Standard Songs

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1905
1907

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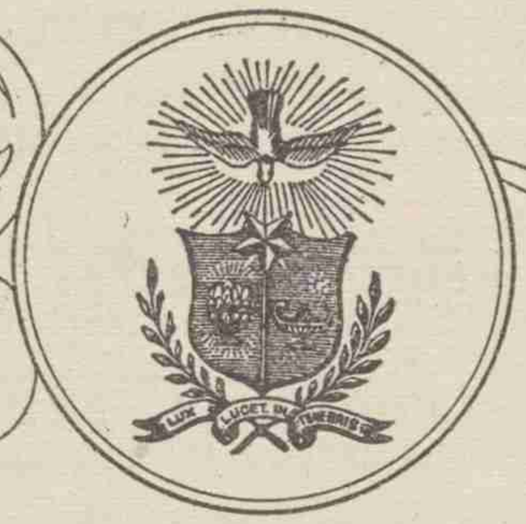
('05) '07

STANDARD SONGS

Special Edition for use in churches Prayer Meetings, Sabbath Schools Evangelistic Services, Young Peoples' Meetings and in the Home.



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1907
Stan

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∴ Introductory ∴

THE power of song as an agency for presenting the Gospel is fully recognized; and an encouraging sign of the times is the reaction against the travesties on sacred music which abound in most of the modern song books.

It is of the highest importance that a collection of sacred songs, which is to be placed in the hands of the young, should express their religious emotions and contribute to the development of their spiritual life.

To this end the selections should teach the great fundamentals of Christian faith with no uncertain sound, they should be reverent in spirit, chaste in sentiment and language, and the music should be melodious, singable and dignified and cling to the memory as a happy expression of the heart's best emotions.

This in brief was our ideal in the preparation of our new book, **Standard Songs.**

We have included a large number of the standard and classical hymns of the Church endeared to all hearts by sacred associations, and they are presented with the tunes to which they have long been wedded. The children and young people, if given an opportunity, can and will sing these old songs of Zion with great enthusiasm, and when they attend church they are prepared to take a helpful part in the service of praise.

To the old hymns we add a carefully selected list of modern Gospel songs, which are entitled to a permanent place in the sacred music of the Church. To give the book a still wider range of usefulness we have added a special list of songs for the elementary departments of our Sabbath-schools and for the Young People's Societies. The selections were made by expert leaders in the religious training of the young, and the words and music both appeal to the heart and mind of childhood.

We have thus provided selections for the Church, the Social Prayer-meeting, the Sabbath-school in all departments, the Young People's Societies and the Home, and all in the compass of one popular-priced book. The work is offered with the hope that its use will greatly add to the vigor and spirituality of the service of praise.

Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Publishers
RICHMOND, VA.

CONTENTS.

	Numbers.
Hymns and Tunes	1–194
Worship	1– 7
Praise	8– 15
The Lord's day	16– 17
Evening	18– 20
Birth of Jesus Christ	21– 25
Jesus Christ—Life and Death	26– 32
The Shepherd—Guidance	33– 36
The Resurrection	37– 41
Holy Spirit	42– 52
Petition	53– 64
Prayer	65– 69
Forgiveness	70– 82
Assurance and Trust	83–103
Consecration	104–111
Service	112–123
Christian Warfare	124–140
Missions	133, 141–148
Giving	149
Temperance	150
Heaven	151–163
National	164–165
Closing	166–174
Elementary Departments	175–194
	Pages.
Index of First Lines	191–192
Index of Tunes	192

WORSHIP.

1 HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

"Nicæa." P. M.

Bp. Reginald Heber, (1783—1826) pb. 1827. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1861.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! though the darkness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea:

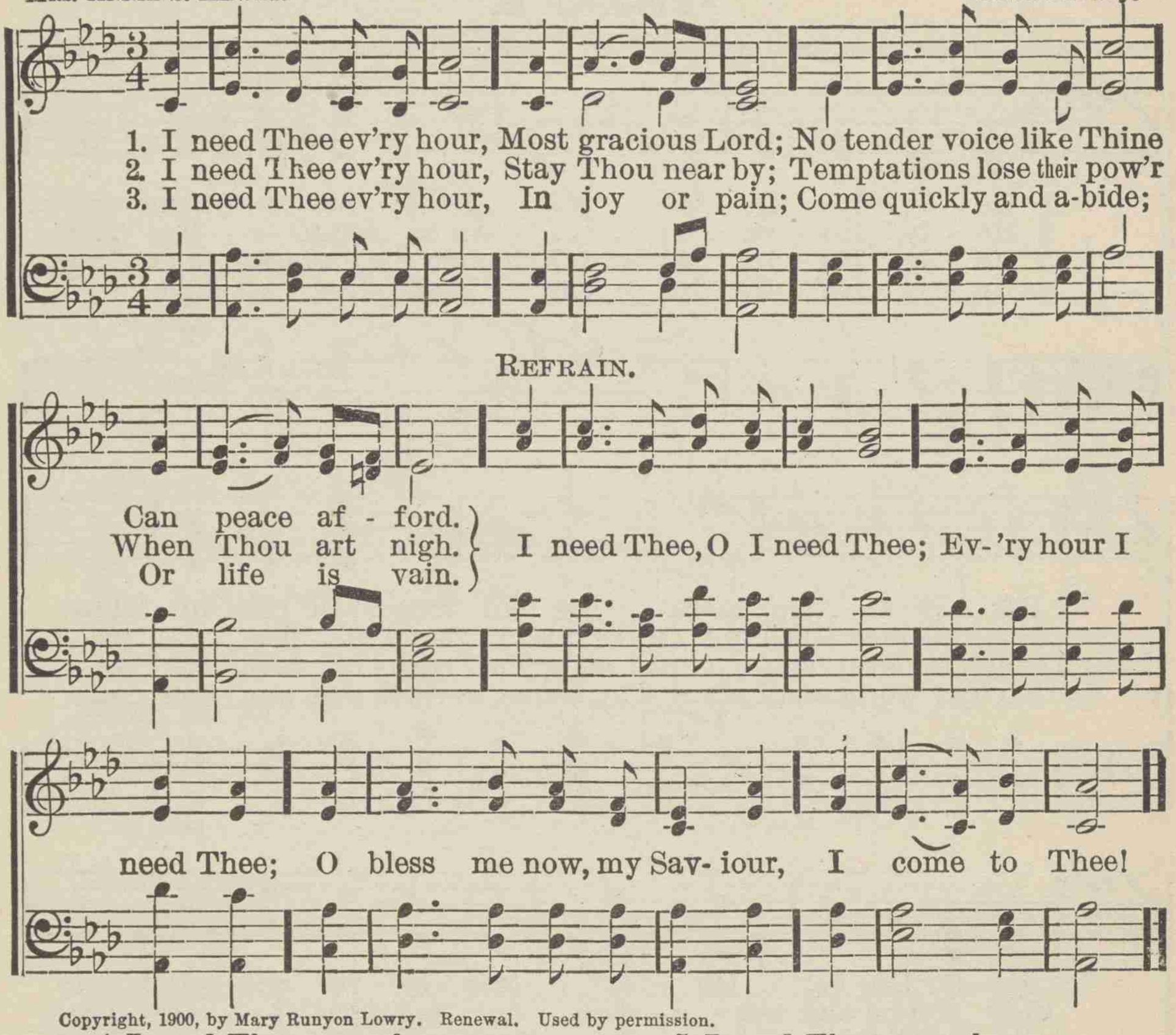
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y;
Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y;

God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
Per - fect in power, in love and pur - i - ty.
God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty! *A-men.*

2 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

P. M.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS. Robert Lowry.



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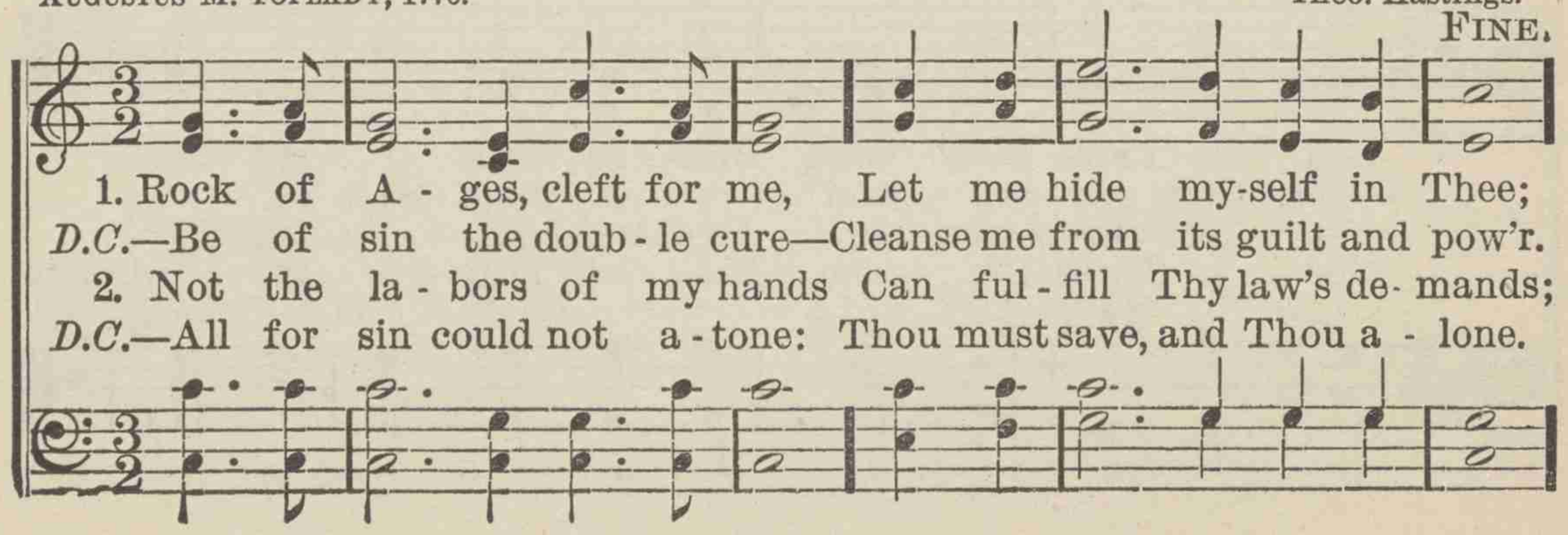
4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

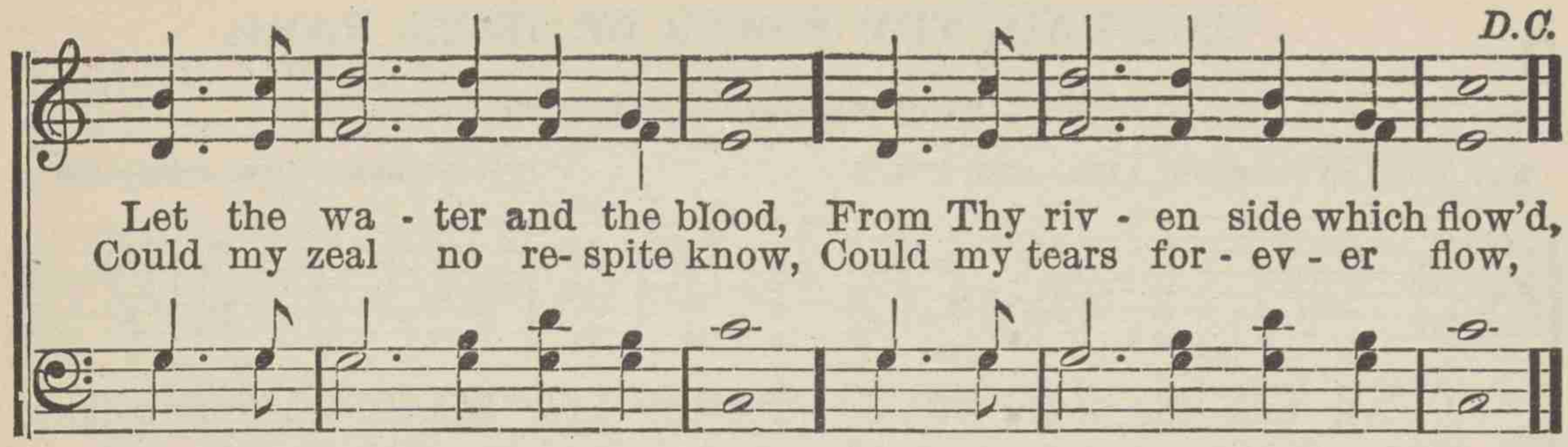
5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son!

3 ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

"Toplady." 7s. 6 l.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776. Theo. Hastings.





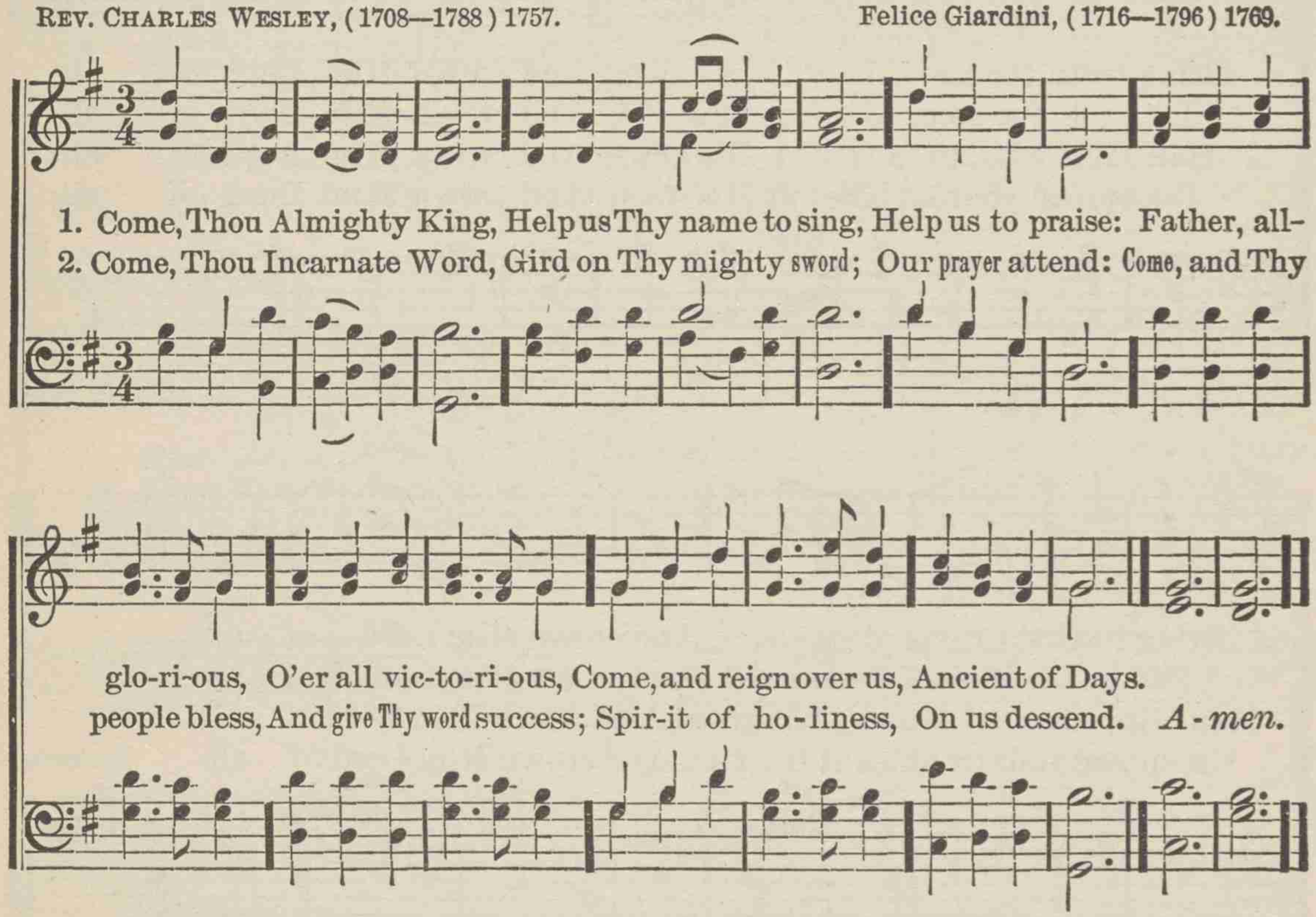
3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine 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.

4 COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

"Italian Hymn." 6s. 4s.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1757. Felice Giardini, (1716—1796) 1769.



3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou, Who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

5

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

"Coronation." C. M.

REV. EDWARD PERRONET, (1721—1792) 1779. Oliver Holden, (1765—1844) 1793.

1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall!
2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall;
4. Sin - ners whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Ex - tol the stem of Jesse's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all. *A-men.*

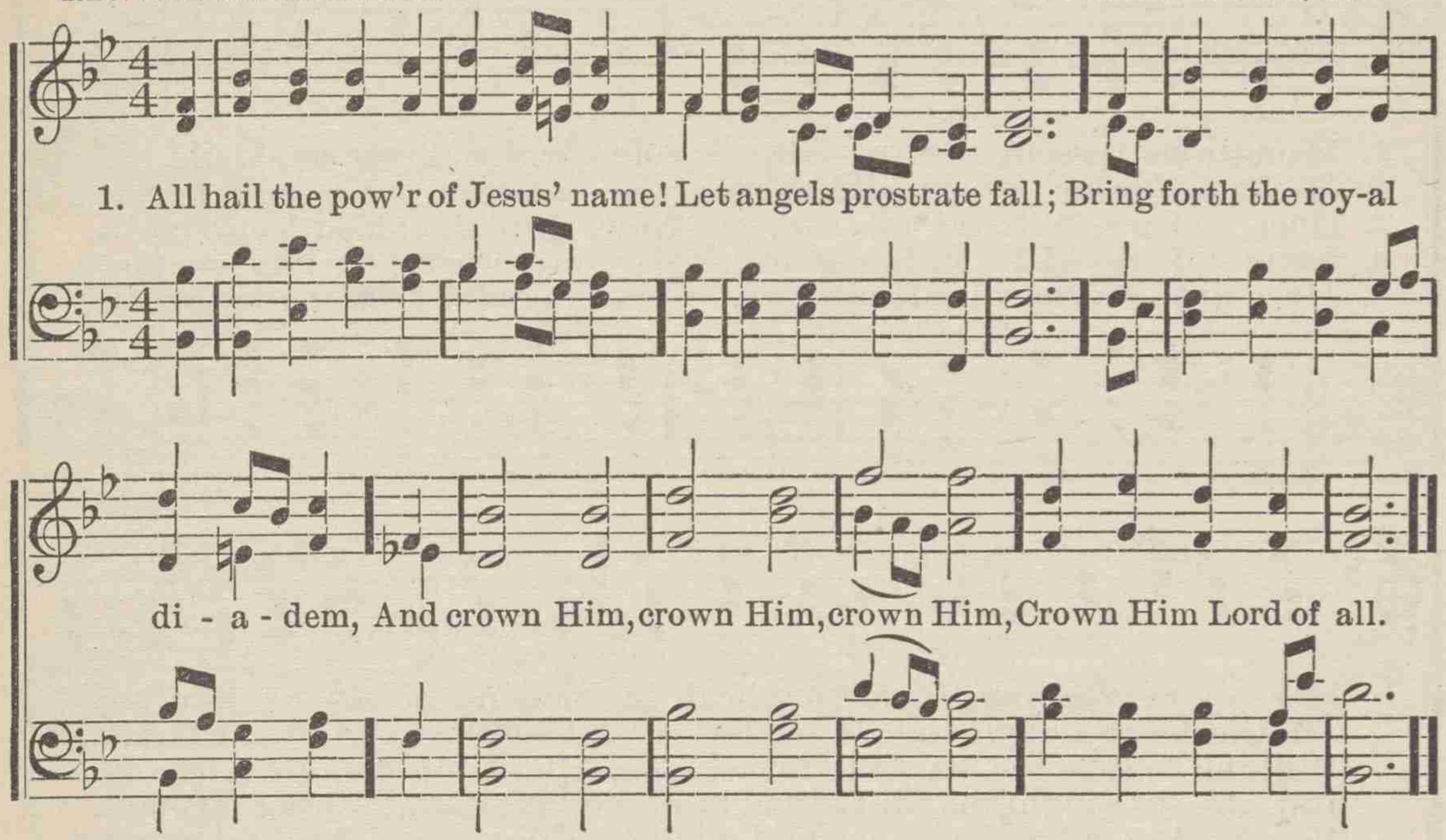
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!

"Miles Lane." C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

REV. EDWARD PERRONET. William Shrubsole, 1779.



6 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

"Bethany." 6s. & 4s.

SARAH F. ADAMS. Lowell Mason.

By per. O. Ditson & Co.

7

IS IT NOT WONDERFUL?

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

1. Won-drous it seem - eth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev-er could know Je - sus such peace could bestow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re - sist - ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place,
5. He doth my new heart con-trol, Cleansing and keep-ing me whole,

Mer - cy re - veal-ing, comforting, healing, Blessing a sin- ner like me.
Till the dear Sav-iour show'd me His favor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
Will-ing to save me, pardon He gave me, And I am hap-py with - in.
But Je- sus sought me till He had bro't me, Pen-itent, seeking His face.
Ban- ish-ing sadness, with joy and gladness Fill-ing and thrilling my soul.

CHORUS.

Is it not won - der ful, is it not won - der-ful Je - sus so
Yes, it is won - der ful, strange and so won - der-ful,

gracious should be?..... That He should save e-ven me?.....
lov - ing and gracious should be! That He should pardon and save even me?

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8

PRAISE YE THE FATHER.

"Integer Vitæ." 11s. & 5s.

MRS. ELIZABETH CHARLES, (1828—1896) Friedrich Ferdinand Fleming, (1778—1813) 1810.

1. Praise ye the Fa - ther for His lov - ing kind - ness,
2. Praise ye the Sa - vior! great is His com - pas - sion,
3. Praise ye the Spir - it! Com - fort - er of Is - rael,

Ten - der - ly cares He for His er - ring chil - dren;
Gra - cious - ly cares He for His cho - sen peo - ple;
Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to bless us;

Praise Him, ye an - gels, praise Him in the
Young men and maid - ens, ye old men and
Praise ye the Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly

heav - ens, Praise ye Je - ho - - vah!
chil - dren, Praise ye the Sa - - vior!
Spir - it, Praise ye the Tri - une God. *A - men.*

9

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"Tell the Story." 7s. & 6s. D.

K. HANKEY. W. G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto-ry Of unseen things above, Of Je-sus and His glo-ry, Of Je-sus and His love. I love to tell the sto-ry, Be-
2. I love to tell the sto-ry: 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems each time I tell it, More wonder-ful-ly sweet. I love to tell the sto-ry: For
3. I love to tell the sto-ry; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I

cause I know 'tis true; It sat-is-fies my longings As nothing else can do.
some have never heard The message of salvation, From God's own holy word.
sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry,
To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.

By permission.

10 SWEETLY SING THE LOVE OF JESUS.

MARION HARLAND, 1874. Austin M. Purves, 1887.

1. Sweet-ly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you, and love for me;
2. Glad - ly sing the love of Je - sus; Let us lean up-on His arm.
3. Soft - ly sing the love of Je - sus; For our hearts are full of tears
4. Ev - er sing the love of Je - sus; Let the day be dark or clear,

Heav-en's light is not more cheering, Heaven's dew's are not more free.
If He love us, what can grieve us? If He keep us what can harm?
As we think how, walking humbly This low earth for wea - ry years,
Ev-ery pain and ev - ery sor - row Brings Him to His own more near.

As a child in pain or ter - ror, Hides him in his mother's breast,
Still He lays His hands in bless - ing On each tim - id lit - tle face,
With-out wealth and without dwelling, Wounded sore by foe and friend,
Death's cold wave need not affright us When we know that He has died,

As a sail - or seeks the ha-ven, We would come to Him for rest.
And in heav'n the children's angels Near the throne have always place.
In the gar-den, and in dy-ing, Je - sus loved us to the end.
When we see the face of Je - sus Smil-ing on the oth - er side. *A - men.*

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11 YOU'LL REAP WHATSOEVER YOU SOW.

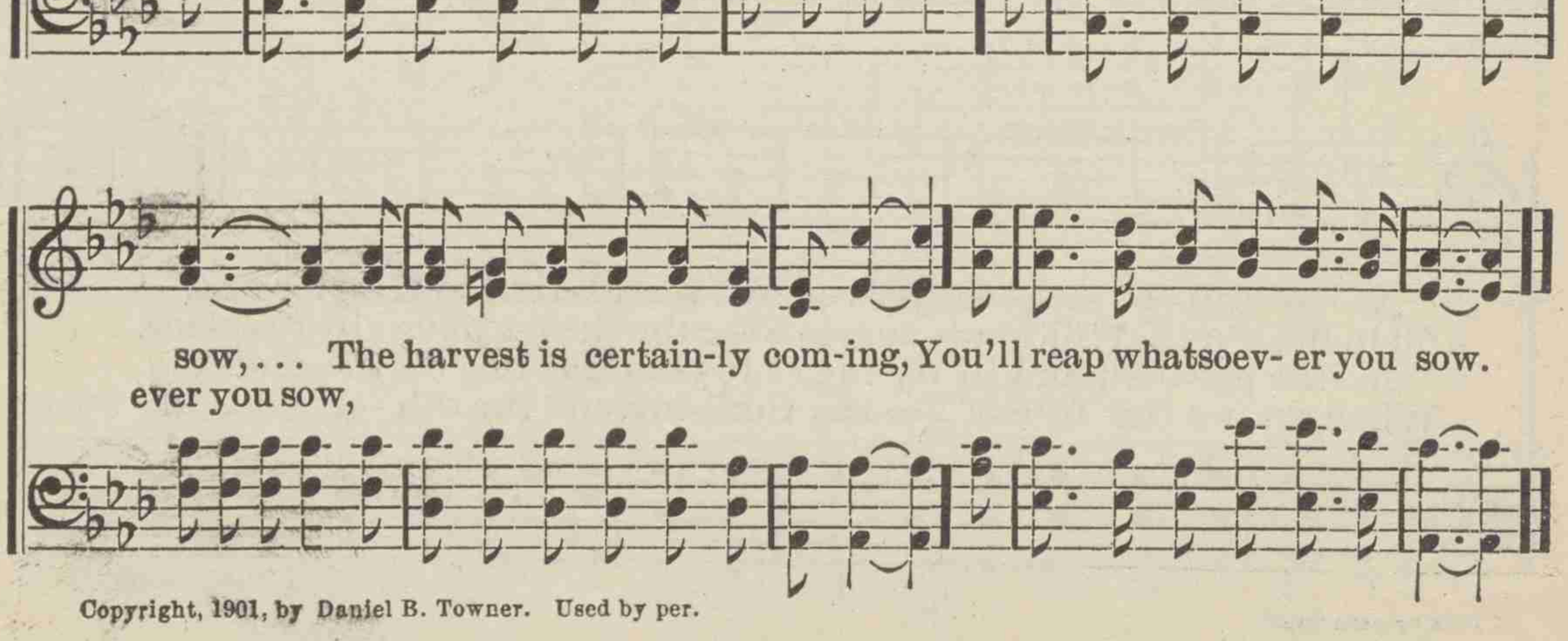
ELLA LAUDER. D. B. Towner.

1. Sow flow- ers, and flow- ers will blossom Around you wher-ev - er you go;
2. Sow blessings, and blessings will rip- en, Sow ha- tred, and ha - tred will grow,
3. Sow love, and its sweetness up- ris- ing Shall fill all your heart with its glow;
4. In faith sow the word of the Mas-ter, A blessing He'll sure- ly be - stow;
5. Preach Christ in His won - der-ful full-ness, That all His sal - va-tion may know;

Sow weeds, and of weeds reap the har-vest, You'll reap what-so - ev - er you sow.
Sow mer - cy, and reap sweet compassion, You'll reap what-so - ev - er you sow.
Sow hope, and re- ceive its fru - i - tion, You'll reap what-so - ev - er you sow.
And souls shine like stars for your crowning, You'll reap what-so - ev - er you sow.
Reap life thro' the a - ges e - ter - nal, You'll reap what-so - ev - er you sow.

CHORUS.

You'll reap whatso - ev - er you sow, ... You'll reap whatso - ev - er you
You'll reap, sure-ly reap what- so -ev- er you sow, You'll reap, surely reap what-so -



sow, . . . The harvest is certain-ly com-ing, You'll reap whatsoev- er you sow.
ever you sow,

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12

SING THEM OVER AGAIN TO ME.

"Wonderful Words." P. M.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a- gain to me, Won-der- ful words of life,
2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all Won-der- ful words of life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der- ful words of life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der- ful words of life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der- ful words of life;
Of - fer par- don and peace to all, Won-der- ful words of life;

Words of life- and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti- ful words, wonder-ful words, Won-der- ful words of life,

Beau- ti-ful words, won-der- ful words, Won-der- ful words of life.

By per. of The John Church Co.

13

LIGHT DIVINE.

GEO. C. HUGG. Geo. C. Hugg.

Joyously.

1. There is sun-light in my soul, blessed sun - light! Cheering up life's
2. There is sun-light in my soul, blessed sun - light! Love and praise be
3. There is sun-light in my soul, blessed sun - light! It will guide me

darksome way; O the blessed Lord of life is that sun- light, Blessed
yond con- trol; O the blessed Lord of life is that sun- light, Blessed
safe - ly home; O the blessed Lord of life is that sun- light, Blessed

CHORUS.

sunlight of the soul. I am walking in the light, blessed sun - light!
blessed, blessed light!

Where the clouds of love di-vine a-bove me roll; I am
Where the clouds of love di - vine above me roll;

walk - - ing in the sun - - light, Glorious sunlight of the soul.
walking in the light, in the blessed, blessed light,

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14 STEPPING IN THE LIGHT.

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

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Try- ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more closely to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in foot-steps of gen - tle for-bearance, Foot-steps of faith- ful-ness
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Upward, still upward we'll

Sav - iour and King; Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de- fend us,
mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to Him for the grace free- ly prom - is'd,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau - ty,"

Chorus.

Hap-py, how hap-py, the songs that we bring.
Hap-py, how hap-py, our prais - es each day.
Hap-py, how hap-py, our jour-ney a- bove.
Hap-py, how hap-py, our place at His side.
} How beauti-ful to walk in the

steps of the Sav - iour, Step-ping in the light, Step-ping in the light; How

beau-ti- ful to walk in the steps of the Sav- iour, Led in paths of light

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15

PRECIOUS NAME.

8s, 7s.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. William Howard Doane.

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je-sus ev - er, As a shield from every snare;
3. Oh, the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je-sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet;

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it, then, where'er you go.
If temptations round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ.
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is com - plete.

Chorus.

Precious name, Oh, how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, Oh, how sweet!

Precious name, Oh, how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, Oh, how sweet, how sweet!

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16 SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

"Sabbath." 7s. 6 lines.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, (1725—1807) 1779. Lowell Mason, (1792—1872) 1824.

1. Safe-ly through an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for pardoning grace, Through the dear Re-deemer's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, May we feel Thy presence near;
4. May Thy Gos-pel's joy-ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, comfort saints;

Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to-day,
Show Thy rec-on-cil-ed face, Take a-way our sin and shame;
May Thy glo-ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap-pear;
Make the fruits of grace a-bound, Bring re-lief for all com-plaints;

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest;
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in Thee;
Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing feast;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a-bove;

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest.
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in Thee.
Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing feast.
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a-bove. *A-men.*

17

WELCOME, DELIGHTFUL MORN.

"Lischer." 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

HAYWARD, ( ) 1806.

Friedrich J. C. Schneider, (1786—1853)
Ar. by Lowell Mason, (1792—1872)

1. Wel-come, de - light-ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest!
2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne of grace;
3. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quickening powers,

I hail thy kind re - turn, Lord, make these mo - ments blest.
Thy scep - ter, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face;
Dis - close a Sa - vior's love, And bless the sa - cred hours,

From low de - lights and mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im -
Let sin - ners feel Thy quickening word, And learn to know and
Then shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sab - baths be en -

mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im-mor - tal joys.
fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
joyed in vain, Nor Sab - baths be en-joyed in vain. *A-men.*

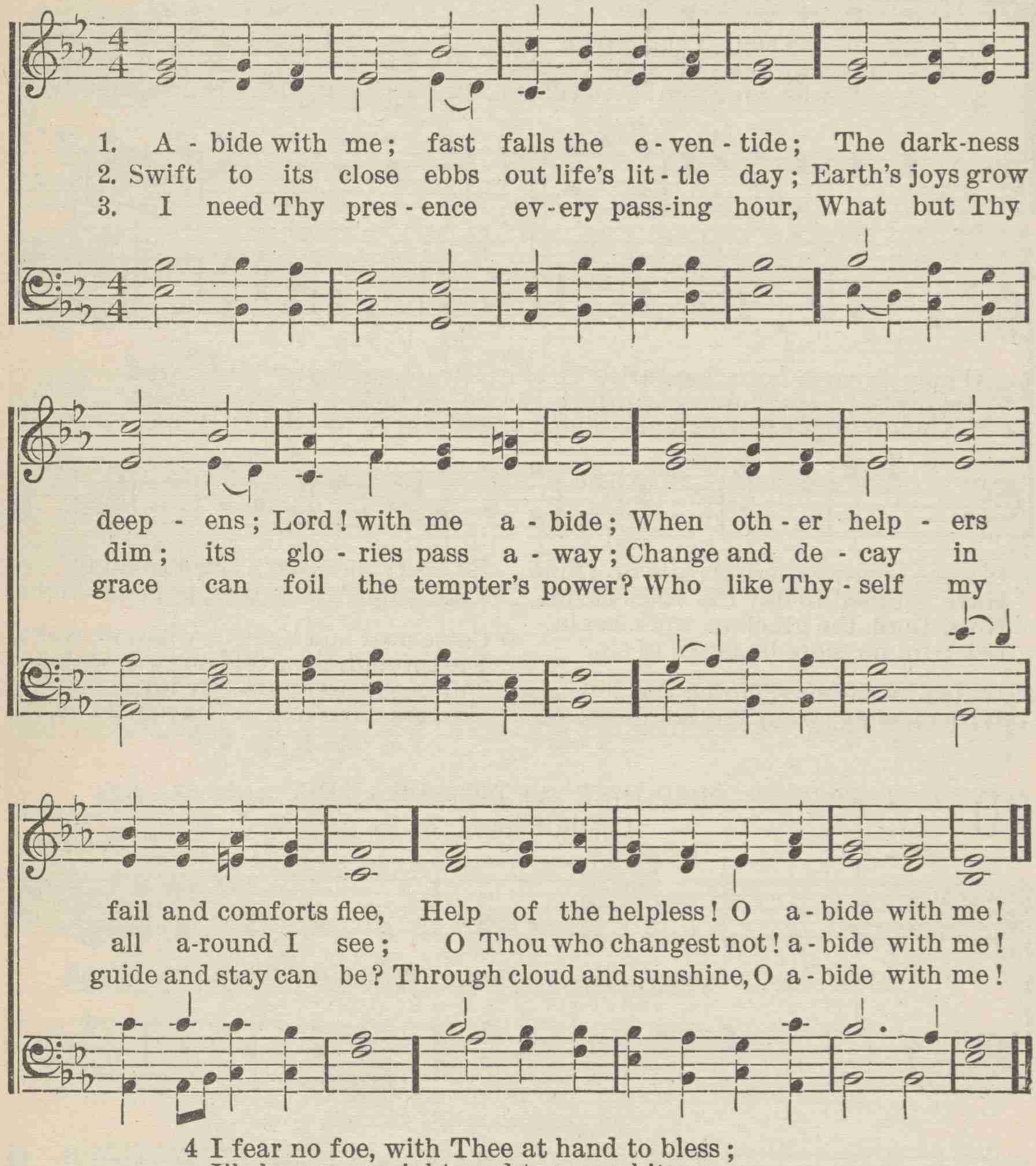
I soar to reach immor - tal joys.
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
Nor Sabbaths be en-joyed in vain.

18

ABIDE WITH ME.

"Eventide." 10s.

REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, (1793—1847) 1847. William Henry Monk, (1823—1889) 1861.



4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me!

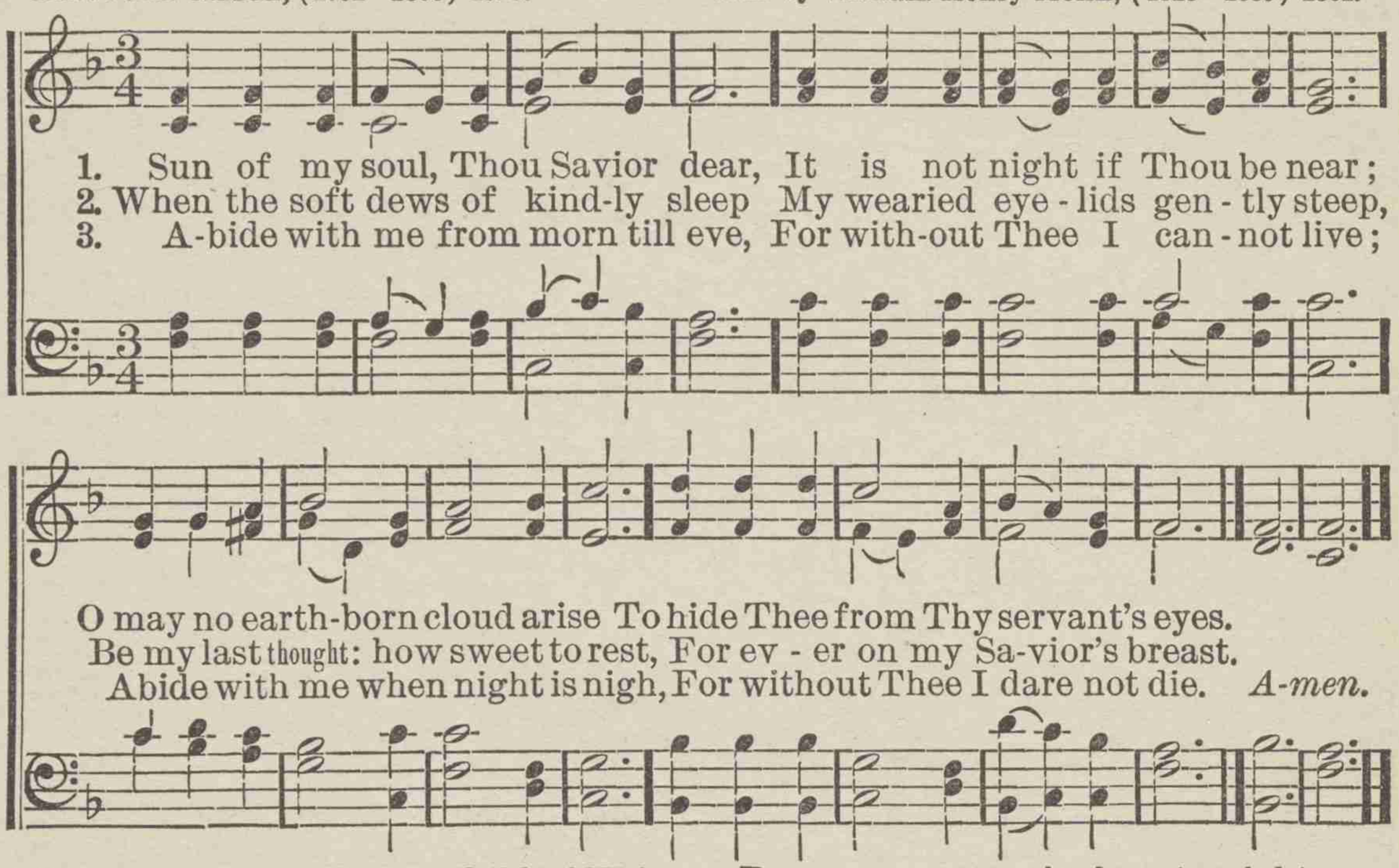
19

SUN OF MY SOUL.

"Hursley." L. M.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, (1792—1866) 1820.

Franz Josef Haydn, (1732—1809) 1792.
Arr. by William Henry Monk, (1823—1889) 1861.



4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let Him no more lie down in sin.

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

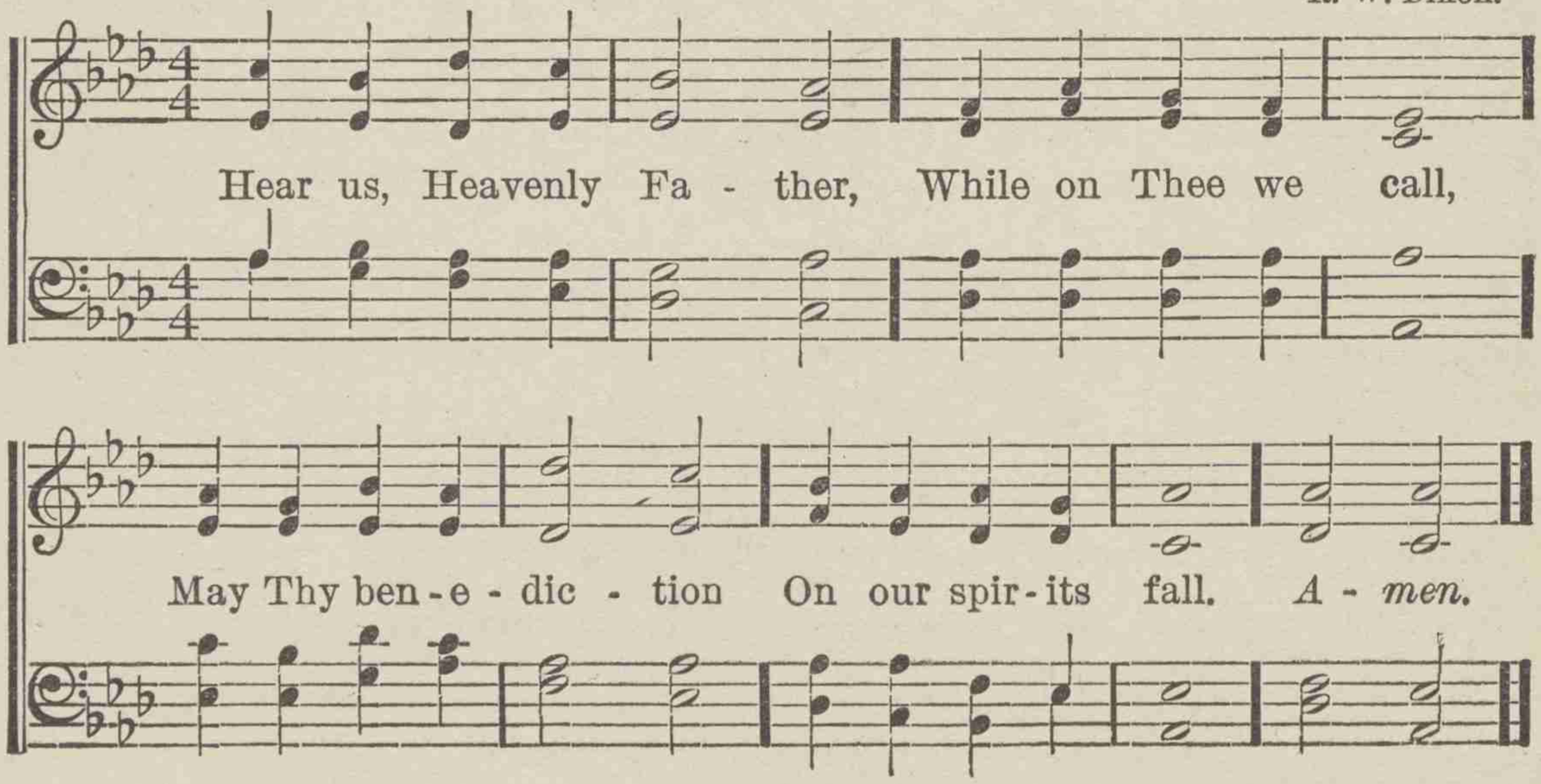
6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

20

RESPONSE AFTER PRAYER.

"Castle Eden." 6s, 5s.

R. W. Dixon.



BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST.

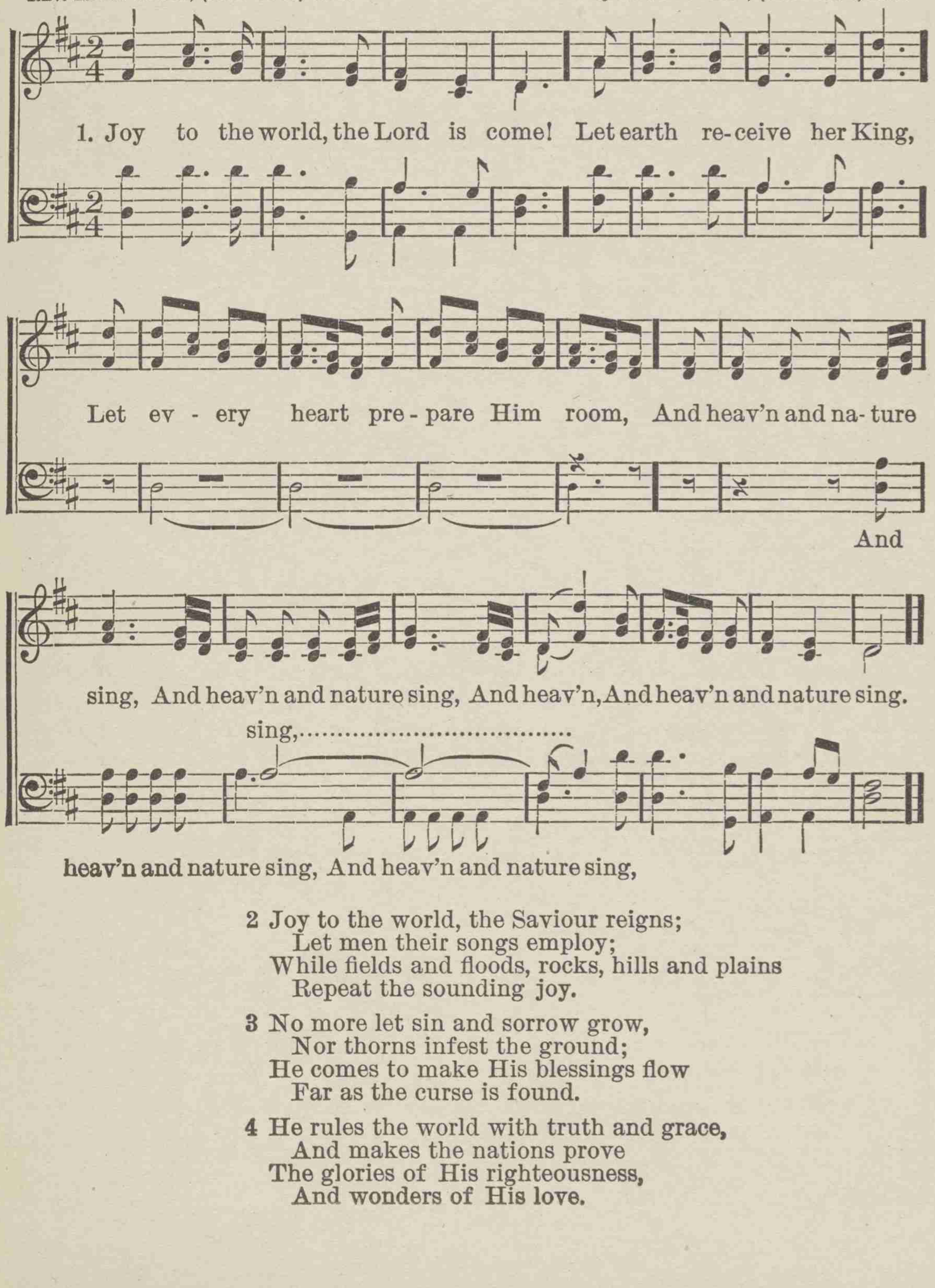
21

JOY TO THE WORLD, THE LORD IS COME!

"Antioch." C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674—1748) 1719.

George Frederick Handel, (1685—1759)
Arr. by Lowell Mason, (1792—1872) 1836.



2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

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

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

22 SAVED BY THE BLOOD.

S. J. Henderson. D. B. Towner.

1. Sav'd by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; Ransom'd from sin and a new work be-gun; Sing praise to the Fa - ther, and
2. Sav'd by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; The an - gels re - joic - ing be-cause it is done; A child of the Fa - ther, joint
3. Sav'd by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; The Fa - ther, He spoke, and His will it was done; Great price of my par - don, His
4. Sav'd by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; All hail to the Fa - ther, all hail to His Son! All hail to the Spir - it, the

praise to the Son; Sav'd by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One.
heir to the Son, Sav'd by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One.
own pre-cious Son, Sav'd by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One.
great Three in One, Sav'd by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One.

Chorus.

Sav'd!..... Sav'd!..... my sins are all pardon'd, My guilt is all gone;
Glory, I'm sav'd! glory, I'm sav'd!

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23 GLORY TO HIS NAME.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

By permission, Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

I MUST TELL JESUS.

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

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these burdens a - lone; In my distress He kindly will help me; He ev-er loves and cares for His own.
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind com-pass - ion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de-liv-er, Make of my troubles quickly an end.
3. Tempt-ed and tried I need a great Sav- iour, One who can help my bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je-sus, I must tell Jesus; He all my cares and sorrows will share.
4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je-sus, and He will help me O-ver the world the vict'ry to win.

CHORUS.

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my burdens a - lone;

I must tell Je-sus! I must tell Jesus! Je -sus can help me, Je -sus a - lone.

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THERE'S A SONG IN THE AIR.

