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Lasting Hymns

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Specially Designed
for
Every Department
of
Divine Worship,

AND

Suitable for All the Services of the Churches.

BY REV. JNO. A. LEE AND
J. W. PORTER, B. L., D. D.

PUBLISHED BY

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CINCINNATI, O. LOUISVILLE, KY. NASHVILLE, TENN.

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PREFACE

IN placing this book before the public the authors trust that they have been guided by the Holy Spirit, and feel that they have been engaged in the Master's service.

The task has been by no means as simple as might be supposed, for, from a world of words and a multitude of music, to discriminate justly and select wisely, is both difficult and perplexing. We have specially aimed to give to the churches a book that would be suitable for all the services, both for the young and the old. The advantages of this are apparent, at least to the minds of the authors, and should this preface serve no other purpose, we trust that it may abide as an emphatic protest against the use of different books for the Regular and Special Services.

A glance through the book will show that the best music writers and composers of the country are represented by their best compositions.

Whatever the mistakes or merits of the work, the authors will cherish the consolation that they have made an earnest and honest effort to make the book merit its title, LASTING HYMNS. We pray God's blessing upon it, and ask of the public an impartial consideration of its contents.

Yours in Song and Service,

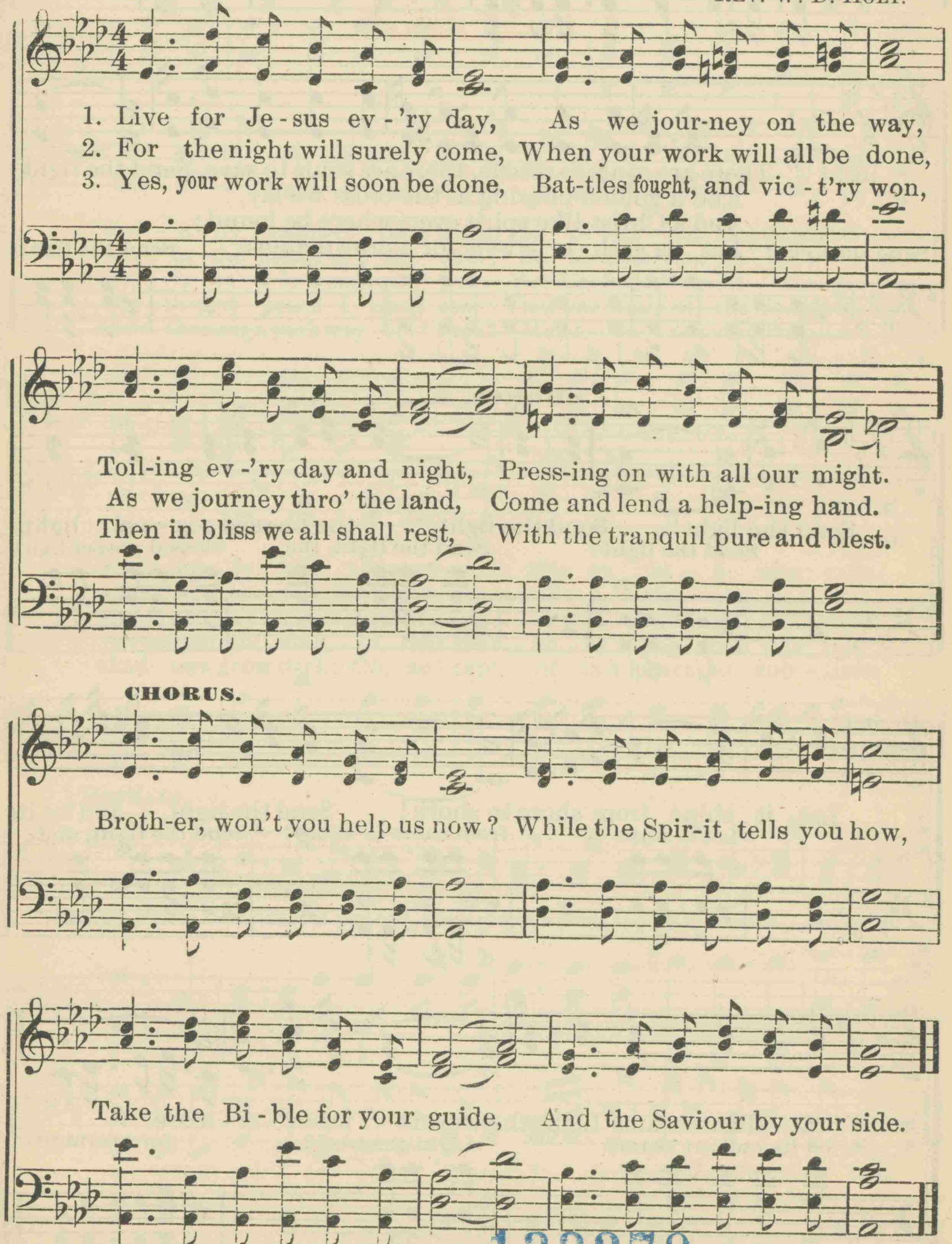
JNO. A. LEE AND J. W. PORTER.

LASTING HYMNS.

1 Live For Jesus.

"I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living."—Ps. 116: 9.

J. A. LEE. REV. W. D. HOLT.



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Send the Light.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light! Send the
2. We have heard the Macedonian call to-day,
3. Let us pray that grace may everywhere abound,
4. Let us not grow weary in the work of love, "Send the light!

light!" There are souls to rescue, there are souls to save, Send the light!
And a golden offering at the cross we lay,
And a Christ-like spirit everywhere be found;
Send the light!" Let us gath-er jewels for a crown above, Send the light!

CHORUS.

Send the light! Send the light, the blessed gos-pel light,
Send the light! Send the light, the blessed gospel light,

Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the light, and let its
Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the light, and

ra-diant beams Light the world for ev-er-more. . . .
let its radiant beams Light the world for evermore.

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WONDERFUL PEACE.

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

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night on this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul, are you here with - out com - fort or rest, March-ing

mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un -
deep in the heart of my soul; So se- cure that no pow - er can
sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough pathway of time! Make Je - sus your friend ere the

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

REFRAIN.

Peace! Peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Fa- ther a - bove; Sweep
o - ver my spirit for - ev-er, I pray, In fath-omless billows of love.

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4 The Kingdom of the Lord.

P. H. J. H. F.

Marcia.

1. The king-dom of the Lord Is com - ing in the world, His
2. The king-dom of the Lord! Let ev - 'ry sol - dier true, Be
3. The king-dom of the Lord! Oh, speed the bless - ed time When

word thro all the earth has gone abroad; The trump has sounded forth, The
in - stant at his gracious Leader's call; And tho the strife be long, The
vic - to-ry from ev'ry voice shall swell; And 'neath the reign of peace, E-

ban - ner is unfurled, And gath'ring fast are all the hosts of God.
triumph stands in view, And ev - 'rywhere the holds of Sa - tan fall.
ter - nal and sublime, His faith-ful ones for ev - ermore shall dwell.

CHORUS.

The king-dom of the Lord, The king-dom of the Lord, Oh,

shout, ye conquering armies as ye go, (as ye go,) While rolls the mighty song

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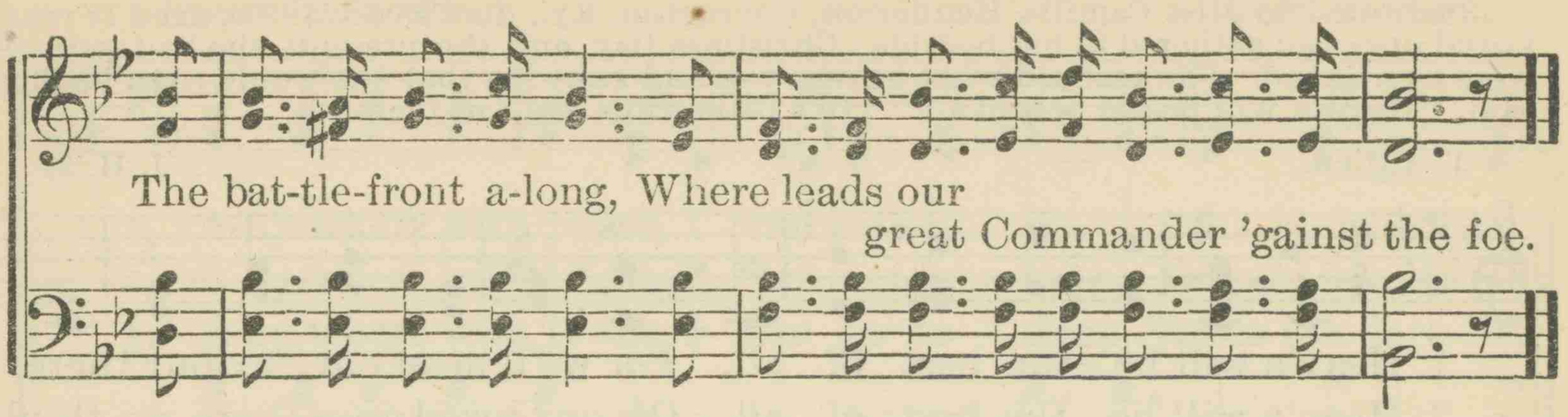
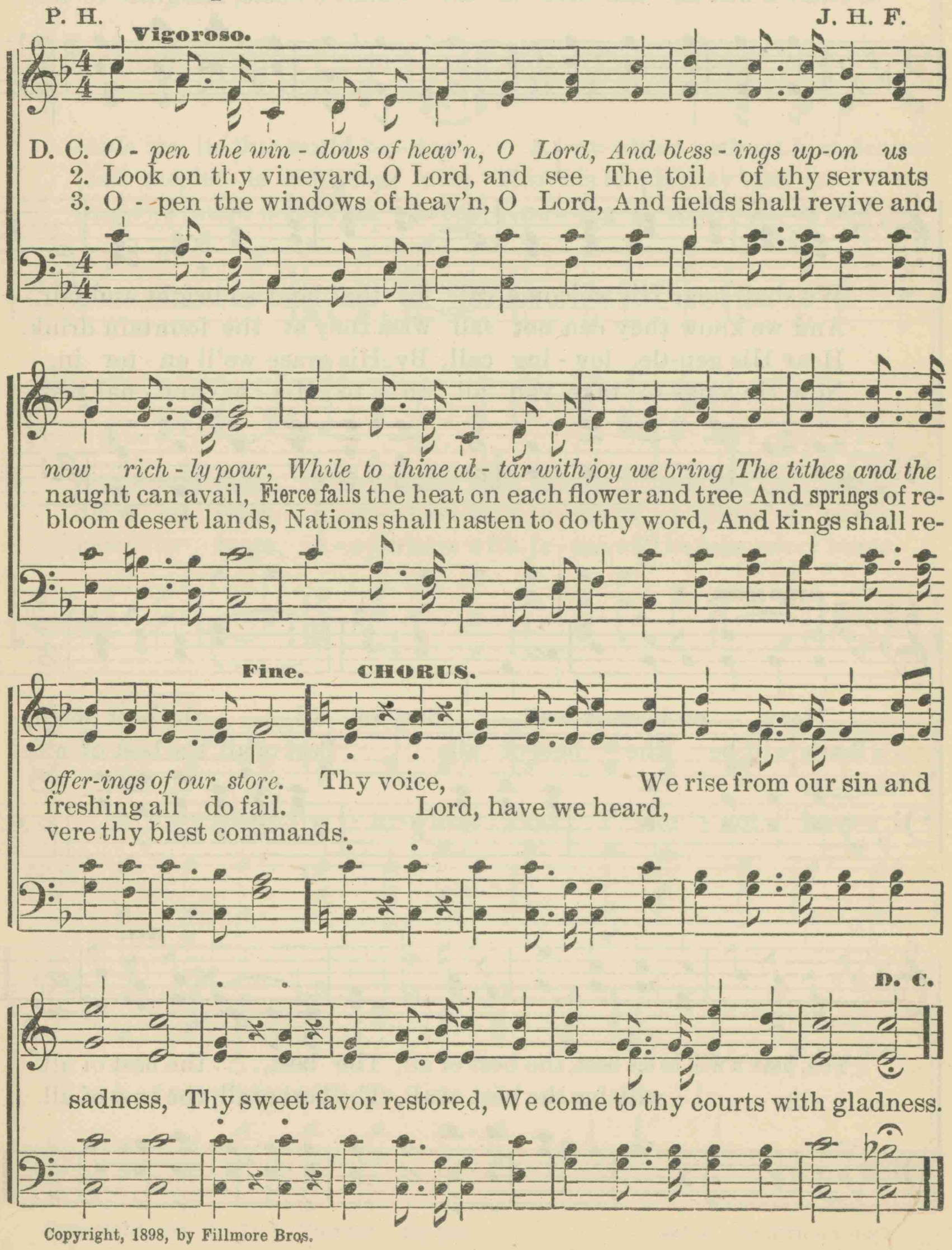
The Kingdom of the Lord.

5 Open the Windows of Heaven.



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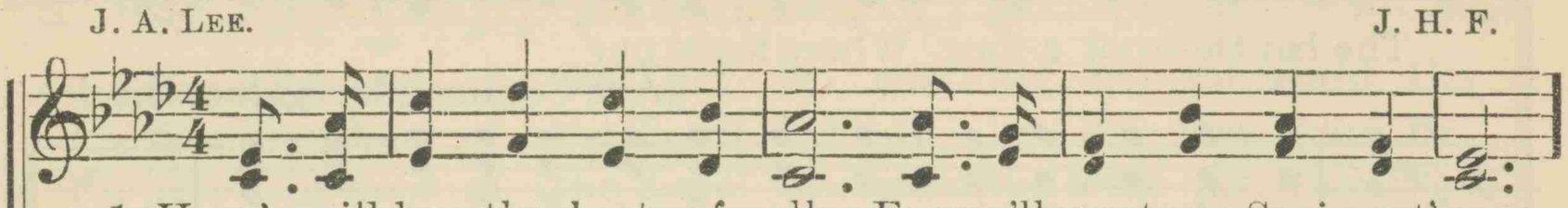
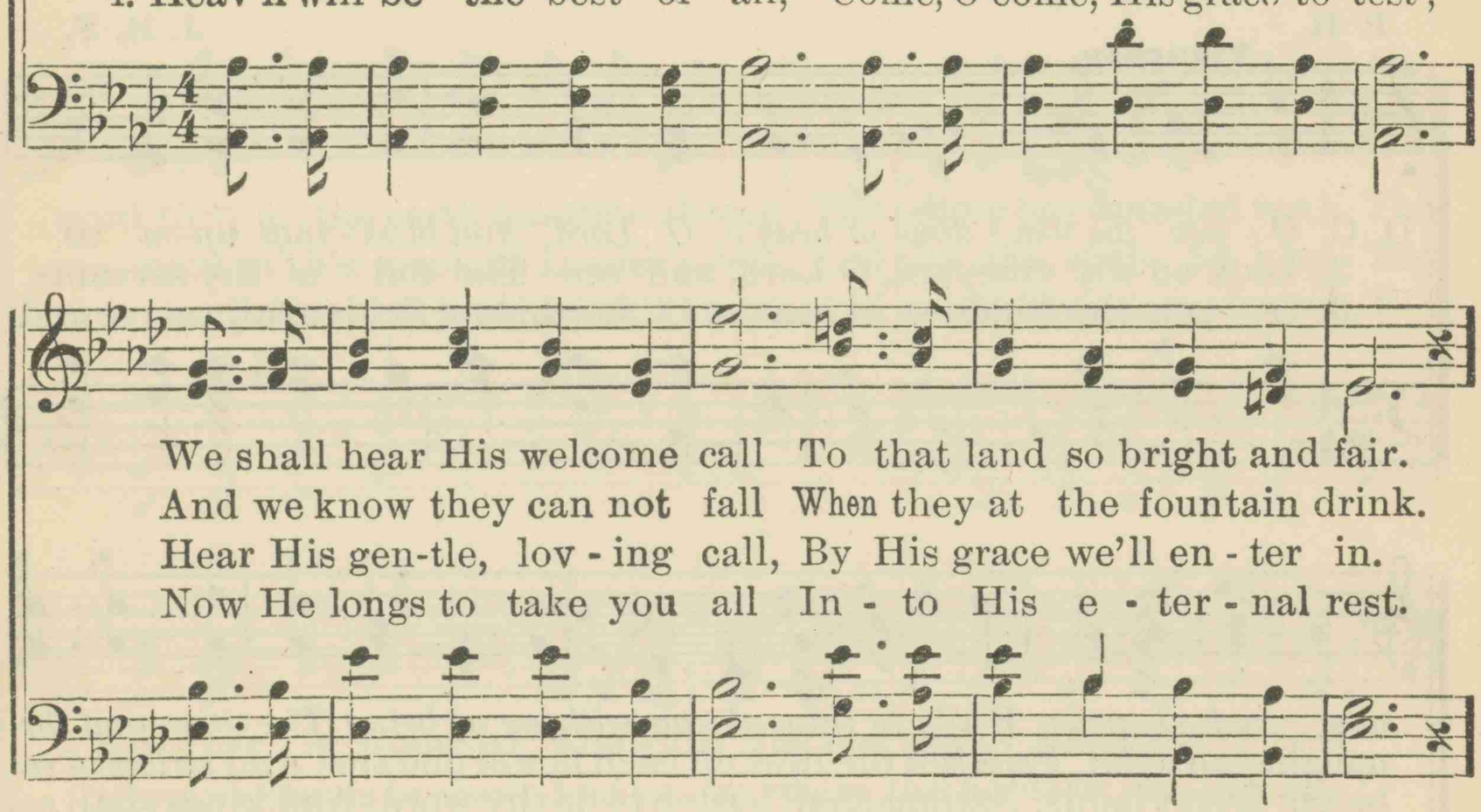
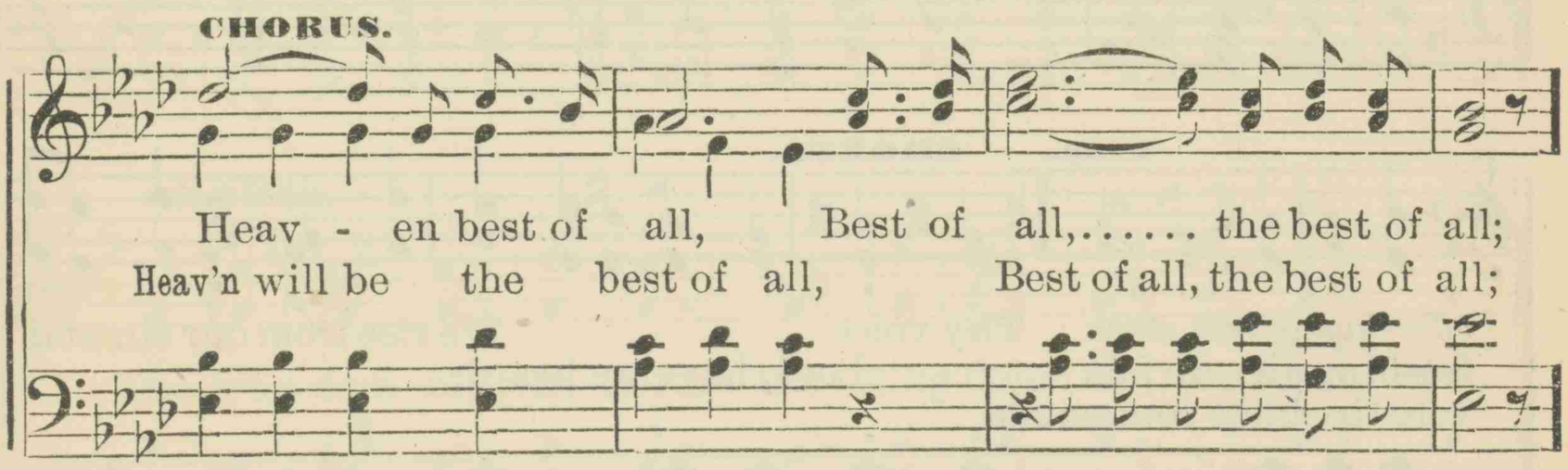
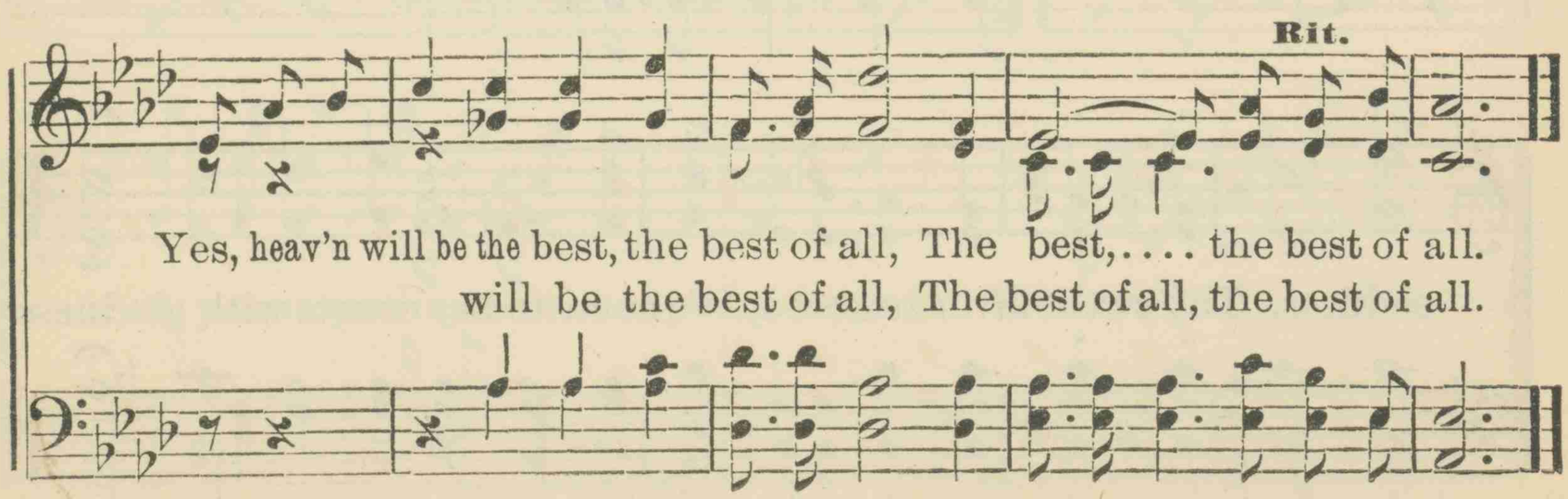
Heaven Will be the Best of All.

Dedicated to Miss Camilla Henderson, Covington, Ky., died Dec. 25, 1900, aged 19 years. Loved ones had gathered at her bedside. Christmas Day, and the presents she had received were mentioned. She realized what heaven was and knowing that she would soon be there said, "Heaven will be the best of all." In a little while she was there.

J. A. LEE. J. H. F.

1. Heav'n will be the best of all, For we'll meet our Saviour there,
2. Heav'n will be the best of all, Of our loved ones there, we think,
3. Heav'n will be the best of all, There we're free from guilt of sin;
4. Heav'n will be the best of all, Come, O come, His grace to test;

We shall hear His welcome call To that land so bright and fair.
And we know they can not fall When they at the fountain drink.
Hear His gen-tle, lov - ing call, By His grace we'll en - ter in.
Now He longs to take you all In - to His e - ter - nal rest.

Heav - en best of all, Best of all,..... the best of all;
Heav'n will be the best of all, Best of all, the best of all;



Yes, heav'n will be the best, the best of all, The best,.... the best of all.
will be the best of all, The best of all, the best of all.

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No. 7. Anywhere With Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A-ny-where with Je-sus, I can safe-ly go, A - ny-where he leads me in this world be - low.
2. A-ny-where with Je-sus, I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may fail me, he is still my own. Tho' his hands may lead me o - ver
3. A-ny-where with Je-sus, I can go to sleep, When the dark-ling shadows round a-bout me creep; Know-ing I shall wak-en nev - er

A - ny-where without him, dearest joys would fade,
A - ny-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
drear - est ways, A - ny-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
more to roam, A - ny-where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

A - ny-where! a - ny-where! Fear I can - not know;
A - ny-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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8 My Saviour Face to Face.

W. C. AGAR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am glad I found the Saviour, for He makes my heart rejoice, And I
2. Yes, I know He ev - er loves me, dai - ly guides my err-ing feet, And I'm
3. When life's sun is slowly setting, twilight shadows veil the sky, And I'm
4. When I tread the crystal pavement of the new Je-ru-sa-lem, Where my

feel with - in my soul His saving grace; But I want to talk with Jesus, hear His
rest - ing in His ten-der, fond embrace; But I want to know Him better, and my
near the end-ing of life's weary race; In my heart will be this longing, none but
Saviour has prepar'd for me a place; Where the angel choirs are singing praise and

FINE.

lov-ing, gentle voice, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
dear Redeemer meet, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
Christ can sat-is-fy, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
glo-ry to the Lamb, O then I'll see my Saviour face to face.

D. S.—ev - er-last-ing throne, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
see my Saviour face to face.

CHORUS.

O I want to see my Saviour face to face, Who hath lov'd me and re-
Last v. O then I'll see, etc. see my Saviour face to face,

D.S.

deemed me by His grace; In His kingdom, crown'd with glory, on His
and redeem'd me by His grace;

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The Child of a King.

Words by HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. from a Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
2. My Father's own Son, the Sav-iour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the poor-est of men; But now He is reigning for - ev - er on high, And will
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, and an a - lien by birth! But I've been adopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for 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. I'm the child of a King, The
give me a home in heav'n by and by.
heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!

ad lib.

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

No. 10. I am Resting in the Saviour's Love.

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

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. D. E. DORTCH.

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

rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; Christ, the Lord, has tak-en all my sins a - way, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.
rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; Trusting in his grace I ventured free-ly in, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.
rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; When I trust - ed Je - sus, lo! the work was done, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.
rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; I have nev - er known so pure a joy as this, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.
rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; I am walk-ing with him in the nar-row way, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.

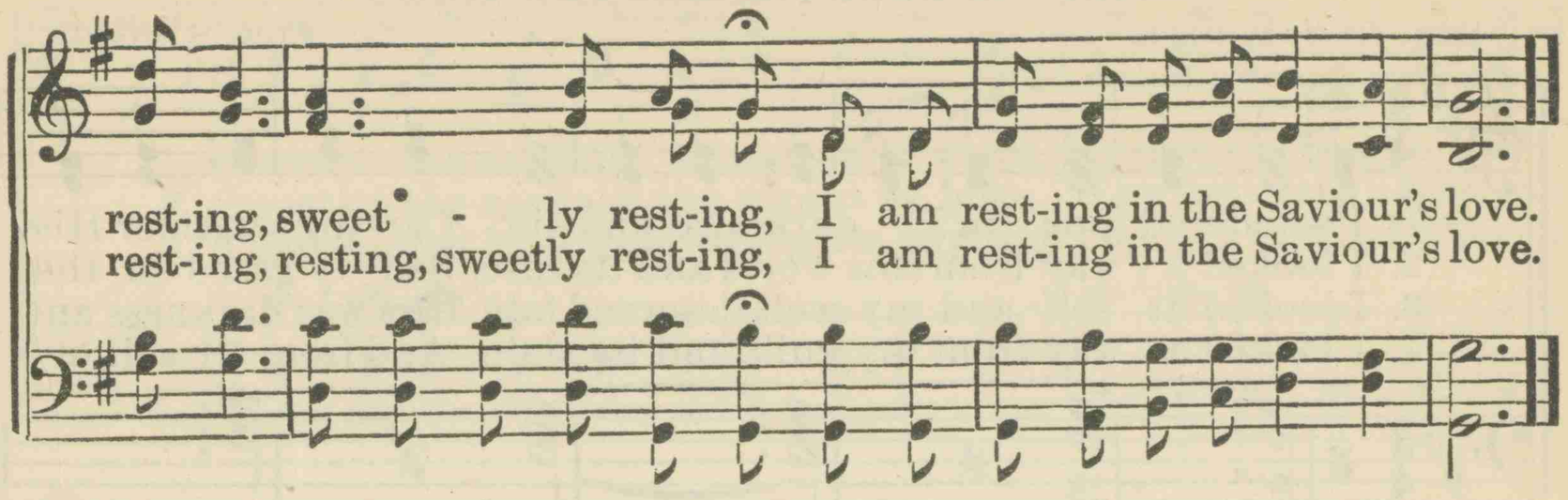
REFRAIN.

I am resting, I am resting,

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

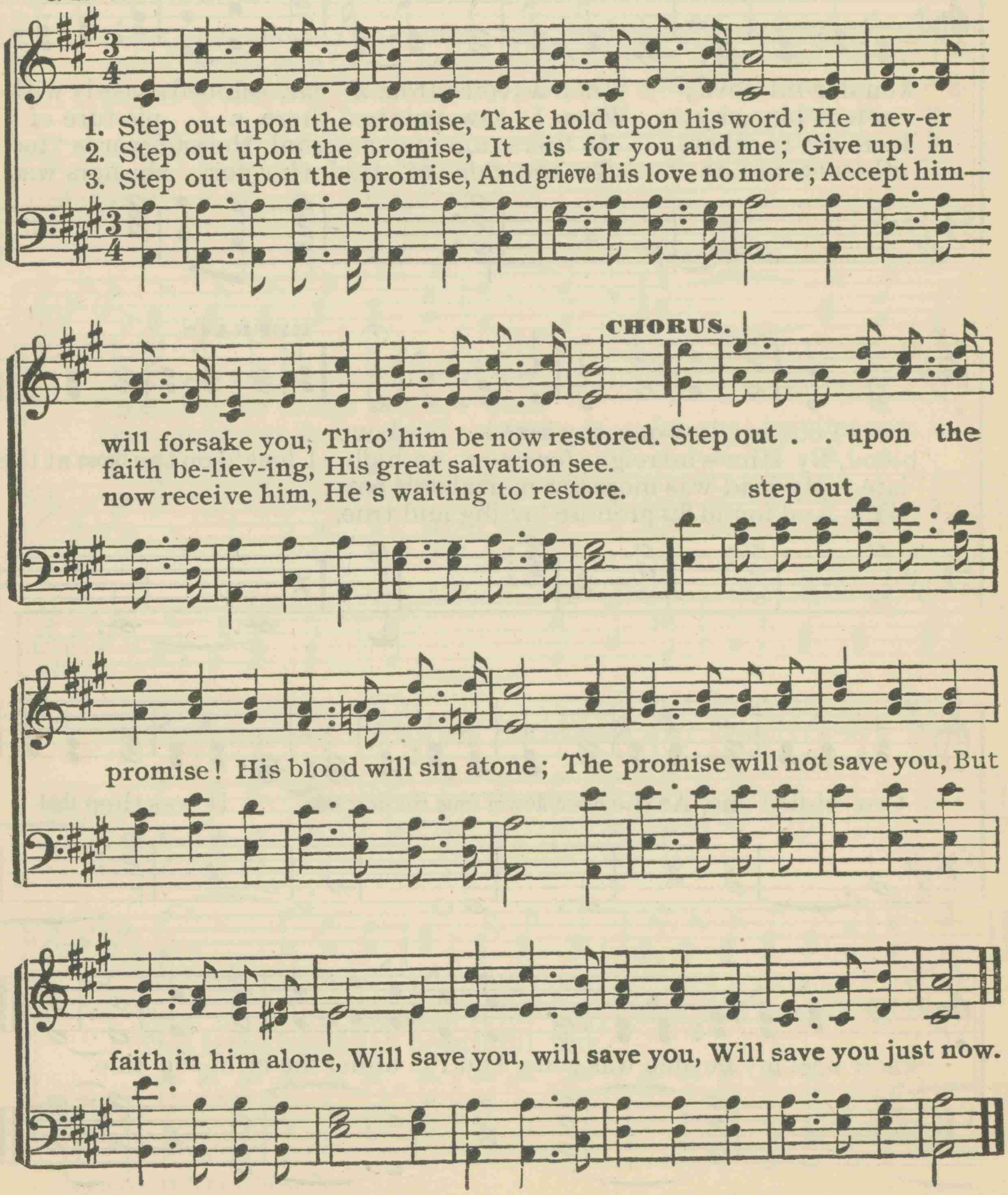
By permission.

I am Resting. Concluded.



No. 11. The Promise.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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The Cross.

SOLO, OR DUET FOR SOP. AND ALTO.

REV. J. W. PORTER. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. I wandered long in dark-ness and sin, Car- ing naught for His won-der-ful love;
2. I looked a - way from this world and its care, Sad - ly gazed in the si-lent blue sky;
3. I looked at self and my well deserved fate, There was darkness and doom ev-'ry-where;
4. I looked a - way from my guilt and its stain, And from all self or oth-ers could do;

When a voice from a - far, ech-oed sweetly with-
When I saw paint-ed there a pic-ture of
As there came to my sonl the sad words "too
To the Son of God who for sin-ners was

REFRAIN.

in, Look up, lost one, thy home is a - bove.
blood, By Him who reigns for-ev-er on high. I look'd on the Cross at the
late," My load was more than mortal could bear.
slain And found His promise lov-ing and true.

Cru - ci-fied one, As the blood flow'd from His dear side, It was then that I

knew when my burden was gone And I'm under the crim-son tide.

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13 Come and Be Blest.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. Sweet on the ear falls a heav-en-ly voice, Hear it, oh, hear it, each
2. Sweet on the ear falls the accent so pure, Why should earth's follies the
3. There in that land where the golden harps ring, There in that land where the

heart, and rejoice, Come unto me and make heav - en your choice,
spir - it al - lure? Why not the bless-ings e - ter - nal se - cure?
glo - ri-fied sing, There in that pal - ace where Je - sus is King,

CHORUS.

Come, and your souls shall find rest. Je - - sus in-
Choos-ing the things that are best.
There may you be a glad guest. Je - sus in-vites you, in-

vites you to-day, Why . . will you long - er de - lay,
vites you to-day, Why will you longer, why long - er de - lay,

This . . is the beau-ti-ful way, Come, and forever be blest.
This is the beautiful, beauti-ful way,

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14 My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the lus - tre of his kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spotless white, He will reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to wel-come me.

mercy, love and grace, That prepares for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my welcome home, But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
mingle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
I shall know him,
I shall know him, I shall know him, By the print of the nails in his hand.
I shall know him,

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15

Workers at Home.

DANIEL MARCH. ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus calling—"Who will go and work to-day?
2. If you can not cross the ocean, And the heathen lands explore,
3. While the souls of men are dying, And the Mas-ter calls for you,

Fields are white, the harvest waiting—Who will bear the sheaves away?"
You can find the heath-en nearer, You can help them at your door;
Let none hear you i-dly saying, "There is noth-ing I can do."

Loud and long the Master call-eth, Rich re-ward he of-fers free;
If you can not speak like angels, If you can not preach like Paul,
Glad-ly take the task he gives you, Let his work your pleasure be;

Who will an-swer, glad-ly saying, "Here am I, O Lord: send me?"
You can tell the love of Je-sus, You can say he died for all.
An-swer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I, O Lord: send me."

Who will answer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord: send me?"
You can tell the love of Je-sus, You can say he died for all.
An-swer quick-ly when he calleth, "Here am I, O Lord: send me."

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16 Beautiful Robes.

E. E. HEWITT. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that coun-try pure and bright,
2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to bliss - ful sight
3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the foun - tains of de-light

Where shall en - ter naught that may de-file; Where the daybeam ne'er declines,
When the beaut-y of the King we see; Hold - ing converse full and sweet,
Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead; For His blood shall wash each stain,

For the blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
In a fel-low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
Till no spot of sin remain, And the soul for-ev - er-more is freed.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful robes,.... Beau - ti - ful robes,....
Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,

Beau - ti - ful robes, we then shall wear;
Beautiful robes we then shall wear, Beautiful robes we then shall wear;

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Beautiful Robes. Concluded.

Gar - ments of light,.... Love - ly and bright,
Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, lovely and bright,

Walking with Je - sus in white, Beau-ti - ful robes we shall wear.

17 Hallelujah! Amen.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How oft in ho-ly converse With Christ, my Lord alone, I seem to hear the
2. They pass'd thro' toils and trials, And tho' the strife was long, They share the victor's
3. My soul takes up the chorus, And pressing on my way, Communing still with
4. Thro' grace I soon shall conquer, And reach my home on high; And thro' eternal

CHORUS.

mil - lions That sing around His throne:— Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men, Hal-le -
conquest, And sing the vic-tor's song.
Je - sus, I sing from day to day.
a - ges I'll shout be-yond the sky.

poco ritard.

lu - jah, A - men. Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men. A - men, A - men.

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No 18. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. J. F KNAPP.

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, purchased of God
2. Per-fect sub- mis - sion, Per-fect de - light, Vis- ions of rapt - ure now burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend- ing, bring from a - bove,
3. Per - fect sub- mis - sion, All is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior, am hap - py and blest, Watch-ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
} This is my sto - ry,

this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

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No. 19. The Hollow of God's Hand.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I am safe, what-ev - er may betide me; I am safe, who -
2. What tho' fiercely roar the storms around me; What tho' sore life's
3. Ev - er-last - ing arms of love en-fold me; Words of peace the

ev - er may deride me; I am safe, as long as I confide me
trials oft confound me; I am safe, for naught of ill can wound me
voice divine has told me; I am safe, for God himself doth hold me

CHORUS.

In the hol-low of God's hand. In the hollow, hollow of his
In the hol-low of God's hand.
In the hol-low of his hand. In the hollow, in the

hand . . . In the hollow, hol - low of his hand . . . .
hollow of his hand. In the hol - low, in the hollow of his hand,

I am safe while God himself doth hold me In the hollow of his hand.

By permission.

20 If the Saviour Journey with Me.

"I will trust in thee."—Ps. 56: 3.

D. B. PURINTON. DUET WITH CHORUS. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.

1. If the Saviour jour-ney with me, If He be my constant stay, If His
2. If the Saviour jour-ney with me, If He be my faithful friend, If He
3. If the Saviour jour-ney with me, If He keep me at His side, If He

presence guide and keep me, Thro' the dark as thro' the day; I will
nev - er cease to love me, Love and keep me to the end; I will
shield me from the dan-gers That a - long my path may hide; I will

fear no harm, dread no fierce alarm; He for me the path of peace is seek-ing,
seek His face, I will plead His grace, Trust my life to Him who ev - er liv - eth,
nev- er stray from the perfect way, Till at last I stand within the por - tal

Rit.

And the voice of love is speak-ing, While He safely guards me all the way.
Give my all to Him who giv-eth Love divine, that naught can e'er transcend.
Of the dwelling-place im-mor-tal, Where the blest of God shall e'er a - bide.

CHORUS.

If the Saviour journey with me, If His guiding hand He give me,

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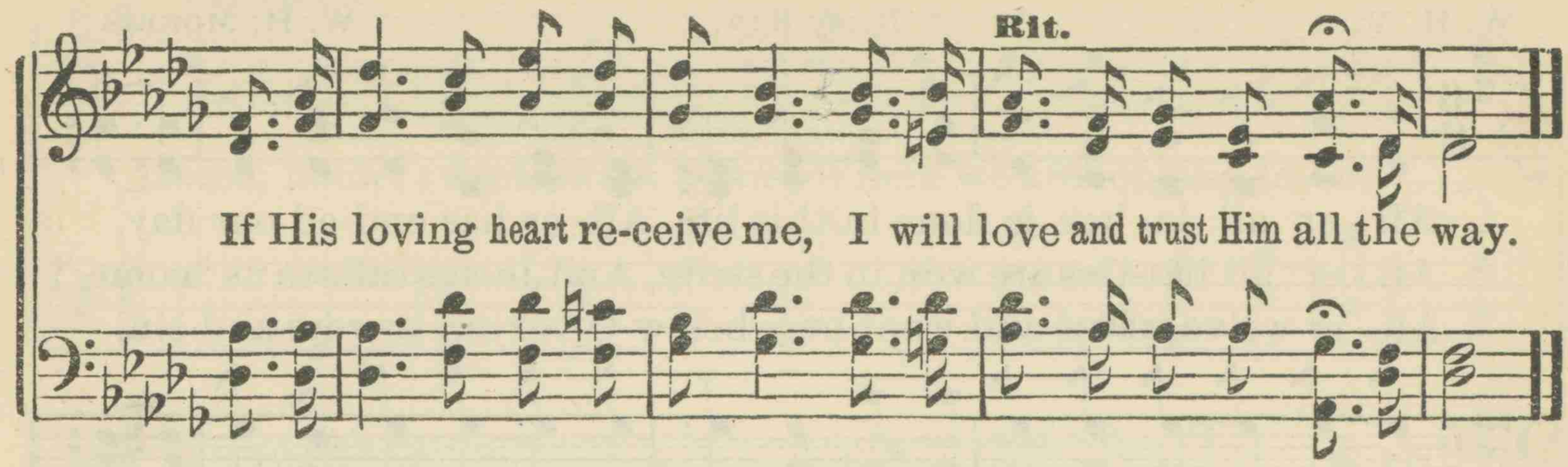
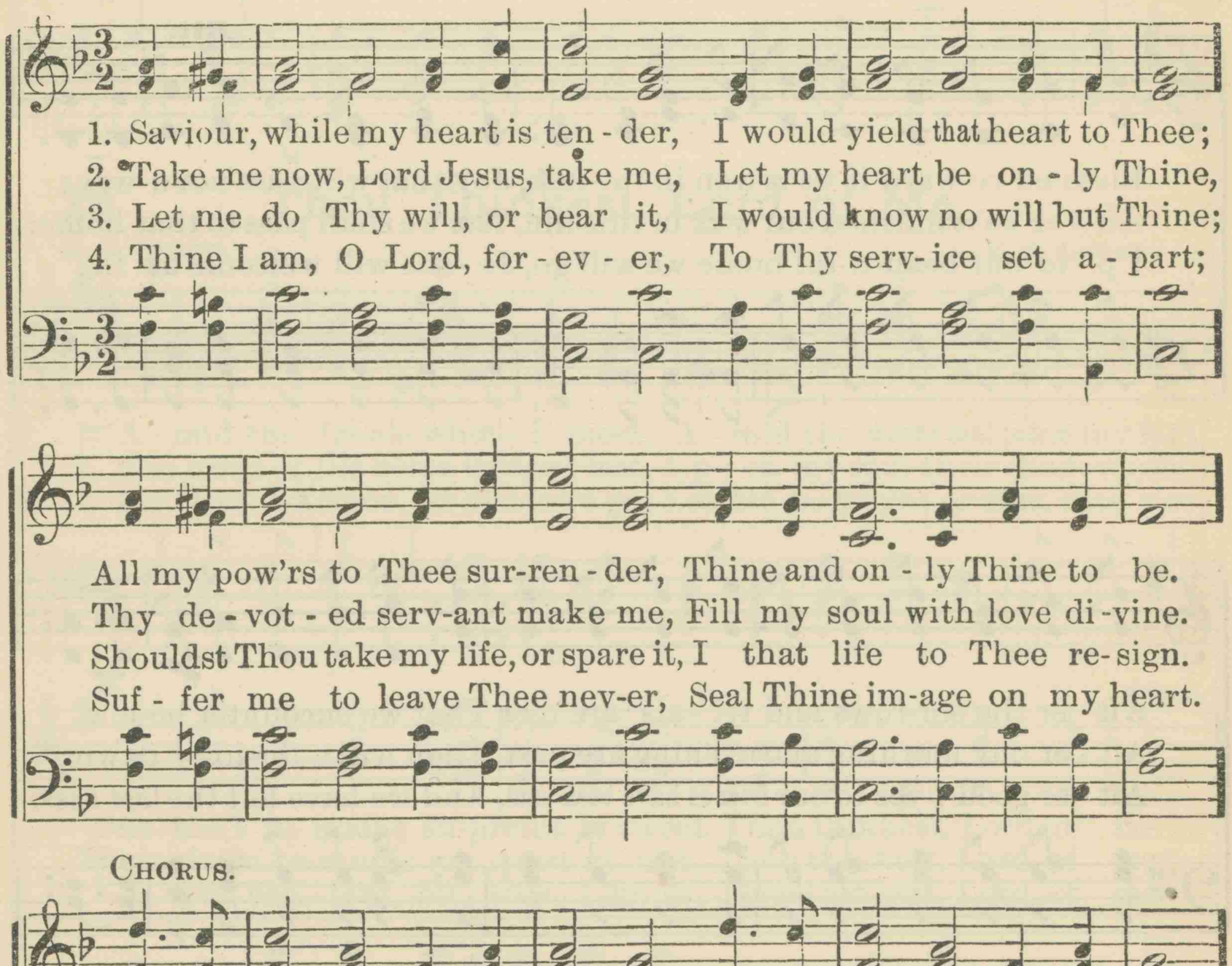
If the Saviour Journey with Me. Concluded.

21 Saviour, Take Me.

"Let my prayer come before thee."—Ps. 88: 2.

JOHN BURTON. W. H. DOANE.



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22 After This, Home.

W. H. M. *To my Wife.* W. H. MORRIS.

1. Aft - er all la- bor is done in this life, Aft- er has end-ed our day,
2. Aft - er all bat-tles are won in the strife, And Je-sus calls to us "come,"
3. Aft - er we've suffered and wept here below O-ver our er-rors and sin,

Bless-ed re-ward if we've won in the strife, Joy that will pass not a-way;
Aft - er we've finished our work in this life, Then we shall pass to that home;
Up to our beau-ti-ful home we will go, Je - sus will welcome us in;

Rit.

Aft - er the sor-rows and tri - als are o'er That we encounter be-low,
Aft - er our morning and evening are past, Then will e-ter-ni-ty dawn;
Aft - er good-byes to our friends have been said, And we have felt the last kiss,

Aft - er the darkness and clouds are no more, To that dear home we will go.
Will we shout, "Glory! I'm safe home at last, Safe in our beautiful home."
Aft - er the watchers shall say we are dead, We shall have entered sweet bliss.

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After This, Home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Where we are longing to be,.....

Home, home, beau- ti - ful home, Where the dear Lord we'll see.

23 Thou Thinkest, Lord of Me.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri-als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast ;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

f.

Fine.

One tho't re- mains su-preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D. S. *What need I fear when thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
of me, of me,

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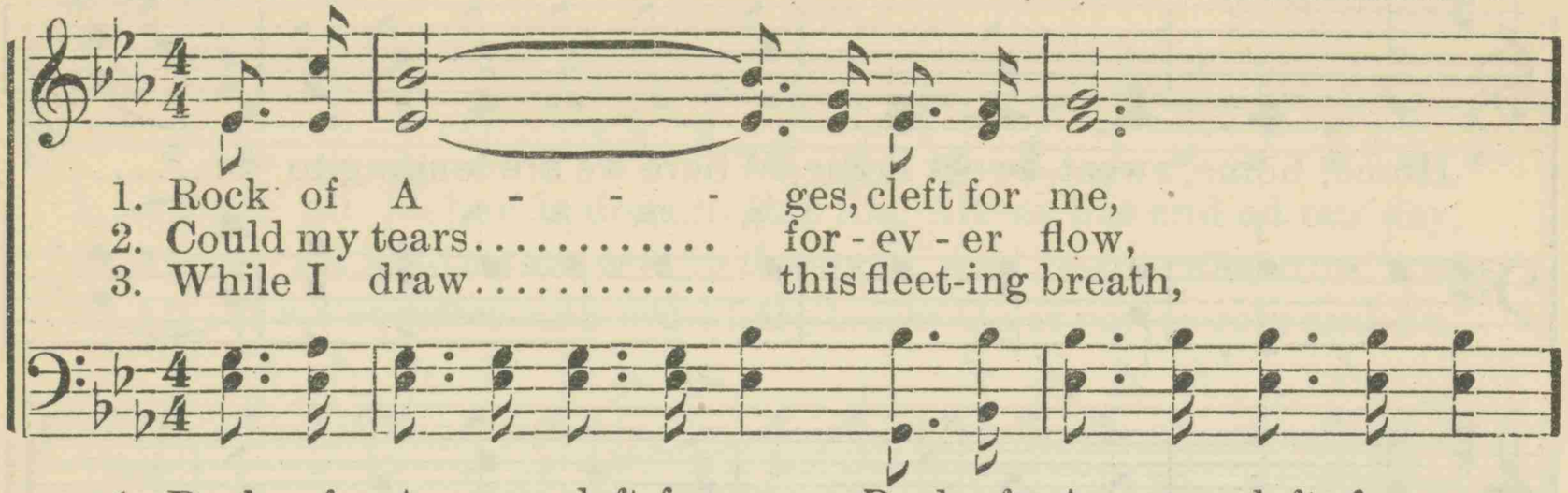
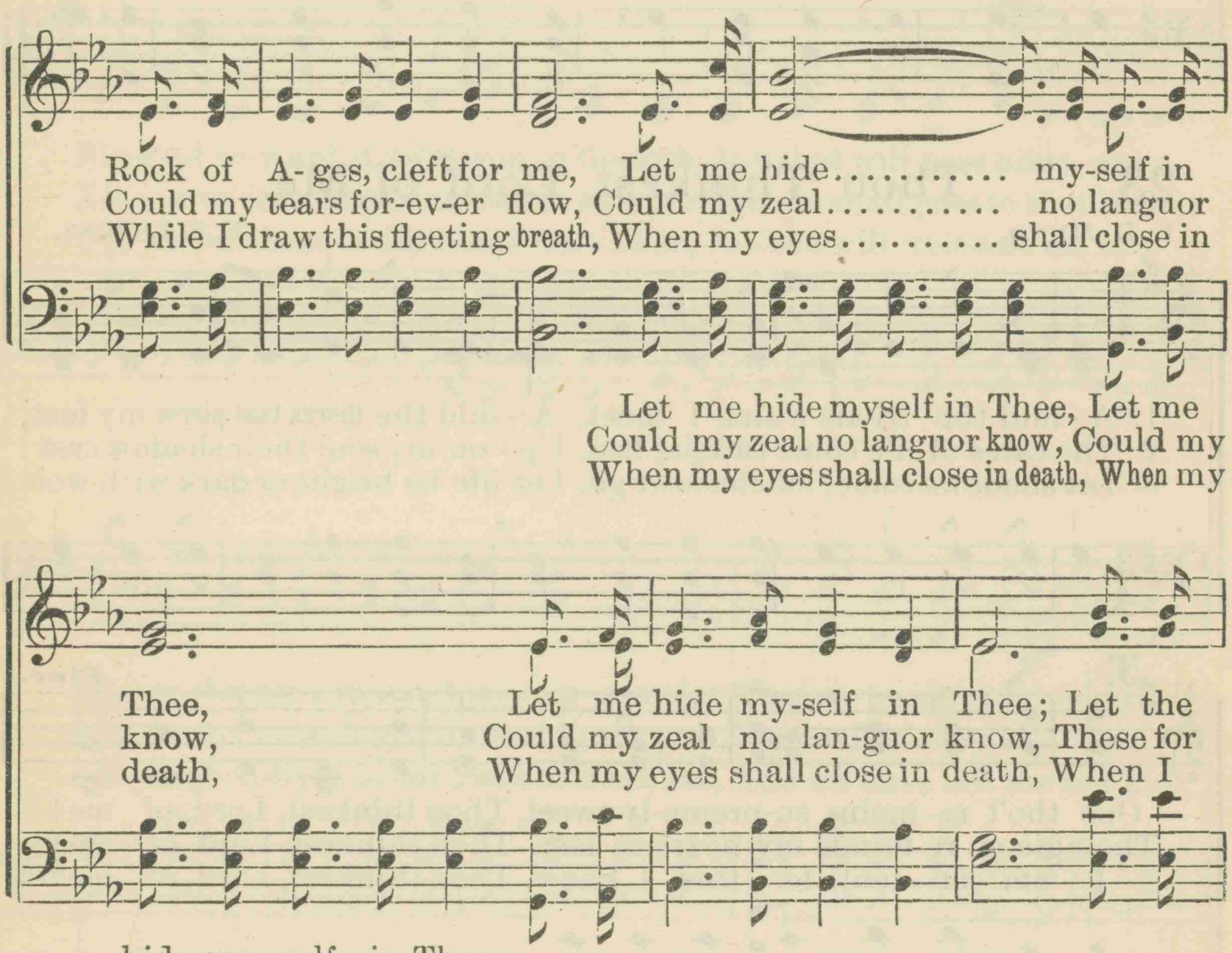
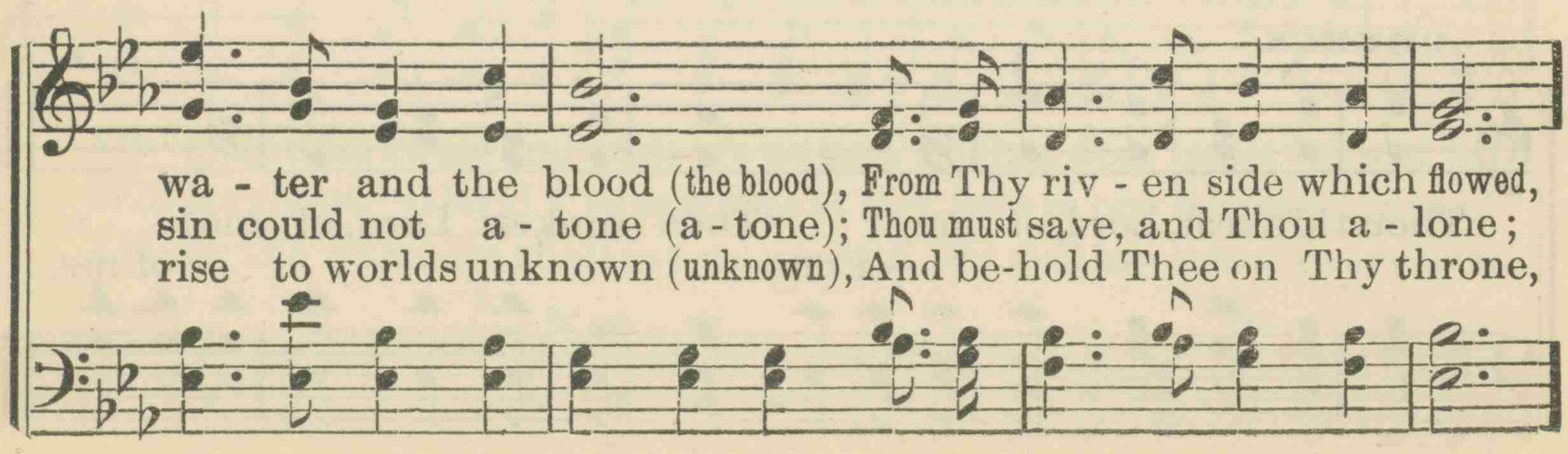
24 Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. Arr. by REV. W. J. HOLTZCLAW.







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Rock of Ages.

Be of sin the double cure (the cure,) Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring (I bring;) Simply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me (for me,) Let me hide myself in Thee.

CHORUS.

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, cleft for me, cleft for me,

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, cleft for me, cleft for me,

25 Show Pity, Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a re-pent - ing reb - el live;
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace;
3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
4. Yet save a trembling sin-ner, Lord, Whose hope still hov'ring round Thy word,

CHO.—O *depth of mer - cy! can it be That mercy's still reserved for me?*

Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy na-ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law ap-proves it well.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support a- gainst de-spair.

Ah, can my God His wrath forbear, And me the chief of sin-ners spare?

26 Why Will Ye Say To-morrow.

"Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 COR. 6: 2.

REV. R. O. SMITH. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Why do ye say to - mor-row? While Je- sus calls to - day,
2. Come, tho' thy life be drear - y, Come, tho' distressed with care,
3. Come, while the Saviour's pleading, Ye guil - ty and dis-tressed,

Why spend thy time in sor - row, Sin - ner, O why de - lay?
Come if thy heart be wear - y, Je - sus, thy grief will bear.
Thy Saviour's voice come heeding, And He will give thee rest.

CHORUS.

Come to the Sav - iour, come to the Sav - iour, Come while He

waits for thee,..... Come to the Sav - iour,
He waits for thee,

Come to the Sav - iour, Par - don He of - fers free....
of - fers free.

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No. 27. The Water of Life.

Words by H. R. TRICKETT. Music by FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. In the des - ert of sor-row aud sin, Lo! I faint as I
2. In my weak-ness I turn to the fount, From the Rock that was
3. O thou God of com-pas-sion, I pray, Let me ev - er a-

journey a-long; With the war-fare with-out and with-in, See my
smitten for me; And I drink and I joy-ful-ly count All my
bide in thy sight; Let me drink of the fount day by day, Till I

CHORUS.

strength and my hope nearly gone. I thirst, let me drink,
tri-als a blessing to be.
join thee in mansions of light. I thirst, let me drink,

Of the life-giving stream let me drink, 'T is the Rock,
let me drink, 't is the Rock,

cleft for me, 'T is the wa-ter, the wa-ter of life.
cleft for me,

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28 God Held Out His Hand.

"And Jesus put forth his hand."—MATTHEW 8: 3.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. A sin - ner, lone-ly, sick and poor, So weak that I could scarcely stand; I heard a knocking on my door, And God held out to me His hand.
2. My life was like a ves - sel toss'd, Up - on some lone-ly o - cean strand; My strength was gone, all hope was lost, When God held out to me His hand.
3. I read that on Mount Cal-va-ry, For me the dy - ing Sav-iour planned, 'Twas thro' that death upon the tree, That God held out to me His hand.
4. For my sal - va- tion now is sure, Some day be - fore the throne I'll stand; For I received the promise sure, When God held out to me His hand.

CHORUS.

Yes, God's own hand, His own blessed hand, Reached out to help a sin - ner stand; I heard His blest command and start-ed for that land, When God held out to me His hand.

His blessed hand.

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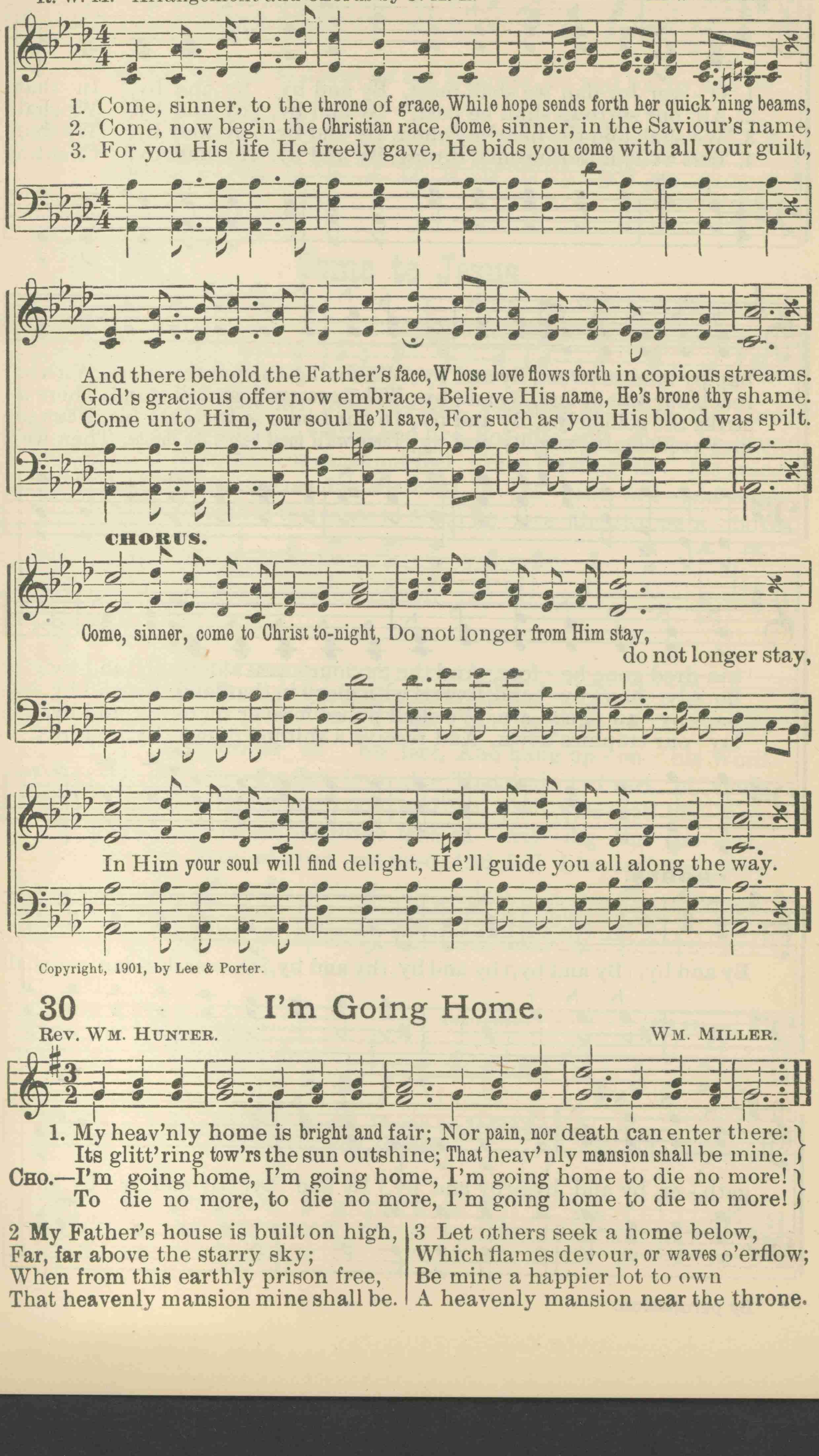
29 Come, Sinner, Come.

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

R. W. M. Arrangement and Chorus by J. A. L. EDW. S. FOGG.



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30 I'm Going Home.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. WM. MILLER.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there:
   Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

CHO.—I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home to die no more!

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

No. 31. Over Jordan We Shall Meet.

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

1. O - ver Jor-dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by, In that
2. All our sorrows shall be past, By and by, by and by, We shall
3. We shall join the heav'nly choir, By and by, by and by, We shall
4. There we'll join the ransom'd throng, By and by, by and by, Chanting

hap-py land so sweet, By and by; We shall gather on the shore, With our
reach our home at last, By and by; With the ransom'd we shall stand, There a
strike the golden lyre, By and by; In our home so bright and fair Where the
love's redeeming song, By and by; There we'll meet before the throne, Then we'll

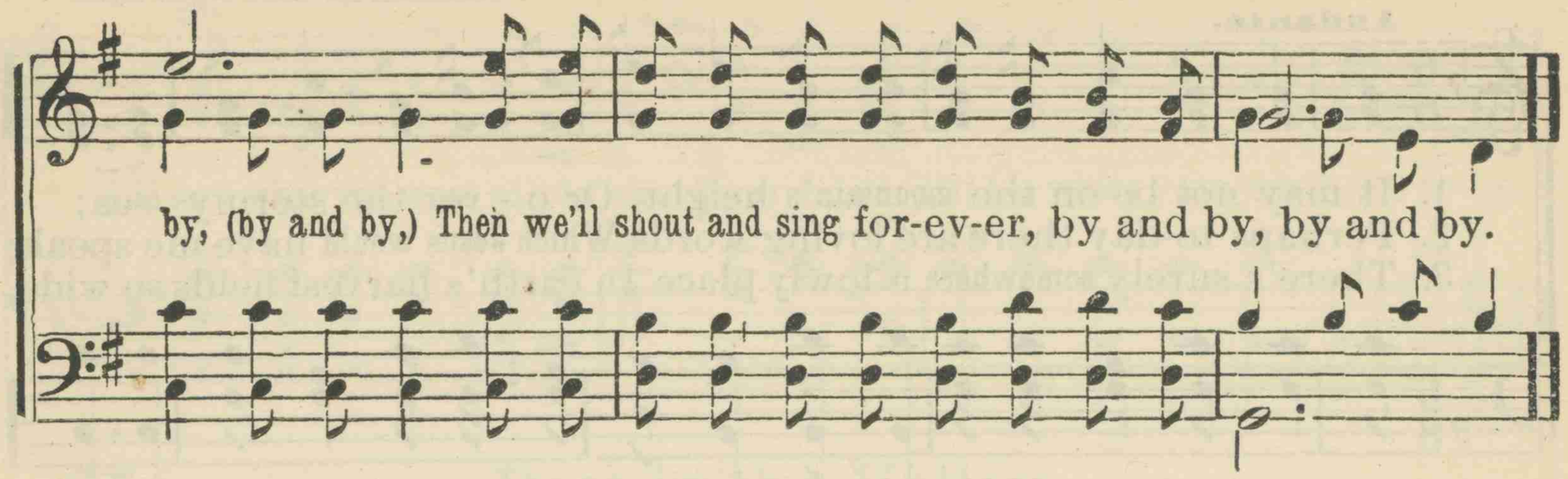
kin-dred gone be - fore, And the Saviour's name a-dore, By and by.
ho - ly, hap - py band, Crowned with glory in that land, By and by.
hap - py an - gels are, We shall praise forever there, By and by.
lay our trophies down, And receive a shining crown, By and by.

CHORUS.

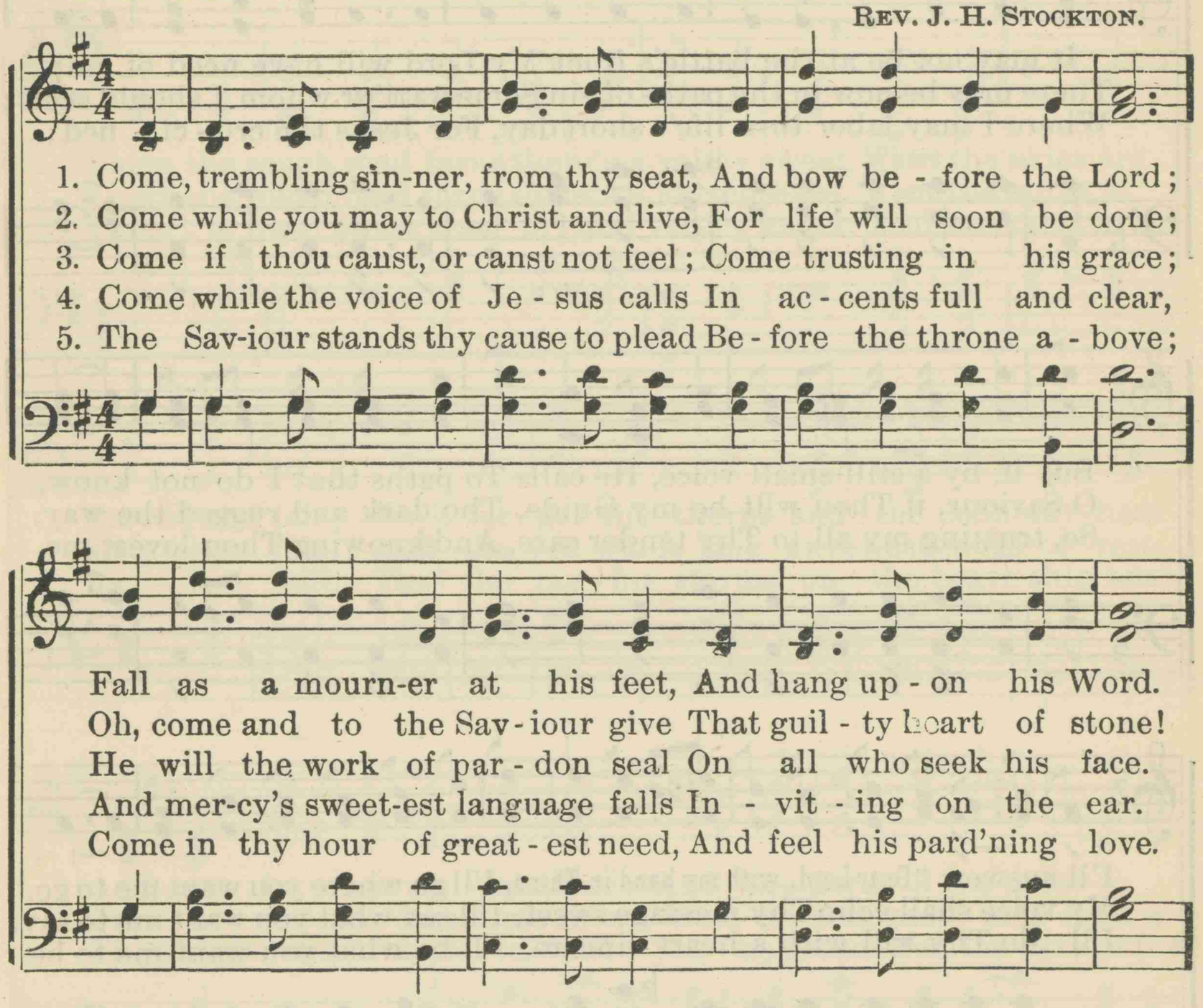
By and by, (By and by,) by and by, (by and by,) O - ver Jor-dan we shall

gath - er, by and by, (by and by,) By and by, (By and by,) by and

By permission.

Over Jordan. Concluded.

No. 32. Come to Jesus.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



33 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

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

It may not be at the battle'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 labor thro life's short day, For Jesus the cru - ci - fied;

But if, by a still small voice, He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Saviour, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho dark and rugged the way,
So, trusting my all to Thy tender 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 echo Thy 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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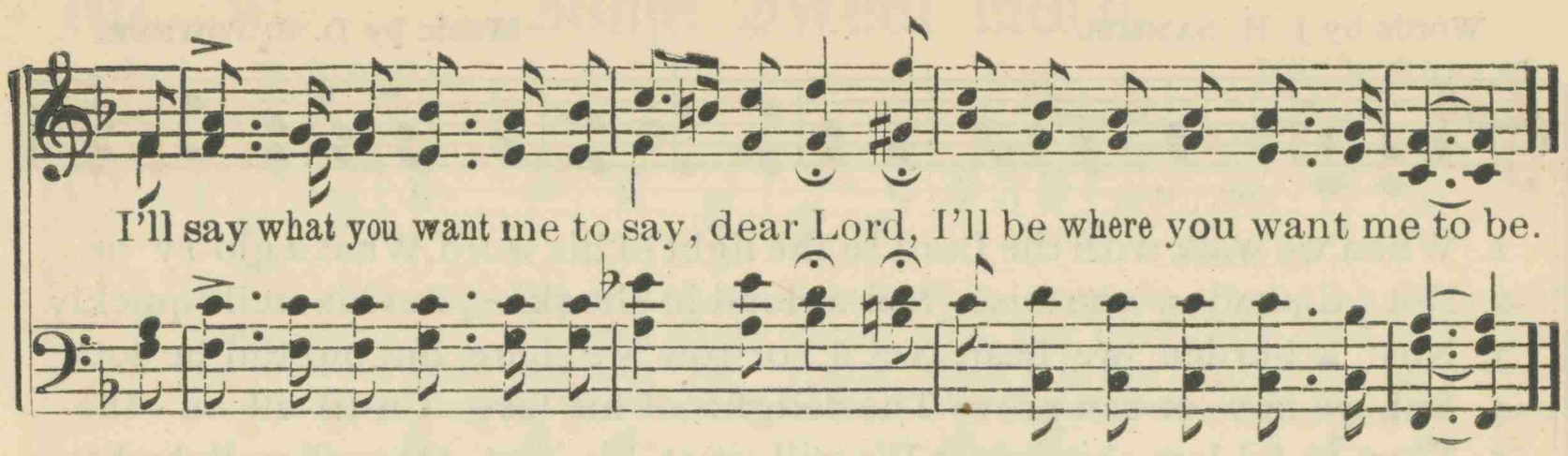
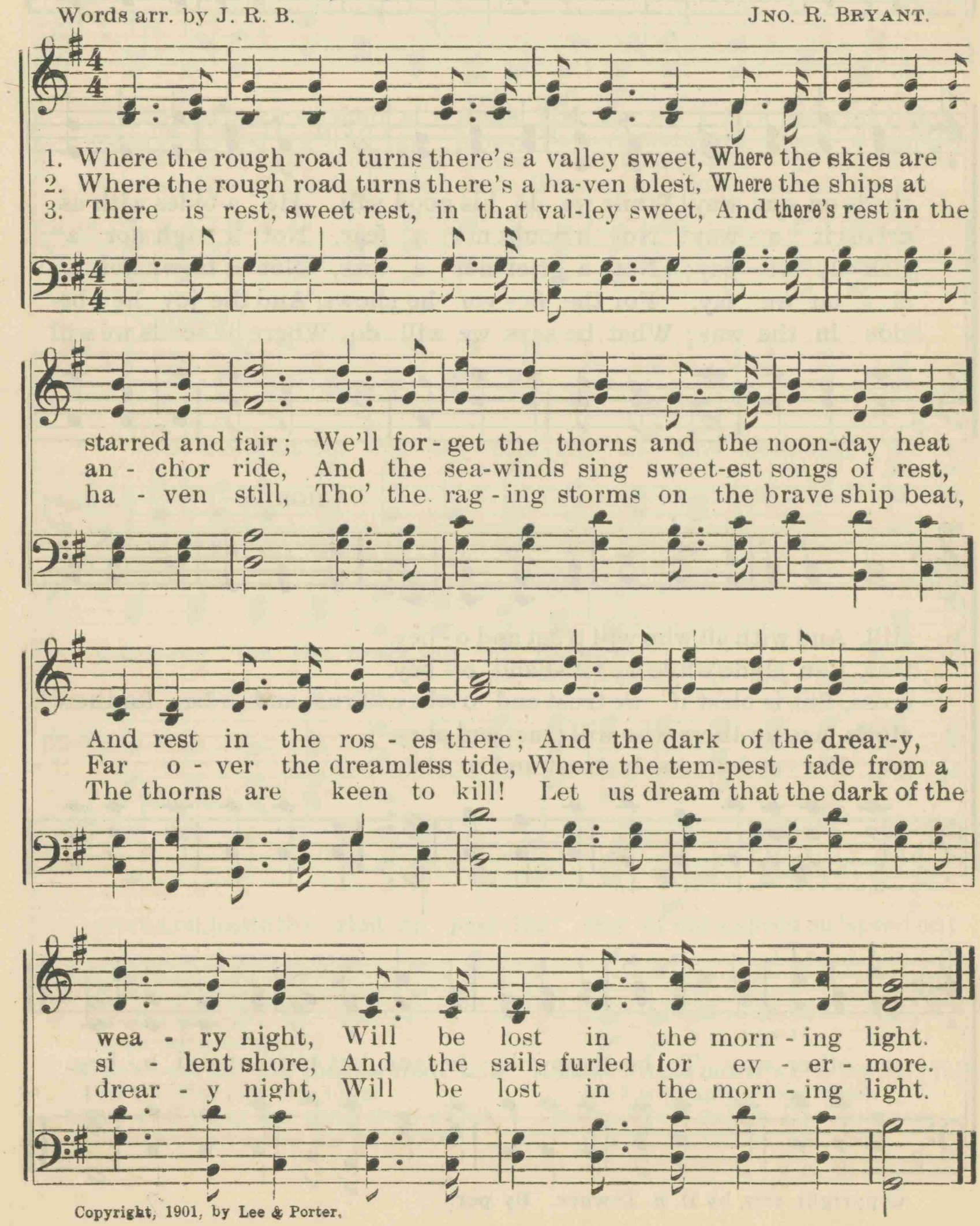
I'll go Where You Want.

34 Rest in the Valley.

"The rough way shall be made smooth."—LUKE 3 : 5.

Words arr. by J. R. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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35

Trust and Obey.

Words by J. H. SAMMIS. Music by 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, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
2. Not a shadow 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, Can abide while we trust and o - bey.
3. Not a burden 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, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
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, Are for them who will trust and obey.
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, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

CHORUS.

