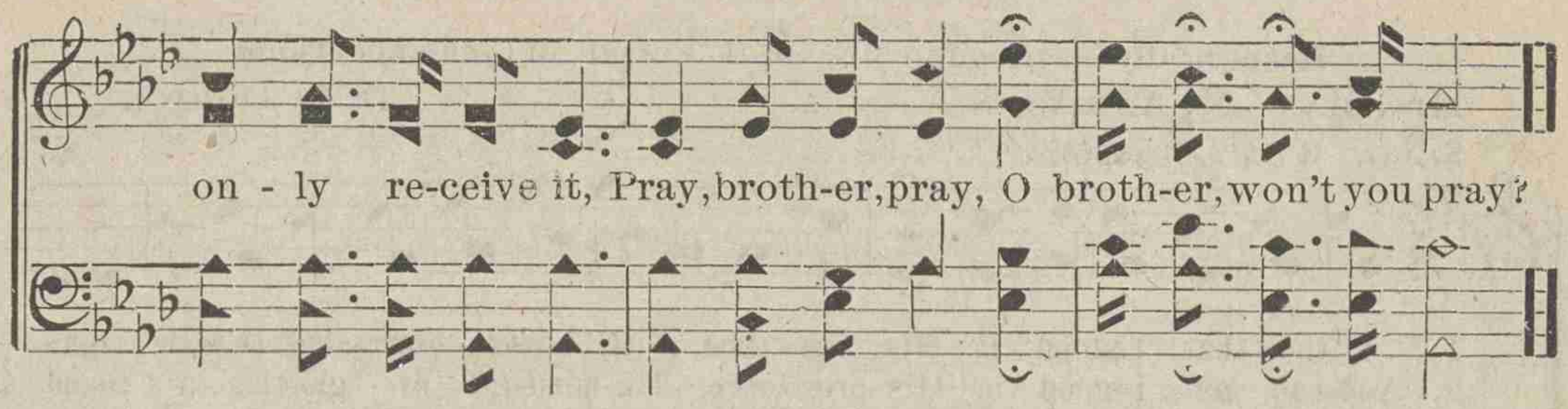
Him your ev-'ry care, For He knows all your sor-row and shame.
bless-ing should de-part, Tell the Lord of your bur-den and grief.
bless-ed Mas-ter cling, If the tra-vail of your soul you would see.
sins on Je-sus roll, He will lead you to heav-en, a-bove.

CHORUS.

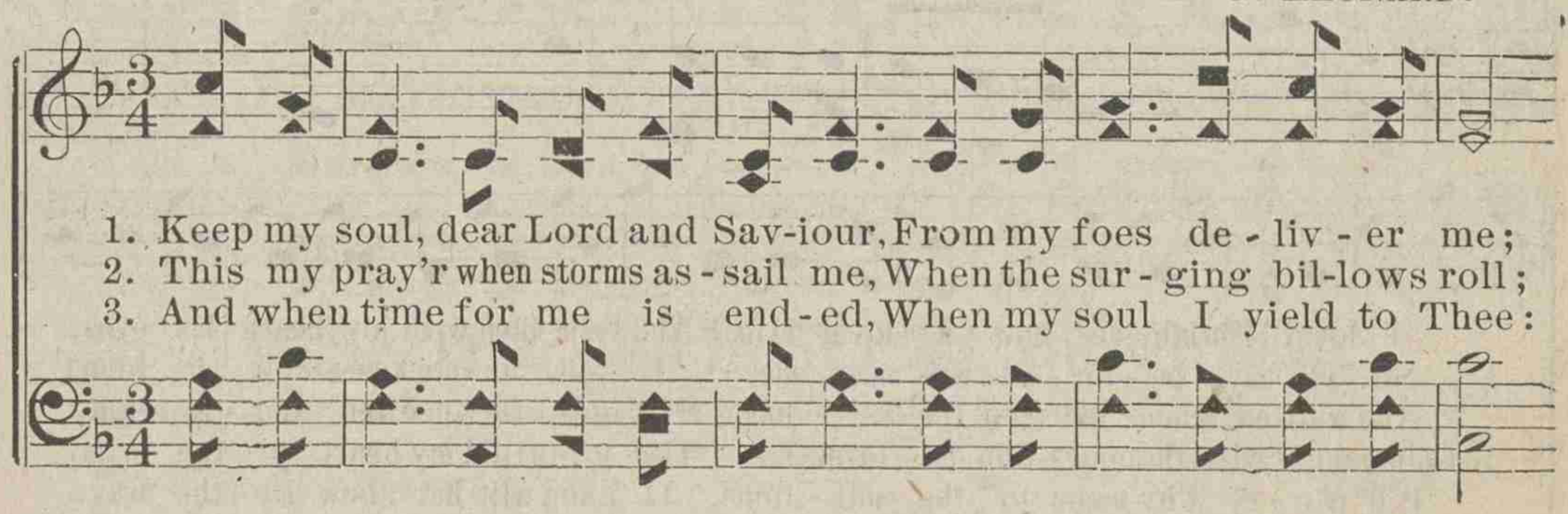
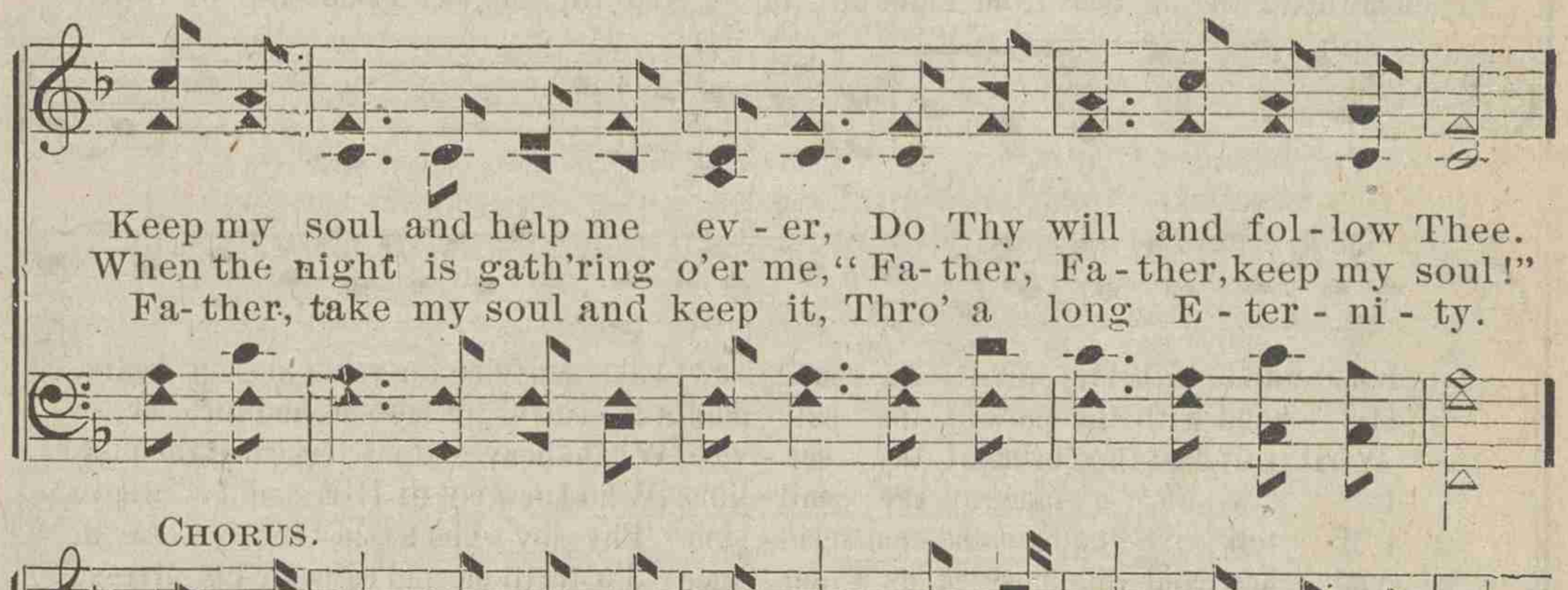
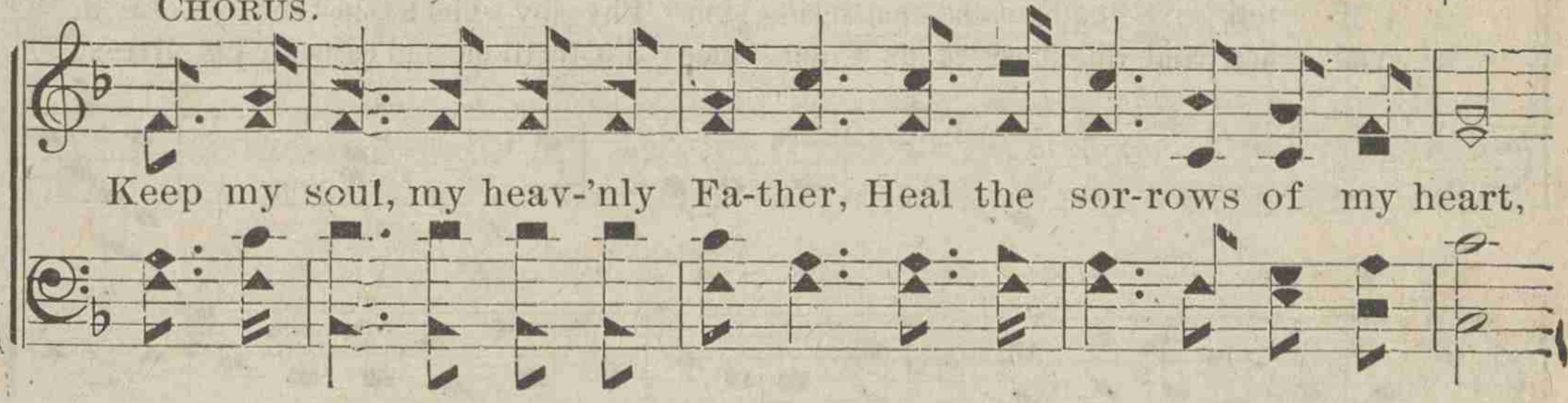
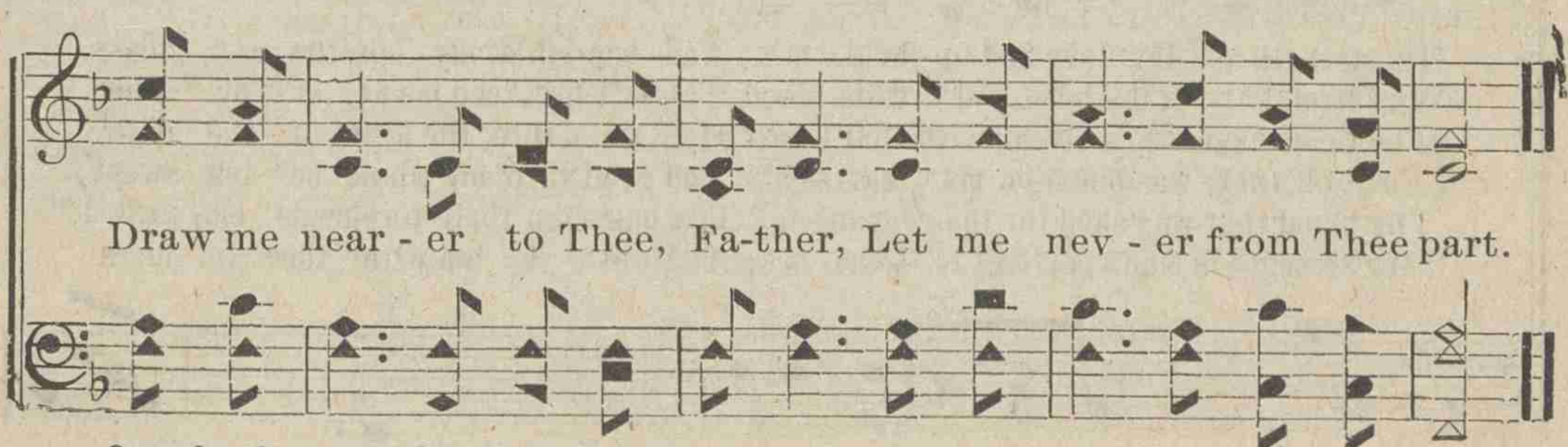
* Pray'r is the key that un-locks God's storehouse, Use the key then, broth-er, Use the key to-day; There's a bless-ing wait-ing, if you'd

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

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

PRAYER.

29. KEEP MY SOUL.

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

Miss Ida Hedrick. E. G. Leonard.



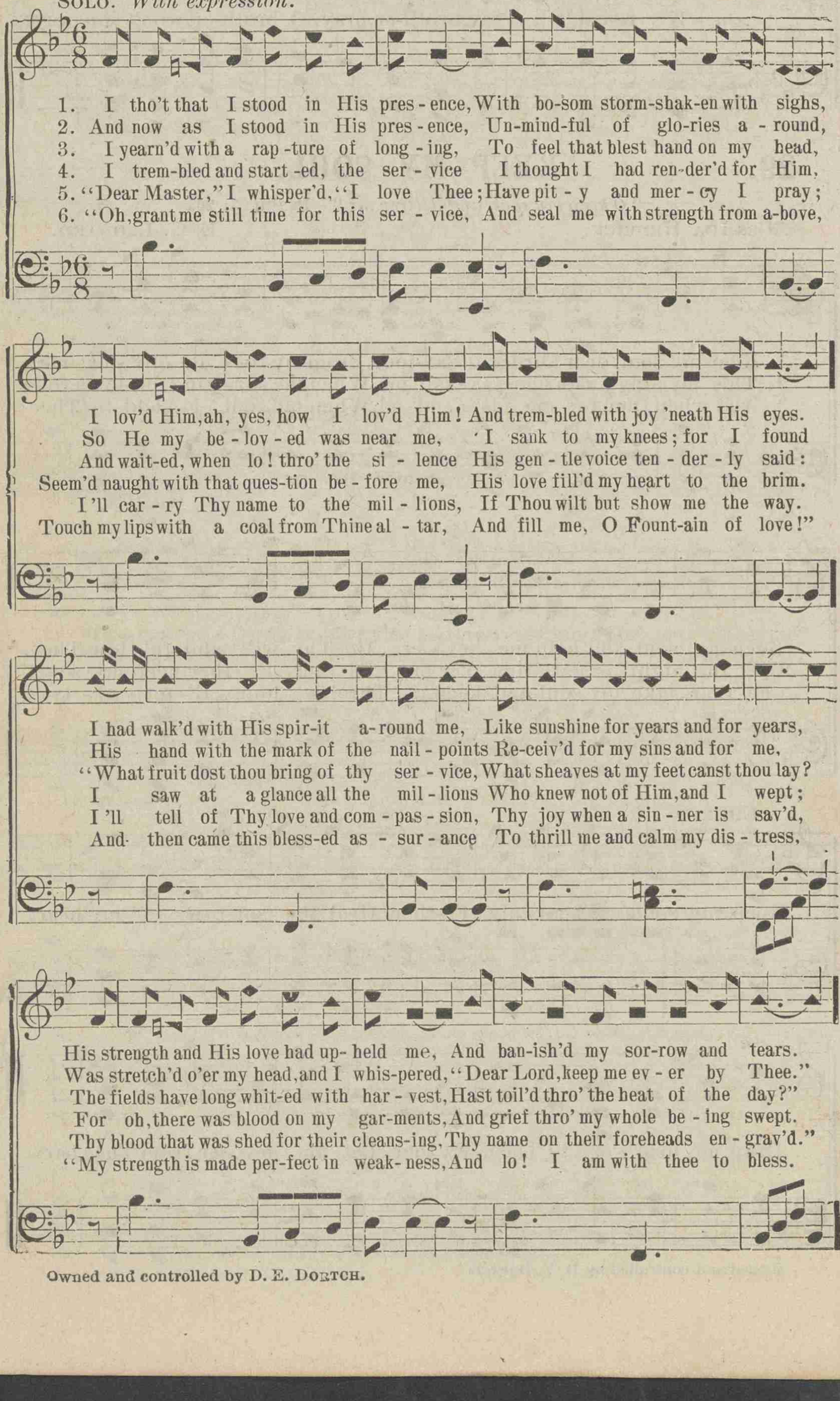
Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

30. IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING.

Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Jo H. Fussell, of Columbia, Tenn.

Mrs. Mary M. Anderson. D. E. Dortch.

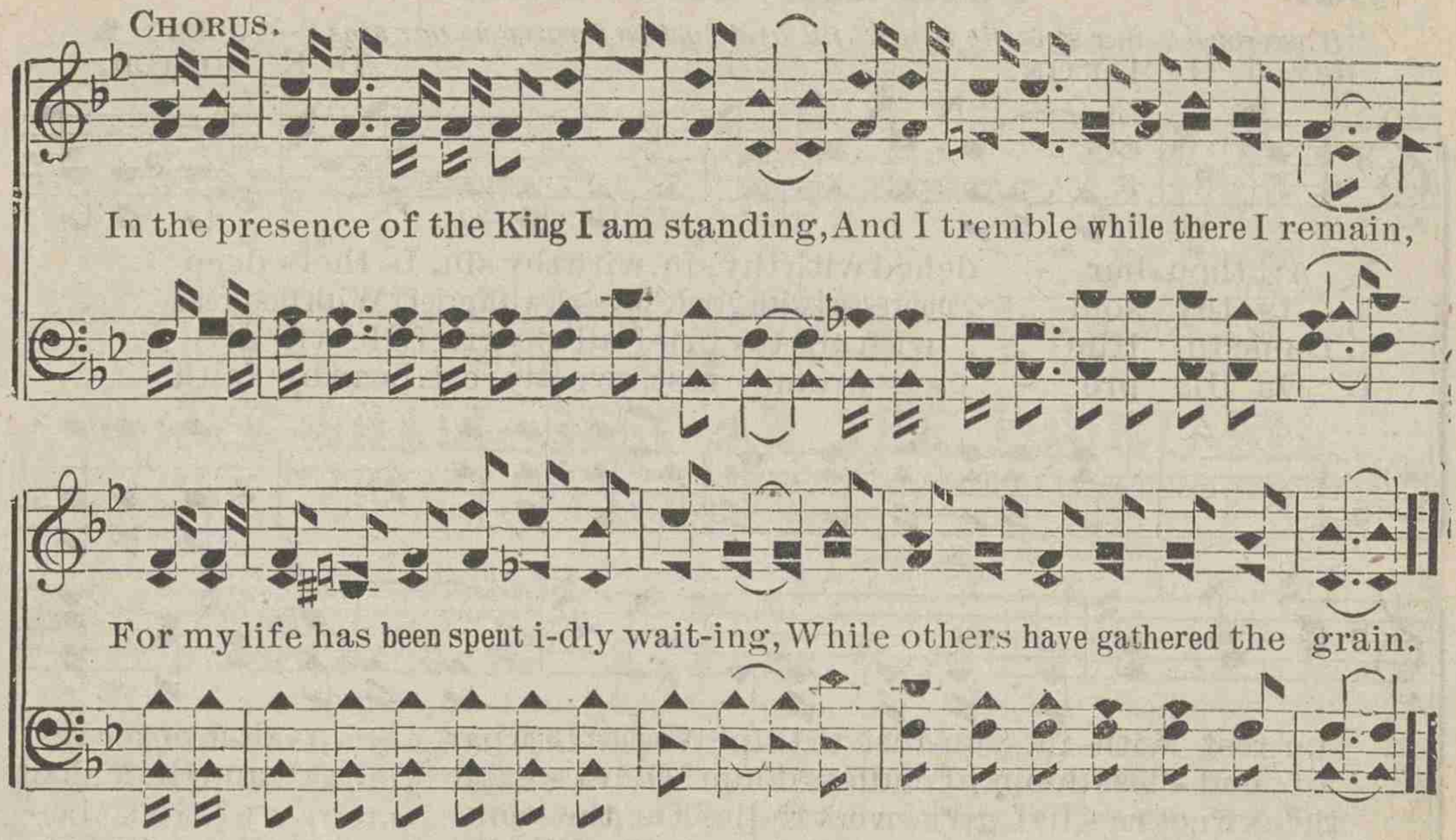
Solo. *With expression.*



Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

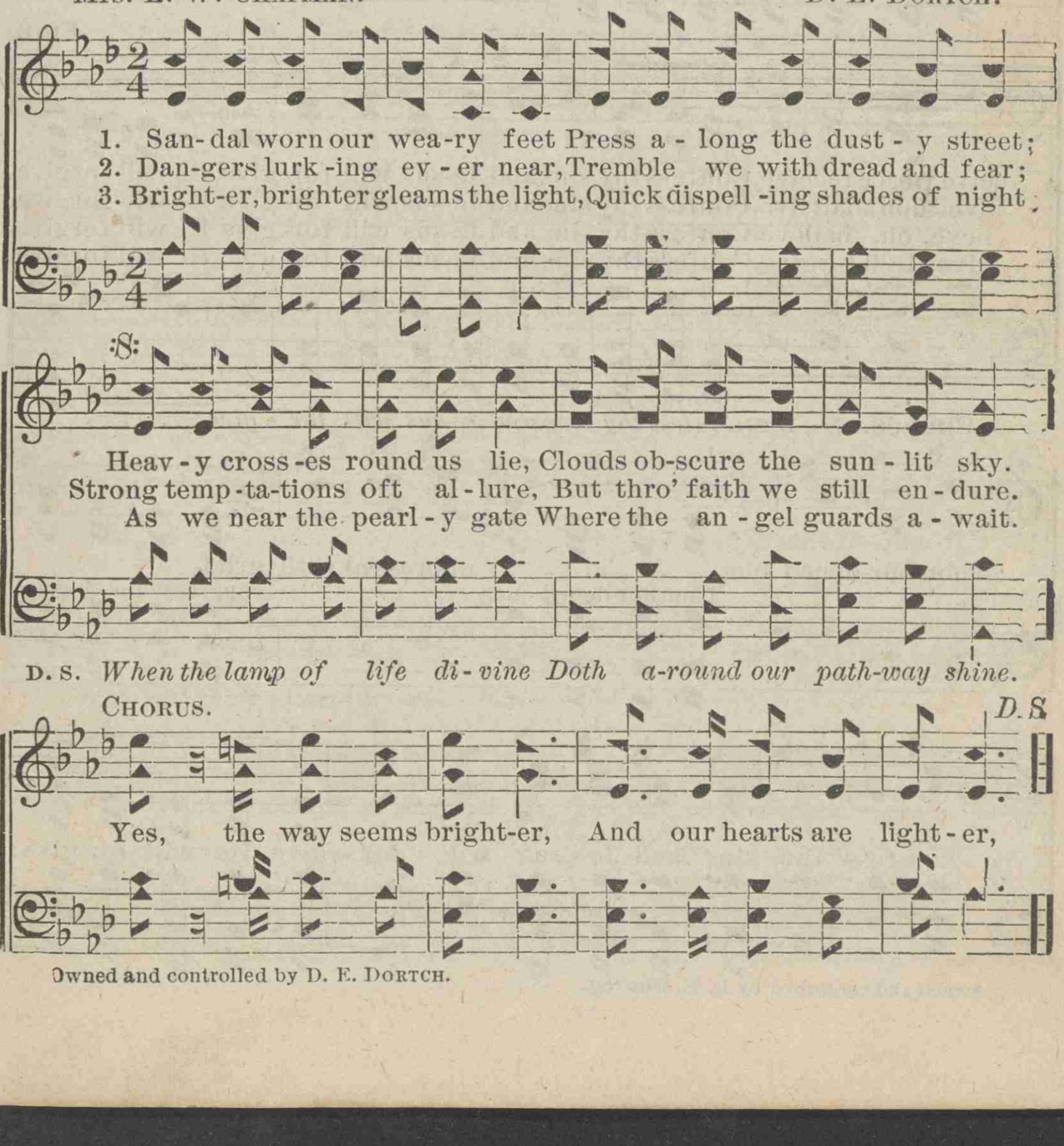
IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING.

CHORUS.



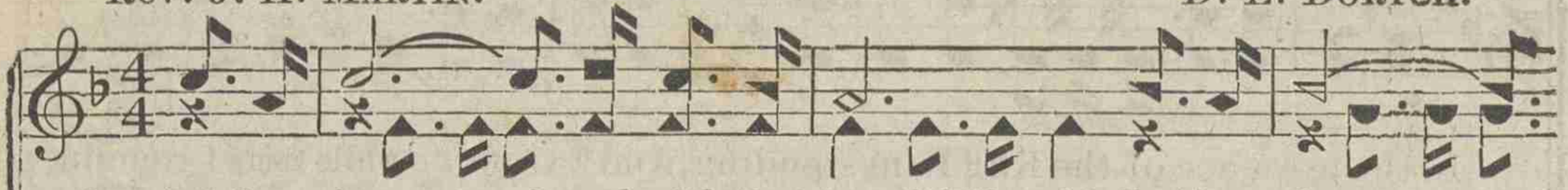
31. YES, THE WAY SEEMS BRIGHTER.

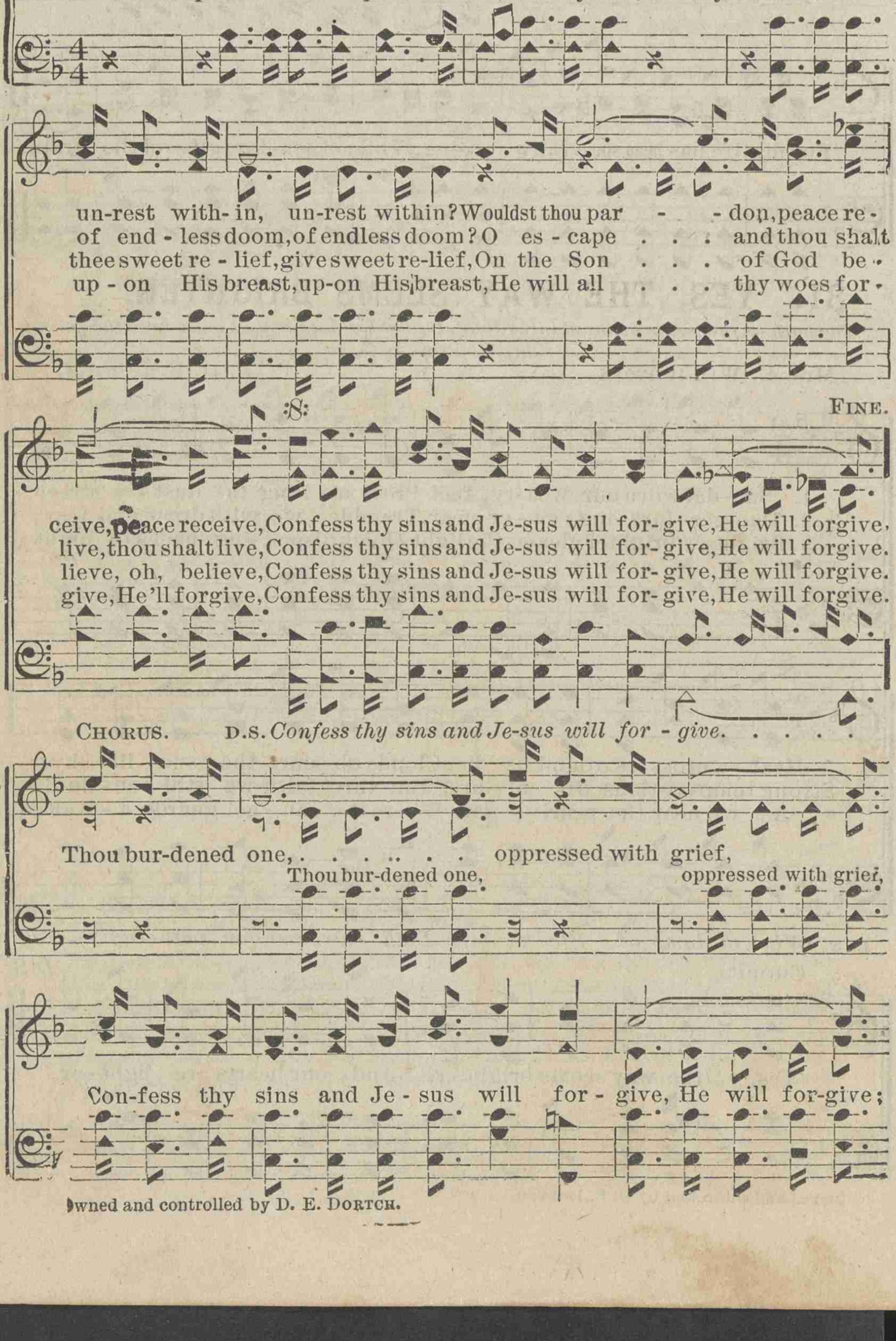
"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—Prov. 4: 18.

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-

FINE.

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.

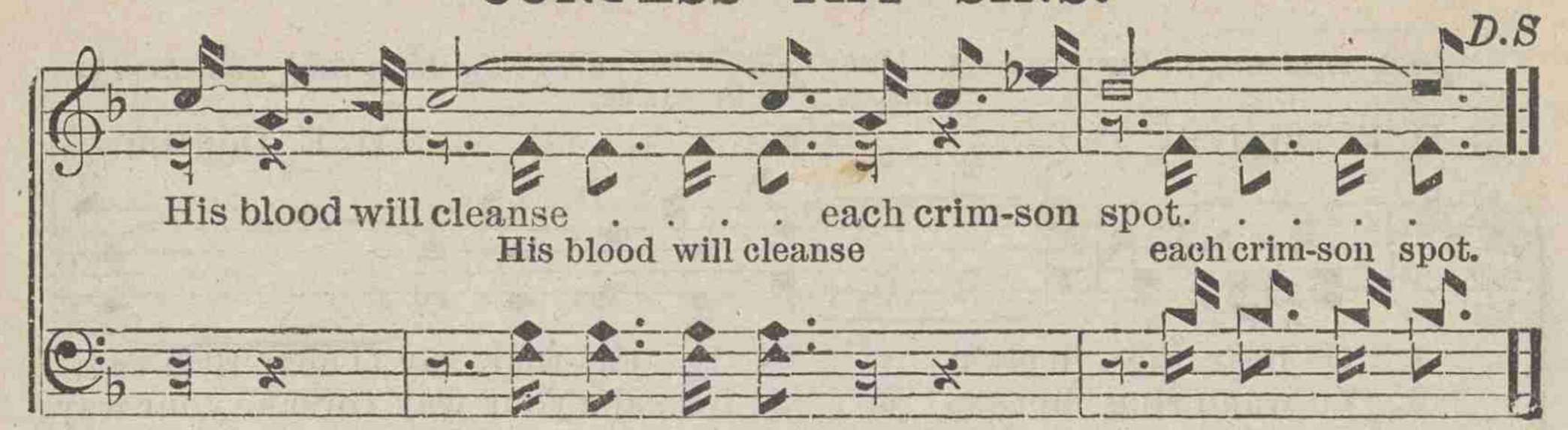
CHORUS. D.S. *Confess thy sins and Je-sus will for - give.* . . . .

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;

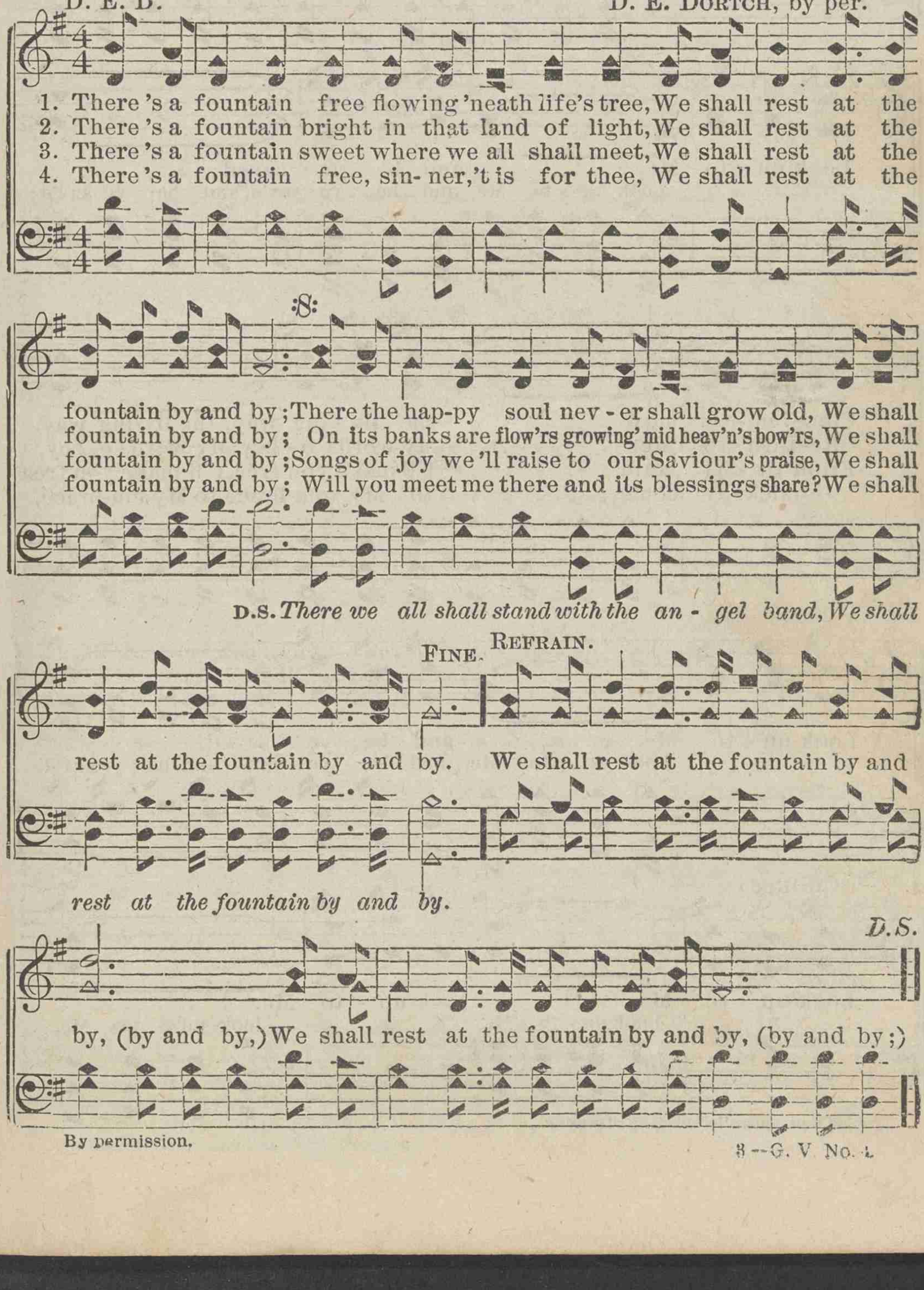
Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

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, only Thine, I am Thine, only 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.

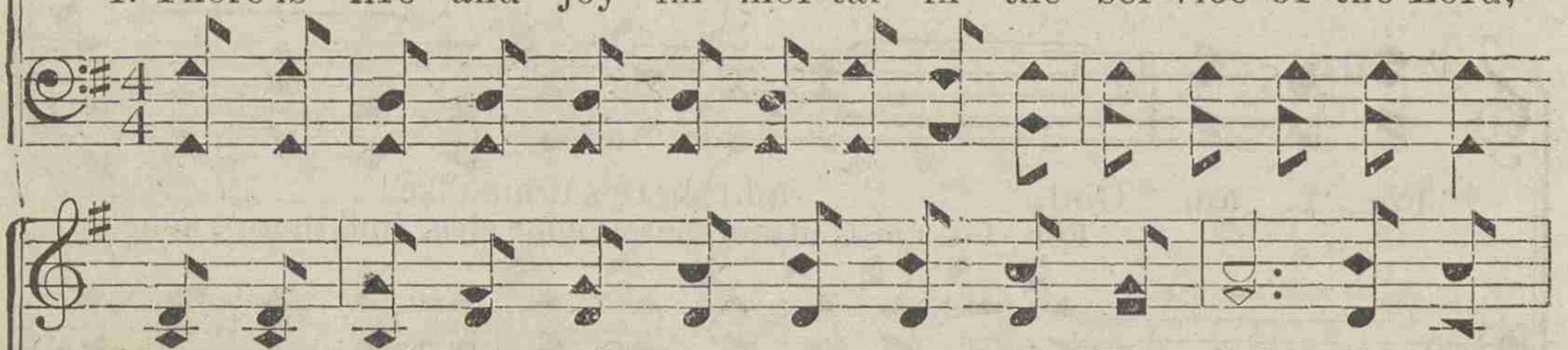
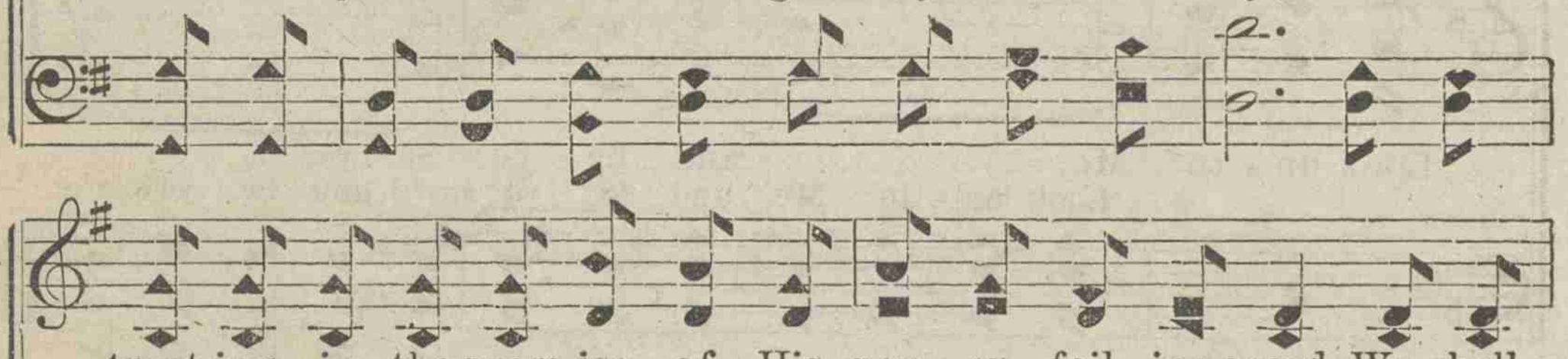
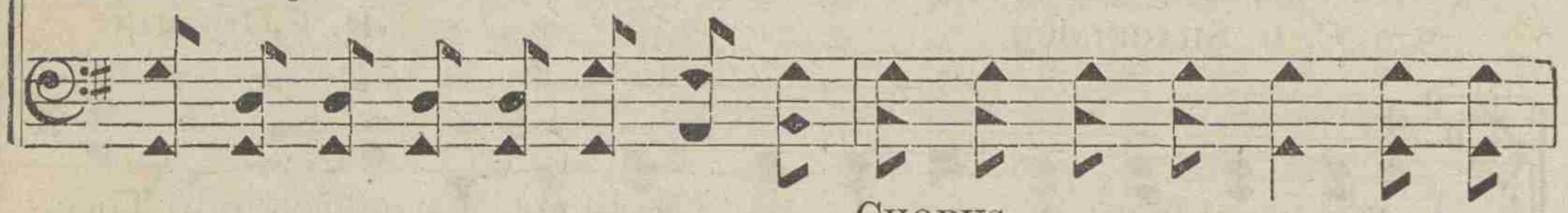
All for Thee I would re - sign; I am Thine, and on - ly Thine.

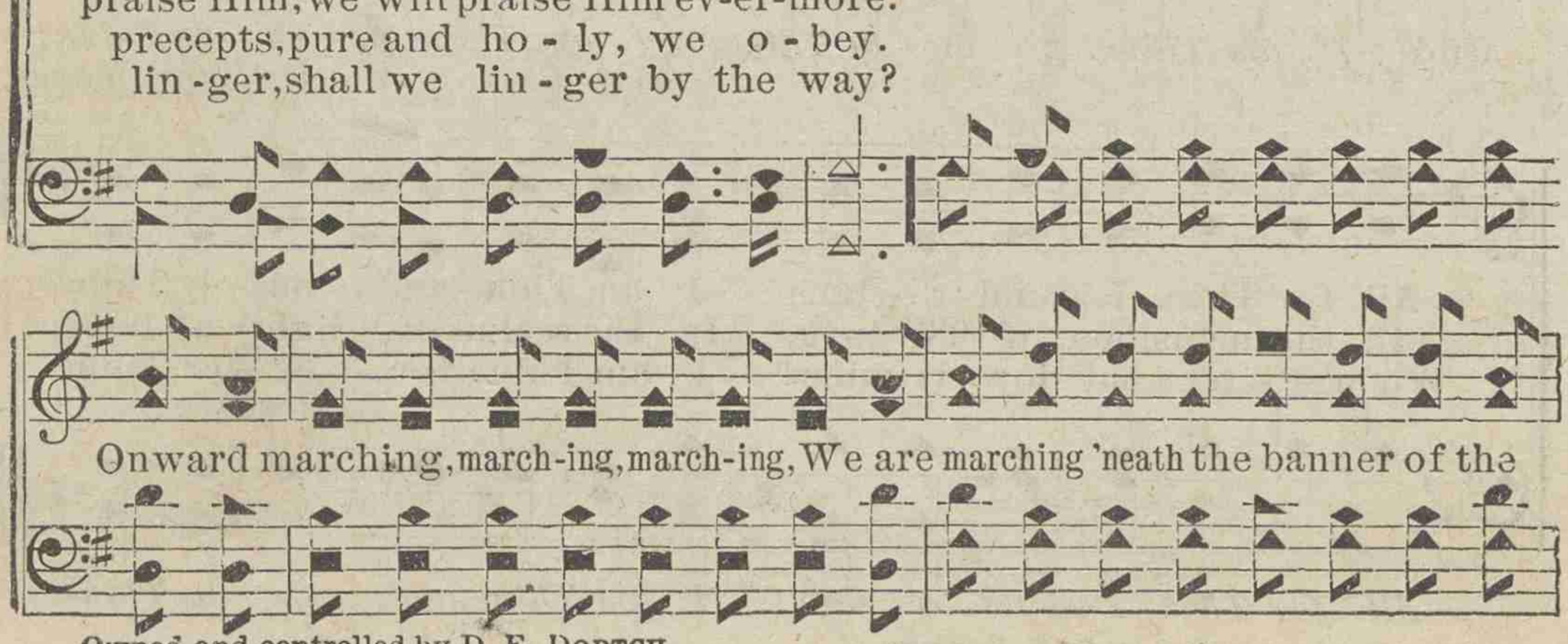
Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

36. WE ARE MARCHING, ONWARD MARCHING.

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

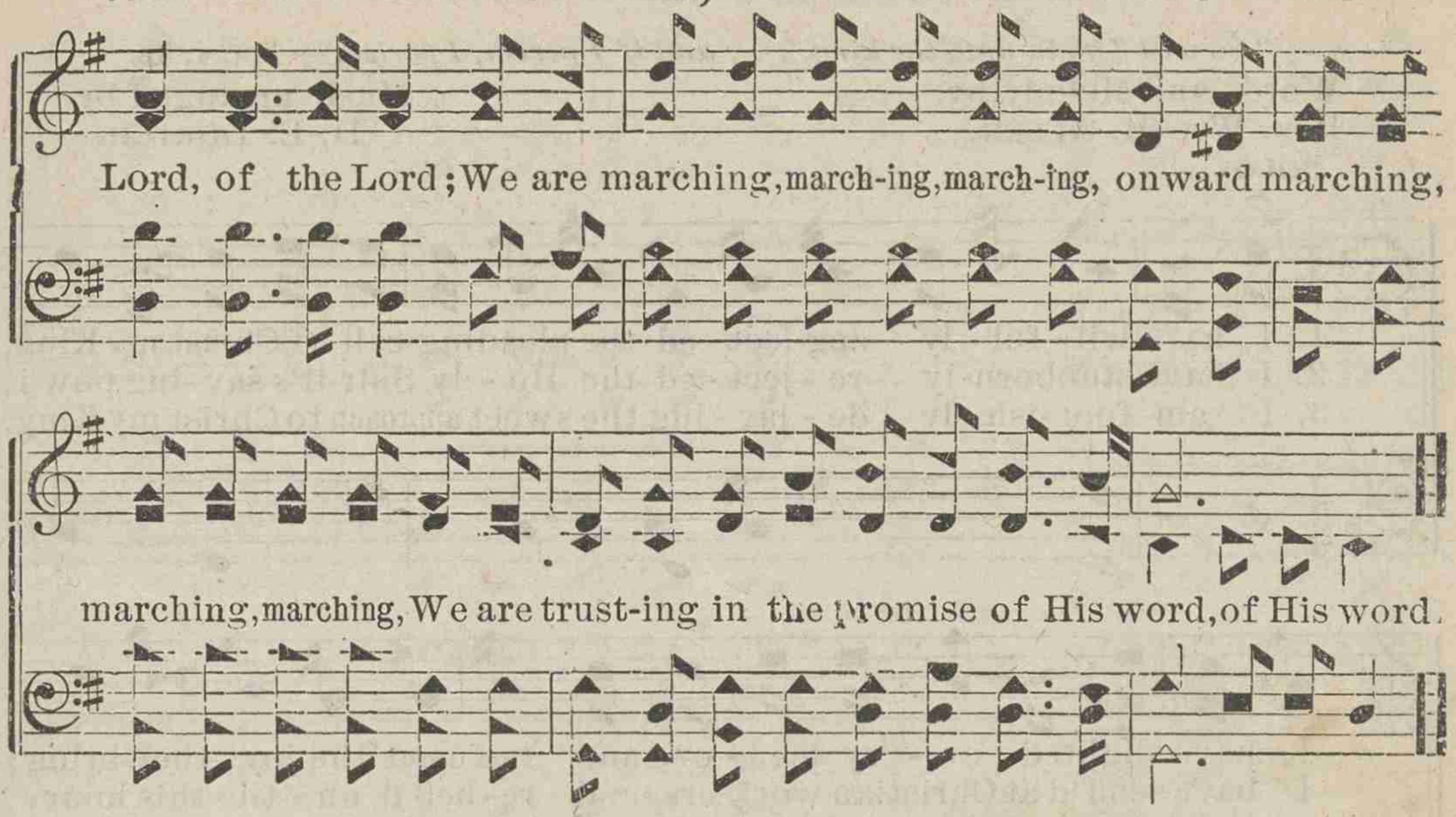
Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. D. E. Dortch.

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

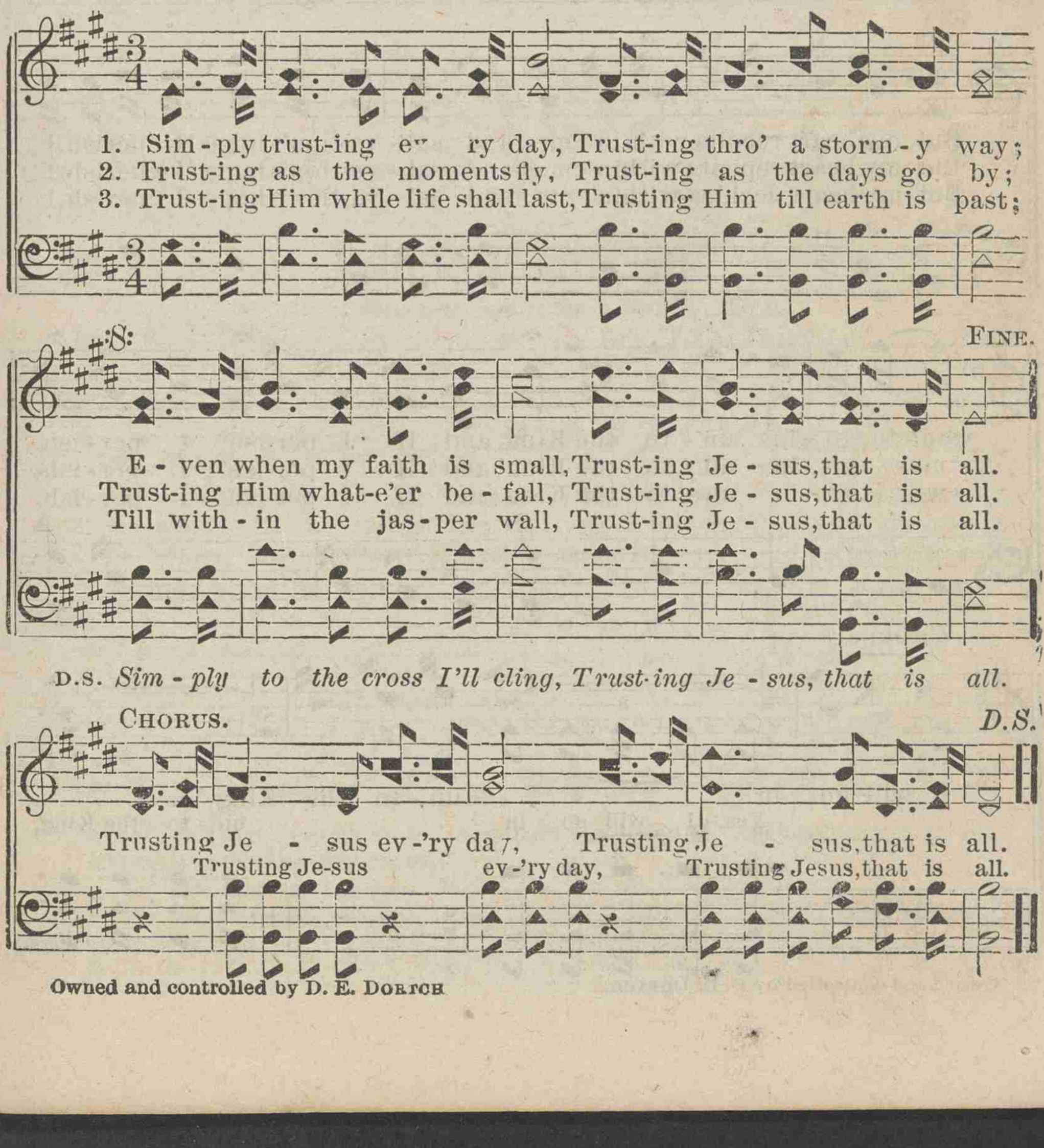
Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

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.

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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.

And if I per-ish, I can but per - ish; Yes,
And if I per - ish, I can but per - ish;

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

And if I per - ish, ... I per - ish.
And if I per - ish, I per - ish.

39. ENOUGH FOR ME.

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

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

1. O love sur-pass-ing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Je - sus
2. O won-der- ful sal - va-tion! From sin He makes me free! I feel the sweet as -
3. O blood of Christ, so precious, Pour'd out on Cal -va - ry! I feel its cleansing

FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

saves me, And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me, And that's enough for me.
surance, And that's enough for me!
pow-er, And that's enough for me!

40. THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

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

Rev. JOSEPH GREGG. E. HANKS.

1. Be- hold a stran-ger at the door, He gent-ly knocks, has knock'd before;
2. Oh, love-ly at- ti- tude! He stands, With will-ing heart and o-pen hands;
3. Rise, touch'd with grat-i- tude di- vine, Turn out His en- e-my and thine;
4. Oh, wel-come Him, the Prince of peace, Now may His gentle reign increase;

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still, You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
Turn out thy soul-en- slav-ing sin, And let the heav'nly stranger in.
Throw wide the door, each will-ing mind, And be His em-pire all mankind.

CHORUS.

O let the Sav-iour in, let Him in, let Him in, O

let the blessed Sav-iour in; He will cleanse your soul from sin, Make you

white as snow within, O let the Saviour in, let Him in, let Him in.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

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.

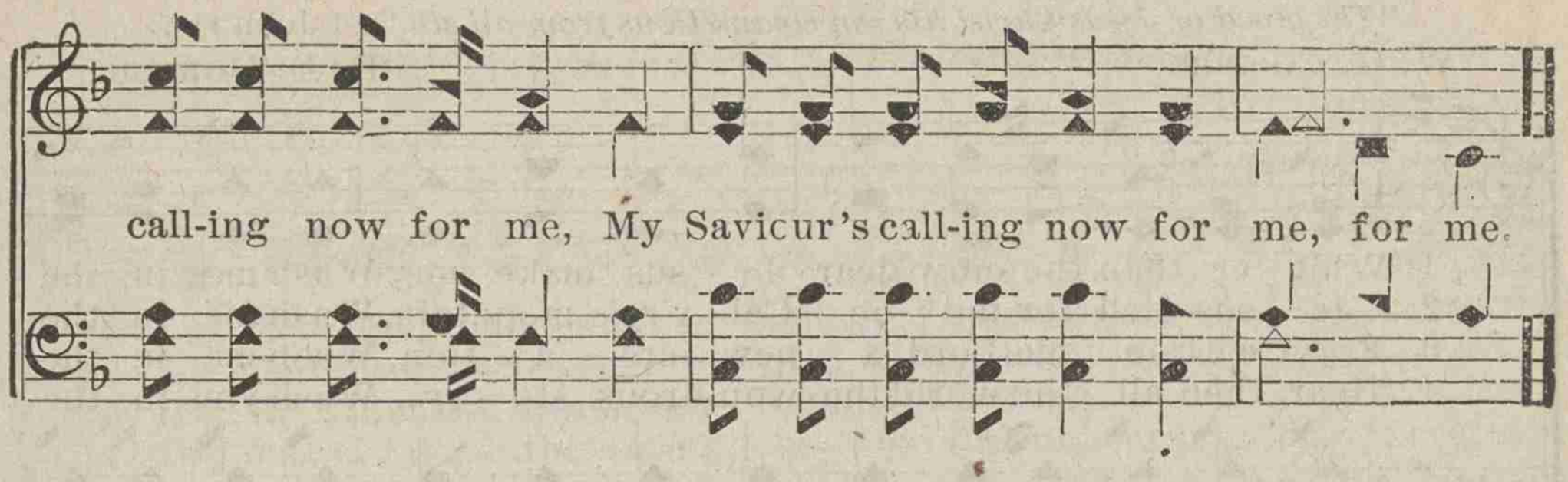
CHORUS.

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

for me:

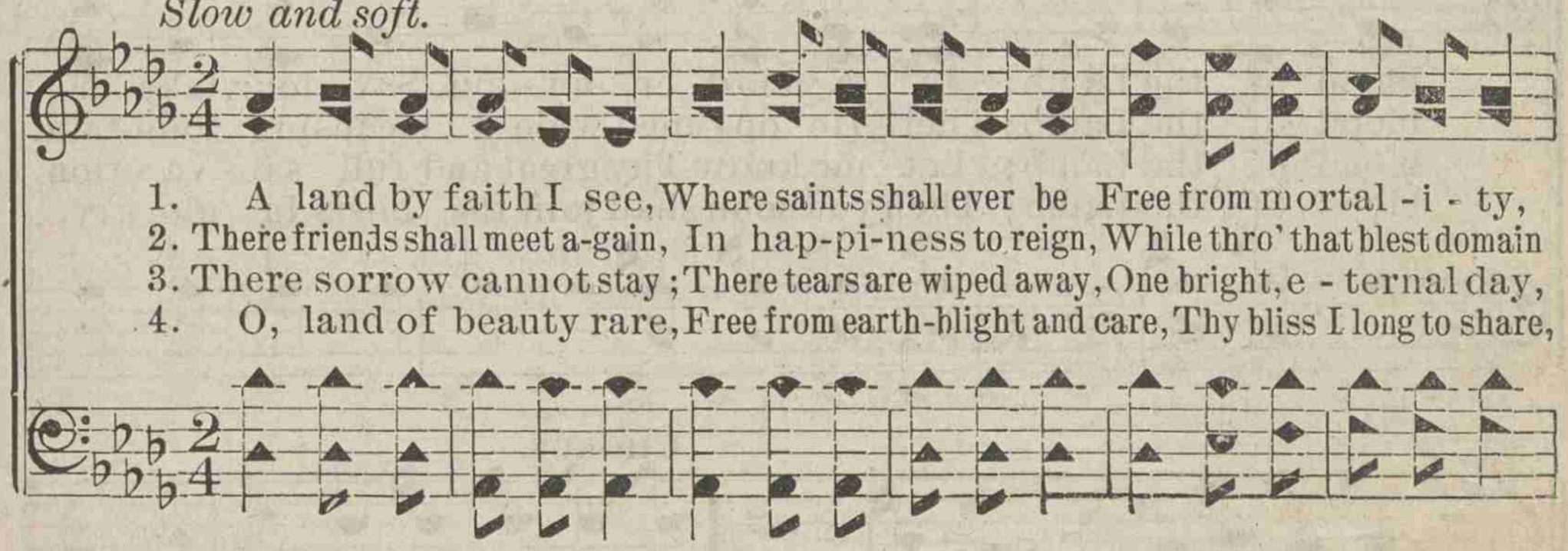
me, He's call - ing now for me; Call - ing now for me, yes,

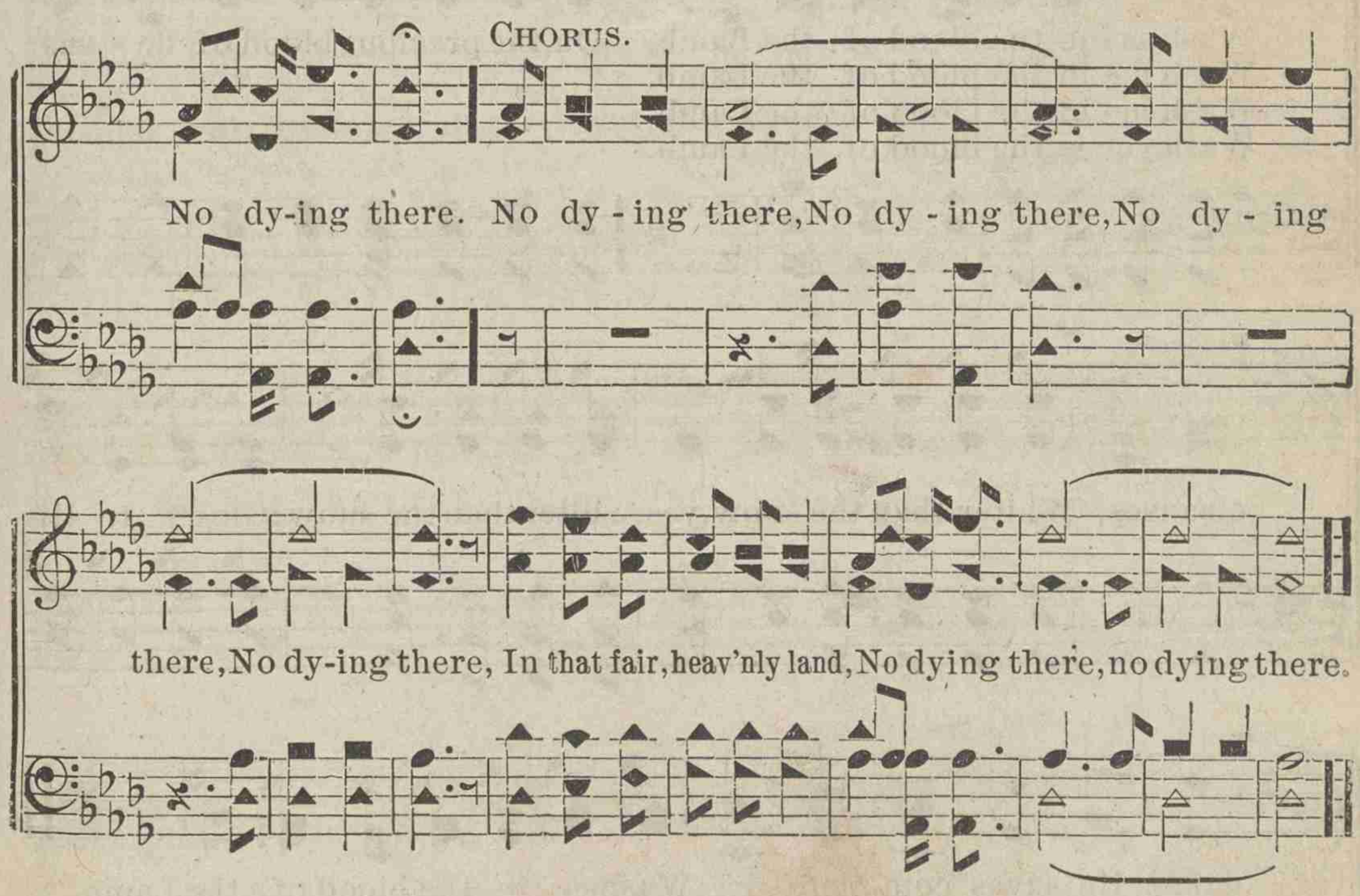
This arrangement owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

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.

CHORUS.



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 pe 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.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

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.

Used by per. John J. Hood, owner of copyright.

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;

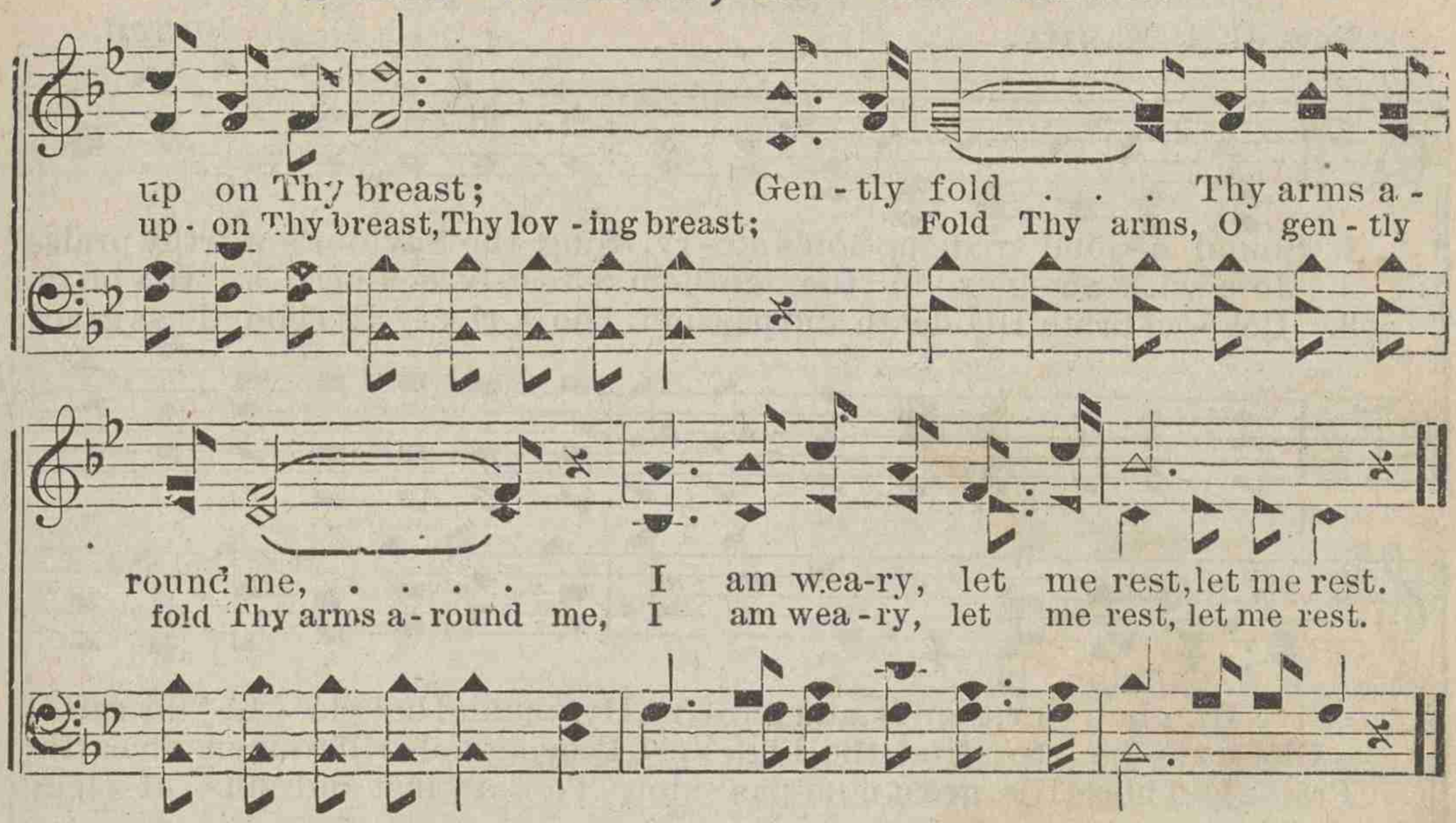
Gen - tly fold Thy arms a-round me, I am wea - ry, let me rest:
And I'll love Thee, bless-ed Je - sus, When the scenes of earth are past.
Let Thy bless-ed smiles now cheer me, Cheer me when I come to die;

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.

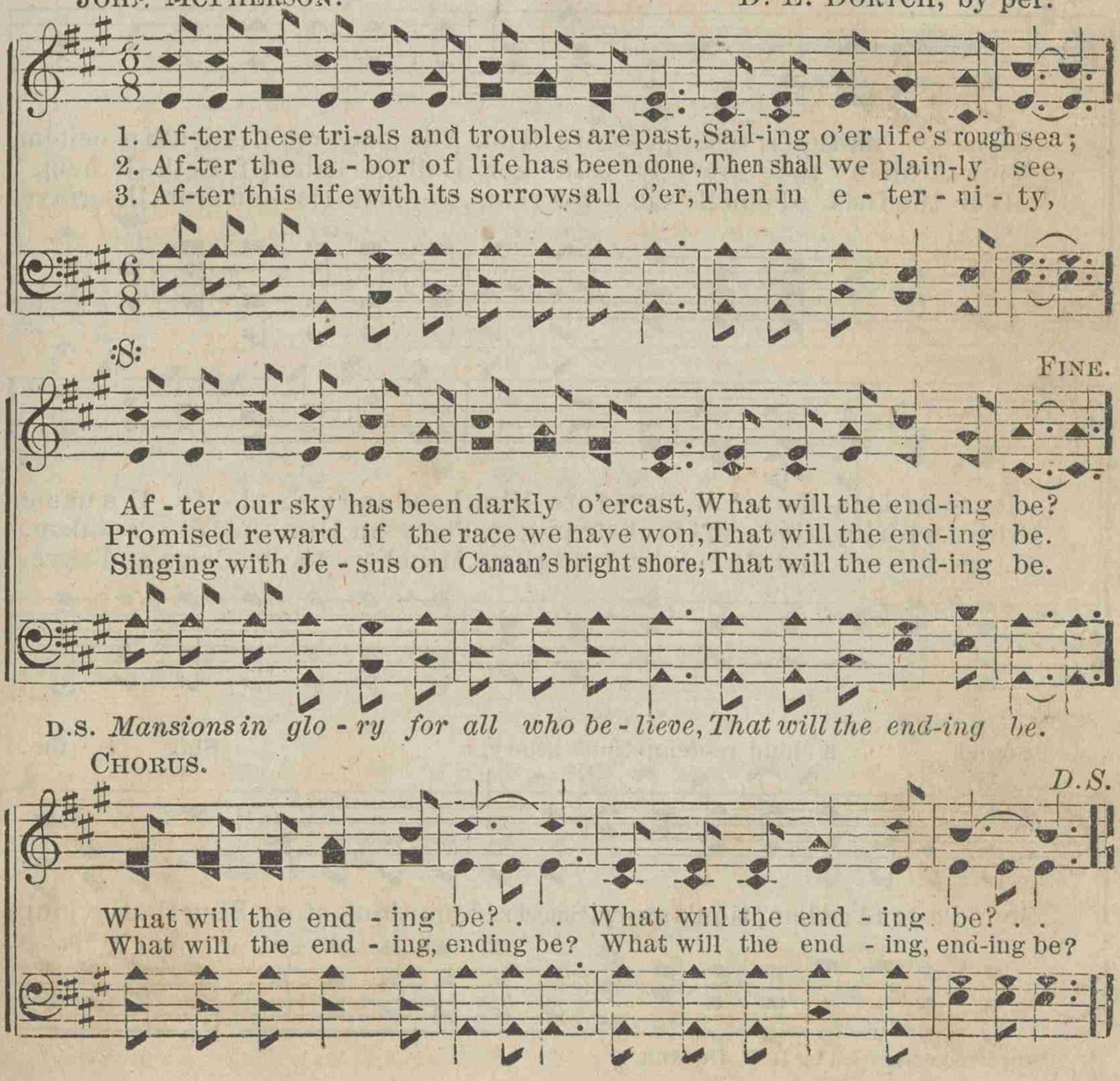
CHORUS.

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

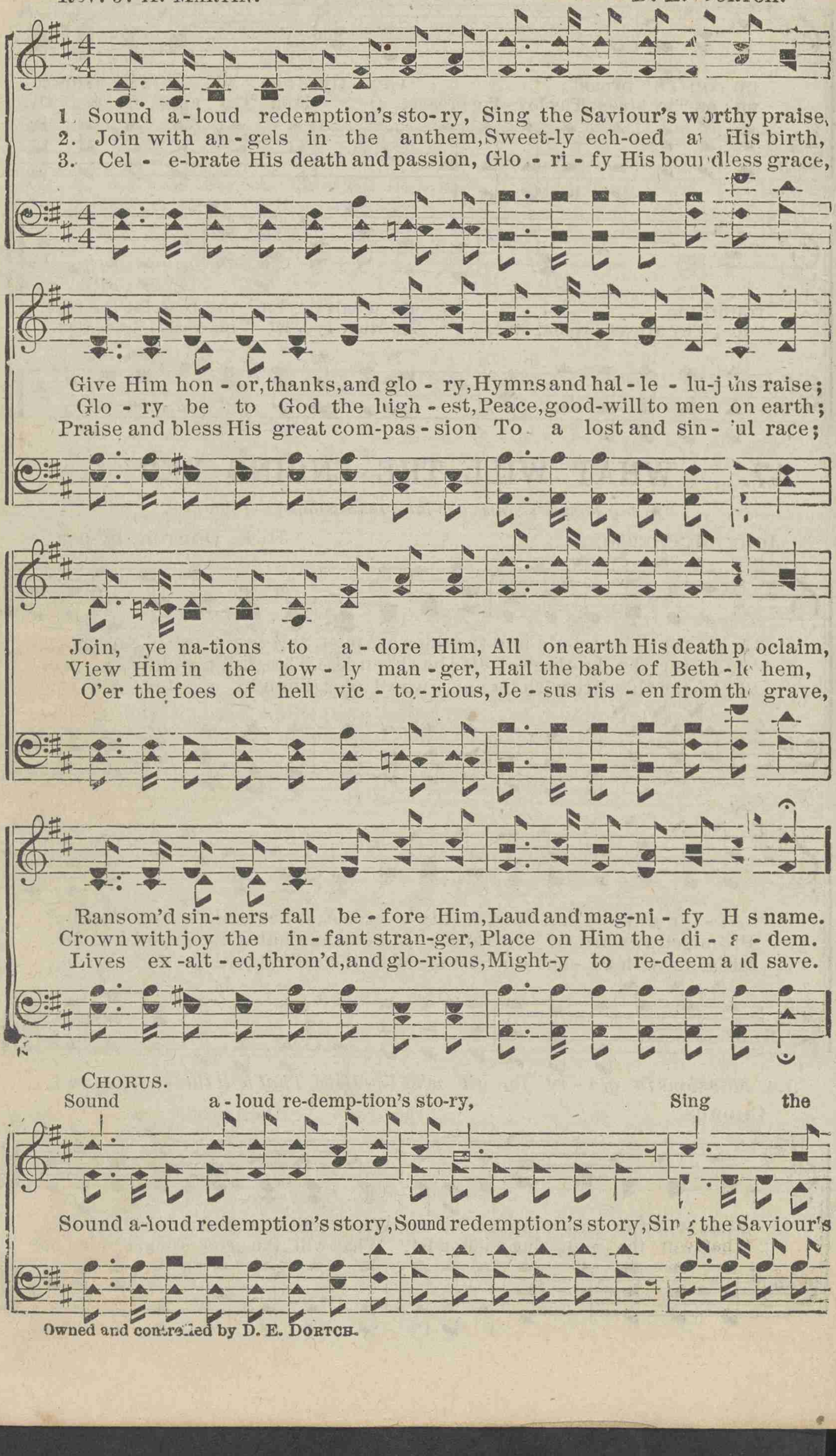
I AM WEARY, LET ME REST.

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.

CHORUS.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

SOUND ALOUD REDEMPTION'S STORY.

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

wortl y 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 is 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;

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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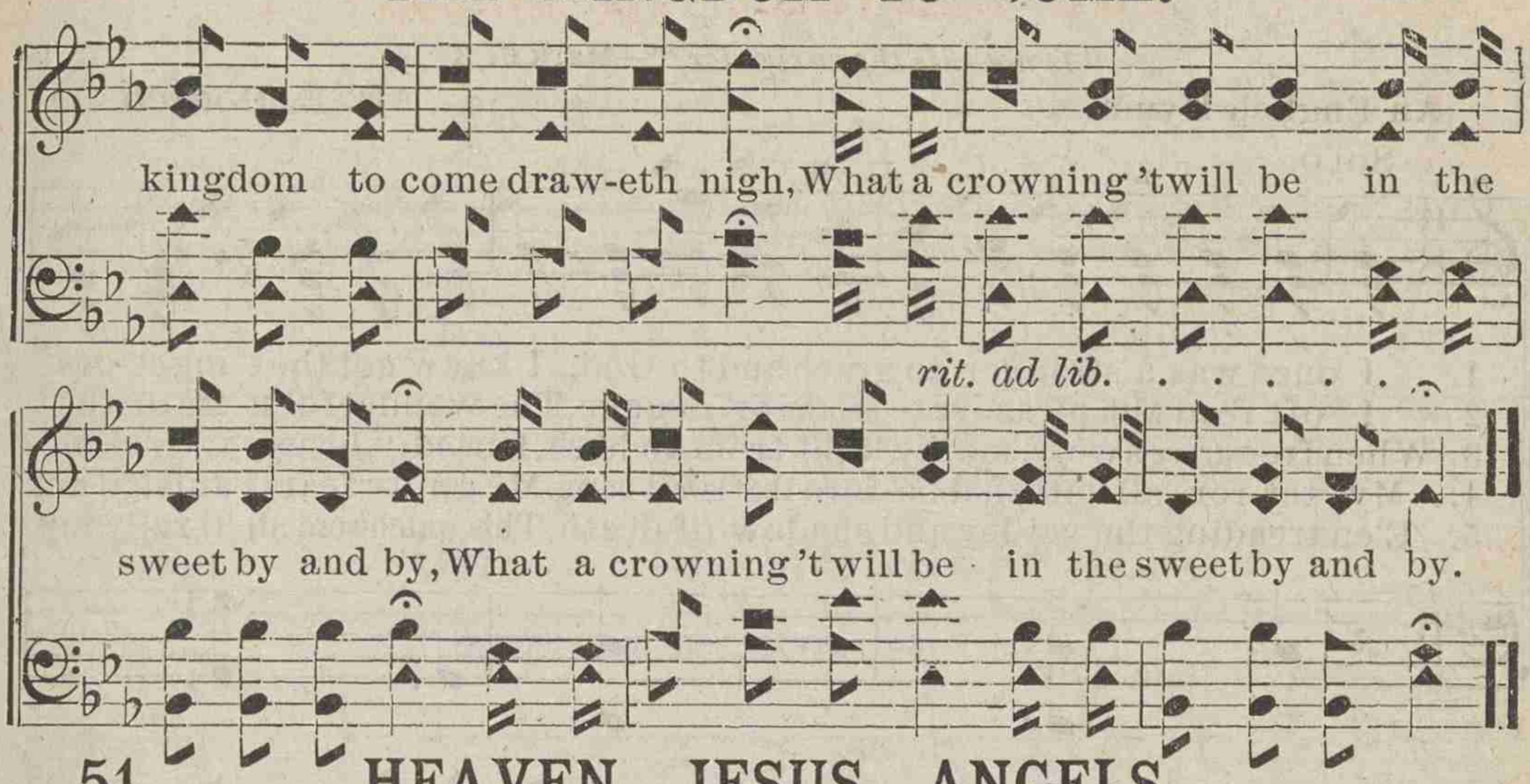
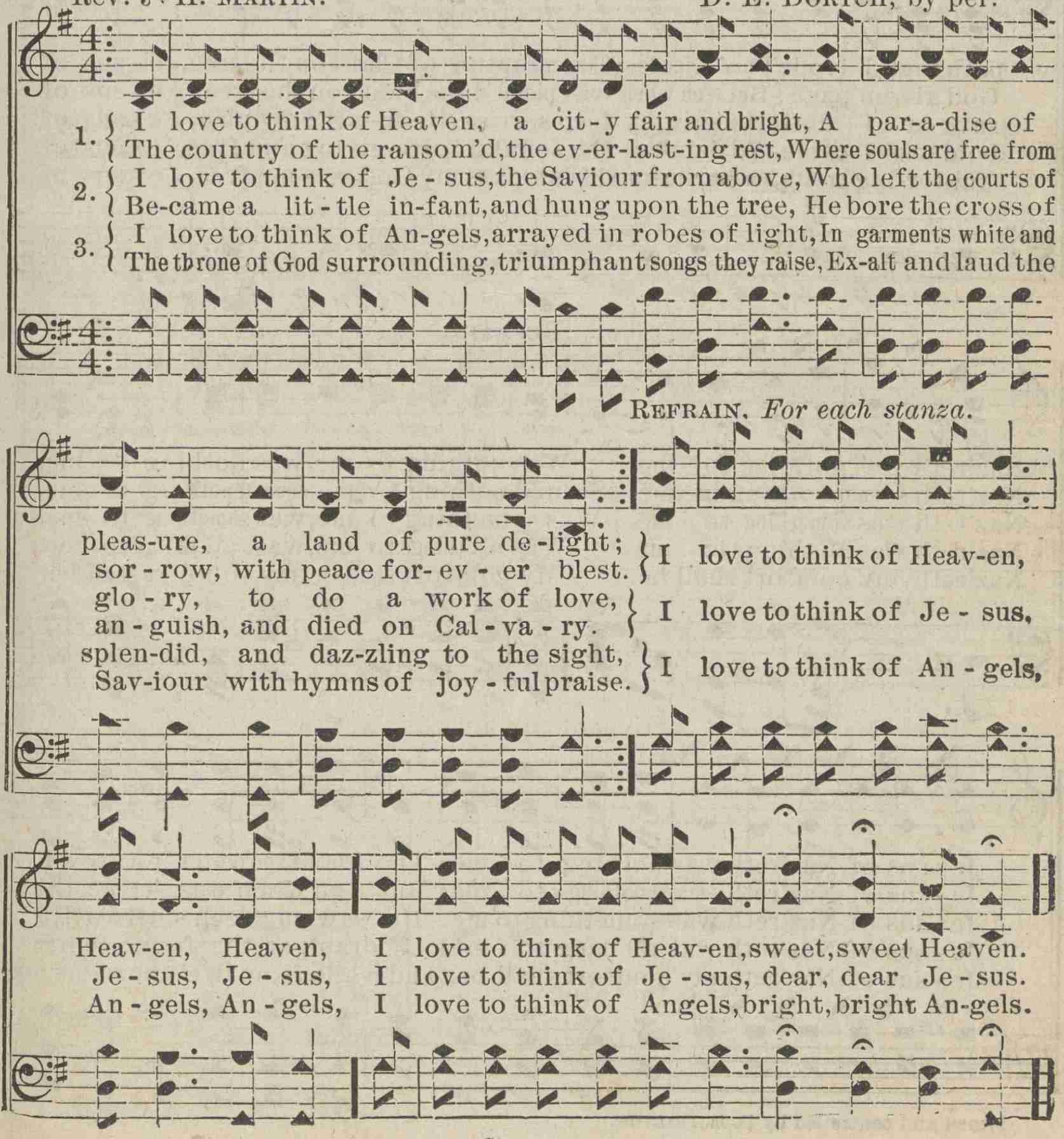
THE KINGDOM TO COME.



51. HEAVEN, JESUS, ANGELS.

FOR WEE VOICES.

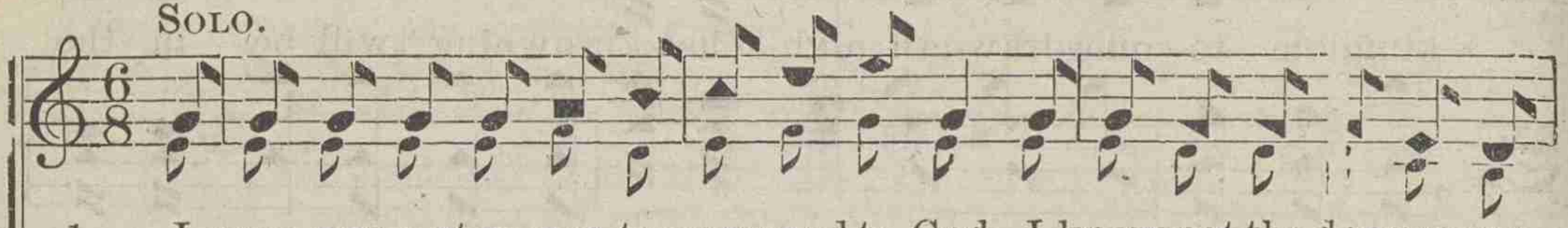
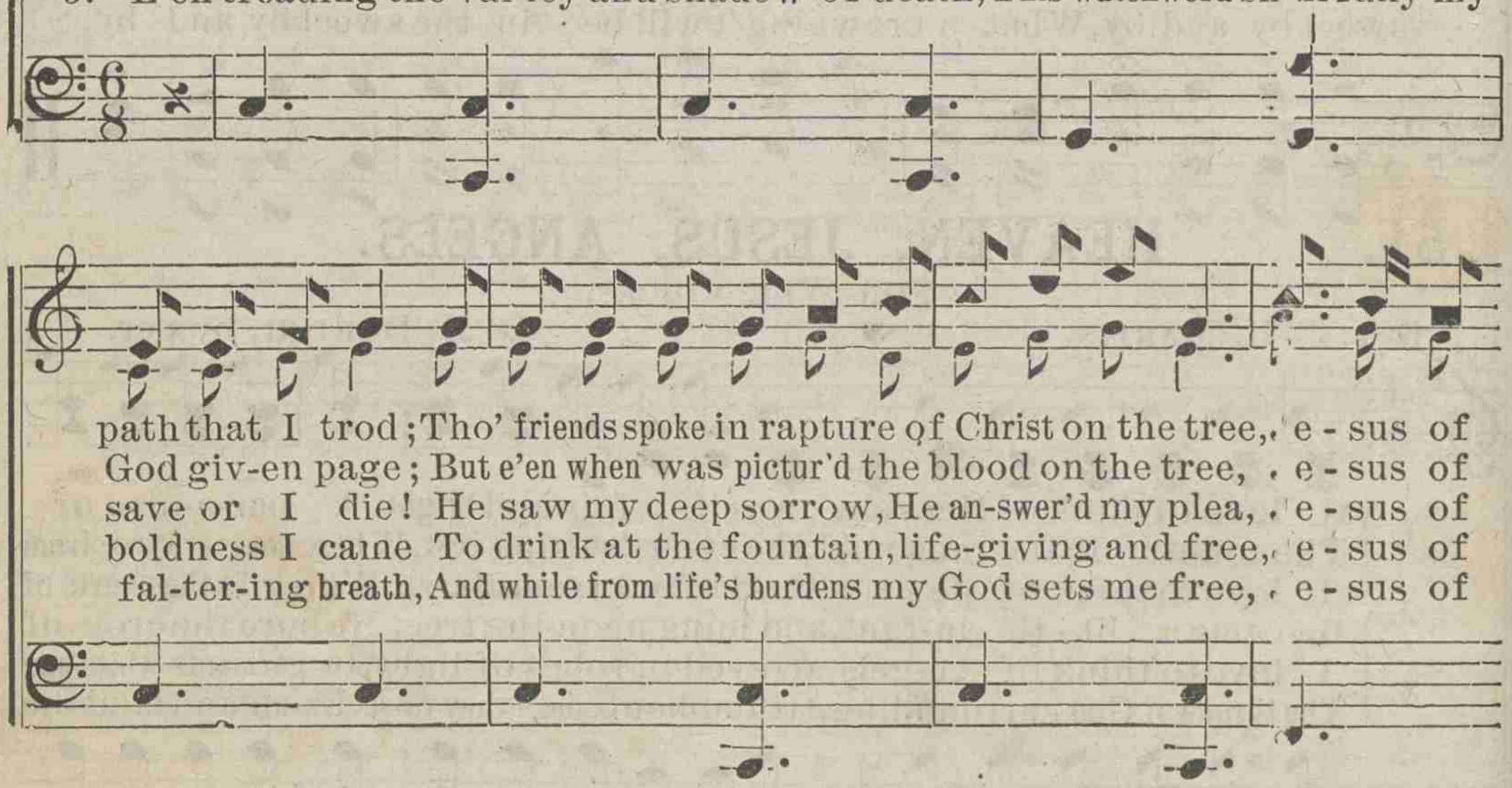
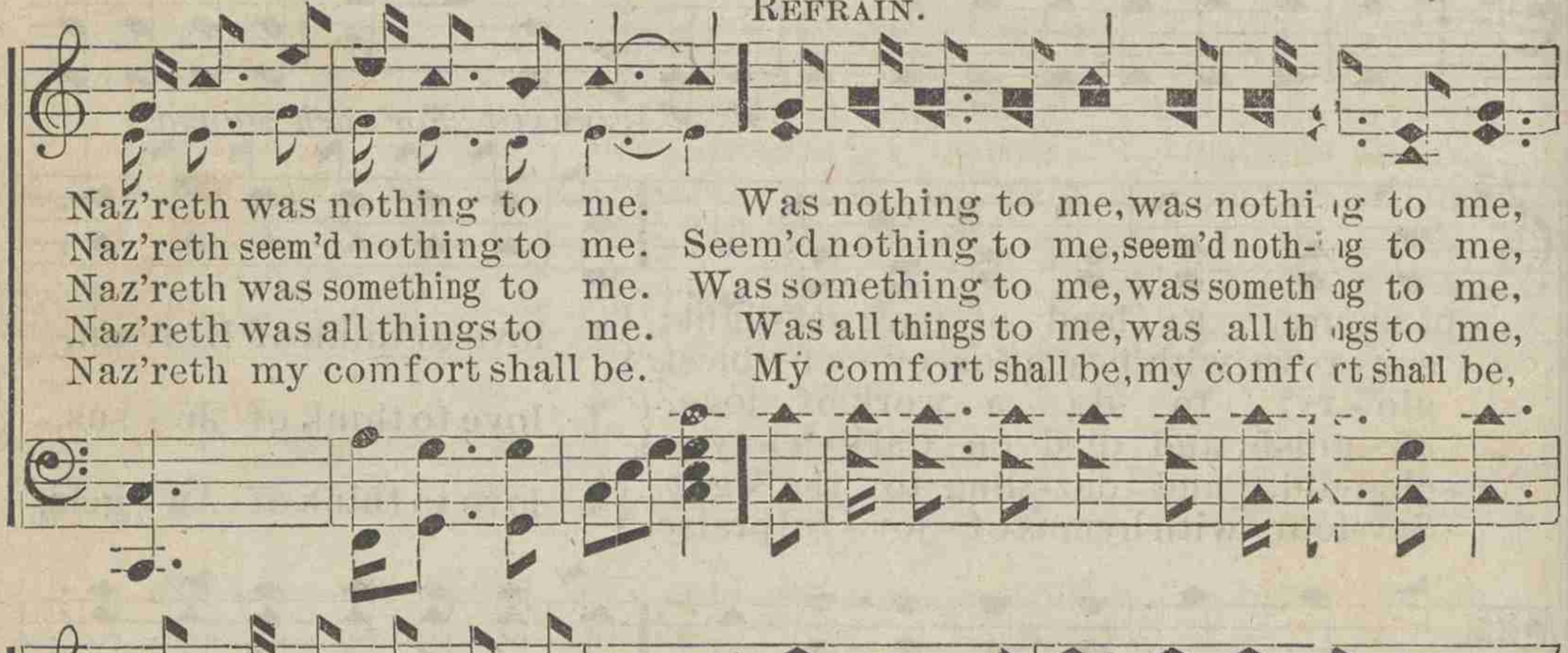
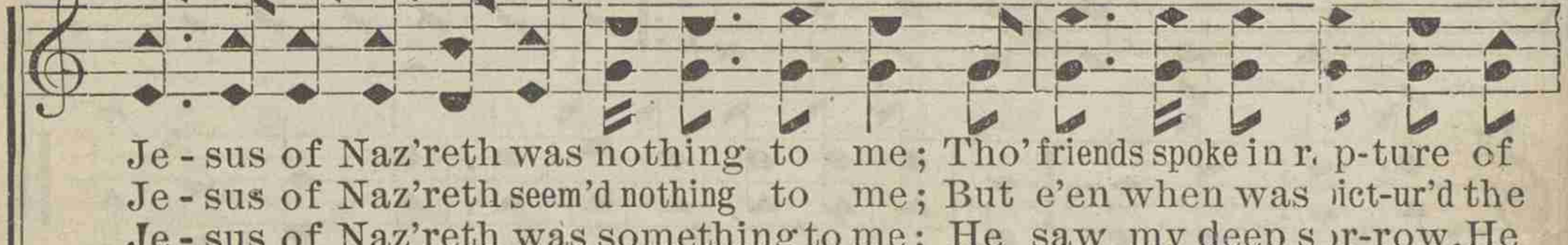
Rev. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



52. JESUS OF NAZ'RETH.

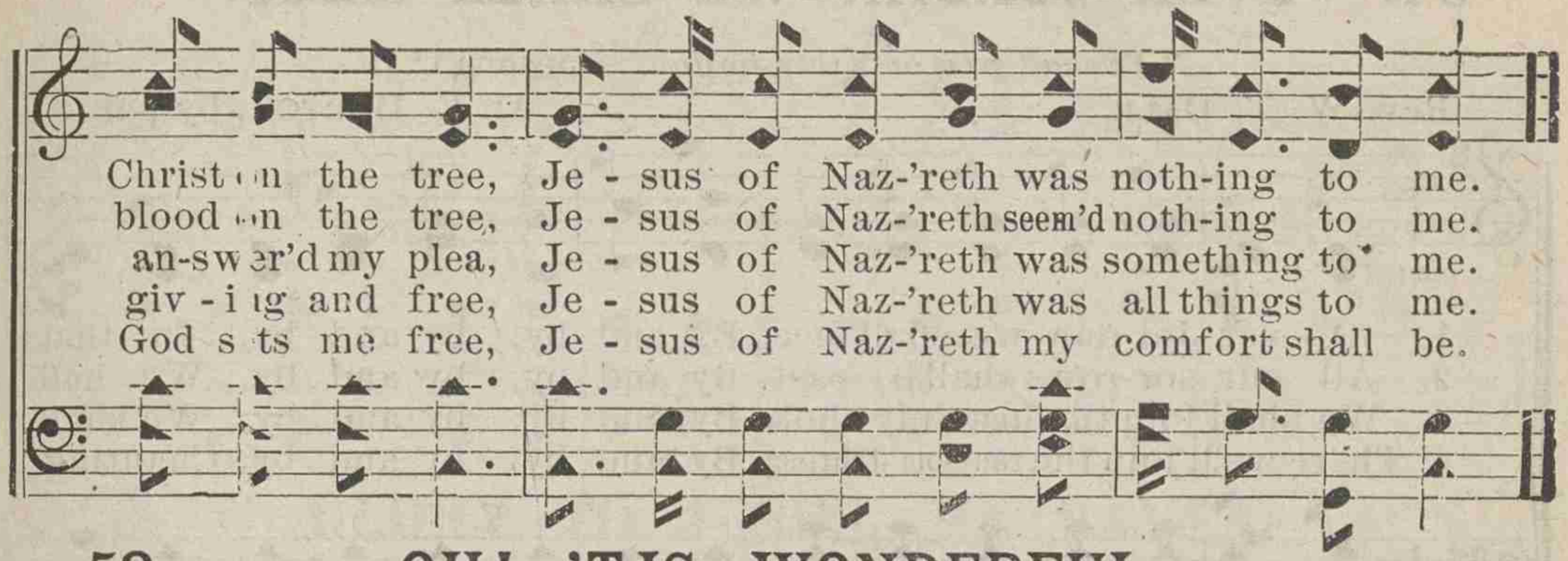
"*Is not this the carpenter?*"—Mark 6: 3.

An English Hymn. D. E. DORTCH.

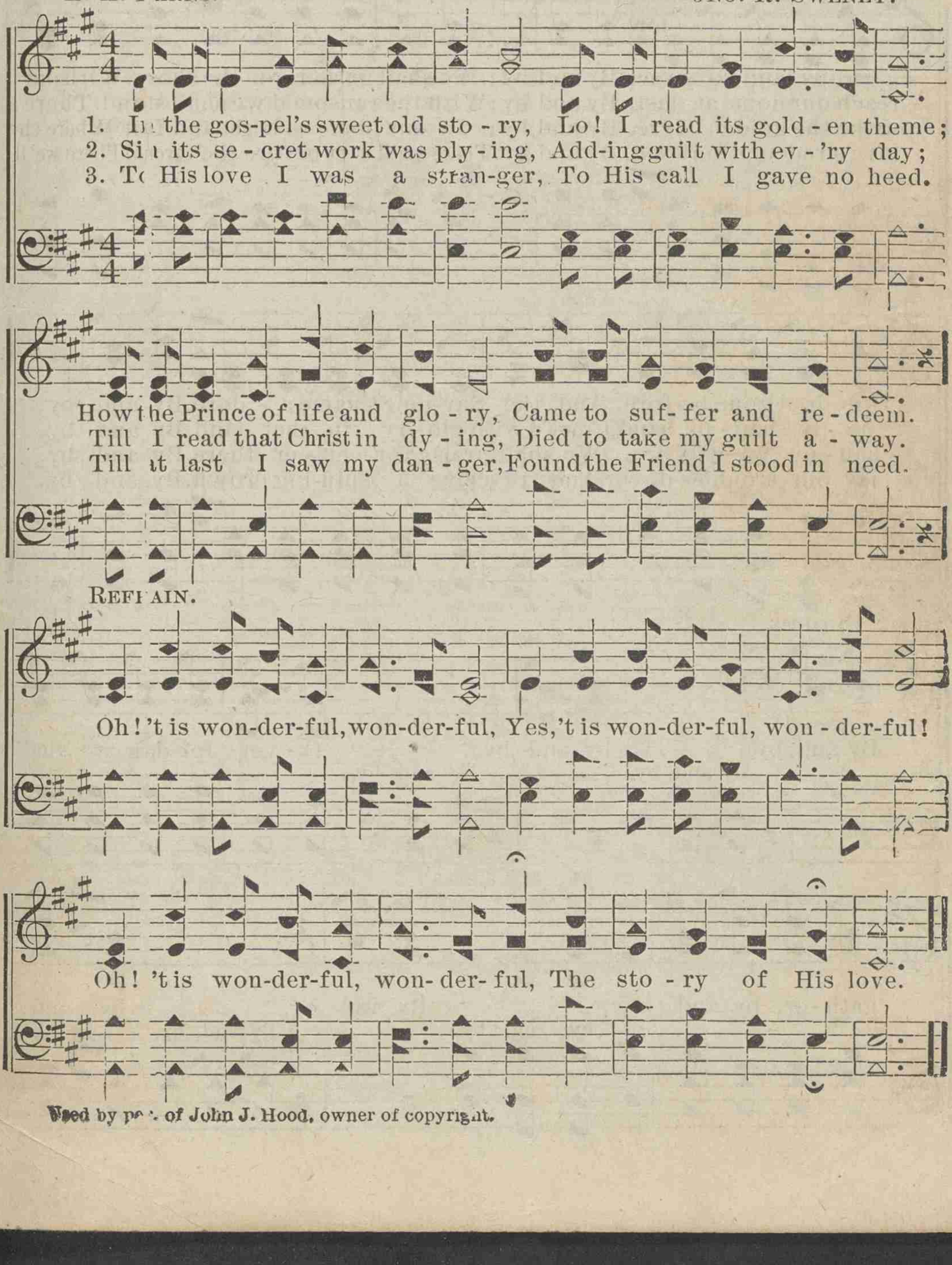
SOLO.

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

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

REFRAIN.

Naz'reth was nothing to me. Was nothing to me, was nothi g to me,
Naz'reth seem'd nothing to me. Seem'd nothing to me, seem'd noth- g to me,
Naz'reth was something to me. Was something to me, was someth ag to me,
Naz'reth was all things to me. Was all things to me, was all th gs to me,
Naz'reth my comfort shall be. My comfort shall be, my comf rt shall be,

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

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

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. Farns. Jno. R. Sweney.

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54. OVER JORDAN WE SHALL MEET.

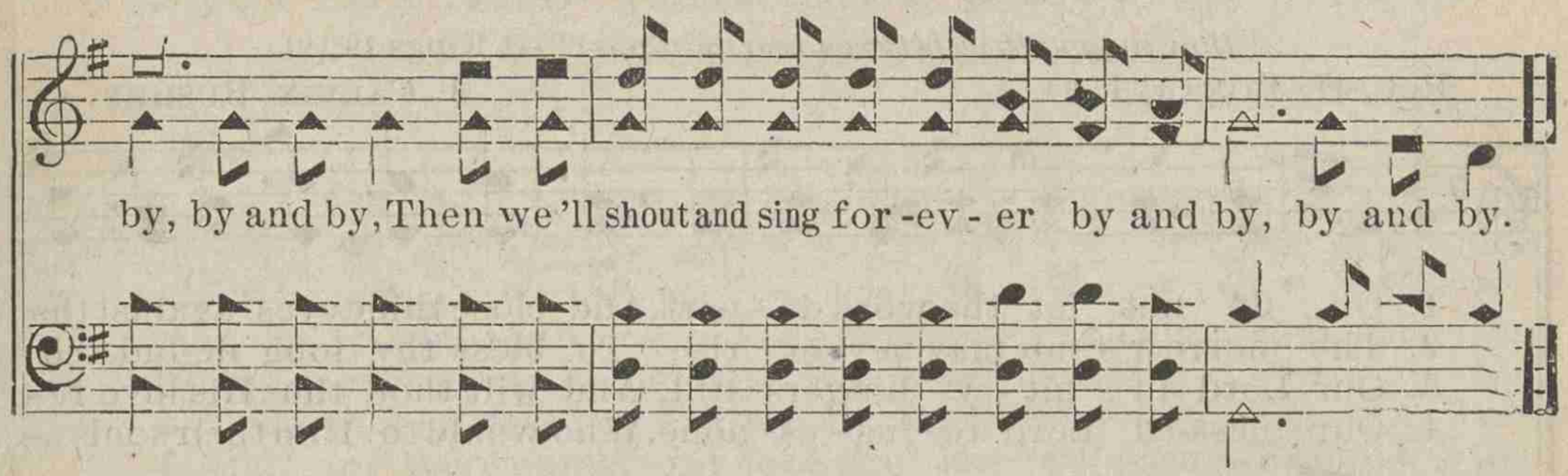
"Ye shall pass over this Jordan."—Joshua 1: 11.

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

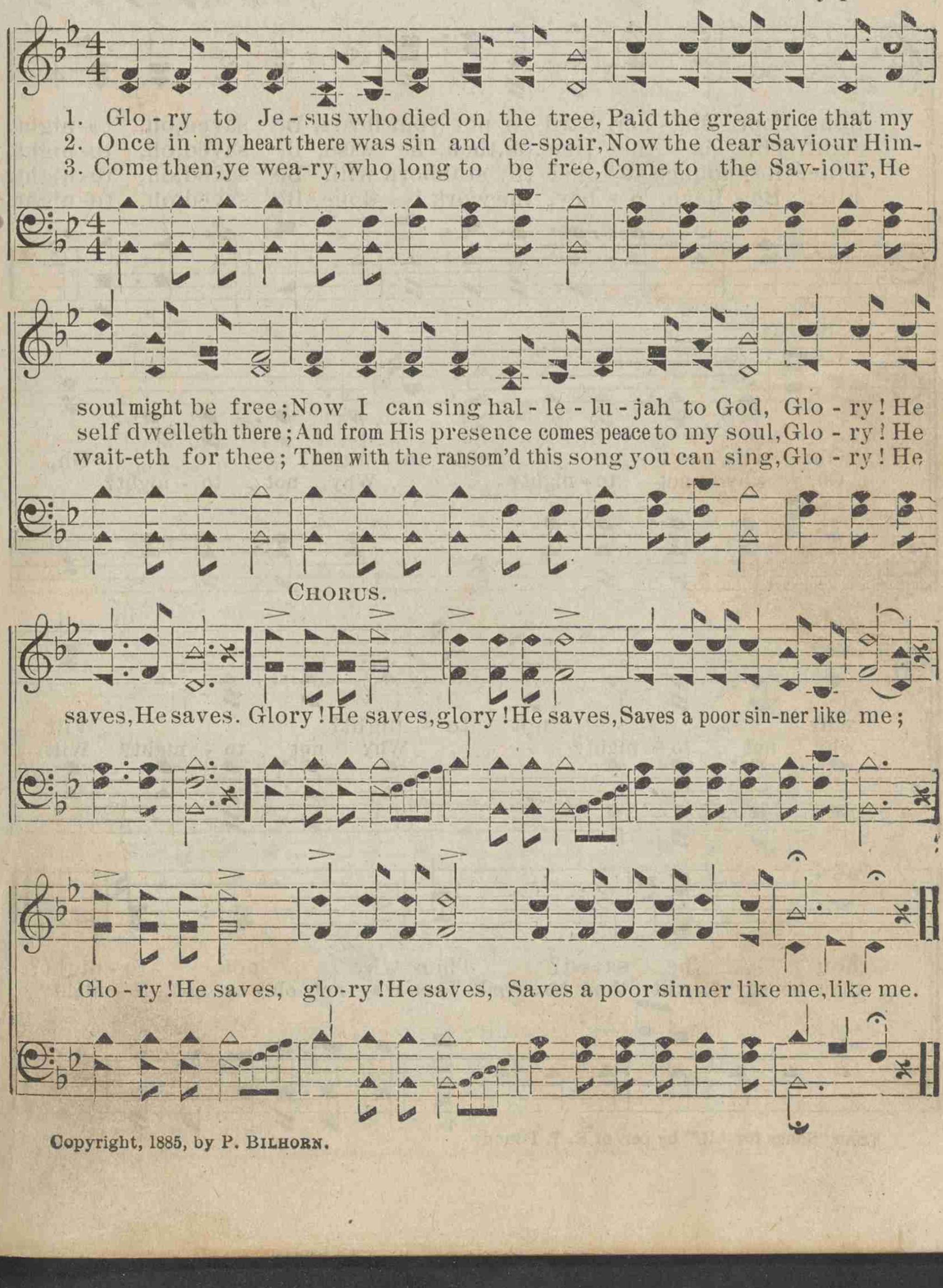
1. O - ver Jor-dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by, In that hap-py land so sweet, By and by; We shall gather on the shore, With our kin-dred gone be-fore, And the Sav-iour's name a - dore, By and by.
2. All our sor-rows shall be past, By and by, by and by, We reach our home at last, By and by; With the ransom'd we shall stand, There a ho - ly, hap - py band, Crown'd with glo - ry in that land, By and by.
3. We shall join the heav'nly choir, By and by, by and by, We strike the golden lyre, By and by; In our home so bright and fair Where the hap - py an - gels are, We shall praise for - ev - er there, By and by.
4. There we'll join the ran-som'd throng, By and by, by and by, Chanting love's redemption song, By and by. There we 'll meet before the throne, There we'll lay our trophies down, And re - ceive a shin-ing crown, By and by.

CHORUS.

By and by, by and by, O - ver Jor-dan we shall gath - er, by and by, By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by, By and by, by and

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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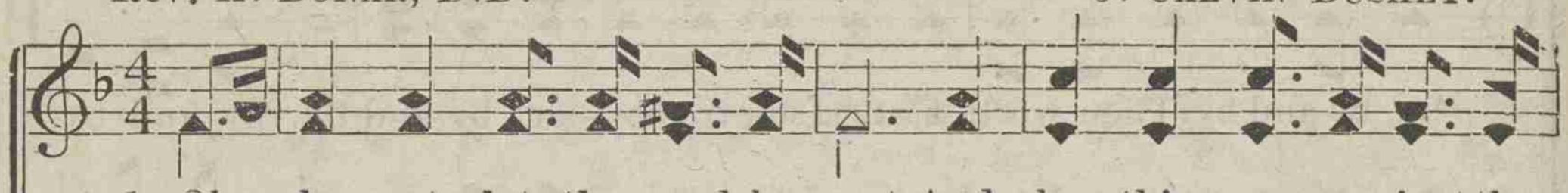
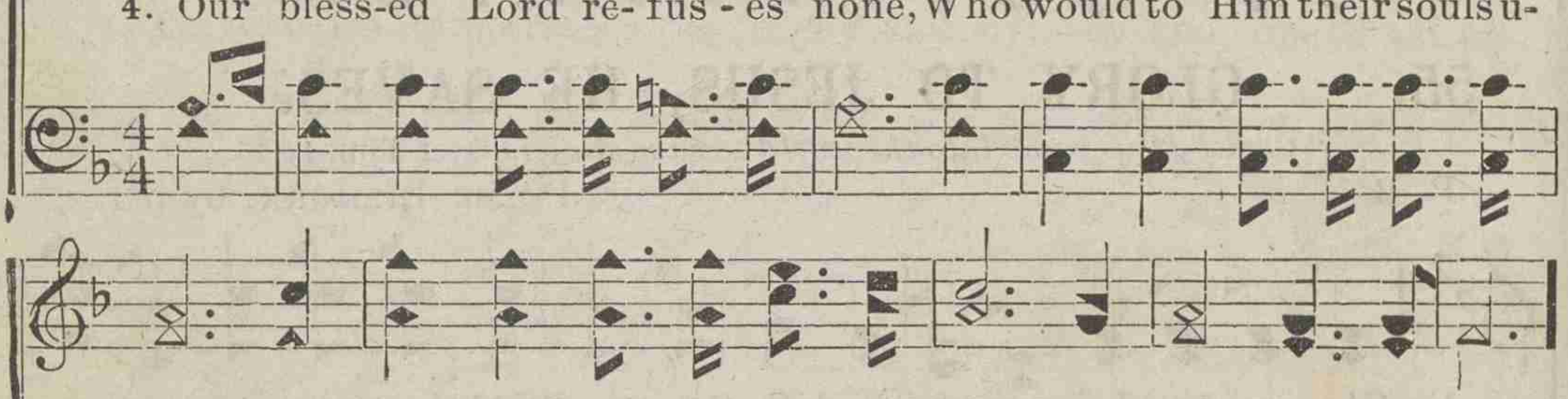
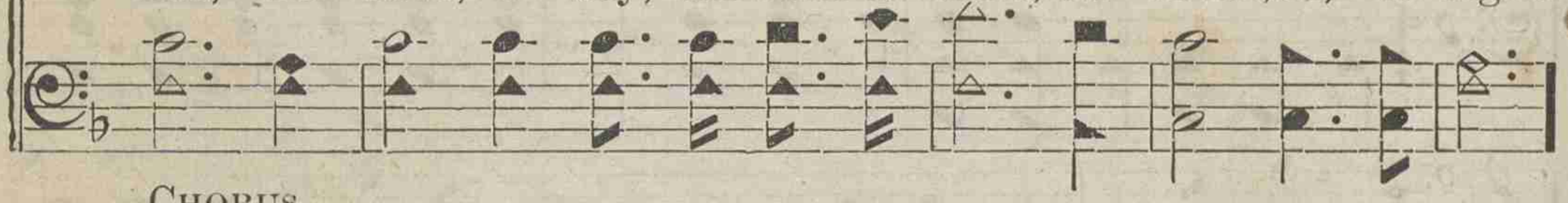
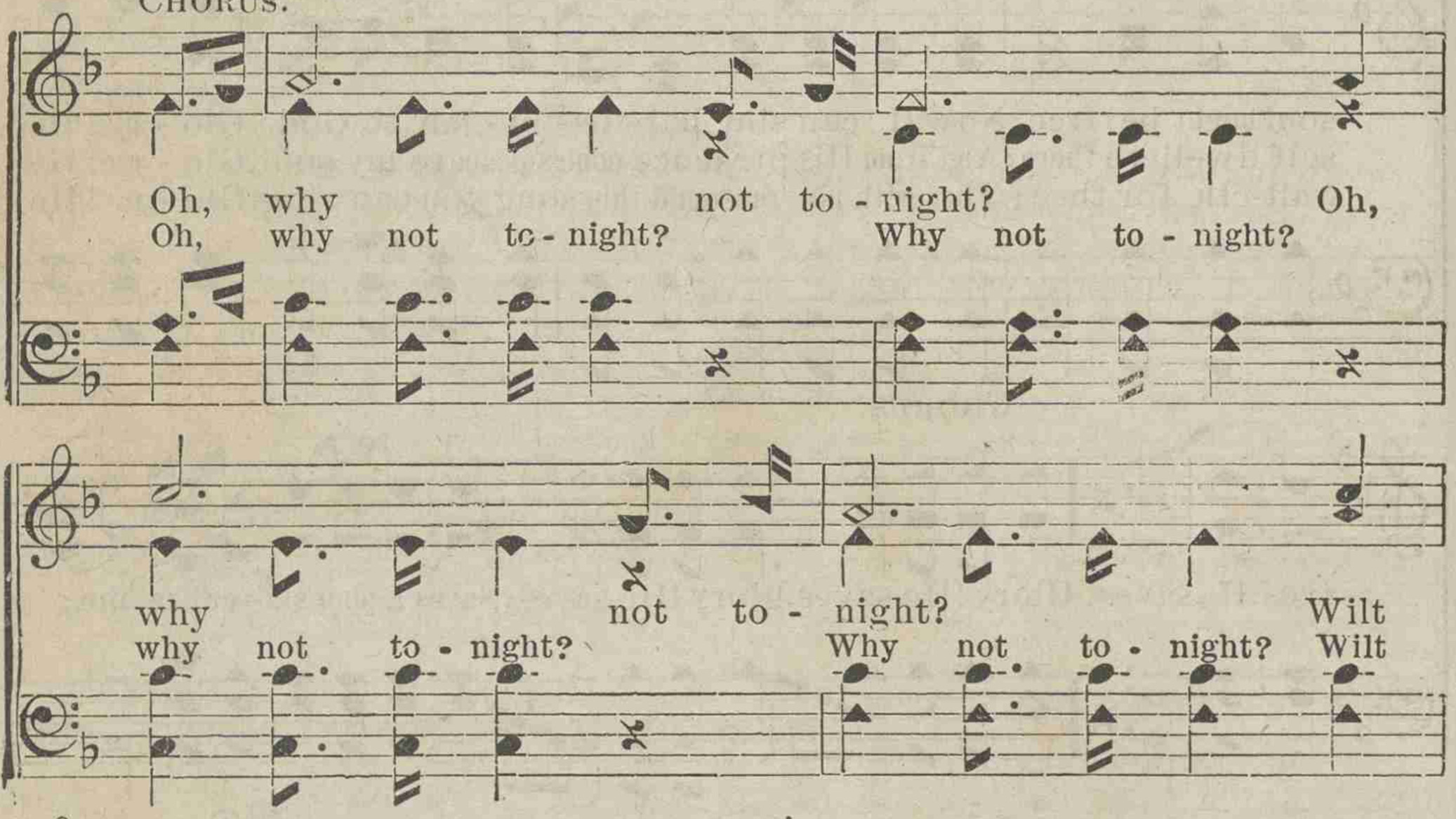
56. OH, WHY NOT TONIGHT?

"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
2. The morrow's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud - ed
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re -
4. Our bless-ed Lord re- fus - es none, Who would to Him their souls u-

light, Poor sin - ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
sight, This is the time, oh, then, be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
quite, Re - nounce at once thy stubborn will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
nite, Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

Chorus.

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

why not to - night? Wilt
why not to - night? Why not to - night? Wilt

thou be saved? Then why not to - night?
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,

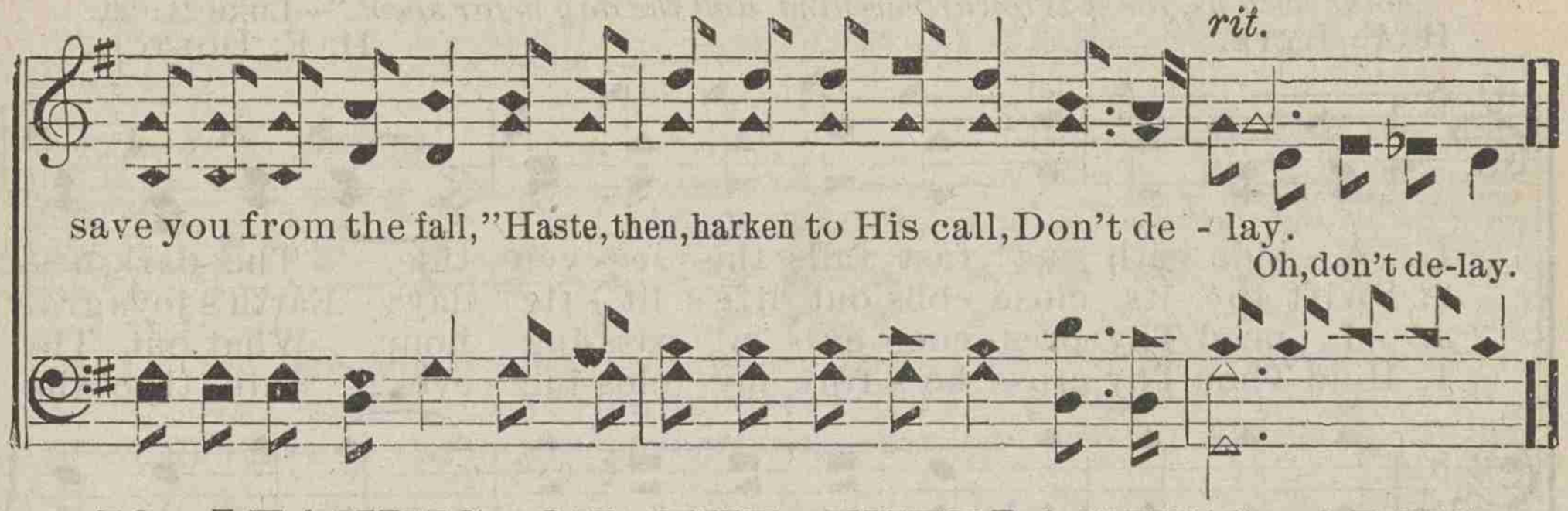
Don't de-lay, but come to Je-sus, Don't de- lay for He will save you. Children,

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

Don't delay,

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

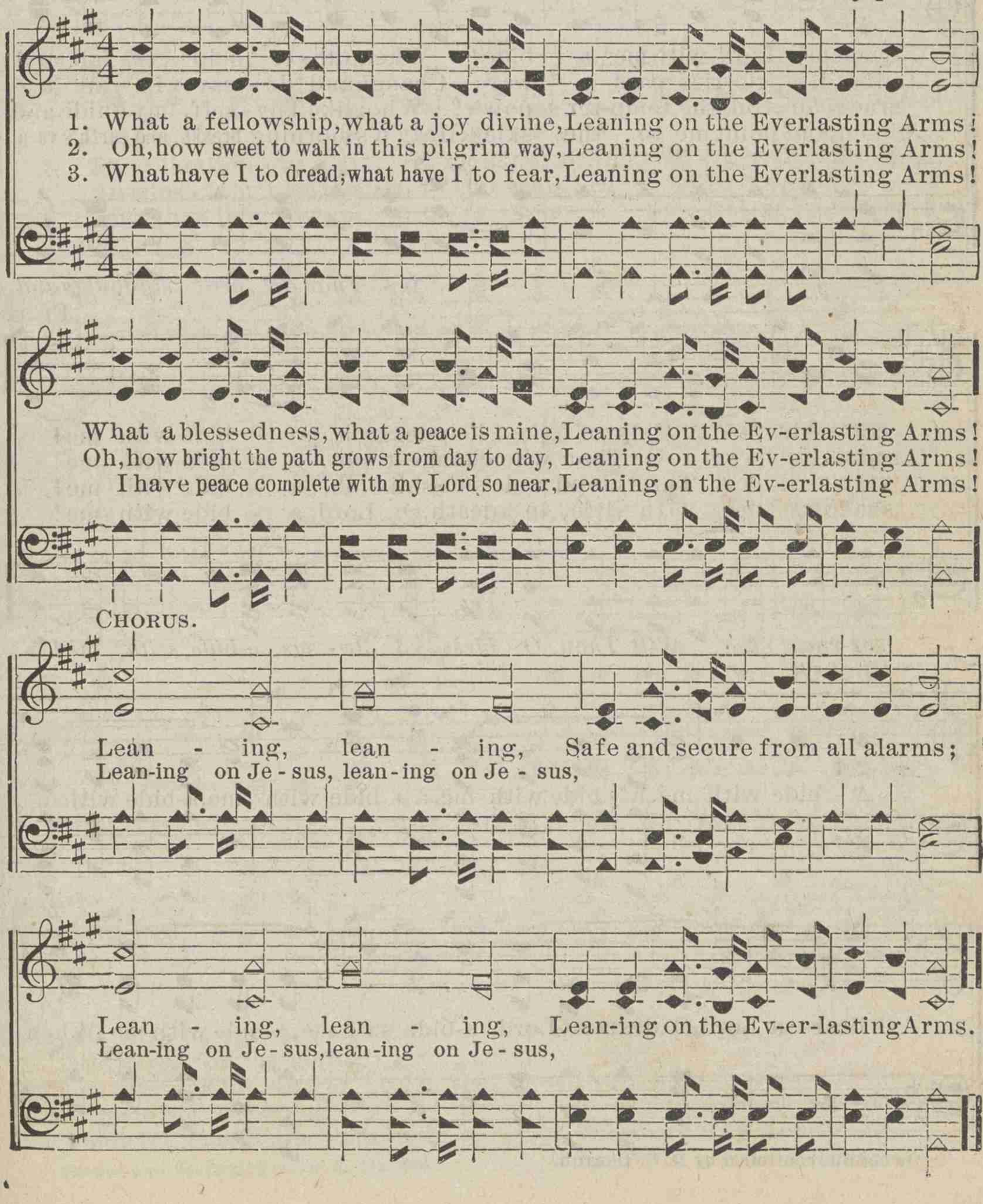
DON'T DELAY.



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.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deepens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail and
dim, its glo-ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -
grace can foil the temp-ter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my guide and
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain

D.S. *Thou art near my doubts and*

FINE.

comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, oh, a - bide with me!
shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

sor-rows flee; Wilt Thou, O bless - ed Je - sus, a-bide with me!

CHORUS.

A - bide with me, a - bide with me, a - bide with me, a-bide with me,

D. S.

O dear-est Lord, O dear-est Lord, a-bide with me, a-bide with me; When

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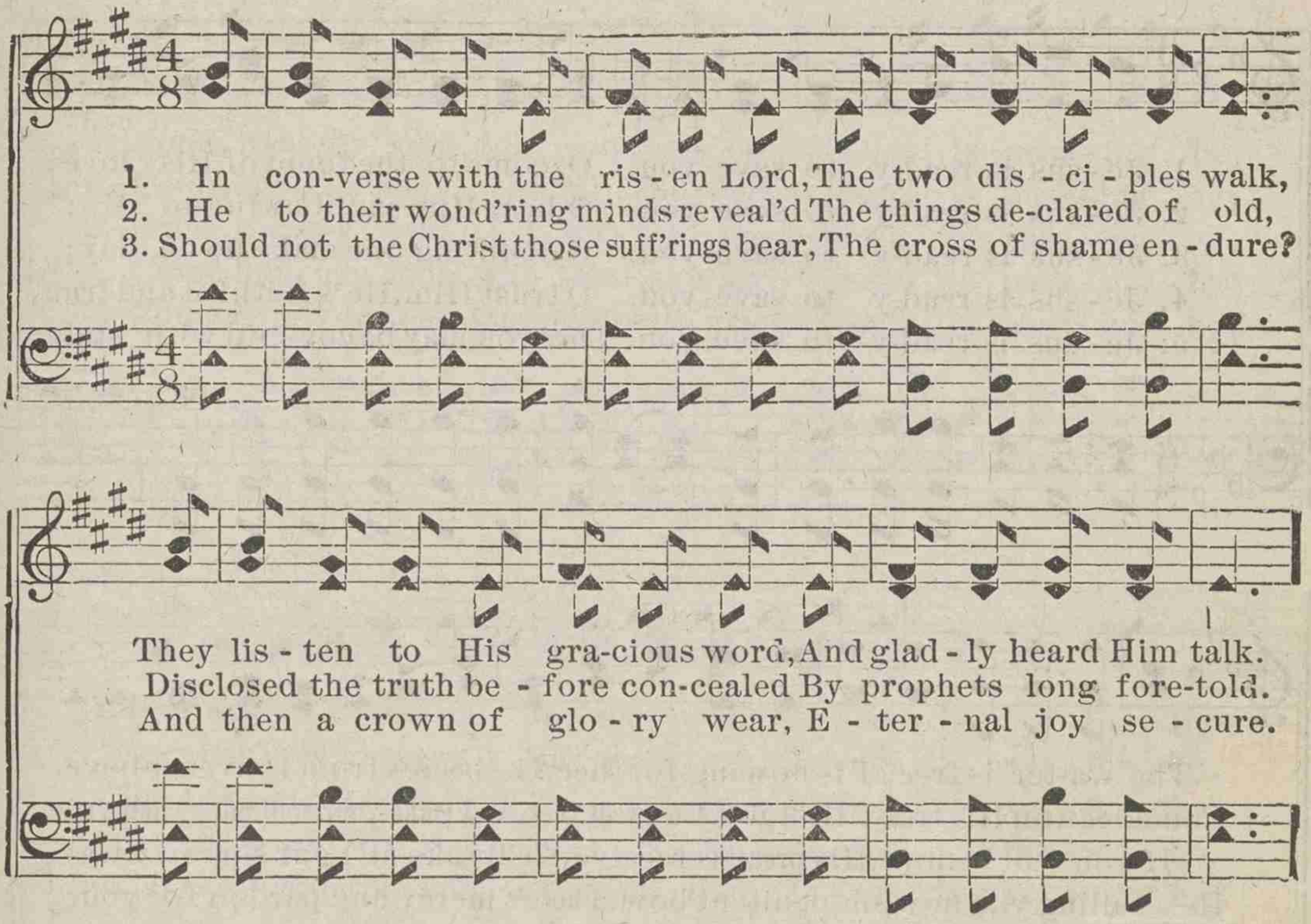
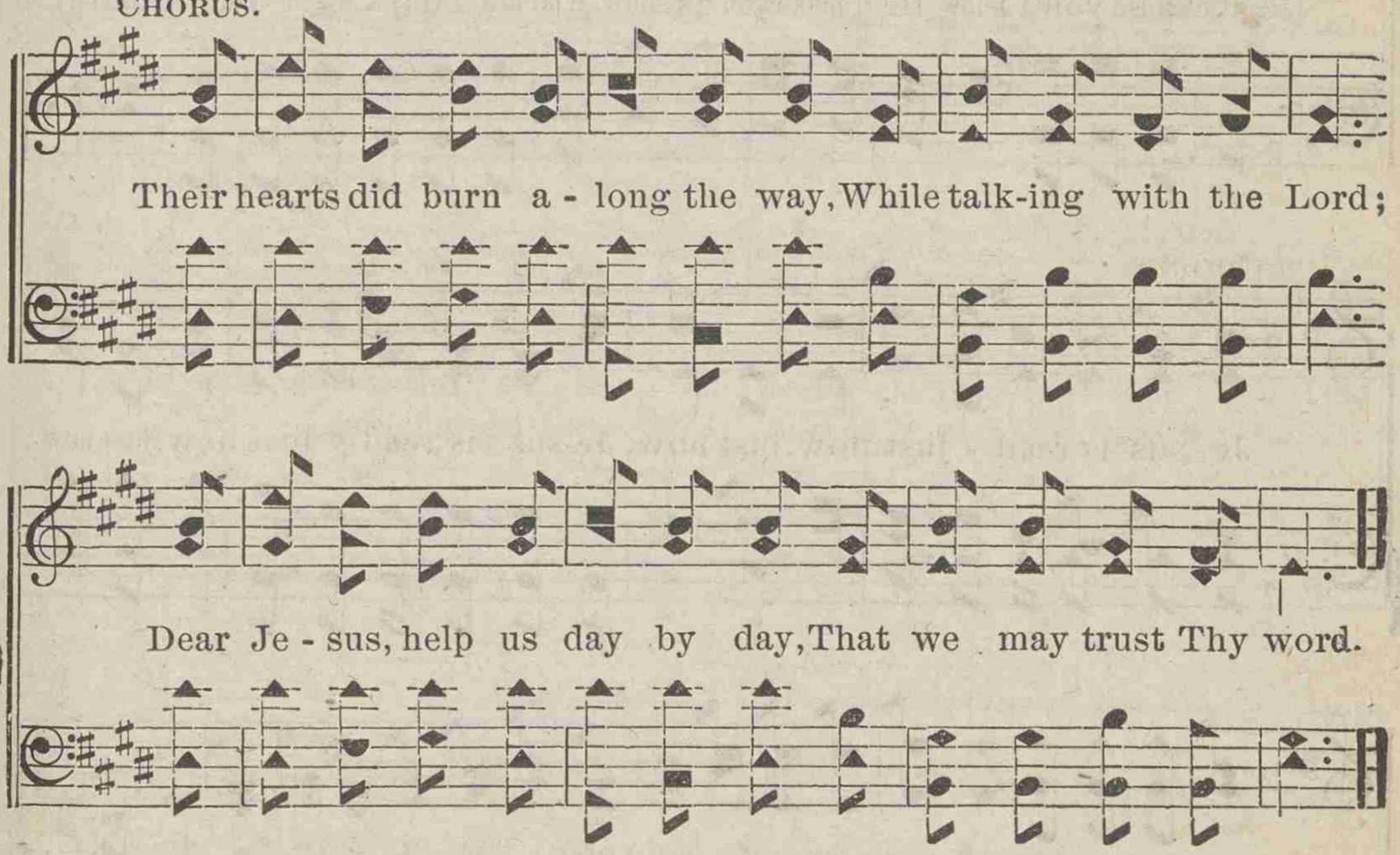
61. THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

"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.

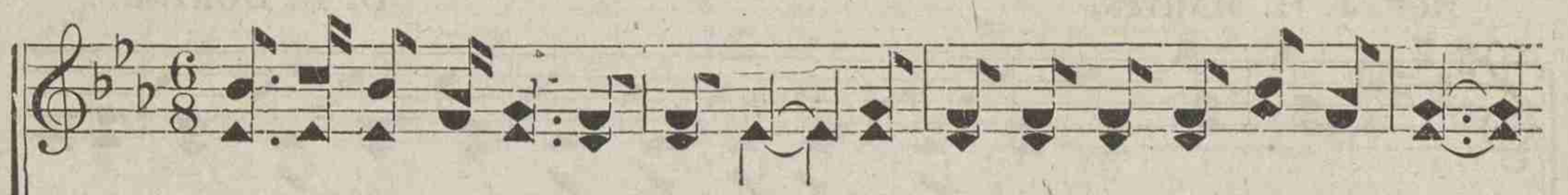
5 Grant, Lord, that we the truth may learn,
From intercourse with Thee;
And make our hearts within us burn,
When we Thy beauties see.

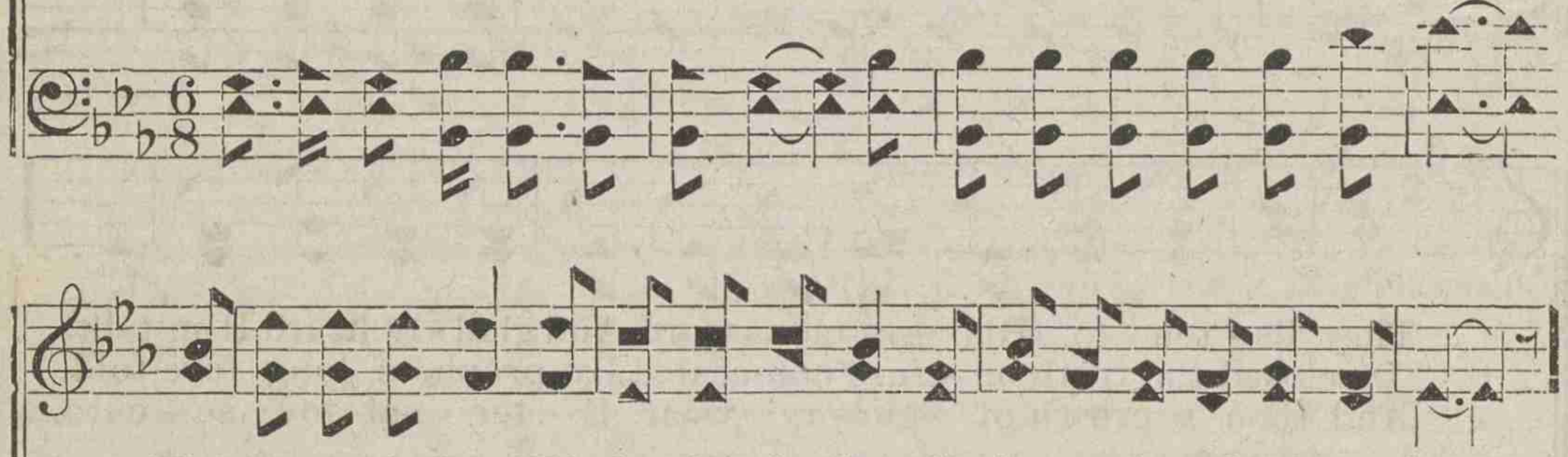
Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH

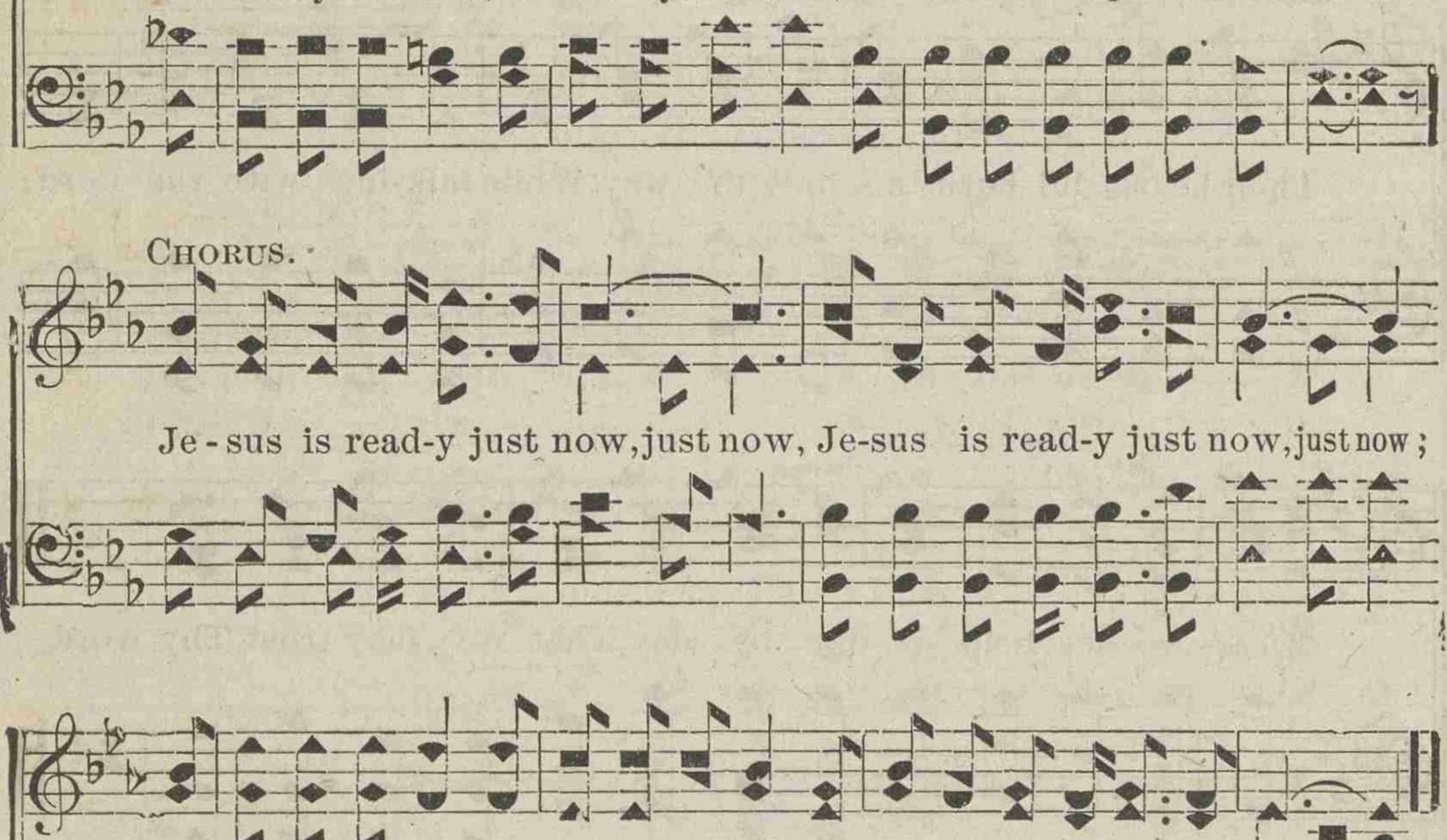
62. JESUS IS READY TO SAVE YOU.

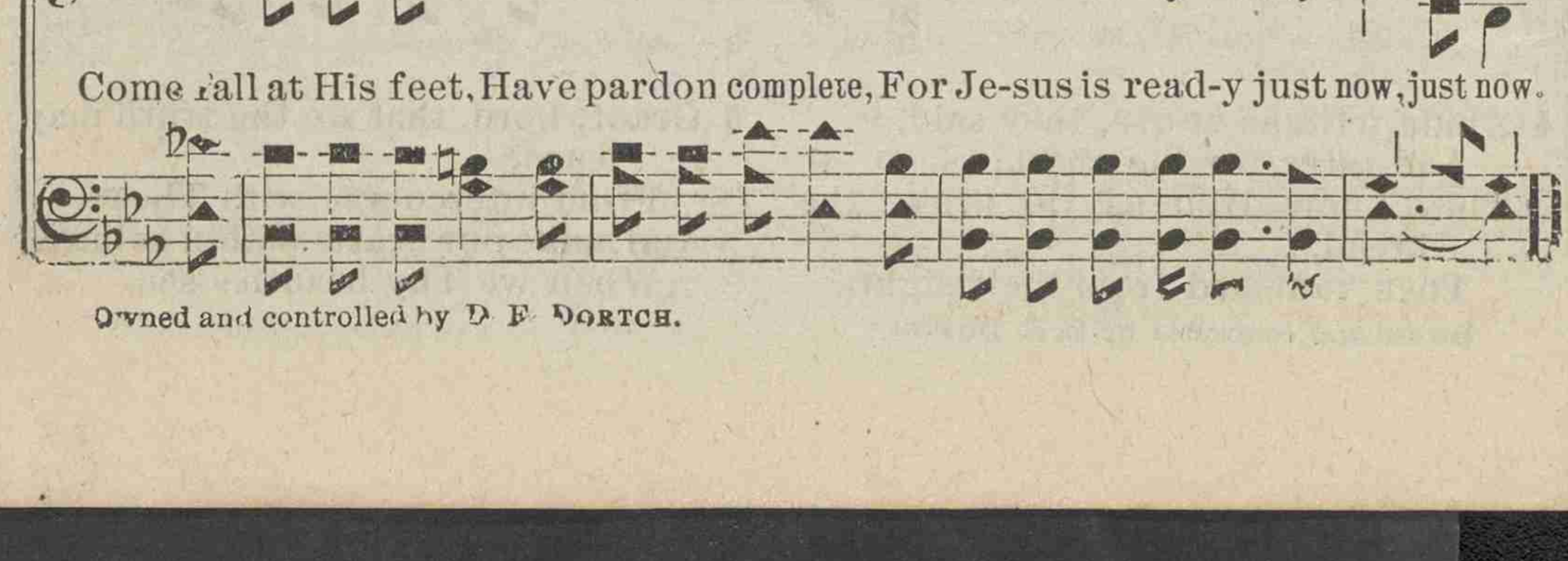
"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

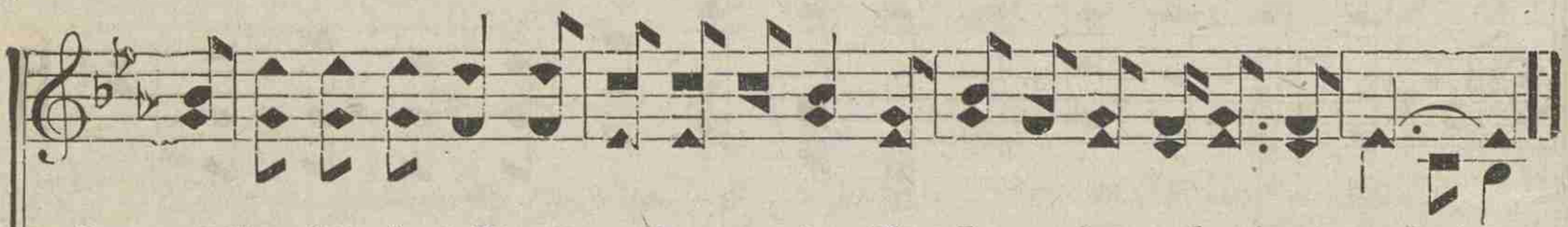
D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.



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

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

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.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

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
2. My home is not a - mong the bri - ars, But the ro - ses bloom with
3. My home is not of hu - man build-ing, But my Father placed each
4. My home is not a place of sor - row, But the songs of joy an

region bright and fair, 'T is the pal-ace of the King high in glo- ry,
fragrance rich and rare, Round the pal-ace of the King high in glo- ry,
stone with His own care, In the pal-ace of the King high in glo- ry,
gladness fill the air, Of the pal-ace of the King high in glo- ry,

CHORUS.

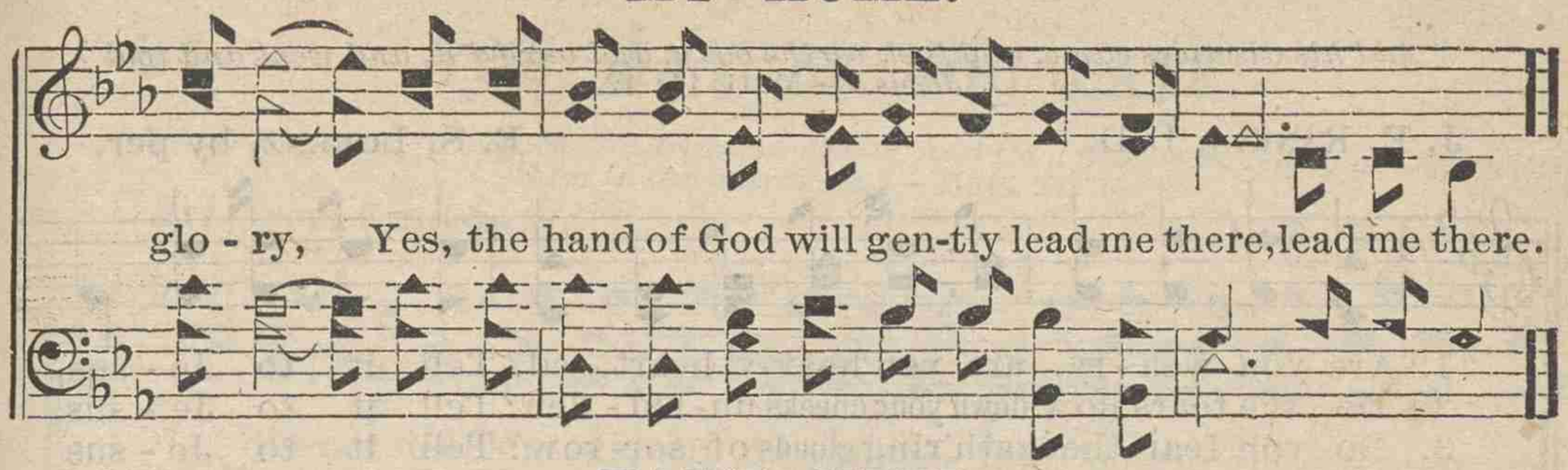
And the hand of God will gently lead me there. Yes, the hand of God will

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

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

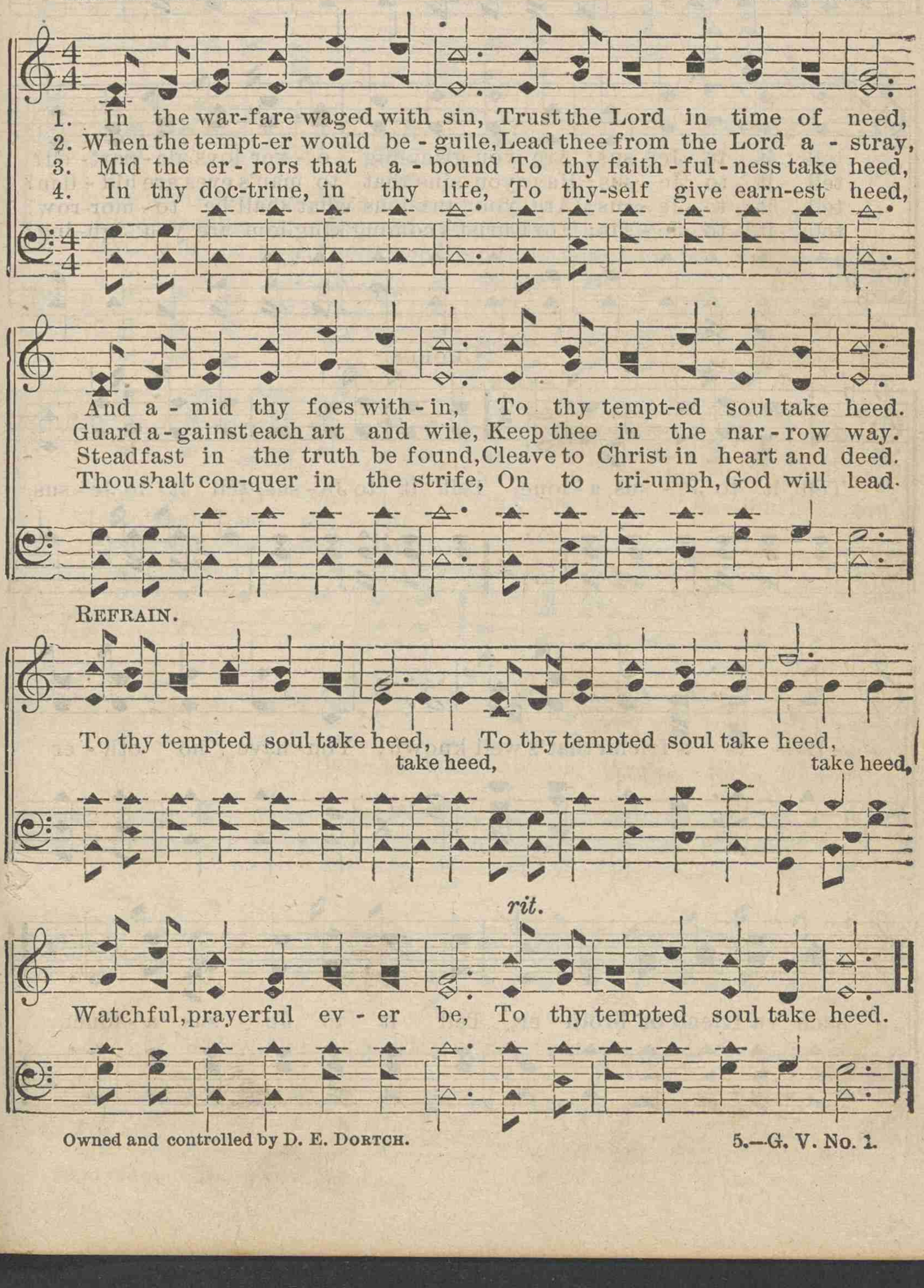
MY HOME.



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;

rit

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.

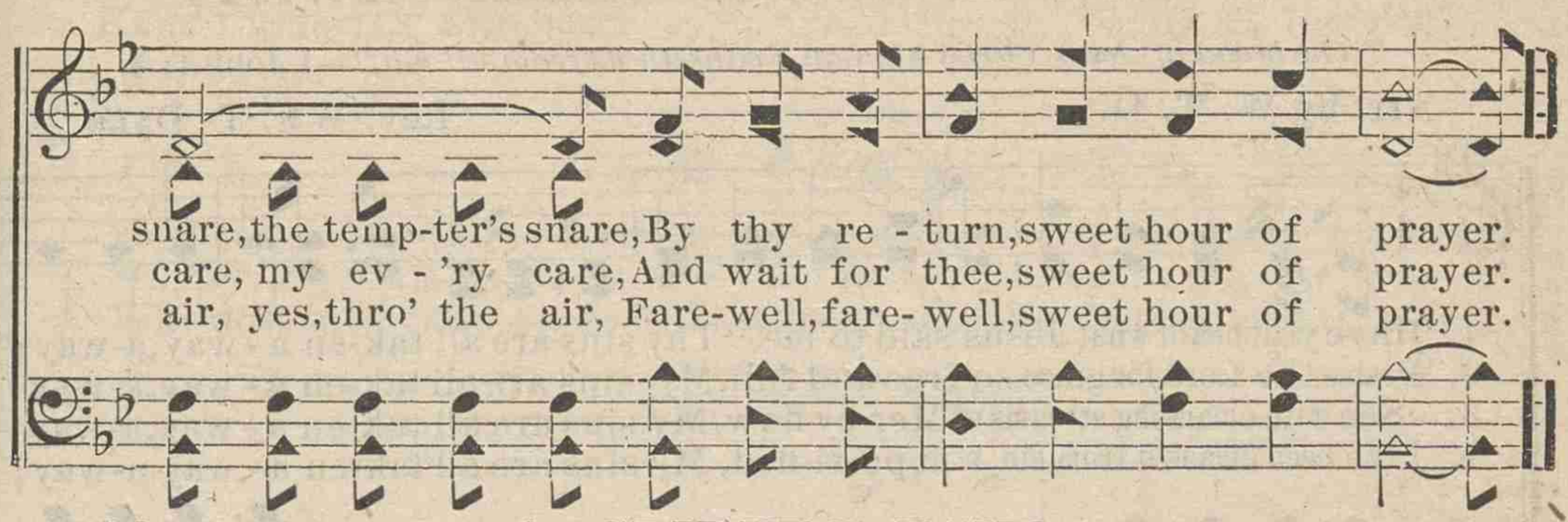
"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray."—Psalm 55: 17.

Rev. W. W. Walford. D. E. Dortch.

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

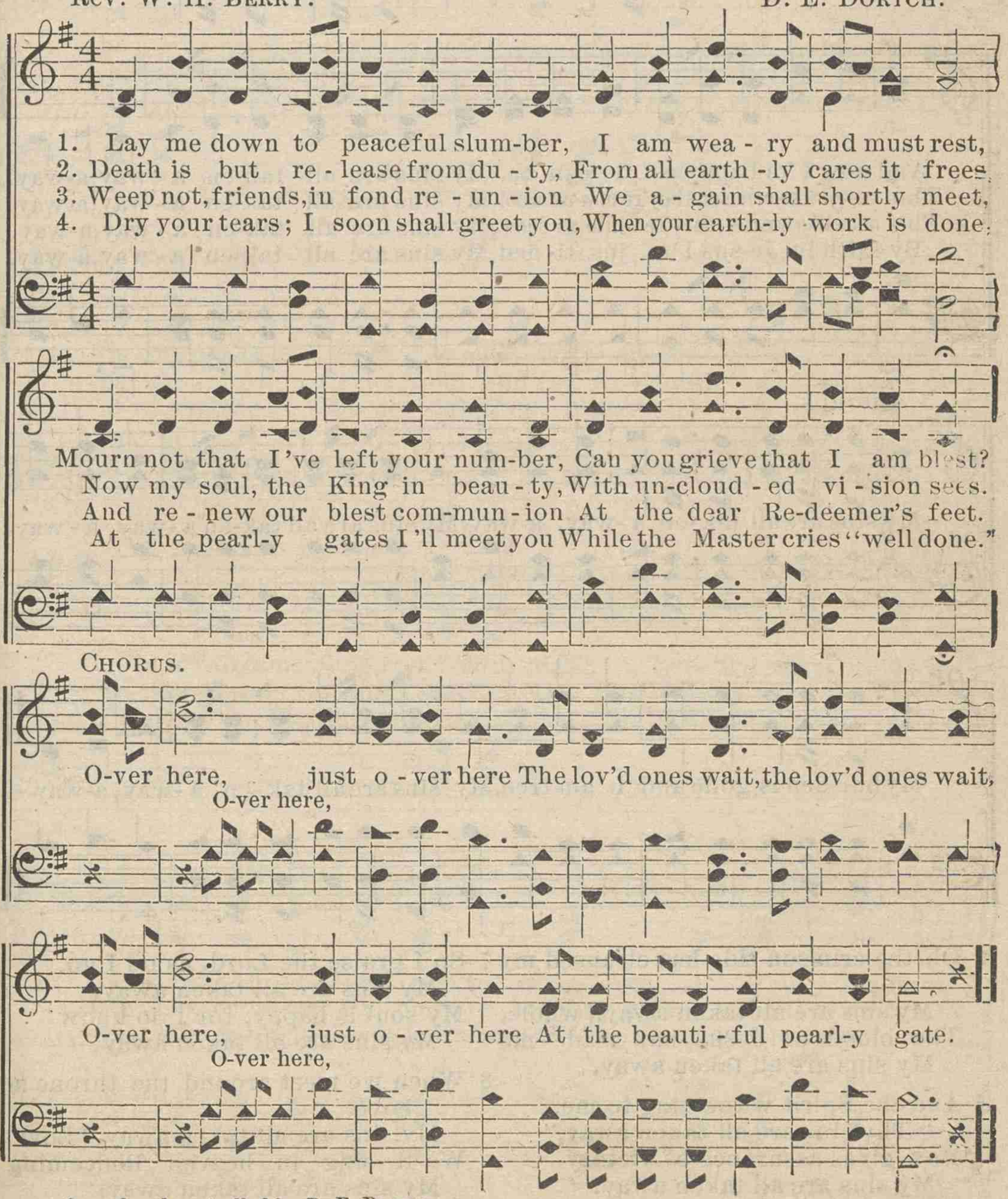
In sea-sons of . . . . dis-tress and grief, . . . My soul has oft-en found re-lief; And oft es-caped . . . the tempter's dart.
And since He bids . . . . me seek His face, . . . Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him . . . my ev-'ry care.
This robe of flesh . . . . I'll drop and rise . . . . To seize the ev-er-last-ing prize; And shout while pass - - ing thro' the air.

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

69. A SPIRIT'S ECHO.

FOR FUNERAL SERVICES.

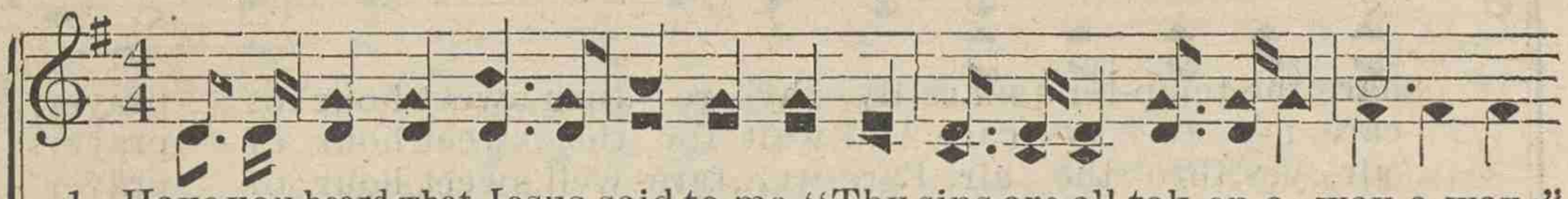
Rev. W. H. BERRY. D. E. DORTCH.

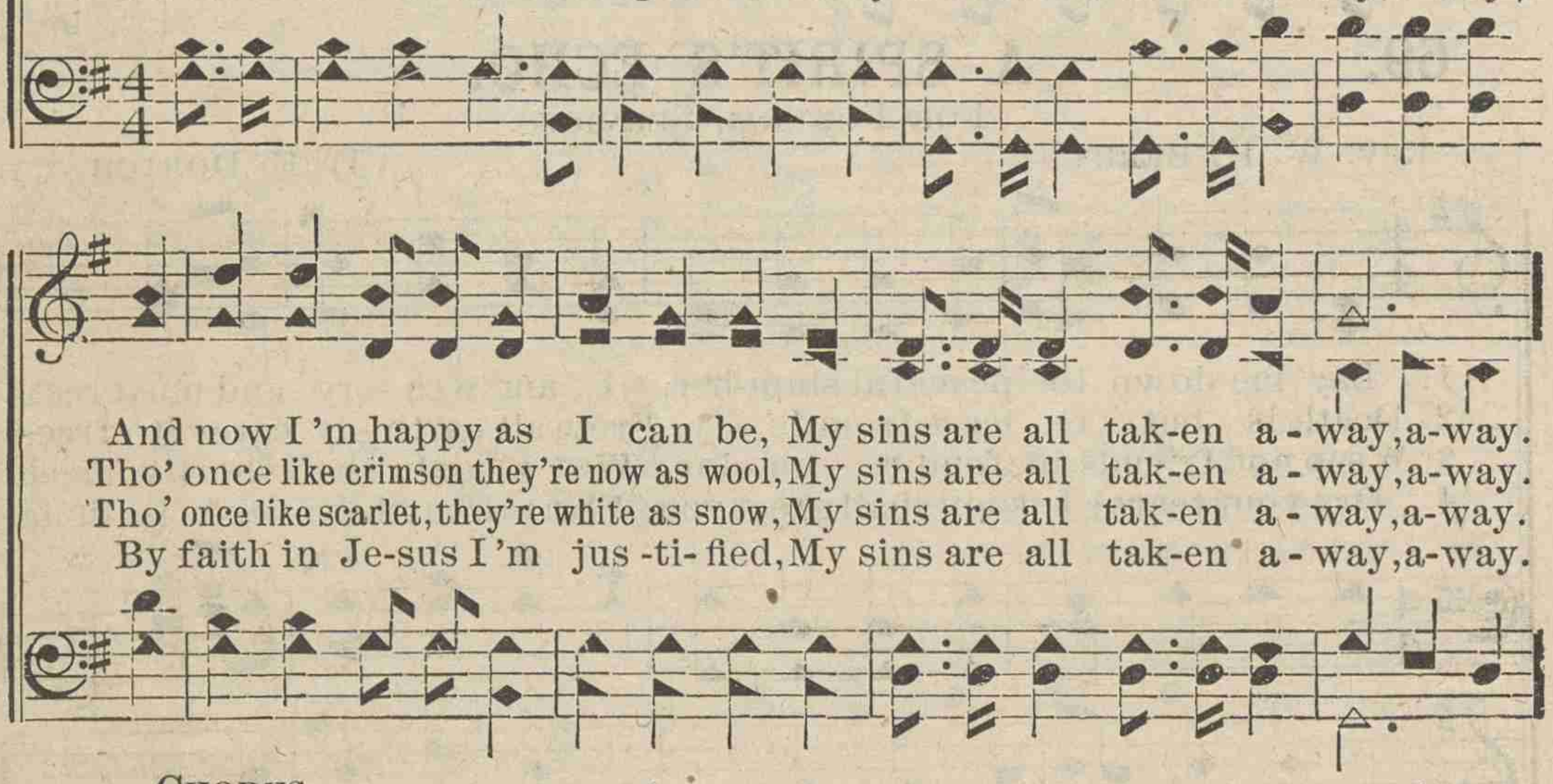


Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

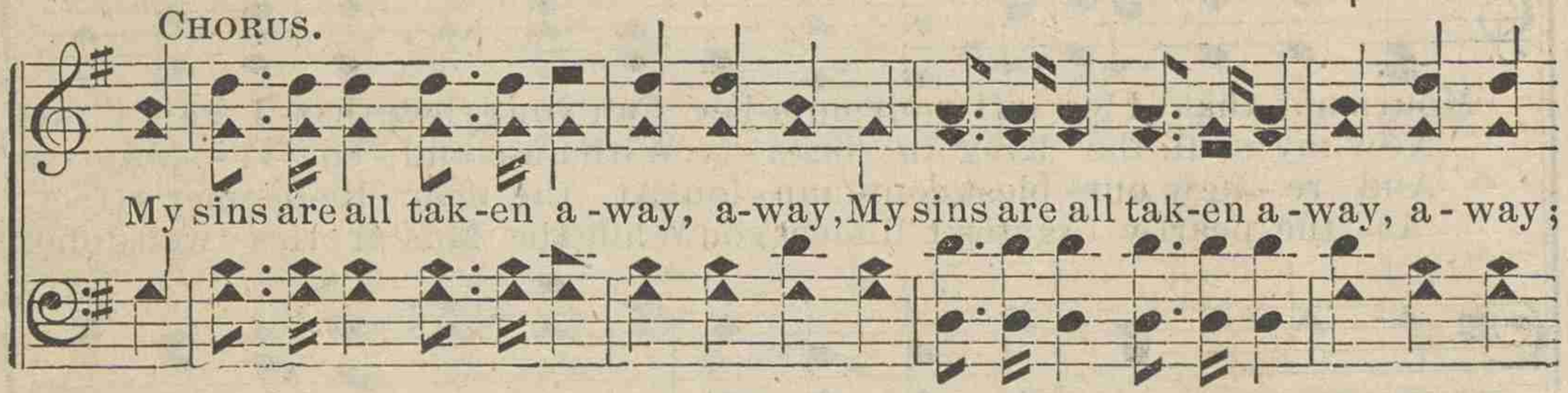
70. MY SINS ARE ALL TAKEN AWAY.

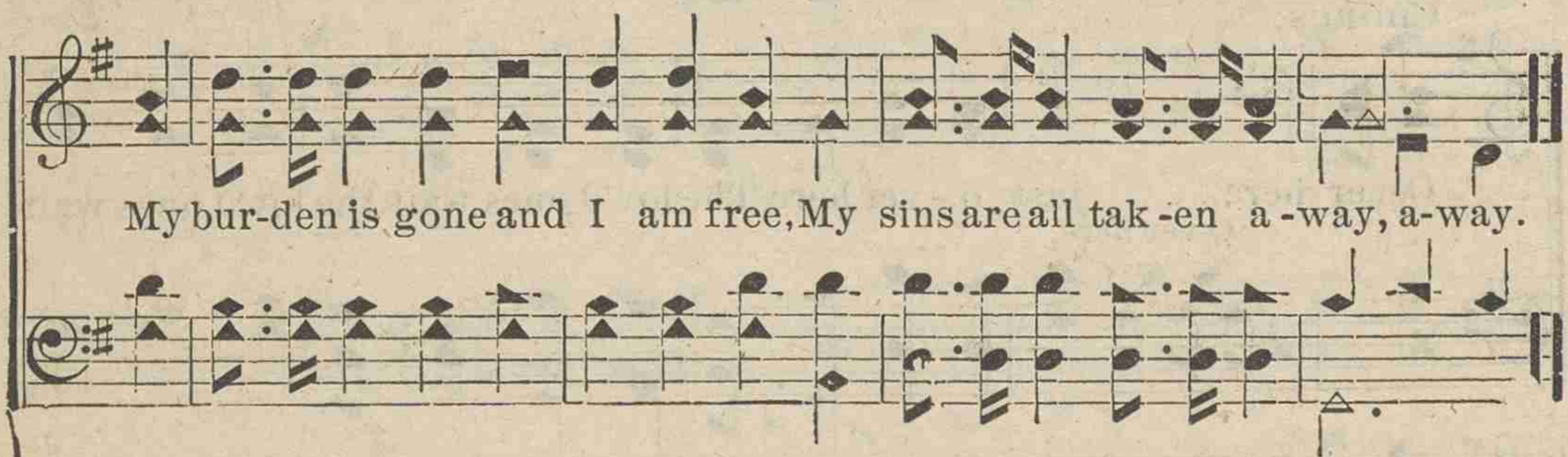
"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7

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.

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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!

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

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.

1. I am sweeping thro' the gates, thro' the gates of pur-est gold; I have oft-en heard of heav'n, but the half has ne'er been told; I am sweeping thro' the gates sing-ing
2. I am sweeping thro' the gates to the throne of God so bright; And the joy that there awaits, Now is bursting on my sight; I am sweeping thro' the gates, all my sweetest song, Glory, glo-ry to the Lamb; I am sweeping thro' the gates, soon I'll
3. I am sweeping thro' the gates, and in per-fect bliss I am; I can hear the glo-ry to the Lamb, With my garments white and clean, Wash'd from ev'ry sin I am. griefs and sorrows past, Blessed Je-sus, I have come, I am safe at home at last. rest in peace at home, With my lov'd ones gone be-fore, O'er the streets of gold I 'll roam.

CHORUS.

I am sweeping thro' the gates, I am sweeping thro' the gates, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb; I am sweeping thro' the the spot-less Lamb;

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

I AM SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

gates, I am sweeping thro' the gates, I 've been washed in the blood of the Lamb, Calv'ry's Lamb

73. IN MERCY OPEN, LORD, TO ME.

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

Rev. J. H. Martin. William Russell.

1. With all thy heart, with all thy mind, The door of mer-cy seek to find;
2. The day of grace will soon be past, And ma - ny souls shall knock at last,
3. The Lord will not ac-cept their plea, He 'll bid them from His pres-ence flee:
4. Re-pent, O sin- ner, ere thy day Of pard'ning grace has passed a way;

Press thro' the strait and narrow gate, And en-ter ere it be too late.
And strive ad- mit-tance to ob-tain, But they shall urge their claims in vain.
"Ye slaves of lust and sin de-part, Pol- lut- ed, vile, un-clean in heart."
Press thro' the strait and nar-row gate, And en-ter ere it be too late.

Chorus.

In mer-cy o - pen, Lord, to me, For pard'ning grace I pray;
I fly for ref- uge un - to Thee, Oh, cast me not a - way.

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-er-more, 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.

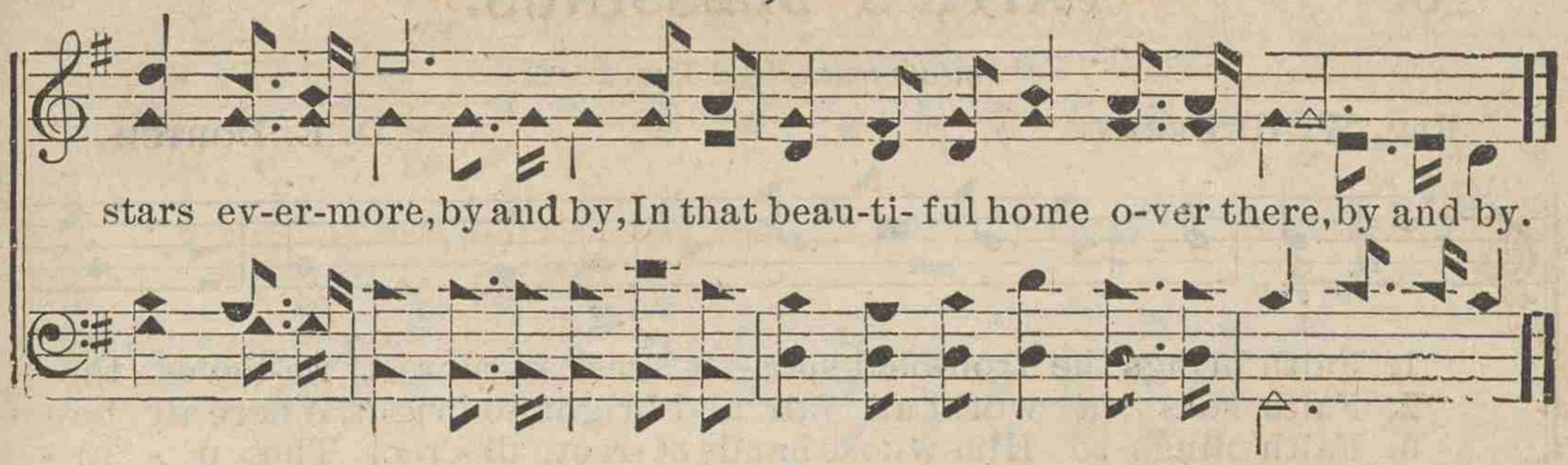
Chorus.

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

o - ver there.

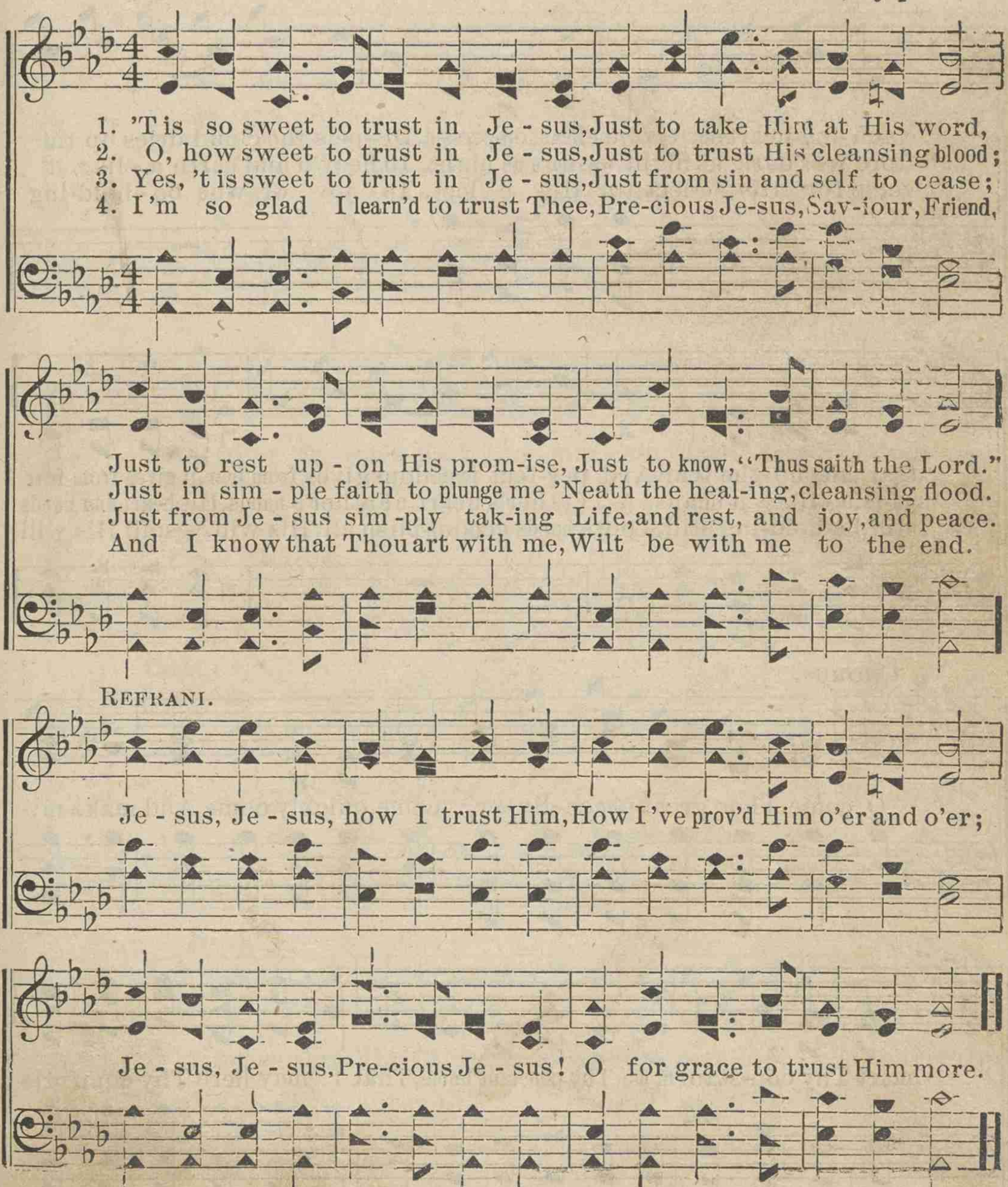
Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

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.

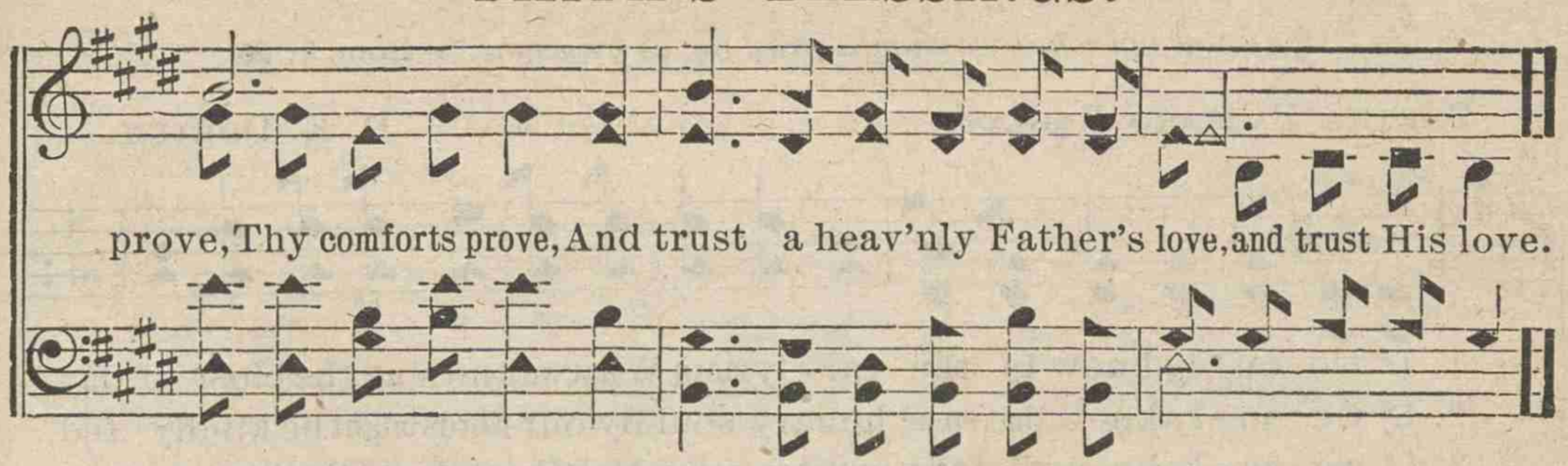
1. Faith brings the trou-bled spir - it rest, sweet rest, Re-lieves the
2. Faith sees a world all fair and bright, so bright, Where all be -
3. Faith clings to Him whose hands di-rect, di - rect, The u - ni -

ach-ing heart oppress'd, the heart op-press'd, Dis-pels the cloud, dries up the
fore was dark as night, was dark as night, In heav'n and earth a - like it
verse for His e-lect, for His e - lect, In joy or woe be - hold-ing

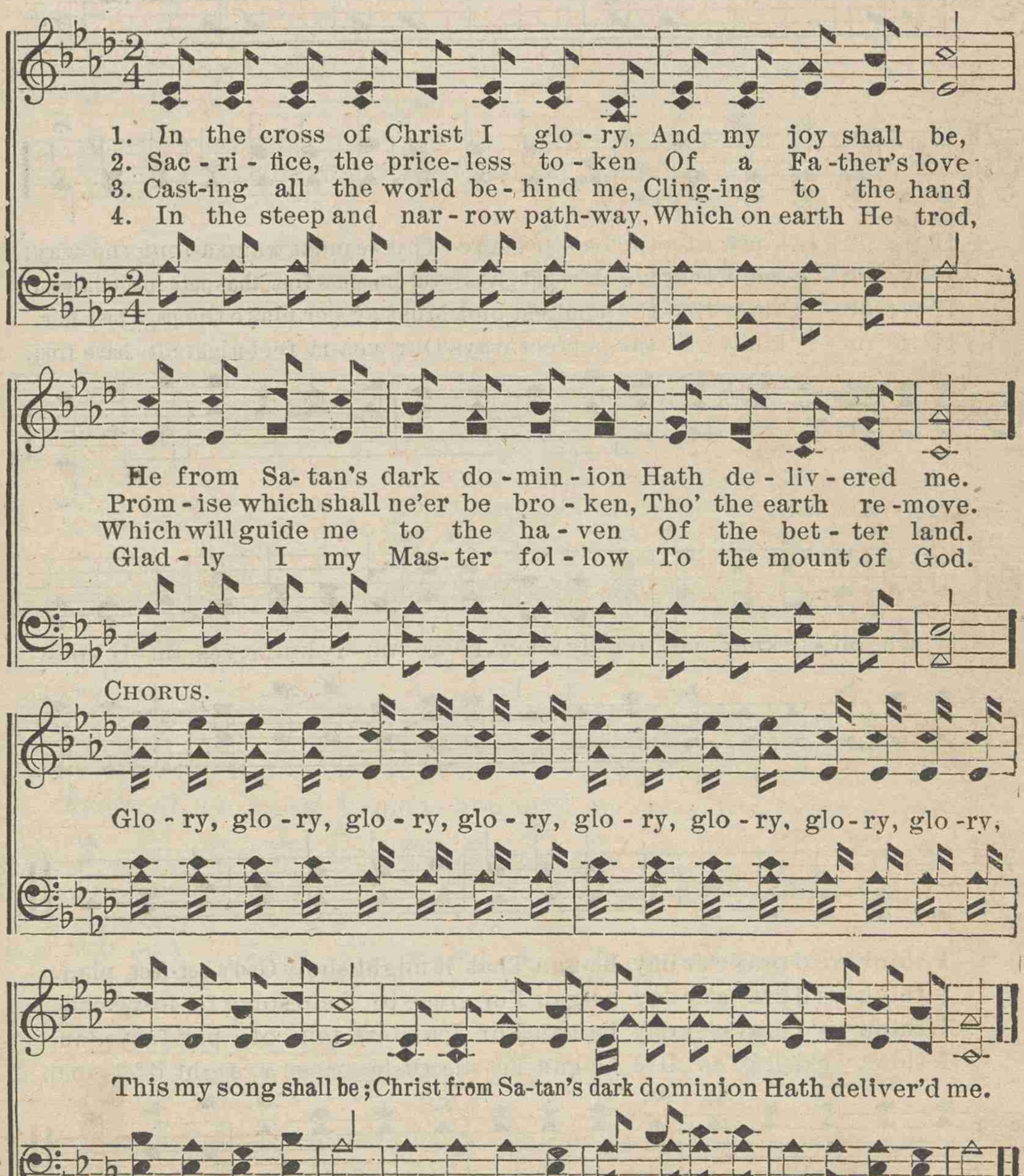
tear, dries up the tear, And per-fect freedom gives from fear, it gives from fear.
scans, a - like it scans, A Father's heart, a Father's hands, His heart and hands
still, be-hold-ing still, Those hands accom-plish all His will, yes, all His will.

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

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

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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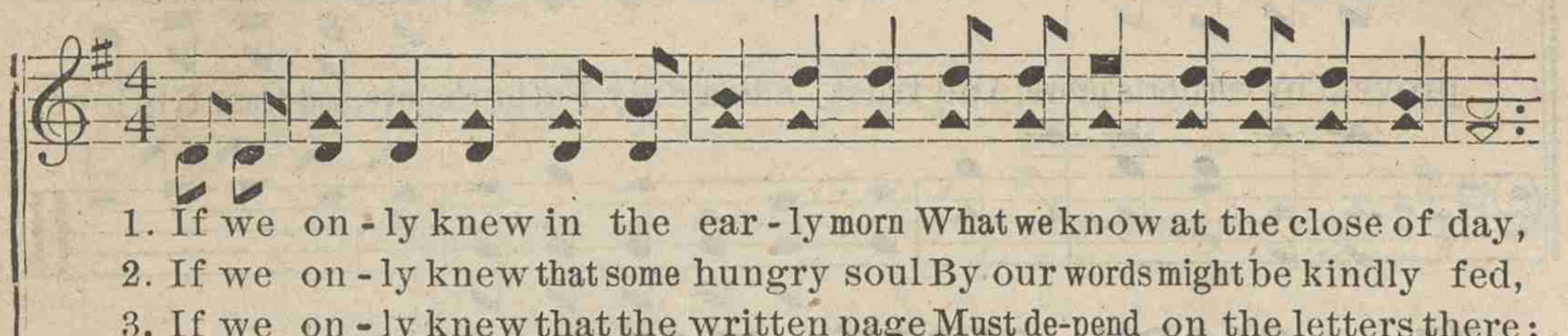
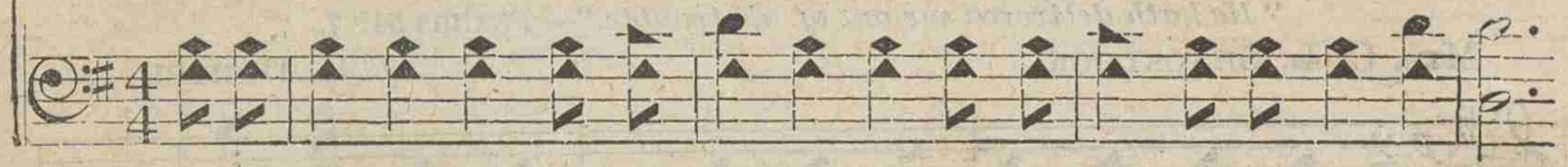
78. IF WE ONLY KNEW.

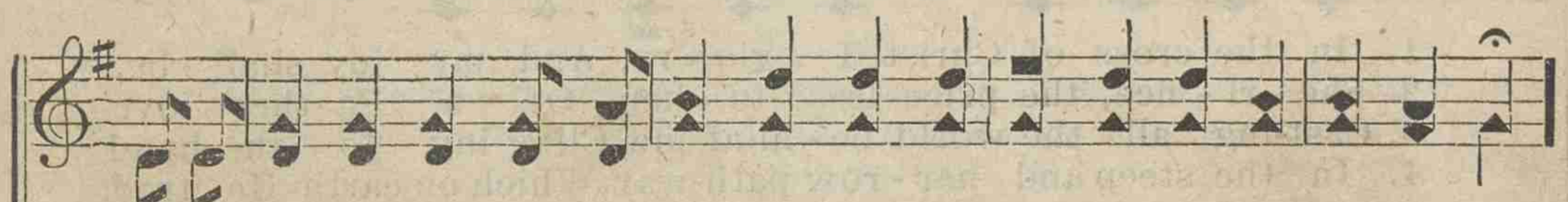
"We know not what we should pray for as we ought."—Rom. 8: 26.

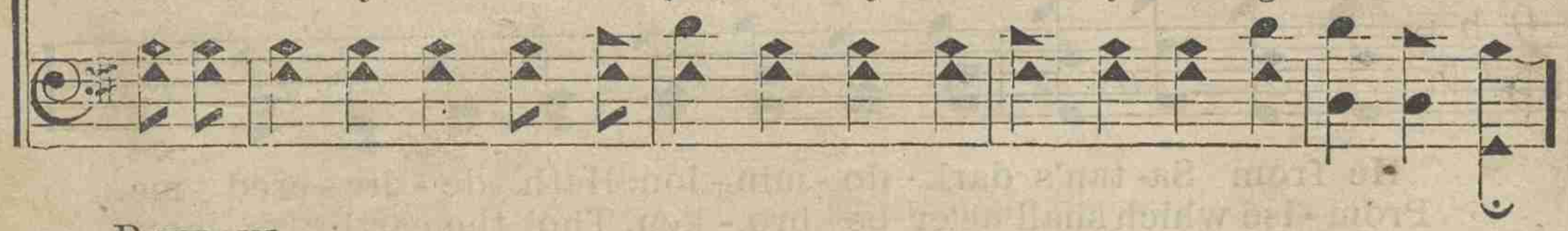
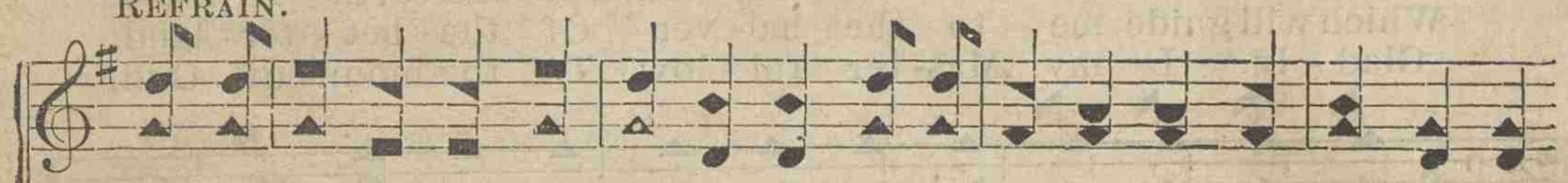
BERTHA PACKARD ENGLET. D. E. DORTCH.

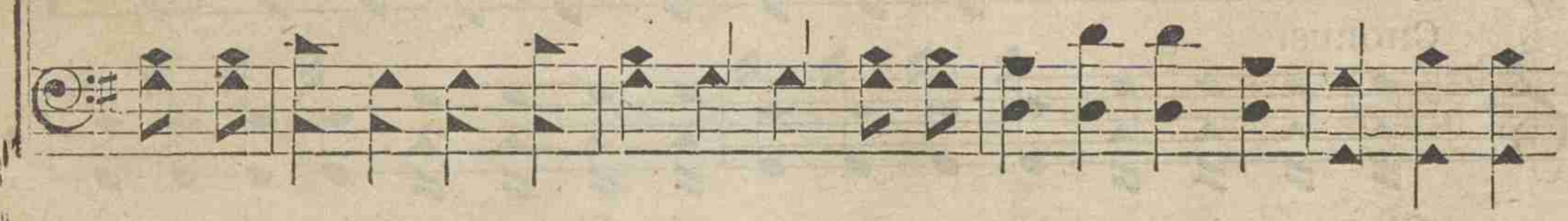


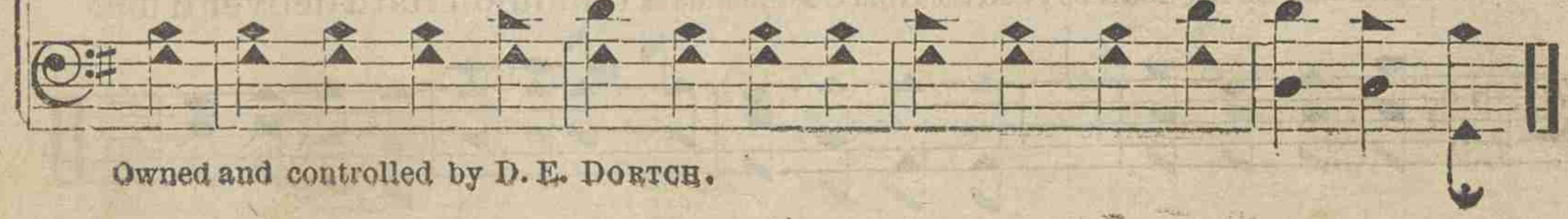
1. If we on - ly knew in the ear - ly morn What we know at the close of day,
2. If we on - ly knew that some hungry soul By our words might be kindly fed,
3. If we on - ly knew that the written page Must de-pend on the letters there;
4. If we on - ly knew in the ear - ly days What we'll know at the bar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

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

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
2. When Lord must I work? Shall I go in the heat To white and to
3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My task, then, quite
4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my crown? Must I wait till

por-tals I see? The an-swer comes back—strive a clus-ter to win,
wide har-vest fields? Where work is so great and the la-bor'rs so few,
plain I can see; And now hav-ing found it I'll la-bor and wait,
heav-en I gain? Yes, yes, but toil here for the Mas-ter's re-nown,

CHORUS.

Work - - - ing

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.

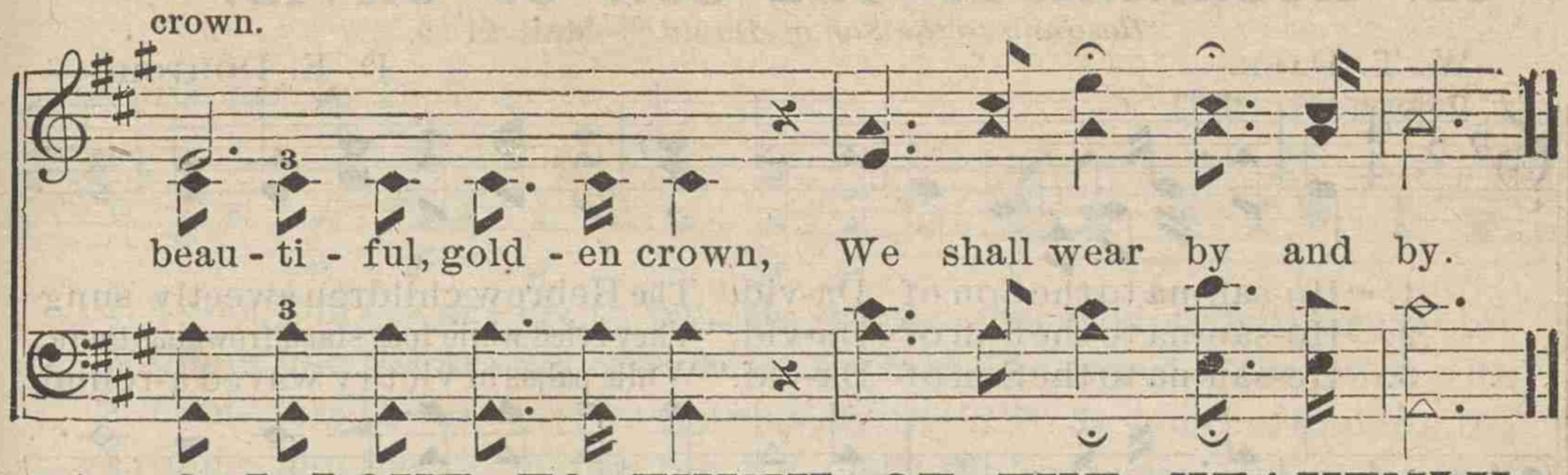
for the crown, work - - - ing for the

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

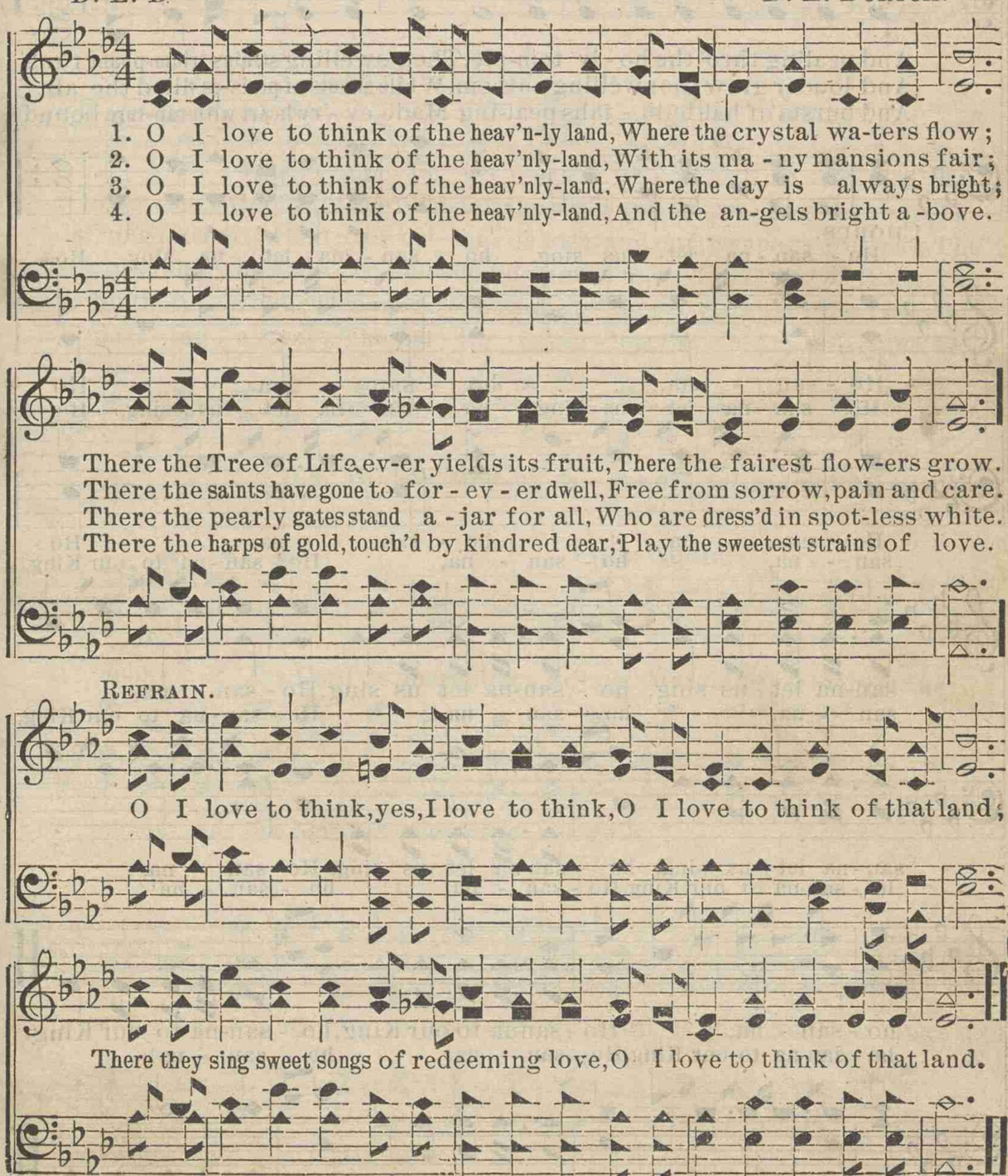
crown, ... work - - - ing for the

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

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

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.

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,

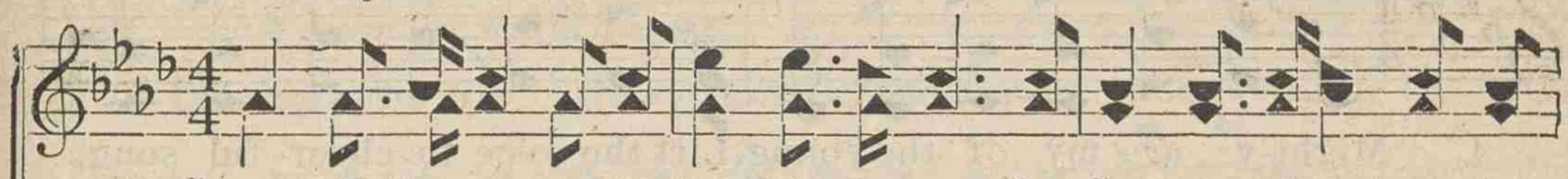
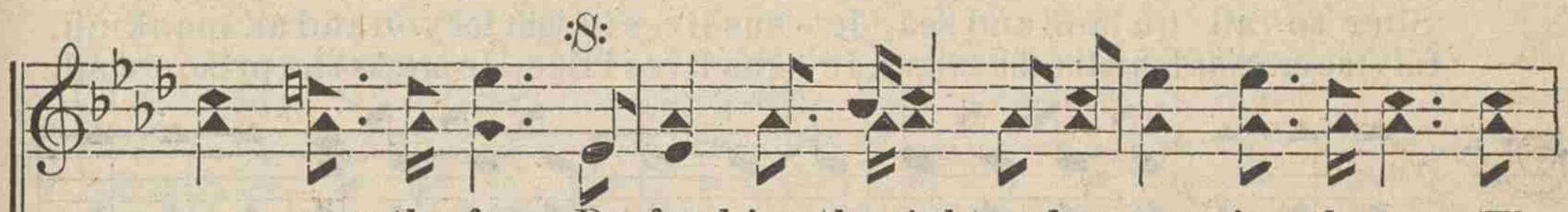
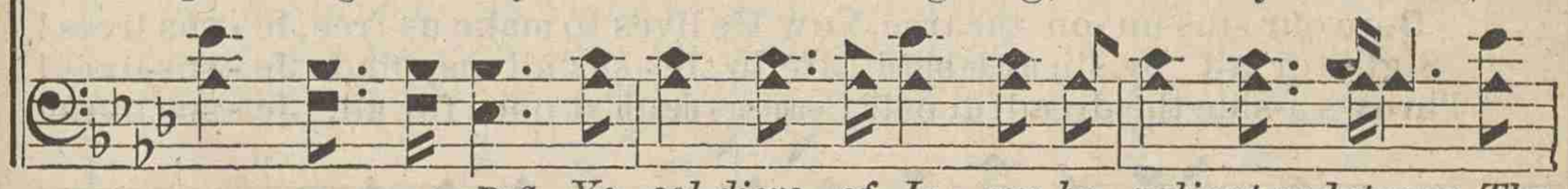
CHORUS.

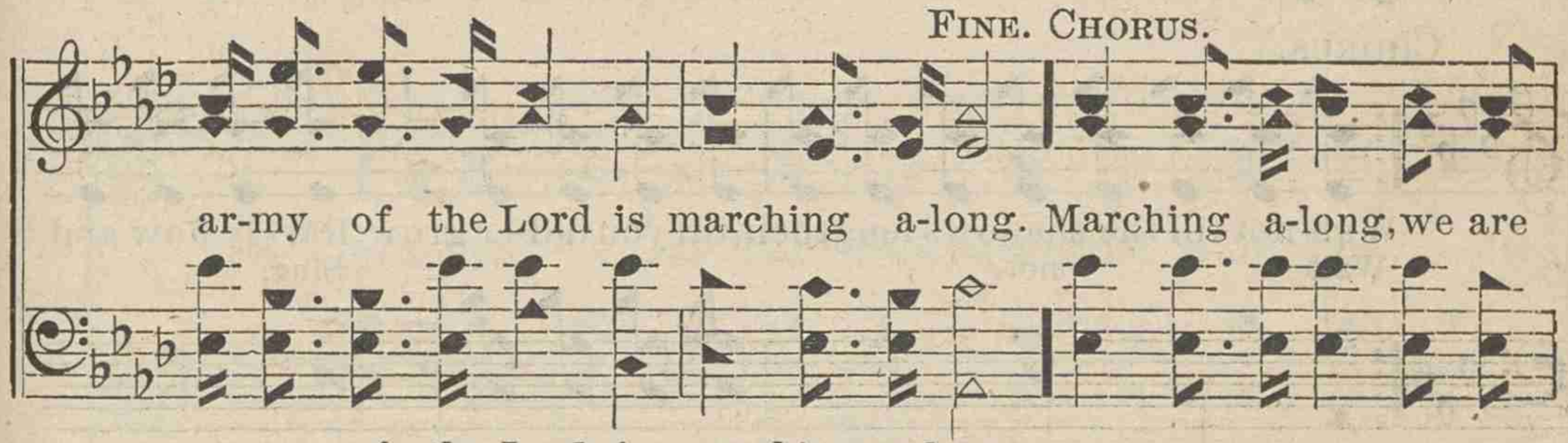
Ho - san - na let us sing, ho - san - na let us sing, Ho -
Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, Ho -
Ho - san - na let us sing, ho - san - na let us sing, Ho -
Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, Ho -
san - na, ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to our King,
san - na let us sing, ho - san - na let us sing, Ho - san - na,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

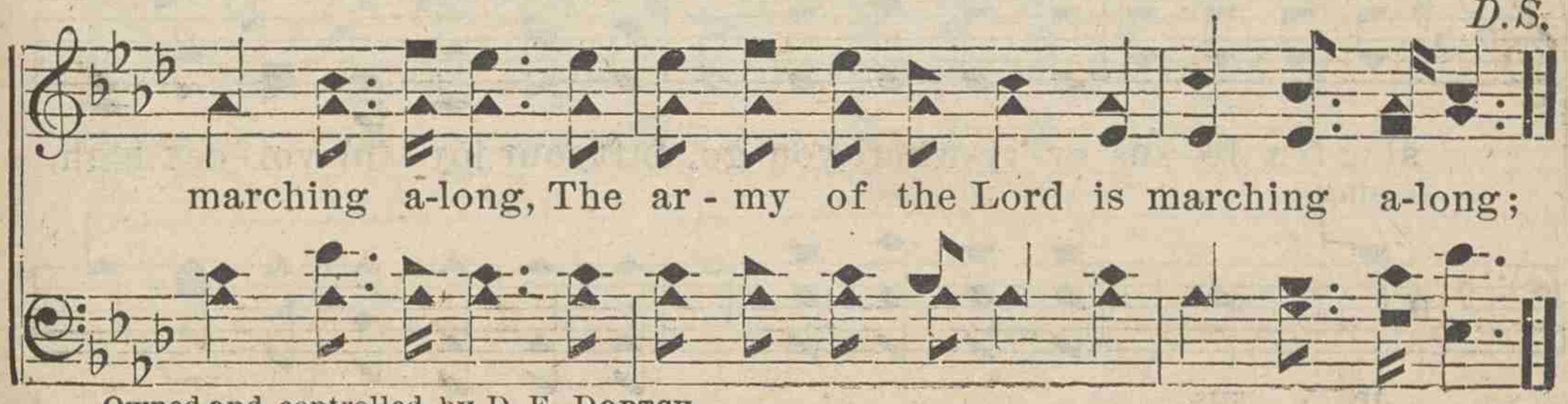
Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

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
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

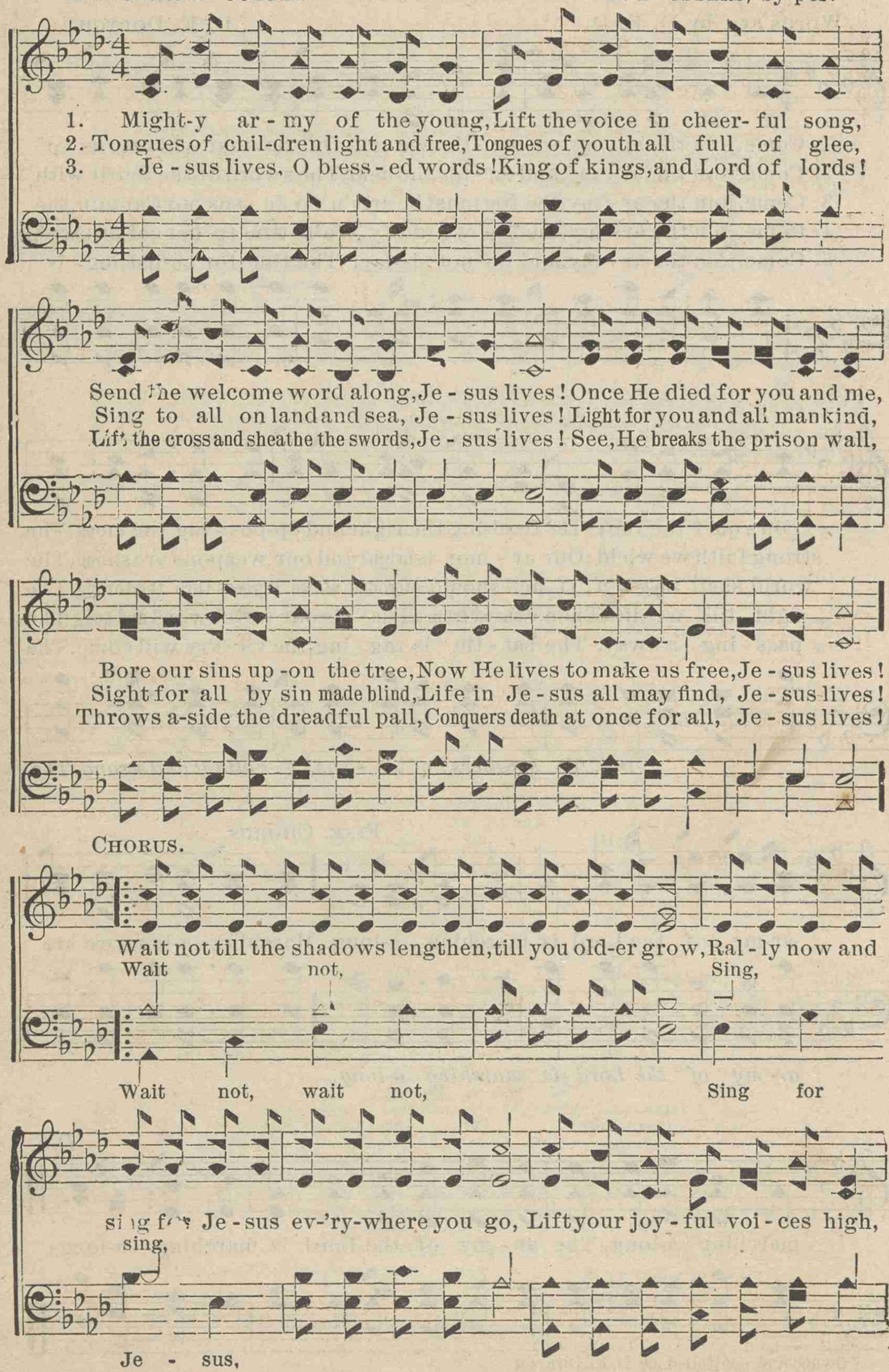
ar- my of the Lord is marching a-long.

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

D.S.

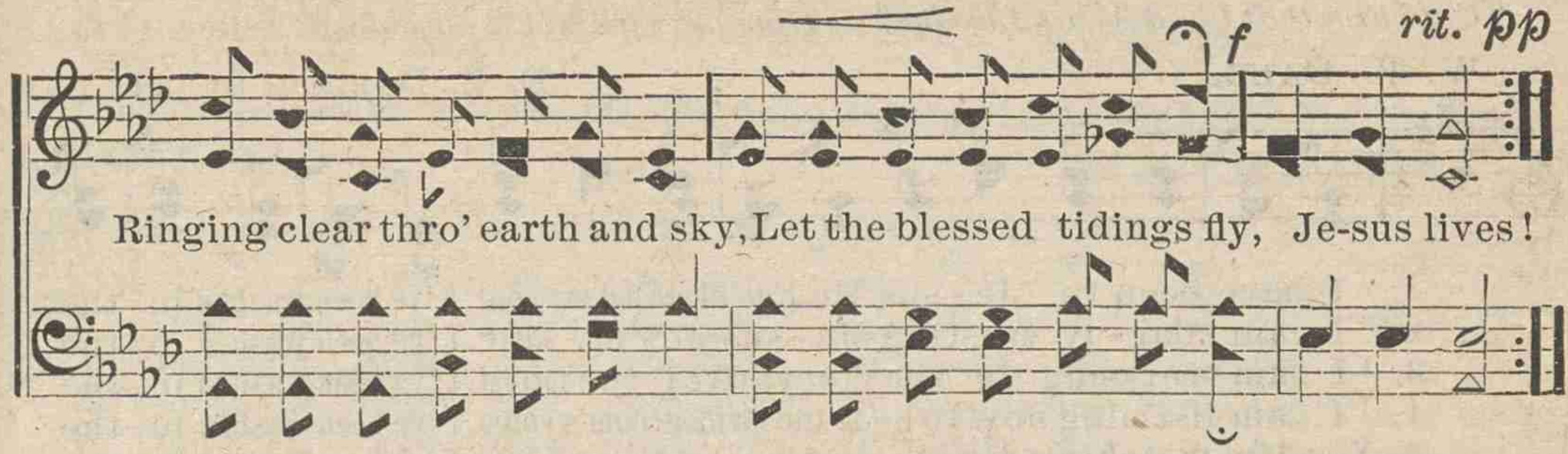
Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

84. JESUS LIVES!

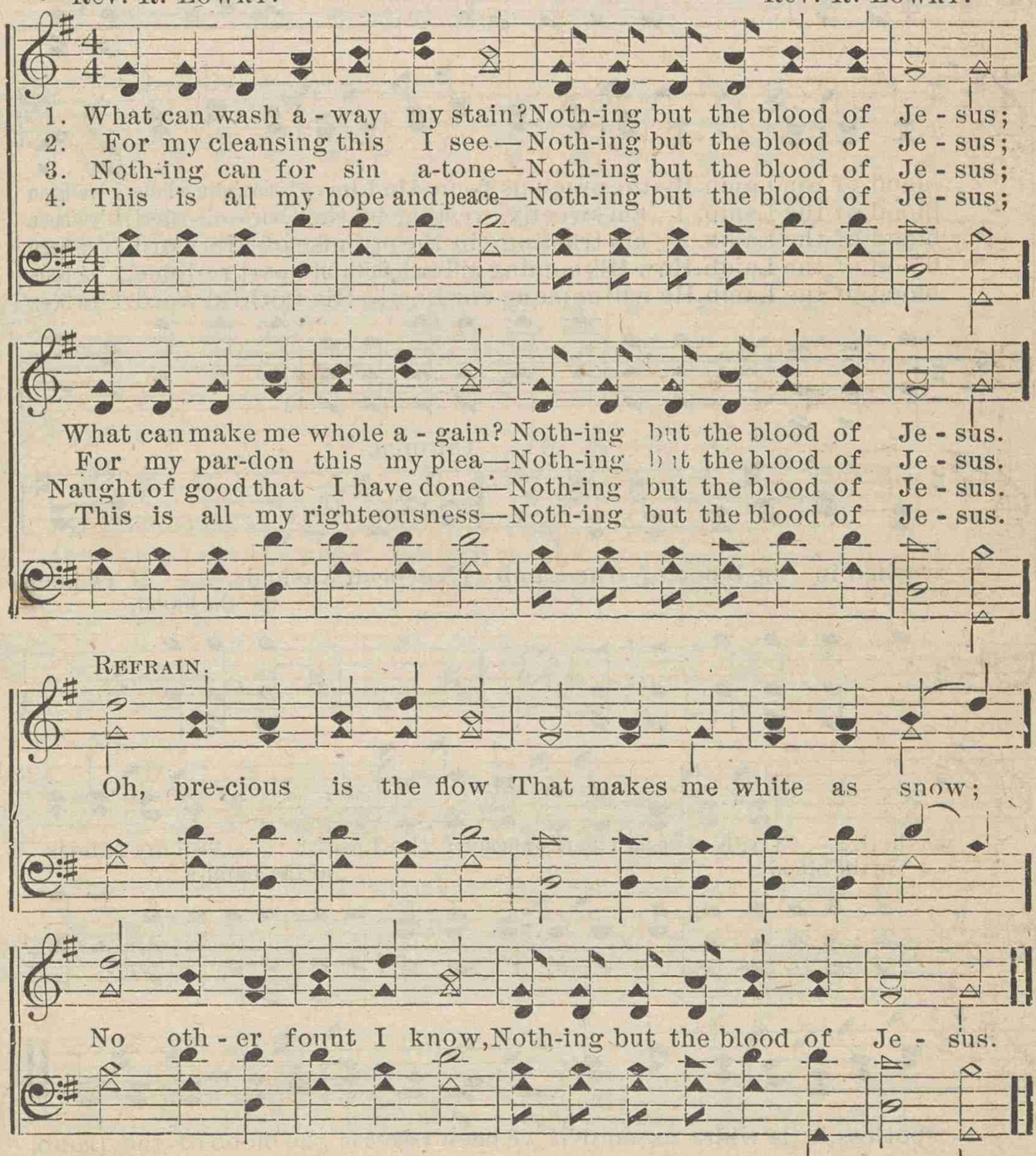
For young people's societies.

Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN. A. F. MYERS, by per.

Copyright, 1891, by A. F. MYERS.

JESUS LIVES!

Repeat Chorus.

85. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

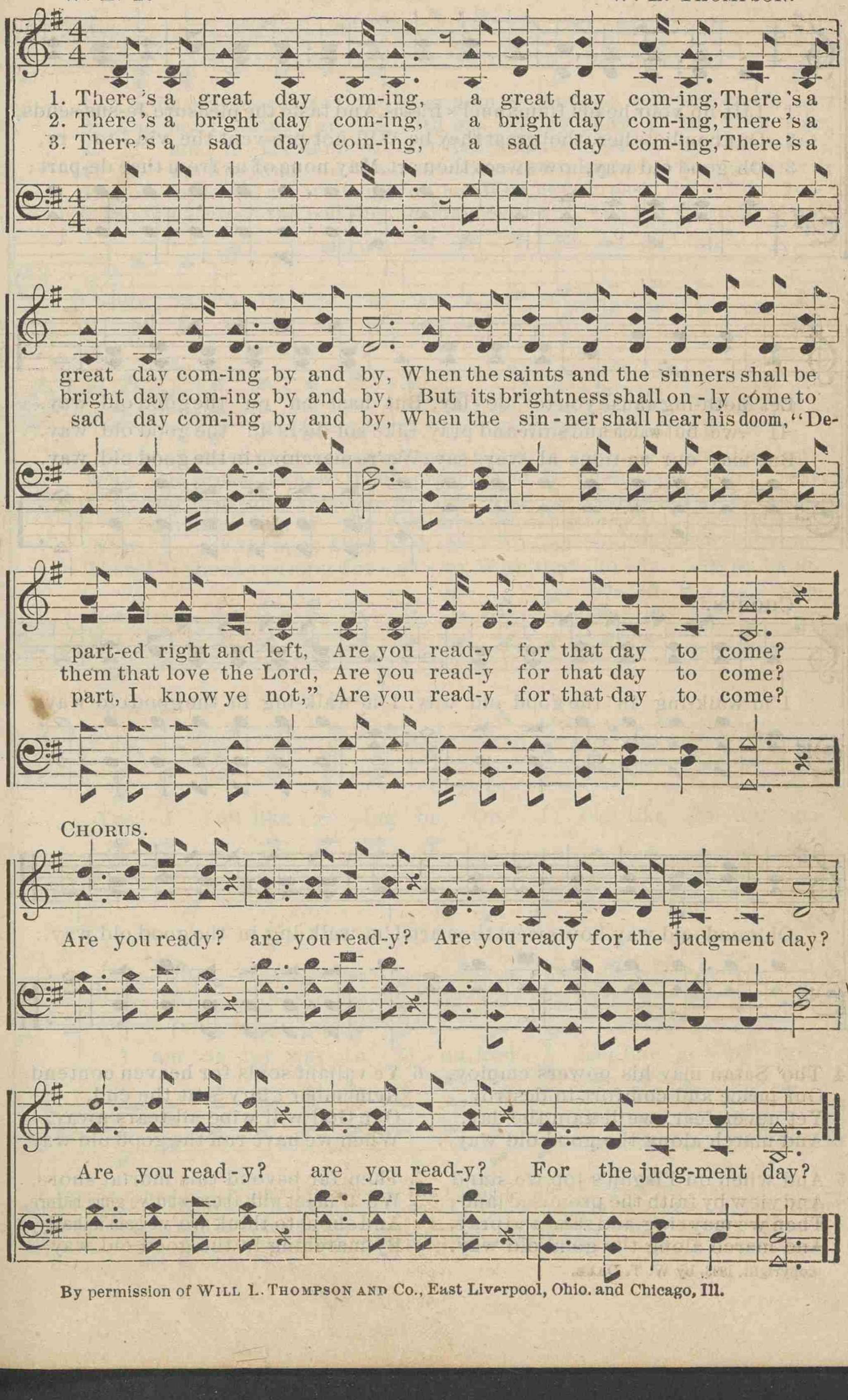
blood of the Lamb. By the precious fountain I have been made whole, I 've been
blood of the Lamb. I am sweetly resting in the Cru - ci - fied, I 've been
blood of the Lamb. I am trusting in the promise of His word, I 've been
blood of the Lamb. How His coming will each faithful heart re-joice, I 've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

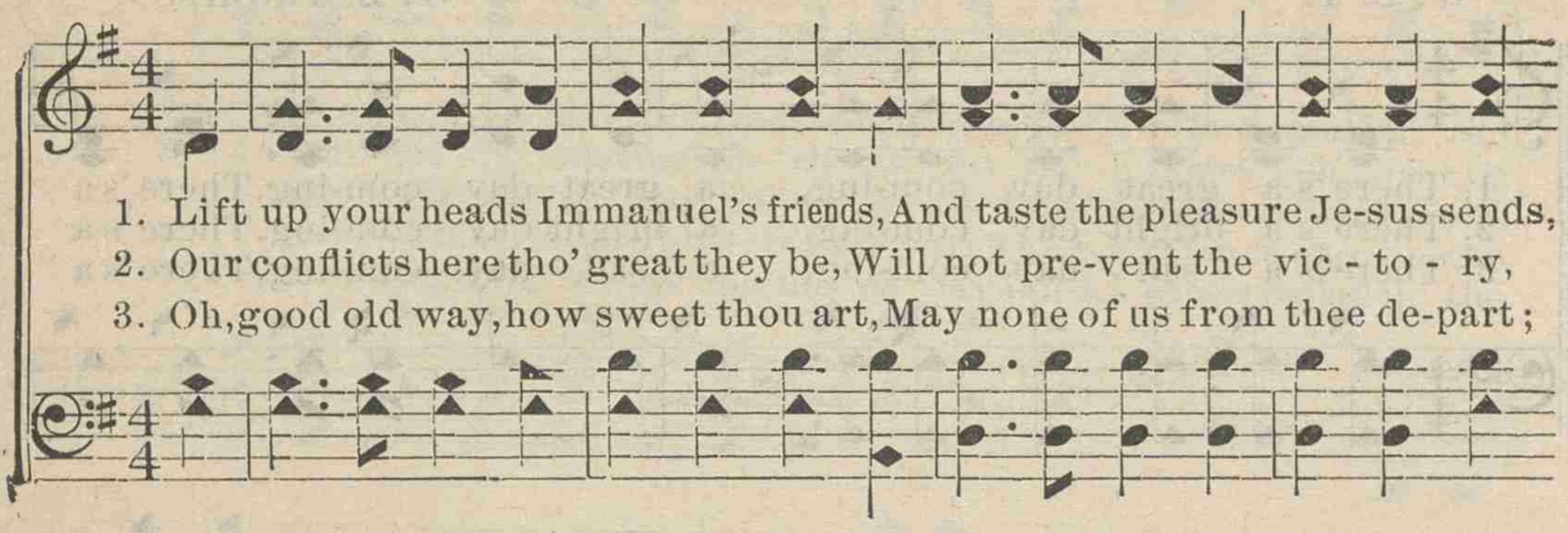
"And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left."—Matt. 25: 33.

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

By permission of WILL L. THOMPSON AND Co., East Liverpool, Ohio. and Chicago, Ill.

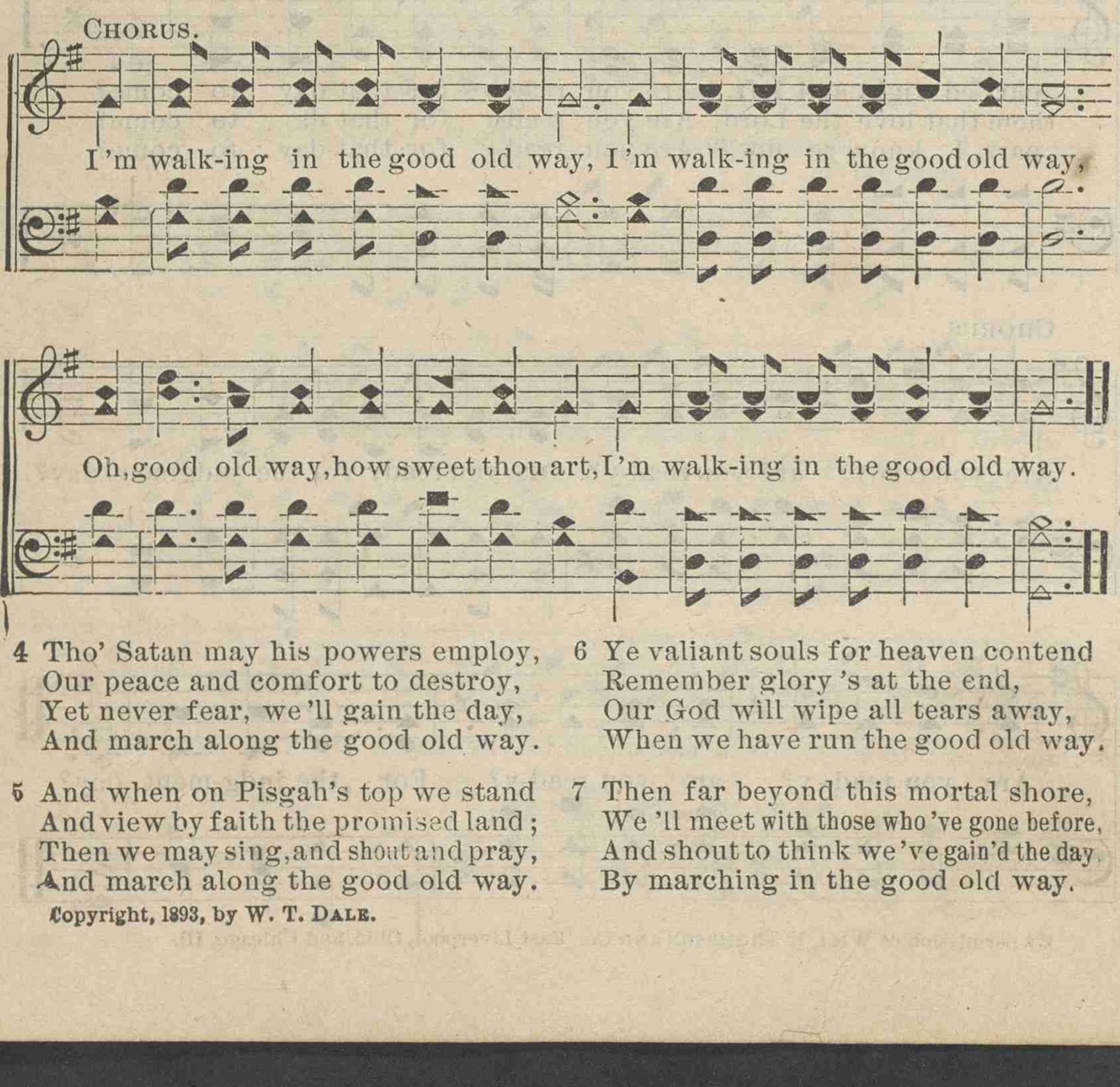
88. THE GOOD OLD WAY.

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

W. T. DALE, by per.



CHORUS.



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.

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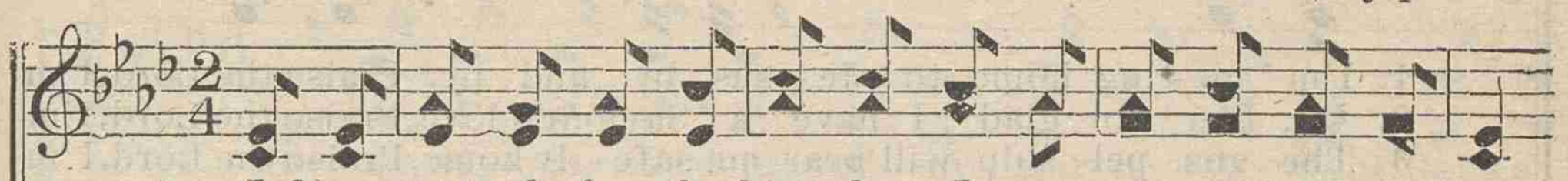
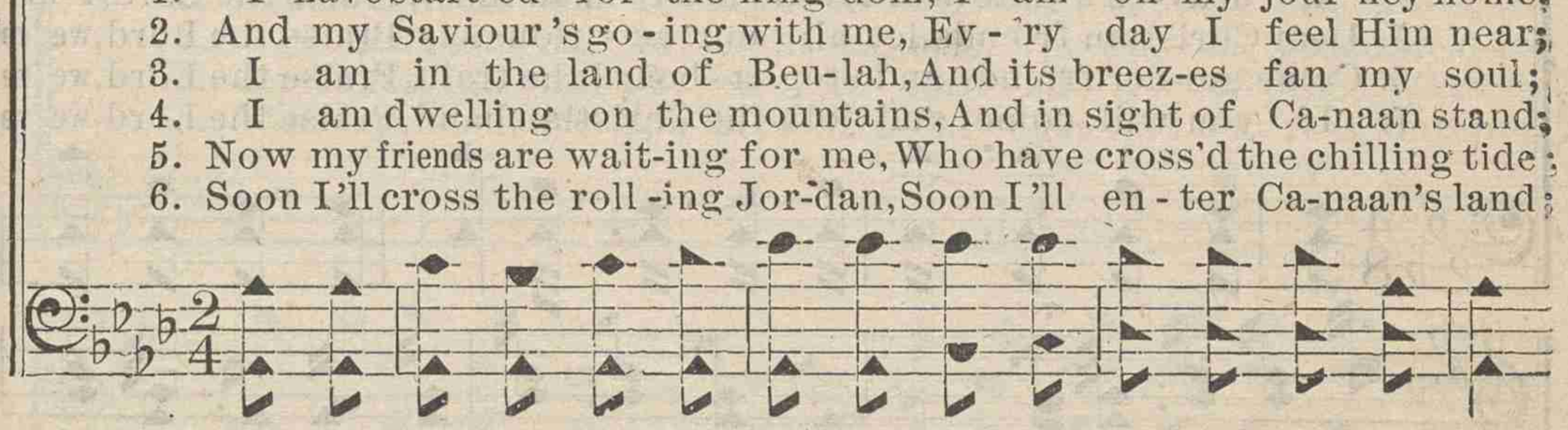
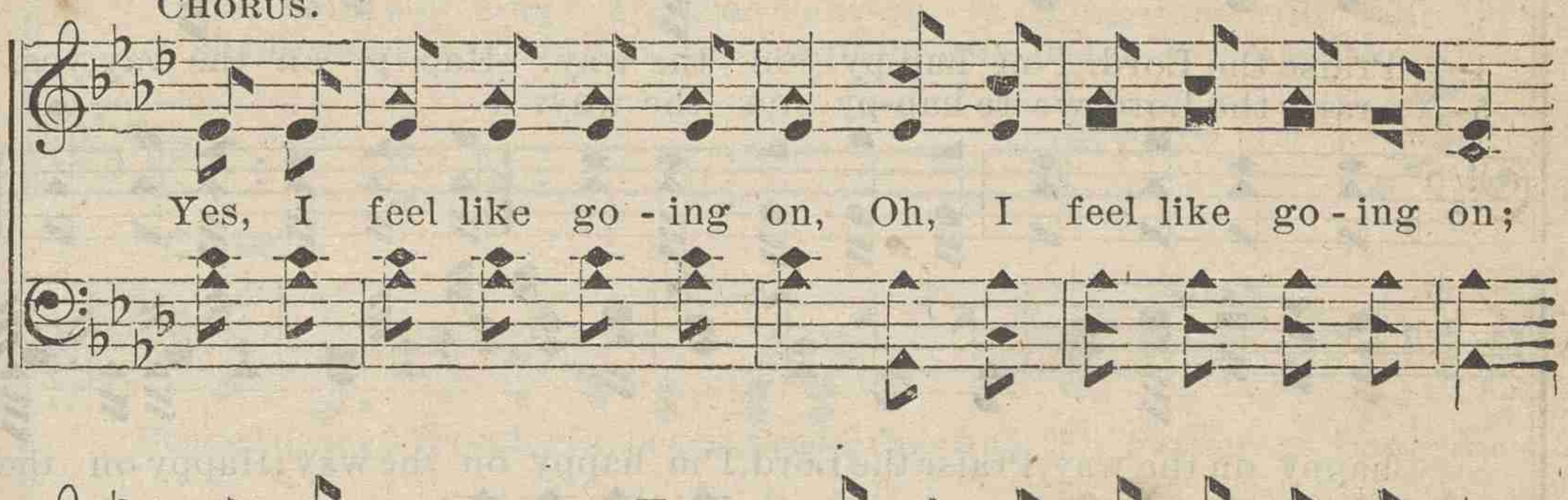
89. I FEEL LIKE GOING ON.

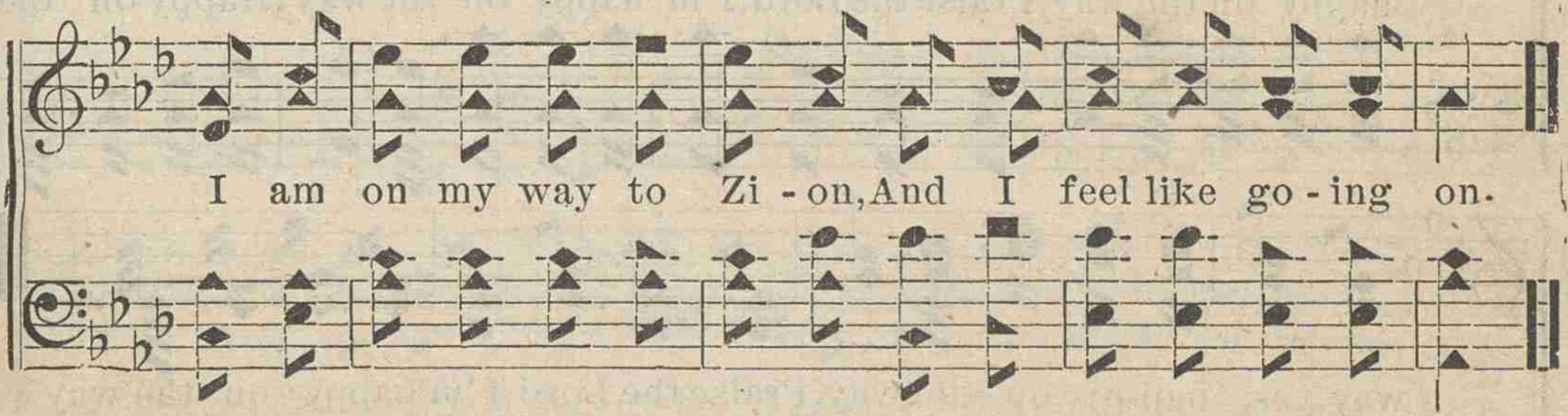
"They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

(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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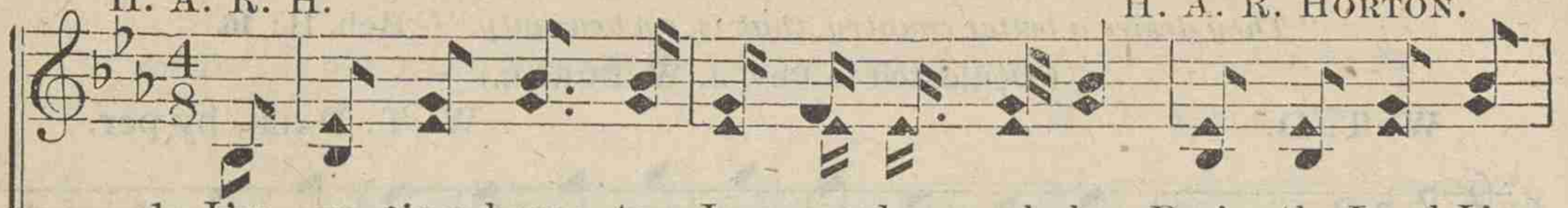
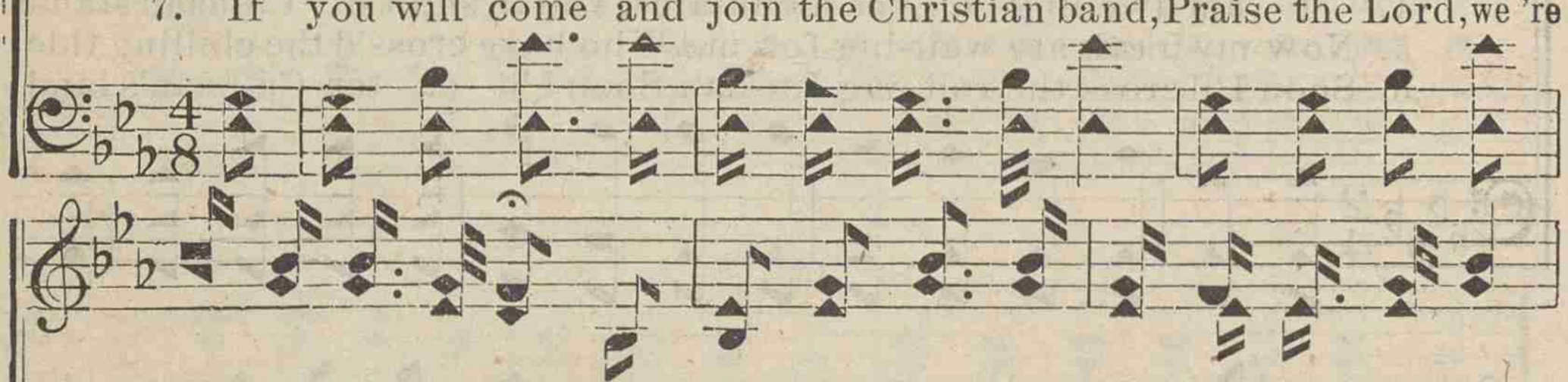
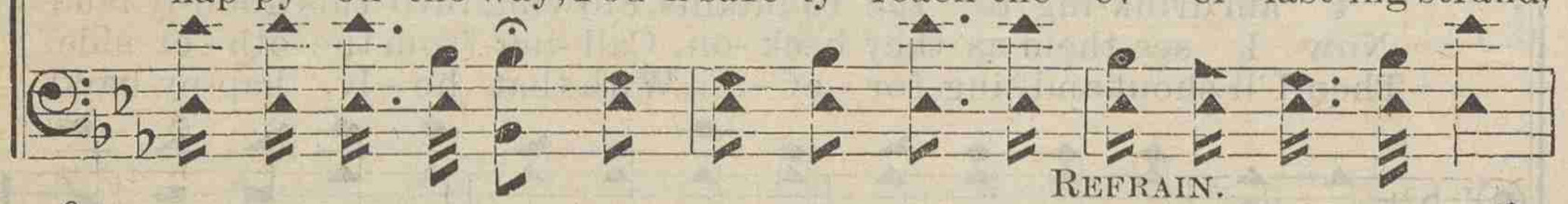
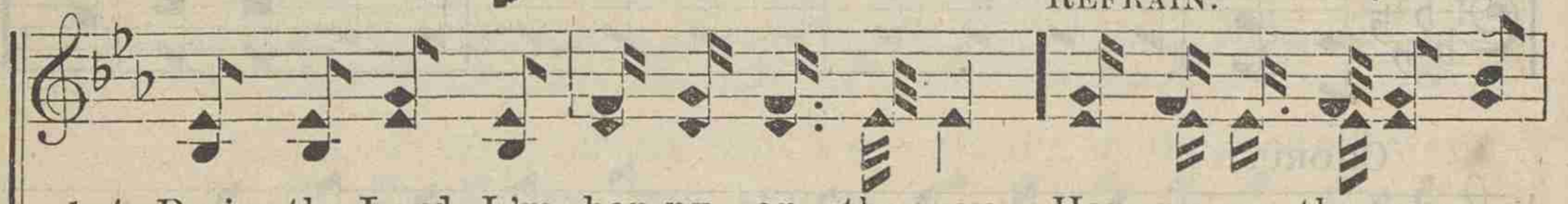
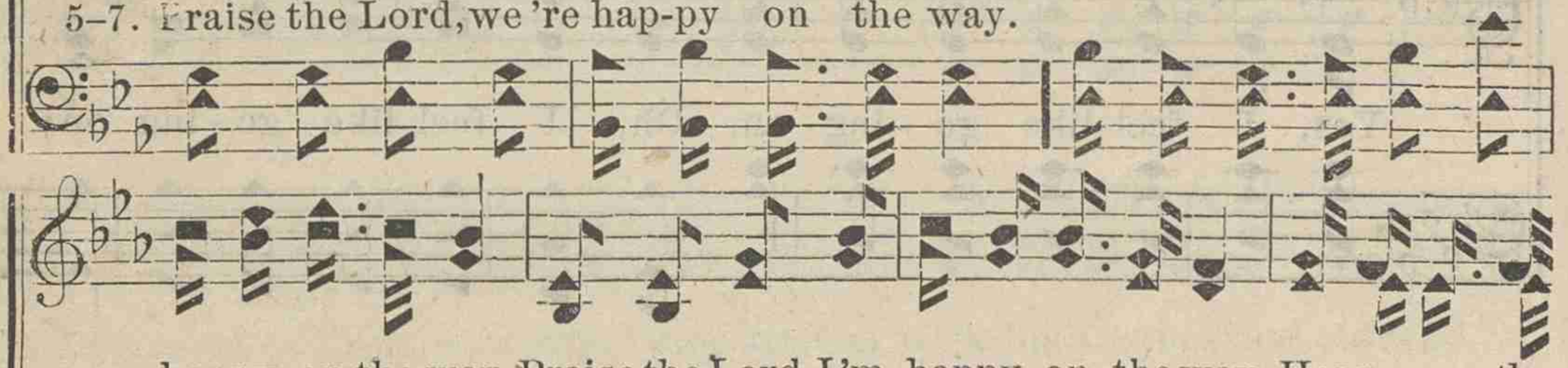
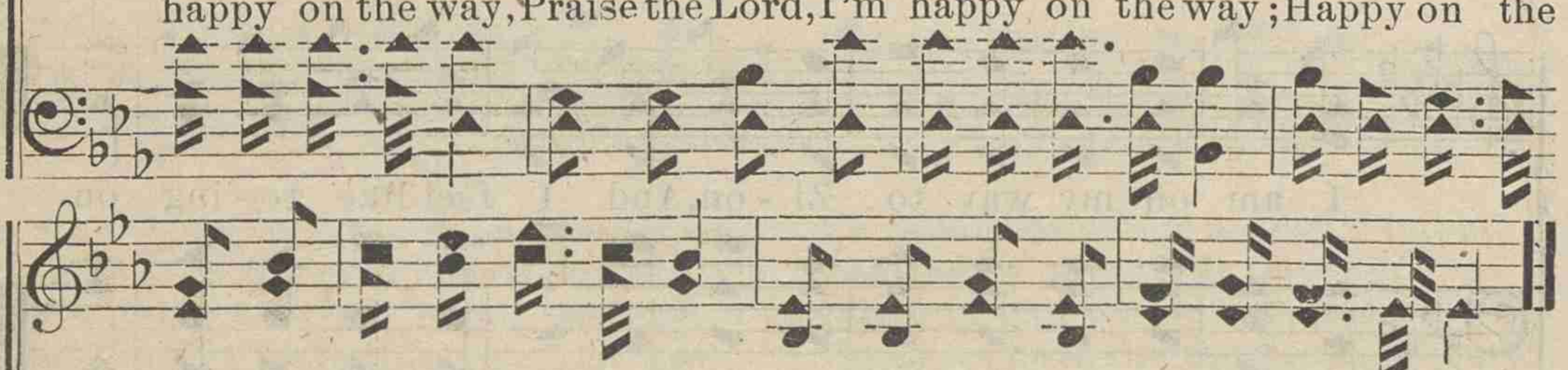
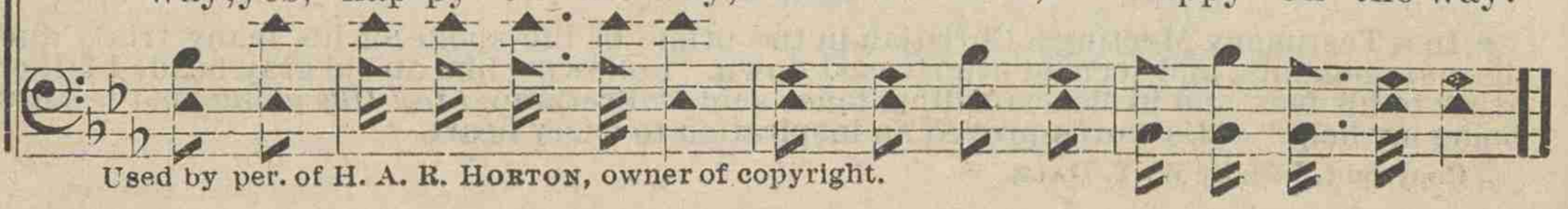
90. HAPPY ON THE WAY.

"*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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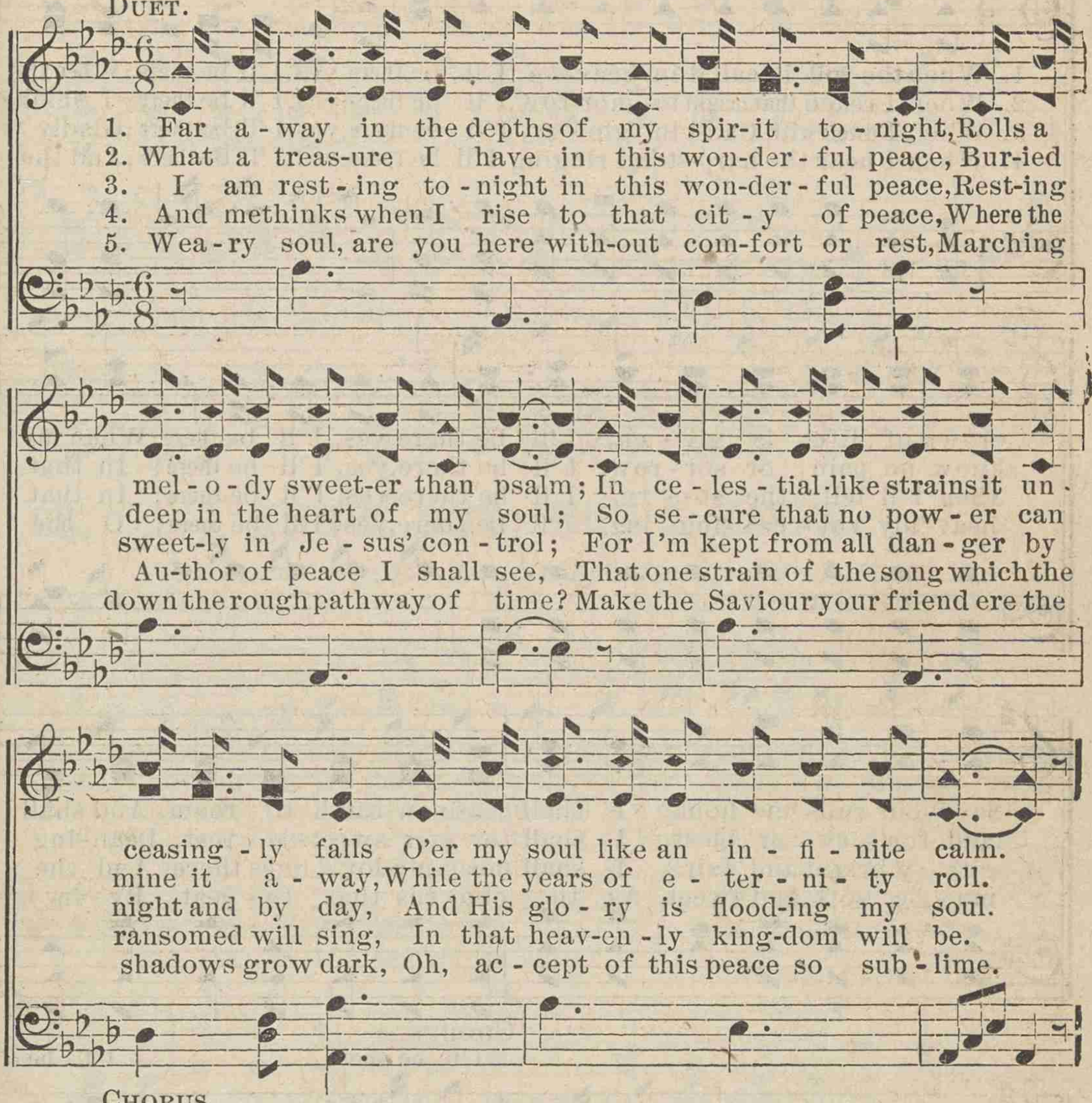
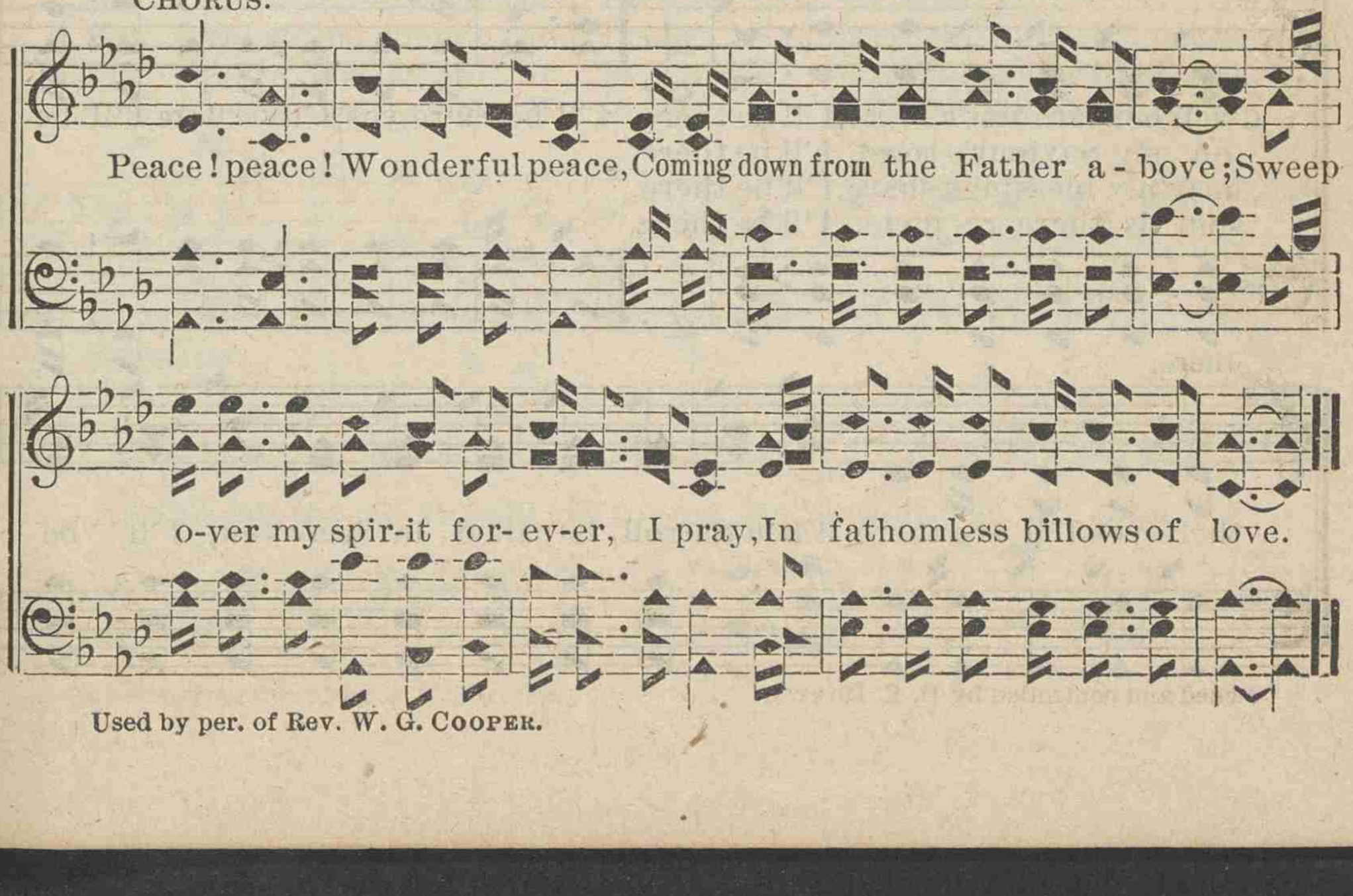
91. WONDERFUL PEACE.

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

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

DUET.

CHORUS.



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

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH

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;

:S: 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

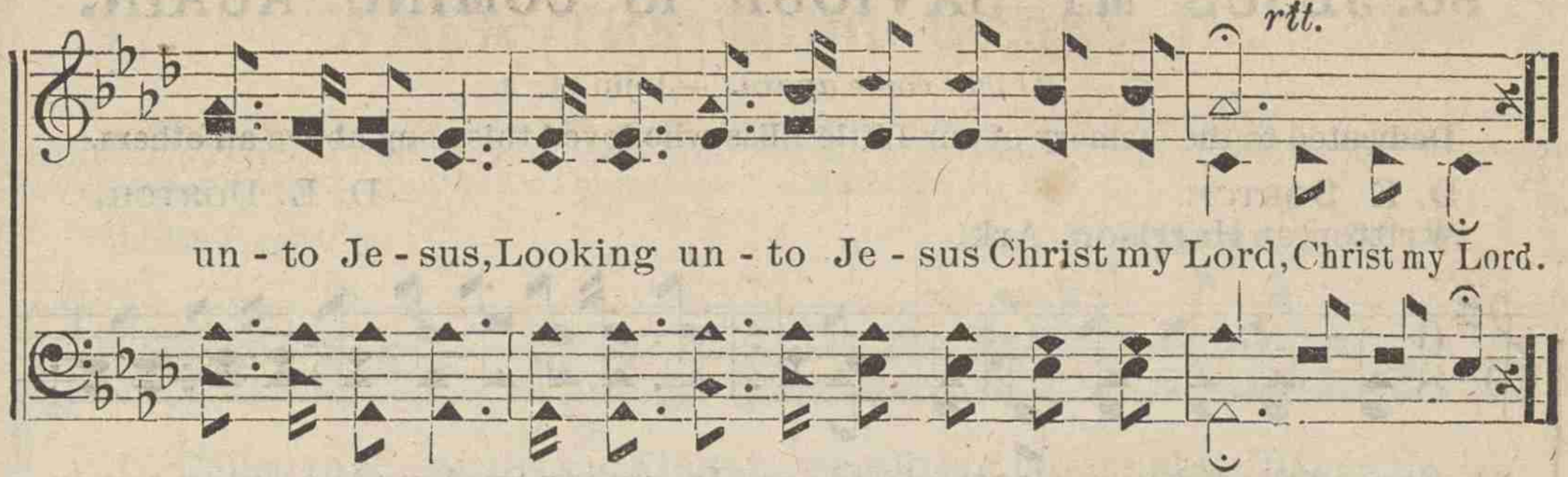
sin-ful I may be, Looking un - to Je - sus, for He will hear my plea.
Shepherd of the soul, Looking un - to Je - sus, whose blood can make me whole.
well be-lov - ed Son, Looking un - to Je - sus, who ma - ny vict'ries won.
help me on the way, Looking un - to Je - sus, in whom I trust each day.
hap -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

1. Oh, how joy - ful we should be, When from care and sor - row free;
2. Welcome friends whom here we meet, We are glad your smiles to greet;
3. Fragrant flow-ers we have bro't, Which by God's own hands were wrought;
4. Let us praise Him as we may, At our work or at our play;

While our hearts are full of glee, On this hap - py chil-dren's day.
Come and join our songs so sweet, On this hap - py chil-dren's day.
Oh, to serve Him as we ought, On this hap - py chil-dren's day.
Walk-ing in the nar-row way, On this hap - py chil-dren's day.

CHORUS.

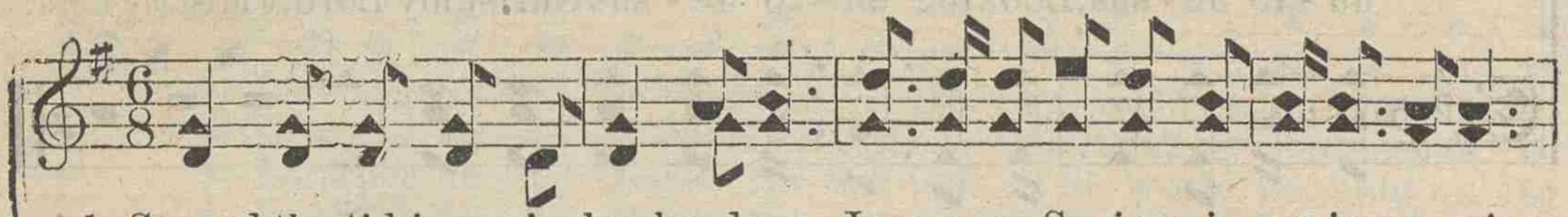
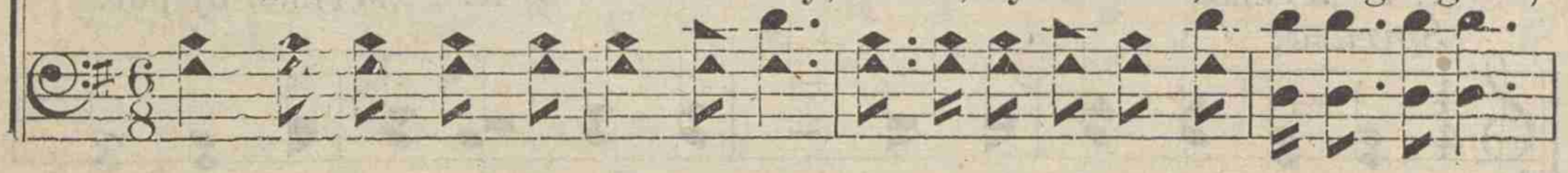
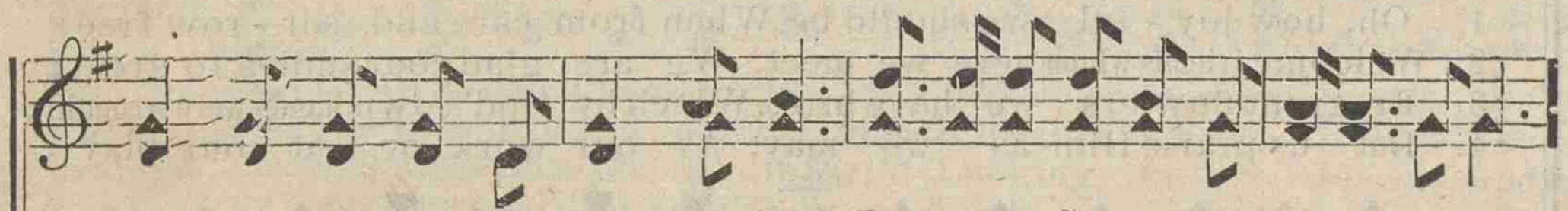
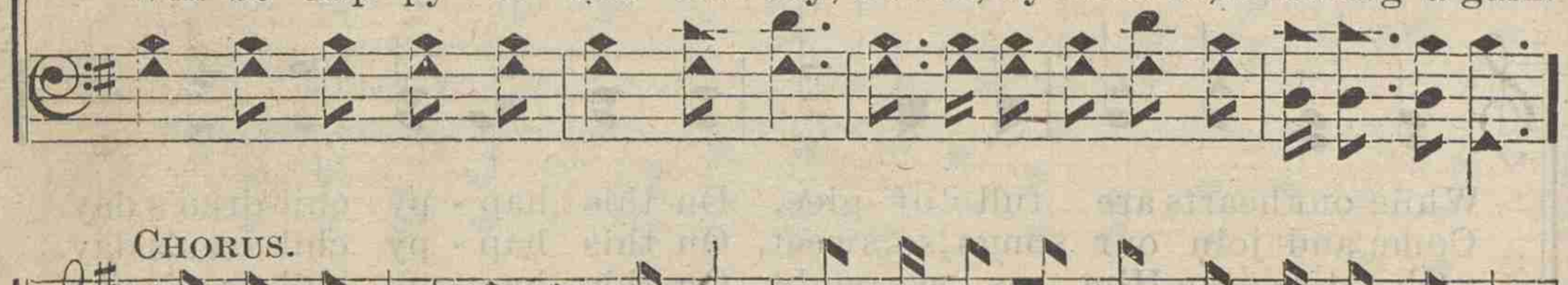
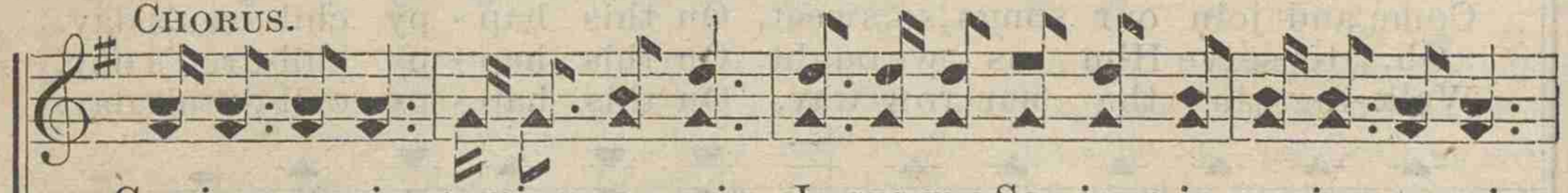
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, On this bright and joy - ful day;
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, This is hap - py children's day.

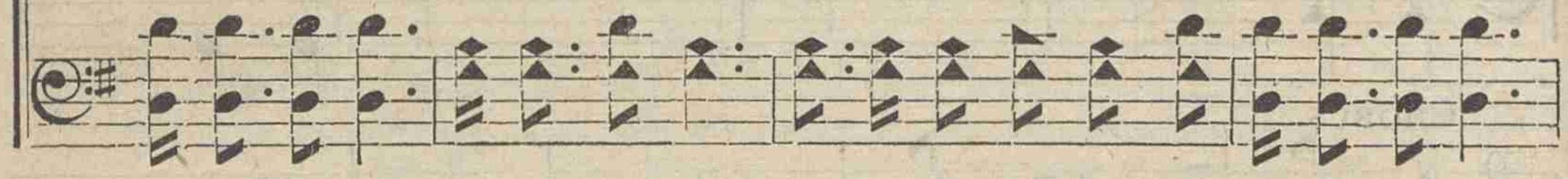
96. JESUS MY SAVIOUR IS COMING AGAIN.

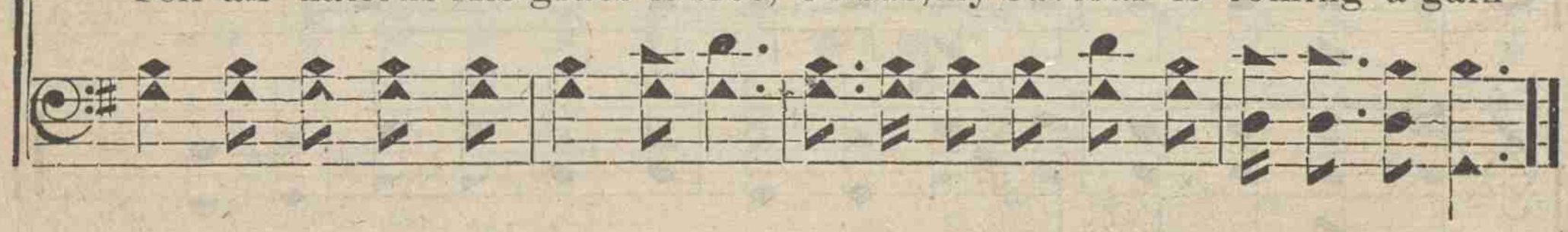
"I will come again."—John 14: 3.

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.

1 Spread the tid-ings o'er land and sea, Je-sus, my Saviour, is coming a-gain;
2. Tell them Je-sus was cru - ci-fied, Je-sus, my Saviour, is coming a-gain;
3. He will lead them by wa-ters still, Je-sus, my Saviour, is coming a-gain;
4. All who trav-el the nar-row way, Je-sus, my Saviour, is coming a-gain;

Tell all na-tions His grace is free, Je-sus, my Saviour, is coming a-gain.
To re-deem them from sin He died, Je-sus, my Saviour, is coming a-gain.
In green pastures their souls He 'll fill, Je-sus, my Saviour, is coming a-gain.
Will be hap- py in end - less day, Je-sus, my Saviour, is coming a-gain.

CHORUS.

Coming a-gain, coming a - gain, Je-sus, my Sav-iour is coming a -gain;



Tell all nations His grace is free, Je-sus, my Saviour is coming a-gain

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
2. I've one day less here to pass in sor-row, I've one day less here to
3. I'm one day near-er the joys up yon-der, Yes, one day near-er the

glo - ri - fied throng; I'm one day near-er my home e - ter - nal, I'll
fight a-gainst sin; I've one day less here of watch-ing, wait-ing, For
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 hom., 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. . .

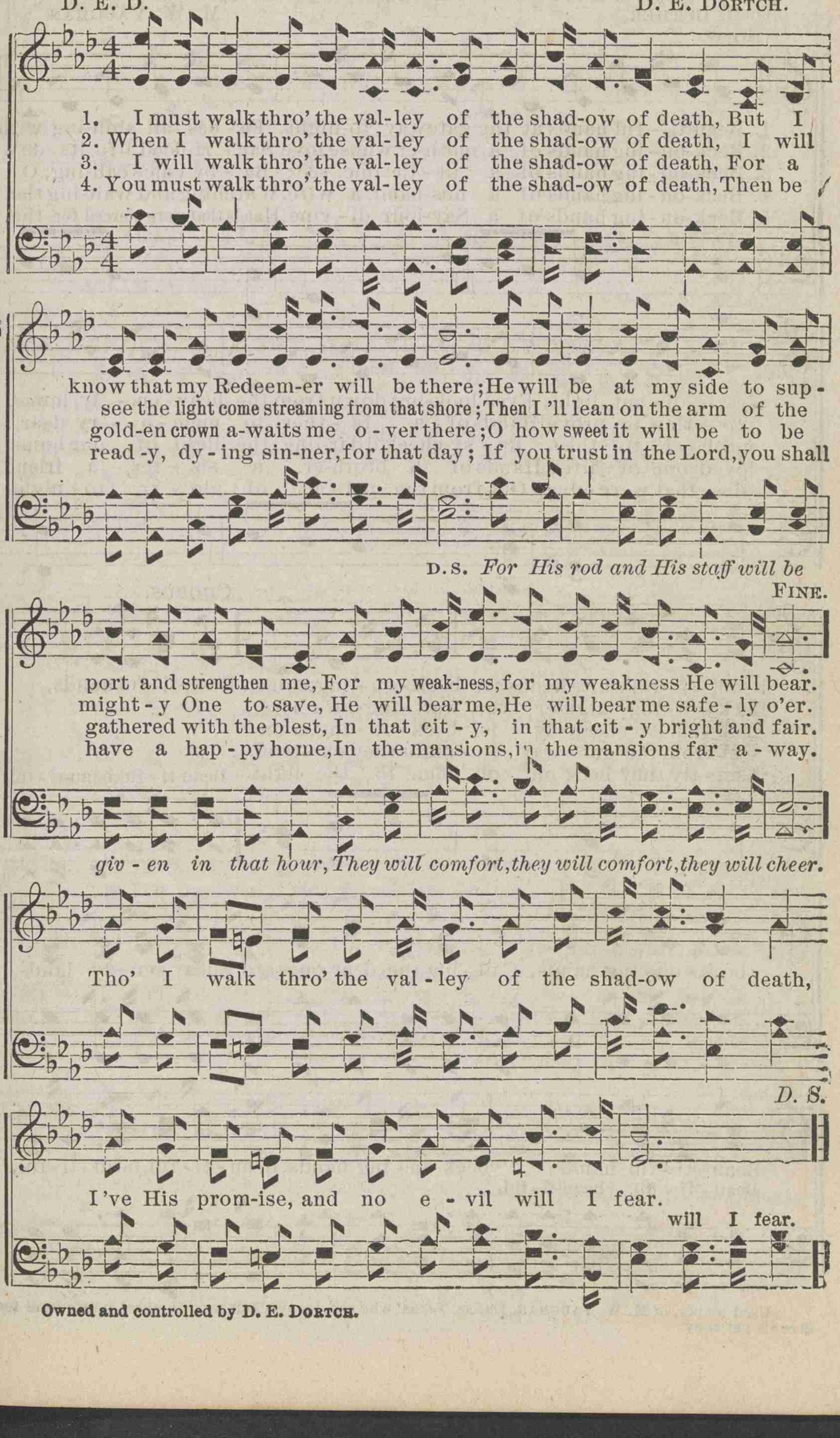
one day nearer my home, sweet home, I'm one day nearer my home sweet home. I'm

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.

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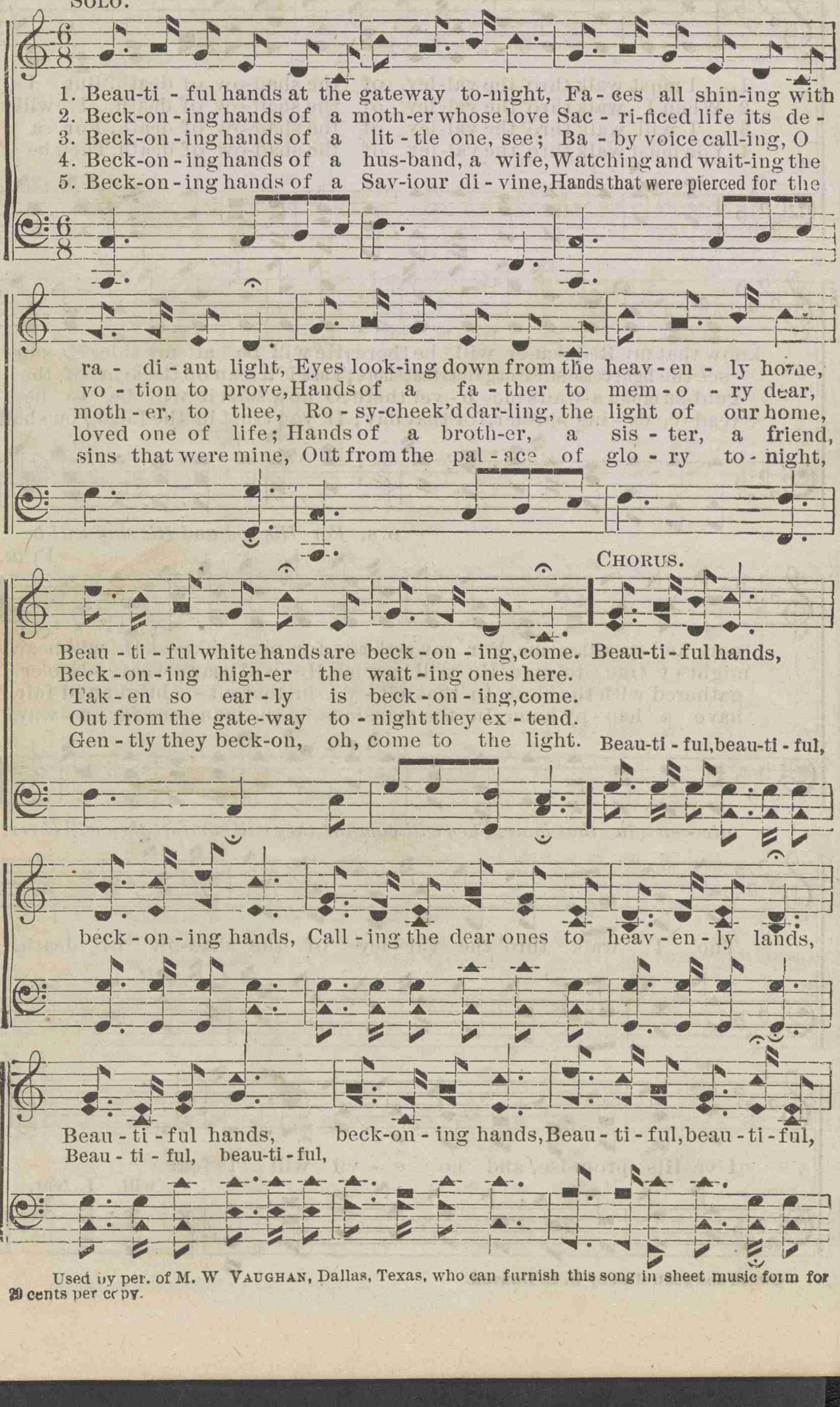
100. BECKONING HANDS.

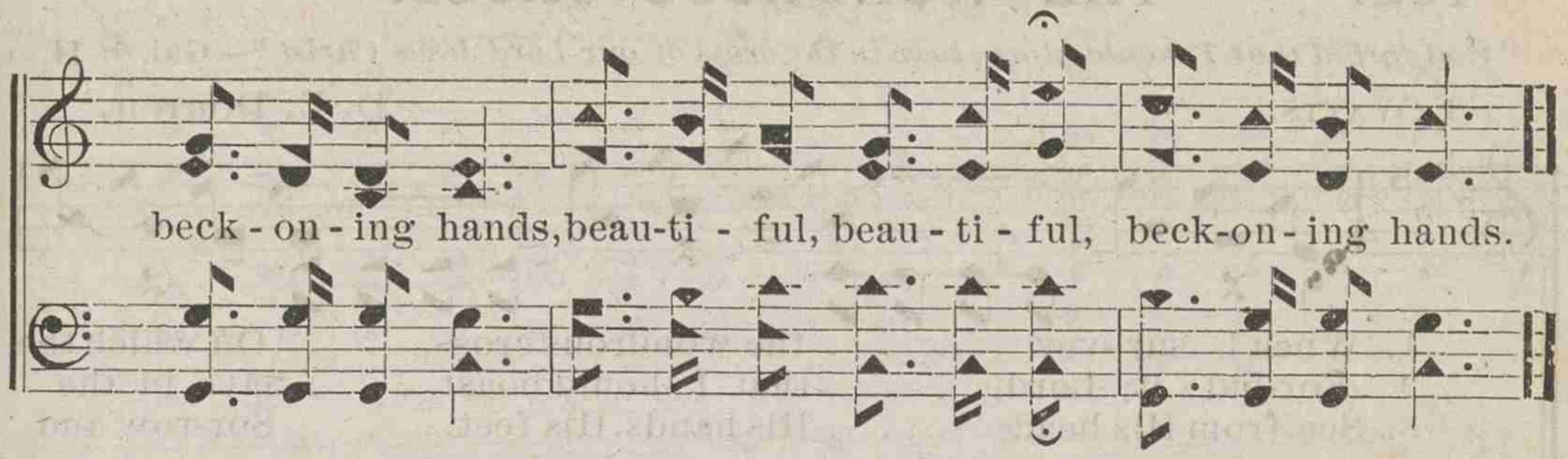
A little child, two years old, was dying. Seeing her parents weep, she said, "*Don't cry, I'll be at the window and watch for you when you come.*"

C. C. LUTHER. M. W. VAUGHAN.

SOLO.

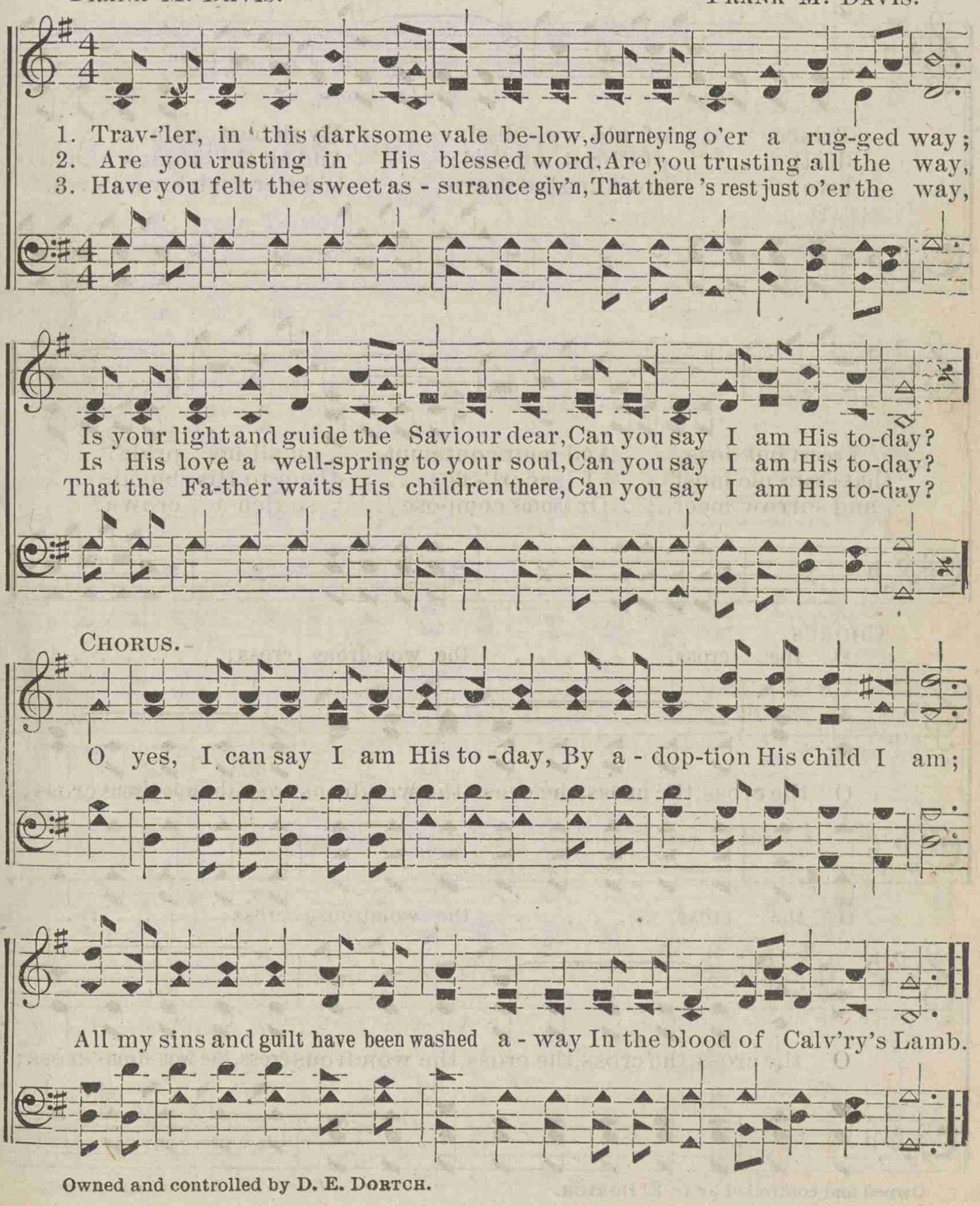


Used by per. of M. W VAUGHAN, Dallas, Texas, who can furnish this song in sheet music form for 20 cents per copy.

BECKONING HANDS.

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

"*I am thine.*"—Psalm 119: 94.

FRANK M. DAVIS. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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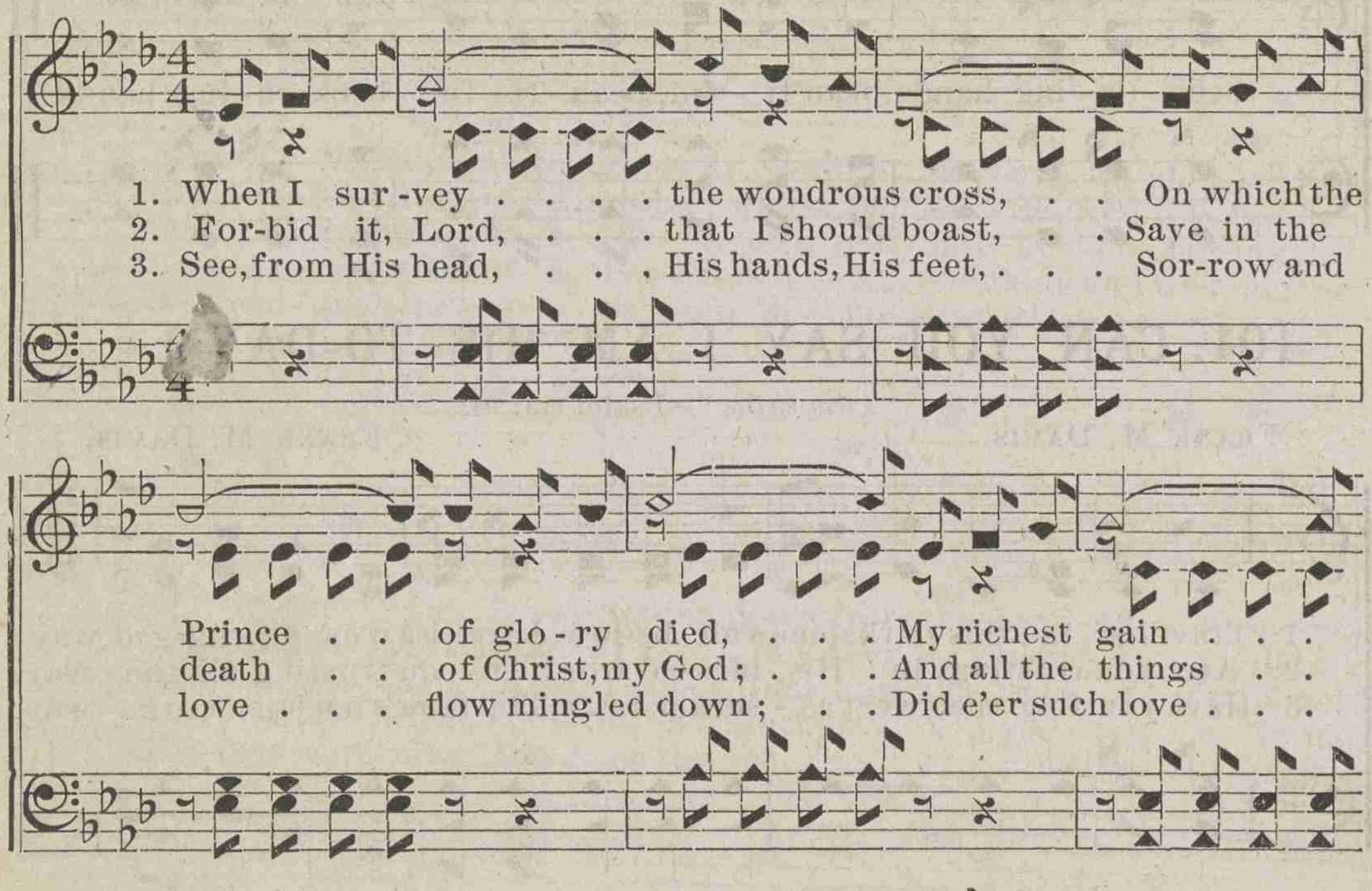
102. THE WONDROUS CROSS.

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

I. WATTS. D. E. DORTCH.

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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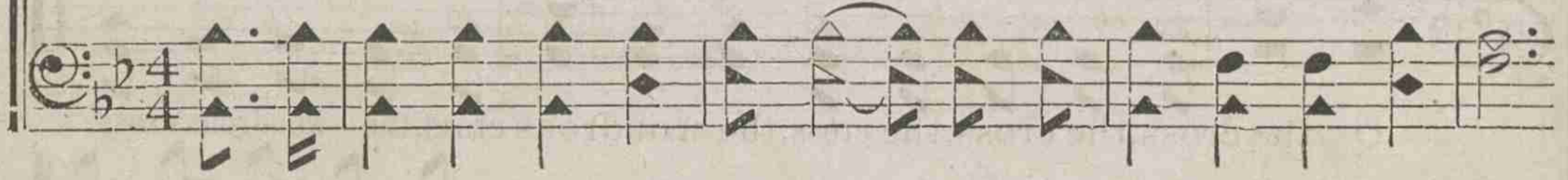
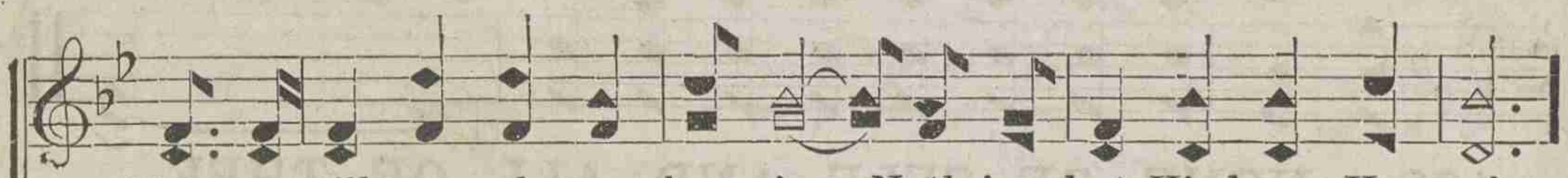
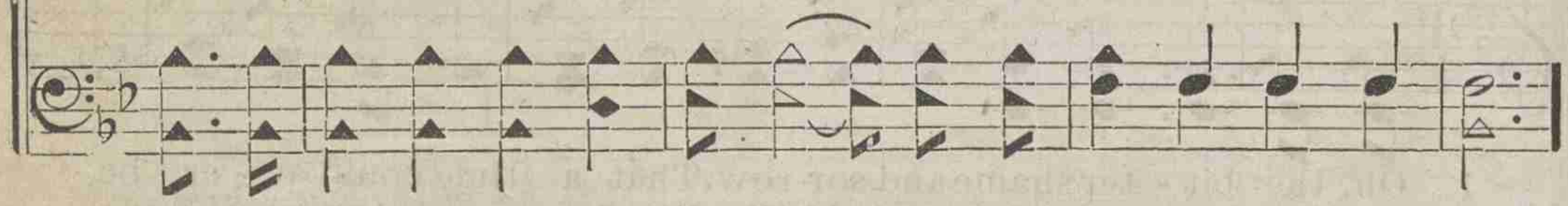
104. ENDEAVOR BENEDICTION SONG.

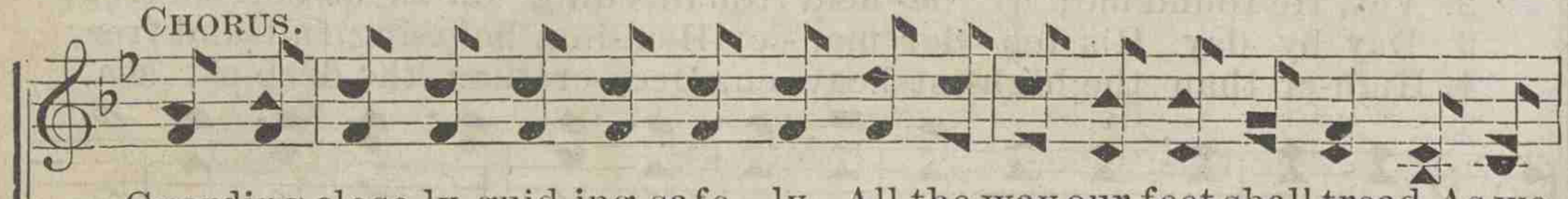
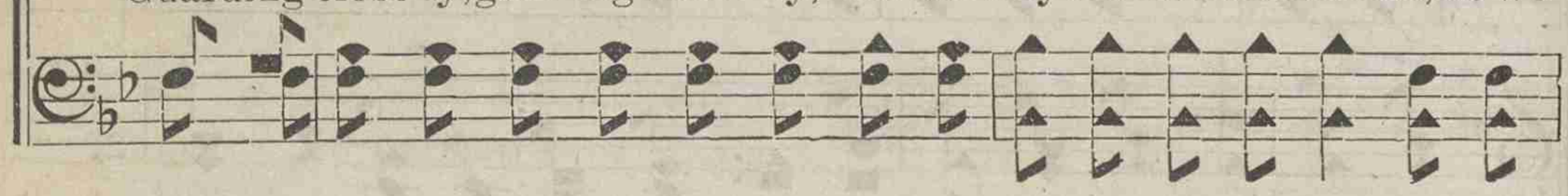
"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—Gen. 31: 49.

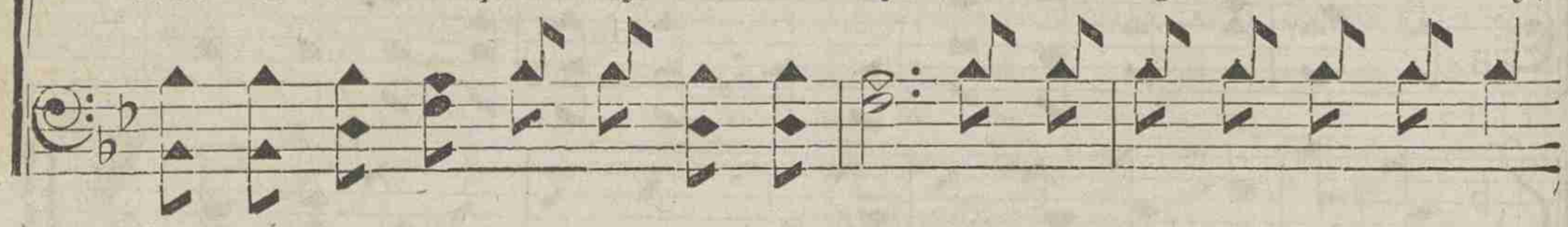
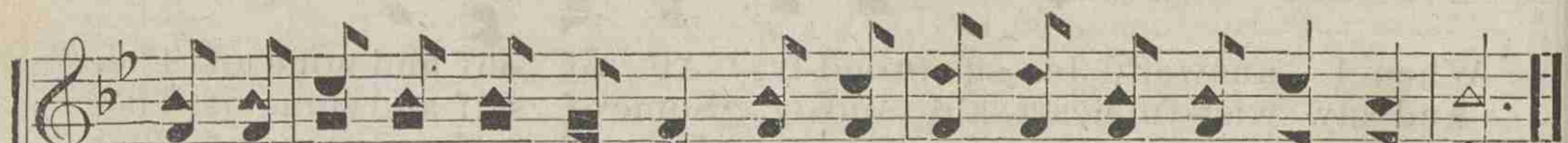
IDA A. HIGBIE. REV. D. E. DORTCH.

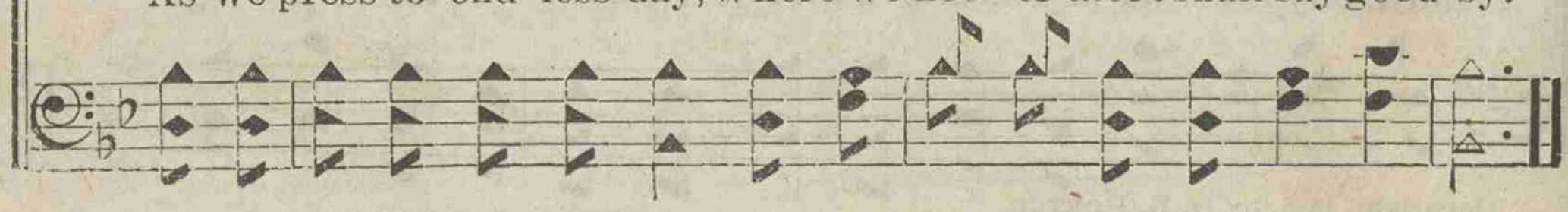
1. O'er us, friends, His watch-care keep-ing, Ten-der-ly the Fa-ther bends;
2. How it grieves Him when to prove us, Sore af-flic-tion He doth send;
3. O the bless-ed, bless-ed watch-care, Which in love He gives so free;
4. Then, O joy, the bless-ed meet-ing, On that gold-en, gladsome shore;



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 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.

1. Noth-ing but leaves! the spir - it grieves O'er years of wast - ed life;
2. Noth-ing but leaves! no gathered sheaves Of life's fair rip-'ning grain;
3. Noth-ing but leaves! sad mem -'ry weaves No veil to hide the past;
4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas - ter meet, And bring but with-ered leaves?

O'er sins in-dulged while con-science slept, O'er vows and prom - is - es un - kept, And reap from years of strife Noth-ing but leaves.
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds, Words, i - dle words, for earn -est deeds, Then reap with toil and pain Noth-ing but leaves.
And as we trace our wea - ry way, And count each lost and mis-spent day We sad - ly find at last Noth-ing but leaves.
Ah, who shall at the Sav - iour's feet, Be - fore the aw - ful judgment seat Lay down for gol - den sheaves Noth-ing but leaves.

CHORUS.

Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves To show at the judgment seat;
Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves To lay at the Mas-ter's feet.

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

:S:

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.

D.S.

REFRAIN.

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.

1. I have read of a beauti-ful cit - y, Far a - way in the kingdom of God;
2. I have read of bright mansions in Heaven, Which the Sav-iour has gone to pre - pare;
3. I have read of white robes for the righteous, Of bright crowns which the glori - fied wear,
4. I have read of a Christ so forgiv-ing, That vile sinners may ask and re - ceive

I have read how its walls are of jas-per, How its streets are all golden and broad.
And the saints who on earth have been faithful, Rest for - ever with Christ o - ver there;
When our Father shall bid them "Come en-ter, And My glo-ry e-ter - nal - ly share;"
Peace and pardon from ev- 'ry transgression, If when asking they on-ly be - lieve.

In the midst of the street is life's riv-er, Clear as crystal and pure to be - hold;
There no sin ev-er en-ters, nor sorrow, The in-hab - itants nev-er grow old;
How the righteous are ev-ermore blessed As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold;
I have read how He 'll guide and protect us, If for safe-ty we en - ter His fold;

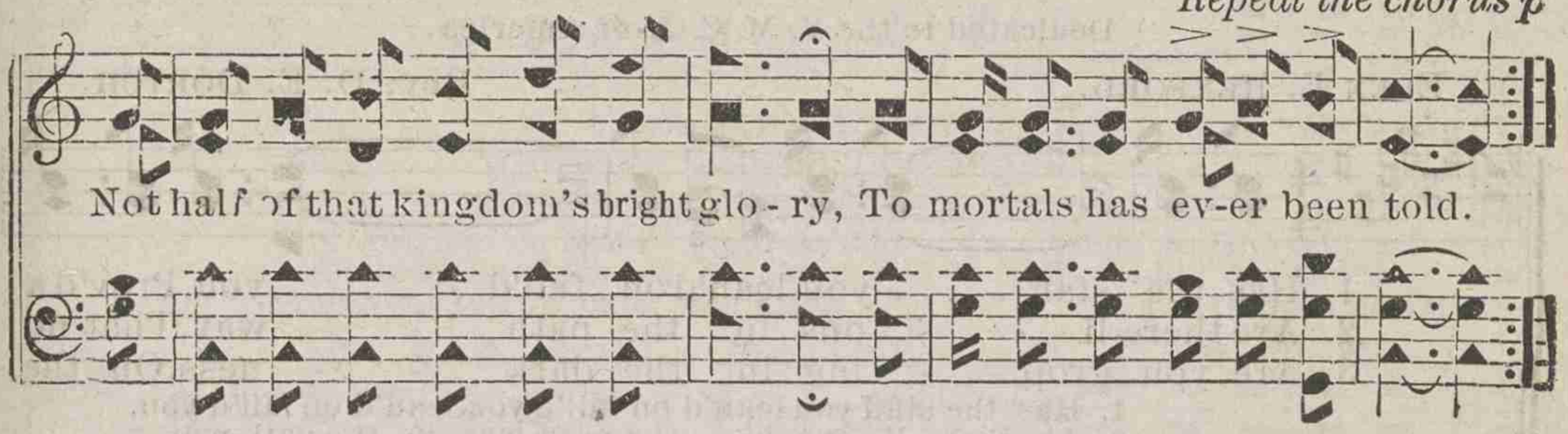
But not half of that cit - y's bright glo-ry To mortals has ev-er been told.
But not half of the joys that a - wait them To mortals has ev-er been told.
But not half of the wonder- ful sto - ry To mortals has ev-er been told.
But not half of His good-ness and mer-cy To mortals has ev-er been told.

CHORUS.

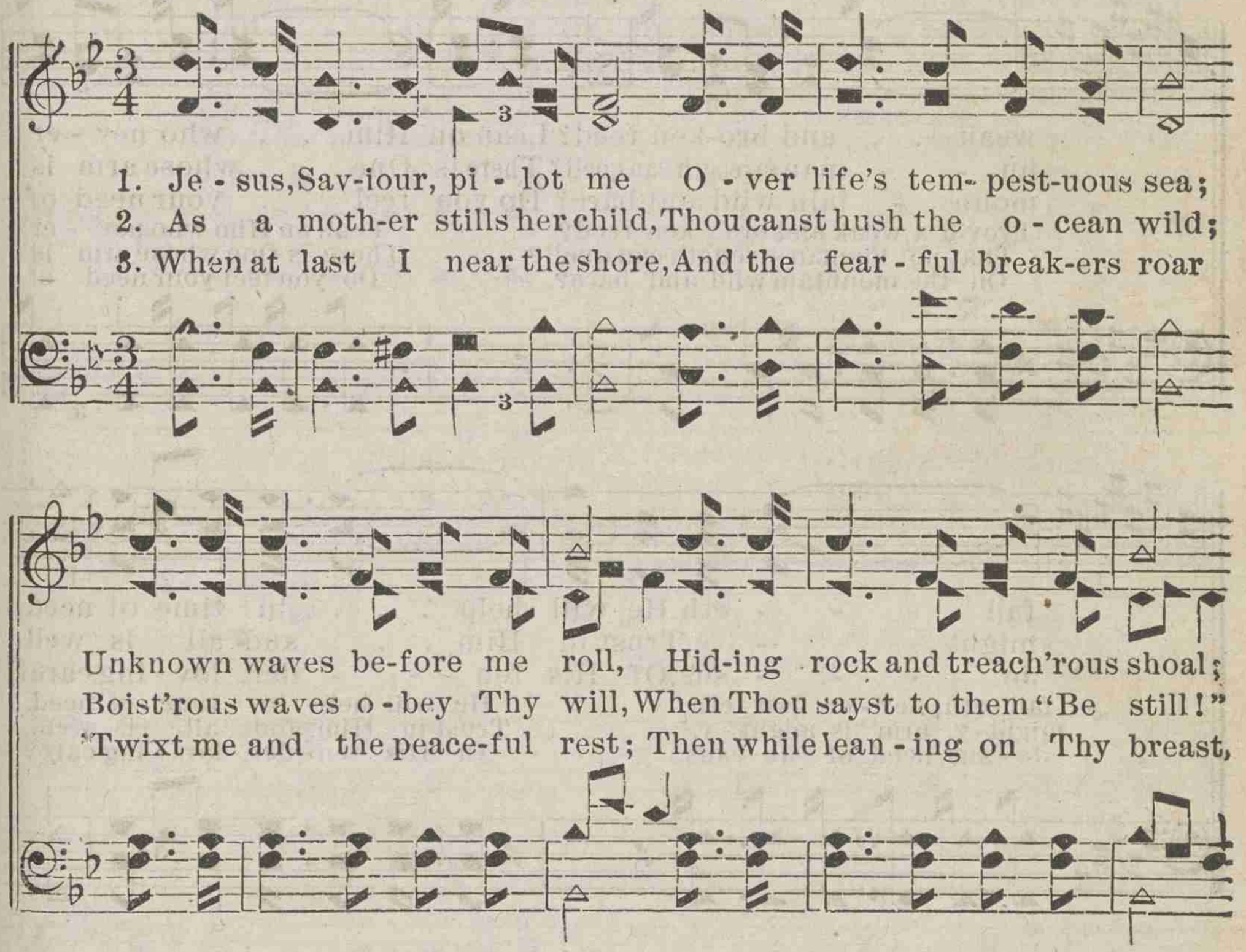
Not half has ev-er been told, . . Not half has ev-er been told; . .
been told, been told;

Used by permission of the author.

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.

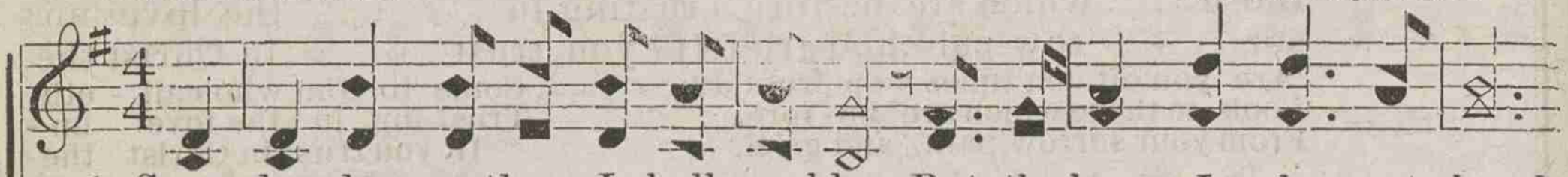
Trust it all to Him, my brother,
Trust it all . . . . to Him, my broth - - - er, Who has
Who has promised He will hear When His chil . - dren
prom - ised He will hear When His chil-dren

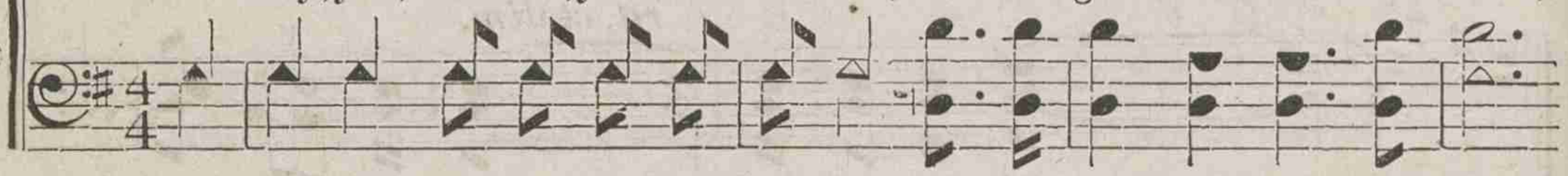
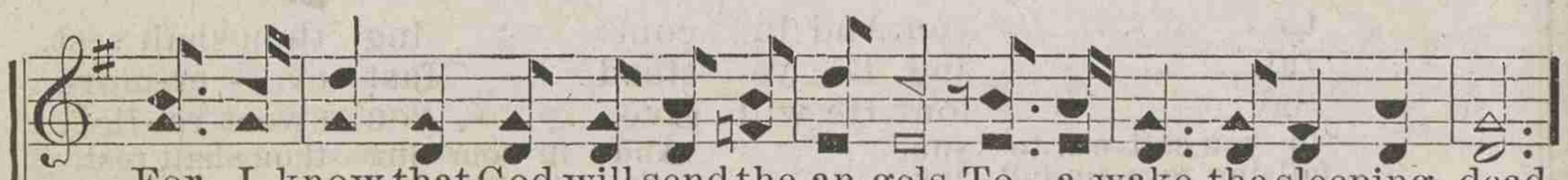
rit. et dim.

call up - on . . . Him. He will an - swer nev - er fear.
call up - on Him. He will an-swer nev - er fear.

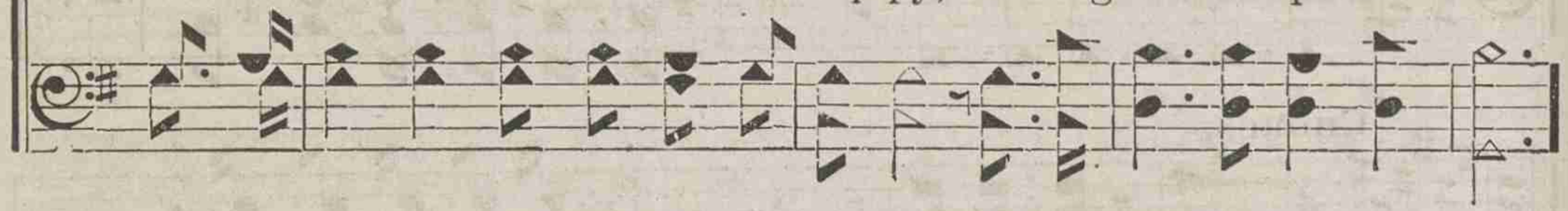
111. SOME DAY.

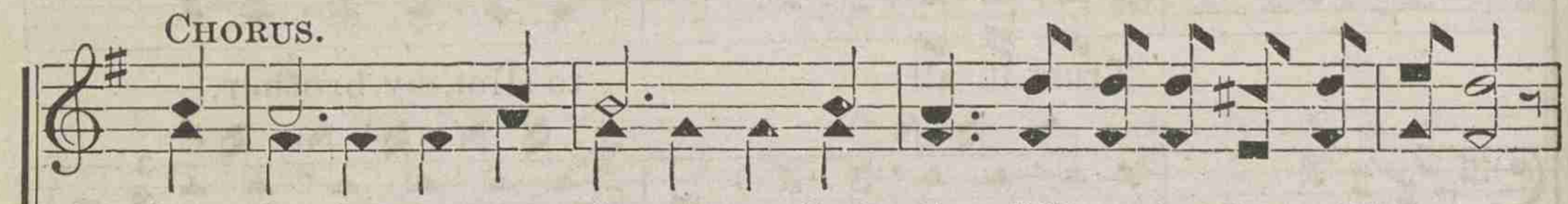
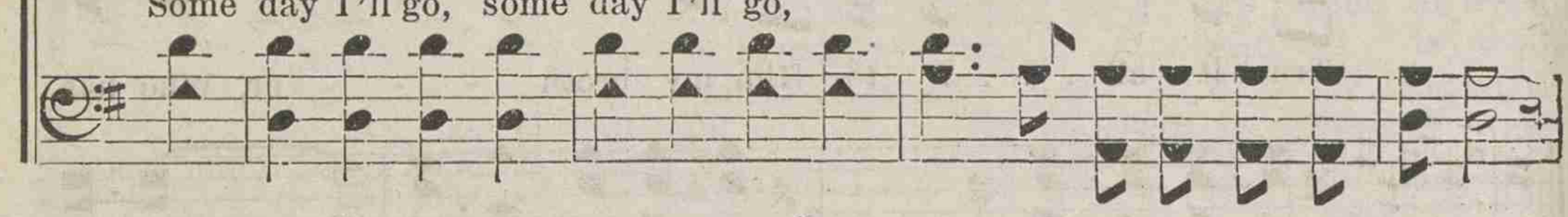
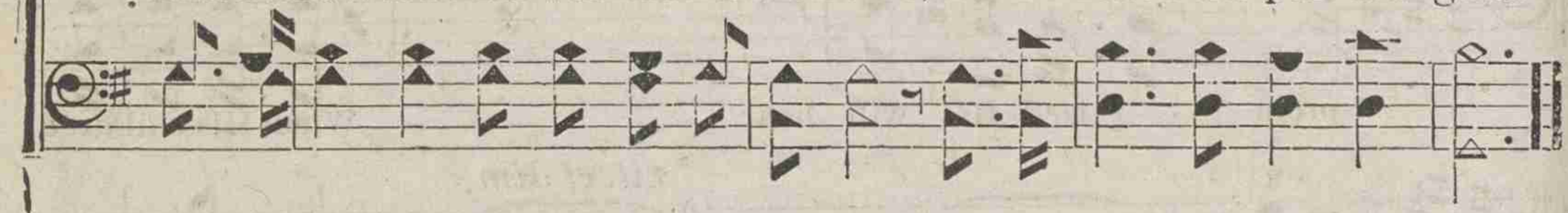
One day last summer, while lying on the bed, seriously meditating on the future, and at the same time looking at his little bare feet and hands, Little Bliss said to his mother: "Mamma, some day these little feet and these little hands will moulder into dust, but it won't hurt me." Last March, the 29th 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.

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Dortch's Gospel Voices No. 2.

By D. E. DORTCH.

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112. ON CALVARY.

"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree."—1 Peter 2: 24.

Dr. J. H. WILLIAMS. D. E. DORTCH.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

113. HE TOUCHED ME.

(This song was composed by a convert of the Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, and is sung there every night.)

THOMAS SULLIVAN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. To the feet of my Saviour in trembling and fear, A pen - i - tent
2. I knew not the ten-der com-pas-sion of love That Je - sus my
3. My grace is suf - fi-cient, I heard His sweet voice, O, come and find
4. Oh! come, my dear broth-er, He's wait-ing for you, Your sin-burdened

sin-ner I came; He saw me and lov-ing - ly bade me draw near, All
Saviour had shown; Tho' bur-dened with grief His dear hand brought re-lief, He
rest for your soul; From sin you to save, My life free - ly I gave, I
heart to con - sole. Your wea - ry head rest on His dear, lov-ing breast, He

CHORUS.

rit.

glo - ry and praise to His name. . . . He touched me and thus made me
healed me and called me His own. . . .
died, that you might be made whole. . .
suffered and died for your soul. . . .

name, to His name.
own, me His own.
whole, be made whole.
soul, for your soul.

whole, Bringing com-fort and rest to my soul; Oh! glad, hap - py

rit.

day, all my sin's roll'd a-way, For He touched me and thus made me whole.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

114. THE SAVIOUR FOR ME.

"God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Rom. 5: 8.

MRS. JAS. D. CONKLING.
CRYSTAL RUN, N. Y.

D. E. DORTCH.

SOLO.

1. The Saviour who saw from His home in the sky, That from sin we should nev- er be free, And loved us so well that He came down to die, This,
2. The Saviour who left all the glo-ries of heav'n, And died a vile death on the tree, That to us a bright crown and white robes might be giv'n, This,
3. The Saviour who loved all the lit - tle ones so, And said as they pressed to His knee, "Let them come unto me; suffer not one to go," This,
4. The Saviour who feels ev - 'ry sor-row we bear, And asks us His children to be, That safe He may keep us in His lov-ing care, This,
5. The Saviour who wants us to trust in His love, And there we His glo- ry shall see, Will guide us and guard us and take us a-bove, This,

REFRAIN.

this is the Saviour for me! . . The Saviour for me, the Saviour for me, This, this is the Sav-iour for me! He loved us so well that He came down to die, This, this is the Sav-iour for me!

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

115. HAVE YOU TRIED TO WIN HIM BACK?

"He which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death."—James 5: 20.

W. M. S. WILL MITT SHIELDS.

1. Do you know a brother wand'ring from the fold, Hast'ning on a
2. Do you know a brother ask - ing of the world Pleas-ure where there's
3. Do you know a brother whom the heav - y cares Of a mis-spent

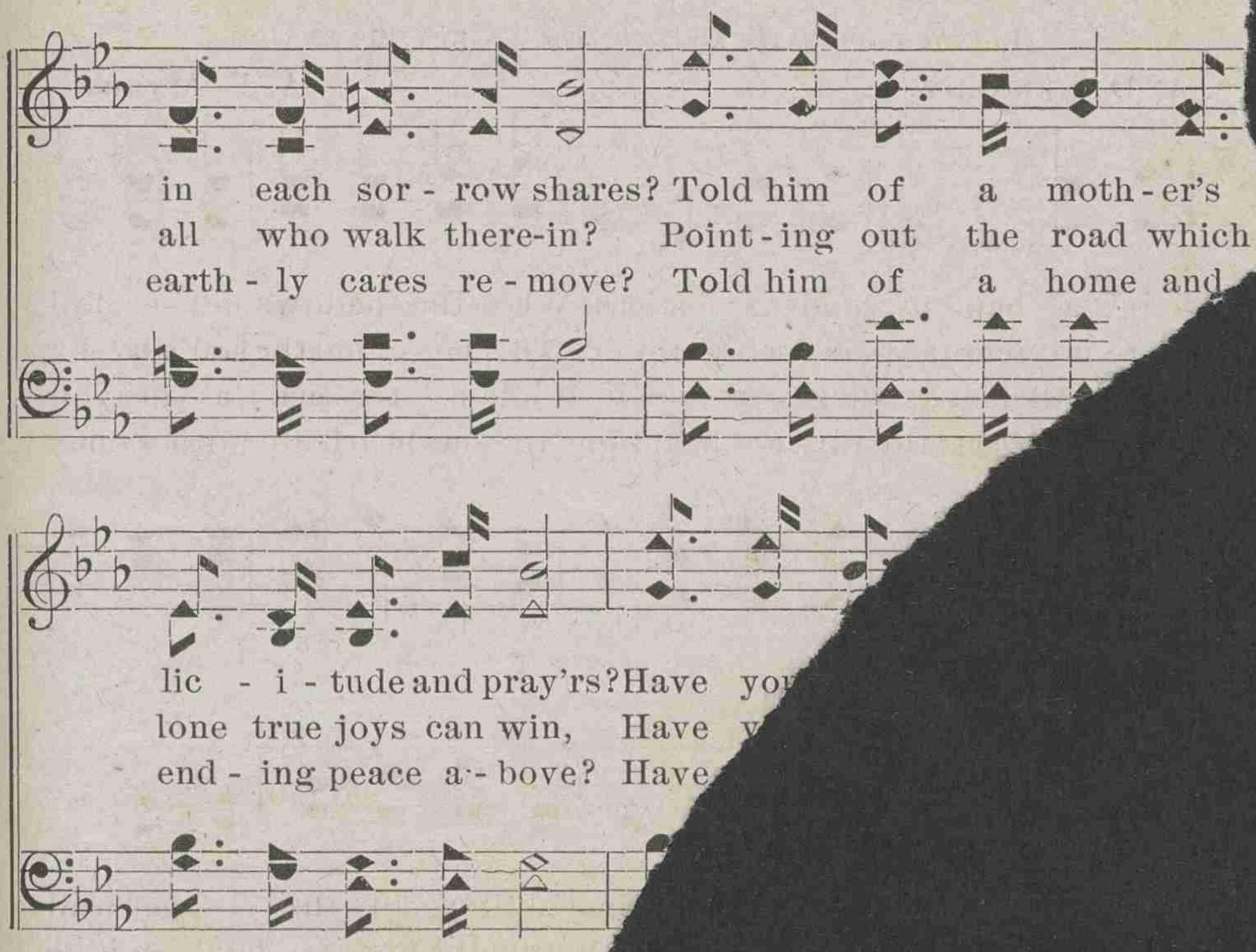
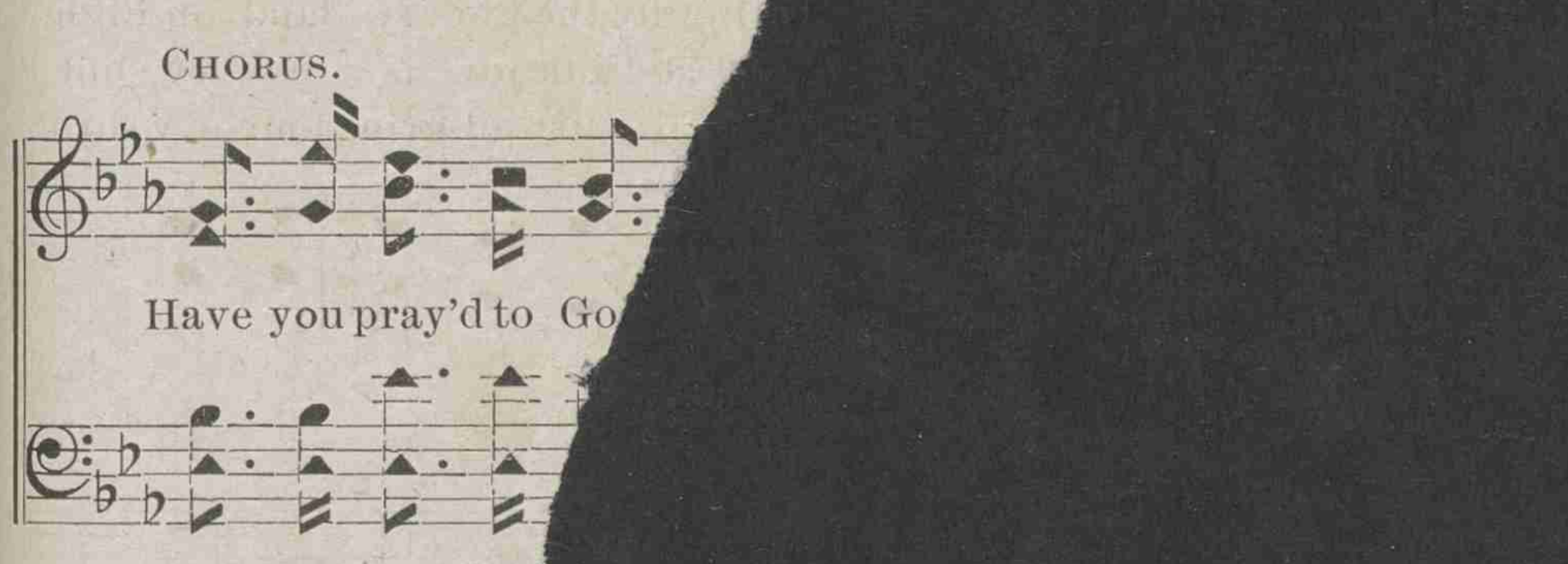
downward track, Where the way is drear - y, des - o - late, and cold?
wo - ful lack? Seek-ing it in vain 'neath Sa-tan's flag un-furl'd,
life - time rack? Whom you may re-claim with sym-pa-thy and pray'rs,

Have you tried to win him back? Have you ev - er told him that the
Have you tried to win him back? Have you ev - er told him of the
Have you tried to win him back? Have you ev - er told him of the

Heav'n-ly Fa - ther cares? Told him how the lov - ing Sav - iour
woes in paths of sin? Told him of the shame and death for
Saviour's ten - der love? Told him how our trust in Him will

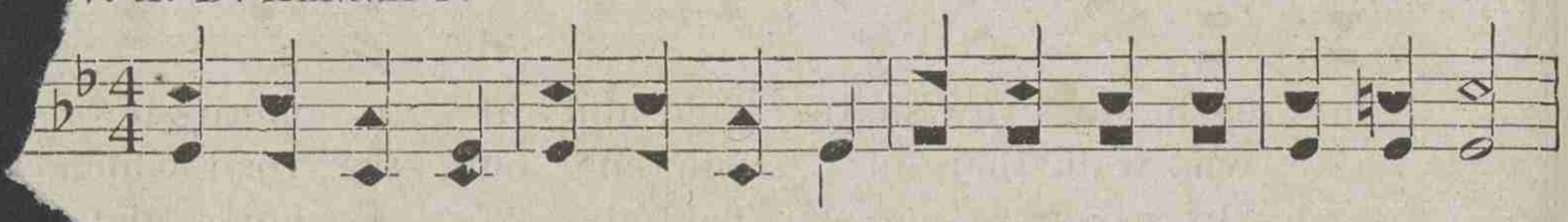
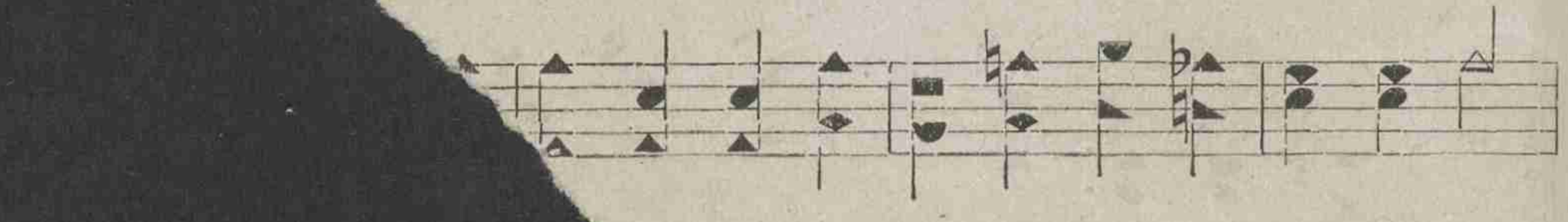
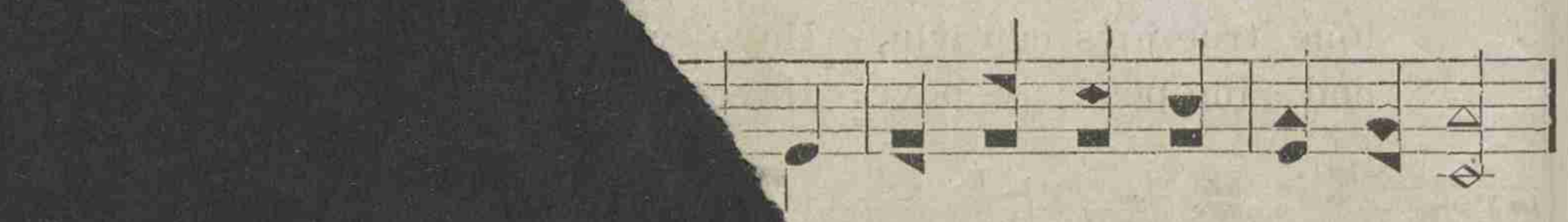
Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

HAVE YOU TRIED TO WIN HIM BACK?



6. HEAVENLY SUNSHINE.

"*And the Lamb is the light thereof.*" — Rev. 21 : 23.

ev. A. D. KENNEDY. A. F. MYERS.

here's a hap - py land of sun-shine Where the shadows nev - er fall,
re no tem-pests ev - er gath - er To be - cloud the heav'n-ly sky,
all nev - er there o'er-take us While e - ter - nal a - ges roll—
light! thy rays are beam-ing In our hearts by faith a - new;

ns, Gild-ing all the jas - per walls.
Lights the glo - ry land on high.
Filled with joy is ev -' ry soul.
ll our pil-grim jour-ney thro'.

ld-en by and by,

e be-yond the sky.

117. WRESTLING JACOB.

"I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me."—Gen. 32: 26.

Rev. W. T. Dale. Wm. Russell.

1. I'll cling to Thee, my dear - est Lord, Nor will I let Thee go;
2. I'll wres-tle all the night with Thee, Un - til the dawning day;
3. Lord, give me prev - o - lence in pray'r, In-crease my faith in Thee;
4. But dost Thou ask me for my name, My name, Thou, Lord, dost know;
5. I know Thy name, Thy name is Lord, Now while my spir - it pleads,

For Thou hast promised in Thy word, A bless-ing to be - stow.
Till Thou shalt hear and an - swer me, I'll wait, and watch, and pray.
O, break the bands of sin and care, And set my Spir - it free.
My sin and mis - er - y pro-claim My wretch-ed-ness and woe.
O let Thy ten - der pit - y move, For Je - sus in - ter - cedes.

Chorus.

I'll cling to Thee, I'll cling . . to Thee,
I'll cling to Thee, I'll cling to Thee, O Lord, I'll cling, I'll cling to Thee,

I'll cling to Thee, My dearest Lord, I'll cling to Thee (to Thee.)
I'll cling to Thee, I'll cling to Thee, O Lord, I'll cling to Thee, (to Thee.)

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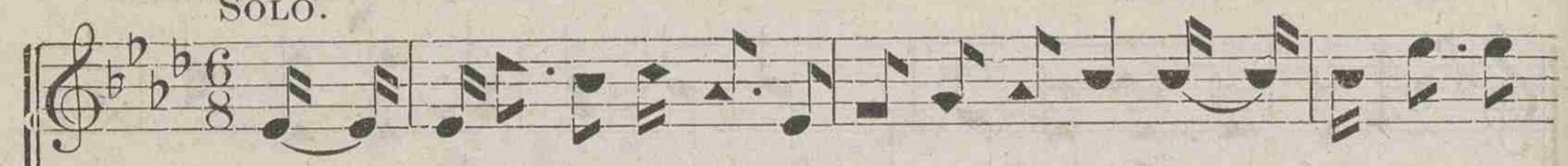
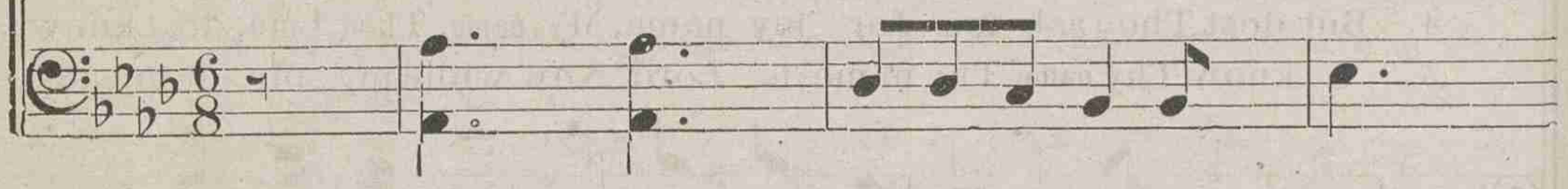
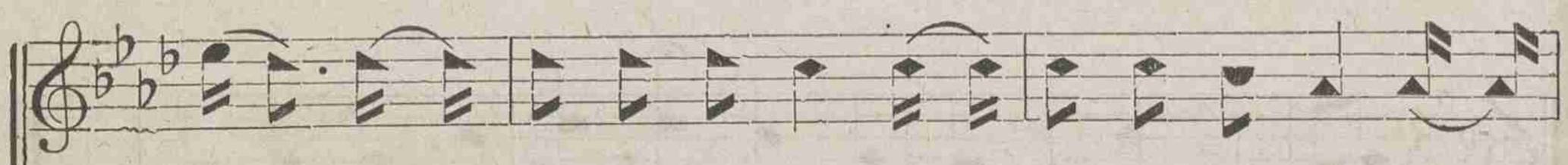
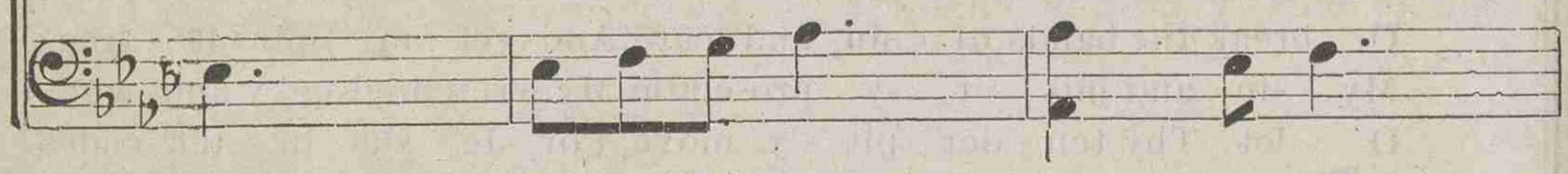
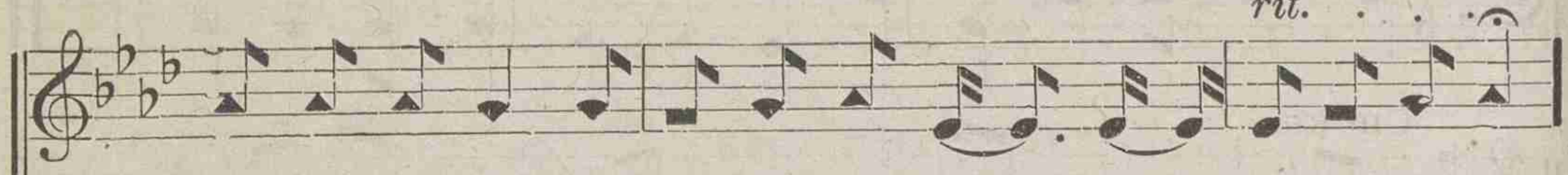
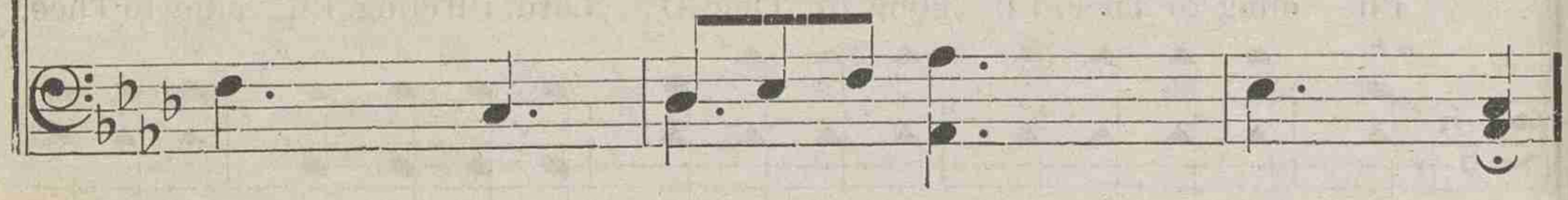
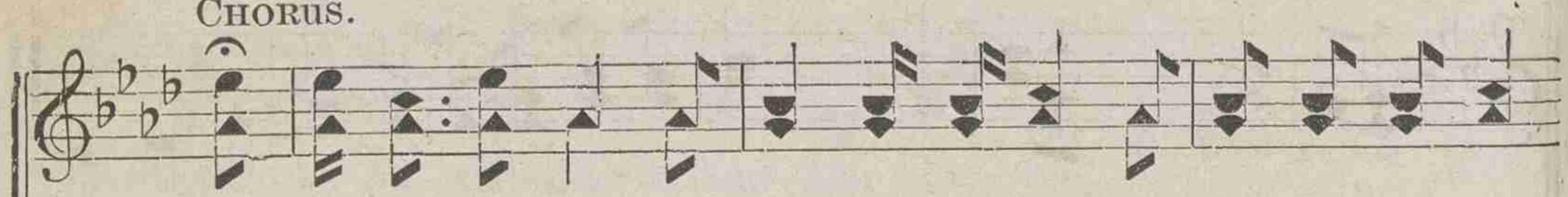
118. BEWARE.

"*Because there is wrath, beware lest he take thee away with his stroke.*" — Jobe 36: 18.

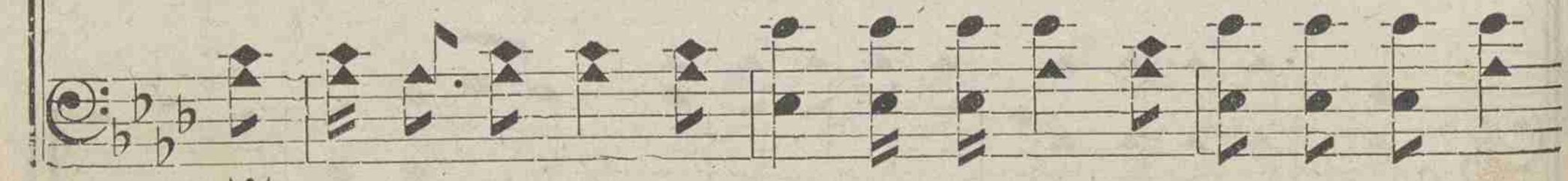
Rev. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.

SOLO.

1. An ech-o, a whisper is heard in the air, A warn-ing to
2. From the chamber of sickness enshroud-ed with gloom, From the val-ley of
3. From the regions of darkness, of woe and despair, A warning re-



mortals, "O sin-ner, be-ware!" 'Tis the Spir-it of God that is
death, from the depths of the tomb, There is-sues a voice that re-
echoes, "O sin-ner, be-ware!" The Spir-it of God is

striv-ing with thee, And bids thee from wrath and per-di-tion to flee.
sounds in thy ear, "O sin-ner, be-ware! thy de-parture is near."
striv-ing with thee; While yet there is par-don, from dan-ger now flee.

CHORUS.



O sin-ner, be-ware, give heed to the voice That bids thee re-pent



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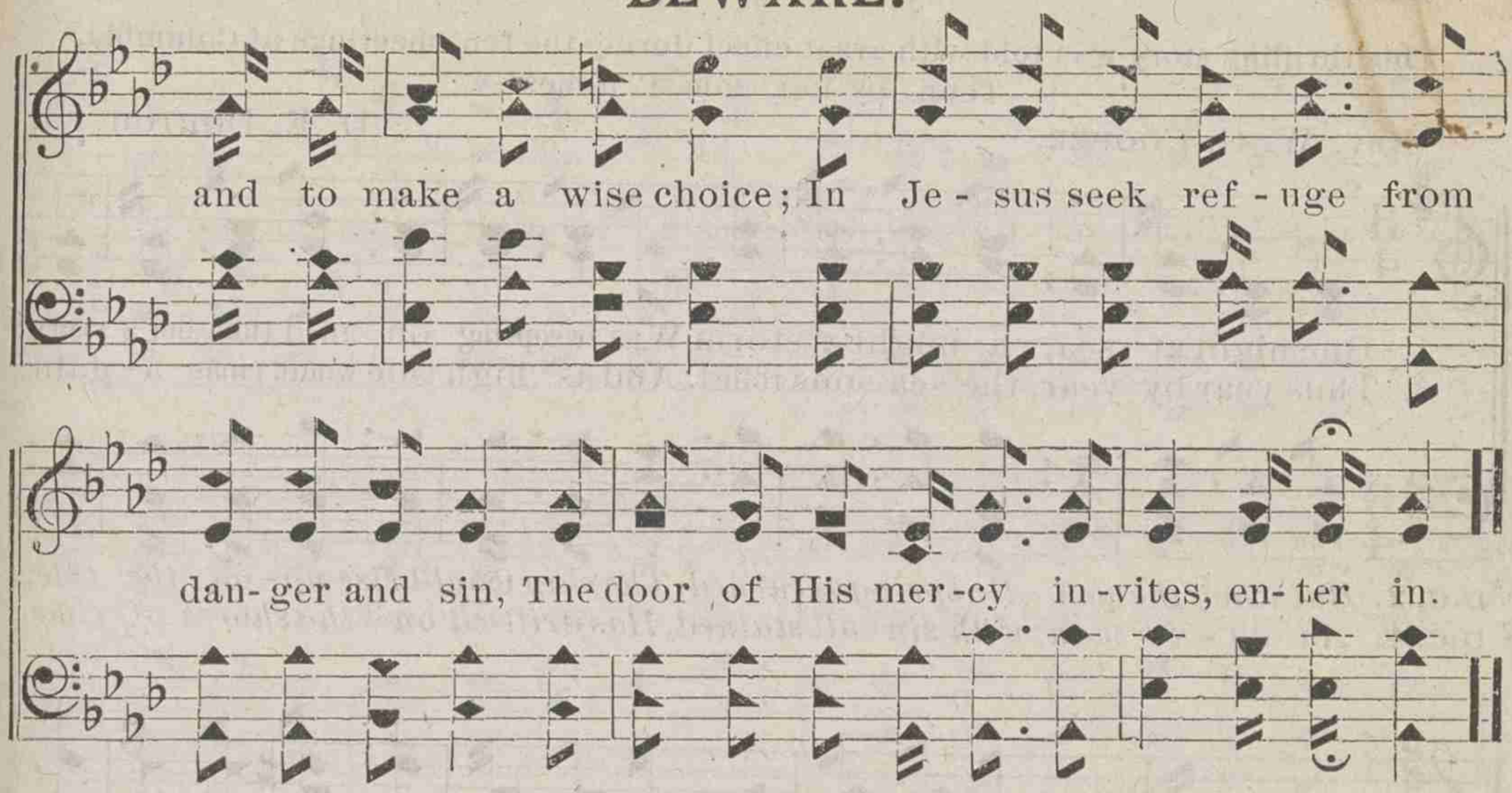
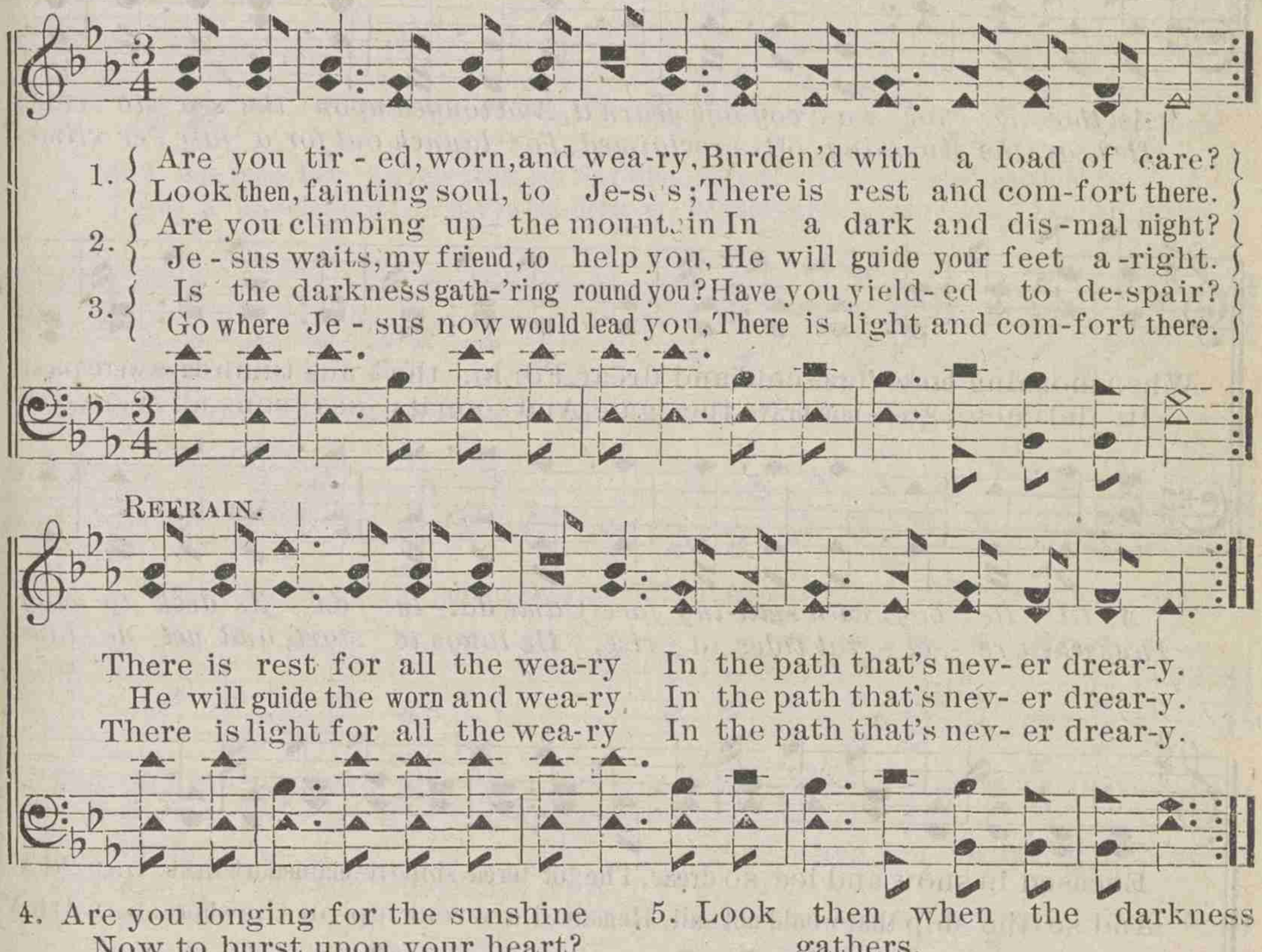
BEWARE.



119. THE PATH THAT'S NEVER DREARY.

"*The path of the just is as the shining light.*" — Prov. 4: 18.

J. N. GOMER. LUCIUS LUTTRELL.



4. Are you longing for the sunshine
Now to burst upon your heart?
Go and ask, believing Jesus;
He will peace and joy impart.

REF.—There is peace for all the weary
In the path that's never dreary.

5. Look then when the darkness gathers,
When life's billows round you roll,
To the Saviour who is willing
To support your sinking soul.

REF.—There is strength for all the weary
In the path that's never dreary.

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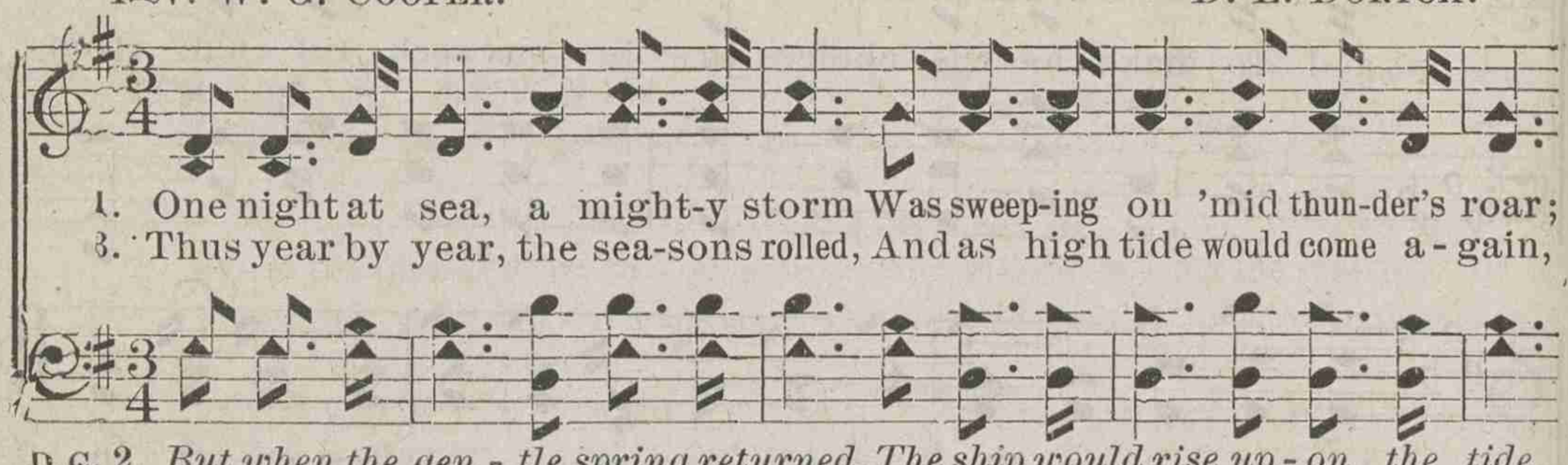
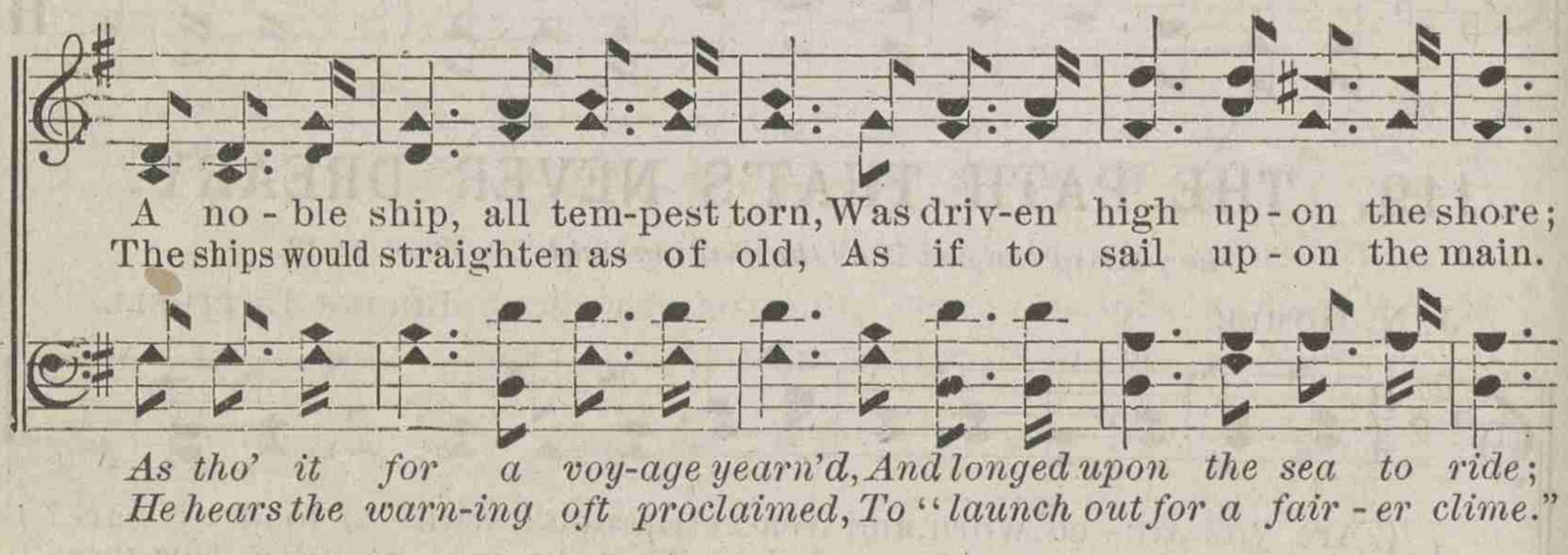
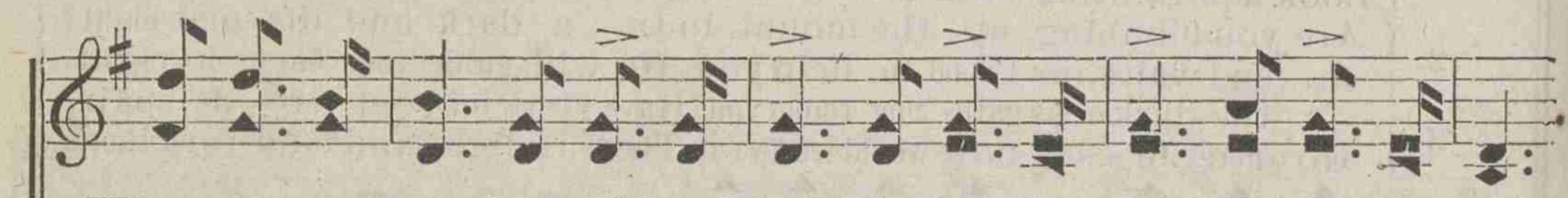
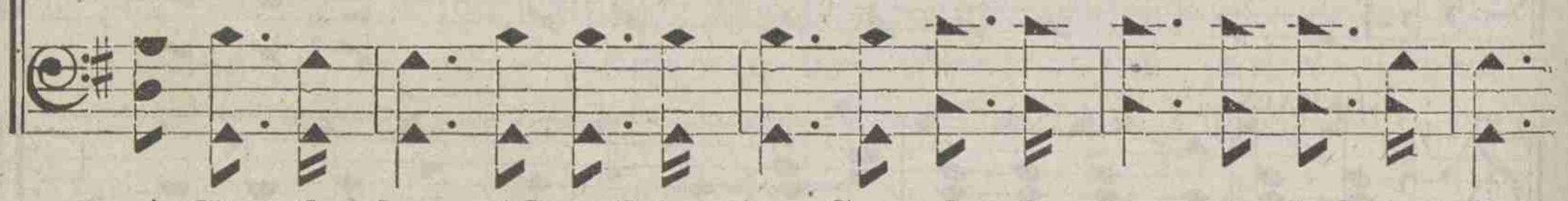
120. THE OLD SHIP.

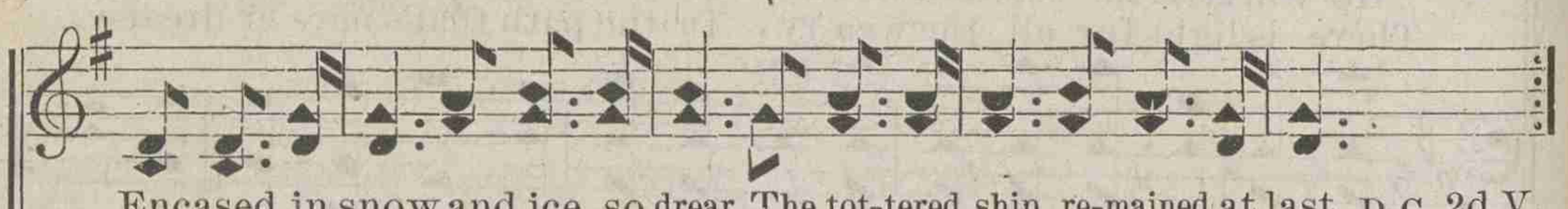
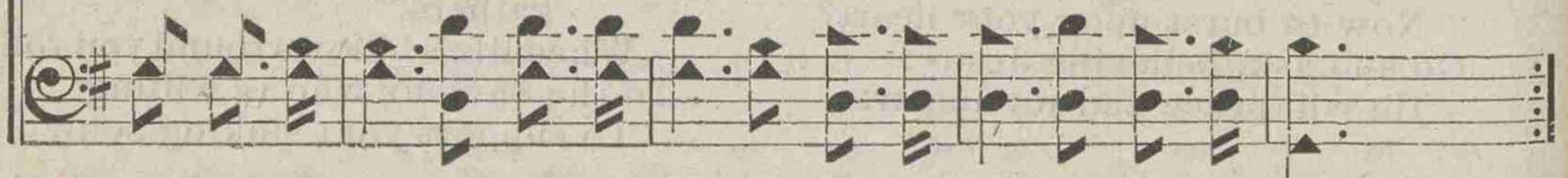
This thrilling story was told with great effect during the tent meetings at Columbia, Tenn., by Rev. Sam. P. Jones.

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

1. One night at sea, a might-y storm Was sweep-ing on 'mid thun-der's roar;
3. Thus year by year, the sea-sons rolled, And as high tide would come a-gain,

D.C. 2. *But when the gen-tle spring returned, The ship would rise up-on the tide,*
D.C. 4. *An ag-ed man, with sin all stained, Has drift-ed on the shores of time;*

A no-ble ship, all tem-pest torn, Was driv-en high up-on the shore;
The ships would straighten as of old, As if to sail up-on the main.

As tho' it for a voy-age yearn'd, And longed upon the sea to ride;
He hears the warn-ing oft proclaimed, To "launch out for a fair-er clime."

When morning broke 'twas cold and drear, For lo, the au-tumn days were past;
It did not go—nor brave the gale, And soon its sea-sons all were o'er;



A lit-tle boy with smil-ing face Came dai-ly on its deck to play;
Thus when re-vi-val tides a-rise, He longs to start, and yet de-lays;

Encased in snow and ice so drear, The tot-tered ship re-mained at last. D.C. 2d V.
And so the ship that would not sail, Remained a wreck up-on the shore. D.C. 4th V.

And when high tide came on a-pace, He to the ves-sel then would say, Cho.
The oft re-peat-ed sea-son flies, A wreck, he falls, and thus decays. Cho.

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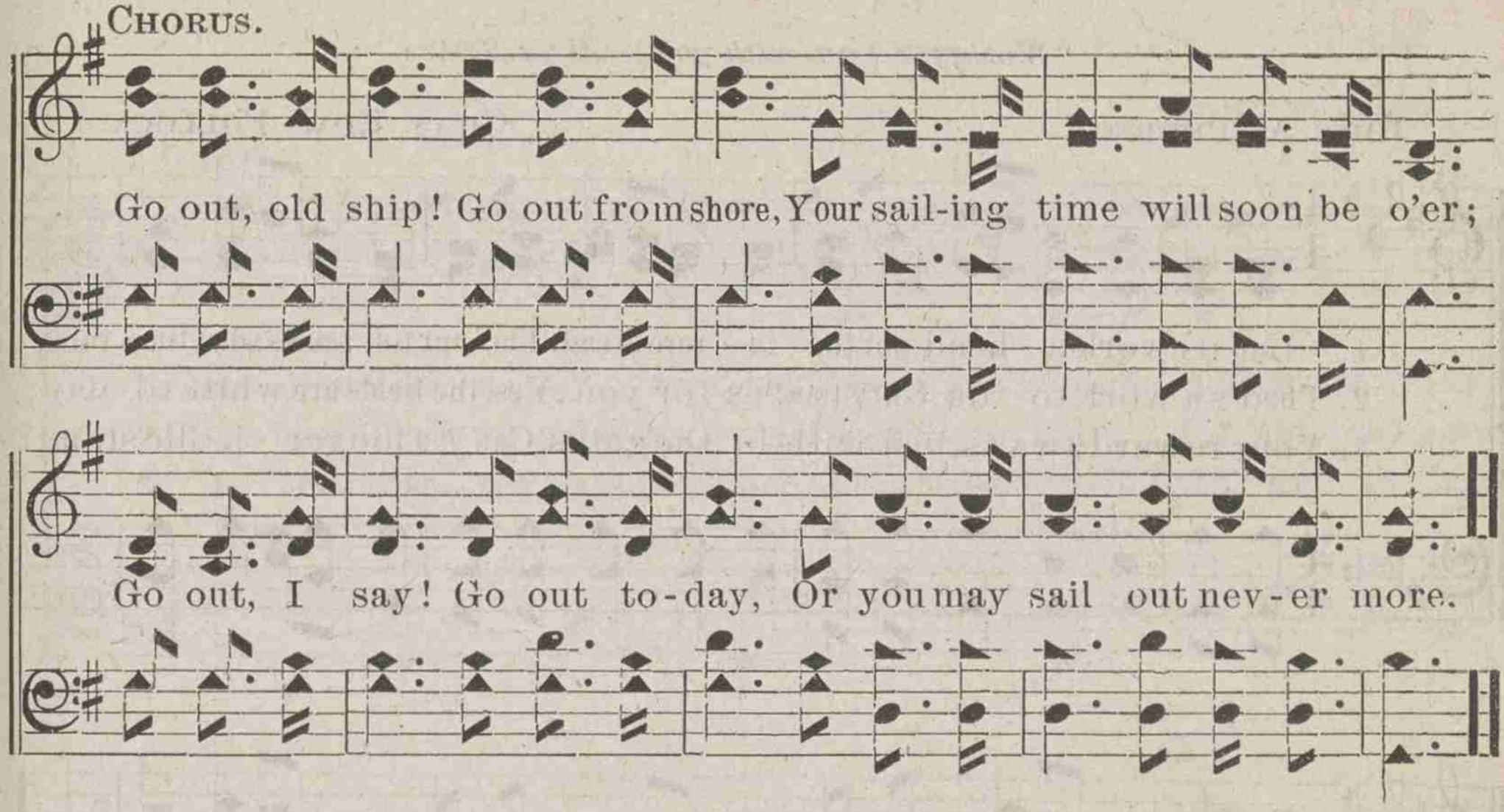
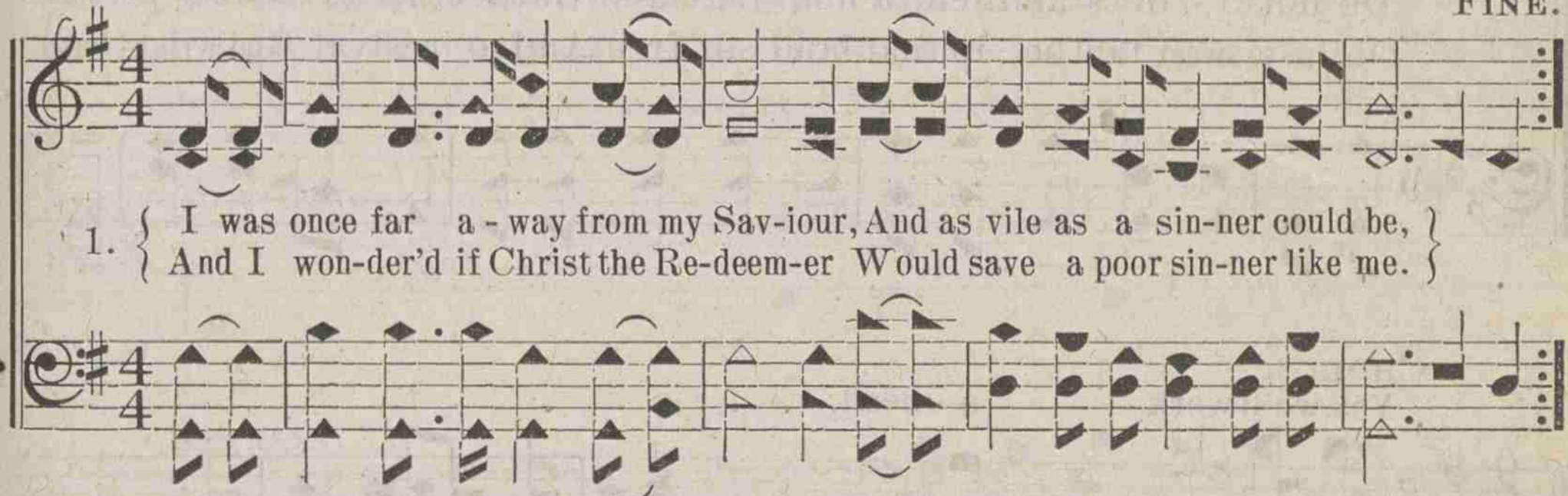
THE OLD SHIP.

121. A POOR SINNER LIKE ME.

"Ye who were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." — Eph. 2: 13.

CHAS. I. BUTLER, Alt. W. T. DALE, by per.

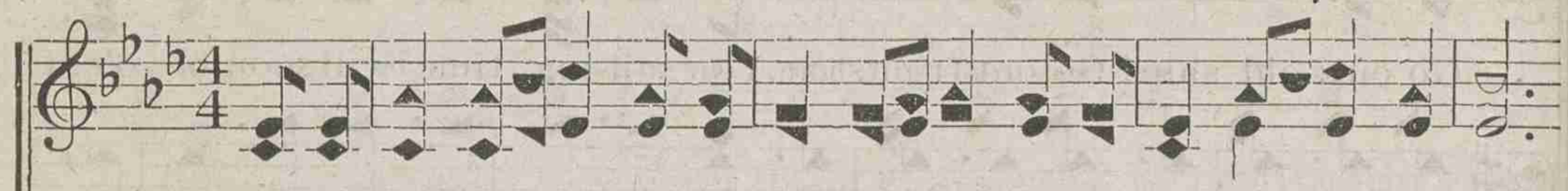
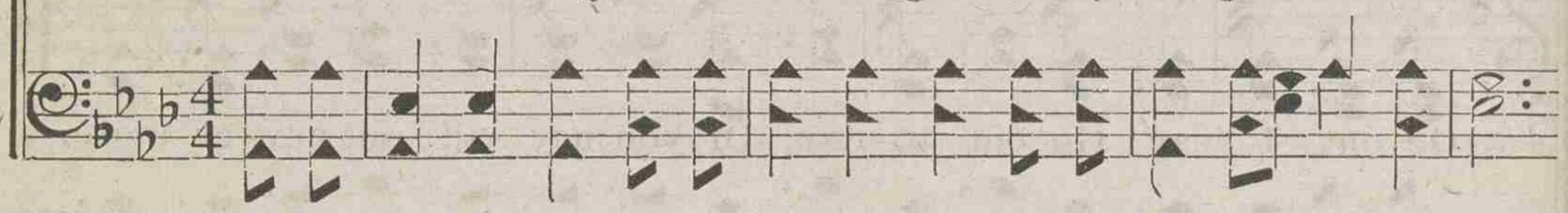
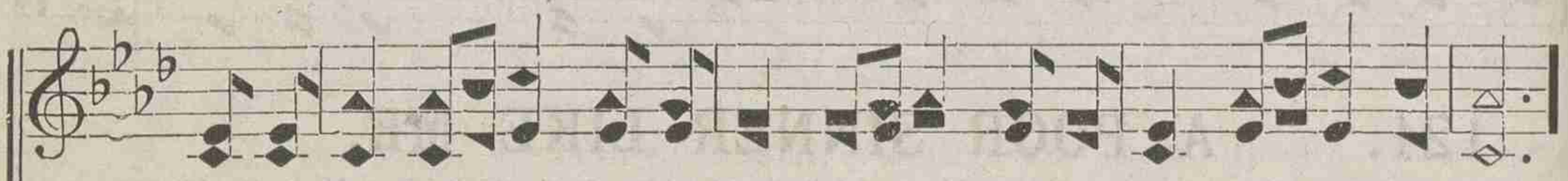


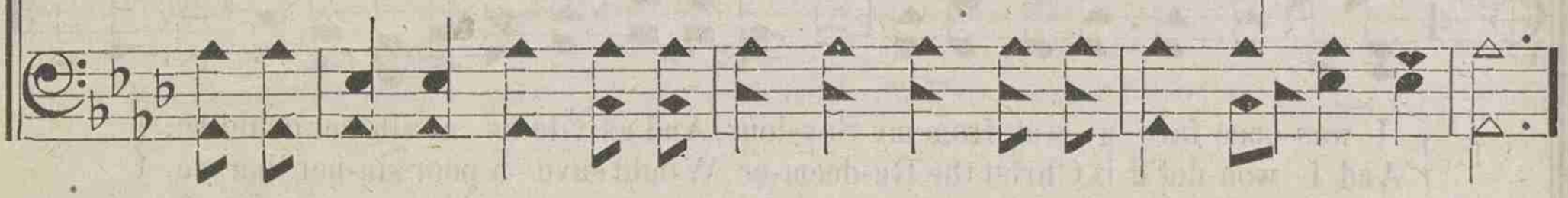
2 But oh! in that sad lonely moment
A sweet voice gently whispered to me,
Saying, "Christ the Redeemer hath power
To redeem a poor sinner like thee."
I listened, and lo, 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
And I cried, "I'm the chief of poor sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me."

3 Fully then I did trust in the Saviour,
And then, oh! what joy came to me;
And my heart then was filled with His praises,
For He saved a poor sinner like me.
No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

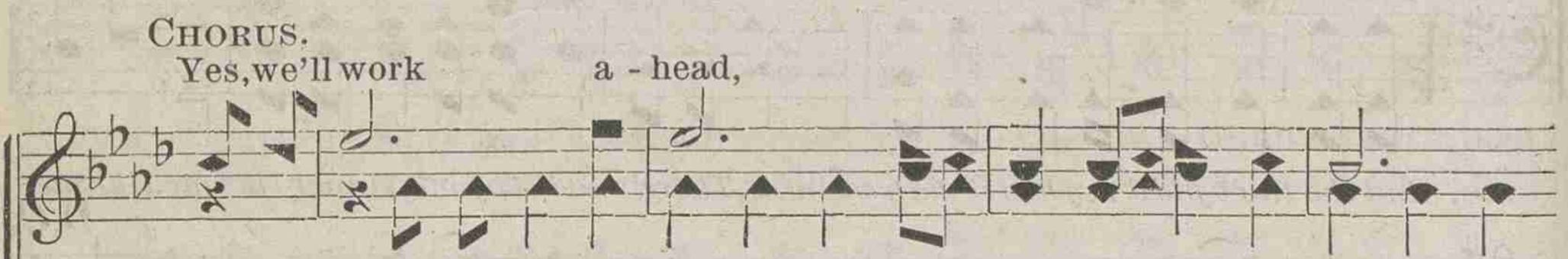
122. LET US WORK AHEAD.

"Work, for I am with you."—HAG. 2: 4.

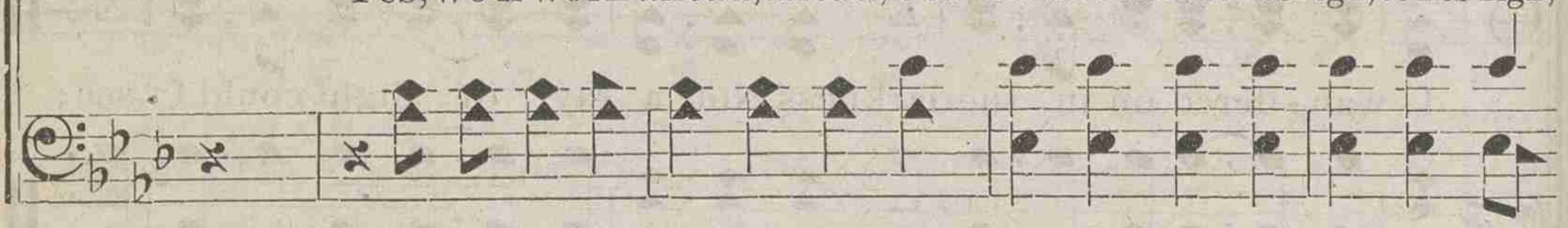
JOHN MCPHERSON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Let us work a - head, nor the fu - ture dread. Tho' our toil seems sometime vain;
2. There's a work to do, Christian, 'tis for you; Yes, the fields are white to - day;
3. Your reward awaits, just with-in the gates, Can you longer i - dle stand?



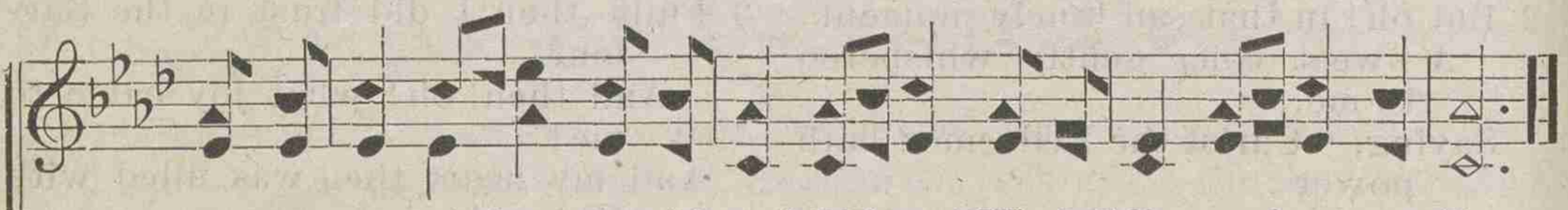
We may hear a voice making souls re-joice, If we trust in Je-sus' name.
Do not i - dle stand, lend a help-ing hand, Gather sheaves while now you may.
Oh, how sweet 'twill be in that land so free, And to rest at God's right hand.

CHORUS.

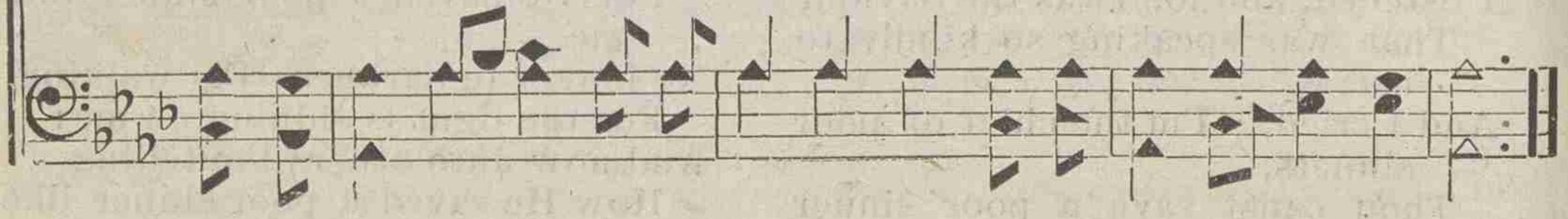
Yes, we'll work a - head,



Yes, we'll work ahead, ahead, For heaven's morn comes nigh, comes nigh,



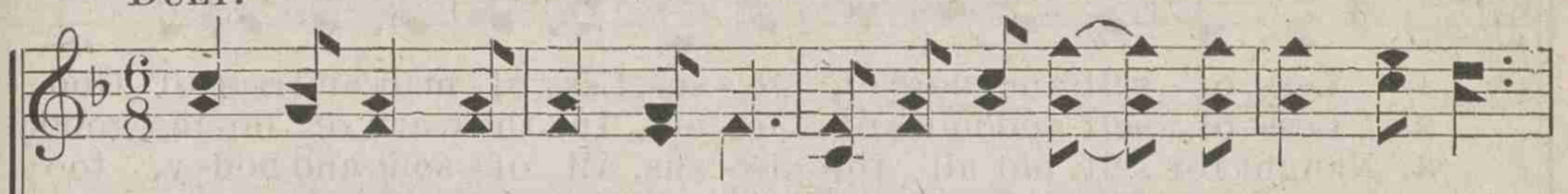
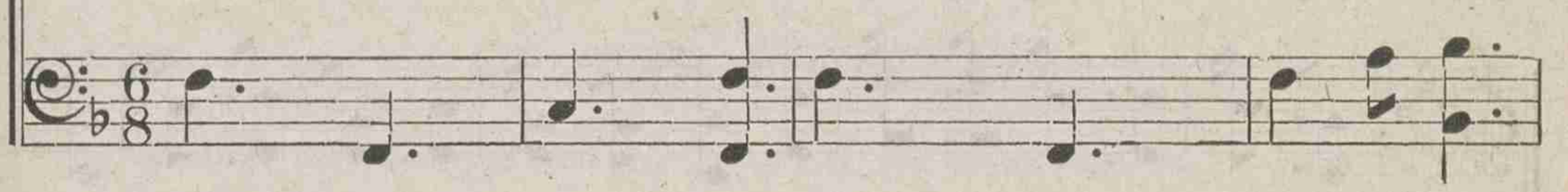
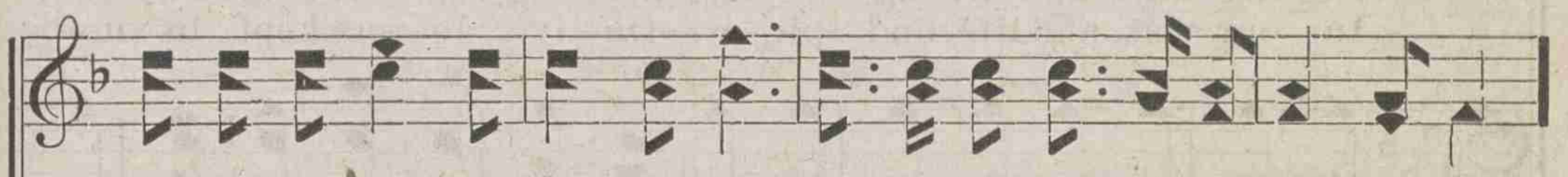
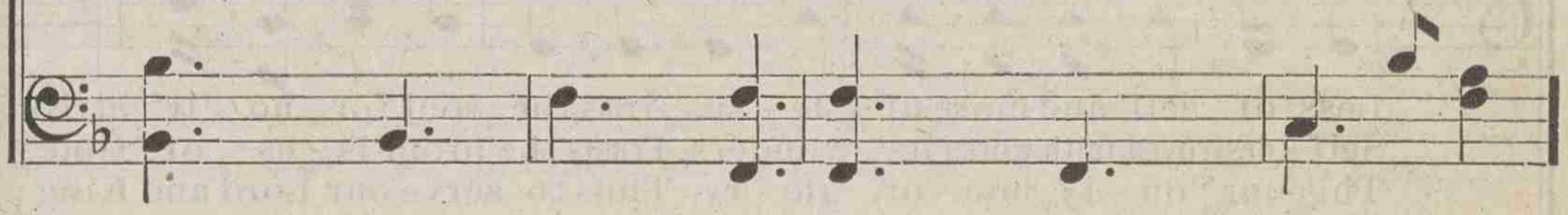


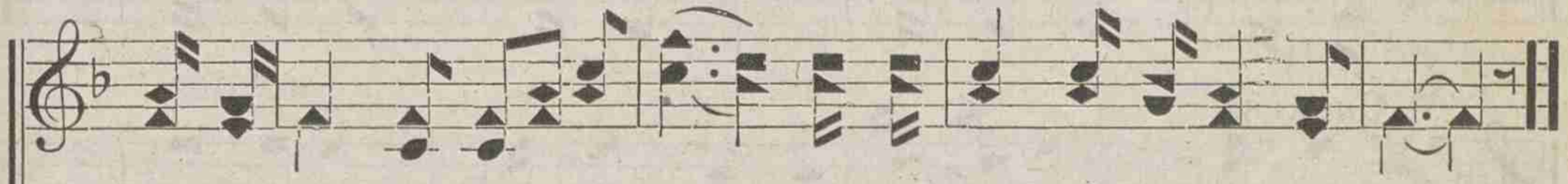
Where we'll rest at last, when this earth life's past, We shall live and nev-er die.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

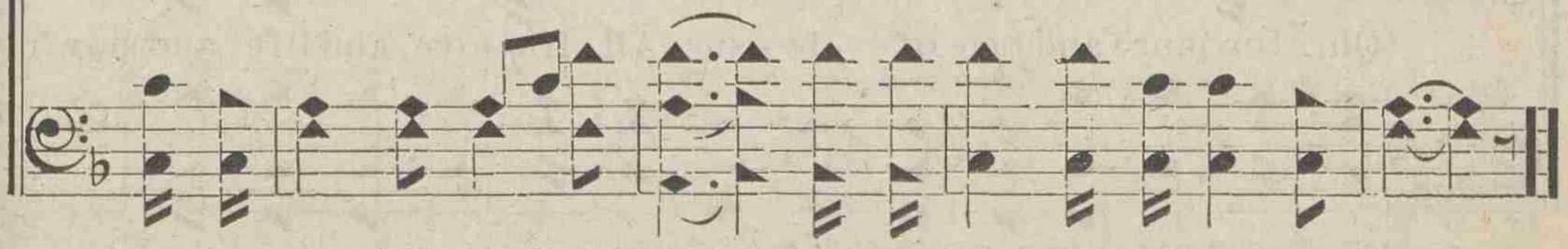
123. LIKE A BIRD.

"Flee as a bird to your mountain."—Ps. 77: 1.

D. E Dortch.

Duet.

1. Sav - iour, like a bird, to Thee, Weary and wounded my soul would flee;
2. Sav-iour, Thou my grief hast borne, Thou hast a balm for hearts that mourn;
3. I was lost—till found by Thee; Thine, blessed Saviour, the glo - ry be;

Oh, let me fold my wings and rest Peacefully, ten - der-ly, on Thy breast.
One gen-tle word, and I shall rest Hopeful-ly, lov - ing-ly, on Thy breast.
Glad-ly I fold my wings and rest Lov-ing-ly, ten - der-ly, on Thy breast.

Refrain.

Like a bird let me fly to Thee, In Thine arms kindly shel - ter me;

Then my soul no more shall roam Far a - way, far a-way from home.



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124. MORE OF JESUS.

Rev. H. B. BEEGLE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Less of self and more of Je - sus, Less of man and more of God;
2. Less of self and more of Je - sus, In the work of do-ing good;
3. Naught for self, but all for Je - sus, All of soul and bod-y, too;

Dead to sel- fish pains and pleasures Serv-ing on - ly Christ the Lord.
Help-ing saints and sav-ing sin-ners, Build-ing up the church of God.
In our work, and life, and spir - it, On - ly Je - sus kept in view.

Less of self and more of Je - sus, Arms the soul for ho - ly strife;
Self - destroyed faith works its wonders, Trusts the prom-is - es of God,
This our du - ty, hon - or, glo - ry, Thus to serve our Lord and King;

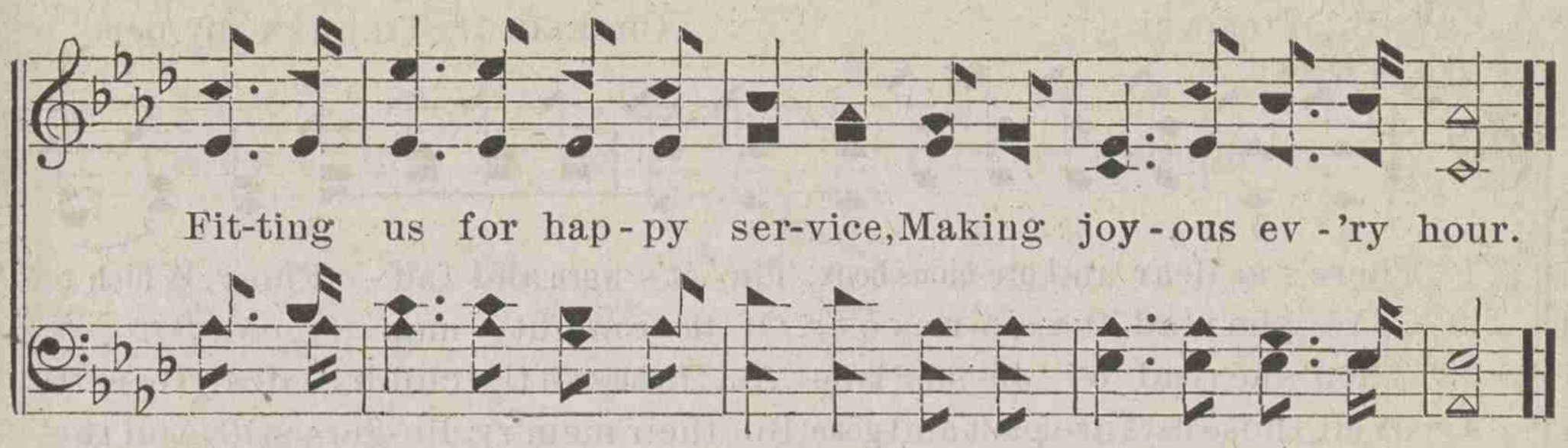
Wak-ens zeal and strengthens purpose, Sweetens la - bor, brightens life.
Claims the sin - ner as the purchase Of the dear Re-deemer's blood.
Find-ing here our high-est pleas-ure, As we love and ser-vice bring.

CHORUS.

Oh, for more and more of Je - sus, All His love, and life, and pow'r;

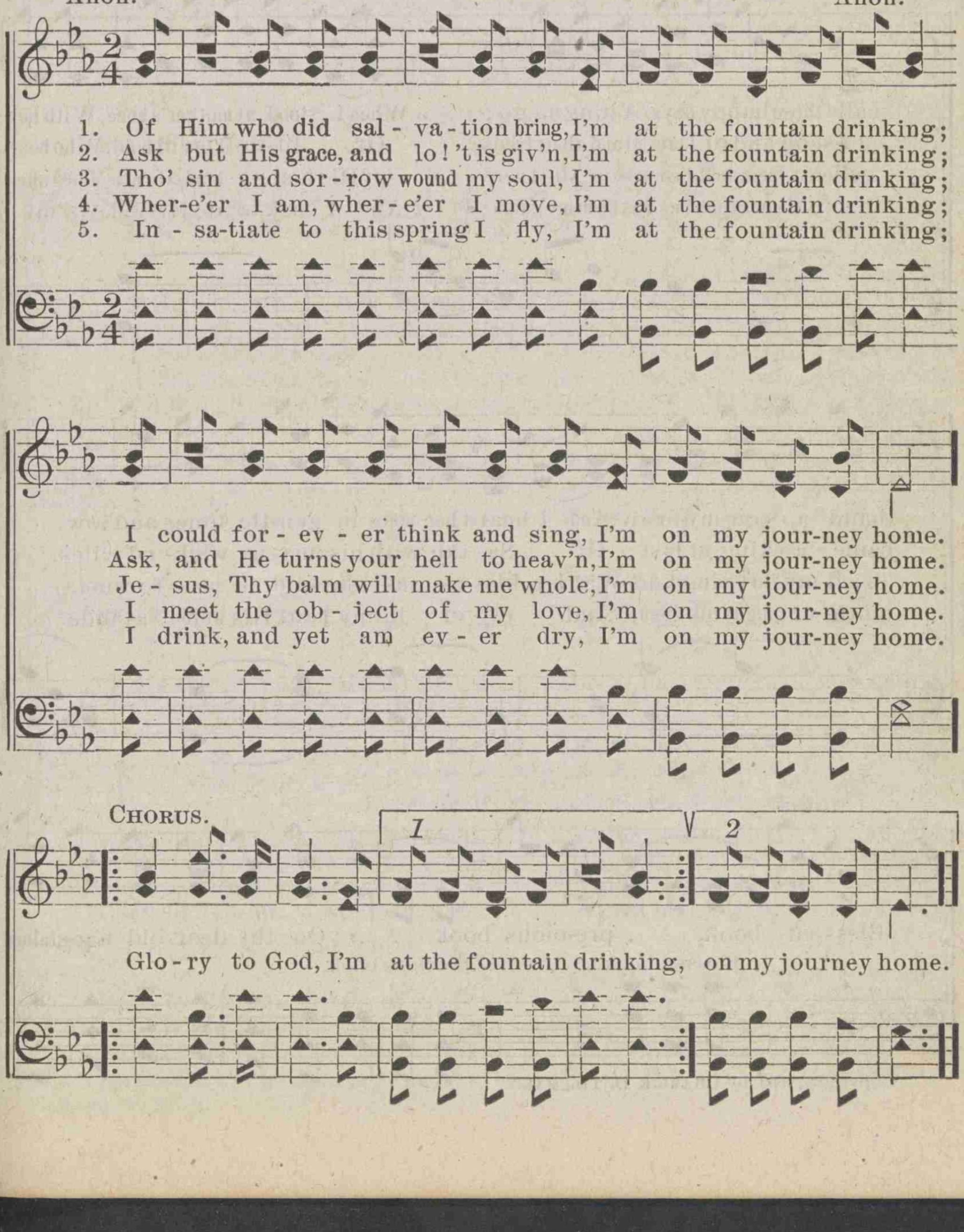
Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

MORE OF JESUS.



125. AT THE FOUNTAIN.

"There shall be a fountain opened, . . . for sin, and for uncleanness." —Zech. 13: 1.

Anon. Anon.

126. MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

W. B. WILLIAMS. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, by per.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and pre-cious book, Tho' it's worn and fad - ed now, Which re -
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those mighty men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je- sus' love, As He blessed the children dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lin-gers still, And the

calls those happy days of long a - go;
Jo-seph and of Dan-iel and their trials;
suffered, bled, and died up-on the tree;
dear old book each day has been my guide;

When I stood at mother's knee, With her
Of lit-tle David bold, Who be -
Of His heav-y load of care, Then she
And I seek to do His will, As my

hand up - on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen-tle tones and low.
came a king at last; Of Sa- tan with his ma- ny wick- ed wiles.
dried my flow-ing tears With her kiss-es as she said it was for me.
moth- er taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words a- bide.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed book, . . pre-cious book, . . On thy dear old tear-stained

Blessed book. precious book,

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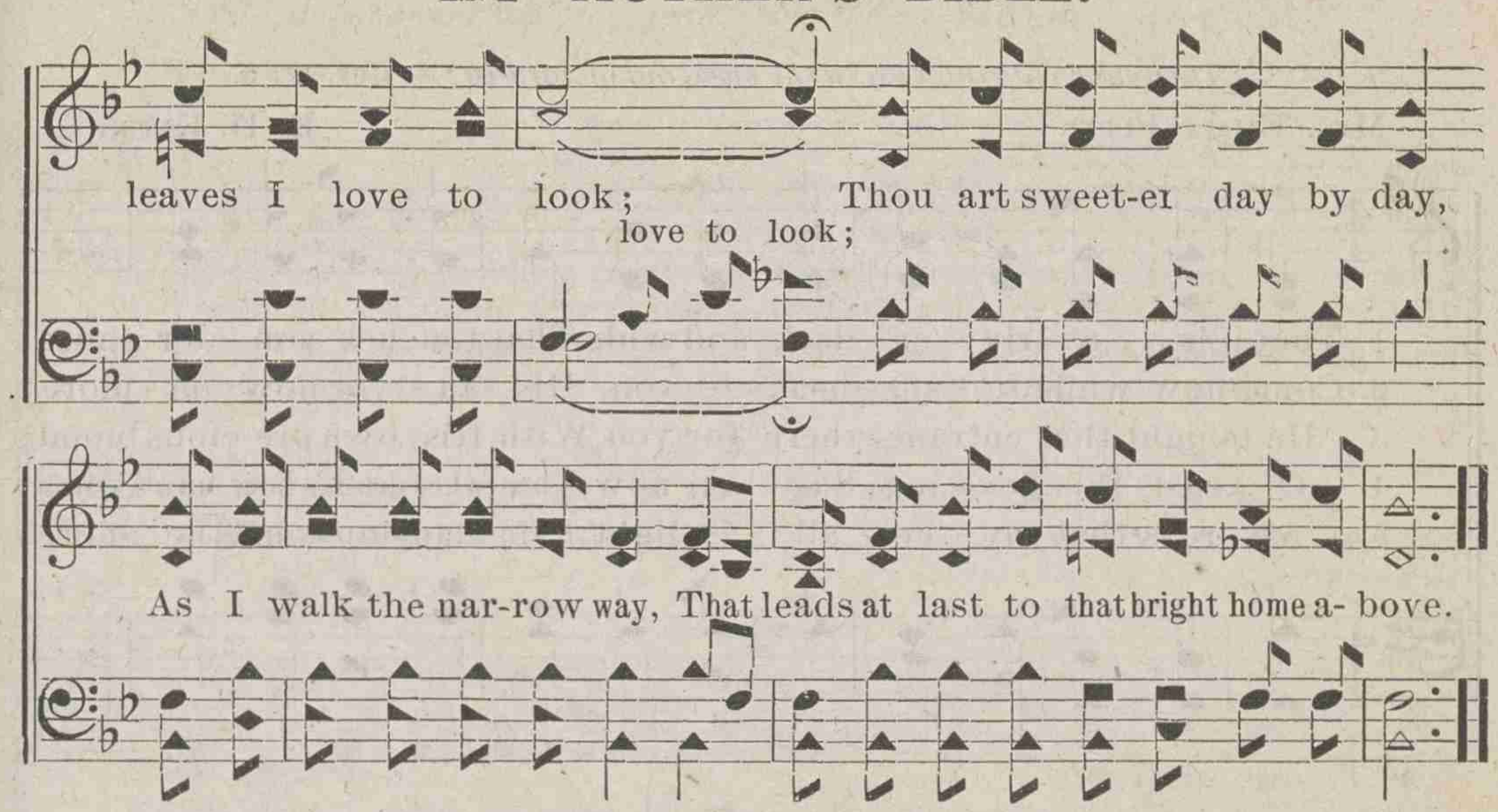
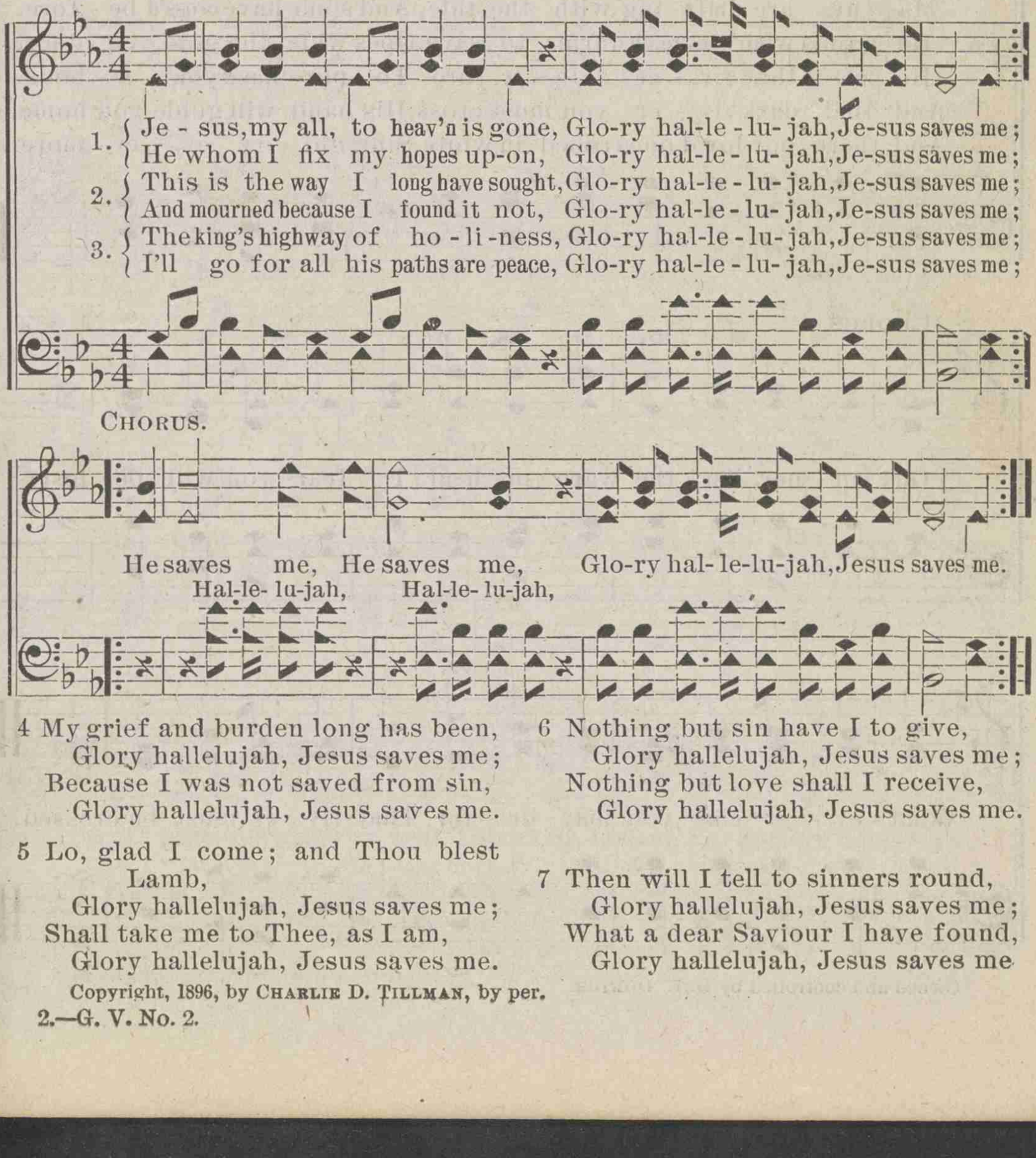
MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

127. JESUS SAVES ME.

"*He shall save his people from their sins.*"—Matt. 1: 21.

Arr. by G. R. C. SALLIE STUART.



4 My grief and burden long has been,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
Because I was not saved from sin,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me.

5 Lo, glad I come; and Thou blest Lamb,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
Shall take me to Thee, as I am,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me.

6 Nothing but sin have I to give,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
Nothing but love shall I receive,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me.

7 Then will I tell to sinners round,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
What a dear Saviour I have found,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me

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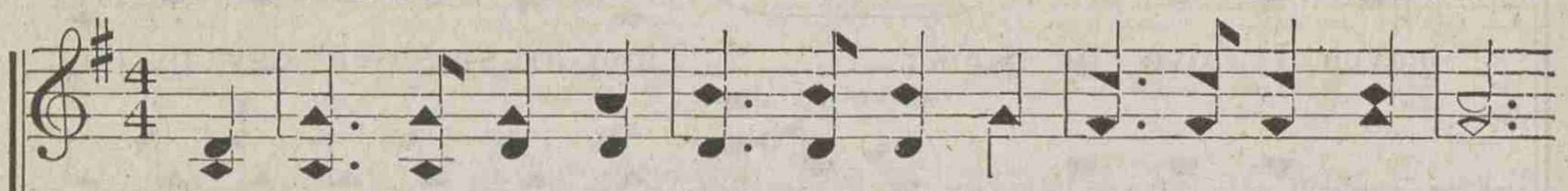
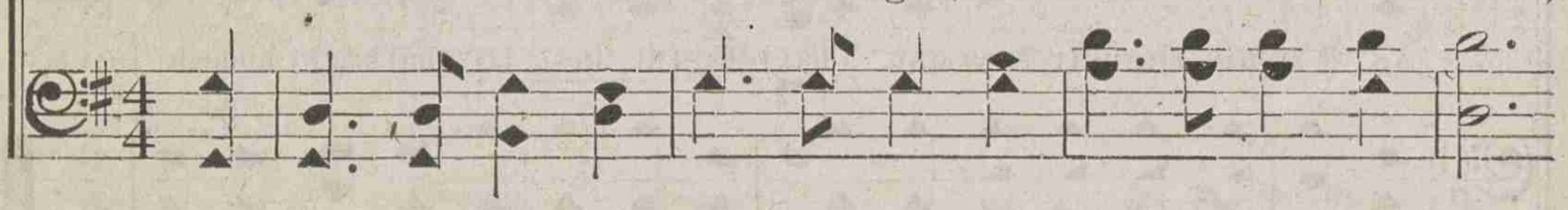
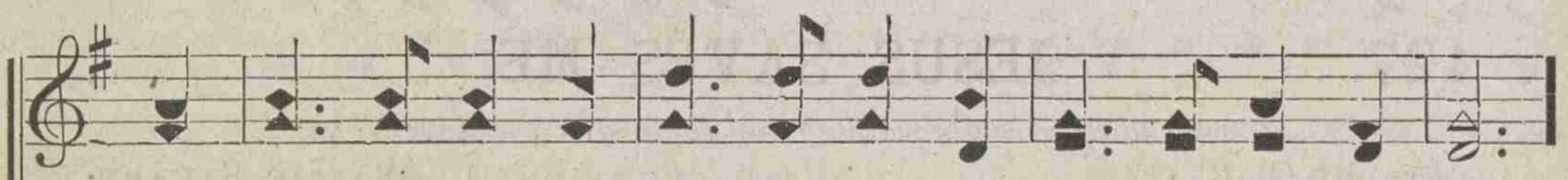
128. THAT RIVER MUST BE CROSSED.

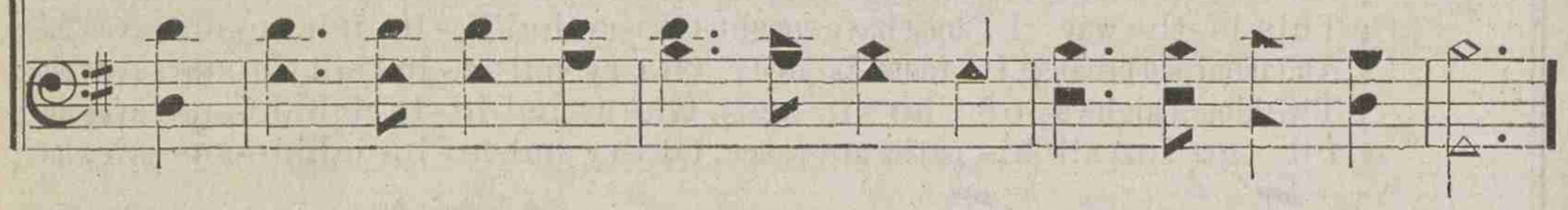
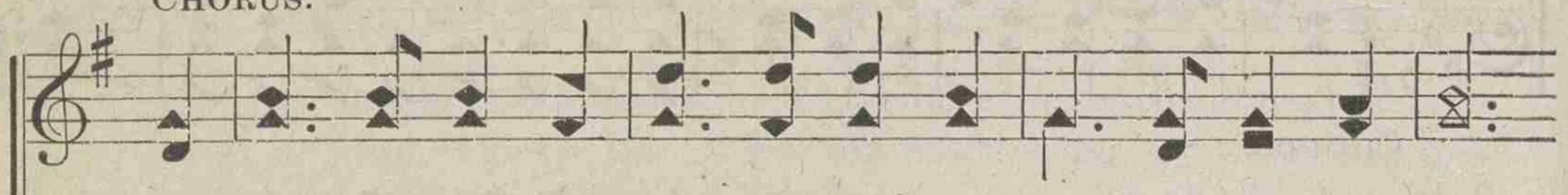
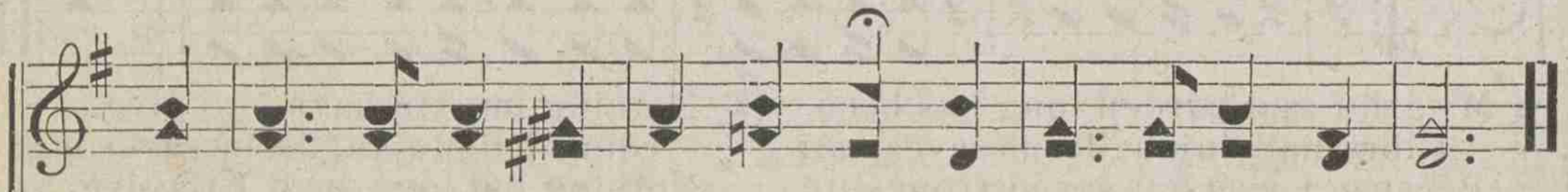
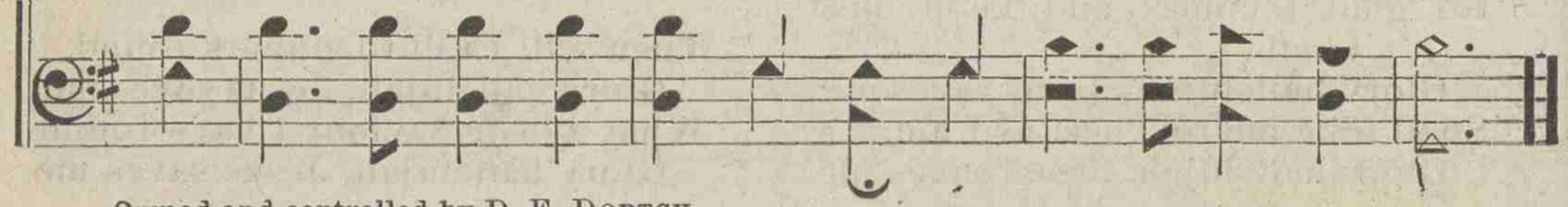
"Then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"—Jer. 12: 5.

MRS. EMMA PITT. E. D. KECK.



1. There is a riv - er dark and wide That touches yon - der shore;
2. Come now while Je - sus speaks to you, His fa - vor now im - plore;
3. He bought that entrance there for you, With His own pre-cious blood;
4. O trust this lov - ing Sav - iour now, Then when death's hour has come,
5. A - cross that riv - er all is light, Fair mansions on the shore;



Ma - ny are drift - ing with the tide, And some have cross'd be - fore.
He stands with outstretch'd arms to save, Opes wide the gold - en door.
He pass'd that riv - er safe - ly thro' To pur-chase your a - bode.
And that dark riv - er you must cross, His hand will guide you home.
And there our lov'd ones robed in white, Sing glo - ry ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Oh! sin - ner, list! the warn - ing hear; I fear you will be lost;

What - ev - er else you may de - fer, That riv - er must be crossed.

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129. THE MERCY SEAT.

"I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat." — Ex. 25: 22.

HUGH STOWELL. D. E. DORTCH.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads—
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more;

There is a calm, a sure re - treat; Tis found beneath the mer-cy seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mer-cy seat.
Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer-cy seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glo - ry crowns the mer-cy seat.

CHORUS.

O the mer - cy seat, prec-ious mer - cy seat, There is
joy and peace at the mer - cy seat. O the mer - cy
seat, precious mer - cy seat, There our lov-ing Saviour we can meet.

Rit.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

130. WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

"For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"—Rev. 6: 17.

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

1. When that aw-ful day shall come, and the Judge ap-pears, What a throbbing of all hearts quak-ing there with fears, 'Mid the falling of the stars and the flam-ing spheres,
2. And the dead shall gather there from the sea and land, Gath'ring there in might-y throngs at the Lord's command; Who shall gather in that day on the Lord's right hand,
3. Then the se-crets of all hearts Je-sus will make known, As we stand to-geth-er there 'round the great white throne; And the Judge shall there proclaim those that are His own,
4. Oh, pre-pare us, gracious Lord, for that aw-ful day; Wash us in Thy pre-cious blood, take our sins a-way; May we stand to-gether there in Thy bright ar-ray,

CHORUS.

1, 2, & 3. Who shall be a-ble to stand? Who shall be a-ble to stand?
4. Then we'll be a-ble to stand. Who shall be a-ble, be a-ble to stand?

Who shall be a-ble to stand? They who trust in Christ, the
Who shall be a-ble, be a-ble to stand?

Lord, and His word o-bey; They shall all there be a-ble to stand.

131. ASHAMED OF JESUS.

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me . . . of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed."—Luke 9: 26.

JOSEPH GRIGGS. D. E. DORTCH.

DUET.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a - shamed of Thee,
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon-er far Let ev-'ning blush to own a star;
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On whom my hopes for heav'n de-pend;
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, when I've no guilt to wash a-way,

A - shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days?
He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this be - night-ed soul of mine.
No! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.

CHORUS.

O I'm not ashamed of Je-sus, my Sav-iour! O I'm precious, lov - ing Sav-iour!
not ashamed of Je - sus, my Sav-iour! On the pre-cious, lov - ing Sav - iour!
cru-el cross He suffered to re - deem me, And I'll nev-er be ashamed of Him.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

132. O WONDROUS CROSS.

"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree."—1 Peter 2: 24.

C. L. EBY. A. F. MYERS.

1. Up - on the cross . . . . my Sav - iour died, ...
2. I sought at length . . . . His par - don free, ...
3. Up - on the cross . . . . of Cal - va - ry, ...
4. I'll sing His power . . . . while I have breath, ...

And for my sins . . . . was cru - ci - fied; . . . . . .
I gained at once . . . . . great lib - er - ty; . . . . . .
His blood was shed, ... was shed for me; . . . . . .
In glo - ry praise . . . . Him af - ter death; . . . . .

:S: His love so great, ... how can it be, ...
E'en now by faith, ... I claim Him mine? . . . . . .
O cleansing fount! . . . . O bleed-ing pow'r! . . . . .
Redeem'd, re-deem'd, ... I know I'm free, ...

D.S. *O won-drous cross,* *where Je - sus died,*

FINE.

My Sav-iour died, ... yes, died for me; . . . . . .
I am re - deemed . . . . thro' grace di - vine. . . . . .
I need Thy flow . . . . each pass - ing hour. . . . . .
I've peace with God, ... and lib - er - ty. . . . . .

And for my sins *was cru - ci - fied.* . . . . . .

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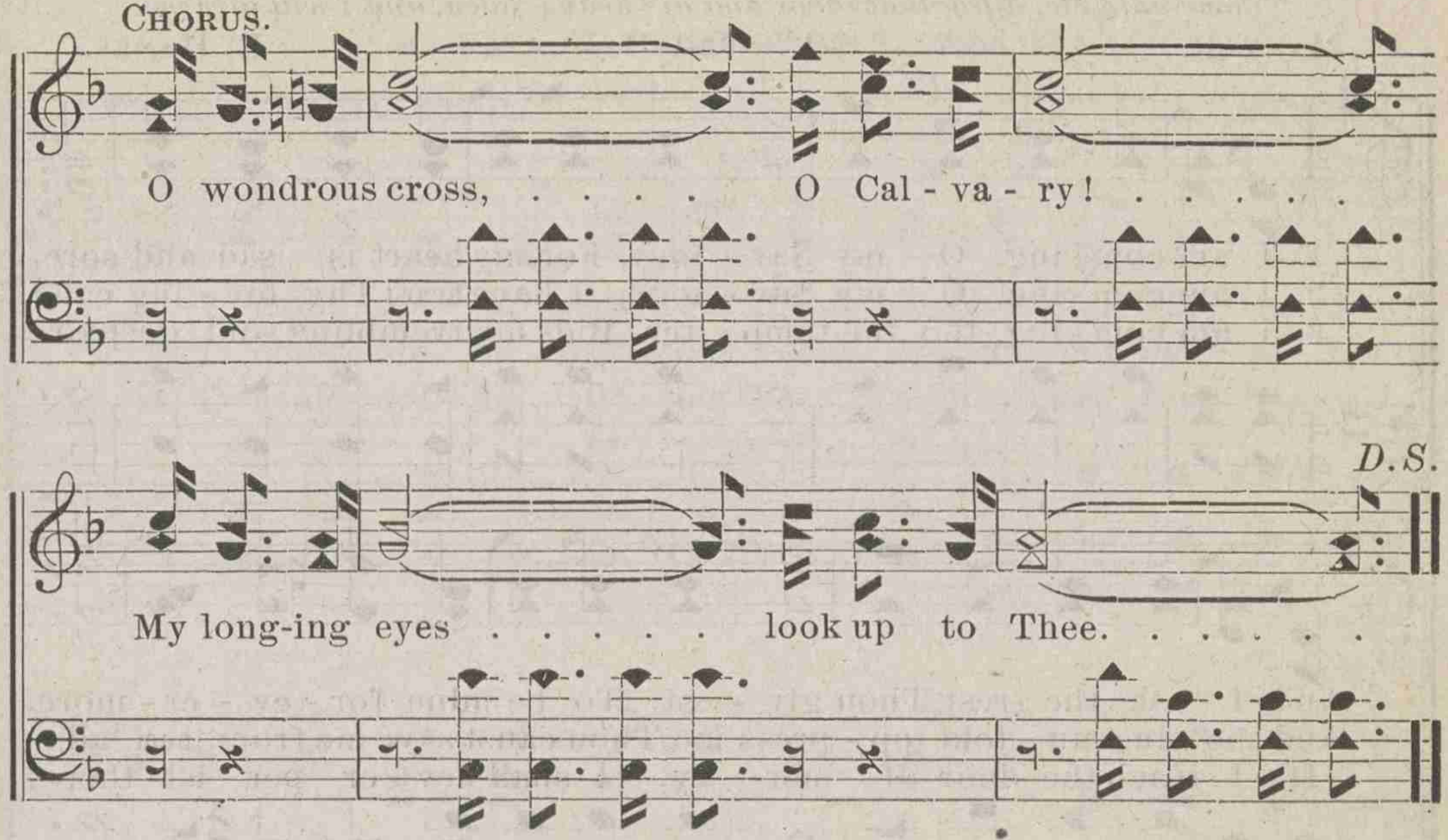
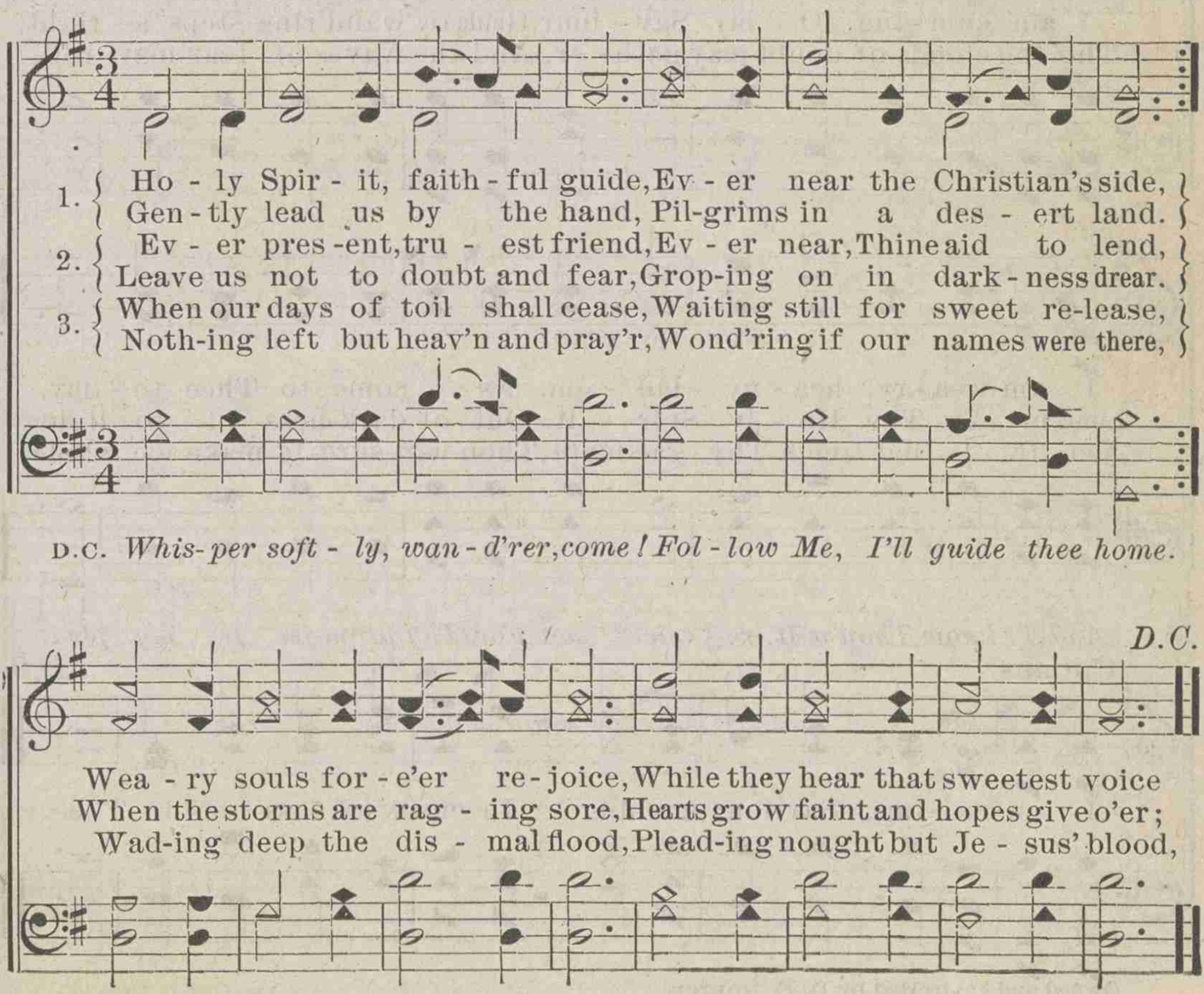
O WONDROUS CROSS.

CHORUS.

133. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

"He will guide you into all truth."—JOHN 16: 13.

M. M. WELLS. M. M. WELLS.



134. I AM COMING.

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

MARY R. E. HANKS.

1. I am com-ing, O my Sav-iour, For my heart is sad and sore,
2. I am com-ing, O my Sav-iour, I have heard Thy lov-ing call;
3. I am com-ing, tho' the temp-ter Bids my trembling soul despair;

And I ask the rest Thou giv-est, To be mine for-ev-er-more.
And tho' sins un-told op-press me, Thou canst save me from them all.
If I reach the door of mer-cy, I shall nev-er per-ish there!

Earth's hopes like flowers have faded, Earth's friends have passed a-way;
I am com-ing, O my Sav-iour, Guide my wand'ring steps a-right,
Tho' the clouds of doubt may gath-er, And the waves of fear may roll,

I am wea-ry, hea-vy lad-en, As I come to Thee to-day.
Lead me by Thy Ho-ly Spir-it, Out of dark-ness in-to light.
Yet if I but touch Thy gar-ment, Thou wilt sure-ly make me whole.

D.S. *And I know Thou wilt re-ceive me, For Thy prom-ise is my plea.*

CHORUS. D.S.

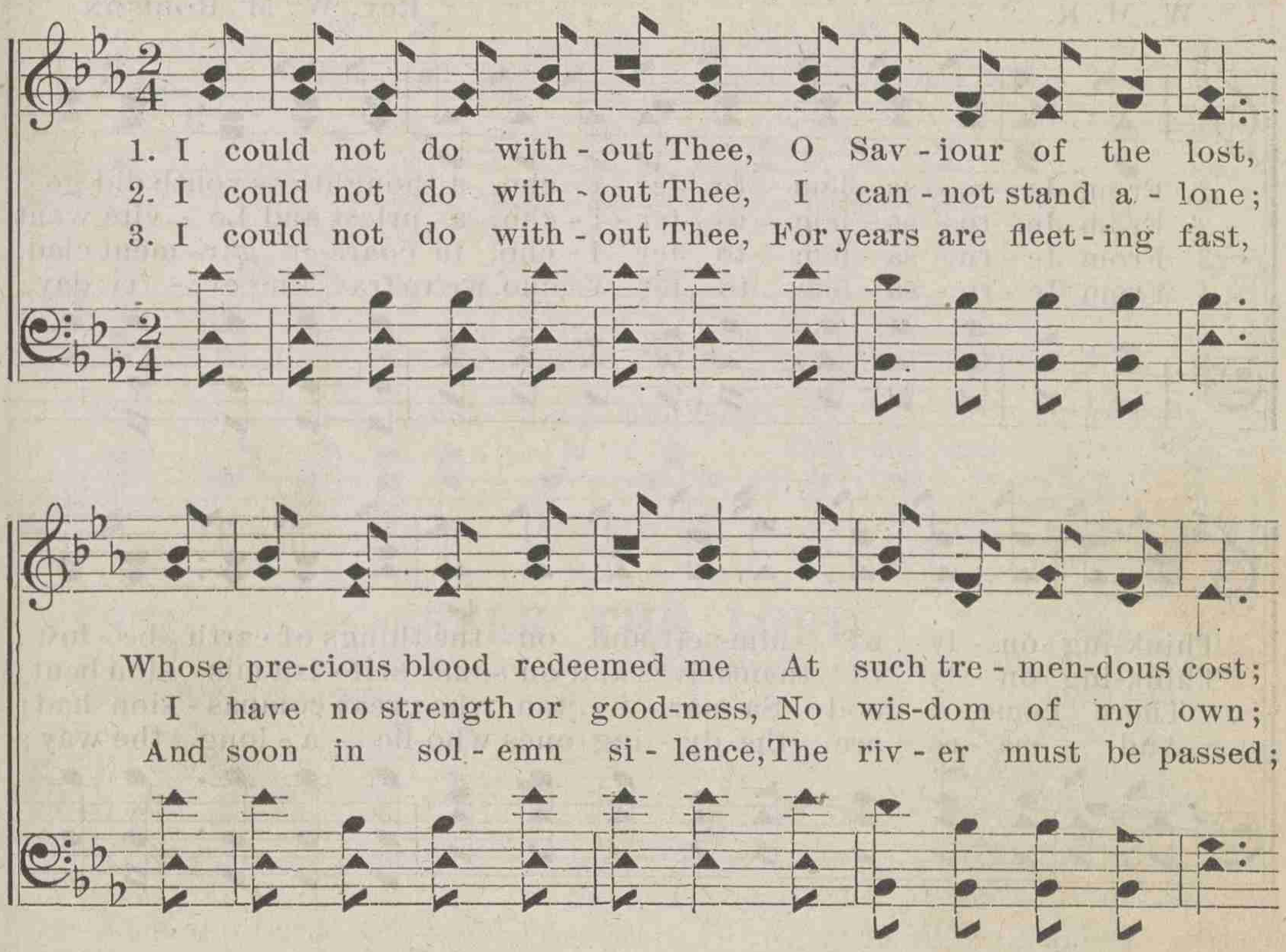
I am com-ing, Sav-iour, coming, In my weakness un-to Thee.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

135. I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT THEE.

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

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. DAVID.



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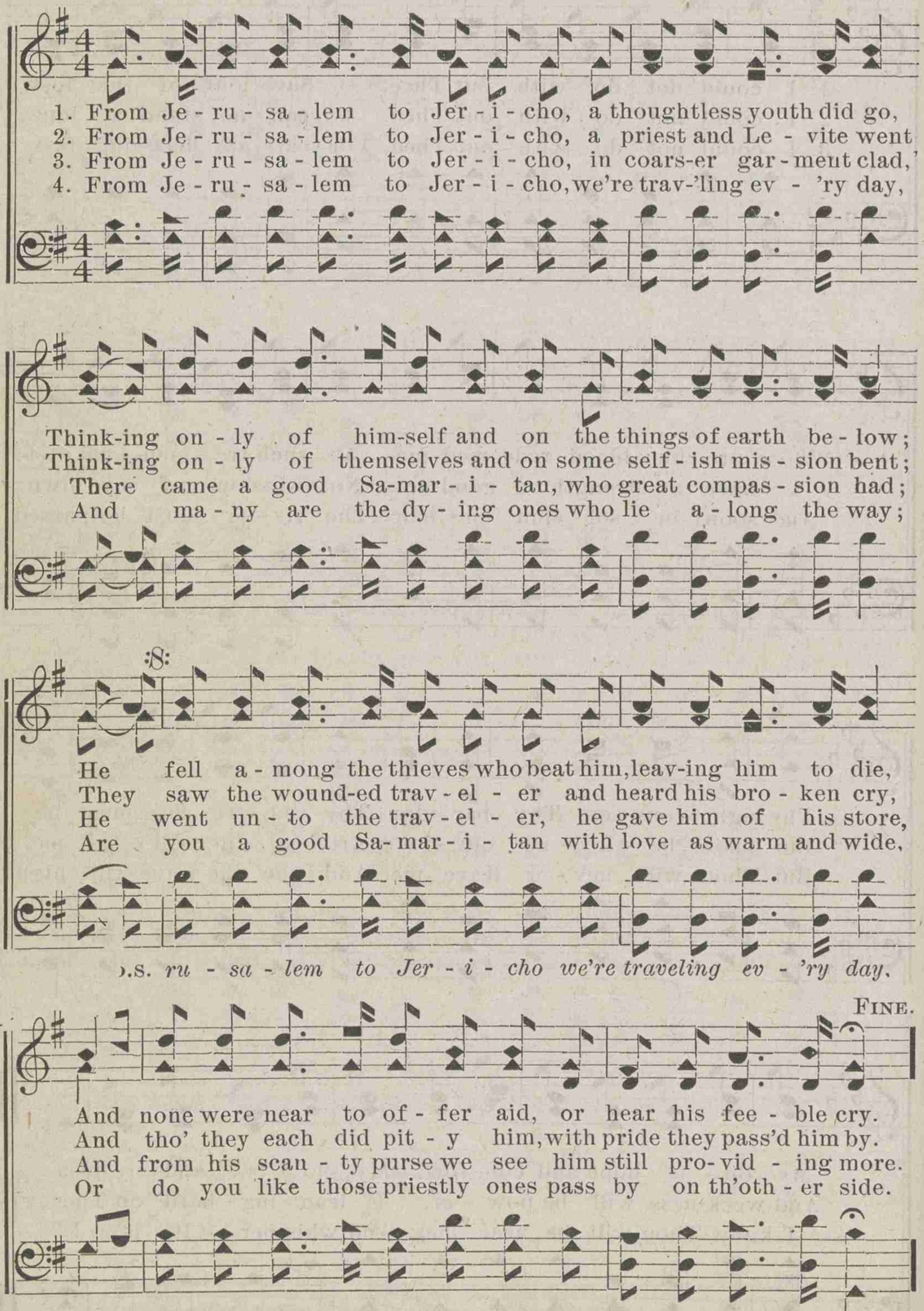
136. THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves."—Luke 10: 30.

W. M. R. Rev. W. M. Robison.

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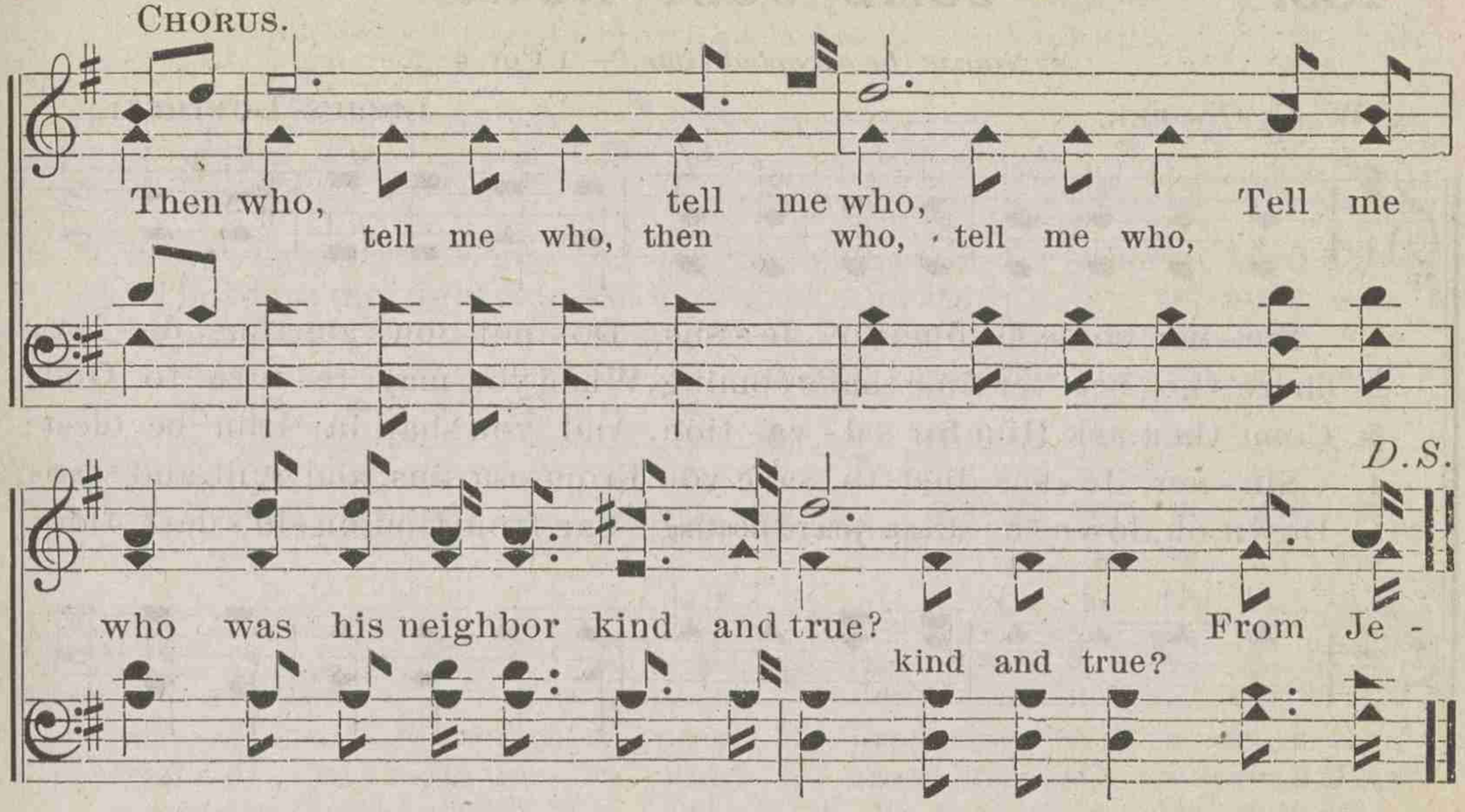
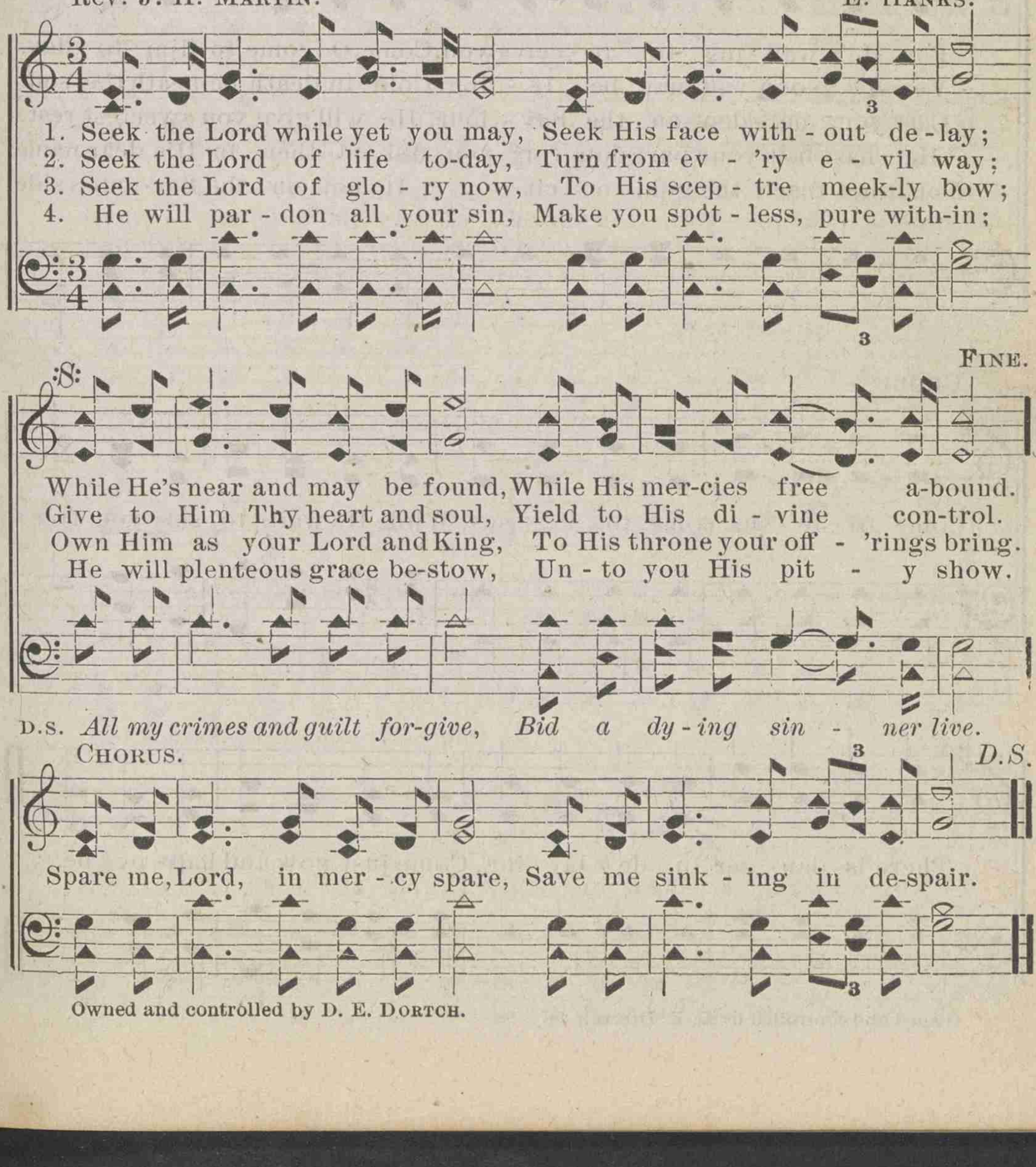
THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

CHORUS.



