

"And The Ransomed Of The Lord Shall Return,
And Come To Zion With Songs
And Everlasting Joy Upon Their Heads."

Songs of Zion.

A NEW SONG BOOK

By

S M Brown,
J M Hunt,
H N Lincoln.

Word and Way Publishing Co.
Kansas City, Mo.
Songland Co. Dallas Tex.



Brown, S. M., et al. Songs of Zion. Kansas City, Missouri: Word and Way, 1899.

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SONGS OF ZION

A COLLECTION OF

OLD AND NEW SONGS

FOR

Sunday-Schools, Prayer Meetings, Revivals and all other Religious Worship,

BY

S. M. BROWN, J. M. HUNT and H. N. LINCOLN

PRICES:

Limp Cloth Binding, - - 1 copy, 20c; 12 copies, $2.30; 100 copies, $16.00
Board Binding, - - - - 1 copy, 30c; 12 copies, $3.50; 100 copies, $25.00

(POSTAGE OR EXPRESS NOT PREPAID.)

WORD AND WAY PUBLISHING CO.,

KANSAS CITY, MO.

SONGLAND COMPANY,
Dallas, Texas.

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PREFACE

The enthusiastic reception accorded our abridged edition of SONGS OF ZION assures us that the public is waiting for the appearance of our Completed Book.

We have inserted many of the old hymns and tunes, and in order that the aged children of God may not be disappointed, we have allowed many harmonical and grammatical errors to appear, for the sake of presenting these compositions as nearly in their original form as possible.

To cheer and increase the number on the way, we give to the public, SONGS OF ZION Complete.

S. M. BROWN,
J. M. HUNT and
H. N. LINCOLN.

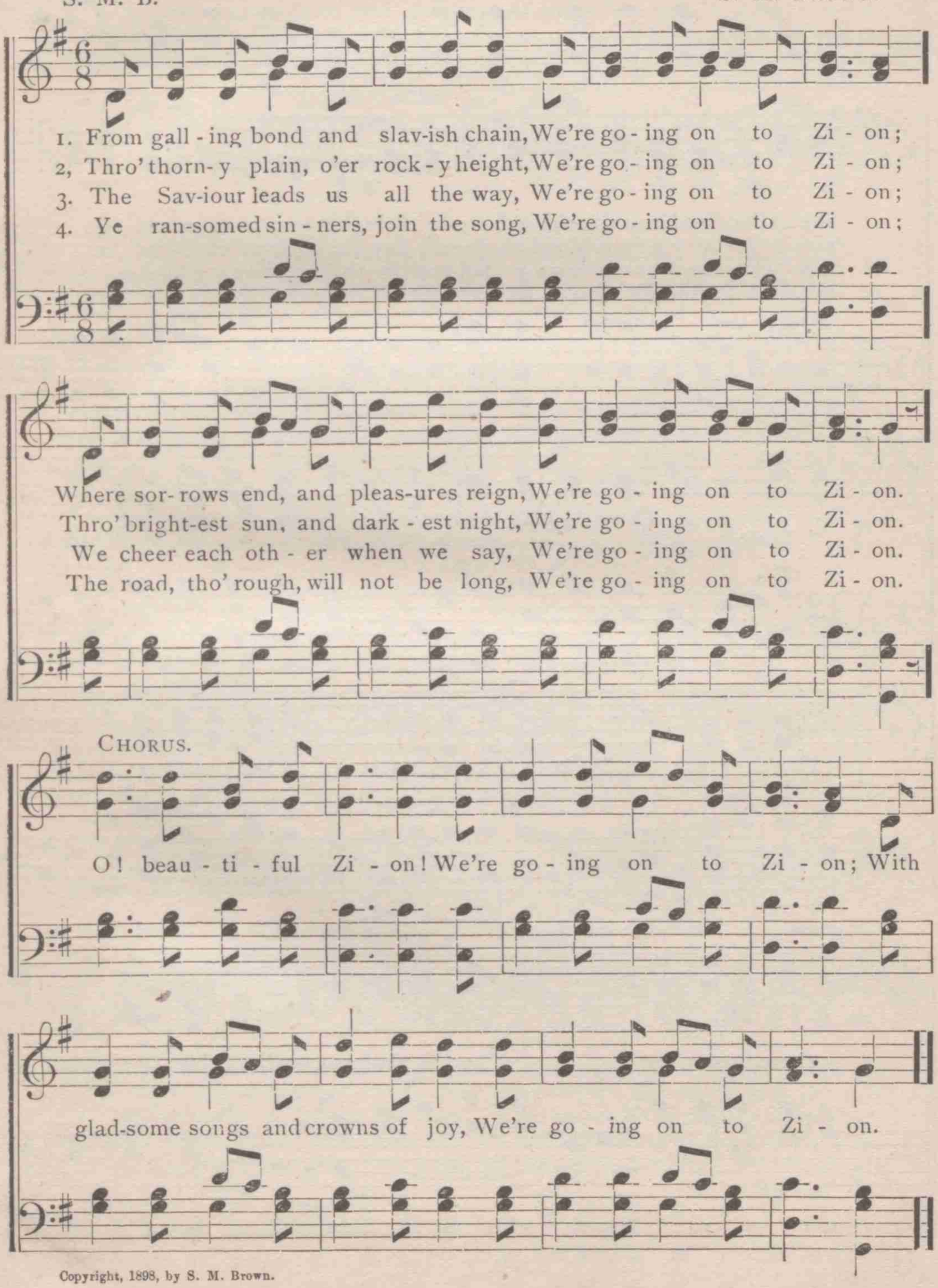
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KANSAS CITY.

SONGS OF ZION.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." — Isa. 35: 10.

No. 1. GOING ON TO ZION.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.



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No. 2. THERE IS GLADNESS.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There is mer - cy, soul, for
2. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There is cleans-ing from thy
3. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There is rest for ev - 'ry
4. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There's sal - va - tion for us

thee; Come and hear the old, old sto-ry, Bringing joy to you and me.
sin; Trust the precious blood of Je-sus, Let the bless-ed Spir - it in.
one Of the weary, heav - y lad-en, If they trust what Christ has done.
all, If we hearken to its tidings, If we yield un - to its call.

REFRAIN.
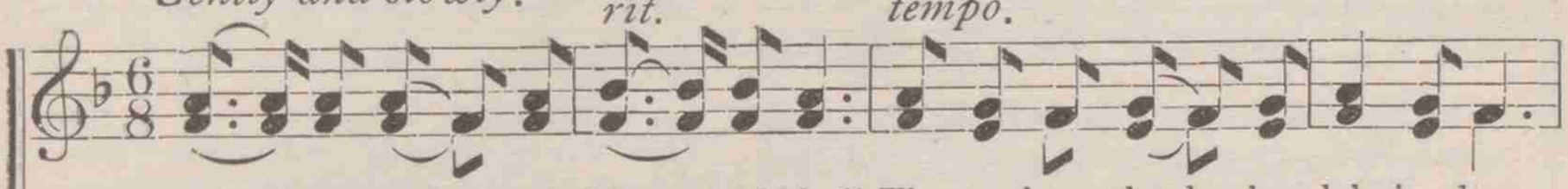
There is glad-ness in the gos - pel,
There is glad - - ness in the gos - - pel, There is
There is grace both rich and free; For the vil-est
grace . . . both rich and free; . . . . For the vil - - est there is
there is mer - cy, There is gladness, soul, for thee. (for thee).
mer - cy, There is glad - - ness, soul, for thee. . . .

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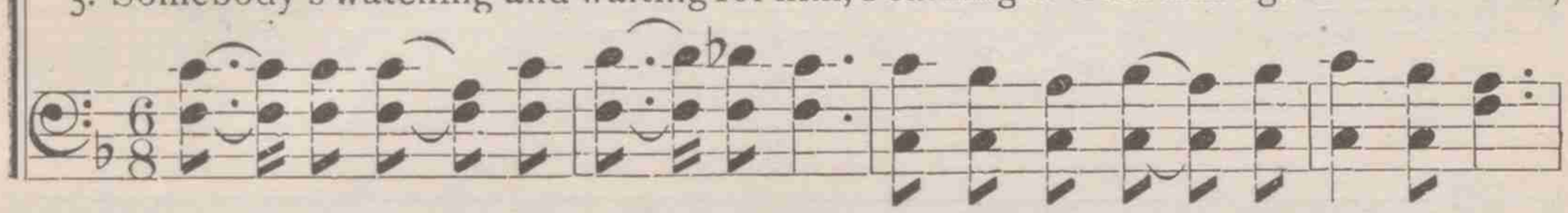
No. 3. SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

LACOSTA. J. M. HUNT.
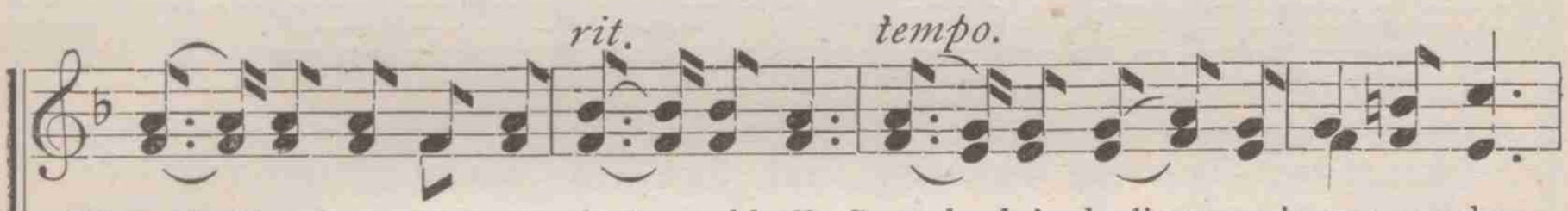
Gently and slowly. *rit.* *tempo.*
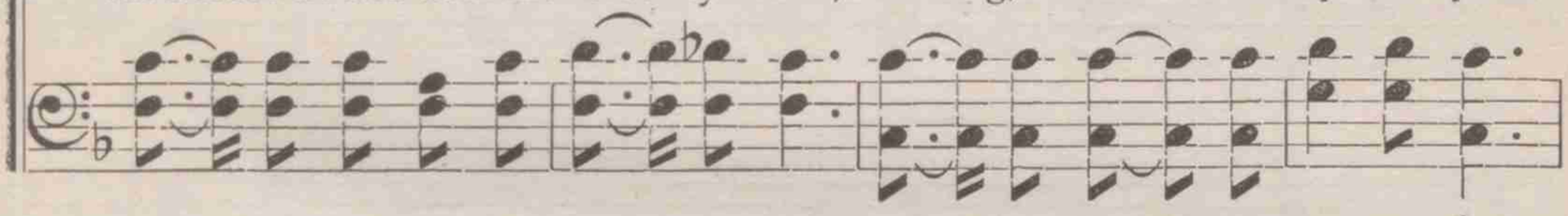


1. In - to a ward of the white-wash'd hall, There where the dead and dy-ing lay,
2. Matted and damp are the curls of gold Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
3. Kiss him once for somebody's sake, Murmur a pray'r so soft and low—
4. God knows best! He has somebody's love; Somebody's heart enshrin'd him there;
5. Somebody's watching and waiting for him, Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
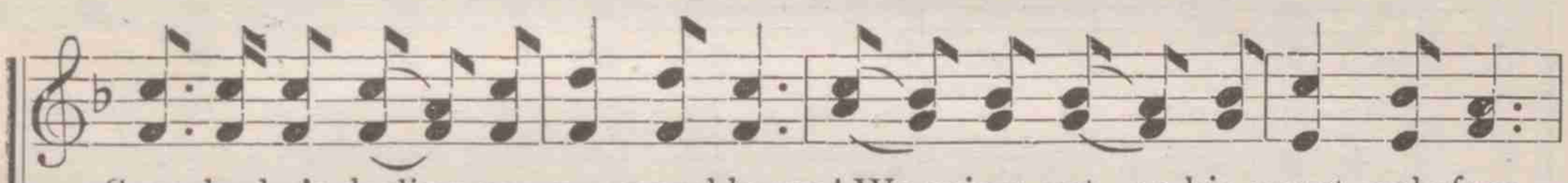


rit. *tempo.*
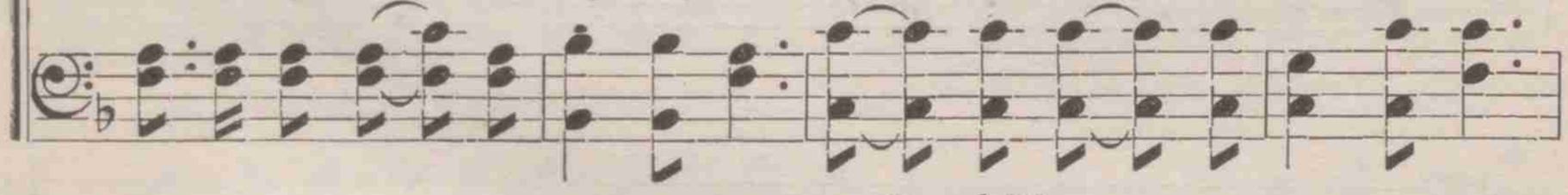


Wounded by bay - o - nets, shells, and balls, Somebody's darling was borne one day,
Pale are the lips of so del-i-cate mold, Somebody's darling is dy - ing now.
One bright curl from its fair mates take—They were somebody's pride you know;
Somebody waft-ed his name a - bove, Night and morn on the wings of pray'r.
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim, Smiling, with child-like lips a - part.
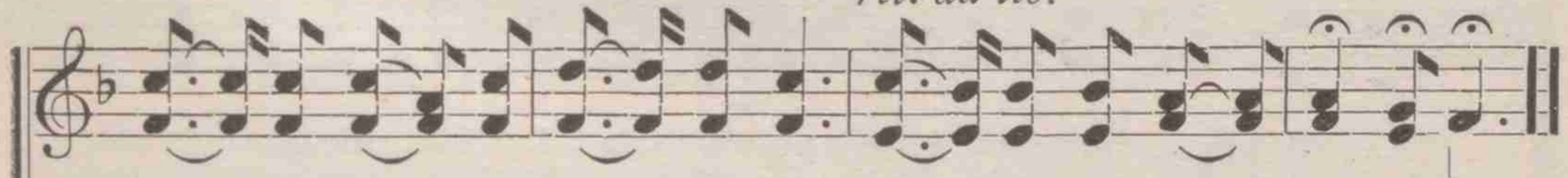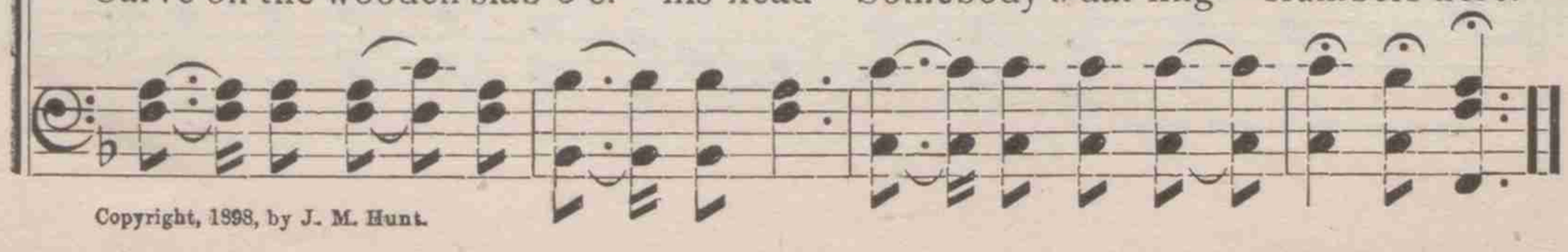




Somebod-y's darling so young and brave! Wear-ing yet on his sweet, pale face—
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow, Brush his wan-der-ing waves of gold;
Somebod-y's hand hath rest - ed there; Was it a moth - er's soft and white?
Somebody wept when he marched away, Looking so handsome, so brave and grand!
Ten - der-ly bur-y the fair young dead—Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;



rit. ad lib.



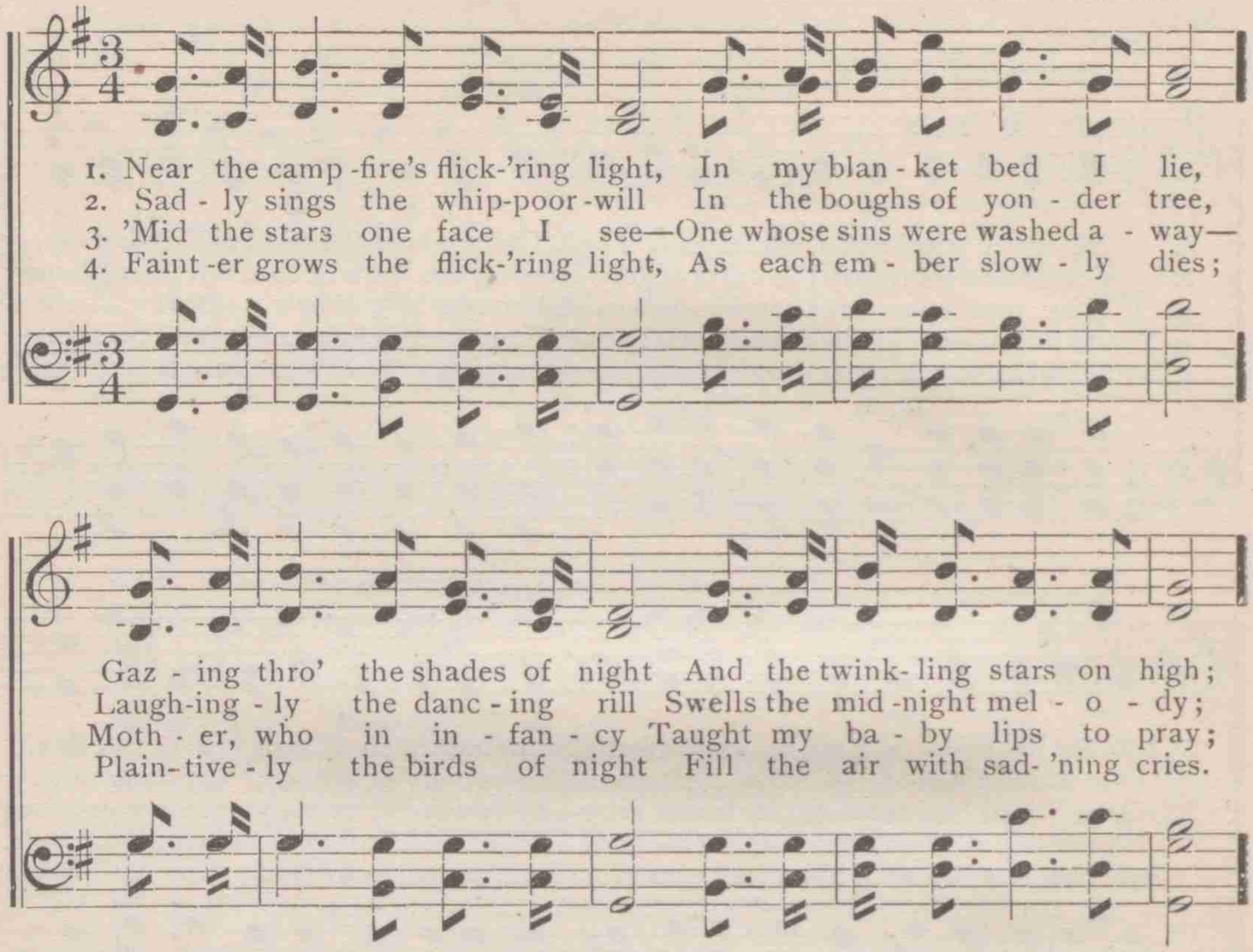
Soon to be hid in the dust of the grave—Lingering lights of his boyhood's grace.
Cross his hands on his bos - om now—Somebody's darling is still and cold.
Or have the lips of a sis - ter fair Been bap-tized in their waves of light?
Somebody's kiss on his fore - head lay; Somebody clung to his part-ing hand.
Carve on the wooden slab o'er his head "Somebody's dar-ling slumbers here."