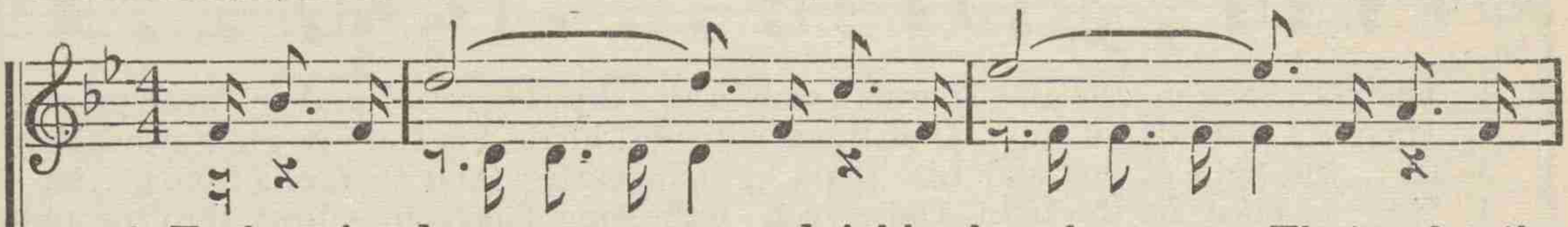
"Mardina."

DR. J. G. HOLLAND. Emmelar.

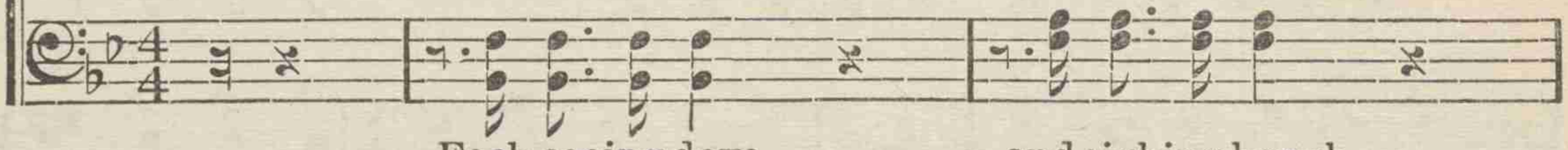
26

MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. H. R. Palmer.



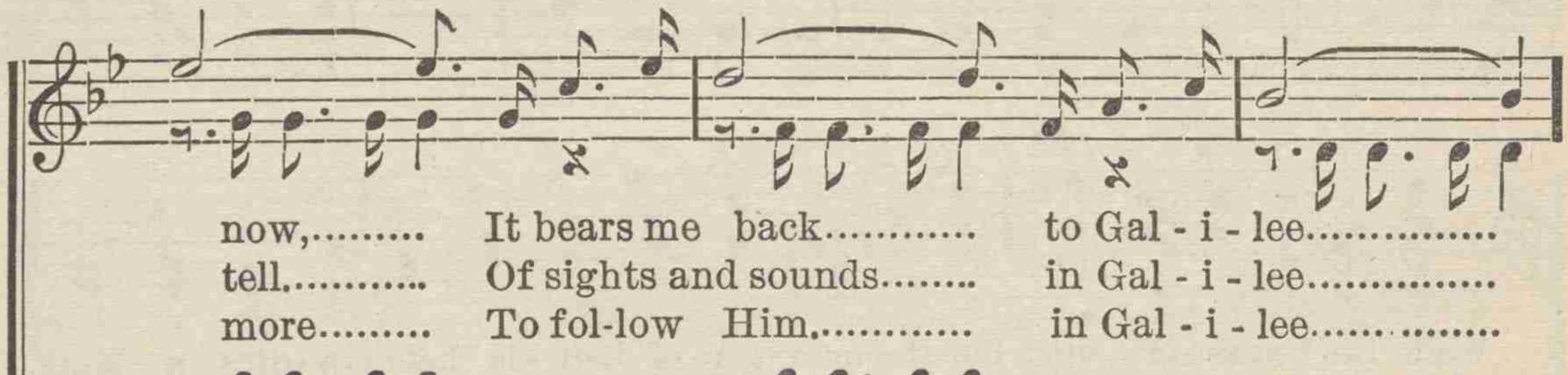
1. Each cooing dove..... and sighing bough,..... That makes the
2. Each flowing glen..... and mossy dell,..... Where happy
3. And when I read..... the thrilling love..... Of Him who



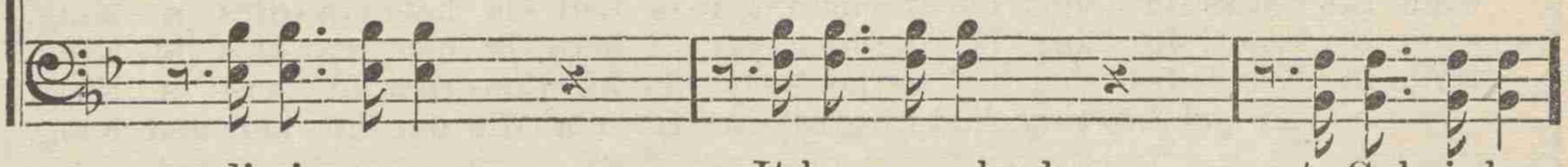
Each cooing dove, and sighing bough,
Each flowing glen and mos - sy dell,
And when I read the thrilling love

eve,..... so blest to me,..... Has something far..... di - vi-ner
birds..... in song a-gree,..... Thro' sunny morn..... the praises
walk'd..... up-on the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once

That makes the eve so blest to me, Has something far
Where happy birds in song agree, Thro' sunny morn
Of Him who walk'd up-on the sea, I long, oh, how



now,..... It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee.....
tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal - i - lee.....
more..... To fol-low Him..... in Gal - i - lee.....



di-vi-ner now, It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.
the praises tell, Of sights and sounds in Gal i - lee.
I long once more To follow Him in Gal - i - lee.

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CHORUS.

O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where Je-sus lov'd so much to be;

O Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Come sing thy song again to me.

27

THERE'S A WIDENESS.

"Wellesley." 8s. & 7s.

FREDERICK W. FABER. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea,
2. There is welcome for the sin-ner, And more gra - ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kindness in His justice, Which is more than lib-er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Saviour, There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal, Is most won-der- ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION.

"Aurelia." 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

REV. SAMUEL J. STONE. (1866—) Samuel S. Wesley, (1864—)

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. Tho' with a scorn - ful won - der, Men see her sore op - press'd,
4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,

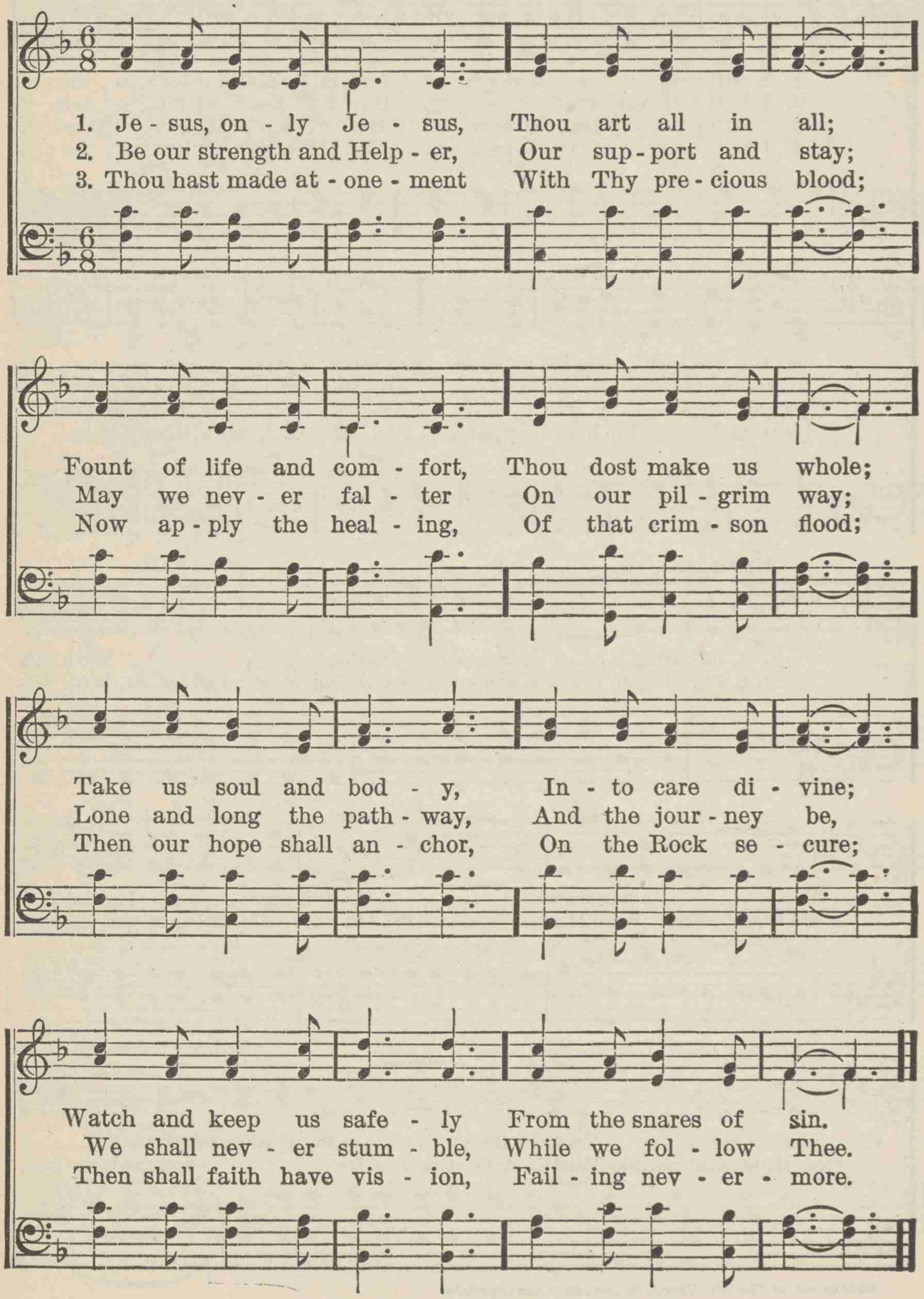
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - tress'd;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;

From Heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"
Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.
And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.

JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

REV. WILLIAM H. SHULTS, (1855—) 1897. Rev. William H. Shults, (1855—) 1897.



30

I WILL SING OF MY REDEEMER.

"My Redeemer."

James McGranahan, (1840—)

1. I will sing of my Redeem - er And His wondrous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeem - er, His tri - um-phant power I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Redeem - er, And His heaven-ly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free-ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.

REFRAIN.

Sing, oh! sing..... of my Redeem - er, With His
Sing, oh! sing of my Redeem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeem-er, With His

blood..... He purchased me,..... On the cross..... He sealed my
blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me; On the cross He sealed my pardon, On the

Repeat pp after last verse.

par - don, Paid the debt,.....And made me free.....
cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt, and made me free, and made me free.

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31 GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.

MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—) William James Kirkpatrick, (1838—) 1885.

Solo ad lib.

1. God loved the world so ten - der - ly His on - ly Son He gave,
2. Oh, love that on - ly God can feel, And on - ly He can show!
3. Why per - ish, then ye ransomed ones? Why slight the gra-cious call?
4. O Sa - vior, melt these hearts of ours, And teach us to be - lieve

That all who on His name be-lieve Its wondrous power will save.
Its height and depth, its length and breadth Nor heaven nor earth can know!
Why turn from Him whose words proclaim E - ter - nal life to all?
That who - so - ev - er comes to Thee Shall end - less life re - ceive.

REFRAIN.

For God so loved the world that He gave His on - ly Son, That

who - so - ev - er believ-eth in Him Should not per-ish, should not per - ish; That

who-so-ev-er believ-eth in Him Should not per - ish, but have everlasting life.

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JESUS, TENDER SAVIOUR.

"Luella." 11s.

H. N. Whitney.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Sa - vior, hast Thou died for me?
2. Now I know Thou lov - est and dost plead for me,

Make me ver - y thank - ful in my heart to Thee.
Make me ver - y thank - ful in my prayers to Thee.

When the sad, sad sto - ry of Thy grief I read,
Soon I hope in glo - ry at Thy side to stand;

Make me ver - y sor - ry for my sins in - deed.
Make me fit to meet Thee in that hap - py land. *A - men.*

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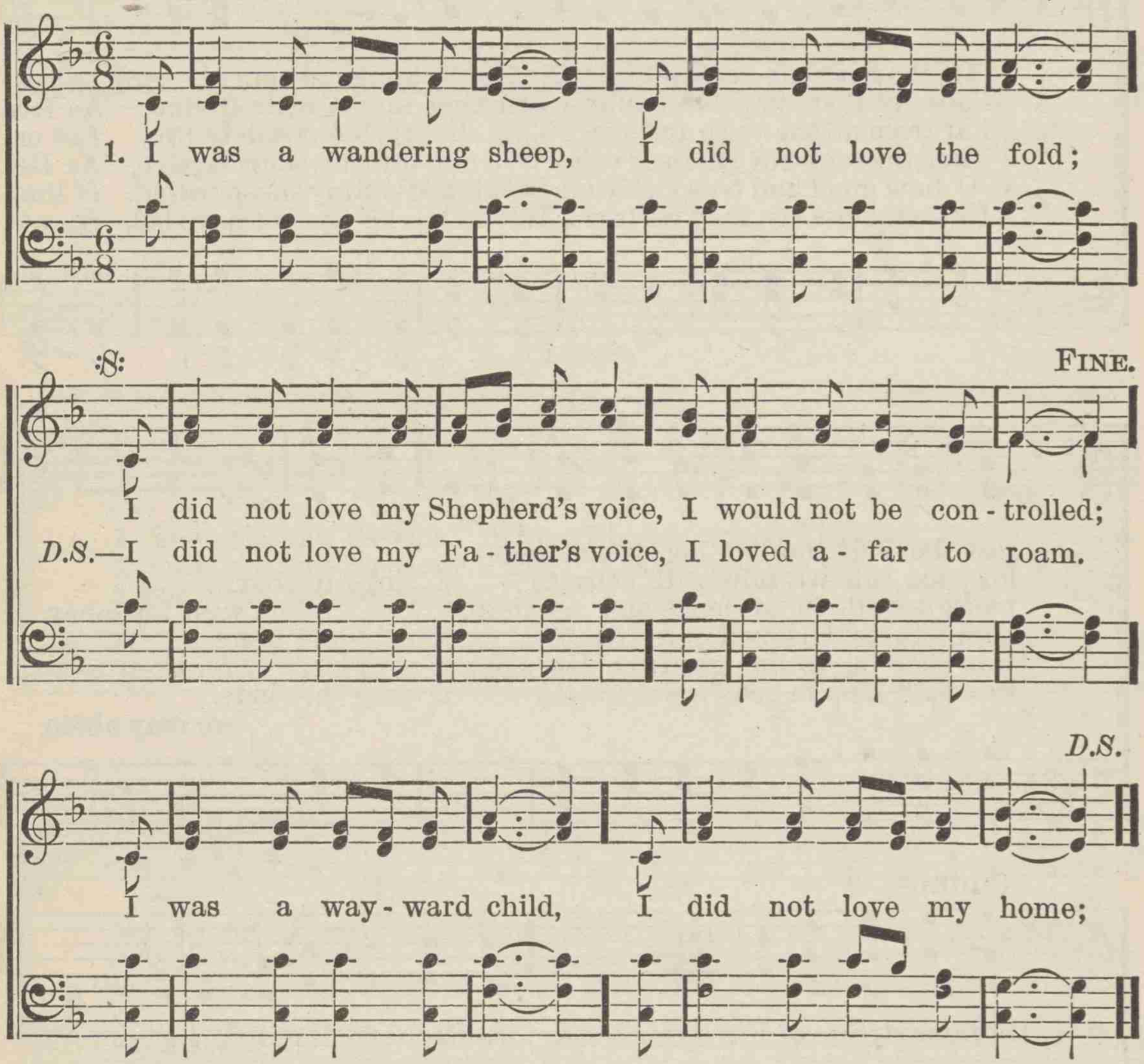
33 I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

"Lebanon." S. M. D.

HORATIOUS BONAR, 1844. John Zundel, 1855.



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

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

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold:
I was a wayward child;
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

34 IN HEAVENLY PASTURES.

Mrs. M. A. Whitaker. Geo. F. Root.

1. In the heav'nly pastures fair, 'Neath the tender Shepherd's care, Let us
Calm-ly there in peace recline, Drinking in the truth divine, As His
2. Far from all the noise and strife That dis-turb our dai-ly life, Let us
Then the sound of His dear voice Will our waiting souls rejoice, As He
3. O how good and true and kind, Seeking His stray sheep to find, If they
Ev-er close-ly may we tread Where His ho-ly feet have led, So at

rest be-side the liv-ing stream to-day;
lov-ing call we now with (*Omit.*) joy o-bey.
pause a-while in si-lence and a-dore;
nam-eth us His own for-(*Omit.*) ev-er-more.
wan-der in-to dan ger from His side; for-ev-er-more.
last with Him in heav'n we (*Omit.*) may a-bide.
we may abide.

Chorus.

Glorious stream of life e-ter-nal, Beauteous fields of living green,
living green,

Though revealed with-in the word Of our Shepherd and our Lord,

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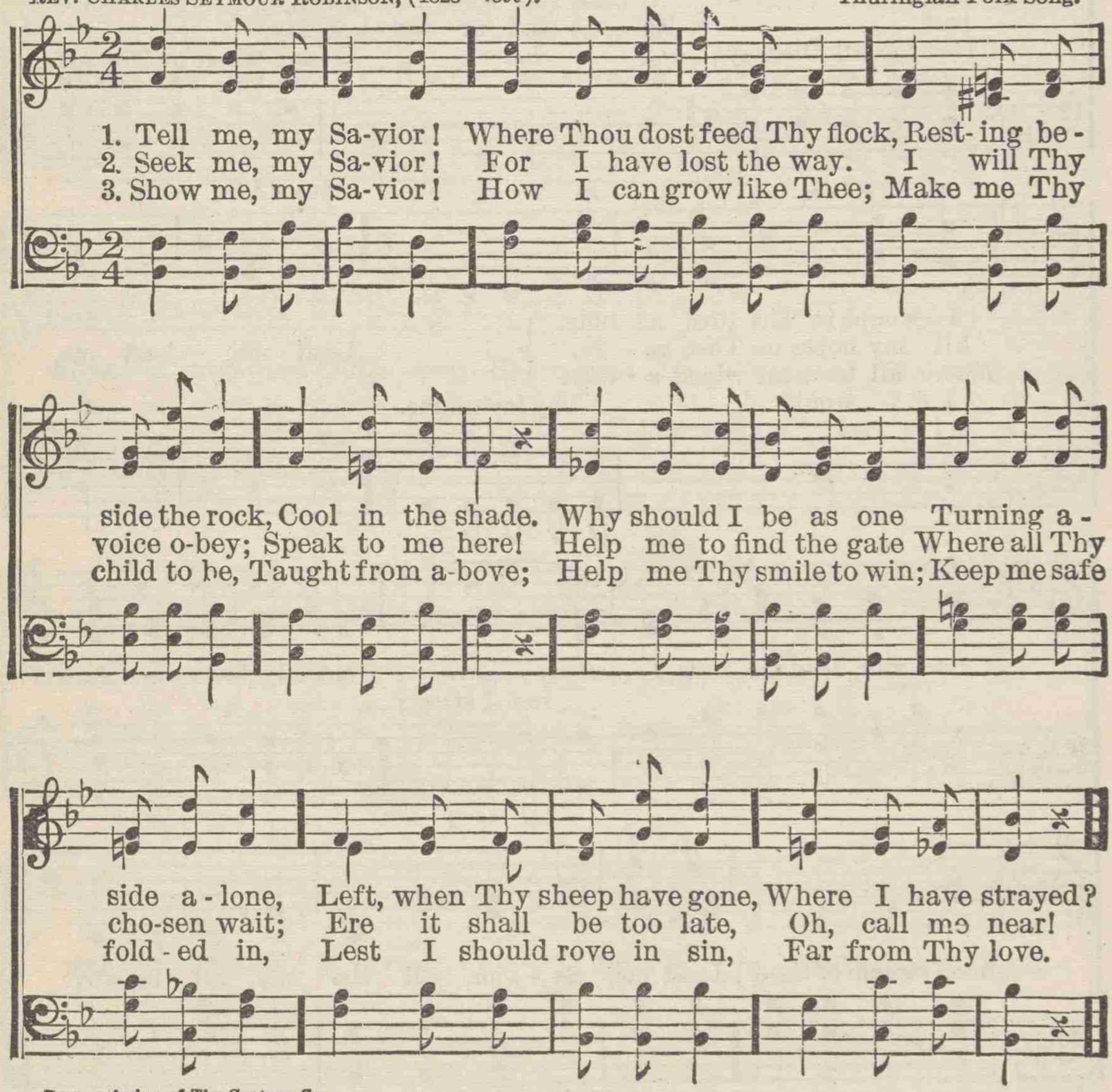
35

TELL ME, MY SAVIOUR.

"Lynde."

REV. CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON, (1828–1899). Thuringian Folk-Song.



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36 SAVIOUR, LEAD ME, LEST I STRAY.

FRANK M. DAVIS, (1839—1897) 1882.

Frank M. Davis, (1839—1897) 1882.

1. Sa - vior, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way;
2. Thou, the ref - uge of my soul, When life's stormy bil - lows roll,
3. Sa - vior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

Sa - vior, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by Thy side,
I am safe when Thou art nigh,
To the land of end - less day,
I am safe when by Thy side,

REFRAIN.

I would in Thy love a - bide.
All my hopes on Thee re - ly.
Where all tears are wiped a - way.
I would in Thy love abide.

Lead me, lead me,

Sa - vior, lead me, lest I stray;..... Gent - ly down the stream of time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sa - vior, all the way, all the way.

lest I stray;

From "Carols of Joy," by per. of John J. Hood.

THE RESURRECTION.

CHRIST AROSE!

37

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, (1826—1899). Rev. Robert Lowry, (1826—1899) 1874.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sa - vior! Wait - ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus my Sa - vior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death can - not keep His prey— Je - sus my Sa - vior! He tore the bars a - way—

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, He a-rose, With a might - y triumph o'er His foes; He a-rose! He a - rose a Vic - tor from the dark do - main, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign. He a - rose! He a - rose! He a - rose! He a-rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose! He a-rose!

rit.

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38

DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST.

Chautauqua. 7. 7. 7. 7. 4. With Refrain.

MARY A. LATHBURY, 1880. William F. Sherwin, 1877.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest;
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home,

Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her eve - ning lamps a - light
Gath - er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace,

REFRAIN.

Thro' all the sky.
For Thou art nigh. } Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee,

cres.

Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high!

39 AT CALVARY.

WM. R. NEWELL. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was cru - ci - fied, Knowing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the law I'd spurn'd, Till my guilt-y soul im-ploring turn'd, To Cal - va - ry.
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him as my King; Now my raptured soul can on only sing Of Cal - va - ry.
4. Oh! the love that drew sal - va- tion's plan, Oh! the grace that bro't it down to man, Oh! the mighty gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

Mer - cy there was great and grace was free, Par - don there was mul - ti - plied to me, There my burden'd soul found liberty, At Cal - va - ry.

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40 WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

ISAAC WATTS. Robert Lowry, D. D.

Spirited.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known,
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets,
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - ery tear be dry;

Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
But chil-dren of the heav'nly King, But chil- dren of the heav'nly King,
Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground, We're marching through Immanuel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on.
We're marching on to Zi - on,

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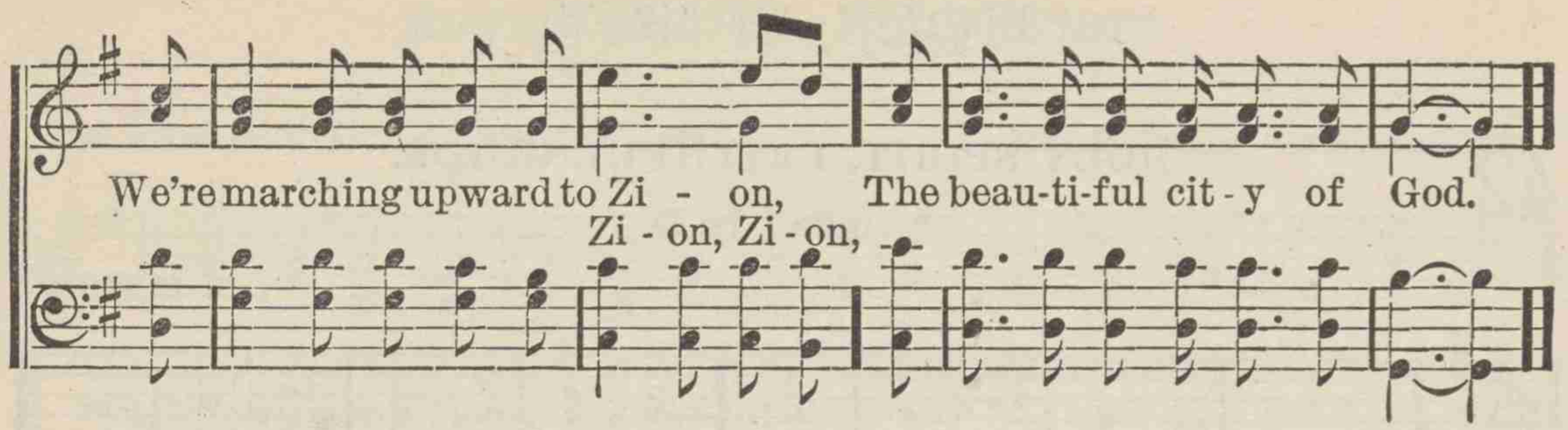


41 I HEAR A SWEET VOICE RINGING CLEAR.

"Grassmere." P. M.

E. PAXTON HOOD. Old Melody, arr.

1. I hear a sweet voice ringing clear, All is well! All is well!
2. Clouds cannot long obscure my sight; All is well! All is well!
3. In morning hours, serene and bright, All is well! All is well!

It is my Fa-ther's voice I hear, All is well! All is well!
I know there is a land of light; All is well! All is well!
In even-ing hours or darkening night, All is well! All is well!

Wher-e'er I walk that voice is heard: It is my God, my Father's word,
From strength to strength, from day to day, I tread along the world's highway;
And when to Jordan's side I come, 'Midst chilling waves and raging foam,

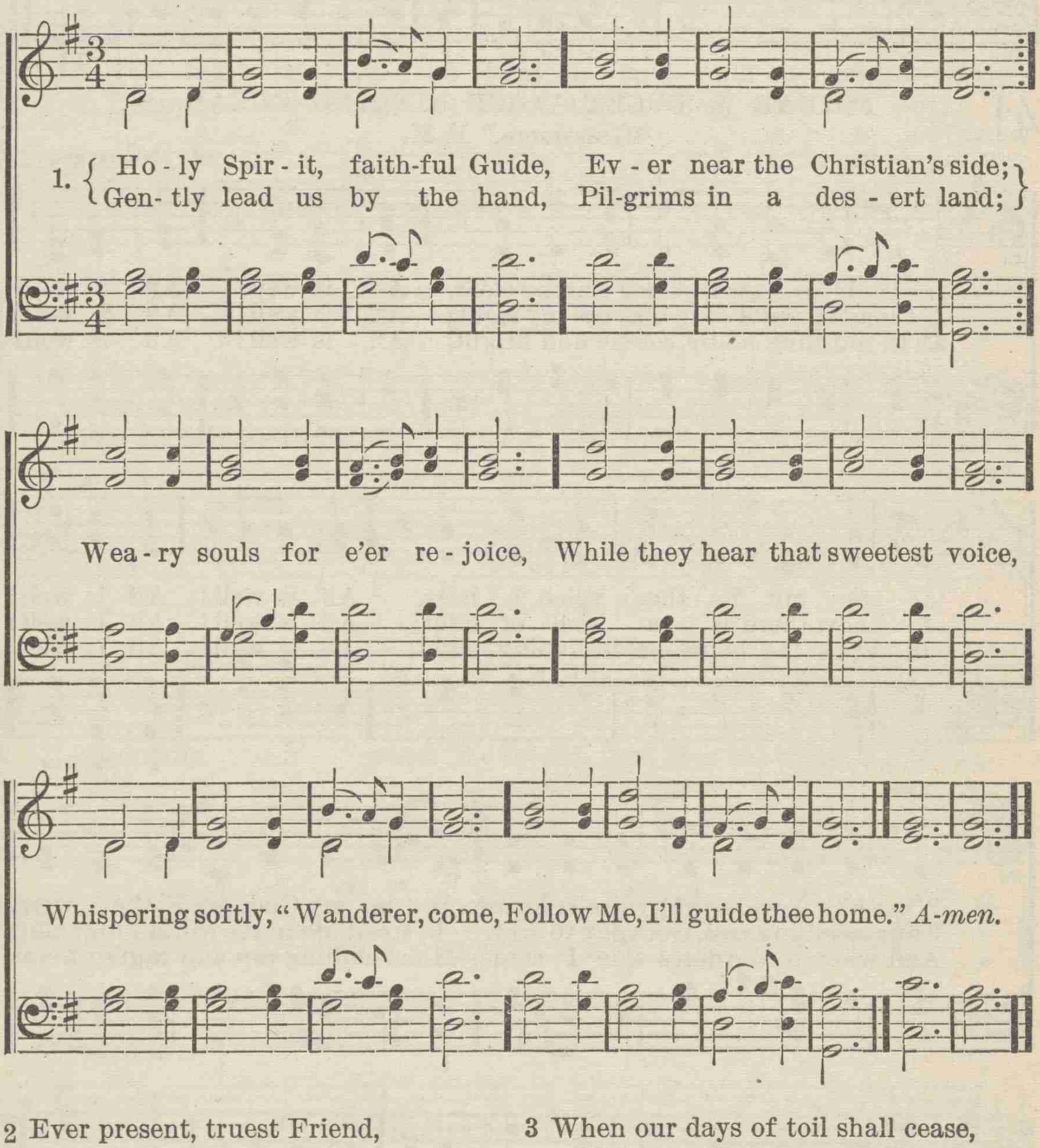
"Fear not, but trust: I am the Lord:" All is well! All is well!
Or oft-en stop to sing or say, All is well! All is well!
Oh, let me sing as I go home, All is well! All is well!

42

HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

"Guide." 7s. D.

M. M. Wells.



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

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

43 HOVER O'ER ME, HOLY SPIRIT.

REV. ELLWOOD H. STOKES, (1815—1895) 1879. John R. Sweney, (1838—1899) 1879.

1. Hov-er o'er me, Ho-ly Spir-it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit, Though I can-not tell Thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At Thy sa-cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

Fill me with Thy hallowed presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e-ter-nal Spir-it, Fill with power, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort-ing and sa-ving, Thou art sweet-ly fill-ing now.

REFRAIN.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come, and fill me now;
Fill me with Thy hallowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.

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44

THE COMFORTER HAS COME!

REV. F. BOTTOME. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Oh, spread the ti-dings round, where-ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Be - hold, the 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 vacant
wond'ring mor-tals tell the matchless 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; Oh, spread the tidings

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 triumph rings! The Com - fort - er has come!
sin, 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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45 IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

E. A. H. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Have thy af - fections been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do- min- ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con- dem- na- tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un - der Je - sus' con- trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walk-ing in heav-en's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Je - sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with-out and with- in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem - ple with- in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each mo-ment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wear-ing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crim-son flood, Cleans'd and made

ho - ly, hum-ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?...
of God?

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46 GLORY ALL THE WAY!

J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. Towner.

1. Sav'd by grace a - lone, God's own word be - liev - ing— It is glo - ry
2. Not a care have I since my Sav - iour car - eth— It is glo - ry
3. Severed from the world His dear name con - fess - ing— It is glo - ry
4. Sin - ner, put your trust in this lov - ing Sav - iour— It is glo - ry
5. Working day by day, mind - ed that He sees us— It is glo - ry

all the way! Walk - ing in the light, dai - ly grace re - ceiv - ing—
all the way! Guid - ed by His eye, while with me He far - eth—
all the way! Tak - ing up the cross, shar - ing in the bless - ing—
all the way! Free - ly He for - gives all our past be - hav - ior—
all the way! Watch and wait and pray, looking un - to Je - sus—

CHORUS.

It is glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry! Glo - ry!
Glory all the way! yes, glory all the way!

It is glo - ry all the way!..... Glo - ry!
It is glo - ry, glo-ry all the way! Glo-ry all the way, yes,

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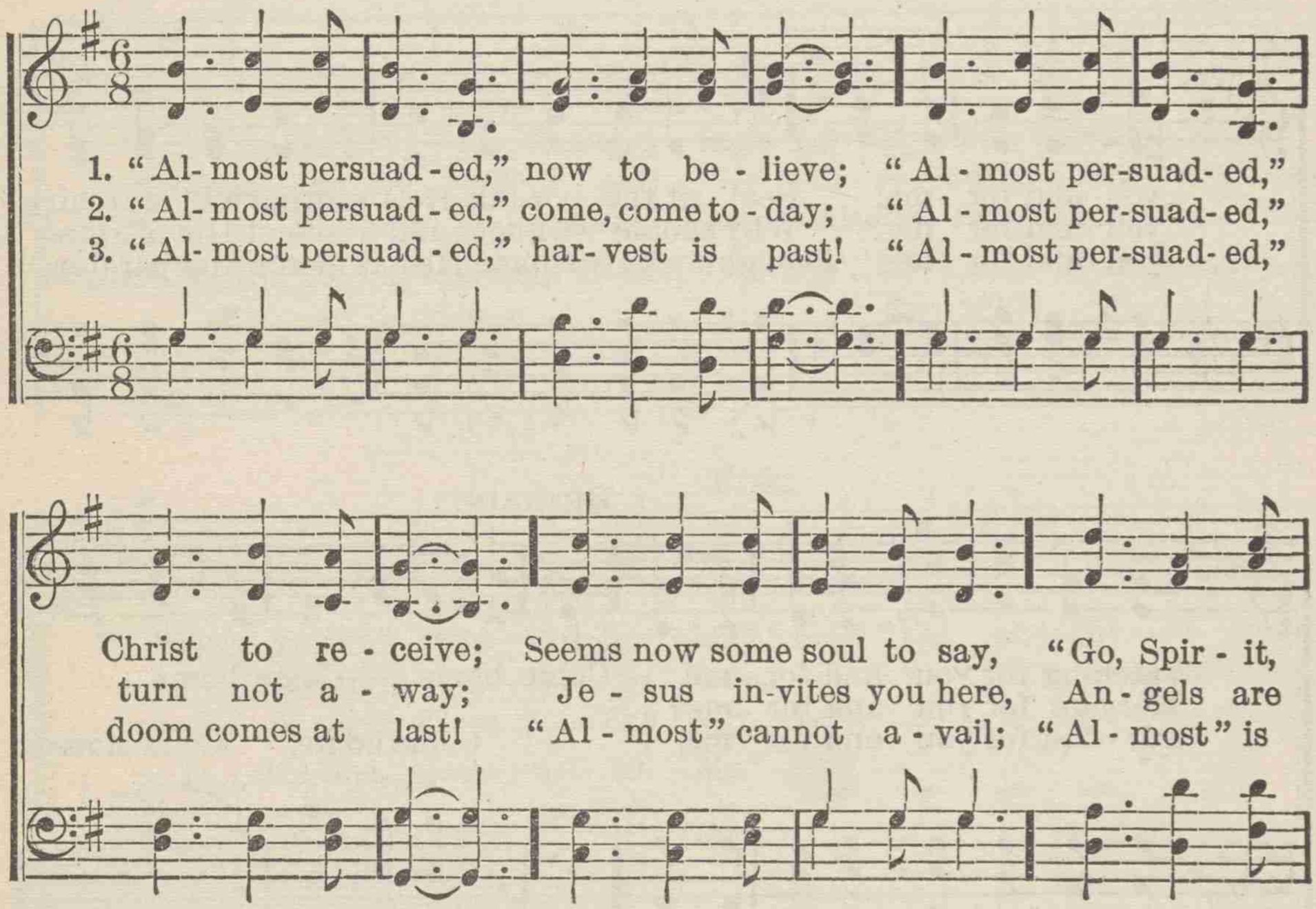
47 ALMOST PERSUADED.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.



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SOFTLY AND TENDERLY JESUS IS CALLING.

WILL L. THOMPSON, (1849—) 1880. Will L. Thompson, (1849—) 1880.

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 pleading, Pleading for
3. O for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for

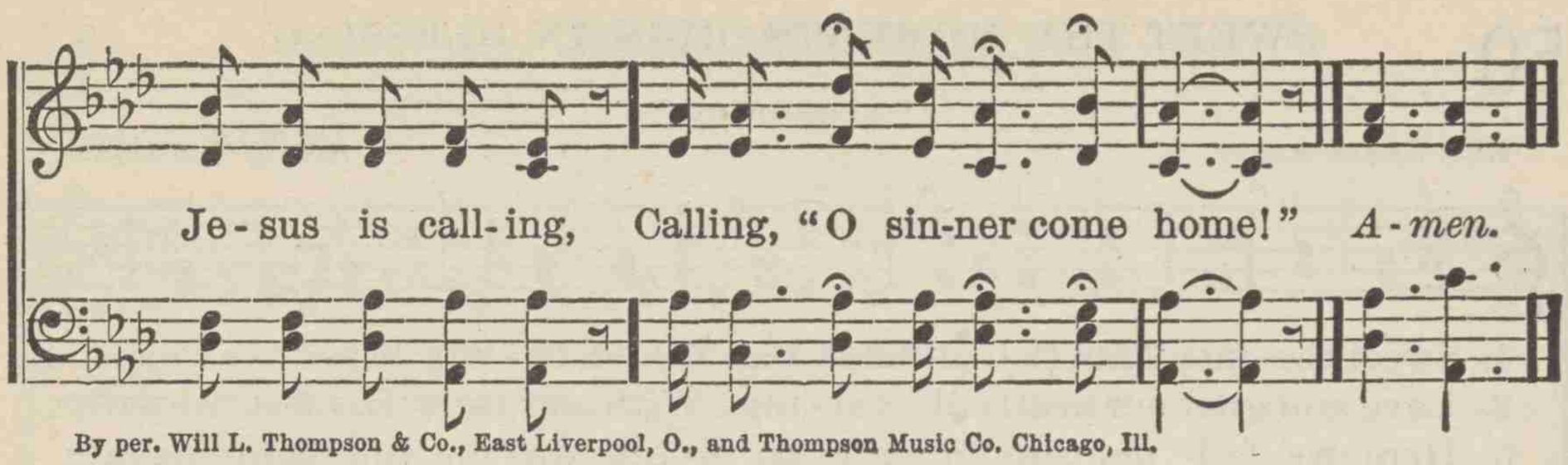
you and for me; See! at the por-tals He's waiting and watching,
you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
you and for me; Though we have sinned He has mercy and par-don,

REFRAIN.

Watching for you and for me.
Mer-cies for you and for me?
Par - don for you and for me.

Come home,... Come home,.....
Come home, Come home,

Ye who are wear-y come home; Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly



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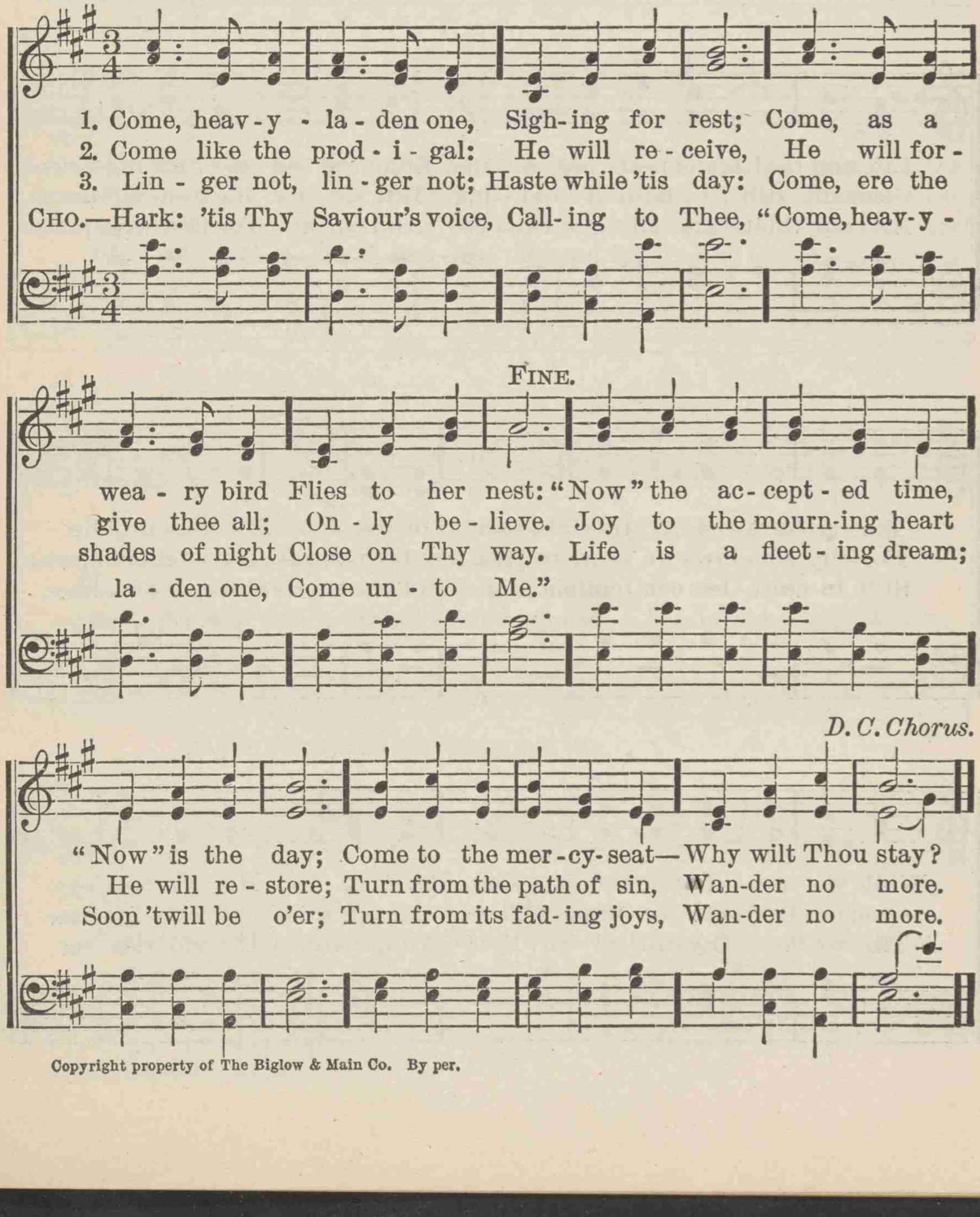
49 COME, HEAVY-LADEN ONE.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



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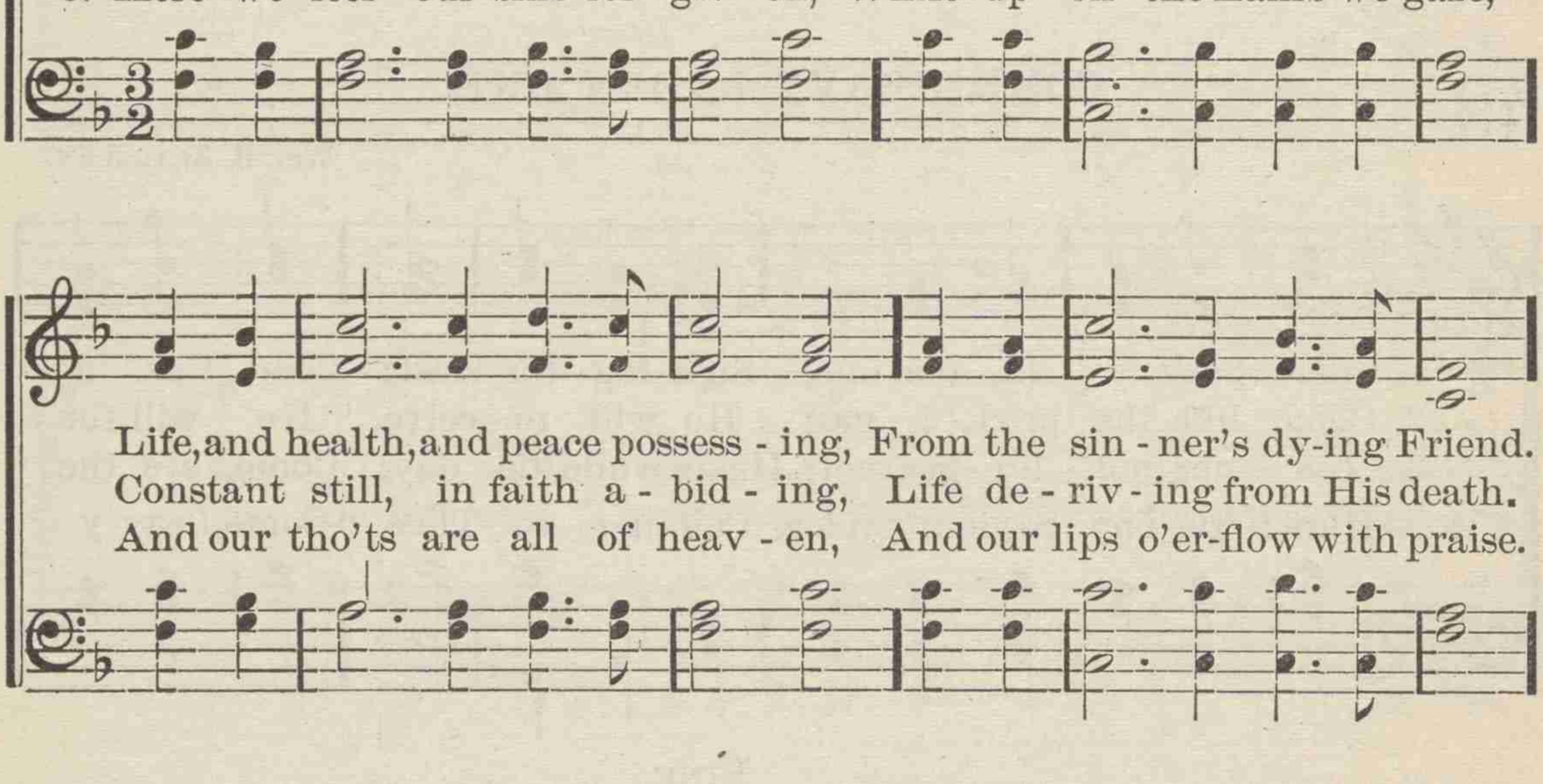
50 SWEET THE MOMENTS, RICH IN BLESSING.

"Armstrong."

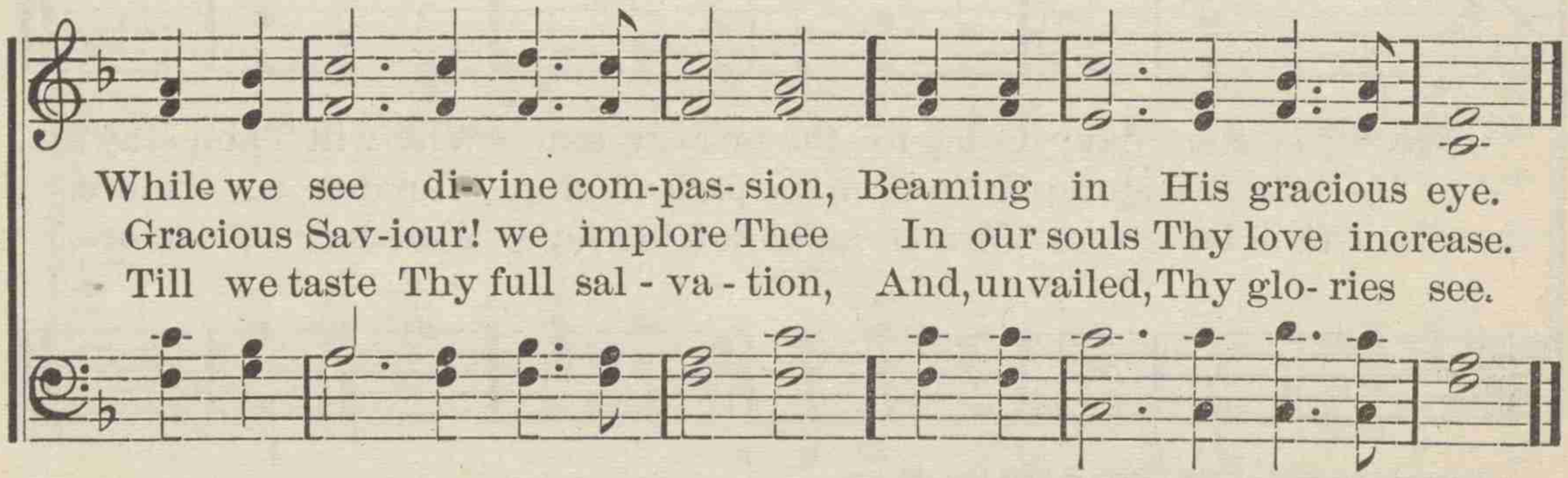
REV. JAMES ALLEN. Arr. by Emmelar.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross we spend;
2. Love and grief our hearts di-vid-ing, With our tears His feet we bathe;
3. Here we feel our sins for-giv-en, While up-on the Lamb we gaze,



Life, and health, and peace possess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
Constant still, in faith a-bid-ing, Life de-riv-ing from His death.
And our tho'ts are all of heav-en, And our lips o'er-flow with praise.

Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,
For Thy sor-rows we a-dore Thee, For the pains that wrought our peace,
Still in cease-less con-tem-pla-tion, Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,



While we see di-vine com-pas-sion, Beaming in His gracious eye.
Gracious Sav-iour! we implore Thee In our souls Thy love increase.
Till we taste Thy full sal-va-tion, And, unvailed, Thy glo-ries see.

51 HEAR THE WORD.

JULIA H. JOHNSON. D. B. Towner.

