# CROWNING DAY No. 5



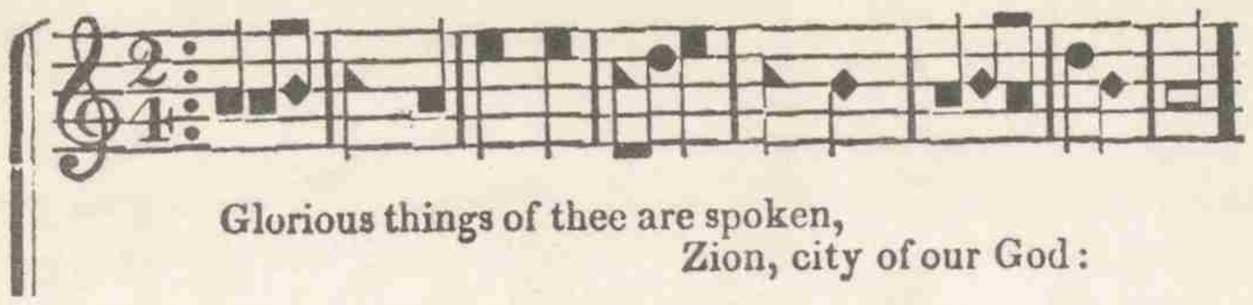
A BOOK OF

# SACRED SONGS

J. H. HALL
W. H. RUEBUSH
AND
J. H. RUEBUSH

PUBLISHED BY
The Ruebush-Kieffer Company,
DAYTON, VIRGINIA.

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# CROWNING DAY.

No. 5.

CONTAINS

A Superior Collection of Gospel Songs

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS,

REVIVAL MEETINGS,

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS,

And all other Services of the Sanctuary.

BY

J. H. HALL, W. H. RUEBUSH, AND J. H. RUEBUSH.

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Published by

The Ruebush-Kieffer Company,

Dayton, Virginia.

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**Price, 30 cents per copy ; $3.00 per dozen, postpaid.**

# PREFACE.

1902
Crow

## FOR OPENING SCHOOL.

*Leader.*—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

*School.*—But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

*Leader.*—And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

*School.*—The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

*Leader.*—Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

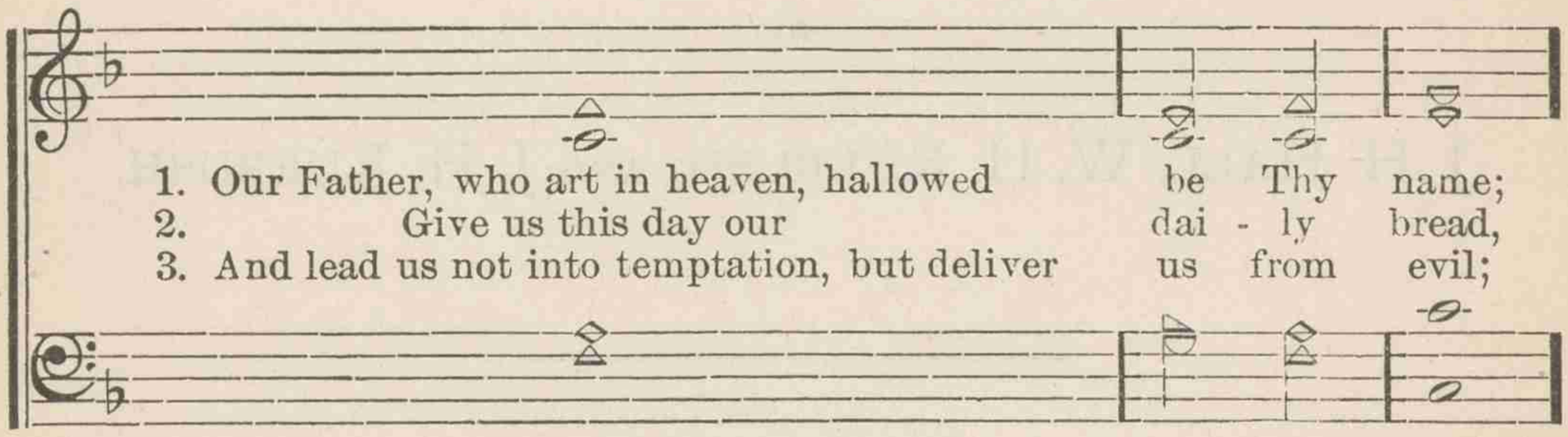
*School.*—For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

*All.*—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing. * * * For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

CHANT.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

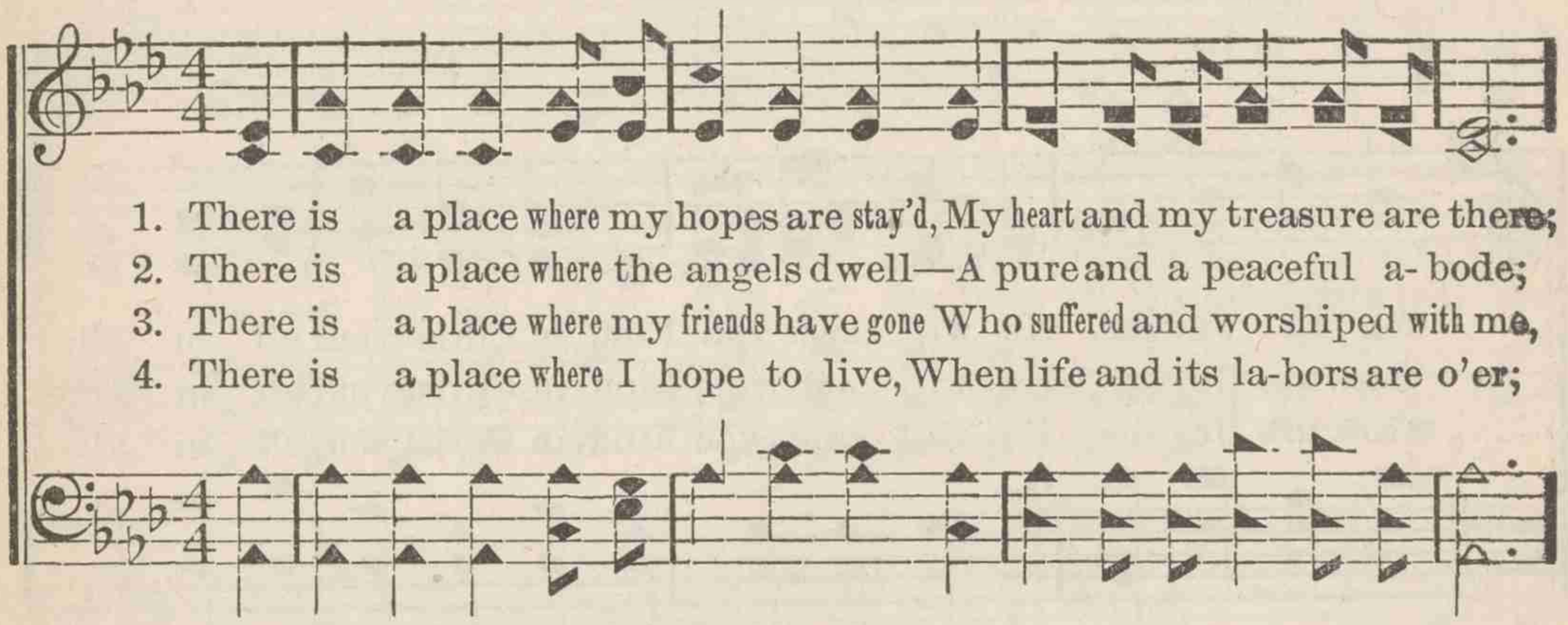


# The Crowning Day.

## —No. 5.—

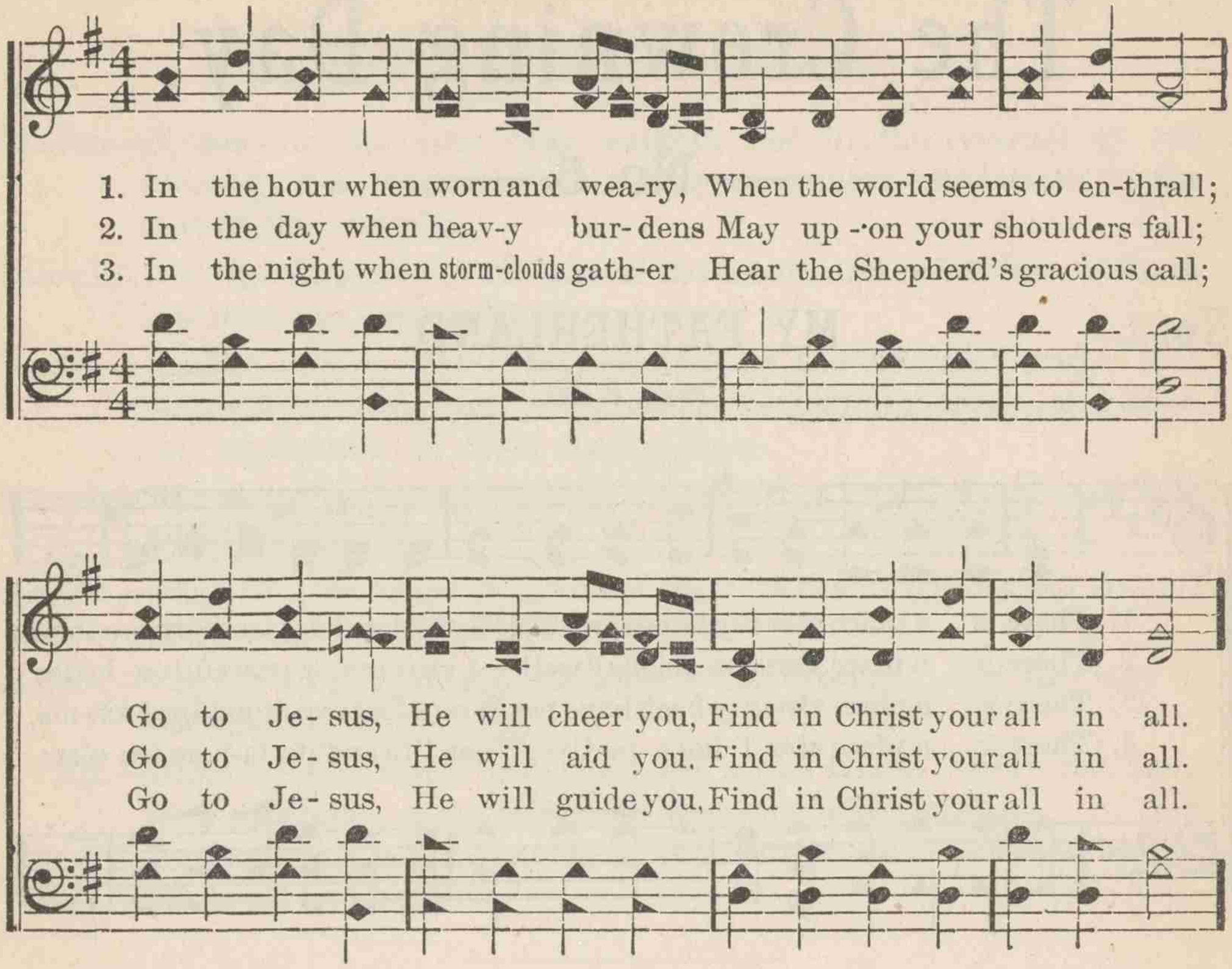
## No. 1. MY FATHERLAND.

EZEK. 47 : 12.
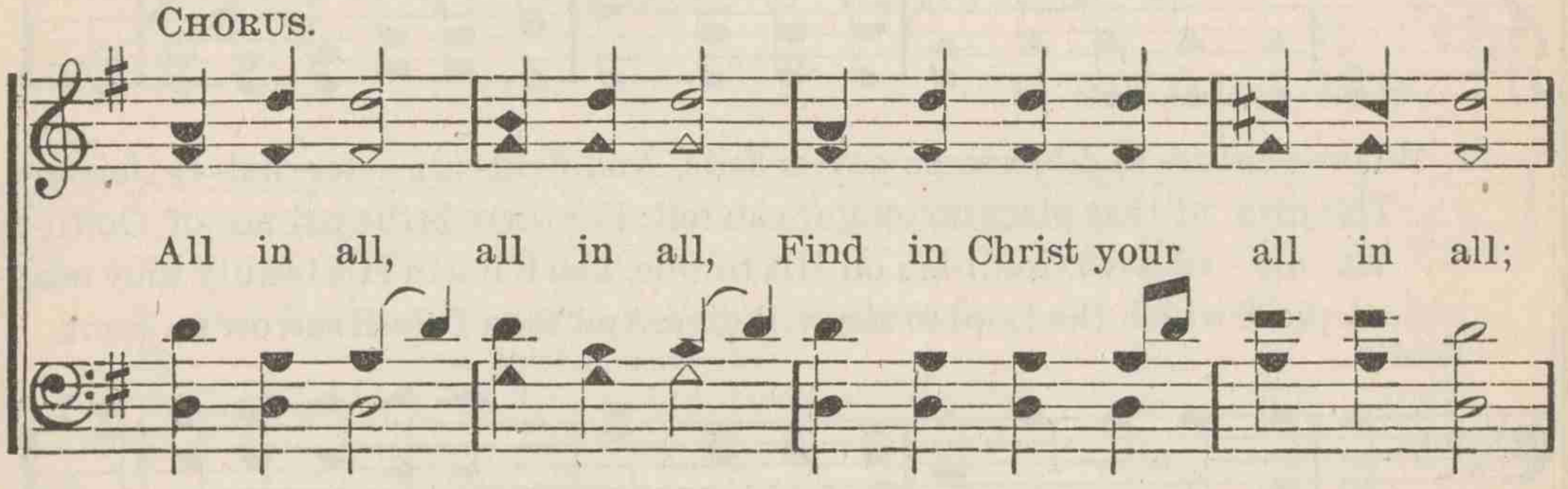


# No. 2. CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.



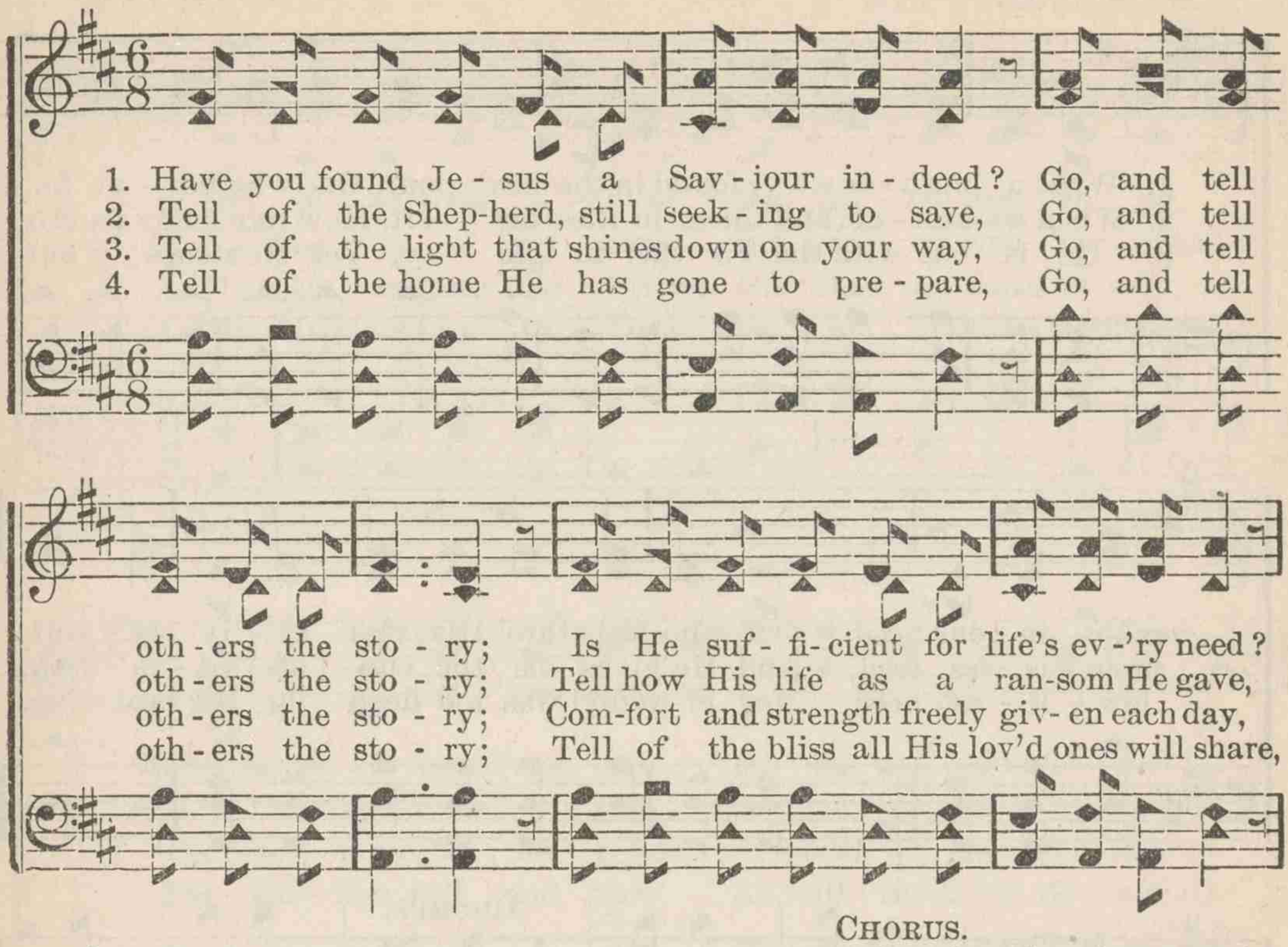

CHORUS.




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# No. 3. GO AND TELL OTHERS THE STORY.

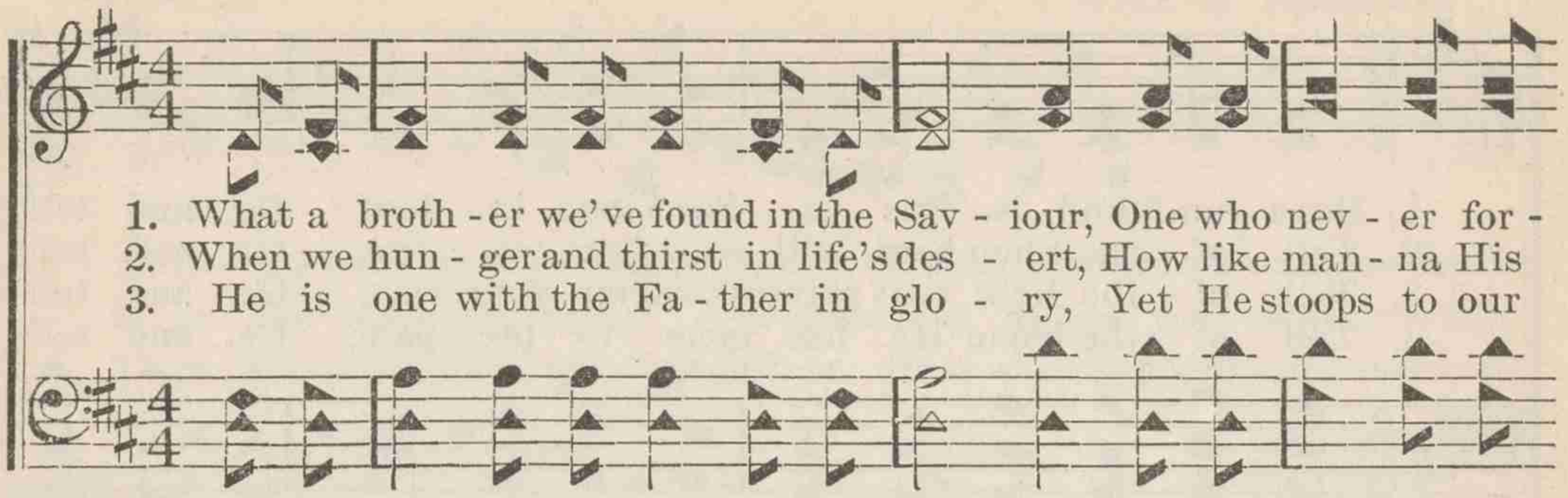
E. E. HEWITT. J. H. HALL.




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# No. 4. SUCH A CHRIST AS WE NEED.
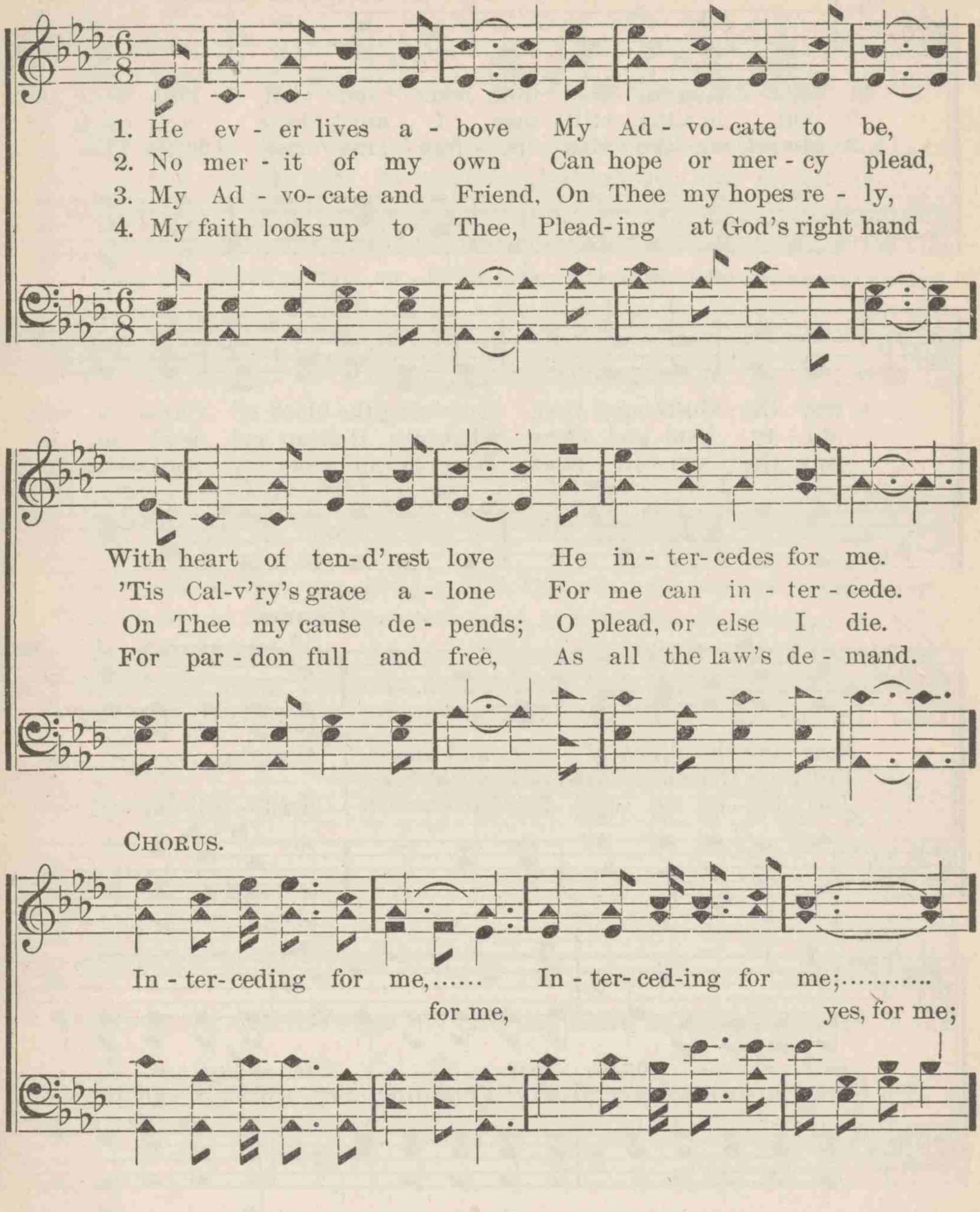
A. R. CAREY. J. H. RUEBUSH.




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# No. 5. INTERCEDING FOR ME.

G. P. H. GEO. P. HOTT, by per.




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## No. 6. CHRIST IS CALLING.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. Dr. L. O. EMERSON.

1. Wan-d'ring a - far from home and God, Foll-'wing the way the lost have trod, Reck'ning the blood of Christ in vain,
2. Oft in the still - ness I must hear Ac - cents of du - ty loud and clear; What can it mean my soul to be
3. Mount-ain-like sins be - fore me rise, Clouds hide a - way the sun - lit skies; Wea - ry and worn my soul would rest,

CHORUS.

Bear - ing the blight of sin and shame. List'ning the while Christ talks with thee. Lov - ing - ly on my Saviour's breast. } Christ..... is Christ is call- ing yet,
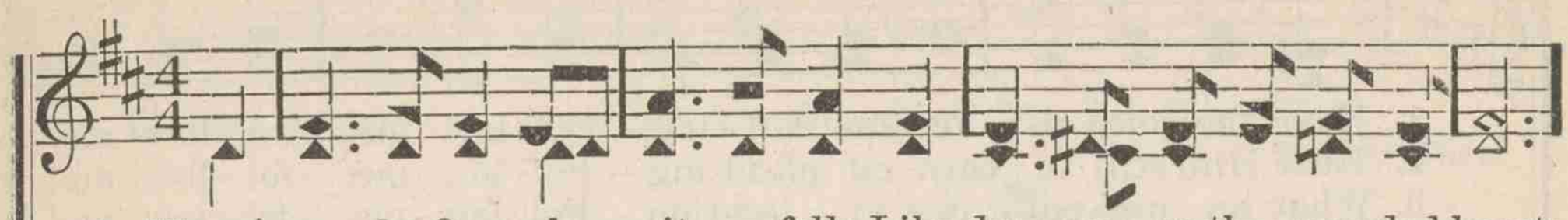
call - - ing, Hear..... His voice,.....
Christ is call-ing yet, Heed His pleading voice, Christ is call-ing yet,

He.....stands plead - ing, Wand'rer make Him now your choice.
Christ is call-ing yet, Christ is calling yet,
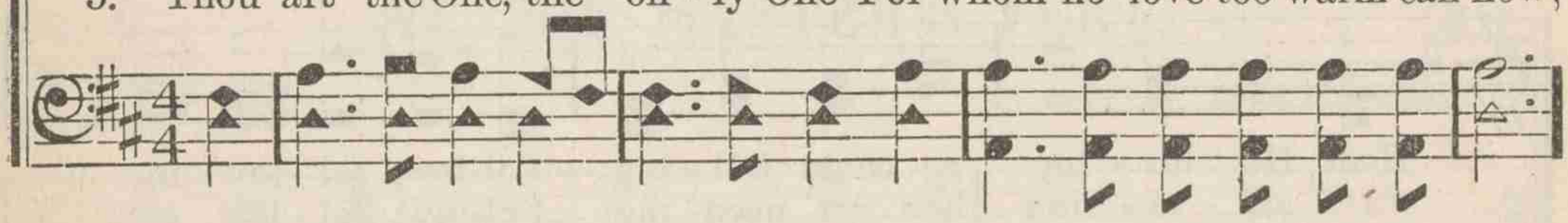
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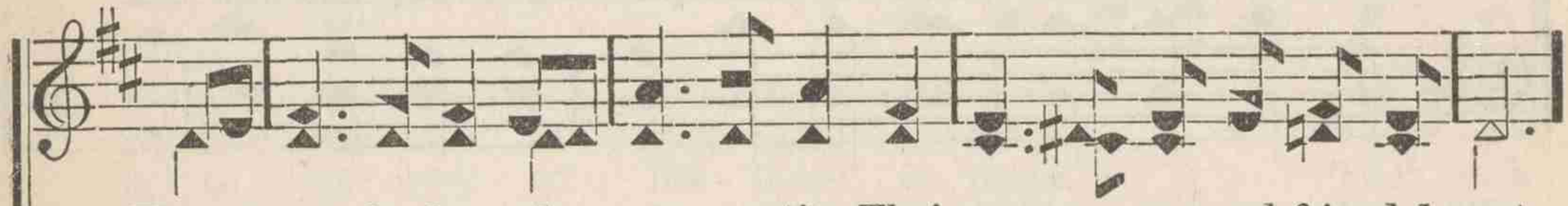
# No. 7. THERE'S ONLY ONE.

N. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
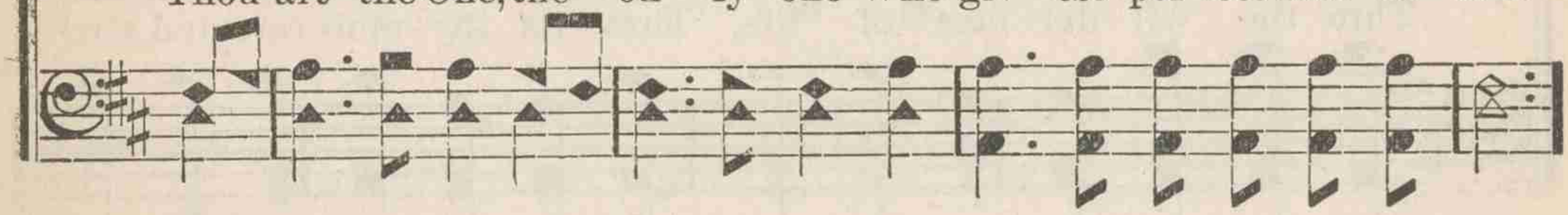


1. There's on - ly One whose pit - y falls Like dew up - on the wounded heart;
2. There's on - ly One who is not harsh, But ten- der- ness it- self to all;
3. There's on - ly One who can support, And who suf - fi-cient grace can give
4. O bless- ed Jesus, Friend of friends, Come, hide us 'neath thy shelt'ring arm;
5. Thou art the One, the on - ly One For whom no love too warm can flow;
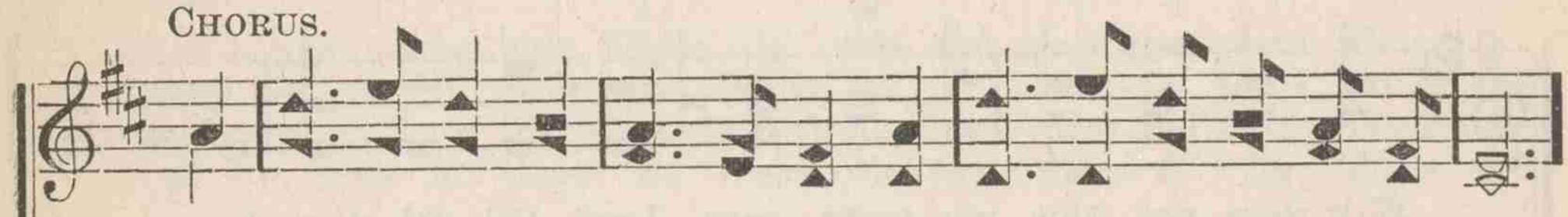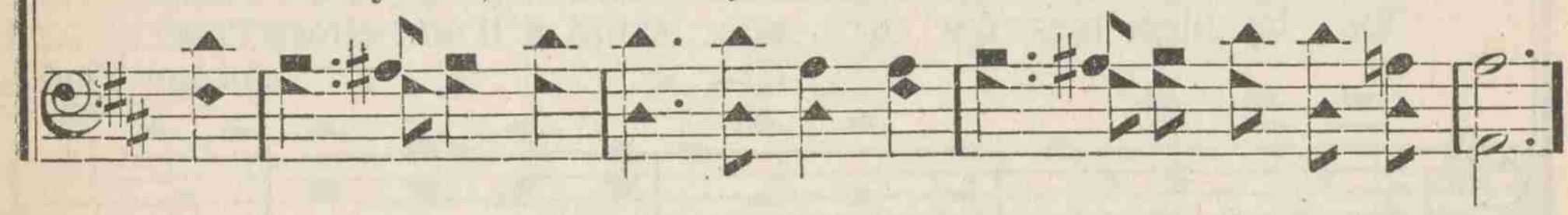




There's on - ly One who nev - er stirs, Tho' en - e - my and friend depart.
There's on - ly One who knows each heart, And list-ens to its faint-est call.
To bear up un - der ev - 'ry grief, And spot- less in this world to live.
Come down a-mid this wick- ed world, And keep us from its guilt and harm.
Thou art the One, the on - ly one Who giv - est per-fect rest be - low.
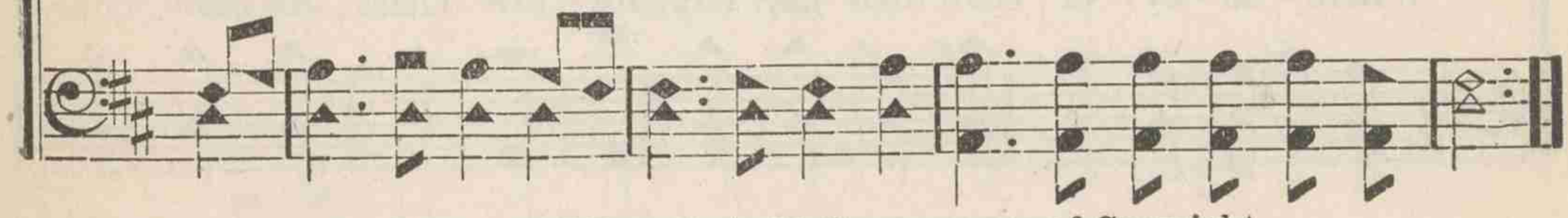


CHORUS.



There's on - ly One, there's on - ly One Can make us ev - er tru - ly blest;



There's on - ly One, there's on - ly One Can give us peace and perfect rest.



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# No. 8. LORD, I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

Rev. W. B. WILLIAMS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing— Fol- low me, fol - low me,
2. Hear Him still in earn- est plead-ing— Fol- low me, fol - low me!
3. What an urg- ent in - vi - ta - tion, Fol- low me, fol - low me!

Hear His lov - ing ac- cents fall - ing,— Fol-low, fol - low me.
If sal - va - tion thou art need- ing, Fol-low, fol - low me.
Giv'n to souls of ev - 'ry na - tion, Fol-low, fol - low me!

Wilt thou not His voice o - bey? Why a mo-ment yet de - lay?
Wilt thou not by Him be led? Be by Him on man- na fed?
Thro' the wil - der- ness of life, Thro' its tur - moil, care and strife,
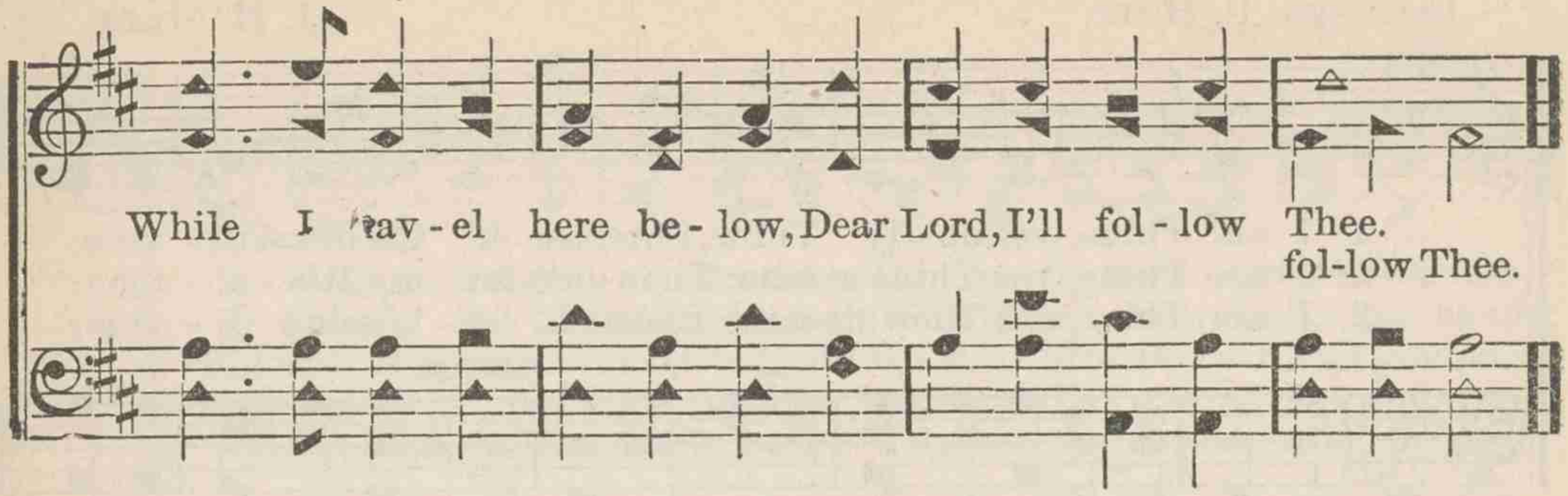
Wilt thou not this mo- ment say: Lord, I'll fol - low Thee.
Say, as thou His foot- steps tread–"Lord, I'll fol - low Thee."
Be its bless- ings few or rife, Lord, I'll fol - low Thee!
fol-low Thee.

CHORUS.

Where - so - ev - er thou dost go, I'll fol - low Thee, fol - low Thee,

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## Lord, I'll Follow Thee.—Concluded.




## No. 9. AT THE MASTER'S FEET.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.




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# No. 10. I AM THINE.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. J. H. HALL.

1. I am Thine, yes, on - ly Thine, Purchase of the blood di - vine;
2. I am Thine, yes, Thine a - lone; Thou dost for my life a - tone;
3. I am Thine, and Thou art mine, Bless-ed fel - lowship di - vine;

All my life henceforth shall be, Of - fered lov - ing-ly to Thee.
All the serv - ice I can give, Prof- its as in Thee I live.
Thou wilt shel - ter from all harm, While I lean up-on Thine arm.

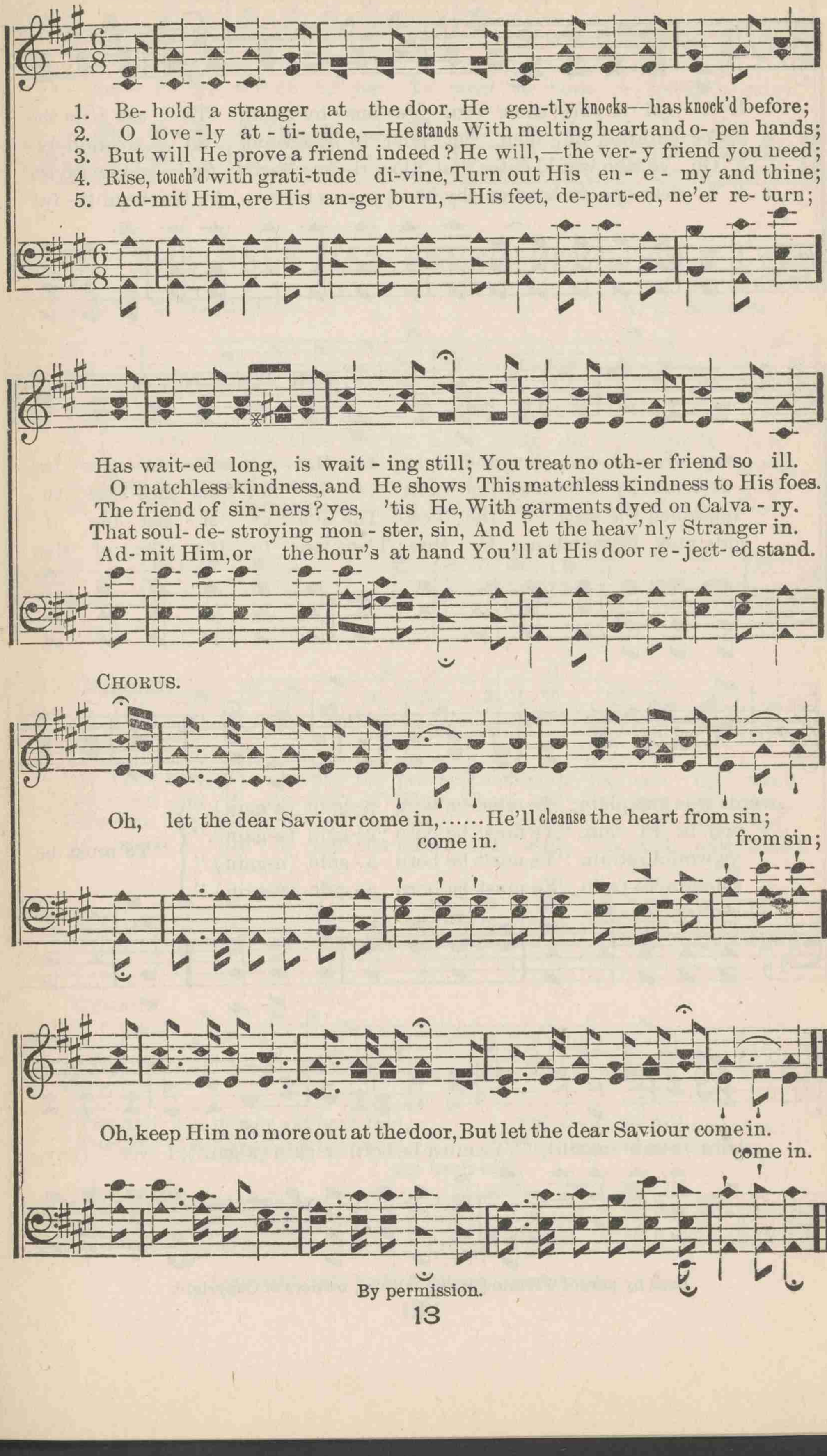
CHORUS.

I am Thine, ..... yes, on - ly Thine, ..... Purchase
I am Thine, yes, on - ly Thine;
of ..... the blood di- vine, ..... All my life ..... henceforth shall
Purchase of the blood divine, All my life
be ..... Giv-en, Lord, ..... a - lone to Thee. .....
henceforth shall be Giv-en, Lord, a- lone to Thee.

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## No. 11. THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

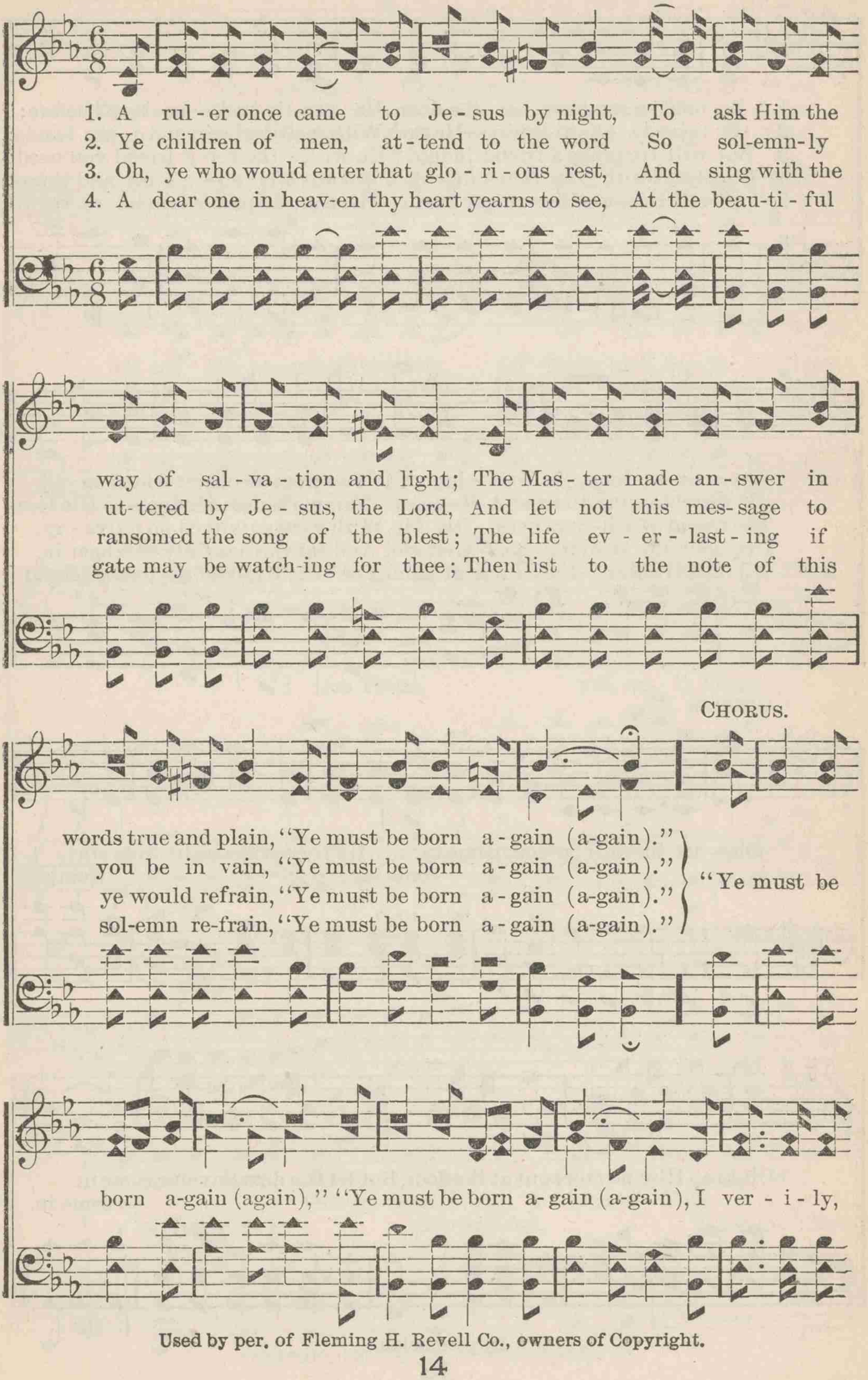
T. C. O'KANE.




By permission.

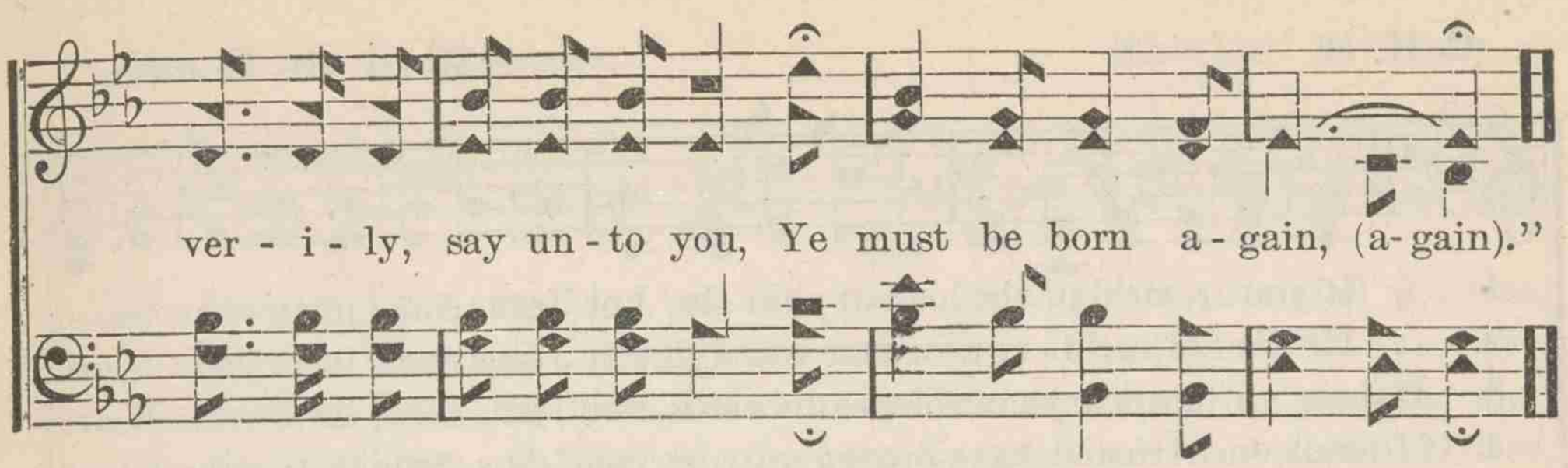
# No. 12. YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



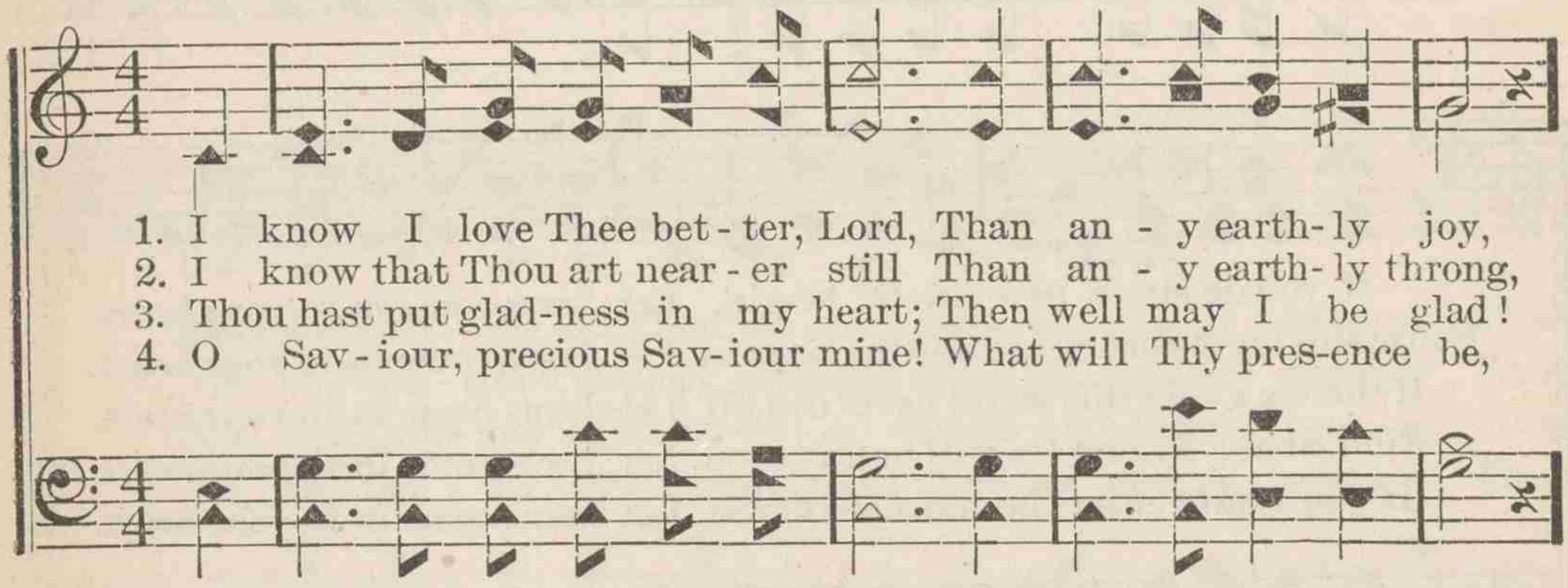

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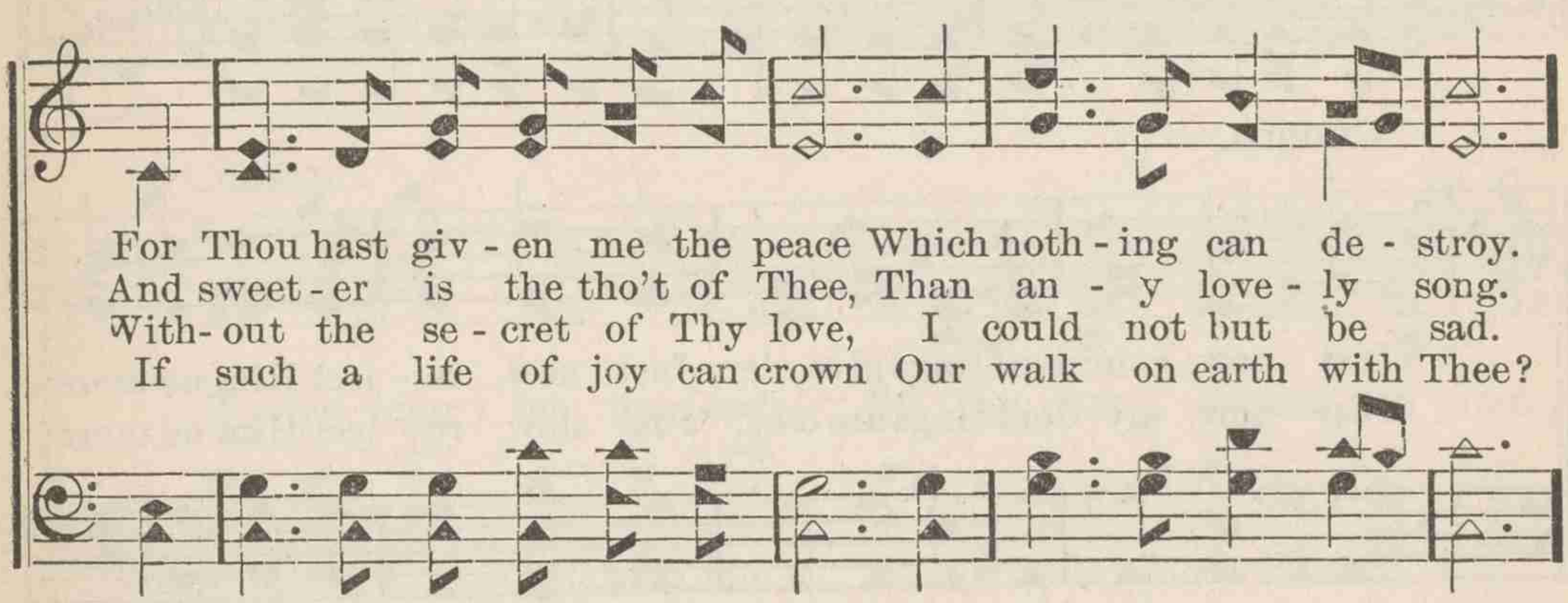
## Ye Must Be Born Again.—Concluded.




## No. 13. THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON.
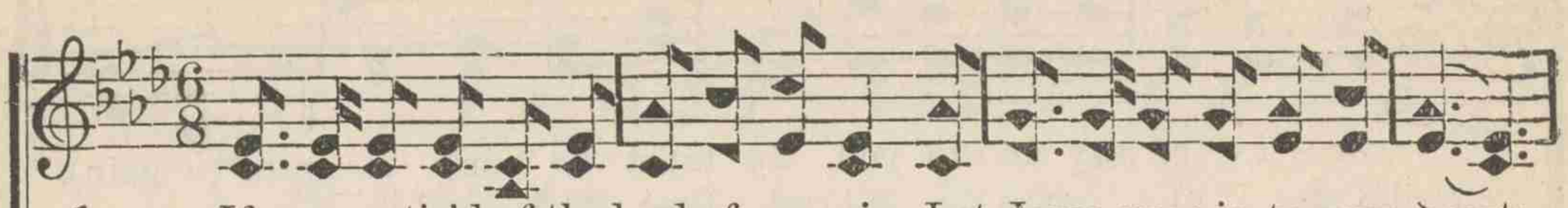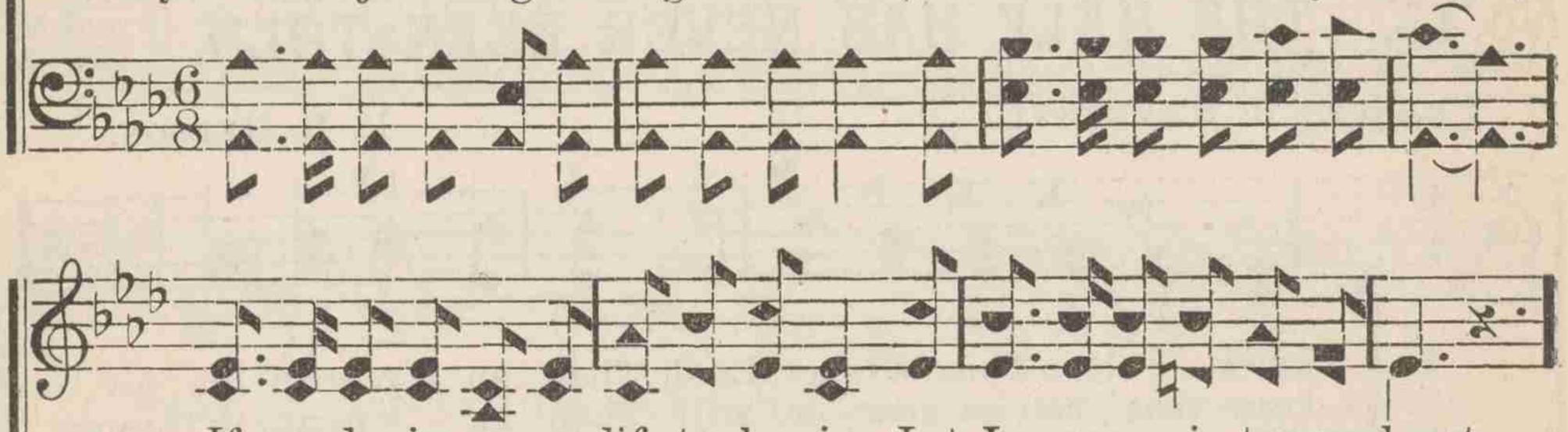



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# No. 14. LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HEART.

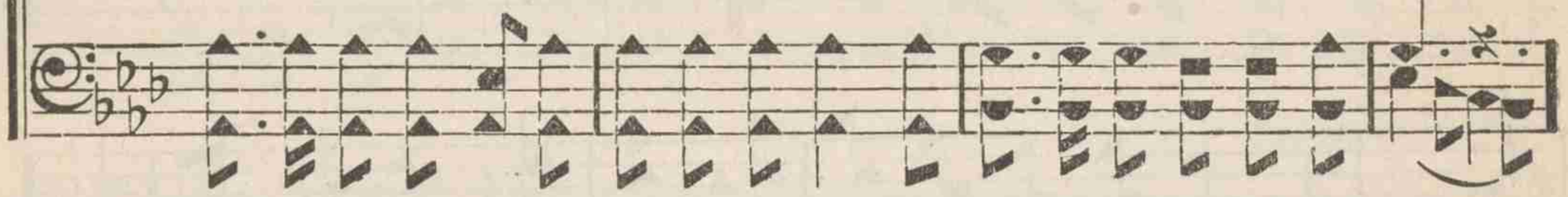
C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



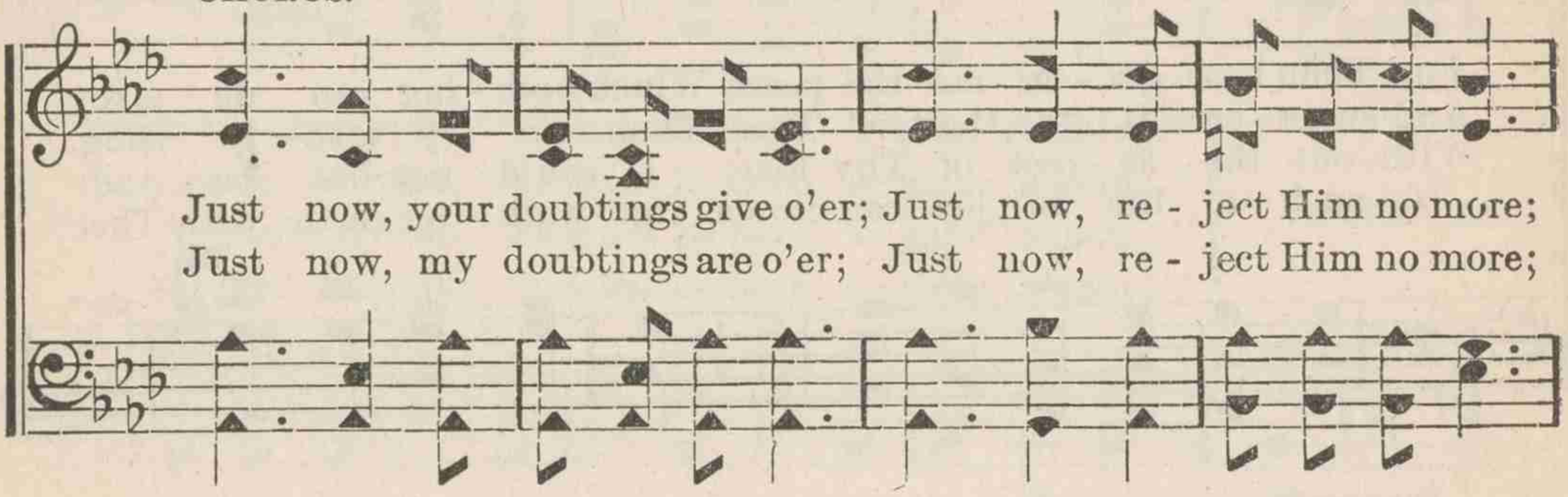
1. If you are tir'd of the load of your sin, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur- i - ty now that you sigh, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
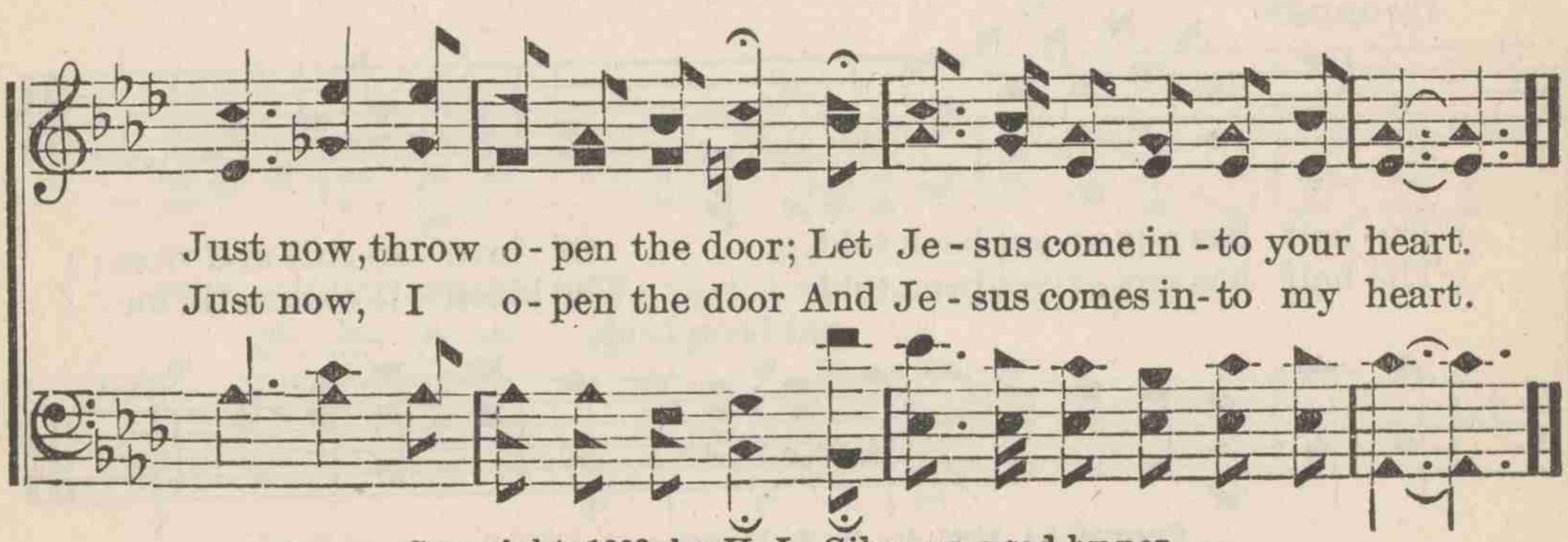


If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
Find what a Friend He will be unto you, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.



Chorus.



Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more;
Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more;
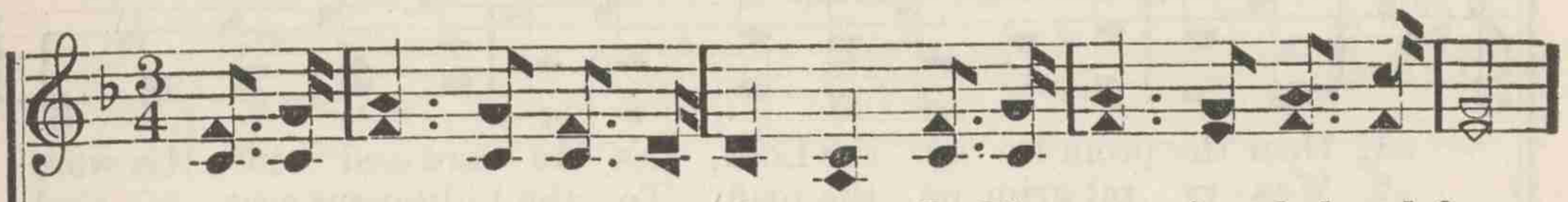


Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Just now, I o - pen the door And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.
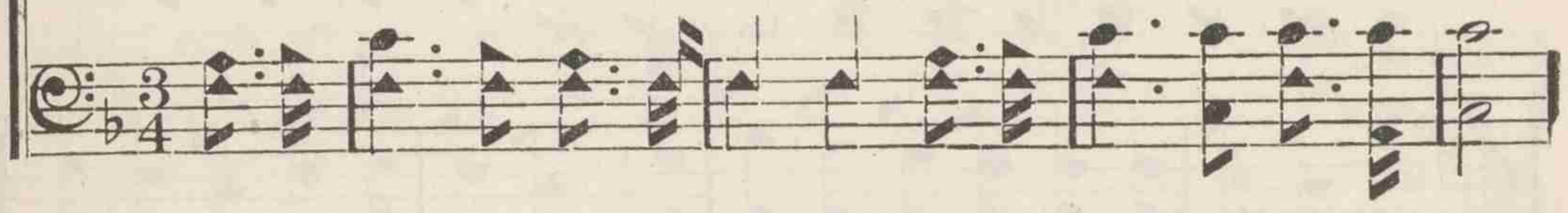
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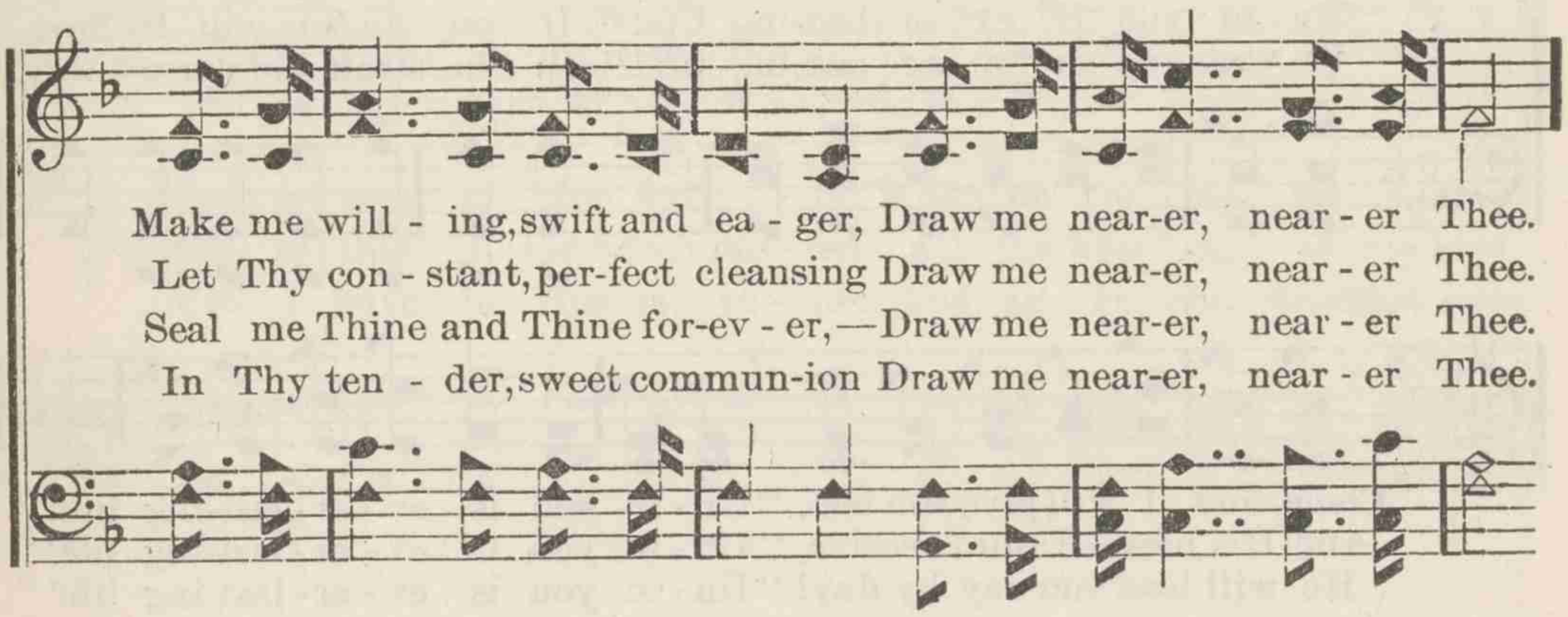
## No. 15. NEARER THEE!

Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE. HOWARD E. SMITH.



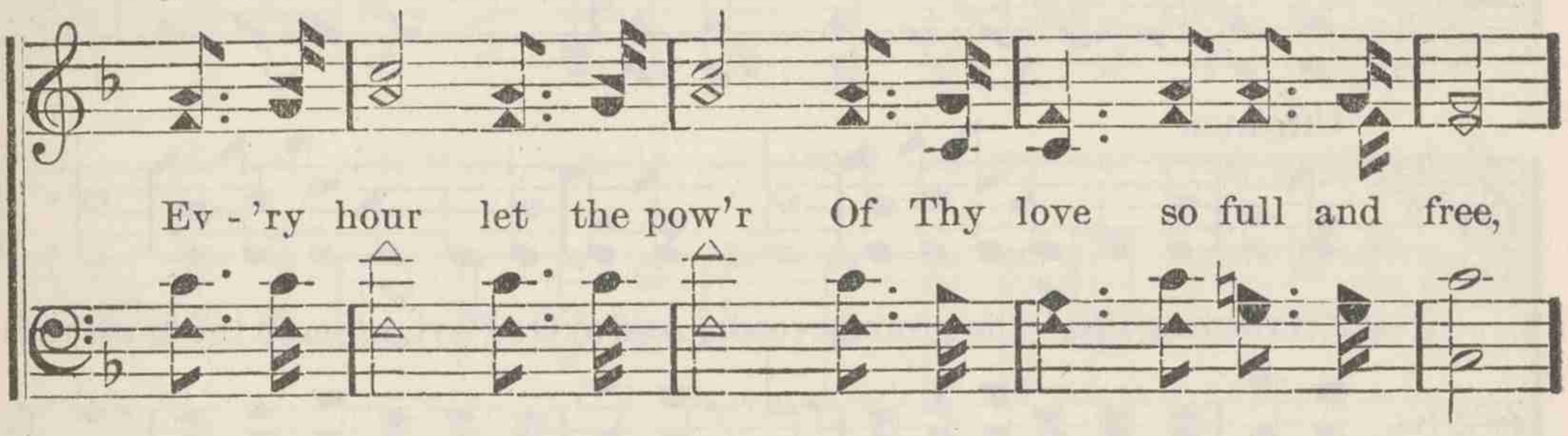
1. Near-er Thee, my Lord and Mas-ter In Thy serv-ice, glad and free,
2. Near-er Thee, O Christ my Sav-iour, Thou didst die on Cal-va-ry;
3. Near-er Thee, my blest Redeem-er, Find some hum-ble place for me;
4. Near-er Thee, O bless-ed Je-sus, Keep me ver-y close to Thee,





Make me will-ing, swift and ea-ger, Draw me near-er, near-er Thee.
Let Thy con-stant, per-fect cleansing Draw me near-er, near-er Thee.
Seal me Thine and Thine for-ev-er,—Draw me near-er, near-er Thee.
In Thy ten-der, sweet commun-ion Draw me near-er, near-er Thee.