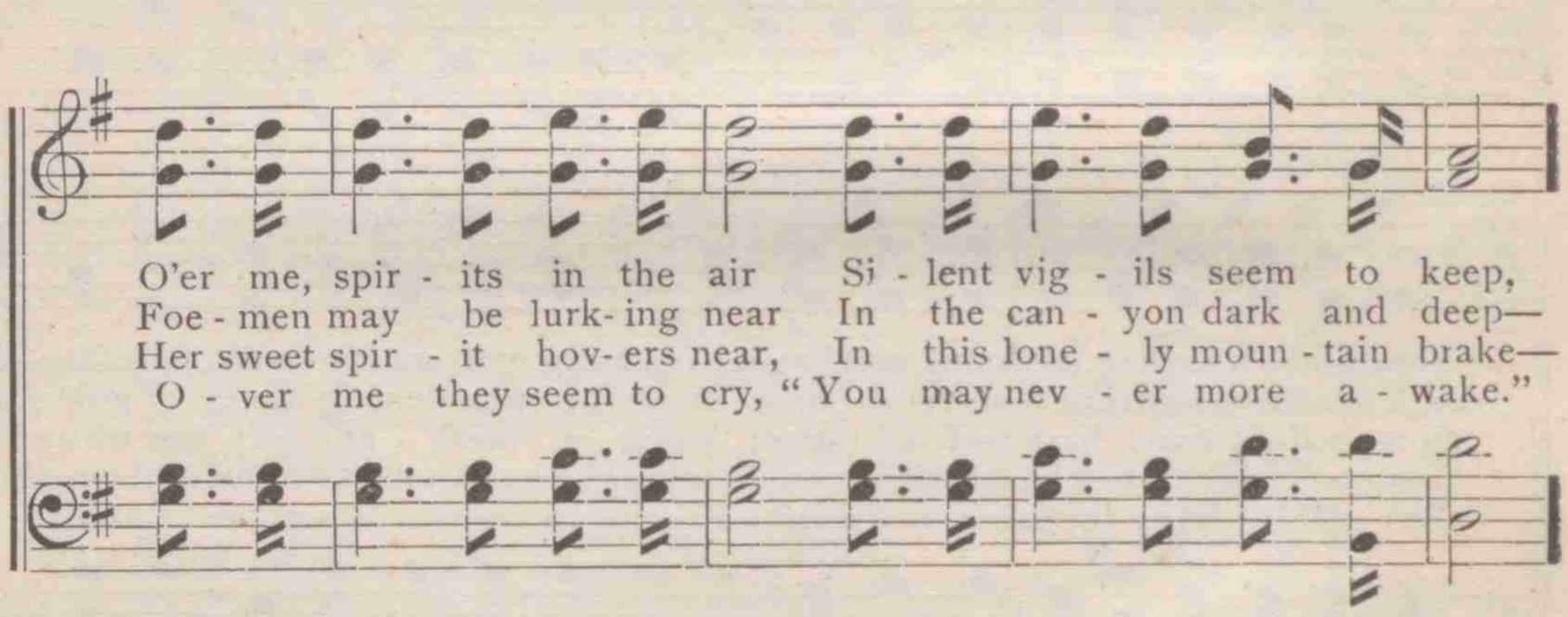


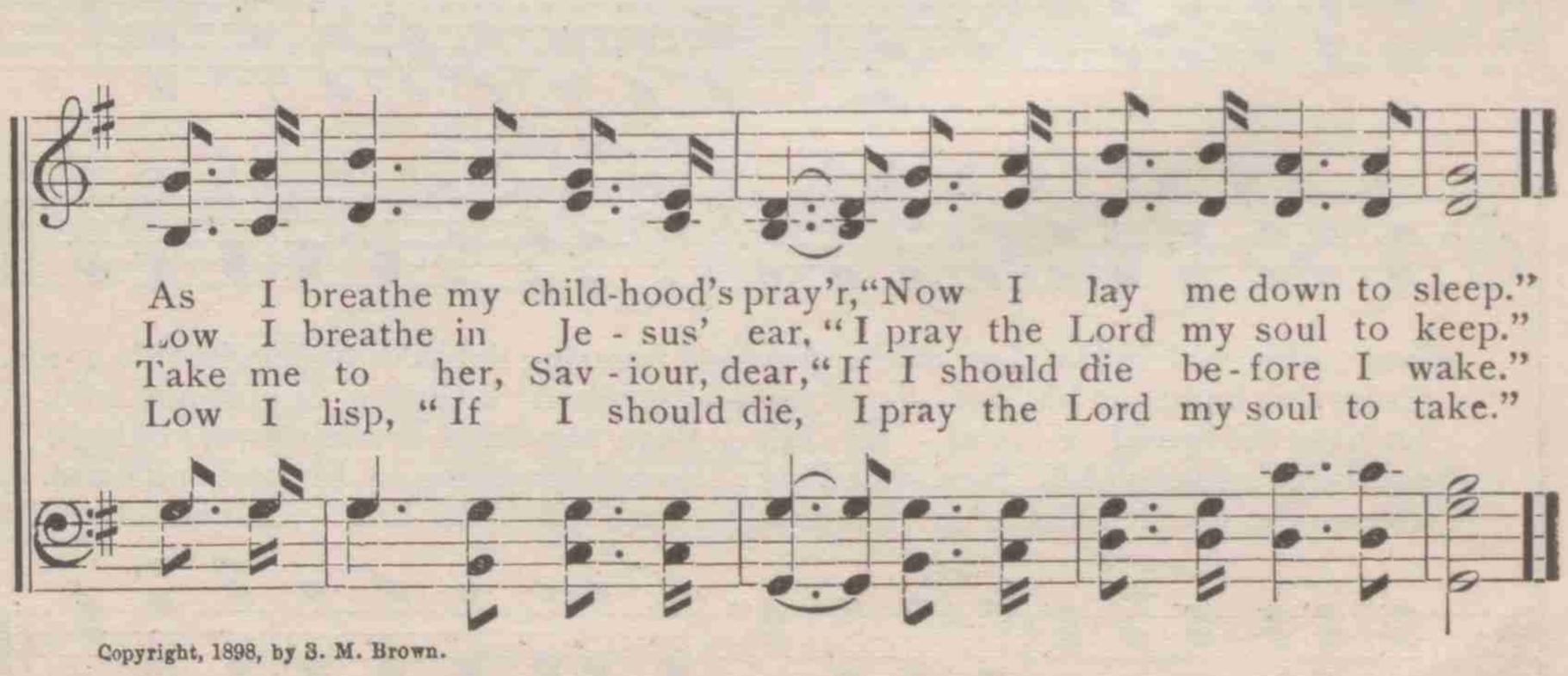
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No. 4. RETIRING IN CAMP.

S. M. Brown.







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No. 5. TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

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

Not too fast.

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

REFRAIN.

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

No. 6. JESUS RECEIVETH SINNERS.

E. R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Pass the news a - long the line, Je - sus re - ceiv - eth re -
2. For our sins He doth a - tone, Je - sus re - ceiv - eth sin - ners;
3. We will love and serve Him here, Je - sus re - ceiv - eth Bless - ed say - ing, truth di - vine,
4. Come and join us while we sing, Je - sus re - ceiv - eth There is hope in Him a - lone,
Je - sus re-ceiv-eth
Je - sus re-ceiv-eth
Cast on Him our ev - 'ry care,
Glo - ry to our heav'n-ly King,

REFRAIN.

sin - ners. Pass the joy - ful news a - long the line,
ceiv - eth sin - ners. Pass the news . . . . a - long the line, . . .
Je - sus re-ceiv- eth sin - ners; Bless- ed say - ing, truth di -
Je - sus re- ceiv - eth, re - ceiv- eth sin- ners; Bless-ed gos - pel say - ing,
vine, . . . Je - sus re- ceiv - eth sin - ners.
truth di - vine, Je - sus re - ceiv - eth, re - ceiv - eth sin - ners.

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No. 7. HALLELUJAH! JOYFUL STORY.

CHAS. WESLEY. Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

1. Come, Thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
2. Isra - el's Strength and Conso-la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art,—
3. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er; Born a child, and yet a King;
4. By Thine own E - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone;

From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee.
Dear De - sire of ev - 'ry na - tion, Joy of ev - 'ry long - ing heart.
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy gra - cious kingdom bring.
By Thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glo-rious throne.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! joy-ful sto - ry; Je - sus comes, the King of glo - ry!

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes, comes to save.

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No. 8. SEEKING FOR ME.

E. E. H. E. E. HASTY.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Beth - le-hem came, Born in a man - ger to
2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va-ry's tree Paid the great debt, and my
3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old; While I did wan - der a -
4. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the prom-ise as

sor-row and shame; Oh, it was wonder-ful! blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
soul He set free; Oh, it was wonder-ful! how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for
far from the fold, Gen-tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for
wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him de-scending the sky, Com-ing for me, for

for me, ... for me, ...

me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me;
me, Dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me;
me, Call-ing for me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me;
me, Com-ing for me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me;

Oh, it was won-der-ful! blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me.
Oh, it was won-der-ful! how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.
Gen-tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see Him de - scend-ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.

From "Good Will," by permission of Towne & Stillman.

No. 9. SHADOWS ON OUR LIVES.

THOS. DUNN ENGLISH. S. M. BROWN.

1. In the dense and leaf - y woodland, From each loft- y tree-top down,
2. When our life is young and buoyant, When our hopes are high and strong,
3. Words, in care - less moments ut-tered, And by us for- got-ten soon,
4. Some ne - glect of bound-en du - ty, But a tri - fle at the time,
5. When, our life's day near - ly end - ed, Comes the set- ting of the sun;
6. When our sun - set fades to twilight, And the fi - nal hour is here;

Flecked with dash-es of the sun-light, Falls the shad-ow cool and brown.
Then be - ware of thoughtless er -rors That are something less than wrong;
Grow with those whose hearts are wounded, As the fresh-ets swell in June.
Mere - ly dis - cord in the mu- sic, Mere-ly er - ror in the rhyme—
Though the crim - son, gold, and pur- ple Of a sun - set sky be won;
When the world a-round is pass-ing, And the world to come is near;
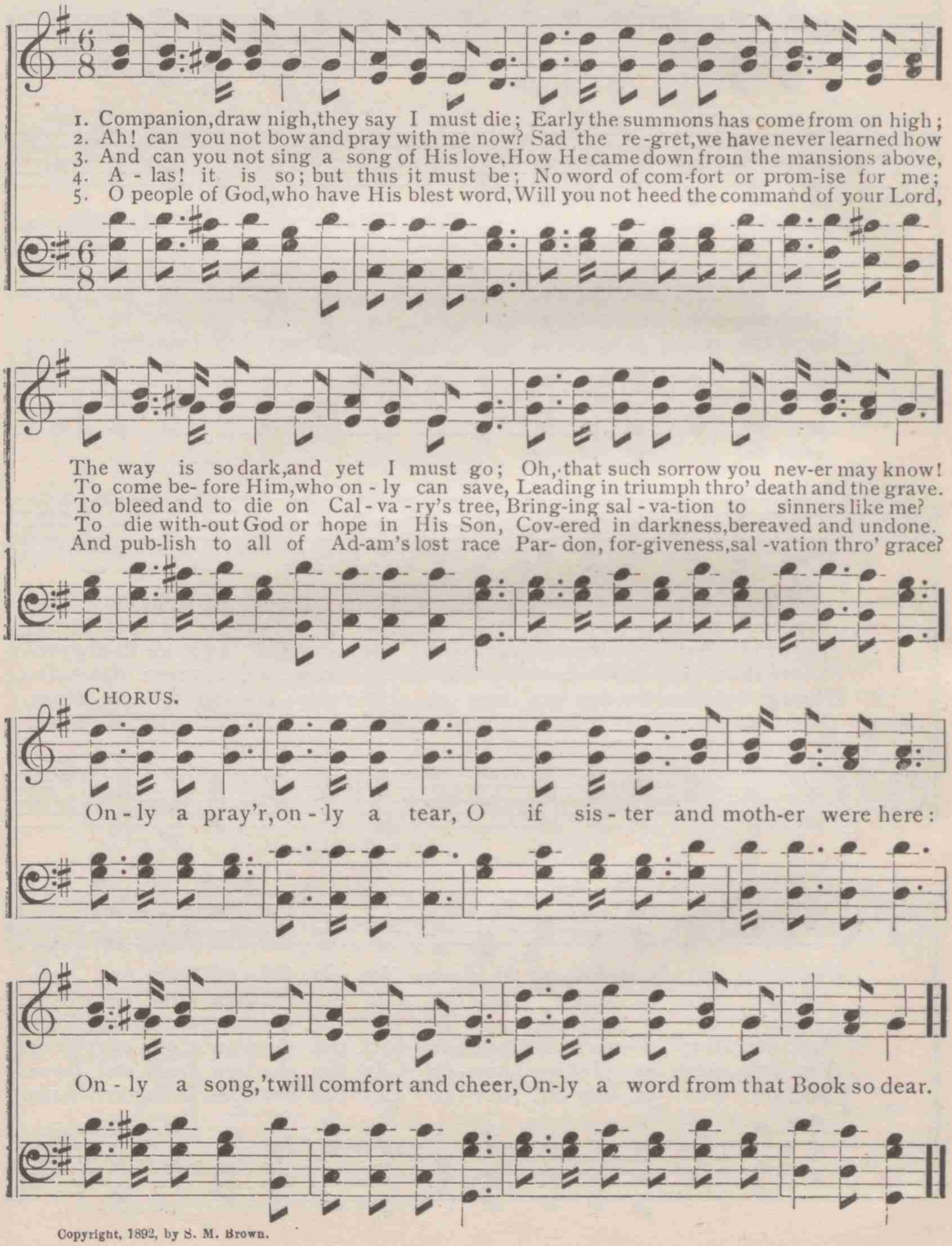
But how dif-f'rent is the shad - ow Which our soul of light de- prives;
For, tho' each may be a tri - fle, As a shad- ow it sur- vives;
More than bur-thens they may crush us, They may gall us more than gyves;
Worse than whips some day may lash us, Or may wound us worse than knives,
Though we close the day in hon - or, He- roes e - ven to our wives,
Then our mem-'ries throng a-round us, And the flesh with spir - it strives.

Dif-f'rent far from ma - ny shad-ows Nev - er lift - ed from our lives.
And we nev - er thro' en - deav - or Lift that shad-ow from our lives.
Strive we e'er so much we nev - er Lift the shadows from our lives.
And our deep re-morse shall nev-er Lift the shad-ow from our lives.
Yet this glow ex - pir - ing nev - er Lifts the shad-ow from our lives.
And we nev - er, nev - er, nev - er Lift the shadows from our lives.

No. 10. DYING FROM HOME, AND LOST.

S. M. B. S. M. Brown.

Two young men, who had been brought up together in a distant State, came to Kansas City to get a start in the world. They were employed in laboring on the piers of one of the great railroad bridges on the Missouri River. An accident occurred in which several men were injured, among them was one of these young men, who was fatally crushed. He was taken into one of the tents in which the laborers were living, and being conscious, he was told by the physician that he could live only a few hours. He requested his companion to pray with him and stated that he was not prepared to die. His friend assured him that he did not pray for himself and was not fit to pray for a dying man. Then he asked that a song might be sung, but was again assured by his friend that he knew no song appropriate to an occasion like that. Finally, he begged that a Bible might be brought and a few verses read to him before he died. The tents and cabins were searched, and there was not a copy of the word of God to be found, and so, among his last words the dying man exclaimed: "And is it possible that away from home and without a prayer, a song, or a verse of Scripture, I am to be ushered into the presence of God unprepared?"



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No. 11. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

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

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

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

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

m CHORUS. *pp* *m*

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

m *pp* *m*

judgment day? Are you read-y, are you read-y, For the judgment day?

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

No. 12. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

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

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev - er -
3 What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev - er -

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

REFRAIN.

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms! Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from
Leaning on Je-sus, Leaning on Jesus,

all alarms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.
Leaning on Je - sus, Leaning on Je-sus,

No. 13. MY HEART IS FULL OF LOVE FOR THE SAVIOUR.

S. M. B. S. M. Brown.

1. I was wand'ring far a - way From the strait and nar - row way; My
2. Since He saved and took me in From my wretched shame and sin, My
3. In my sor - row and my need I can look to Him to lead; My
4. He was stand-ing at the door, And was knock-ing ev - er - more; My

heart is full of love for the Sav - iour, He convinced me of my sin,
heart is full of love for the Sav - iour, And He will not let me stray
heart is full of love for the Sav - iour, And al - tho' the bil-lows roar,
heart is full of love for the Sav - iour. I have let my Sav-iour in,

And he wash'd and made me clean; My heart is full of love for the Sav-iour.
From the strait and nar - row way; My heart is full of love for the Sav-iour.
He can guide me to the shore; My heart is full of love for the Sav-iour.
He with me and I with Him; My heart is full of love for the Sav-iour.

CHORUS.

My heart is full of love for the Sav - iour, My heart is full of love for the Saviour,

As I'm walking in the way, To the blessed land of day, My heart is full of love for the Saviour.

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No. 14. YONDER, OVER THE ROLLING RIVER.

Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

1. Here we are but stray - ing pil - grims, Here our path is oft - en dim;
2. Here our feet are oft - en wea - ry On the hills that throng our way;
3. Here our souls are oft - en fear - ful Of the pil - grim's lurk-ing foe;
4. Here our shad-ow'd homes are transient, And we meet the stran-ger's frown;

But to cheer us on our jour - ney, Still we sing this way - side hymn.
Here the tem - pest dark - ly gath - ers, But our hearts with - in us say:
But the Lord is our de - fend - er, And He tells us we may know:
So we'll sing with joy while go - ing, E'en to death's dark bil - low down:

CHORUS.

Yon - der, o - ver the roll - ing riv - er, Where the shin - ing

man - sions rise, Soon will be our home for - ev - er,

And the smile of the bless-ed Giv - er Glad - den all our long-ing eyes.

No. 15. JESUS IS WITH ME.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.

1. Tem-pests dark may gath-er and thunders loud may roar; Fierc-est winds may drive me from off the peace-ful shore; Walking on the bil-lows, we read that Je-sus came; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.
2. Trust-ed friends may leave me to bat-tle all a-lone; Kin-dred dear for-sake me and drive me far from home; Far a-way from heav-en my Sav-iour suf-fer'd shame; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.
3. Pov-er-ty may feed me up-on a crust of bread; Cru-el-ty de-ny me a place to lay my head; Thus it was with Je-sus, the Son of God, who came; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.
4. On my way to heav-en I'll suf-fer many a fall, But the Lord has prom-ised us grace and strength for all. In temp-ta-tion's des-ert, and thro' the cru-el flame; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.
5. Thro' the lone-ly val-ley and in the cru-el grave, Je-sus walk'd in tri-umph, and might-y pow'r to save; At the aw-ful judg-ment He'll own my worth-less name; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.

CHORUS.

Jesus is with me, oh, blessed be His name! Jesus is with me, is with me just the same;
Jesus is with me, oh, blessed be His name! Jesus is with me, is with me just the same.

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No. 16. THE SHELTERING ROCK.

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

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

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

1. There is a Rock in a wea - ry land, Its shad - ow falls on the burn-ing sand, In - vit - ing pil-grims as they pass To seek a shade in the
2. There is a Well in a des - ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en - treat-ing strain, "Ho, ev'ry thirsting sin-sick soul, Come free - ly drink, and thou
3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for His
4. There is a cross where the Sav-iour died, His blood flow'd out in a crim-son tide A sac - ri - fice for sin - ful men, And free to all who will

REFRAIN.

wil - der - ness. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?
shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?
wan-d'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?
en - ter in. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?

slower.

When the shel-t'ring Rock is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
When the liv - ing Well is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
When the Shepherd's fold is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
When the crim - son cross is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?

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No. 17. THE PENITENT'S PLEA.

R. K. MAIDEN. P. J. TREBOR.

1. Hear, oh Lord, my heart is plead-ing; God of grace, oh hear my pray'r.
2. Hear, oh Lord, I plead for mer - cy, Guilt - y, lost, un - done am I;
3. In Thy great and ten - der mer - cy, Wash the stains of sin a - way;
4. Hide Thy face from my transgresssions, Gracious God, cast not a - way;
5. Here am I, a help-less sin - ner, This is all my hope and plea:

I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Let Thy grace a sin - ner spare.
All is dark, and I am sink-ing, Save me, Lord, or I must die.
Blot out all of my transgressions, Lord, for - give and save, I pray.
Give the joy of Thy sal - va - tion: In Thy pres - ence bid me stay.
Je - sus died that He might save me, To His arms for life I flee.

CHORUS.

Hear, oh God, Thou God of mer - cy; I am guilt - y and un - done;
Hear, oh God, I am guilt-y

Hear and save me, I am trust-ing In the blood . . of Thy dear Son.
save me, trust-ing, In the blood

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No. 18. WONDERFUL LOVE.

ANNE STEELE. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus,—and didst Thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
2. Well might the heav'ns with won- der view A love so strange as Thine!
3. Is there a heart that will not bend To Thy di - vine con - trol;
4. Oh, may our will - ing hearts con- fess Thy sweet, Thy gen - tle sway;

And didst Thou bleed, and groan and die, For Thy re - bel - lious foes?
No thought of an - gels ev - er knew Com- pas - sion so di - vine!
De- scend, O sov-ereign love, de- scend, And melt that stub- born soul.
Glad cap - tives of Thy match-less grace, Thy right- eous rule o - bey.