Trust and o-bey, for there's no other way To be happy in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

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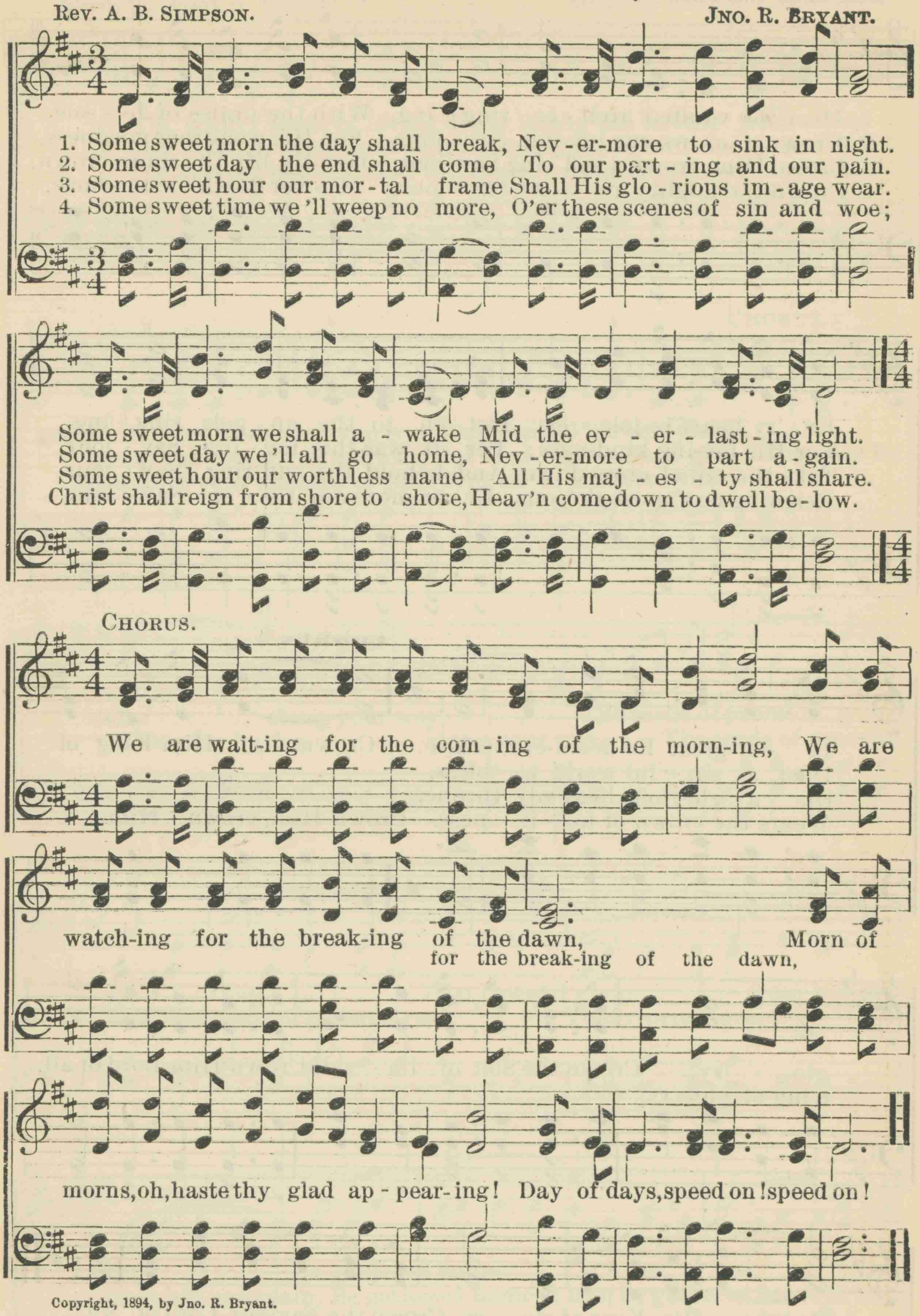
No. 36. Some Sweet Morn.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

5 Some sweet day our tongue shall tell,
All the story of His love.
Some sweet day our song shall swell,
Loud and sweet as songs above.

6 Some sweet morn we 'll see His face,
And we shall be satisfied.
Some sweet day in His embrace,
We shall evermore abide.

37 Crown Him.

MRS. ELLA LAUDER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Hear the vaulted arch - es ring - ing, With the praise of Je - sus
2. Crown, O crown our lov-ing Sav - iour, For His wondrous goodness,
3. Crown Him, crown a suff'ring Sav- iour, Gen-tly lift the thorn crown,
4. Crown the mighty ris - en Sav - iour, O - ver death vic-to - rious,

Ev -'ry heart re-joic - es; List - en to the an - gels sing - ing,
For His lov-ing kind-ness; For it was this lov - ing Sav - iour
Take the cru-el cross down, And behold the suff-ring Sav - iour
Reigning now most glorious, Ev - er-more our ris - en Sav - iour

CHORUS.

In our great Re-deem-er's praise. Crown..... Him King of
Died, a sin - ful world to bless.
On a glo-rious heav'nly throne.
Wears the crown of ho - li - ness. Crown Him, crown Him,

glo - ry, Crown the Son of Da - vid, Crown Him Lord of all,
King of glo - ry,

Crown Him King of glo - ry, Crown the Saviour, Lord of all.
Crown Him, crown Him King of glory,

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No. 38. Seeds of Promise.

Words by JESSIE H. BROWN. Music by FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scatter seeds of loving deeds, Along the fer-tile field, For
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will surely live; Tho'
3. The harvest-home of God will come, And after toil and care, With

CHORUS.

grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield.
great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give. Then day by
joy untold your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

day . . . along your way, ... The seeds of prom - - -
Then day by day along your way, The seeds of promise

ise cast, ... That ripened grain . . . from hill and
cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain

plain, ... Be gathered home . . at last. . . .
from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last . . .

By permission.

39

Cheerful Giving.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. Give as the Lord hath prospered thee, Give, give to the Lord;
2. Give to the poor a-long the way, Give, give to the Lord;
3. Give, tho so poor thy gift may seem, Give, give to the Lord;

Give with a will-ing mind and free, Give, give to the Lord;
Give to the heathen far a-way, Give, give to the Lord;
Give but the cup in Je-sus' name, Give, give to the Lord;

He hath supplied thee o'er and o'er, Blessed thee in basket and in store,
Give to his need-y as they cry, Give to his peo-ple ere they die,
Cheerful then give the good thou hast, Fearless thy bread on waters cast,

REFRAIN.

Promised to fill thee more and more, Thy gra-cious Lord.
Give to his gospel that it fly, Oh, give, give, give. Give, give with a
It will re-turn to thee at last In har-vests great.

willing hand, Give, give with a liberal hand, Give at his blest command Who
give,

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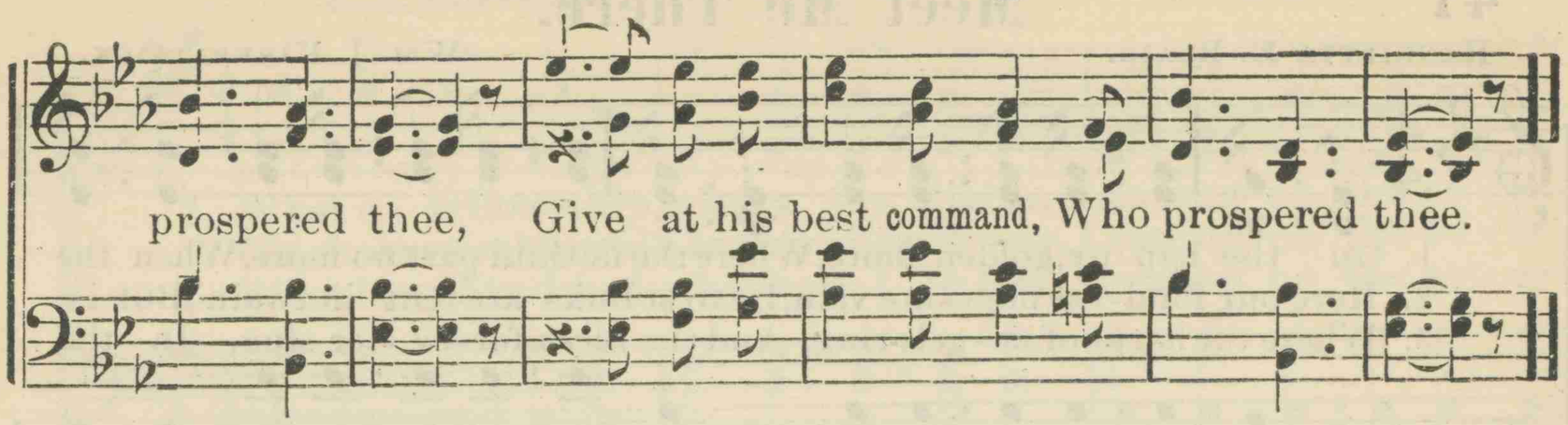
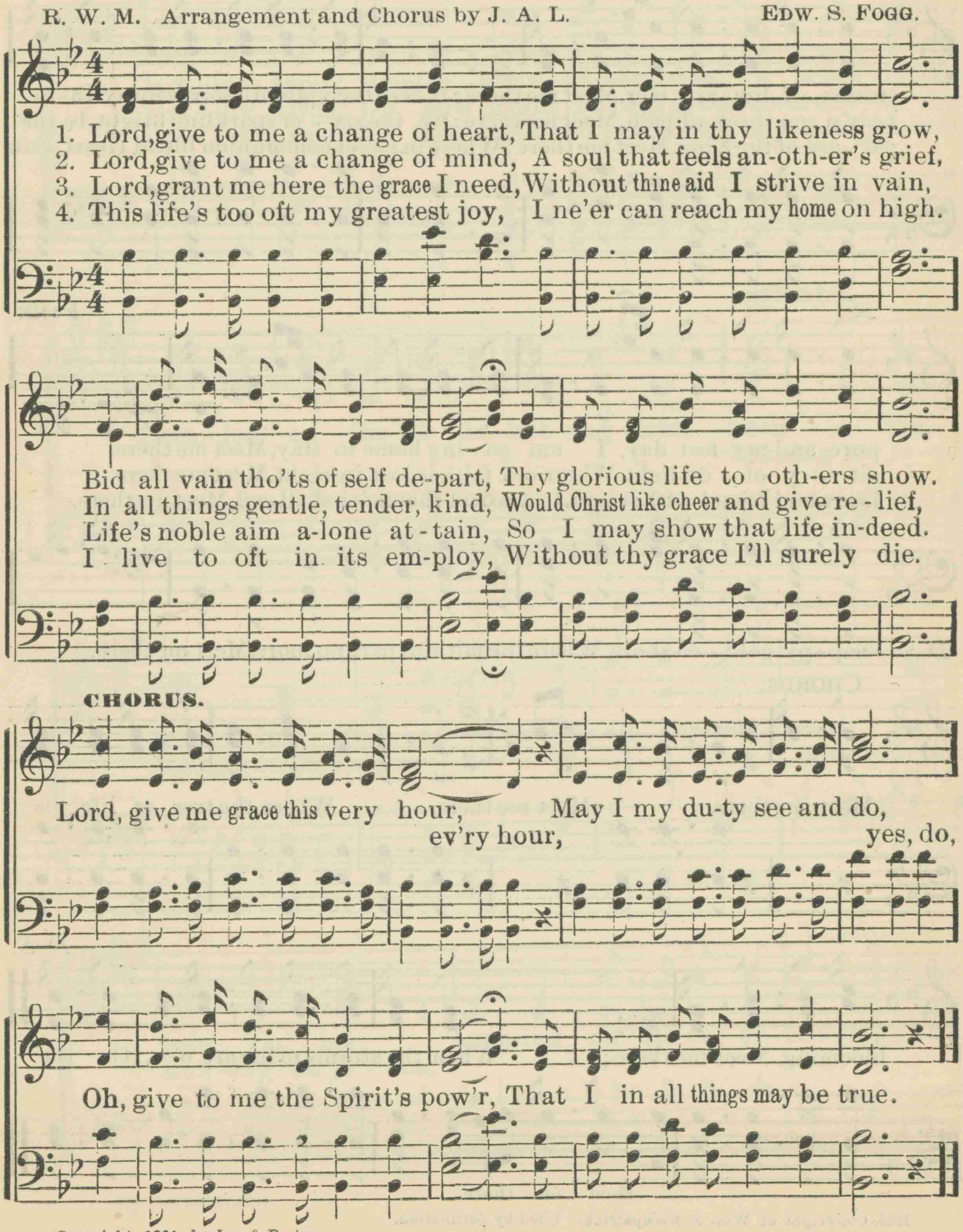
Cheerful Giving.



40 More Like Christ.

"Make you a new heart and a new spirit."—EZEK. 18: 31.

R. W. M. Arrangement and Chorus by J. A. L. EDW. S. FOGG.



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41

Meet Me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap-py, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away In-to
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er sparkling bright, In the
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

:S: FINE.

pure and per-fect day, I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.
cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

D.S.—hap-py gold - en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

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

D.S.

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42 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

lean - ing, Safe and secure from all a-larms; Lean - ing,
leaning on Jesus, Leaning on Jesus,

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

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43 The Rock That is Higher Than I.

Words by E. JOHNSON. Music by WM. G. FISCHER.

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 sorrows prevail;

And sorrows how oft-en they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toiling in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shadowy vale.

CHORUS.

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

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THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever."

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D. —John 14: 16. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, spread the tidings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. Oh, 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 human hearts and human woes abound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu-ry of the blast; As o'er the golden
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine—That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of end-less

D.S. *Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings*

tongue proclaim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad- vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wherev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

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45 Stepping in the Light.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more close-ly to him who is lead - ing, When we are tempt-ed to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faith-ful-ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Up - ward, 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 - ised,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beau - ty,"

CHORUS.

Hap - py, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the
Hap - py, how happy, our prais - es each day.
Hap - py, how happy, our jour - ney a - bove.
Hap - py, how happy, our place at his side.

steps of the Sav - iour, Stepping in the light, Stepping 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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46

Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen- tly lead me all the way;
2 Thou, the ref-uge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Sav - ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly 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,
lead me all the way;

CHORUS.

I would in thy love a-bide. Lead me, lead me,
All my hopes on thee re - ly.
Where all tears are wiped a-way
I would in thy love a-bide.

Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;.... Gen - tly down the stream of

lest I stray;

rit e dim.

time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sav - ior, all the way. (all the way.)

47 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. HEBER. MISSIONARY HYMN. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's cor-al strand;
2. What tho the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted By wis-dom from on high—
4. Waft—waft, ye winds, his sto - ry; And you, ye wa-ters, roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold-en sand;
Tho ev - ery pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile!
Shall we, to man be-night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
Till like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From man-y an ancient riv - er, From man-y a palmy plain,
In vain, with lavish kindness, The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till, o'er our ransomed na - ture, The Lamb, for sinners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heath-en, in their blind-ness, Bow down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

Jesus Will be There.

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

1. We shall meet a-gain ; How sweet the time will be, When, in that happy land, Each oth-er's face we'll see ; The dear ones that have gone, We'll meet them o-ver there, Around the great white throne, And Jesus will be there.
2. We shall meet a-gain, Where tears will never flow, Where gleams the golden crowns, And robes as white as snow ; With an-gels there we'll roam, And vict'ry's palm we'll bear, In that ce-les-tial home, And Je-sus will be there.
3. We shall meet a-gain; Grieve not at parting here; When on that shining strand, There'll be no fare - well tear ; Yes, by and by we'll meet, And know each other there; To make our joy complete, King Je-sus will be there.

CHORUS.

Sweet it is to know Je-sus will be there, yes, Je-sus will be there; With all the host redeemed, We'll roam the heav'nly plains, And Jesus will be there.

No. 49. Jesus is Passing this Way.

W. H. DOANE.

* * *

Gently.

1. Is there a heart that is wait-ing, Long-ing for par - don to - day?
2. Com-ing in love and in mer-cy, Quick-ly now un - to Him go;
3. List - en, the Spir - it is call-ing, Je - sus will free - ly for - give,
4. He is so ten - der and lov-ing, He is so near you to - day;

Rit.

Hear the glad mes-sage we bring you, Je - sus is pass-ing this way.
O - pen your heart to re-ceive Him, Par-don and peace He'll be-stow.
Why not this mo-ment ac - cept Him? Trust in God's mer-cy and live.
O - pen your heart to re-ceive Him, While He is pass-ing this way.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus is passing this way, . . . This way . . . . to - day; . . .
Je - sus is pass-ing, is pass-ing this way, Is passing this way, Is pass-ing to-day;

Rit.

Je - sus is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing this way to - day.
way to - day.

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50 Oh, Sound the Jubilee.

H. S. TAYLOR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. There's a rod a - bove the o - cean, And a wind a - cross the
2. Oh, the might-y God has spo - ken, For the children whom he
3. We will stand a - side like Mo - ses, When Je-ho-vah pass - es

wave, And a path-way thro the sea, And a path-way thro the sea.
loves, He has said they shall be free, He has said they shall be free!
by, And his glo - ry we will see, And his glo - ry we will see.

f.

And a na-tion is in mo-tion For a land without a slave! Oh,
Up, O Ja-cob! heed the token, When the fiery pillar moves! Oh,
For he o-pens and he clos - es With a pow-er great and high, Oh,
D. S. *For the yoke of Rum is bro-ken, And the peo - ple shall be free! Oh,*

Fine. CHORUS.

sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the jubilee!
sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the jubilee! Ju - bi-lee! ju -bi - lee!
sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the jubilee!
sound the ju - bi - lee! Oh, sound the jubilee!

D. S.

Ju - bi-lee! come! Sound the silver trumpet, Call the children home.

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No. 51. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Words by S. B. GOULD. Music by A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter,
2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
3. Crowns and thorns may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er
4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic - es In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban - ners go!
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.
Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

52 O Come Unto Jesus.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

NELLIE A. MONTGOMERY. W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a soft pleading voice, call-ing ten-der- ly, To the heart heav-y
2. Heed not sin's lur-ing tones, tho' so tempting-ly She doth whisper of
3. When He hung on the cross, O, how cru-el - ly! Did they mock as they
4. Yield to Him, for He pleads, O, so pa- tient- ly! As no friend ev - er

la - den and sad: At the cross thou shalt be, from thy burden set free,
joys yet unknown; On - ly Je - sus can give pleasures sweet, that will live;
pass'd by Him there! Will you mock at Him too, when He hung there for you,
sought thee be- fore, On His dear, lov-ing breast, all who come shall find rest;

CHORUS.

Then look up, wea-ry one, and be glad.
He withholds naught of good from His own.
Whom He lov'd with a love past compare?
Joy and peace to thy soul He'll re-store.

O, come, . . un - to
Come, O come, un-to
Je - sus, And His love do not doubt; This the promise to
Je- sus, come, And His love do not doubt;
thee: He that cometh un - to me, I will nev-er, no, nev-er cast out.

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No. 53. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

"Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."
W. L. T. Matthew xxiv: 14. W. L. THOMPSON. By per.

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com - ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com - ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com - ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on - ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by; When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "de-

part - ed right and left. Are you read - y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord. Are you read - y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not." Are you read - y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you read- y, Are you read - y, Are you read - y for the

Judgment day? Are you ready, Are you ready for the Judgment day?

By per. W. L. Thompson & Co.. East Liverpool, O., and Chicago

TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

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

1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You can - not come;" With sad - ness he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;
2. Some one will be near the ransom'd throng, And wish he could join in the hap - py song; With sigh - ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;
3. Some one will stand with an ach - ing heart, While Je - sus pro-nounc-es the word, 'de - part;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;
4. Some one will lin - ger with tear - ful eyes, While Christ and His peo-ple as- cend the skies; With weep - ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;
5. Some one will go in - to dark-ness drear, Far off from the Sav-iour and all that's dear; With an - guish he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;
6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wail-ings no tongue can tell; With hor - ror he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;

REFRAIN.

Turned a - way from the beau-ti - ful gate. Turned a - way from the beau-ti - ful gate, Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate; With sad-ness he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state, Turned a - way from the beau-ti - ful gate.

55 He Never Turns Sinners Away.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Come, come to the Sav - iour, Come and re - pent of your sin; He has a won - der - ful king-dom of love, And
2. Come, come to the Sav - iour, Tho' you have wandered a- far; Tell him that you are a sin - ner in - deed, And
3. Come, come to the Sav - iour, Hear his com - pas - sion - ate call; Count-less the bless-ings he longs to be - stow, And
4. Come, come to the Sav - iour, Par - don is of - fered to thee, Why not the bless-ing by faith now ac - cept, While

CHORUS.

longs for your en - ter-ing in.
tell him how sor - ry you are. Come, come to the Sav - iour,
wants you to ask for them all.
yet it is of-fered so free.

Come to the Sav - iour to - day; Come, come to a

Rit.

pard'- ning God; He nev - er turns sin - ners a - way

No. 56. What a Wonderful Saviour.

REV. W. J. DORAN. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, A won-der - ful
2. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, He saved a poor
3. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, He sweet - ly
4. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, He's com - ing

Sav - iour is he, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is
sin - ner like me, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is
dwells with - in, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is
by and by, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is

CHORUS.

Je - sus, He died for you and me.
Je - sus, There's par - don wait-ing for thee. What a won - der - ful,
Je - sus, He saves and keeps from sin.
Je - sus, We'll reign with him on high.

won - der - ful Sav - iour, He saves, he saves, What a
he saves, he saves,

won-der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus, He saves and keeps me now.

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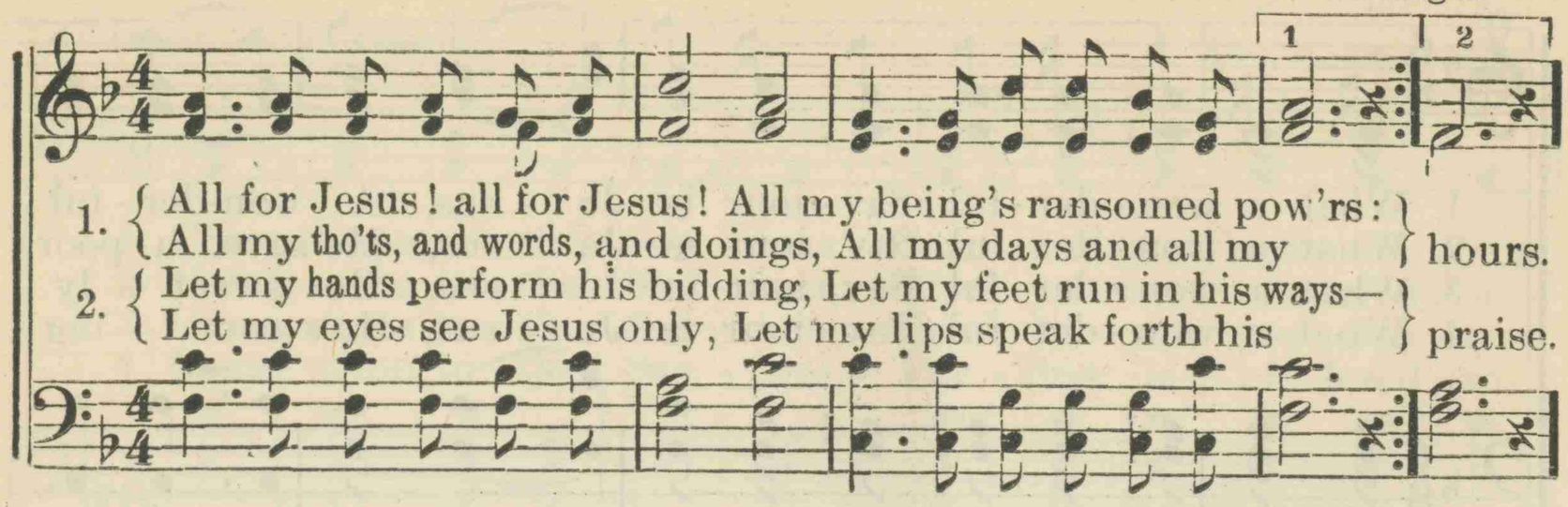
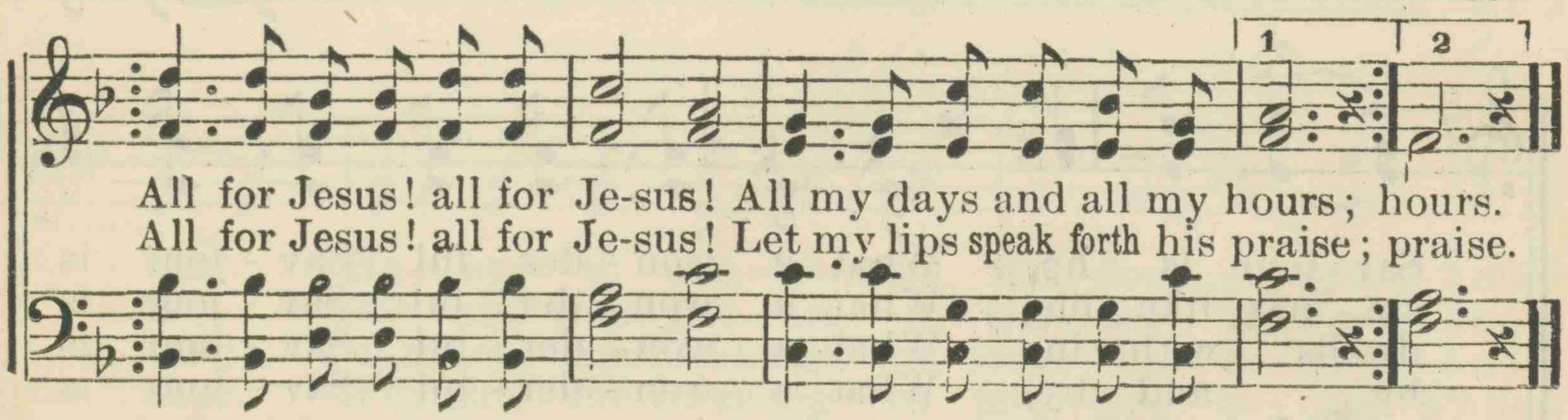
No. 57. All For Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

Arranged.

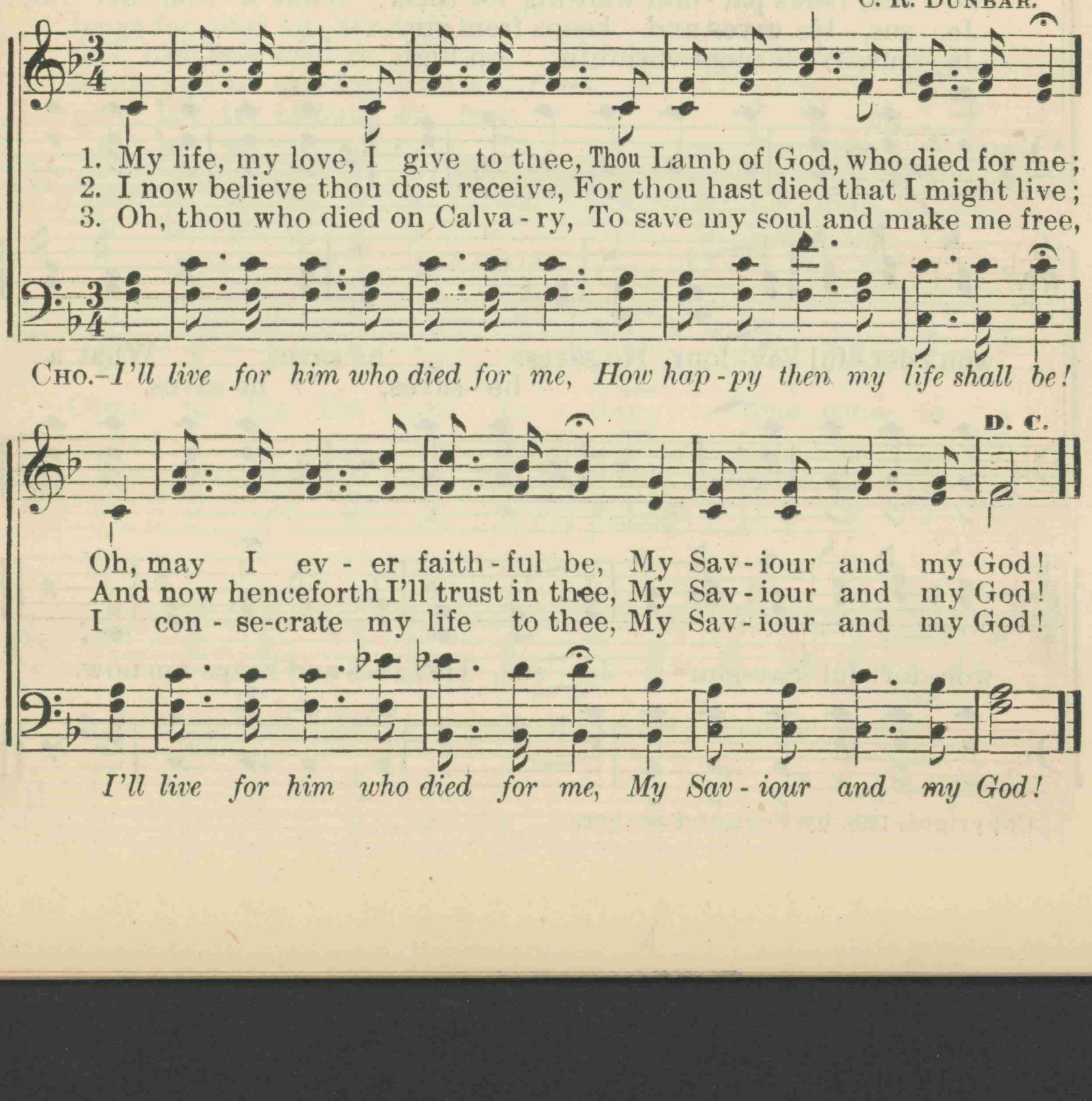


3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all besides;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the crucified. :‖

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

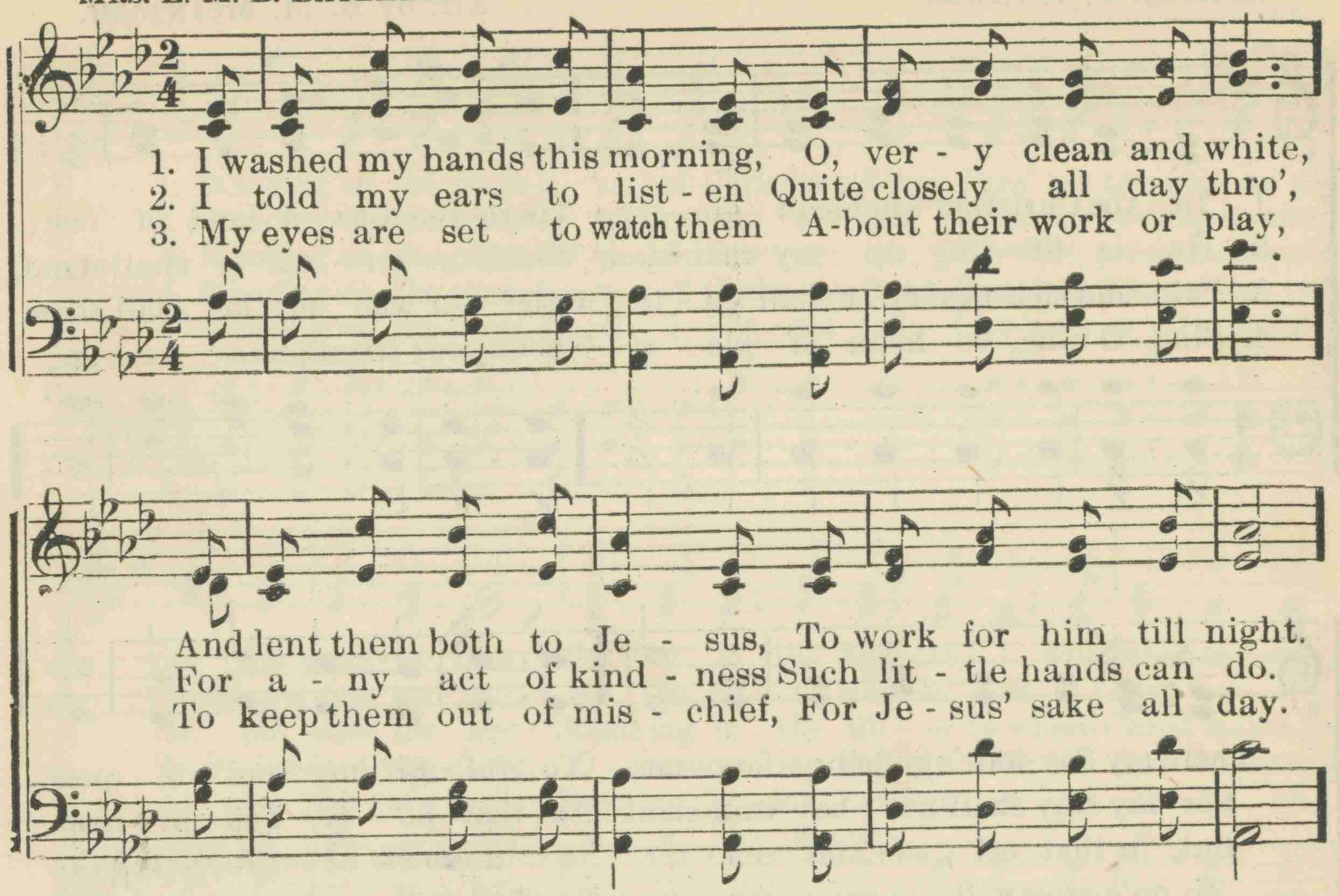
No. 58. I'll Live For Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.



No. 59. Little Feet be Careful.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.



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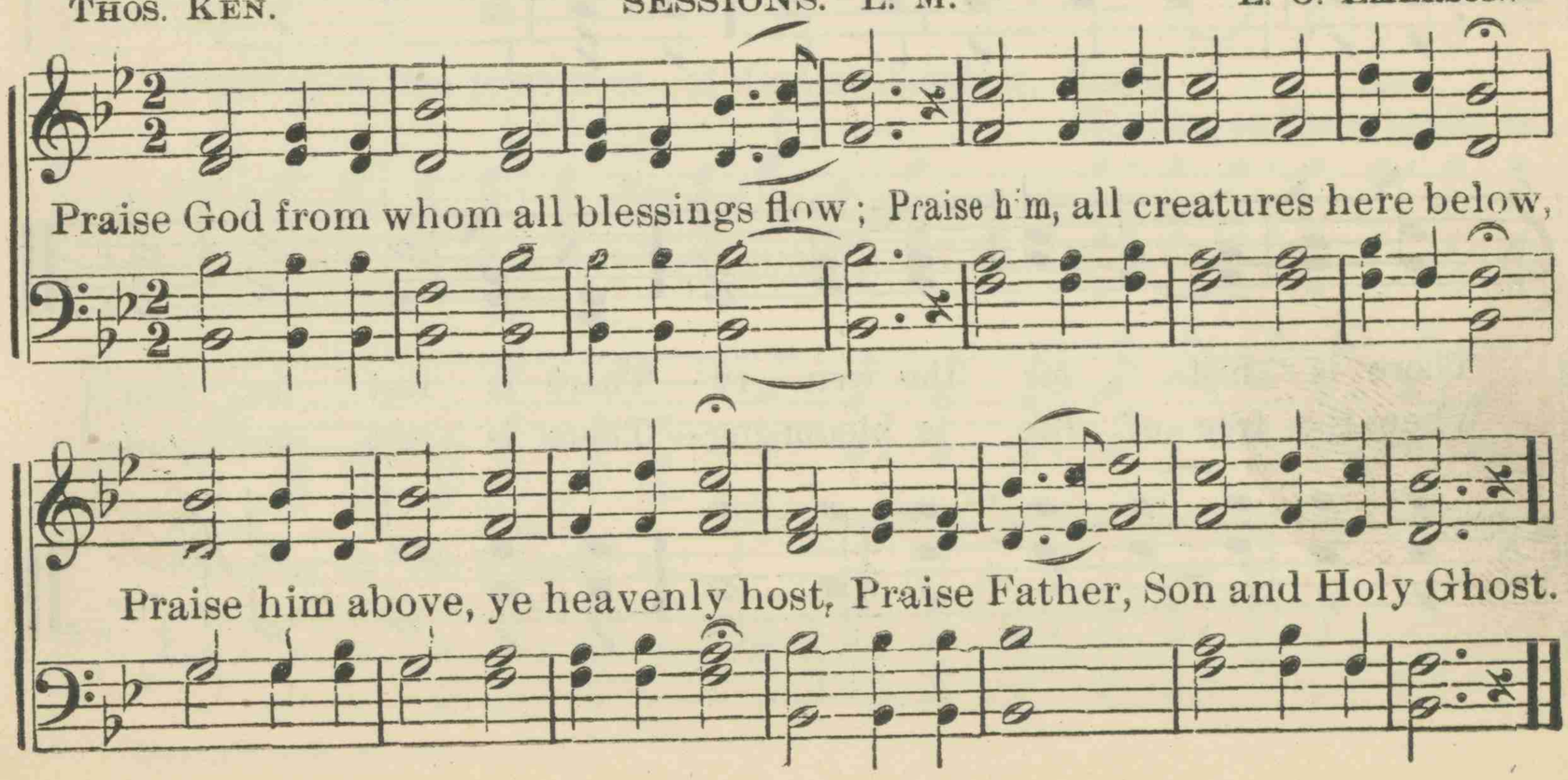
No. 60. Doxology. (SESSIONS.)

THOS. KEN. SESSIONS. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.



61 REST FOR THE WEARY.

SAMUEL Y. HARMER. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest:
2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry—Shout your triumphs as ye go;

There my Sav-iour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.
For my stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
But, in that cel - es - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
Zi- on's gates will o - pen for you, Ye shall find an en-trance thro'.

CHORUS.

{ There is rest for the wea - ry— There is rest for the wea - ry—
On the oth - er side of Jor- dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest for the wea - ry— There is rest for you.
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing— There is rest for you. }

61½ Standing On the Promises.

"The word of the Lord endureth forever."—1 PETER 1: 25.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter- nal a - ges
2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see, Per-fect, present cleansing
4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal-
5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, List-'ning ev - 'ry moment

let His prais- es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib - er-ty where Christ makes free,
ly by love's strong chord, O - ver-com - ing dai - ly with the Spir- it's sword,
to the Spir - it's call, Rest- ing in my Sav-iour as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,

Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-iour, Stand - ing
Standing on the prom-is- es

stand - ing, I'm standing on the prom-is - es of God.
Standing on the prom-is - es,

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No. 62. GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you,
found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, ... till we
Till we meet, till we
meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet Till we
meet, till we meet, Till we meet,
meet, till we meet, till we meet,
meet, Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet,

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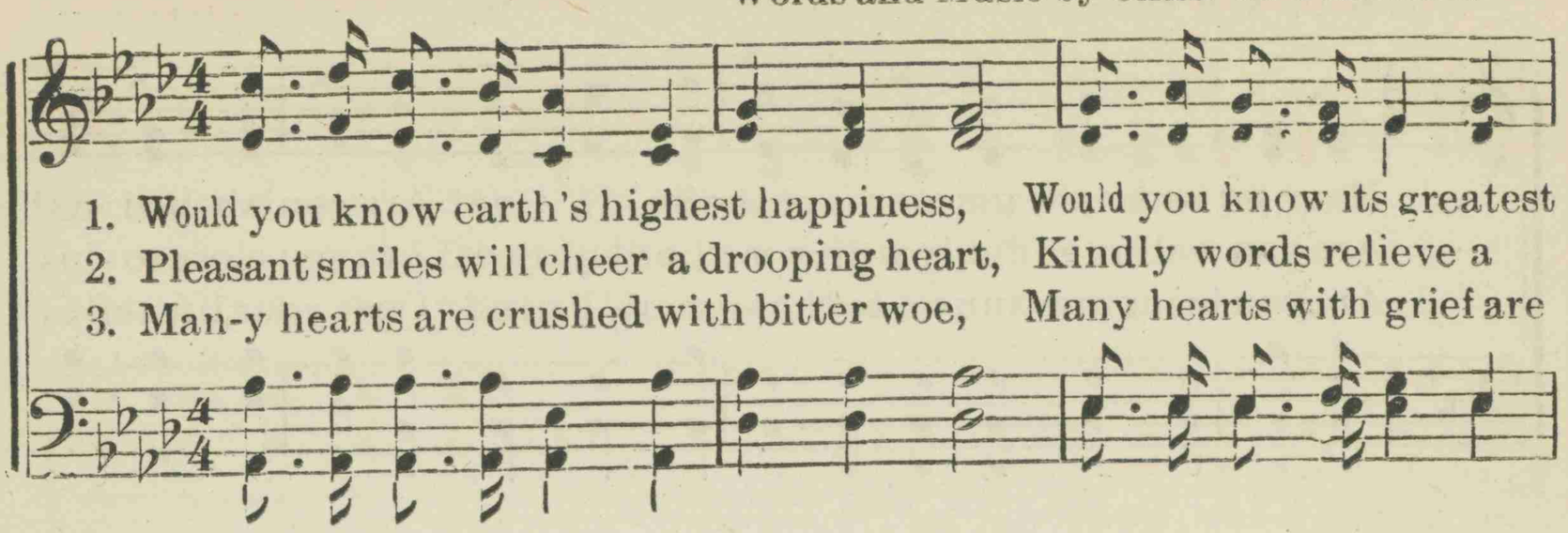
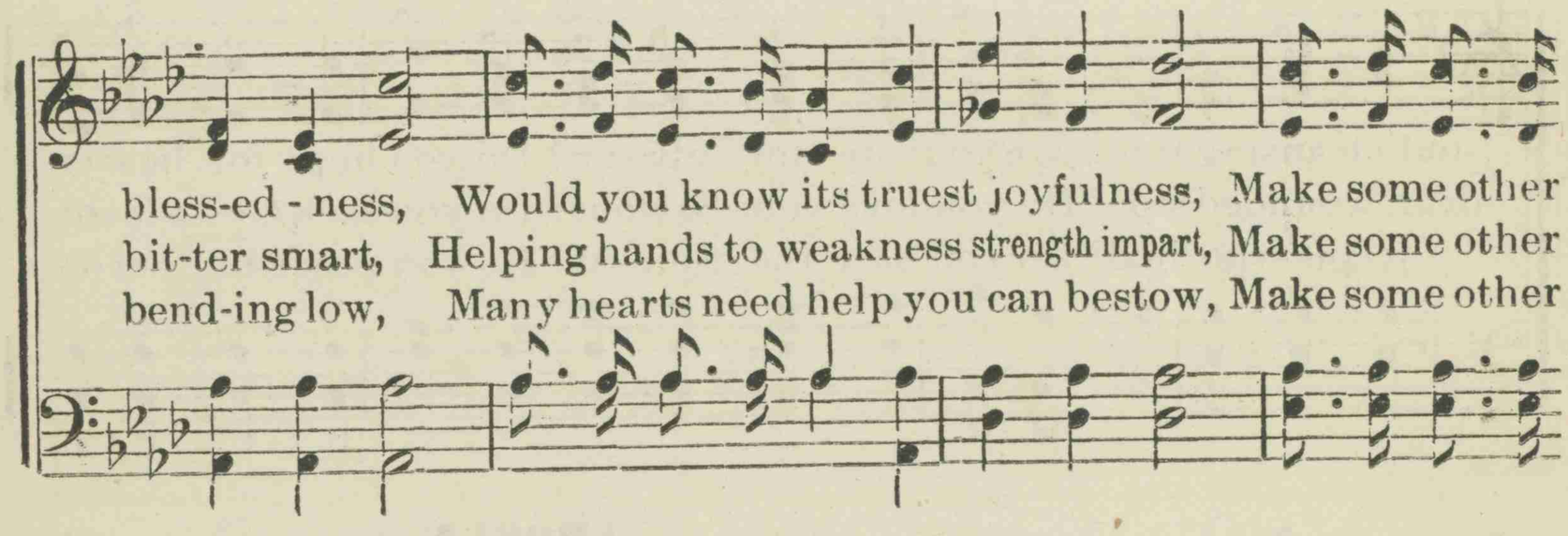
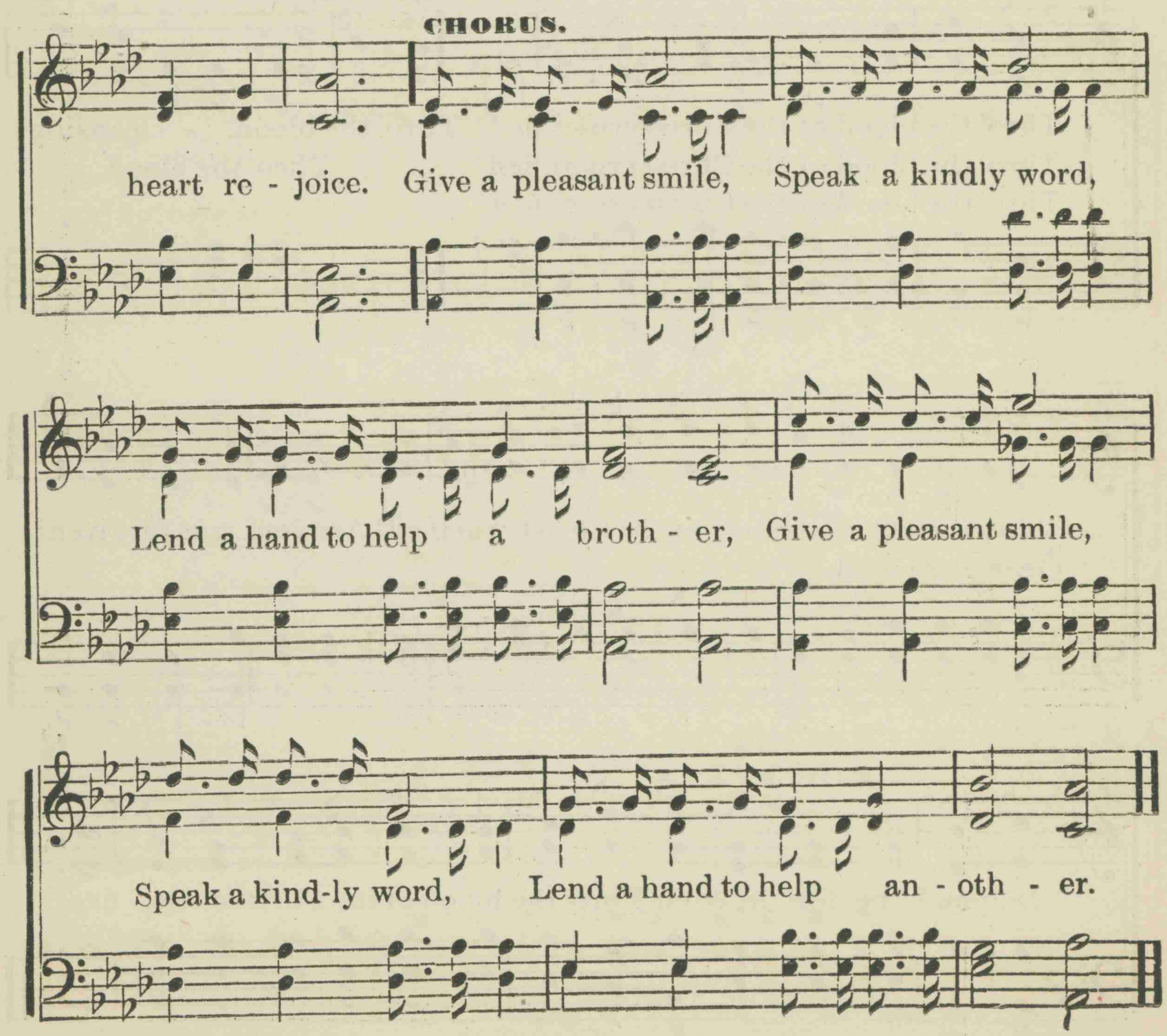
63 Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.







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No. 64. Through the Blood.

Words by A. P. COBB. Music by J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Have you touched the garments of the ho - ly One? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walking dai-ly with your Lord in view? Are you close to his
3. Are you bringing sinners to the sinners' Friend? Does your life tell of

soul-cleansing tide? Are your sins for - giv - en? Do you hope for heaven
dear, wounded side? Do you love your Saviour? Do you seek God's favor
Je-sus who died? Do you have the Spir - it? Do you peace in - her-it

CHORUS.

Thro' the blood of the Christ cru-ci-fied? Thro' the blood, cleansing
Thro' the blood of the Christ cru-ci-fied? Thro' the blood,
Thro' the blood of the Christ cru-ci-fied?

blood, Thro' the blood of the Christ crucified! Are your sins forgiven?
cleansing blood,

Do you hope for heav-en Thro' the blood of the Christ cru-ci - fied?

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65

These Are They.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, who are these so near the throne, That Jesus so delights to own,
2. They cast their crowns before the King, They see His face and praises sing;
3. The Lamb of God supplies their needs, By streams of living waters leads;
4. They toiled and suffered here below, And washed their garments white as snow,

Arrayed in garments clean and white, With crowns of vic-to-ry and light?
They serve their God by night and day, In beau-ty shine, oh, who are they?
He wipes their tears of grief a - way, And can it be that these are they?
And in God's presence dwell for aye, Beloved and blest, for these are they?

CHORUS.

These are they which came out of great trib - u - la-tion, and have
wash'd their robes white in the blood of the Lamb. Hal-le-lu - jah,
hal-le-lu-jah,
hal-le - lu - jah, Wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb.
hal-le-lu-jah.

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66. Saved For Evermore.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith."—EPH. 2: 8.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. *Duet and Chorus.* W. H. DOANE. CHORUS.

1. From the world with sin al - lur - ing, I am saved, I am saved;
2. Now my heart to Je - sus bring - ing, I am saved, I am saved;
3. Dear - est Lord, re-ceive and bless me, I am saved, I am saved;
4. Glo-rious thought, I can - not lose Him! I am saved, I am saved;

CHORUS.

By the grace of God en - dur - ing, I am saved for ev-er- more.
To His promised par-don cling - ing, I am saved for ev-er- more.
Let Thy ho - ly peace pos-sess me, I am saved for ev-er- more.
If by grace a-lone I choose Him, I am saved for ev-er - more.

CHORUS.

O the blood ..... that flowed for me, Long a-
O the blood flowed for me,

go ..... on Cal - va - ry; Praise the
Long a - go Cal - va - ry;

Lord,..... it made me free;..... I am saved for ev - er - more.
praise the Lord, made me free;

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Jesus Knocks at Thy Heart.

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

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lo! Je-sus pa-tient-ly knocks at the door, Knocks at thy heart,
2. O - pen the door and say, "Mas-ter, come in, Come and a-bide,
3. Je - sus stands waiting and pleads with thee still; O - pen to-day!
4. O - pen the door of thy heart and find rest, Find it to-day,

knocks at thy heart, O - pen to - day and re - sist Him no more,
come and a - bide;" He will redeem thee and cleanse from all sin,
o - pen to - day! How canst thou treat the dear Saviour so ill?
find it to - day; Let Him but en - ter and thou shalt be blest;

REFRAIN

Lest He for - ev - er de - part. Knock - ing to - day,
He will be with thee to guide.
How canst thou turn Him a-way?
Why wilt thou longer de - lay? Knocking, knocking to-day, to-day,

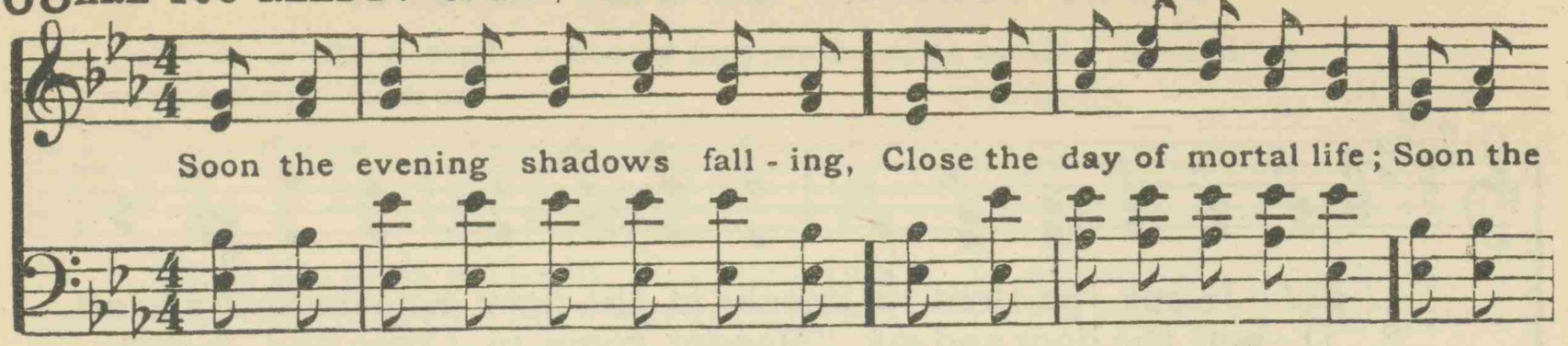
Knock - ing to - day, . . Je - - - sus is
Knocking, knocking to - day, to - day, Je-sus is ear-nest - ly

knock - ing, Is knocking for entrance to - day.
knocking to - day,

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter. By per.

68 ARE YOU READY? 8s & 7s, with Refrain.

E. S. LORENZ.



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SOON the evening shadows falling,
Close the day of mortal life;
Soon the hand of death appalling,
Draws thee from its weary strife.

REF.—Are you ready? Are you ready?
'Tis the Spirit calling: why delay?
Are you ready? Are you ready?
Do not linger longer; come to-day.

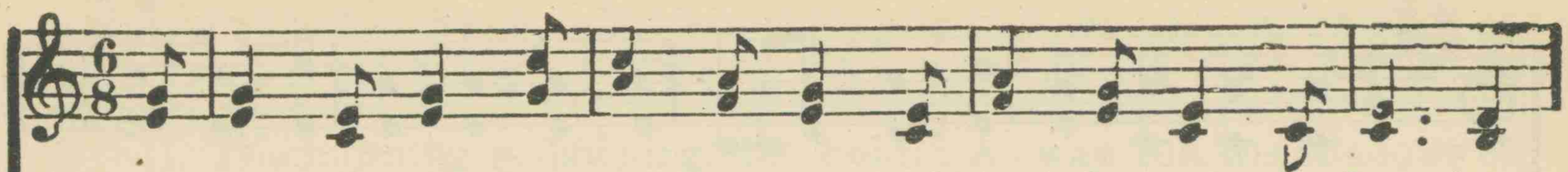
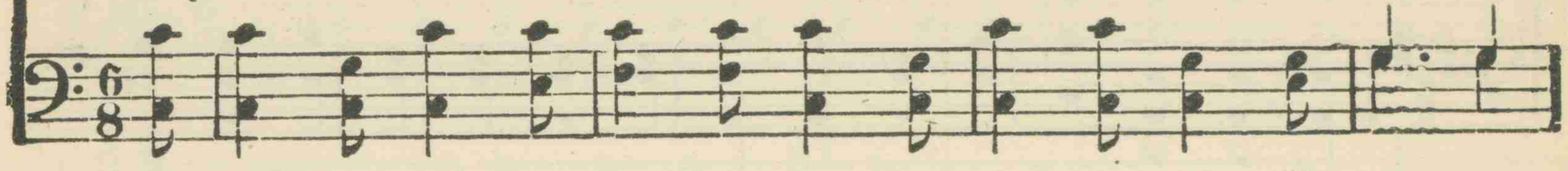
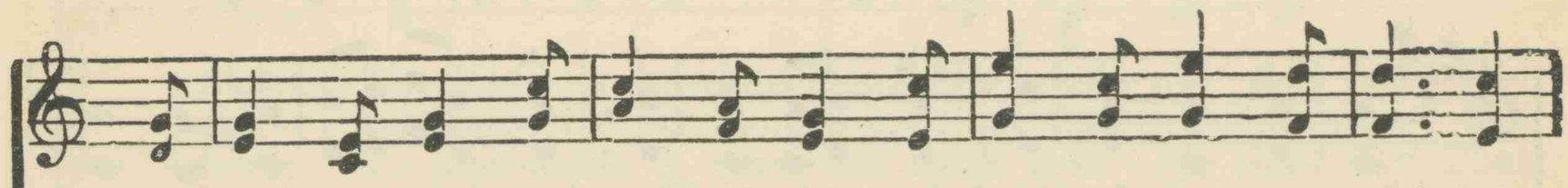
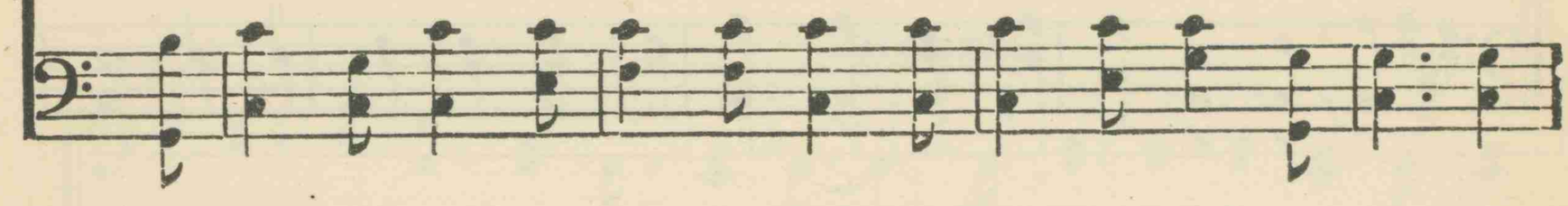
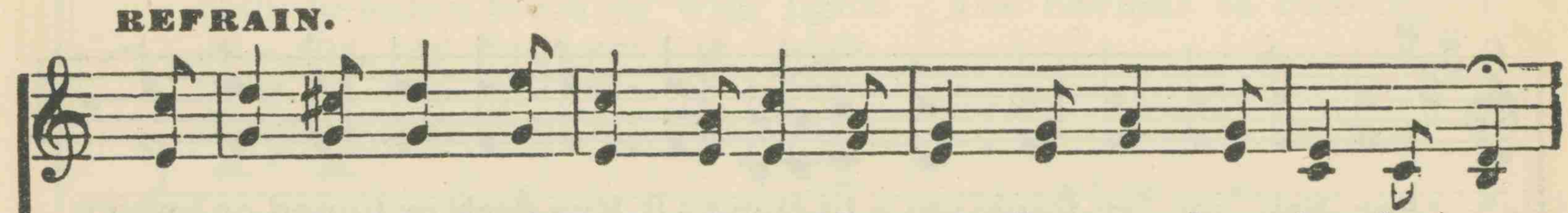
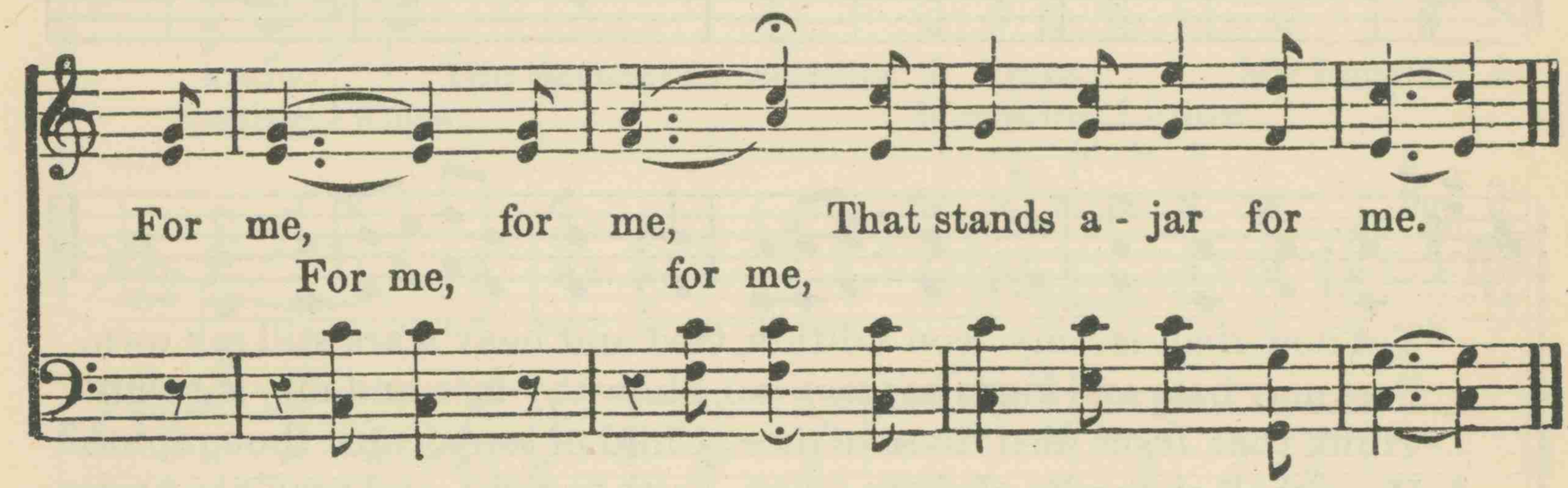
2 Soon the awful trumpet sounding,
Calls thee to the judgment-throne;
Now prepare, for love abounding
Yet has left thee not alone.—REF.

3 O how fatal 'tis to linger!
Are you ready—ready now—
Ready, should death's icy finger
Lay its chill upon thy brow?—REF.

4 Priceless love and free salvation,
Freely still are offered thee:
Yield no longer to temptation,
But from sin and sorrow flee.—REF

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT

69 THE GATE AJAR.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its port - als gleam-ing,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion;
3. Press on-ward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mercy's gate is o - pen;
4. Be-yond the riv-er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is tak - en,

A radiance from the crown a - far, The Saviour's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
Ac-cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev-er-last - ing to - ken.
And bear the crown of life a - way, And love him more in heav - en.

REFRAIN.

Yes, in the blood of Christ I see The gate that stands a - jar for me,

For me, for me, That stands a - jar for me.
For me, for me,

By permission.

No. 70. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

H. F. LYTE. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol-low thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me, It has left my Saviour, too;
3. Soul, then know thy full salvation, Rise o'er sin and fear and care,
4. Haste thee on from grace to glory, Armed by faith and winged by pray'r;

I am poor, despised, for - sak-en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not like them, un-true.
Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta-tion, Something still to do or bear.
Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi-tion, All I've sought or hoped or known;
Whilst thy graces shall a - dorn me, God of wisdom, love and might,
Think what Spirit dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;

Yet how rich is my con - dition, God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate and friends may scorn me, Show thy face and all is bright.
Think that Jesus died to save thee; Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?
Hope shall change to glad fru-i-tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

71 The Saviour is Coming.

REV. G. W. CROFTS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. The morning is dawning, be-hold! A-way roll the shadows of night.
2. O long have I wait-ed to greet My Lord in the clouds of the sky!
3. He com-eth to take me a-way From sickness and suf-fer-ing here,
4. Re-joic-ing I ev-er shall reign With Christ in His Kingdom a-bove,

The King is ap-proach-ing in pur-ple and gold, His
And now He is com-ing, the vis-ion how sweet; My
To man-sions e-ter-nal more love-ly than day That
And sing the glad triumphs of Him who was slain, Re-

CHORUS.

coun-te-nance beaming with light. The Saviour is com-ing I know,
Je-sus, my Sav-iour is nigh. The Saviour is coming I know
now in His glo-ry ap-pear. My lamp is a-flame with the oil
deeming my soul in His love. of His grace, And gladly, to meet Him I go.

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The Sinner and the Song.

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

Solo.

1. A sin - ner was wand'ring at ev - en - tide, His tempter was watching close by at his side, In his heart raged a bat-tle for
2. He stop'd and list-ened to ev - 'ry sweet chord, He remember'd the time he once loved the Lord; Come on! says the tempter, come right against wrong, But hark! from the church he hears a sweet song:
on with the throng, But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song:

pp **Quartet.**

{Je - sus, lov - er of my soul Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high.}

By permission of Will L. Thompson & Co. East Liverpool, Ohio.

The Sinner and the Song. Concluded.

Solo.

3. Oh, tempter, de-part, I have served thee too long! I fly to the

Sav-iour, He dwells in that song, O Lord, can it be that a

sin-ner like me, May find a sweet refuge by com-ing to thee?

pp **Quartet.**

Oth-er refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee.

Solo. *f* **Quartet.** *pp*

I come, Lord, I come: Thou'lt forgive the dark past, And oh, receive my soul at last.

73

REDEEMED.

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107: 2.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O, glad "who-so - ev - er," the deed is done, My sins are par-don'd thro'
2. I came to my Sav-iour, His word believ'd, When He the sin - ner at
3. O, glad "who-so - ev - er," the crim - son tide Is free and o - pen, is

Christ the Son; Of love so precious I never had dream'd, O sweet is the peace of the
once received; And now His praises I joyfully sing, And dwell in the love of my
deep and wide; O, come, my brother, and bathe in the stream, And you shall be fill'd with a

CHORUS.

soul redeem'd. O, glo - ry to Je - sus, re - deem'd! re -
Lord and King.
joy supreme. O, glo - ry to Je-sus, my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! my
re - deemed, . re -
deem'd! . . . Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dream'd; O,
soul is re - deem'd!
deemed! . . .
rap - tur-ous sto - ry, re - deem'd! . . re - deem'd! . O,
rap-tur- ous sto - ry, my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! O,

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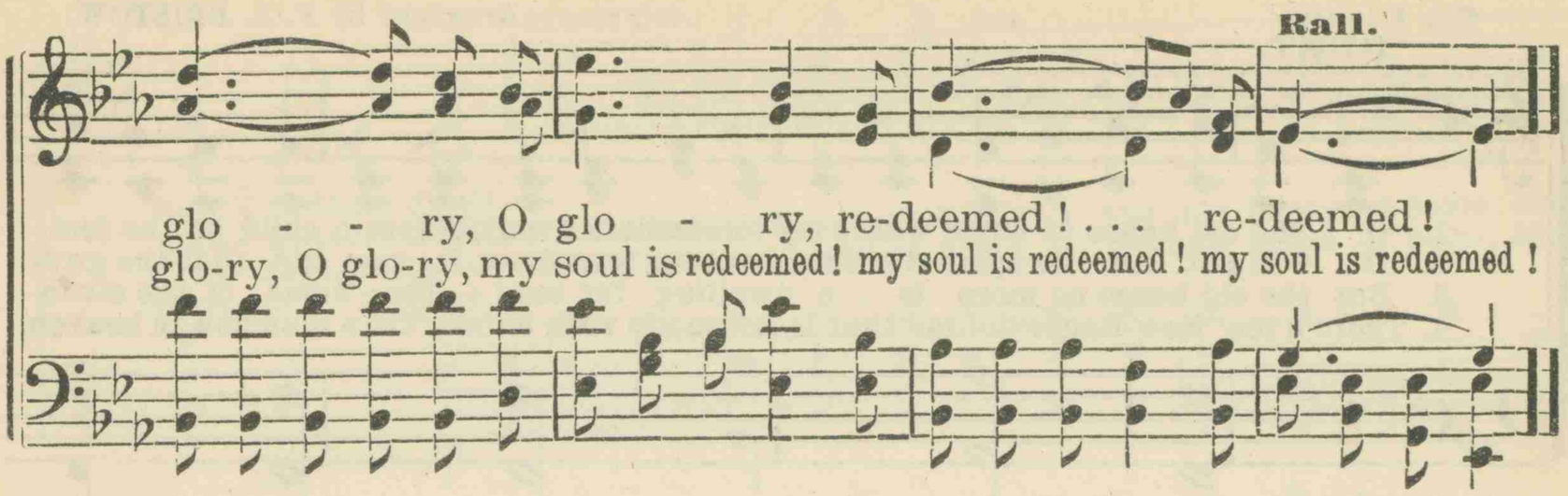
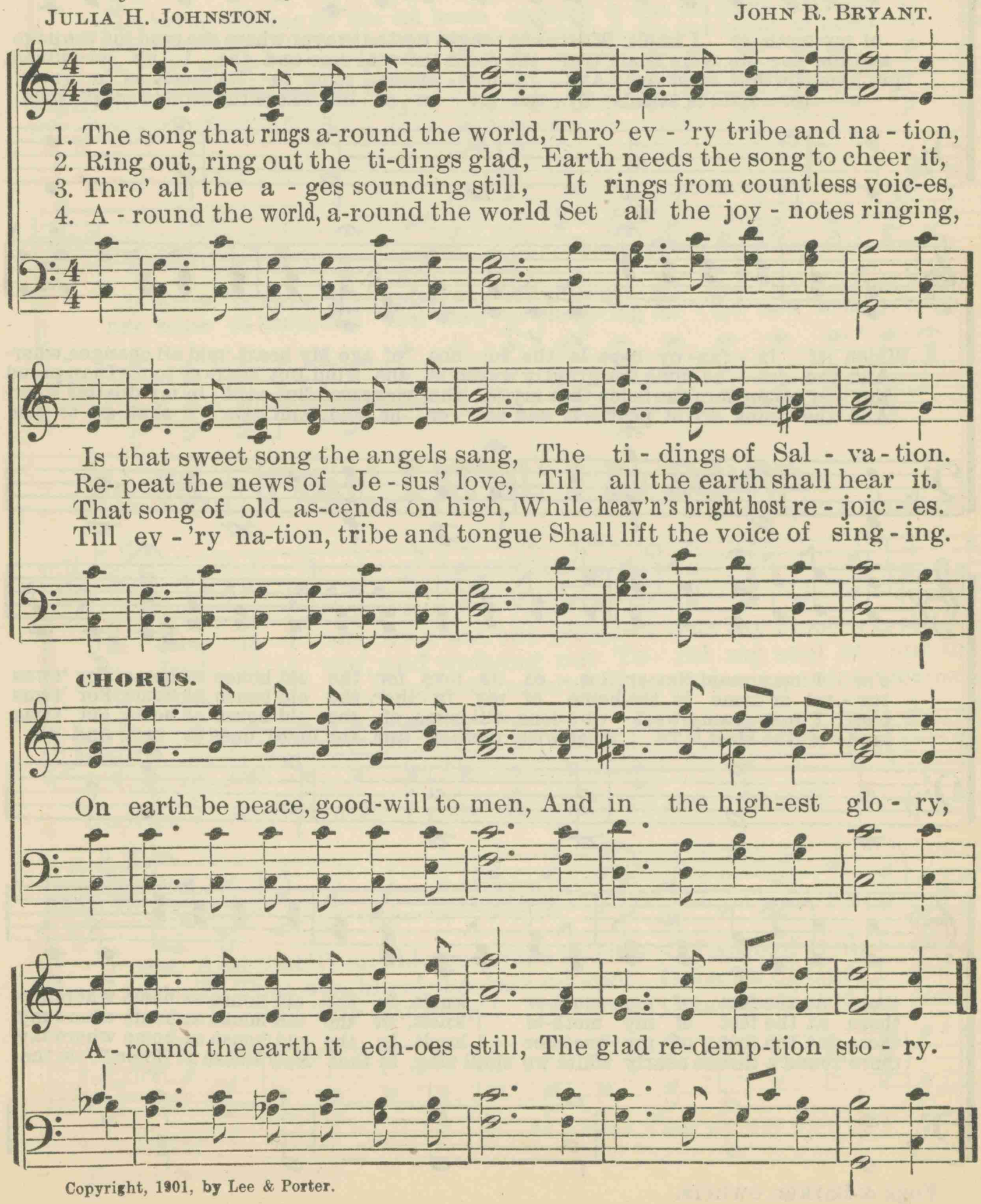
Redeemed.

74 The Song that Rings Around.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—LUKE 2: 14.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. JOHN R. BRYANT.



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No. 75. The Old and New Home.

Old English.

Arranged by F. L. BRISTOW.

DUET.

1. O the old house at home where my forefathers dwelt; Where a child at the feet of my moth-er I knelt; Where she taught me the prayer where she read me the page
2. It was not for its splen-dor that dwelling was dear; It was not that the gay and the no - ble were near; O'er the porch the wild rose and the i - vy en-twined,
3. But the old house no more is a dwelling for me; The home of the stran- ger henceforth it must be; And I nev - er shall room in its rooms as a guest,
4. There's the "New House" for me that is not made with hands; 'Tis a mansion in heaven, e - ter - nal it stands—By the riv - er of life, where the streets are of gold,

Which if in - fan- cy lisps Is the sol - ace of age. My heart, 'mid all changes, wher- e'er I may roam, Nev-er los - es its love for the old house at home; For 'twas
And the jes - sa-mine fra-grantly waved in the wind. But dear- er to me Than proud tur - ret or dome Is the home of my fa - ther, the old house at home; For 'twas
Nev - er roam thro' the fields that my fa - ther possessed. But still in my dreams wher- e'er I may roam, Sweet vis - ions will come of the old house at home; For 'twas
And the gates are of pearl—It can nev - er be sold. And soon I shall go to the land of the blest, To meet with moth-er and the loved ones at rest; And 'tis

there at the feet of my moth-er I knelt, In the old house at home where my
there at the feet of my moth-er I knelt, In the old house at home where my
there at the feet of my moth-er I knelt, In the old house at home where my
there 'round a throne pearly white we shall sing, In that "New House at Home," 'tis the

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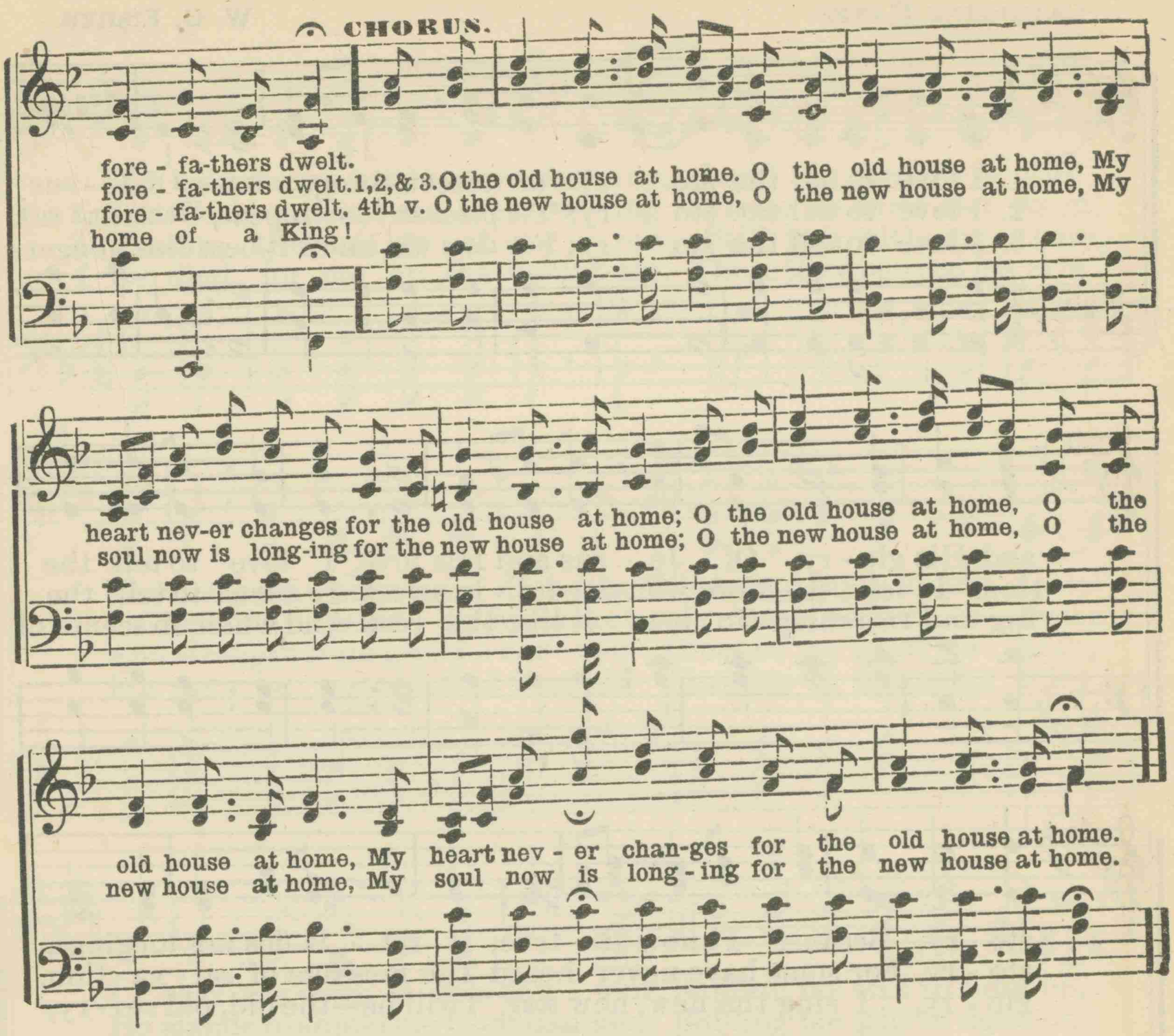
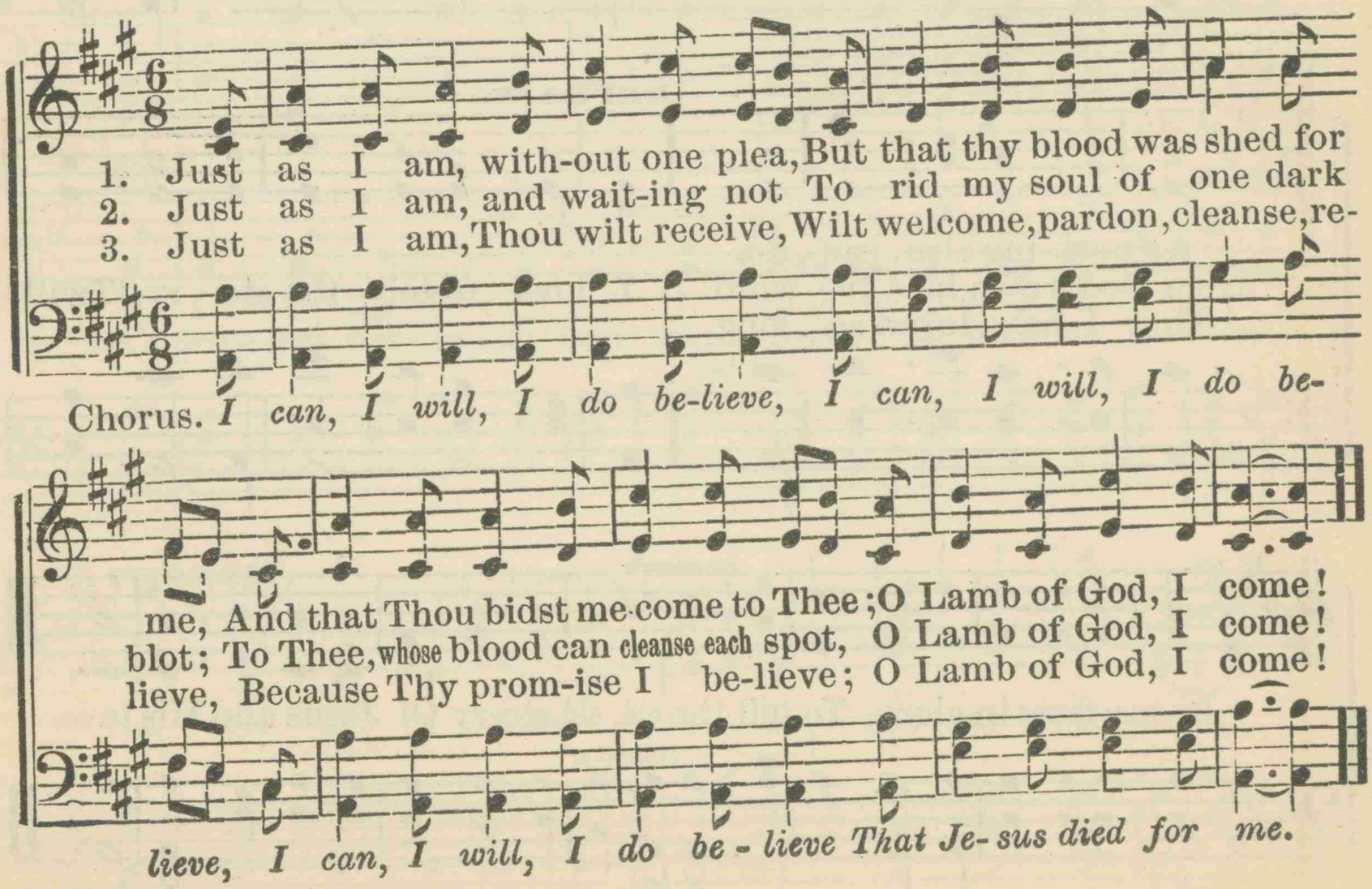
The Old and New Home. Concluded.