CHORUS.
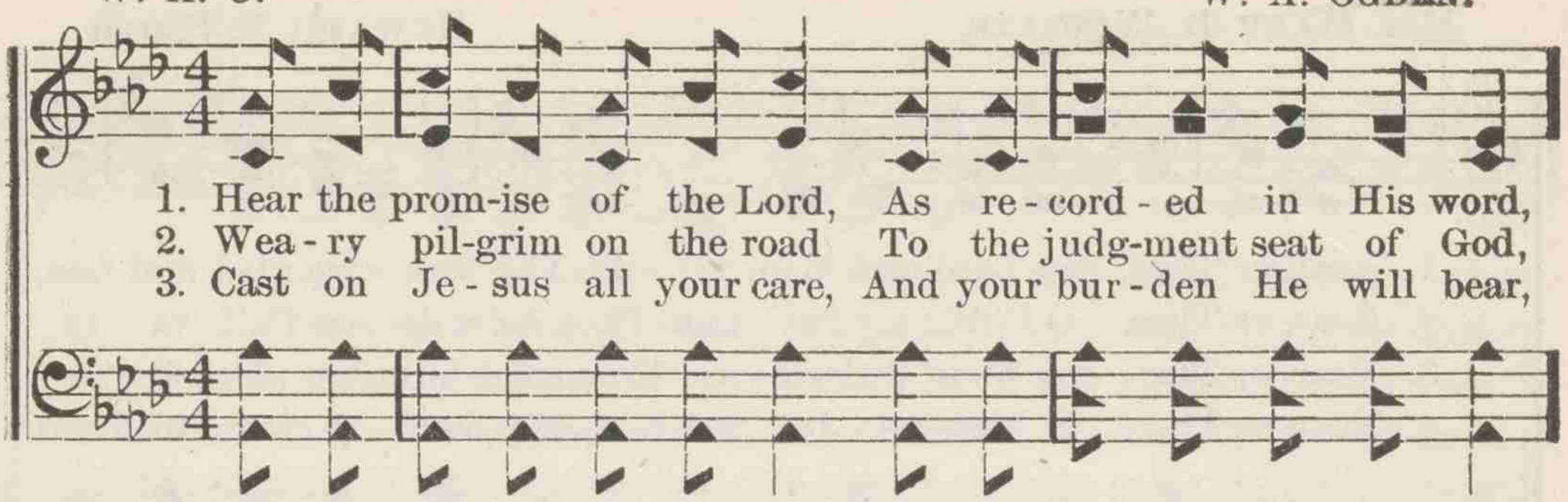


Ev-'ry hour let the pow'r Of Thy love so full and free,
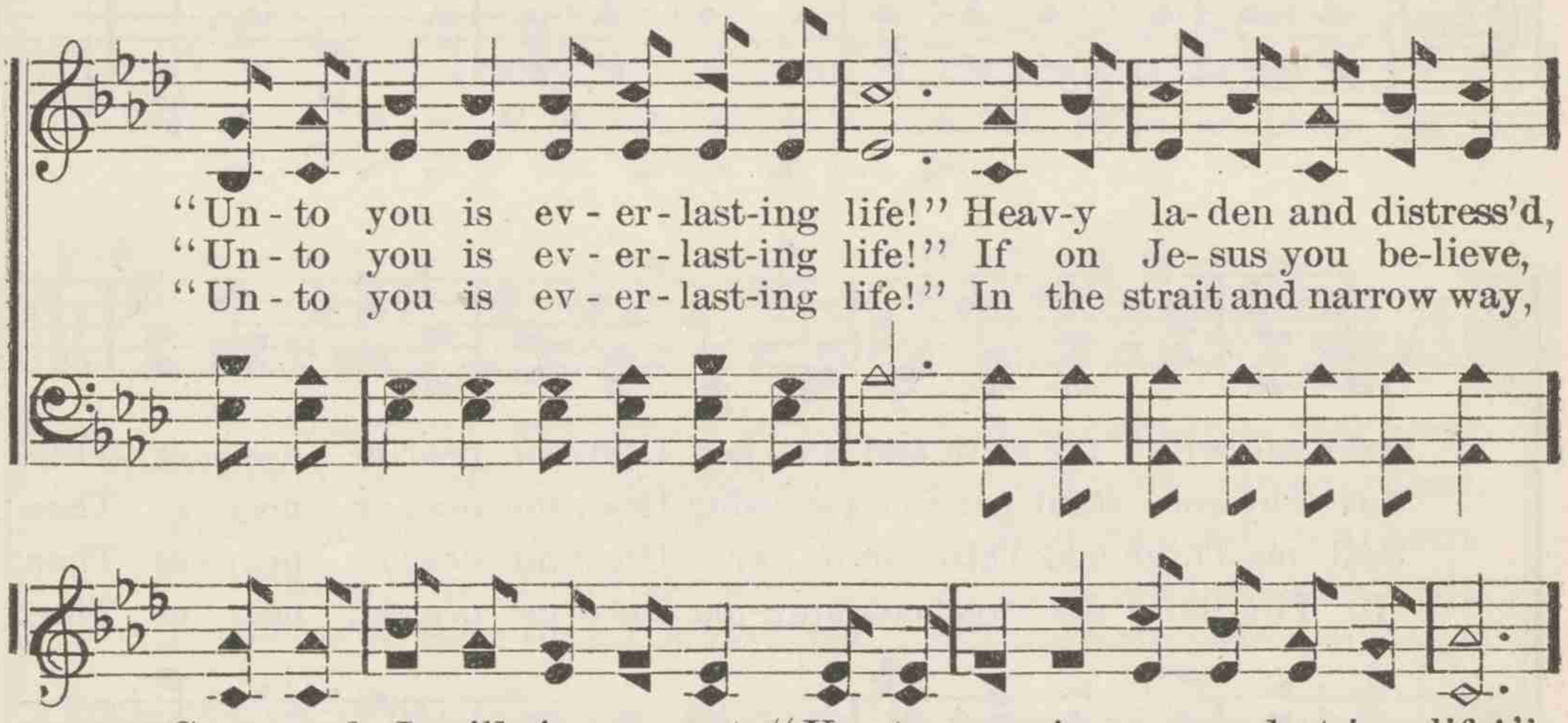
Draw me near, Sav-iour dear, Draw me near-er, near-er Thee.

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# No. 16. UNTO YOU IS EVERLASTING LIFE.

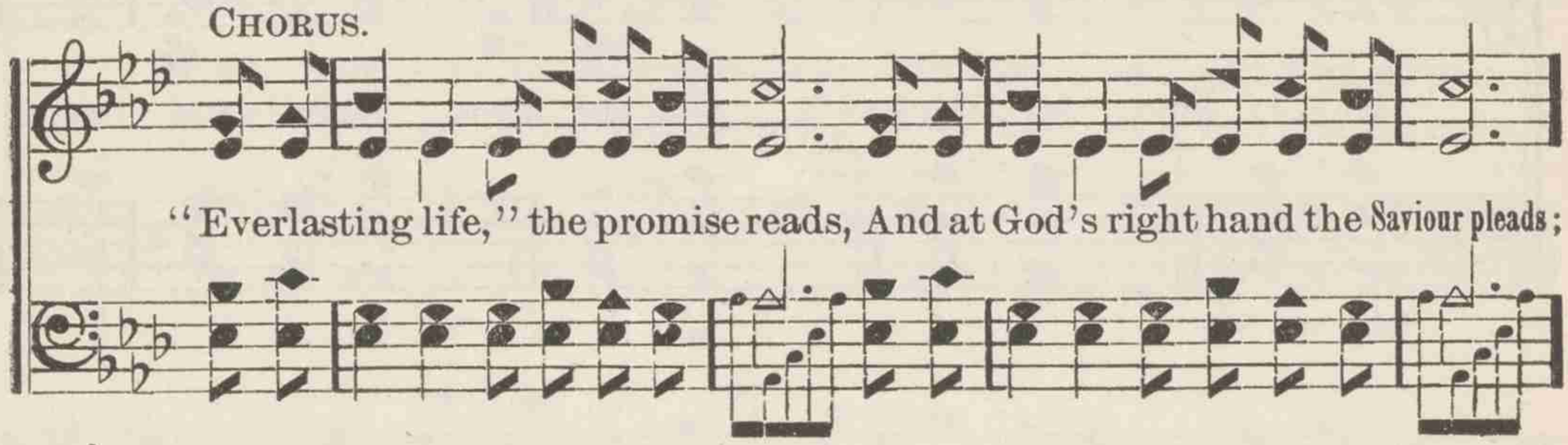
W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.







CHORUS.




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# No. 17. I AM SAFELY SHELTERED.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. HALL.

1. I am safe - ly, safe - ly sheltered In His ev - er - last - ing arm,
2. I am safe - ly, safe - ly sheltered, Tho' life's storms around me roll,
3. I am safe - ly, safe - ly sheltered, And in Je - sus feel se-cure,

Made se - cure in Him for - ev - er Where no foe can me a-larm.
For to God I have com-mit - ted All the keep - ing of my soul.
For I have in Him sal - va - tion, And an an - chor steadfast, sure.

CHORUS.

Ev - er shel-tered, safe- ly shel-tered In my Sav-iour's love se-cure,
I re-joice in full sal - va - tion, And my hope of heav'n is sure.

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# No. 18. SOMETHING FOR JESUS EACH DAY.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. I want to do something for Je - sus, I want His com-
2. I want to say something for Je - sus, I want His pure
3. I want to be something for Je - sus, A mes-sage, a

mands to o - bey; I would not be i - dle one mo - ment,
life to com - mend; I would not speak harmful of an - y,
voice, or a song; I want in His footsteps to fol - low,

CHORUS.

But lov - ing and serv - ing each day.
Much less of my heav - en - ly Friend.
Wher - ev - er my Mas - ter has gone.

Some - thing,
Something for Je - sus,

some - thing, Something for Je - sus I'd say, Some - -
something for Je - sus, Something for

thing, some - thing, Something for Je - sus each day.
Je - sus, something for Je - sus,

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# No. 19. ONCE AGAIN.

FRED. WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Once a-gain I want to hear it, Sto-ry sweet and sto-ry old;
2. Once a-gain the song as-cend-ing To the Lord who died for me,
3. Once a-gain, oh, tell the sto-ry Of the glo-ry yet to be,

Sweet-er than the sweet-est mu-sic, Rich-er far than gems of gold;
Let me feel that He is hear-ing! How I long His face to see!
O'er the walls of shin-ing jas-per, O'er the bright and crys-tal sea;

Tell it to me, tell it to me, Sto-ry of the Saviour's love,
Mer-cy, mer-cy, like a fount-ain, Springing up and run-ning o'er,
I will list-en, I will praise Him, And, a-mid a world of care,

Known on earth, and known in glo-ry, Sweet be-low, and sweet a-bove.
Life and love for thirst-y mill-ions, Life and love for mill-ions more!
Bear the cross with-out re-pin-ing, Thinking of the glo-ry there!

*D. S.*—First on earth, and first in glo-ry, Still the best and still the same.

CHORUS. *D. S.*
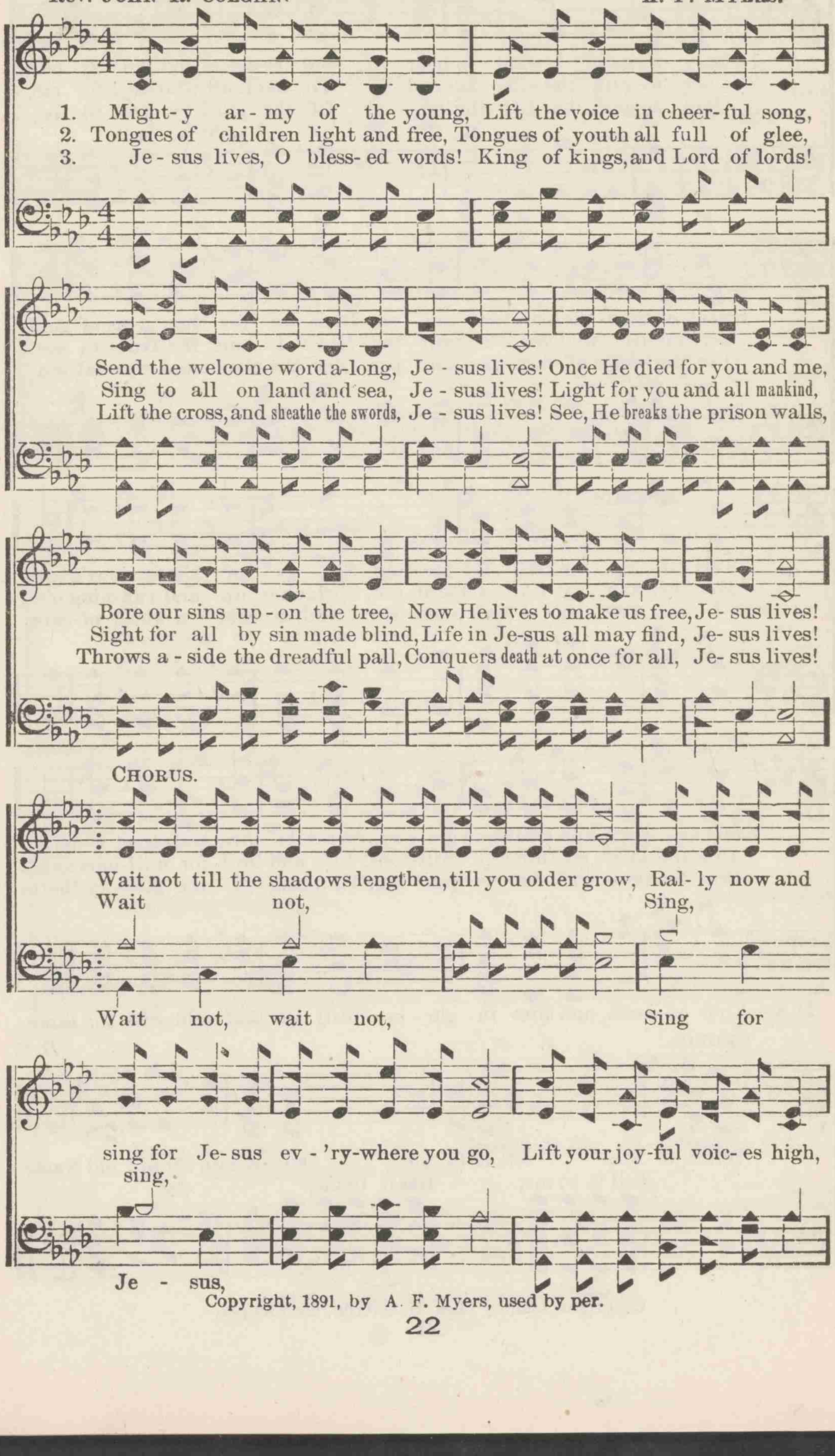
Tell it to me, tell it to me, Once a-gain the old, old Name,
Tell it to me, tell it to me,

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# No. 20. JESUS LIVES.
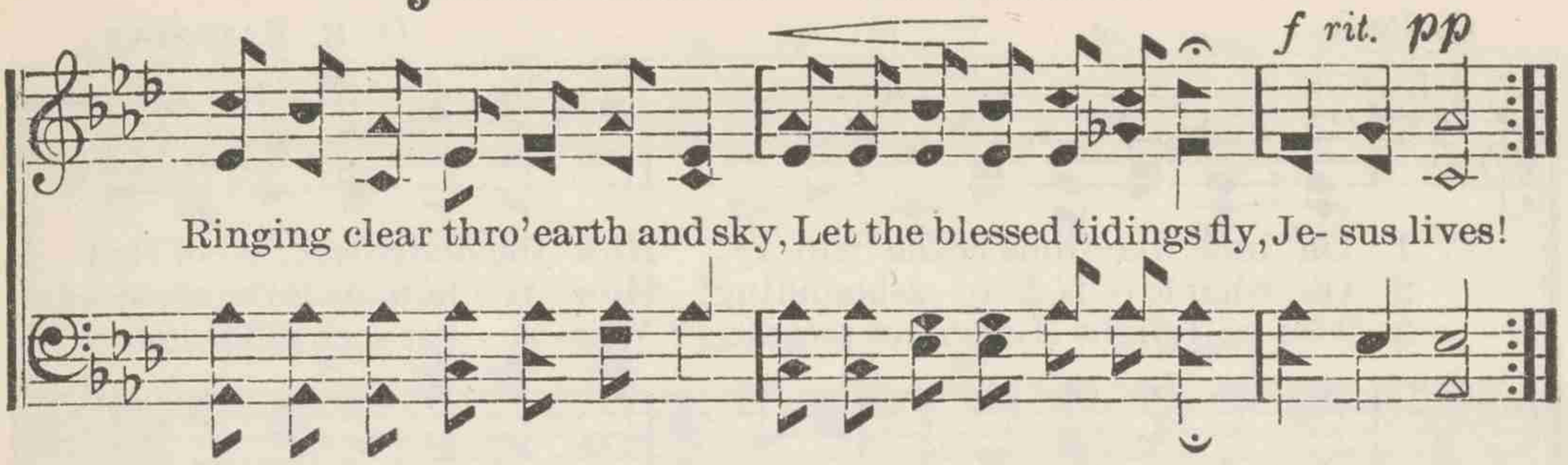
(For Y. P. S. C. E. and Epworth Leagues.)

Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN. A. F. MYERS.



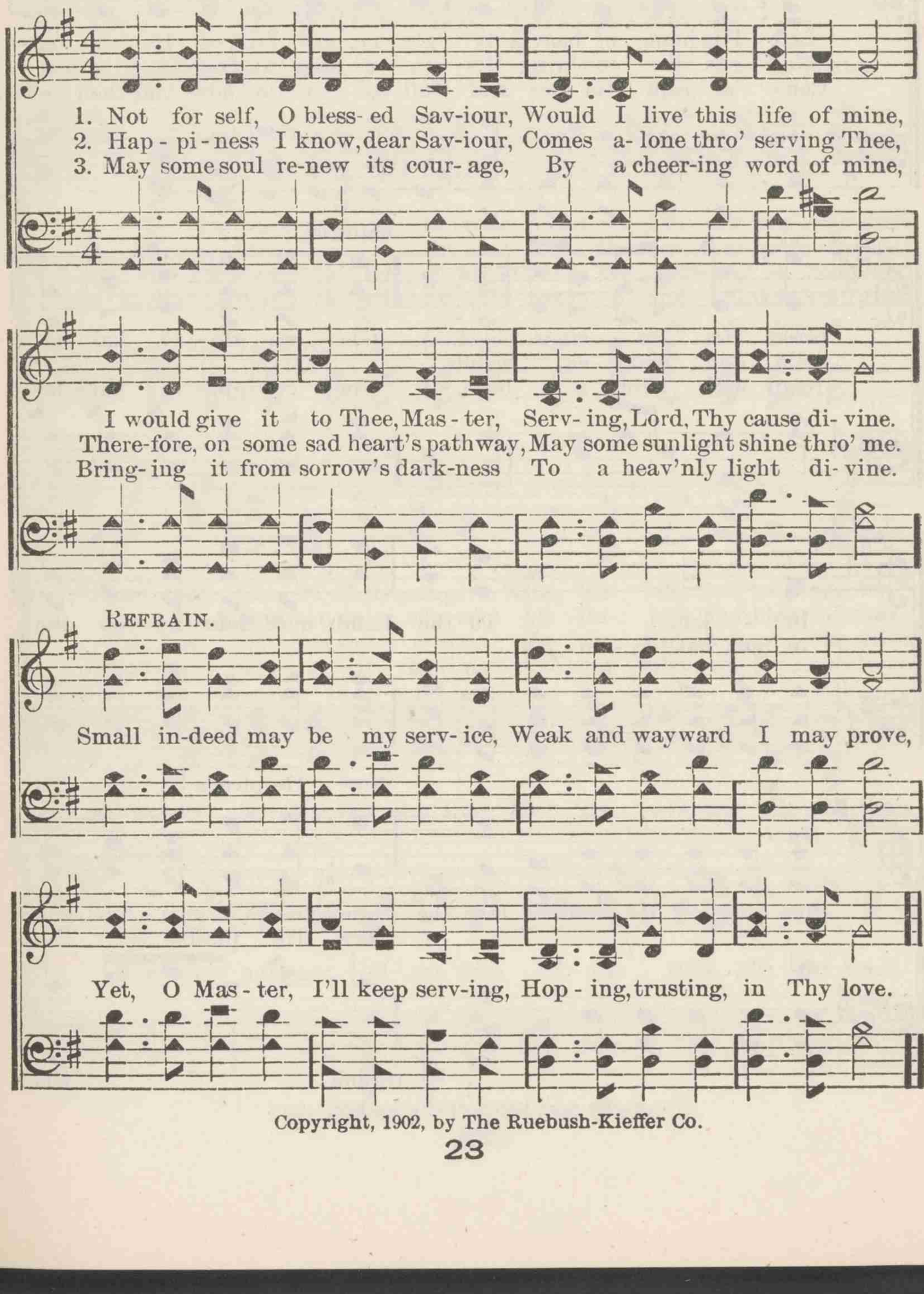

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## Jesus Lives.—Concluded.




## No. 21. NOT FOR SELF.

W. H. GARDNER. J. H. RUEBUSH.




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## No. 22. THE WONDROUS STORY.

O. R. B. O. R. BARROWS.

1. Oh! how wondrous is the sto- ry! How the matchless Son of God
2. Oh! what love is here a-bounding! How it human love transcends!
3. Who will slight His tender pleading? Who re - sist such melting love?

Left His home of heav'n- ly glo - ry, and for us He in - ter -
Je - sus dies to bring His en - e - mies to God, To rec - on -
Come ac - cept His free and full sal - va - tion now, And then we'll

CHORUS.

posed His pre - cious blood.
cile and make us friends.
reign with Him a - bove.

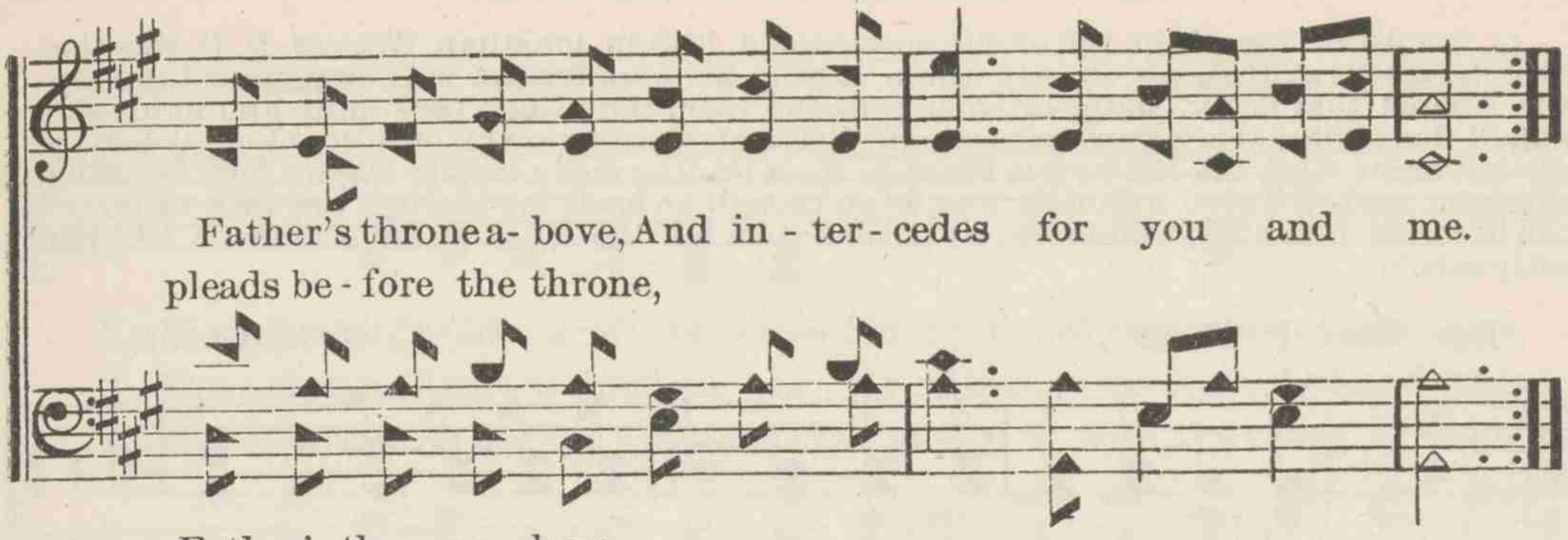
Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le -
Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le -

lu - jah, To the Lamb once slain up - on the
lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

Now He pleads be - fore His
tree, And now He pleads be - fore the throne, He pleads be - fore His
Now He pleads..... He
throne, His

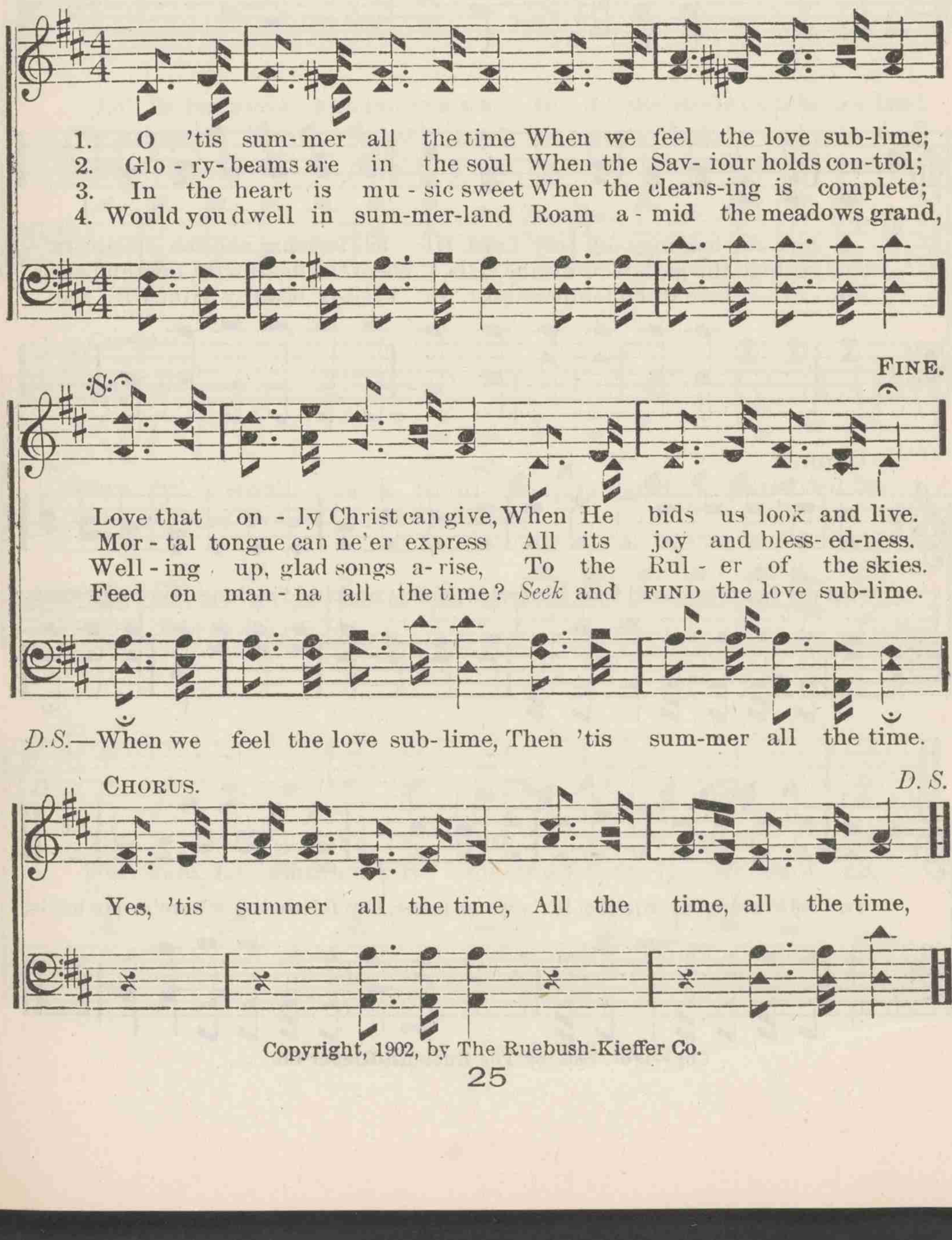
By permission of the Author.

## The Wondrous Story.—Concluded.




## No. 23. SUMMER ALL THE TIME.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. HALL.




CHORUS. *D. S.*
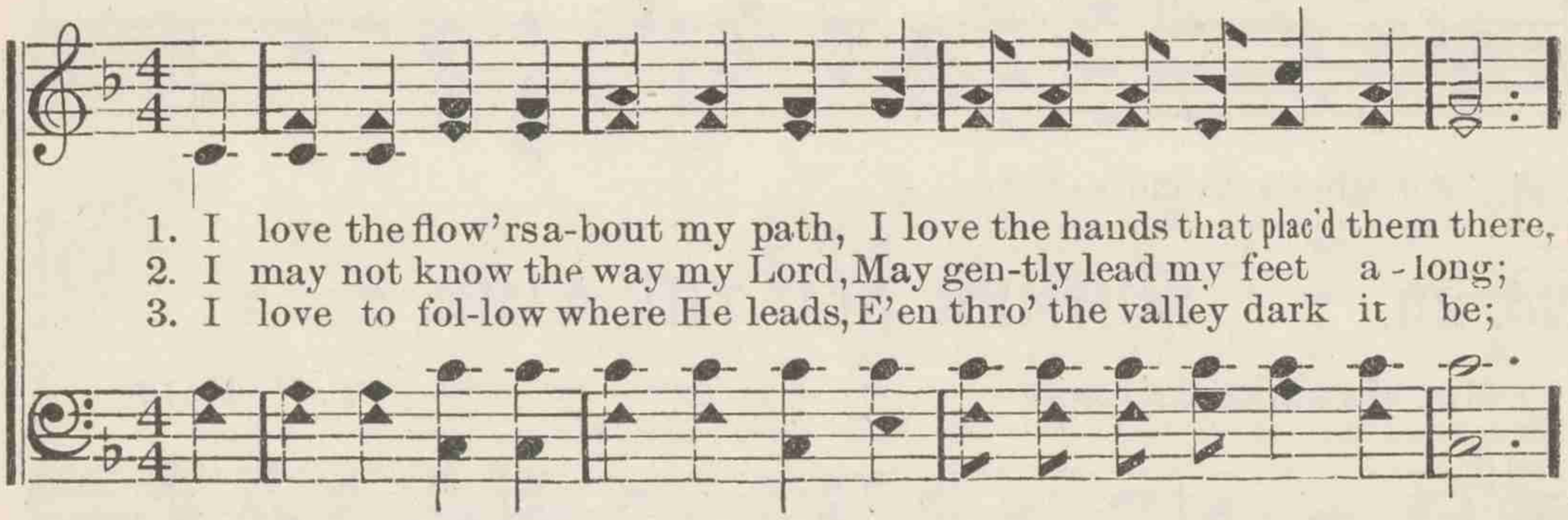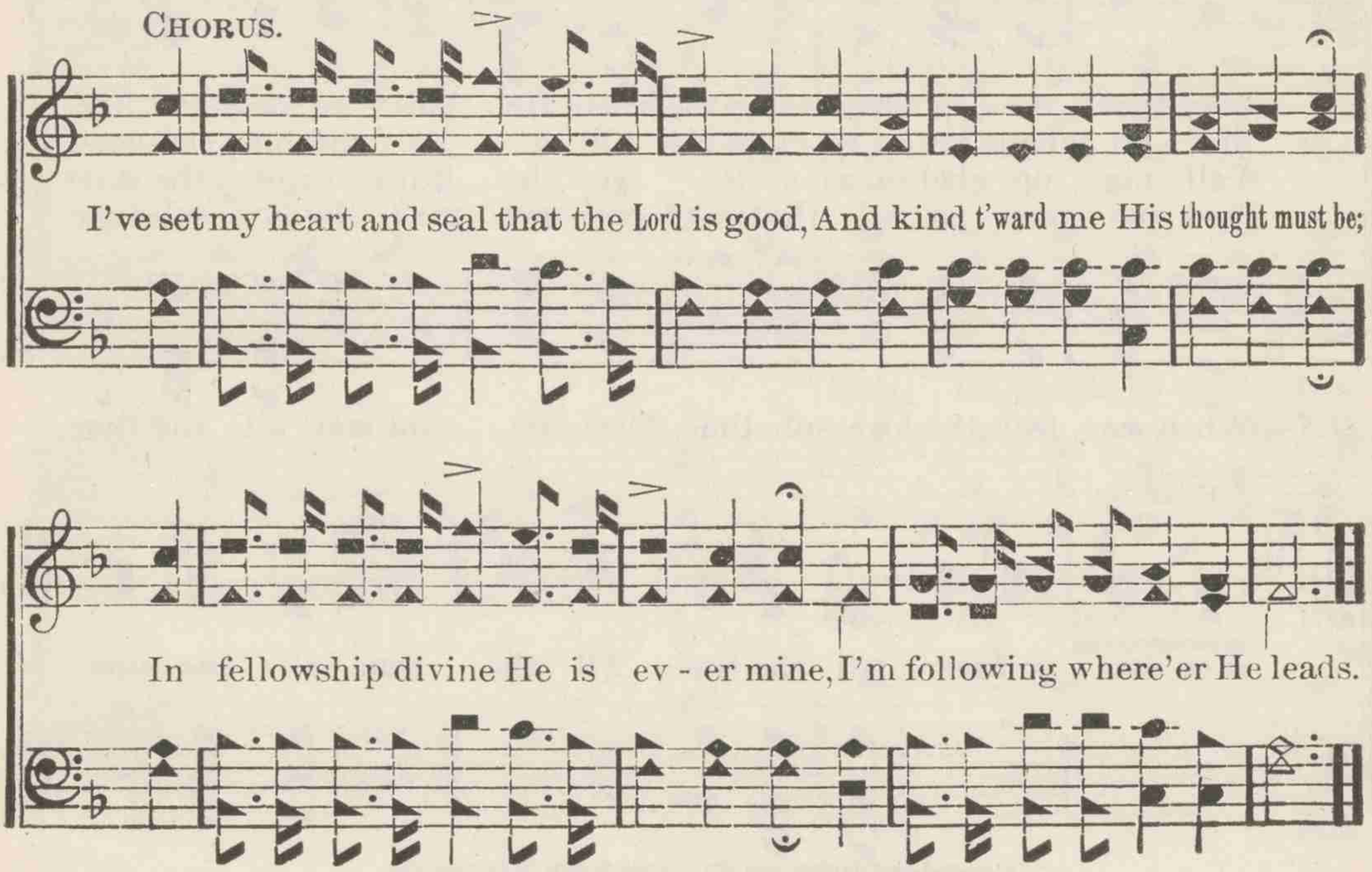



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# No. 24. WHERE'ER HE LEADS.

(A beautiful view of the life of the now sainted Bishop Jonathan Weaver, D. D. was that given by his own utterance, shortly before closing his eyes for the last, long, peaceful sleep. It is related that as Dr. Mathews came into the room the Bishop beckoning him to his side said, "I don't think it is wrong that I should feel tender and sorrowful on account of my family. I do not know what the Master has for me. He is leading me in strange ways. I am following where he leads. I love to follow him, even though he leads me through the dark valley. I love to follow him always and forever. I shall soon see the King in his beauty. I feel perfectly safe.")

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. Dr. L. O. Emerson.



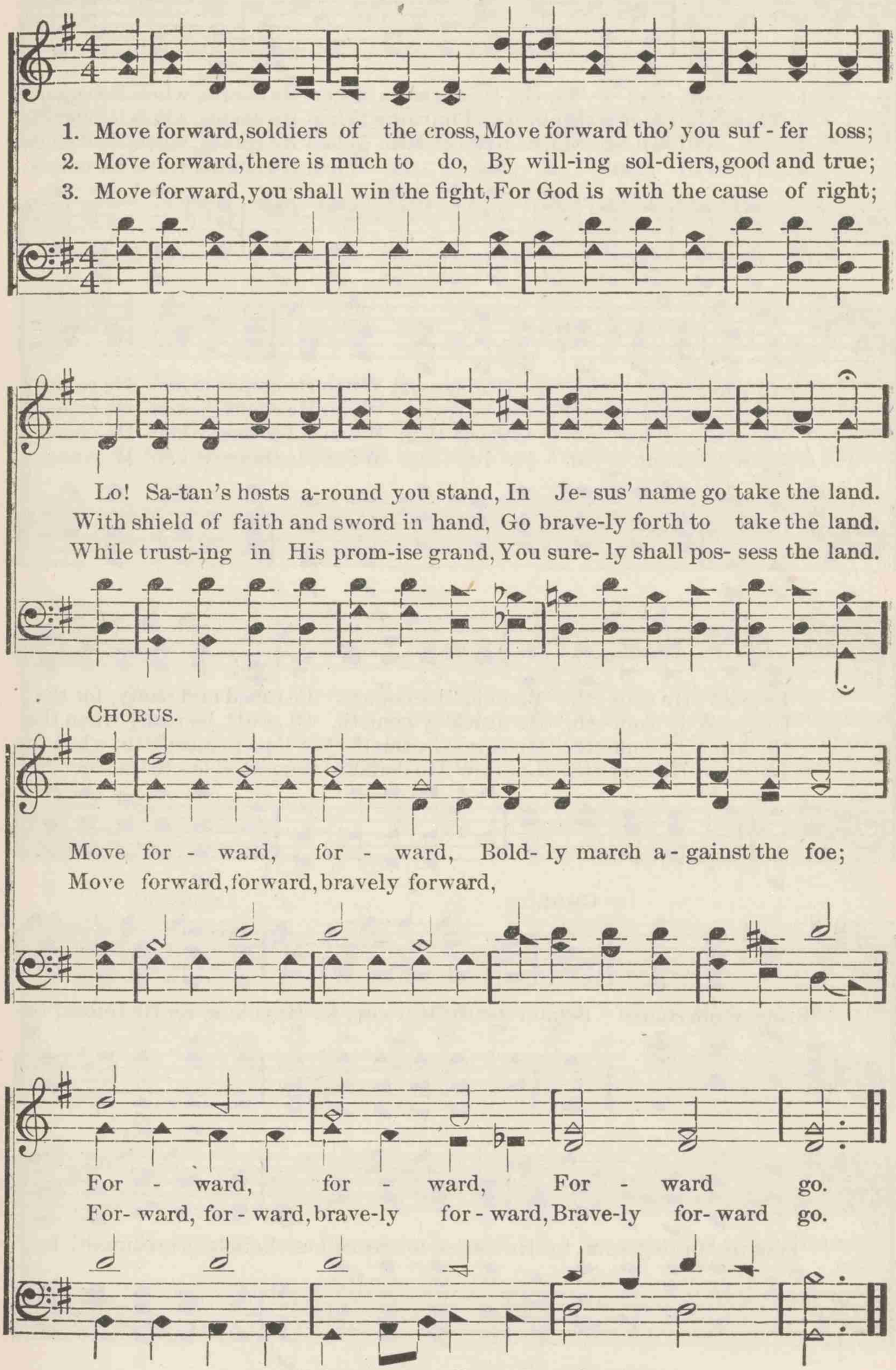




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# No. 25. MOVE FORWARD.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. FILLMORE.




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# No. 26. BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

R. E. H. R. E. HUDSON.

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

Are you read-y for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes?
Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When He comes, when He comes;
We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes;
We will chant al - le - lu - ias When He comes, when He comes;

Be-hold! He com-eth! Be-hold! He cometh! Be robed and ready, for the
He quick-ly com-eth, He quick-ly cometh, O soul! be ready when the
He sure - ly com-eth! He sure- ly cometh! We'll go to meet Him when the
Lo! now He com-eth! Lo! now He cometh! Sing al - le - lu -ia! for the

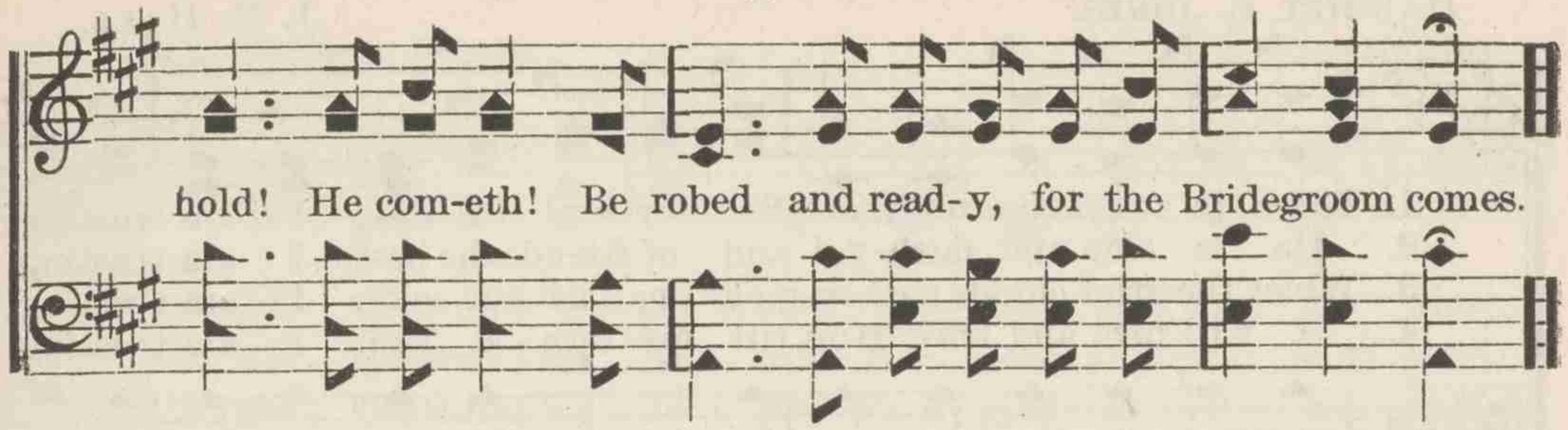
CHORUS.

Bridegroom comes. Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes! Be-

hold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes! Behold! He cometh! be -

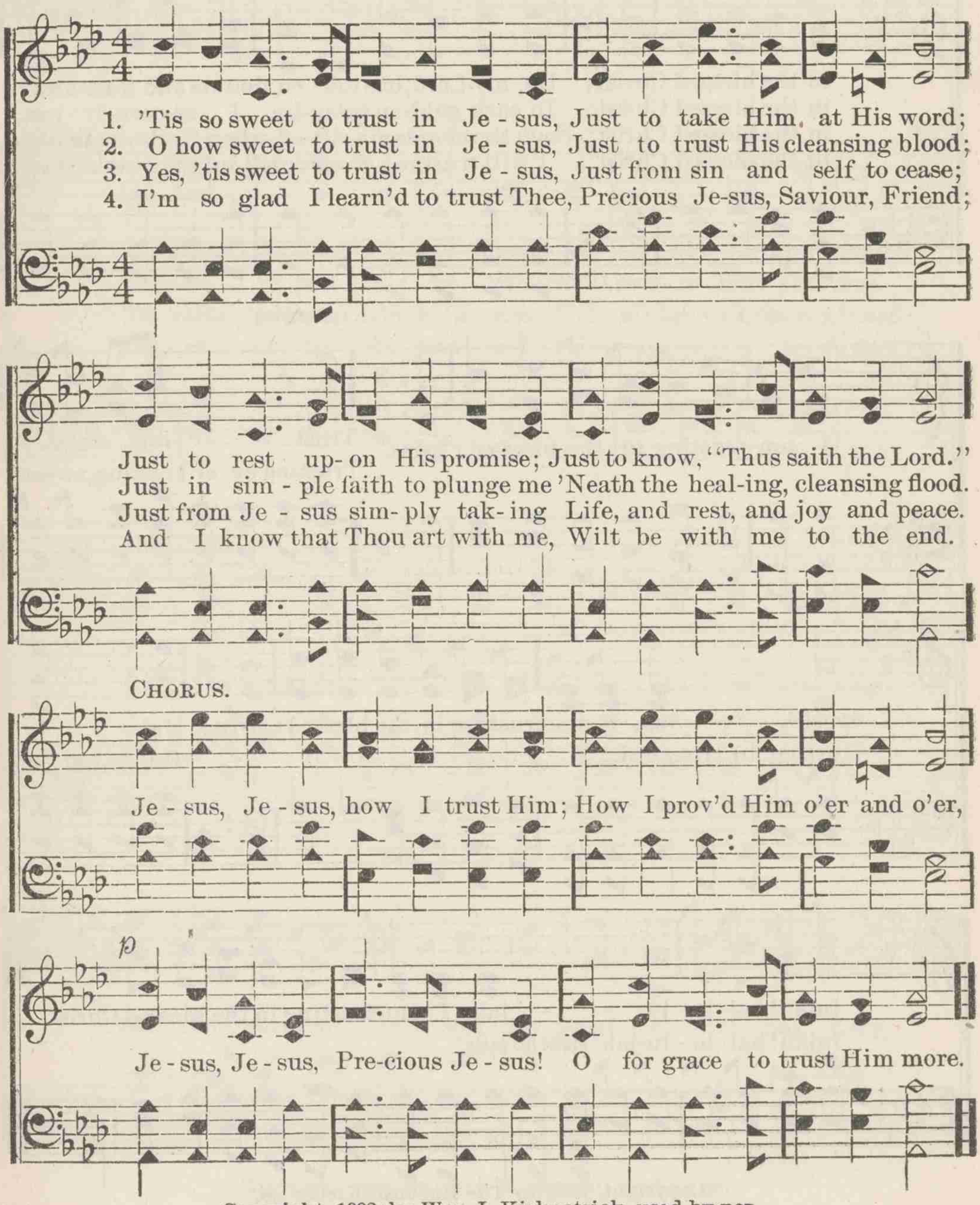
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## Behold the Bridegroom.—Concluded.




# No. 27. 'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Psalm 104: 34. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.




Copyright, 1882, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, used by per.

# No. 28. TRUSTING IN THE BLESSED CHRIST.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. HALL.

1. There is sweet con- tentment in my soul to - day, I am trusting
2. He is true and faith- ful and of friends the best, I am trusting
3. When the grief-clouds gather mak- ing dark our sky, I am trusting
4. I will love and trust Him till my race is run, I am trusting

in the blessed Christ; He, my Lord, has tak- en, doubts and fears away,
in the blessed Christ; In each gold-en prom-ise I se-cure- ly rest,
in the blessed Christ; Soon the clouds are rift-ed when He draweth nigh,
in the blessed Christ; I will trust my Saviour till bright heav'n is won,

CHORUS.

I am trusting in the bless-ed Christ. Trust - - ing, sweetly
Trusting ev- er trusting, sweetly

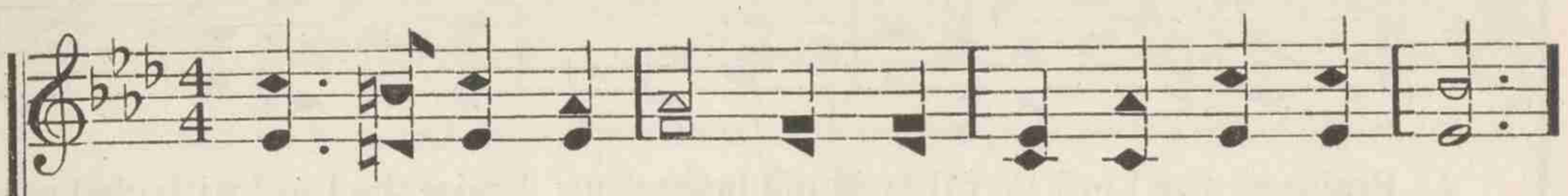
trust - - ing, I am trusting in the blessed Christ; Hal - le -
trusting in His word, Hal-le, hal- le -

lujah! hal- le - lu - - jah, I am trusting in the blessed Christ.
lujah! hal- le - lu-jah! praise His name!
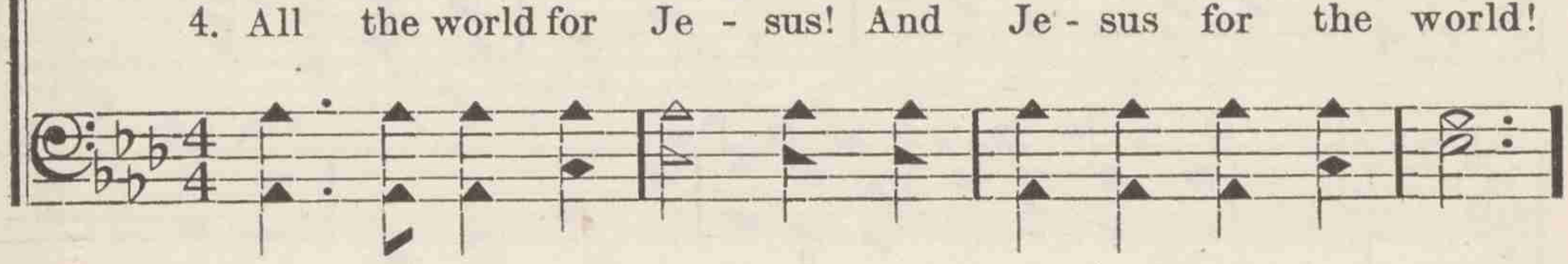
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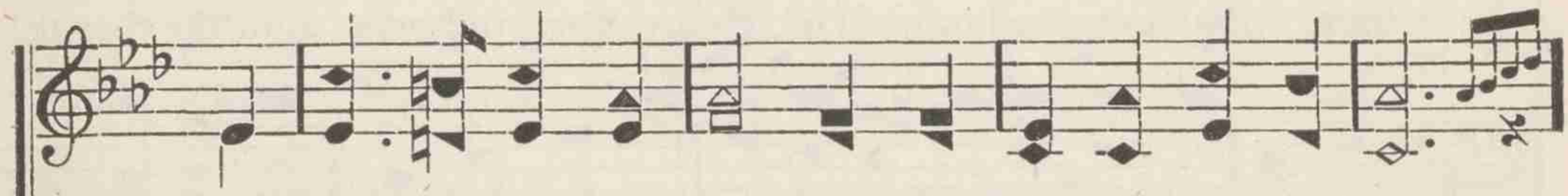
# No. 29. ALL THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

GRACE WEISER DAVIS. J. H. FILLMORE
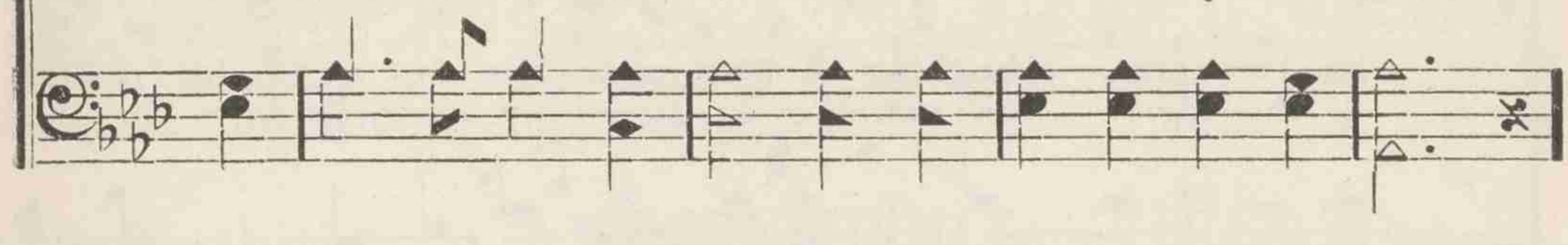


1. All the world for Je - sus! Be this our earn - est aim;
2. All the world for Je - sus! Let each one pray and give,
3. All the world for Je - sus! We'll give, at His be - hest,
4. All the world for Je - sus! And Je - sus for the world!

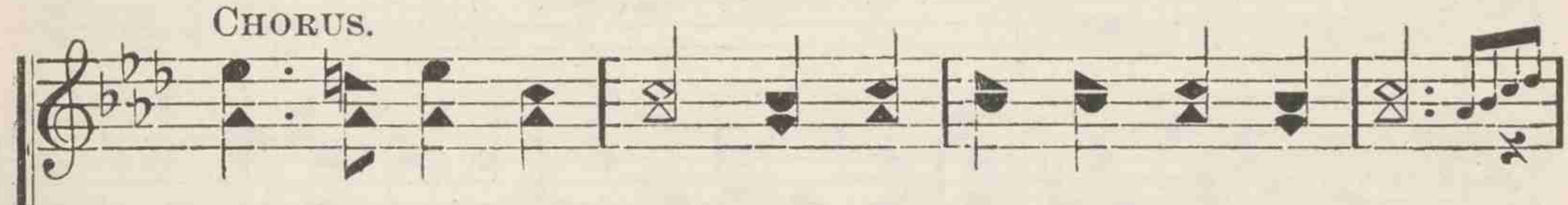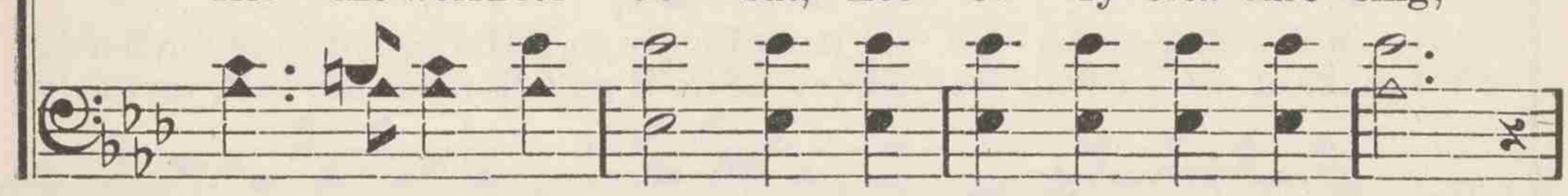




To spread the bless- ed ti - dings Of Him who once was slain.
Un - til re- mot - est na - tions Shall look to Him and live.
To raise the poor and help - less, Till all have Christ confessed.
For - ev - er be His ban - ner Of vic - to - ry un-furled.
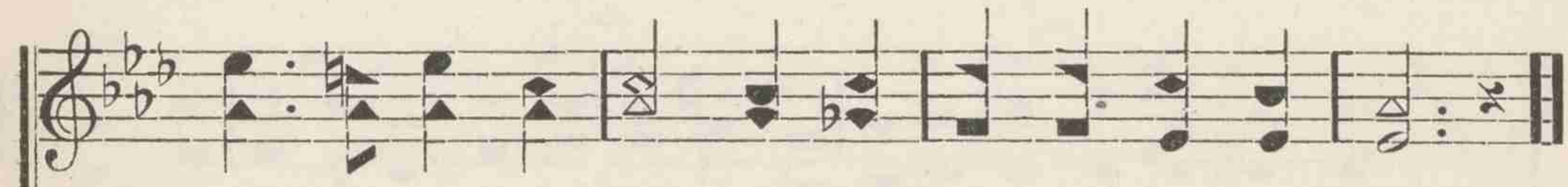


CHORUS.
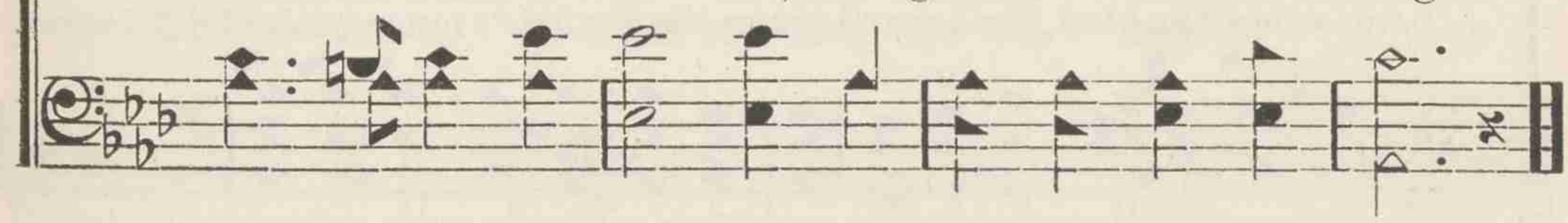


All the world for Je - sus, Let ev - 'ry crea- ture sing;





All the world for Je - sus, Our great e - ter - nal King.



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# No. 30. STEADILY MARCHING ON.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. Praise ye the Lord, joyful-ly sound ho-san- na, Praise the Lord with glad ac-
2. Praise we the Lord, He is the King e - ter- nal, Glo - ry be to God on

claim. Lift up your heart unto His throne with gladness, Mag-ni - fy His
high. Praise we the Lord, tell of His lov - ing kind-ness, Join the cho-rus

ho - ly name. Marching a- long under His ban- ner bright, Trusting
of the sky. Still marching on, cheer-i - ly marching on, In the

in His mer-cy as we go, (trusting we go,) His light divine ten-der-ly
ranks of Je- sus will we go, (ev -er we'll go,) Home to our rest, joyful-ly

o'er us will shine, We shall be guided by His hand now and for-ev - er.
home where the blest, Gather and praise the Saviour's name, praise Him forever.

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## Steadily Marching On.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Stead-i - ly marching on, with our banners waving o'er us; Steadi-ly marching on, while we sing the joy-ful cho- rus, Stead-i - ly marching on, pil-lar and cloud go-ing be-fore us, To the realms of glo-ry, to our home on high.

## No. 31. GREENWOOD.
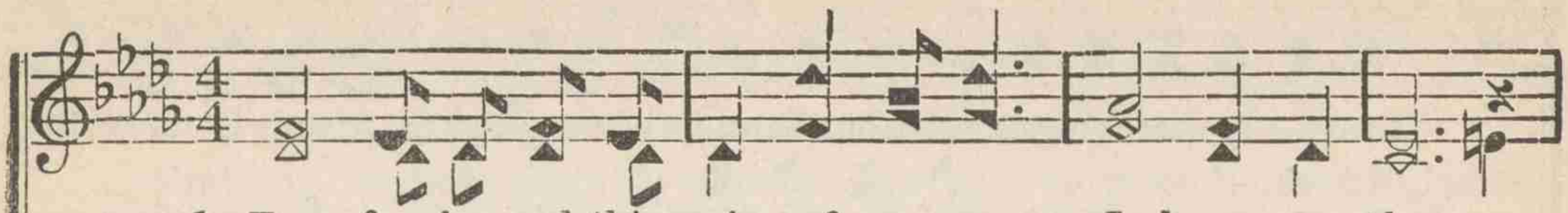
JAMES MONTGOMERY. JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh:
3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove,
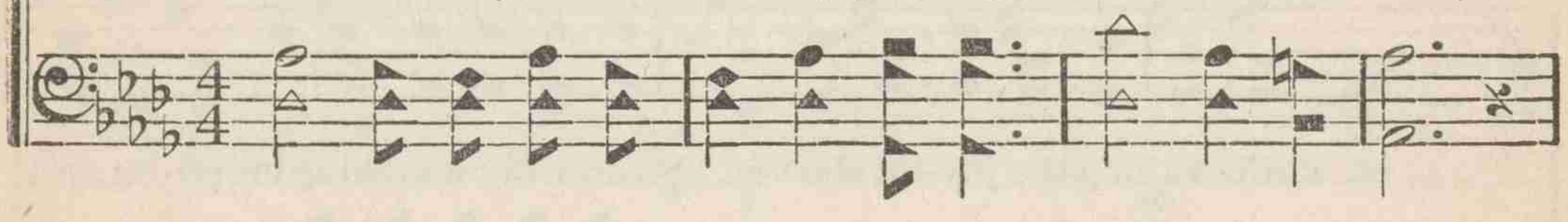
'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
Un-measured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

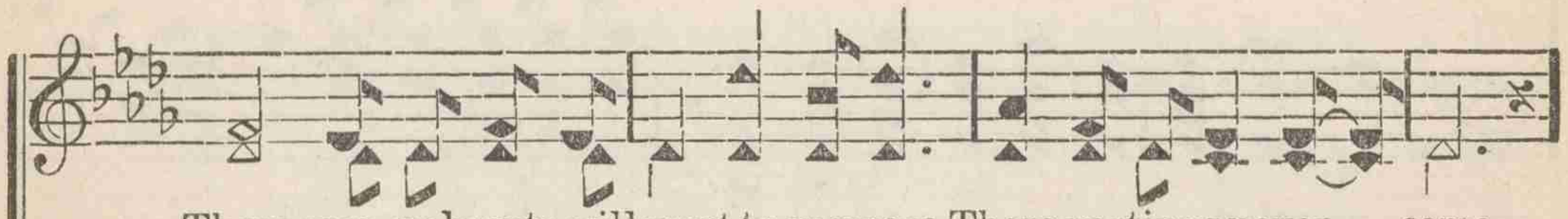
# No. 32 SAFE WITH THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. S. C. Foster, arr.
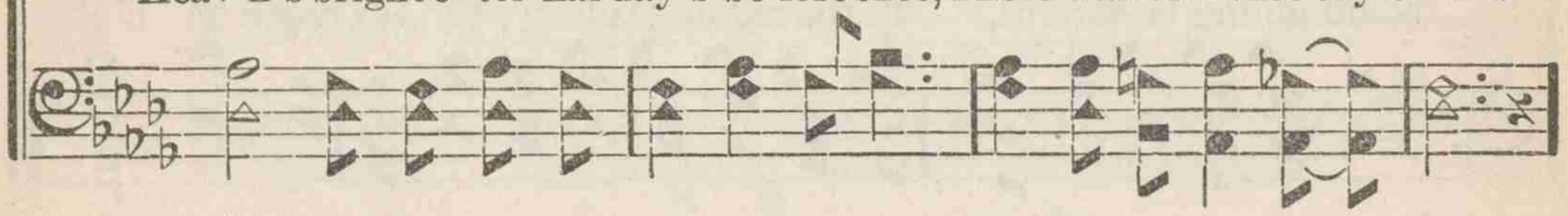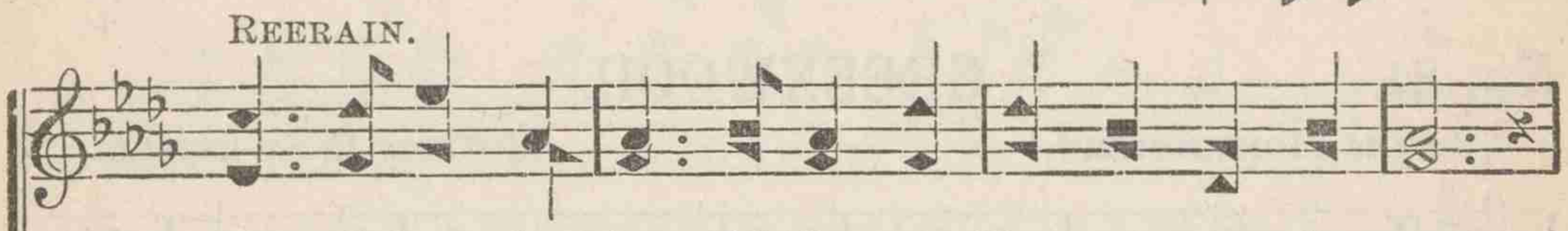


1. Far, far beyond this vale of sor-row, Is home, sweet home;
2. All hopes, but heav'n are dis-ap-pointing, Heart-aches and pain;
3. All earth-ly scenes are ting'd with sadness, All skies have clouds;
4. But christian, cheer thee on thy jour-ney, The toil's most done;
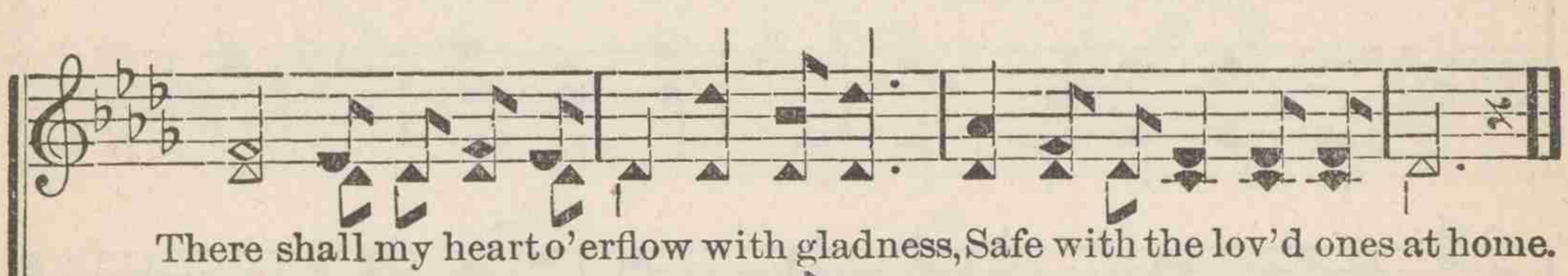




There wea-ry hearts will meet to-morrow, There partings never come.
There shall my soul be fill'd with gladness, There meet the lov'd ones again.
No hope, but fear its cups em-bit-ters, The fi-nal robe the shroud.
Heav'n's bright e- ter-nal day's be-fore thee, There waits for thee thy crown.
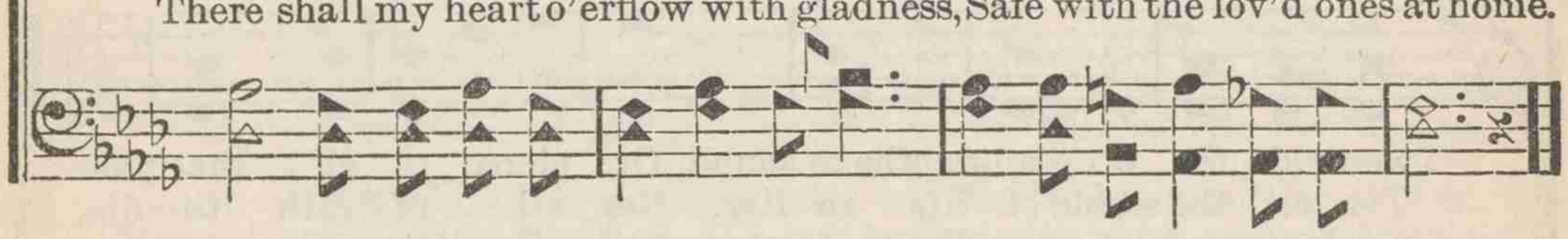





Oh, I long to be with Je - sus, Nev - er more to roam;



There shall my heart o'erflow with gladness, Safe with the lov'd ones at home.



5 Turn, turn thee, sinner to thy Saviour,
By sorrow driven,
Lay down the burden thou art bearing,
Christ offers home and heaven.
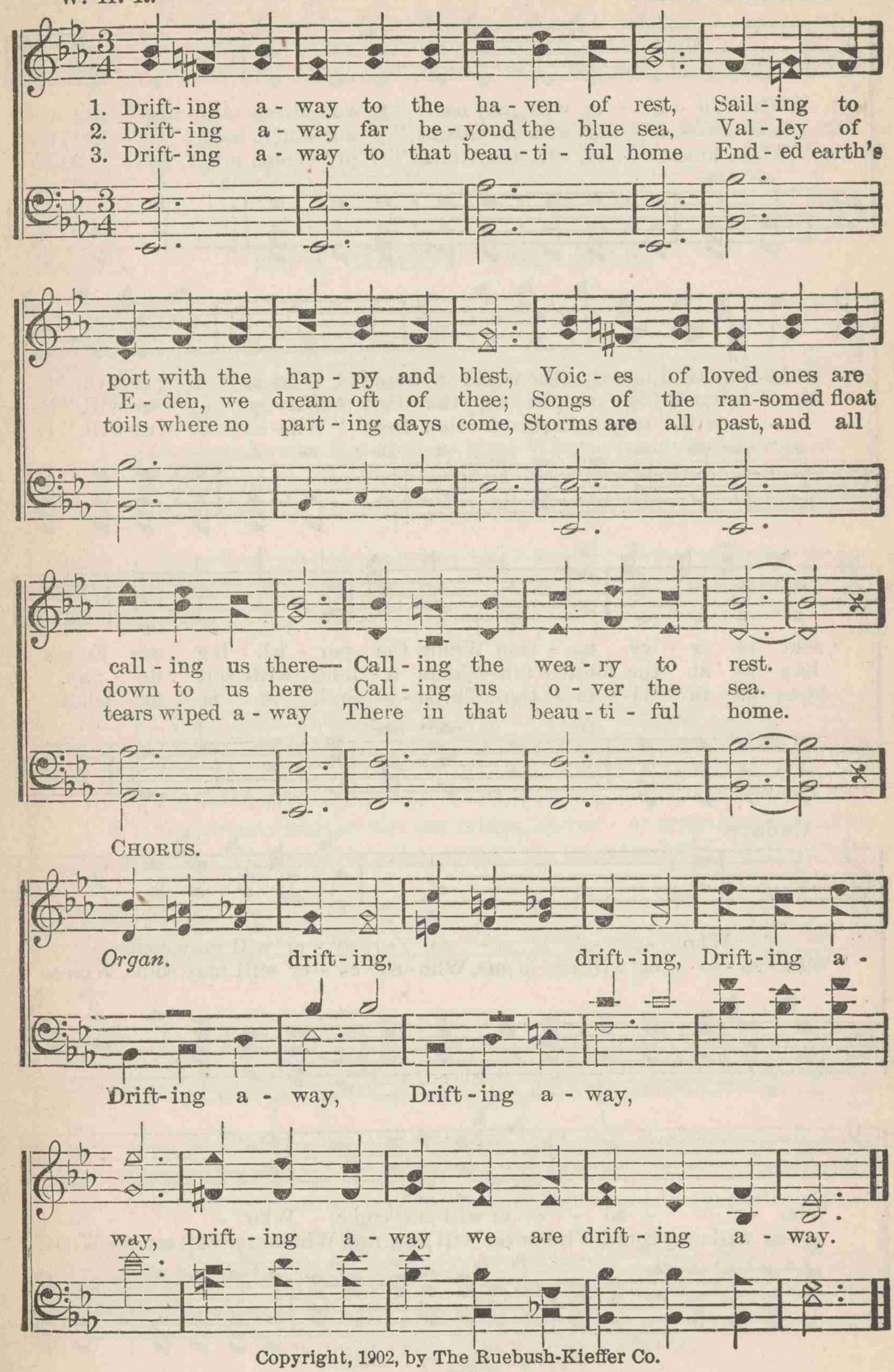
6 And though the path be rough and lonely,
He'll lead thee on;
Though Satan often tempt and try thee.
Never art thou alone.

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# No. 33. DRIFTING.

To Thos. C. Hayes, Carnesville, Ga.

W. H. R. Will H. Ruebush.




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# No. 34. "WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME."

*"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."*—REV. 22 : 17.