1. Come, for all is read - y, and the feast is spread, Come, for Je - sus
2. Gos - pel bells are ringing, hear the ech - o sweet, Call - ing in the
3. Welcome, ev - er welcome to the feast of love, Who - so - ev - er
4. You who know how precious is His grace so free, Take the gift of

of - fers you the liv - ing Bread. Hear His in - vi - ta - tion 'mid the
wand'ring to the Sav-iour's feet. Heed the ten - der message, seek the
will, may see His face a - bove. Hark, with hal - le - lu - jahs, how the
life yet more a - bund - ant - ly. Spread the in - vi - ta - tion, there is

FINE. CHORUS.

toil and strife, Come, and take the gift of life.
great re - ward, Hear the voice of Christ your Lord.
high courts ring, Come, and crown the Saviour King.
room for all, Sound abroad the lov-ing call.

Hear..... the word,

Hear the word of God's own Son,

D.S.—Come, and take e - ter-nal life.

All..... may come, With - - - out price,.....
Who - so - ev - er will, may come, With - out mon - ey, with-out price,

D.S.

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52 GATHER THEM ALL FOR JESUS.

MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT. Daniel B. Towner, (1853—) 1899.

1. Gath - er the fair - est rose - buds, Spark-ling with morning dew;
2. Out in the gold - en sun - shine, Out in the shad-ows dim,
3. Tell them the dear old sto - ry, Won - der - ful words of love;
4. Gath - er the lit - tle chil - dren In - to the Sab - bath School;

Gath - er the pur - est lil - ies, Blos-soms of brightest hue.
Gath - er the lit - tle chil - dren, Gath - er them all for Him.
Tell them of Christ, the Sa - vior, Liv - ing for them a - bove.
Give them a kind - ly wel - come, Fol - low - ing love's sweet rule.

REFRAIN.

Gath - er them all for Je - sus, Beau - ti - ful sum-mer flowers;

Yet will the sweet-est of - fering, Come from these hearts of ours.

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53

JESUS KEEP ME NEAR THE CROSS.

"Near the Cross." P. M.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus keep me near the cross; There a pre-cious fount-ain,
2. Near the cross, a tremb-ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross, O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me;

Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.
There the bright and morning star Sheds its beams a-round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ow o'er me.

CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er,
Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

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54 LAY HOLD ON THE LIFE-LINE.

E. A. H. Elisha A. Hoffman.

Unison.

1. O, ye who are drift-ing on the swift tides of sin, Near, near is the
2. See! there is a sig-nal gleaming bright from the shore; Hark! voic-es are
3. Soul, you are in reach of safe-ty, help-ers are near; This faith should your

Inst.

life-boat! Will ye not en-ter in? Wild storms are a-round you rag-ing,
call-ing 'mid the loud tempest's roar; Look! there is a life-line floating
courage strengthen—lo! God is here; While now there is hope of res-cue,

why then de-lay? Why do you not grasp the line for res-cue to-day?
close by your side, This, this is your on-ly hope, there's no help be-side.
reach forth the hand, Lay hold on the life-line at the dear Lord's command.

CHORUS.

{ Lay hold of the life-line! Lay hold of the life-line! Christ can save the
{ Lay hold of the life-line! Lay hold of the life-line! Je-sus Christ can

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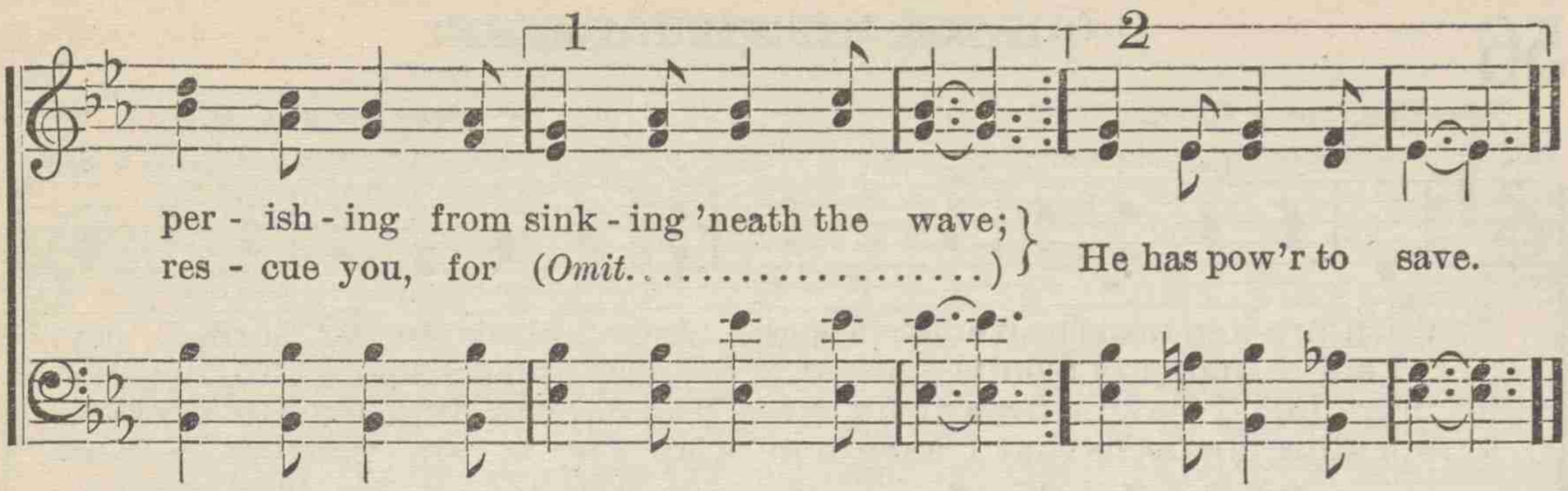
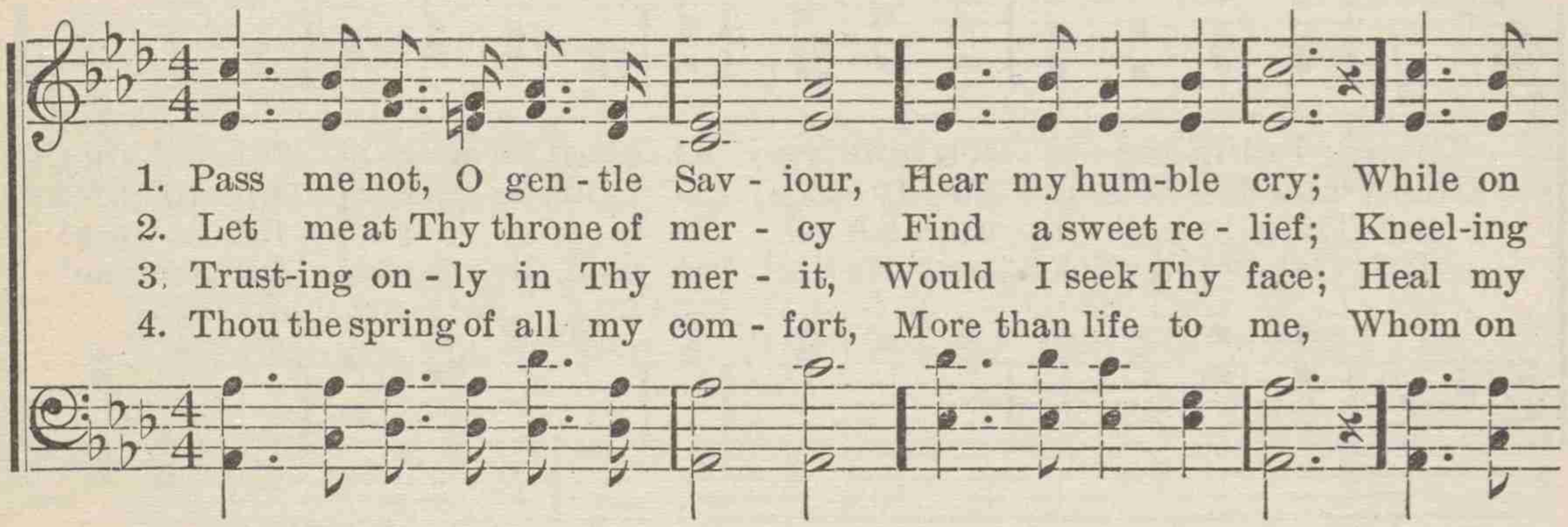
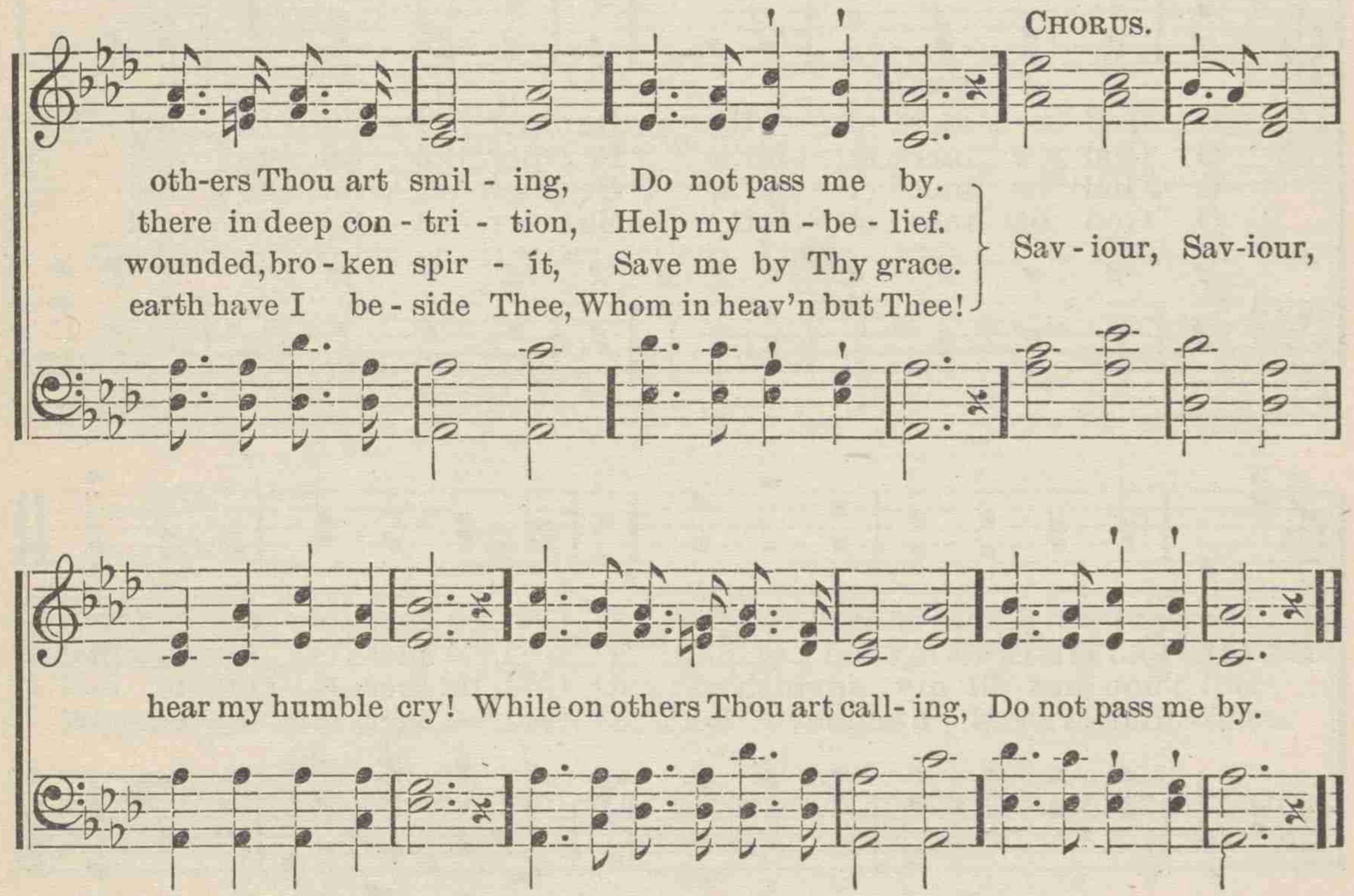


55 PASS ME NOT, O GENTLE SAVIOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. Doane.





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56 O GOD, BE MERCIFUL TO ME!

REV. CORNELIUS ELVEN, (1852—) Rev. A. Oscar Browne, M.D.,

1. With bro-ken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sin-ner, Lord, I cry;
2. I smite upon my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppress'd;
3. Far off I stand with tear-ful eyes, Nor dare to lift them to the skies;
4. Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done, Can for a sin-gle sin a-tone;

Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!
Christ and His cross my on-ly plea; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!
But Thou dost all my anguish see; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!
To Cal-va-ry a-lone I flee; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!

O God be mer-ci-ful! Be mer-ci-ful to me!
O God be mer-ci-ful! Be mer-ci-ful to me!
O God be mer-ci-ful! Be mer-ci-ful to me!
O God be mer-ci-ful! Be mer-ci-ful to me!

to me! to me!

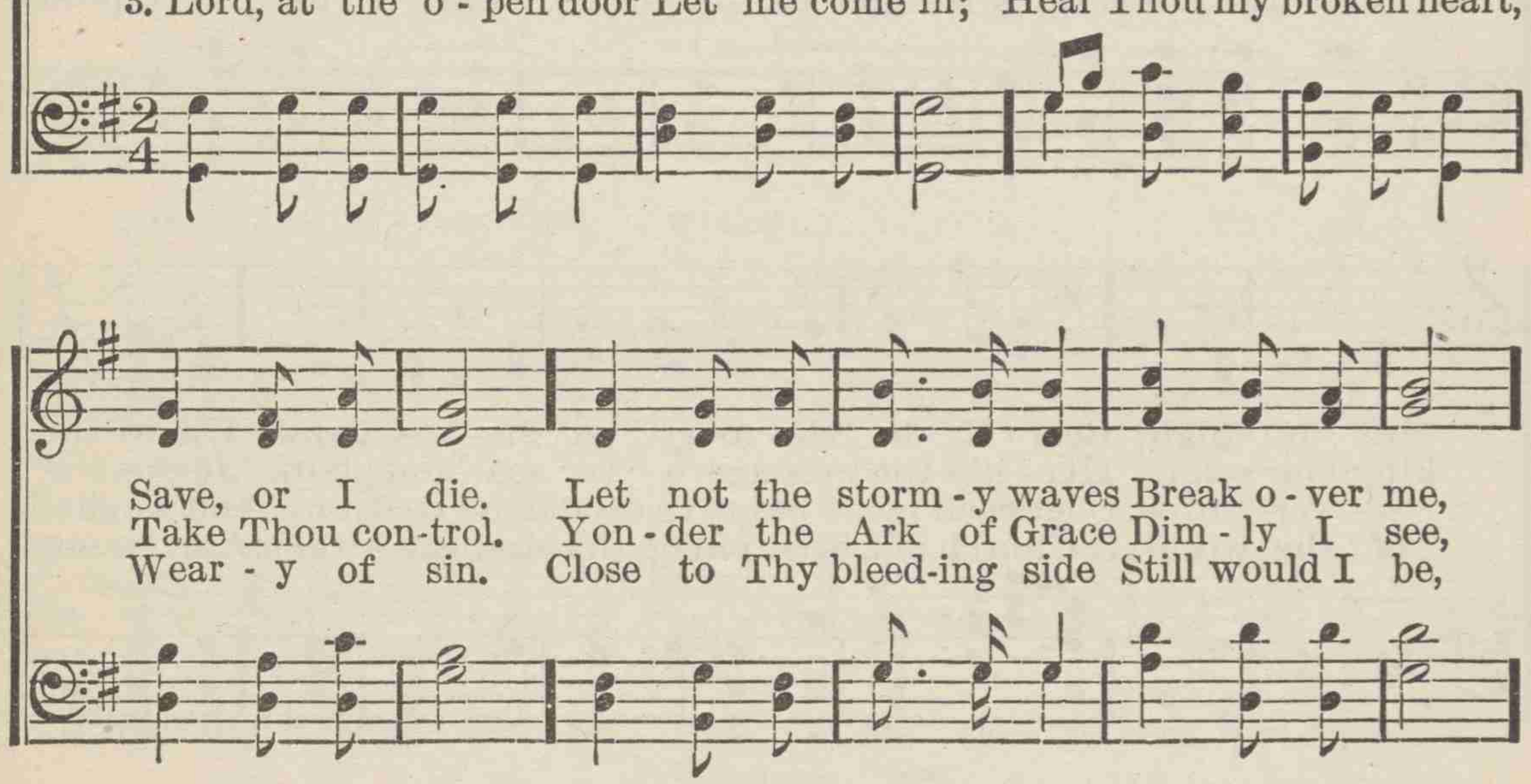
Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!
Christ and His Cross my on-ly plea; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!
But Thou dost all my anguish see; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!
To Cal-va-ry a-lone I flee; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!

Copyright, 1907, by A. O. Browne.

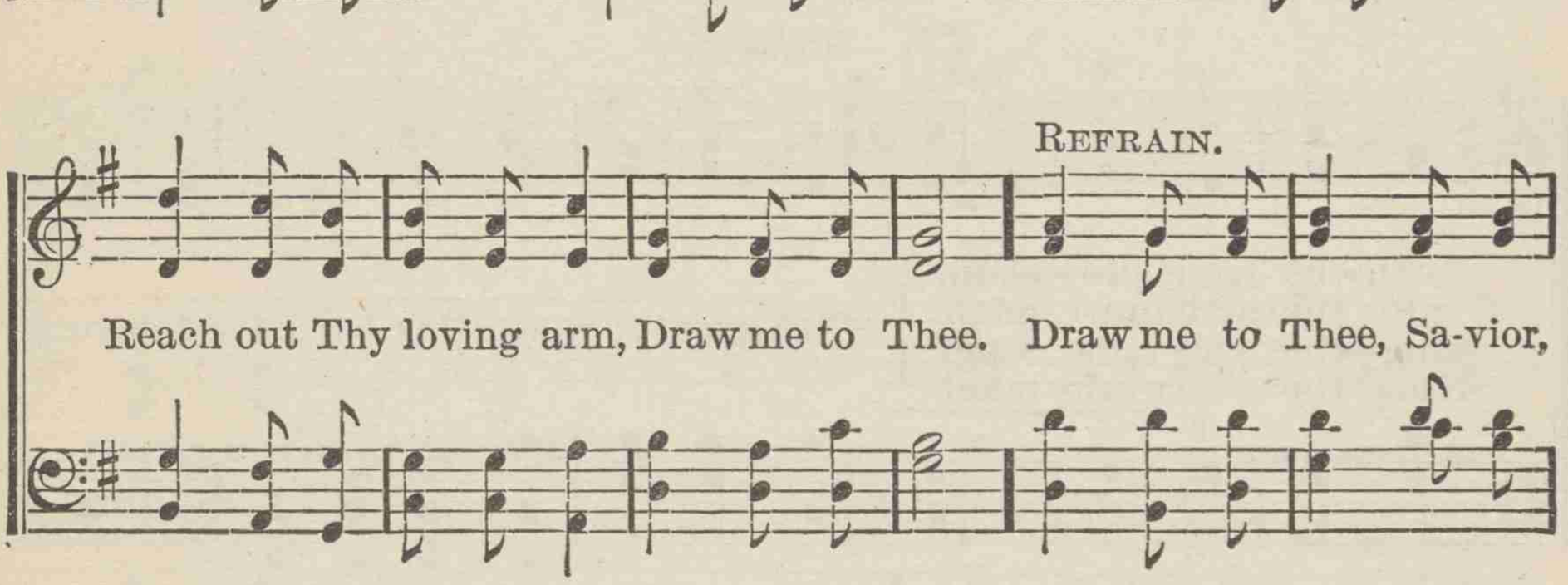
57 DRAW ME TO THEE.

MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—) WILLIAM JAMES KIRKPATRICK, (1838—) 1885

1. Out on the midnight deep Hear Thou my cry; Come to my res-cue, Lord,
2. Hope of the des - o - late, Light of the soul, Now of my lone - ly bark
3. Lord, at the o - pen door Let me come in; Heal Thou my broken heart,



Save, or I die. Let not the storm - y waves Break o - ver me,
Take Thou con-trol. Yon - der the Ark of Grace Dim - ly I see,
Wear - y of sin. Close to Thy bleed-ing side Still would I be,



REFRAIN.

Reach out Thy loving arm, Draw me to Thee. Draw me to Thee, Sa-vior,

Draw me to Thee, Reach out Thy lov-ing arm, Draw me to Thee.

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58 CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Wm. F. Hoffman.

1. "Christ for the world!" be this our battle cry; His all-glorious standard
2. He is the Prince of earth, and Lord di- vine, And the ho - ly cross the
3. He has command-ed us to for-ward go, Till all forms of sin we
4. Far let His shining ban-ner be un- furled, Bear it to the conquest

lift it high; Bear it to vic - to- ry in Je - sus' name; Un- to the
kingdom's sign; Her - ald the message o - ver sea and plain, Je- sus o'er
o - ver- throw; O let each heart be brave, each hand be strong, And we shall
of the world; O Church of Christ, put on thy strength, awake, And for our

CHORUS.

earth the King pro - claim.
all the earth must reign.
sing the vic - tor's song!
King the wide world take!

} "Christ for the world!" O let the watchword

ring Till all the earth shall own our Lord as King; Then march a-
ring Un- til

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long..... with joy and song,..... By His pow'r tri -
Then march a- long with joy and song, and song,

um - phant o - ver the wrong;..... To ev - 'ry
o - ver the wrong; And

na - tion bear the Gos - pel light, In ev - 'ry land up- raise the
light, And

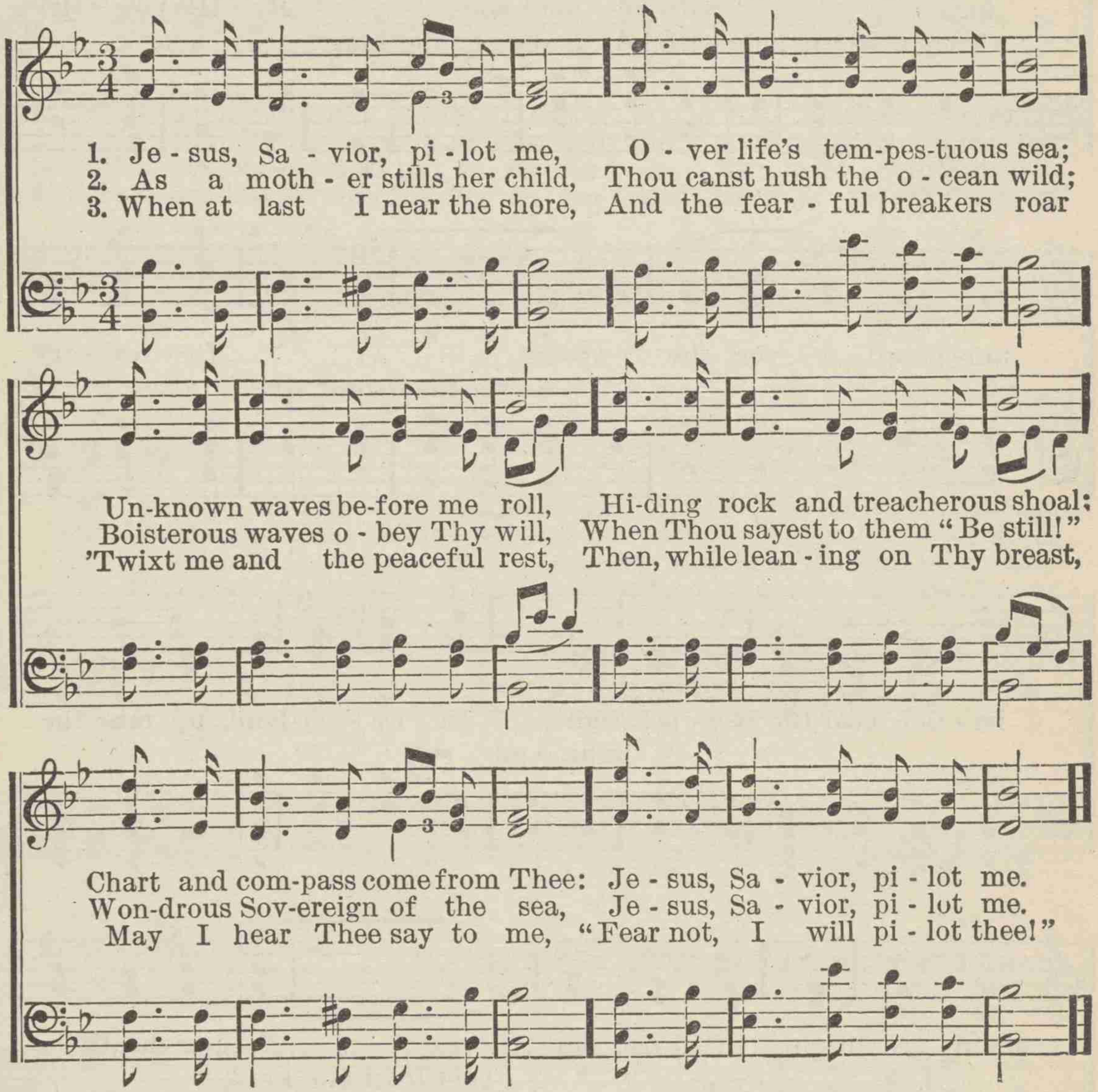
stand - ard bright Of Christ our Lord,..... nor sheath the
of Christ our Lord,

Gos - pel sword Till we con- quer all the world for Christ.

59 JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

"Pilot." 7s. 6 lines.

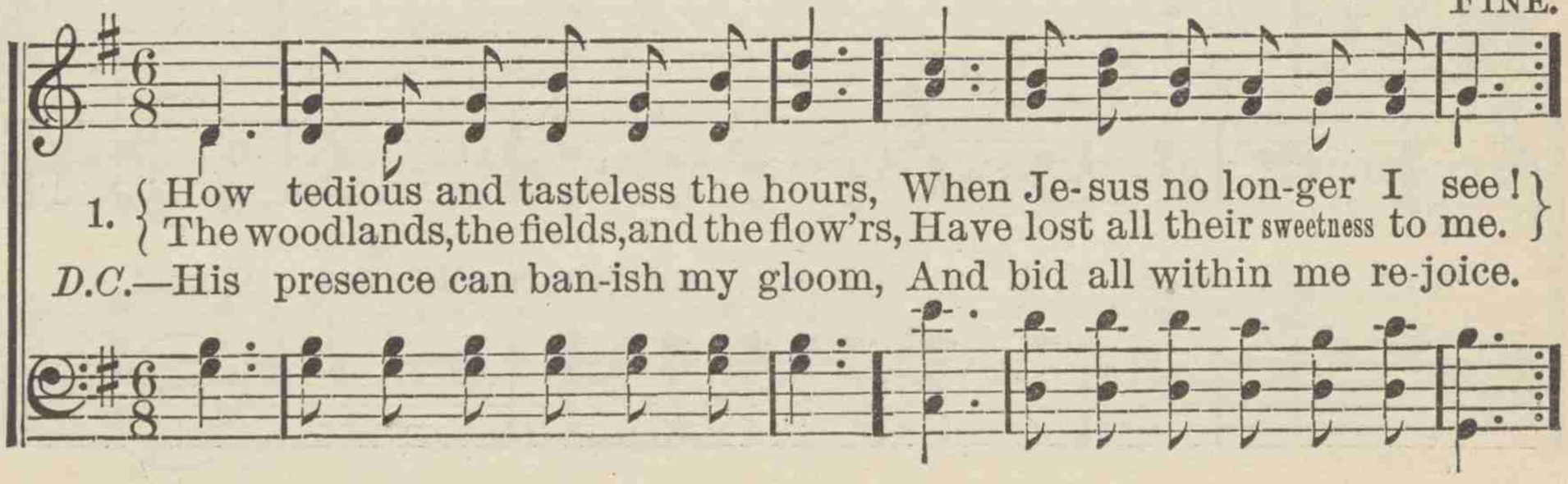
REV. EDWARD HOPPER, (1818—1888) 1871. John Edgar Gould, (1822—1875) 1871.

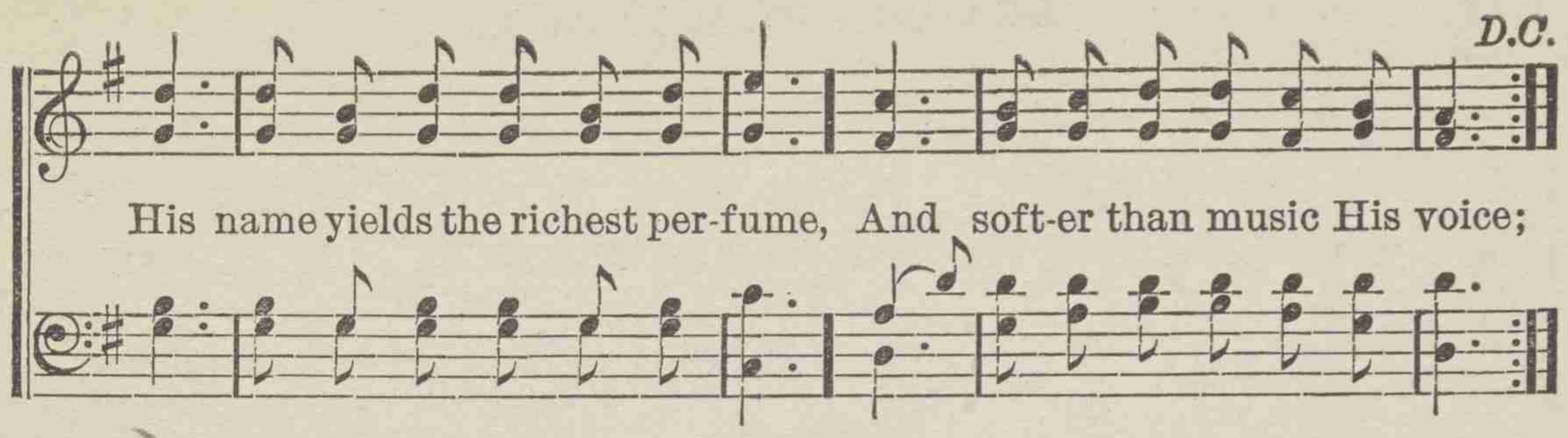


60 HOW TEDIOUS AND TASTELESS THE HOURS.

"De Fleury." 8s. D.

ISAAC NEWTON. German.

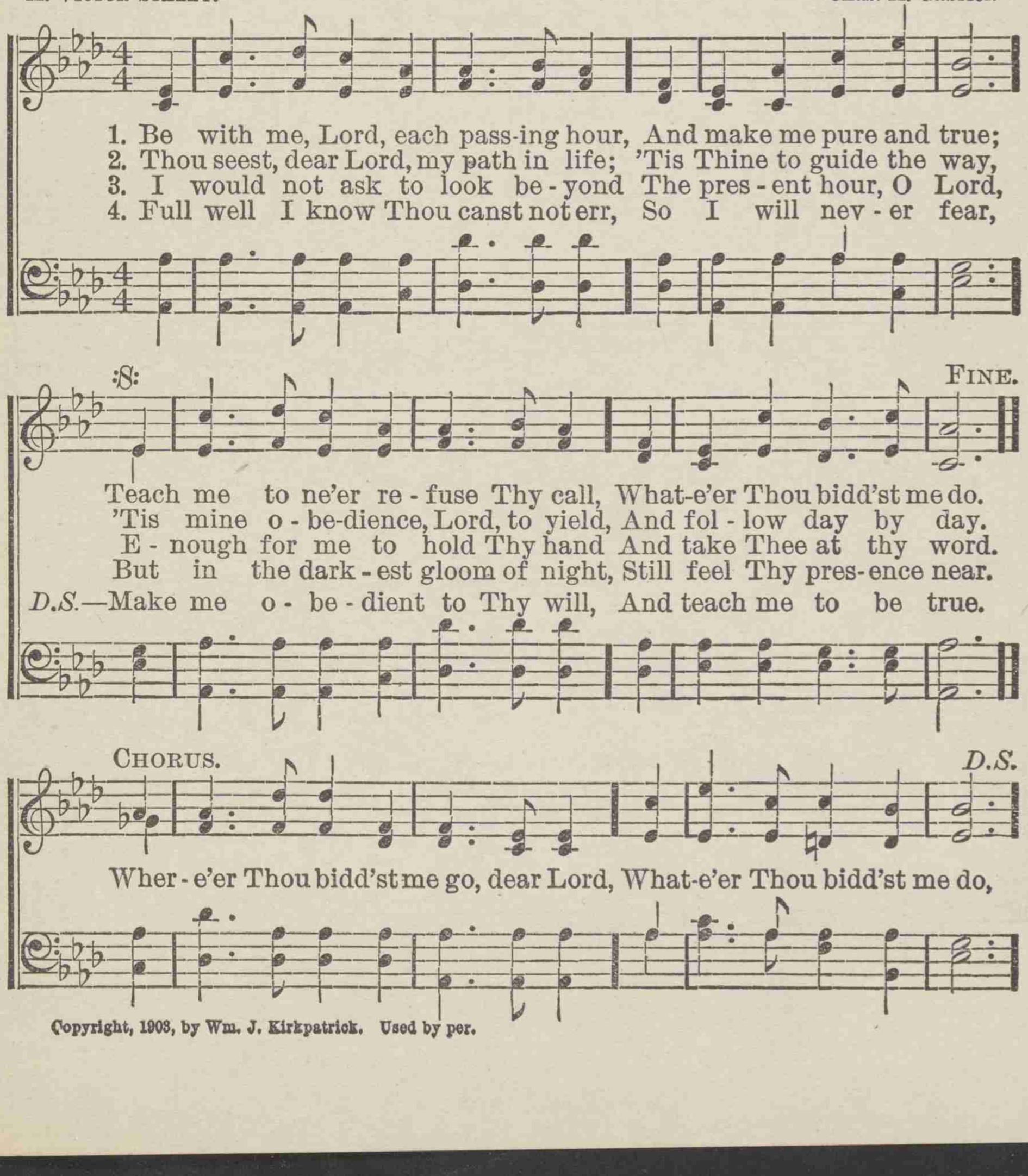




2 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
And Thou art my light and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or bid me soar upward on high,
Where winters and storms are no more.

61 TEACH ME TO BE TRUE.

M. Victor Staley. Chas. H. Gabriel.



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62

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

"Lux Benigna." 10s. & 4s. 10s.

CARDINAL JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, (1801—1890) 1833. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1861.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone;

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I loved the gar ish day; and, spite of fears,
And with the morn those an - gel - fa - ces smile,

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while. *A - men.*

63

IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

"Penitence." 6. 5. D.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, (1771—1854) 1834. Spencer Lane, ( ) 1879.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;
2. With for - bid - den pleas • ures Would this vain world charm;
3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe;
4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain,

Lest by base de - ni - al, I de - part from Thee;
Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm;
Or should pain at - tend me On my path be - low;
When my dust re - turn - eth To the dust a - gain;

When Thou seest me wa - ver, With a look re - call,
Bring to my re - mem-brance Sad Geth - sem - a - ne,
Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to see;
On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Through that mor - tal strife,

Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
Or, in dark - er semblance, Cross-crowned Cal-va - ry.
Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life. *Amen.*

64 SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND.

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS, D.D. James McGranahan.

1. Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2. We'll catch the brok-en threads a-gain, And fin-ish what we here be-gan;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o-ver many a cherished plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all, E-ludes so oft our eag-er hand;
5. God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing hand;

We'll read the mean-ing of our tears; And there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Heav'n will the mys-ter-ies ex-plain, And then, ah then, we'll un-der-stand.
Why song has ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Sometime with tear-less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll un-der-stand.

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
doth hold, doth hold thy hand;

a tempo primo. *cres.* *ad lib.*

Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

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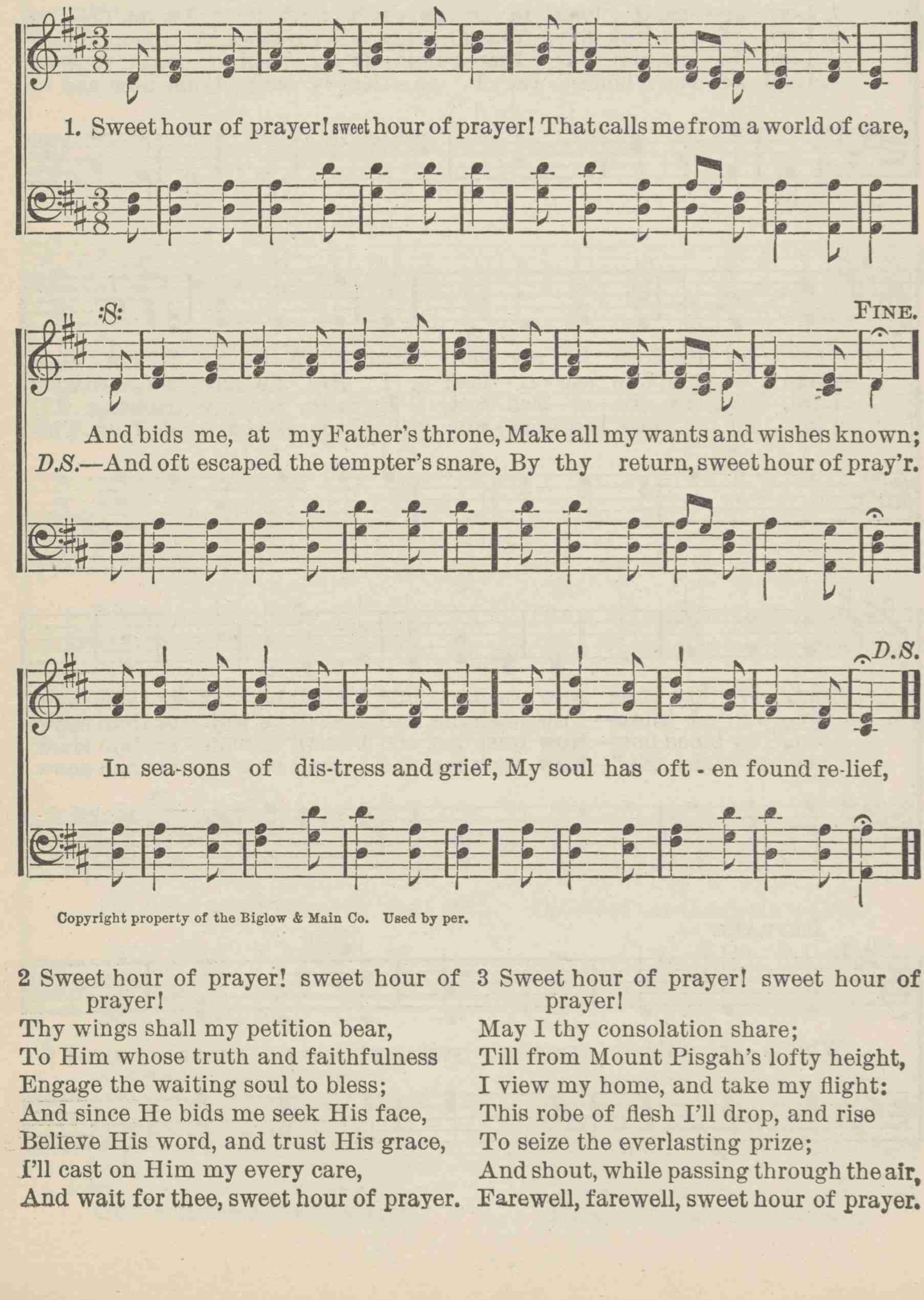
65

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

"Sweet Hour." L. M. D.

W. W. WALFORD, 1846. W. B. Bradbury, (1816—1863.)



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2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

66 WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON. Wm. G. Fischer, (1835—) 1871.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect-ly whole; I want Thee for ev - er, to live in my soul;
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sac - ri - fice;
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en - treat; I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet,
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient-ly wait; Come now, and with- in me a new heart cre - ate;

Break down ev - ery i - dol, cast out ev - ery foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
I give up my - self, and what ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev - er saidst, "No"—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

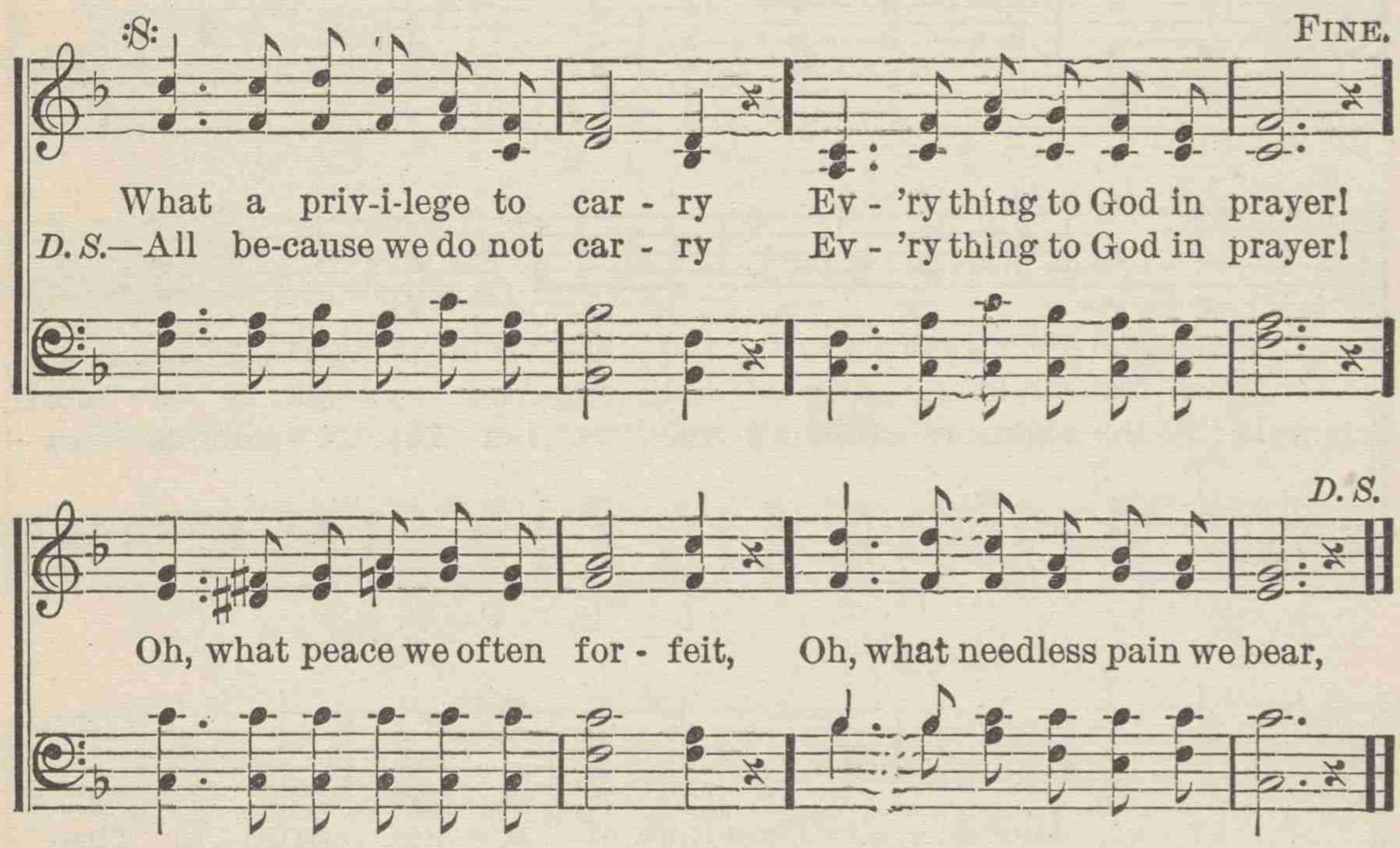
REFRAIN.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;

67 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

8s, 7s. D.

C. C. Converse.



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

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

68

HIDE THOU ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide Thou me;
2. From the snare of sin - ful pleas - ure, Hide Thou me;
3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, Hide Thou me;

When the fit - ful tem - pest ra - ges, Hide Thou me;
Thou, my soul's e - ter - nal treas - ure, Hide Thou me;
Till in glo - ry dawns the mor - row, Hide Thou me;

Where no mor - tal arm can sev - er From my heart Thy love for-
When the world its pow'r is wield-ing, And my heart is al - most
In the sight of Jor-dan's bil - low, Let Thy bo - som be my

ev - er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
yield-ing, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
pil - low, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee,

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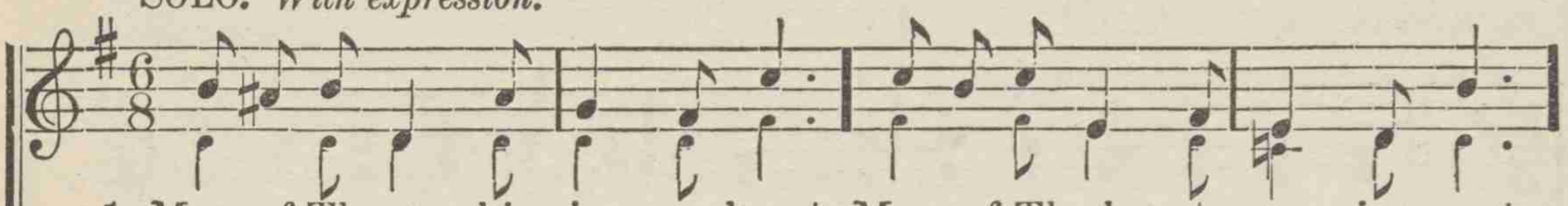
MORE OF THY SUNSHINE.

BIRDIE BELL. Geo. C. Hugg.

SOLO. *With expression.*



1. More of Thy sunshine in my heart, More of Thy love to me im - part;
2. More of Thy sunshine in my heart, Then I may smile tho' joys de - part;
3. More of Thy sunshine in my heart, Life may be sweet, tho' friends must part;

Help me to bear the cheering light Un - to the souls that sit in night.
Hope will a - bide with-in my breast, Teaching the les- son, "God knows best!"
Teach me to look to Thee for aid, Be Thou my strength when sore dismayed.

CHORUS

More of Thy sunshine in my heart, Life has its shad-ows, grief its smart;

Sun of my soul, with rays be - nign, En- ter this darkened heart of mine.

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70 THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

EL. NATHAN. James McGranahan.

1 "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be showers of bless - ing"— Precious re- viv- ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,

There shall be sea-sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Saviour a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a- bundance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon- or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call.

CHORUS.

Show - ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Show-ers, showers of bless - ing,

Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the showers we plead.

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71 JESUS SAVES!

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

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

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

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

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72 IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

RICHARD HENRY BUCK. Adam Geibel.

1. Are you heav - y la - den, are you sad at heart? Is your spir - it
2. He is ev - er faith - ful, He is ev - er true, He is ev - er
3. Is your burden greater than your strength can bear? Is your pathway

wea - ry with the sin - ner's part? There is One who heed - eth
hold - ing out His hand to you. Won't you let Him help you
dark - ened by the clouds of care? Take your troubles to Him—

e'en the sparrow's fall, And you'll find Him waiting, when He hears you call.
in the bit - ter fight? He will ev - er lead you in the paths of right.
lay them at His feet, For there's naught but kindness at the mercy - seat.

CHORUS.