No. 76. I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.

Melody by F. L. BRISTOW.



Fogg & Barker, owners.

77 I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHERINE HANKS. W. G. FISHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry of unseen things a-bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat, What seems each
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hunger-

and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won-der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true; It sat - is-fies my longings,
sto - ry, For some have never heard The message of sal - va - tion,
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be—the old, old sto - ry,

REFRAIN.

As noth-ing else can do.
From God's own ho - ly word. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
That I have loved so long.

be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Jesus and His love.

By permission.

78 Never Alone.

Arr. by P. H. Arr. by J. H. F.

1. The lightnings round me are flash-ing, Loud the thun-ders roll,
2. The world a-gainst me is throw - ing Fierce its darts and keen,
3. Tho' in the val-ley of sor - row, Still he's with me there,
4. He died for me on the mount-ain, There they pierced his side,

The breakers o'er me are dash-ing, Whelming my helpless soul;
I feel a peace in knowing Je-sus is just be-tween;
And strength from him I bor-row Cross-es so great to bear;
For me he opened that fountain Flowing in cleansing tide;

I hear the voice of my Sav - iour Bidding me still to hold on,
He stands to shield me from dan-ger, Bidding me still to fight on,
He leads when path ways are thorny, Bidding me still to go on,
A crown of glo-ry he of - fers, Bidding me still to press on,

f. Fine.

He's prom-ised nev-er to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a-lone.

CHORUS. D. S.

No, nev-er a-lone, . . . No, nev-er a-lone,
a-lone,

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79 WALKING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS?

M. LOWRIE HOFFORD, D. D. J. H. F.

SOLO or DUET.

1. Are you walk-ing in his footsteps, Are you al - ways do - ing good,
2. Are you walk-ing in his footsteps, Do you ev - er seek the lost
3. Are you walk-ing in his footsteps, As he bids you dai - ly do,

Do you fol - low aft - er Je - sus As sin-cere - ly as you should?
In the mountain and the des - ert, What-so - e'er may be the cost?
Do you fol - low near the Sav-iour, With him con-stant-ly in view?

Do you trav - el in the pathway That will shine with brighter light,
In the highways and the by-ways, Are your footsteps ev - er found,
In the sun-shine and the shad-ow, In the dark-ness and the light,

Till you reach the mansions yon-der, In the land of pure delight?
Where his wounded feet and bleeding, Left their marks up-on the ground?
Are you press-ing in your jour-ney To the land of pure delight?

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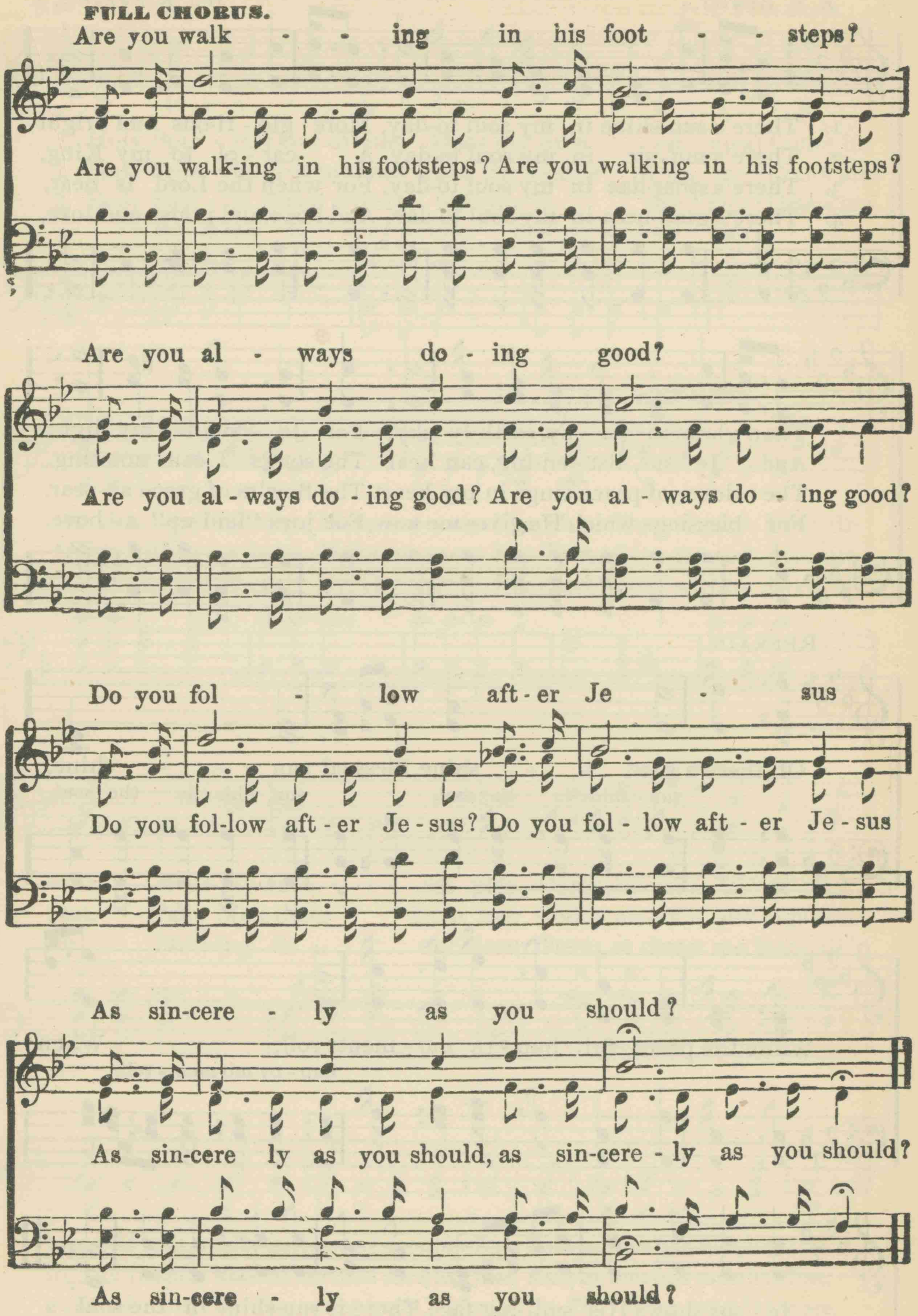
WALKING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS? Concluded.

FULL CHORUS.

No. 80. SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

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

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 spring-time 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 a - ny 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 flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For blessings 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, sun - shine in the soul.

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

Je - sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

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81 More Like Thee.

"Joy in the Holy Ghost."—ROMANS 14: 17.

REV. J. A. LEE. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Holy Spir - it, Dove divine, Hear my earn - est plea; Come in-
2. Holy Spir - it, give me rest, Take life's cares from me; Come and
3. Holy Spir - it, dwell within, Shining in my face; Cleanse me

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Dove di-vine, Hear my earn-est plea;

REFRAIN.

to this heart of mine, Make me more like Thee. Dove divine, Dove di-
reign within my breast, Make me more like Thee. Give me rest, give me
from all guilt of sin, By Thy sav - ing grace. Dwell within, dwell with-

vine, Hear my earn - est plea, Come, oh come in - to this
rest, Take life's cares from me; Come, oh come and reign with-
in, Shin-ing in my face; Cleanse, oh cleanse me from all

heart of mine, Make me more (and more) like Thee, Make me more (and more) like Thee.
in my breast, Make me more (and more) like Thee, Make me more (and more) like Thee.
guilt of sin, By Thy saving (grace Thy) grace, By Thy saving (grace Thy) grace.

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82 MORE ABOUT JESUS.

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

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

More of his sav-ing 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.
Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.

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

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

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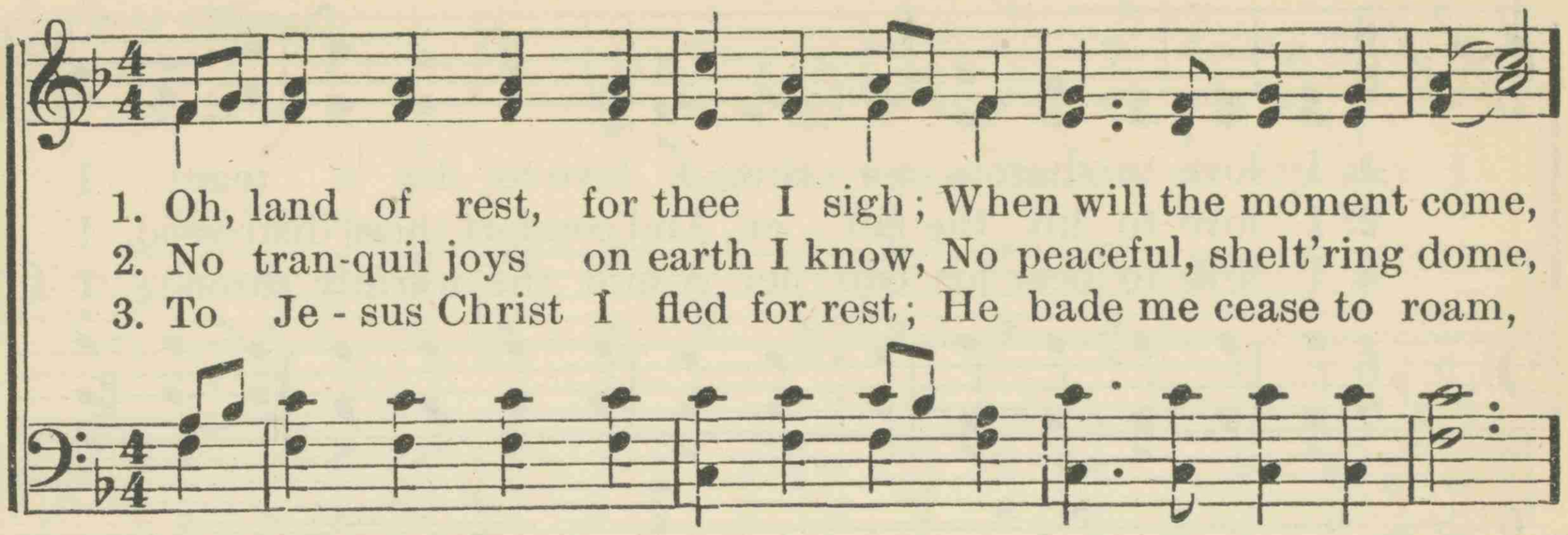
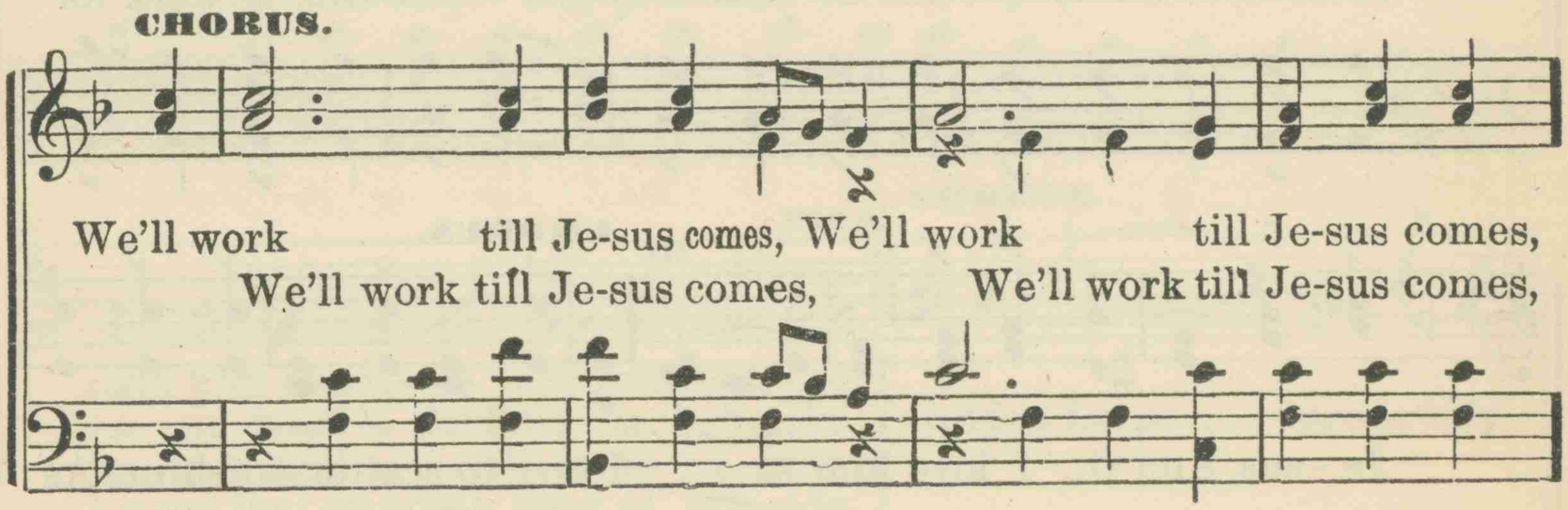
No. 83. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

DR. MILLER.





84 I Love to Scatter Sunshine.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I love to share a sor - row, I love to dry a tear, I
2. I love to lift the fall - en, And comfort those distressed, I
3. I love to bear his ban - ner A-mid the worldly throng; I

love to aid the wea-ry, And give the sad heart cheer, I love to
love to cheer and gladden The lonely and op- pressed, I love to
love to spread his gospel, By sto - ry and by song, I love to

scat-ter sunshine, As on my way I go; For this is work for
brighten pathways And share another's woe; For this is work for
plead with sinners, Until to him they go; For this is work for

CHORUS.

Je - sus, And O, I love him so.... I love to scatter sunshine, As
on my way I go,..... For this is work for Je-sus, And O, I love him
on my way I go; O, I

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I Love to Scatter Sunshine.

so,..... I love to scat - ter sun-shine, As on my way I
love him so, on my

go,..... For this is work for Je - sus, And O, I love him so.
way I go,

85 Golden Harps.

P. H. *May be used as a Soprano and Tenor Duet.* J. H. F.

1. O'er the dark and silent stream, Comes to us a cheering gleam, Of the
D.C. And our loved ones wait, we know, While we shrink and fear to go, To that
2. We must hear the solemn knell, We must say the sad farewell, While with-
And our hearts would sink with grief, Had we not the sweet relief Of a
3. Soon the evening shades will fall, Soon will sound the boatman's call, And our
But the Hand that led us here, Will not fail us in our fear, It will

Fine. CHORUS.

light and beauty of the farther shore,
sun - ny land to dwell for ev - er-more. Golden harps.... are loudly
in this land of partings we a - bide.
Friend that standeth ever at our side.
fragile bark must launch into the night,
bear us safe - ly to the shores of light. Golden harps are loudly

ringing over there, Angel choirs..... are sweetly singing, o-ver there.
An - gel choirs

D.C.

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No. 86. Jesus is Calling To-day.

Words by D. R. LUCAS. Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

DUET. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing for thee, Call-ing for thee, yes,
2. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee now, Call-ing thee now, yes,
3. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing, O come! Call-ing to-day, yes,

DUET.

call-ing for thee, List-en and hear him say, "follow thou me,"
call-ing thee now, Waiting for thee in sub-mis-sion to bow,
call-ing to-day, All who are wea-ry and longing for home,

SEMI-CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

Fol-low, yes, fol-low thou me. Je - sus is
Call-ing, yes, call-ing just now.
Je - sus is call-ing to-day. Je-sus is call-ing,

call-ing to-day, Je - sus is call-ing to-day;
call-ing to-day, Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing to-day;

Je - sus is call-ing to-day, Calling, yes, calling to-day.
Jesus is calling, call-ing to-day,

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87

I am Resolved.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav-iour, Leav - ing my
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav-iour, Faith - ful and
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king-dom, Leav - ing the
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
paths of sin; Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me,
out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

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

Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free),

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

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88 JUST OVER THE RIVER.

ROBT. SPURGIN. J. H. F.

1. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, I'm told is the cit - y of God; Its gates are of pearl and its streets are of gold,
2. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, The cit - y that knoweth no night; It needeth no sun, neith-er need-eth the moon,
3. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, I'm told is the cit - y of God; Its gates are of pearl and its streets are of gold,

And by glo - ri - fied being's they're trod. And Je - sus, my Saviour, has gone to that cit - y,
For the glo - ry of God is its light. In that cit-y are loved ones a- wait-ing my com-ing,
And by glo - ri - fied being's they're trod. And Je - sus, my Saviour, has gone to that cit - y,

A place for his own to pre - pare; In the
Ex-pect - ant they stand on the shore; O
A place for his own to pre - pare; In the

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JUST OVER THE RIVER. Concluded.

house of the Fa-ther the man-sions are ma-ny, And one is a-
when shall I en-ter my man-sion in heav-en, A pil-grim to
house of the Fa-ther the man-sions are ma-ny, And one is a-

CHORUS.

wait-ing me there. Just o - - - ver the riv - - - er,
roam nev-er more.
wait-ing me there. Just o-ver the riv-er, just o-ver the riv-er,

That beau-ti-ful cit-y I see; Just o - - - ver the
That beau-ti-ful cit-y I see; And Je-sus, my Saviour, has

riv - - - - er, A place in that cit-y for me.
gone to make read-y, A place in that cit-y for me.

No. 89. The Great Judgment Morning.

War Cry. L. L. PICKETT.

Slow and solemn. Effective as a solo.

1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon - ey Had melt-ed and van-ished a - way;
3. The wid-ow was there and the or-phans, God heard and re-membered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;

I dreamed that the na-tions had gath-ered To judgment before the white throne.
A pauper he stood in the judgment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.
No sor-row in heaven for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The men who had cru -ci - fied Je - sus Had passed off as mor - al men too.

From the throne came a bright shin-ing an - gel And stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far be - hind;
The gam- bler was there and the drunk-ard, And the man who had sold them the drink,
The souls that had put off sal - va-tion—"Not to night; I'll get saved by-and-bye;

And swore with his hand raised to heav-en, That time was no long - er to be.
The an - gel that o - pened the rec-ords, Not a trace of his great-ness could find.
With the peo-ple who gave him the li-cense—Togeth-er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re - lig - ion!" At last they had found time to die.

Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

The Great Judgment Morning. Concluded.

CHORUS.

And oh, what a weep-ing and wail-ing, As the lost were told of their fate;

rit.

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

No. 90. Step Out on the Promise.

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

1. O mourn-er in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je - sus is wait-ing to com-fort you now; Fear not to re-ly on the
2. Oh, ye that are hun-gry and thirst-y re-joice; For ye shall be filled; do you hear that sweet voice In-vit-ing you now to the
3. Who sighs for a heart from in-i-qui-ty free? Oh, poor trou-bled soul! there's a prom-ise for thee; There's rest, wea-ry one, in the
4. The prom-ise can't save, tho' the prom-ise is true; 'T is the blood we get un-der, that cleans-es us through: It cleans-es me now, hal-le-

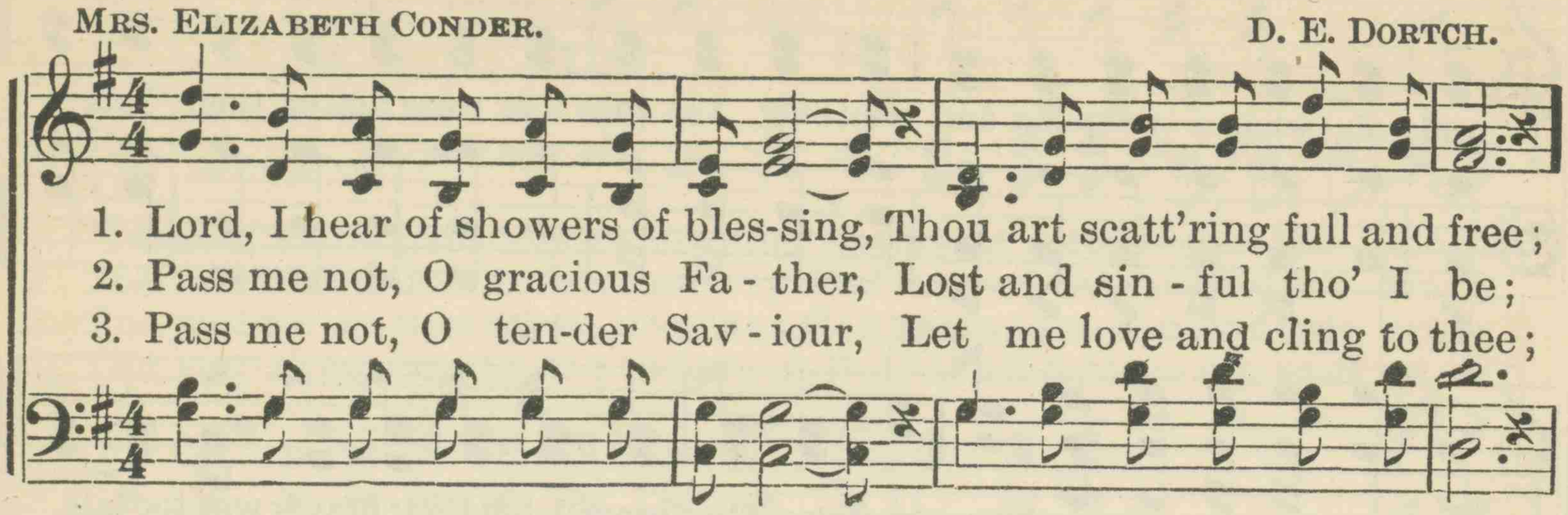
word of thy God, Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.
ban-quet of God? Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.
bos-om of God. Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.
lu-jah to God! I rest on the prom-ise, I'm un-der the blood.

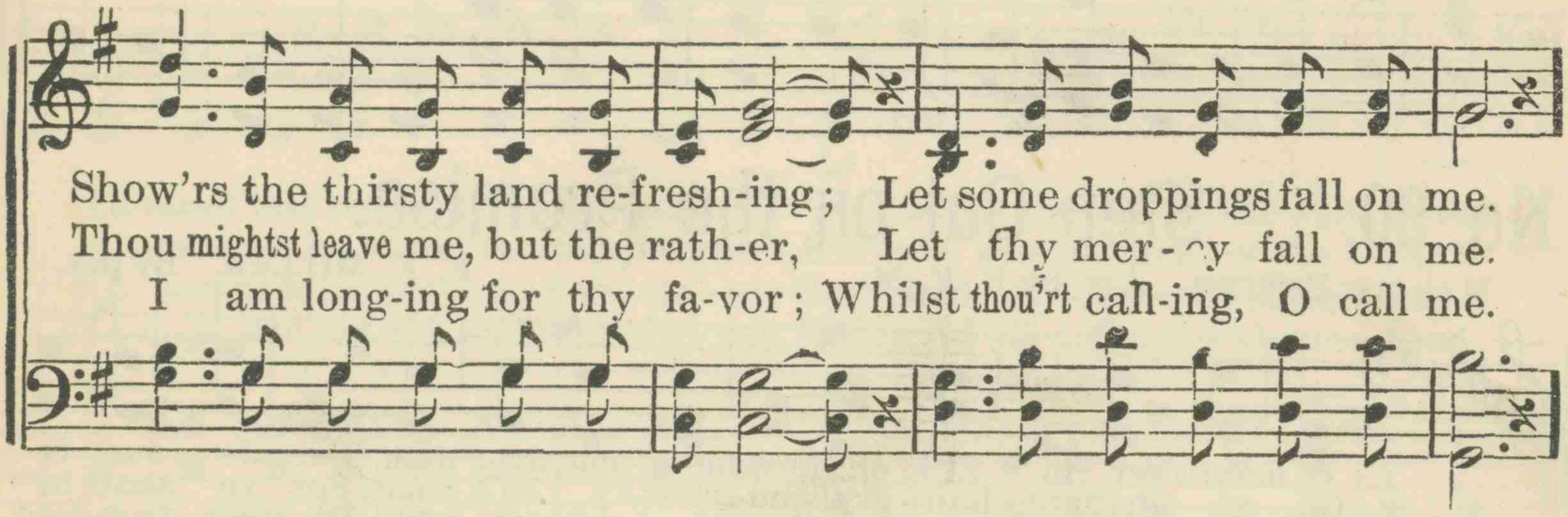
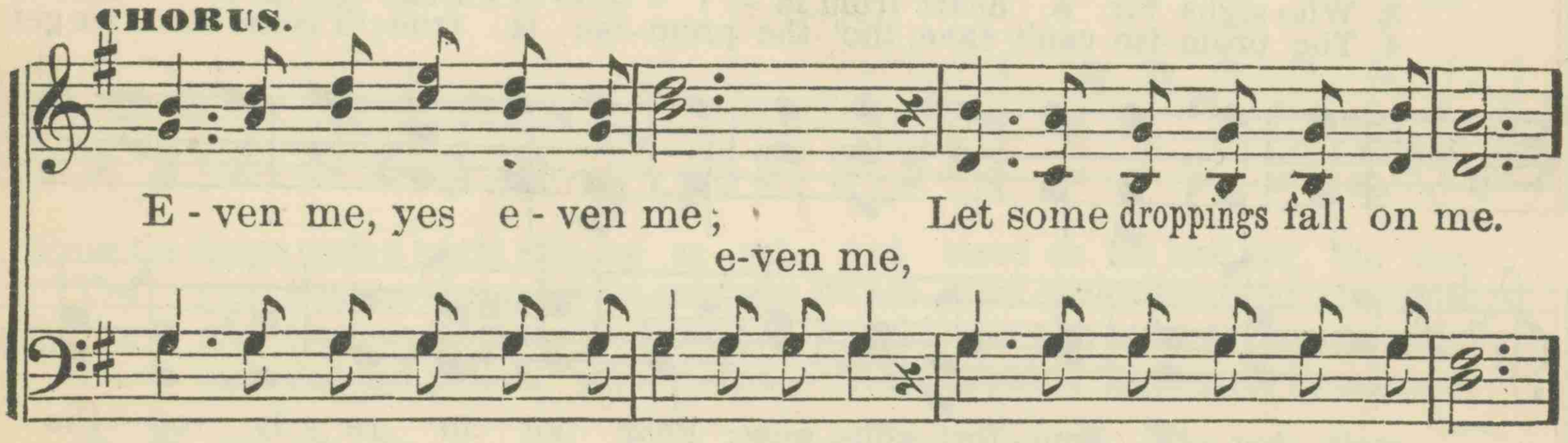
Copyright, 1884, by E. F. Miller.

No. 91. Showers of Blessing.

"There shall be showers of blessing."—EZEK. 31:26.
"Bless me, even me, O my Father."—GEN. 27:34.

MRS. ELIZABETH CONDER. D. E. DORTCH.





4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.

5 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me.

6 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me.

7 Love of God so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ so pure and free,
Grace of God so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.

By permission.

GATHERING HOME.

MISS MARIANA B. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Up to the boun-ti- ful Giv - er of life, Gath-er- ing home! gath-er- ing home!
2. Up to the cit - y where fall-eth no night, Gath-er- ing home! gath-er- ing home!
3. Up to the beau-ti- ful mansions a - bove, Gath-er- ing home! gath-er- ing home!

Up to the dwell-ing where com-eth no strife, The dear ones are gath- er - ing home.
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gath- er - ing home.
Safe in the arms of his in - fi- nite love, The dear ones are gath- er - ing home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er- ing home! Gath- er-ing home! Nev- er to
gath-er- ing home! gath-er - ing home Nev- er to

sor - row more, nev - er to roam, Gath -er- ing home! . . . . . .
sor - row more, nev - er to roam, gath- er - ing home!

Gath-er- ing home! . . . . . God's chil-dren are gath - er - ing home!
gath- er- ing home! God's chil-dren are gath - er - ing home!

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No. 93. Whiter than Snow.

Words by JAMES NICHOLSON. Music by WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be perfect - ly whole; I want thee for -
2. Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je-sus for this I most humby en - treat, I wait, blessed
4. Lord Je-sus, thou see-est I pa-tiently wait, Come now, and with -

ev - er, to live in my soul. Break down ev'ry i - dol, cast
make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -
Lord, at thy cru - ci-fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I
in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought thee thou

out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
ev - er I know; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
see thy blood flow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
never said'st no; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

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

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

By permission.

94 Walk in the Light.

"That I may walk before God in the light of the living."—PSA. 56 : 13.

ANON I. BALTZELL.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! and sin ab-horred Shall ne'er de - file a - gain;
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear;
4. Walk in the light! and thou shalt see Thy path, tho' thorny, bright,

His spir - it on - ly can be-stow, Who reigns in light a-bove.
The blood of Je - sus Christ the Lord, Shall cleanse from ev-'ry sin.
Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.
For God by grace shall dwell in thee, And God Him - self is light.

REFRAIN.

Walk in the light of the liv - ing,
Walk in the light, in the light of the liv - ing,

Walk in the light of God; Walk
Walk in the light, in the light of God; Walk in the light,

in the light of the liv - ing, Walk in the light of God.

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95 What Shall We Do In Heaven?

"And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."—REV. 15: 3.

REV. J. A. LEE. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. What shall we do in heav'n above, (heav'n above,) When gathered there from land and sea? (land and sea?) We'll praise the bless-ed
2. When there, we'll walk around the throne, ('round the throne,) With friends we loved so dear-ly here; (dear-ly here;) We'll see our Lord smile
3. We'll meet our friends and loved ones there, (loved ones there,) We'll see and know them face to face, (face to face,) With-out a bur-den
4. Our loved and own up there we'll meet, (there we'll meet,) Oh then, why need we fear to go? (fear to go?) Our Sav-iour's there, our

Christ we love, (Christ we love,) Because He died for you and me.
on His own, (on His own,) Then nev-er more need we to fear.
or a care, (or a care,) Be-cause of God's own sav-ing grace.
souls to greet, (souls to greet,) He'll free us all from sin and woe.

CHORUS.

I shall then.... a crown be wear-ing, On the bright.... and
I shall then a crown be wear-ing, On the bright and
gold-en shore, the golden shore, Heaven's joy..... with loved ones
Heaven's joy with loved ones

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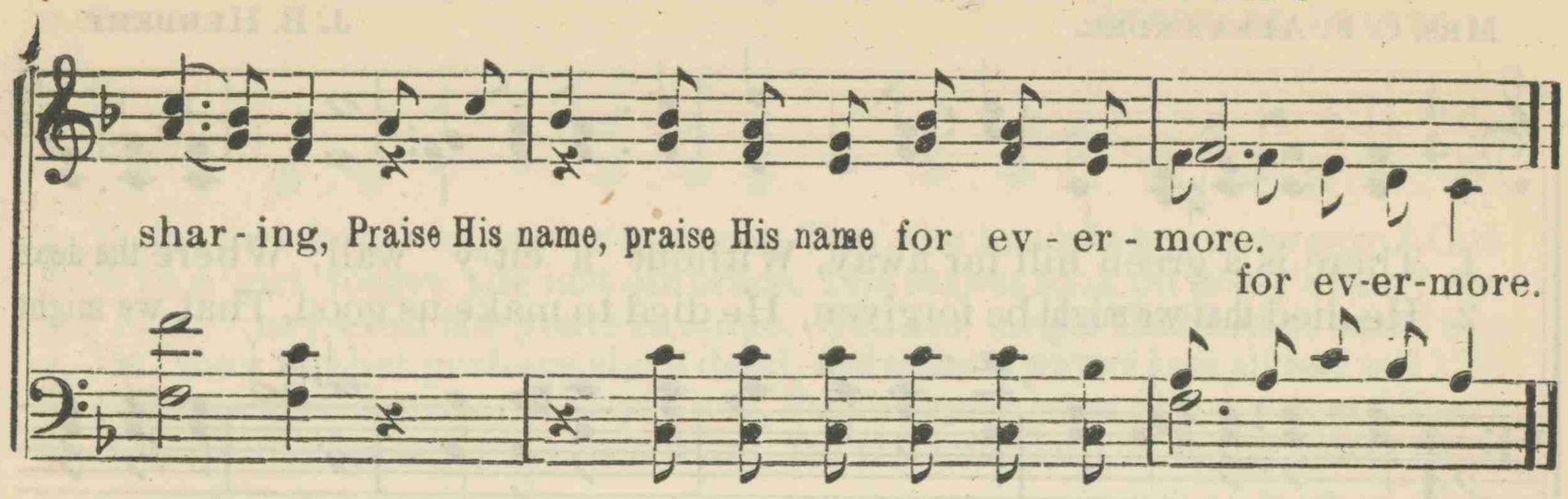
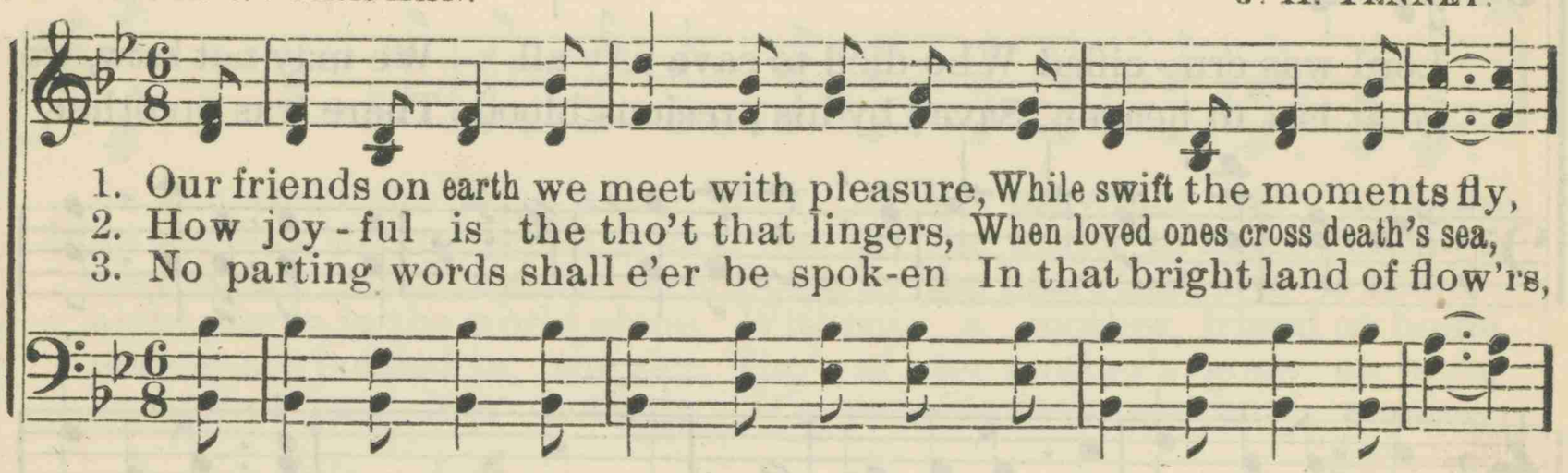
What Shall We Do In Heaven?

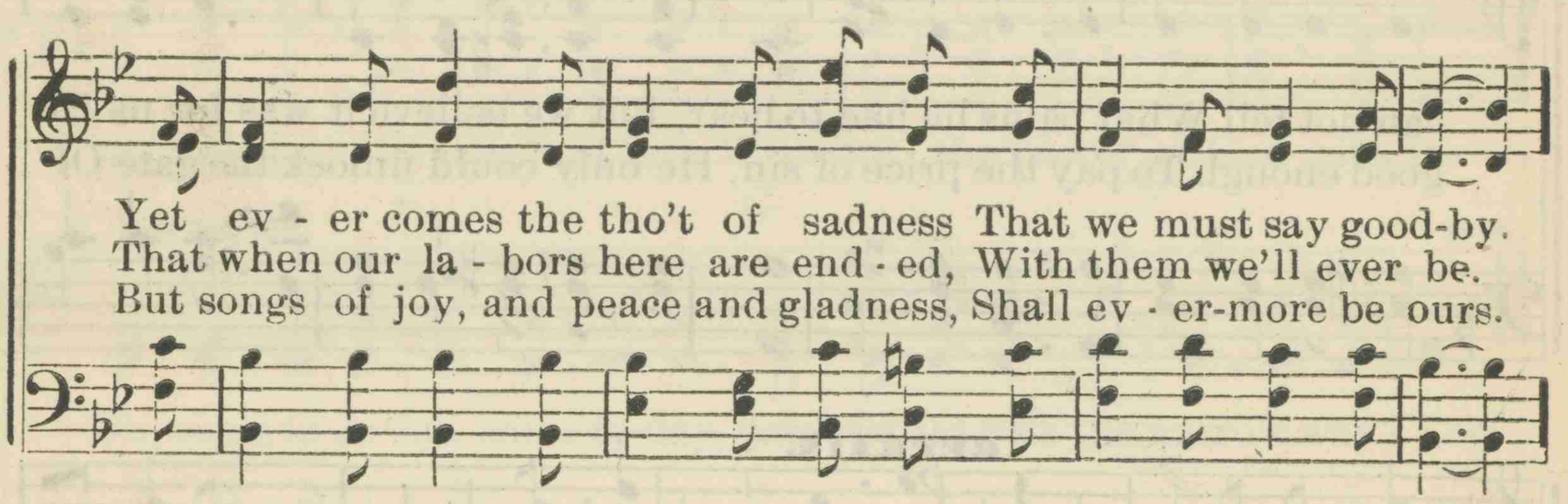


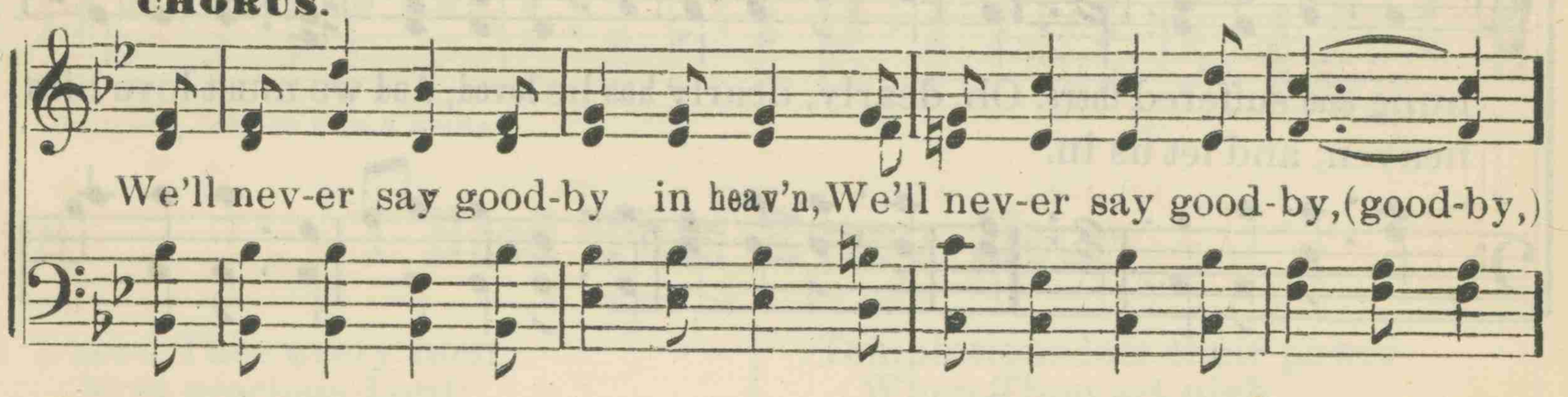
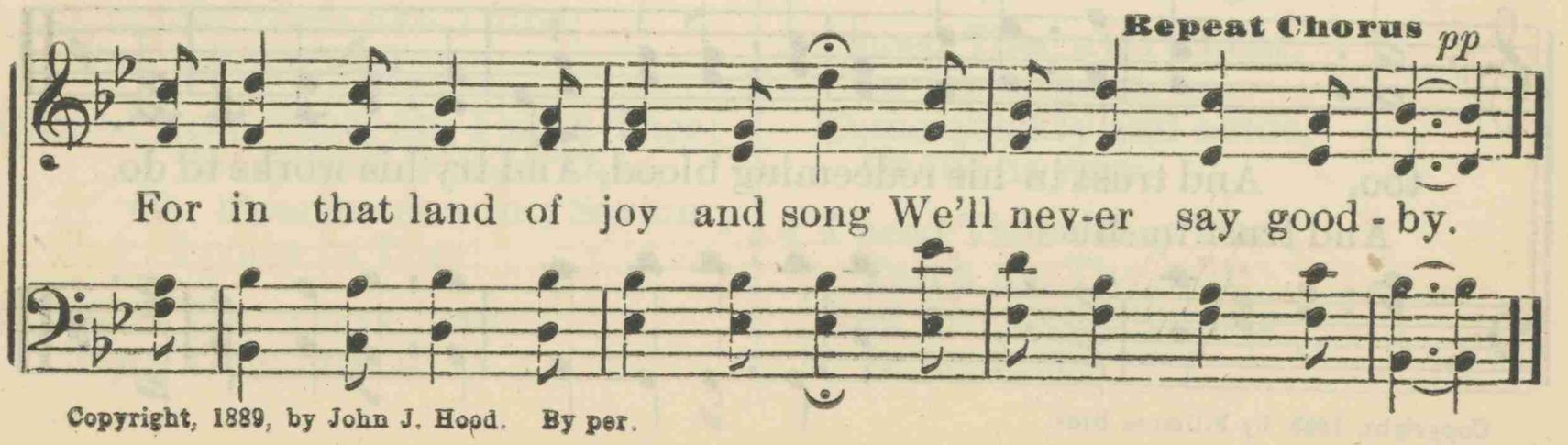
95½ We'll Never Say Good-By.

"We shall never say 'good-by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian Woman.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.







Copyright, 1889, by John J. Hood. By per.

96 There is a Green Hill.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER. J. B. HERBERT.

1. There is a green hill far away, Without a cit-y wall; Where the dear
2. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good, That we might

Lord was cru - cified Who died to save us all. We may not know, we
go at last to heaven, Saved by his precious blood. There was no other

can not tell What pains he had to bear, But we believe it was for us He
good enough To pay the price of sin, He only could unlock the gate Of

REFRAIN.

hung and suffered there. Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved, And we must love him
heaven, and let us in.

too, And trust in his redeeming blood, And try his works to do.
And trust in his

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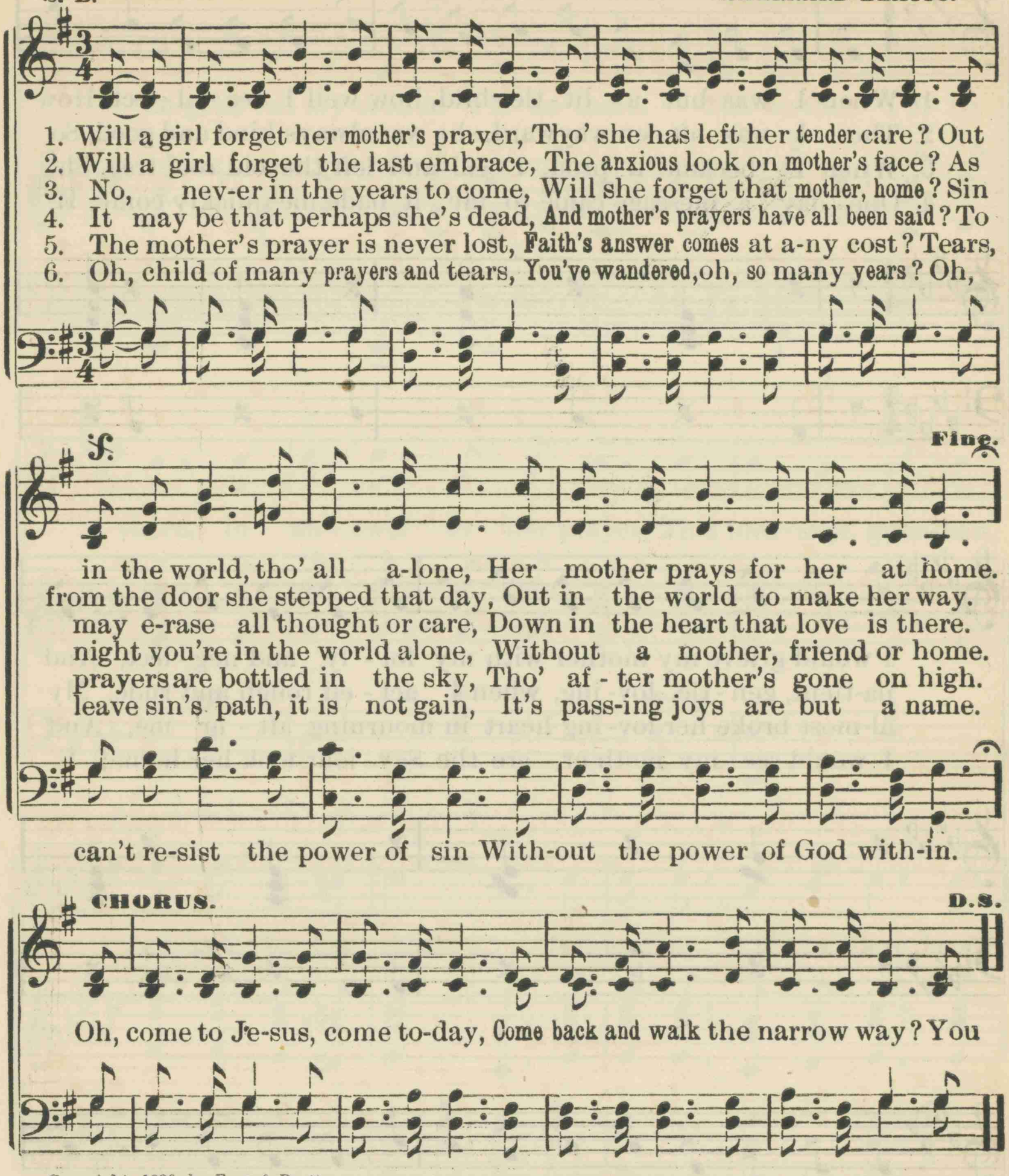
97 # Remember Mother's Prayer.

"Forsake not the law of thy mother."—PROV. 6 : 20.

SHERRARD BEATTY.



Copyright, 1896, by Fogg & Beatty.

98 # I Need Thee Every Hour.

KEY OF A FLAT.

1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine;
Can peace afford.

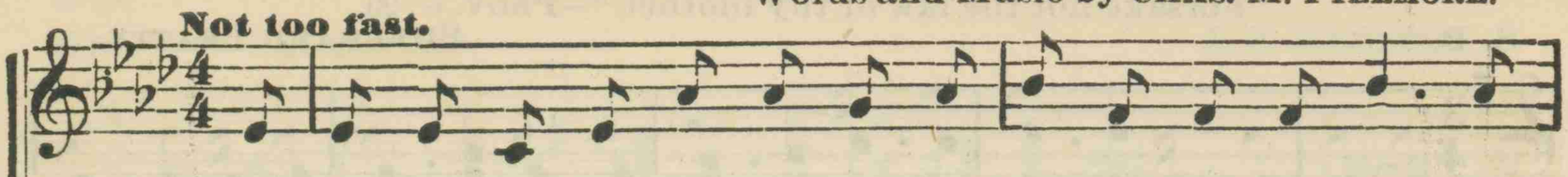
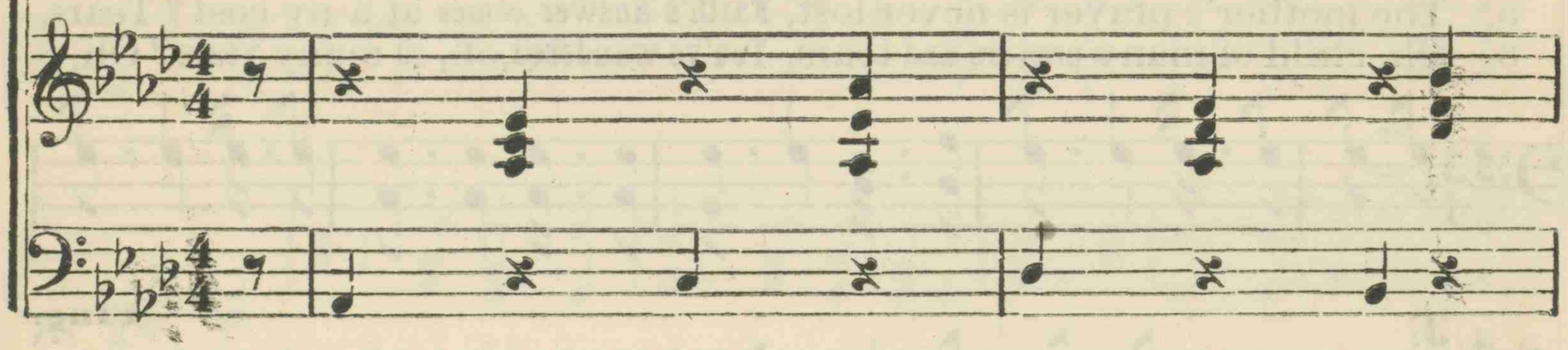
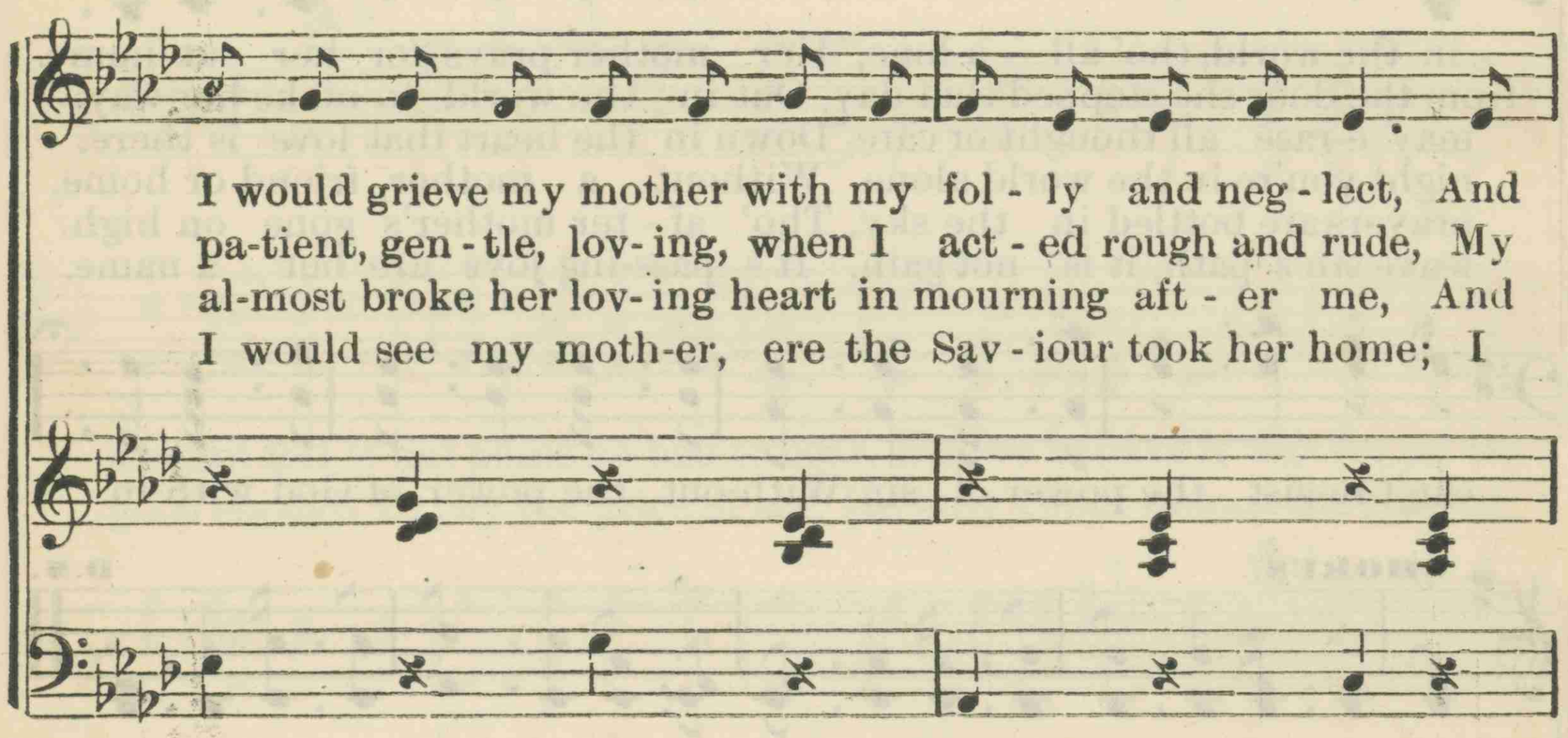
CHO.—I need Thee, oh, I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee!

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

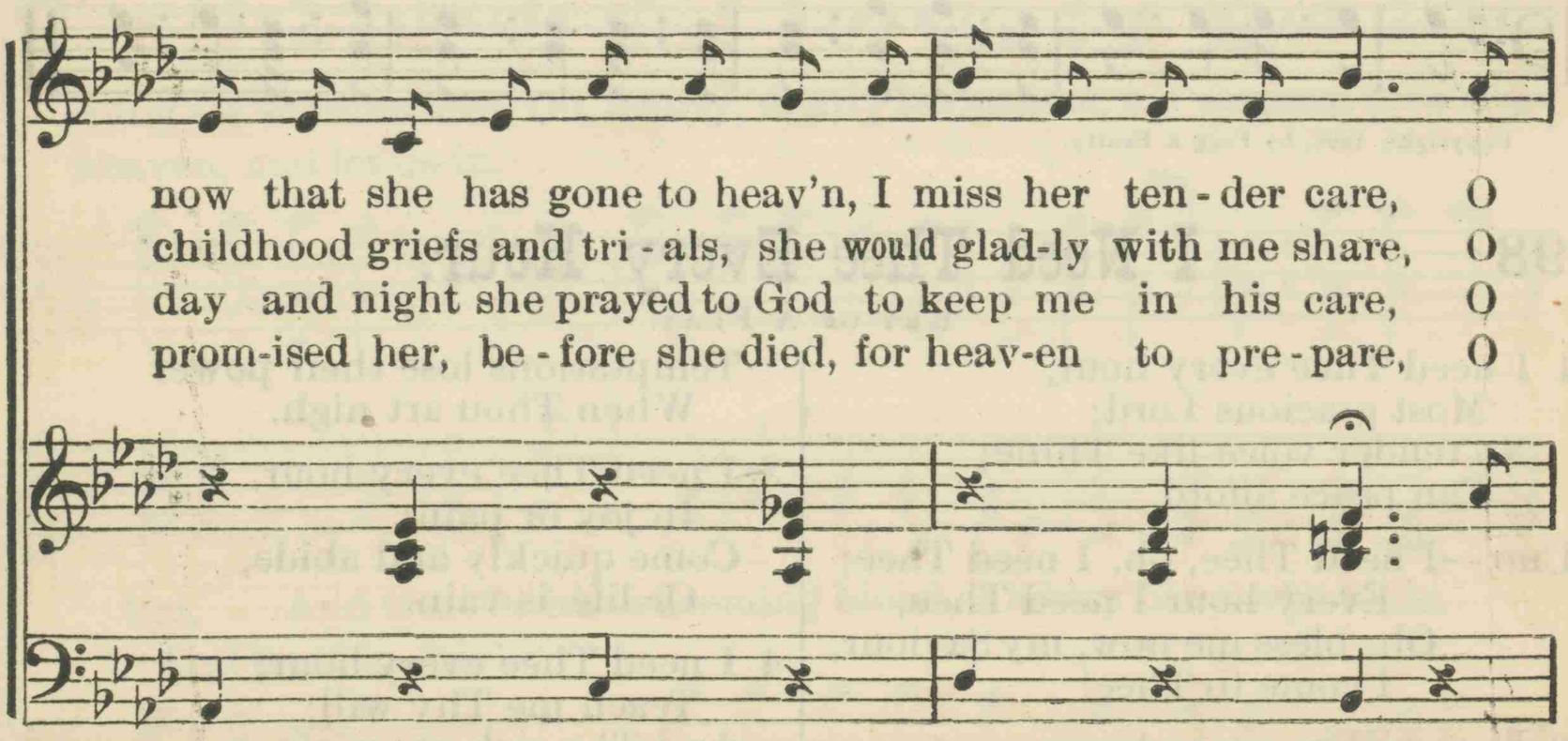
3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

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

99 Tell Mother I'll be There.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. When I was but a lit-tle child, how well I rec-ol-lect, How
2. Tho I was oft-en wayward, she was always kind and good, So
3. When I became a prod-i-gal and left the old roof-tree, She
4. One day a message came to me, it bade me quickly come, If



I would grieve my mother with my fol-ly and neg-lect, And
pa-tient, gen-tle, lov-ing, when I act-ed rough and rude, My
al-most broke her lov-ing heart in mourning aft-er me, And
I would see my moth-er, ere the Sav-iour took her home; I



now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her ten-der care, O
childhood griefs and tri-als, she would glad-ly with me share, O
day and night she prayed to God to keep me in his care, O
prom-ised her, be-fore she died, for heav-en to pre-pare, O

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Tell Mother I'll be There.

CHORUS.

an-gels, tell my mother I'll be there. Tell mother I'll be

there, in an - swer to her prayer, This mes - sage, guar-dian

an - gels, to her bear; Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's

joys with her to share, Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.

No. 100. Calling Me Over the Tide.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

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

REFRAIN.

Call-ing me o - ver the tide. Call-ing to me, they are calling to me, Loved ones are call-ing me o - ver the tide, They are calling to me, they are calling to me, Calling me o-ver the tide.

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101 Loving Each Other.

"Let us love one another."—1 JOHN 4: 1.

D. E. L. D. E. LORENZ.

1. This is the mot - to we all would o - bey, We will all love one an- oth - er; Hap-py we sing and are glad all the day,
2. Thus will we la - bor and thus will we play, Try- ing to help one an- oth - er; Driv-ing the sorrows of oth - ers a - way,
3. Let us, like Je - sus, be thoughtful and kind, Striving to please one an-oth - er; Here, as in heav'n, we will be of one mind,

CHORUS.

When we can serve one an - oth - er. Lov - - - ing each
Bring-ing sweet peace to each oth - er.
Ev - 'ry one lov - ing the oth - er. Lov-ing and serving each
oth - er, How pleasant to cher-ish a broth - er; Serv- - - - ing each oth - er, The Sav-iour looks on us with joy.
Serv-ing and lov-ing each oth - er,

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102 A Place In the Ranks for Me.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F

1. List! the trumpet of God is sound - ing, Is sound-ing from sea to sea; On the field where the brave are falling There's a
2. See, the ar - my of God ad - van - ces, In strength of his ho - ly might; See the flash of the mov-ing lan - ces, And the
3. List! the trumpet of God is sound - ing, Is sound-ing for vic - to - ry; I must go, for the brave are fall - ing, And the

CHORUS.

place in the ranks for me.
glit - ter of hel - mets bright. There's a place in the ranks for
Cap - tain has need of me.

me! (for me!) A place in the ranks for me! (for me!) On the field where the brave are falling, There's a place in the ranks for me.

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103 THE SWEET STORY.

J. B. ATCHINSON. PEARL J. SPRAGUE, by per.

1. Re-peat the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus to me, O, tell me the sto - ry once more; Tho' oft - en I've heard it, each time it is told,
2. O, tell me once more of his won-der - ful love, His goodness and mer - cy to me; When hope-less-ly lost in the dark-ness of sin,
3. O, tell me a - gain of the land of the blest, Where sorrow and sin nev - er come; Where I with the Sav-iour shall ev - er-more dwell,

REFRAIN.

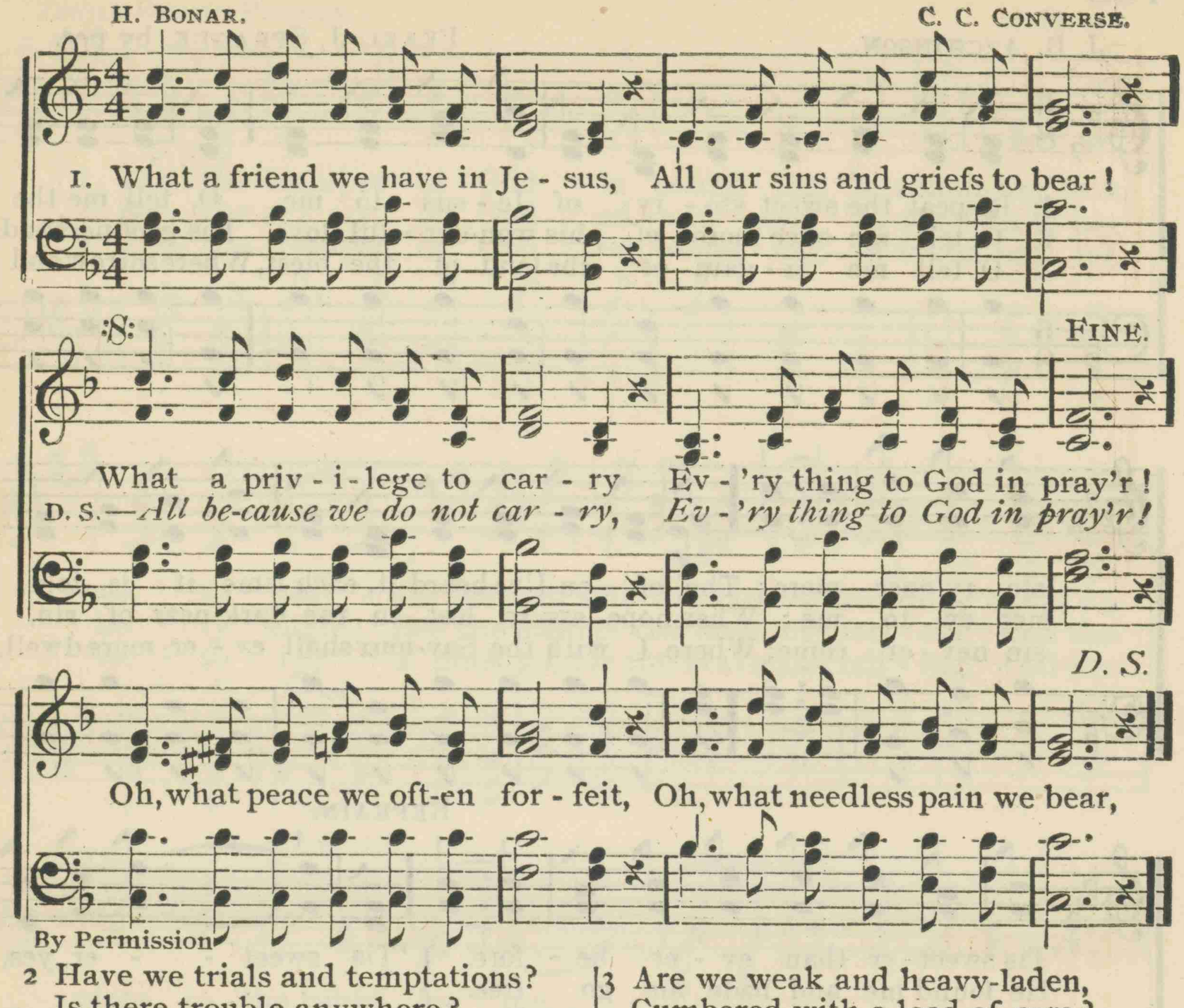
'Tis sweet - er than ev - er be - fore. } 'Tis sweet - - er, yes,
He found me and bade me go free.
O, tell me of heav - en my home. } O, tell me the sto - ry of

sweet - - er each time . . . . than be - fore, ...
Je - sus once more, 'Tis sweet - er, yes, sweet - er each time than before;

Then tell . . . me the sto - - ry of Je - - sus once more.
Then tell me the story, the story so sweet, O, tell me the story of Je-sus once more.

No. 104. What a Friend.

H. BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE.



By Permission

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 Savior, 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.

No. 105. PRECIOUS PROMISE.

Key of G.

1 Precious promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven,
I will guide thee with mine eye.

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

3 When thy secret hopes have perished
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling:
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

NATHANIEL NILES.

No. 106. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Key of Eb.

1 I hear the Savior say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Come to me—I'll be thy stay;
Find in me thine all in all,

CHORUS.

Jesus died for me,
All to Him I owe—
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
Jesus died my soul to save,
And blessed be His name.

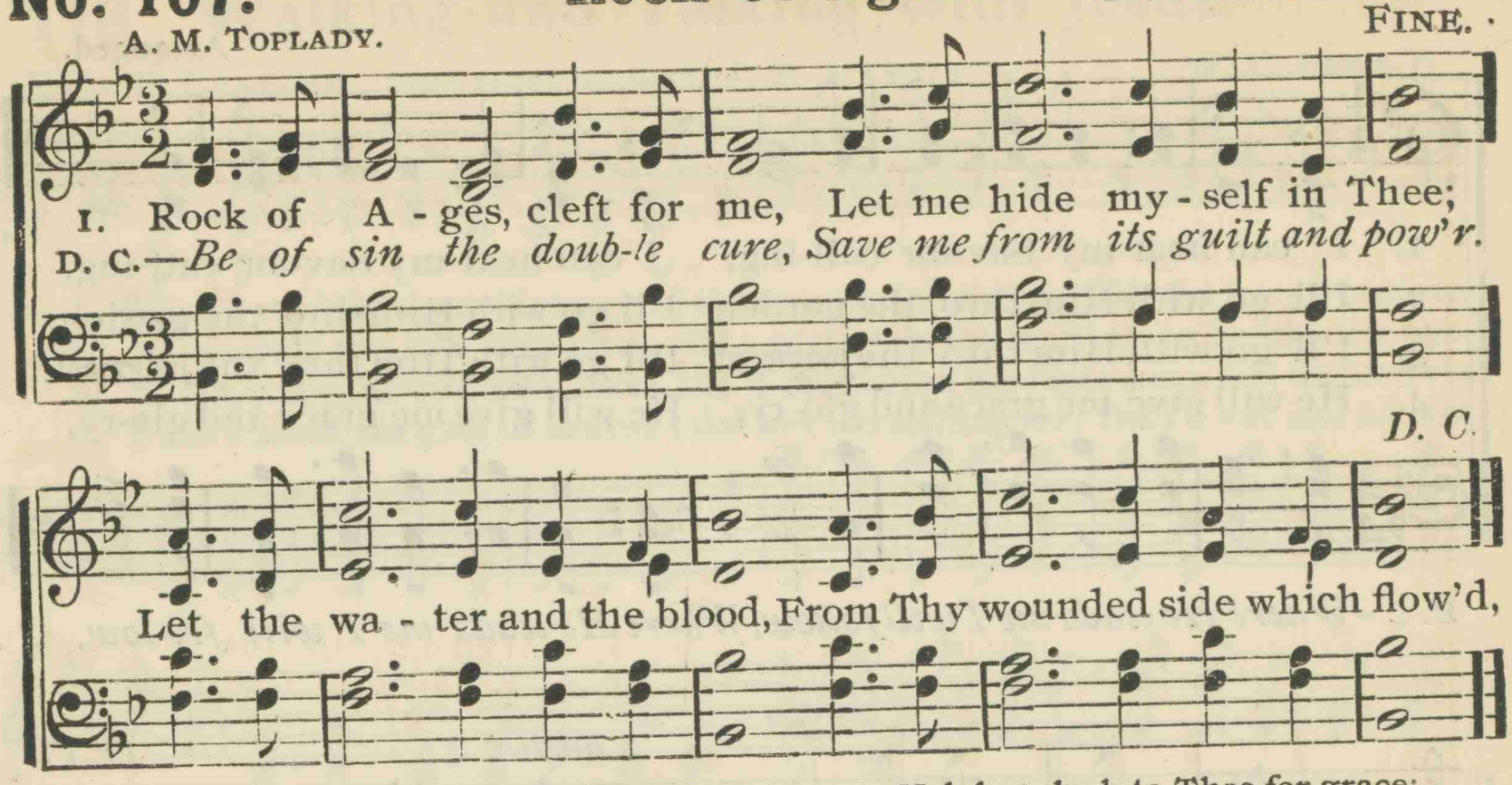
3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete,
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

Mrs. E. M. HALL. *alt.*

No. 107. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

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, Savior, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall 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.

No. 108. AT THE CROSS.

Key of E.

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

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where the precious Savior died,
Where the blood flows that saves even me;
Sinner, come and behold now His wounded bleeding side,
Oh, that blood now is flowing for thee!

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

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

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

No. 109. MY HAPPY HOME.

Key of G.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Oh, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

REFRAIN.

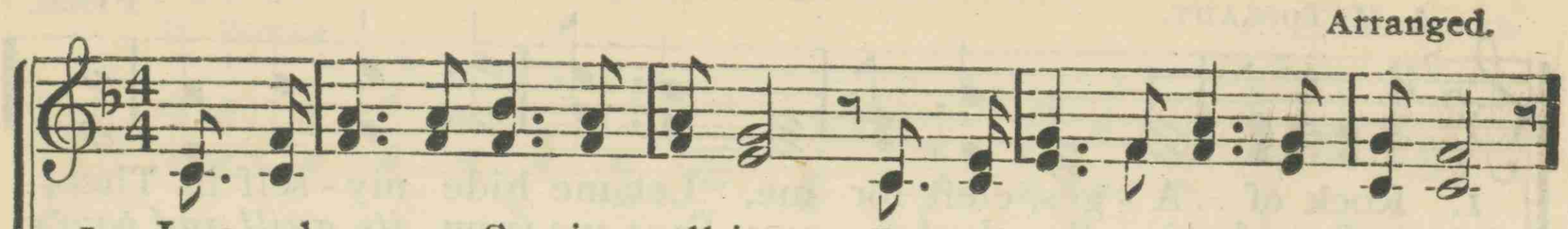
‖: Will you meet me in the city of the new Jerusalem?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?:‖

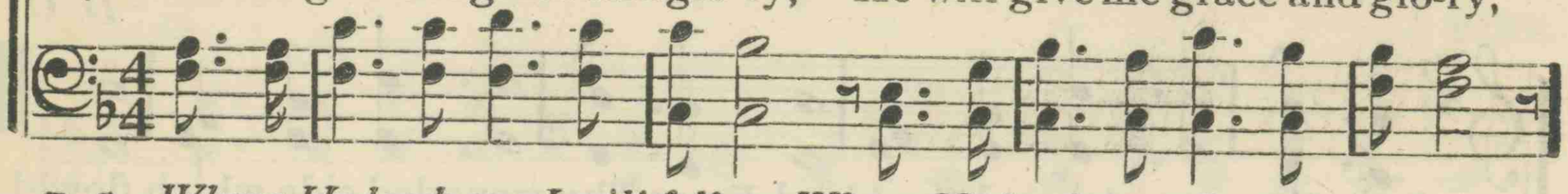
2 Thy walls are all of precious stone
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams
My study long have been—
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And praises never end.

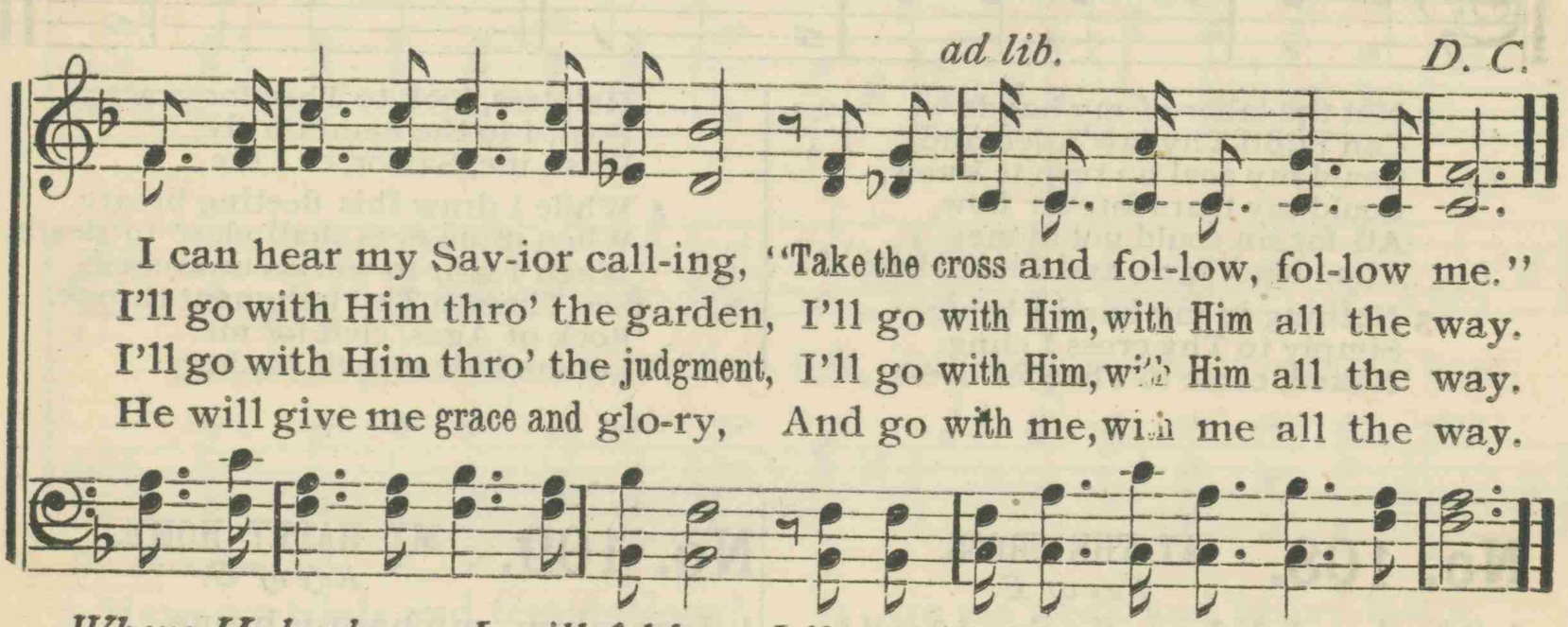
No. 110. The Way of the Cross.