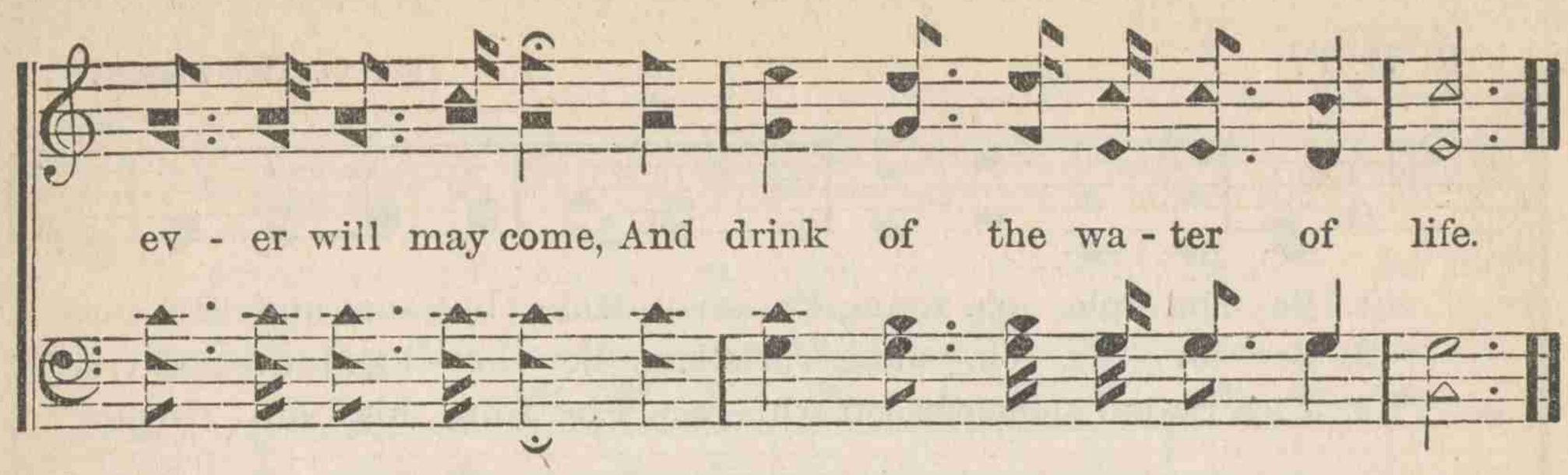
"CARLIN." Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. "Who - so - ev - er will may come," O won- drous mes - sage! Sing the bless - ed ti- dings all the world a- round: "Who- so - ev - er will," is sent to ev - 'ry na - tion Where the per - ish - ing are found.
2. "Who - so - ev - er will may come," O sin - ner, hear it, See! the door is stand-ing o - pen all the day: "Who- so - ev - er will," be hap - py at the fount - ain—Come a - long with- out de - lay.
3. "Who - so - ev - er will may come," O pre - cious prom - ise! "Who- so - ev - er will," may have sal-va - tion free: "Who- so - ev - er will," O bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion, Thirst - y soul, it is for thee.

CHORUS.

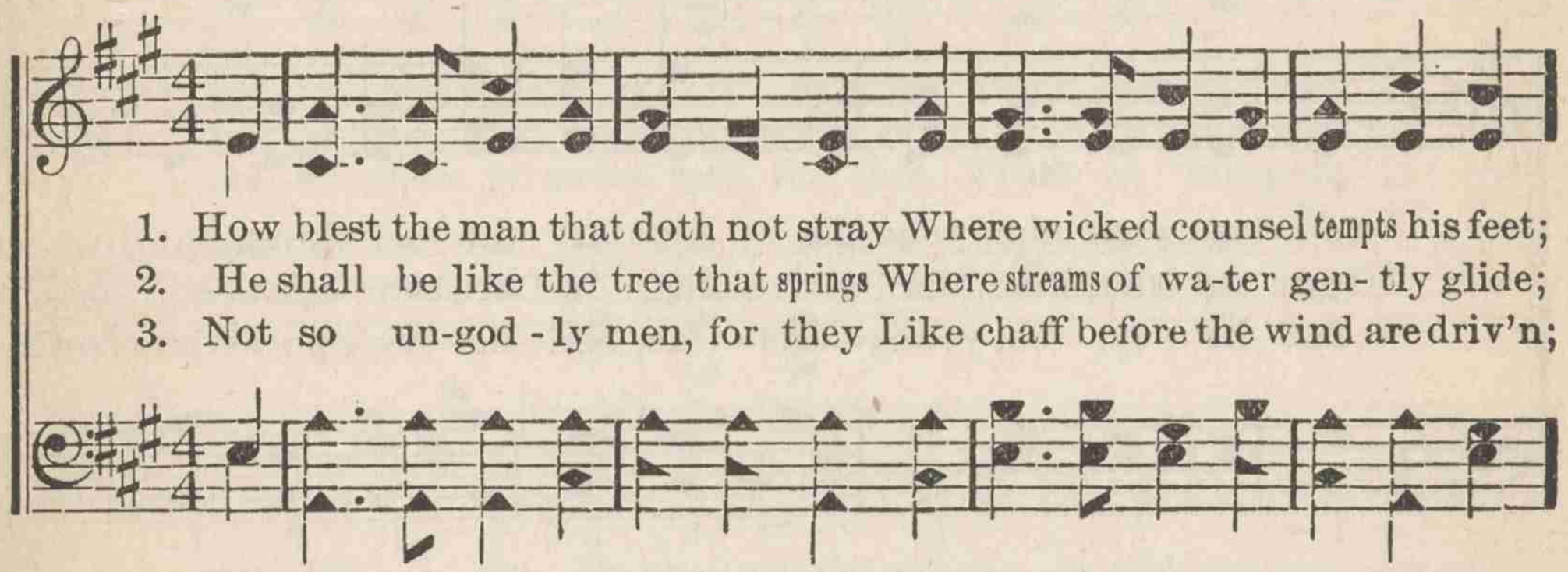
Who - - - - so - ev - er will may come,
"Who - so - ev - er will ma come, Who - so - ev - er will may come, Who-so - ev - er will may come, Who - - - - so - ev - er will may come, Who - - - - so - ev - er will may come, Whosoever will may come, Whosoever will may come, Whoso-

Copyright, 1886, by I. Baltzell.




## No. 35. HOW BLEST THE MAN.

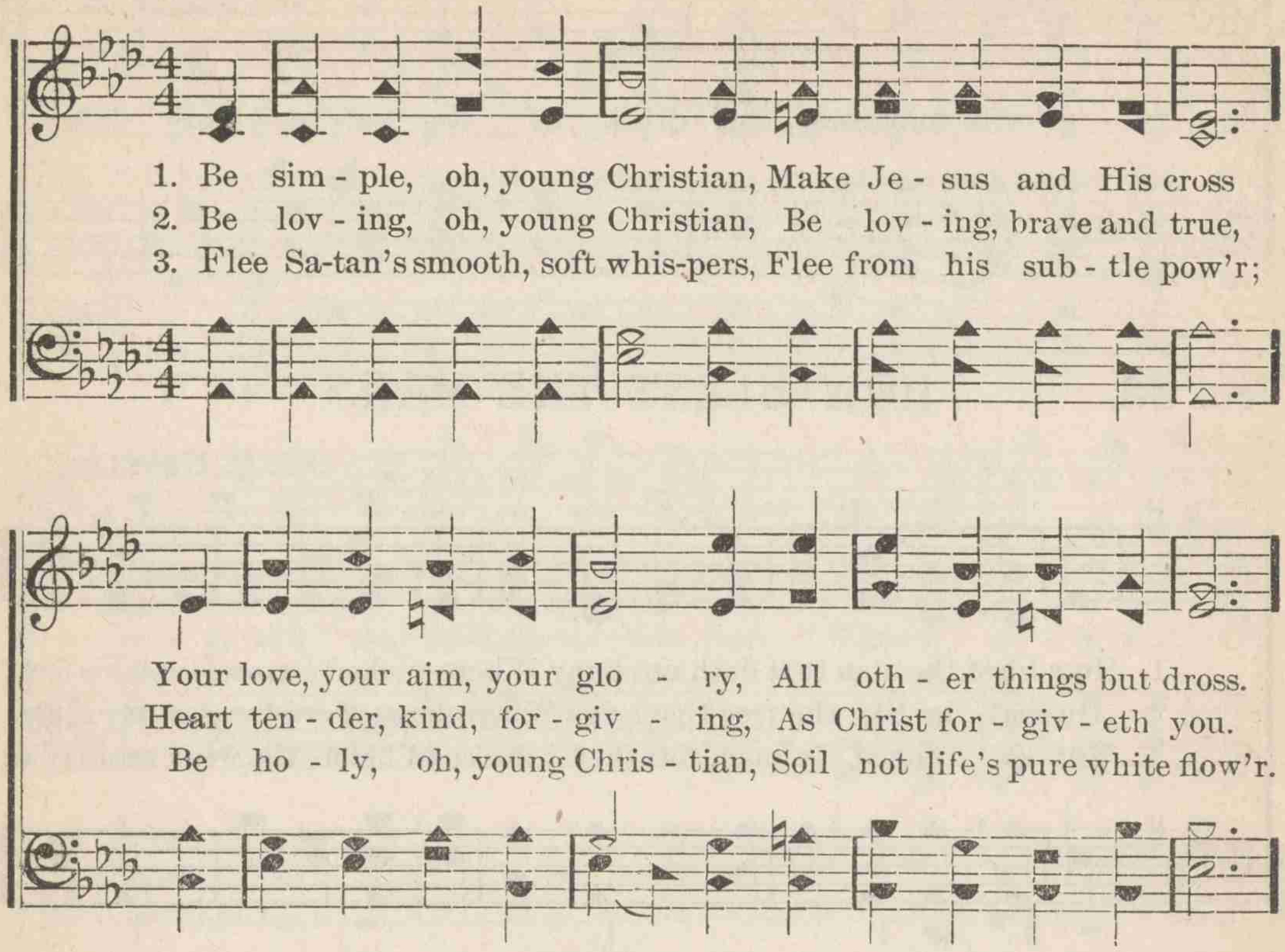
B. C. UNSELD.

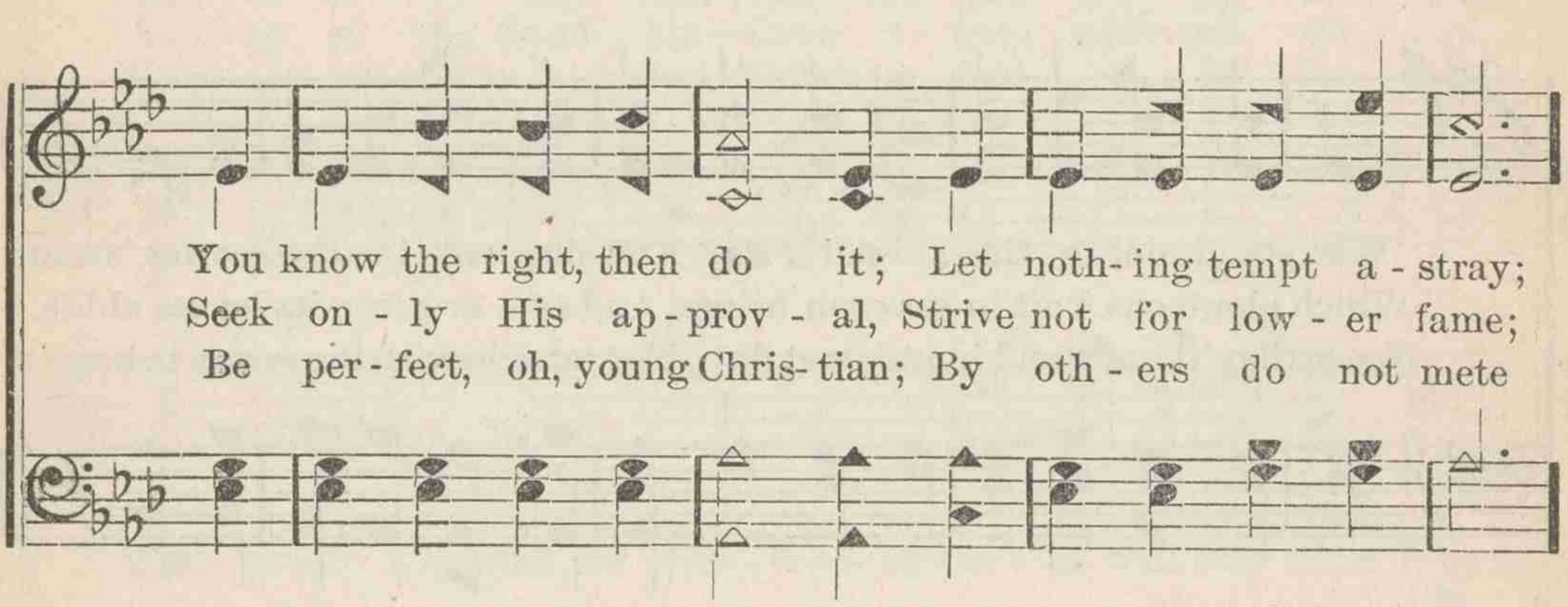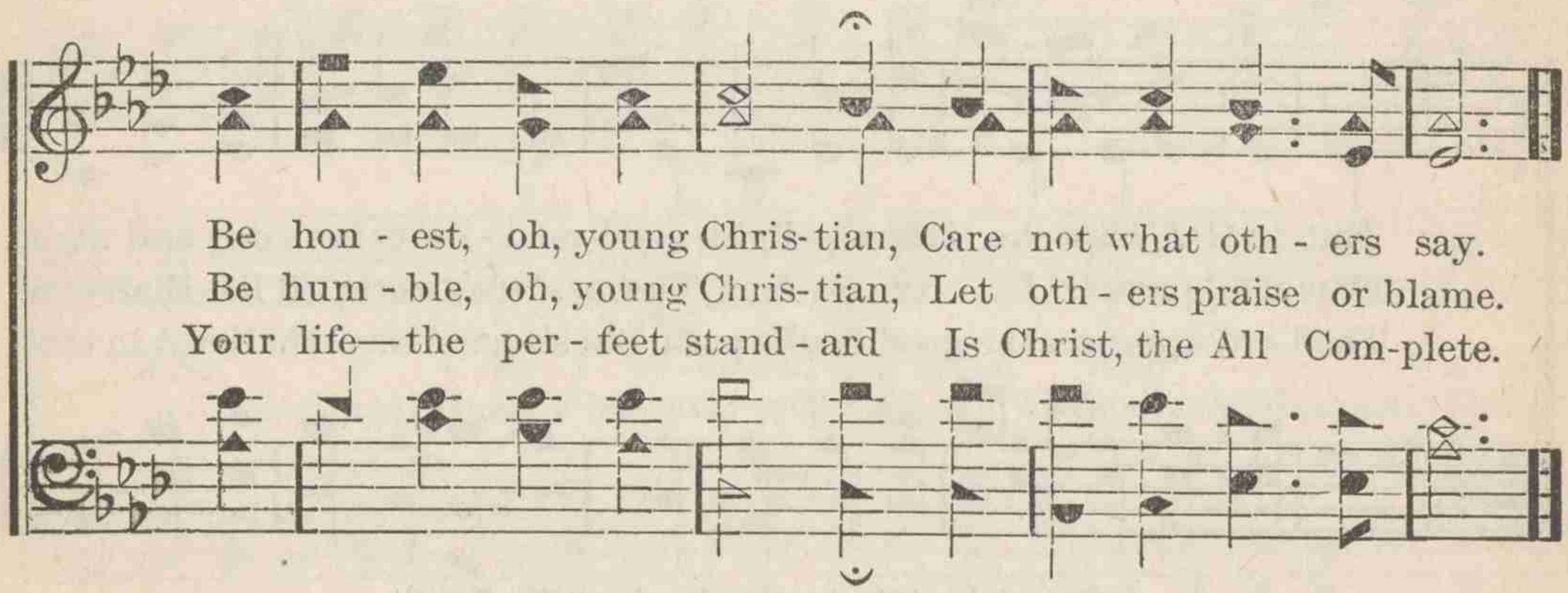



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# No. 36. SONG FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

K. M. F. IRA O. HOFFMAN.







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# No. 37. WHERE HE LEADS I'LL FOLLOW.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom- is - es, Kind is the word; Dear- er far than
2. Sweet is the ten- der love Je - sus hath shown; Sweeter far than
3. List to His lov-ing words, "Come un - to Me;" Wea- ry, heav - y -

an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard, Pure was the mind of Christ,
an - y love that mor - tals have known, Kind to the err - ing one,
lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee, Trust in His prom- is - es,

Sin - less I see; He the great ex- am- ple is, and pat- tern for me.
Faith - ful is He; He the great ex- am- ple is, and pat- tern for me.
Faith - ful and sure; Lean up-on the Saviour, and thy soul is se- cure.

CHORUS.

Where..... He leads I'll fol - - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, where He leads I'll fol - low,

1 2

Fol - - low all the way. Follow Jesus ev-'ry day.
Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way.

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# No. 38. THE SILVER STAR.

Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. On the brow of night there shines a silver star, On the brow of night there
2. 'Tis the lamp of God high hanging in the air, 'Tis the lamp of God high
3. Bring your gifts of gold, of frankincense and myrrh, Bring your gifts of gold, of

shines a sil-ver star, And the wise men gaze on its heav'nly rays, Till they
hanging in the air, And it guides our feet thro' the roy - al street; There is
frankincense and myrrh, For the King we own is on David's throne; Let the

find the King, whose throne they sought a- far, In the Babe of Beth-le - hem.
sweet soul-rest for those who seek it there, From the Babe of Beth-le - hem.
ho - ly Child your best af - fections stir; 'Tis the Babe of Beth-le - hem.

REFRAIN.

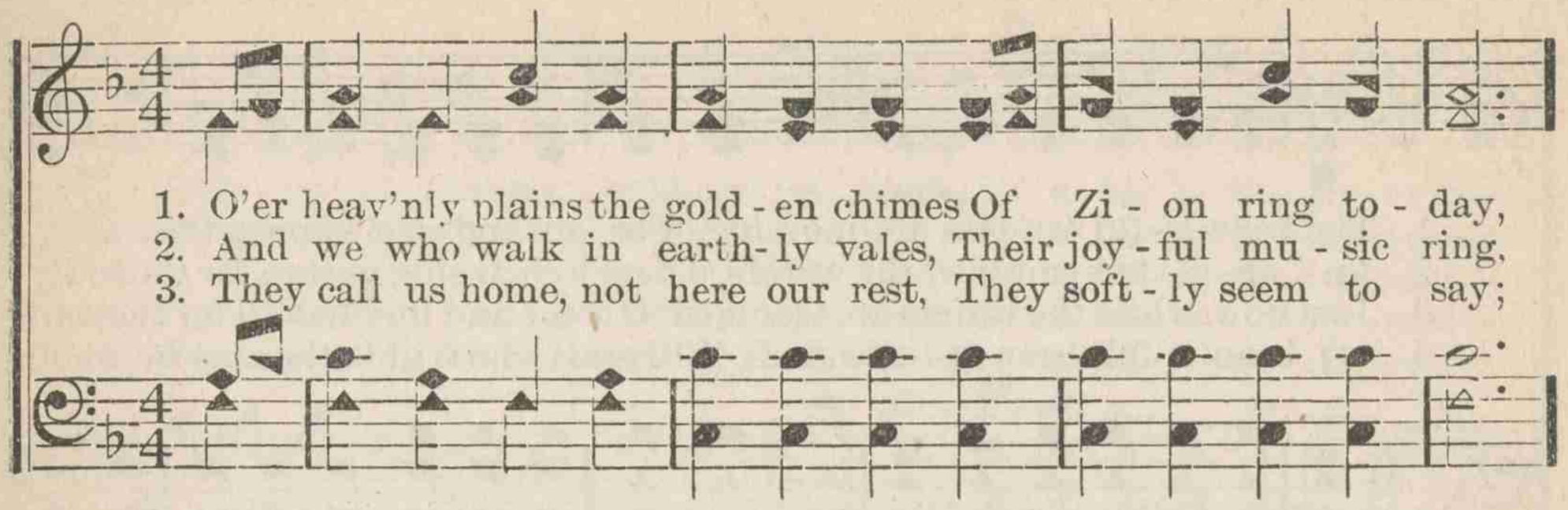
Silver star, ho-ly light, shine a - far, o'er the night,
Silver star, ho-ly light, shine a- far, o'er the night,
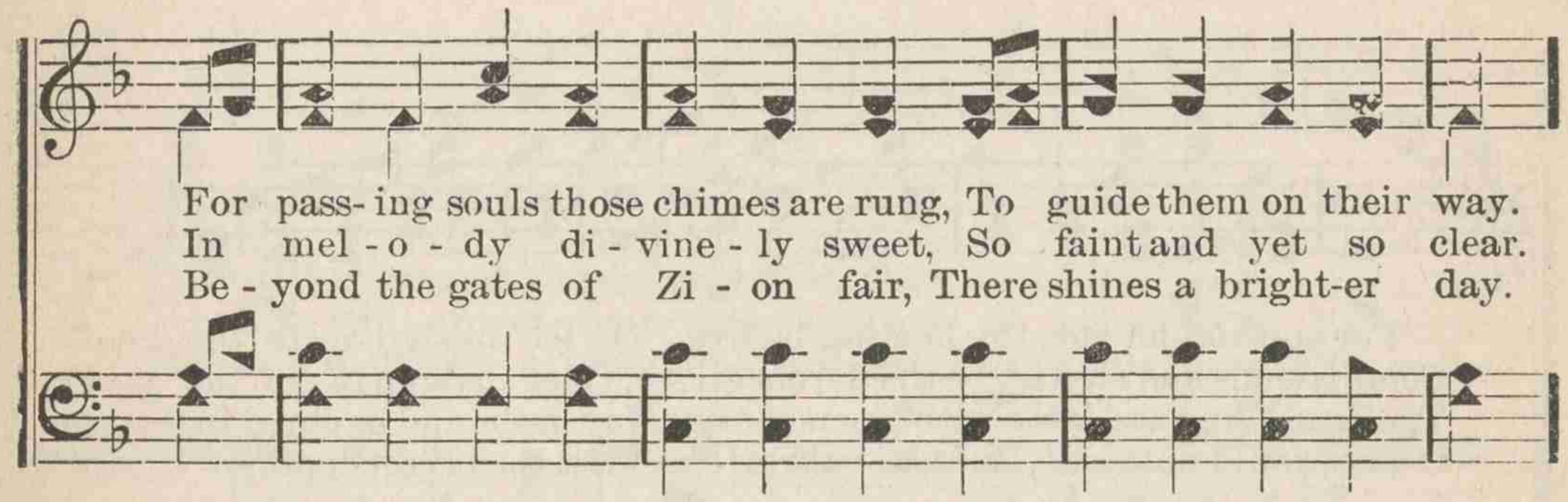
'Till the world shall come where the young Child lay, And enter the gates of the new born day.

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# No. 39. SWEET ZION BELLS.

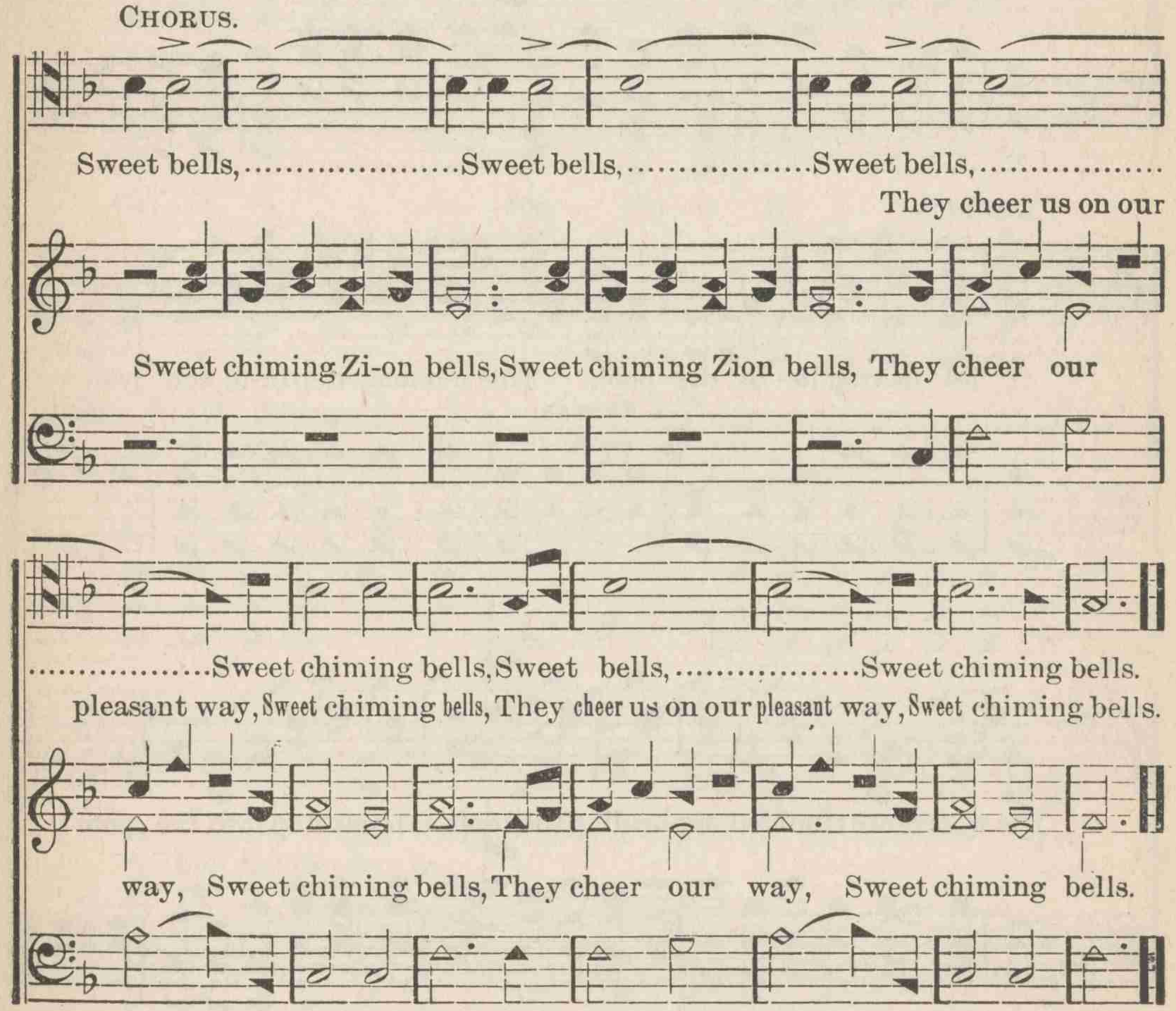
Mrs. A. L. Davison. J. H. Fillmore.







Chorus.

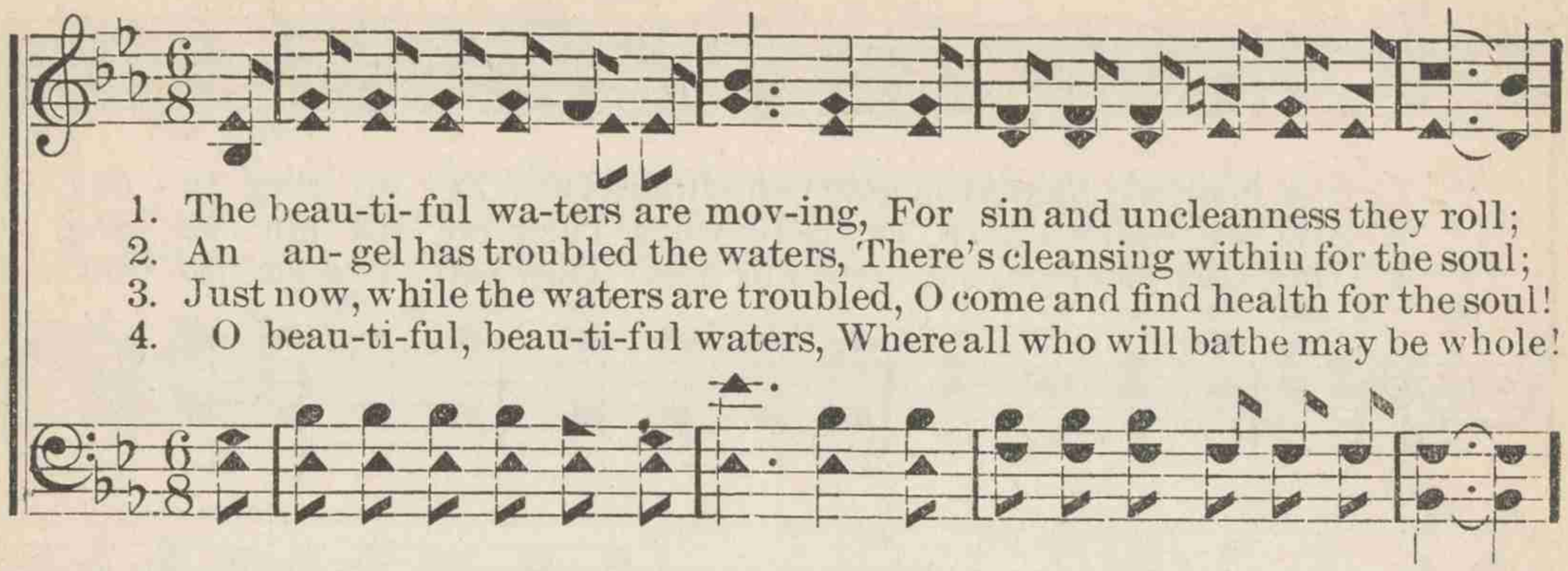



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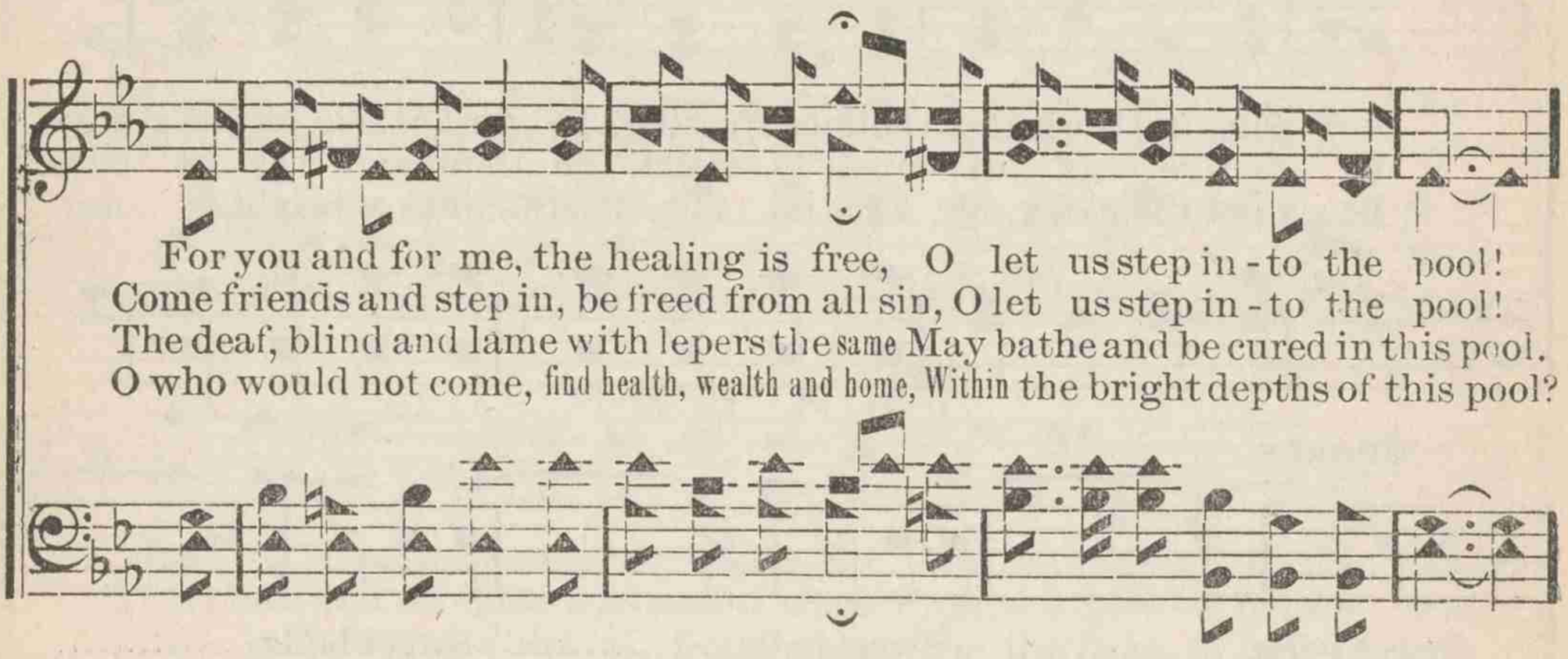
# No. 40. STEP INTO THE POOL.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. HALL.
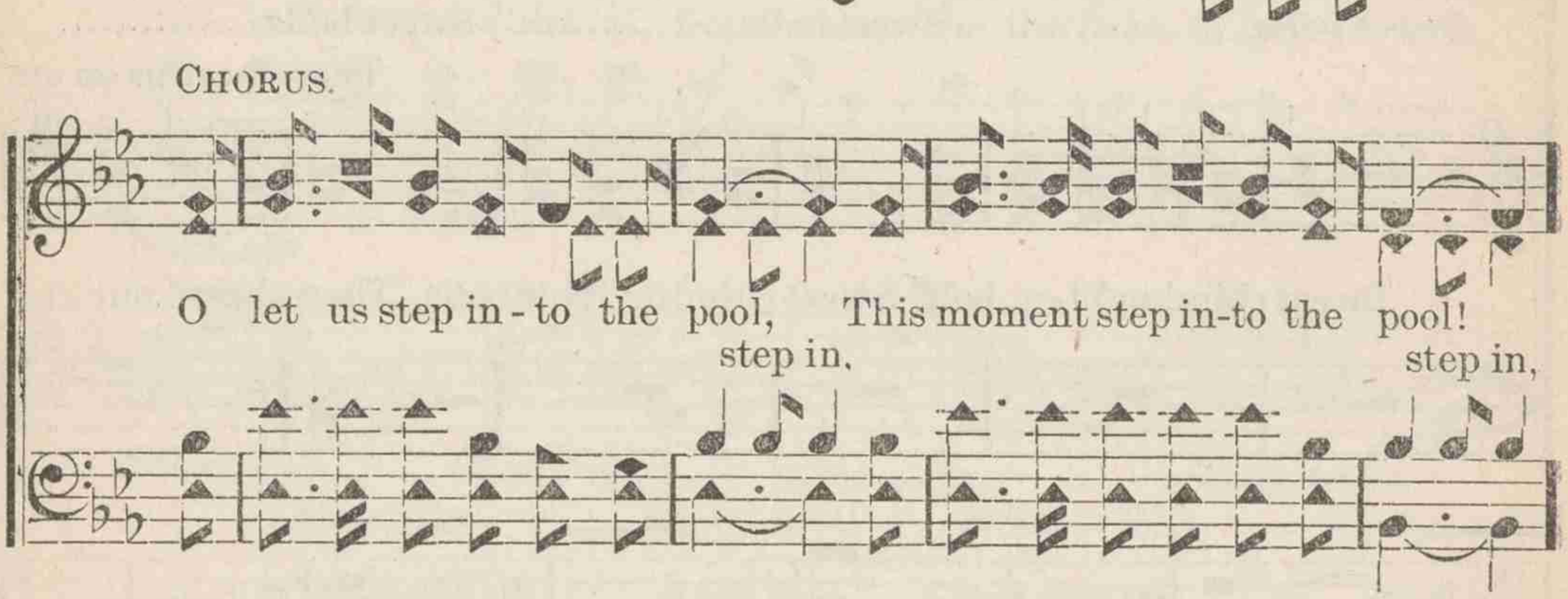
1. The beau-ti-ful wa-ters are mov-ing, For sin and uncleanness they roll;
2. An an- gel has troubled the waters, There's cleansing within for the soul;
3. Just now, while the waters are troubled, O come and find health for the soul!
4. O beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful waters, Where all who will bathe may be whole!
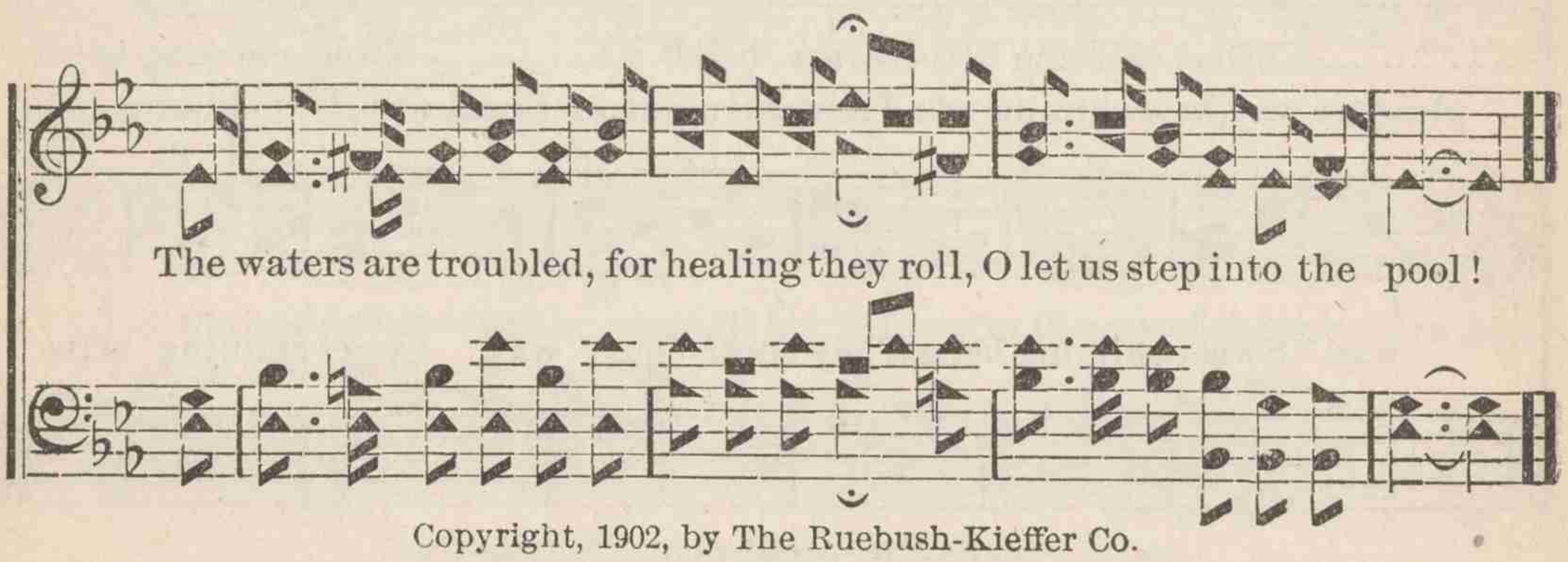


For you and for me, the healing is free, O let us step in-to the pool!
Come friends and step in, be freed from all sin, O let us step in-to the pool!
The deaf, blind and lame with lepers the same May bathe and be cured in this pool.
O who would not come, find health, wealth and home, Within the bright depths of this pool?



CHORUS.



O let us step in-to the pool, This moment step in-to the pool!
step in, step in,



The waters are troubled, for healing they roll, O let us step into the pool!



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# No. 41. GOD IS ABLE TO DELIVER.

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

1. From ev-'ry dan-ger, doubt and fear, God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee!
2. From fierce temptations' subtle snares, God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee!
3. In sorrow's dark and heavy night, God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee!
4. Then trust Him e'en thro' flood and flame, God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee!
5. When pass-ing thro' the val-ley chill, God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee!

His might-y pres-ence ev-er near, God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee!
His love is swift-er than the pray'rs, God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee!
His word commands the day-spring bright, God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee!
He liv-eth ev-er-more the same, God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee!
His love will be a-round thee still, God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee!

CHORUS.

He is a - - ble, He is a - - ble,
a-ble to de-liv-er, a-ble to de-liv-er,
A-ble to de-liv-er thee; He is a - - ble, He is
a-ble to de-liv-er,
a - - ble, God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee.
a-ble to de-liv-er,

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# No. 42. PLEADING STILL.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je - sus still is pleading, gently pleading Sinner with thy troubled soul;
2. Je - sus still is pleading, pleading sweetly; Oh, accept Him while you may;
3. Je - sus still is pleading, sweetly pleading; Heed Him, lest He turn away,

Love and mer-cy thou art sorely needing, Bid Him come and make thee whole,
He will cleanse your guilty soul completely, Make it fair as noon of day.
Leav-ing you His love and mercy needing—Leaving night instead of day.

See His lov-ing arms ex-tend - ed, Hear, O hear His ten der voice,
He is standing close be-side you; Oh, no more in darkness rove,
Long with you your God has pleaded, Time of grace will soon be o'er;

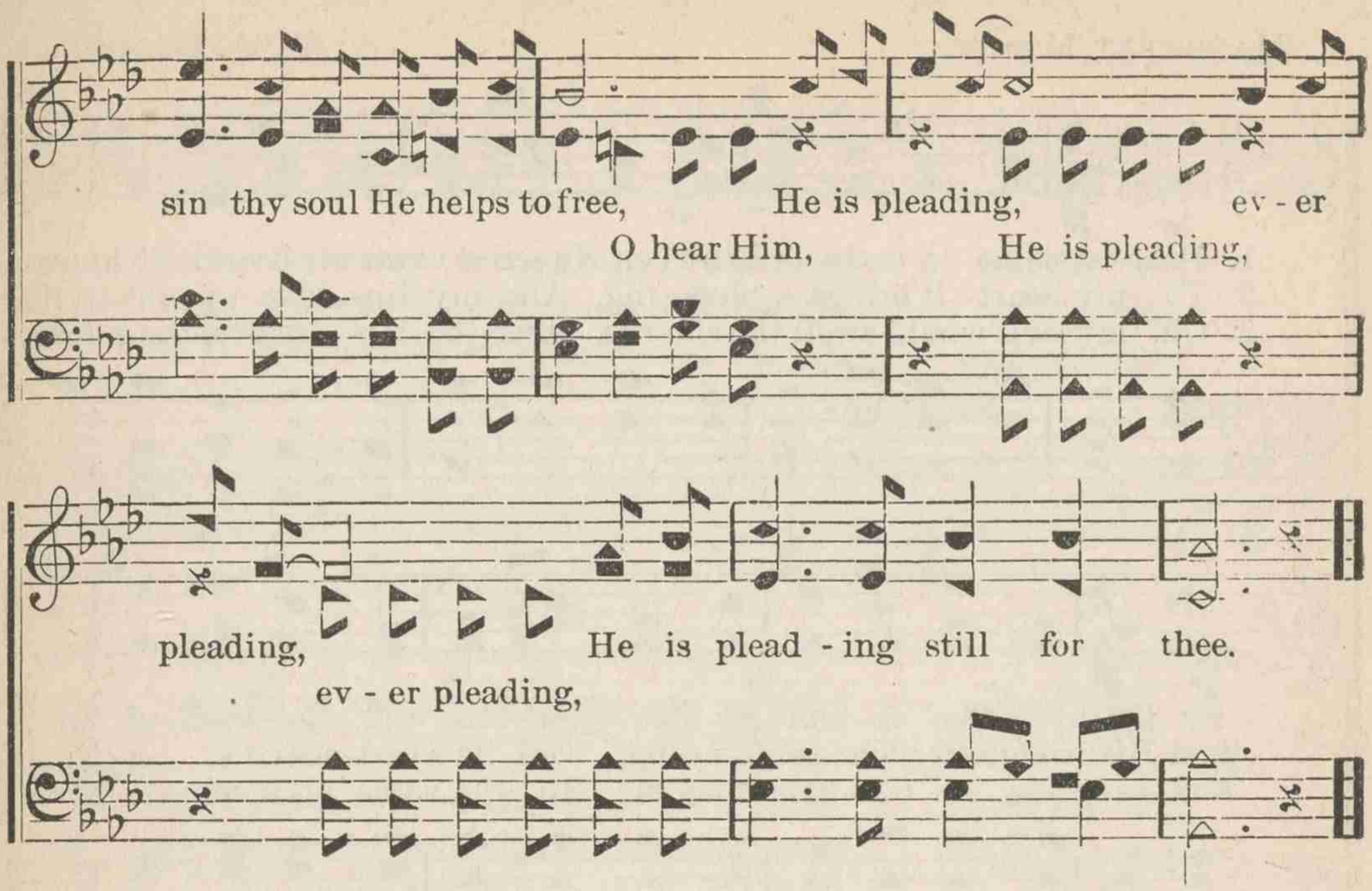
Let the time of sin and grief be end-ed, Let Him make thy soul rejoice.
Let Him take your trembling hand and guide you, Let Him feed you with His love.
Should He leave you with His call unheeded He might intercede no more.

CHORUS.

He is pleading, ev - er pleading, From all
He is pleading, ev - er pleading,

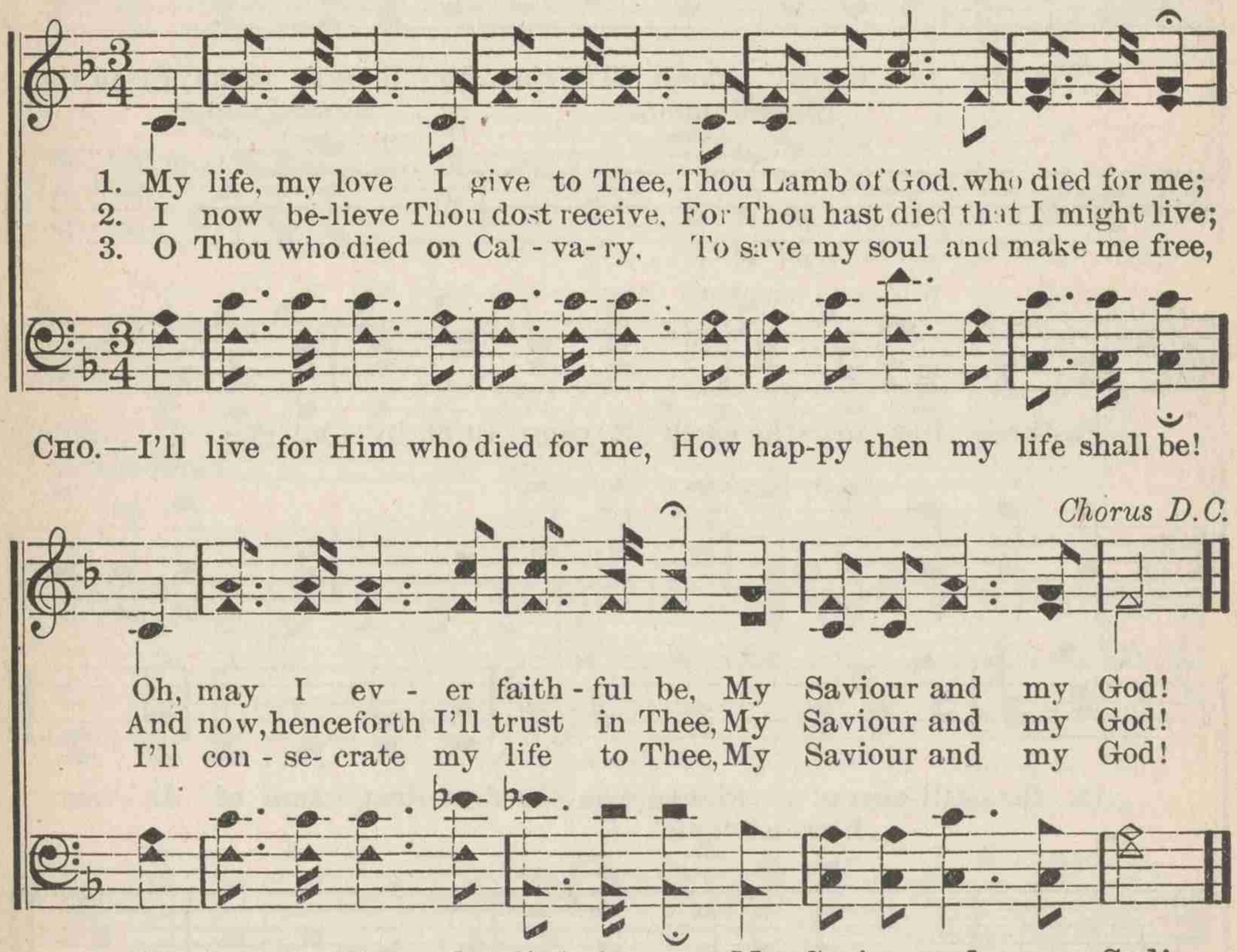
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## Pleading Still.—Concluded.




## No. 43. I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.
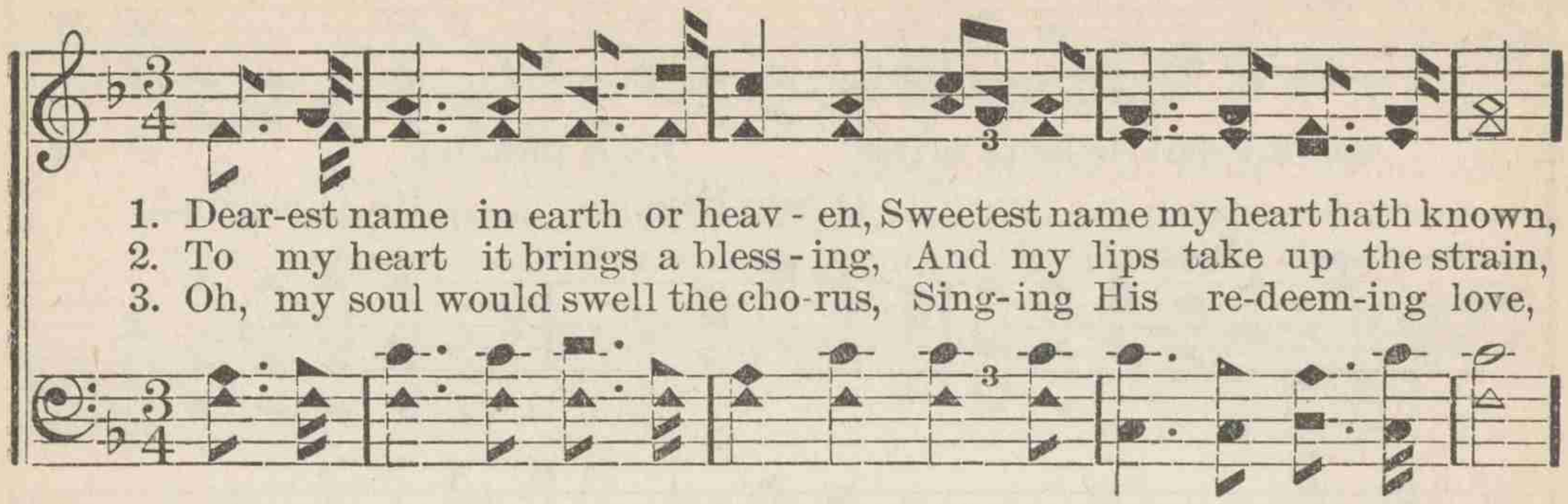
R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.
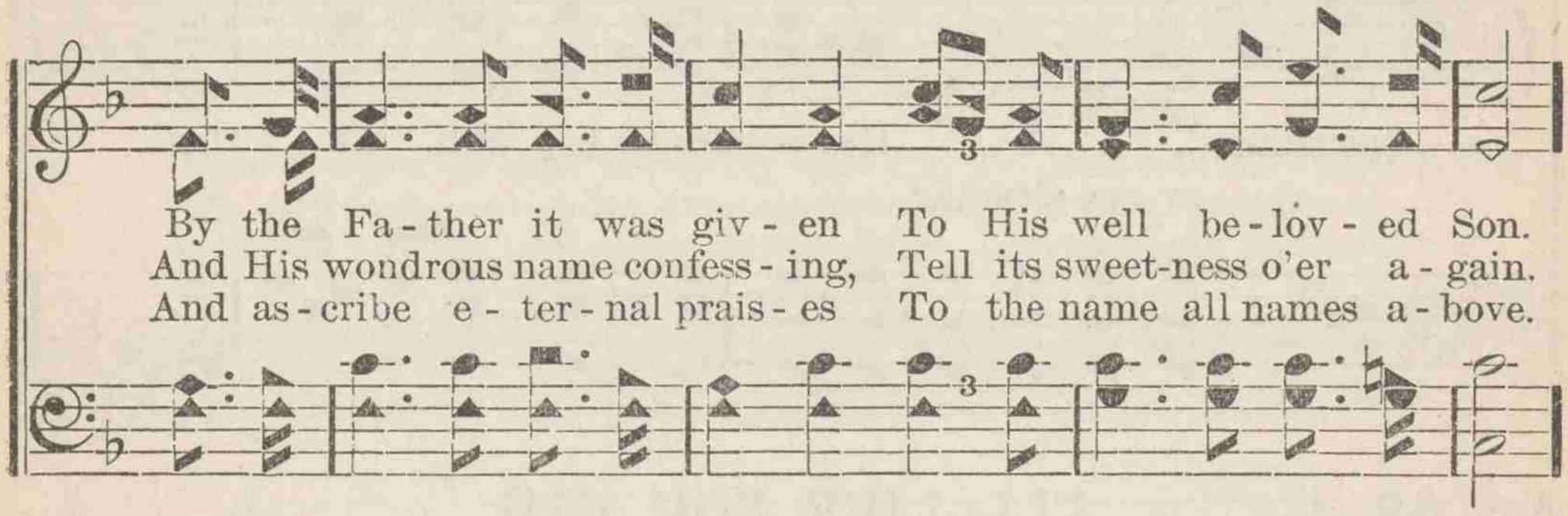



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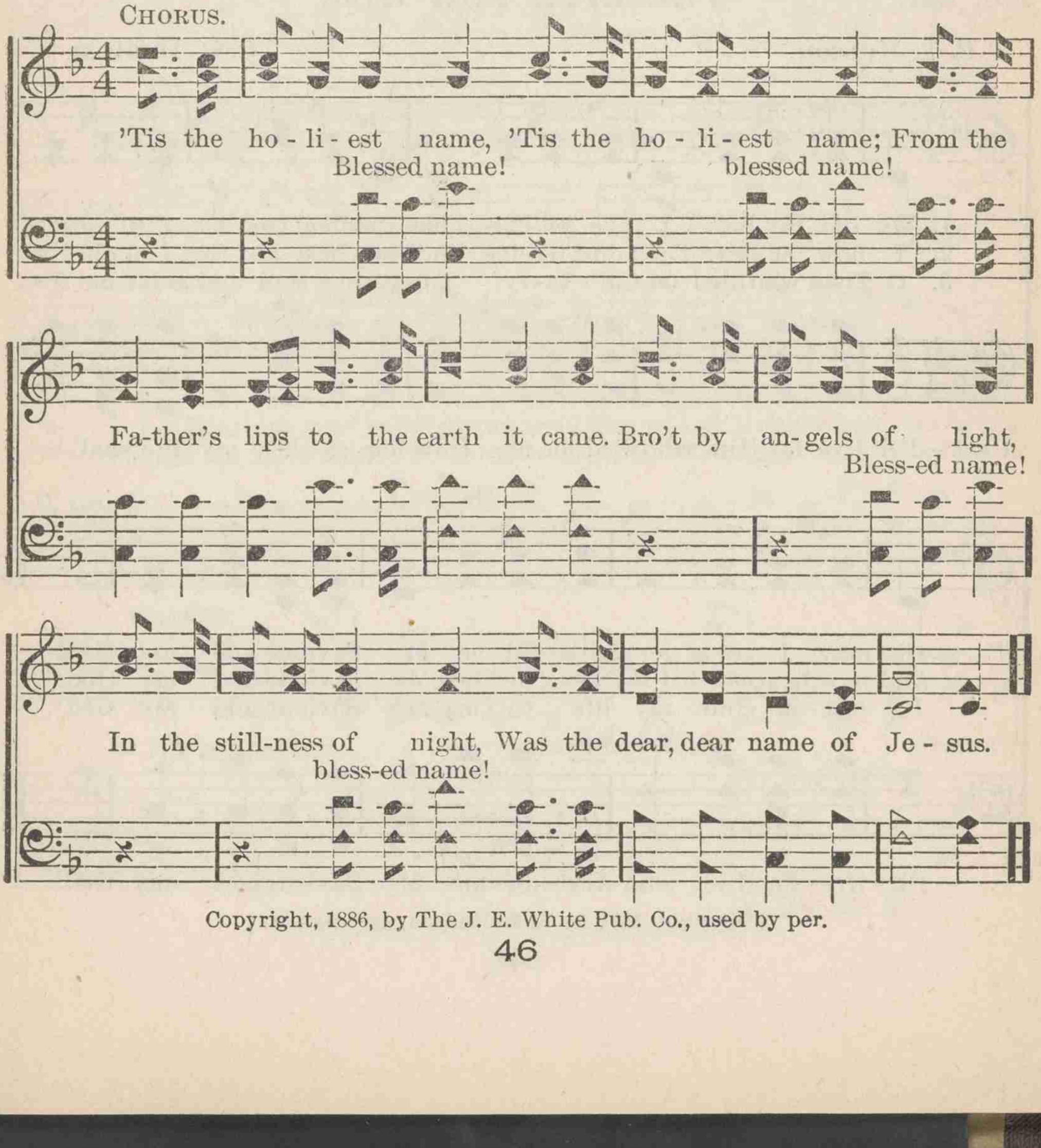
# No. 44. THE HOLIEST NAME.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.







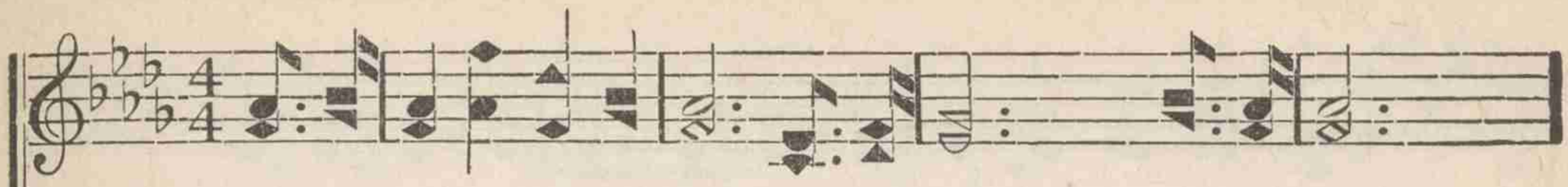
CHORUS.




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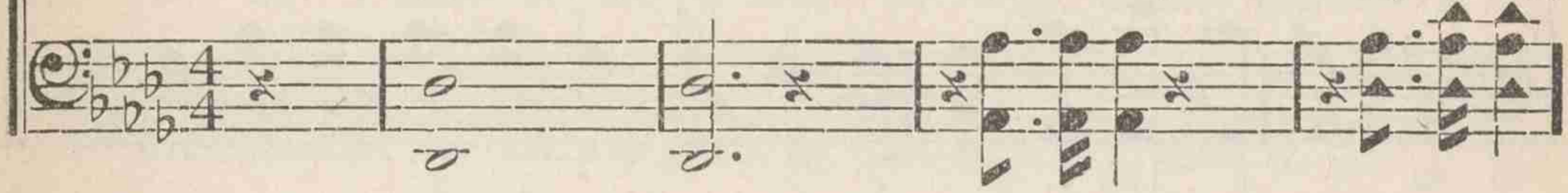
# No. 45. SOME GLAD DAY.
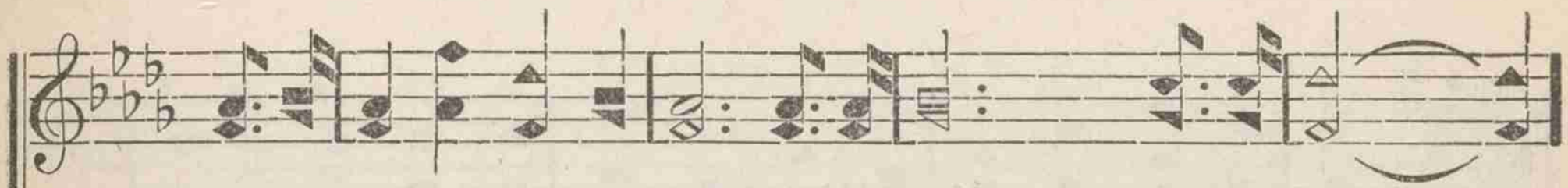
Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. Dr. L. O. EMERSON.



1. In the beauty of my Lord, Let me rise, day by day,
2. In the spir-it of my Lord, Let me live, ev - 'ry day,
3. In the likeness of my Lord, Let me rise, some glad day,
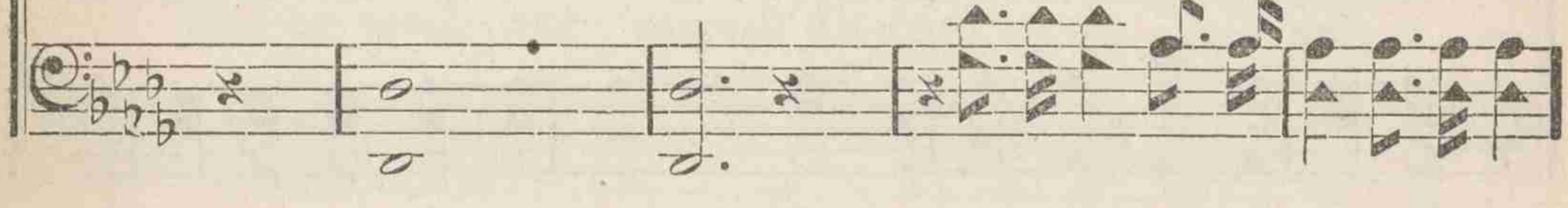
1. Let me rise, day by day,
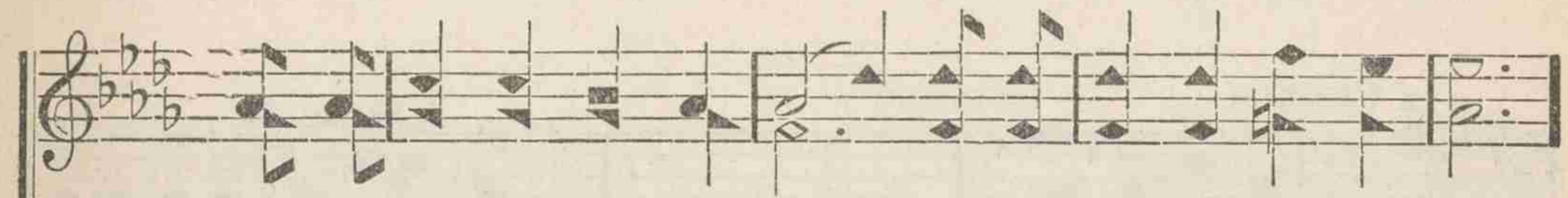




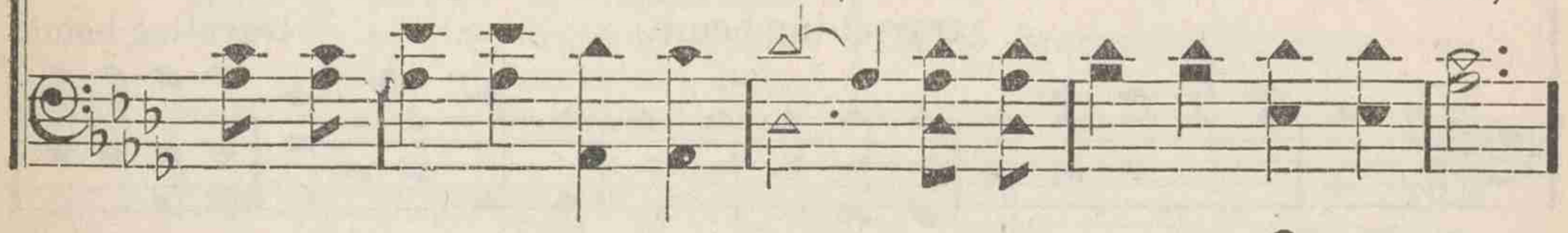
In the sweetness of His word, Let me find Christ the way, .....
In the peace His tho'ts afford, Let me walk, all the way, .....
As is prom-ised in His word, To the skies, some glad day, .....
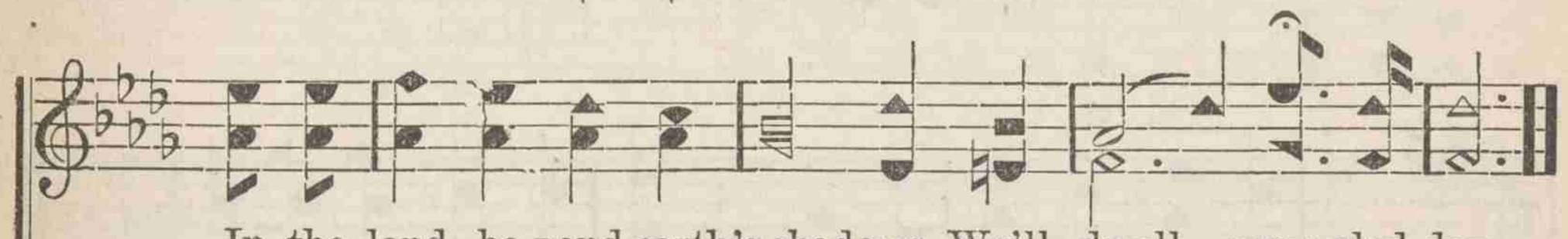
Let me find Christ the way, Christ the way.



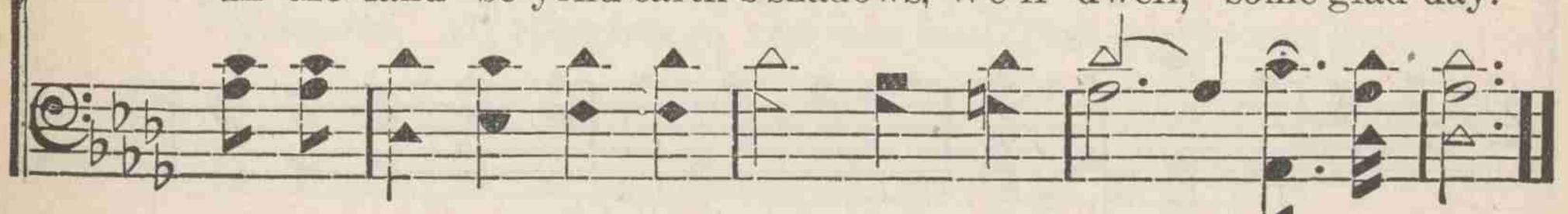


In the heav'nly home a - far, Where no sin the soul can mar,
Soon will be the jour-ney done, Soon the heav'nly vic - t'ry won,
Where no tempests wreck the soul, Where no bil-lows ev - er roll,





In the land be-yond earth's shadows, We'll dwell, some glad day.
In the land be-yond earth's shadows, We'll dwell, some glad day.
In the land be-yond earth's shadows, We'll dwell, some glad day.



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# No. 46. AS WE GO TRAVELING HOME.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. Oh, blest as - sur-ance ev - er dear, As we go trav- el - ing home;
2. Our pathway may be o - ver-cast, As we go trav- el - ing home;
3. Led by the pil - lar, by the cloud, As we go trav- el - ing home;

It comes our drooping hearts to cheer, As we go trav- el - ing home.
But joy and peace will come at last, As we go trav- el - ing home.
Redeemed by Je - sus' precious blood, As we go trav- el - ing home.

CHORUS.

As we go trav-el-ing home, As we go travel-ing home,
trav-el-ing home, traveling home,

All sor-rows past, sweet peace at last, As we go trav-el - ing home.

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# No. 47. OH, IT IS WONDERFUL.

E. C. GREEN, alt. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Can it be that Je - sus bought me, And on the hallowed cross, a - toned for me, Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him? Oh, what a
2. Praise His name, He sought and found me, Sav'd me from wander-ing and brought me near; Dai - ly now His grace be-stow- ing, Je - sus is
3. It was years He had been wait-ing, Wait-ing the dawning of the pre-cious hour, When I should at last be yield- ing, Yield-ing to
4. From that hour He has been seek- ing How He may fill me with His pre-cious love, How He may thro' grace transform me, Meet for the
5. As I think of all, I mar - vel Why in such patience He my good has sought, And bestowed His grace up - on me, And in my

CHORUS.
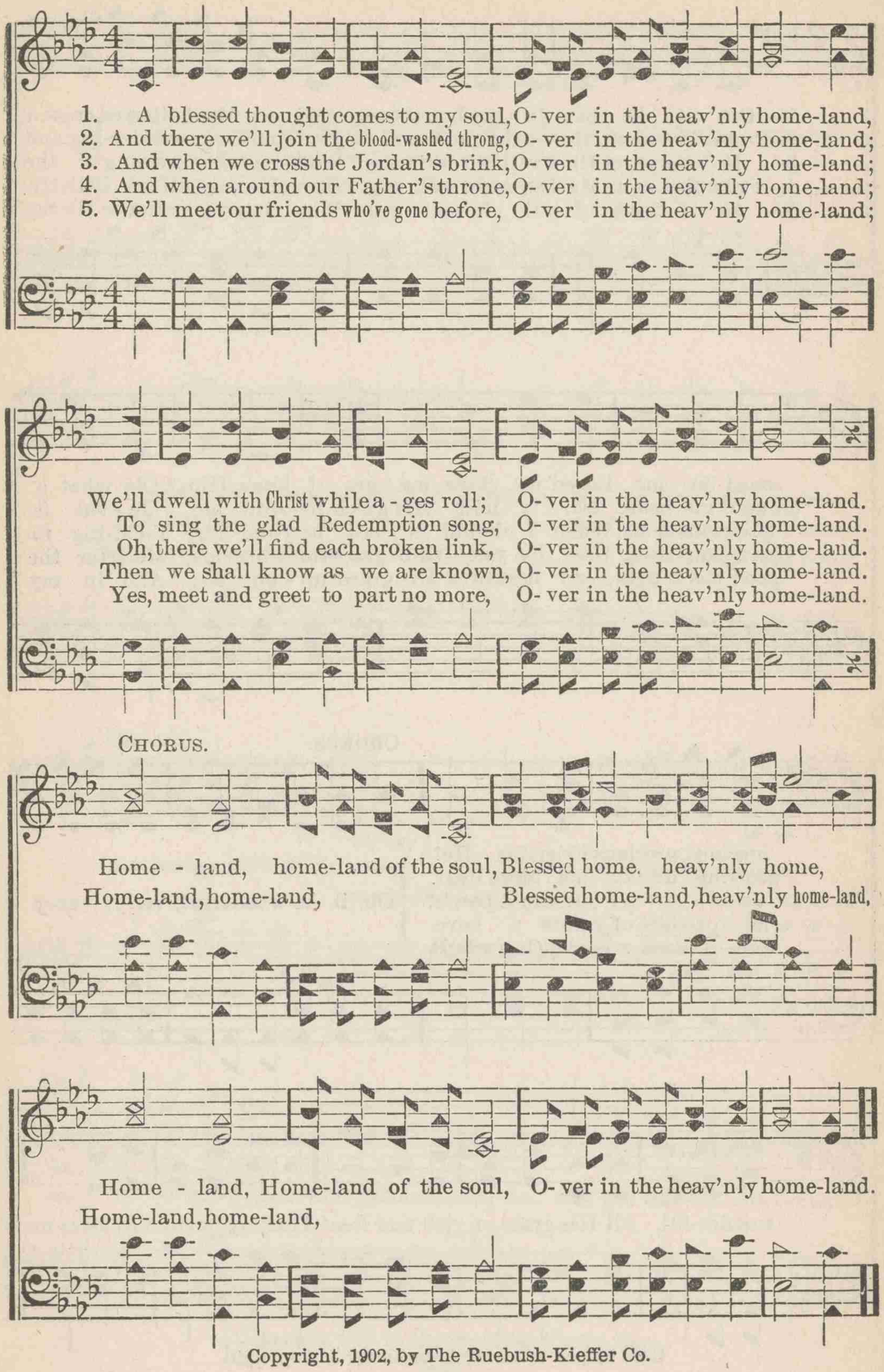
precious, precious Friend is He!
growing un - to me more dear.
Je- sus ev -'ry ransom'd pow'r.
fel- low-ship of saints a - bove.
spir - it such a change has wrought.