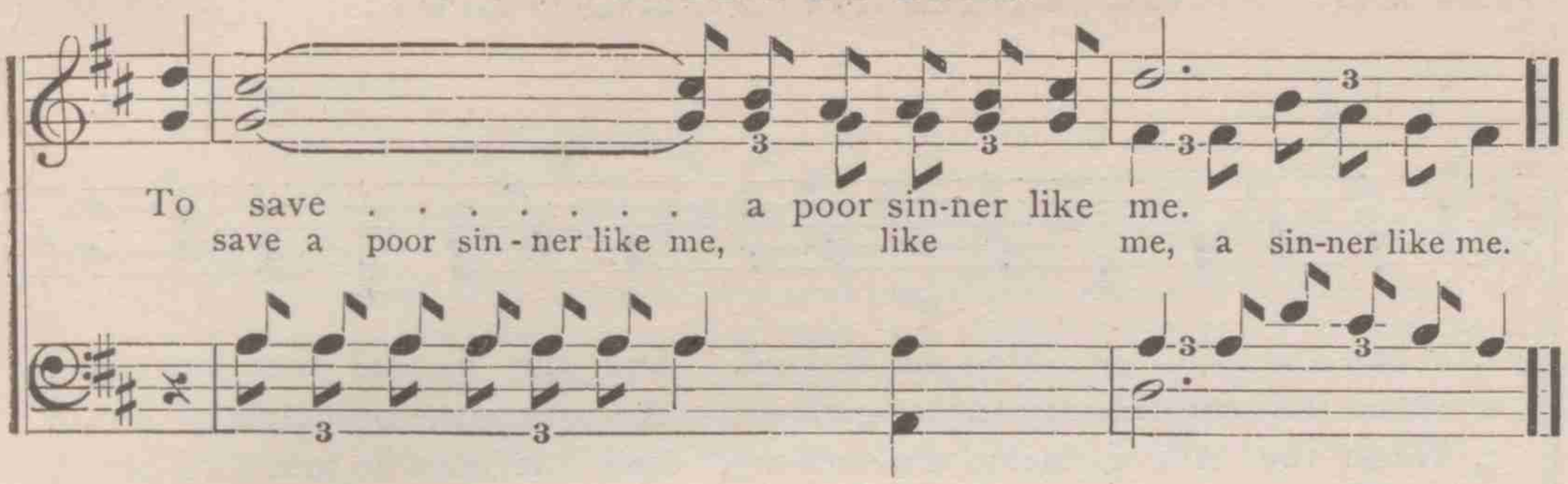
CHORUS.

O 'twas won - - - - der-ful, wonder-ful love,
won-der-ful, won-der-ful love, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,

That brought . . . . . Him from heaven a-bove;
brought Him from heaven a- bove, beau-ti - ful heav-en a - bove;

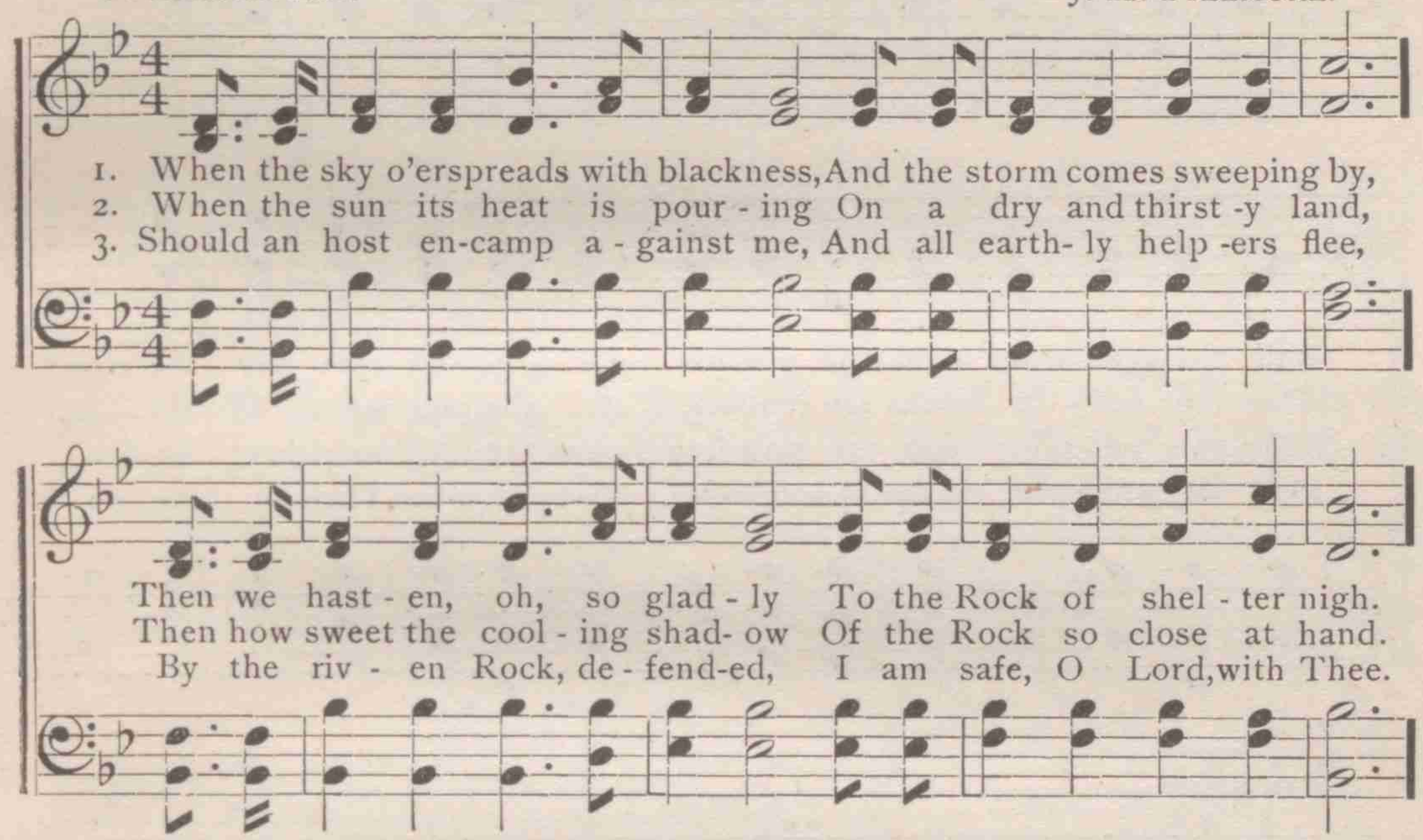
As a ran - - - - som to die on the tree,
ran-som to die on the tree, suf-fer and die on the tree,

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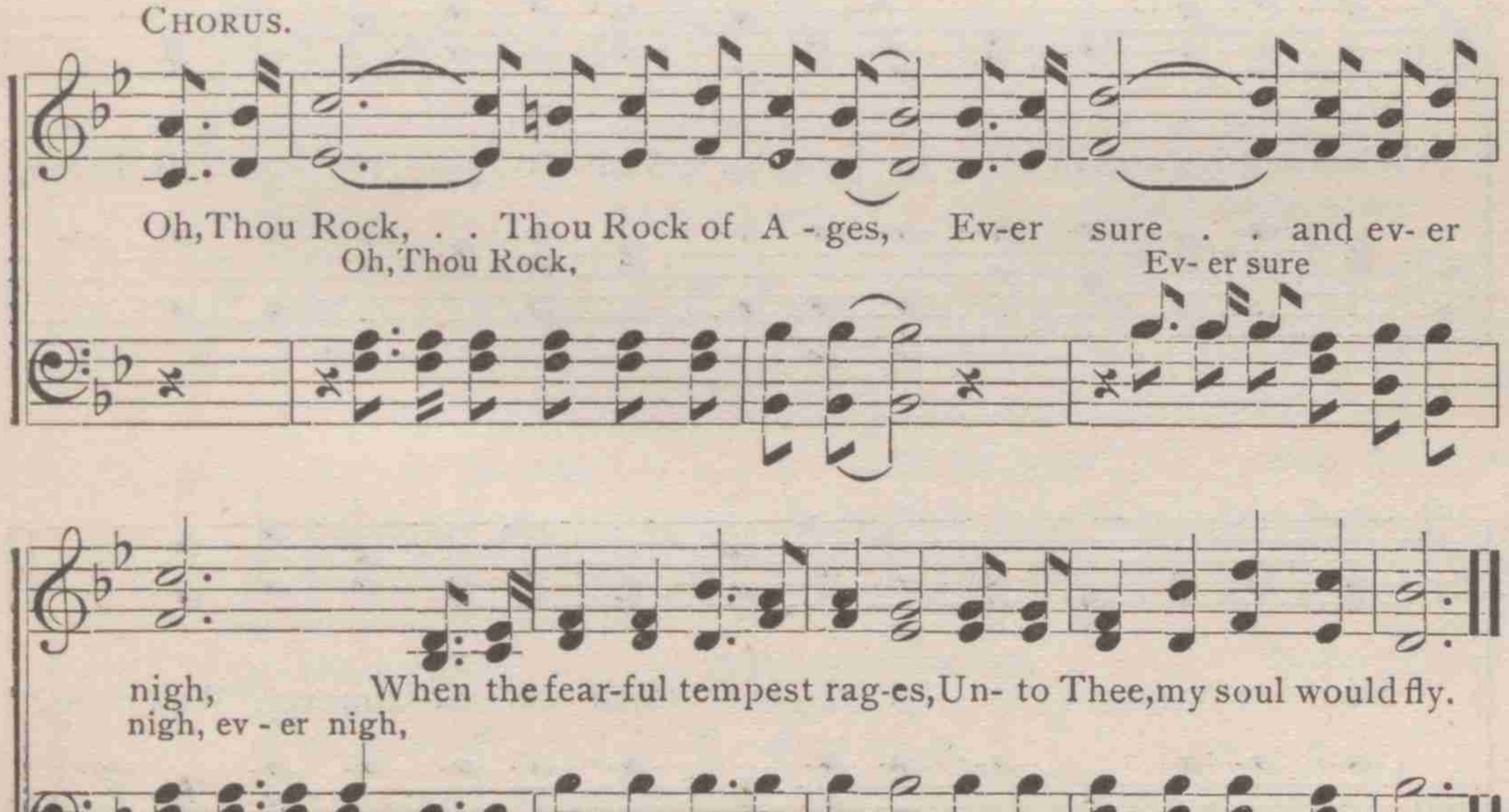


No. 19. THE ROCK.

P. HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.
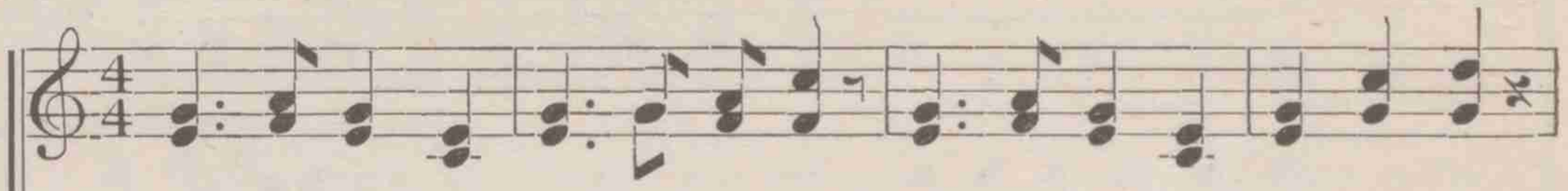


CHORUS.
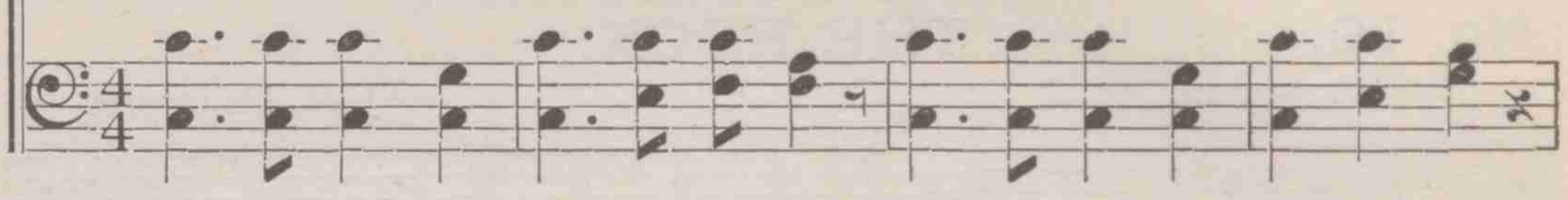


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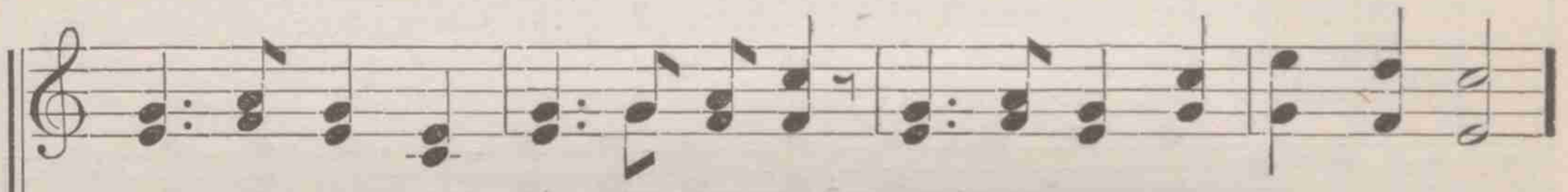
No. 20. COMING IN JUDGMENT.

S. M. B. S. M. Brown.
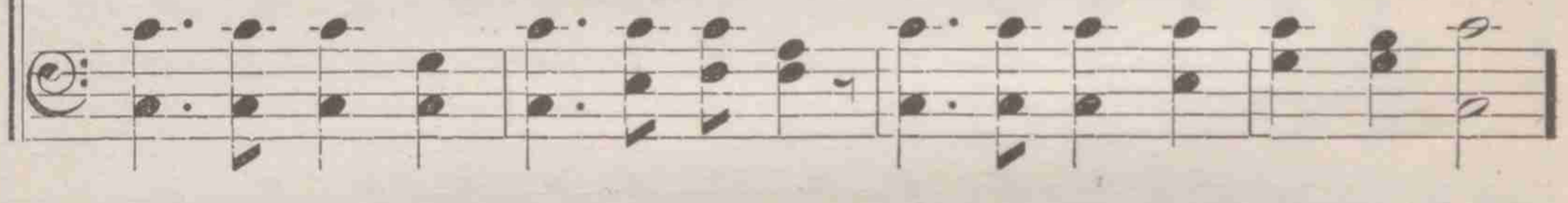


1. When the toils of life are end-ed, And the fi - nal hour has come,
2. When the heav'ns are rolled to-geth-er As one great and might-y scroll,
3. When the el - e-ments are melt-ing, And the moon is turn'd to blood,
4. Je - sus, for that dread-ful hour, Do Thy ser-vants now pre-pare;
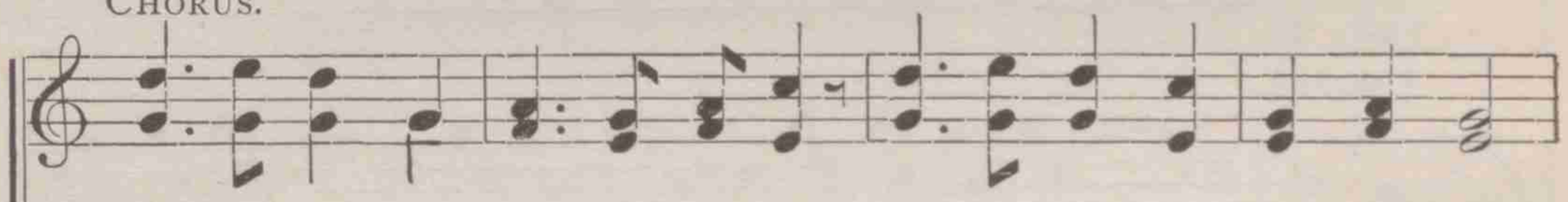




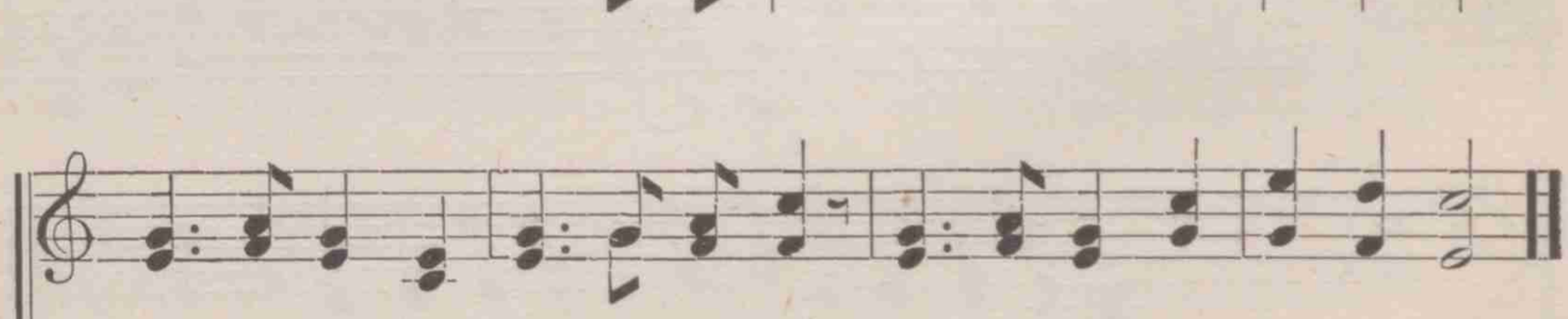
Will the glo-rious gold and pur-ple Of a sun-set sky be won?
When the sol - id rocks are rend-ing At the judg-ment of the soul,
When the na-tions all are crowding Round the judg-ment seat of God,
May we, when the trump is sound-ing, Rise to meet Thee in the air.



CHORUS.



When our Lord shall come in pow-er, And in glo - ry on His throne,



'Mid the judgment's aw - ful si-lence! Shall we hear Him say, "Well done?"



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No. 21. THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

H. N. LINCOLN. W. H. WHITWORTH.

SOPRANO AND TENOR *ad lib.*

1. We are told of the feast and the wedding, Which the King had prepar'd in His home, When the few that were bidden had spurn'd it, Many more were invited to come.
2. Christ, to-day spreads a banquet of mer - cy, And His ser-vants in-vite to His home; Sin-ner, all now is read-y and waiting, On the highways of sin cease to roam.
3. Slight no lon-ger the kind in - vi - ta - tion, And the mes-sage of mer - cy we bring; O, ac - cept *now* the bounty of Je - sus, And sit down at the feet of thy King.
4. Still the Spir-it so ten-der - ly woos you, And the Bride, full of love, ech-oes, "come;" Him that heareth and will whosoev-er, Let him come to the heavenly home.
5. In the day of the grand Coro - na - tion, On the throne of the great I Am, We'll be rob'd in the King's wedding garments, At the dear marriage feast of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Out on the highways, in - to the byways, Over the

Out on the high - ways, in-to the by - - ways, O-ver the moun -

mountain, o-ver the sea, Car-ry the message,

tain, o - ver the sea, ... Car-ry the mes - - sage, tell of sal-

tell of sal-vation, Ring out the tidings, "Mercy is free."

va - - tion, Ring out the tid - - ings, "Mercy is free." . . . .

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No. 22. IF THE SAVIOUR JOURNEY WITH ME.

"I will trust in thee."—Ps. 56 : 3.

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

Gently.

1. If the Sav-iour jour-ney with me, If He be my constant stay, If His
2. If the Sav-iour jour-ney w.th me, If He be my faith-ful friend, If He
3. If the Sav-iour jour-ney with me, If He keep me at His side, If He

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

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

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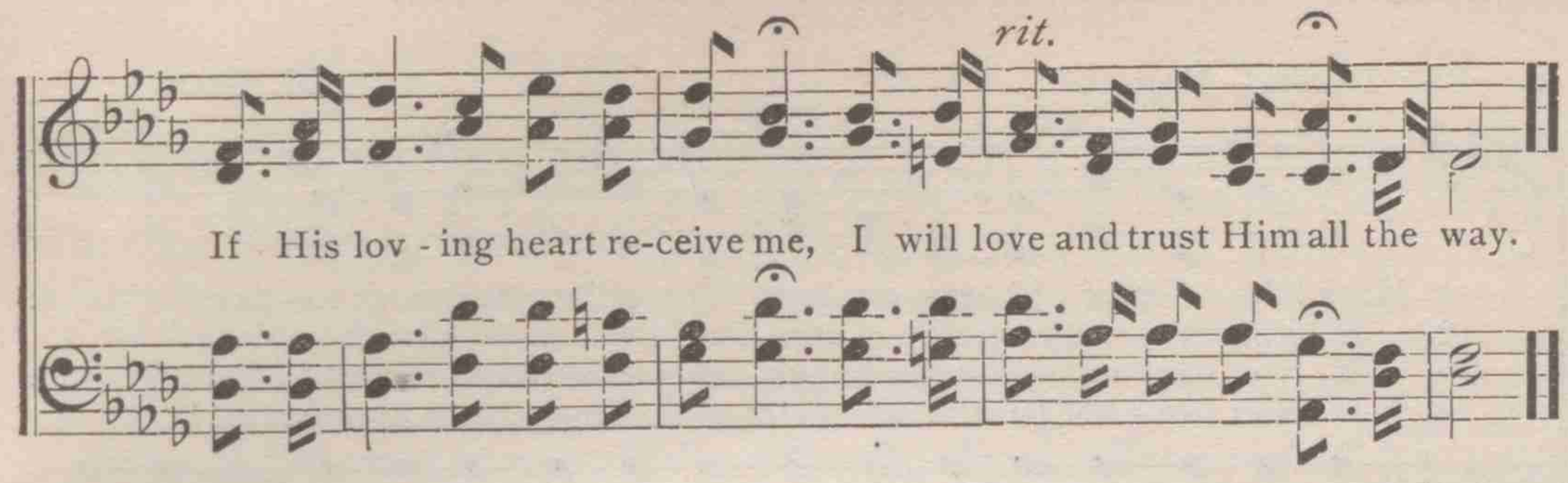
And the voice of love is speaking, While He safely guards me all the way.
Give my all to Him who giv-eth Love divine, that naught can e'er transcend.
Of the dwelling-place im-mor-tal, Where the blest of God shall e'er a - bide.