Arranged.

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



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

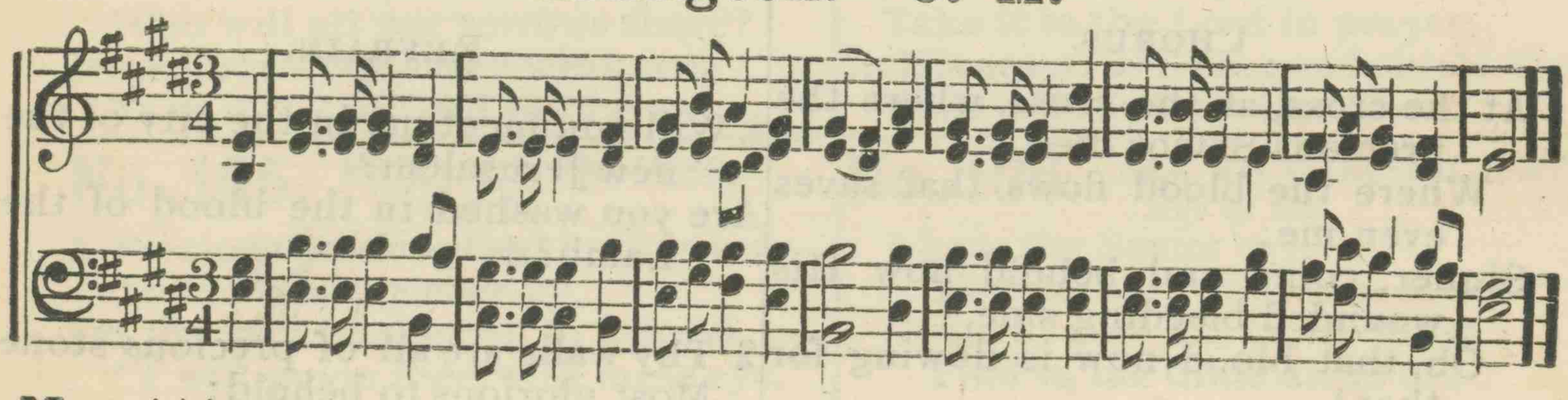
ad lib. *D. C.*



I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take the cross and fol-low, fol-low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

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

Arlington. C. M.



No. 111.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross—
A follower of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

I. WATTS.

No. 112.

1 There is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with care oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

W. B. TAPPAN.

113 Walking and Talking with Jesus.

EBEN E. REXFORD. Last verse by REV. J. M. MARTIN. W. E. PENN.

1. When I read the dear old sto-ry of the cross and Cal-va-ry, With what joy my heart runs o - ver, as I think He died for me; And my soul is filled with longing as I read that long a - go Persons walk'd and talk'd with Jesus as He journey'd to and fro.
2. O to walk and talk with Jesus, what a rapture in the tho't! O to be like His Dis- ci-ples, by the world's great teacher taught! And my heart o'er-flows with gladness as the sto- ry I re-peat, Let me walk and talk to Je-sus, let me learn at Jesus' feet.
3. I can walk and talk with Jesus, tho' I cannot see His face; I can feel the Lord who loves me, near in ev- 'ry time and place; I can feel His smile up-on me; "Follow Me," I hear Him say; Soul be glad; with those who love Him, Jesus walks and talks to-day.
4. When I reach the gate of heaven I shall meet His smiling face; Then I'll walk and talk with Je- sus, Of His goodness, love, and grace; As I range the fields of glory, With the saints who've gone before, I shall walk and talk with Jesus, And be with Him evermore.

CHORUS.

O to walk and talk with Je - sus! 'Tis a bless - ed tho't to me; This my dai - ly pray'r, my Sav- iour, Let me walk and talk with Thee.

Copyright, 1889, by W. E. Penn.

114 Cling to the Bible, My Boy.

WILL S. HAYS, arr. D. B. TOWNER.

1. As your jour-ney thro' life to the grave you pur - sue, There is one thing in earn-est I wish you to do, Oh! list - en, my boy, while I say this to you: Oh! cling to the Bi - ble, my boy.
2. You may meet with misfortunes and sor-rows and tears, You may bat - tle with sin and with Sa - tan for years, Be a Christian! press on! do not have an - y fears, But cling to the Bi - ble, my boy.
3. Put your faith in our Fa-ther and you will be *strong*, Keep your eye on the cross and you'll never go wrong, Sing the sweet songs of praise as you jour-ney a-long, And cling to the Bi - ble, my boy.
4. Ev-'ry time that you read it, you'll learn something *new*, Of Je - sus who died on the cross to save *you*, To the Lord, to your-self, and to heav-en be *true*, And cling to the Bi - ble, my boy.
5. 'Tis the an - chor of hope, and the lamp that gives light, 'Tis the star that will shine thro' your life's darkest night, If you fol - low its guidance you'll always be *right*, Oh! cling to the Bi - ble, my boy.

CHORUS.

Then cling to the Bible, my boy,..... Oh! cling to the Bible, my boy,..... the Bible, my boy, the Bible, my boy.

While living or dying, all else letting go, Oh, cling to the Bible, my boy!

Copyright, 1889, by D. B. Towner.

115 In My Father's Dwelling.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John. 14: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. In my Fa-ther's dwelling a - bove, There's a robe and a crown for me;
2. In my Fa-ther's dwelling a - bove, O the bliss that re-mains for me!
3. In my Fa-ther's dwelling a - bove, When the cares of the world shall cease,
4. In my Fa-ther's dwelling a - bove, With the friends that have gone be-fore,

I shall en - ter through the gates of glo - ry there, And the
I shall tell of my Re-deem-er and His love, I shall
I shall join the hap - py cho- rus of the blest, In a
We shall meet be- yond the riv - er by and by, There to

CHORUS.

King in His beau- ty see. O the rapt - ure, O the rapt - ure,
sing of His grace so free.
land of de-light and peace.
praise Him for ev - er - more. O the rapt-ure then, O the rapt-ure then,

When I reach my Father's dwelling bright and fair! O the rapt - ure,
O the rapt-ure then,

O the rapt - ure, When the King shall re - ceive me there!
O the rapt-ure then,

Copyright, 1898, by W. H. Doane.

116 Tell It To-day.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

1. If the name of the Sav - iour is precious to you, If his
2. If your faith in the Sav - iour has brought its reward, If a
3. If the souls all a - round you are liv - ing in sin, If the

care has been con-stant and ten-der and true, If the light of his
strength you have found in the strength of your Lord, If the hope of a
Mas - ter has told you to bid them come in, If the sweet in - vi -

pre-sence has brightened your way, Oh, will you not tell of your
rest in his pal - ace is sweet, Oh, will you not, brother, the
ta - tion they nev - er have heard, Oh, will you not tell them the

REFRAIN.

glad-ness to - day? Oh, will you not tell it to - day? . . .
sto - ry re - peat?
cheer-bringing word? Oh, will you not, will you not tell it to-day?

Will you not tell it to - day? . . . . If the light of his
Will you not, will you not tell it to - day?

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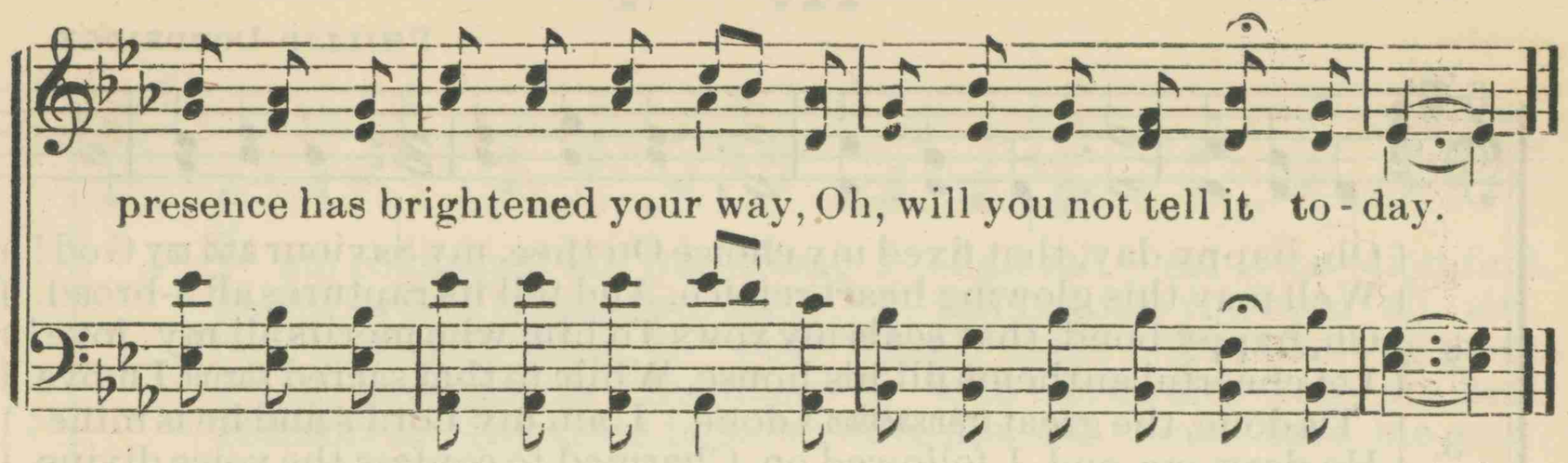
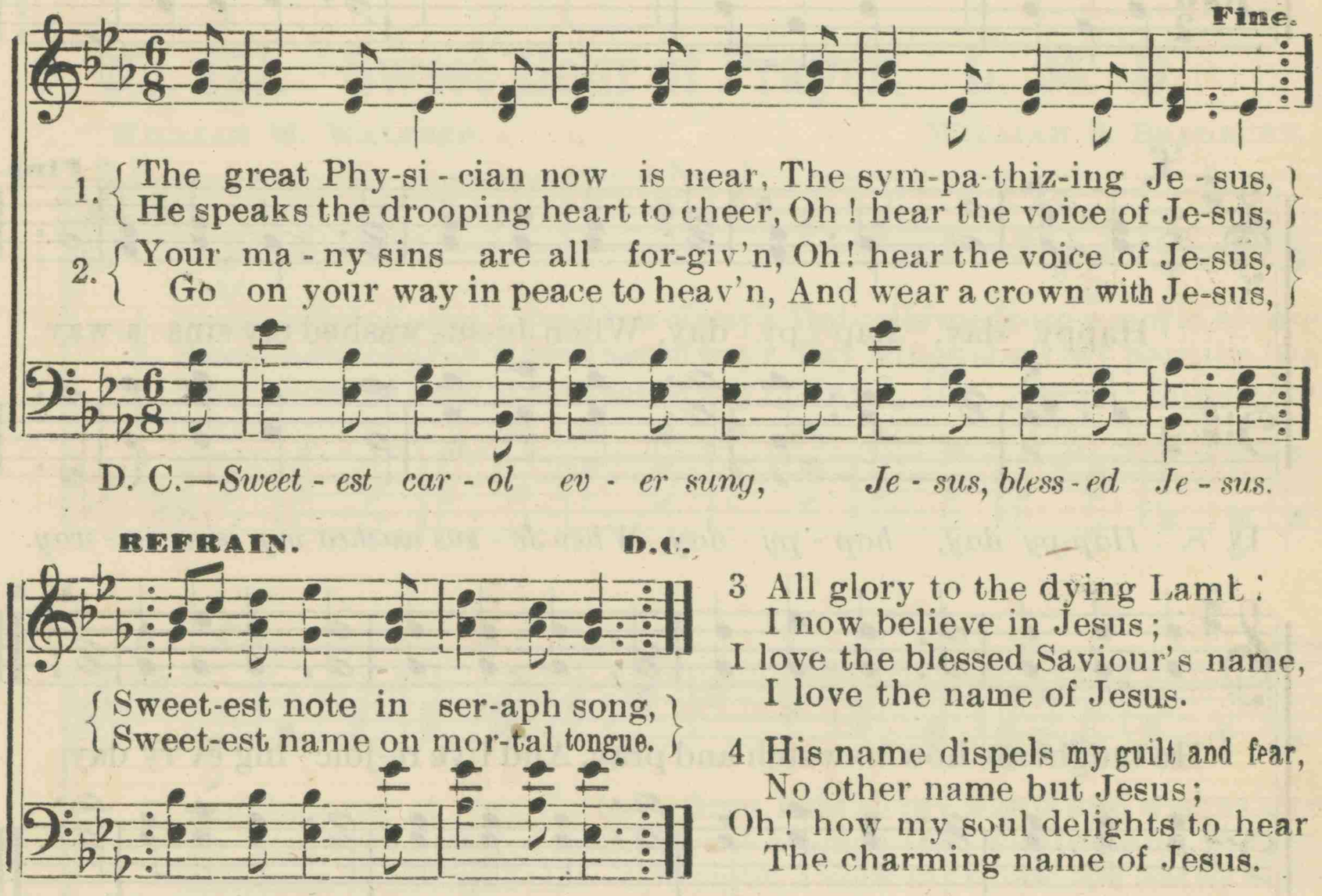
Tell It To-day.



117 The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER. Arr by J. H. STOCKTON,



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

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

118 A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

KEY OF F.

Words Arr.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

No. 119. Happy Day.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE.

1. { Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! / Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }
2. { Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows To him who merits all my love! / Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and he is mine; / He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine. }
4. { Now rest, my long divid - ed heart, Fixed on this blissful centre, rest; / Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With him of ev-'ry good possessed. }

f. **Fine.**

Happy day, hap - py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;

D. S. *Hap-py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.*

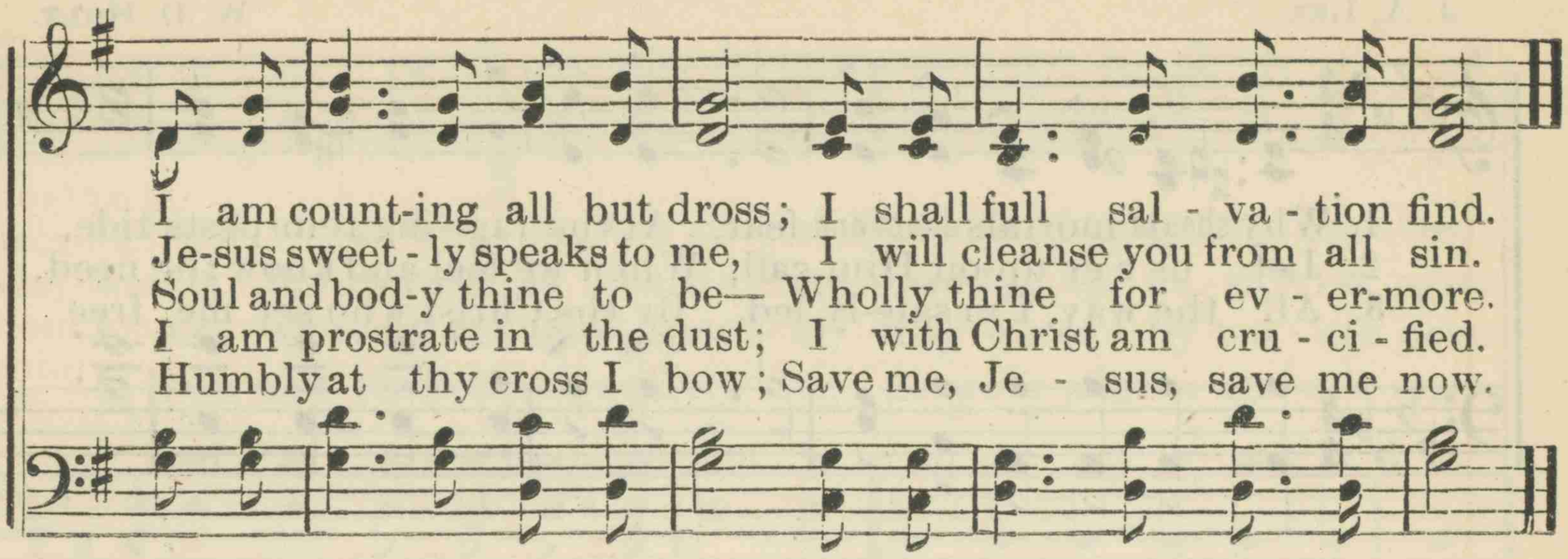
D. S.

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

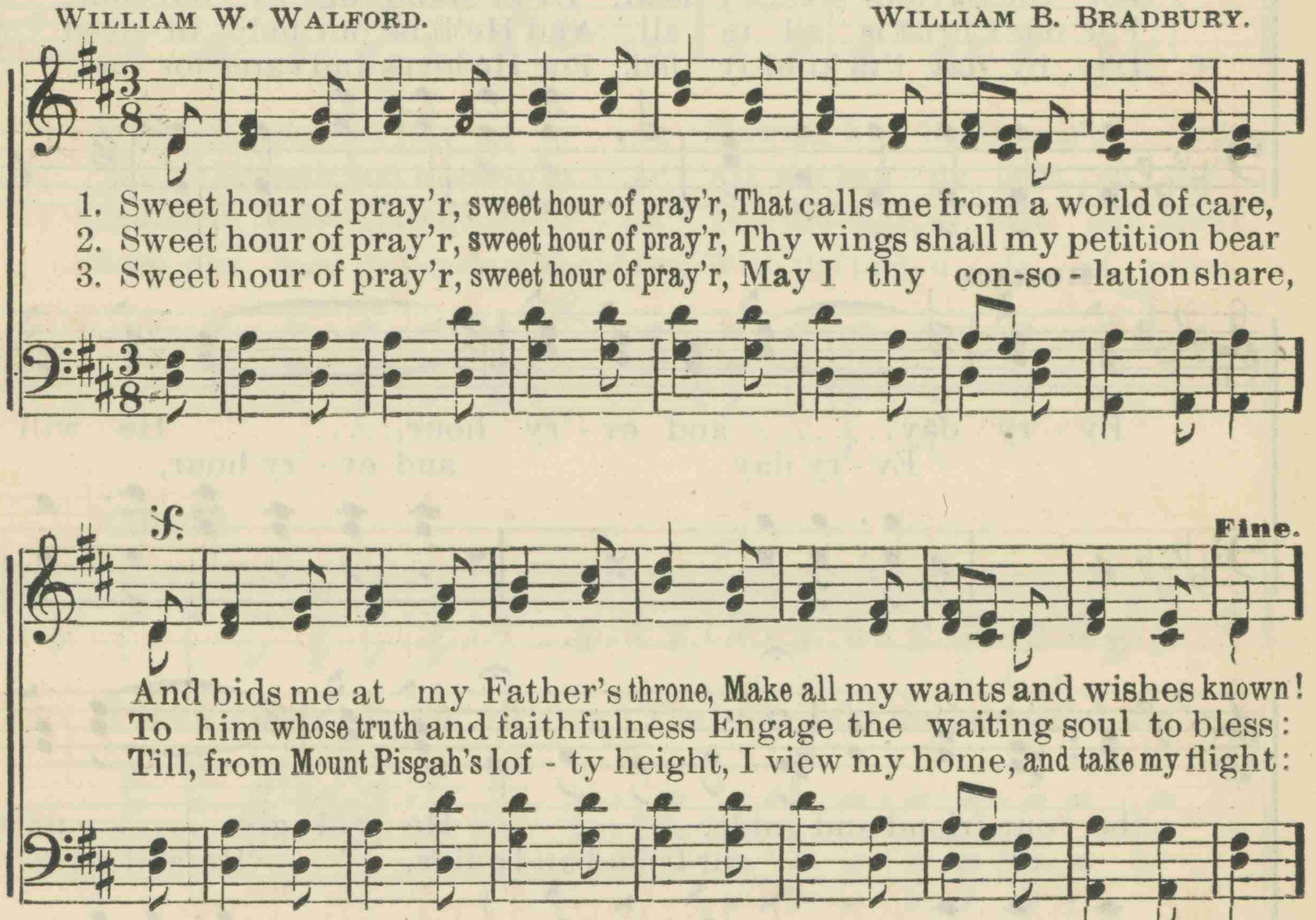
No. 120. I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

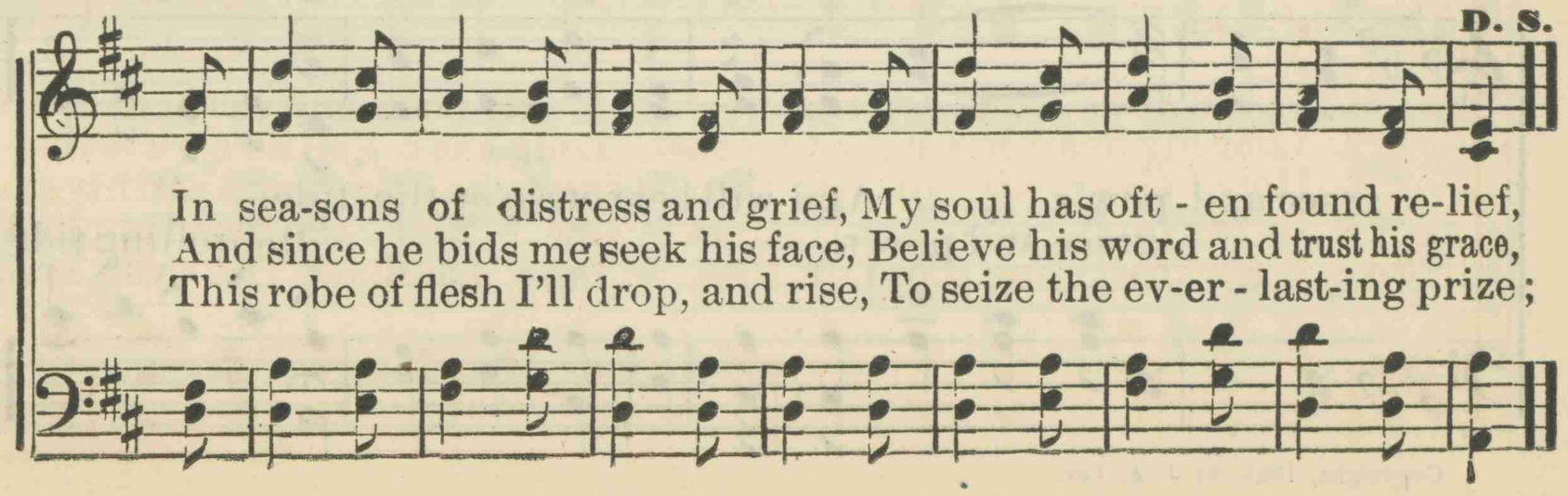
1. I am com - ing to the cross: I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has e - vil dwelt within;
3. Here I give my all to thee,—Friends, and time, and earthly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust: Now I feel the blood applied;

Cho.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee. Concluded.

No. 121. Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. D.

WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.





122 Why Should Mortals Doubt and Fear.

"Grace to help in time of need."—HEB. 4: 16.

J. A. LEE. W. D. HOLT.

1. Why should mortals doubt and fear, At the rag - ing tem-pests tide,
2. Let us e'er up-on Him call, When we feel and know the need,
3. All the way, I'm safe-ly led, By the Christ who set me free,

For the Saviour's ver - y near, Ev-er stand-ing by our side.
For our Christ is all in all, And He'll be our help in - deed.
Day by day I'm kind-ly fed, For He loves and cares for me.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry day..... and ev - 'ry hour,..... He will be our friend and guide,
Ev -'ry day and ev - 'ry hour, our friend and guide,

He will give..... us grace and pow'r,.....
He will give the rolling tide.

And will bear us o'er the tide.

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123 BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

ROBERT LOWRY. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down,
4. Soon we'll reach the crys-tal riv - er, Soon our pilgrim-age will cease,

With its crys-tal tide for- ev - er Flowing by the throne of God.
We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de-liv - er, And pro-vide, a robe and crown.
Soon our hap- py hearts will quiver, With the mel- o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

p

Yes we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beauti-ful riv - er—

Gath- er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

By per. Rev. Robt. Lowry, owner of the Copyright.

AS DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.

W. E. PENN. H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

Quartet legato.

1. As doves to their windows, when darkness draws nigh My soul in its longings to Je-sus would fly; When dark waves of sor-row would o-ver me roll, In
2. The win-dows of heaven stand open and wide, Where earth's weary pilgrims may ev-er a-bide; Why then do we tar-ry in dark-ness and sin, When
3. The storm clouds are gath'ring, the tempest is high, The day is far spent and the dark night is nigh; Why then stand we i-dle 'mid dan-gers so great? We
4. Then come, trembling sin-ner, no long-er de-lay, As doves to their windows fly quick-ly a-way; A-way from the sins that will sink thy poor soul, Where

REFRAIN. *cres.*

Jesus, my Saviour, there's rest for my soul. As doves . . to their win-dows, when
Je-sus is waiting to welcome us in?
know that this moment may close mercy's gate.
dark waves of death must eternally roll.

As doves to their windows, as doves to their windows, when
dark-ness is nigh, . . As doves . to their win-dows, when
darkness is nigh, when darkness is nigh, As doves to their windows, as doves to their windows, when
tem-pests are high, when tempests are high

From Harvest Bells No. 8. W. E. Penn, owner of copyright.

As Doves to Their Windows.

m **Con express ab lib.**

thy wea - ry soul When dark waves of sorrow would over thee roll.....
over thee roll.

125 My Mission Field.

"The Lord alone did lead him."

W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I would toil in the field where He call - eth me to go, Tho'
2. I would walk in the path where it lead - eth un - to day, Tho'
3. I would toil in the field where He call - eth me to go, Tho'

humble my work may be; I would ask no more; I on - ly care to know,
lone-ly the path might be; I would take my staff and follow all the way,
bar-ren the soil might be; Tho' the way be hard, 'tis sweet e-nough to know,

D. S. *I would ask no more; I on - ly care to know,*

CHORUS.

Fine.

'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me. 'Tis the way..... my Lord
'Tis the way my

'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me.

lead - eth me, 'Tis the way..... my Lord lead - eth me;
Lord leadeth me, 'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me;

D. S.

No. 126. The Life-Boat.

First 3 verses ANON.
Last 4 by Rev. M. M. BRABHAM.

Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.

SOLO.

1. We're float-ing down the stream of time, We have not long to stay;
2. Sometimes we've felt dis-cour-ag - ed, And thought it all in vain,
3. The Life-boat soon is com-ing, By the eye of Faith I see,

The storm - y clouds of dark - ness Will turn to brightest day.
For us to live a Christian life, And walk in Je - sus' name.
As she sweeps thro' the wa - ters To res-cue you and me,

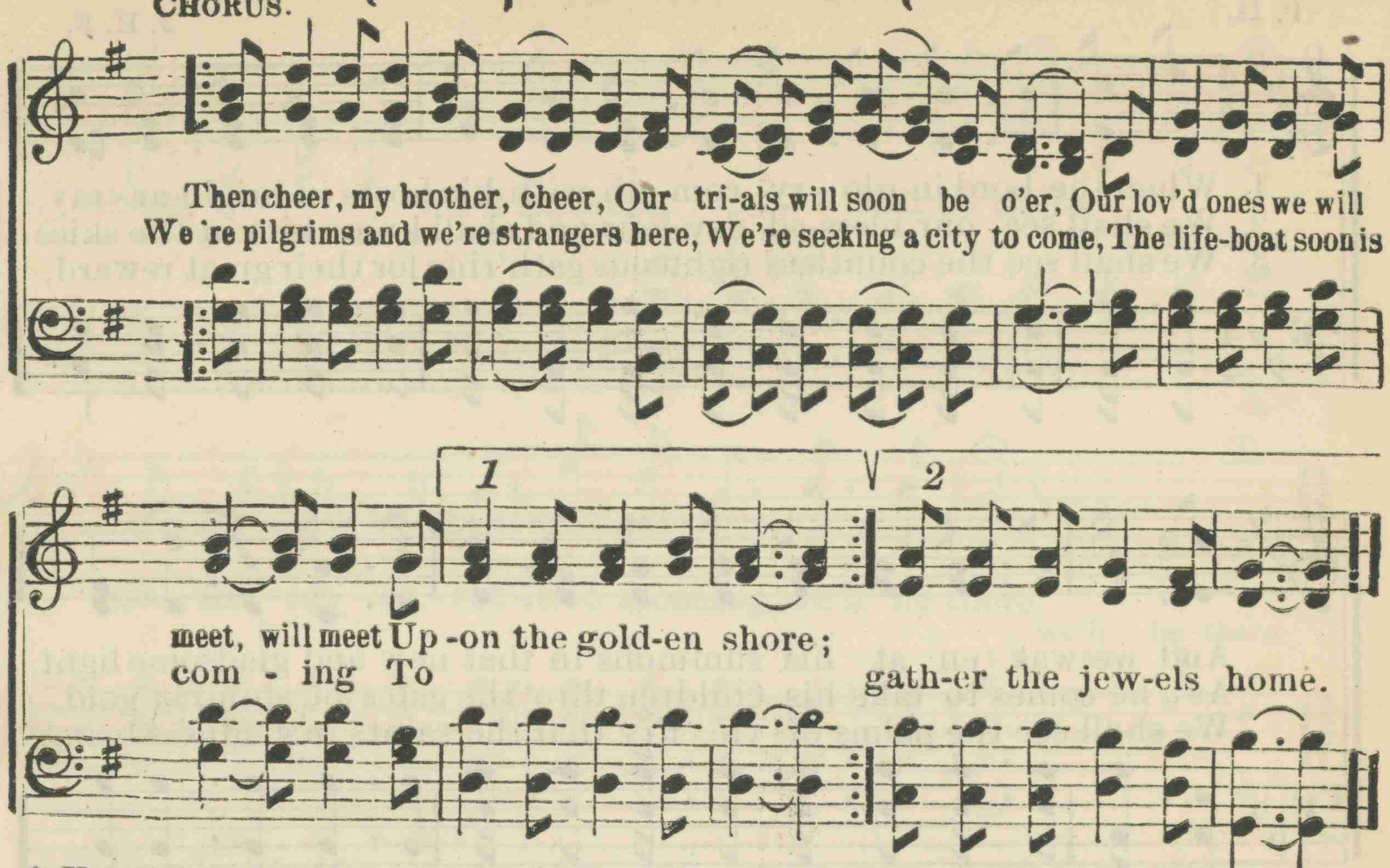
Then let us all take cour - age, For we're not left a - lone;
But then we heard the Mas-ter say, I'll lend a help-ing hand;
And land us safe - ly in the port With friends we love so dear.

The life-boat soon is com - ing To gath-er the jew - els home.
And if you'll on - ly trust me I'll guide you to that land.
"Get read - y," cries the Cap - tain. Oh! look, she is al - most here.

Copyrighted, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

The Life-Boat. Concluded.

CHORUS.



4 Yes, see her coming o'er the tide
With banners all unfurled;
She comes from heavenly ports afar,
To take us from this world.
"Aboard, aboard," the Captain cries,
Let every pilgrim come,
And once upon the Life-boat,
I'll bear you safely home."

5 Behold all things are ready now,
The bells begin to ring,
The Captain stands upon the prow,
And all the pilgrims sing.
The breezes fill the canvas,
The waters rush and foam,
For we're upon the Life-boat,
And on our journey home.

6 Far out upon the widening seas
Our Captain steers the way,
And yonder in the eastern skies
We see the gleaming day.
Oh, yes, we see the distant shore,
We hear the ransomed sing,
And every breeze that comes this way
The sweetest odors bring.

7 Oh, wondrous joy we're home at last,
We've reached the golden shore!
And here we'll live, and sing, and praise,
And shout forever more.
We're welcomed by our Saviour here
And friends and loved ones come;
While angel throngs and ransomed saints
All bid us welcome home!

No. 127. Sinners, Turn; why will ye Die?

REV. C. WESLEY, 1745.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands:
Asks the work of His own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

128 We'll Be There.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. When the Lord in glo - ry com-eth with his hosts in bright ar - ray,
2. We shall see our bless-ed Sav-iour and shall know him in the skies
3. We shall see the countless righteous gath'ring for their great reward,

And we wak - en at his summons in that new and gladsome light,
As he comes to take his children thro' the gates of shin-ing gold,
We shall see the palms of vic - t'ry that the saints in gladness bring,

O, the won-der, O, the rap-ture as we greet the heav'nly day,
We shall hear the shouts of joy that from unnumbered thousands rise,
We shall hear the might-y cho- rus to the Ho - ly One Adored,

CHORUS.

When the dawn e - ter- nal breaks upon our sight. We'll be there,
As his beau- ty and his glo - ry they be- hold.
As in robes of white they stand before their King. We'll be there,

we'll be there, On the res - ur - rec-tion morning we'll be
we'll be there,

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We'll Be There.

there, We'll be there, we'll be there,
We'll be there, We'll be there, we'll be there,

On the res - ur - rec - tion morning, we'll be there,
we'll be there.

129 Jesus is Calling To-day.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. Je- sus is call-ing, call-ing, call-ing, Je - sus is call-ing to - day;
2. Je- sus is pleading, pleading, pleading, Why should I wander in sin,
3. Je- sus is wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, O-pen now standeth the door,

D.S. *Why should I lin - ger, lin - ger, lin - ger, I will a - rise and a - way.*
While to his glo-ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glad would he welcome me in?
Soon the night falleth, falleth, falleth, Closed are the gates ev-er-more.

Fine.

CHORUS.

D. S.

They are so hap-py, hap-py, hap-py, Who do their Saviour o - bey.
o-bey.

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130 I've had a Talk with Jesus.

To my very dear sister in Christ, Mrs. W. M. Senter. W. E. P.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. E. PENN.

1. I've had a talk with Jesus, I've told Him all my care; I've sought His blessed pres-ence, And dropped my burden there, And when I knelt before Him, I
2. I've had a talk with Jesus, His promised peace to share, We walked by healing wa - ters Thro' pastures green and fair; His arms of love were round me, And
3. I've had a talk with Jesus, We held communion sweet; I've laid my joys and sor- rows, Like Ma - ry, at His feet—I've told Him ev'ry long-ing That

felt my spirit thrill To hear His gentle whisper, "I love thee, peace, be still."
blest indeed was I, And oh, I dwelt in safety With such a refuge nigh!
throbb'd within my breast, He fill'd my soul with comfort; And gave His peace and rest.

CHORUS.

O blest communion, pure and sweet, To talk with Him is joy complete; And oh, I love to steal a- way, And talk with Je-sus ev - 'ry day.

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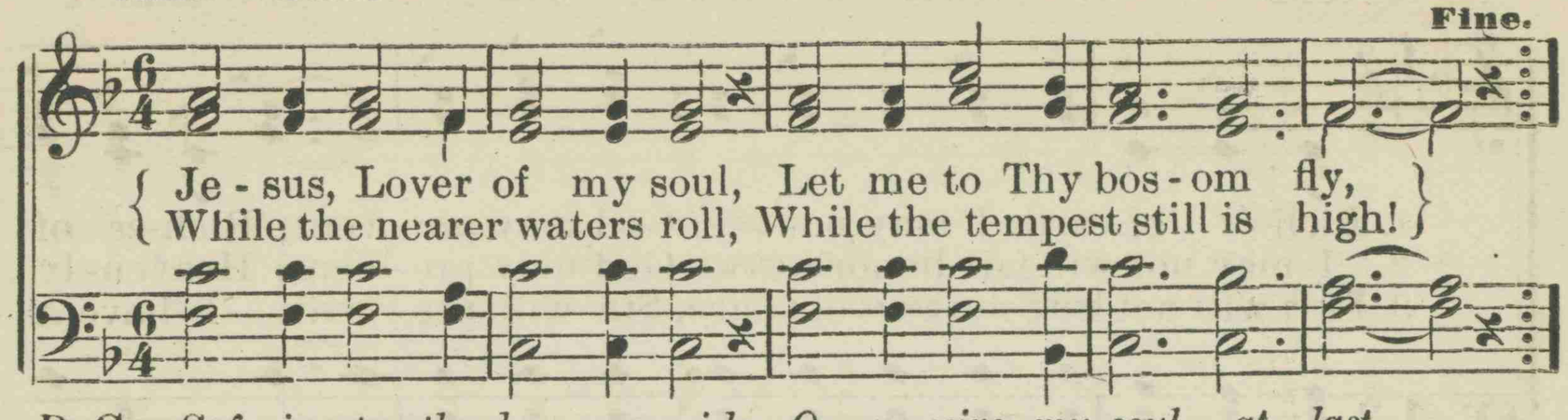
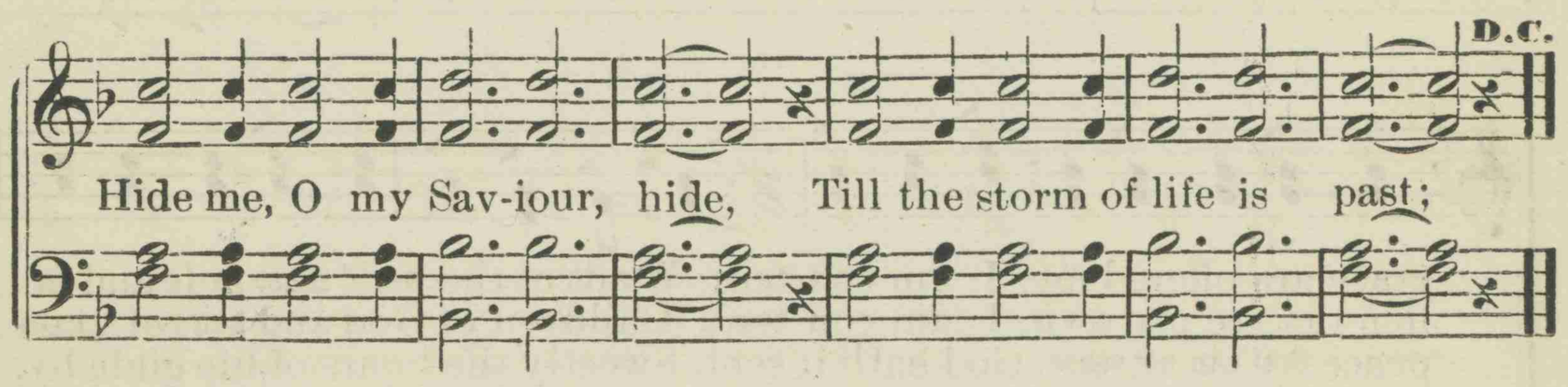
131 Martyn.

CHAS. WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

Fine.



D. C.—*Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.*

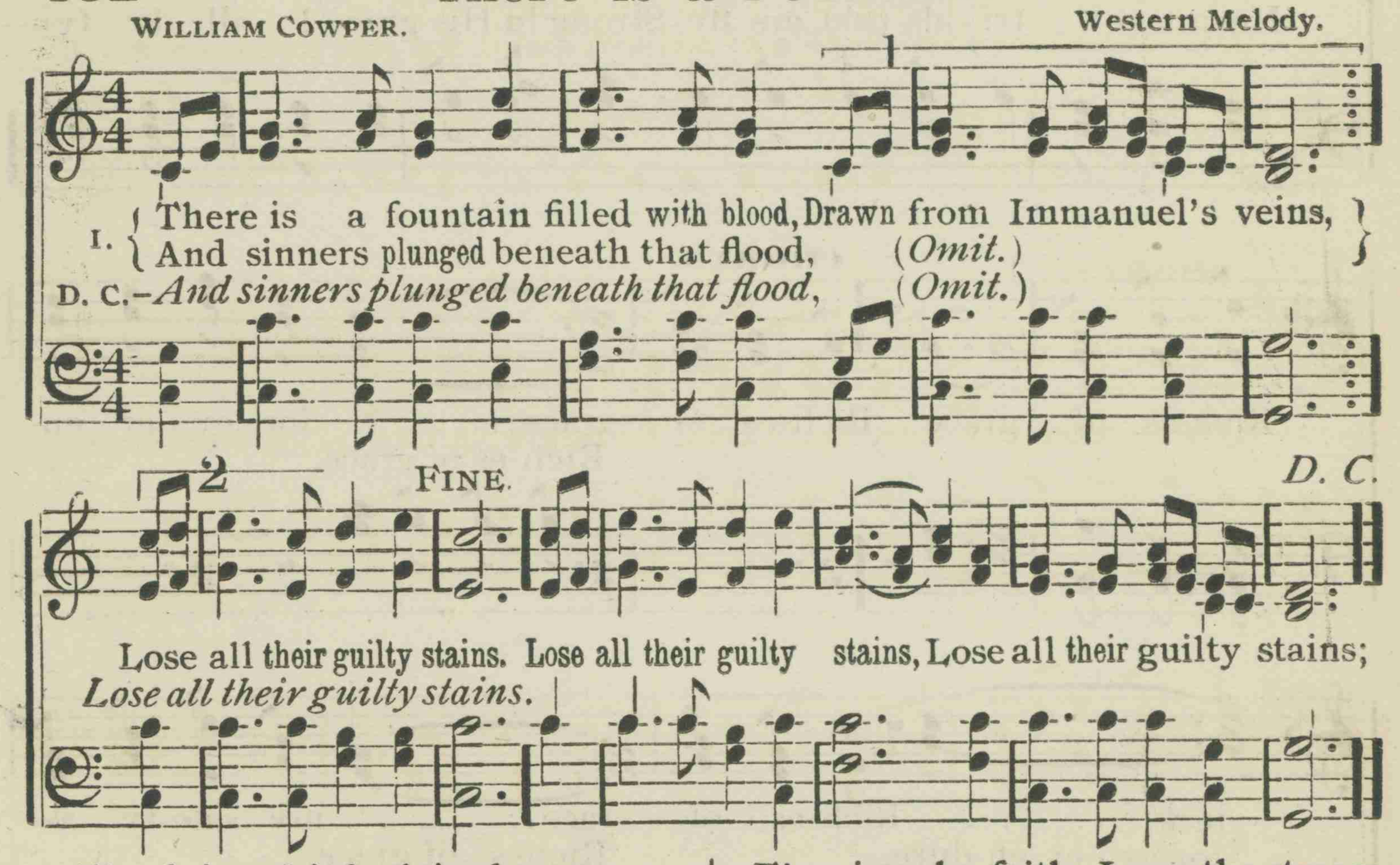


2 Other refuge have I none:
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

132 There is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.



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

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

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

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

133 Riches of Grace.

E. D. MUND. *"The exceeding riches of his grace."*—EPH. 2: 7. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Rich-es of earth I may not see, God may pre - vent; Rich-es of
2. I may not win fair honor's crown, God may pre - vent; Heaven - ly
3. Earth will not bring me hours of peace, Sin will pre - vent; I have a

grace are offered me, I am con-tent. Wealth of the world must fade and fail,
hon-ors are my own, I am con-tent. Children of God and heirs of grace,
peace that can not cease, God hath it sent. Sweetly the hours of life glide by,

Earthly delights grow tasteless, stale; I have the wealth that must avail—
Walking in light be-fore His face, Resting in peace in His embrace—
Harmless its tri - als past me fly, Strong in His grace I all de - fy—

CHORUS.

Rich-es of grace Rich-es of grace..... for - ev - er en-
Rich-es of grace,

dure,..... Rich-es of grace..... my safe-ty as-
for-ev - er en-dure, Riches of grace,

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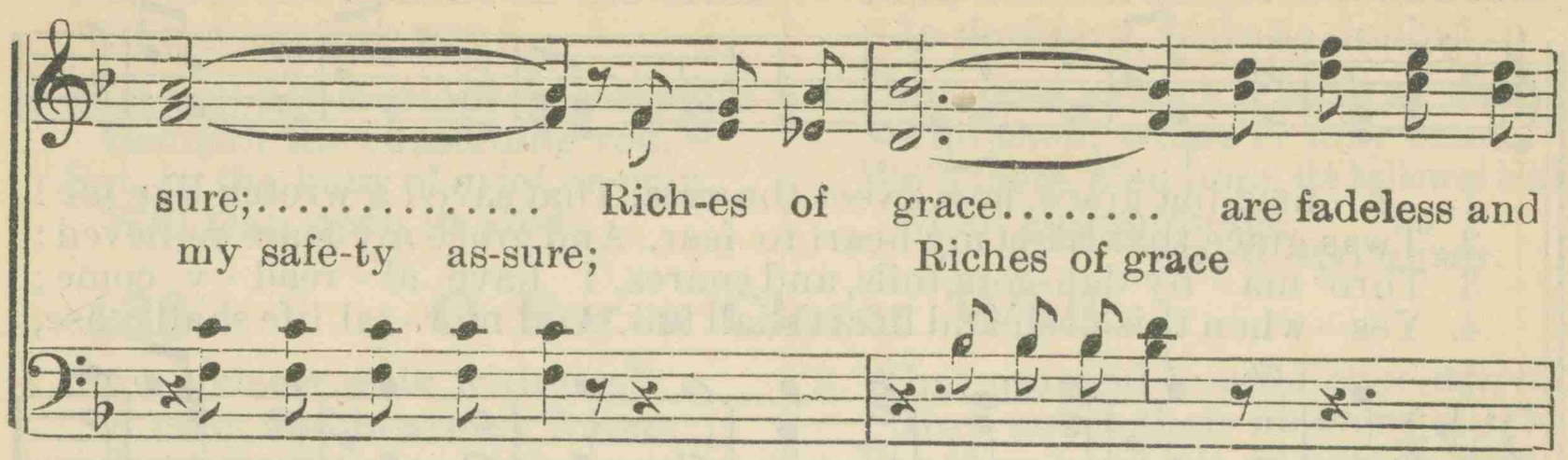
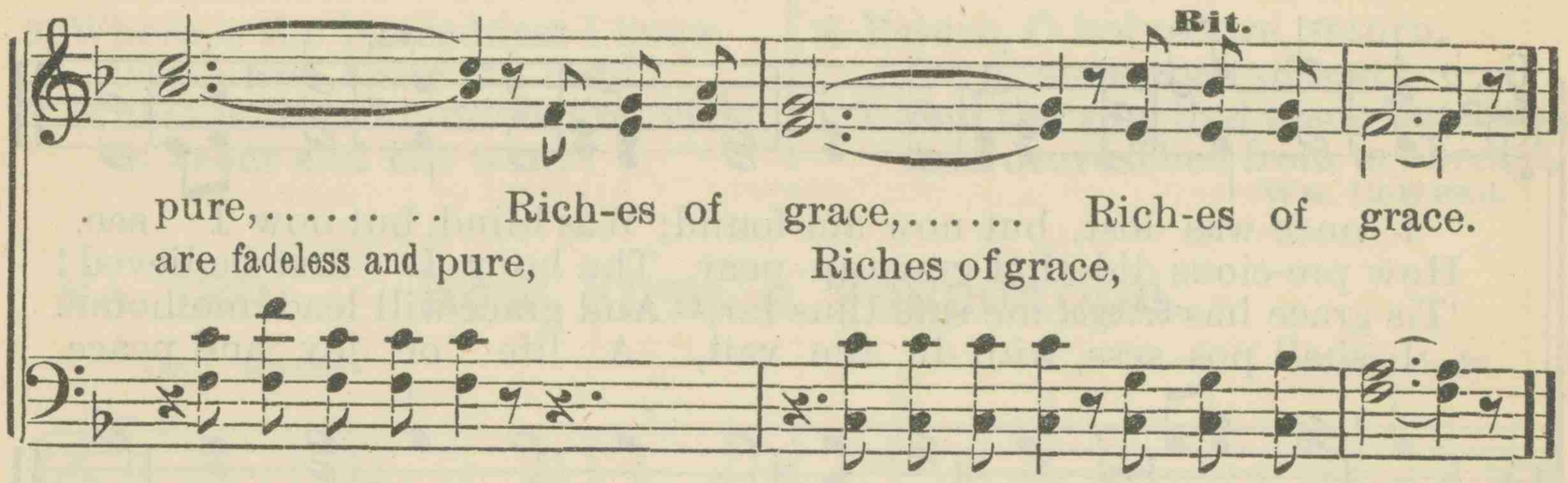
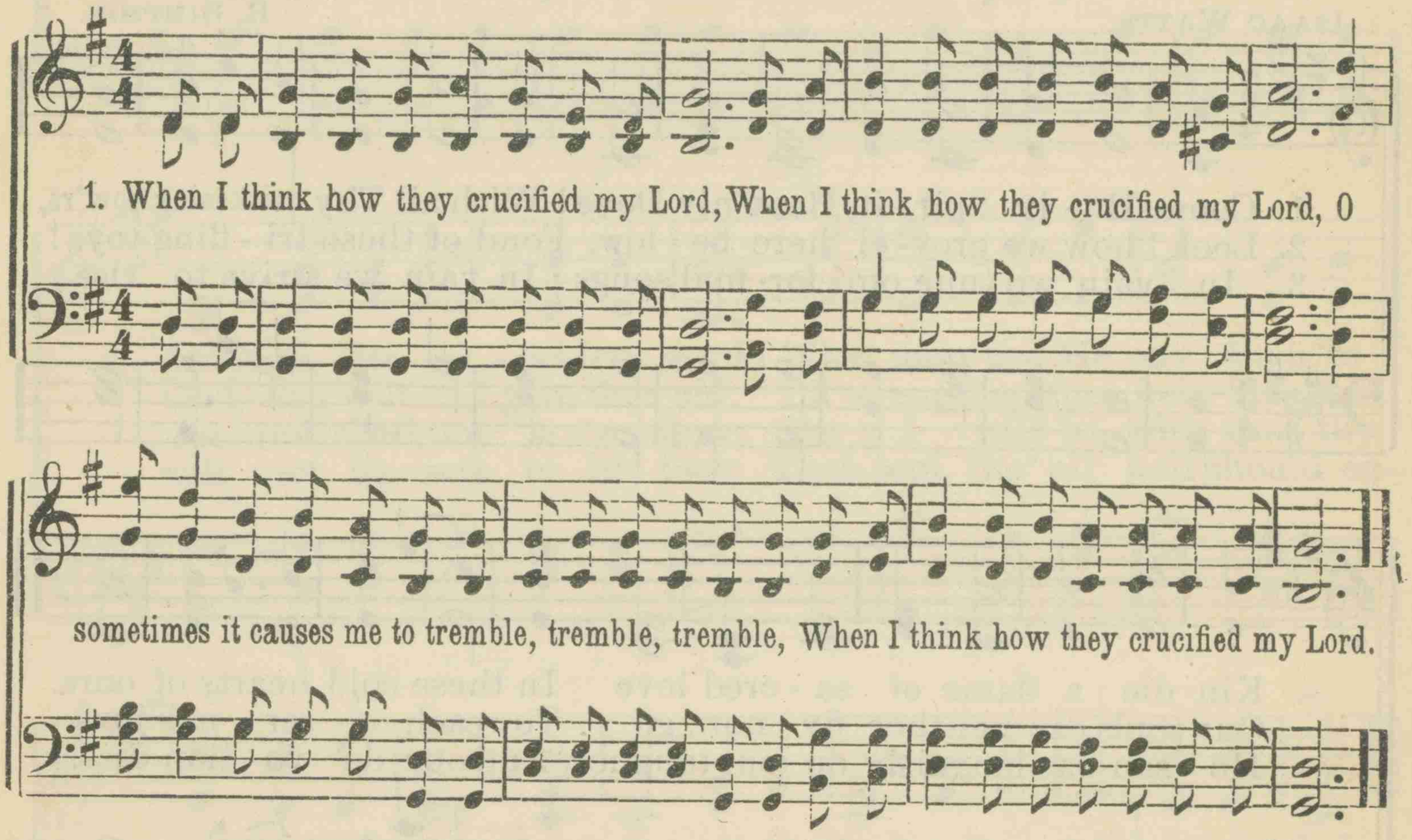
Riches of Grace.



134 When I Think How They Crucified.

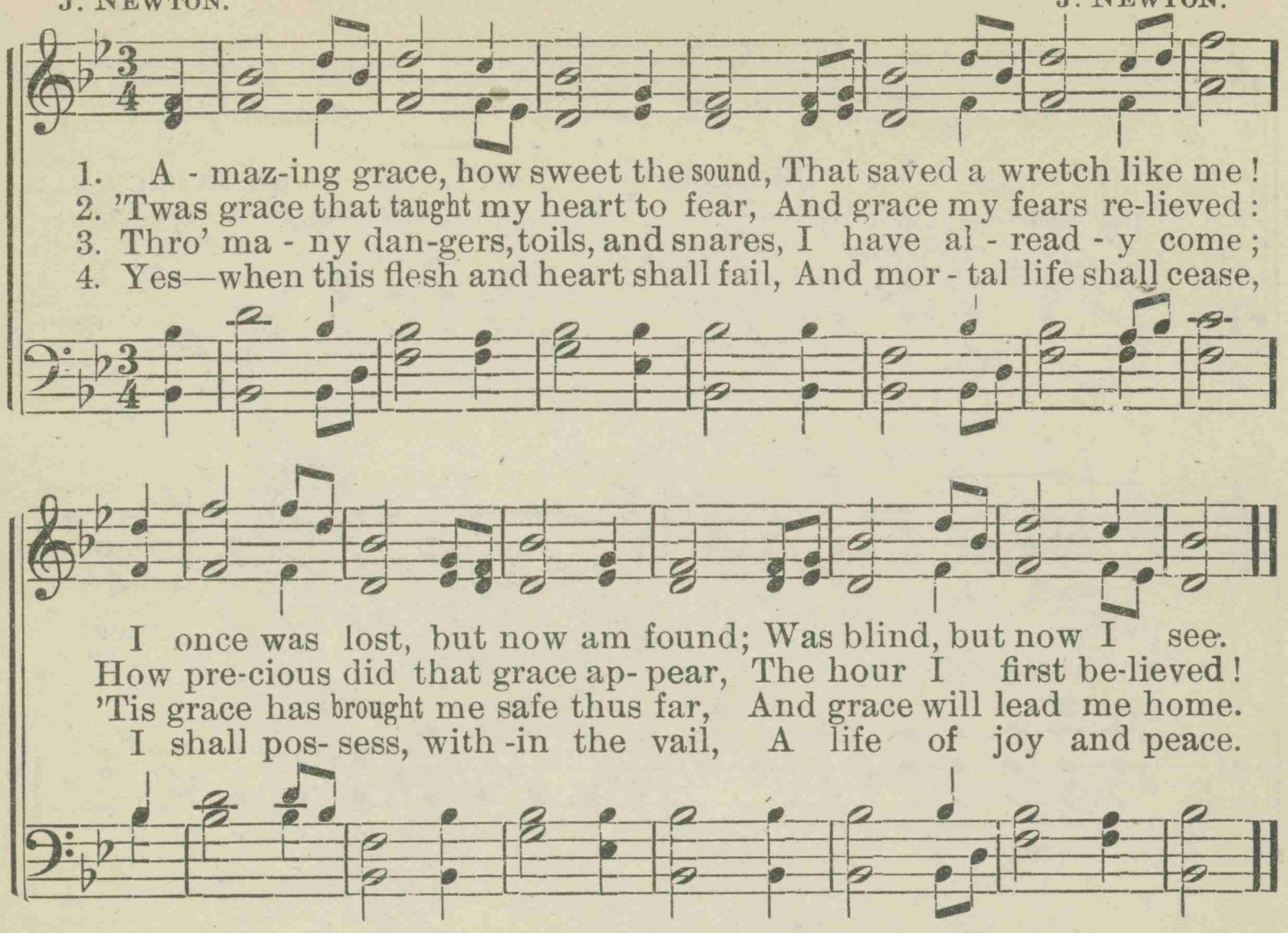
Southern Melody.



2 When I think how they crowned Him with the thorns.:‖
3 When I think how they nailed Him to the tree.:‖
4 When I think how they pierced Him in the side.:‖
5 When I think how they laid Him in the tomb.:‖
6 When I think how the stone was rolled away.:‖
7 When I think of His rising from the grave.:‖

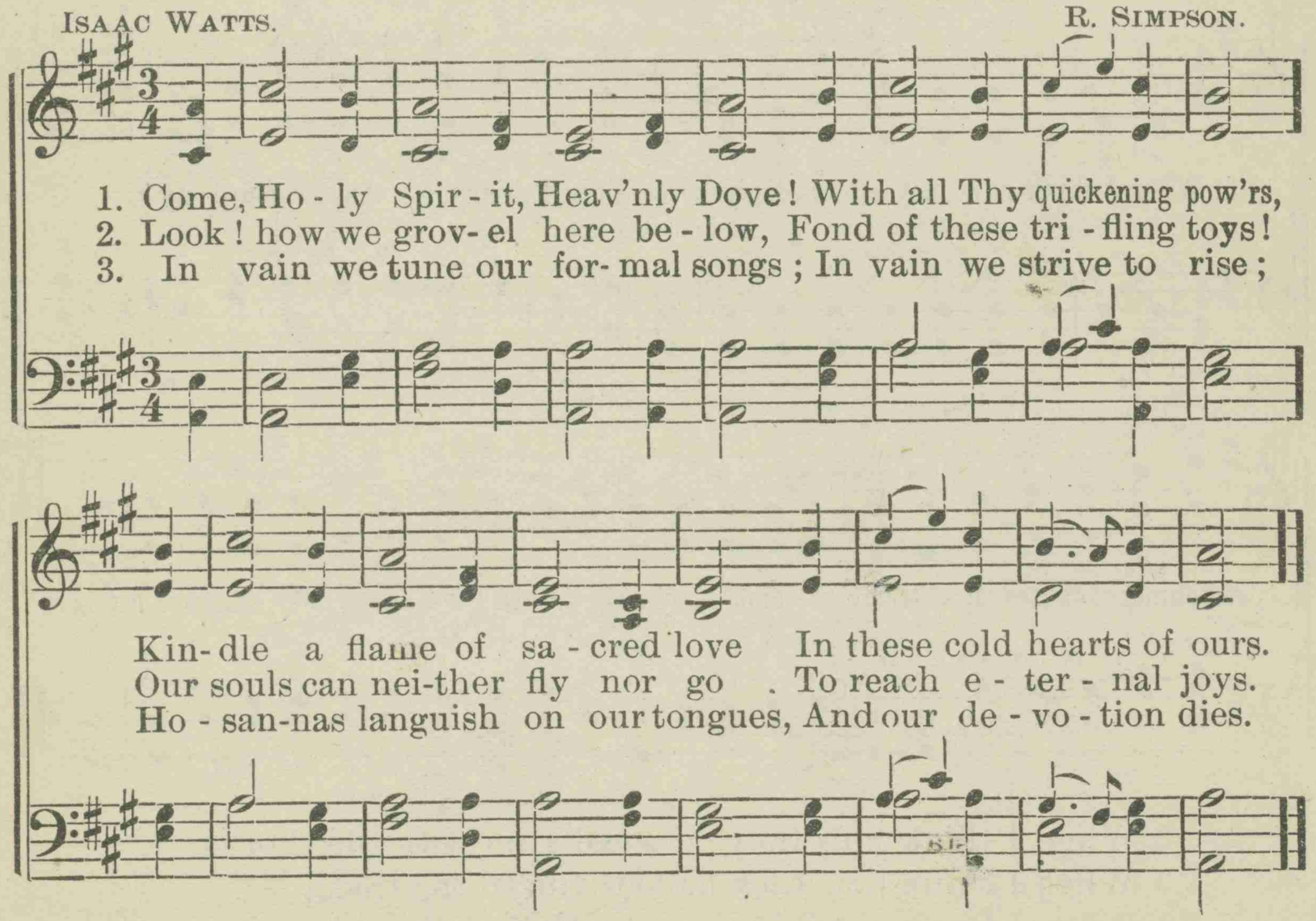
135 Amazing Grace.

J. NEWTON. J. NEWTON.



136 Come, Holy Spirit.

ISAAC WATTS. R. SIMPSON.



4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

137 O For a Faith.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt!

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

W. H. BALHURST.

138 O For a Closer Walk.

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

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

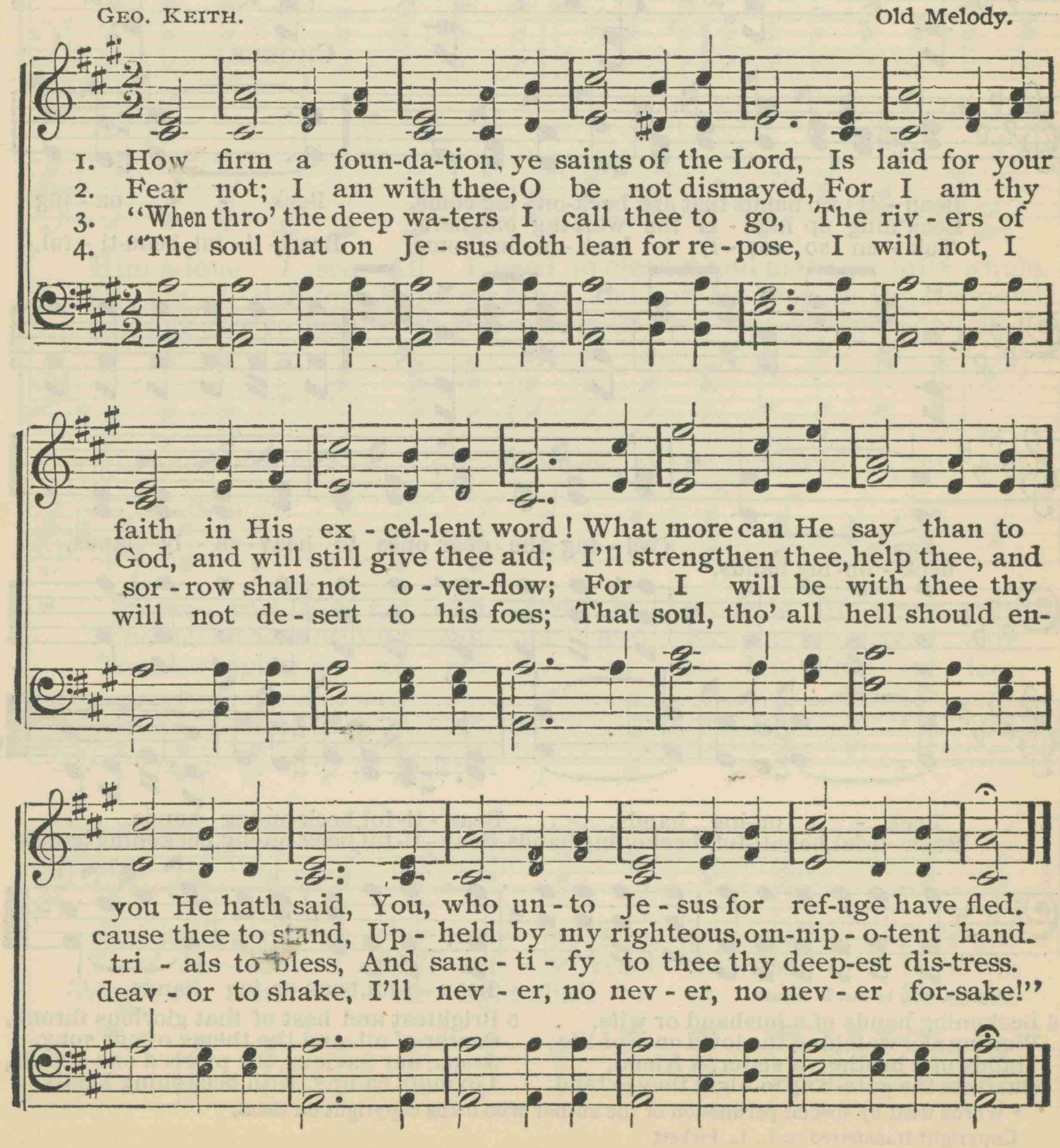
3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

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

WM. COWPER.

No. 139. How Firm a Foundation.

GEO. KEITH. Old Melody.



BEAUTIFUL, BECKONING HANDS.

Rev. C. C. Luther. By per. (*To my Choir at Walhalla, S. C.*) Jno. R. Bryant.

DUET.

1. Beau - ti - ful hands at the gate-way to-night, Fa - ces all shin-ing with
2. Beck - on-ing hands of a moth-er whose love Sac - ri-ficed life its de -
3. Beau - ti - ful hands of a lit - tle one,—see, Ba - by voice call-ing, O

ra - di - ant light. Eyes looking down from yon heav-en - ly home,
vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to mem - o - ry dear,
moth - er, to thee; Ro - sy-cheek'd darling, the light of our home,

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful hands that are beck-on - ing come. Beck - - on - ing
Beck'ning up high - er the wait-ing one here.
Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck - on - ing come. Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful,

hands, ... Call - ing the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands,
beck - on- ing hands,

Beck - - on-ing hands, . . Beau - ti- ful, beck-on-ing hands. . .
Beau - ti-ful, beauti-ful, beckoning hands, Beau - ti- ful, beck-on-ing, beckoning hands.

Beau - ti-ful, beck-on-ing hands. . .

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

4 Beckoning hands of a husband or wife,
Waiting and watching the lov'd ones of life;
Hands of a brother, a sister, a friend,
Out from the gate-way to-night they extend.

5 Brightest and best of that glorious throng,
Center of all, and the theme of our song,
Jesus, our Saviour, the pierced one stands,
Lovingly calling, with beckoning hands.

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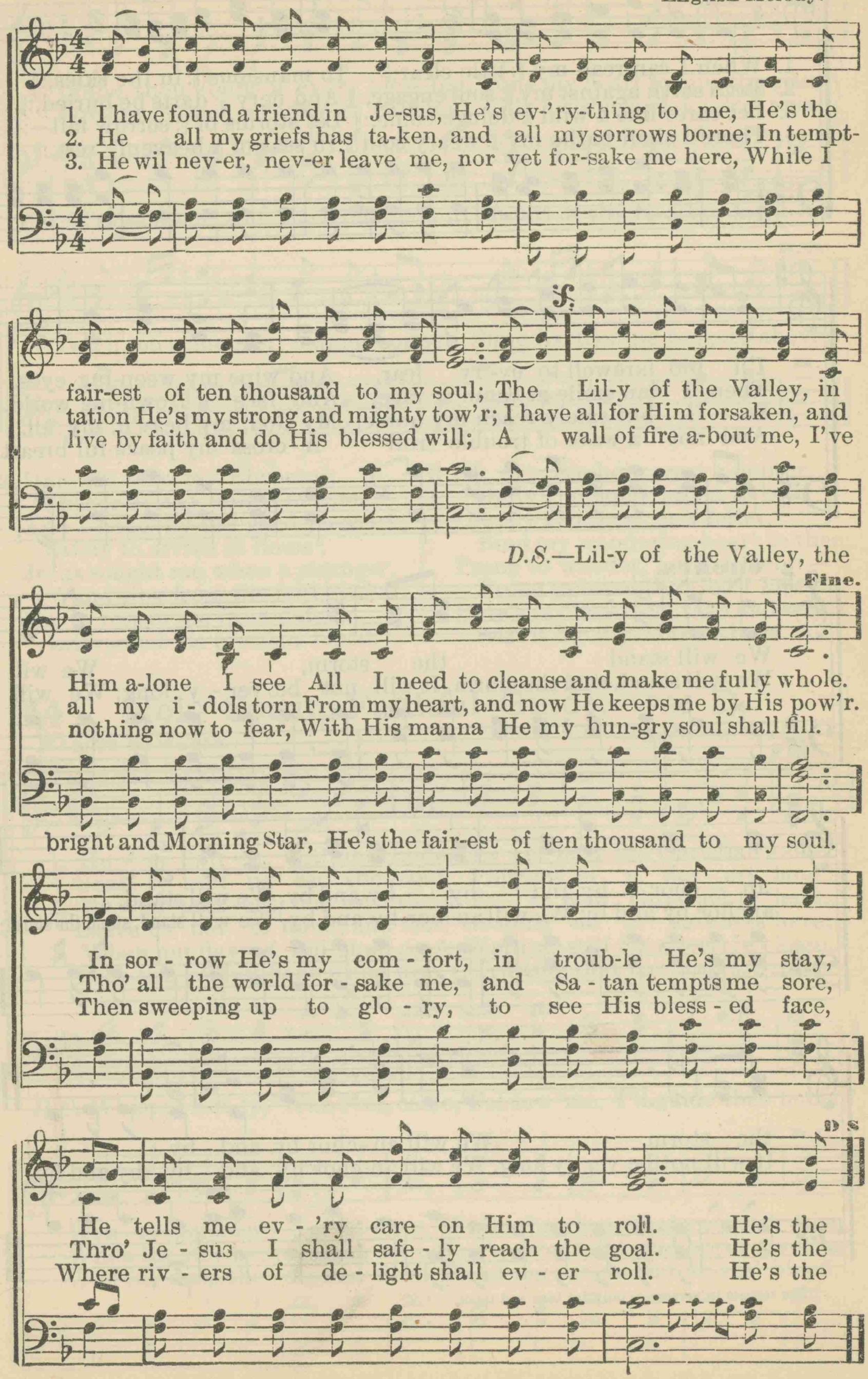
No. 141. The Lily of the Valley.

"A friend loveth at all times."—PRO. 17 : 17.

English Melody.



"TITLE CLEAR."*

"Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

May also sing, Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

Rearranged with Chorus by T. C. O'KANE.

1. When I can read my ‖: title clear:‖ To mansions ‖: in the skies,:‖
2. Should earth against my ‖: soul engage,:‖ And fiery ‖: darts be hurled,:‖
3. Let cares like a wild ‖: deluge come,:‖ Let storms of ‖: sorrow fall—:‖
4. There I shall bathe my ‖: weary soul:‖ In seas of ‖: heavenly rest,:‖

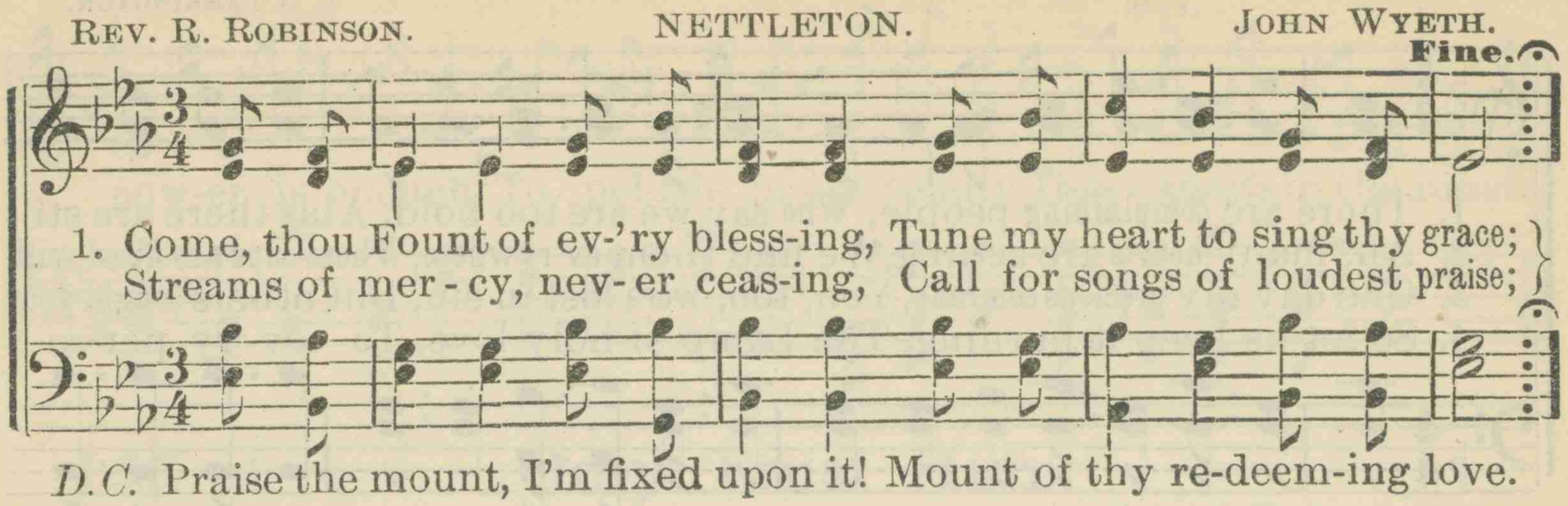
I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
So I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trouble roll A-cross my peace-ful breast.

CHORUS.

We will stand the storm, We will
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver-y long; We will
an-chor by and by, by and by, We will stand,
anchor by and by, We will anchor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm;
the storm, We will an-chor by and by,
It will not be ver-y long, We will an-chor by and by, by and by.

* The repeats in verses are only for bass and tenor.

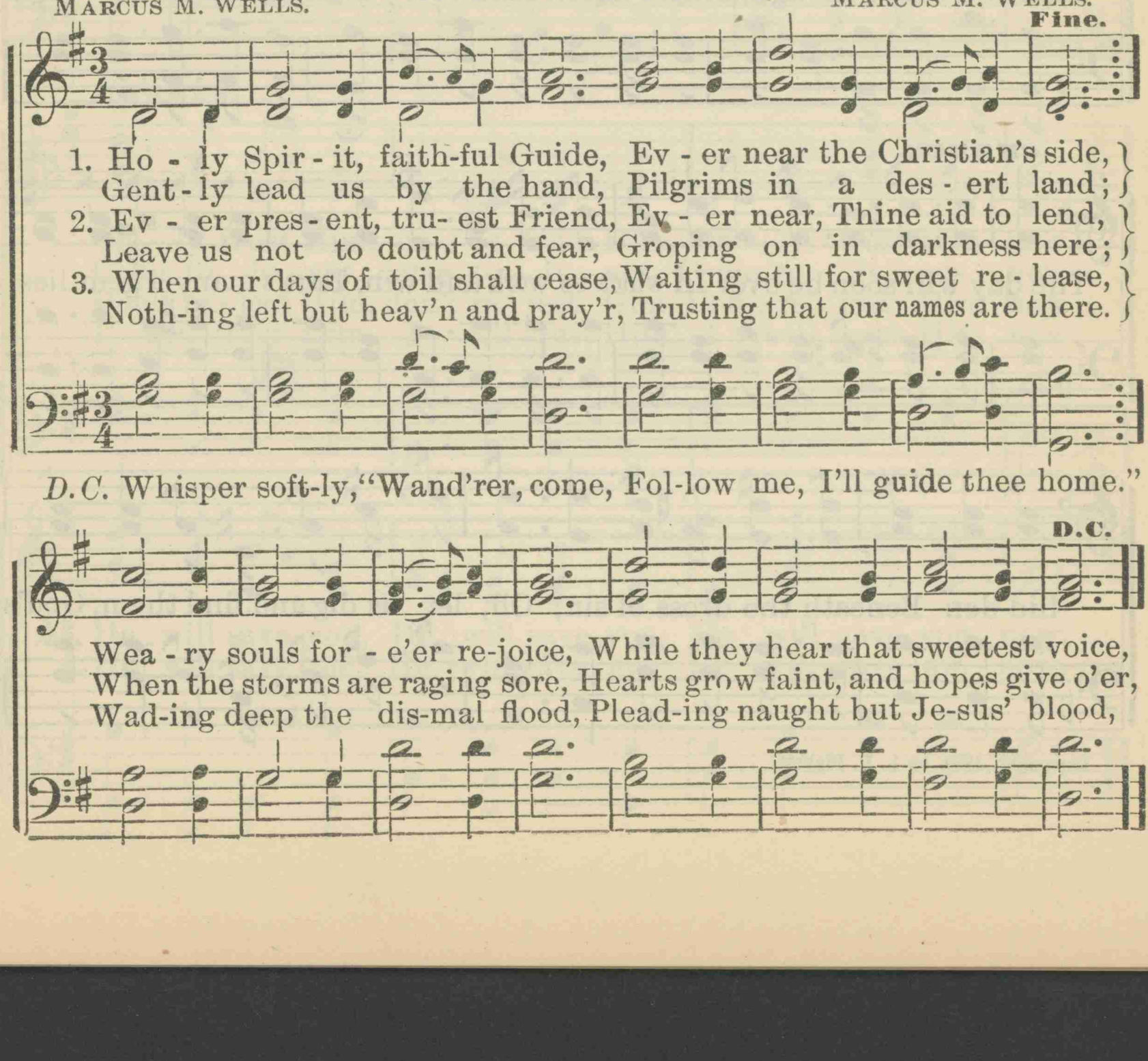
143 Come, Thou Fount.

REV. R. ROBINSON. NETTLETON. JOHN WYETH.

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

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

144 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide. 7s. D.

MARCUS M. WELLS. MARCUS M. WELLS.



No. 145. DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH.