} Oh, it is wonderful, ver-y, ver- y wonder-ful, All His grace so rich and free! That my Saviour so loves me!

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# No. 48. HOME-LAND OF THE SOUL.

J. H. H. J. H. HALL.




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# No. 49. THERE'S A SONG ON MY LIPS.

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

DUET.

1. There's a song on my lips, There's a song in my soul, Tho' the
2. There's a light in my sky, Since the break-ing of day, When the
3. There is joy in my heart All the long, wea - ry day, For the

waves of dis- tress Deep- ly round me may roll; For I know whom I
seal rent in twain And the stone rolled a - way; For an an - gel spoke
storm o - ver-past And the clouds rolled a - way. There's a rose for each

trust, Tho' the way may be dim, I shall safe - ly go home, If I
peace To my spir- it's a - larm: He is ris - en for thee; There is
thorn, And a gain for each loss, Since my Sav-iour Him-self Gained a

CHORUS.

cling close to Him.
noth-ing to harm.
crown by the cross.

} I will not be a- fraid When the dark grave I
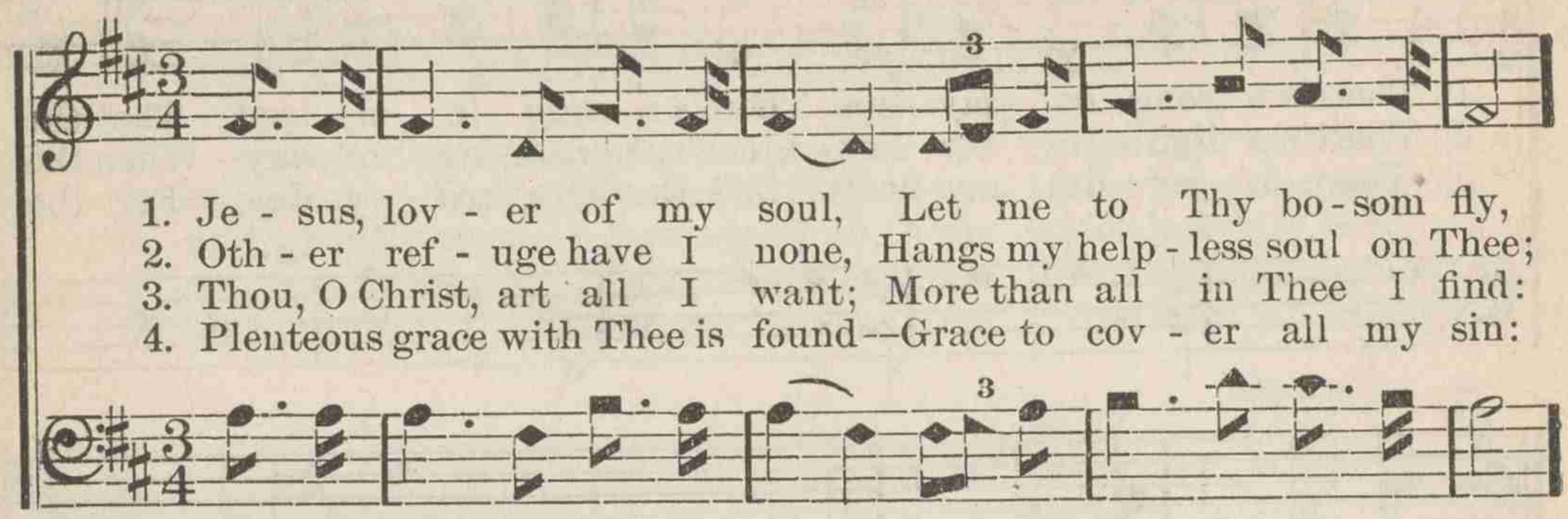
see, For my Sav - iour has died And has ris - en for me.

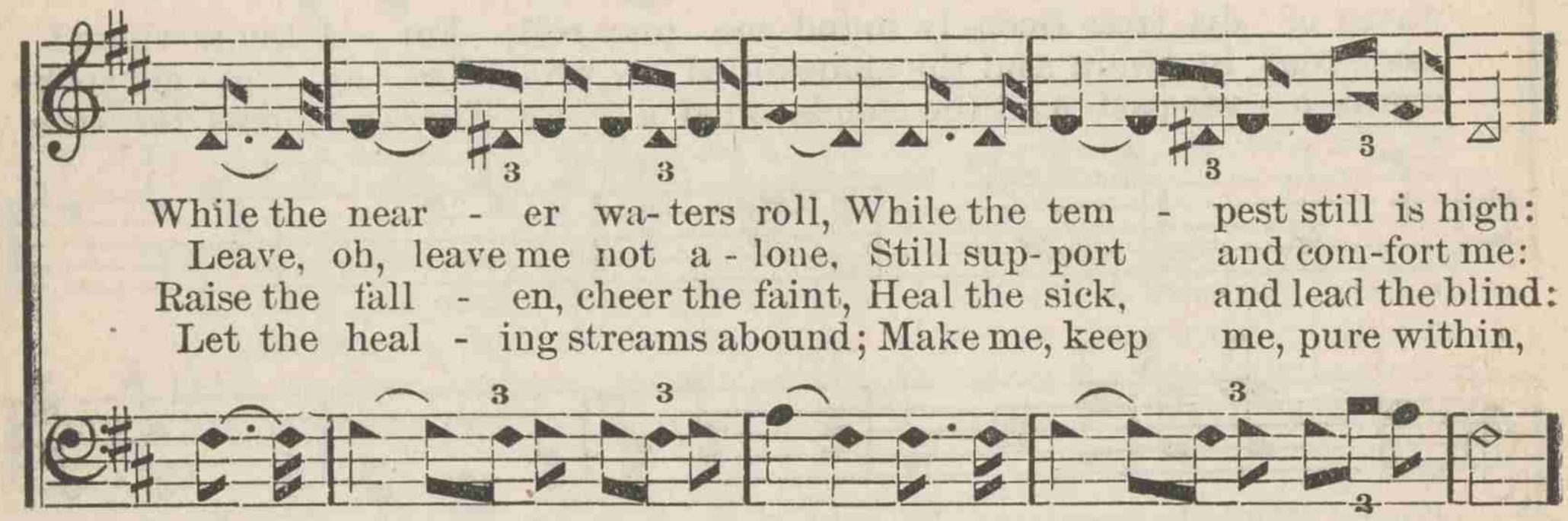
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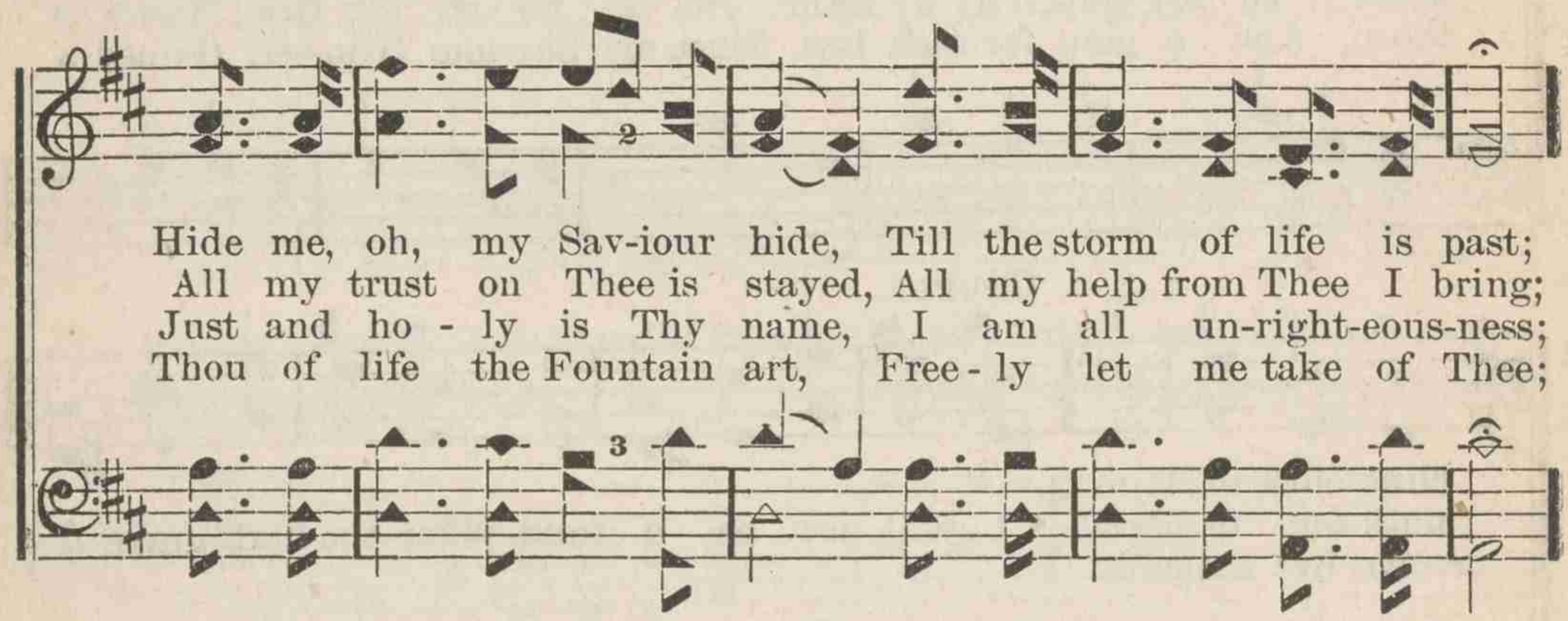
# No. 50. REFUGE.

*"The Lord also will be a refuge.....in times of trouble."*—Ps. 9: 9.

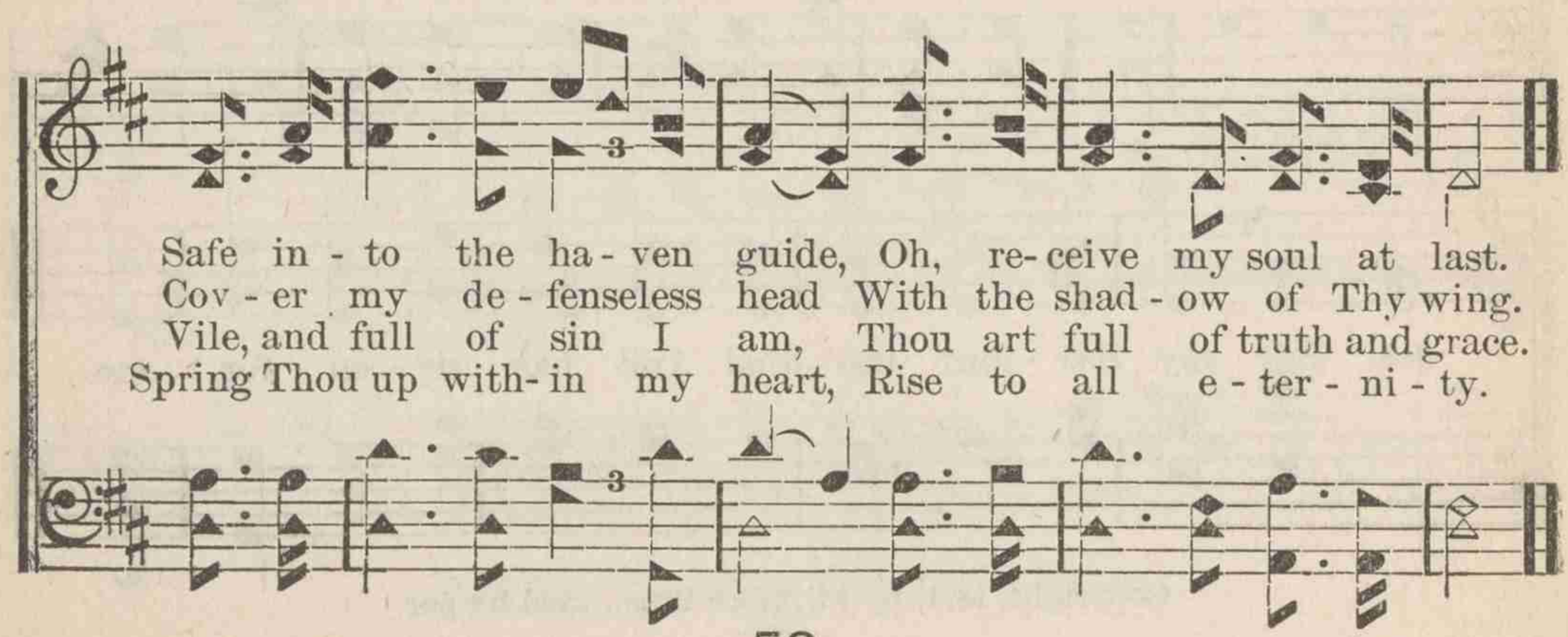
Rev. CHARLES WESLEY. JOS. P. HOLBROOK, by per.









# No. 51. HE NEVER WILL FORSAKE.

H. J. ZELLEY. JOSHUA 1 : 5. HEB. 13 : 5. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Tho' the way be dark, yet the Lord hath said, He nev-er will forsake;
2. When our foes are strong and our friends deceive, He nev-er will forsake;
3. When the tempter comes like a sing-ing tide, He nev-er will forsake;
4. When in sorrow great human friends must part, He nev-er will forsake;
5. When we bid fare-well to the earth be-low, He nev-er will forsake;

He nev-er will forsake: And the soul is safe that to Him hath fled,
He nev-er will forsake: While we trust His word needed grace He'll give,
He nev-er will forsake: We a shel-ter have in His wounded side,
He nev-er will forsake: He will near-er come to the trust-ing heart,
He nev-er will forsake: Thro' the stream of death by our side He'll go,

CHORUS.

He nev-er will for-sake His own. Praise His ho-ly name, I am
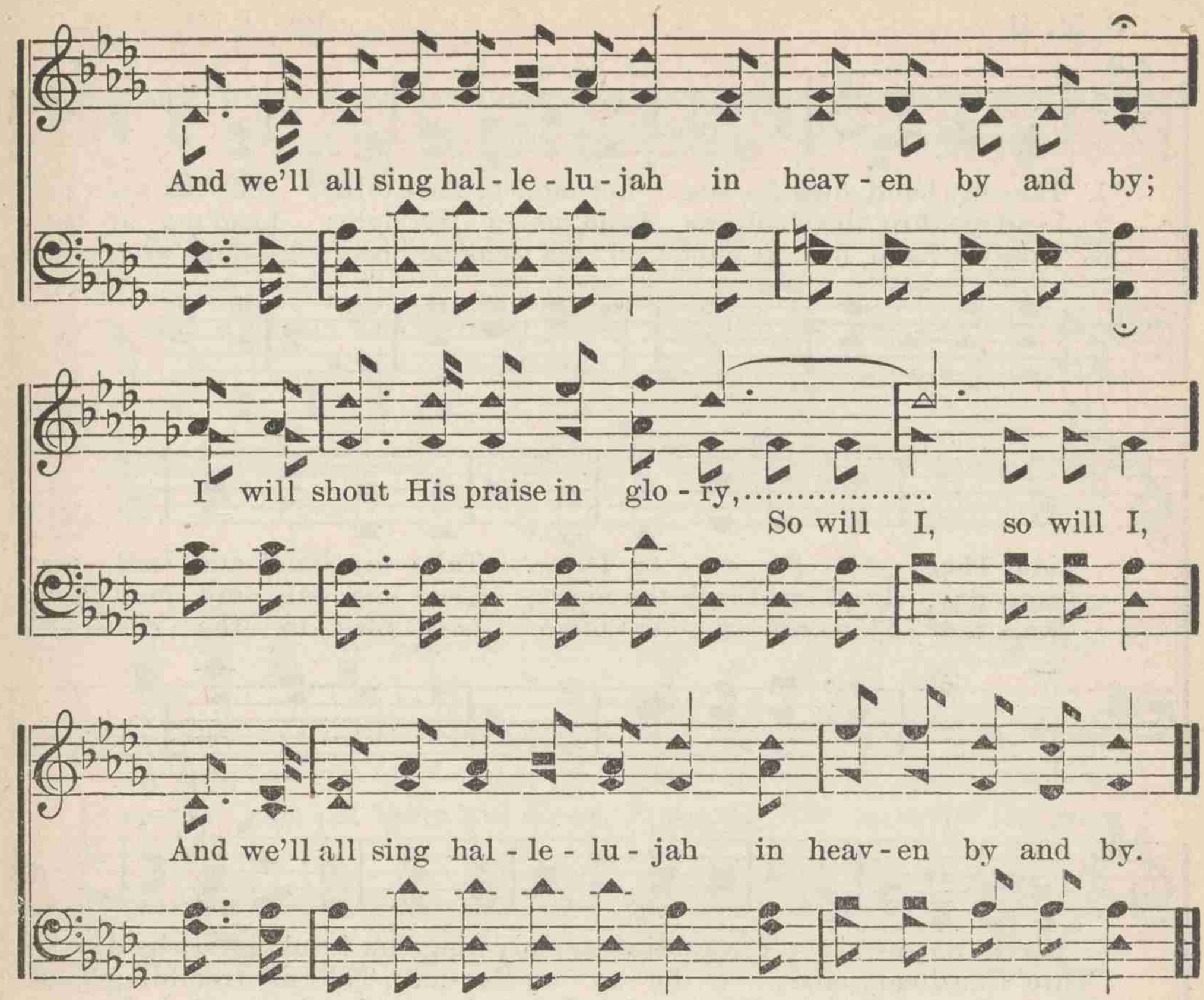
sav'd from fear, He nev-er will forsake; He nev-er will for-sake; I am

walk-ing now with my Lord so dear, He nev-er will for-sake His own.

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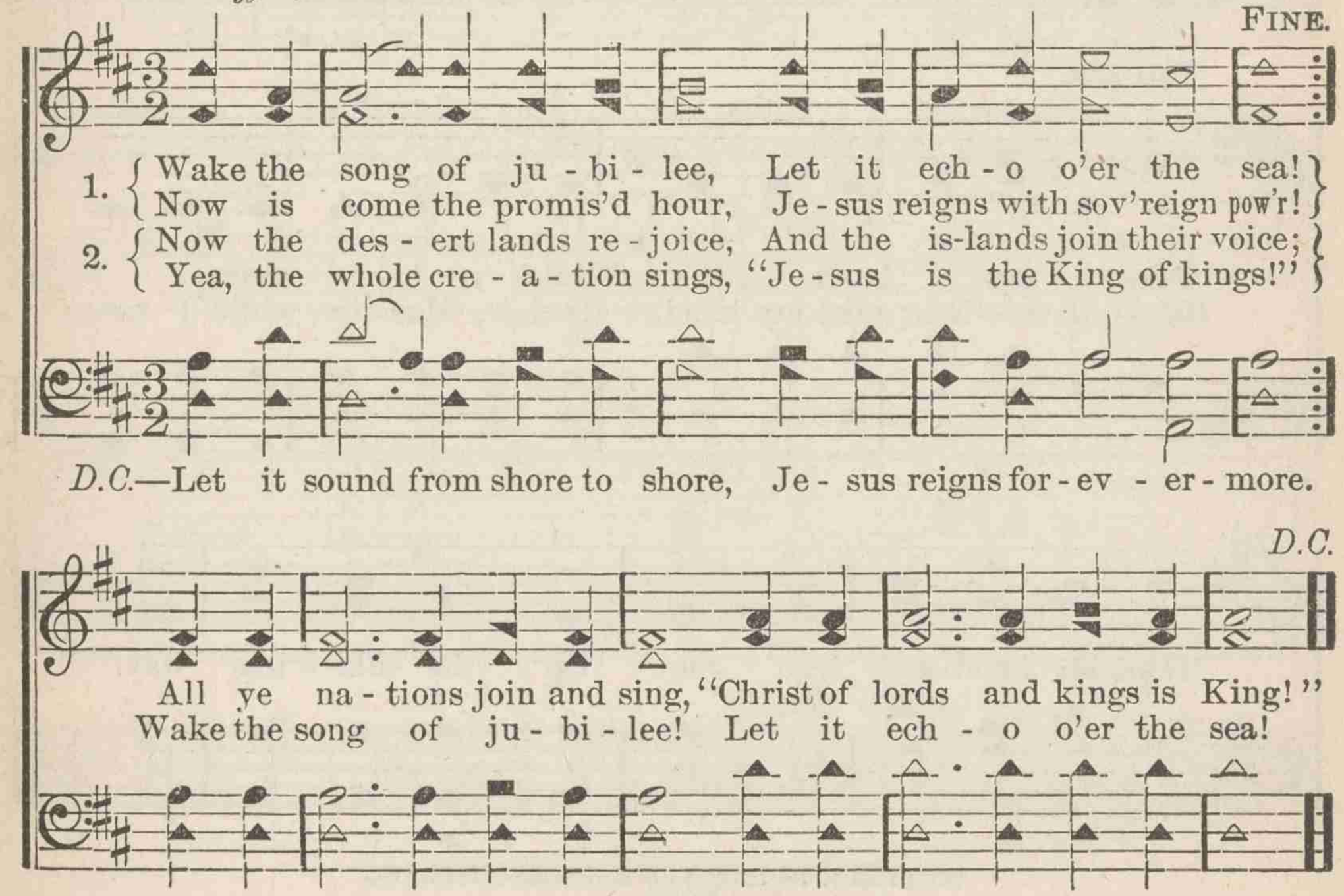
# No. 52. I WILL SHOUT HIS PRAISE IN GLORY.

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




## No. 53. AMBOY.

*Joyful, animated.* DR. LOWELL MASON.



# No. 54. TAKE MY HAND, DEAR JESUS.

C. M. H. Rev. C. M. Hott.

1. Take my hand, dear Je- sus, Let me feel Thee mine; Let me walk be-
2. Lead me thro' the shad-ows, Lead me in the light; Lead me at the
3. Take my hand, dear Je-sus, I am weak and poor; Lead me where life's

side Thee, All for-ev-er Thine. Take my hand and lead me
noon-day, Lead me thro' the night; Lead me all my jour-ney,
wa-ters Flow-eth ev-er-more. Lead me to the cit-y

Up the narrow way; T'ward the heav'nly kingdom Lead me day by day.
Thro' this dreary land; O for-ev-er, Sav-iour, Take my trembling hand.
Where the angels roam; Take my hand, dear Je-sus, Lead me safe-ly home.

CHORUS.

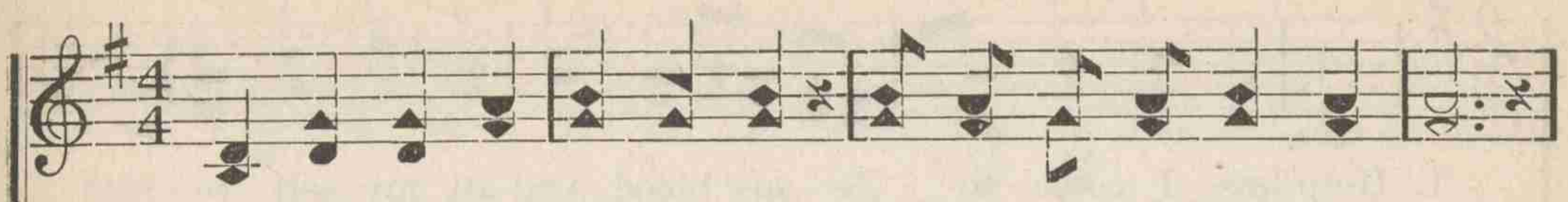
Take my hand While I pray;
Bless-ed Sav-iour, take my hand, Hold it, Mas-ter, while I pray;

Take my hand and lead me Up the shin-ing way.
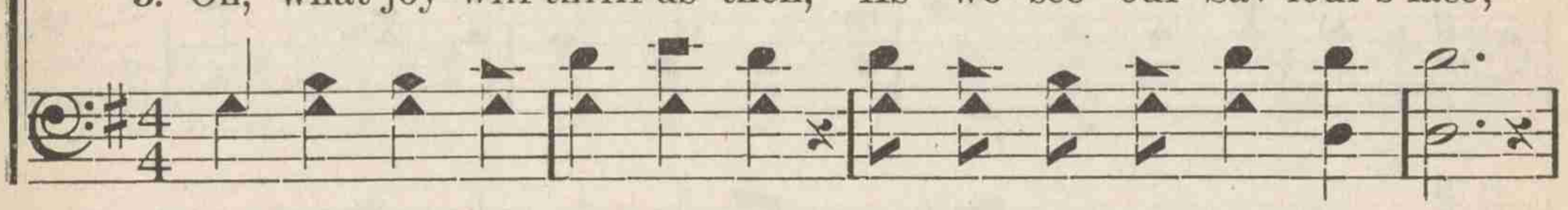
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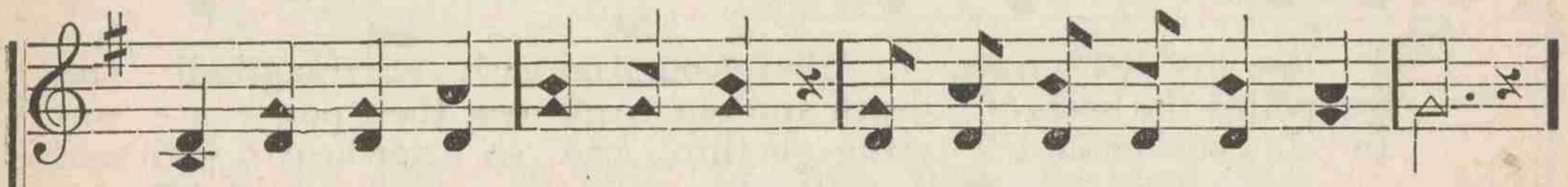
# No. 55. SOON WE'LL WALK THE GOLDEN STREETS.

Rev. CHARLES W. M'CROSSAN. J. H. RUEBUSH.
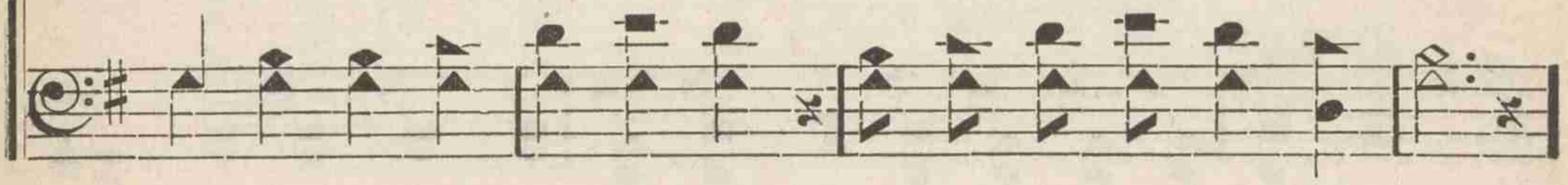


1. Soon we'll reach the pearly gates; Soon we'll walk the gold - en street;
2. Sorrow's tears will be no more, Sick-ness nor dis- ease will come,
3. Oh, what joy will thrill us then, As we see our Sav-iour's face;
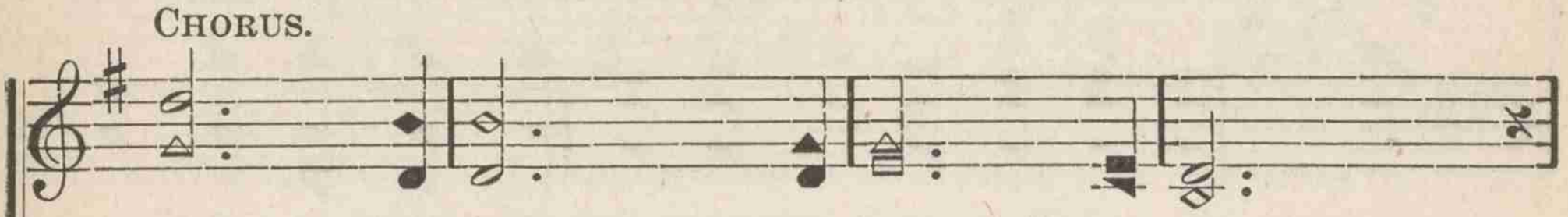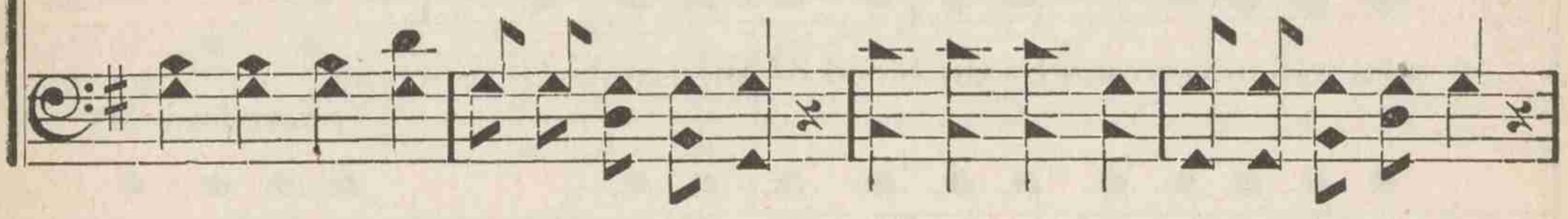




There for us the Sav-iour waits; Soon the dear ones we shall meet.
On that hap - py gold - en shore, Bless - ed and e - ter - nal home.
Sweet-est voic - es there will blend, Prais-ing His re-deem- ing grace.
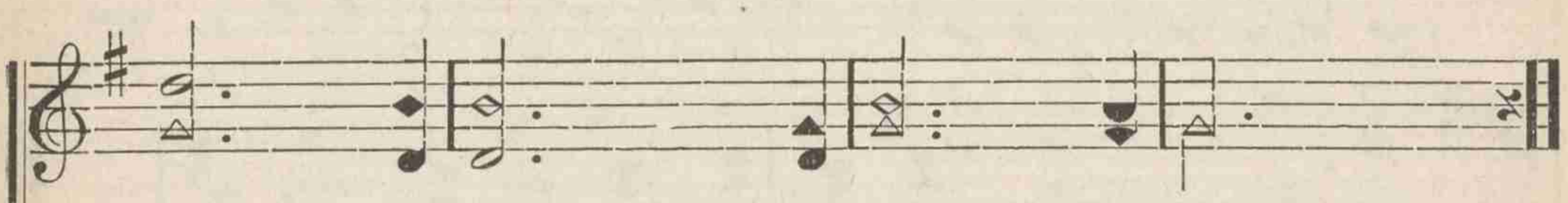


CHORUS.

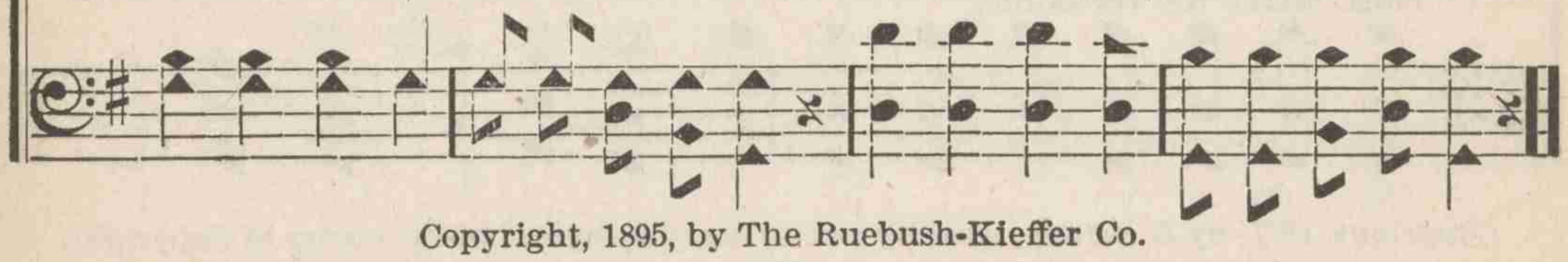


Soon we'll walk the gold - - en streets,
Soon we'll walk, yes, walk the golden streets, Soon we'll walk, yes, walk the golden streets,





Soon the dear ones we shall meet.
Soon the dear ones, dear ones we shall meet, Soon the dear ones, dear ones we shall meet.



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# No. 56. MY SOUL WILL OVERCOME.

R. L. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Help-less I come to Je - sus' blood, And all my-self re - sign;
2. 'Tis Je - sus gives me life with - in, And nerves me for the fray;
3. Tho' clouds of con - flict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong,

I lose my weak-ness in that flood, And gath - er strength di - vine.
He spoiled the hosts of death and sin, And took their pow'r a - way.
In Je - sus' name I'll strug-gle thro', And en - ter heav'n with song.

REFRAIN.

My soul will o - ver-come by the blood of the Lamb, My soul will o-vercome by the blood of the Lamb; O- ver-come, o - ver - O-vercome, My soul will o - ver-come, O - ver- come by the blood of the Lamb.

Copyright, 1877, by R. Lowry, used by per. of Mary Runyon Lowry, owner of Copyright.

## No. 57. JUST BEYOND.

C. H. H. C. H. HAILEY.

1. Just be-yond the care and strife, Just be-yond, just be-yond,
2. Just be-yond this wea - ry way, Just be-yond, just be-yond,
3. Just be-yond, tho' seem-ing far, Just be-yond, just be-yond,

Rise the gold - en hills of life, Just be-yond, just be-yond;
Ris - eth one un-cloud - ed day, Just be-yond, just be-yond;
Tho' our tri - als heav - y are, Just be-yond, just be-yond,

Pain and sigh - ing soon will cease, Wel-come we the sweet re-lease,
Wea - ry souls by care oppressed, Soon you'll en - ter in - to rest,
Ma - ny man - sions wait-ing stand; Wait-ing now the sil - ver strand;

Wel - come we the dawn of peace, Just be-yond, just be-yond.
Swell the ar - my of the blest, Just be-yond, just be-yond.
Soon we'll reach the bet - ter land, Just be-yond, just be-yond.

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# No. 58. AT THE CROSS OF MY LORD.

P. B. W. P. B. WARD.

1. Bless - ed Lord, I come to Thee, Full of sin and mis - er - y,
2. I have turned a - way from sin, And I long to en - ter in,
3. Sav - iour, do not say me nay, For I can - not go a - way

And I come to claim the prom - ise of Thy word; (of Thy word;)
To the full - ness of the joy Thy grace af - fords; (grace affords;)
Till from Thy dear lips I hear the pre - cious word, (precious word,)

:S:

And I'll nev - er leave Thy side, Till my wants are all supplied, I am
And to Thy dear cross I'll cleave, Till the bless - ing I receive, I am
That shall take a - way my sin, And shall make me pure within, I am

FINE. CHORUS.

kneeling at the cross of my Lord. Kneeling at the cross of my
at the
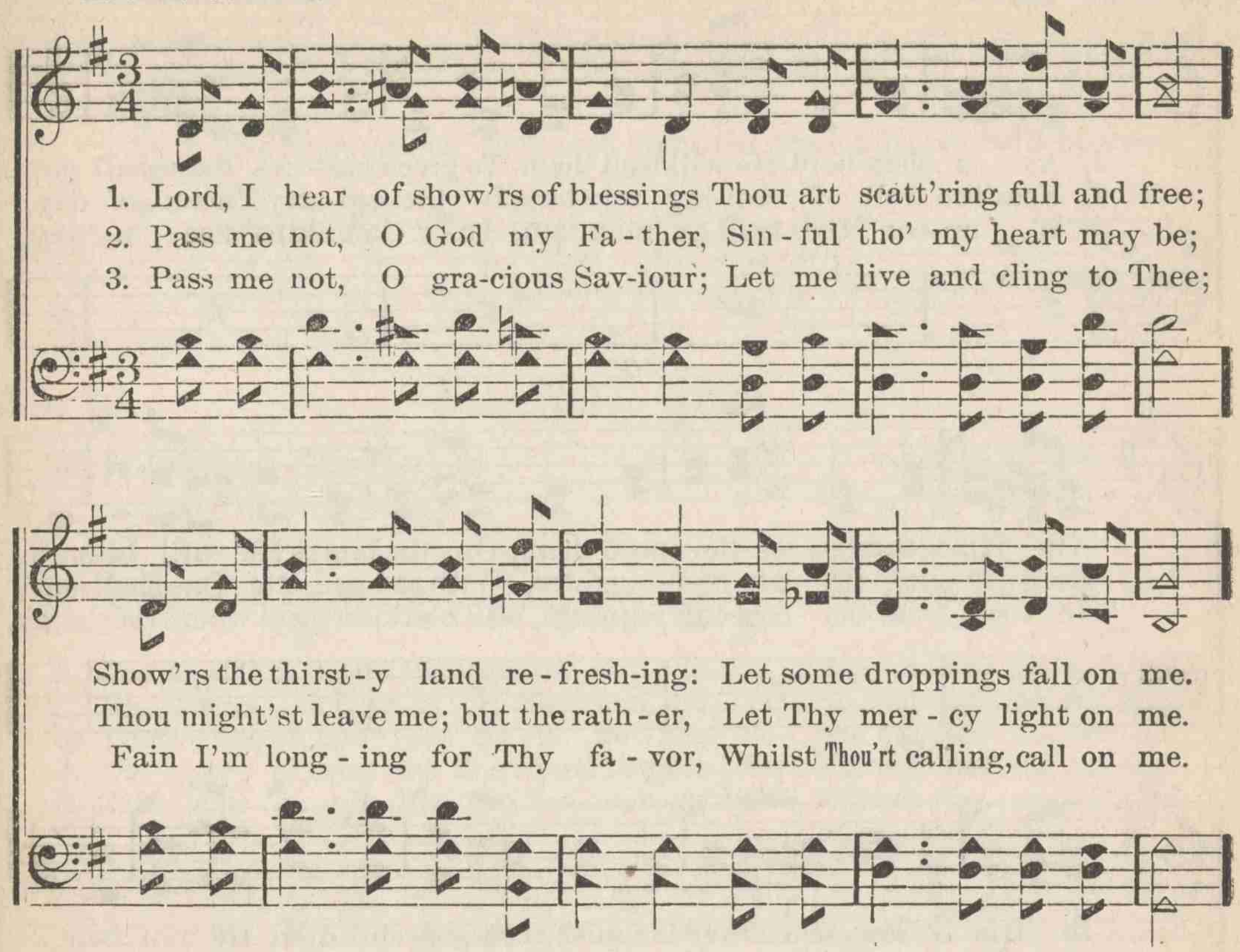
D.S.

Lord, ..... Kneeling at the cross of my Lord;
cross of my Lord, at the cross of my Lord;
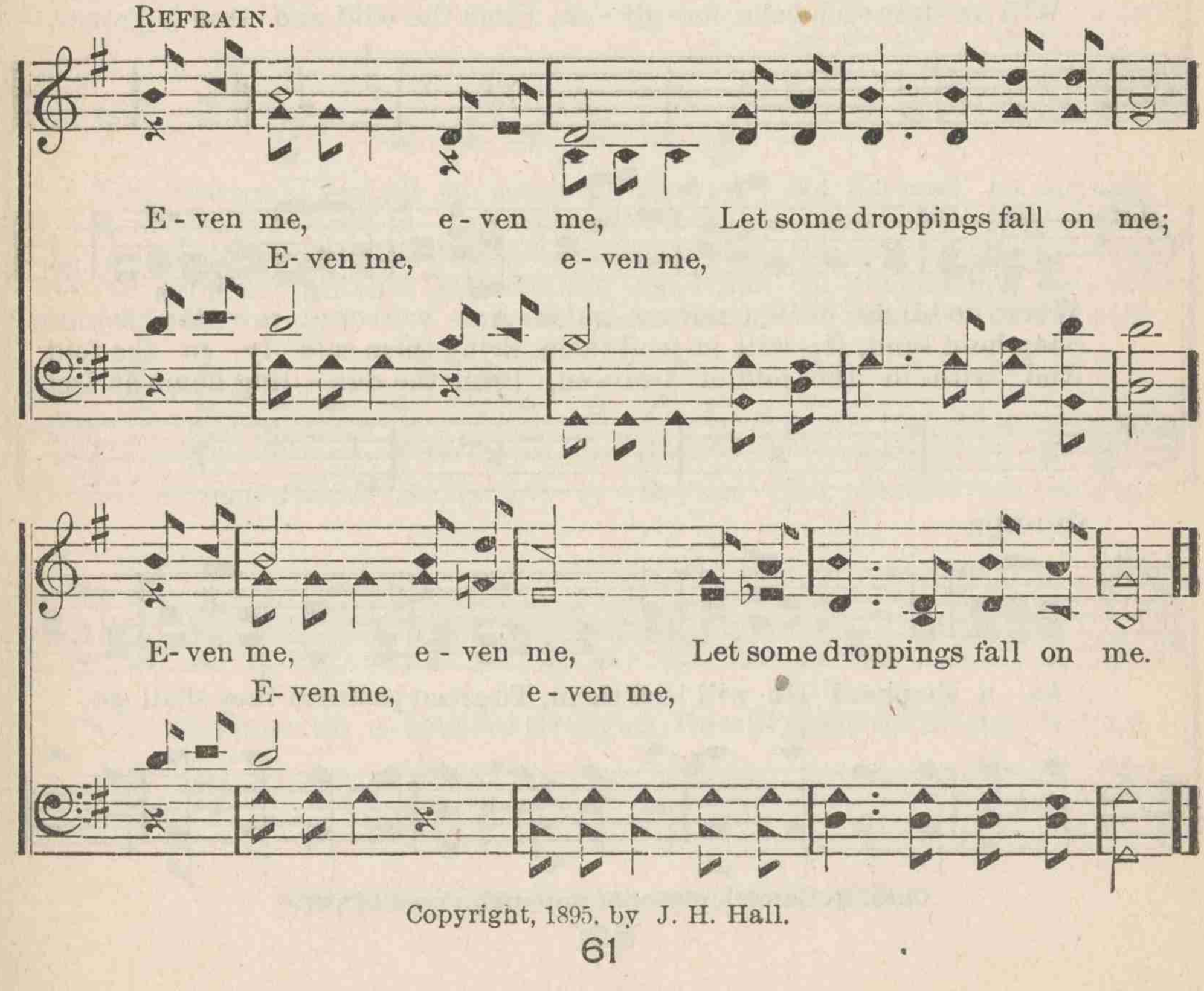
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# No. 59. EVEN ME.

Mrs. E. Codner. J. H. Hall.




Refrain.




Copyright, 1895, by J. H. Hall.

# No. 60. AS A SHEPHERD.

ROBT. MORRIS, L. L. D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. As a shep-herd He will lead them, To green pastures they shall go;
2. Near the well of cool-ing wa-ter, In the sul-try noon of day,
3. If up-on the crag-gy mountain, An-y lambkins flee a-way,

All His blessings, as they need them, On the lambs He will be-stow.
Ev-'ry lit-tle son and daughter, With the gen-tle One shall stay.
Je-sus, from the cool-ing fountain, Will o'ertake them where they stray,

In His bo-som, when they languish, Precious chil-dren He will take,
Shepherd strong He will de-fend them, Tho' the wolf be fierce and bold;
Will re-store each babe, for-giv-en, From the wild and ston-y waste,
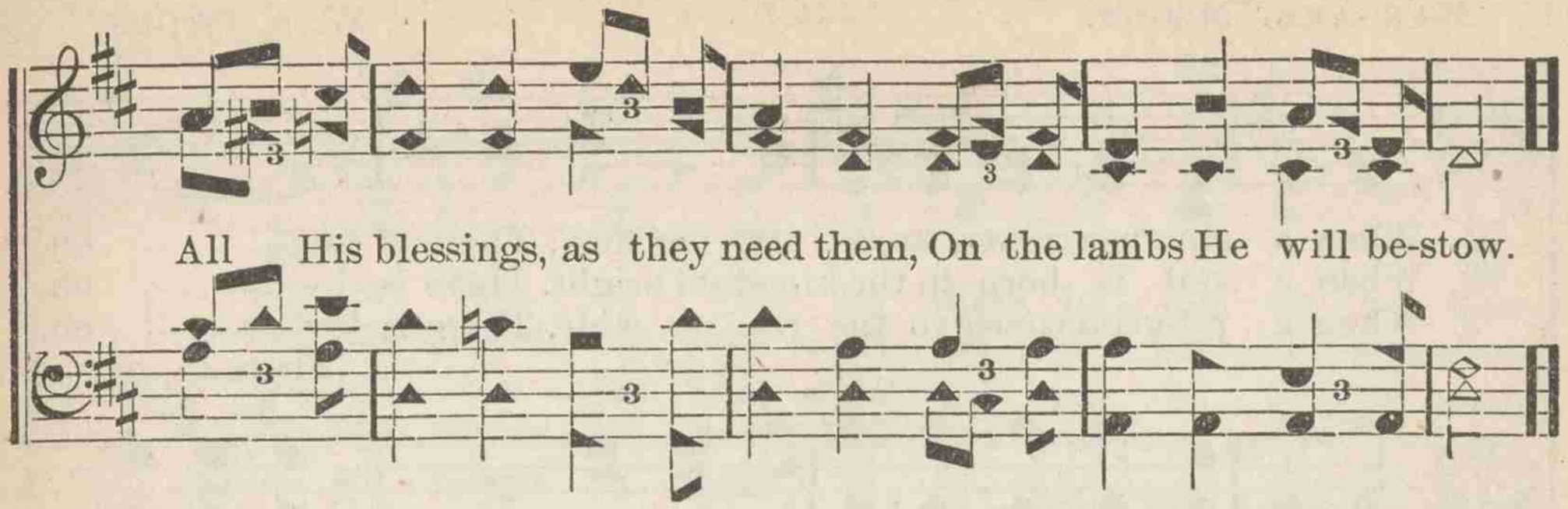
Where no blight, nor sin, nor an-guish An-y sor-row can a-wake.
Shep-herd kind, He will at-tend them, Bring them safe-ly to the fold.
And with-in the fold of heav-en, Bring the dar-ling home at last.

CHORUS.

As a shepherd He will lead them, To green pastures they shall go;

Chas. H. Gabriel, owner of Copyright, used by per.
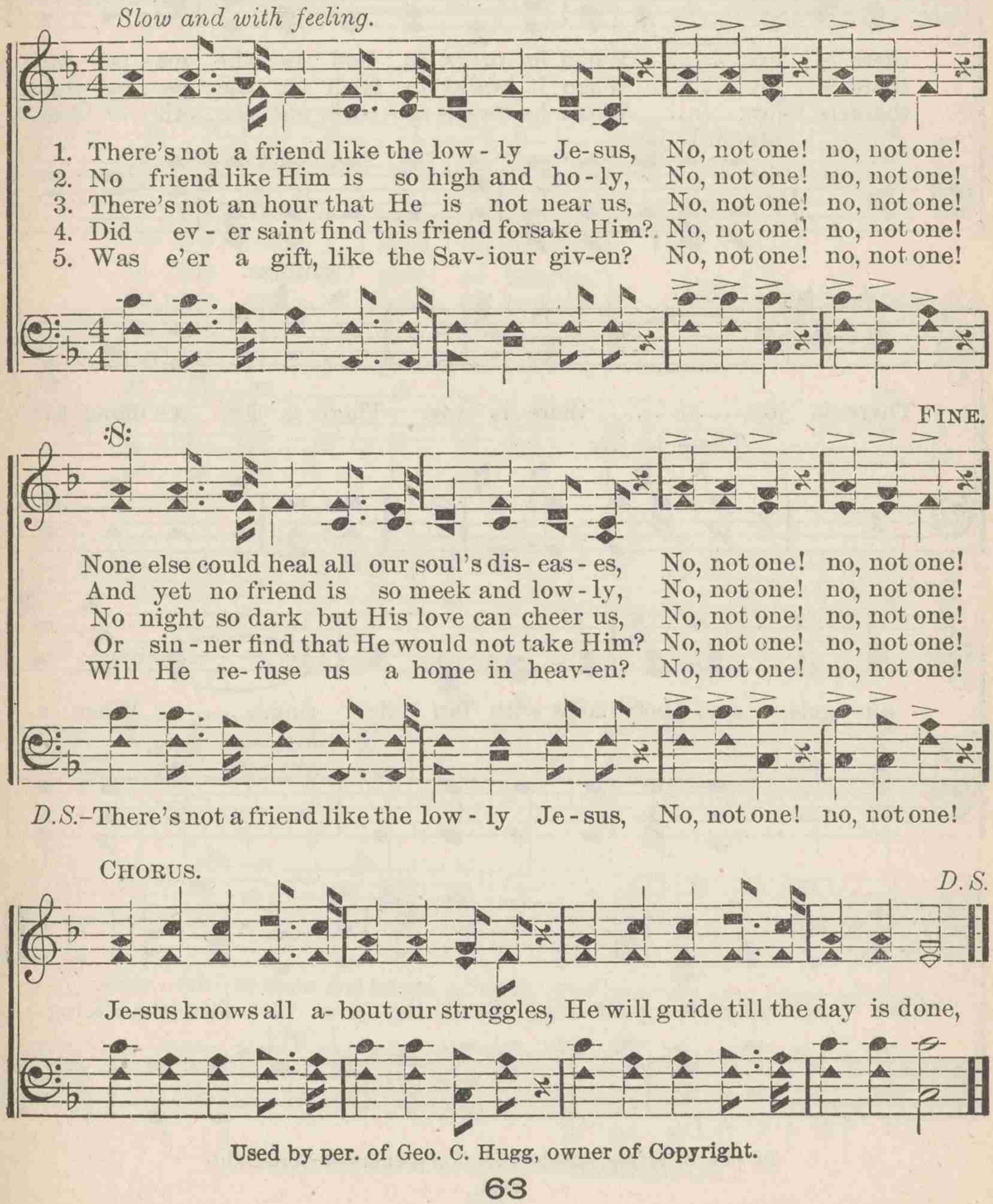
## As a Shepherd.—Concluded.




## No. 61. NO, NOT ONE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.

*Slow and with feeling.*




CHORUS.




Used by per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of Copyright.

# No. 62. THERE IS JOY.

MARGARET MOODY. LUKE 15 : 10. W. A. OGDEN.

1. When a sin - ner comes, as a sin - ner may, There is joy,..... oh,
2. When a soul is born in the kingdom bright, There is joy,..... oh,
3. When a pil-grim comes to the riv - er wide, There is joy,..... oh,

There is joy,

there is joy;..... When he turns to God in the gos - pel way,
there is joy;..... When it walks by faith in the gos - pel light,
there is joy;..... When he dwells se - cure on the oth - er side,

there is joy,

CHORUS.

There is joy,..... there is joy. There is joy a - mong the

There is joy,

an - gels, And their harps with mu - sic ring,..... When a

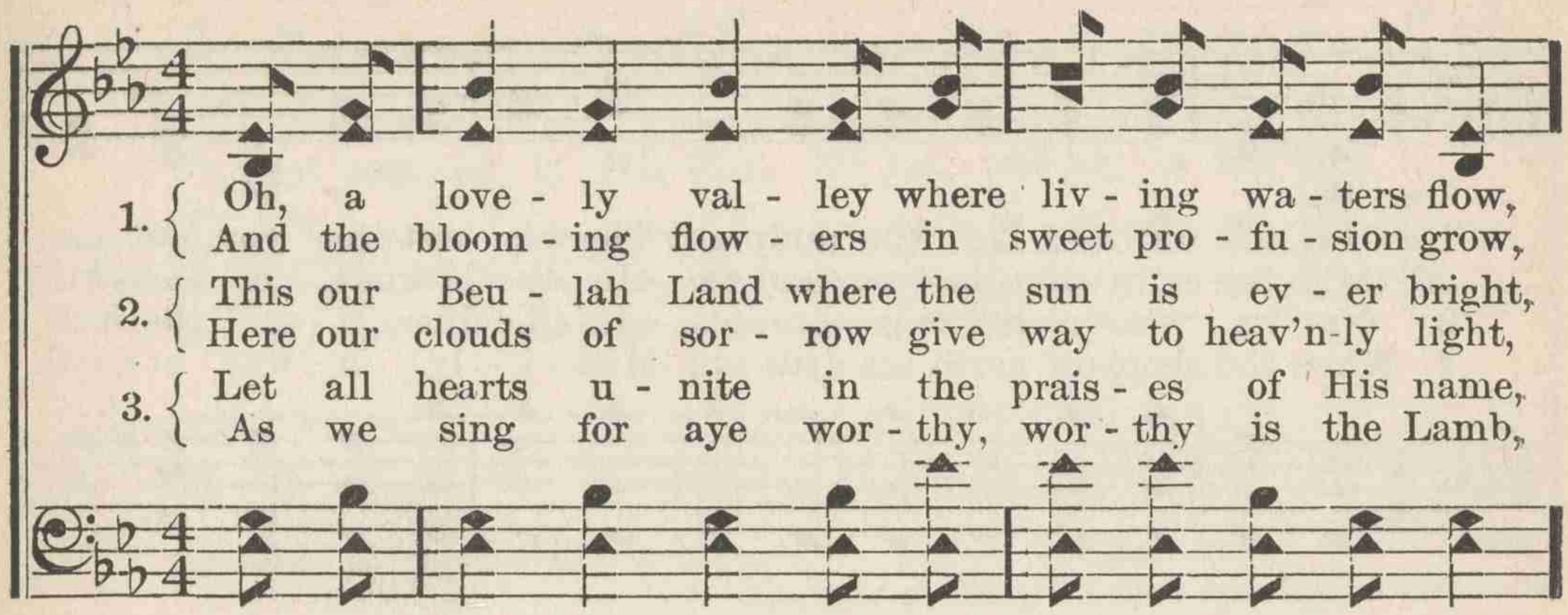
mu - sic ring,

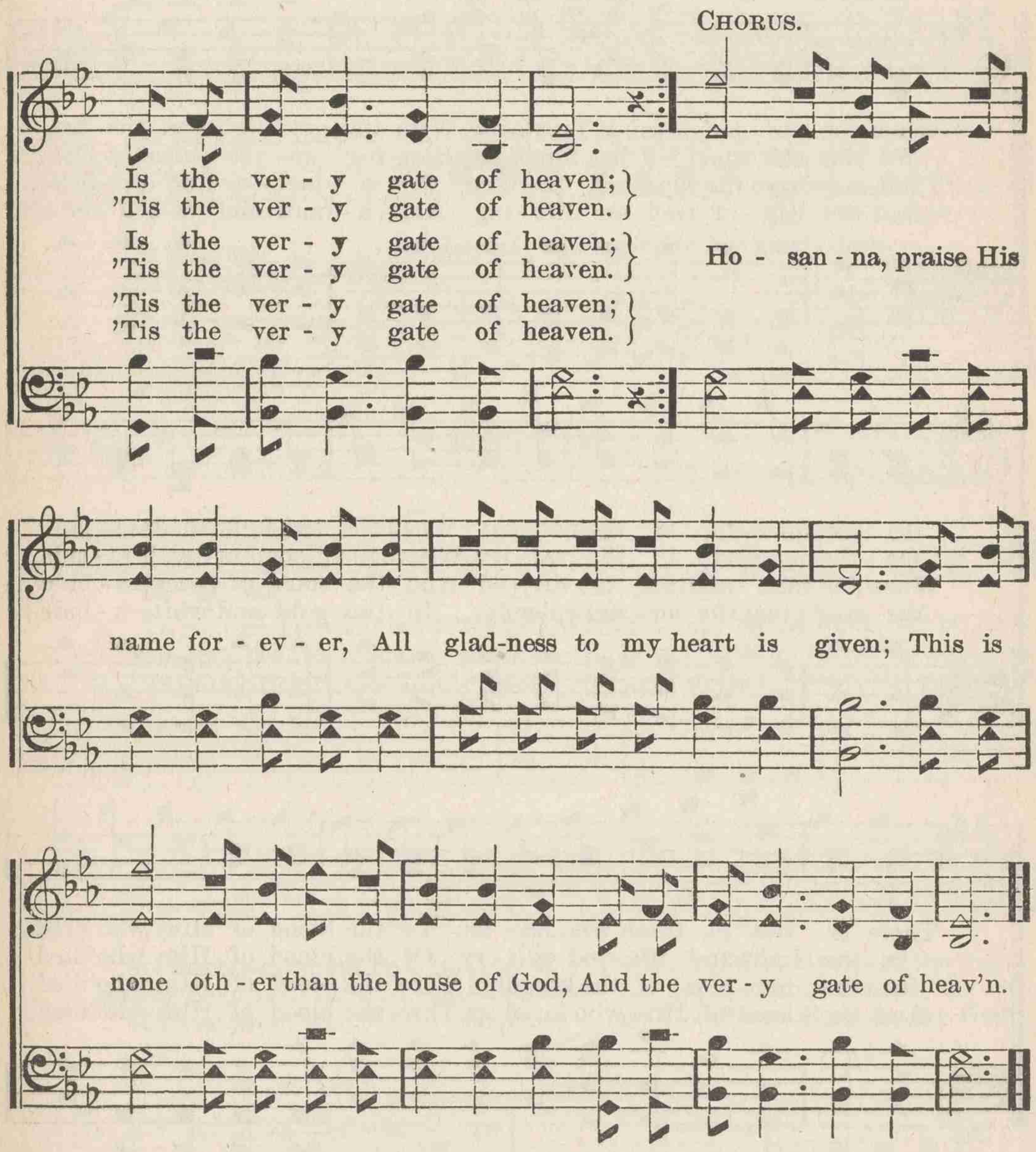
sin - ner comes re - pent - ing, Bend - ing low be - fore the King.

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# No. 63. THE VERY GATE OF HEAVEN.

G. P. H. Rev. G. P. HOTT.

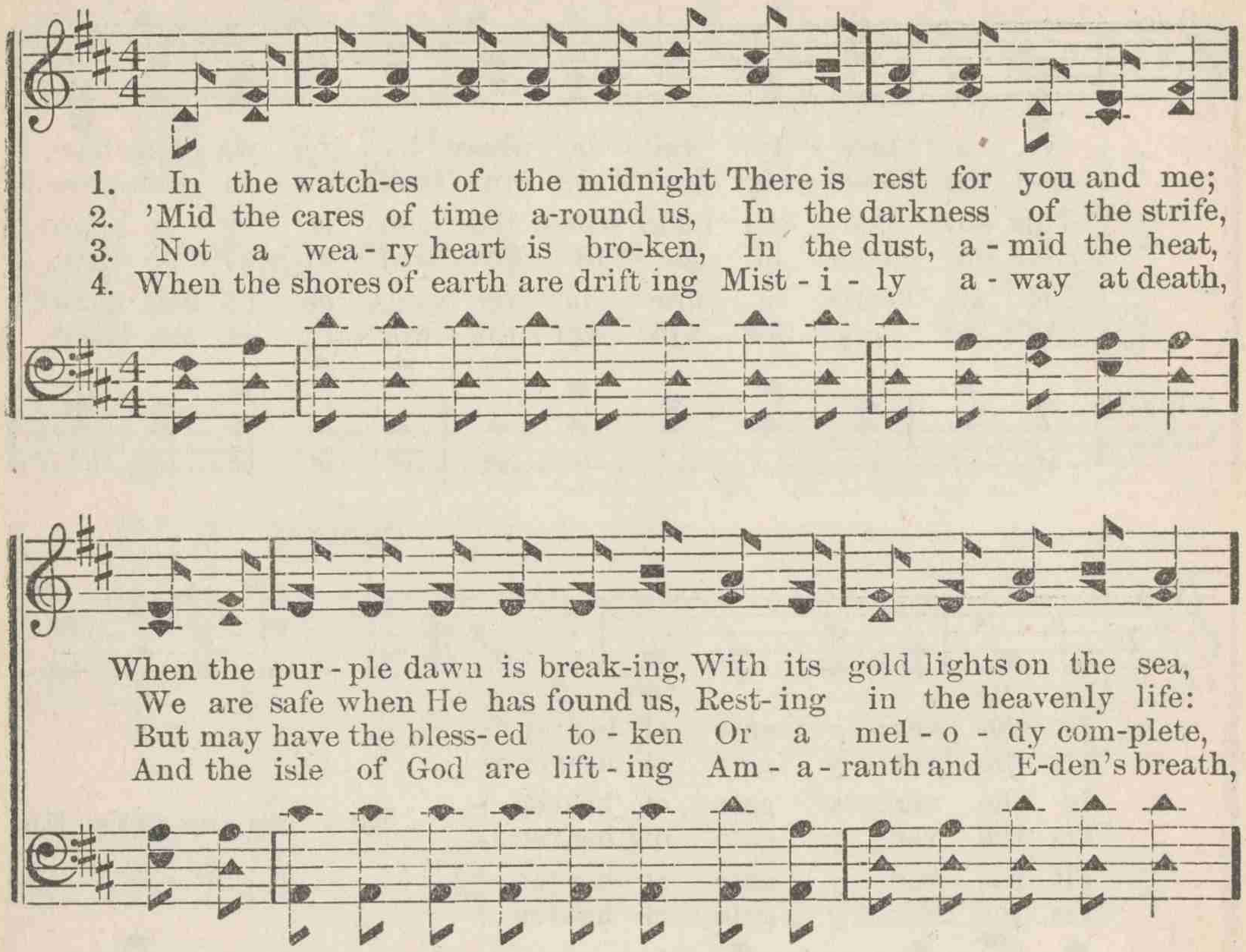



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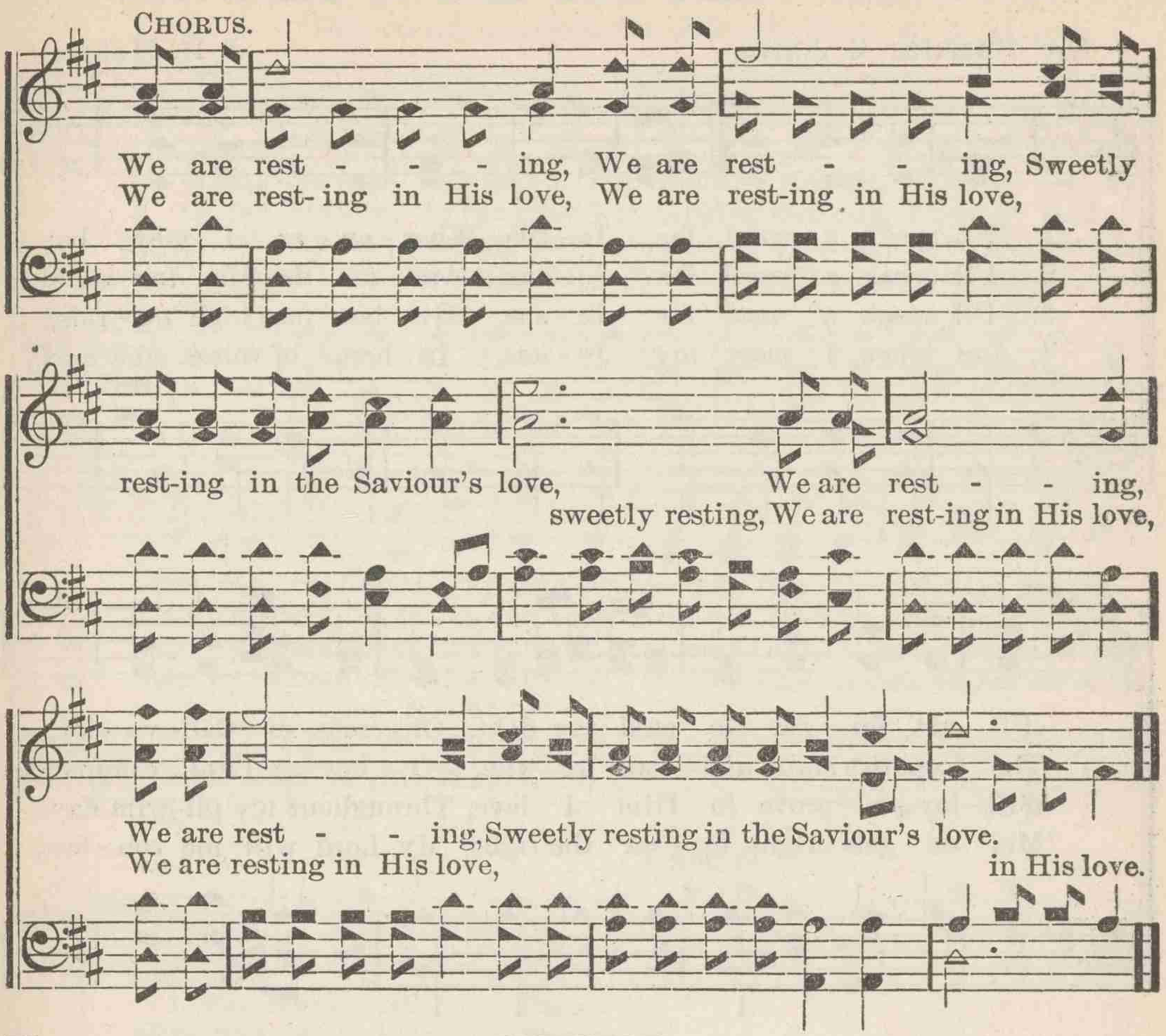
# No. 64. THE BLOOD OF HIM WHO DIED.

Rev. W. L. CHILDRESS. J. H. RUEBUSH.



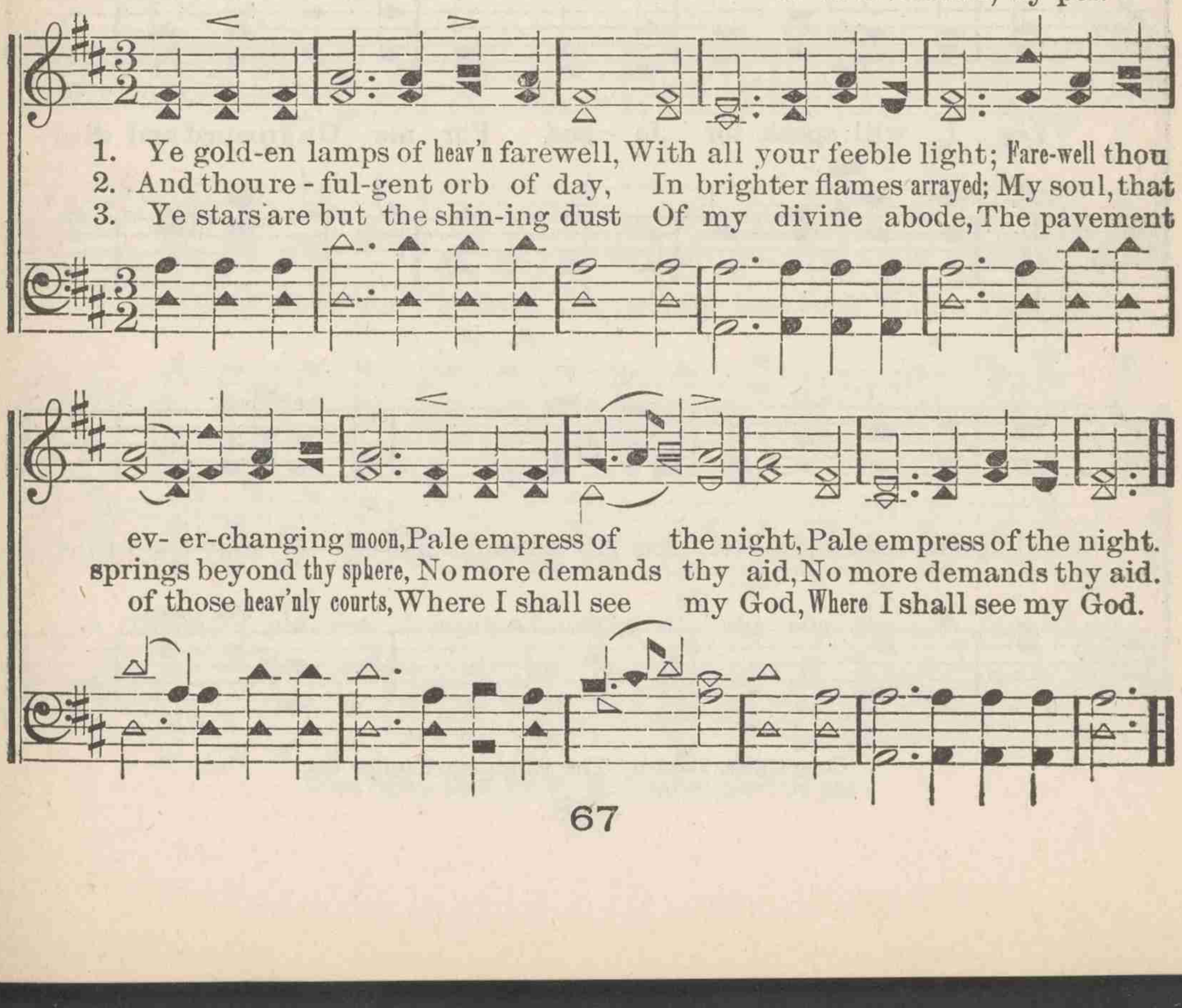

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# The Blood of Him Who Died.—Concluded.