CHORUS.

If the Sav - iour journey with me, If His guid-ing hand He give me,
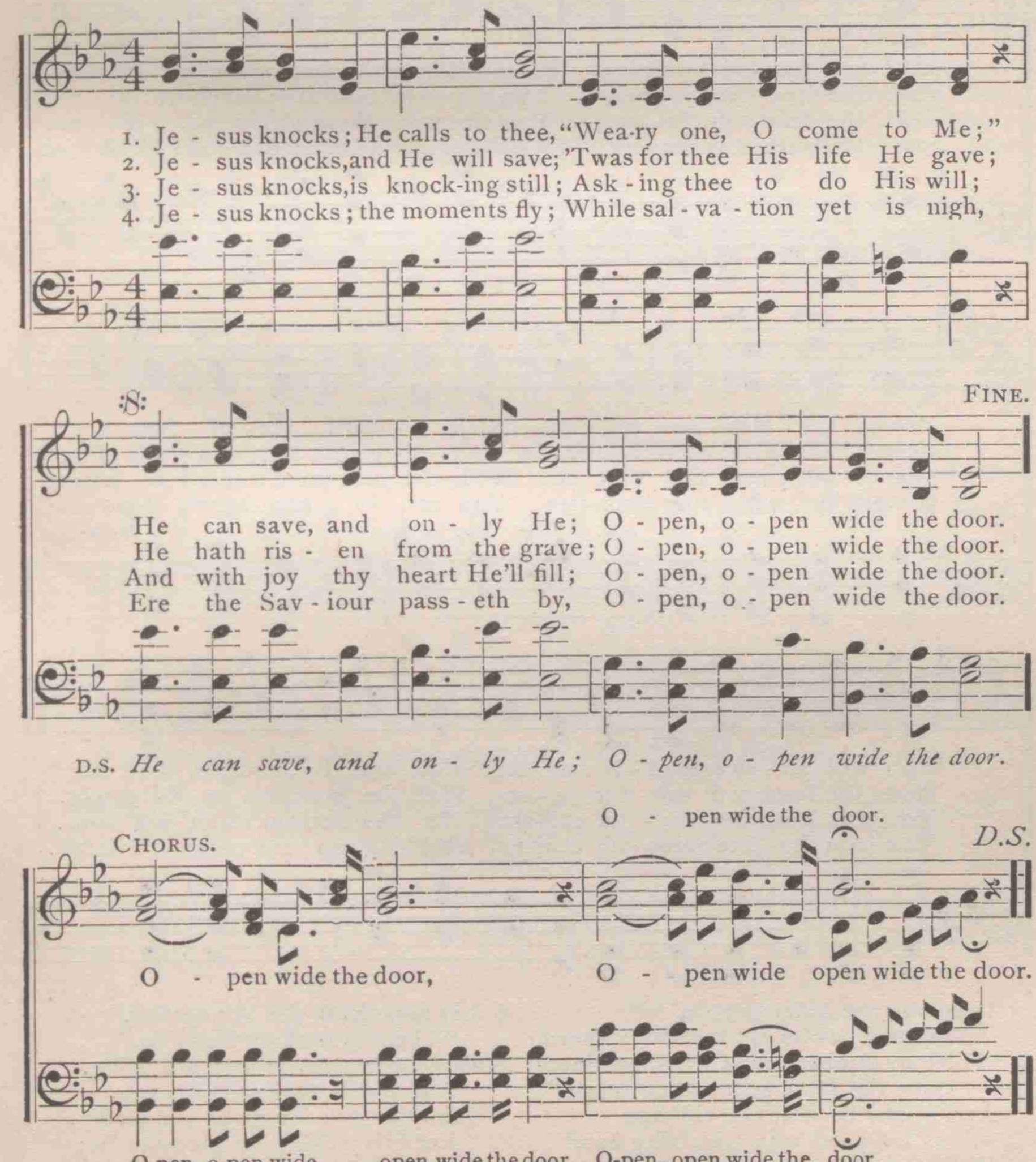
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IF THE SAVIOUR JOURNEY WITH ME.



No. 23. OPEN WIDE THE DOOR.
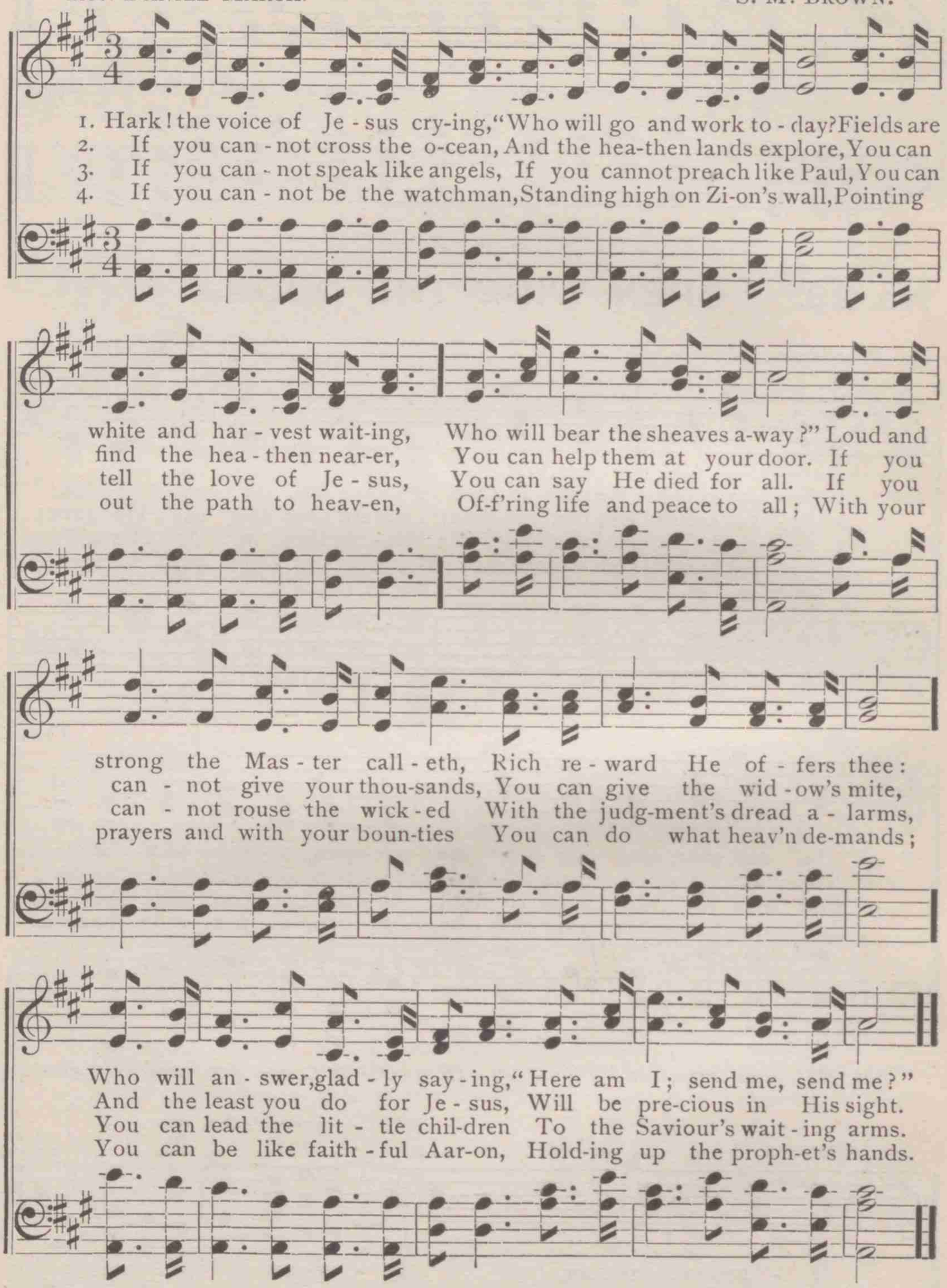
Words arr. J. M. HUNT.



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No. 24. HERE AM I, SEND ME.

Rev. DANIEL MARCH. S. M. BROWN.

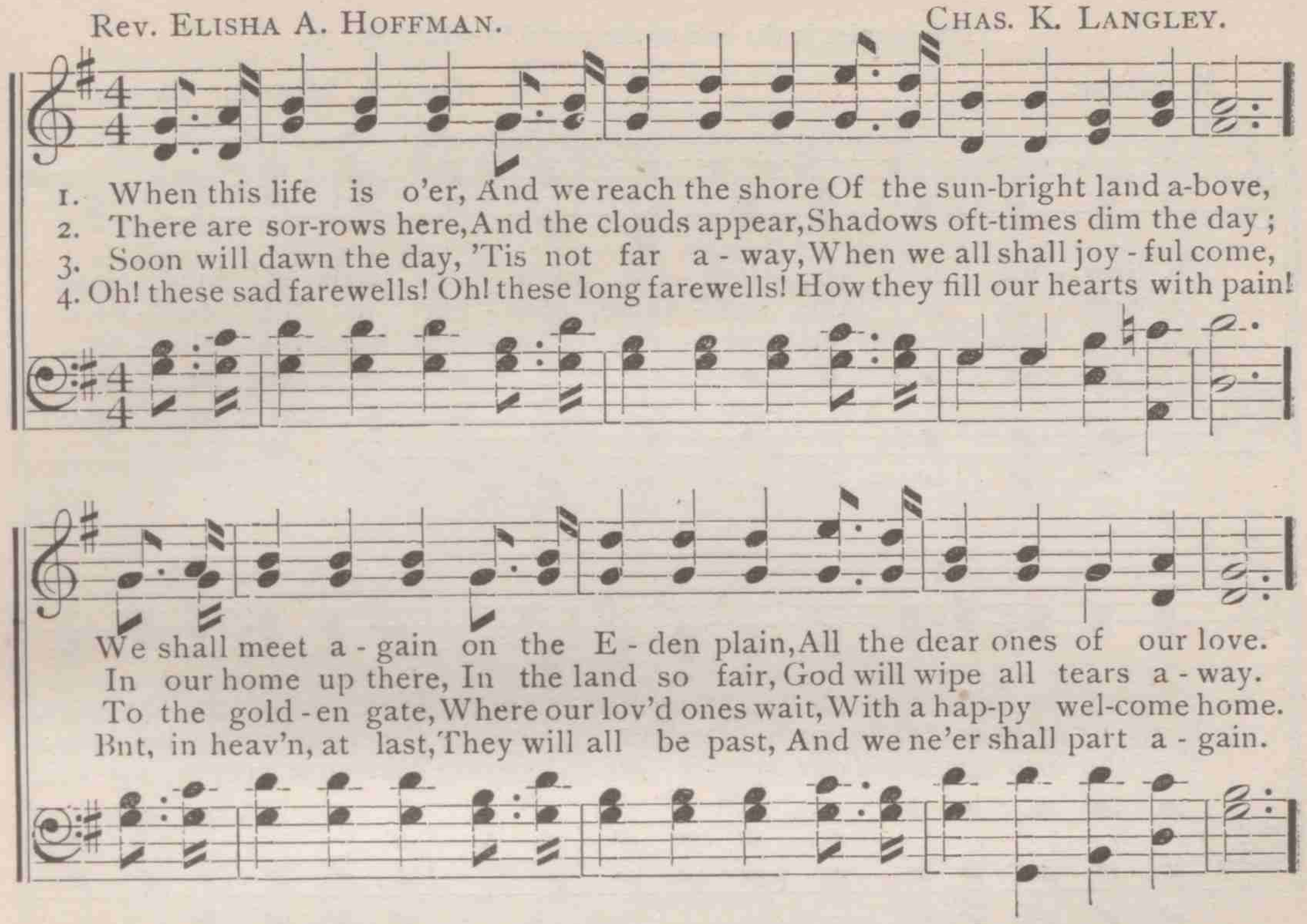


5 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach; [herd,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shep-
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

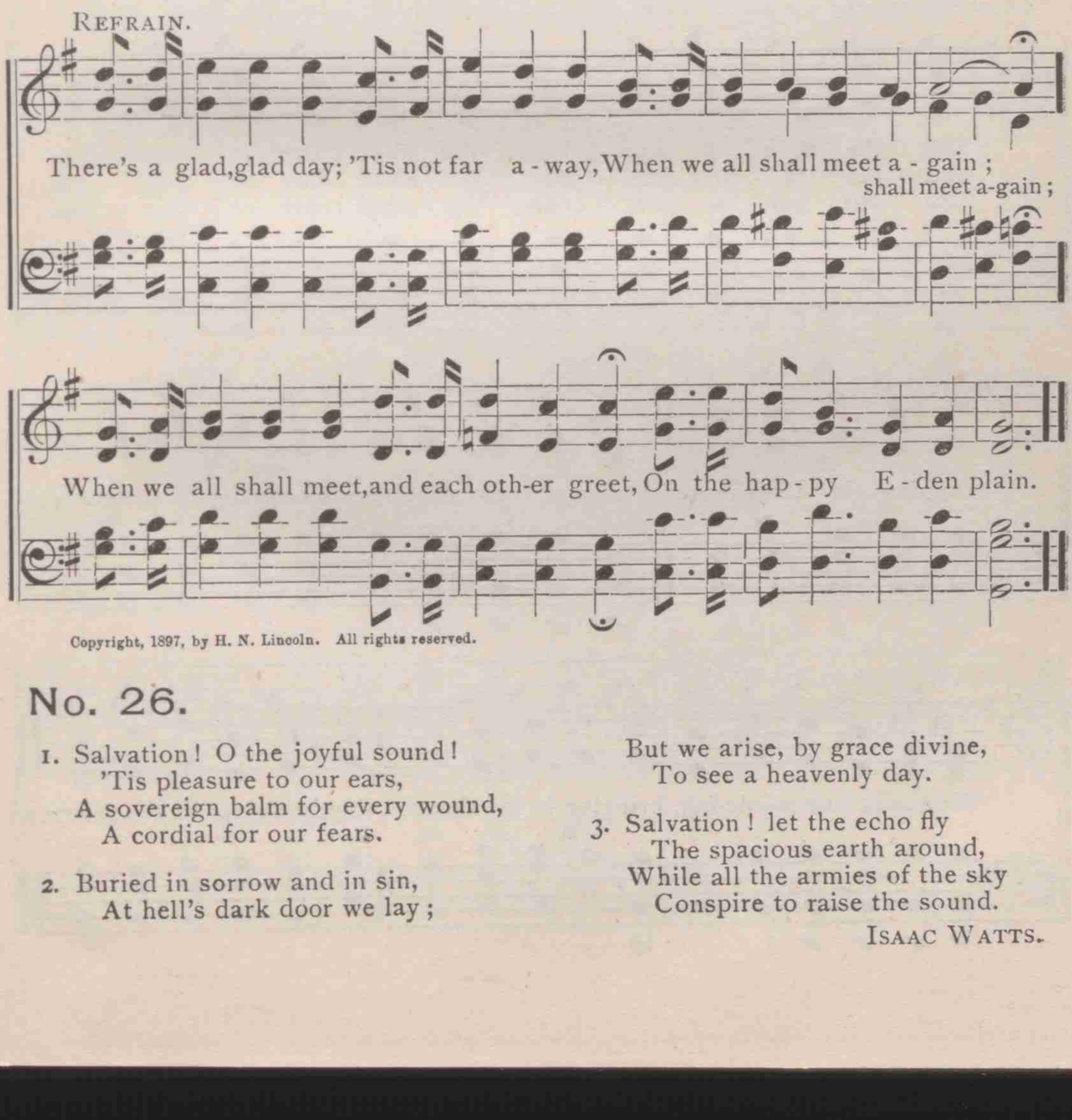
6 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

No. 25. THE GLAD DAY COMING.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



REFRAIN.



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No. 26.

1. Salvation! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2. Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3. Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 27. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. 13: 39.

K. SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR. By per.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
3. Go, then, ev - er weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow-ing in the noon-tide, and the dew - y eves; Waiting for the har - vest,
Fear-ing neith-er clouds nor win-ter's chilling breeze; By and by the har - vest,
Tho' the loss sustained our spir - it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o - ver,

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bring-ing in the sheaves. Bring-ing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,

1. 2.

We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves, -ing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 28. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Harmonized by J. M. Hunt.

1. Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful shel-t'ring dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav-iour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con - duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n- ly home.

Chorus.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes;
We'll work We'll work

We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.
We'll work

No. 29. REACH DOWN THY HAND.

S. M. BROWN. S. M. BROWN.

1. The way was dark and drear - y, The road was rough and steep,
2. The temp-ter's strong de - lus - ions Had led my feet a - stray,
3. I sought Thy gra - cious pre - cepts, I asked for help from Thee;
4. But soon, a - gain, more fierce - ly I felt the fie - ry dart,
5. Ah! whith - er, now, my Sav - iour, Ah! whith-er shall I go?

"The pains of hell gat hold on me" And wea - ry were my feet.
And dark'ning clouds, like palls of death, Hung o'er the heav'n - ly way.
A - while the way seemed bright and clear, My guilt - y soul was free.
And all the wounds of by - gone days Were o - pened in my heart.
Thy word, Thy throne, Thy blood and grace, Are all my soul doth know.

CHORUS.

Reach down, reach down Thy hand, O Lord! "My feet are al - most gone;"

Reach down Thy gra - cious hand, O Lord! And lead Thy child a - long.

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No. 30. OUR HOME, BEAUTIFUL HOME.

I. H. McL. ISAAC H. McLAIN.

1. There's a bright happy home, in a fair radiant clime, Where there comes no more sor-
2. In that beautiful home I would meet all my friends, Those bright mansions togeth-
3. When we reach that blest place we shall dwell with our Lord, In the home He has gone

row nor care; In that home we shall dwell in the sweet par - a - dise, And we'll
er to share; There the pur - est of wa - ters and balm - i - est breeze, Will en-
to pre-pare; While the a - ges on a - ges un- end - ing shall roll, We shall

REFRAIN.

meet all the saved o - ver there.
rap - ture each soul o - ver there.
rest, sweet-ly rest o - ver there.

Our home, beau-ti - ful home, love-ly and
bright, Where we'll bask in the light of God's face; Our
love-ly and bright,
glo - ri - ous face;
home, God is the light, And His holiness lightens that place.
wonderful home, God is the light,

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No. 31. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I

E. JOHNSON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

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

And sorrow, sometimes how they sweep, Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil - ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walk-ing the shad - ow - y vale.

CHORUS.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is high - er than I; O, then, to the Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is high - er than I.

No. 32. PRAY FOR YOUR BOY TONIGHT.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN. GEO. ROBERT CAIRNS, by per.

SOLO.

1. Once I was pure as dews that fall From the morn - ing clouds a - bove;
2. Wea-ry the world, and dark and wild, And with many a fa - tal snare,
3. Moth-er, my heart is hard and cold, And is blighted with grief and care;
4. Tho' in the toils of sin your boy Yet is wander-ing far from home,

Now I am held in the world's dark thrall, A - way from the Fa - ther's love.
As onward sweeps the surg-ing tide, A - way from God and prayer.
Pray for your boy as oft of old, When a child be - side your chair.
Of - ten he yearns for the old - en joy, Be - fore he be - gan to roam.

CHORUS.

Then pray for your boy to - night! To - night, oh, pray for me! Pray

God to give your boy the light, To lead him to heaven and thee.

No. 33. IS HEAVEN ABOVE THE CLOUDS?

My dear little boy — six years old — shares with me an awful dread of cyclones. We stood together, watching a rising storm, when he said to me, in sweet anticipation of the security of our Heavenly Father's care, "Papa, is Heaven above the clouds?" — S. M. B.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.

1. How dark are the clouds that hang o - ver the way O, can it be,
2. How is it that sick-ness is lead - ing to health? And how is it
3. Yes, when the dark clouds and the sha - dow and night Are all made ef -
4. Then while all e - ter - ni - ty's cy - cles shall roll, And bil - lows of

Fa - ther, 'tis lead - ing to - day? Can all the dark sha - dows now
pov - er - ty leads us to wealth? Can part - ing be meet - ing, and
ful - gent by heav - en - ly light; Thro' sick - ness, thro' part - ing, thro'
glo - ry sweep o - ver the soul; By all the deep dark - ness and

deep - 'ning to night, Be Thy bless - ed meth - od of lead - ing to light?
weak - ness be strength? Can curs - ing be bless - ing and brev - i - ty length?
weak - ness and pain, Made bless - ing by Je - sus, we'll tri - umph and reign.
sha - dow and night, Our Sav - iour will teach us the glo - ry of light.