L. D. CARRINGTON.

1. There are complaining people, Who say we are too bold, Alas there are still oth-ers Who sa we're aft-er gold; But they are all mis-tak-en, We want not sordid stuff, But souls of poor lost sinners—Those diamonds in the rough.
2. Ah, many hearts are aching, We find them ev'rywhere, Whose cups are filled with sorrow, Whose homes are filled with care; When misfortune overtakes them, The world gives them a cuff, Or sends them to perdition—Those diamonds in the rough.
3. One day my precious comrade, You, too, were lost in sin, But others sought your res-cue, And Je-sus took you in; So when you're tried and tempted, By scoffer's keen rebuff, Don't turn away in anger—This diamond in the rough.
4. So let us keep it burning, The Lamp of holy love, To ev-'ry per-se-cu-tor, Point out the way above; The precious blood of Je-sus, Was shed and that's enough, Oh, let us tell Him of it—That diamond in the rough.

Rit.

CHORUS.

The day will soon be over In which to work and win, There's many a gem lies hid-den Beneath the dross of sin; Oh, let us dig and find them, God's

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Diamonds in the Rough.

Rit.

pow-er is enough To pol-ish in - to beauty Those diamonds in the rough.

146 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And He will sure-ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him without de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im- mor-tal flow.

CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now;
Don't re - ject Him, don't re - ject Him, Don't re - ject Him now;
I will trust Him, I will trust Him, I will trust Him now;

1,2,3. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
4. He will save me, He will save me, He will save me now.

147 Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Waiting the pen - i-tent child to re-ceive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently;
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that grace can re-store: Touched by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness,
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the Lord will provide: Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;

CHORUS

Tell them of Je-sus the mighty to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Rescue the perishing,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav-iour has died,

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

148 Come to Jesus Just Now.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now.

2 He will save you.
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 He is waiting.
6 Oh, believe Him.
7 Oh, receive Him.
8 Jesus loves you.
9 He will bless you.
10 He will cleanse you.
11 Only trust Him.
12 Let us praise Him.
13 Hallelujah. Amen.

149 NEARER THE CROSS.

MRS. F. J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. "Nearer the cross," my heart can say, I am coming nearer, Nearer the
2. Nearer the Christian's mercy seat, I am coming nearer, Feasting my
3. Nearer in prayer my hope aspires, I am coming nearer, Deeper the

cross from day to day, I am coming near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am coming near-er; Stronger in faith, more
love my soul desires, I am coming near-er; Near-er the end of

Je - sus died, Nearer the fountain's crimson tide, Nearer my Sav-iour's
clear I see, Je - sus who gave him-self for me; Nearer to him I
toil and care, Nearer the joy I long to share, Nearer the crown I

wounded side, I am com - ing nearer, I am com-ing nearer.
still would be: Still I'm com - ing nearer, Still I'm com-ing nearer.
soon shall wear; I am com - ing nearer, I am com-ing nearer.

By permission.

150 That Beautiful Dream.

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

Very slow and soft.

1. 'Twas night, and all a-round was still, I lay up - on my bed,
2. The sweetest voice fell on mine ear, It thrill'd my inmost soul:
3. I dreamed I saw the jas-per walls, And streets of pur-est gold;

I dreamed death's portals I had passed And was a-mong the dead;
"A - rise, my love, and come a - way Un - to thy promised goal."
And all the saints of God were there, Those beauties to be-hold.

I heard the trump of God resound, The dead in Christ to raise,
I looked—I saw— I can - not tell, There's nothing will compare;
I heard the welcome plaud-it giv'n: "Come, all ye bless-ed, come;

I saw the saints prepared to shout Our blest Redeemer's praise.
I saw my Sav - iour glo - ri - fied, And loved ones gathered there.
Re-joice, re-joice for - ev - er-more, In this thy heav'nly home."

CHORUS.

O that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful dream, O that beau - ti - ful,

beau - ti - ful dream! Dear Lord, shall it be all my

loved ones I'll see As they were in that beau - ti - ful dream?

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151 Softly and Tenderly.

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

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call - ing for
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are passing, Pass- ing from
4. Oh, for the won-der - ful love he has promised, Promised for

you and for me; See at the portals he's waiting and watching,
you and for me; Why should we linger and heed not his mercies,
you and from me; Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming,
you and for me; Tho we have sinned he has mercy and pardon,

CHORUS.

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

Ye who are weary, come home; Ear-nest-ly, ten-der - ly,

Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home.

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

152 When the Waiting Time.

J. H. F. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. When the waiting time is over, When the Master bids us come, In the glad and bright forev - er, We shall rest in peace at home. When the
2. When the waiting time is over, Battles fought and victories won, We shall hear the Saviour's welcome, "Good and faithful one, well done."
3. When the waiting time is over, When the toils of life are past, We shall sing with holy rapture, "Praise the Lord, we're home at last." When the

CHORUS.

wait - ing time is o - ver, - . When from sin . . . . and sorrow free, We shall meet . . . beyond the riv - er, ... There to dwell e - ter - nal - ly.

waiting, waiting, waiting, When the waiting time is over, When the waiting time is over, When from sin and sorrow free, We shall meet beyond the river, When the wait-ing time is o - ver, e - ter-nal-ly.

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No. 153. DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—Phil. 4 : 6.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Ere you left your room this morning, Did you think to pray?
2. When you met with great temp-ta - tion, Did you think to pray?
3. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray?
4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?

In the name of Christ, our Sav-iour, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor,
By His dy - ing love and mer - it, Did you claim the Ho - ly Spir - it
Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive an-oth - er
When your soul was bowed in sor-row, Balm of Gil-ead did you borrow

CHORUS

As a shield to-day?
As your guide and stay? Oh, how praying rests the wea-ry! Pray'r will
Who had crossed your way?
At the gates of day?

change the night to day; So, when seems life dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.

No. 154. The Face at Heaven's Gate.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There is a face at heaven's gate, A face I long to see,
2. There is a face at heaven's gate, With smile divine and kind
3. There is a face at heaven's gate, And if for me a prayer,
4. There is a face at heaven's gate, It cheers me on my way;

Lin - gering by the Jas - per walls, And watching there for me.
For one who in this stormy world, Is left awhile be - hind.
The altar of a mother's love, It still is standing there.
And is the morning star that shines Be - fore the wake of day.

CHORUS.

Watch - - ing as the an - gels wait, As the
Watching as the an - gels, as the angels wait,

bells . . . . . of heav - en ring, ... Watching
Watching as the bells, as the bells of heaven ring,

till . . . . . the race is run, Waiting for the absent one.
Watching till the race, till the race is run,

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155 A Visit to the Cross.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."—JOHN 1: 29.

REV. WILLIAM I. FEAZELL. Arr. by MISS LIDA CLARK.

1. Behold, ye men of earth, and see The Saviour die on Cal-va - ry;
2. Oh, hear Him to His Father cry, While mul-ti-tudes in silence sigh;
3. The temple's vail was rent in twain, The Saviour's voice was heard again;
4. Glo - ry to His pre-cious name, Now I'm washed from ev'ry stain;

His blood He shed for you and me, To give us life and lib - er - ty.
And darker grows the low'ring sky, The sun re-fused to see Him die.
"'Tis finished," was the Victor's cry, The debt was paid for you and I.
His Spir-it sweetly dwells within, My soul is pure and cleansed from sin.

CHORUS.

The Saviour died..... up - on the tree,..... His blood He
The Saviour died up-on the tree,

shed..... for you and me;..... Oh, let us to..... the Saviour
His blood is shed for you and me; Oh, let us to

go,..... He'll make us pure..... and white as snow.....
the Saviour go, He'll make us pure and white as snow.

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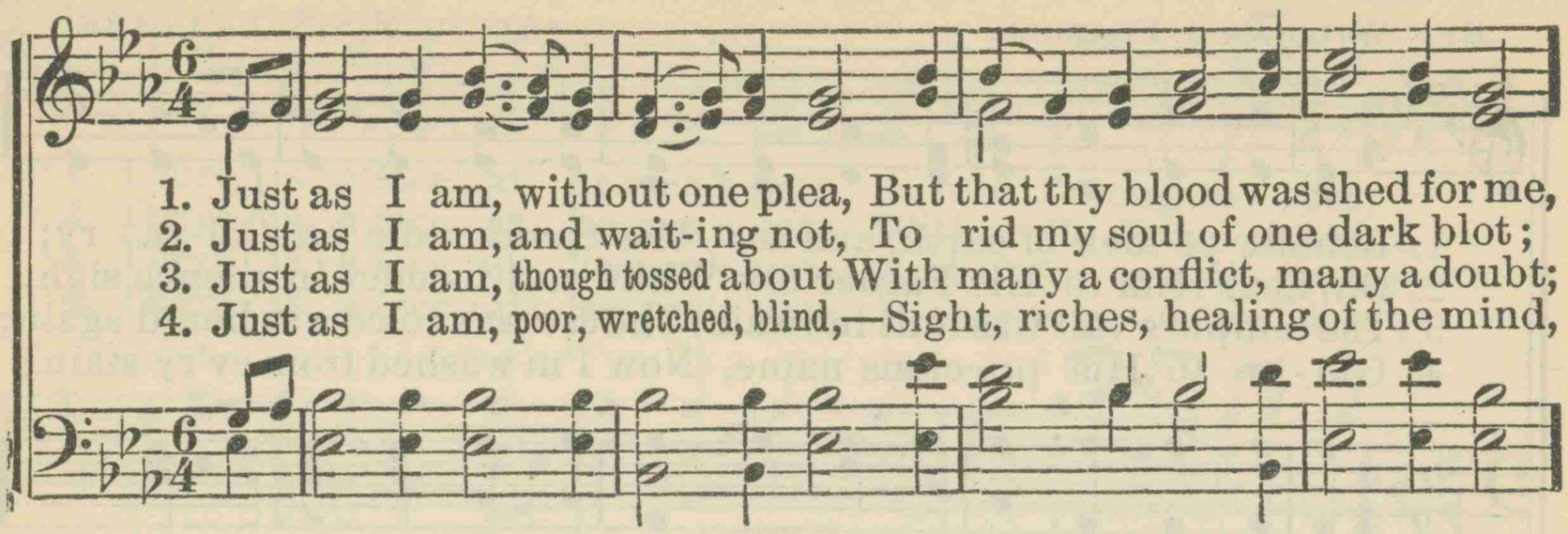
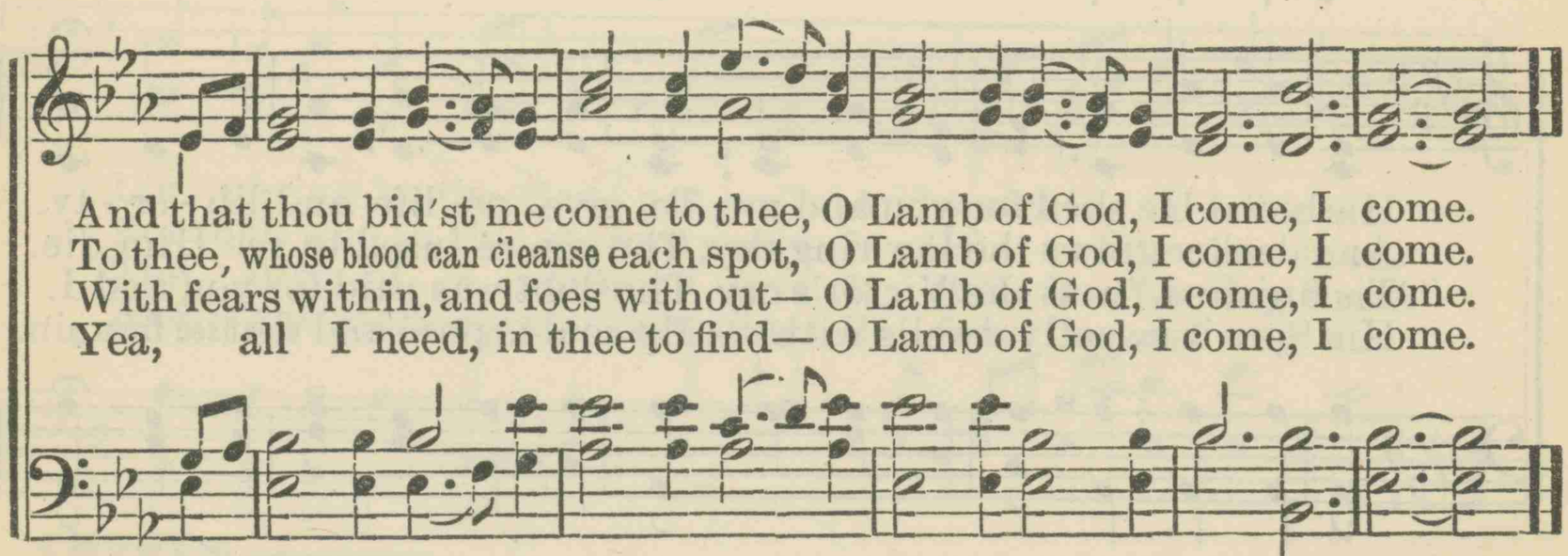
156 Just as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



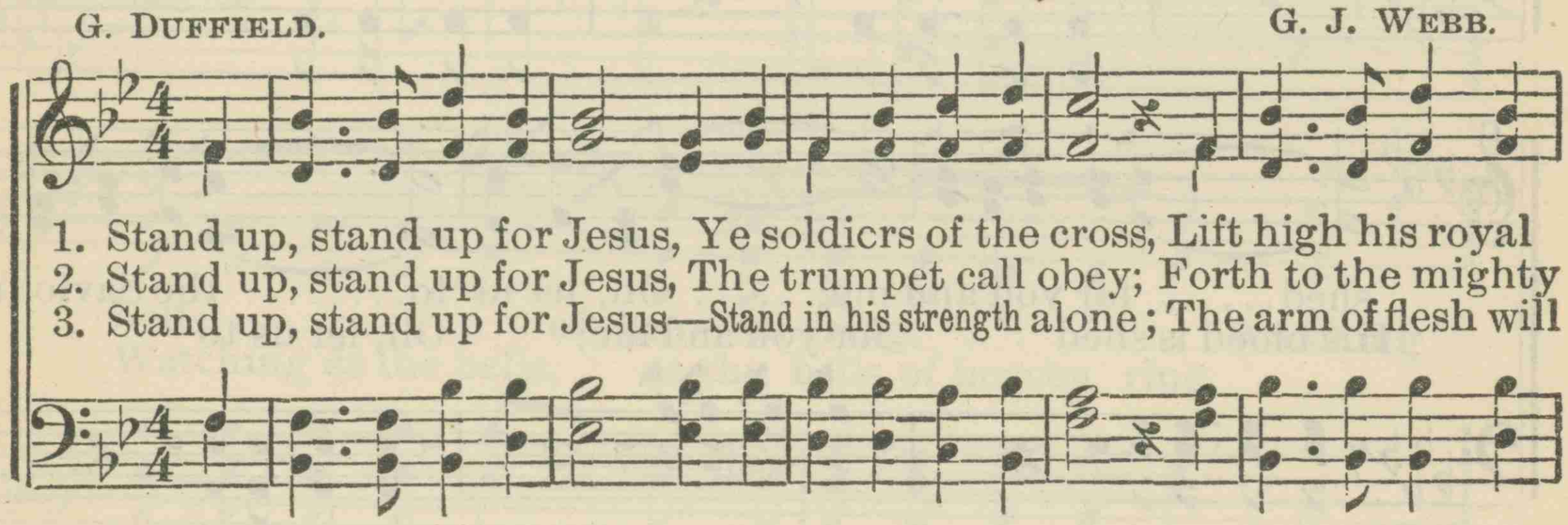


5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

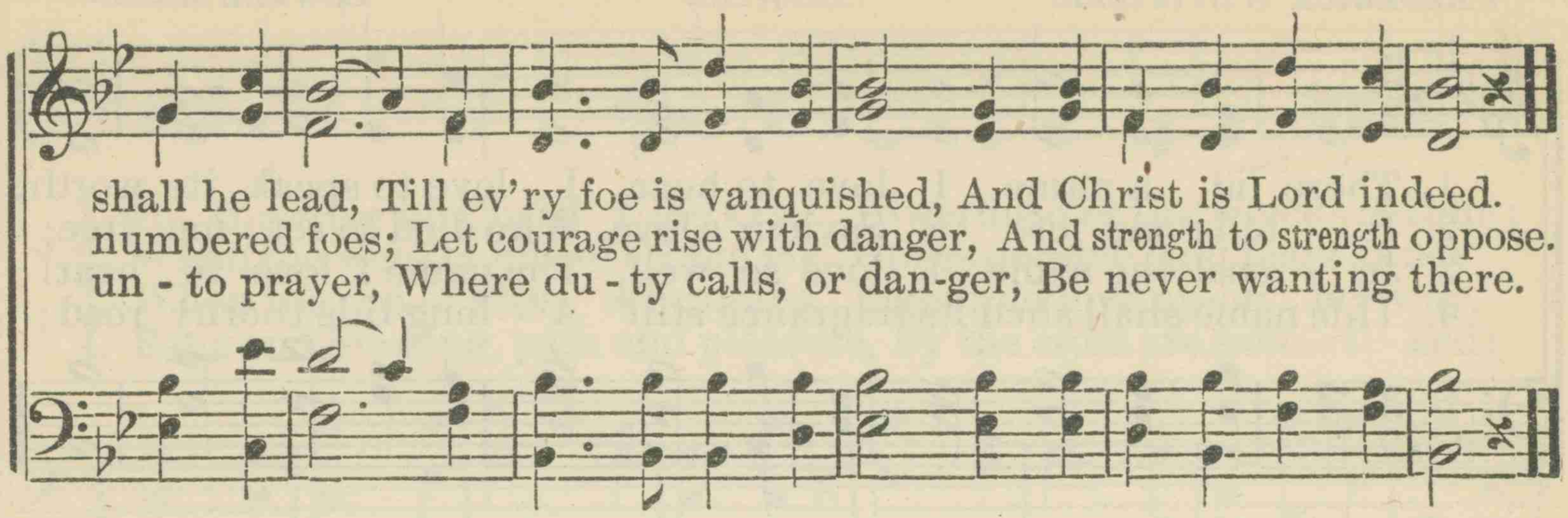
6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken ev'ry barrier down,
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

157 Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.

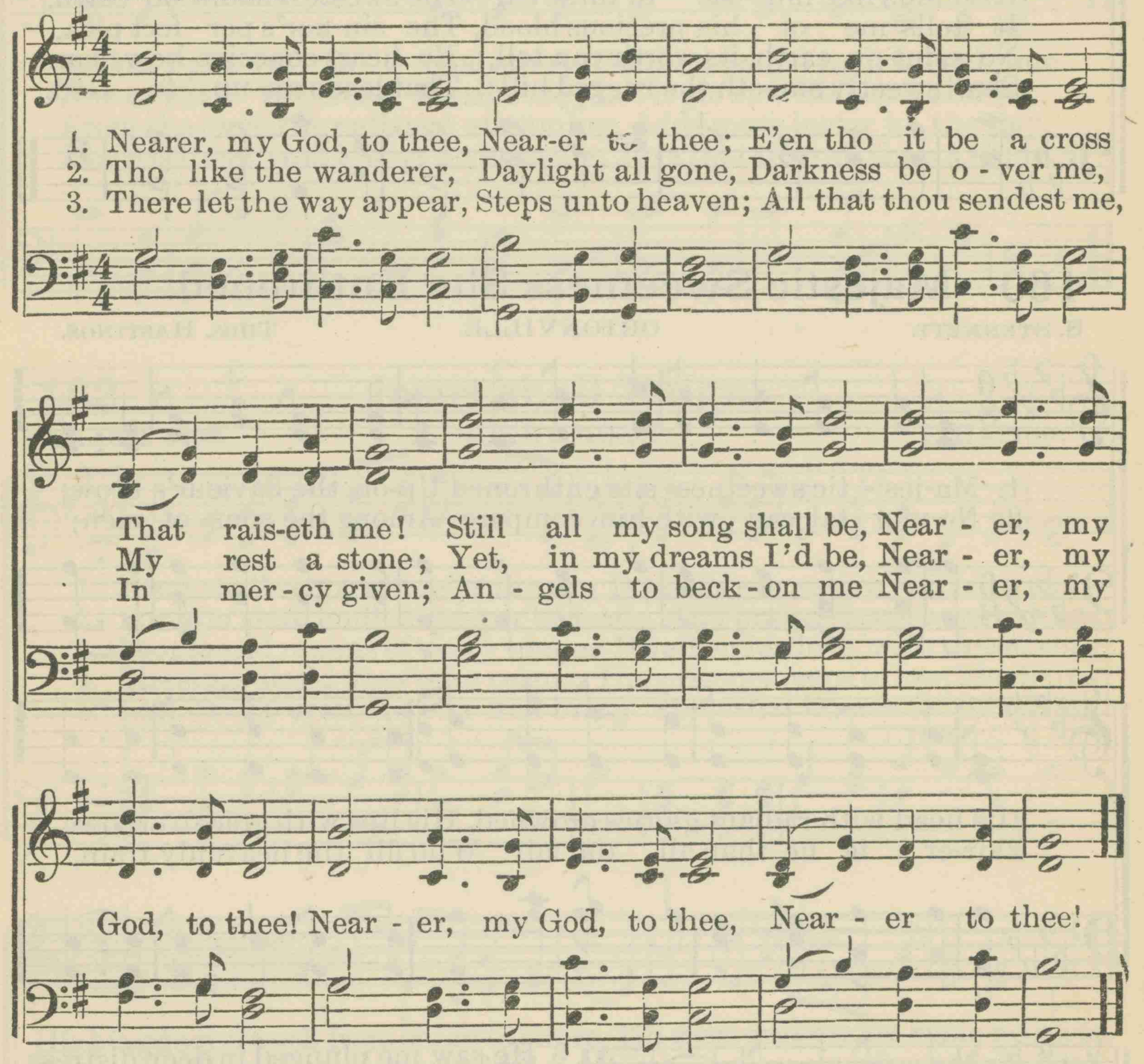


Stand Up for Jesus.



158 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

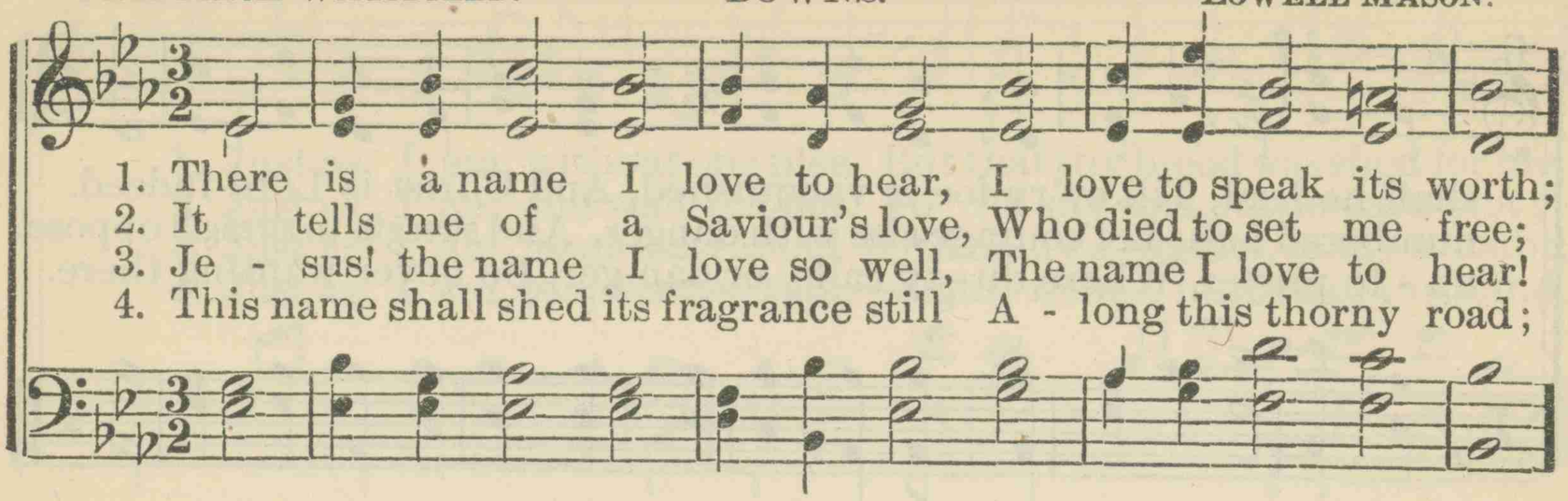
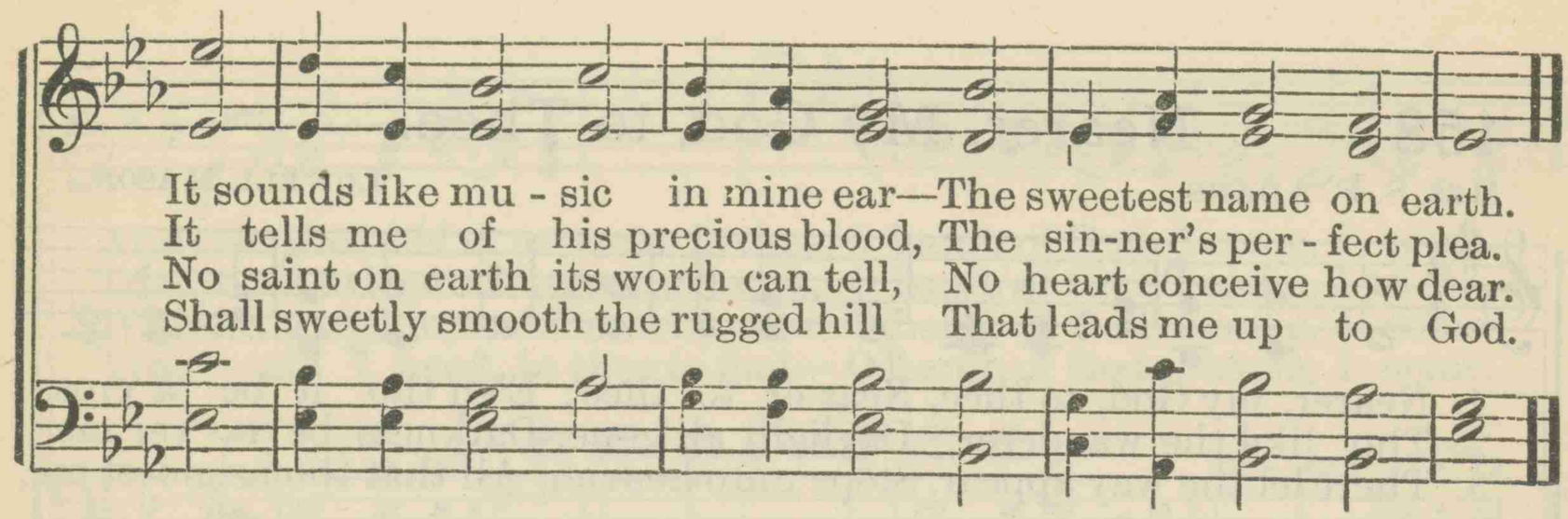
MRS. S. F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.



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

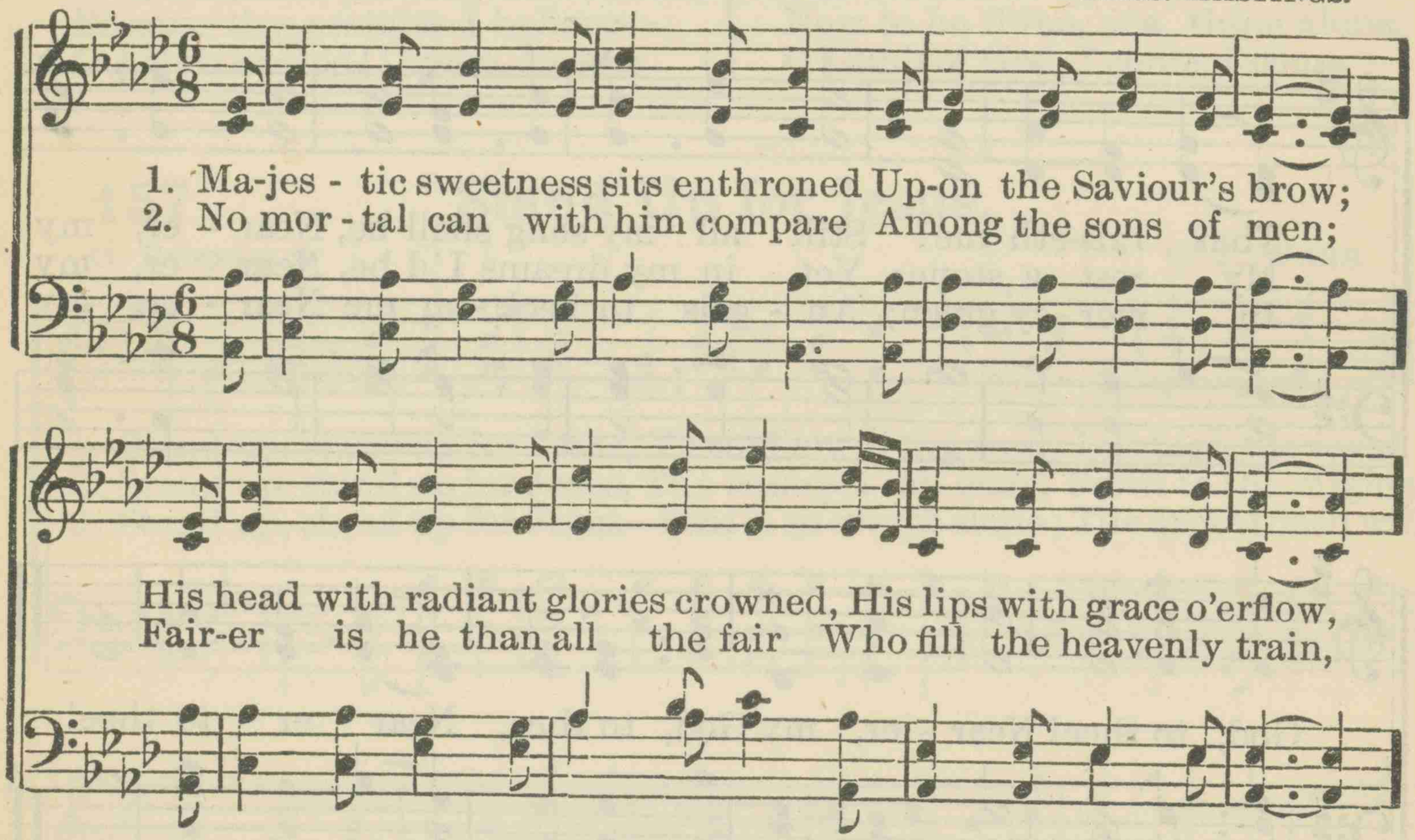
5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

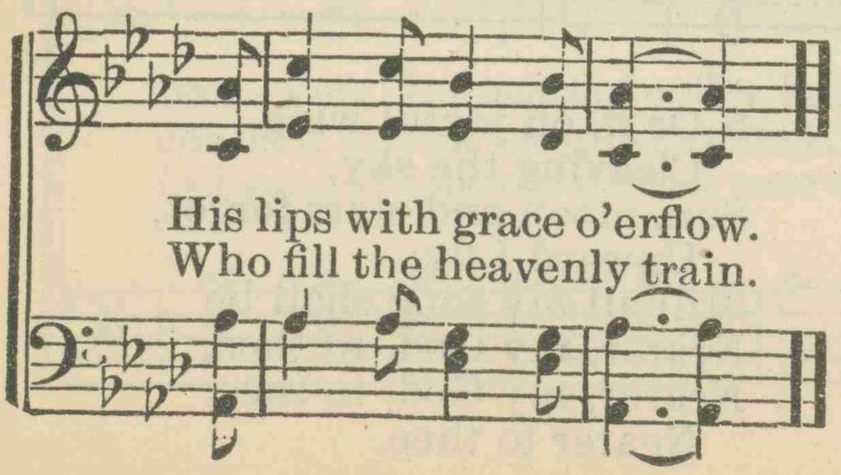
159 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. DOWNS. LOWELL MASON.



160 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

S. STENNETT. ORTONVILLE. THOS. HASTINGS.



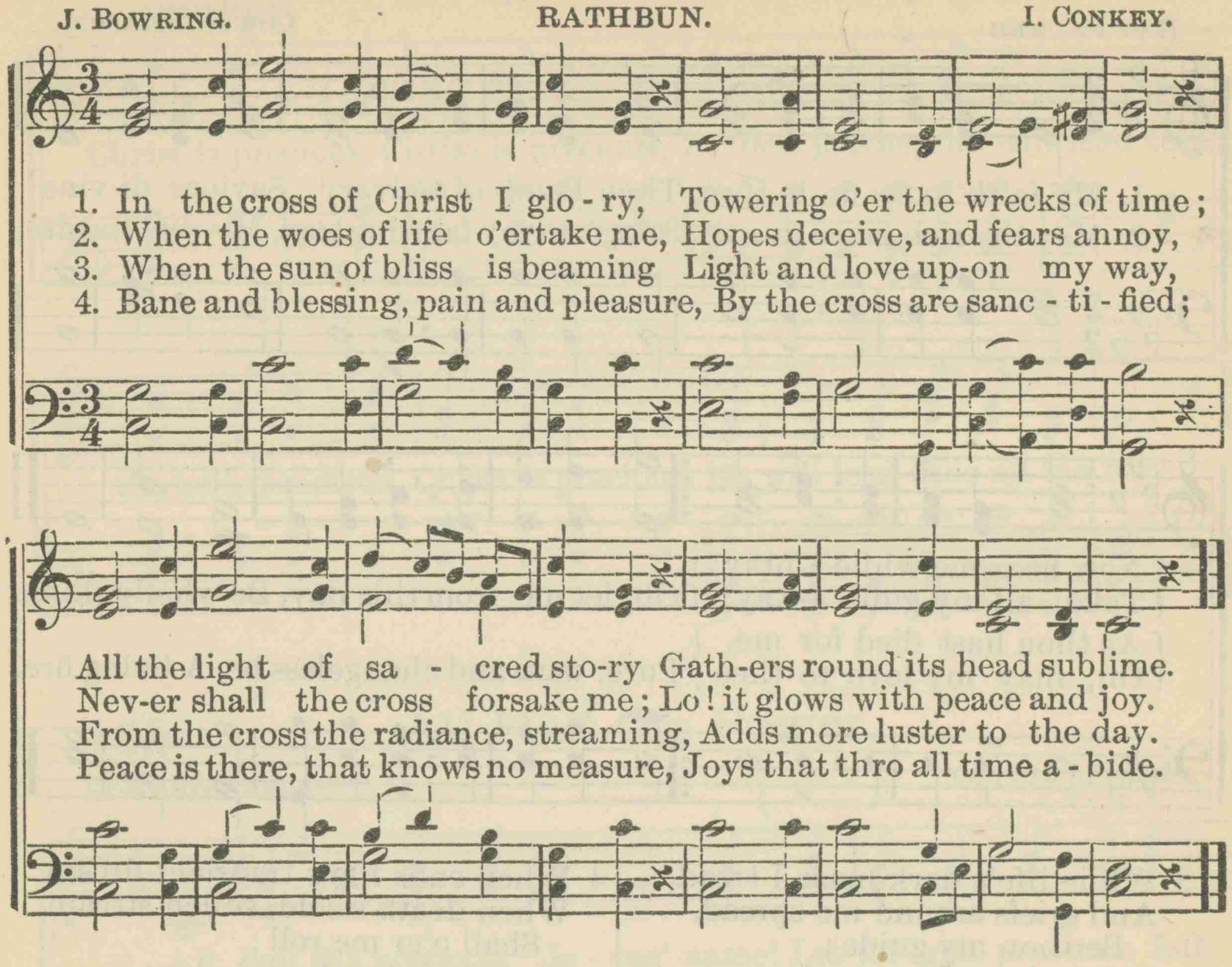


3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
‖:And carried all my grief.:‖

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
‖:And saves me from the grave.:‖

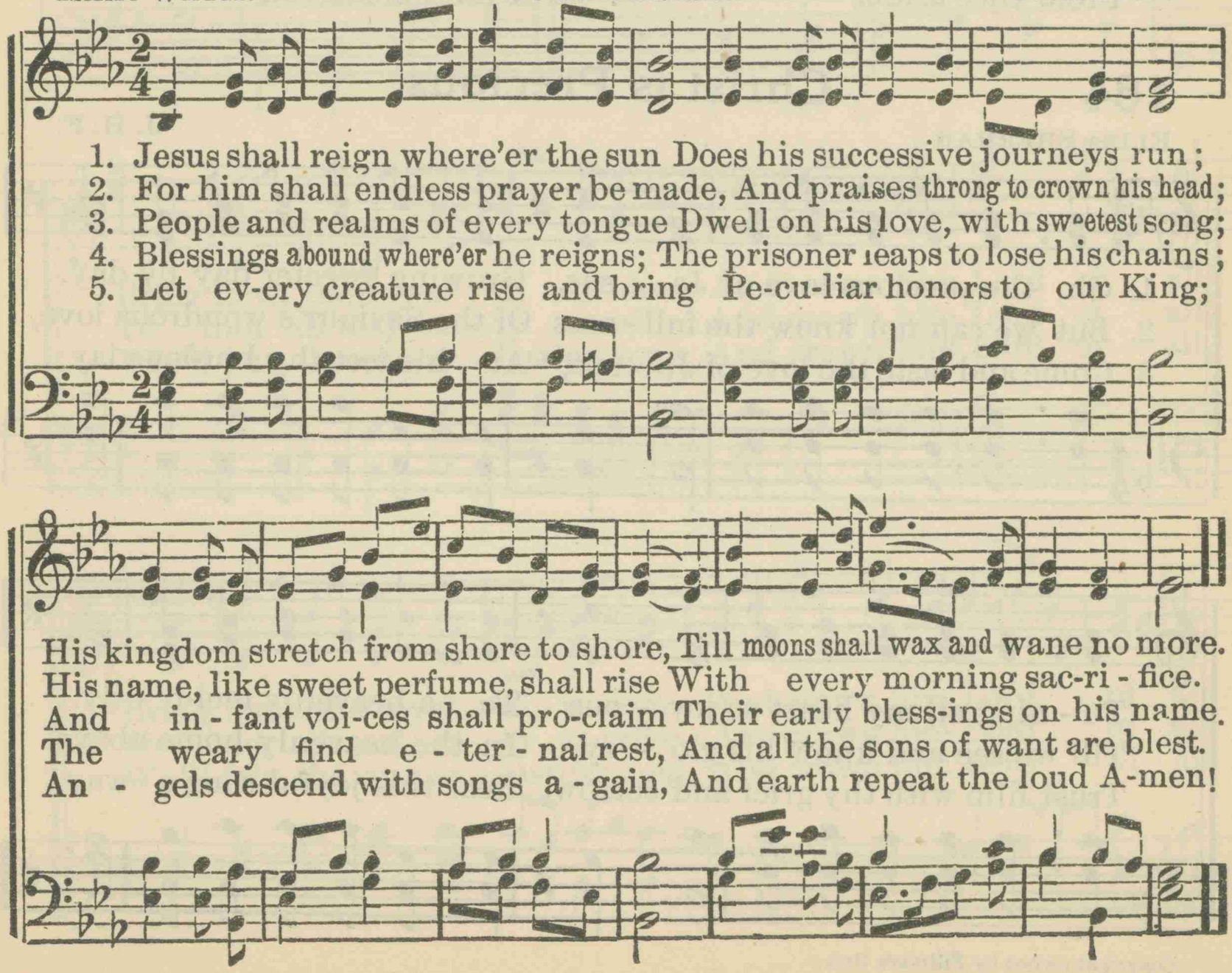
161 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

J. BOWRING. RATHBUN. I. CONKEY.

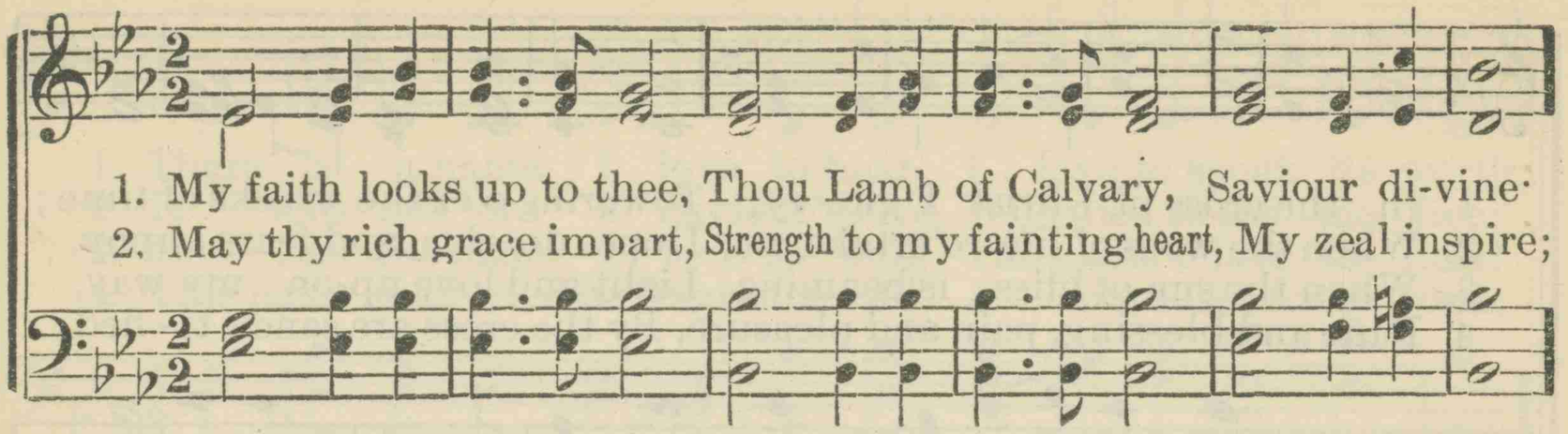
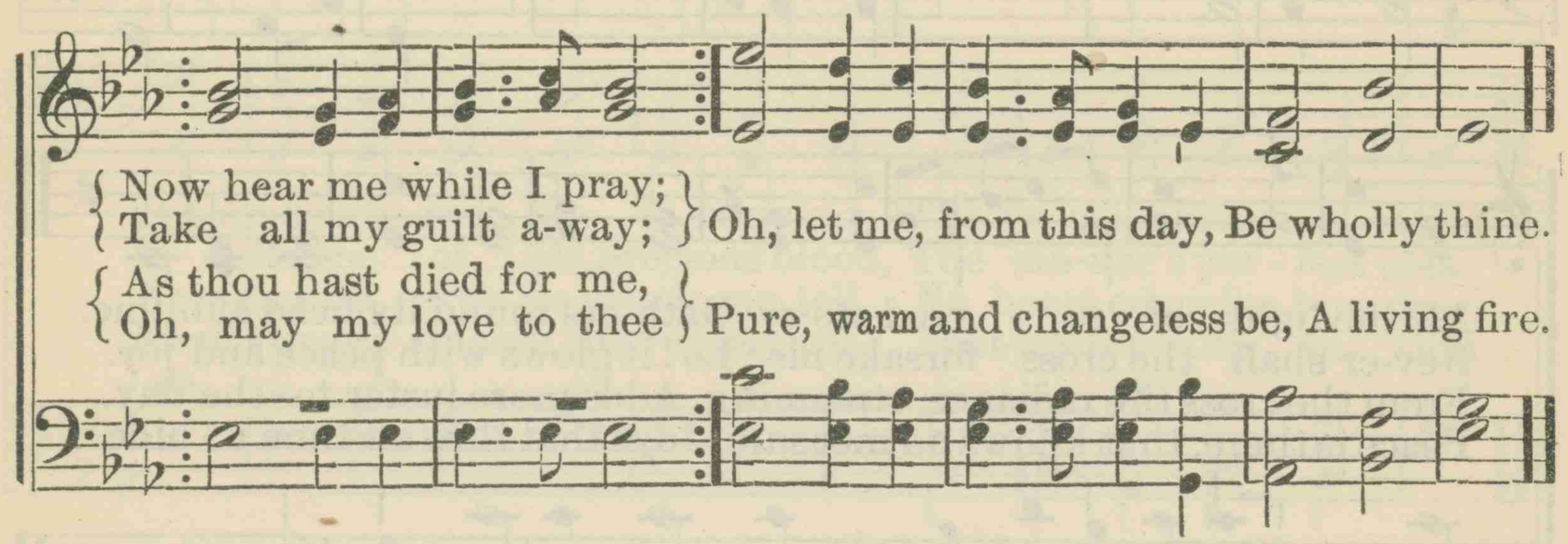


162 Jesus shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. DUKE STREET. J. HATTON.



163 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

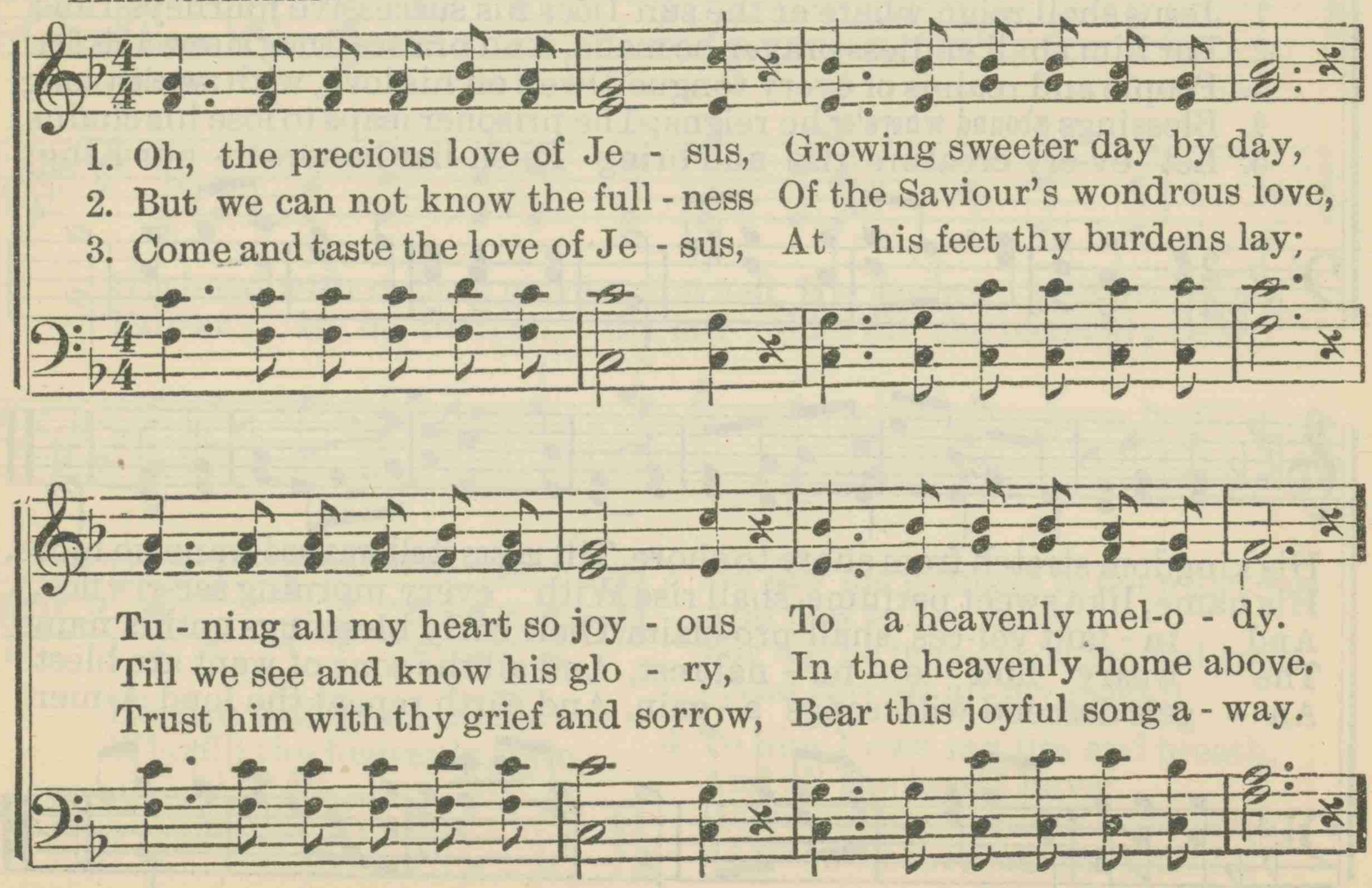
RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.



3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

164 Christ is Precious.

ELIZA SHERMAN. J. H. F.



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Christ is Precious.

CHORUS.

Christ is precious, Christ is precious, In life's journey he will lead thee;

Christ is precious, Christ is precious, He will lead thee all the way.

165 All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

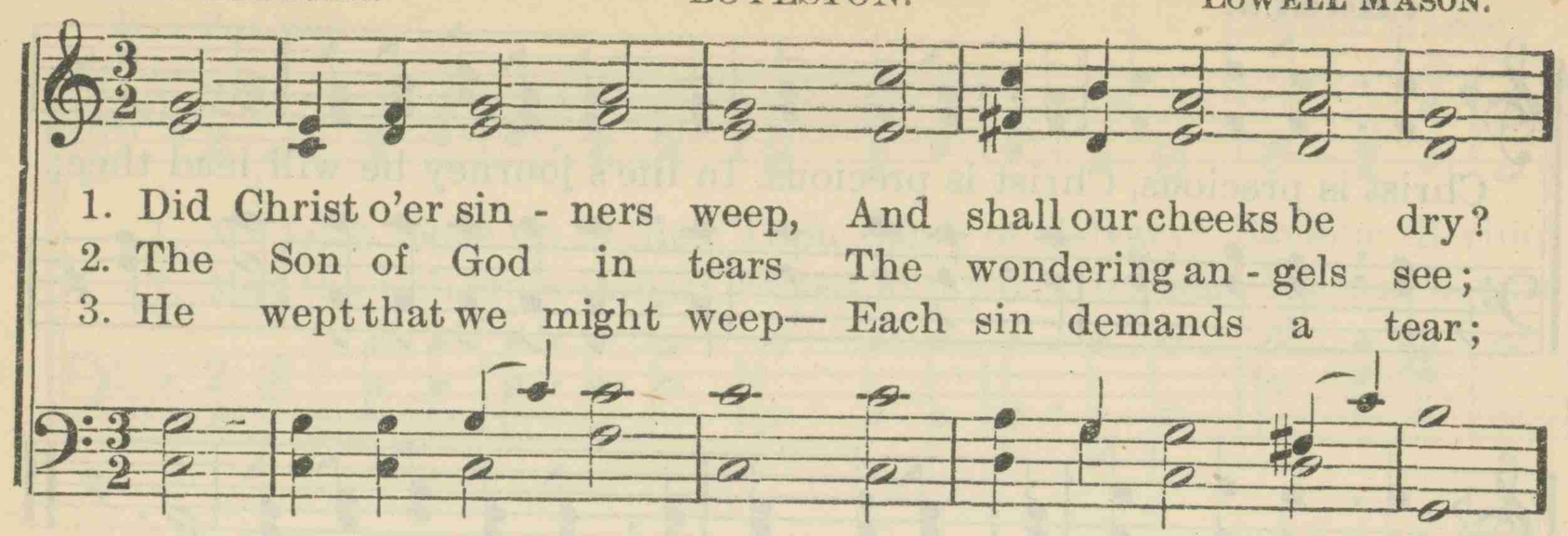
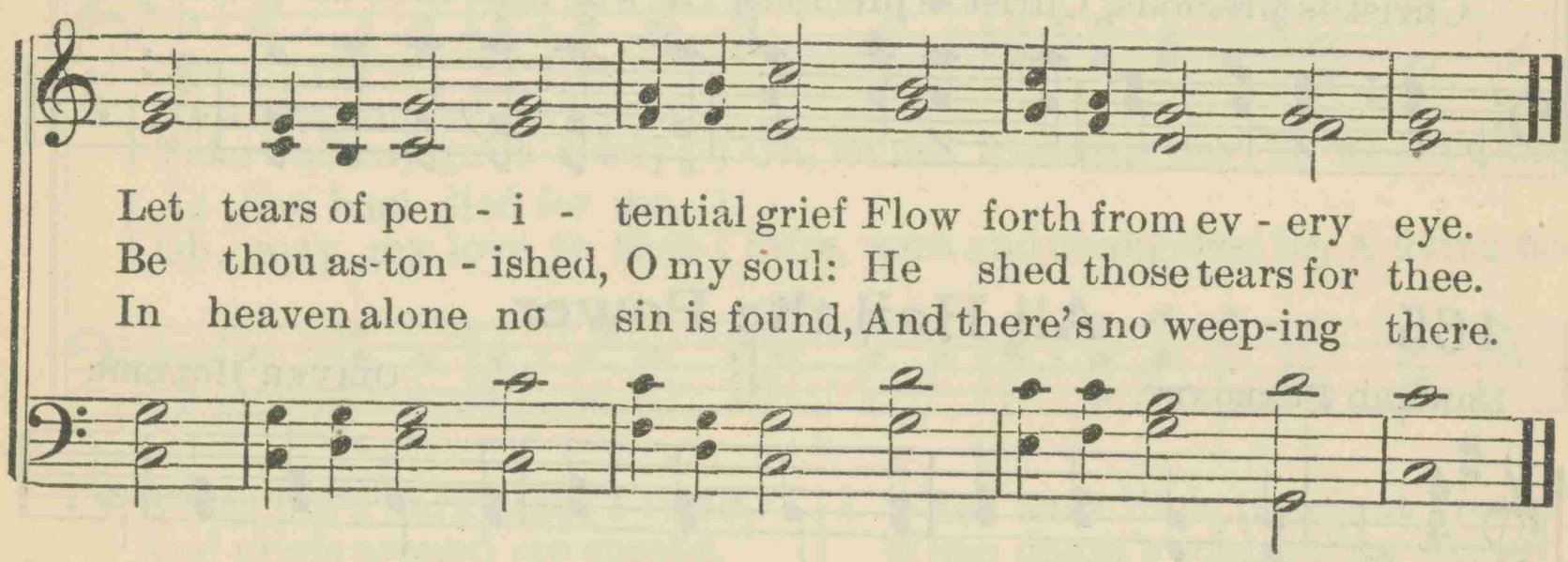
1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
3. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all,
To him all maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown him Lord of all,

Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

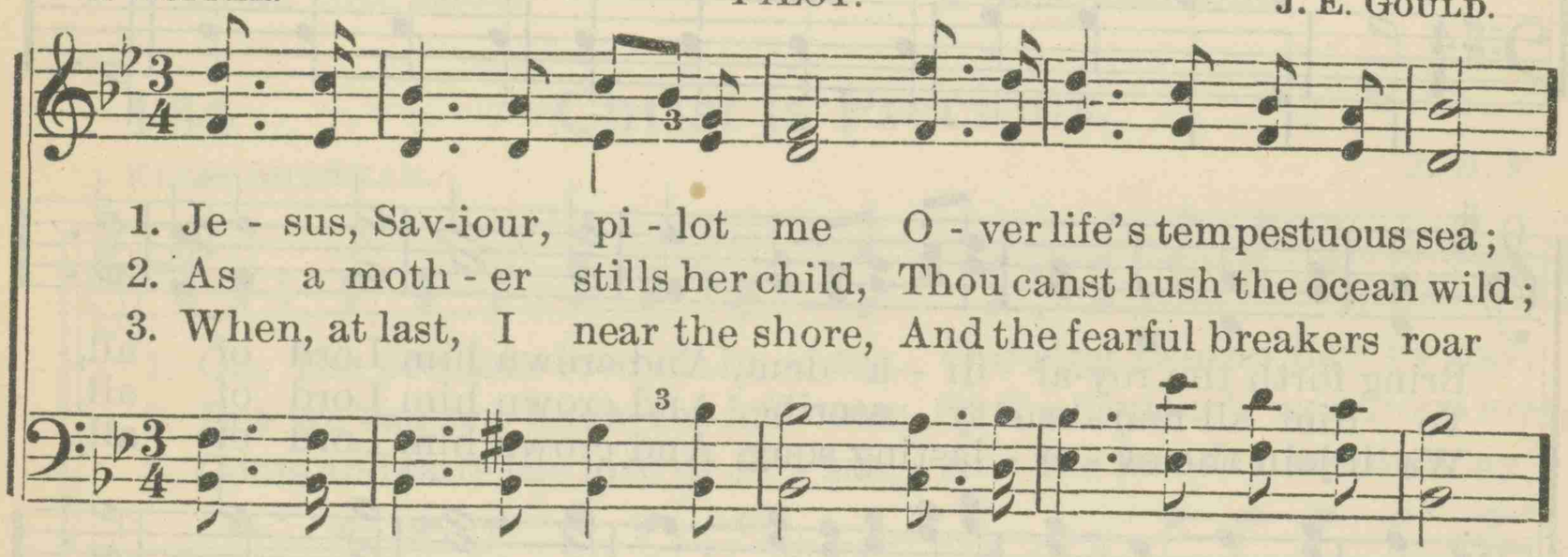
166 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep.

BENJ. BEDDOME. BOYLSTON. LOWELL MASON.

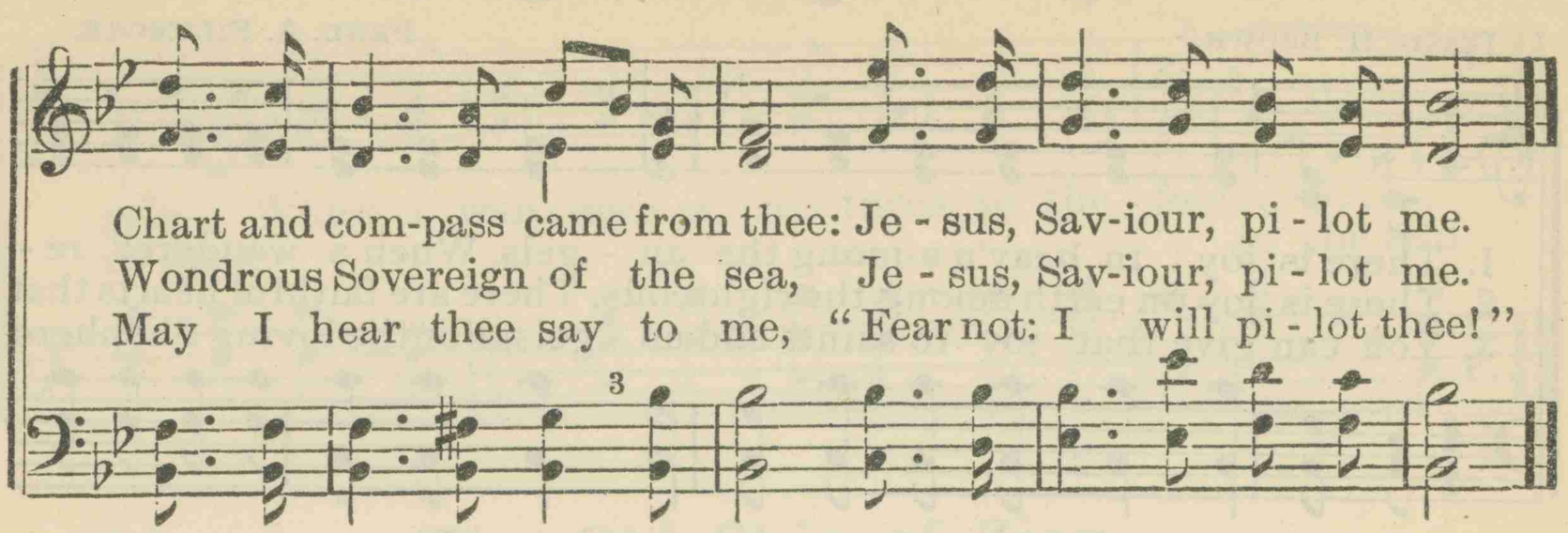


167 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. HOPPER. PILOT. J. E. GOULD.

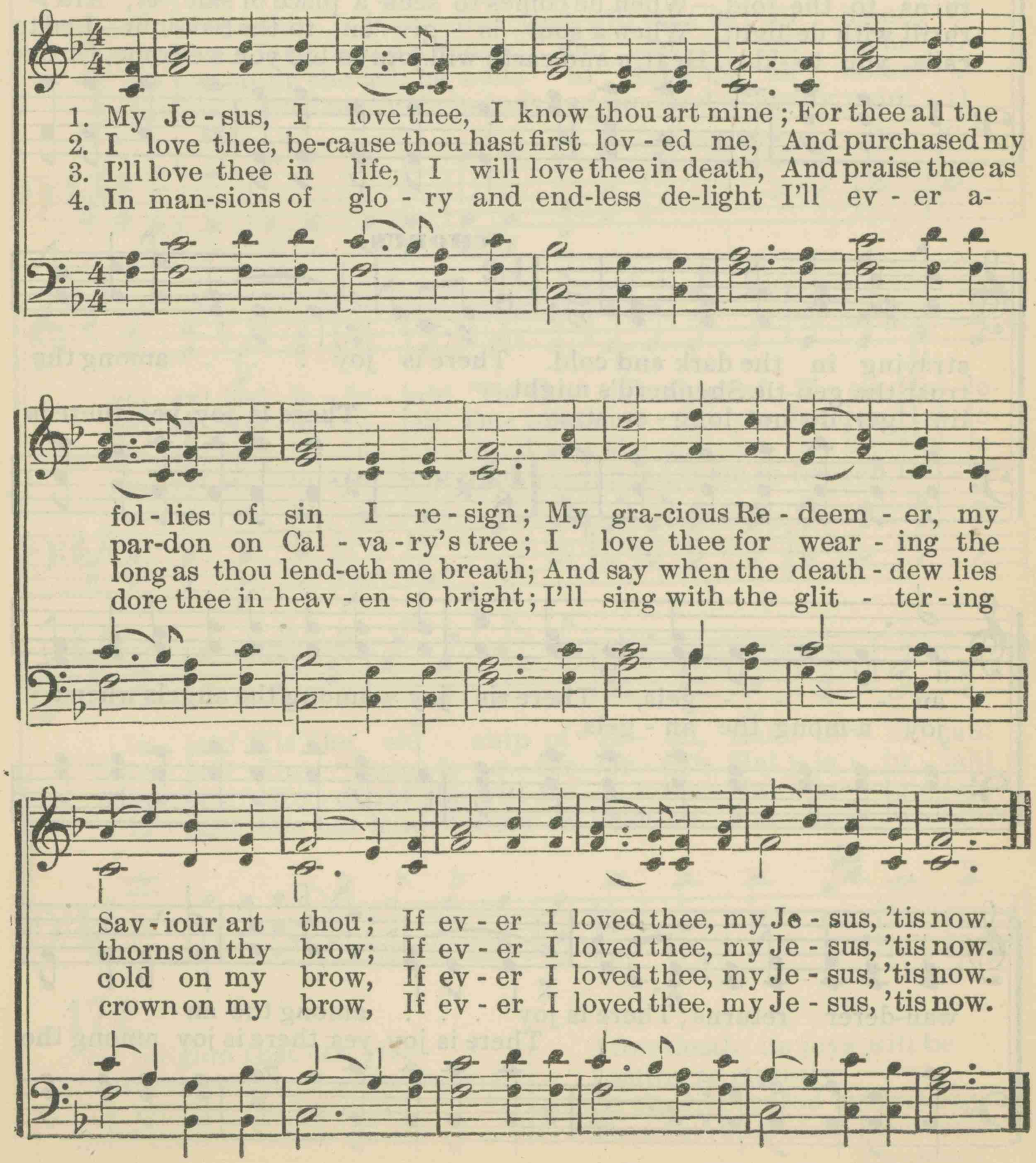


Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.



168 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.



169 Joy Among the Angels.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. There is joy in heav'n a-mong the an - gels, When a wanderer re -
2. There is joy on earth among the righteous, There are faithful hearts that
3. You can give that joy to saints and an - gels, For the loving Shepherd

turns to the fold,—When he comes to seek a place of safe - ty, After
thrill with de-light, When a soul is giv - en to the Sav-iour—Led to
calls you to - day, Heav'n and earth will join to bid you welcome, Do not

CHORUS.

straying in the dark and cold. There is joy . . . among the
trust the gen-tle Shepherd's might.
lin - ger, do not long - er stray. There is joy, yes, there is

an - - - - - gels, There is joy among the angels when a
joy a-mong the an - gels,

wan-derer returns; There is joy . . . among the an - .
There is joy, yes, there is joy among the

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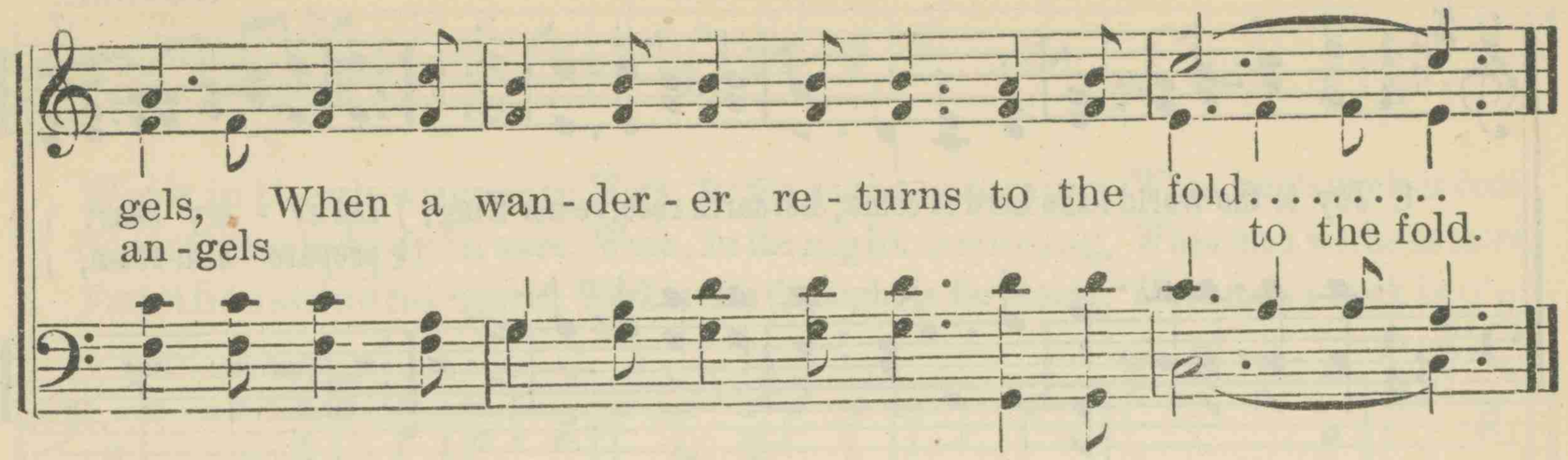
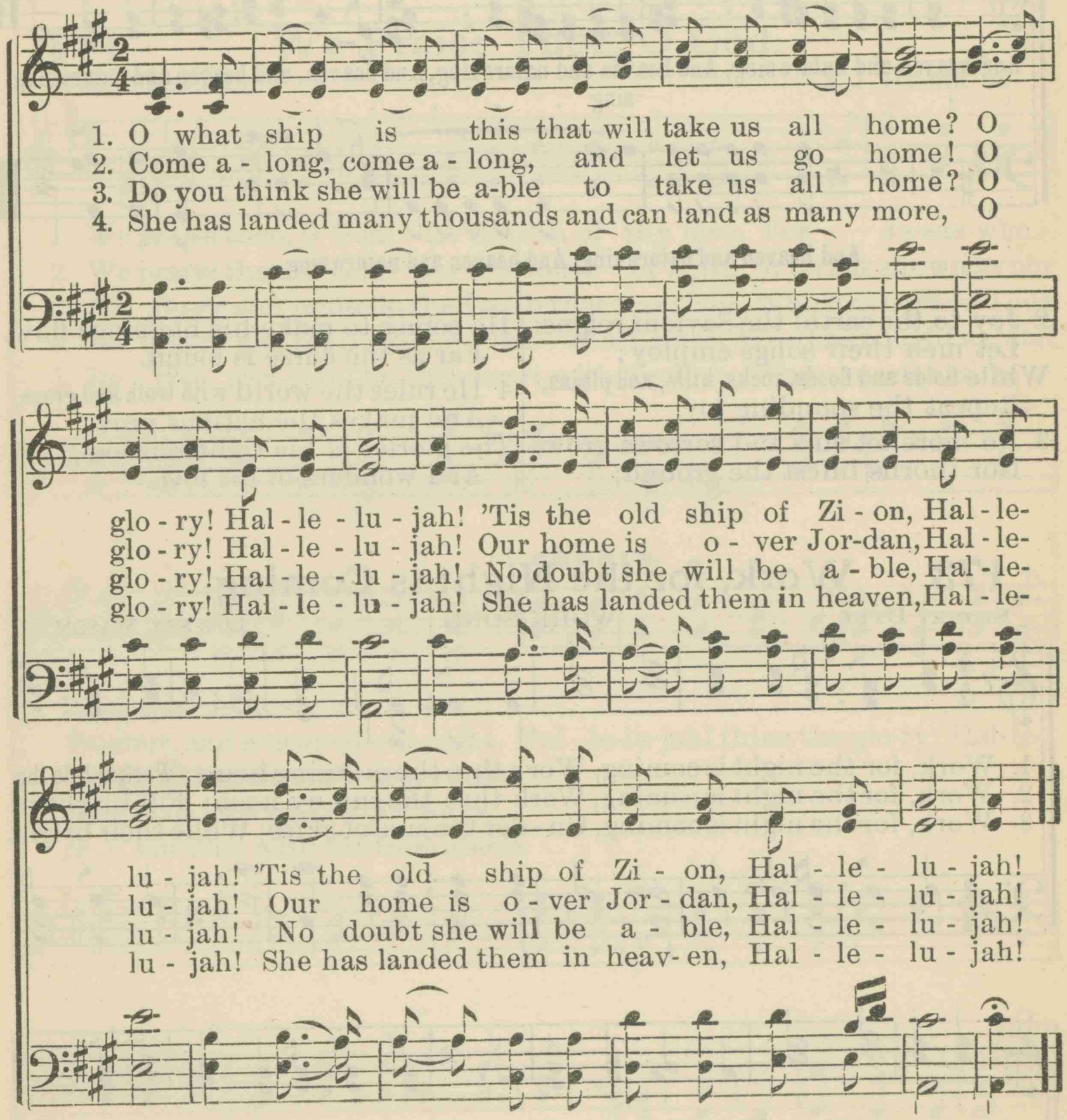
Joy Among the Angels.



170 The Old Ship of Zion.

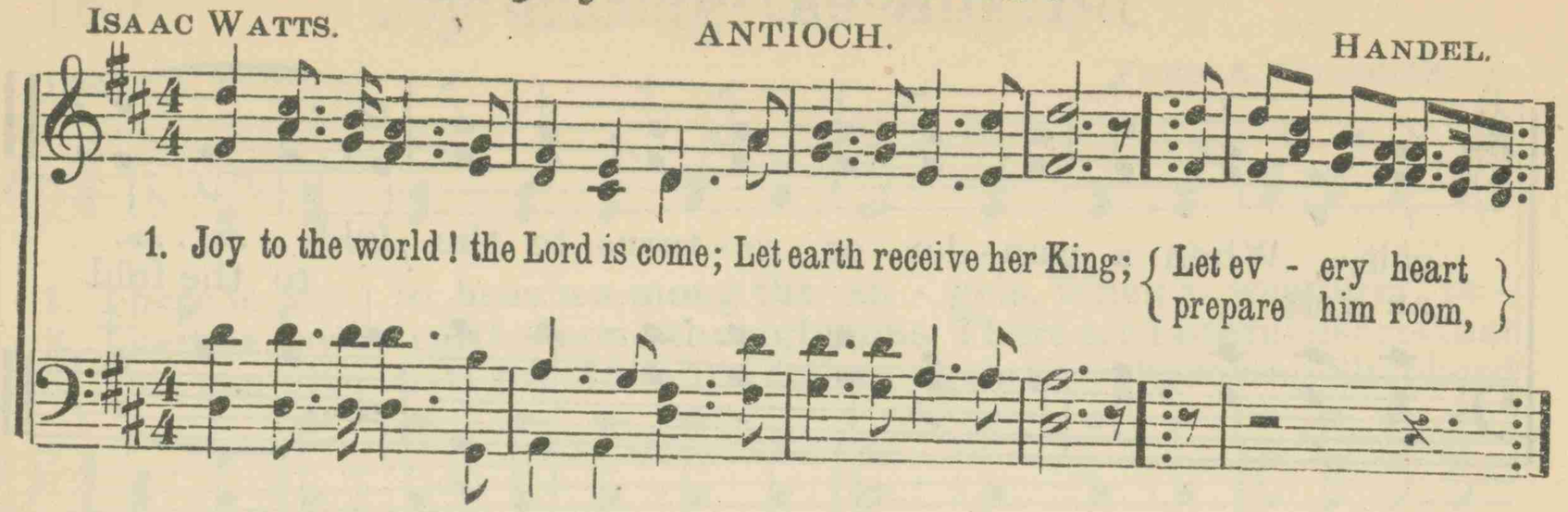
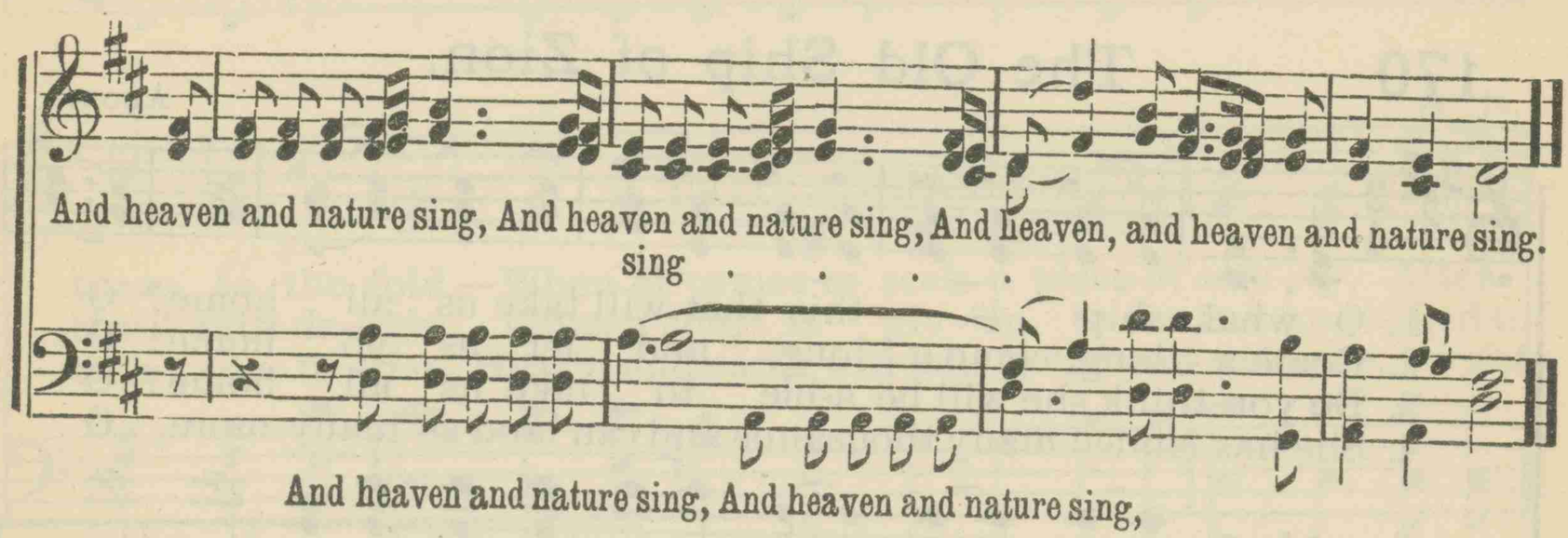
Anon.

171

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die

After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

UNKNOWN.