137. SEEK THE LORD.

"*Seek the Lord, and ye shall live.*"—Amos 5: 6.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. E. HANKS.

CHORUS.

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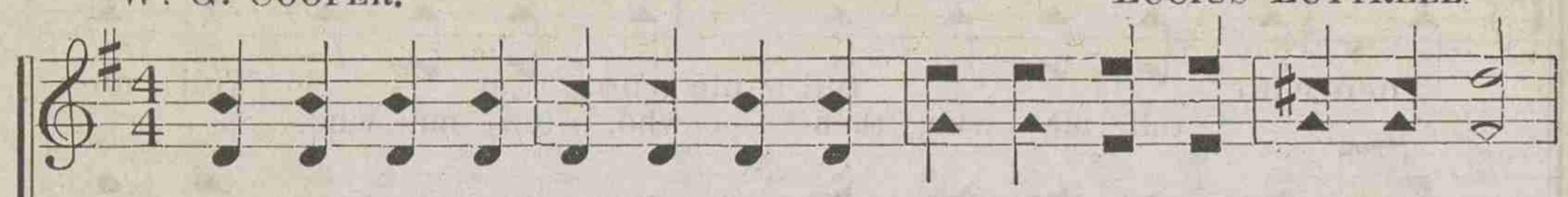
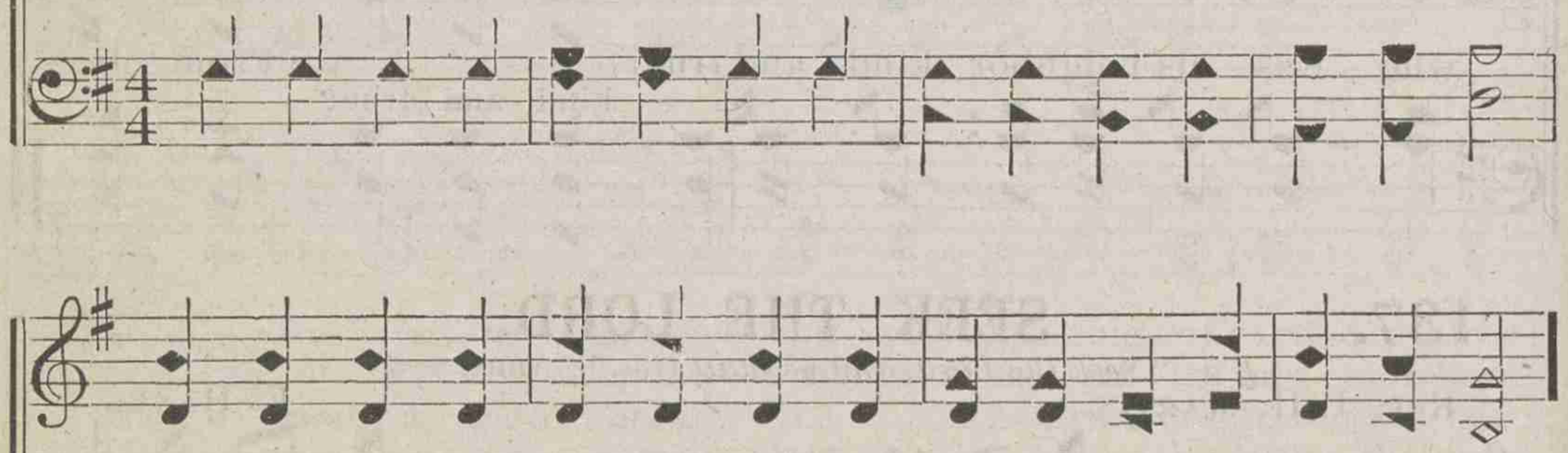
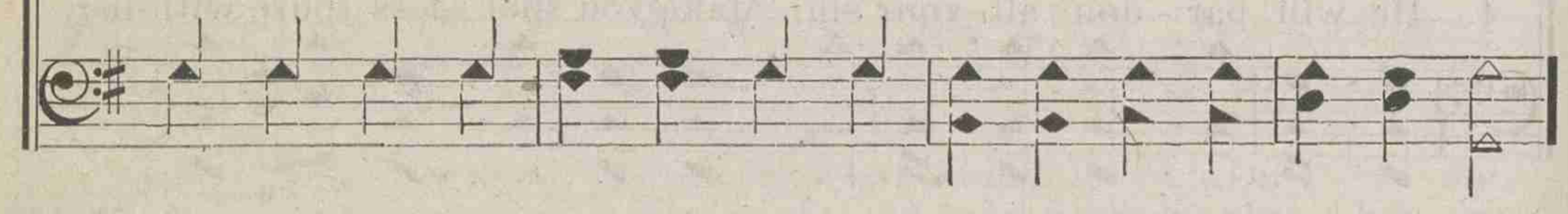
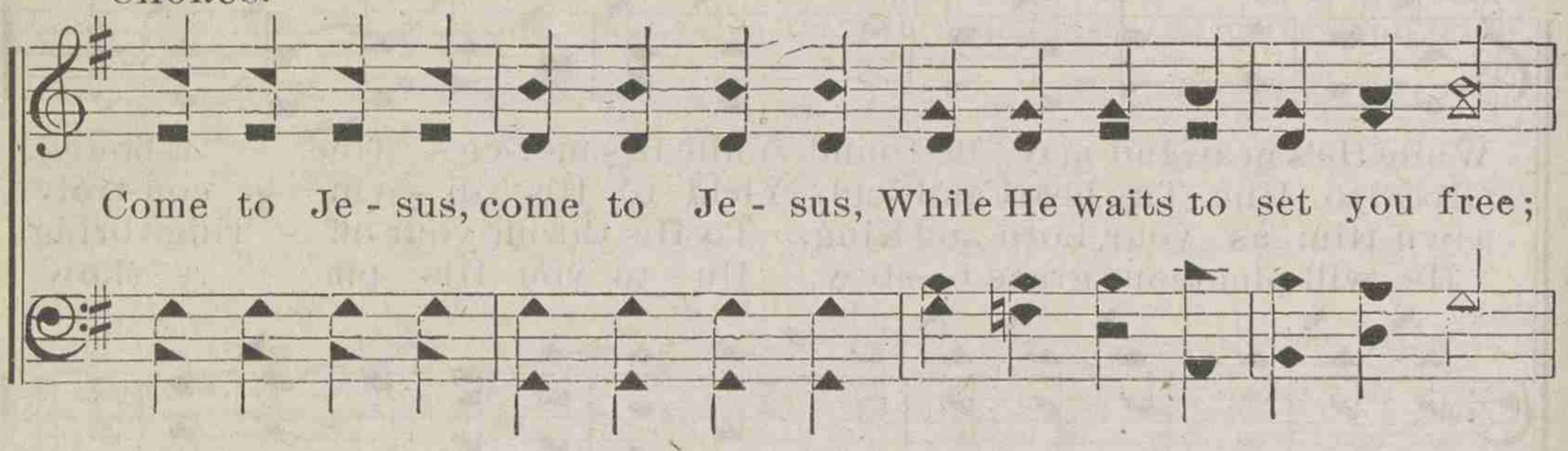
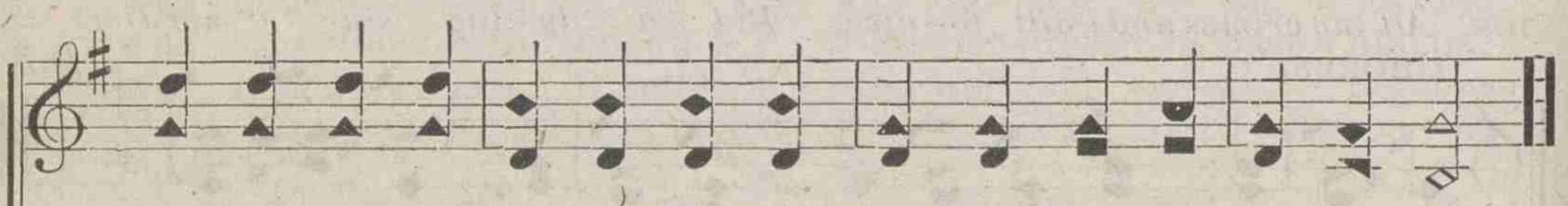
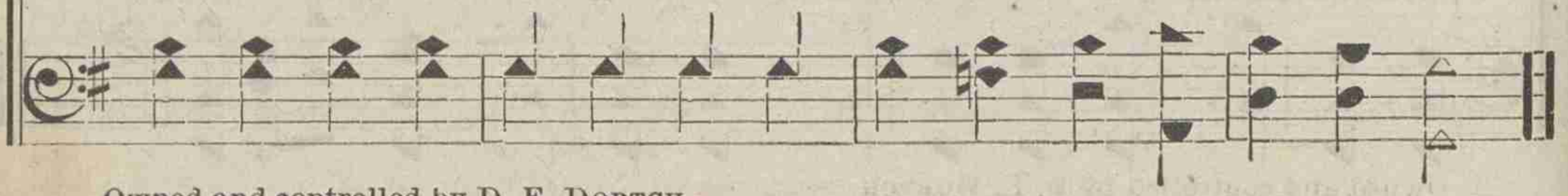
138. COME JUST NOW.

"*Now is the accepted time.*"—1 Cor. 6: 2.

W. G. COOPER. LUCIUS LUTTRELL.



1. Sin - ner, come, O come to Je - sus, Do not lon - ger thus de - lay;
2. There's no bet - ter time that's coming, When you may re - turn to God;
3. Come then, ask Him for sal - va - tion, And you shall in Him be blest;
4. Sin - ner, Je - sus died to save you From your sins, and guilt, and shame;
5. Down, oh, down the stream you're floating, Far from God, on sin's dark tide;

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 sweetest rest.
He has bo't your par - don for you, Ask it then in His dear name.
You'll not reach the gold - en cit - y, If not on the Sav-iour's side.

CHORUS.

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

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

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

139. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

"And behold, there talked with him two men."—Luke 9: 30.

Arr. Arr.

1. While fighting for my Sav-iour here, The tempter tries me hard; He
2. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And
3. When those who once were dearest friends Be-gin to per - se - cute, And
4. And thus by fre-quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And

us - es all his might-y pow'r, My prog-ress to re - tard. He's
trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
more, who once pro-fess'd to love, Have dis - tant grown and mute; I
march a - long with cheer-ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty, With

up to ev - 'ry move, But yet thro' all to prove A lit - tle talk with
soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call—A lit - tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quickly sends re - lief; A lit - tle talk with
Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

D.S. *trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God I al - ways find A lit - tle talk with*

CHORUS.

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

Je - sus makes it, right all right.

D.S.

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

140. TARRY WITH US.

"They besought him that he would tarry with them." — John 4: 40.

Rev. W. T. Dale. D. E. Dortch.

1. Tar - ry with us, bless-ed Je - sus, For the ev'n-ing shad-ows fall;
2. Tar - ry with us, lov - ing Mas-ter, Till the morning light appears;
3. Here our hearts are press'd with sadness For our kin-dred gone be-fore;

And the day is fast re - ced - ing, Darkness gath-ers like a pall;
For we're pil-grims sad and lone - ly, Let Thy pres-ence calm our fears;
Friends who now are watching for us, Wait-ing on the oth-er shore.

Tar - ry with us, bless - ed Sav-iour, For we're in a des - ert drear;
Tar - ry with us for we're pilgrims, Camp-ing on a des - ert plain;
When we gath - er in the morn-ing, Morning of e - ter - nal rest,

See the day of life is pass - ing, And the night of death is near.
All is lone - li - ness with-out Thee, Gracious Mas-ter, here re-main.
Shall we meet no more to sev - er, Be with Christ for - ev - er blest?

Chorus.

Tar - ry with . . . . . us, bless - ed Je - - - - - sus,
Tar - ry with us, bless - ed Je - sus, tar - ry with us thro' the night;

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

TARRY WITH US.

Tar - ry till . . . . . the morn-ing light;
Tar - ry with us, bless-ed Je - sus, tar - ry till the morn-ing light;
Tar - ry with . . . . . us thro' the dark - - - - - ness,
Tar - ry with us thro' the darkness, tar - ry till the morn-ing light;
Tar - ry with us, bless - ed Je - sus, all the night (all the night).

141. COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE.

ISAAC WATTS. Adapted by R. SIMPSON.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove! With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs;
2. Dear Lord! and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate?
3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove! With all thy quick-'ning pow'rs;

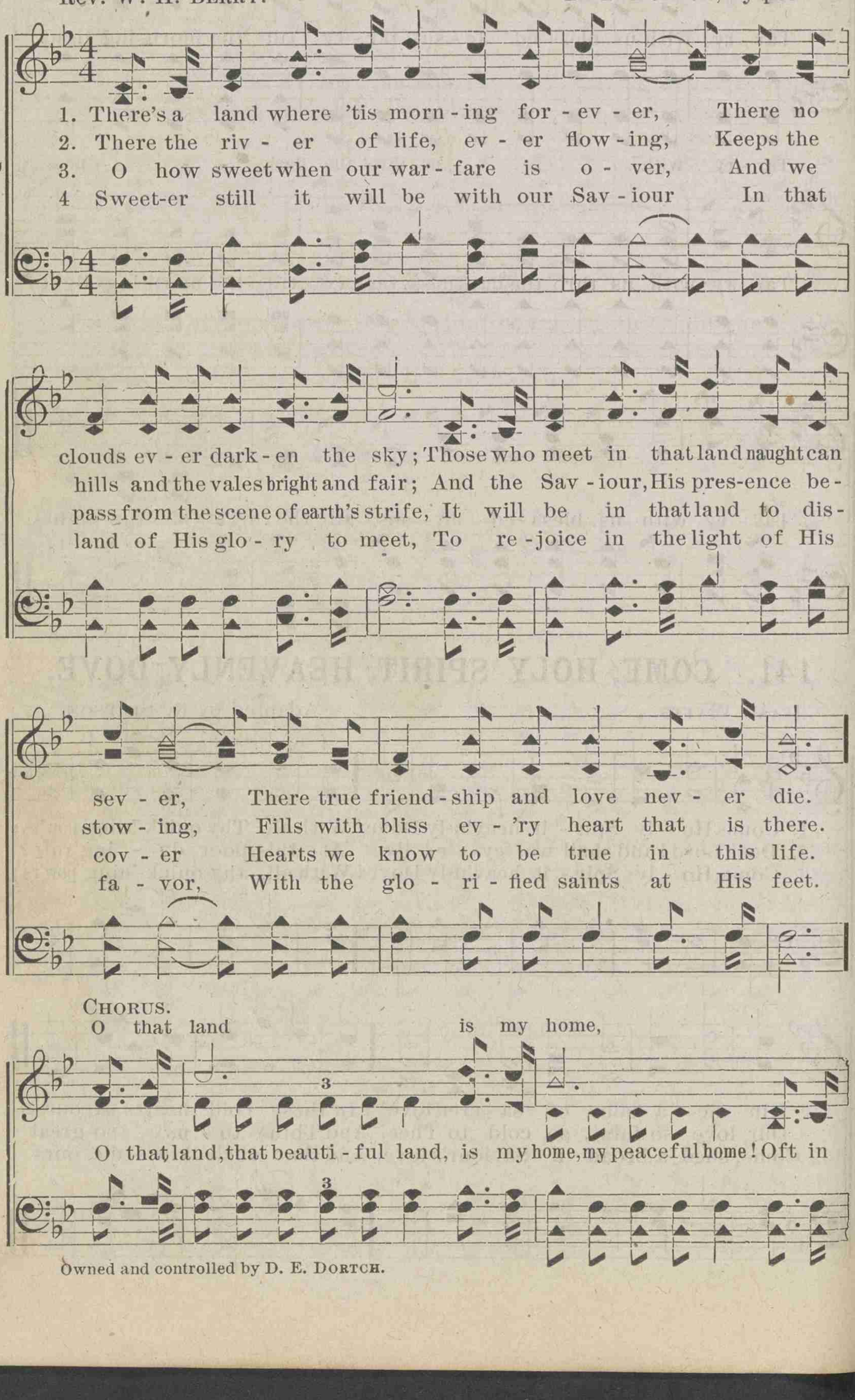
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great
Come, shed a-broad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

142. MY HEAVENLY HOME.

"*There shall be no night there.*"—Rev. 22: 5.

Respectfully inscribed to Hon. M. B. Templeton, of Waxahachie, Texas.

Rev. W. H. BERRY. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



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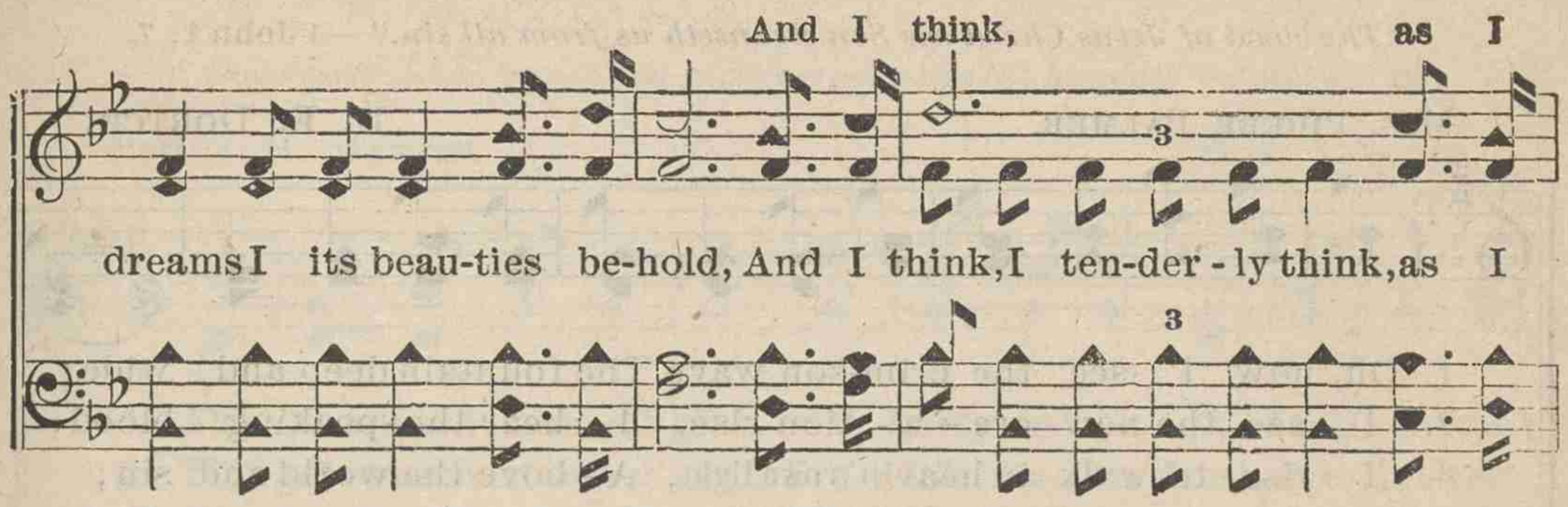
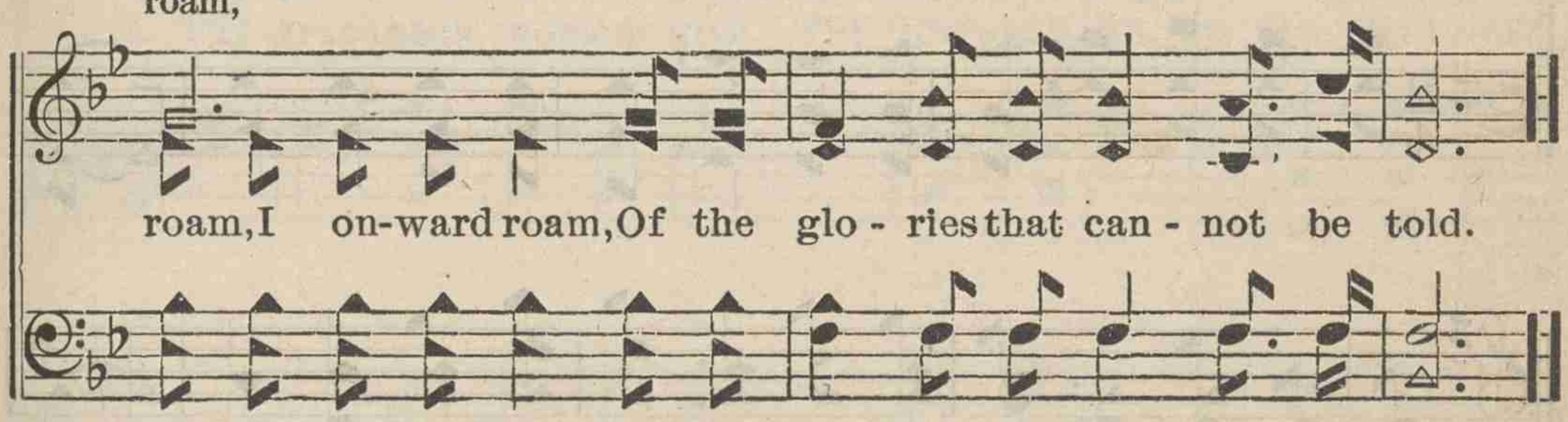
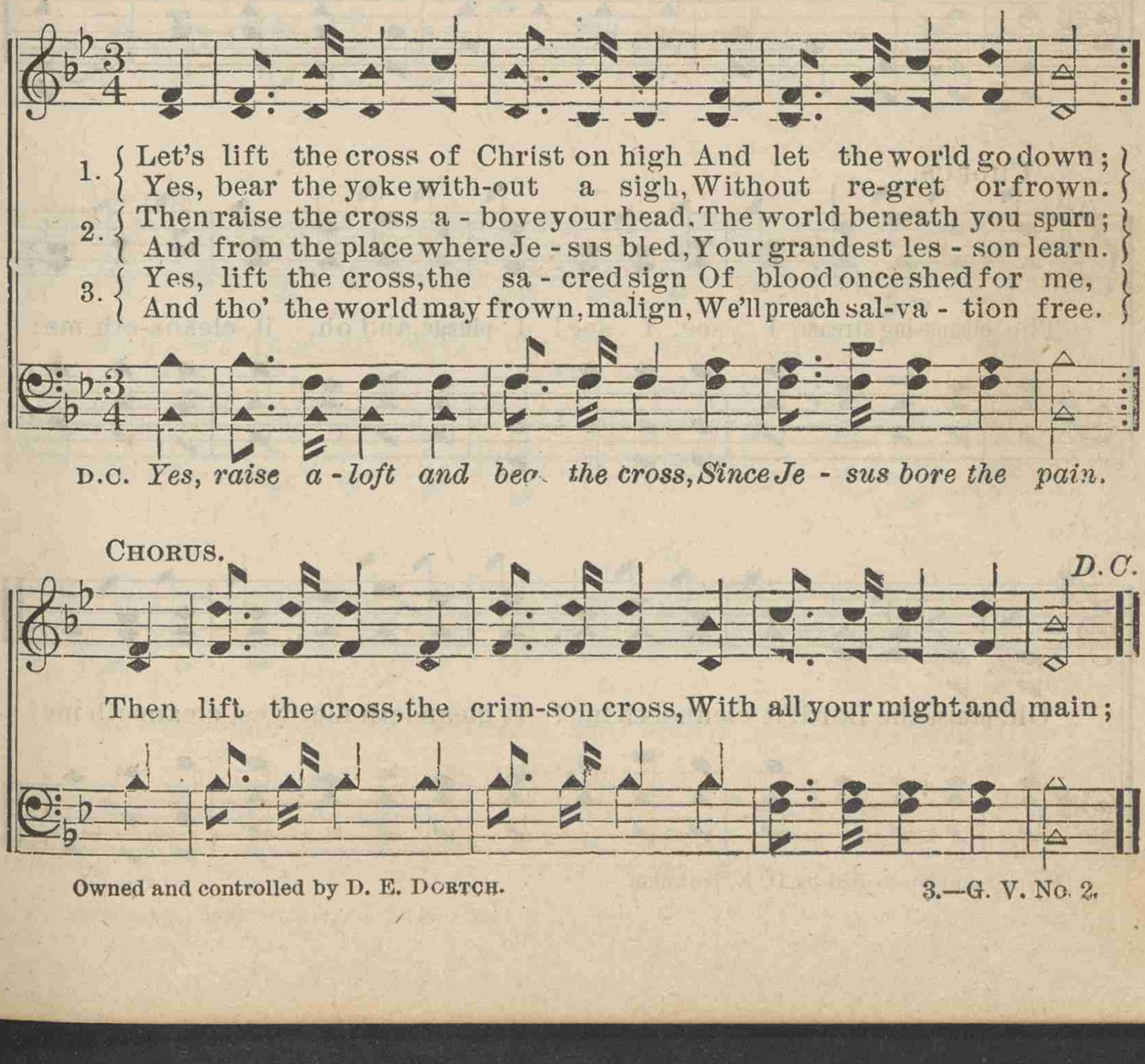
MY HEAVENLY HOME.

143. LIFT THE CROSS.

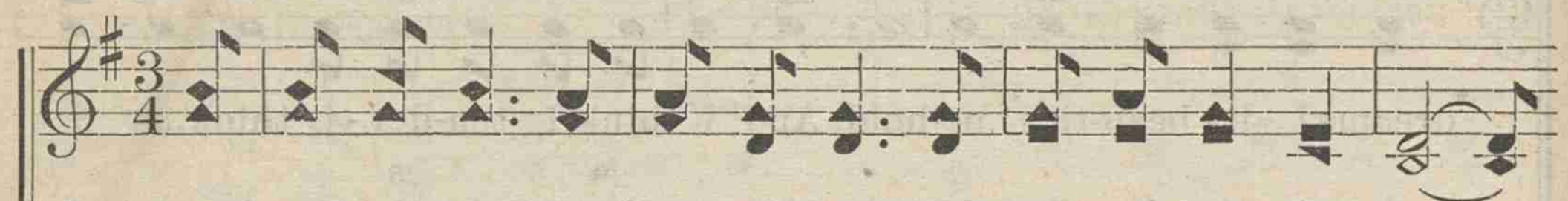
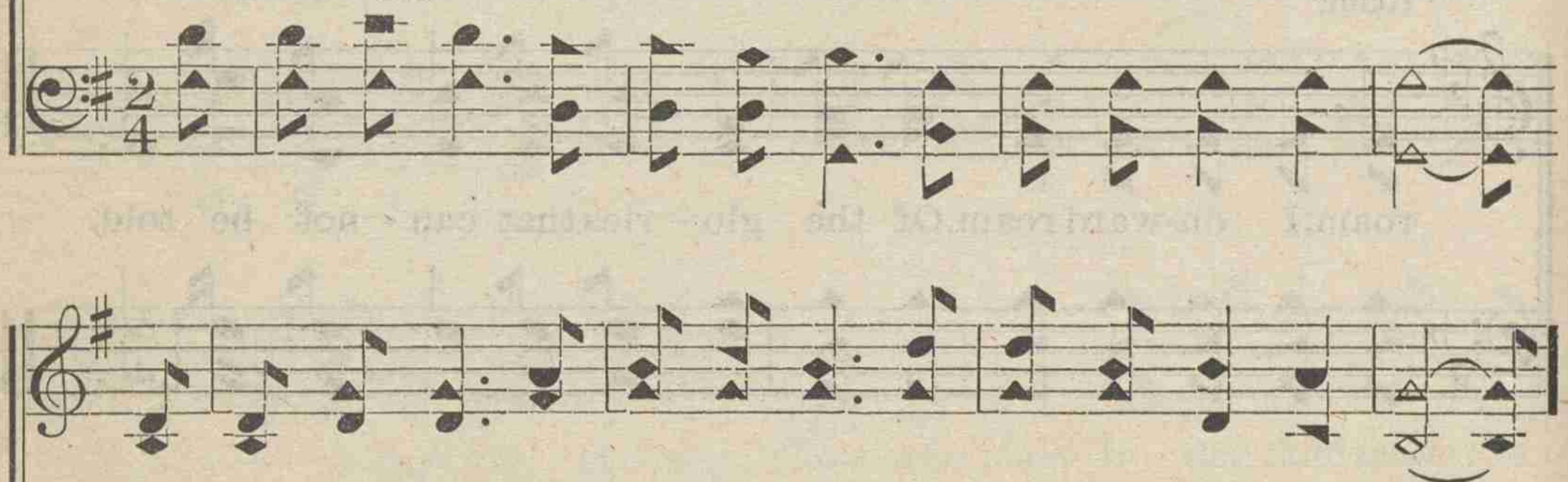
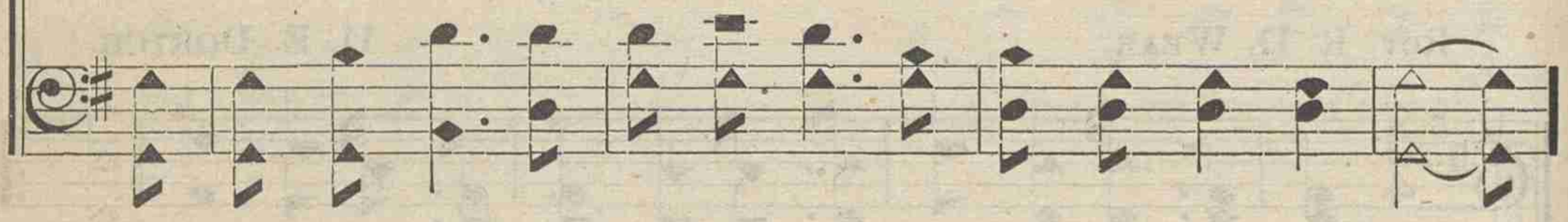
Rev. R. D. WEAR. D. E. DORTCH.

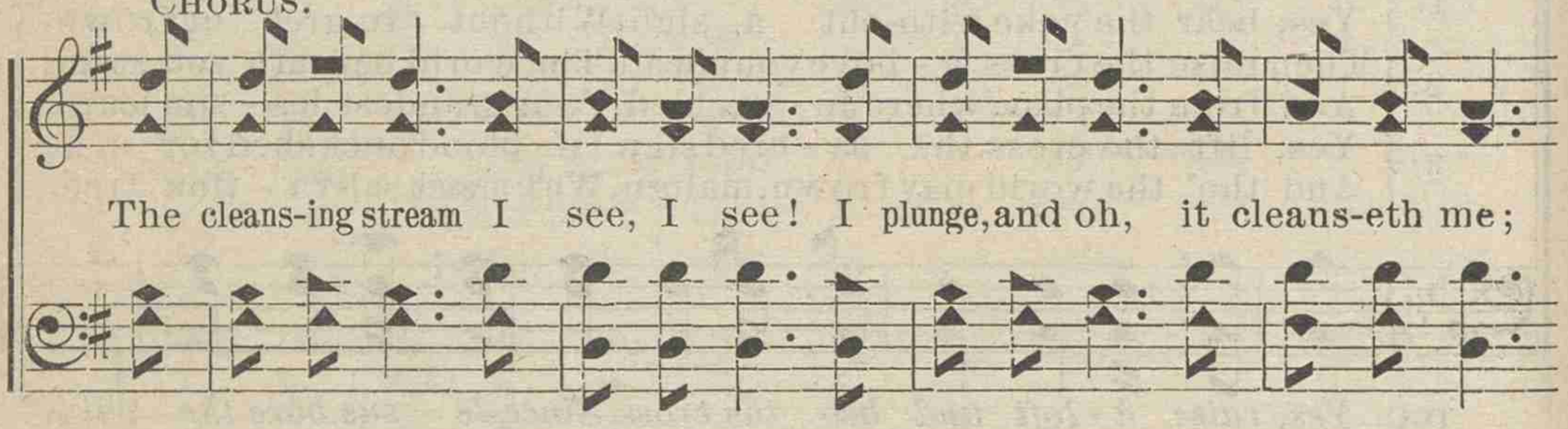


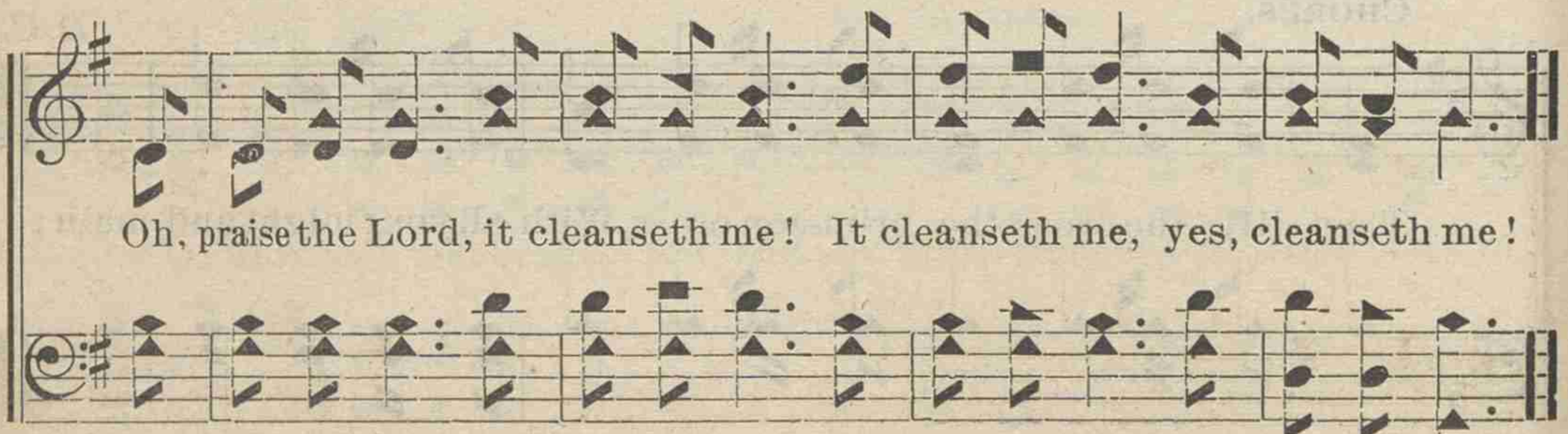
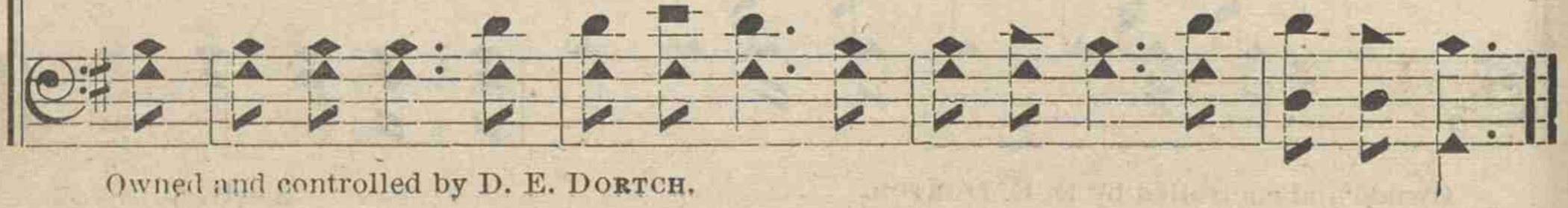
CHORUS.

144. THE CLEANSING WAVE.

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

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave, The fountain deep and wide;
2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speaking blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A - bove the world and sin;
4. A - maz-ing grace! 'Tis heav'n be-low To feel the blood ap - plied;

Je - sus my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wounded side.
It speaks, pol - lu - ted na-ture dies, Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
With heart made pure, and gar-ments white, And Christ enthroned with-in.
And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus knows, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.



The cleans-ing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me;

Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

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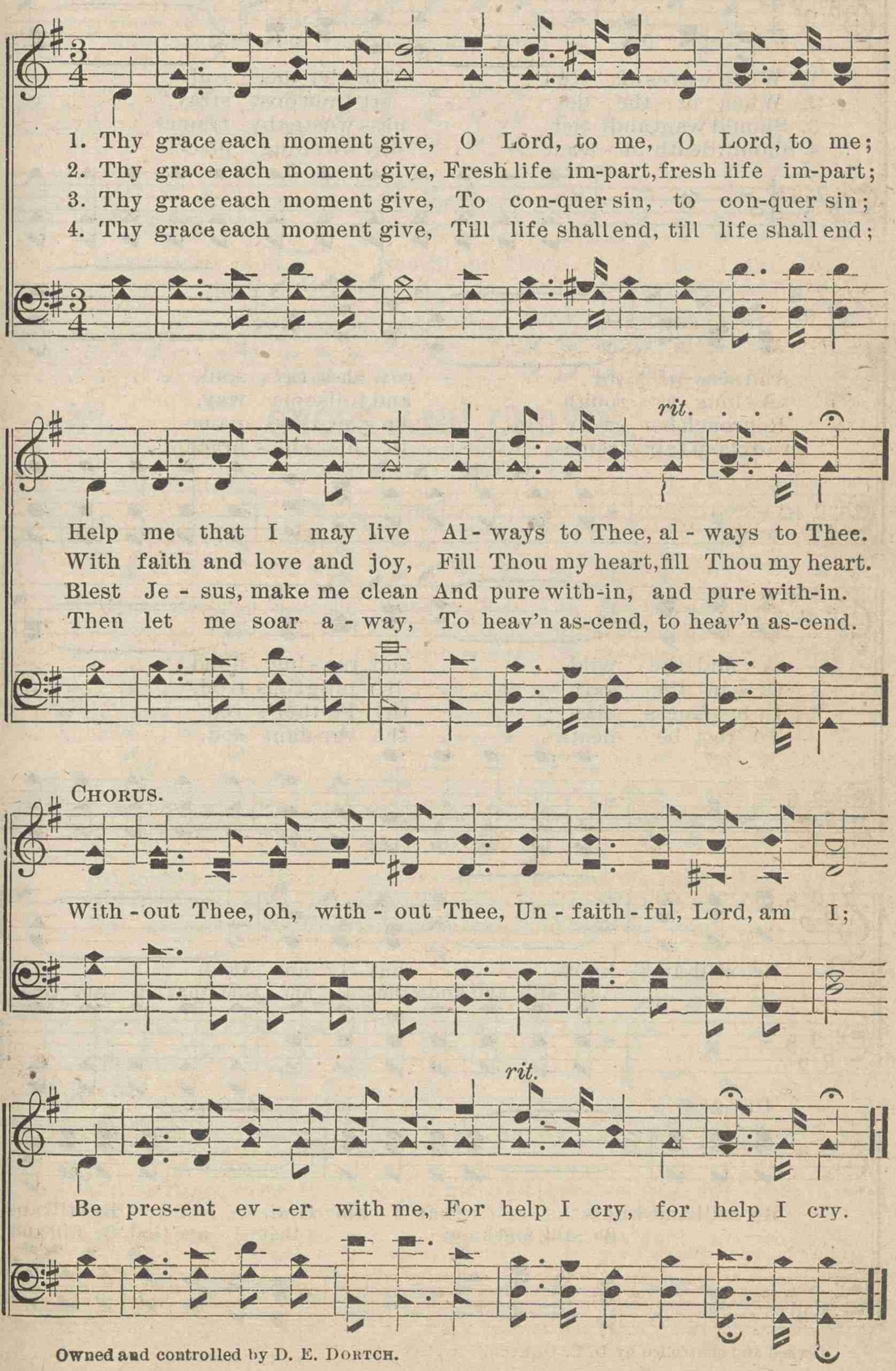
145. THY GRACE EACH MOMENT GIVE

"God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble."—James 4: 6.

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



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146. BE STILL AND KNOW.

"Be still and know that I am God."—Ps. 46: 10.

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

1. When waves of trou - - ble o'er thee roll, ...
2. When in the des - - ert thou dost stray, ...
3. Should want and sick - - ness waste thy frame, ...
4 Should death in - vade . . . . thy dwelling place, ...

And seas of sor - - - row whelm thy soul, ...
A - long a rough . . . . and toilsome way, ...
Reproach be cast . . . . up - on thy name, ...
And clasp fair frames . . . . in his em - brace, ...

A - mid the wild . . . . and rag - ing flood, ...
Or in the path . . . . by pil-grims trod, ...
In meekness kiss . . . . thy Fa-ther's rod, ...
To rest be - neath . . . . the ver-dant sod, ...

Be still and know . . . . that I am God. . . . . .
Be still and know that I am God, that I am God.

CHORUS.

Be still and know . . . . that I am God, ... Be still and
Be still, and know that I am God, Be still and

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

BE STILL AND KNOW.

know that I am God; . . . . Tho' rough the way . . . .
know that I am God, thy might-y God; Tho' rough the way

that thou dost plod, . . . Be still and know . . . that I am God.
that thou dost plod, Be still and know that I am God.

147. CROSS AND CROWN.

"And he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull." — John 19: 17.

Rev. Jas. Allen. D. E. Dortch.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. This con-se-cra-ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Oh, precious cross! oh, glo-rious crown! Oh, res-ur-rec-tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way.

Refrain.

D.S.

And there's a cross for me, for me, And there's a cross for me; Yes,
For there's a crown for me, for me, Yes, there's a crown for me; I'll
And bear my soul a-way, a-way, And bear my soul a-way; Ye

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

148. O WHAT WILL YOU DO?

"What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" — Matt. 27: 22.

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

1. What will you do with Je - sus, Who gave for you His all? He is
2. What will you do with Je - sus, A - long life's rug-ged way? Will you
3. What will you do with Je - sus, When sorrows o'er you roll? If you
4. What will you do with Je - sus, When life's short day shall close? If you're
5. What will you do with Je - sus? No more shall ech - oed be, For the

pleading here to - day, "Turn, O turn from sin a - way"; Sin - ner,
fol - low by His side, As the mo-ments swift - ly glide? Will you
cast on Him your care, He will all your bur - dens bear, And will
rest - ing in His love, He'll transport you safe a - bove, Where life's
question then you see, At the judg-ment seat will be,—What, O

CHORUS.

how will you an - swer the call? O what will you do, O what will you
la - bor for Him ev - 'ry day?
com - fort your grief-stricken soul.
riv - er all tran - quil - ly flows.
what will He then do with thee?

do, O what will you do with Je - sus? If you trust in Him to-day,

He will take your sins a - way, And will lead you to mansions a-bove.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

149. JESUS WILL CARRY ME OVER THE RIVER.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." — Ps. 23: 4.

Words and music by A. F. MYERS, by per.

Slow.

1. I know, at the riv - er of death, My Sav-iour will be at my
2. I fear not to en - ter the flood, Tho' wild-ly its bil-lows may
3. I know when the riv - er I cross That Je-sus will car - ry me
4. Oh, when to cross o - ver the tide, To me the glad sum-mons shall

side; His pres-ence so near Will ban - ish all fear, And
roll, With Je - sus my guide, No ill can be - tide, For
o'er; Up - held by His arm, I'll suf - fer no harm, But
come, With Christ as my light, The way will be bright, And

CHORUS.

He will the wa - ters di - vide. Yes, Je - sus will car - ry me
He will the tem-pest con - trol.
safe - ly I'll reach the blest shore.
an - gels will wel-come me home.

o - ver the riv - er, Yes, Je - sus will car ry me o'er, (yes, o'er;) He'll

rit.

car - ry me o'er to the glo - rified shore, Yes, Je- sus will car - ry me o'er.

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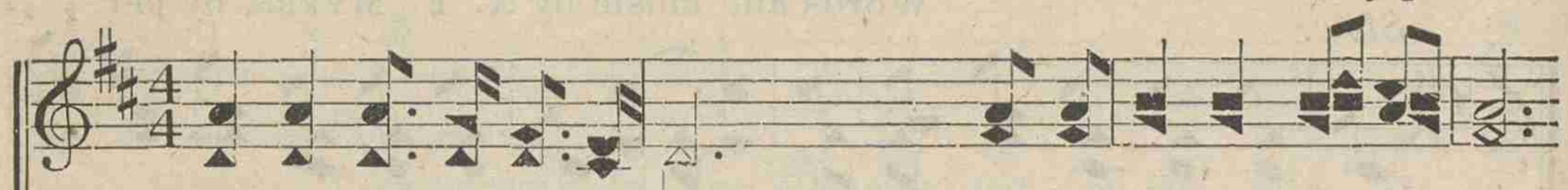
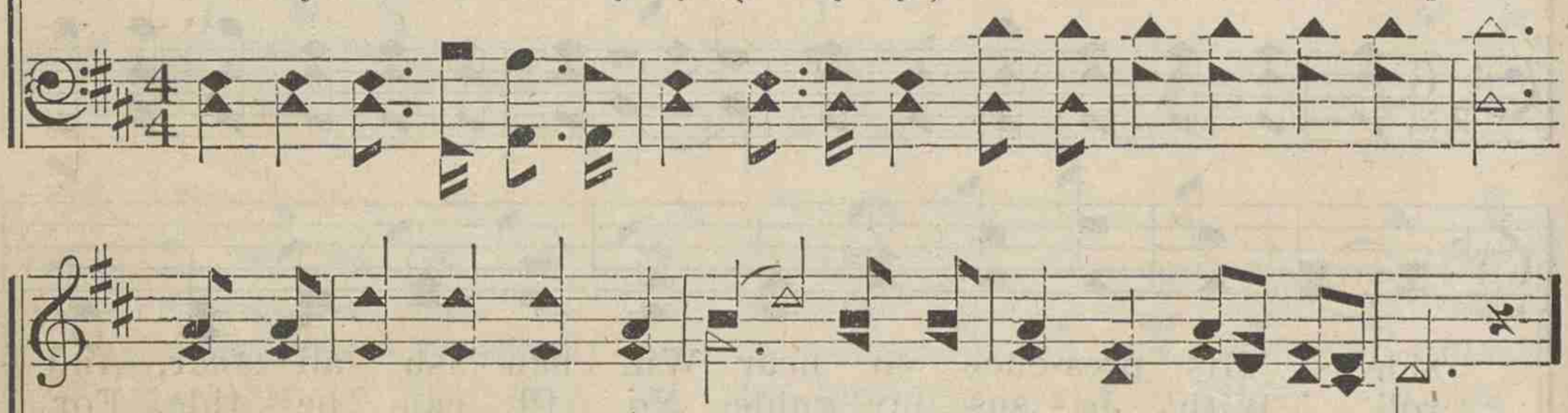
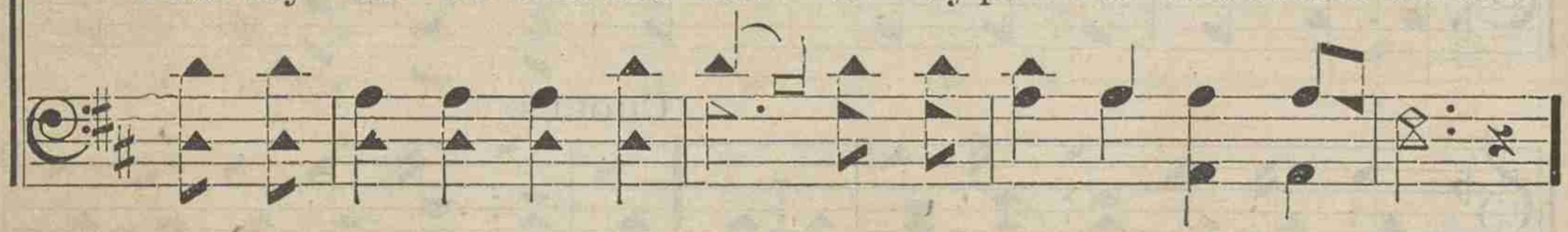
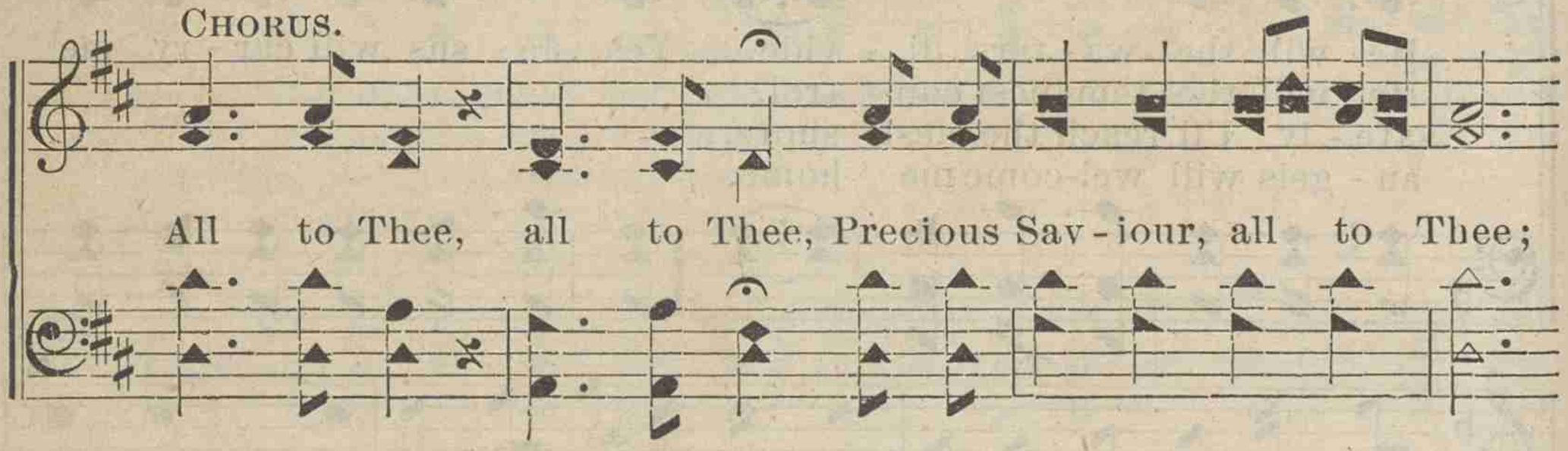
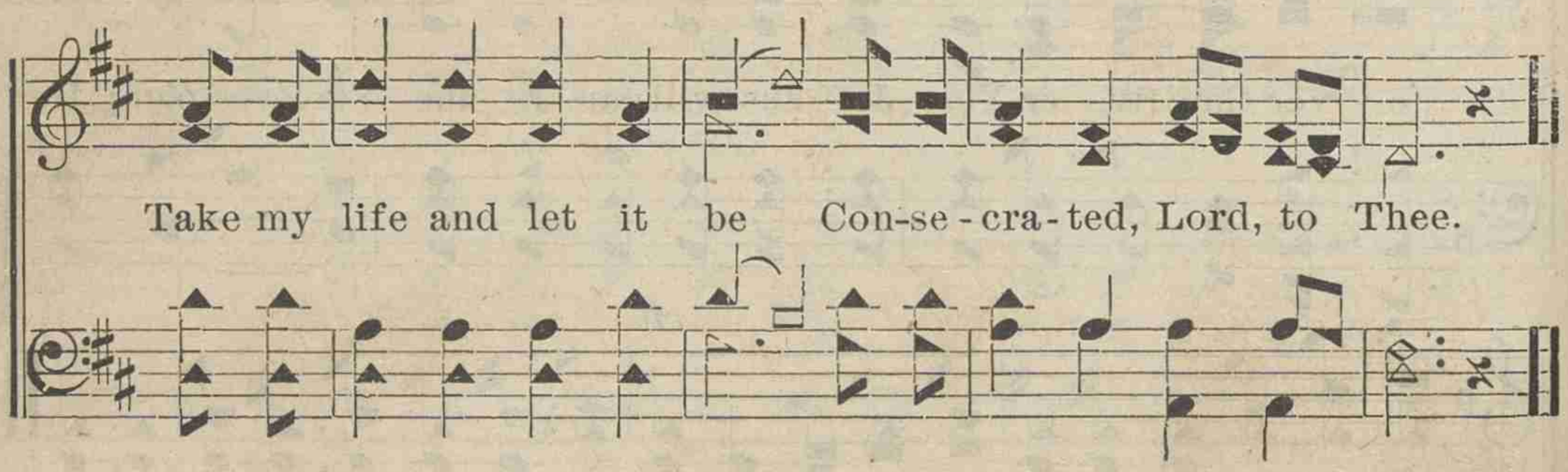
150. ALL TO THEE.

"Consecrate yourselves today to the Lord."—Exodus 32: 29.

F. R. HAVERGAL. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. Take my life and let it be, (let it be) Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be, (let them be) Swift and beauti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips and let them be, (let them be) Fill'd with messages from Thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, (and my days) Let them flow in endless praise

Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Always—on - ly—for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

CHORUS.

All to Thee, all to Thee, Precious Sav - iour, all to Thee;

Take my life and let it be Con-se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee.

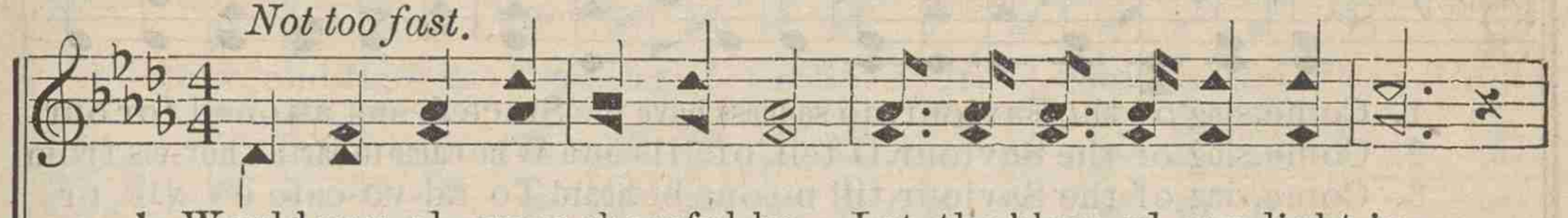
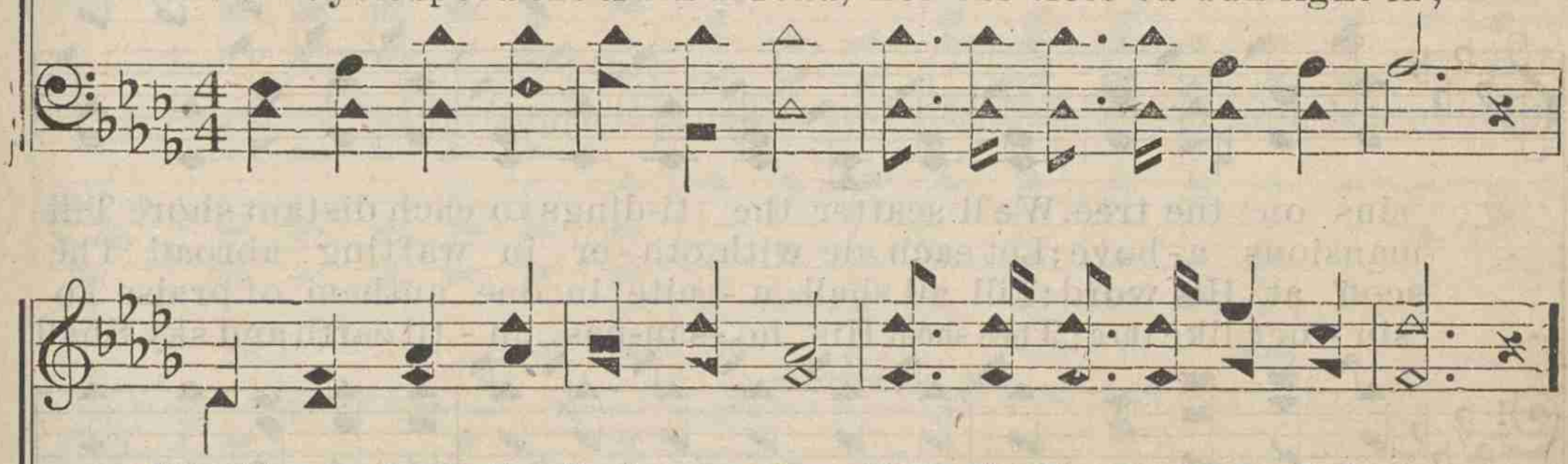
5 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

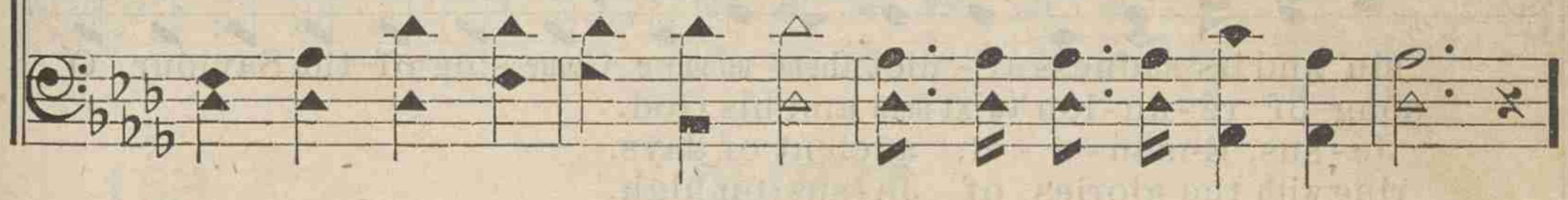
6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

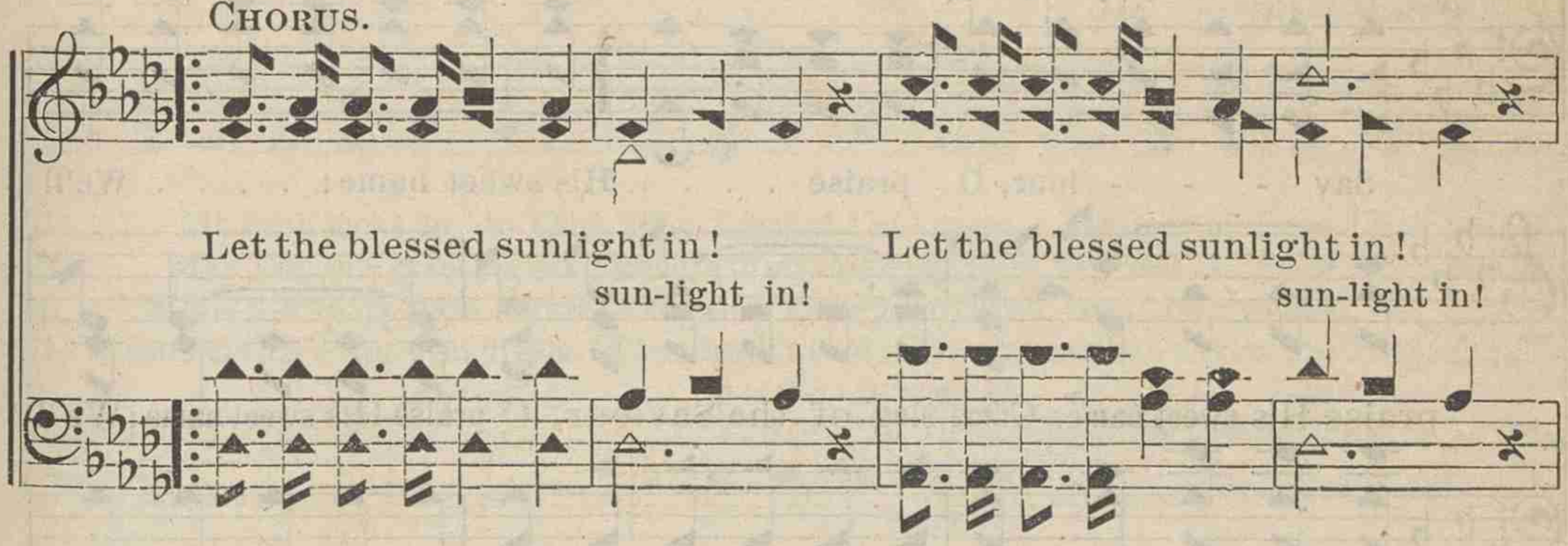
151. LET THE BLESSED SUNLIGHT IN.

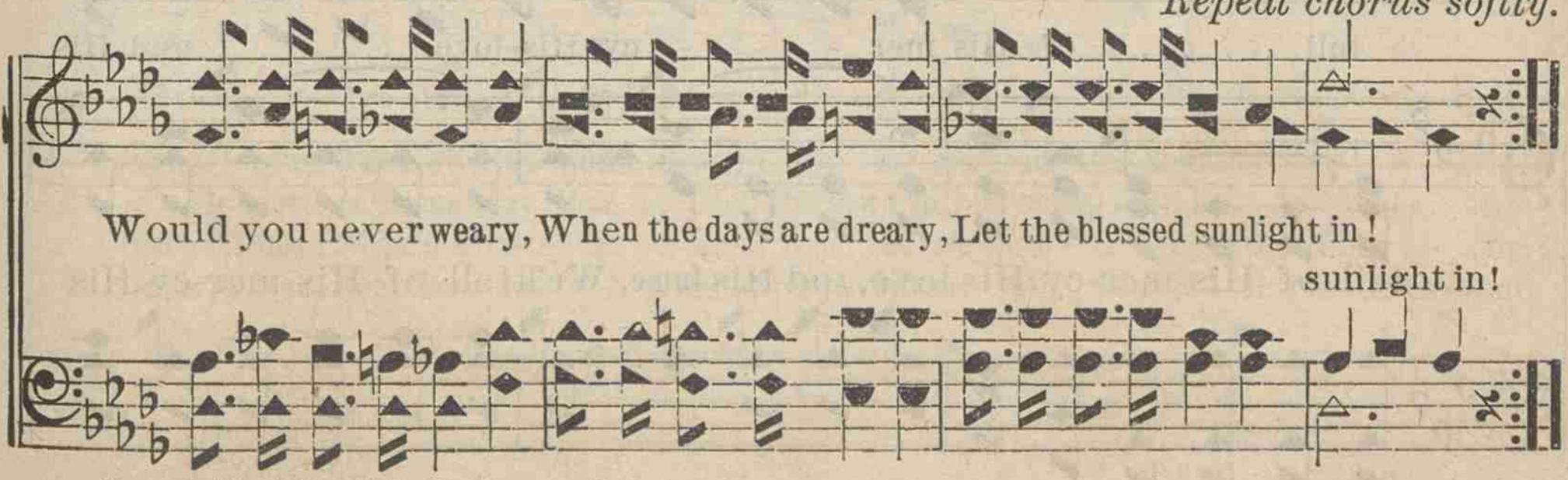
"God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all."—1 John 1: 5.

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

Not too fast.

1. Would you al-ways cheerful be, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
2. Would you bright-en drear-y days, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
3. Would you ease a burdened heart, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
4. Would you speed the truth abroad, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;

Would you bid the dark-ness flee, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you fill your heart with praise, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you joy and strength impart, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you bring the world to God, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.



CHORUS.

Let the blessed sunlight in! Let the blessed sunlight in!
sun-light in! sun-light in!

Repeat chorus softly.

Would you never weary, When the days are dreary, Let the blessed sunlight in!
sunlight in!

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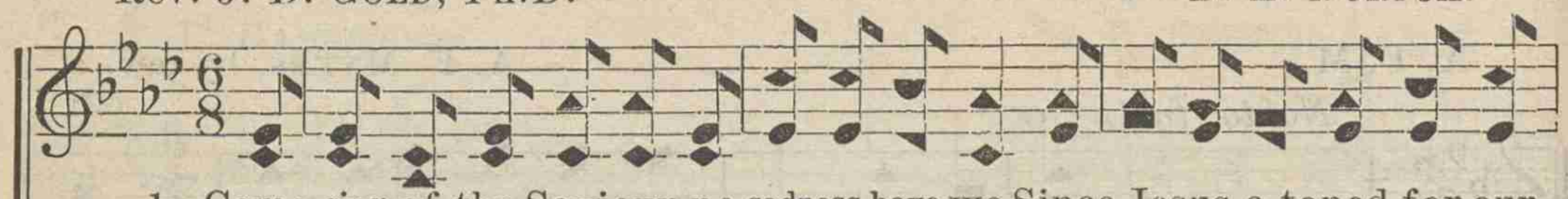
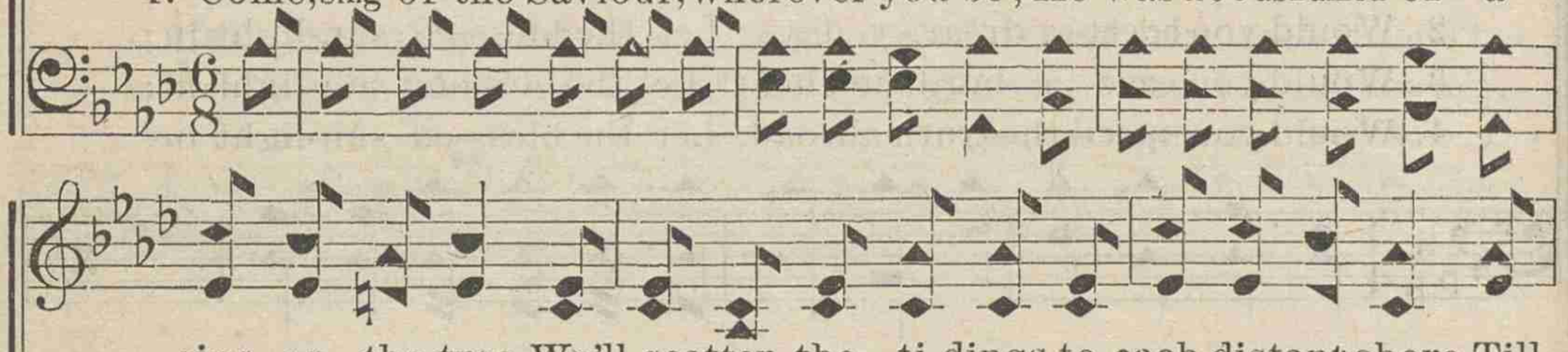
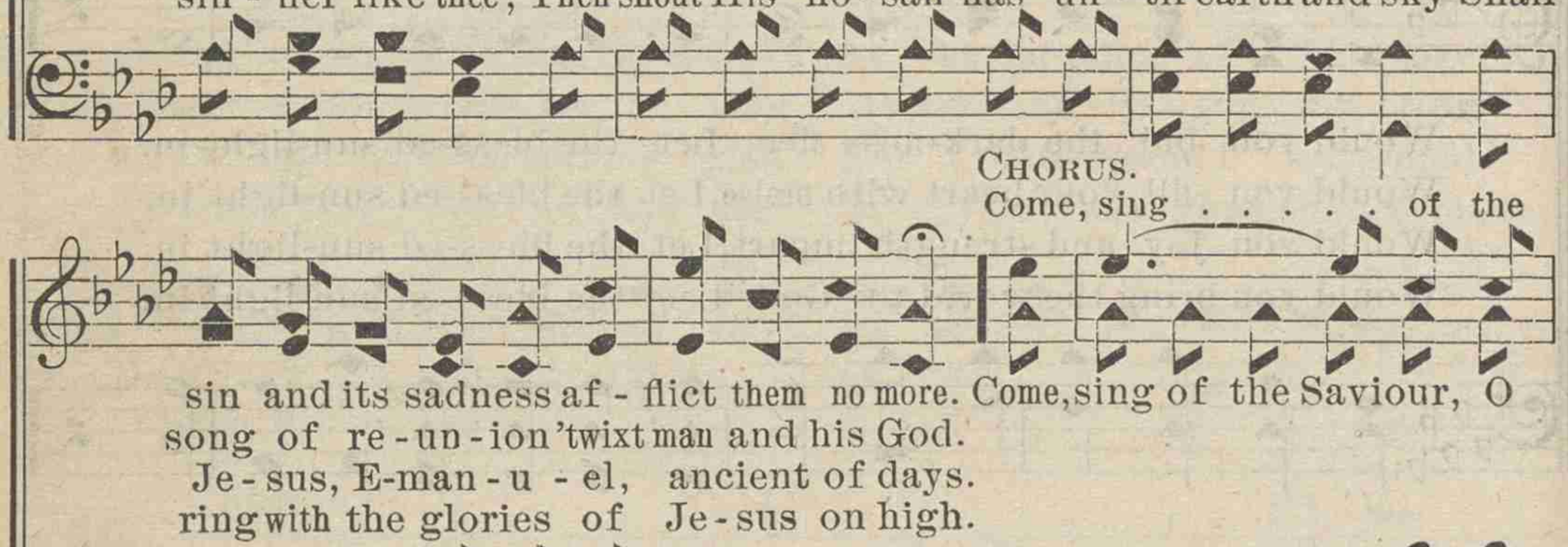
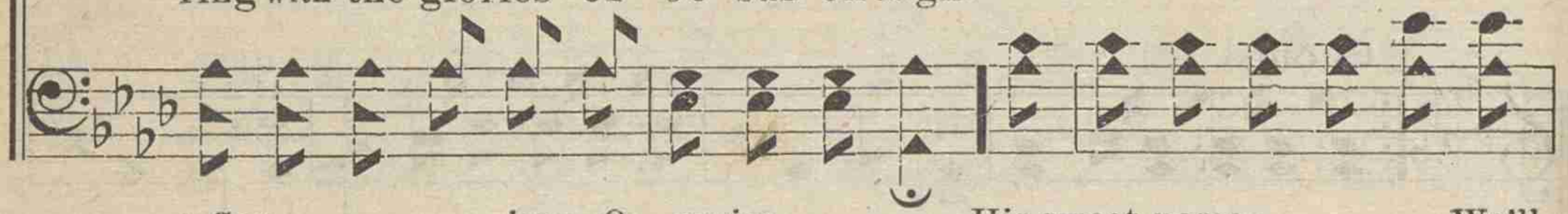
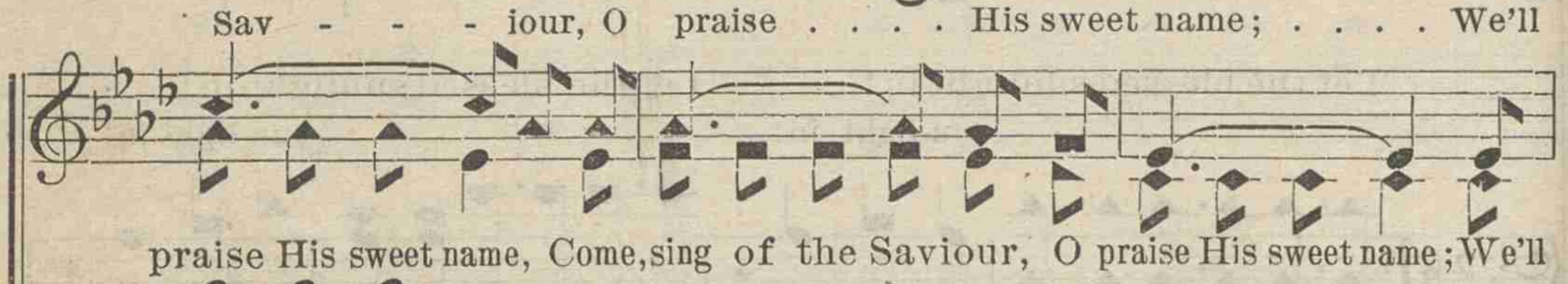
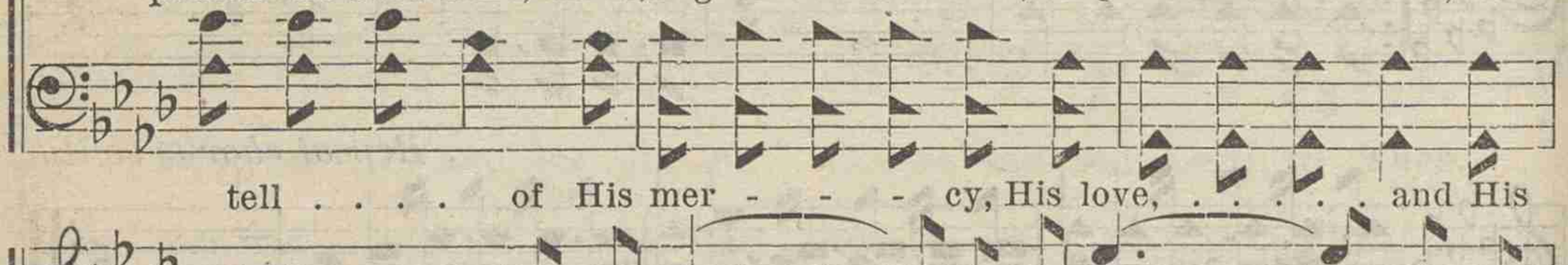
152. COME, SING OF THE SAVIOUR.

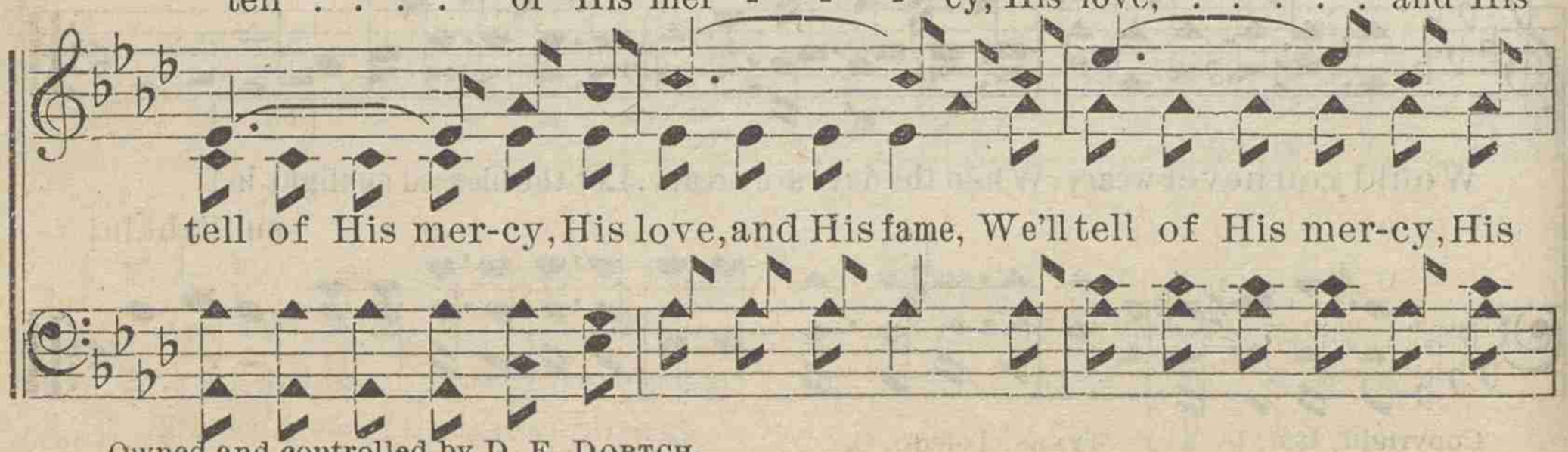
"At midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God."—Acts 16: 25.

Rev. J. D. GOLD, Ph.D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Come, sing of the Saviour, no sadness have we Since Jesus a-toned for our
2. Come, sing of the Saviour, O tell of His love Who came to earth's hov-els from
3. Come, sing of the Saviour, till no one be heard To ad-vo-cate e - vil or
4. Come, sing of the Saviour, wherever you be; He was not ashamed of a

sins on the tree. We'll scatter the ti-dings to each distant shore Till
mansions a-bove; Let each vie with oth-er in wafting abroad The
scoff at His word; Till all shall u - nite in one anthem of praise To
sin - ner like thee; Then shout His ho-san-nas un - til earth and sky Shall

CHORUS.

Come, sing . . . . of the

sin and its sadness af - flict them no more. Come, sing of the Saviour, O
song of re-un-ion 'twixt man and his God.
Je-sus, E-man-u - el, ancient of days.
ring with the glories of Je-sus on high.

Sav - - - iour, O praise . . . . His sweet name; . . . . We'll

praise His sweet name, Come, sing of the Saviour, O praise His sweet name; We'll



tell . . . . of His mer - - - cy, His love, ... and His

tell of His mer-cy, His love, and His fame, We'll tell of His mer-cy, His

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COME, SING OF THE SAVIOUR.

fame; . . . Come, sing . . . . . of the Sav - - - - iour, O

love, and His fame; Come, sing of the Sav-iour, O spread the news wide, Come,

spread . . . the news wide, ... Till all . . . . . na - tions

sing of the Saviour, O spread the news wide, Till all na-tions hear of the

hear . . . . of the One . . . . : cru - ci - fied. . . . .

one cru - ci - fied, Till all nations hear of the One cru - ci - fied.

153. OLIVET.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va-ry, Sav-iour di - vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire. As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide, Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day, Be ho - ly Thine.
died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be—A liv - ing fire.
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tear a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then in love, Fear and dis-tress re-move; Oh, bear me safe a-bove—A ran - somed soul.

154. THERE'S A HOME FOR THE BLEST.

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

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

1. There's a home for the blest, There's a place of sweet rest, An
2. There's a cit - y of light, There's a pal - ace most bright, A
3. There the Sav - iour is gone, And He sits on His throne, Tri -
4. Oh! I long for that rest, To be hap - py and blest, With

E - den of glad - ness a-bove; There's a coun - try on high,
man - sion of splen - dor most fair; There's a king - dom of joy,
umph - ant, ex - al - ted and crowned; Saints and an - gels re - joice,
Je - sus my Sav - iour and King; With the ran - somed I'll raise

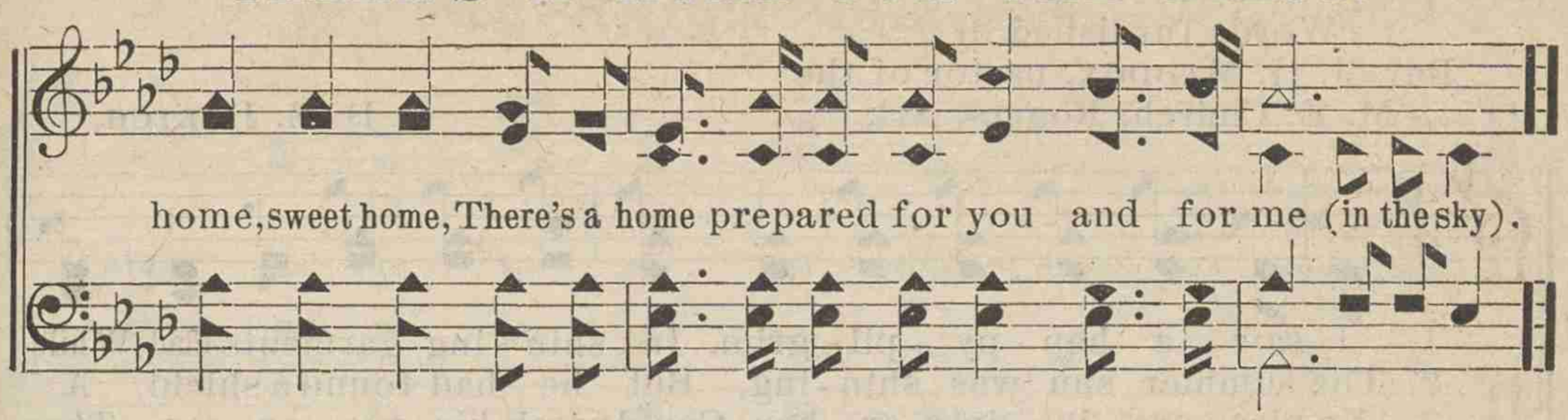
There's a land in the sky, A gar - den of pleas-ure and love.
Where no troub - les an-noy, No sor - row and woes en - ter there.
With the harp and the voice, His hon - or and prais - es re-sound.
End - less hymns to His praise, Ho - san - nas of tri - umph I'll sing.

CHORUS.

There's a home, sweet home, hap-py home, sweet home, There's a home for ev - er

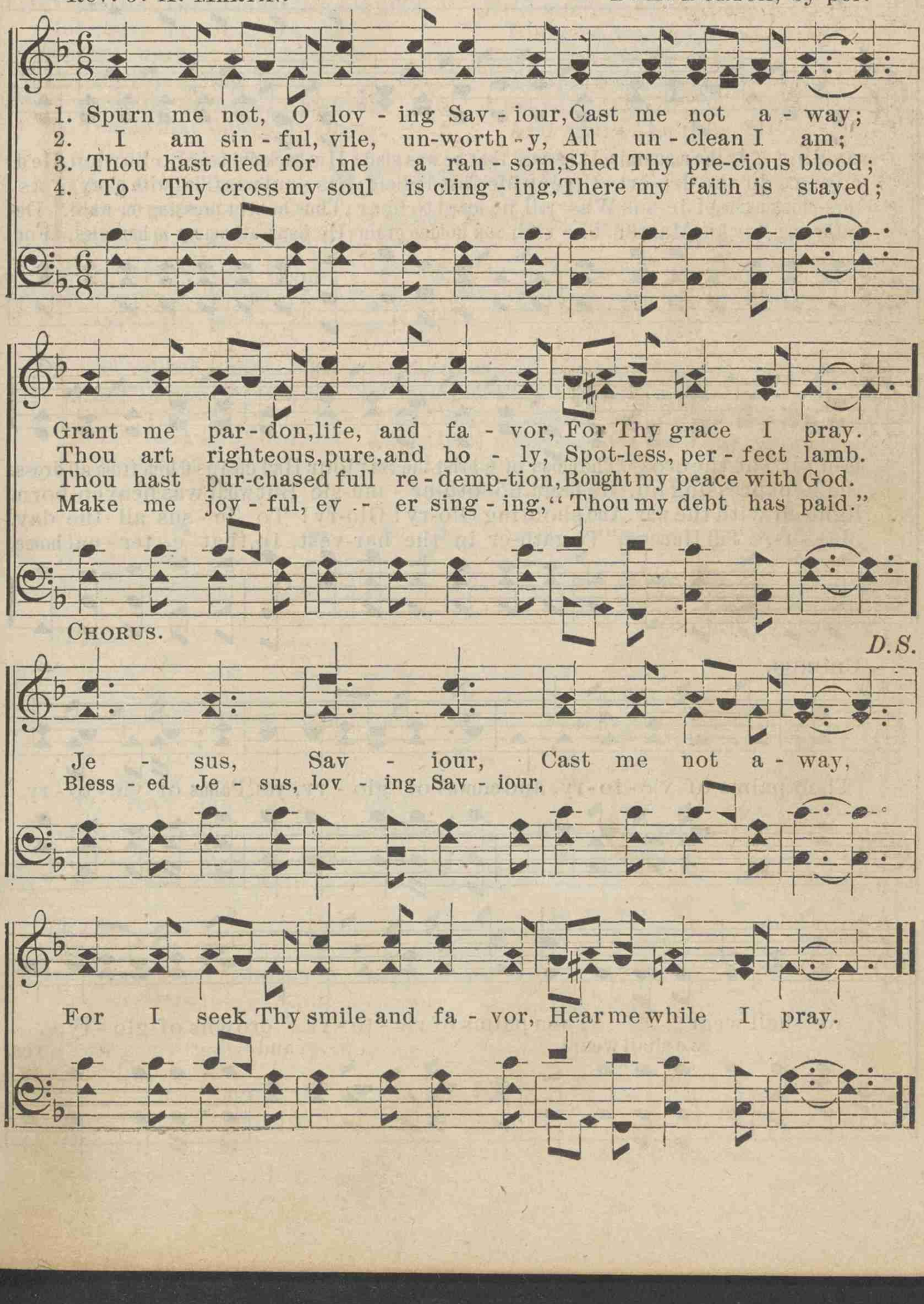
bright we shall see, (by and by;) There's a home, sweet home, hap - py

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

THERE'S A HOME FOR THE BLEST.

155. SPURN ME NOT.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts 2: 21.

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



156. THE HAPPY PILGRIM.

Words furnished by
Rev. J. H. MADDOX, pastor of the
M. E. Church, Rogers, Ark.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. I saw a hap - py pil - grim, In shin - ing garments clad, While
2. The summer sun was shin - ing, But he had found a shield, A
3. No pleas-ure in sin's ar - bor Could catch his eye or ear, The
4. I saw him in the morn-ing, In Canaan's sun - ny plain There

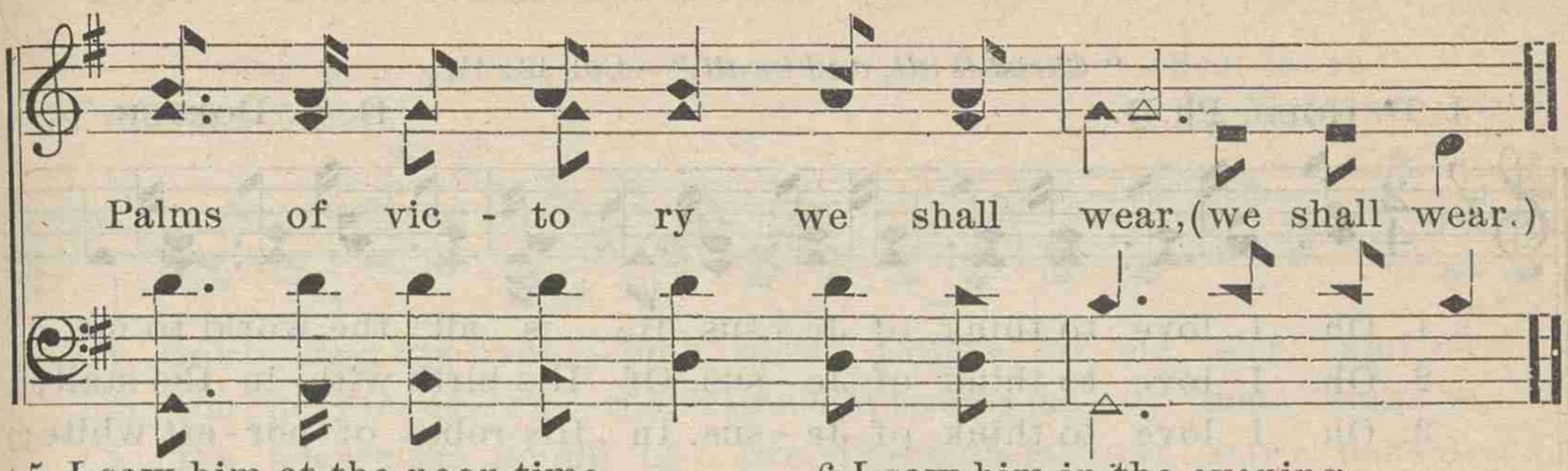
traveling o'er the mountain, It seemed that he was glad; His back did bear no burden, He'd
cov-ert in the des-ert Up - on life's bat-tlefield; His soul was filled with glory, As
pre-cious name of Je-sus Was all he loved to hear; Thus he kept pressing on-ward, De-
gathering for his Master The rich and golden grain; He bound them up in bun-dles, For

laid it at the cross, The blood of Christ the Saviour Had cleans'd him from all dross.
he kept pressing on, He heard no oth-er mu-sic But what was heaven-born.
light-ed with the way, And shouting Glo-ry! Glo-ry! To Je - sus all the day.
Je - sus, "Till He come," To gath-er in the har-vest, In that e - ter - nal home.

CHORUS.

Then palms of vic - to - ry, and crowns of glo - ry, yes, Palms of vic - to - ry

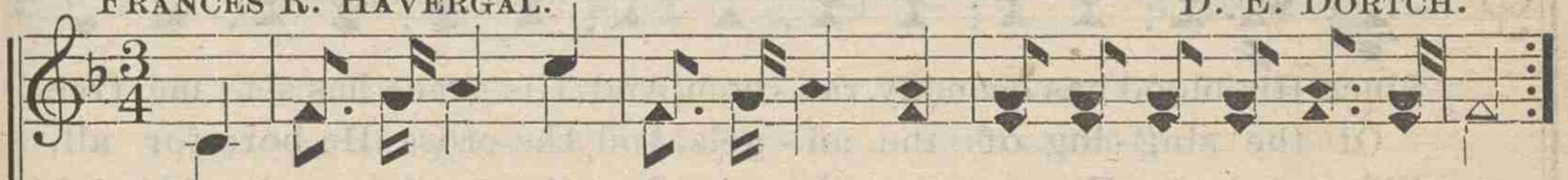
we shall wear; Then palms of vic - to - ry, crowns of glo - ry,
we shall wear; and yes,

THE HAPPY PILGRIM.

5 I saw him at the noon-time,
Still happy on his way,
He'd reached the mountain's summit,
But there he could not stay;
His steps were firm and steady
For he was going home,
And pressing onward, upward,
To reach that heavenly dome.

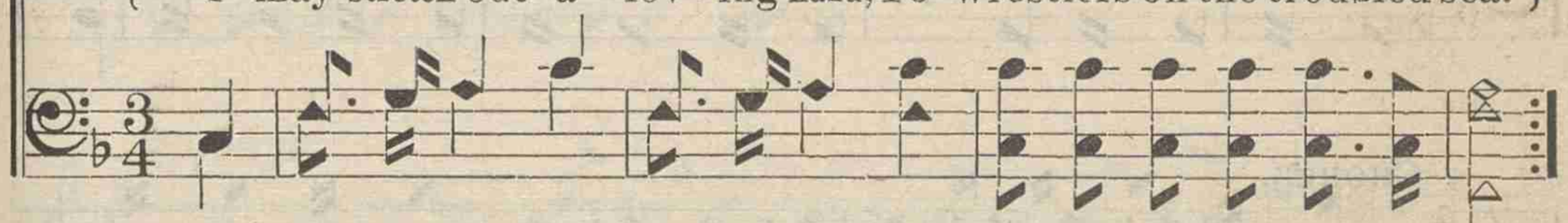
6 I saw him in the evening,
Life's sun was shining low;
He'd almost reached the city,
His robe was white as snow.
I saw him gladly enter,
And join the heavenly choir,
I heard him shout hosannas
And strike the golden lyre.

157. MY PRAYER.

1 Samuel 3: 9, 10.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech-oes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err-ing children lost and lone.

2. O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wand'ring and the wav-'ring feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hung'ring ones with man-na sweet.

3. O strengthen me, that while I stand, Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a lov - ing hand, To wrestlers on the troubled sea.

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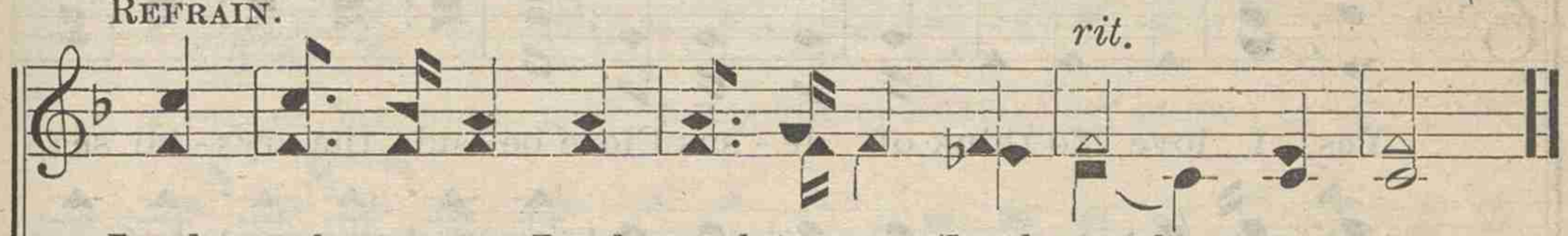
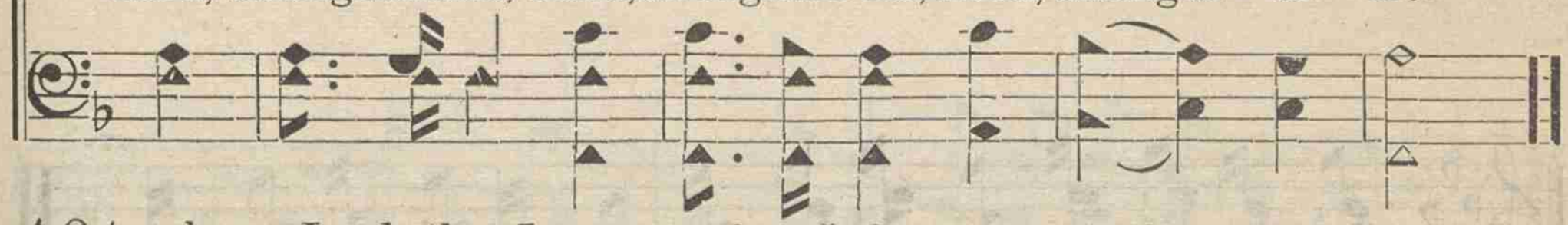

Lord, speak to me, Lord, speak to me, Lord, speak to me.
O, lead me, Lord, O lead me, Lord, O lead me, Lord.
Lord, strengthen me, Lord, strengthen me, Lord, strength - en me.



4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.
REF. O teach me, Lord, etc.

5 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.
REF. O use me, Lord, etc.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

158. OH, I LOVE TO THINK OF JESUS.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 13: 11.

J. D. GOLD, Ph.D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, He is all the world to me,
2. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, Of His birth with - in the stall;
3. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, In His robes of pur - est white;
4. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, And the spear mark in His side;
5. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, Of His cross and emp - ty tomb;

Since His blood has been my ran - som, And His grace has set me free.
Of the sing - ing of the an - gels, And the cross He bore for all.
When I taste His fu - ture glo - ry, On the mount's transfigur'd height.
Of His tones of love and mer - cy, While in ag - o - ny He died.
And the road to sweet Em-ma - us, And the words that banish gloom.

CHORUS.

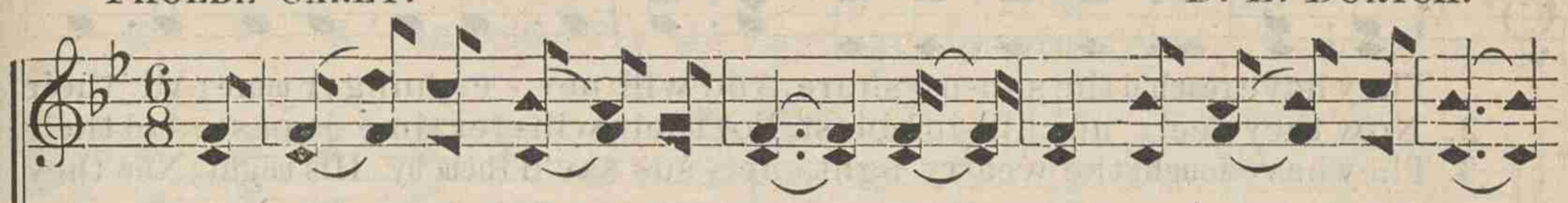
Yes, I love to think of Je - sus Close be - side the crys - tal sea,
Or a-mong the bow'rs of E - den, Where my home shall ev-er be.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

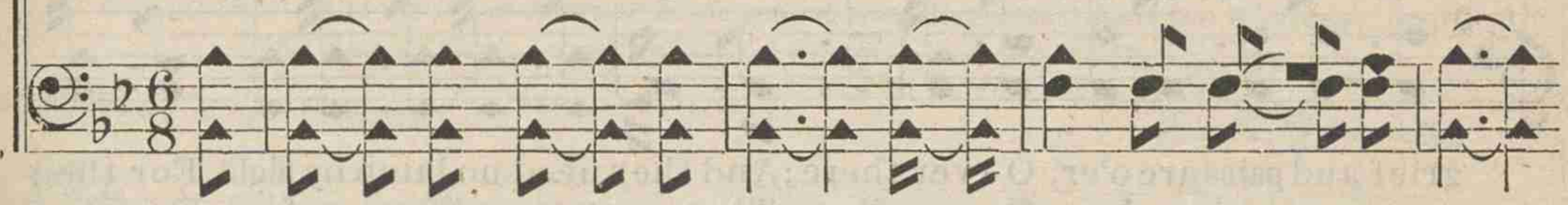
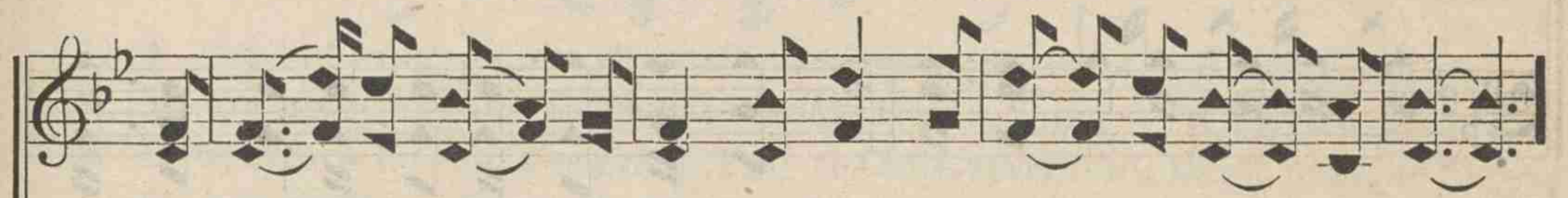
159. I'M NEARER MY HOME TODAY.

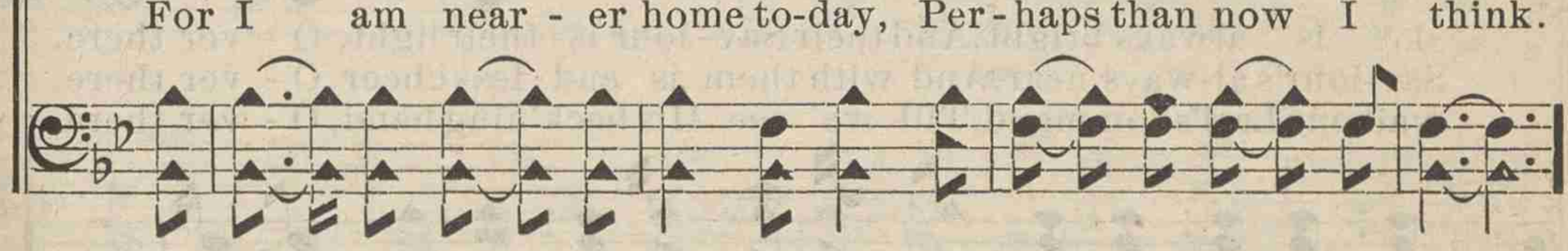
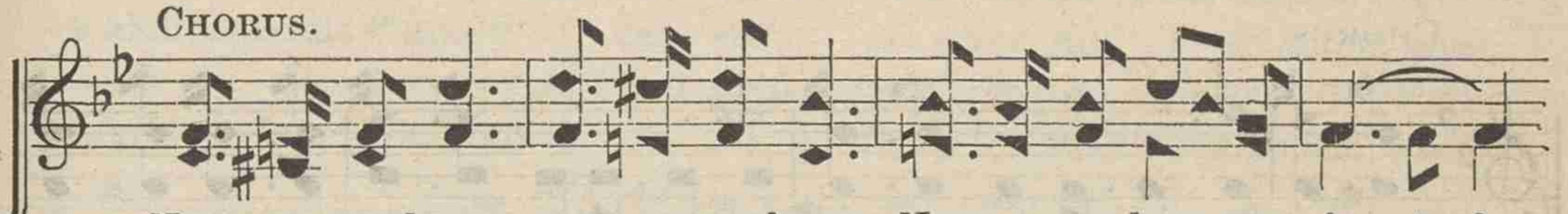
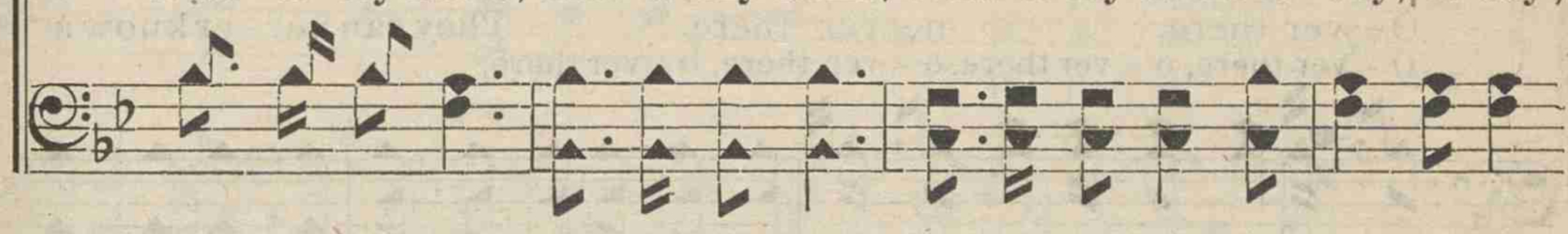
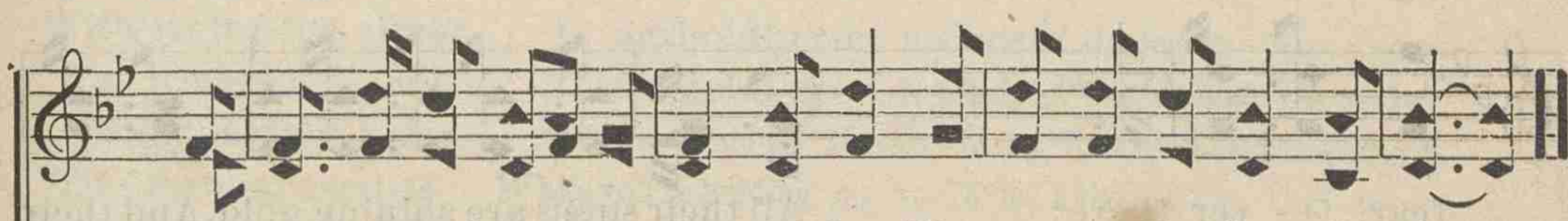
"*Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.*" —Rom. 13: 11.

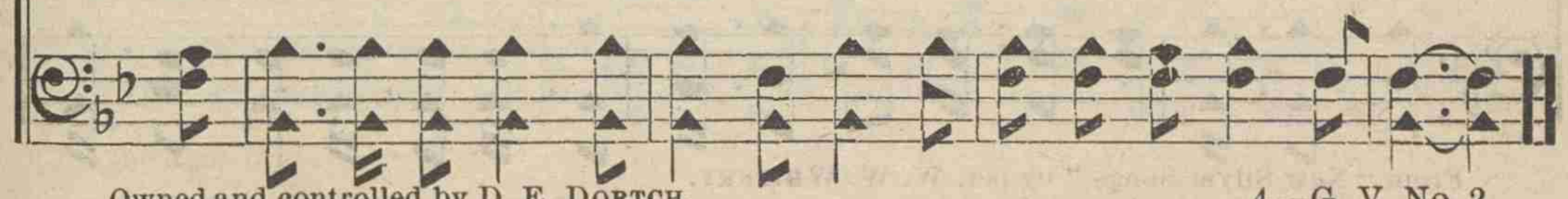
PHOEBE CAREY. D. E. DORTCH.



1. One sweet-ly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er,
2. I'm nearer my Fa - ther's house Where the ma - ny man - sions be,
3. I'm nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down,
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip-ping on the brink,



I'm nearer my home to-day, to-day, Than ev-er I've been be - fore.
I'm nearer the great white throne to-day, And nearer the crys-tal sea.
I'm near - er leaving the cross to-day, And nearer gain-ing the crown.
For I am near - er home to-day, Per-haps than now I think.

CHORUS.

Near-er my home, near-er my home, Near-er my home to-day, to-day;



I'm near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than ev-er I've been be-fore.

160. THE NEW "OVER THERE."

W. A. OGDEN.

1. They have reach'd the sun-ny shore, And will nev - er hunger more; All their
2. Now they feel no chill-ing blast, For their win - ter time is past; And their
3. They have fought the wea-ry fight, Je - sus sav'd them by His might; Now they

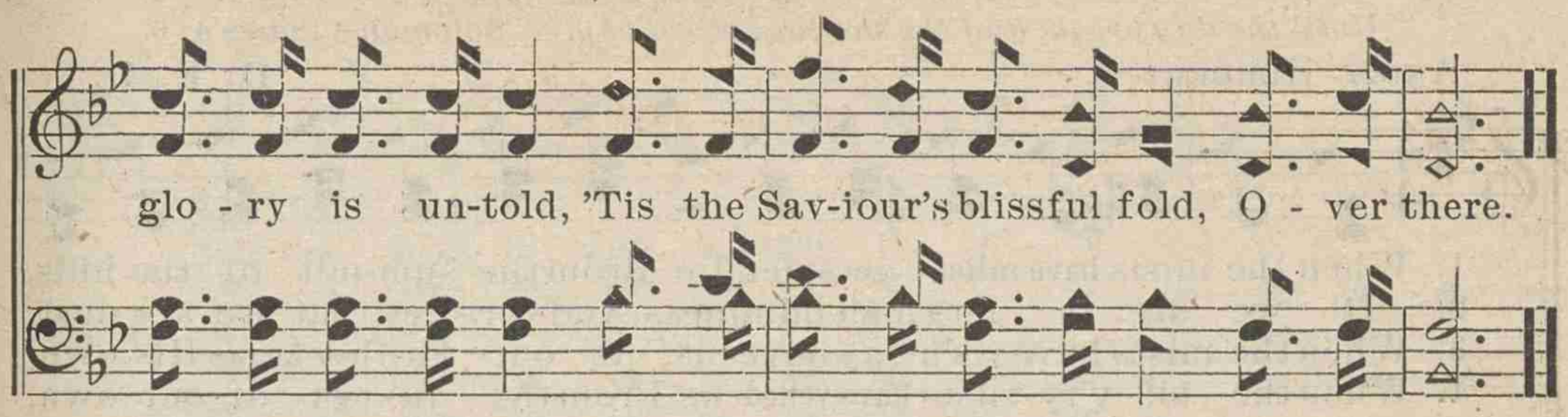
grief and pains are o'er, O - ver there; And they need no lamp by night, For their
summers always last, O - ver there; They can nev-er know a fear, For the
dwell with Him in light, O - ver there; Soon we'll reach the shining strand, But we'll

day is always bright, And their Sav - iour is their light, O - ver there.
Sav-iour's al-ways near, And with them is end - less cheer, O - ver there.
wait our Lord's command, Till we see His beck'ning hand, O - ver there.

CHORUS.

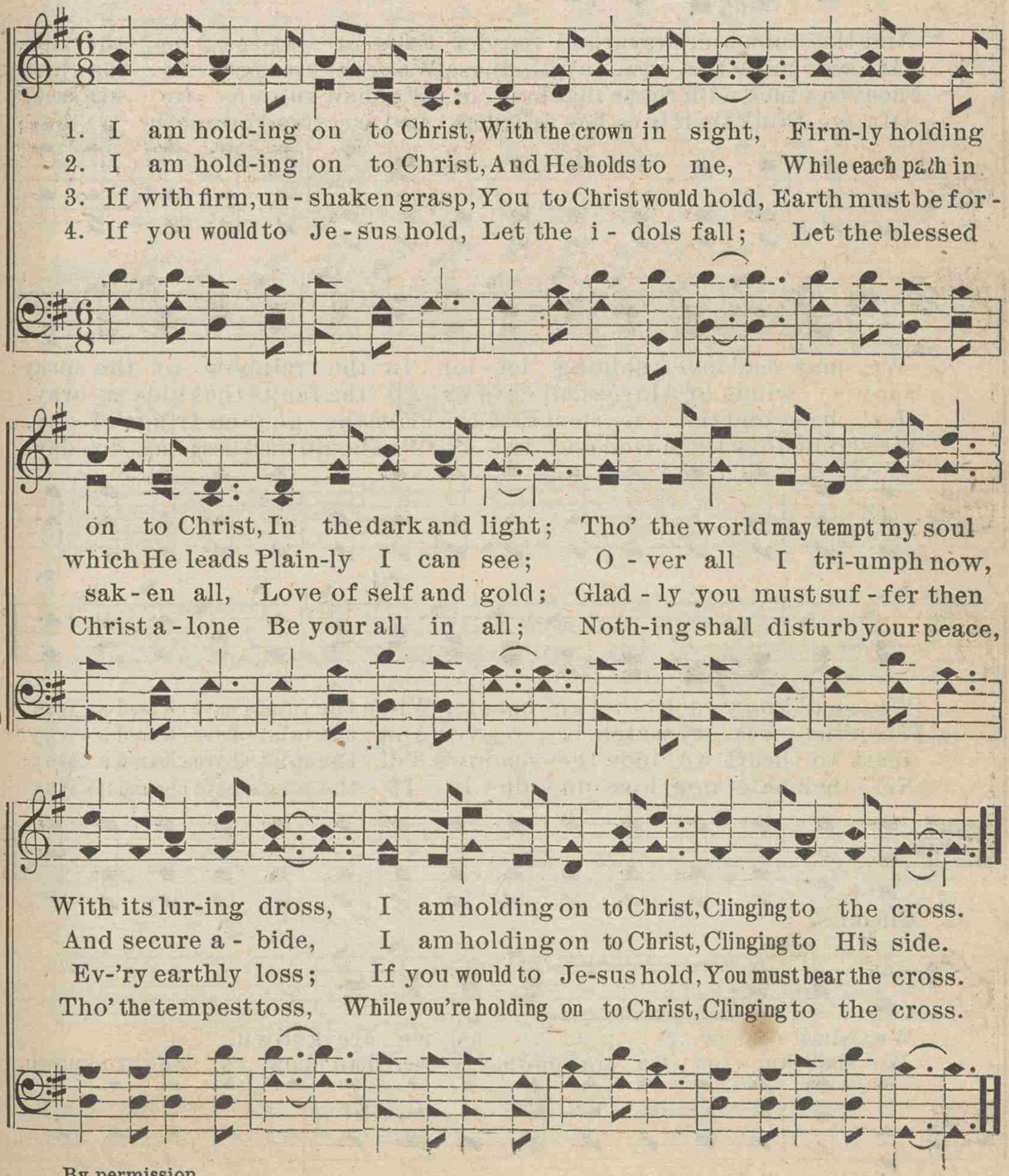
O - ver there, o - ver there, They can nev - er know a fear, O - ver there;
O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there,
O - ver there; All their streets are shining gold, And their

From "New Silver Songs," by per. W. W. WHITNEY.

THE NEW "OVER THERE."

161. HOLDING ON TO CHRIST.

"Seeing then that we have a great high priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our professions."—Heb. 4: 14.

Rev. A. J. Hough. W. J. Weaver.



By permission.

162. WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY.

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."—Solomon's Songs 4: 6.

ANNIE HERBERT. D. E. D.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the sum-mit of the hills,
2. If we are in hu-man blindness, And for-get that we are dust,
3. When the mists have ris'n a-bove us, As our Fa-ther knows His own,
4. When the sil-v'ry mists have veiled us From the fa-ces of our own,

And the sunshine warm and ten-der Falls in kisses on the rills,
If we miss the law of kindness Where we struggle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;
Oft we think their love has failed us, And we tread our path a-lone;

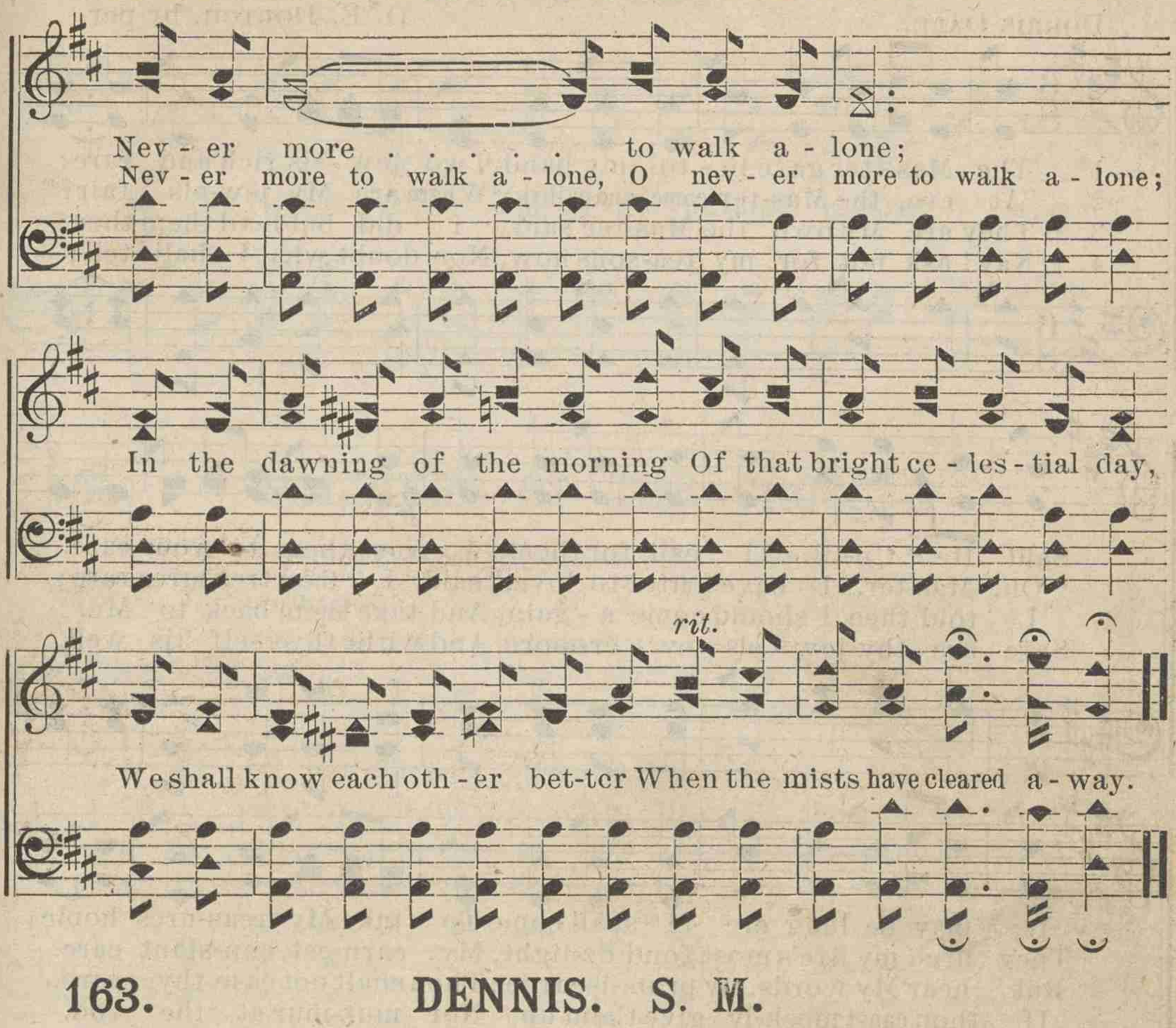
We may read love's shining let-ter In the rainbow of the spray;
Snow-y wings of love shall cov-er All the faults that hide a-way,
Lo! be-yond the o-rient mead-ows Floats the gold-en fringe of day,
We should love them well and tru-ly, We should trust them day by day,

We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have cleared a-way.
When the wea-ry watch is o-ver And the mists have cleared a-way.
Heart to heart we bide the shadows Till the mists have cleared a-way.
Nei-ther hate nor love un-du-ly If the mists have cleared a-way.

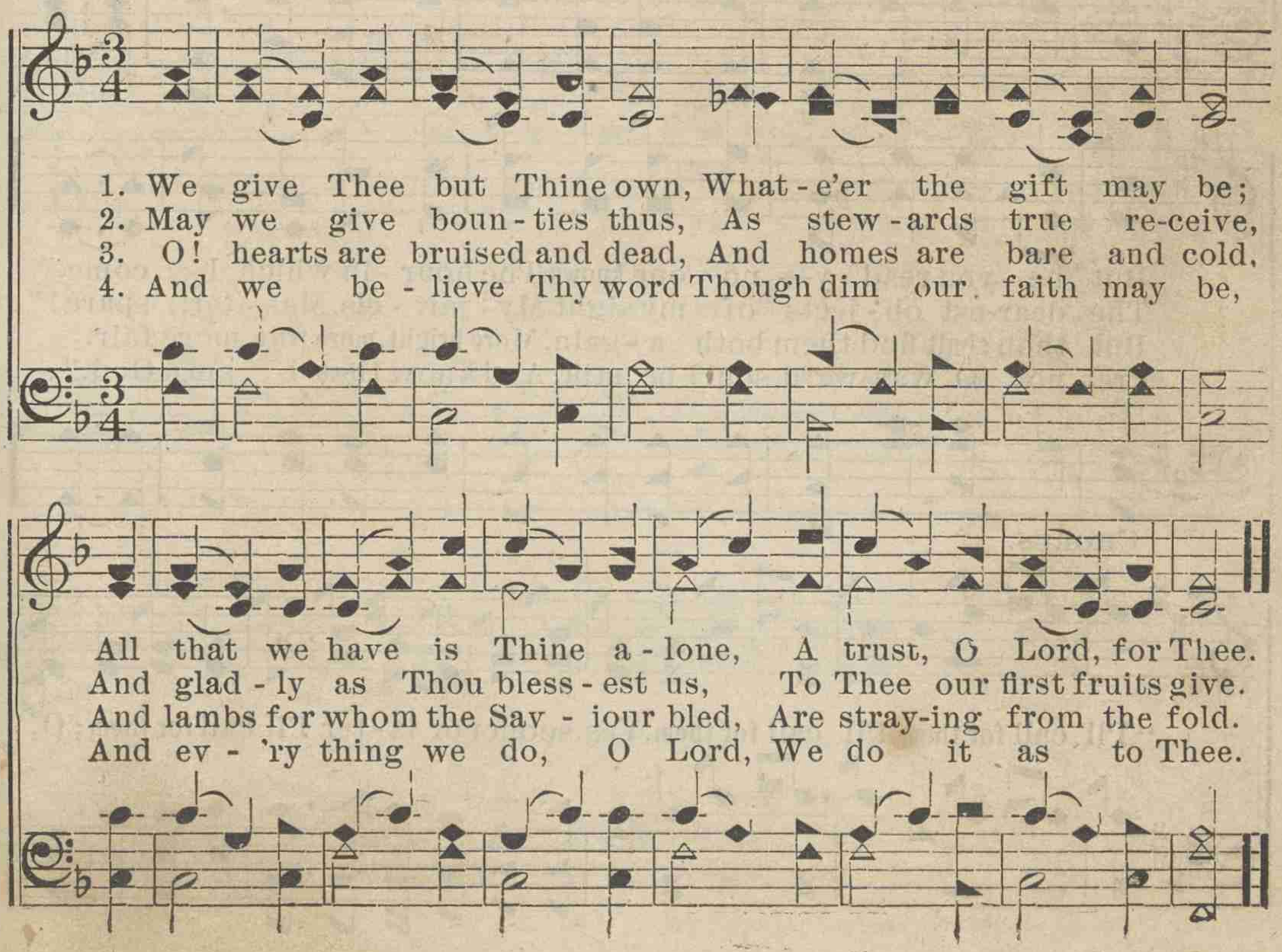
CHORUS.

We shall know . . . . . as we are known,
We shall know as we are known, Yes, we shall know as we are known,

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY.

163. DENNIS. S. M.

Mrs. W. J. Darby. From H. G. Nageli.



164. MY JEWELS.

DORRIS DALE. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. The Mas-ter gave in-to my hand Two jew-els rich and rare:
2. At eve, the Mas-ter came and called, "Where are My jew-els fair?"
3. "They are My own" the Mas-ter said, "I did but lend them thee;
4. "Nay! ask not for my rea-sons now, Nor doubt what I shall tell;

Said He "Un-til I call for them, I trust them to your care.
"Oh, Mas-ter, I have learned to love," said I, "these treasures rare;
I told thee I should come a-gain, And take them back to Me.
Safe are thy jew-els ev-er-more, And with thy-self 'tis well,

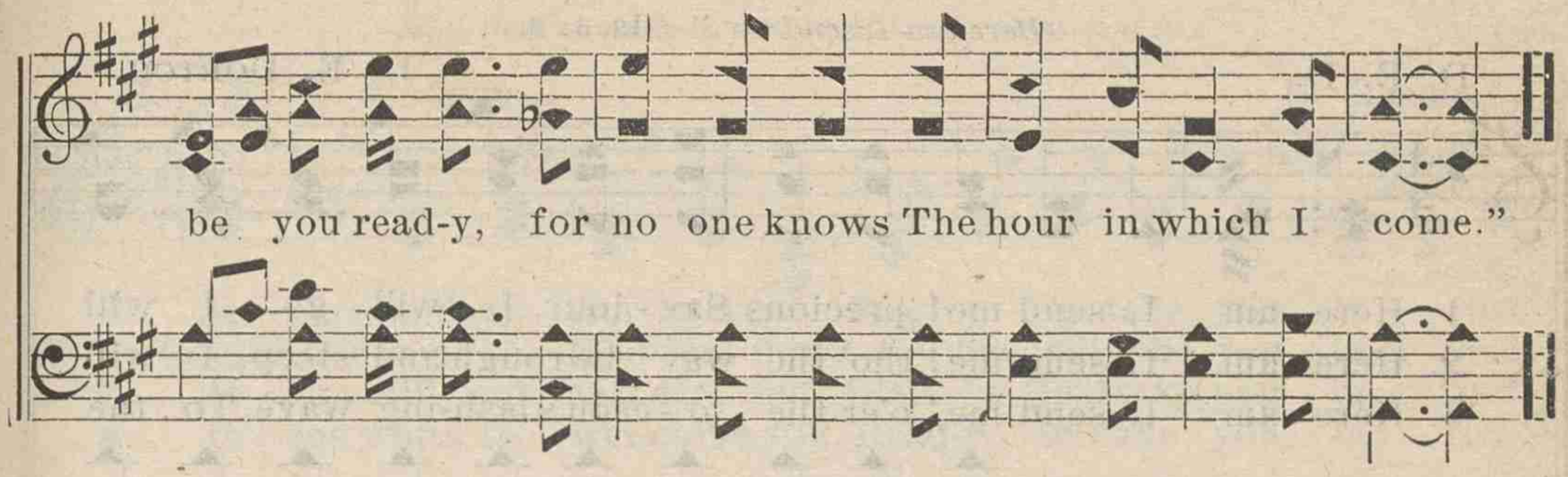
It may be long ere I shall come To take My treas-ures home;
They are my life's most fond de-light, My earn-est, con-stant care.
But hear My words, my prom-ise true: Thou shalt not ease thy care,
If thou canst meek-ly give them up, Nor mur-mur at the rod.

But be you read-y— no one knows The hour in which I come."
The dear-est ob-jects of my sight My jew-els, Mas-ter, spare!"
But thou shalt find them both a-gain, More bright, more pure, more fair.
Fret not, O way-ward soul! be still, And know that I am God."

CHORUS.

"I'll call for them, I'll call for them, Yes, sooner or la-ter I'll call for them; O,

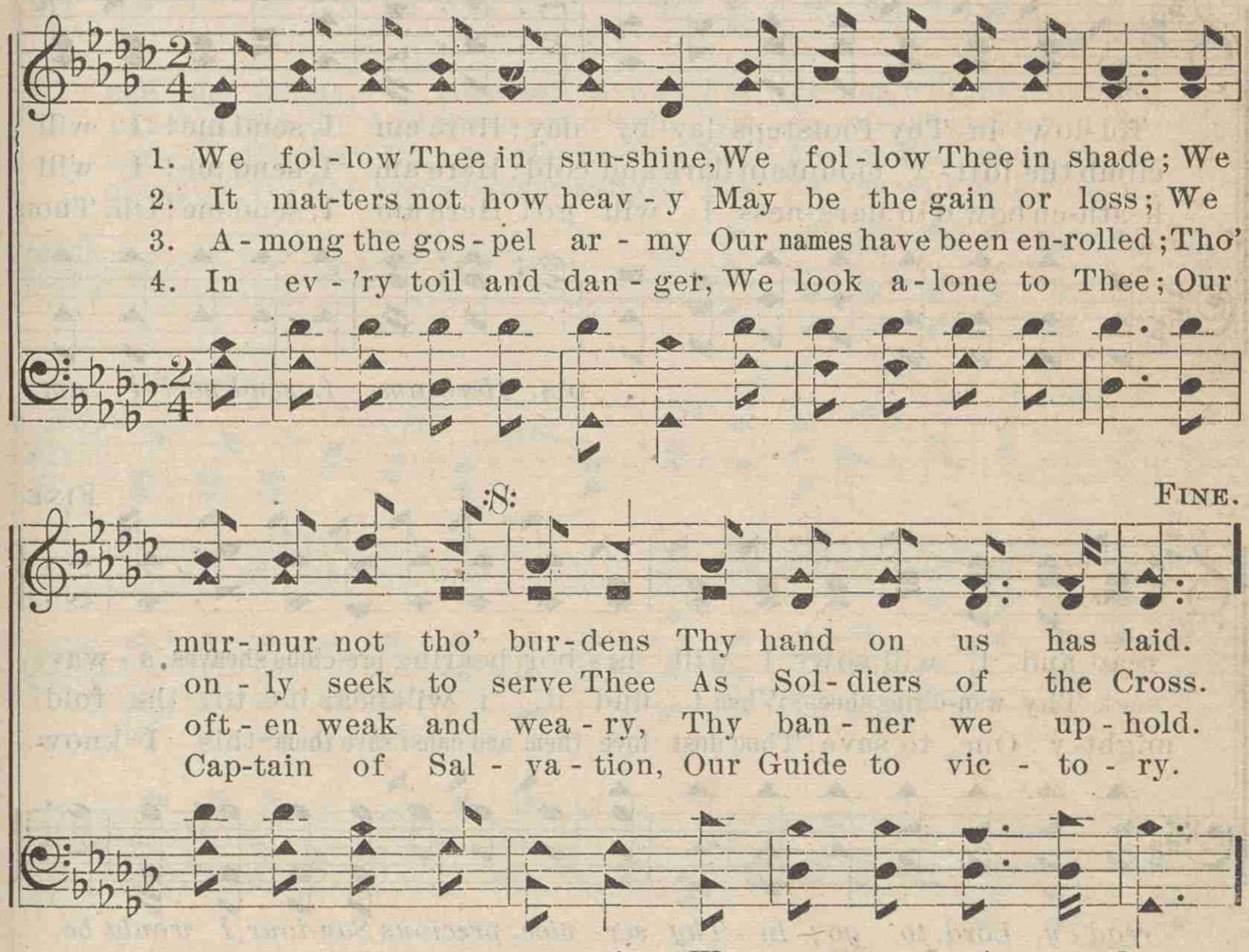
MY JEWELS.

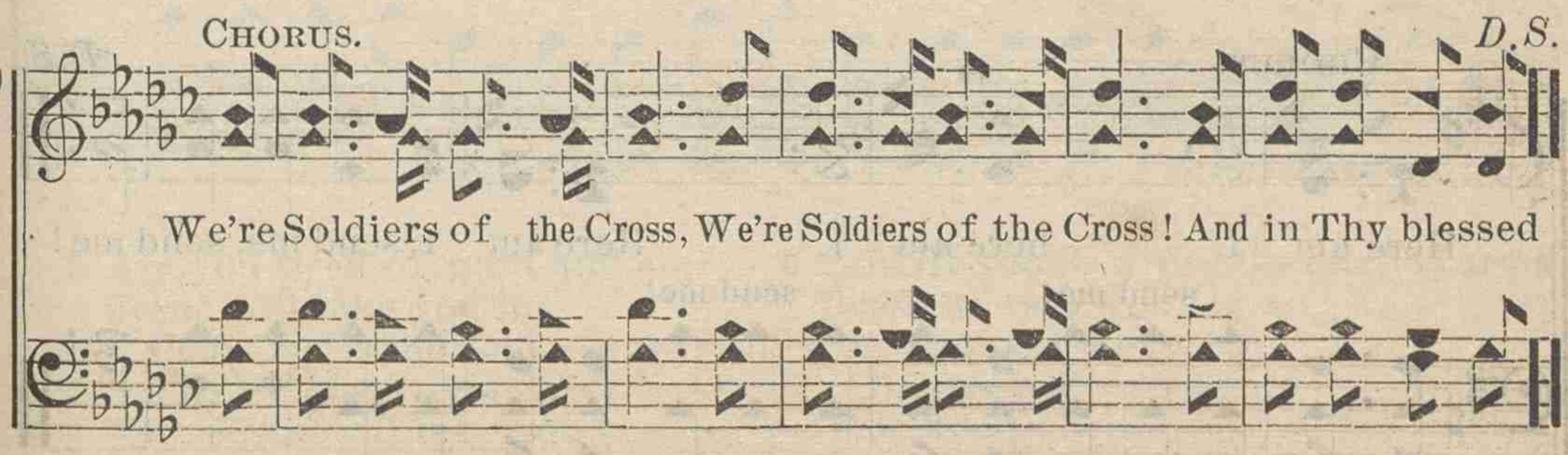


165. SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

"Put on the whole armour of God." — Eph. 6: 11.

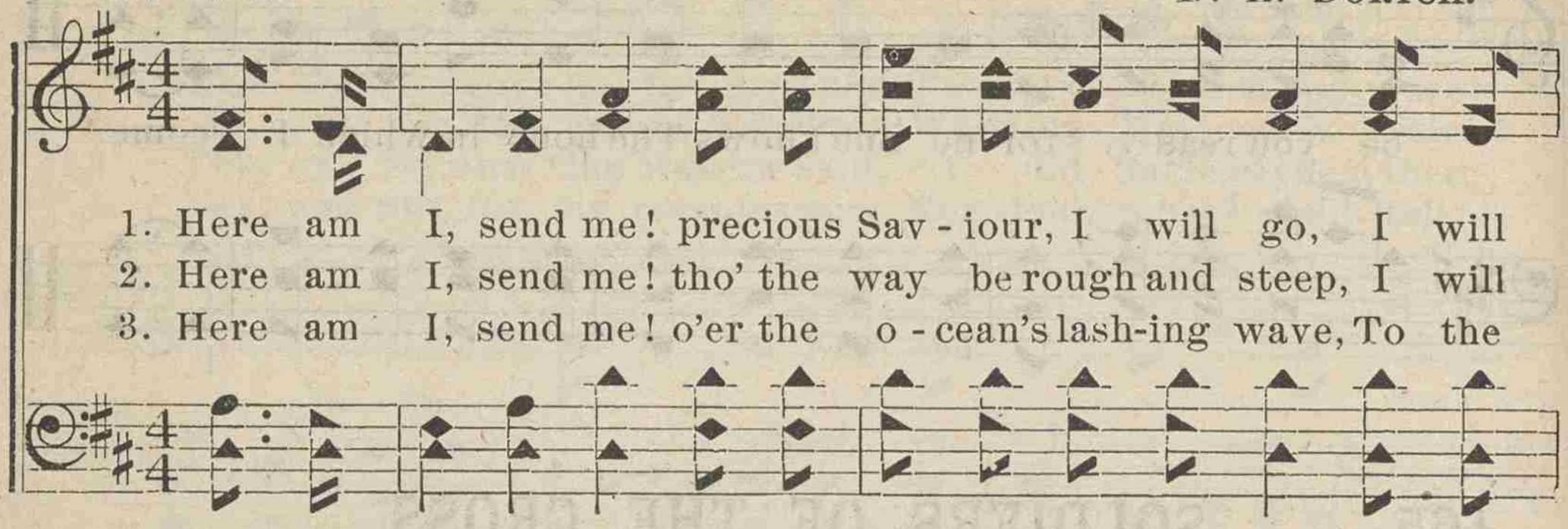
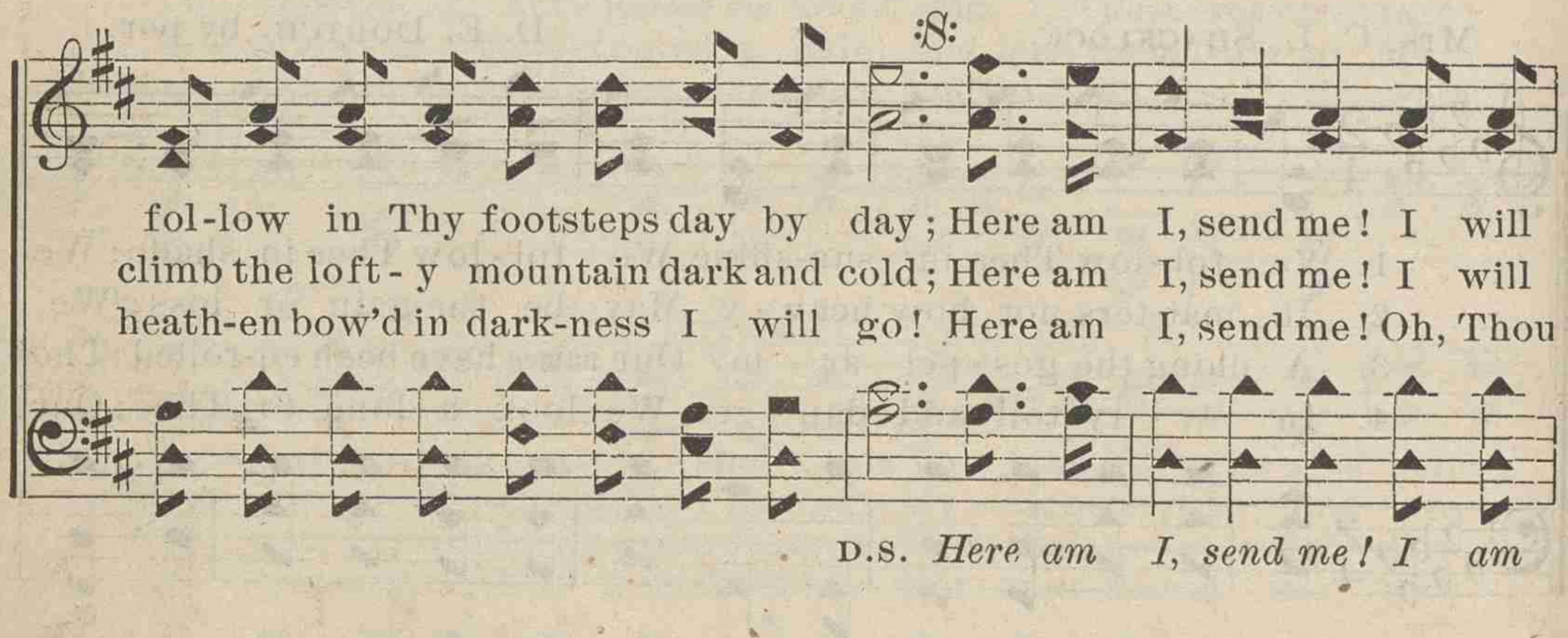
Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

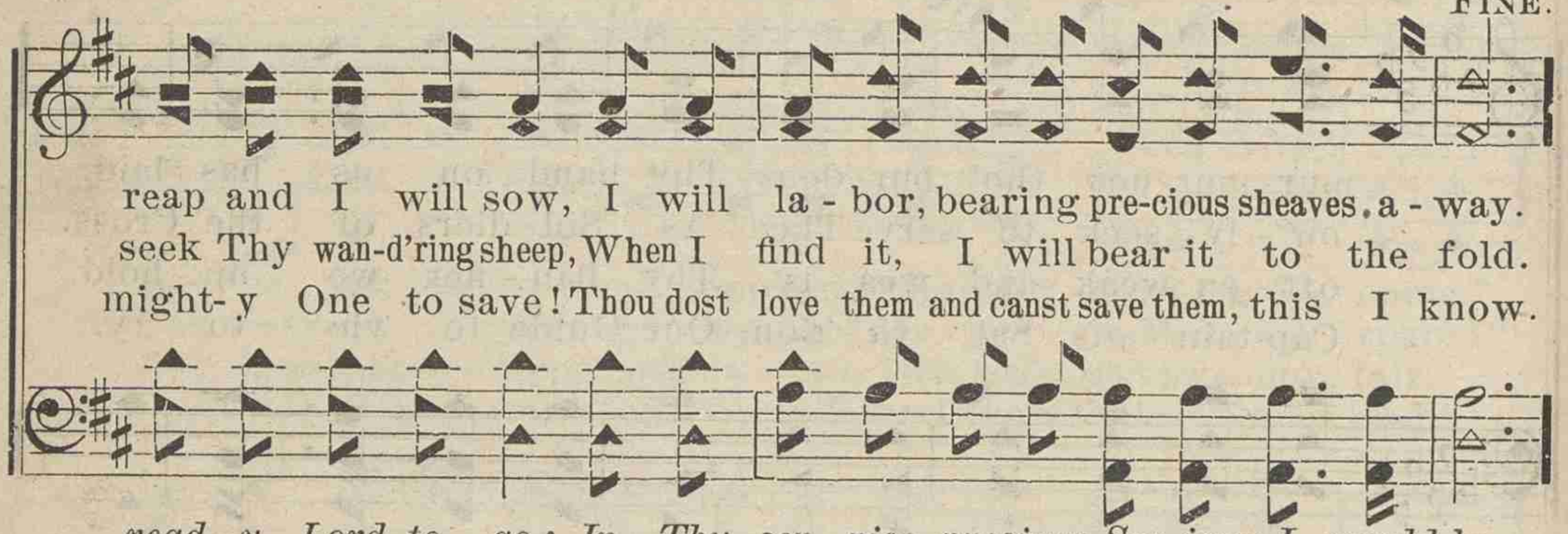
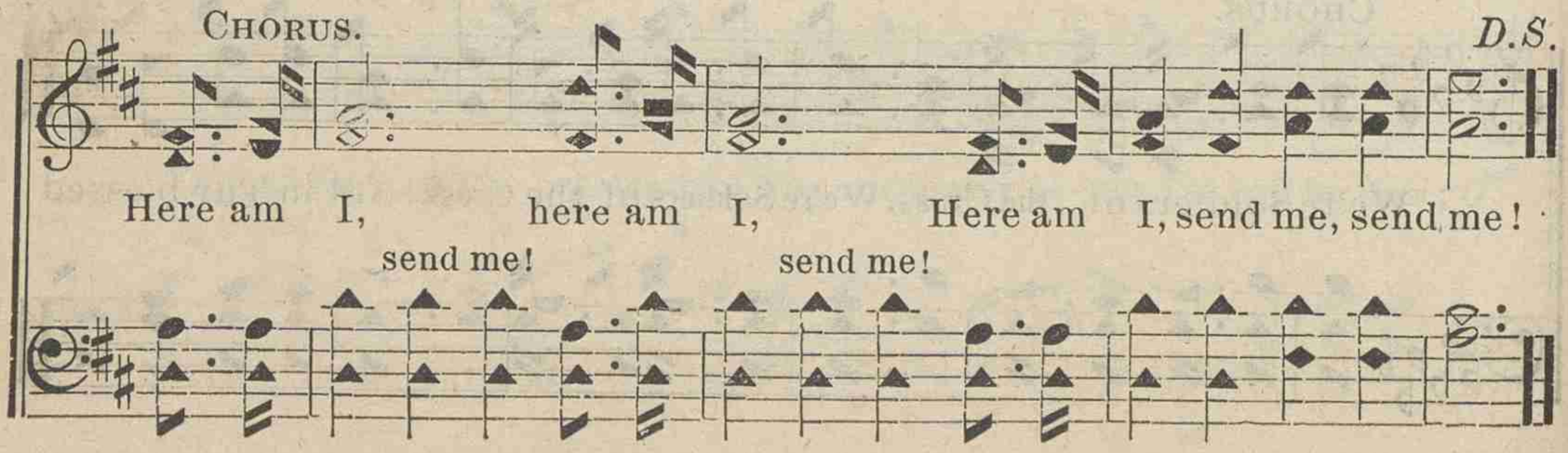




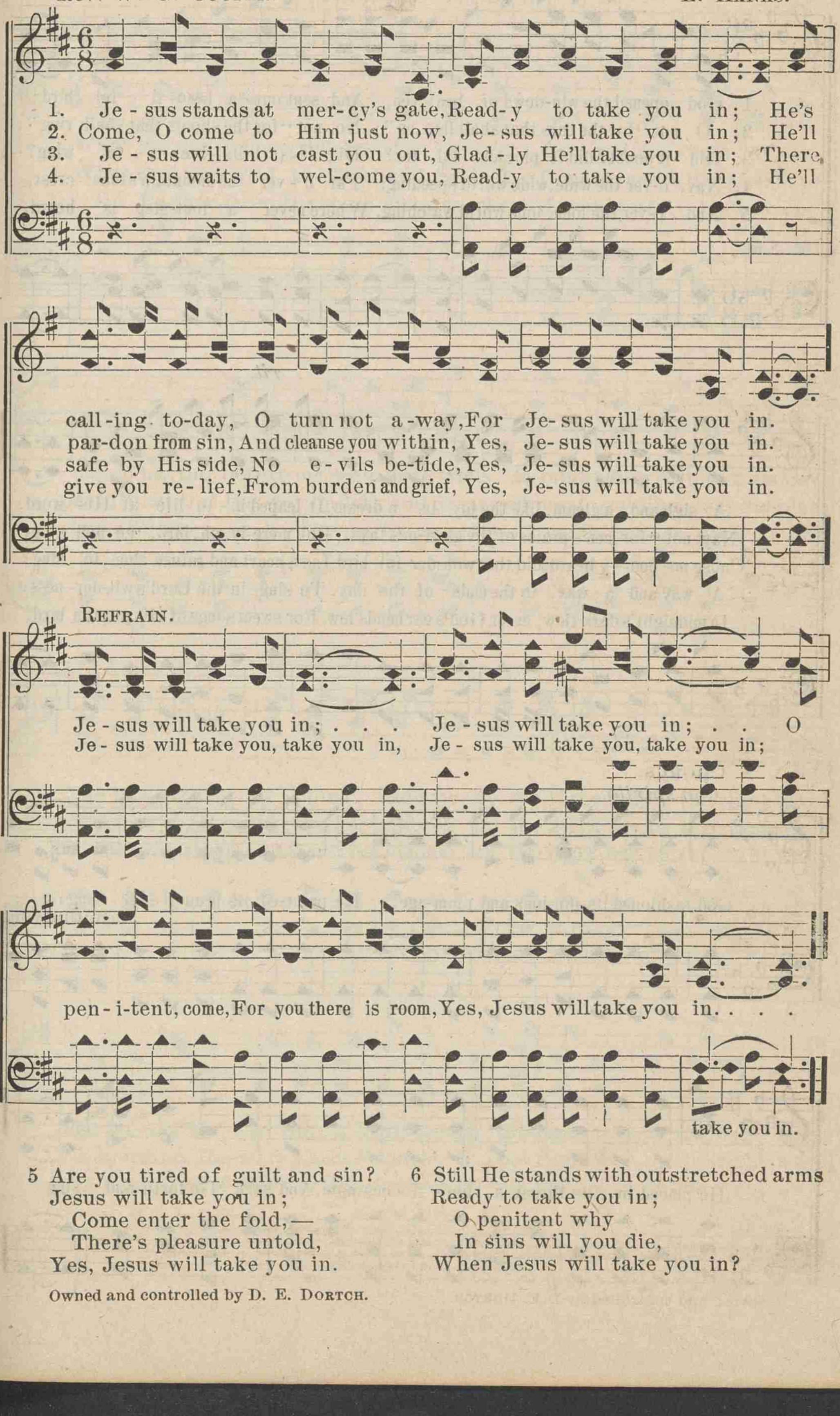
166. SEND ME.

"Here am I, send me." — Is. 6: 8.

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

D.S. *Here am I, send me! I am*

FINE.

CHORUS. D.S.

167. JESUS WILL TAKE YOU IN.

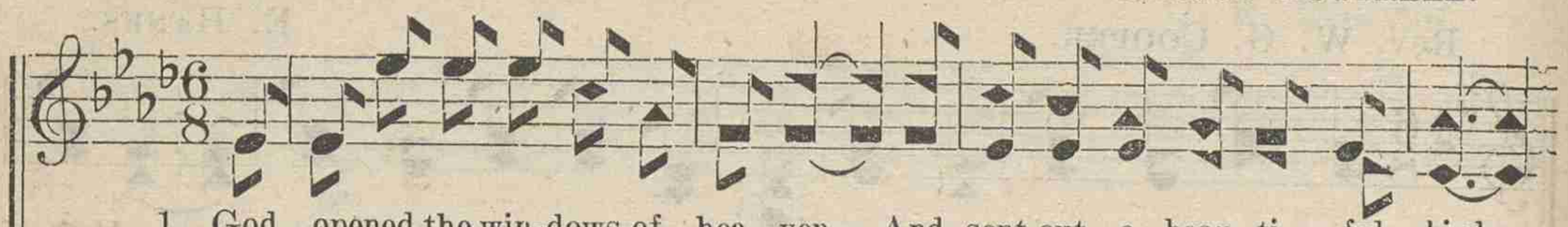
"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

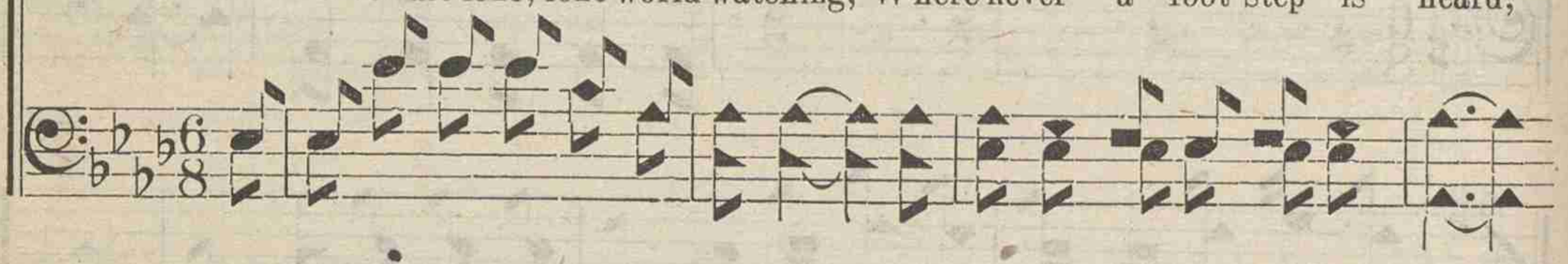
Rev. W. G. Cooper. E. Hanks.

5 Are you tired of guilt and sin?
Jesus will take you in;
Come enter the fold,—
There's pleasure untold,
Yes, Jesus will take you in.

6 Still He stands with outstretched arms
Ready to take you in;
O penitent why
In sins will you die,
When Jesus will take you in?

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

168. THE PILGRIM BIRD.

Miss Dromgoole. Lucius Luttrell.

1. God opened the win-dows of hea - ven, And sent out a beau- ti - ful bird;
2. O not "for the ears that shall list- en"; No, not "for the shouts that shall ring";
3. Did it doubt? did it pine and fal - ter? Did it furl its beau-ti - ful wing?
4. Nay, o-ver the wide, wide world speeding, Far o - ver the mountain's blue crest,
5. And o-ver the lone, lone world watching, Where never a foot-step is heard,



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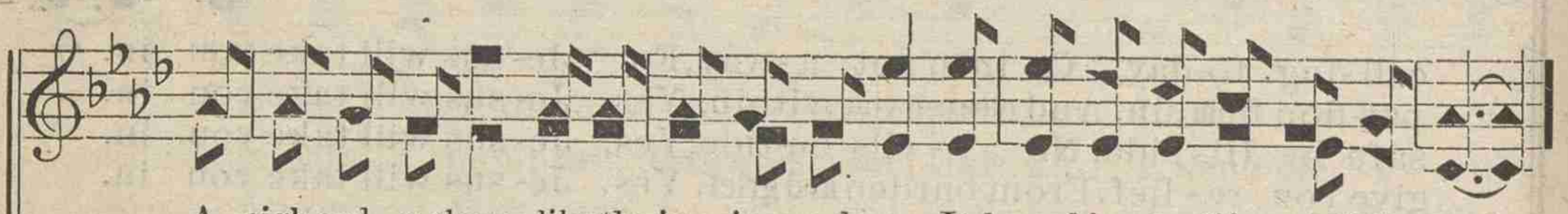
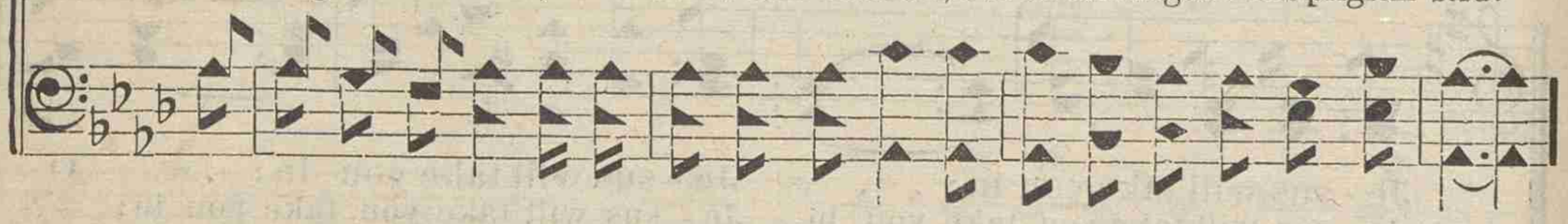
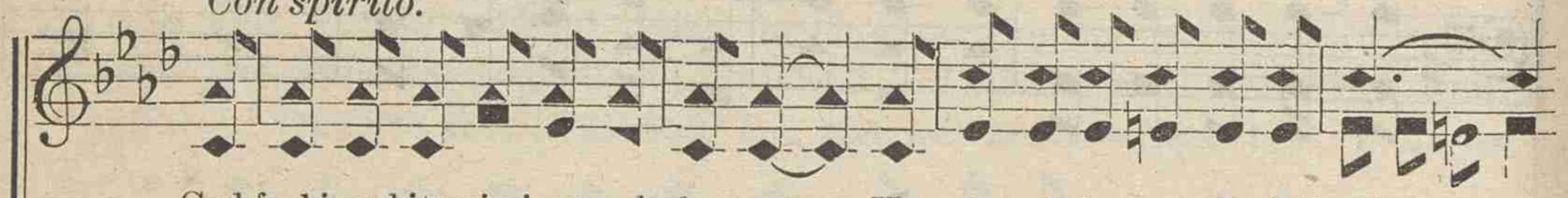
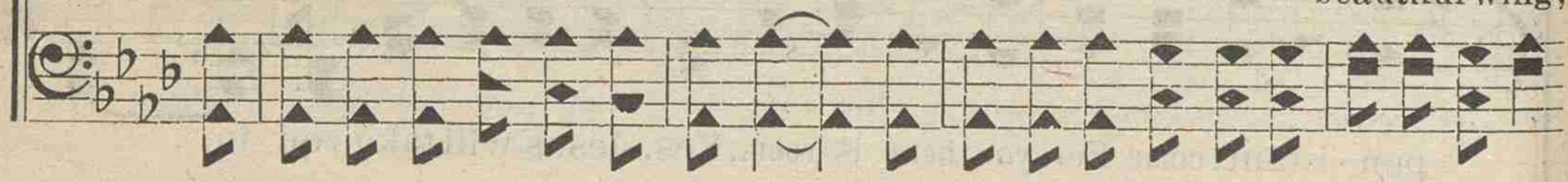
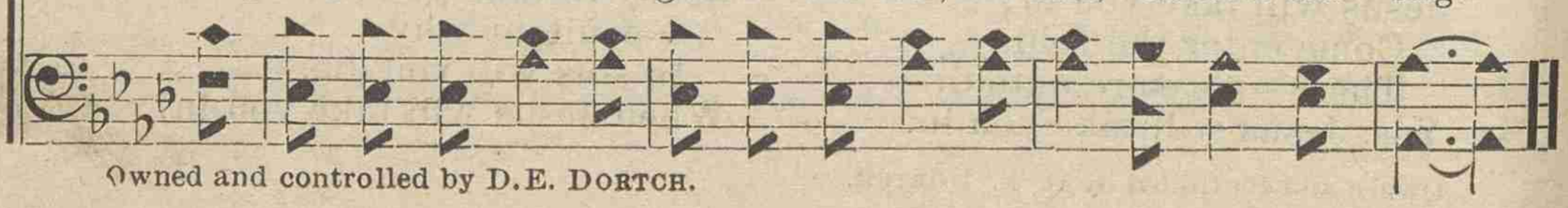

A sigh and a gleam, like the joy in a dream, It leaped in - to life at His word.
Nay, not "for men's praise of thy glori-ous lays," But mere-ly, oh, bird, "go and sing."
'Cause no- bod - y heard, did that won-der-ful bird Lose heart and refuse then to sing?
A - way and a - way, to the ends of the day, To sing in the Lord's wil-der- ness.
In midnight's dark flow, ev-er God's ear bends low, For sweet songs of His pilgrim bird.



Chorus.

Con spirito.

God fashioned its pin-ions and plum-age, He paint-ed its beau-ti - ful wing; . .
beautiful wing;



He placed in its throat a glo - ri - ous note, And said, "Go forth and sing."

Owned and controlled by D.E. Dortch.

169. BY THE RIGHT WAY.

"I am the Lord thy God . . . which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go."— Is. 48: 17.

W. C. MARTIN, Norwich, Conn. D. E. D.

1. What tho' my pil - grim-age be o - ver Bar - ren des - erts day by
2. What tho' the road be hard, and by it Demons crouch like beasts of
3. O Fa-ther, from the path Thou markest I would nev - er, nev - er

day, What tho' before me seem such trials As might fill with blank dismay;
prey; What tho' the way be dark and dreary, Skies no guiding stars dis-play;
stray; What-ev - er be Thy marching orders, I would nev - er dis - o - bey.

The blessed Ho - ly Spir-it leads me By the right way, by the right way;
I know my Heav'nly Father lead-est By the right way, by the right way;
O God, I trust and know Thou leadest By the right way, by the right way;

The blessed Ho - ly Spir-it leads me By the right way, by the right way.
I know my Heav'nly Father leadest By the right way, by the right way.
O God, I trust and know Thou leadest By the right way, by the right way.

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170. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

"(CHRIST) *shall be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*"—Isa. 32: 2.

Dr. H. BONAR. D. E. DORTCH.

1. In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest, (let me rest,)
2. On the parched and des - ert way where I tread, (where I tread,)
3. I in peace will rest me here till I see, (till I see,)

When I feel the tem-pest's shock thrill my breast, (thrill my breast;)
With the scorching noon-tide ray o'er my head, (o'er my head,)
That the skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, (o - ver me;)

All in vain the storm shall sweep, while I hide, (while I hide,)
Let me find a wel - come shade cool and still, (cool and still,)
That the burn-ing heat is past and the day (and the day)

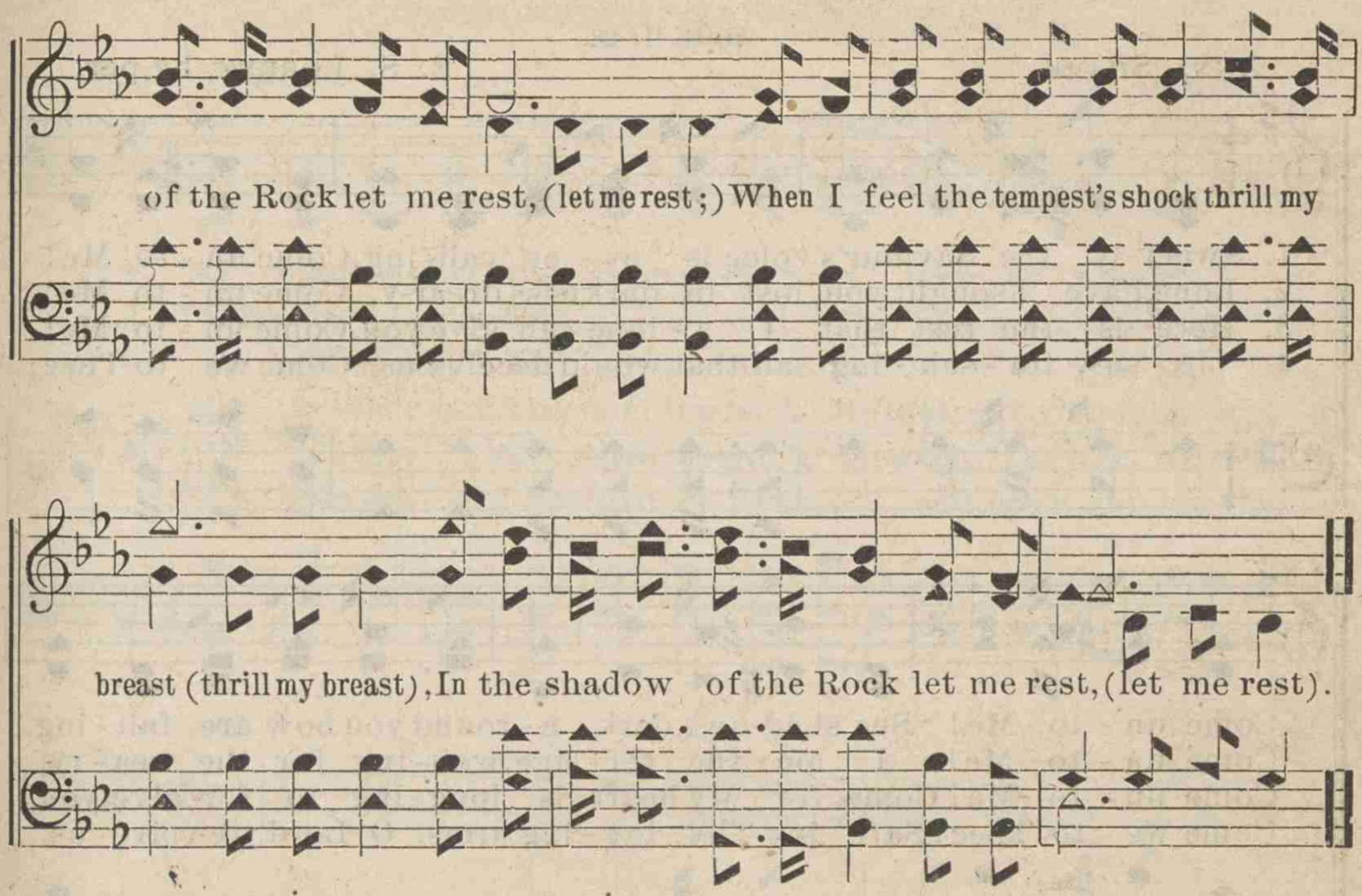
And my tran - quil vig - il keep by Thy side, (by Thy side.)
And my wea - ry steps be stayed by Thy will, (by Thy will.)
Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way, (go his way.)

CHORUS.

In the shadow of the Rock let me rest, (let me rest,) In the shadow

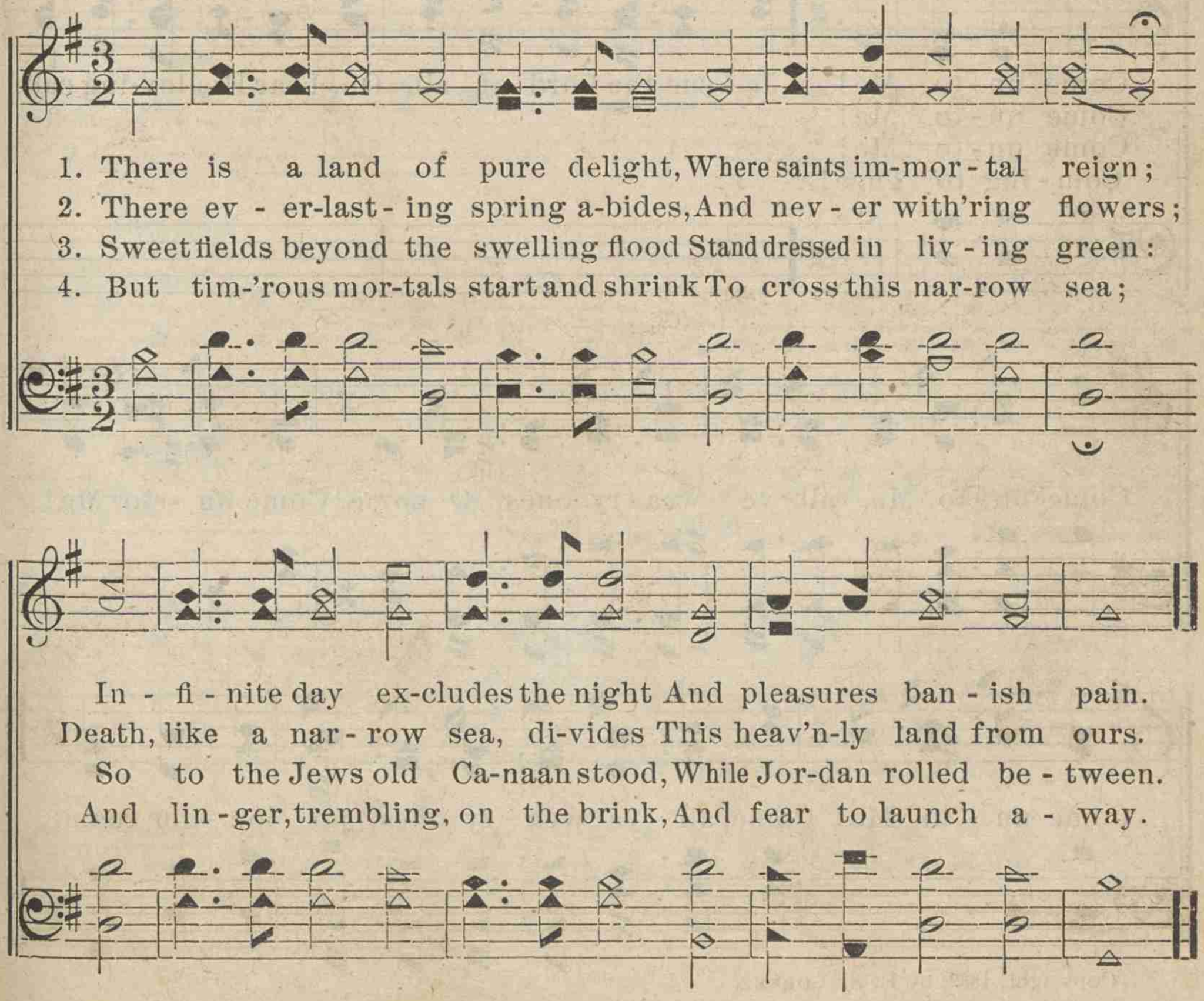
Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.



171. ARLINGTON.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Thos. A. Arne.



172. COME UNTO ME.

Matt. ii: 28.

ANNA SHARE. E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1. Sweet-ly the Saviour's voice is ev - er call-ing, Come un - to Me!
2. Long have I sought you, lost in darkness drear-y, Come un - to Me!
3. Here is the rest that I a - lone can give you, Come un - to Me!
4. Je - sus, for - sak - ing all that would deceive us, Come we to Thee;

Come un - to Me! See shad-ows dark a - round you now are fall - ing,
Come un - to Me! I am the ref - uge, wait - ing for the wea - ry,
Come un - to Me! Come, for My heart is long - ing to for - give you,
Come we to Thee! Safe in Thy lov - ing arms, O Lord, re - ceive us,

CHORUS.

Come un - to Me! Come un - to Me! Come un - to Me! Com - ing to Thee!
Je - sus, the Lord of all, Oh, hear His lov - ing call,

Come un - to Me, all ye wea - ry ones, O come! Come un - to Me!

Come un - to Me! Come, all ye wea - ry ones, no lon - ger roam.

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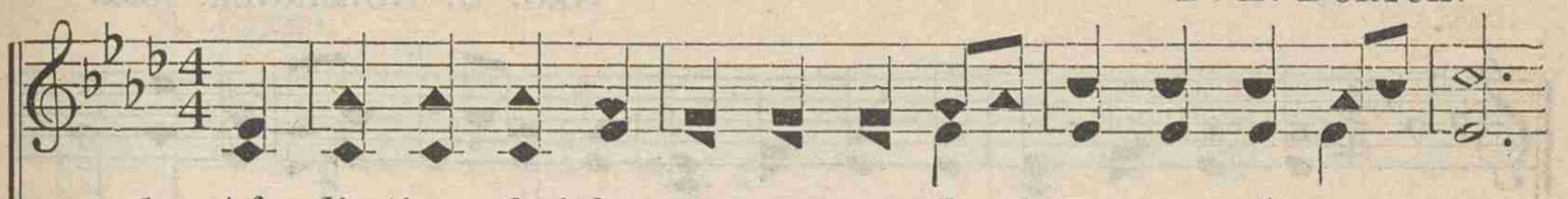
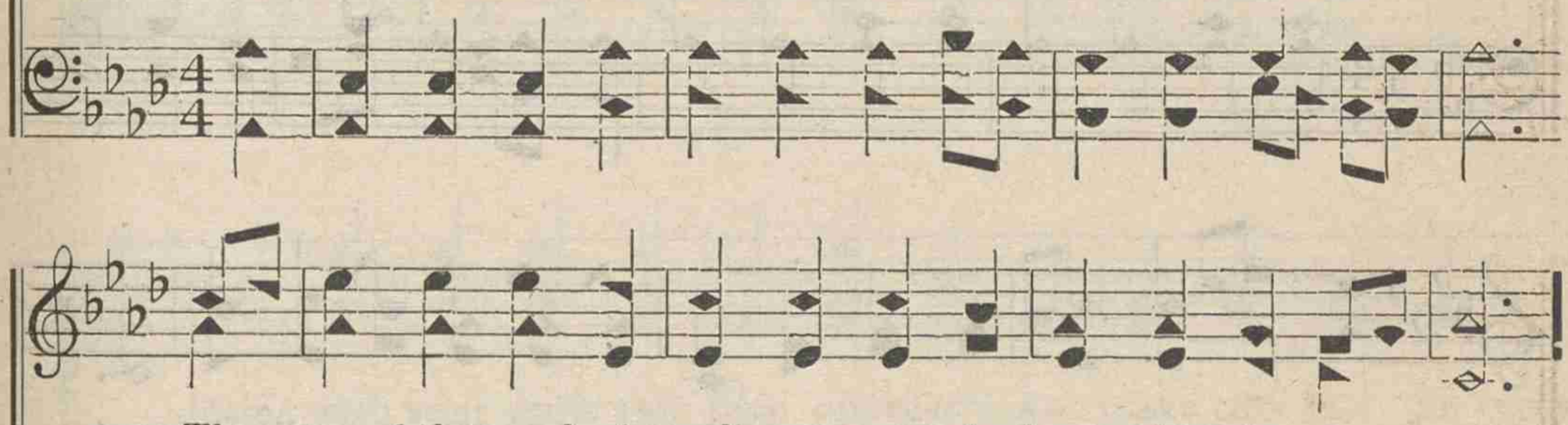
173. THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

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

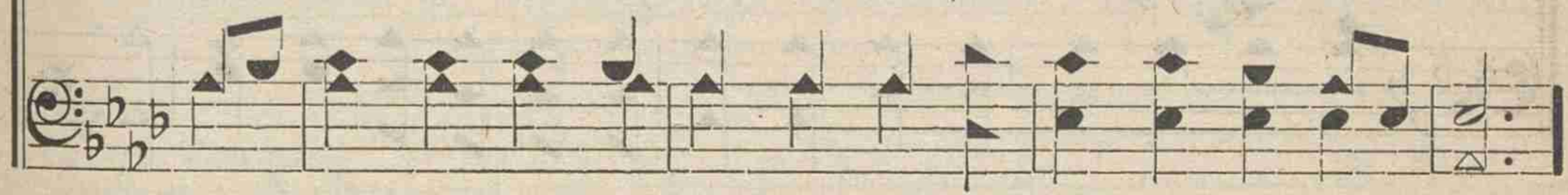
JOHN NEWTON. D. E. DORTCH.

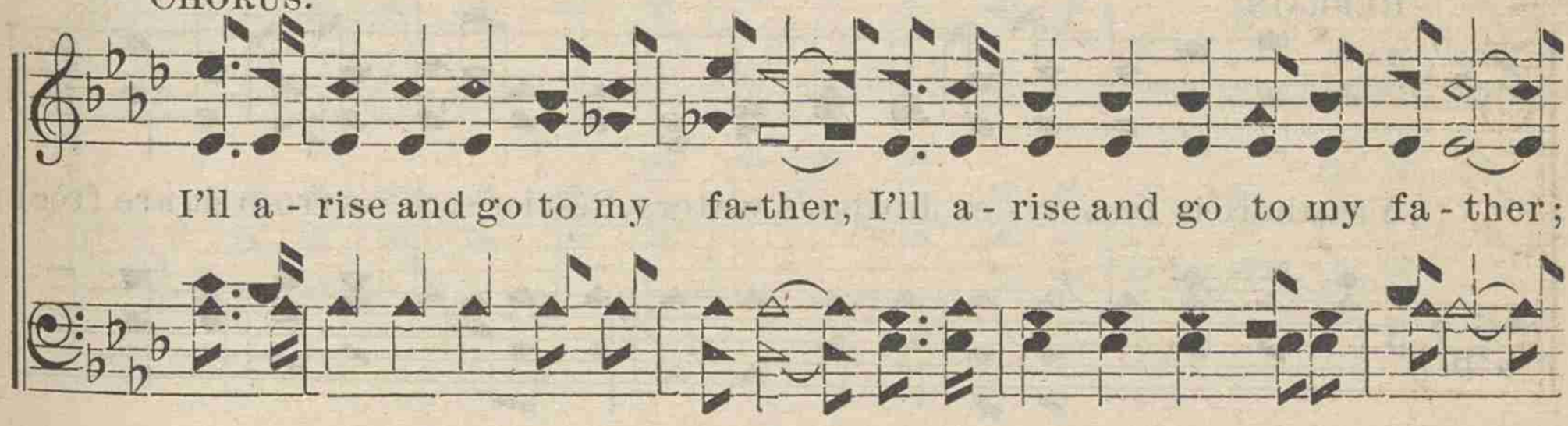
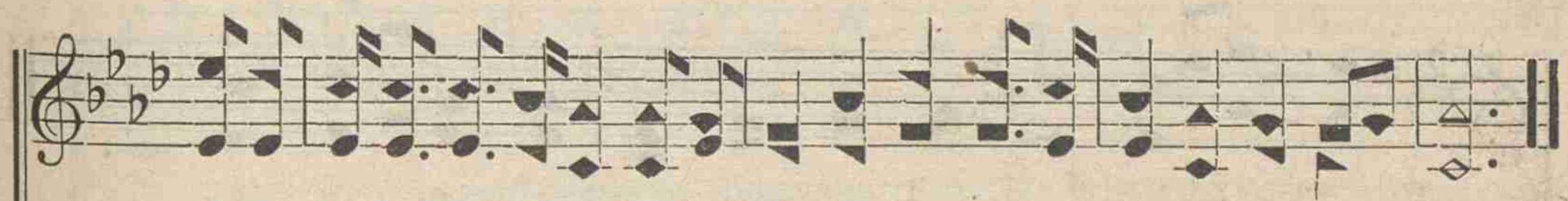
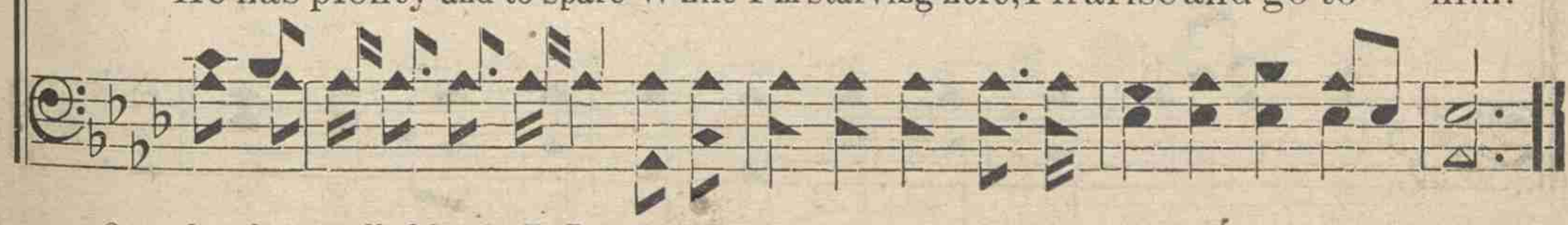


1. Af - flic-tions, tho' they seem se-vere, In mer - cy oft are sent;
2. "What have I gained by sin," he said, "But hun-ger, shame, and fear?
3. "I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down be - fore his face.
4. His fa - ther saw him com-ing back; He looked, he ran, he smiled,
5. "O fa - ther, I have sinned, for-give"; "E - nough," the fa - ther said;
6. 'Tis thus the Lord His love re-veals, To call poor sin - ners home;



They stopped the prod - i - gal's ca - reer And caused him to re - pent.
My fa - ther's home a-bounds with bread, While I am starv-ing here!
Un - wor - thy to be called his son, I'll seek a ser-vant's place."
And threw his arms a-round the neck Of his re - bell - ious child.
"Re - joice my house, my son's a - live, For whom I mourned as dead."
More than a fa - ther's love He feels, And welcomes all that come.



CHORUS.

I'll a - rise and go to my fa-ther, I'll a - rise and go to my fa - ther;

He has plenty and to spare While I'm starving here, I'll arise and go to him.

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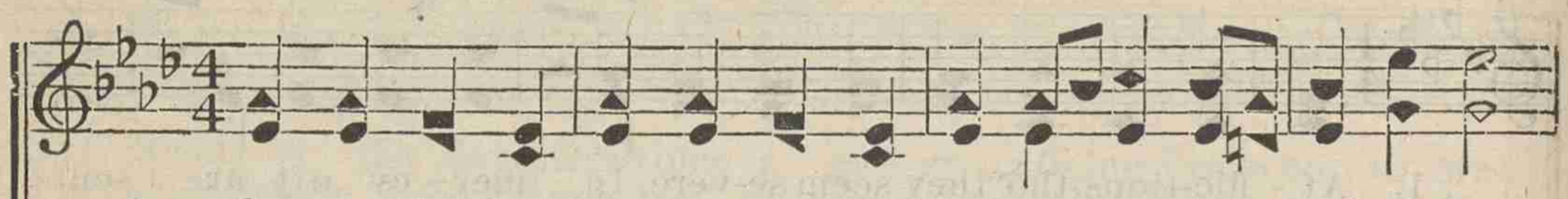
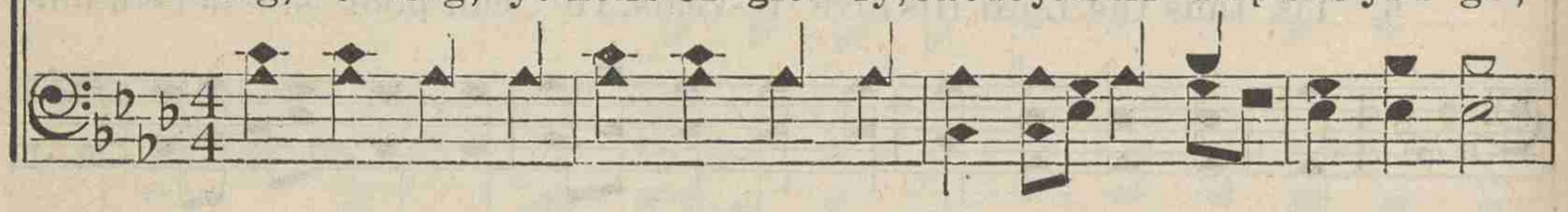
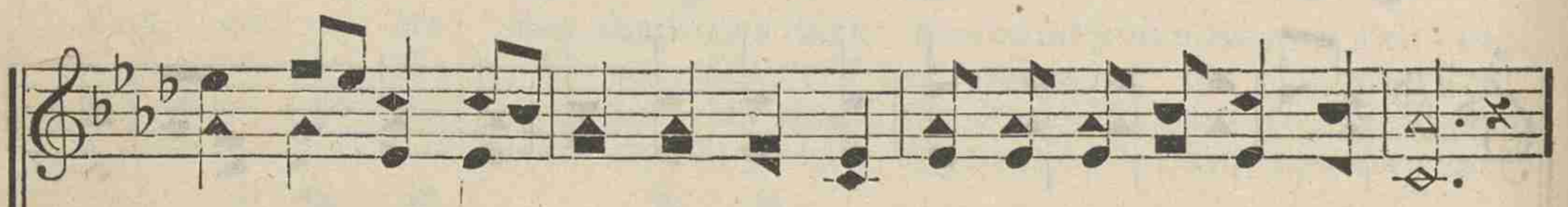
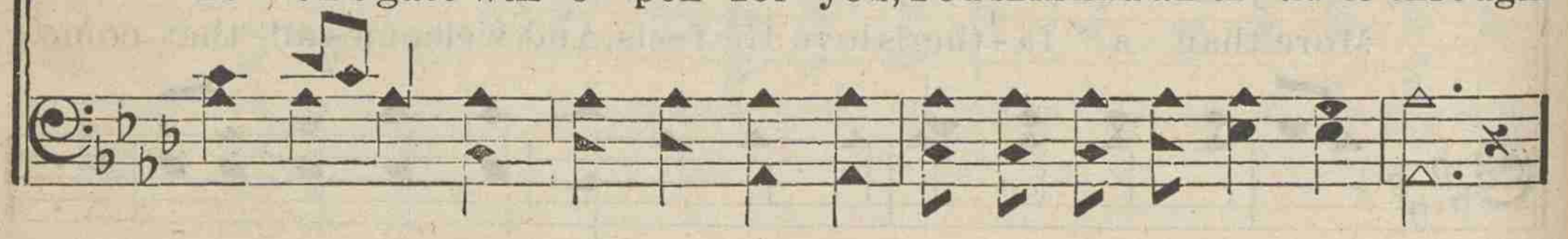
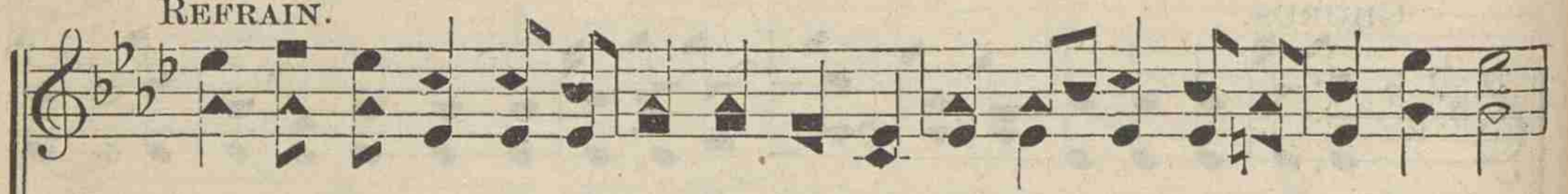
174. REST OVER JORDAN.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—**Heb. 4: 9.**

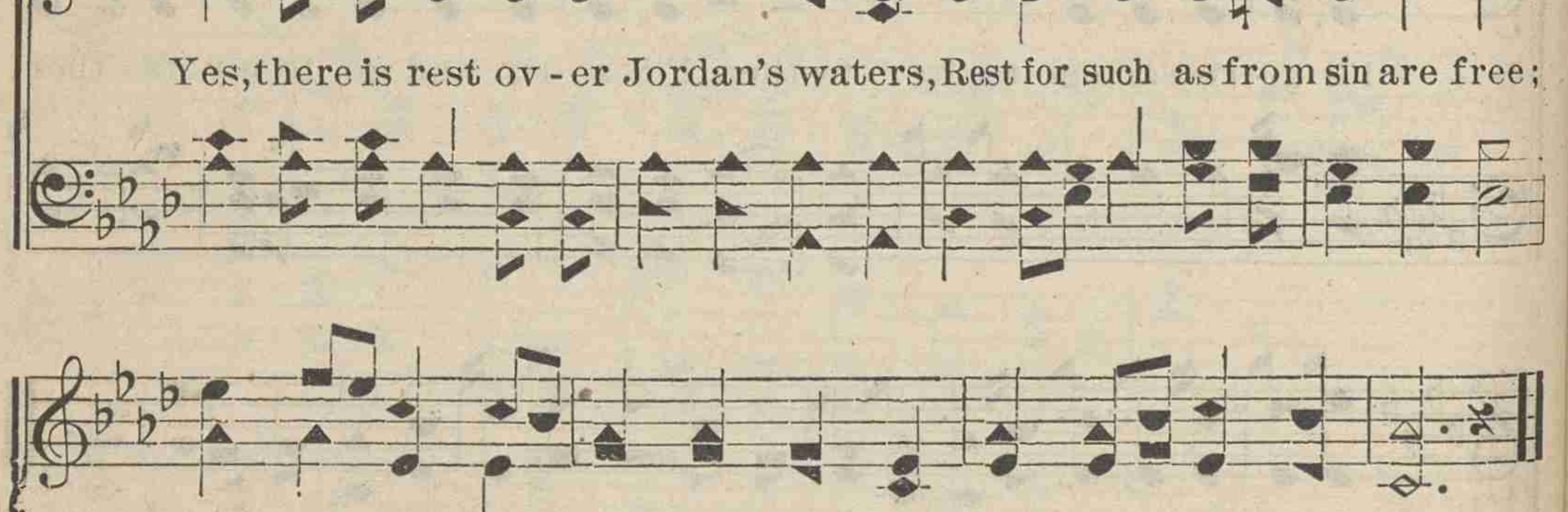
GEO. B. HOLSINGER, 1892.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand;
3. Pain nor sick-ness ne'er shall en-ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it - self shall then be vanquished; And his sting shall be with-drawn.
5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your tri - umph as you go;

There my Sav - iour's gone be - fore me! To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
For my stay shall not be transient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
But in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an en - trance through.

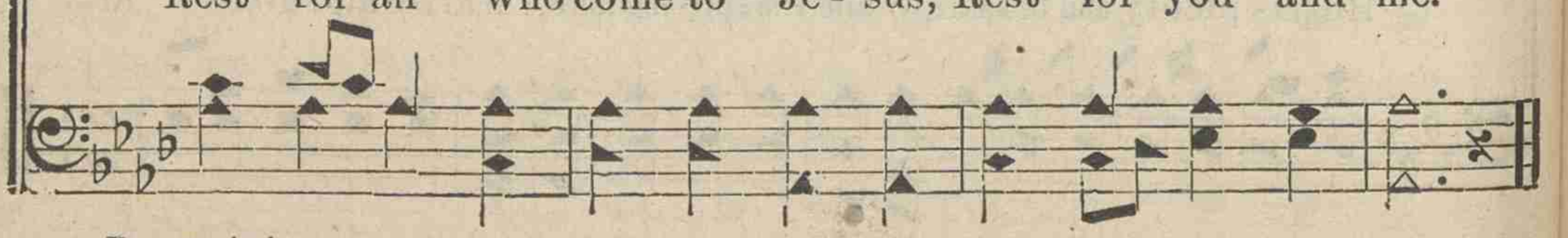


REFRAIN.



Yes, there is rest ov - er Jordan's waters, Rest for such as from sin are free;

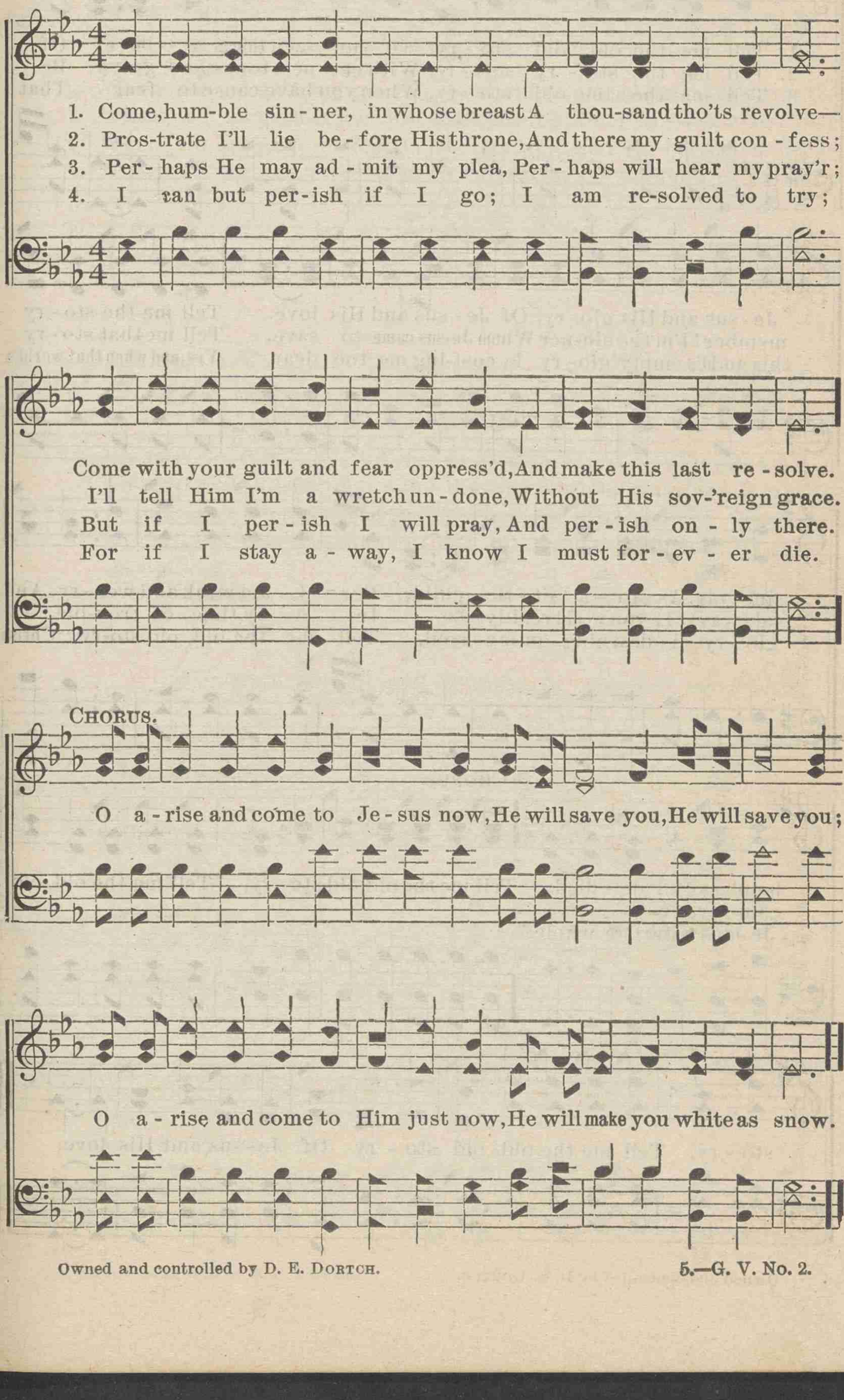


Rest for all who come to Je - sus, Rest for you and me.

By permission.

175. HE WILL SAVE YOU.

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

E. JONES. E. HANKS.



176. TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Miss Kate Hankey. William Russell.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re -
3. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry
member! I'm the sin-ner Whom Je-sus came to save. Tell me that sto - ry
this world's empty glo - ry Is cost-ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In a - ny time of trou-ble, A
glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto-ry, "Christ

helpless and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old
com-fort-er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole."

Chorus.

sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

Owned and controlled by D. E. Lortch.

177. WHEN WE ALL GATHER HOME.

"We shall be gathered one by one."—Is. 27: 12.

Anon. LUCIUS LUTTRELL.

1. When we all gath-er home in the morning, On the banks of the bright
2. When we all gath-er home in the morning, And from sor-row and pain
3. When we all gath-er home in the morning. And our blessed Redeem-
4. When we all gath-er home in the morning, In the land of the soul's

:S.

Jas- per sea, With the loved ones who long have been wait-ing, What a
we are free, We shall join in the song with the ransomed, What a
er we see, We shall meet 'round the throne of His glo - ry, What a
lib - er - ty, Where the saints of all a - ges have gathered, What a

D.S. *When we all gath- er home in the morn-ing, What a*

REFRAIN.

gath-'ring in-deed it will be. What a gath - 'ring,
What a gath- 'ring in- deed it will
gath-'ring in- deed it will be.

D.S.

gath - 'ring, what a gath-'ring in-deed it will be.
be, it will be, it will be.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

178. GO BEAR THE GLAD TIDINGS.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." —**Mark 16: 15.**

MARIELLA M. PINNEY,
In Christian Standard.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Go bear the glad tid - ings o'er o-cean's blue wave, The God of our fa- ther's is
2. On land or on bil - low, still bear the glad theme, He liv-eth and reign- eth, who
3. Go tell them of Je - sus, the one who can save, To res- cue the lost ones His

might-y to save; Aye, tell the heart-bro-ken, no night is so deep, But
died to re-deem; Wide spread be the sto - ry, His banners unfurl'd, The
own life He gave; He'll take them to glo - ry, where hap - py they'd be, There

CHORUS.

Je-sus, the Shepherd, will watch o'er His sheep. Go bear . . . the glad
King of bright glo - ry is Lord of the world.
singing with loved ones from sor-row set free. Go bear the glad tid-ings o'er

tid - - ings o'er o - - cean's blue wave, . . . The
ocean's blue wave, The God of our fa-ther's is might-y to save, Go

God . . . of our fa - - ther's is might - y to
bear the glad tid-ings o'er o-cean's blue wave, The God of our fa-ther's is

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

GO BEAR THE GLAD TIDINGS.

save; . . . He'll par - - don and cleanse . . all who
might-y to save; He'll par-don and cleanse all who trust in His Son, He'll

trust . . . in His Son, . . . And take . . . them to
par-don and cleanse all who trust in His Son, And take them to glo-ry when

glo - - ry when earth's . . life is done. . . .
earth's life is done, And take them to glo-ry when earth's life is done.

179. SALVATION.

Rev. I. WATTS. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. Sal - va-tion!—oh, the joy-ful sound! 'Tis pleas-ure to our ears;
2. Bur-ied in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;
3. Sal - va-tion! let the ech-o fly The spa-cious earth a-round;

A sov'reign balm for ev-'ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.
But we a-rise by grace di-vine, To see a heav'n-ly day.
While all the ar-mies of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound.

180. SEARCHING FOR THE GOLDEN STREET.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. "Please, Mister Po-lice-man, for we are tired, We've walked most all the day; . .
2. "But moth - er told us both last night, (She's sick in bed, you know),
3. "This morning dear mother was fast a - sleep, As sound as sound could be; . .
4. "So we have walked all the cit - y thro' Without a thing to eat, . .
5. "He does not know, so Har - ry, dear, We'll go to sleep I guess, .

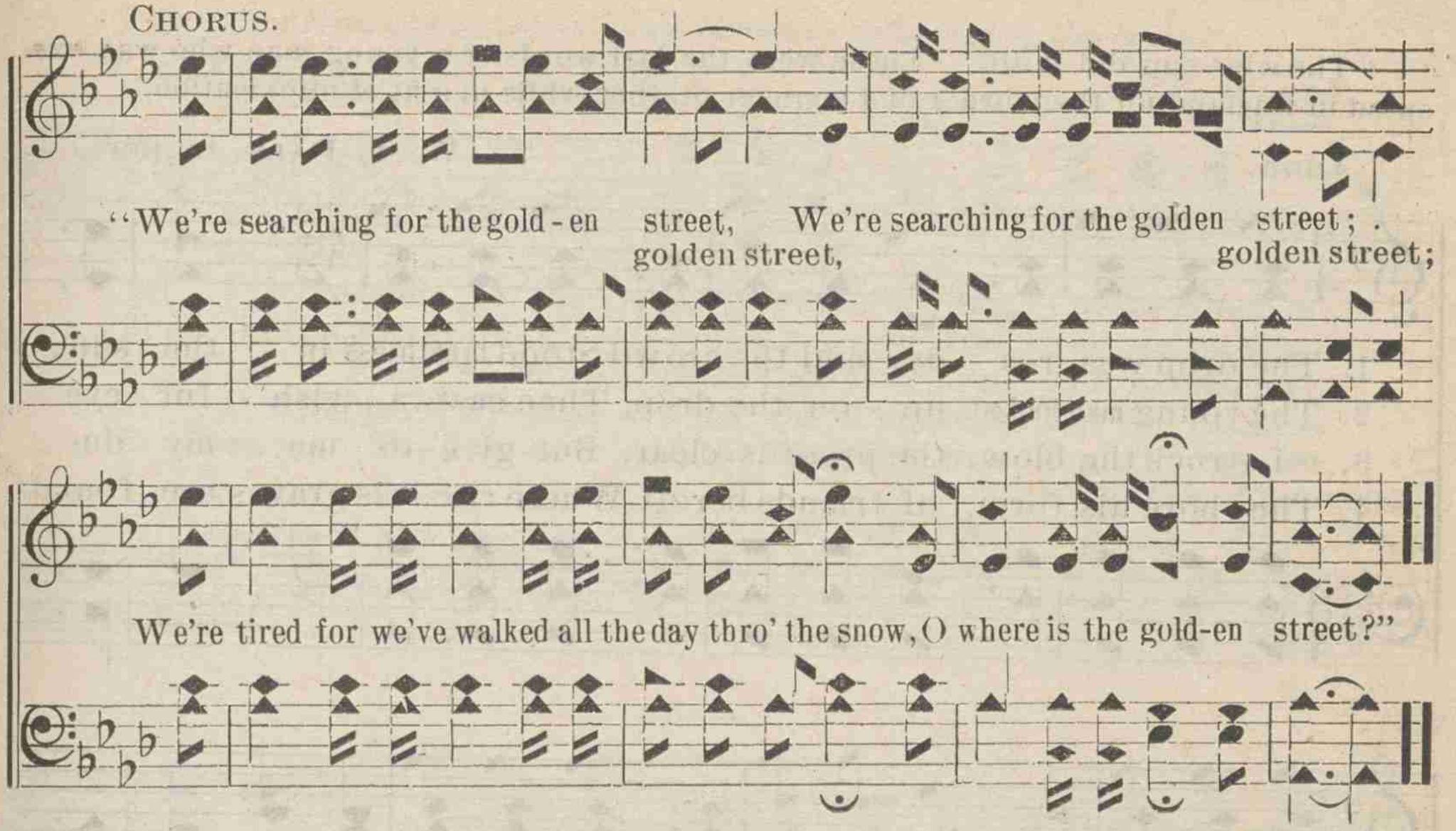
We want to find the gold - en street, But we don't know the way.
Some - time we would not need our shoes, To keep a - way the snow;
So I said to lit - tle broth-er dear, 'Get your cap and come with me;
Now, Mister Police - man, if you please, Where is the gold - en street?
And you shall lay your lit - tle head Close down up - on my dress;

We haven't a - ny shoes as you can see But just what's most worn through
For when we'd found the gold - en street There'd be no wind nor rain,
We'll find the love - ly gold - en street Where children's feet go bare;
"Don't know, my chickens, I can - not say, It is not on my beat, ;
And I will take good care of you, I'm big - ger than you be.

The snow comes in at the bot - tom thick, And at the cor - ners, too. . .
Nor a- ny stones to hurt our feet, So they'd not ache a - gain. .
Then we'll come back for moth - er dear, And live to - geth - er there." .
You'd bet - ter run back to your home, I don't know such a street."
For I shall be six my next birth - day, And you are on - ly three."

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

SEARCHING FOR THE GOLDEN STREET.

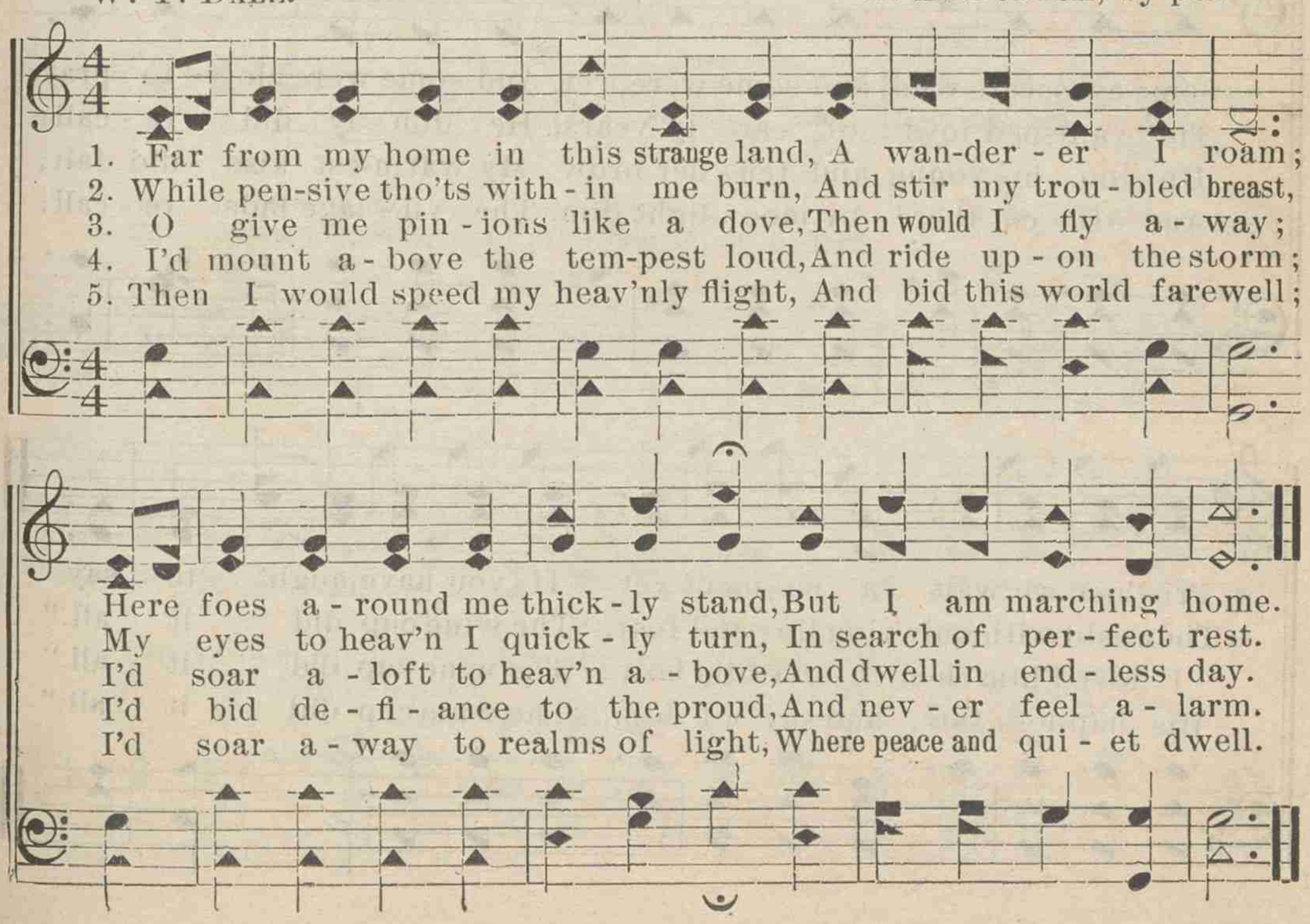
CHORUS.

6 Very early in the morning cold,
Ere the city was astir,
There walked a red-faced, stout Policeman,
Muffled closely in his fur;
And dead! froze stark! the very same
That talked about their feet;
The blessed lambs, but then, I guess
They've found the golden street.

7 He told the beautiful story true,
To scores of men that day
Who gathered round the court-house door
Wherein the children lay.
A tenderness, sweetly solemn, there
Came down upon each soul,
As they thought of the seekers, fair and young,
Now safe at the journey's goal.

181. FAR FROM HOME.

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

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



182. THE WINE CUP DID IT ALL.

"The wine cup did it all."—These were the last words of a young man who was executed in England for the murder of a younger brother while in a fit of intoxication.

Anon. W. T. DALE, by per.

1. The drop was rea - dy, and the crowd Stood breathless in the sun;
2. The young man looked up - on the drop, Then cast a wish - ful eye
3. "I struck the blow, the proof is clear, But give to me my due:
4. They bore his form, of friends bereft, Where rite-less graves are found;

While pealed the pris - on bell most loud, Th'appointed hour of one.
To-ward his fa - ther's chimney top, And na - tive vil - lage nigh.
My broth-er was to me as dear As an - y one to you;
And there the twi - light sun-shine left The sha-dow on his mound;

Some eyes were wild, and some were wet, And some were closed to pray;
The vanished joys of ear - ly years, He dim - ly did re - call;
Up - on his young and ten - der brow My warm-est kiss did fall;
And oft - en there by moon-light dim, The vil - lage lads re - call;

"Pris-'ner we wait a mo-ment yet, If you have aught to say."
Then said with quiv'ring lips and fear, "The wine cup did it all."
I loved him then, I love him now; The wine cup did it all."
His hap-less fate, and say of him, "The wine cup did it all."

183. I'M REDEEMED.

"For thou was slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."

W. G. COOPER. E. HANKS.

1. I have been to Je - sus for rest to-day, I'm re - deemed,
2. From the power of sin Je- sus set me free, I'm re - deemed,
3. Now I walk no more in the paths of sin, I'm re - deemed,
4. I will praise His name till my lat - est breath, I'm re - deemed,
5. Then my la - bors o'er and the vic - t'ry won, I'm re - deemed,

I'm redeemed, redeemed,

:8:

I'm re - deemed; And He took my guilt and my sins a - way,
I'm re - deemed; That I might from hence pure and ho - ly be,
I'm re - deemed; I have peace, sweet peace reigning now with-in,
I'm re - deemed; Sweet shall be my rest in the hour of death.
I'm re - deemed; I shall wear in heav'n an im -mor-tal crown,
I'm re-deemed, re-deemed;

D.S. *So I sing all day on my pil- grim way.*

CHORUS.

I'm re - deemed, re - deemed, I'm redeemed, redeemed,
I'm re-deemed, redeemed, I'm redeemed, re-deemed.

D.S.

I'm re - deemed, By His prec-ious brood I'm re - deemed.
I'm re-deemed, redeemed, I'm re - deemed, redeemed.

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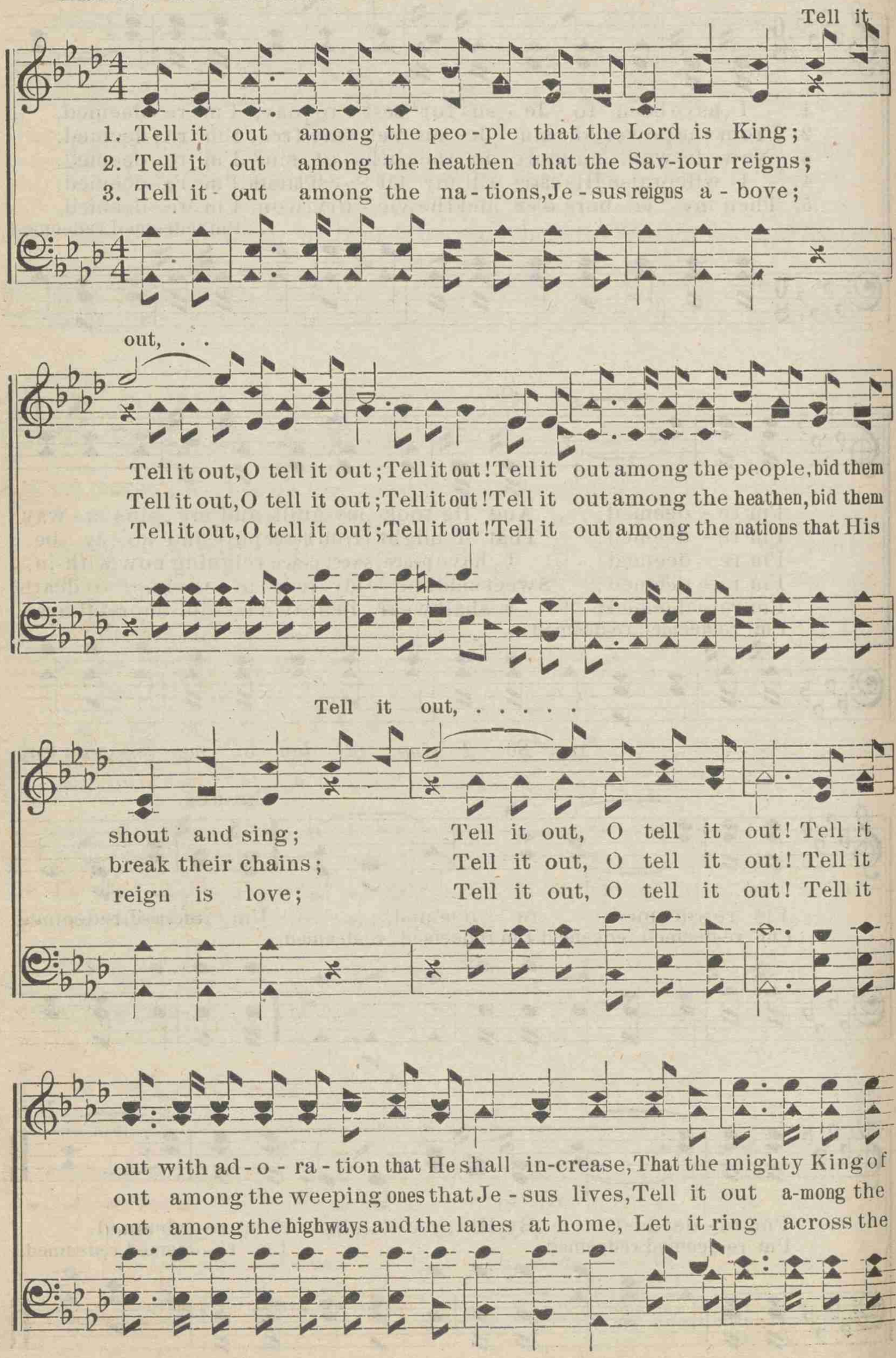
184. TELL IT OUT!