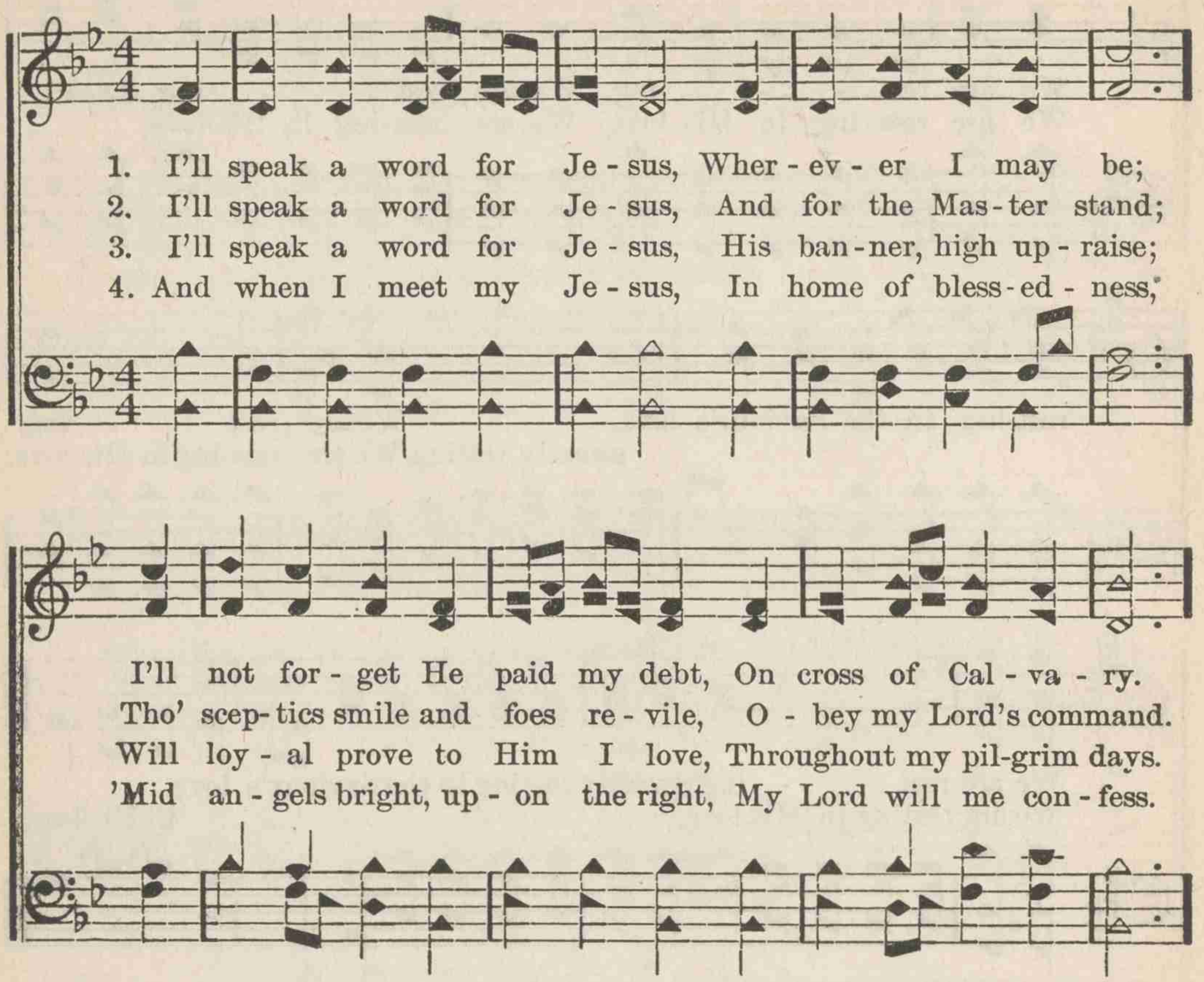

## No. 65. MATTIE.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.



# No. 66. I'LL SPEAK A WORD FOR JESUS.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. HALL.




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# No. 67. AT THE ALTAR KNEELING.

*"Then will I go unto the altar of God."*—Ps. 43 : 4. **W. H. DOANE.**

* * *

1. O my Saviour, humbly I am coming, coming, Wea-ry as a
2. O my Saviour, to the cross I'm clinging, clinging, There by faith I
3. In - to rap-ture now my soul is breaking, breaking, Love has kindled
4. O! there's joy where angel harps are ringing, ringing, Joy among their

heart can be; Where Thy precious blood for me is flowing, flowing,
hear Thee say, Who - so - ev - er trust-eth in Thy promise, promise,
to a flame; Thou hast saved me, blessed Lord, I know it, know it,
hap-py throng; At the al - tar, Je-sus, Thou hast saved me, saved me,

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all to Thee.
Thou wilt nev-er turn a - way.
Glo - ry, glo - ry to Thy name.
Thou hast fill'd my heart with song.

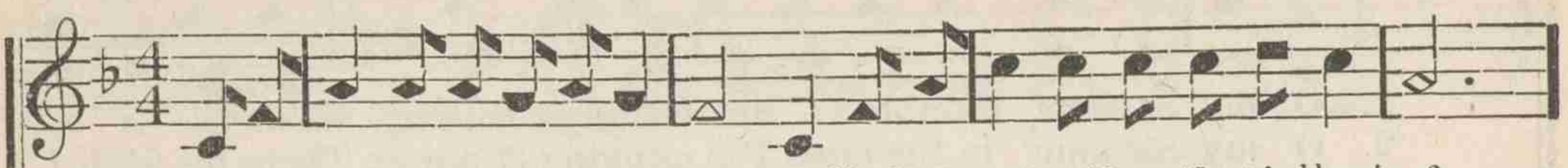
At the al - tar, humbly I am kneeling, kneeling, Pleading Thy redemp-tion free; Where Thy precious blood for me is flowing, flowing, I sur-ren-der all to Thee.

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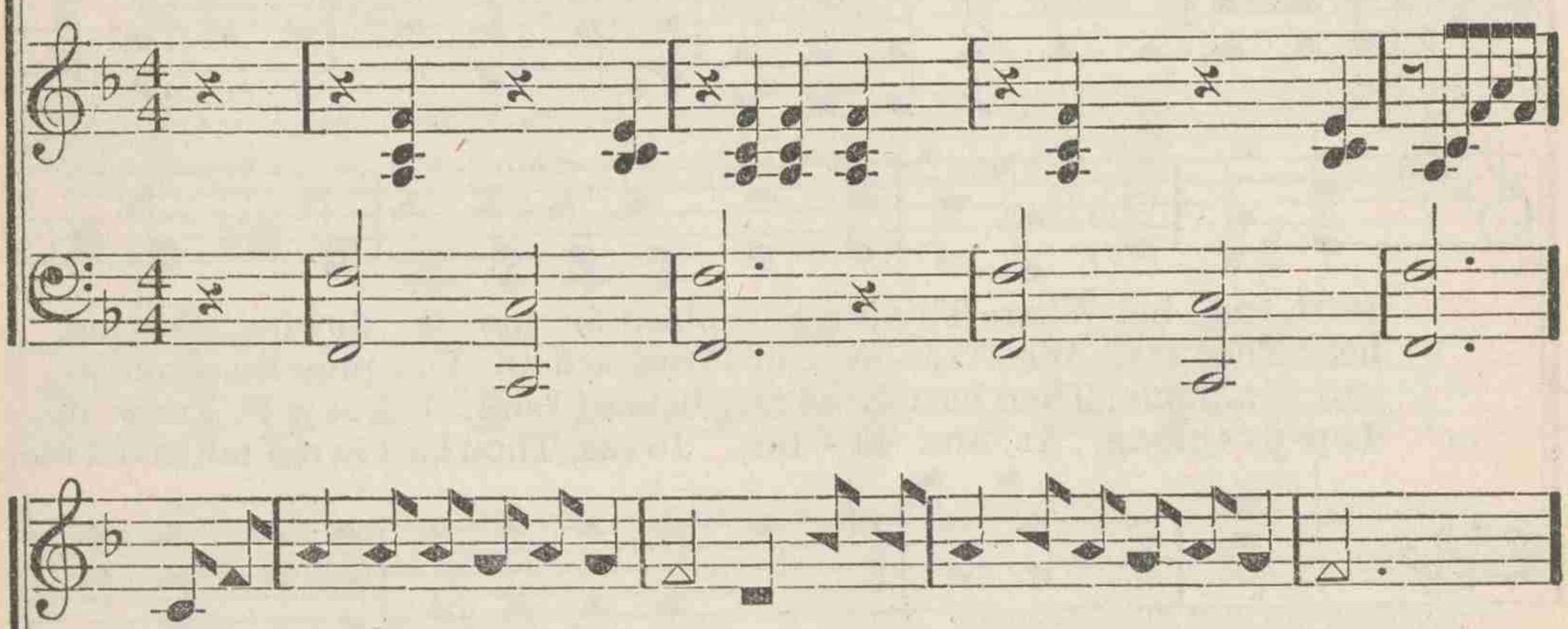
# No. 68. THE ROSE OF SHARON.*

Affectionately inscribed to Mrs. PALMER.
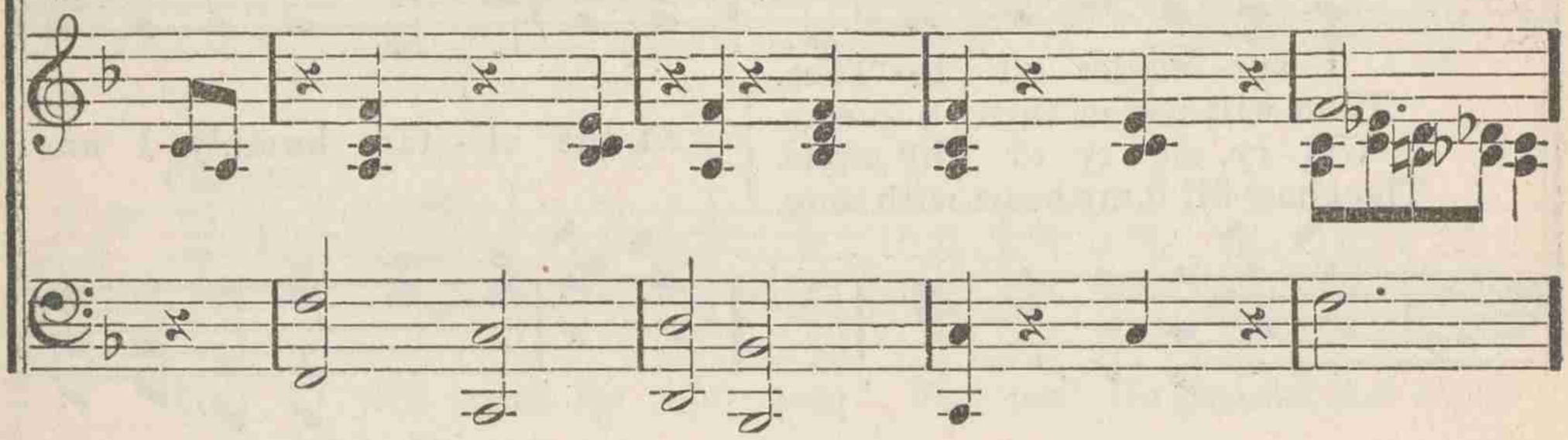
Words and Music by Dr. H. R. PALMER.
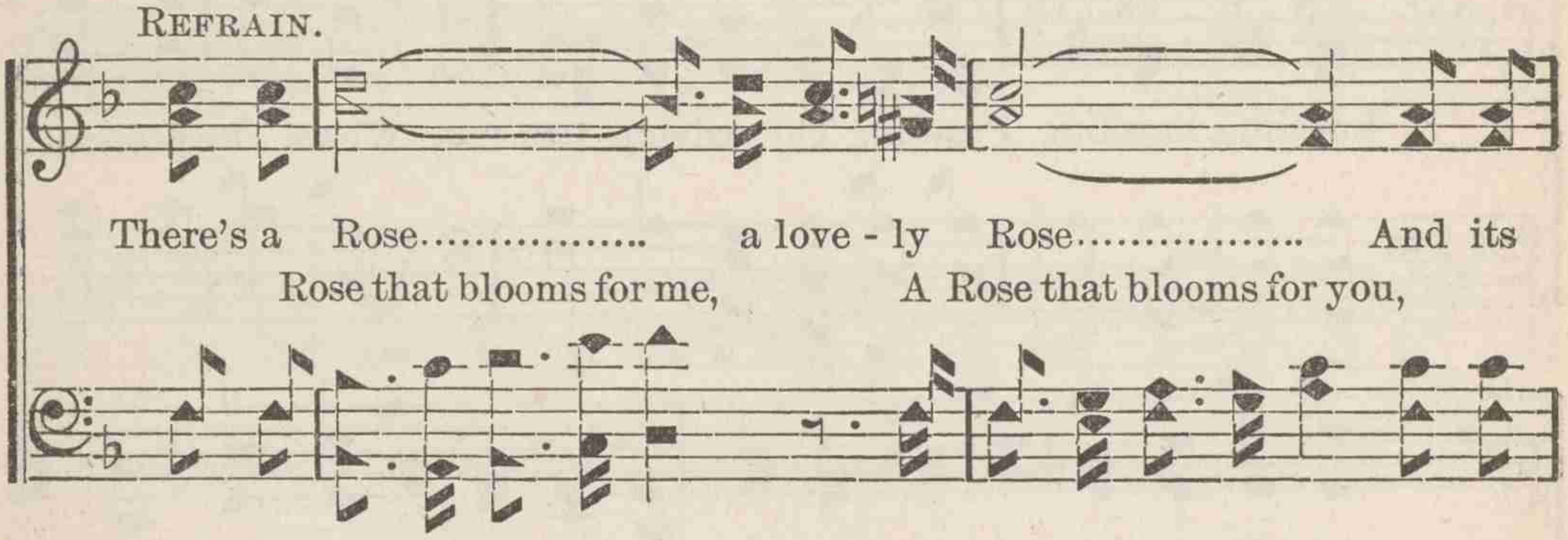


1. There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend, There's a Rose that is blooming for me;
2. Long a - go in the valley so fair, friend, Far away by the beautiful sea,
3. All in vain did they crush this fair flow'r, friend, All in vain did they shatter the tree,



Its perfume is pervading the world, friend, Its perfume is for you and for me.
This pure Rose in its beauty first bloom'd, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.
For its roots, deeply bedded, sprang forth, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.



REFRAIN.
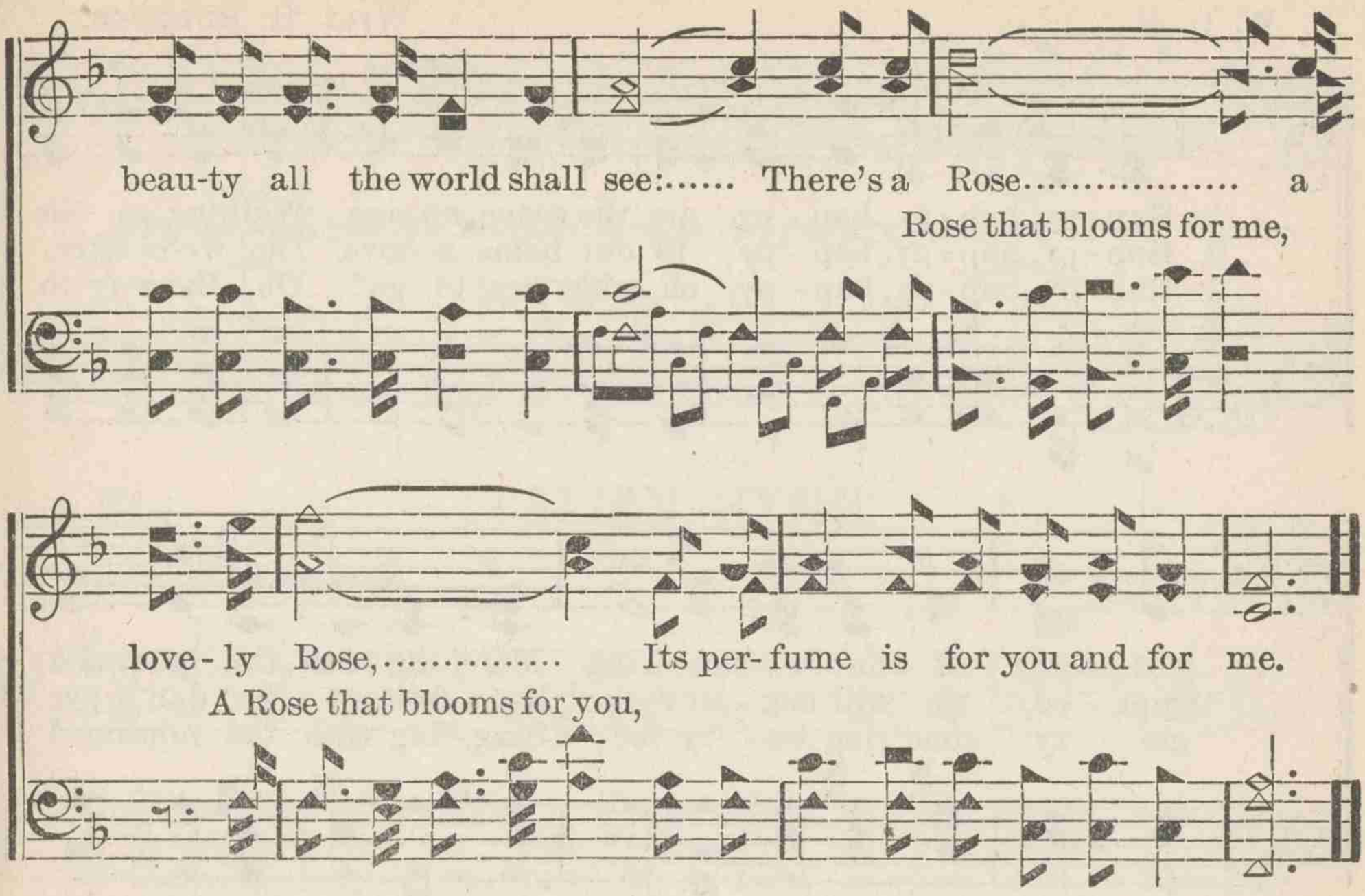


There's a Rose..... a love - ly Rose..... And its
Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you,

Of the many names given to our Saviour, the Rose of Sharon is the most beautiful. This little hymn was written on the shores of the Mediterranean, amid the fragrance of ever-blooming roses, and beneath the matchless beauty of Italian skies. Thoughts of the Holy Land on the farther shore, and of the purity and loveliness of the life of our Saviour mingled unconsciously with the surrounding beauty, and took form in this little poem and melody.

By per. Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of Copyright.

## The Rose of Sharon.—Concluded.
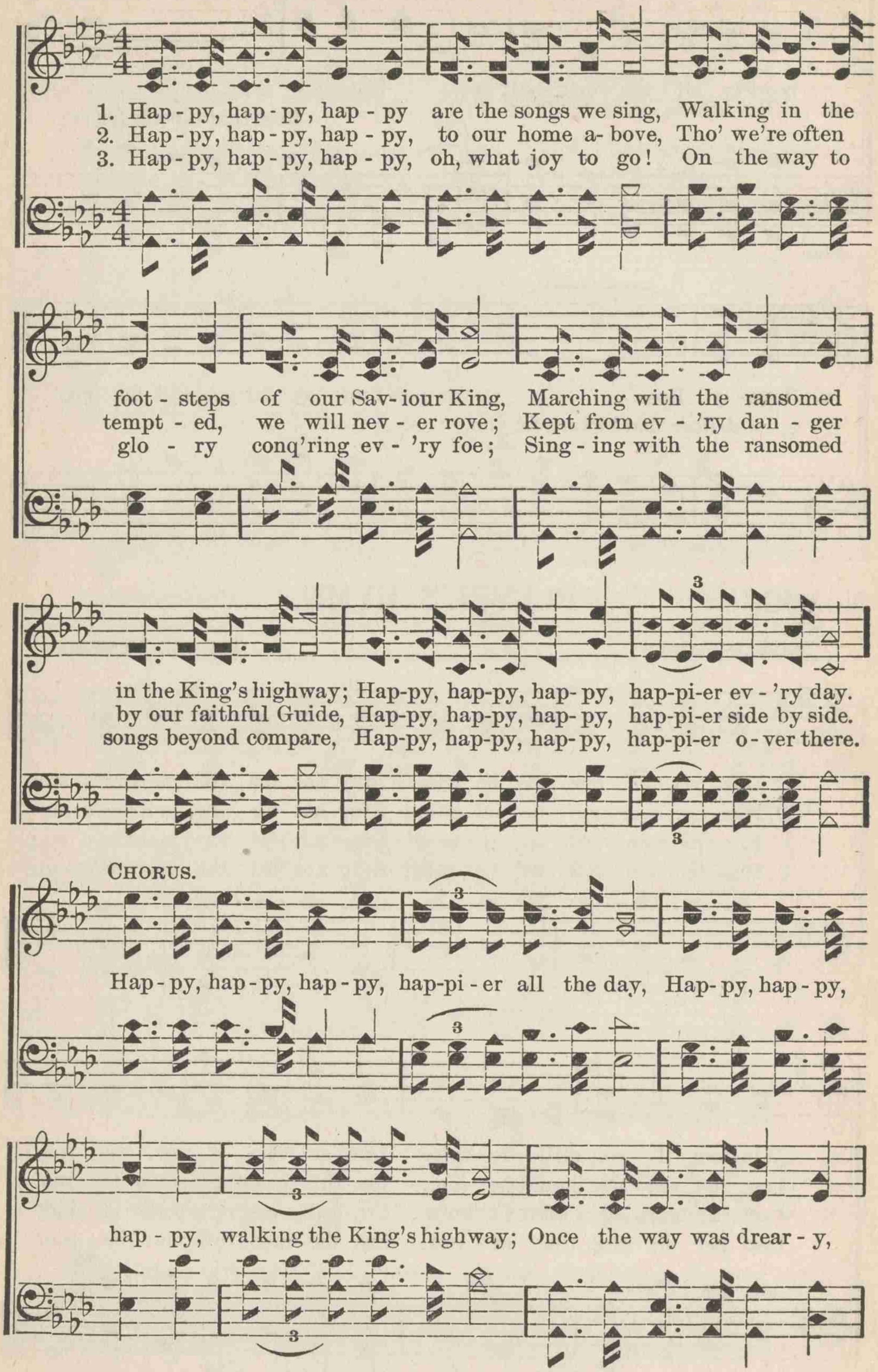



## No. 69. PLEYEL'S HYMN.

THOMAS SCOTT. IGNACE PLEYEL.
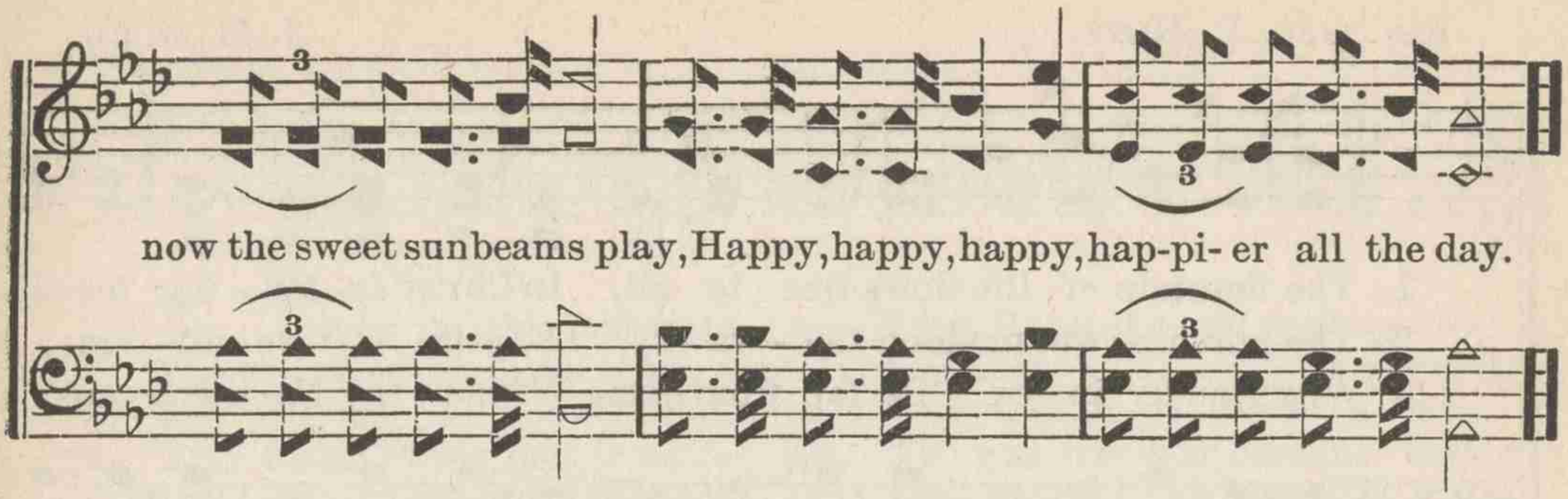
# No. 70. HAPPY ALL THE WAY.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.



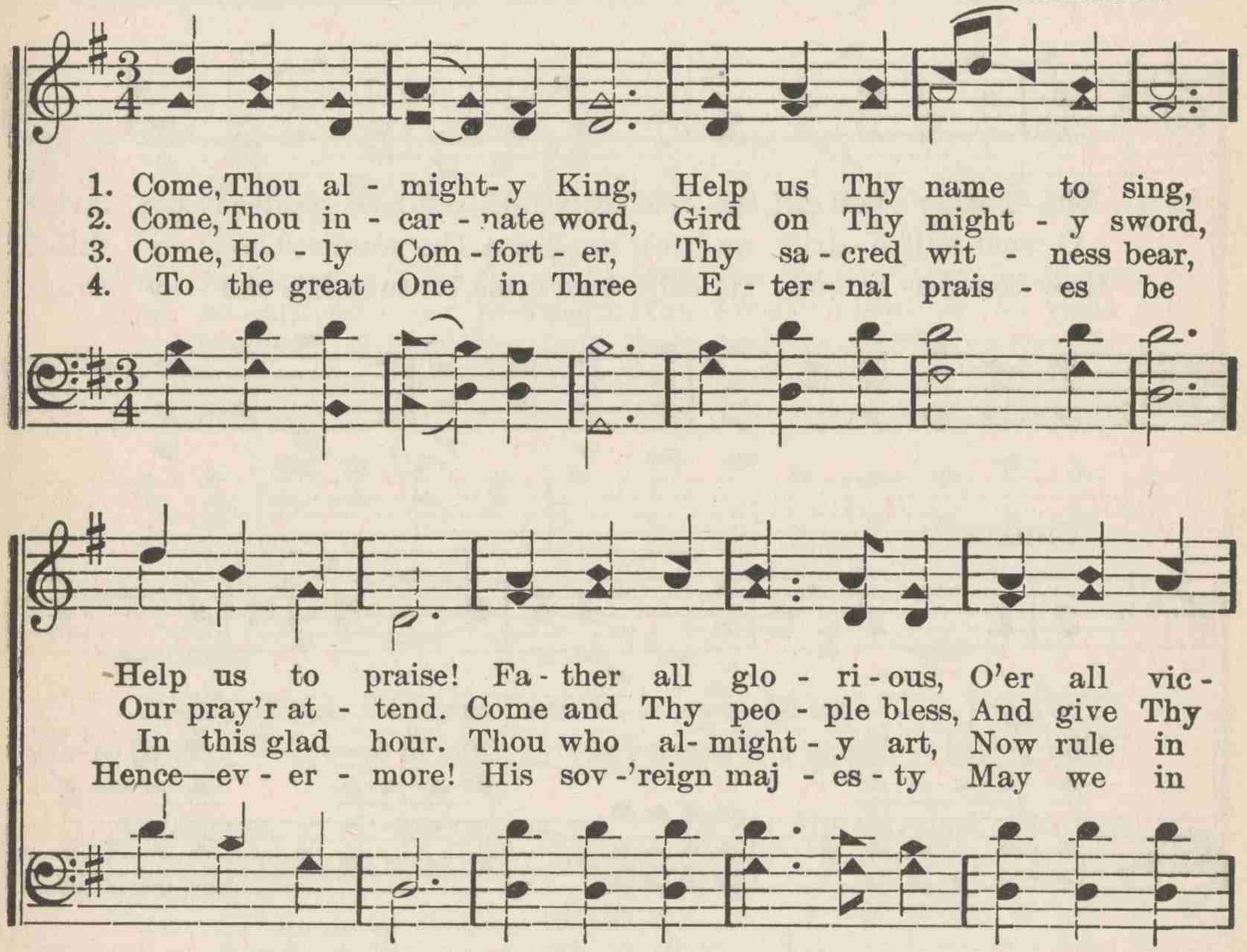

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## Happy All the Way.—Concluded.
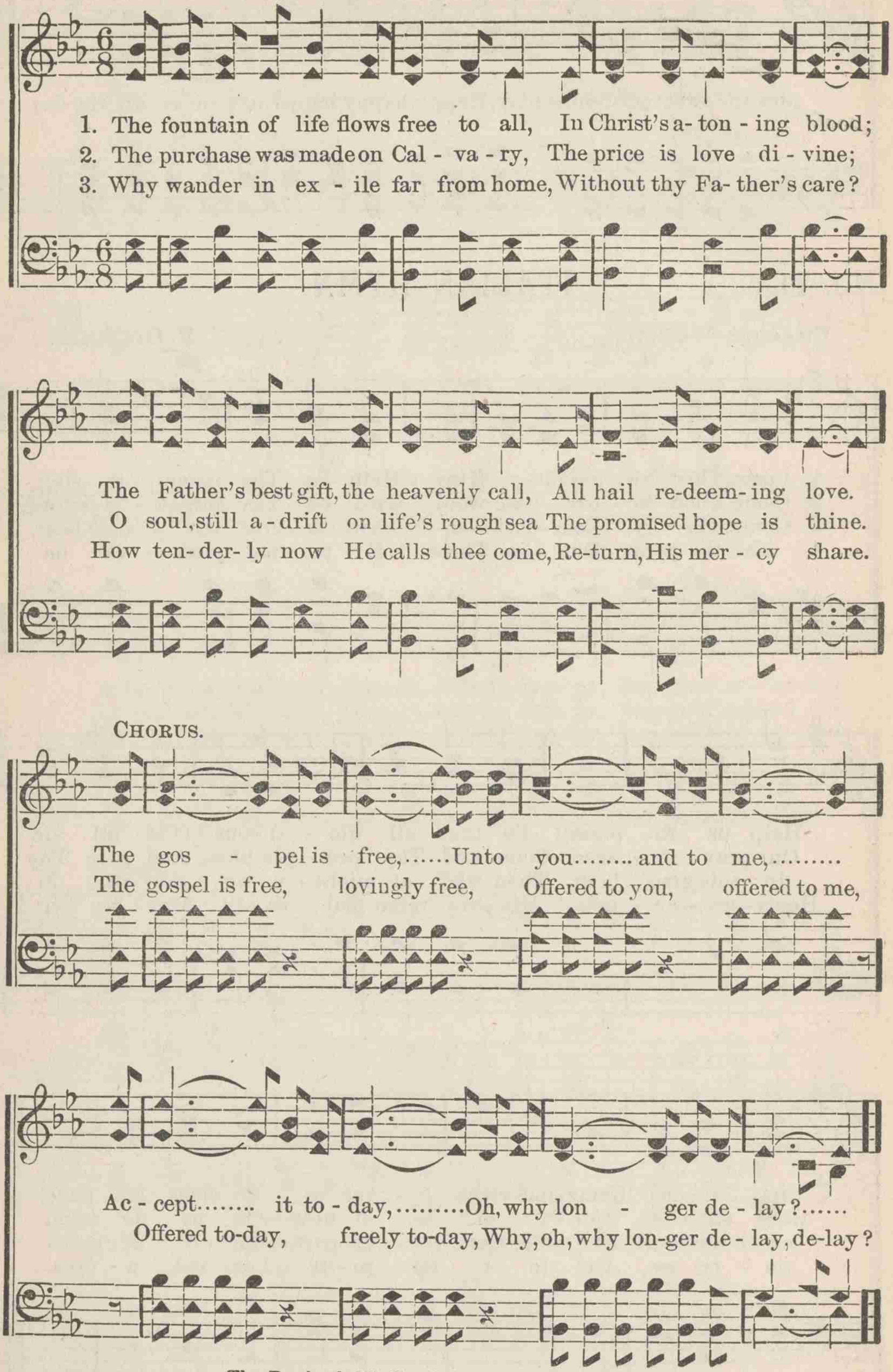



## No. 71. ITALIAN HYMN.

CHARLES WESLEY. F. GIARDINI.



# No. 72. THE GOSPEL IS FREE.
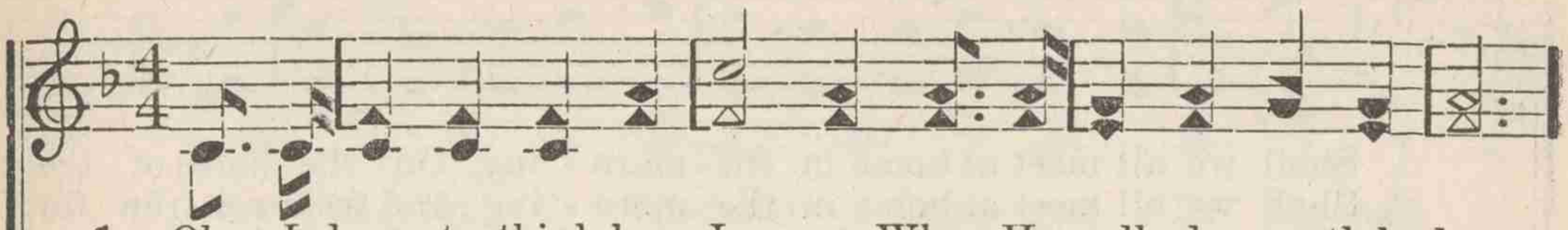
Rev. Geo. P. Hott. J. M. Good.
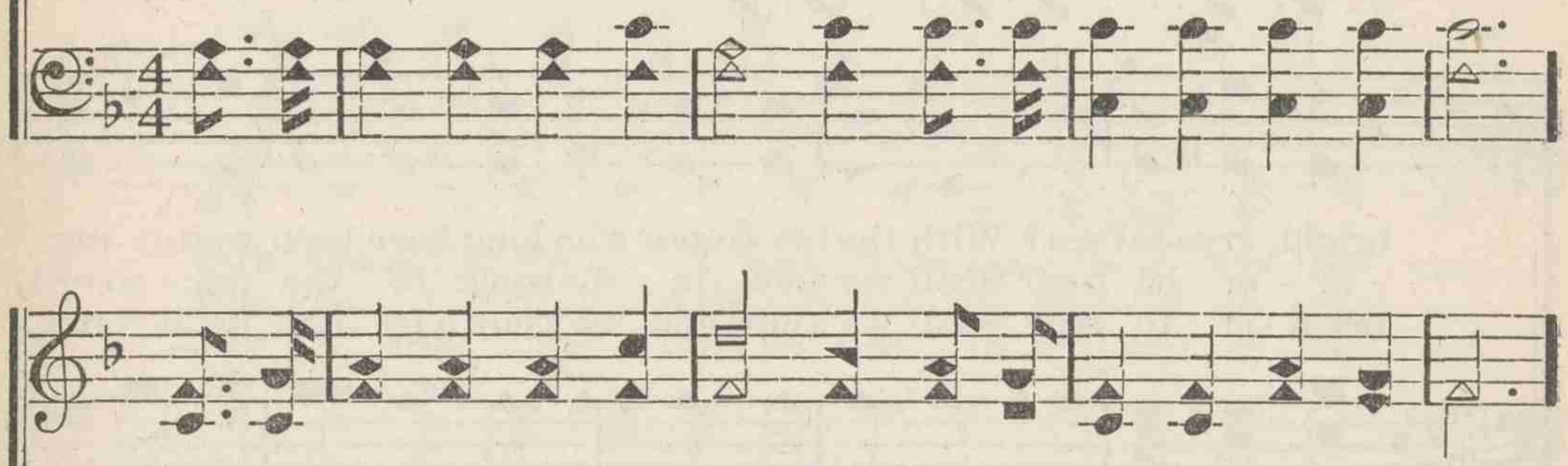



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# No. 73. LET THEM COME.

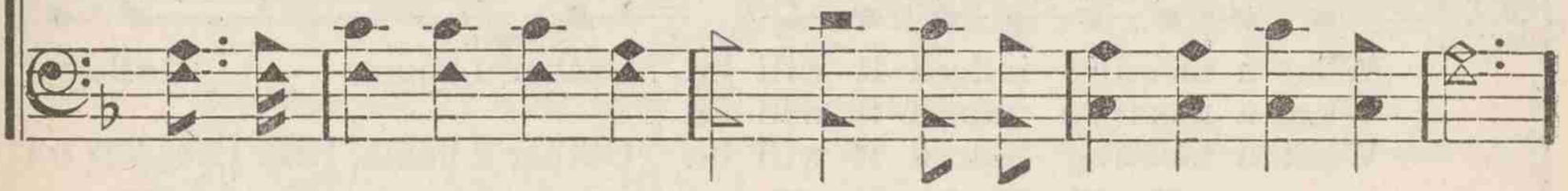
Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. W. O. PERKINS, by per.
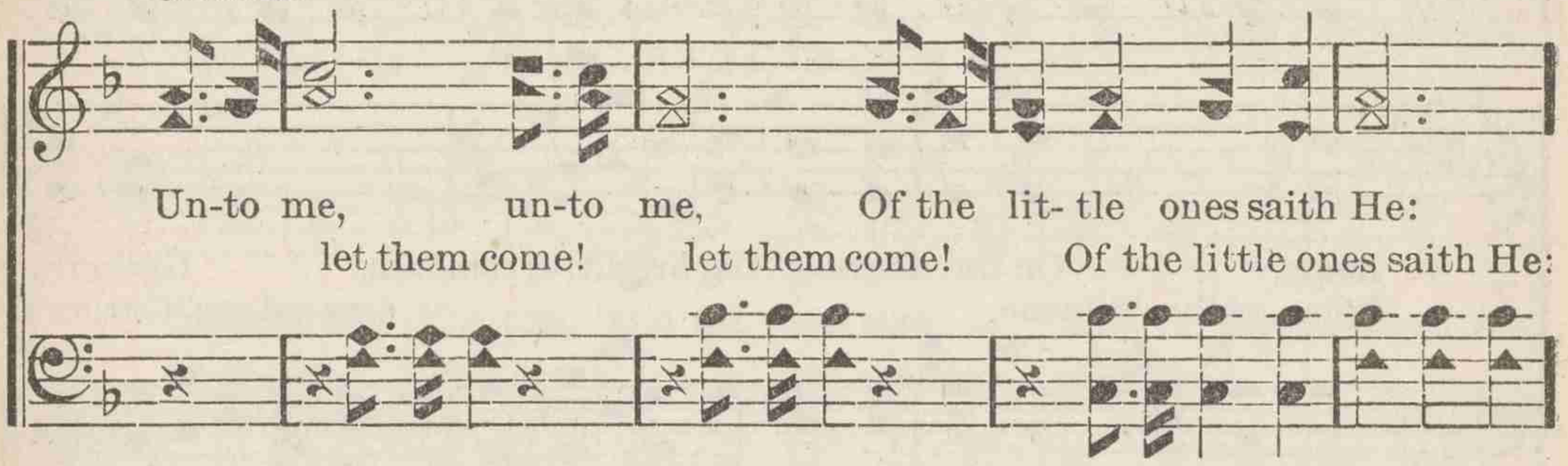


1. Oh, I love to think how Je - sus When He walked on earth be-low,
2. When the mothers came and brought Him, Tender infants, young and small,
3. Tho' dis - ci - ples would re-buke them, Turn the lit - tle ones a - way,
4. Lit - tle chil-dren, now from Je - sus, Will you His dear blessing seek?
5. Just as close His arms will hold you; Just as kind His bless-ings fall;
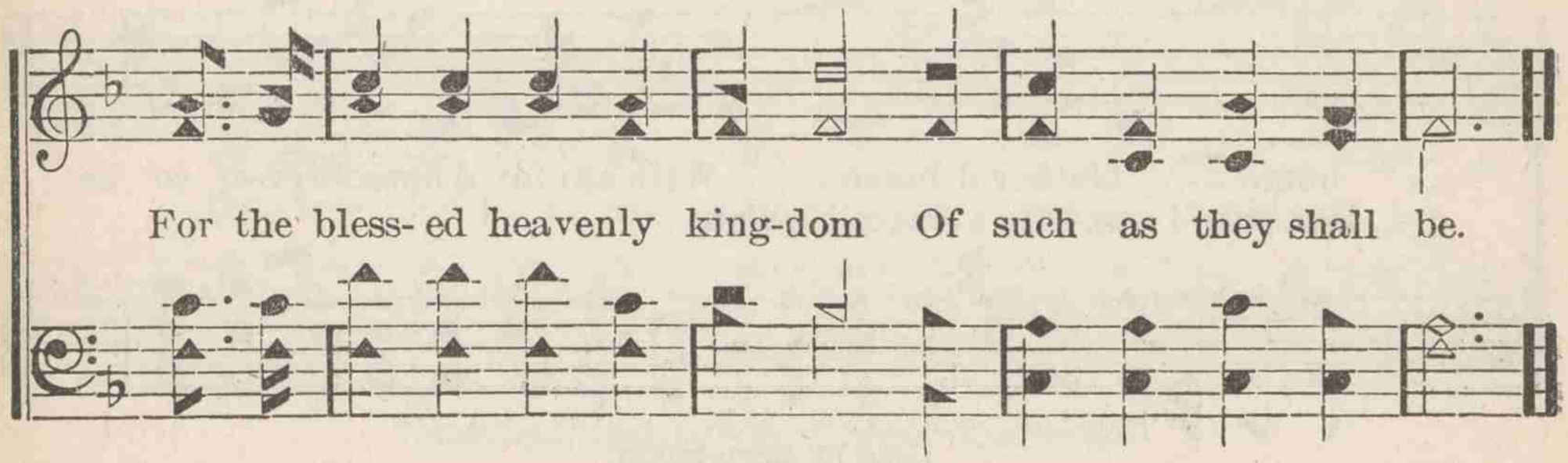


Used to bless the lit - tle chil - dren, For He lov'd them, lov'd them so!
And so earn- est - ly be-sought Him For His bless- ing on them all.
In His gen - tle arms He took them, And they heard Him sweetly say—
From His home on high He sees us, Hear Him kind-ly to us speak.
Just as warm His love en - fold you, Just as sweet - ly doth He call.



CHORUS.



Un-to me, un-to me, Of the lit- tle ones saith He:
let them come! let them come! Of the little ones saith He:



For the bless- ed heavenly king-dom Of such as they shall be.

# No. 74. GATHERED HOME.

Arr. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, On the shores of the
2. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, And from sor - row for -
3. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, Our bless - ed Re -

bright, crys-tal sea? With the lov'd ones who long have been wait - ing,
ev - er be free? Shall we join in the songs of the ran - somed,
deem - er to see? Shall we know and be known by our lov'd ones,

CHORUS.

What a meeting indeed it will be. } Gather'd home, Gather'd
What a meeting indeed it will be.
What a meeting indeed it will be. } Gather'd home, gather'd home, Gath-er'd

home, On the shores of the bright, crystal sea, Gather'd
home, gather'd home, crys-tal sea, Gather'd

home..... Gather'd home,..... With our lov'd ones forev-er to be.
home, gather'd home, Gather'd home, gath-er'd home,

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# No. 75. I'M GLAD HE SAVED ME.

CHAS. E. FERGUSON. J. H. HALL.

*Effective as a Solo.*

1. Once lone - ly I wandered a stran - ger, In sin and in
2. 'Neath His shelt'ring wings I will hide me, He'll sure - ly de -
3. I've learn'd of His love and it's great - ness— In serv - ing Him

dark - ness did'st roam; A voice, 'twas the voice of my Sav - iour,
fend me I know; With this lov - ing Mas - ter to guide me,
day af - ter day; I've all to His will con - se - cra - ted—

CHORUS.

So ten - der - ly whispered "Come home."
I'll go where He wants me to go.
'Twill keep me lest from Him I stray.
} I'm glad I sought Je-sus and

found Him, I'm glad His sal - va - tion is free; He loosened the

fet - ters that bound me, And saved me, yes Je - sus saved me.
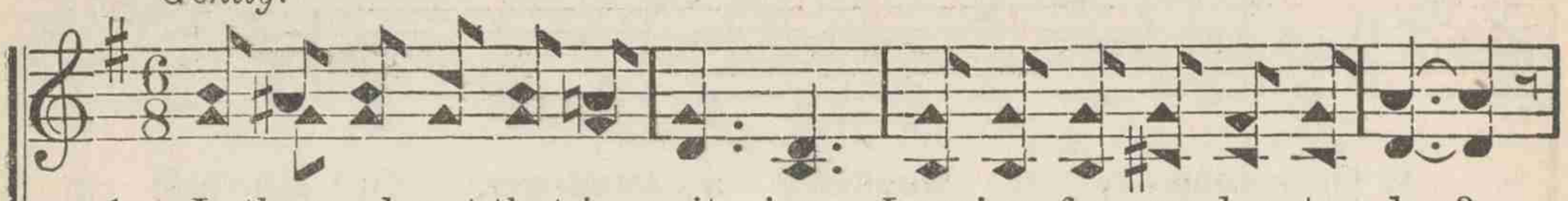
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# No. 76. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.
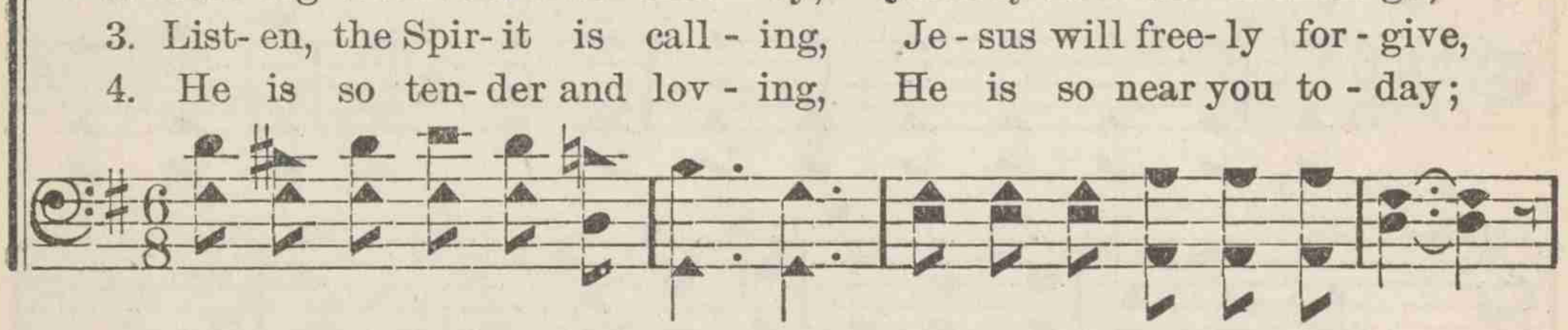
*"He was to pass that way."*—LUKE 19: 4.

ANNIE L. JAMES. W. H. DOANE.
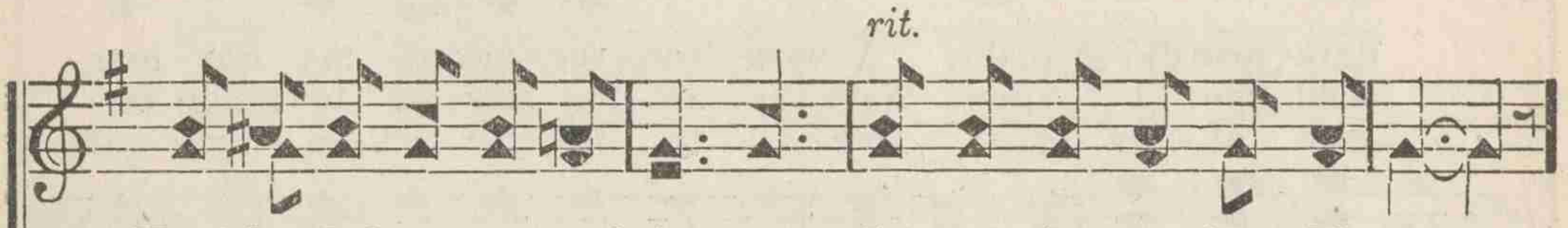
*Gently.*
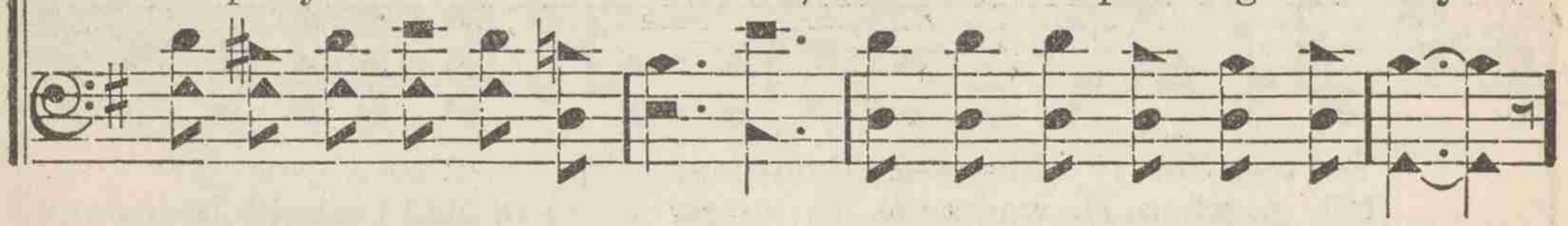


1. Is there a heart that is wait - ing, Longing for par-don to - day?
2. Com-ing in love and in mer - cy, Quick-ly now un - to Him go;
3. List- en, the Spir- it is call - ing, Je - sus will free- ly for - give,
4. He is so ten- der and lov - ing, He is so near you to - day;



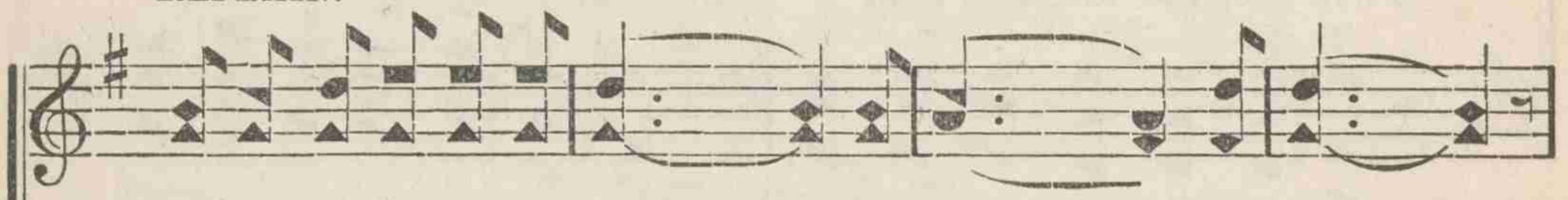
*rit.*
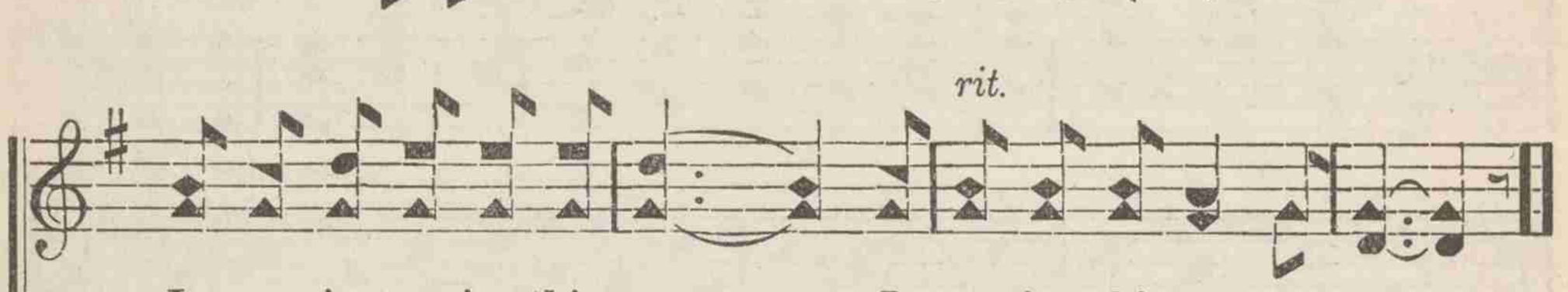


Hear the glad message we bring you, Je - sus is pass- ing this way.
O - pen your heart to re- ceive Him, Par- don and peace He'll be- stow.
Why not this moment ac - cept Him? Trust in God's mer- cy and live.
O - pen your heart to re- ceive Him, While He is pass- ing this way.



REFRAIN.

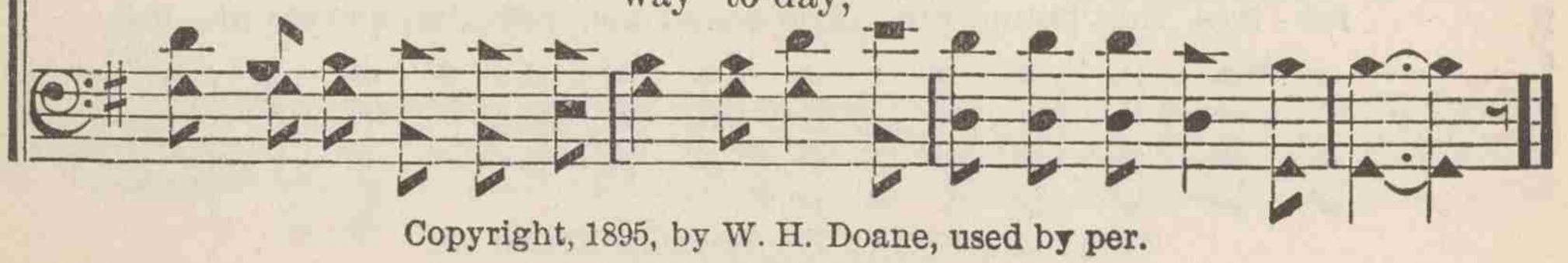


Je-sus is passing this way,..... This way,..... to - day;.....
Je-sus is passing, is passing this way, Is passing this way, is passing to-day;



*rit.*

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

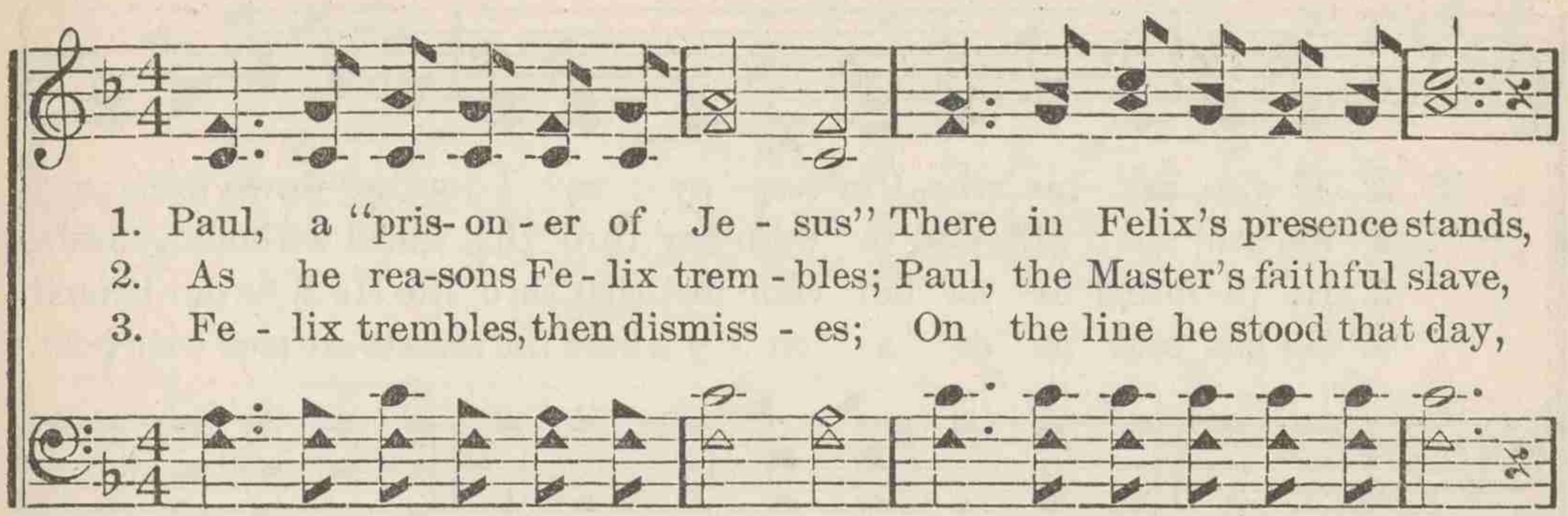


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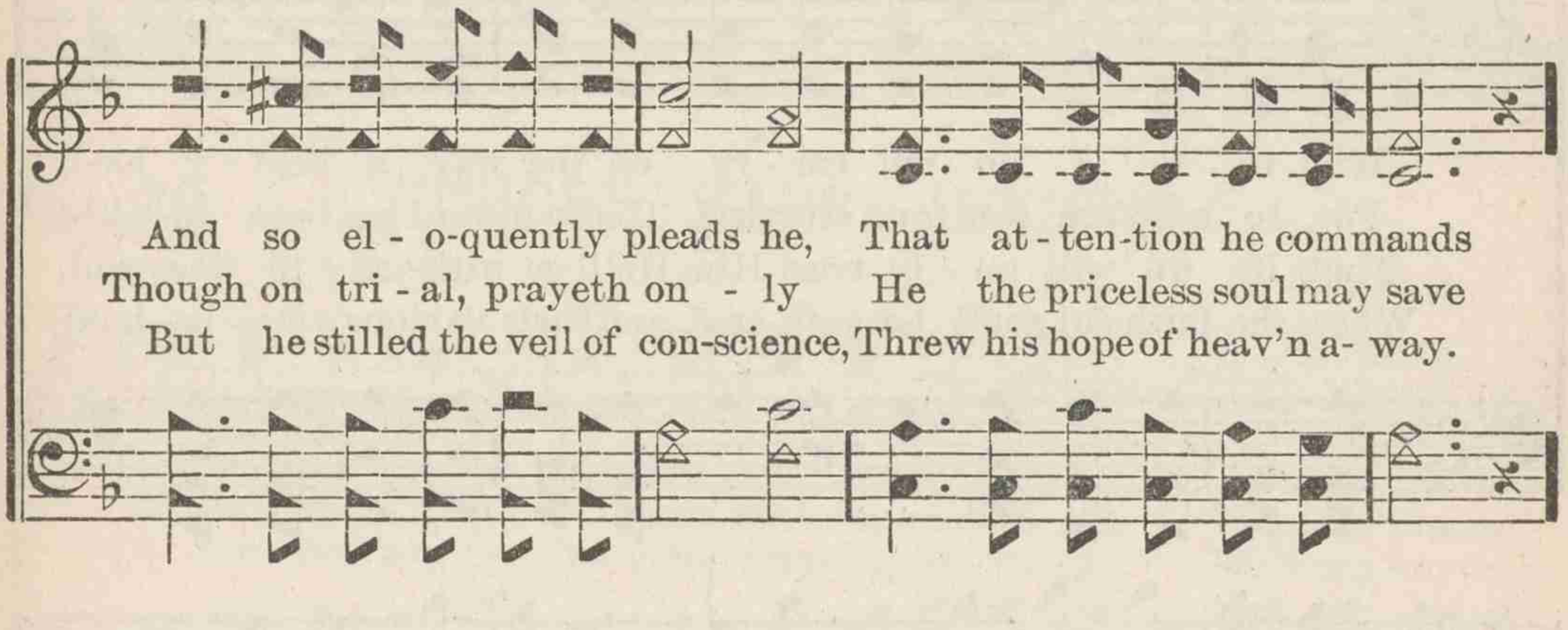
# No. 77. PAUL AND FELIX.

ACTS 24: 25
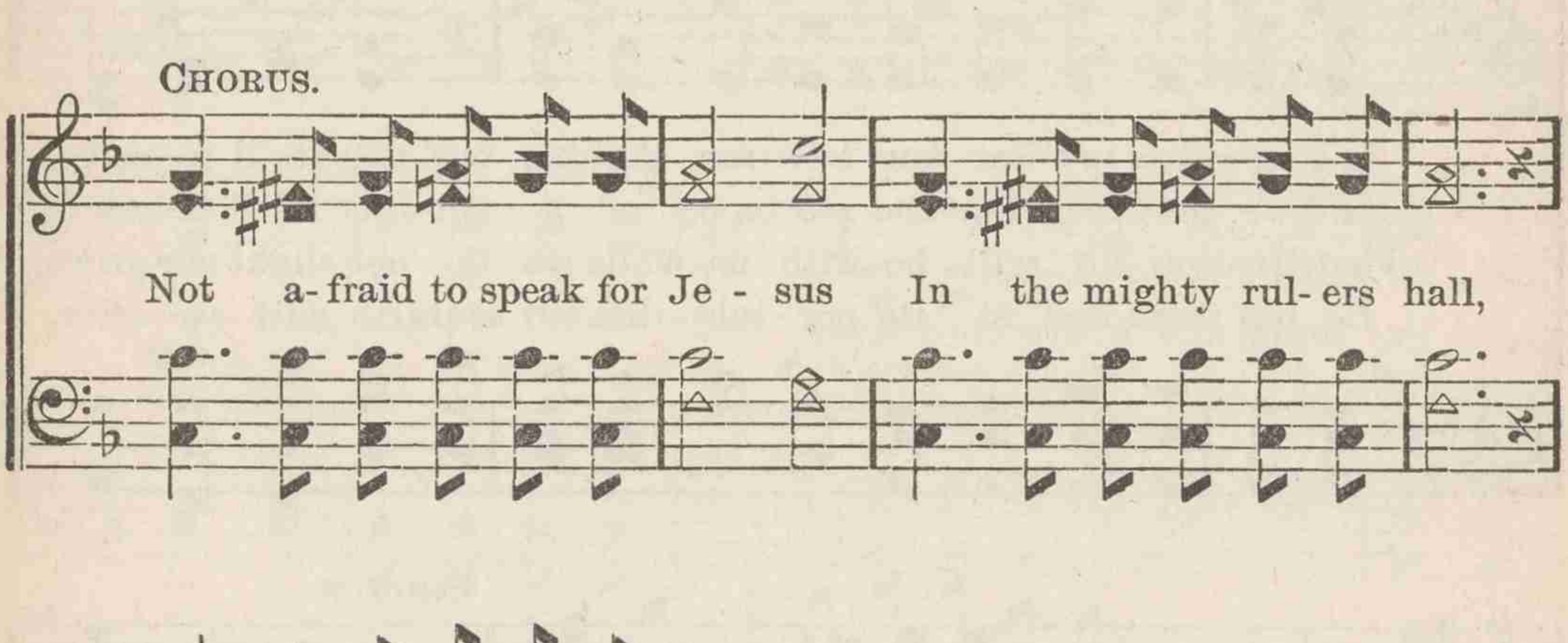
JNO. R. CLEMENTS. S. W. BEAZLEY.



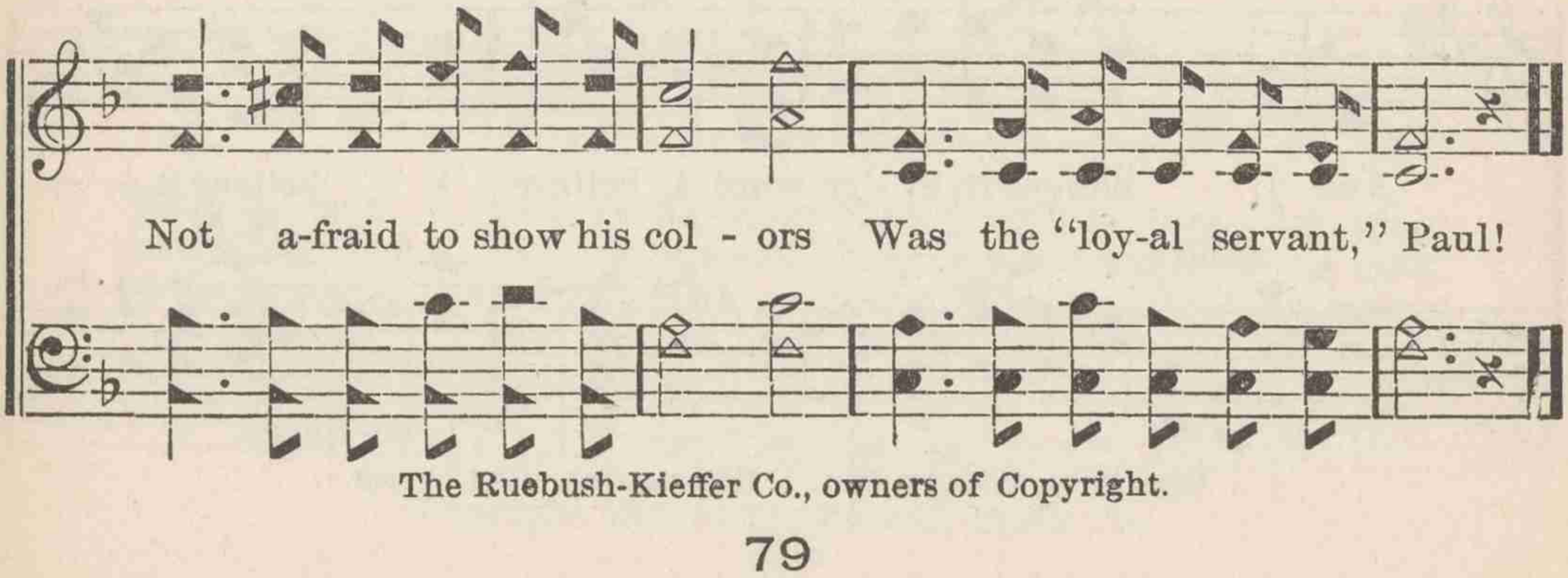
1. Paul, a "pris- on - er of Je - sus" There in Felix's presence stands,
2. As he rea-sons Fe - lix trem - bles; Paul, the Master's faithful slave,
3. Fe - lix trembles, then dismiss - es; On the line he stood that day,



And so el - o-quently pleads he, That at - ten-tion he commands
Though on tri - al, prayeth on - ly He the priceless soul may save
But he stilled the veil of con-science, Threw his hope of heav'n a- way.



CHORUS.



Not a- fraid to speak for Je - sus In the mighty rul- ers hall,



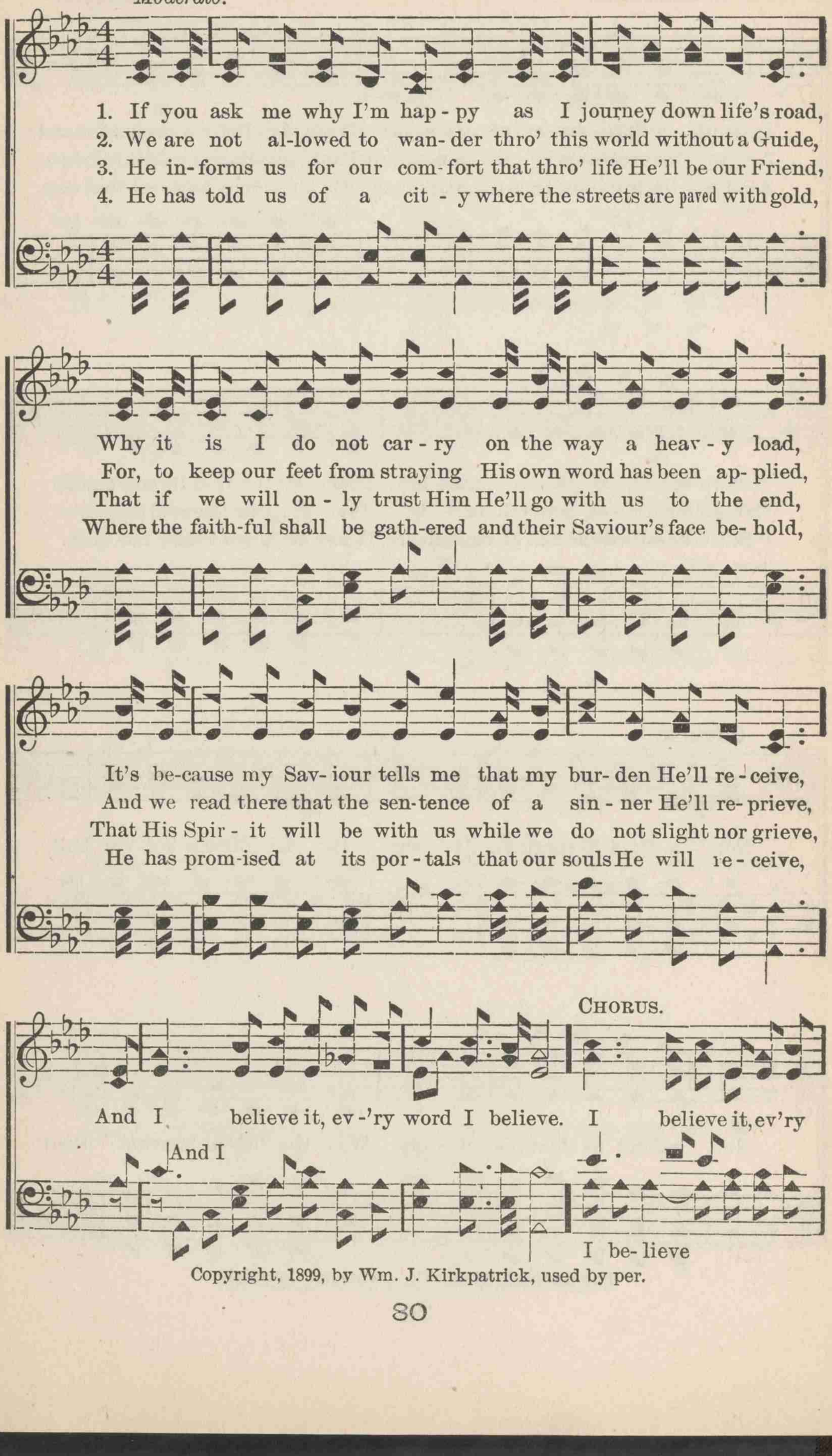
Not a-fraid to show his col - ors Was the "loy-al servant," Paul!

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners of Copyright.

# No. 78. EVERY WORD I BELIEVE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Moderato.*




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word I believe, I receive it, ev'ry word I receive; Je- sus tells me my

I re- ceive

wants He will re-lieve, And I believe it, ev-'ry word I believe.

And I

## No. 79. JUNIORS, HAPPY JUNIORS.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Jun- iors, hap- py Jun - iors sing-ing all the day, Hap- py in our
2. Jun- iors, hap- py Jun - iors striv-ing each to do What the blessed
3. Jun- iors, hap- py Jun - iors pray-ing as we go; Wish-ing our com-

la - bors, hap-py in our play Scatt'ring rays of sun-shine all the
Mas - ter ev - er wants us to, Working for His glo - ry, help- ing
pan - ions, Je- sus, too, might know; Shin-ing for the Mas - ter as He

path a - long, Ev - 'ry day more cheer-y with a tune - ful song.
those who're sad, Ev - 'ry mo-ment helping make somebod- y glad.
bids us shine Shedding forth re - flections of the One Di - vine.

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# No. 80. THE FAITHFUL SAYINGS OF MY KING.