172 Joy to the World!

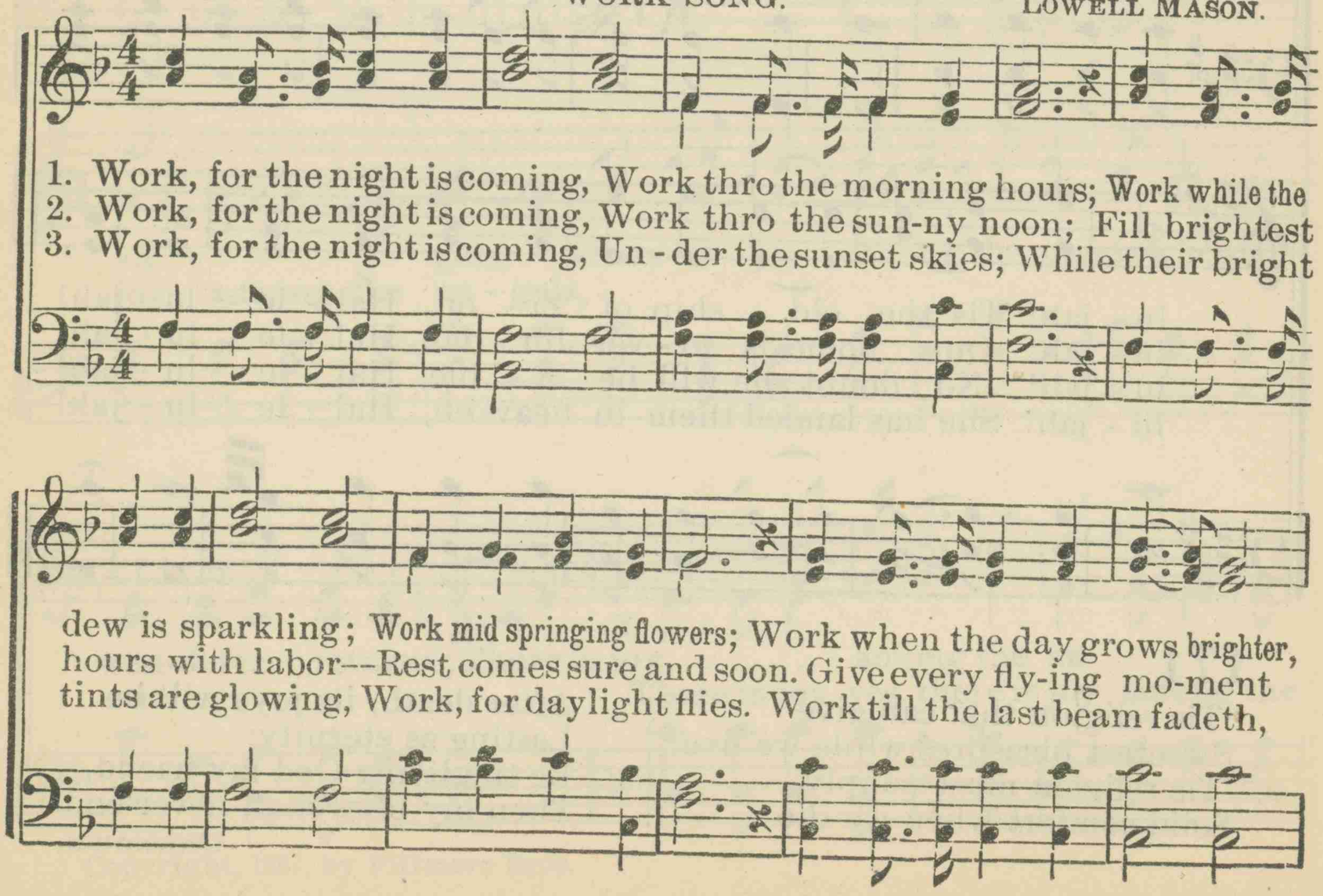
ISAAC WATTS. ANTIOCH. HANDEL.

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

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

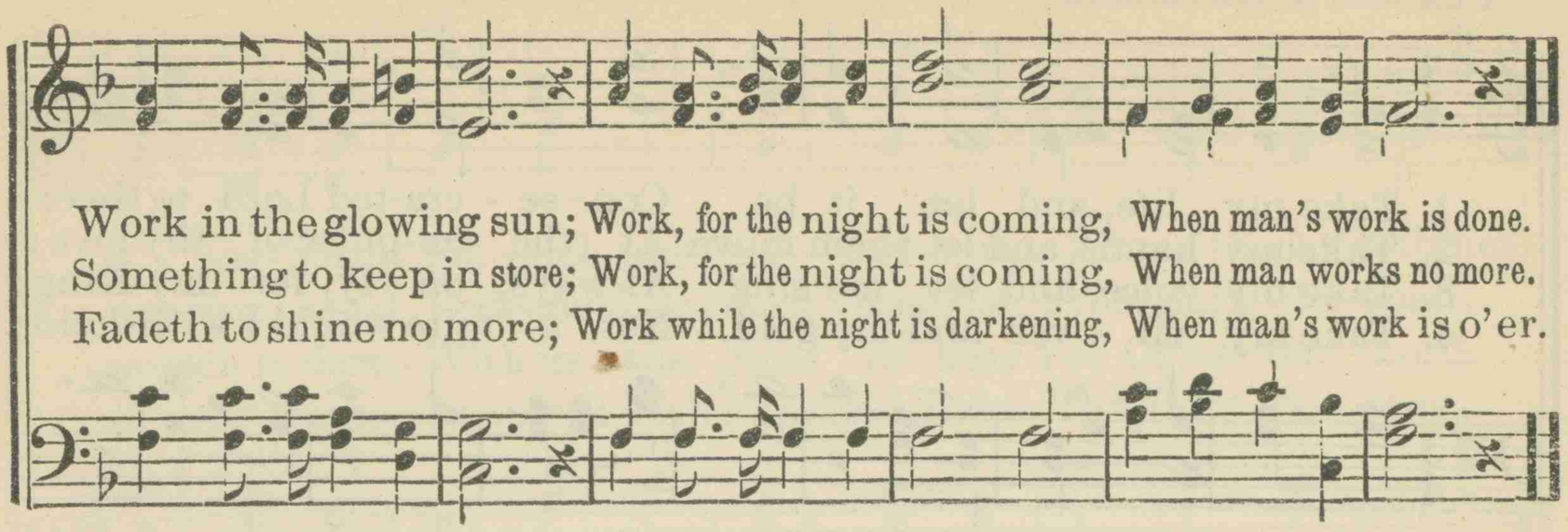
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

173 Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER. WORK SONG. LOWELL MASON.

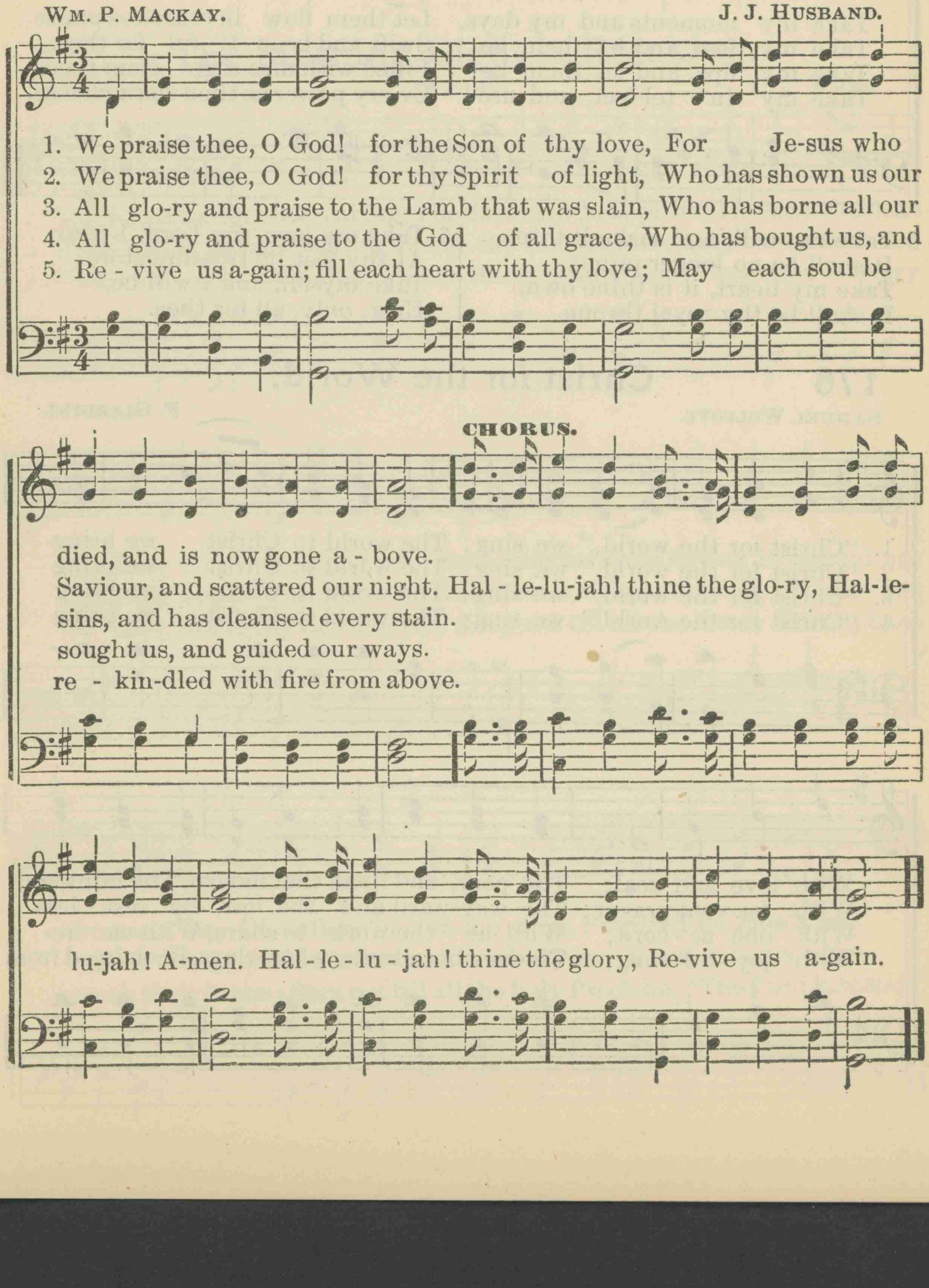


Work for the Night is Coming.

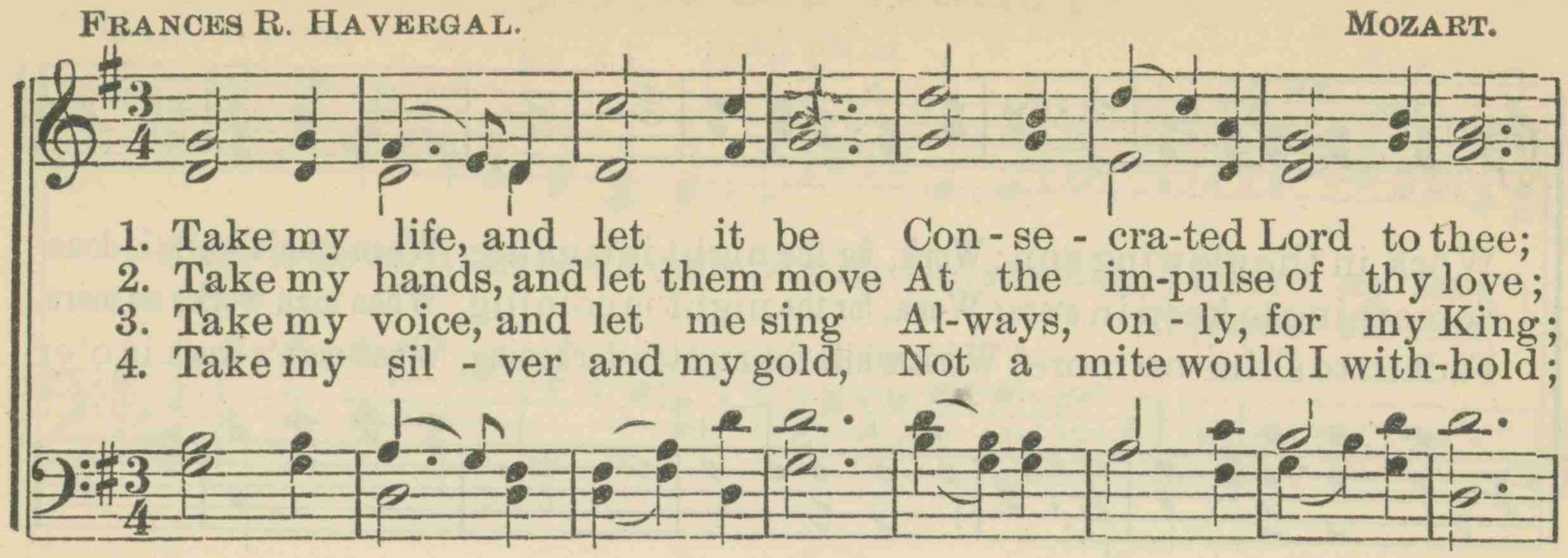
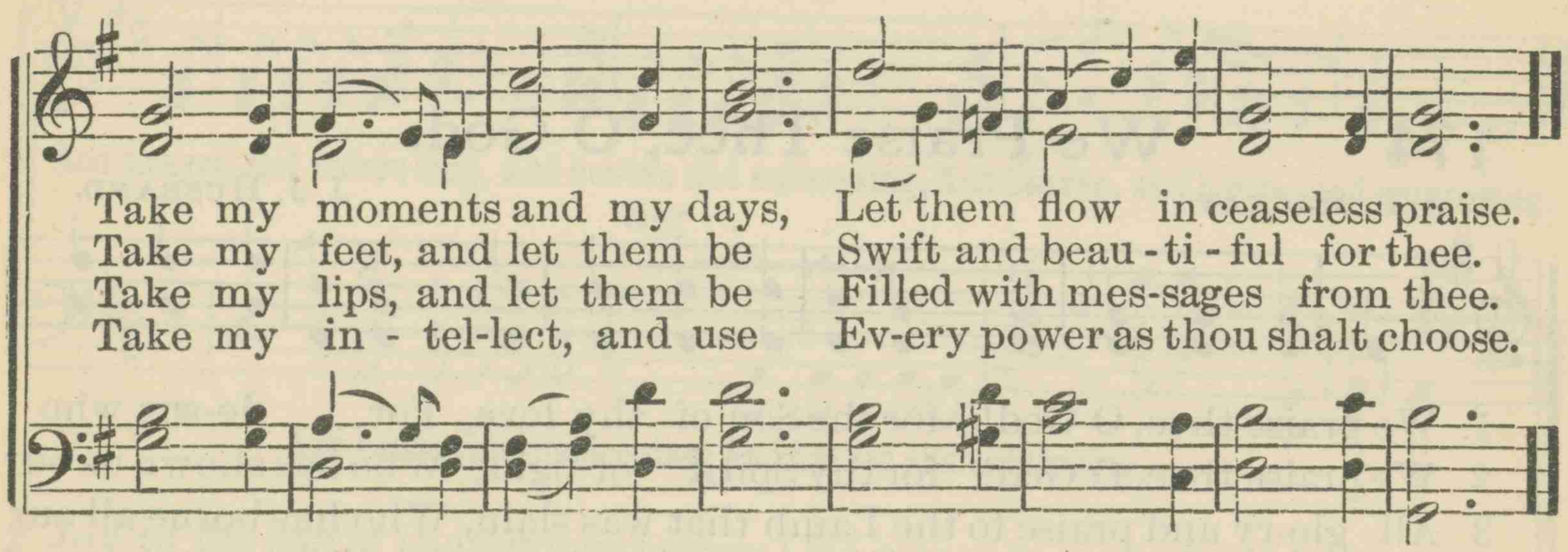


174 We Praise Thee, O God.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.



175 Take my Life, and let it Be.

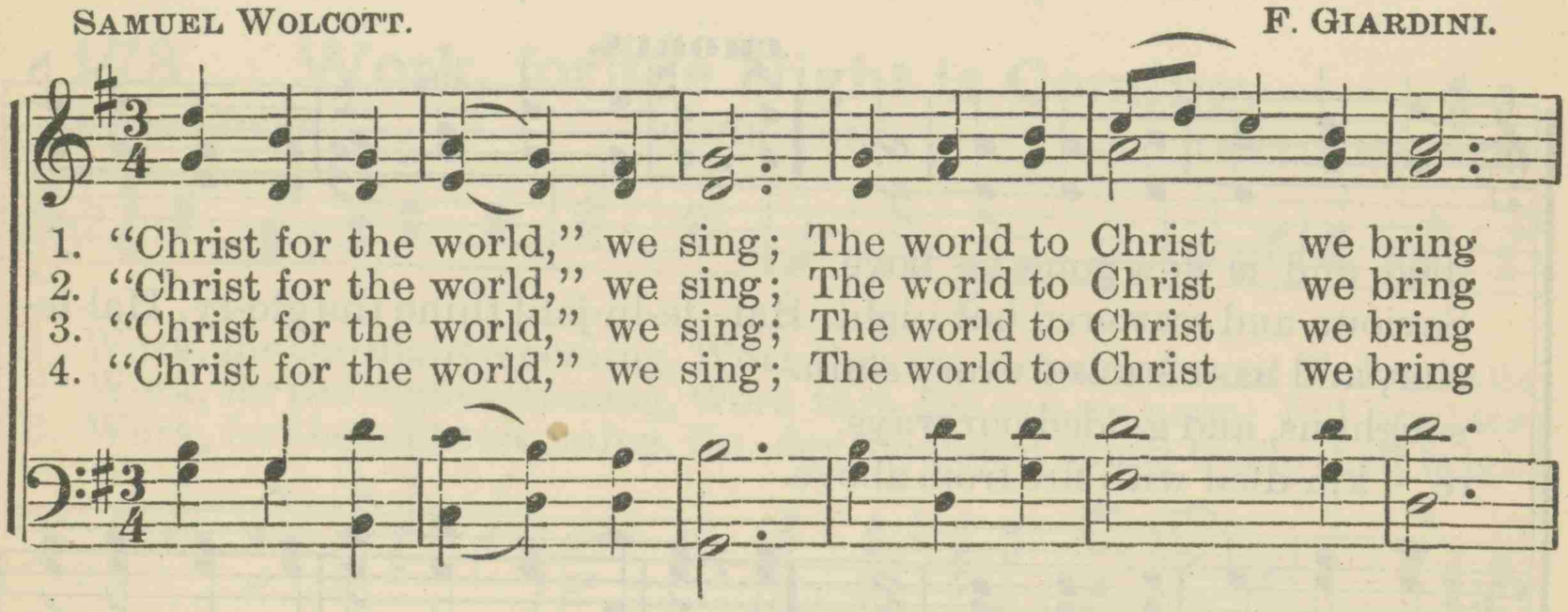
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. MOZART.



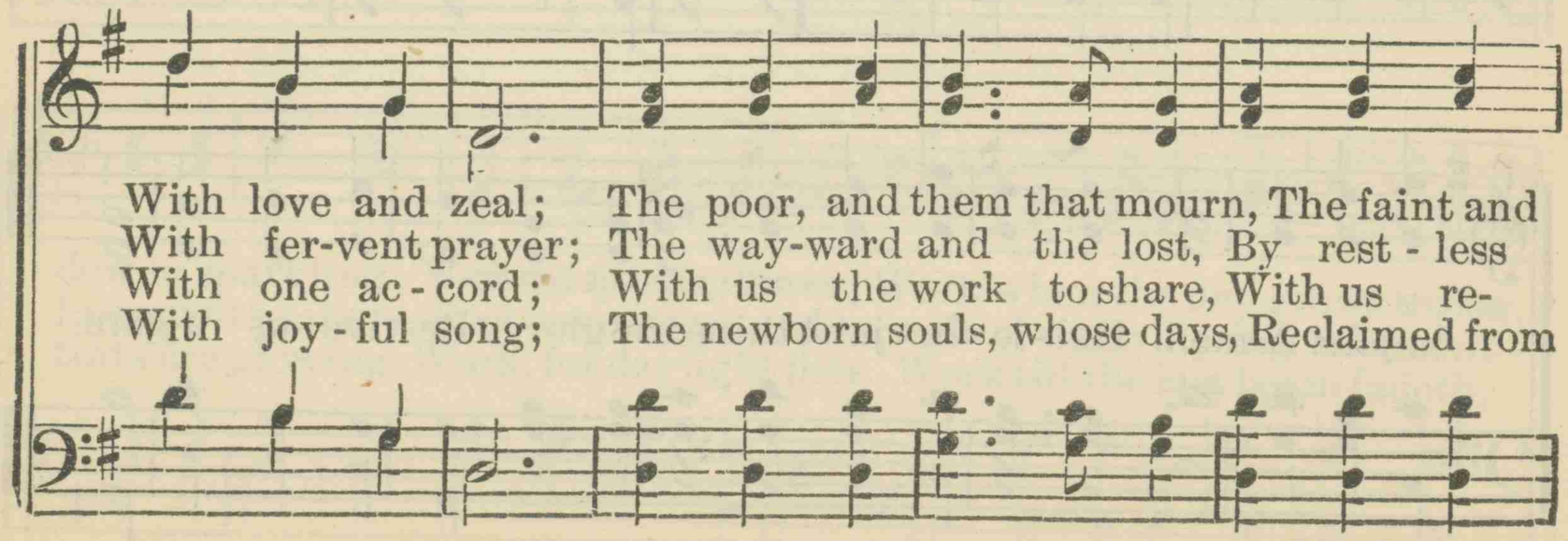
5 Take my will, and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

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

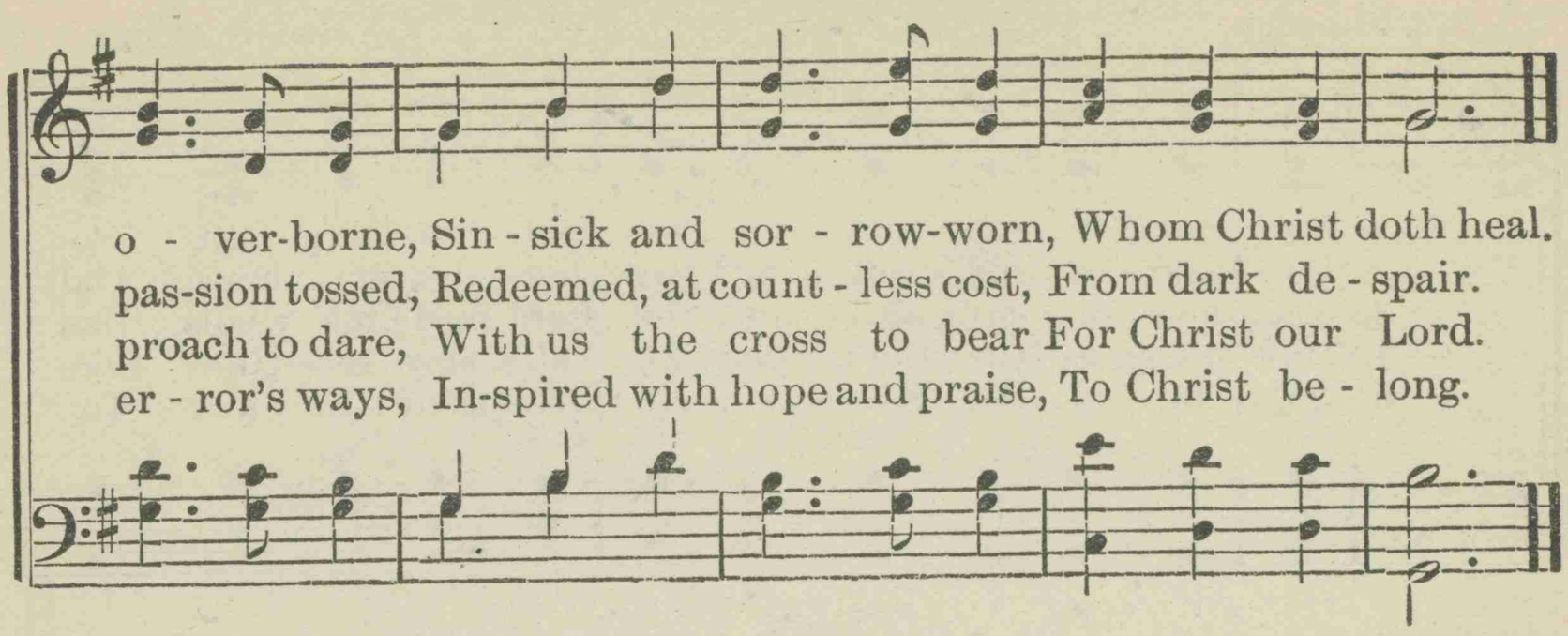
176 Christ for the World.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT. F. GIARDINI.



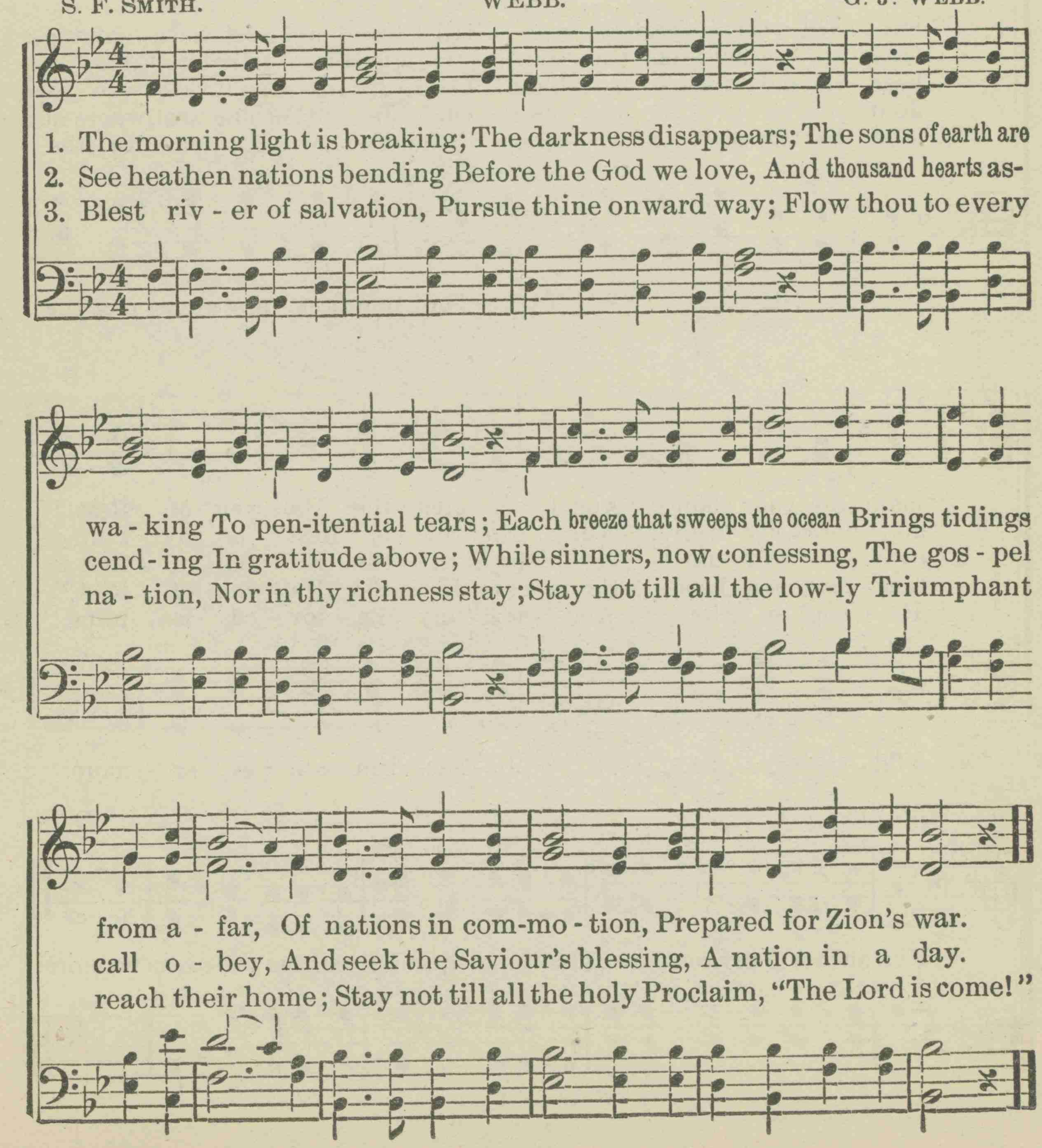


Christ for the World.



177 The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. SMITH. WEBB. G. J. WEBB.



178

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 tho't that we all may re - cline, Like
5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, 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 tem-pest may sweep o'er the

"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."

FINE.

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

CHORUS. *D. S.*

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

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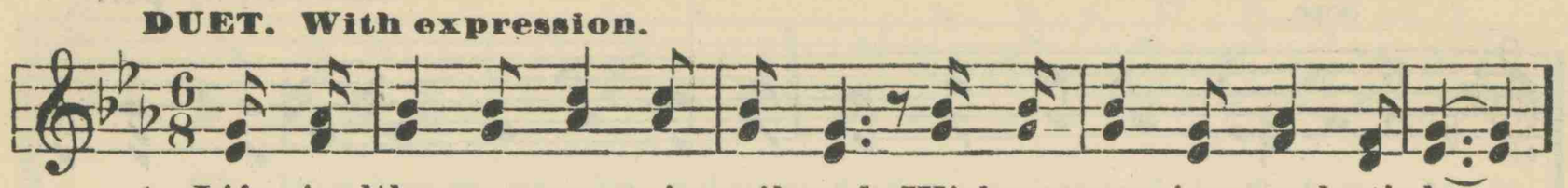
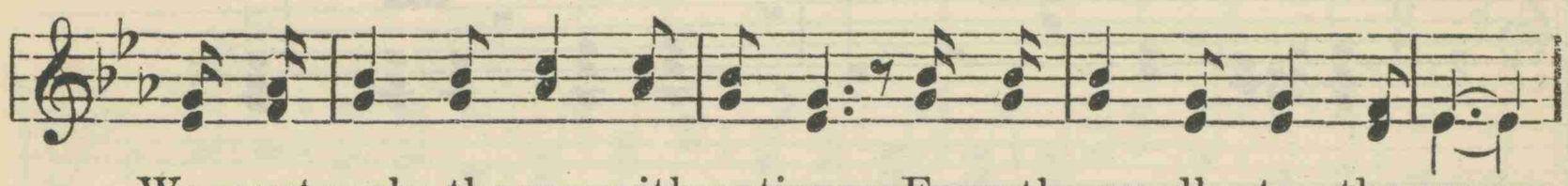
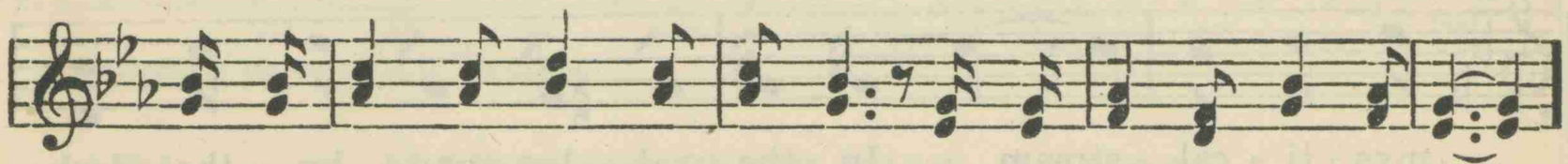
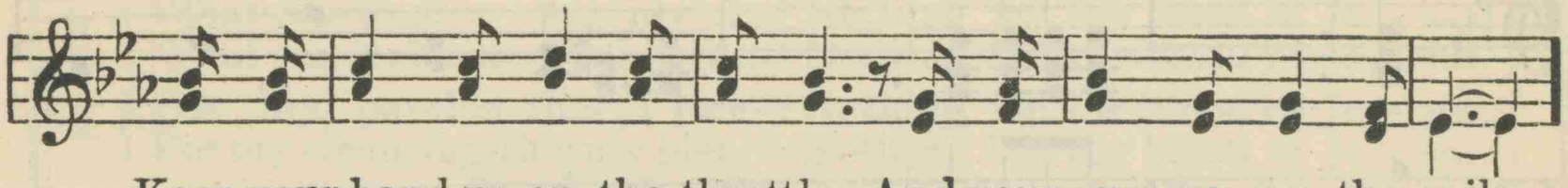
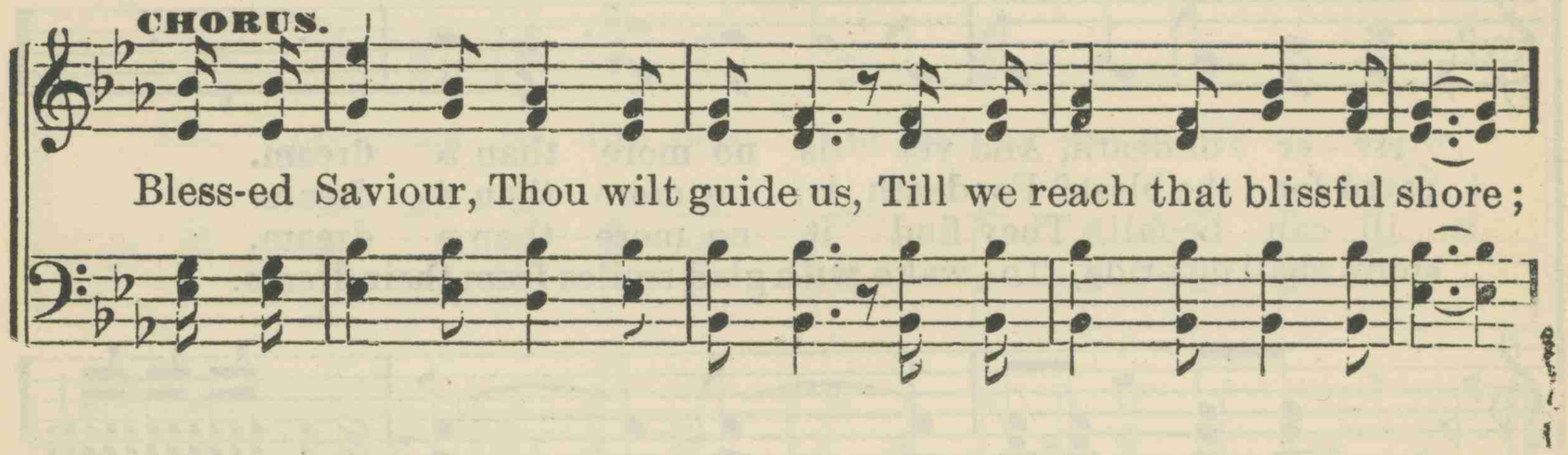
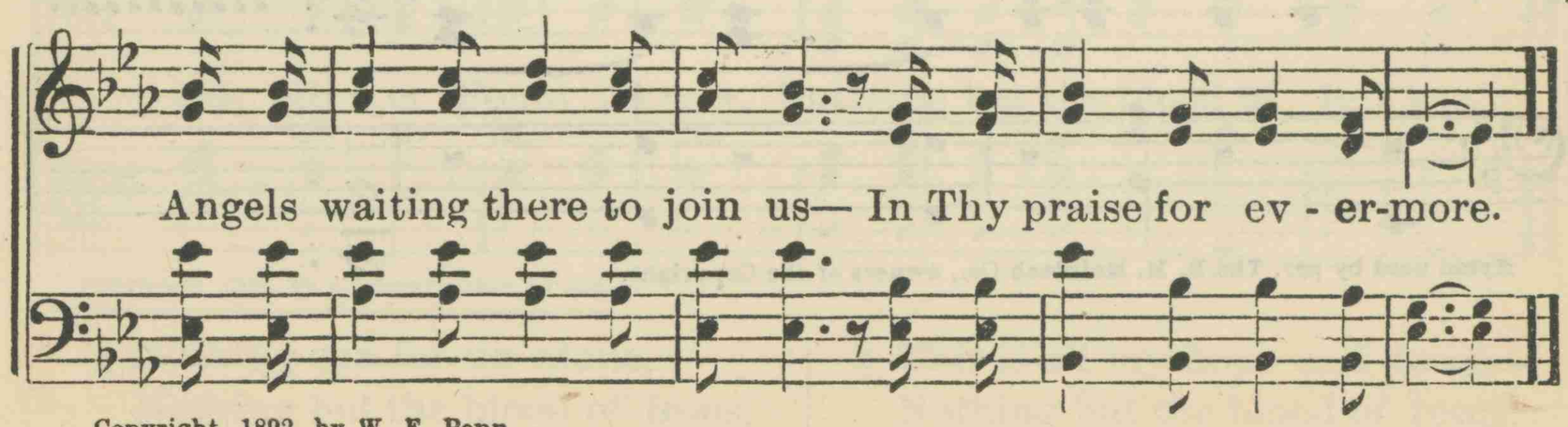
179 Life's Railway to Heaven.

W. E. ABBEY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

DUET. With expression.

1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an en-gin-eer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft - en find obstructions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a-cross the tres-tle—Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,

We must make the run with patience, From the cra-dle to the grave:
See that Christ is your con-duc- tor, On the light'ning train of life:
On a fill, or curve, or tres- tle, They will almost ditch your train;
You be-hold the un - ion de - pot, In-to which your train will glide.

Watch the curves, the fills and tunnels; Nev-er fal - ter, nev- er fail!
Al-ways mind- ful of obstructions, Do your du - ty, nev- er fail—
Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus, Nev-er fal - ter, nev- er fail—
There you'll meet the Superintendent, God the Father, God the Son,

Keep your hand up-on the throttle, And your eyes up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up-on the throttle, And your eyes up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up-on the throttle, And your eyes up - on the rail.
With the heart- y joy-ous plaud-it, "Wea-ry Pilgrim, welcome home."

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Saviour, Thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that blissful shore;

Angels waiting there to join us— In Thy praise for ev - er-more.

Copyright, 1892, by W. E. Penn.

180 DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.

C. W. RAY.
SOLO.

A. J. BUCHANAN, by per.

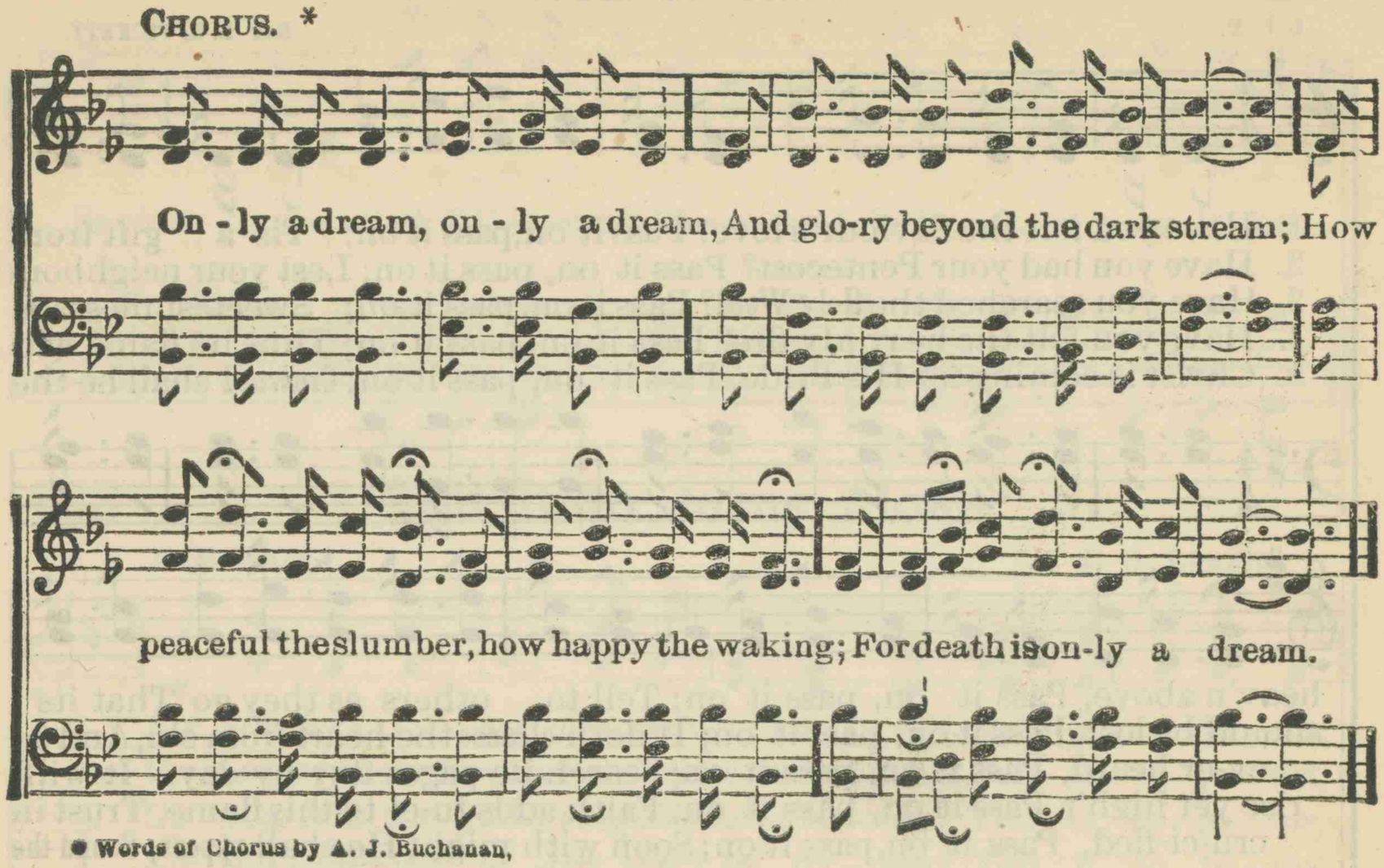
1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem- u- lous breath, As we stand by the mys - ti - cal stream,
2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest In the bos - om of Je - sus su - preme,
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should appall, Tho' it fright-ful- ly dis - mal may seem,
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on-rush- ing tide, Doth the light of e - ter - ni - ty gleam;

In the val - ley and by the dark riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
In the man- sions of glo - ry pre - pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
In the arms of their Sav - iour no ill can be-fall, They find it no more than a dream.
And the ran- somed the dark - ness and storm shall out-ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

Hymn used by per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.—Concluded.

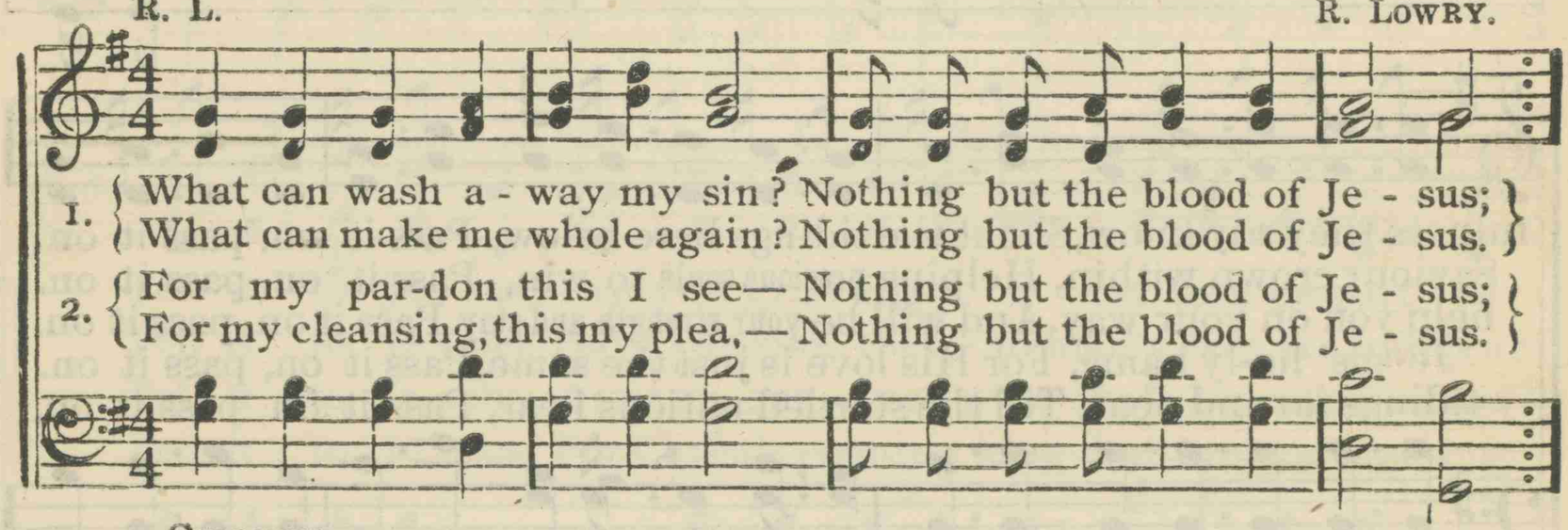
CHORUS. *



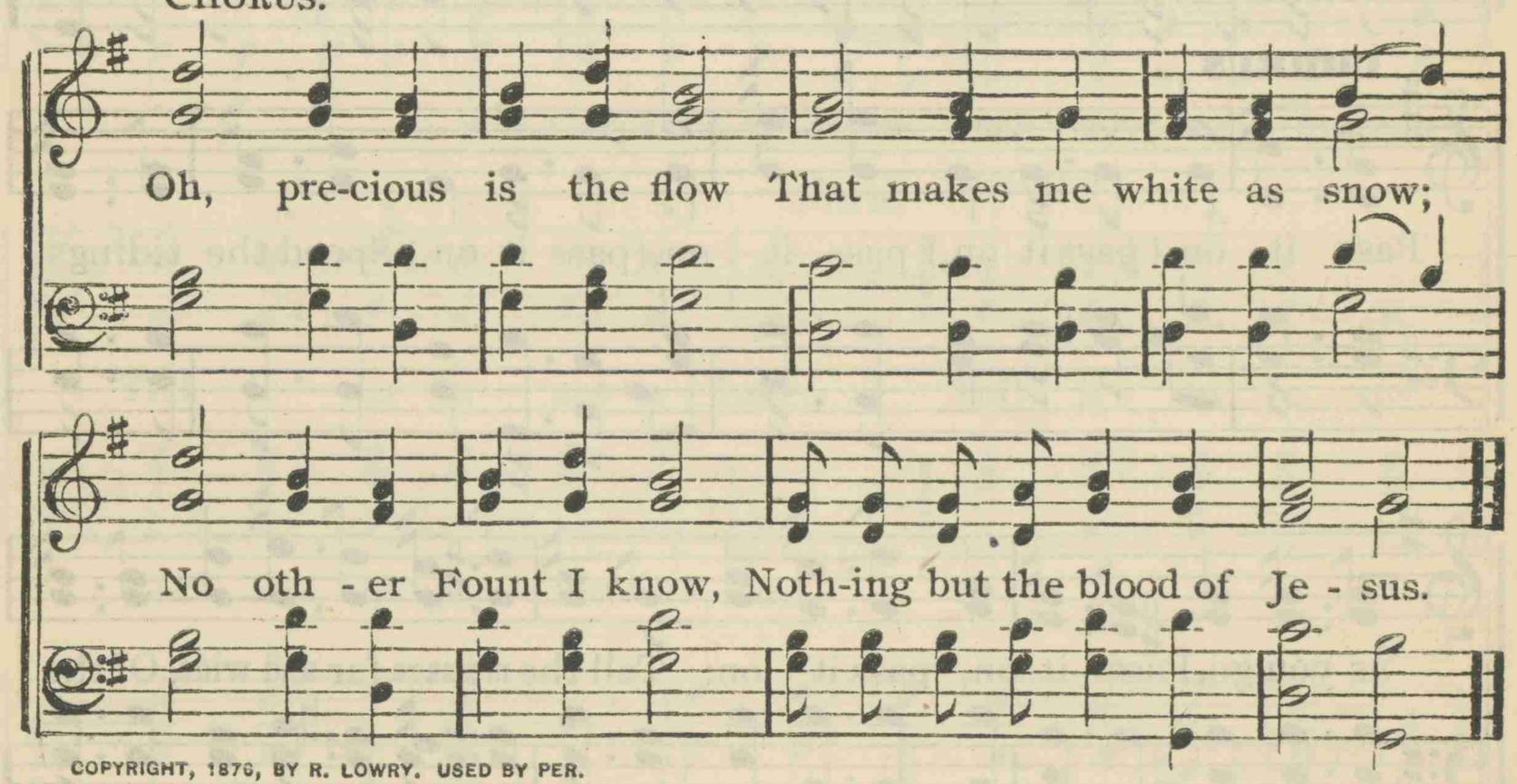
* Words of Chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

181 NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD.

R. L. R. LOWRY.



CHORUS.



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3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

PASS IT ON.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Have you felt the Saviour's love? Pass it on, pass it on; 'Tis a gift from heav'n above, Pass it on, pass it on; Tell to others as they go That its
2. Have you had your Pentecost? Pass it on, pass it on; Lest your neighbors should be lost, Pass it on, pass it on; It doth cleanse the heart from sin, And the
3. Have you searched the Holy Word? Pass it on, pass it on; Sweetest message ev-er heard, Pass it on, pass it on; Search its pages day by day, It will
4. Have you felt the heav'nly fire? Pass it on, pass it on; Thus its flame will rise yet high'r, Pass it on, pass it on; Faith adds fu-el to this flame, Trust in
5. Christ is coming for His Bride, Pass it on, pass it on; Crowned shall be the cru-ci-fied, Pass it on, pass it on; Soon with might He shall appear, Sound the

fulness they may know, Shout the tidings here below, Pass it on, pass it on.
Saviour crown within, Helping precious souls to win, Pass it on, pass it on.
help you on your way, And will be your strength and stay, Pass it on, pass it on.
Je-sus' ho-ly name, For His love is just the same, Pass it on, pass it on.
tidings far and near, Till the startled nations hear, Pass it on, pass it on.

CHORUS

Pass it on, (pass it on,) pass it on, (pass it on,) Speed the tidings as you go, Pass it on, pass it on; Tell the message far and wide, Of the

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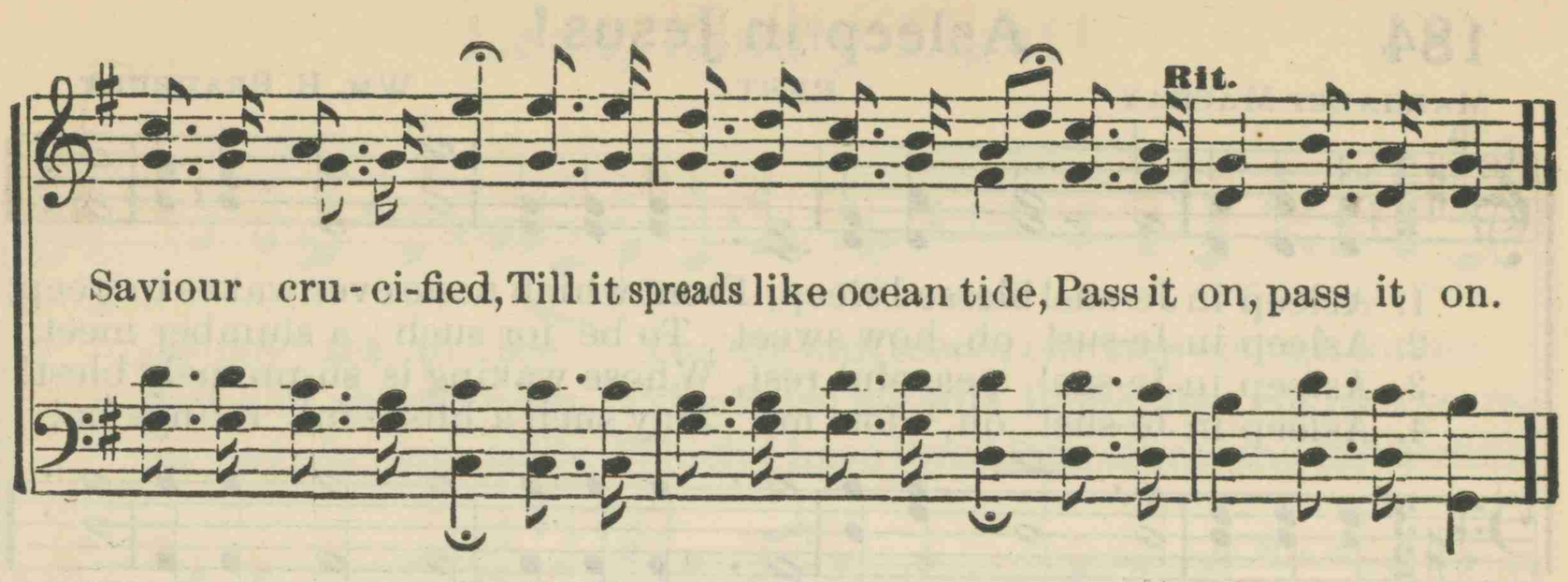
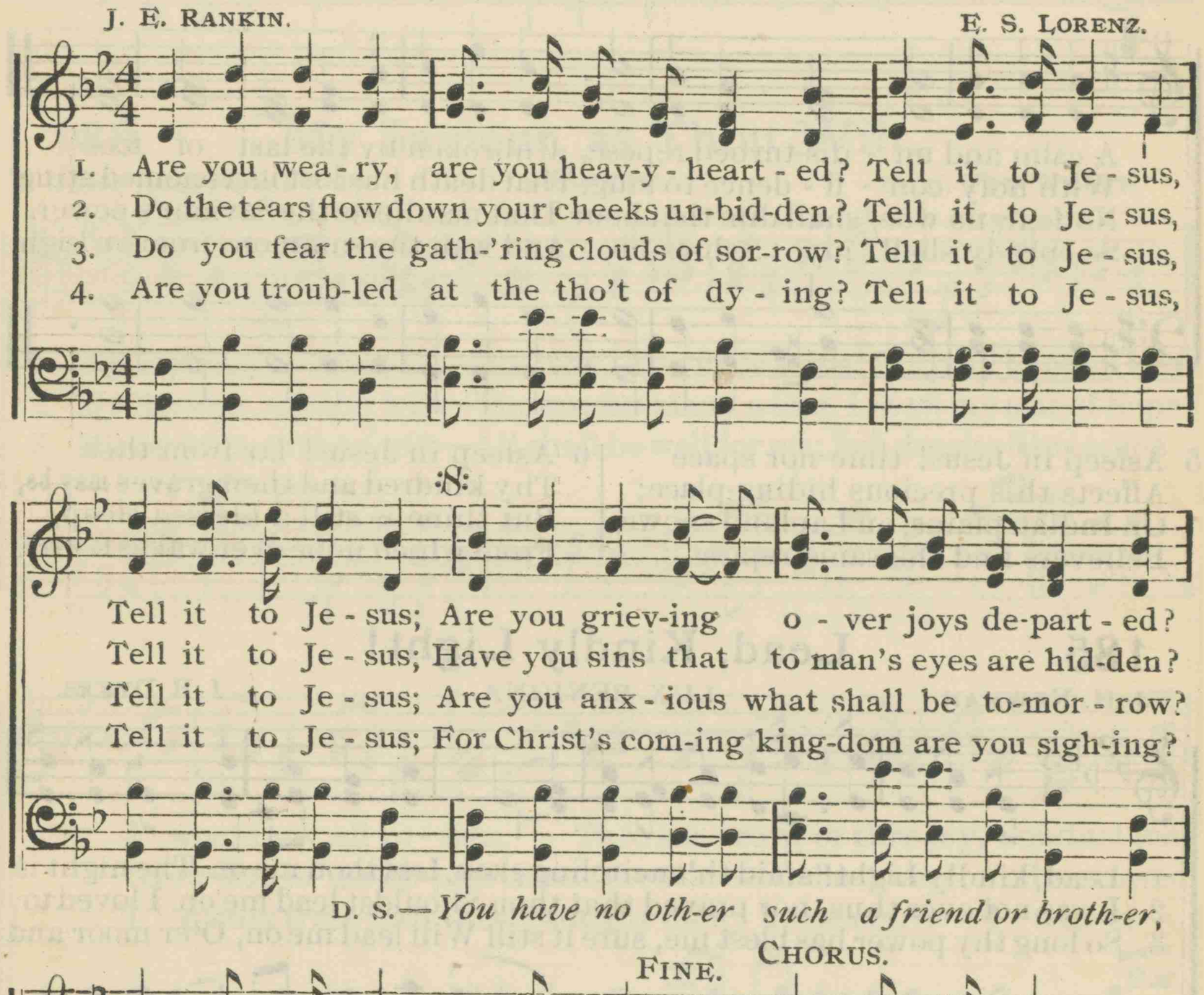


183 Tell It to Jesus Alone.

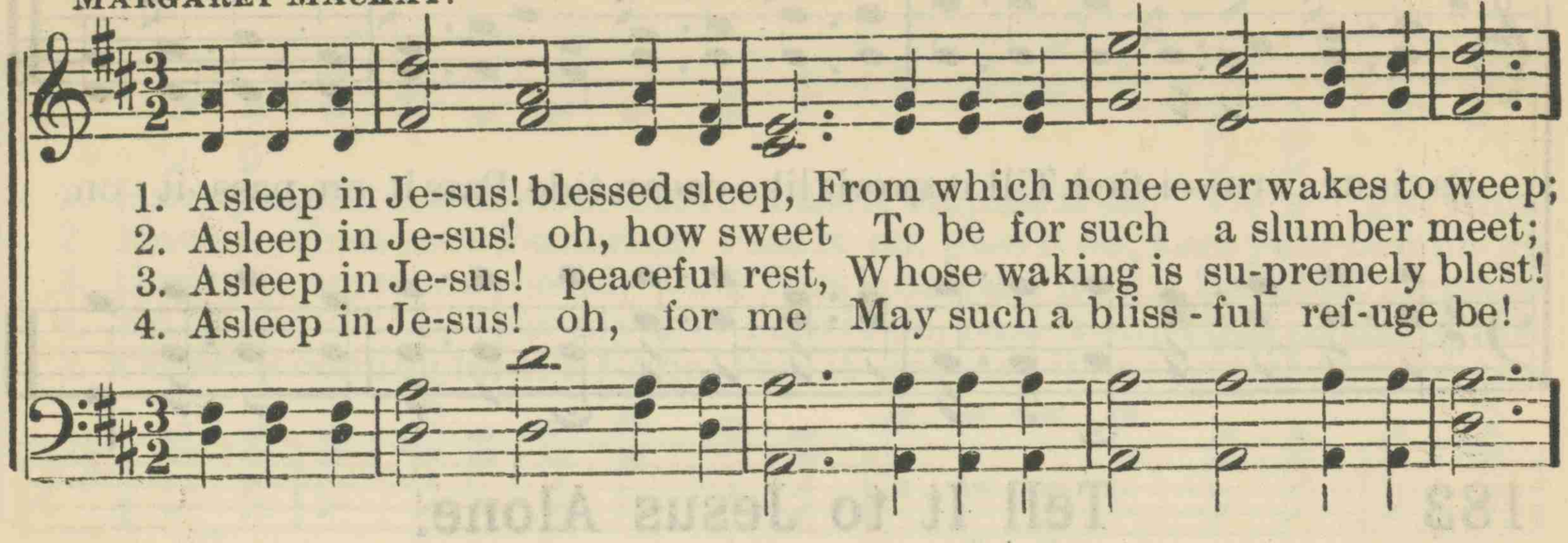
J. E. RANKIN. E. S. LORENZ.

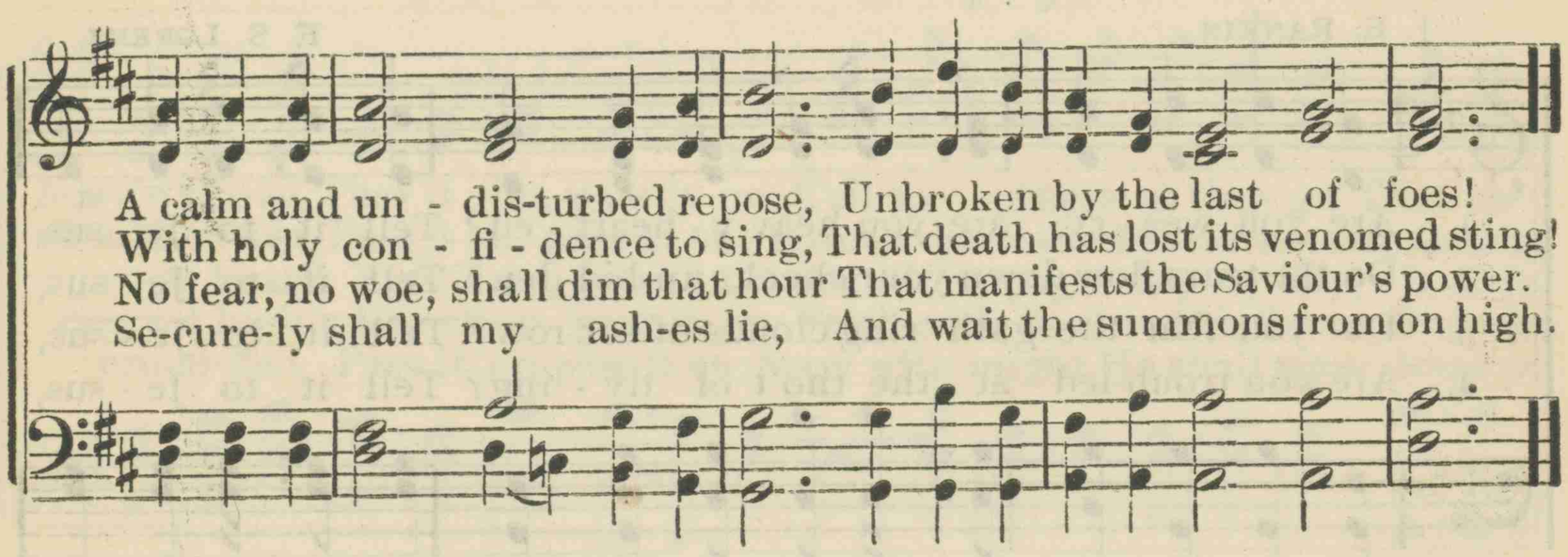


By permission.

184 Asleep in Jesus!

MARGARET MACKAY. REST. WM. B. BRADBURY.



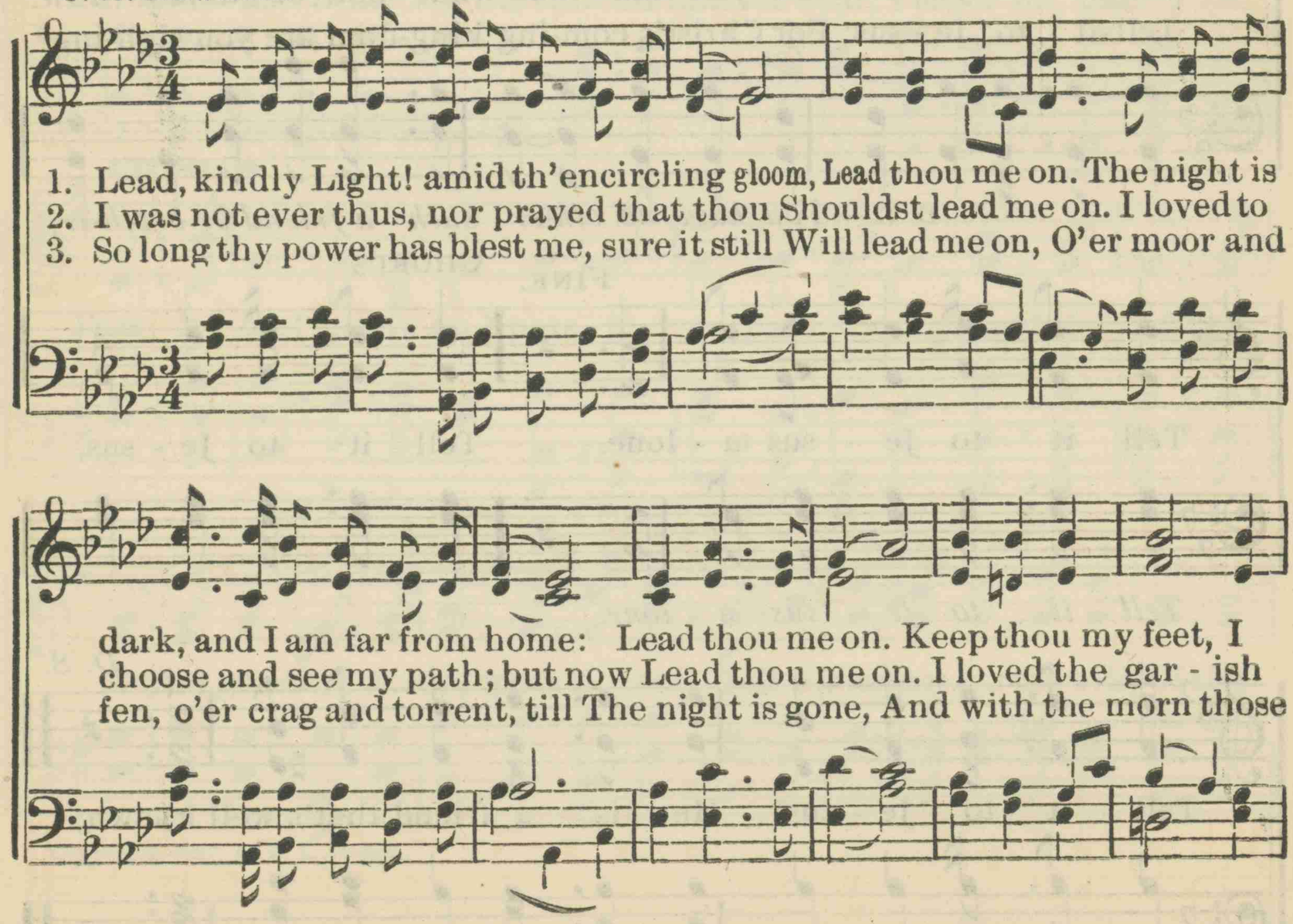


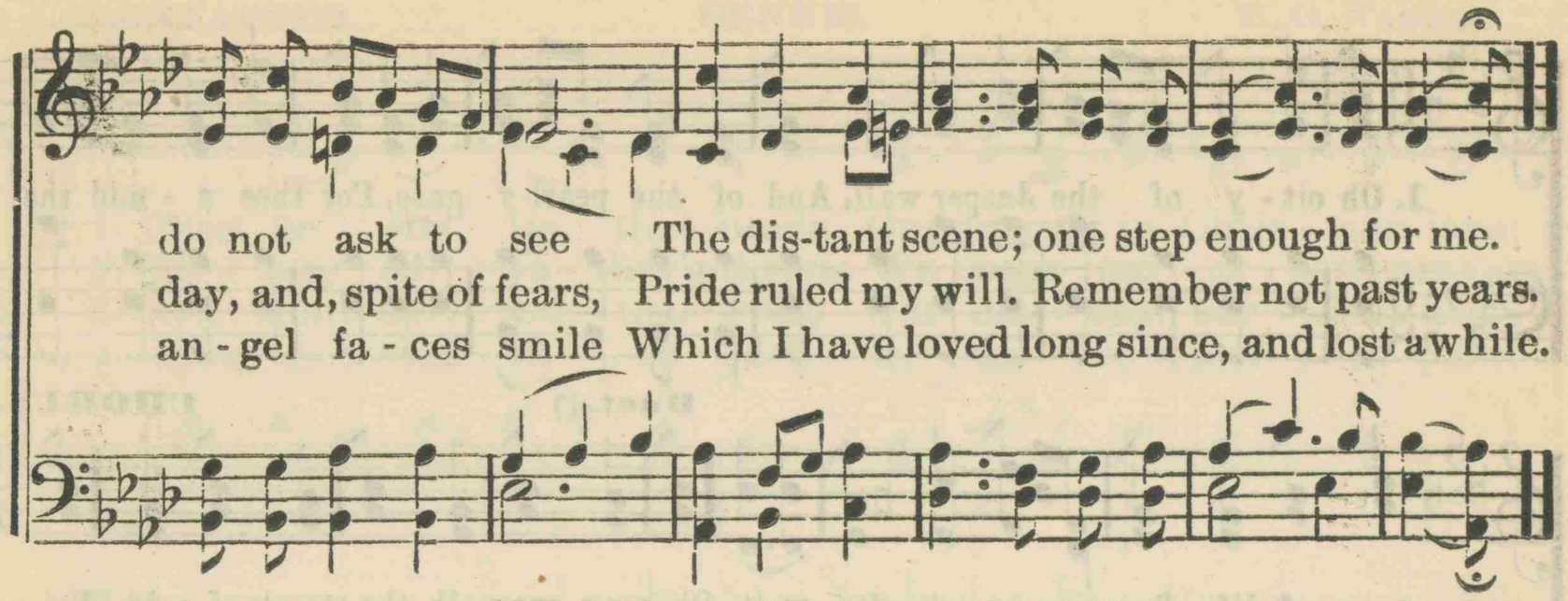
5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains, on Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be,
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

185 Lead, Kindly Light!

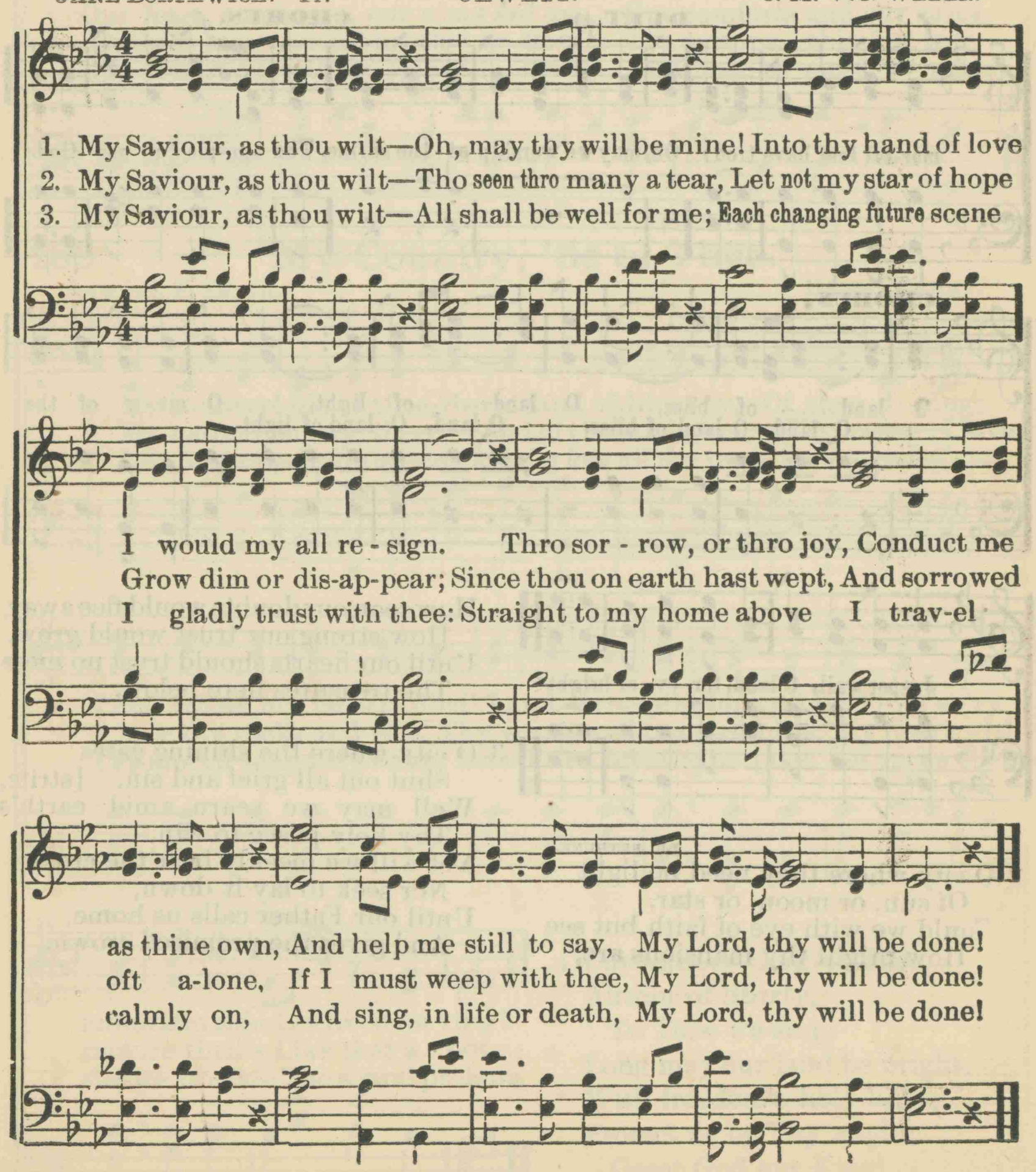
J. H. NEWMAN. LUX BENIGNA. J. B. DYKES.



Lead, Kindly Light!

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step enough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.
an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

186 My Saviour, as Thou Wilt.

JANE BORTHWICK. Tr. JEWETT. C. M. VON WEBER.



1. My Saviour, as thou wilt—Oh, may thy will be mine! Into thy hand of love
2. My Saviour, as thou wilt—Tho seen thro many a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Saviour, as thou wilt—All shall be well for me; Each changing future scene

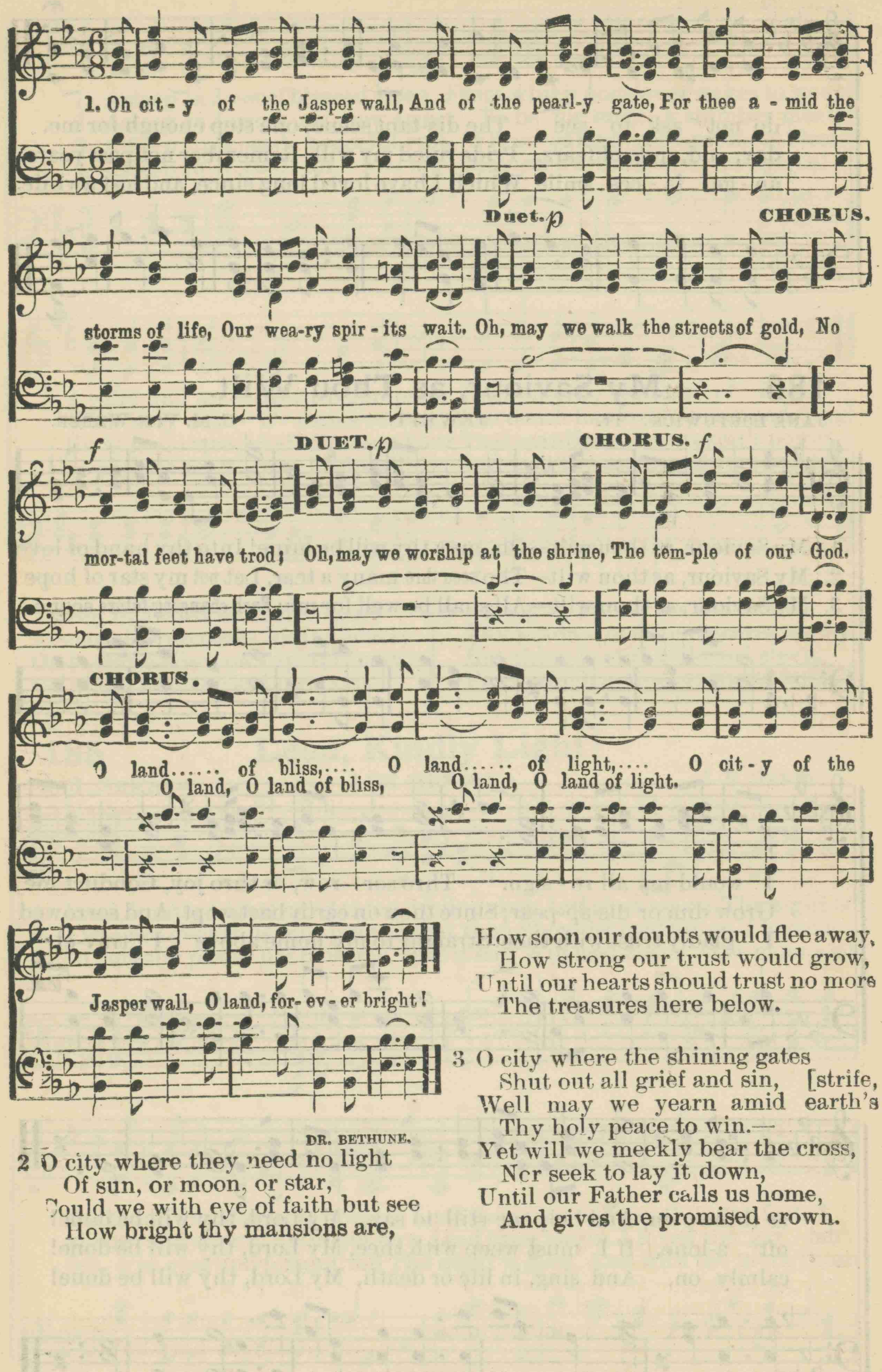
I would my all re - sign. Thro sor - row, or thro joy, Conduct me
Grow dim or dis-ap-pear; Since thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed
I gladly trust with thee: Straight to my home above I trav-el

as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!
oft a-lone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done!
calmly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, thy will be done!

187

City of the Jasper Wall.

"The wall of it was of Jasper." W. A. OGDEN.