CHORUS.
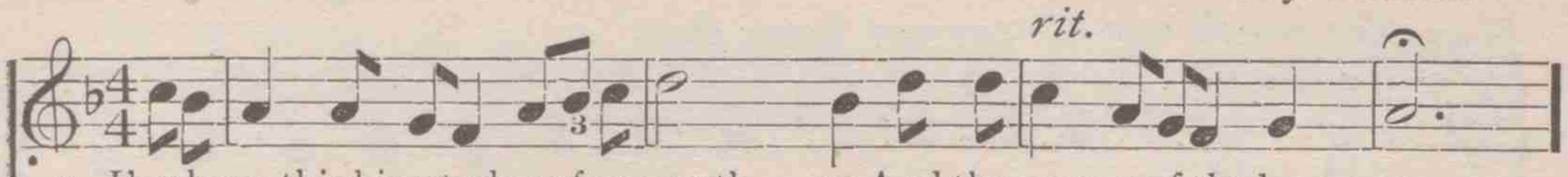
Is hea - ven a - bove the clouds? Is hea - ven a - bove the clouds? O!
CHO. 3 & 4 V. Yes, heaven's a - bove the clouds; Yes, hea - ven's a - bove the clouds; O!

tell me, Fa - ther, O, tell me, I pray, Is hea - ven a - bove the clouds?
bless - ed Fa - ther, I'm sing - ing to - day, For hea - ven's a - bove the clouds.

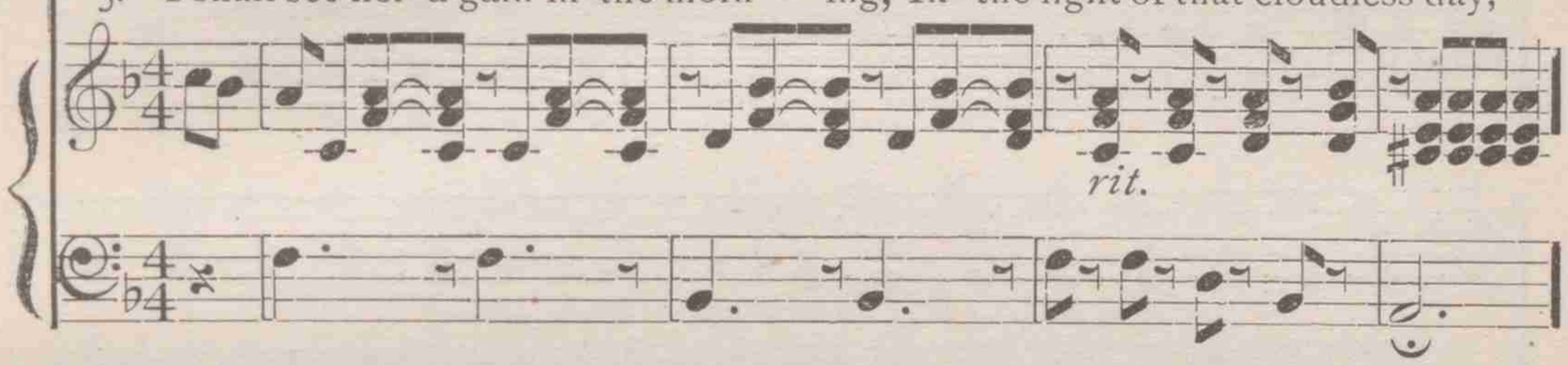
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No. 34. THINKING OF MOTHER.
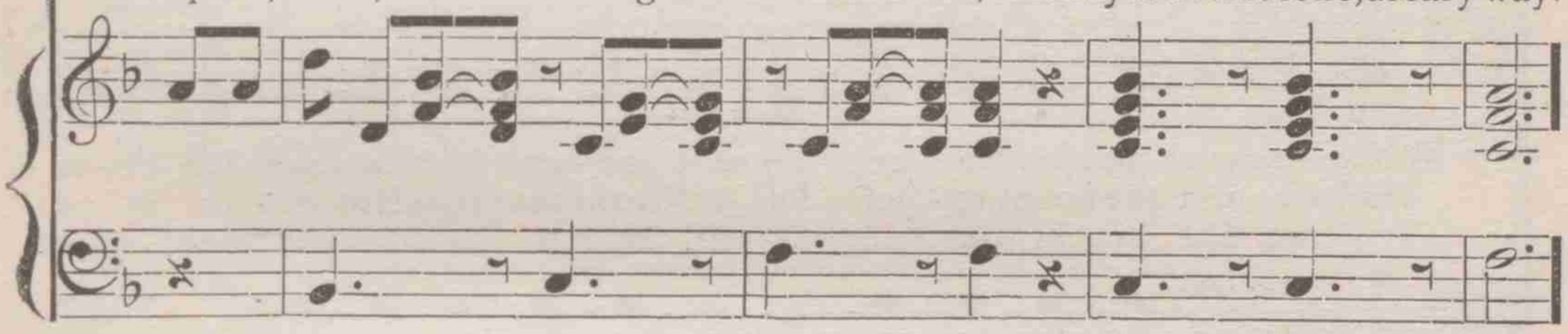
R. K. MAIDEN. P. J. TREBOR.
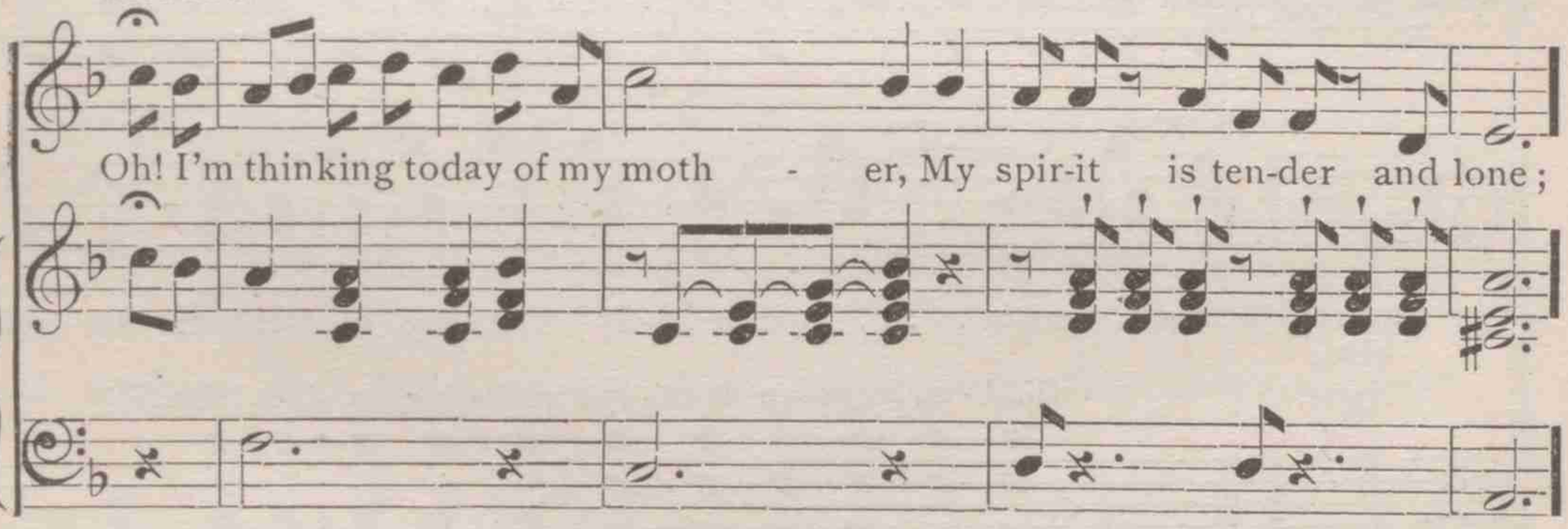


1. I've been thinking today of my moth - er, And the scenes of the long gone years,
2. She was go-ing a-way, my dear moth - er, And she kiss'd me a fond farewell,
3. She was weary and worn with afflic - tion, But her tri-als were almost o'er,
4. I've been lonely today as I pon - dered O'er the gifts of the sainted dead,
5. I shall see her a-gain in the morn - ing, In the light of that cloudless day,



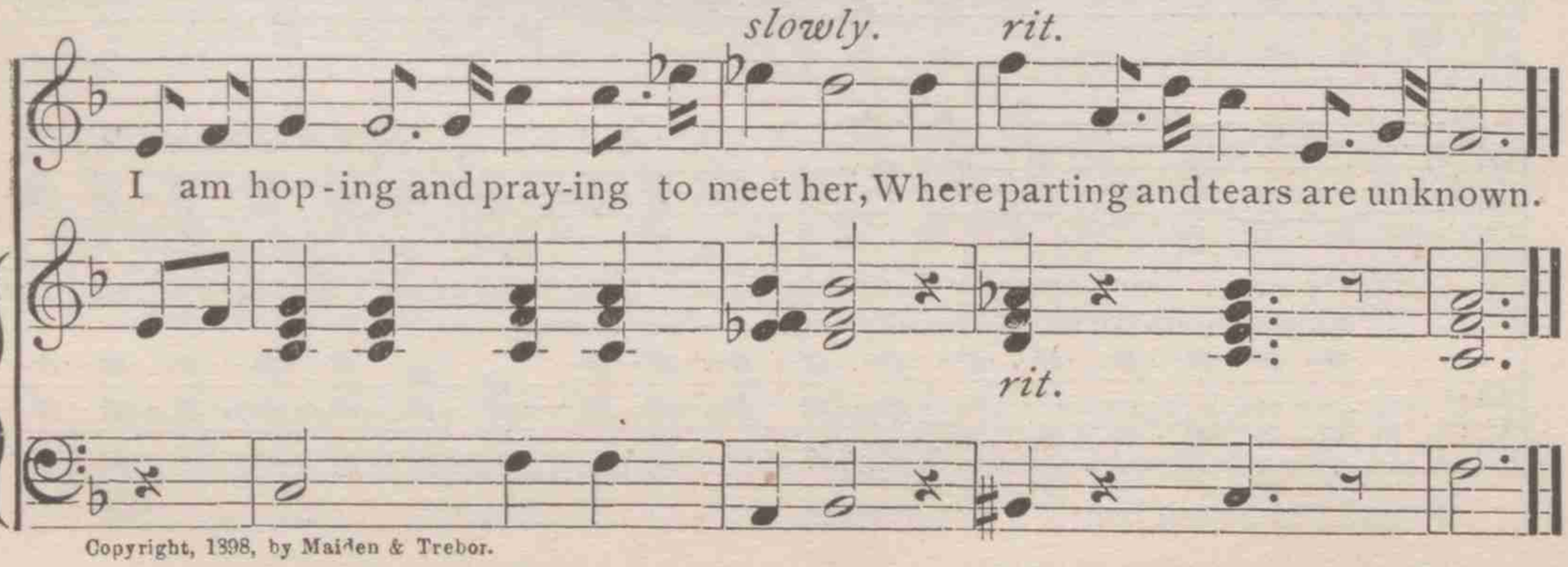
And my heart has been troubl'd and tender, My eyes have been moisten'd with tears.
And she took from her fin-ger a to - ken, Then went with the angels to dwell.
She was read - y and pa-tient - ly wait - ing The call from the bright, golden shore.
And I've pray'd the dear Saviour to guide me, The way my dear mother has lead.
Help me, Lord, to be lov - ing and faith - ful, While yet in this lone, dreary way.



CHORUS.



Oh! I'm thinking today of my moth - er, My spir-it is ten-der and lone;



I am hop-ing and pray-ing to meet her, Where parting and tears are unknown.

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No. 35. GOLDEN HARPS.

P. HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

May be used as a Soprano and Tenor Duet.

1. O'er the dark and si-lent stream, Comes to us a cheer-ing gleam, Of the light and beau-ty of the far - ther shore, And our loved ones wait, we know,
2. We must hear the solemn knell, We must say the sad fare-well, While with in this land of part-ings we a - bide, And our hearts would sink with grief,
3. Soon the evening shades will fall, Soon will sound the boatman's call, And our frag - ile bark must launch in-to the night, But the Hand that led us here,
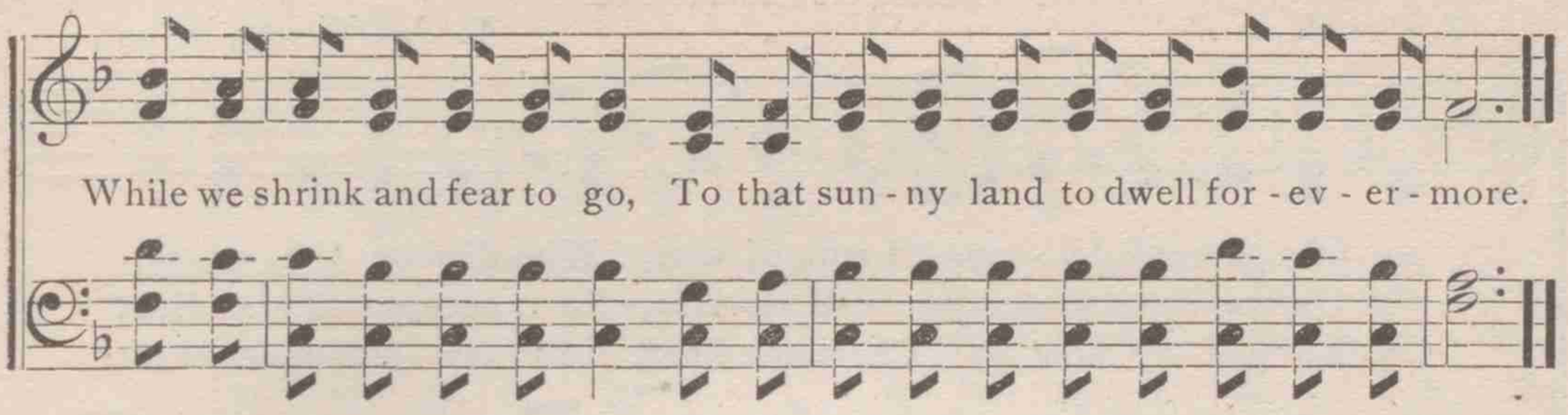
While we shrink and fear to go, To that sun - ny land to dwell for ev - er -
Had we not the sweet re - lief Of a Friend that standeth ev - er at our
Will not fail us in our fear, It will bear us safe - ly to the shores of

CHORUS.

more. Gold-en harps . . . are loud - ly ring - ing, o - ver there, An - gel
side.
light. Gold - en harps are loud - ly ring - ing, o - ver there,

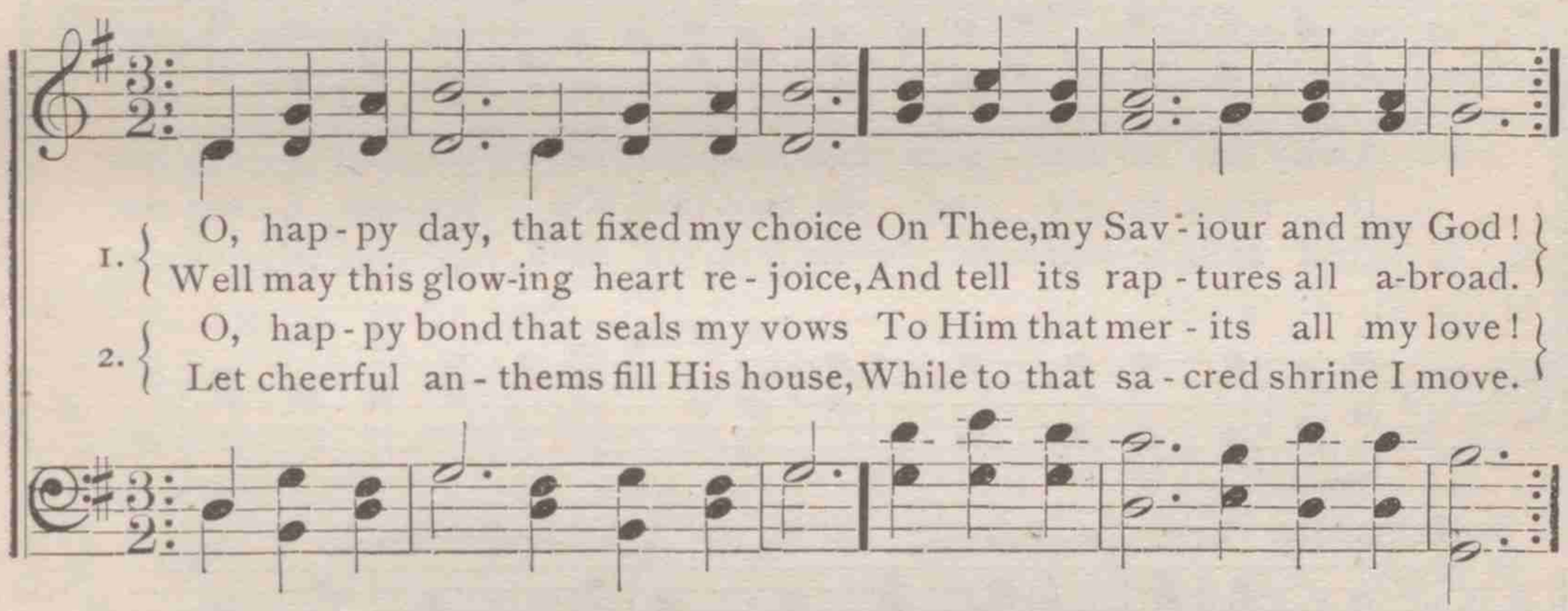
choirs . . are sweetly sing-ing, o-ver there, And our lov'd ones wait, we know,
An-gel choirs are sweet-ly sing-ing, o - ver there,

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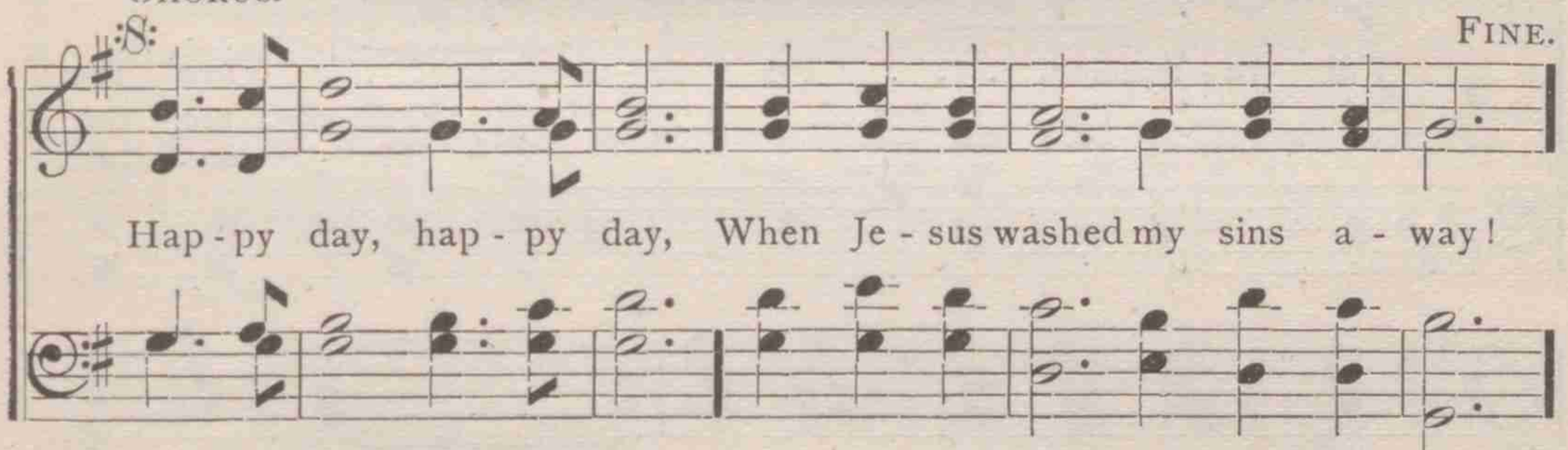


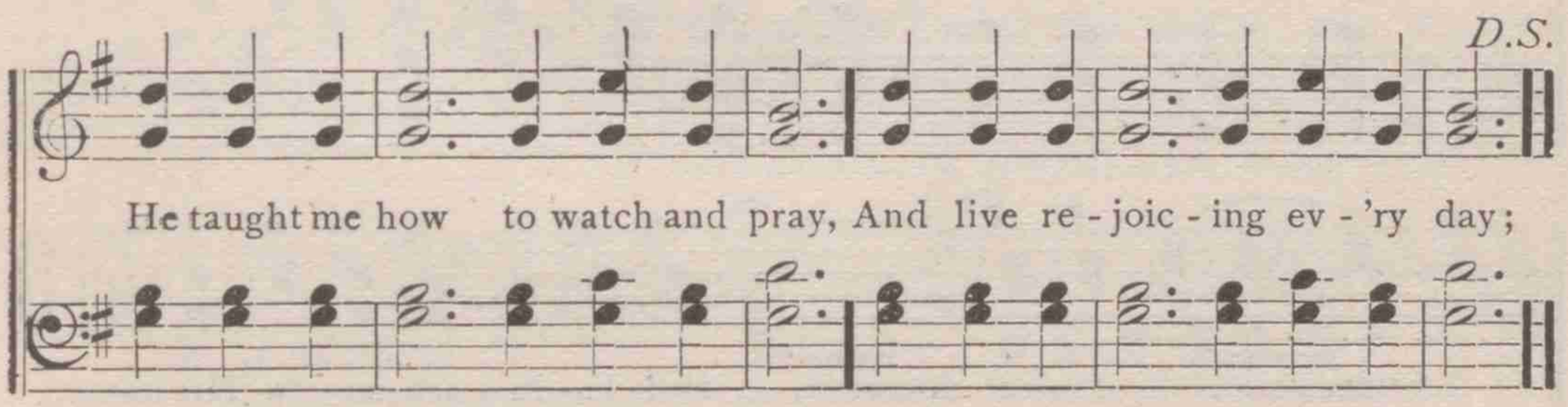
No. 36. HAPPY DAY. L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.