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

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. WILLIAM RUSSELL.



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TELL IT OUT.

glo-ry is the King of peace; Tell it out with ju-bi - la-tion, let the
wea-ry ones what rest He gives; Tell it out among the sinners that He
mountains and the o-cean's foam, That the weary, heav-y - la-den need no

Tell it out, ...

song ne'er cease; Tell it out, O tell it out!
came to save, Tell it out, O tell it out!
long - er roam, Tell it out, O tell it out!

FINE.

CHORUS.

Tell it out, ... Tell it

Tell it out, O tell it out, O tell it out!

out, ...

Tell it out, O tell it out, O tell it out! Tell it out among the

Tell it out, . . .

nations that the Lord is King, Tell it out, O tell it out, O tell it out!

185. DEPARTED LOVED ONES.

" I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." — 2 Samuel 12: 23.

Selected. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Ma-ny friends that you've lov'd from your side have been tak-en, You'll meet them no more till you meet them with God; When with an-guish and sor-row your
2. A broth-er or sis-ter has cross'd death's cold river, They bade you to meet them beyond the dark flood; But un-less you are sav'd you'll be
3. A dear lit-tle child, while the hot tears were falling, Was tak-en a way to the dark, si-lent tomb; But that sweet ba-by voice from the
* 4. You have heard the last sigh of a dear, lov-ing mother, And held her pale hand as you stood by her bed; When the an-gel of death laid his
* 5. As you stood by her grave ere for-ev-er you parted, It seem'd from your heart the last pang had been wrung; But the song that they sung made yo

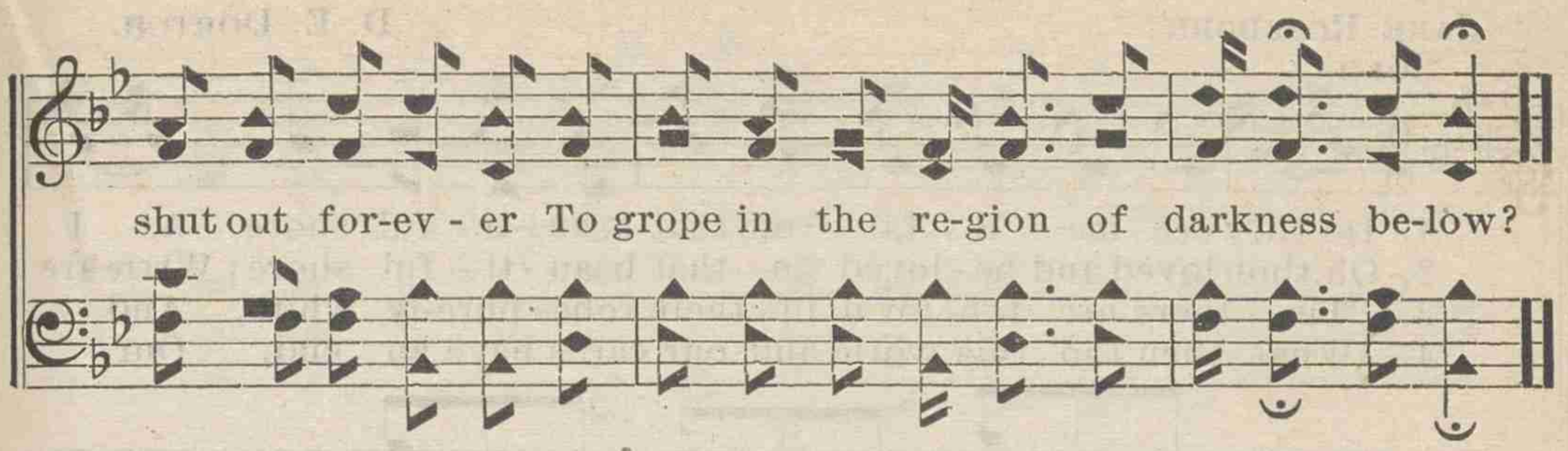
poor heart was breaking, You laid them for-ev-er to rest 'neath the sod.
part-ed for-ev-er, No soul can reach heaven unwash'd in the blood.
shadows is call-ing! "Oh, come to the cross while for thee there is room."
cold hand up-on her She answer'd the summons and mother was dead.
sink broken-hearted, 'Twas the song that so oft-en your mother had sung.

CHORUS.

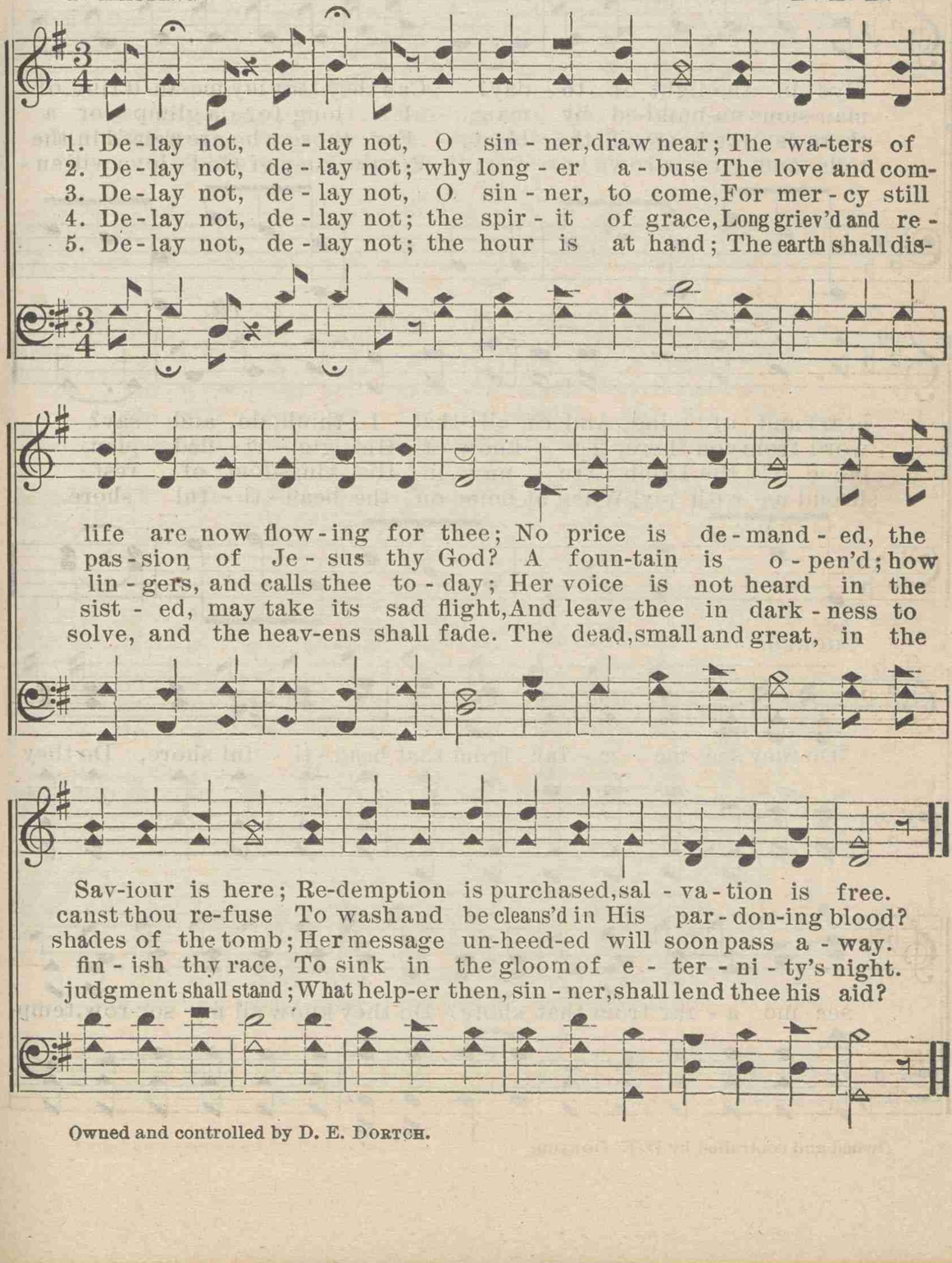
Shall we meet in that land where no death comes for-ev-er, Where no sorrow is known, Where no tears ev-er flow? Shall we meet in that land, or be

* Sing last measure of fourth and fifth stanzas like last measure of Chorus.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

DEPARTED LOVED ONES.

186. DELAY NOT.

"Behold now is the accepted time." — 2 Cor. 6: 2.

T. HASTINGS. D. E. D.

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187. DO THEY KNOW?

JANE ROSEBORN. D. E. DORTCH.

SOLO.

1. Do they see me a - far from that beau - ti - ful shore, As I live in the light of to - day? Can they know my me-an-d'ring of
2. Oh, thou loved and be - loved on that beau - ti - ful shore; Where are man-sions un-build-ed by man; I long for a glimpse or a
3. 'Tis there are the lov'd in their robes pure-ly white, And there is the home of the blest; For those who are cleans'd in the
4. What then, tho' this world and our cares have an end, Our toils and our sor-rows be o'er; For the lamp of God's love will en -

rit.

heart and of mind, And of all that I think, do, and say?
word from you there, To know of His glo - ri - fied plan.
blood of the Lamb Are now in His king-dom of rest.
shroud us with joy, When at home on the beau - ti - ful shore.

CHORUS.

Do they see me a - far from that beau - ti - ful shore, Do they see me a - far from that shore? Do they know all my sor-row, temp-

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

DO THEY KNOW?

rit.

ta - tions and pain, Do they see me a - far from that shore?

188. HE HATH PAVED THE WAY.

"The forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus." —Heb. 6: 20.

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

1. On-ward press, O faint-ing soul, Droop not or de - lay;
2. Art thou wea - ry, sin op-pressed, He will give thee peace;
3. In the king-dom of the blest, All thy sor-rows o'er,

On - ward press and reach the goal, Christ hath paved the way.
On His ten - der, lov - ing breast, All thy fear shall cease.
Thou shalt gain the prom-ised rest; He hath gone be - fore.

He hath trod the path be - fore, He the cross in anguish bore;
Cast up - on Him all thy care, He will ev - 'ry bur-den bear;
He hath paved the way for thee; And thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,

He will guide thee ev - er - more, He hath paved the way.
He will hear and an - swer pray'r, Give thee sweet re - lease.
Thine ex - ceed - ing joy shall be: Christ, the o - pen door.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

189. REDEEMED! REDEEMED!

"I have redeemed thee . . . thou art mine." — Is. 43: 1.

FRANCIS A. SIMPKINS. E. HANKS.

1. Re-deemed! redeemed! Oh, praise His name! Oh, mystic fire of heav'n-ly flame!
2. Re-deemed! redeemed! Oh, swell the theme! On me the heav'n-ly glo-ries beam;
3. Re-deemed! redeemed! The spell is o'er, The world shall thrall my soul no more;

I feel it burn with-in my soul, Oh, bless the Lord, He makes me whole;
My heart is thrilled with joy and peace My spir-it feels a sweet release;
Too long a will-ing slave to sin A no-bler tro-phy I would win!

Shall I not now break forth in song, And tell His goodness all day long!
What tho' so long by doubt oppressed, No live-ly hope with-in my breast,
The morning breaks, the night is past, My feet have found the way at last;

How-e'er so dark my pathway seemed, I walk in light re-deemed, re-deemed!
O'er me the light of life hath stream'd, And I am His re-deemed, re-deemed!
And on my wait-ing soul hath beamed The heav'nly Truth redeemed, re-deemed!

CHORUS.

Re-deemed, re-deemed,

Re-deemed, re-deemed, redeemed, redeemed, Oh, praise the Lord, redeemed, re-deemed!

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

REDEEMED! REDEEMED!

Re-deemed, re-deemed,

Redeemed, re-deemed, redeemed, redeemed! Oh, praise the Lord, re-deemed, re-deemed!

190. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

J. L. ORR.

Boldly.

1. Onward, on-ward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, Onward, with the
2. Onward like a might-y ar - my Moves the church of God; Onward, brothers,
3. Onward, on-ward then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap - py throng, Your glad voices

ff

cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore. On-ward, Christ the roy-al Mas-ter
we are treading Where the saints have trod. On-ward, we are not di - vid - ed
with ours blending In the triumph song. Glo - ry, hon - or, praise, and pow-er

Leads against the foe; For-ward, forward in - to bat-tle, See His banners go.
All one bod-y we, One in hope and one in doc-trine, One in char-i - ty.
Un - to Christ the King, This thro' never end-ing a - ges Men and angels sing.

191. SOME OTHER DAY.

"Boast not thyself of tomorrow." — Prov. 27: 1.

Success. LUCIUS LUTTRELL.

1. There are wonderful things we are go- ing to do, Some oth- er day, some
2. We know we must toil if ev - er we win, Some oth - er day, some
3. And when we are old and our race is run, Some oth-er day, some

oth - er day; And har-bors we hope to drift in - to, Some
oth - er day; But we say to our-selves, there is time to be - gin, Some
oth - er day; We fret for the things which might have been done, Some

oth- er day, Some oth-er day. With fold-ed hands, the oars that trail We
oth- er day, Some oth-er day. And so de-ferring, we loi- ter on, Un -
oth- er day, Some oth-er day. We trace the path that leads us where The

watch and wait for a fav -'ring gale To fill the folds
til at last we find with-drawn The strength of the hope
beck - 'ning hand of grim de - spair Doth lead us yon -

of an i - dle sail, Some oth - er day, some oth - er day.
we leaned up - on, Some oth - er day, some oth - er day,
der out of the here, Some oth - er day, some oth - er day.

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192. ARE YOU READY FOR SERVICE?

JESSIE H. BROWN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Should the "Forward march!" be echoed down the lines to-day, Would it find you fac-ing tow'rd the foe? Is your ar-mor buckled tight-ly?
2. Should the bu-gle note of bat-tle come to you to-day, Would the summons find you nerv'd for fight? Are your pul-ses true and stead-y?
3. Should the call to death and judgment reach your ear to-day, Would it find you in the bat-tling host? At the ev-en or the morning,

D.S. *read-y for His ser-vice?*

FINE.

Are your weapons burnished brightly? Are you ready should the call be, "Go?"
Could you an-swer, "I am ready!" If the foe were marshalled just in sight?
Should it come without a warning, Would the message find you at your post?

Are you read-y for His service? Will you dare to be a sol-dier true!

CHORUS.

Are you read-y for the ser-vice of Je-ho-vah?

are you read-y for it now?

D.S.

Hear His summons ring-ing out to you, (out to you), Are you

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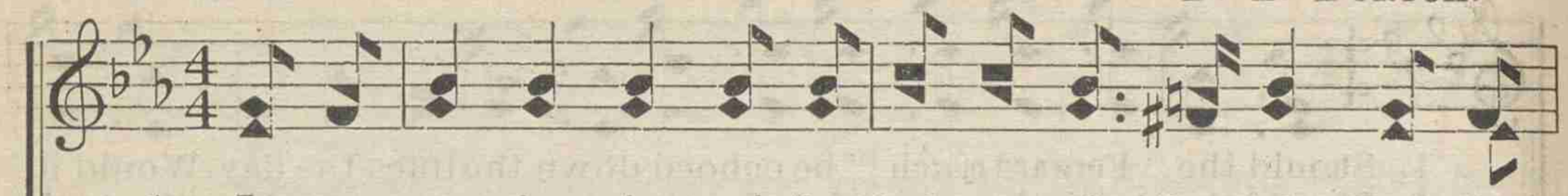
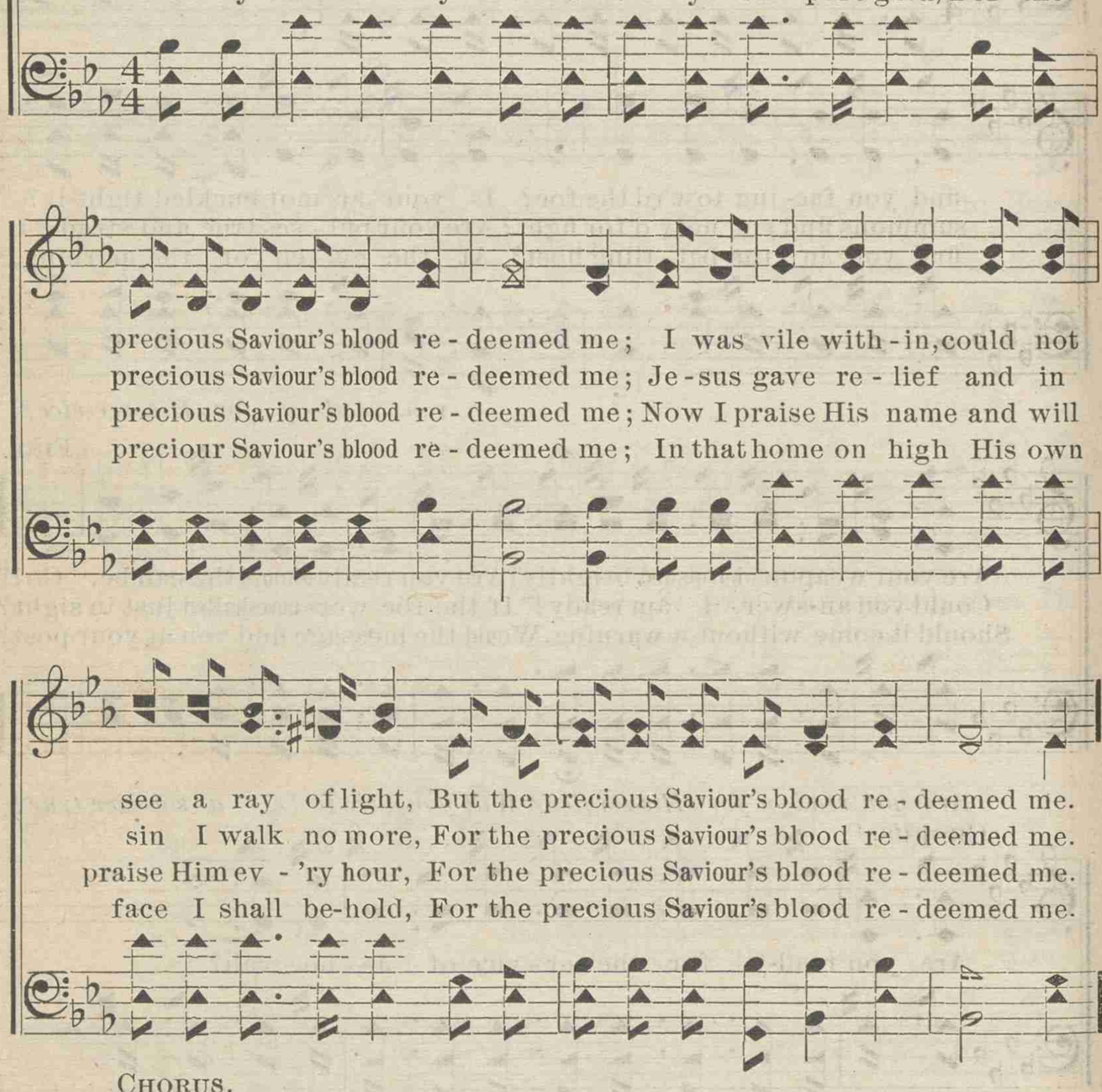
193. IT REDEEMED ME.

"Thou . . . hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."—Rev. 5: 9.

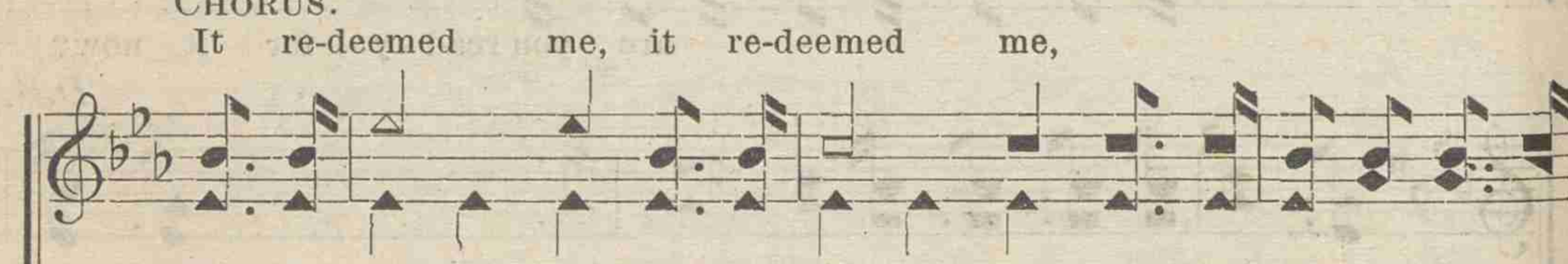
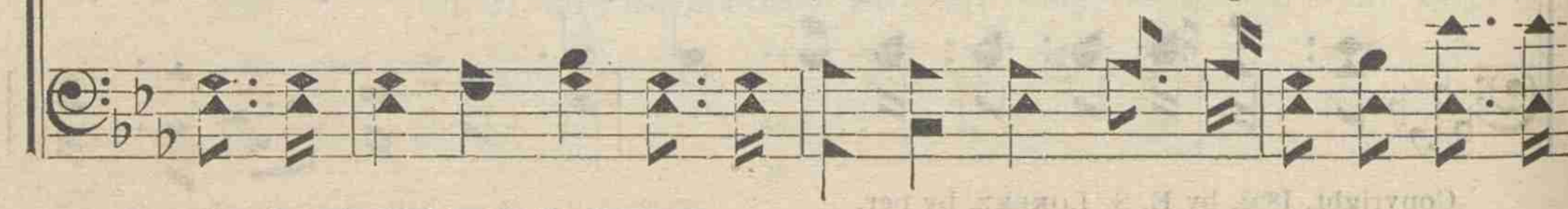
D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I was once in sin and the darkness of the night, But the
2. I was bowed with grief, and my guilt oppressed me sore, But the
3. When in faith I came I could feel the cleans-ing power, Then the
4. Soon my soul shall fly to that cit - y of pure gold, For the



precious Saviour's blood re - deemed me; I was vile with - in, could not
precious Saviour's blood re - deemed me; Je - sus gave re - lief and in
precious Saviour's blood re - deemed me; Now I praise His name and will
preciour Saviour's blood re - deemed me; In that home on high His own

see a ray of light, But the precious Saviour's blood re - deemed me.
sin I walk no more, For the precious Saviour's blood re - deemed me.
praise Him ev - 'ry hour, For the precious Saviour's blood re - deemed me.
face I shall be-hold, For the precious Saviour's blood re - deemed me.

CHORUS.

It re-deemed me, it re-deemed me,

It redeemed, redeemed, it redeemed, redeemed, 'Twas the precious Saviour's

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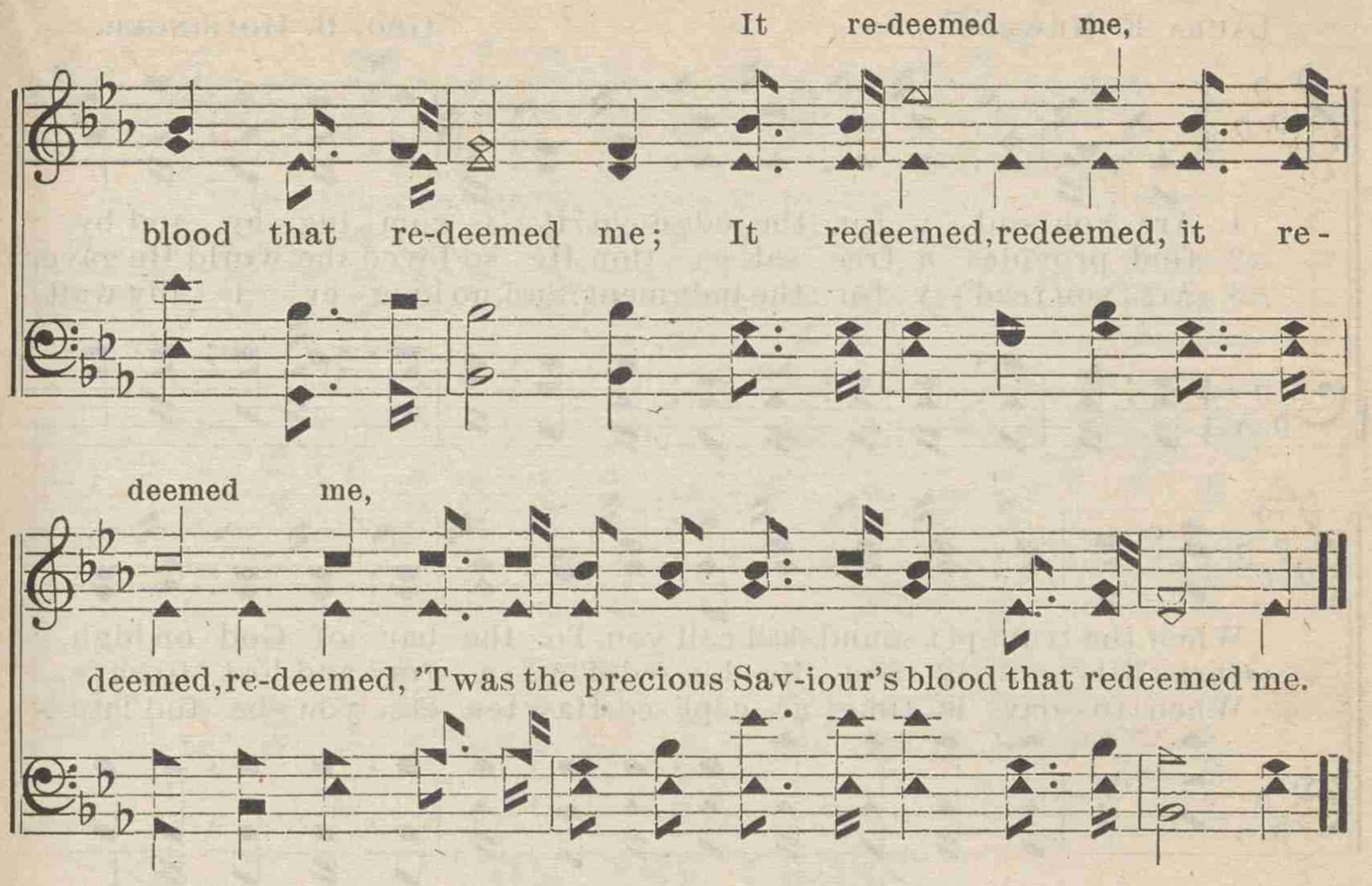
IT REDEEMED ME.



194. LORD, I HAVE MADE THY WORD MY CHOICE.

ISAAC WATTS. W. H. HAVERGAL.

195. ARE YOU READY FOR THE JUDGMENT?

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Are you read - y for the judgment? It is com - ing by and by,
2. God provides a free sal- va - tion, He so loved the world He gave,
3. Are you read - y for the judgment? Soul, no long - er i - dly wait,

When the trum-pet sound shall call you, To the bar of God on high,
Christ His on - ly Son Be - lov -ed, Those a -stray and lost to save,
When to - day is time ac- cept -ed, Has- ten ere you be too late—

And the hour no mor -tal know-eth, E'en the an - gels may not know;
There's no way but His, be- lieve it, And ac - cept the place He gives,
Christ the great a -tone-ment calls you, Cast on Him your sins and care,

Are you read - y for the judgment? You shall reap what e're you sow.
Are you read - y for the judgment? Ev - 'ry one who trusts Him lives.
Are you read - y for the judgment? You a crown of life shall wear.

REFRAIN.

He is com - - ing, Christ is com - - ing, With the
He is com -ing, Christ is com - ing from on high,

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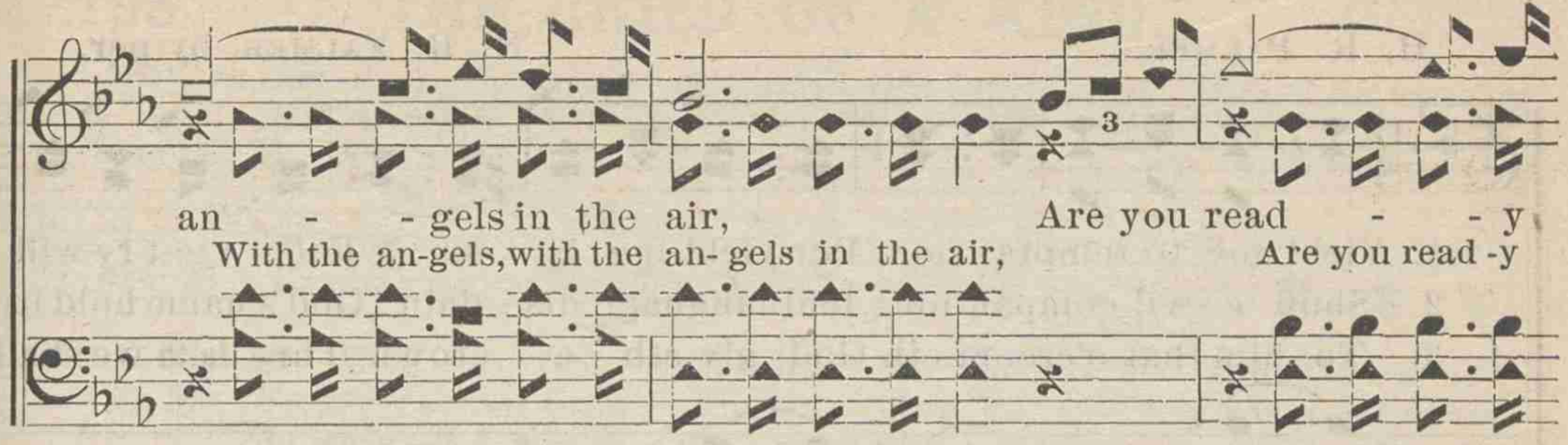
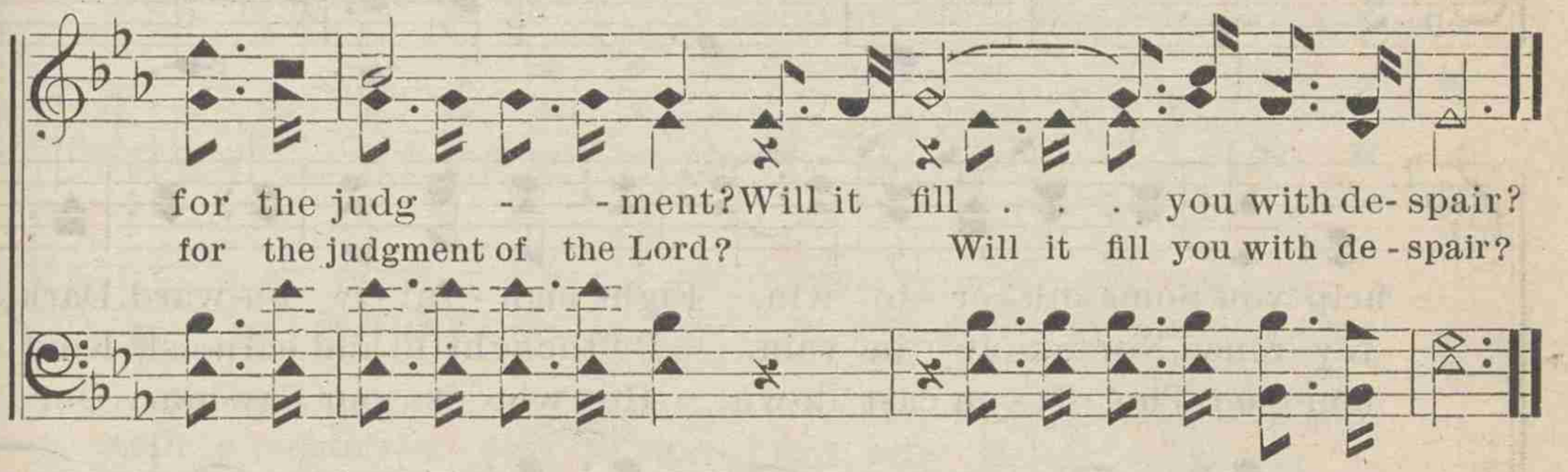
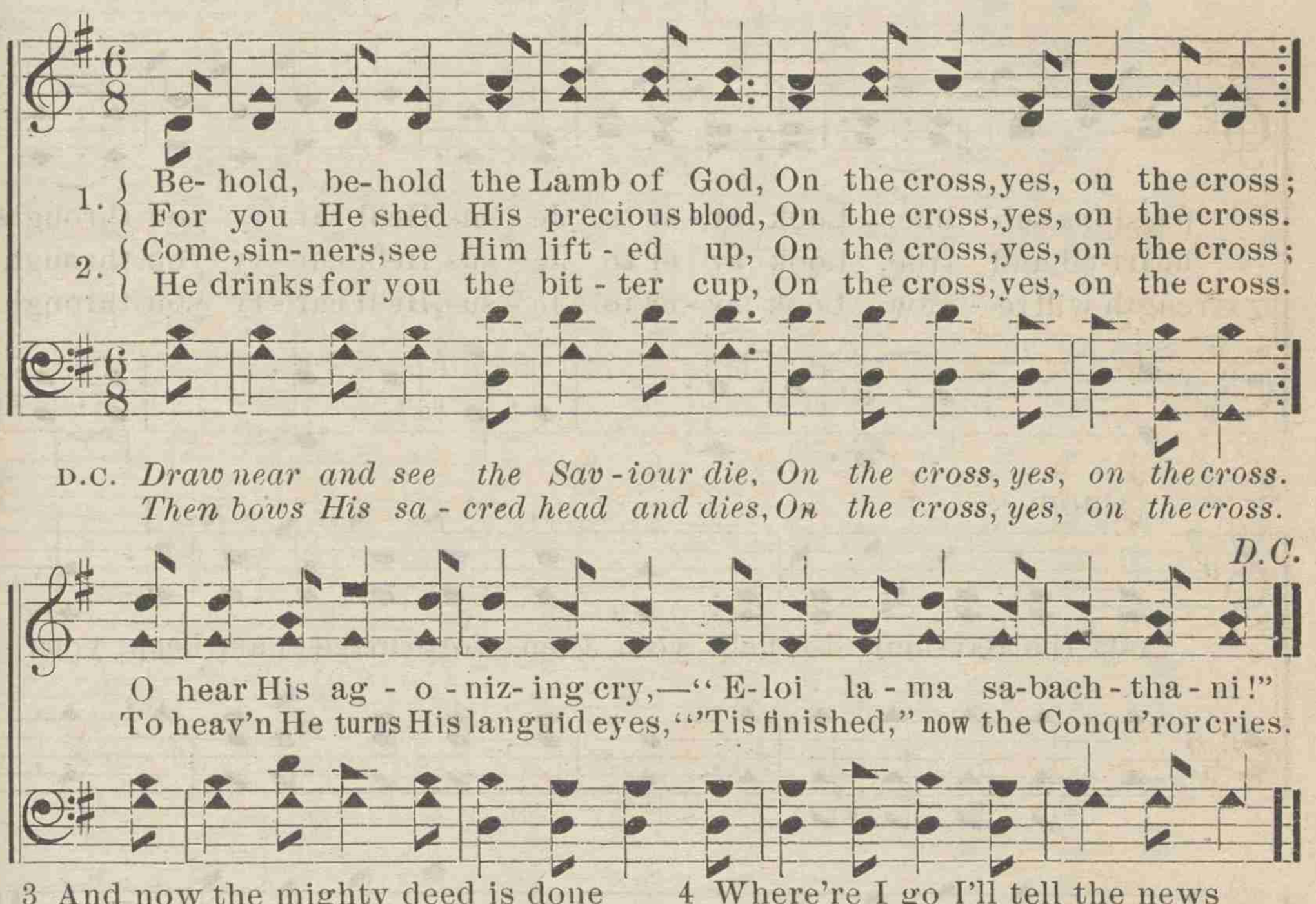
ARE YOU READY FOR THE JUDGMENT?

196. ON THE CROSS.

D.C. *Draw near and see the Sav - iour die, On the cross, yes, on the cross.*
Then bows His sa - cred head and dies, On the cross, yes, on the cross.

D.C.

3 And now the mighty deed is done
On the cross, yes, on the cross;
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
On the cross, yes, on the cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make;
While Jesus suffers for your sake,
On the cross, yes, on the cross.

4 Where're I go I'll tell the news
Of the cross, yes, of the cross;
And nothing else my soul shall choose,
Save the cross, yes, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be
Through time, and in eternity;
That Jesus died for you and me,
On the cross, yes, on the cross.

197. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER, by per.

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

passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.

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

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198. THE CHILD OF A KING.

"Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him. — James 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JM. A. SUMNER.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the world in His hands; Of ru-bies and dia-monds, of
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-iour so fair, Once wandered on earth hu-man sor-row to share; But now He is reign-ing for-
3. I once was an out-cast, a stran-ger on earth, A sin-ner by choice and a lov-er of mirth; But I've been a-dopt-ed, my
4. A tent or a cot-tage, oh, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for me o-ver there; Tho' ex-iled from home, yet my

sil-ver and gold His cof-fers are full; He has rich-es un-told.
ev-er on high, He'll give us a home in the sweet by and by.
name's writ-ten down: An heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
glad heart can sing, All glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King, the child of a King;
With Je-sus my Sav-iour, I'm the child of a King.

199. TRIUMPH BY AND BY.

"We are more than conquerors through him that loved us."—Rom. 8: 37.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. The prize is set before us To win, His words implore us; The eye of God is
2. We'll follow where He leadeth, We'll pasture where He feedeth; We'll yield to Him who
3. Our home is bright above us, No trials dark to move us, But Jesus dear to

o'er us From on high, from on high. His lov-ing tones are calling, While
pleadeth From on high, from on high. Then naught from Him shall sever, Our
love us There on high, there on high. We'll give Him best endeavor, And

sin is dark appaling, 'Tis Je-sus gently calling, He is nigh, He is nigh.
hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never, He is nigh, He is nigh.
praise His name forever, His precious words can never, Never die, nev-er die.

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in
glo-ry, By and by, by and by; By and by we shall meet Him, By and

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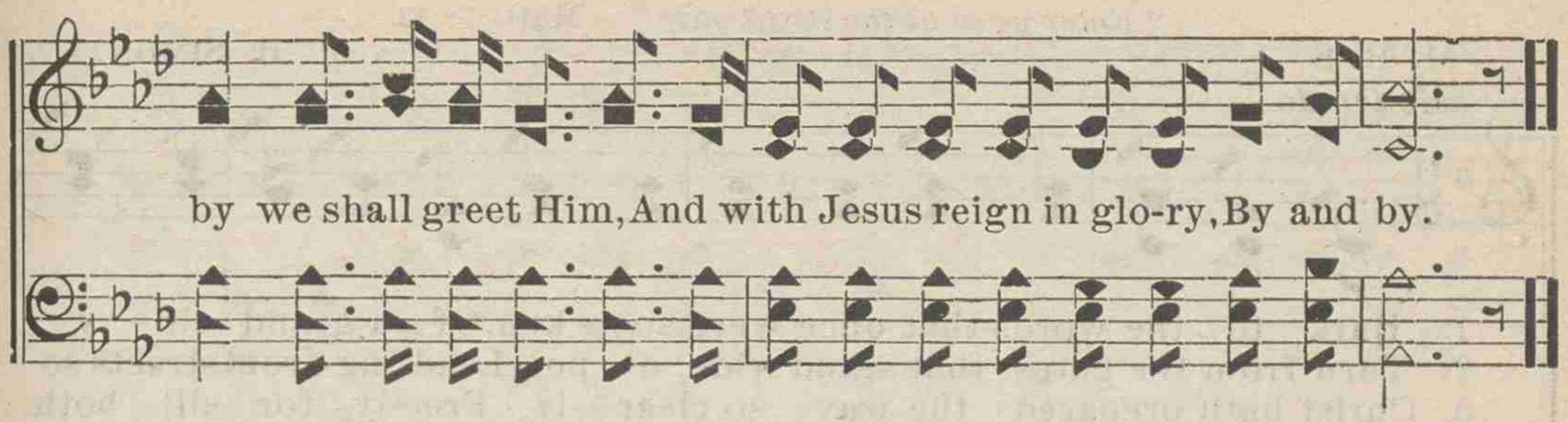
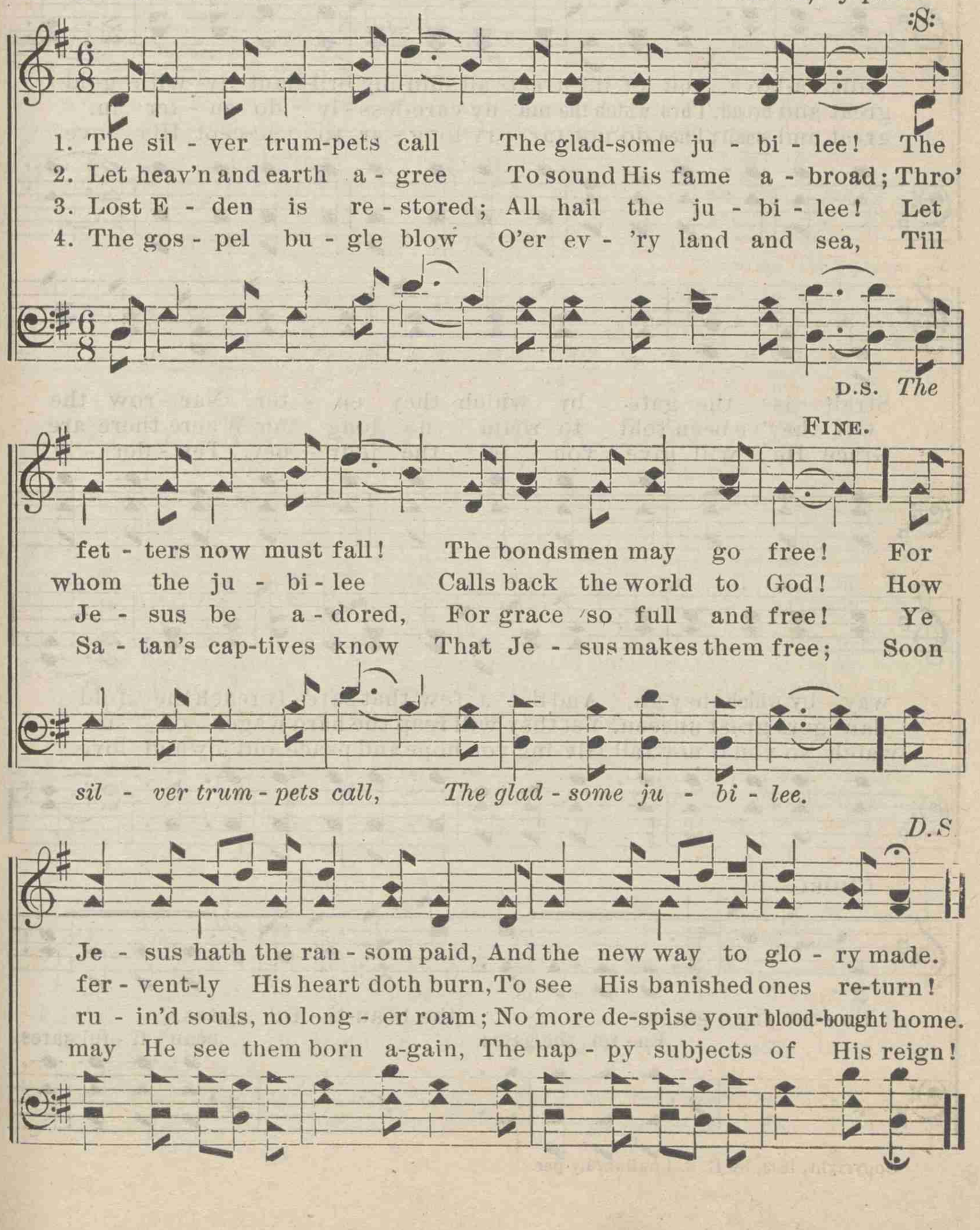

200. THE JUBILEE.

"Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous."—Psalm 32: 11.

Rev. Robt. Kerr. D. E. Dortch, by per.



201. ENTER THE PEARLY GATES.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate." — Matt. 7: 13.

M. B. S. M. B. SIMON.

Moderato.

1. Hark to the words that once were spo - ken, Of a grand cit - y
2. Turn from the gates that stand wide o - pen, Lead-ing from streets so
3. Christ hath prepared the way so clear - ly, Free-ly for all, both

built a-bove, And of its streets all shin-ing bril-liant - ly with gold.
great and broad, Thro' which the ma - ny care-less - ly do en - ter in.
great and small; Then do not tar - ry long - er to ac-cept His love.

Strait is the gate by which they en - ter, Nar - row the way by which they go, And but a few that safe - ly reach the fold.
Oft they've been told to roam no long - er Where there are dan - gers great unseen, Yet they will reap the hard wages of sin.
Grace He will give you in the jour - ney, Ten - der - ly watch so you'll not fall, Giv-ing you hope and peace and joy and love.

CHORUS.

En - ter the gates, ... the beau-ti - ful gates, ...
En - ter the gates, beau - ti - ful gates,

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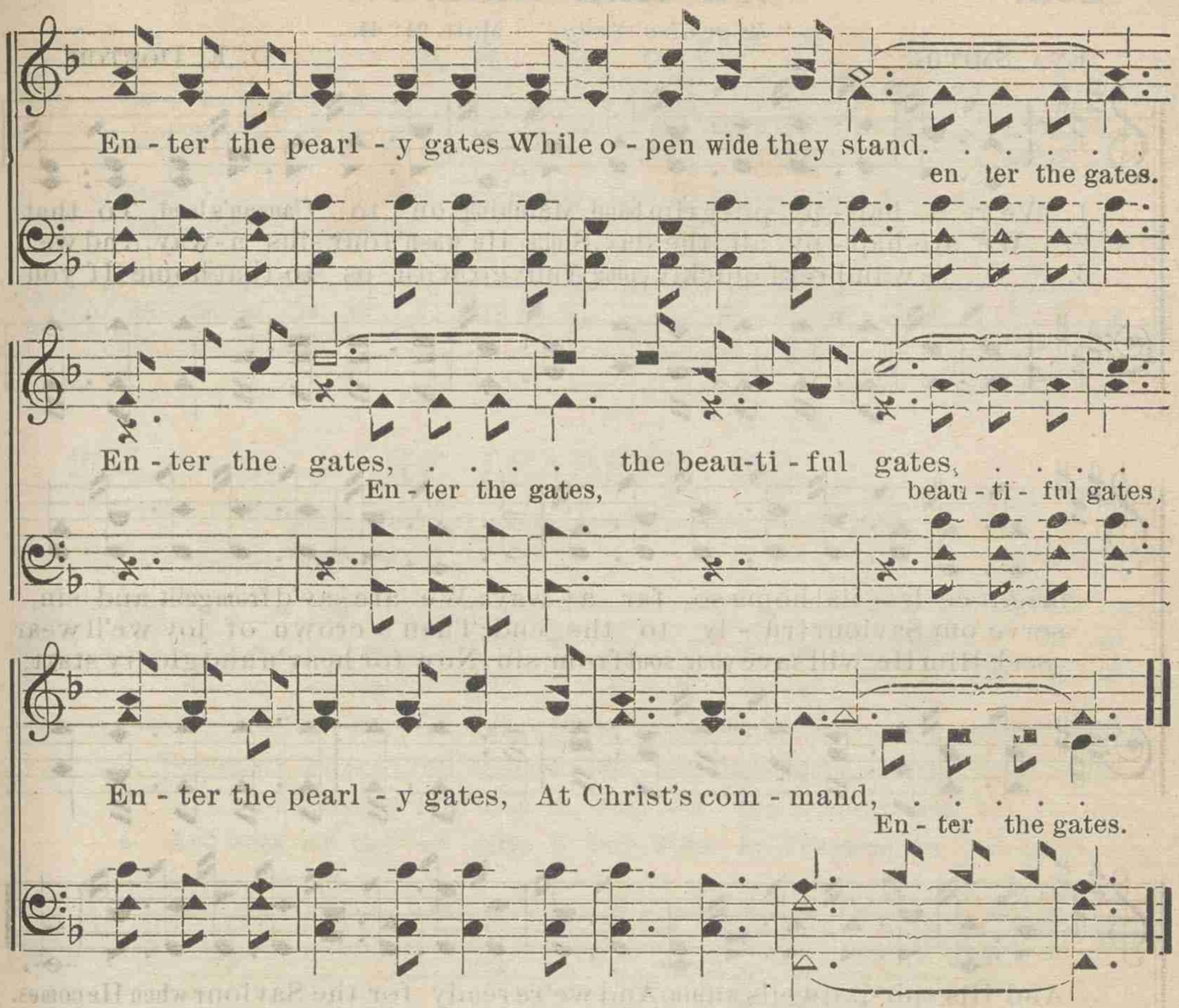
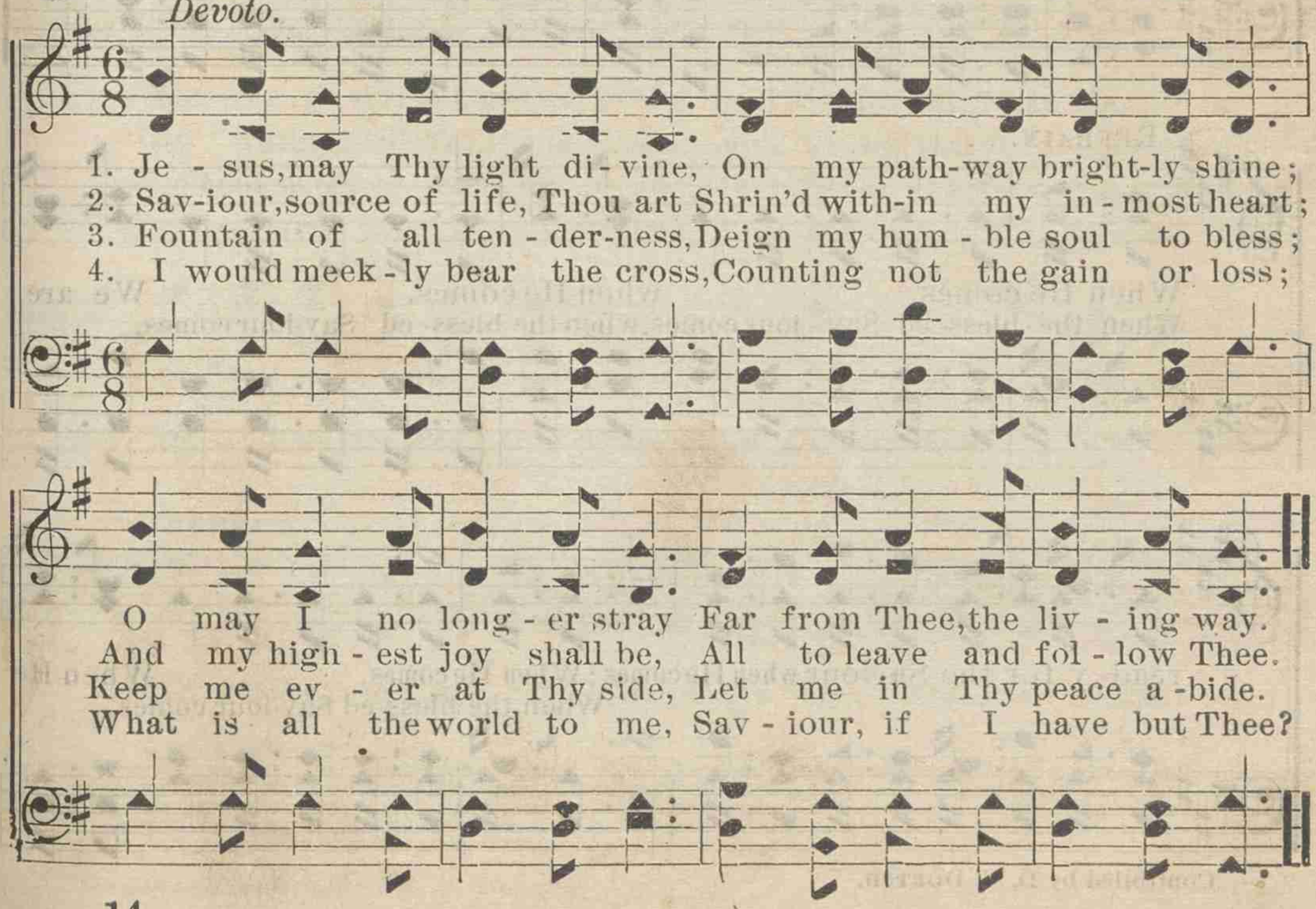
ENTER THE PEARLY GATES.

202. THE WAY, TRUTH, LIFE.

"*I am the way, the truth, and the life.*" — John 14: 6.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. MRS. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

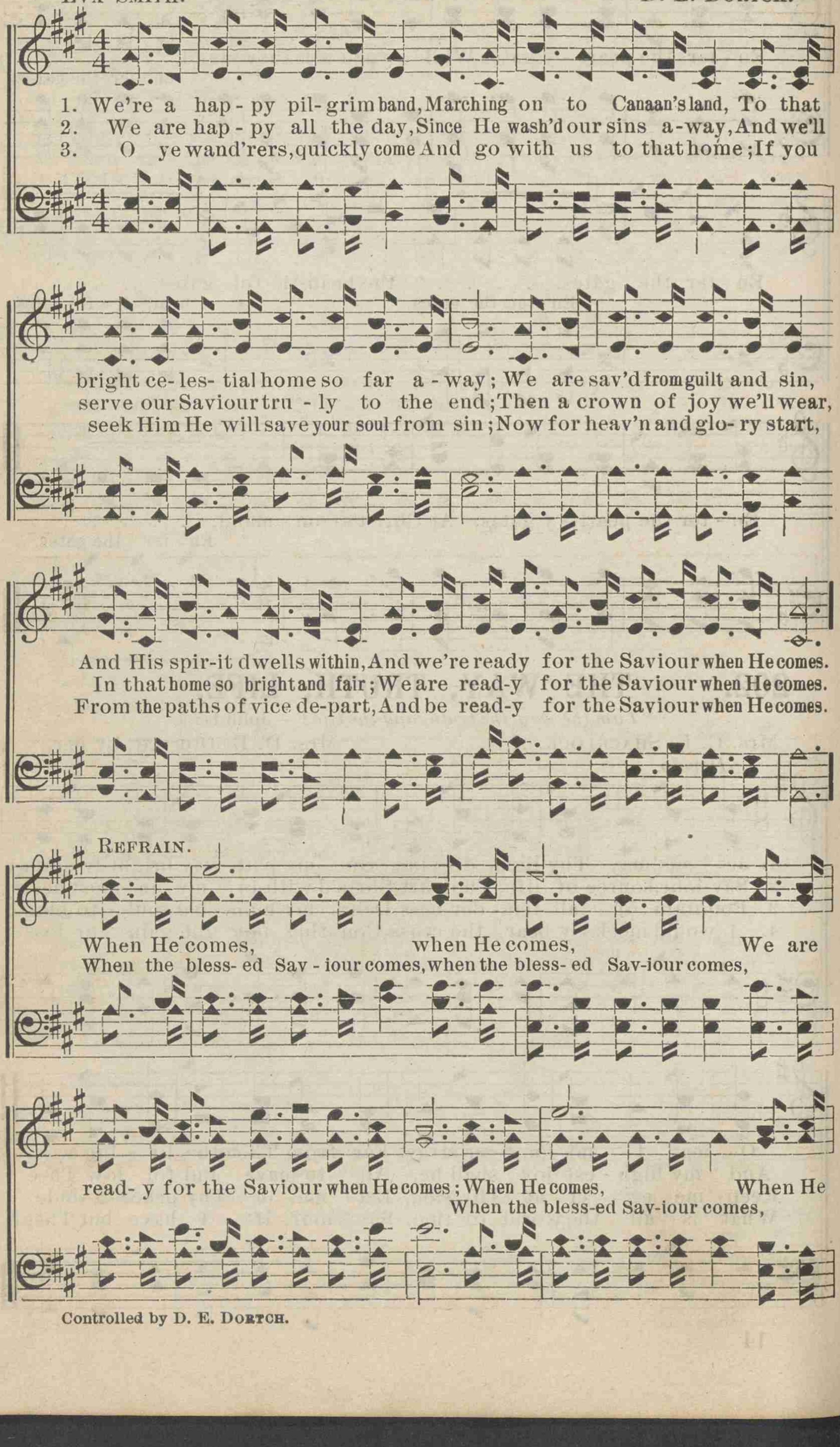
Devoto.



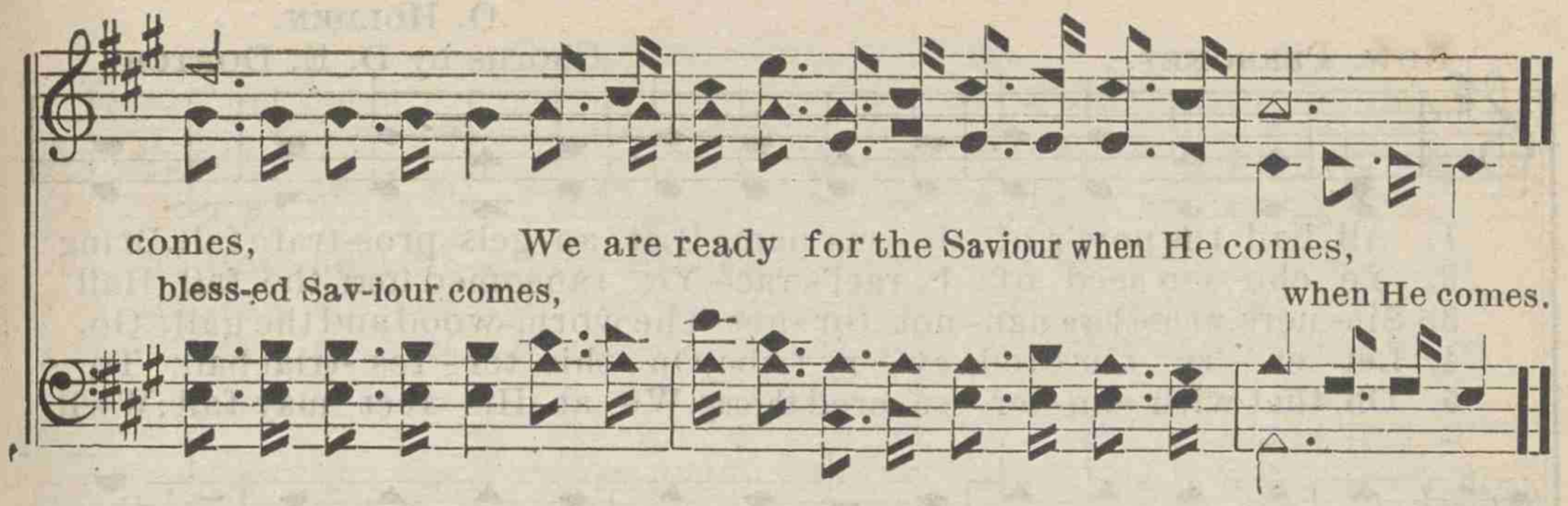
203. WE ARE READY.

"*Be ye also ready.*" — Matt. 24: 44.

EVA SMITH. D. E. DORTCH.

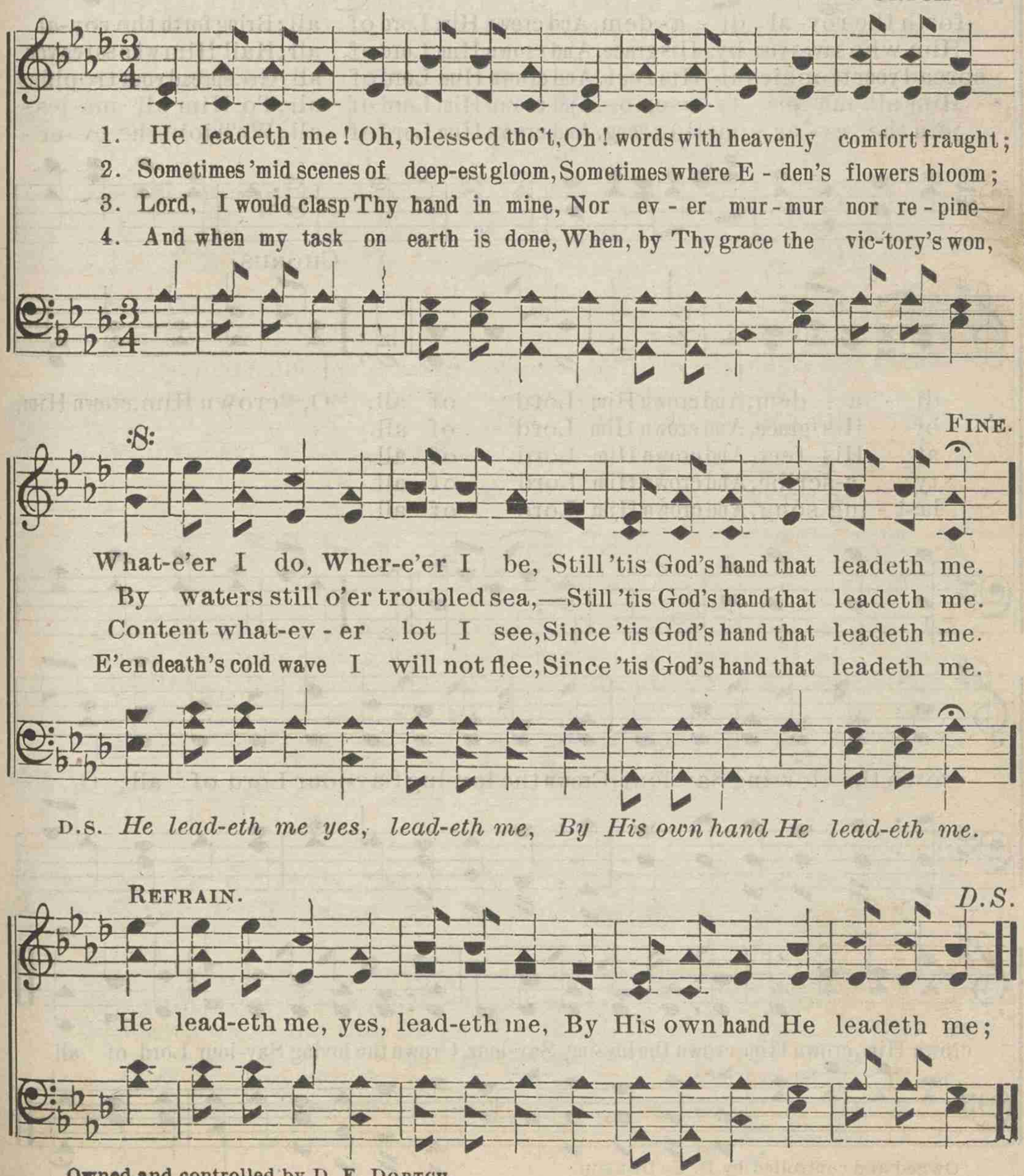


Controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

WE ARE READY.

204. HE LEADETH ME.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. 23: 2.

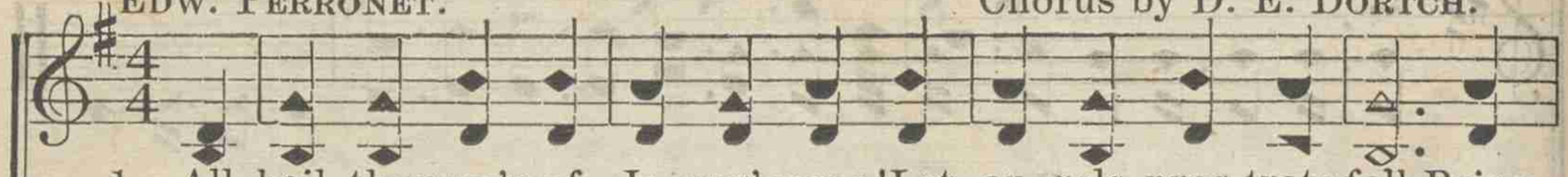
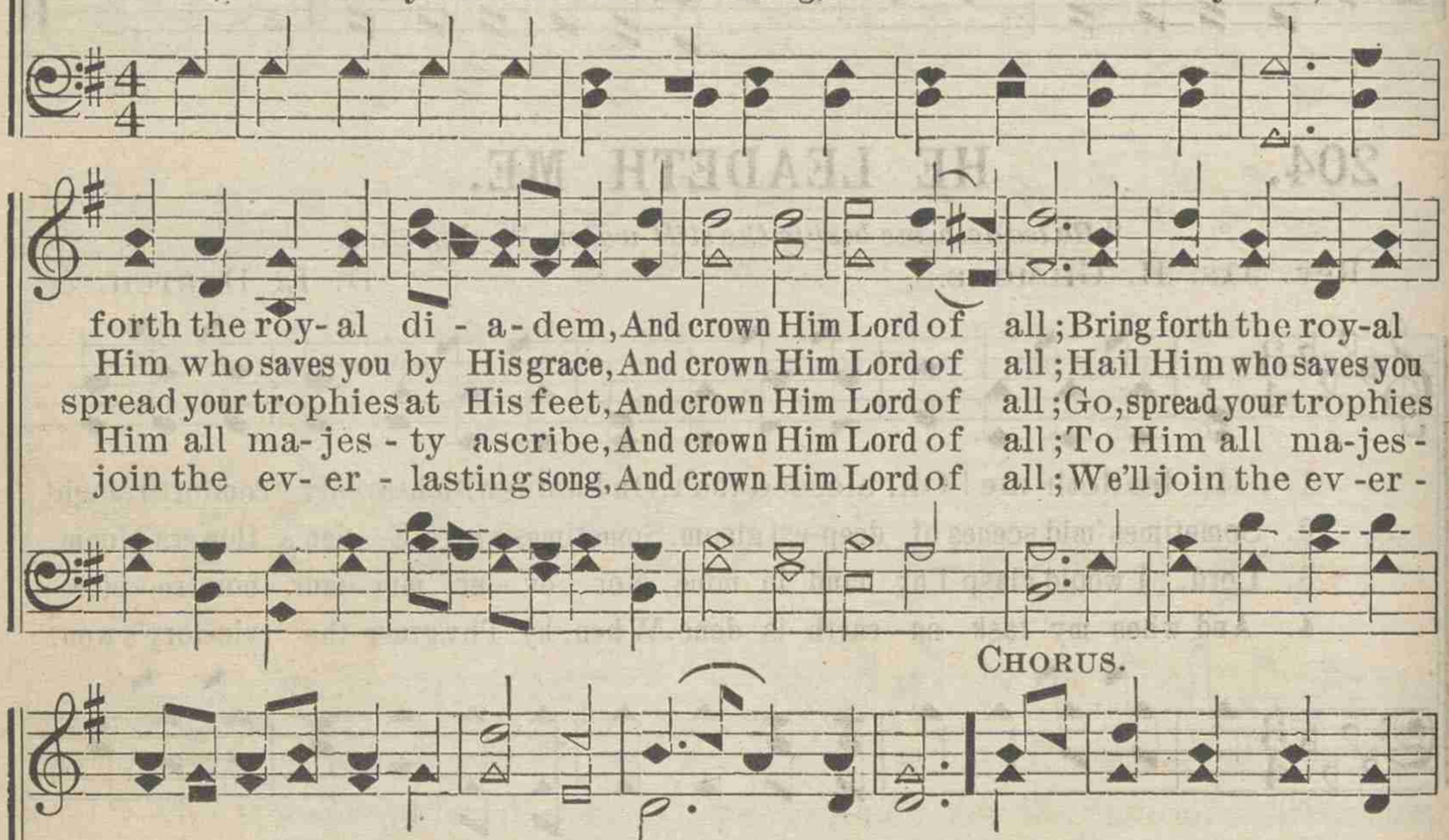
Rev. Jas. H. Gilmore. D. E. Dortch.

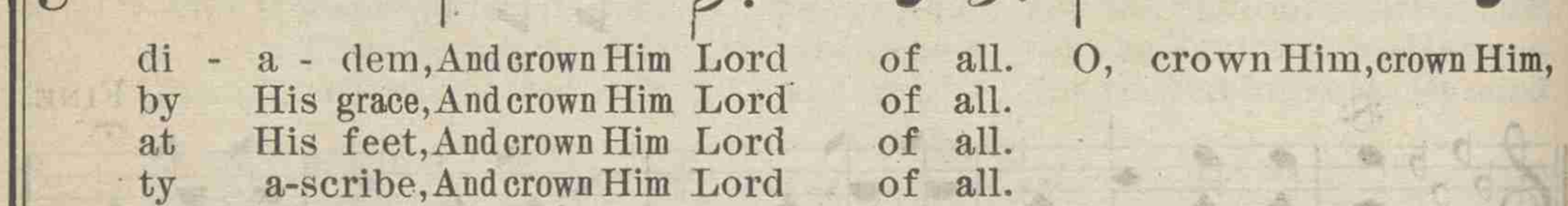


Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

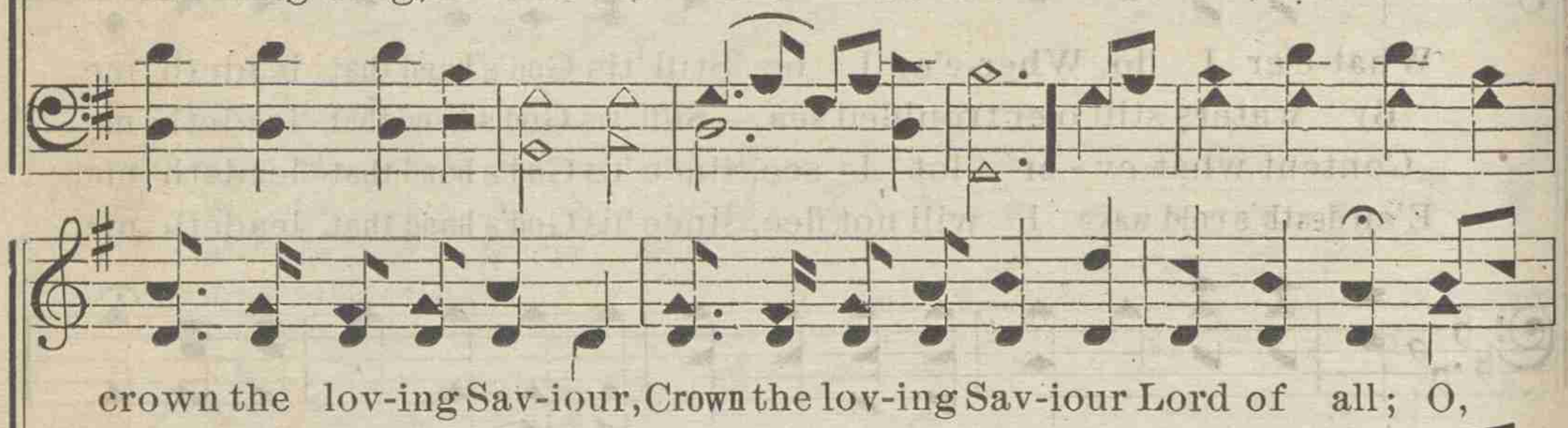
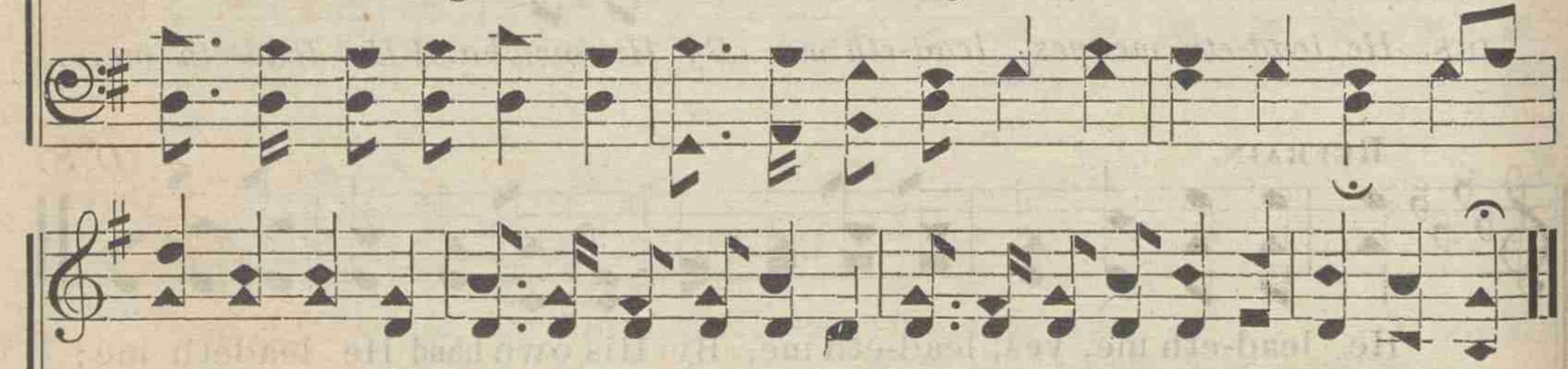
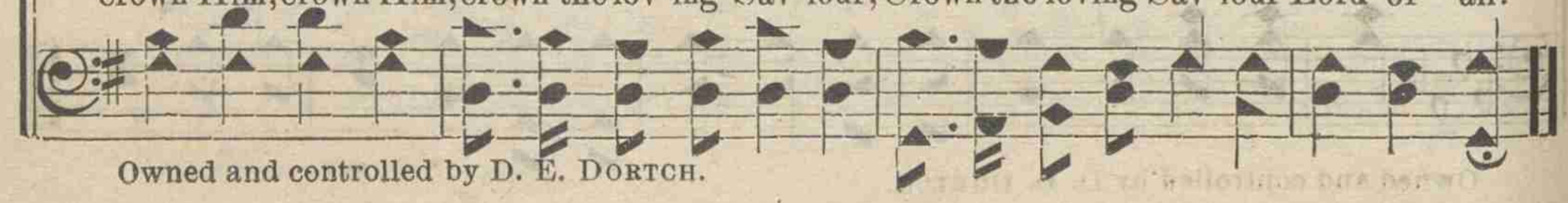
205. CORONATION.

O. HOLDEN.

EDW. PERRONET. Chorus by D. E. DORTCH.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall. Bring
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail
3. Sin-ners, whose love can-not for-get The worm-wood and the gall, Go,
4. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To
5. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at His feet may fall; We'll

forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al
Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you
spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all; Go, spread your trophies
Him all ma-jes-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all ma-jes-
join the ev-er-lasting song, And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev-er-



CHORUS.

di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all. O, crown Him, crown Him,
by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
ty a-scribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

crown the lov-ing Sav-iour, Crown the lov-ing Sav-iour Lord of all; O,

crown Him, crown Him, crown the lov-ing Sav-iour, Crown the loving Sav-iour Lord of all.

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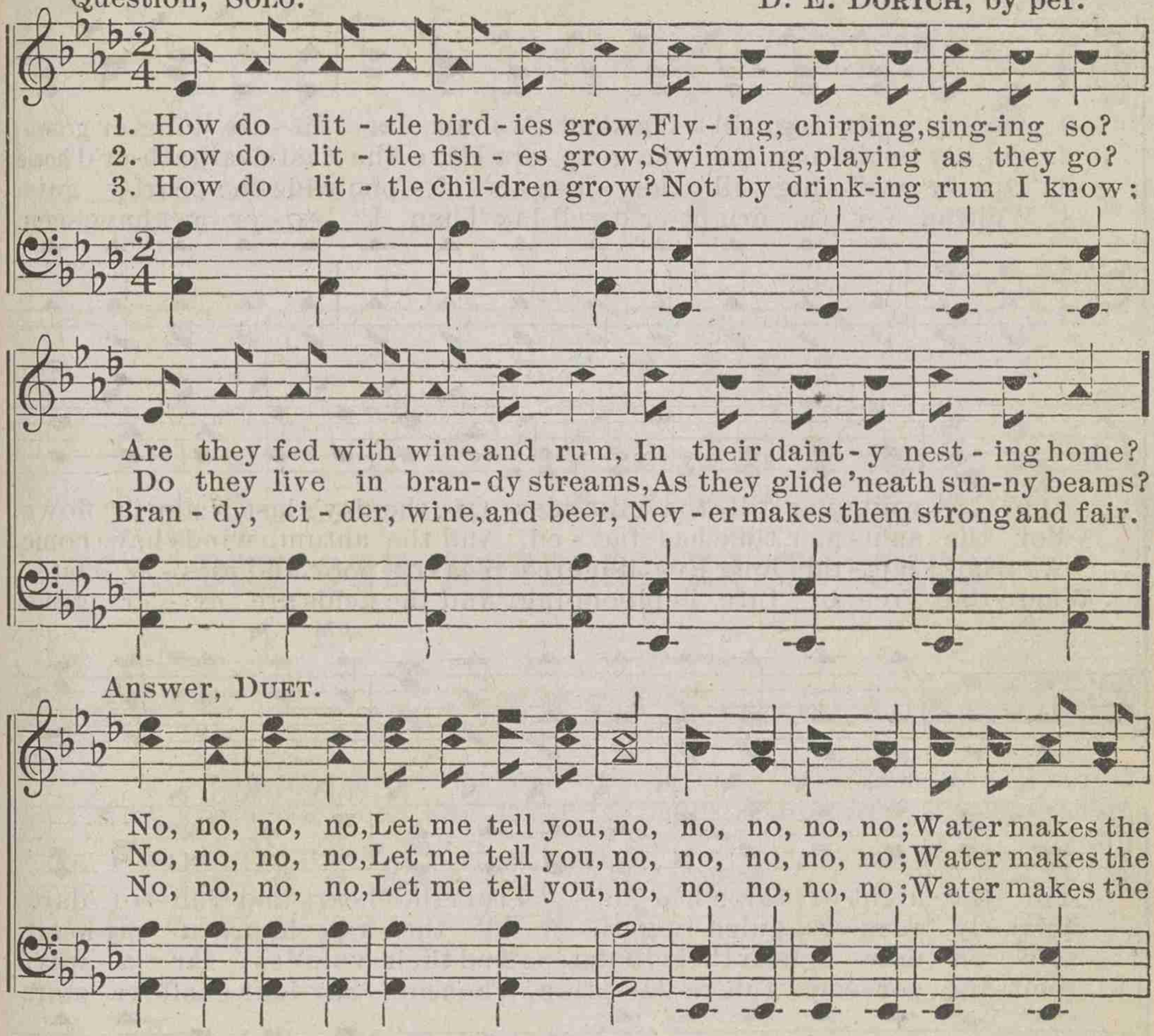
206. HOW YOU GROW.

CHILDREN'S INFANT SONG.

Question, SOLO. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. How do lit - tle bird - ies grow, Fly - ing, chirping, sing-ing so?
2. How do lit - tle fish - es grow, Swimming, playing as they go?
3. How do lit - tle chil-dren grow? Not by drink-ing rum I know;

Are they fed with wine and rum, In their daint - y nest - ing home?
Do they live in bran - dy streams, As they glide 'neath sun-ny beams?
Bran - dy, ci - der, wine, and beer, Nev - er makes them strong and fair.

ANSWER, DUET.

No, no, no, no, Let me tell you, no, no, no, no, no; Water makes the
No, no, no, no, Let me tell you, no, no, no, no, no; Water makes the
No, no, no, no, Let me tell you, no, no, no, no, no; Water makes the

FULL CHORUS.

bird - ies grow. Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scatter, So the fresh and
fish - es grow. Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scatter, Brooks and rivers
chil-dren grow. Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scatter, Fountains fill and

cooling water, Wets their ti-ny beaks and lo! This is how the birdies grow.
flow with water, Where they live and thrive, and lo! This is how the fish-es grow.
flow with water, See they bathe and drink, and lo! This is how the children grow.

207. ONLY WAITING.

"For I am now ready . . . and the time of my departure is at hand."—2 Tim. 4: 6.

Mrs. F. L. Mace. E. Hanks.

1. On - ly wait - ing till the shad-ows Are a lit - tle long-er grown;
2. On - ly wait - ing till the reap - ers Have the last sheaf gath-er'd home;
3. On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the pearl-y gate,
4. Waiting for a bright-er dwell-ing Than I ev - er yet have seen,

On - ly wait - ing till the glim-mer Of the day's last beam is flown.
For the sum - mer time has fad - ed, And the autumn winds have come.
At whose por - tals long I've lingered, Wea - ry, poor, and des - o - late.
Where the Tree of Life is bloom-ing, And the fields are ev - er green.

Till the night of earth has fad - ed From the heart and full of day,
Quick - ly, reap-ers, quick-ly gath - er All the ripe hours of my heart,
Ev - en now I hear their footsteps And their voic - es far a - way,
Wait - ing for my full re-demption, When my Sav-iour shall re - store

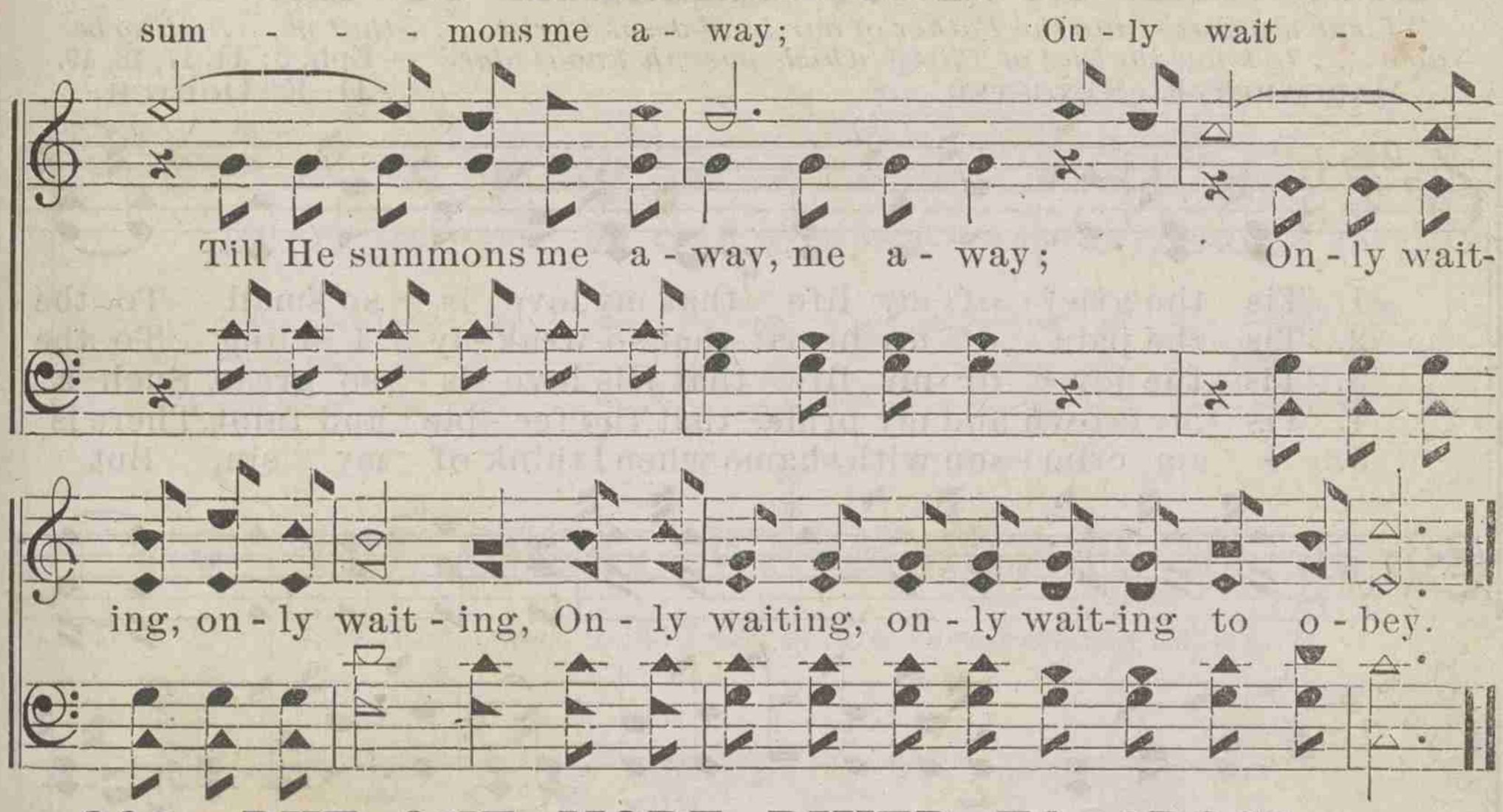
Till the stars of heav'n are break-ing Thro' the twi-light soft and gray.
For the bloom of life is with-er'd, And I has - ten to de - part.
If they call me, I am wait - ing, On - ly wait-ing to o - bey.
All that sin has caused to with - er; Age and sor-row come no more.

CHORUS.

On - ly wait - - - - - ing, on - ly wait - ing, Till the

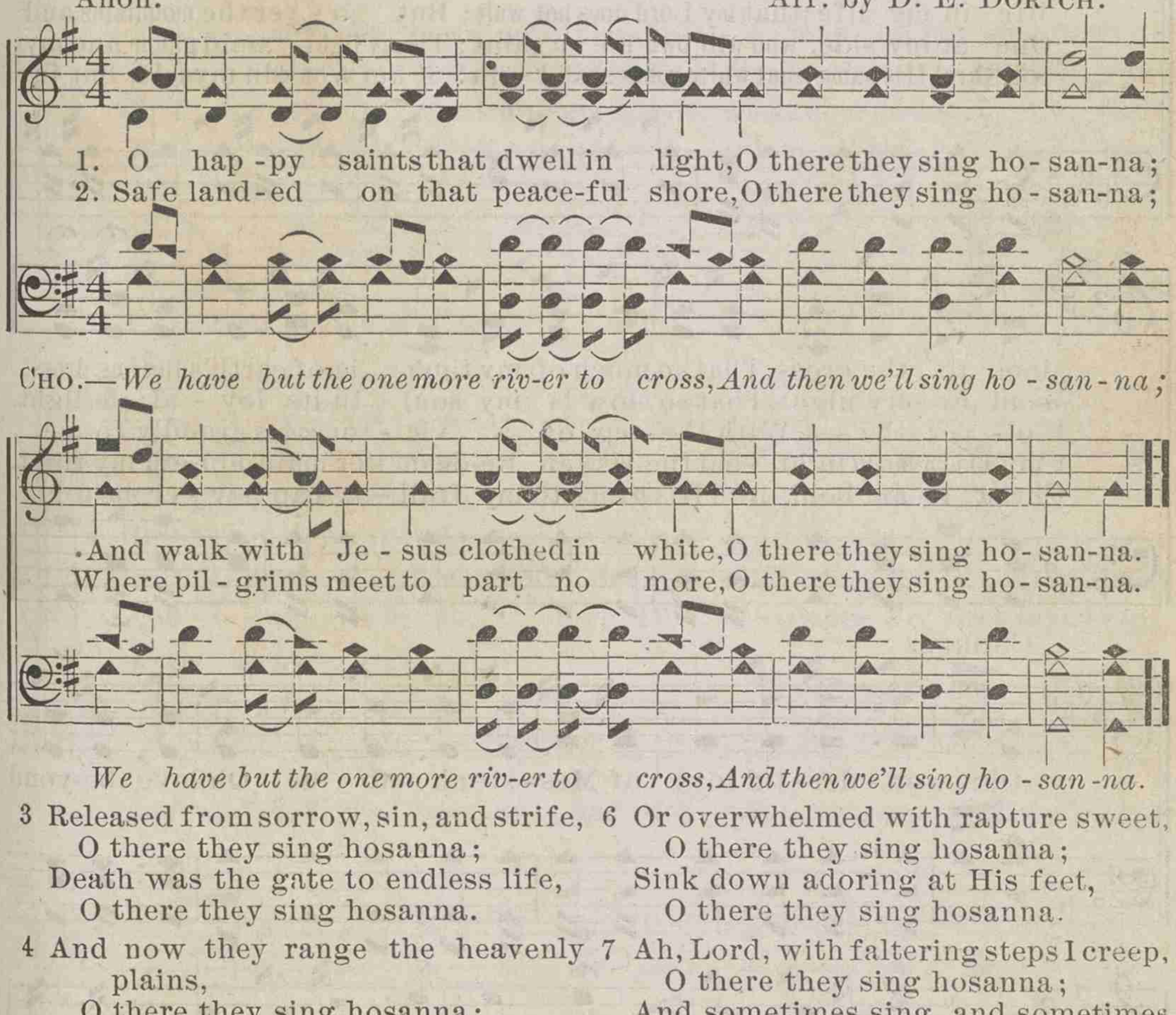
On - ly wait - ing, on - ly wait - ing,

ONLY WAITING.



208. BUT ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

Anon. Arr. by D. E. Dortch.



3 Released from sorrow, sin, and strife,
O there they sing hosanna;
Death was the gate to endless life,
O there they sing hosanna.

4 And now they range the heavenly plains,
O there they sing hosanna;
And sing His love in melting strains,
O there they sing hosanna.

5 They gaze upon His beauteous face,
O there they sing hosanna;
And tell the wonders of His grace,
O there they sing hosanna.

6 Or overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
O there they sing hosanna;
Sink down adoring at His feet,
O there they sing hosanna.

7 Ah, Lord, with faltering steps I creep,
O there they sing hosanna;
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep,
O there they sing hosanna.

8 When shall I wake in heaven, to prove,
O there they sing hosanna;
The heights and depths of Jesus' love?
O there they sing hosanna.

209. THE LOVE OF MESSIAH TO ME.

"I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, . . . that ye, . . . may be able . . . to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." — Eph. 3: 14, 17, 18, 19.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. 'Tis the grief of my life that my love is so small To the Lord of my life, who is God o - ver all; 'Tis the shame of my tho't as I
2. 'Tis the pain of my heart, that so weak - ly I cling To the Guest in my heart, my Redeemer and King; 'Tis a wea - ry refrain in my
3. 'Tis the joy of my life that His love is so great, Such a life in my life; that my Lord does not wait; But o - ver the mountains and
4. 'Tis my crown and my pride, that 'tho fee - ble and faint, There is One at my side, who will own me a saint; 'Tis my light amid gloom and my
5. I am crim - son with shame when I think of my sin, But oh, thro' His name what white robes shall I win! I am weak in myself, but in

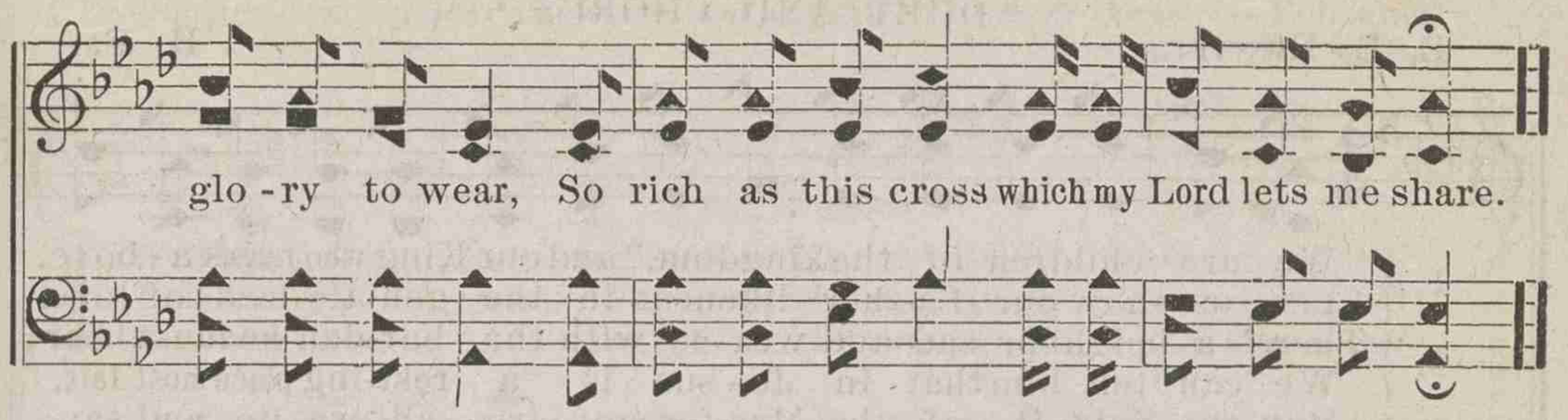
look to the cross, That so much of my tho't is of earth's fleeting dross.
soul ev - 'ry night, That so slow is my soul in its loy - al de-light.
o - ver the sea, With the step of a vic - tor comes grandly to me.
my bloom amid light, That the ris - en Re-deem - er maintain-eth my right.
Christ I am bold, And His grace to my frail - ty can nev - er be told.

CHORUS.

Oh, won - der - ful love of Mes - si - ah to me! Oh, love be-yond

love, so tri - um-phant and free! No an - gel a - bove has a

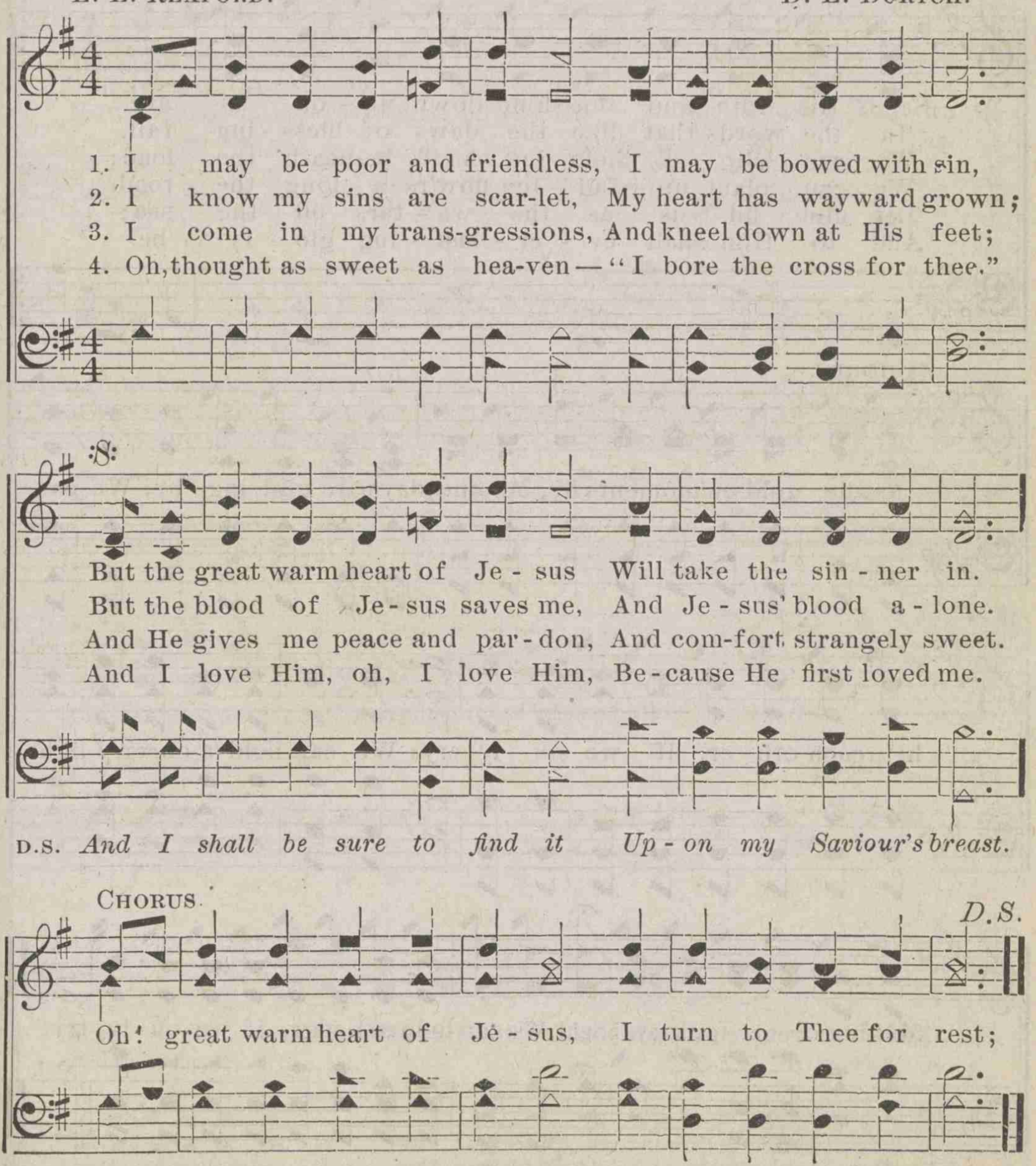
THE LOVE OF MESSIAH TO ME.



210. THE GREAT WARM HEART OF JESUS.

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

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



CHORUS. D.S.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

211. CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM.

*DUET AND CHORUS.

E. E. HEWITT. . H. F.

1. { We are "children of the kingdom," and our King who reigns a - bove,
   { Let us show our Fa-ther's likeness in the gen-tle deeds of love,
2. { There's a neighbor sad and wea - ry with the bur-den he must bear;
   { We can tell him that in Je - sus is a rest-ing place most fair,
3. { May the Spir - it of the Mas-ter gov - ern all we do and say;
   { Then we'll sure - ly help each oth - er on the shin-ing up-ward way,

Sends His rain and sun-shine down up - on us all;
In the words that like the dews of bless - ing fall.
We can slip a help - ing hand be-neath the load;
We can plant un - fad - ing flow'rs a - long the road.
Let him fill us as the wa - ters fill the sea;
And to Him shall ev - er - last - ing glo - ry be.

CHORUS.

As the gold-en moments fly, As the days are glid - ing by, We can help each oth - er, if we on - ly try; We can hold a cheer-y light, Making dreary pathways bright, We can help each other, if we on - ly try.

*The alto part of the duet may be sung by a tenor.

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212. LOVE AND HELP EACH OTHER.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." — Eph. 6: 2.

P. H. J. H. F., by per.

1. We should love and help each oth- er, Day by day, day by day;
2. Let us go in scenes of sor-row, Undismayed, un-dismayed;
3. How the hand of love can light-en All our woe, All our woe;

We should raise the fallen brother On the way, on the way. For the road is
Trouble's hand on us tomorrow May be laid, may be laid. Let us help while
How the gleam of hope can brighten All be -low, all be-low. Let us do the
rough at best, As we count each weary mile, Let us cheer the fainting breast With a
now we can, Ev'ry bur-den to re-lieve; As we bless our fellow-man, So a
kind-ly deed, Let us speak the lov-ing word; They will spring like precious seed In the

REFRAIN.

ten-der word and smile. We should love and help each other, Day by day, day by
blessing we'll re-ceive.
gar-den of the Lord.
Day by day,
day, We should raise the fall-en brother, On the way, on the way.
day by day, On the way,

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213. I AM RESOLVED.

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

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - iour, Leav - ing my sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - iour, Faith - ful and true each day; Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the paths of sin; Friends may op-pose me, foes may be - set me,
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with - out de - lay; Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spi - rit,

CHORUS.

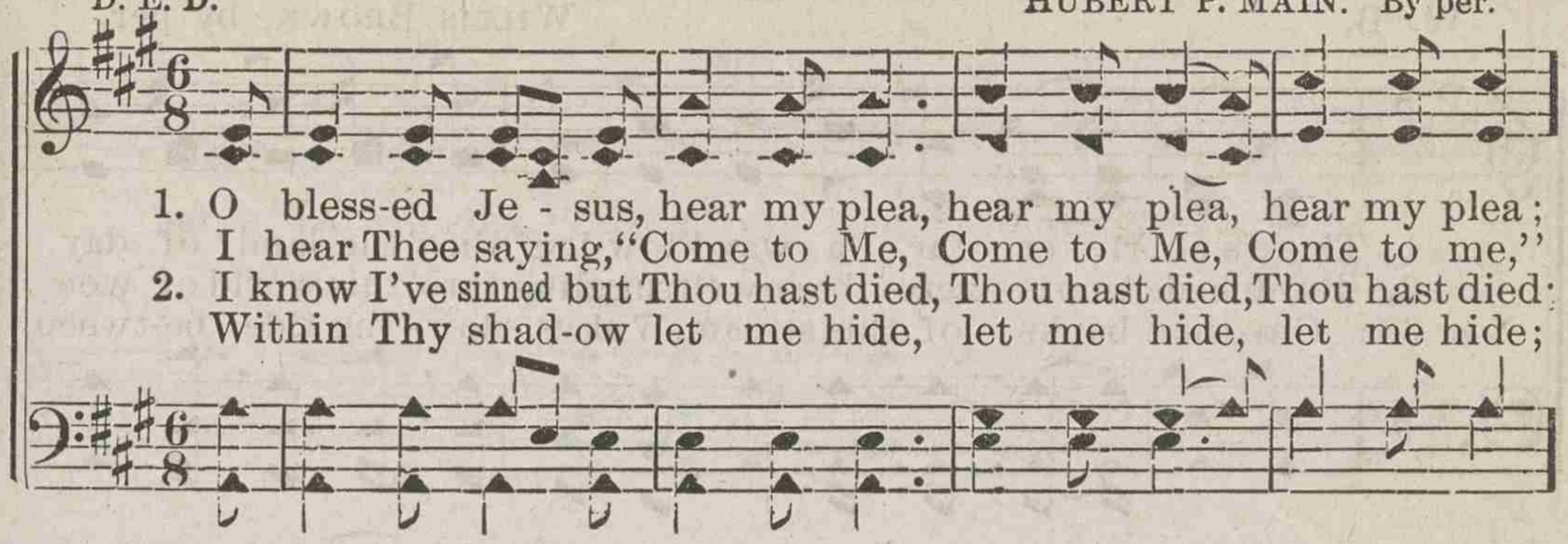
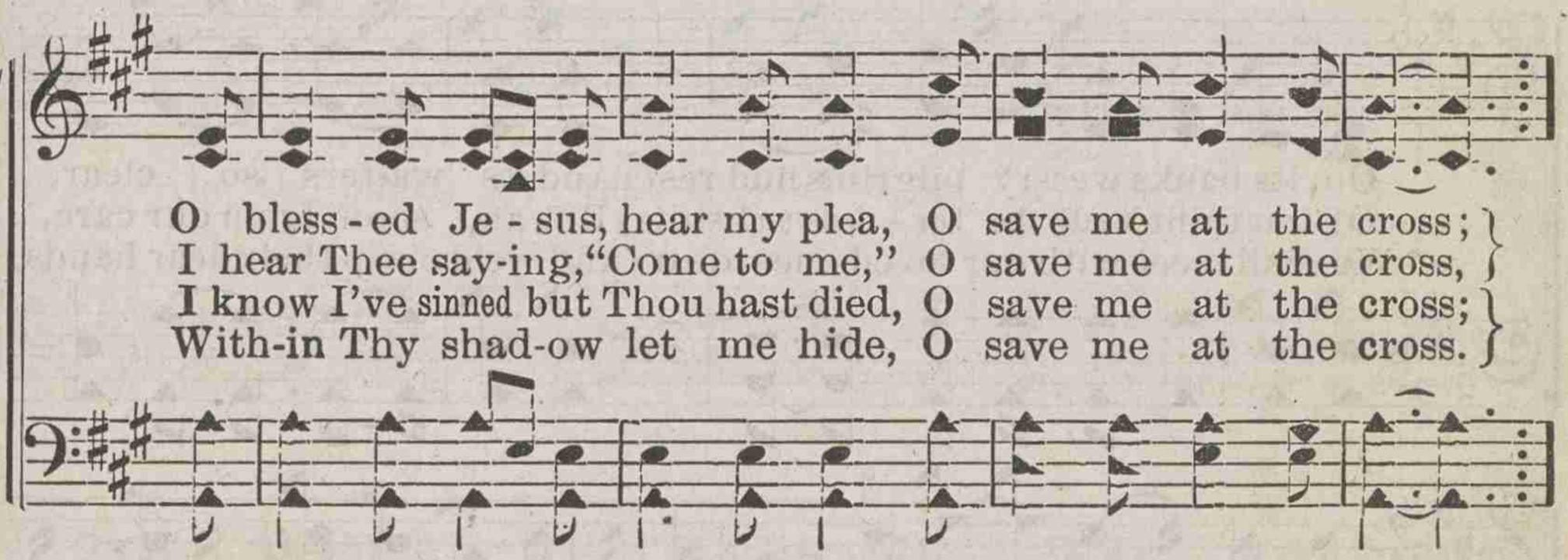
These have al - lured my sight. I will has - ten to Him,
He hath the words of life.
He is the liv - ing way.
Still will I en - ter in.
We'll walk the heav'n-ly way. I will has - ten, has - ten to Him,

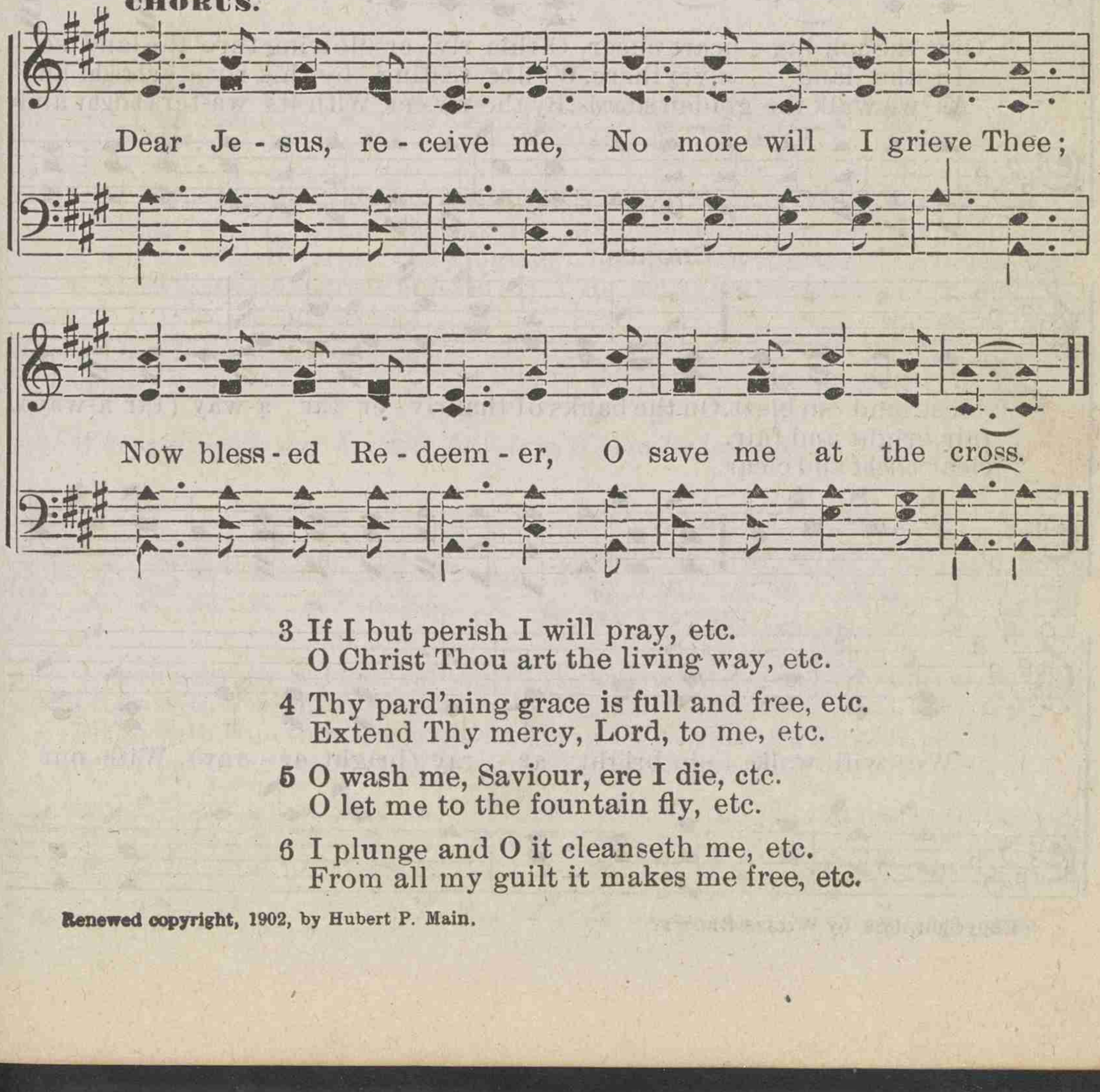
Has - ten so glad and free; Has - ten glad and free;

Je - sus, great-est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.

214. SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

"O Lord, save me."—JER. 17: 14.

D. E. D. HUBERT P. MAIN. By per.

CHORUS.



3 If I but perish I will pray, etc.
O Christ Thou art the living way, etc.

4 Thy pard'ning grace is full and free, etc.
Extend Thy mercy, Lord, to me, etc.

5 O wash me, Saviour, ere I die, etc.
O let me to the fountain fly, etc.

6 I plunge and O it cleanseth me, etc.
From all my guilt it makes me free, etc.

Renewed copyright, 1902, by Hubert P. Main.

215. ON THE BANKS OF THAT RIVER.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life clear as crystal."—Rev. 22: 1.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN, by per.

1. There's a riv - er far a - way Flow-ing thro' the land of day,
2. Burdened hearts here be-low Struggling thro' this world of woe,
3. On the banks of this stream, With its flow - ing tide be-tween,

On its banks wea-ry pilgrims find rest; And its wa-ters so clear,
Of-ten faint 'neath the bur - dens and strife; But ah, soon from our care,
We shall meet with our loved ones dear; And we'll clasp their dear hands,

Give the ach-ing heart cheer, O this riv - er flowing thro' the land so
In the land o-ver there, We'll be resting by this riv - er bright and
As we walk the golden strands, By the riv - er with its wa-ters bright and

CHORUS.

blest, land so blest. On the banks of that riv - er far a-way (far a-way).
fair, bright and fair.
clear, bright and clear.

We will walk in bright ar - ray (bright ar - ray), With our

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ON THE BANKS OF THAT RIVER.

harps we will sing, Prais-es to our Lord and King,
Lord and King,

On the banks of the riv - er far a - way.
far a - way.

216. WHERE HE LEADS ME I WILL FOLLOW.

Arr.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

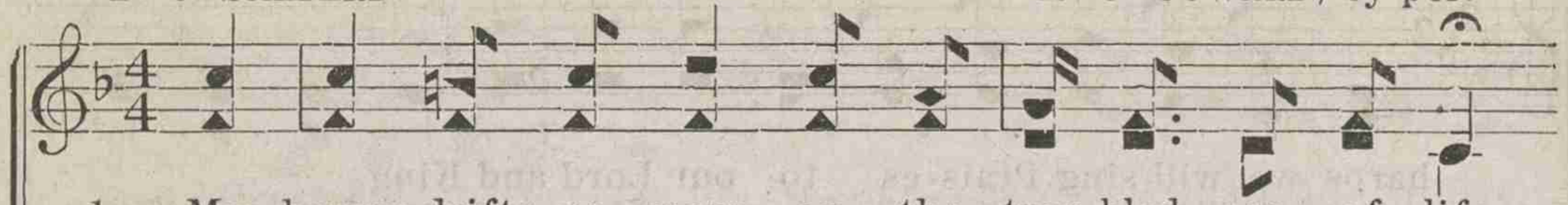
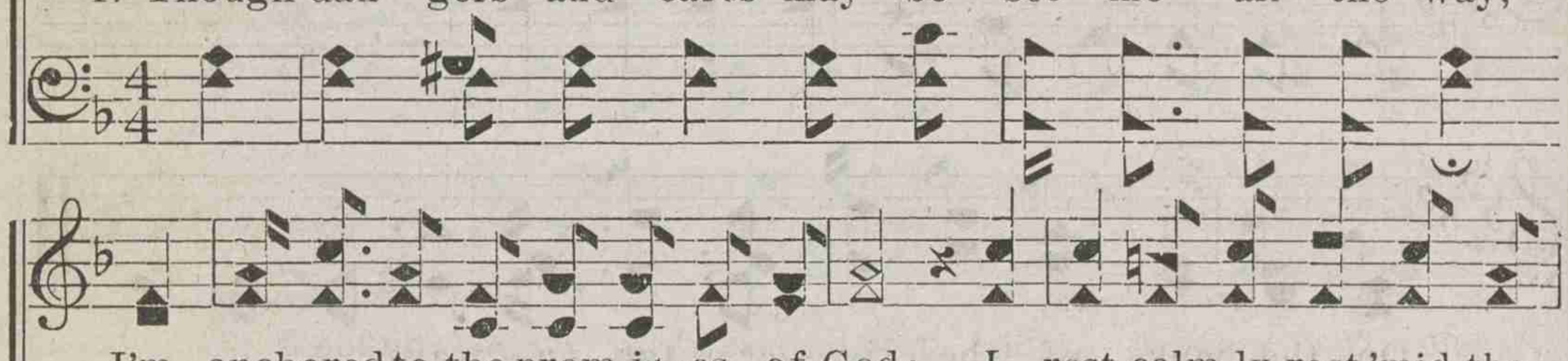
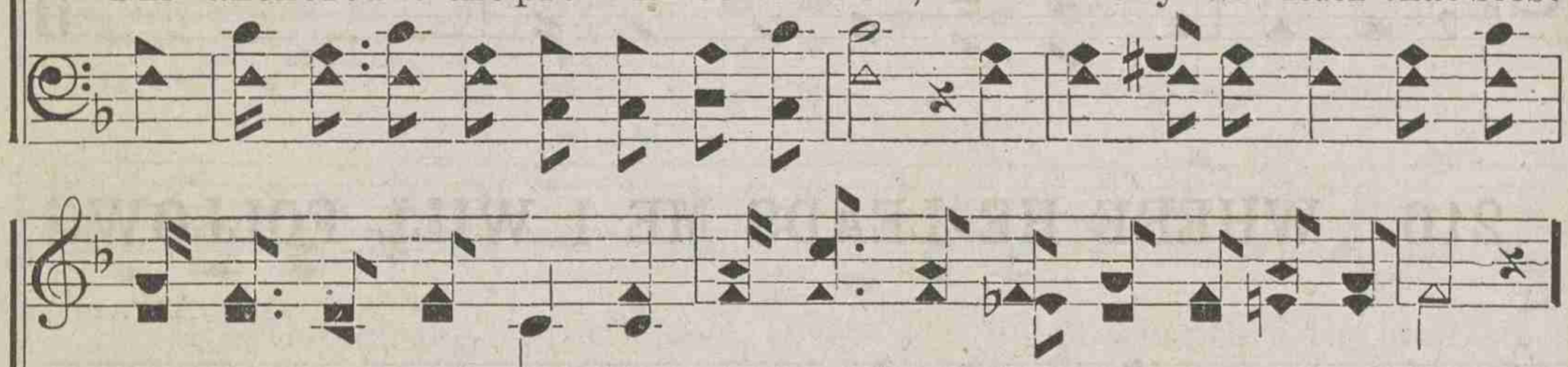
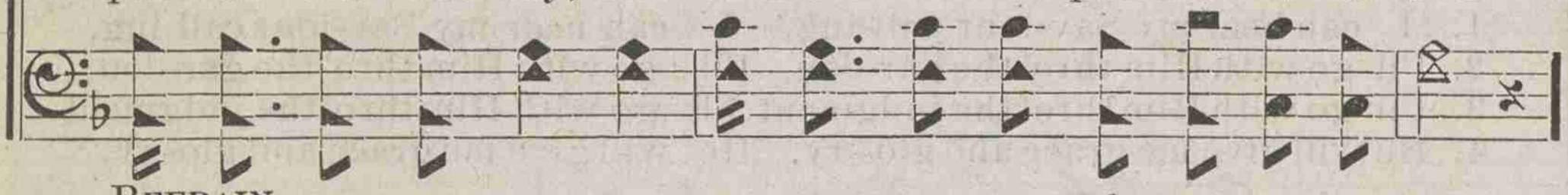
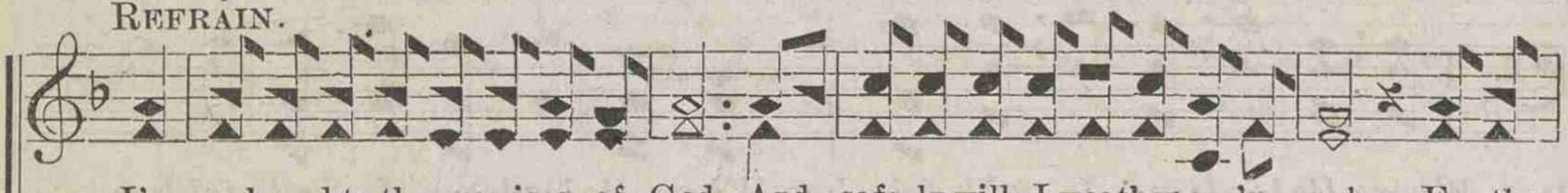
D.C. *Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,*

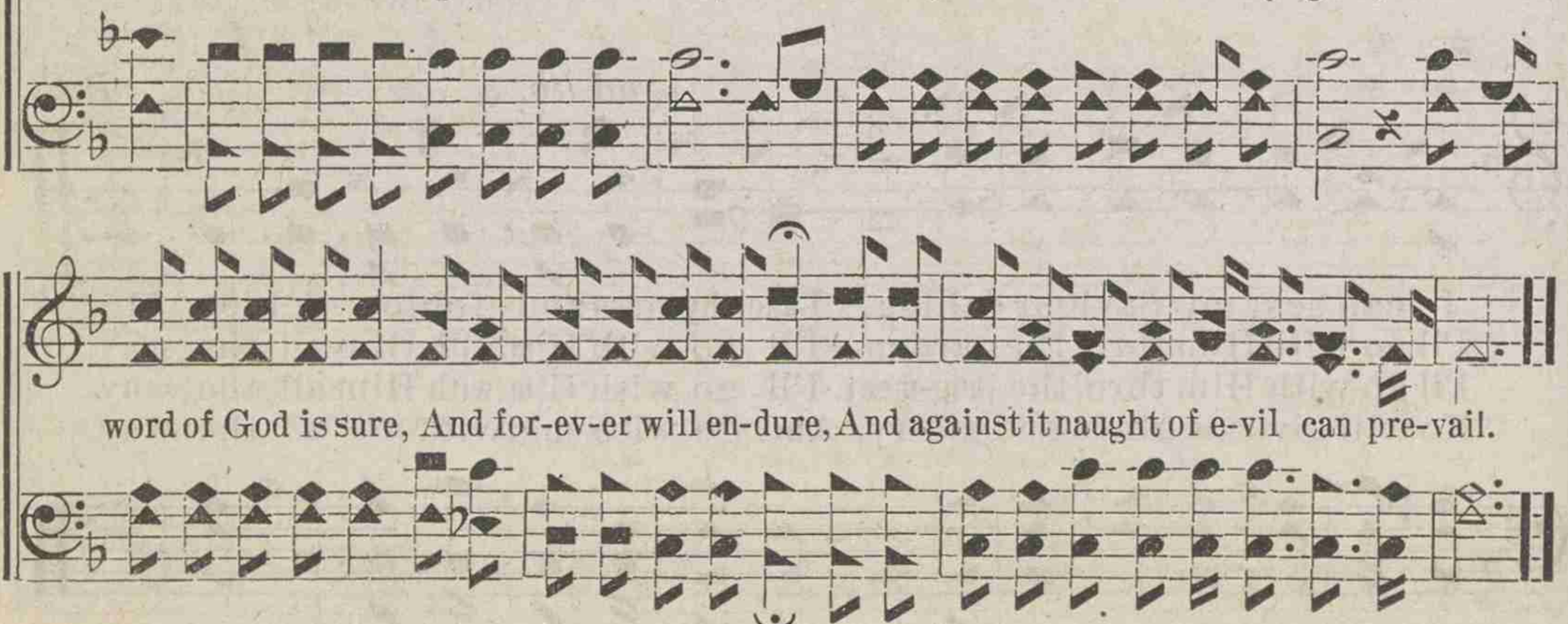
ad lib. *D.C.*

I can hear my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

217. I'M ANCHORED TO THE PROMISES OF GOD.

F. S. SHEPERD. R. S. COWARD, by per.

1. My barque drifts no more on the trou-bled sea of life,
2. The winds of temp - ta - tion be - set me fierce and wild,
3. The bil - lows of sor - row a - round me oft - en roll,
4. Though dan - gers and cares may be - set me all the way,

I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God; I rest, calm-ly rest 'mid the
I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God; And Christ speaks the tem-pest to
I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God; But peace, perfect peace doth com-
I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God; I safe-ly will reach that blest

changing scenes of strife, I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God.
zeph-ers soft and mild, I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God.
plete-ly fill my soul, I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God.
port of end - less day, I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God.

REFRAIN.

I'm anchored to the promises of God, And safe-ly will I weather ev-'ry gale, For the



word of God is sure, And for-ev-er will en-dure, And against it naught of e-vil can pre-vail.

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218. AT THE SAVIOUR'S RIGHT HAND.

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

E. R. LATTA. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged, And the
2. But the wick - ed who will not re -pent and be - lieve, And will
3. We are jour - ney - ing on to e - ter - ni - ty now, On the
4. If our Shep-herd He is, and we fol - low His call, He will

chaff from the wheat shall be thor-ough-ly fanned, Then the right-eous shall shine as the
nev - er live up to the Master's command, Shall be placed on the left, as un -
bank of death's Jordan we sometime shall stand! Shall we fear to pass o- ver the
lead us safe home, to that beau-ti- ful land; And with crowns on our brows, and with

stars in the sky, And their plac-es shall be at the Saviour's right hand.
wor- thy to be, With the chil-dren of God at the Saviour's right hand.
dark rolling flood, Lest our por-tion be not at the Saviour's right hand.
branch-es of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Saviour's right hand.

REFRAIN.

Let me . . find a place with that . . hap- py band,
Let me find a place with that happy band, Let me find a place with that hap-py band,

Who shall ev - er a - bide, . . A-bide at the Saviour's right hand.
Who shall ev-er a-bide at the Saviour's right hand, right hand.

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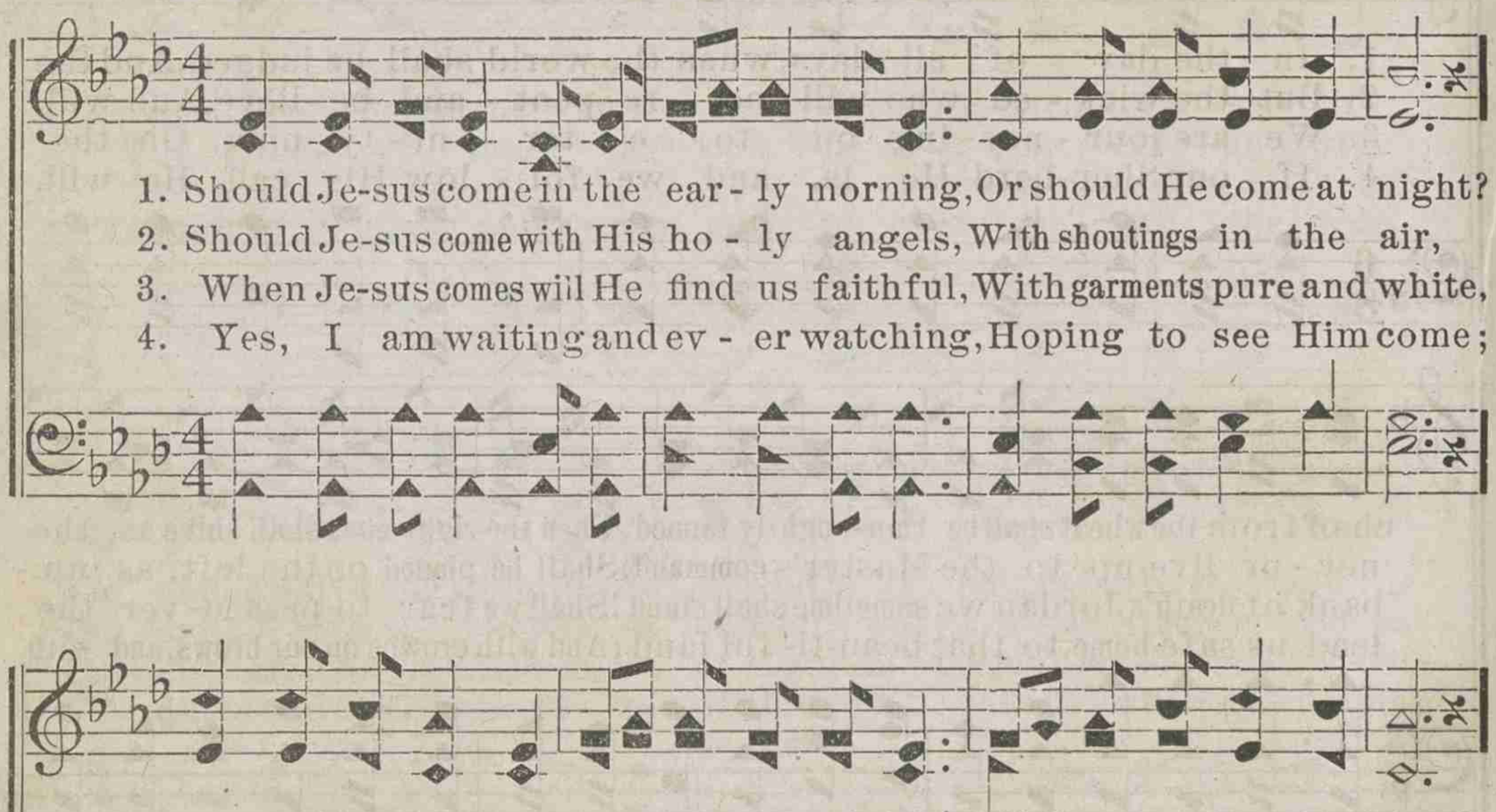
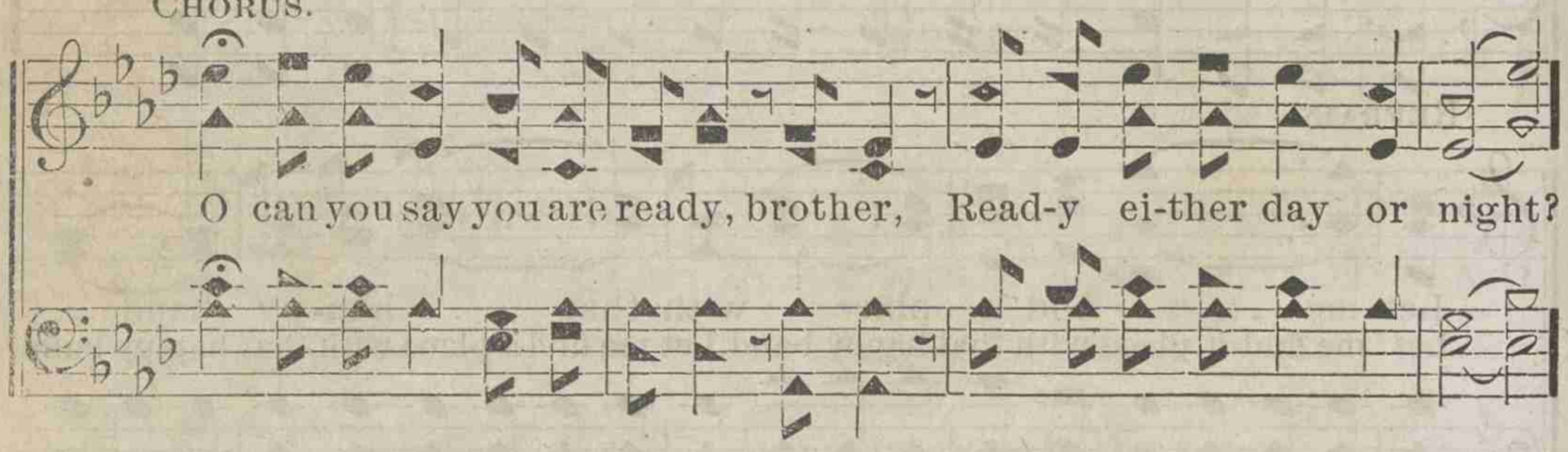
219. ARE YOU WAITING AND WATCHING?

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

W. E. PENN. W. E. PENN.

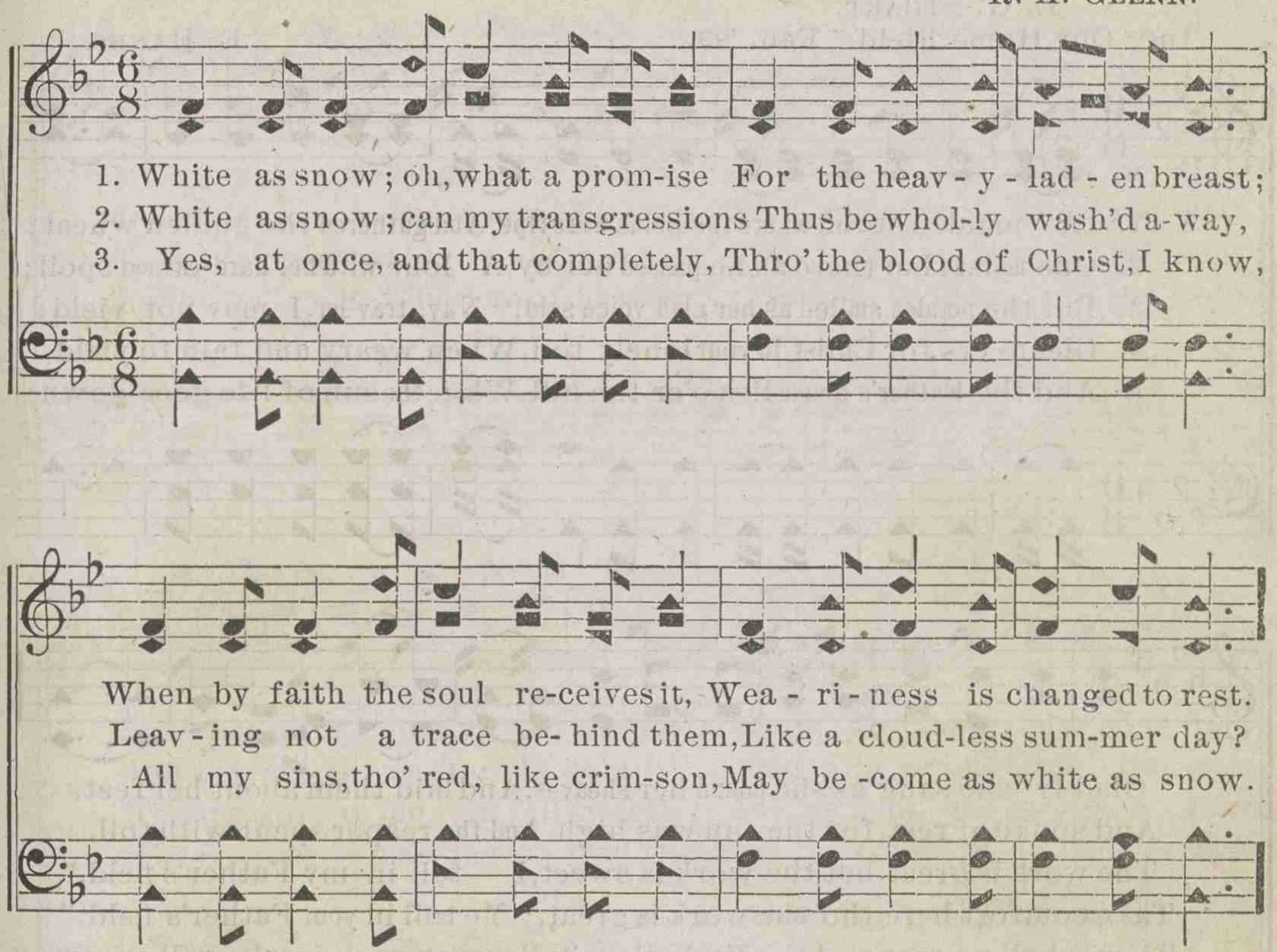


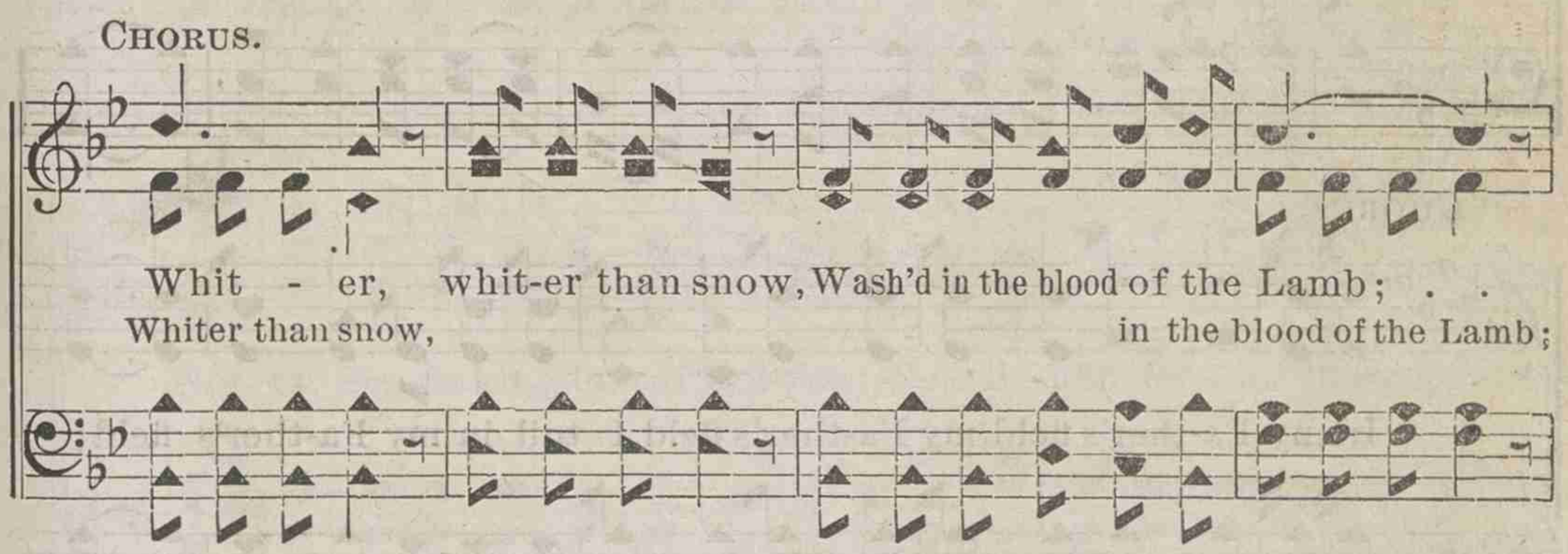
CHORUS.

Copyright, 1887, by W. E. PENN. By per. W. H. MORRIS.

220. WHITER THAN SNOW.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

R. A. GLENN.



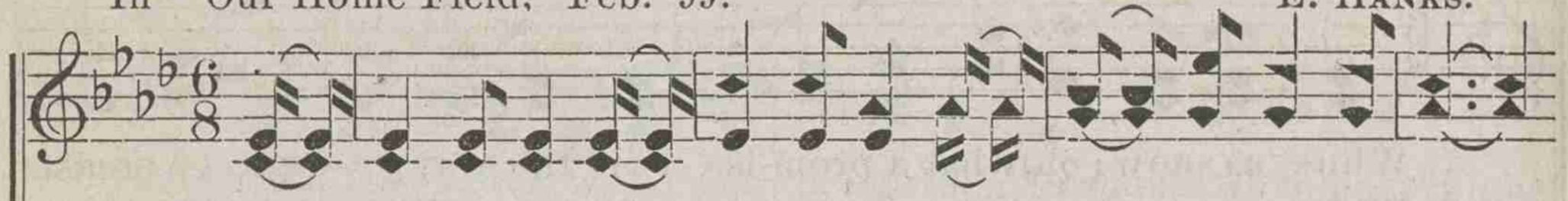
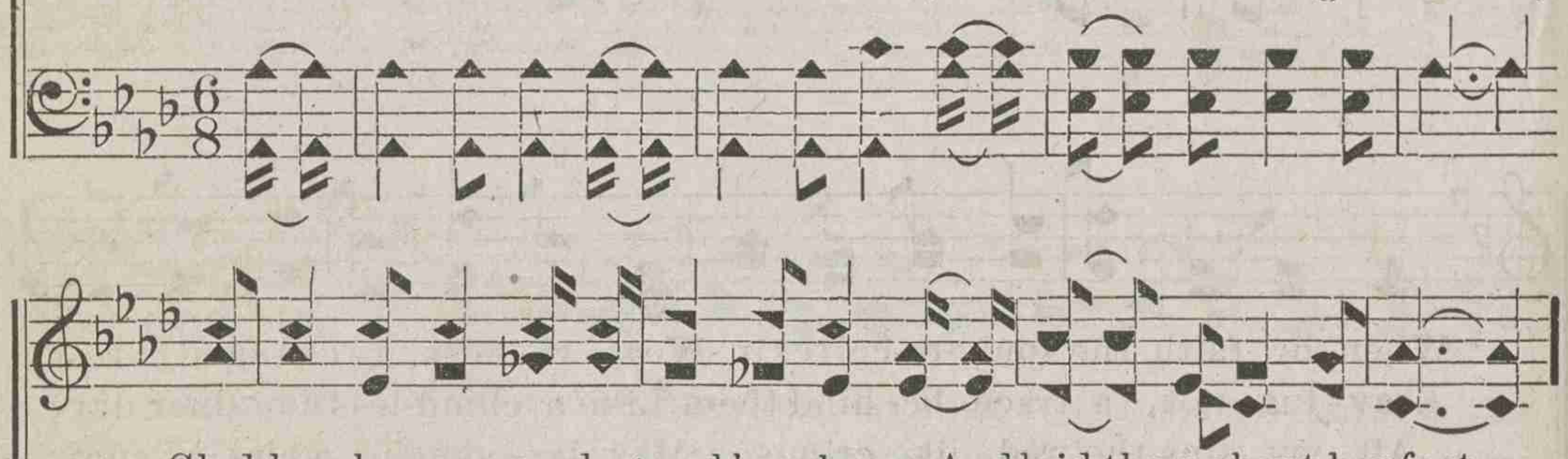


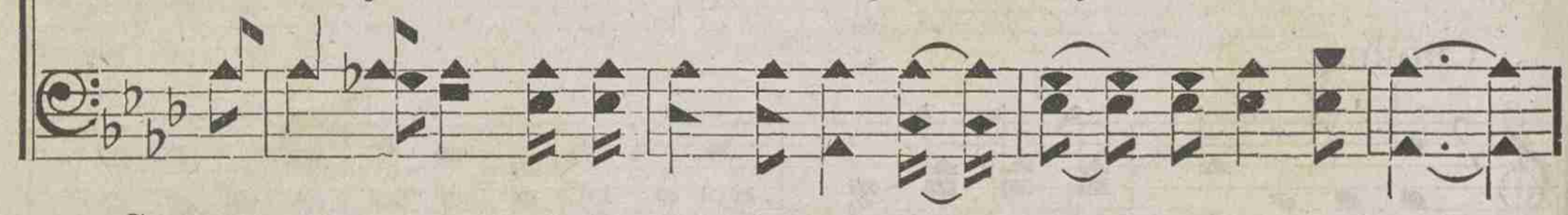
By permission of A. S. KIEFFER.

221. MY FATHER'S FIELD.

"She gleaned in the field until even."—Ruth 2: 17.

E. G. STUART.
In "Our Home Field," Feb. '99.

E. HANKS.

1. A maiden stood where the fields were ripe, And gathered the golden wheat;
2. One marked her there as he passed her by, A - lone with her hard-earned spoil;
3. But the maiden smiled as her glad voice said, "Nay, trav'ler, I may not yield;
4. Glean- ers for Christ, in your lonely toil, When weary and fain to yield,
5. And the Father's house lies o'er the hill, Where the sun of life goes down;

Glad-ly she sang as she bound her sheaves, And laid them about her feet.
And spoke of rest, for the sun was high, And the reaper spent with toil.
The work is great, but the work is sweet, I toil in my Father's field."
Take comfort here, tho' the work is great, "Ye toil in your Father's field."
There shall ye rest, and the Father's smile Forever your work shall crown.



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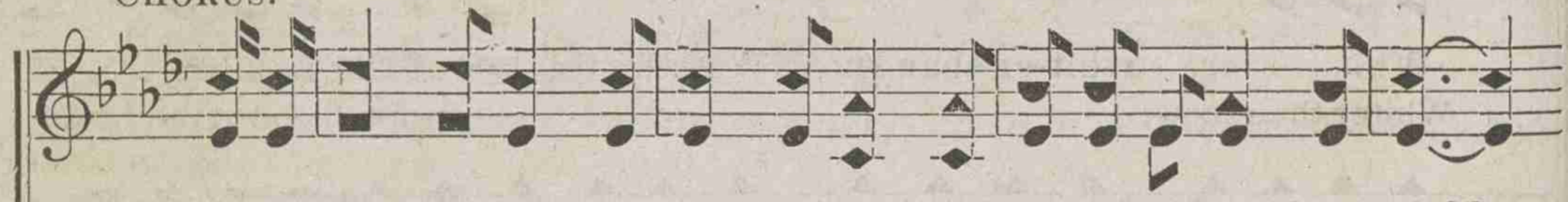
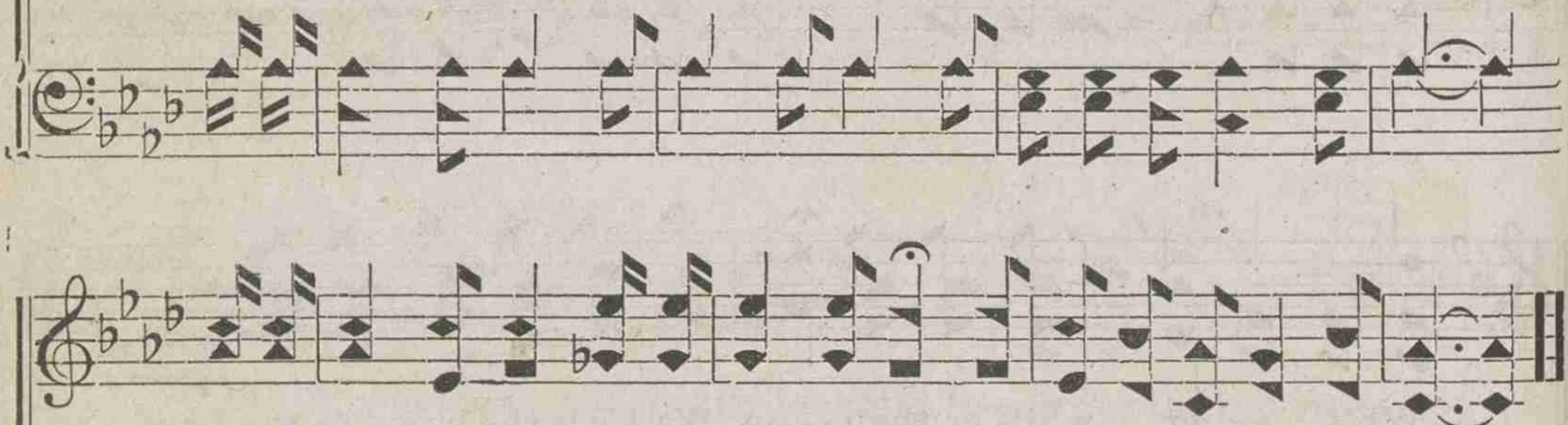
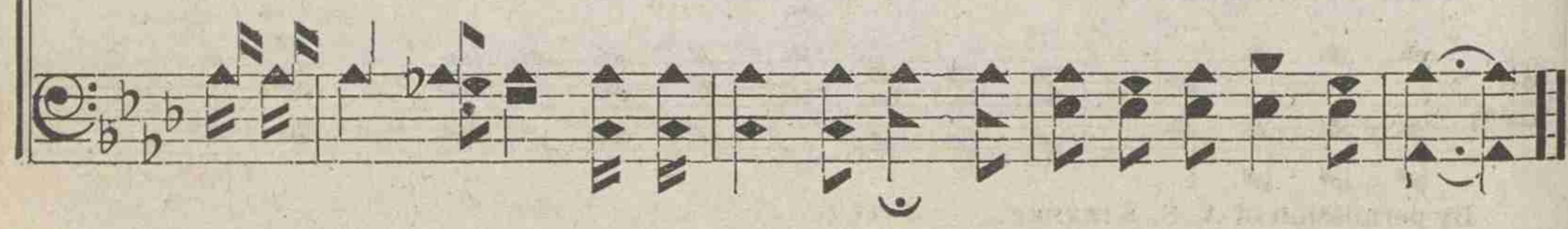
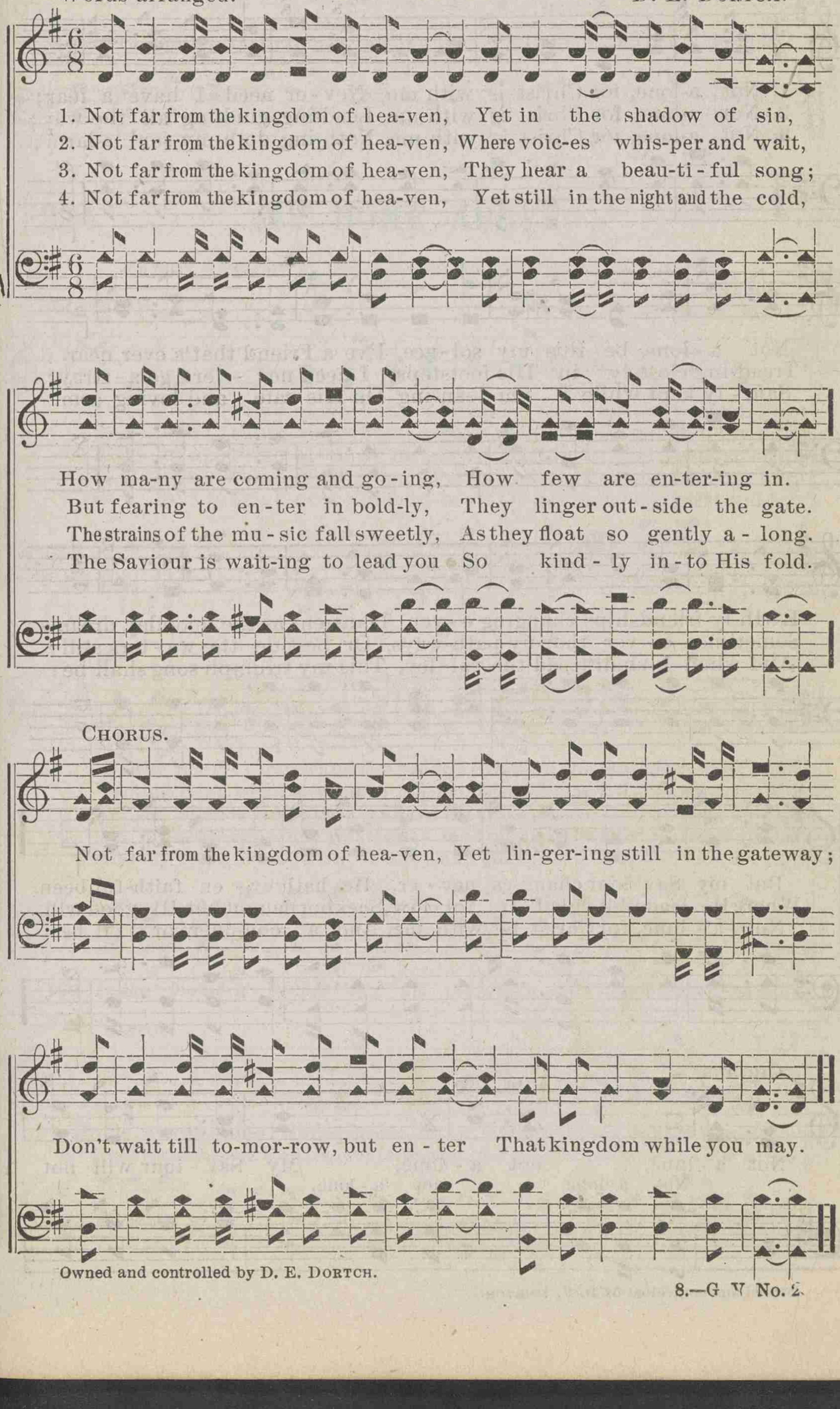

In my Fa-ther's field, my Fa-ther's field, I toil in my Fa-ther's field;

Tho' the work is great, yet the work is sweet, I toil in my Father's field.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

222. NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

"*Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.*"—Mark 12: 34.

Words arranged. D. E. DORTCH.

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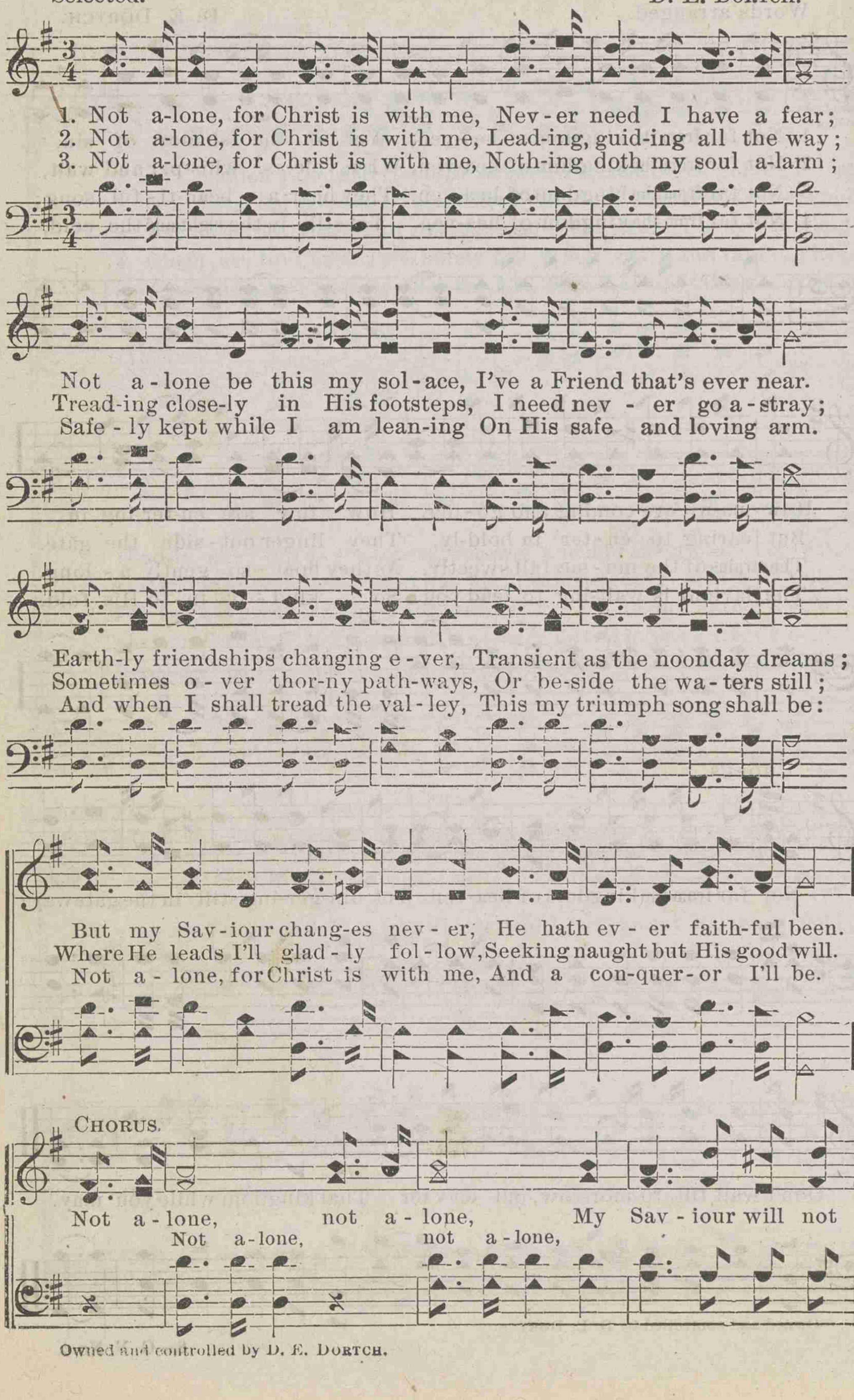
223. NOT ALONE.

"Lo, I am with you alway."—Matt. 28 : 20.

Selected. D. E. DORTCH.



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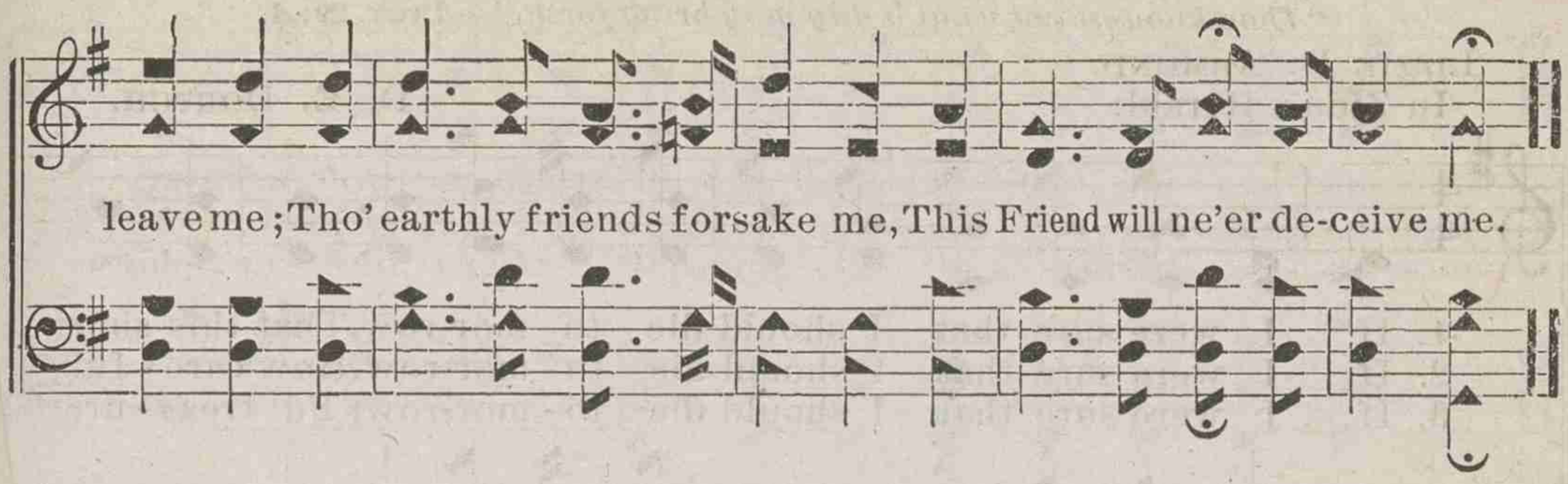
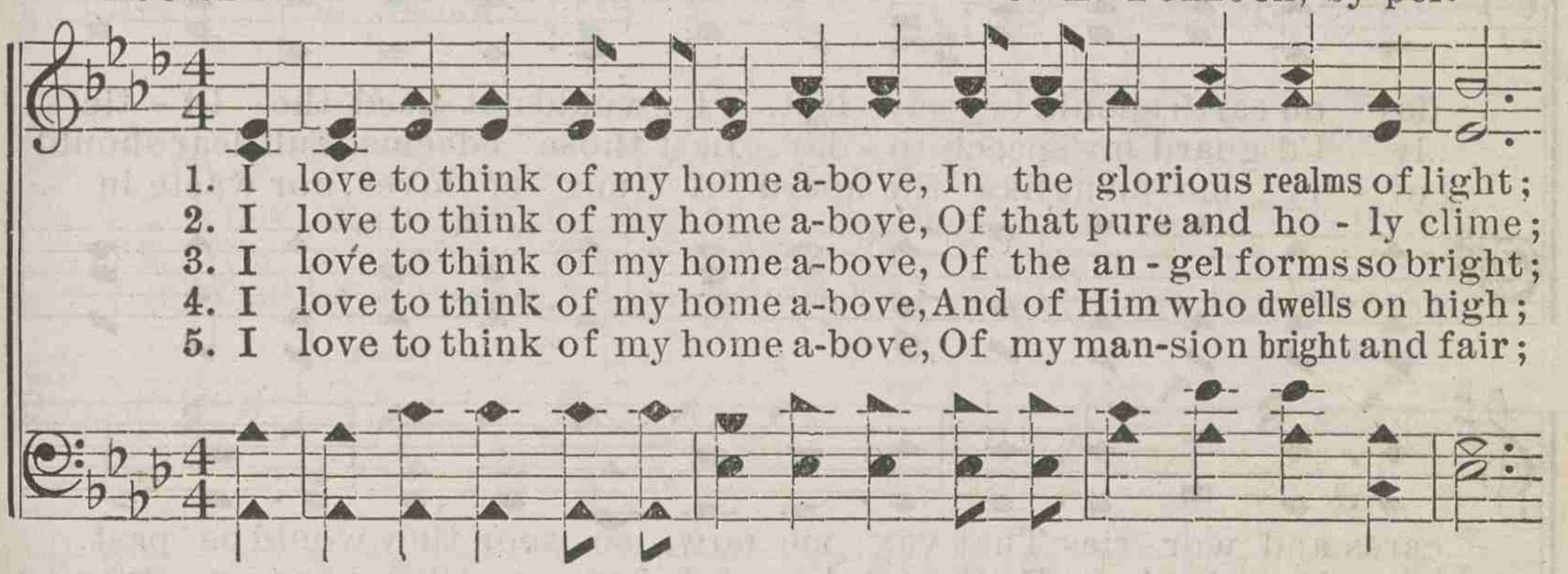
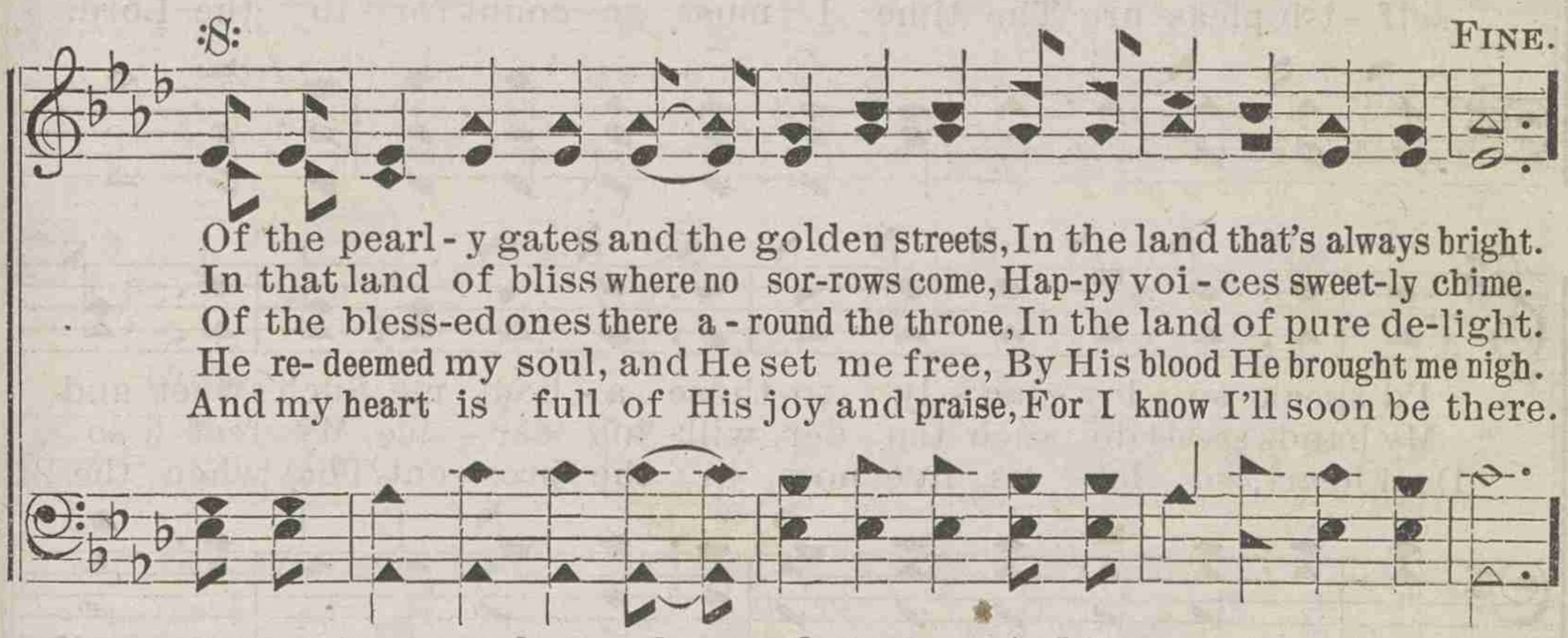
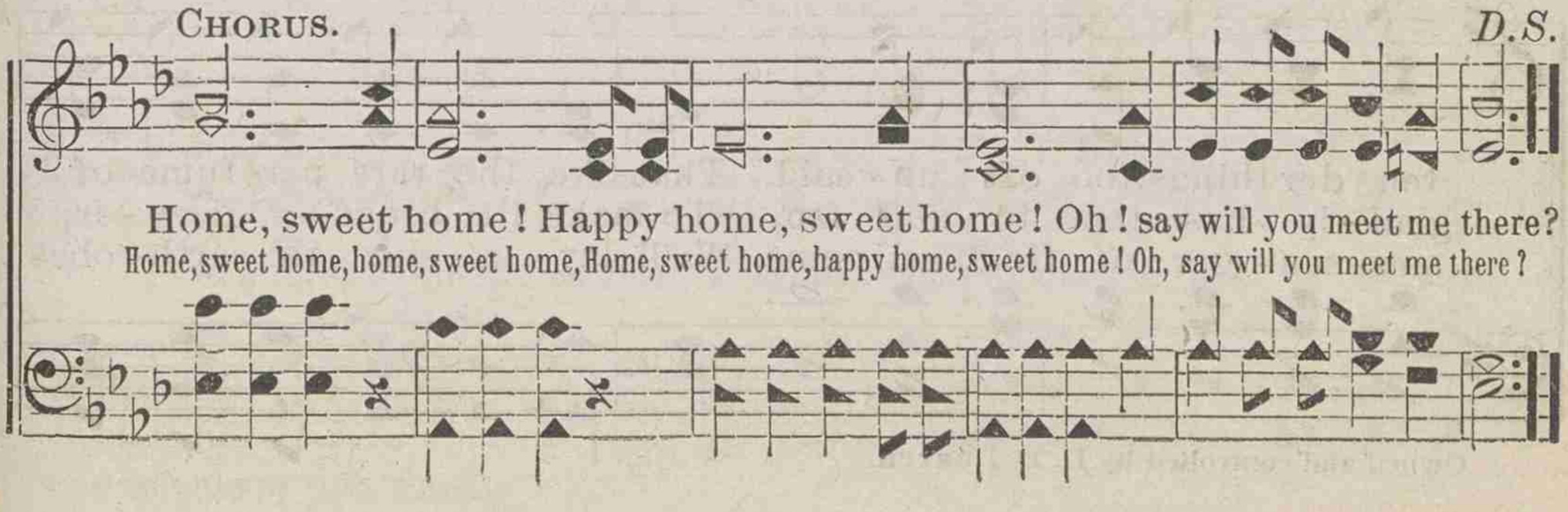
NOT ALONE.

224. MY HOME ABOVE.

"We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." —2 Cor. 5: 1.

LOUISA E. C. E. POLLOCK, by per.





225. IF I WERE SURE.

"Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." — Prov. 29: 1.

LIZZIE D. ARMOND,
In Zion's Herald.

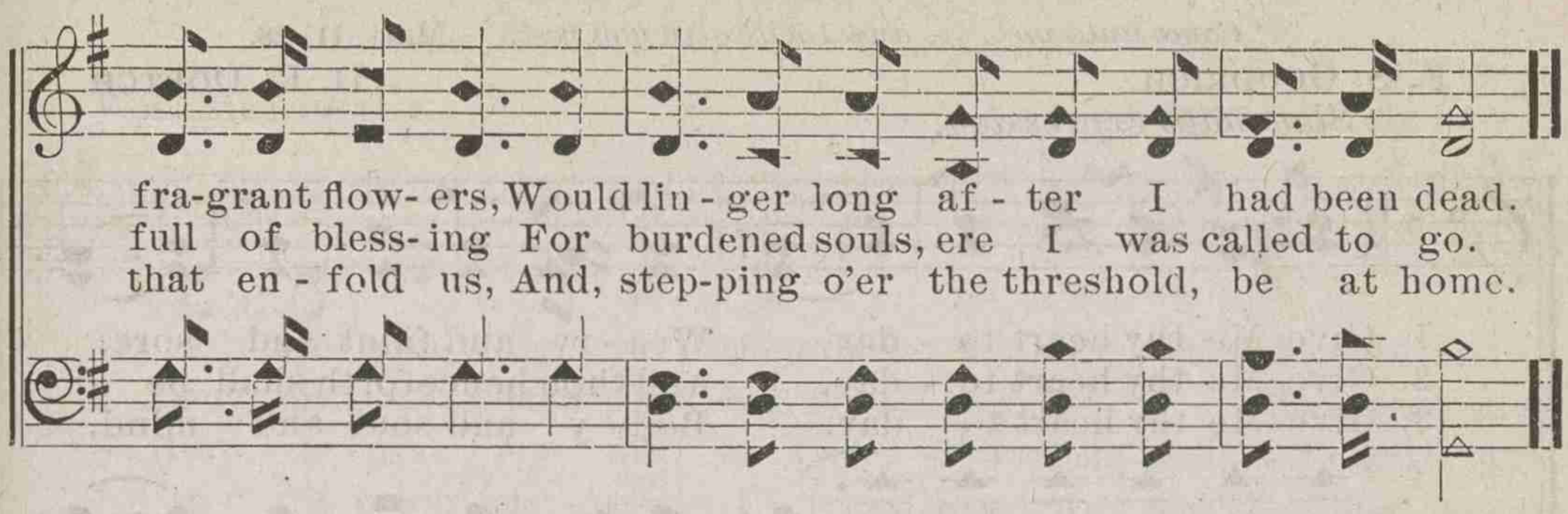
D. E. DORTCH.

1. If I were sure that I should die to-mor-row, That this short day on earth should be my last, I would not heed the lit-tle cares and wor-ries That vex me now, so soon they would be past.
2. If I were sure that I should die to-mor-row, How care-ful-ly I'd guard my speech to-day, Lest those I deemed full dear should grieve heart-broken, By thoughtless words from my lips gone a-stray.
3. If I were sure that I should die to-mor-row, I'd treas-ure ev-'ry mo-ment like the hoard A mis-er loves, nor waste in self-ish pleas-ure The time I must ac-count for to the Lord.

I'd speak so lov-ing-ly to those a-bout me, Such sweet and
My hands should do such ten-der, will-ing ser-vice, My feet so
Dear heart, so let us live now, in the pres-ent, That when the
ten-der things, too oft un-said, That like the rare per-fume of
glad-ly has-ten to and fro, To make life broad-er, deep-er,
mes-sen-ger of God shall come, We'll lay a-side the earth-robes

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

IF I WERE SURE.



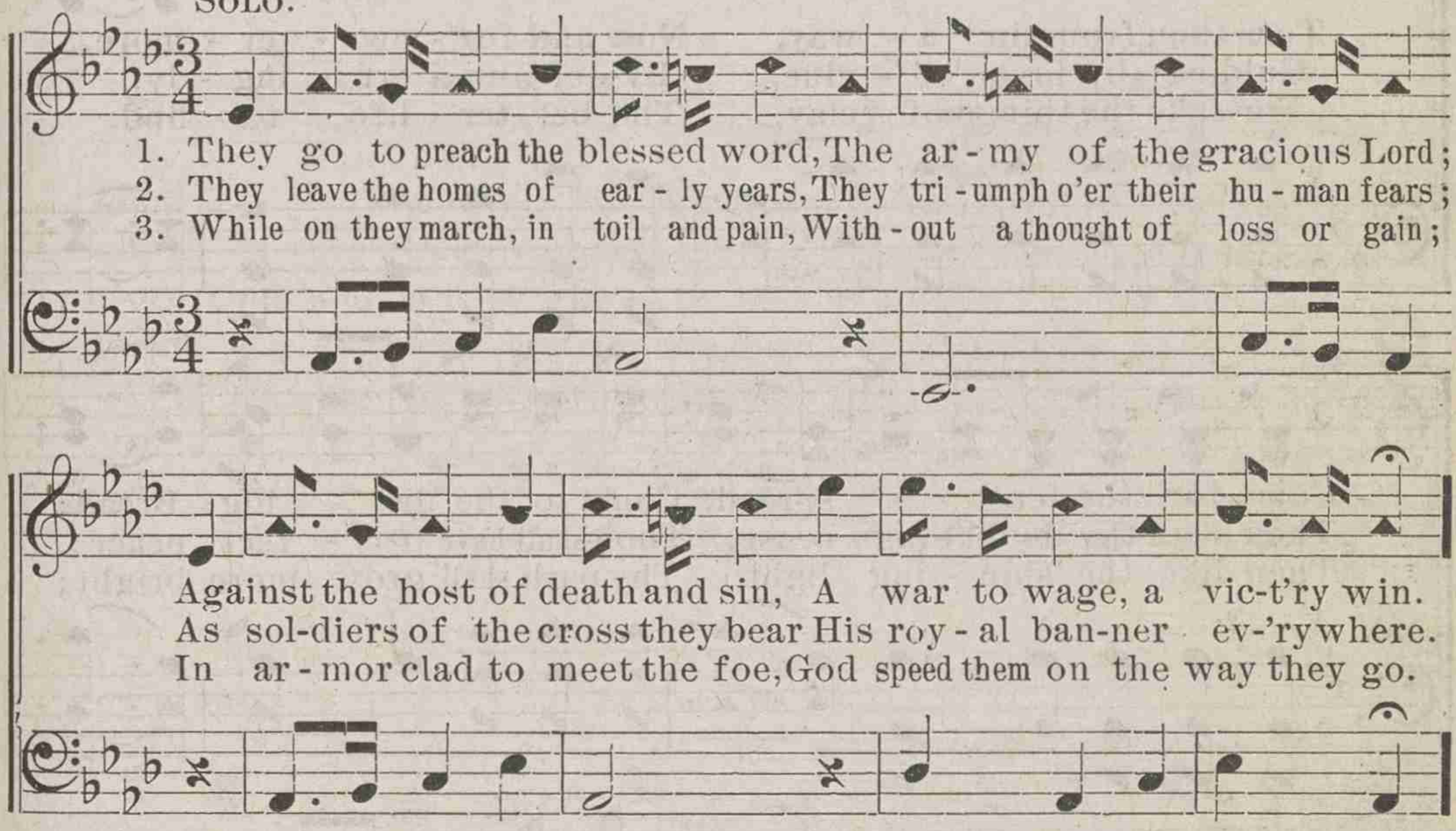
226. GOD SPEED THEM ON.

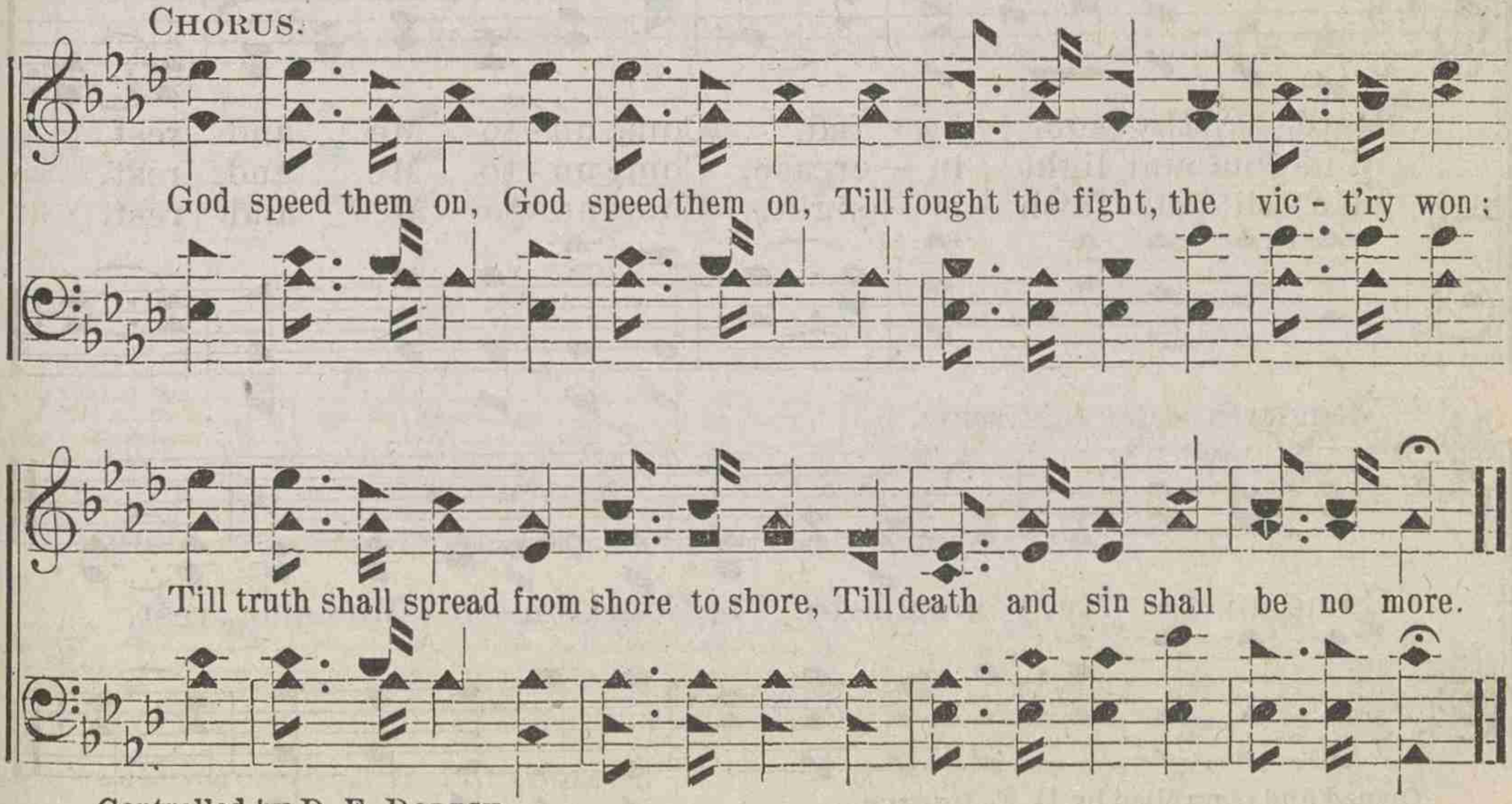
(MISSIONARY SONG.)

"And they departed, and went through the towns, preaching the gospel, and healing everywhere."—Luke 9: 6.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. E. HANKS, by per.

SOLO.



CHORUS.

Controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

227. THE SAVIOUR PLEADING.

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

F. S. GOODRICH. D. E. DORTCH

Slow with expression.

1. Give Me thy heart to - day, Wea - ry and faint and sore,
2. Give Me thy heart to - day, And thou henceforth shall be
3. Give Me thy heart to - day, Bod - y and soul and mind,

Turn thou from sin a - way, Now and for - ev - er - more.
Guid-ed by love di - vine, Ev - er un - err - ing - ly.
For-sake the things of clay, The bet - ter life to find.

Come for the feast is spread, Come to the liv - ing Bread;
Then shall thy doubt - ing cease, Thou shalt have per - fect peace;
Then like the shin - ing light, Thy path shall grow more bright;

Here shall thy soul be fed, Come un - to Me and rest.
Wis-dom and light in - crease, Come un - to Me and rest.
Un - til thy faith is sight, Come un - to Me and rest.

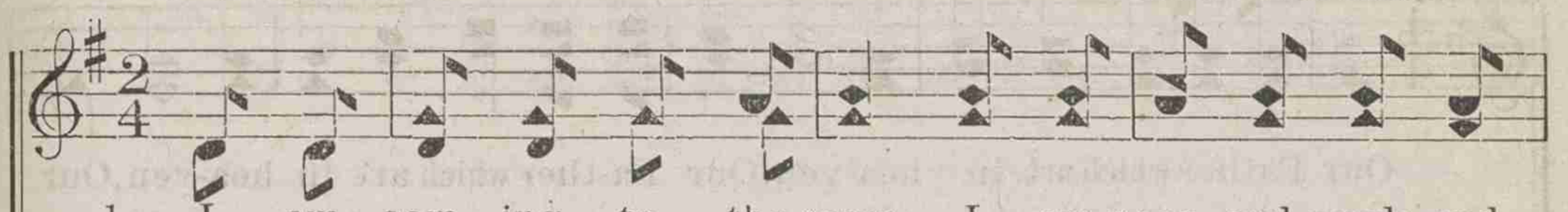
REFRAIN *after last verse.*

Come un - to Me, come un - to Me, Come un - to Me and rest.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

228. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

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

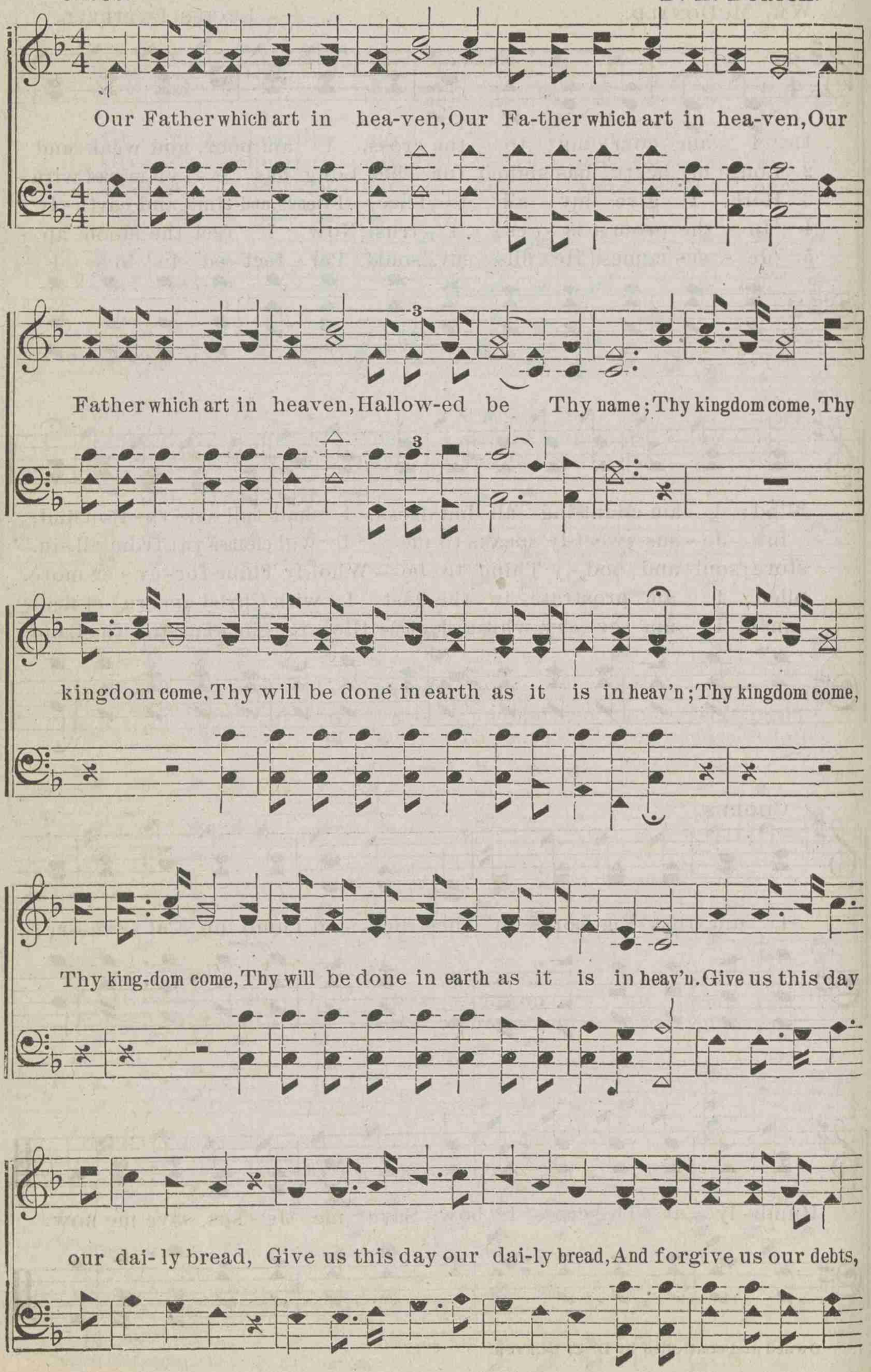
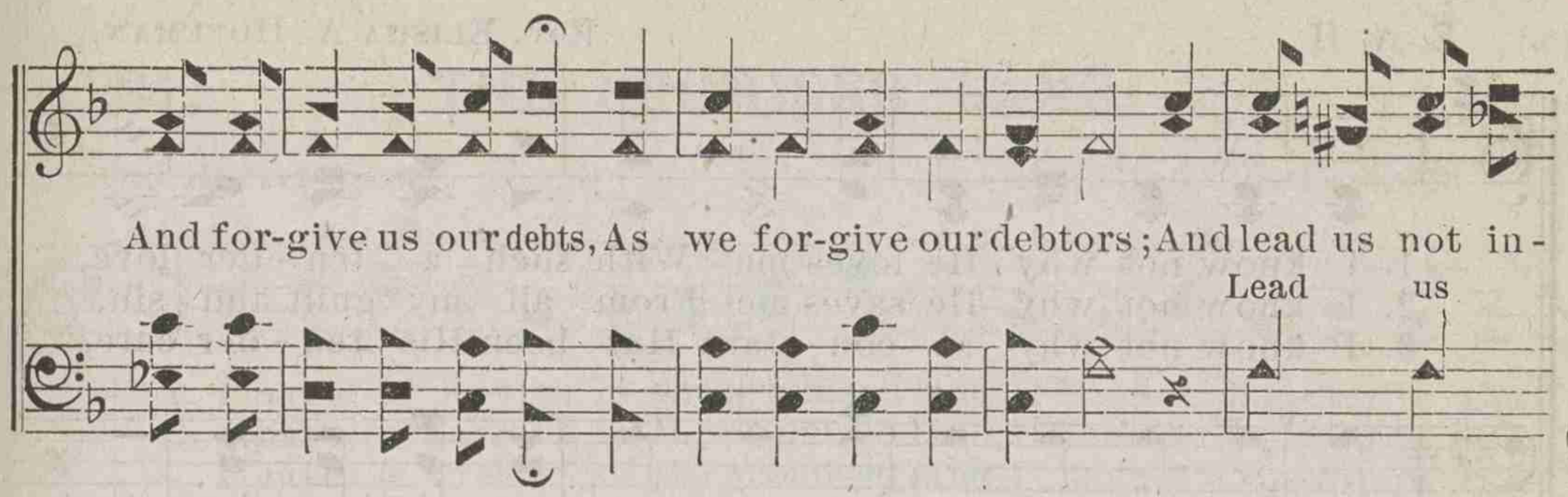
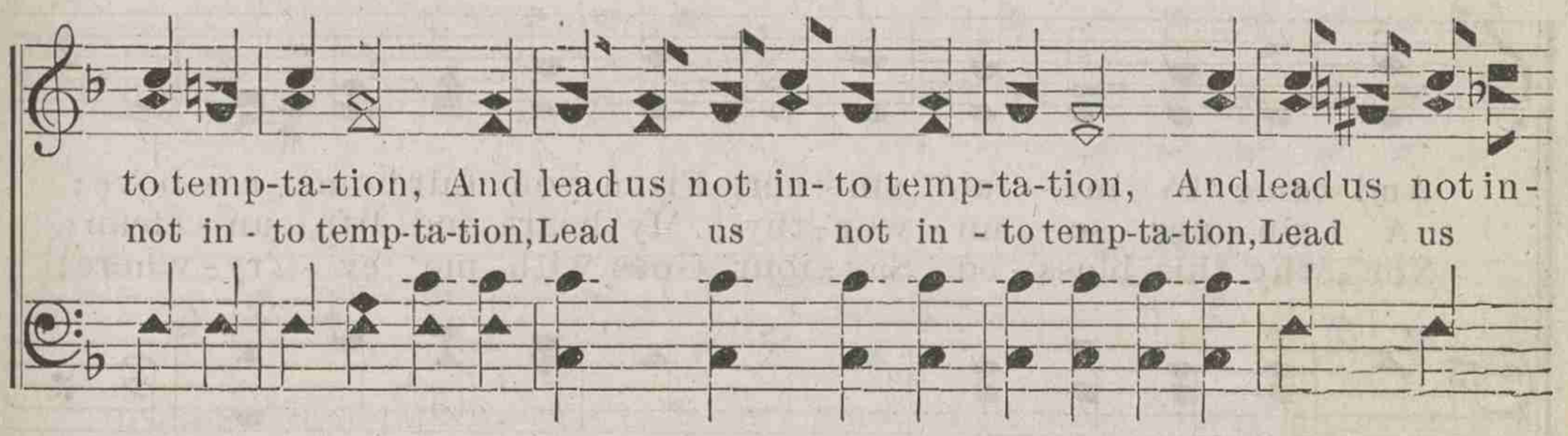
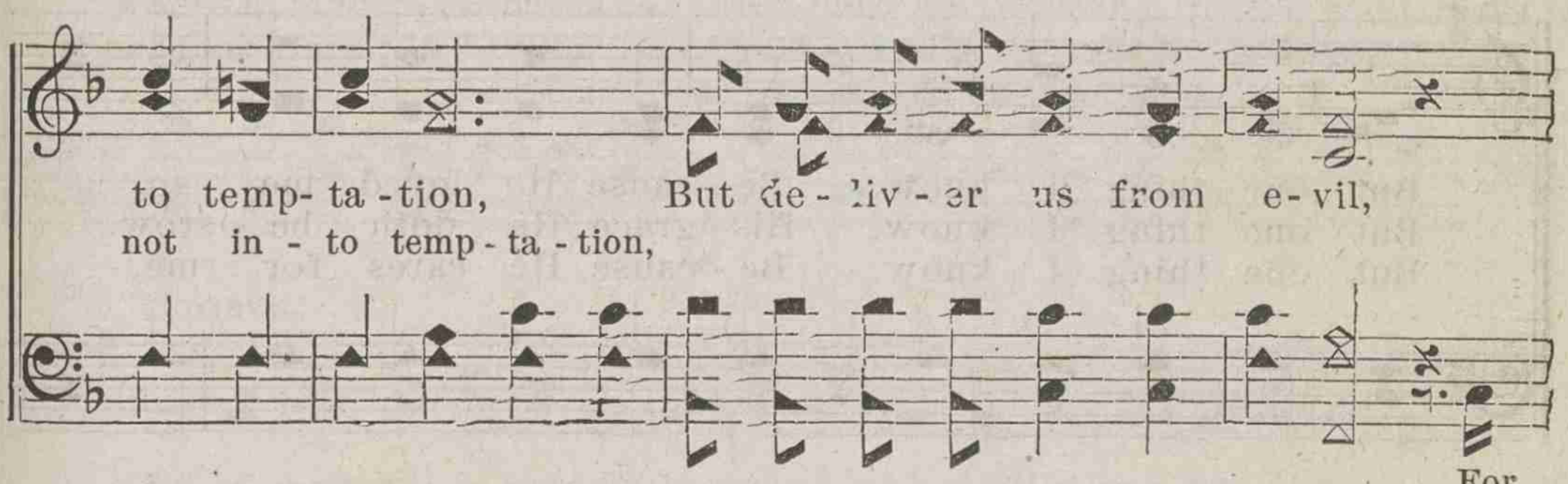
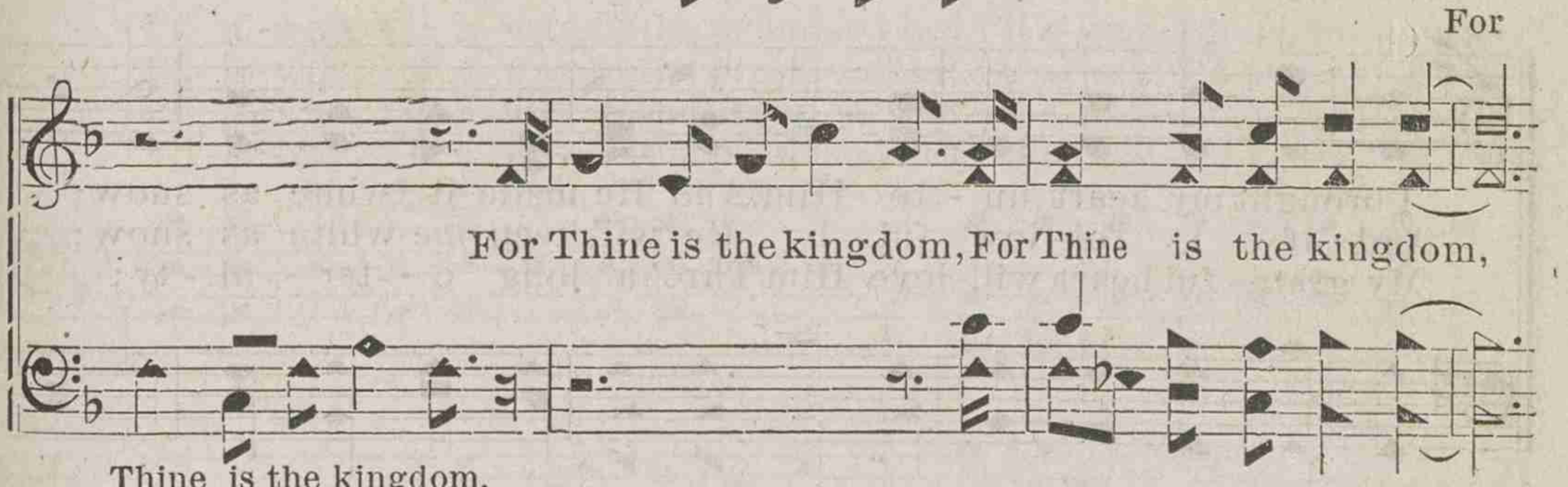
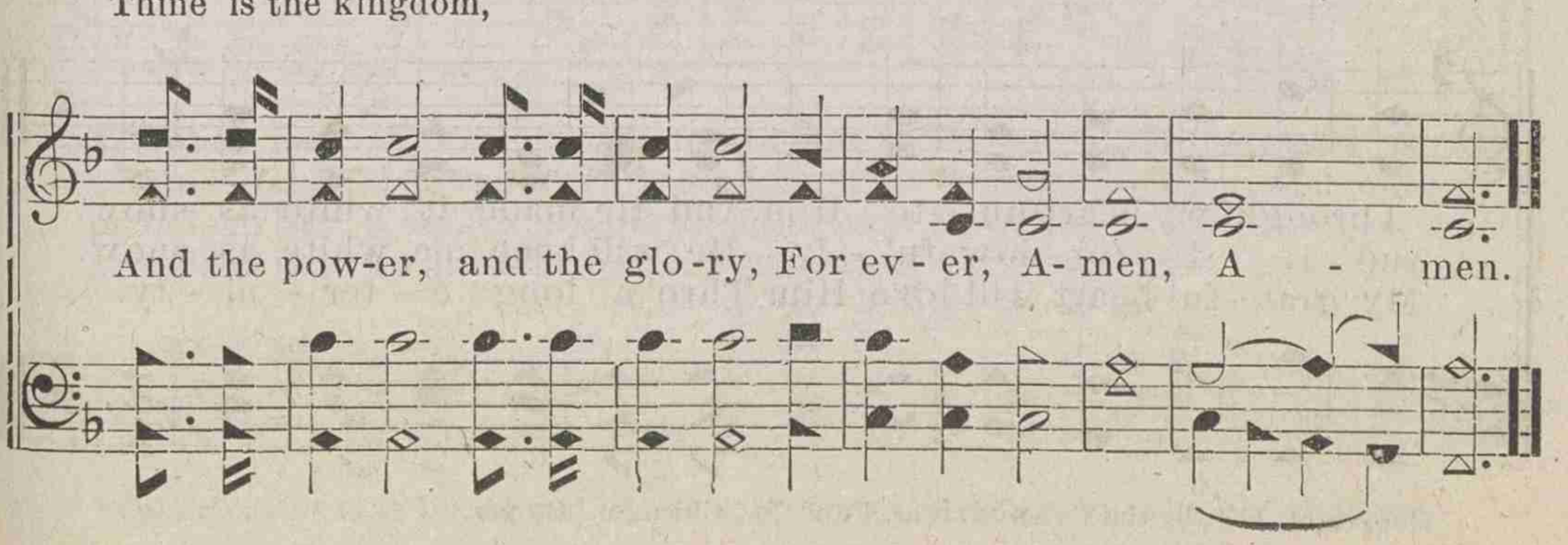
WM. MCDONALD. LUCIUS LUTTRELL.

1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak and blind; I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in; Je - sus sweet-ly speaks to me —"I will cleanse you from all sin."
3. Here I give my all to Thee,—Friends, and time, and earth - ly store; soul and bod - y Thine to be — Whol-ly Thine for - ev - er-more.
4. In the prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied; I am prostrate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci-fied.
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in love I am; I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

CHORUS.

I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
Humb - ly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

229. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

JESUS. D. E. DORTCH.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



230. I KNOW NOT WHY HE LOVES ME.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. I know not why He loves me With such a ten - der love,
2. I know not why He saves me From all my guilt and sin,
3. I know not why so con - stant Has been His ten - der care,

And came to me, a sin - ner, From yon fair home a - bove;
A sin - ner so un - wor - thy, My heart and life un - clean;
Nor why this bless - ed Sav - iour Goes with me ev - 'ry - where;

But one thing I know, Be - cause He loved me so,
But one thing I know, His grace He doth be - stow,
But one thing I know, Be - cause He cares for me,

I brought my heart un - to Him, And He made it white as snow;
And if I fol - low ful - ly He will keep me white as snow;
My grate - ful heart will love Him Thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty;

I brought my heart un - to Him, And He made it white as snow.
And if I fol - low ful - ly He will keep me white as snow.
My grate-ful heart will love Him Thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty.

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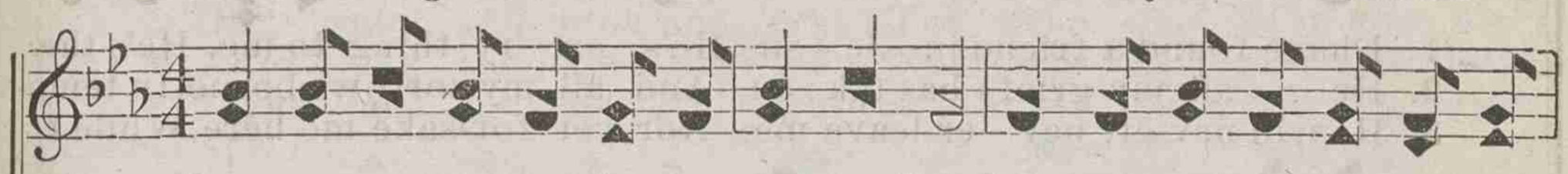
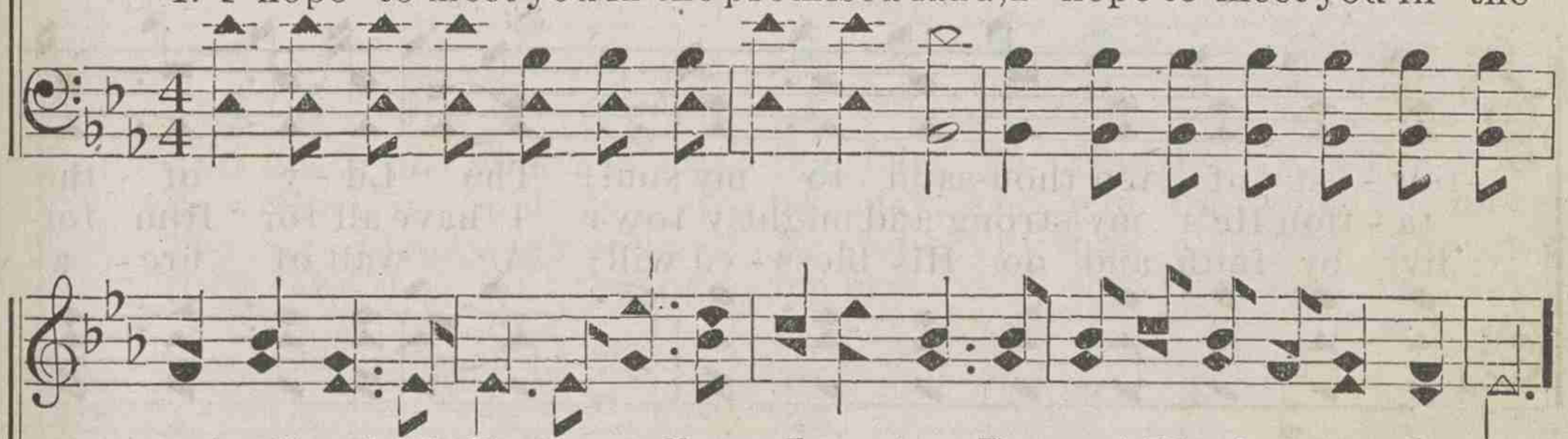
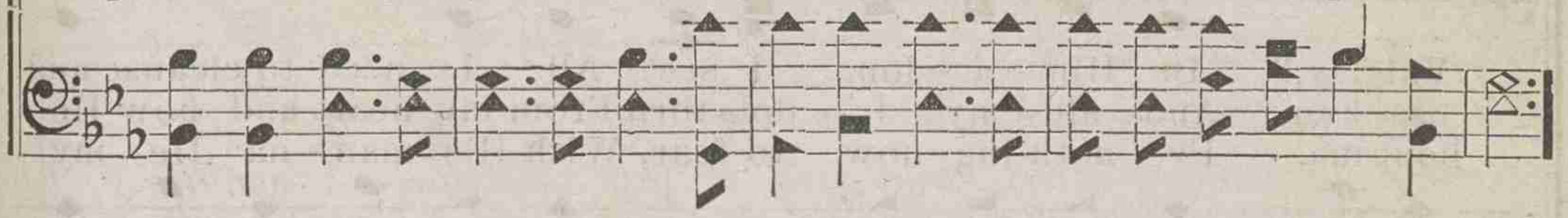
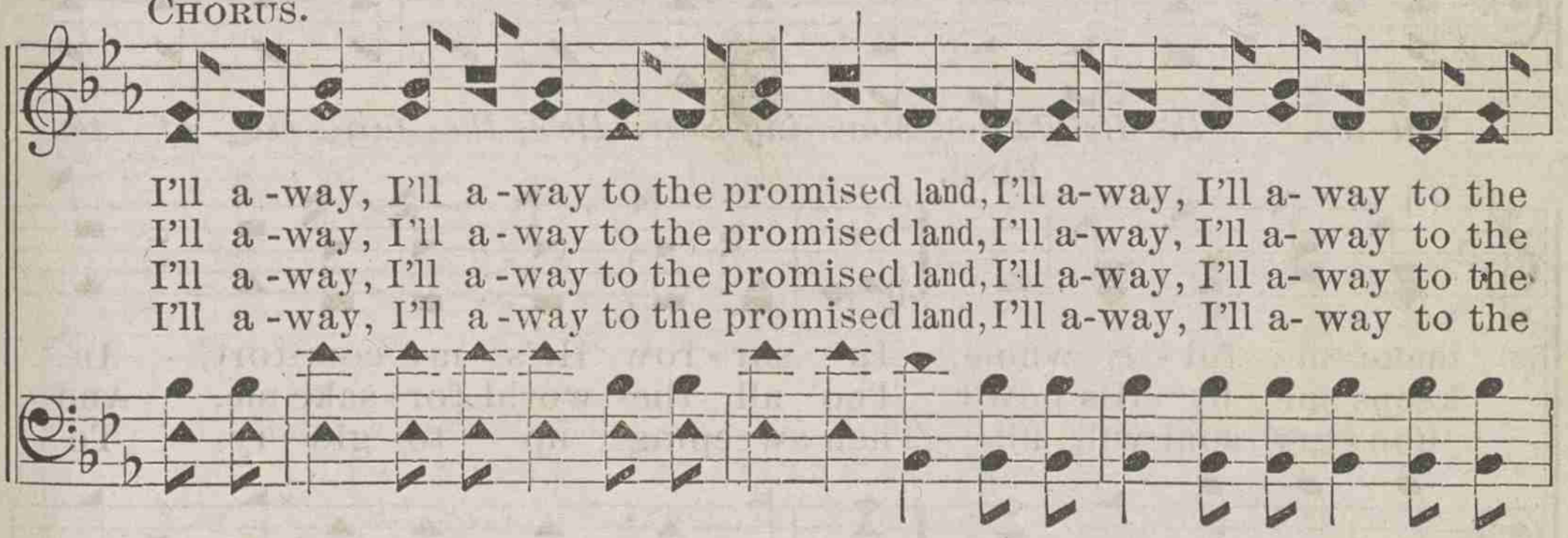
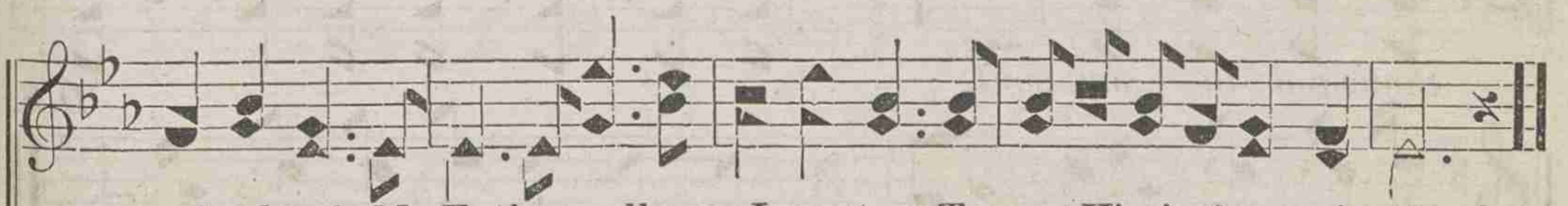
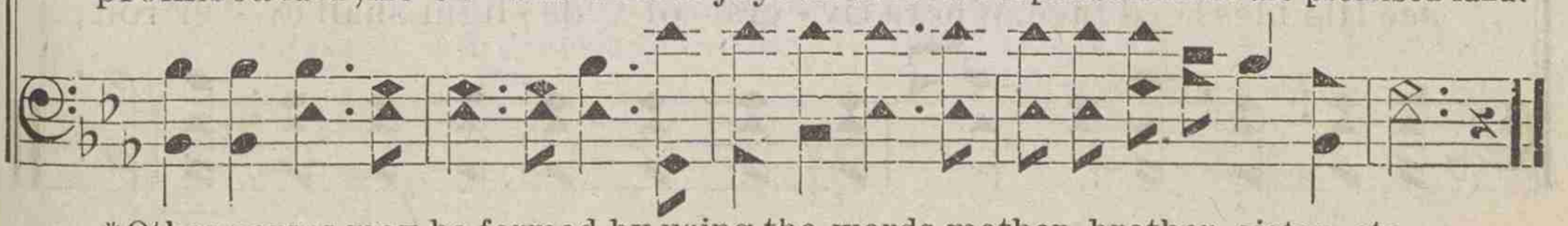
231. THE PROMISED LAND.

Old Revival Song. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

* 1. I have a Fa-ther in the promised land, I have a Fa-ther in the
2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, I have a Sav-iour in the
3. I have a crown in the promised land, I have a crown in the
4. I hope to meet you in the promised land, I hope to meet you in the

promised land; My Fa-ther calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
promised land; My Saviour calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
promised land; When Jesus calls me I must go To wear it in the promised land.
promised land; At Je - sus' feet a joyous band We'll praise Him in the promised land.



CHORUS.

I'll a -way, I'll a -way to the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll a- way to the
I'll a -way, I'll a -way to the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll a- way to the
I'll a -way, I'll a -way to the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll a- way to the
I'll a -way, I'll a -way to the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll a- way to the

promised land; My Father calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
promised land; My Saviour calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
promised land; When Jesus calls me I must go To wear it in the promised land.
promised land; At Je - sus' feet a joyous band We'll praise Him in the promised land.

*Other verses may be formed by using the words mother, brother, sister, etc.

232. THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Song of Solomon.—2: 1.

English Melody. Arr. by E. HANKS.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has tak - en, And all my sorrows borne, In temp-
3. He will nev-er, nev - er leave me, Nor yet for-sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul; The "Lil - y of the
ta - tion He's my strong and might-y tow'r I have all for Him for-
live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a -

D.S.—*He's the "Lil-y of the*

Val-ley," In Him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and
sa- ken, And all my i - dols torn From my heart and now He
bout me, I've noth-ing now to fear, With His man - na He my

Val- ley, the Bright and Morn-ing Star," He's the fair - est of ten

FINE.

make me ful - ly whole. In sor - row He's my com-fort, In
keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world for - sake me, And
hun - gry soul will fill. Then sweeping up to glo - ry, To

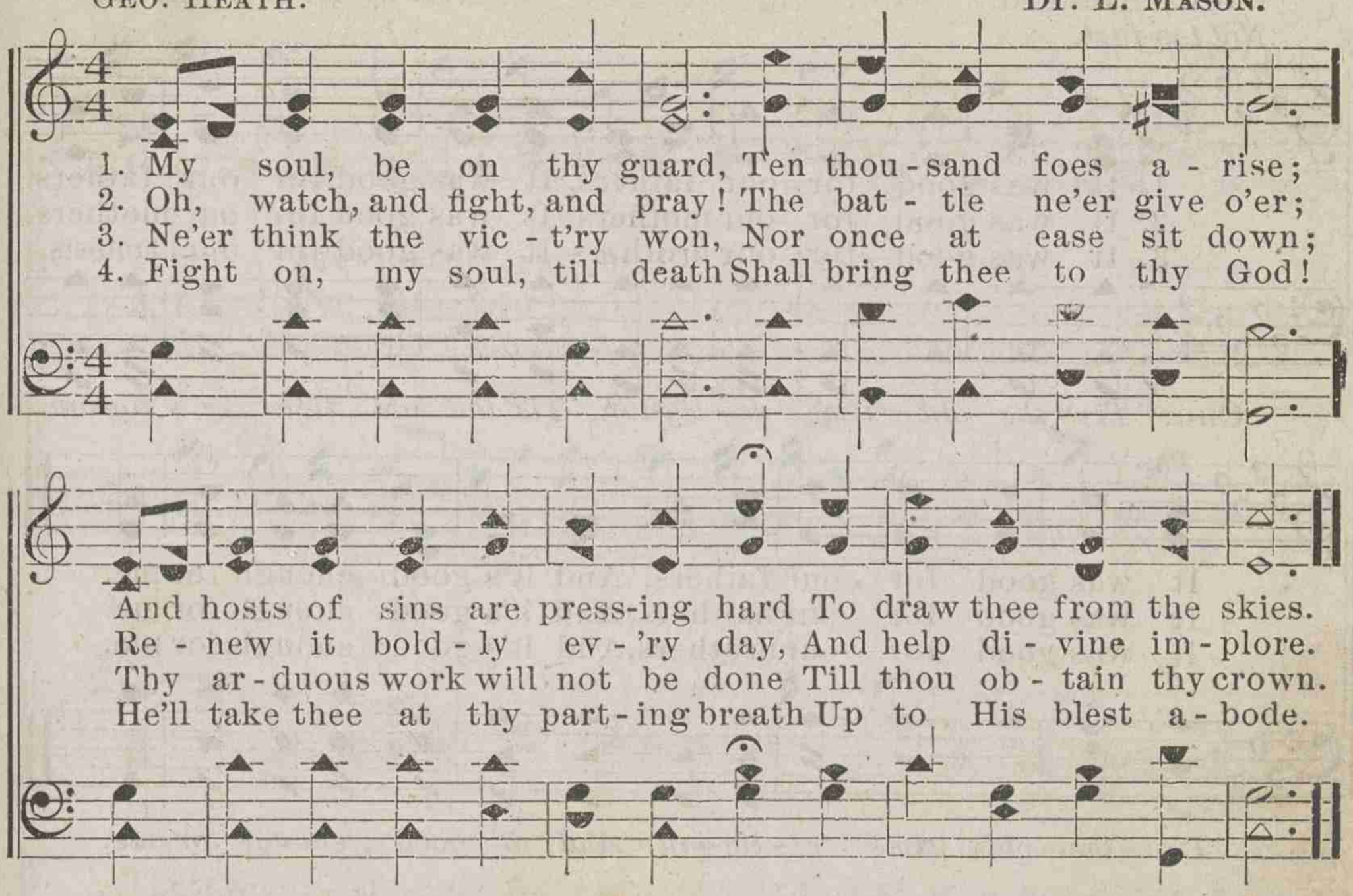
thousand to my soul. *D.S.*

trouble He's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll;
Sa-tan tempts me sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal;
see His bless - ed face, Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll;

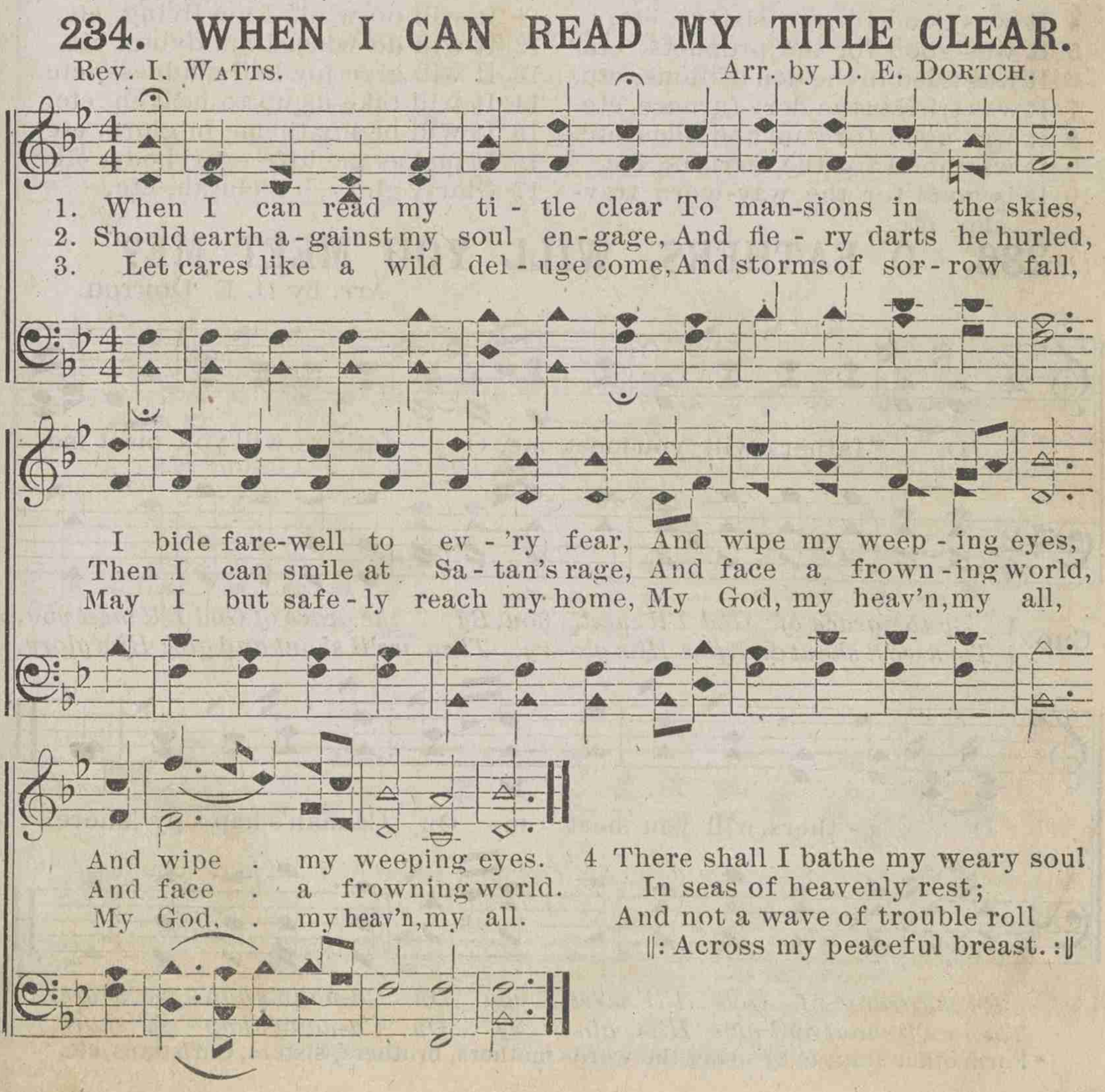
Copyright, 1890, by D. E. DORTCH.

233. LABAN. S. M.

GEO. HEATH. Dr. L. MASON.



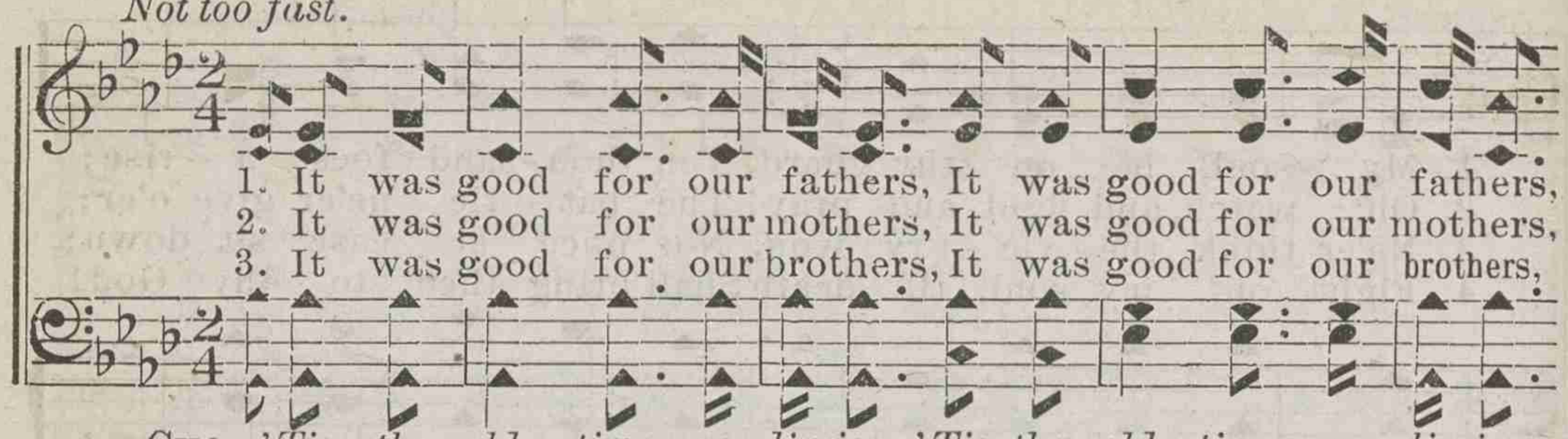
234. WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR.

Rev. I. WATTS. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
‖: Across my peaceful breast. :‖

235. OLD TIME RELIGION.

Words arranged. Arr. by D. E. Dortch.

Not too fast.



4 It was good for our sisters, etc.
5 It was good for the prophets, etc.
6 It was tried in the den of lions, etc.
7 It was tried in the fiery furnace, etc.
8 It was good for Paul and Silas, etc.
9 It was good for the martyrs, etc.
10 It is good for the way-worn traveler, etc.
11 It will do while I am living, etc.
12 It will do when I am dying, etc.
13 It will give joy and gladness, etc.
14 It will take us up to heaven, etc.
15 It will be my theme in glory, etc.
16 It makes me love everybody, etc.
17 Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

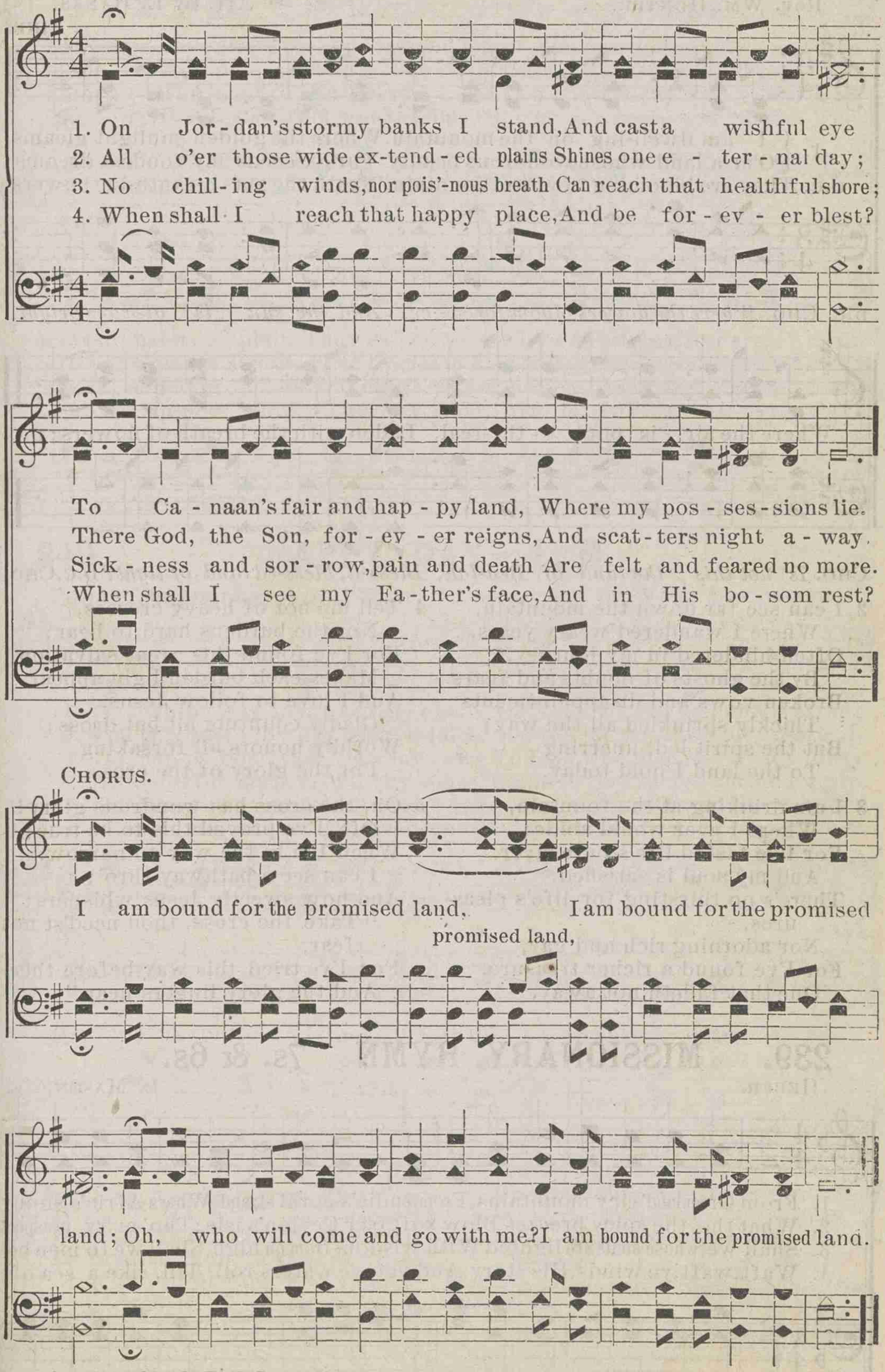
236. O FATHERS, WILL YOU MEET ME?

Arr. by D. E. Dortch.

*Form other stanzas by using the words mothers, brothers, sisters, Christians, etc.

237. I AM BOUND FOR THE PROMISED LAND.

S. STENNETT. D. E. DORTCH.



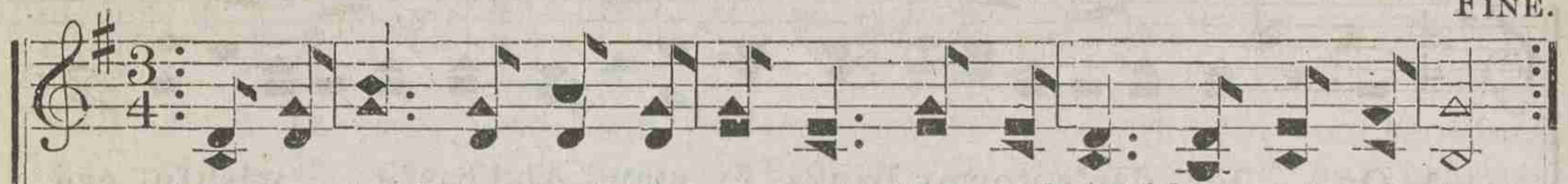
CHORUS.

Copyright, 1885, by D. E. DORTCH.

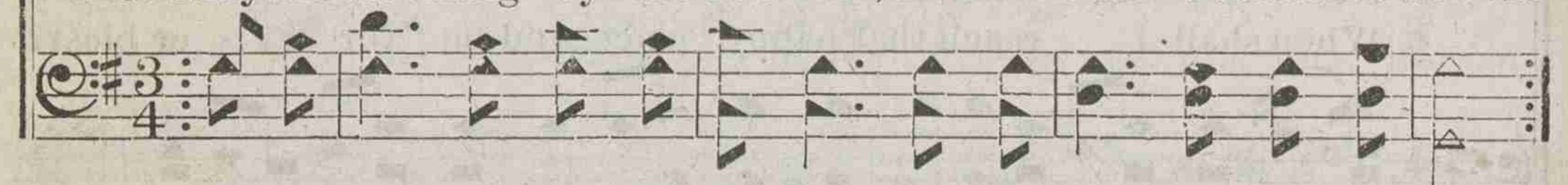
238. IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

"*Thy land shall be called Beulah.*"—Isa. 62: 4.

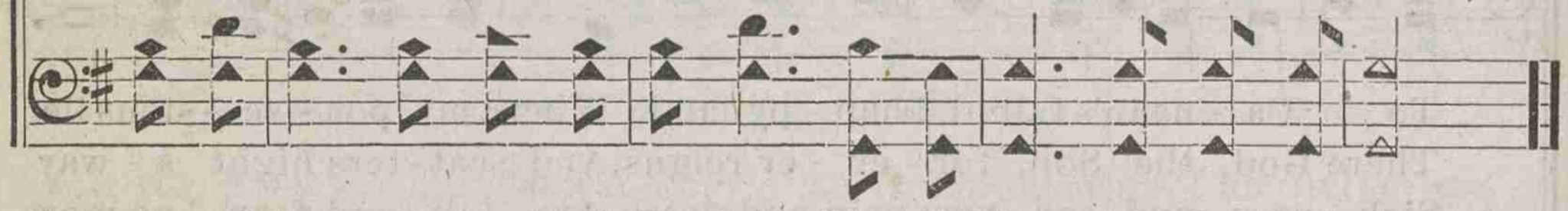
Rev. Wm. Hunter. Arr. by E. Hanks.

FINE.

1. { I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams
   { O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceeds my fondest dreams;

D.C. They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a-ranth-ine bowers



D.C. Cho. *Where the flowers bloom forev - er, And the sun is al-ways bright.*

Where the air is pure e - the-real, Laden with the breath of flowers; D.C.

Cho. *Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Blessed, bless-ed land of light?* D.C. Cho.

2 I can see far down the mountain,
  Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey,
  By the ghosts of doubts and fears.
Broken vows and disappointments
  Thickly sprinkled all the way;
But the spirit led, unerring
  To the land I hold today.

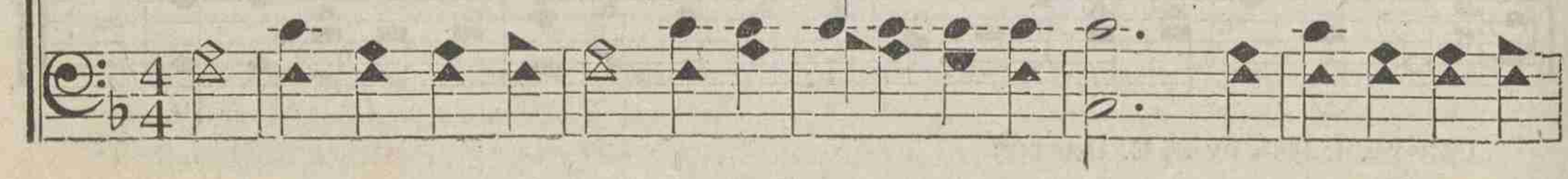
3 I am drinking at the fountain,
  Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
  And my soul is satisfied.
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
  Nor adorning rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
  One that fadeth not away.

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

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

239. MISSIONARY HYMN 7s. & 6s.

Heber. L. Mason.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny
2. What tho' the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Tho' ev'ry prospect
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be-
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters roll, Till, like a sea of

MISSIONARY HYMN.

foun-tains Roll down the golden sand. From many an ancient riv - er, From
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile: In vain with lav-ish kind-ness The
night - ed, The lamp of life de- ny? Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed nature The

many a palm - y plain They call us to de- liv-er Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone!
joy-ful sound pro-claim, Till earth's remotest nation, Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb for sin-ners slain, Redeemer, King, Crea-tor, In bliss returns to reign.

240. HAPPY DAY. L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D., 1755. Arr. by W. T. D., by per.

1. { Oh, hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God;
   { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
2. { Oh, hap-py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love;
   { Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
3 { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;
  { He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.

FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way.

D.S.

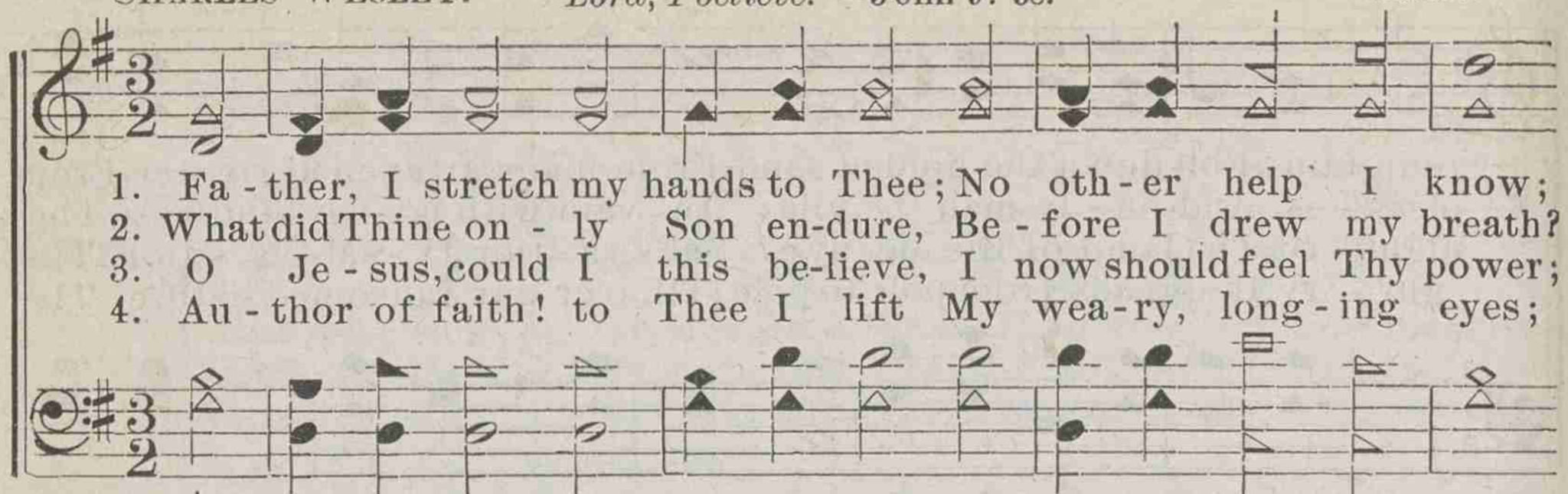
{ He taught me how to watch and pray,
{ And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day.

4 Now rest my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
Here have I found the better part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

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

241. I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. *"Lord, I believe."*—John 9: 38. Anon.



If Thou withdraw Thy - self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end-less death!
And all my wants Thou would'st re-lieve In this ac-cept - ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift, My soul without it dies.

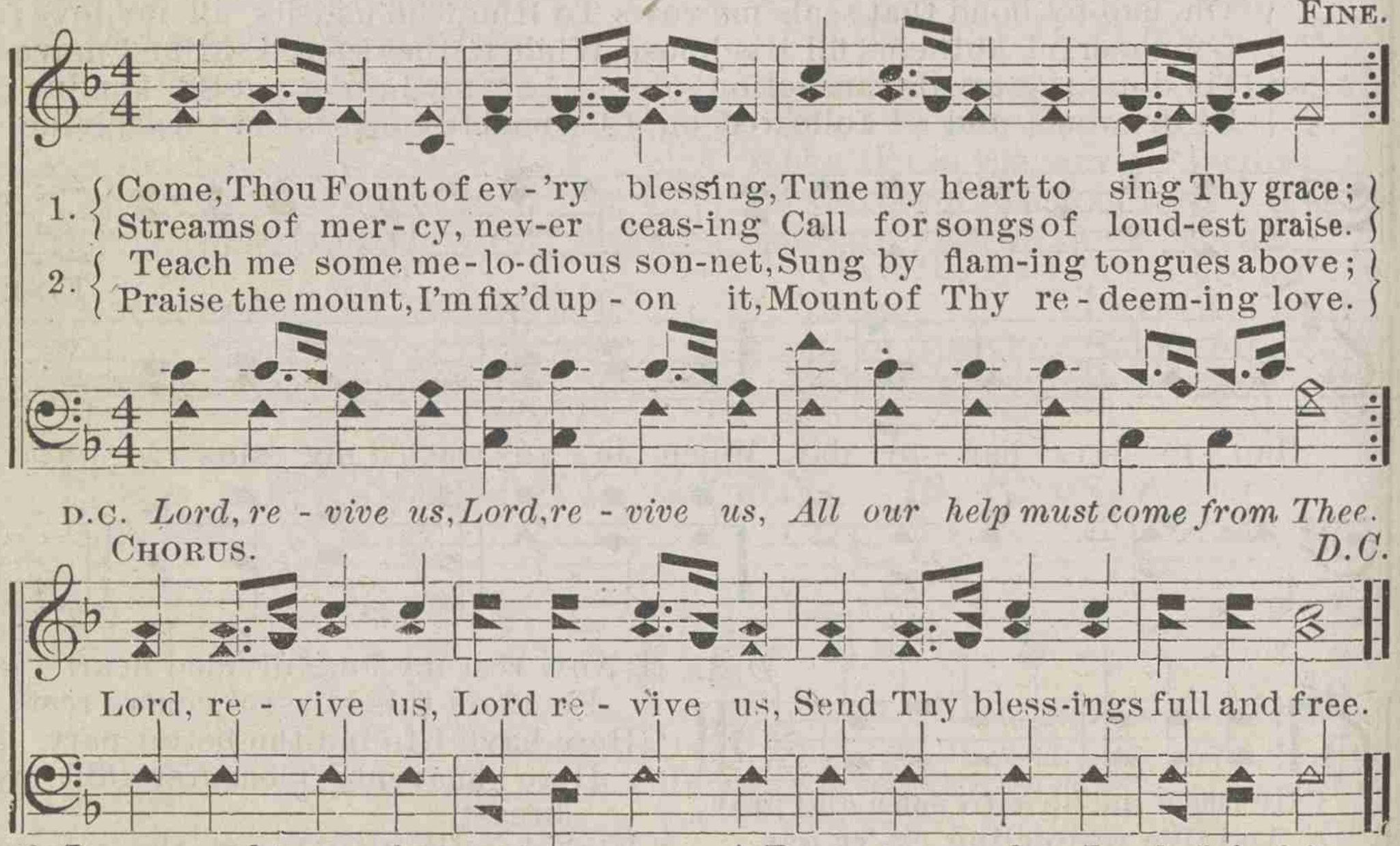
And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see Thy face; [voice,
Now let me hear Thy quickening
And taste Thy pardoning grace.

242. GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

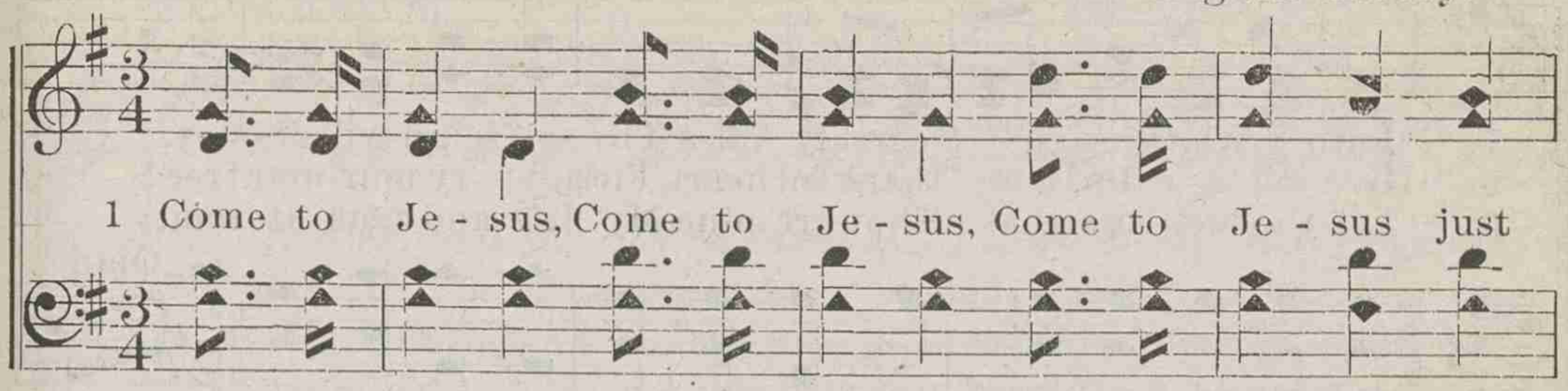
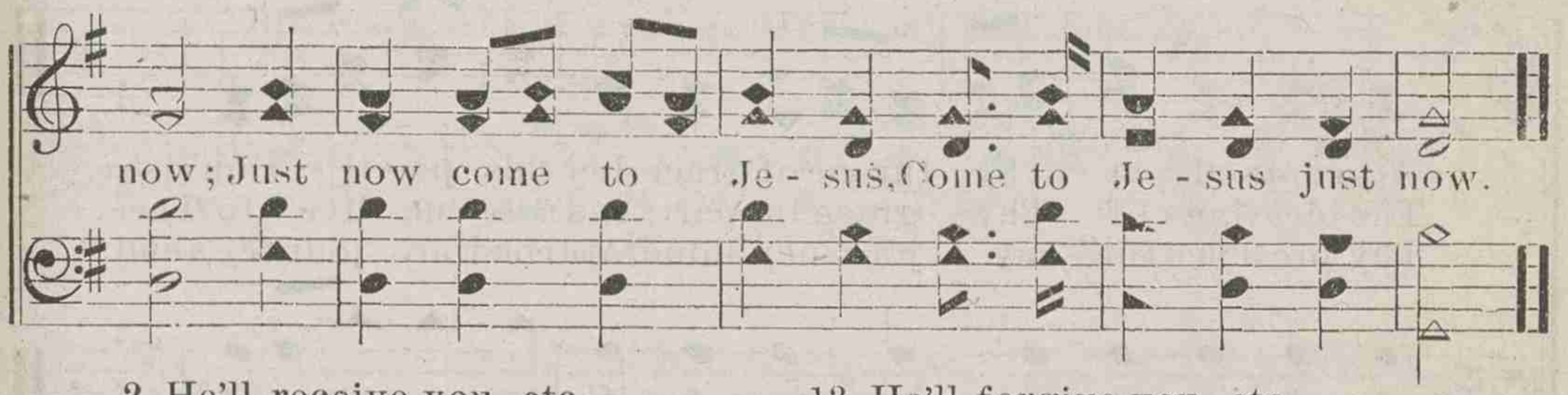
Rev. R ROBINSON, 1858. J. J. ROUSSEAU.



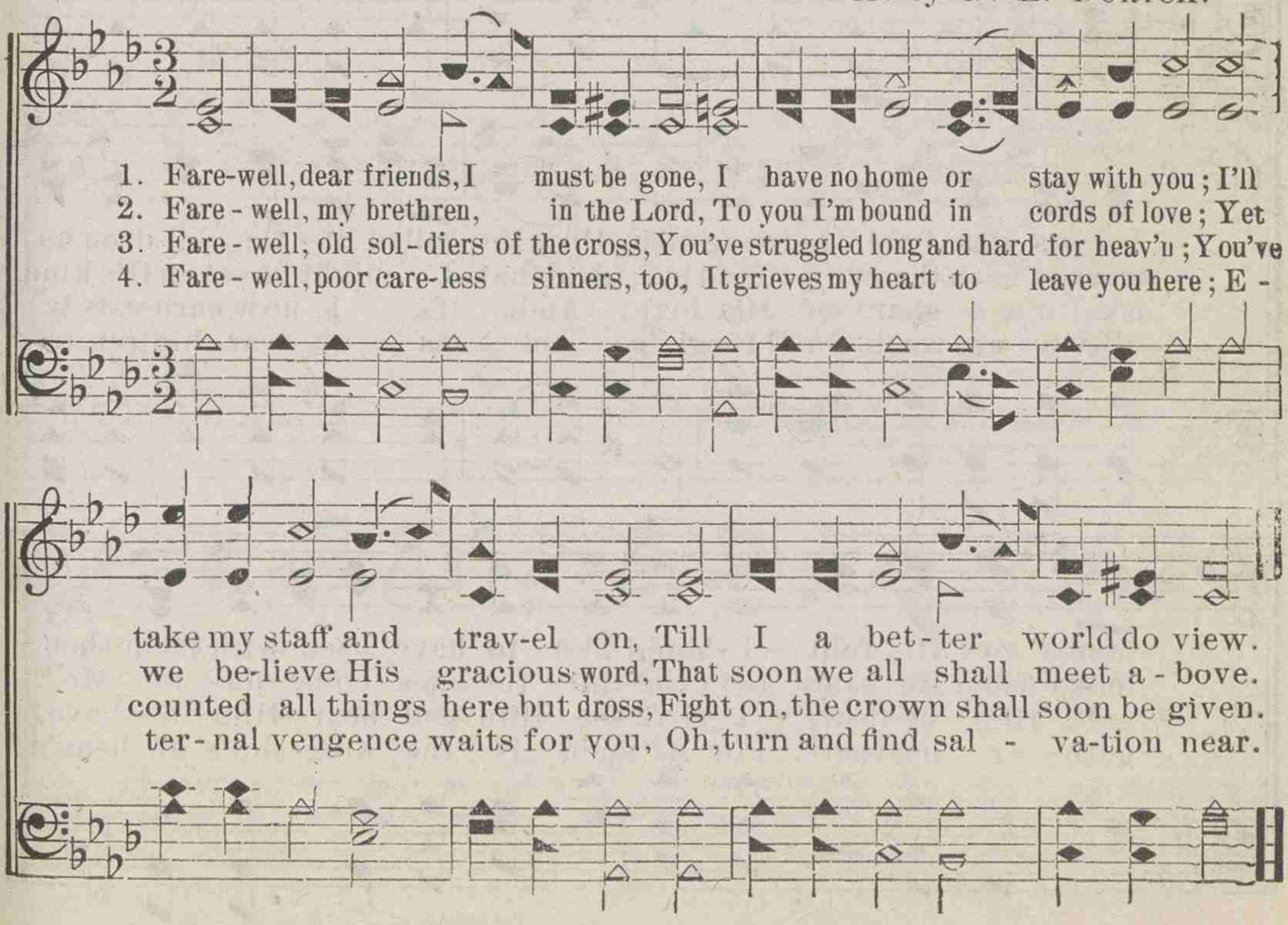
3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

4 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.

243. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

English Melody.

2 He'll receive you, etc.
3 Oh, believe Him, etc.
4 He is able, etc.
5 He is willing, etc.
6 If you trust Him, etc.
7 He will save you, etc.
8 Call upon Him, etc.
9 He will hear you, etc.
10 Look unto Him, etc.
11 He will hear you, etc.
12 If you ask Him, etc.
13 He'll forgive you, etc.
14 Flee to Jesus, etc.
15 He's thy refuge, etc.
16 He will cleanse you, etc.
17 Jesus loves you, etc.
18 Don't reject Him, etc.
19 Only trust Him, etc.
20 He is waiting, etc.
21 There is pardon, etc.
22 Hallelujah, etc.

244. THE PILGRIM'S FAREWELL. L. M.

Arr. by D. E. Dortch.

245. NAOMI.

STEELE. L. MASON.

1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sov'reign will de-nies,
2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free!
3. "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at-tend;

ORG.

Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—
The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy presence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my journey's end."

246. THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD.

JEMIMA LUKE. Anon.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And
4. In that beau - ti - ful place He is gone to prepare, For

Je- sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil-dren as
arm had been thrown a-round me; And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share of His love; And, if I now earn-est- ly
all who are washed and forgiv'n; And ma - ny dear children are

lambs to His fold — I should like to have been with them then.
looks when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
seek Him be-low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of heav'n."

247. O HOW I LOVE JESUS.

Rev. I. WATTS. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. A - las, and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross ap- pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa- cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de- gree!
When Christ the great Cre - a - tor died For man, the creature's sin.
Dis-solve, my heart, in thankful - ness, And melt, my eyes, to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

O, how I love Je - sus! O, how I love Je - sus!
I'll nev - er for - get Him, I'll nev - er for - get Him,
O, how I love Je - sus! Be-cause He first loved me.
I'll nev - er for - get Him; O Lord, re - mem - ber me!

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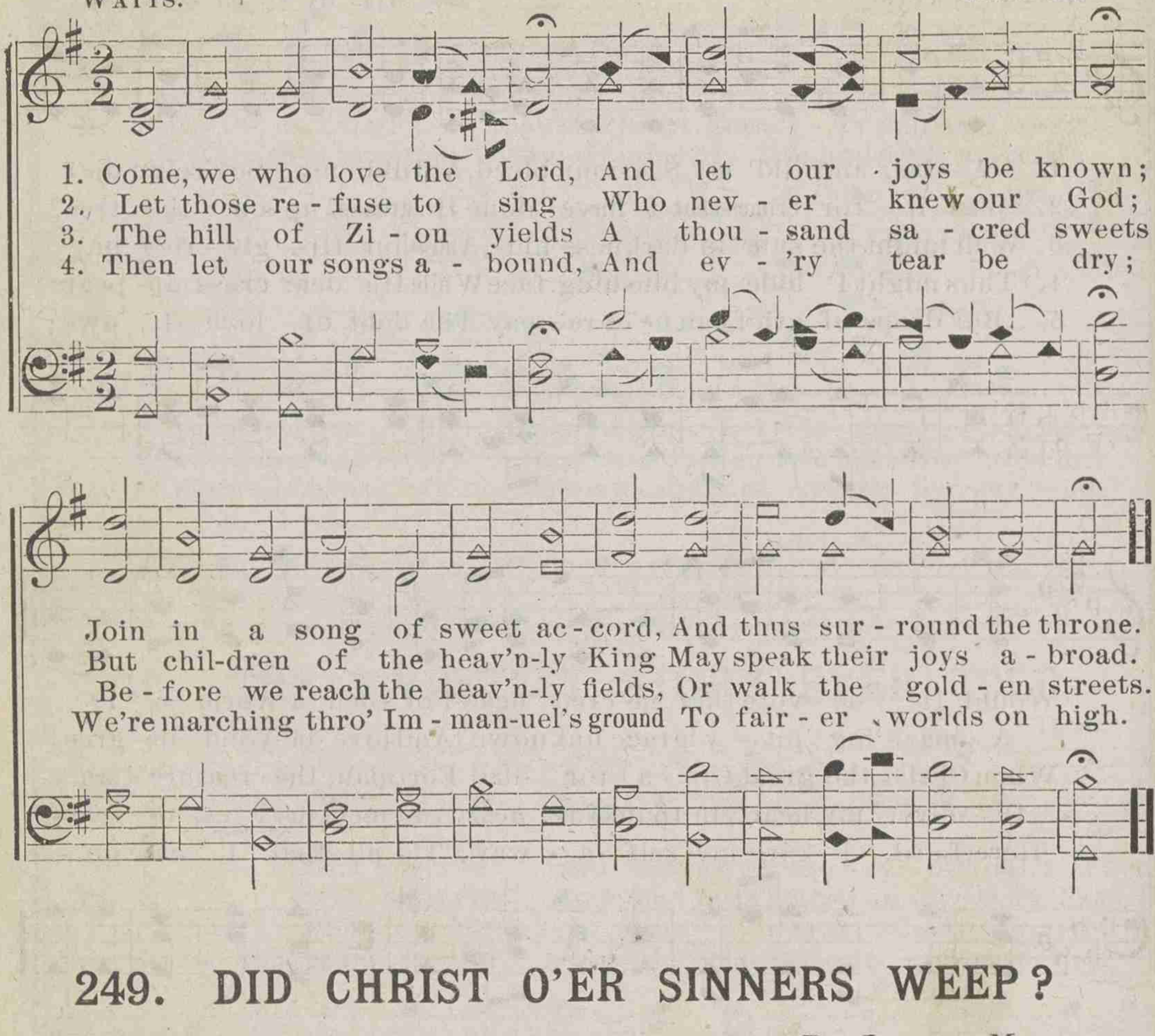
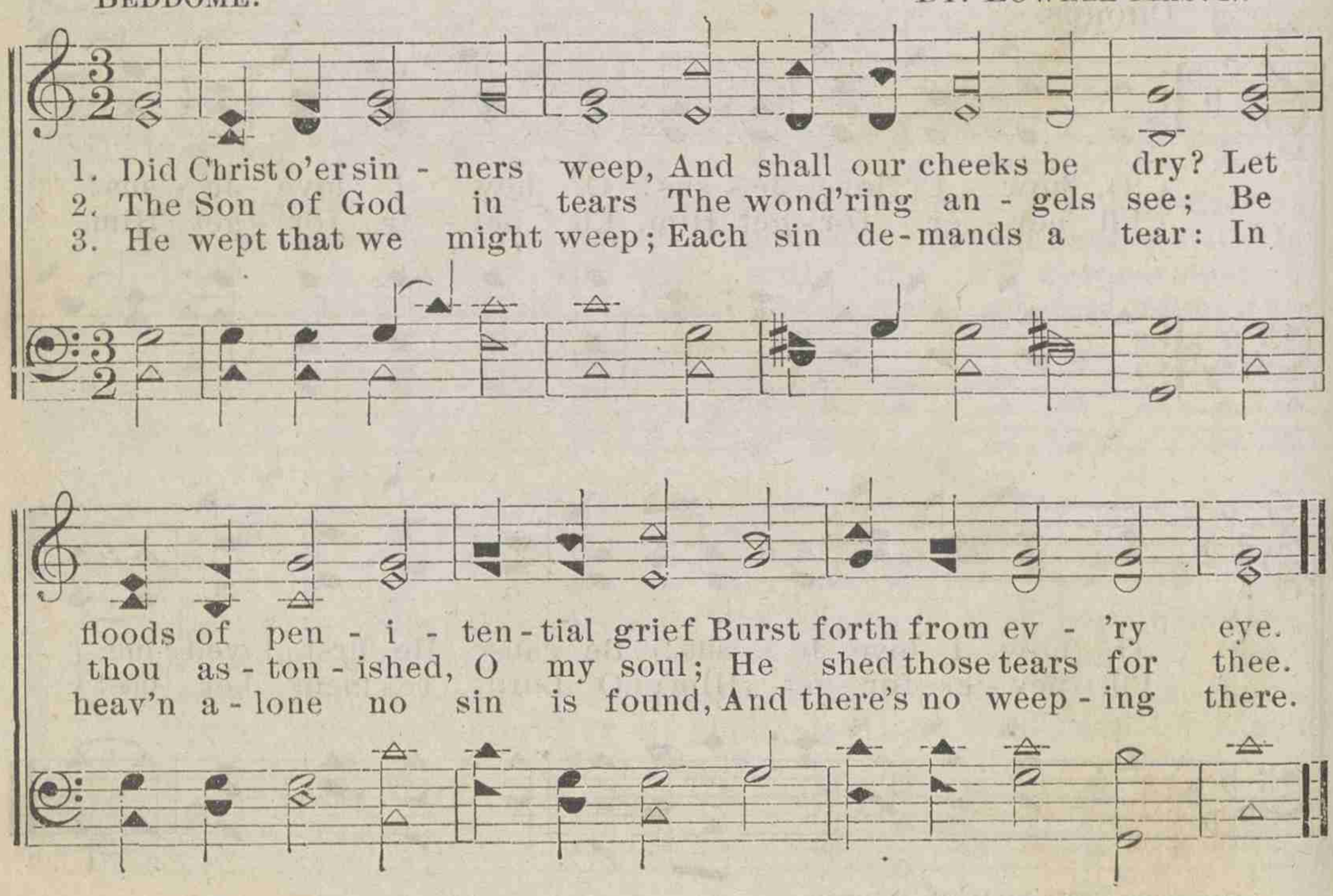
248. COME, WE WHO LOVE THE LORD.

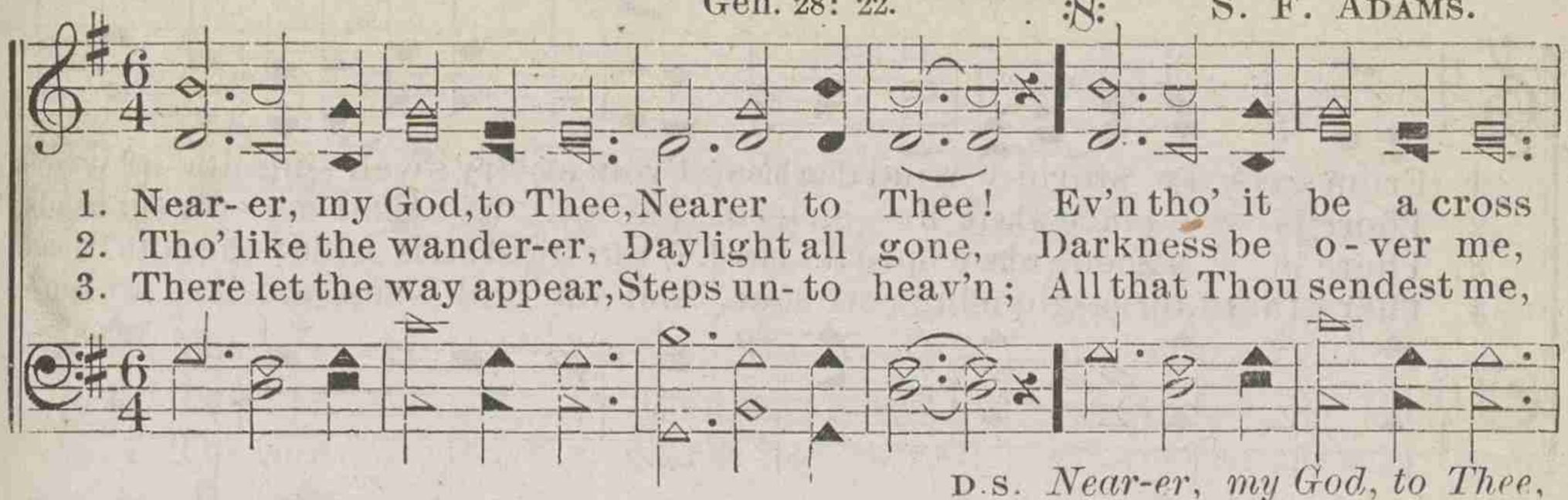
WATTS. HANDEL.



249. DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?

BEDDOME. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

250. BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

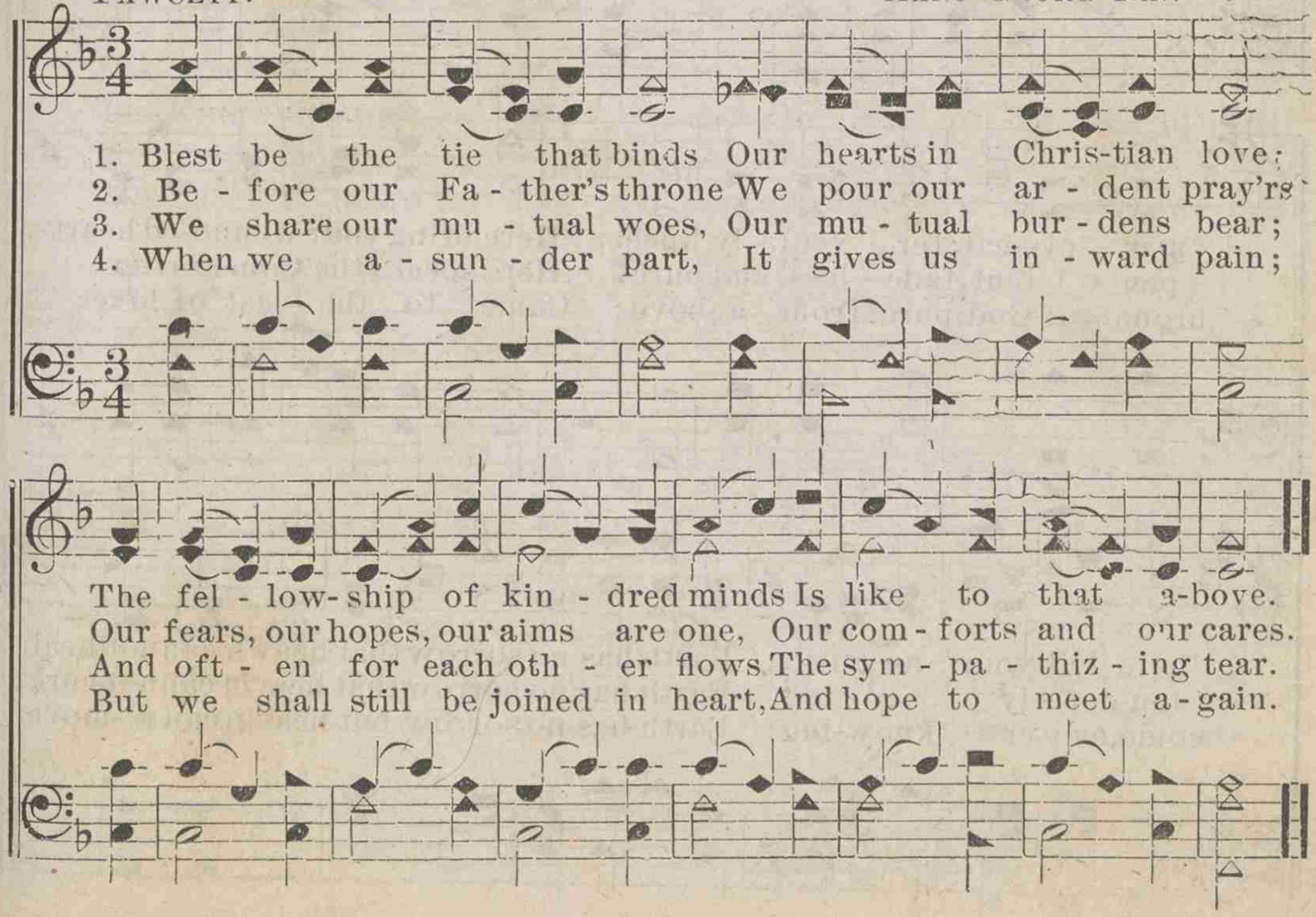
Gen. 28: 22. S. F. ADAMS.



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

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

251. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

FAWCETT. HANS GEORG NAGEL

252. FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.

1 From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev- 'ry swell -ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spi-rits blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea-gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more;

There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer-cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.

253. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE!

THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis- con- so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des- o- late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
pen - i-tent, fade - less, and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
throne of God, pure from a -bove: Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
ten-der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.
come, ev - er know-ing, Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re-move.

254. JESUS, MY ALL.

Rev. John Cennick. Arr. by D. E. Dortch.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
2. The way the ho - ly prophets went, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
3. This is the way I long have sought, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
4. The more I strove a - gainst its pow'r, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

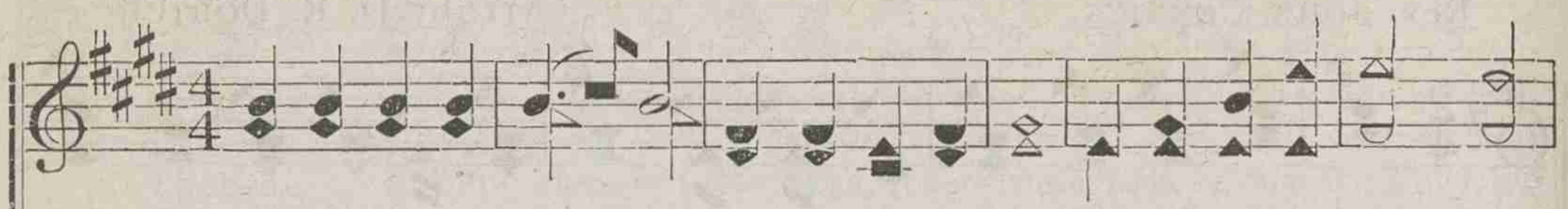
He whom I fix my hopes up - on, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
The road that leads from ban - ish-ment, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
And mourn'd be-cause I found it not, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
I felt its weight and guilt the more, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

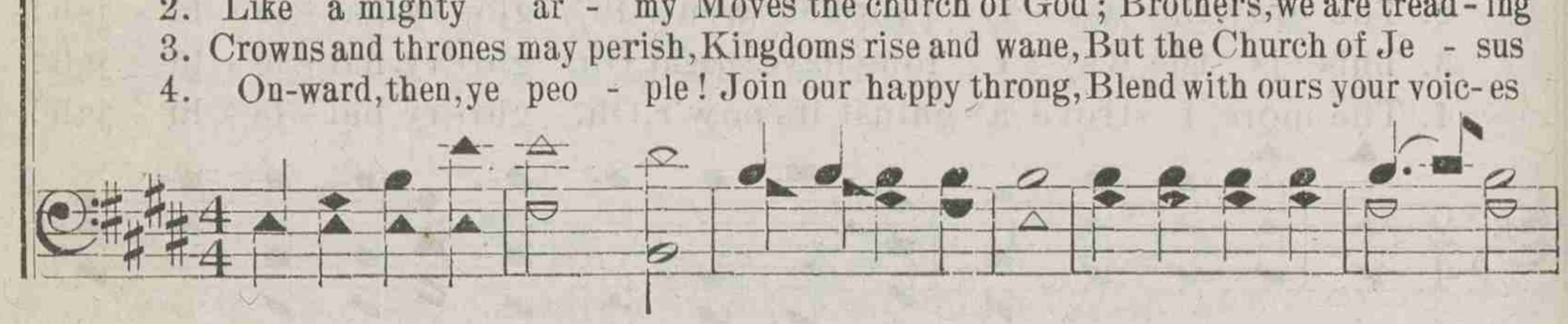
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
The King's highway of ho - li - ness, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
My grief and bur - den long have been, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
Till late I heard my Sav - iour say, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

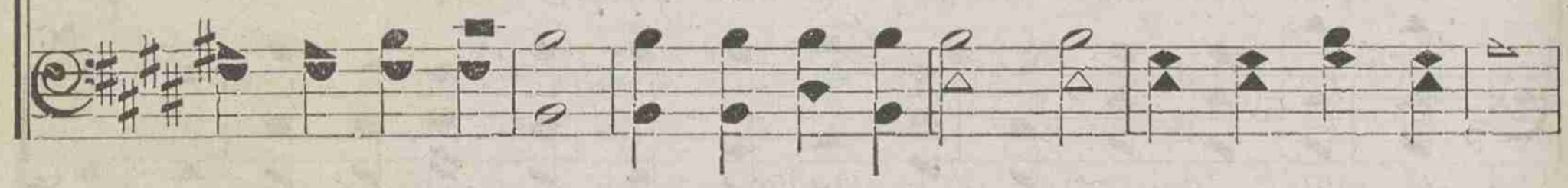
The nar - row way, till Him I view, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
I'll go, for all His paths are peace, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
Be - cause I was not saved from sin, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
"Come hith-er, soul, I am the way," Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

255. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

SABINE B. GOULD. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic- es

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Con -stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;



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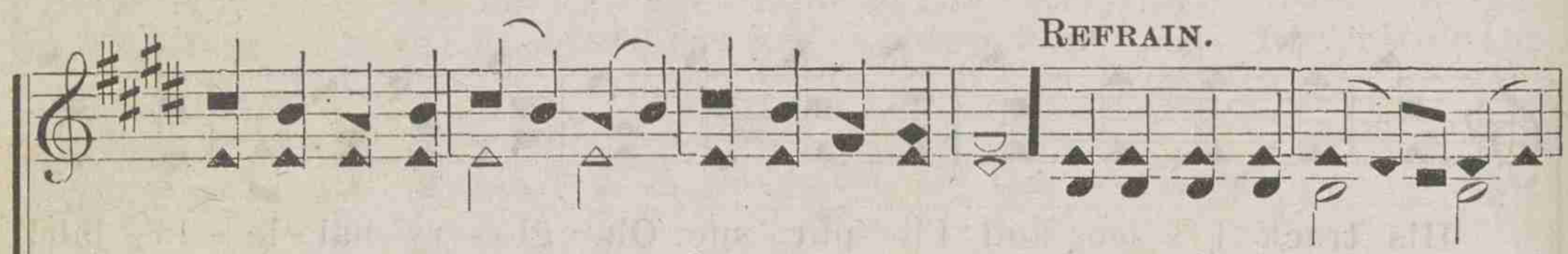
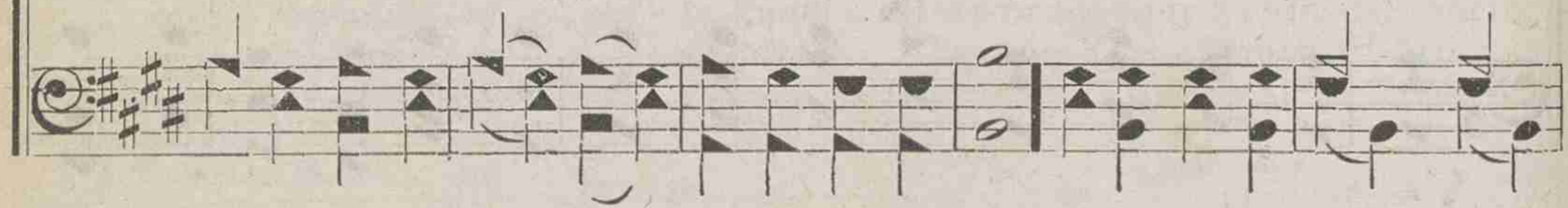
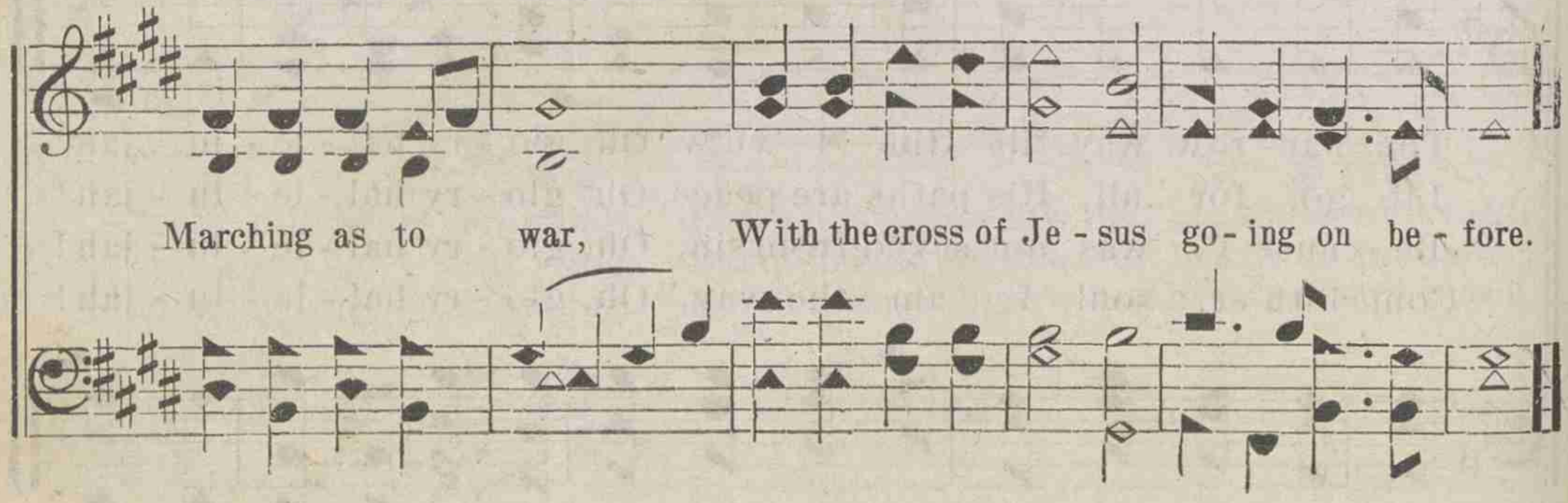

Forward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go! Onward, Christian sol - diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

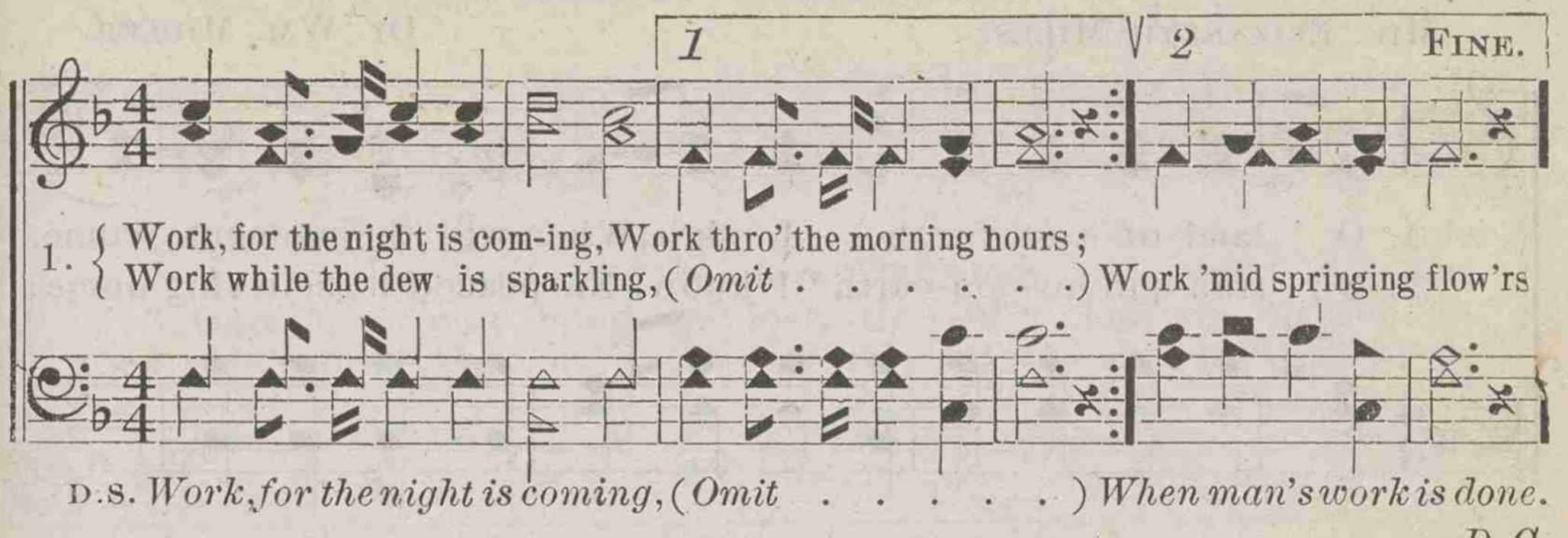


Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.



256. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

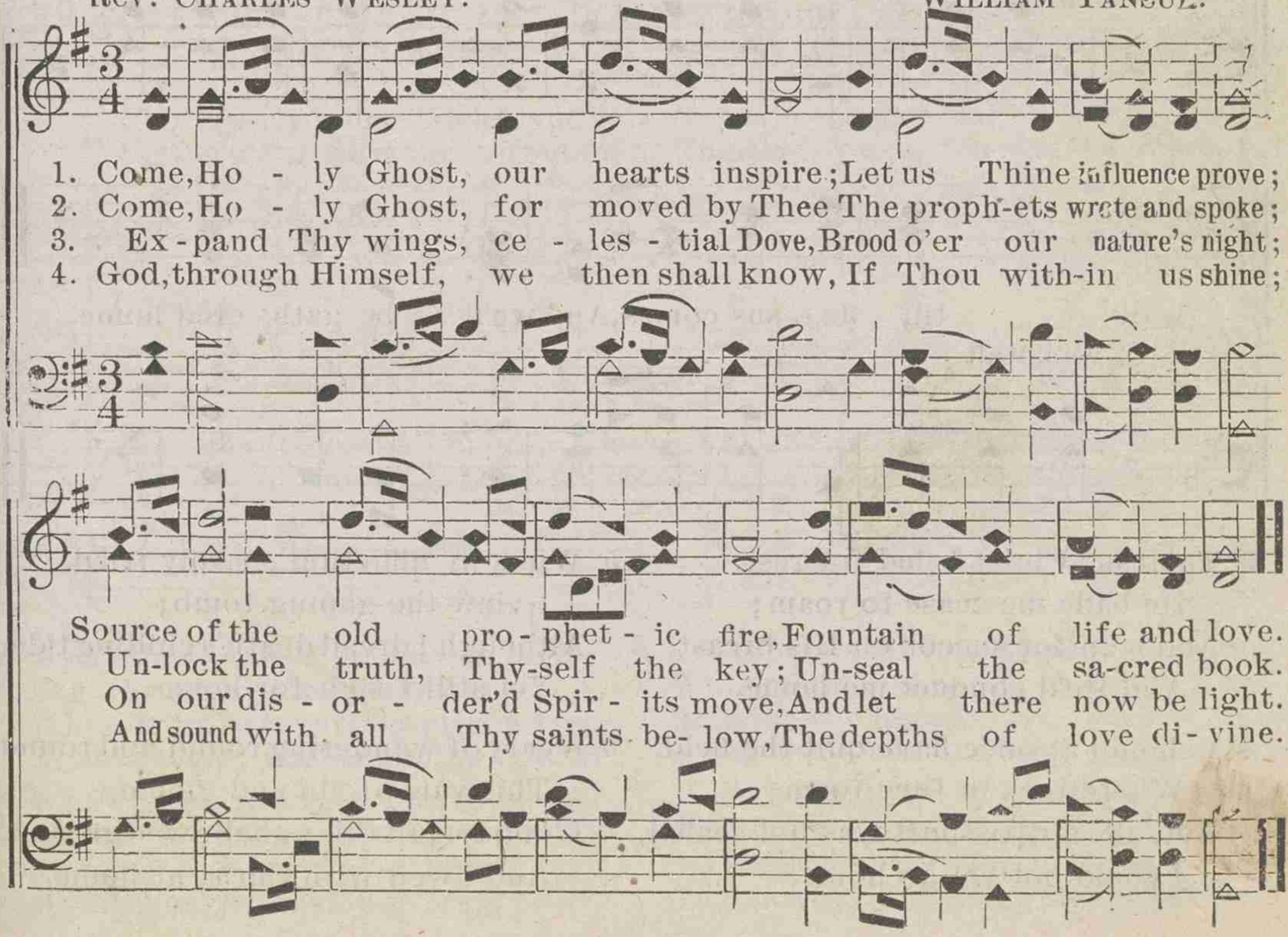
ANNIE L. WALKER. DR. LOWELL MASON.



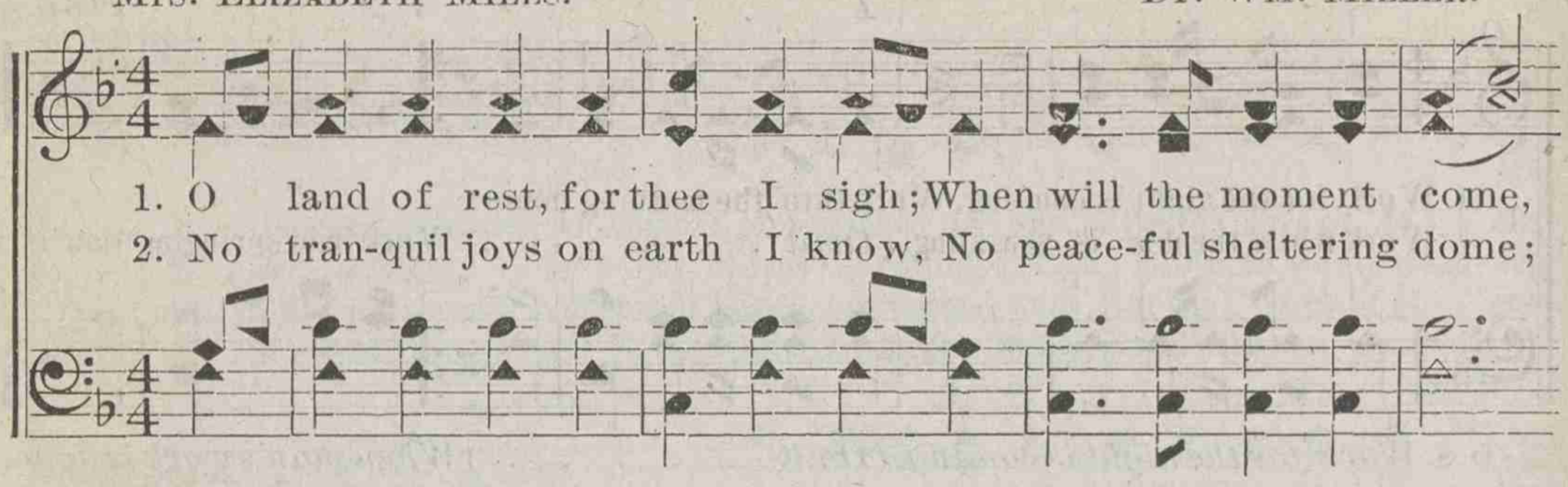
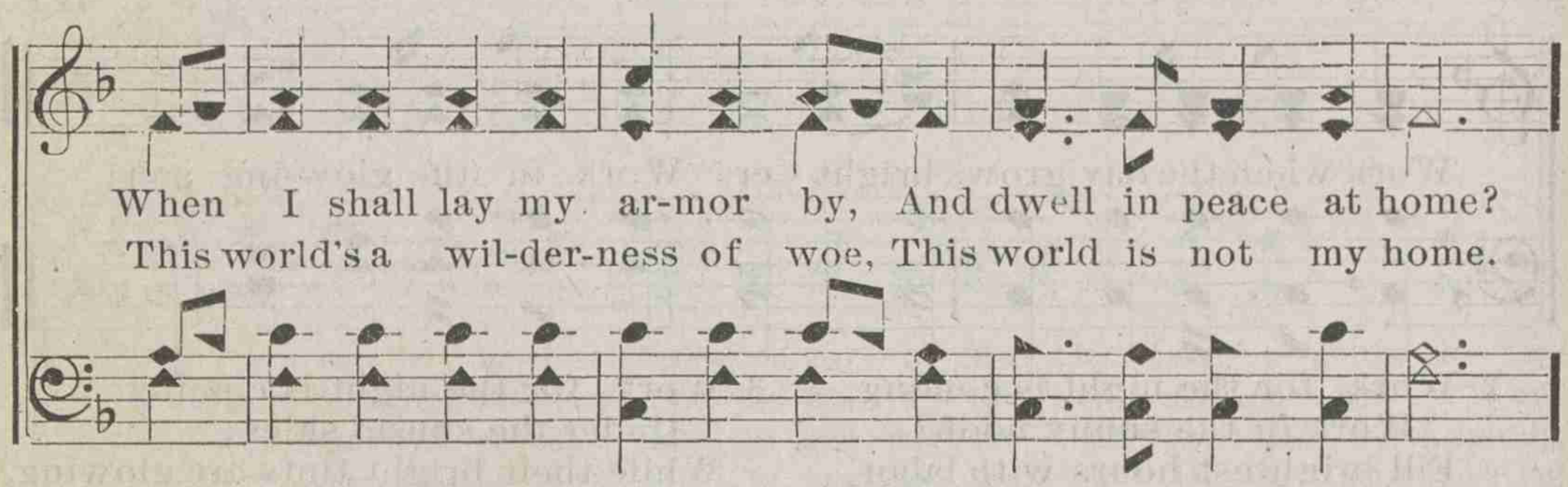
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

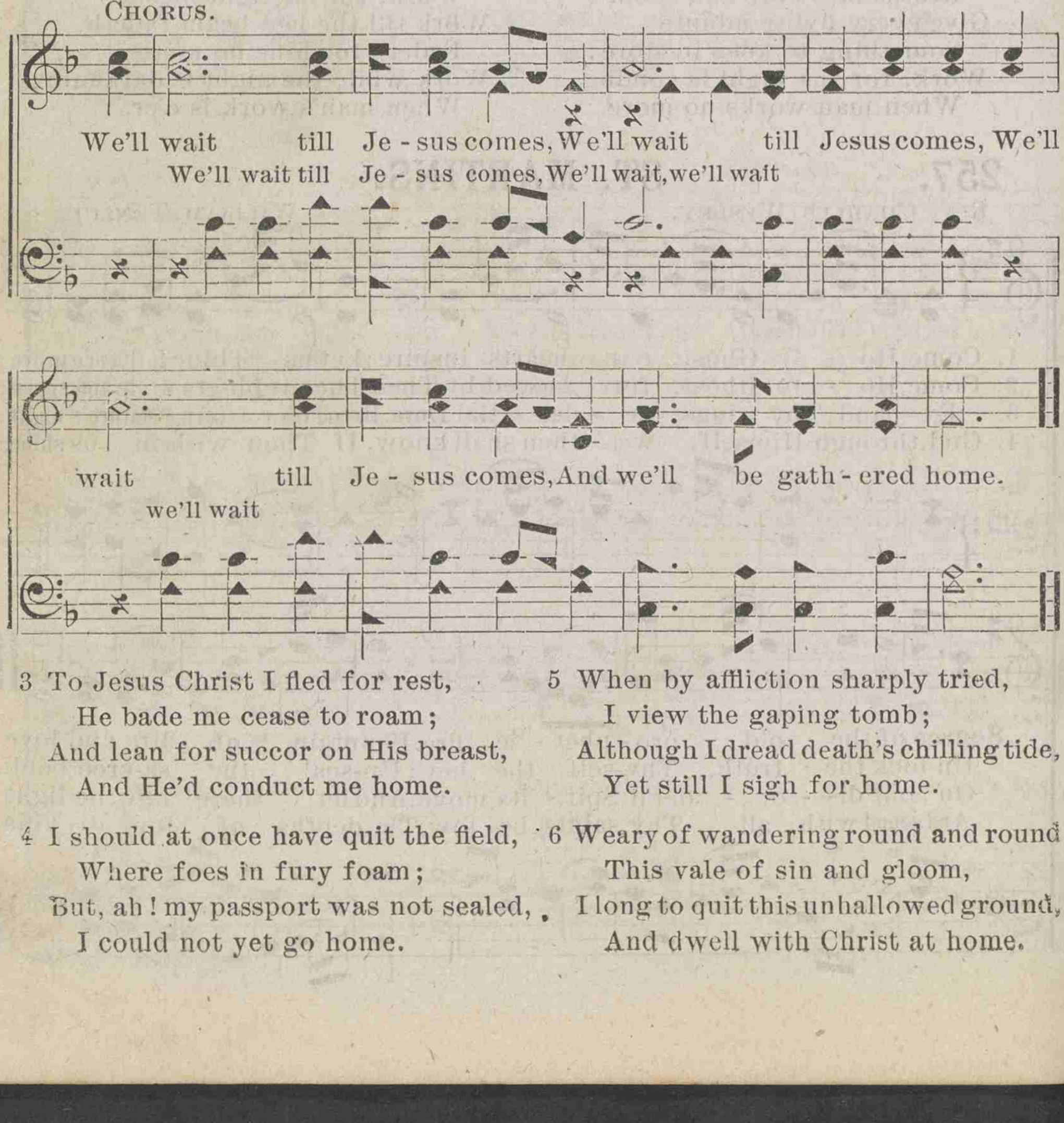
257. ST. MARTINS.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. WILLIAM TANSUR.

258. WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

"I will come again." — John 14 : 2.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.



Chorus.



3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
And lean for succor on His breast,
And He'd conduct me home.

4 I should at once have quit the field,
Where foes in fury foam;
But, ah! my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.

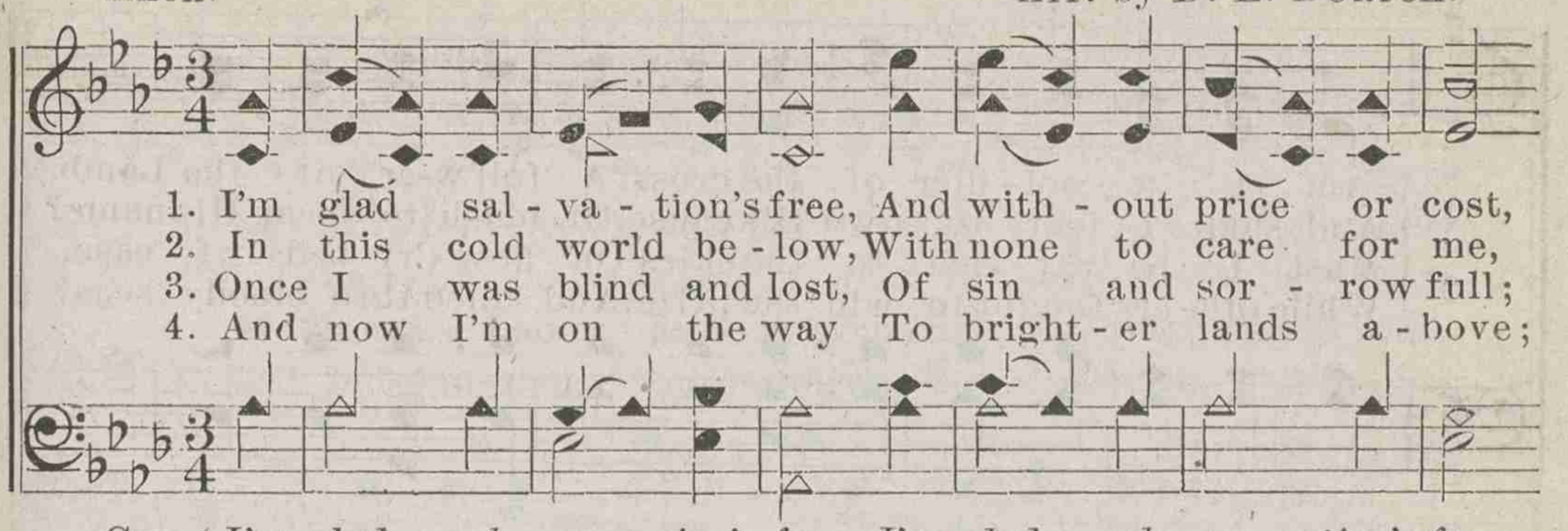
5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

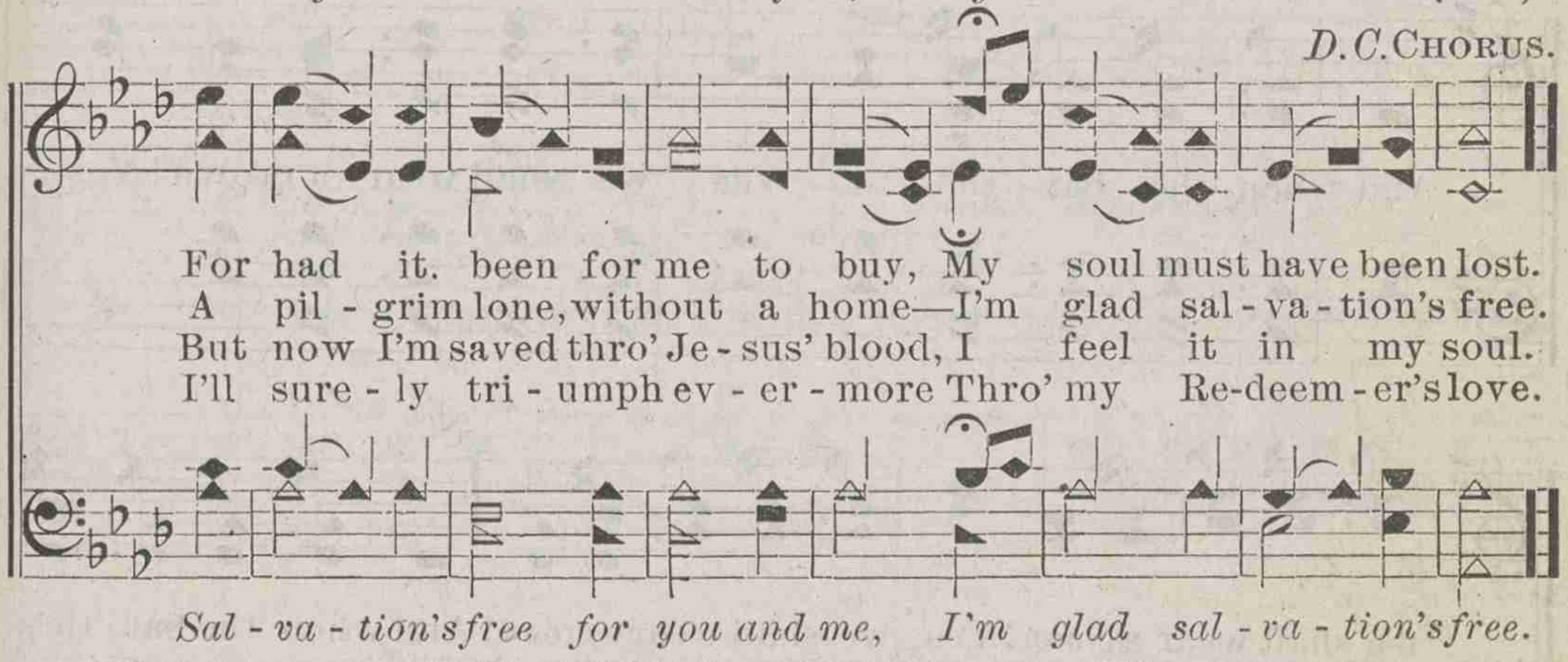
6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit this unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

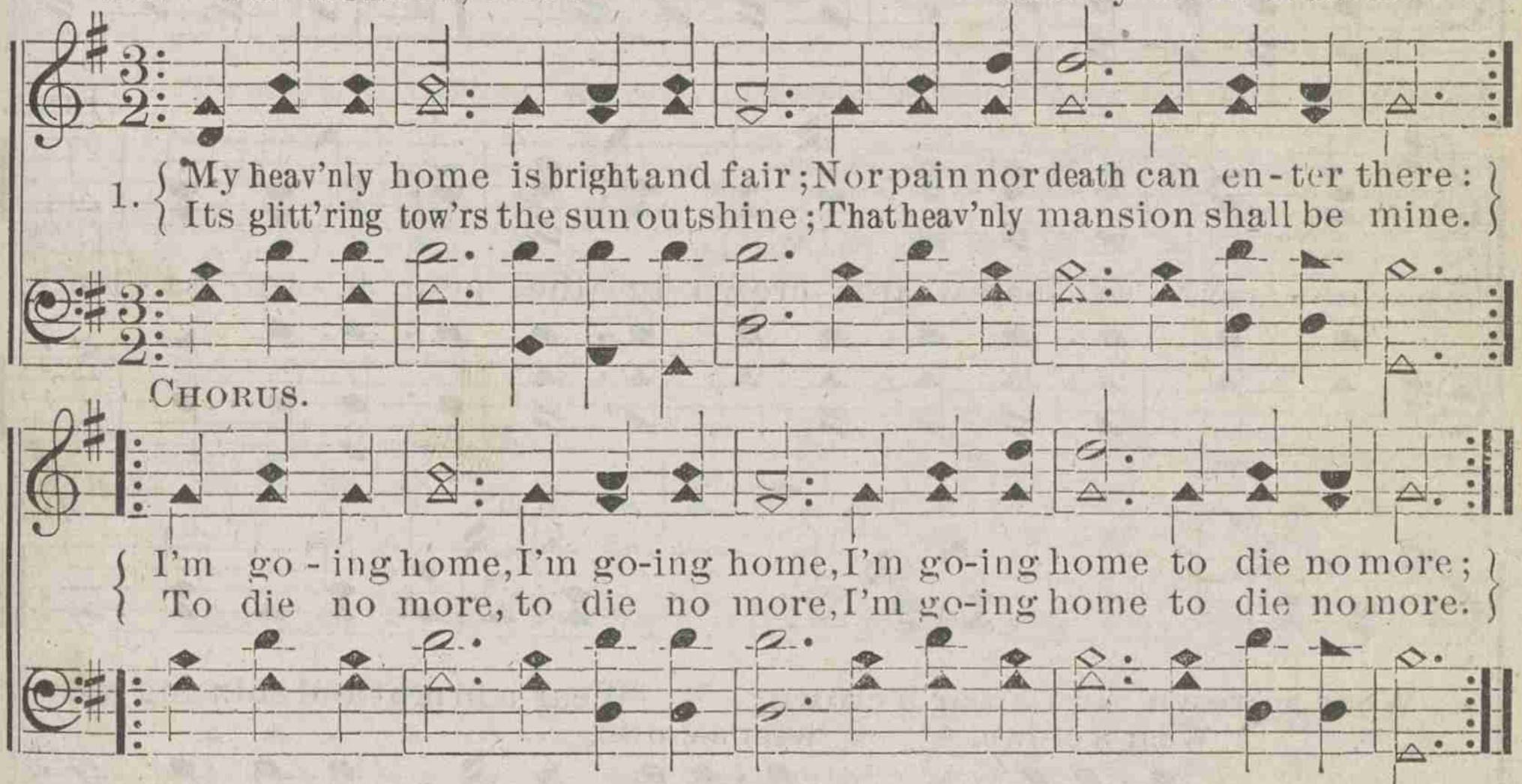
259. I'M GLAD SALVATION'S FREE.

In memory of Rufus Thomas.

Anon. Arr. by D. E. Dortch.



D.C. Chorus.

260. I'M GOING HOME. L. M.

Rev. Wm. Hunter, D.D. Arr. by D. E. Dortch.

2 My Father's house is built on high
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

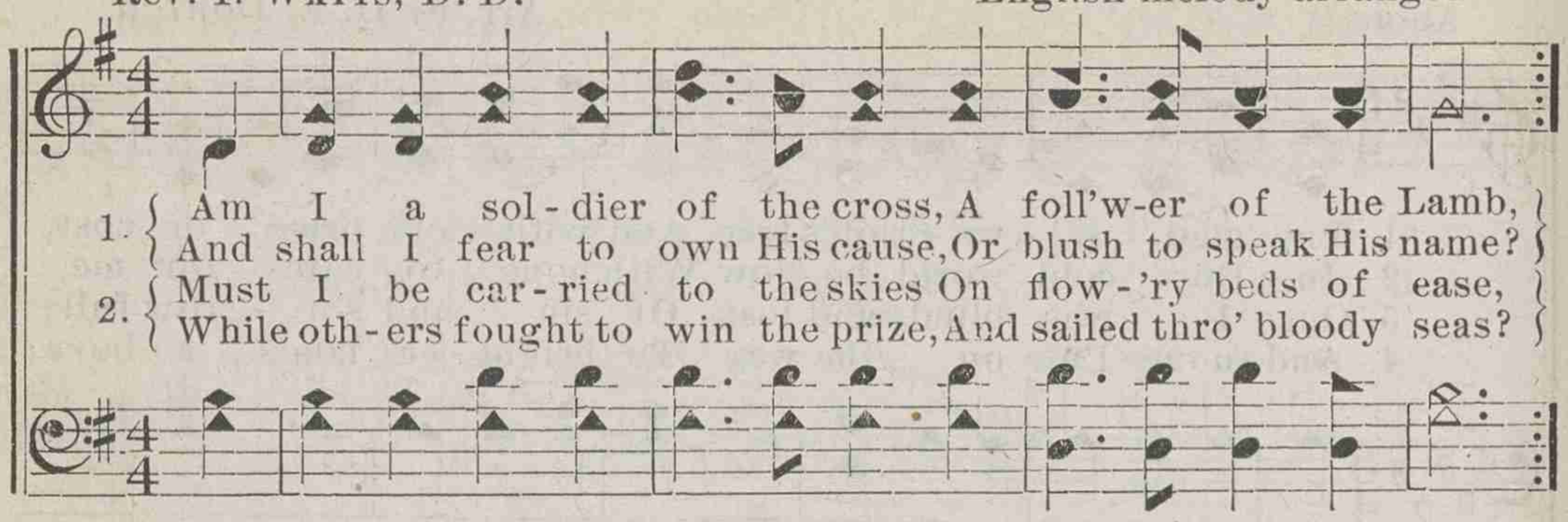
3 While here a stranger, far from home,
Affliction's waves around me foam;
And tho' like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

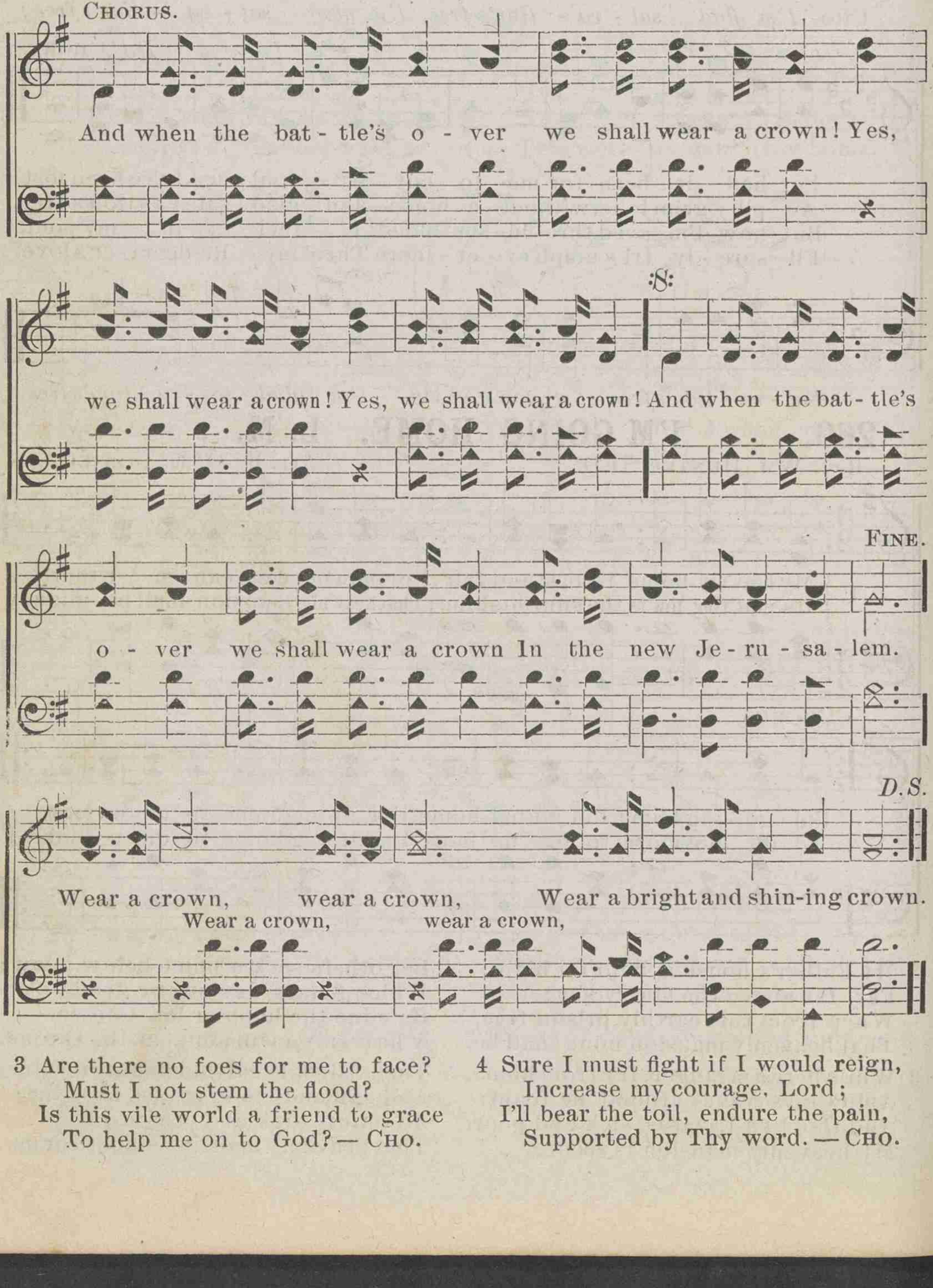
4 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or floods o'er-
Be mine the happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine;
All nature sink and cease to be;
That heavenly mansion stands for me

261. BATTLE HYMN.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. English melody arranged.

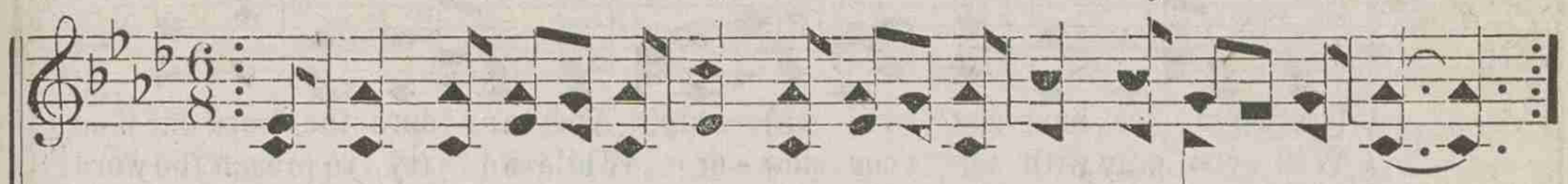


CHORUS.

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

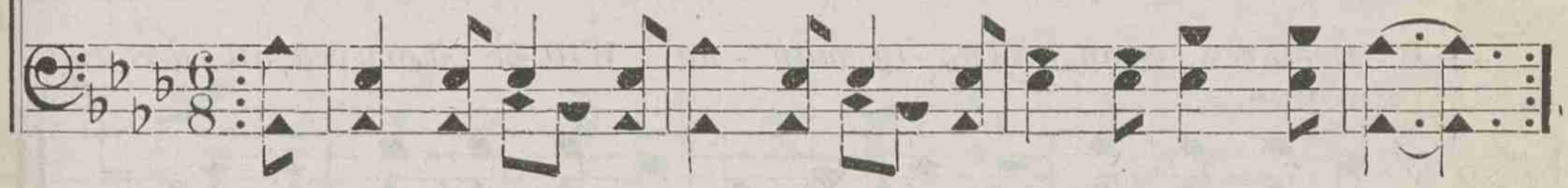
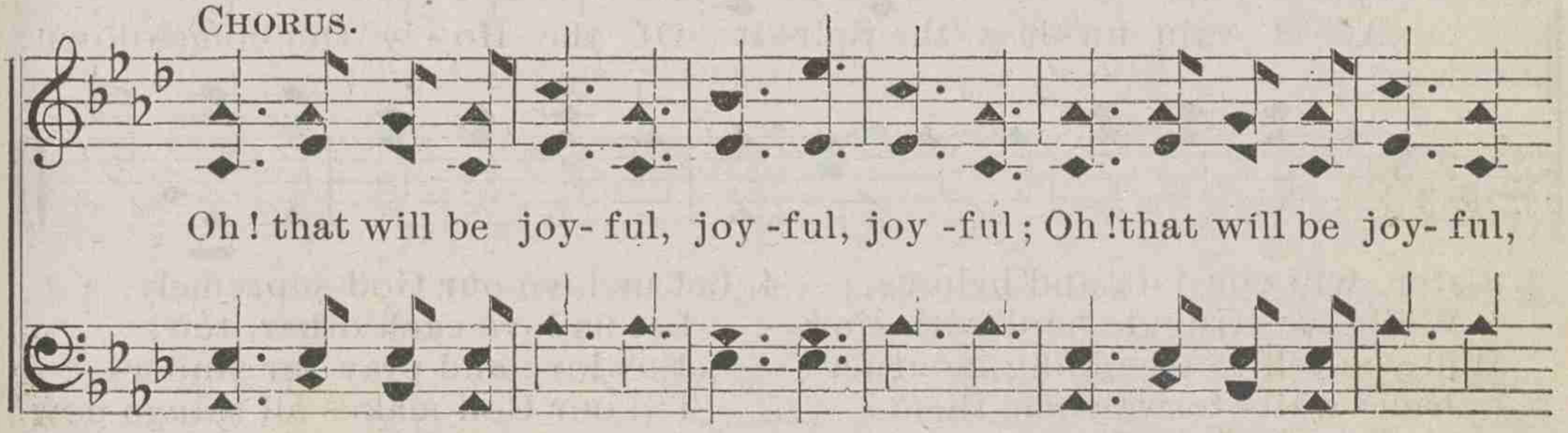
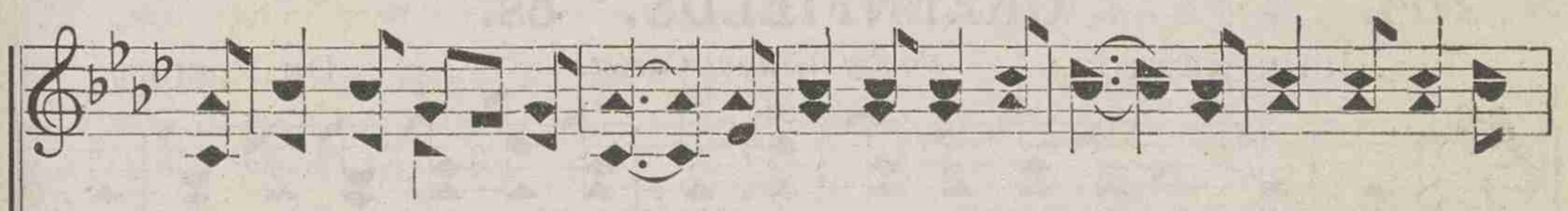
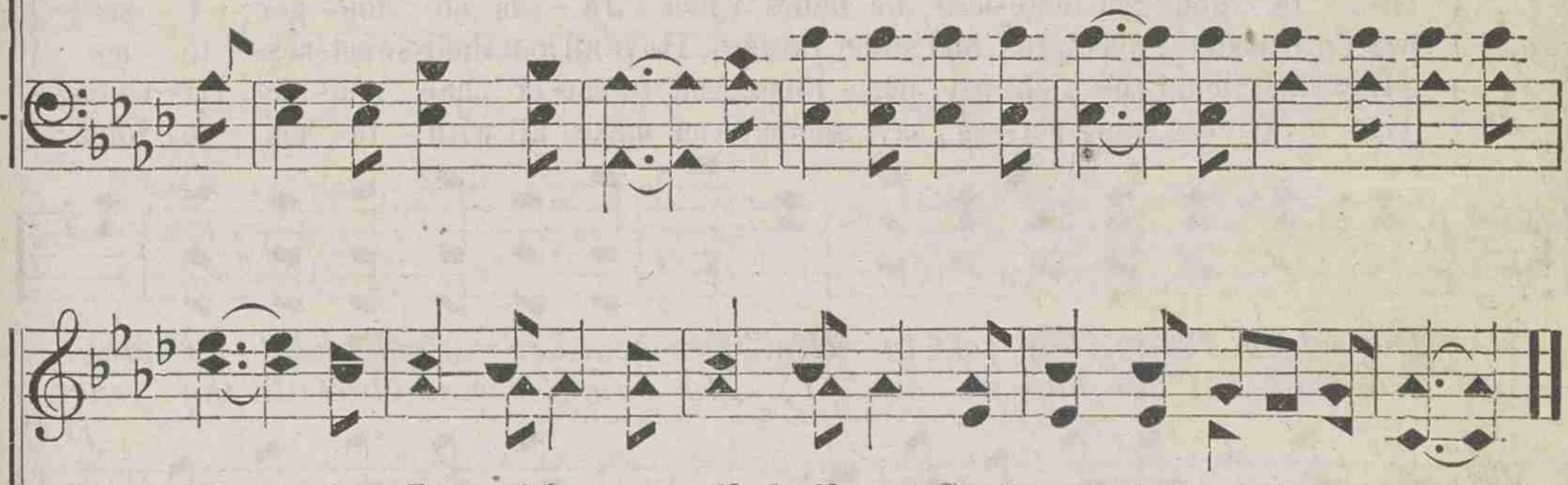
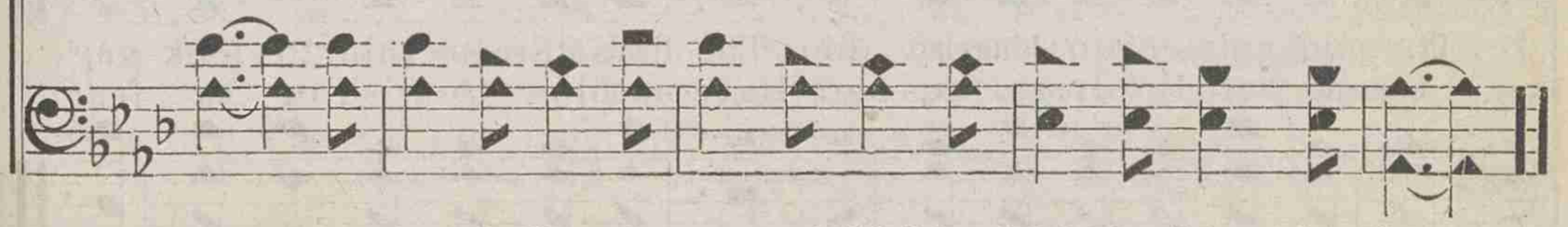
4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word. — CHO.

262. OH, THAT WILL BE JOYFUL.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



1. Im-mor-tal joys a-wait the blest, On yon e-ter-nal shore;
   There hap-py souls for-ev-er rest, And sorrows are no more.

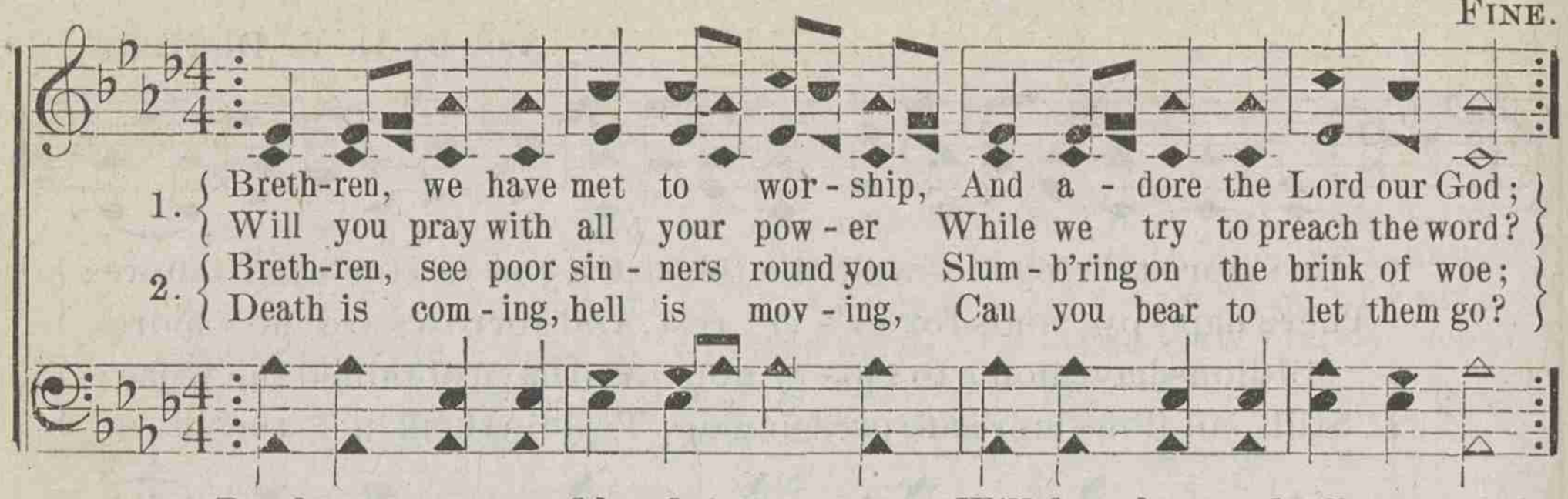
2. Mil-lions have home to glo-ry gone, And have obtained the prize;
   Still mil-lions more are pressing on, To join them in the skies.

CHORUS.

Oh! that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful; Oh! that will be joy-ful,

To meet to part no more—To meet to part no more, On that delightful

shore; At Je-sus' feet, we all shall meet, Shall meet to part no more.

3 These living armies shall, at last,
On Zion's mountain meet;
When once the stormy Jordan's past,
Their union is complete.

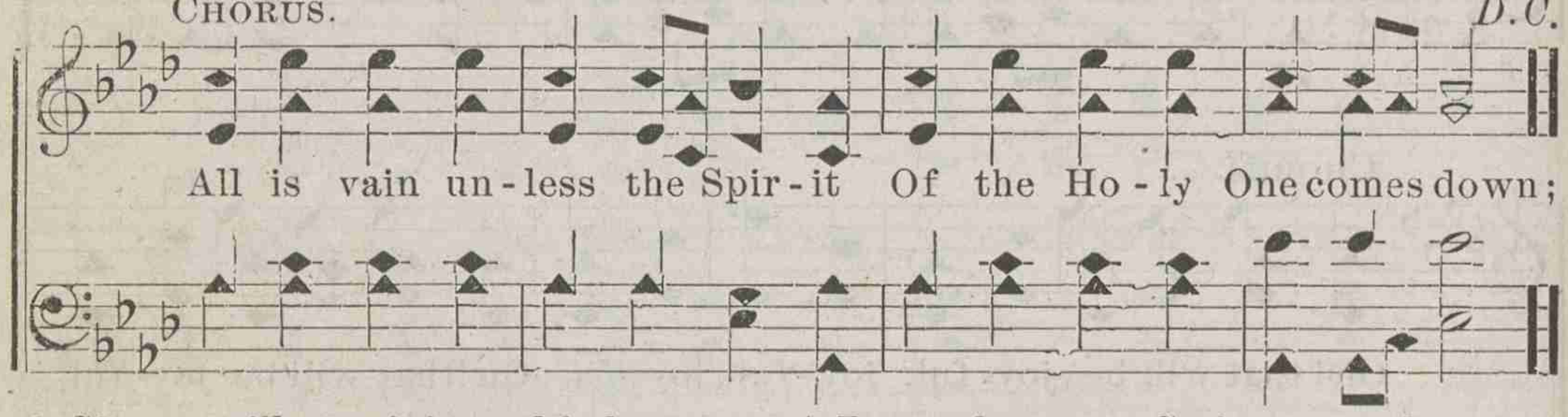
4 If friendship in this vale of woe
With Christians be so sweet,
What gushing ecstacy shall flow,
When 'round the throne we meet.

263. HOLY MANNA.

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

FINE.

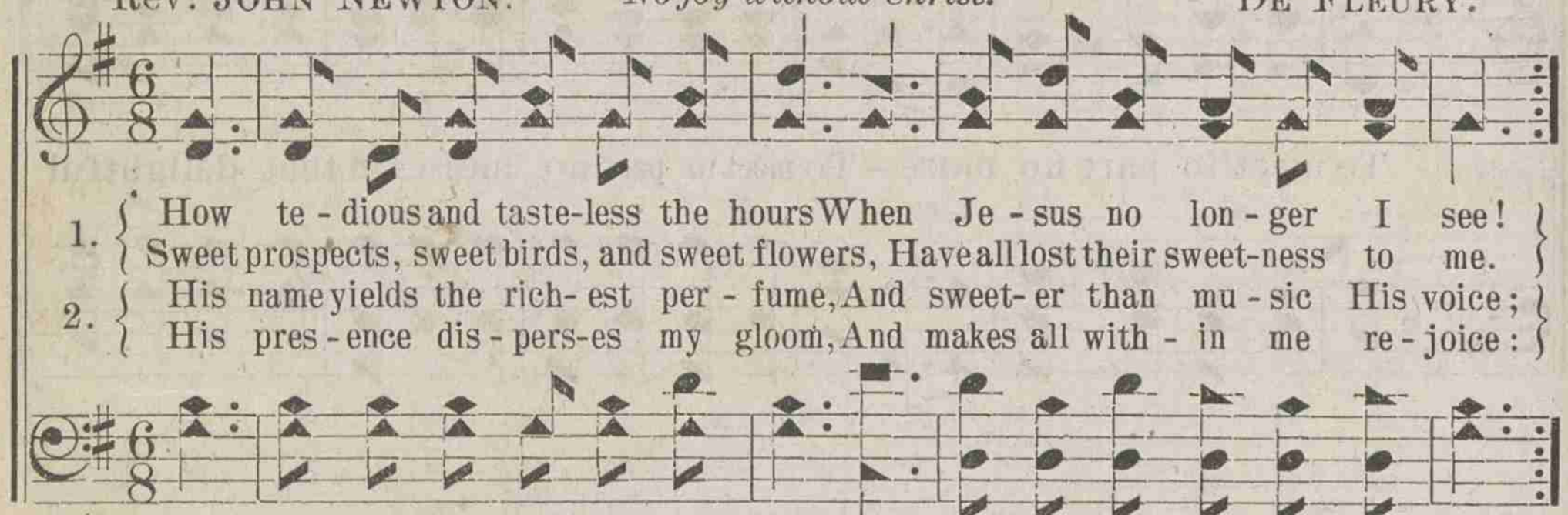


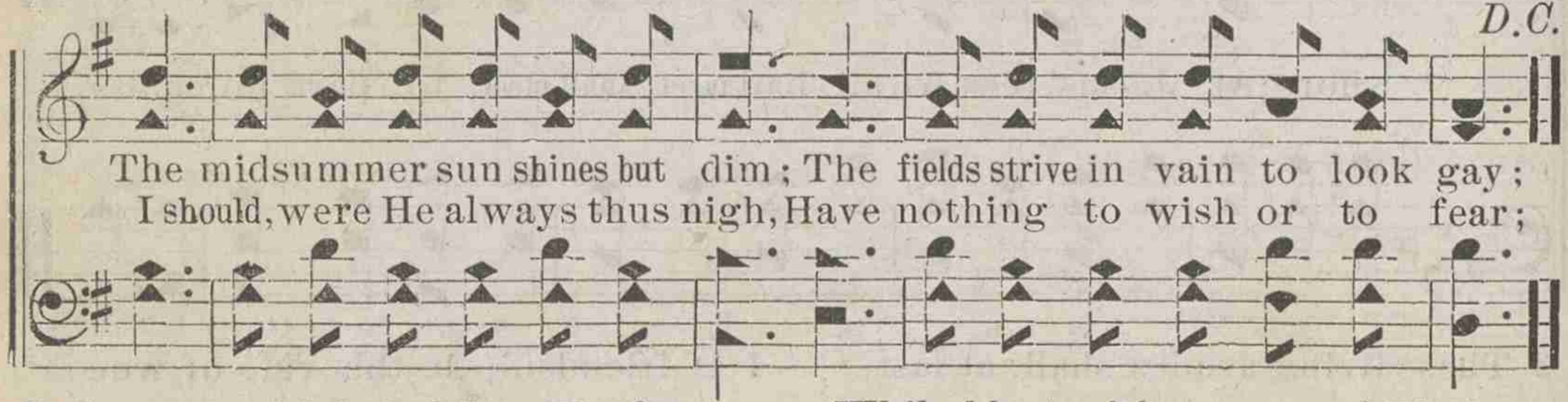
CHORUS. D.C.

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

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.

Copyright, 1885, by D. E. DORTCH.

264. GREENFIELDS. 8s.

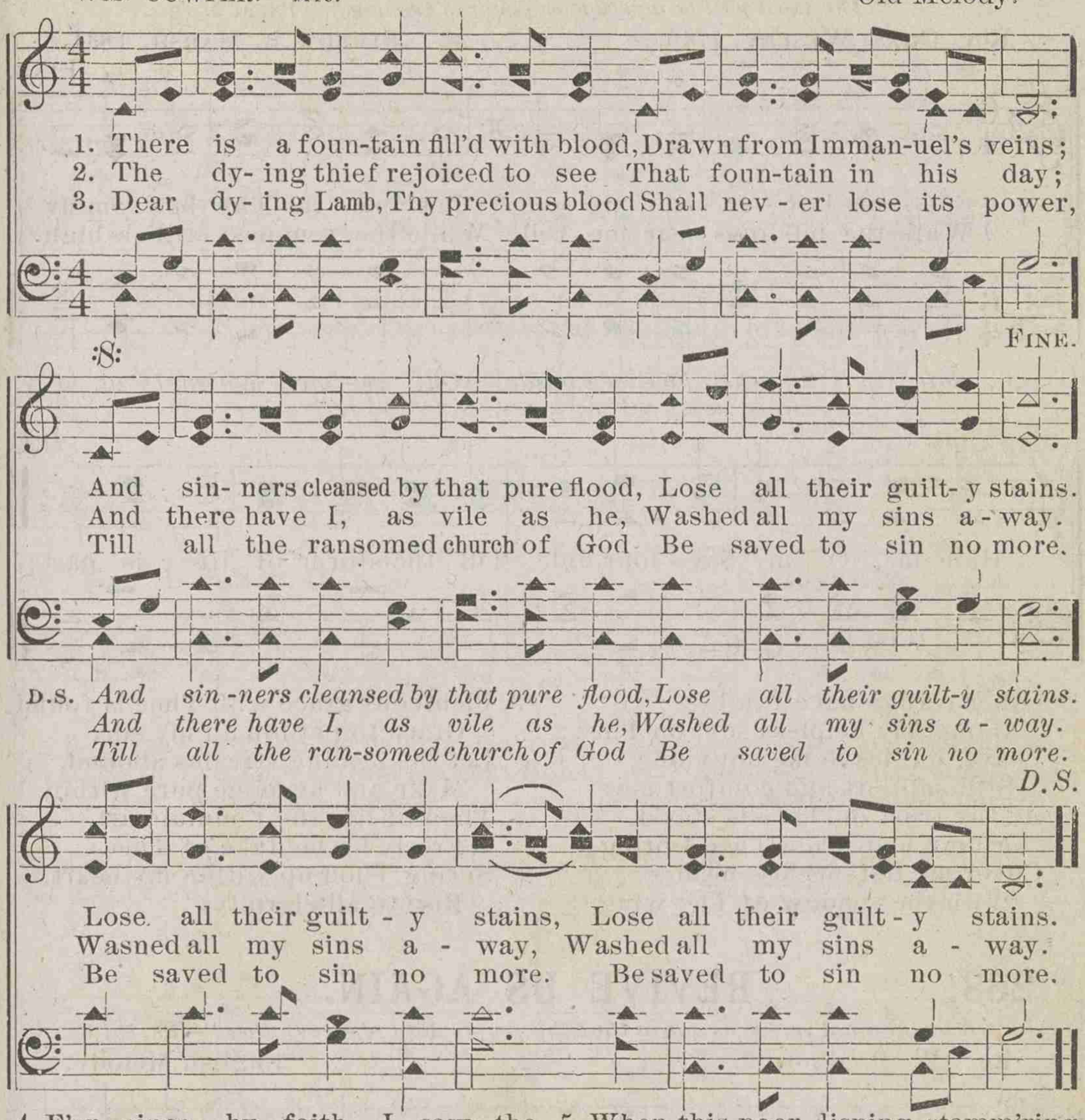
REV. JOHN NEWTON. *No joy without Christ.* DE FLEURY.

D.C.



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

265. THE FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD.

WM. COWPER. Alt. Old Melody.



1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Imman-uel's veins;
2. The dy- ing thief rejoiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy- ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its power,

And sin- ners cleansed by that pure flood, Lose all their guilt- y stains.
And there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more.

D.S. *And sin -ners cleansed by that pure flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.*
And there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved to sin no more.

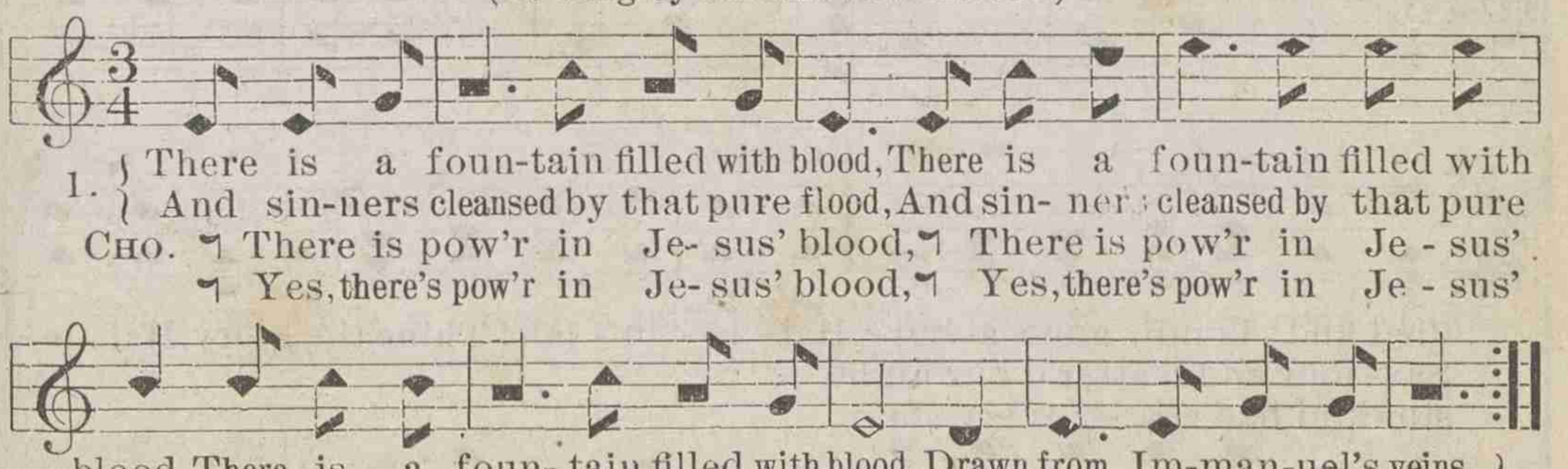
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
Wasned all my sins a - way, Washed all my sins a - way.
Be saved to sin no more. Be saved to sin no more.

4 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.

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

266. THERE IS POWER IN JESUS' BLOOD.

(As sung by Mr. and Mrs. Frame.)



1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, There is a foun-tain filled with
   And sin-ners cleansed by that pure flood, And sin- ners cleansed by that pure

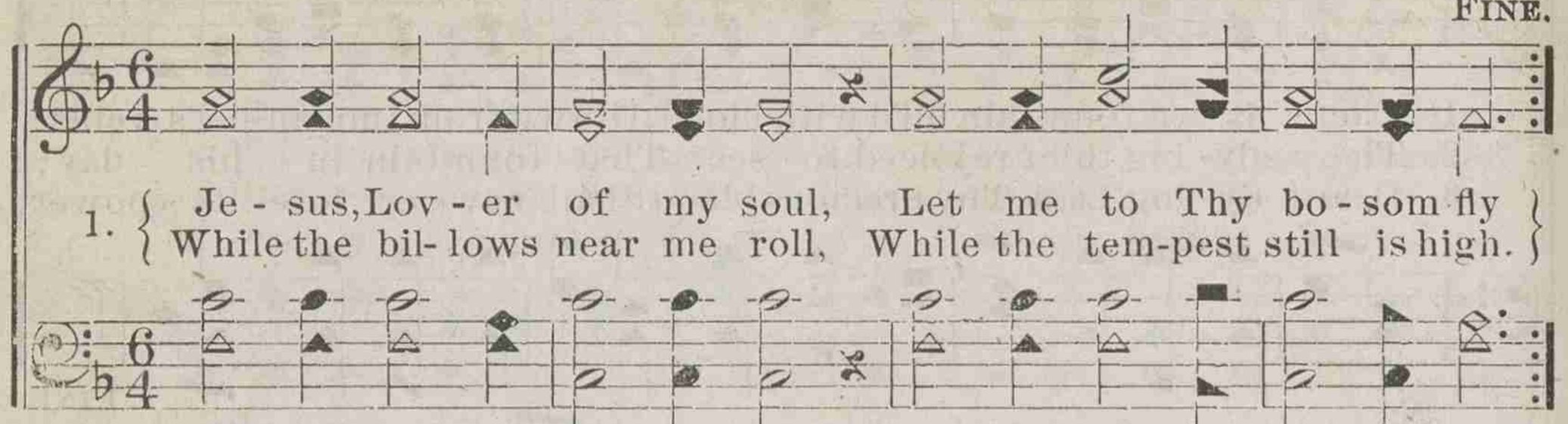
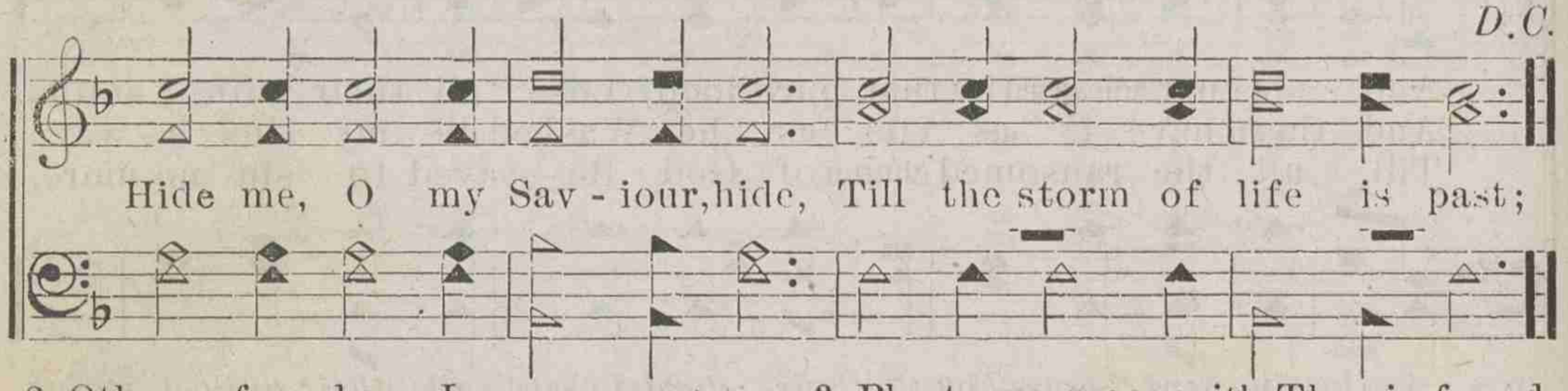
CHO. There is pow'r in Je- sus' blood, There is pow'r in Je - sus'
Yes, there's pow'r in Je- sus' blood, Yes, there's pow'r in Je - sus'

blood, There is a foun- tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins.
flood, And sin-ners cleansed by that pure flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
blood, Oh, there's pow'r in Je - sus' blood, To cleanse and keep me clean.

267. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

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

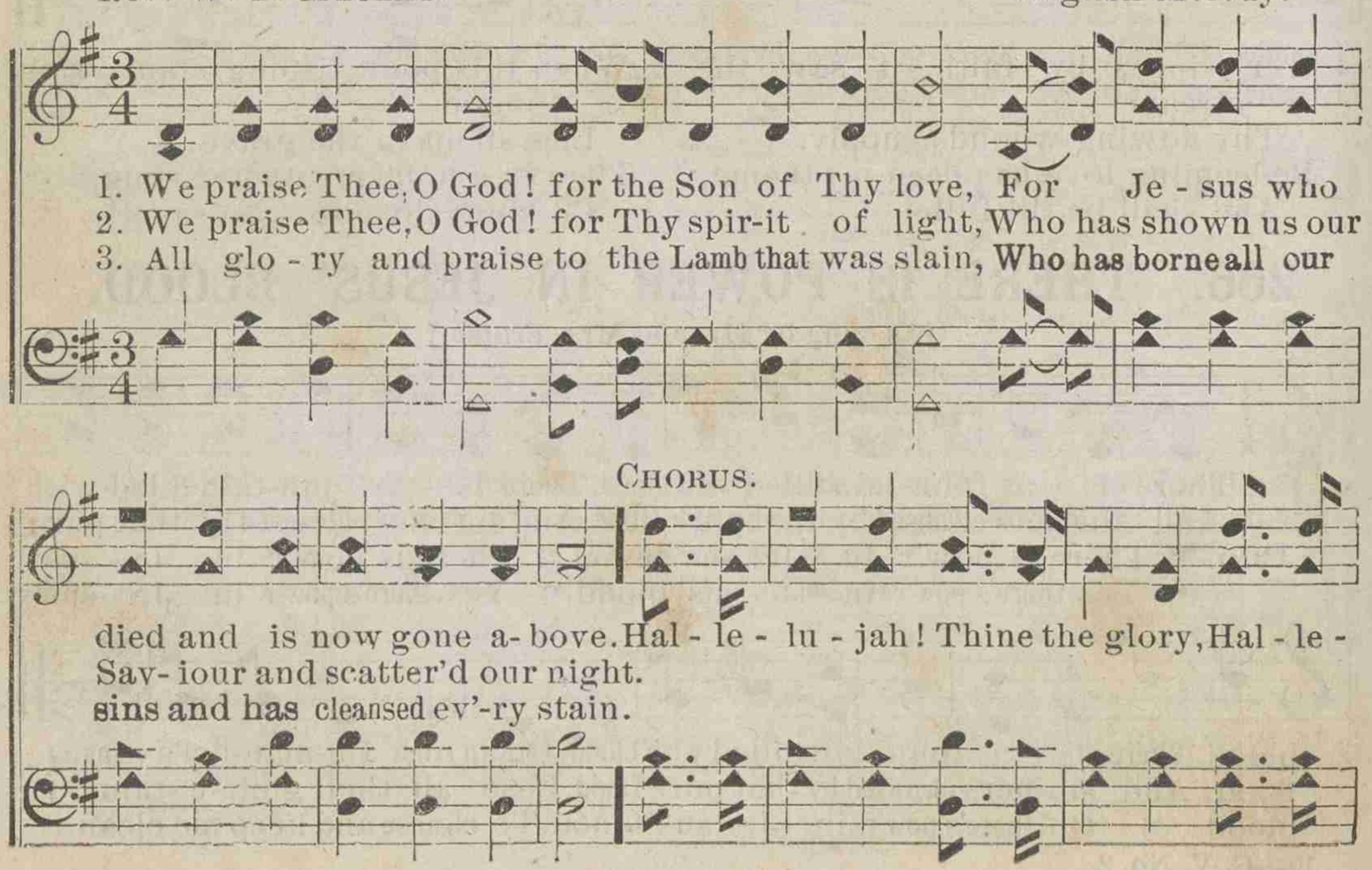
Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1740. Simeon B. Marsh, 1834.

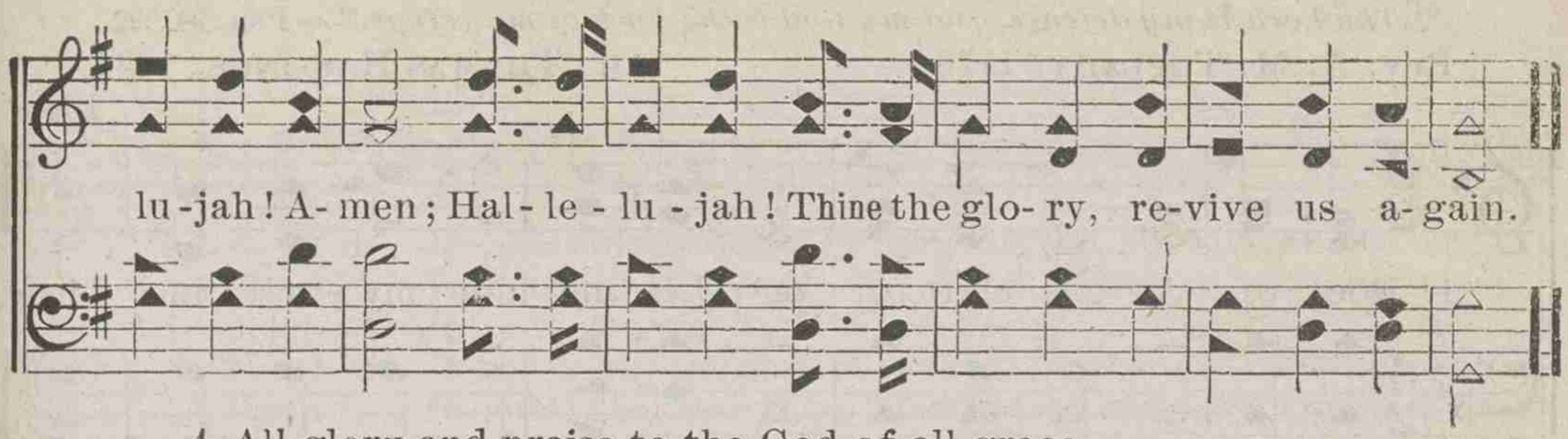
Fine.

D.C.

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 stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

268. REVIVE US AGAIN.

"Wilt thou not revive us again that thy people may rejoice in thee."—Ps. 85: 6.

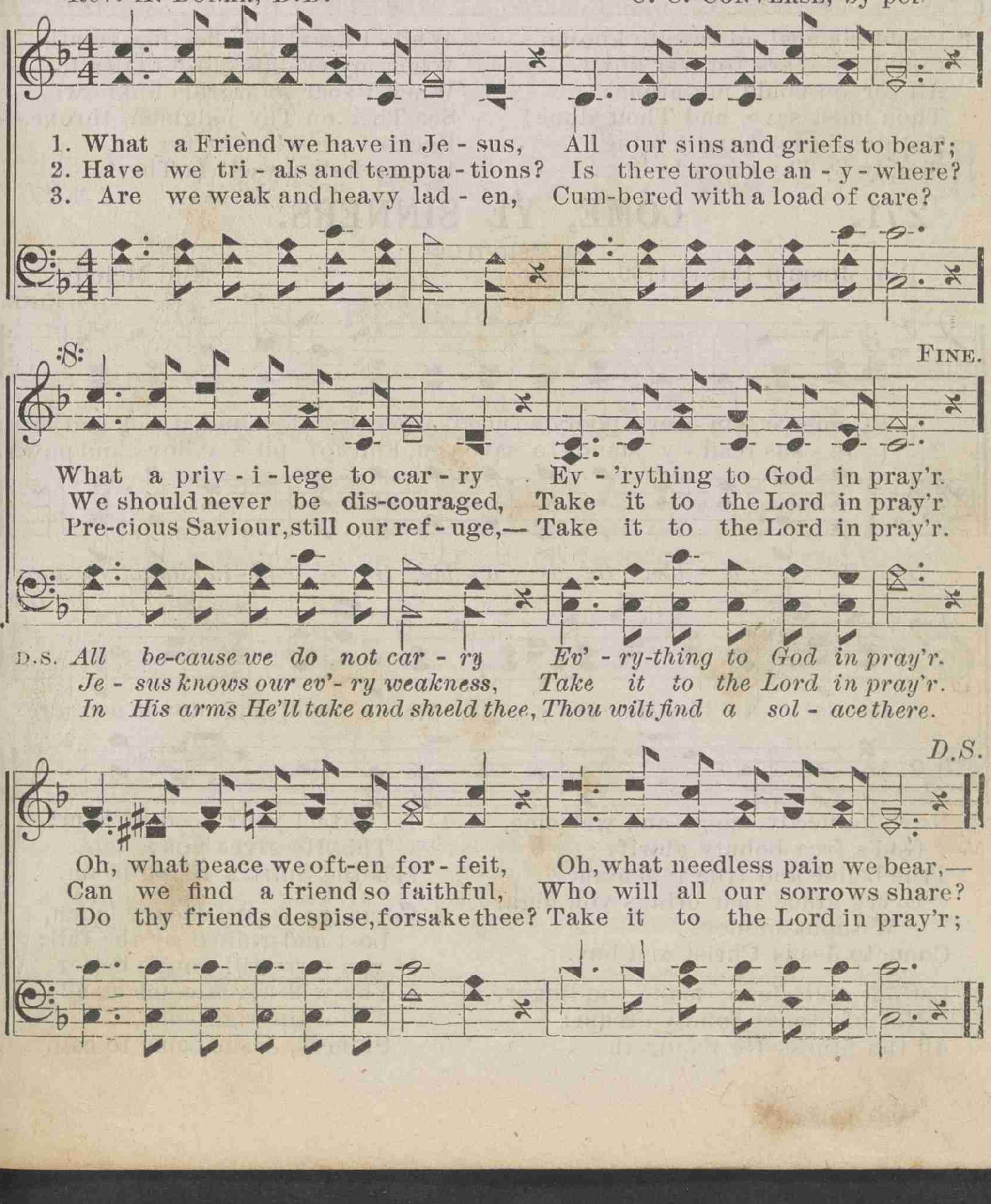
Rev. W. P. Mackay. English Melody.

Chorus.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

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

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

269. WHAT A FRIEND. 8s & 7s.

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

Rev. H. Bonar, D.D. C. C. Converse, by per

FINE.

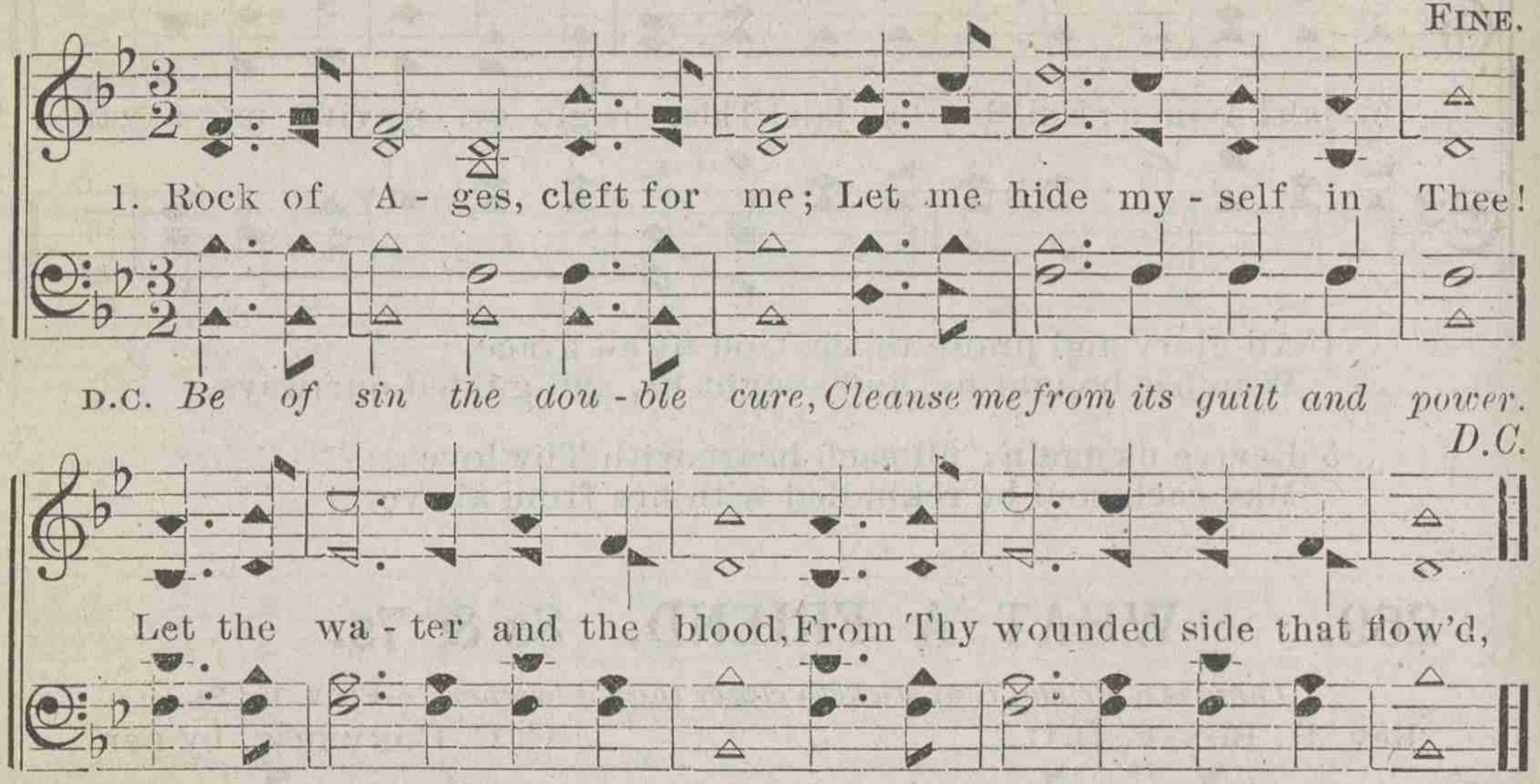
D.S.

270. ROCK OF AGES.

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

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776. Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1834.

FINE.



2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

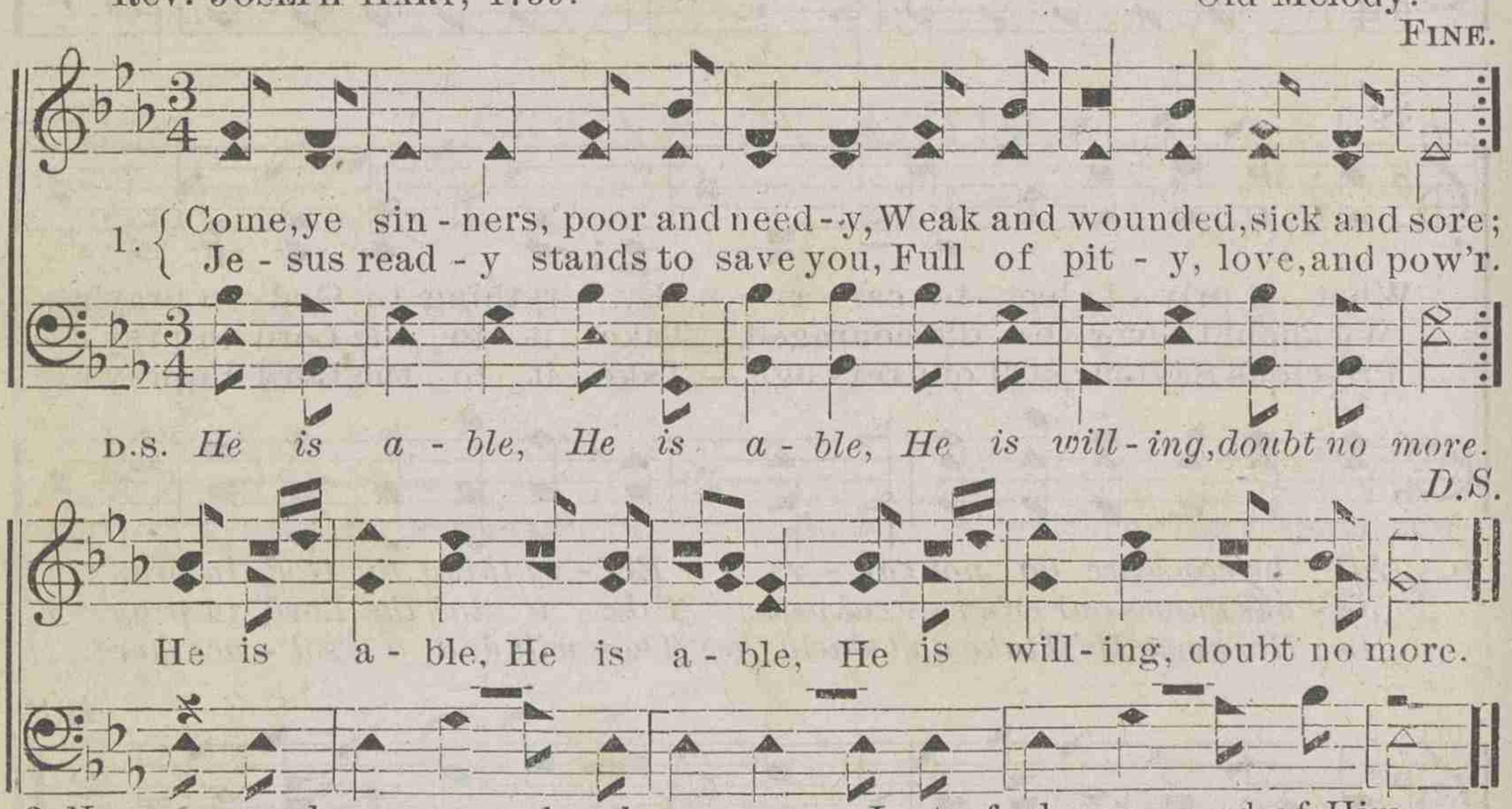
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

271. COME, YE SINNERS.

Matt. 11: 28.

Rev. JOSEPH HART, 1759. Old Melody.

FINE.

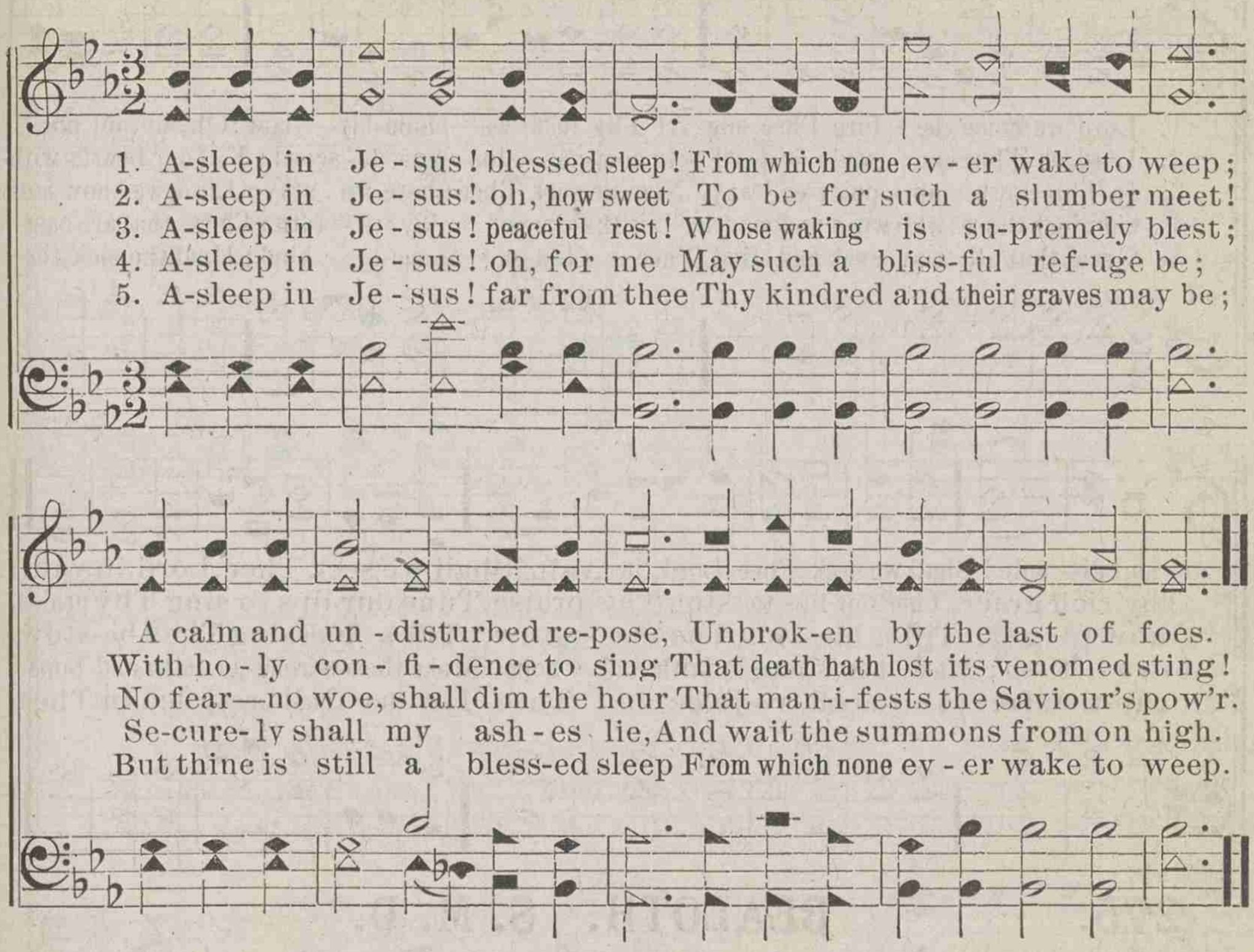


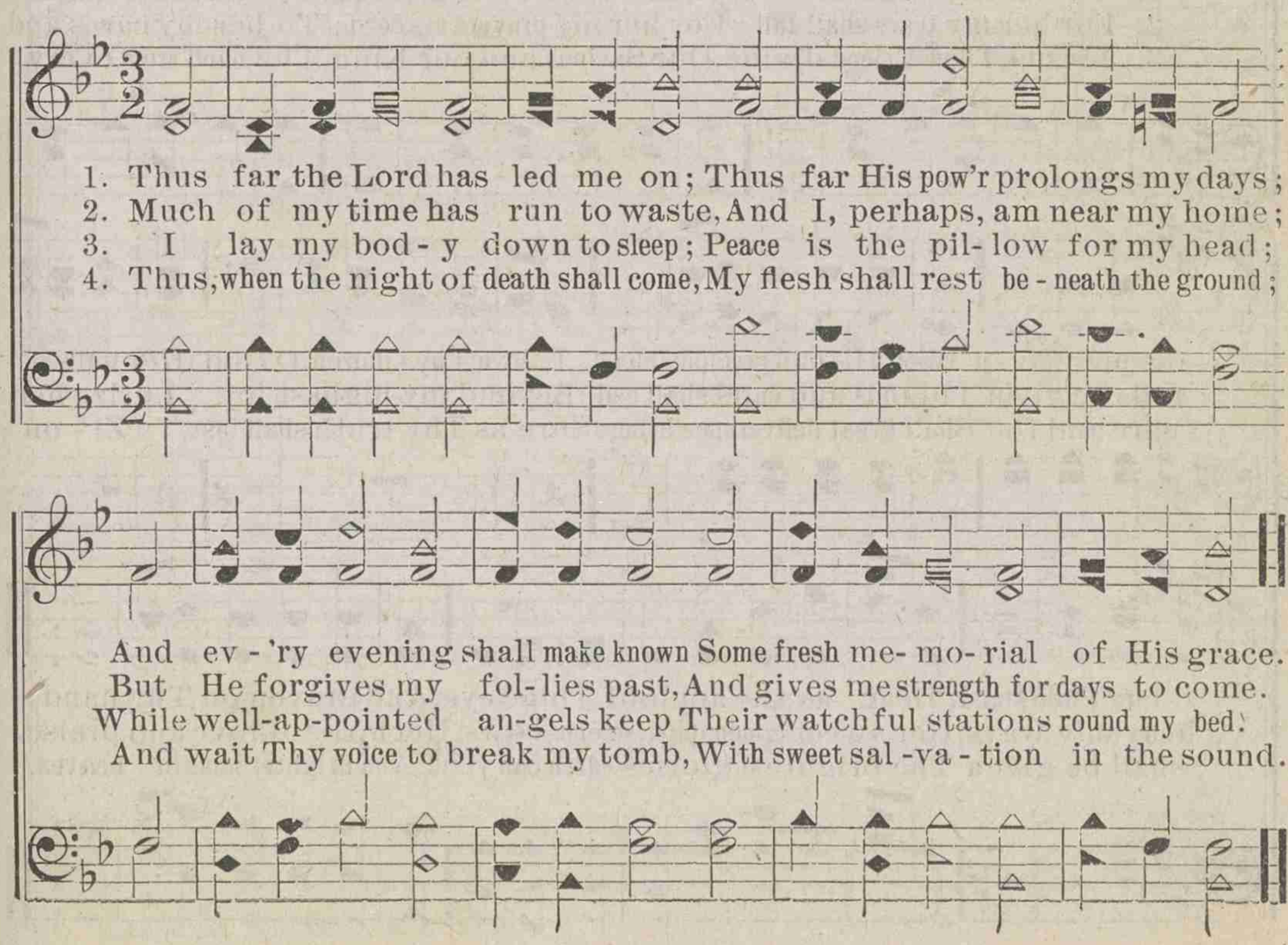
2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

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

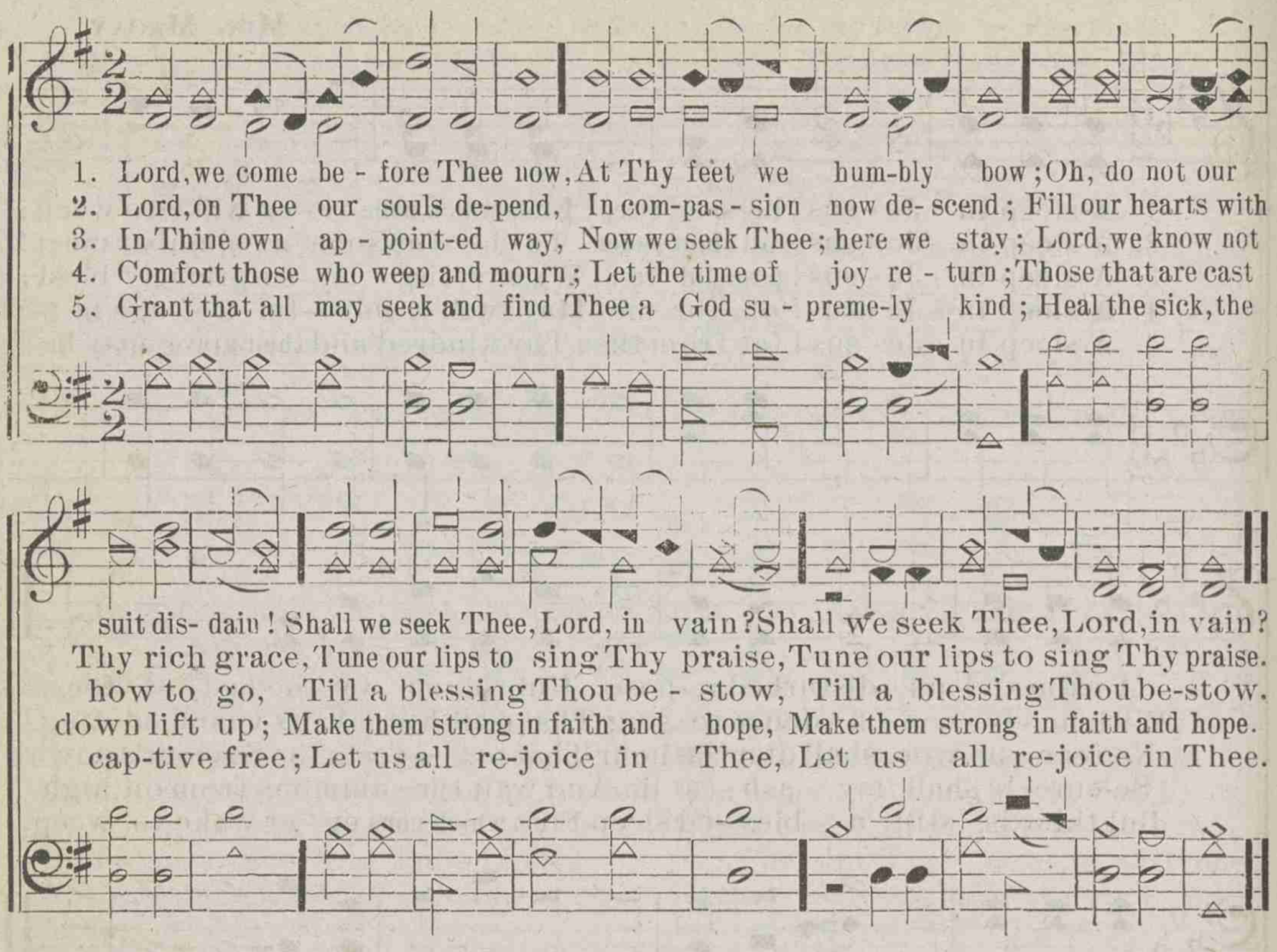
4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

272. ASLEEP IN JESUS.

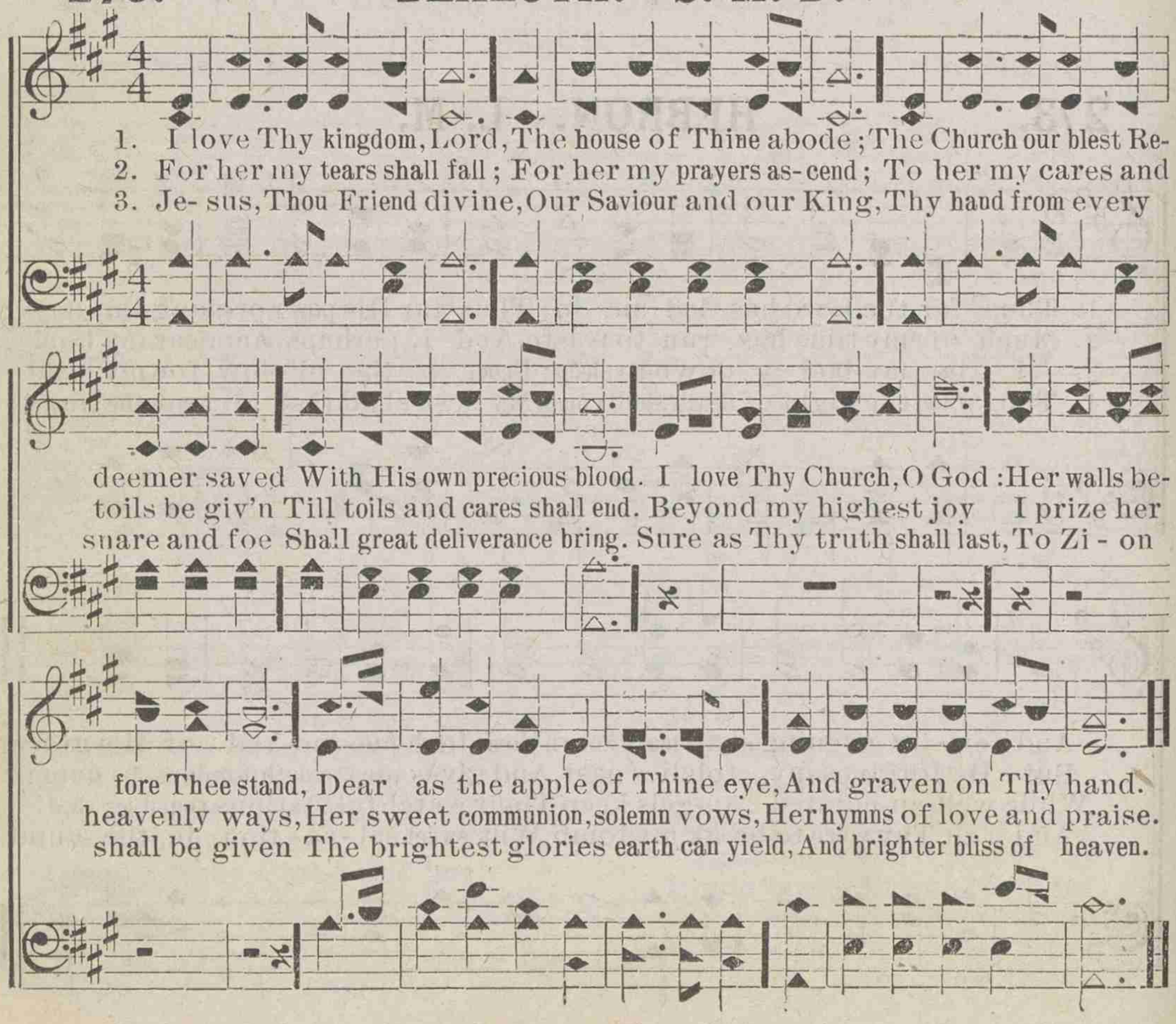
MRS. MACAY.

273. HEBRON. L. M.



274. HENDON. 7s.



275. BEALOTH. S. M. D.



276. WHAT WONDROUS LOVE.

"Behold what manner of love."—1 John 3 : 1.

Anon. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. What wondrous love is this,— O my soul! O my soul! What
2. When I was sink-ing down, Sink-ing down, sink-ing down. When
3. Ye wing-ed ser-aphs, fly! Bear the news, bear the news! Ye
4. To God and to the Lamb I will sing! I will sing! To

wondrous love is this,— O my soul! What wondrous love is this
I was sink-ing down, Sink-ing down! When I was sink-ing down
wing-ed ser-aphs, fly, Bear the news! Ye wing-ed ser-aphs, fly
God and to the Lamb I will sing! To God and to the Lamb,

That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dreadful curse For my
Be-neath God's righteous frown, Christ laid a-side His crown For my
Like light-ning thro' the sky, Fill vast e-ter-ni-ty With the
And to the great I Am, While mil-lions join the psalm, I will

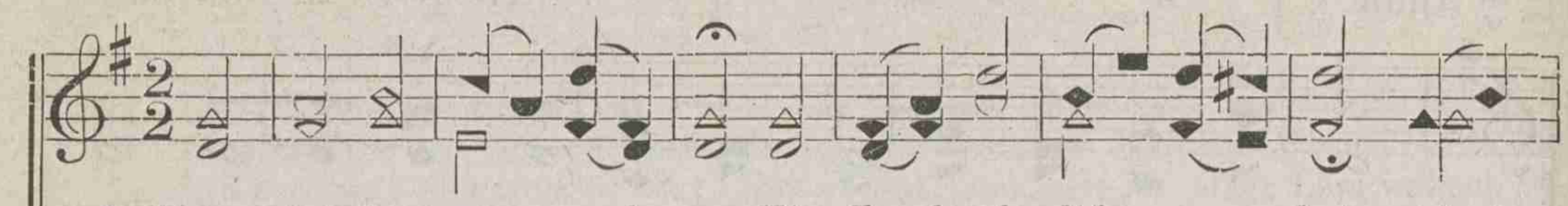
soul, for my soul? To bear the dread-ful curse For my soul?
soul, for my soul; Christ laid a-side His crown For my soul.
news, with the news, Fill vast e-ter-ni-ty With the news.
sing, I will sing, While mil-lions join the psalm, I will sing!

Copyright, 1887, by D. E. DORTCH.

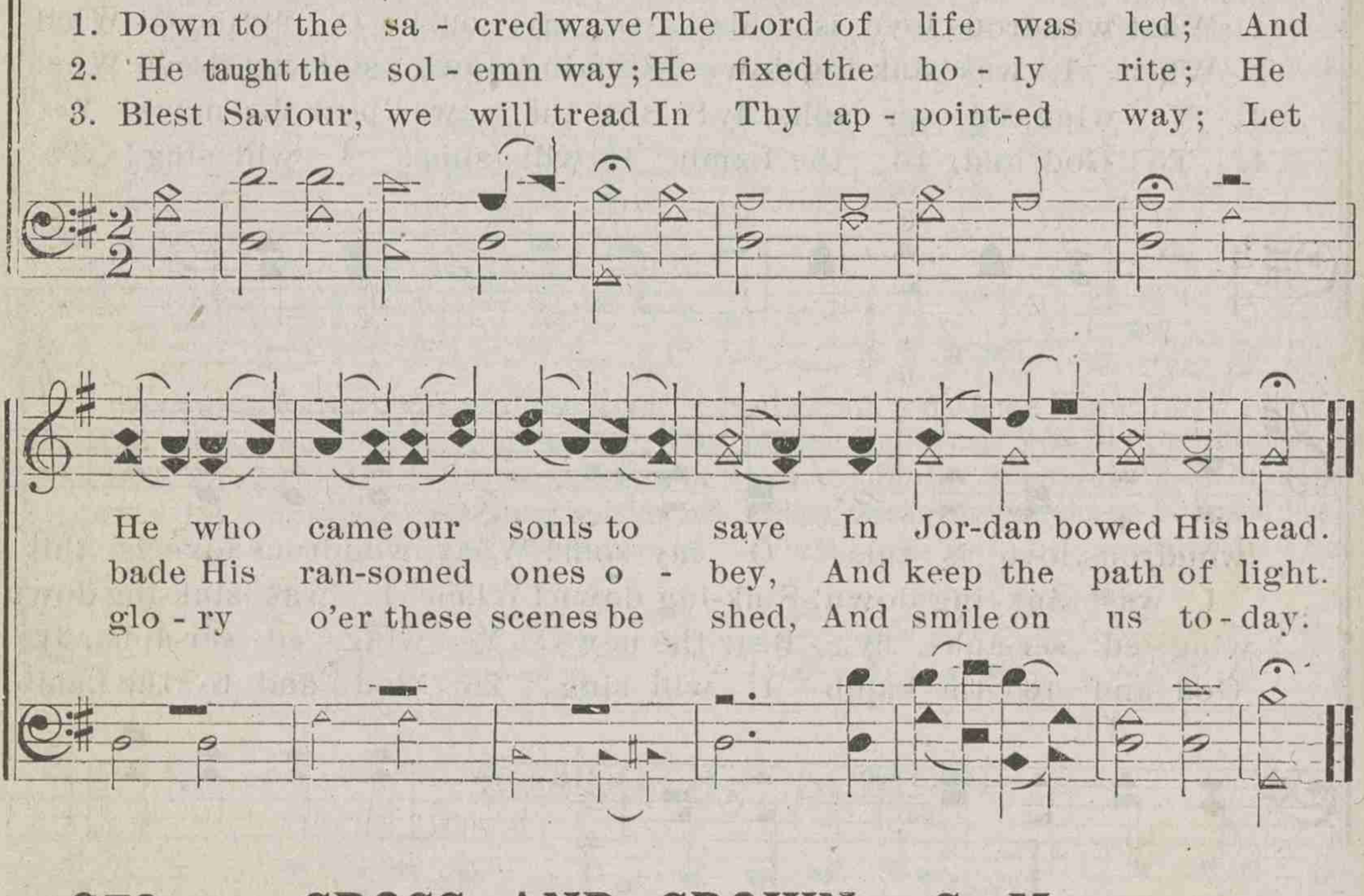
277. BAPTISM.

DOWN TO THE SACRED WAVE.

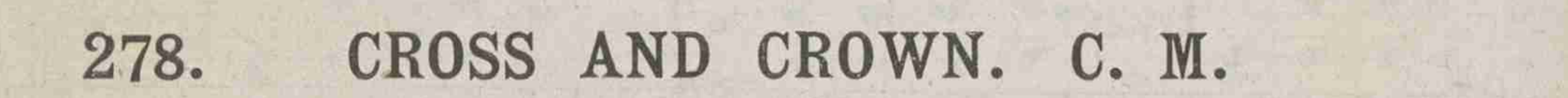
S. F. SMITH. STANLEY.



1. Down to the sa - cred wave The Lord of life was led; And
2. He taught the sol - emn way; He fixed the ho - ly rite; He
3. Blest Saviour, we will tread In Thy ap - point-ed way; Let

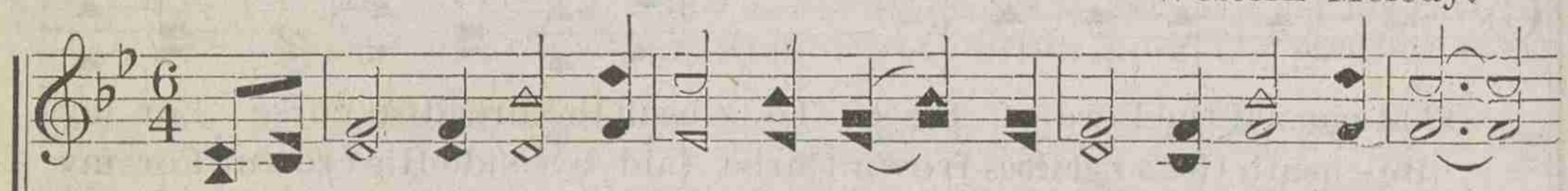


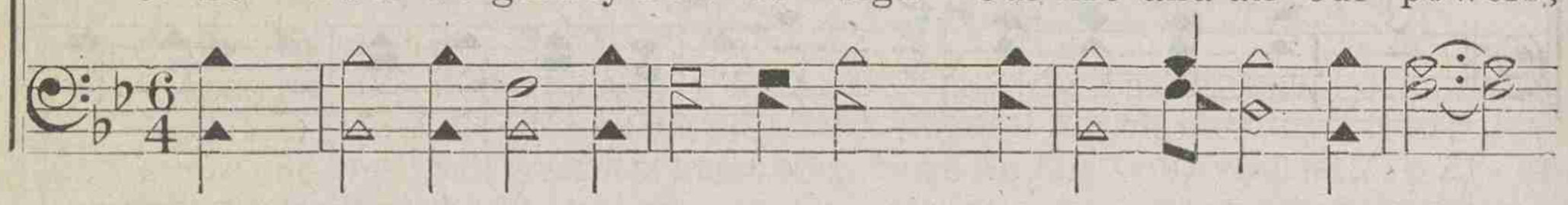
He who came our souls to save In Jor-dan bowed His head.
bade His ran-somed ones o - bey, And keep the path of light.
glo - ry o'er these scenes be shed, And smile on us to-day.

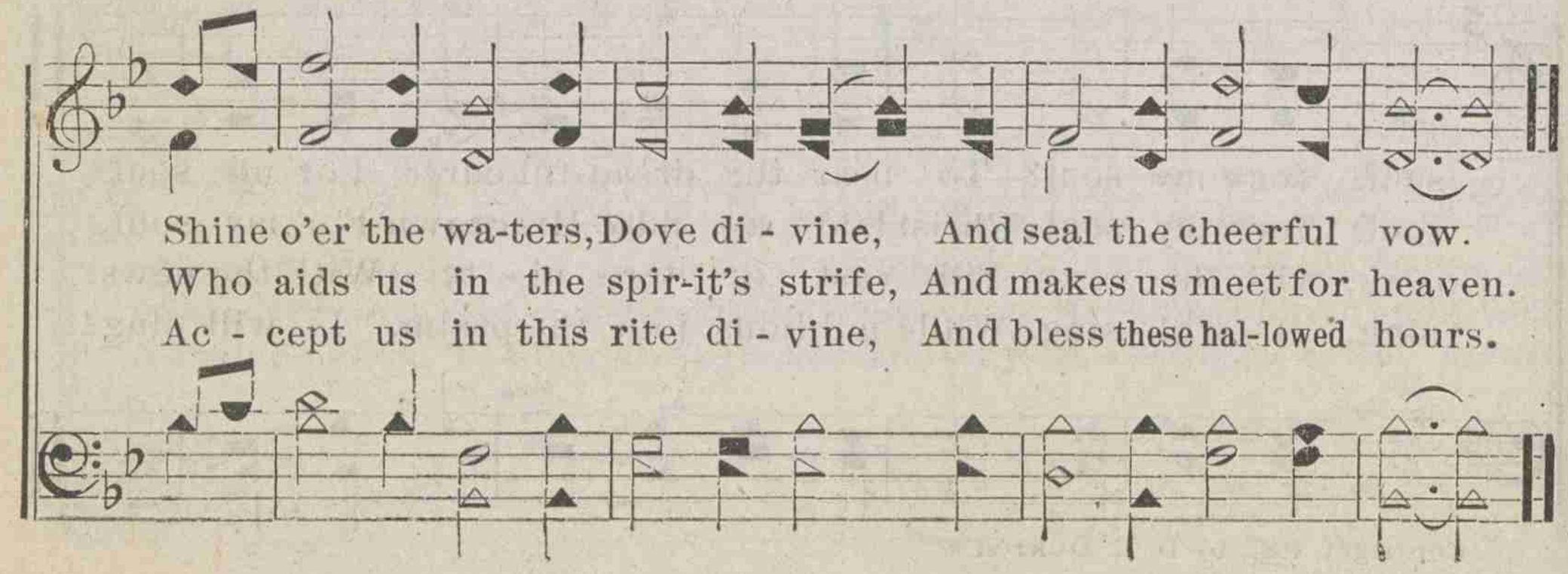


278. CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

Western Melody.



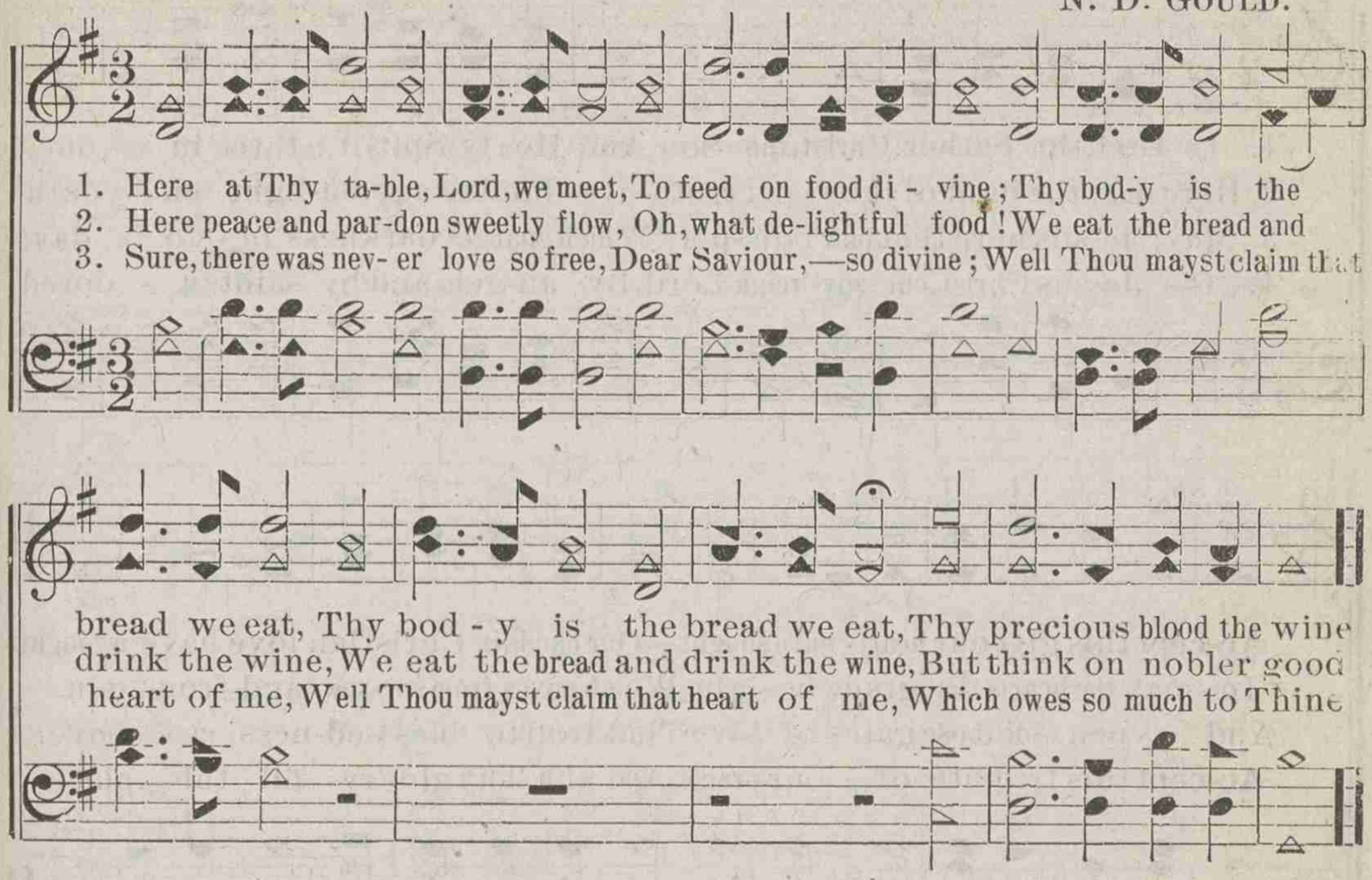
1. While in the sa - cred rite of Thine, We yield our spir-its now,
2. All glo - ry be to Him whose life For ours was free-ly given;
3. To Thee we glad-ly now re - sign Our life and all our powers;

Shine o'er the wa-ters, Dove di - vine, And seal the cheerful vow.
Who aids us in the spir-it's strife, And makes us meet for heaven.
Ac - cept us in this rite di - vine, And bless these hal-lowed hours.



279. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

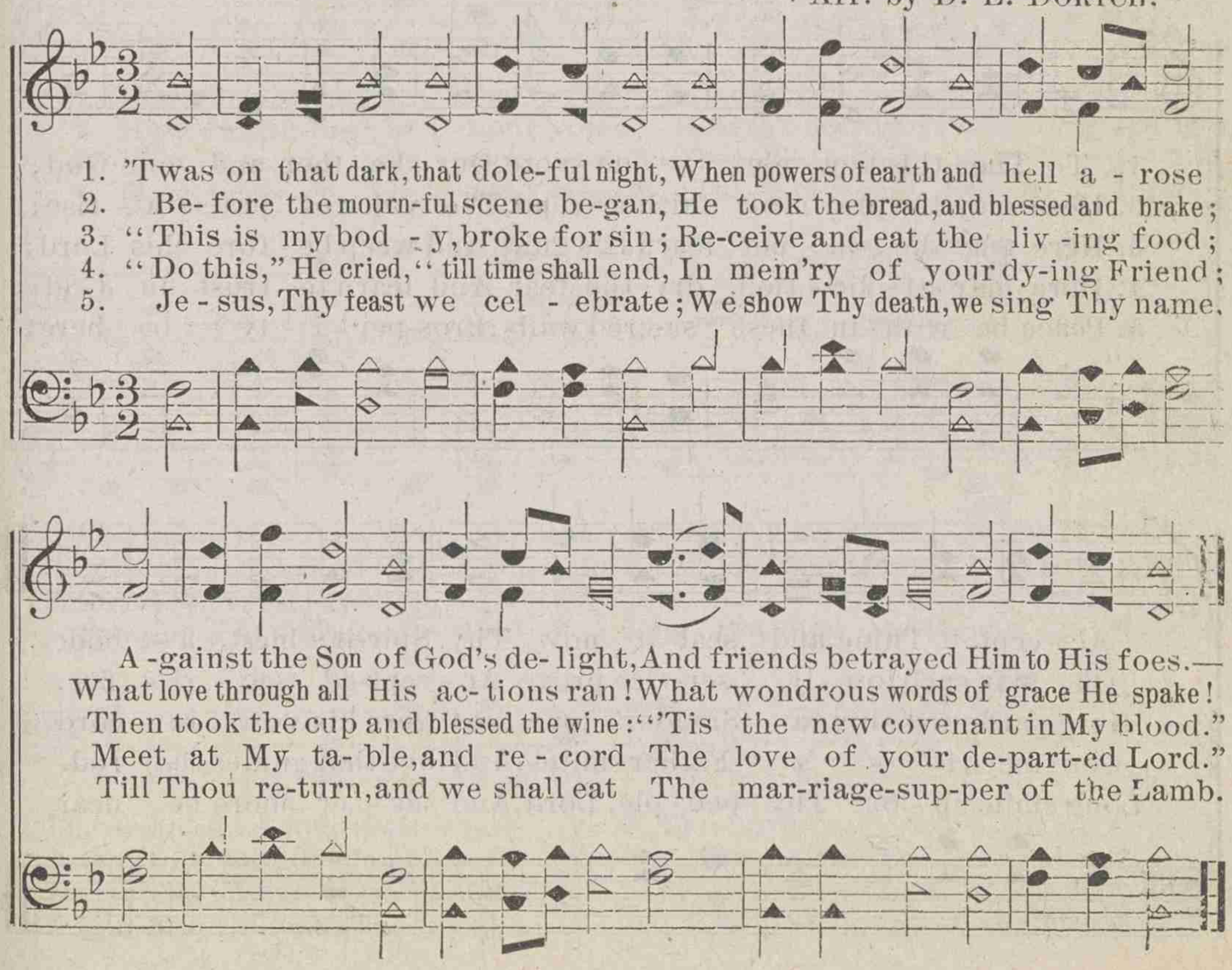
WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.



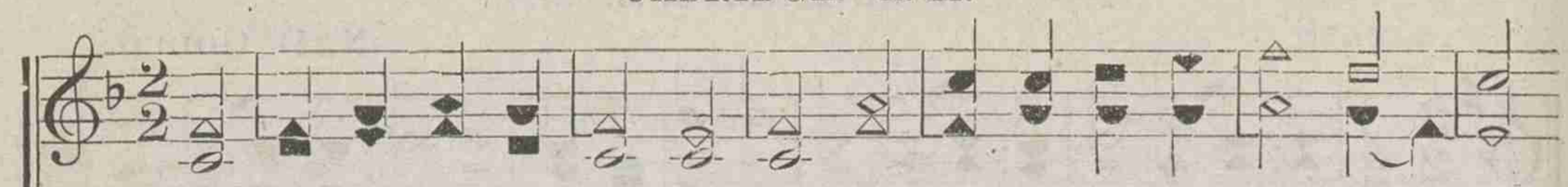
280. ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

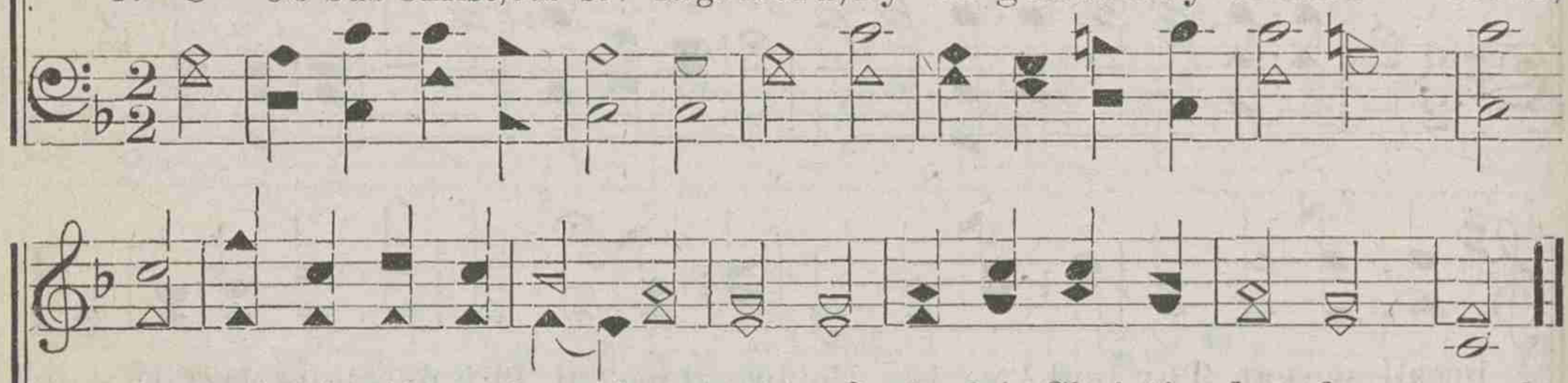
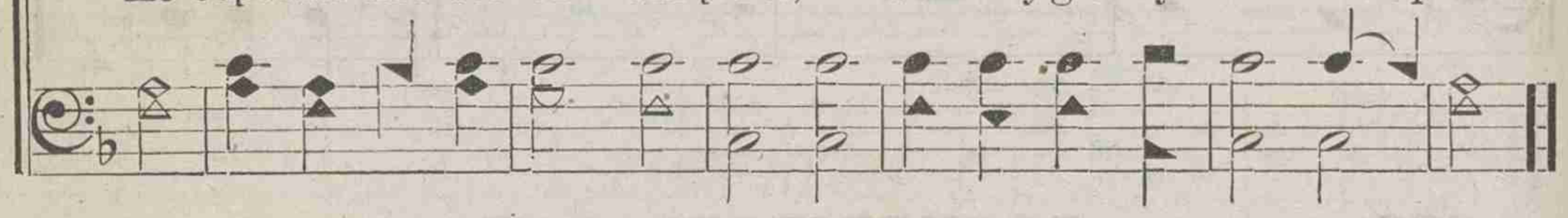
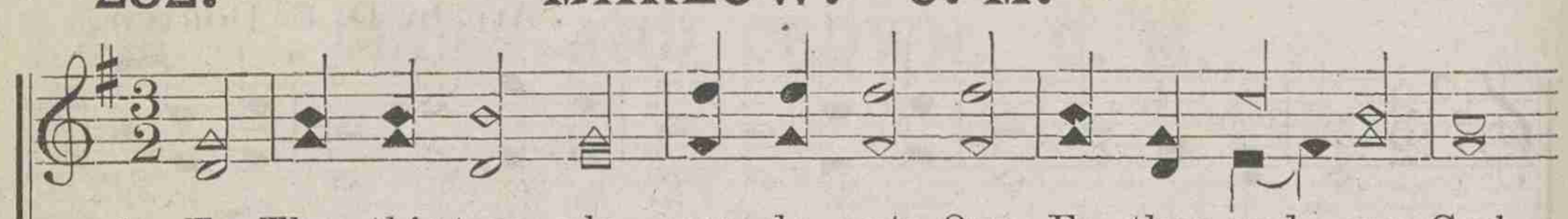
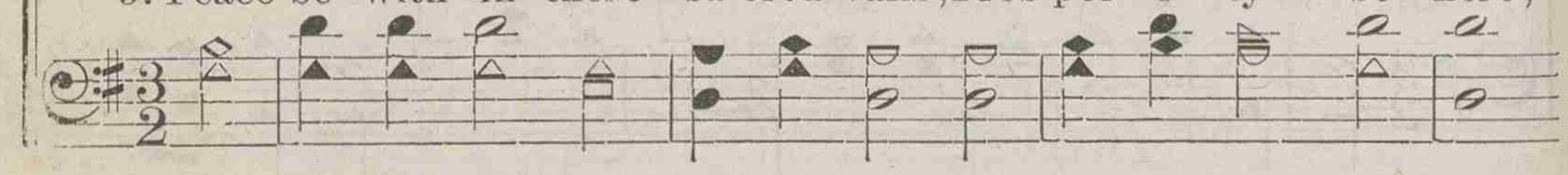
Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

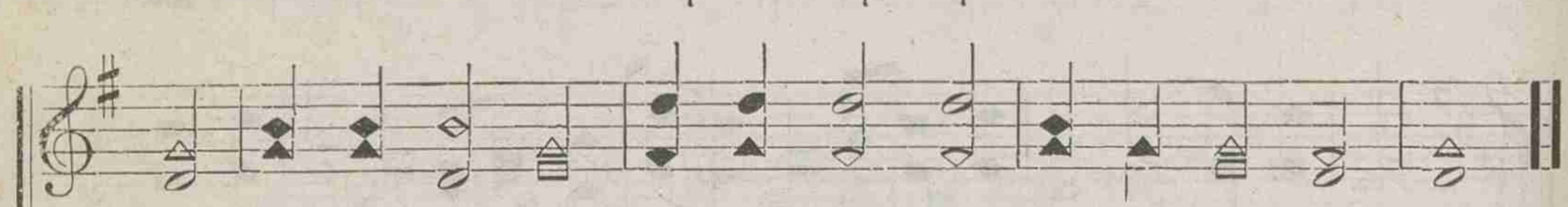


281. DEDICATION.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

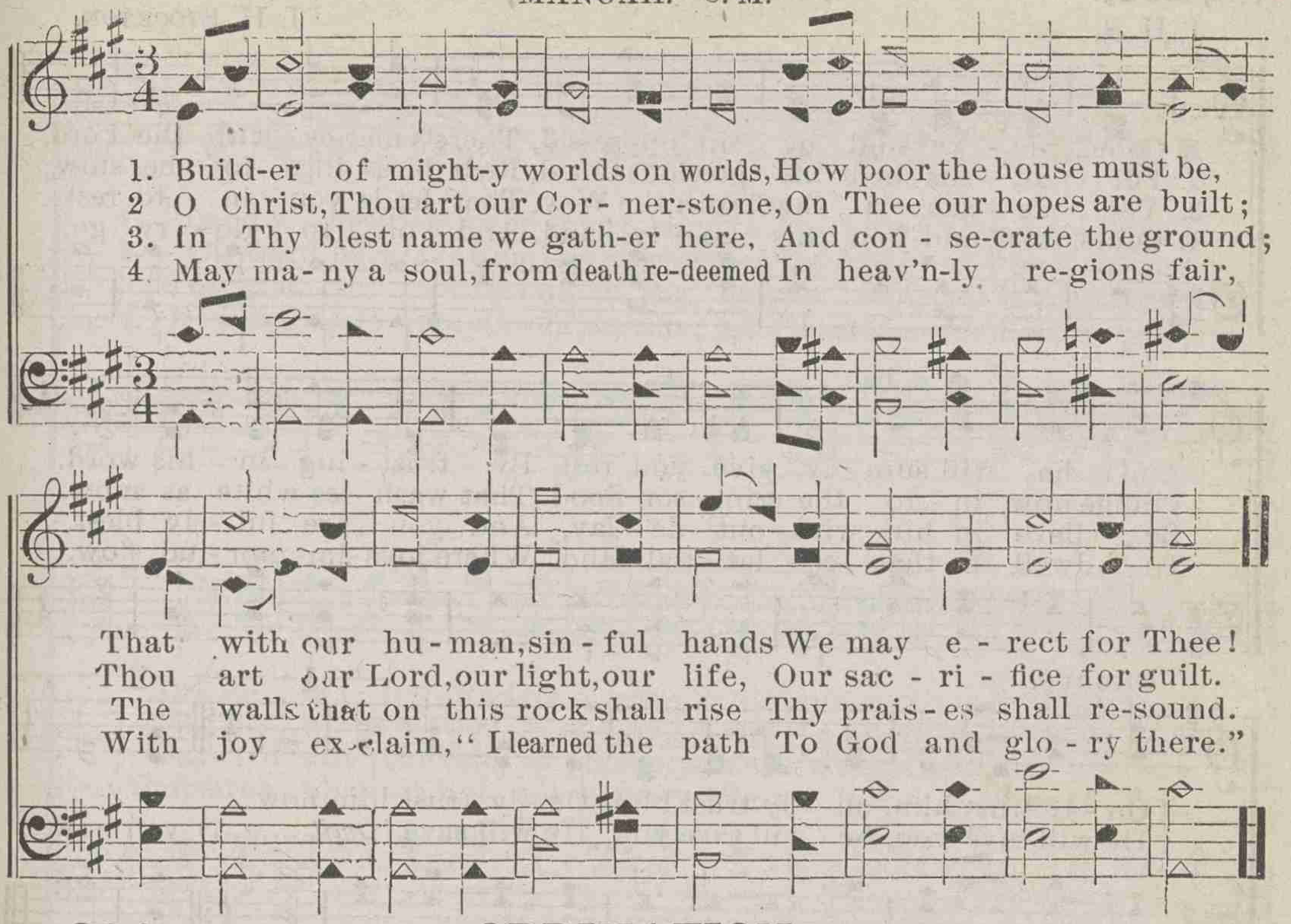


1. O God, the Father, Christ, the Son, And Ho-ly Spir-it, three in one,
2. Here may the light of gos-pel truth Il-lumine age, en-light-en youth:
3. May Je-sus here that pow'r dis-play Which changes darkness in-to day,
4. O Je-sus Christ, our sov-'reign Lord, By an-gels and by saints a-dored,

Ac-cept this gift our hearts have sought—Our hands in Christian love have wrought.
In ma-ny hearts that grace be-gin, Which saves from sor-row and from sin.
And o-pen wide those gates of love That lead to bless-ed-ness a-bove.
Ac-cept this trib-ute of our praise, And with Thy glo-ry fill this place.

282. MARLOW. C. M.

1. To Thee this tem-ple we de-vote, Our Fa-ther and our God;
2. Here may the pray'r of faith as-cend, The voice of praise a-rise;
3. Here may the sin-ner learn His guilt, And weep be-fore his Lord;
4. Here may af-flic-tion dry the tear And learn to trust in God;
5. Peace be with-in these sa-cred walls; Pros-per-i-ty be here;

Ac-cept it Thine, and seal it now Thy Spir-it's blest a-bode.
Oh, may each low-ly ser-vice prove Ac-cept-ed sac-ri-fice.
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love And here his vows re-cord.
Convinced it is a Father smites, And love that guides the rod.
Long smile up-on Thy peo-ple, Lord, And ev-er-more be near.



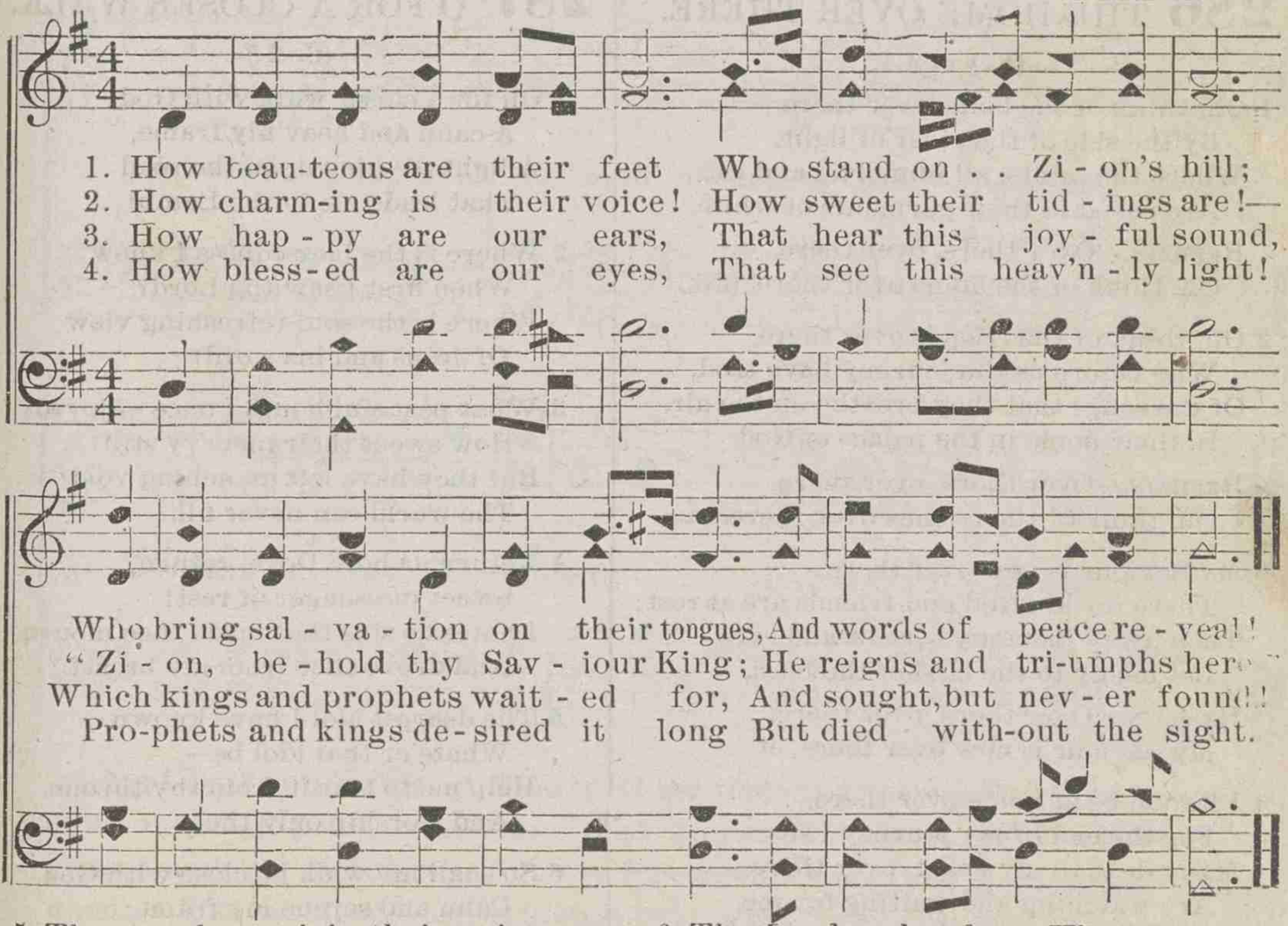
283. LAYING A CORNER STONE.

MANOAH. C. M.



284. ORDINATION.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. HANDEL.

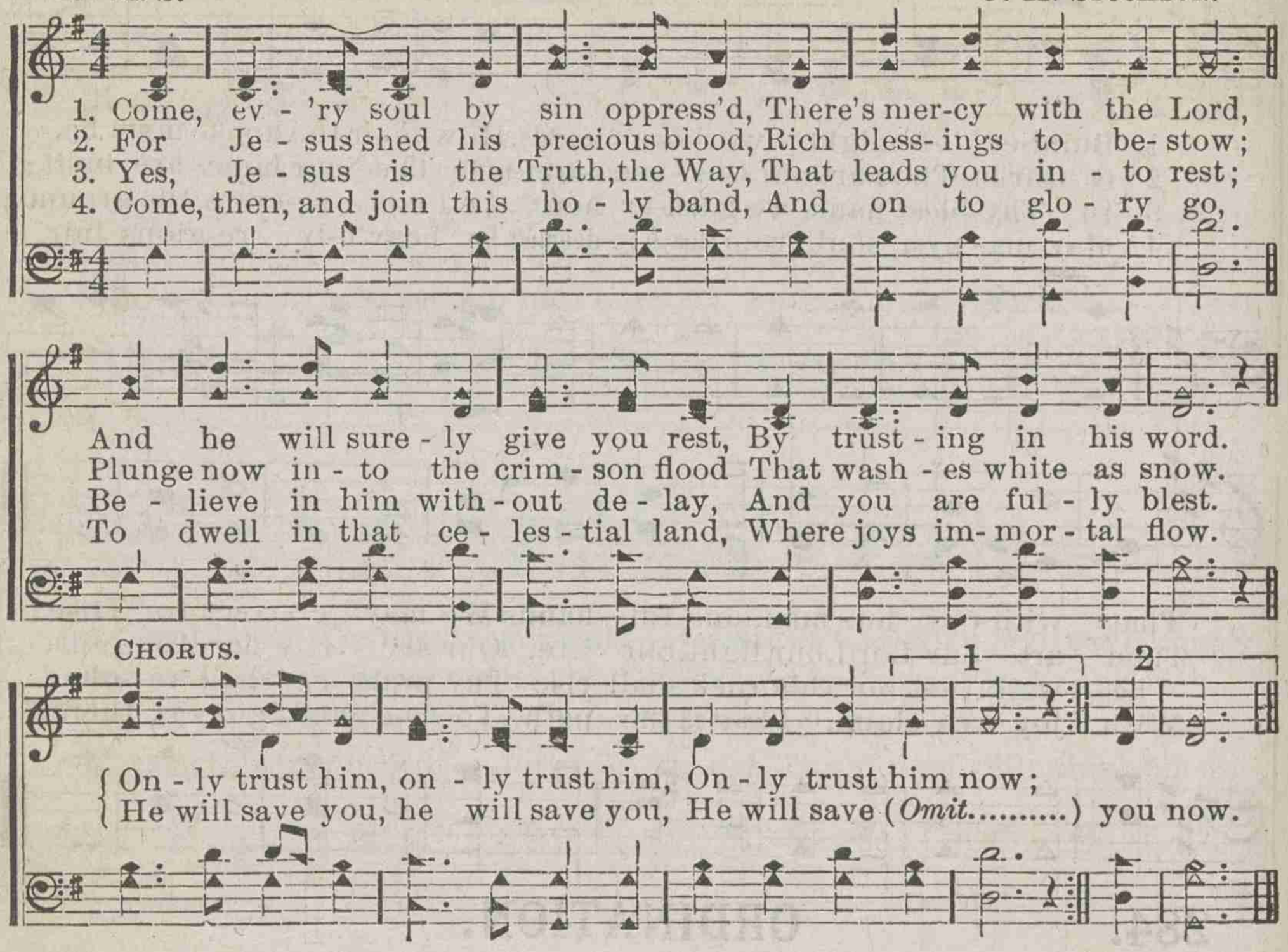


5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

No. 285. ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.



286 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, et

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'll soon be at home over there, etc.

—*D. W. C. Huntington.*

287 O FOR A CLOSER WALK.

(C. M.)

1 Oh for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.

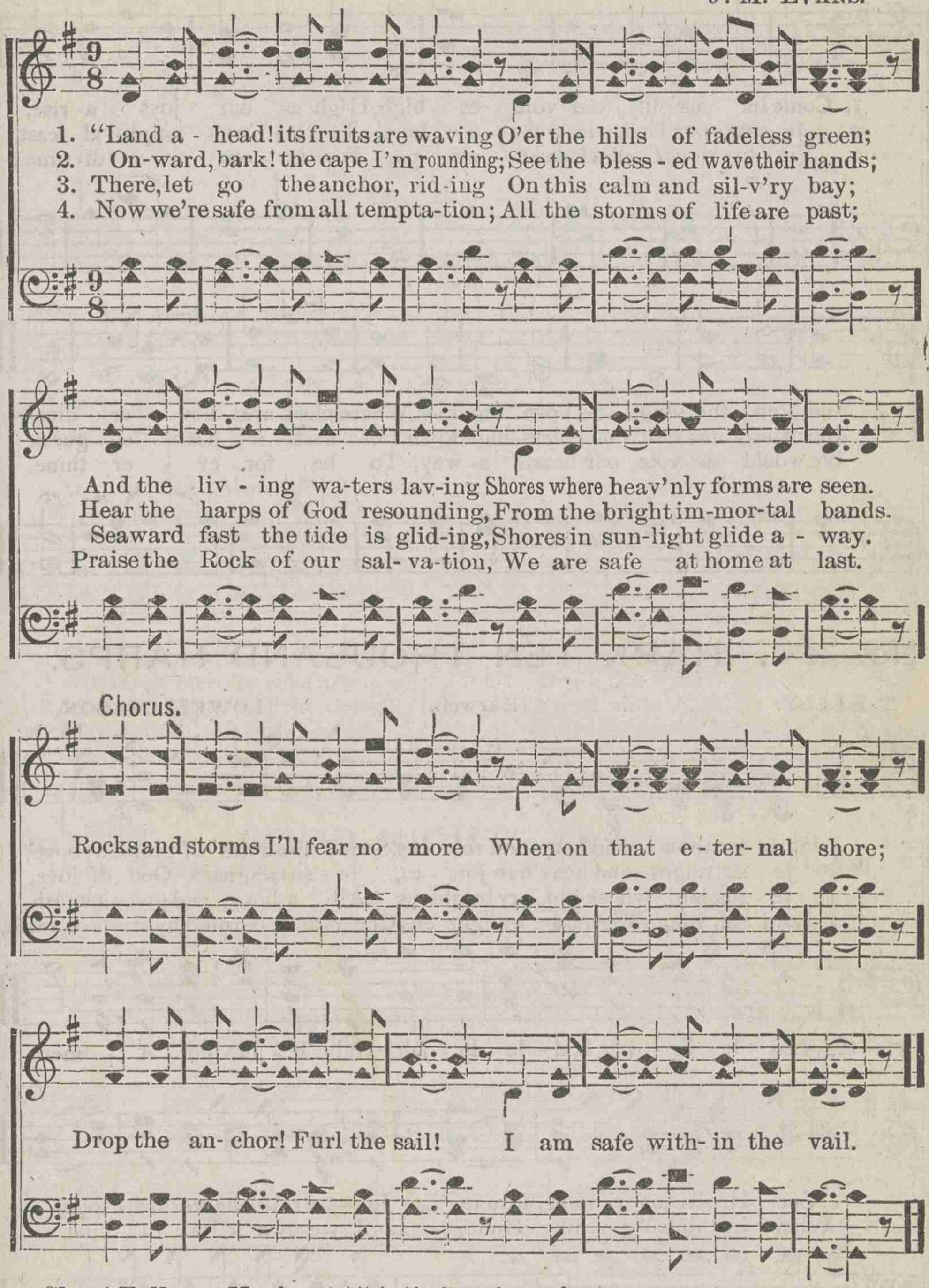
5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be—
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

—*William Cowper.*

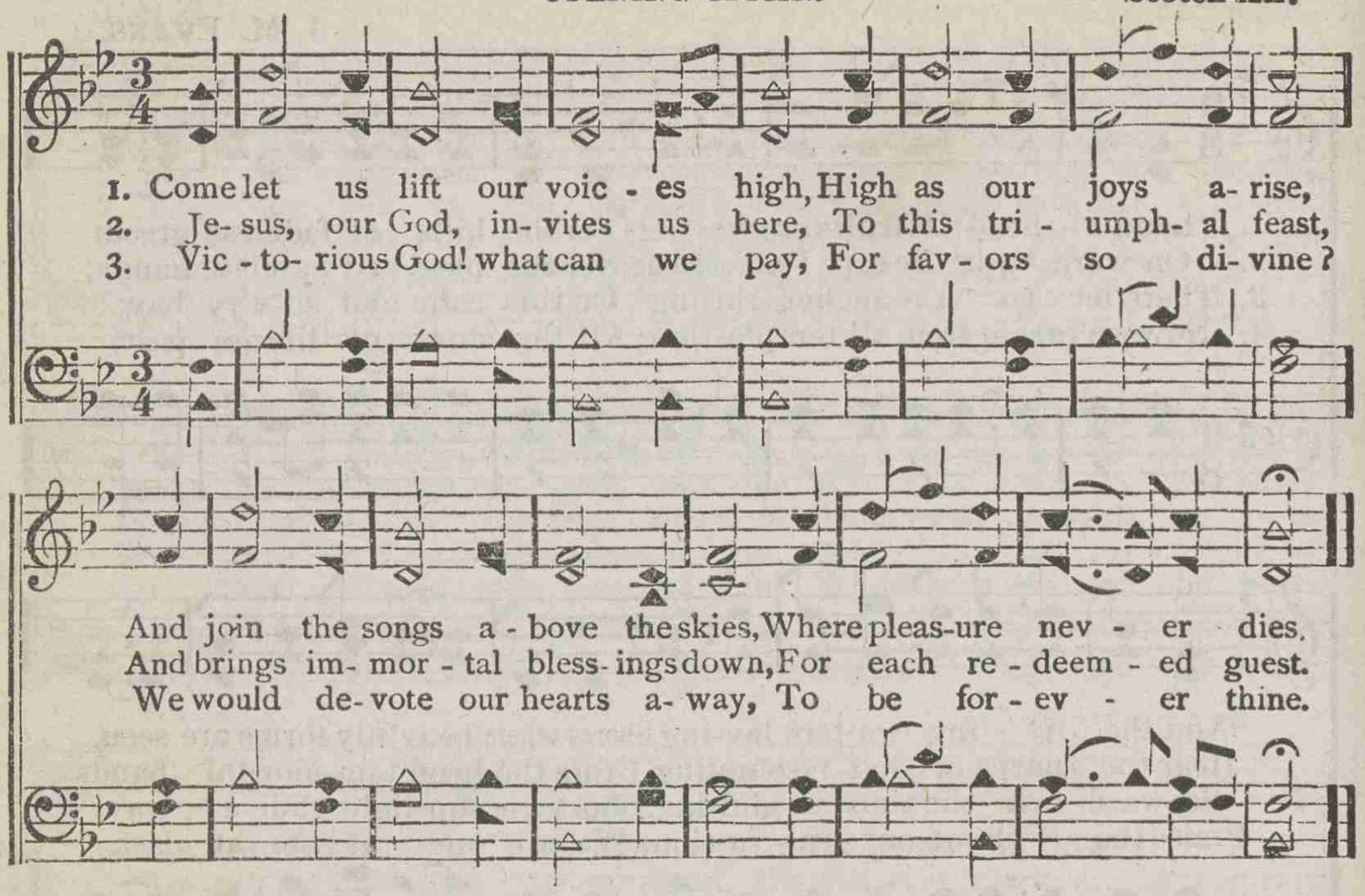
No. 288. SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

J. M. EVANS.

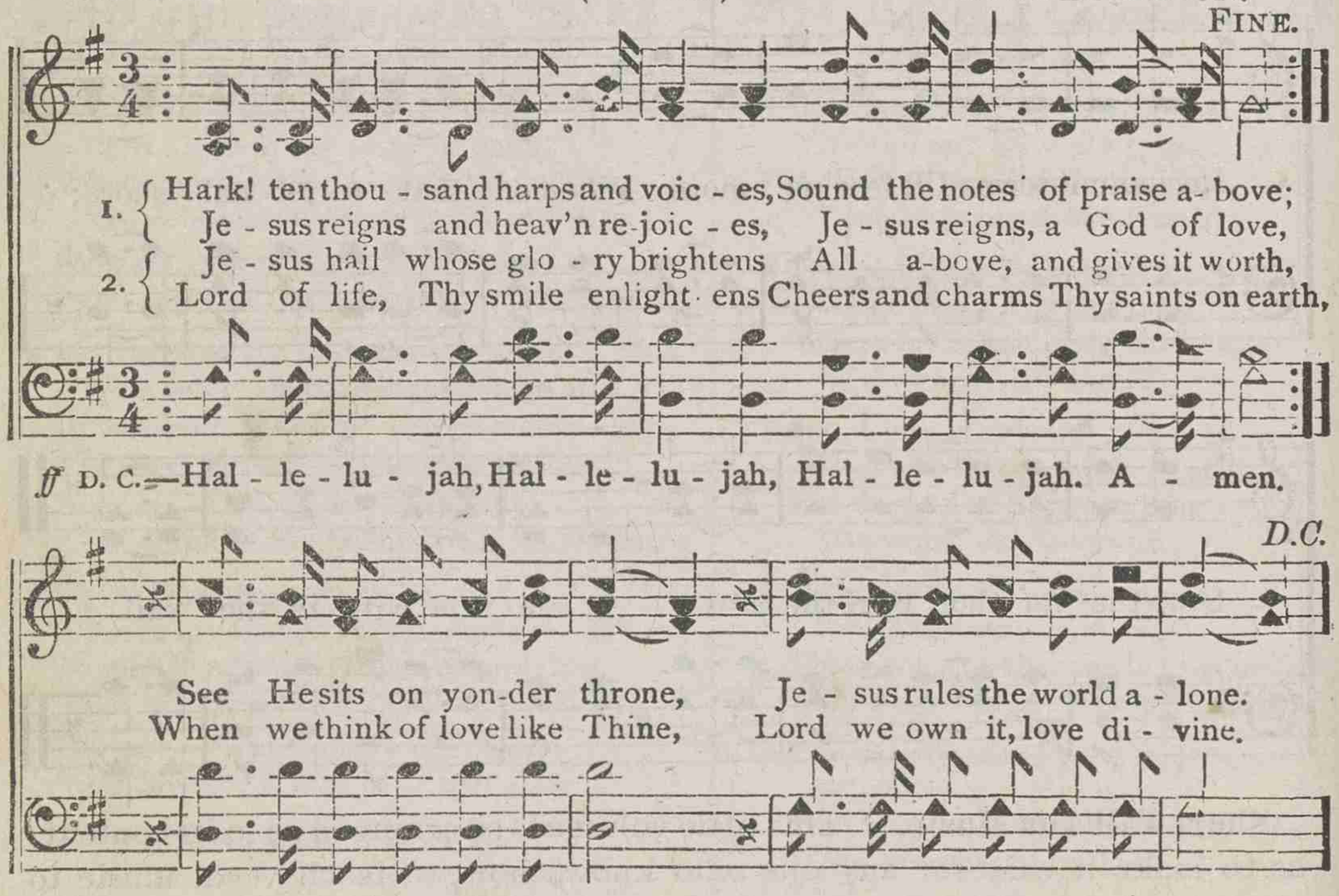


Short Talks on Music. "This little volume is so arranged as to its contents as to make it easy for any one who knows how, to teach vocal music to classes without difficulty, and easy for an ordinary person to learn to read music. The whole subject is simplified, so that any one who can be taught at all ought to have no trouble with this book as a guide. Voice culture is treated, also harmony and composition. The book closes with a number of selections for practice."—*The Cumberland Presbyterian, Nashville, Tenn.*

No. 289. COME LET US LIFT OUR VOICES.

OPENING HYMN. Scotch Air.

No. 290. HARK TEN THOUSAND HARPS.