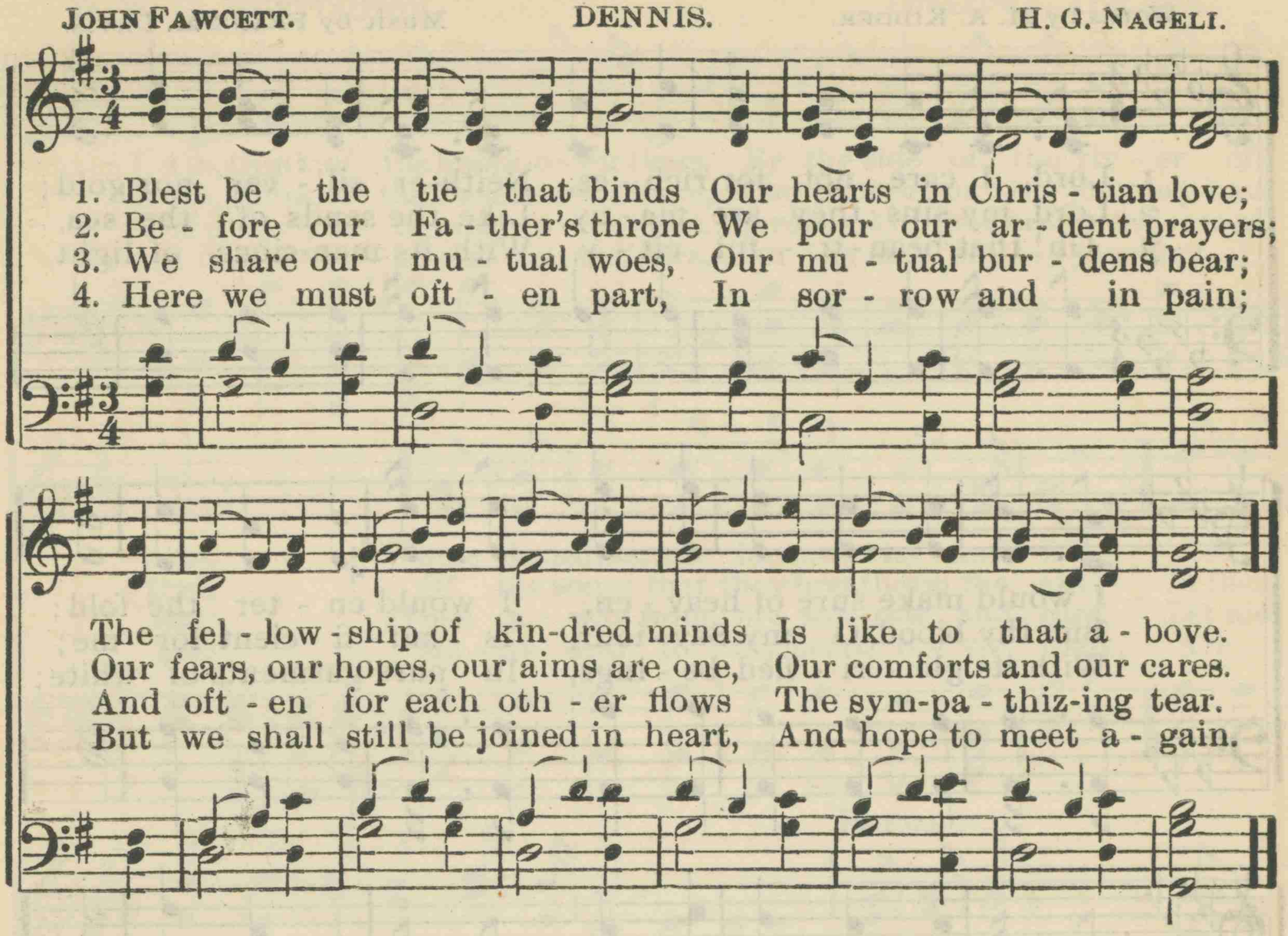
DR. BETHUNE.

2 O city where they need no light
Of sun, or moon, or star,
Could we with eye of faith but see
How bright thy mansions are,
How soon our doubts would flee away,
How strong our trust would grow,
Until our hearts should trust no more
The treasures here below.

3 O city where the shining gates
Shut out all grief and sin, [strife,
Well may we yearn amid earth's
Thy holy peace to win.—
Yet will we meekly bear the cross,
Nor seek to lay it down,
Until our Father calls us home,
And gives the promised crown.

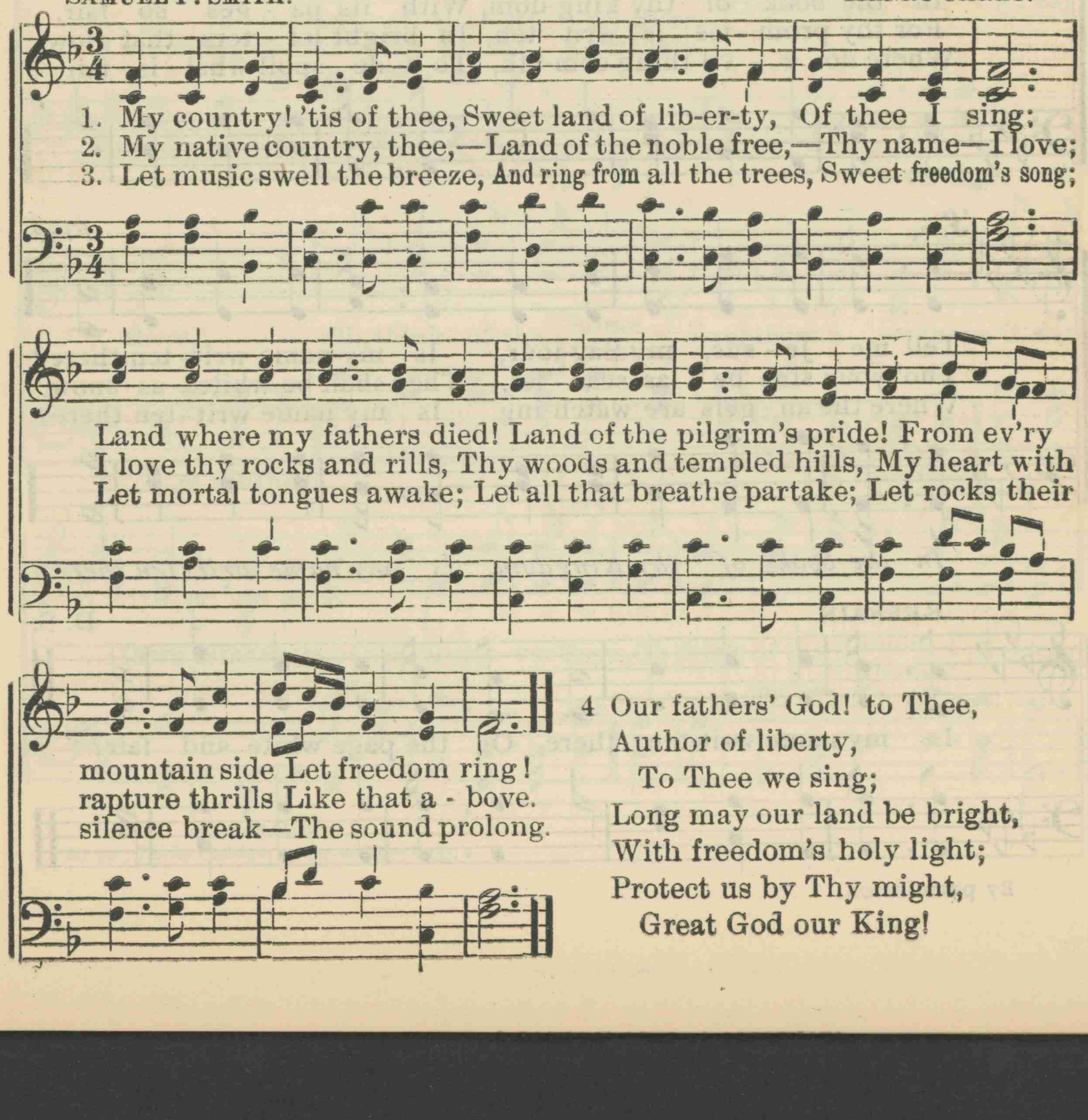
188 Blest be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. DENNIS. H. G. NAGELI.



189 My Country, 'tis of Thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.



4 Our fathers' 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!

190 Is my Name Written There?

Words by M. A. KIDDER. Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith-er sil - ver nor gold;
I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold;
In the book of thy king-dom, With its pa - ges so fair,
Tell me Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name writ - ten there?

2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, O my Sav - iour, Is suf - fi - cient for me;
For thy prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,
Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be white as snow.

3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light,
With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure garments of white;
Where no e - vil thing com-eth, To de - spoil what is fair,
Where the an - gels are watch-ing, Is my name writ - ten there?

In the book of thy Kingdom, Is my name writ - ten there?

REFRAIN.

Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

D. S.

Fine.

By permission.

191

OVER THERE.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. TULLIUS C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of
2. Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at rest o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I

light, Where the saints, all im-mor-tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest; Then a-way from my sor-row and care, Let me
see; Ma-ny dear to my heart, o-ver there, Are

o-ver there,

REFRAIN.

robed in their gar-ments of white, o-ver there.
home in the pal-ace of God, o-ver there.
fly to the land of the blest, o-ver there.
watch-ing and wait-ing for me, o-ver there.

O-ver there, o-ver

O-ver there,

there, Oh, think of the {home / friends} o-ver there, o-ver there; O-ver

o-ver there, o-ver there,

there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh think of the {home / friends} over there.

o-ver there,

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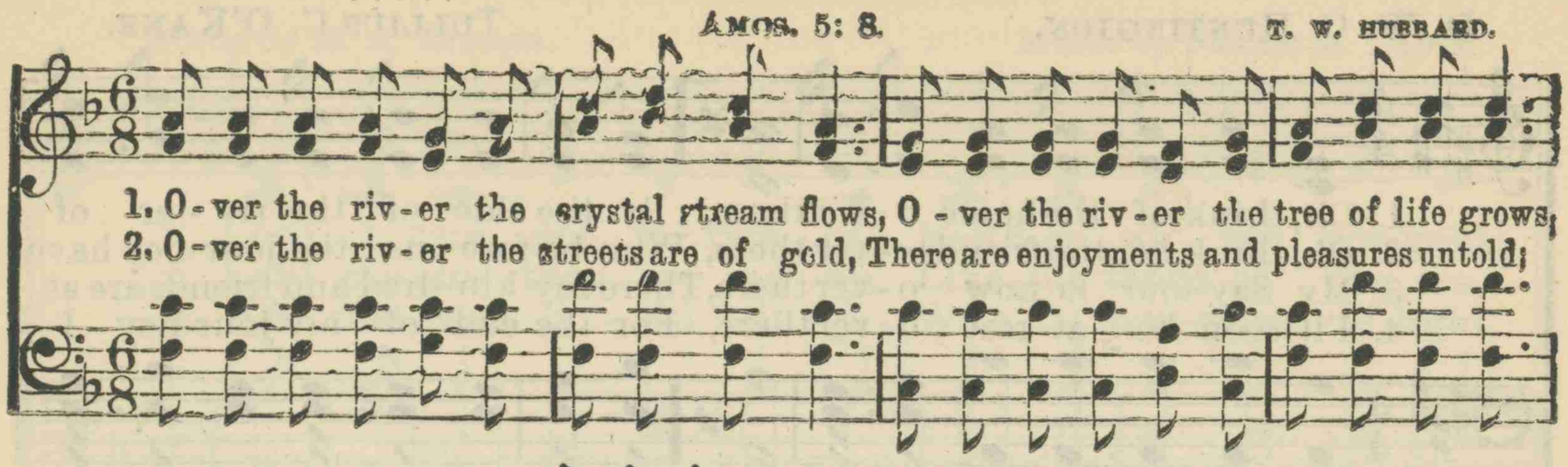
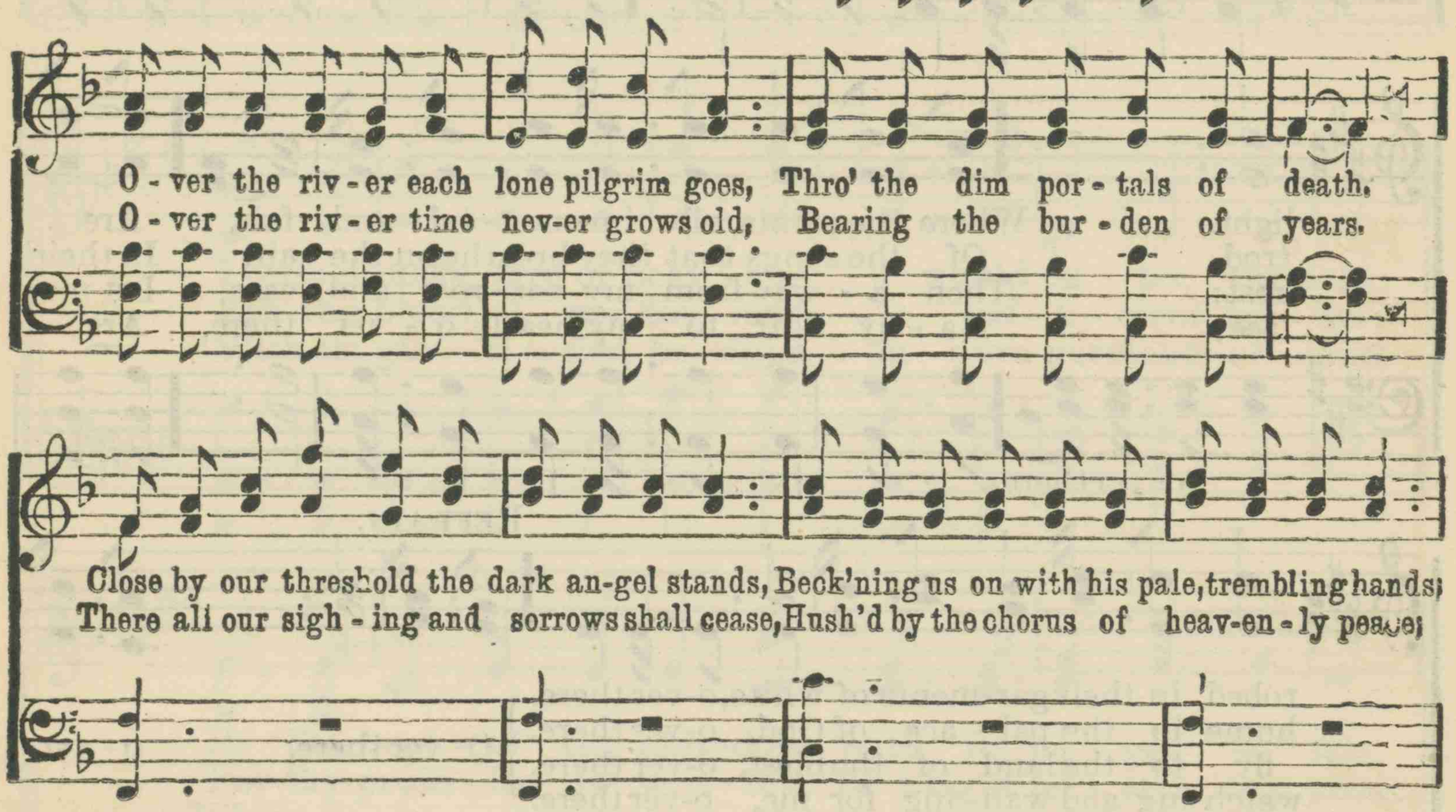
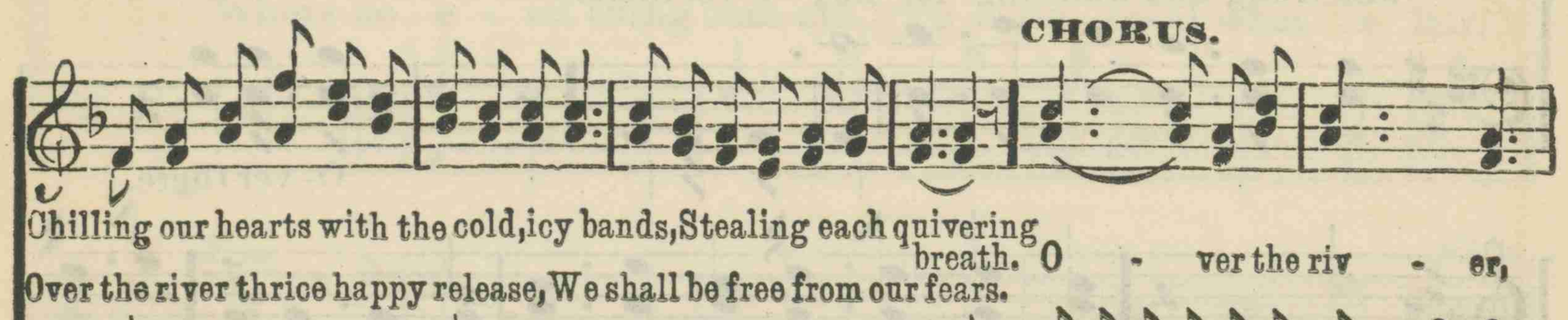
Over the River.

AMOS. 5: 8. T. W. HUBBARD.



CHORUS.

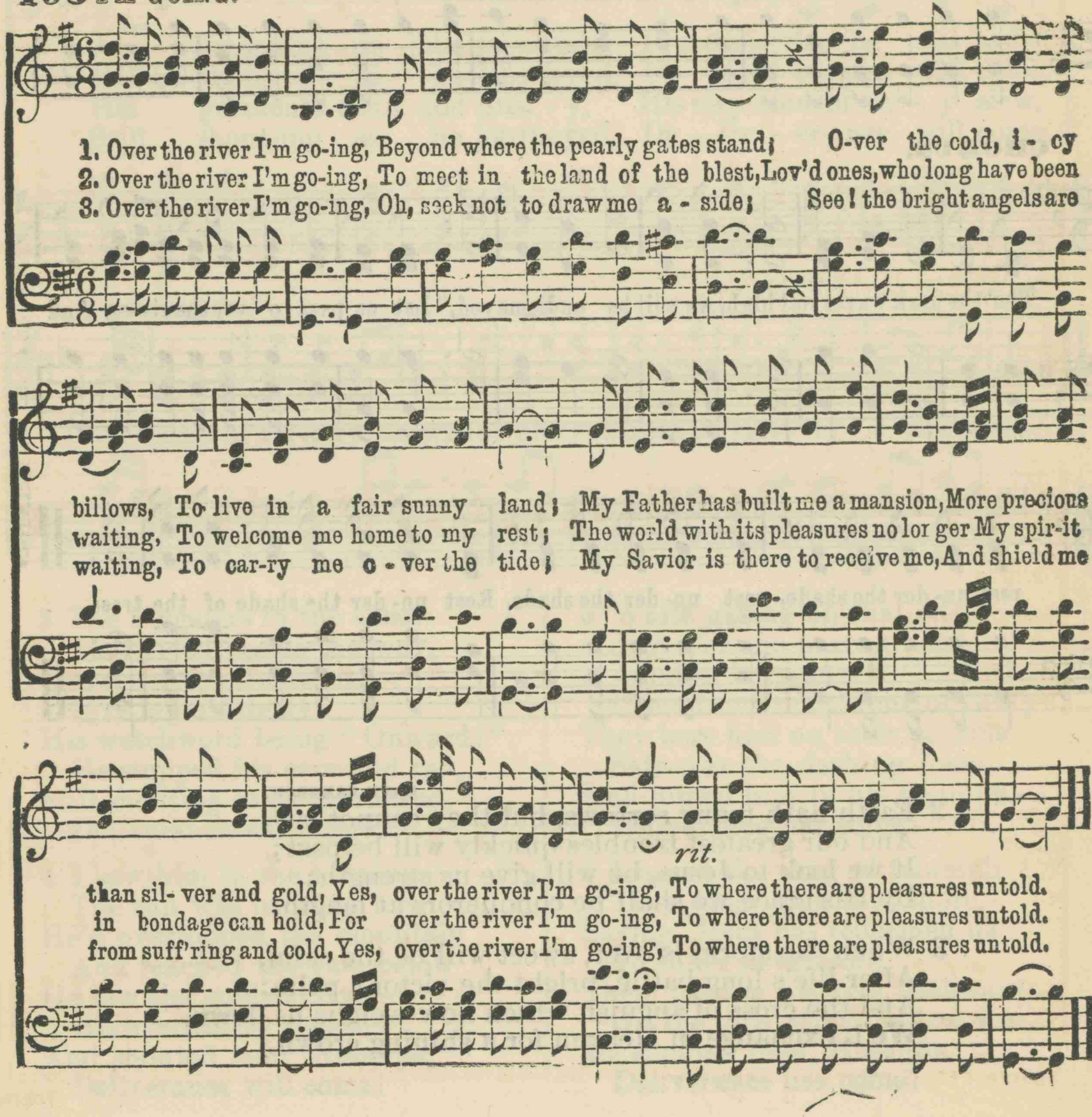


UNKNOWN

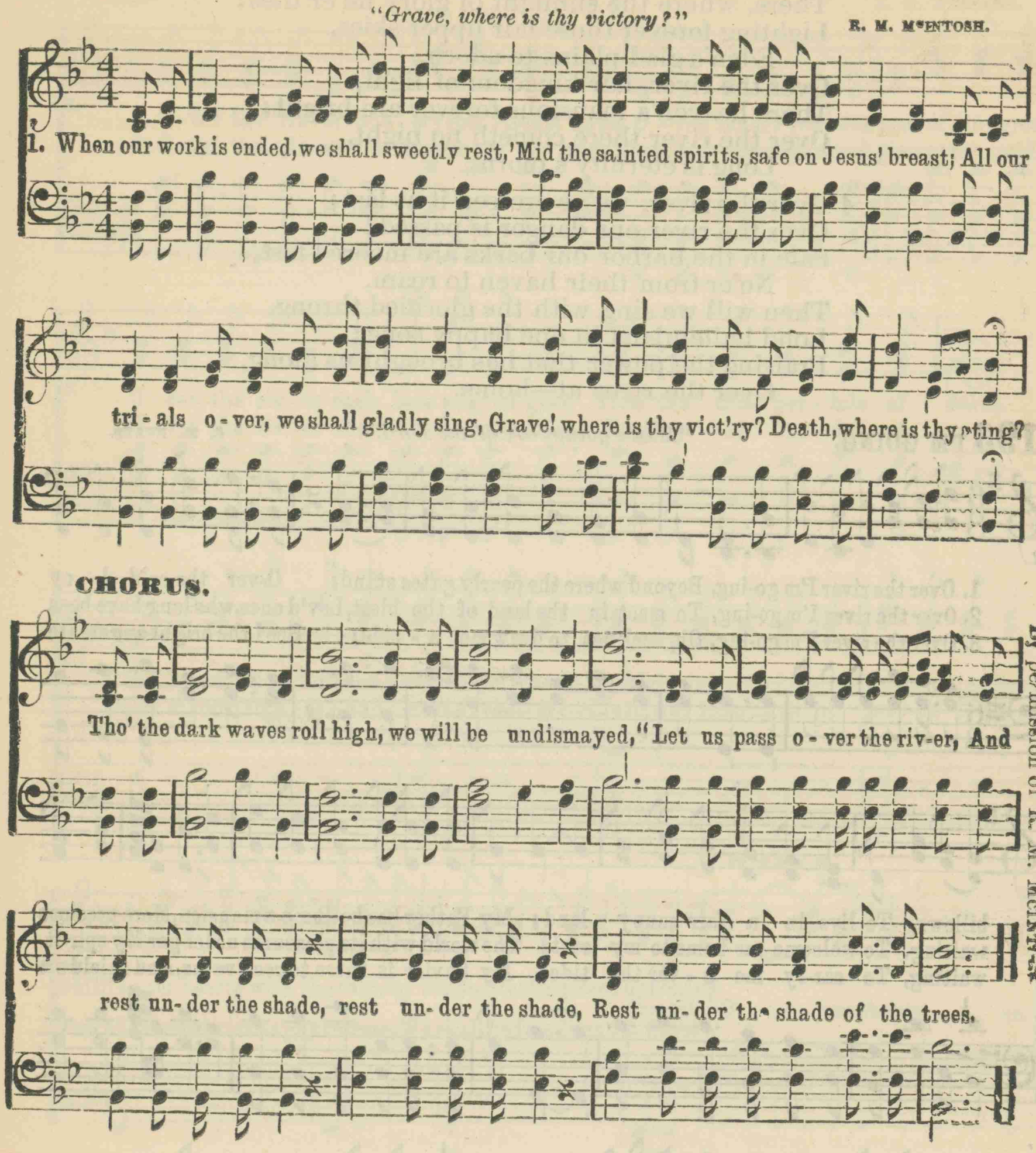
3 There every tear shall be wiped from our eyes,
There, where the sunlight of glory ne'er dies;
Lighting forever those fair upper skies,
Eden's glad plains to adorn.
Over the river, fair kingdom of light,
There heaven's mansions forever are bright;
Over the river there cometh no night,
Long is eternity's morn.

4 Over the river, we've crossed it at last;
Over the river our danger is passed;
Safe in the harbor our barks are moored fast,
Ne'er from their haven to roam.
Then will we sing with the glorified throng,
Loud hallelujahs in one happy song;
Praising the power that has brought us along,
Over the river at—home.

193 I'M GOING.

"Man's goings are of the Lord." J. M. EVANS.

194 Let Us Pass Over the River.

"Grave, where is thy victory?"

R. M. McENTOSH.

By permission of R. M. McINTOSH.

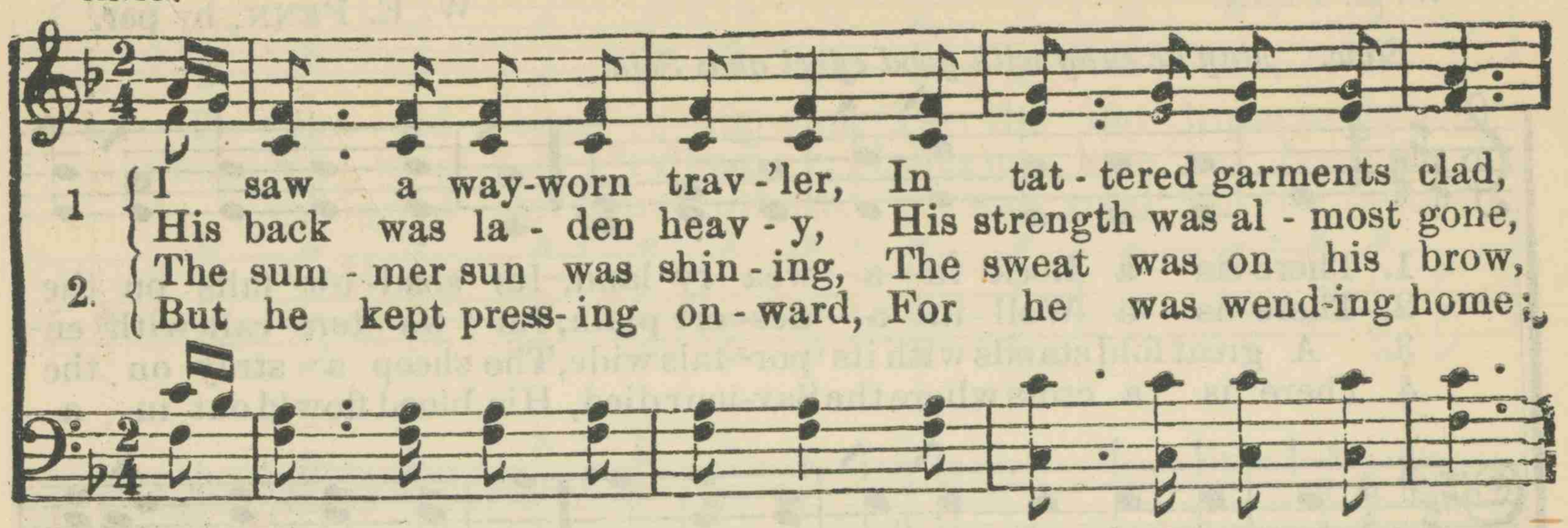
KATE CAMERON.

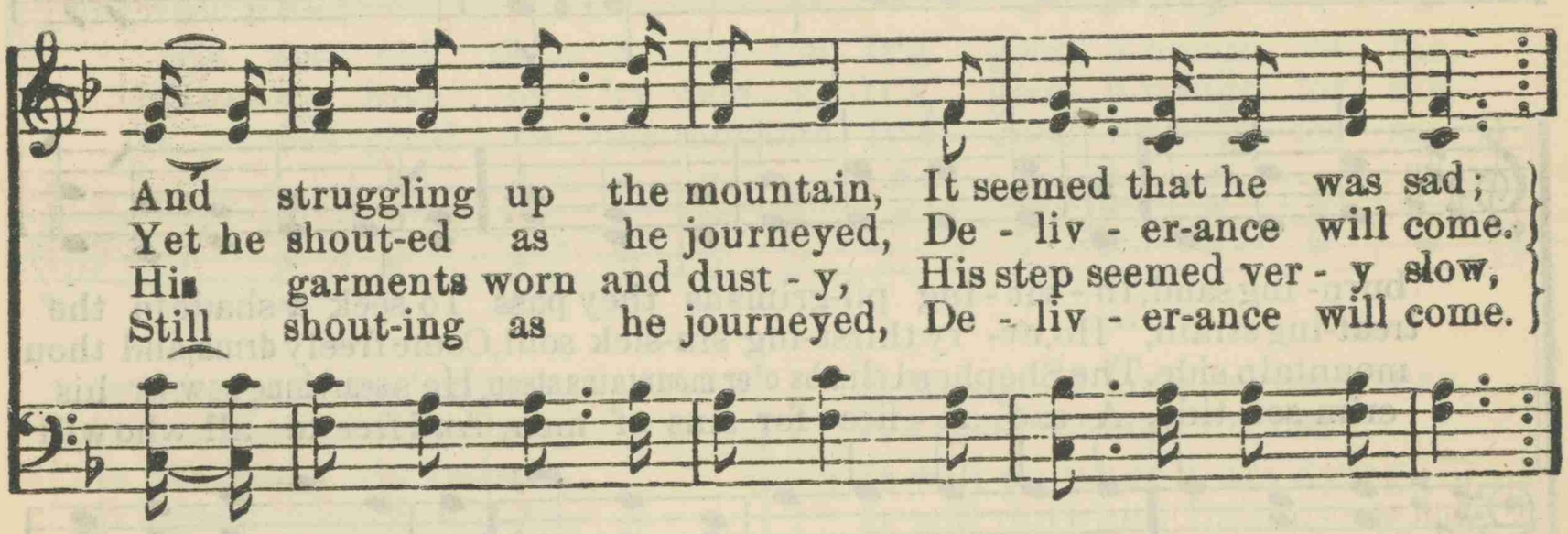
2 Earth hath many sorrows, but they cannot last,
And our greatest troubles quickly will be past;
If we look to Jesus, he will give us strength;
By His grace we shall be conquerors at length.

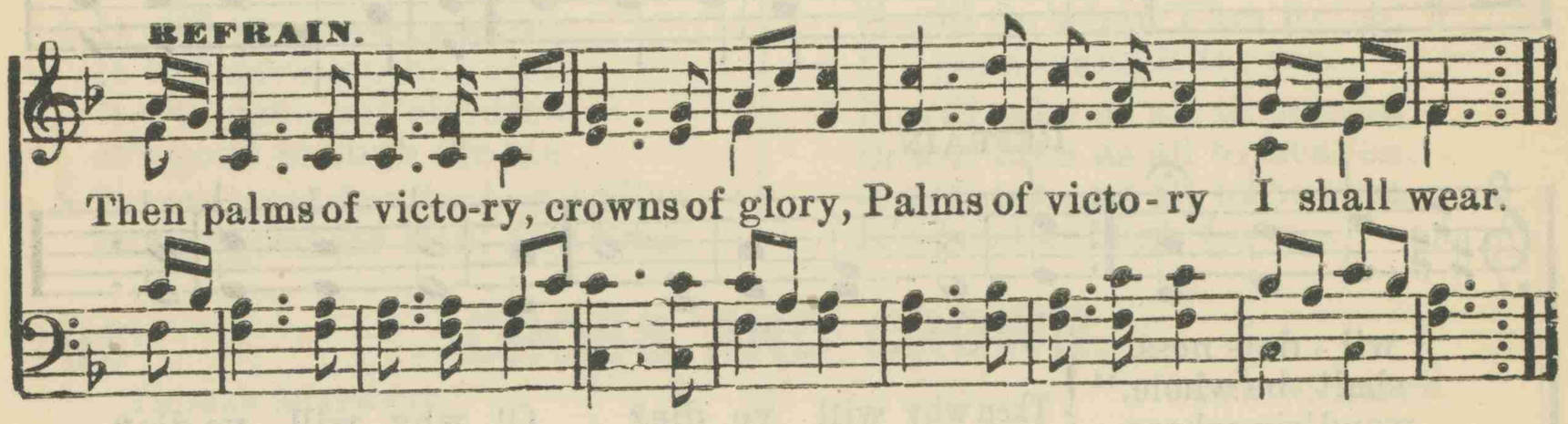
3 When the storm is over, sweet will be the calm,
After life's long battle, bright the victor's palm:
And the cross of anguish which now weighs us down,
We'll exchange in Heaven for a shining crown.

195 DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

ANON. ANON.







3 The songsters in the arbor
That stood beside the way,
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay:
His watchword being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come!

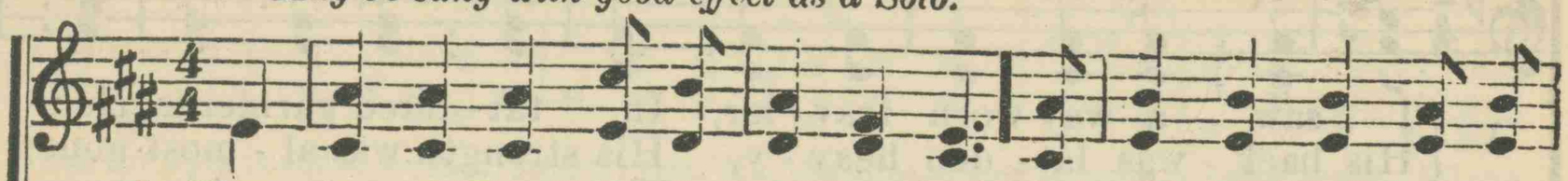
4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below·
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

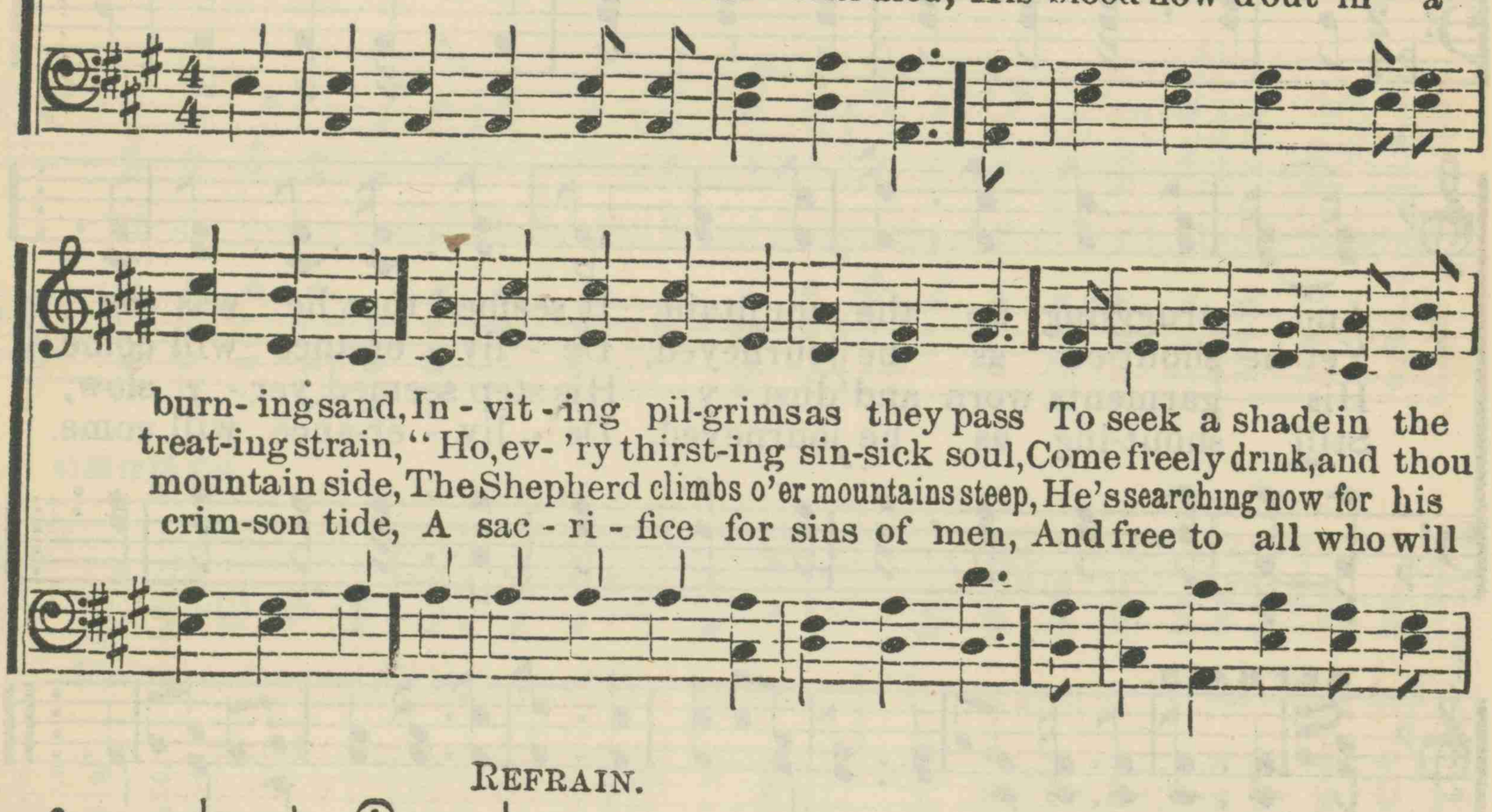
5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God;
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna
Deliverance has come!

THE SHELTERING ROCK.

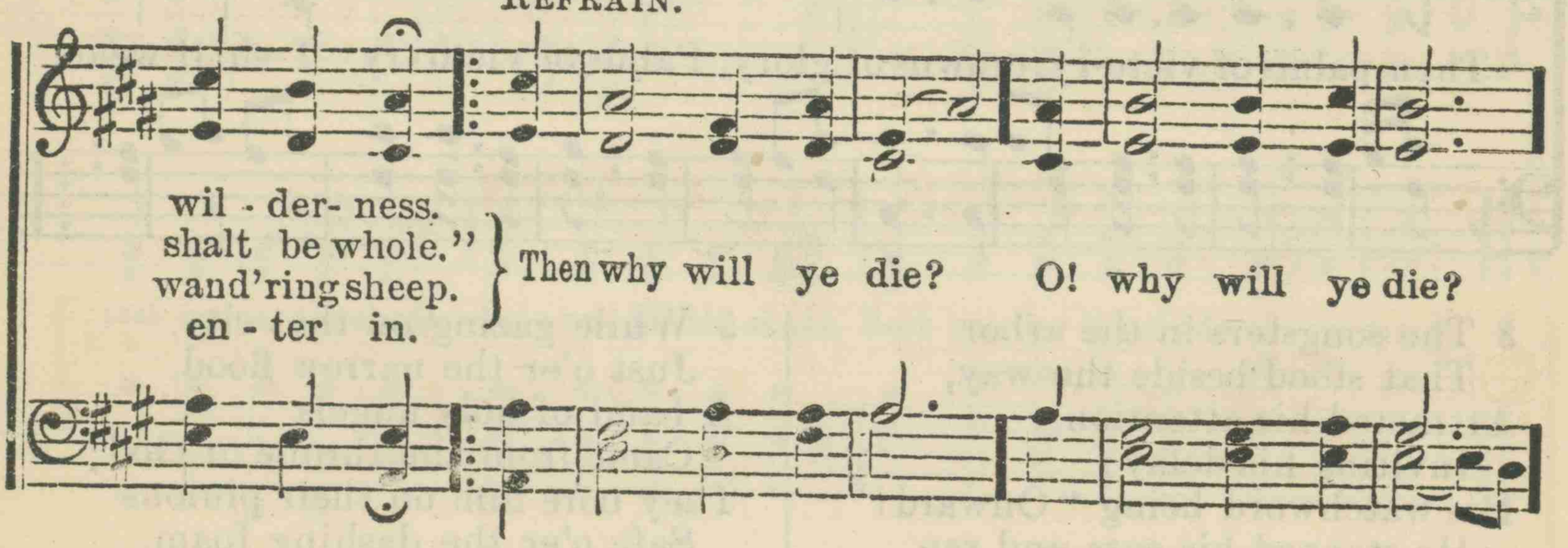
W. E. PENN. W. E. PENN, by per.

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

1. There is a Rock in a wea - ry land, Its shad- ow falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des- ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en-
3. A great fold stands with its por- tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav-iour died, His blood flow'd out in a



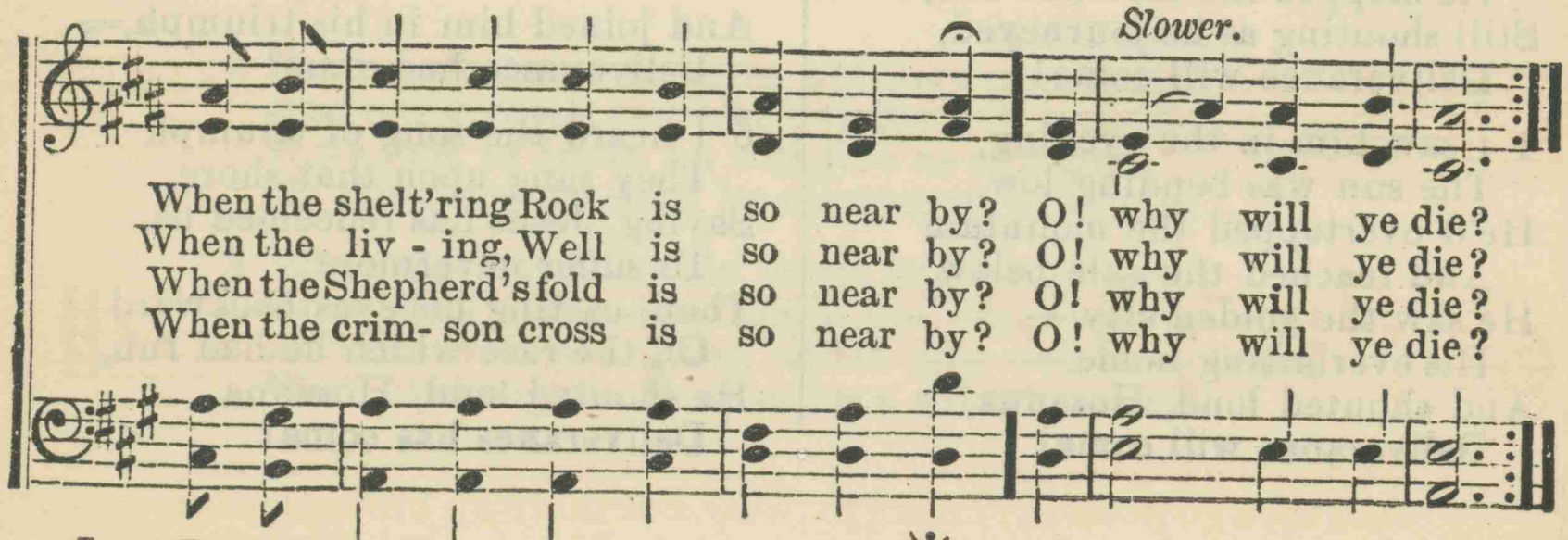
burn- ing sand, In - vit - ing pil-grims as they pass To seek a shade in the
treat-ing strain, "Ho, ev- 'ry thirst-ing sin-sick soul, Come freely drink, and thou
mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for his
crim-son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And free to all who will

REFRAIN.



wil - der- ness.
shalt be whole."
wand'ring sheep.
en - ter in.
} Then why will ye die? O! why will ye die?

Slower.

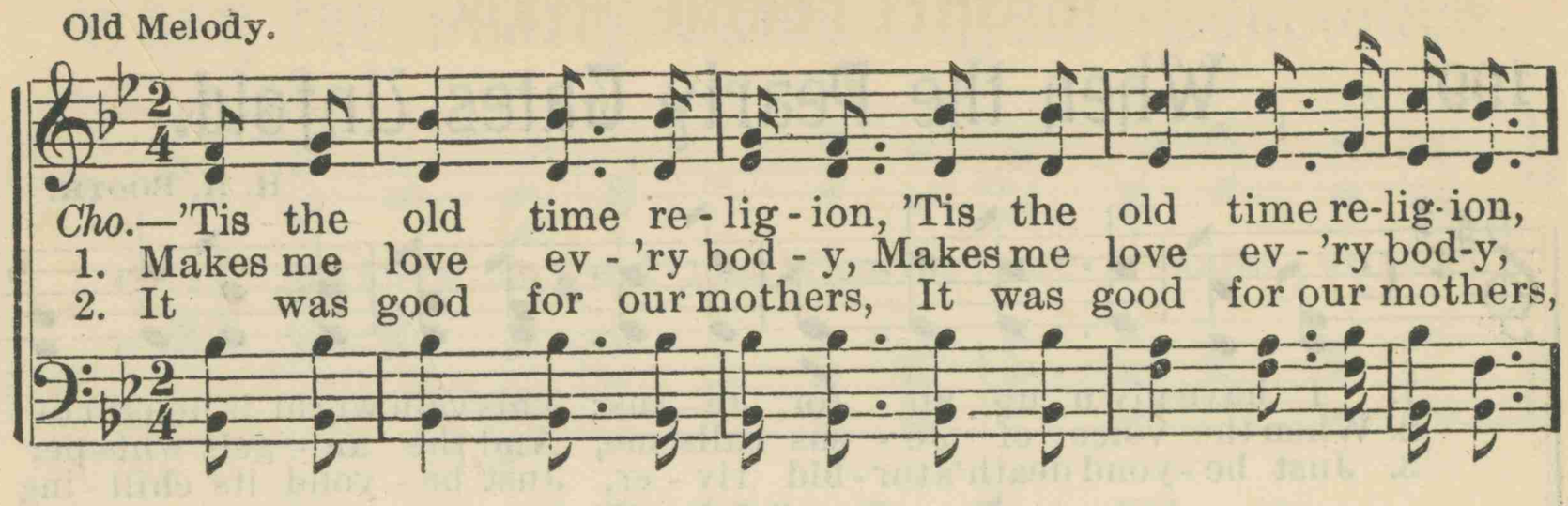


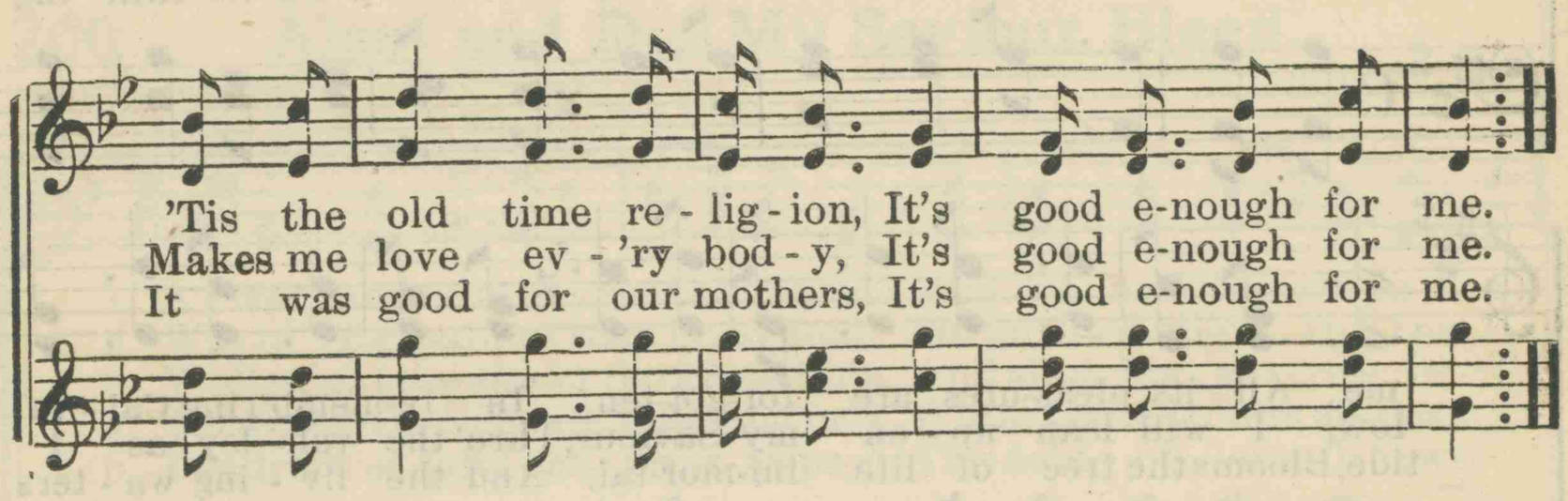
When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by? O! why will ye die?
When the liv - ing, Well is so near by? O! why will ye die?
When the Shepherd's fold is so near by? O! why will ye die?
When the crim- son cross is so near by? O! why will ye die?

From "Harvest Bells." Used by per. W. E. Penn, owner of Copyright.

197 Old Time Religion.

Old Melody.





3 It has saved our fathers,
It has saved our fathers,
It has saved our fathers,
It's good enough for me.

4 It will save our children,
It will save our children,
It will save our children,
It's good enough for me.

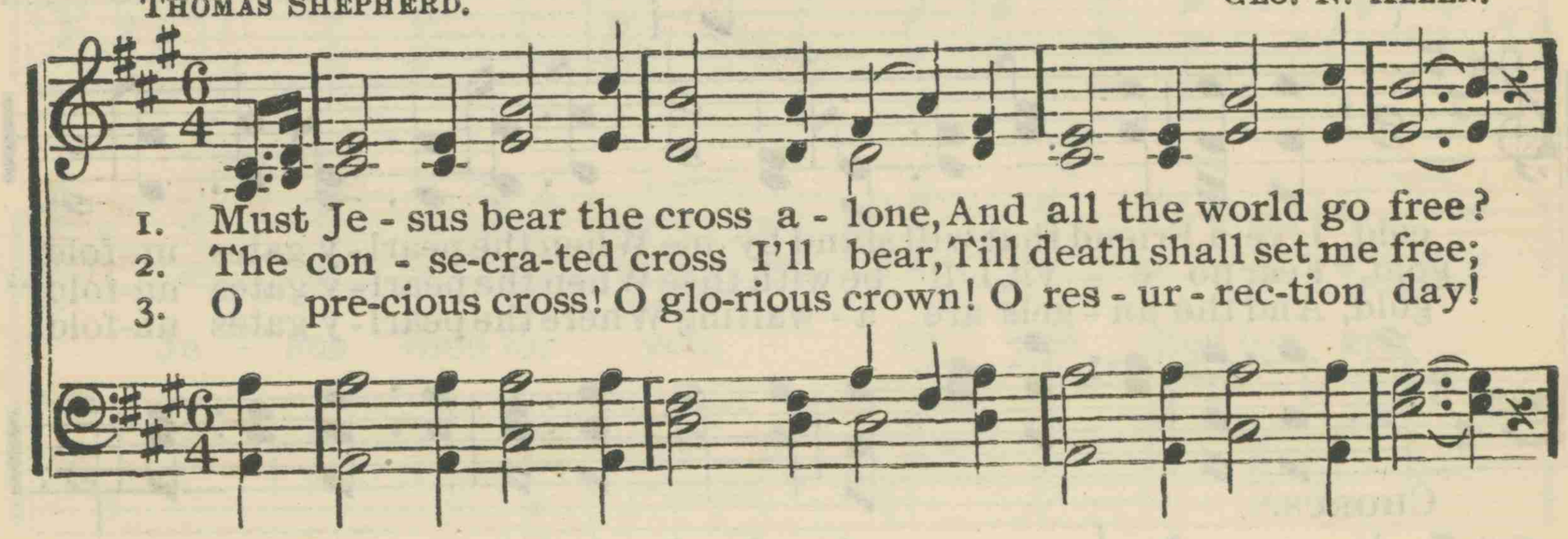
5 It was good for Paul and Silas,
It was good for Paul and Silas,
It was good for Paul and Silas,
It's good enough for me.

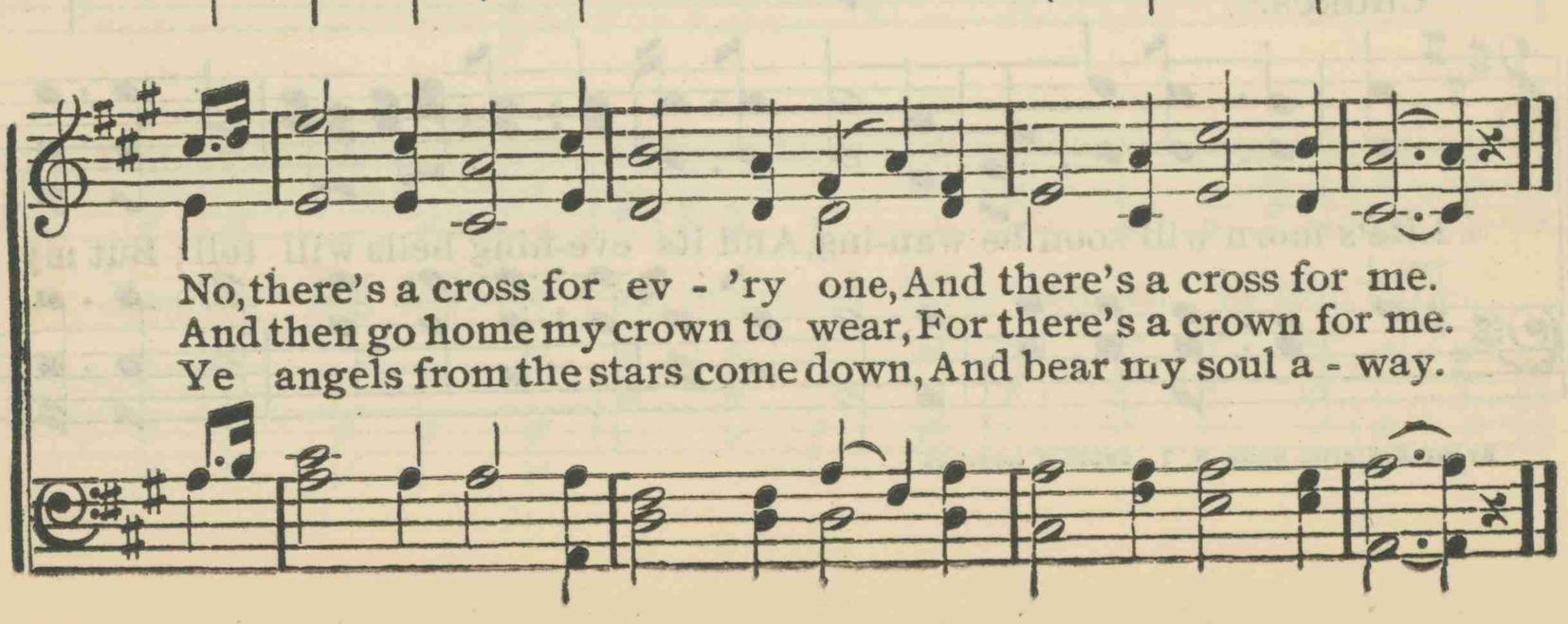
6 It will do when I am dying,
It will do when I am dying,
It will do when I am dying,
It's good enough for me.

7 It will take us all to heaven,
It will take us all to heaven,
It will take us all to heaven,
It's good enough for me.

198 CROSS AND CROWN.

THOMAS SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.





199

When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

H. H. Booth.

1. I have giv'n up all for Je - sus; This vain world is nought to me; All its pleas-ures are for-got-ten In re-memb'ring Cal - va - ry. Tho' my friends de-spise, for-sake me, And on me the world looks go; I will claim His pre - cious promise, Worth to me the world of
2. When the voice of Je - sus calls me, And the an - gels whis-per low, I will lean up - on my Saviour, Thro' the val - ley as I glide; In that hap - py land of spir - its, Flow-ers bloom on hills of
3. Just be - yond death's tur - bid riv - er, Just be - yond its chill - ing tide, Blooms the tree of life im-mor-tal, And the liv - ing wa - ters gold, "Fear no e - vil, I'll be with thee When the pearl - y gates un-fold."

cold, I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pearl - y gates un-fold.
gold, And the an - gels are a - waiting Where the pearl - y gates un-fold.

CHORUS.

Life's morn will soon be wan-ing, And its eve-ning bells will toll; But my

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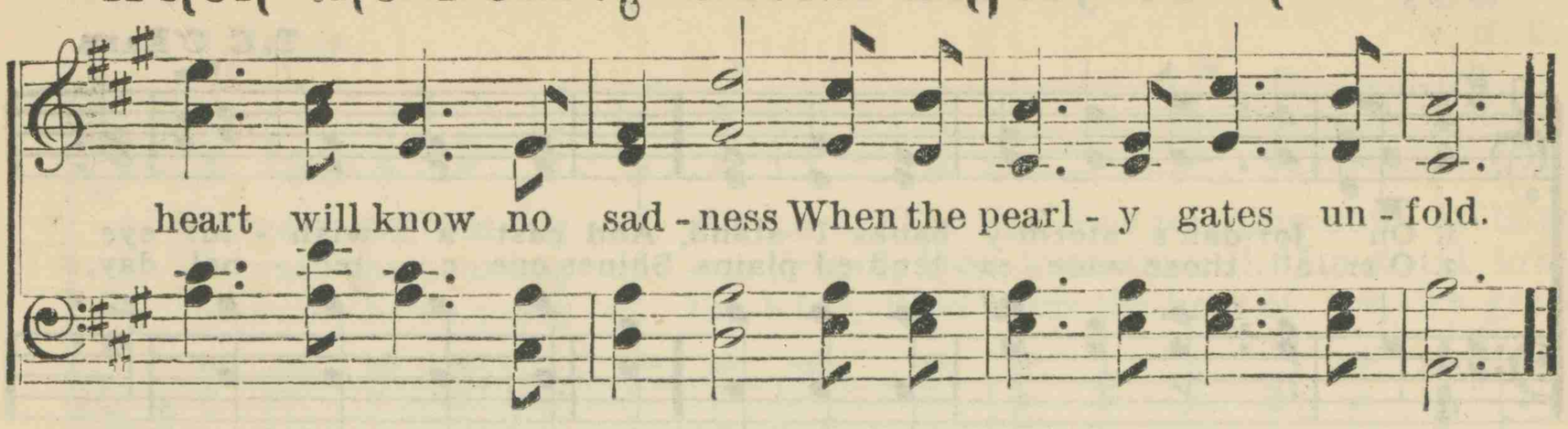
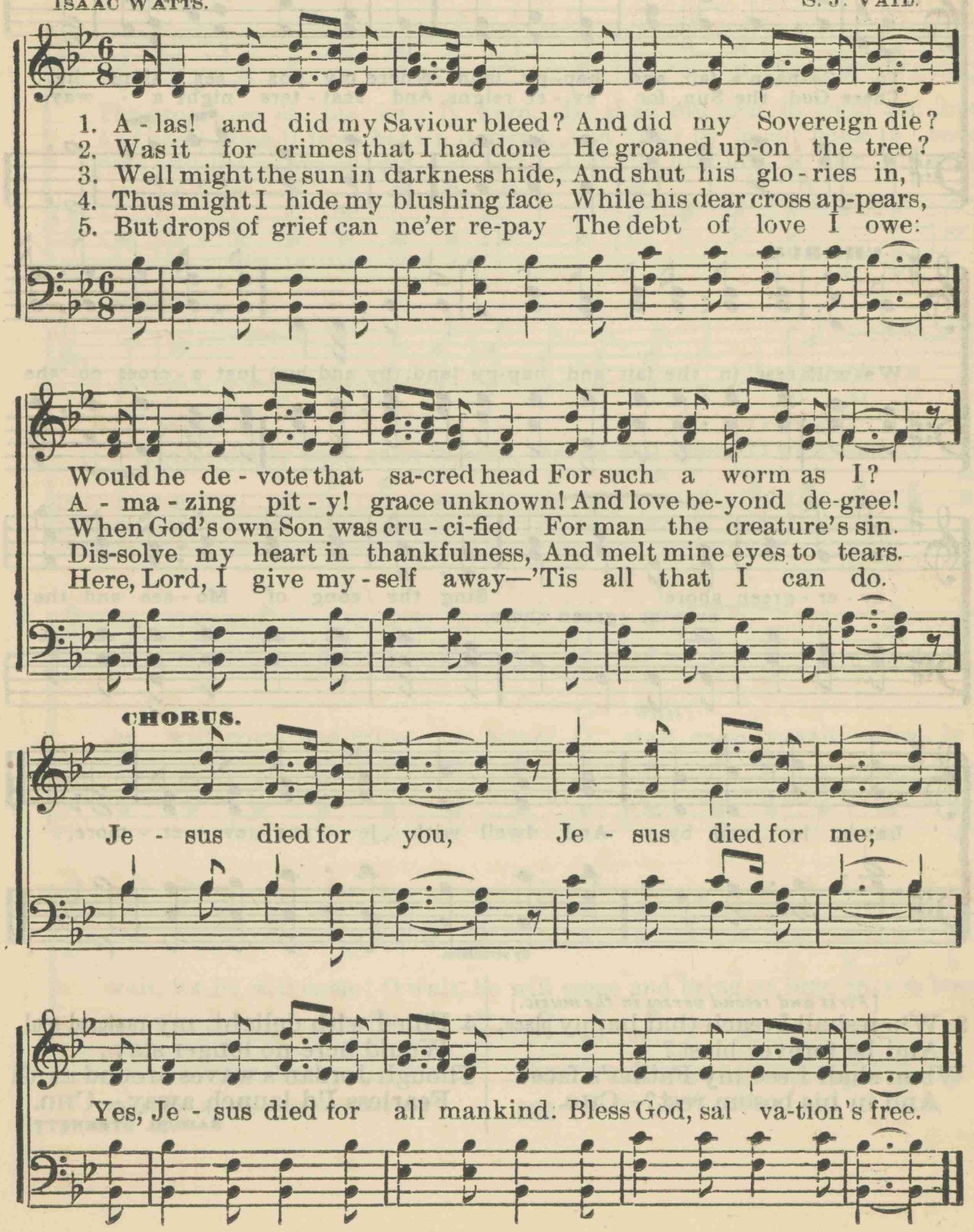
When the Pearly Gates Unfold. Concluded.



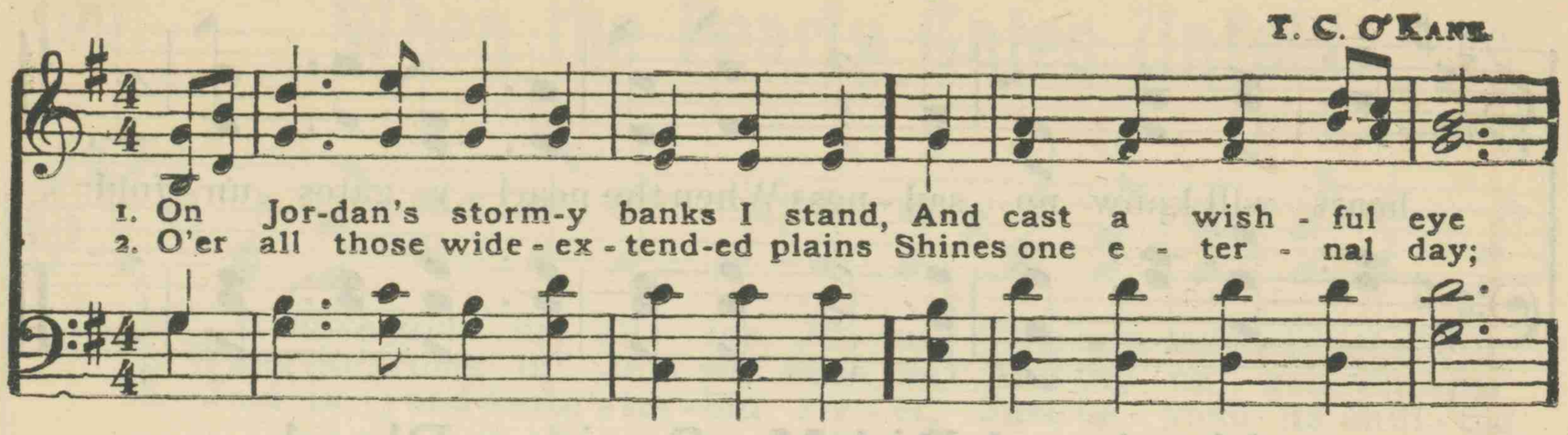
200 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed.

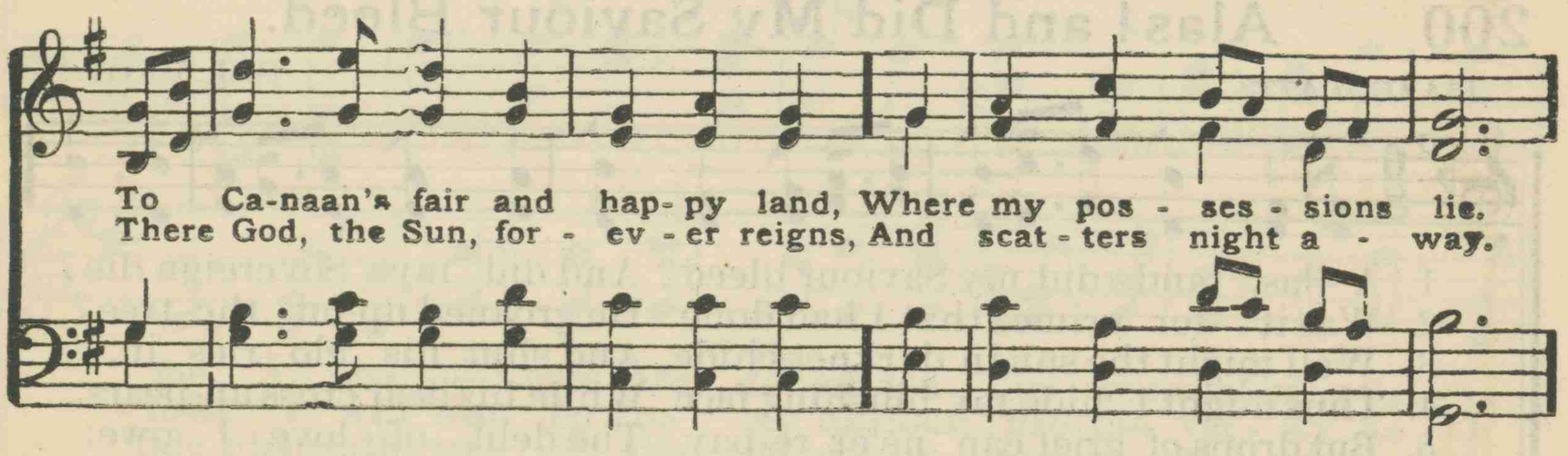
ISAAC WATTS. S. J. VAIL.

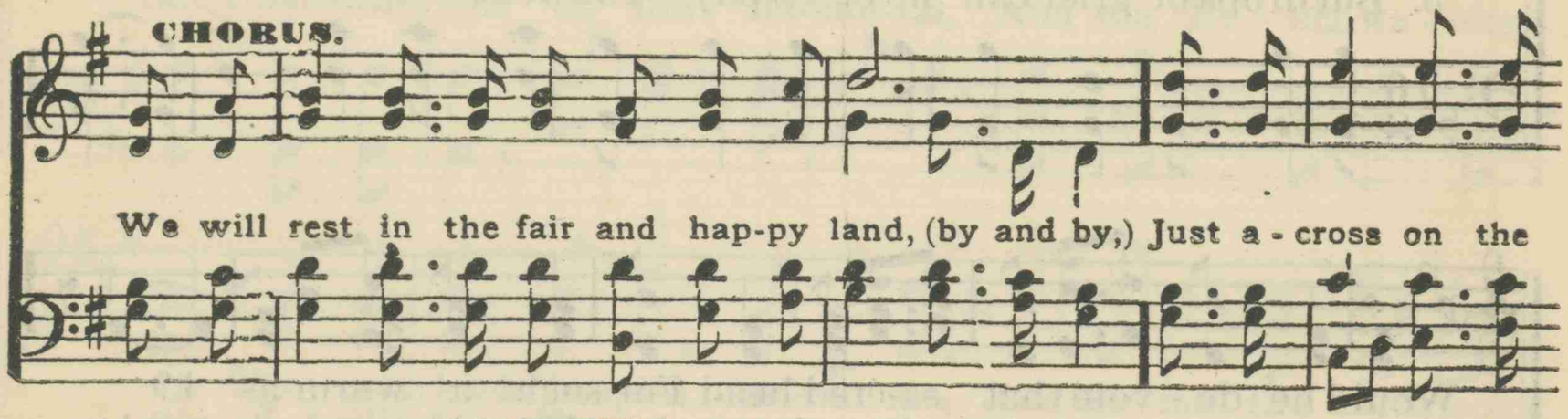


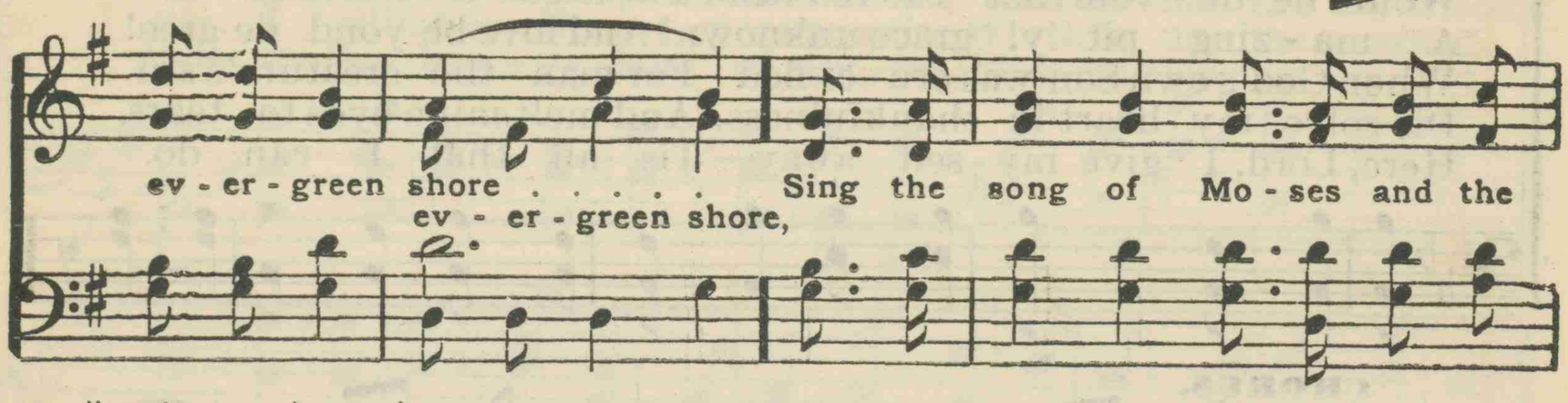
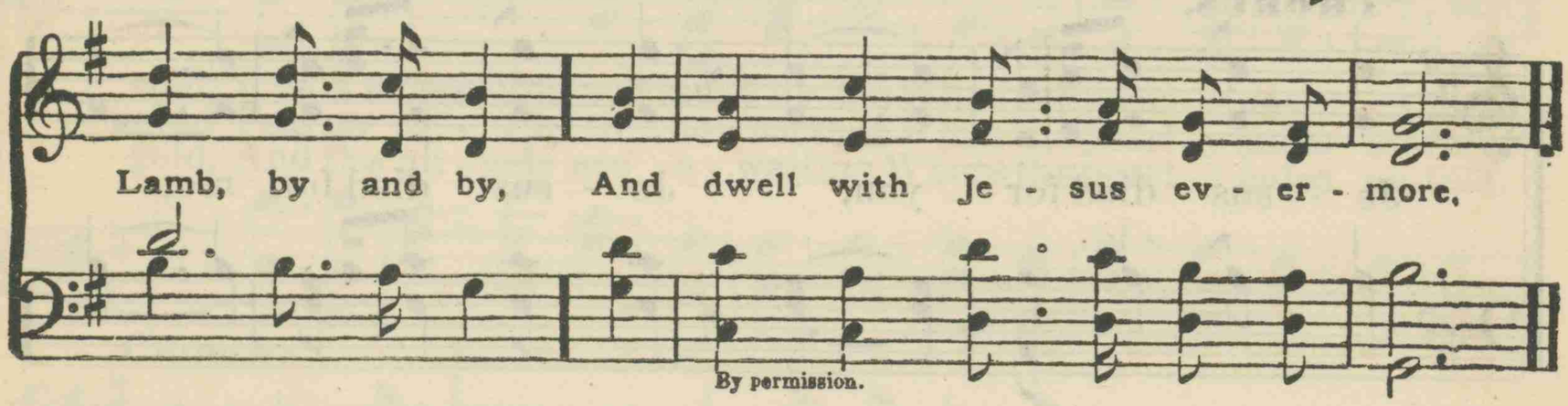
201 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

T. C. O'KANE.









By permission.

[*First and second verses in the music.*]

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face
And in his bosom rest?—CHO.

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll
Fearless I'd launch away.—CHO.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

202

WE WAIT HIS COMING.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. R.

1. We wait the com-ing of the Lord, The Sav-iour reigning now a - bove;
2. We wait the com-ing of our Friend, Who loves us with immor-tal love,
3. We wait the com-ing of the King, Who holds the keys of ev - 'ry grave,

The prom - ise of his ho - ly word, He shall con-firm in truth and love.
And shall himself from heav'n descend, And bring us to our home a - bove.
Who will the palms of vic - t'ry bring, And all his loy - al peo - ple save.

CHORUS.

O wait! . . . . O wait! . . .
O wait, calm-ly wait, calm-ly wait, for he will come! O wait, calmly wait,
he will come and bring us home! O wait! . . . .
O wait, calm-ly wait, calm - ly
wait, for he will come! O wait, he will come and bring us home, bring us home!

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203 THE WELCOME THAT'S WAITING.

J. H. PAINTER. Melody by J. H. PAINTER.

1. There's a home with the Saviour for all who believe, Where watching and waiting will nevermore be, And the Father's glad welcome each saint will receive,
2. That home is a ha-ven for mar-iners tossed On the storm-riven waves and the billow-y sea, Which beat o'er a vessel that can not be lost—
3. O my soul is in rapture, that home draweth nigh, Darling loved ones in glo-ry I almost can see; Then haste, thee, my Saviour, and take me on high,

CHORUS.