He is wait - - - - ing, He is wait - ing, With
In the shad - ow of the cross He is wait - ing, With

hope..... for ev - 'ry loss, If you'll only let Him know,
words of hope for ev'ry earthly loss, for ev'ry loss;

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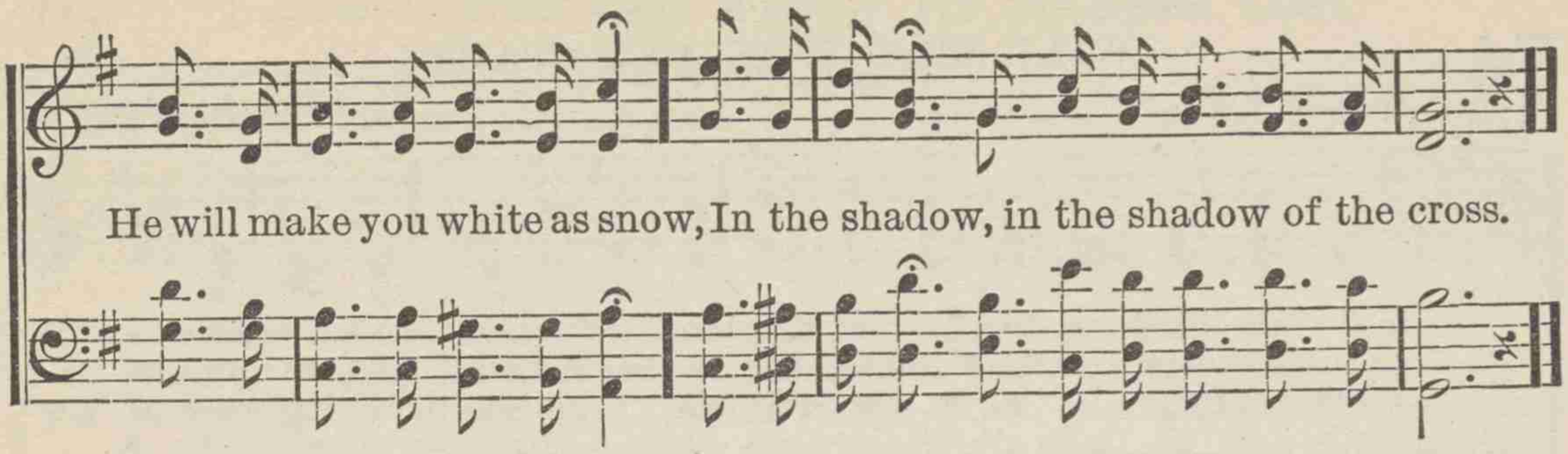
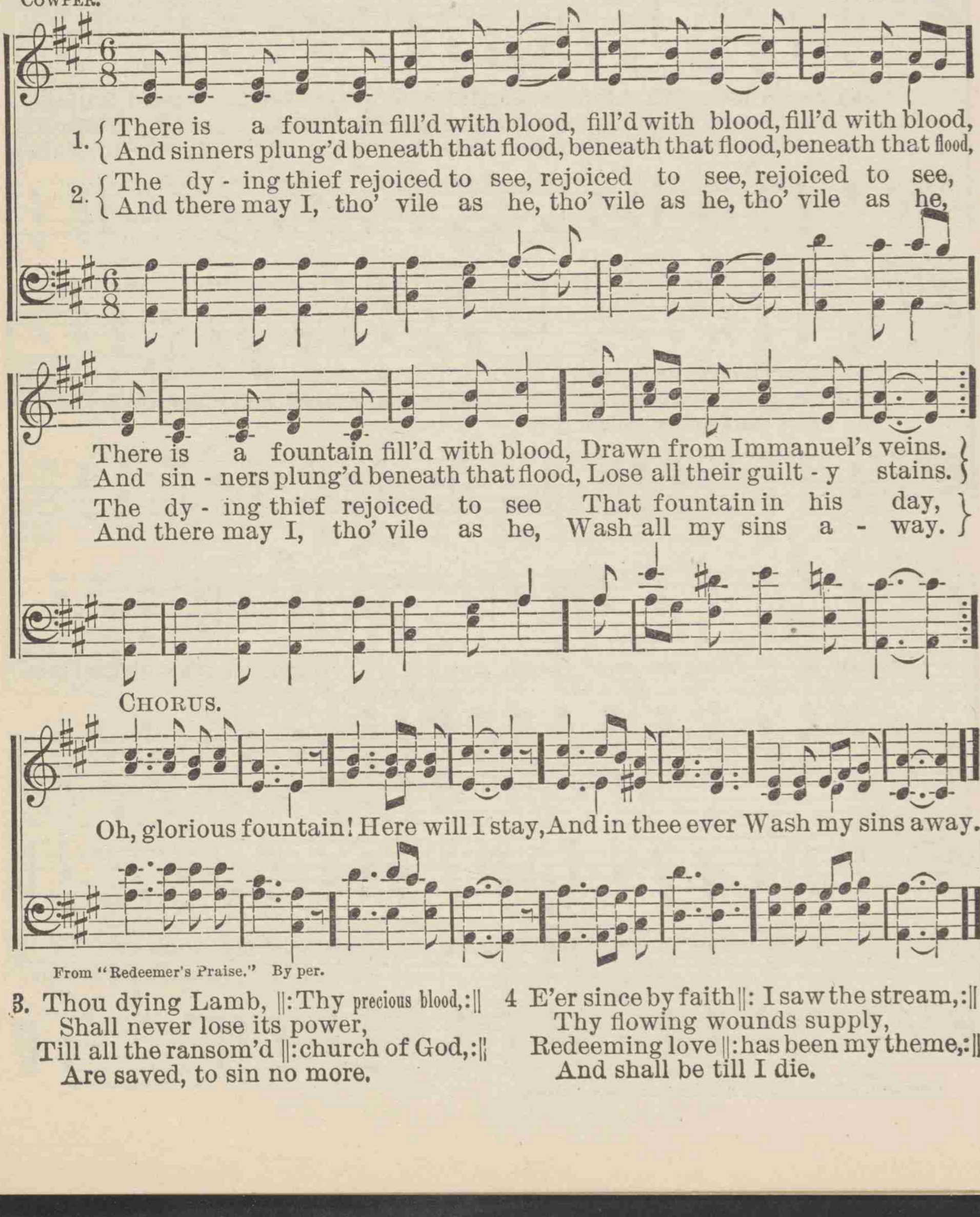


73 GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

COWPER. T. C. O'Kane.



From "Redeemer's Praise." By per.

3. Thou dying Lamb, ‖: Thy precious blood,:‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd ‖: 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.

74 WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to - day of that beau- ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy will it be when His face I be- hold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-iour I stand, Will there
winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri-ous day, When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold, Should there

be any stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-billow rolls.
be any stars in my crown.

CHORUS.

Will there be an- y stars, an - y stars in my crown,

When at ev -'ning the sun go- eth down?.... When I wake with the blest goeth down?

In the mansions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?..... an - y stars in my crown?

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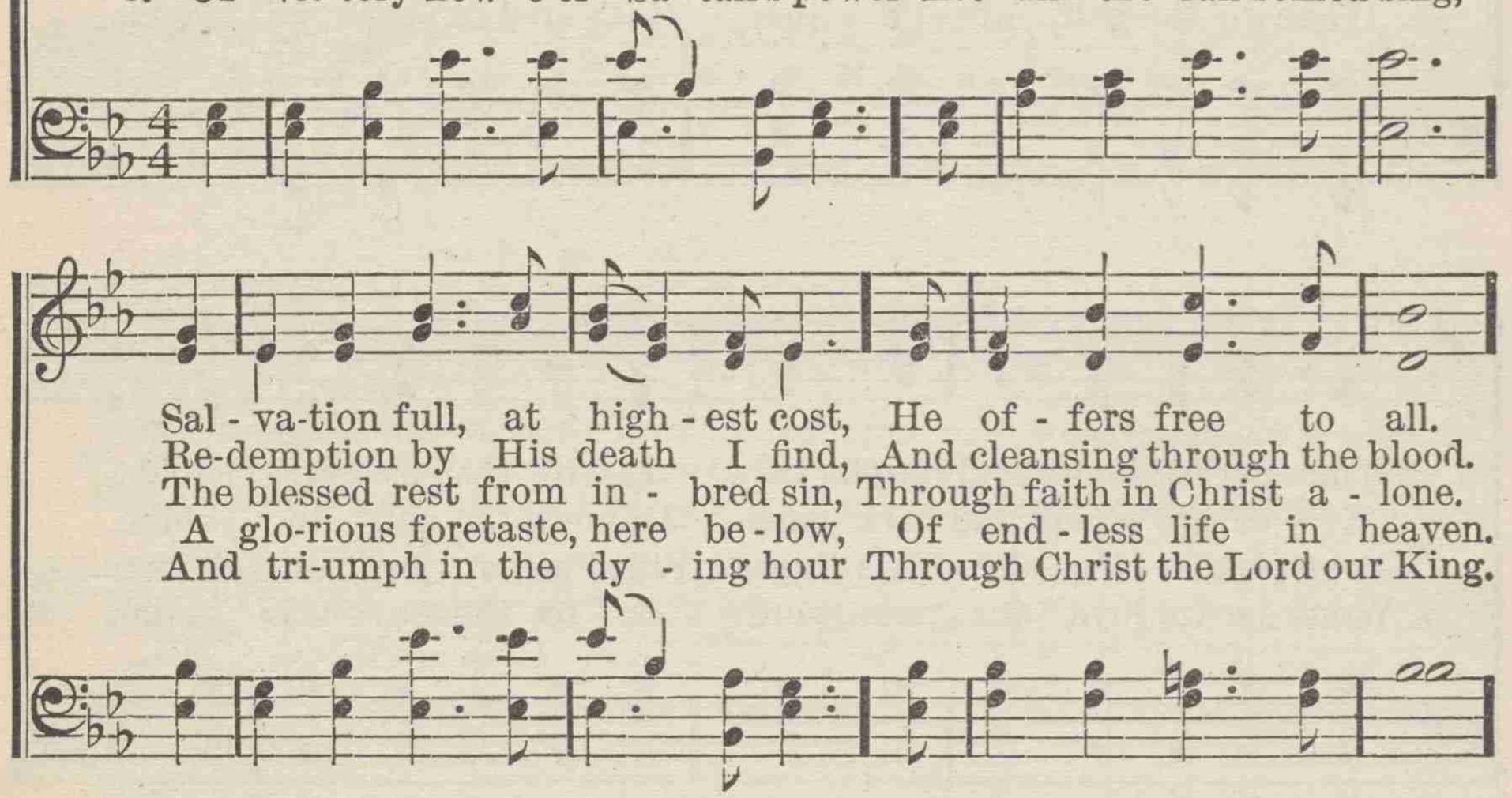
75 GOD LOVED THE WORLD OF SINNERS LOST.

"Wondrous Love."

MRS. MARTHA M. STOCKTON, (1821—1885) 1870. Wm. G. Fischer, (1835— 1871)

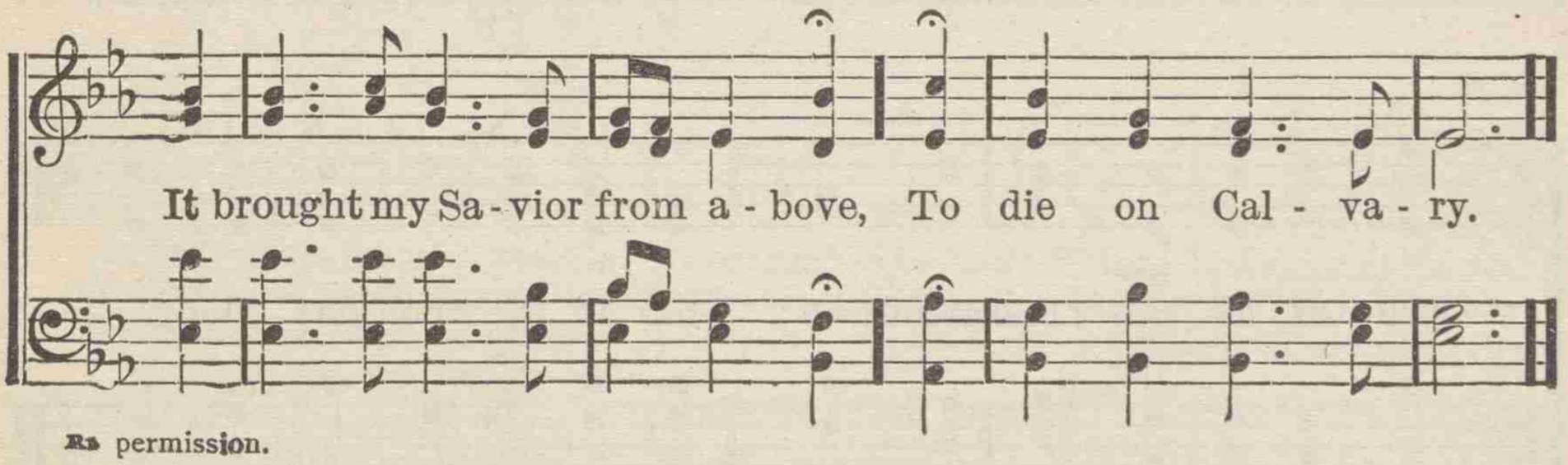
1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the fall;
2. Even now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God;
3. Love brings the glorious full - ness in, And to His saints makes known
4. Be - liev-ing souls, re - joi - cing go; There shall to you be given
5. Of vic-tory now o'er Sa - tan's power Let all the ran-somed sing,



Sal - va-tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
Re-demption by His death I find, And cleansing through the blood.
The blessed rest from in - bred sin, Through faith in Christ a - lone.
A glo-rious foretaste, here be - low, Of end - less life in heaven.
And tri-umph in the dy - ing hour Through Christ the Lord our King.

REFRAIN.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me;



It brought my Sa - vior from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

By permission.

76 WONDERFUL LOVE.

GRACE J. FRANCES. Hubert P. Main.

1. Won- der- ful love that found us Out on the mountain cold!
2. Won- der- ful love whose pres- ence, Beam-ing with light di - vine,
3. Won- der- ful love that keeps us Near to the Sav-iour's throne!
4. When to the gate of E - den Gath-ered in peace we come,

Won - der-ful love that brought us In - to the Sav-iour's fold!
Ev - er thro' clouds and dark - ness Mak-eth the sun to shine.
Drop-ping in ten - der bless - ings, Filled with a joy un - known.
Won - der-ful love our pass- word In - to the soul's dear home.

CHORUS.

Won- der- ful love of Je - sus! Tell it in thank-ful song;

Tell of its pow'r and great-ness; Sing it the whole day long.

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77

MARCHING ON! MARCHING ON!

"Soldaten."

REV. CHAS. S. ROBINSON, D. D. Arr. by Emmelar.

1. Marching on! marching on! In the ranks of Christ our King; Thro' the fears and time of tears—
2. Forward go! forward go! As did Is - ra - el of old: Where they trod, believing God,
3. Trust in God! trust in God! When the calls to duty come; He will see for you and me

D. C.—Marching on! marching on! In the ranks of Christ our King; Thro' the fears and time of tears—

Thro' the endless chime of years—Thro' the night into light Where the skies are ev- er bright—
Waves were part-ed with a rod; Manna bright, full and white, Fell around them in the night;
Paths shall o-pen safe and free: Never fear, God is near, Faithful souls to Him are dear:

Thro' the endless chime of years—Thro' the night into light Where the skies are ev- er bright—

FINE.

Wave your banners, lift hosannas, Shout and sing! Shout and sing! For the toil is a- bat-ing,
Pray'rs as-cend-ed, rocks were rended—Love was bold, grace untold! Still our Lord is commanding,
Christ will meet you; He will greet you, "Child, come home! child, come home!" Far above earthly val-leys

Wave your banners, lift hosannas, Shout and sing! Shout and sing!

*D. C.**

And the crowns are now waiting: We are glad to be known When the Lord makes up His own!
"Forward go!" notwithstanding Mountains rise in the way; For the hills His will obey!
Gold- en gleams heaven's palace, And we see Jesus there At the portal shining fair!

* Repeat first eight lines of each stanza.

78 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

"Refuge." 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740. J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sin;

While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me.
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams abound, Make and keep me pure within;

Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eousness;
Thou of life the fountain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re-ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Per. of Mrs. J. P. Holbrook.

78 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

"Martyn." 7. 7. 7. 7. D. (*Second Tune.*)

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740. Simeon B. Marsh, 1834.

FINE.

79 I AM TRUSTING THEE, LORD JESUS.

"Lafayette." 8. 5. 8. 3.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1874. Sir Robert P. Stewart, 1874.

80 EVERLASTING LOVE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. I have a friend in courts a- bove Who loves with ev-er- last- ing love;
2. Such love as His can ne'er grow cold, Tho' I be poor or weak or old;
3. In ev - 'ry hour, in ev - 'ry place, He pours on me His love and grace;
4. And when this life with me is o'er, I'll find up-on the gold- en shore,

Sur-pass-ing an - y earth-ly friend, He lov- eth me un - to the end.
Tho' I may all the world of- fend, He lov- eth me un - to the end.
Thus all my life He will at - tend, He lov- eth me un - to the end.
As a - ges with Him I shall spend, He lov- eth me un - to the end.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Dai - ly the Saviour is with me, Great is the love He doth give me;

And al-tho' I am unwor - thy Of the great love I receive from that friend,

Harmony.

This is the love of the Sav - iour, "Lov - eth un - to the end."

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81 SWEET PEACE, THE GIFT OF GOD'S LOVE.

PETER BILHORN. Peter Bilhorn.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain), A glad and a
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made (was made), My debt by His
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crown'd (had crown'd), My heart with this
4. In Je - sus at peace I a - bide (a-bide), And while I keep

joy - ous re- frain (refrain), I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet
death was all paid (all paid), No oth - er foun-da-tion is laid For
peace did a-bound (abound), In Him a rich bless-ing I found, Sweet
close to His side (His side), There's nothing but peace can betide, Sweet

CHORUS.

peace, the gift of God's love.
peace, the gift of God's love.
peace, the gift of God's love.
peace, the gift of God's love.
} Peace, peace, sweet peace, Wonderful gift from a-

rit.

bove, Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love,
above,

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82 MORE ABOUT JESUS.

MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT. John R. Sweney, (1831—1899) 1887.

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

More of His sa - ving full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - ery line, Ma-king each faithful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a-bout Je - sus;
More of His sa - ving full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

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ASSURANCE AND TRUST.

83 SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. Doane.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,

There by His love o'er - sha - ded, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions Sin can-not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.
There by His love o'er - sha - ded, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

rit. FINE.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D.C. for Chorus.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

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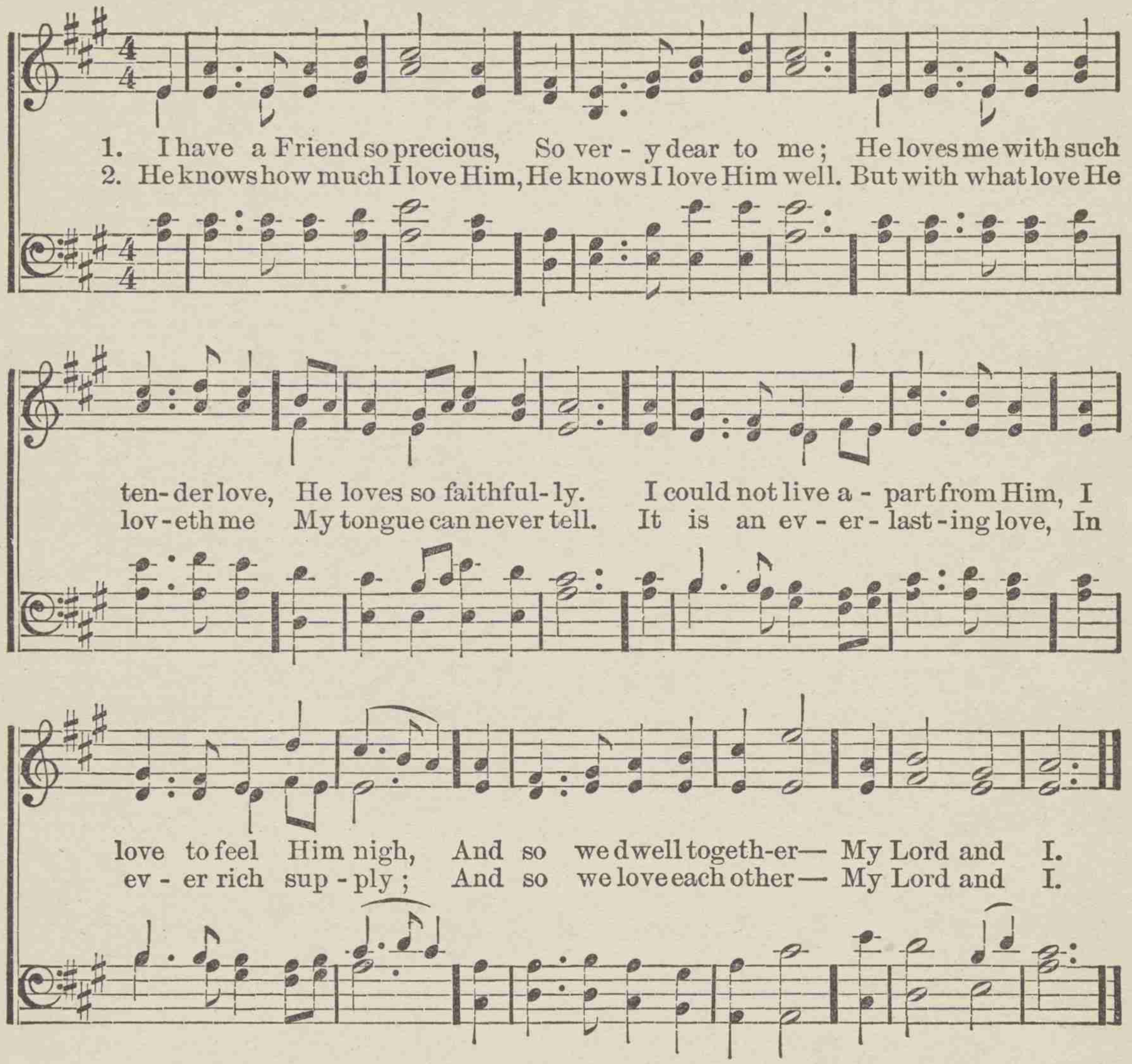
84 MY LORD AND I.

Rev. Antonius Darms, (1869—) 1897



3 Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
He knows that I am weak,
And so He bids me lean on Him,
His help I gladly seek.
He leads me in the paths of light,
Beneath a sunny sky,
And so we walk together—
My Lord and I.

4 I tell Him all my sorrows,
I tell Him all my joys;
I tell Him all that pleases me,
I tell Him what annoys.
He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me what to try,
And so we talk together—
My Lord and I.

5 He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so He bids me go and speak
A loving word for Him;
He bids me tell His wondrous love,
And why He came to die;
And so we work together—
My Lord and I.

85 LORD, MY HEART IS RESTED.

Geo. F. Rosche, (1855—) 1895.

1. Lord, my heart is rest-ed, strengthened, By this qui - et hour with Thee;—
2. Here Thy peace like mu-sic steal - ing, Stills all dis-cord, tumult, strife,—
3. For more per - fect self-sur-ren - der, For a clos - er walk with Thee!

In the sun-shine of Thy pres-ence, Earthly gloom and shad-ows flee.
Fills the heart with ten-der yearnings For a no - bler, sweet-er life.
For a meek and qui - et spir - it, From all car - nal sins set free.

REFRAIN.

Lord, while still on earth a pil-grim, I would in Thy love a - bide;
Lord, while still on earth a pil-grim, I would in Thy love a - bide;

Safely through life's shades and sunshine, Keep me ev - er near Thy side.
Safely through life's shades and sunshine, Keep me ever near Thy side.

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86 THE CHILD OF A KING!

HATTIE E. BUELL. John B. Sumner, arr.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-iour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot- tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
poor- est of them; But now He is reigning for ev - er on high, And will
a - lien by birth! But I've been a-dopt-ed, my name's written down—And
me o - ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing: All

CHORUS.

cof - fers are full, He has rich-es un- told.
give me a home in heav'n by and by.
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!

} I'm the child of a King!

ad lib.

The child of a King! With Je-sus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King!

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87 BLESSED ASSURANCE.

MRS. FANNY J. (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—) Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp, ( ) 1873.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight; An-gels descend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sa-vior am hap-py and blest; Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His

REFRAIN.

Spir-it, mer-cy, good-ness, washed in His blood. whispers of love. lost in His love. } This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sa-vior all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sa-vior all the day long.

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88 IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

H. G. SPAFFORD. Philip P. Bliss, (1838—1876)

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,—
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.

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89

HE LEADETH ME.

L. M.

J. H. GILMORE, 1861. W. B. Bradbury, (1816—1868)

1. He lead- eth me! Oh, bless-ed tho't! Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the victory's won,

Whate'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead- eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead- eth me!
Content what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead- eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead- eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead- eth me! He lead- eth me! By His own hand He lead- eth me;
His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

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90 SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT. John R. Sweney, (1838—1899) 1887.

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

Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus list-en-ing can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up a-bove."

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - - - shine, bless-ed sun - - - shine,
sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,

When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll;
hap-py mo-ments roll;

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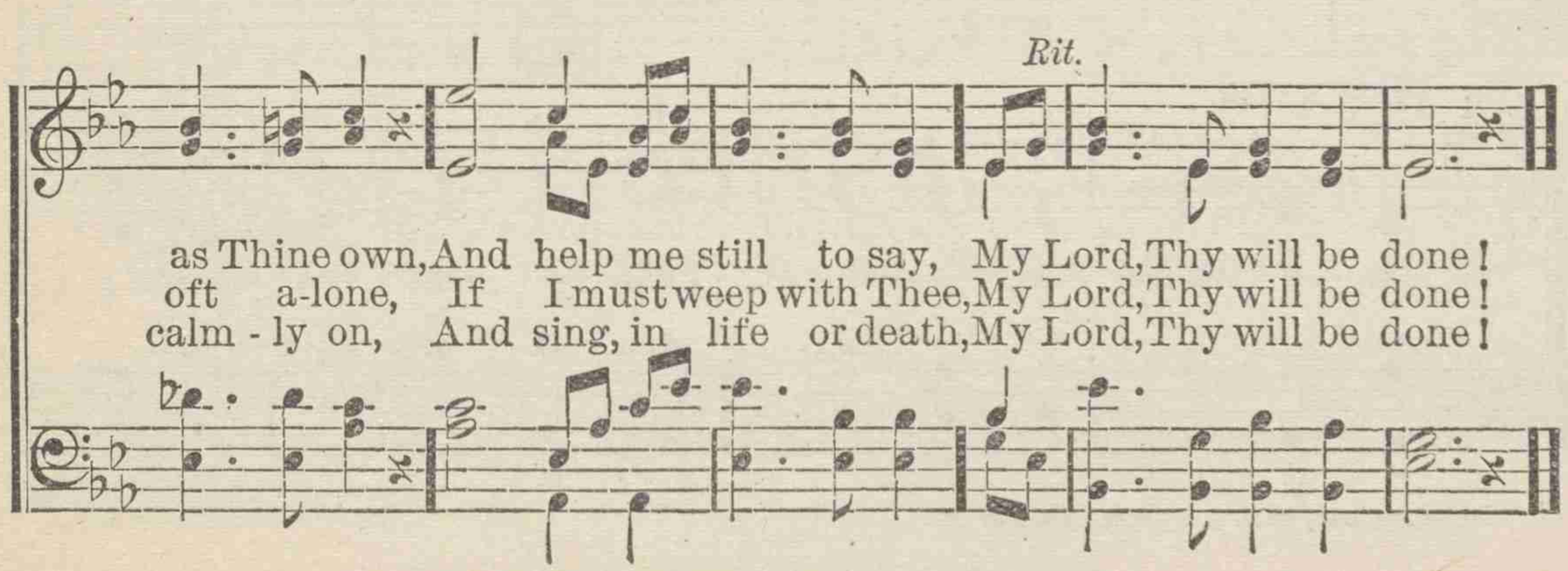
91

MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT!

"Jewett." 6s. D.

B. SCHMOLKE,
TR. BY JANE BORTHWICK.

C. M. Von Weber, (1786—1826)
Arr. by H. P. Main.



92 ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

JESSIE H. BROWN. Daniel B. Towner, (1850—) 1887.

1. An-ywhere with Je-sus I can safe-ly go, An y-where He leads me in this world be-low, An-y-where without Him, dearest
2. An-ywhere with Je-sus I am not a-lone, Oth-er friends may fail me, He is still my own; Though His hand may lead me o-ver
3. An-ywhere with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the dark-ling shadows round a-bout me creep; Know-ing I shall wa-ken nev-er

joys would fade, An-ywhere with Je-sus I am not a-fraid.
drear-est ways, An-ywhere with Je-sus is a house of praise.
more to roam, An-ywhere with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.

REFRAIN.

An-y-where! an-y-where! Fear I can-not know;

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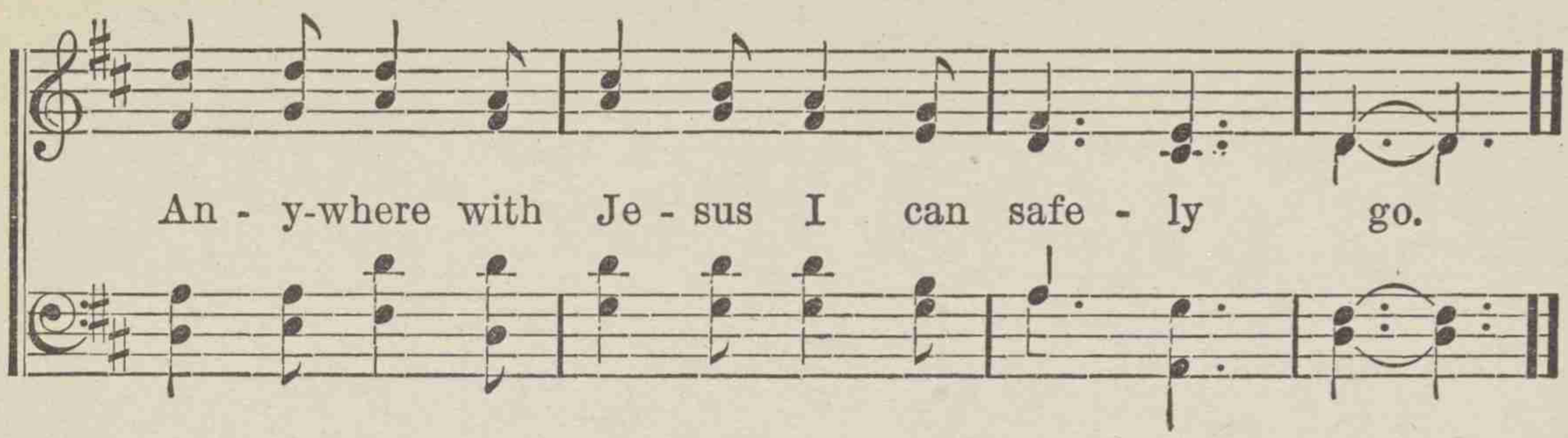
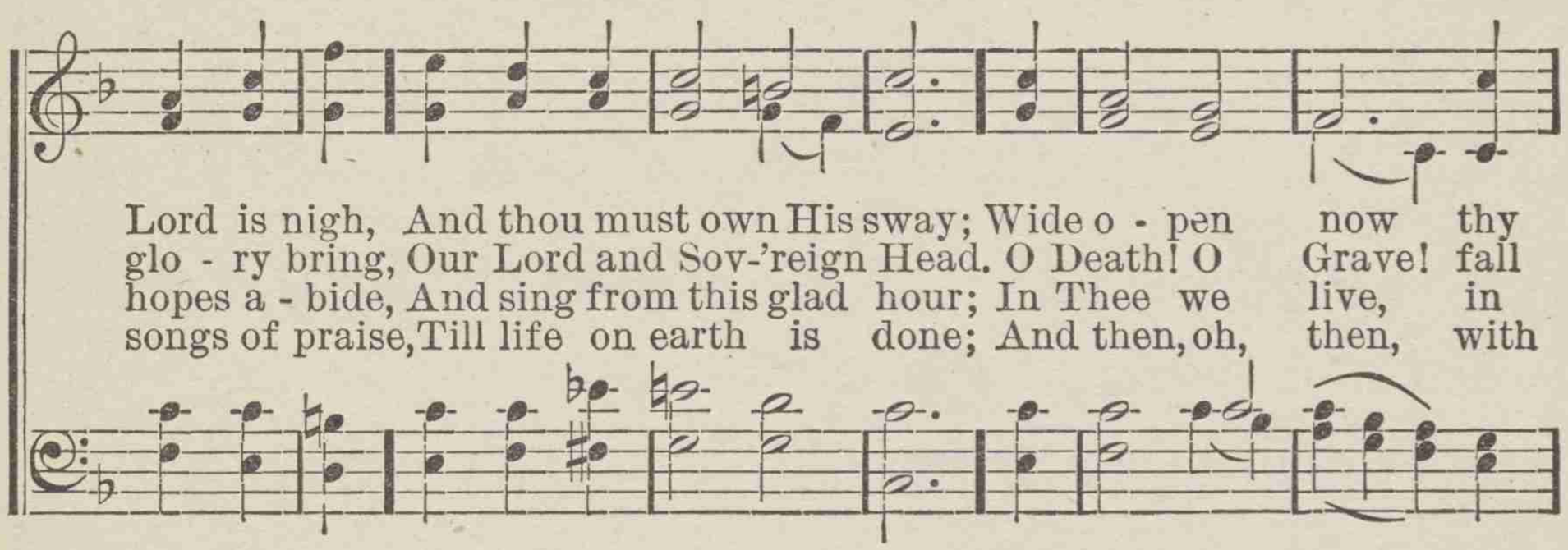


93 CHRIST IS RISEN.

George Edward Smith.



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94 KEPT FOR JESUS.

EDITH C. CHERRY. I. Allan Sankey.

1. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Kept, by the pow'r of God;
2. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Serv - ing as He shall choose;
3. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Kept from the world a - part;
4. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Oh, to be all His own!

Kept, from the world un - spot - ted, Tread-ing where Je - sus trod.
"Kept" for the Mas- ter's pleas - ure; "Kept" for the Mas- ter's use.
Low - ly in mind and spir - it, Gen - tle and pure in heart.
Kept, to be His for - ev - er, Kept, to be His a - lone!

CHORUS.

Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Lord at Thy feet I fall;

rit.

I would be "nothing, nothing, nothing;" Thou shalt be "all in all."

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95 THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

E. JOHNSON. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sor-rows pre - vail;

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toiling in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shad-ow - y vale.

CHORUS.

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

96

BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS.

"Christopher." 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, (1868—) Frederick C. Maker, (1881—)

1. Be- neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on the cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O Cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place;

The shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land;
The ver - y dy - ing form of one Who suffered there for me.
I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun-shine of His face.

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my smit- ten heart with tears, These won-ders I con - fess,—
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

From the burning of the noon- tide heat, And the bur-den of the day.
The won- der of His glo - rious love, And my own worthlessness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

97 THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. Showalter.

1. O what fel-low-ship, O what joy divine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
2. O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er- last-ing arms.
Leaning on Je-sus, leaning on Jesus,

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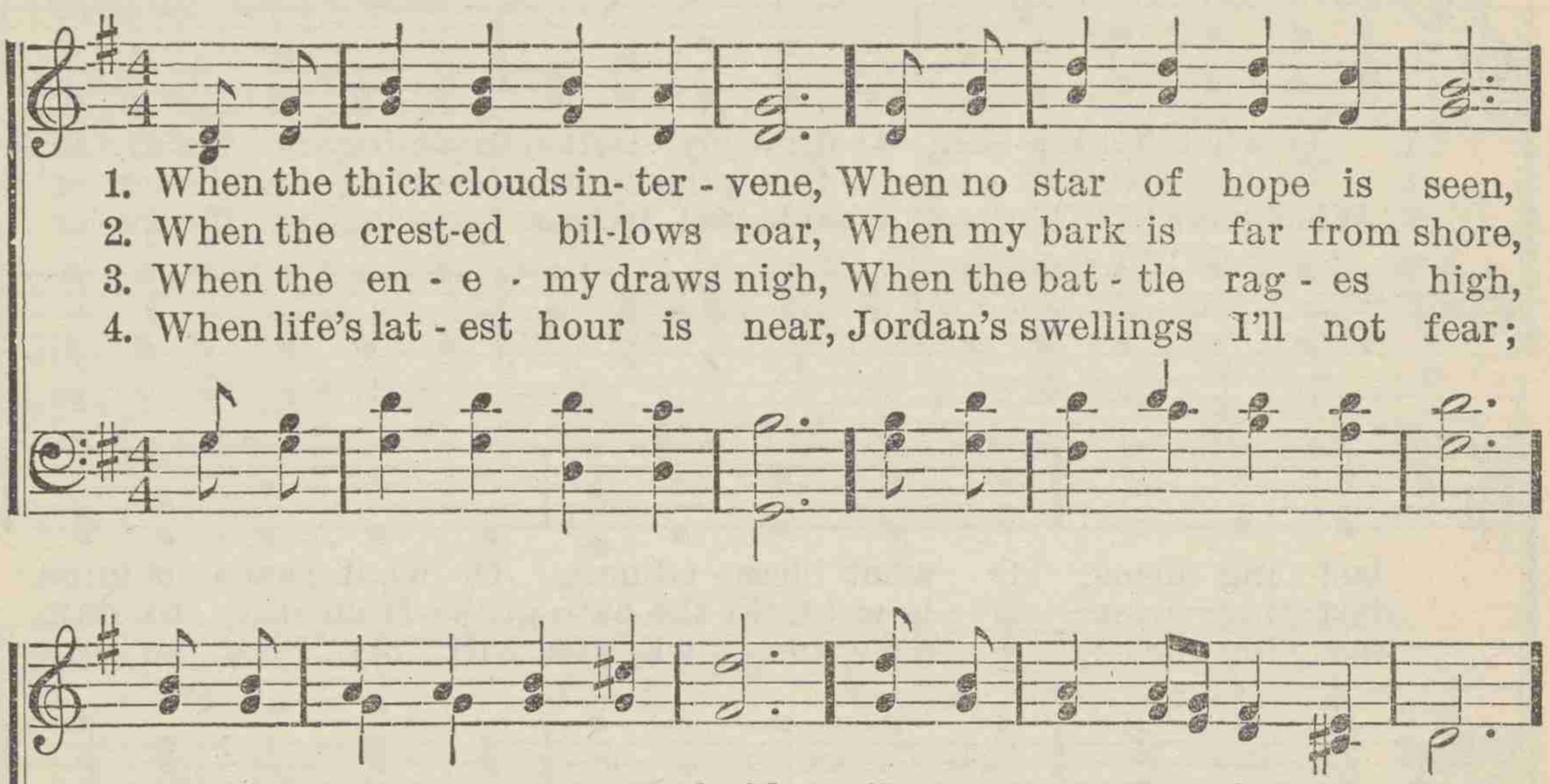
98 I WILL TRUST, AND NOT BE AFRAID.

Isa. 12: 2.

M. FRASER. James McGranahan.



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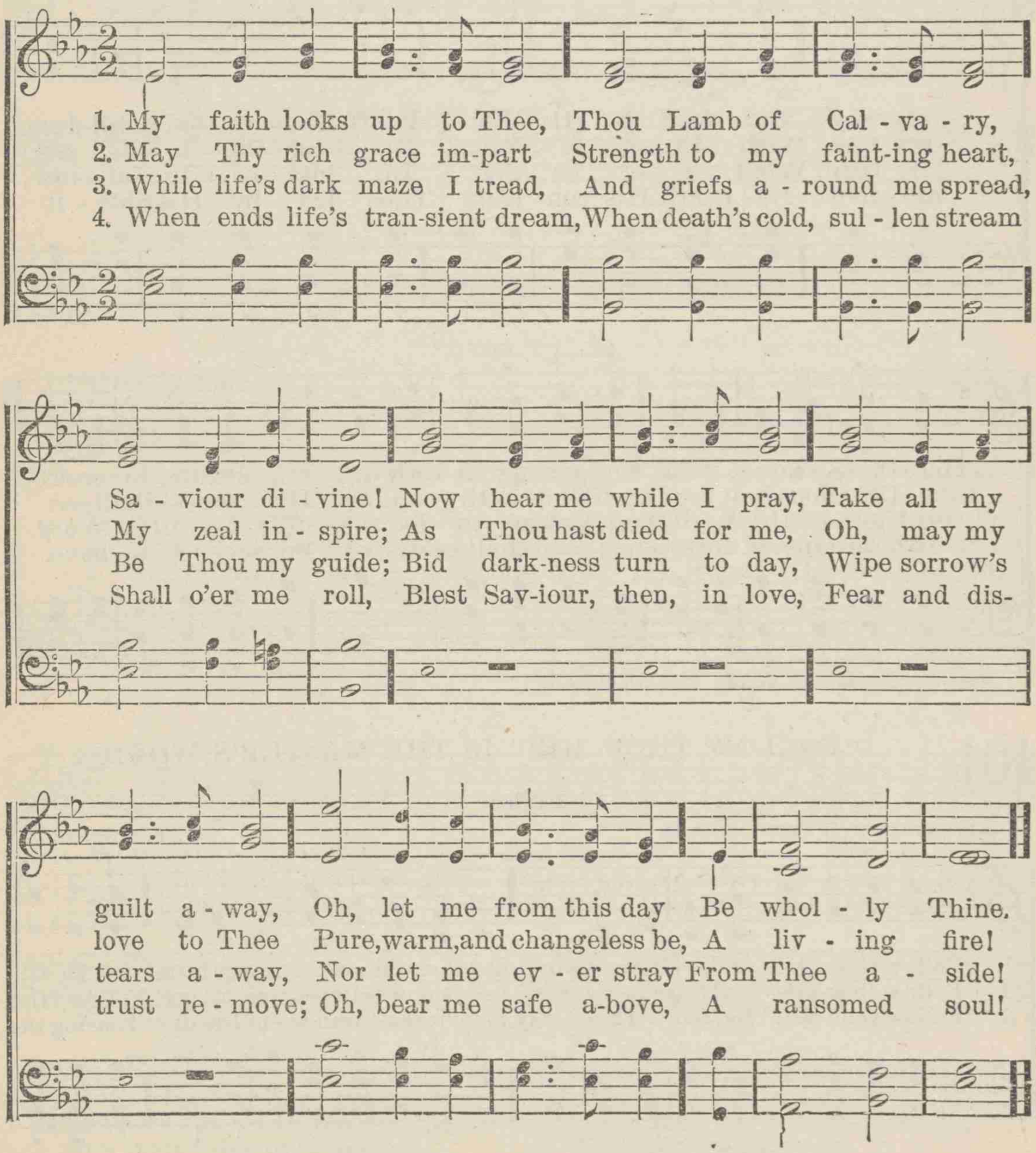
99 MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

"Olivet." 6s. & 4s.

RAY PALMER, 1830. Lowell Mason, 1832.



100 TAKE TIME TO BE HOLY.

W. D. LONGSTAFF. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His Word; Make friends of God's chil-dren,
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on; Spend much time in se - cret With Je - sus a - lone; By look - ing to Je - sus,
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide, And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide; In joy or in sor - row,
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul, Each tho't and each mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol; Thus led by His Spir - it

Help those who are weak, For-getting in noth-ing His blessing to seek.
Like Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see.
Still fol-low thy Lord, And, looking to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
To fountains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit- ted For serv-ice a - bove.

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101 "FOLLOW THOU ME!" IS THE MASTER'S WORD.

"Follow."

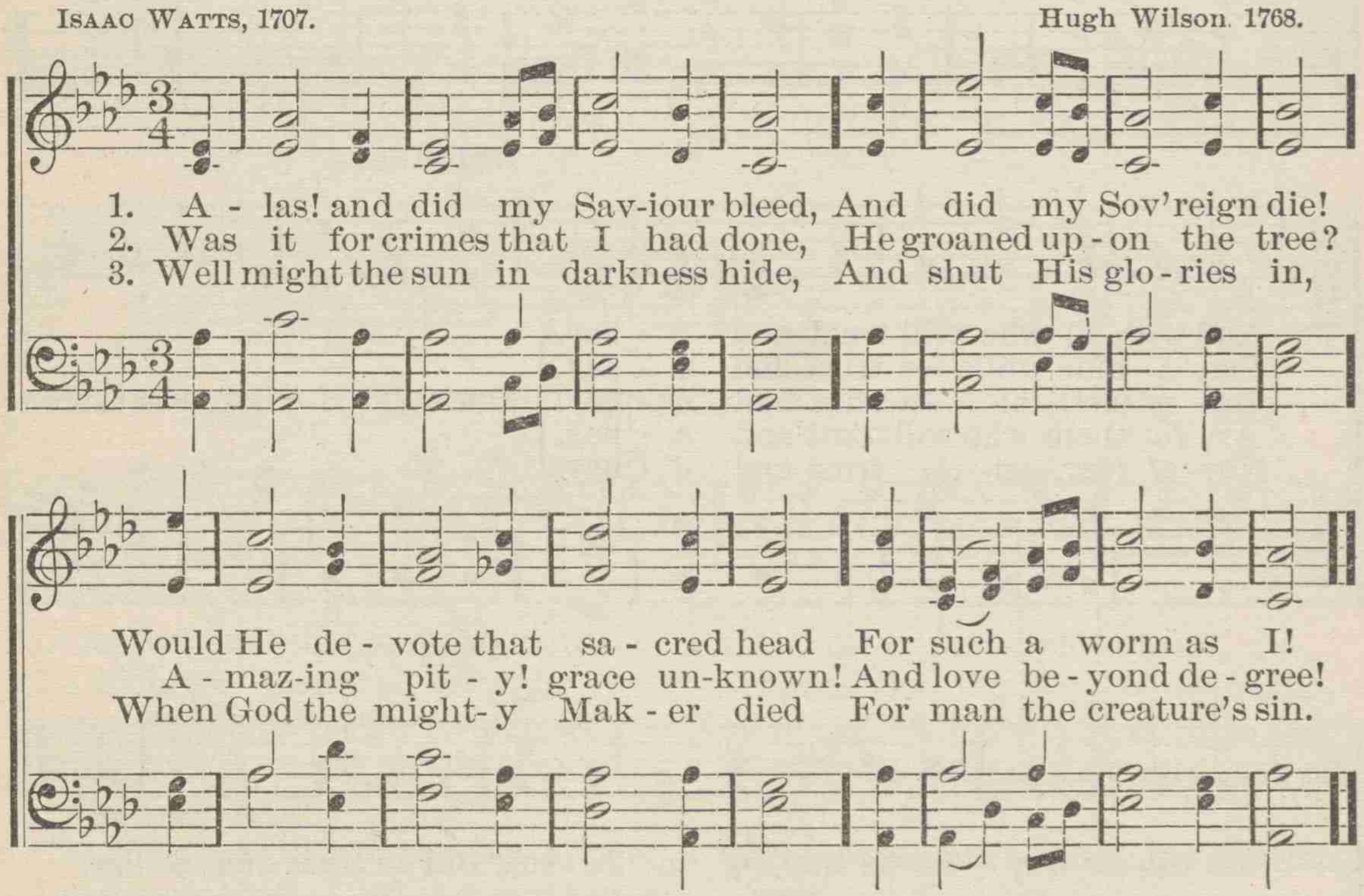
REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D. W. F. Sherwin.

1. "Follow thou Me!" is the Master's word: Hast thou the gospel message heard? Lo! He is
2. "Follow thou Me!" and "take up thy cross!" Je-sus now calls; count all but loss! Follow Him
3. "Follow thou Me!" for, tho' dark the way, Soon it shall lead to endless day: Bearing the

102 ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED.

"Avon." C. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. Hugh Wilson. 1768.



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

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

103 TRUST AND OBEY.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us still,
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross,
4. But we nev - er can prove The delights of His love, Un - til all on the al - tar we lay, For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
5. Then in fel -low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,

CHORUS.

And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.
} Trust and o - bey, For there's no oth- er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey.

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104

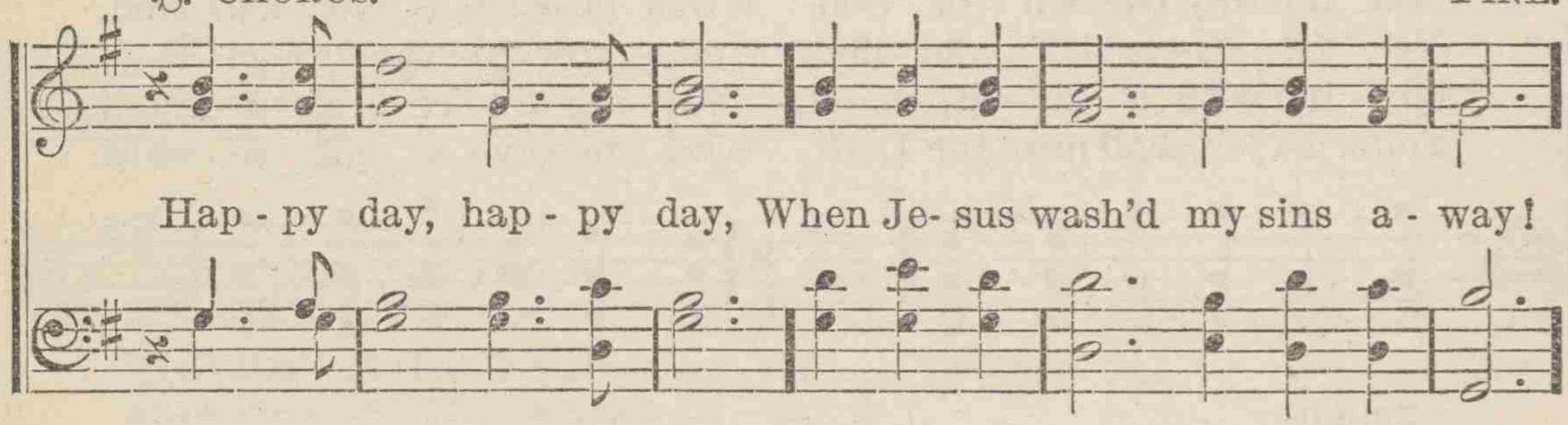
OH, HAPPY DAY.

L. M.

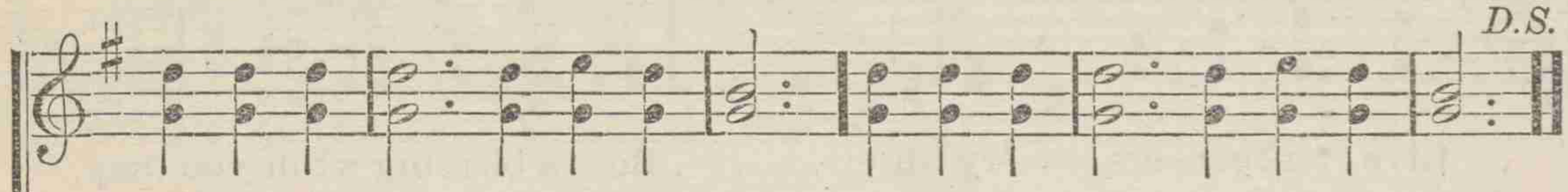
PHILIP DODDRIDGE. From E. F. Rimbault.

1. { Oh, hap-py day, that stays my choice On Thee, my Saviour, and my God! / Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap- tures all a- broad. }

:S: CHORUS. 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.

2 O happy bond! that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to His sacred throne I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me Thine;
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess Thy voice divine.

4 Here rest my oft divided heart,
Fixed on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part,
When called on angel's food to feast?

5 High heaven that hears 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.

105 LIVE FOR OTHERS.

R. McNAUGHTAN. D. B. Towner.

1. Live for oth-ers, day by day! 'Tis the true, the bet-ter way;
2. Live for oth-ers, for that One, Who, tho' God's be-lov-ed Son,
3. Live for oth-ers! spend, be spent! 'Tis the life the Mas-ter meant,
4. Live for oth-ers! and when death Shall cut short life's lat-est breath,

'Tis the way the Son of God, When on earth as Sav-iour trod.
Yet, "for oth-ers" liv'd and died, And is crown'd "the Cru-ci-fied."
Giv-ing with a lav-ish hand, Meet-ing ev-er love's de-mand.
You with joy shall meet the Lord, And re-ceive a full re-ward.

CHORUS.

Live for oth-ers, ev-'ry day!..... Be a blessing while you may,
ev'ry day!

Ev-er loving, kind, and true,..... Je-sus-like in all you do.....
kind, and true, all you do.

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106 LABOR ON.