T. KELLY. (Harwell.) LOWELL MASON.



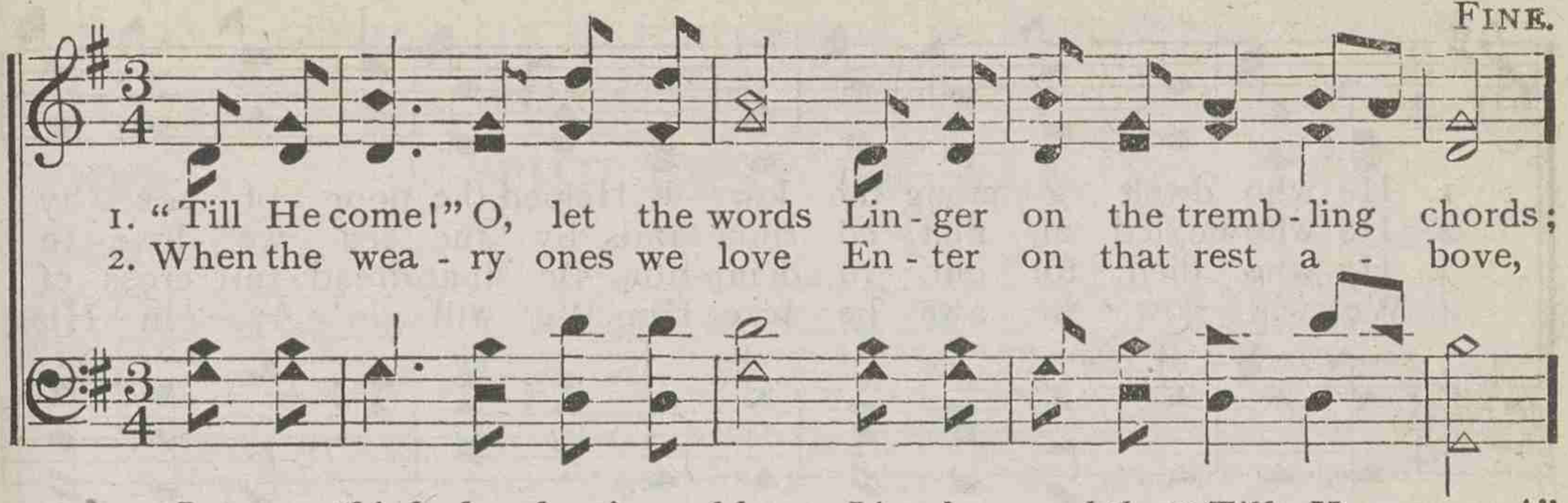
3 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever,
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
Happy object of thy grace,
Chosen to behold His face.

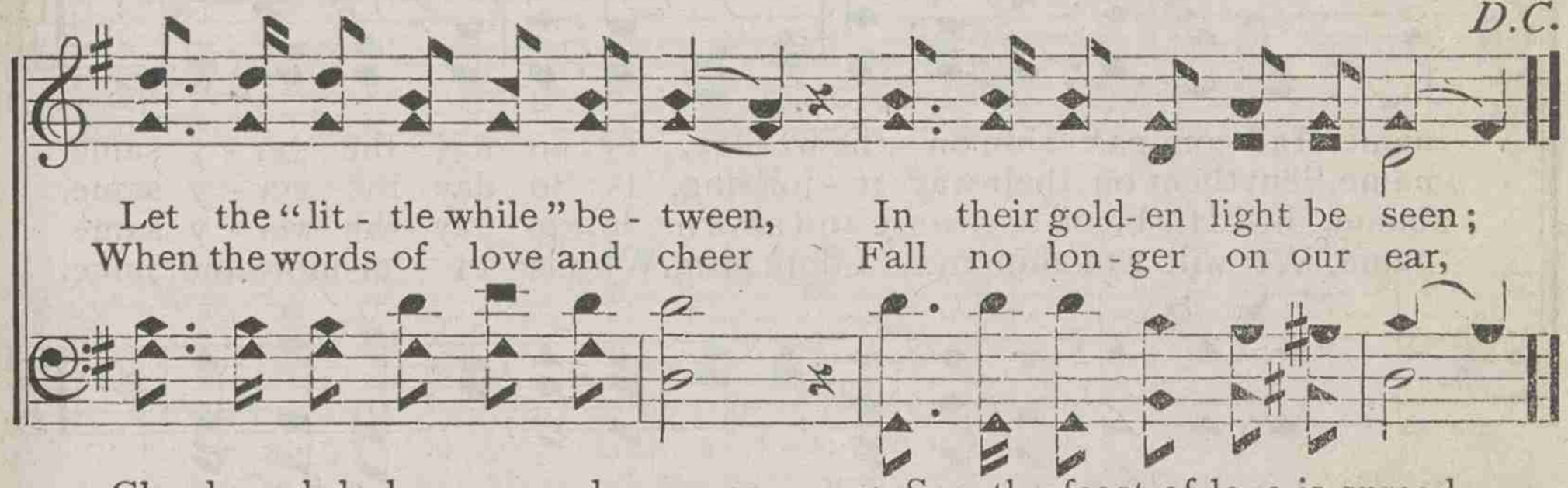
4 Saviour hasten thine appearing,
Bring O bring the glorious day;
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps will sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

No. 291. TILL HE COME. (Eltham.)

FOR COMMUNION SERVICE.

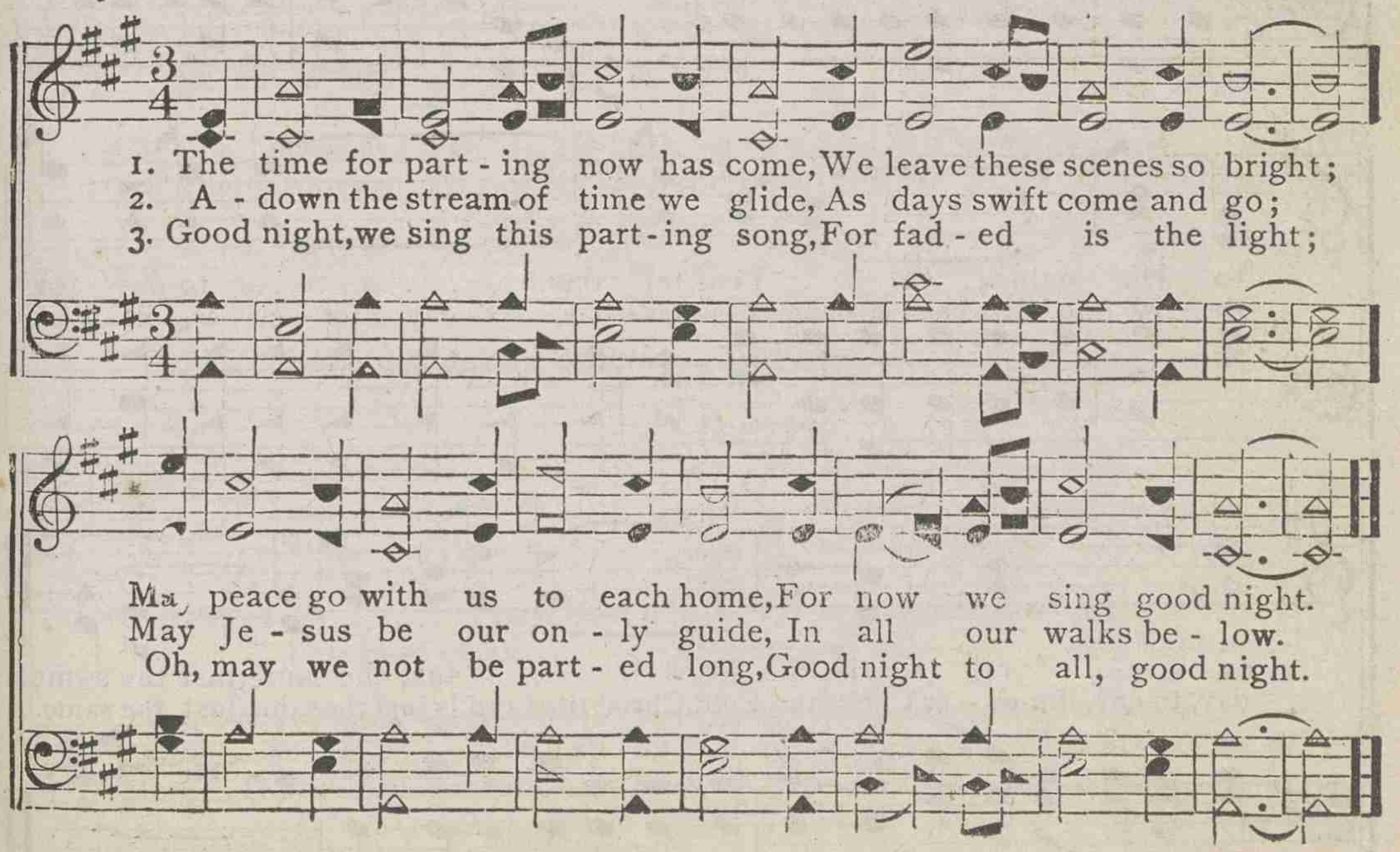
Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH. LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

D.C.— *Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come!"*
D.C.—*Hush! be ev-'ry mem-ber dumb, It is on-ly "Till He come!"*

D.C.

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

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

No. 292. GOOD NIGHT. (Avon.)

JOHN MCPHERSON. Scottish.

No. 293. EVER THE SAME.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. He who dwelt a - mong the low - ly, Helped the poor of ev - 'ry name, Had com-pas - sion on the wea - ry, Is to - day the ver - y same.
2. He who healed af - flict - ed thou-sands By the sea we love to name, Sent them on their way re - joic-ing, Is to - day the ver - y same.
3. He who died for our re - demp-tion, On that dread - ful cross of shame, Shed His blood to cleanse and save us, Is to - day the ver - y same.
4. We will bow in awe be - fore Him, We will glo - ry in His name, We will wor-ship and a-dore Him, Who is ev - er-more the same.

REFRAIN.

Just the same, . . O hal-le - lu - - jah, Glo-ry, glo - - ry
Just the same, just the same, O hal-le - lu - jah just the same, Glory, glory to His name,
to His name; . . . . Yes - ter - day, ... to-day, for -
Glo - ry to His bless-ed name; Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Yes - ter -
ev - - er, Christ the Lord . . . is just the same, just the same.
day, to-day, for-ev - er, Christ the Lord, Christ the Lord is just the same, just the same.

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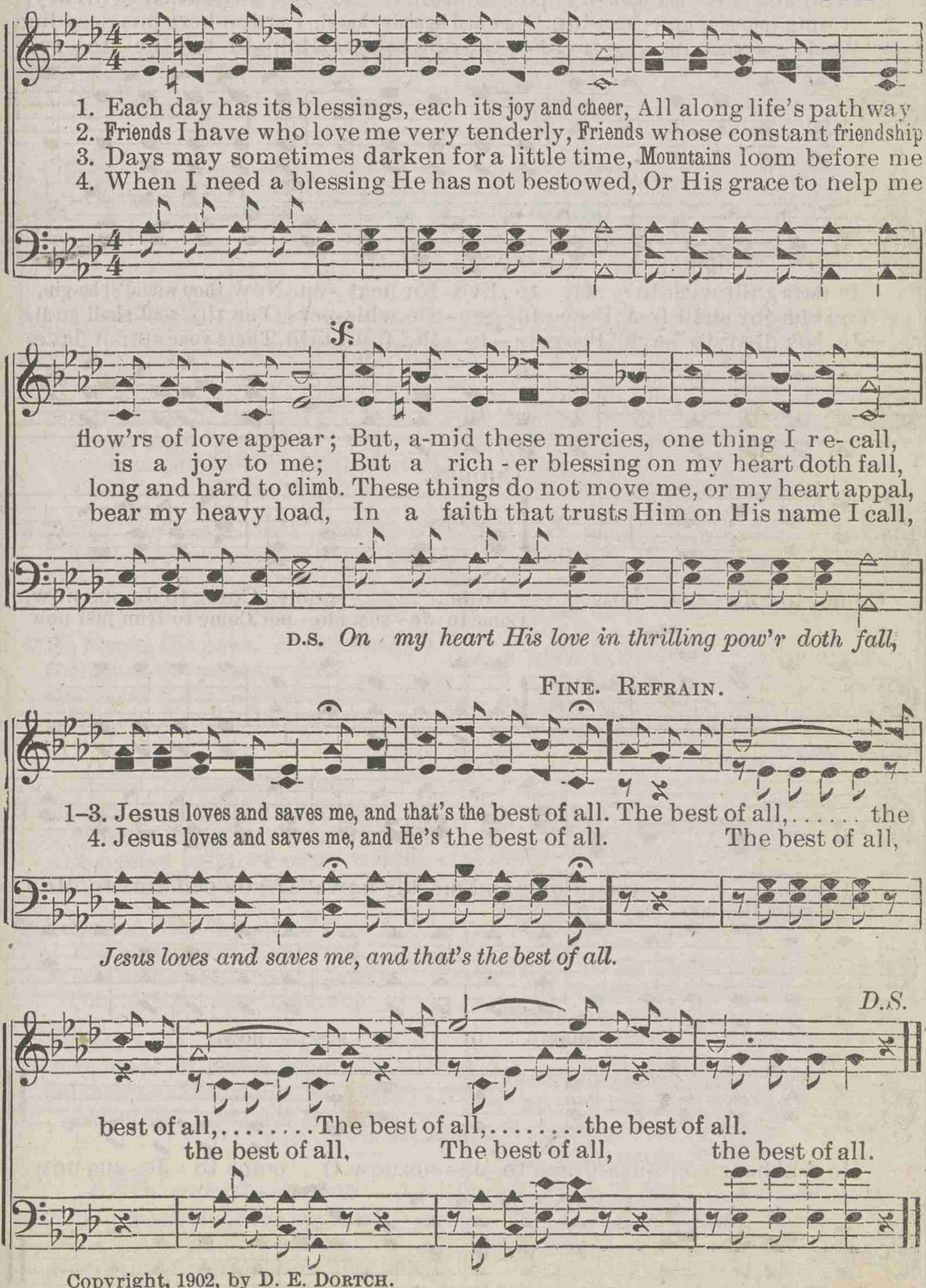
DORTCH'S GOSPEL VOICES No. 3.

By D. E. Dortch, R. R. Emerson, J. A. Bell, W. G. Cooper.

Copyright, 1902, by D. E. Dortch.

294 THE BEST OF ALL.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. D. E. Dortch.

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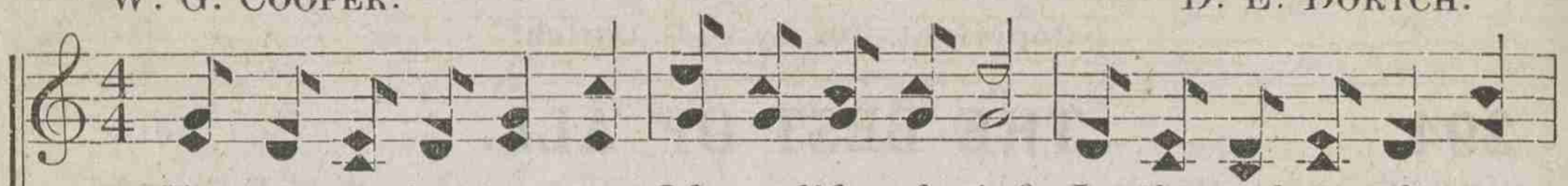
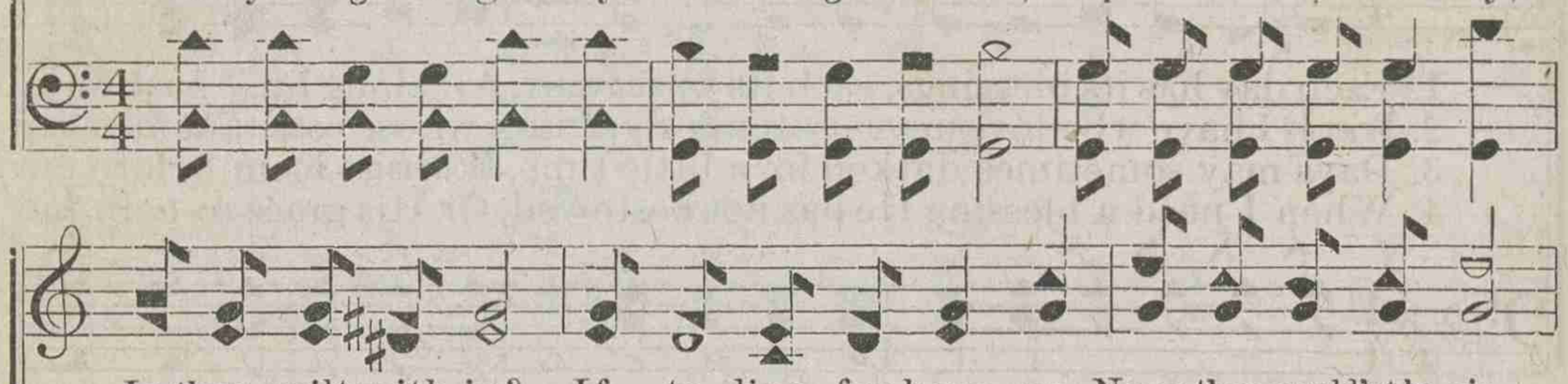
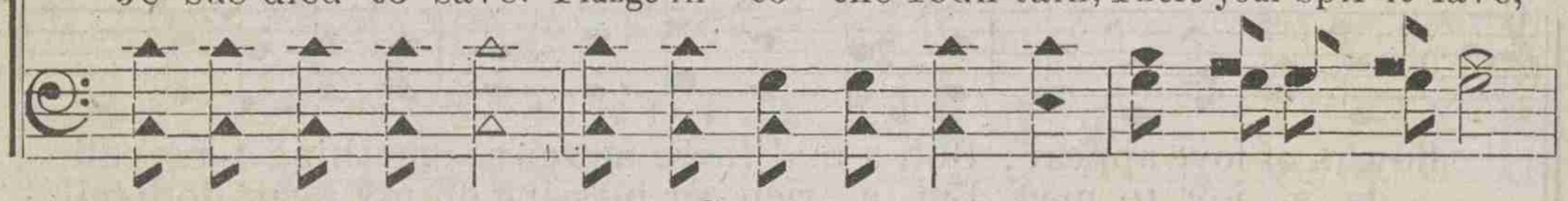
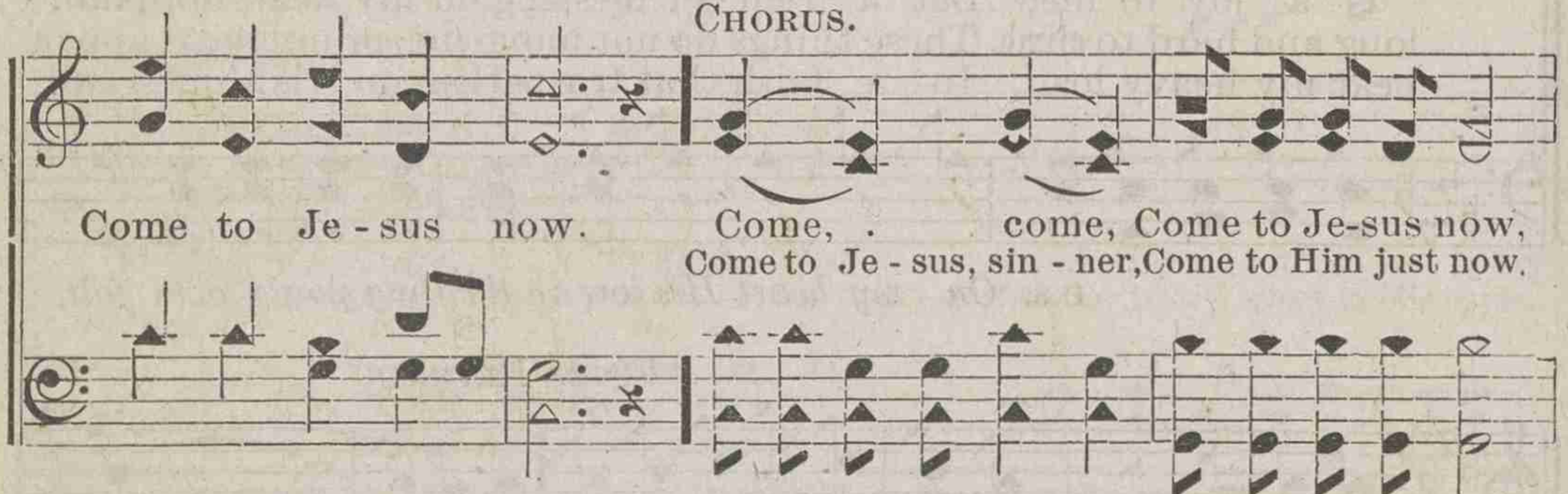
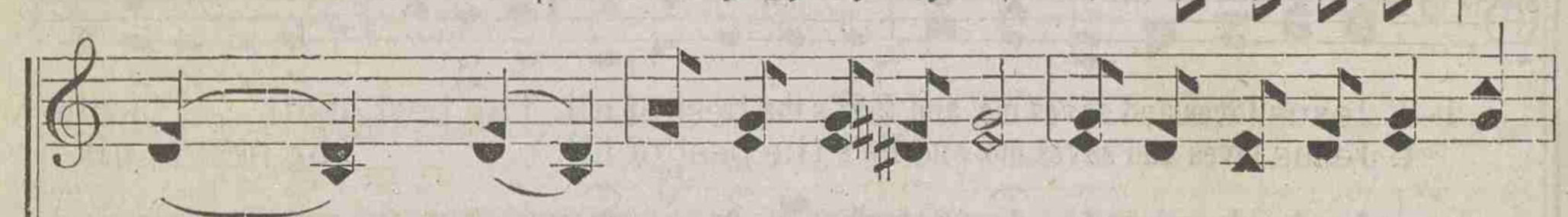
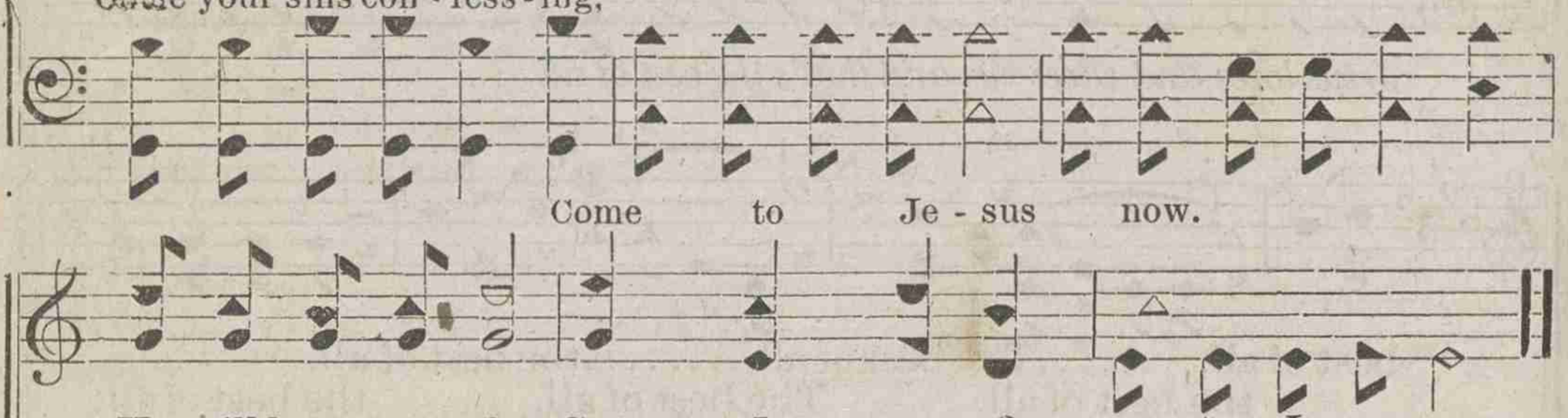
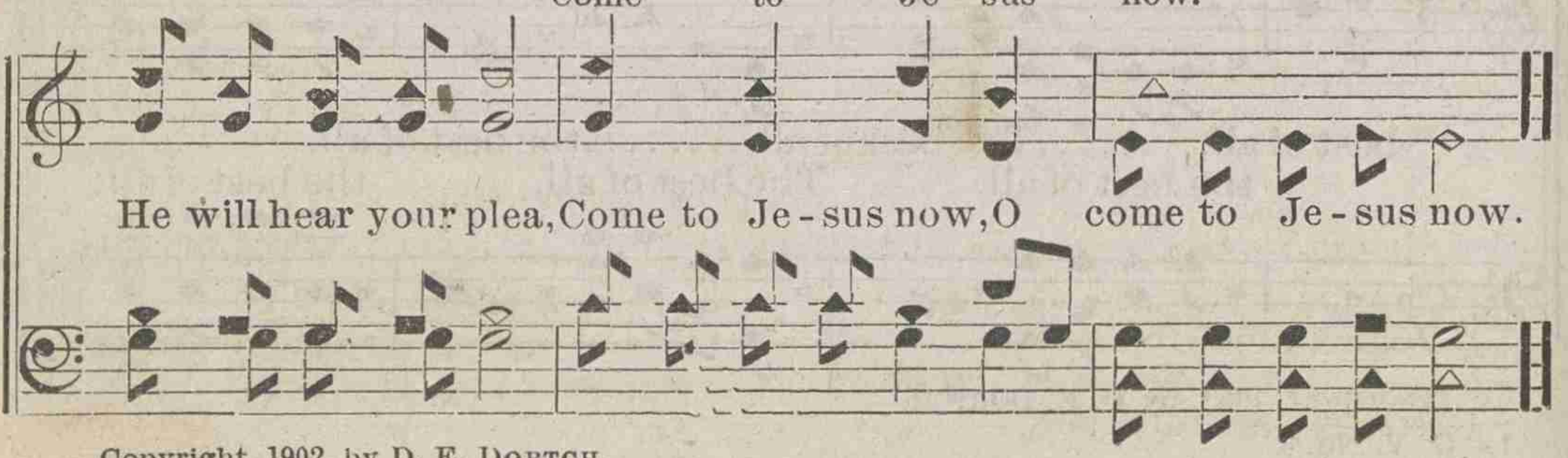
295 COME TO JESUS NOW.

"Now is the accepted time." —2 Cor. 6: 2.

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

1. Sin-ner, art thou wea-ry Of a life of sin? Is thy pathway dreary,
2. Come your sins con-fess-ing, Come and humbly kneel, Pardon here pos-sess-ing,
3. Would you reign in glo-ry? For the right be brave; Help to tell the sto-ry,

Is there guilt with-in? If, to live for heav-en, Now thou would'st be-gin,
You with joy shall feel; Peace in gen-tle whis-pers O'er thy soul shall steal,
"Je-sus died to save." Plunge in-to the foun-tain, There your spir-it lave,

CHORUS.

Come to Je-sus now. Come, . come, Come to Je-sus now,
Come to Je-sus, sin-ner, Come to Him just now.

Come, . . come, Come and meekly bow; If you call un-to Him
Come your sins con-fess-ing,



Come to Je-sus now.



He will hear your plea, Come to Je-sus now, O come to Je-sus now.

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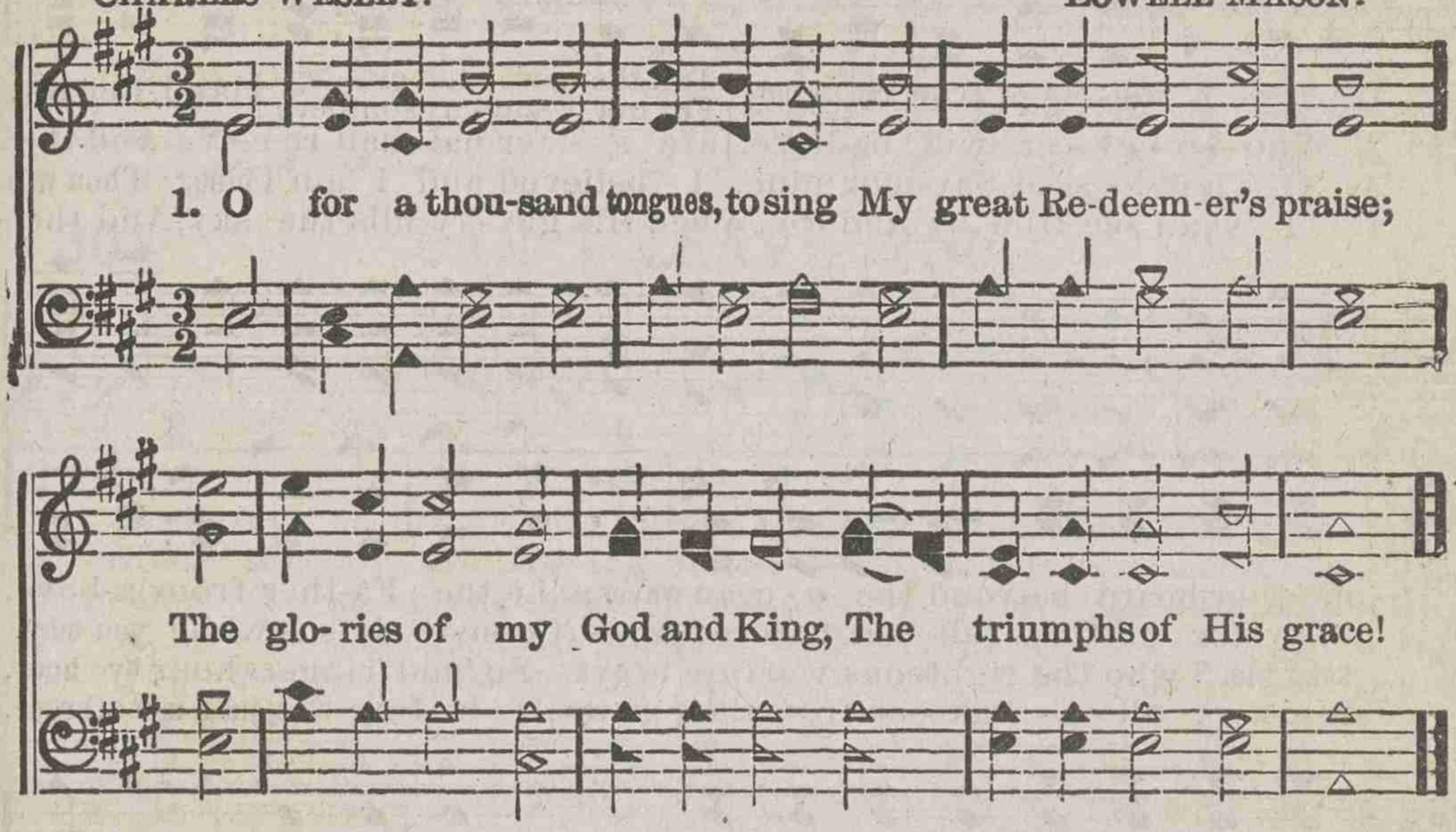
296 O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

AZMON. C. M

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

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

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

297 *See music above.*

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

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

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

John Newton.

298 *See music above.*

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

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

Charles Wesley.

299 *See music above.*

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?

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

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

Isaac Watts.

300 I'VE A MESSAGE.

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

1. I've a mes-sage true and grand, { Tell the news to ev - 'ry / For our sun - ny southern } land, Let its sound be heard be-yond the o - cean waves; "Lo, the Fa-ther from a-bove,
2. Who - so - ev - er will be-lieve, Life e - ter-nal shall re-ceive, And the cure for all that fall - en nature craves; Come to Je-sus while you may,
3. O, Thou blessed Sav-iour mine, I believed and I am Thine," Thou wilt keep him" who the righteous warfare braves; So 'mid dangers hour by hour,
4. I shall see Him by and by, When His glo - ry fills the sky, And the sleep - ers all a - wak - en from their graves; If be-fore the judg-ment throne,

Sent to us His Son in love, "'Tis the ev -er precious gospel, "Jesus saves."
Ere shall fall life's sun - set ray, Then "too late" to hear the message — "Jesus saves."
Trusting in His mighty pow'r, Gladly I would tell the story — "Jesus saves."
He shall claim me as His own, Then how sweet to know for-ever — "Jesus saves."

CHORUS.

I've a mes-sage true and grand { Tell the news to ev' - ry / For our sun - ny south - ern } land, O be - lieve it, O receive it, it is true; Let His banner be unfurled, it is true;

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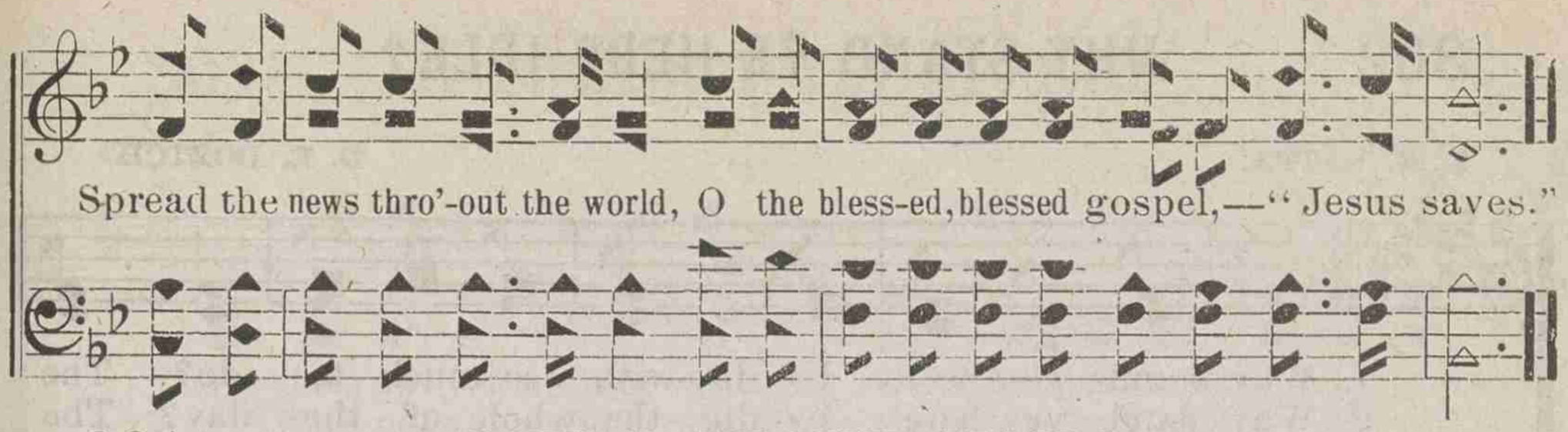
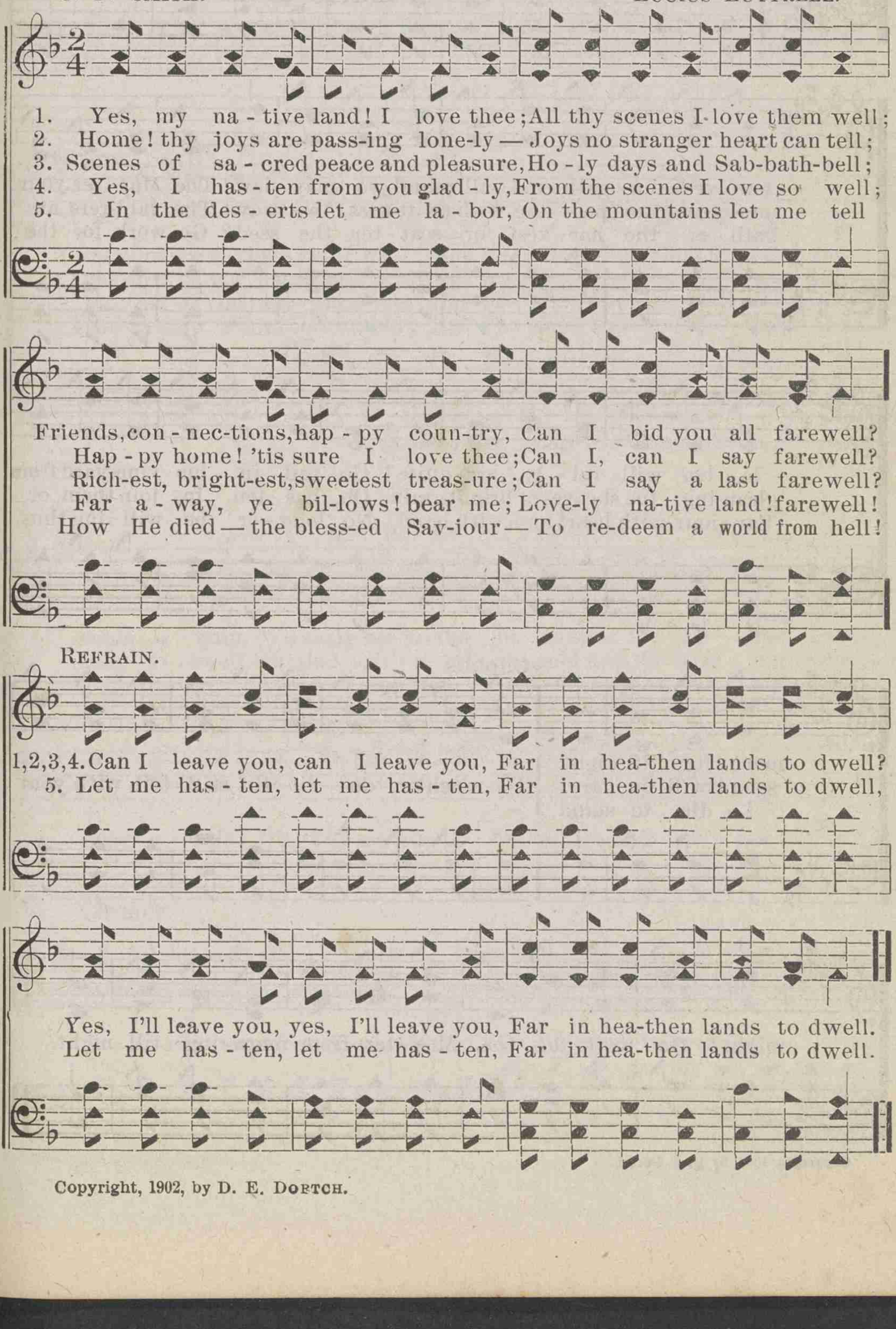

301 CAN I LEAVE YOU?

S. F. SMITH. LUCIUS LUTTRELL.

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302 WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE?

E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH

1. Why stand ye here i - dle, with so much to do? The har - vest un - gath-ered, all round ye may view! The Mas - ter your la - bor will ful - ly re-quite! Go toil in his vine-yard from morn - ing till night.

2. Why stand ye here i - dle the whole of the day? The mo-ments are pass - ing with swift-ness a - way! The lab'-rers are glean-ing the sheaves of bright grain! Oh, has - ten to join them, or soon 'twill be vain.

3. Why stand ye here i - dle, when great is the need? To gath - er the har - vest, or scat - ter the seed? Go work for the Sav - iour with heart and with hand, No long - er be will - ing thus i - dle to stand.

CHORUS.

Do much or do lit - tle, still toil with your might! Go work for the Mas - ter, from morn - ing till night.

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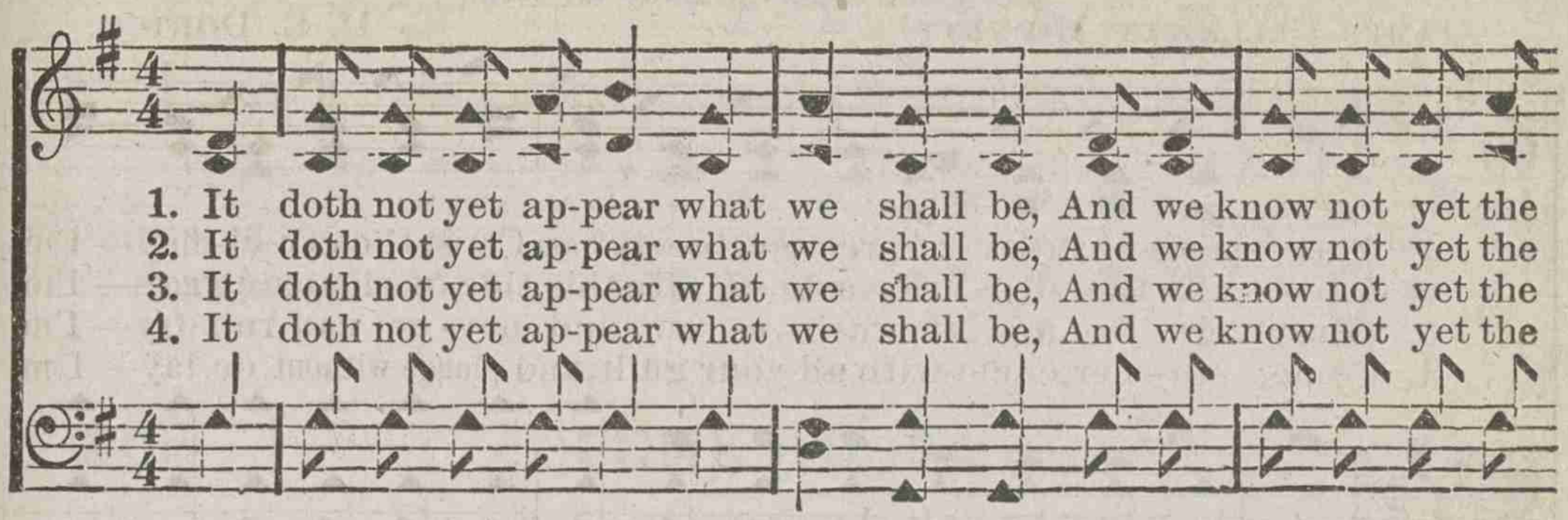
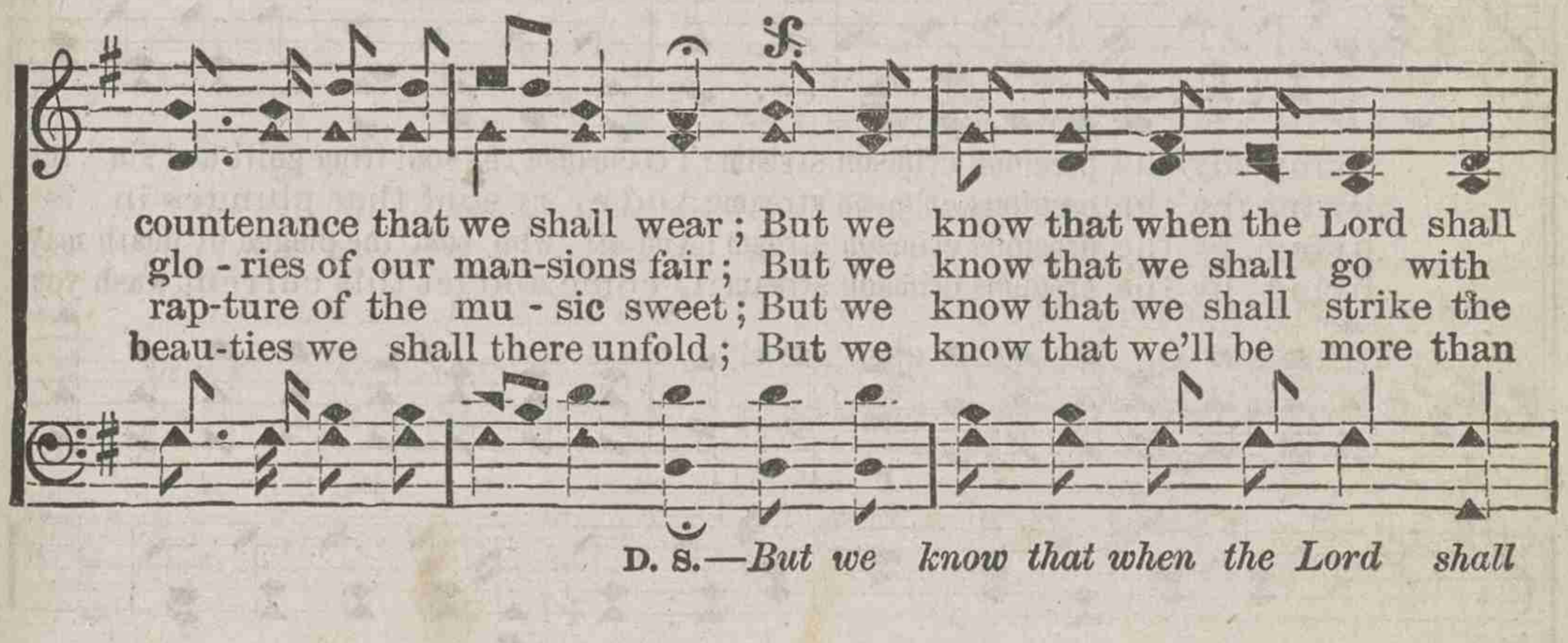
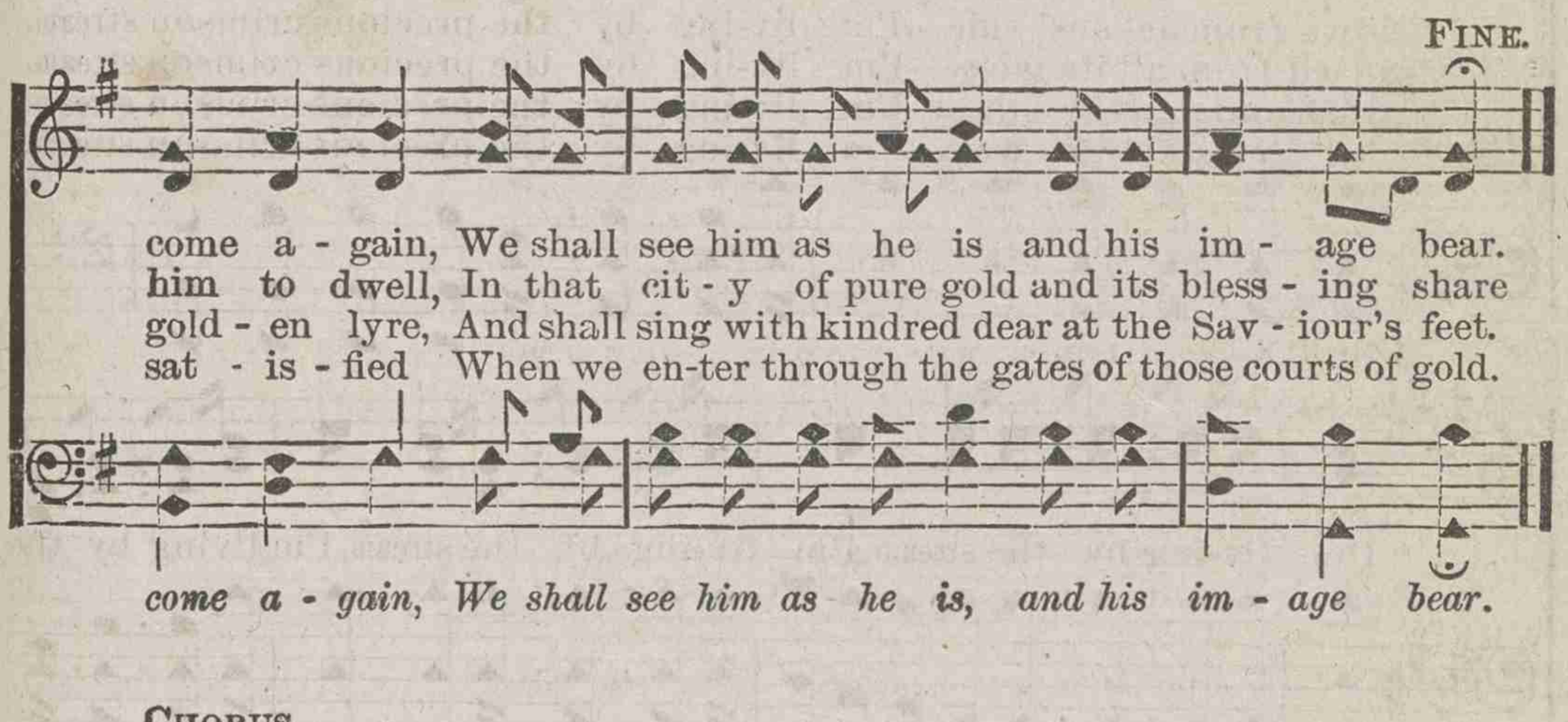
303 IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR.

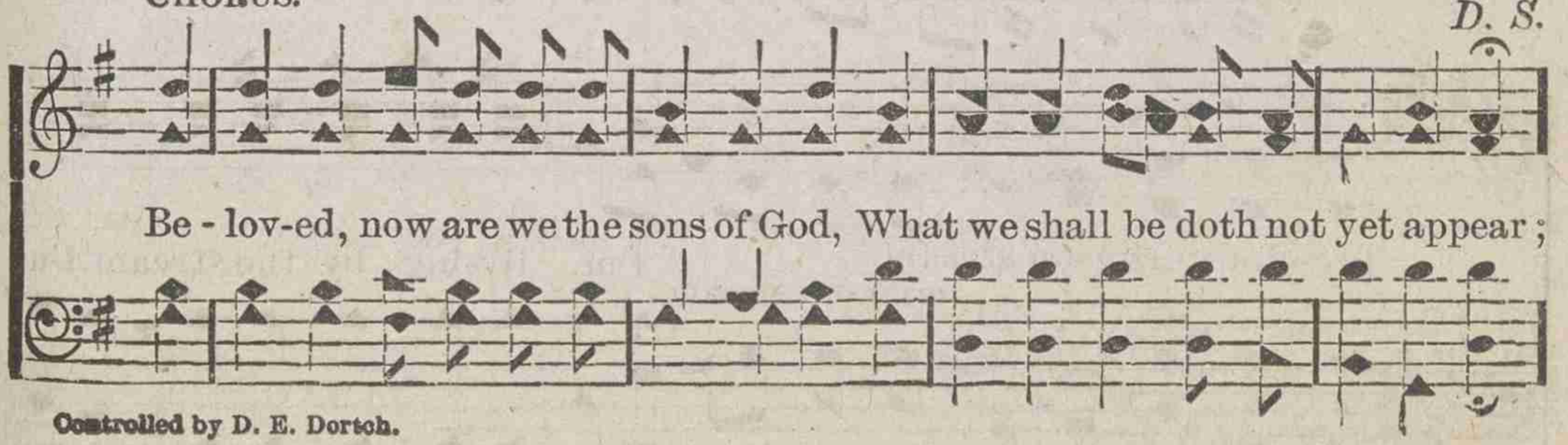
E. H. E. HANKS.



D. S.—*But we know that when the Lord shall*



CHORUS.



Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

304 I'M LIVING BY THE STREAM.

"One of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water."—Luke 19: 34.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

1. There springs a stream of precious blood from Christ the cru-ci- fied— I'm
2. Thro' all the des - ert waste of life this tide of cleansing goes— I'm
3. From age to age it rush - es on and nev- er can run dry— I'm
4. Come, sin - ner, come with all your guilt, and plunge without de-lay— I'm

living by the precious crimson stream; To cleanse the soul from guilt and sin it
living by the precious crimson stream; And ev'ry soul that plunges in is
living by the precious crimson stream; And all who bear the plague of death may
living by the precious crimson stream; O come and let this current wash your

flows from Je- sus' side—I'm liv-ing by the precious crimson stream.
cleansed from all its woes—I'm liv-ing by the precious crimson stream.
wash and nev - er die —I'm liv-ing by the precious crimson stream.
ev - 'ry stain a - way—I'm liv-ing by the precious crimson stream.

CHORUS.

I'm liv-ing by the stream, I'm liv-ing by the stream, I'm living by the
pre-cious crimson stream, I'm liv-ing by the stream, I'm
crim-son stream,

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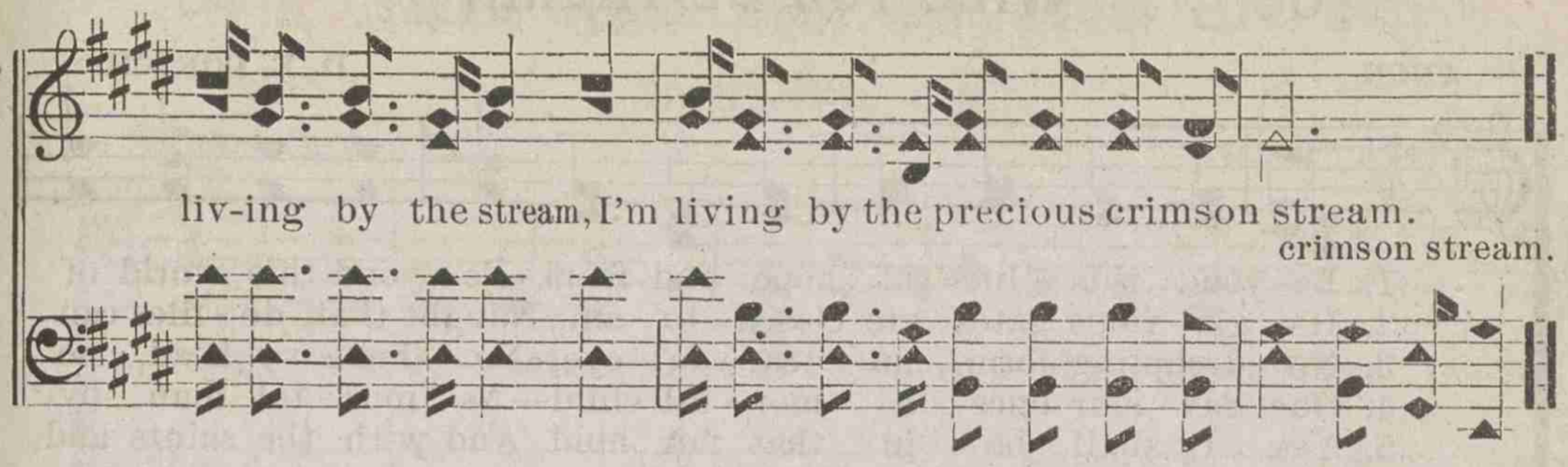
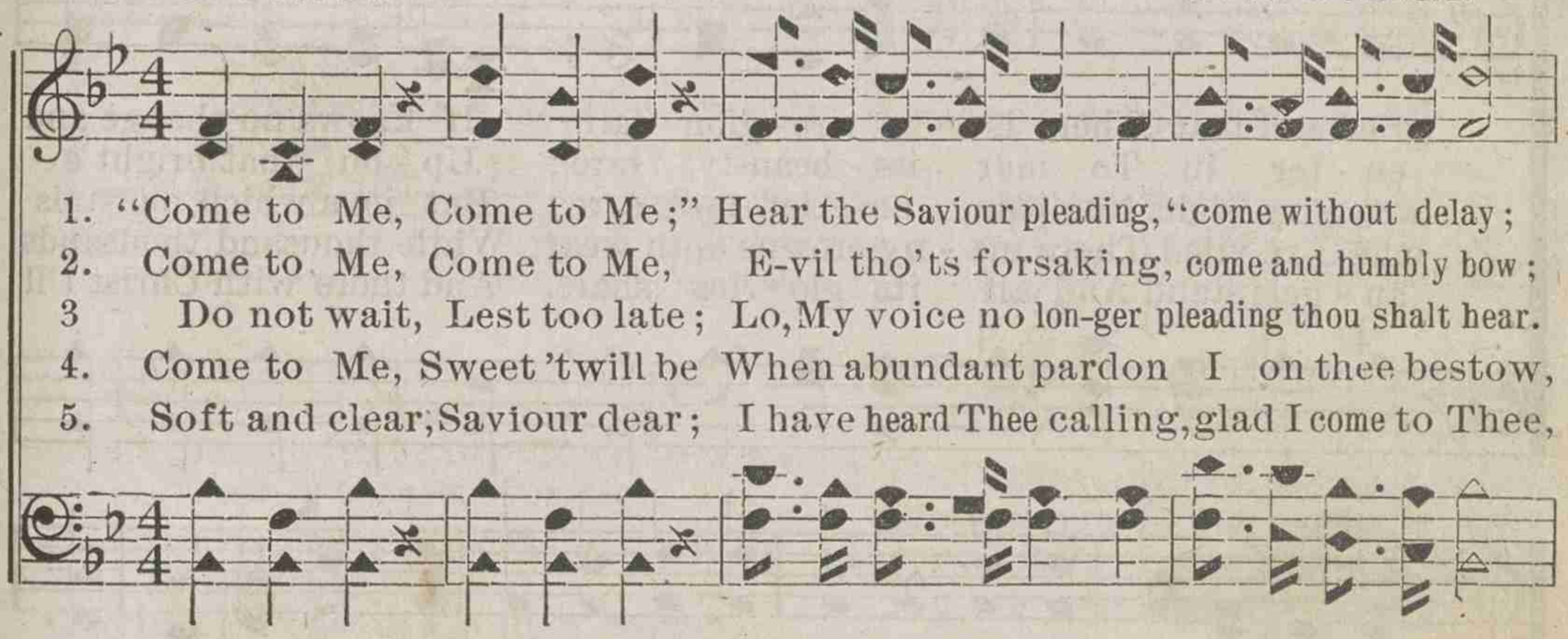
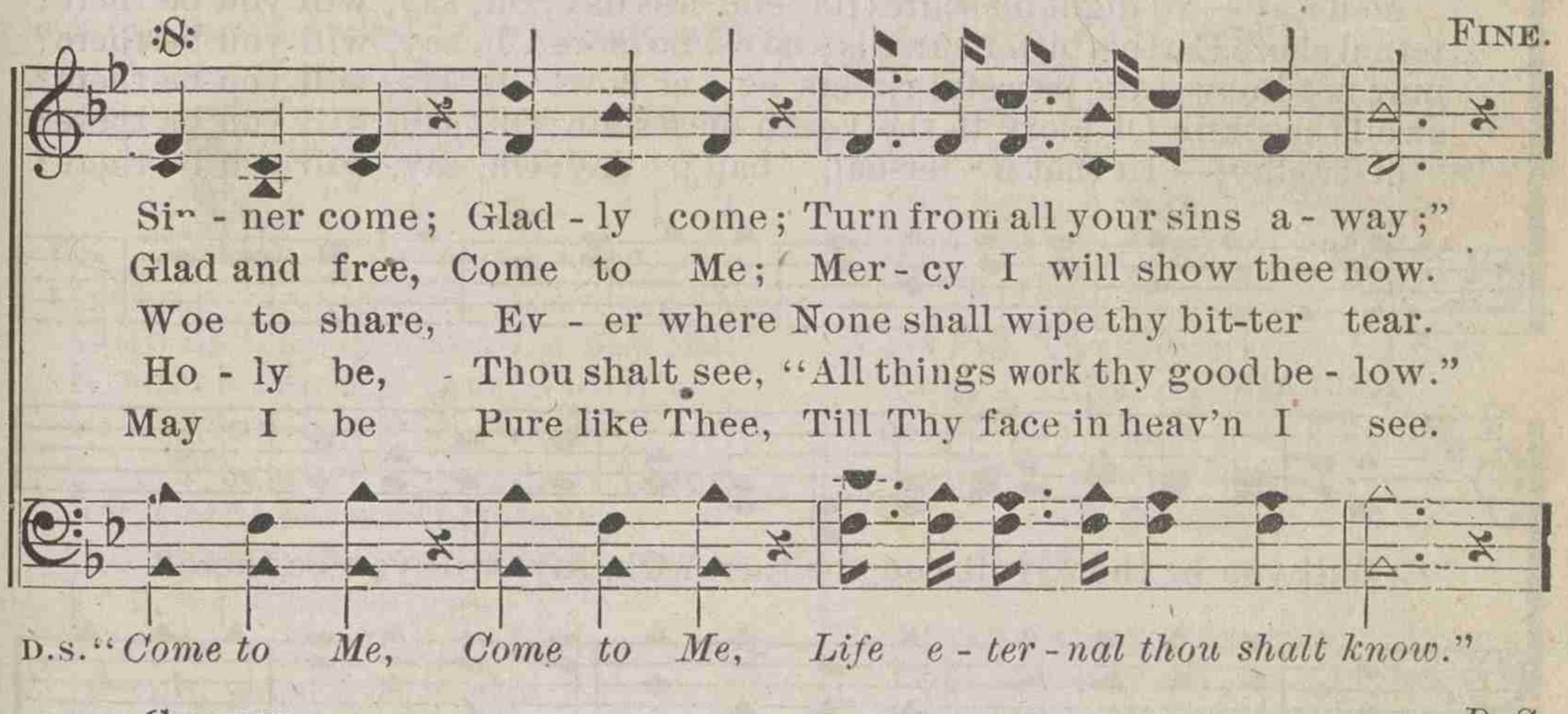
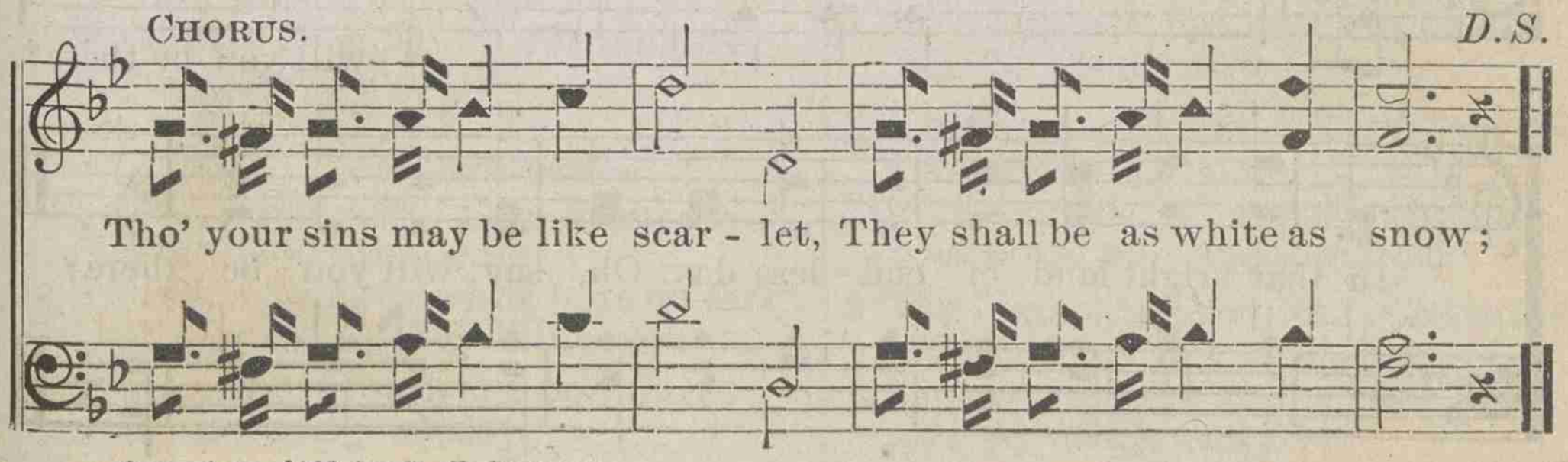


305 COME TO ME.

"Come unto me."—Matt. 11: 28.

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





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306 WILL YOU BE THERE?

ANON. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Be-yond this life of hope and fears, Be-yond this world of grief and tears, There is a re-gion fair; It knows no change and
2. Its glo-rious gates are closed to sin, Naught that de-files can en-ter in To mar its beau-ty rare; Up-on that bright e-
3. No droop-ing form, no tear-ful eye, No hea-vy head, no wea-ry sigh, No pain, no grief, no care; But joys which mor-tals
4. Our Sav-iour once a mor-tal child—As mor-tal man by man re-viled, There ma-ny crowns doth wear; While thousand thousands
5. Yes, I shall be in that fair land, And with the saints and an-gels stand And all its glo-ries share. And there with Christ I'll

no decay—No night ob-scures its end-less day; Oh, say, will you be there?
ternal shore Earth's bitter curse is known no more; Oh, say, will you be there?
may not know, Like peaceful riv-ers ev-er flow! Oh, say, will you be there?
swell the strain Of glory to the Lamb once slain; Oh, say, will you be there?
ev-er stay;— In that e-ter-nal, hap-py day; Oh, say, will you be there?

REFRAIN.

Will you be there, will you be there? Oh, say, will you be there?

will you be there?

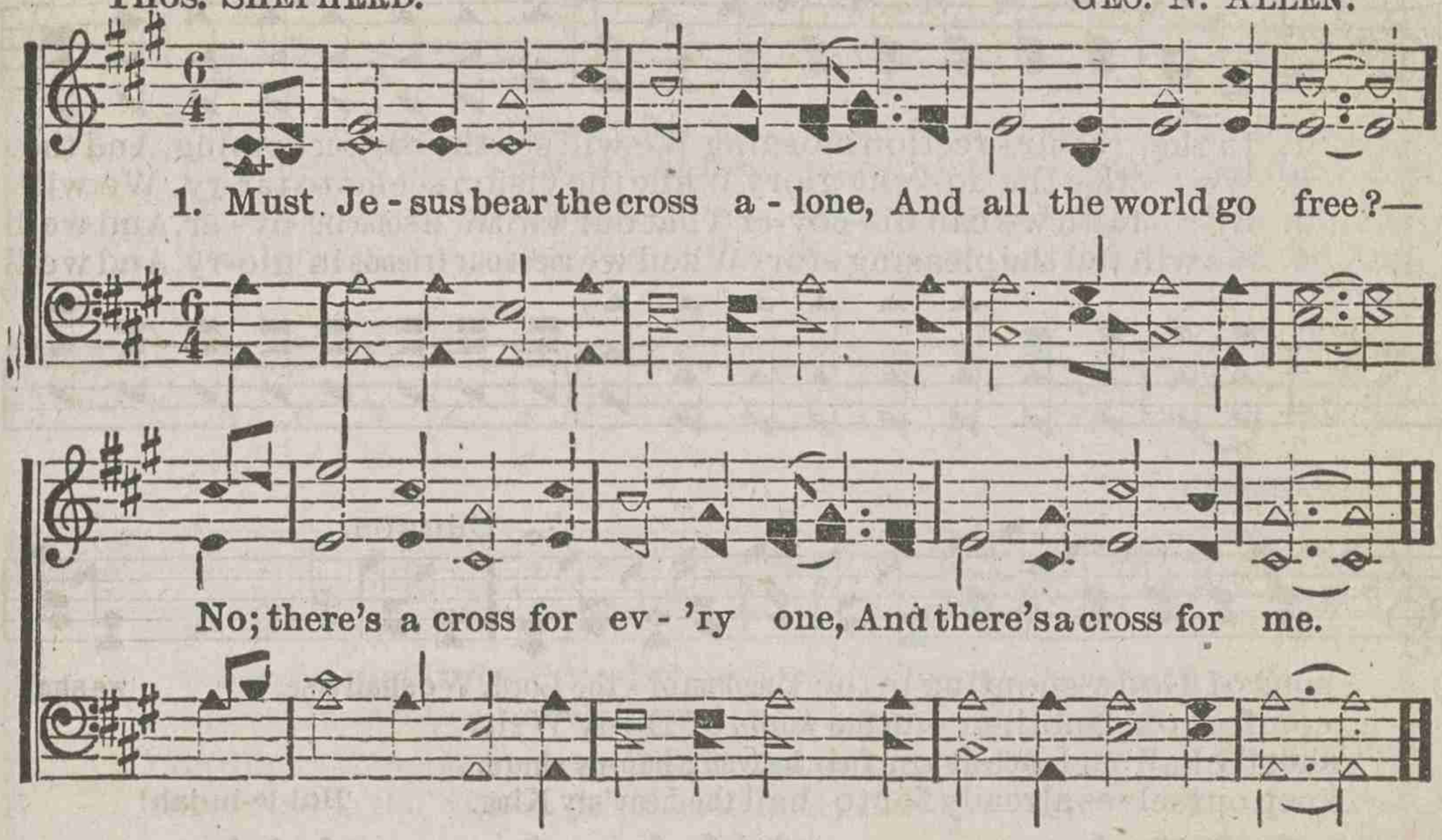
In that bright land of end-less day, Oh, say, will you be there?

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

307 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

MAITLAND. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.



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

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

308 *See music above.*

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

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

309 *See music above,*

1 Jesus commands us to forgive
If we would be forgiven;
And Christians be while here on earth
Or reign with Him in heaven.

CHO.—I must forgive, I do forgive
My every enemy;
For Jesus shed His precious blood
That He might pardon me.

2 Tho' deeply wronged we may have been,
Our wrongs do not exceed
The insults we have heaped on Him
Who for our sins did bleed.

3 He for His foes did suffer death,
And freely all forgave;
And perished on the cruel cross
That He their souls might save.

4 For those who pierced His hands and feet,
Our Saviour prayed "Forgive;"
His spirit we must all possess
If we with Him would live.

5 O God, Thy Spirit now impart,
That I Thine own may be;
That all my foes I may forgive
As Thou forgivest me.

M. W. Knapp. Used by per.

310 *See music above.*

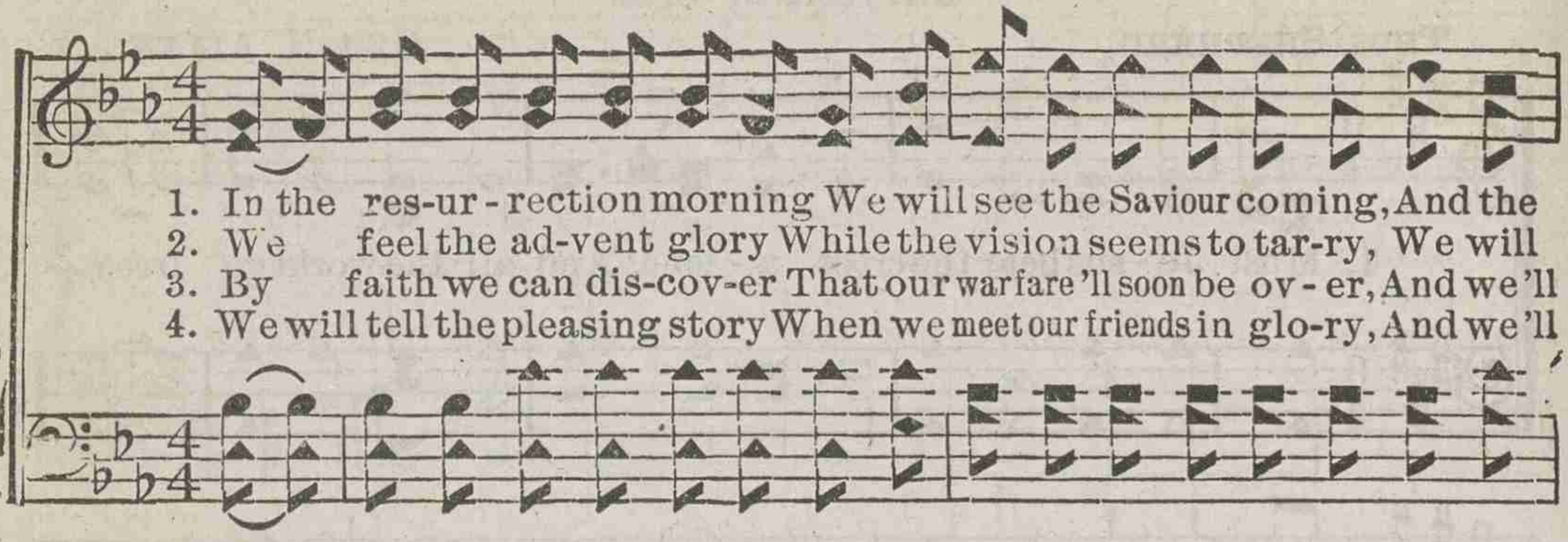
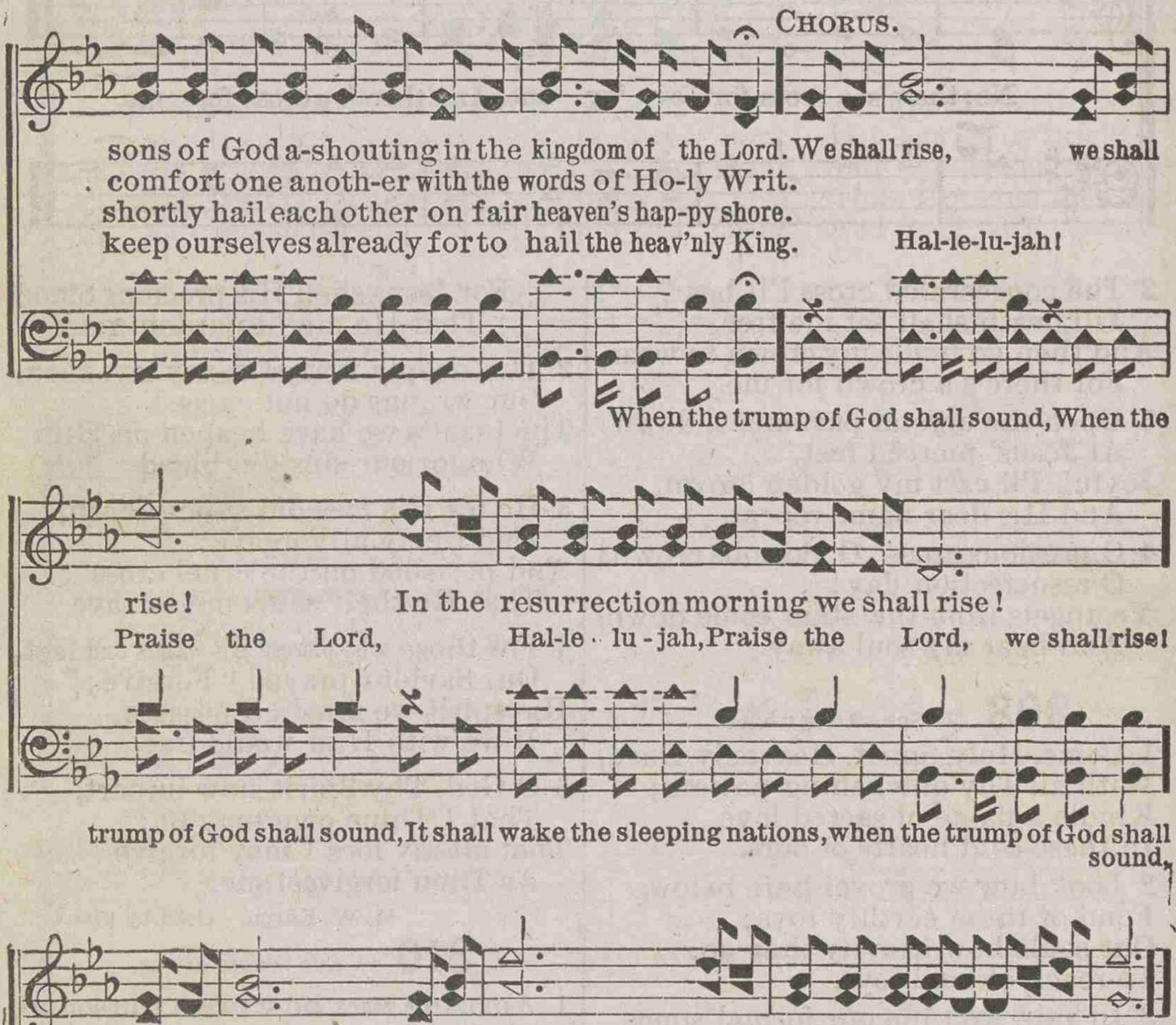
1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind but now I see.

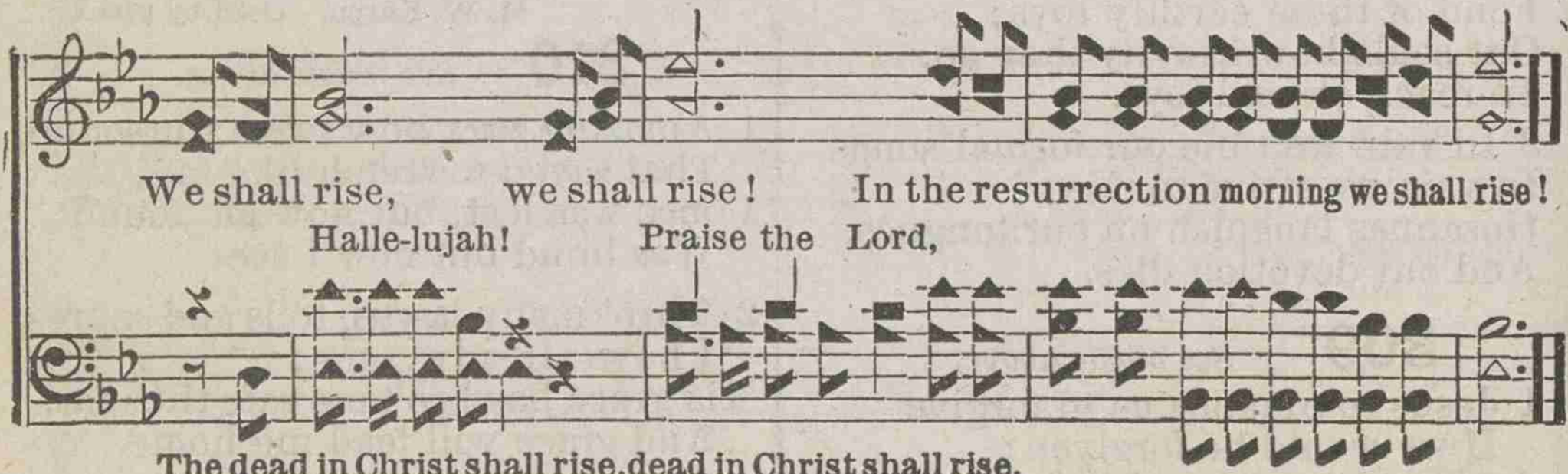
2 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

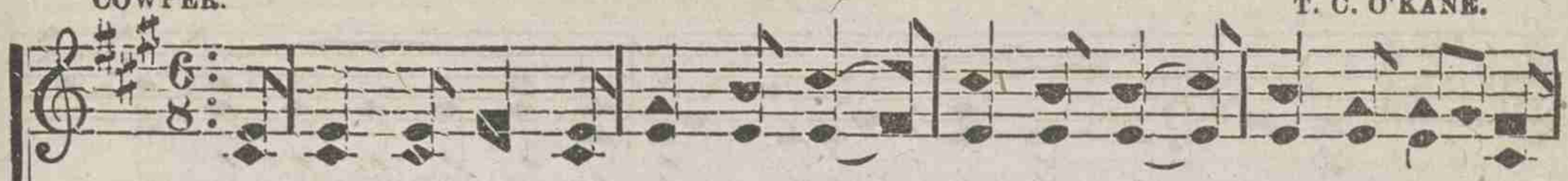
311 THE RESURRECTION.

G. R. STREET. By per. of A. S. KIEFFER.

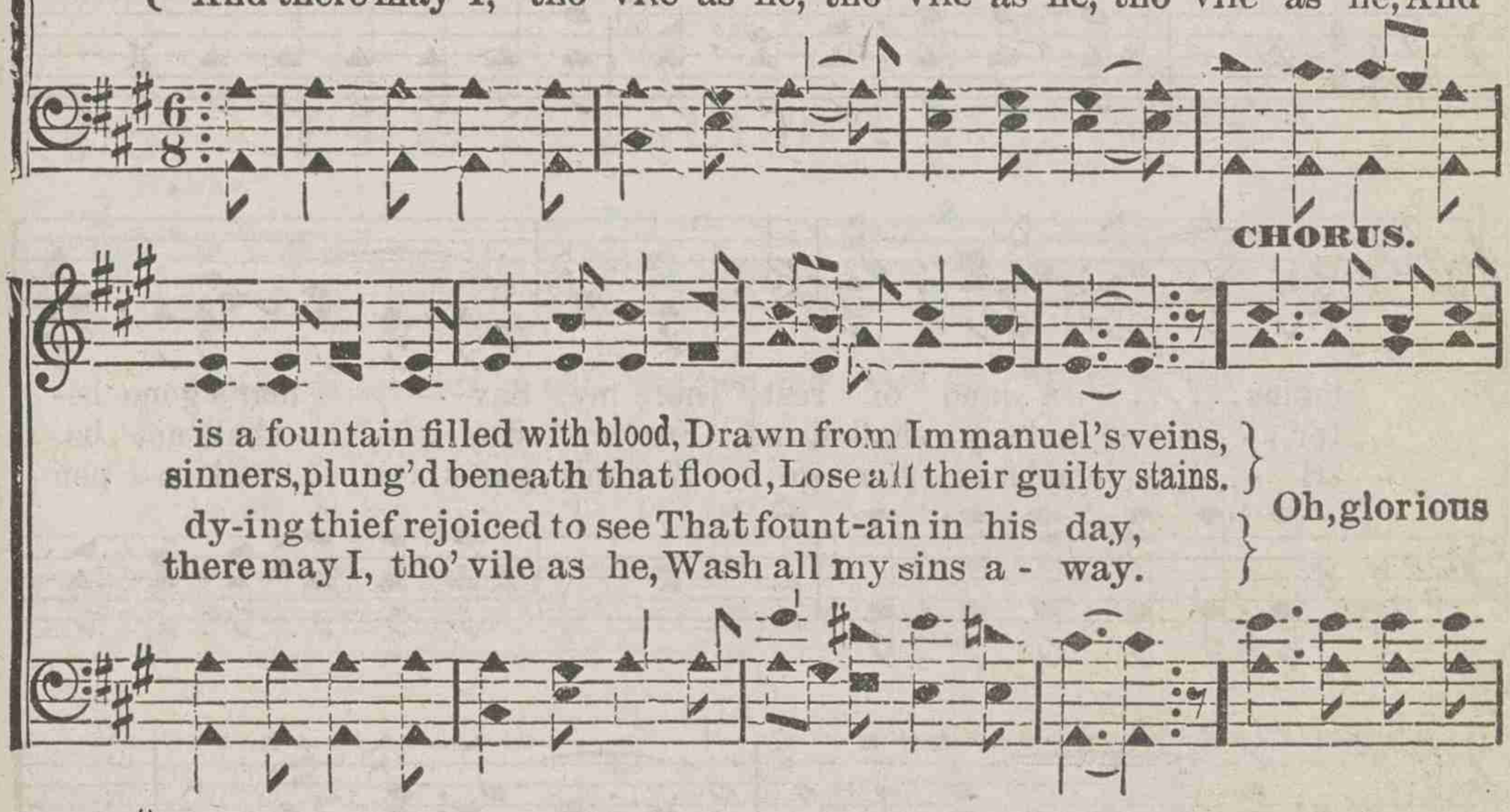




312 GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

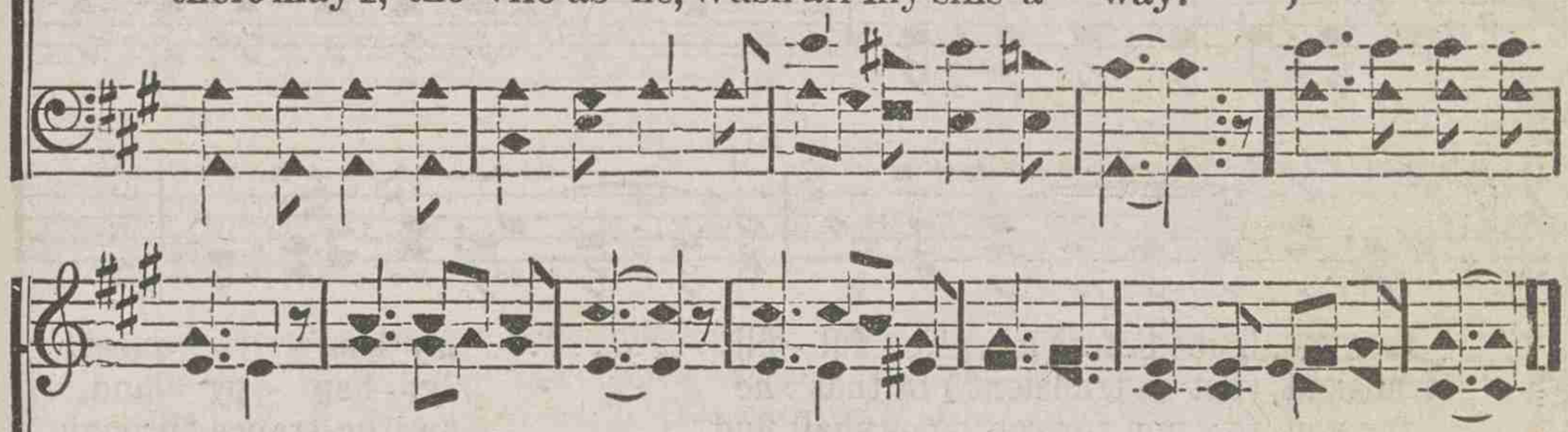
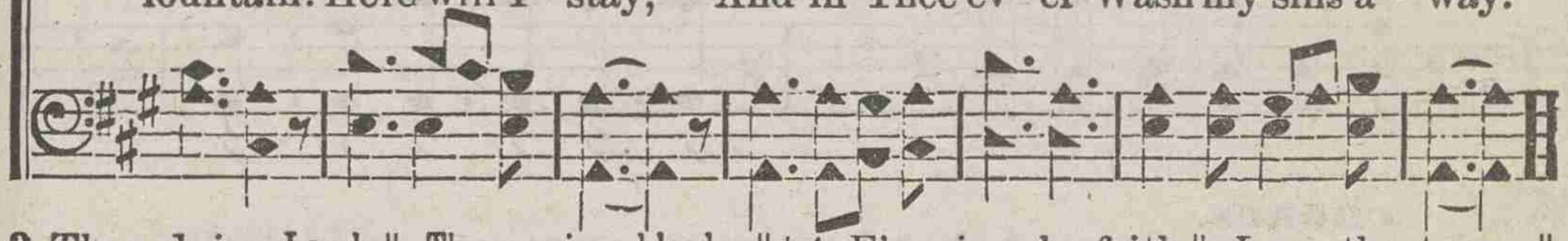
COWPER. T. C. O'KANE.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood There
   { And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And

2. { The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, The
   { And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And



CHORUS.

is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fount-ain in his day,
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

Oh, glorious

fountain! Here will I stay, And in Thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

3 Thou dying Lamb ‖: Thy precious blood, :‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖: Church of God, :‖
Are saved to sin no more.

4 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.

313 I GAVE MY LIFE.

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light—
My glory circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and alone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

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

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

314 IN THAT HOME SO BRIGHT.

WILLIAM HUNTER. J. A. BELL.

1. In the Chris - - tian's home in glo - ry, (home in glo-ry,) There re-
2. He is fit - - - ting up my mansion, (up my mansion,) Which e-
3. Sing, oh sing,..... ye heirs of glo - ry, (heirs of glory,) Shout your

mains..... a land of rest; There my Sav - - iour's gone be-
ter - - - nal - ly shall stand, For my stay..... shall not be
tri - - - umphs as you go; Zi - on's gates..... will o - pen

fore me, (gone before me,) To ful - fill..... my soul's re - quest,
transient, (not be transient,) In that ho - - ly, hap - py land.
for you, (o - pen for you,) You shall find..... an en-trance through.

CHORUS.

In tha home, that beautiful home, We shall nev - - - er
In that home, that beautiful home, In that home so bright and fair, In that home, that beautiful home,

know a care; In that home,..... that beau-ti-ful
We shall nev-er know a care, In that home, that beautiful home, In that

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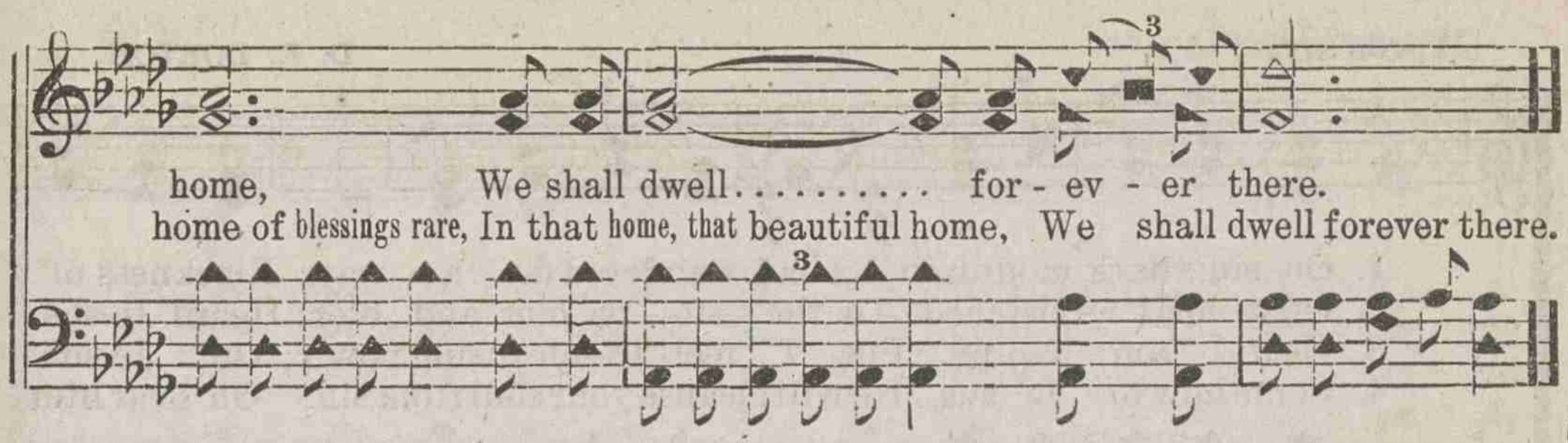
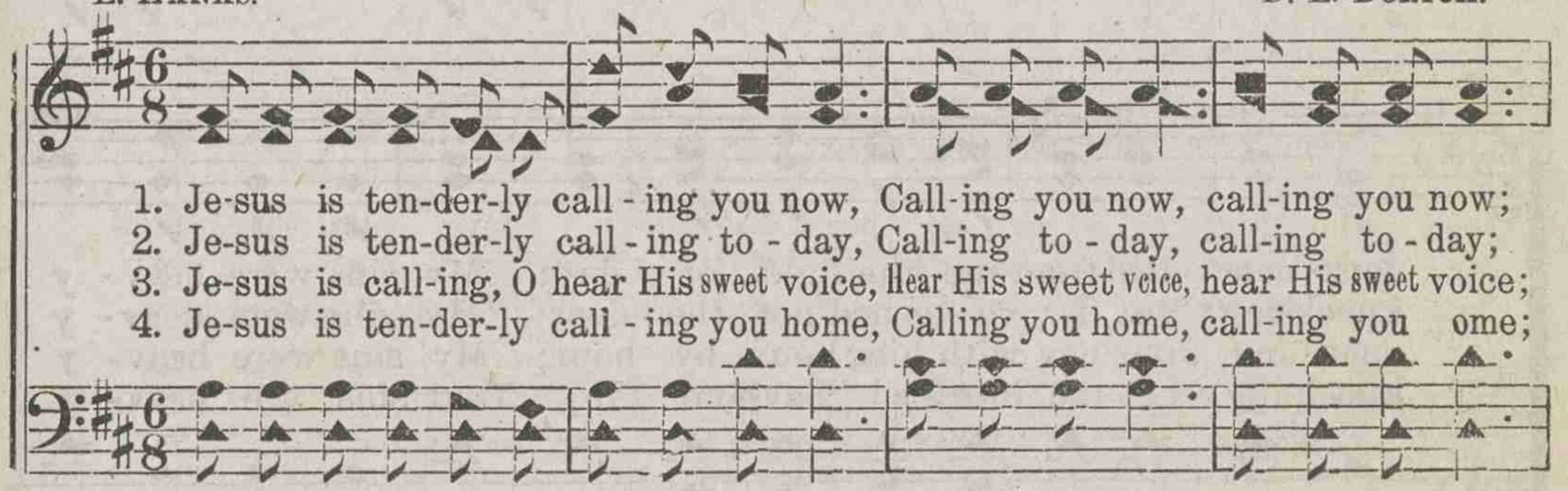
IN THAT HOME SO BRIGHT.

315 JESUS IS CALLING YOU NOW.

E. HANKS. D. E. DORTCH.



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316 JESUS IS MY JOY AND SONG.

Words arr. D. E. DORTCH.

1. On sin's dark mountain I had wandered far a - way; Blackness of dark-ness Hid from me the light of day; My sins were heav - y
2. Oft-times I've listened To the sto - ry o'er and o'er; Heard Je-sus knock-ing, But I o - pened not the door; My sins were heav - y
3. Now I am hap-py For I feel the cleansing pow'r; On Je-sus lean- ing, Jour-ney with him hour by hour; My sins were heav - y
4. Come now to Je- sus, He will cleanse your soul from sin; Oh hear him knock-ing, Let the bless- ed Sav-iour in; Your sins are heav - y

and my burdens hard to bear; But I went to Je-sus trusting and I
and my burdens hard to bear; But I went to Je-sus trusting and I
and my burdens hard to bear; But I went to Je-sus trusting and I
and your burdens hard to bear; If you come to Je-sus trusting you can

D. S.—*I will go with him some day to dwell with*

D.S.

FINE. CHORUS.

left them there.
left them there.
left them there.
leave them there.

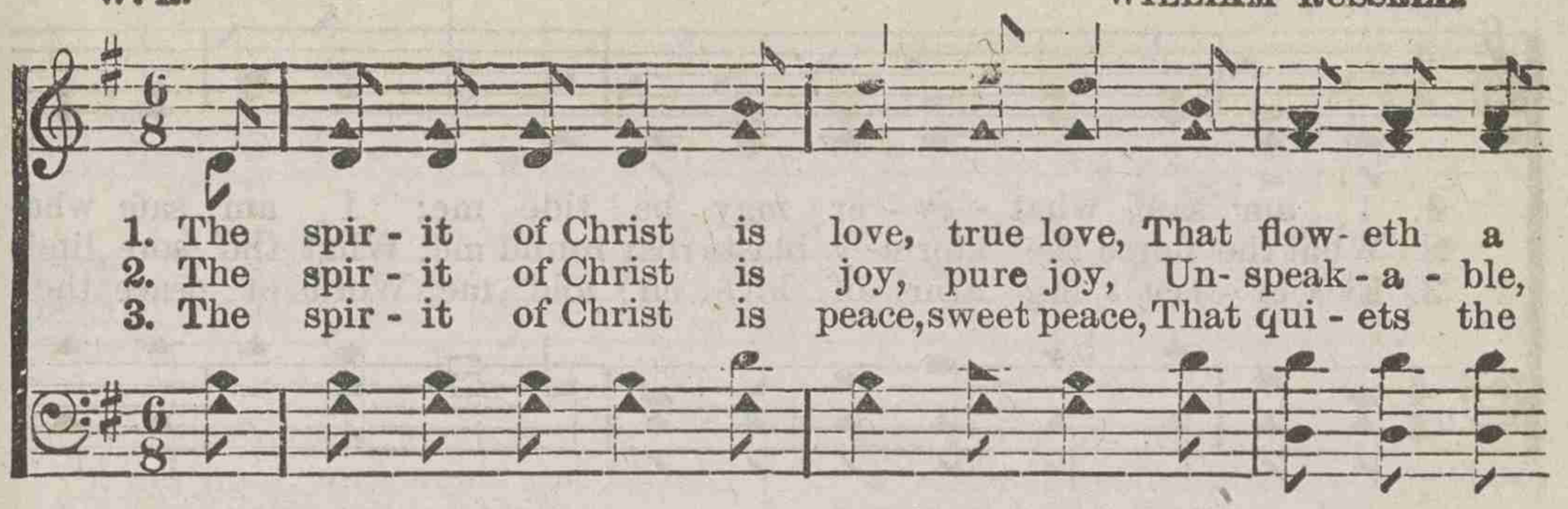
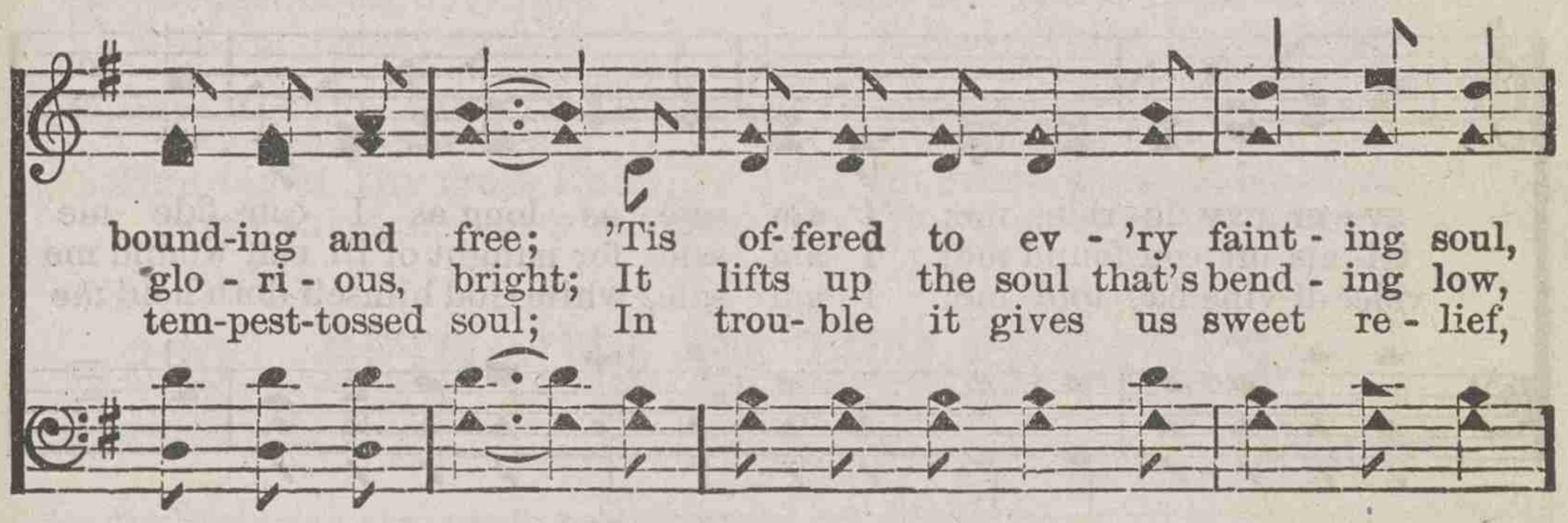
Je-sus, dear Je-sus, Je-sus is my joy and song;

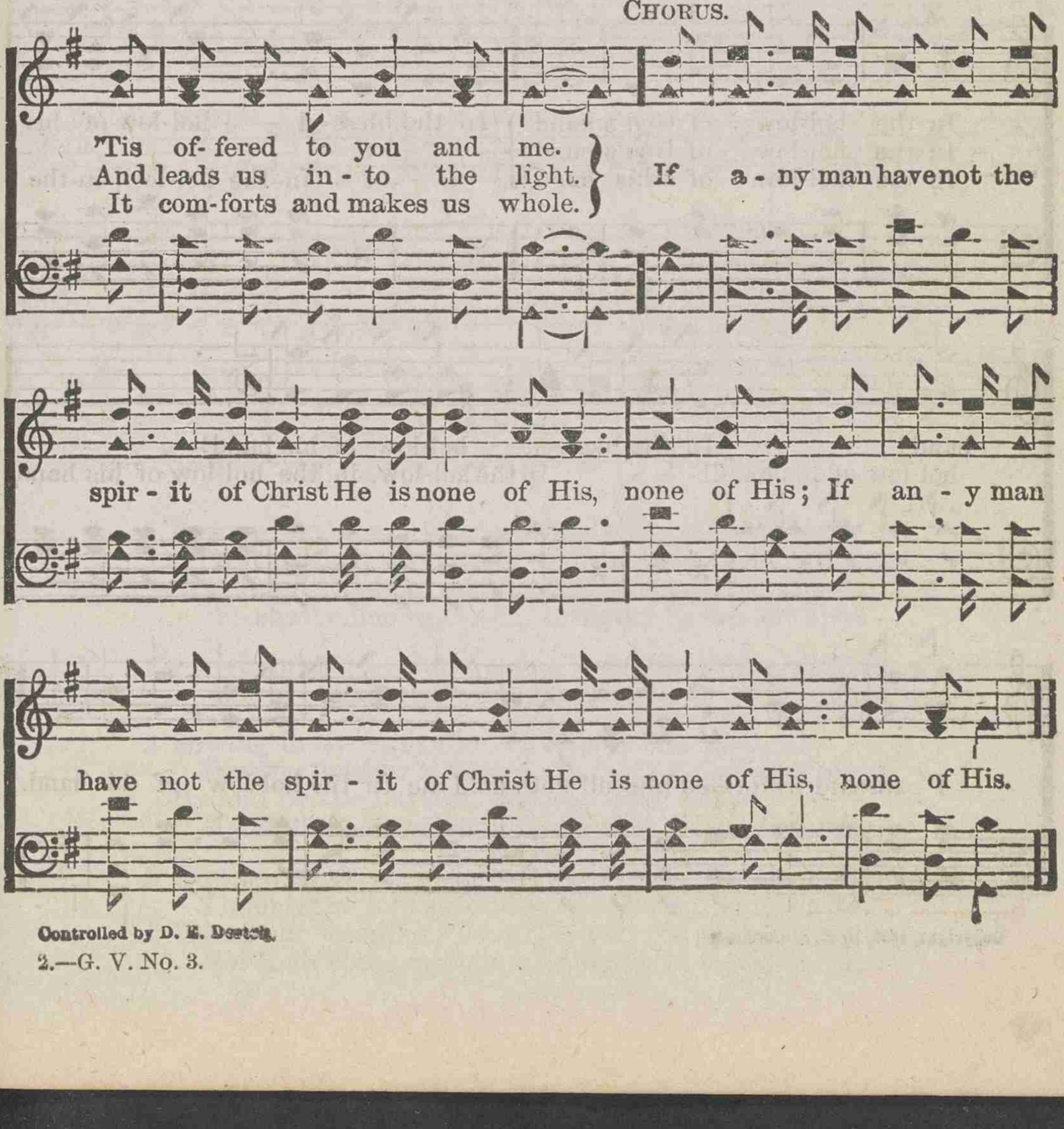
that bright throng.

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

317

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

W. R. WILLIAM RUSSELL.



CHORUS.

318 THE HOLLOW OF GOD'S HAND.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I am safe, what - ev - er may be - tide me; I am safe who-
2. What tho' fierce the storm- y blasts roar round me; What tho' sore life's
3. Ev - er - last - ing arms of love en - fold me; Words of peace the

ev - er may de- ride me; I am safe, as long as I con- fide me
tri- als oft con-found me; I am safe, for naught of ill can wound me
voice di-vine has told me; I am safe, while God himself doth hold me

CHORUS.

In the hol-low of God's hand. In the bless-ed hol-low of his
In the hol-low of God's hand. In the hol-low, in the
In the hol-low of his hand.

hand! In the bless-ed hol-low of his hand!
hol-low of his hand! In the hol-low, in the hol-low of his hand!

I am safe while God himself doth hold me In the hol-low of his hand.

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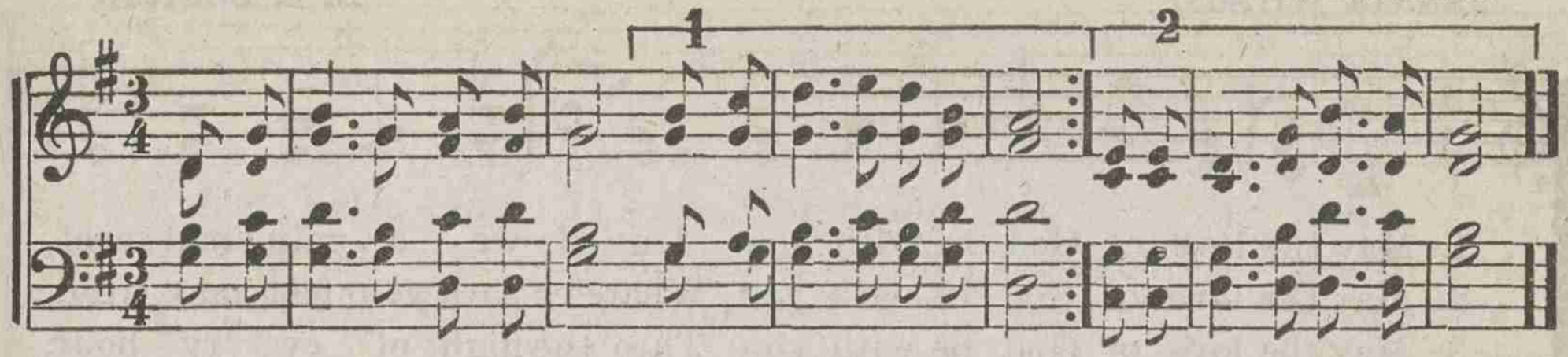
319 I AM COMING.

W. G. FISCHER.



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

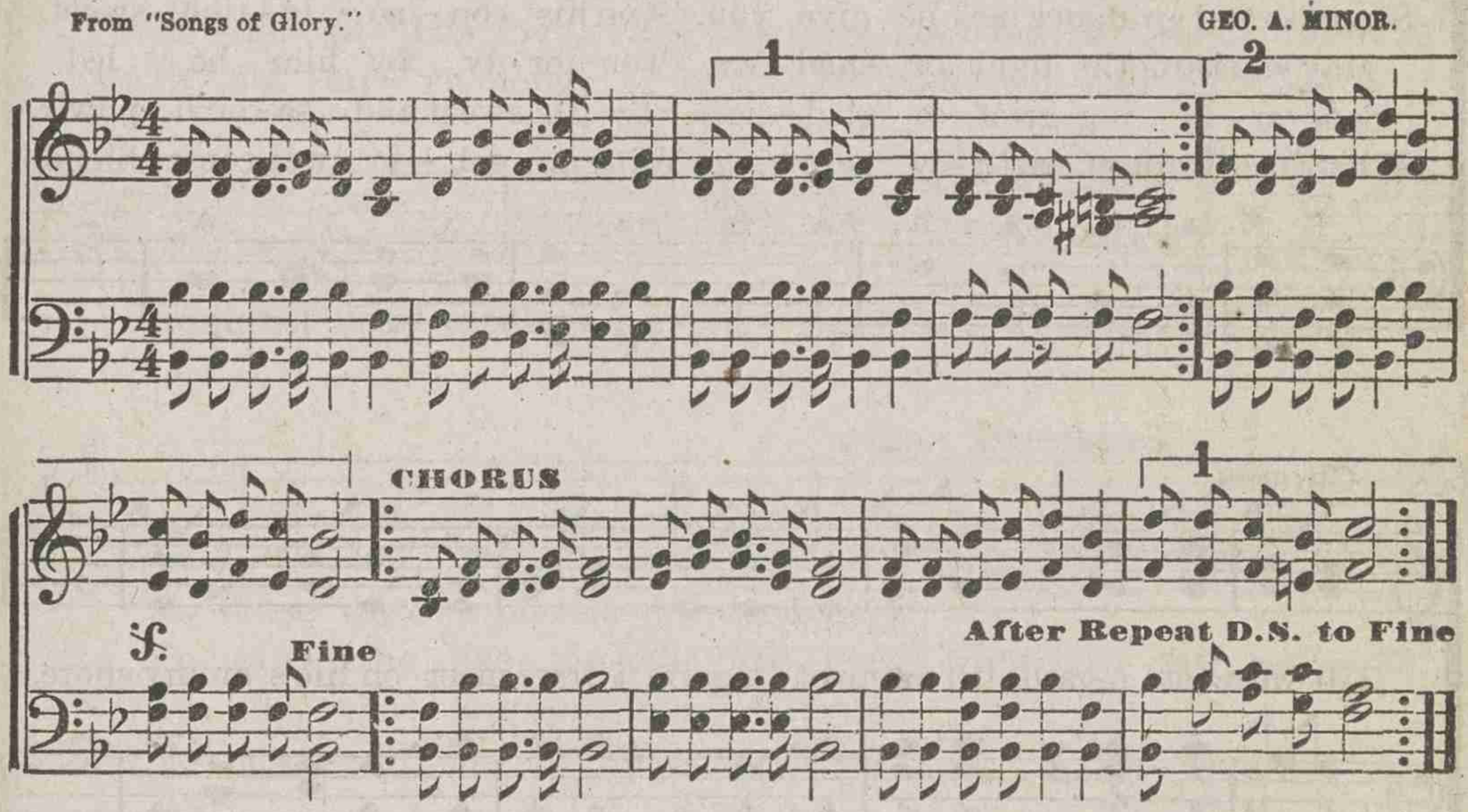
CHO. I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus, saves me, saves me now.

2 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends and time, and earthly store:
Soul and body, Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.

3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

320 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

From "Songs of Glory."

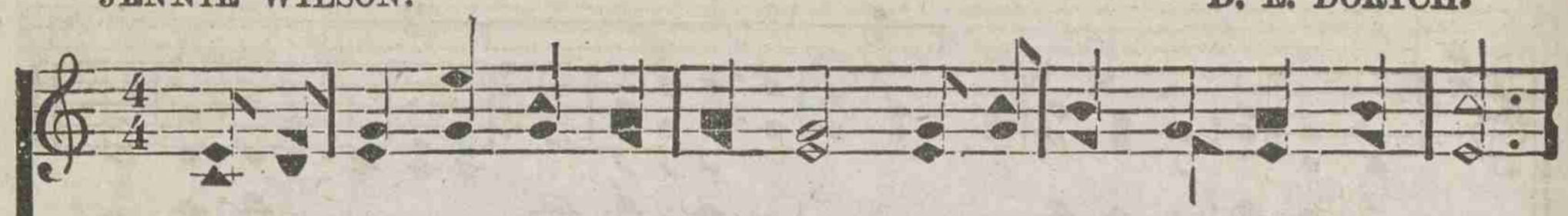
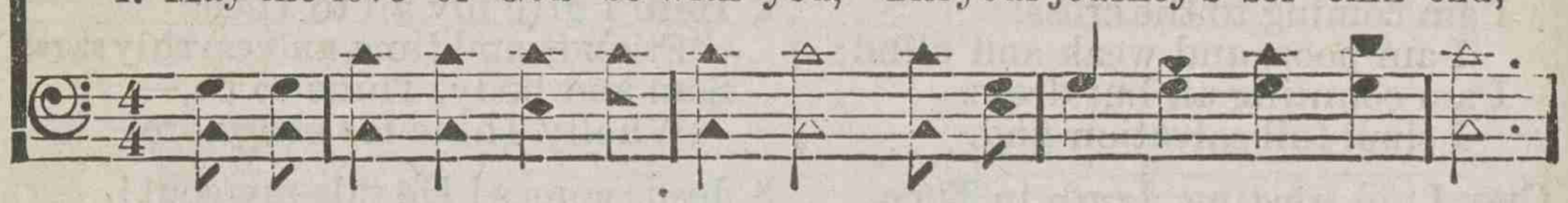
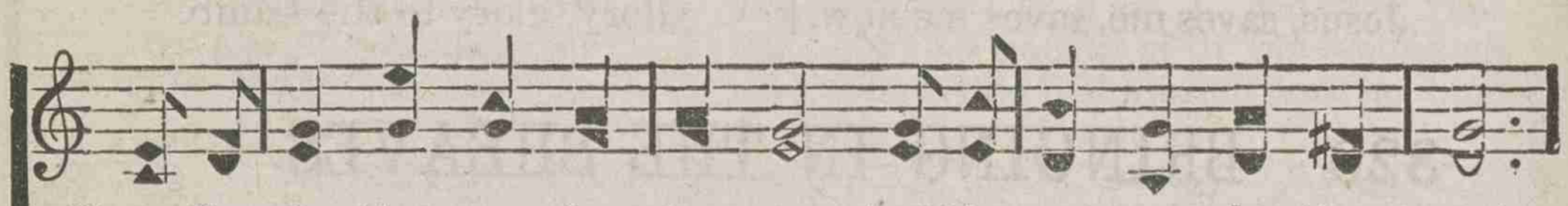
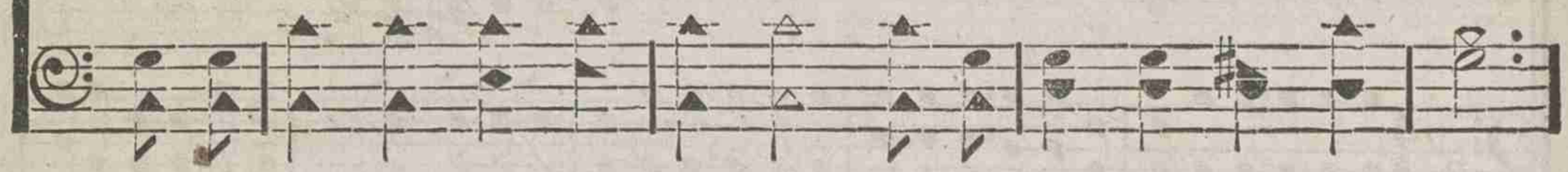
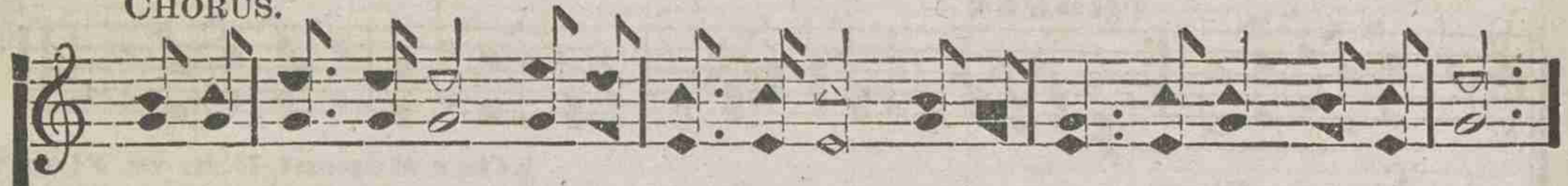
GEO. A. MINOR.

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

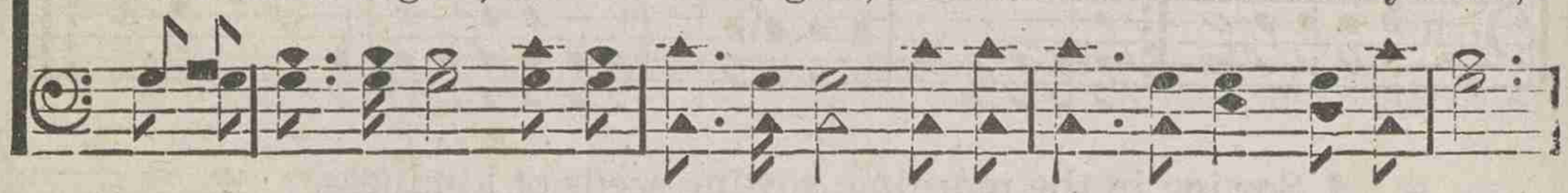
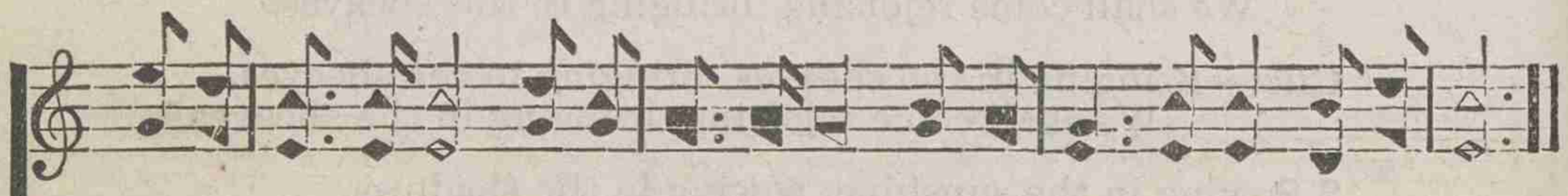
CHO.—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

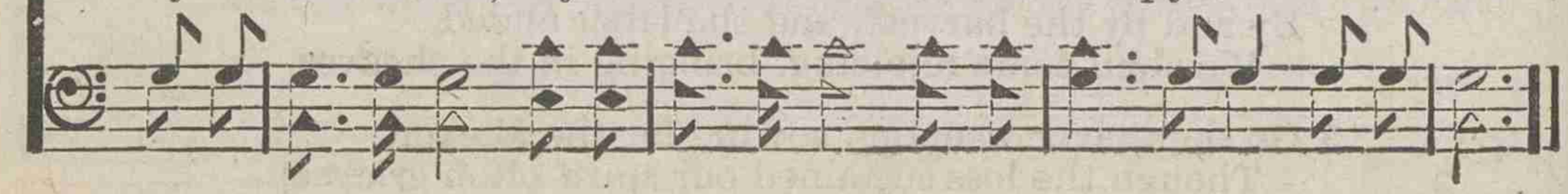
2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,

321 TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

JENNIE WILSON. D. E. DORTCH.

1. May the love of God be with you, Un - til we a - gain shall meet,
2. May the love of God be with you, Whate'er path your feet may tread,
3. May the love of God be with you, Thro' the flight of ev - 'ry hour,
4. May the love of God be with you, Till your journey's sol - emn end,

Strength and guidance may he give you, And his con - so - la - tion sweet.
May you thro' the light or shad - ow Ten-der - ly by him be led.
Sanc- ti - fy - ing grief or glad - ness By its sweet and sa - cred pow'r.
Where the words of earth - ly part - ings With an - gel - ic wel-come blend.

CHORUS.

Till we meet a-gain, till we meet a-gain, Till we meet on life's sunny shore,



May the love of God, may the love of God Guard and keep you all ev-er-more.

Copyright, 1893, by E. S. Lorenz.

322 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Arr. by M. G. P. 1882. Arr. by Rev. M. G. Prescott. 1882.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, That He's pre-
2. I'm trust - ing Je - sus Christ for all, I know His
3. And now be - wil-dered at the thought I stand and
4. I know that soon my Lord will come, I know He

D. C. For I am on - ly wait - ing here To hear the

pared a home for me, And crowns of vic - to - ry He gives
blood a - tones for me, I'm list - ening for the gen - tle call
won - der at His love, How He from heav'n to earth was brought
will not tar - ry long, I know He soon will call me home

summons, "Child, come home," For I am on - ly wait - ing here

Fine. CHORUS.

To those who would His chil-dren be.
To say "the Mas - ter wait - eth thee." Then ask me not to
To die, that I might live a - bove.
To sing with joy the heav'n-ly song.

To hear the summons, "Child, come home."

D. C.

min - gle on A - mid the gay and thoughtless throng.

323 THE COMING OF THE LORD DRAWETH NIGH.

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

1. Ye peo-ple of the Lord bowed with grief, Who weep and mourn and long
2. In sor-row are you bear-ing the cross, Af - flict-ed, tried, as gold
3. When sins and fears and doubts vex thy soul, When trials fierce like waves
4. Press on, press on with zeal in the race; Thy God will give thee strength,

for re - lief, Lift up your heads; be glad; cease to sigh, The
purged of dross; With joy endure, your hope fix on high, The
o'er thee roll, Have faith, for all will end by and by, The
give thee grace; Faint not, but hear a voice from the sky, The

CHORUS.

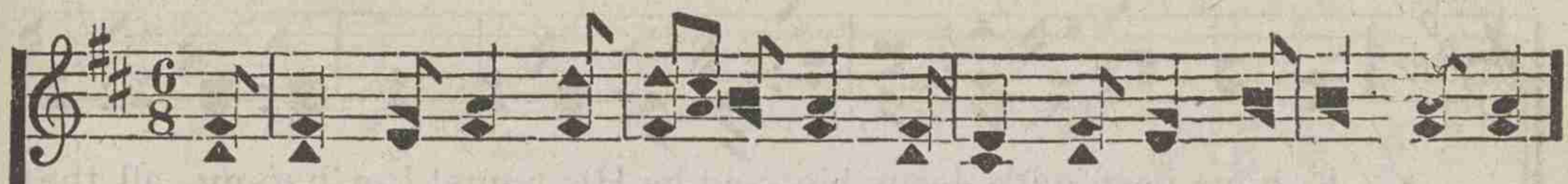
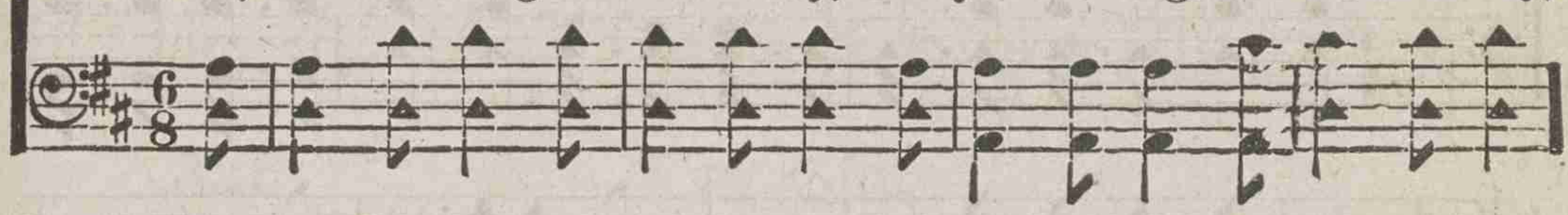
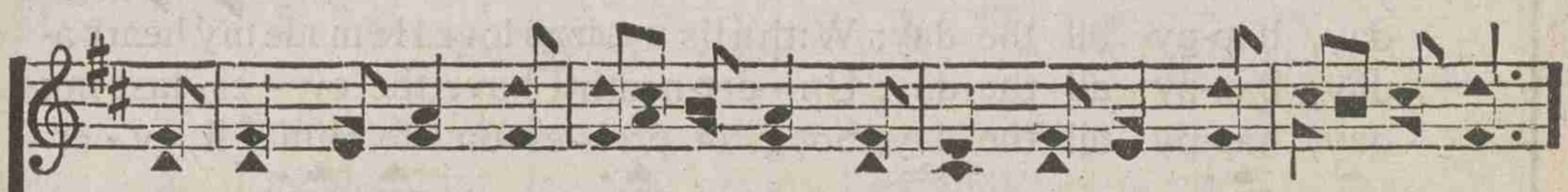
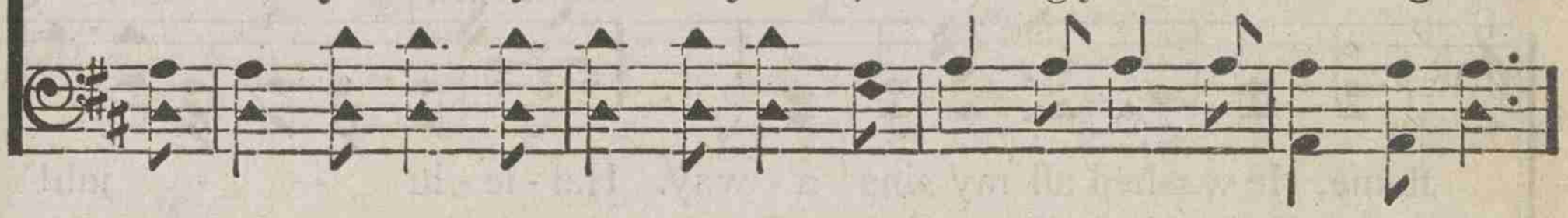
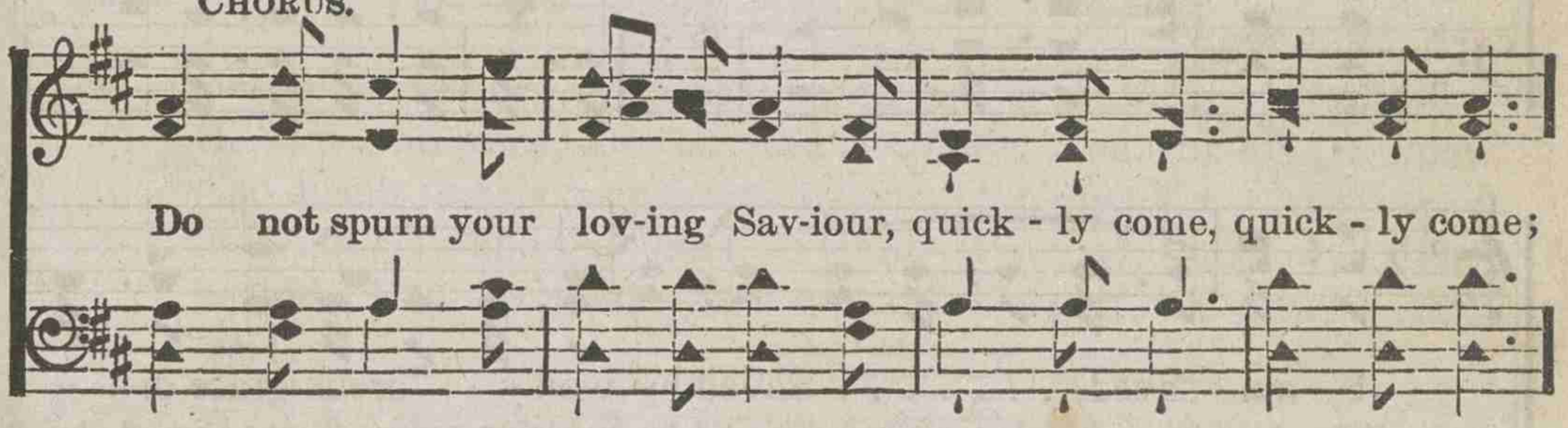
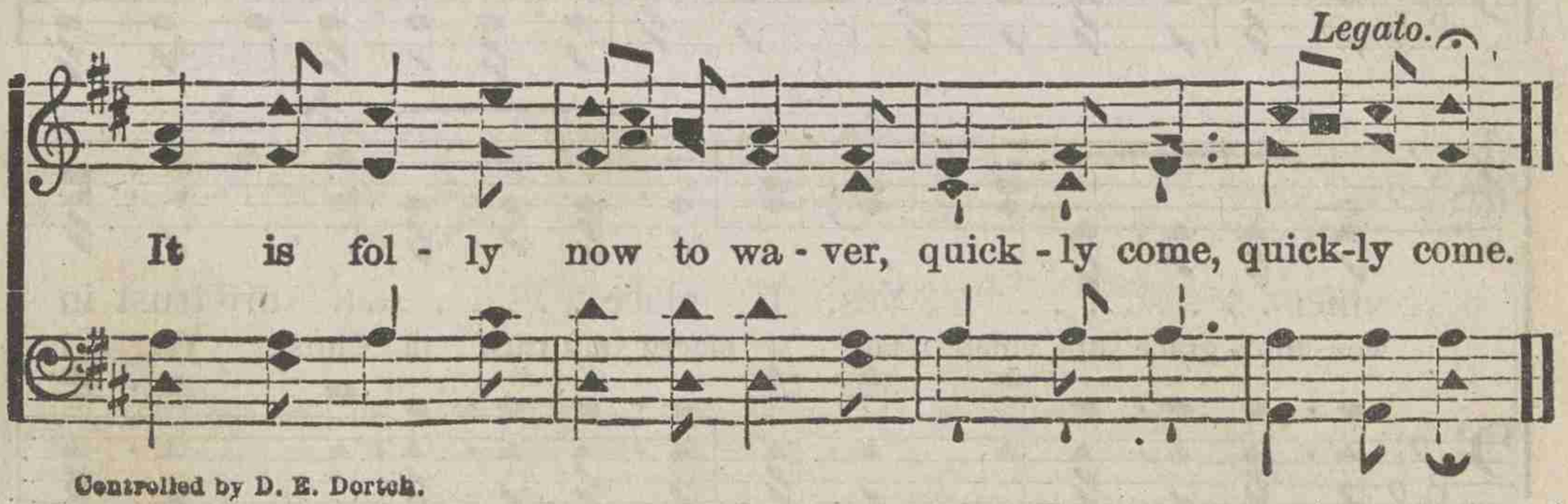
coming of the Lord draw-eth nigh.
coming of the Lord draw-eth nigh.
coming of the Lord draw-eth nigh.
coming of the Lord draw-eth nigh.

Re - joice in hope, for the Lord will come; Rejoice in hope, for the Lord will come; Rejoice in hope,

for the Lord will come, And take you up to a bliss - ful home.

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

324 QUICKLY COME.

LORELLE DAMON. D. E. DORTCH.

1. There is a cleans-ing, heal-ing tide, That flows from Jesus' wounded side;
2. Oh, flee to Christ, forsake your sin, He'll make and keep you pure within;
3. Although you're lost in darkest night, The darkness will he turn to light,
4. Oh, do not lon - ger then de-lay, Lest you should grieve his love away,

Come now and plunge in-to its flow, 'Twill make your heart as pure as snow.
And led by his al-might-y hand, You'll gain the bright ce-les-tial land.
If on - ly you will come and prove The sweetness of the Sav-iour's love.
Lest while you tar - ry death may come, And bring you ev-er - last-ing doom.

CHORUS.

Do not spurn your lov-ing Sav-iour, quick - ly come, quick - ly come;

Legato.

It is fol - ly now to wa - ver, quick - ly come, quick-ly come.

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

325 I'm happy all the Day.

B. B. B. B. B. BEALL.

1. I have been with Jesus, bless-ed be His name! I'm hap-py all the
2. The temptations of this life can do no harm, I'm hap-py all the
3. I have Christ the great and ev-er-lov-ing King, I'm hap-py all the

day, hap-py all the day; With His wondrous love He made my heart a-
day, hap-py all the day; Un-der-neath I have the ev-er-last-ing
day, hap-py all the day; Songs of prais-es un-to Him I'll ev-er

REFRAIN.

flame, He washed all my sins a-way. Hal-le-lu - - jah!
arm, He washed all my sins a-way.
sing, He washed all my sins a-way. Hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved,

I am saved, ... Saved by won-drous grace di-
Hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved, Saved by wondrous grace di-vine, Saved by

vine; . . . . . Yes, I place . . . . . my trust in
won-drous grace di-vine; For I placed my trust in Christ, Yes, I

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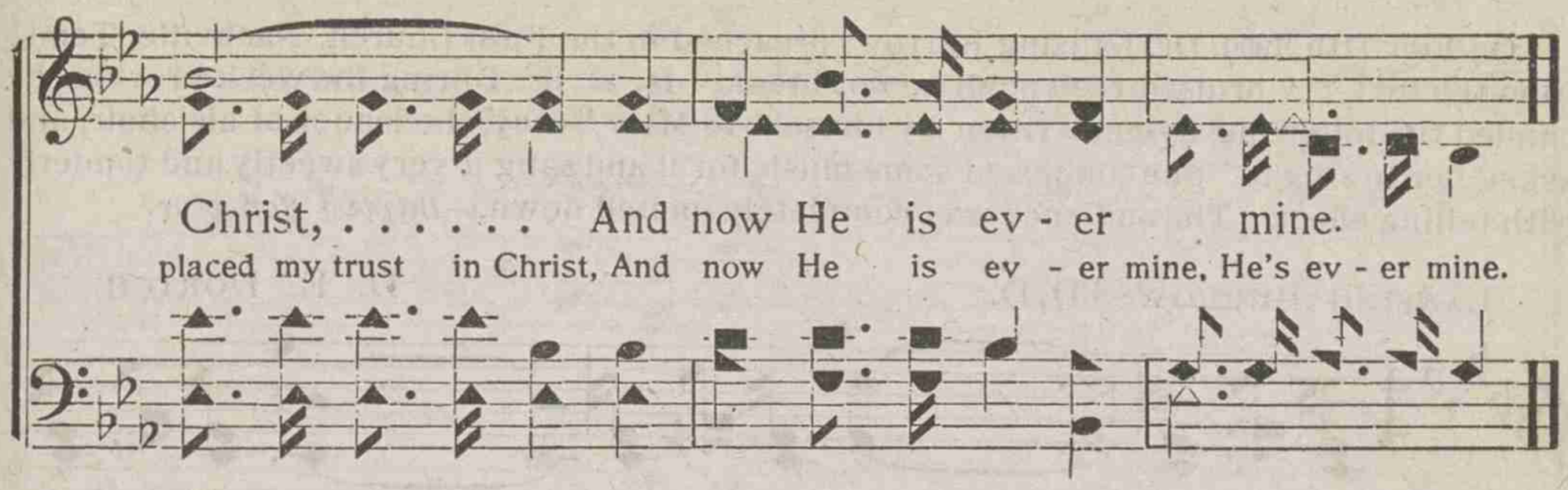
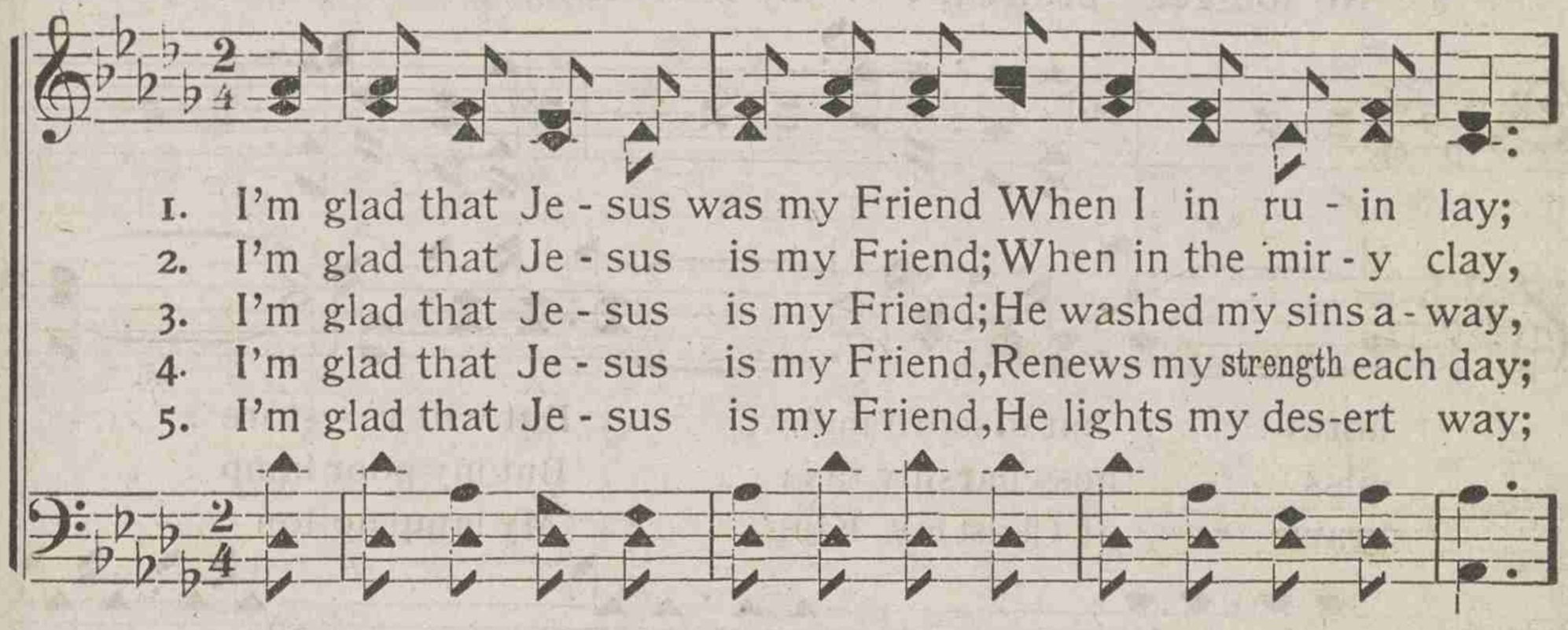
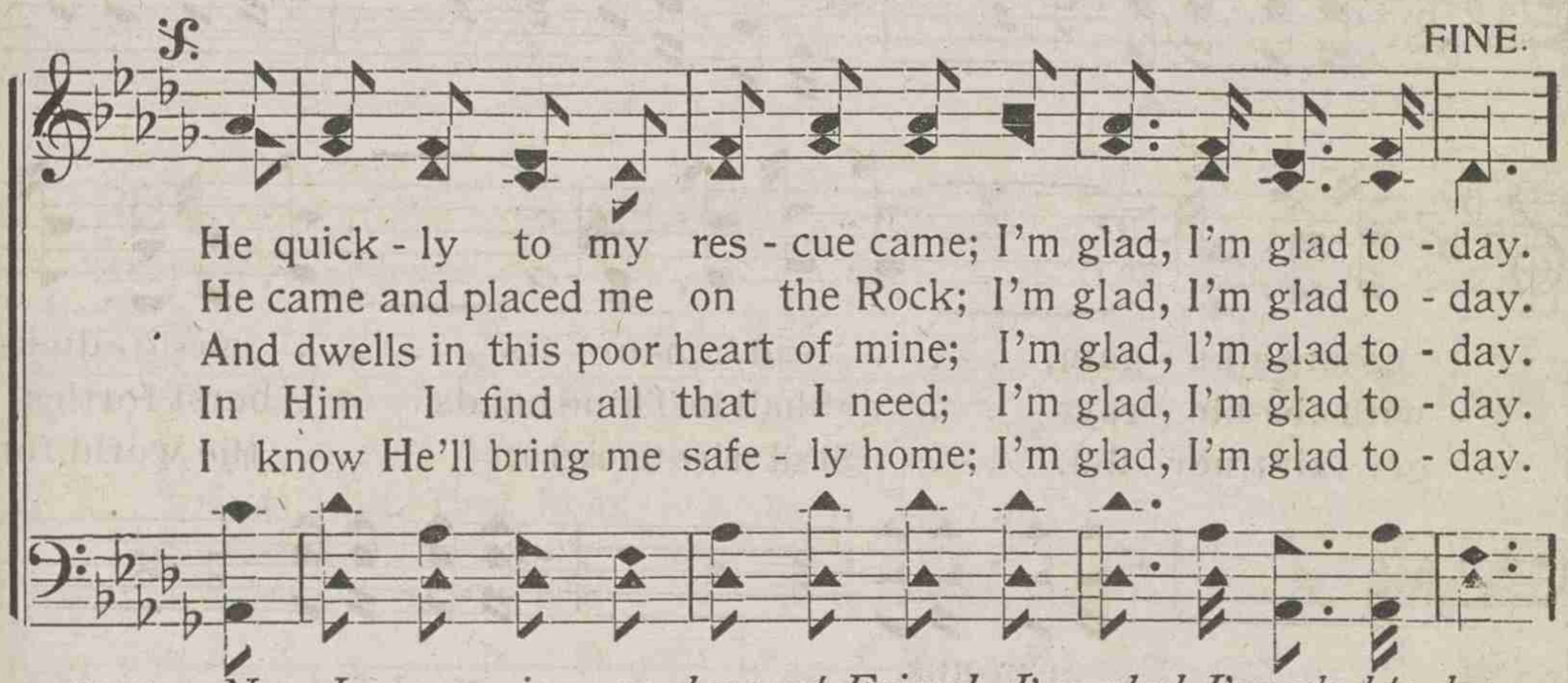
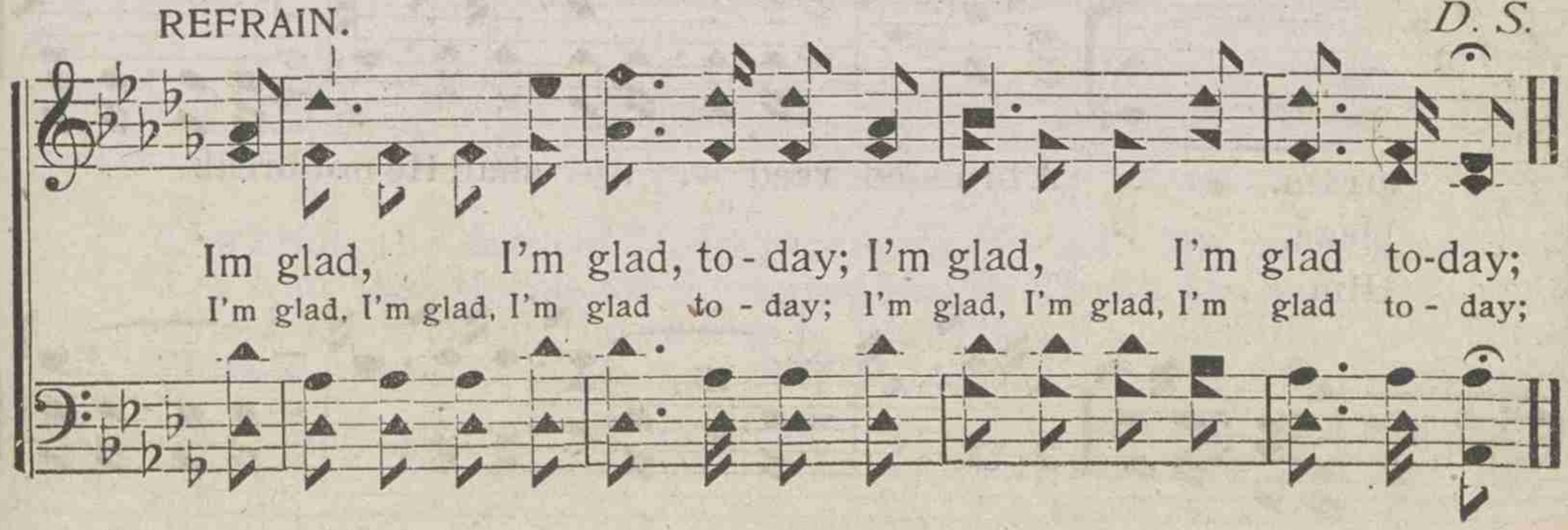
I'm Happy all the Day. Concluded.



326 I'm Glad.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. B. B. BEALL.



D. S.—*Now Je - sus is my dear-est Friend, I'm glad, I'm glad to-day.*



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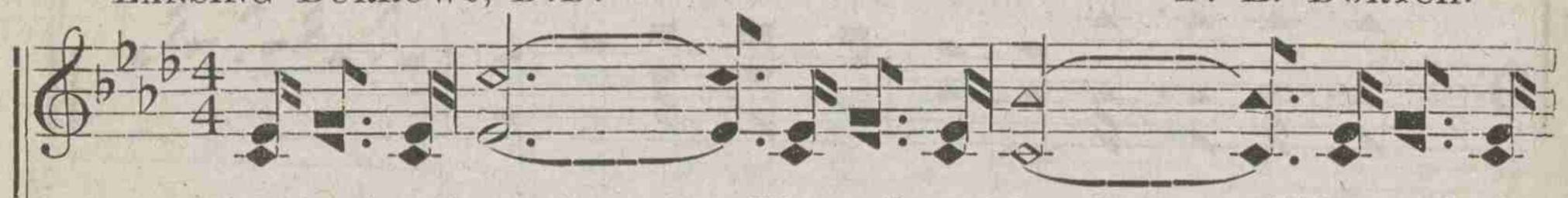
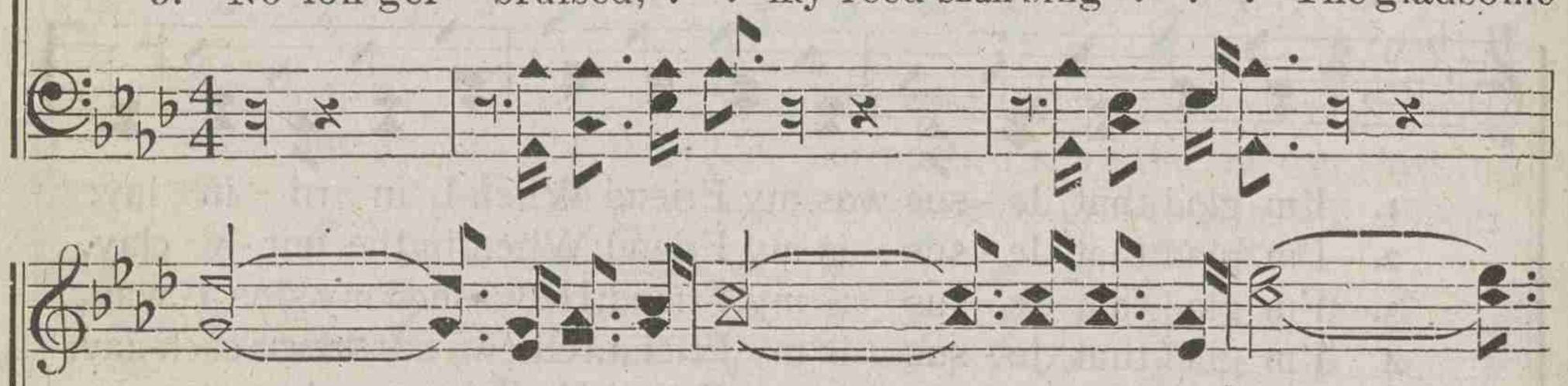
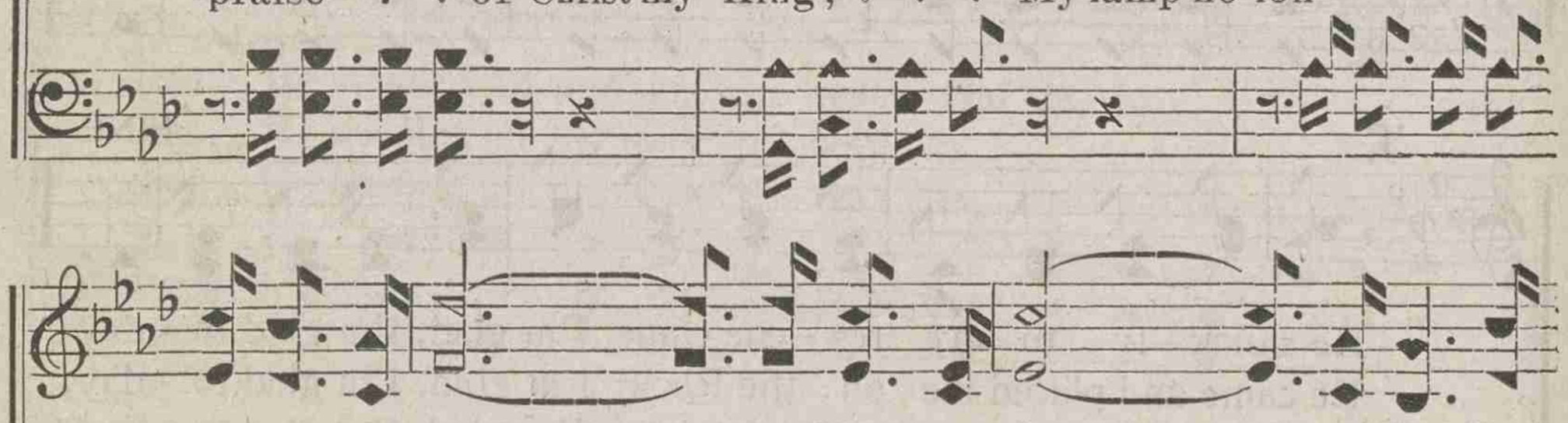
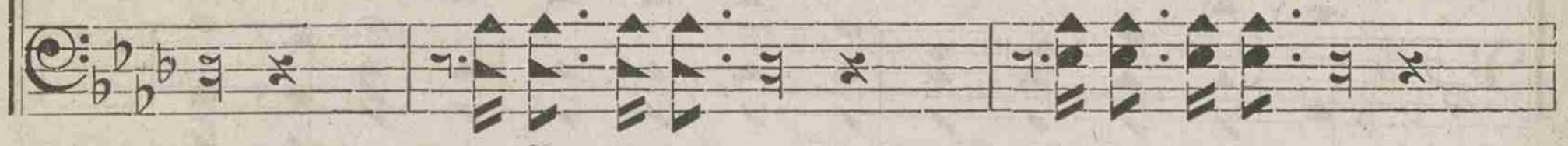
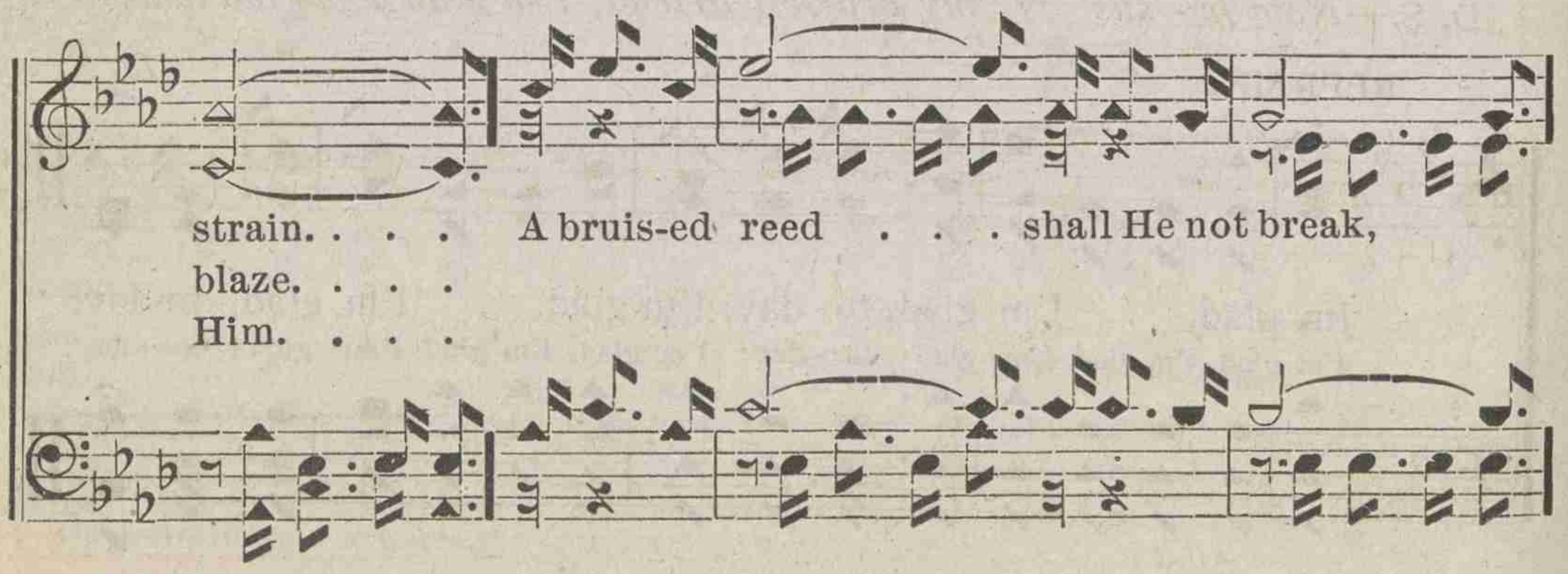
327 A BRUISED REED.

On Feb. 11th, 1900, Dr. Lansing Burrows preached in the First Church, Nashville, Tenn., from the text, "A bruised reed shall he not break." Is. 42: 3. During the week previous he handed the following hymn, written by himself, to Miss Vesey, the leader of his choir, and asked her to sing it. She composed some music for it and sang it very sweetly and tenderly with telling effect. The audience was completely melted down.—*Baptist Reflector.*

LANSING BURROWS, D.D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. My bruis-ed reed . . . Thou wilt not break, . . Whose plain-tive
2. Nor wilt Thou quench . . my smoking flax, . . . And my re -
3. No lon-ger bruised, . . my reed shall sing . . . The gladsome

notes . . . but discord make; . . . But wilt re - store . . .
miss - ness harshly tax; . . . But my poor lamp . . .
praise . . of Christ my King; . . . My lamp no lon - -

its strength a - gain, . . . And hon- or its . . . . me-lo - dious
with fee-ble rays . . . Shall in Thine hands . . . burst forth a-
ger faint, nor dim, . . . Shall shine throughout . . . the world for

CHORUS.

strain. . . . A bruis-ed reed . . . shall He not break,
blaze. . . .
Him. . . .

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And smoking flax . . . . shall He not quench, . . . Till He send

And smoking flax shall He not quench,

forth, ... for you and me, ... His judg-ment

Till He send forth, for you and me,

un - - - - - to vic - to - ry. . . . . .

His judg - ment un - - - - - - - to vic - to - ry.

328. OLNEY. S. M.

HENRY U. ONDERDONK. DR. LOWELL MASON.

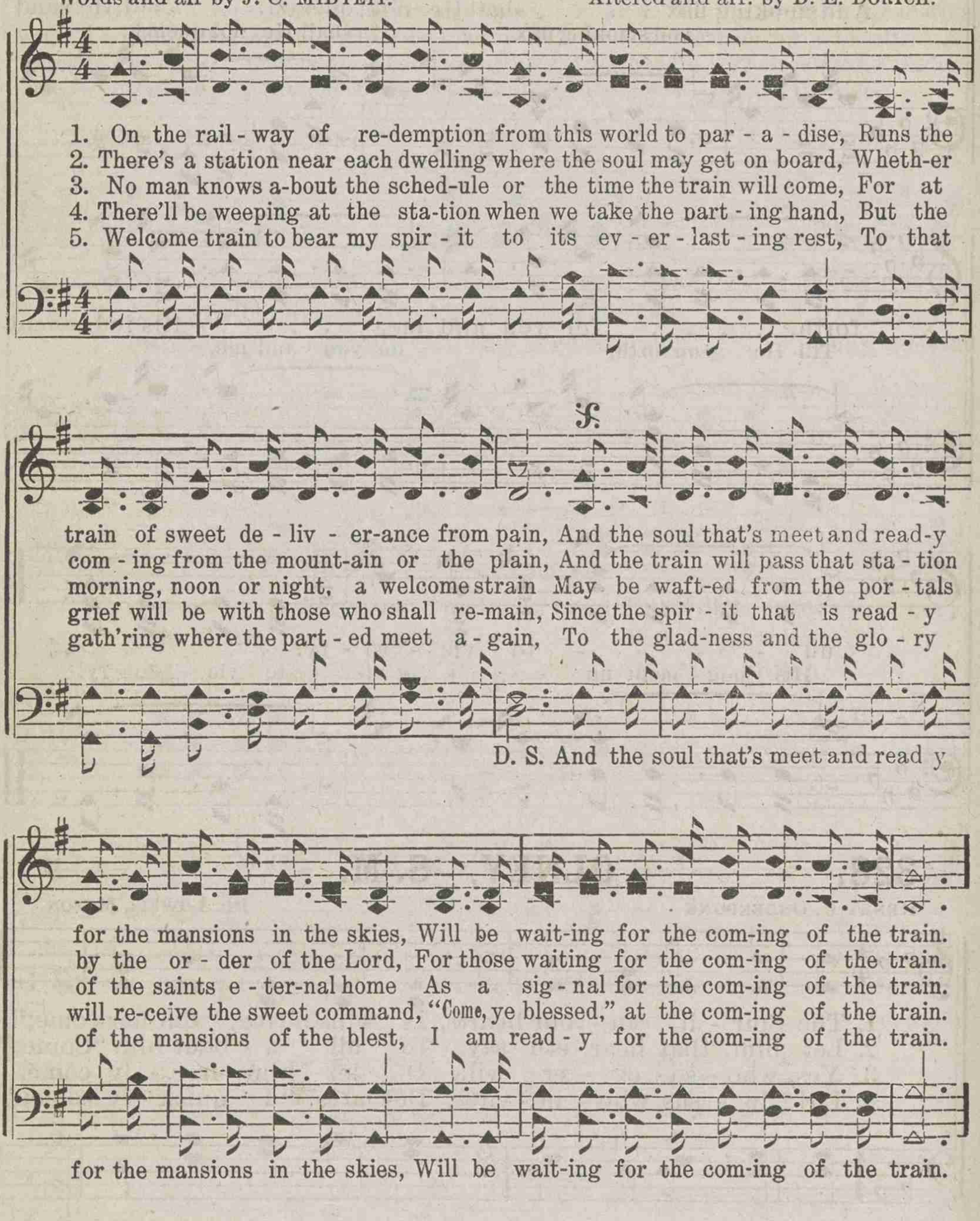
1. The Spir - it, in our hearts, Is whis-p'ring, "Sin-ner come;"
2. Let him that hear - eth say, To all a - bout him "Come;"
3. Yes, who - so - ev - er will, O let him free - ly come,
4. Lo! Je - sus who in - vites, De-clares, "I quick - ly come;"

The bride, the church of Christ proclaims, To all His children, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness, To Christ, the fountain, come.
And free - ly drink the stream of life; 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.
Lord, e - ven so; we wait Thy hour; O blest Re-deem - er, come.

329 WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

"Therefore be ye also ready : for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."—MATT. 24 : 44.

Words and air by J. C. MIDYETT. Altered and arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



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WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

D. S.

Will be wait - ing for the com-ing of the train.
Will be wait - ing for the com-ing, for the com - ing of the train.

330 I'LL MEET YOU AT THE DOOR.

W. T. DALE. R. R. EMERSON.

1. Will you meet me at the door When my mor-tal conflict's o'er, When I
2. Will you meet me at the door When I reach the oth - er shore, When the
3. Will you meet me at the door With our friends who've gone before, Who are
4. Will you meet me at the door When a - bove the stars I soar, When my
5. When we've entered heaven's door, Then we'll part, no, nev-er-more; In that

CHORUS.

lay my ar-mor down, And receive my shining crown? { Will you meet me,
trouble waves are past, And I reach my home at last? { Yes, I'll meet you,
watching at the gate, And our com-ing now a - wait?
wea-ry wand'ring feet, Reach the heav'nly land so sweet?
land with an-gels fair, We shall sing for - ev - er there.

will you meet me, will you meet me, Meet me at the door?
yes, I'll meet you, yes, I'll meet you, (*Omit*) Meet you at the door.

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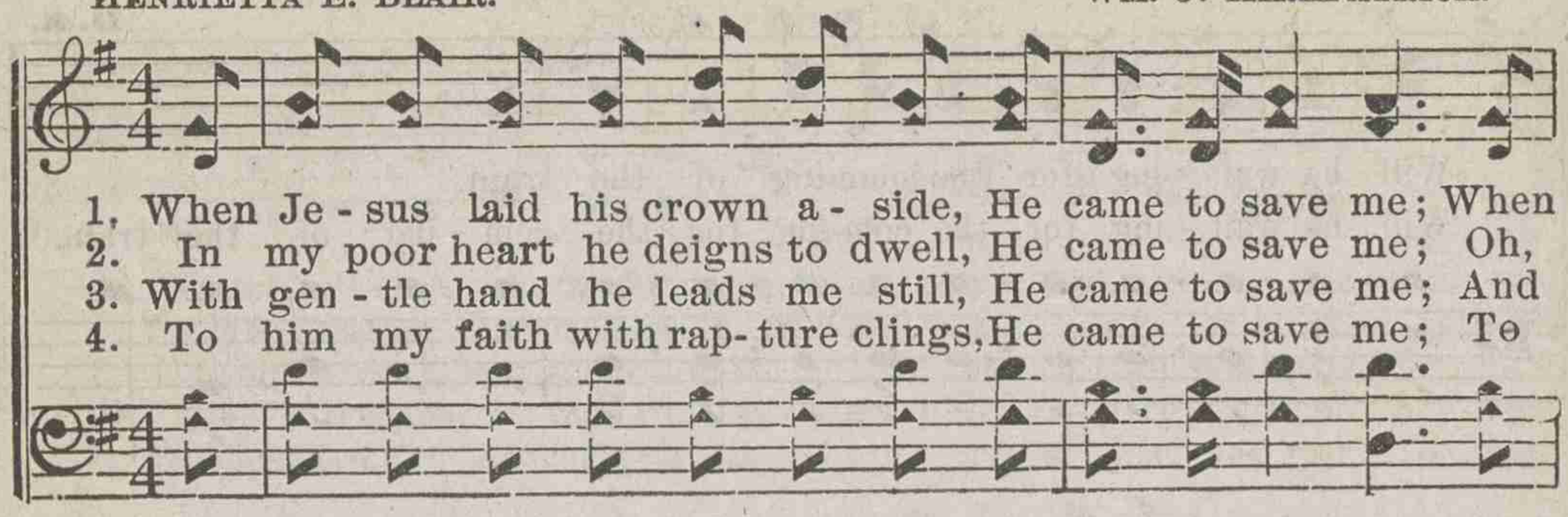
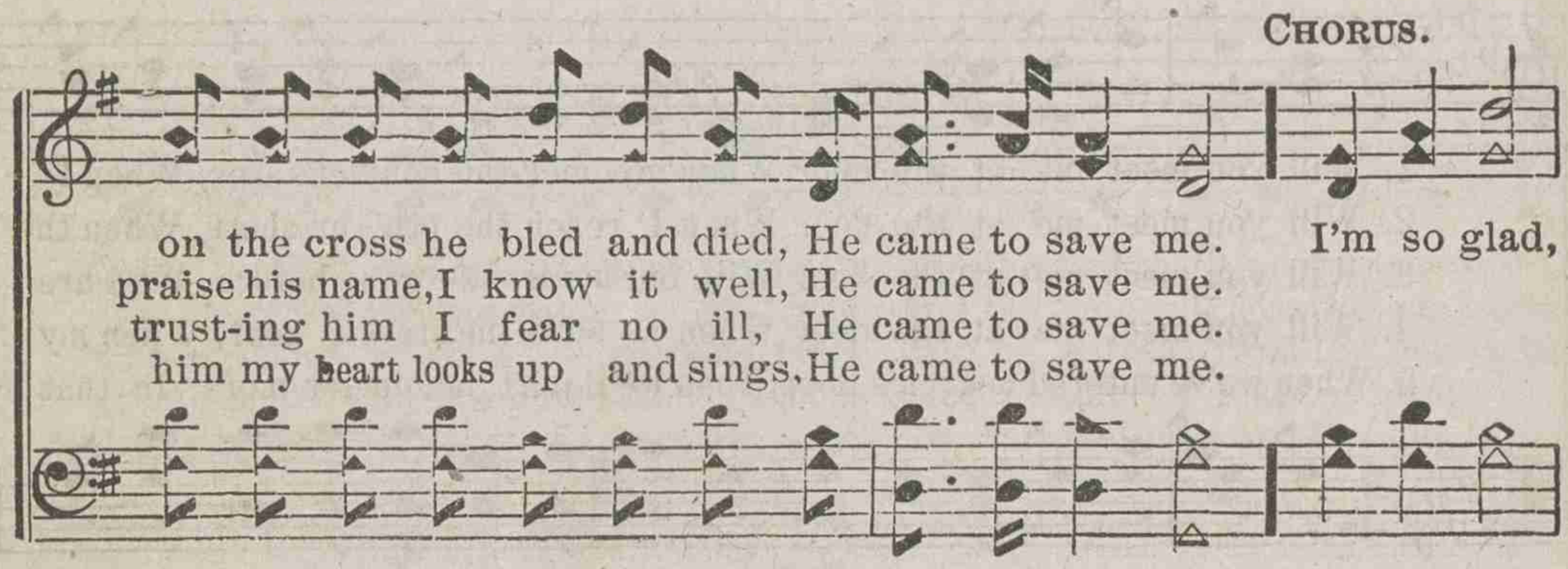
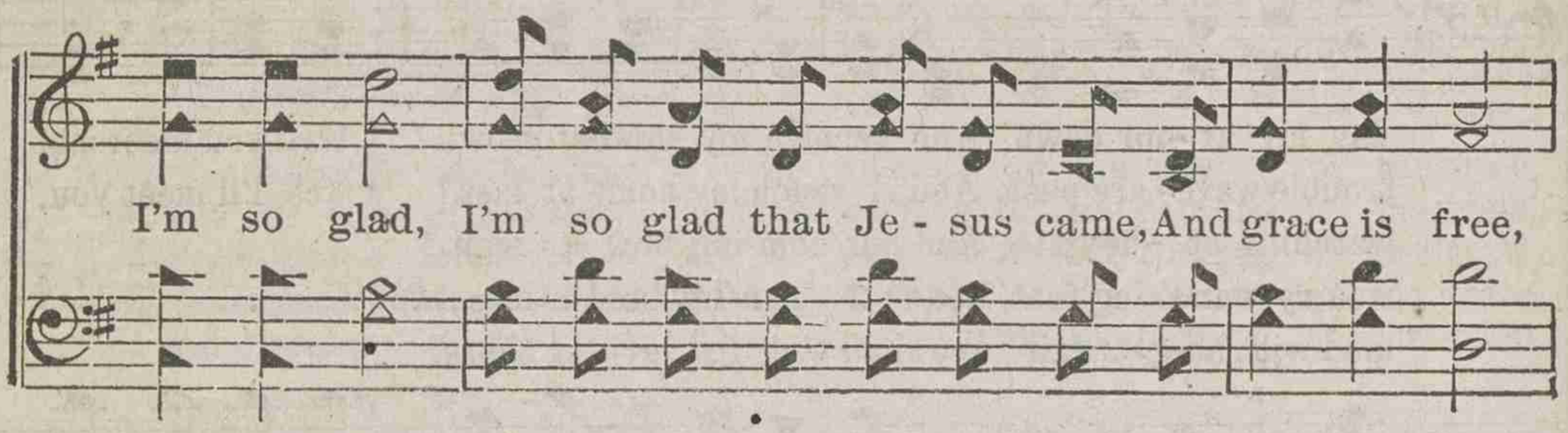
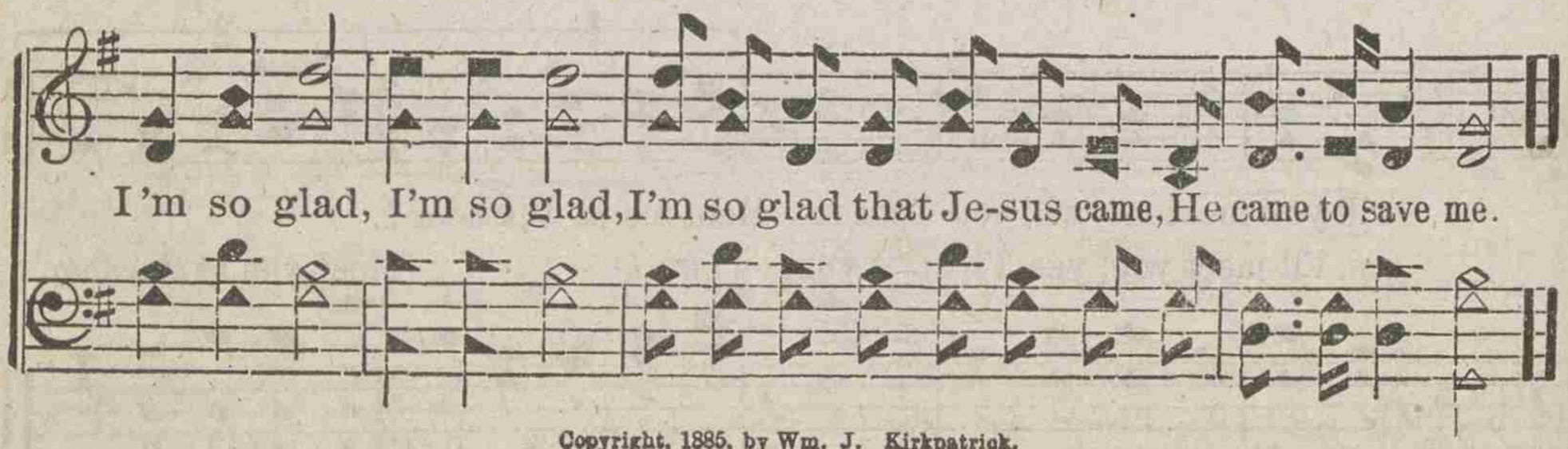
331 HE CAME TO SAVE ME.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.







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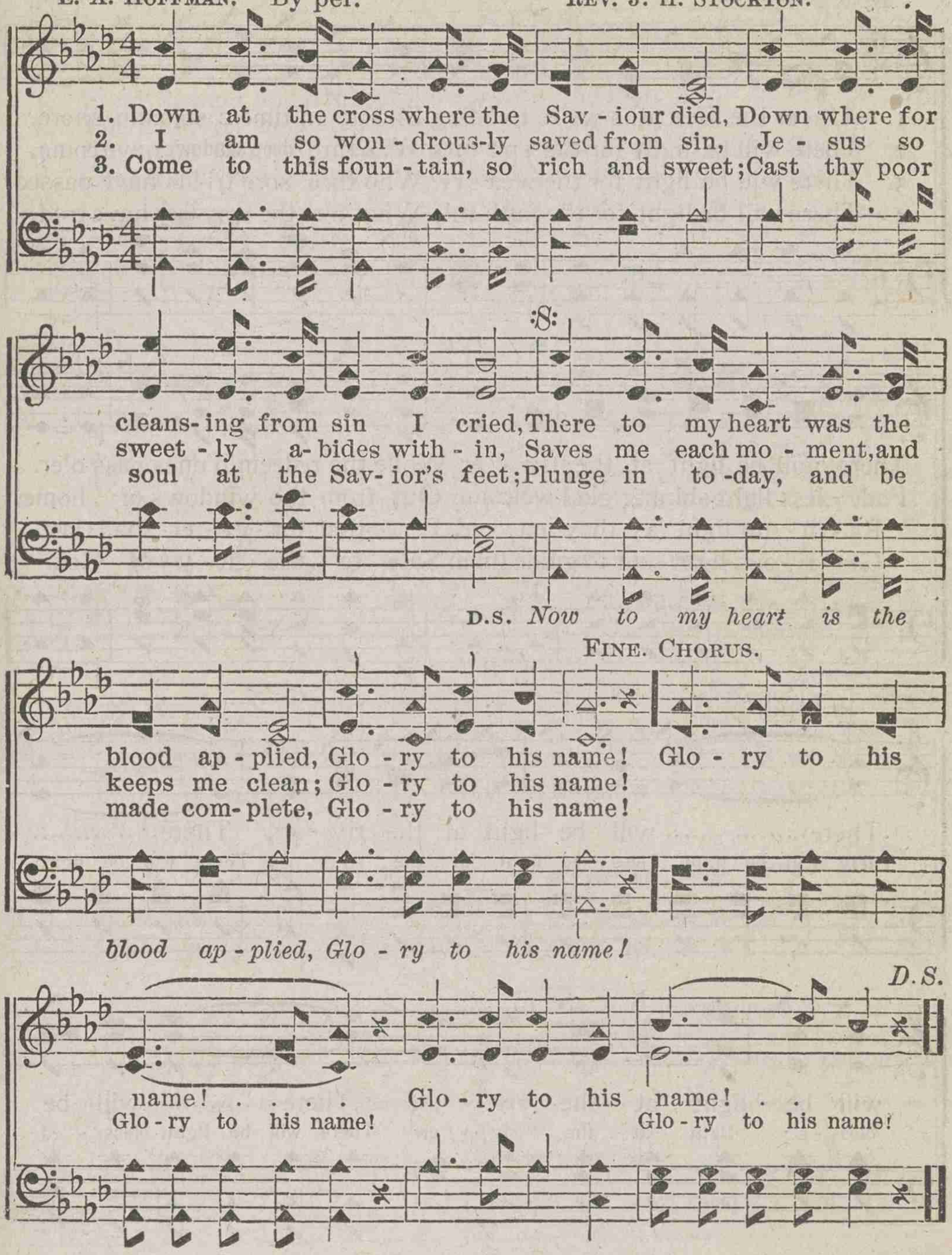
332 GLORY TO HIS NAME.

E. A. HOFFMAN. By per. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

333

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

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

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

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

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

334 There Will be Light at the River.

JENNIE WISON. A. J. SHOWATER.

1. Aft - er the life-paths we're treading End up-on time's sol-emn shore,
2. There will be light for the spir - its Who thro' deep shadows have come,
3. There will be light for the wea - ry Who thro' sore tri-als have passed,
4. There will be light for the faith-ful, What-e'er the way they have trod,

There will be light at the riv - er While the redeem'd ones pass o'er.
Fade - less light shining glad welcome Out from the windows of home.
Ra - di - ant light as they en - ter, Peace that for - ev - er shall last.
Glo - ri - ous light sent to guide them Safe to the cit - y of God.

REFRAIN.

There.....will be light at the riv - er, There.....
There will be light, bless - ed light at the riv - er, There will be light,

will be light at the riv - er, There..... will be
bless - ed light at the riv - er, There will be light, bless - ed

light at the riv - er, While the redeem'd ones pass o'er.....
light at the riv - er, While the re-deemed ones pass o'er, pass o'er.

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335 My Jesus is Able to Save.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. B. B. BEALL.

1. From dan-ger and doubt, from sor-row and fear, My Je-sus is
2. The temp-ter may strive my soul to ensnare, But Je-sus is
3. No mat-ter how dark with e-vil the hour, My Je-sus is
4. Oh, trust in His grace, a-bound-ing and free, For Je-sus is

a-ble to save; . . . When trouble and care and tri-al are near, My
a-ble to save; . . . For ref-uge I flee to Jesus in pray'r, I
a-ble to save; . . . For His is the kingdom, glory and pow'r, For
a-ble to save; . . . And nev-er dismayed, dis-com-fit-ed be, For
is a-ble to save;

REFRAIN.

Jesus is a-ble to save. My Jesus is a-ble to save, . . .
know He is a-ble to save.
Jesus is a-ble to save.
Jesus is a-ble to save.
is a-ble to save,

My Je-sus is a-ble to save; . . . . . His grace is so
is a-ble to save;

free and reaches e'en me; Yes, Je-sus is a-ble to save. . . .
is a-ble to save.

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336 Where Jesus Is.

E. R. LATTA. B. B. BEALL.

1. Have you heard what joy's they share, Where Jesus is, ...
2. Have you heard of crowns of light, Where Jesus is, ...
3. Have you heard that we may go Where Jesus is, ...

1. Have you heard what joys they share, Where Jesus is,

where Je-sus is, ... And how all . . . . . is bright and
where Je-sus is, ... And of saints . . . . arrayed in
where Je-sus is, ... No more ills . . . . . of earth to

where Je - sus is, And how all

fair, ... Where Jesus is, ... where Jesus is? . . . . .
white, . . . Where Jesus is, ... where Jesus is? . . . . .
know, . . . Where Jesus is, ... where Jesus is? . . . . .

is bright and fair, Where Je-sus is, where Je-sus is?

REFRAIN.

Let us march . . . . . to yon blest home, ... Where we

Let us march to yon blest home, Let us march to yon blest home, Where we

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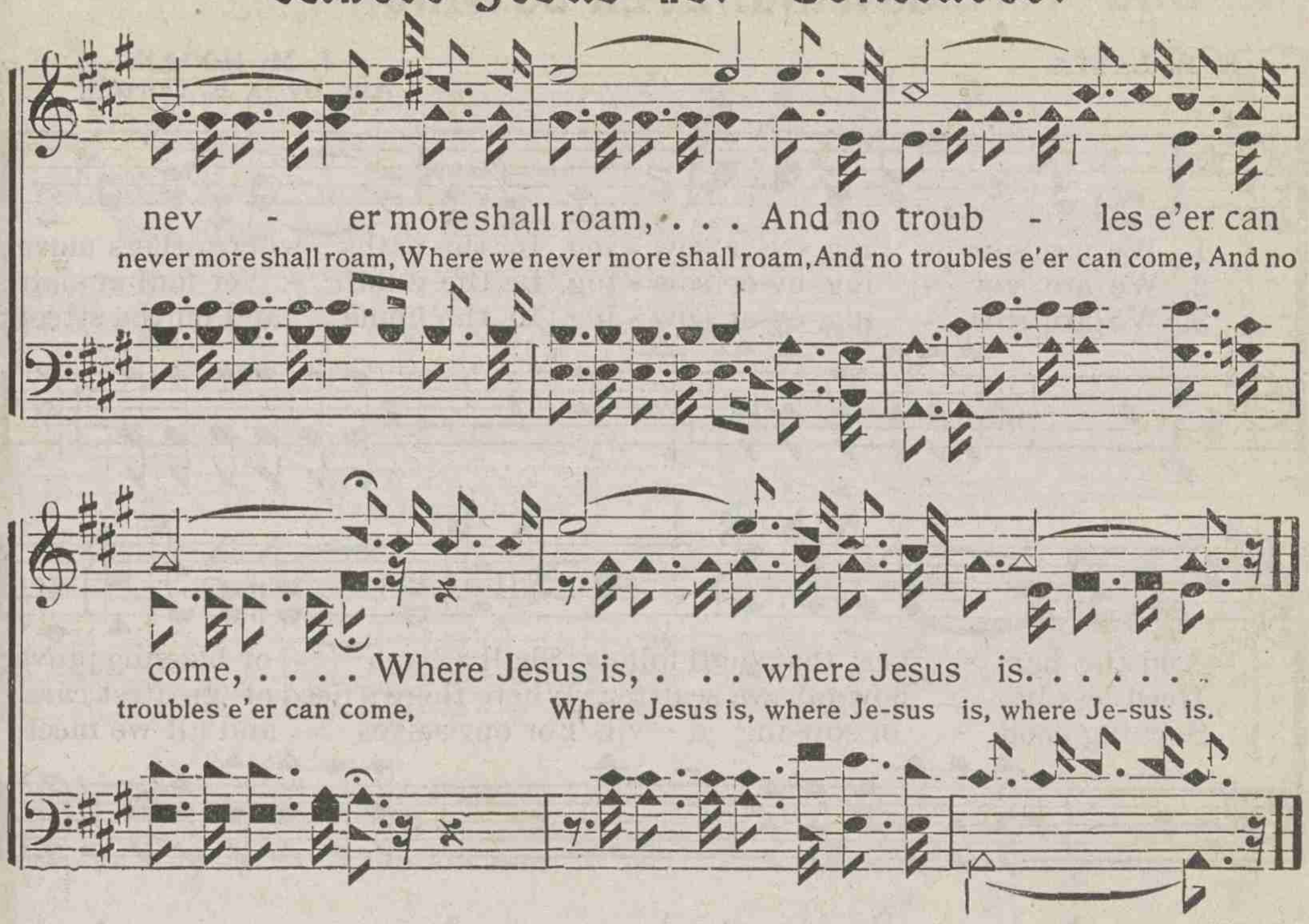
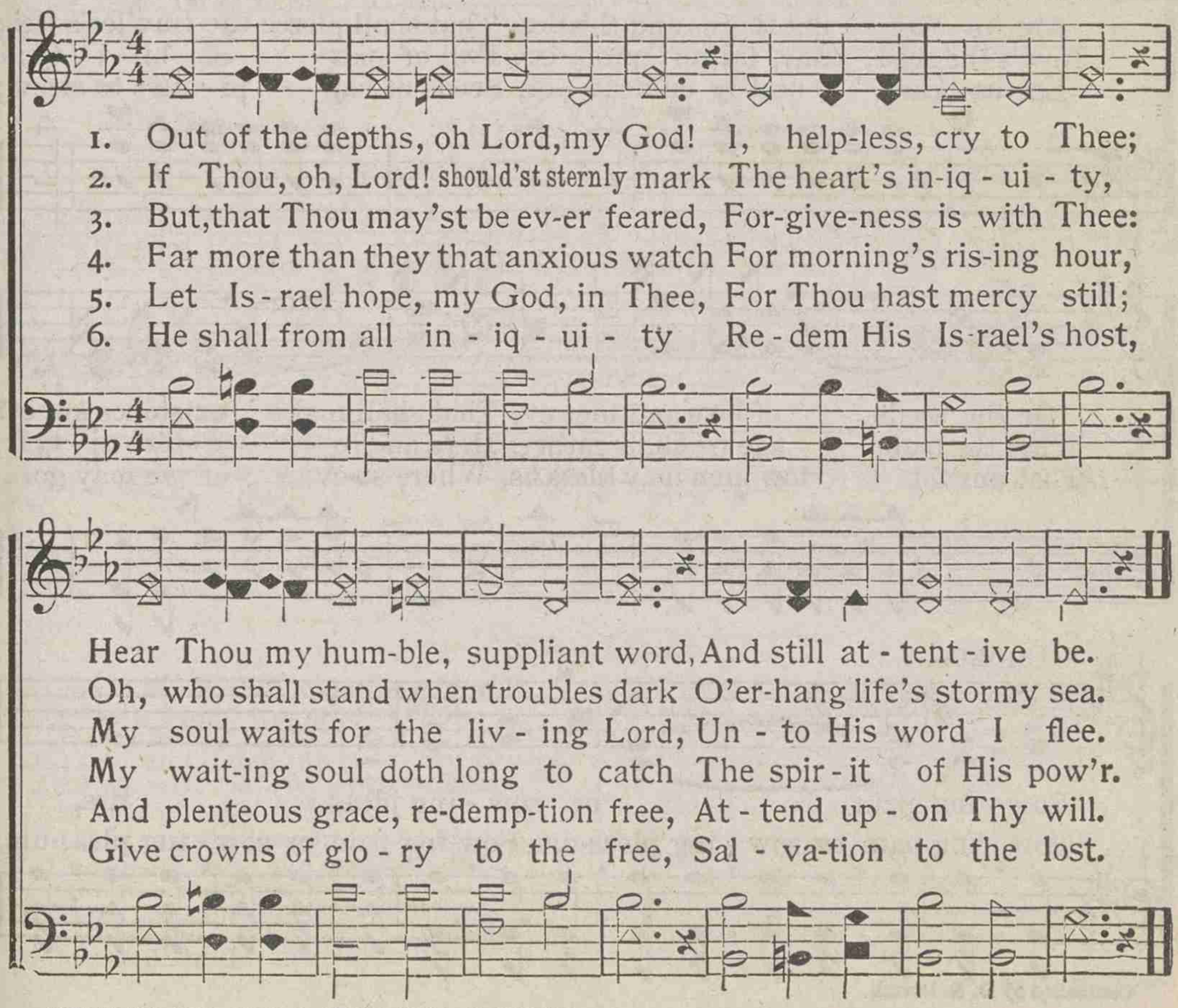
Where Jesus Is. Concluded.

337 Out of the Depths.

J. B. BEALL. B. B. BEALL.



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338

SOWING. EVER SOWING.

E. R. LATTA

J. M. HOGAN.
Arr. by D. E. Dortch.

1. We are sow - ing, ev-er sow - ing, In the paths where others move;
2. We are sow - ing, ev-er sow - ing, Be the weath - er foul or fair;
3. We are sow - ing, ev-er sow - ing, In the home and on the street;

And the har - vest that shall follow, Shall a bane or blessing prove;
Heed-less-ly how oft we scat-ter, Where there's need of greatest care;
Sow-ing good or sow-ing e - vil, For our-selves and all we meet;

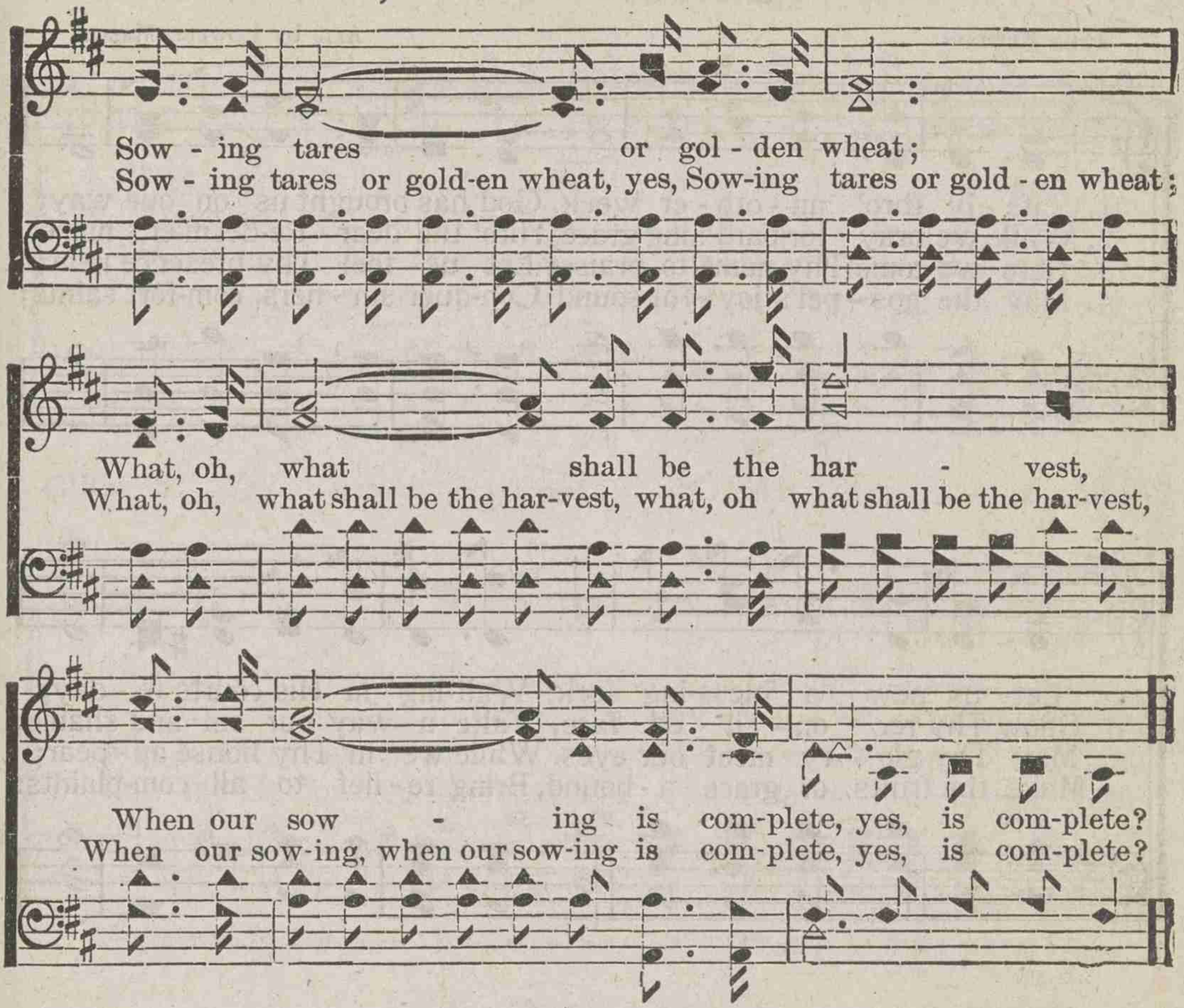
Are we sow - ing thorns and thistles, That shall pierce the trav'ler's feet;
Now's the seed - time, full of prom-ise, Full of pos - si - bil - i - ty;
Let us ear - nest-ly en-deav - or, Seeds of hap - pi - ness to strew;

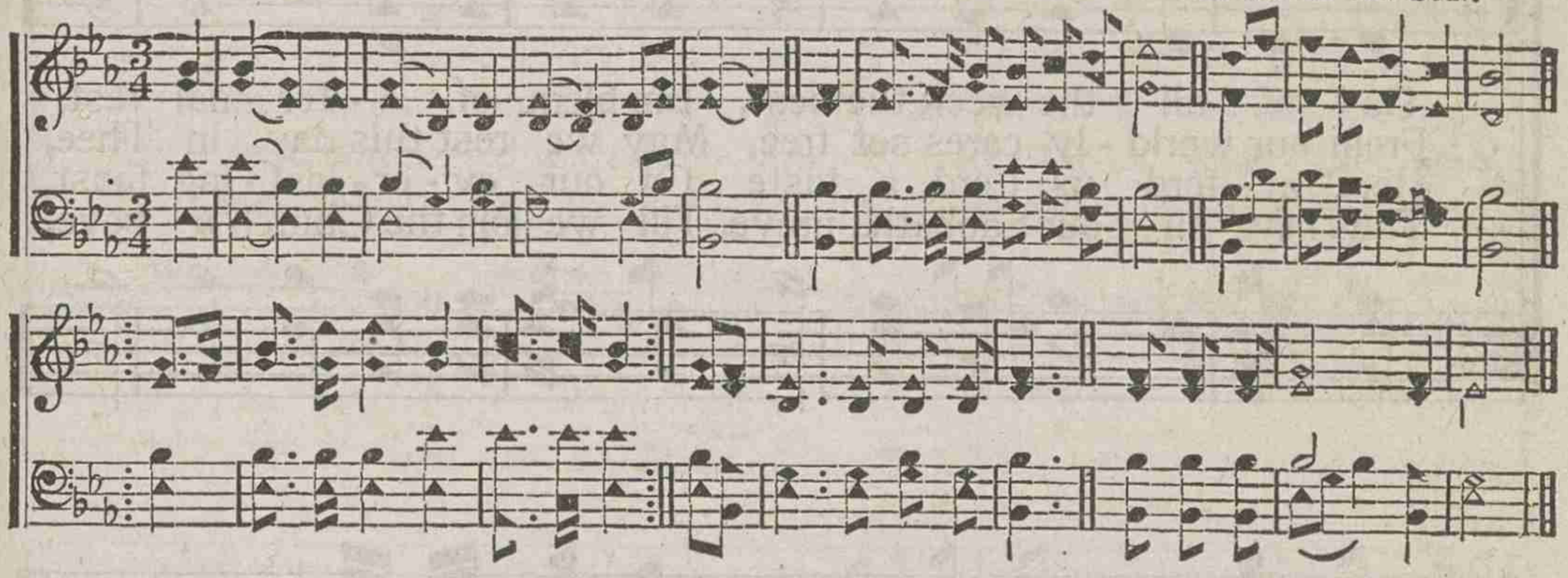
Or the seeds of love and mer-cy, That shall make existence sweet?
What the fruit - age we shall gather, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty?
That our fel - low men may bless us, Where-so-ev - er we may go.

CHORUS.

Sow - ing pain or sow - ing pleas ure,
Sow - ing pain or sow - ing pleas-ure, Sow-ing pain or sow - ing pleas-ure,

Controlled by D. E. Dortch.

SOWING, EVER SOWING. Concluded.

339 ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.

O Could I Speak.

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

340 Safely Thro' Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

341 Never Alone.

English.

1. I've seen the light-ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll;
2. The world's fierce winds are blow-ing Temp-ta - tions sharp and keen;
3. When in af- flic - tion's val - ley I'm treading the road of care,
4. He died for me on the mountain, For me they pierced His side;

CHO.—*No, nev-er a - lone! No, nev - er a - lone!*

I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, Trying to conquer my soul;
I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav - ior stands be - tween;
My Sav-ior helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear;
For me He opened the fount-ain, The crim - son, cleans-ing tide;

He prom-ised nev-er to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a - lone;

I've heard the voice of my Sav - ior, Telling me still to fight on;
He stands to shield me from dan - ger When earth - ly friends are gone;
My feet, entangled with bri - ars Read-y to cast me down,
For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seated up - on His throne;

No, nev - er a - lone! No, nev - er a - lone!

He pro misednever to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He promised never to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
My Sav - ior whispers His prom-ise: "I nev-er will leave thee a-lone."
He promises never to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

He promised never to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

342 CROWNING JESUS LORD OF ALL.

E. L. WESSON. MATT. 25 : 31-34. PROF. J. A. BELL.

1. When Je - sus shall come in the full - ness of glo - ry, To
2. When judg - ment shall come and we all stand be - fore Him, To
3. When Je - sus in ac - cents of mer - cy shall call us, And
4. When judg - ment has passed and we en - ter the man - sion, Which
5. Dear sin - ner, O where will you stand on that morn - ing, You'll

gath - er un - to Him His own, And an - gels a - bout Him shall
an - swer for what we have done, When from His great book we shall
say un - to those on the right, "Come near un - to me all ye
He has pre-pared for His own, When dear ones re-deemed by His
be on the right or the left, If there you would be on the

shout the glad tid - ings, "He's com - ing to sit on His throne."
see our sins can-celled With blood of the Cru - ci - fied One.
blest of my Fa - ther, In - her - it the king - dom of light."
in - fi - nite mer - cy, Shall greet us a - bout the great throne.
right hand of Je - sus, Then haste to the Rock's bless - ed cleft.

CHORUS.

Then we'll crown Him, Yes, we'll crown Him, We will
Then we'll crown the lov-ing Saviour, Yes, we'll crown the loving Sav-iour, We will

crown Him Lord of all, When He sits up - on His throne.
crown the loving Saviour Lord of all, Lord of all,

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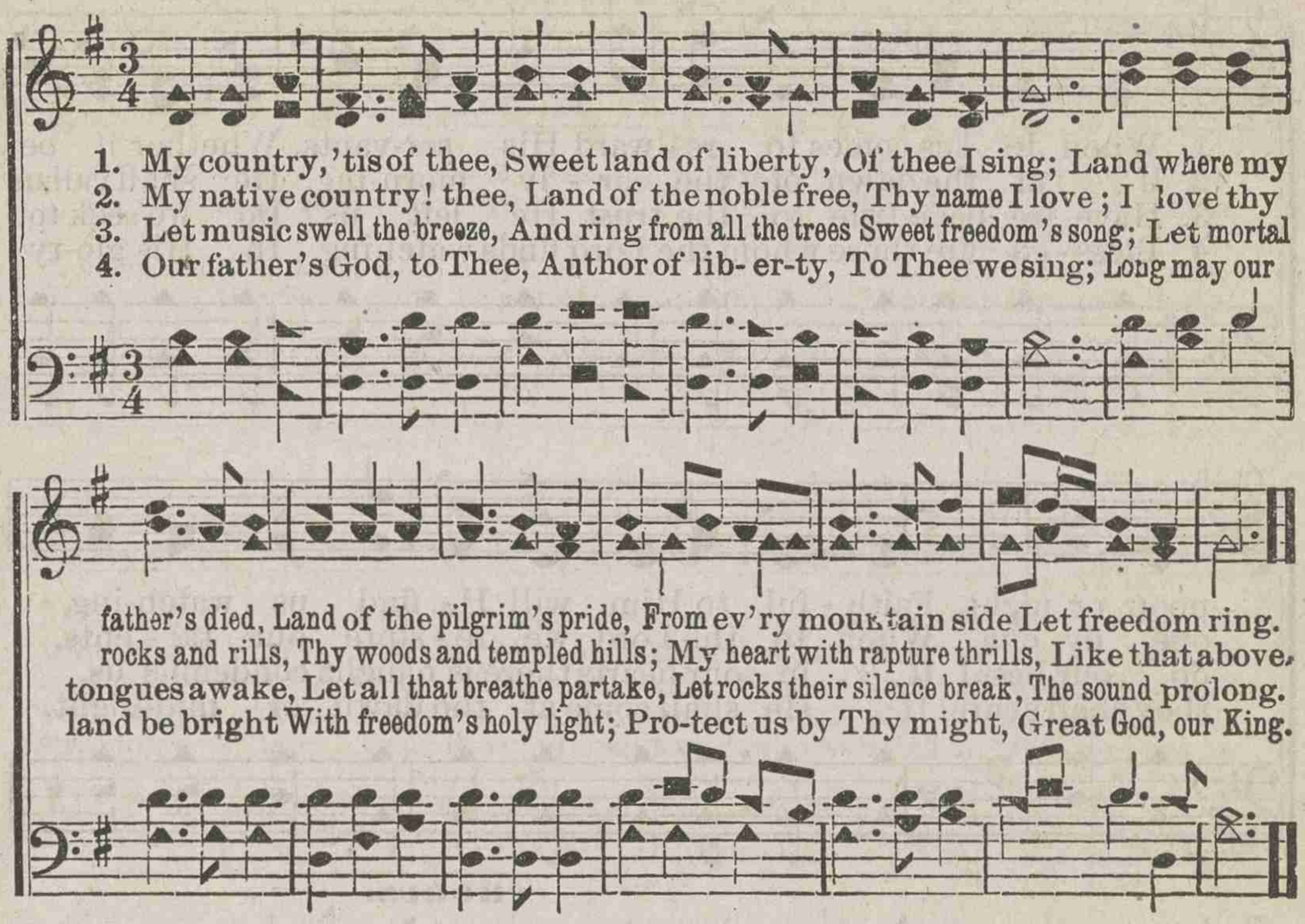
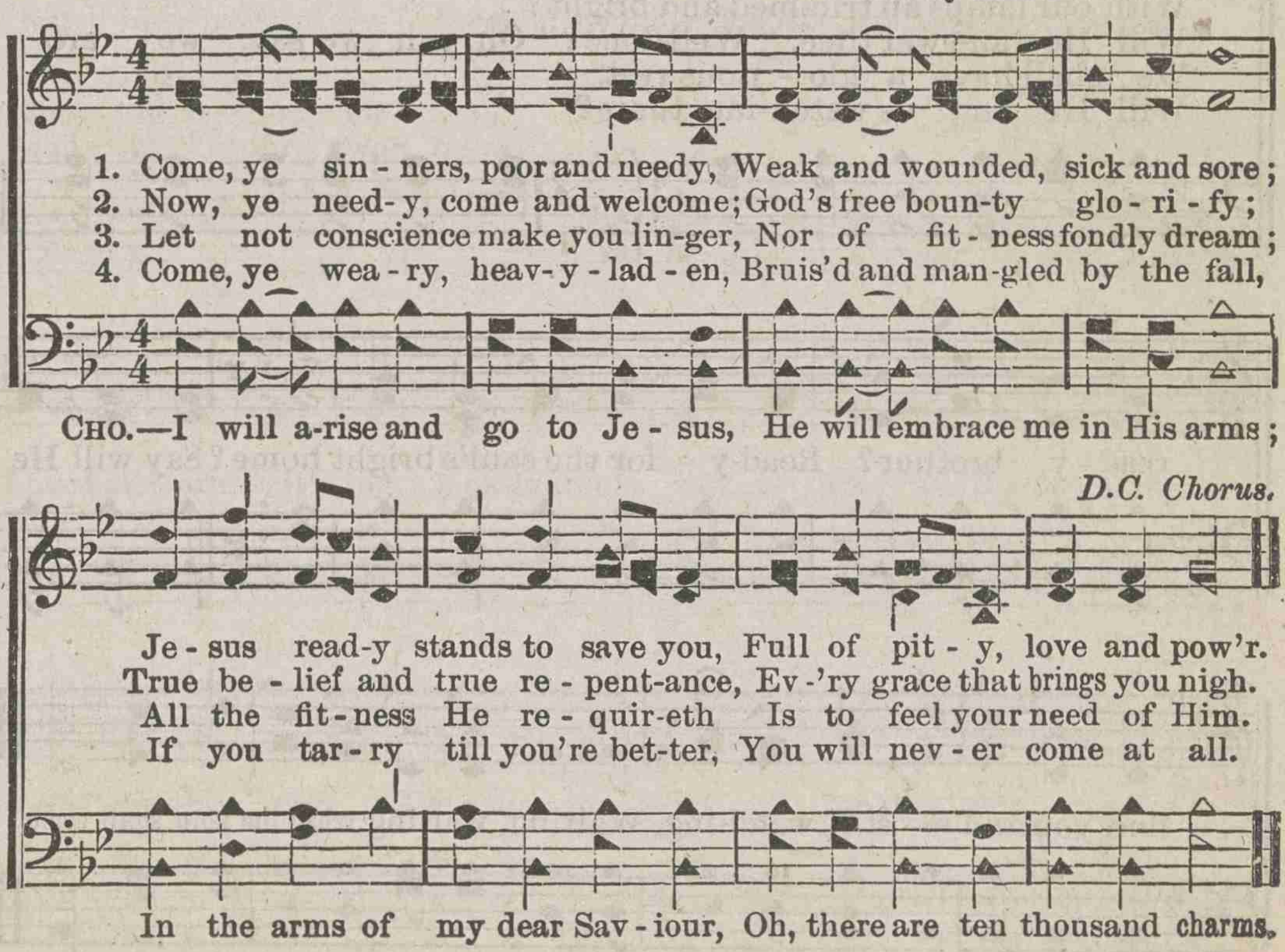
343 AMERICA.

S. F. Smith.



344 I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS.

Arr. by Jos. F. Butler.



345 Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His ser-vants, Whether it be noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch-ing,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best! If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo-ry they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

CHORUS.

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
Will He an-swer thee, "Well done?" Oh, can we say, we are
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch-ing there?

read - y, brother? Read-y for the soul's bright home? Say will He

find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

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346 LOOKING THIS WAY.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.

1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn- ing,
2. Fa-ther and moth - er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat- man,
3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
4. Sweet lit- tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look-ing for some one,
5. Je - sus the Sav - iour, bright Morning Star, Look-ing for lost ones

looking for me; Free from their sor- row, grief, and de - spair, Waiting and
wait for the sail, Bear-ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the
coming some- time; Safe with the an - gels, whit-er than snow, Watching for
beckon-ing come; Bright as a sun-beam, pure as the dew, Anxious-ly
straying a - far; Hear the glad mes- sage; why will you roam? Je - sus is

CHORUS.

watch-ing pa- tient- ly there. Looking this way, yes, looking this way;
har - bor, near to their side.
dear ones wait- ing be - low.
look- ing, moth-er, for you.
call - ing, "Sinner, come home."

Loved ones are wait - ing, look-ing this way; Fair as the morn- ing,

bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry looking this way.

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347 WHEN THE LORD COMES.

"*I will come again and receive you unto myself.*"—John 14: 3.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I'm long-ing to look on that glo - ri-ous sight, When the Lord comes to
2. I'm wait-ing the blast of the trumpet so loud, When the Lord comes to
3. The right-eous who then o'er the earth shall be spread, When the Lord comes to

gath-er us home; The heavens aglow with the ar-mies of light, When the
gath-er us home; I'm watching for Him on the wings of a cloud, When the
gath-er us home; Will join with the saints who a - rise from the dead, When the

Lord comes to gath-er us home. When the moon shall be bathed in a
Lord comes to gath-er us home. When He speaks to the bones 'neath the
Lord comes to gath-er us home. Ev - 'ry brow shall be decked with a

sea of blood, When the earth shall dissolve as a crumbling clod, And the
o-cean waves, When He calls to the dust in the si - lent graves, They shall
crown of light, Ev - 'ry form shall be clothed in a robe of white, Ev - 'ry

stars shall grow dim in the face of God, When the Lord comes to gath-er us home.
wake for His voice will have power that saves, When the Lord comes to gath-er us home.
saint shall as-cend to a glorious height, When the Lord comes to gath-er us home.

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CHORUS.

When the Lord comes to gather us home. When the Lord comes to gather us home,

When the Lord comes to gath-er us home, To the man-sions of glo-ry no more to roam.

348 O TO BE MORE LIKE JESUS.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. WILLIAM RUSSELL.

1. O to be more like Jesus, Tender and true and kind; Doing the Father's pleas-ure, Seeking the lost to find.
2. Guiding the faint and weary, Up to the home a-bove, Fill'd with the grace of mer - cy, Fill'd with the light of love
3. Tho' we be call'd to suf-fer, Bearing with joy the cross; Self with its cares for- get - ting, Counting not gain or loss

CHORUS.

O to be more like Jesus, Treading the path He trod; Giving our lives for others, Trusting our all to God.

to God.

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349 WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

JOHN. J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner,
2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus can save, As He has prom-ised,
3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have re-ject-ed,
4. O. what com-pas-sion, oh bound-less love! Je-sus hath pow-er,

paid all His due; All who re-ceive Him need nev-er fear,
so will He do; Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word,
who have refused? Oh, sin-ner, has-ten, let Je-sus in,
Je-sus is true; All who be-lieve are safe from the storm,

Chorus.

Yes, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.

When I see the

When I

blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

rit.

blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you.
see the blood, o-ver you.

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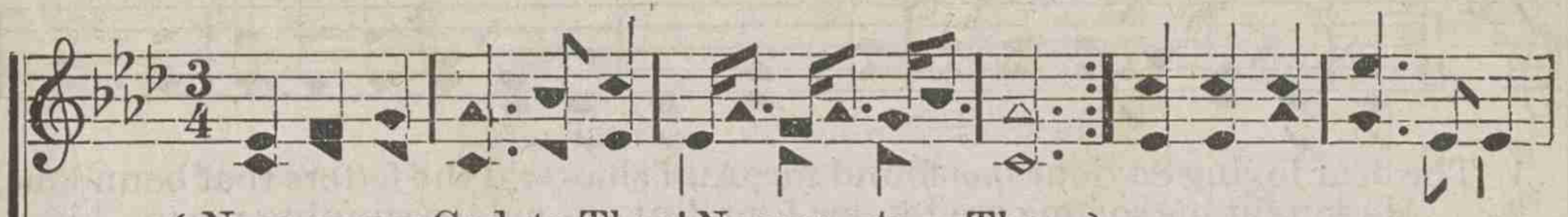
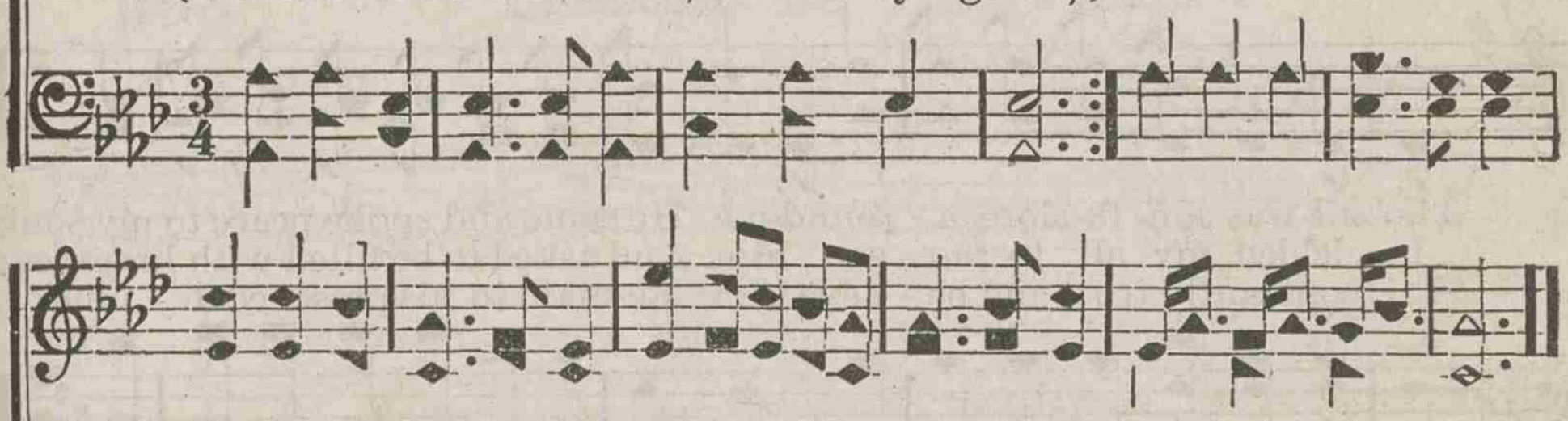
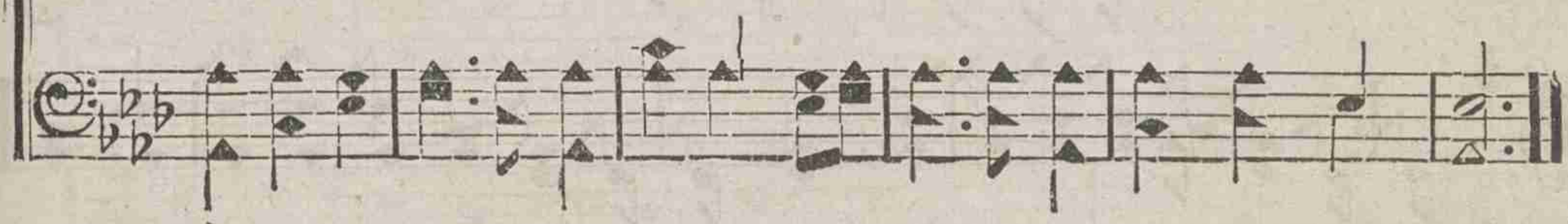
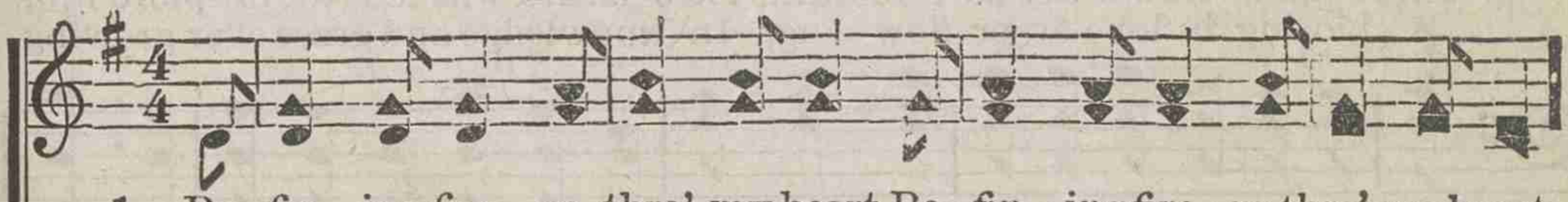
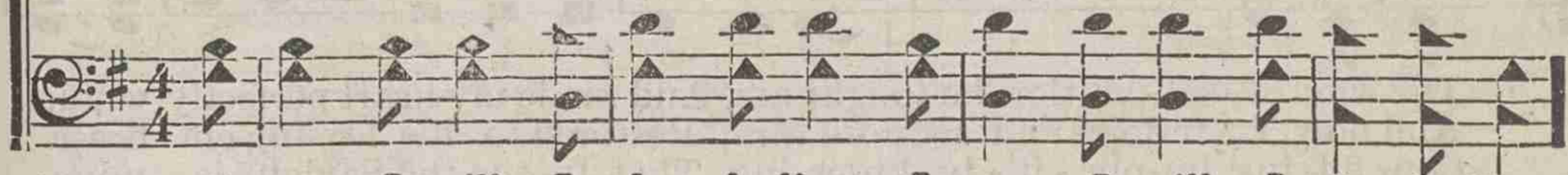
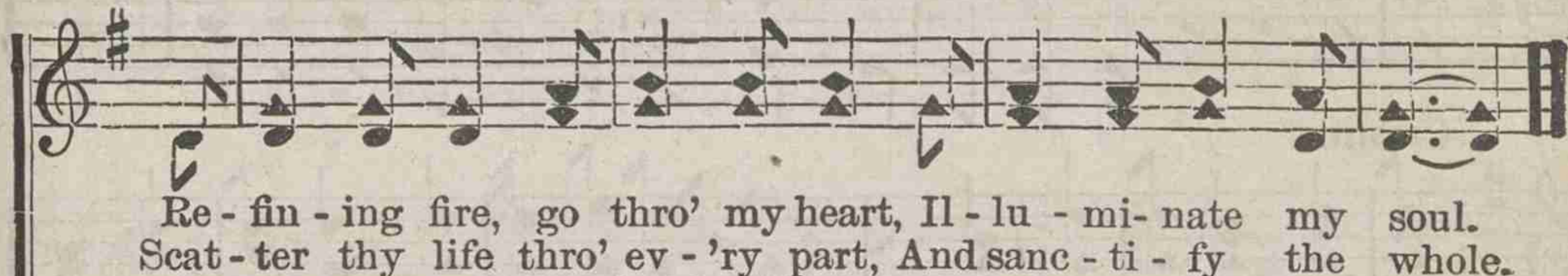
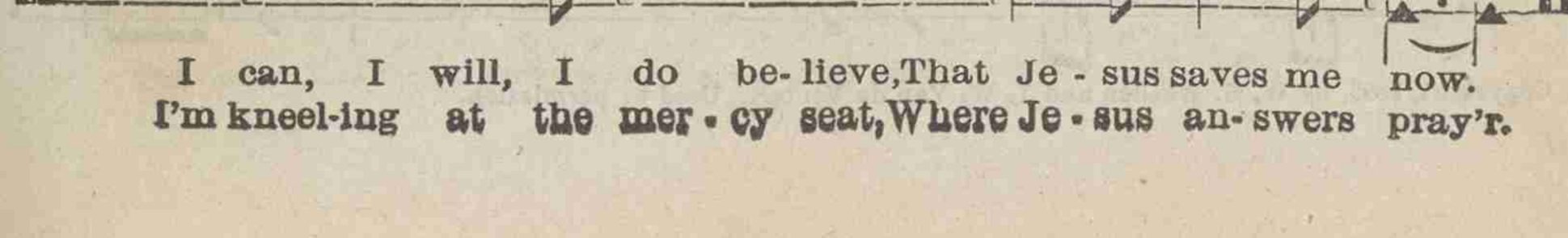
350 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. Scotch Air.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee,
   E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me; } Still all my song shall be,
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down,
   Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone, } Yet in my dreams I'll be
3. There let the way appear, Steps un-to heaven.
   All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy given; } An-gels to beck-on me

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!