CHORUS.
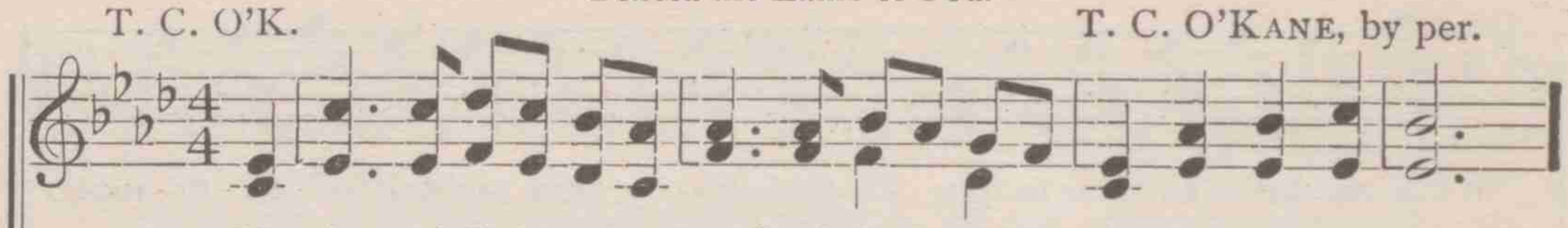




3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

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

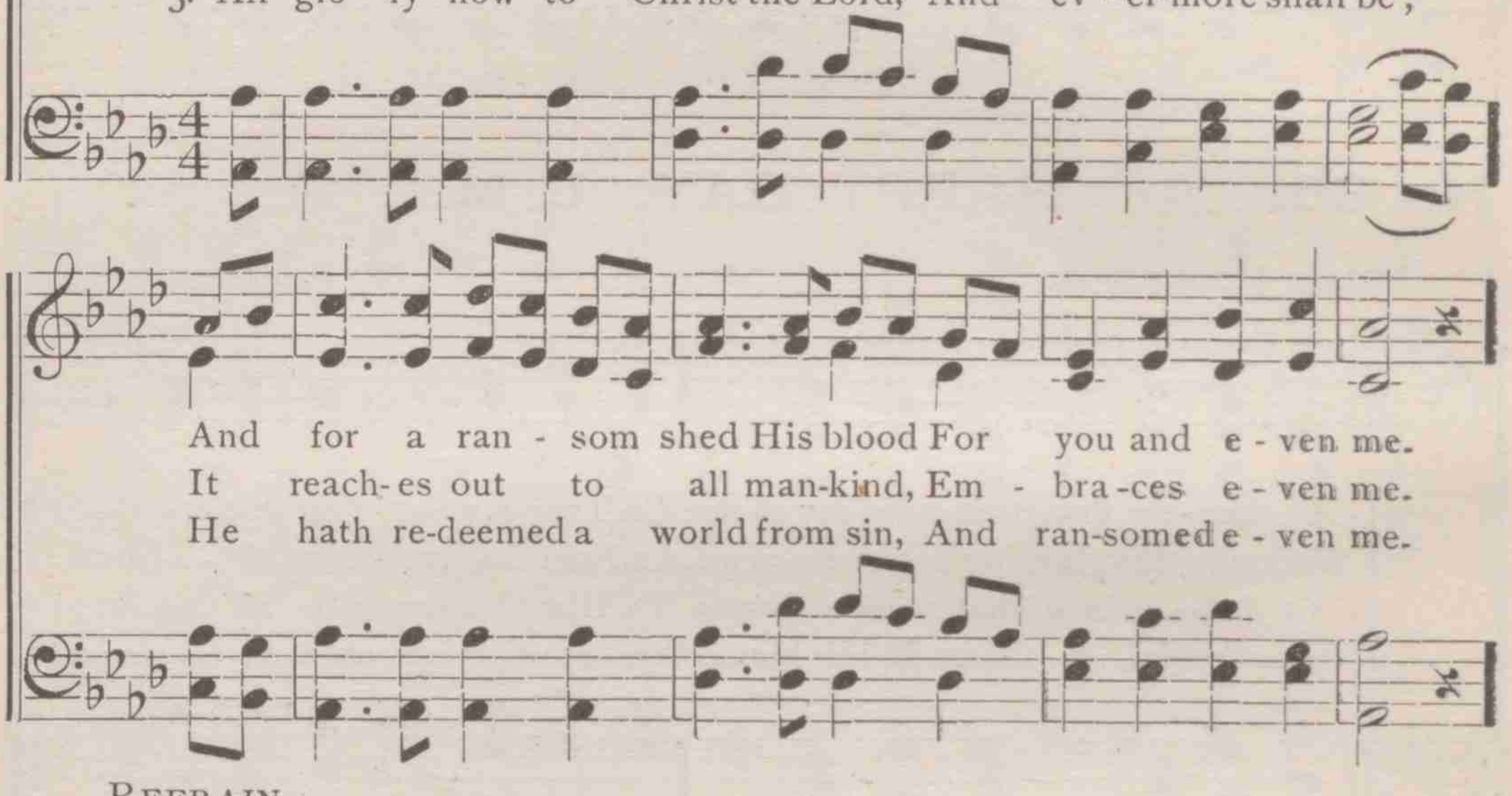
No. 37. REDEEMED.

"Behold the Lamb of God."

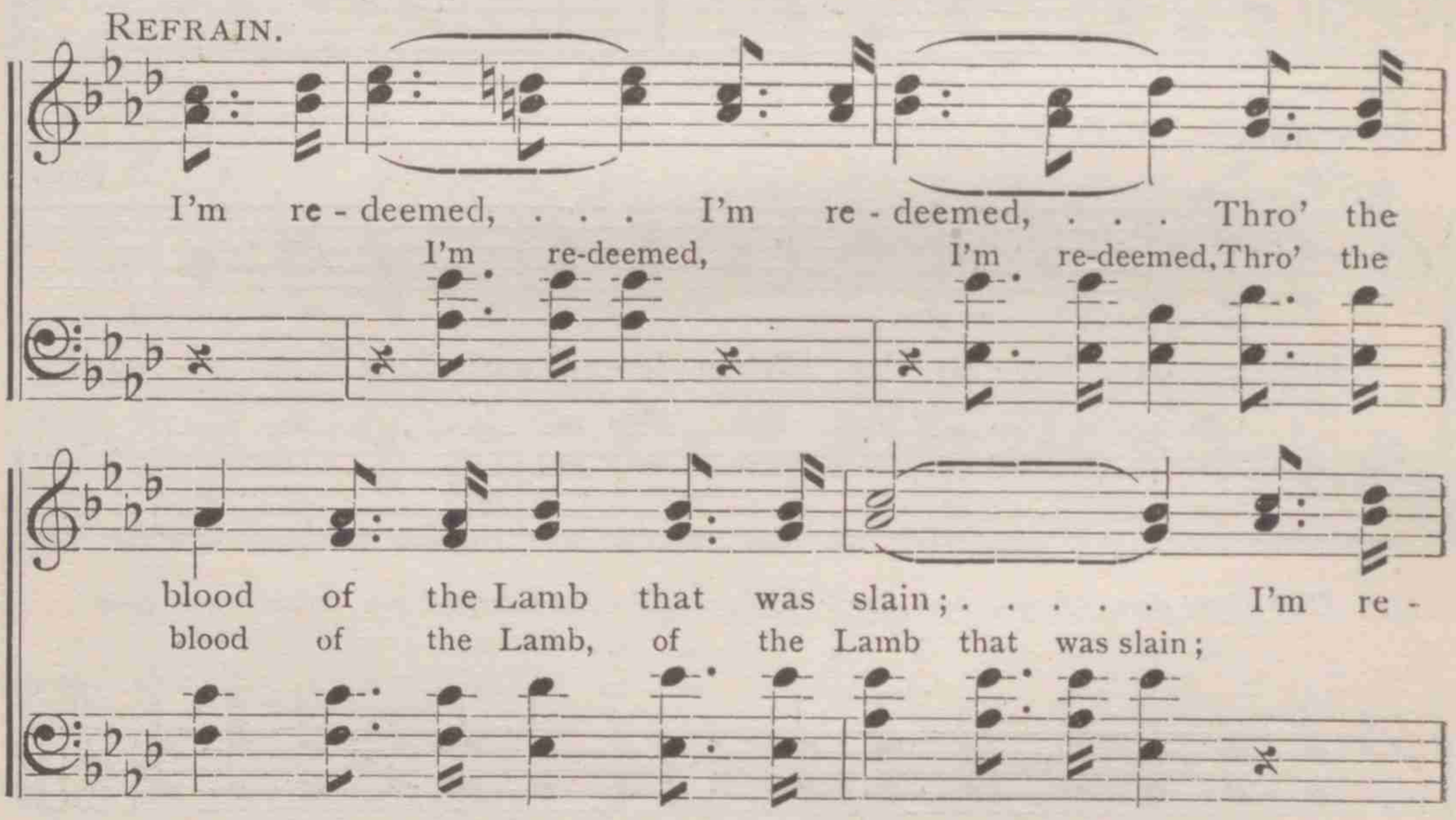
T. C. O'K. T. C. O'KANE, by per.



1. Oh, sing of Je - sus, "Lamb of God, "Who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. Oh, wondrous power of love di - vine, So pure, so full, so free!
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er-more shall be;



And for a ran - som shed His blood For you and e - ven me.
It reach - es out to all man-kind, Em - bra - ces e - ven me.
He hath re-deemed a world from sin, And ran-somed e - ven me.



REFRAIN.

I'm re - deemed, . . . I'm re - deemed, . . . Thro' the blood of the Lamb that was slain; . . . . . I'm re - deemed, . . . I'm re - deemed, . . . Hal - le - lu - jah un - to His name.

I'm re-deemed, I'm re-deemed, Thro' the blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb that was slain;

I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,

No. 38. TRIUMPH BY AND BY.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER.

1. The prize is set be - fore us, To win His words implore us, The
2. We'll fol - low where He lead - eth, We'll pas-ture where He feed - eth, We'll
3. Our home is bright a - bove us, No tri - als dark to move us, But

eye of God is o'er us, From on high, (from on high;) His lov-ing tones are calling,
yield to Him who pleadeth, From on high, (from on high;) Then naught from Him shall sever,
Jesus dear to love us, There on high, (there on high;) We'll give Him best endeavor,

While sin is dark, appalling, 'Tis Je-sus gen-tly call-ing, He is nigh, (He is nigh.)
Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh, (He is nigh.)
And praise His name forever; His precious words can never, never die, (never die.)

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with

1 2

Je-sus reign in glory, by and by, (by and by;) Je-sus reign in glo-ry by and by.

Used by per. of Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright.

No. 39. OH, TO BE SOMETHING.

Rev. GEO. W. CROFTS. ARTHUR J. SMITH.

1. Oh, to be some-thing, dear Sav-iour, I pray, Some-thing of
2. Something, where spir - its are bur-den'd with sin, Some-thing, those
3. Something to o - pen the eyes of the blind, Some-thing to
4. Something to sol - ace e - ter - ni - ty's fears, Some-thing to

use to the world in my day; Some-thing, dear Sav - iour, what -
spir - its for hea - ven to win; Some-thing, to woo them to
light - en the sin dark-en'd mind; Some-thing, to lead them to
cheer when e - ter - ni - ty nears; Some-thing, to ban - ish death's

D.S. *Some-thing, dear Sav - iour, what -*

FINE.

ev - er it be, Some-thing, yes, some-thing of hon - or to Thee.
Cal - va - ry's cross, Some-thing, to give them pure gold for their dross.
foun-tains of love, Some-thing, to point them to man-sions a - bove.
ven - om-ous sting, Some-thing, to help them life's tri-umphs to sing.

ev - er it be, Some-thing, yes, some-thing of hon - or to Thee.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Oh, to be something, my Saviour, do Thou Make of me something, yes, something just now;

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No. 40. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said,
I will give it you."— Num. 10: 29.

Rev. I. WATTS. Rev. R. LOWRY.

Spirited.

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

in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, May
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
march-ing thro' Im - man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

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

CHORUS.

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

march-ing up-ward to Zi - - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

Copyright, 1887, by Robert Lowry.

No. 41. GOLDEN HARVEST BY AND BY.

H. N. LINCOLN. W. W. CAVES.

1. In the morn-ing sow the seeds of the gos - pel truth; See the va - cant fields that waiting lie. In the springtime, full of hope, la - bor
2. At the noon-tide toil - ing on for the Mas - ter's cause, Tho' with pain and wea - ri - ness you sigh, Glad - ly thro' the summer's heat for-ward
3. In the balm - y eve - ning time be not i - dle found; Au - tumn days will pass so swift - ly by. Af • ter gloom of drear-y night and of
4. O the reap - ing, crown-ing time that is com - ing soon; Here your days and sea-sons quick-ly fly. You shall come with precious sheaves and re-

for the Lord; You shall reap a gold - en har-vest by and by.
brave - ly go; You shall reap a gold - en har-vest by and by.
win - ter cold; You shall reap a gold - en har-vest by and by.
joic - ing sweet, You shall reap a gold - en har-vest by and by.

REFRAIN.

Scat-ter-ing seed for the won-der-ful har - vest,

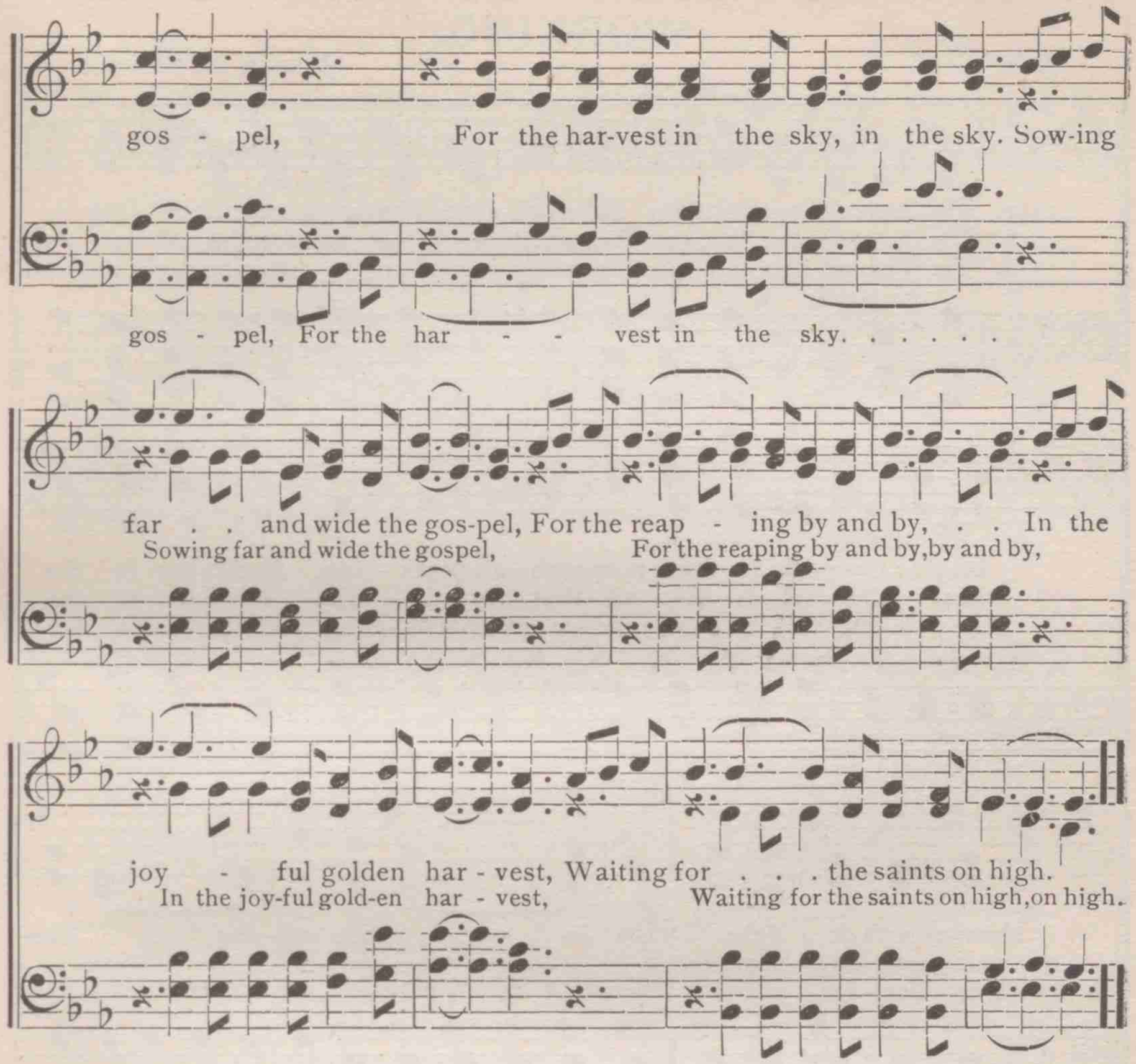
Scat-ter-ing seed . . . . . for the won-der - ful har - vest, For the

For the reaping by and by, by and by; Sowing the seed of the glorious

reap - - ing by and by; . . . Sow-ing the seed . . . . of the glo-ri-ous

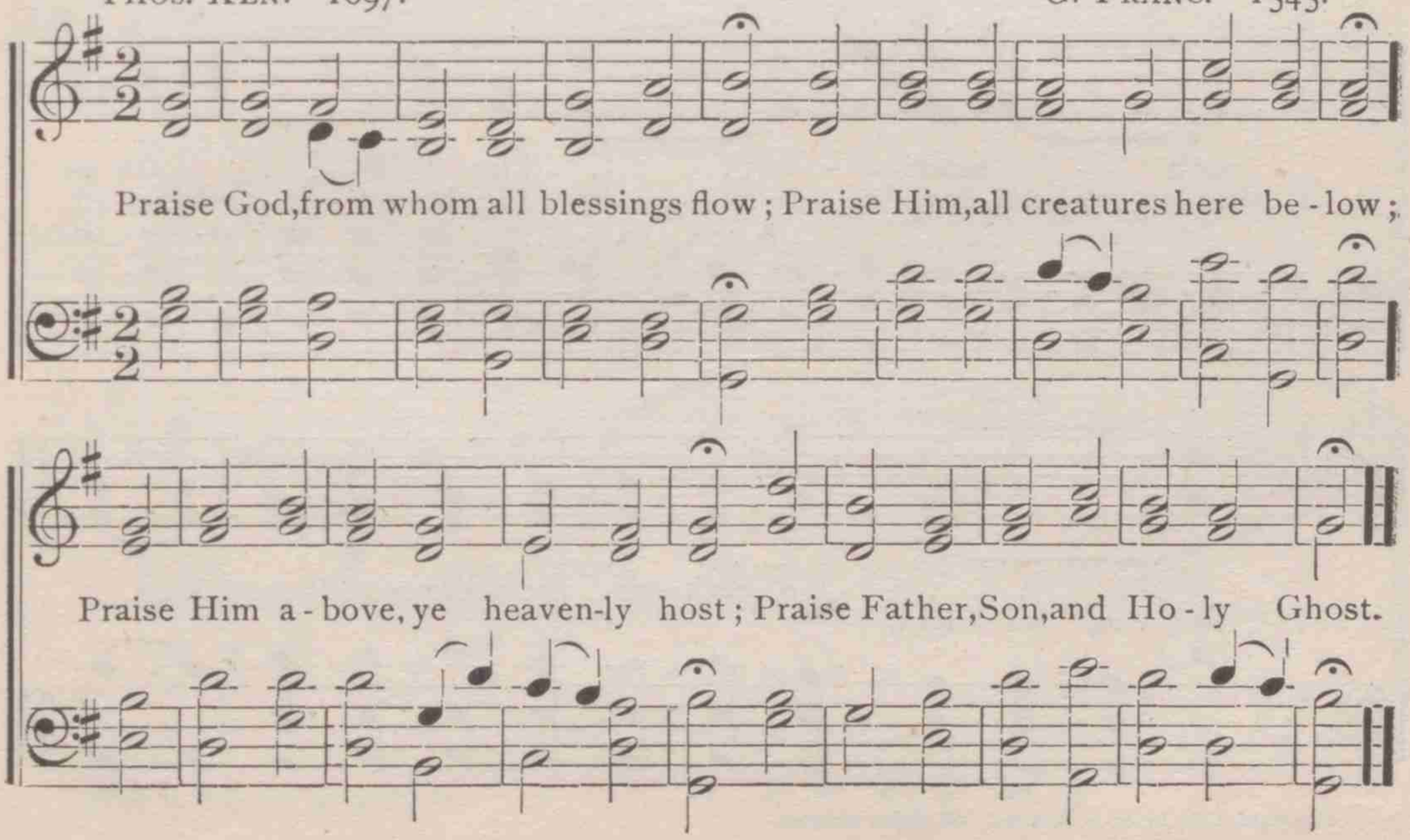
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GOLDEN HARVEST BY AND BY.



No. 42. OLD HUNDRED. L.M.

THOS. KEN. 1697. G. FRANC. 1545.



No. 43. 'TIS NEVER TOO LATE TO BE WORKING.