C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. Doane.

Spirited.

1. In the har - vest field there is work to do, For the grain is
2. Crowd the gar - ner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be
3. In the gleamer's path may be rich re - ward, Tho' the time seems
4. Lo! the Har - vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by

ripe, and the reap-ers few; And the Mas-ter's voice bids the workers true
glad, and the heart be light; Fill the pre-cious hours, ere the shades of night
long, and the la - bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His cho - sen shar'd,
each who have toil'd and strove, When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,

CHORUS.

Heed the call that He gives to - day.
Take the place of the gold - en day.
Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day.

La - bor on! la - bor on! la - bor on!

la - bor on!

Keep the bright re - ward in view; For the la - bor on!

Master has said, He will strength renew; La - bor on till the close of day.

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107 I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

"Consecration."

MARY BROWN. Carrie E. Rounsefell.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o-ver the storm-y sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied—

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

I'll answer, "Dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go."
My voice shall ech-o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

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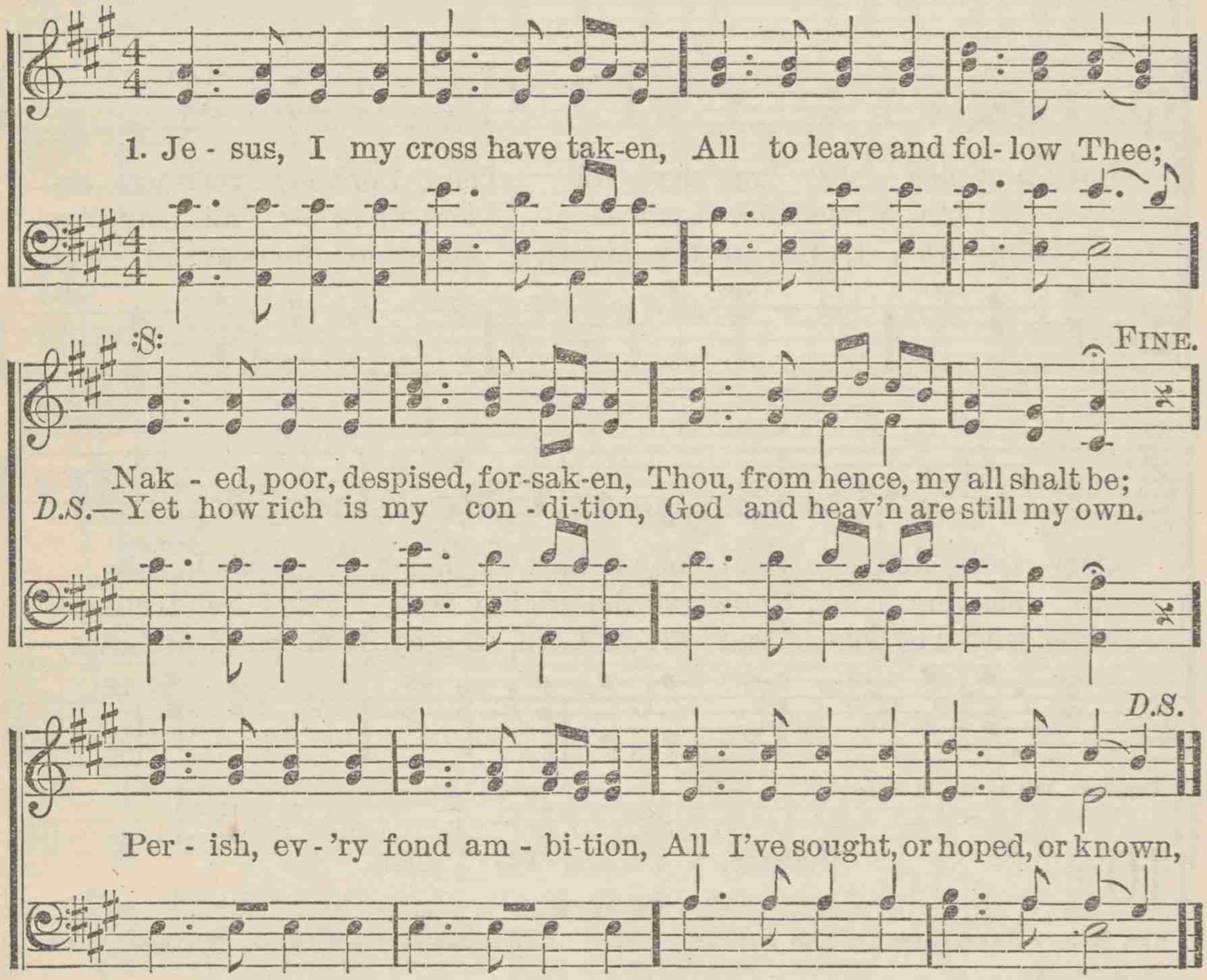
108 JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

"Ellesdie." 8s. 7s. D.

H. F. LYTE. From J. C. W. A. Mozart.



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

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee—Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

109 SAVIOUR, I COME.

IDA L. REED. Adam Geibel.

1. Sav - iour, I come to Thee, On Thee I call, Thou art my hope and plea, Je - sus my all; Thou, Lord, my ref - uge art,
2. Sav - iour, I come to Thee, Give me I pray, Thro' Thy great love so free, Strength for each day; Thou know-est all my care,
3. Sav - iour, I come to Thee, Be Thou my Light, Up - ward my foot-steps lead, Out of the night; In - to the heaven-ly day,

Com - fort Thou me, Heal Thou my ach-ing heart, Thine would I be.
Je - sus my King, Know-est the griefs I bear, To Thee I cling.
Bright with Thy love, Lead me, O Lord, I pray, Homeward a- bove.

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110 JESUS, I COME TO THEE.

6s. & 4s.

MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—) William James Kirkpatrick, (1838—) 1883.

1. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Long - ing for rest; Fold Thou Thy
2. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Hear Thou my cry; Save, or I
3. Now let the roll - ing waves Bend to Thy will, Say to the
4. Swift - ly the part - ing clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der Thy

Copyright, 1884, by John J. Hood.

REFRAIN.

wea - ry child Safe to Thy breast.
per - ish, Lord, Save or I die.
troub- led deep, "Peace, peace be still."
bow ap-pears, Love - ly and bright.

Rocked on a storm - y sea,

Oh, be not far from me; Lord, let me cling to Thee, On - ly to Thee.

111 PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.

"Pax Tecum." 10. 10.

E. H. BICKERSTETH. G. T. Caldbeck.

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng - ing du - ties pressed?
3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round?
4. Peace, per - fect peace, with loved ones far a - way?

The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.
To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
On Je - sus' bo - som naught but calm is found.
In Je - sus' keep - ing we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

SERVICE.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

112

P. M.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. Doane.

1. Res- cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy- ing, Snatch them in pit- y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait- ing the pen - i- tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
4. Res- cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la- bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err- ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re- ceive, Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gently:
grace can re-store: Touched by a lov- ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa- tient- ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be- lieve.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Tell the poor wanderer a Sav- iour has died.
} Res- cue the per - ish-ing,

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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113 BRING THEM IN.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. Ogden.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the little lambs to find?
3. Out in the desert hear their cry, Out on mountains wild and high,

Call-ing the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Were they'll be shelter'd from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master calls for thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."

CHORUS.

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

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114

TRY TO CARRY SUNSHINE.

FANNY A. KIMBALL. Adam Geibel.

1. Try to car - ry sun-shine Ev- 'ry-where you go; Try to brighten,
2. Try to be a sun-beam Shin - ing for the Lord, Liv - ing in His
3. If you walk with Je - sus, Joy - ful- ly each day, Try - ing to tell
4. If your life is glad- some, Full of joy and love, It will point to

some way, Lives of those you know. If the day be drear - y,
pres- ence, Feed - ing on His word. Storms may o - ver- take you,
oth - ers Of the bless - ed way, Nev - er fear temp- ta - tion,
Je - sus, And the life a- bove. If you are but faith - ful,

And the way seem long, Try to make it brighter By a bit of song.
Fear- ful in their might; Trust to Je- sus' guiding, For with Him 'tis light.
He'll not let you fall; Christ, the Lord, is near you When you on Him call.
Thro' life's lit- tle day, You may show to oth- ers God's appoint-ed way.

CHORUS.

Try..... to car - ry sun - shine
Try to car - ry sun - shine Ev - 'ry-where you go;

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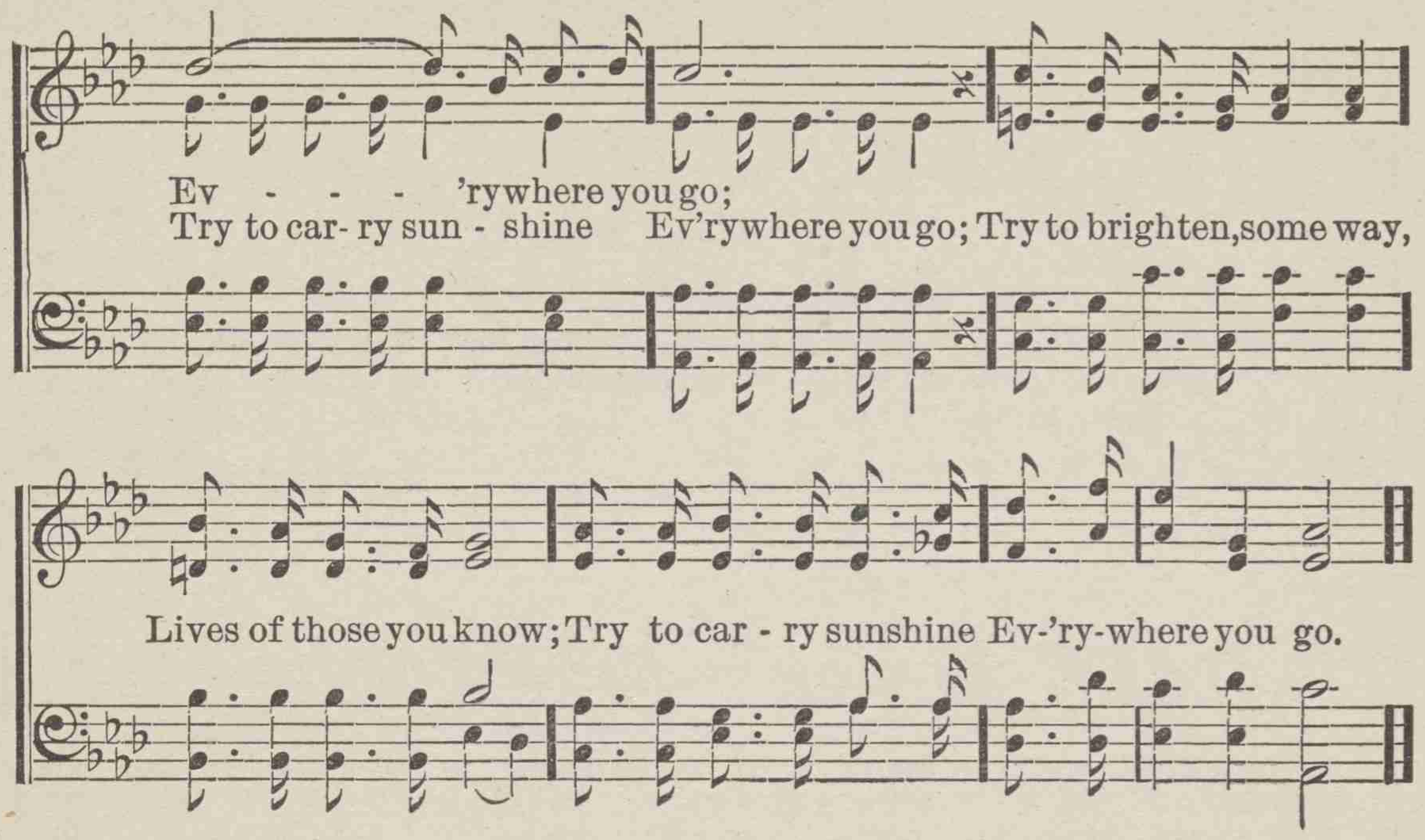
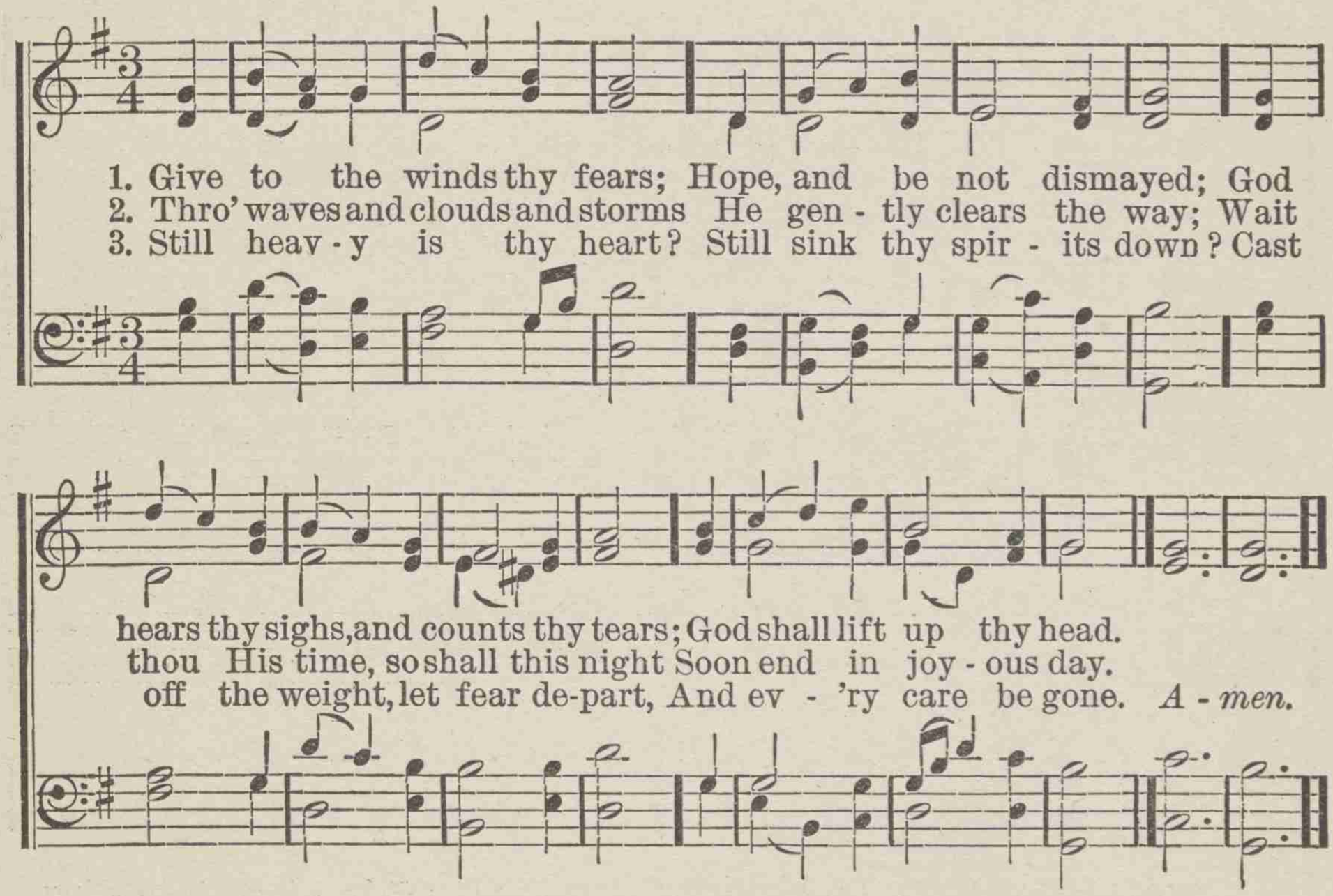


115 GIVE TO THE WINDS THY FEARS.

"Thatcher." S. M.

P. GERHARDT, 1653.
TR. BY J. WESLEY, 1739, AB.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1732



4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet Heaven and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne
And ruleth all things well.

5 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

116 ALWAYS HELPING SOMEWHERE.

E. E. HEWITT.

1. Always helping somewhere, As the Mas - ter did, For the blessed
2. Always helping oth - ers, When to mankind grown, Still the light of
3. Always helping oth - ers, May we thus be found, In our field of

love-light Nev - er could be hid; Beau-ti-ful His home life 'Mid the
heav-en Round His path-way shone; Speaking like no oth-er, Lov-ing,
serv-ice, Mak-ing songs re-sound; Looking up to Je-sus, E - ven

grand old hills, Making sweet - er mu - sic Than the mountain rills.
pure and meek, Com-fort - ing the saddened, Strengthening the weak.
chil - dren may, Treading in His footsteps, His sweet grace dis-play.

CHORUS.

Lov - ing, lov - ing, giv - ing all the while, Here a kind and
friend-ly word and there a sun - ny smile; Help - ing, help - ing

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somewhere ev-'ry day, Always helping somewhere, that's the Master's way.

117 LIKE JESUS.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. Adam Geibel.

1. In truth and grace I want to grow Like Je - sus, day by day;
2. I want to live a life of love Like Je - sus, day by day;
3. I want to do some kind - ly deed Like Je - sus, day by day;

And scat - ter sunshine where I go, A - long my pil - grim way.
And point some soul to Heav'n a - bove, A - long my pil - grim way.
And for His kingdom sow the seed A - long my pil - grim way.

CHORUS.

Like Je - sus, like Je - sus, I want to be like Je - sus

I love Him so, I want to grow Like Je - sus, day by day.

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118 HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS?

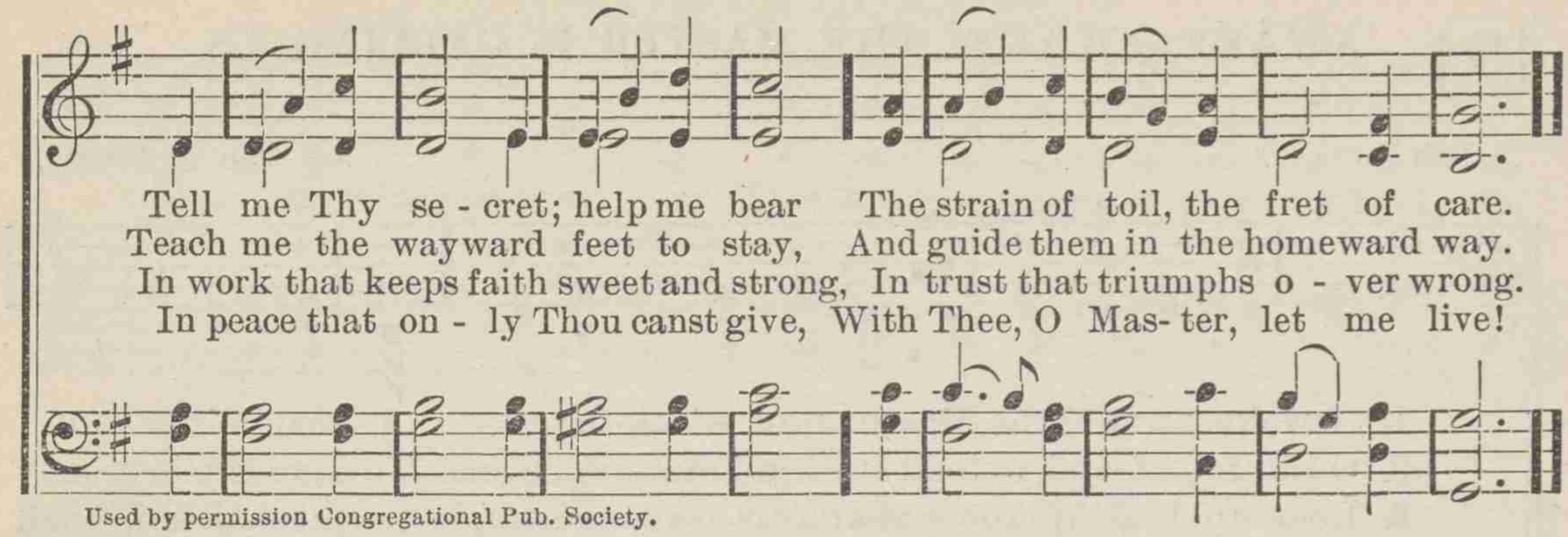
"Love Divine." 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. G. F. Le Jeune.

119 O MASTER, LET ME WALK WITH THEE.

"Via Bona." L. M.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN. J. B. Dykes.



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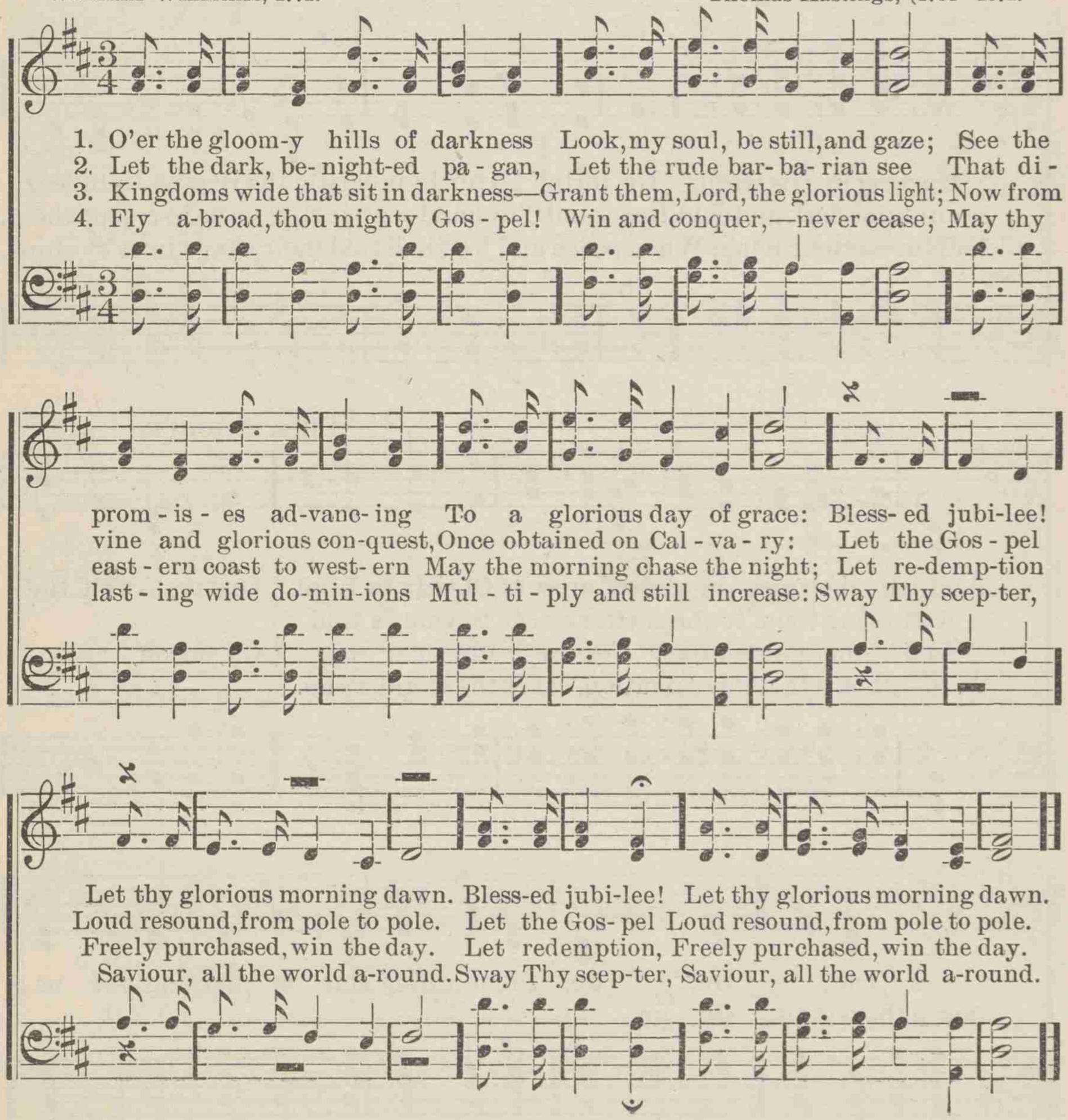
120 O'ER THE GLOOMY HILLS.

"Zion." 8. 7. 4.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1772. Thomas Hastings, (1784—1872.



121 AWAKE, AWAKE! THE MASTER IS CALLING US.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. A-wake, awake! the Master now is call-ing us, A - rise! a-rise! and
2. O Church of God, extend thy kind maternal arms To save the lost on
3. Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near, When all shall hail, shall

trusting in His word, Go forth! go forth! proclaim the year of Ju-bi-lee,
mountains dark and cold, Reach out Thy hand with loving smile to rescue them,
hail the Saviour King, When peace and joy shall fold their wings in ev'ry clime,

:S: FINE. CHORUS.

And take the cross, the blessed cross of Christ, our Lord.
And bring them to the shelter of the Saviour's fold.
And "glory, hal-le-lujah," o'er the world shall ring.
} On, on, swell the
} On, on, on,

D. S.—Shouting "free salvation," O'er the world we go.

cho - rus; On, on, the morning star is shining o'er us;
swell the chorus; On, on,

On, on, while be-fore us, Our might-y, might-y Sav-iour leads the
On, on, on, before us,

way. { Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the ev - erlasting throng, }
leads the way. { Shout ho - san - na while we bold - ly march along; }

D. S.

Faith - ful sol-diers here be-low, On - ly Je - sus shall we know;

122 OH, STILL IN ACCENTS SWEET.

"St. Mark." C. M.

S. Longfellow, 1864. H. J. Gauntlett (1805–1876.)

1. Oh, still in ac-cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the ancient word,
2. We hear the call; in dreams no more In selfish ease we lie,
3. Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood, And pray'rs of saints were sown,

"More reapers for white harvest fields, More laborers for the Lord."
But, girded for our Father's work, Go forth beneath His sky.
We, to their labors entering in, Would reap where they have strown. *A-men.*

123 SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

W. A. OGDEN. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Scattering precious seed by the way - side, Scattering precious seed
2. Scattering precious seed for the grow-ing, Scattering precious seed
3. Scattering precious seed,doubting nev-er, Scattering precious seed

by the hill - side; Scattering precious seed o'er the field, wide,
free-ly sow - ing; Scattering precious seed, trusting, knowing,
trusting ev - er; Sowing the word with prayer and endeavor,

CHORUS.

Scattering precious seed by the way. { Sow - - - ing in the
Surely the Lord will send it the rain. { Sow - - - ing in the
Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield. Sowing the precious seed,

morn - - - - ing, Sow - - - - ing at the
ev - - - - - 'ning, [*Omit*].....
Sow-ing the precious seed, Sow-ing the seed at noon - tide,

noon - - - tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way.....
Sow-ing the precious seed; by the way.

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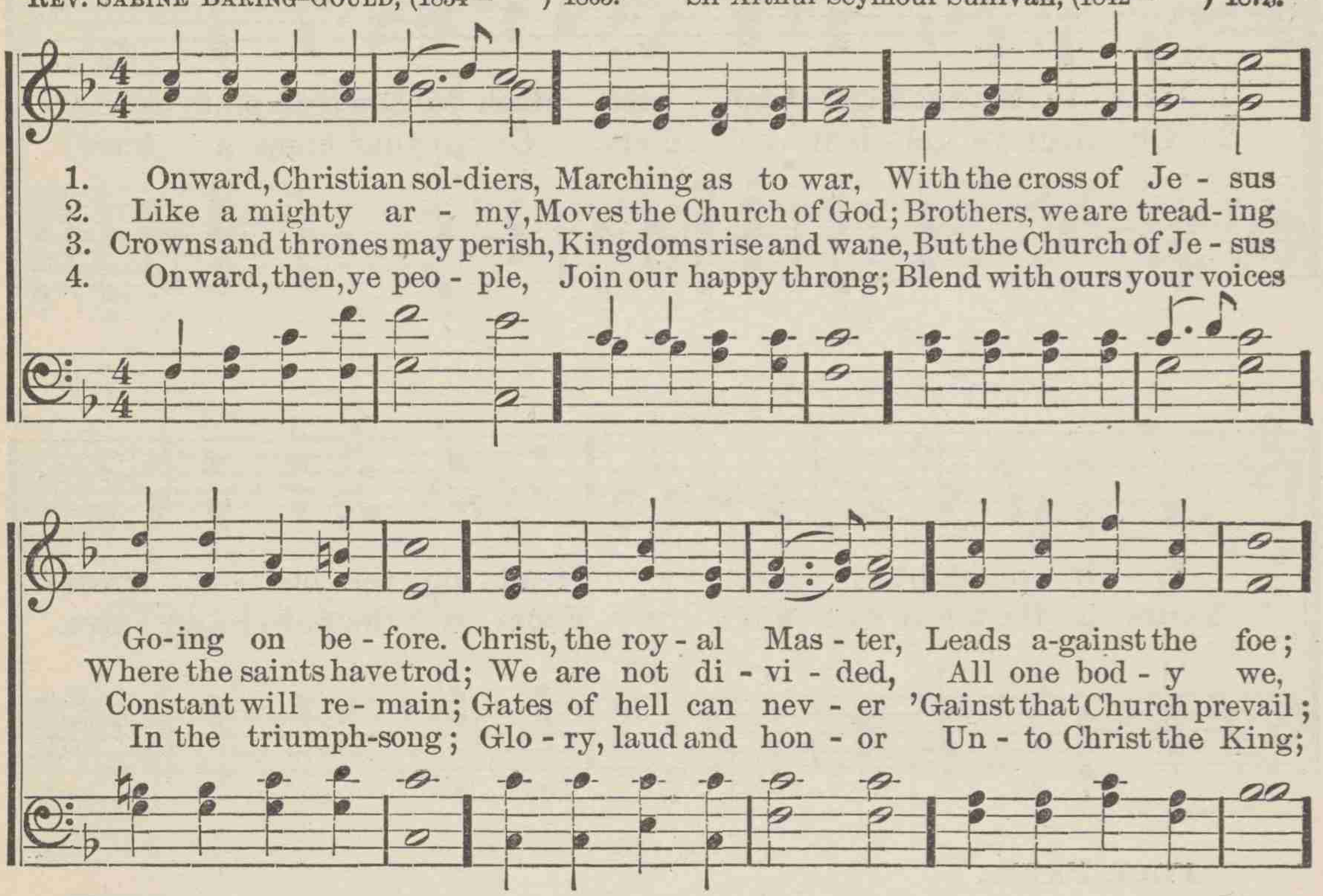
CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

124 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

"St. Gertrude." 6s. & 5s.

REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD, (1834—) 1865. Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, (1842—) 1872.

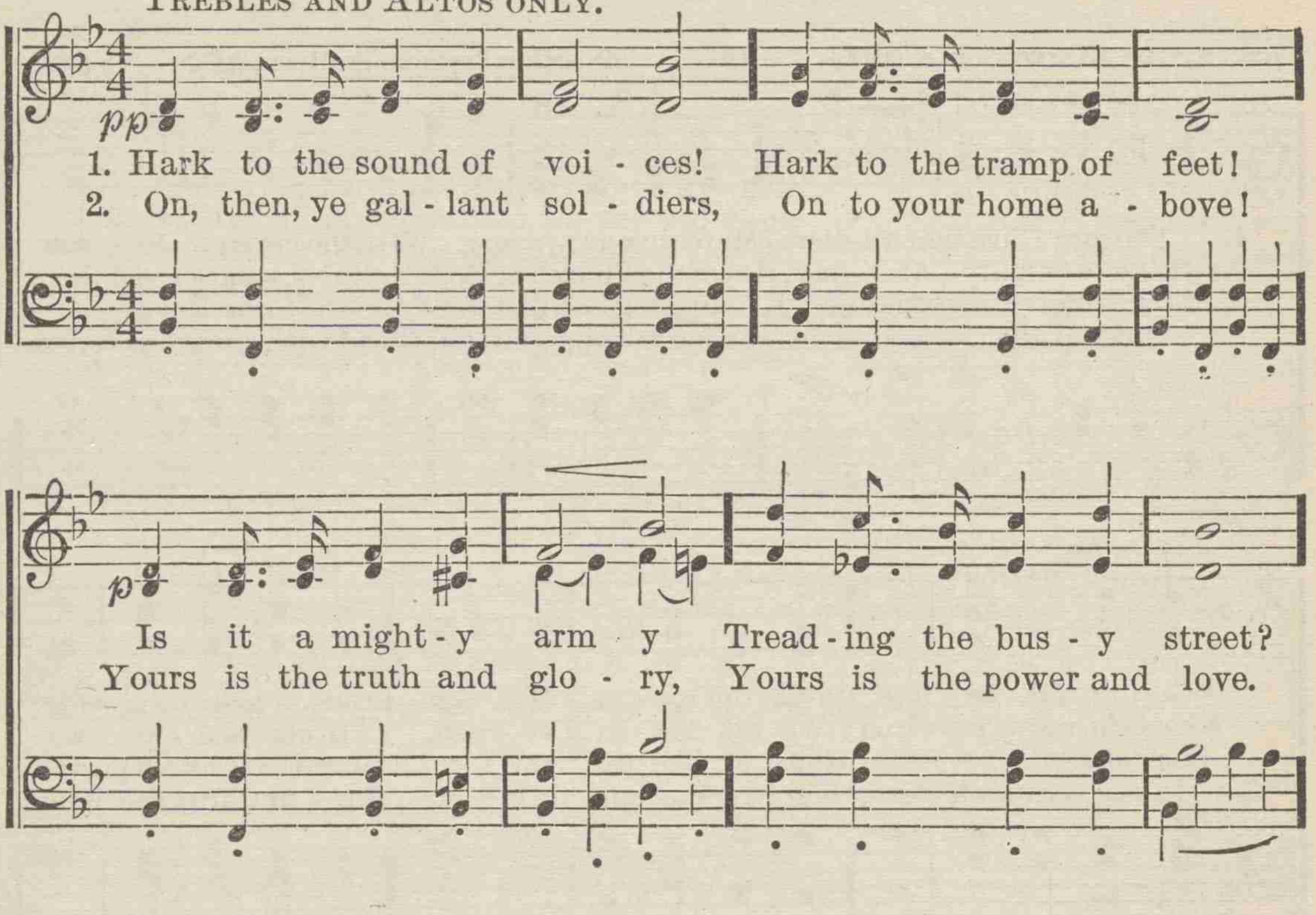


125 MARCHING BENEATH THE BANNER.

COLIN STERNE, (1862—) 1896. H. Ernest Nichol, (1862—) 1896.

In march time.

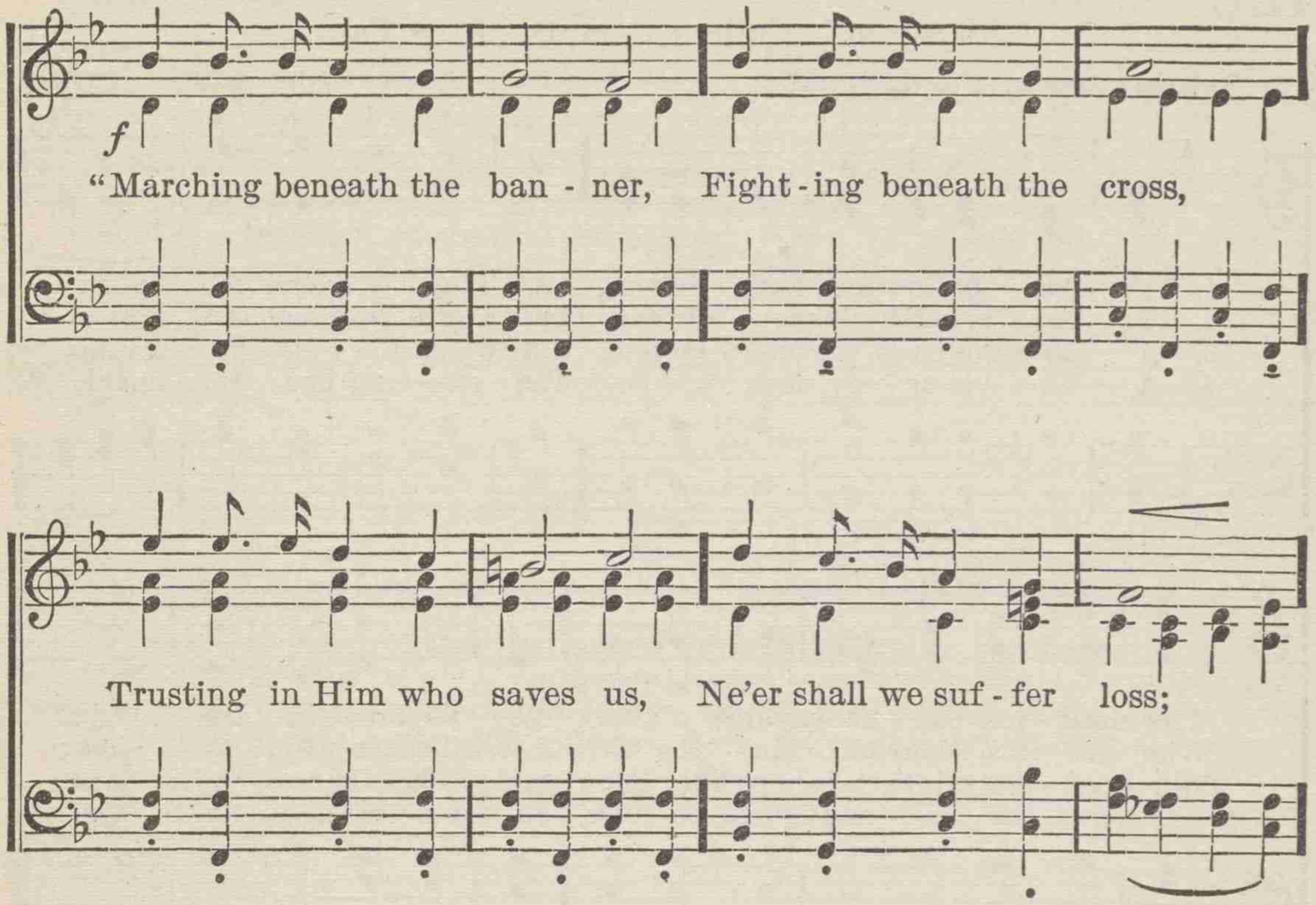
TREBLES AND ALTOS ONLY.



FOUR PARTS.

Well marked in the bass.

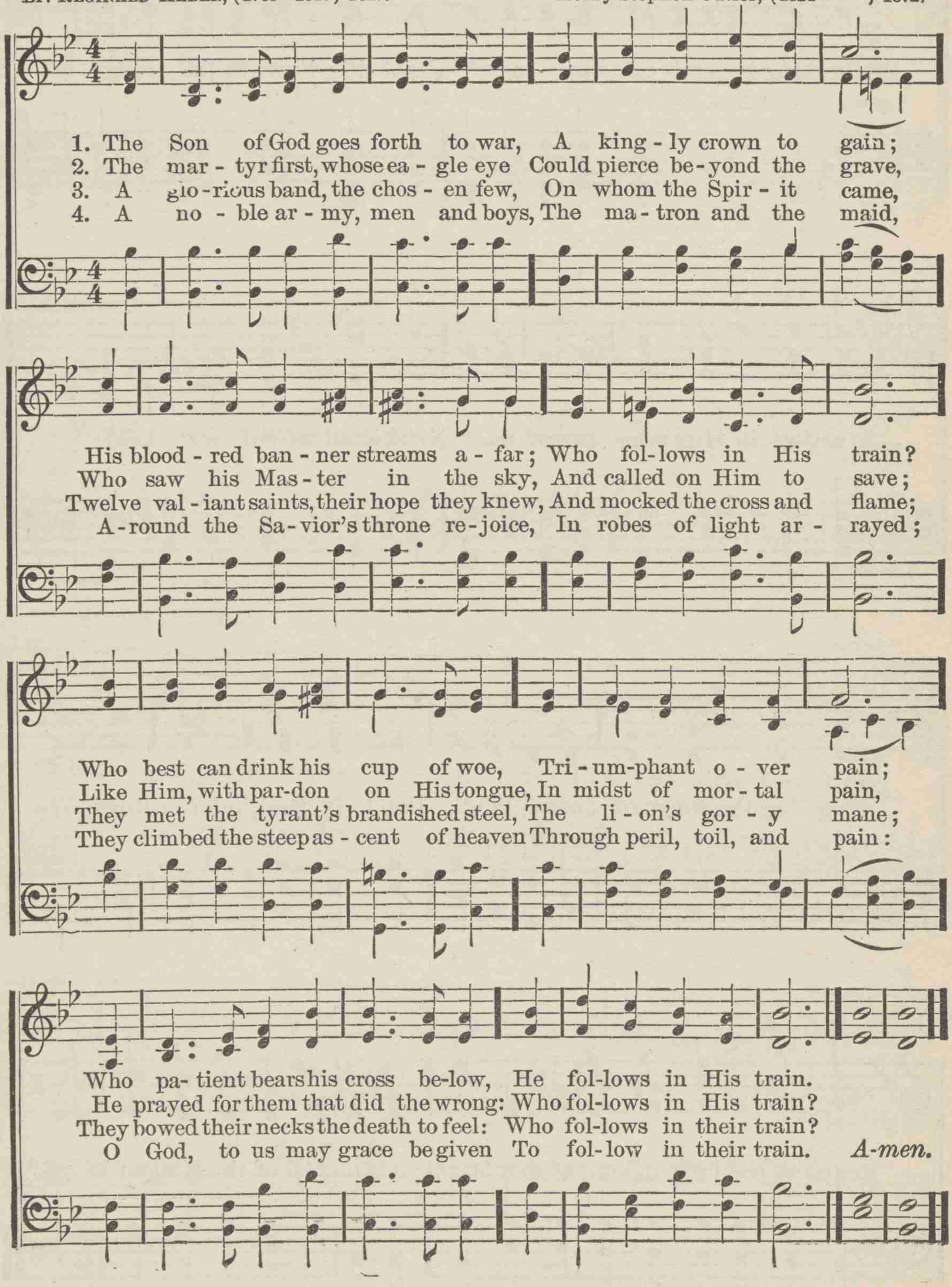
REFRAIN. *Unison.*



126 THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

"All Saints." (Cutler.) C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

Bp. Reginald Heber, (1783—1826) 1827. Henry Stephen Cutler, (1824—) 1872.



127 TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

"Alford." 7. 6. 8. 6. D.

HENRY ALFORD, 1867. Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1875.

1. Ten thousand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai-ment bright,
2. What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fills all the earth and sky!
3. O then what raptured greet - ing On Ca-naan's hap - py shore;
4. Bring near Thy great sal - va - tion, Thou Lamb for sin - ner's slain;

The ar - mies of the ransom'd saints Throng up the steeps of light:
What ring - ing of a thou-sand harps Be-speaks the tri-umph nigh!
What knit - ting severed friendships up; Where part-ings are no more!
Fill up the roll of Thine e - lect, Then take Thy pow'r and reign:

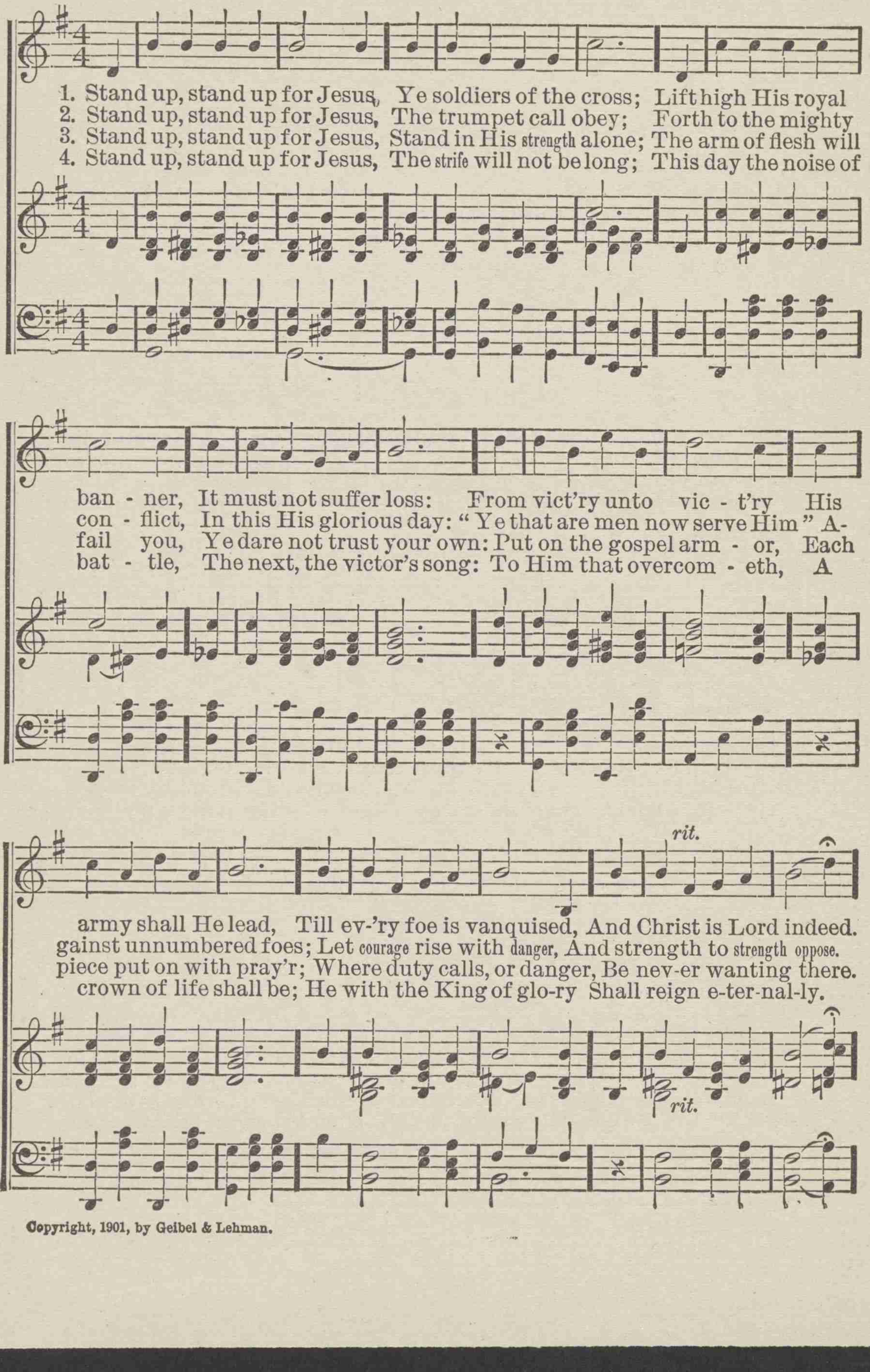
'Tis fin-ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin;
O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made;
Then eyes with joy shall spar - kle That brimm'd with tears of late;
Ap-pear, De-sire of na - tions, Thine ex - iles long for home:

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
O joy, for all its form - er woes A thousand-fold re - paid!
Or-phans no lon - ger fa - ther-less, Nor wid-ows des - o - late.
Show in the heav'ns Thy promis'd sign; Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

128 STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. Adam Geibel.

1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His royal ban - ner, It must not suffer loss: From vict'ry unto vic - t'ry His army shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquised, And Christ is Lord indeed.
2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty con - flict, In this His glorious day: "Ye that are men now serve Him" A-gainst unnumbered foes; Let 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 arm - or, Each piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls, or danger, Be nev-er wanting there.
4. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the victor's song: To Him that overcom - eth, A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo-ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.



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CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Jesus,

high His roy-al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

129 NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Rev. S. BARING GOULD. J. Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,
3. Thro' the long night watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morning wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy tend'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

130 VICTORY THROUGH GRACE.

SALLIE MARTIN. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rid-eth a King in His might,
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this won-der - ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Je-sus, Thou Ruler of all,

Leading the host of all the faithful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the armies which He leadeth, While of His glory they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

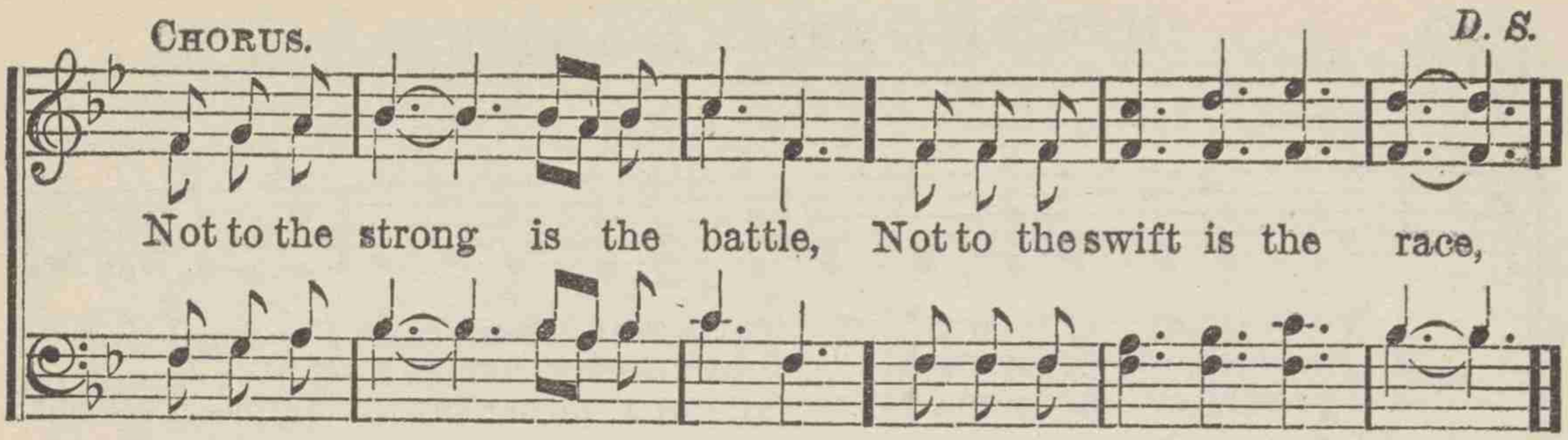
See them with courage ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their brilliant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem - er, Saviour and Monarch di - vine,
Yet shall the armies Thou lead-est, Faithful and true to the last,

Shouting the name of their Leader, Hear them exulting - ly say:
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in His kingdom shall shine.
Find, in Thy mansions e - ter - nal, Rest when their warfare is past.
D. S.—Yet to the true and the faith - ful Vict'ry is promised thro' grace.