351 I CAN I WILL.

1. Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart, Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart.
2. Scat-ter thy life thro' ev-'ry part, Scat-ter thy life thro' ev-'ry part,
3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, O that it now from heav'n might fall,
4. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for thee I call, Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for thee I call,

Cho. No. 1. I can, I will I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,
Cho. No. 2. I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat,

Re-fin-ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il-lu-mi-nate my soul.
Scat-ter thy life thro' ev-'ry part, And sanc-ti-fy the whole.
O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con-sume.
Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for thee I call, Spir-it of burn-ing, come.



I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je-sus saves me now.
I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat, Where Je-sus an-swers pray'r.

352 HE SAVES ME.

J. W. Van de Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. The dear loving Saviour has found me, And shatter'd the fetters that bound me,
2. He sought me so long ere I knew him, But fi- nal- ly winning me to him,
3. I nev-er, no, never will leave him, Grow weary of service and grieve him,

Tho' all was con- fu-sion a - round me, He came and spoke peace to my soul;
I yielded my all to pur - sue him, And asked to be filled with his grace;
I'll constantly trust and be - lieve him, Re-main in his presence di - vine;

The blessed Redeemer that bought me, In ten-der-ness constantly sought me,
Although a vile sin-ner be- fore him, Thro' faith I was led to im-plore him,
A - bid-ing in love ev-er flow - ing, In knowledge and grace ever growing,

The way of sal - va-tion he taught me, And made my heart perfectly whole.
And now I re-joice and a - dore him, Restored to his lov-ing em - brace.
Con- fid- ing im-plic - it - ly, know-ing That Je- sus the Saviour is mine.

Chorus.

He saves me, he saves me, His love fills my soul, hallelu - jah! O, glo - ry,

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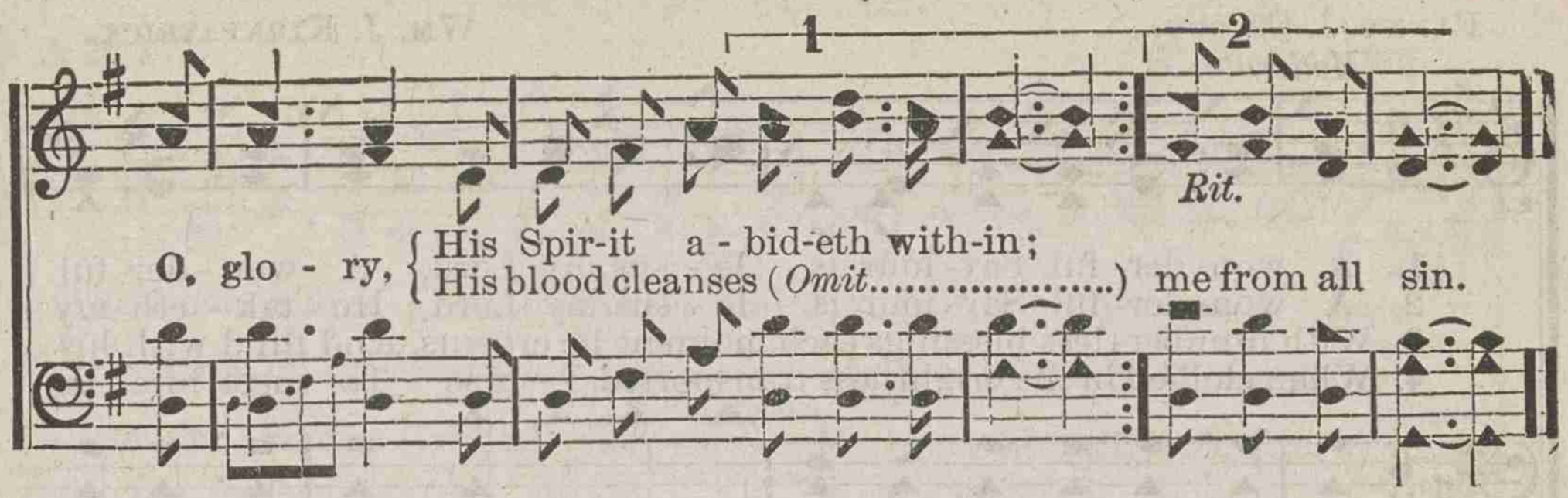
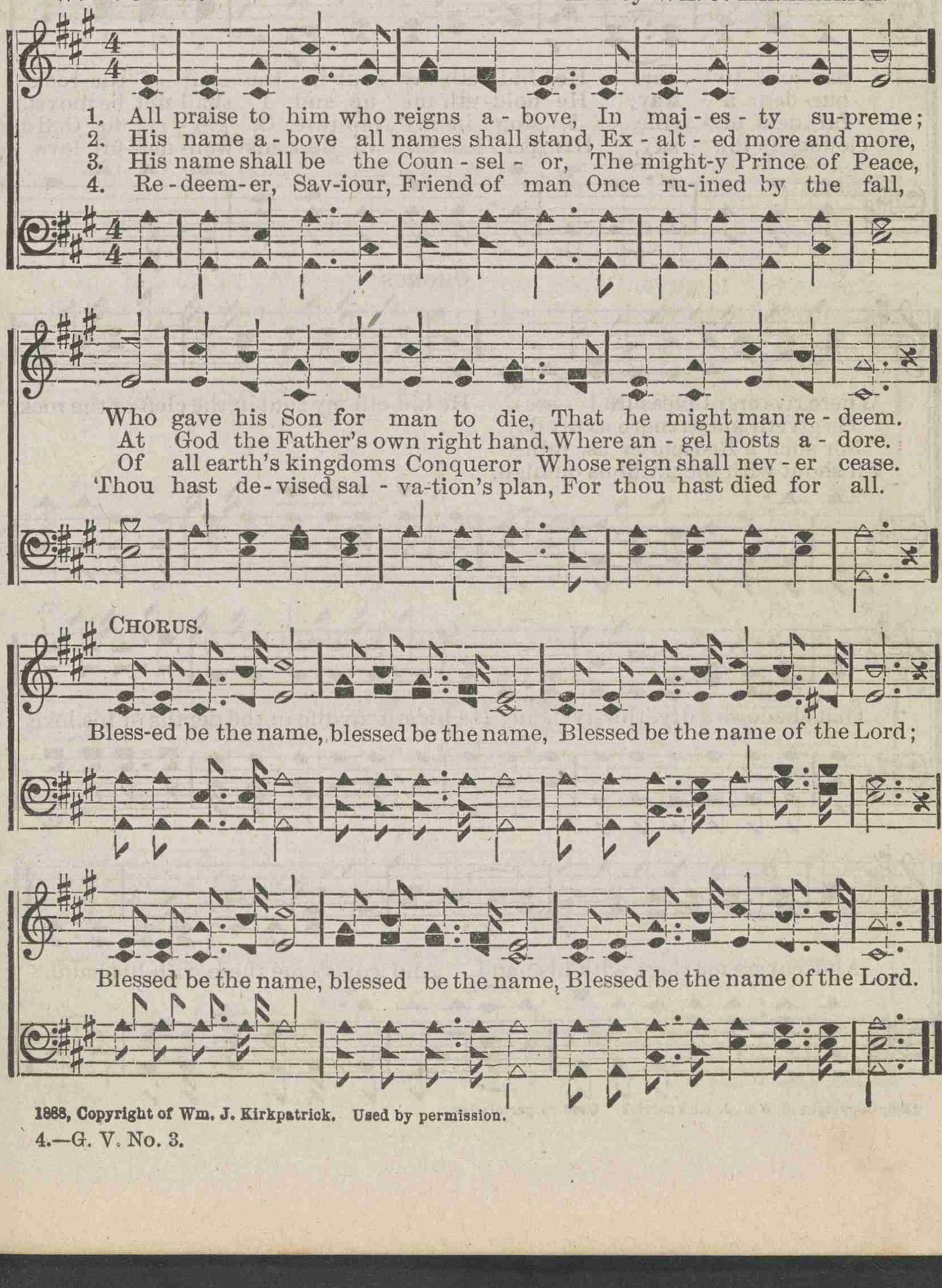
HE SAVES ME. (Concluded.)

353 BLESSED BE THE NAME.

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

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354 HE HIDETH MY SOUL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. A won- der- ful Sav- iour is Je - sus, my Lord, A won - der- ful
2. A won- der- ful Sav- iour is Je - sus, my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With number- less blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his
4. When clothed in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in

Sav- iour to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur- den a - way, He hold- eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
ful- ness di - vine, I sing in my rap-ture, O, glo - ry to God
clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va- tion, his won- der- ful love,

CHORUS.

Where riv- ers of pleasure I see. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
He giveth me strength as my day.
For such a Redeem-er as mine.
I'll shout with the millions on high.

That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hideth my life in the depths of his love,

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

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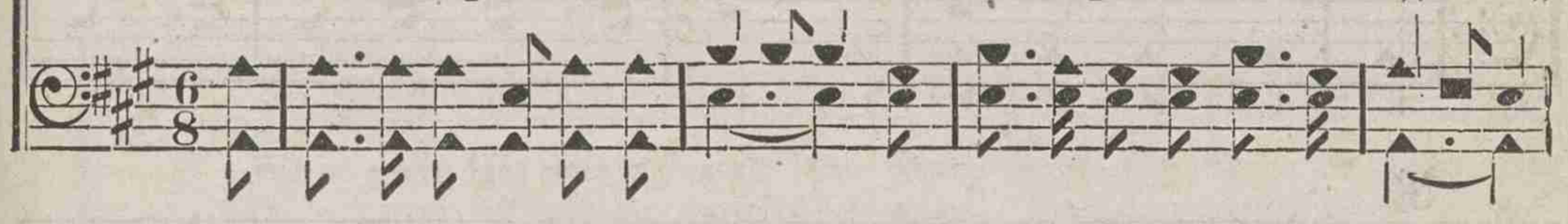
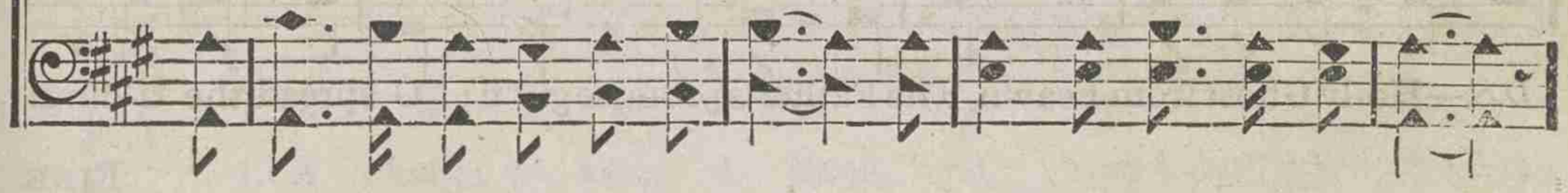
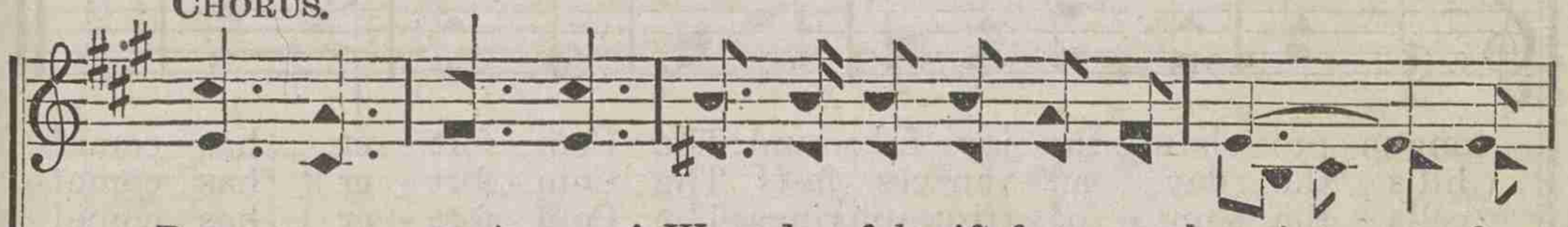
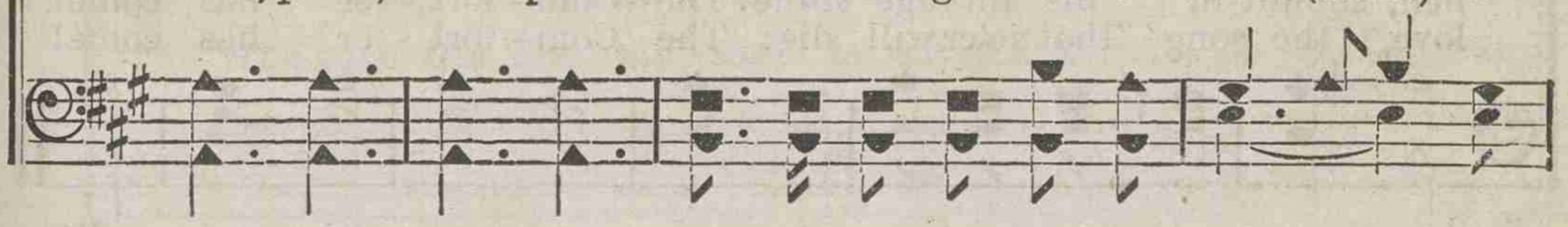
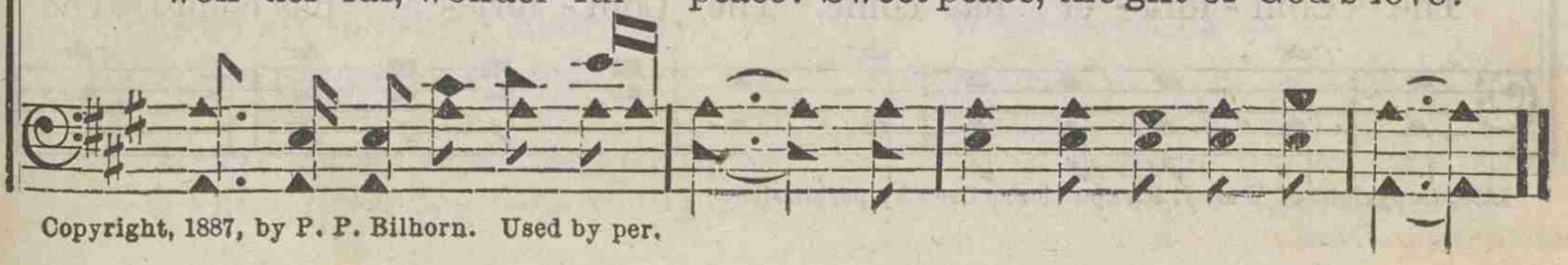
355 SWEET PEACE, THE GIFT OF GOD'S LOVE.

P. P. B. P. P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joy-ous re - frain,
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by his death was all paid,
3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace did abound,
4. In Je-sus for peace I a-bide, (abide,) And as I keep close to his side, (his side,)

I sing it a- gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No oth - er foun-da- tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's nothing but peace doth betide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won-der- ful gift from a - bove! (above!) O

won- der- ful, wonder- ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

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356 THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."—JOHN xiv. 16.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D.D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, spread the ti-dings round, wher-ev-er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in his wings, To
4. O bound-less Love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a-bove the vault-ed sky, And

ev-er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev-'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu-ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev-'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals tell the match-less grace di-vine—That I, a child of
all the saints a-bove to all be-low re-ply, In strains of end-less

D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings

FINE.

tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com-fort-er has come!
hills the day ad-van-ces fast! The Com-fort-er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings: The Com-fort-er has come!
hell, should in his im-age shine! The Com-fort-er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com-fort-er has come!

round, Wher-ev-er man is found: The Com-fort-er has come!

CHORUS.

D.S.

The Com-fort-er has come, The Com-fort-er has come! The

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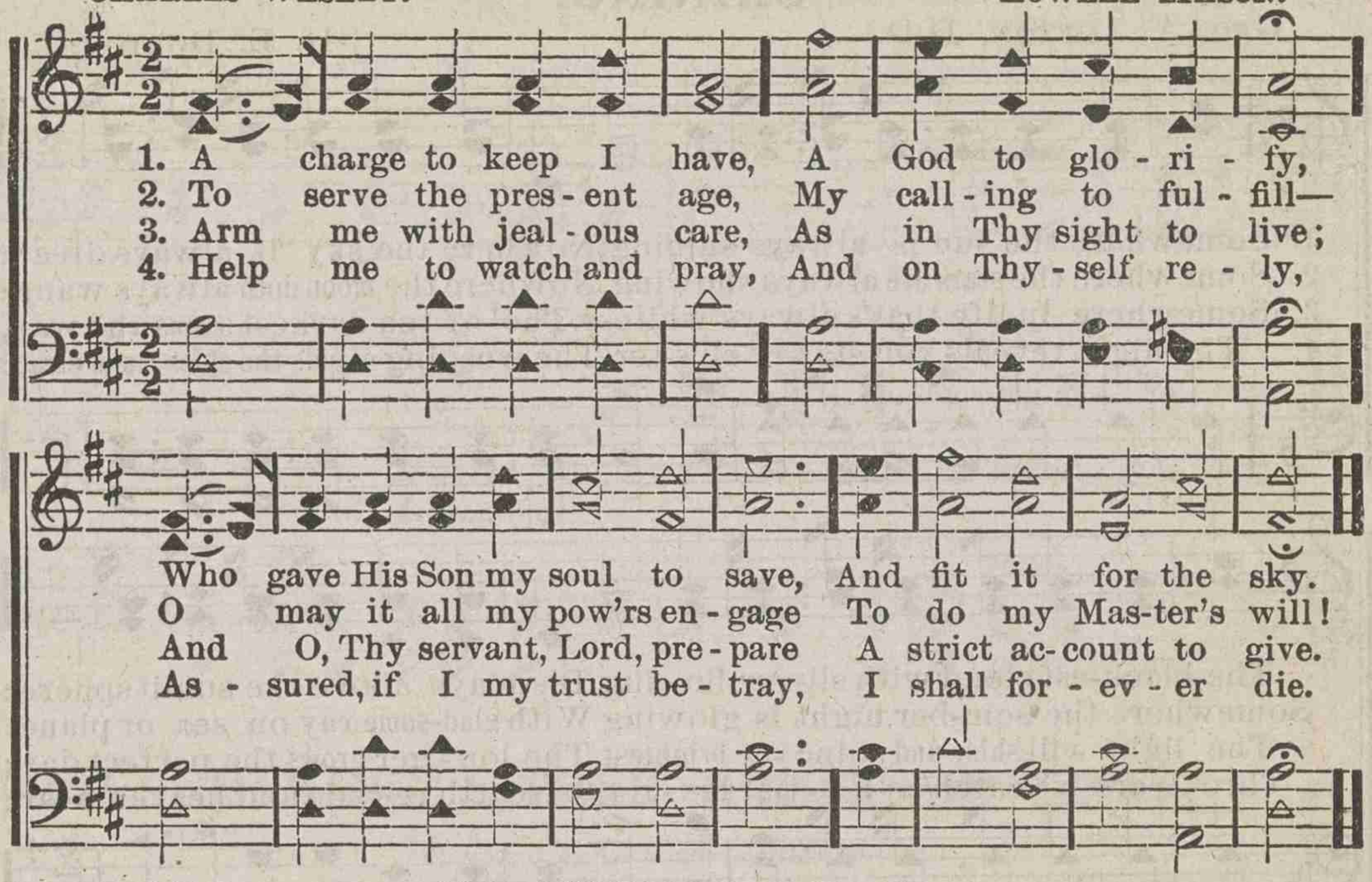
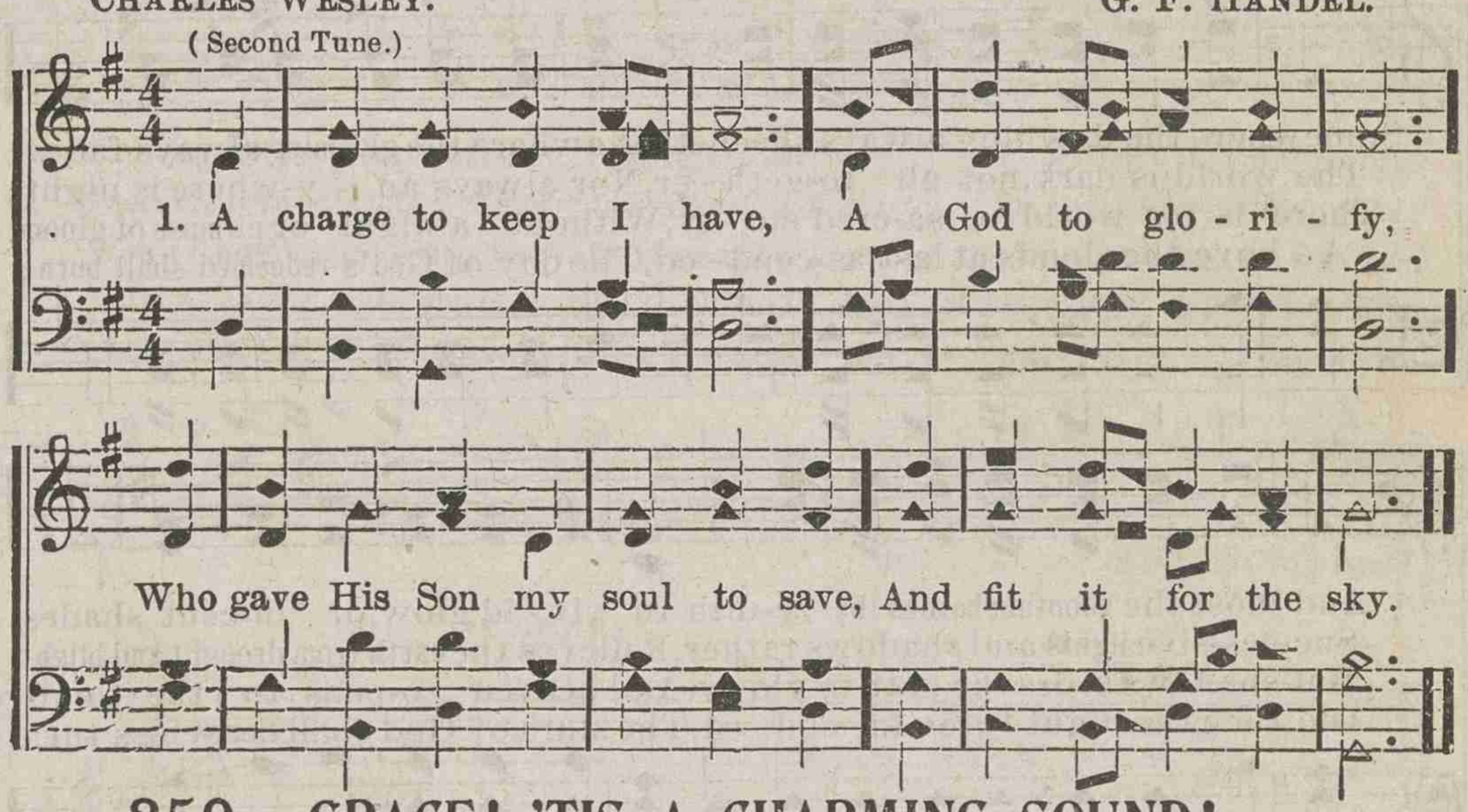
357 A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.

358 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. G. F. HANDEL.



359 GRACE! 'TIS A CHARMING SOUND!

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to my ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

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

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

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

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

360 SOMEWHERE THE SUN IS ALWAYS SHINING.

GEO. A. LOFTON, D.D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Somewhere the sun is always shining, Nowhere the sky is always drear;
2. Somewhere the stars are always showing, Nowhere the moon doth always wane;
3. Somewhere in life that's always whitest, Tho' of-ten darkest seems the way,
4. 'Tis night reveals yon star-ry clus-ter, The weeping clouds the skies make clear;

The black-est cloud with sil-ver lin-ing Dis-plays above the sunlit sphere;
Somewhere the som-ber night is glowing With glad-some ray on sea or plane;
The light will shine and shine the brightest, The lon-ger grows the perfect day;
Thro' tears we catch ce-les-tial lus-ter, See earth re-cede and heaven near;

Somewhere the dawning always sheeneth, Nowhere the gloaming always fades;
The world is dark, not all to-geth-er, Nor always an-y-where is night;
There is a world in sa-cred sto-ry, Without a night or glimpse of gloom,
A-bove the clouds at last as-cend-ed, The day of God's redeemed shall burn;

And most the noontide bathes the ze-nith In viv-id glow, or lu-cent shades.
Suc-ces-sive lights and shadows rather, Relieves the earth from drought and blight.
But shadows cross the path to glo-ry, And heaven o-pens to the tomb.
And then the night forev-er end-ed, The stars of God shall ceaseless turn.

REFRAIN.

Some-where, some-where, Some-where, some-where,
Some-where the sun is shin-ing, Some-where the sun is shin-ing,

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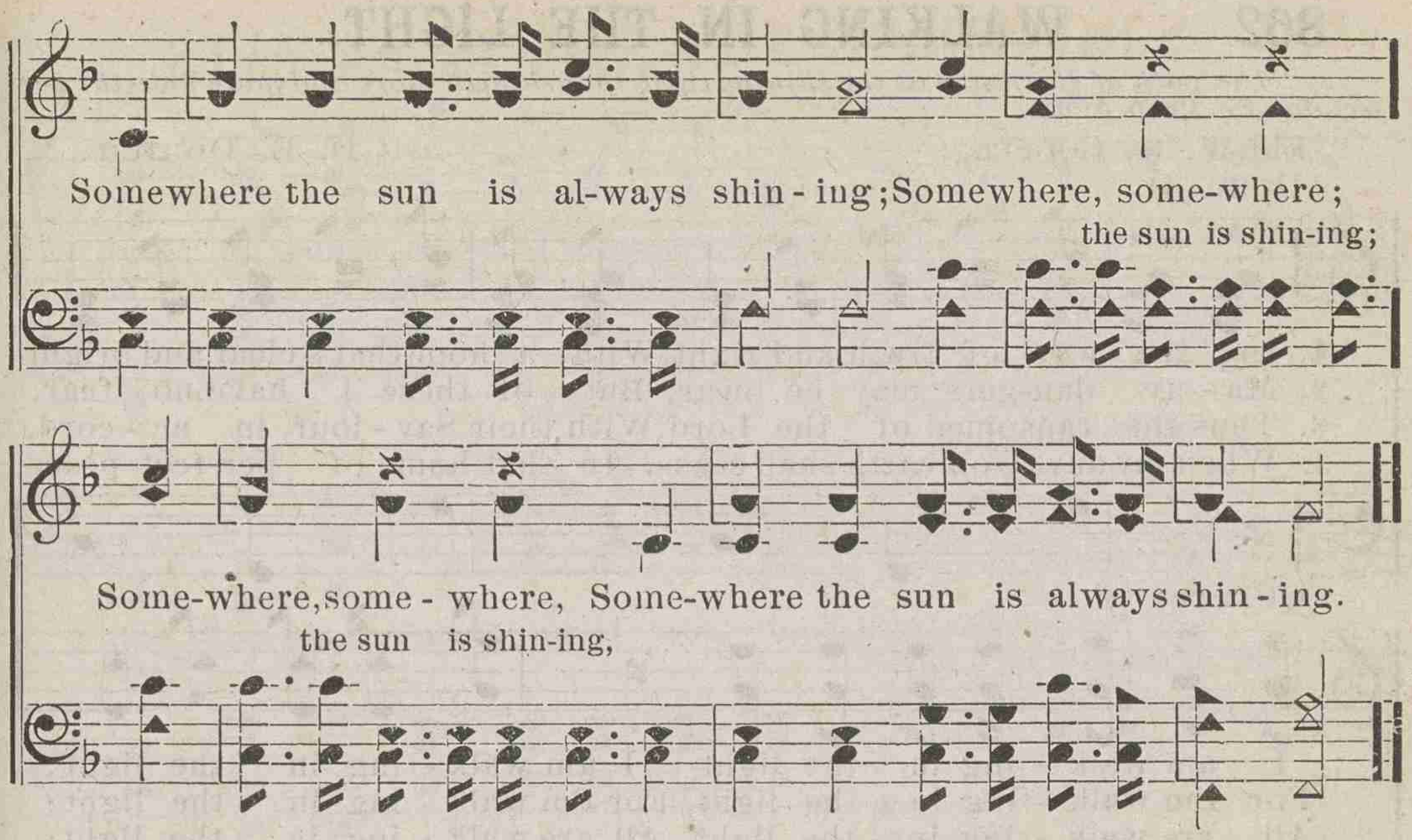
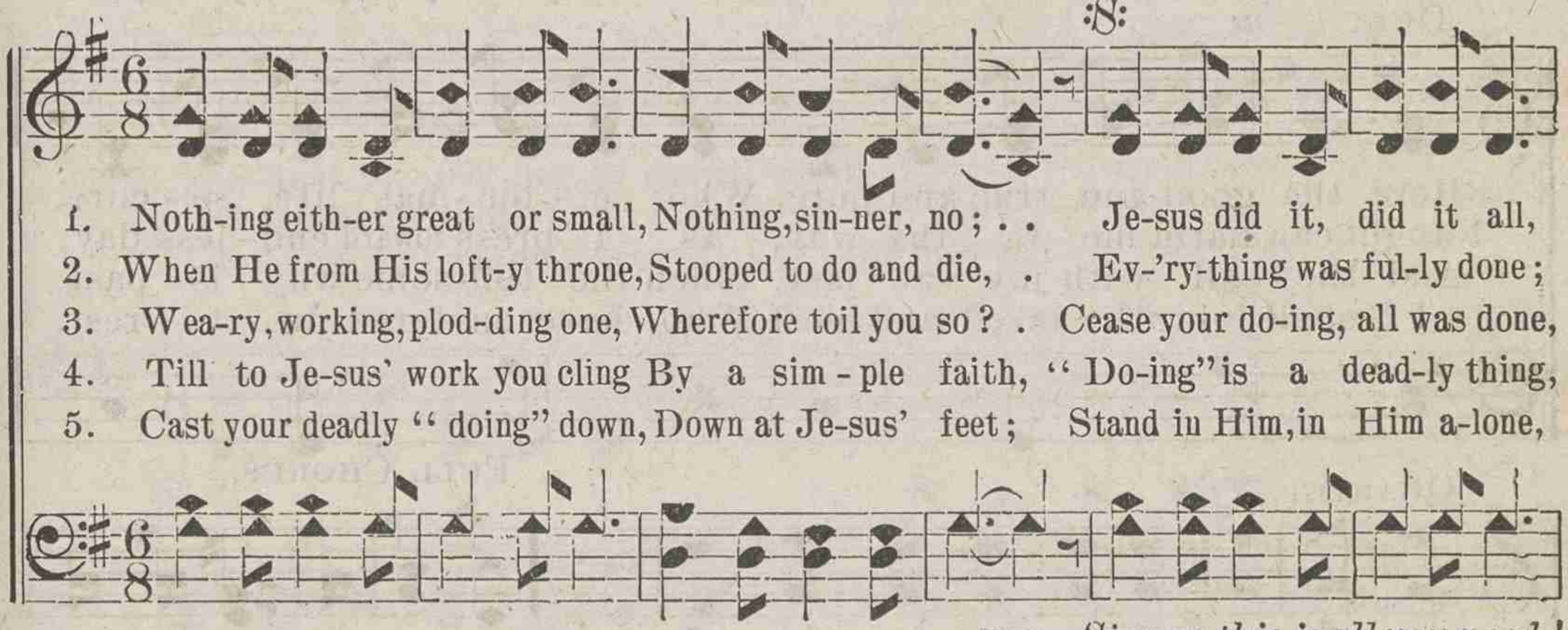
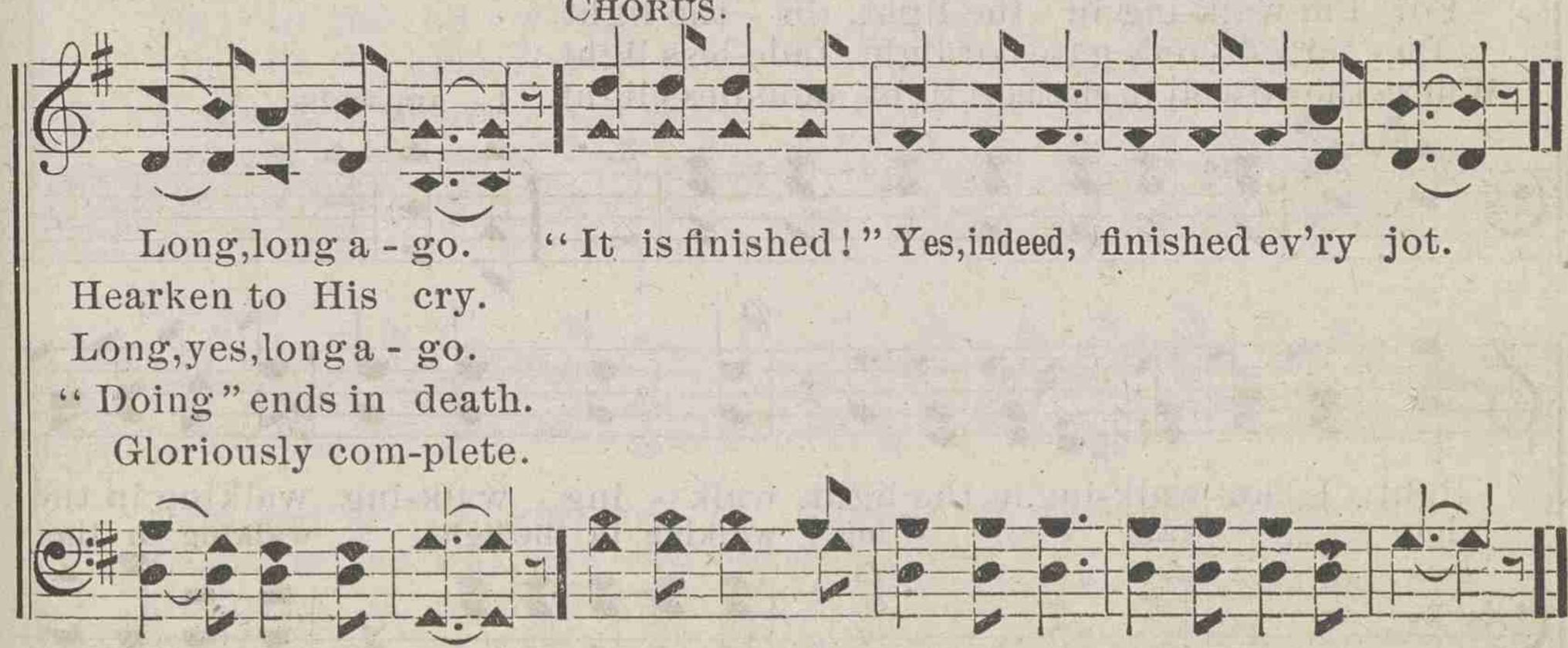

361 NOTHING EITHER GREAT OR SMALL.

"*He said it is finished.* — John 19: 30.

Anon. E. HANKS.



CHORUS.



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362 WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

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

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

DUET. *p*

1. In the way of truth and right, With a hope that's clear and bright.
2. Ma - ny dan-gers may be near, But of these I have no fear,
3. Thus, the ransomed of the Lord, With their Sav - iour, in ac - cord,
4. When my days on earth shall cease, In that home of per-fect peace,

QUARTET. *f*

I am walk - ing in the light, I am walk - ing in the light;
For I'm walk - ing in the light, For I'm walk - ing in the light;
All are walk - ing in the light, All are walk - ing in the light;
If I'm walk - ing in the light, If I'm walk - ing in the light;

DUET. *m*

Here the good and true and pure, Who e - ter - nal life se - cure,
Naught can harm me in the way, As I press toward end - less day,
And they all with joy at last, When the toil-some way is past,
I shall join the saved and blest, Who have en-tered in - to rest,

QUARTET. *ff* FULL CHORUS.

All are walk-ing in the light, in the light. I am walk-ing in the
For I'm walk-ing in the light, in the light.
En - ter Zi- on's gates of light, fade-less light.
Where they dwell in cloudless light, cloudless light. I am walk - - -

p

light, I am walk-ing in the light, walk - ing, walk-ing, walking in the
ing, walk - - - ing, walking in the light, walking in the

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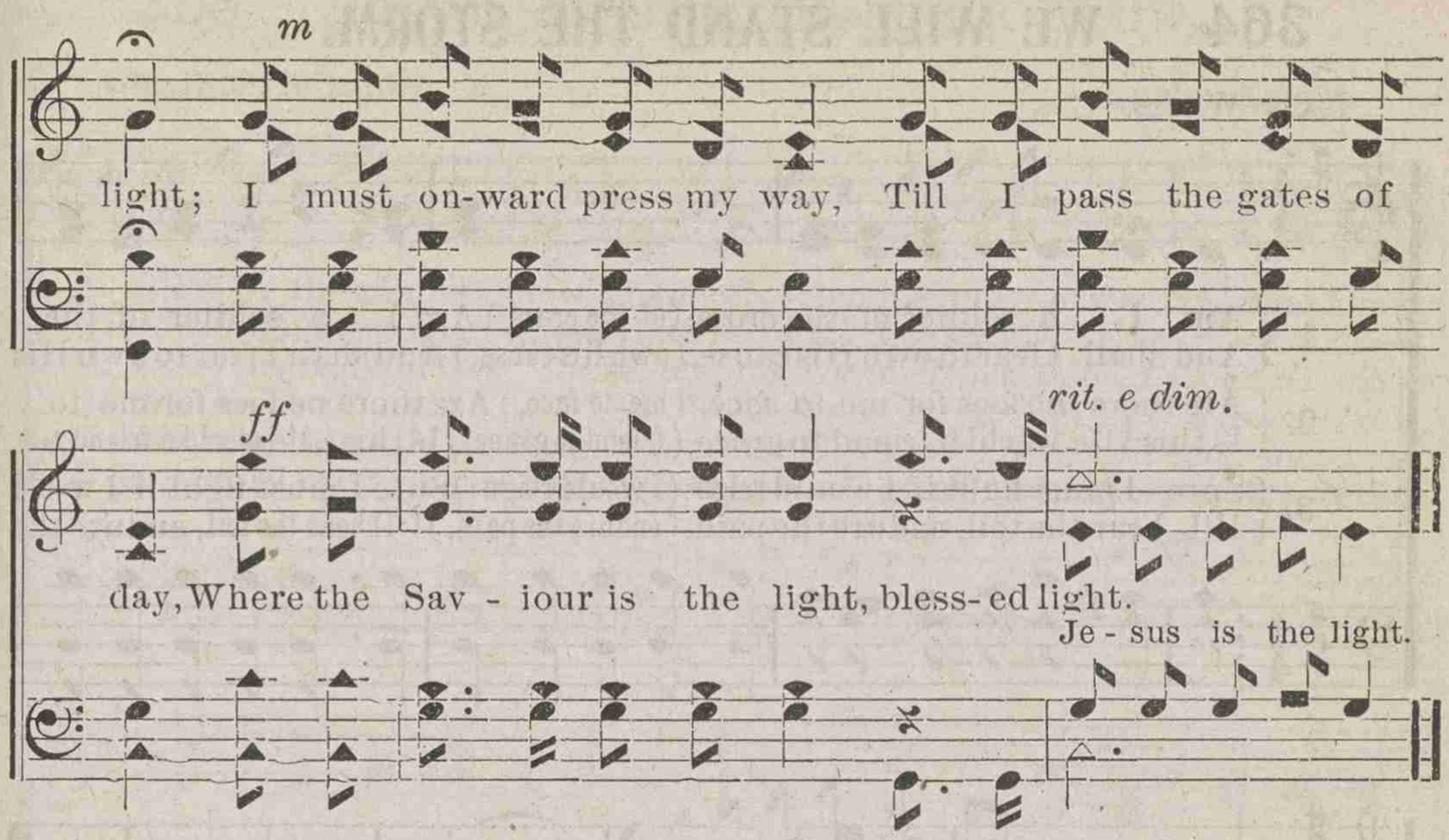
363 JESUS HAS GATHERED US IN.

FOR WEE VOICES.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. E. Hanks.

Refrain.

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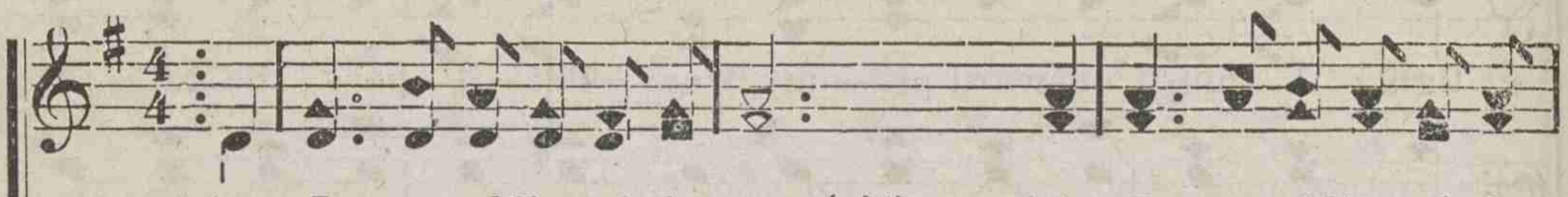
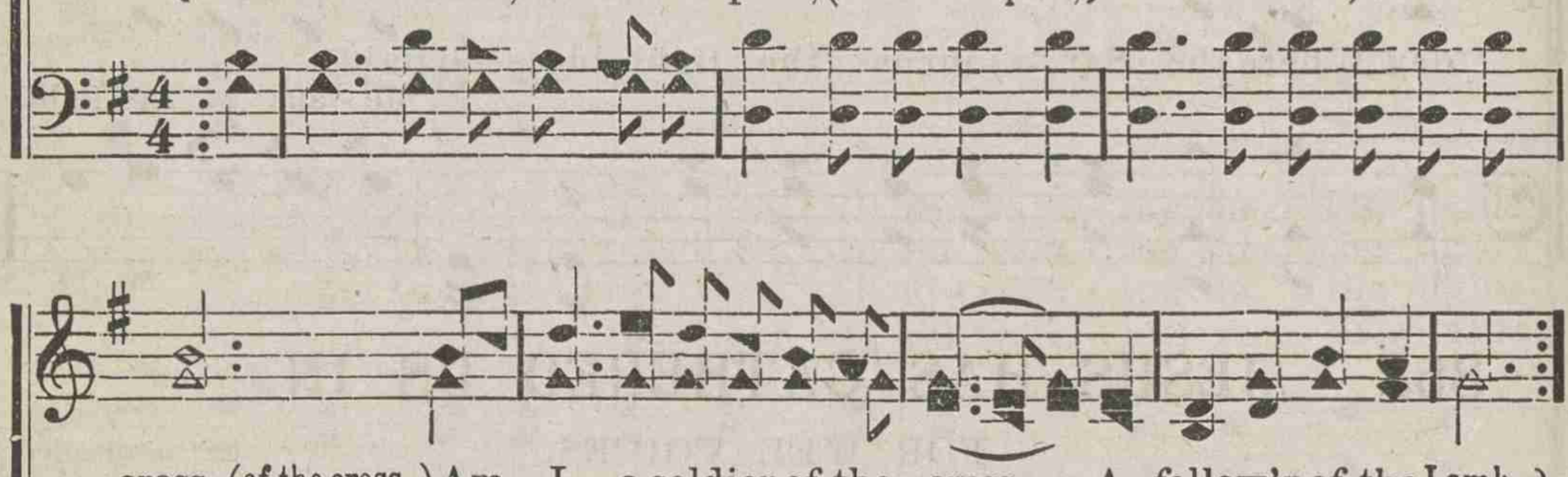
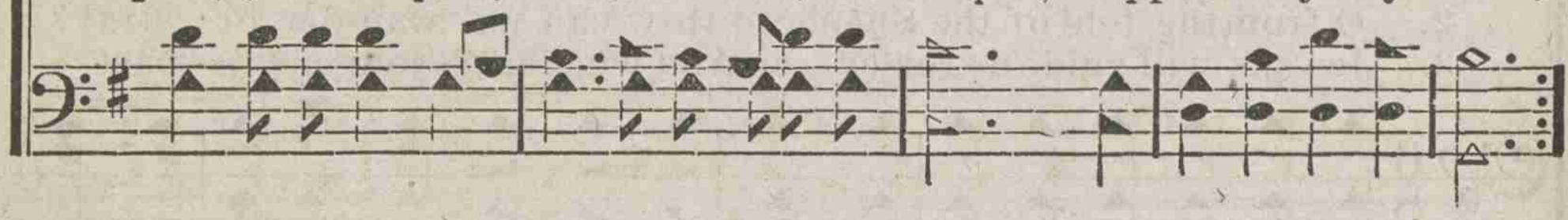
364 WE WILL STAND THE STORM.

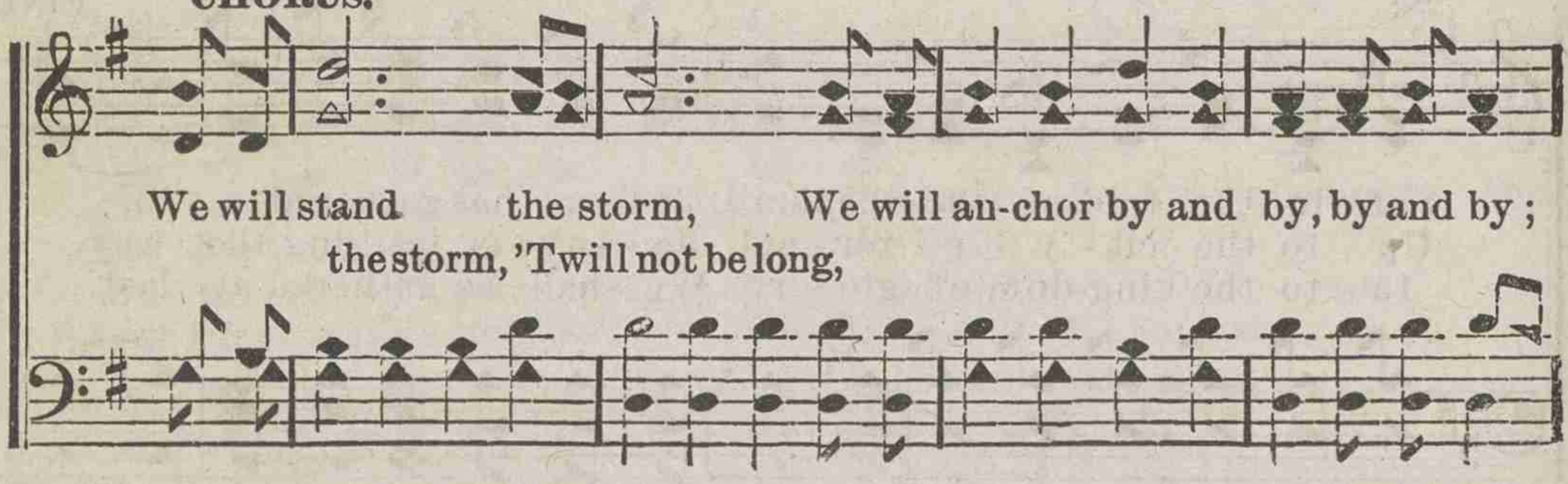
ISAAC WATTS.

1. { Am I a soldier of the cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the
   { And shall I fear to own His cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His

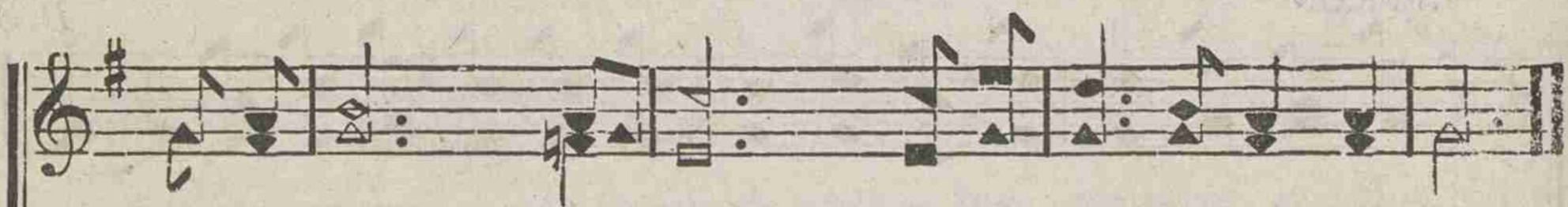
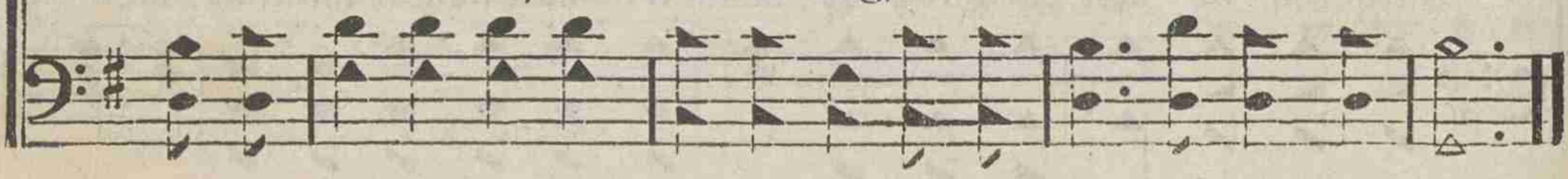
2. { Are there no foes for me to face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to
   { Is this vile world a friend to grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to

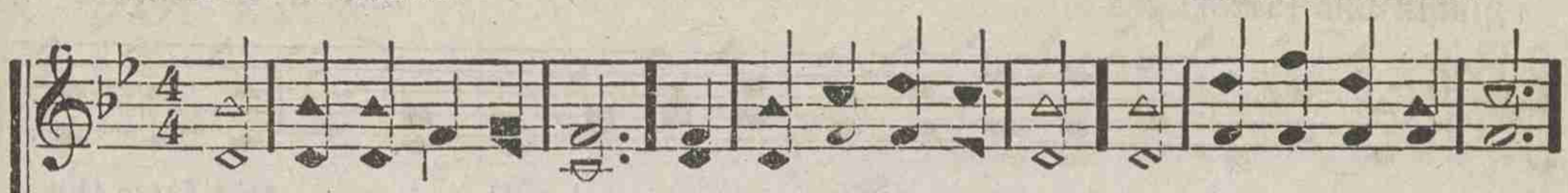
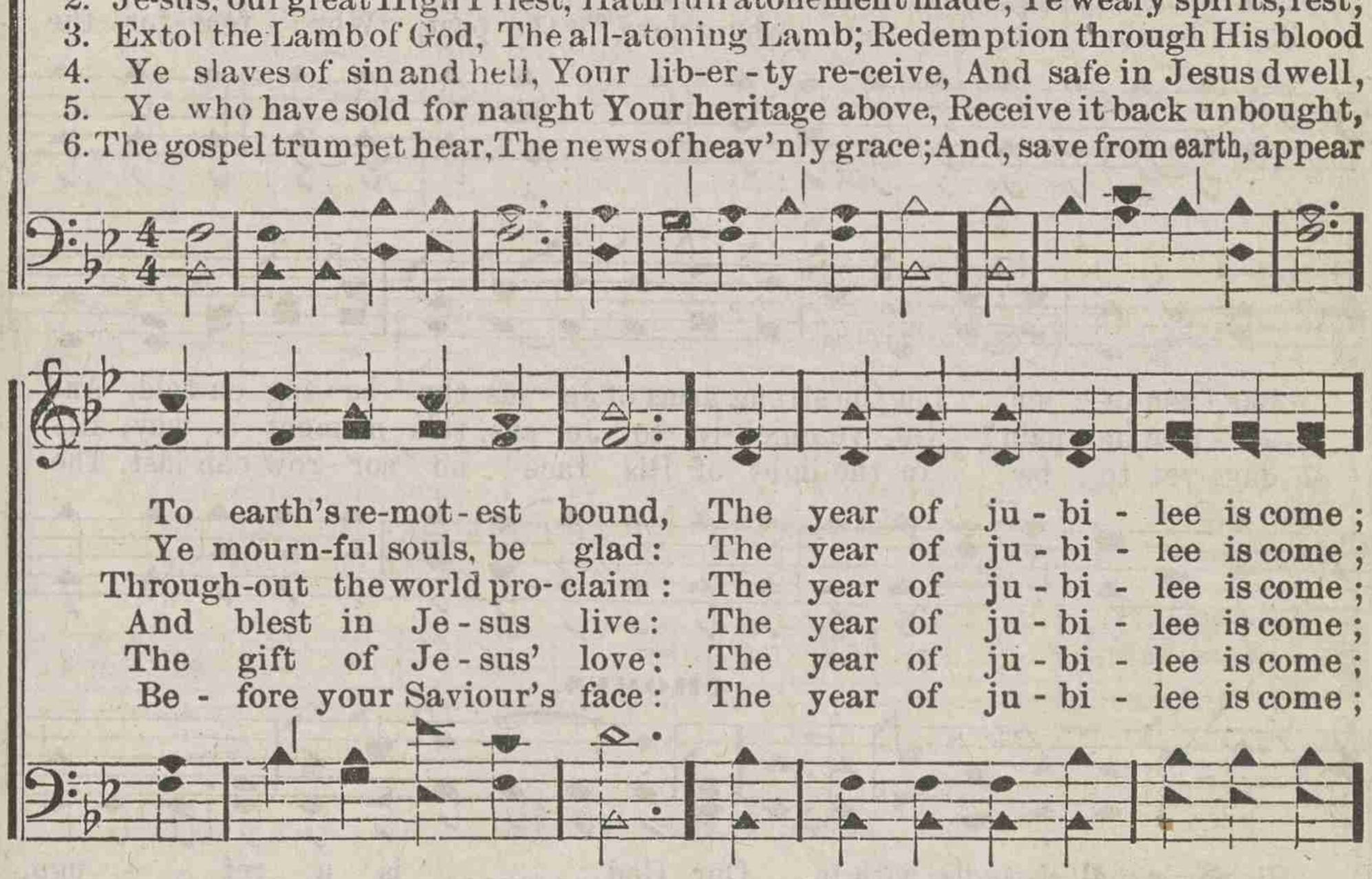
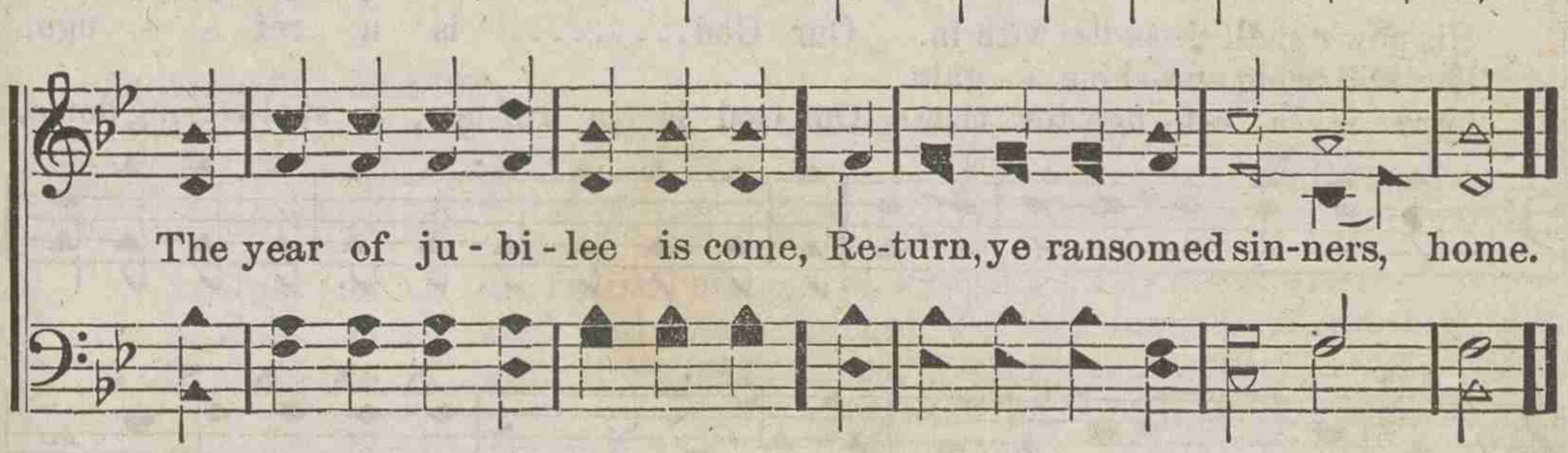
3. { Sure I must fight if I would reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would
   { I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the

cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the cross, A follow'r of the Lamb,
cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

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

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

CHORUS.



We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by, by and by;
the storm, 'Twill not be long,

We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.
the storm, 'Twill not be long,

365 BLOW YE THE TRUMPET, BLOW.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know,
2. Je-sus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye weary spirits, rest;
3. Extol the Lamb of God, The all-atoning Lamb; Redemption through His blood
4. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib-er-ty re-ceive, And safe in Jesus dwell,
5. Ye who have sold for naught Your heritage above, Receive it back unbought,
6. The gospel trumpet hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And, save from earth, appear

To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
Ye mourn-ful souls, be glad: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
Through-out the world pro-claim: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
And blest in Je-sus live: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
The gift of Je-sus' love: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
Be-fore your Saviour's face: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;

The year of ju-bi-lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sin-ners, home.

366 ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

(See Music above.)

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
‖: Before the throne my surety stands,:‖
My name is written on His hands.

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

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear annointed one;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son;
‖: His spirit answers to the blood, :‖
And tells me I am born of God.

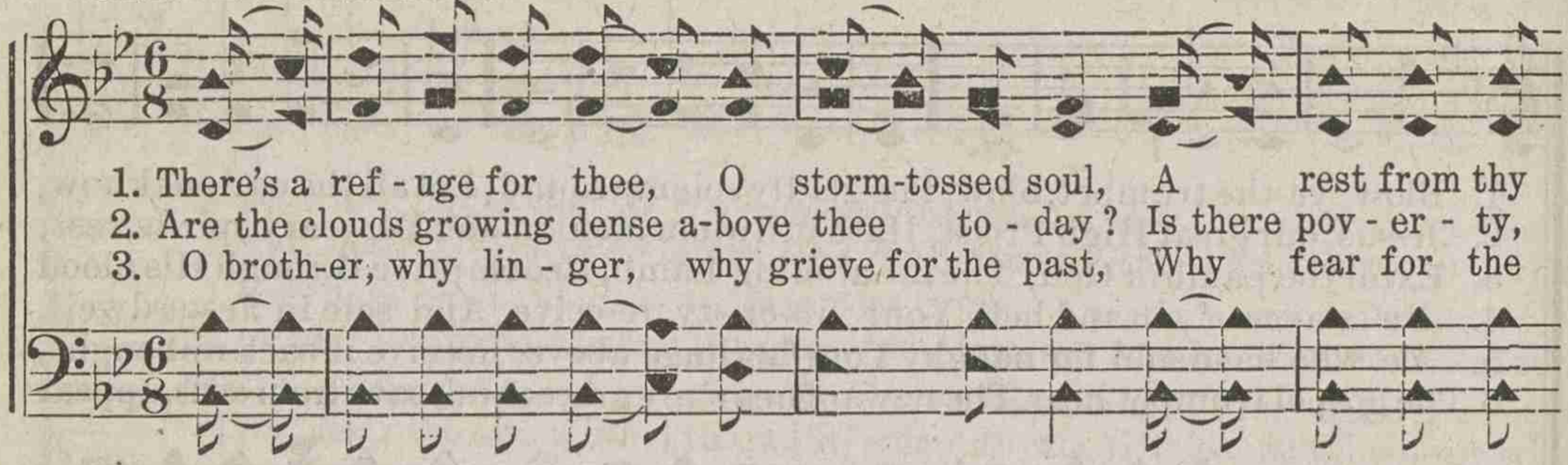
4 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
‖: With confidence I now draw nigh,:‖
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

CHARLES WESLEY.

367 A REFUGE FOR THEE.

"God is our refuge and strength."—Ps. 46: 1.

BIRDIE LEE FITZGERALD. REV. W. G. COOPER.



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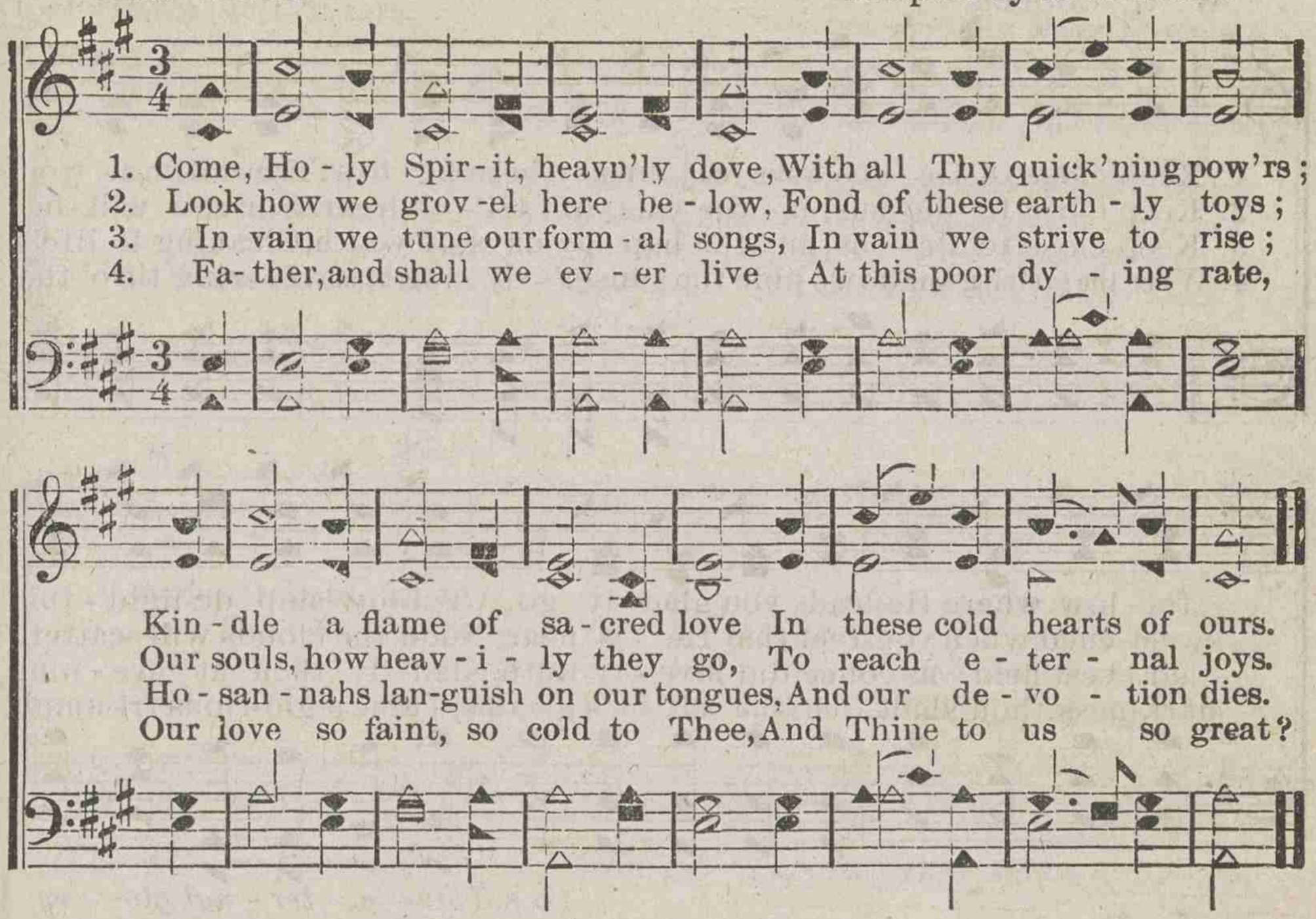
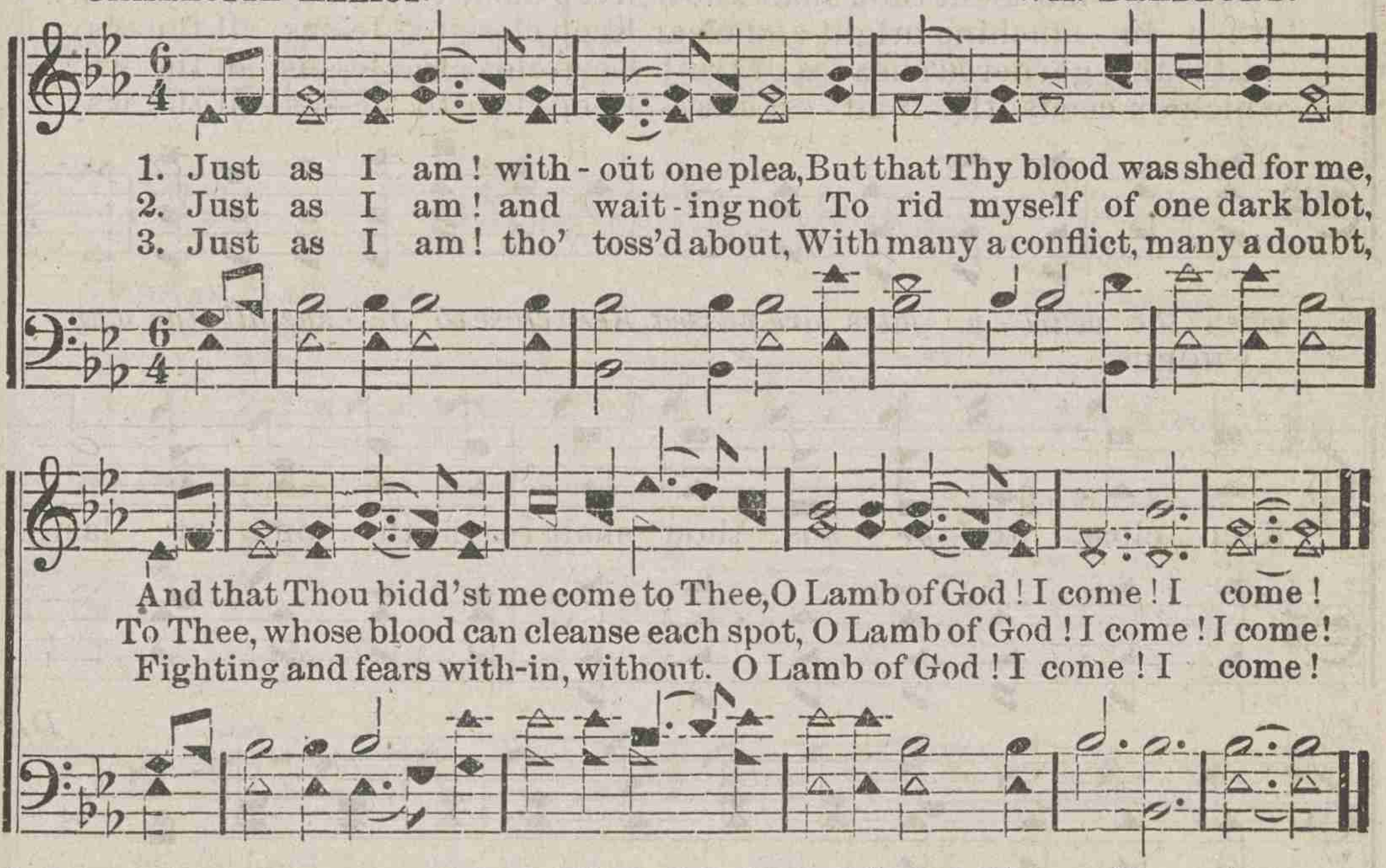
368 COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

ISAAC WATTS. Adapted by R. SIMPSON.



369 JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. BRADBURY.

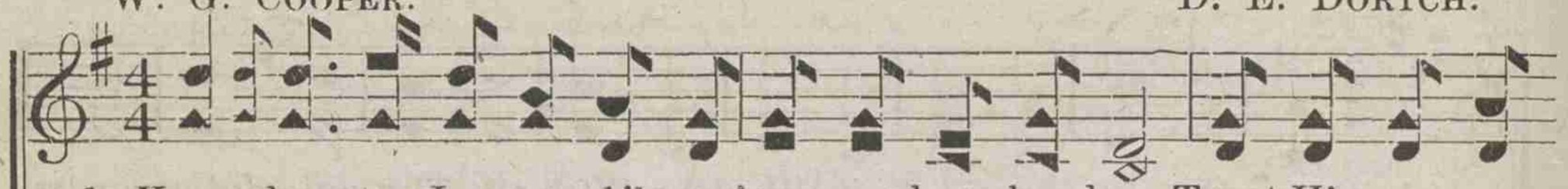
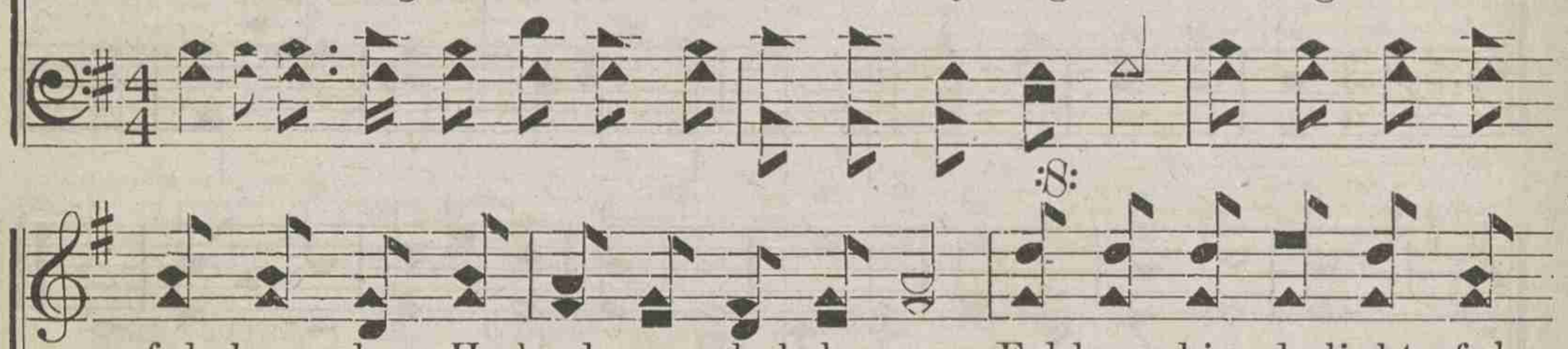
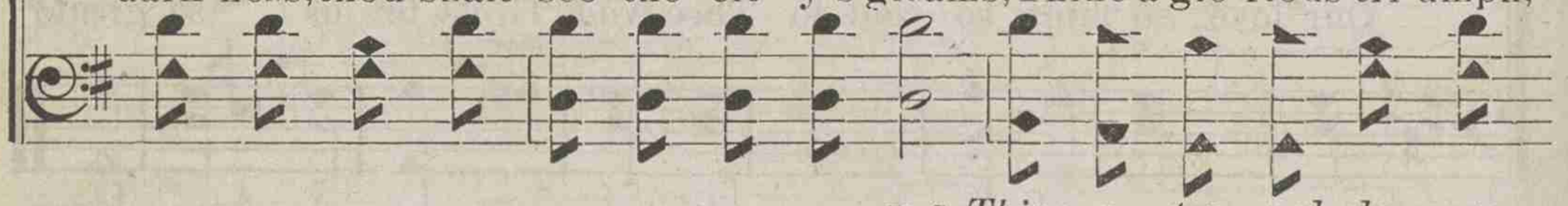


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

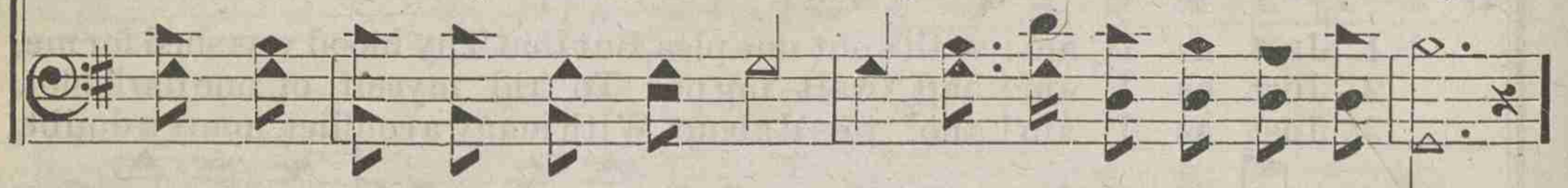
5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

370 KEEP CLOSE TO JESUS.

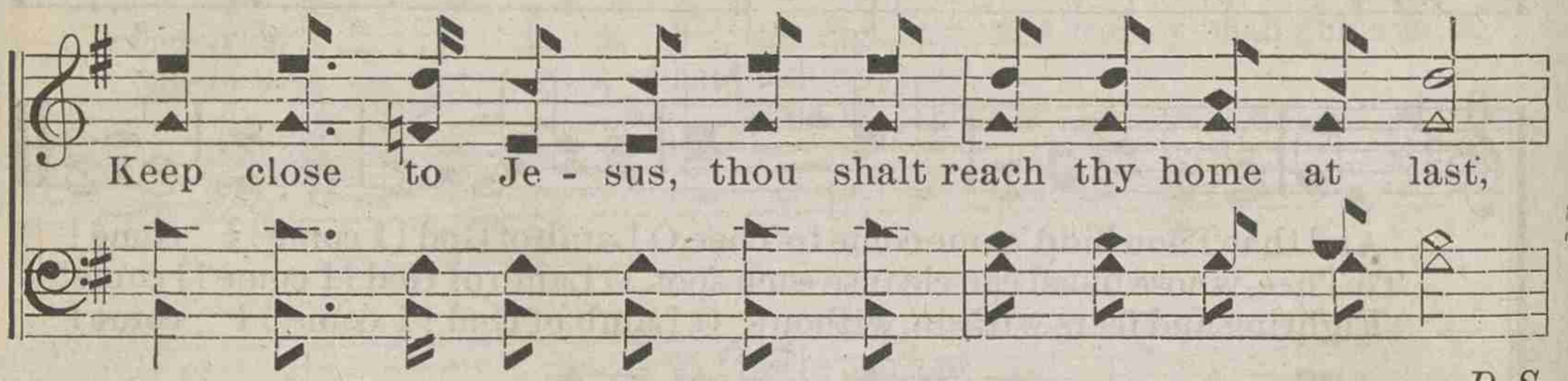
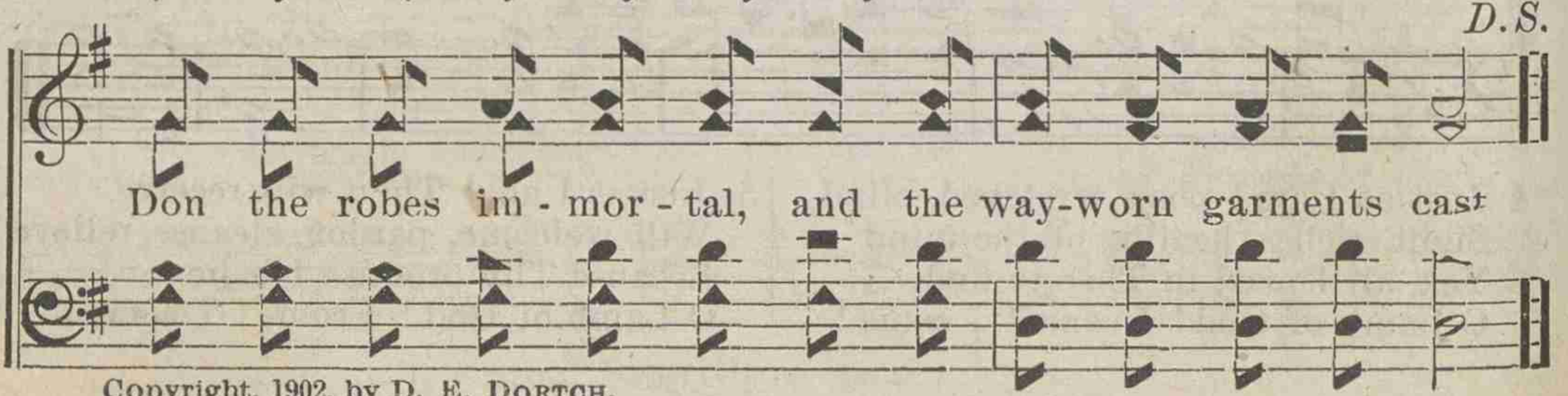
Words suggested by a sermon preached in the M. E. Church, Bigbyville, Tenn., by Rev. J. H. Dinning.

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

1. Keep close to Je - sus, while you jour-ney here be - low, Trust Him as you
2. Keep close to Je - sus, in the vale of tri - al drear, Sor-row will be
3. Keep close to Je - sus, in the hap - py days of youth, Gleaning in life's
4. When the eve-ning shadows hide the sunset's dy - ing beams, Peering thro' the

fol - low, where He leads you glad - ly go. Fel-low-ship de-light - ful
sweet-ened when you feel that He is near, Soon the clouds will scatter,
har - vest field, as once did love - ly Ruth, Glad - ly then at eve - ning,
dark-ness, thou shalt see the cit - y's gleams, Thine a glo-rious tri-umph,

D.S. *Thine e - ter - nal glo - ry*

ev - 'ry mo-ment thou shalt know, Keep close to Je-sus all the way.
then in sunshine bright and clear, Keep close to Je-sus all the way.
with thy garnered sheaves of truth, Keep close to Je-sus all the way.
which ex-ceeds thy fond - est dreams, Keep close to Je-sus all the way.



when the pearl - y gates are passed, Keep close to Je - sus all the way.

CHORUS.

Keep close to Je - sus, thou shalt reach thy home at last,

D.S.

Don the robes im - mor - tal, and the way-worn garments cast

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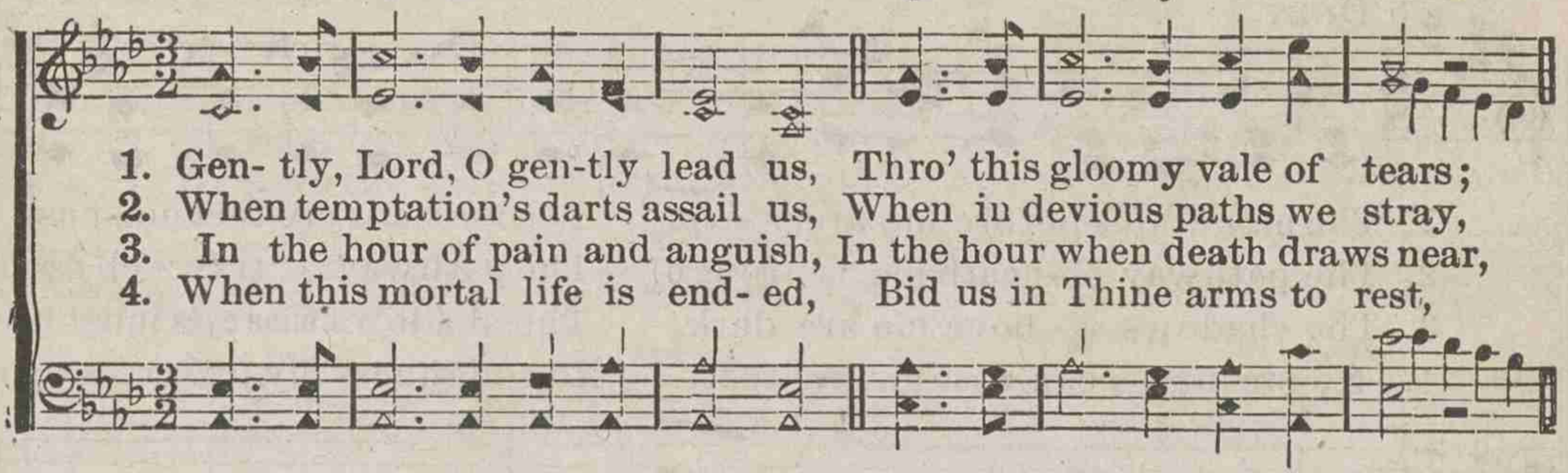
371 GENTLY, LORD, O GENTLY LEAD US.

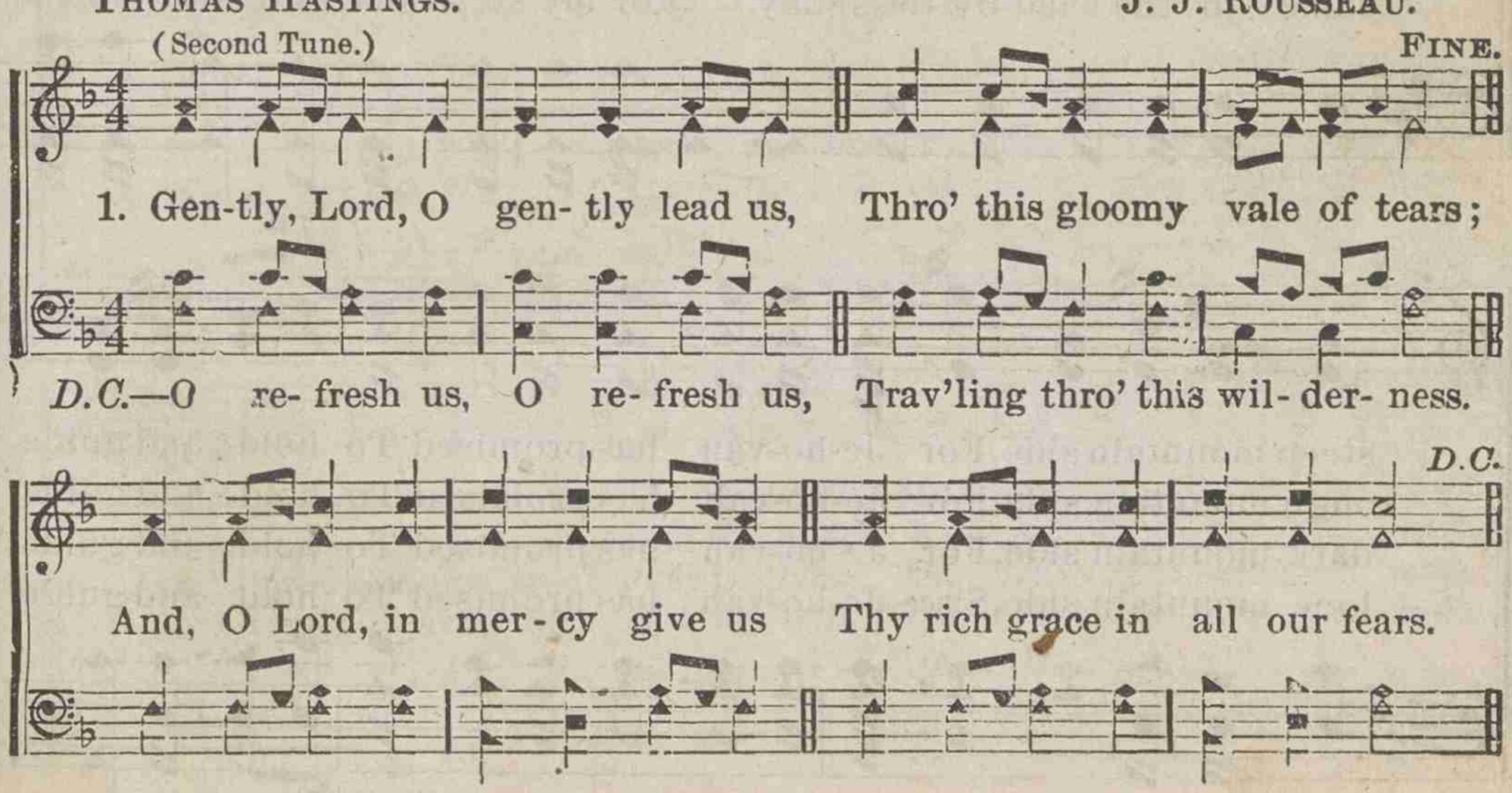
THOMAS HASTINGS. Spanish Melody from Marecho.



372 GREENVILLE. 8s. 7s.

THOMAS HASTINGS. J. J. ROUSSEAU.

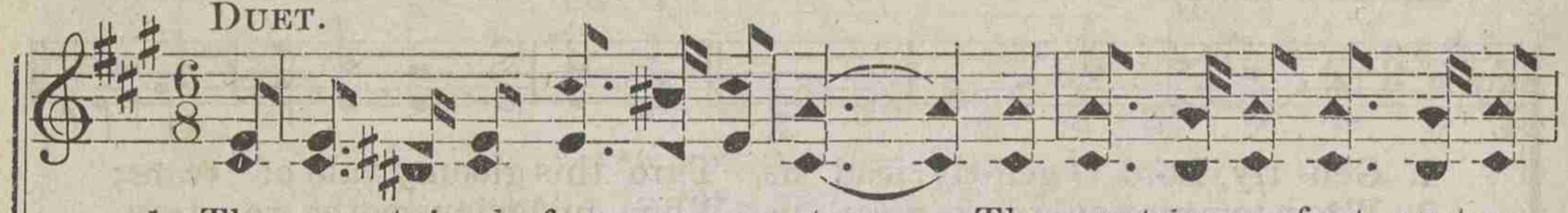
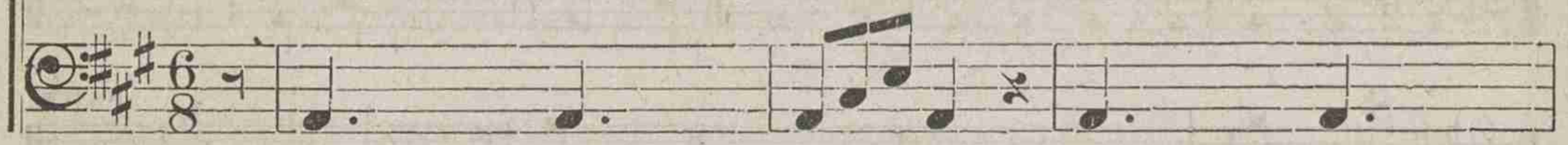
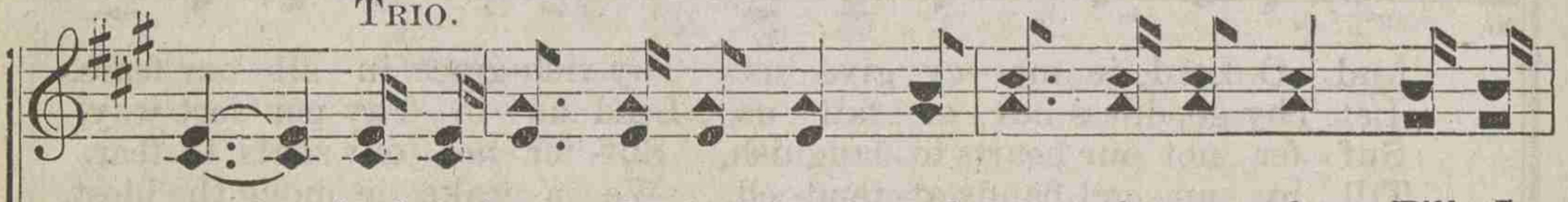
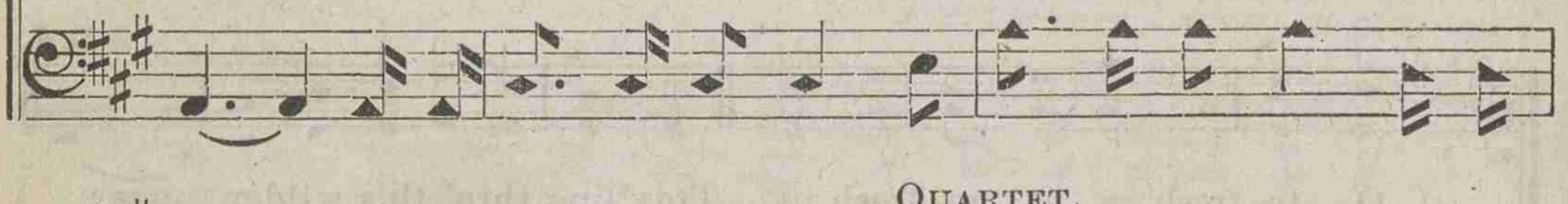
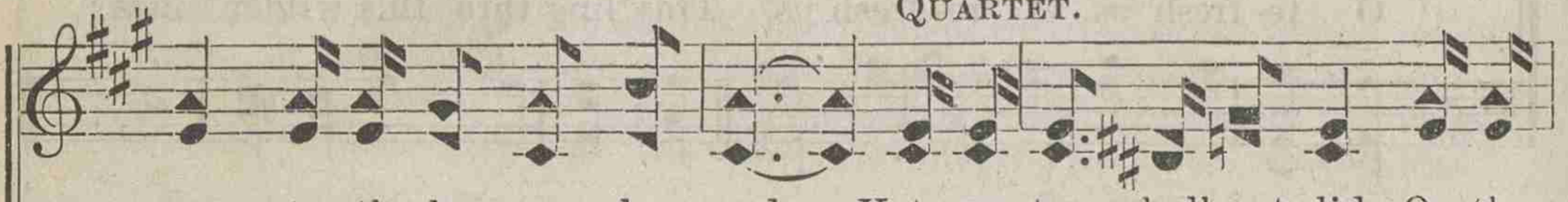
(Second Tune.)

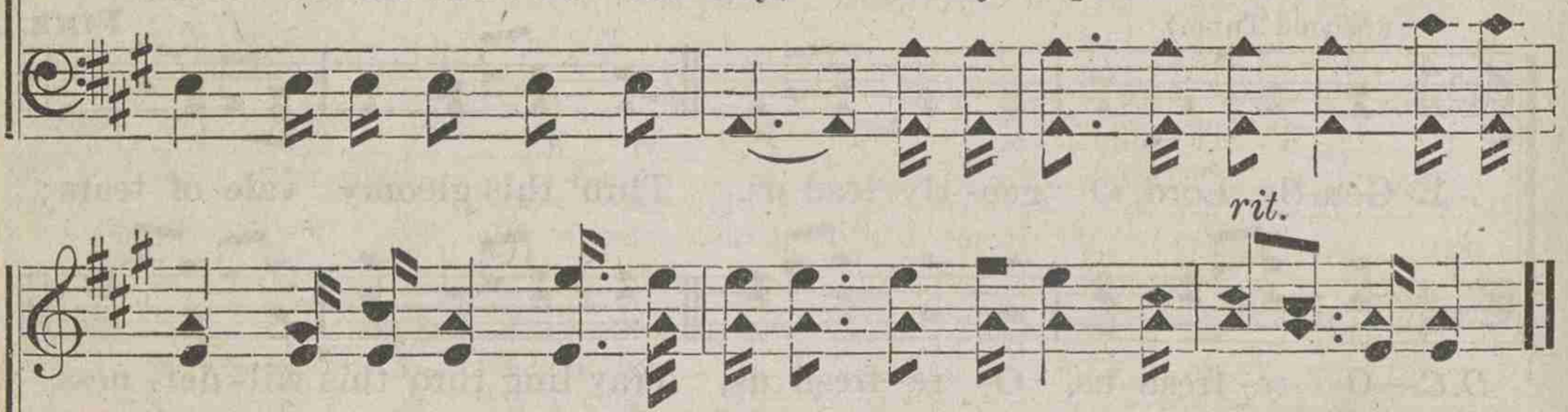


373 MY STEPS SHALL NOT SLIDE.

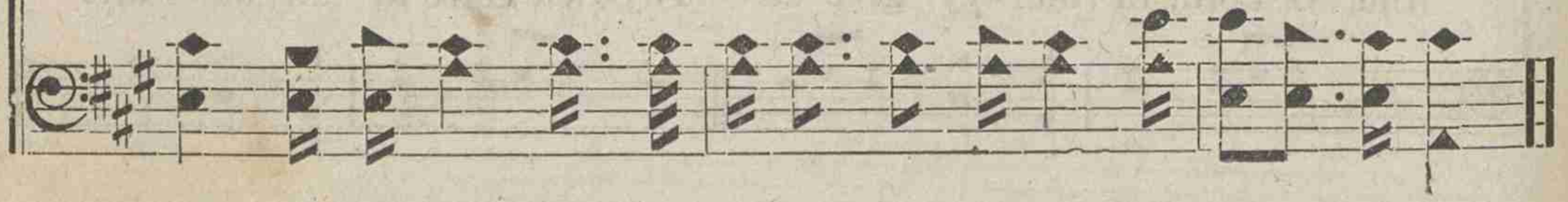
"None of his steps shall slide."—Ps. 37: 31.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

DUET.

1. The mountains before me are steep, The mountains my feet must as -
2. The pathway be-neath me is rough, The pathway I trav - el each
3. The shadows a - bove me are dark, The shadows mine eyes must be-
4. No steepness can wea-ry my feet, No roughness my progress can

TRIO.

cend; And tho' steep they have been and steep they may be, Till I
day; And tho' rough it has been and rough it may be, Till I
hold; And tho' dark they have been and dark they may be, Till I
stay; And no darkness can dim the eye of my faith, Till I

QUARTET.

come to the heaven - ly end, Yet my steps shall not slide On the
come to the end of the way, Yet my steps shall not slide On the
come to the shel-ter - ing fold, Yet my steps shall not slide On the
come to the shad-ow-less day, For my steps shall not slide On the



rit.

steep mountain side, For Je-ho-vah has promised To hold and guide.
rough mountain side, For Je-ho-vah has promised To hold and guide.
dark mountain side, For Je-ho-vah has promised To hold and guide
lone mountain side, Since Je-ho-vah has promised To hold and guide.

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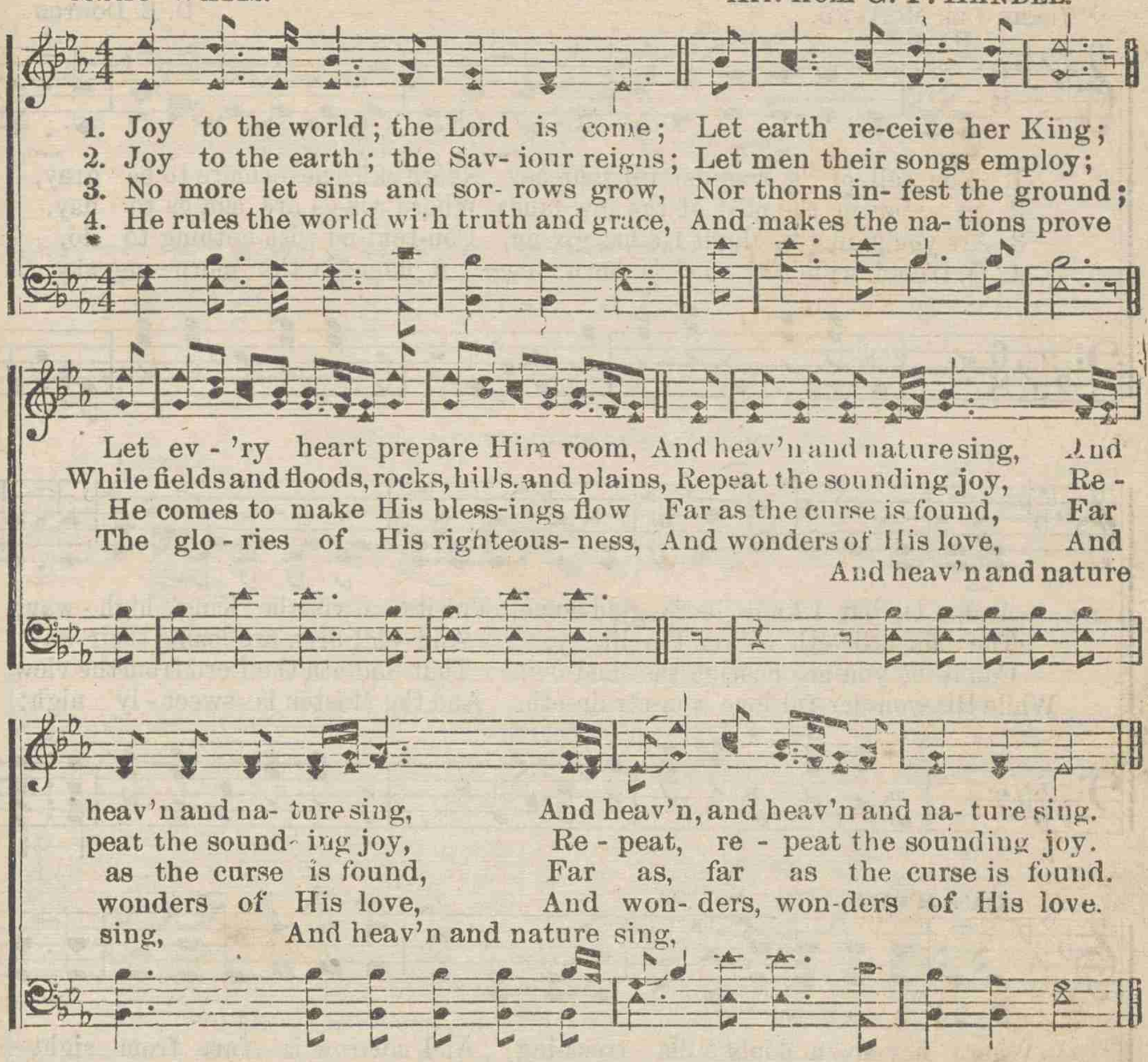
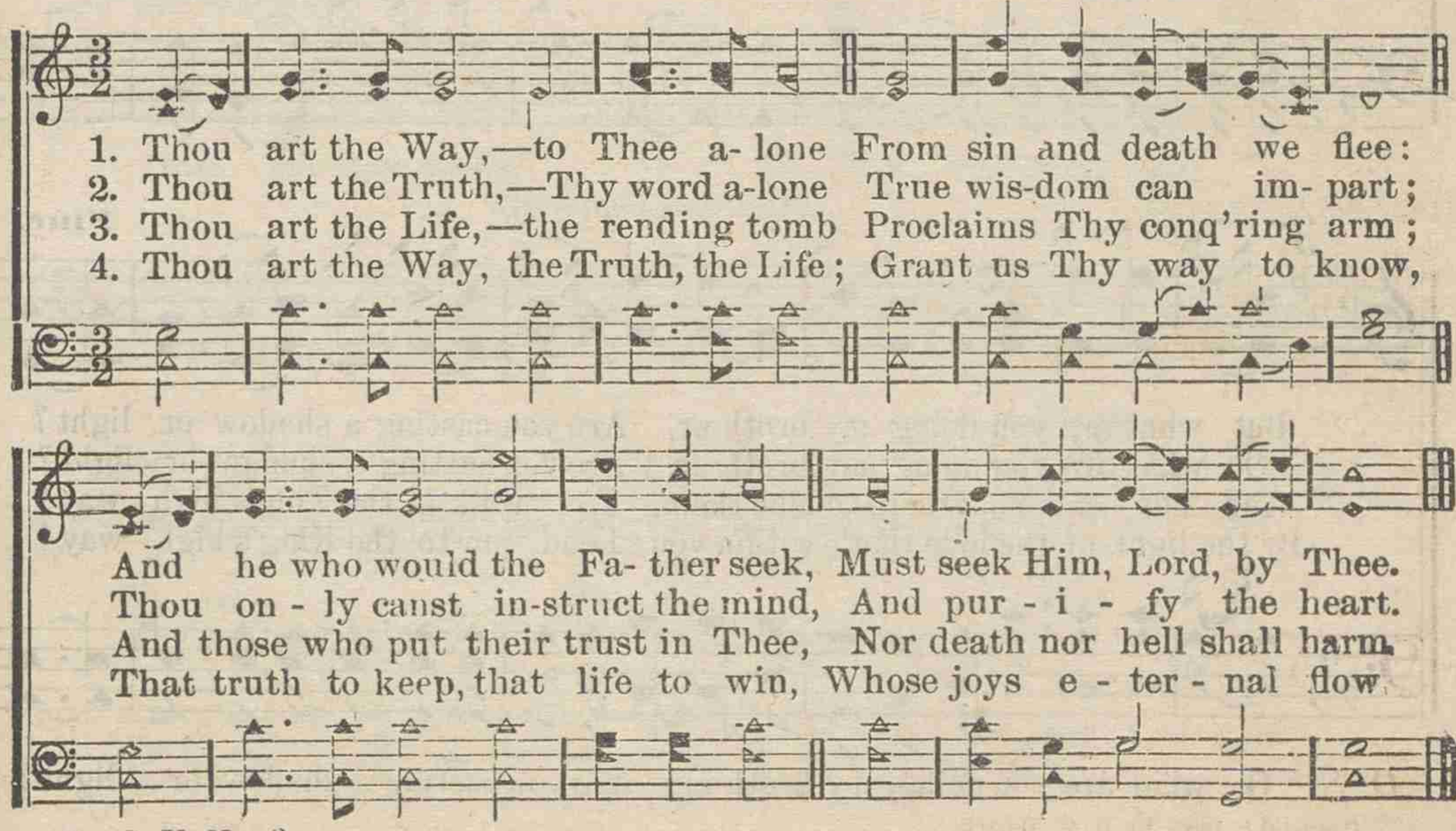
374 JOY TO THE WORLD.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from G. F. HANDEL.



375 THOU ART THE WAY.

GEORGE W. DOANE. GEO. KINGSLEY.



376 ARE YOU CASTING A SHADOW?

(Lines suggested by a sermon preached by Elder J. W. Brougher at the First Baptist Church, Chattanooga, Tenn.)

JESSIE LEE MCHANN. D. E. DORTCH.

DUET.

1. You tell of a won-der-ful jour-ney, Neath skies nevermore to be gray,
2. A - far in the mist of the low-lands, Where ros-es are ash-es to - day,
3. Are you hiding the light He has giv-en, Con-tent-ed with nothing to do,
4. O, friend, while the sun is burn - ing— A flame in the morn - ing sky,

And, O, but I know it is glad-some, For its o-ver the King's high - way;
The dust li - eth o - ver the lil - y, And chil-dren are losing their way;
Can it be you are casting the shad-ow That hid-eth the Lord from the view
While His won-der-ful love con-strain-eth, And the Master is sweet - ly nigh;

QUARTET.

Where nev-er a doubt's dis - tress-ing, And sor-row is far from sight—
With no one to tell them of Je - sus, There's nev-er a star in the night—
Of the wanderers down in the val - ley, With spir-its of darkness a - stray,
Go seek for the soul a - wear - y— The lamb in the val-ley a - stray—

Fine.

But what are you doing, my broth-er, Are you casting a shadow or light?
O what are you doing, my broth-er, Are you casting a shadow or light?
And nev - er a soul there to lead them, To walk in the King's high - way!
By the light of the love that's within you, Lead un-to the King's high - way!

D. S. O what are you doing, my broth-er, Are you casting a shadow or light?

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ARE YOU CASTING A SHADOW?

FULL CHORUS. D. S.

Are you casting a shadow or light? Are you casting a shadow or light?
or light? or light?

377 GIVE ME THINE HEART.

"My son, give me thine heart."—PROV. 23: 26.

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

1. Full oft I've heard this gentle whis-per, Too oft I've turned my ears a-way,
2. Too oft I've kept the Master knocking, For oft I've heard His voice before,
3. But now I yield His grace sub-du - ing This poor, re-bel-lious heart of mine;

And grieved the blessed, Ho - ly Spir - it, By wait-ing for an - oth - er day.
And yet that voice I have been mocking, So sweet-ly call-ing o'er and o'er.
His love my in-most soul im - bu - ing, Turns all my heart to love di - vine.

m CHORUS. m

Give me thine heart, Give me thine heart,
Give me thine heart, Give me thine heart,

Forte.

My son, My son, Give me thine heart.
My son, give me thine heart, My son, give me thine heart,

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378 "STEER STRAIGHT FOR ME."

A fisherman, who habitually drank to excess, says a writer in *Our Boys and Girls*, used to sail from a small cove on the Scottish coast to the fishing grounds, several miles out in the ocean. There was no light-house to guide him, not even a beacon-light, and the channel was intricate. When the fisherman had taken a drop too much and night had fallen, it was dangerous work entering that cove.

His little son used to watch for his father's coming and soon as he saw him he would run down to the point and cry out, "Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home!"

The boy died; and one evening the father was sitting at his lonely fireside. His conscience troubled him, for he had been thinking over the sins of his life. As the night settled down he thought he heard the voice of his boy ring out through the darkness, "Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home!"

Springing to his feet he called out, "You're right this time, my son!"

From that moment he was a changed man; he gave his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, and served him until he was taken to heaven to join his little son, whom he had loved so much.

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

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"STEER STRAIGHT FOR ME."

CHORUS.

1–4. "Dear father, when you homeward turn," His lit - tle boy each day would call, "Steer
5. O, sail - or, when you homeward turn, Your Saviour there each day would call, "Steer

straight for me and safe re-turn, Whene'er the evening shades shall fall,
the evening shades shall fall."

straight for me and safe re-turn, Be-fore the evening shadows fall,
evening shadows fall."

379 NOW BELIEVE IN CHRIST.

The words "Jesus, I my cross have taken," No. 381, may be sung to this tune.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY — D. E. DORTCH.

1. There's forgiveness for the sin - ner, Christ has paid thy debt to God;
2. Thou hast wandered far in dark-ness, Thou art ru-ined and un-done,
3. Though thy bark's among the bil - lows, Toss-ing on the stormy wave;
4. Haste, poor soul, the storm is gath'ring, Haste to Christ, the Refuge near;

There is res-cue from thy ru - in, There is cleansing in the blood.
But there's help for thee in Je - sus, If you trust what He has done.
Look-ing un - to Je - sus on - ly, Thou wilt find Him strong to save.
There thy soul will find safe shel-ter, Rest with-out a doubt or fear.

D. S. And re-ceive the precious bless-ing, The sal - va - tion He has won.

CHORUS.

Now be-lieve in Christ the Sav - iour, Come, poor, hopeless, wretched one;

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380 THE MORNING LIGHT.

A. S. KIEFFER. R. R. EMERSON.

1. O the night of time soon shall pass a - way And the hap - py gold-en
2. O the hap - py day that shall gild the hills, When the Lord shall come to
3. What a joy - ful time when the earth shall gleam In the light of an e-

day will dawn, When the pil - grim staff shall be laid a - side
earth a - gain; O the hap - py hearts that shall wel - come Him,
ter - nal day, When the saints shall sing un - to Christ our King,

CHORUS.

And the king - ly crown put on.
When He comes once more to reign! We are watch-ing now for the
In the gold - en glad ar - ray.

morn - ing light, For the new Je - ru - sa - lem to come, We are

wait - ing still for the Sav-iour Christ, Who will call His chil-dren home.

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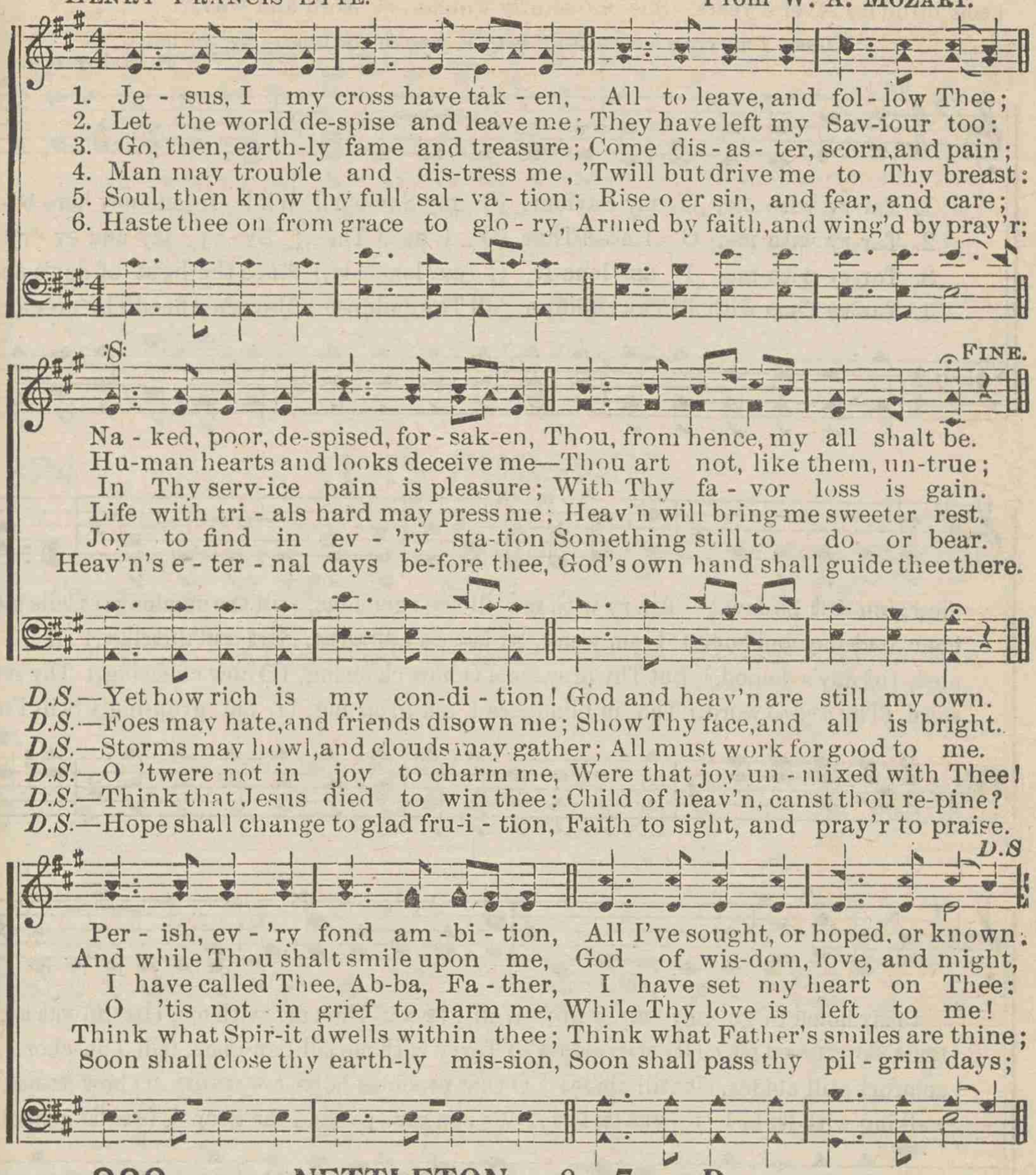
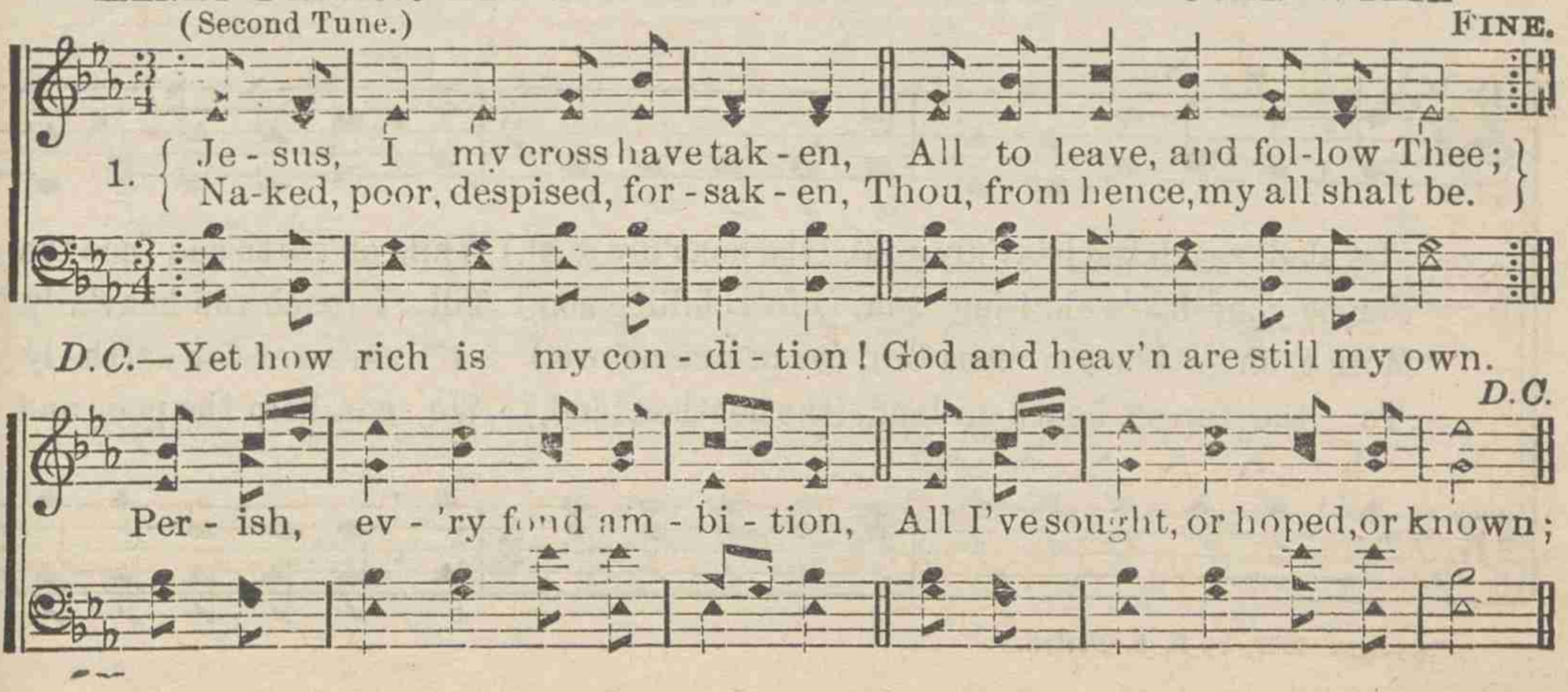
381 JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. From W. A. MOZART.



382 NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. JOHN WYETH.

(Second Tune.)

383 TARRY WITH ME.

Written by Mrs. Jas. T. Weldon, of the New Salem Baptist Church, Coffey, Mo. She has been blind for several years. She is a saintly woman.—"Word and Way."

"Jesus, I my cross have taken," may be sung to this tune.—See No. 381.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. Tar-ry with me, O my Saviour, (O my Saviour,) While I jour-ney here be-
2. Tar-ry with me, O I need Thee, (O I need Thee,) Ev - ry day and ev -'ry
3. Tar-ry with me, I am lone-ly, (I am lone - ly,) Since the light of day's de-
4. Tar-ry Thou with all Thy children, (all Thy children,) May they heed Thy precious

low, (on earth be-low,) Tar-ry with me till the summons, (till the summons) Calls me hour, (each day and hour,) I am weak, but Thou canst strengthen, (Thou canst strengthen,) If I nied, (of day's denied,) But Thy presence, O how cheering, (O how cheering,) Thy sweet word, (Thy precious word,) Tho' in blindness I am grop-ing, (I am grop-ing,) Still I'm to my home to go, (my home to go;) Well I know if Thou art with me, (Thou art with me,) trust Thy grace and pow'r, (Thy grace and pow'r,) Tarry with me till I an-chor, (till I an-chor,) comfort still abides, (it still abides;) O that precious hope, how cheering, (O how cheering,) walking with the Lord, (yes, with the Lord;) We can give to send the gospel, (send the gospel,) I shall reach the heav'nly goal, (the heav'nly goal,) While on earth can face the Far be-yond life's chill-ing sea, (life's chilling sea,) Till I reach the heav'n-ly More than gold or pre-cious ore, (or pre-cious ore,) I care not for earth - ly To the far-off heath-en land, (the heathen land,) We can help the poor and

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TARRY WITH ME.

billows, (face the billows,) With Thy glo - ry in my soul, (within my soul.)
portals, (heav'nly portals,) And for - ev - er rest with Thee, (shall rest with Thee.)
pleasures, (earthly pleasures,) Give me Je-sus, I ask no more, (I ask no more.)
need-y, (poor and need-y,) Help them reach the heav'nly land, (the heav'nly land.)

384 IT IS FINISHED.

W. T. DALE. R. R. EMERSON.

1. "It is fin-ished!" so he cried, Bow'd his head and thus he died;
2. "It is fin-ished!" all is o'er, All his pains and an-guish sore;
3. "It is fin-ished!" bless-ed thought, Com-fort to our heart is brought;

Now re - deem - ing work is done, Now our tri - umph is be - gun.
All his suf-f'rings here are past, Now he con - quers sin at last.
Man may now ap-proach the throne, Rec - on - ciled to God a - lone.

D. S. *It is fin - ished, yes, in - deed, I can now be - come His child.*

CHORUS.

It is fin - ished, it is fin-ished, Man to God is rec - on - ciled,

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385 JOY IN HEAVEN.

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

1. There is joy a-mong the angels, There's a mighty shout of rapture; Far be-
2. There is joy a-mong the angels, By the shining, crystal riv-er, For a
3. There is ho - ly joy in heav-en High-er, pur- er than the angels'; 'Tis the

yond the pearly gates the news has come Of a sin-ner now repenting, To the
wand'ring one is safe within the fold; For the Shepherd sought and found him, And the
Father's heart rejoicing in its love; 'Tis the Saviour-Shepherd singing O'er the

gos - pel word consent-ing—Of a con-trite soul that seeks a bet- ter home.
arms of love are round him; Hear the mu-sic grandly ring from harps of gold.
lost one he is bringing, Bringing to the ev - er- last-ing home a - bove.

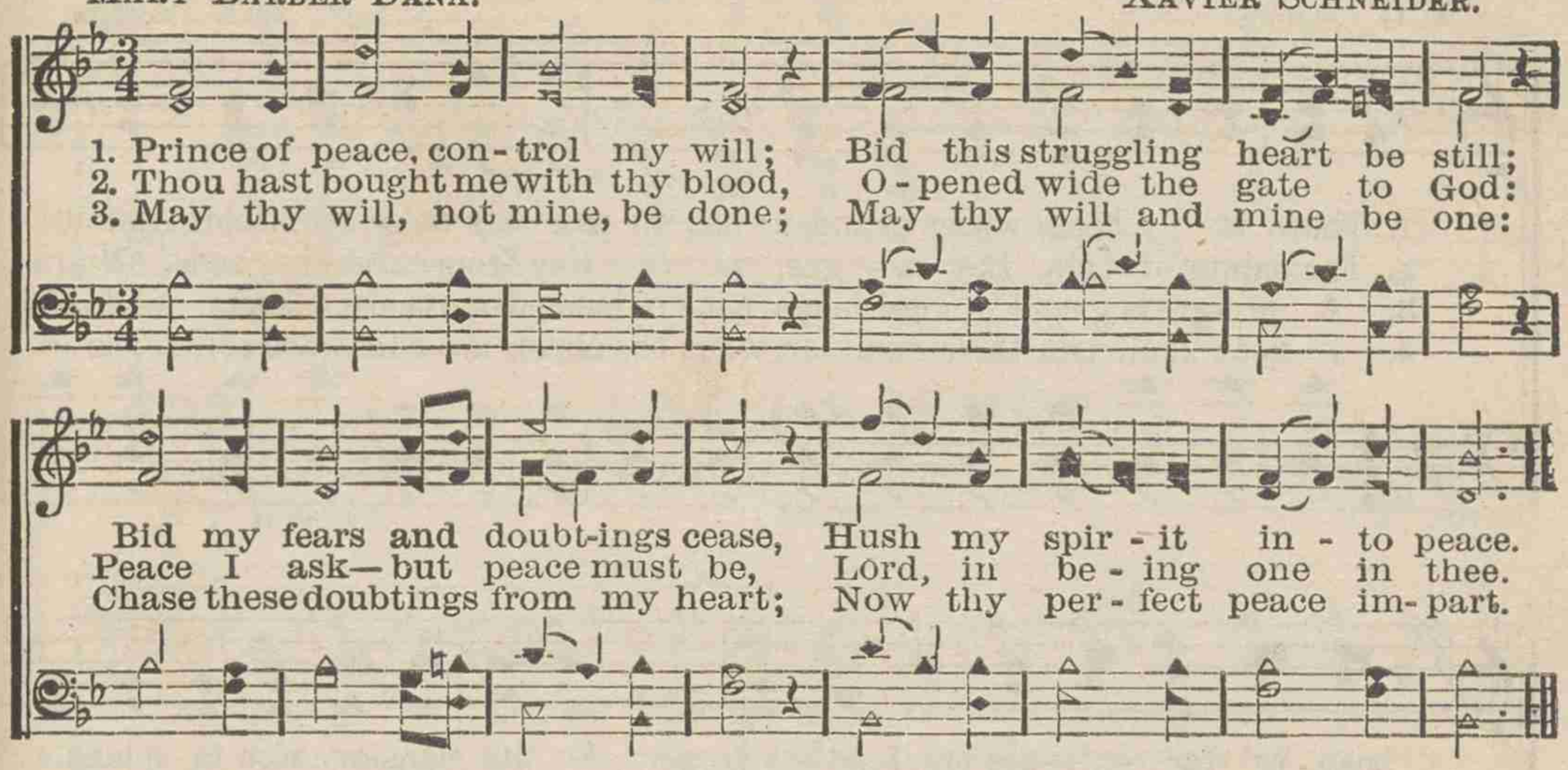
CHORUS.

Joy, joy, joy, joy in heav'n, Souls are seeking now the liv- ing way; There is

joy, joy, joy, joy among the an-gels; Join their hallelujah songs to-day. to- day.

Copyright of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

386 HORTON. 7s.

MARY BARBER DANA. XAVIER SCHNEIDER.

387 Holy Ghost, with Light. 7s.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

ANDREW REED.

388 Lord, We Come. 7s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

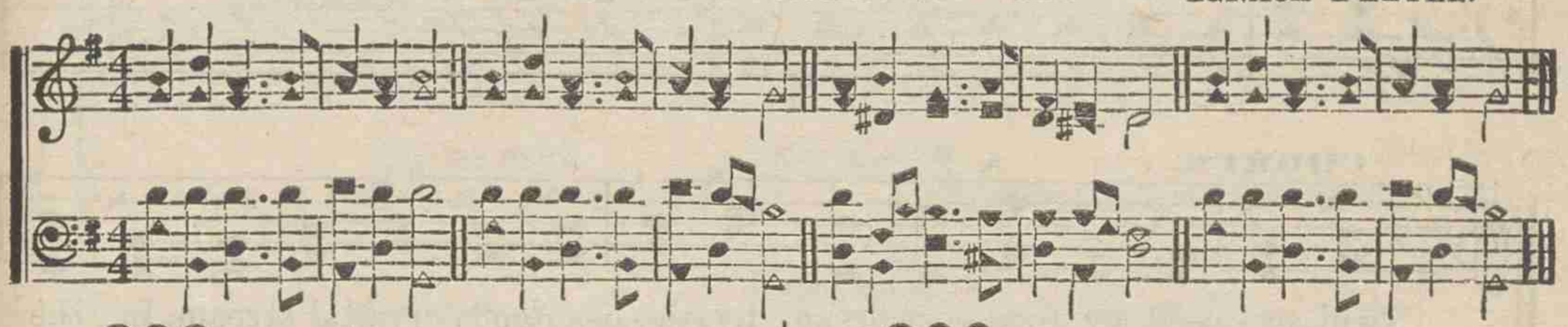
2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

WM. HAMMOND.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

389 Depth of Mercy. 7s.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

CHARLES WESLEY.

390 Holy Bible, Book Divine. 7s.

1 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON, SR.

391 THE HEAVENLY CITY.

"And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city."—REV. 21 : 10.

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

1. There is a home whose grandeur has to mor-tals ne'er been told, And its beau-ty far ex-ceeds my fond-est dream; O its mansions rise in splendor, and the str ts are paved with gold, And for-ev-er flows life's beauteous crystal stream.
2. The saints of all the a - ges, as a - way from earth they soar, All are gathered safe with - in its peace-ful fold; They shall know and love each other, and shall part, no! nev-er-more, Nev-er sickness, then, nor fu-neral bell is tolled.
3. A pro-gress grand in knowledge, each redeemed one there a-waits, While the vast e - ter - nal a - ges are unrolled; Growing more and more like Je-sus, their en-joy-ment ne'er a-bates, And their robes unsoiled and spotless ne'er grow old.
4. I soon shall join their num-ber, when the clouds are backward roll'd, The e- ter - nal morn shall o - pen to my view; Where in all His matchless glo - ry, I my Sav-iour shall be-hold, And the song of my REDEMPTION shall re - new.

Rit.

CHORUS.

'Twill ex - ceed my fond - est dream, By the beauteous crys-tal stream, In the pres-ence of my Sav - iour o - ver there, With the good and pure to dwell,

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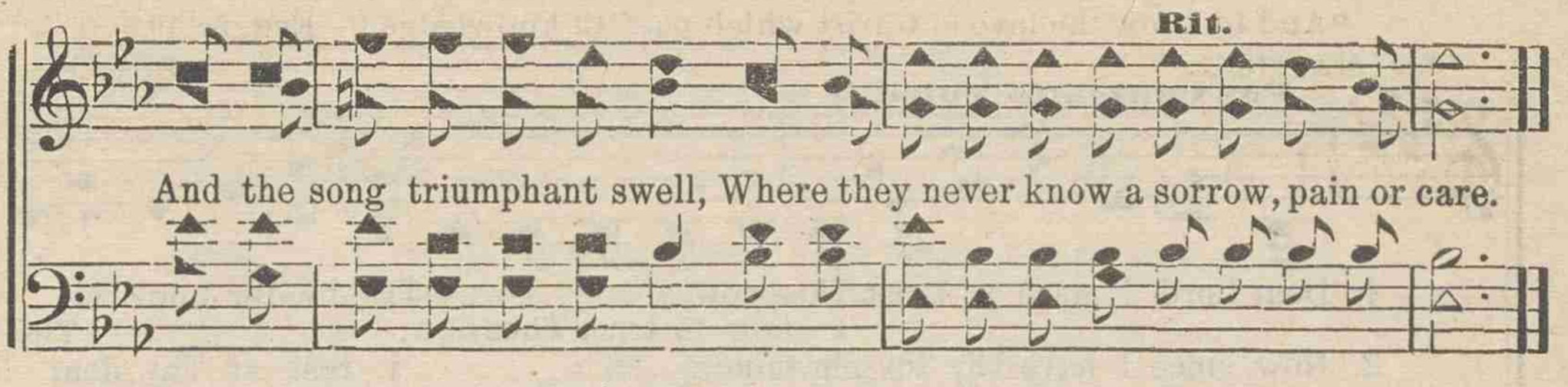
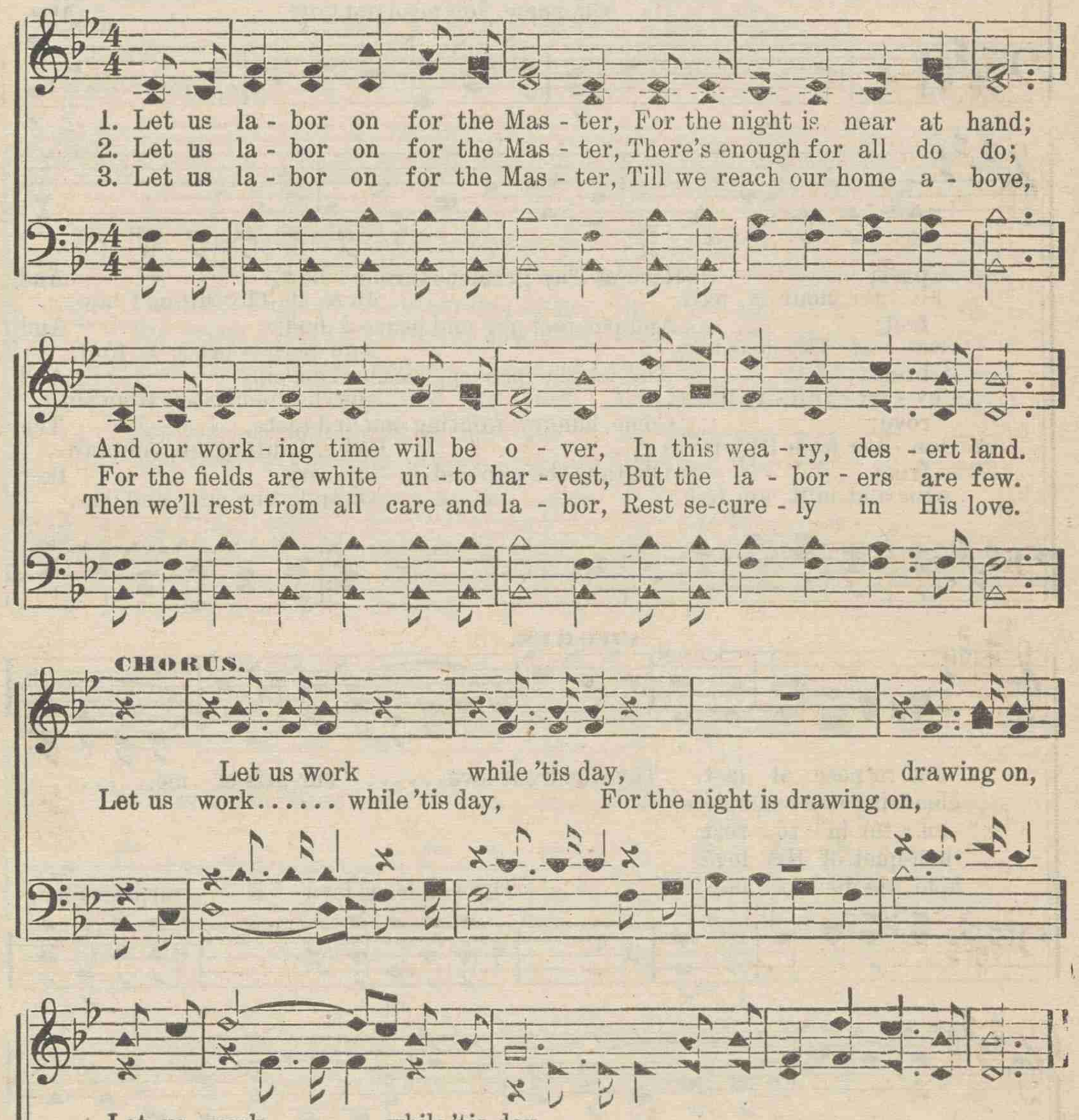
THE HEAVENLY CITY.

392 LET US WORK.

"I must work . . . . while it is day, the night cometh when no man can work."

E. T. BOWERS. JOHN 9: 4. D. E. DORTCH.

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393 THY WONDROUS LOVE.

"And to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge."—EPH. 3: 19.

J. J. MAXFIELD. D. E. DORTCH.

For Contralto Voice.

1. Dear Lord, I dare to trust Thee now, The bit-ter hour is past; Here at Thy gracious throne I bow, And
   I dare to trust Thee now. The bit - ter hour is past; Here at Thy throne I bow,
2. Now, since I have Thy lov-ing mind, I rest at Thy dear feet; And per-fect joy and peace I find, And
   Now, since I have Thy mind, I rest at Thy dear feet; And perfect peace I find,
3. In oth - er souls Thy work be-gin, Rouse ev -'ry guil - ty breast; And let the peo - ple cease from sin, And
   Oh, let Thy work be - gin, Rouse ev - 'ry guil - ty breast; Oh, let them cease from sin,
4. Come, precious soul, to Je-sus haste, No long-er from Him rove; Come, hungry, fainting one and taste, The
   Come, soul to Je - sus haste, No lon - ger from Him rove; Come, fainting one, and taste,
5. Tho' great your want, you need not buy, His wine and milk are free; Oh, take the cup and in - ly cry, "Be-
   Oh, come, you need not buy, His wine and milk are free; Oh, take the cup and cry,

CHORUS.

find re-pose at last. Thy wondrous love..... sur-pris-es me,.....
cleansing most camplete.
en - ter in - to rest.
ban-quet of His love.
hold, He died for me." Thy wondrous love surprises me,

And oh, the rich..... and free sup - ply,..... .... A deep, un-
And oh, the rich and free sup-ply!

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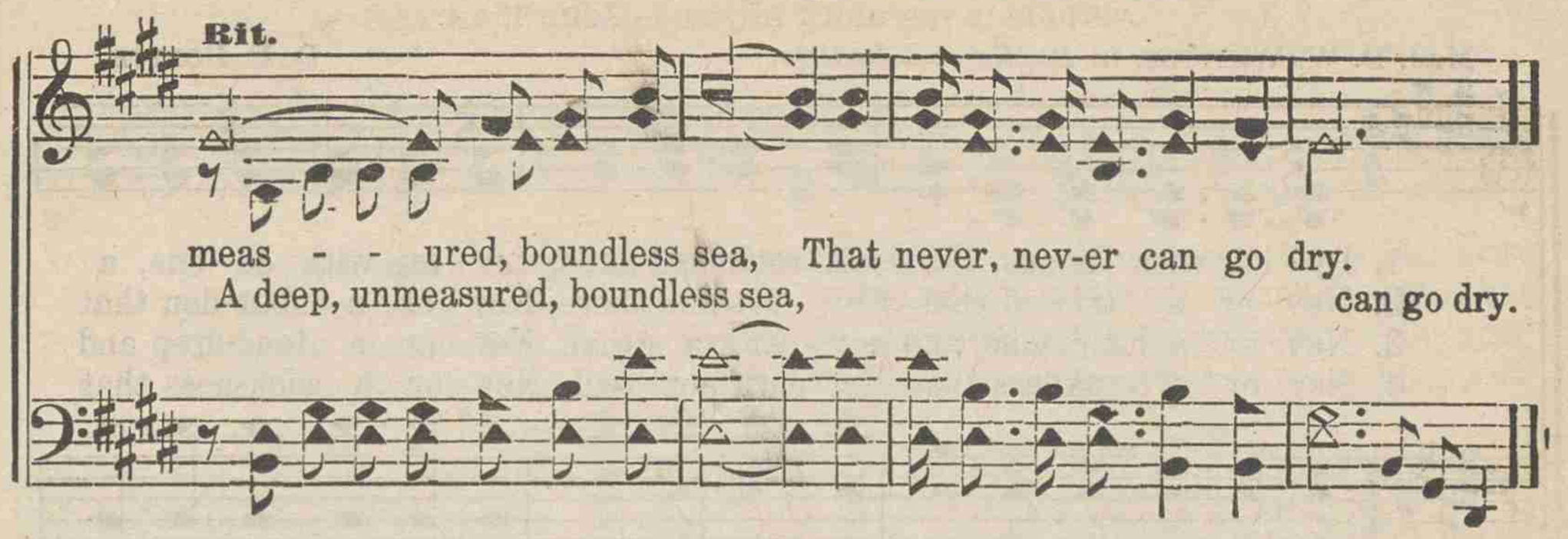
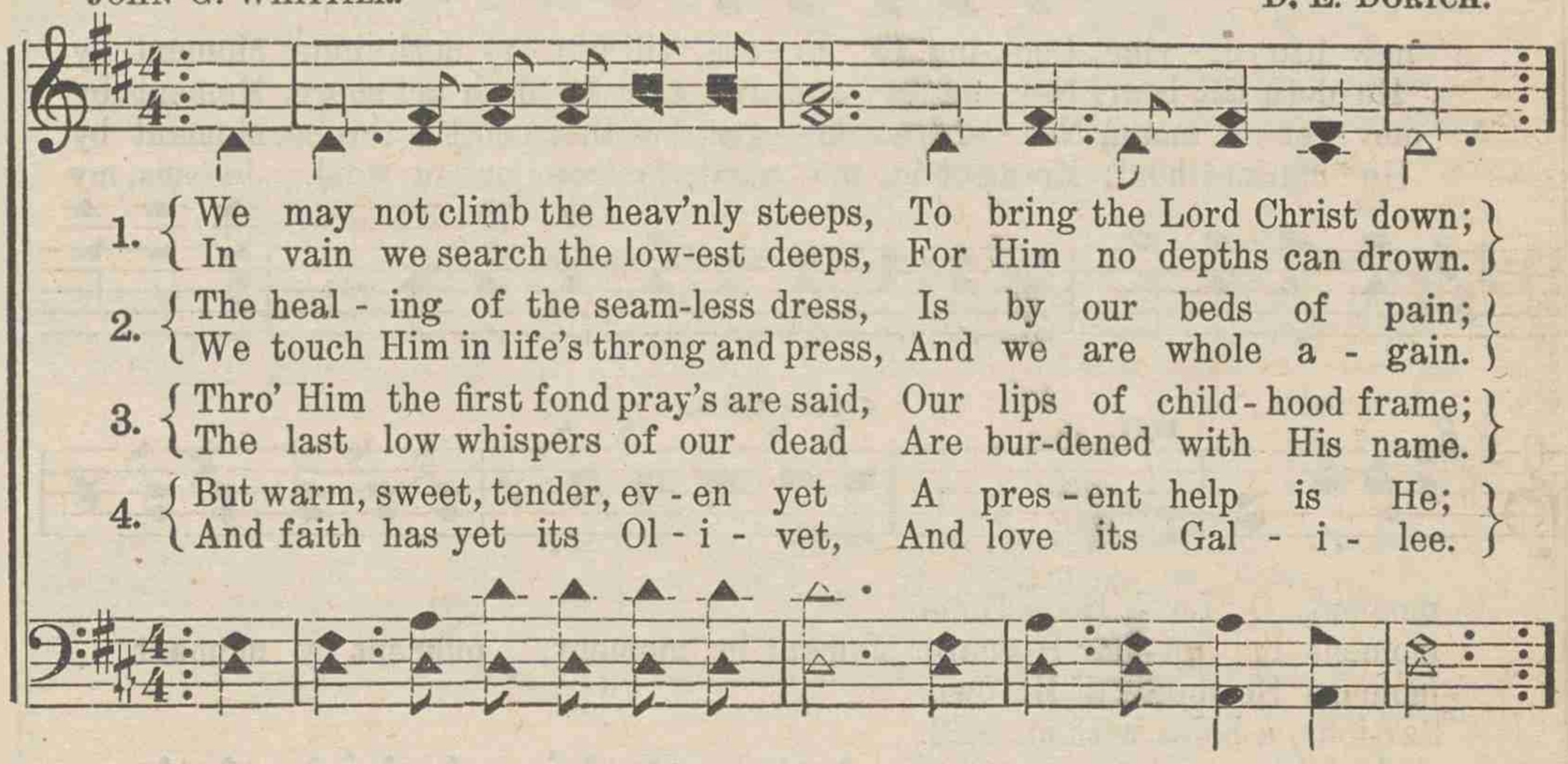
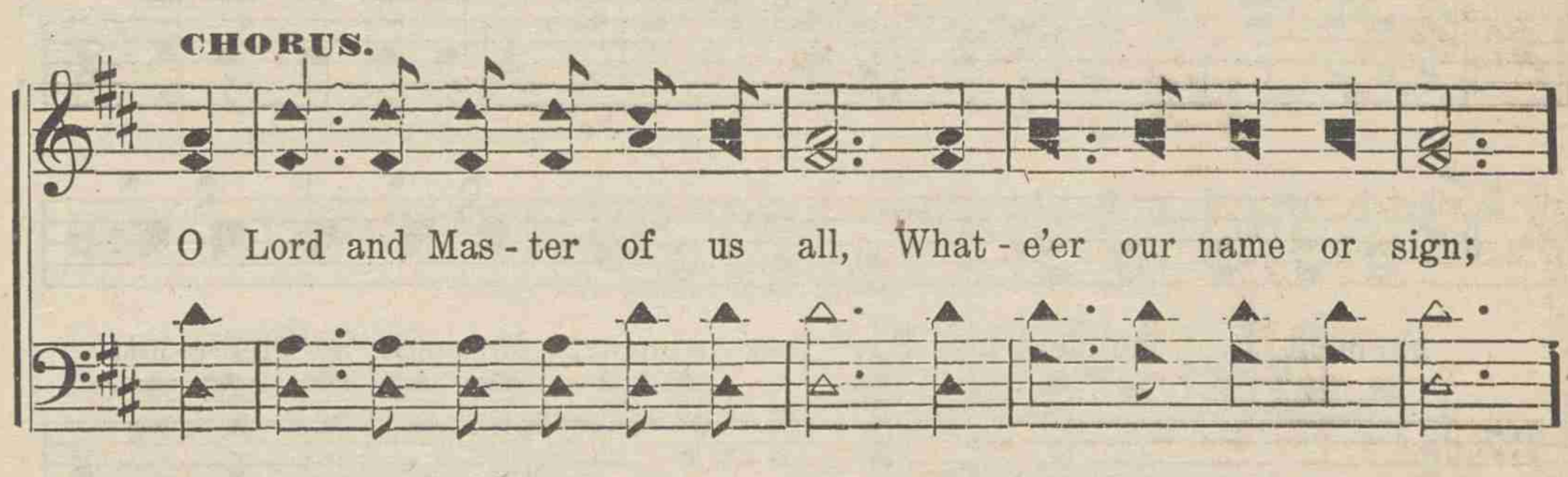
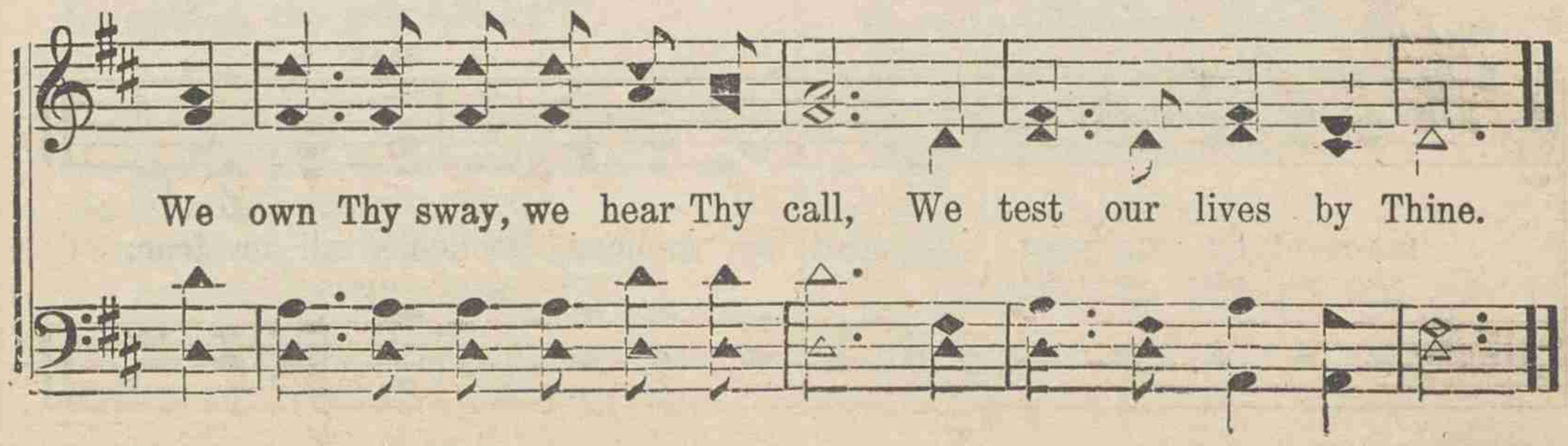
THY WONDROUS LOVE.



394 THE HELPING HAND.

"The Lord upholdeth him with his hand."—Ps. 37: 24.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. D. E. DORTCH.



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395 MOMENT BY MOMENT.

"Abide in me, and I in you."—JOHN 15 : 4.

MAJ. D. W. WHITTLE, in *Baptist and Reflector.* D. E. DORTCH.

1. Dy - ing with Je-sus, His death reckoned mine, Liv - ing with Je - sus, a new life di - vine; Look-ing to Je - sus, 'till glo - ry doth shine; Moment by
2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a bur-den that He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share, Moment by
3. Nev - er a heartache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a tear-drop and nev - er a moan, Nev - er a dan - ger, but there on the throne, Moment by
4. Nev - er a weakness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a sick-ness that He can-not heal; Mo-ment by mo - ment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus, my

CHORUS.

Rit.

moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
moment I'm un - der His care. Moment by moment, moment by moment,
moment He thinks of His own.
Sav-iour, a-bides with me still.

Mo-ment by mo-ment my Sav - iour is near; Mo-ment by mo-ment,

Rit.

mo-ment by mo-ment, Mo-ment by mo-ment He quells all my fear.

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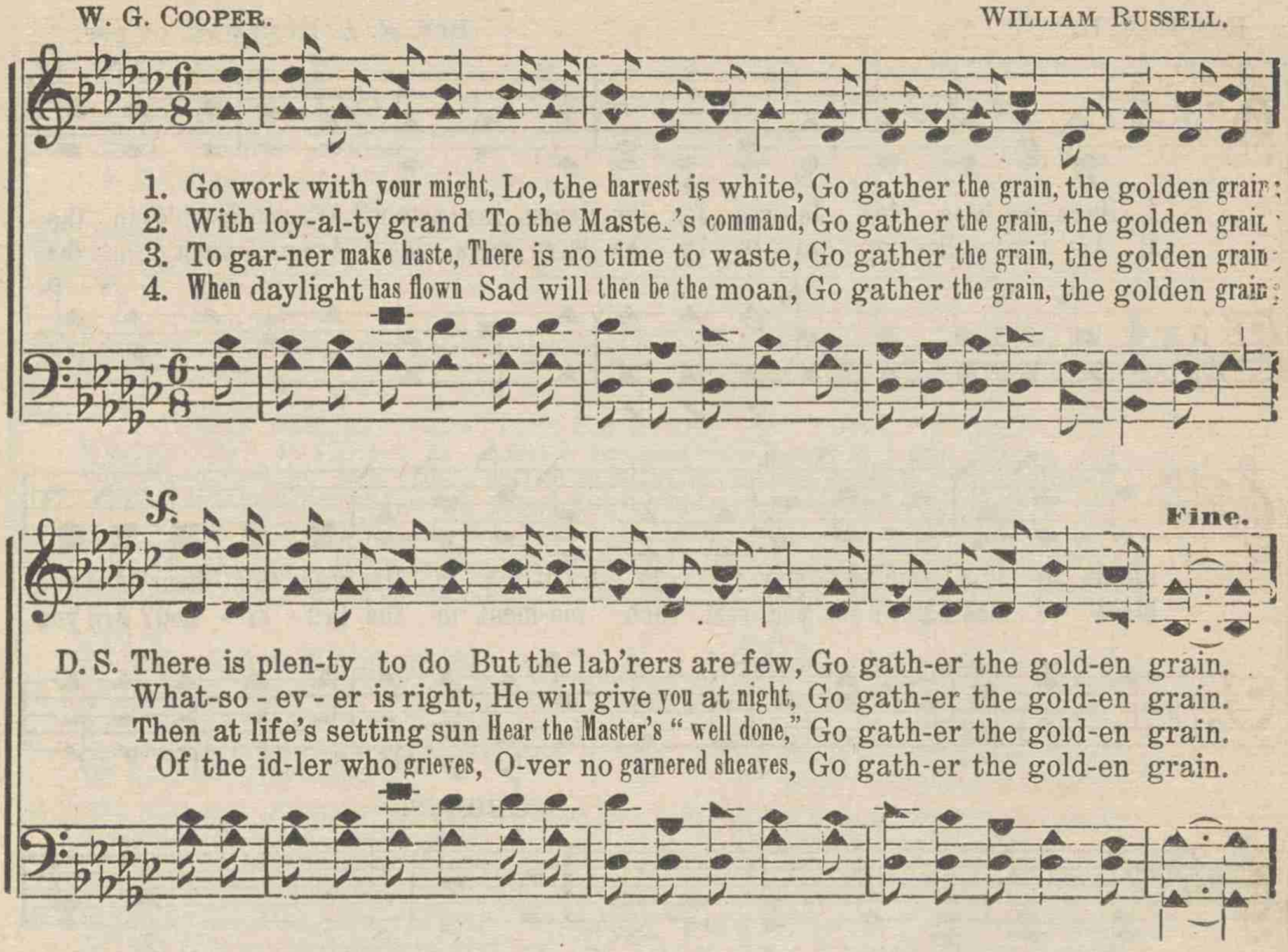
396 GO GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."—MATT. 9: 37.

W. G. COOPER. WILLIAM RUSSELL.



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397 GO GATHER THE WANDERERS IN.

TUNE: *Go Gather the Golden Grain.* No. 396.

1 Go gather them in
From the by-ways of sin,
Go gather them in, the wand'rers in;
There are dangers to brave,
If the lost ones you save,
Go gather the wanderers in.

CHORUS.

Go gather them in, go gather them in,
Go gather the wanderers in;
Go the lost ones to win,
From the by-ways of sin,
Go gather the wanderers in.

2 Go forth with a will,
And your mission fulfill,
Go gather them in, the wand'rers in;
For the poor must be fed,
And the weary be led,
Go gather the wanderers in.

3 Go over the sea,
Cross the mountain and lea,
Go gather them in, the wand'rers in;
With His banner unfurled,
Preach the Christ to the world,
To gather the wanderers in.

4 List! the angelic choirs,
Harps and voices and lyres,
Go gather them in, the wand'rers in;
'Tis an anthem of praise,
When the fallen you raise,
Go gather the wanderers in.

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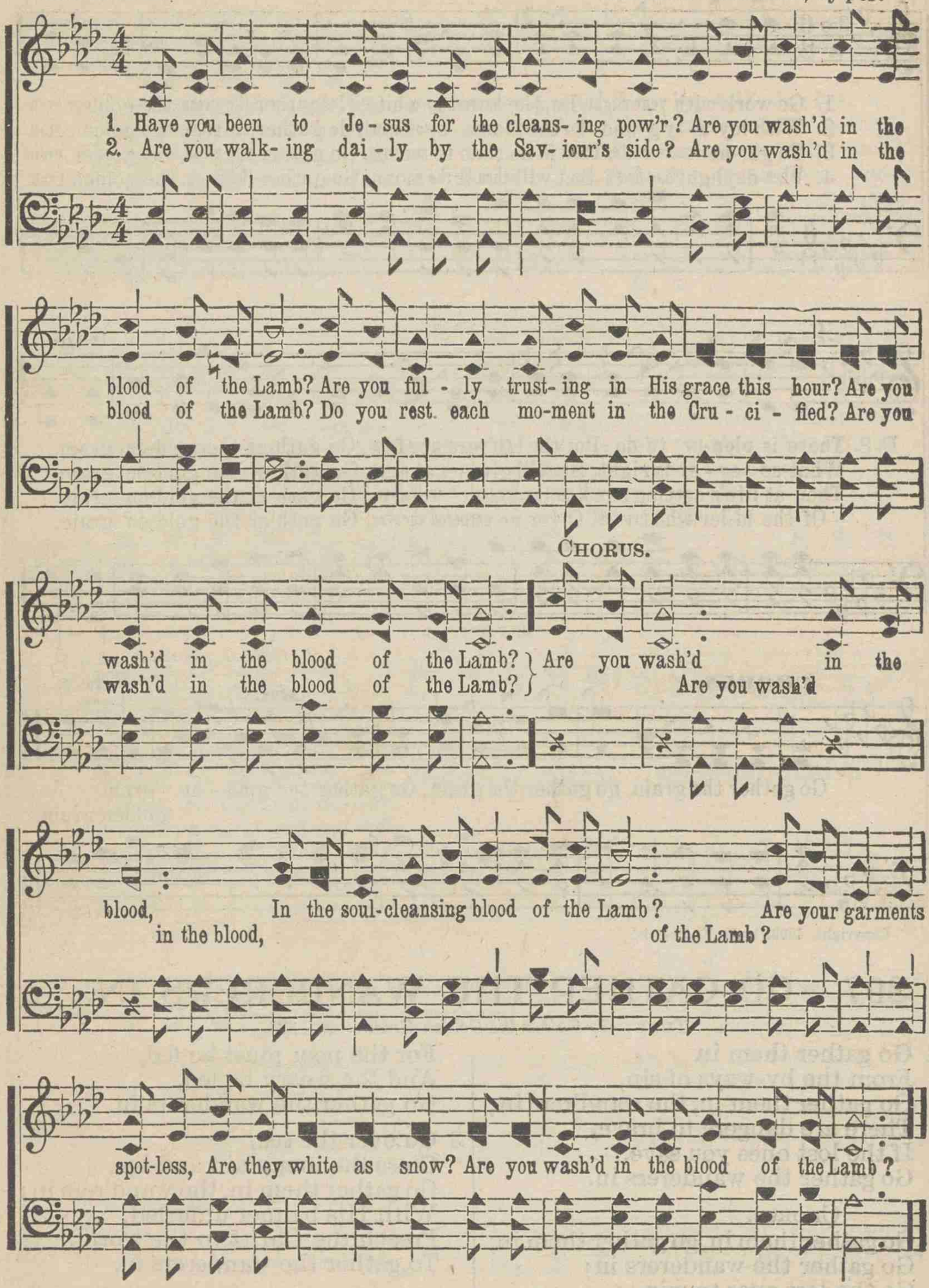
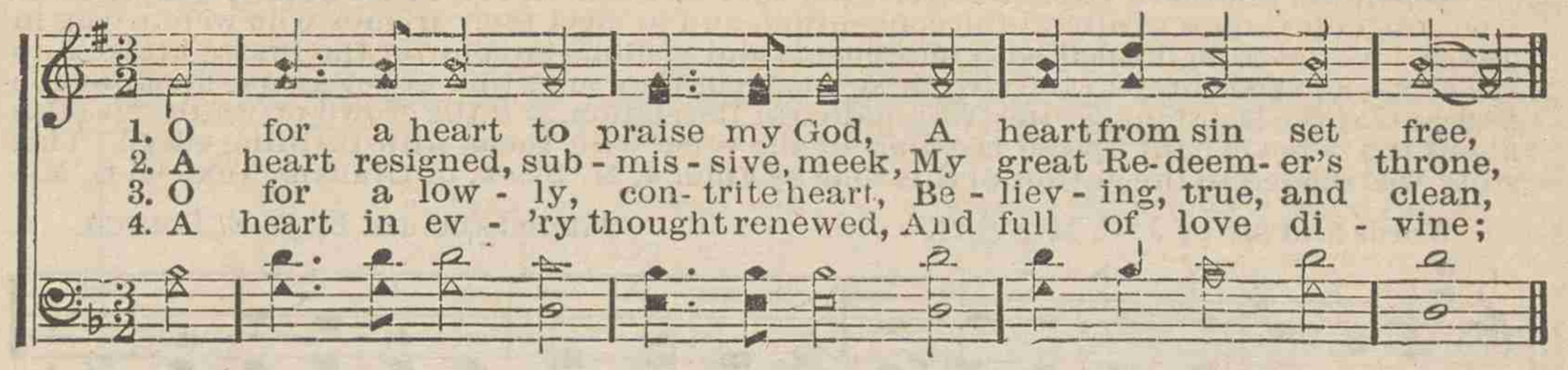
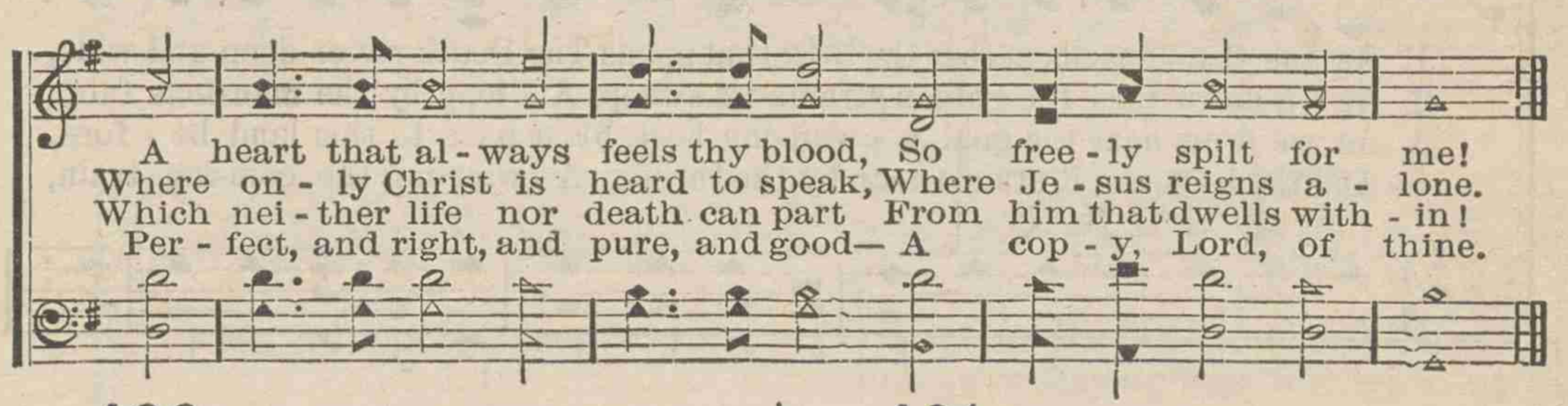
W. G. COOPER.

398 Are you Washed in the Blood?

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

3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white,
Pure and white with the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

4 Lay aside the garments that are stain'd with sin,
And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,
Oh, be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

399 ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.



400 O for a Faith. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

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

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

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

401 Am I a Soldier. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

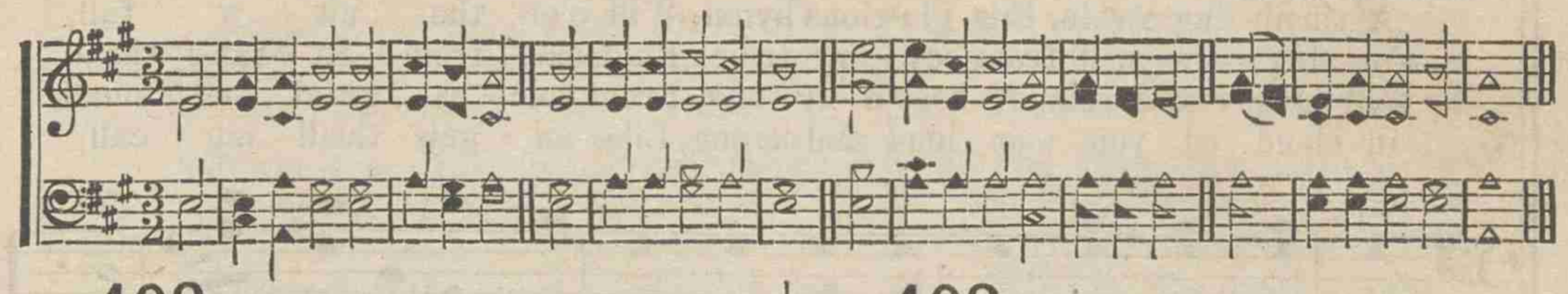
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.

402 Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone —
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

403 The Dearest Name. C. M.

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

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

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

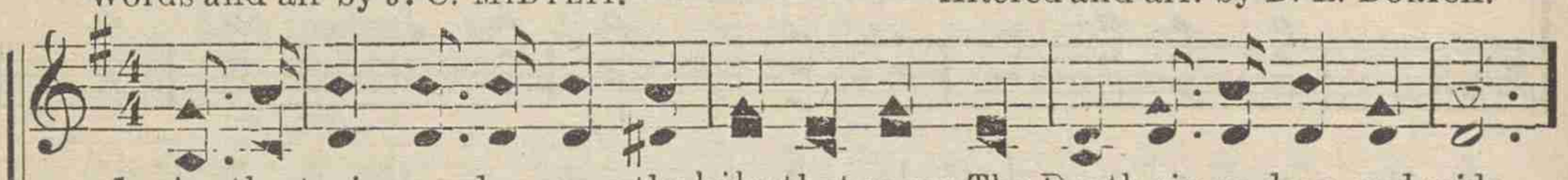
4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

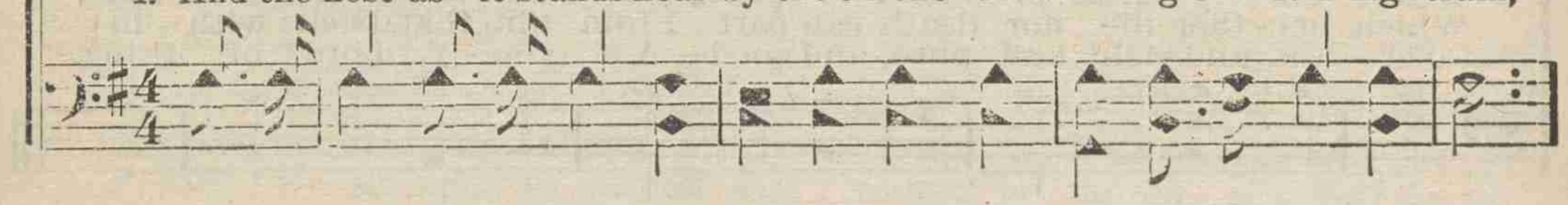
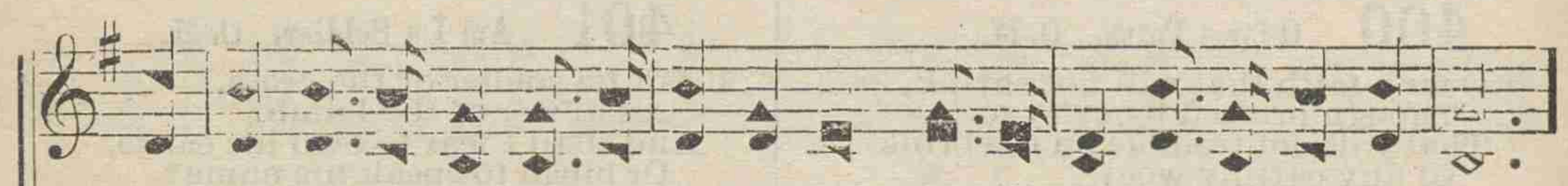
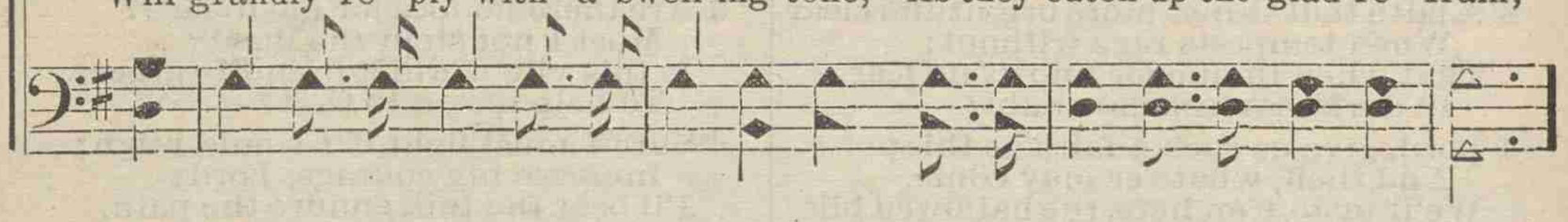
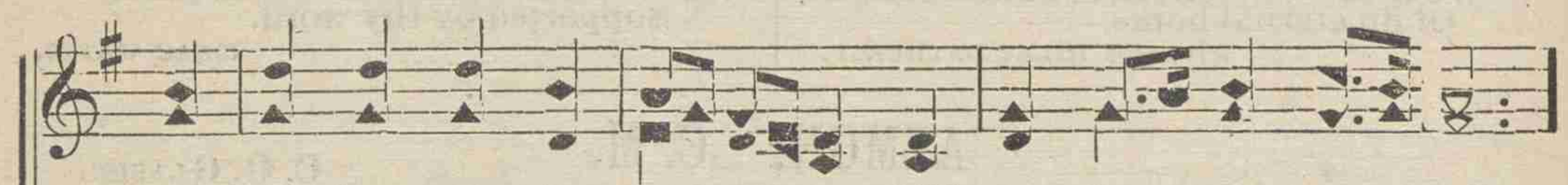
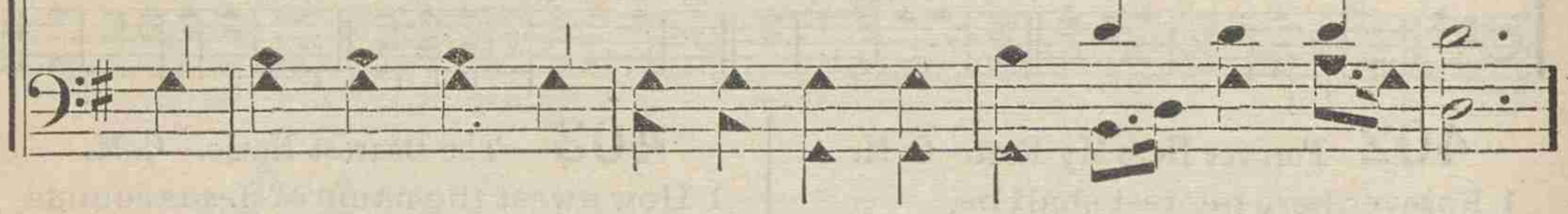
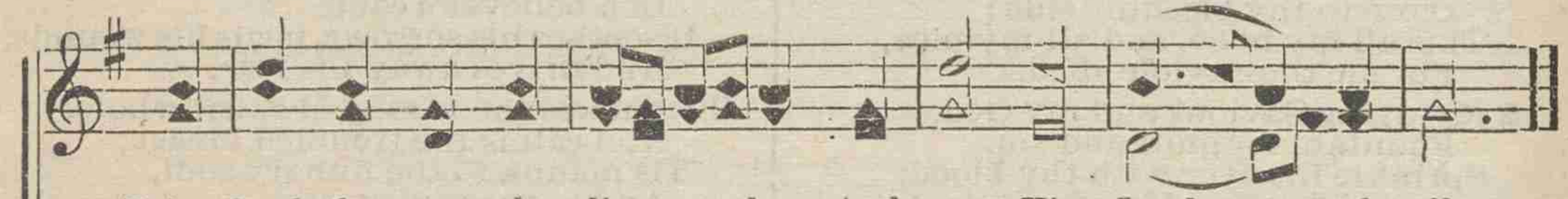
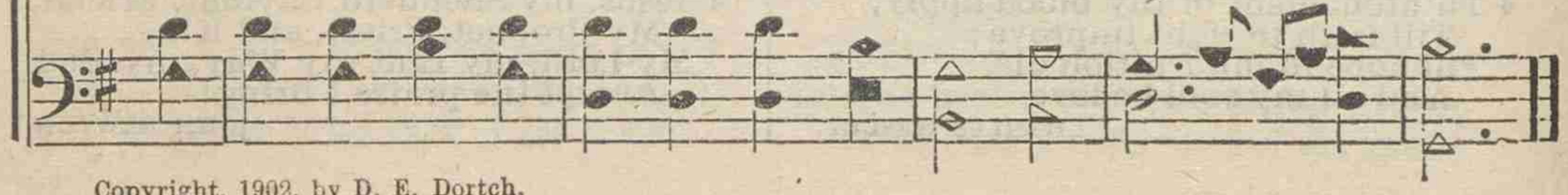
JOHN NEWTON.

NEW CORONATION.

When the Southern Baptist Convention met at Waco, Texas, in 1883, many people came from the older states to attend the convention, and to meet their friends who were living in Texas. As the train, loaded with messengers and visitors, swept over the Brazas bridge into the city, and sped through the streets to the depot they sang OLD CORONATION, finishing the first half of the last stanza as the train halted at the station, and the crowd of waiting friends about the depot caught up the last half of the verse with them with thrilling effect. This story was related to the author of this song by Elder J. M. Black, of Granam, Tex.—J. C. M.

Words and air by J. C. MIDYETT. Altered and arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



1. As the train speeds across the bridge that spans The Death riv-er deep and wide,
2. As a-down thro' the golden streets we sweep, A - long by the mansions fair,
3. As we draw near the goal a - wait-ing host, Who've past to this land be - fore,
4. And the host as it stands near by the throne A - wait-ing the com-ing train,

And blows for the stop where the depot stands, Near the throne on the oth-er side;
The mu-sic will swell with its pul-ses deep On the waves of the vi-brant air;
Our parents and children, the lov'd and lost, As they stand on the shin-ing shore;
Will grandly re - ply with a swell-ing tone, As they catch up the glad re - frain;

A thrill - ing strain, this glo-rious hymn, Will o'er the cit - y fall,
For sing - ers will from ev - 'ry tribe, Re-deemed from Sa - tan's thrall,
Will hear this strain of heav'n - ly song, From voic - es great and small,
In blend - ed voic - es loud and strong, Like an - gels thrill - ing call,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord..... of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty a-scribe, And crown Him Lord..... of all.
O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet..... may fall.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord..... of all.

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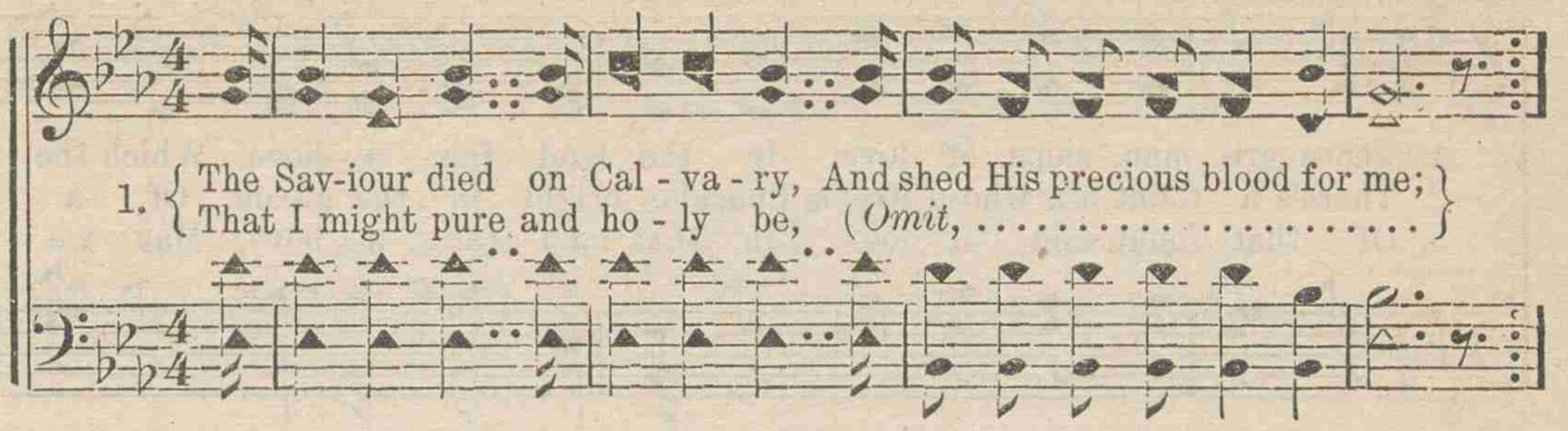
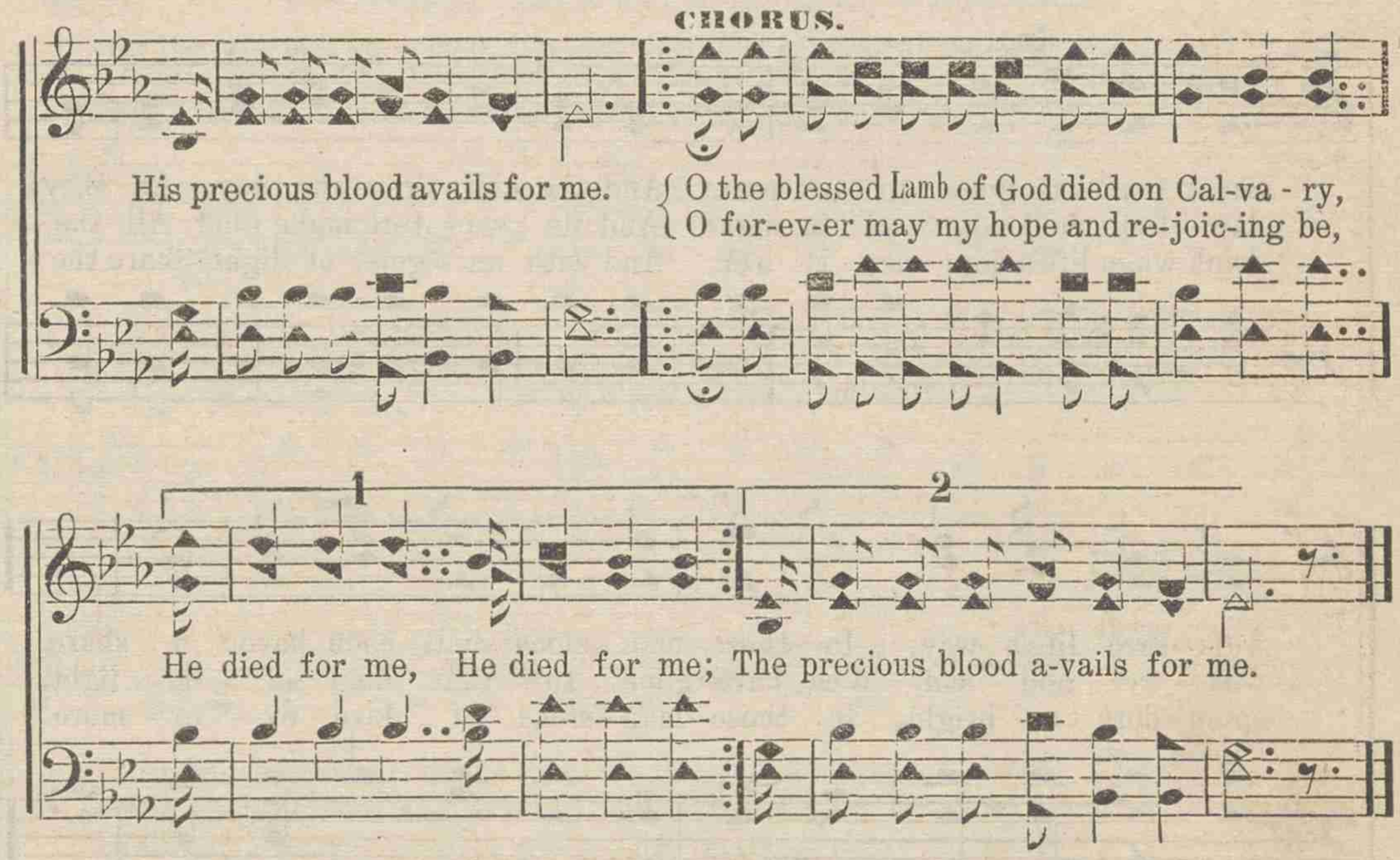
405 THE PRECIOUS BLOOD AVAILS.

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

CHORUS.



2 Though far in sin I've gone astray,
His precious blood avails for me;
He will not turn from me away,
I know His blood avails for me.

3 'Twas grace that first devised the plan,
To save a sinful soul like me;
I heard His voice, to Him I ran,
'Twas then the blood availed for me.

4 Since I have found the Saviour kind,
Lo, ever would I happy be;
And in His service always find,
The precious blood avails for me.

5 And when from earth at last I rise,
And all His glory I shall see,
The theme, the song beyond the skies,
Will be "the blood availed for me."

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406 A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM.

(Sing to No. 405.)

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

CHO.—O Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land;
O Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

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

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

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

407 THE MANSIONS OF LOVE.

A. S. KIEFFER. R. R. EMERSON.

1. There are man - sions of love In the land far a - bove, Which the
2. There's a fount-ain whose stream Sparkles bright in the gleam, Of a
3. Of that fount - ain of love, In that land far a - bove, May we

Sav - iour has gone to pre-pare; And the chil - dren who pray, As they
day that shall not end in night; And its wa - ters make glad All the
drink when life's jour - ney is o'er, And with an - gels of light Share the

walk thro' life's way, In those man - sions shall each have a share.
wea - ry and sad, Who have gone to that land of de - light.
splen - dors so bright, In those man - sions of love ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

They shall dwell..... for ev - er - more, In that
They shall dwell for ev - er - more,

land..... so fair and bright; O - ver on..... that
In that land so fair and bright, O - ver on

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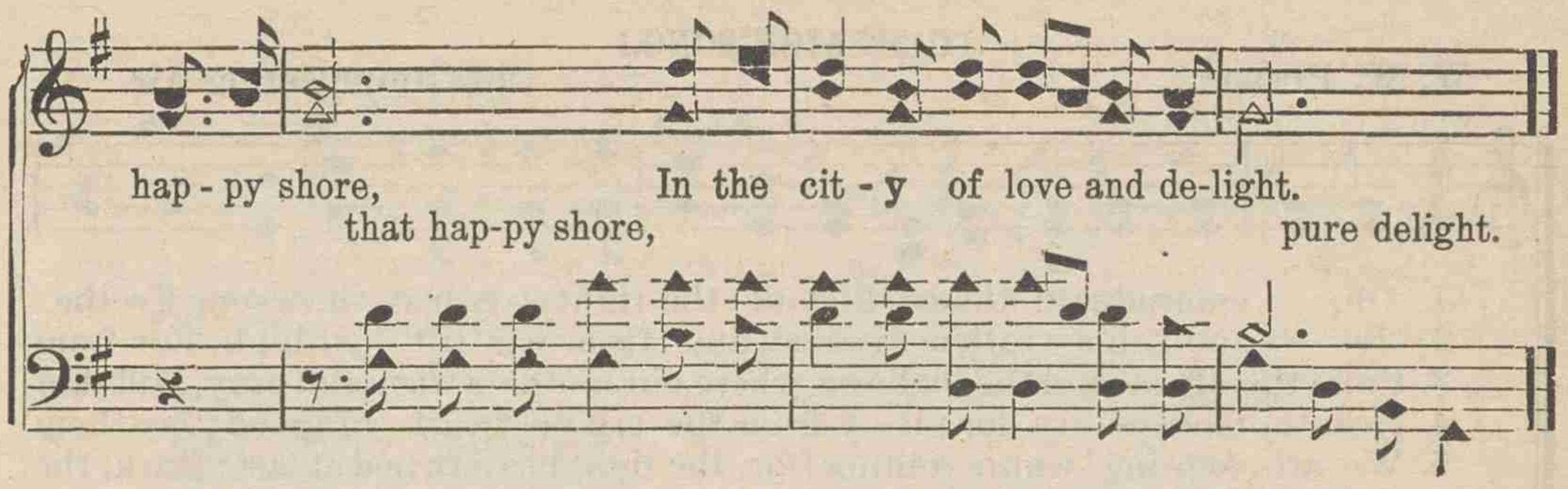
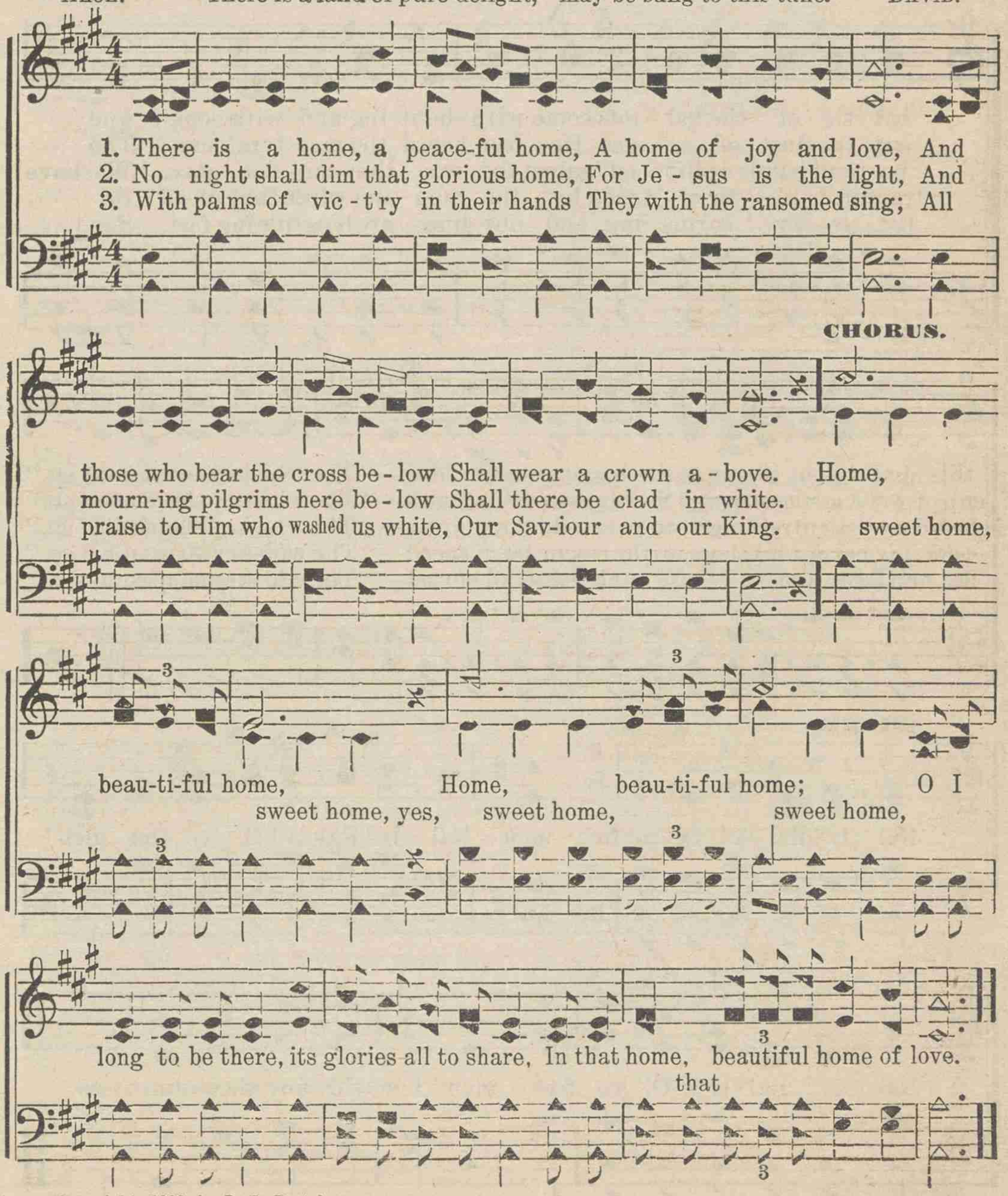
THE MANSIONS OF LOVE.



408 HOME, BEAUTIFUL HOME.

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."—REV. 21: 23.

Anon. "There is a land of pure delight," may be sung to this tune. DAVID.

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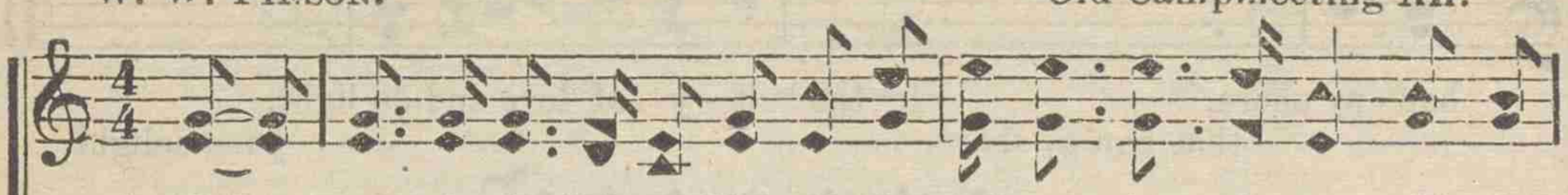
409 THE WHISKEY SHOPS MUST GO.

(CAMPAIGN SONG.)

W. W. PIPSON. Old Campmeeting Air.

1. Oh, comrades in this conflict of the right a-gainst the wrong, To the bat-tle of the bal-lots come with shout-ing and with song; And this shall be our slogan as the legions march along—"The whiskey shops must go."
2. Je-ho-vah's wrath is kindled, and His arm is lift-ed high, For from out the dust of a-ges He has heard the mar-tyrs cry; The cup of wrath is brimming, and His vengeance draweth nigh—"The whiskey shops must go."
3. From the silence and the shadows, where our mothers weep and pray, With their pa-tient hands uplift-ed 'gainst the woe they can-not stay, We have heard a voice entreating us to sweep the curse away—"The whiskey shops must go."
4. Hear the children cry for pit-y from the cru-el heart of greed; See them trampled in-to si-lence by the mon-ster while they plead! Be quick, my patriot brothers, to the rescue let us speed—"The whiskey shops must go."
5. We are com-ing! we are coming! for the light has dawned at last; Hark, the bat-tle-cry is ring-ing, and our lines are length'ning fast, For God, and Home, and Native Land, our ballots shall be cast—"The whiskey shops must go."

CHORUS.

Ral-ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free-men! Ral-ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free-men!
Ral-ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free-men! The whis-key shops must go.

410 GLORY, HALLELUJAH!

(Tune opposite page.)

1 On the mountain top of vision, what a glory we behold!
A hundred years of victory are tinging earth with gold;
And a glorious time is coming which the prophets long foretold;
The truth is marching on.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
The truth is marching on.*

2 From the cabin on the prairie, from the vaulted city dome,
From the dark and briny ocean, where our sailor brothers roam,
We hear a glad rejoicing like a happy harvest home,
Salvation's rolling on.

3 A hundred years of marching, and a hundred years of song,
The Conqueror advances, and the time will not be long
When we shall claim the heathen and overthrow the wrong.
Our God is marching on.

4 And when the war is over, with the saints for evermore,
On the blissful heights of glory we will shout the battle o'er,
And within the Golden City we will join the Conqueror,
Forever marching on.

—*Rev Dwight Williams. Alt.*

411 CHRISTIAN BATTLE HYMN.

(Tune opposite page.)

1 Mine eyes have seen the tokens of another Pentecost,
My ears have heard the gath'ring of a dedicated host,
My soul has felt the presence of the promised Holy Ghost.
Our God is marching on.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.*

2 There's a fire of consecration that is kindling in our youth,
They are vowing hearty service to the Master and his truth,
Their faith is pure and ardent and their works a gospel proof.
Our youth are marching on.

3 There's a fervor of revival burning bright in many hearts,
There's a glow of gen'rous loyalty their noble purpose starts,
'Tis the spirit of the Saviour and the zeal that he imparts.
The truth is marching on.

4 They unfurl the gospel banner, and behold the thousands rise;
They are looking up in prayer to Him enthroned beyond the skies;
They are lifting up their brother, from the ruin where he lies.
Our cause is marching on.

—*Rev. Levi Gilbert, D.D.*

* Vary with last line of each verse.

412 THE RIGHT SHALL WIN THE DAY.

(Tune opposite page.)

1 Through the mists of night is shining, fair and clear, a glorious star;
And the splendor of its brightness, like a beacon seen afar,
Flashes out the cheering message o'er the fields where workers are,
That vict'ry is at hand.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
The right shall win the day.

2 'Tis the star that heralds morning after long and gloomy night,
'Tis the star of prohibition, and its pure and steady light
Guides the temperance army on to the battlefield in sight,
Where vict'ry will be won.

3 O, be brave of heart, my brothers, in the battle lift your eye
To the star whose ray of promise flashes grandly forth on high;
And our hearts shall gain such courage that the enemy will fly,
And vict'ry will be ours.

4 Think of home and loved ones, comrades, when you face the desperate foe,
For your boy and mine, my brothers,
Strike a long and telling blow;
Shall we, can we, yield the battle? by our homes and dear ones, no!
The vict'ry must be ours.

—*Eben E. Rexford.*

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413 THE WORK IS GOING ON.

1 Although 'tis many, many years since temperance work begun,
We'll never rest contented till the glorious work is done;
We'll labor on from dawn of day until the set of sun.
The work is going on.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
The work is going on.

2 We'll battle for the rights of home and all its sacred joys,
We'll undermine the gay saloon that tempts our darling boys;
'Twill yield, if, may be, brick by brick; my friend, don't mind the noise.
The work is going on.

3 The time will come—not in our day perhaps, but farther on—
That temperance laws will rule the land that freemen dwell upon;
God speed the day, the glorious day, when victory shall be won!
The work is going on.

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

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414 YE SHALL BE FREE INDEED.

"If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."—JOHN 8: 36.

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

1. O how pre-cious is the word Which was spoken by the Lord, All suf-
2. Tho' a guilt - y sin - ner I, Cursed by righteous law to die, Lo, e-
3. Robed in fade-less beau - ty I Shall be-hold Him by and by, And the

fi-cient is His grace for ev - 'ry need; Tho' my soul by sin is stained, Not a
ter-nal life to give the Sav-iour bled; I be - lieve the Cru - ci - fied, And I
transcient scenes of life shall all re-cede, I shall, with unsinning heart, Know what

spot shall be retained, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."
now am jus - ti - fied, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."
here I knew in part, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

REFRAIN.

Ye shall be free, Ye shall be free, You may
Ye shall be free, yes, free in-deed, Ye shall be free, yes, free indeed,

conquer ev -'ry foe, For there's grace for ev'ry need, Come, believe the Cru-ci-fied,

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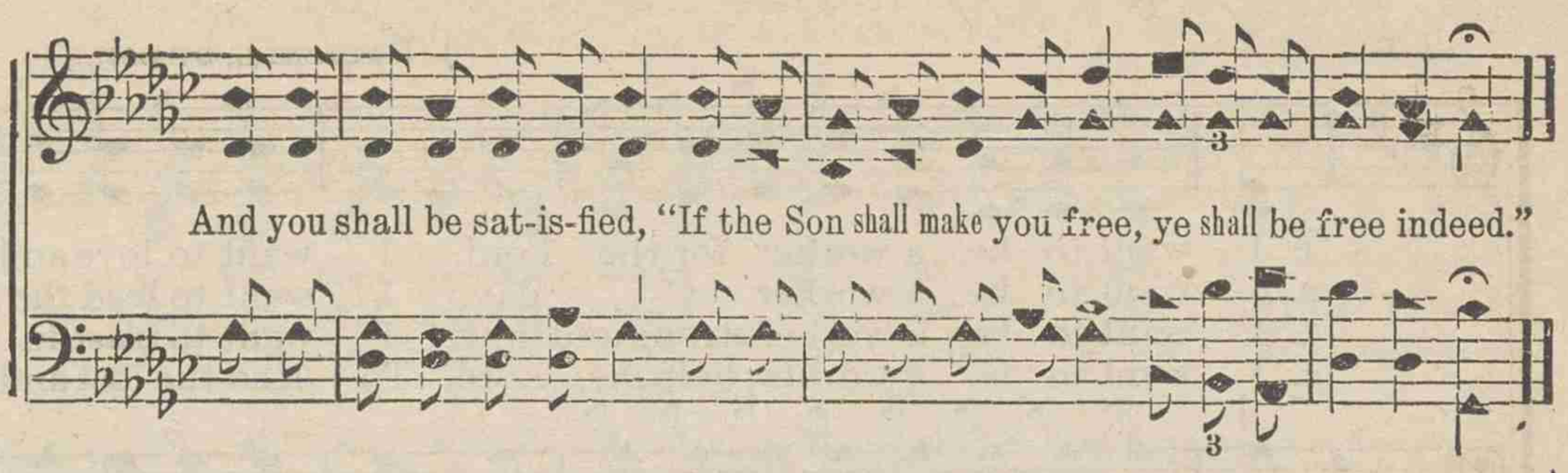
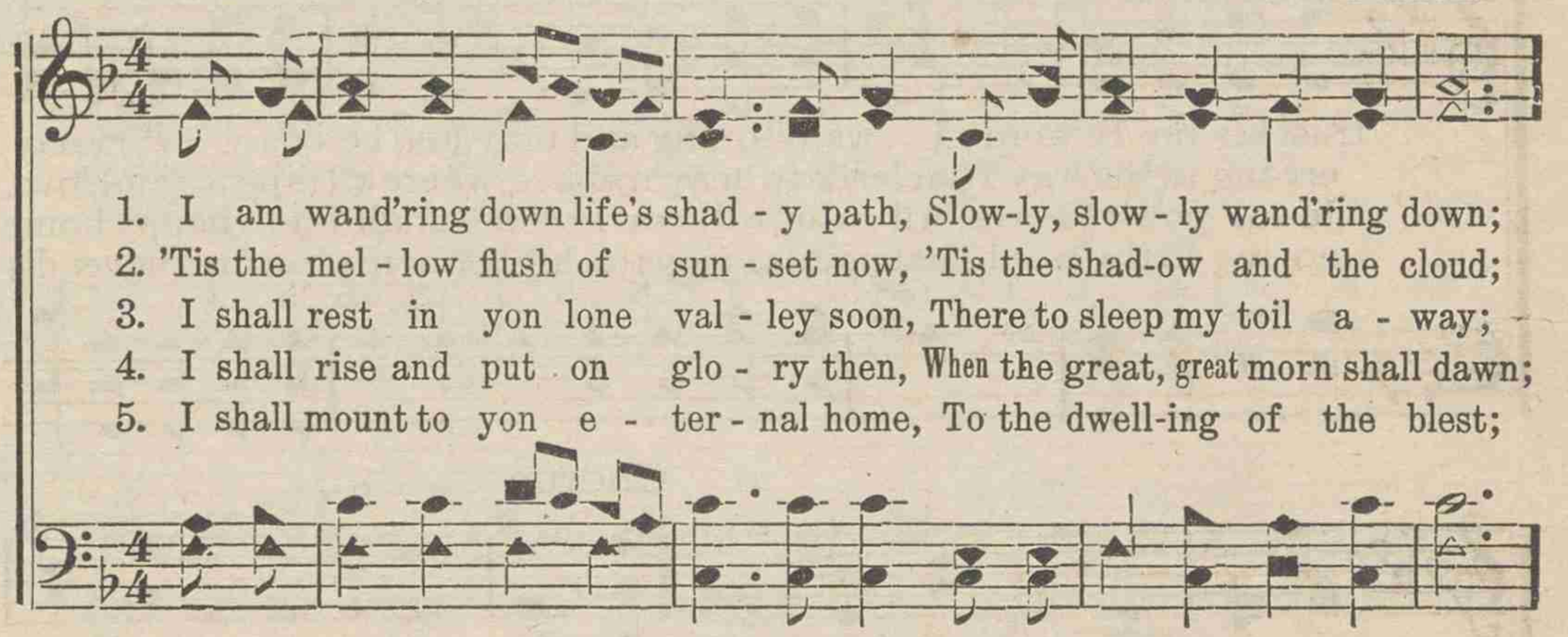
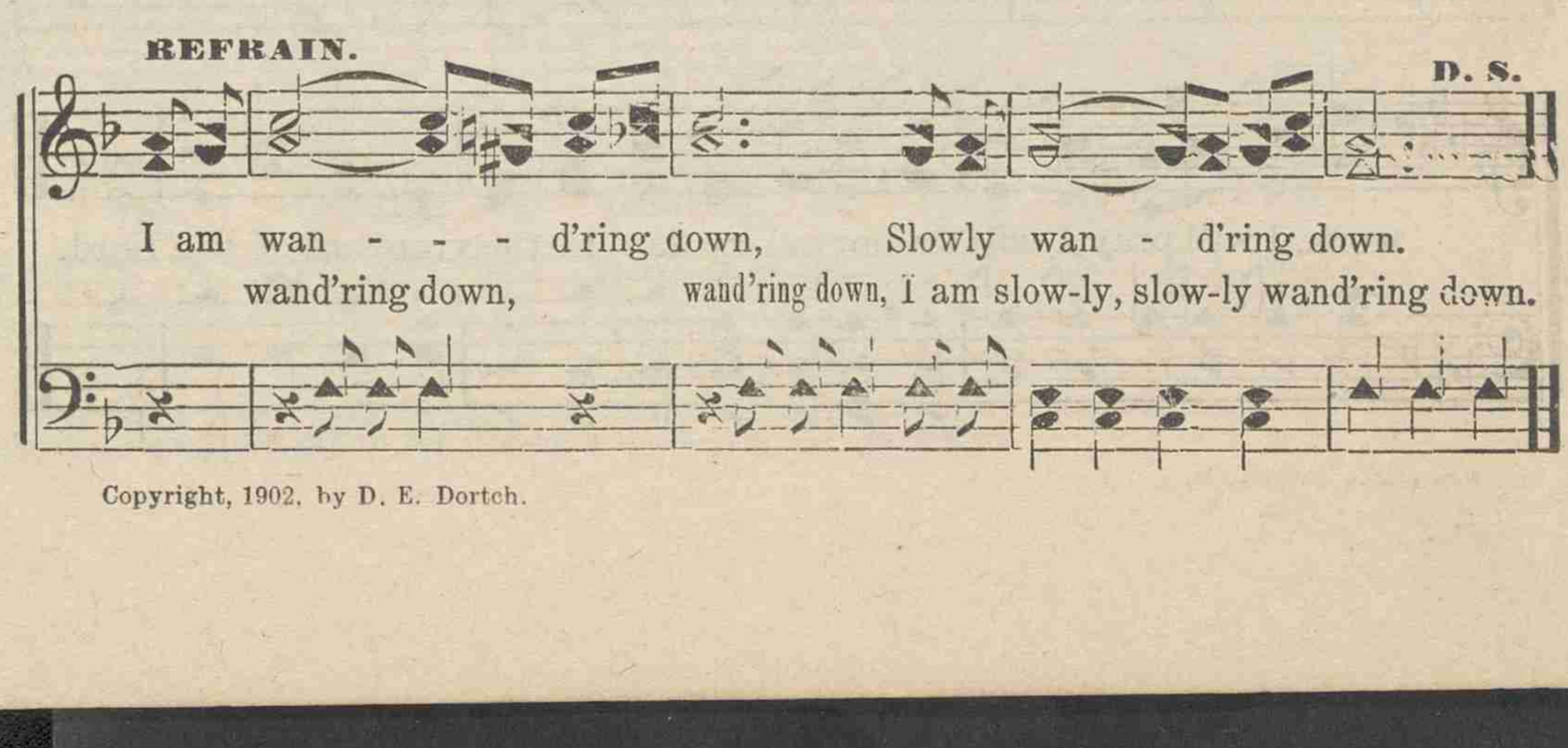
YE SHALL BE FREE INDEED.

415 WANDERING DOWN.

Words arr from DR. BONER. D. E. DORTCH.





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416 I Want to be a Worker.

I. B

I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and
2. I want to be a worker ev'- day, I want to lead the
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in
4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

trust his ho- ly word; I want to sing and pray, and be bus-y ev'-ry day
err-ing in the way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love,
Je-sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru- ly come, shall find a happy home
err-ing to thy word That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die

Chorus.

In the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work, I will
In the king-dom of the Lord.
In the king-dom of the Lord.
In the king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will

pray In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; I will
work and pray of the Lord;

work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev'- ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

417 The Macedonian Cry.

Dedicated to Rev. H. A. TUPPER, D.D.

Rev. W. E. PENN.
Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

Anon.

1. O - ver the o - cean wave far far a - way, Where the poor
2 Here in this hap- py land we have the light Shin-ing from
3. Then while the mis- sion ships glad tiding bring, List as that

heathen live, wait - ing for day; Grop - ing in ig - no-rance
God's own word free, pure and bright, Shall we not send to them
heathen band joy - ful - ly sing "O - ver the o - cean wave

dark as the night, No blessed teach-er to guide them a - right.
Bi - bles to read, Teachers and preachers and all that they need.
I see them come, Bring-ing the bread of life guid-ing us home."

CHORUS.

"Pit - y . . us, Pit - y . . us!" Oh, . . hear them

For 3d. Verse.

Bring-ing the bread, bring-ing the bread! bringing the bread of

cry, Pit - y us, Pit - y us, Or we must die.
life, Guiding us, Guid-ing us, Guid - ing us home!

* Wherever this song is sung, in private, or in public, it is my earnest desire that a collection shall be taken for Foreign Missions. W. E. PENN.

418

Mighty to Save.

Isaiah 63: 1.

Rev. R. W. TODD. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O who is this that com-eth From Edom's crimson plain? With wounded side, with
2. O why is Thine ap - par- el With reeking gore all dyed? Like them that tread the
3. O bleeding Lamb my Saviour, How couldst Thou bear this shame? With mercy fraught Thine

garments dyed? O tell me now Thy name, "I that saw Thy soul's dis-tress, A
wine-press red? O why this blood-y tide? "I the winepress trod a- lone,'Neath
own arm brought Sal-va- tion in Thy name! "I the blood- y fight have won, Con-

ran - som gave, A ran - som gave; I that speak in right - eous - ness,
dark'ning skies,'Neath dark'ning skies; Of the peo - ple there was none,
quered the grave, Conquered the grave, Now the year of joy has come,

might-y to save." Might-y to save, mighty to
might-y to save. Might-y, yes, mighty to save, to save, mighty, yes, mighty to

save, to save, Lord, I trust Thy wondrous love, might-y to save.