J. N. S. JASPER N. SEWELL.
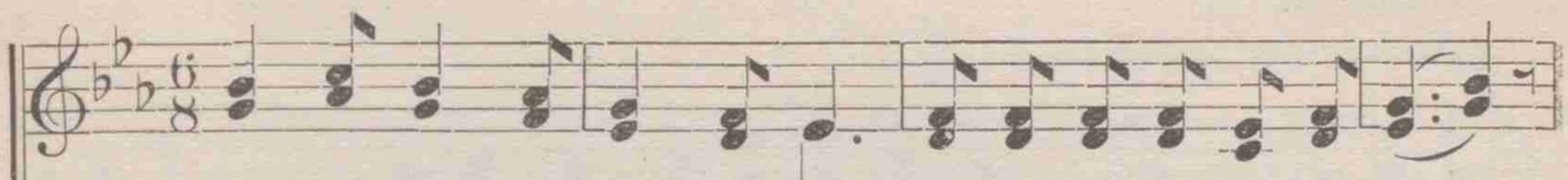
1. 'Tis nev- er too late to be work- ing, The fields are all shin- ing so bright; Go work in them now with all pleas - ure, And bring in the sheaves with de - light. "Go la - - bor to - day," . . The sum-mons so dear.
2. 'Tis nev- er too late to be work- ing, While calls for the lab-'rers we hear; The call is to all that are i - dle, O list to the wan - der - ers in. Then work in my vine-yard, go la - bor to -day, The sum - mons o - bey; . . . The fields . . . are so
3. 'Tis nev- er too late to be work- ing, For Je - sus who sav'd us from sin; Then ev - er be read - y and will - ing To gath - er the Mas - ter is call - ing, the sum-mons o - bey; The beau- ti - ful fields are all bright, ... Go gath - er the sheaves while you may. shin - ing so bright,

REFRAIN.
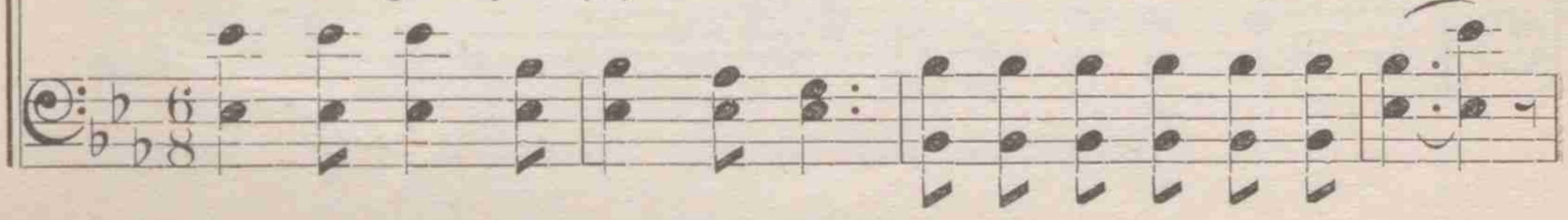
Copyright, 1898, by H. N. Lincoln. All rights reserved.
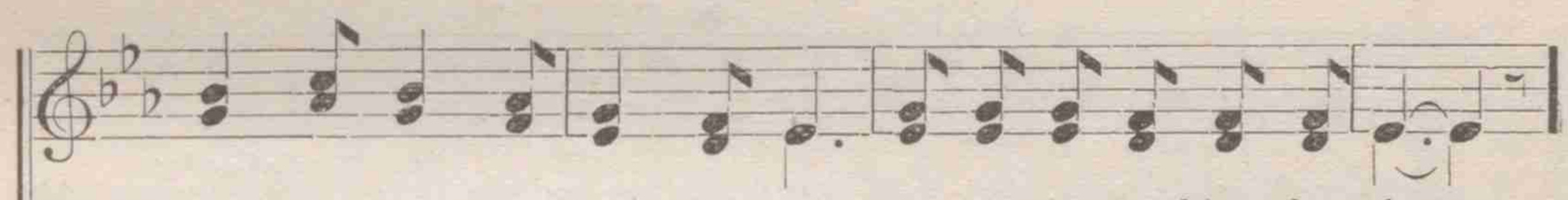
No. 44. JESUS IS PLEADING FOR THEE.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

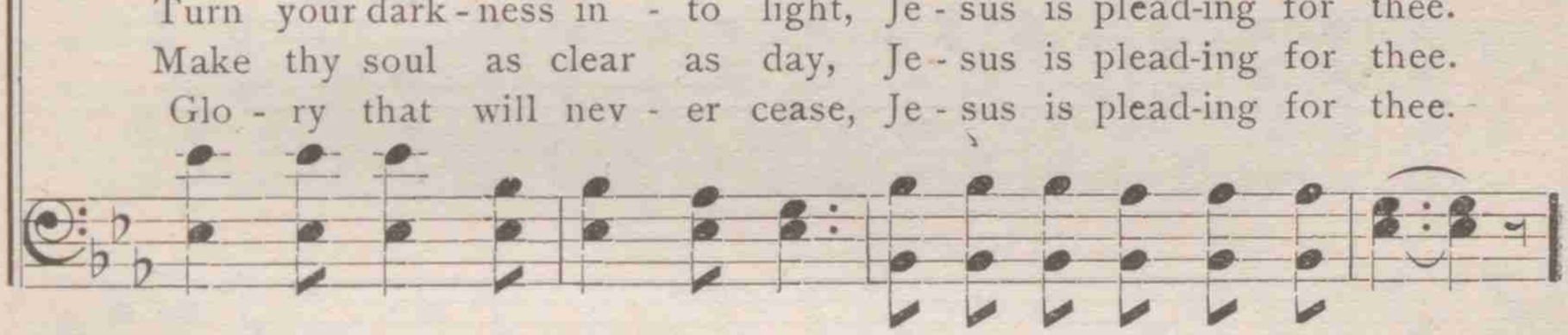


1. Hear the gen - tle Spir - it's call, Je - sus is pleading for thee;
2. Sin - ner, will you come to - day? Je - sus is pleading for thee;
3. Oh! He drank that bit - ter cup, Je - sus is pleading for thee;
4. He will wash your gar-ments white, Je - sus is pleading for thee;
5. He will sweep your guilt a - way, Je - sus is pleading for thee;
6. He will give you joy and peace, Je - sus is pleading for thee;

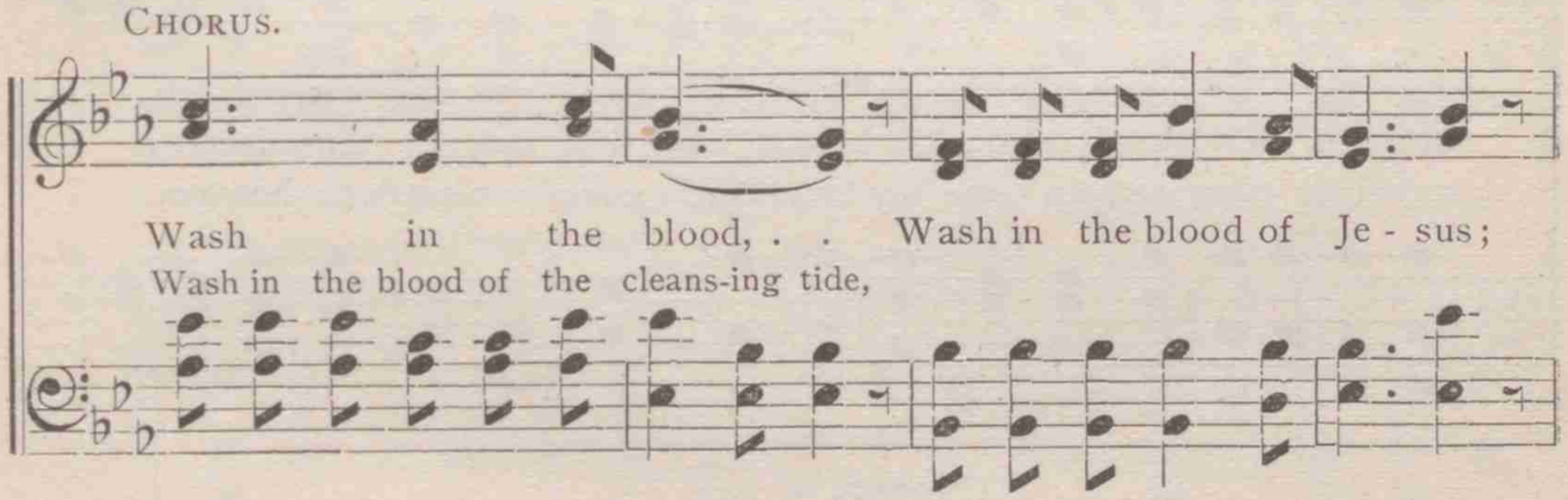




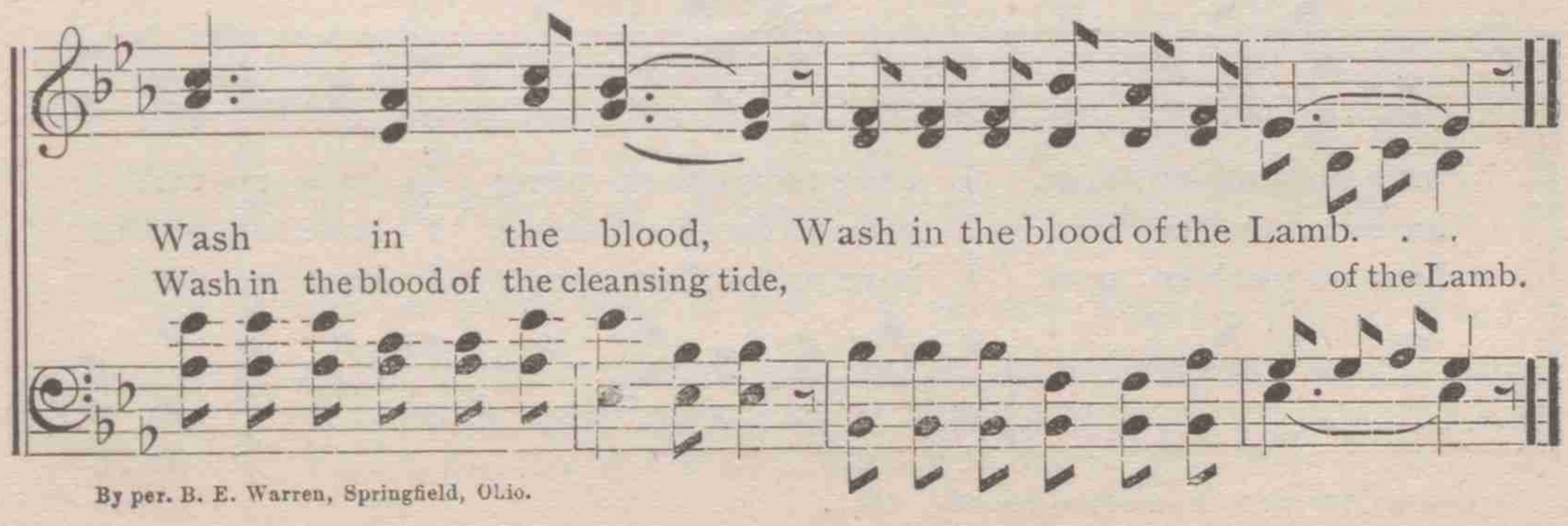
There is par - don free for all, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee.
Leave that dark and drear - y way, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee.
And this world you must give up, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee.
Turn your dark - ness in - to light, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee.
Make thy soul as clear as day, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee.
Glo - ry that will nev - er cease, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee.



CHORUS.



Wash in the blood, . . Wash in the blood of Je - sus;
Wash in the blood of the cleans-ing tide,



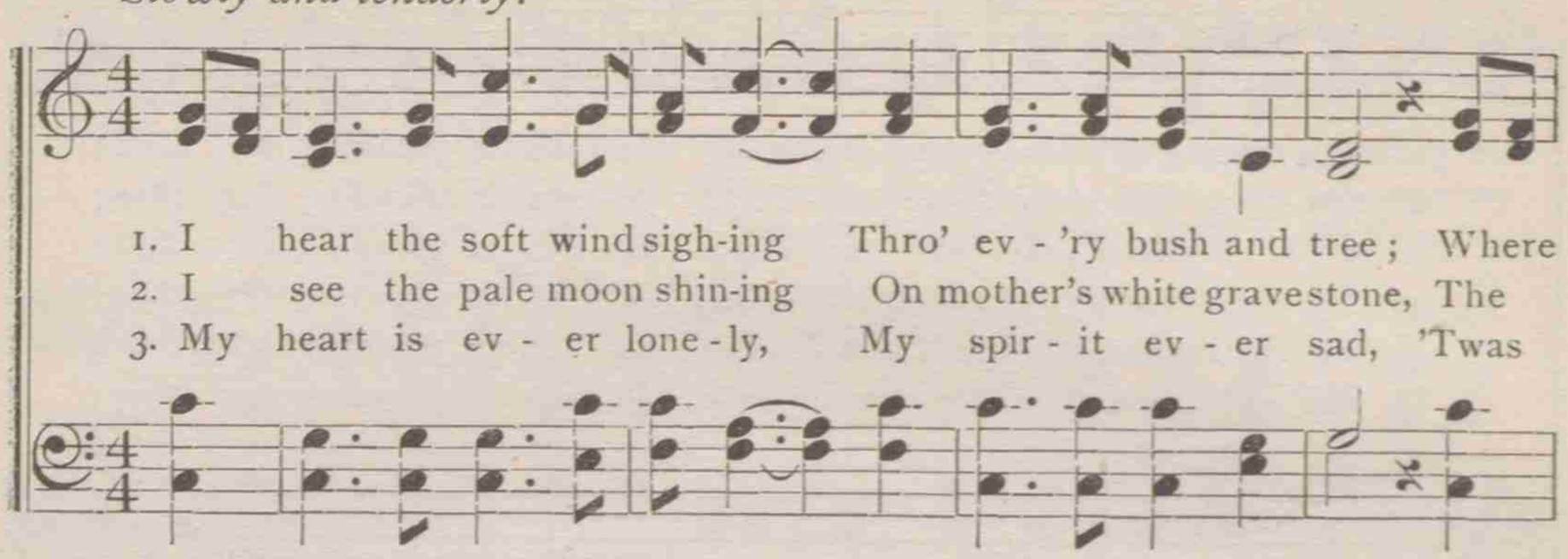
Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of the Lamb. . .
Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide, of the Lamb.

By per. B. E. Warren, Springfield, Ohio.

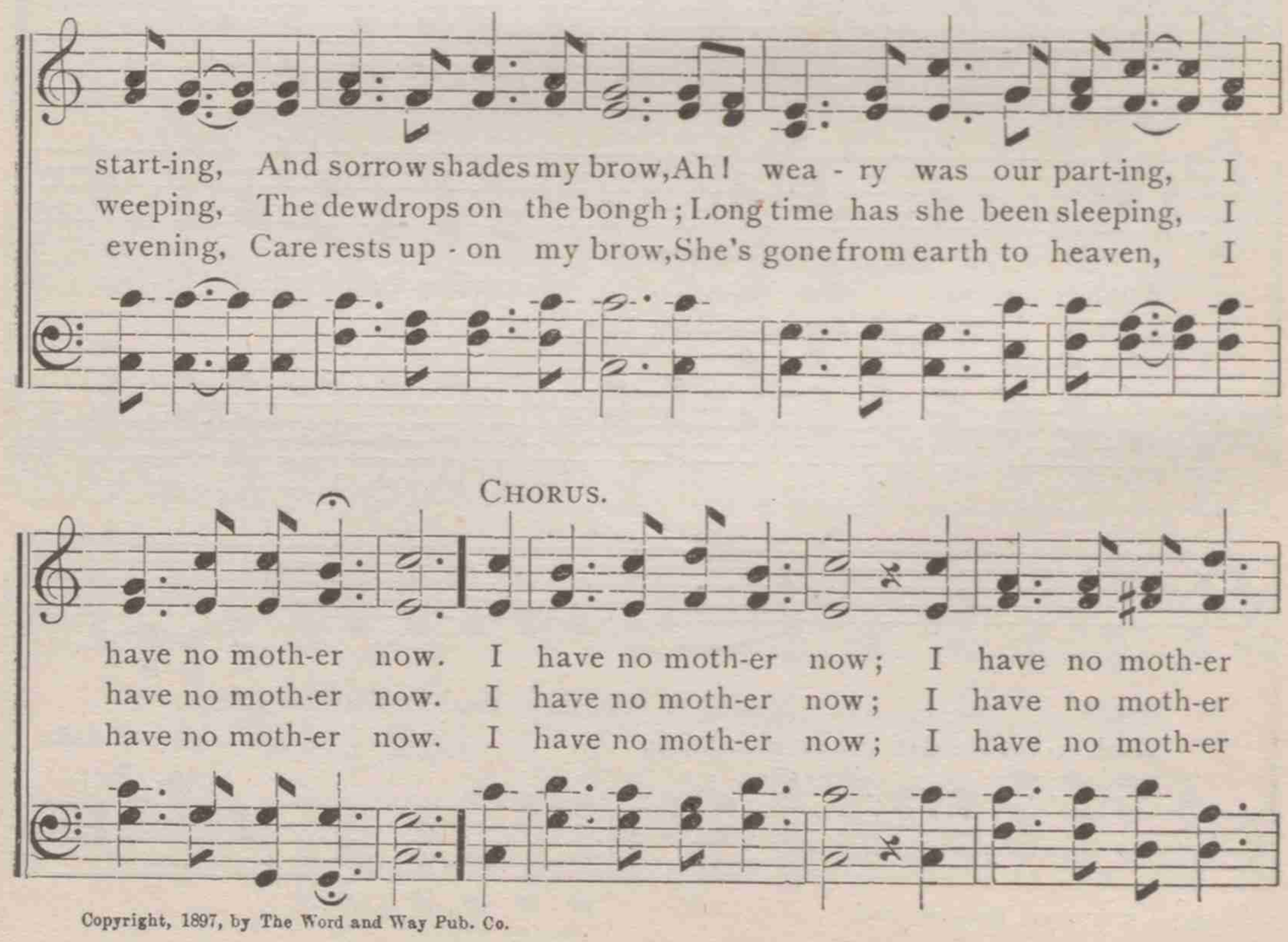
No. 45. I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

Words arr. J. M. HUNT.

Slowly and tenderly.

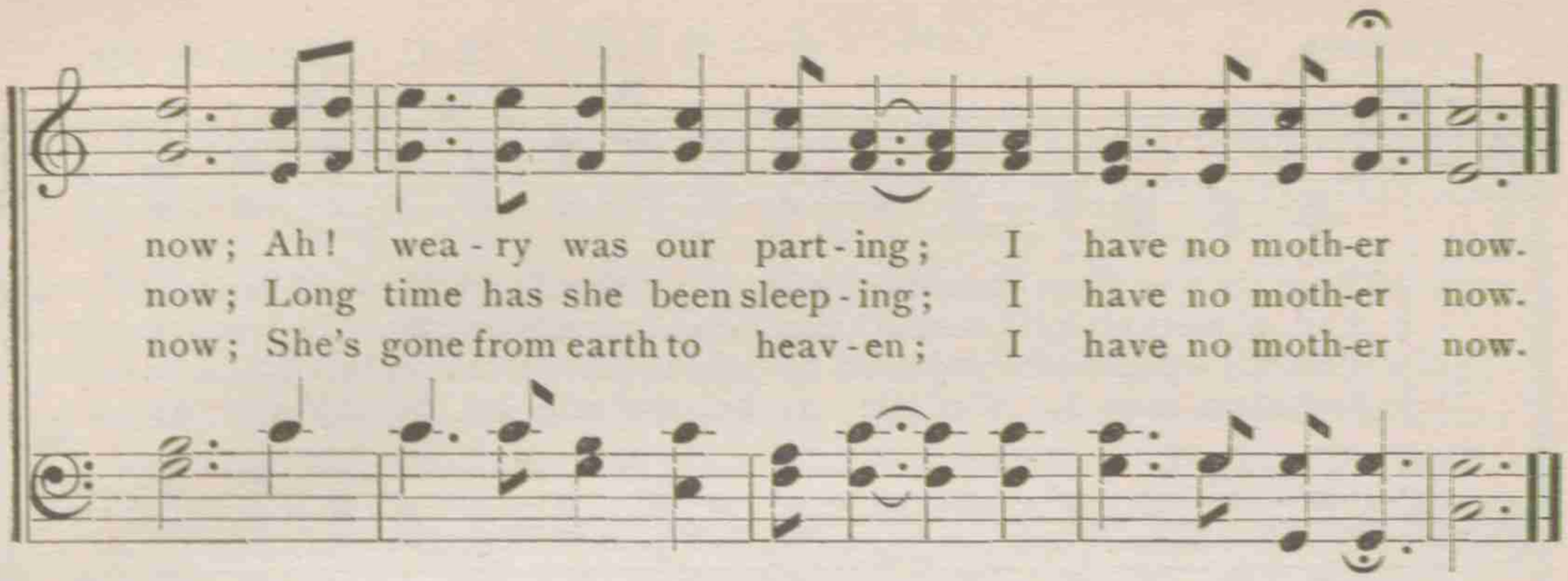


CHORUS.