FINE.

Used by per.

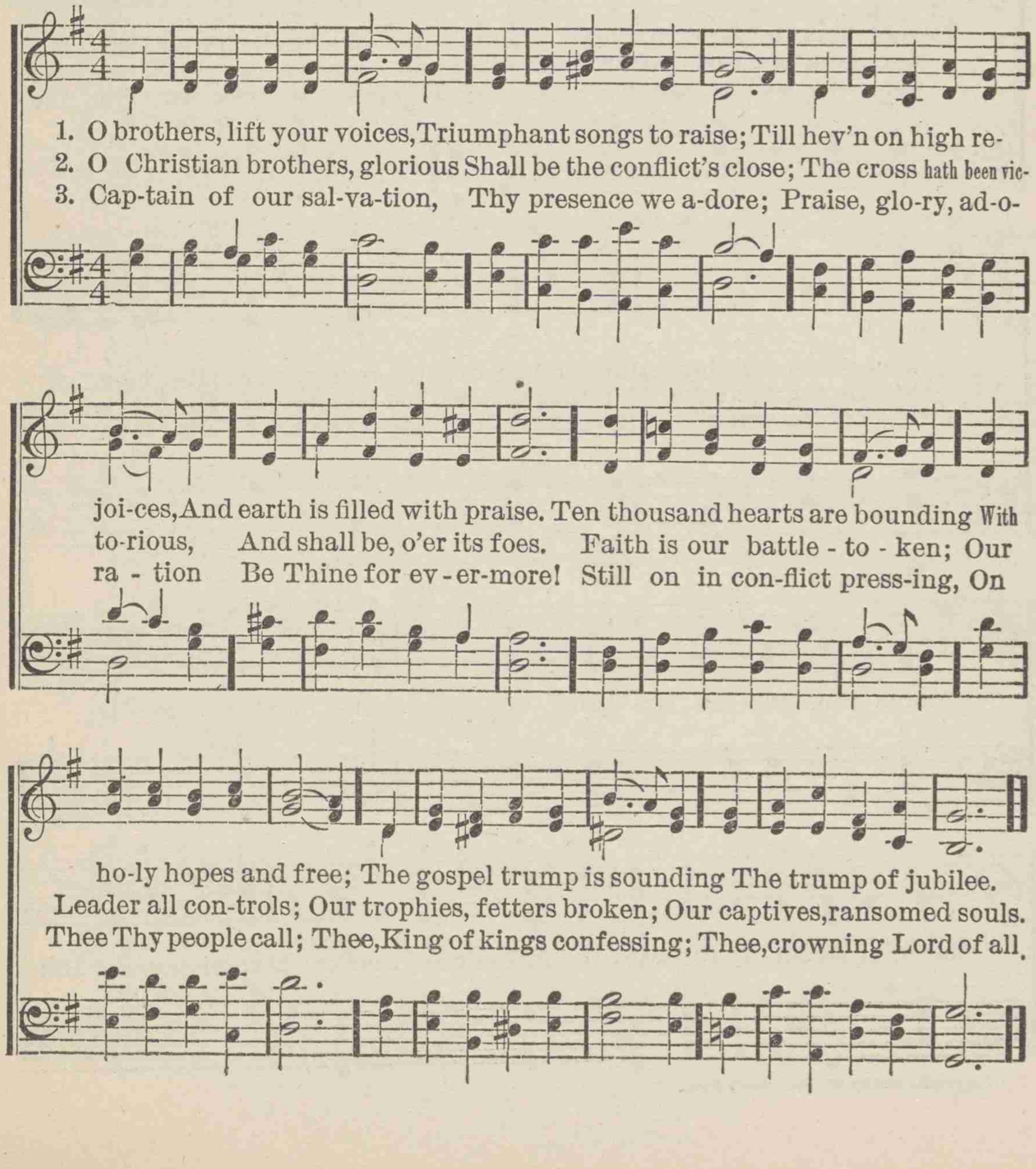
CHORUS. D. S.



131 O BROTHERS, LIFT YOUR VOICES.

"Bradford." 7, 5, 8 l.

E. H. BICKERSTETH. From Haydn.



132 MARCHING UNDER HIS BANNER.

E. E. HEWITT. W. A. Post.

1. Forward, ev - er forward! still let the watchword ring; For-ward, hap-py
2. Forward, ev - er forward! O, church of God, awake! Ral - ly 'round the
3. Forward, ev - er forward! recruits we'll gather in; In love's no - ble

sol - diers; we serve a might- y King; In the roy - al high- way, His
stan-dard, the Gos - pel arm - or take; Je - sus is our Lead - er, we
war - fare we'll tri-umph o - ver sin; Trust- ing in our Sav - iour, the

prais - es we will sing, Marching un- der the ban- ner of His love.
bat - tle for His sake, Marching un- der the ban- ner of His love.
vic - t'ry He will win, Marching un- der the ban- ner of His love.

REFRAIN.

March - ing un - der His ban - ner, our hearts on Him re - ly;

Marching steadi - ly for-ward, our faces t'ward the sky; Marching under His

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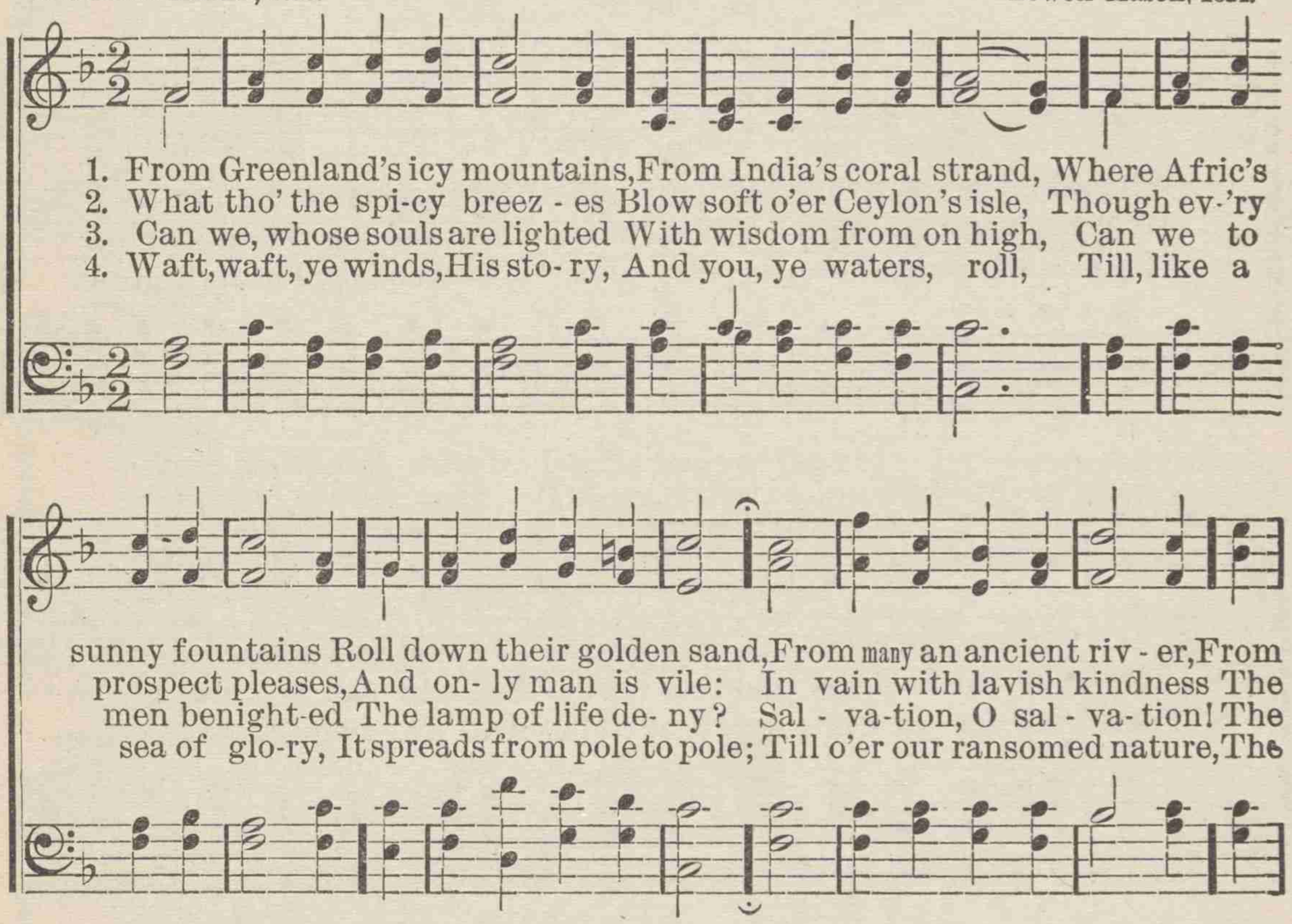
133 FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

"Missionary Hymn." 7s. & 6s. D.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819. Lowell Mason, 1824.



134 O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM.

"Materna." C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward, 1885.

1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?
3. Thy walls are made of precious stones, Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
5. Quite thro' the streets, with silver sound, The flood of life doth flow;

When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
Thy gates are of right o - rient pearl, Ex-ceed-ing rich and rare.
Up - on whose banks on ev - 'ry side The wood of life doth grow.

2. O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleasant soil!
4. Thy gar - dens and thy gal-lant walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green,
6. There trees for - ev - er - more bear fruit, And ev - er-more do spring;

In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.
There grow such sweet and pleasant flow'rs As no-where else are seen.
There ev - er-more the an - gels sit, And ev - er-more do sing.

135 STRIKE! STRIKE FOR VICTORY.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. W. H. Doane.

1. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, Soldiers of the Lord, Hoping in His
2. What tho' raging li - ons Meet us on the way, Zi-on ward we're
3. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, Soldiers of the cross, Sac-ri - fic - ing
4. Hand to hand u - nit - ed, Heart to heart as one, Let us still keep

mer - cy, Trusting in His word; Lift the gospel ban - ner
marching Toward the gates of day; Ev - er pressing on - ward,
pleas-ure, Glo - ry-ing in loss; Bind the helmet stron-ger,
marching Till our journey's done, Till we see the an - gels

High above the world; Let its folds of beauty Ev - er be un-furled.
Onward to the light, Till we reach the Jordan, With our home in sight.
Tight-er grasp the sword; Conq'ring and to conquer, Battle for the Lord.
Come in glo - ry down, With the shining garments, And the victor's crown,

CHORUS.

Strike! strike! for vict'ry, Warriors bold; Strike! till the vict'ry You be - hold;

Strike! strike for vict'ry, Ne'er give o'er; Rest then in glory, Ev-er - more.

Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane.

136 KEEP IN STEP.

ANDREW J. POST. W. A. POST.

Martial Unison.

1. Keep in step with Je - sus, in the shin - ing way, March - ing
2. Keep in step with Je - sus, there's a work to do, Nev - er
3. Keep in step with Je - sus, there's a home a - bove, Help thy

close be - side Him, We shall nev - er stray; If we love and serve Him,
shunning du - ty He as - signs to you; Prove a faith - ful sol - dier,
broth - er win it, With the Saviour's love; Live to be of serv - ice—

We have naught to fear, Keep - ing step with Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
Nev - er dis - o - bey, Keep - ing step with Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
It's the on - ly way, Keep - ing step with Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

For - ward! we march; faith - ful sol - diers, nev - er

wav - er, Fac - ing the front, serv - ice makes us strong and

cres.

brav - er; Lift up the flag of our bless-ed Lord and

Sav - iour, Em - blem of love, that shall conquer ev'ry foe.

137 WATCHING AND PRAYER.

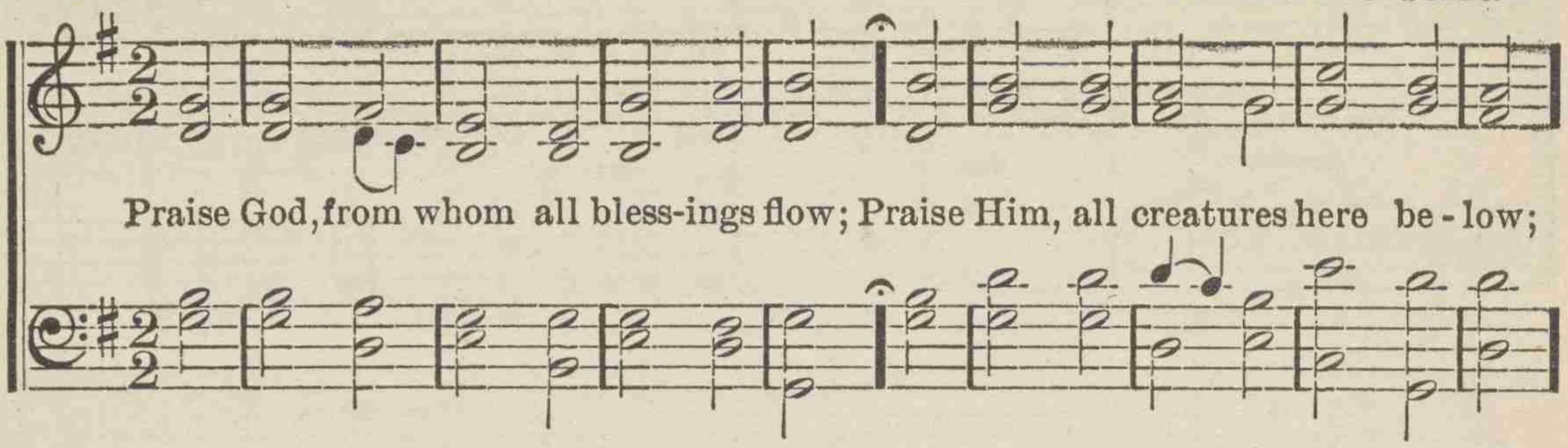
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Philip Armes.

1. Christian, seek not yet re-pose, Cast thy dreams of ease a - way;
2. Gird thy heav'n-ly ar - mor on, Wear it ev - er night and day;
3. Hear the vic-tors who o'er-came; Still they mark each warrior's way;

Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch and pray.
Ambush'd lies the e - vil one: Watch and pray.
All, with warn-ing voice, ex-claim,— Watch and pray.

138 DOXOLOGY.

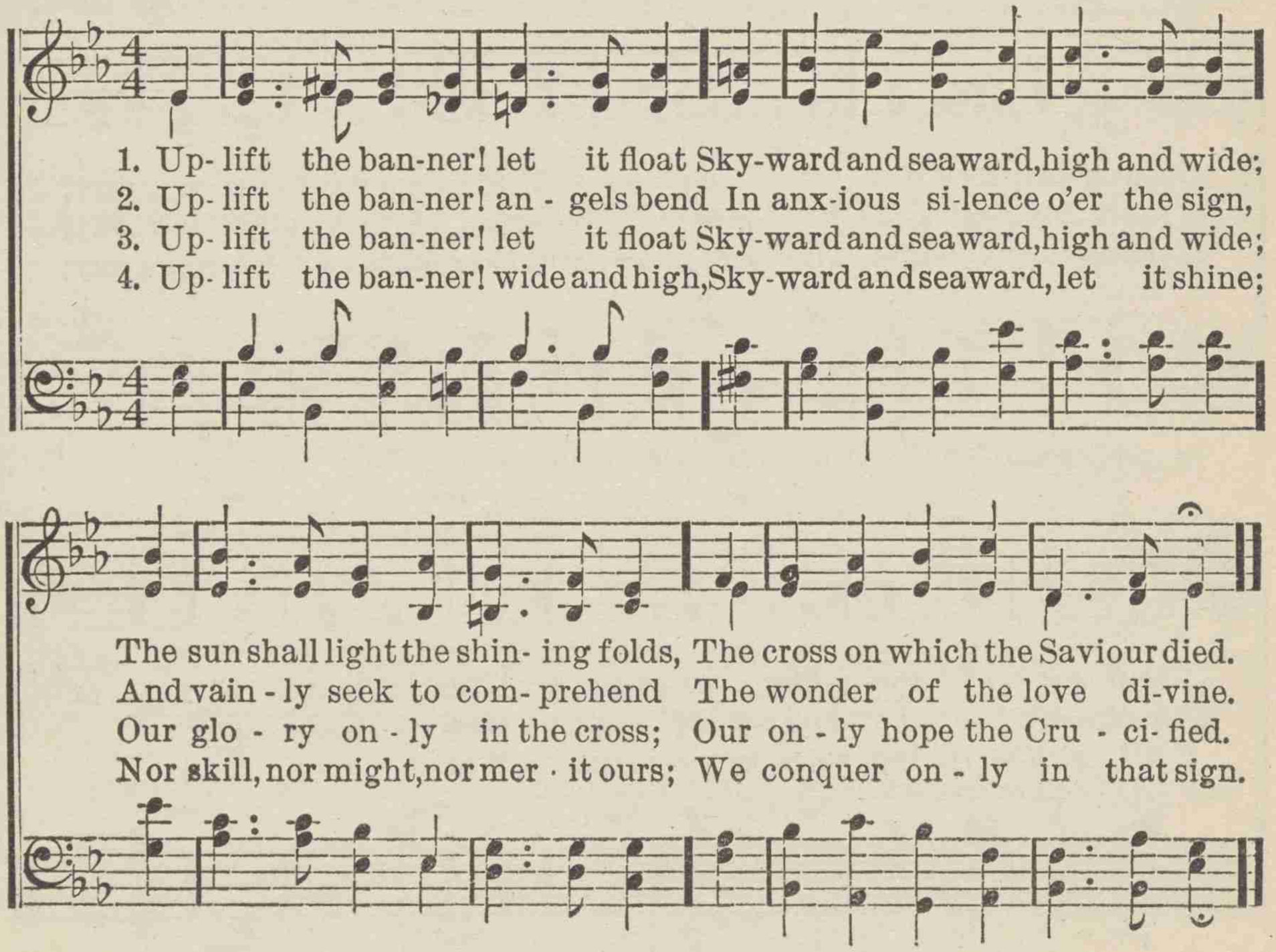
THOS. KEN. G. Franc.



139 UPLIFT THE BANNER! LET IT FLOAT.

"Waltham."

BP. GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE. John Baptiste Calkin.



140 YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

HORATIO RICHMOND PALMER, (1834—) 1868, Horatio Richmond Palmer, (1834—) 1868.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each victory will help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in reverence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,
3. To him that o'ercom-eth God giv-eth a crown, Through faith we shall con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sa-vior,

Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will renew, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

REFRAIN.

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

By permission.

141 THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

"Webb." 7s. & 6s. D.

REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, (1808—1895) 1832. George James Webb, (1803—1887) 1880.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark-ness dis - ap-pears;
2. See heath - en na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion! Pur-sue thine on - ward way;

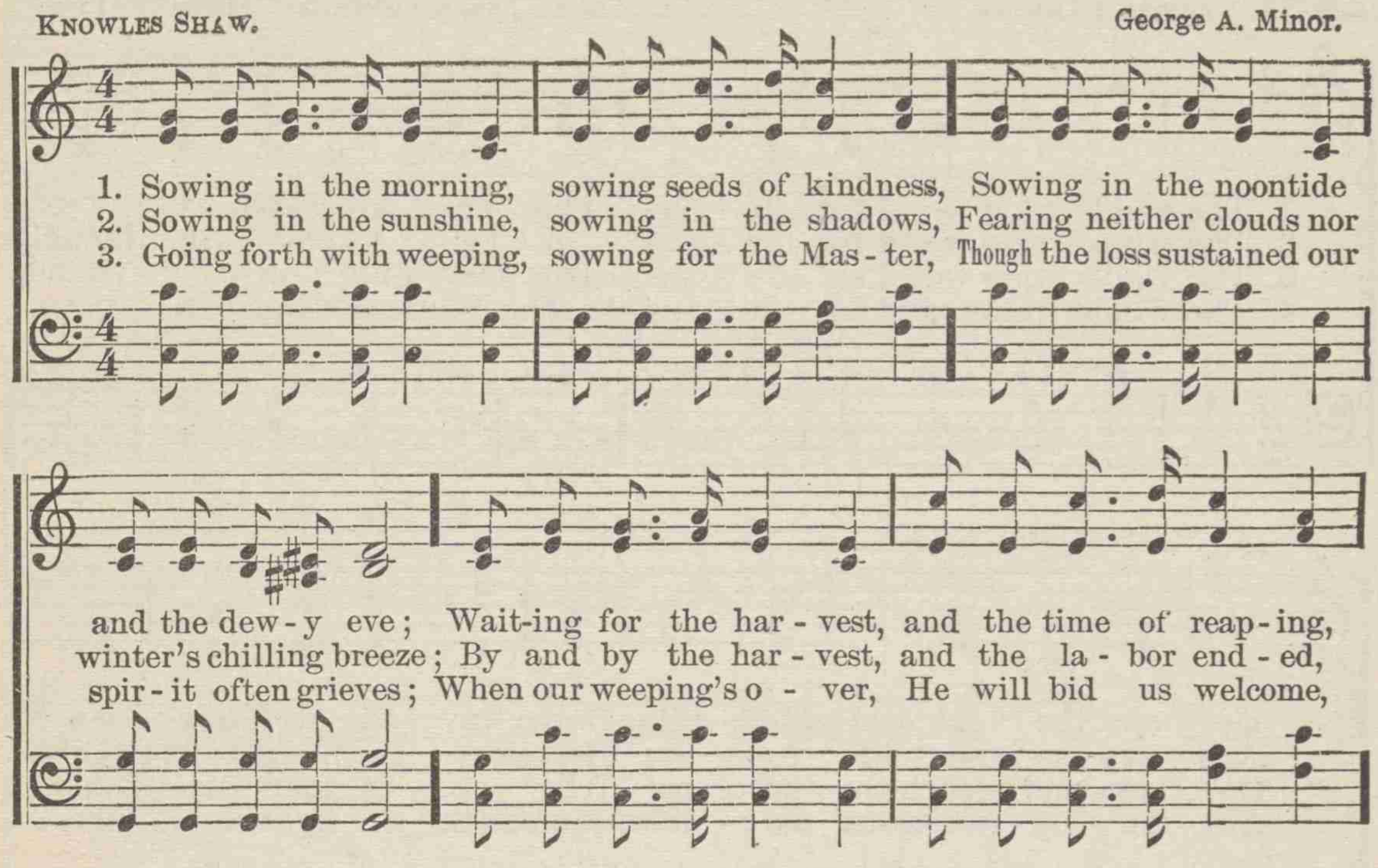
The sons of earth are wa - king To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thousand hearts as-cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - ery na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti-dings from a - far,
While sin - ners, now con-fess - ing, The Gos - pel call o - bey,
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um-phant reach their home;

Of na-tions in com-mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.
And seek the Savior's blessing,—A na - tion in a day.
Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro-claim—"The Lord is come!" *A-men.*

142 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW. George A. Minor.



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143 THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD.

REV. J. DEMSTER HAMMOND. William James Kirkpatrick, (1838—) 1885.

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus, This shall our watch-word be,
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus, In - spire us with the thought
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus, The march-ing or - der sound,
4. The whole wide world for Je - sus, In the Fa - ther's home a - bove

Up - on the high - est moun - tain, Down by the wi - dest sea.
That ev - ery son of Ad - am Hath by the blood been bought.
Go ye and preach the gos - pel Wher - ev - er man is found.
Are ma - ny wondrous man - sions, Man-sions of light and love.

The whole wide world for Je - sus, To Him all men shall bow,
The whole wide world for Je - sus, O faint not by the way!
The whole wide world for Je - sus, Our ban - ner is un - furled,
The whole wide world for Je - sus, Ride forth, O conquering King,

In cit - y or on prai - rie, The world for Je - sus now.
The cross shall sure - ly con - quer In this our glo - rious day.
We bat - tle now for Je - sus, And faith demands the world.
Through all the might - y na - tions, The world to glo - ry bring.

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REFRAIN.

The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Pro - claim the gos-pel

tidings through the whole wide world, Lift up the cross for Je sus, His

banner be unfurled, Till every tongue confess Him, through the whole wide world.

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144 JESUS CALLS US.

"Talmar." 8s. 7s.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. Je-sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, restless sea;
2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden store;
3. Je-sus calls us: by Thy mer-cies, Saviour, make us hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian follow Me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love me more."
Give our hearts to Thine o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

145 LET THE GOSPEL LIGHT SHINE OUT.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. Adam Geibel.

1. Standing like a lighthouse on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
2. There are human shipwrecks lying all a-round, O, what moral darkness
3. Do not let the bush- el cov - er up your light, Keep your Lamp in order.
4. Try to live for Je - sus till this life is o'er, For a-long this path-way

darkness, sin, and crime, O - pen up your windows, there's a work sublime:
ev-'ry-where is found; Warn some other vessels off from dang'rous ground:
trimmed and burning bright, Try to be a bless- ing, bright-en up the night:
you will pass no more, Till He bids you wel-come on the oth - er shore.

CHORUS.

Let the Gos - pel light shine out. Let the Gos - pel light shine

out, Let the Gospel light shine out, Keep your lamp in

shine out, shine out.

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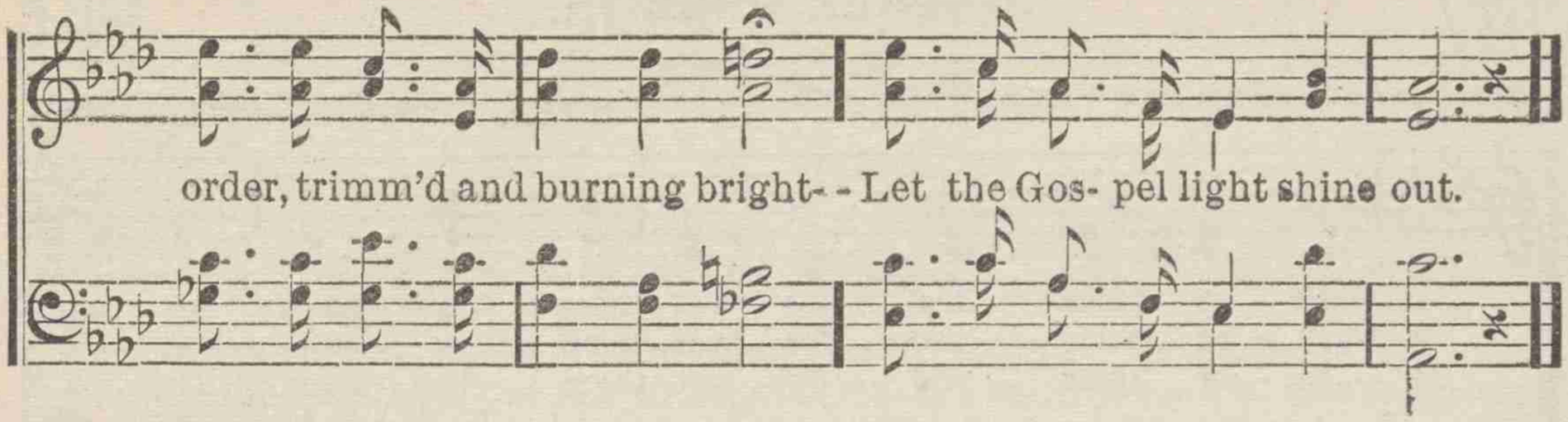
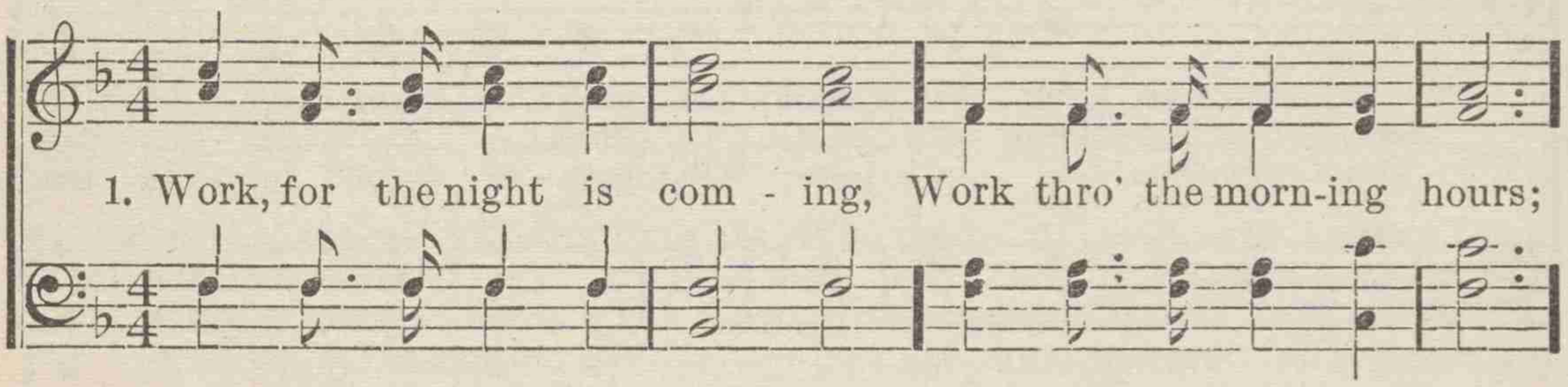
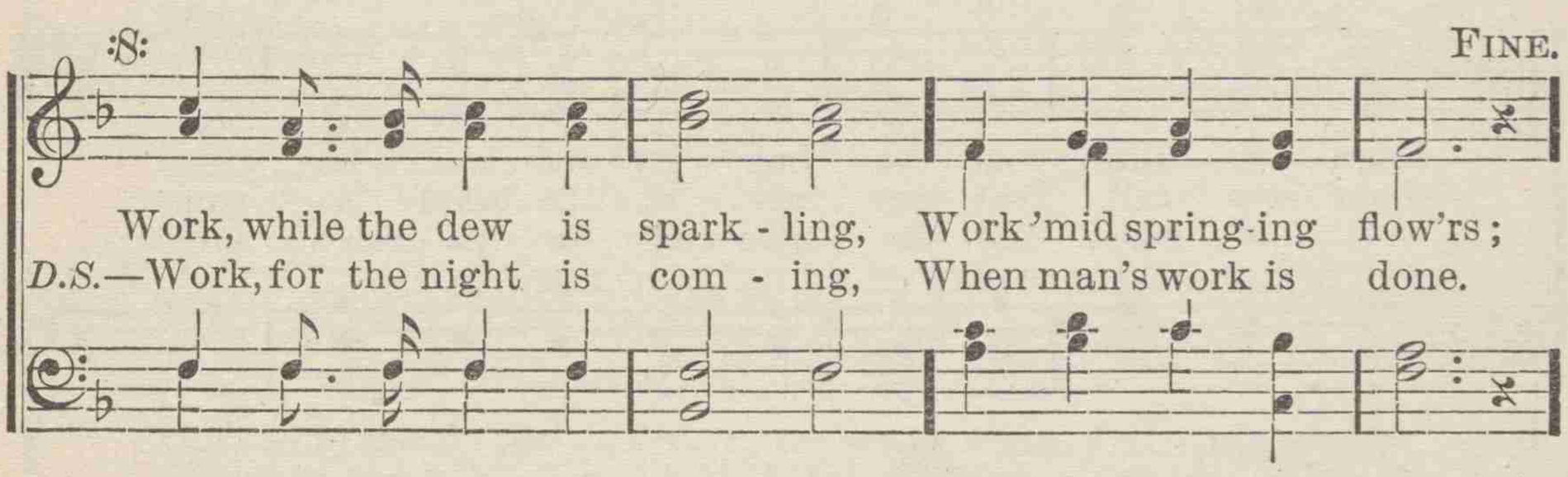


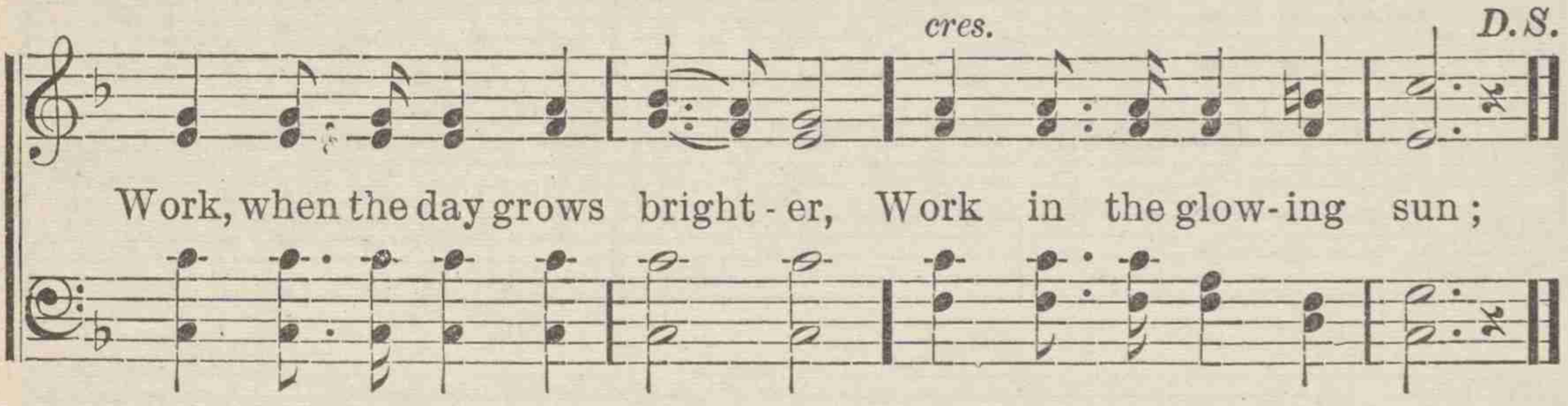
146 WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

"Work Song." P. M.

ANNA L. WALKER. Lowell Mason.







2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny moon;
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.

147 GATHER THEM IN.

MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—) George Coles Stebbins, (1846—) 1883.

1. Gath - er them in! for yet there is room At the feast that the King has spread; Oh gath - er them in!— let His
2. Gath - er them in! for yet there is room; But our hearts—how they throb with pain, To think of the ma - ny who
3. Gath - er them in! for yet there is room; 'Tis a mes - sage from God a - bove; Oh, gath - er them in - to the house be filled, And the hun - gry and poor be fed.
slight the call, That may nev - er be heard a - gain!
fold of grace, And the arms of the Sa - vior's love!

REFRAIN.

Out in the highway, out in the by-way, Out in the dark paths of sin;
Go forth, go forth, with a lov - ing heart, And gath-er the wanderers in!

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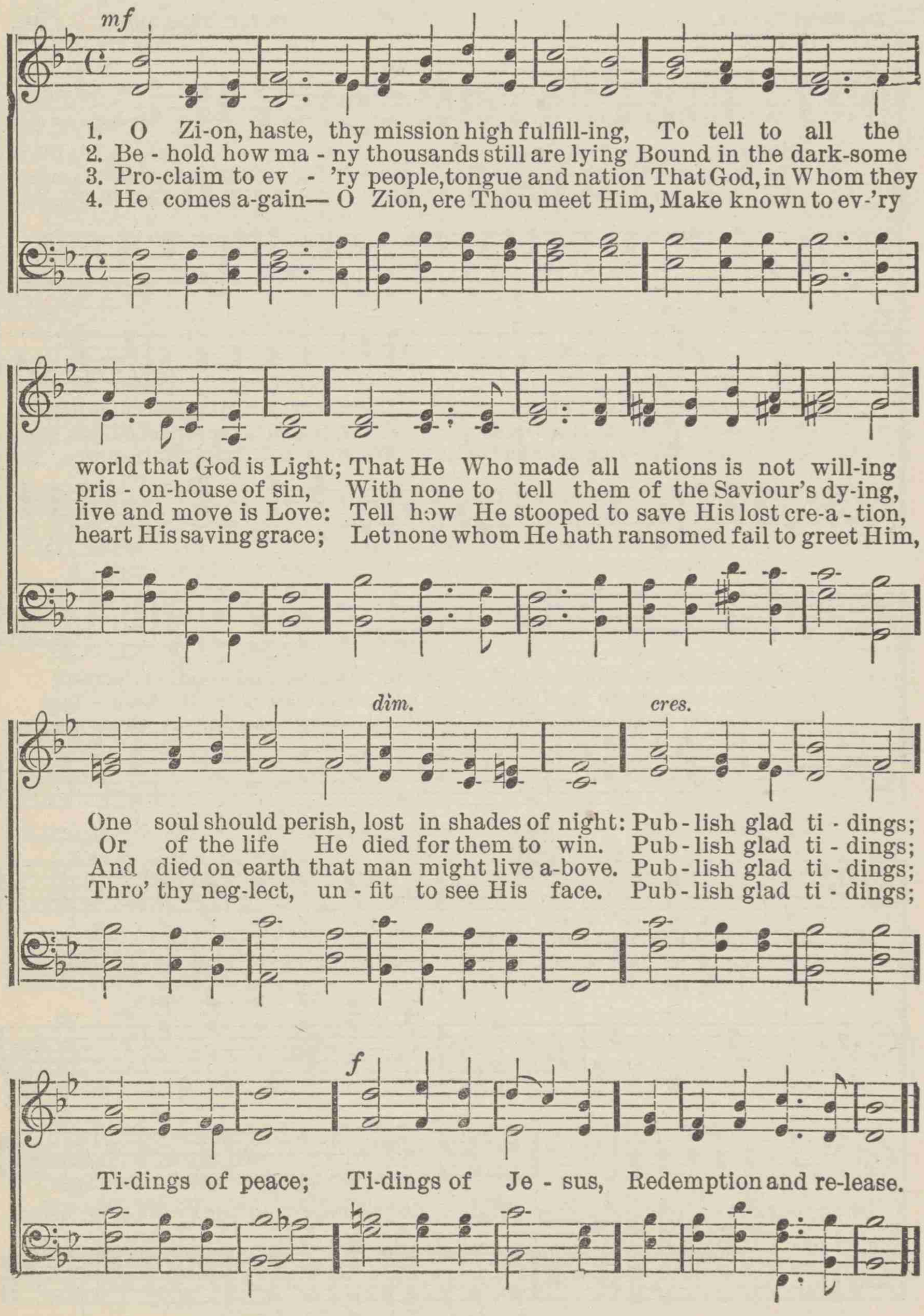
148

O ZION, HASTE.

"Tidings." P. M.

M. A. THOMSON. J. Walch.



GIVING.

149 BRING YOUR LOVING GIFTS TO JESUS.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. J. C. Thiel, (1857—) 1880.

DUET.

1. Bring your loving gifts to Je-sus, Will-ing let it be; Once for you His life He of- fered,—Died on Cal - va - ry;
2. In the name of Jesus on - ly, Give with lavish hand; Seek your Master's cause to hon - or, This is His command;
3. Aid to spread His holy gos-pel, Send the news abroad, Tell the world the heavenly ti - dings—Win-ning souls for God;

Inst.

Turn not from His gentle pleadings,
Come, oh, come, ye sons of Zi - on,
Wear - y not in faithful ser-vice,

Though perhaps your store is small,
Bring your offerings to the Lord,
Toil - ing on from sun to sun,

From His great and wondrous boun-ty
Yield your treasure to His keep - ing,
By and by shall Je - sus whis - per,

REFRAIN.

God pro-vides your all.
Ask - ing no re - ward.
"Thou hast no - bly done."

Come with songs of glad re - joi - cing,

Bring your gift with earnest prayer—Waiting for the blessed harvest, Fruits of joy to bear.

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150 TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

JAMES H. AIKMAN. Thomas H. Bayly.

1. Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
2. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
3. Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
4. Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;

Many I know who have quaff'd from that bowl; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Tho' like the ru-by it shines in the light; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Hark to the warning of thousands who've died; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
All that thou lovest entreats thee to stop: Touch not the cup, touch it not.

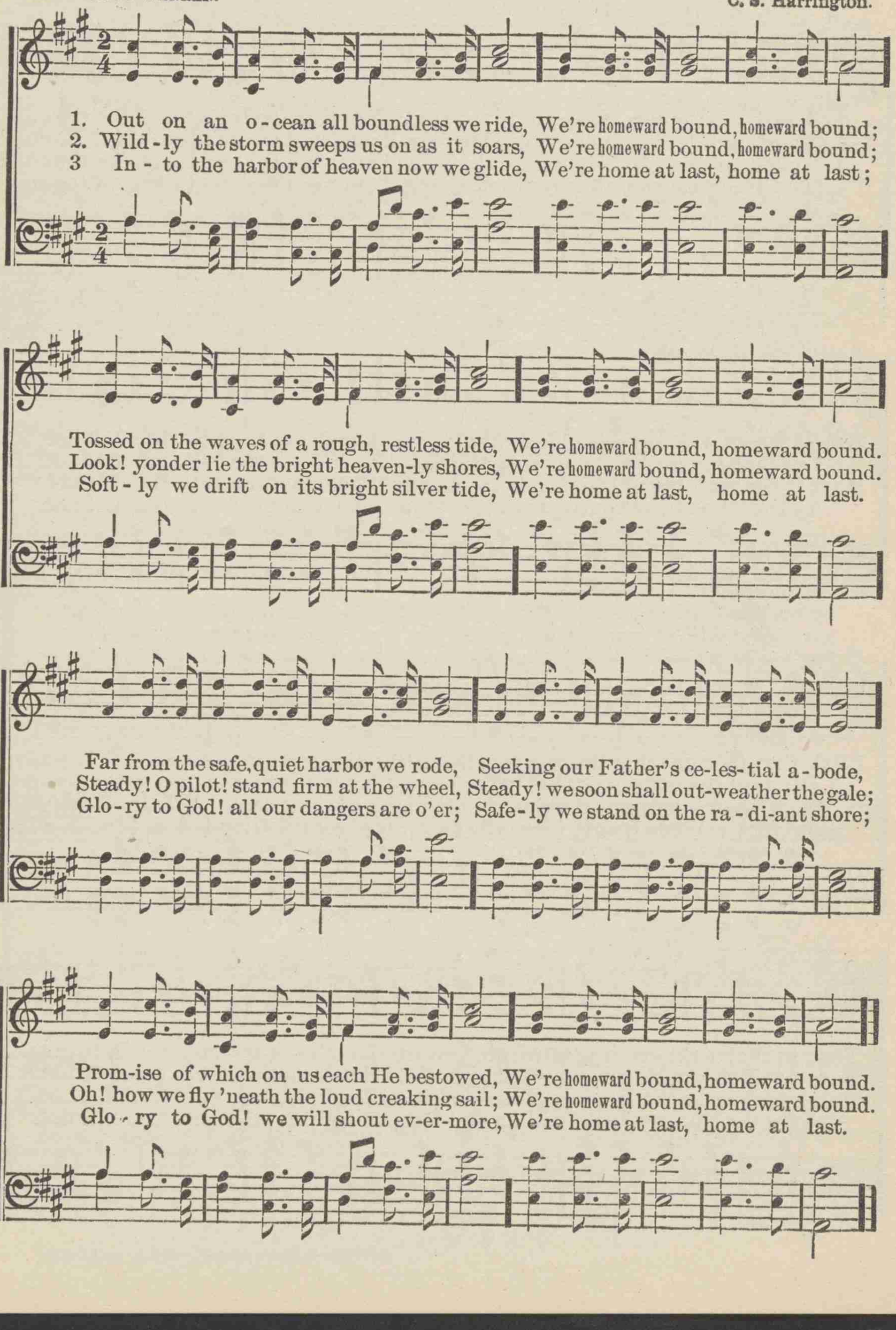
Little they thought that the demon was there, Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare;
Fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl, Deeply the poison may enter thy soul,
Go to their lonely and desolate tomb, Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom;
Stop! for the home that to thee is so dear, Stop! for the friends that to thee are so near,

Then of that death-dealing bowl, oh, beware; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Soon will it plunge thee beyound thy control; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Stop for thy country, in trembling and fear, Touch not the cup, touch it not.

151 OUT ON AN OCEAN ALL BOUNDLESS WE RIDE.

"Homeward Bound."

REV. WM. F. WARREN. C. S. Harrington.



ETERNITY WILL TELL.

JENNIE WILSON. Florence W. Williams.

DUET.

1. We know not ful - ly what we do, While here in time we dwell;
2. Be- yond the mists that dim our sight, Thro' all our earth - ly years;
3. Kind words that gladden wea - ry hearts, Will show a yield most fair;
4. Oh, may we all with pa- tient care, So toil in life's wide field,

But what we've wrought of good or ill, E - ter - ni - ty will tell.
The fruit- age of the seed we sow, In light di- vine ap - pears.
And ev - 'ry deed with bless-ing fraught, A har - vest rich will bear.
That pre- cious fruit - age to our sight, May be at last re - vealed.

REFRAIN

E - ter - ni - ty will tell, E - ter - ni - ty will tell, All will tell,
that we do, of good or ill, E - ter - ni - ty will tell. will tell.

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153 THERE'S A WONDERFUL TEMPLE.

MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT. William James Kirkpatrick, (1838—) 1895.

1. There's a won - der - ful Tem - ple, where the songs nev - er cease,
2. O the ju - bi - lant an - thems swell-ing there ev - er - more,
3. Help us do Thy good pleas- ure, help us hon - or Thee now,
4. Praise to Thee, God our Fa - ther, praise to Thee, gra-cious Son,

In the cit - y of Zi - on, in the king - dom of peace;
Like the sound of great wa - ters as they break on the shore;
Till we stand in Thy pres- ence, with Thy name on each brow;
Praise to Thee, Ho - ly Spir - it, O Thou blest Three in One;

'Tis ef - ful - gent with glo - ry for the Lamb is its light
Sweet ho - san - nas re - ech - o to the Lamb who was slain,
We shall wear Thy blest like - ness in that Tem - ple a - bove,
Thine, all power and do - min - ion, Thine, all bless - ing and might,

And the saints of all a - ges in His prais - es u - nite.
Un - to Him who hath loved us, and hath washed ev - ery stain.
And no sor - row shall min - gle with its serv - ice of love.
In the land ev - er - last - ing, in the Tem - ple of light.

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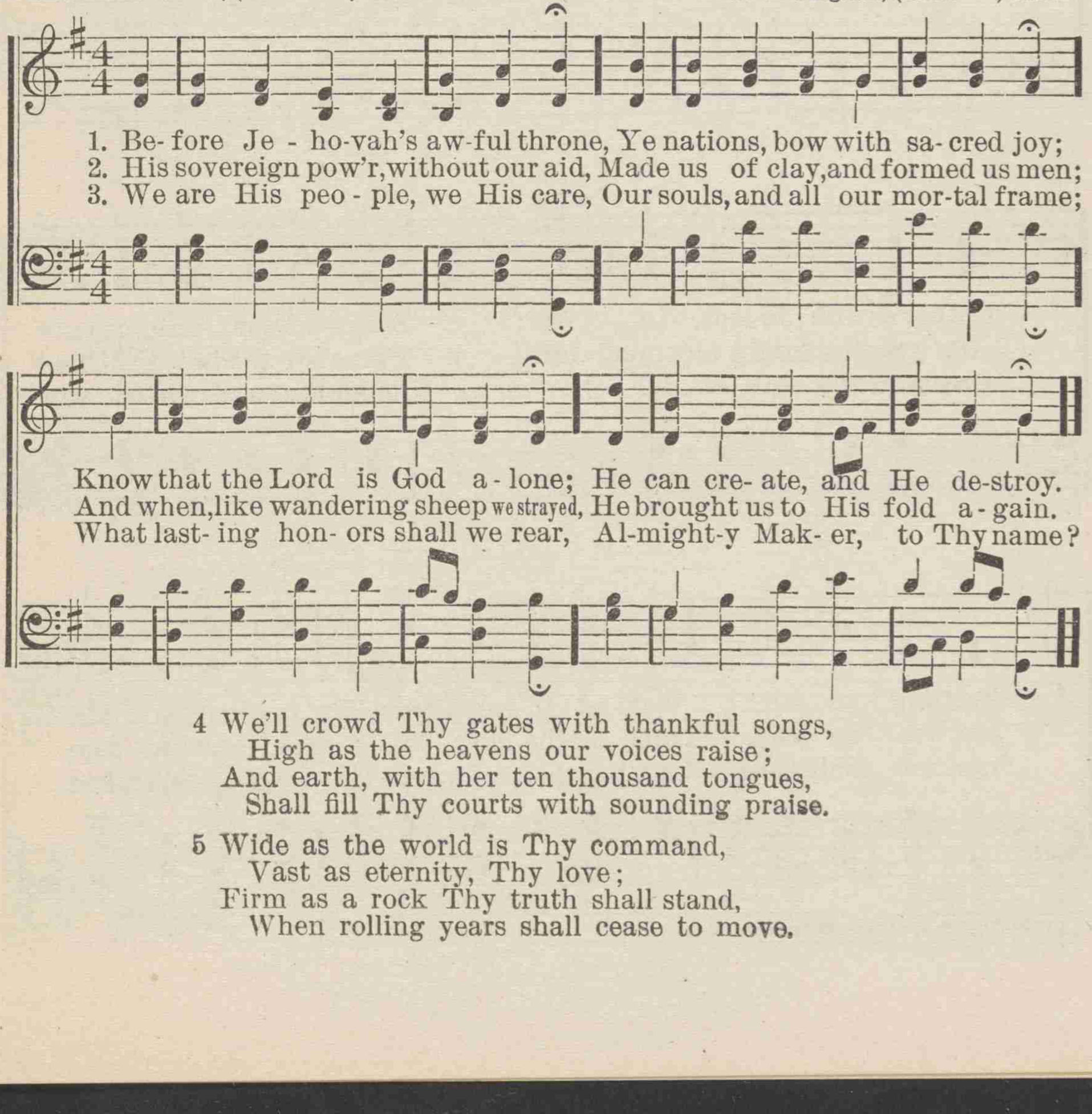
REFRAIN.