419 Is Your Lamp Burning?

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

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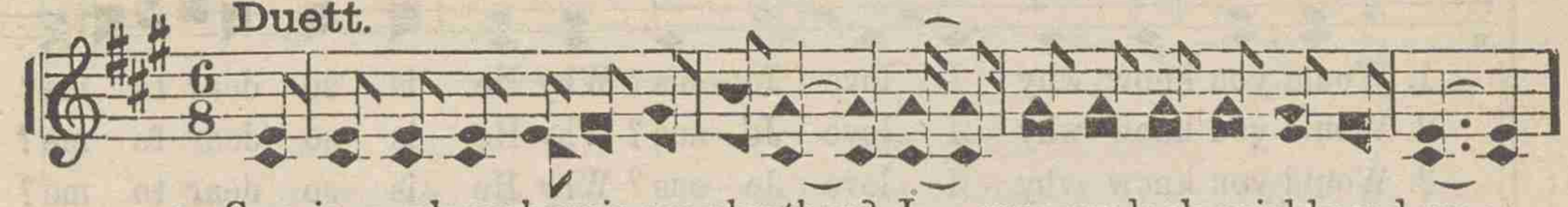
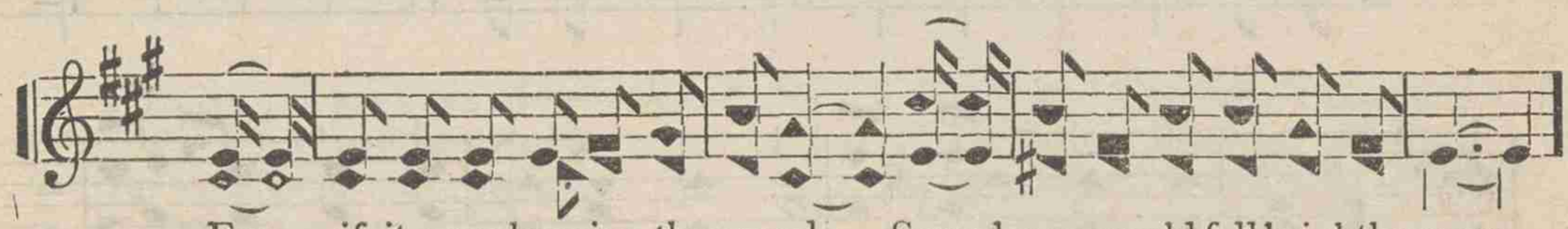
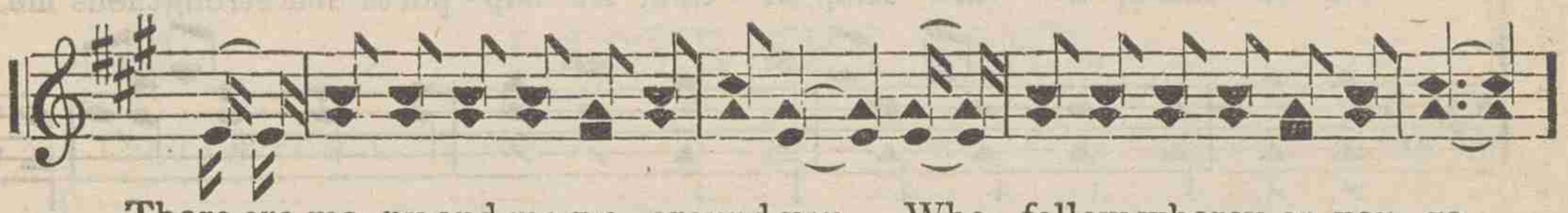
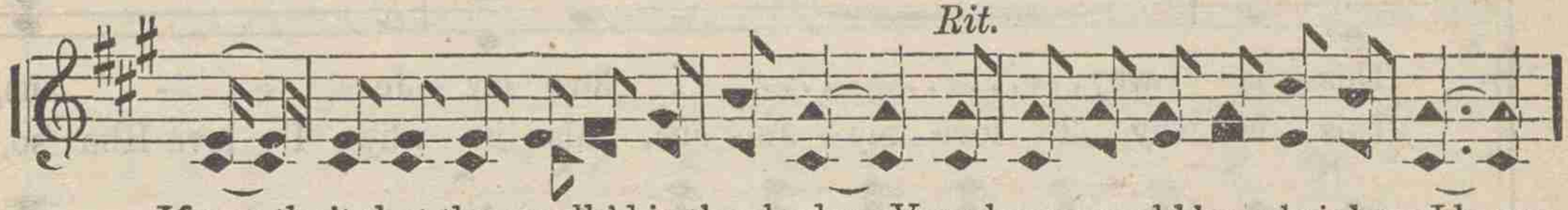
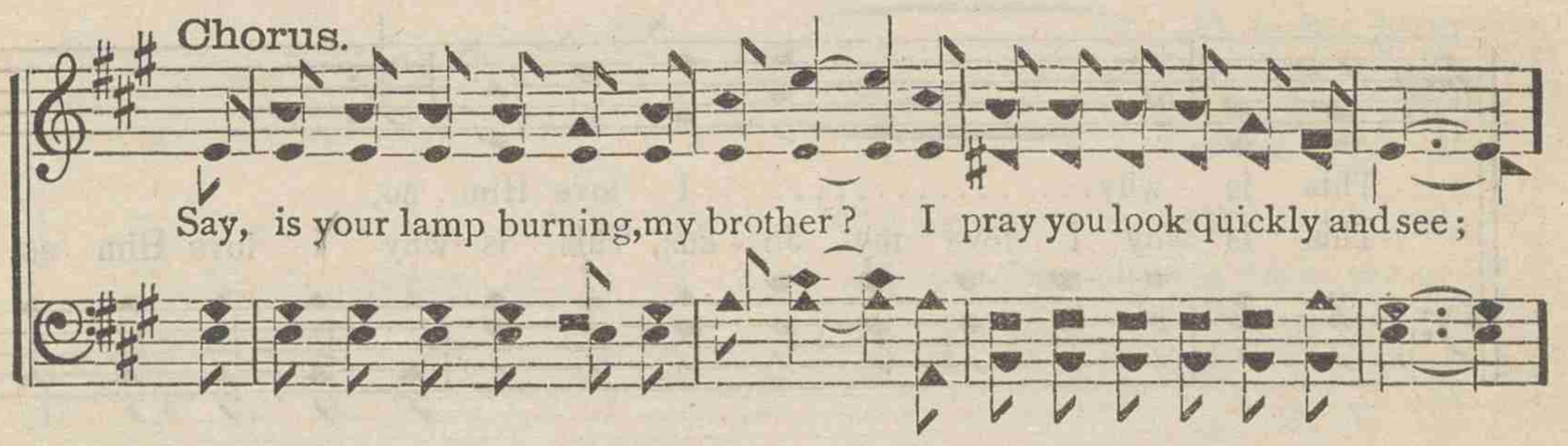
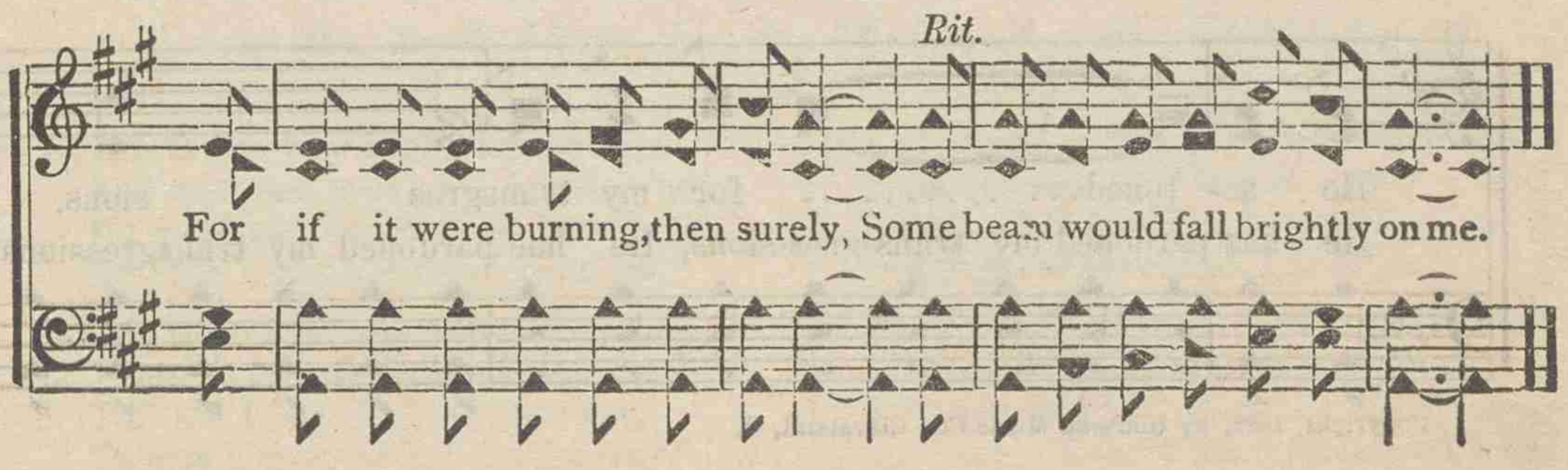

1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see:
2. Upon the dark mountains they stumble, They fall and are read- y to die
3. If once all the lamps that are lighted Should stead-i - ly blaze in a line,

For if it were burning, then surely, Some beam would fall brightly on me.
They're pleading with pitiful voi- ces, For light and sal-va-tion they cry.
Wide o- ver the land and the o - cean, What a gir-dle of glo-ry would shine!

There are ma- ny and ma-ny around you, Who follow wherev-er you go,—
There is ma- ny a lamp that is lighted— We behold them a-near and a - far—
How all the dark places would brighten, How the mist would roll up and away,

If you tho't that they walk'd in the shadow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.
But not ma-ny among them, my brother, Shines steadi - ly on like a star.
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness To hail the mil-len- ni-um day.



Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see;

For if it were burning, then surely, Some beam would fall brightly on me.

420. WHY I LOVE MY JESUS.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. By per.

1. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
2. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
3. Would you know why I . love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?

'Tis be - cause my bless-ed Je - sus From my sins has ran-somed me.
'Tis be - cause the blood of Je - sus Ful - ly saves and cleans-es me.
'Tis be - cause, a - mid temp-ta - tion, He sup - ports and strengthens me.

CHORUS.

This is why..... I love my Je - - sus,
This is why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love Him so,

This is why..... I love Him so,
This is why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love Him so,

He a - toned..... for my transgres - sions,
He has pardoned my trans-gres-sions, He has pardoned my transgressions,

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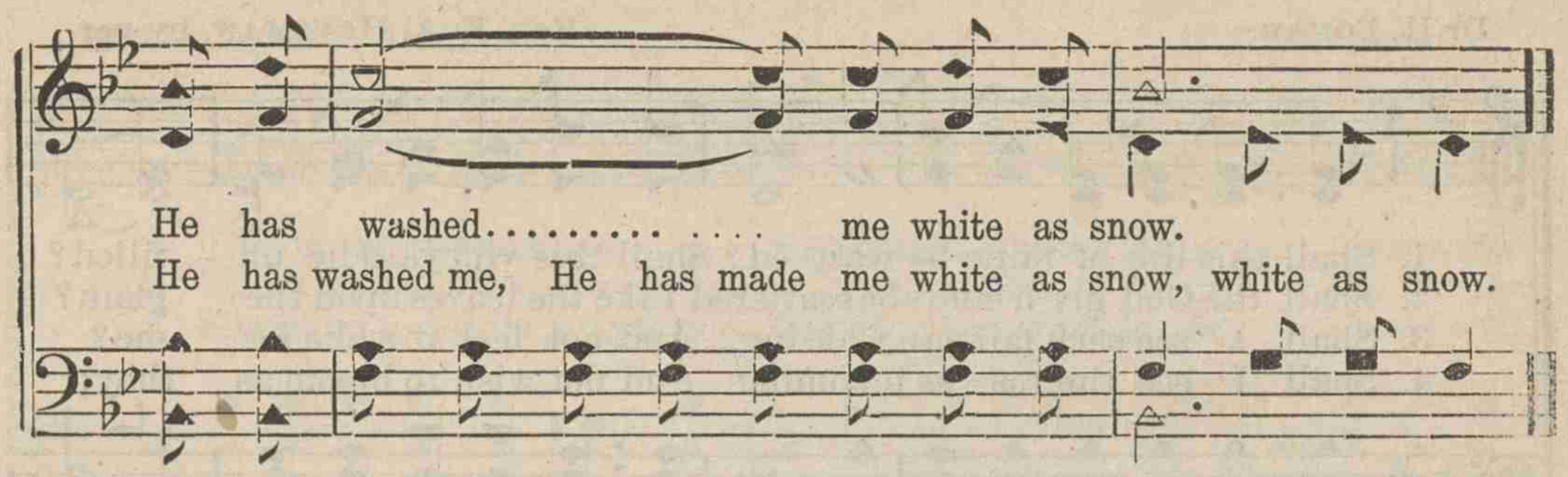
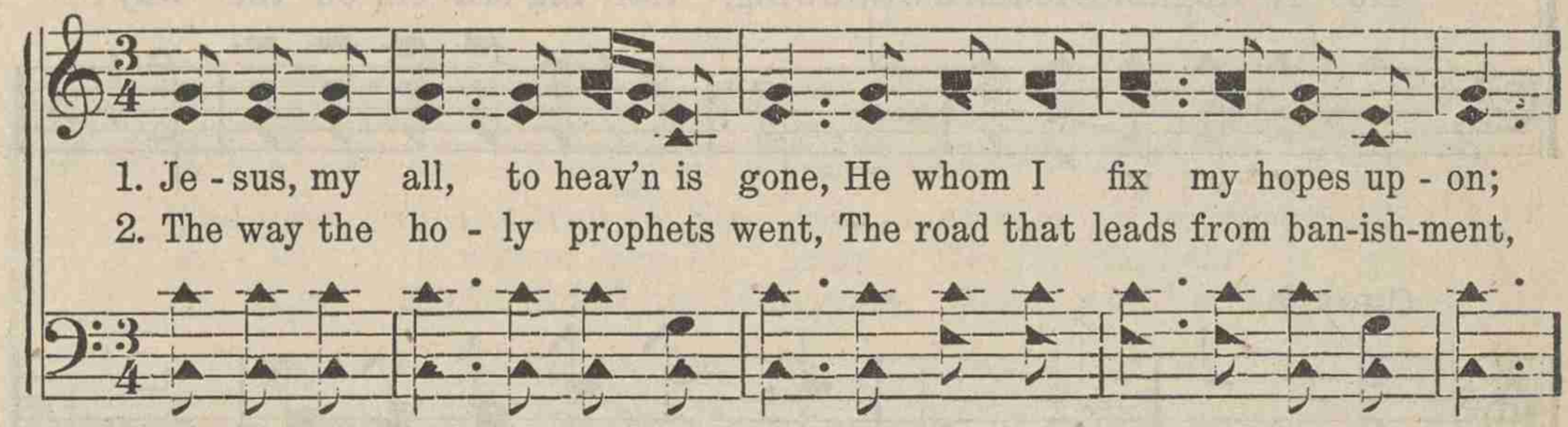
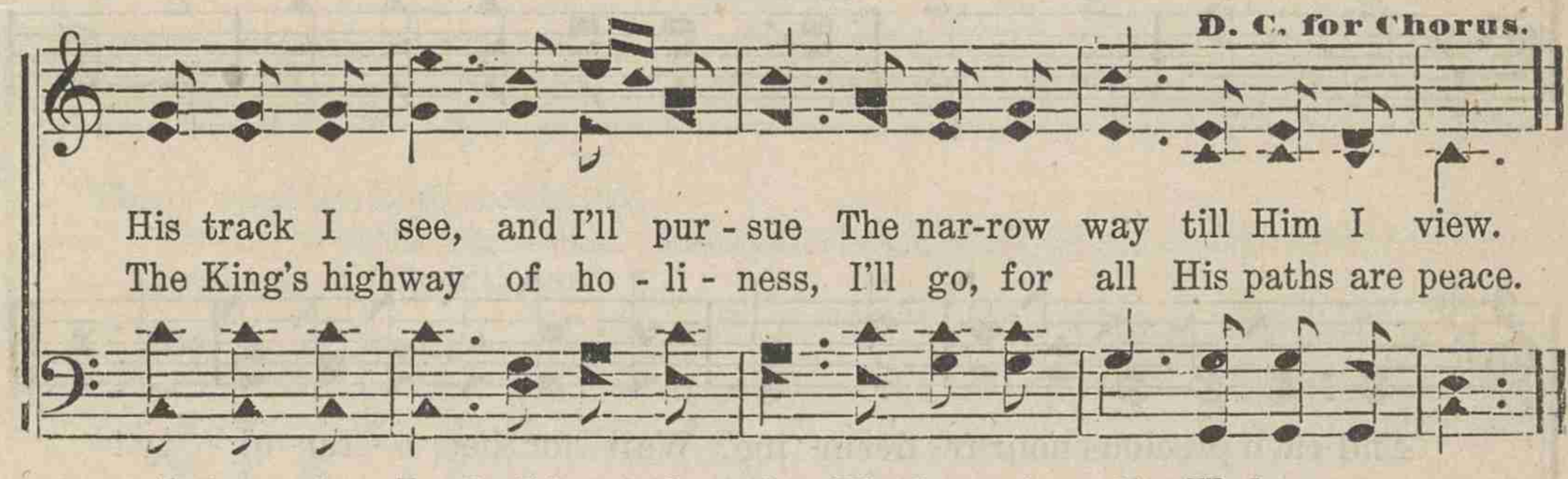
WHY I LOVE MY JESUS. Concluded.

4 Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because in every conflict
Jesus gives me victory.

5 Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why He is so dear to me?
'Tis because, my friend and Saviour
He will ever, ever be.

421. I LOVE THE LORD.

JOHN CENNICK, of England. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.





3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not,
My grief and burden long have been,
Because I was not freed from sin.

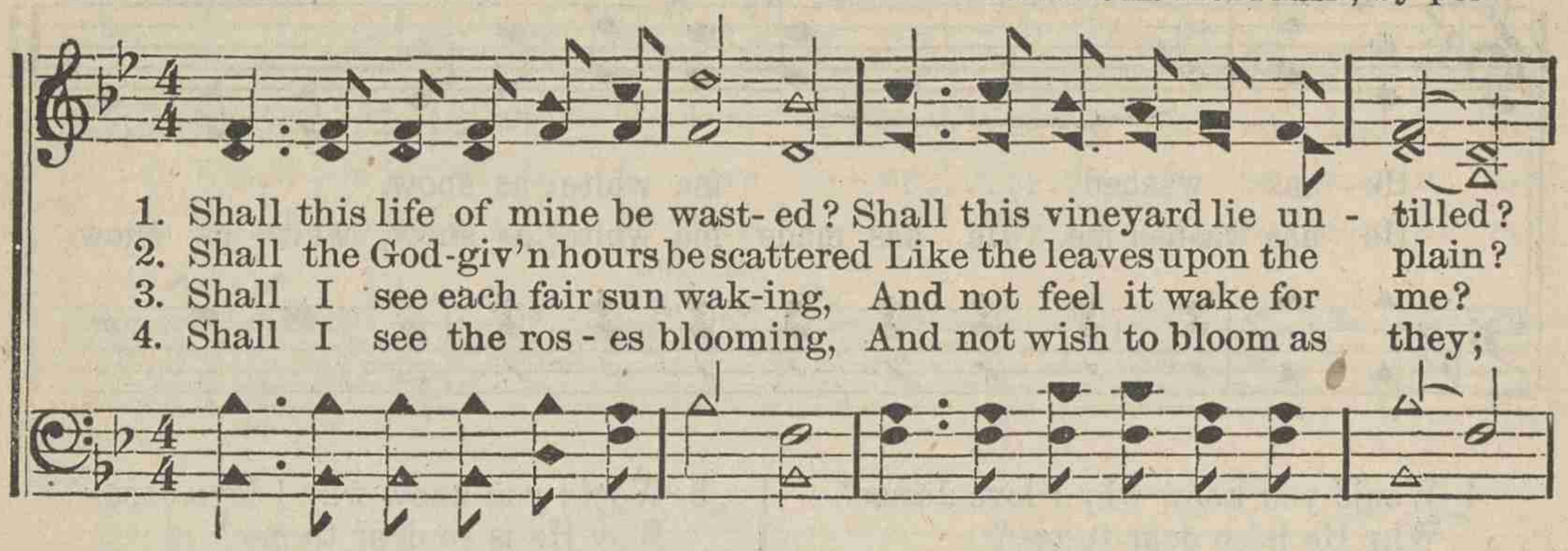
4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its gilt and weight the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul. I am the way."

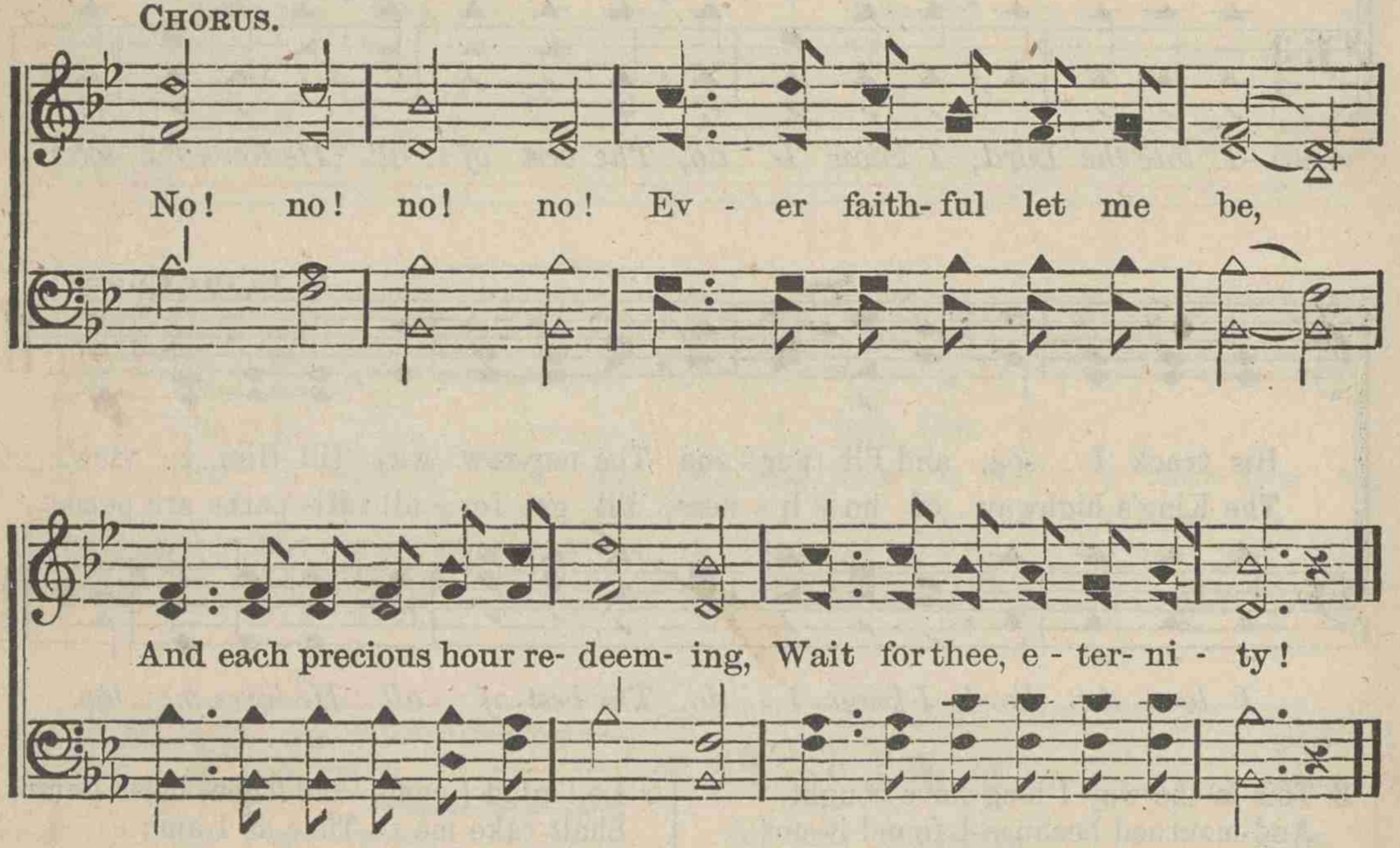
5 Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

422 Shall this Life of Mine be Wasted?

Dr. H. BONAR. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.





5 No, I was not born to trifle
Life away in dreams of sin;
No, I must not, dare not stifle
Longings such as these within!

6 Swiftly moving upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne;
Calmly gazing skyward, sunward,
Let my eyes unshrinking turn!

423 This is the Sweetest Story.

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS. C. E. POLLOCK.

1. This is the sweetest sto - ry, Wonderful, strange and true, Jesus, the
2. Think you not "He's forgotten, It was so long a - go," No, the dear
3. Knowing a child's temptation, Showing you what to do, Jesus will

King of glo - ry, Once was a child like you. Think of Him in your
Lord re - mem-bers, Oh! and He loves you so; Loves you for aye and
stand be- side you, Mak- ing you brave and true; Ev - er keep closely

glad-ness, Praising Him all the day, Ev- er in words and act - ions,
ev - er, It was to you He came, Deep in His heart is gra- ven,
to Him, If you would like Him grow, Out of your heart's deep gladness

CHORUS.

Think what the Lord would say.
Ev- er- y child-ish name. Always be bright and joyous, Jesus would have you
Sweetness of life will flow.

so, He is the source of glad-ness, He is the light, you know.

424 The River of Peace.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCH. D. E. DORTCH.

1. It floweth for- ev - er, the beauti - ful riv- er, Tho' time with its
2. No shad- ow of sor-row shall darken the morrow, That dawns on the
3. The blossoms that perish'd, the friends that we cherish'd Who pass'd to the

turmoil shall cease; Thro' regions e - lys- ian now hid from our vis-ion It
spir-it's re - lease, When passing the por-tal where life is im-mor-tal, It
beau-ti- ful shore, We'll meet at the riv- er that floweth for- ev- er, When

CHORUS.

flow-eth the Riv-er of Peace.
rests by the Riv-er of Peace.
time with its changes is o'er.

} The clear, flowing riv- er,
The beauti-ful, clear, flowing riv- er,

The bright, shining riv - er,
The beautiful, bright shining riv - er, The beauti - ful Riv- er of

The clear flowing riv - er, The bright,
Peace; The beautiful, clear, flowing riv - er, The beauti-ful bright

The River of Peace. Concluded.

shin-ing riv- er, The beau - ti - ful Riv - er of Peace.

425 Tell Me all about Jesus.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

426 Jesus will be There.

R. A. GLENN. R. A. GLENN, by per.

1. We shall meet again, How sweet the time will be, When in that happy land
2. We shall meet again, Where tears will never flow, Where gleams the golden crown,
3. We shall meet again, Grieve not at parting here, When on that shining strand,

Each other's face we'll see; The dear ones that have gone, We'll meet them over there,
And robes as white as snow; With angels there we'll roam, And vict'ry palms we'll bear,
There'll be no farewell tear; Yes, by and by we'll meet, And know each other there,

CHORUS.

Around the great white throne, And Jesus will be there.
In that ce - les-tial home, And Jesus will be there.
To make our joy complete, King Jesus will be there.
} Sweet it is to know

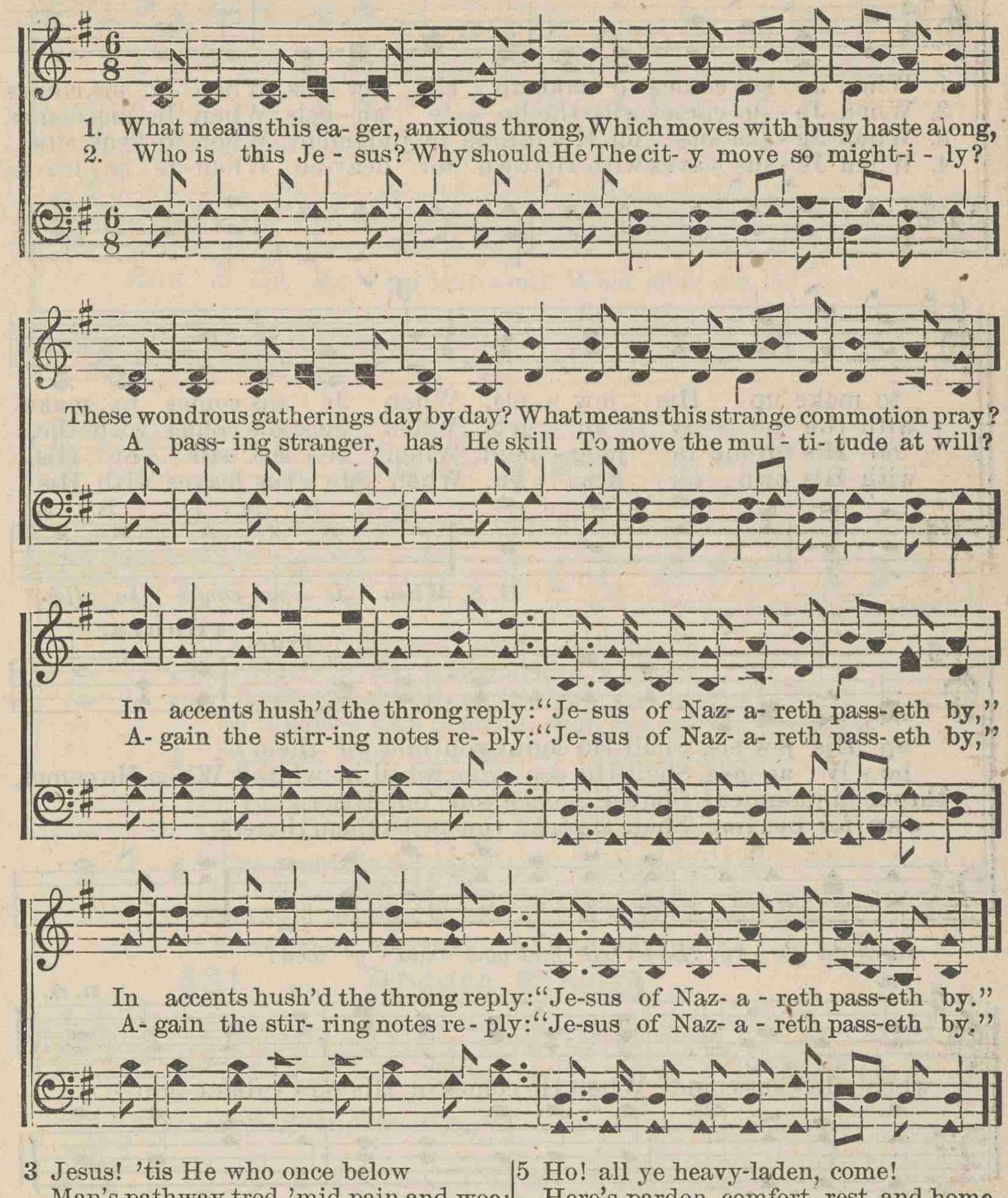
Je- sus will be there, Yes, Je-sus will be there; With all the host redeemed

We'll roam the heav'nly plains, And Je - sus will be there.

427 Jesus of Nazareth.

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

Miss EMMA CAMPBELL. E. HANKS.



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

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

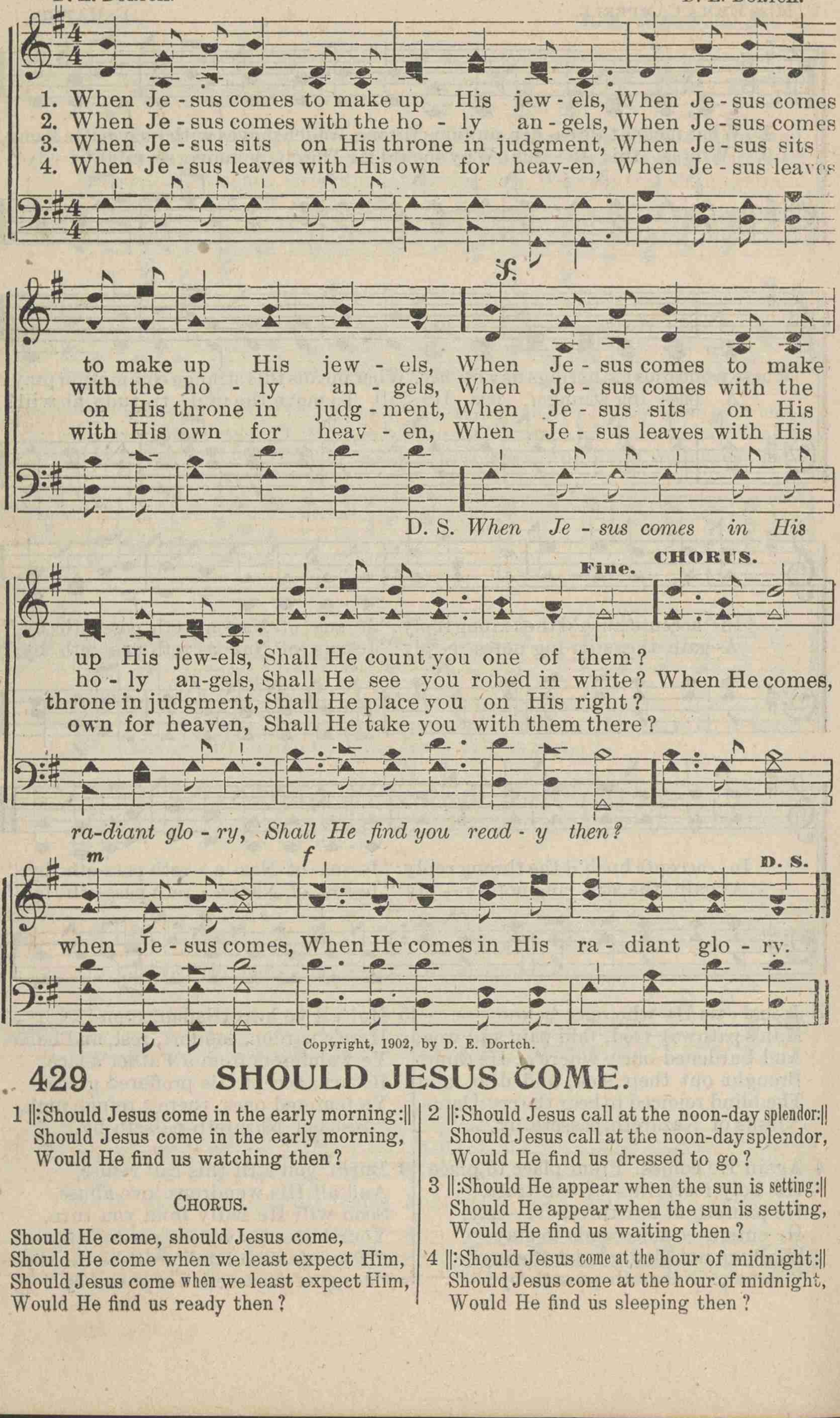
5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home,
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace,
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

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

428 WHEN JESUS COMES.

"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—MAL. 3: 17. See also MATT. 25: 31-33.

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



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429 SHOULD JESUS COME.

1 ‖:Should Jesus come in the early morning:‖
Should Jesus come in the early morning,
Would He find us watching then?

CHORUS.

Should He come, should Jesus come,
Should He come when we least expect Him,
Should Jesus come when we least expect Him,
Would He find us ready then?

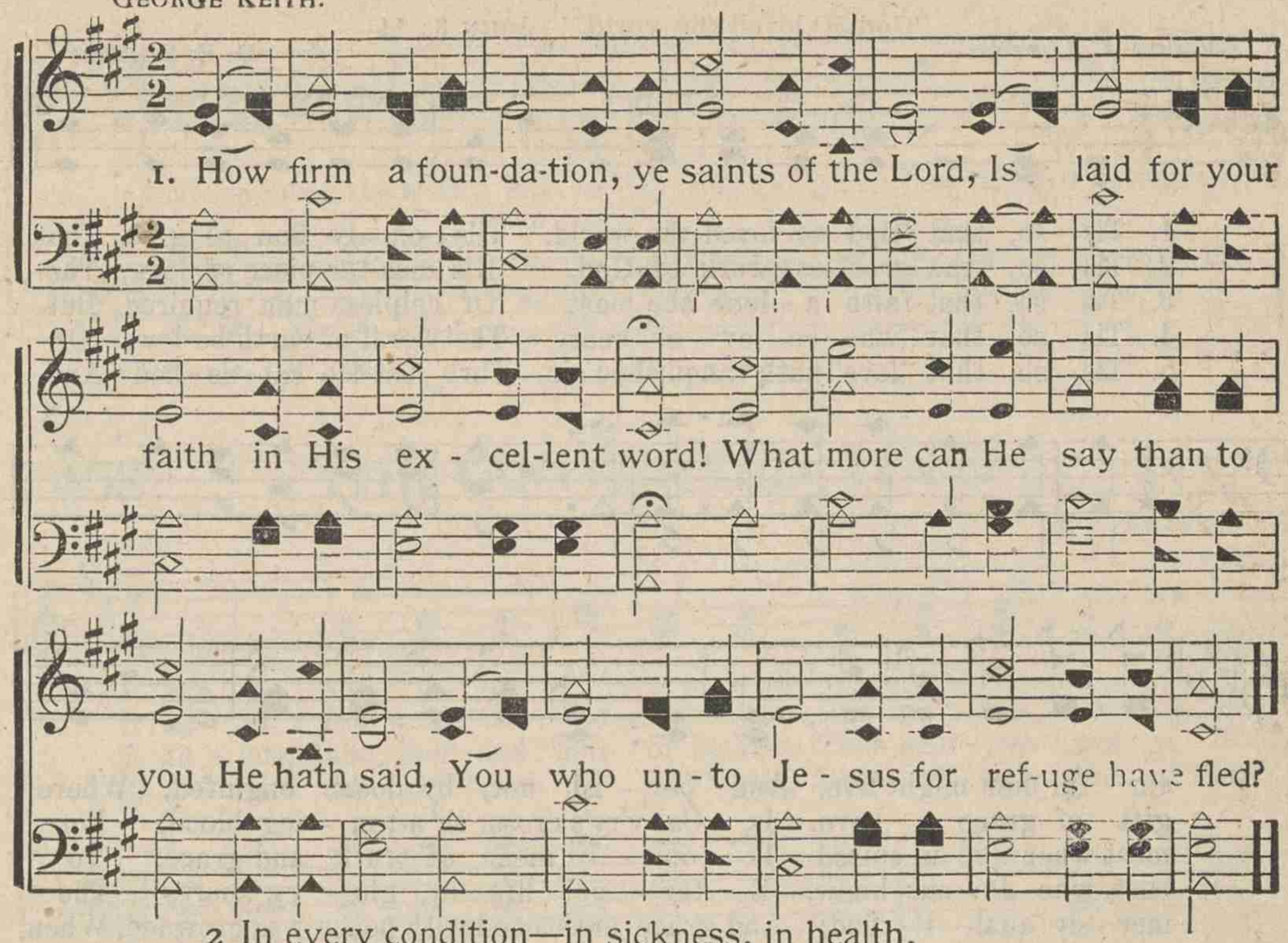
2 ‖:Should Jesus call at the noon-day splendor:‖
Should Jesus call at the noon-day splendor,
Would He find us dressed to go?

3 ‖:Should He appear when the sun is setting:‖
Should He appear when the sun is setting,
Would He find us waiting then?

4 ‖:Should Jesus come at the hour of midnight:‖
Should Jesus come at the hour of midnight,
Would He find us sleeping then?

430 How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

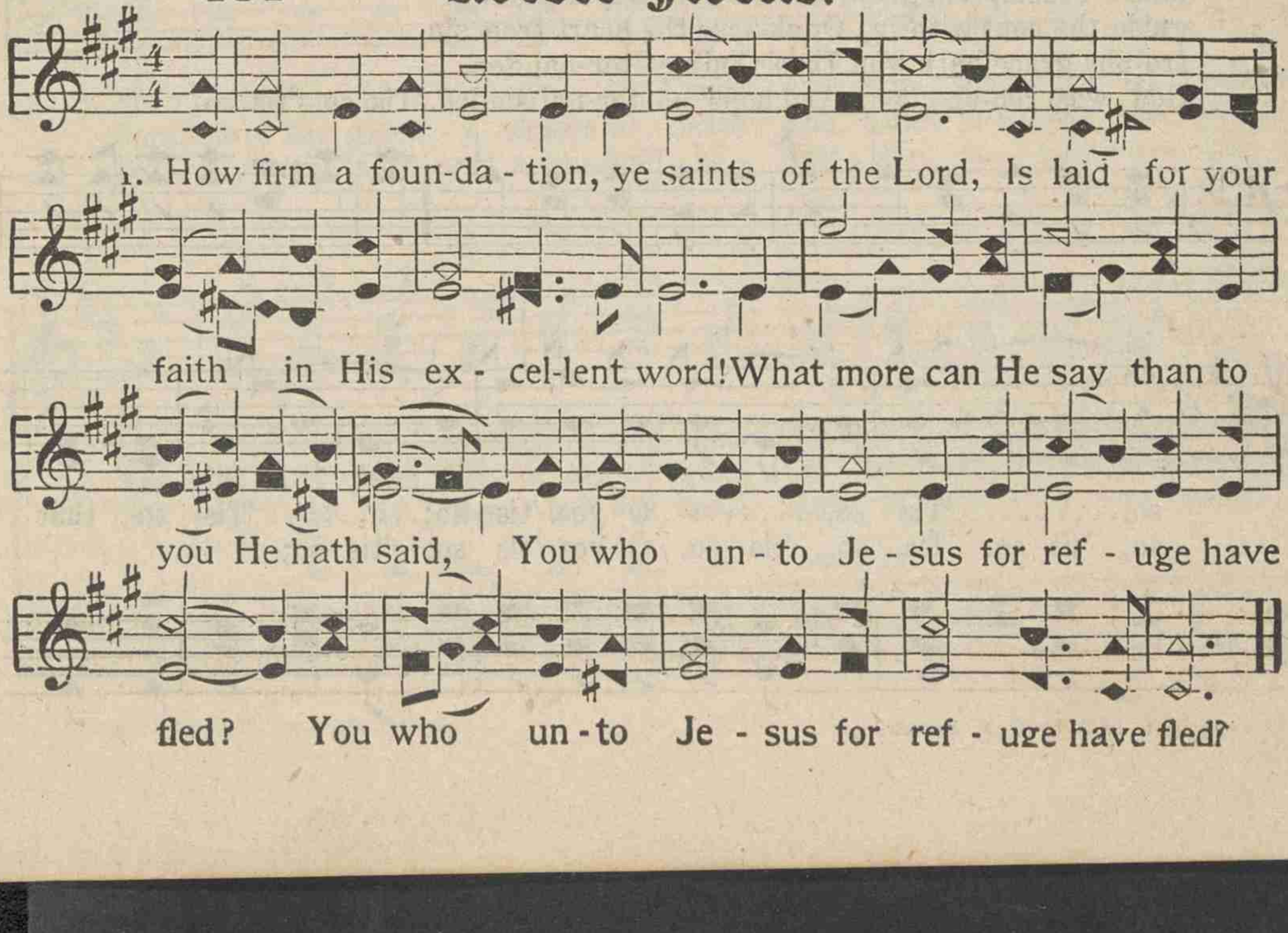


2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not: I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

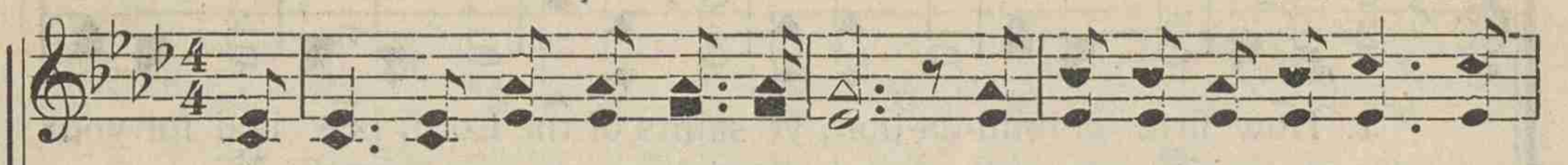
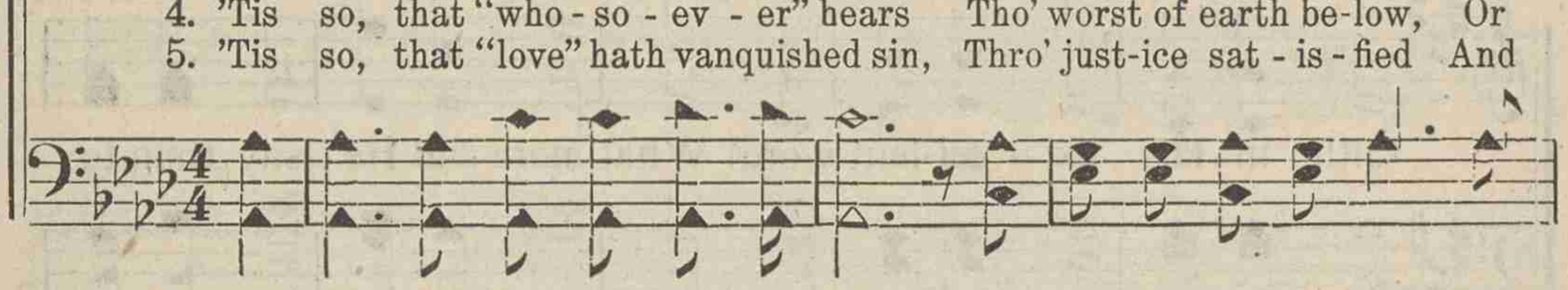
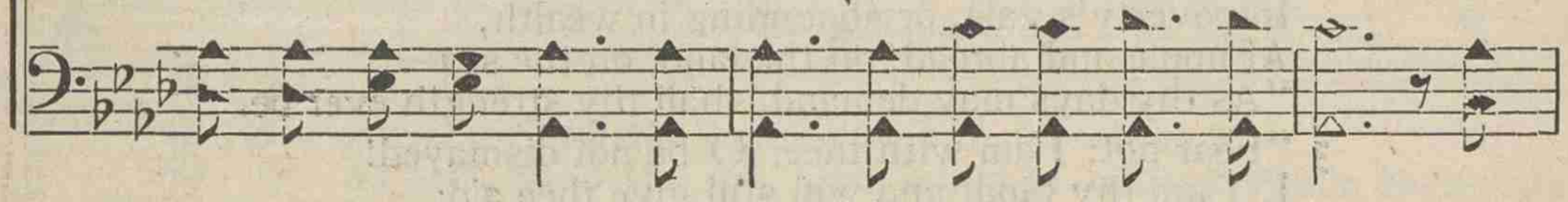
4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no*, *never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

431 Adeste Fidelis.



432 'TIS SO.

"God SO loved the world."—JOHN 3: 14.

GEORGE A. LOFTON. D. E. DORTCH.

1. 'Tis so, that "God so loved the world," His on - ly Son to give, That
2. 'Tis so, the great-est work of God, His mas-ter-piece of love, The
3. 'Tis so, that faith a - lone the least Of helpless man required, But
4. 'Tis so, that "who - so - ev - er" hears Tho' worst of earth be-low, Or
5. 'Tis so, that "love" hath vanquished sin, Thro' just-ice sat - is - fied And

sin - ful man might live, And "per - ish not," by doom engulfed, Where
gift of grace a - bove, Is Cal-v'ry's cross, th' a-ton - ing blood, For
most when God in-spired— Is on - ly mean of truth and grace, To
best, who Je - sus know, E - ter - nal life in glo - ry shares— The
mer - cy qual - i - fied; And grace enthroned with peace was crowned, When

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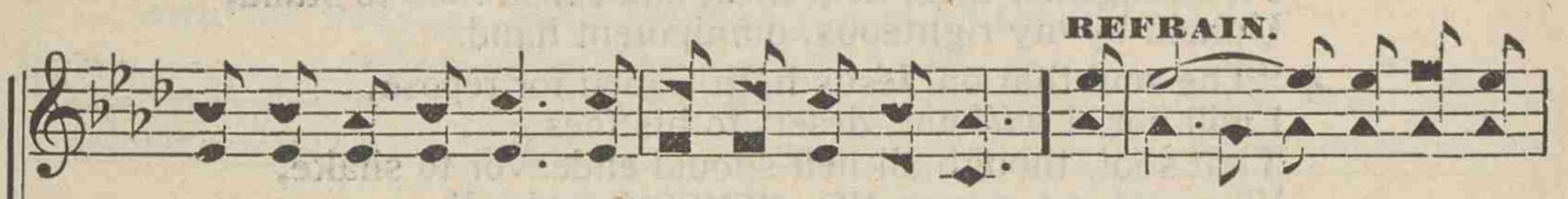
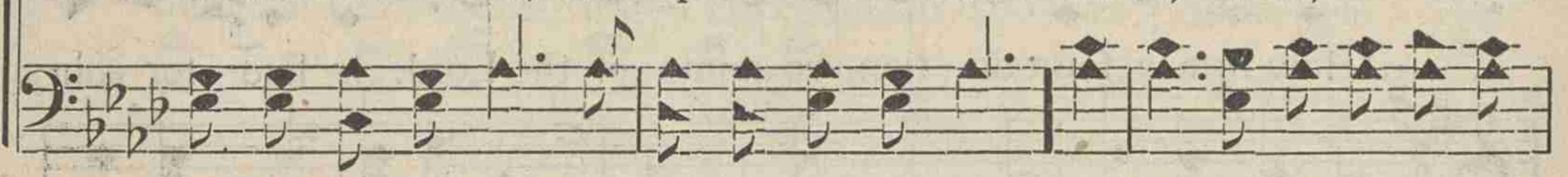
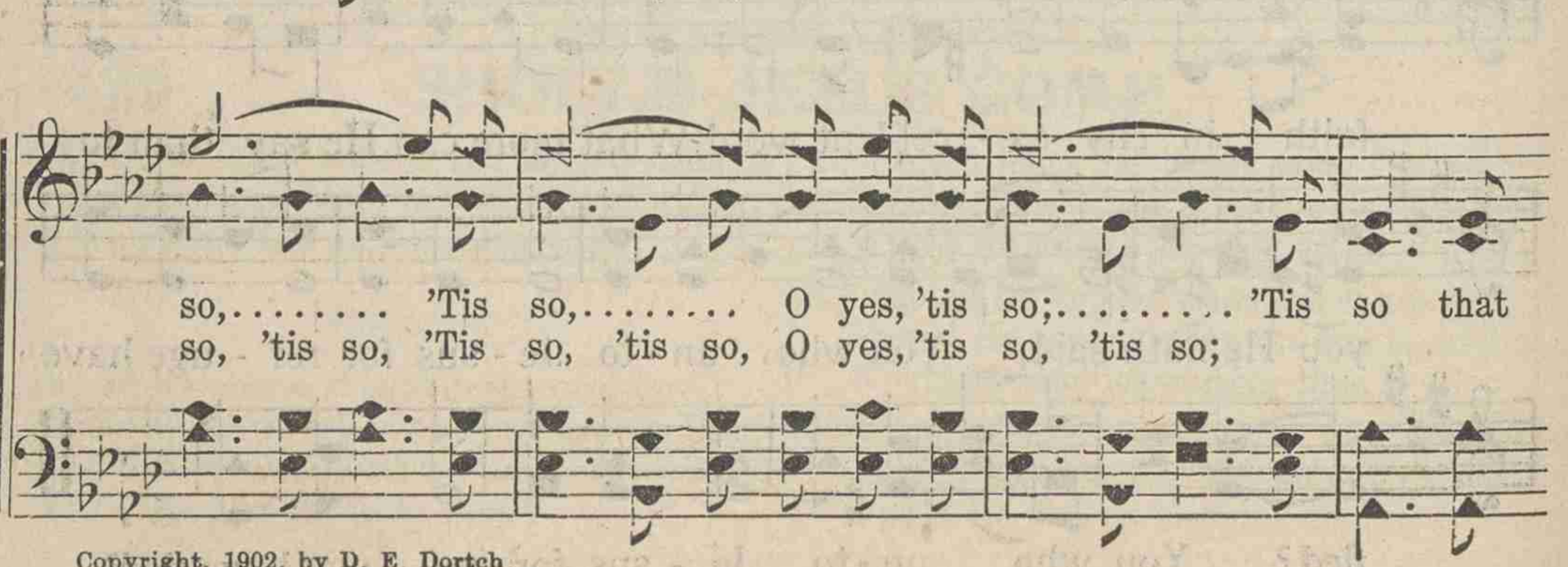

hope comes not, nor light, E'er shines on shoreless night. 'Tis so,..... O yes, 'tis
man's redemption giv'n, The on - ly way to heav'n.
guide the soul with-in, Or cleanse the heart from sin.
tro-phy grace hath won Thro' God's e - ter-nal Son.
God was rec-on-ciled, And hope e - ter-nal smiled. 'Tis so, 'tis so,

so,..... 'Tis so,..... O yes, 'tis so;..... 'Tis so that
so, 'tis so, 'Tis so, 'tis so, O yes, 'tis so, 'tis so;

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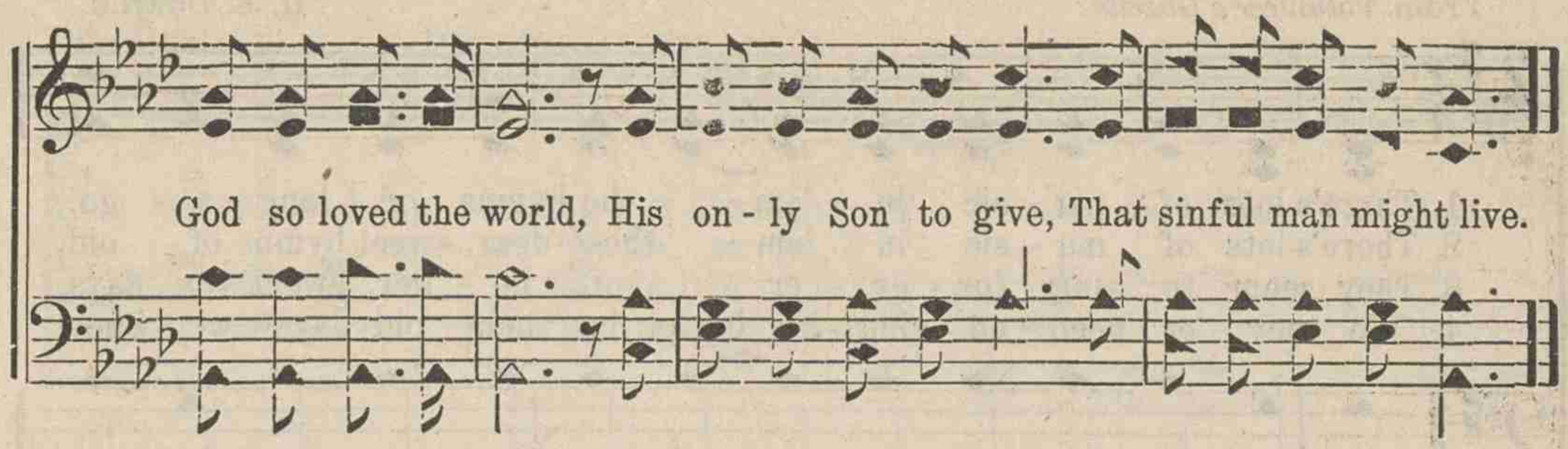
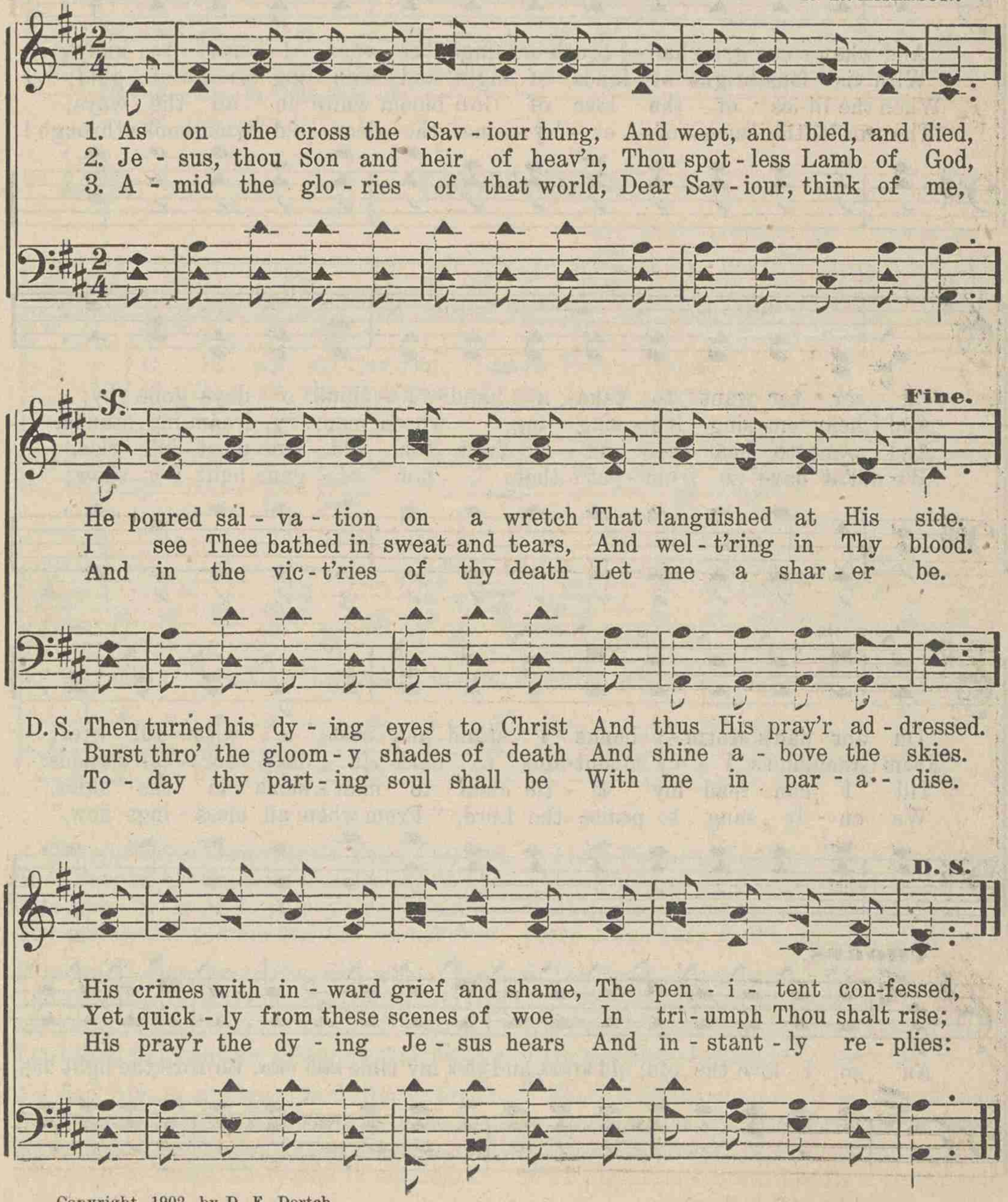
'TIS SO.

433 THE CONVERTED THIEF.

Anon. R. R. EMERSON.

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434 THE OLD HYMNS.

From *Volunteer's Gazette.* D. E. DORTCH.

1. There's lots of mu - sic in 'em— the hymns of long a - go,
2. There's lots of mu - sic in 'em— those dear, sweet hymns of old,
3. They seem to sing for - ev - er of ho - lier, sweet - er days,
4. We nev - er need - ed sing - ing books in them old days—we knew

And when some gray-haired broth-er sings the ones I used to know,
With vis - ions bright of lands of light and shin - ing streets of gold;
When the lil-ies of the love of God bloom white in all the ways;
The words, the tunes, of ev - 'ry one the dear old hymn-books through!

I sor - ter want to take a hand—I think o' days gone by;
And I hear 'em sing - ing, sing - ing, where mem -'ry, dream-ing, stands,
And I want to hear their mu - sic from the old - time meet - in's rise,
We did'nt have no trum - pet then, nor or - gans built for show;

"On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand and cast a wist - ful eye."
"From Greenland's i - cy mount-ains to dark In - dia's cor - al strands."
Till "I can read my ti - tle clear to man - sions in the skies."
We on - ly sang to praise the Lord, "From whom all bless - ings flow."

CHORUS.

An' so I love the old, old hymns, and when my time shall come, Be-fore the light has

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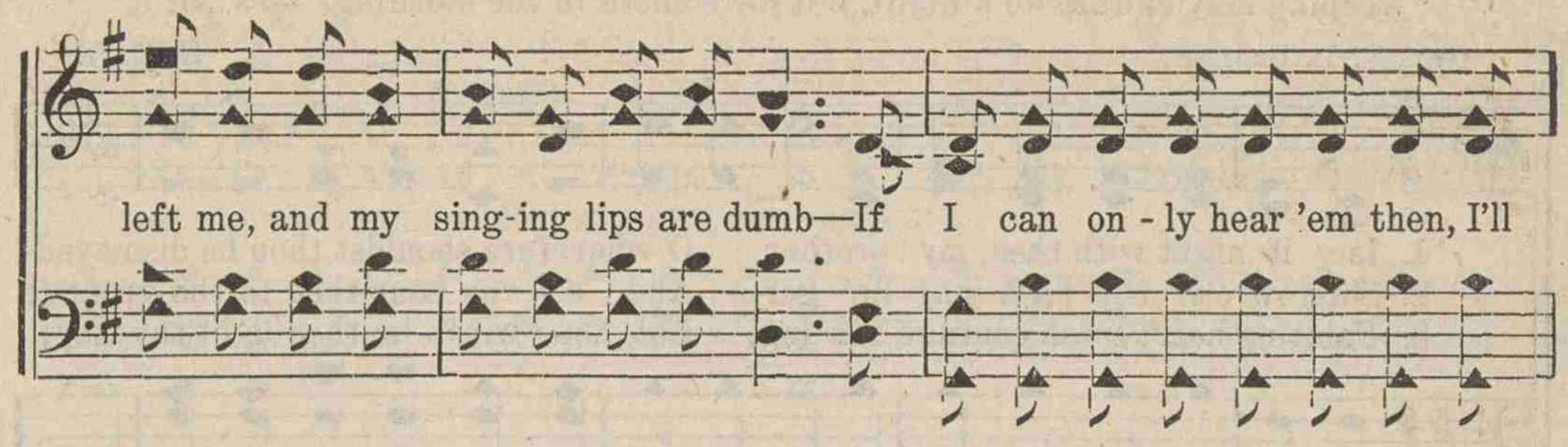
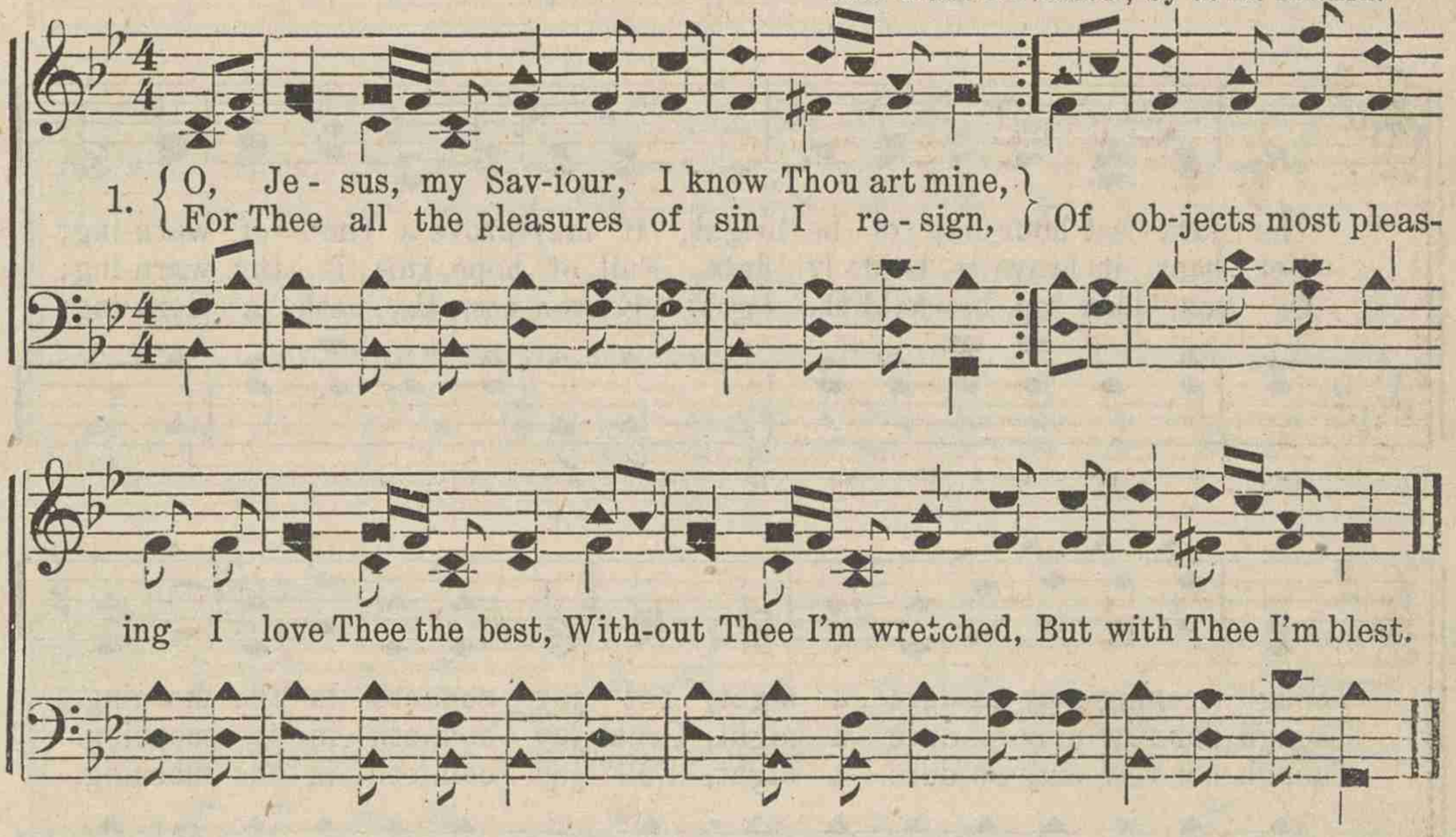
THE OLD HYMNS.



435 IMANDRA.

Arr. from DAVISSON, by J. H. LESLIE.



2 Thy spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find,
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy mercy relieved me and bid me not fear.

3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals or angels would fail,
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
I'm raised to a rapture while praising His name.

4 I find Him in singing, I find Him in pray'r,
In sweet meditation He always is near;
My constant companion, O may we ne'er part,
All glory to Jesus, He dwells in my heart.

5 I love Thee, my Saviour, I love Thee, my Lord,
I love Thy dear people, Thy ways and Thy word,
With tender emotion I love sinners, too,
Since Jesus hath died to redeem them from woe.

6 Thy Jesus is precious, I cannot forbear,
Tho' sinners despise me, His love to declare,
His love overwhelms me, had I wings I'd fly
To praise Him in mansions prepared in the sky.

7 There millions of ages my soul would employ
In praising my Jesus, my love and my joy,
Without interruption, when all the glad throng,
With pleasures increasing, unite in the song.

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436 JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

REV. T. L. BAILEY. D. E. D.

1. Is it night with thee, my brother, O wherefore shouldst thou be dismayed?
2. Sor-row o'er thy path may lin - ger, And e - ven bear thee to the ground;
3. Fainting heart fresh courage tak-ing, Let hope with - in thee light thy way;

Gloom may seem all hope to smoth-er, There is no cause to be a - fraid;
Scorn may point her sul - len fin - ger, Thy dear-est, cherished hopes to wound;
Sor-row's gloom will soon be break-ing Be - fore the beams of coming day;

The dark - est hour may yet be bright, It may prove a time of warn-ing;
Yet bear it brave-ly, bold - ly fight, Full of hope, this is thy warn-ing;
O, yes, look up, be - hold the light. E - ven now thy path a - dorn-ing;

Though weeping may en-dure a night, Yet joy com-eth in the morning.
Though sor-row may en-dure a night, Great joy com-eth in the morning.
Though sor-row may en-dure a night, Full joy com-eth in the morning.

REFRAIN.

Joy com - eth in the morn-ing, Joy com - eth in the morn-ing, Though

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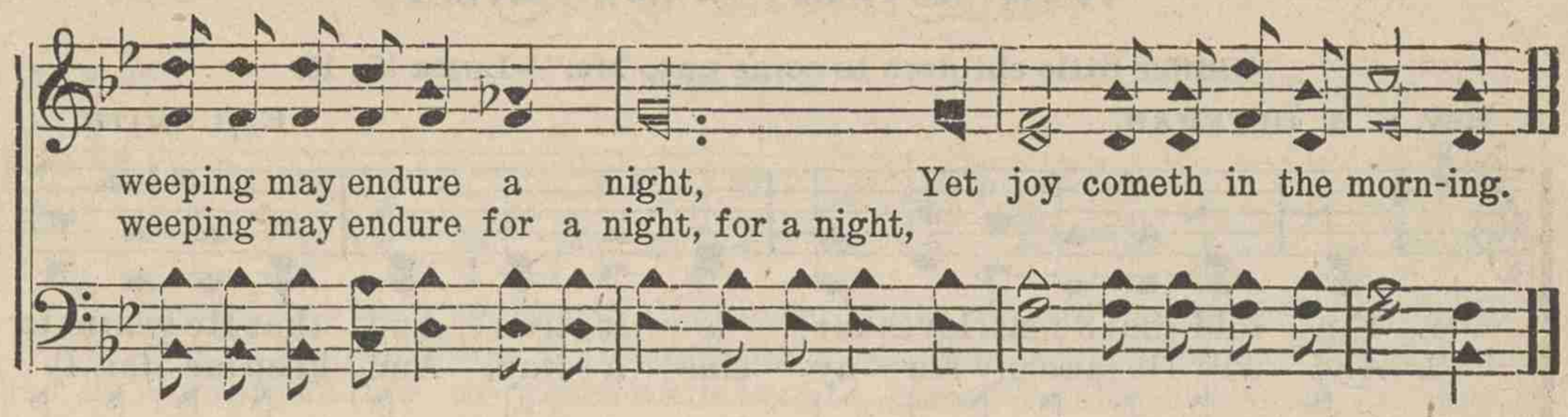
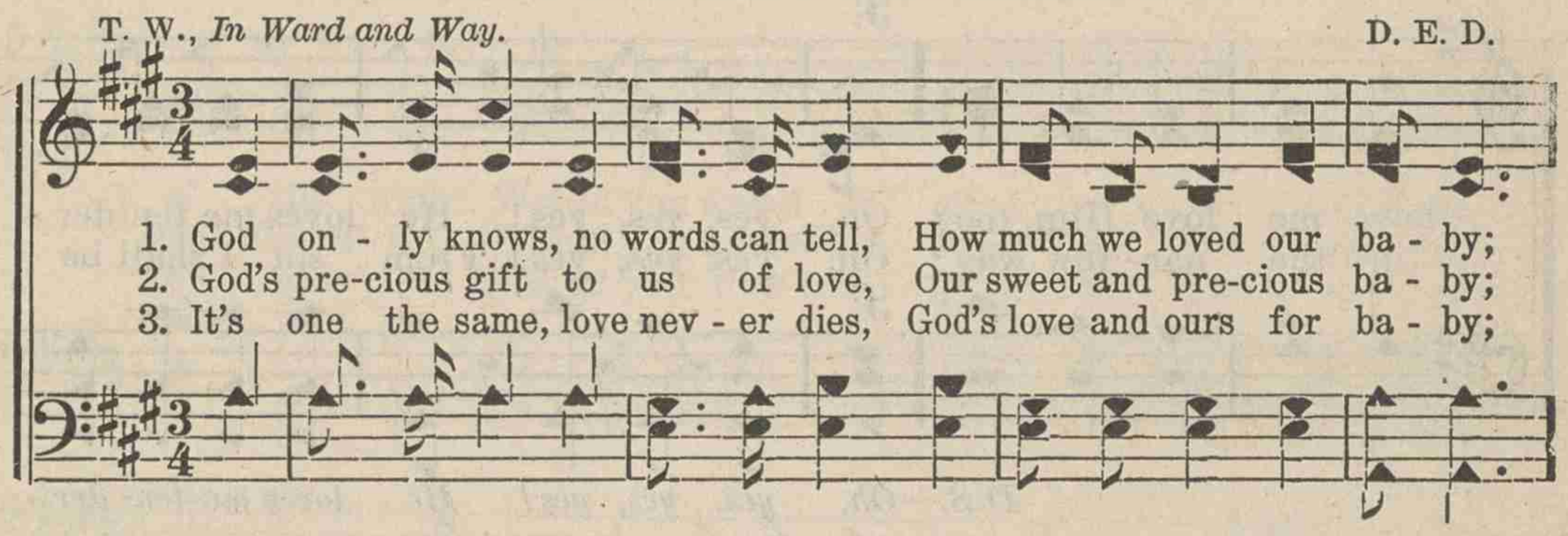
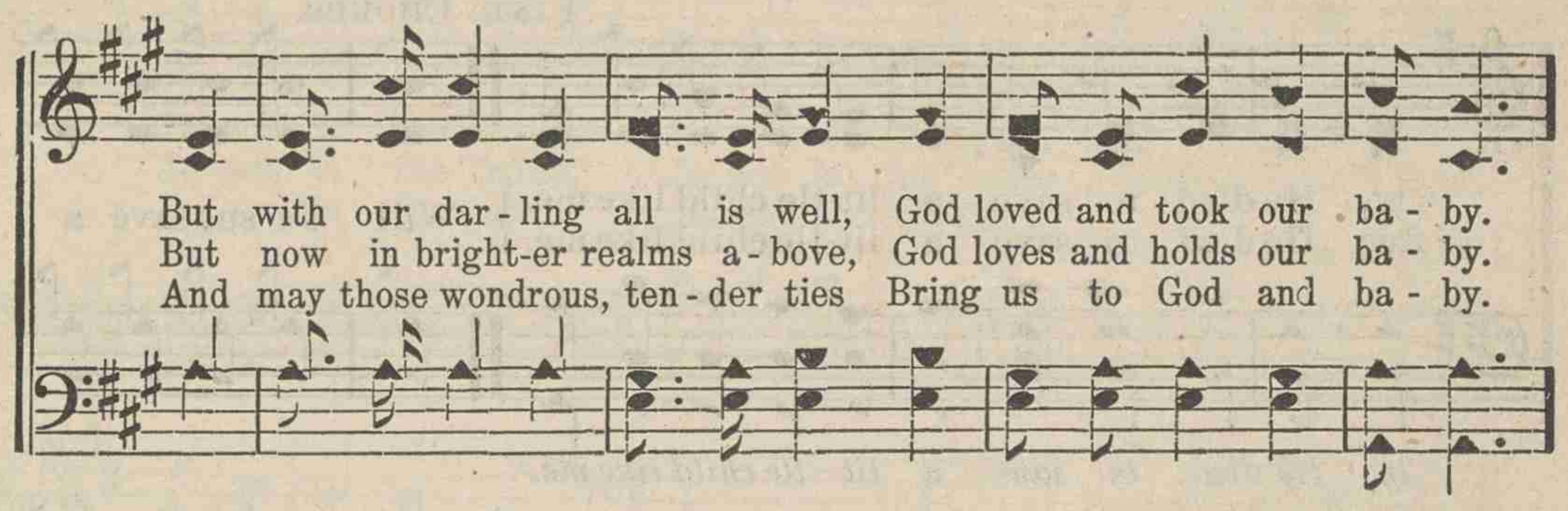
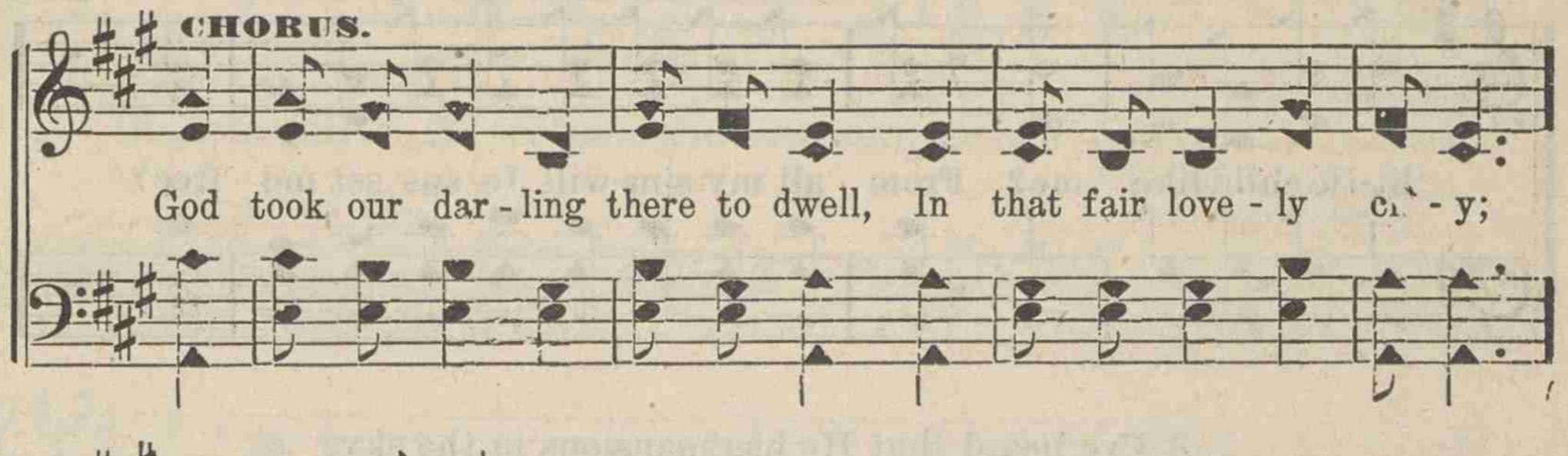
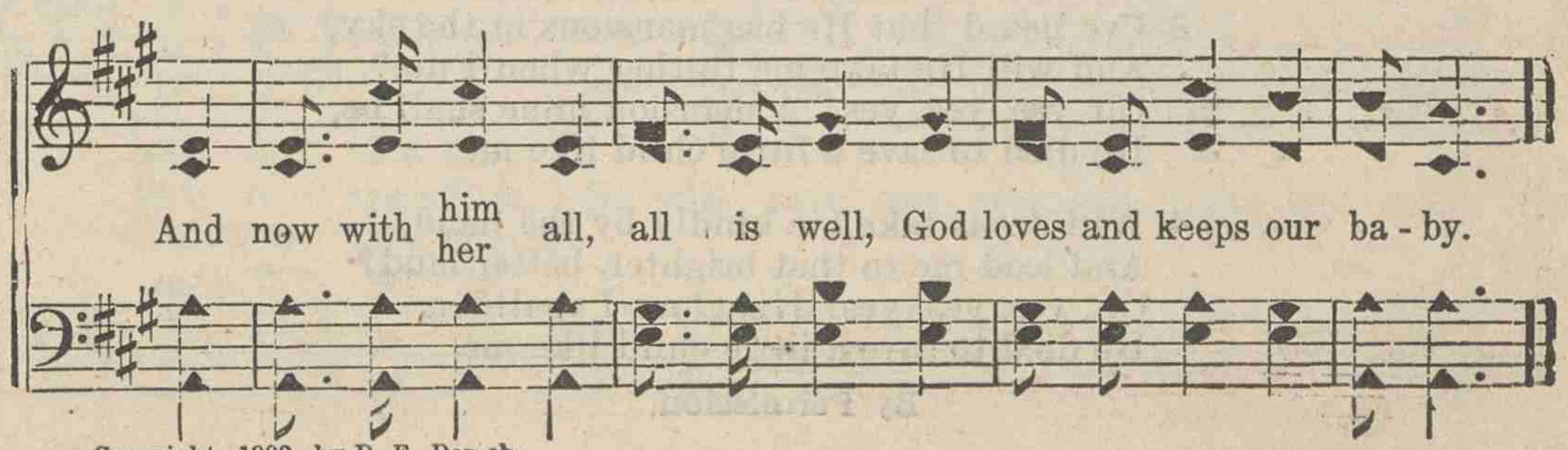
JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.



437 GOD TOOK OUR BABY.

Lines written on the death of Walter Budington Heady.

T. W., *In Ward and Way.* D. E. D.

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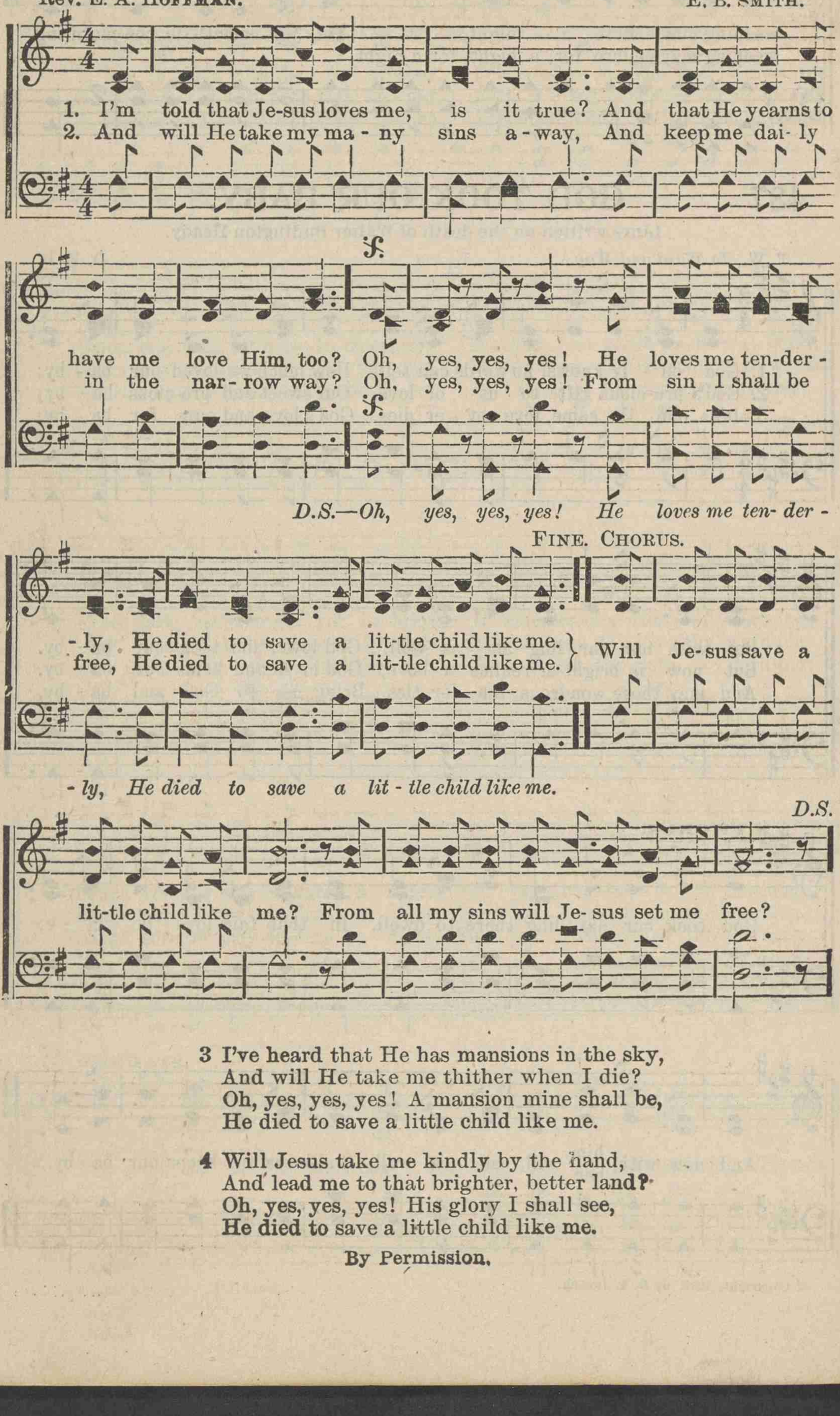
438 Will Jesus Save Me?

"Suffer little children to come unto Me."—LUKE 18: 16.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. E. B. SMITH.

3 I've heard that He has mansions in the sky,
And will He take me thither when I die?
Oh, yes, yes, yes! A mansion mine shall be,
He died to save a little child like me.

4 Will Jesus take me kindly by the hand,
And lead me to that brighter, better land?
Oh, yes, yes, yes! His glory I shall see,
He died to save a little child like me.

By Permission.

439 The Way, Truth, Life.

D. E. D. John 14: 6. D. E. Dortch.

1. Would you have your path all shining bright, Would you shun the darkness
2. Would you know His will concerning you, Would you know the things that
3. Would you live in peace while here be - low, Would you shun the life that

of the night, Would you dwell in that e - ter - nal light-
you should do, Would you know His word and love Him too-
vex - es so, Would you live in heav'n, to glo - ry go-

Chorus.

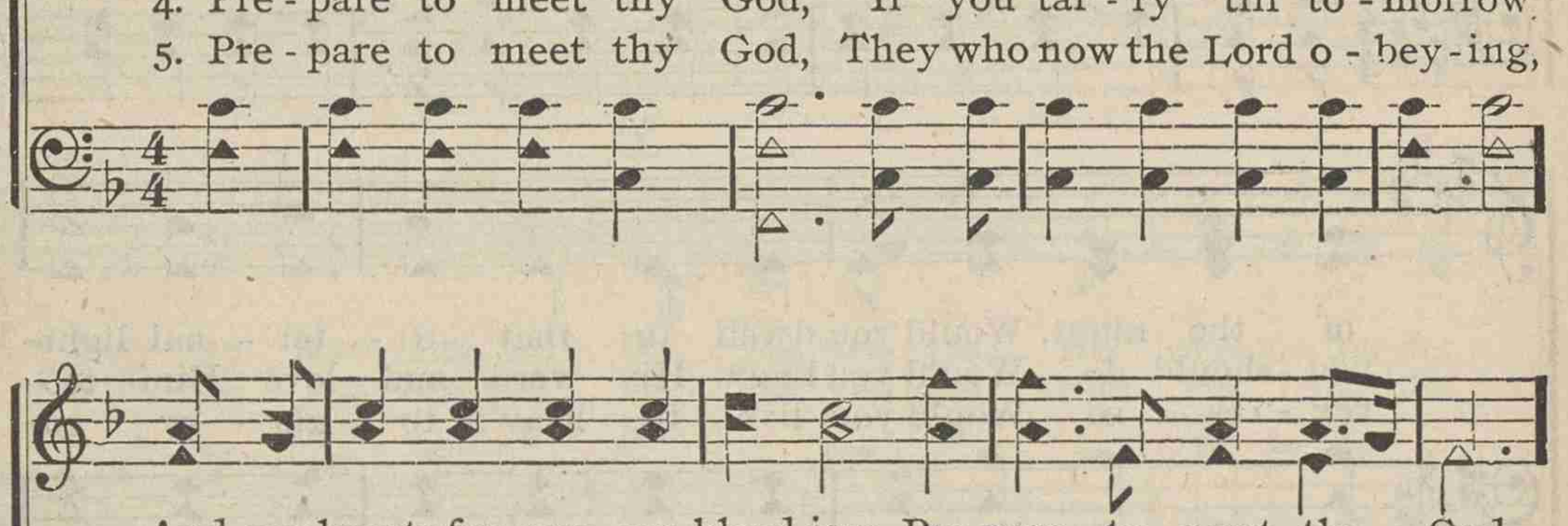
Je- sus is the Way, Je- sus is the Way.
Je- sus is the Truth, Je- sus is the Truth.
Je- sus is the Life, Je- sus is the Life.
} Then re - ceive Him,

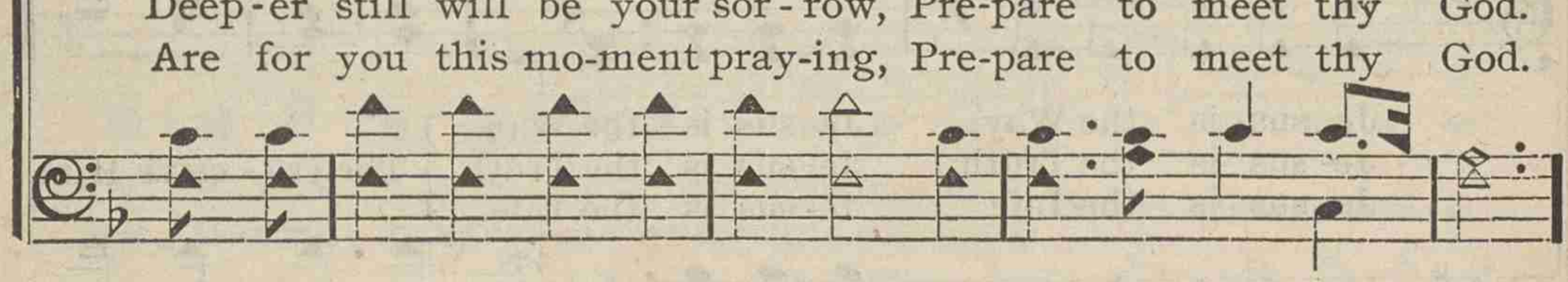
Oh, believe Him, He will save you now, save you now;
{ Won't you hear Him
Don't re- ject Him,
Don't forsake Him,

and re - vere Him,
but re - spect Him,
won't you take Him?
} He will save you now, yes, save you now.

440 Prepare to meet thy God.

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

1. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Je - sus now with you is pleading,
2. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Come, with all your sins con-fess-ing,
3. Pre - pare to meet thy God, Sin-ner, will you cease your straying?
4. Pre - pare to meet thy God, If you tar - ry till to - morrow
5. Pre - pare to meet thy God, They who now the Lord o - bey - ing,

And our hearts for you are bleed-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
There a - waits for you a bless-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
There is dan - ger in de - lay - ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
Deep - er still will be your sor - row, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
Are for you this mo-ment pray-ing, Pre-pare to meet thy God.



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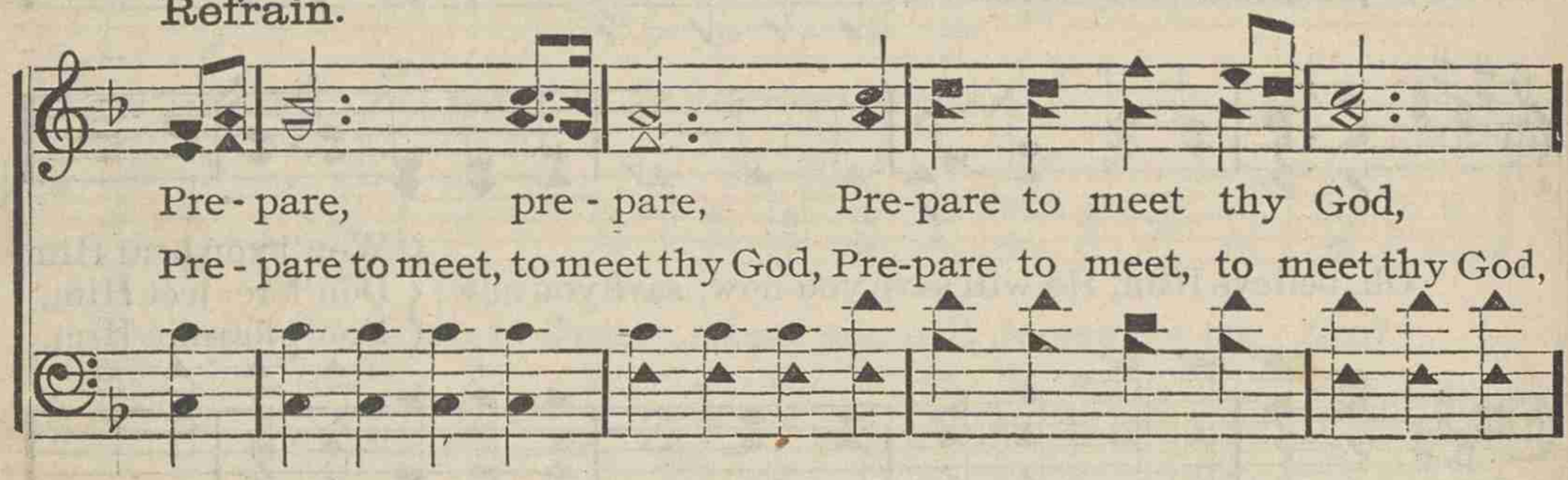
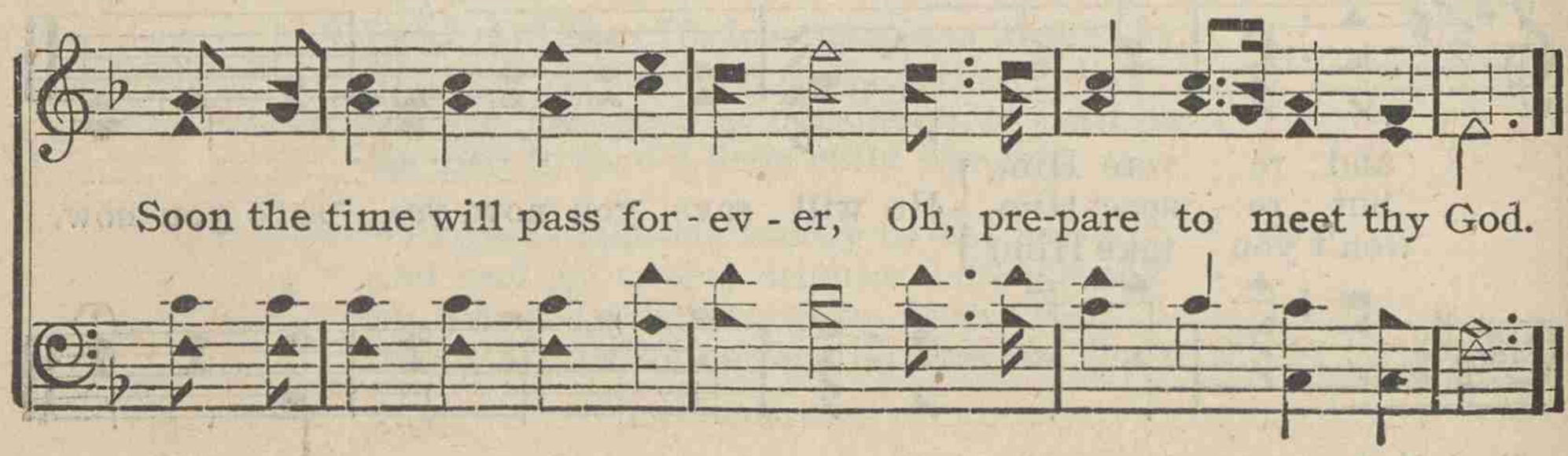
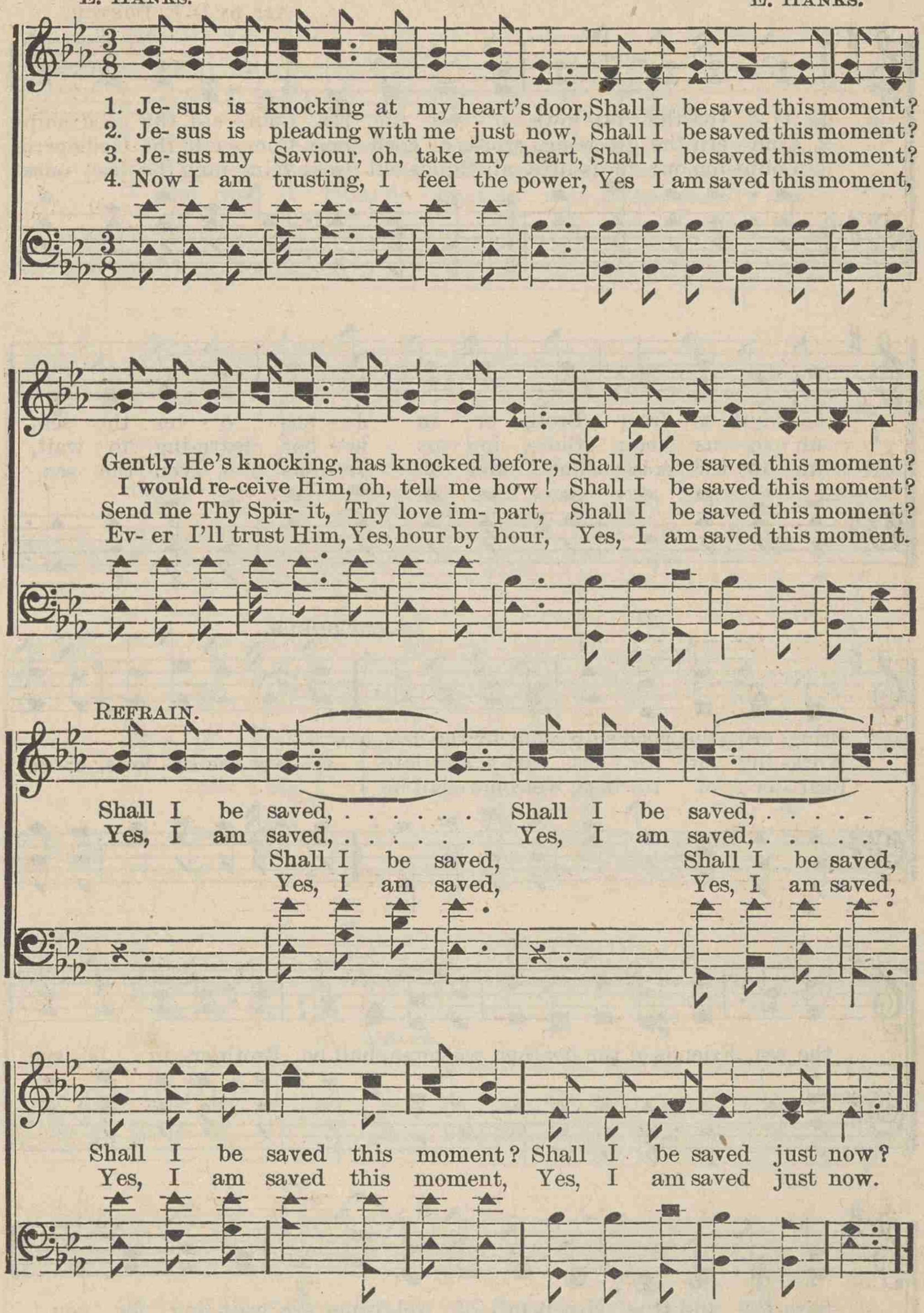

Pre - pare, pre - pare, Pre-pare to meet thy God,
Pre - pare to meet, to meet thy God, Pre-pare to meet, to meet thy God,



Soon the time will pass for - ev - er, Oh, pre-pare to meet thy God.

441 Shall I be Saved this Moment?

E. HANKS. E. HANKS.

5 Glory to Jesus, my soul is free,
Yes, I am saved this moment;
Visions of rapture by faith I see,
Yes, I am saved this moment.

6 Sweetly I'm resting in Jesus' love,
Yes, I am saved this moment,
Some day He'll take me to heaven above,
Yes, I am saved this moment.

442 Over the Billows.

Missionaries Welcome. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.
Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. O - ver the bil- lows, o - ver the sea, Com - eth the good ship on- ward so free;
2. Com - eth the greet-ing, words of good cheer, Com - eth the God-speed un - to us here;
3. Count-ing our pleas-ures, all things but dross, Win- ning the lost ones un - to the cross;

Broth - er in Je - sus o - ver the sea,
Bid - ing us la - bor, learn-ing to wait,
Sol - dier of Je - sus o - ver the sea,

CHORUS.

Bring- eth the good ship safe to the lea.
Work- ing for Je - sus earl-y and late.
Bear - er of tid-ings, welcome shall be.

O - ver the bil- lows, o - ver the sea, Friends of the heathen welcome shall be; Broth-er in Je - sus,
faith-ful and true, Hearts full of wel- come are wait- ing for you.

443 Joy In Heaven.

"Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15:7.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Who can de- scribe the joys that rise, Thro' all the courts of
2. With joy the Fa- ther doth ap-prove, The fruit of His e -
3. The Spir- it takes de - light to view, The ho - ly soul He

par - a - dise, To see a prod- i - gal re- turn, To see an heir of
ter - nal love, The Son with joy looks down and sees, The purchase of His
formed a - new, And saints and an- gels join to sing, The growing em-pire

CHORUS.

glo - ry born.
ag - o - nies.
of their King.

Oh, the joy in heaven, Oh, the joy in heaven,
Oh, the joy in heaven,

joy in heaven,
Oh, the joy, the joy in heaven, Oh, the joy in heaven, o'er the

prod-i- gal's re-turn, His re- turn from danger to the fold of God.

444

If We Knew.

From "The Issue." E. HANKS.

1. If we knew the woe and heart-ache Waiting for us down the road,
2. If we knew the ba - by fingers, Pressed a-gainst the win -dow pane,
3. Ah! these lit - tle ice- cold fin-gers, How they point our memories back,
4. Strange we nev-er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet voiced bird has flown;

If our lips could taste the worm-wood, If our backs could feel the load,
Would be cold and stiff to-mor-row—Nev - er trou-ble us a - gain—
To the hast - y words and actions, Strewn a long our back-ward track!
Strange that we should slight the violets Till the love- ly flowers are gone;

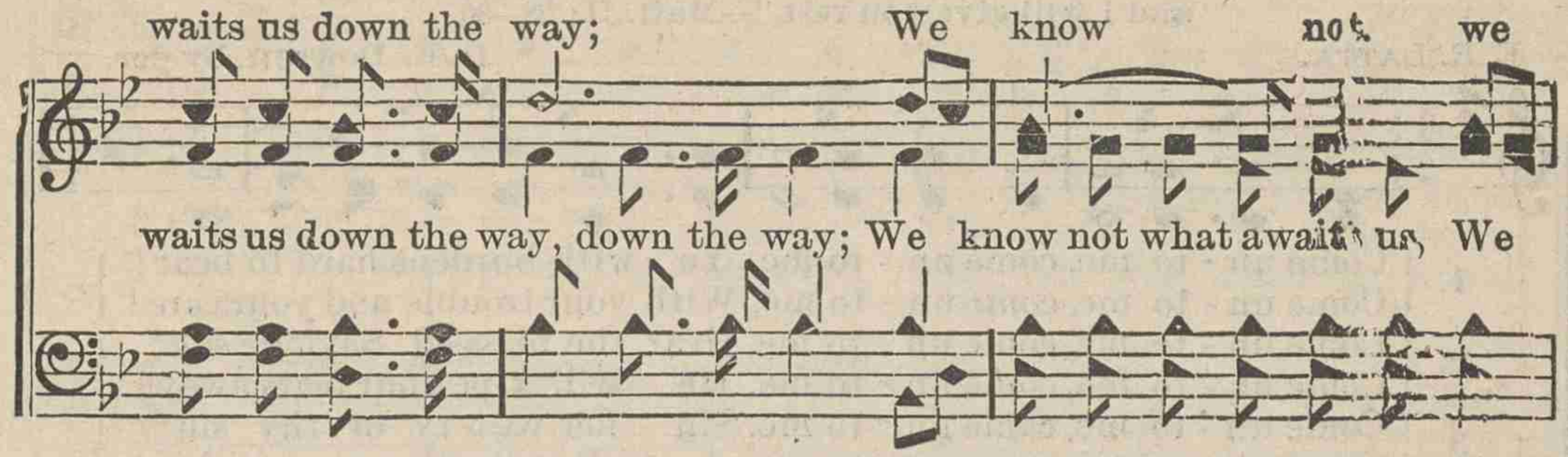
Would we waste our time in wish-ing For a time that ne'er can be?
Would the bright eyes of our dar-ling Catch the frown up - on our brow?
How these lit - tle hands re-mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie,
Strange that summer skies and sunshine Nev - er seem one half so fair

Would we wait in such im - pa-tience For our ships to come from sea?
Would the print of ro - sy fin-gers Vex us then as they do now?
Not to scatter thorns—but ro-ses—For our reap - ing by and by.
As when win-ter's snow- y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air.

CHORUS.

We know not, we know not, We know not what a -

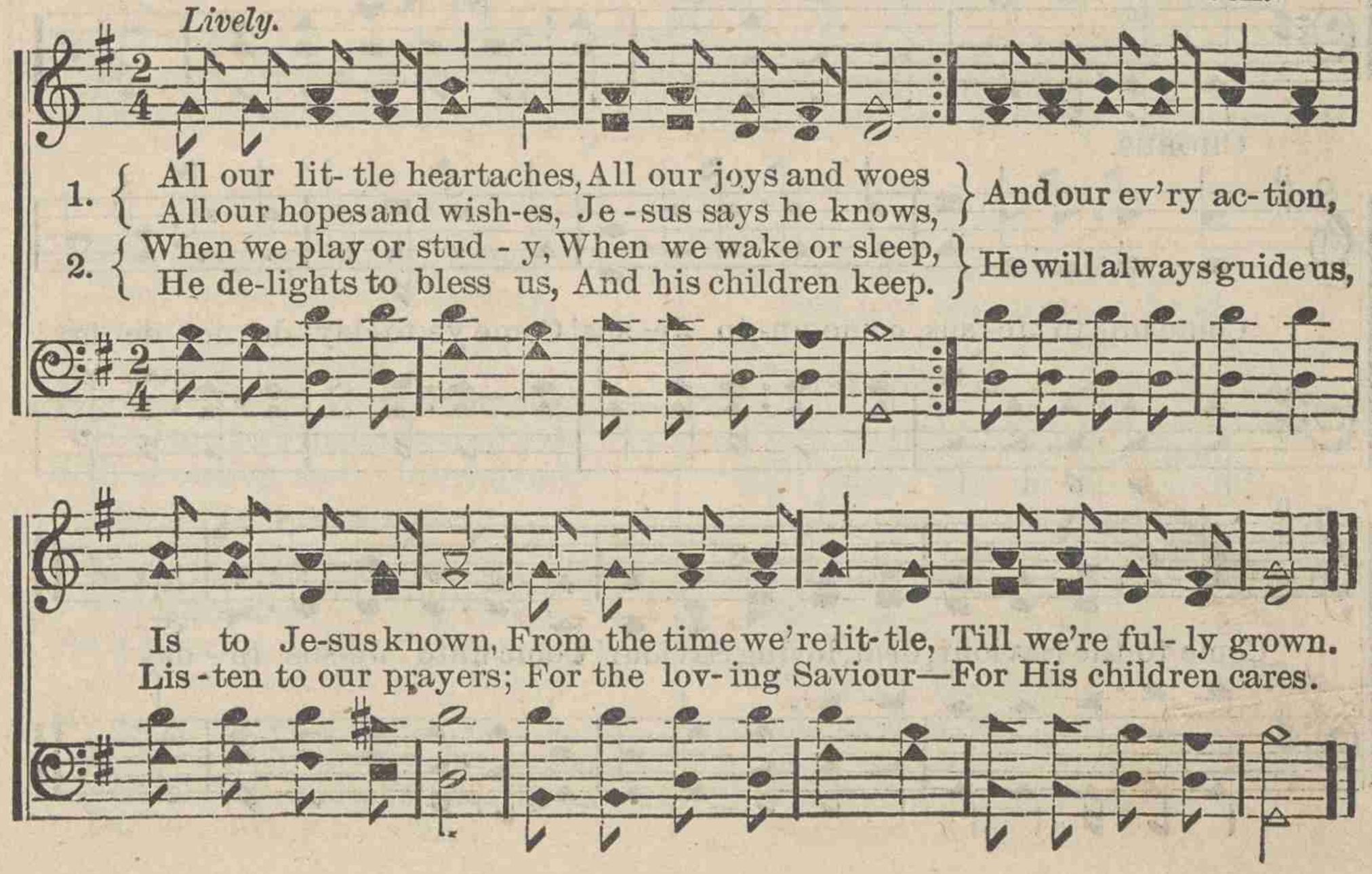
We know not what awaits us, we know not what awaits us, We know not what a-

If We Knew.—Concluded.

5 Lips from which the sea of silence
Noue but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns those lips to-day; [memory
And sweet words that freight our
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents,
Through the portals of the tomb.

6 Let us gather up the sun-beams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

445 Jesus Knows.

(INFANT CLASS.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

446

Come Unto Me.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28—30.

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

1. { Come un - to me, come un - to me, Ye with burdens hard to bear! }
   { Come un - to me, come un - to me, With your trouble and your care! }
2. { Come un - to me, come un - to me, Hear the bless-ed Saviour say! }
   { Come un - to me, come un - to me, He will wipe your tears away! }
3. { Come un - to me, come un - to me, Sin - ner wea-ry of thy sin! }
   { Come un - to me, come un - to me, I will make thee pure within! }

Come ye to- day! do not de- lay! Come with spirits sore op - pressed!
Where e'er ye roam, come, freely come, I am low- ly meek of heart!
Come ye to- day! do not de- lay! Come with sin and grief op- pressed!

Take ye my yoke, learn ye of me, I will give your spirit rest!
Ea - sy my yoke, my bur-den light, And your troubles shall de- part!
Take, then, my yoke, learn thou of me, I will give your spirit rest!

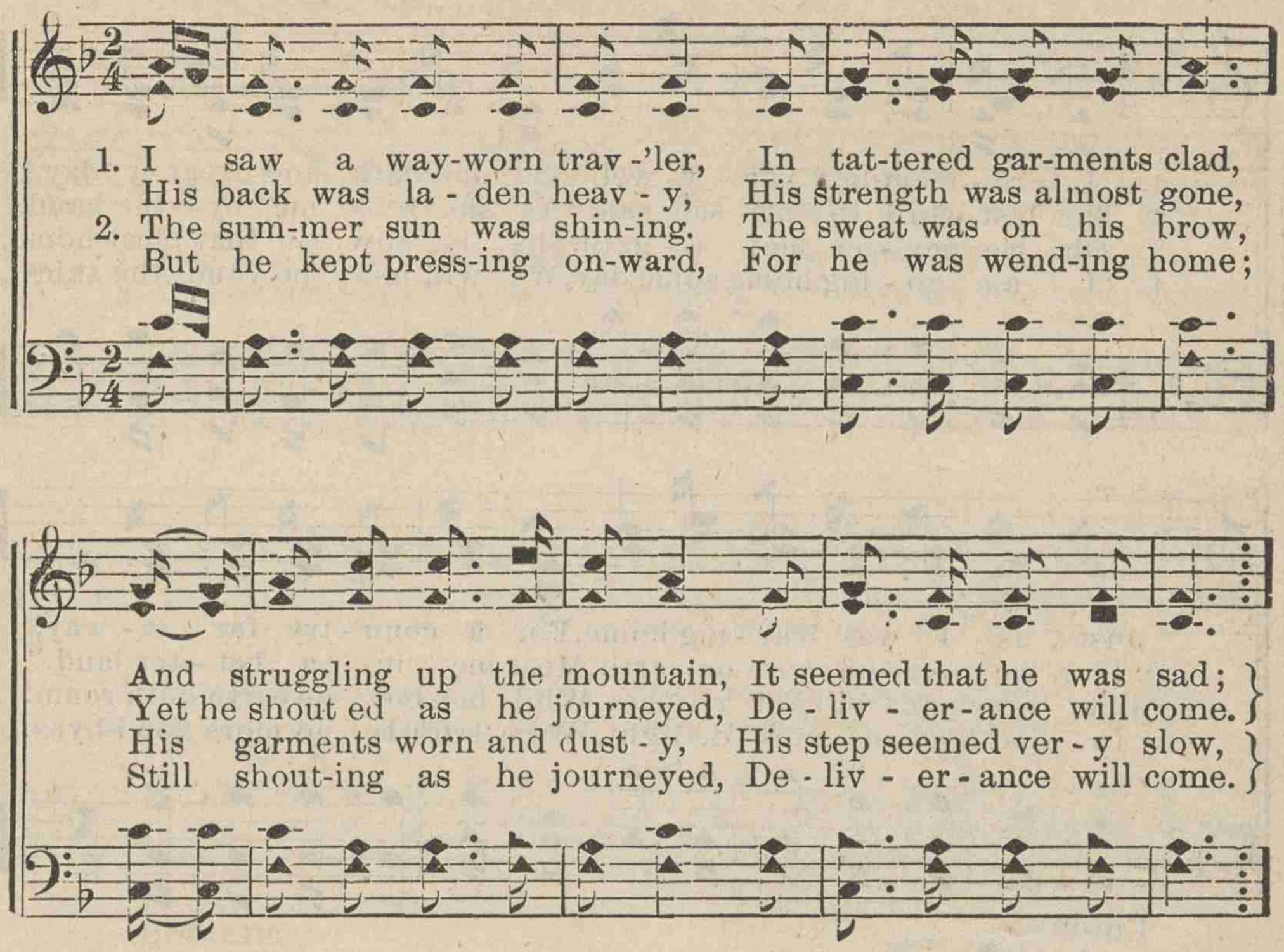
CHORUS.

Come un- to Je- sus, come un- to Je- sus! Come ye to-day! do not de- lay!

Come to the Saviour, dear, loving Saviour! Come unto Je-sus to - day!

447 Deliverance Will Come.

Anon. Anon.



3 The songsters in the arbor
That stood beside the way,
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay:
His watchword being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come!

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God;
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

448 LEAVING HOME.

Words and music by L. M. BANDY.

1. I re - mem-ber ver - y well On one dark and drear - y day
2. The last word to me she said As she took me by the hand,
3. Oh, we nev - er met a - gain, She is now in that blest home,
4. I am go - ing home some day, We will meet be-yond the skies,

Just as I was leav - ing home, For a coun - try far a - way,
"If we meet no more on earth, Meet me in a bet - ter land."
But her words will e'er re-main, While her boy on earth doth roam.
In that land of pure de-light, Where there'll be no more good-byes.

CHORUS.

Moth - er said, "My dear boy, I ex -
Moth - er said, "My dear boy,
pect to see you next year a-gain, Fare you well, Fare you
Fare you well,
well." So I left my dear old home In a distant land to roam.
fare you well."

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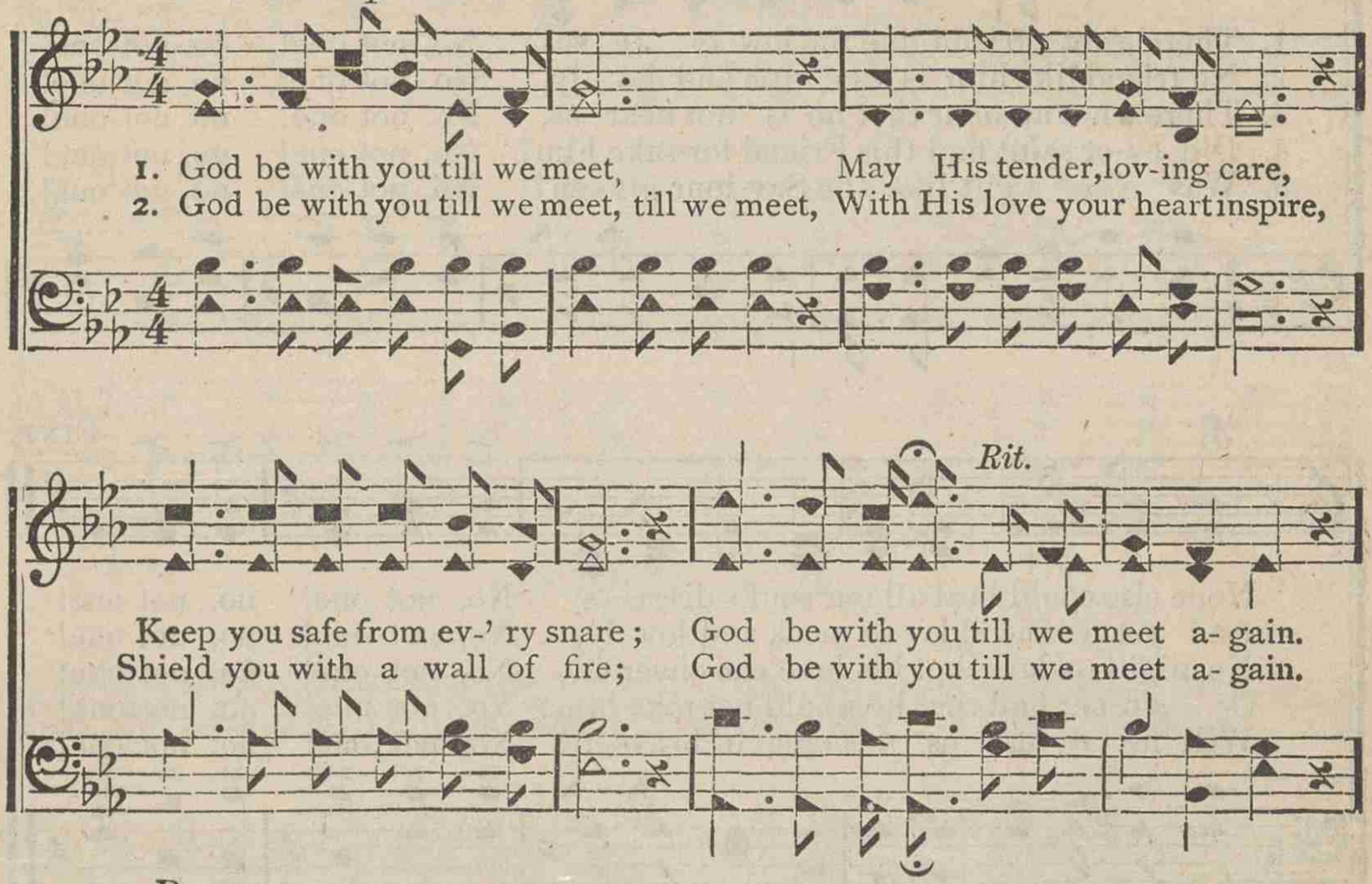
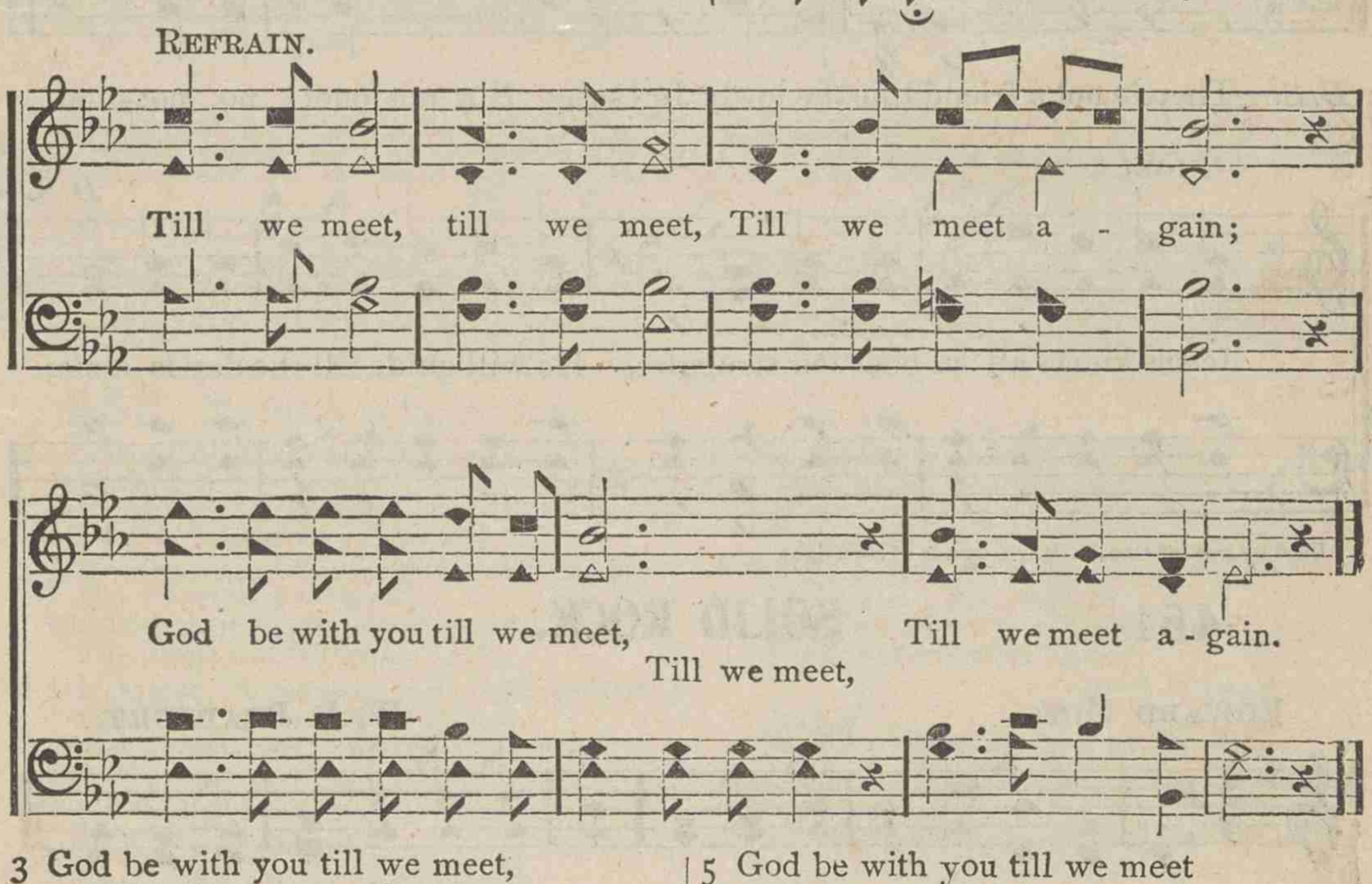
449 God be With You.

"The God of love and peace shall be with you."—2 Cor. 13: 11.

E. Hanks. E. Hanks.

Slow with expression.

Refrain.



3 God be with you till we meet,
Either here, or on that shore,
Where sad partings come no more,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet,
May His hand, from day to day,
Lead you up the shining way,
God be with you till we meet again.

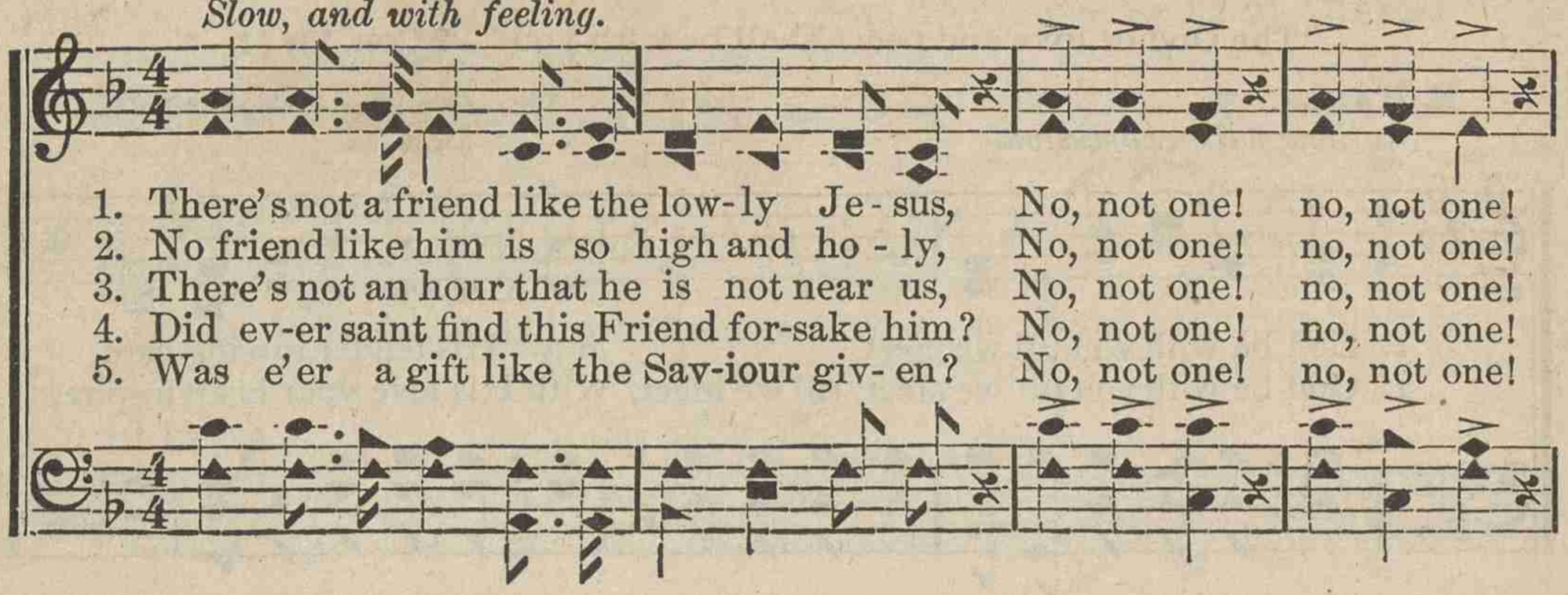
5 God be with you till we meet
In that land of sweet repose,
Where life's river gently flows,
God be with you till we meet again.

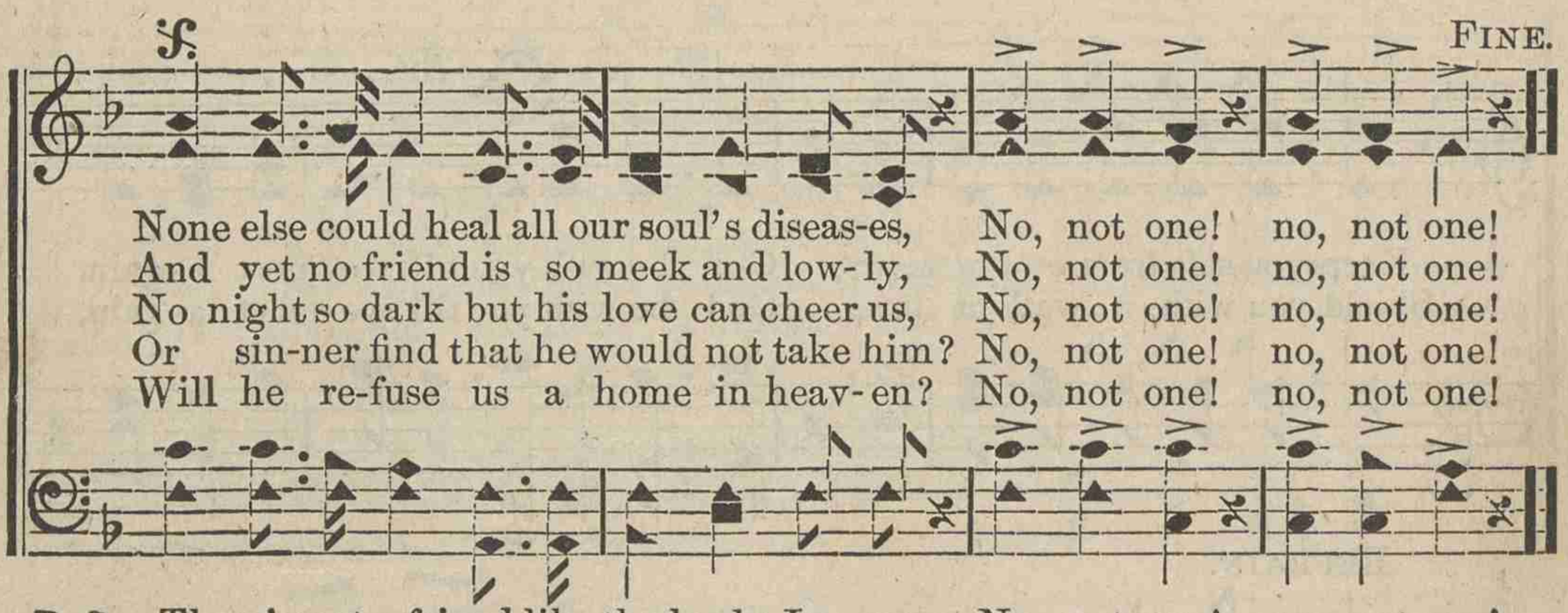
6 God be with you till we meet,
Once again our lips repeat,
Till we fall at Jesus' feet,
God be with you till we meet again.

450 NO, NOT ONE!

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.



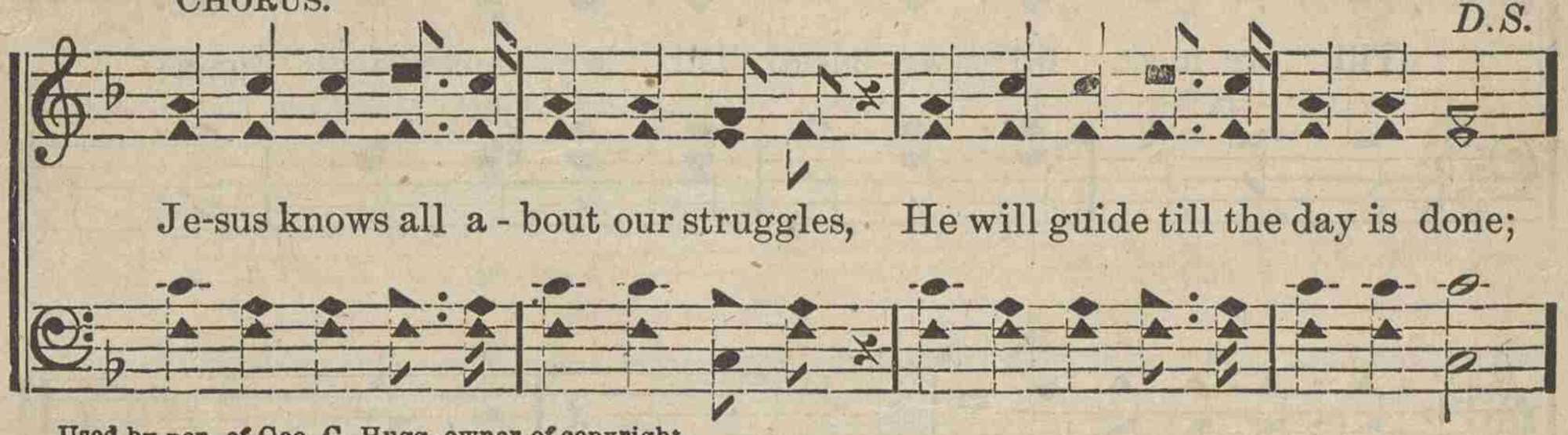
1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv- en? No, not one! no, not one!

Fine.

None else could heal all our soul's diseas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin-ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will he re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D. S.—There's not a friend like the lowly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

Chorus.

D.S.



Je-sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

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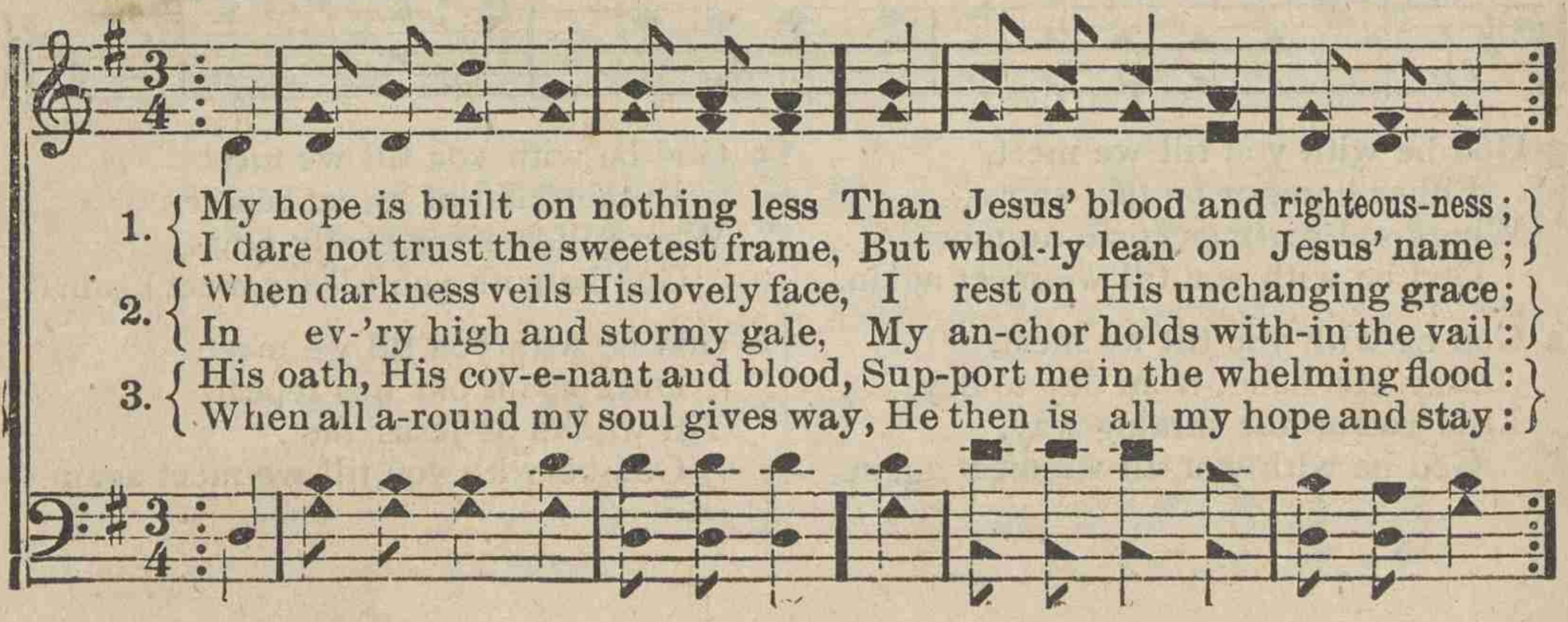
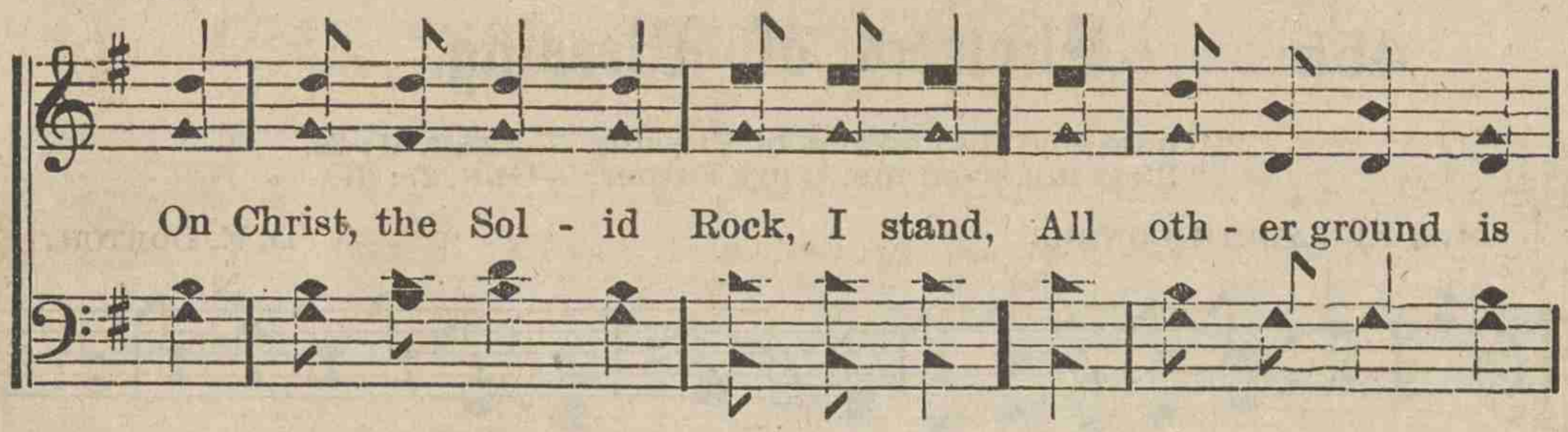
451 SOLID ROCK.

Edward Mote. W. B. Bradbury.

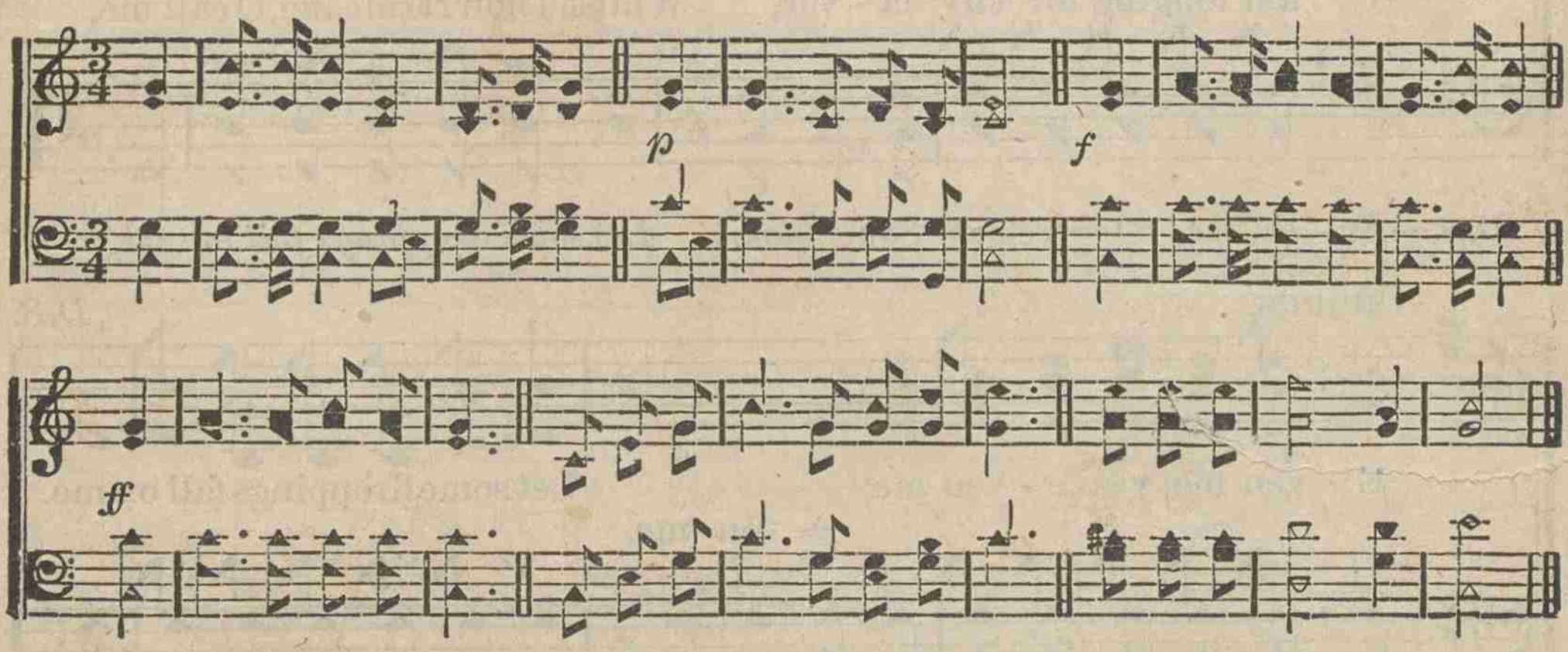


1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteous-ness;
   { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Jesus' name;
2. { When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
   { In ev-'ry high and stormy gale, My an-chor holds with-in the vail:
3. { His oath, His cov-e-nant and blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood:
   { When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay:

CHORUS.



ZERAH. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

452 The Prince of Peace. C. M.

1 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

JOHN MORRISON.

453 Awake, my Soul. C. M.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

454 Come, Let us Join. C. M.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

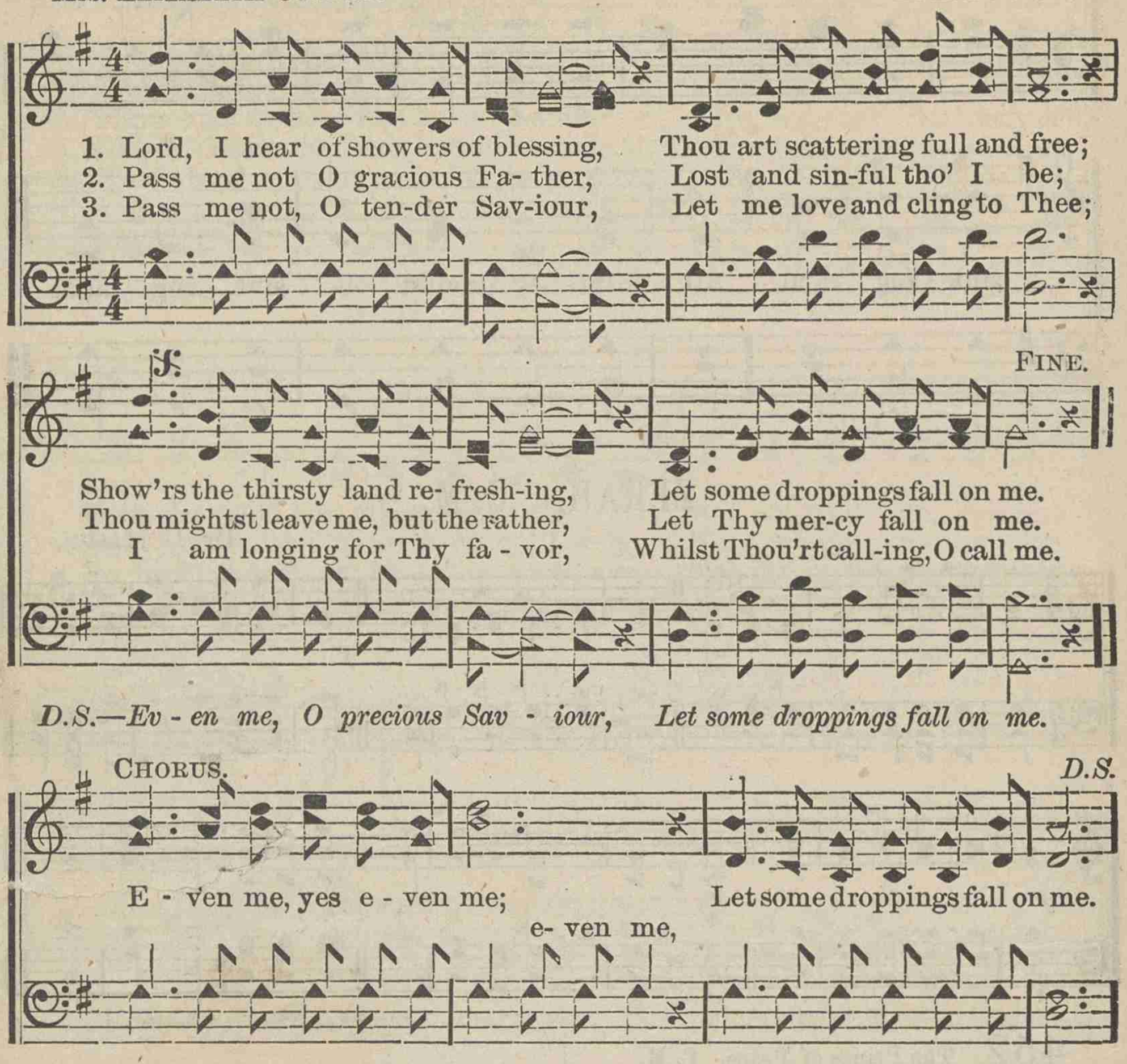
4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

455 Showers of Blessing.

"There shall be showers of Blessing."—EZEK. 31: 26.
"Bless me, even me, O my Father."—GEN. 27: 34.

MRS. ELIZABETH CONDER. D. E. DORTCH.



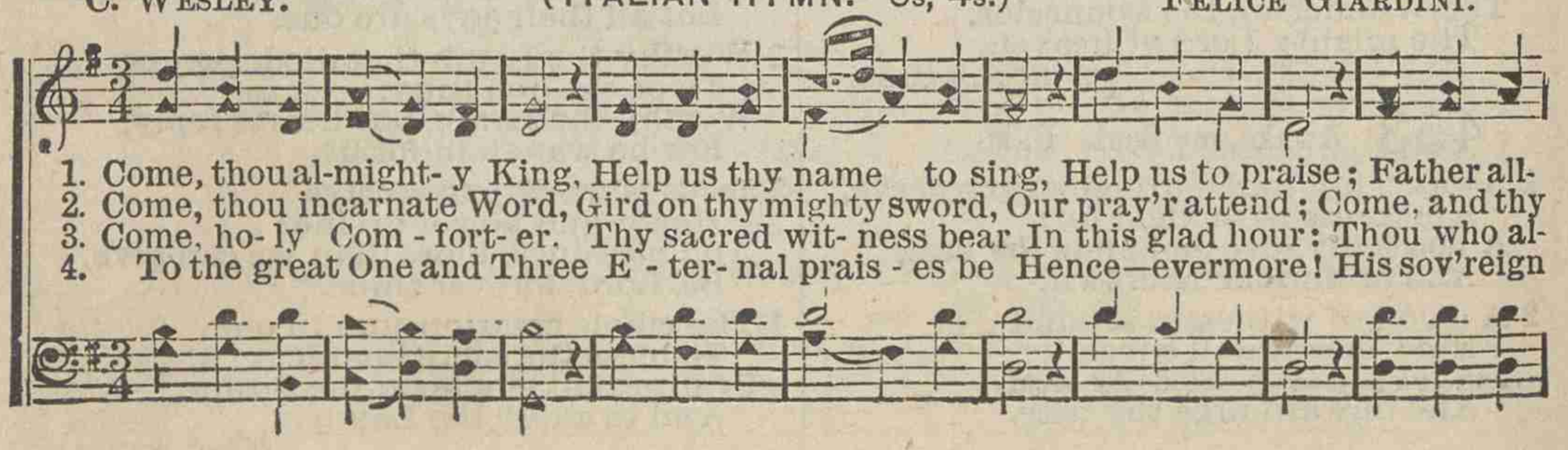
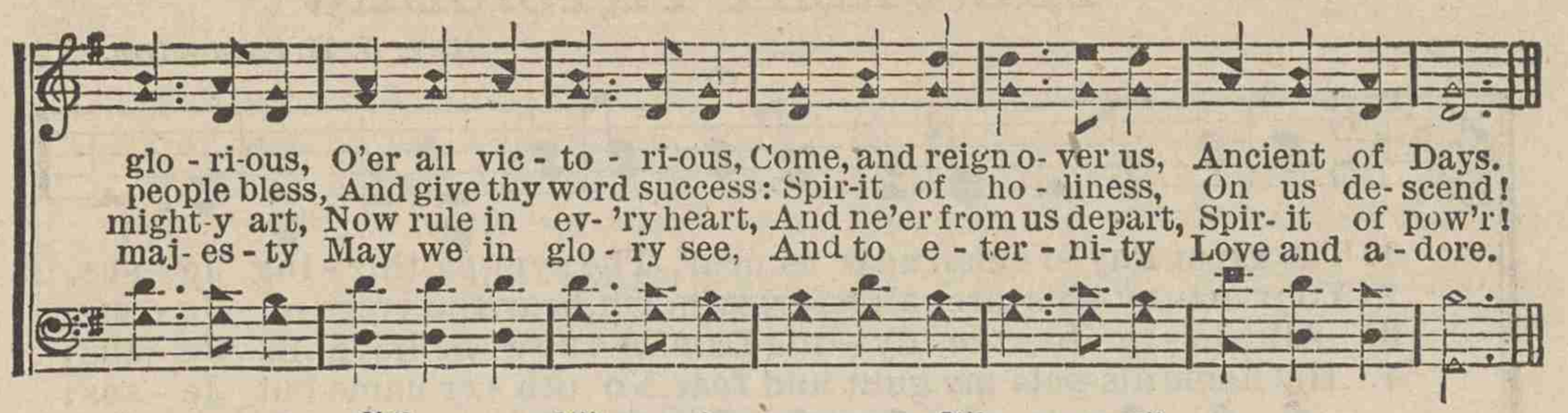
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.

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

6 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me.

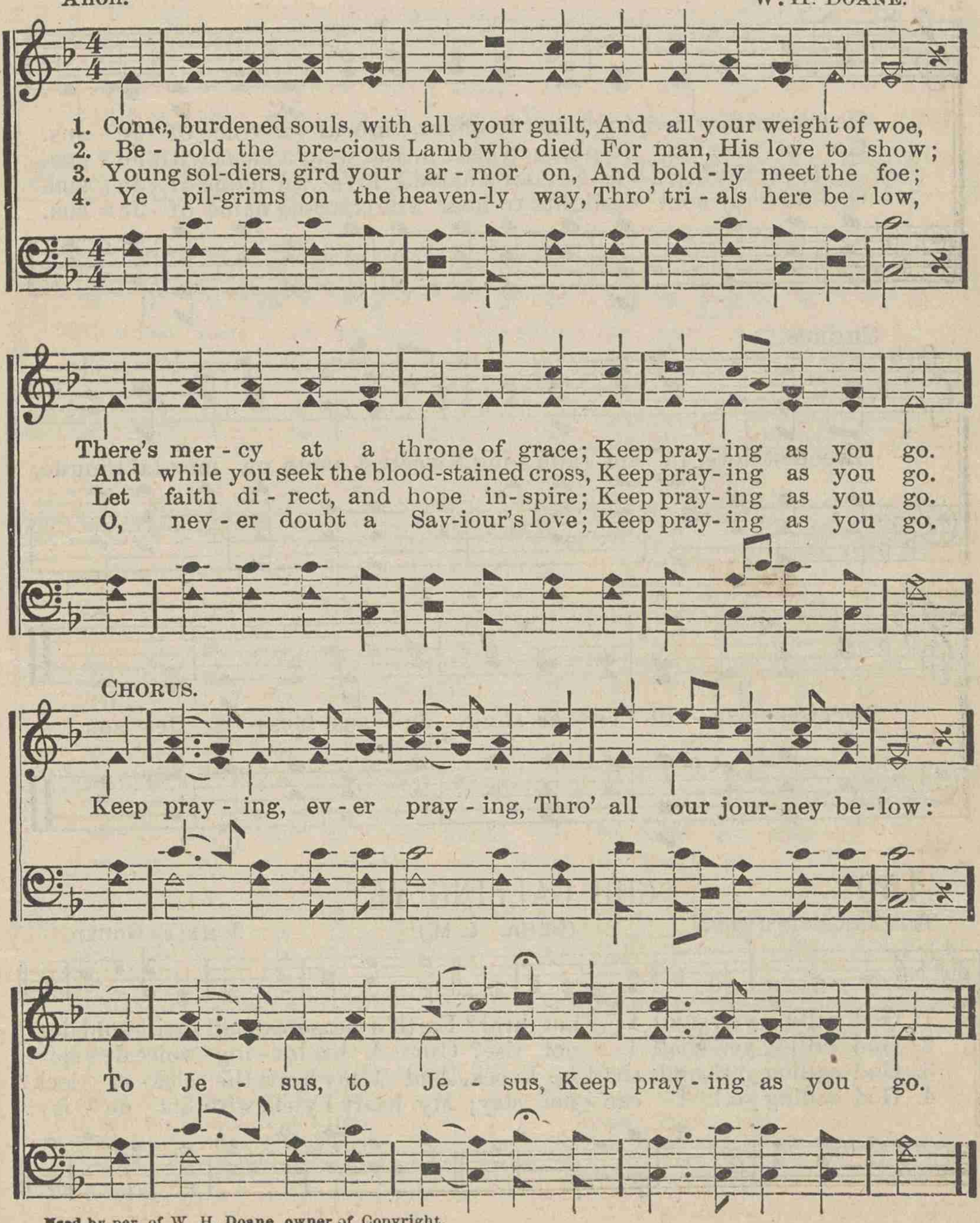
7 Love of God so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ so pure and free,
Grace of God so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.

456 COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. (Concluded.)

457 Keep Praying as You Go.

"Pray without ceasing."—1st. Thess. 5: 17.

Anon. W. H. DOANE.



Used by per. of W H. Doane, owner of Copyright.

458 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz - ing Je - sus,
2. Your ma- ny sins are all forgiv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus,
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb, I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless- ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charm-ing name of Je - sus.

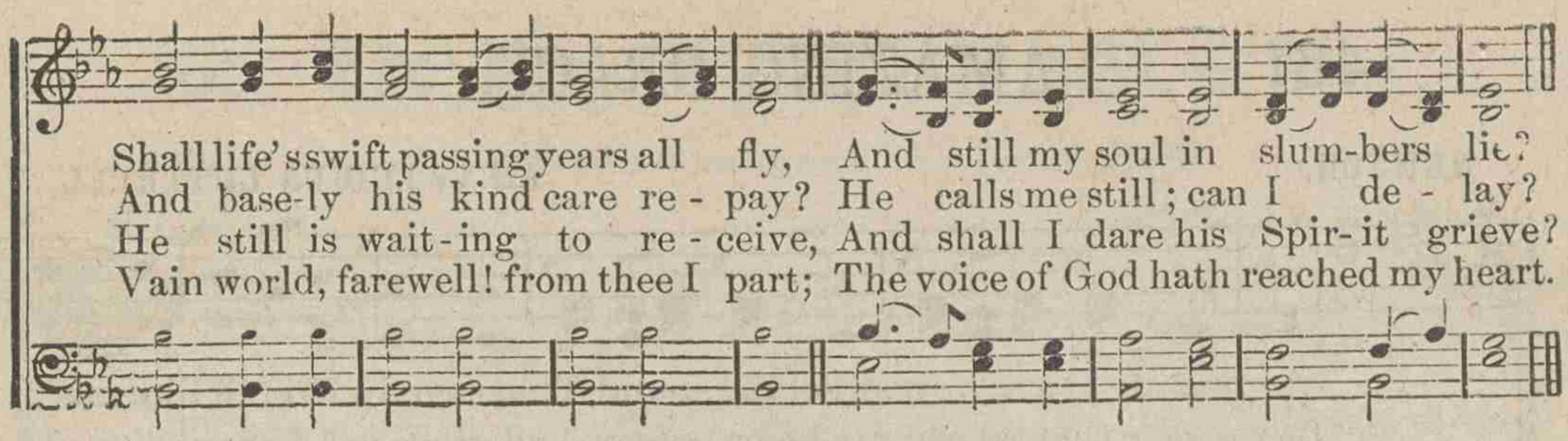
CHORUS.

Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue,
Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless- ed Je - sus.

459 GOD CALLING YET.

Tr. JANE BORTHWICK. (BERA. L. M.) JOHN E. GOULD.

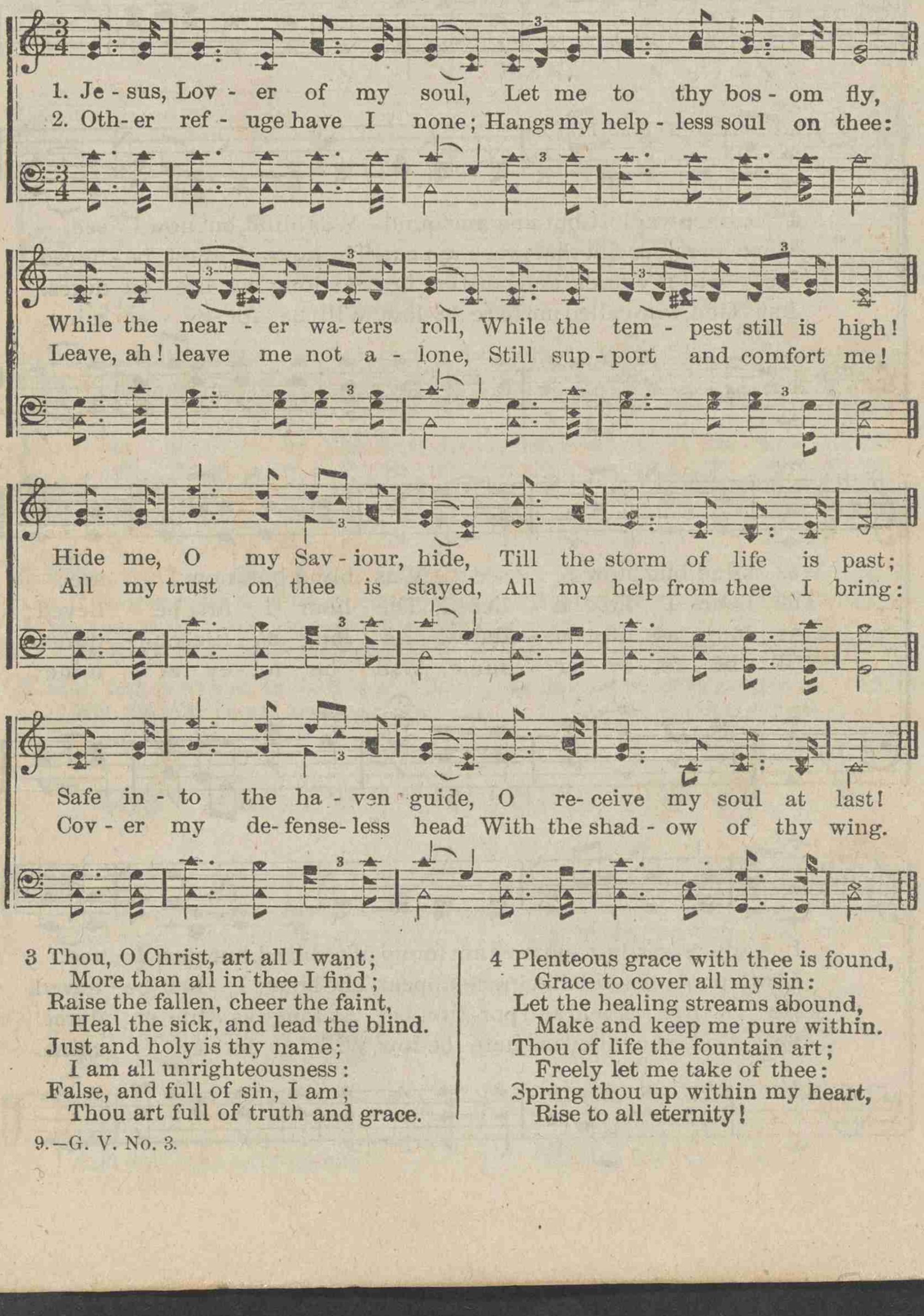
1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock?
4. God calling yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with-out de - lay:



460 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(REFUGE. 7s. D.)

CHAS. WESLEY. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



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

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

461 # AMAZING GRACE.

NEWTON. Arr. by LUCIUS LUTTRELL.

1. A - mazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
4. The earth shall soon dissolve like snow, The sun for - bear to shine;

I once was lost, but now am found—Was blind, but now I see.
How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first be - lieved.
He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en - dures.
But God, who called me here be-low, Will be for - ev - er mine.

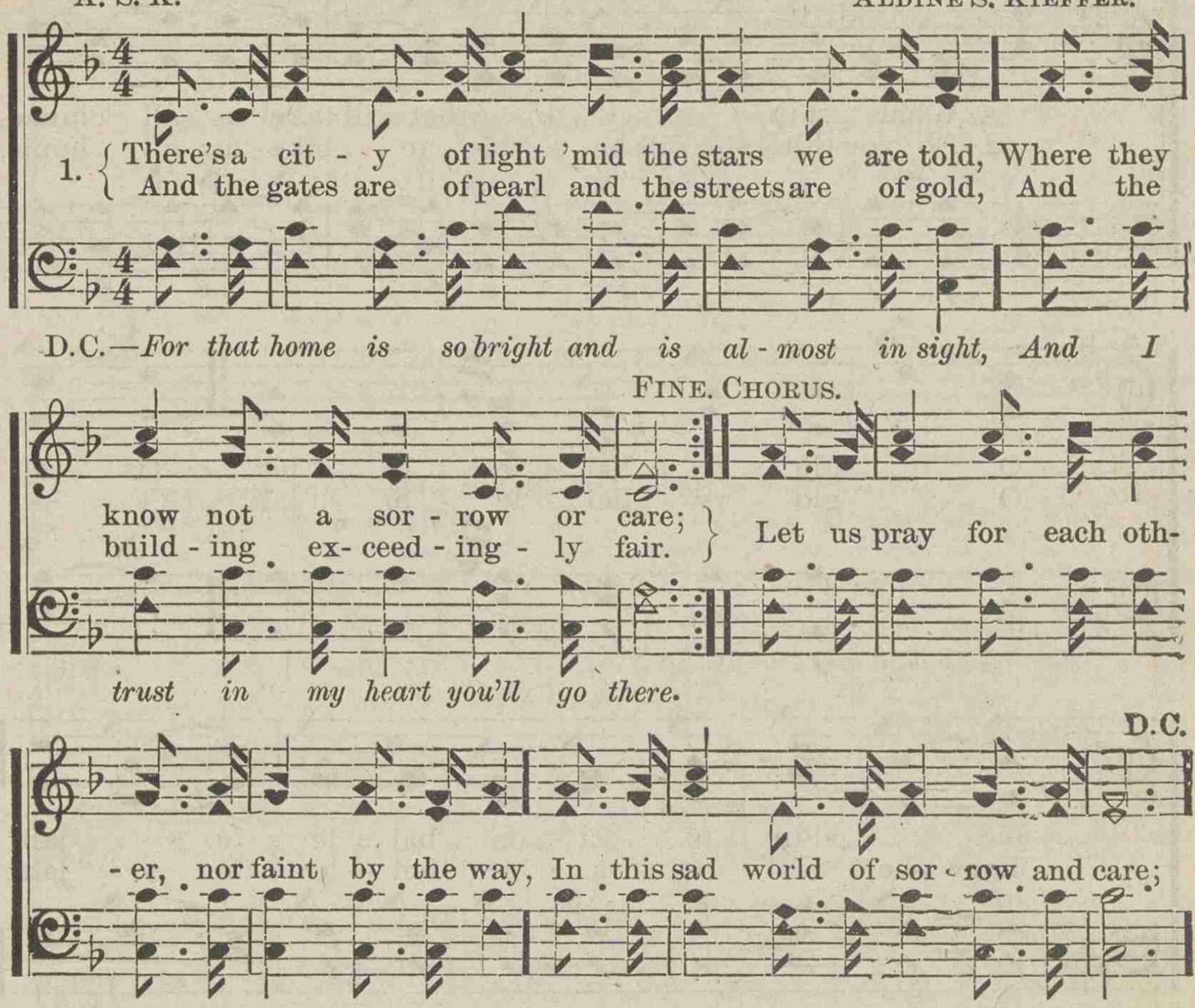
Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see;
The hour I first be - lieved, The hour I first be - lieved;
As long as life en - dures, As long as life en - dures;
Will be for - ev - er mine, Will be for - ev - er mine;

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre-cious did that grace appear, The hour I first be - lieved.
He will my shield and por- tion be, As long as life en - dures.
But God, who called me here be-low, Will be for - ev - er mine.

462 The City of Light. 12s. & 9s.

"And showed me that great city."—Rev. 21: 10.

A. S. K. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.



2 Brother, dear, never fear, we shall triumph at last,
If we trust in the word He has given;
When our trials and toils, and weepings are past,
We shall meet in that home up in heav'n.

3 Sister, dear, never fear, for the Saviour is near,
With His hand He will lead you along;
And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear,
And your mourning shall turn to a song.

4 Let us walk in the light of the Gospel divine,
Let us ever keep near to the cross;
Let us love, watch and pray in our pilgrimage here,
Let us count all things else but as loss.

---

463 The Holy Jerusalem. C. M.

Rev. 21: 10.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

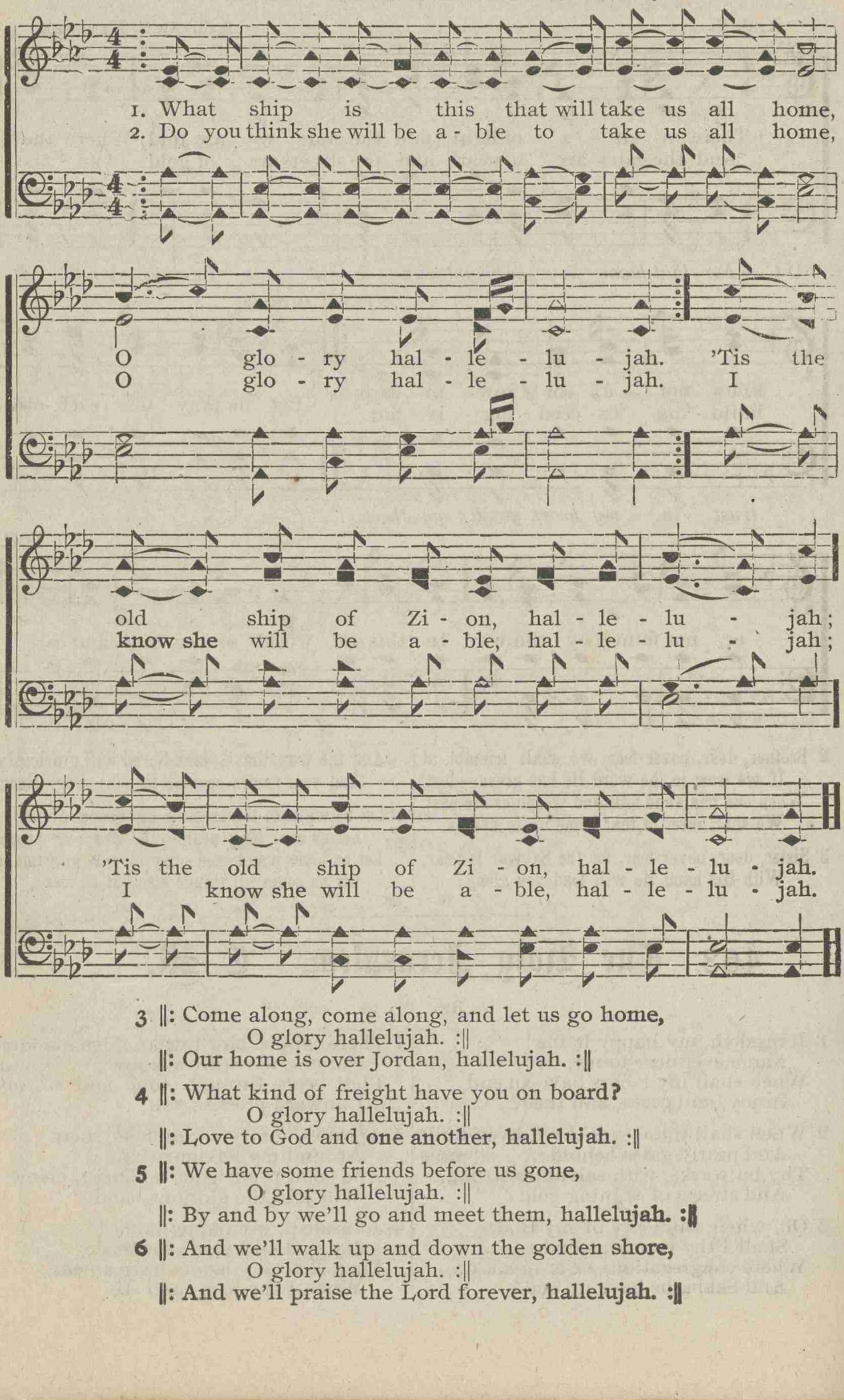
4 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ, below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

464 THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

Anon. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



3 ‖: Come along, come along, and let us go home,
O glory hallelujah. :‖
‖: Our home is over Jordan, hallelujah. :‖

4 ‖: What kind of freight have you on board?
O glory hallelujah. :‖
‖: Love to God and one another, hallelujah. :‖

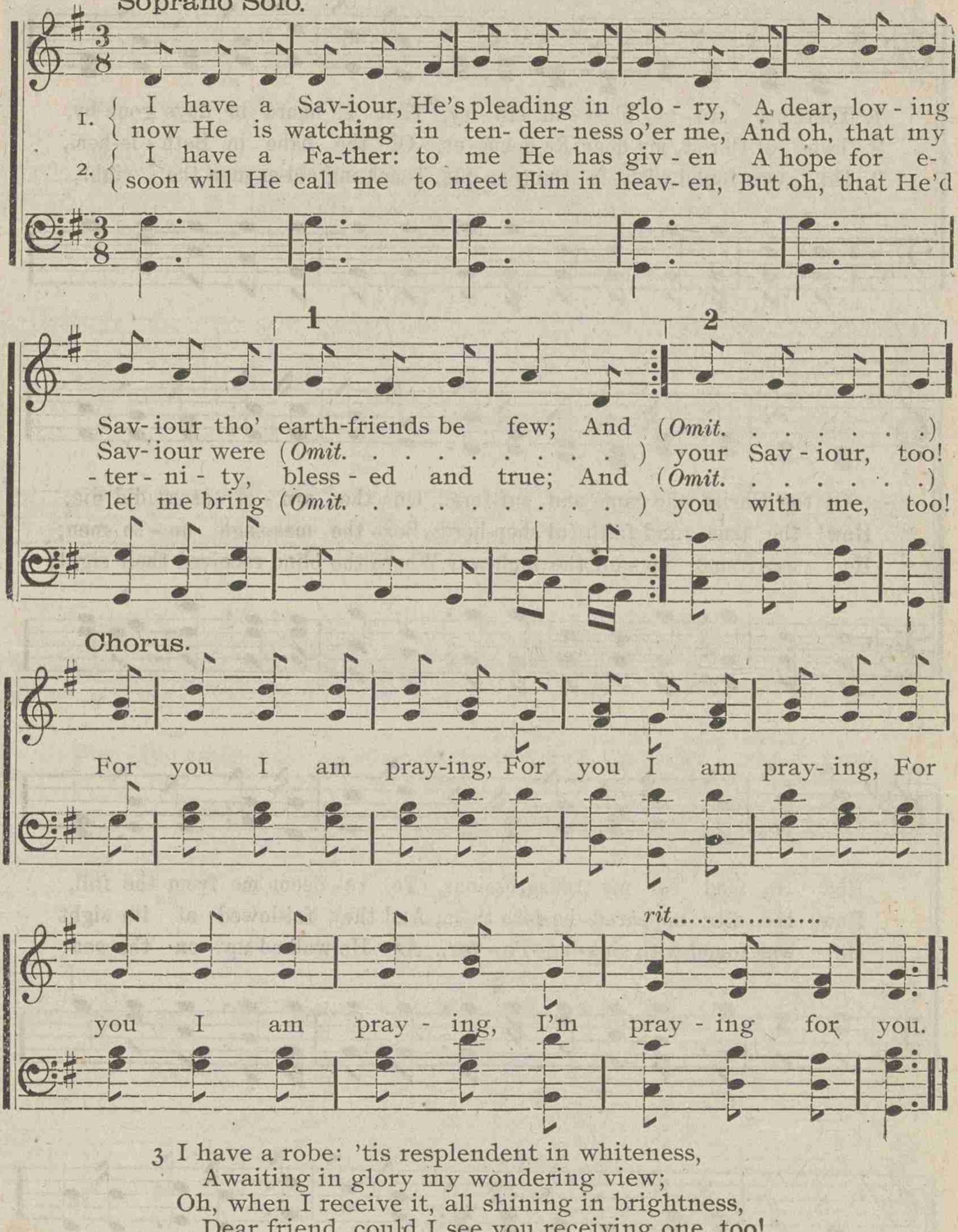
5 ‖: We have some friends before us gone,
O glory hallelujah. :‖
‖: By and by we'll go and meet them, hallelujah. :‖

6 ‖: And we'll walk up and down the golden shore,
O glory hallelujah. :‖
‖: And we'll praise the Lord forever, hallelujah. :‖

465 FOR YOU I AM PRAYING.

CLUFF. E. HANKS.

Soprano Solo.



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

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

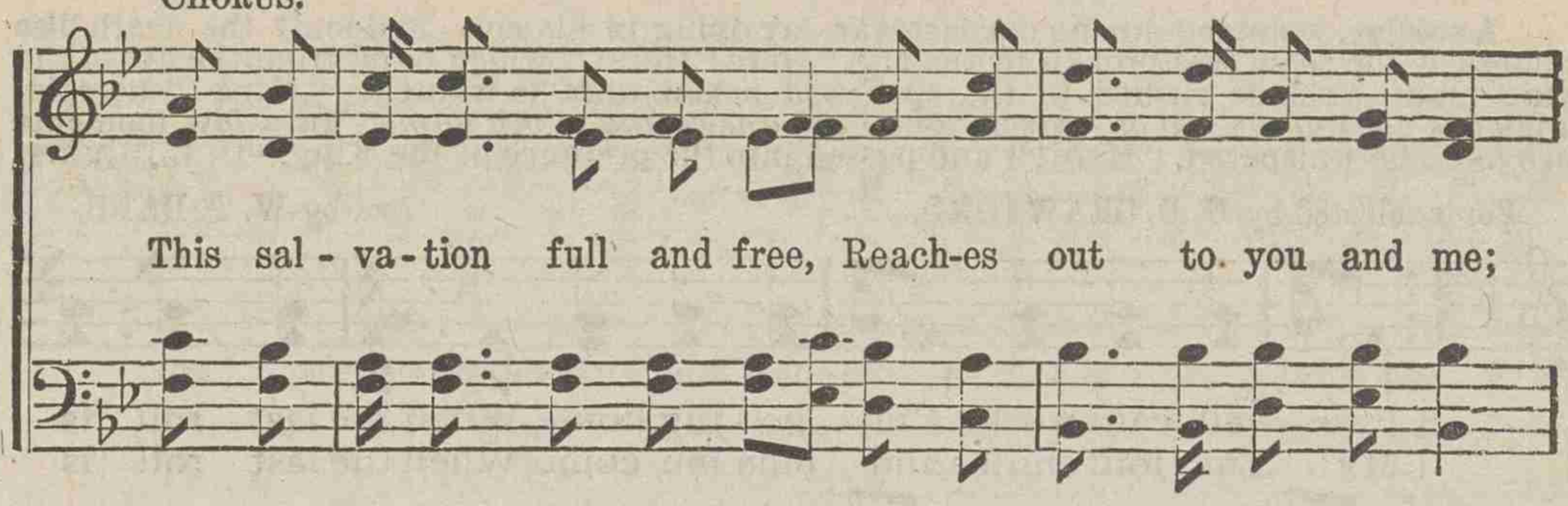
5 When you've found Jesus, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour, too,
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

466 The Old Story.

M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.

Copyright, 1902, by Mrs. M. J. Harris.

The Old Story. Concluded.

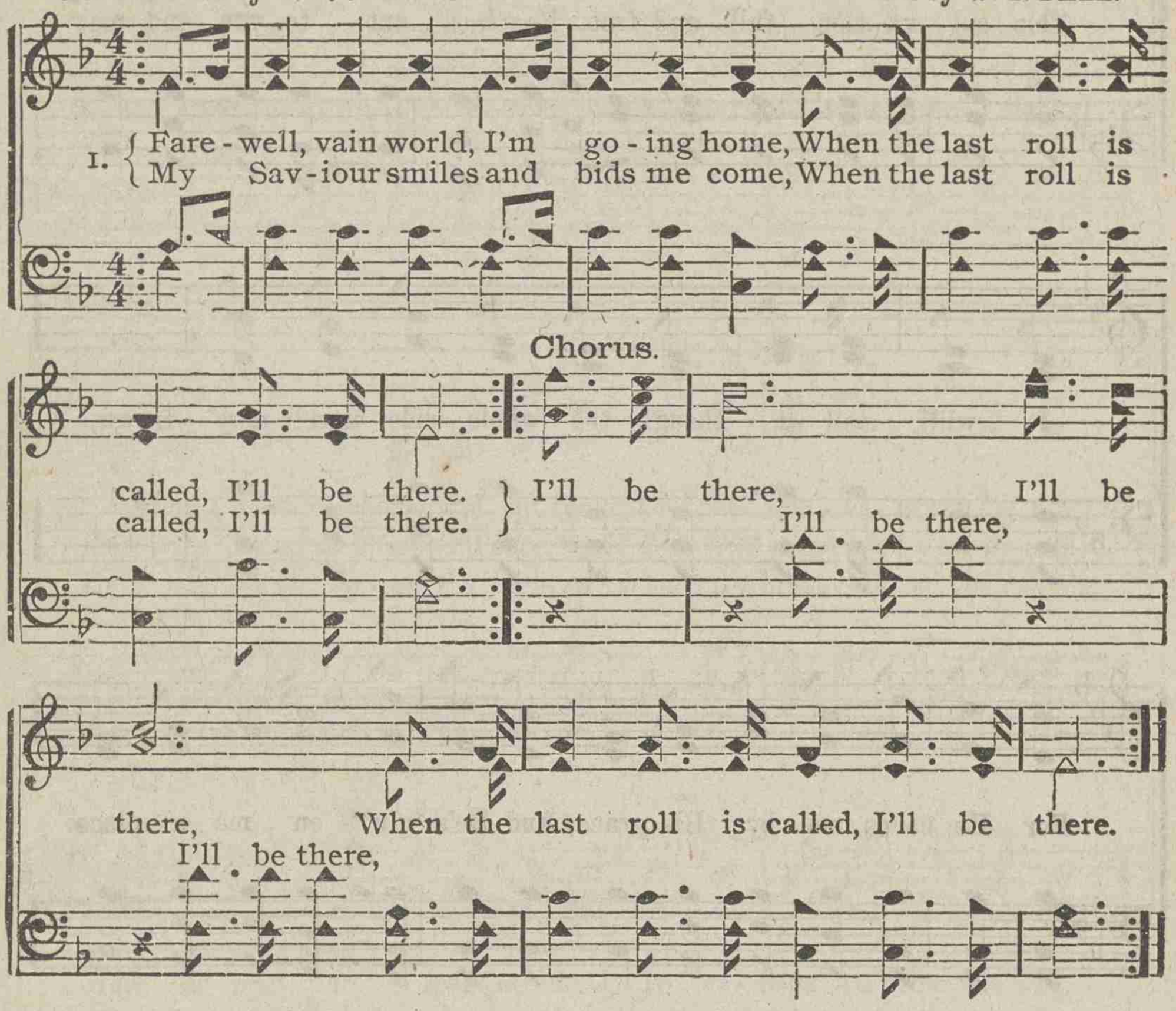
CHORUS.

4 He was praying in the garden,
"Not my will, but Thine be done,"
When they took Him unto Pilate
For a trial—God's own Son;
How they mocked, and spat upon Him,
As they followed by His side,
To the place they called Golgotha,
Where my Lord was crucified.

5 But the best of this old story,
Is that Jesus came to save,
With an uttermost salvation,
And give victory o'er the grave;
That He opened wide the fountain,
For uncleanness and for sin,
And His blood can make you holy,
Sanctify and keep you clean.

467 WHEN THE LAST ROLL IS CALLED.

A soldier, wounded during our last war, lay dying in his cot. Suddenly the death-like stillness of the room was broken by the cry, "Here! Here!" which burst from the lips of the dying man. Friends rushed to the spot, and asked what he wanted. "*Hark!*" he said, "*they are calling the roll of heaven, and I am answering to my name.* In a few moments once more he whispered, "Here!" and passed into the presence of the King.—D. L. MOODY.

Words selected by N. D. CRAWFORD. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



2 Bright angels beckon me away, etc.
To sing God's praise in endless day, etc.

3 I have some friends before me gone, etc.
And I'm resolved to follow on, etc.

4 If you get there before I do, etc.
Tell all my friends I'm coming, too, etc.

5 Oh, what a happy time 'twill be, etc.
When I my friends in heaven shall see, etc.

6 My suffering time will soon be o'er, etc.
When I shall sigh and weep no more, etc.

7 Now here's my heart and here's my hand, etc.
To meet you in that happy land, etc.

8 I never shall forget that day, etc.
When Jesus washed my sins away, etc.

9 When Jesus took my sins away, etc.
I thought my soul would fly away, etc.

10 I love my Saviour, yes, I do, etc.
And, sinner, you may love Him, too, etc.

11 If you will now in Christ believe, etc.
A gracious blessing you'll receive, etc.

468

IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

"*At evening time it shall be light.*" — Zech. 14: 7.

S. K. C., in Nashville "Christian Advocate." D. E. DORTCH.

1. To those who bear with pa-tient love, (pa-tient love,) Life's wea-ry load from
2. Tho' clouded may have been the way, (been the way,) And traced by sor-row,
3. Yes, ev'-ry shadow shall depart, (shall depart,) As th' blessed man-sions
4. A radiance from the better land, (better land,) Shall put all gloom and
5. Lord, may we to the end endure, (end en-dure,) For what Thou sendest

morn till night, (morn till night,) There comes a promise from above, (from a-bove,) At
care, and blight, (care and blight,) Tho' slow the hours and long the day, (long the day,) At
come in sight, (come in sight,) And to the tried but trusting heart, (trusting heart,) At
doubt to flight, (doubt to flight,) And as we near the golden strand, (golden strand,) At
must be right, (must be right,) And Thou wilt prove the promise sure, (promise sure,) At

REFRAIN.

evening time it shall be light. (it shall be light.) It shall be light, it shall be

light, At evening time it shall be light. (it shall be light.) light. (it shall be light.)

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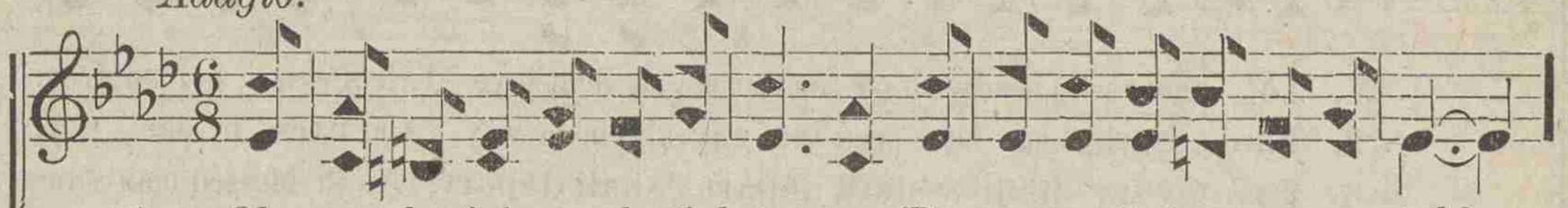
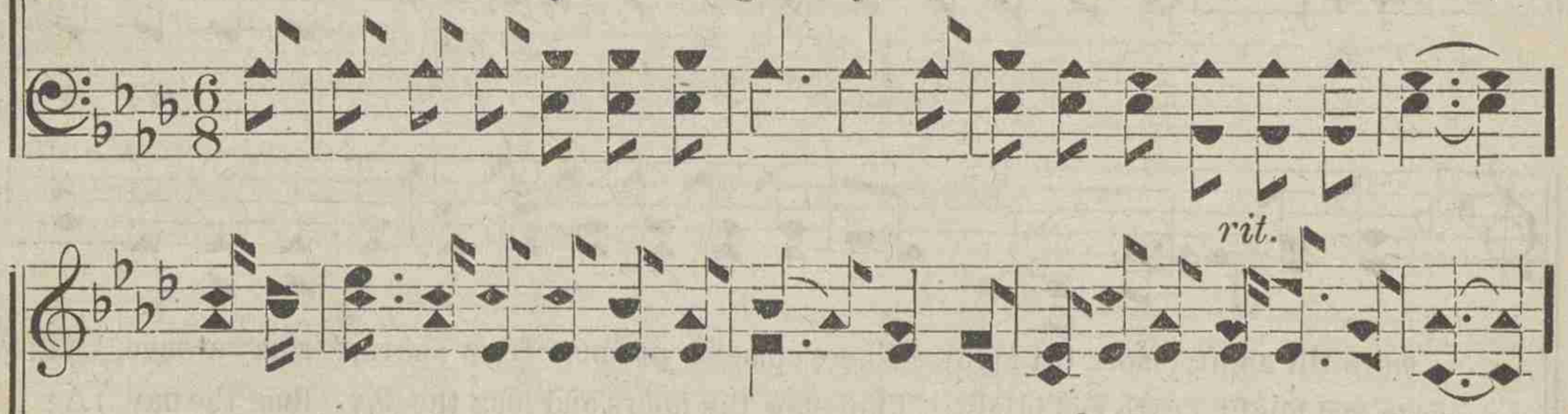
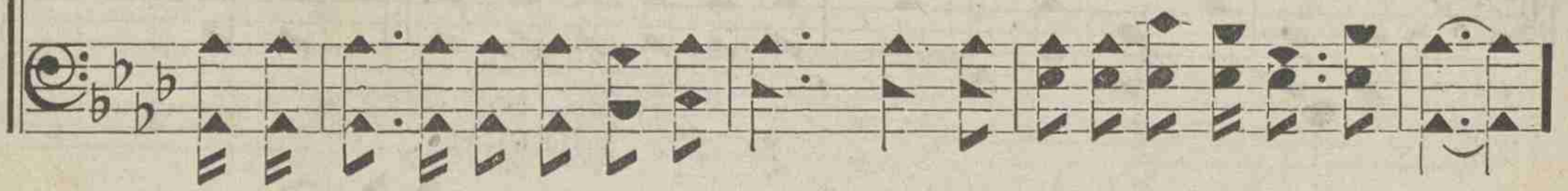
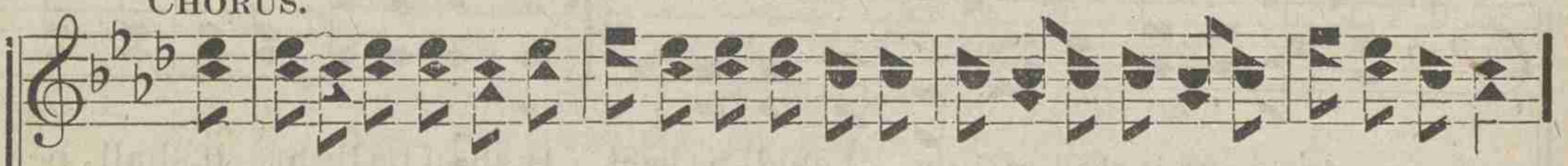
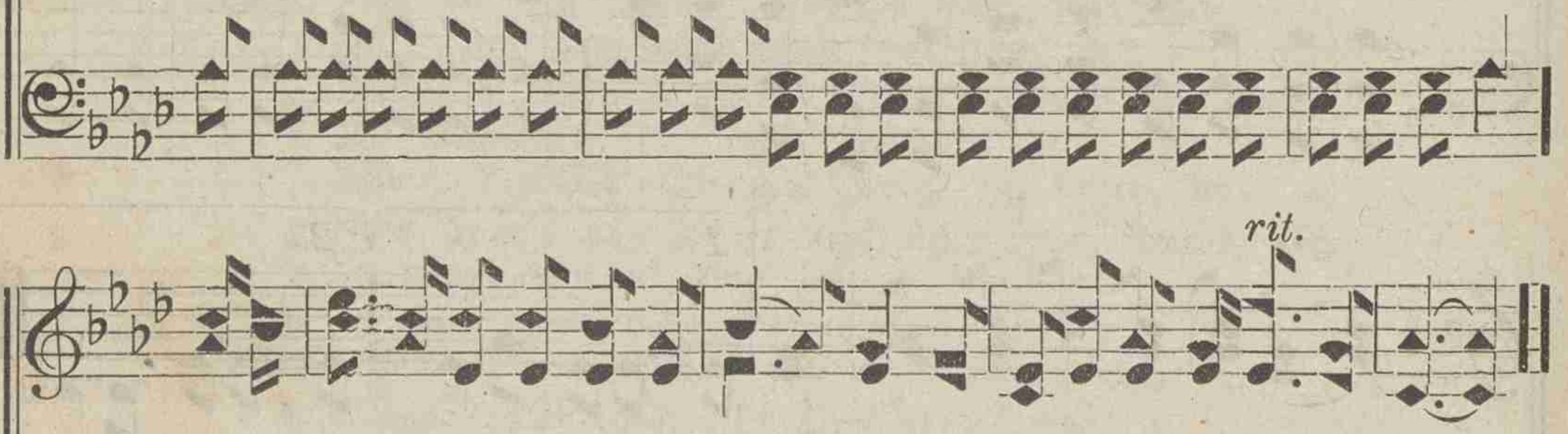
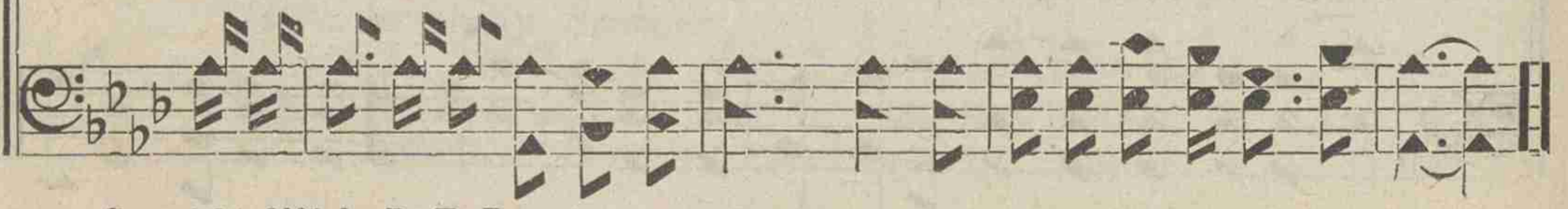
469 THE WONDERFUL STORY.

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

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

Adagio.

1. Oh, wonderful, wonderful sto - ry; The sweetest that ev-er was told;
2. Christ left the bright throne of His glory, Amazing love! how could it be?
3. He rose! the Re-deem-er all glorious, He triumphed o'er death and the grave;
4. Dear Je-sus, while an-gels adore Thee, We gladly our gratitude bring;
5. At last when ar-rayed in His glo - ry, The saints their Redeemer be - hold;

'Tis the joy of the youth and the hoar - y, The story that nev-er grows old.
And He suffer'd death, cruel and go - ry, To save e-ven sinners like me.
And up-on His throne now all vic-to - rious, He reigneth! the "Mighty to save."
And when danger is near, we implore Thee, Oh, keep 'neath Thy sheltering wing.
Then the theme of that wonderful sto - ry They sing, for 'twill never grow old.

CHORUS.

Oh, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful sto-ry, Amazing compassion! Oh, how could it be!

Je-sus left the bright throne of His glo - ry, To save a poor sin-ner like me.

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470 ENLIST AT THE CROSS.

" For it becometh him, from whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering."—Heb. 2: 10.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT. E. HANKS.

1. The Cap-tain of sal - va - tion Now calls for vol - un-teers, The
2. Be mus-tered in - to ser - vice, Put on the sol-dier's dress, Take
3. Fall in - to line of bat - tle, Unsheathe the flash-ing blade; By

war with sin is on us, The strife may last for years; O come and
un - to you the ar - mor, And to the stan-dard press; We have a
fear of want or hun -ger Be not the least dismayed; We're fighting

join the ar - my That can- not suf - fer loss. God's peo-ple now are
might - y Cap-tain Who can- not suf - fer loss. The Sav-iour now is
for a kingdom That can- not suf - fer loss, And heav-en now is

Ri - ter - tan - do. CHORUS.

wait-ing En-list-ments at the cross. En - list at the cross, En-list
call - ing For solldiers of the cross.
wait-ing For vic-tors of the cross.

at the cross, En-list in the ar - my, That can-not suf- fer loss.

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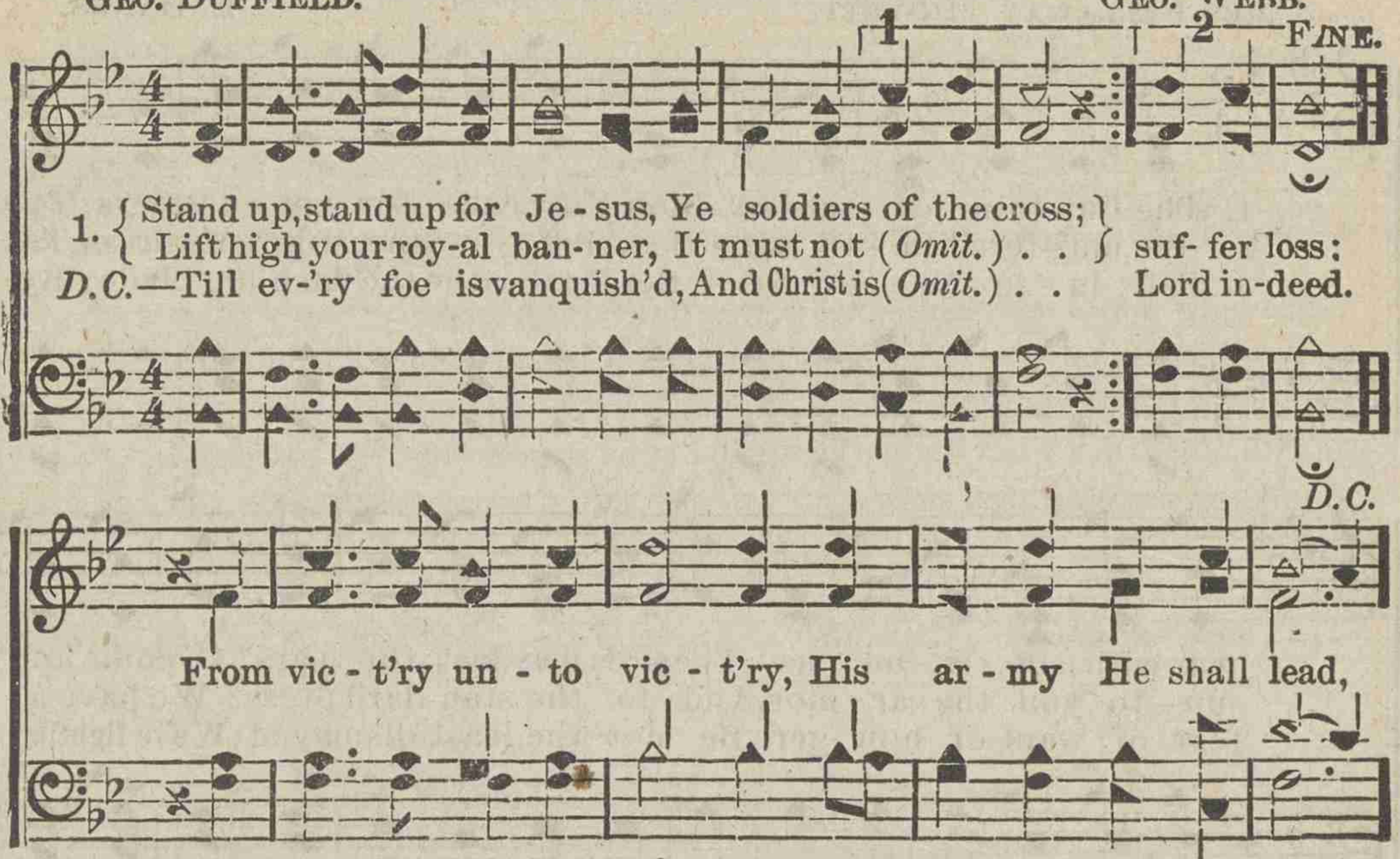
471 STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.

WEBB. 7s. 6s.

GEO. DUFFIELD. GEO. WEBB.



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

472 (*See music above.*)

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking,
To penetential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar;
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending,
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

473 (*See music above.*)

1 Unfurl the Temp'rance Banner,
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas;
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold—
Oh, let the cheering story
In every ear be told.

2 The drunkard shall not perish
In Alchohol's dire chain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again;
And sobered men, repenting,
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their thankful hearts relenting
Before the mercy-seat.

3 A new-waked zeal is burning
In this and every land,
And thousands now are turning
To join our temp'rance band;
The light of truth is shining
In many a darkened soul;
Ere long its rays combining
Will blaze from pole to pole.

No. 474. STEP IN THE LIFE-BOAT.

PERLA E. HIGGINS. D. E. DORTCH.

1. The life- boat. is launch'd on the wild, storm-y sea, To res- cue the
2. The life- boat is launch'd, it is now at your side; Christ's hands are out-
3. The life- boat is launch'd, she is tak - ing us home, While thousands are

lost who are drift- ing a - way; For Sa - tan is striv-ing their
stretch'd to af - ford you re- lief; Ac - cept the kind aid and be
drift-ing to end - less de-spair; O, broth- er, come with us, sal-

souls to obtain, While Je - sus is call-ing, "I'll save you to-day."
rescued from death; Re - ject-ing is choosing your soul's endless grief.
va-tion is free; The Sav-iour will par-don, sub - mit to His care.

Rit.

Chorus.

Step in the life-boat, step in the life-boat, Jesus invites you no long-er de-lay;

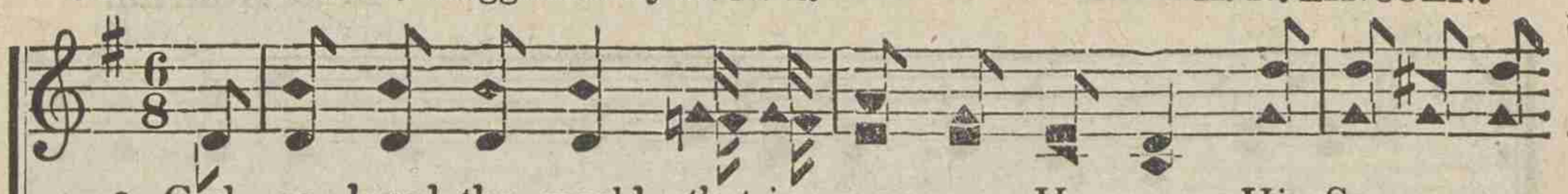
Rit.

Step in the life-boat, step in the life-boat, Jesus is calling, "I'll save you to-day."

Controlled by D. E. Dortch, Columbia, Tenn.

No. 475. ALREADY CONDEMNED.

"He that believeth not, is condemned already."—JOHN 3: 18.

FANNY CROSBY. Suggested by H. N. L. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. God so loved the world that in mer - cy He gave, His Son as a ran - som lost sin- ners to save, O thou who hast nev - er be- lieved on His name, Re- mem-ber the truth that the scriptures proclaim.
2. Al - read - y condemned in the sight of the Lord, Be cause thou art turn - ing a- way from His word, Thou choos-est the e - vil re- ject - est the right, Thou lov - est the dark- ness far bet - ter than light.
3. Al - read - y condemned un- be - liev - er thou art, O think what a sen- tence hangs o - ver thy heart, Yet why wilt thou per - ish? when thou can'st be free, If thou wilt ac - cept it there's par- don for thee.
4. Al - read - y condemned wilt thou turn from thy sin! Then list to the spir - it now plead-ing with - in, Re - pent - ing and trust - ing yield Je - sus thy heart, De- lay not a moment but come as thou art.

Con- demned, con- demned, On Je - sus the Saviour thou hast not believed,
Condemned, condemned, Already condemned,

Con- demned, con - demned, The life that He off- ers thou hast not received.
Condemned, condemned, Already condemned,

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No. 476. Trust and Obey.

HARRIET E. JONES. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. We must wait, we must work, we must watch, we must pray, Nev-er doubt, nev-er fear, trust our Lord day by day; He is just, He is good, He is faith-ful and true, What He promised His chil-dren He sure-ly will do.
2. Let us work with a will, let us trust and o-bey, Stem the storm, face the foe, cheer the sad by the way, Ev-'ry cross meek-ly bear, be co-suff'rers with Him, Shield of faith dai-ly wear, nev-er let it grow dim.
3. With His bright angel-band, some sweet day He will come, Gather gems that will shine in His own bliss-ful home; Praise His name, those who watch, those who la-bor and pray, He will claim as His own on that beau-ti-ful day.

CHORUS.

Let us wait, let us watch, let us trust and o-bey, Then we'll meet Him with joy on that great harvest day.
Let us wait, let us watch, let us trust and o-bey, Then we'll meet

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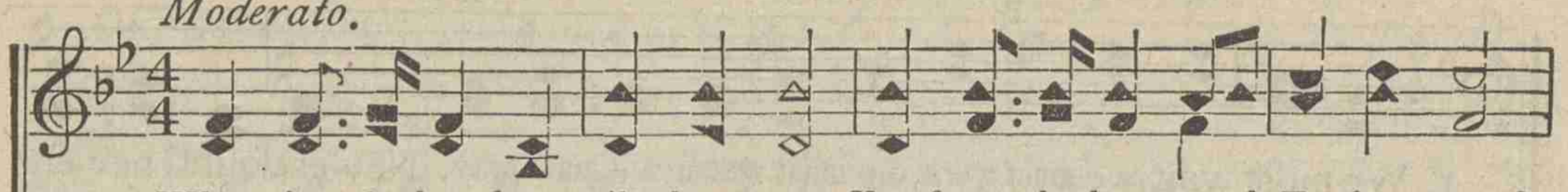
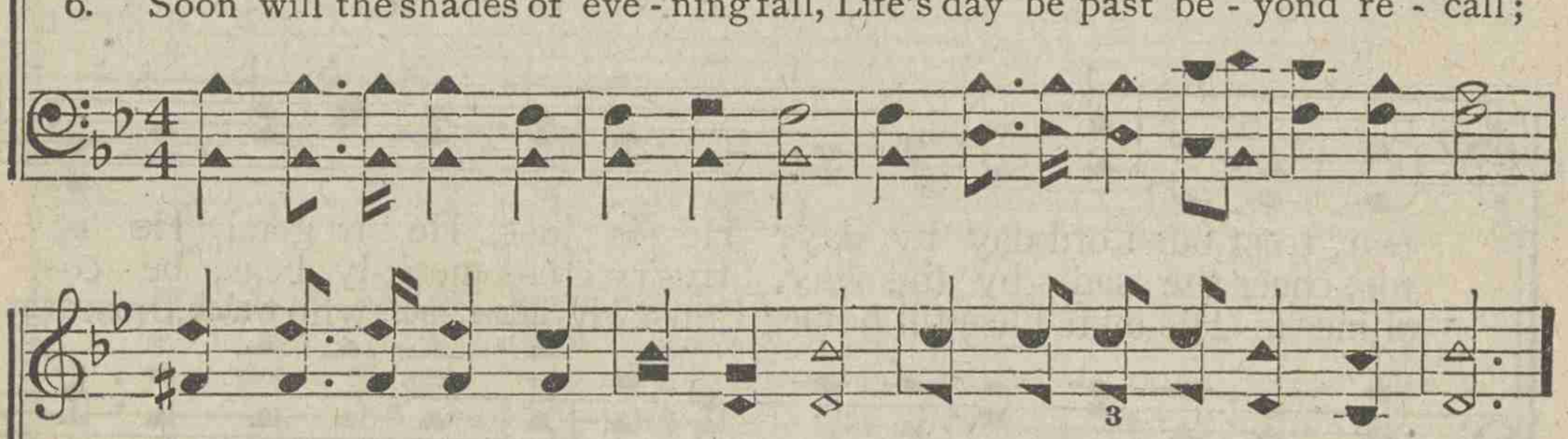
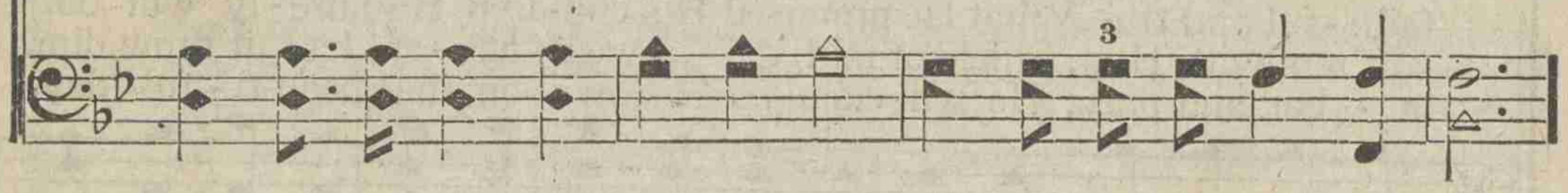
No. 477. The Father's Call.

BIRDIE BELL. H. N. LINCOLN.

Moderato.

1. Why in thy bondage wilt thou stay, Far from thy home and Fa-ther stray?
2. Think of the years thou hast misspent, Time which the Father kind-ly lent;
3. Why wilt thou longer doubting stand? Haste! for He waits with outstretch'd hand;
4. Turn from the des-ert, drear and wild, God lov-eth still His way-ward child;
5. Won-drous sal-va-tion God hath wrought, Jesus thy sin-ful soul hath bought;
6. Soon will the shades of eve-ning fall, Life's day be past be-yond re-call;



Wel-come is wait-ing thee to-day, O prod-i-gal child, come home!
He will for-give if thou re-pent, O prod-i-gal child, come home!
Wilt thou not heed that sweet com-mand? O prod-i-gal child, come home!
Come, and to-day be rec-on-ciled, O prod-i-gal child, come home!
Long in the dark-ness for thee sought, O prod-i-gal child, come home!
Death's gloomy night will thee ap-pall, O prod-i-gal child, come home!



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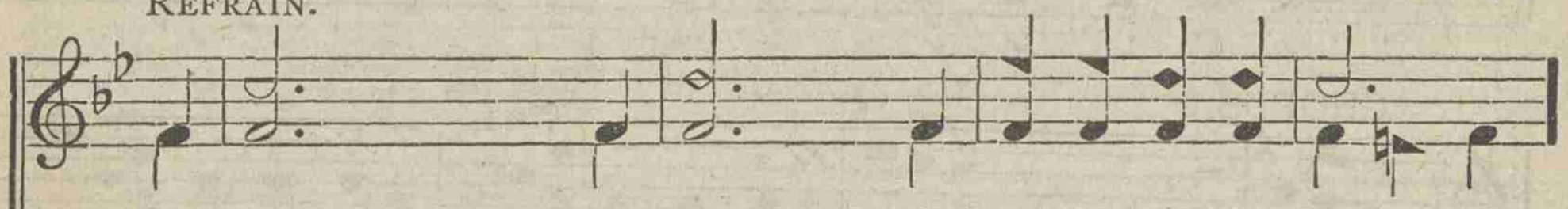
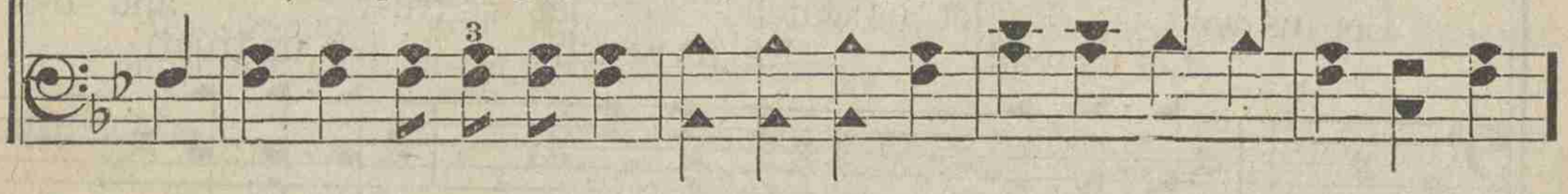


Re-turn, re-turn, O heed the ten-der plea;
Re-turn, O prod-i-gal, re-turn, re-turn, sweet plea;



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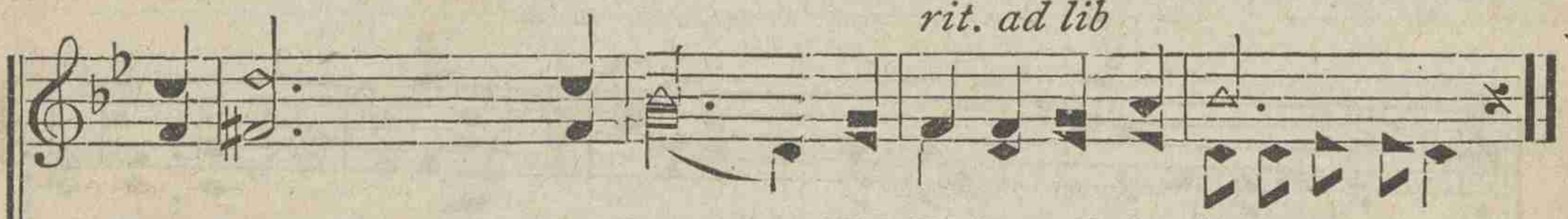
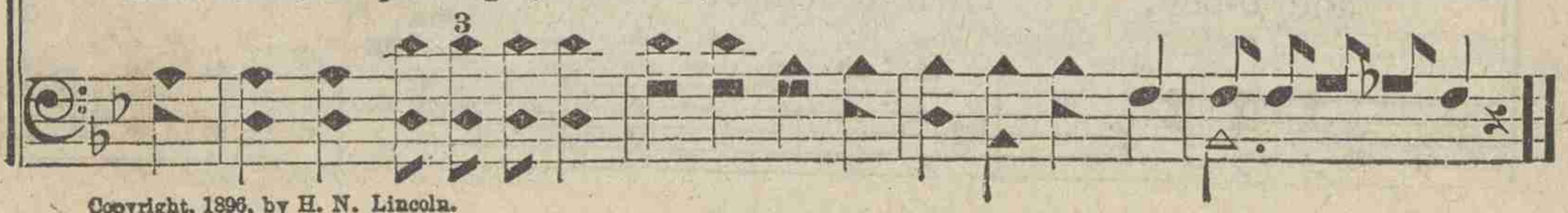

Come home, come home, Thy Father calls for thee.
Come home, O prod-i-gal, come now, come home, He calls for thee.

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