KATE ULMER. M. L. MCPHAIL.
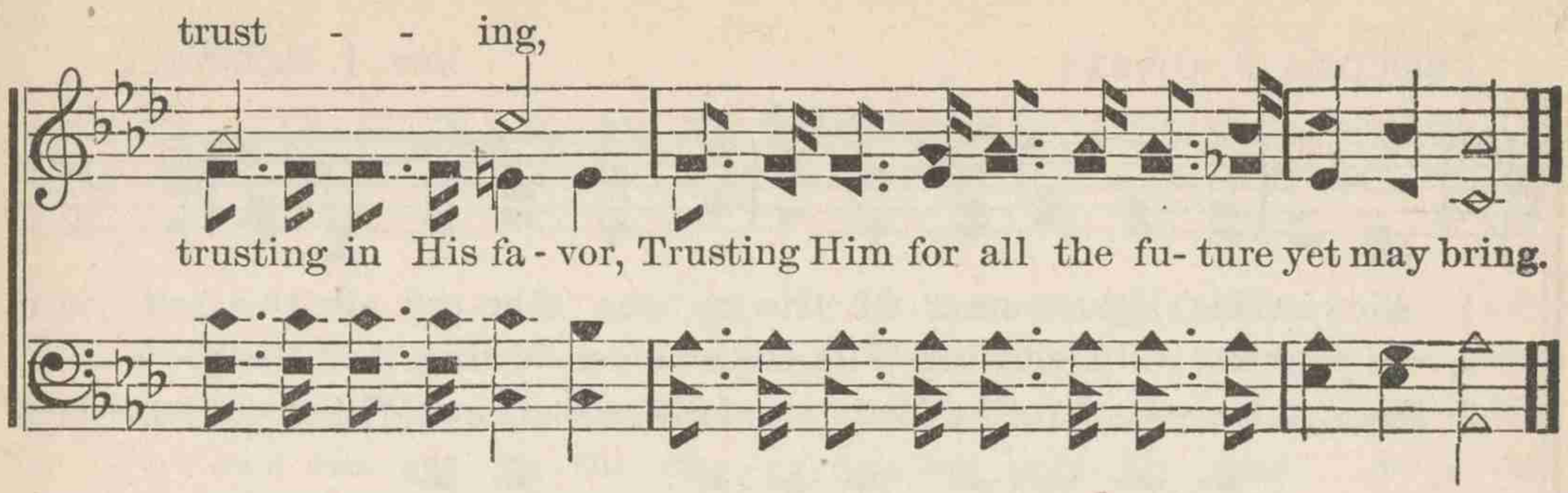
1. Oh, 'tis sweet to rest my soul on Christ's own prom-ise, As I strive to fol-low in His steps be-low; He hath said that He will nev-er
2. Dear-er far than earthly friends I love my Sav-iour, For no oth-er giv-eth me such peace and rest; When ob-scure the pathway grows and
3. Sep-a-rat-ed from Him I should walk in dark-ness, For in Him I find my joy from day to day; Lack-ing His sus-tain-ing grace my
4. He's a ten-der, lov-ing Friend who never chang-es, Yes-ter-day, to-day and e-ven still the same; Tho' I am unworth-y yet He

leave me lone-ly; Oft I prove His word is true as I go on.
dan-ger threatens, In His word con-fid-ing naught can e'er mo-lest.
soul to strengthen From the path of bless-ing I would sure-ly stray.
watch-eth o'er me, I am safe while trusting in His precious name.

CHORUS.
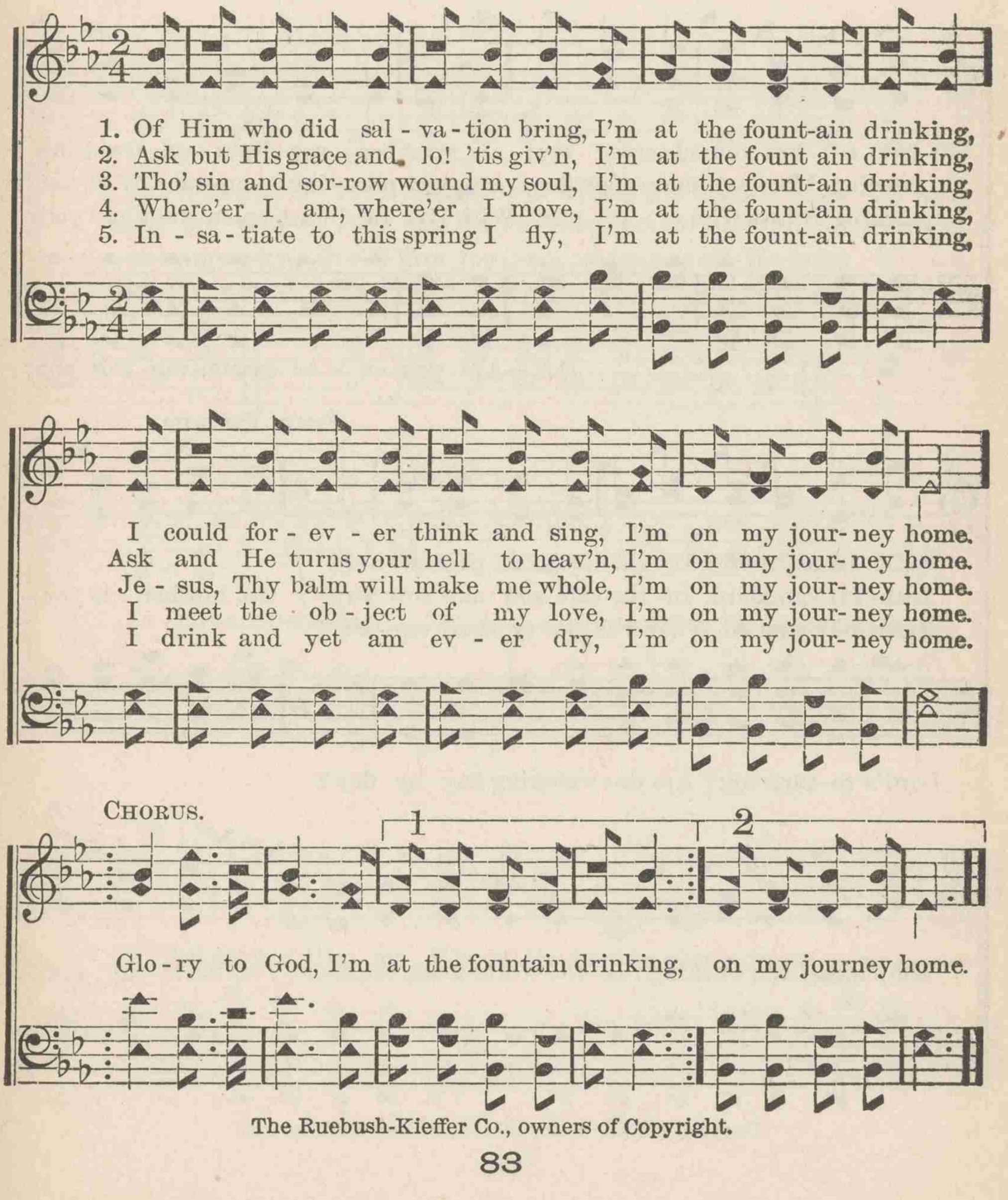
Trust - - ing, trust - - ing,
Trust-ing, ev-er trust-ing, trusting in my Sav-iour, Trusting in the
Trust ing,
faith-ful say-ings of my King; Trust-ing, ev-er trust-ing,

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## No. 81. AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Anon. Arr.
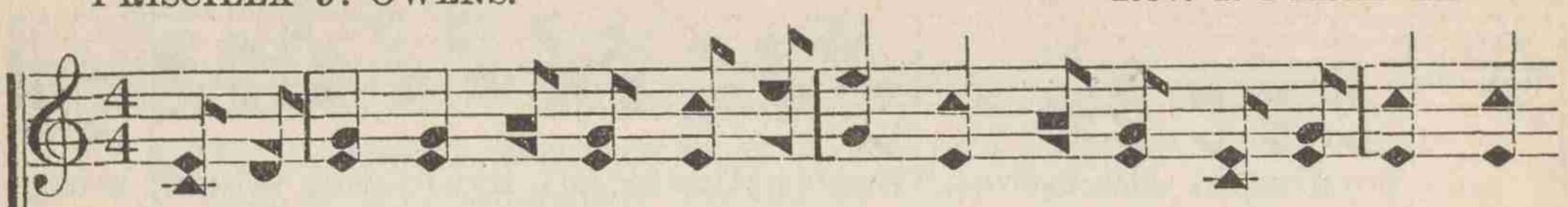



CHORUS.



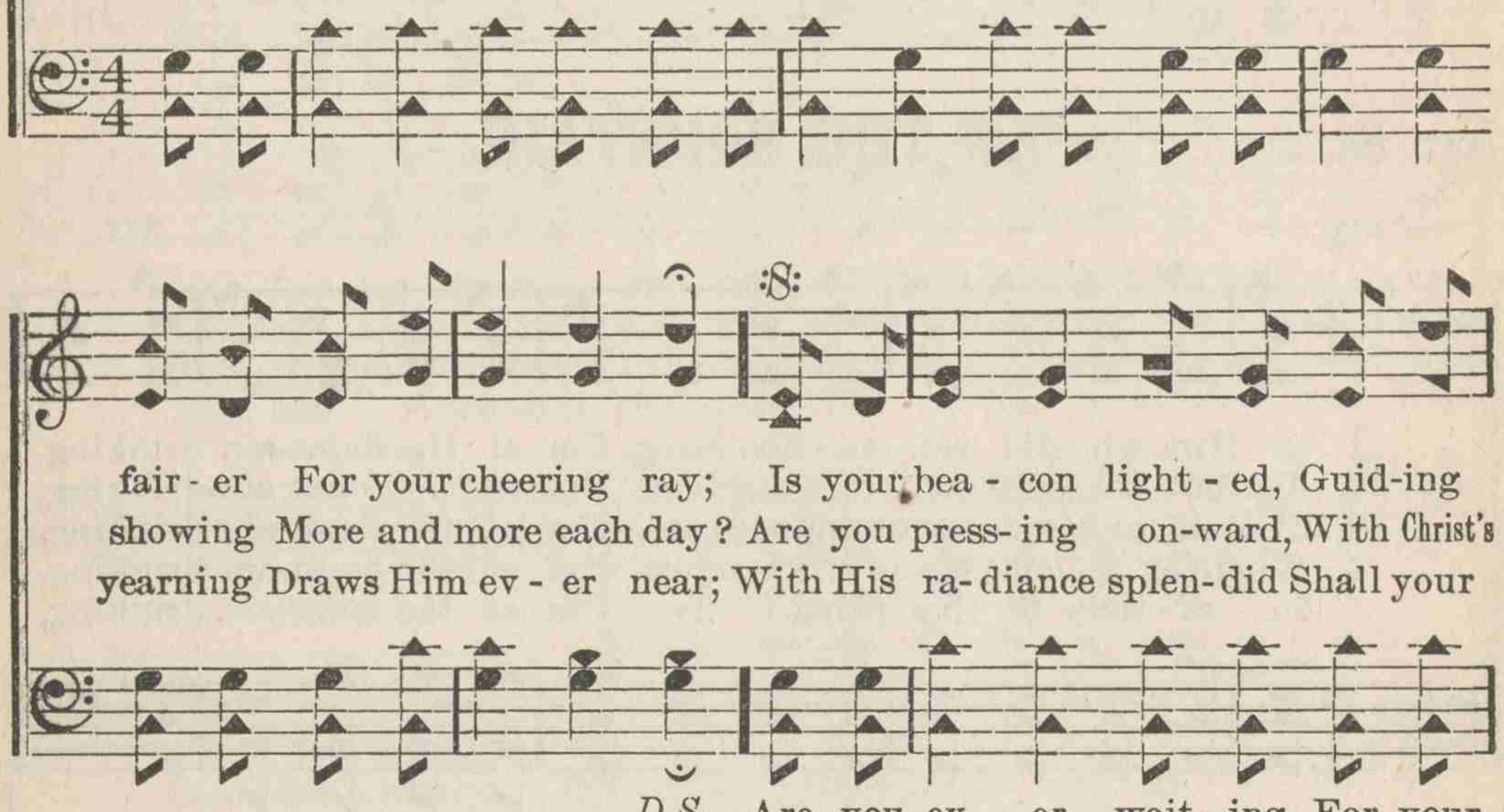

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# No. 82. IS YOUR LAMP STILL BURNING?

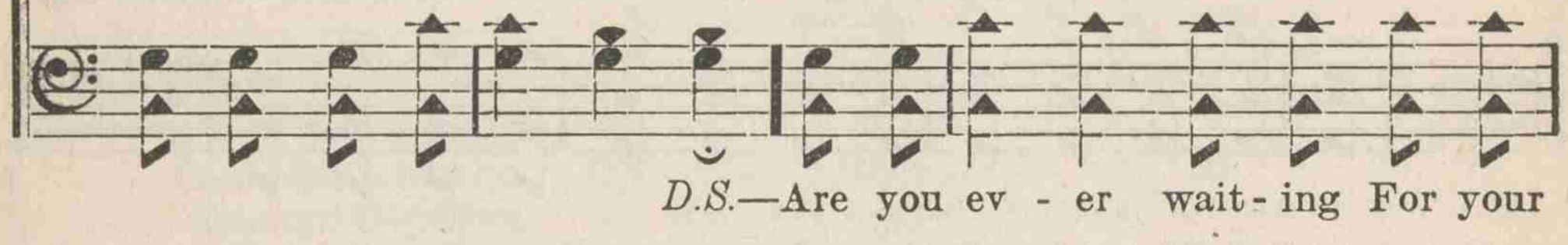
PRISCILLA J. OWENS. Rev. I. BALTZELL.



1. Are you Christ's light bearer? Of His joy a shar-er? Is this dark world
2. Is your heart warm glowing, With His love o'er-flowing, And His good-ness
3. Keep your al-tars burning, Wait your Lord's re-turning, While your heart's deep

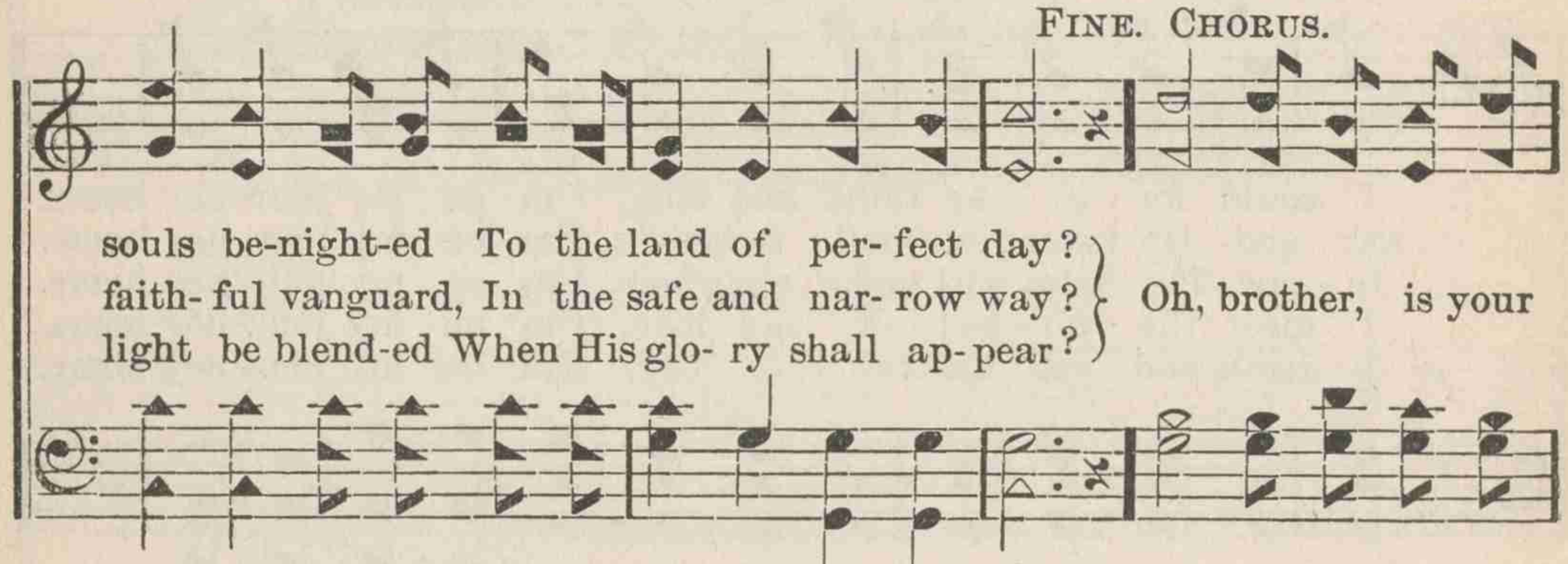


fair-er For your cheering ray; Is your bea-con light-ed, Guid-ing
showing More and more each day? Are you press-ing on-ward, With Christ's
yearning Draws Him ev-er near; With His ra-diance splen-did Shall your



*D.S.*—Are you ev-er wait-ing For your
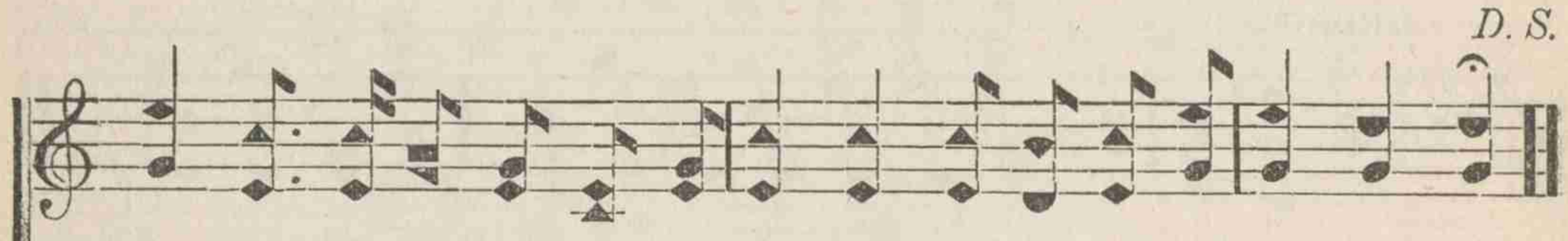
FINE. CHORUS.
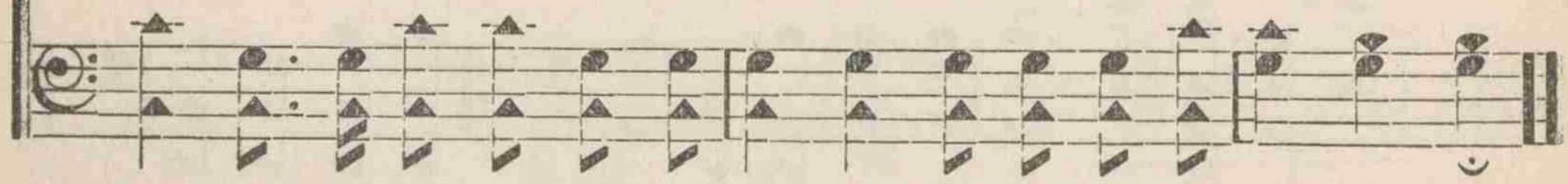


souls be-night-ed To the land of per-fect day?
faith-ful vanguard, In the safe and nar-row way?
light be blend-ed When His glo-ry shall ap-pear?
} Oh, brother, is your

Lord's re-turn-ing? Are you watching day by day?

*D. S.*
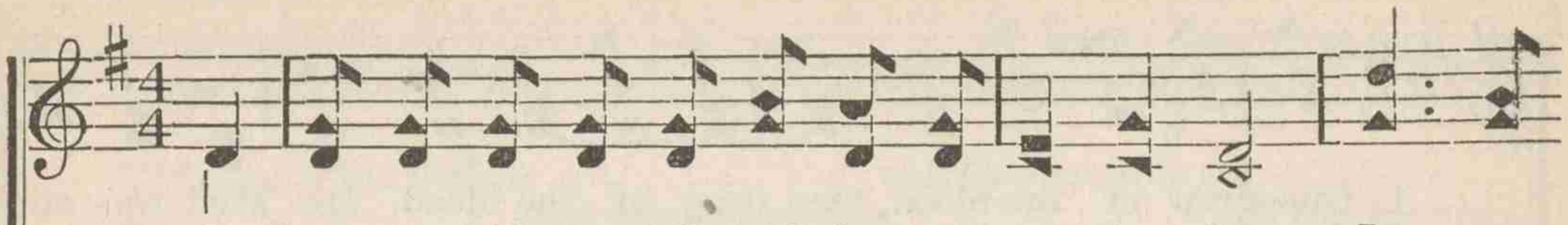


lamp trimmed and burning? Is the world made brighter by its cheer-ing ray?



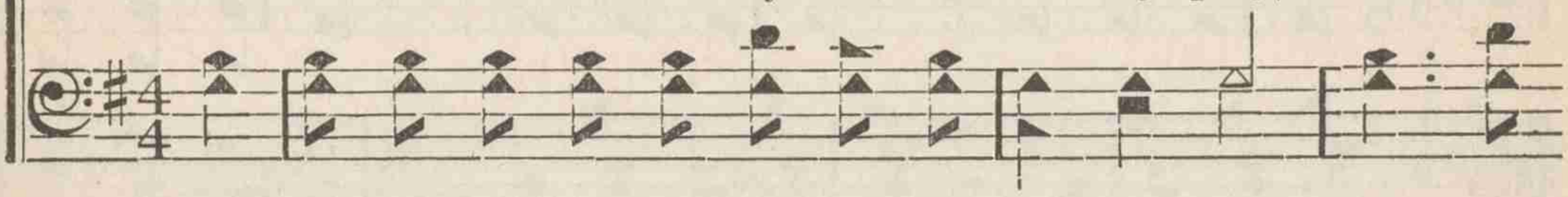
Copyright, 1883, by I. Baltzell, by per. E. S. Lorenz.
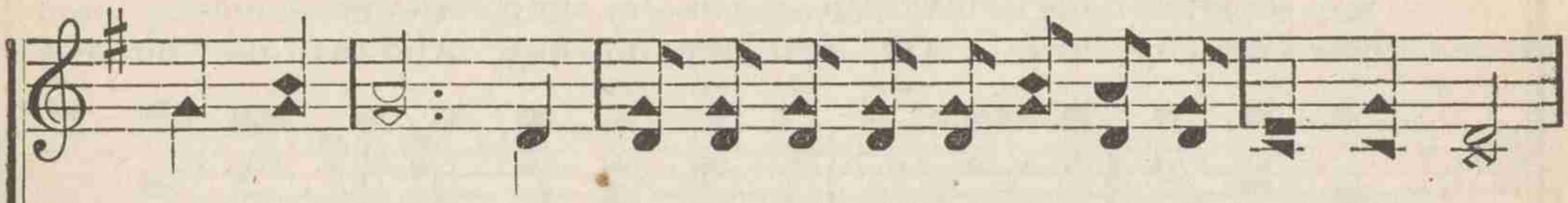
# No. 83. JESUS ANSWERS PRAYER.

H. E. E. H. E. ENGLE.

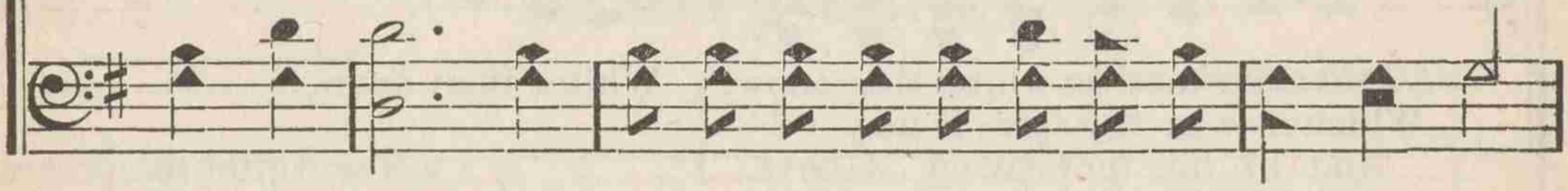


1. I love to talk a while with Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Je - sus
2. When tares of doubt would triumph o'er my weak con - trol, Je - sus
3. Pray on, ye christians, there's a prize for you to win, Je - sus
4. Come sin - ner to the mer - cy - seat and hum - bly pray, Je - sus
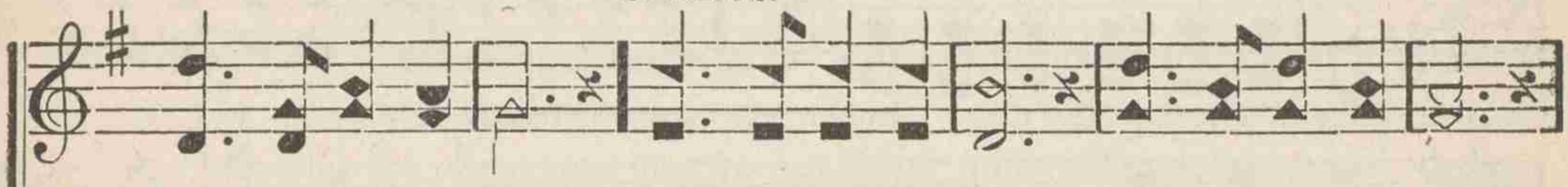




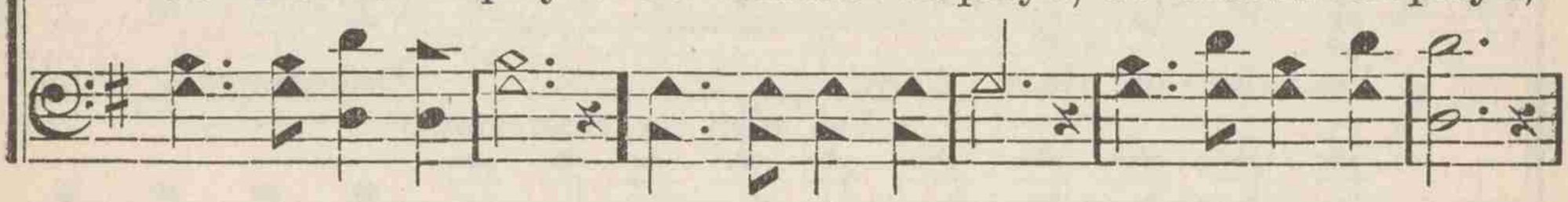
an-swers pray'r, He fills my soul with glo-ry when I hum - bly pray,
hears my pray'r, He lifts the bur-den from my heart and cheers my soul,
an-swers pray'r, He'll give you grace to conquer all the hosts of sin,
an-swers pray'r, Re - pent, be-lieve, be born a-gain, oh, hear Him say,



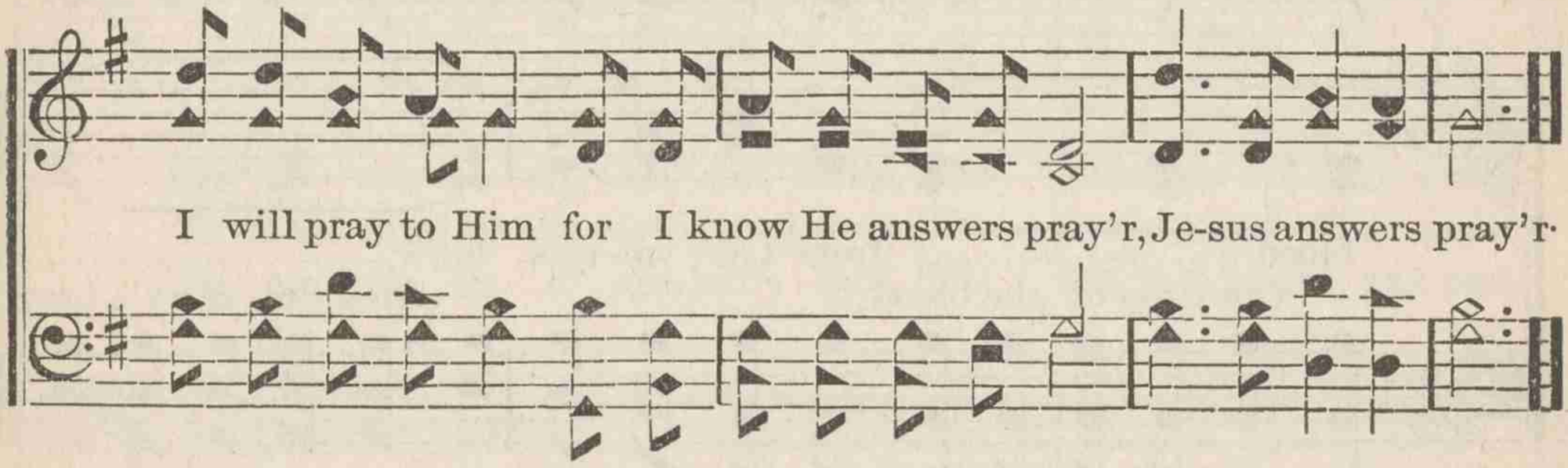
CHORUS.



Je - sus answers pray'r. Je - sus answers pray'r, Je - sus answers pray'r,



I will pray to Him for I know He answers pray'r, Je-sus answers pray'r·



Copyright, 1902, by H. E. Engle.

# No. 84. ONE DROP OF THE BLOOD.

W. A. OGDEN. S. H. BLAKSLEE.

1. One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, He shed up - on
2. One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, He gave as a
3. One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, Oh, sprink-le it

Cal - va - ry's brow, Will cleanse me with-in, Will free me from sin,
ran- som for me, Will cleanse ev -'ry stain, Re-move ev -'ry pain
now in Thy love: Oh, save me to - day, And save me for aye.

CHORUS.

And make me e'en whiter than snow.
Which now in thy spir - it may be.
And fit me for heav-en a- bove.
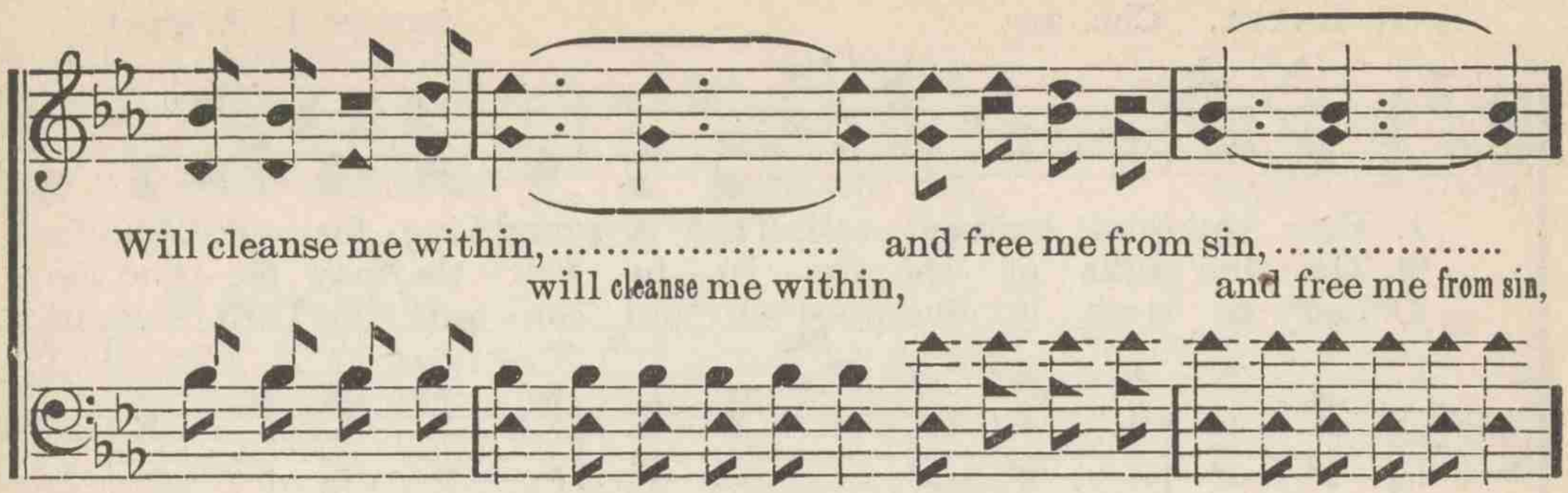
Whiter than snow,.....
Yes, whiter than snow,
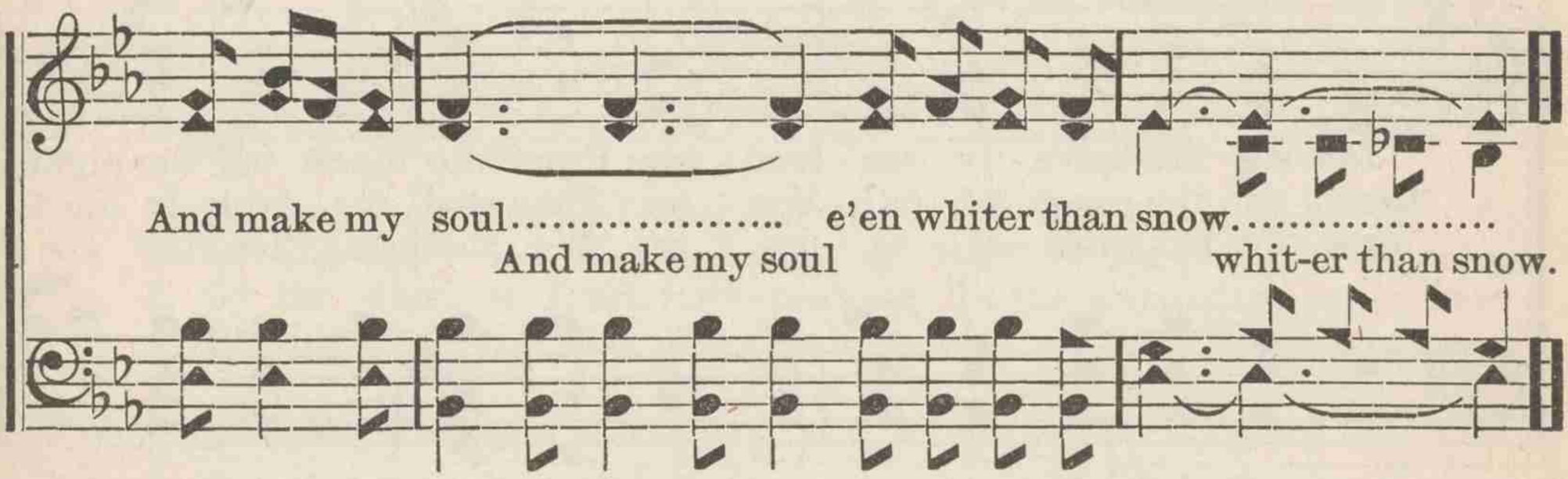
Yes, whit - er than snow,..... One drop of the
Yes, whit - er than snow,

blood..... from Cal - va - ry's brow,.....
One drop of the blood, from Cal- va-ry's brow,

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## One Drop of the Blood.—Concluded.

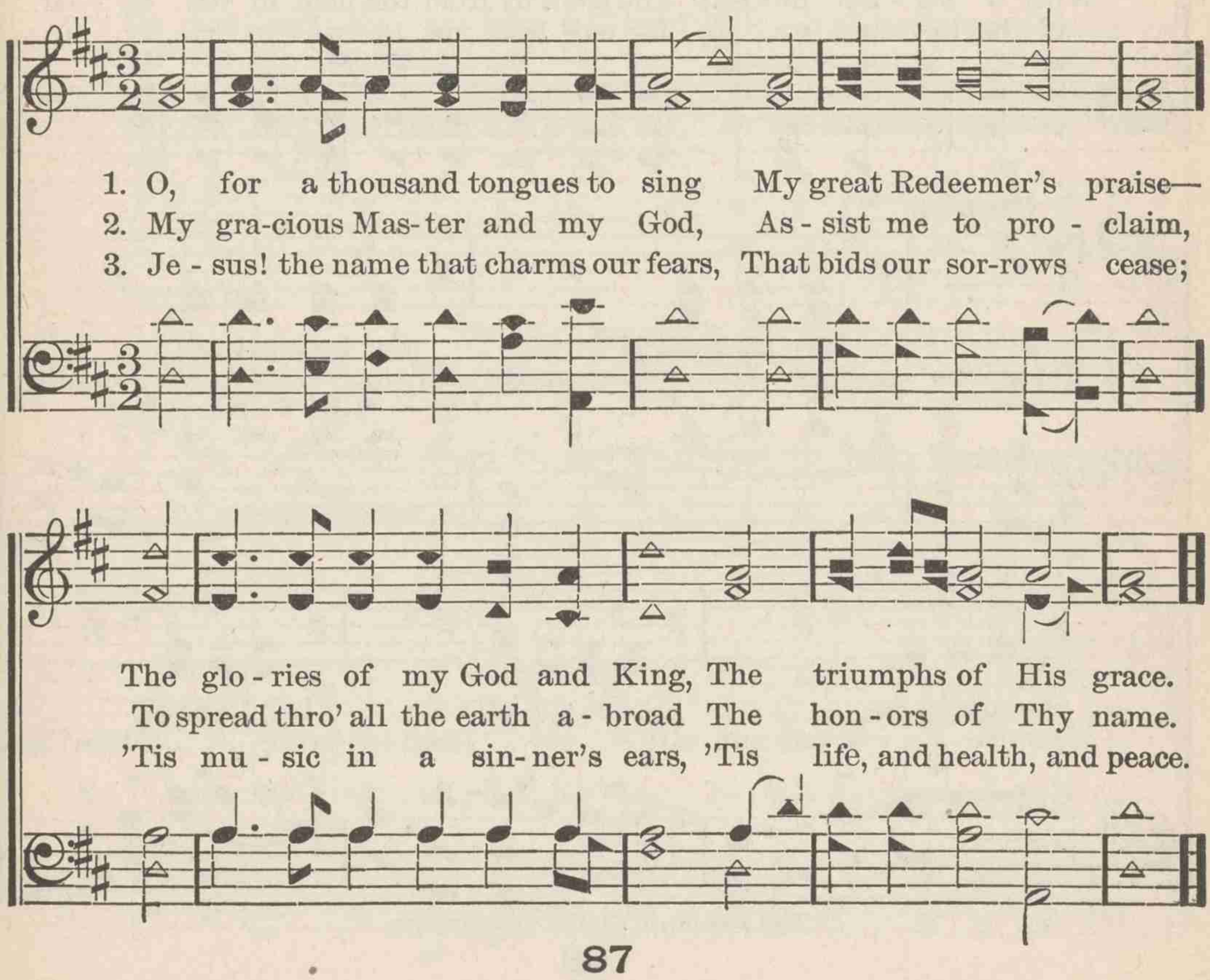






## No. 85. MASON'S CHANT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



# No. 86. MARCHING ON.

E. R. LATTA. Cho. arr. IRWIN L. SPERRY.

1. Hear the loud trumpet-call, That is sound-ing for all Who for
2. Tho' the ranks of the foe In-to bat-tle may go, And may
3. Let us trust in the word Of our con-quer-ing Lord, Let us

Je-sus are brave-ly con-tend-ing; From the morn to the night
threat-en the cause of our Mas-ter, They shall cer-tain-ly meet
ques-tion His prom-is-es nev-er; We shall scat-ter the foe,

Let us urge on the fight, The cause of our Sav-iour de-fend-ing.
With a sig-nal de-feat, And shall fly from the field of dis-as-ter.
If be-liev-ing we go, He will lead us to vic-to-ry ev-er.
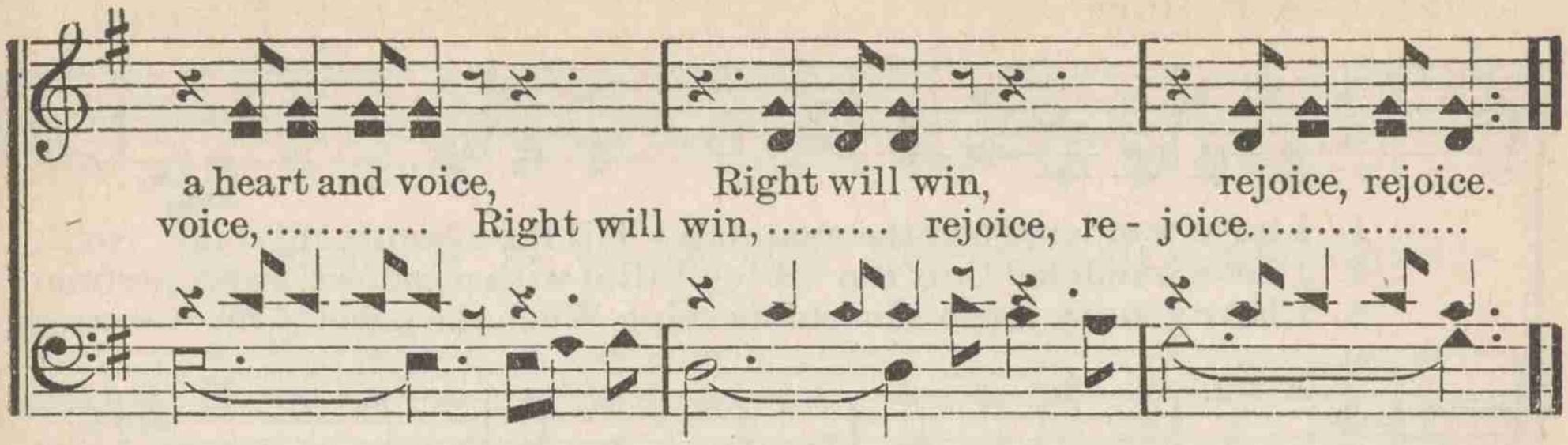
CHORUS.

Let us heed the trumpet call,
Let us heed..... the trumpet call,..... Sounding

Sounding far, to one and all; Lend a hand,
far,..... to one and all;..... Lend a hand,..... a heart and
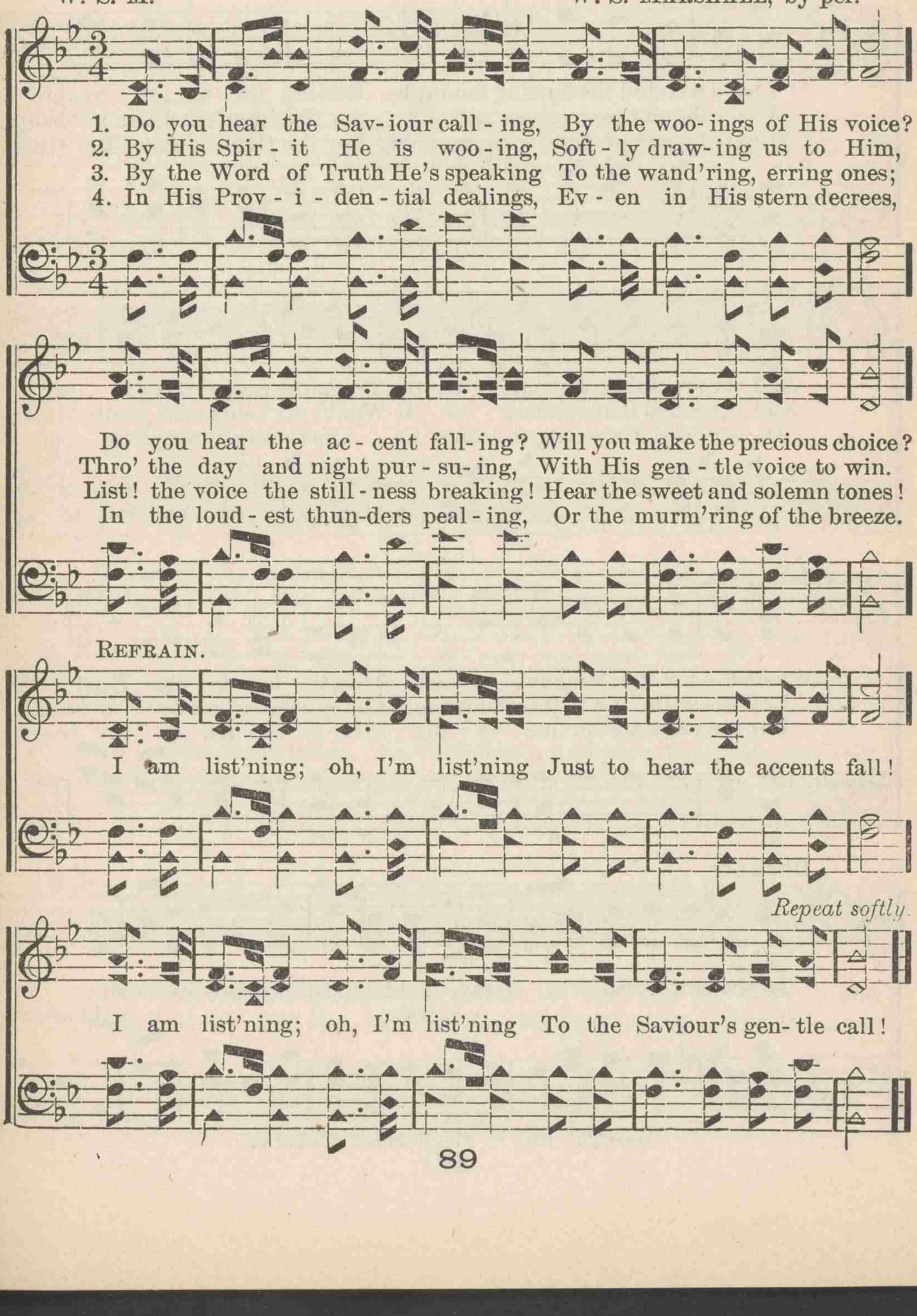
The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

## Marching On.—Concluded.




## No. 87. I AM LISTENING.

W. S. M. W. S. MARSHALL, by per.



# No. 88. ONE BY ONE WE'RE GATHERING HOME.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. Dr. L. O. Emerson.

1. I have wandered o'er the mountains Till their beauty fill'd my soul;
2. I have wandered thro' the val-ley Fill'd with meadows' sweet perfume,
3. I have gone in youth's bright morning When the pulse of life was strong,

I have watch'd the flowing fountains Giv-ing life to all be-low.
I have found the sweet-est lil - y An im - mortelle there in bloom;
I have longed to strike with foe- men For the right, a-gainst the wrong,

And the sparkling, flowing, wa - ter, Down the rugged steep I see
And it seemed that summer ev - er Would my heart with gladness fill,
In am-bi-tion's strong en - deav- or, I have vain-ly sought a part,
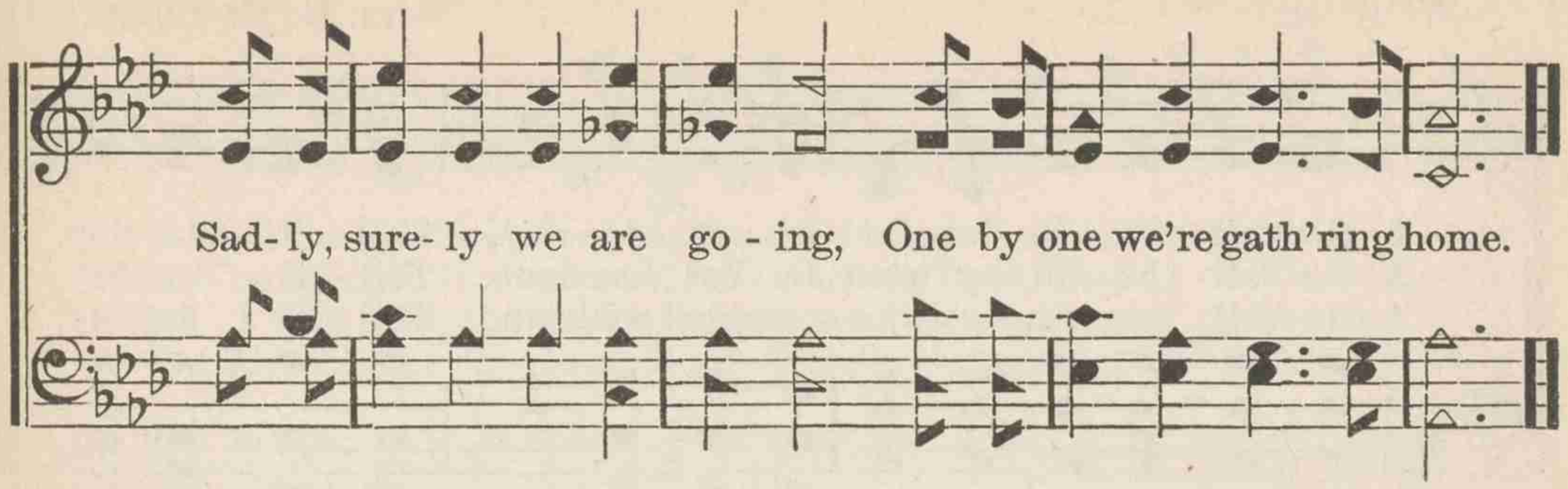
Where the val-ley sweet em - bo- soms Till 'tis lost in the great sea.
But the autumn winds are blowing, And my hearts beats cold and chill.
But the years are on me ly - ing Like a bur-den on my heart.

Refrain.

As the flowers fade a - way, And the darkness veils the day,
a-way, light of day,

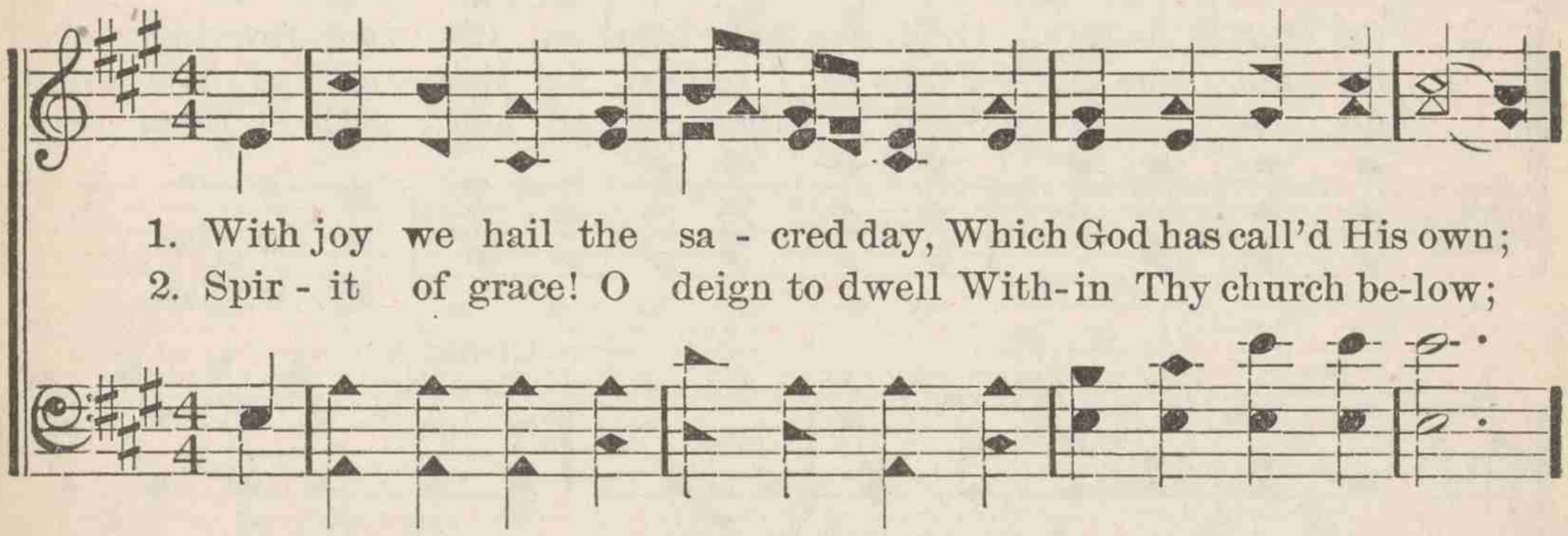
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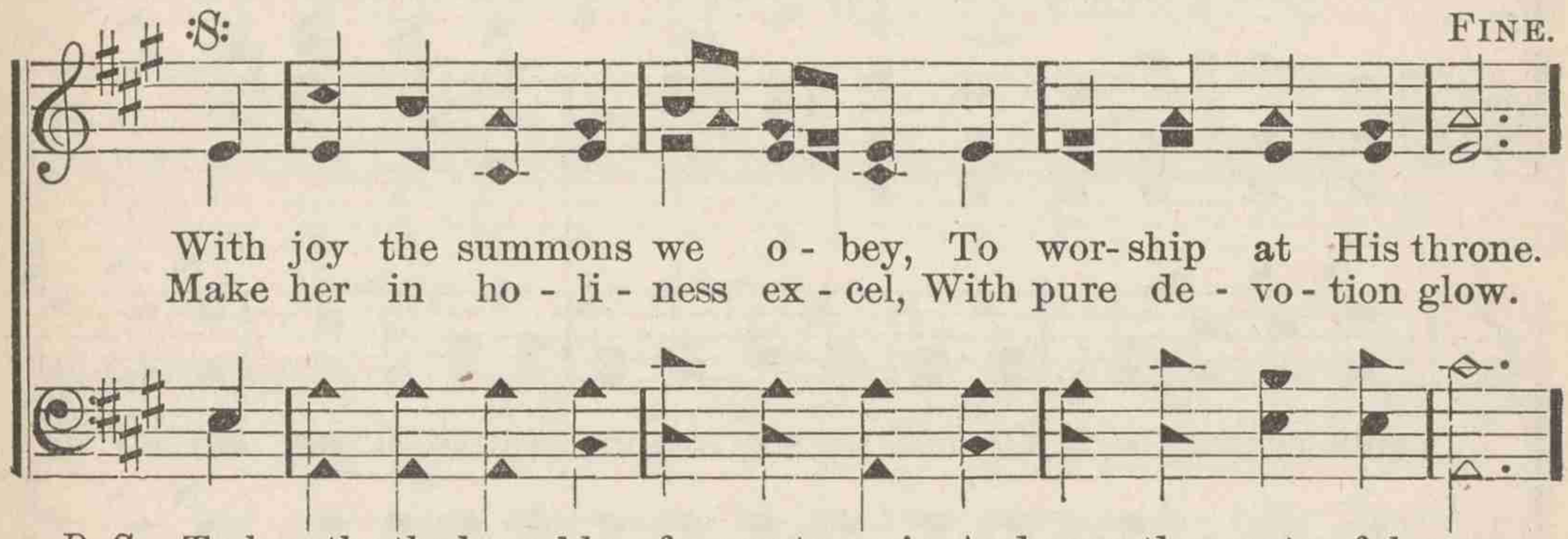
## One by One We're Gathering Home.—Concluded.



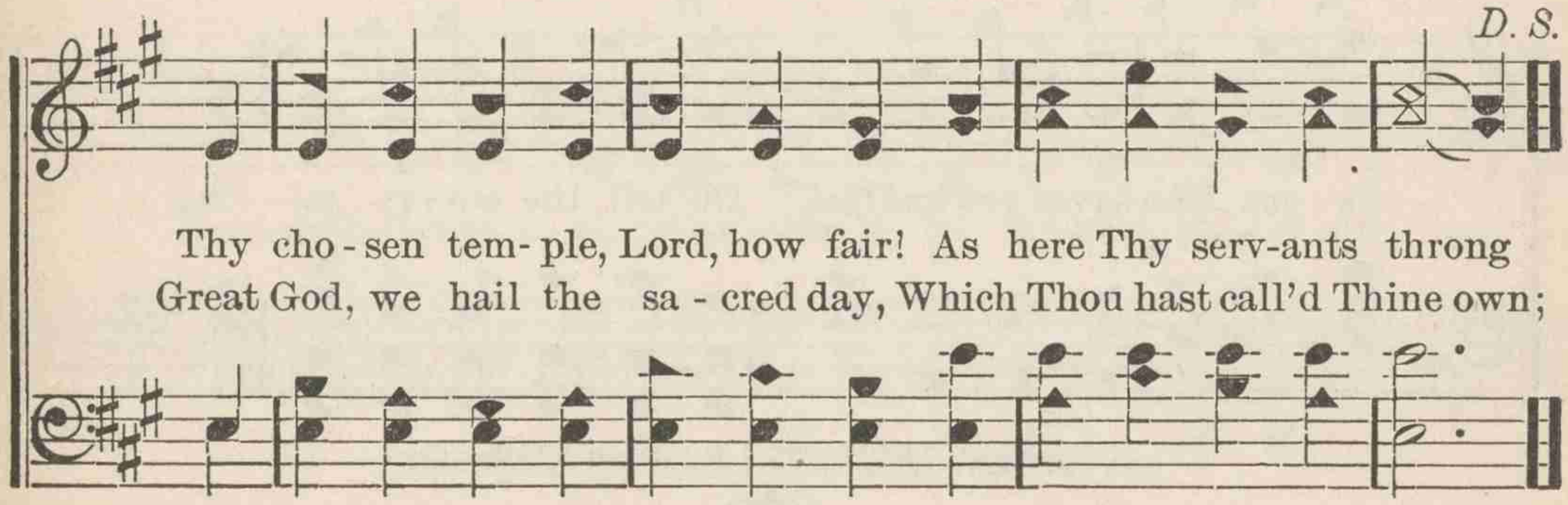

## No. 89 BARTLETT.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.









# No. 90. GO TELL THE STORY TO-DAY.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. Go tell the won- der- ful sto - ry to - day, Tell it to - day,
2. Go tell the sto - ry what Je - sus has done, Tell it to - day,
3. Go tell the wea - y who struggled with sin, Tell it to - day,

do not de- lay, Glad- den some heart on its sor- row- ing way,
do not de- lay— Prais- es to God for the gift of His Son,
do not de- lay— Speak to them gen - tly and gath- er them in,

CHORUS.

Go tell the sto - ry to - day. Go tell the news where the

wea- ry may be, Go and the sor- row-ing captive set free, Go tell of

Je - sus who saves you and me, Go tell the sto - ry to - day.

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## No. 91. SINGING ON THE WAY.

W. H. B. W. H. Brown.

1. On the good old road that our fathers trod, Singing on the way, halle -
2. Tho' tempta-tions come I will trust the Lord, Singing on the way, halle -
3. I will meet the friends who have gone before, Singing on the way, halle -
4. It will not be long if my faith be strong, Singing on the way, halle -

lu - jah! To a cit - y whose build-er and mak - er is God,
lu - jah! "Be of cheer," Je - sus said, and I trust in His word,
lu - jah! In that bright, summer land where we'll part nev - er-more,
lu - jah! When I'll join in the song of the heav - en - ly throng,

Chorus.
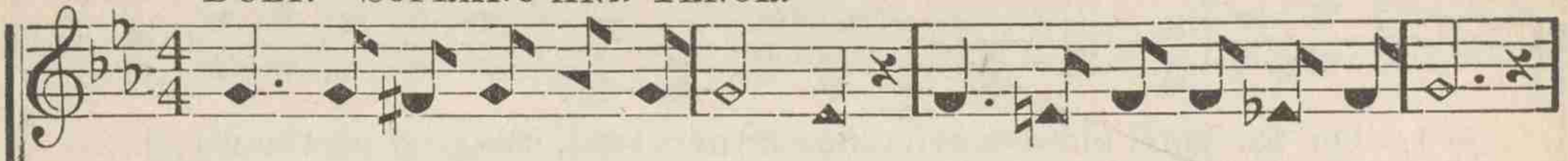
Sing-ing on the way, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord, what a
joy is mine! Hal - le - lu-jah, I've a peace di - vine! 'Round my
heart doth His love en-twine, Singing on the way, hal - le - lu - jah!

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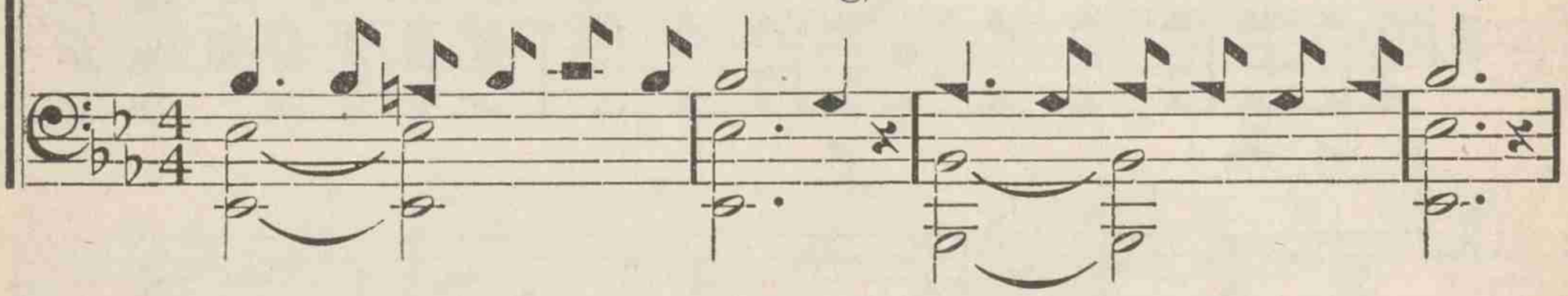
# No. 92. KNEELING AT THE MASTER'S FEET.
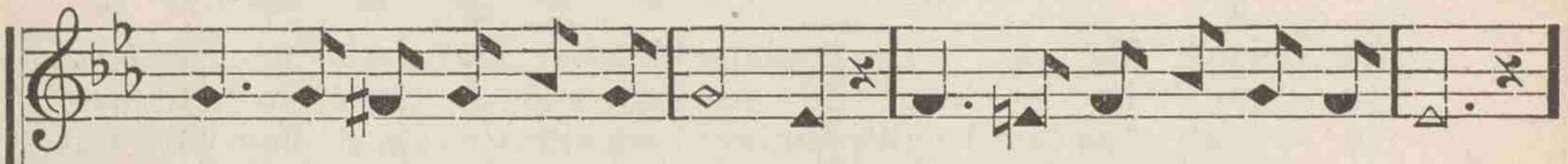
LAURA E. NEWELL. J. H. HALL.

DUET.—SOPRANO AND TENOR.
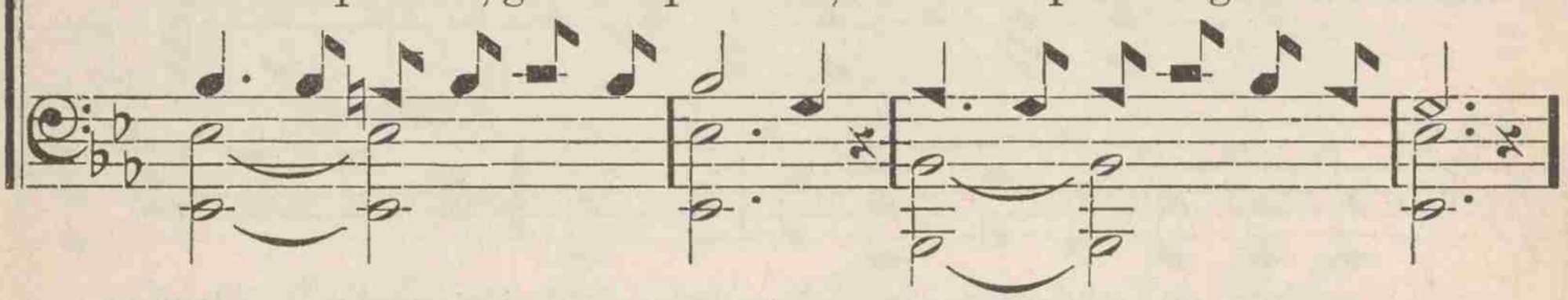


1. At the Master's feet I'm kneel-ing, La - den with a weight of sin,
2. Far from Je - sus long I wan-dered, But re-pent-ing of my past,
3. At the Master's feet I'm kneel-ing; With con- tri- tion I be-lieve,—
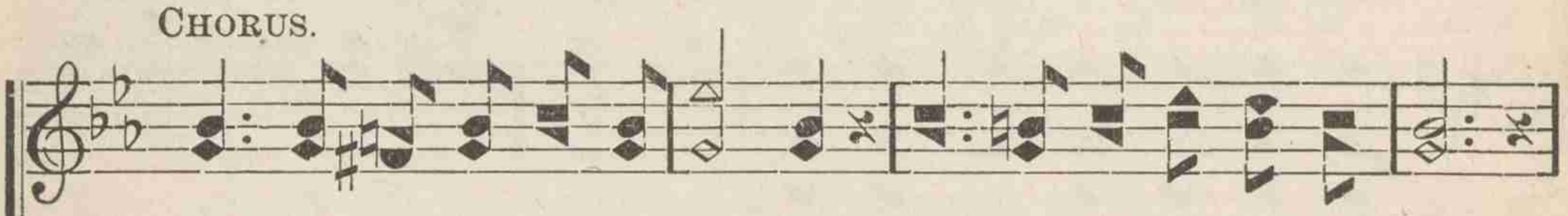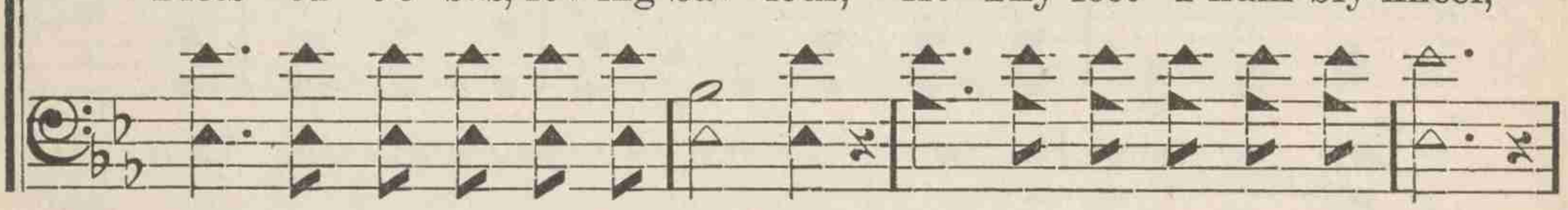




At my heart He's long been knocking, Now I haste to let Him in.
As a prod - i - gal I has - ten, To His outstretch'd arms at last.
In His promise, gracious prom - ise, And His pard'ning love re- ceive.



CHORUS.



Bless - ed Je - sus, lov-ing Sav - iour, At Thy feet I hum-bly kneel,



Take my heart, oh! blessed Mas - ter, Now Thy-self to me re - veal.

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# No. 93. TURN ON THE SEARCH-LIGHT.

J. M. H.

J. M. HAGAN.

*Deliberately.*

1. While aim-less-ly sail-ing on life's rug-ged sea, Oft halt-ing 'twixt
2. That whis-per I welcomed, the voice I o-beyed, And peace fill'd my
3. Dear friends, whither drifting, by what hand now led, No rud-der or
4. Flee to the Great Captain, who speaks, "Peace be still," And calm are the

wrong and the right; A sweet voice ten-der-ly whispered to me,
soul with de-light; I came to the Saviour, not a moment de-layed,
com-pass in sight? The whirlpool, destruction, lies there just a-head,
waves that af-fright; Just trust Him for guidance, con-fide in His will,

"There's dan-ger, turn on the search-light."
He helped me turn on the search-light.
Bet-ter halt and turn on the search-light.
Fear not, He'll turn on the search-light.

CHORUS.

Turn on the search-light, Turn on the search-light, There's danger in further de-lay; Turn on the search-light,

Turn on the search-light, And res-cue some lost one to-day.

Copyright, 1902, by J. M. Hagan.

# No. 94. HEAVEN BIDS YOU COME.

GEO. P. HOTT. J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Long - ing for mer - cy, for par - don and peace, Seek - ing from
2. Look - ing for pleas-ure in sin - ful em - ploy, Cher - ish - ing
3. Long - ing for heav - en the home of the blest, Wish - ing for

sor - row re - lease, On - ly to feel that the burdens in-crease,
heart's base al - loy, Learning too late that your hopes they de-stroy,
mansions of rest, Wast-ing the moments, the brightest and best,

CHORUS.

Burdens that weigh down your soul.
Mak-ing exchange of your soul.
Wronging your grief-laden soul.

Come..... then to Je - sus,
Come then to Jesus, oh, make no delay,

make..... no de - lay,..... Come..... while He
Come then to Je - sus, oh, make no de-lay, Come while He bids you, yes,

bids you, Come ..... while you may.....
come while you may, Come while He bids you, yes, come while you may.
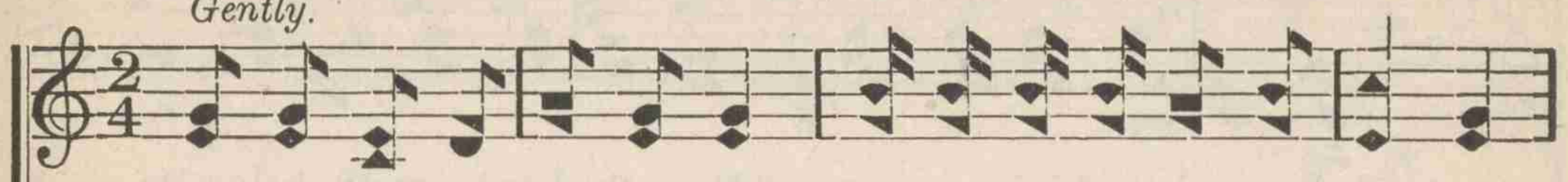
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# No. 95. NEVER WILL I CEASE TO LOVE HIM.