And that is the welcome in waiting for me. The wel - come, the
And that is the ha-ven in waiting for me. The ha - ven, the
To share in that glory that's waiting for me. The glo - ry, the

The welcome that's waiting, the
The ha-ven that's waiting, the
The glo-ry that's waiting, the

wel - come, The welcome that's waiting for me; . . The
ha - ven, The ha-ven that's waiting for me; . . The
glo - ry, The glo-ry that's waiting for me; . . The

welcome that's waiting, The welcome that's waiting for me, for me; The
ha - ven that's waiting, The ha-ven that's waiting for me, for me; The
glo - ry that's waiting, The glo-ry that's waiting for me, for me; The

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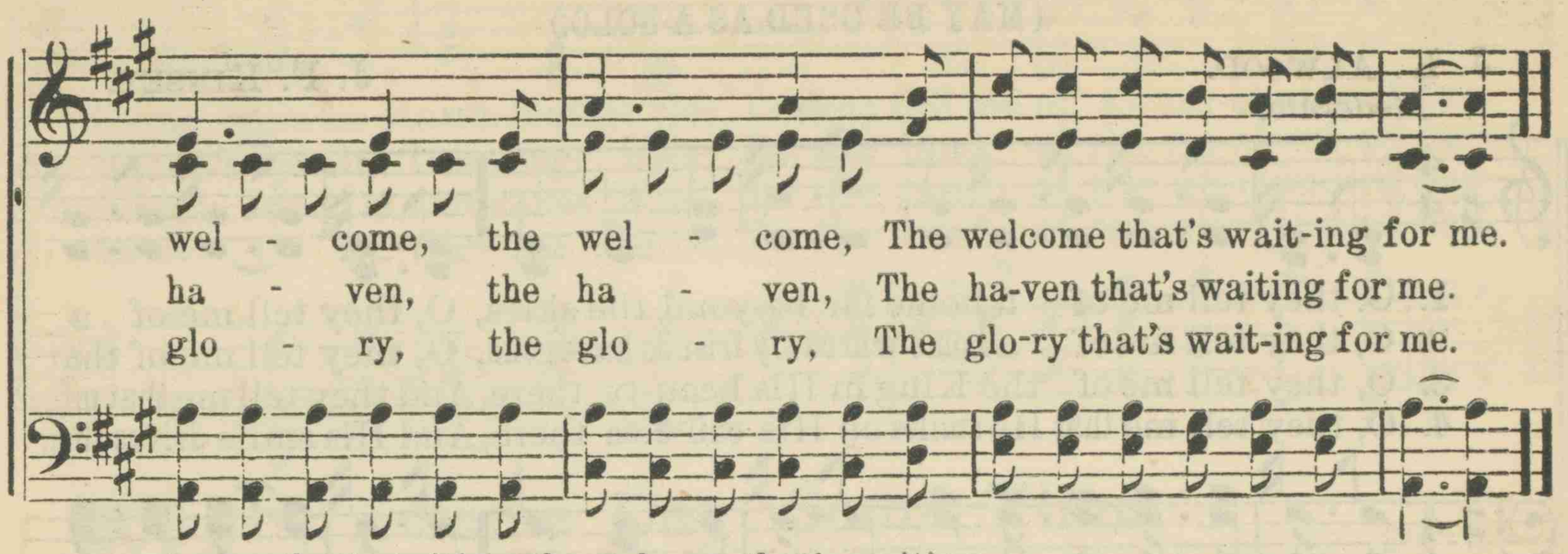
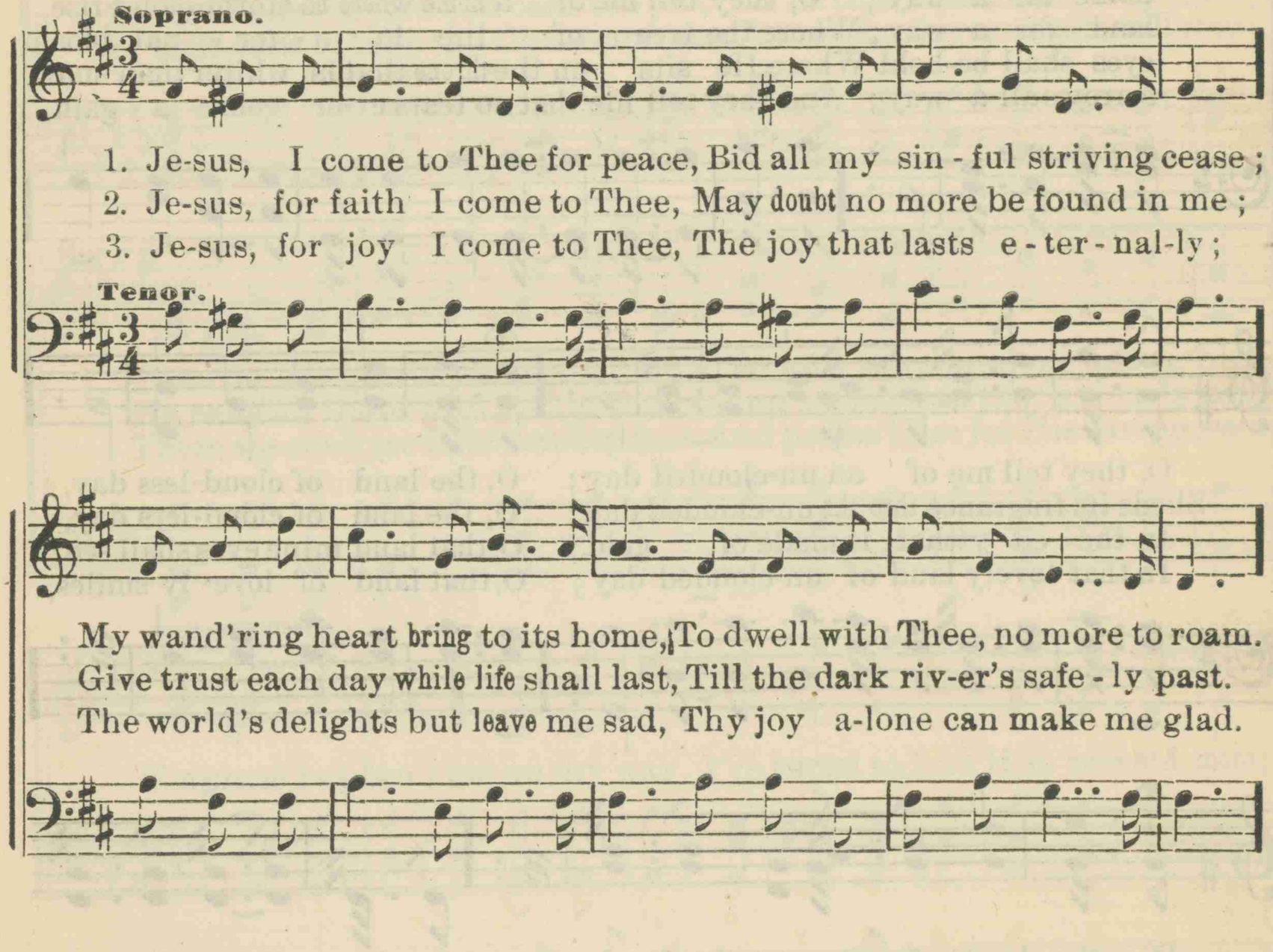
The Welcome That's Waiting.



204 Jesus, I Come to Thee.

REV. J. W. PORTER. W. D. HOLT.



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205

THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

(MAY BE USED AS A SOLO.)

J. K. ALWOOD.

J. F. KINSEY.

Moderato.

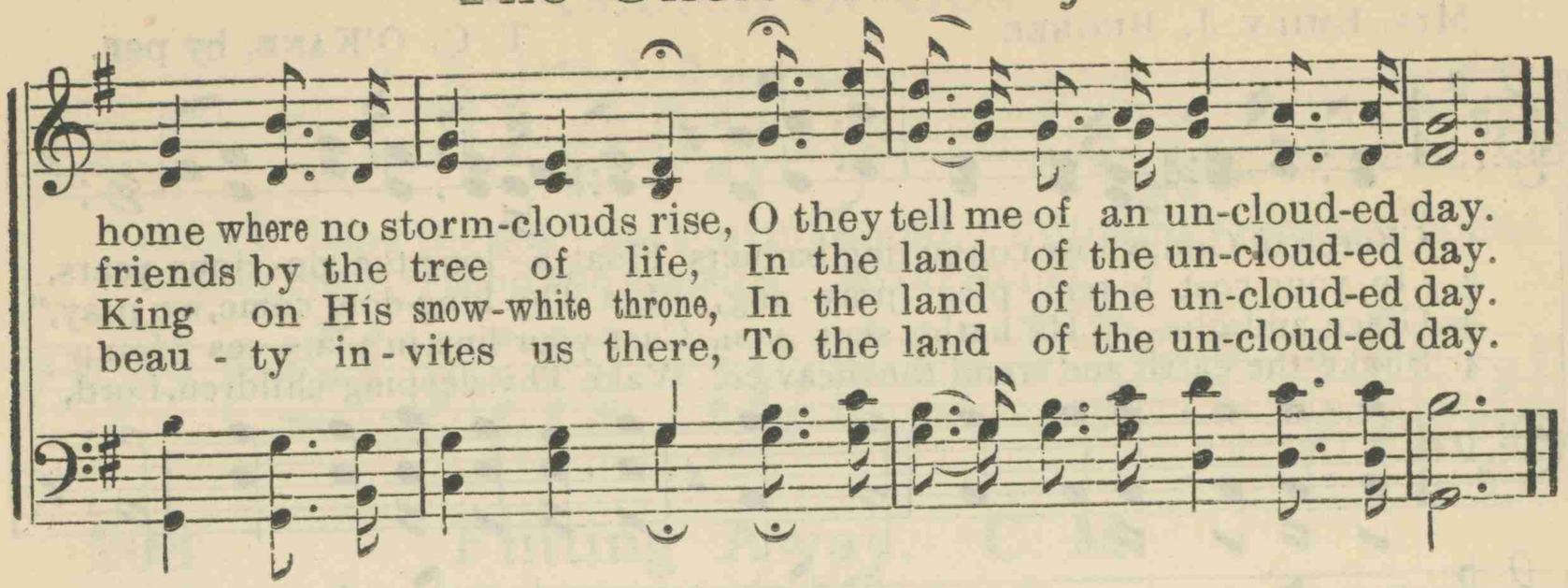
1. O, they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O, they tell me of a home far a- way; O, they tell me of a home where no storm-cloud rise,
2. O, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O, they tell me of that land far a- way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom
3. O, they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold Where He sits on the throne that is whiter than snow,
4. O, they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dren there, And His smile drives their sorrows all a- way; And they tell me that no tears ev-er come a - gain,

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

O, the land of an un- cloud- ed sky; O, they tell me of a
O, the land of an un- cloud- ed sky; O, they tell me of my
O, that land of an un- cloud- ed sky; O, they tell me of the
O, the smiles of His love-beam-ing eye; O, the King in His

By per. The Echo Music Co.

The Unclouded Day.

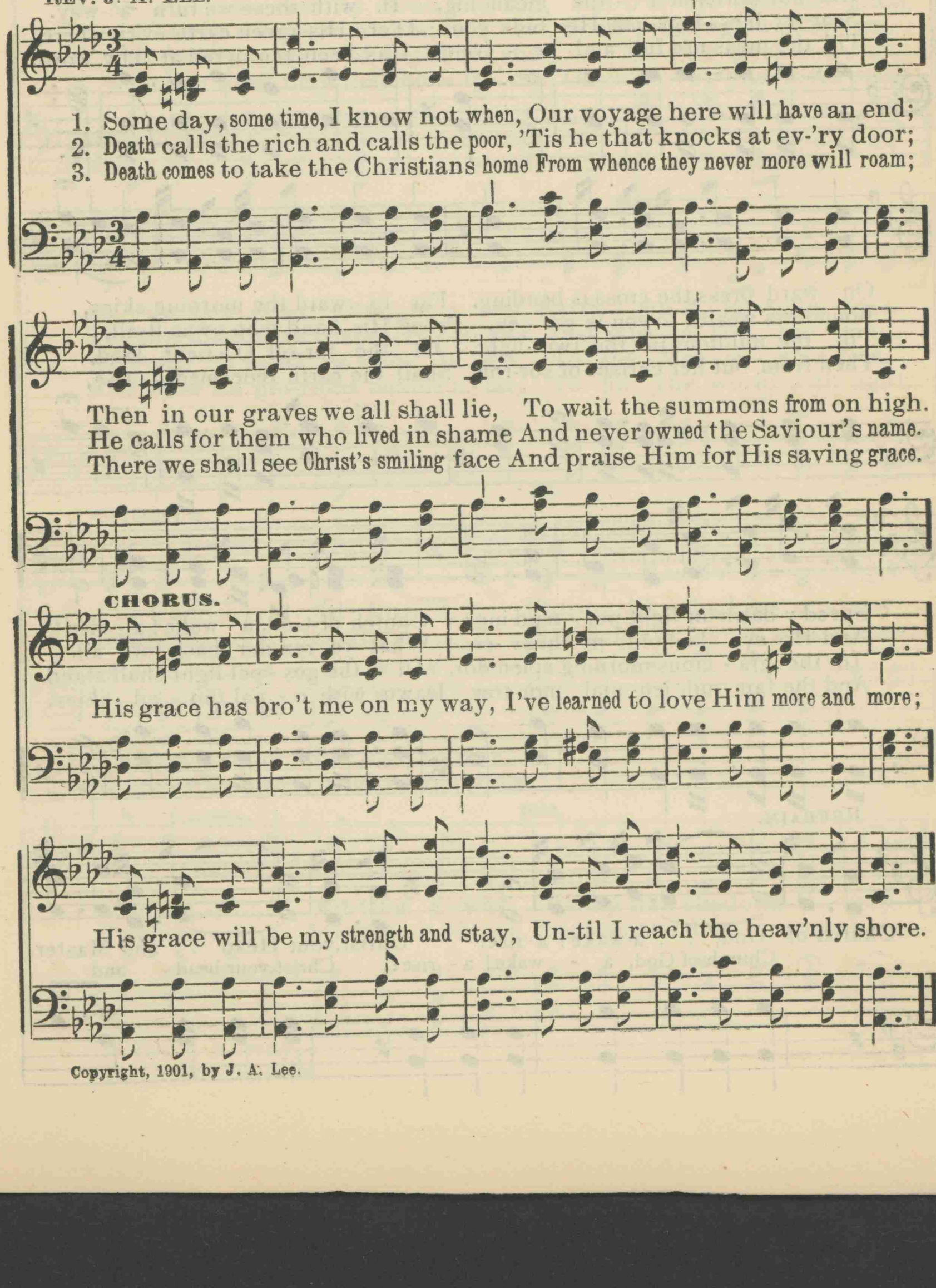


206 Some Day, Some Time.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this, the judgment."—HEB. 9: 27.

Dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Emma Cluster.

REV. J. A. LEE. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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207

CHURCH OF GOD.

Mrs. Emily J. Bugbee. T. C. O'Kane, by per.

1. Church of God, whose conqu'ring banners Float a - long the glo- rious years,
2. In your cost- ly tem - ples pray - ing, "Let Thy king-dom come, we pray,"
3. Grace and glo - ry He hath sent you, Cast your line in pla - ces fair;
4. Shake the earth and rend the heav-en, Wake Thy sleeping children, Lord,

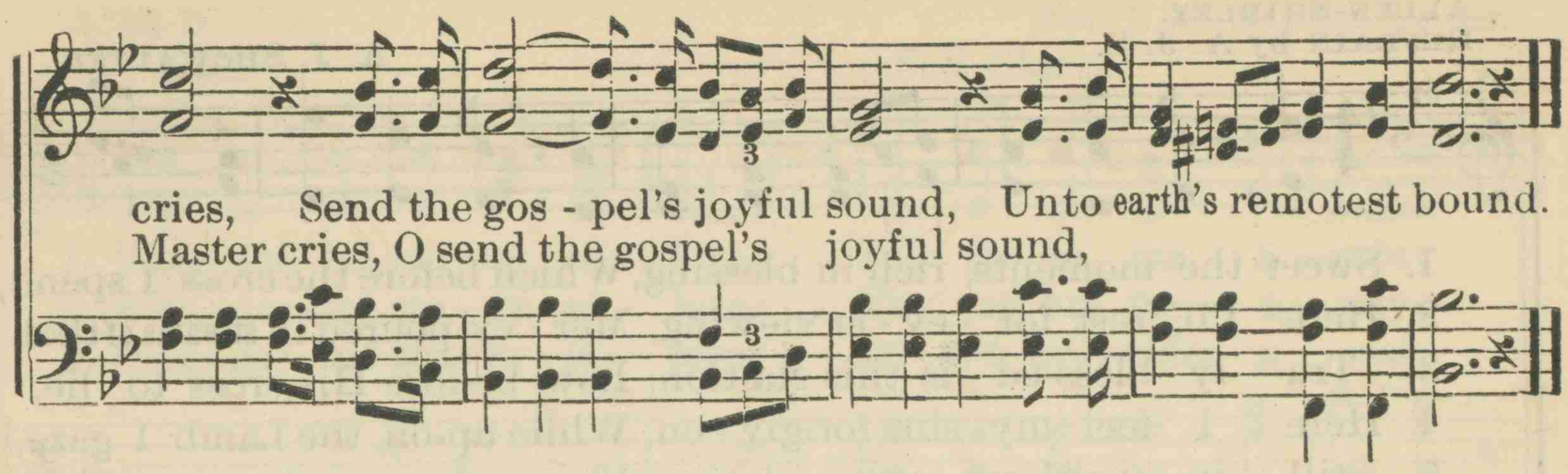
Gath-'ring har -vest rich and gold - en Sowed in pov - er - ty and tears:
Are but words of i - dle mean- ing, If with these we turn a -way.
Scat-ter bless-ings *now*, He bids you, O'er His green earth ev'ry-where,
Till the meas-ure full and e - ven Has been ren-dered at Thy word.

On - ward press, the cross is bending, Far to - ward the morning skies,
Boundless wealth to you is giv - en, From His hand who owns it all,
Till the mil-lions in the twi - light Of the far-off O - rient land,
Then from out her chrism of sor-row Shall the earth redeemed a - rise,

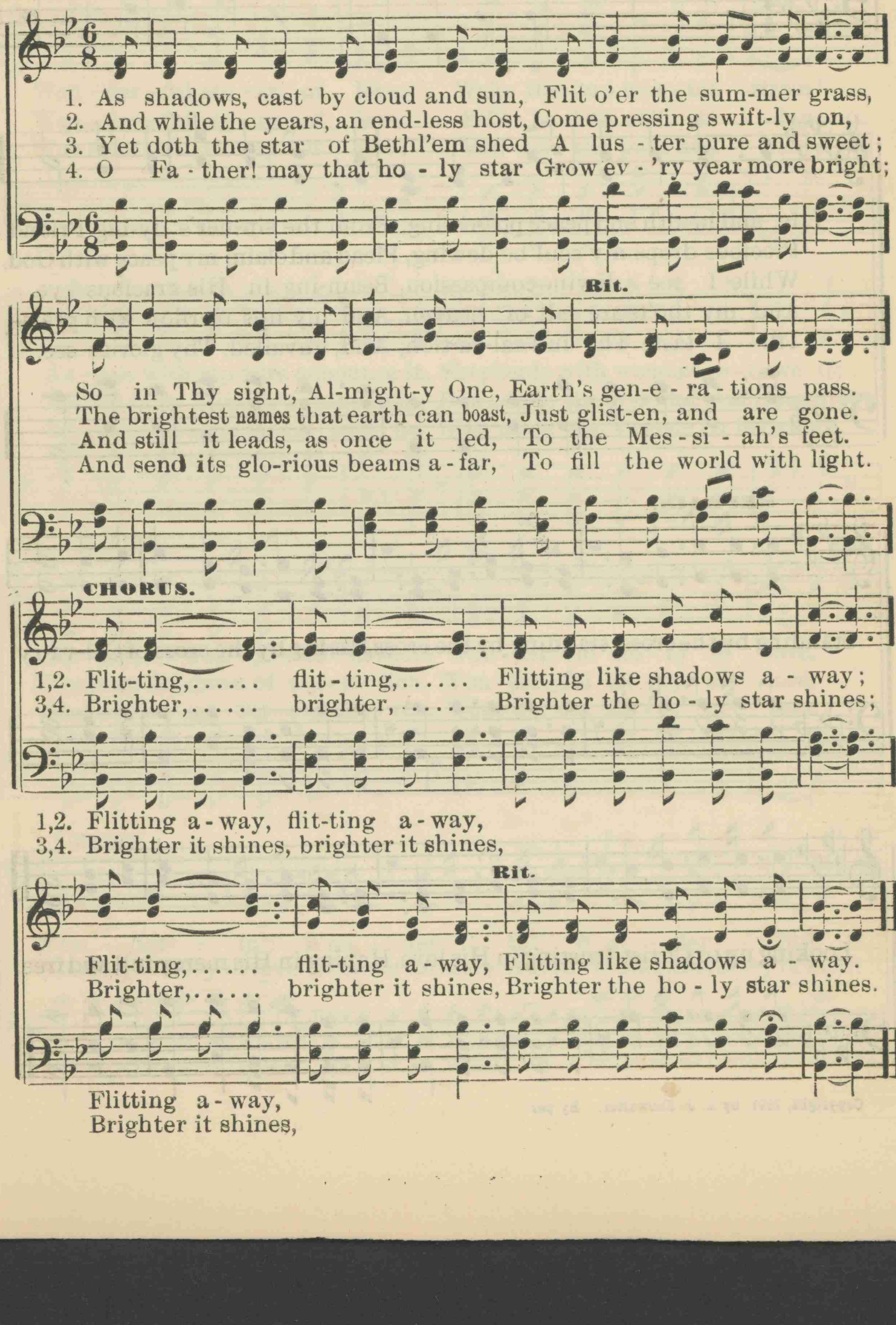
Speed-y dawn of light por - tend-ing: Church of God, a - wake! a - rise!
And His eye be-holds in heav -en What ye ren-der back for all.
In the gra - cious morning splen-dor, Of the gos - pel light shall stand.
And the fair mil- len- nial mor-row Dawn with o - pal tint - ed skies.

Refrain.

Church of God, . . a-wake! a- rise! Christ, your Head . and Master,
Church of God, a - wake! a - rise! Christ, your head and

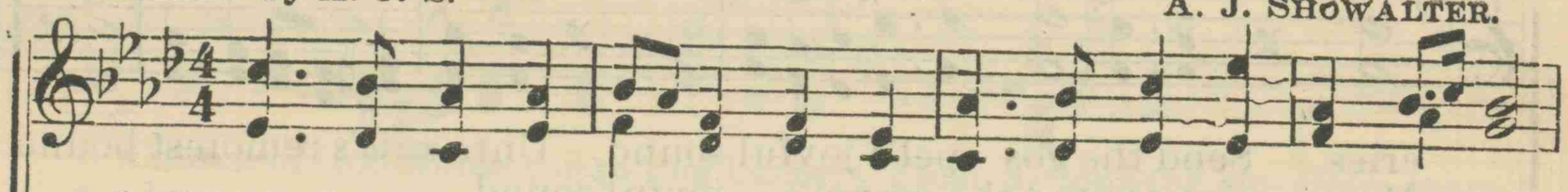
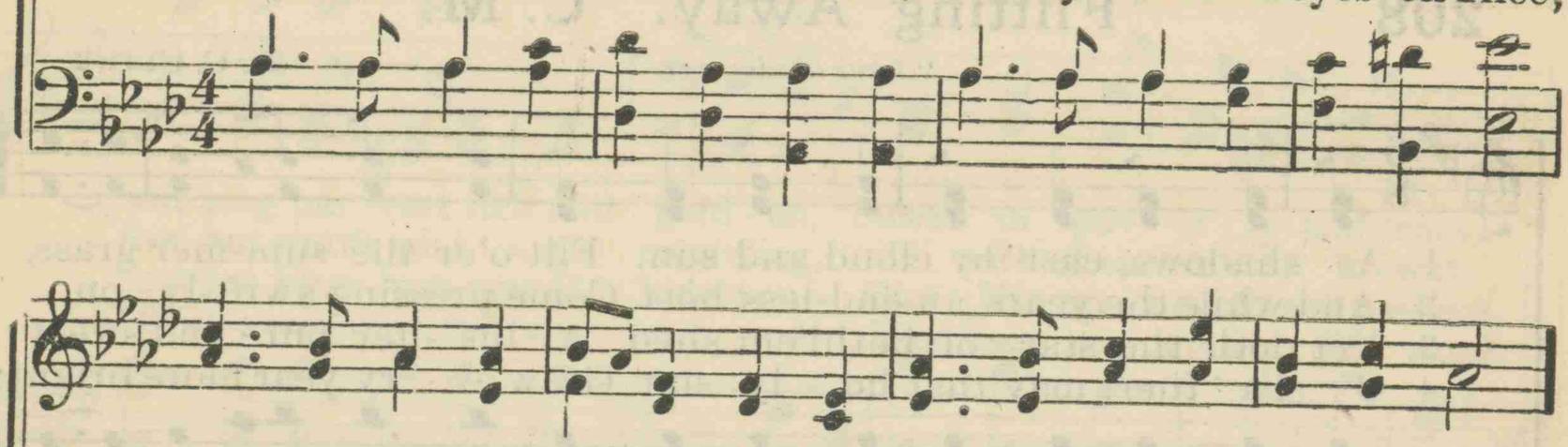
Church of God.

208 Flitting Away. C. M.

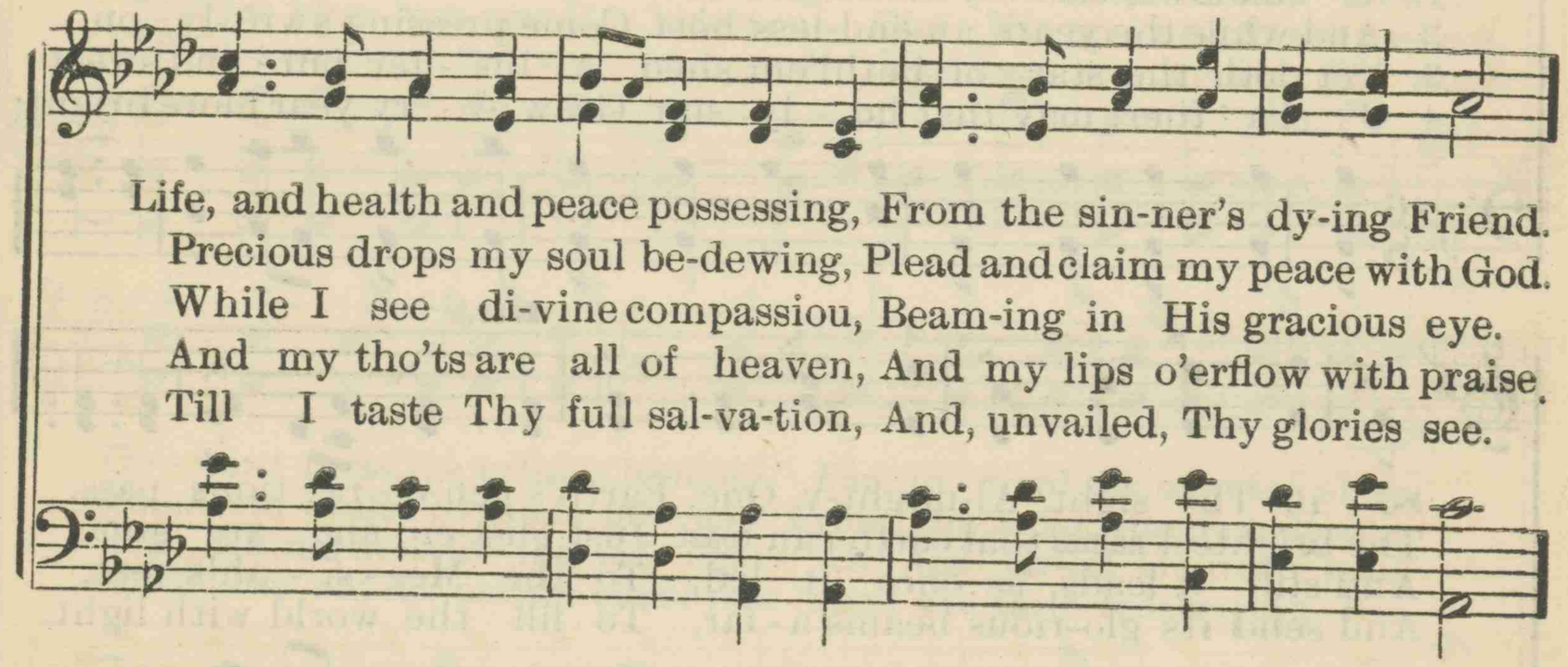
"Jesus abides ever." C. C. CLINE.



Standing By the Cross.

ALLEN-SHIRLEY.
REFRAIN by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

Life, and health and peace possessing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
Precious drops my soul be-dewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
While I see di-vine compassiou, Beam-ing in His gracious eye.
And my tho'ts are all of heaven, And my lips o'erflow with praise.
Till I taste Thy full sal-va-tion, And, unvailed, Thy glories see.



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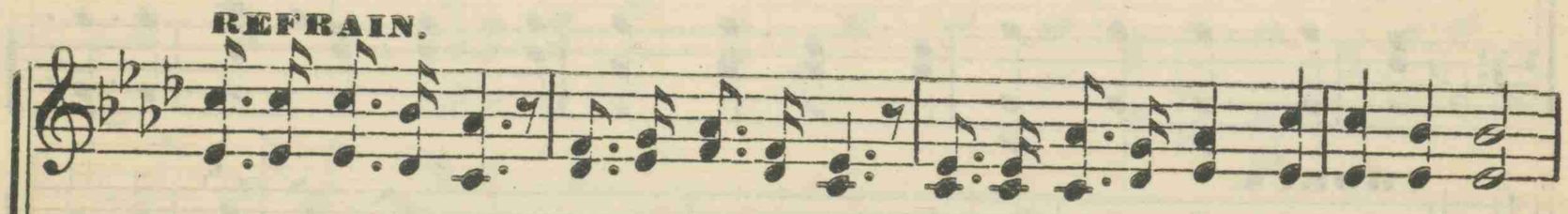
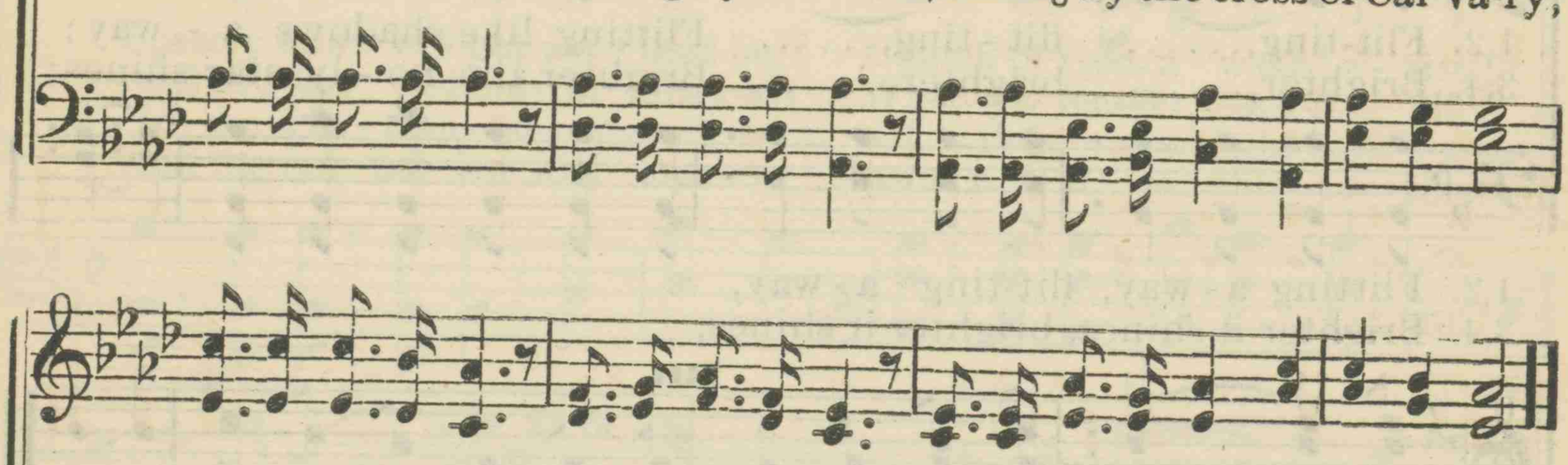
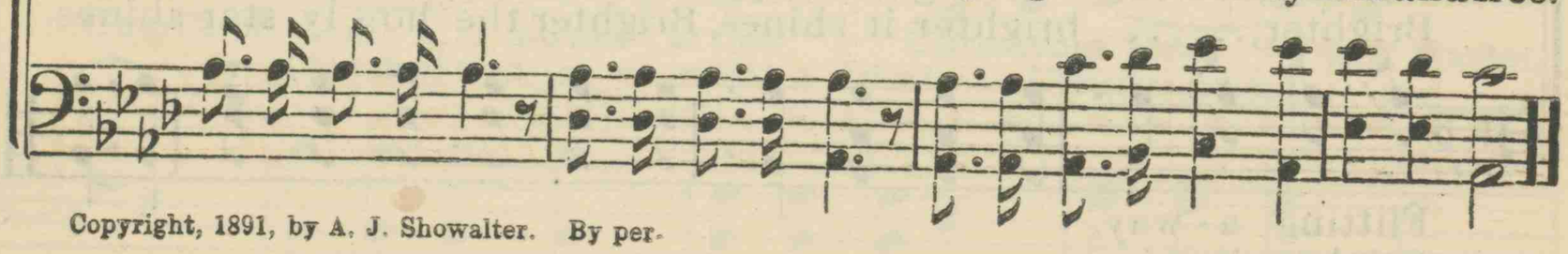


Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Cal-va-ry;



Looking up to Christ, trusting in His love, Hoping in His mercy full and free.

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No. 210. Wonderful Story of Love.

I. M. D. Rev. J. M. Driver, by per.

Duet. *Full Chorus.*

1. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: Tell it to me a-gain;
2. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: Tho' you are far a-way:
3. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: Je-sus pro-vides a rest:

Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: Wake the im-mor-tal strain!
Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: Still he doth call to-day;
Won-der-ful sto-ry of love: For all the pure and blest:

An-gels with rap-ture announce it, Shepherds with wonder re-ceive it;
Calling from Calvary's mountain, Down from the crys-tal bright fountain,
Rest in those mansions a-bove us, With those who've gone on before us,

f. *Fine.*

Sin-ner, O won't you be-lieve it? Won-der-ful sto-ry of love.
E'en from the dawn of cre-a-tion, Won-der-ful sto-ry of love.
Singing the rap-tur-ous cho-rus, Won-der-ful sto-ry of love.

Chorus. *D. S.*

Won-der-ful! Won-der-ful! Won-der-ful!
Wonderful story of love: Wonderful story of love: Wonderful story of love!

211 I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

MECHLENBERG.

1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay,
Where storm aft - er storm ris - es dark o'er the (*Omit.*) way;
2. I would not live al - way: no, wel - come the tomb;
Since Je - sus has lain there, I dread not its (*Omit.*) gloom;

The few lu - rid morn- ings that dawn on us here,
Are e - nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its (*Omit.*) cheer.
There sweet be my rest, till He bids me a - rise
To hail Him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the (*Omit.*) skies.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me dear Sav-iour for heav - en my home.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, [reigns.
And the noontide of glory eternally

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, [of the soul.
And the smile of the Lord is the feast

212 FREDERICK.

MECHLENBERG. GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live alway; I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

213

A Little Talk With Jesus.

"And behold there talked with Him two men." Luke ix: 30.

ANON. Arranged.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, And stormy o - ver - head, And
2. When those who once were dear - est friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And
3. And thus, by fre - quent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry; And

trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
more who once pro - fessed to love, Have dis - tant grown, and mute, I
march a - long with cheer-ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

soon I con - quer all, As to the Lord I call, A lit - tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quick - ly sends re - lief, A lit - tle talk with
Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

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

CHORUS.

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

Je - sus makes it right, all right.

D.S.

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

No. 214. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Arr. by M. G. P. 1882. Arr. by Rev. M. G. PRESCOTT. 1882.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, That He's pre -
2. I'm trust - ing Je - sus Christ for all, I know His
3. And now be - wil - dered at the thought, I stand and
4. I know that soon my Lord will come, I know He

D.C. For I am on - ly wait - ing here, To hear the

pared a home for me, And crowns of vic - to - ry He gives
blood a-tones for me, I'm lis-tening for the gen - tle call
won - der at His love, How He from heav'n to earth was brought
will not tar - ry long, I know He soon will call me home

sum-mons, "child, come home," For I am on - ly wait - ing here,

Fine. CHORUS.

To those who would His chil-dren be.
To say "the Mas - ter wait-eth thee." Then ask me not to
To die, that I might live a - bove.
To sing with joy the heav'nly song.

To hear the sum-mons, "child, come home."

D. C.

min - gle on A - mid the gay and thought-less throng,

215 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
win-ner 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

CHORUS.

be a-ny stars in my crown?
praise like the seabillow rolls. Will there be a-ny stars, a-ny stars in my crown,
be a-ny stars in my crown.

When at evening the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest
go-eth down?

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

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216 SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
3. We shall meet our loved and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day;

We shall cross the storm-y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day;

We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un - fold,
We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's slain;
By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rapture ev 'ry-where;

Heav-en's splen-dors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
O the bliss of o - ver there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

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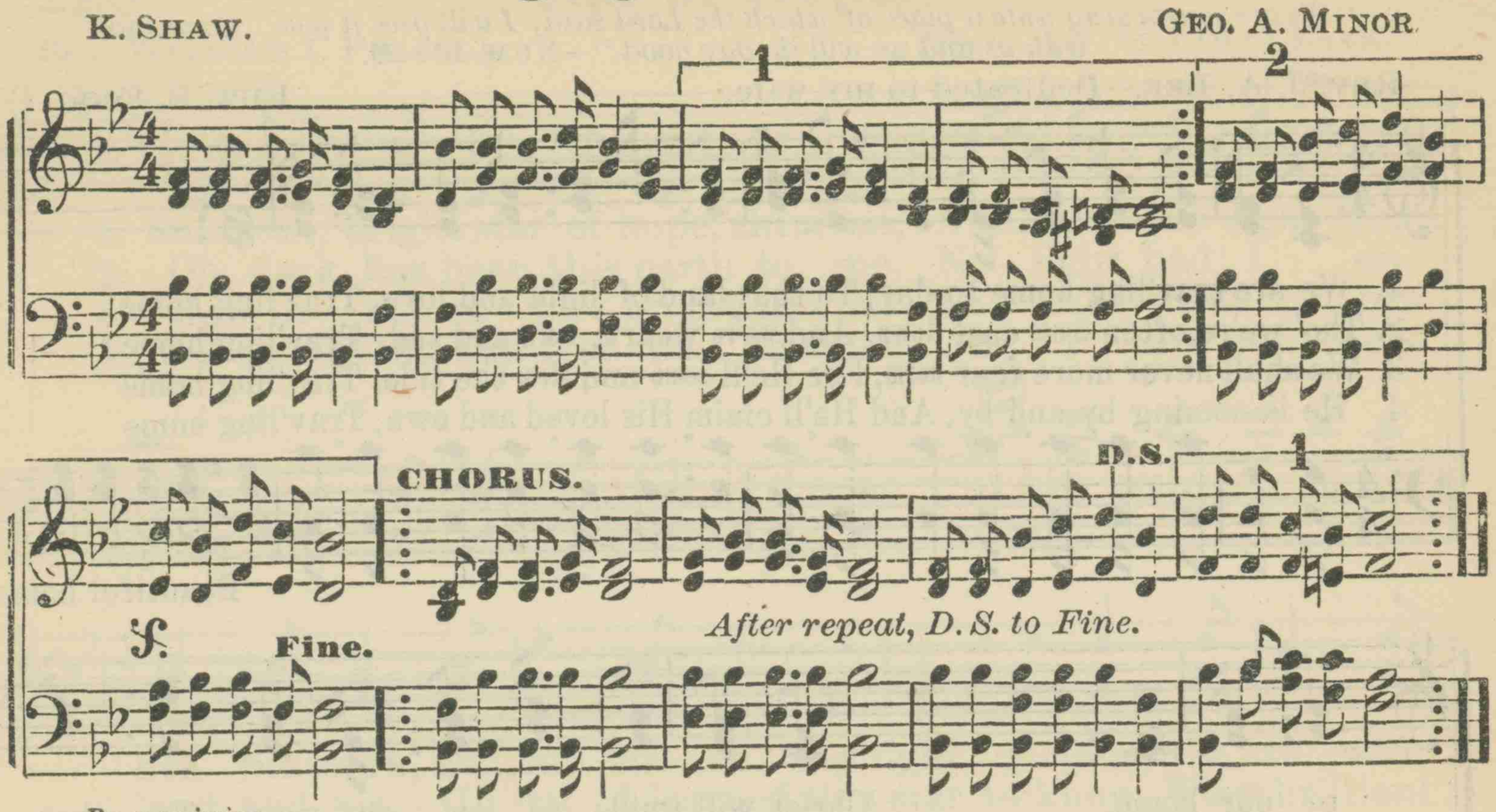
217 Bringing in the Sheaves.

K. SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR.



By permission.

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHO.—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

218 I am Dwelling on the Mountain.

1 I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure, ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers,
They are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

Cho.—Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright.

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

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

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

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

219 We are Traveling Home To-day.

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

REV. J. A. LEE. Dedicated to my wife. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. We are trav'ling home to-day, To that land of light and love, Trav'ling home
2. Tho' we're often times cast down, And we're weary, worn and sad, Trav'ling home
3. We shall never more fear harm, For He'll come and stem the tide, Trav'ling home
4. He is coming by and by, And He'll claim His loved and own, Trav'ling home

Beautiful home

to our home, Christ will guide us on our way, To that
to our home, Still the Sav - iour nev - er frowns, But He
to our home, Shield us un - der - neath His arm, And in
to our home, He will take us home on high, There to

Heavenly home,

CHORUS.

heav'nly home a-bove, to our home, Heav-en-ly home. We are trav-
comes and makes us glad, Trav'ling home, Heav-en-ly home.
Him we'll safely hide, Trav'ling home, Heav-en-ly home.
dwell around the throne, In our home, Heav-en-ly home.

home, sweet home, Trav'ling home to-

ling, Trav - 'ling, Trav'ling to that land of

day, To our beau-ti-ful heav-en-ly home, We are

Rit.

love, We are trav-'ling, yes trav -'ling to our beau-ti-ful heav'nly home above.

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220 Star of Hope.

Rev. WILLIAM I. FEAZELL. Music Arr. by LIDA CLARK.

1. Shine on, bright star of hope, shine on, And give me light from
2. Oh, dark has been this earth to me, No light had I on
3. Now in the fu - ture bright and fair, Tho' snow-white turn my
4. But should this star e'er fail to shine, And I thro' tun - nels

eve till morn, Oh, let me in thy light a - bide, Un - til with
land and sea, Un - til I learned this star to know, Whose brilliant
ra - ven hair, There is a home where I shall share E - ter - nal
dark must climb, The hand of God will cling to mine, Till I a

CHORUS.

Christ I'm glo - ri - fied.
light doth brighter grow. Shine on,..... bright star,..... Shine
peace without a care. Shine on, bright star,
star in glo - ry shine.

on, bright star, shine on,..... Un - til I reach the gold-en shore,
shine on,

May be sung after last verse.

And need on earth thy light no more. On earth no more.
Thy light on earth no more.

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221 I Shall Be No Stranger There.

E. E. Hewitt. A. F. Bourne.

1. When the pearly gates are opened To a sinner "saved by grace,"
2. Thro' time's ev-er-chang-ing seasons, I am pressing t' ward the goal;
3. There my dear Redeemer liv - eth, Blessed Lamb upon the throne;

When thro' ev - er-last-ing mer - cy, I be-hold my Saviour's face,
'Tis my heart's sweet native country, 'Tis the homeland of my soul;
By the crim-son marks upon them, He will sure-ly claim his own.

When I en - ter in the mansions Of the cit - y bright and fair,
Ma-ny loved ones, cloth'd with beauty, In those wondrous glories share;
So, when-ev - er sad or lone-ly, Look beyond the earthly care;

I shall have a roy - al welcome, For I'll be no stranger there.
When I rise, redeem'd, for-giv-en, I shall be no stranger there.
Wea-ry child of God, re-mem-ber, You will be no stranger there.

Chorus.

I shall be no stranger there, Jesus will my place prepare;
I shall be no stran - ger there, Je-sus will my place prepare;

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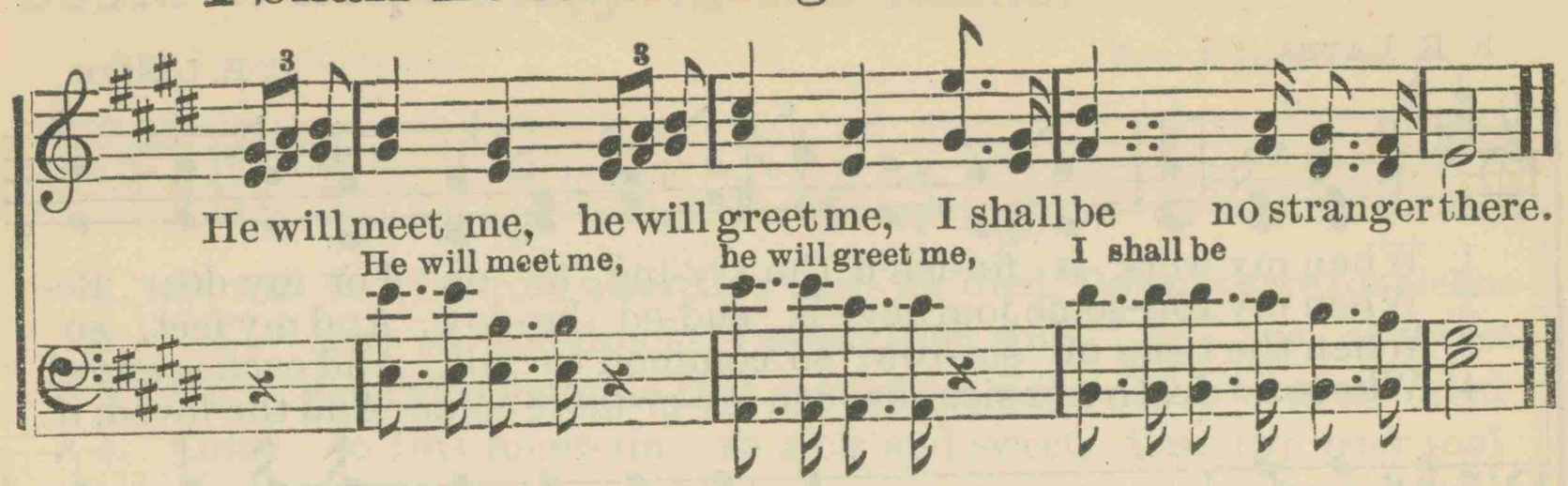
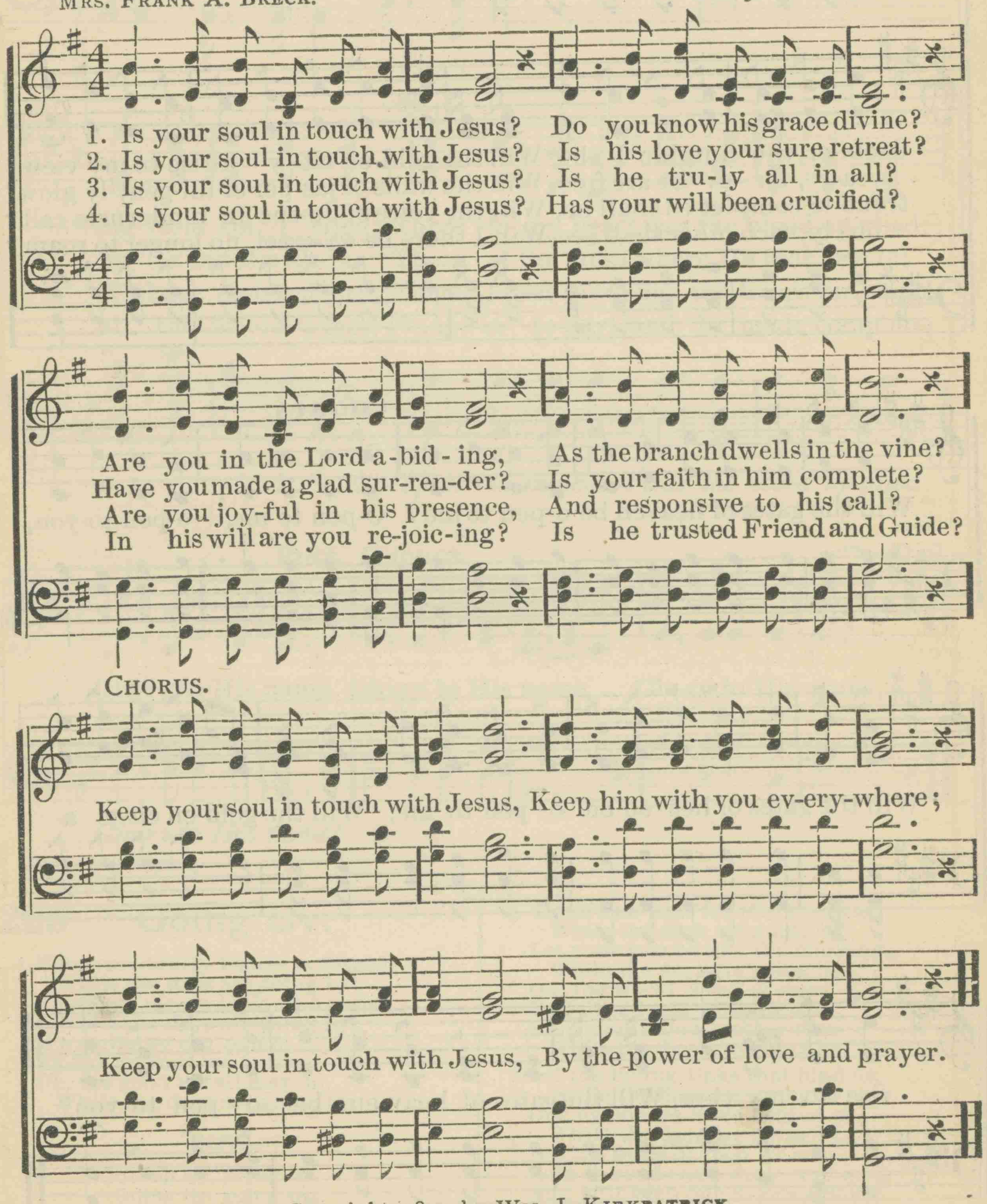
I Shall Be No Stranger There. Concluded.

222 In Touch With Jesus.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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223 Will the Gates of Heaven be Open to Me?

E. R. LATTA. C. E. LESLIE.

1. When my work is fin-ish'd I'm try-ing to do For my dear Re-
2. When my toil-some journey is end-ed be-low, And my feet, so
3. When the tears of sor-row, so common to all, And each scene of
4. Where no death nor sickness can ev-er-more come, And the loved, if

deem-er, tho' humble I be, Will the gold-en cit-y a-rise to my view?
wea-ry, for-ev-er are free, Will the walls of jas-per ef-ful-gent-ly glow?
troub-le complet-ed shall be, Will the voice of Je-sus in tenderness call?
ho-ly, each other shall see, Will I there be wel-comed, no longer to roam?

CHORUS.

Will the gates of heaven be o-pen to me? O-pen to me, o-pen to you,

Will the gates of heaven be o-pen to me, Will the gold-en cit-y a-

rise to my view, Will the gates of heav-en be o-pen to you?

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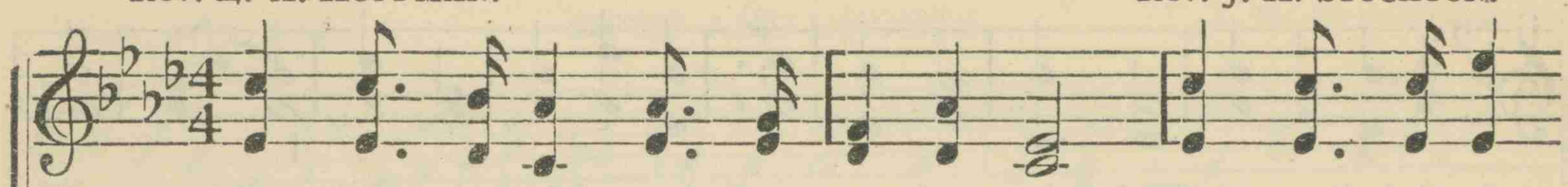
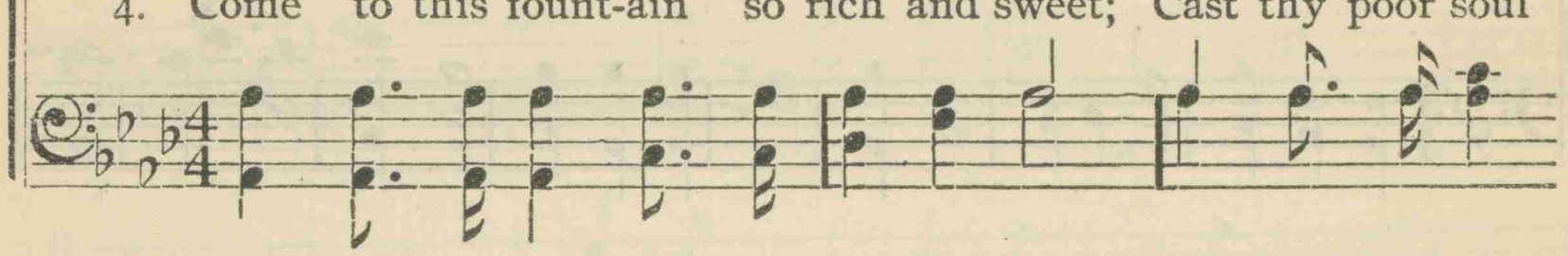
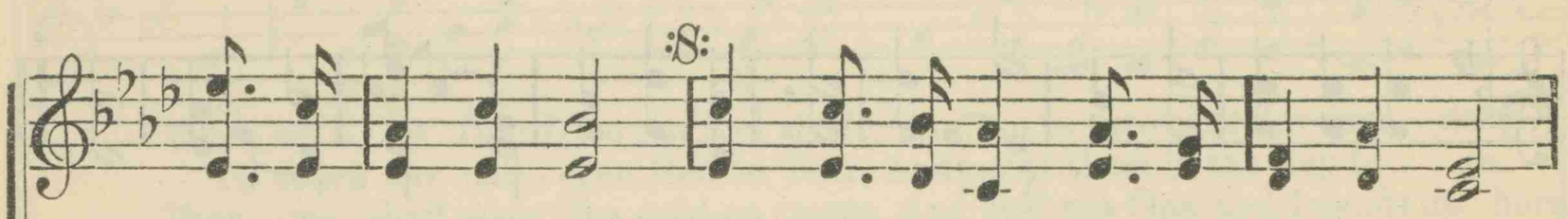
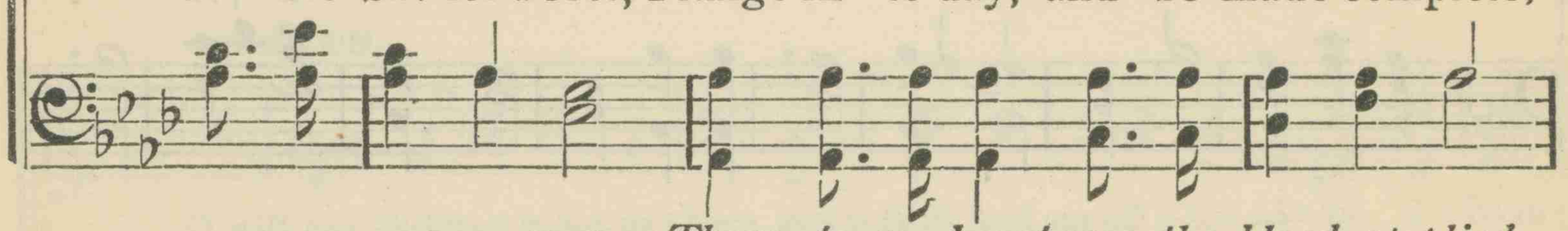
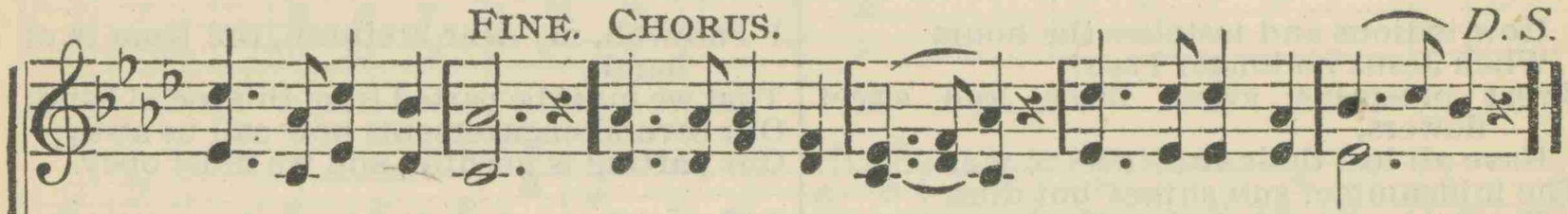
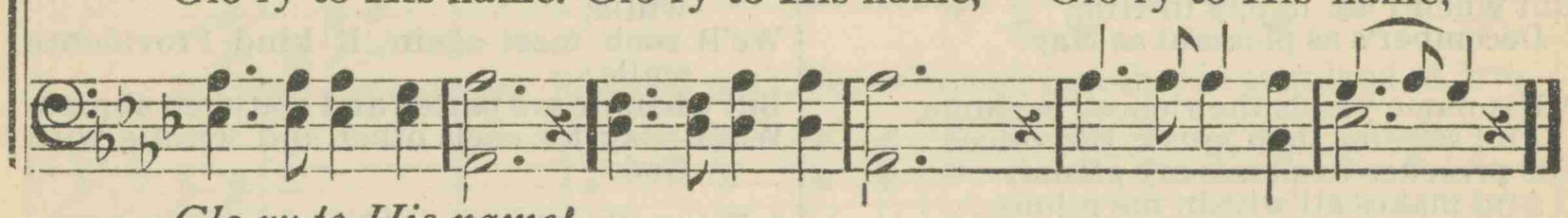
224 Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans-
2. I am so won-drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-
3. Oh, pre-cious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad
4. Come to this fount-ain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul



ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;
ly a-bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in;
I have en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean,
at the Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;

D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;*

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

Glo-ry to His name. Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name,



Glo-ry to His name!

By permission.

225 Going By.

1 There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

REFRAIN.

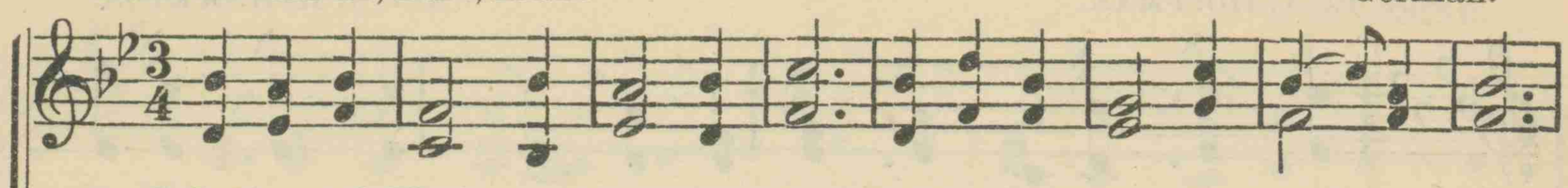
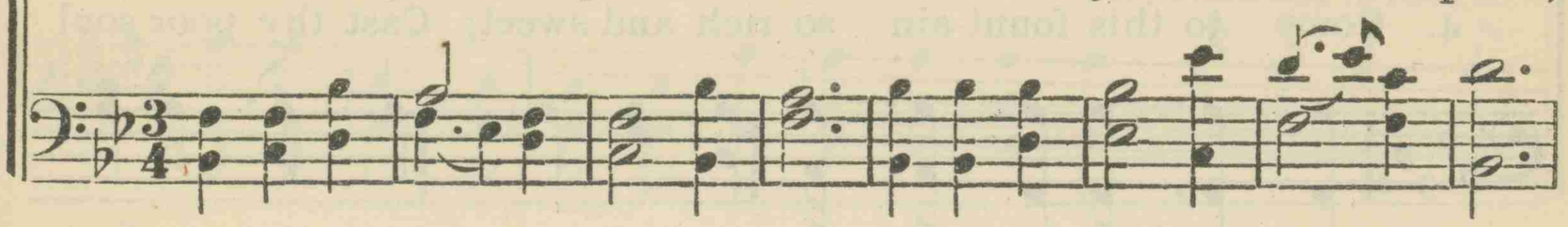
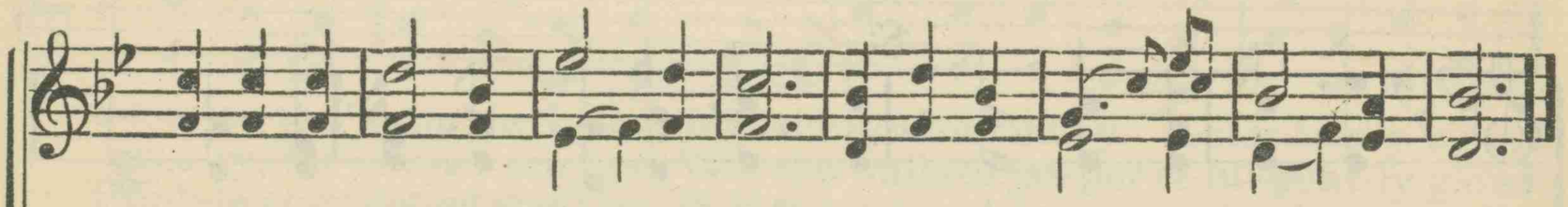
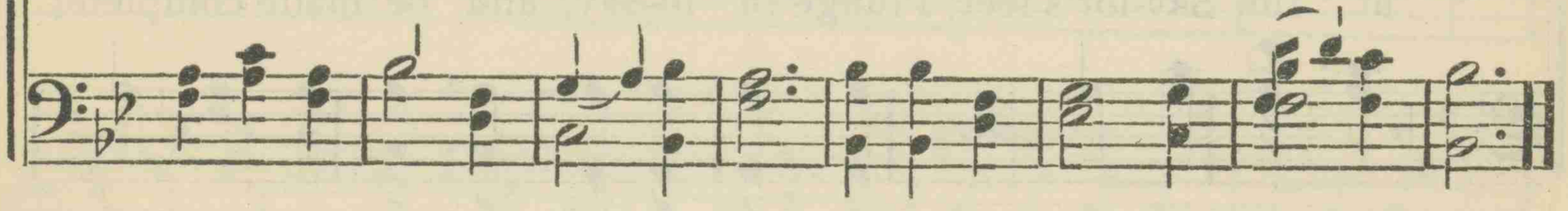
Going by, going by,
Going by, going by,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

1 There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by,
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by;
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are gofng by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

—*Geo. Cooper.*

226 Mendon.

PROF. B. MANLY, D.D., LL.D. German.

1. Sol-diers of Christ, in truth arrayed, A world in ru - ins needs your aid;
2. His gos-pel to the lost proclaim, Good news for all in Je - sus' name;
3. Morning and evening sow the seed, God's grace the ef-fort shall suc-ceed;
4. We meet to part, but part to meet When earthly la-bors are complete;

A world by sin destroyed and dead; A world for which the Saviour bled.
Let light upon the darkness break, That sinners from their death may wake.
Seed-times of tears have oft been found, With sheaves of joy and plenty crowned.
To join in yet more blest employ, In an e - ter - nal world of joy.

227

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me,—
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned;
No change of the season or place
Would make any change in my mind
While blessed with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

228

1 Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
That we must be parted from this social band;
Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile;
But when we are parted and scattered abroad,
We'll pray for each other and wrestle with God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged,
The war will be ended, your treasures enlarged;
With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and stand on the shore.

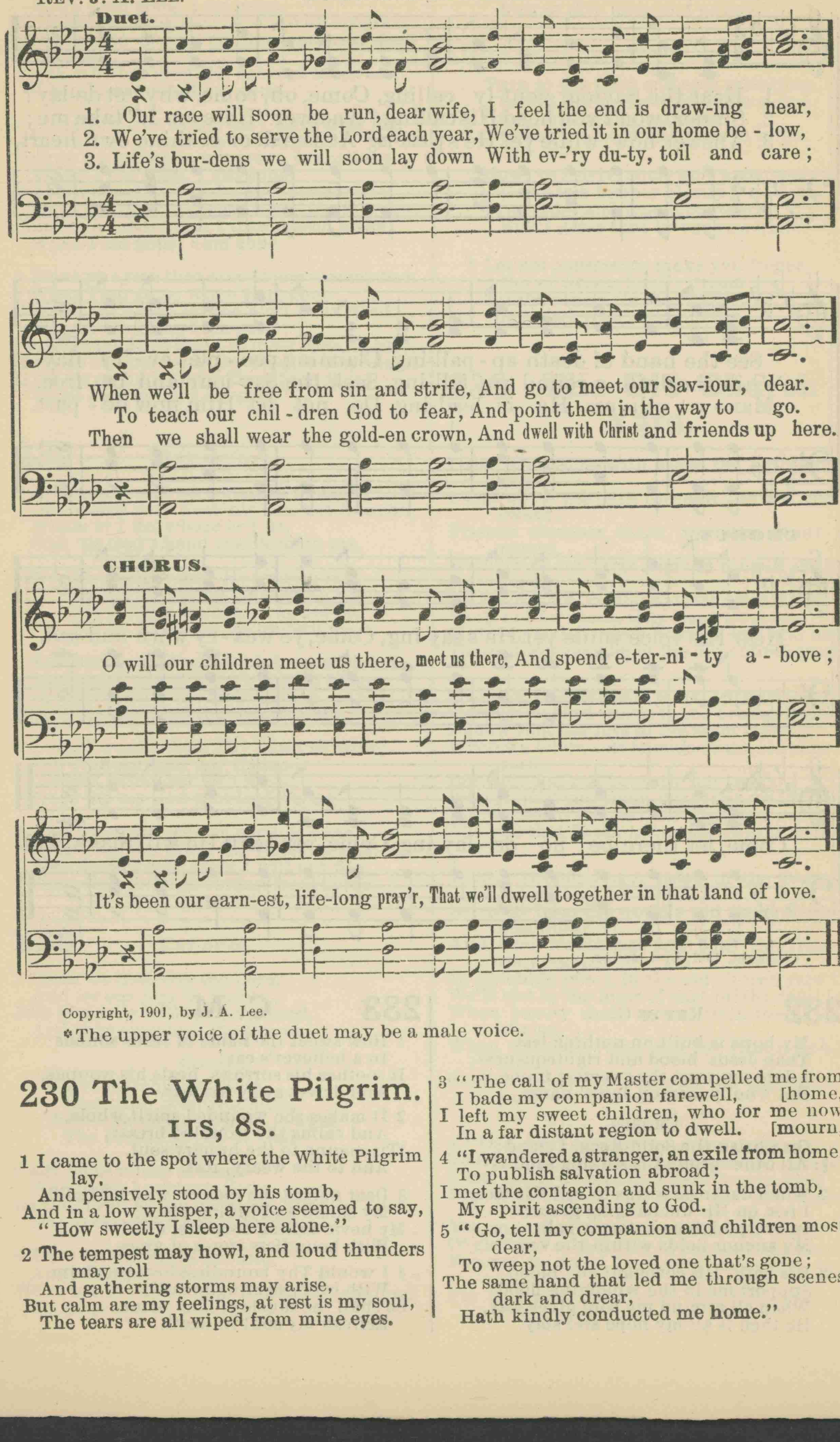
4 Farewell, you young converts, who've 'listed for war,
Sore conflicts await you, but Jesus is near;
Although you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, He'll lead you to peace.

5 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound;
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in the heavenly land.

229 Our Race Will Soon Be Run.

"Man goeth to his long home."—ECCLS. 12: 5.

REV. J. A. LEE. DUET AND CHORUS. J. H. FILLMORE.



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*The upper voice of the duet may be a male voice.

230 The White Pilgrim.

IIS, 8s.

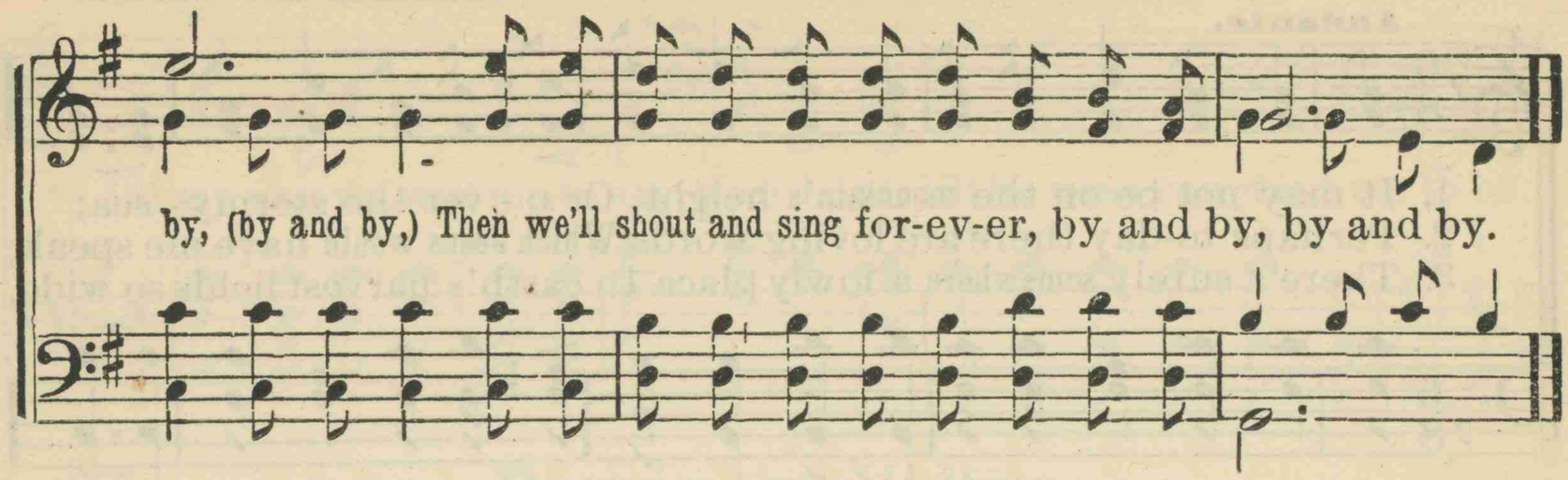
1 I came to the spot where the White Pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by his tomb,
And in a low whisper, a voice seemed to say,
"How sweetly I sleep here alone."

2 The tempest may howl, and loud thunders may roll
And gathering storms may arise,
But calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from mine eyes.

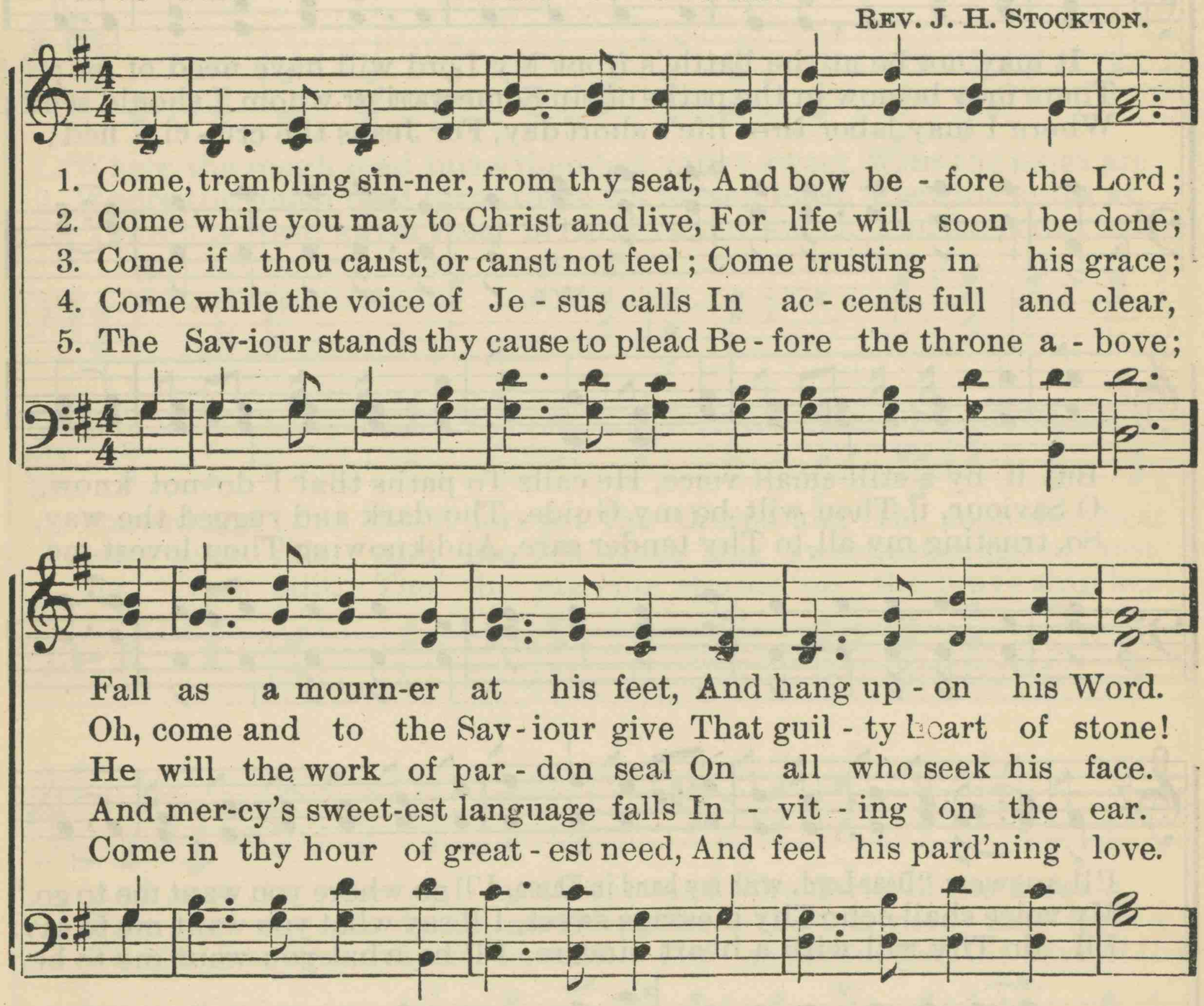
3 "The call of my Master compelled me from home,
I bade my companion farewell,
I left my sweet children, who for me now mourn,
In a far distant region to dwell.

4 "I wandered a stranger, an exile from home,
To publish salvation abroad;
I met the contagion and sunk in the tomb,
My spirit ascending to God.

5 "Go, tell my companion and children most dear,
To weep not the loved one that's gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes dark and drear,
Hath kindly conducted me home."

Over Jordan. Concluded.

No. 32. Come to Jesus.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



234 Farewell.

1 Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone, when I am gone,
Smile, if the slow tolling bell you shall hear,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand by my grave.
Think of the crowns all the ransomed shall have,
Think who has died His beloved to save.
When I am gone, I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer day,
Come when the sun sheds its last ling'ring ray,
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,
When I am gone, I am gone.

3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed,
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,
When I am gone, I am gone;
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care,
Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may share,
Look up on high and believe I am there,
When I am gone, I am gone.

235 KEY OF D.

1 He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought,
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see—
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

236 KEY OF G.

1 Come we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

237 Come, Ye Sinners.

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

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of His dear name;
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True relief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

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

238 The Old Church Yard.

1 Oh come, come with me to the old church yard,
I well know the path through the soft green sward;
Friends slumber there, we were want to regard,
We'll trace out their name in the old church yard;
Oh mourn not for them, their grief is o'er,
Weep not for them, they weep no more,
For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard
Their pillow may be in the old church yard.

2 I know it seems vain when friends depart,
To breathe kind words to the broken heart;
I know that the joys of life seem marred,
When we follow our friends to the old church yard;
But were I at rest beneath yon tree,
Why should you weep, dear friends, for me?
I'm wayworn and sad, oh why then retard
The rest that I seek in the old church yard.

3 "Our friends linger there in the sweetest repose,
Released from the world's sad bereavements and woes:
And who would not rest with the friends they regard,
In quietude sweet, in the old church yard?
We'll rest in the hope of that bright day,
When beauty shall spring from the prison of clay,
When Gabriel's voice, and the trump of the Lord,
Shall awaken the dead in the old church yard."

4 "Oh! weep not for me, I am anxious to go
To that haven of rest where tears never flow;
I fear not to answer that dark lonely ward;
For soon shall I rise from the old church yard:
Yes, soon shall I join that heavenly band
Of glorified souls at my Saviour's right hand;
Forever to dwell in bright mansions, prepared
For the saints, who shall rise from the old church yard."

239 C. M.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast.
A thousand thoughts revolve,—
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
His kingdom I will enter in,
Whatever may oppose;

3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace:

4 The Saviour will admit my plea,
For He has bid me come;
Forthwith I'll rise and to Him flee,
For yet, He says, "there's room."

5 I cannot perish if I go,
I am resolved to try:
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

240 KEY OF A-FLAT.

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth, and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever
As a shield for every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

—*Mrs. Lydia Baxter.*

241 Forget Him Not.

1 O thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore,
Let every idol be forgot,
But O, my soul, forget Him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own.

3 Eternal truth and beauty shine
In Him, and He Himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset;
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

4 O no: till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

Krishnoo Pal. 1801.
Tr. by Rev. Joshua Marshman. (1767—1837.) 1801.

242 Faith in Christ Our Sacrifice.

1 Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove,
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Rev. Isaac Watts. (1674—1748.) 1709.

243 A Charge to Keep I Have.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

244 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Tune—DENNIS. S. M.

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Savior and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

—*Dwight.*

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Southern Baptist Convention.

J. M. FROST, D. D., Secretary,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

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