154 BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE.

"Old Hundredth." L. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674—1748) 1719. Louis Bourgeois, (1510?—) 1551.



4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity, Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

155 VALLEY OF REST.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Val - ley of E - den, be - yond the sea, Ha-ven of rest,
2. Val - ley of E - den, the souls dear home, Bright are thy hills,
3. Val - ley of E - den, be - yond the sea, Love - ly thy bow'rs,

tran-quil and blest; Anchored for ev - er we soon shall be,
peace-ful thy rills; Hap - py for ev - er we soon shall roam
fade-less thy flow'rs: Val - ley of E - den, we dream of thee.

Gather'd with Je - sus to rest: Songs of the ransomed are
O - ver thy bright blooming hills; Thine are the beauties that
Dream of thy beau - ti - ful bow'rs. Friends that were parted with

float-ing in air, Waft-ed to earth from Thy re-gions so fair;
nev - er de - cay, Thine is the light of a shad - ow-less day;
raptures shall meet, Cast-ing their crowns at Im - man - u - el's feet;

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An - gels are ten - der - ly call - ing us there, Call - ing the
Voic - es of loved ones are call - ing a - way, Home to thy
Still the glad voic - es of an - gels re - peat, "Come to the

wea - ry to rest.
bright blooming hills.
val - ley of flowers."

CHORUS. *Repeat pp*

Come, come come, come,
Come to this val-ley of E - den fair,

Wea - ry and sor - row op - pressed; An - gels are ten - der - ly
Come, come,

call - ing us there, Come to this val - ley of rest.....
come, come, Come to this val - ley, this val-ley of rest.

156 GATHERING OUT OF TEARS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Steer our bark away to the homeland, Spread the sails of hope o'er the sea;
2. Steer our bark away to the homeland, On without a fear let us go;
3. Bright and fair the hills of the homeland, Clad in all the bloom of the spring;

Think of all the friends that await us, When anchored safely there we shall be.
When the port of peace we are nearing, The blessed harbor lights we shall know.
There to Him who loved and redeemed us, Our joyful, joyful praise we shall sing.

CHORUS.

Gath- er - ing out of tears in - to sun - shine, Gath- er - ing out of
la - bor in - to rest; Hear the ransomed throng shouting
out of la- bor in - to rest;
forth their joy in song, Gath-er- ing to the mansions of the blest.
to the mansions of the blest.

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157 THE HAVEN OF REST.

H. L. GILMOUR. Geo. D. Moore.

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

bur-dened with sin; and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing
faith tak-ing hold of the word, My fet-ters fell off, and I
been the Old Sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so -
John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an-chor your soul in the

D.S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the

FINE.

"Make me your choice;" And I en-tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The Ha - ven of Rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
Ha - ven of Rest, And say, "My be - lov - ed is mine!"
wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

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

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158 HAVEN, BRIGHT HAVEN.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. W. H. Doane.

1. Peaceful and beau-ti-ful ha-ven of rest, Home of the pu-ri-fied,
2. Oft have I dream'd of a man-sion so fair, Oft have I wished I at
3. All is so marr'd in this lost E-den plain, Marr'd by the death-blight of

joy of the blest; Home where all sadness forever shall flee, Hav-en, bright
last might be there; Here as a-far from my pleasures I roam, Oft do I
sin and of pain; There in that haven no sorrow shall fall, Beauty's bright

D. S.—Home where the dearest of treasures shall be, Haven, bright

FINE. REFRAIN.

ha-ven I long for thee.
sigh when I think of home.
splendor will shine o'er all.
ha-ven, I long for thee.

} Home..... of the pu-ri-fied,
} Home of the good and the

D. S.

Bright is thy shore, Ha-ven of peace When life's trials are o'er;
Haven of refuge and

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159 LOVE, REST, AND HOME!

H. Bonar, D. D. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Be - yond the smil-ing and the weep - ing, I shall be soon;
2. Be - yond the ris - ing and the set - ting, I shall be soon;
3. Be - yond the part-ing and the meet - ing, I shall be soon;
4. Be - yond the frost-chain and the fe - ver, I shall be soon;

Be- yond the waking and the sleeping, Be- yond the sow-ing and the
Be- yond the calming and the fret-ting, Be- yond re-mem-ber - ing, for
Be- yond the farewell and the greeting, Be- yond the pul- se's fe - ver
Be- yond the rock-waste and the river, Be- yond the ev - er and the

Chorus.

reap- ing, I shall be soon.
get - ting, I shall be soon.
beat - ing, I shall be soon.
nev - er, I shall be soon.

} Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home!

O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

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160 HOME OF THE SOUL.

MRS. ELLEN M. H. GATES. Philip Phillips.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The
2. Oh, that home of the soul, in my vis - ions and dreams Its
3. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So

far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the
bright jas - per walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the
free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our lips, and with

glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll,
veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me,
harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain,

While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ev - er
Be - tween the fair cit - y and me. Till I fan - cy but
To meet one an - oth - er a - gain. With songs on our

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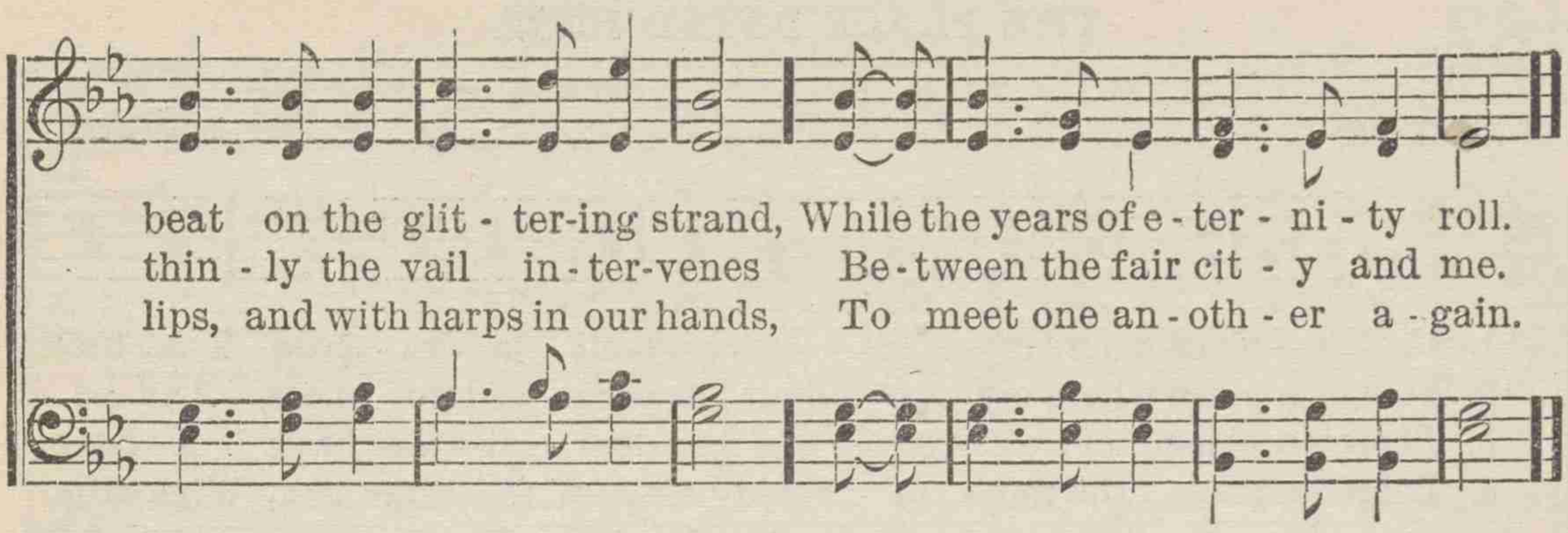
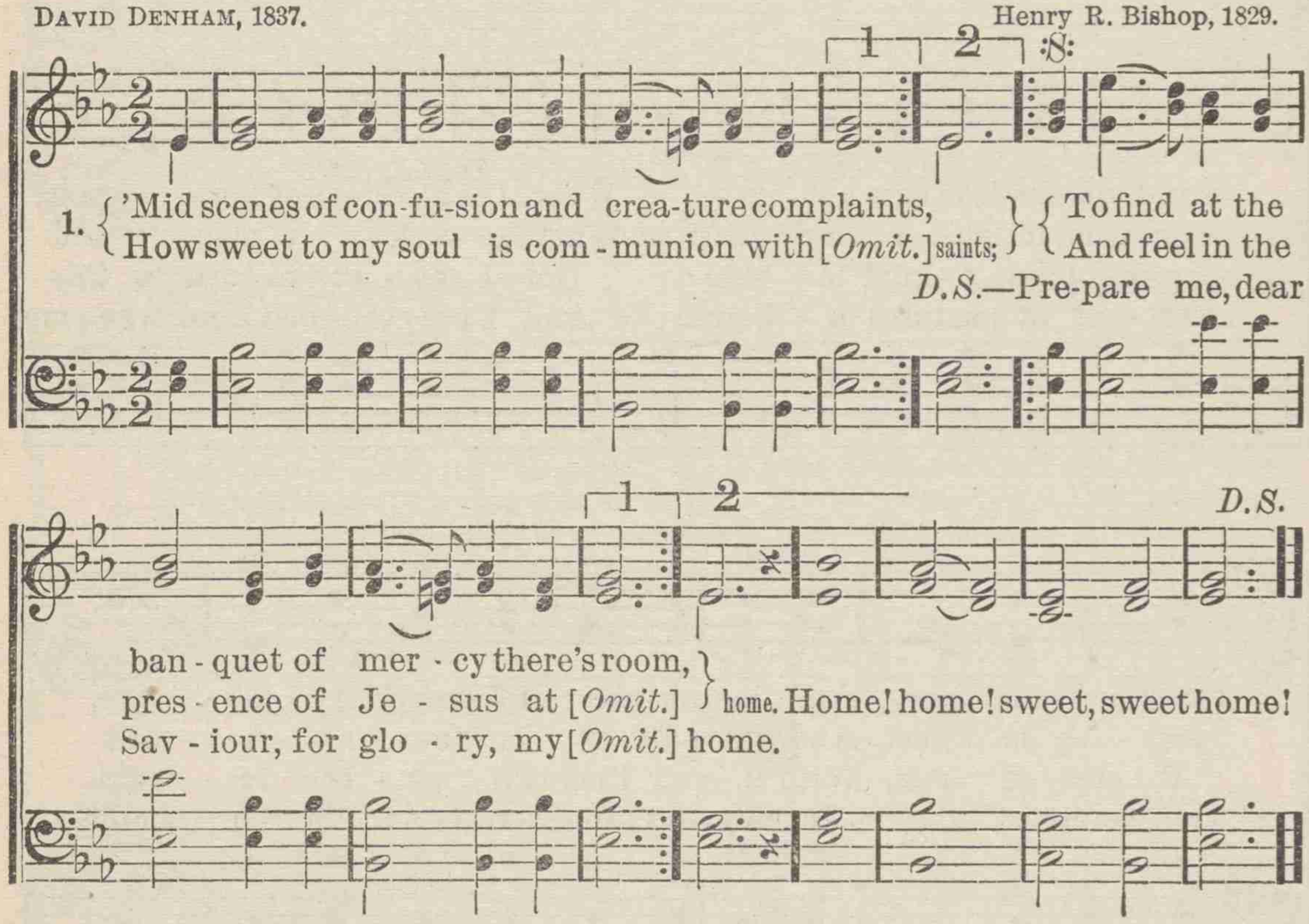


161 'MID SCENES OF CONFUSION.

"Home." 11s.

DAVID DENHAM, 1837. Henry R. Bishop, 1829.



2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh, give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all mine afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

4 Whate'er Thou deniest, oh, give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

162 THE PLACE I FIND REST.

W. C. HOLMES. E. D. Keck.

1. There's a place where my soul ev - er feels a re - pose That the
2. There's a place where my Sav - iour has prom - ised to meet, And be -
3. There's a place of all oth - ers the dear - est—the best; I have
4. There's a place the most fa - vored be-neath the blue sky, Where the

world and its joys can - not give; Where the blessings of heav - en their
stow what in faith I may ask; Where to work is a pleas-ure and
roamed for its e - qual in vain; But I ev - er re - turn to this
sweet - est of pastures a - bound; And I pray the good Lord, when my

sweet - ness dis - close, And in an - swer to prayer I re - ceive.
serv - ice is sweet, And where du - ty is nev - er a task.
E - den of rest, With a vow that I'll ev - er re - main.
time comes to die, In this Good Shepherd's fold I'll be found.

CHORUS.

'Tis the house of the Lord, 'tis the Christian's re - treat, Where I

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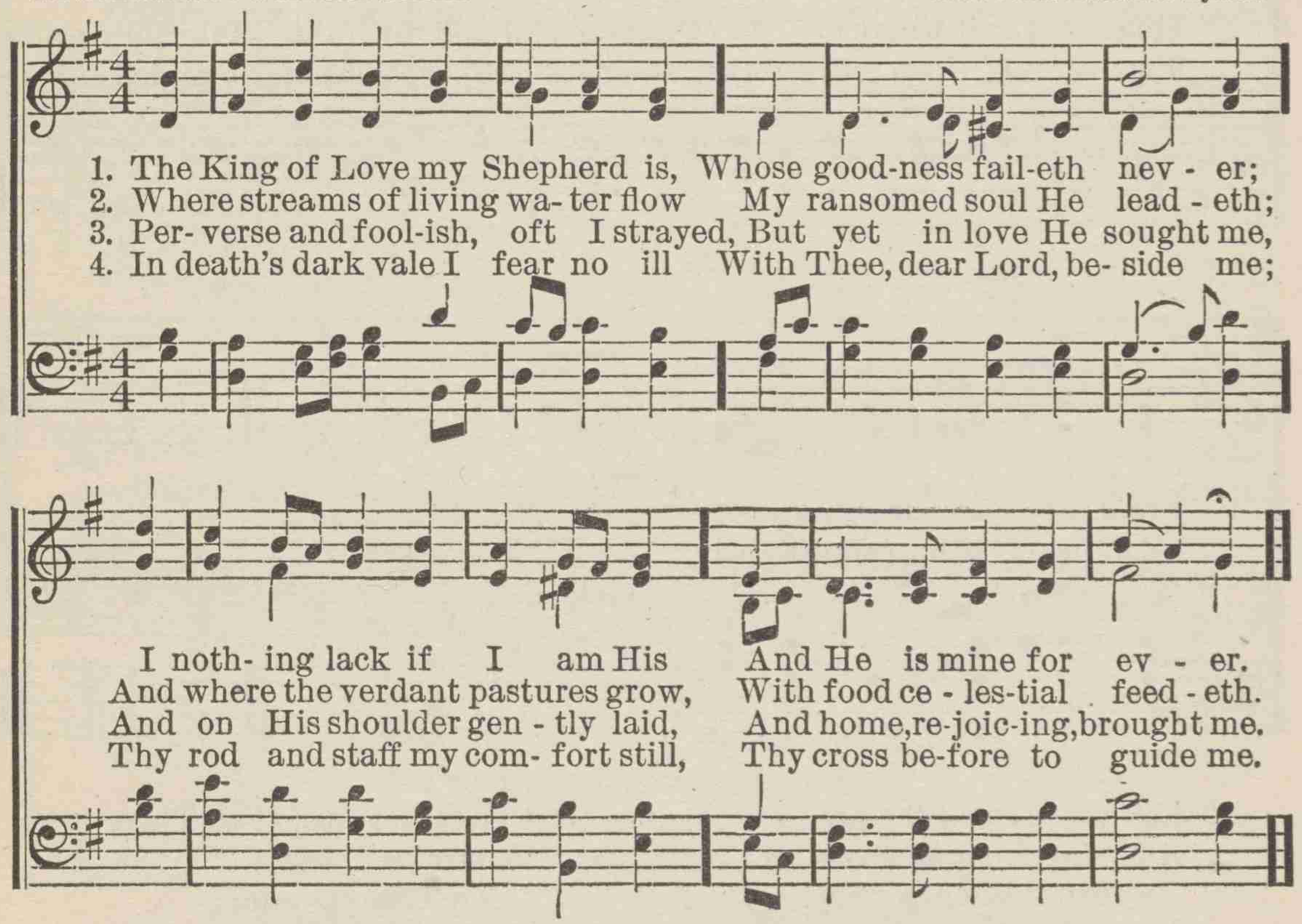
163 THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS.

"Dominus Regit Me."

REV. SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes.



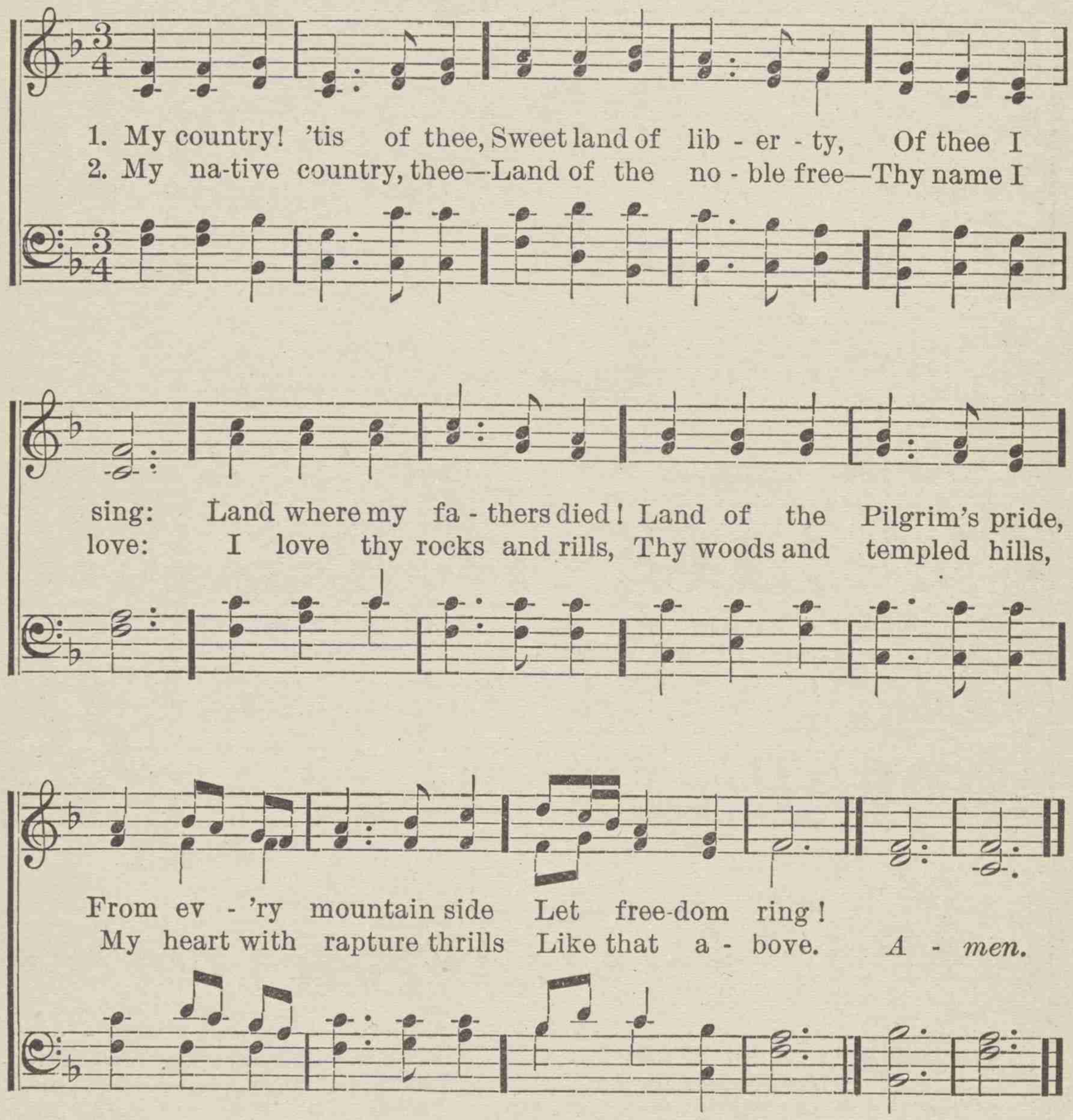
5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever!

164 MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

"America." 6s. & 4s.

REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, (1808–1895) 1832. Henry Carey, (1685–1743) 1743.



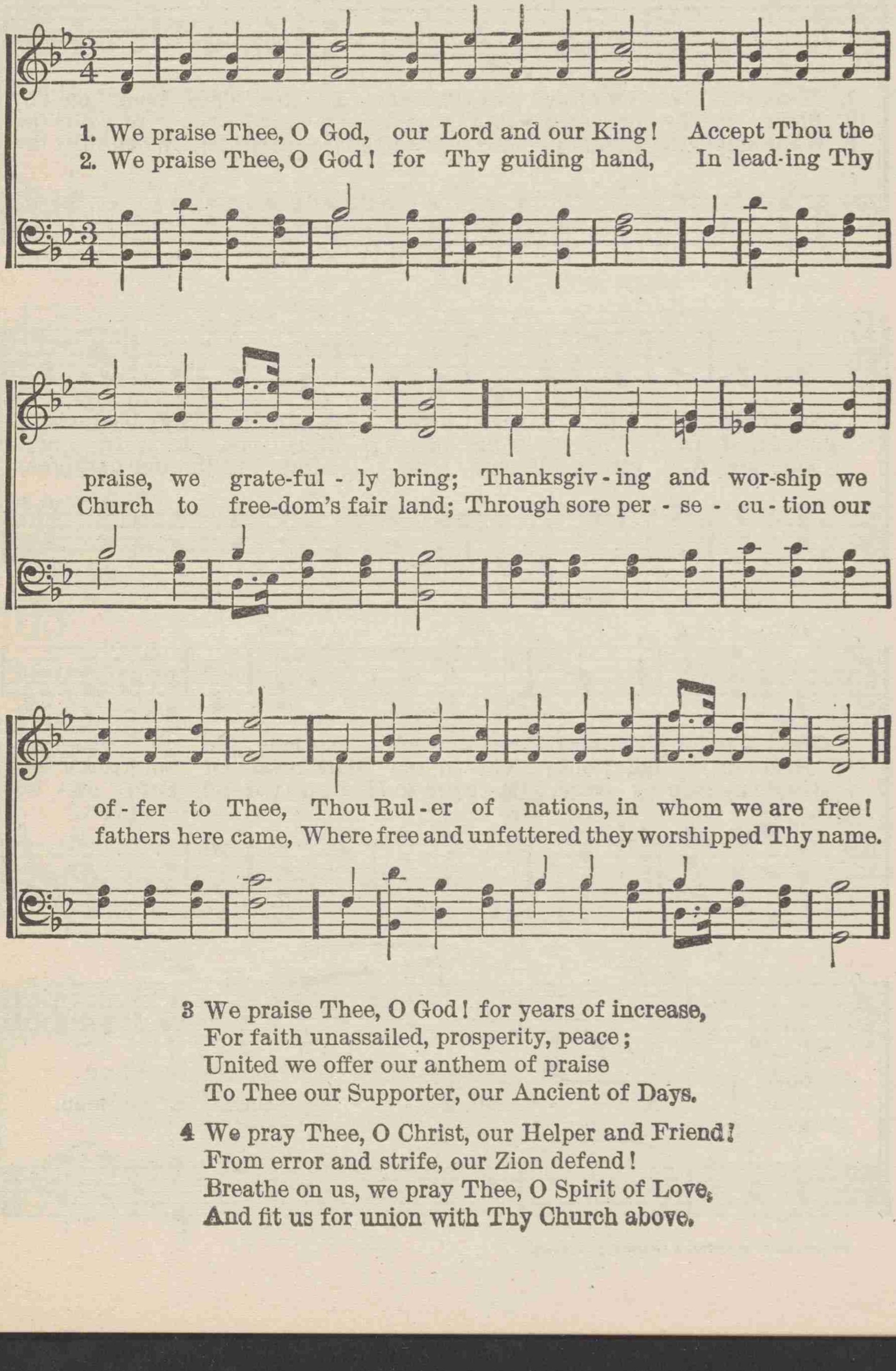
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong!

4 Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

165 WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD, OUR LORD AND OUR KING.

"Lyons." 10s. & 11s.

REV. AMBROSE M. SCHMIDT (1857—) 1893. Franz Josef Haydn, (1732—1809) 1770.



3 We praise Thee, O God! for years of increase,
For faith unassailed, prosperity, peace;
United we offer our anthem of praise
To Thee our Supporter, our Ancient of Days.

4 We pray Thee, O Christ, our Helper and Friend!
From error and strife, our Zion defend!
Breathe on us, we pray Thee, O Spirit of Love,
And fit us for union with Thy Church above.

CLOSING.

166 HEAVENLY FATHER AS WE BOW.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. Adam Geibel, (1855--) 1896.

p

1. Heav - en - ly Fa - ther, as we bow be - fore Thee, Look on Thy
2. Show us Thy pres-ence that we may be - hold Thee In all the
3. When comes the drear - y day of earth - ly part - ing, When swift the

chil - dren In pit - y and love; Send us Thy bless - ing;
sweet-ness Of Thy sa - ving power; Help us in tri - al;
sur - ges And strong bil-lows roar, Lead us through darkness,

cres. *mf* *dim.*

Grant Thy for-give-ness; Raise our af - fec-tions To glo - ries a -
Heal our af - flic - tions; Light - en the dark-ness Of sor - row's lone
Guide us safe on - ward, On - ward to Heaven's por - tal, Safe ev - er -

p *pp rit.*

bove.
hour.
more.

A - - men, a - - - men, a - men.

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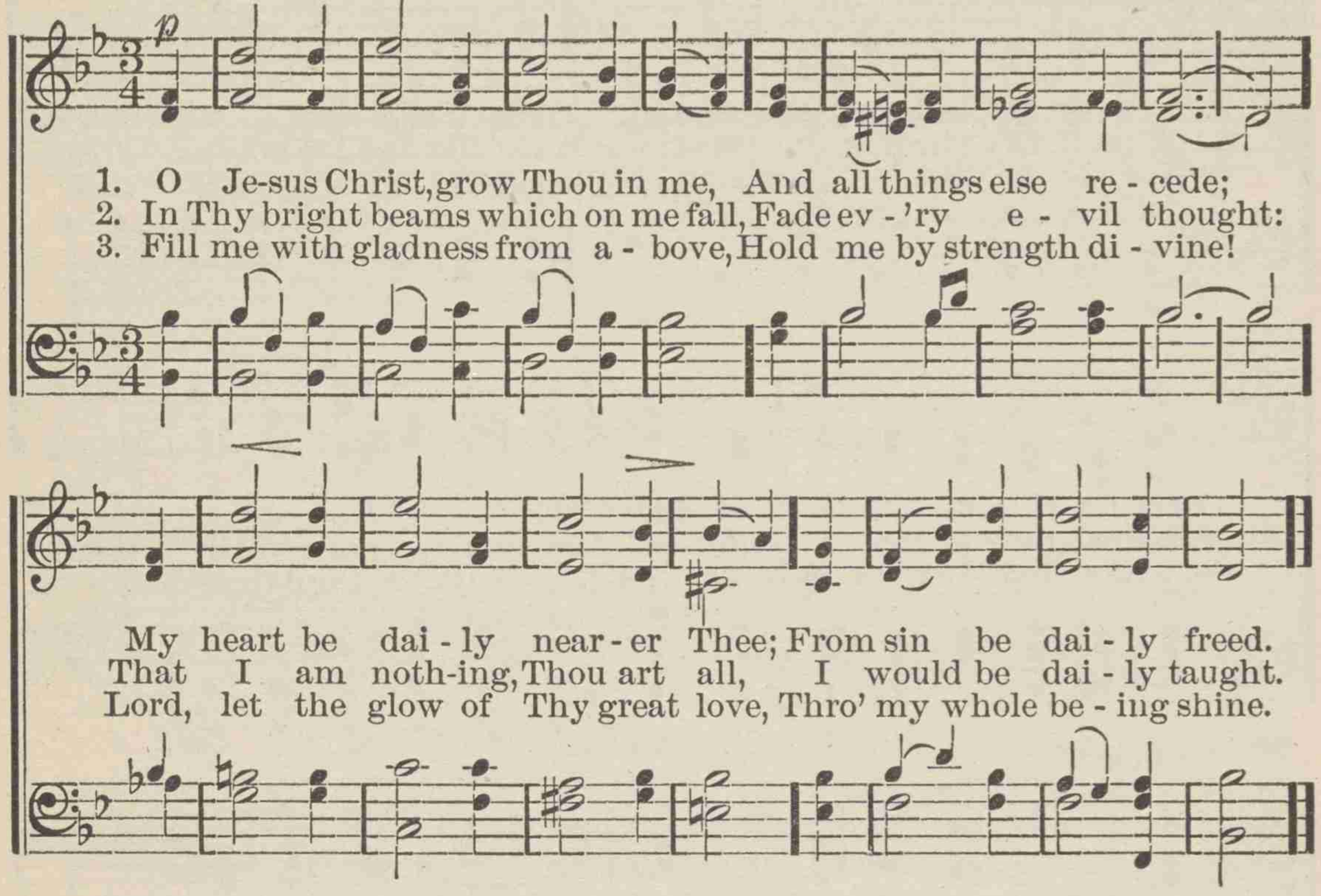
167 O JESUS CHRIST, GROW THOU IN ME.

"Lavater. C. M."

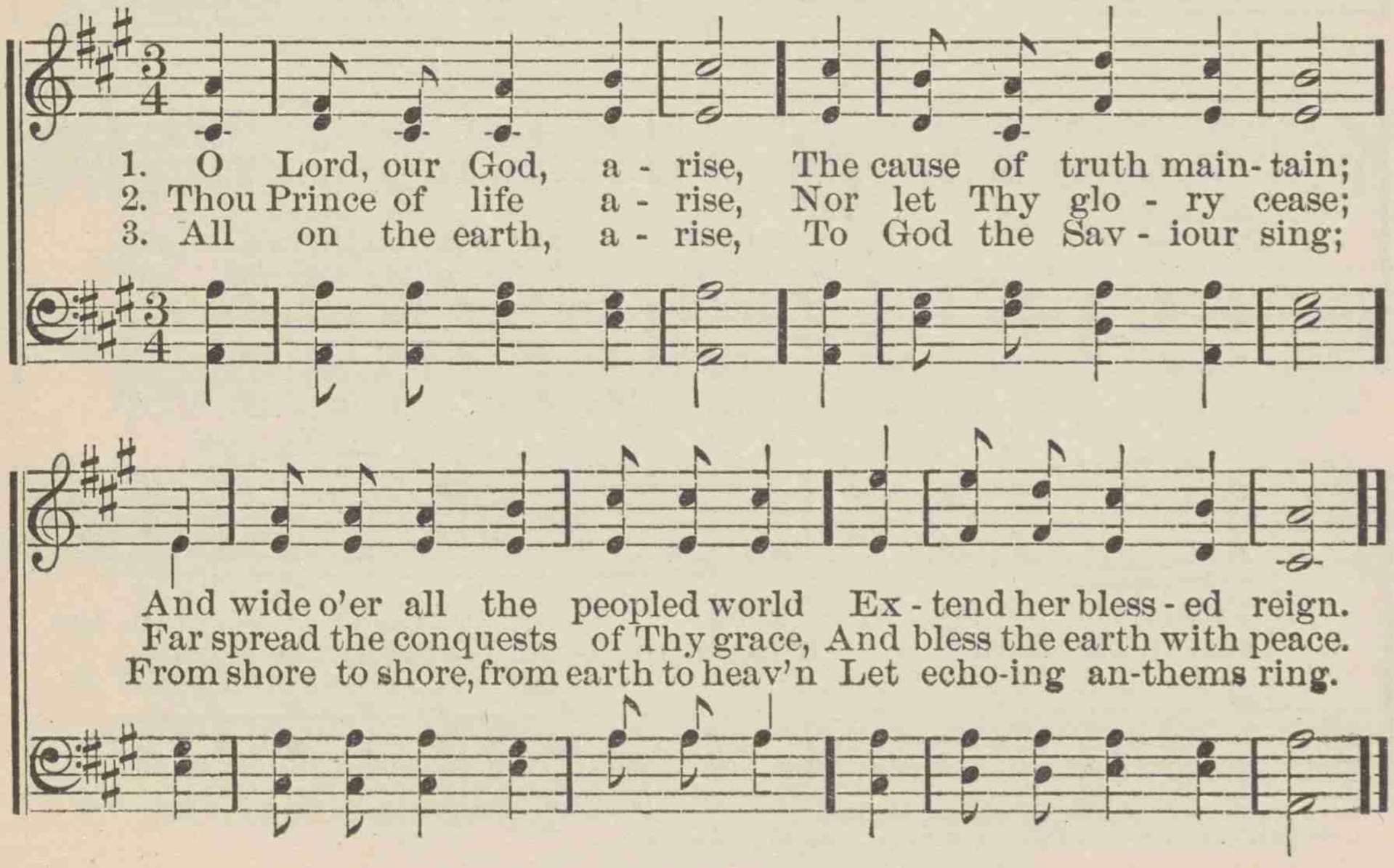
J. C. LAVATER. Tr. by H. B. SMITH. Air harmonized by Nora C. E. Byrne.



168 O LORD, OUR GOD, ARISE.

"Lisbon." S. M.

RALPH WARDLAW, 1803. Daniel Read, 1785.



169 NEVER GIVE UP.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. Allan Sankey.

1. Nev-er be sad or de-spond-ing If thou hast faith to be - lieve;
2. What if thy burdens op - press thee; What tho' thy life may be drear;
3. Nev-er be sad or de-spond-ing, There is a mor-row for thee;

Grace, for the du- ties be - fore thee, Ask of thy God and re - ceive.
Look on the side that is bright-est, Pray, and thy path will be clear.
Soon thou shalt dwell in the brightness, There with the Lord thou shalt be.

CHORUS.

Nev - er give up,..... Nev - er give up,.....
Never give up, never give up Never give up, never give up,

Nev- er give up to thy sor- rows, Je - sus will bid them de - part;

Trust..... in the Lord,..... Trust..... in the
Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,

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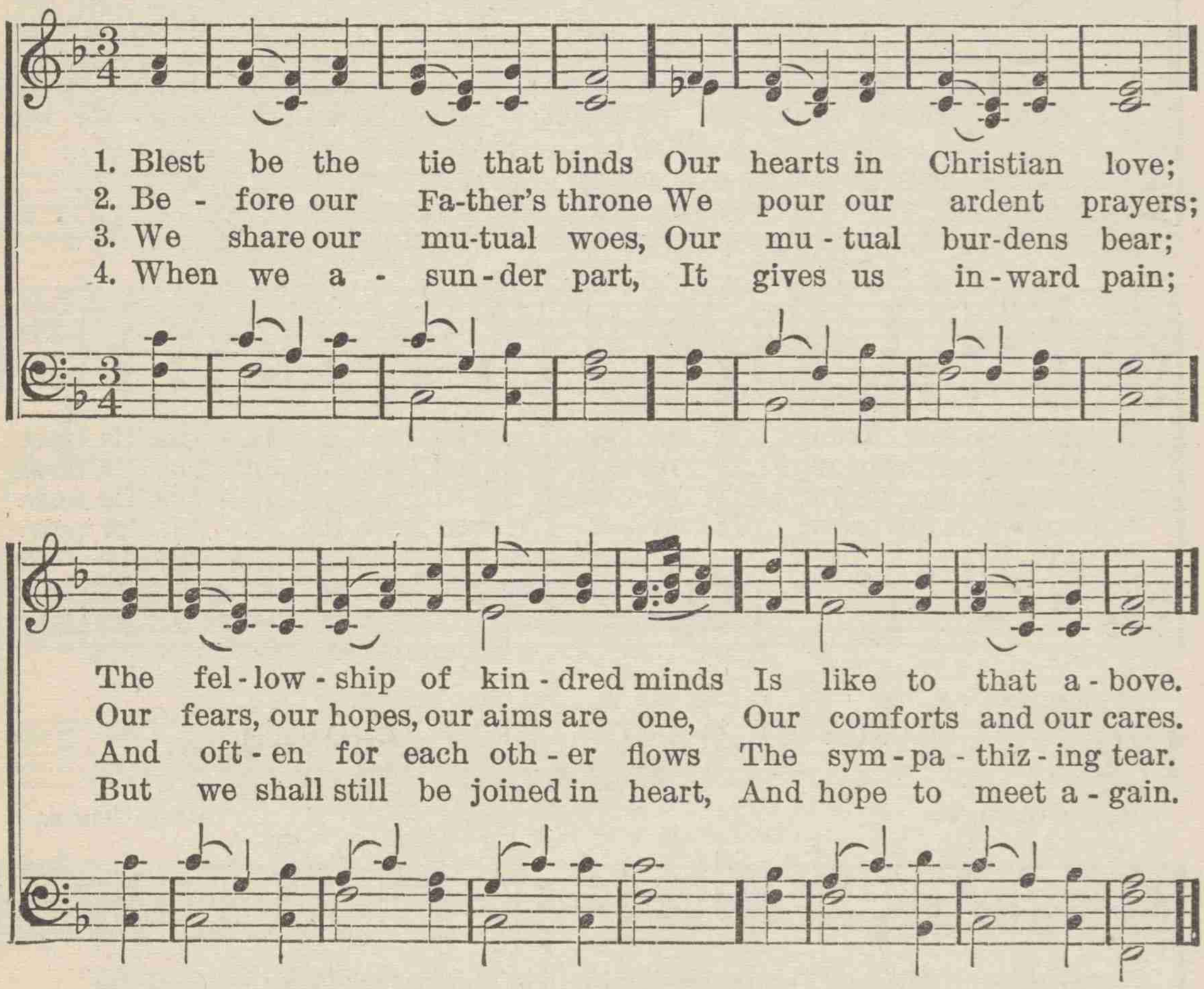
170 BLEST BE TIE THAT BINDS.

"Dennis." S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1772. H. G. Nägeli, 1768–1836.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ardent prayers;
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu - tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a - sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and frienship reign
Through all eternity.

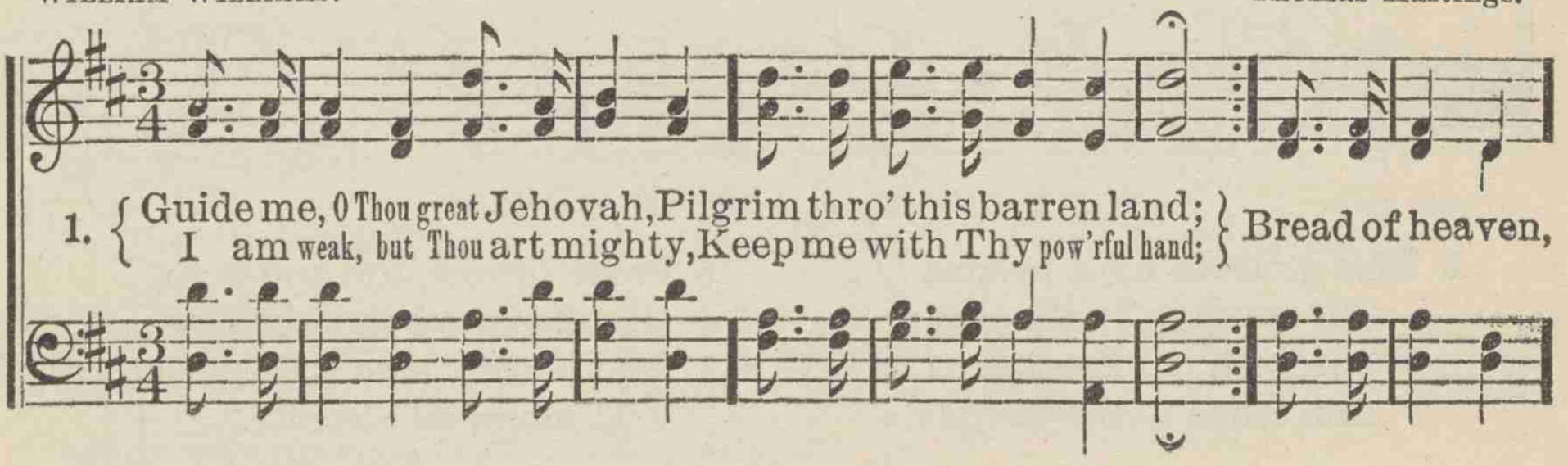
171 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book. Rev. A. J. Gordon, (1836—1895) 1875.

172 GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

"Zion." 8, 7, 4.

William Williams. Thomas Hastings.



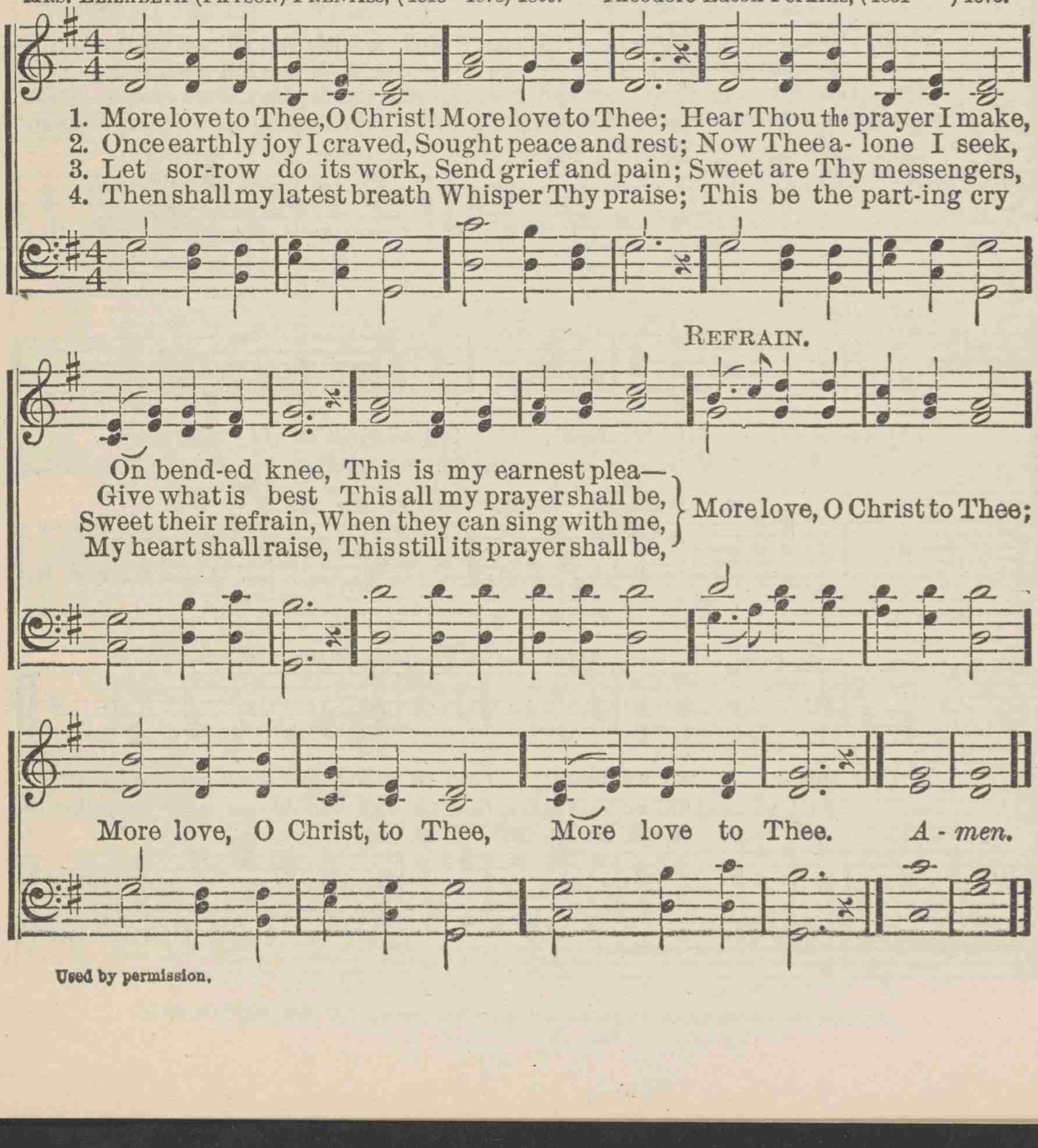
2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

173 MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

"More Love." 6s. & 4s.

MRS. ELIZABETH (PAYSON) PRENTISS, (1818—1878) 1869. Theodore Edson Perkins, (1831—) 1875.



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174 GOD BE WITH YOU!

Rev. JEREMIAH E. RANKIN, (—) 1882. William G. Tomer, (—) 1882.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Put His lov - ing arms a-round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Smite death's threatening wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, till we meet,

Till we meet, till we meet; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet, till we meet again, God be with you till we meet a - gain!

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175 THE FATHER'S CARE.

REV. CHARLES I. JUNKIN. Grace Wilbur Conant.

Andantino.

1. In the trees the birds are sing- ing, in the mountains and the glens, By the
2. All the meadows bloom with daisies and with dan - de - li - ons bold, And the
3. And the clouds of trou - ble gath - er, and the storm- y wind is heard, And the
4. And the world is full of chil- dren, oh, so ma - ny and so fair! Like the

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* ✱ *Ped. simile.*

rivers and the brooks and by the sea;.... But there's food for all the robins and the
clo-ver blossoms cov-er all the lea;.... But there's clothing for the lilies and the
an-gry tempest ra-ges wild and free;... But there's shelter for the sparrow and the
sunbeams as they sparkle on the sea.... But there's room for all the children in the

ti - ny lit - tle wrens, And there's bread in His hand for me....
but - ter - cups of gold, And there's rai-ment in His hand for me....
lit - tle humming-bird, And there's safety in His arms for me....
Fa - ther's ten - der care, And there's room in His heart for me....

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176 THE SWEET STORY.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE. Philip A. Gifford.

Expressively, but with animation.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men,
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown a - round me,
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share of His love;

How He call'd lit - tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
And if I thus earn - est - ly seek Him be - low,

CHORUS.

I should like to have been with them then.
"Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.

But thousands and thousands who wan - der and fall Never heard of that Heav - en - ly Home; I wish they could know there is room for them all, And that Je - sus has bid them to come.

Used by permission of the Publishers, Fleming H. Revell Company, from Mrs. Margaret J. C. Haven's "Bible Lessons for Little Beginners."

177 WHEN WE HIS WORD OBEY.

C. J. K. Camilla J. Knight.

1. Let the children come to Je - sus, as He said When He laid His
2. Je - sus bids us work for Him from day to day, Do - ing as He
3. We can bring sweet comfort to a saddened heart; We can scat- ter

hand in bless- ing on each head; Oh! how full of gladness is the
tells us in our work and play; He will al-ways help us in the
sunshine, making tears de - part; Thus we may re - sist temp-ta-tion's

CHORUS.

path we tread When we His word o - bey.
up- ward way When we His word o - bey.
cru - el dart If we His word o - bey.

Re - joice! re - joice! for
Rejoice! rejoice!

Jesus says rejoice, We'll sing our blessed Master's praise with heart and voice.

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178 WE'LL TRY TO MAKE JESUS GLAD.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. I. H. Meredith.

1. Je - sus is sor - ry when-e'er we do wrong, He wants us a
2. Je - sus is glad when the chil- dren are good, And try - ing to
3. Je - sus will list - en when - ev - er we pray, And thank Him for

bless- ing to be, Each sin we should fear, for He is so near,
walk in His way, When pa- tient and kind, and will - ing to mind,
all His great love, If sins we con - fess, He's read - y to bless,

CHORUS.

And e - ven our tho'ts He can see.
Like Him, grow-ing bet - ter each day.
And take us to heav - en a - bove.
} We'll try to make Je - sus

glad, We'll try to make Je - sus glad, In all that we do and

all that we say, We'll try to make Je - sus glad.

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179 A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON. Adapted from Old Song.

A birth - day greet-ing to you, dear, May you be hap - py

all your year! If you are brave and sweet and true, The

Fa - ther's smile will rest on you, And He will be so

glad to see You growing up His child to be. A birthday greeting

poco rit.

to you, dear, May you be hap - py all the year!

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GREETING SONG.

FREDERICA BEARD, Arr. Hester Hoffman.

Here we come a - gain on Sun-day When the church bells sweetly call,

With our bright and hap - py greet - ings, Wishing our good-day to all.

Here we come to help each oth - er, Lov-ing, kind, and strong to grow,

And we thank our Heav'nly Fa - ther, For He ev - er loves us so.

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181 MISSIONARY OFFERING SONG.

George A. Minor.

1. Hap-py lit - tle children, hap- py lit - tle children, Here we bring our off-'rings,
2. Take our gifts, dear Je-sus, with Thy ho - ly bless-ing, Send them out to com-fort

bless- ed Lord, to Thee, Thankful hearts to love Thee, willing hands to serve Thee,
hearts be-yond the sea, So the lit - tle chil-dren all the wide world o - ver,

REFRAIN.

Thine, O bless - ed Je - sus, ev - er- more to be, Ev - er- more to be,
Thine, O bless - ed Je - sus, ev - er- more may be, Ev - er- more may be,

ev - er- more to be, Hap- py lit - tle work - ers, bless- ed Lord, for Thee;
ev - er- more may be, Hap- py lit - tle work - ers, bless- ed Lord, for Thee;

Ev-er-more to be, ev- ermore to be, Happy little workers, blessed Lord, for Thee.
Ev-er-more may be, ev- ermore may be, Happy little workers, blessed Lord, for Thee.