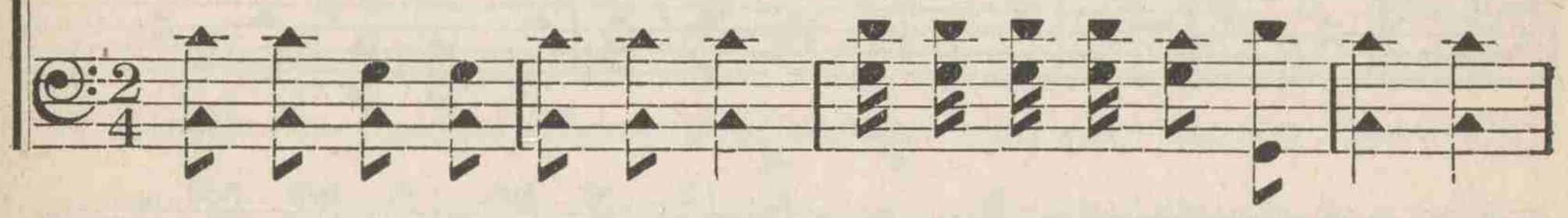
*"We love him because he first loved us."*—1 JOHN 4 : 19.
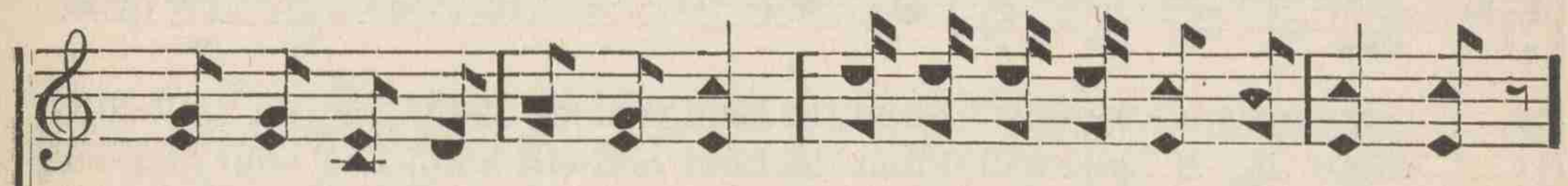
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

*Gently.*
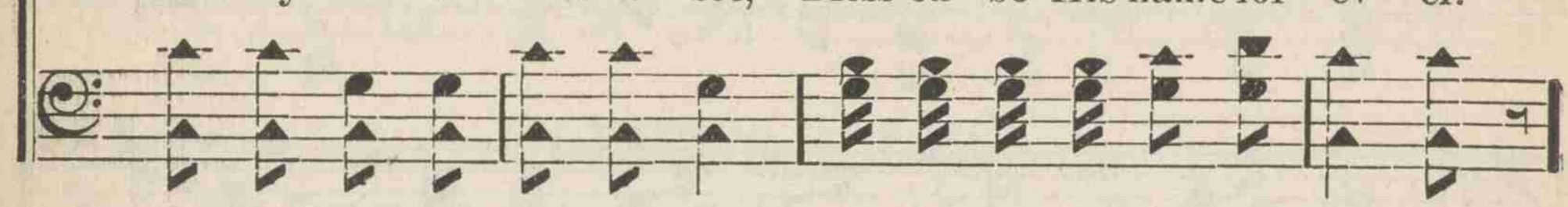


1. Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way, Bless-ed be His name for - ev - er;
2. Je - sus' blood has made me whole, Bless-ed be His name for - ev - er;
3. What a gift of grace di - vine, Bless-ed be His name for - ev - er;
4. There's a crown laid up for me, Bless-ed be His name for - ev - er;
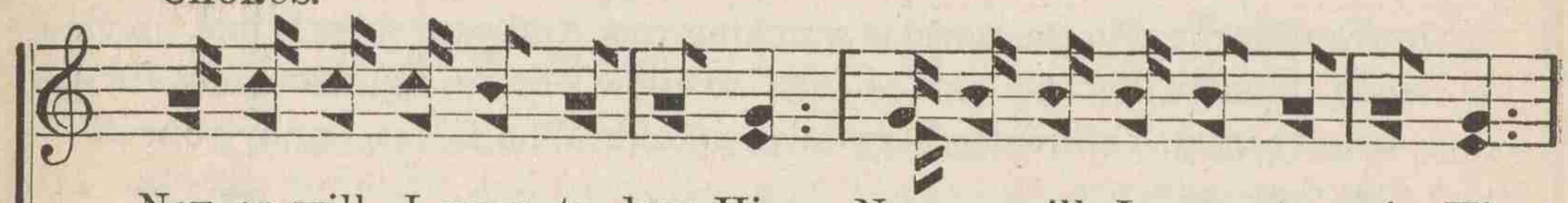




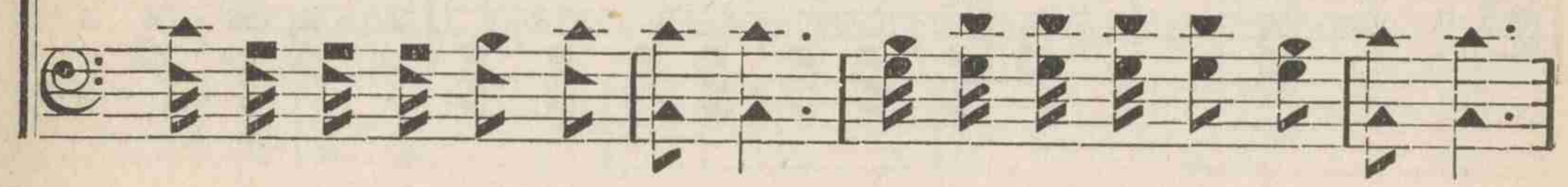
Je - sus taught me how to pray, Bless-ed be His name for - ev - er.
There is glo - ry in my soul, Bless-ed be His name for - ev - er.
I am His and He is mine, Bless-ed be His name for - ev - er.
Soon my Sav - iour I shall see, Bless-ed be His name for - ev - er.
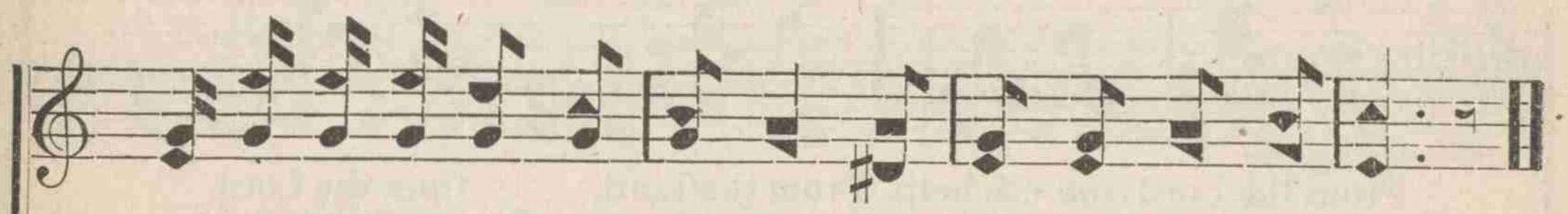


CHORUS.

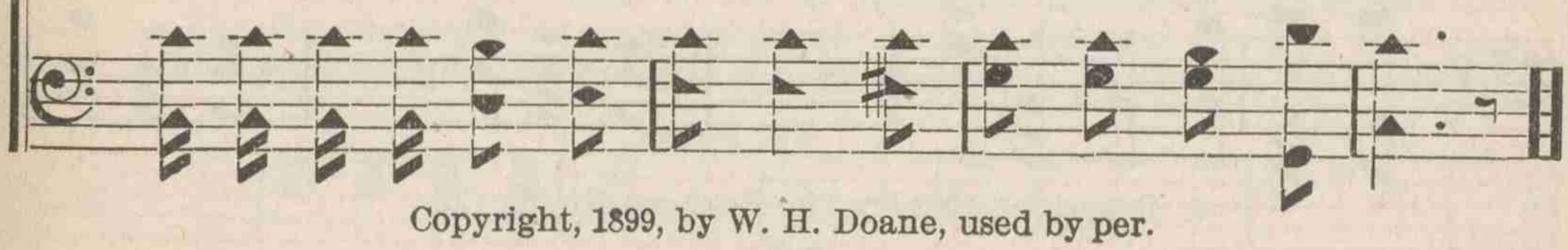


Nev- er will I cease to love Him, Nev- er will I cease to praise Him;
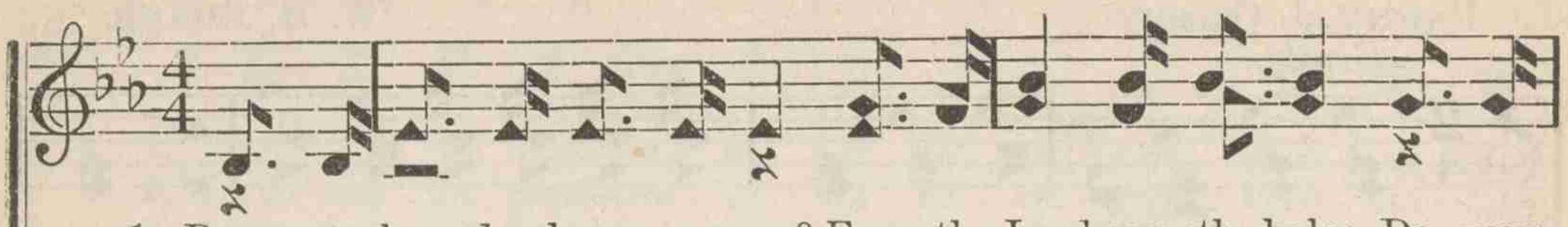




Nev- er will I cease to love Him, Be - cause He first loved me.
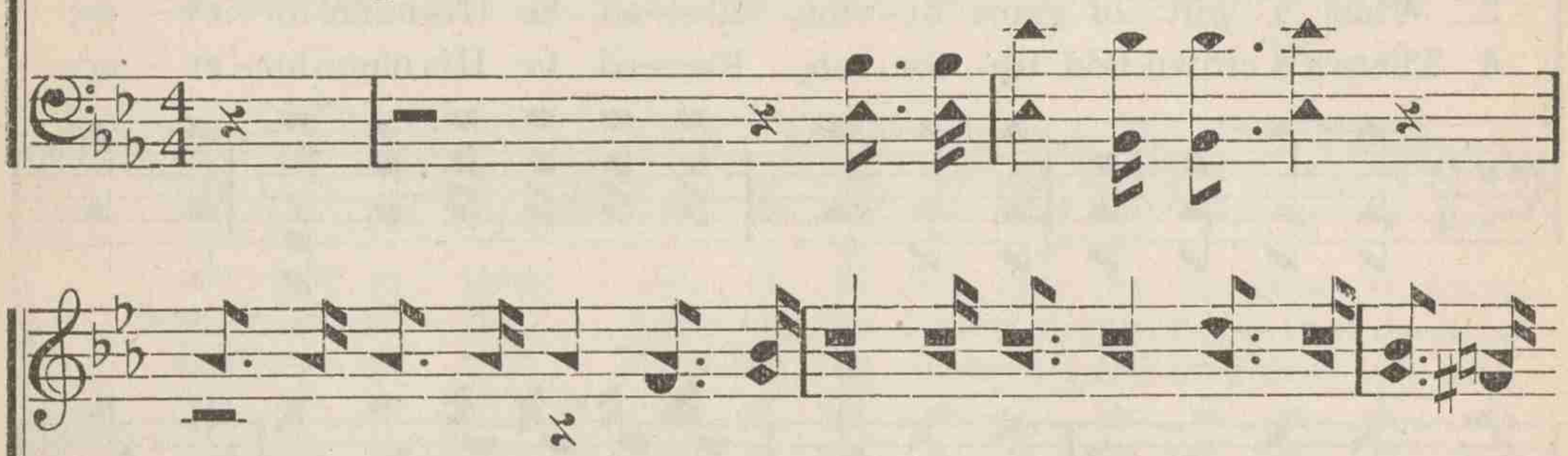


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# No. 96. FROM THE LORD COMETH HELP.
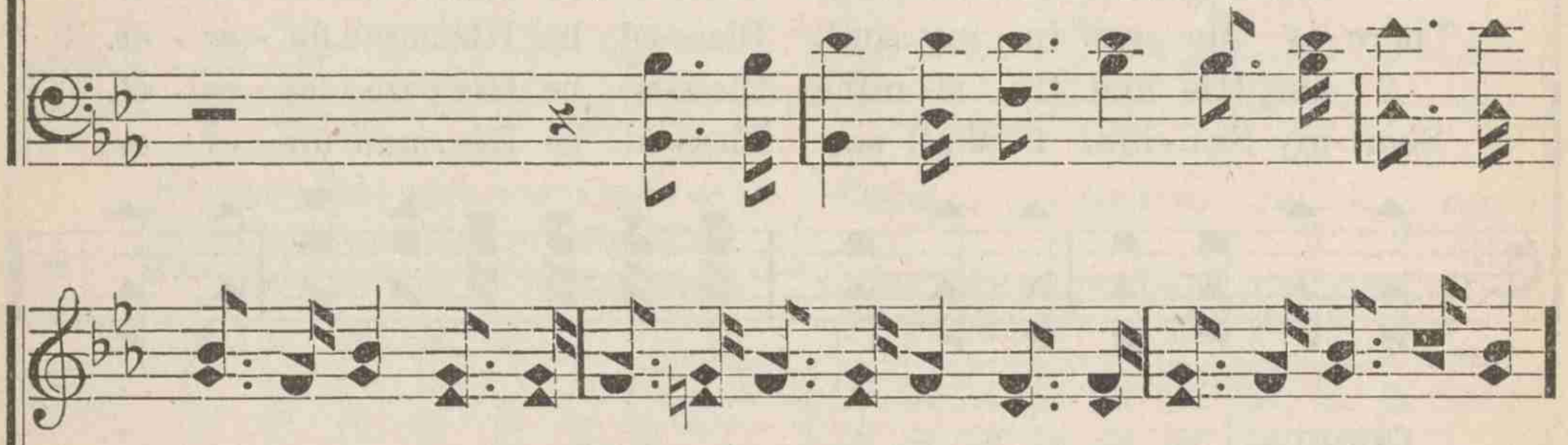
CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



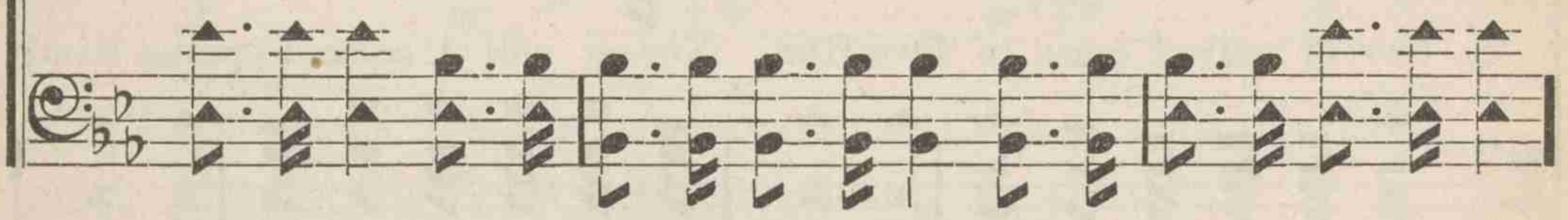
1. Does your bur- den heav - y grow? From the Lord cometh help; Do your
2. You have start- ed up the hill, From the Lord cometh help; You may
3. When temptation's hosts as - sail, From the Lord cometh help; They shall
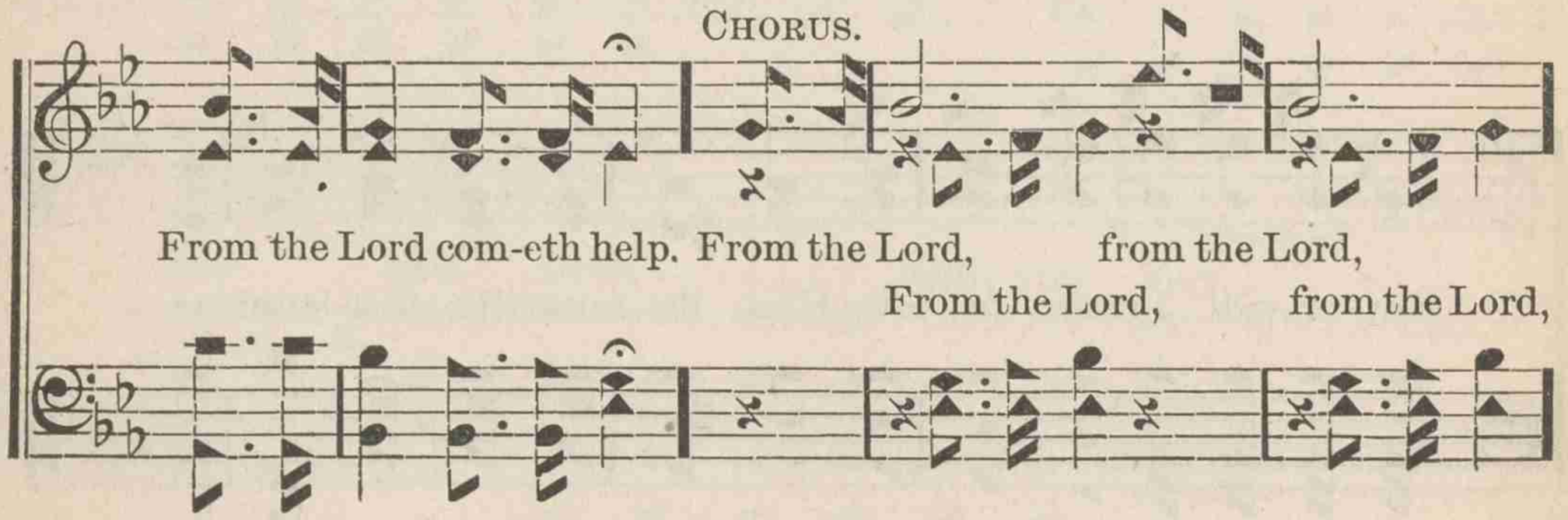


sor - rows o - verflow? From the Lord com-eth help. Be a sol - dier
climb it if you will, From the Lord com-eth help; Tho' your prog-ress
not with thee pre-vail, From the Lord com-eth help; Tho' you may be



brave and true, For the world is watching you, And your prize is just in view,
may be slow, Yet be sat - is - fied to know You are right, and onward go,—
sore - ly tried, Yet remember you've a Guide Who is ev - er by your side—



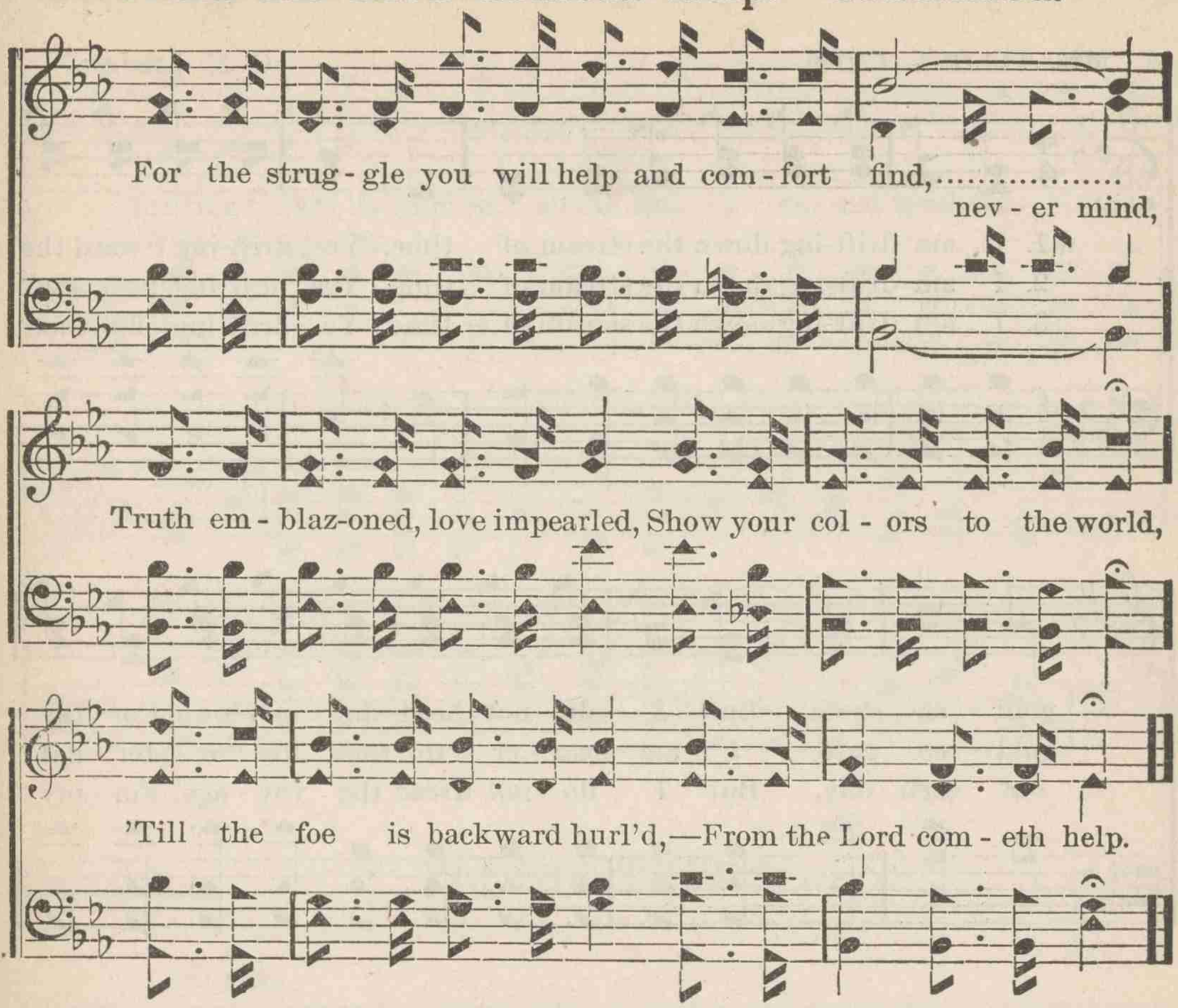
CHORUS.



From the Lord com-eth help. From the Lord, from the Lord,
From the Lord, from the Lord,

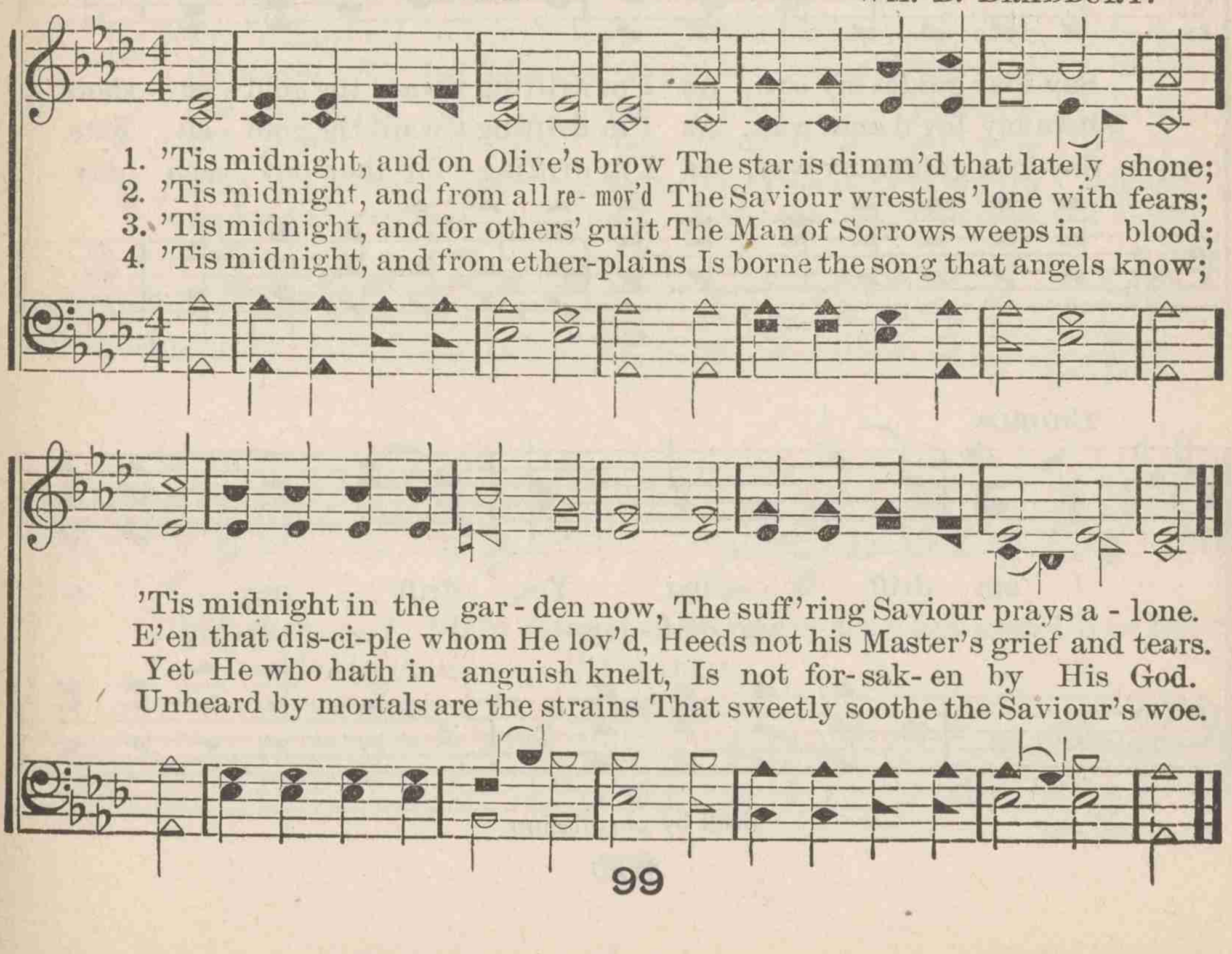
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## From the Lord Cometh Help.—Concluded.




## No. 97. OLIVE'S BROW.

Rev. Wm. Bingham Tappan. Wm. B. Bradbury.



# No. 98. DRIFTING TOWARD THE GOLDEN SHORE.

Mrs. Allie L. Criss. C. E. Leslie.

1. I am drift-ing down the stream of time, Yes, drift-ing t'ward the gold - en shore, But I do not heed the bil - lows, For the
2. I am drift-ing down the stream of time, Yes, near-ing now the gold - en gate, I am near - er to that life e - ter - nal
3. I am drift-ing down the stream of time, Yes, drift-ing far- ther out each day, But I do not dread the voy - age, For my
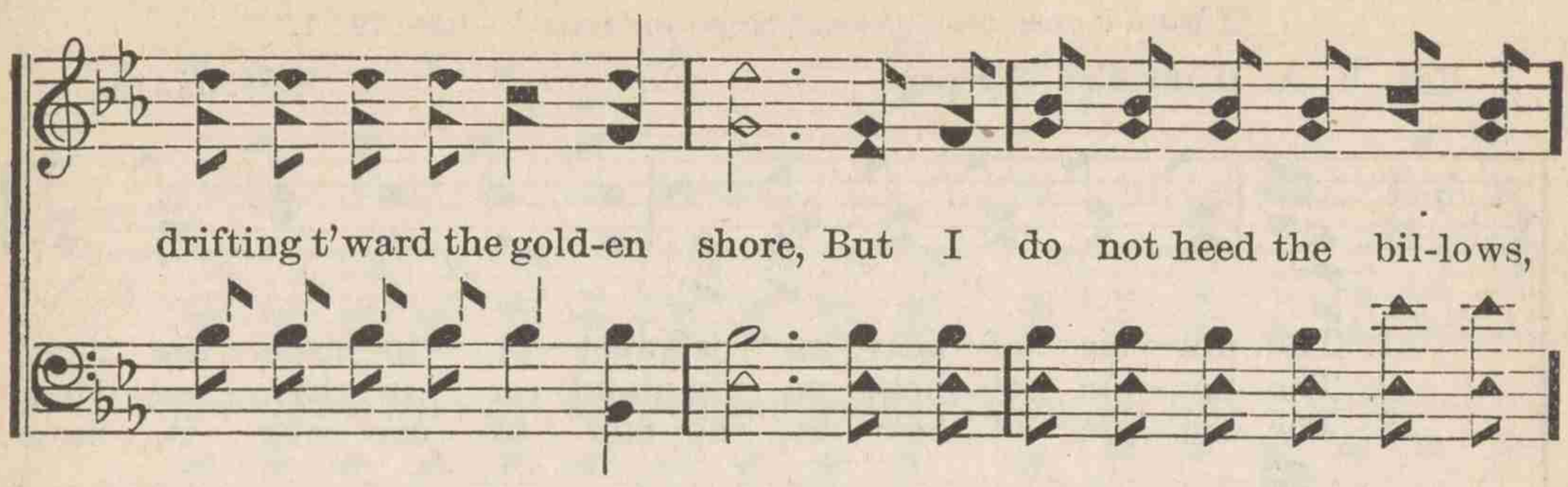
Sav-iour guides my oar, As I'm drifting t'ward the gold - en shore.
Where my lov'd ones wait, As I'm drifting t'ward the gold - en gate.
Sav-iour guides my way, As I'm drifting far- ther out each day.
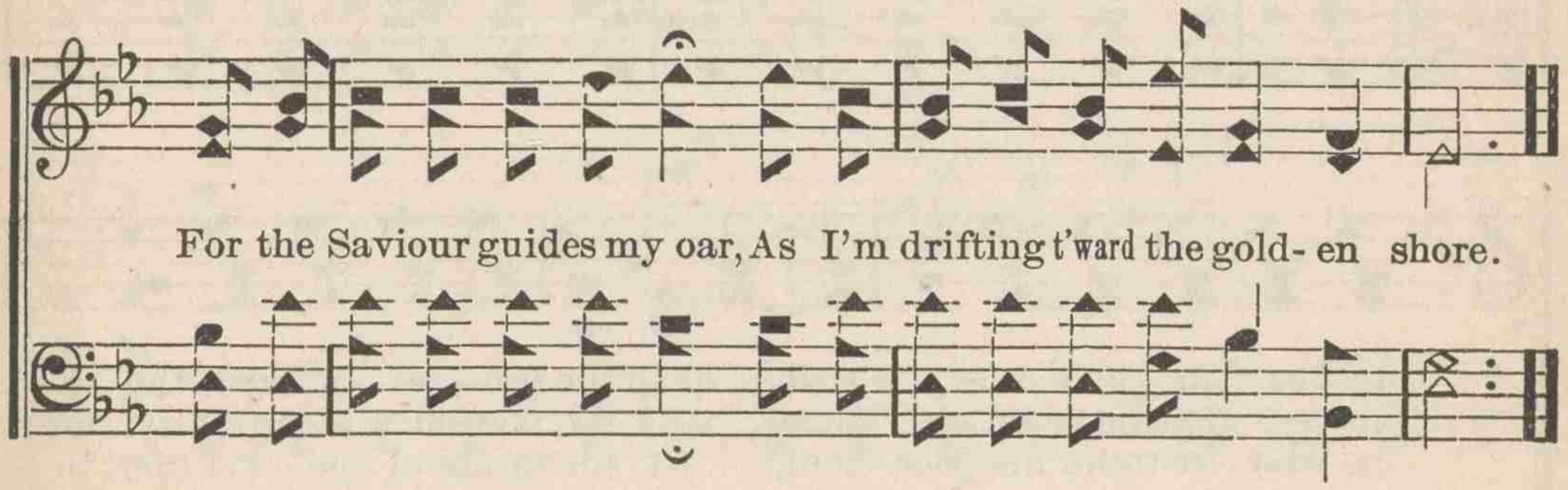
Chorus.

I am drift - - ing, Yes, drift - ing, I am
I am drift- ing, Yes, drift- ing,

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## Drifting Toward the Golden Shore.—Concluded.



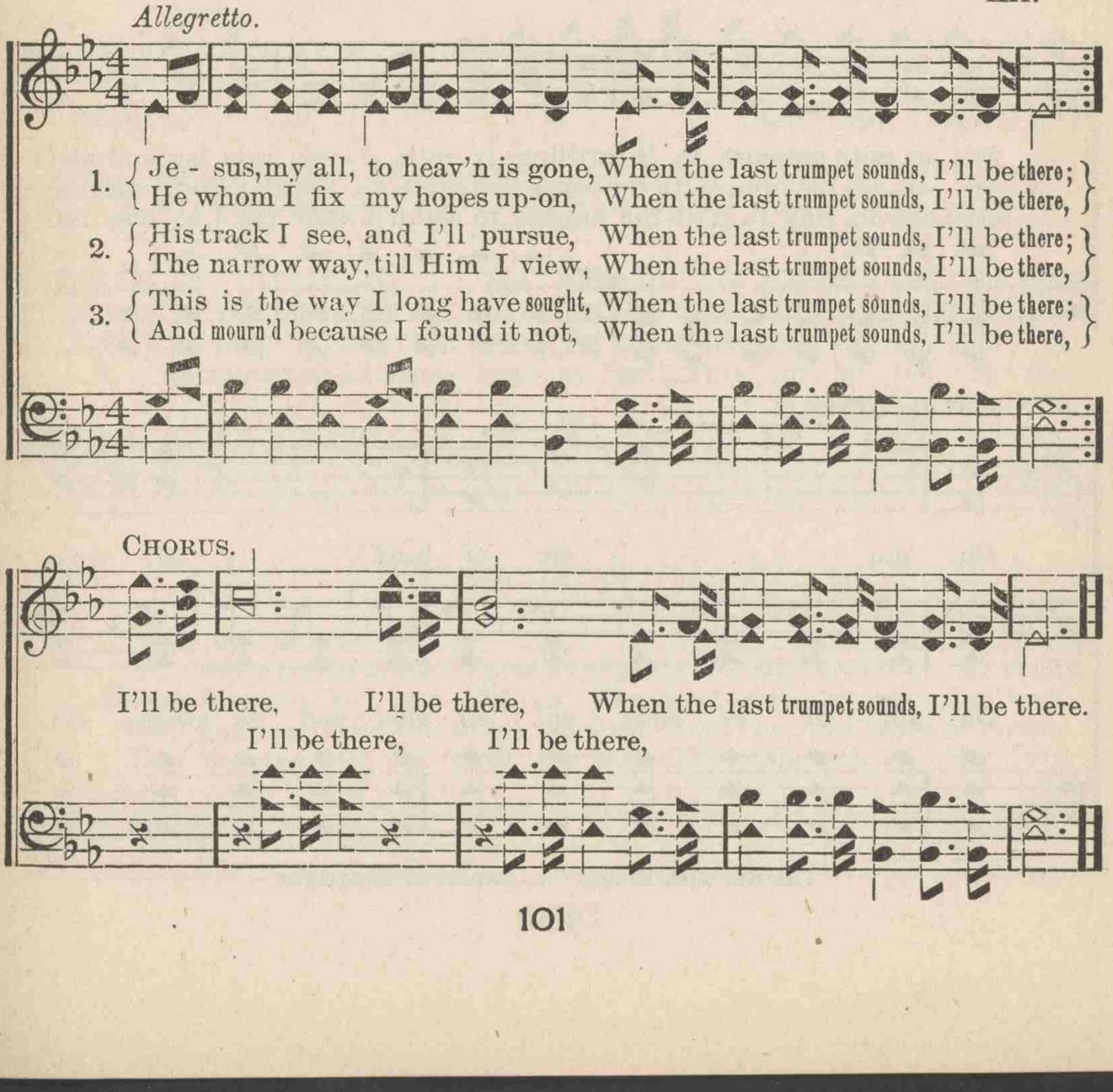




## No. 99. I'LL BE THERE.

Arr.

*Allegretto.*

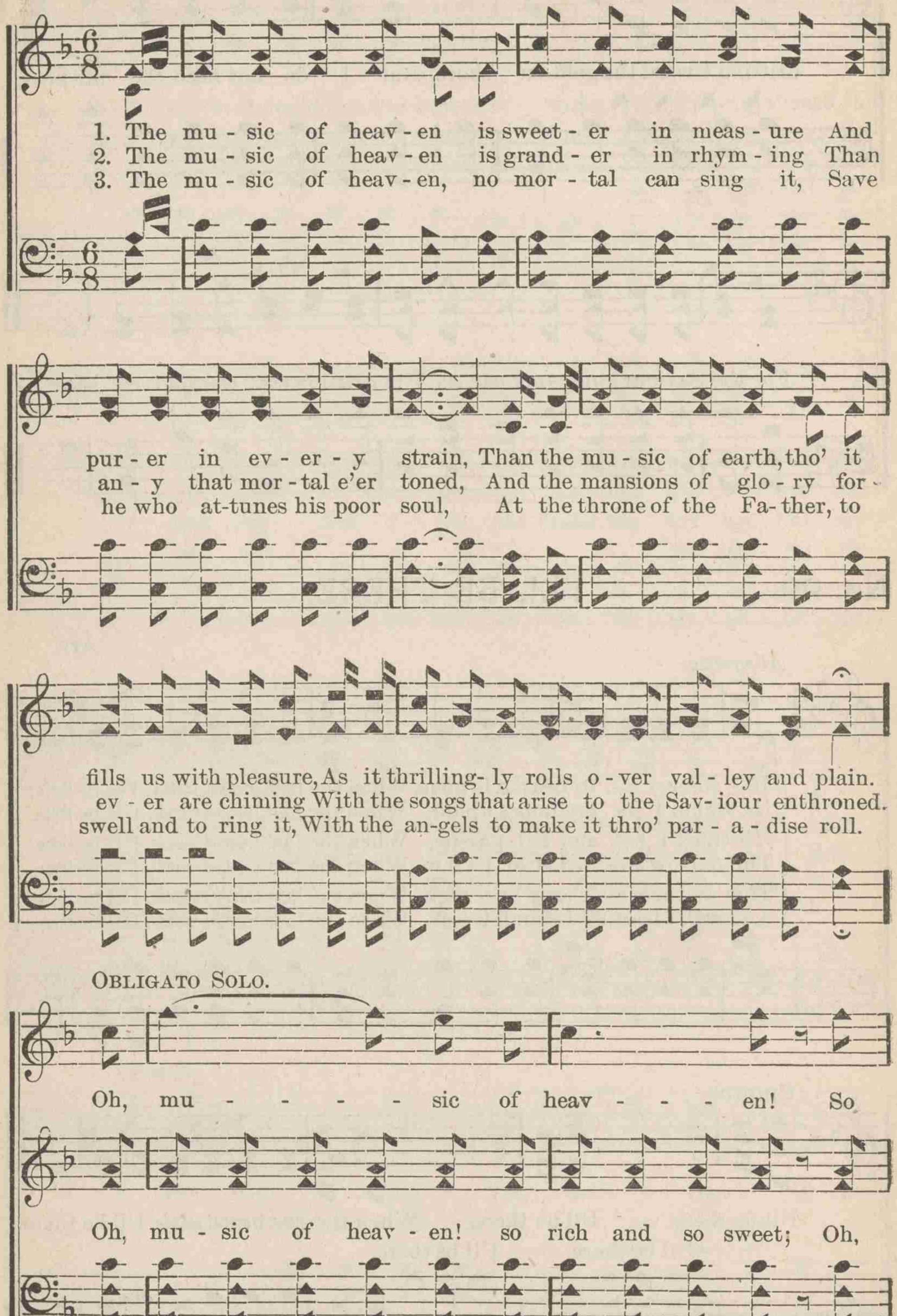



CHORUS.

# No. 100. THE MUSIC OF HEAVEN.

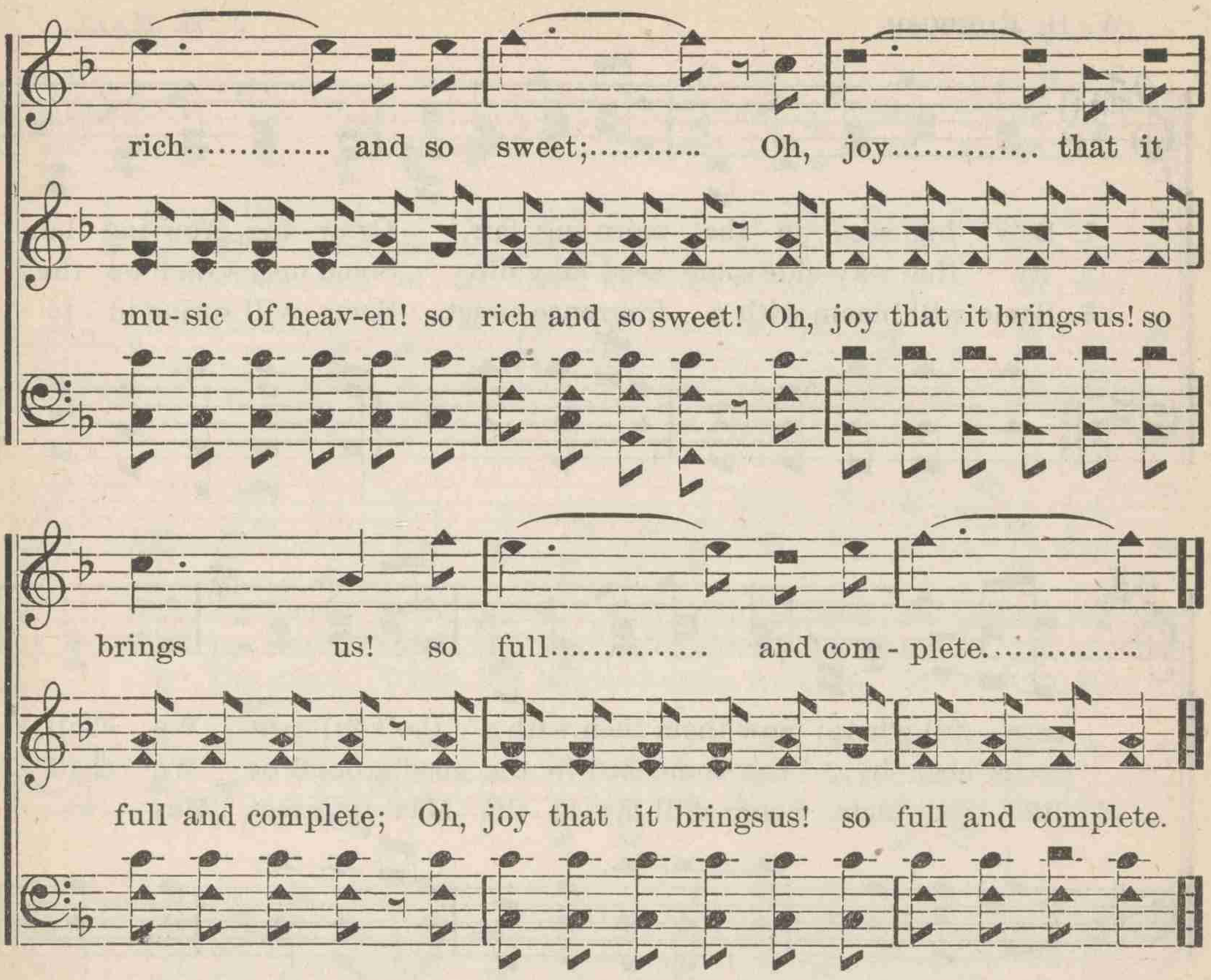
*"I heard a great voice of much people in heaven."*—REV. 19 : 1.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per. J. H. HALL.
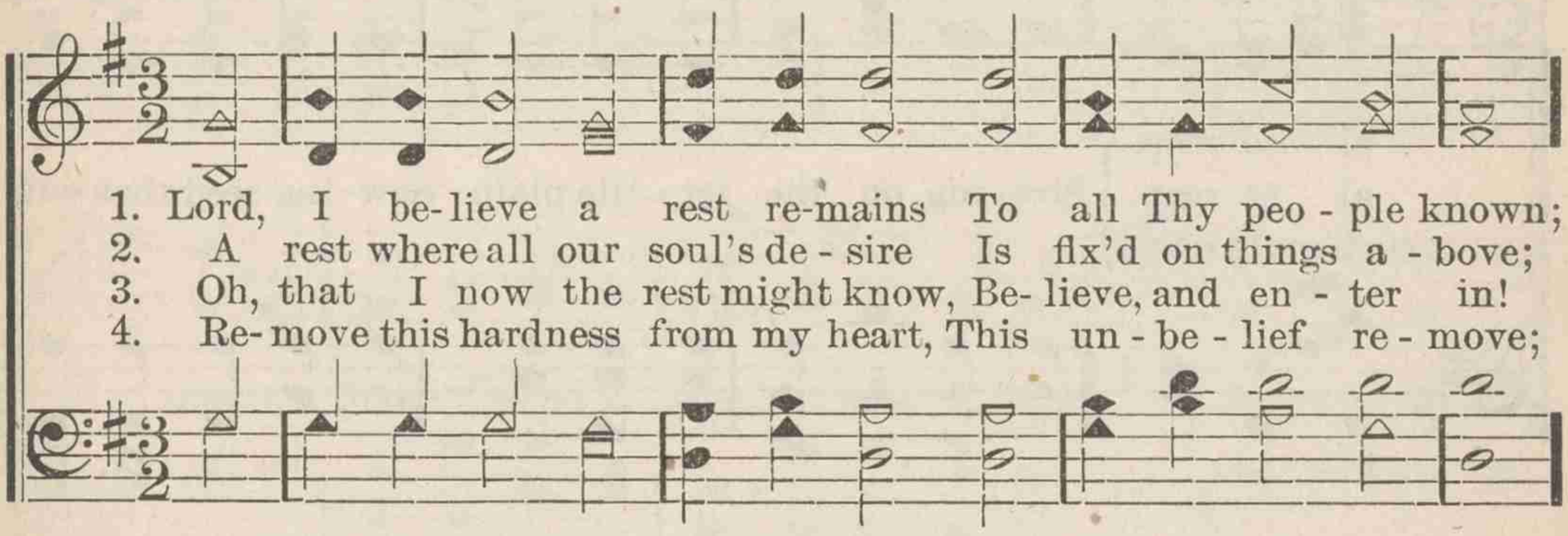



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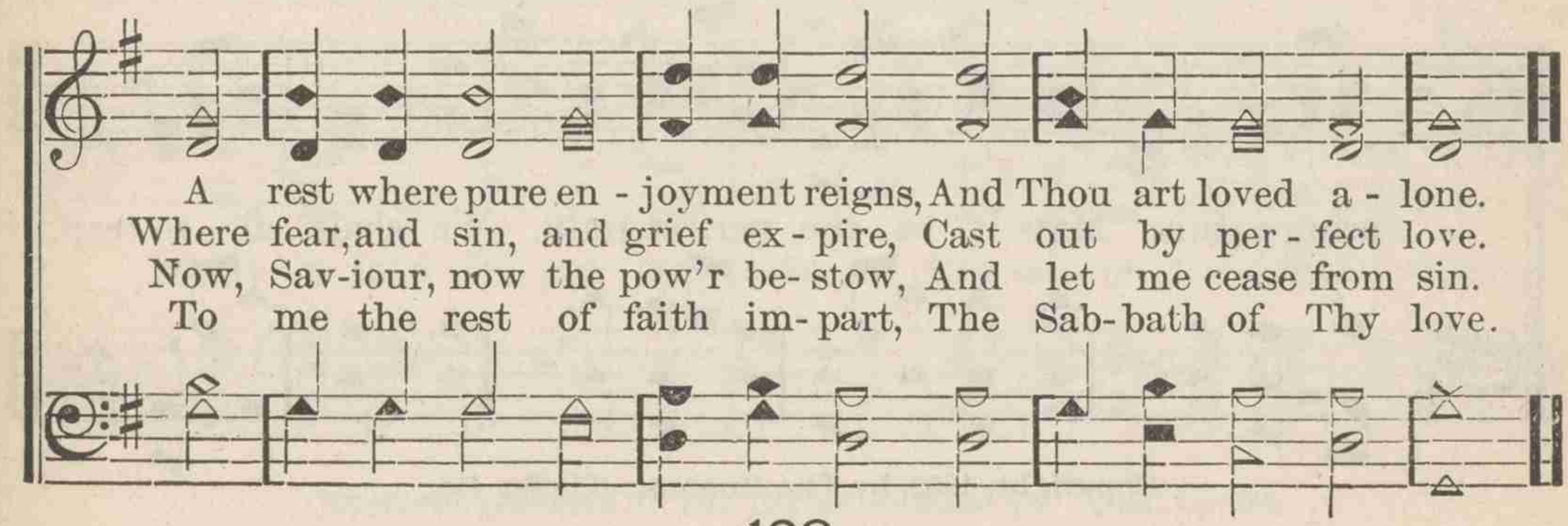
## The Music of Heaven.—Concluded.




## No. 101. MARLOW.
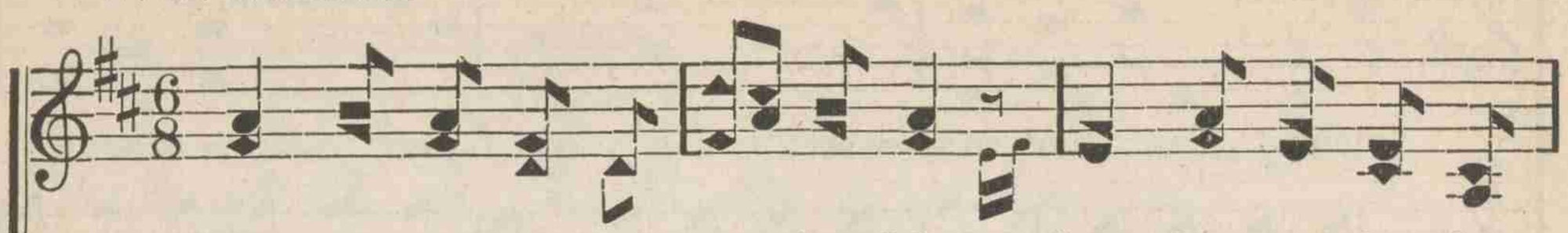
WESLEY. Rev. JOHN CHETHAM.



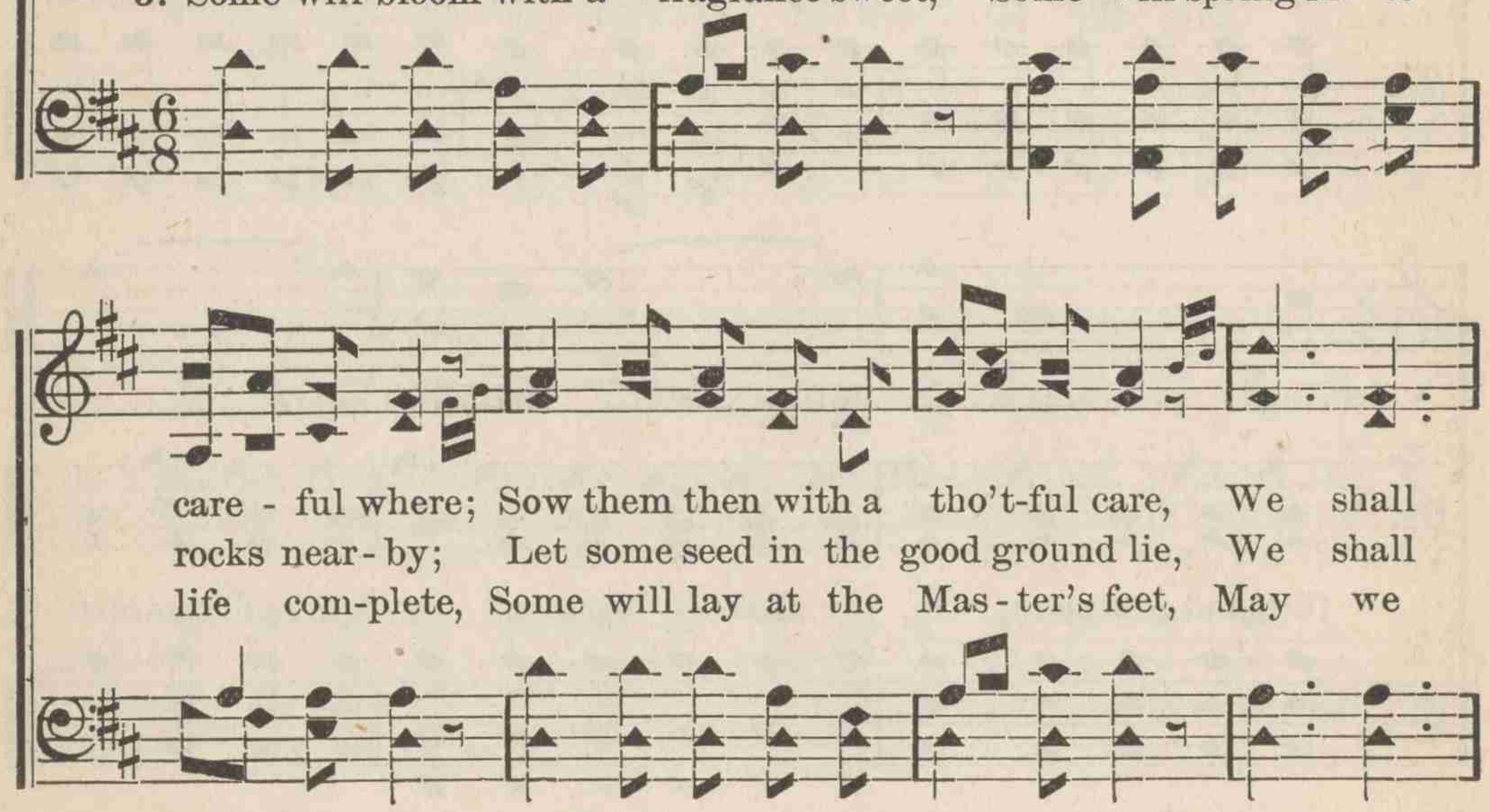



# No. 102. SOWING AND REAPING.

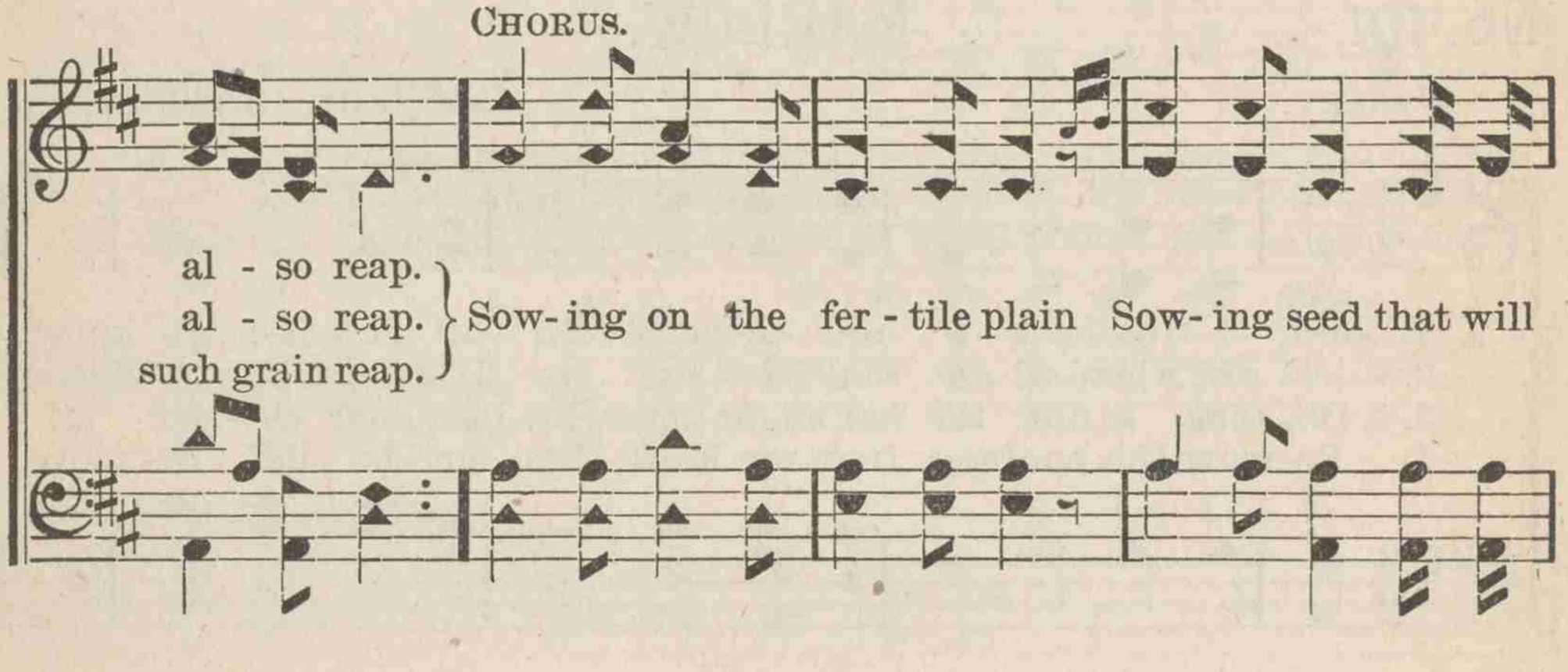
W. H. RUEBUSH. J. H. HALL.



1. Sow - ing seed in the morn-ing fair, Grow - ing, grow-ing be
2. By the way-side some seed may die, Some may scorch on the
3. Some will bloom with a fragrance sweet, Some will spring in - to



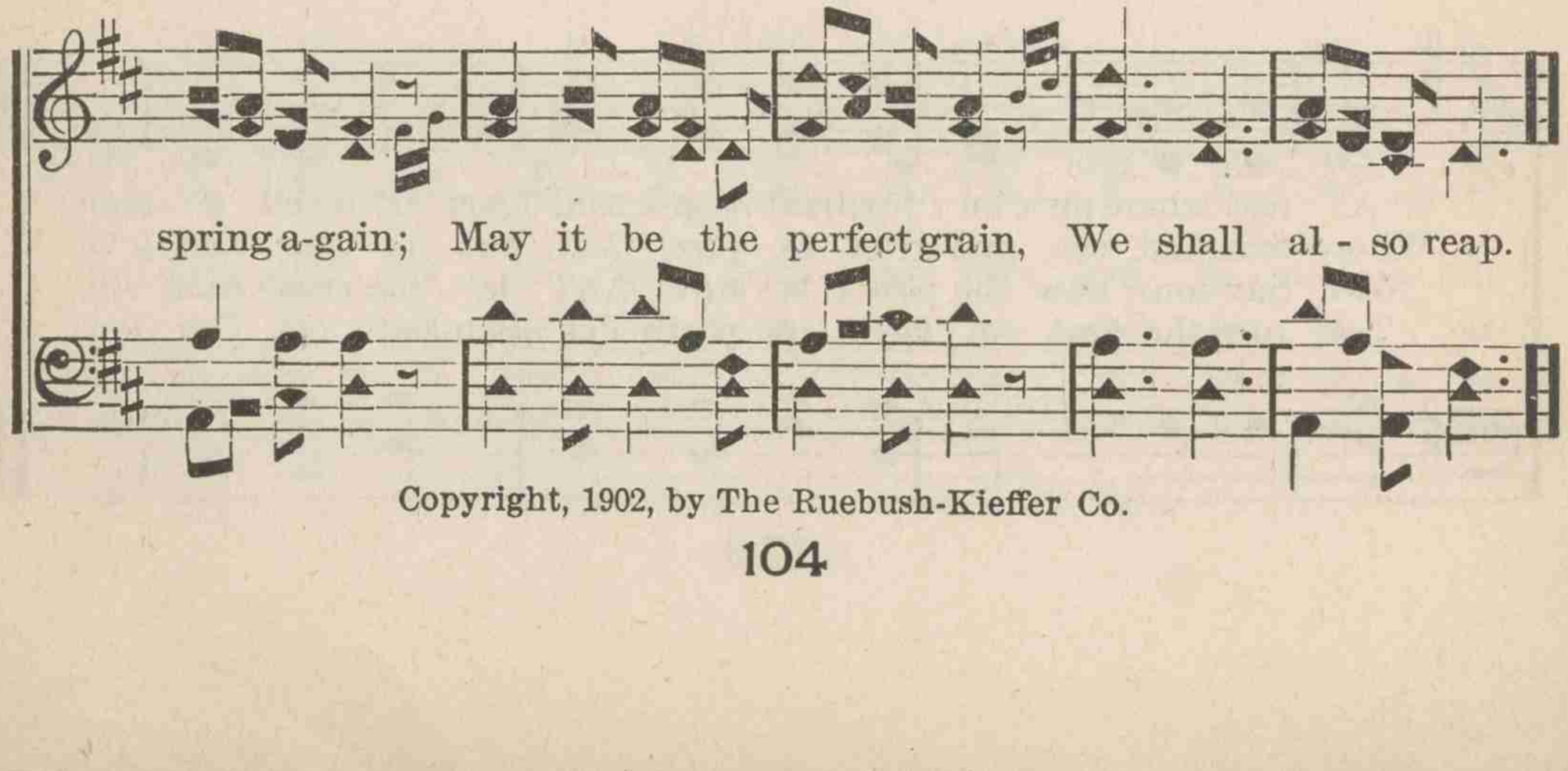
care - ful where; Sow them then with a tho't-ful care, We shall
rocks near - by; Let some seed in the good ground lie, We shall
life com-plete, Some will lay at the Mas - ter's feet, May we



CHORUS.

al - so reap.
al - so reap.
such grain reap.

} Sow - ing on the fer - tile plain Sow - ing seed that will



spring a-gain; May it be the perfect grain, We shall al - so reap.

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# No. 103. SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

W. F. S. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause, we know,
3. Oh! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm, ev-'ry one; Rest your
Must pre - vail; Shield and ban-ner bright Gleaming in the light; Battling
By Thy grace, When the bat-tle's done, And the vic-t'ry won, May we

CHORUS.

cause up - on His ho - ly word.
for the right We ne'er can fail.
wear the crown Be- fore Thy face.
} Rouse, then, soldiers, ral - ly round the

ban-ner, Read-y, stead-y, pass the word a-long; On-ward, for-ward,

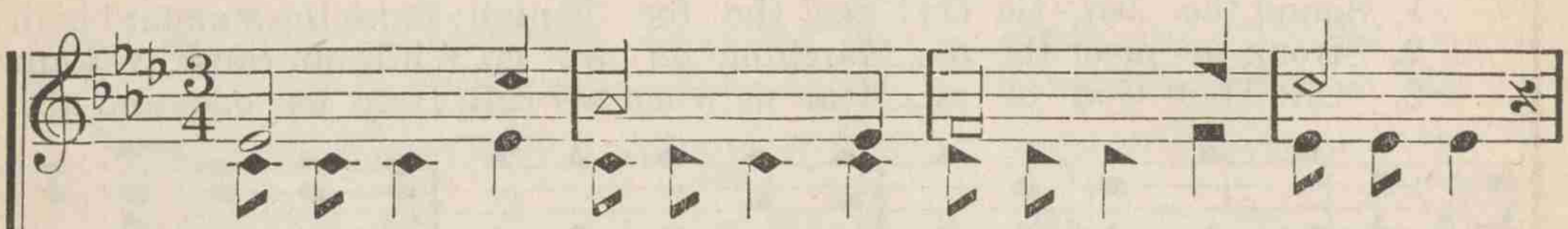
shout a - loud Ho- san - na! Christ is Cap-tain of the might-y throng.

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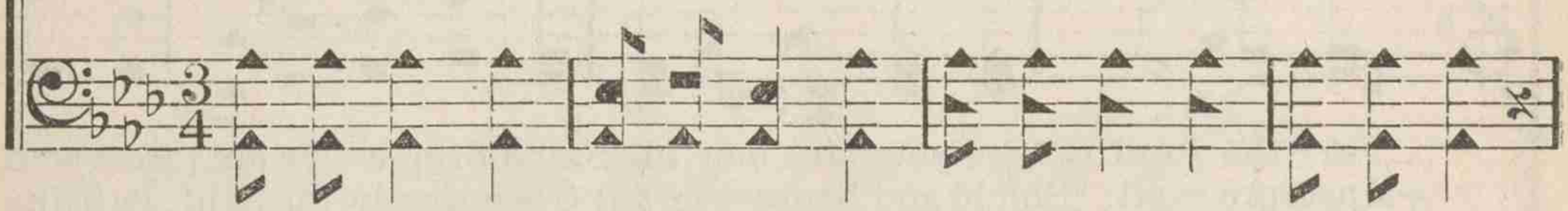
# No. 104. HIDE THOU ME

TOPLADY. J. H. RUEBUSH.
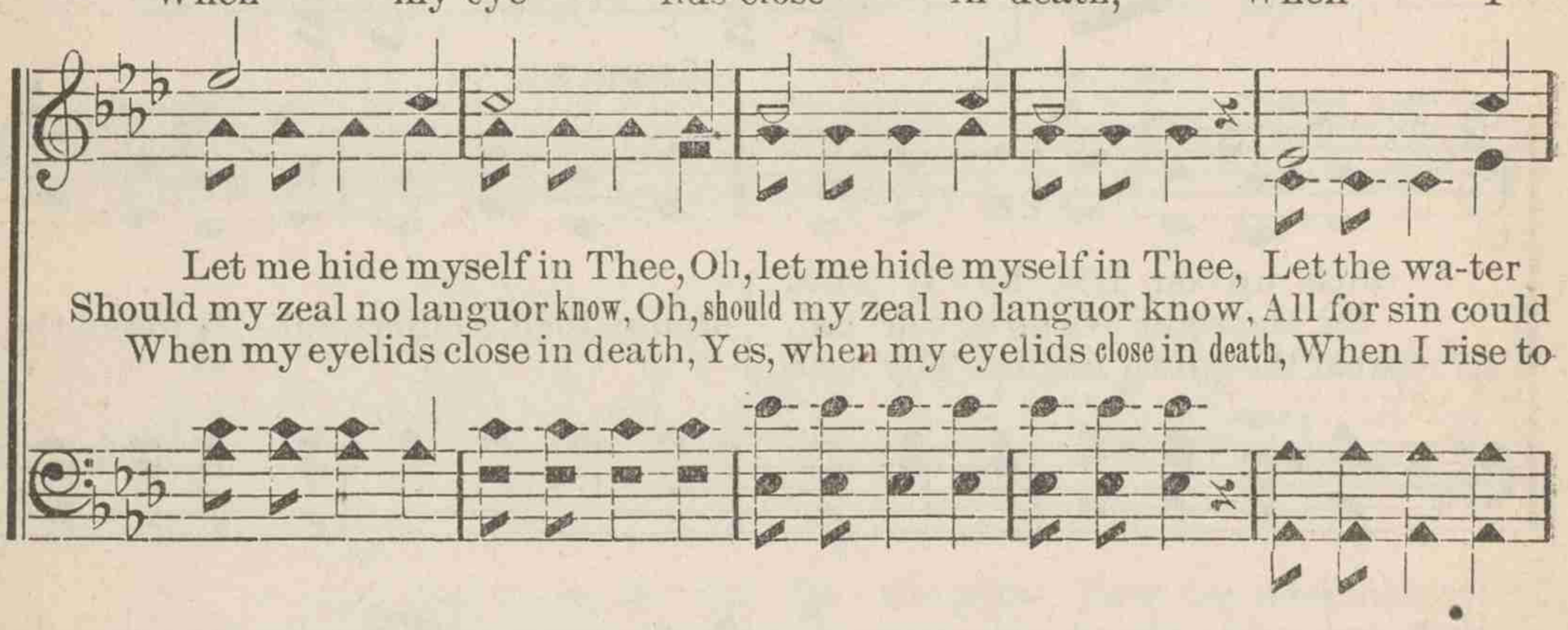
1. Rock of A - - ges cleft for me,
2. Should my tears for - ev - - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet - - ing breath,



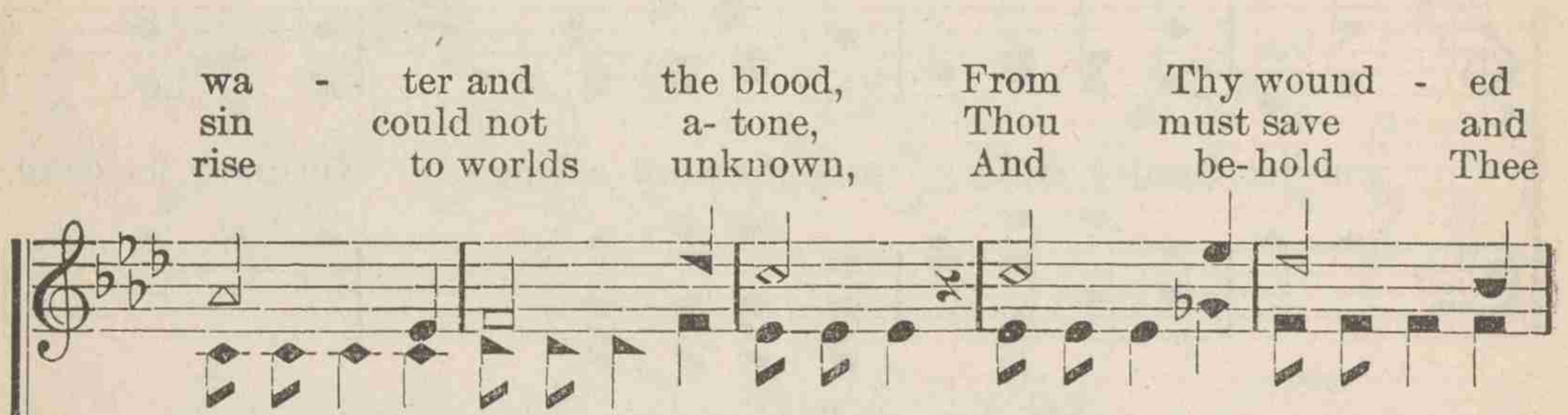
1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges cleft for me,
2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh, should my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, Oh, while I draw this fleet-ing breath,



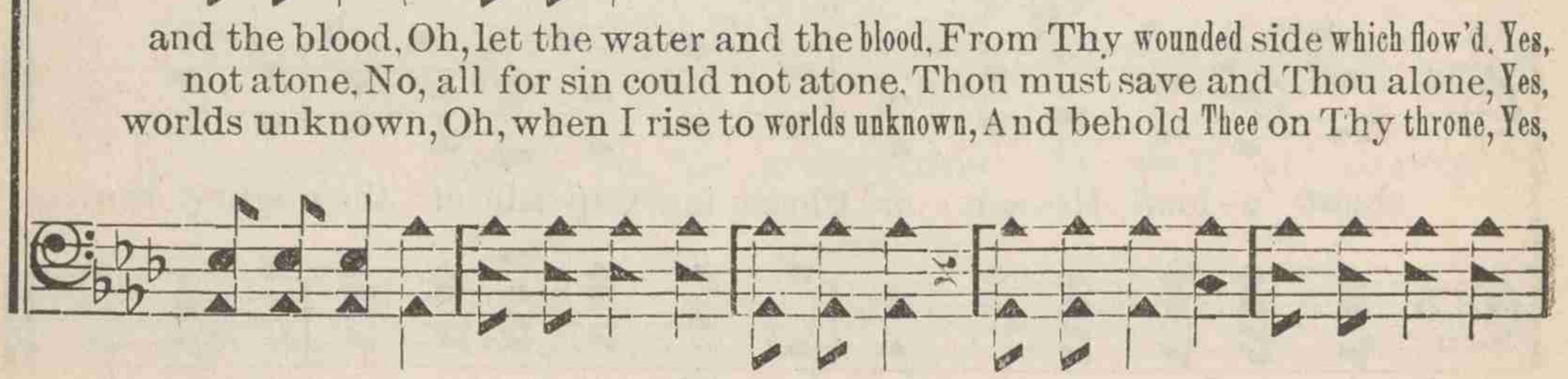
Let me hide my-self in Thee, Let the
Should my zeal no lan - guor know, All for
When my eye - lids close in death, When I



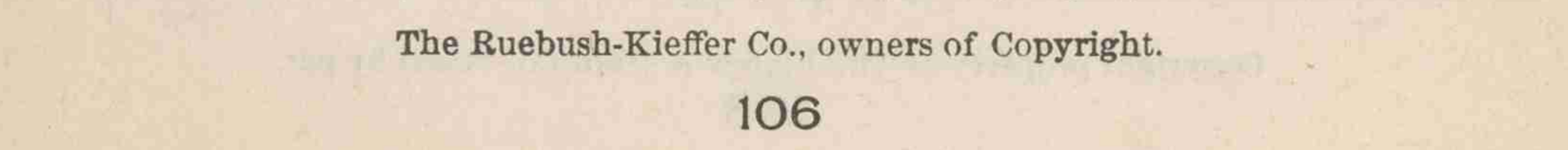
Let me hide myself in Thee, Oh, let me hide myself in Thee, Let the wa-ter
Should my zeal no languor know, Oh, should my zeal no languor know, All for sin could
When my eyelids close in death, Yes, when my eyelids close in death, When I rise to



wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed
sin could not a- tone, Thou must save and
rise to worlds unknown, And be- hold Thee
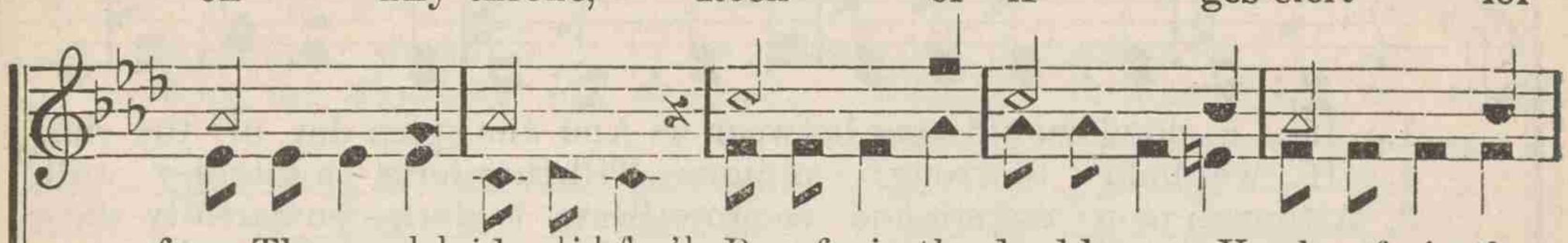


and the blood, Oh, let the water and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd, Yes,
not atone, No, all for sin could not atone, Thou must save and Thou alone, Yes,
worlds unknown, Oh, when I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne, Yes,
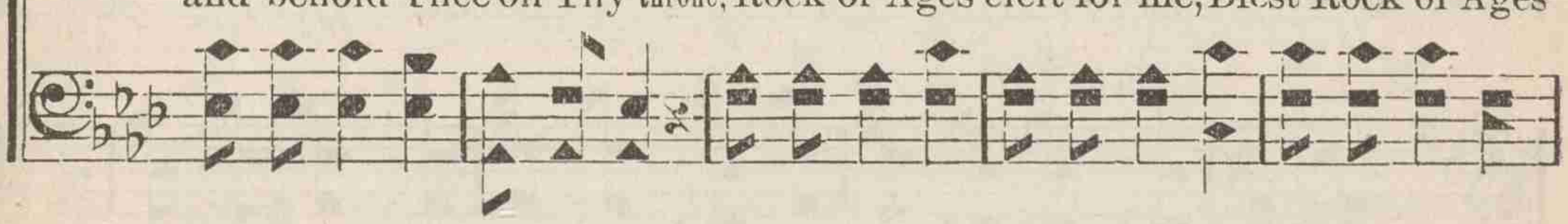


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# Hide Thou Me.—Concluded.
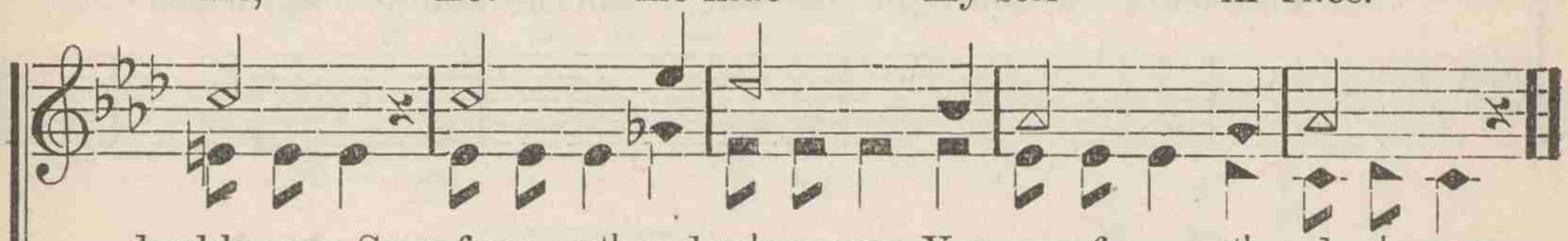
side which flow'd, Be of sin the doub - le
Thou a - lone, In my hand no price I
on Thy throne, Rock of A - ges cleft for



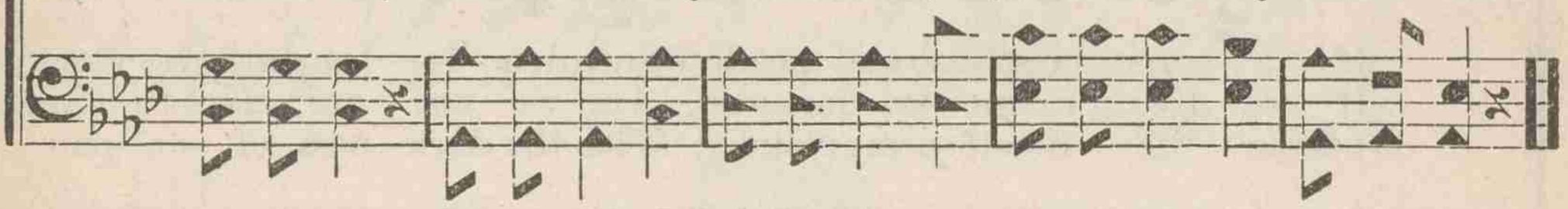
from Thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Yes, be of sin the
Thou must save and Thou alone. In my hand no price I bring, Oh, in my hand no
and behold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of Ages cleft for me, Blest Rock of Ages



cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling,
me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

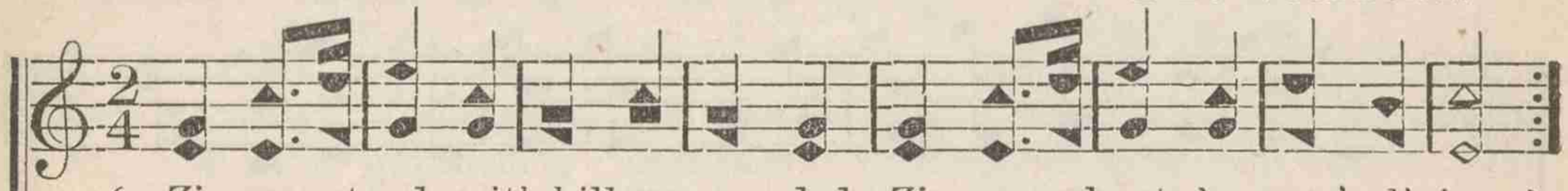


double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, save from wrath and make me pure.
price I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling, Yes, simply to Thy cross I cling.
cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee, Oh, let me hide my-self in Thee.
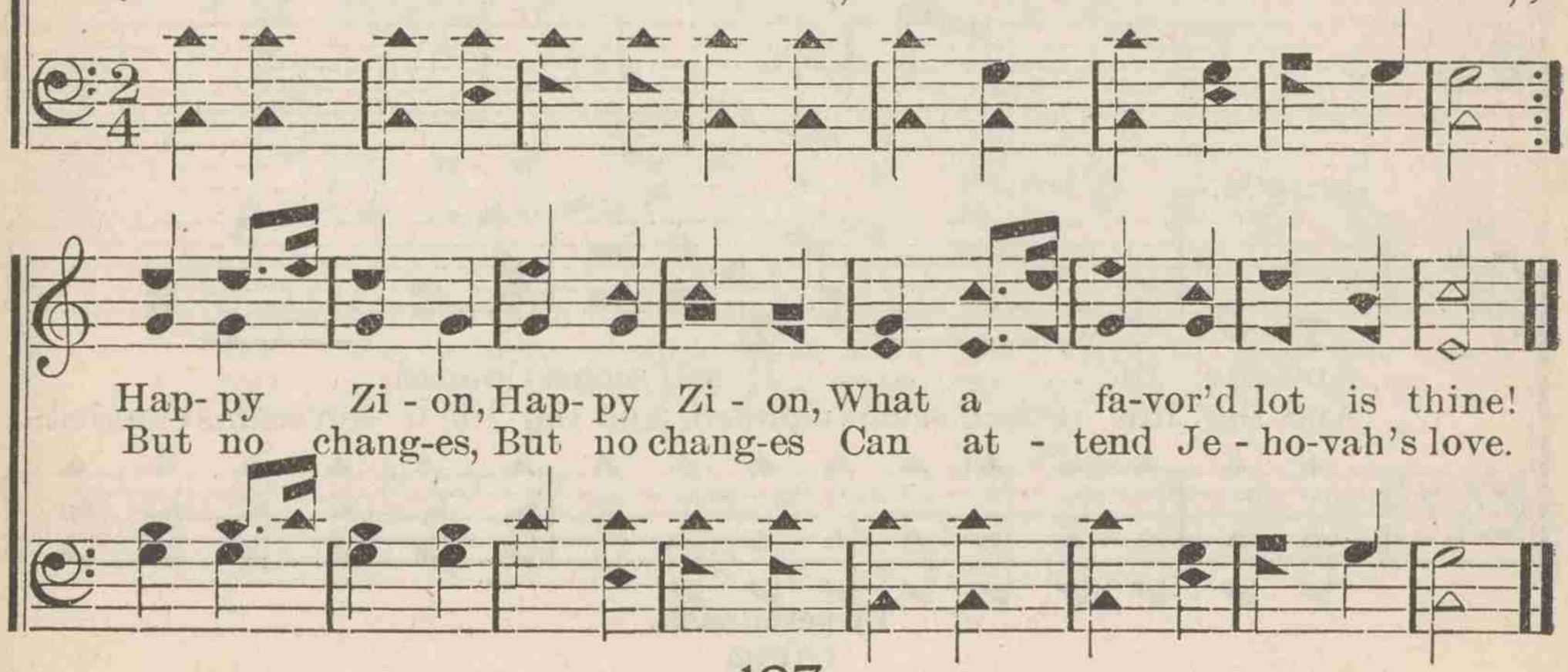


## No. 105. HAPPY ZION.

THOMAS KELLEY. I. B. WOODBURY.



1. { Zi - on stands with hills surrounded, Zi - on, kept by pow'r divine;
   { All her foes shall be confound-ed, Tho' the world in arms combine.
2. { Ev - 'ry human tie may per- ish, Friend to friend unfaith-ful prove.
   { Moth-ers cease their own to cher - ish, Heav'n and earth at last remove;



Hap- py Zi - on, Hap- py Zi - on, What a fa-vor'd lot is thine!
But no chang-es, But no chang-es Can at - tend Je - ho-vah's love.

# No. 106. BEHIND THE CLOUD.

EVA BEST. R. H. RANDALL.

DUET.

1. If a cloud should come between us And the splen-dor of the sun,
2. If we hold to wrong o - pinions Till they form a might-y wall,
3. Although pain and sin and sor-row Seem to dark - en earth-ly days,

If the rays of gold-en sunlight Should be hid - den one by one,
If we har - bor thoughts of er - ror, And for - get that God is all,
We may learn a sim - ple les- son From the sun's obstruct-ed rays,

If a - cross the stream and meadow Sud-den - ly a darkness came,
If we live in mor-tal darkness, Are we not our selves to blame.
And tho' life it-self seems clouded With the dark - ness of de-spair.

Should we ques- tion for a moment That the sun shone just the same?
Since God's truth be-yond the shad-ow Shines in splen- dor just the same?
Just re- mem - ber that the shad-ow Proves the light is al- ways there.

CHORUS.

And tho' life..... it- self seems clouded..... .....
And tho' life it - self seems clouded, And tho' life it- self seems clouded,

By permission.

## Behind the Cloud.—Concluded.

With the dark - - - - ness of de- spair,
With the darkness of de- spair, With the dark-ness of de - spair,

Just re - mem - - - ber that the shad - ow.....
Just re - member that the shadow, Just re - mem-ber that the shad- ow

Proves the light..... is al - ways there,
Proves the light is always there, Proves the light is al- ways there.

## No. 107. TIOGA.

O. R. Barrows, by per.

1. See Israel's gen - tle shepherd stand, With all en- gag- ing charms,
2. "Per- mit them to approach," He cries, Nor scorn their humble name,
3. We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands And yield them up to Thee;

Hark! how He calls the ten-der lambs, And folds them in His arms.
For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of an - gels came.
Joy - ful that we ourselves are Thine, Thine let our off - spring be.

# No. 108. I AM HAPPY ALL THE WAY.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. Dr. L. O. EMERSON.

1. I am hap - py all the way, and the path's so bright, Since the
2. Oh, the cheer - ing words of grace, how they fill my soul, Full of
3. Ev - er bright - er beams the day, as the hours go by, And the

Sav - iour came to me, I am hap - py day by day, and my
joy and peace di - vine, Oh, the smil - ing of His face, as we
Sav - iour leads me on, And more heav'nly is the way as the

bur - den's light, O, a pre - cious help He proves to be.
near the goal, 'Tis the fa - vor of your Lord and mine.
end draws nigh, And the bright - er the im - mor - tal crown.
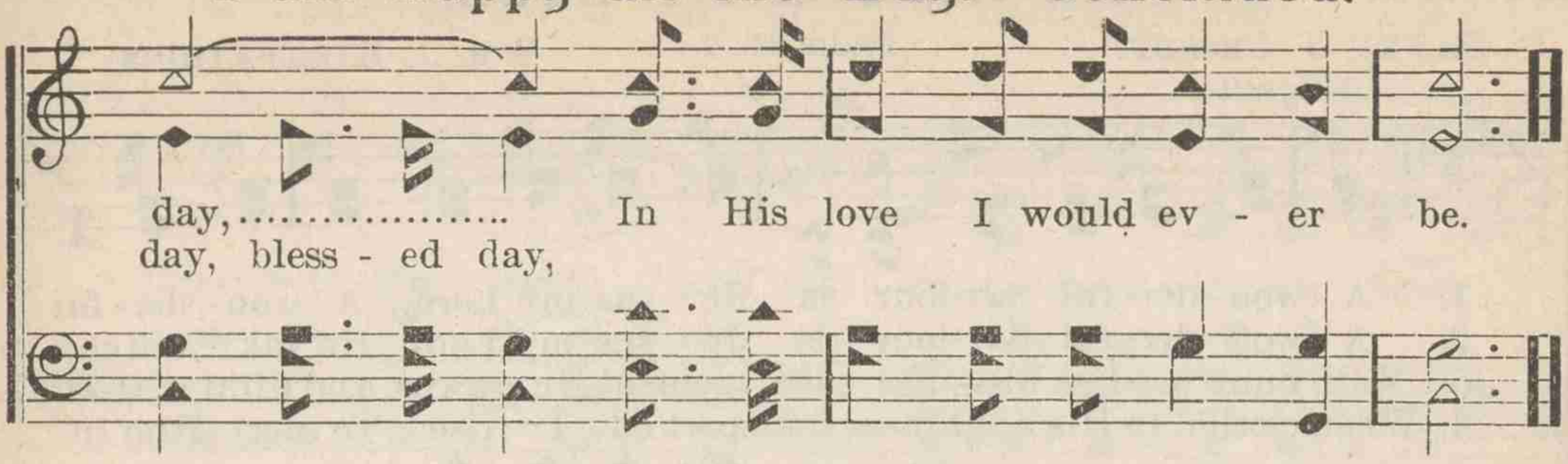
CHORUS.

I'm so hap - - - py all the way,..... Since my
I'm so hap - py all the way, bless - ed way,

Sav - iour came to me, I'm so hap - - - py ev - 'ry
I'm so hap - py ev - 'ry
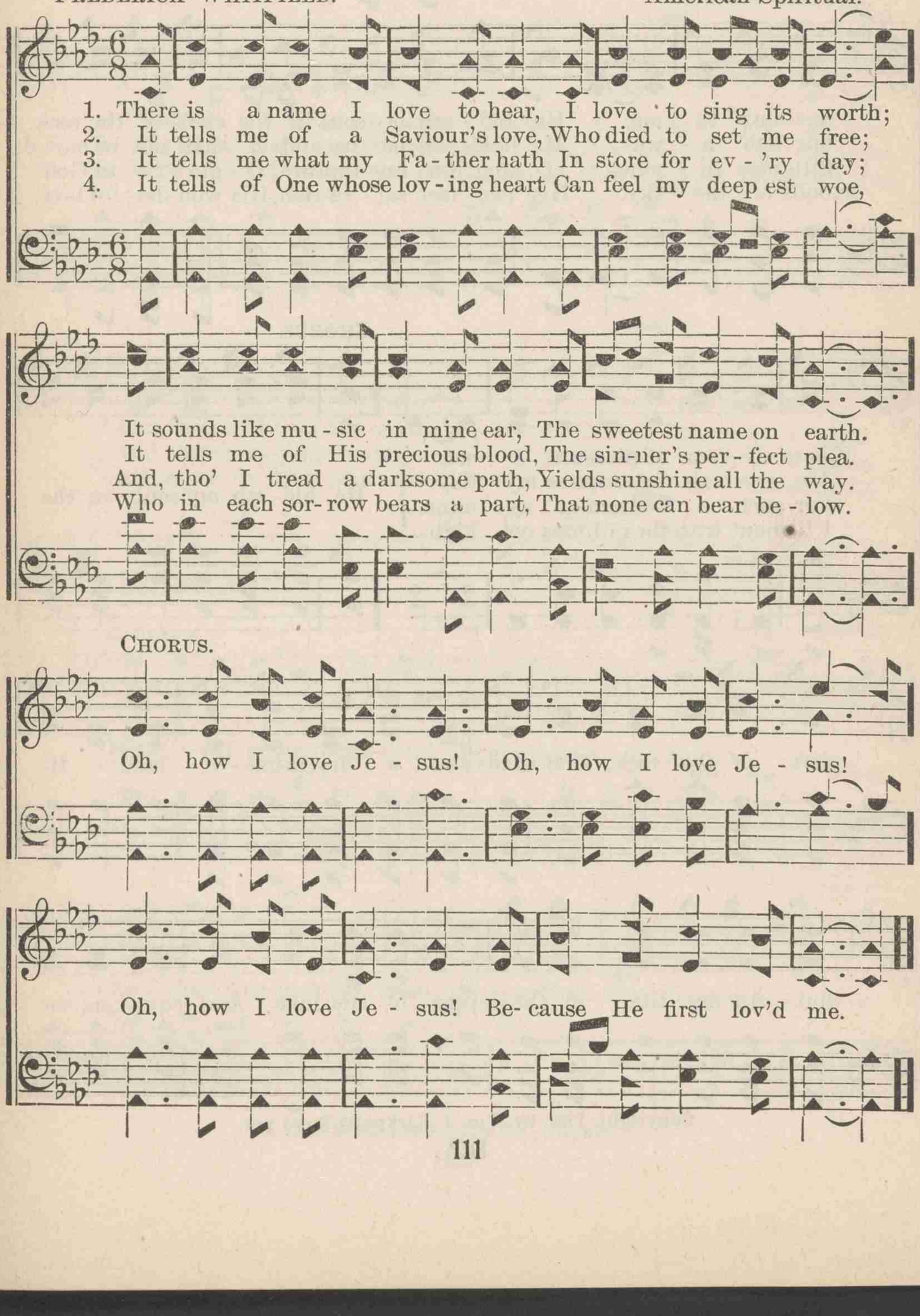
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## I am Happy all the Way.—Concluded.




## No. 109. HOW I LOVE JESUS.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. American Spiritual.



# No. 110. HE HIDETH MY SOUL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Psalm 32 : 7. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Allegretto.*

1. A won - der- ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der- ful
2. A won - der- ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num- ber-less blessings each moment He crowns, And fill'd with His
4. When cloth'd in His brightness transport-ed I rise To meet Him in

Sav-iour to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur- den a - way, He hold- eth me up, and I shall not be mov'd,
full- ness di - vine, I sing in my rapture, O glo - ry to God!
clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va-tion, His won-der- ful love,

CHORUS.

Where riv - ers of pleasure I see.
He giv - eth me strength as my day.
For such a Redeem-er as mine.
I'll shout with the millions on high.

} He hid- eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That shad- ows a dry, thirst - y land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His love, And cov - ers me

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there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.

## No. 111. BEAUTIFUL HOME.

J. O. SPURGEON.

1. There is a home, a peace-ful home, A home of joy and love,
2. No night shall dim that glo-rious home, For Je - sus is the light;
3. With palms of vic-tory in their hands, They with the ransomed sing

And they that bear the cross be - low, Shall wear the crown a- bove.
And mourning pilgrims here be - low, Shall there be clad in white.
"All praise to Him who wash'd us white, Our Sav-iour, God, and King."

CHORUS.

Beau-ti- ful home, beau-ti-ful home, Beau-ti- ful home of love.

And they that bear the cross be - low, Shall wear the crown a - bove.

# No. 112. HOME OVER THERE.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. We are pil-grims go - ing home, 'Neath the ban - ner of the cross,
2. We are pil-grims to a land, 'Neath the ban - ner of the cross,
3. We are pil-grims on our way, 'Neath the ban - ner of the cross,

Where no sor - rows ev - er come, Nei - ther pain nor death nor loss.
O - ver on whose golden strand Wealth of this is sim - ply dross;
Soon will dawn the per - fect day Where we feel no pain or loss,

For the blood has been ap-plied From His bleed - ing hand and side,
When the wiles of life are o'er Where we meet to part no more,
We shall tread the gold- en street, Share in glo - ry rich, complete,

We will join the sanc - ti - fied O - ver there, (o - ver there.)
With the lov'd ones gone be - fore, O - ver there, (o - ver there.)
Bow in rev -'rence at His feet, O - ver there, (o - ver there.)

CHORUS.

Home, beau-ti-ful home, Home,
Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home, Beau-ti-ful home,

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## Home Over There.—Concluded.

beau-ti- ful home, Where His prais- es ev - er swell, Where the
beau-ti-ful home,

ransom'd ever dwell, Where they never say farewell, O-ver there, (over there.)

## No. 113. LENOX.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.

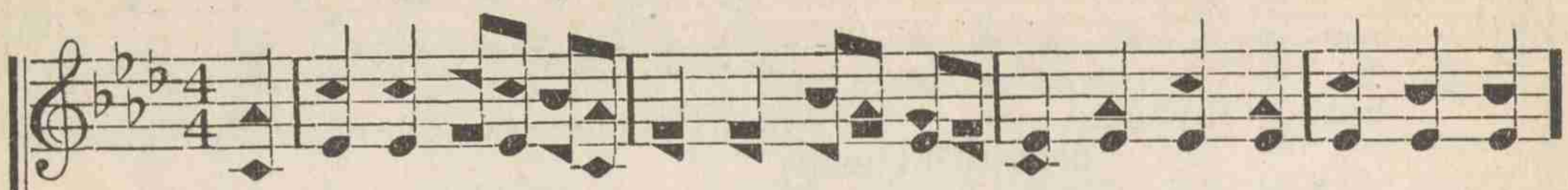
1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, The glad - ly sol-emn sound; Let all the
2. Je-sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a - tone-ment made; Ye wea-ry
3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all - a - ton - ing Lamb; Redemption
4. The gos - pel trum-pet hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And sav'd from

nations know, To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
spir-its, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
thro' His blood Throughout the world pro-claim, The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
earth, ap-pear Be-fore your Saviour's face: The year of ju - bi - lee is come;
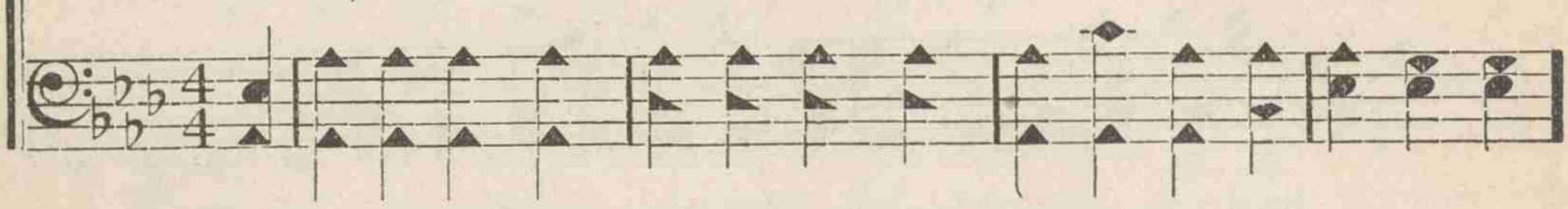
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re- turn, ye ransom'd sin-ners, home.

## No. 114. COME IN, O LORD

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. J. H. RUEBUSH.
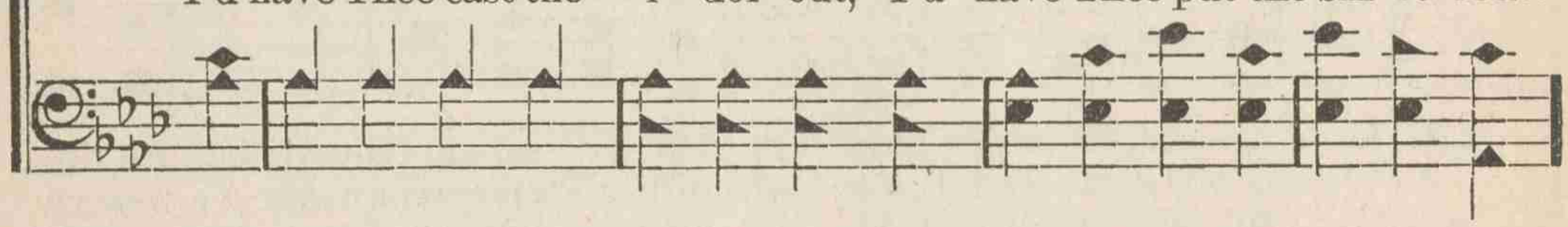


1. Come in, O Lord, drive out the gloom, And make my heart a sun-lit room,
2. Come in, O Lord, 'mid grief I'm bow'd, Hangs o'er my head a heav- y cloud;
3. Come in, O Lord, I'd rest me here Till all this anguish dis- ap-pear,
4. Come in, O Lord, yes, do come in, My heart may hold some cherished sin;
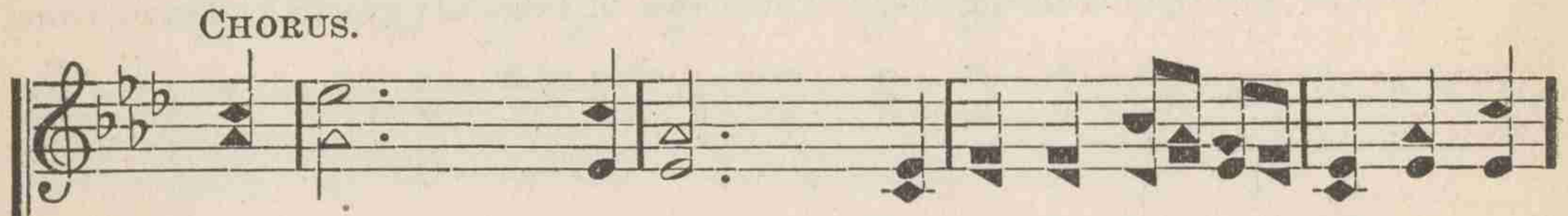




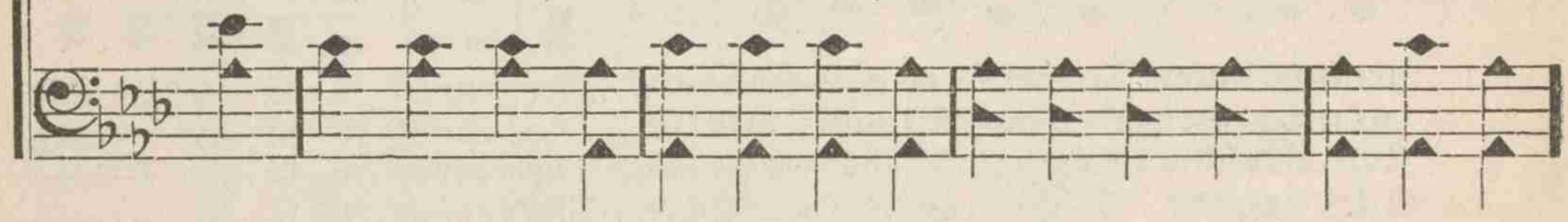
Chase all the shades of night a - way And make it bright and light as day.
Let me lift up my eyes to Thee! One glimpse can make the darkness flee.
With Thee communion sweet I'd hold Till ev -'ry cloud has backward roll'd.
I'd have Thee cast the i - dol out, I'd have Thee put the sin to rout!
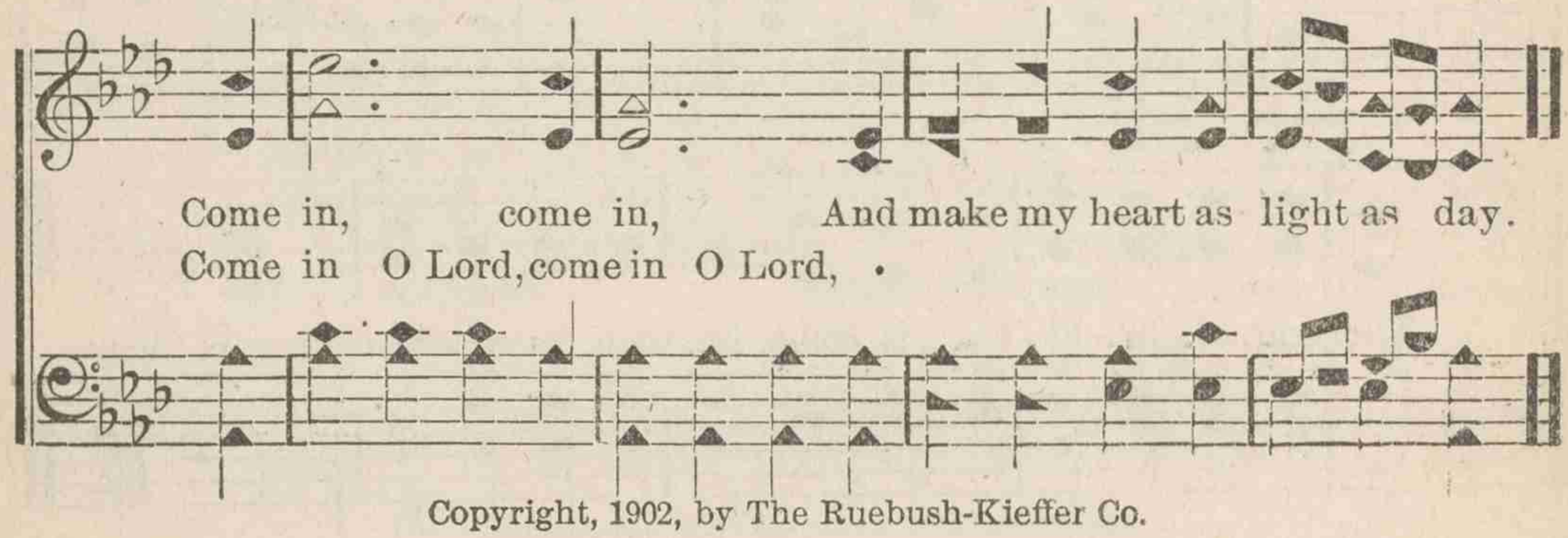


CHORUS.



Come in, come in, Chase all the shades of night a- way,
Come in, O Lord, come in O Lord,



Come in, come in, And make my heart as light as day.
Come in O Lord, come in O Lord,



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# No. 115. HOMEWARD BOUND.

W. F. WARREN. C. S. HARRINGTON.

1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound,
2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound,
3. In - to the bar - bor of heav'n now we glide, We're home at last,

home- ward bound; Toss'd on the waves of a rough, rest - less tide,
home- ward bound; Look! yon - der lie the bright, heav- en - ly shores,
home at last; Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil - ver tide,

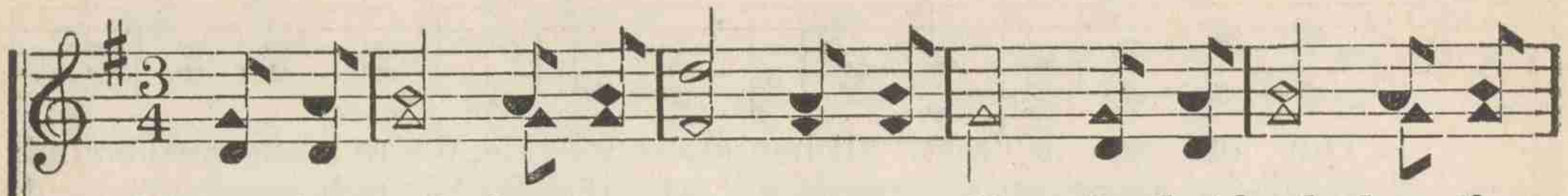
We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Far from the safe, qui- et har-bor we
We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Steady, O pi - lot! stand firm at the
We're home at last, home at last. Glo - ry to God! all our dangers are

rode. Seek - ing our Fa- ther's ce - les - tial a- bode, Prom - ise of
wheel, Stead - y! we soon shall outweath- er the gale; Oh, how we
o'er, We stand se - cure on the glo - ri - fied shore; Glo - ry to
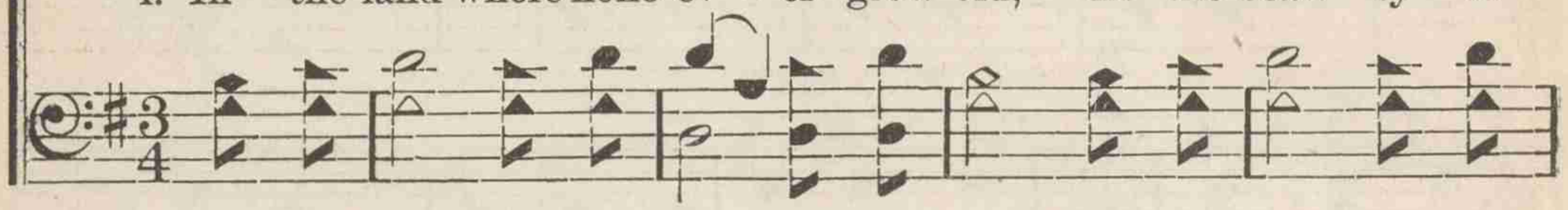
which on us each He bestowed; We're home-ward bound, homeward bound.
fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail; We're home-ward bound, homeward bound.
God! we will shout ev - er-more, We're home at last, home at last.
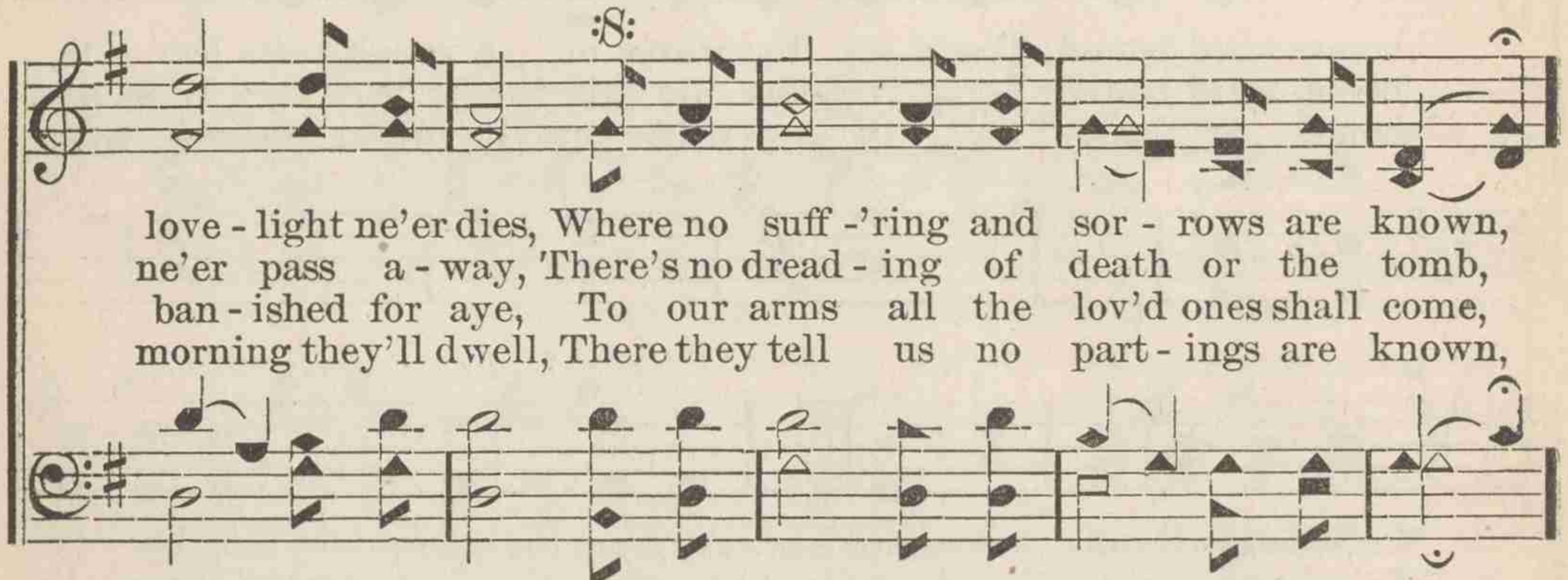
# No. 116. WHERE THEY NEVER GROW OLD.

G. P. H. Rev. G. P. HOTT.
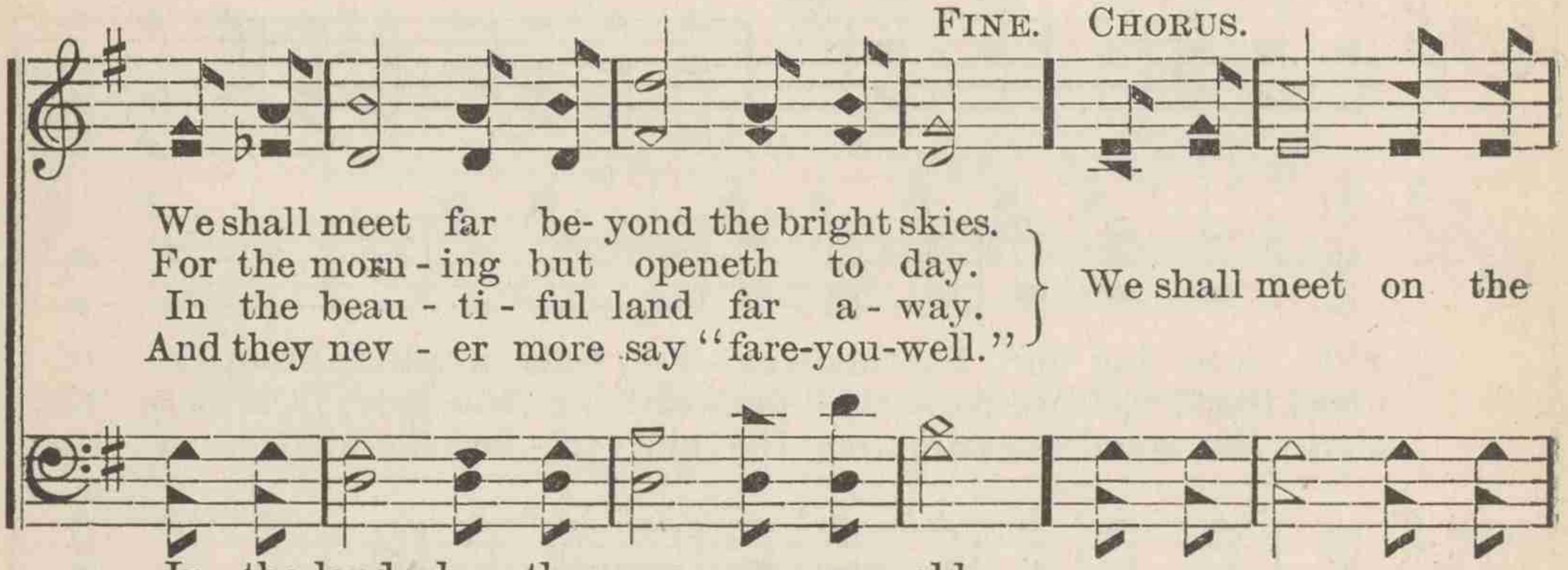


1. In that land where none ev - er grow old, In that land where the
2. There the flow - ers for - ev - er more bloom, And life's springtime shall
3. Sor-row's tears nev - er more shall be known, Ev - 'ry heart- ache be
4. In the land where none ev - er grow old, In the beau - ty of





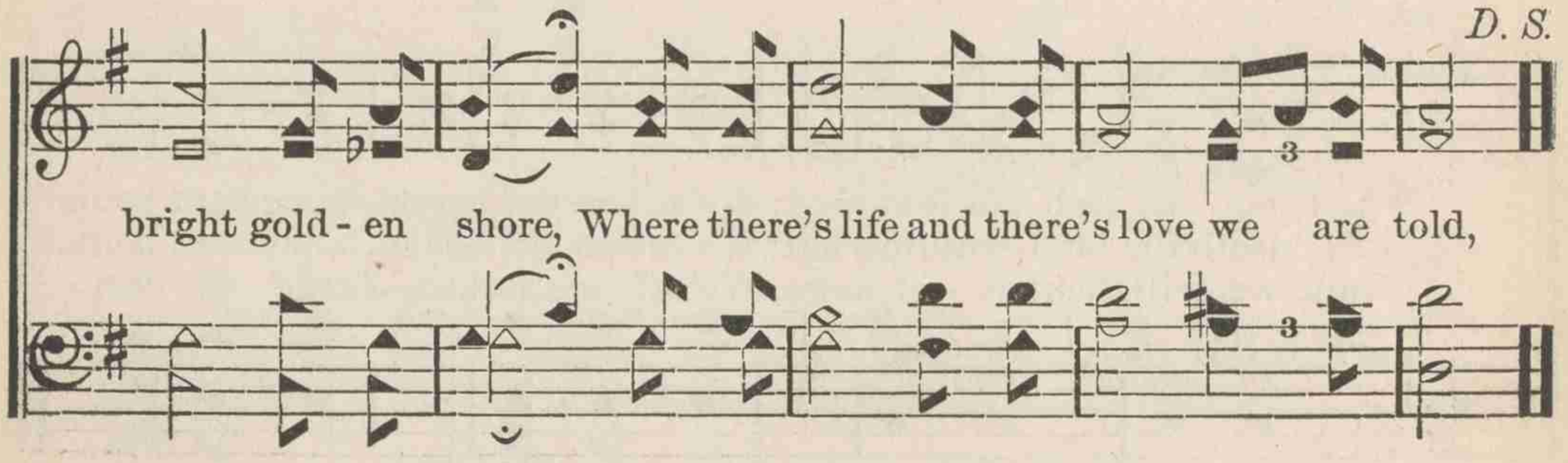
love - light ne'er dies, Where no suff -'ring and sor - rows are known,
ne'er pass a - way, There's no dread - ing of death or the tomb,
ban - ished for aye, To our arms all the lov'd ones shall come,
morning they'll dwell, There they tell us no part - ings are known,

*D. S.*—And with dear ones shall part nev - er more,




We shall meet far be- yond the bright skies.
For the morn - ing but openeth to day.
In the beau - ti - ful land far a - way.
And they nev - er more say "fare-you-well."
} We shall meet on the

In the land where they nev - er grow old.




bright gold - en shore, Where there's life and there's love we are told,

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# No. 117. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me

on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
on; O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till

Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of
The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es

see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
fears,..... Pride ruled my will, re - mem-ber not past years!
smile..... Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while!

## No. 118. GO AND TELL JESUS.

T. F. SEWARD, by per.

1. Go and tell Je - sus, wea-ry sin-sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy bur - den, make thee whole; Look up to Him, He on - ly can for-give,
2. Go and tell Je - sus, when your sins a-rise, Like mountains of deep guilt be - fore your eyes; His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave,
3. Go and tell Je - sus, He'll dis-pel thy fears, Will calm thy pain-ful doubts and dry thy tears; He'll take thee in His arms and on His breast,

CHORUS.

Be- lieve on Him, and thou shalt surely live.
That mer - cy, peace, and par-don you might have.
Thou may'st be hap-py, and for- ev - er rest.
} Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can forgive, Go and tell Jesus, O turn to Him and live. Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je- sus, Go and tell Je - sus, He on- ly can forgive.

## No. 119. FREDERICKSBURG.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

1. Re - joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a - dore;
2. Je - sus, the Sav-iour reigns, The God of truth and love;
3. His king - dom can- not fail; He rules o'er earth and heav'n;

Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more:
When He had purg'd our stains, He took His seat a - bove:
The keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus giv'n:

Chorus.

Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice,
Lift up your hearts,..... Lift up your voice,.....

Re - joice a - gain,..... I say, re - joice.
Re - joice a - gain,

# No. 120. THERE IS SWEET REST.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. HALL.

1. There are dan-gers drear on the sea of life, There are paths to shun where the
2. There are storms to face all the way a- cross, And so frail our barks, we may
3. When the skies are dark and the wild waves roll, Still the Beacon-gleams shall our

rocks are rife, And we're oft - en toss'd by the wind and tide, But there's
suf - fer loss, But one Bea - con true o'er the sea shall guide To the
bark con - trol; In the wondrous light we will on - ward glide To our

CHORUS.

rest, sweet rest, on the Ca - naan-side. O the rest, sweet rest, on the
Ca- naan-side, Where the an - gels bright and the saints a - bide; For the
faithful here, for the true and tried. There is rest, sweet rest on the Canaan-side.

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## No. 121. LIFT UP THE FALLEN.

MARY IRENE MCLEAN. S. S. MYERS.

1. We are pledg'd to act - ive serv - ice, Not to live in self - ish ease; Lift-ing bur- dens we re - mem - ber, Not Him-
2. Lone - ly strick - en hearts we com - fort, And with help the need - y bless; For by deeds and not en - joy- ments God doth
3. Look- ing up to heav'n for guid - ance, We look round for souls to win; Lift them up and show them Je - sus, Who a -
4. Je - sus gave to us our mis - sion, And He gen - tly leads our feet; Where the path of self - de - ni - al, And the

CHORUS.

self, did Je - sus please.
meas-ure our suc- cess.
lone can save from sin.
path of blessings meet.

} Lift up the fall - en, lift up the fall- en,

Lift up the heart bow'd down with care, Lift up the fall - en,

bring them to Je - sus, Look up and lift up wher-ev - er you are.

By permission of A. F. Myers.

# No. 122. NO PARTINGS IN HEAVEN.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. When we shall reach the heav'n-ly shore, Our toil-ing for the
2. On high, a re-u-nit-ed band, Be-fore the throne of
3. No more the part-ings full of pain; No more the flow of
4. Oh, that will be a hap-py day, All tears for-ev-er

Mas-ter o'er, We'll meet our loved and lost once more, And
God we'll stand, And clasp a-new each lov-ing hand, And
tears like rain; No, when we meet on E-den's plain, And
wiped a-way, In heav'n with our dear friends to stay, And

nev-er say fare-well. We'll speak no sad fare-well,.....
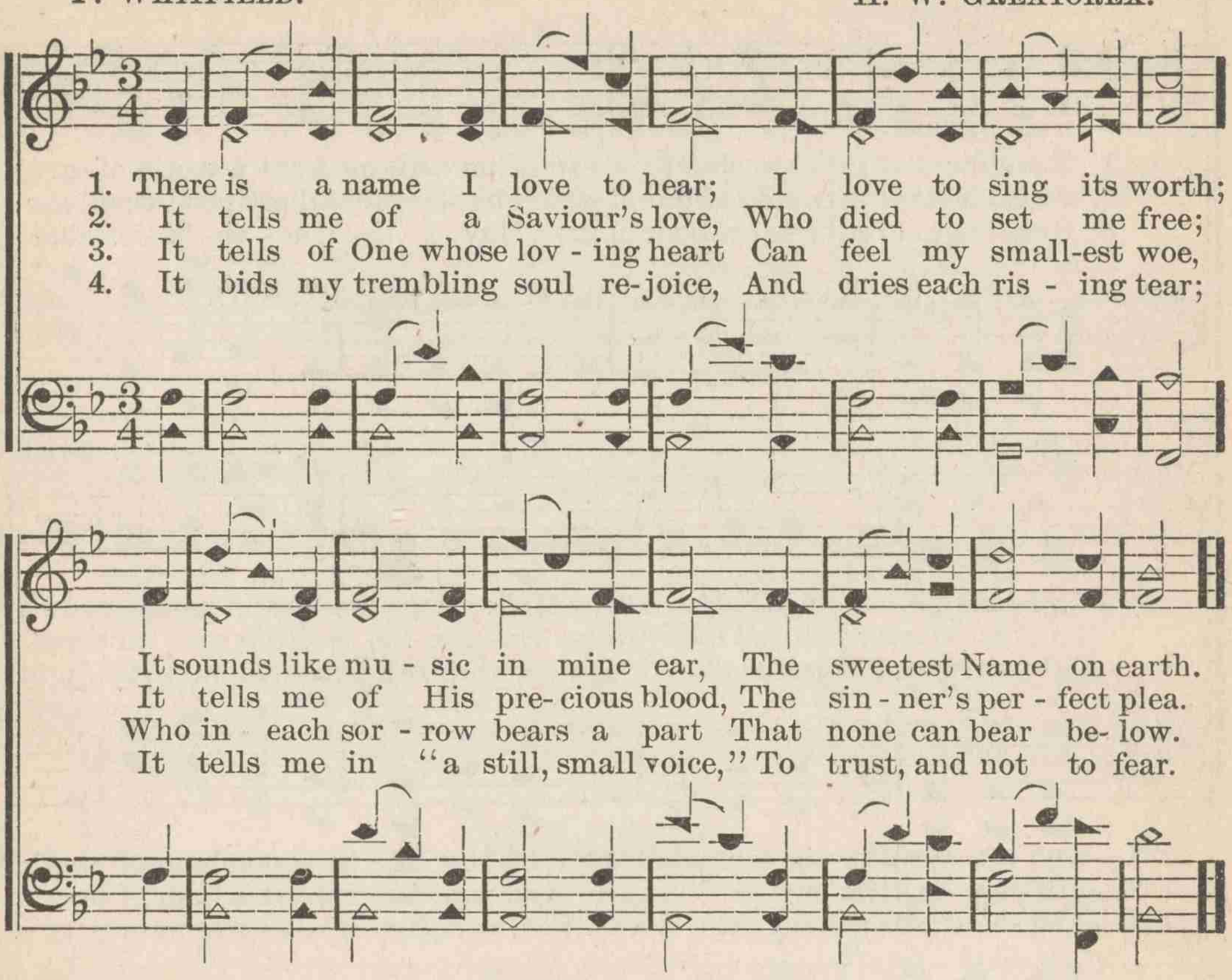
No sor-row-ful fare-well;..... In heav'n we'll meet, our

friends to greet, And nev-er say fare-well.

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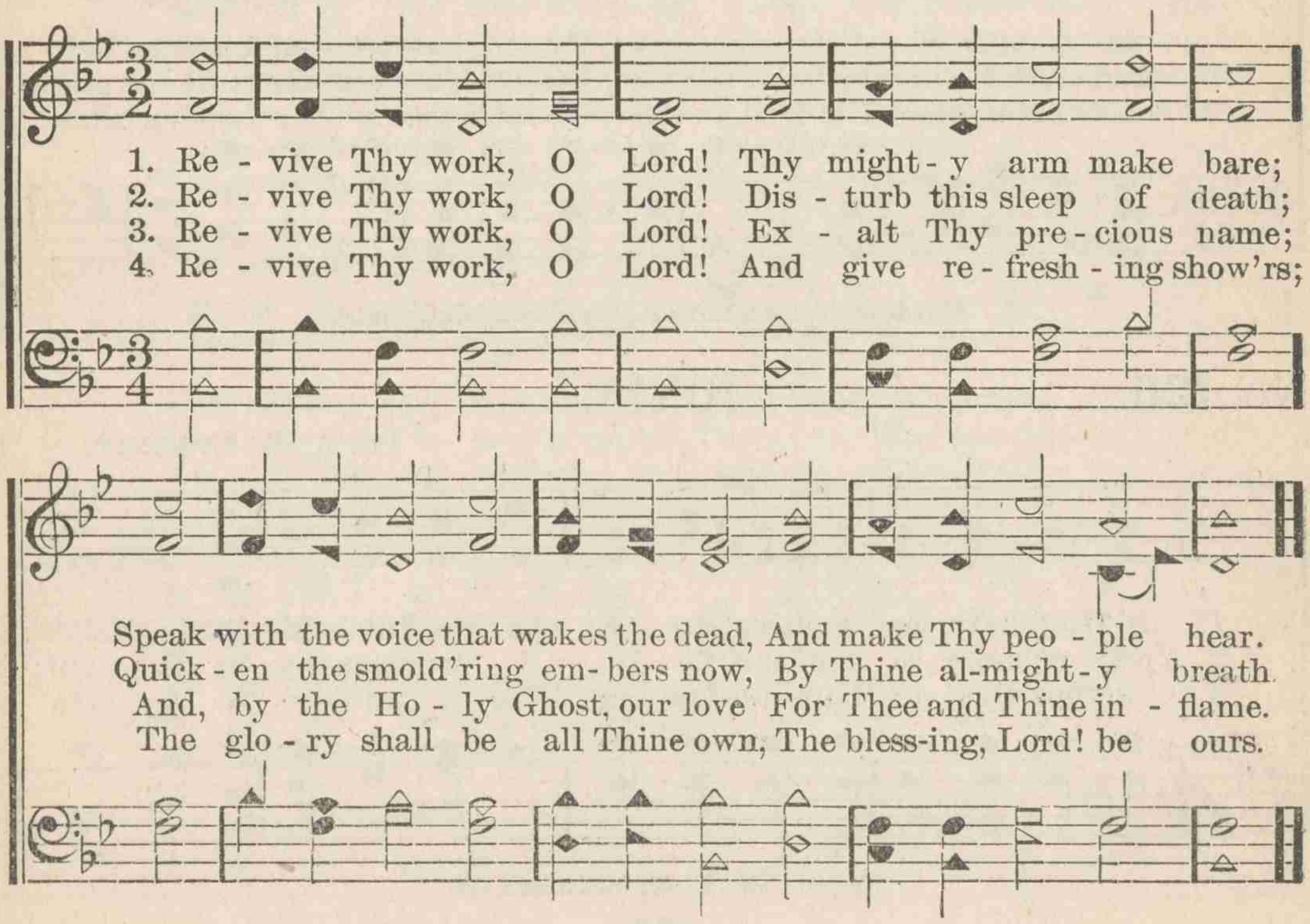
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F. WHITFIELD. H. W. GREATOREX.




## No. 124. STATE STREET.

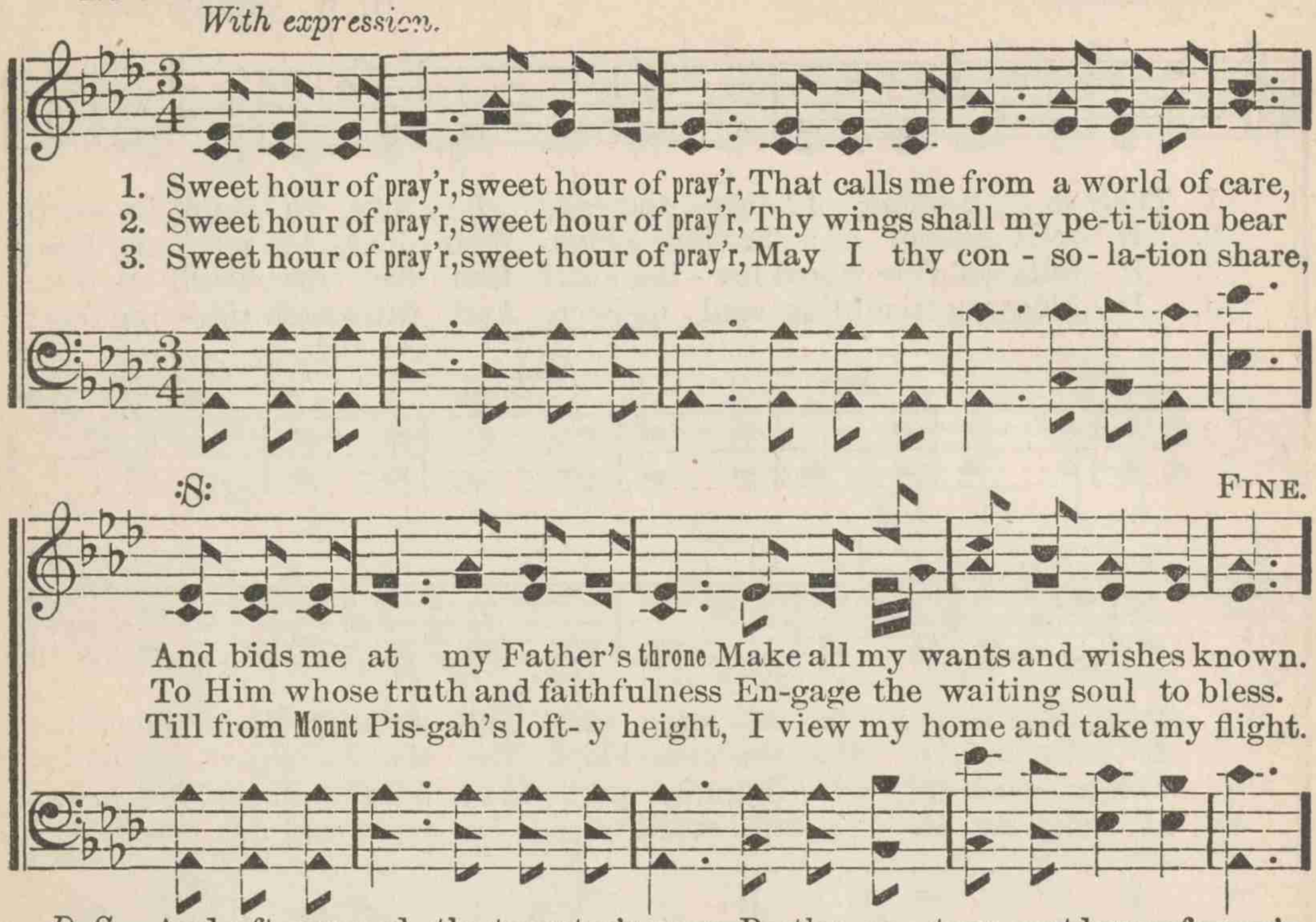
ALBERT MIDLANE. J. C. WOODMAN.



## No. 125. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Rev. W. W. WALFORD. J. H. HALL.

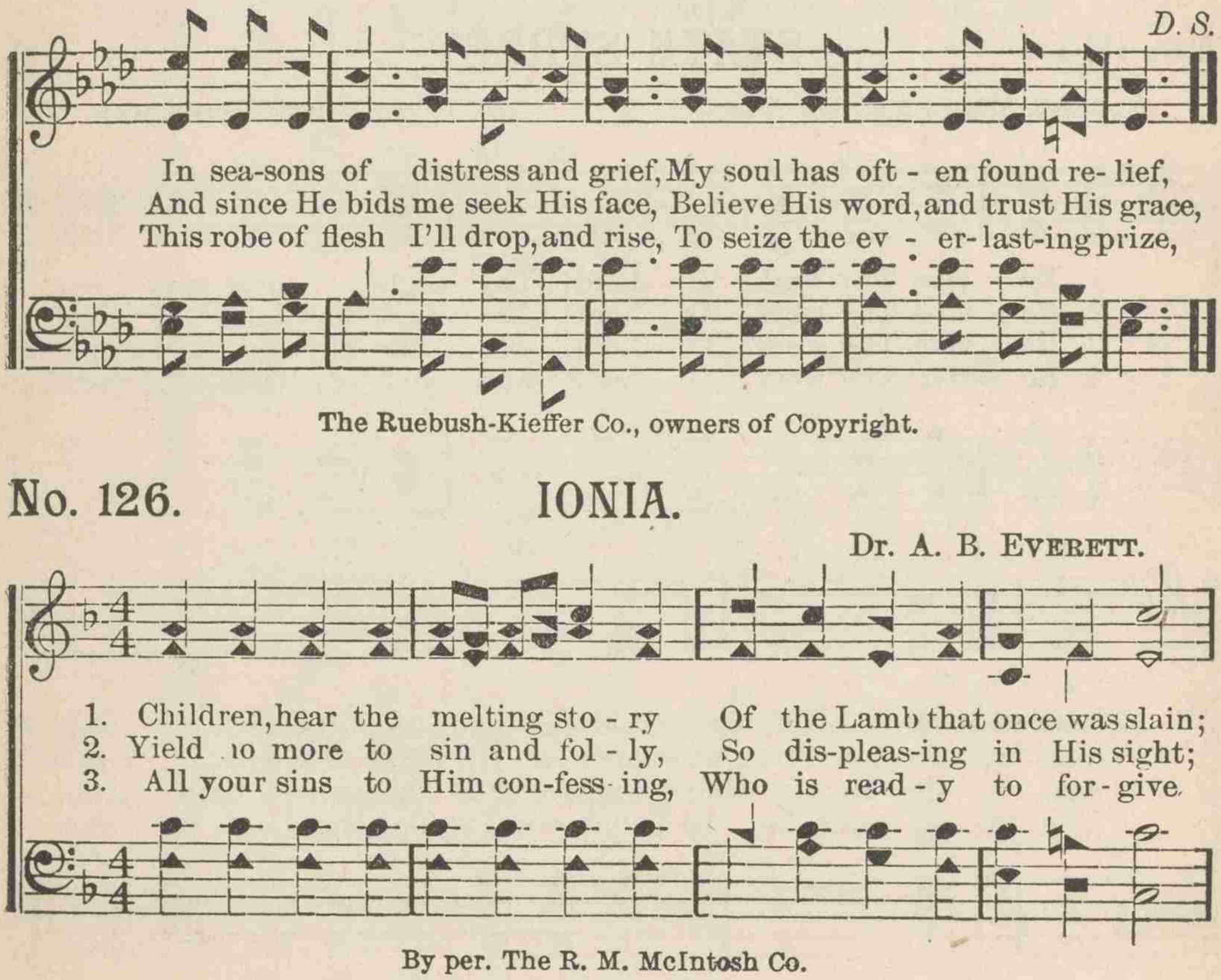
*With expression.*




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## No. 126. IONIA.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.




By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co.

## Ionia.—Concluded.

'Tis the Lord of life and glo - ry; Shall He plead with you in vain?
Je - sus loves the pure and ho - ly; They a - lone are His de- light.
Seek the Saviour's rich-est bless-ing; On His pre - cious name be- lieve:

Oh, re-ceive Him, oh, re-ceive Him, And sal - va - tion now ob - tain.
Seek His fa- vor, seek His fa - vor, And your hearts to Him u - nite.
He is wait-ing, He is wait-ing; Will you not His grace re- ceive?

## No. 127. WELCOME.

G. W. Linton.

FINE.

1. { Children of the heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing,
   Sing your Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glorious in His works and ways. }
2. { O ye mourn-ing souls, be glad, Christ our Ad- vo- cate is made;
   Us to save, our flesh as-sumes, Broth-er to our soul be - comes. }
3. { Fear not, breth-ren, joy- ful stand On the borders of your land;
   Je- sus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us un- dismayed go on. }

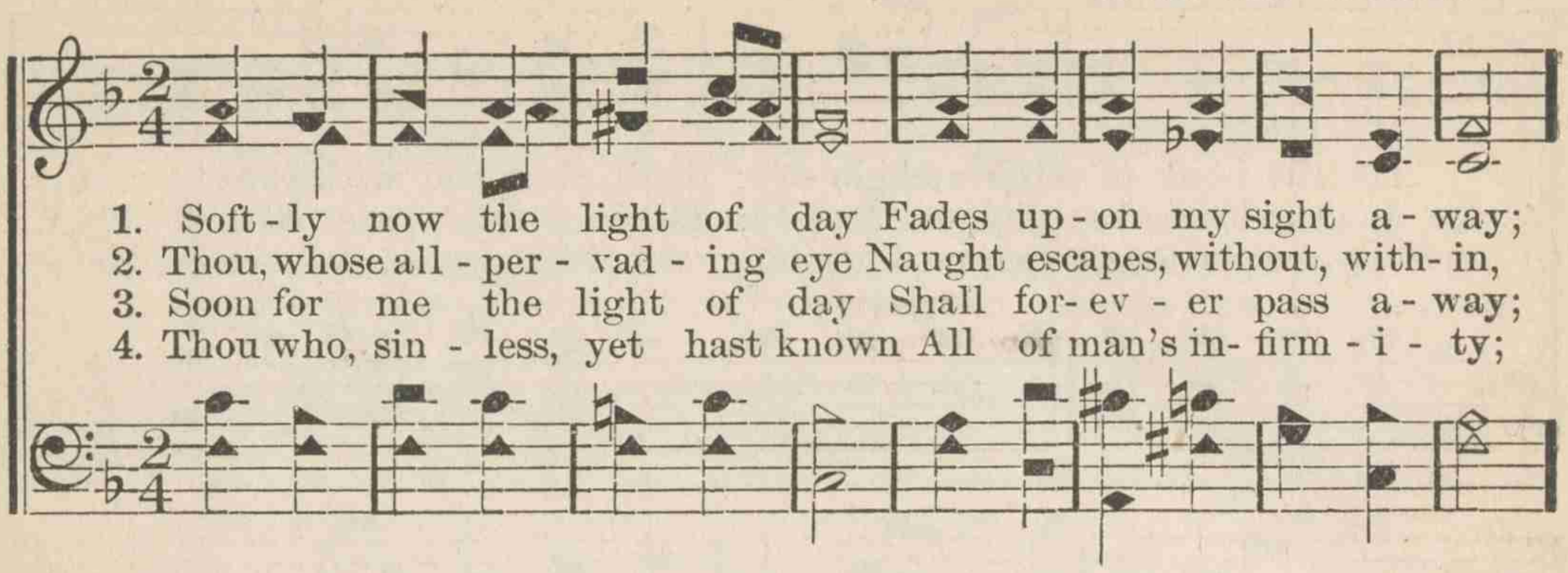
*D. C.*— They are hap - py now, and ye, Soon their hap-pi- ness shall see.
*D. C.*—There your seat is now prepared, There your kingdom and re - ward.
*D. C.*— On - ly Thou our Lead-er be, And we still will fol - low Thee.
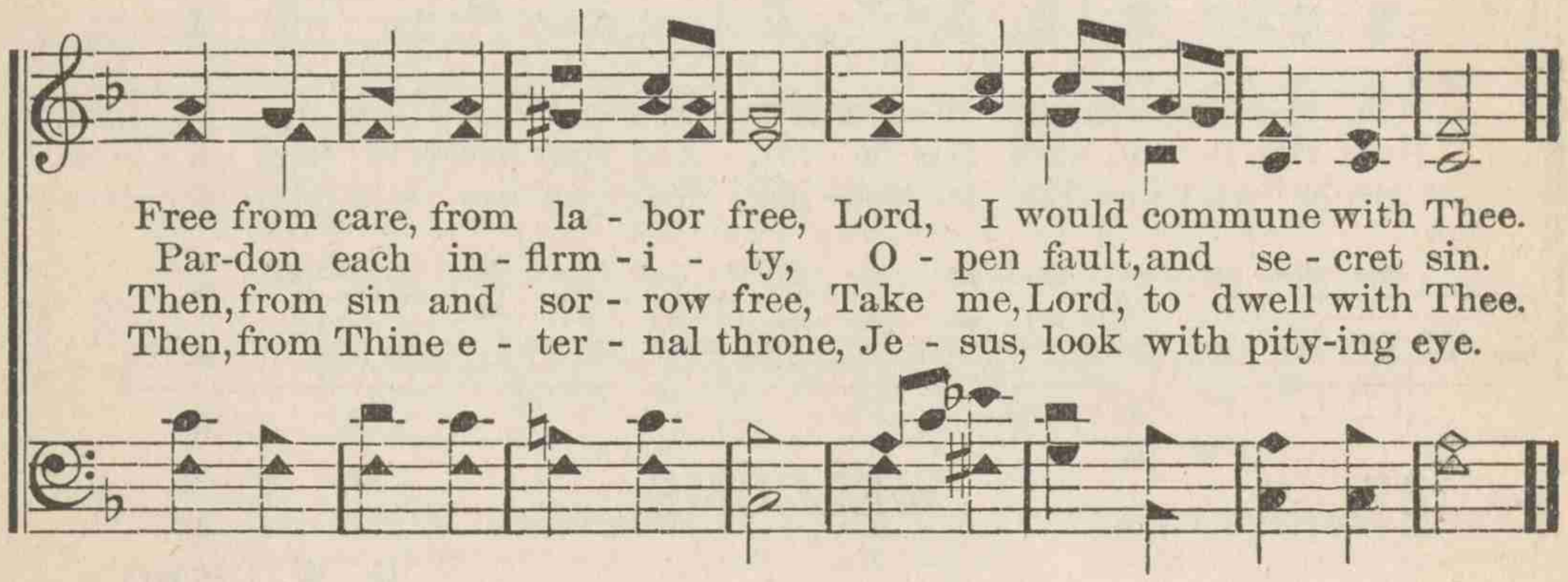
*D. C.*

Ye are trav - 'ling home to God In the way the fa-thers trod;
Shout, ye lit - tle flock, and blest, Soon you'll en - ter in - to rest;
Lord, sub-miss - ive let us go, Glad-ly leav - ing all be - low;

## No. 128. SEYMOUR.

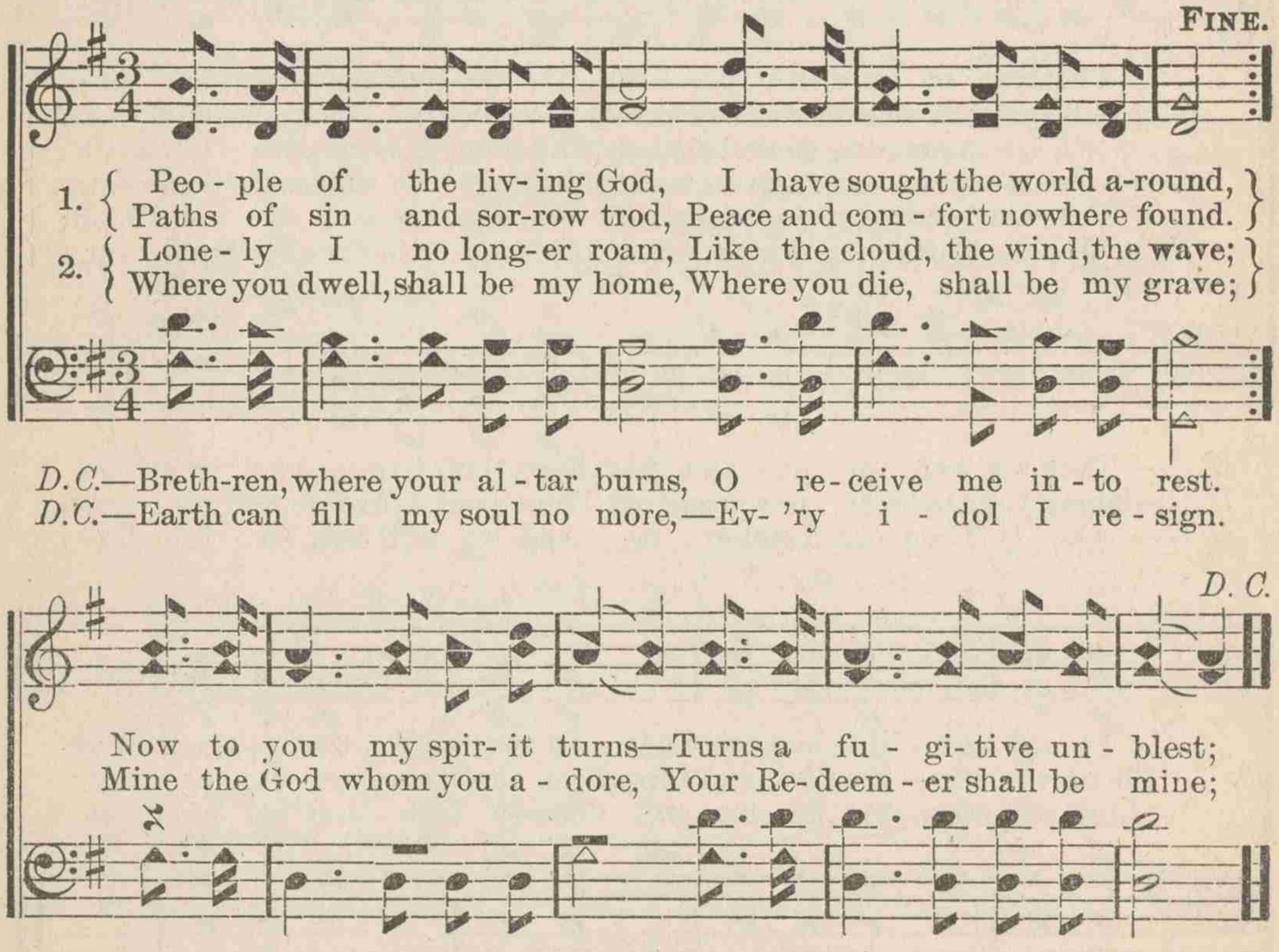
C. M. von Weber.







## No. 129. ENNIUS.






Wm. H. Keyser & Co., Phila.

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