182 LISTEN TO THE SHEPHERD'S CALL.

E. E. HEWITT. Geo. Chadwick Stock.

1. In life's ear - ly morn - ing,
2. He will gen - tly lead us
3. When the clouds shall gath - er
4. If one Lamb is miss - ing

INTRODUCTION. (*May be used as prelude before each verse.*)

Marching time.

when the sky is blue, Lis - ten to the Shep - herd's call;
where the lil - ies grow— Lis - ten to the Shep - herd's call;
He will keep His flock— Lis - ten to the Shep - herd's call;
on the mount - ains cold— Lis - ten to the Shep - herd's call;

While the buds and blossoms sparkle with the dew, Lis- ten to the Shepherd's call.
Where a-mid green pastures, sil-ver waters flow— Lis- ten to the Shepherd's call.
Shel-ter them so safe - ly in the mighty Rock— Lis- ten to the Shepherd's call.
Ten- der- ly He'll seek it, bring it to His fold— Lis- ten to the Shepherd's call.

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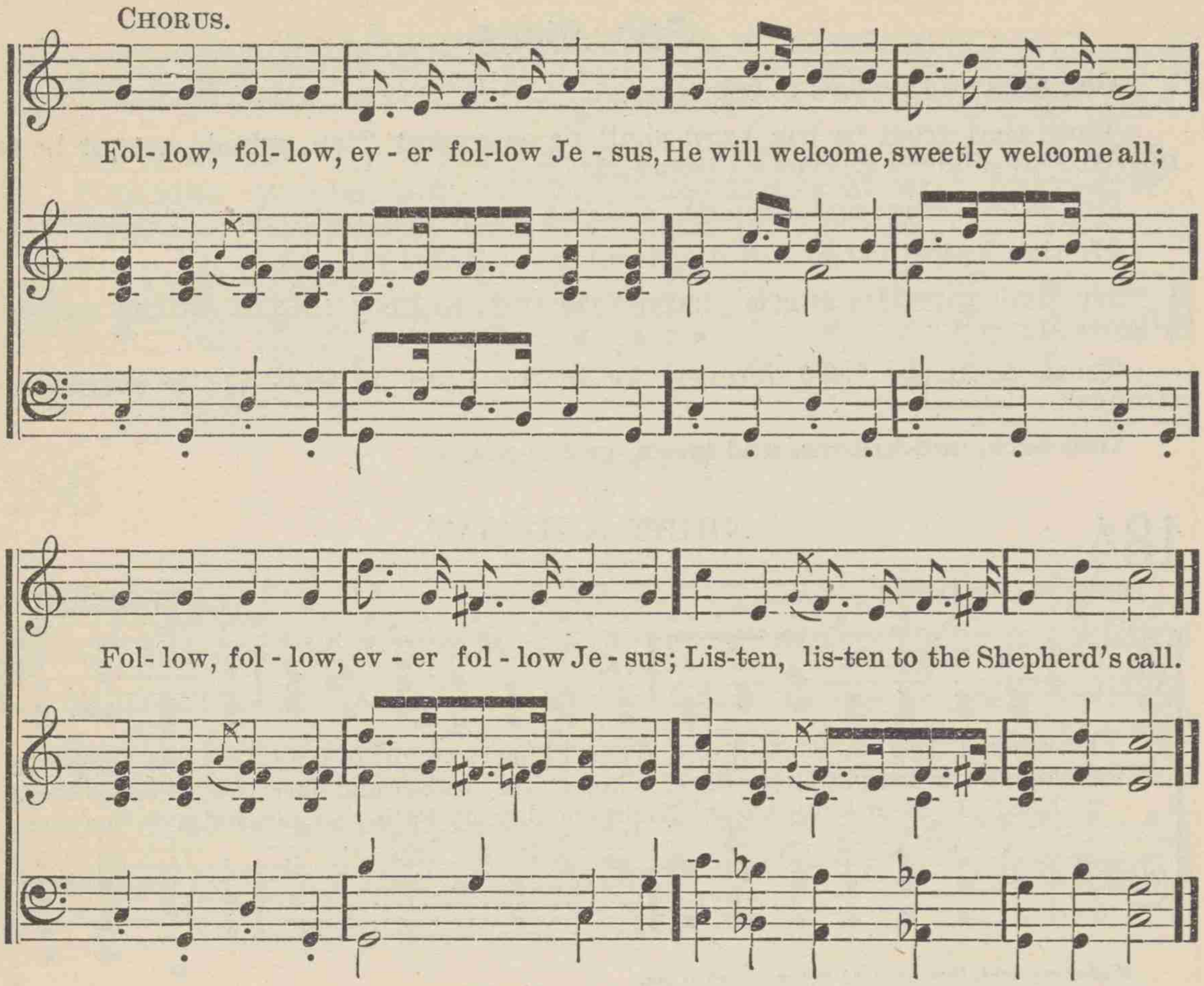
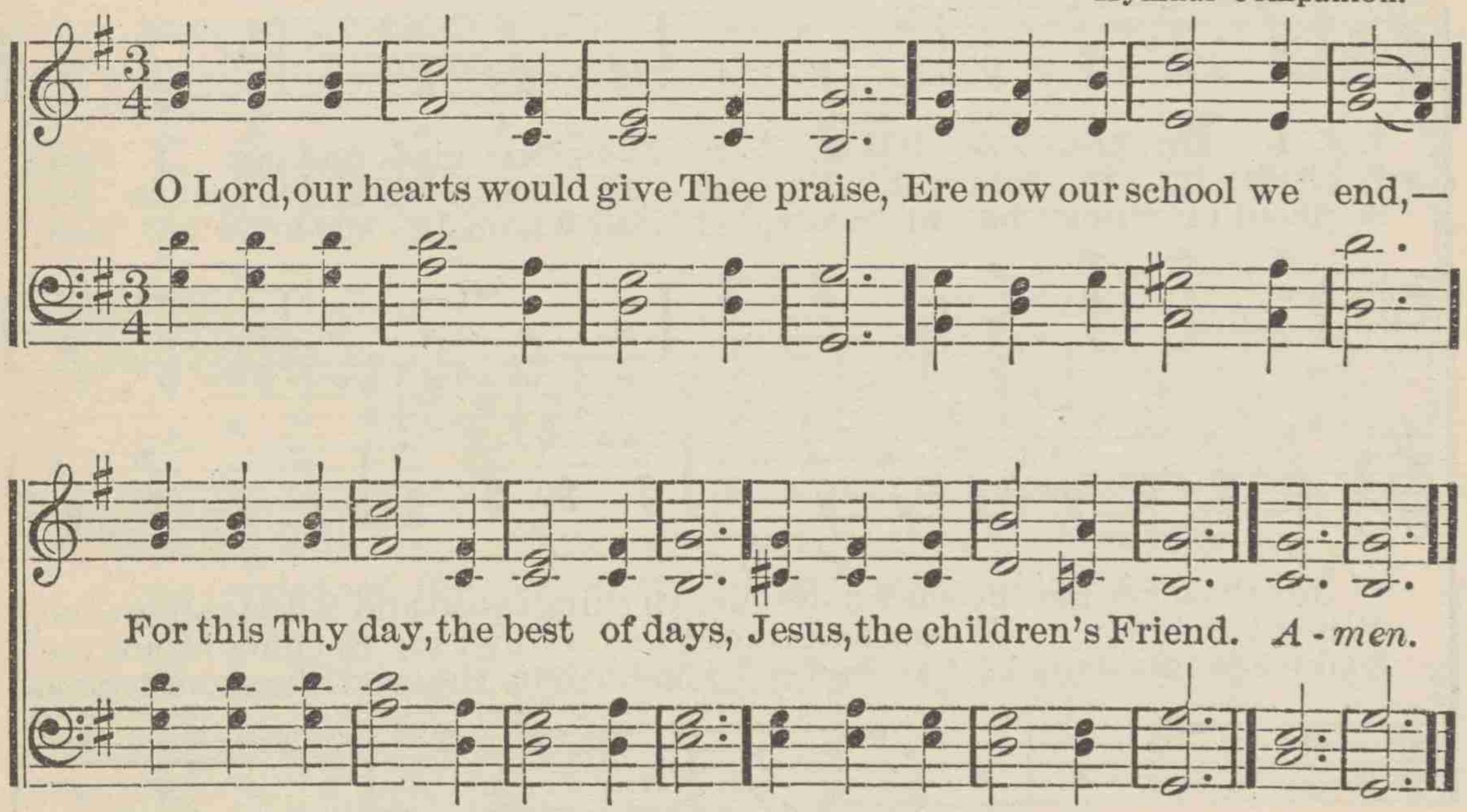
CHORUS.



183 GOOD-BYE HYMN.

Hymnal Companion.



God Sees.

God sees and knows everything.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever.—(*Psalms 125 : 1.*)

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. (Psalms 46 : 1.)

He that keepeth thee will not slumber.—(*Psalms 121 : 3.*)

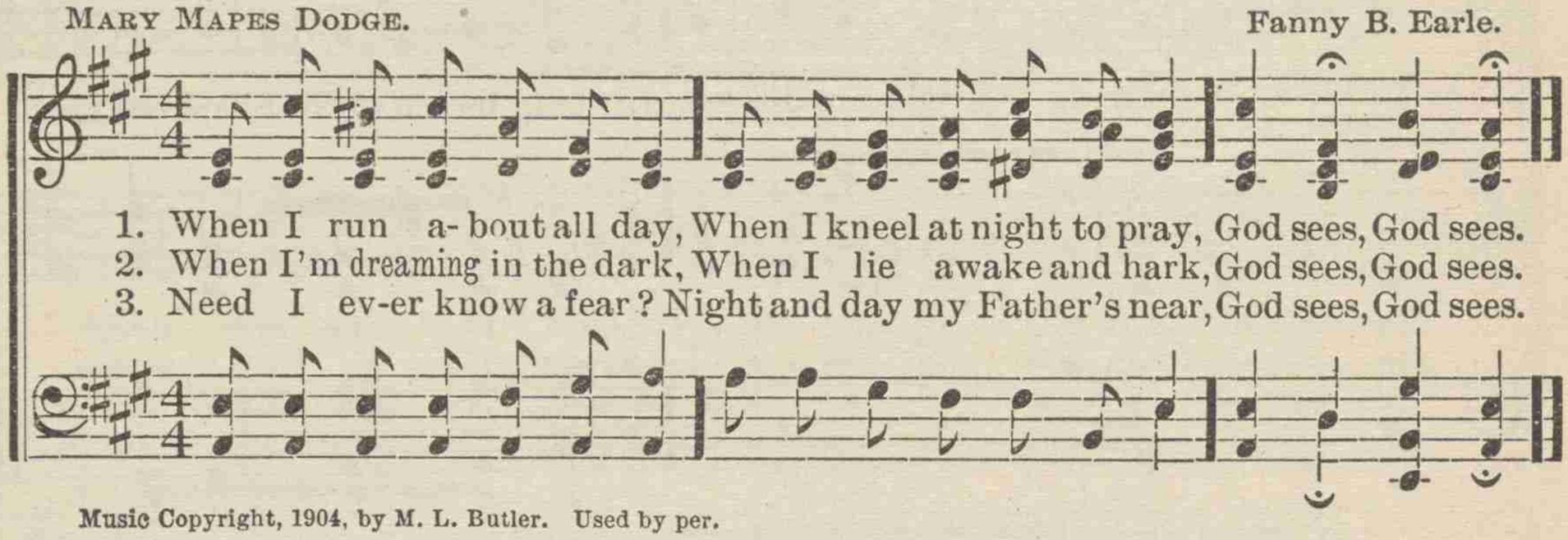
He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.—(*Psalms 91 : 11.*)

Trust ye in the Lord forever: for in the Lord JEHOVAH is everlasting strength.—(*Isaiah 26 : 4.*)

God sees, and knows, and loves, and cares.

184 NIGHT AND DAY.

MARY MAPES DODGE. Fanny B. Earle.



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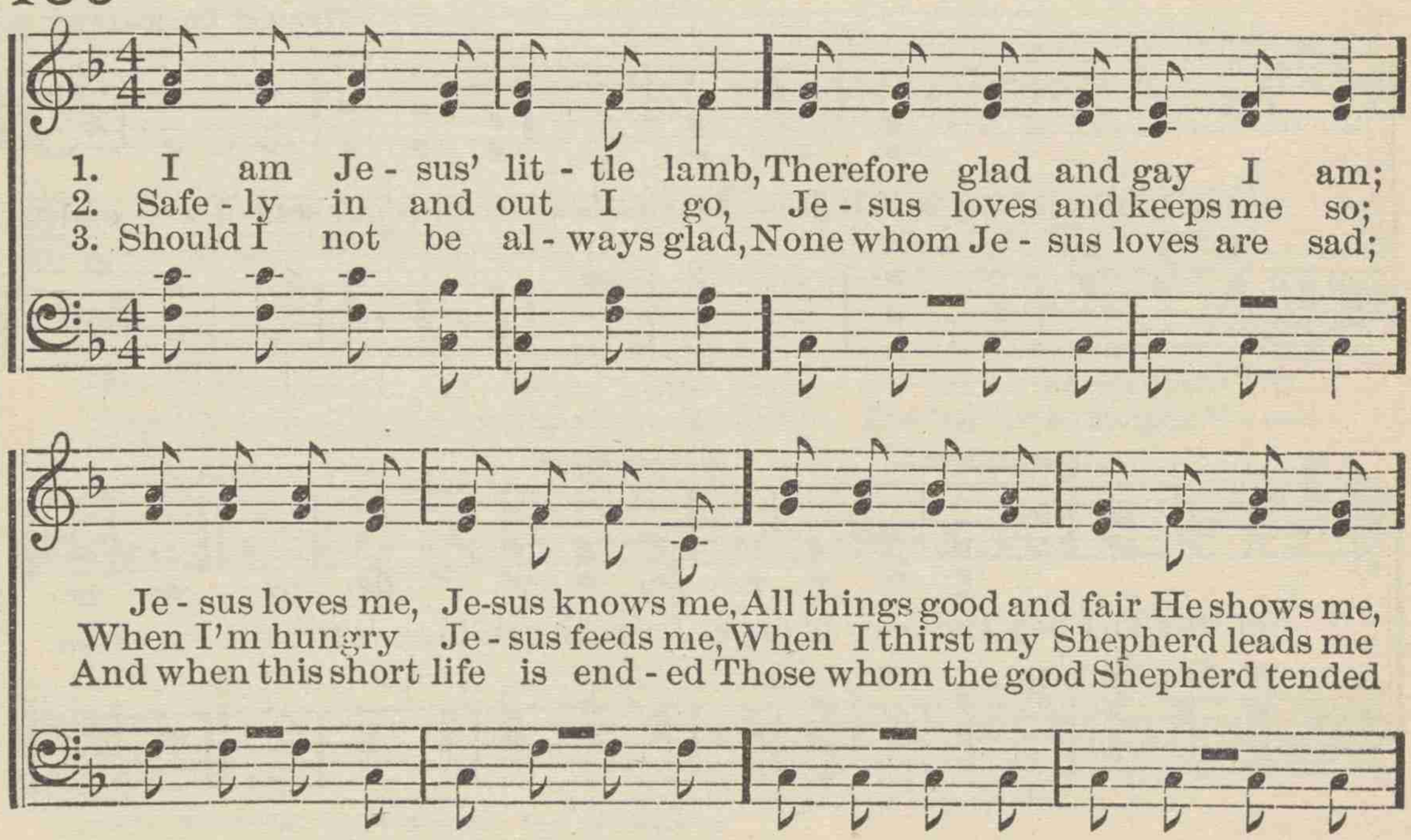
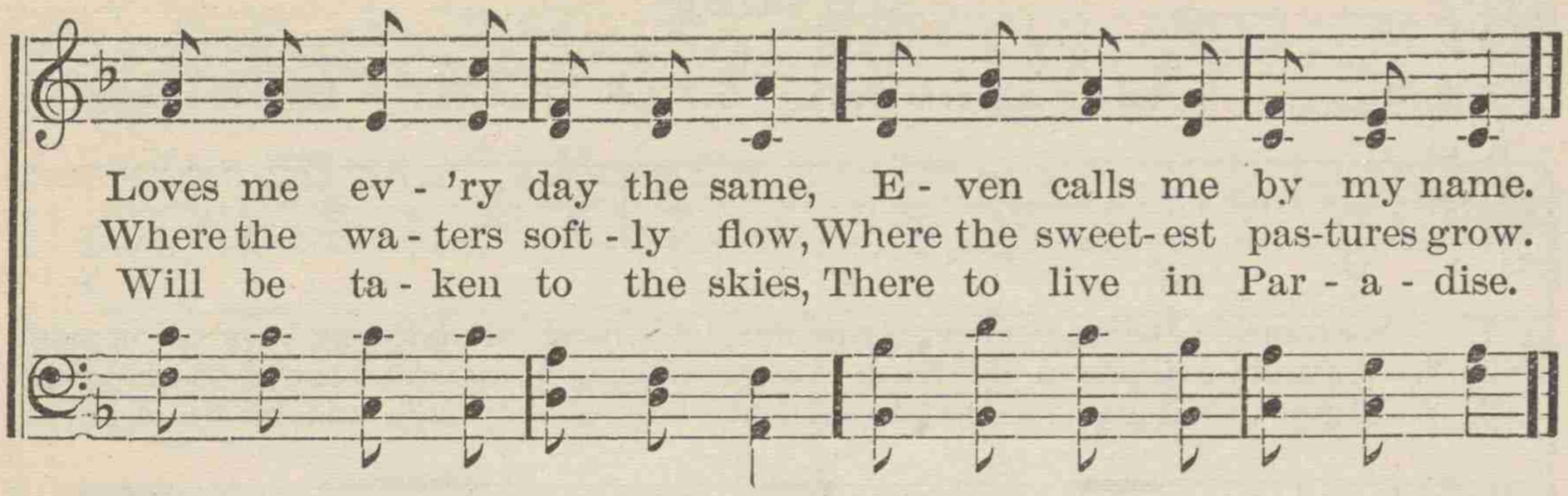
185 I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

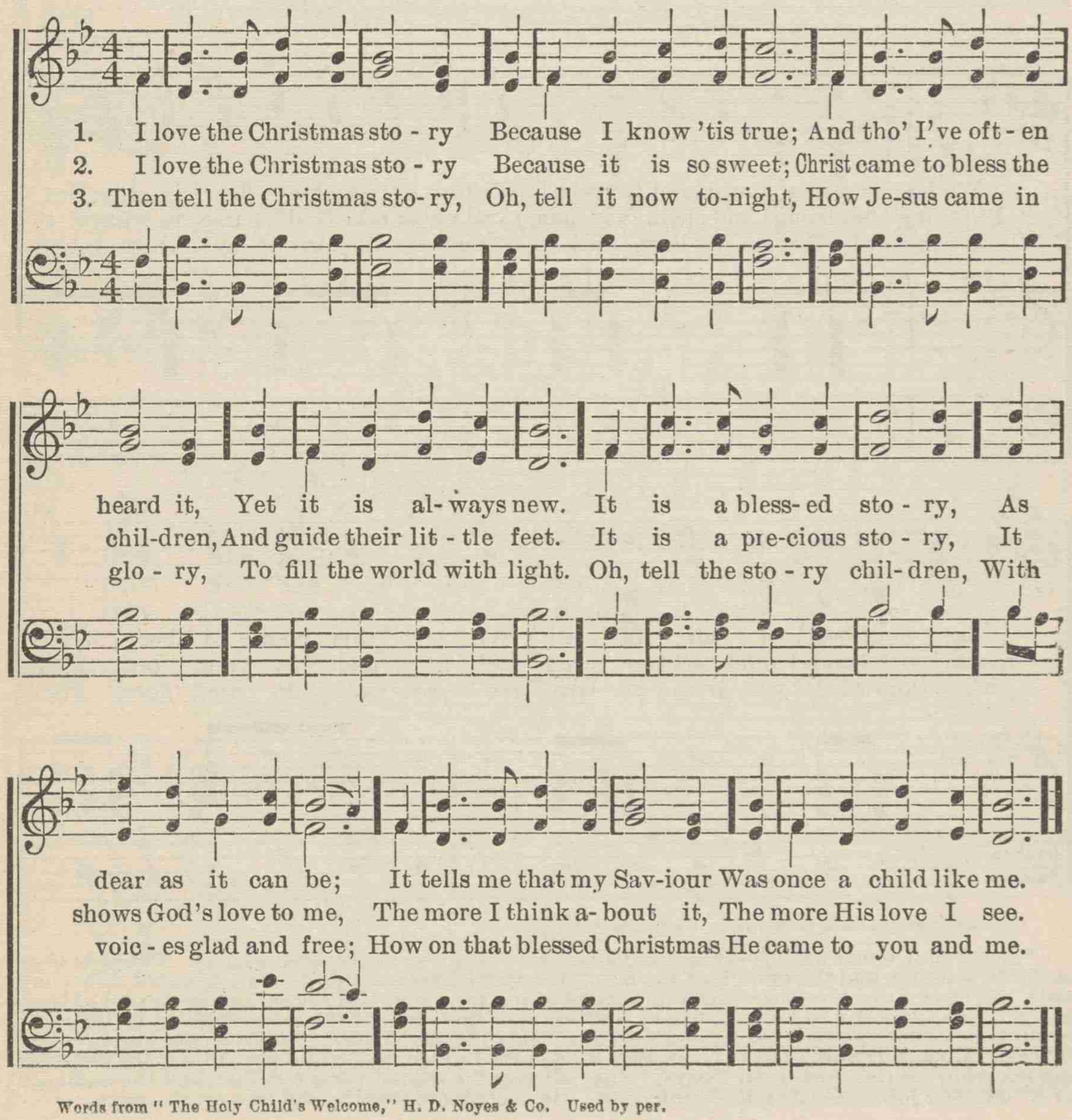




186

CHRISTMAS SONG.

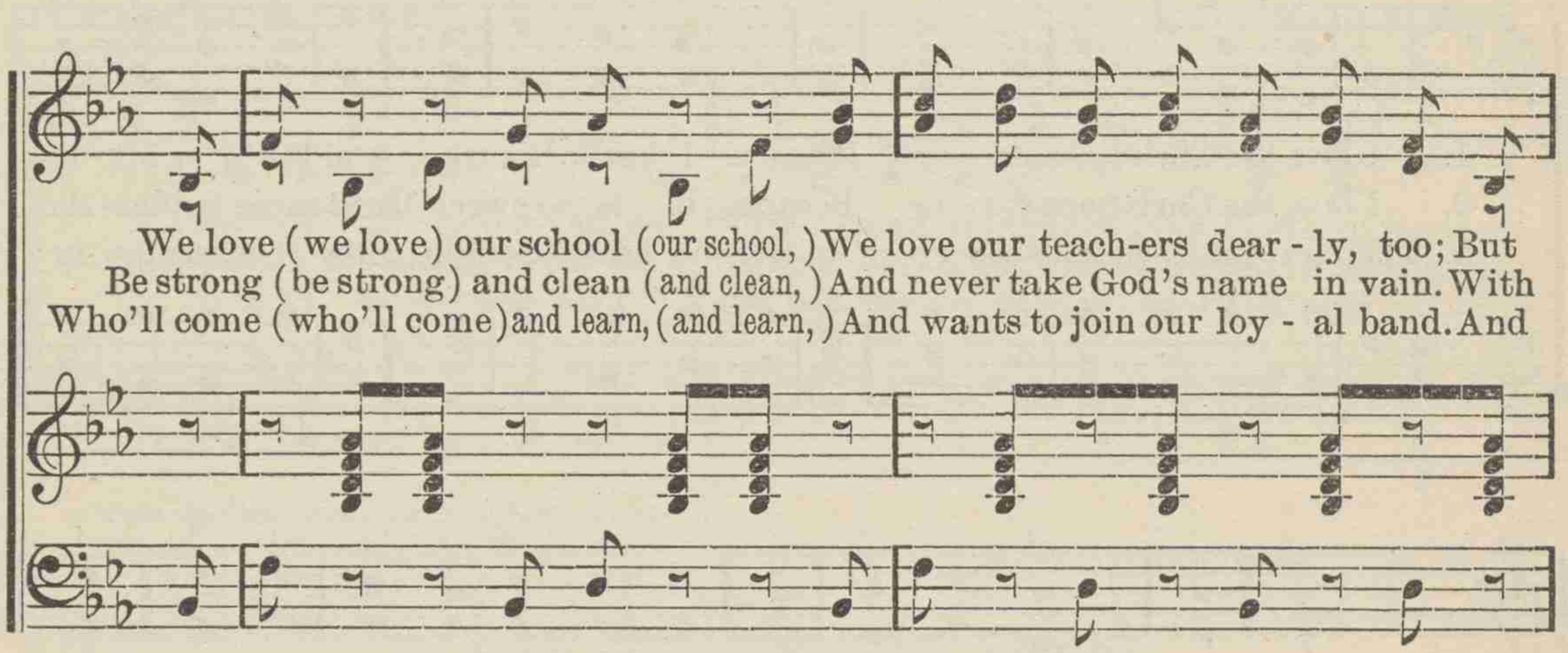
"Webb."



Words from "The Holy Child's Welcome," H. D. Noyes & Co. Used by per.

187 WE COME.

R. C. M. (A Processional for Boys' and Girls' Brigades.) Robt. C. Marquis.



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*Select four equal groups—two of boys and two of girls—of the best singers. Teach half of each the soprano, and the other half the alto. Let them march with precision, the girls down one aisle, the boys down the other, ascending the platform from opposite sides. Let the leader of each group bear a large silk or bunting flag of uniform size, and each of the others a Bible in the right hand, which they should hold high as they say "this blessed Book." While on the stage let the two central flags be hold so as to cross, thus x. Let the boys sing the first verse, then the girls, using the word "girls" instead of "boys;" then all sing the second verse together, and the audience or school may join in singing the third verse. Have chairs to seat the children on the stage.

live for God, be kind and true; We'll live for God, be kind and true.
flag shall wave, the Lord shall reign; The flag shall wave, the Lord shall reign.
God, and home, and na - tive land; For God, and home, and na - tive land.

188 RALLY DAY—CLOSING SONG.

Henry Carey.

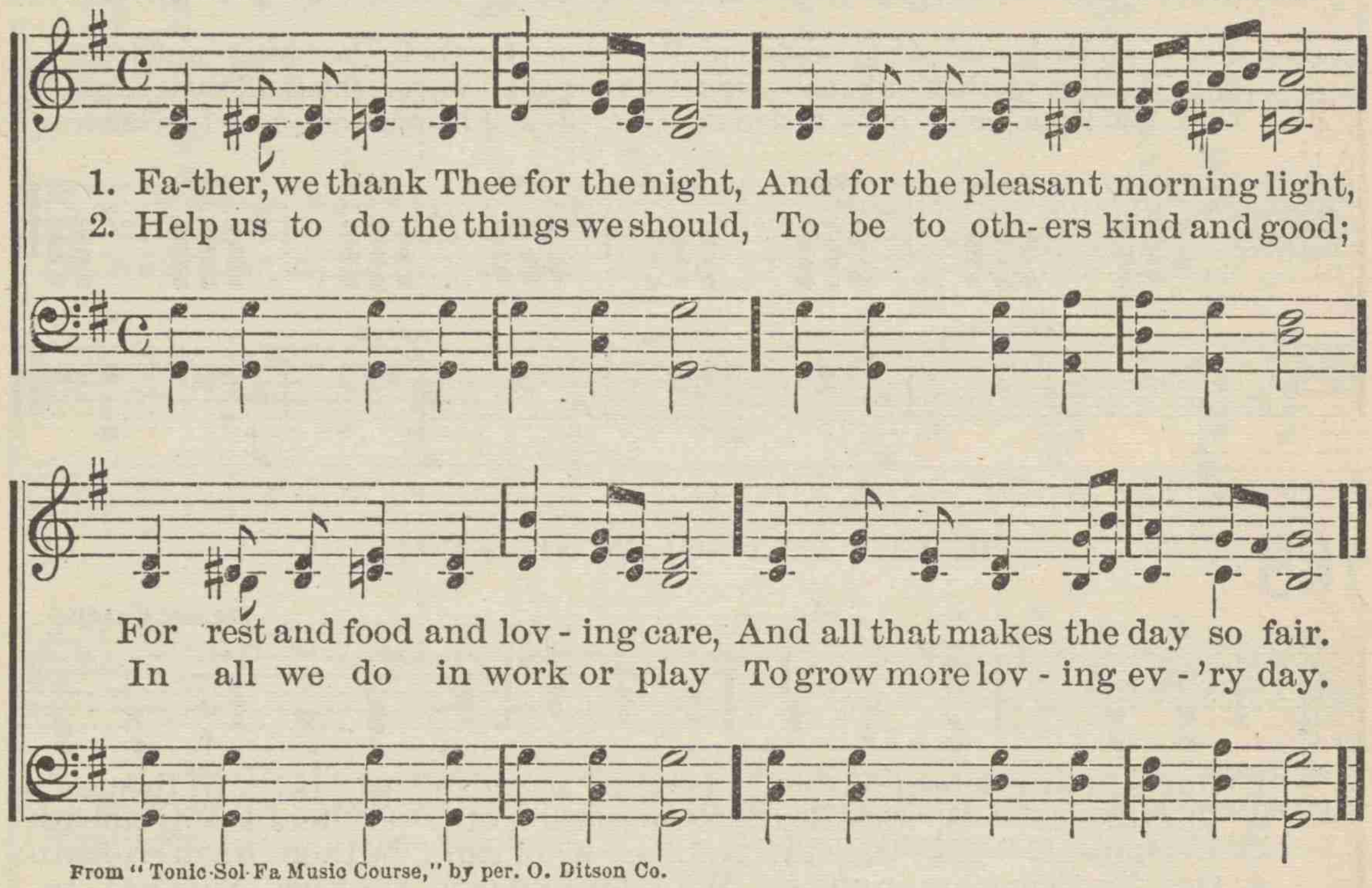
1. Our Sun-day School of thee, Where we so love to be, Of thee we'll
2. Our school it is most dear, We meet each oth - er here Each Sabbath
3. Let mu-sic fill the air, And all who can be there, Each Sabbath
4. Our Fa-ther now to Thee, We all would bow the knee, This Ral - ly

sing. 'Tis there we learn to pray, That we may know the way
Day. We love the work-ers true, And all the schol-ars too,
Day. Let ev - 'ry - bod - y sing, And do not fail to bring
Day. Long may our school re-main, In num-bers may we gain,

Which leads to end - less day, With our great King.
We each have work to do, On Ral - ly Day.
Your thankful of - fer-ing, Each Sab-bath Day.
May we all meet a-gain Next Sab-bath Day. *A - men.*

189 FATHER, WE THANK THEE FOR THE NIGHT.

REBECCA J. WESTON. D. Batchellor.



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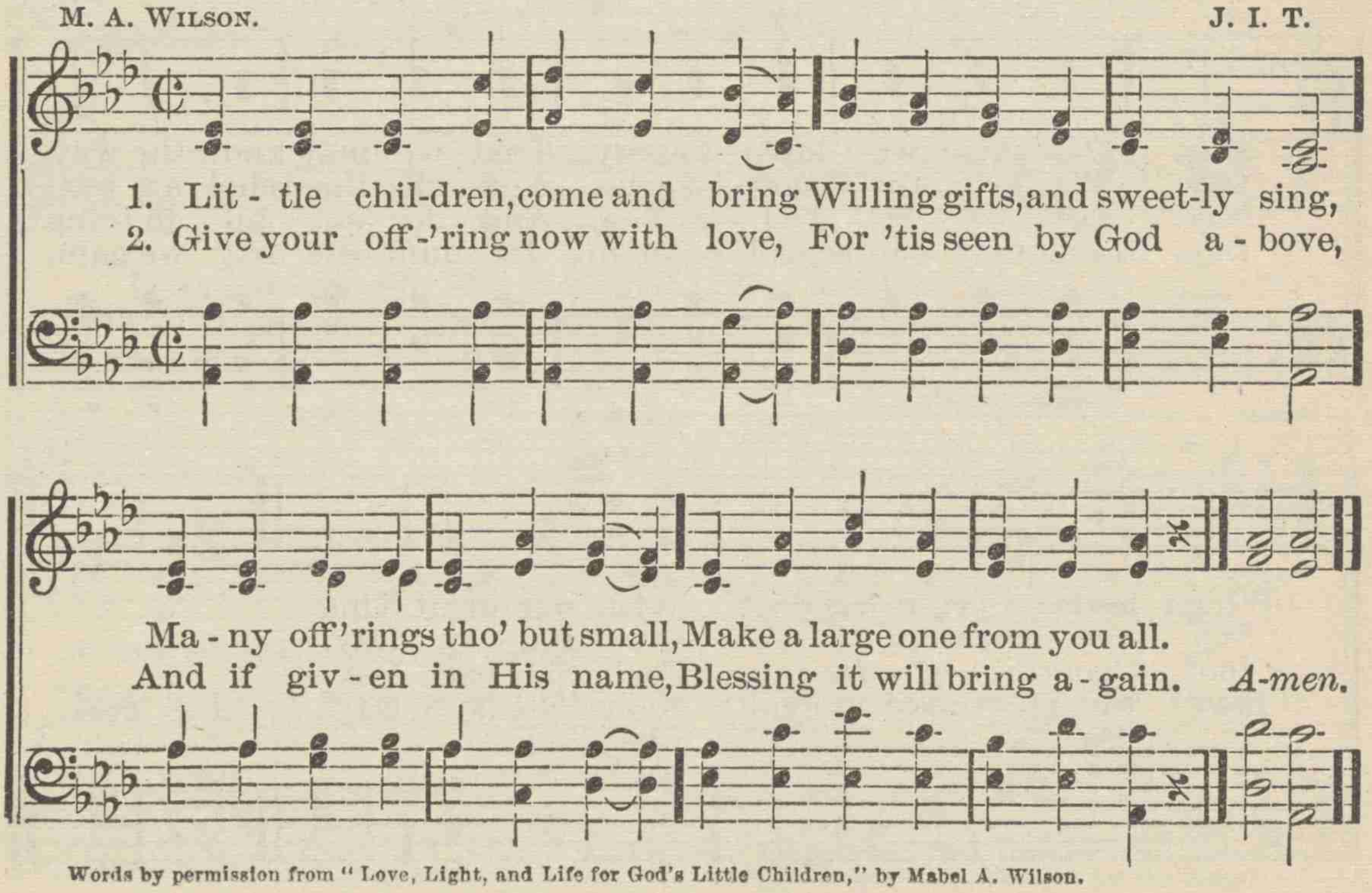
190 LITTLE CHILDREN, COME AND BRING.

M. A. WILSON. J. I. T.



Words by permission from "Love, Light, and Life for God's Little Children," by Mabel A. Wilson.

191

THE TEACHER'S PRAYER.

"Autumn." 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

ANON.

1. Do you hear the voic- es call - ing? List- en, children, that you may,
2. Lit - tle arms to moth-er cling - ing, Lit - tle lips of ru - by hue,
3. Do you hear the Saviour plead - ing "Suf - fer them to come to me?

Do you hear the ba - by voic - es, From the land so far a - way?
Lit-tle hearts that wait for Je - sus, Who will send Him? why not you?
Bring, O bring my pre-cious jew - els; Gath - er them from land and sea?"

Do you hear the lov- ing Sav - iour, Call - ing you to work and pray?
Do you know the Saviour loves them As He did in days of old?
Will you send to them the sto - ry Of that Sav-iour and His love?

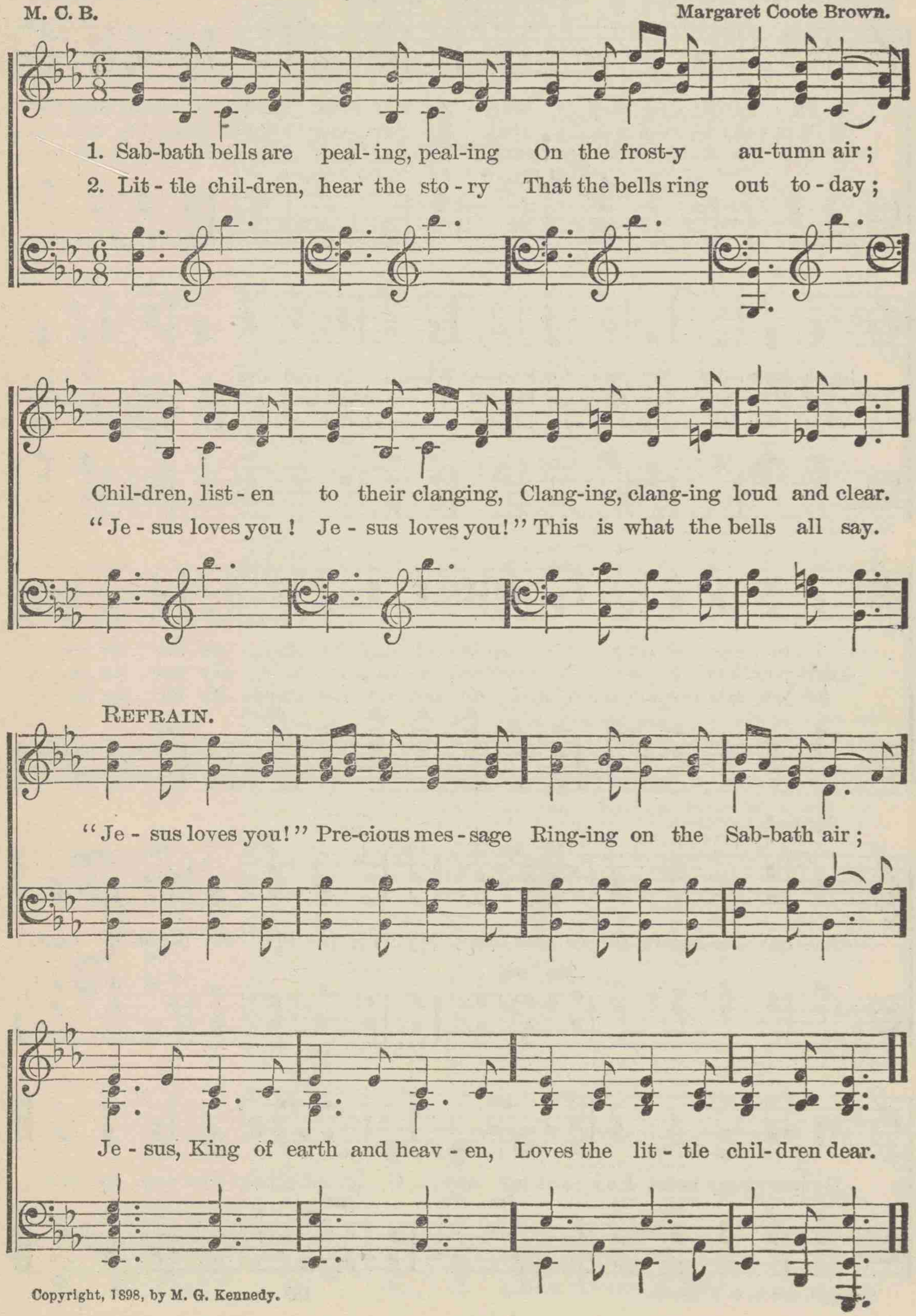
If you wait, some ba- by voic - es Will have died so far a - way.
Yearns to fold them to His bo - som When they've heard the story told.
Tell them how He wants to lead them To the heav'nly home a - bove.

193

SABBATH BELLS ARE PEALING.

(With ringing motions.)

M. C. B. Margaret Coote Brown.



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194 EV'RY LITTLE STEP I TAKE.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. Towner.

1. Ev - 'ry lit - tle step I take, My Sav - ior knows. Watching near for
2. When my heart is ver - y glad, My Sav - ior knows. When I'm troubled,
3. I am tim-id, weak, and small, My Sav - ior knows. How to help me

love's dear sake, My Sav - ior knows. When I sin and dis - o - bey, Or when
when I'm sad, My Sav - ior knows. In my work and at my play, Je - sus
when I fall, My Sav - ior knows. Je - sus holds me by the hand, Bids me

I for - get to pray, All I think of day by day, My Sav - ior knows.
hears whate'er I say; Ev - 'ry deed a - long the way, My Sav - ior knows.
fol - low His command; What I do not un - der - stand, My Sav - ior knows.

REFRAIN.

The Sav - ior knows, He watches near; My whis - per low, He bends to hear;

He knows my heart, He knows my way; O let me please Him day by day.

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INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

A birthday greeting to you, dear..... 179
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide..... 18
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed..... 102
All hail the power of Jesus' name (2 tunes). 5
Almost persuaded, now to believe..... 47
Always helping somewhere 116
Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go..... 92
Are you heavy laden, are you sad at heart?.. 72
Awake, awake! the Master now is calling us. 121
Be with me, Lord, each passing hour..... 61
Before Jehovah's awful throne..... 154
Beneath the cross of Jesus 95
Beyond the smiling and the weeping 159
Blessed Assurance, Jesus is mine..... 87
Blest be the tie that binds 170
Bring your loving gifts to Jesus..... 149
Christ for the world, be this our battle cry.. 58
Christian, seek not yet repose..... 137
Come, for all is ready 51
Come, heavy laden one..... 49
Come, Thou Almighty King..... 4
Come, ye that love the Lord..... 40
Conquering now and still to conquer 130
Day is dying in the west 38
Do you hear the voices calling 192
Down at the cross where my Saviour died.... 23
Each cooing dove and sighing bough..... 26
Ev'ry little step I take..... 194
Father, we thank Thee for the night..... 189
Follow thou Me, is the Master's word..... 101
Forward, ever forward! 132
From Greenland's icy mountains..... 133
Gather them in! for yet there is room..... 147
Gather the fairest rosebuds 52
Give to the winds thy fears..... 115
God be with you till we meet again..... 174
God loved the world of sinners lost..... 75
God loved the world so tenderly 31
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah..... 172
Happy little children 181
Hark! hark, the morning cry! 93
Hark 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear 113
Hark to the sound of voices 125
Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross.. 45
Have you not a word for Jesus 118
He leadeth Me! O blessed thought..... 89
Hear us, Heavenly Father..... 20
Heavenly Father, as we bow before Thee..... 166
Here we come again on Sunday..... 180
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!.... 1
Holy Spirit, faithful Guide 42
Hover o'er me Holy Spirit 43
How tedious and tasteless the hours..... 60
I am Jesus' little lamb 185
I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land.. 74
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus 79
I have a friend in courts above..... 80
I have a friend so precious..... 84
I hear a sweet voice ringing clear..... 41
I love the Christmas story 186
I love to tell the story 9
I must tell Jesus all of my trials..... 24
I need Thee, ev'ry hour 2
I think, when I read that sweet story..... 176
I was a wandering sheep 33
I will sing you a song of that beautiful land 160
I will sing of my Redeemer 30
In life's early morning 182
In the hour of trial 63
In the heav'nly pastures fair 34
In the harvest field there is work to do..... 106
In the trees the birds are singing 175
In Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages 68
In truth and grace I want to grow 117
It may not be on the mountain's height.... 107
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult 144
Jesus, I come to Thee, longing for rest..... 110
Jesus, I my cross have taken 108
Jesus is sorry whene'er we do wrong 178
Jesus keep me near the cross 53
Jesus, lover of my soul (2 tunes)..... 78
Jesus, only Jesus 29
Jesus, Savior, pilot me 59
Jesus, tender Saviour 32
Joy to the world, the Lord is come..... 21
Keep in step with Jesus, in the shining way. 136
Lead, kindly Light 62
Let the children come to Jesus 177
Little children, come and bring 190
Live for others, day by day 105
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole..... 66
Lord my heart is rested, strengthened..... 85
Low in the grave He lay 37
Marching on! marching on! in the ranks of Christ our King..... 77
'Mid scenes of confusion 161
More about Jesus, would I know 82
More love to Thee, O Christ 173
More of Thy sunshine in my heart..... 69
My country! 'tis of Thee 164
My faith looks up to Thee 99
My Father is rich in houses and lands..... 86
Jesus, as Thou wilt 91
My Jesus, I love Thee 171
My soul in sad exile, was out on life's sea.. 157
Nearer, my God, to Thee! 6
Never be sad or desponding 169
Not now, but in the coming years 64
Now the day is over 129
Oh, happy day, that stays my choice..... 104
Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep 95
Oh, spread the tidings round 44
Oh, still in accents sweet and strong 122
Oh, to be "Kept for Jesus" 94
O brothers, lift your voices 131
O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me 167
O Lord, our God, arise 168
O Lord, our hearts would give Thee praise... 183
O Master, let me walk with Thee..... 119
O Mother dear, Jerusalem 134
O what fellowship, O what joy divine 97
O, ye who are drifting on the swift tides of sin 54
O Zion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling.... 148
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness 120
Onward, Christian soldiers 124
Our Sunday School of Thee 188
Out on the midnight deep 57
Out on an ocean all boundless we ride..... 151
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour..... 55
Peace, perfect peace 111
Peaceful and beautiful haven of rest..... 158
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.... 138
Praise ye the Father 8
Rescue the perishing 112
Rock of Ages, cleft for me 3
Sabbath bells are pealing 193
Safe in the arms of Jesus 83

Safely through another week 16
Saved by the blood of the Crucified One 22
Saved by grace alone 46
Savior, lead me lest I stray 36
Saviour, I come to Thee 109
Scattering precious seed by the wayside..... 123
Sing them over again to me 12
Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling 48
Sow flowers and flowers will blossom 11
Sowing in the morning 142
Stand up, stand up for Jesus 128
Standing like a lighthouse 145
Steer our bark away to the homeland..... 156
Strike! O Strike for Victory 135
Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear 19
Sweet hour of prayer 65
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing 50
Sweetly sing the love of Jesus 10
Take the name of Jesus with you 15
Take time to be holy 100
Tell me, my Saviour! 35
Ten thousand times ten thousand 127
The Church's one foundation 28
The King of Love my Shepherd is 163
The morning light is breaking 141
The Son of God goes forth to war..... 126
The whole wide world for Jesus 143
There comes to my heart one sweet strain.. 81
There is a fountain filled with blood..... 73
There is sunlight in my soul 13
There shall be showers of blessing 70
There's a place where my soul ever feels a repose 162
There's a song in the air 25
There's a wideness in God's mercy 27
There's a wonderful temple 153
There's sunshine in my soul to-day 90
Touch not the cup 150
Try to carry sunshine 114
Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour.. 14
Up to me sweet childhood looketh 191
Uplift the banner, let it float 139
Valley of Eden beyond the sea 155
We come, we come, a band of happy boys.. 187
We have heard a joyful sound 71
We know not fully what we do 152
We praise Thee, O God 165
Welcome, delightful morn 17
What a friend we have in Jesus 67
When I run about all day 184
When peace like a river 88
When the thick clouds intervene 98
When we walk with the Lord 103
With broken heart and contrite sigh 56
Wonderful love that found us 76
Wondrous it seemeth to me 7
Work, for the night is coming 146
Years I spent in vanity and pride 39
Yield not to temptation 140

INDEX OF TUNES.

"Alford." 7. 6. 8. 6. D..... 127
"All Saints." (Cutler.) C.M.D. (First Tune.). 126
"America." 6s. & 4s..... 164
"Antioch." C.M..... 21
"Armstrong." 50
"Aurelia." 7. 6. 7. 6. D..... 28
"Autumn." 8. 7. 8. 7. D..... 191
"Avon." C.M..... 102
"Bethany." 6s. & 4s..... 6
"Bradford." 7. 5. 8 lines..... 131
"Castle Eden." 6s. 5s..... 20
"Chautauqua." 7. 7. 7. 7. 4. With Refrain... 38
"Christopher." 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6..... 96
"Consecration." 107
"Coronation." C.M..... 5
"De Fleury." 8s. D..... 60
"Dennis." S.M..... 170
"Dominus Regit Me."..... 163
"Ellesdie." 8s. 7s. D..... 108
"Eventide." 10s..... 18
"Follow." 101
"Grassmere." P.M..... 41
"Guide." 7s. D..... 42
"Home." 11s..... 161
"Homeward Bound."..... 161
"Hursley." L.M..... 19
"Integer Vitae." 11s. & 5s..... 8
"Italian Hymn." 6s. 4s..... 4
"Jewett." 6s. D..... 91
"Lafayette." 8. 5. 8. 3..... 79
"Lavater." C.M..... 167
"Lebanon." S.M.D..... 33
"Lisbon." S.M..... 168
"Lischer." 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8..... 17
"Love Divine." 8. 7. 8. 7. D..... 118
"Luella." 11s..... 32
"Lux Benigna." 10s. & 4s. 10s..... 62
"Lyons." 10s. & 11s..... 165
"Lynde." 35
L.M. 89, 104
"Mardina." 25
"Martyn." 7. 7. 7. 7. D. (Second Tune)..... 78
"Materna." C.M.D..... 134
"Miles Lane." C.M. (Second Tune)..... 5
"Missionary Hymn." 7s. & 6s. D..... 133
"More Love." 6s. & 4s..... 173
"My Redeemer."..... 30
"Nicaea." P.M..... 1
"Near the Cross." P.M..... 53
"Old Hundred." L.M..... 154
"Olivet." 6s. & 4s..... 99
P.M. 2
"Pax Tecum." 10. 10..... 112
"Penitence." 6. 5. D..... 111
"Pilot." 7s. 6 lines..... 63
"Refuge." 7s. D..... 78
"Sabbath." 7s. 6 lines..... 16
"St. Gertrude." 6s. & 5s..... 124
"St. Mark." C.M..... 122
"Soldaten." 77
"Sweet Hour." L.M.D..... 65
"Talmar." 8s. 7s..... 144
"Thatcher." S.M..... 115
"Tell the Story." 7s. & 6s. D..... 9
"Tidings." P.M..... 148
"Toplady." 7s. 6 lines..... 3
"Via Bona." L.M..... 119
"Waltham." 139
"Webb." 186
"Webb." 7s. & 6s. D..... 141
"Wellesley." 8s. & 7s..... 27
"Wonderful Words." P.M..... 12
"Wondrous Love." 75
"Work Song." P.M..... 146
"Zion." 8. 7. 4..... 120, 172
8s. 7s..... 15
8s. 7s. D..... 67
6s. & 4s..... 110