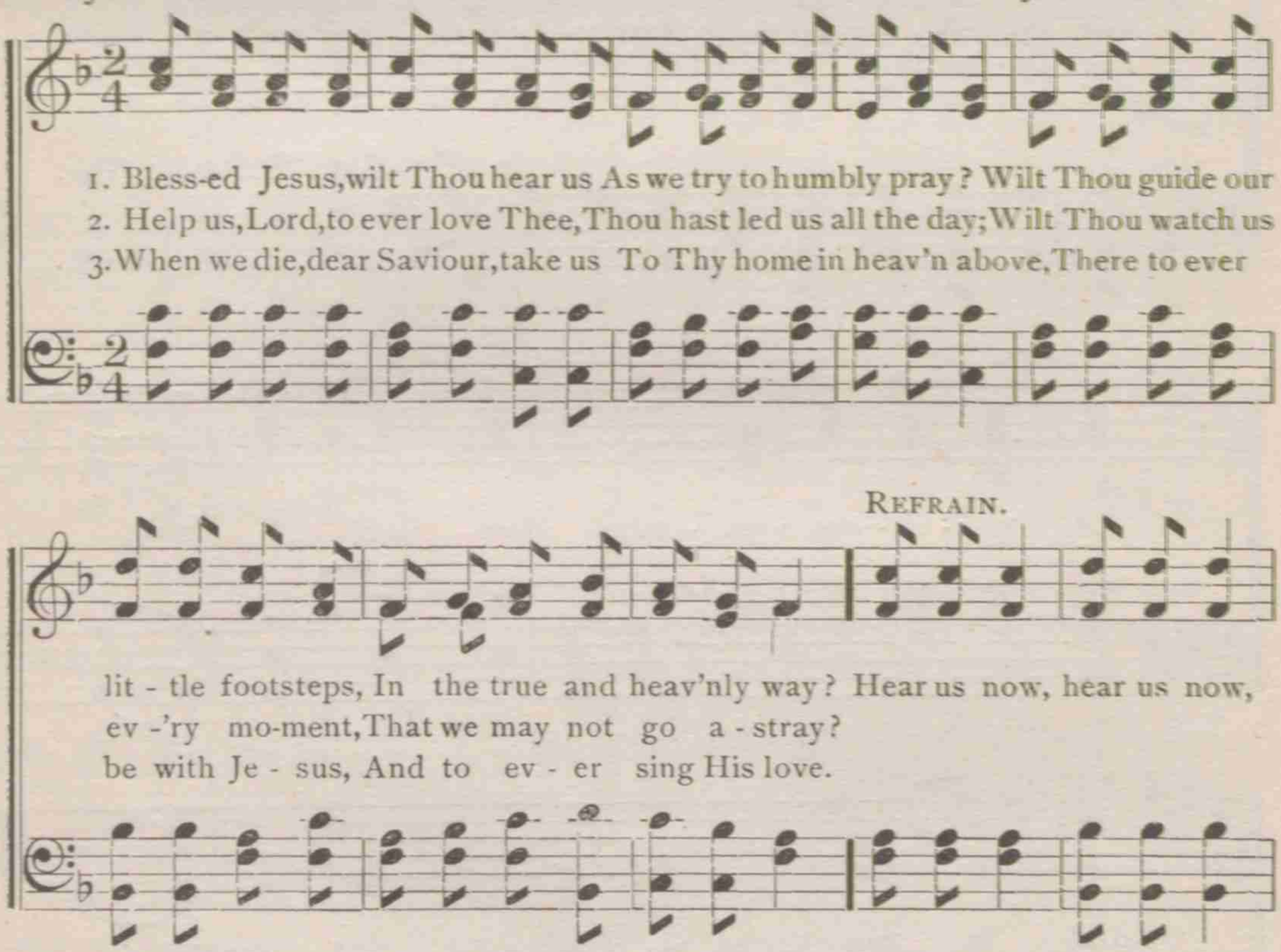
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I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.



No. 46. HEAR OUR PRAYER.

J. M. H. J. M. HUNT.



Copyright, 1898, by J. M. Hunt.

No. 47. GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sin - ners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun - tain in his day,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

CHORUS.

Oh, glo - ri - ous foun - tain! Here will I stay,
And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

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

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

No. 48. LORD, THY MERCY NOW ENTREATING.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Lord, Thy mer - cy now en - treat - ing, Low be - fore Thy throne we fall;
2. Hearts that far from Thee were stray-ing, While in pray'r we bowed the knee;
3. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, bless Thy chil - dren; Heark-en from Thy throne on high;

Our mis-deeds to Thee con - fess - ing, On Thy name we hum - bly call.
Lips that, while Thy prais - es sound-ing, Lift - ed not the voice to Thee.
Lov - ing Sav - iour, Ho - ly Spir - it, Hear and heed our hum - ble cry.

Sin - ful tho'ts, and words un - lov - ing, Rise a - gainst us one by one;
Lord, Thy mer - cy still en - treat-ing, We with shame our sins would own;
Hear, in mer - cy, while we're plead-ing; Grant us, Lord, Thy face to see;

Acts un - worth - y, deeds un - think-ing, Good that we have left un - done.
From henceforth, the time re - deem - ing, May we live to Thee a - lone.
Bask-ing in Thy smil - ing fa - vor May we spend e - ter - ni - ty.

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No. 49. CROWN, HARP, AND SONG.

F. A. BLACKMER. H. N. LINCOLN.

Moderato.

1. I would do each du - ty here, I would fight and nev - er fear,
2. I would fol - low Je - sus now, At His feet would hum- bly bow,
3. To the Fa - ther and the Son, Who such won-drous things have done,

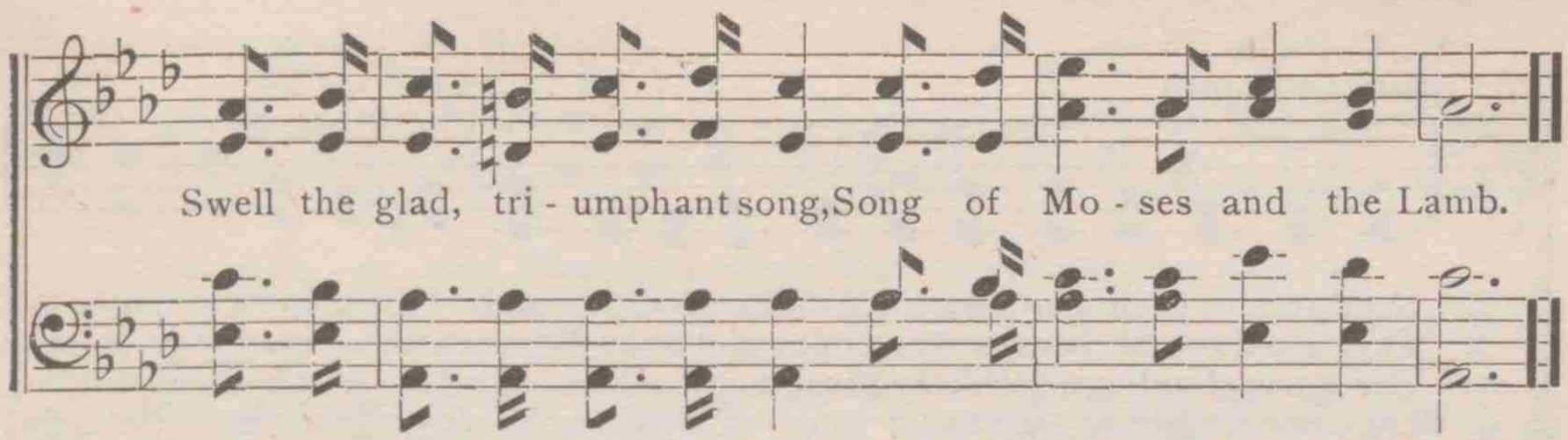
And the cross would meek-ly bear; And when past these scenes of strife,
Nev - er seek- ing earth- ly fame; And with Him I soon shall stand,
For a lost and ru - ined race; I would sing thro' end - less days,

I shall then a *crown* of life, With the ransomed ev - er wear.
With a *harp* with - in my hand, Harp-ing prais- es to His name.
Songs of ev - er - last -ing praise, For the gift of sav - ing grace.

CHORUS.

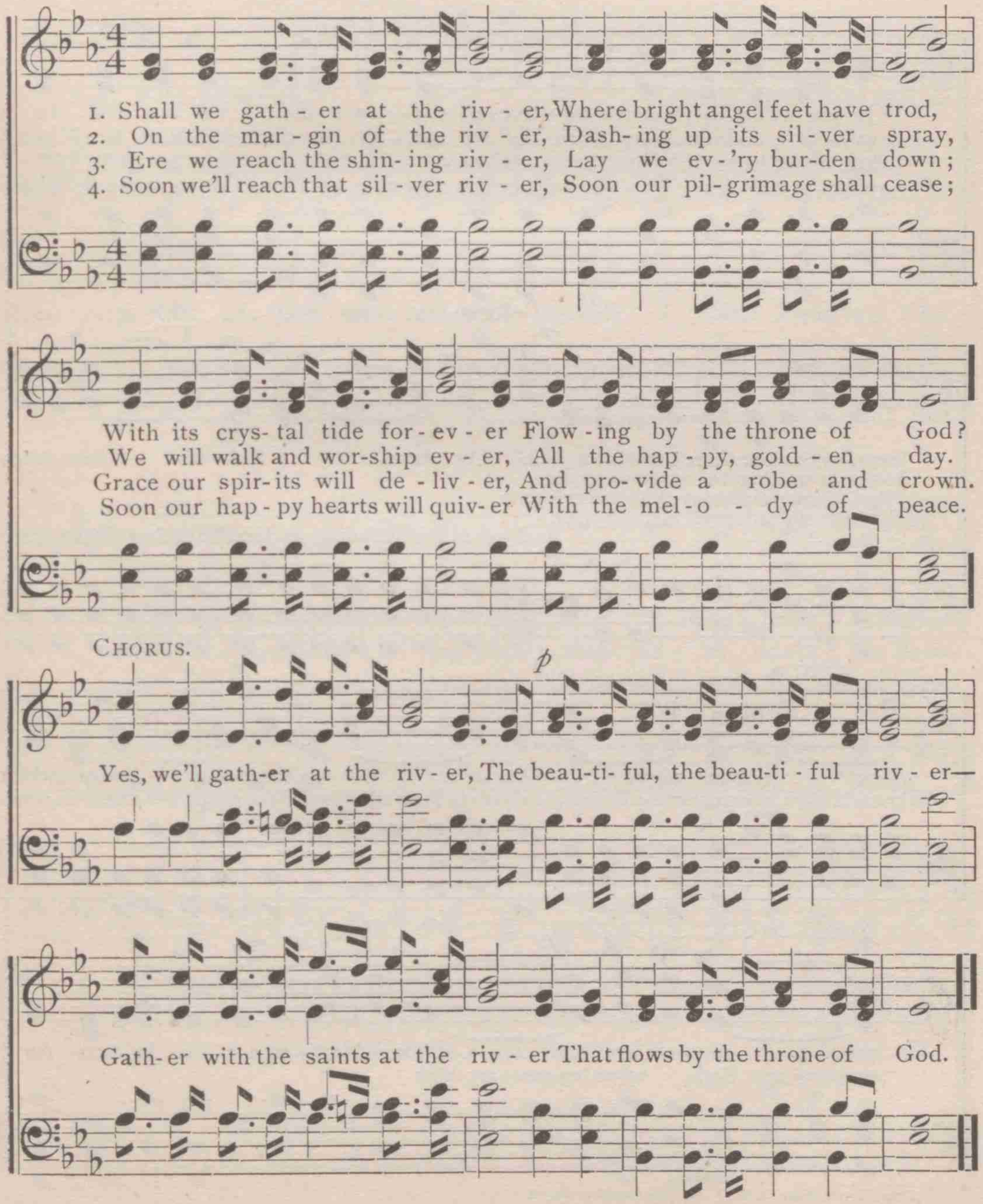
O, a star - ry crown to wear. O, a gold - en harp to bear,
When be - fore the great I Am, All the might- y ran-so'md throng,

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No. 50. GATHER AT THE RIVER.

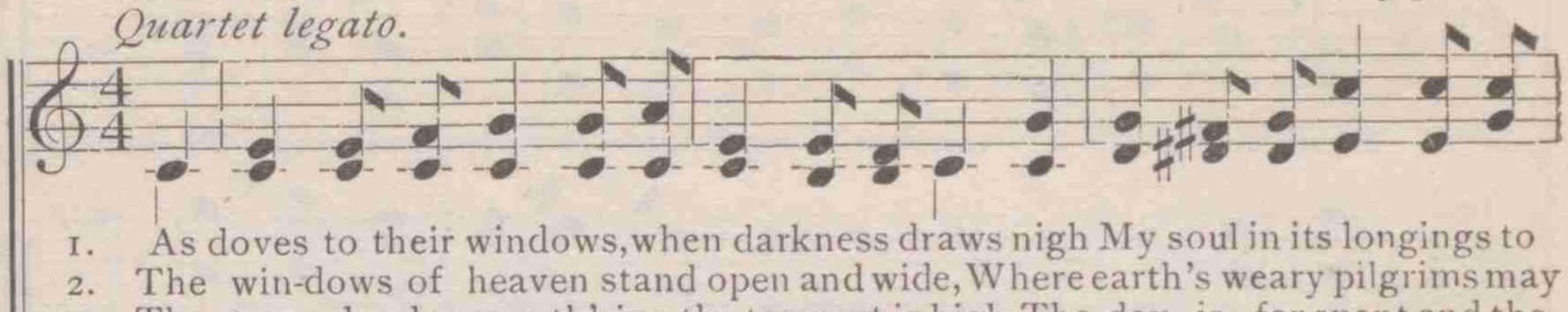
R. L. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



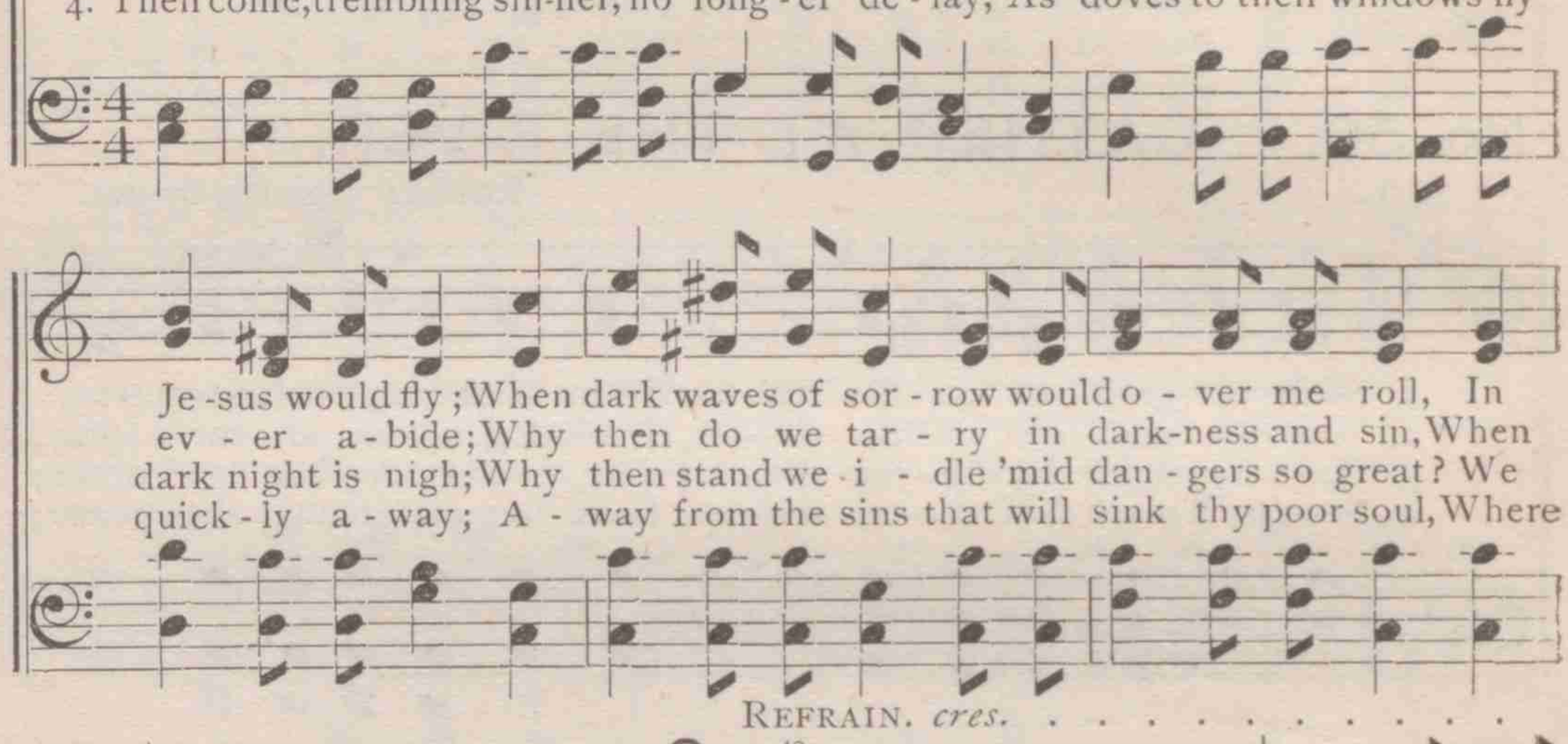
No. 51. AS DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.

W. E. Penn — H. N. Lincoln, by per.

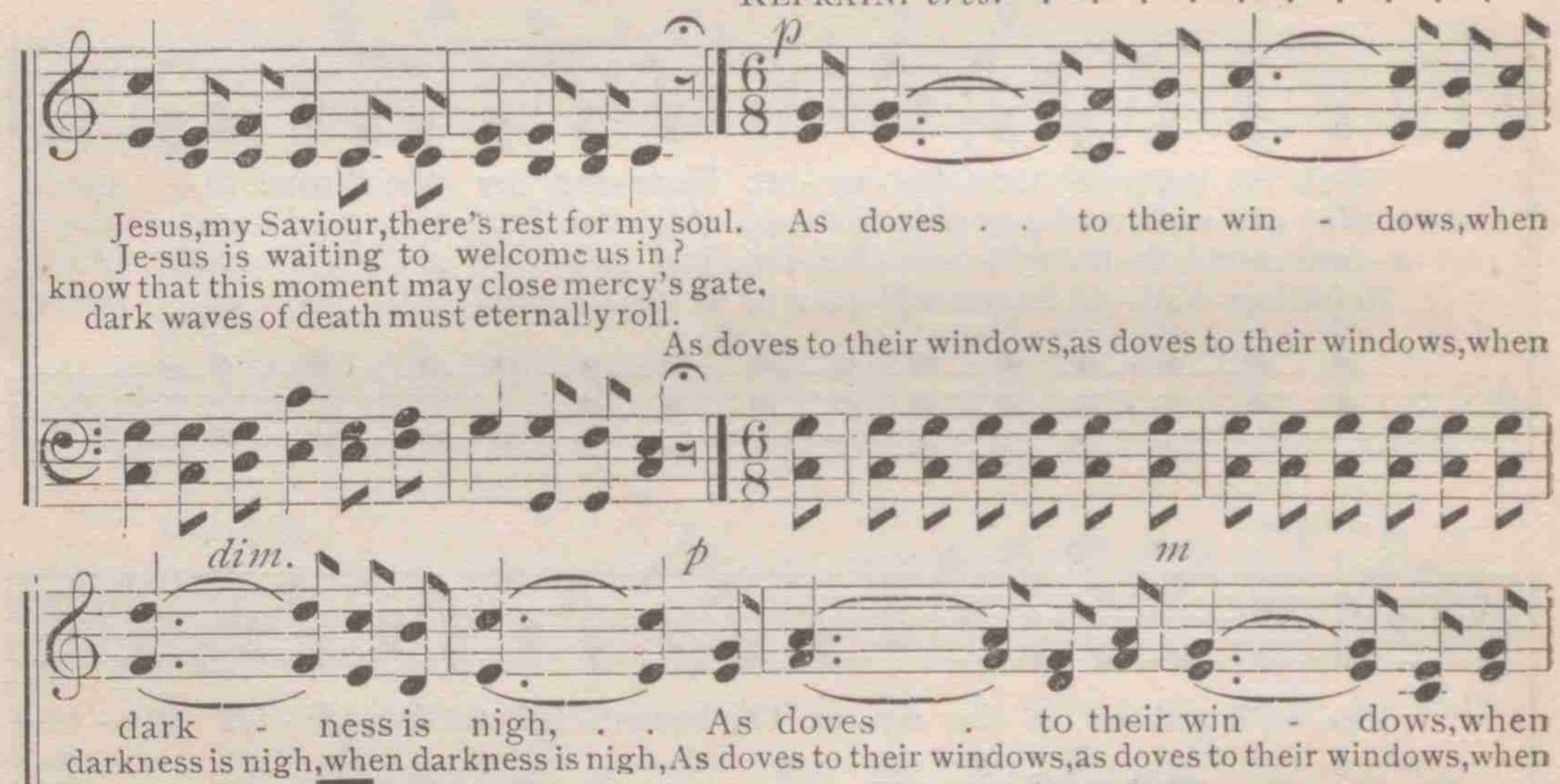
Quartet legato.



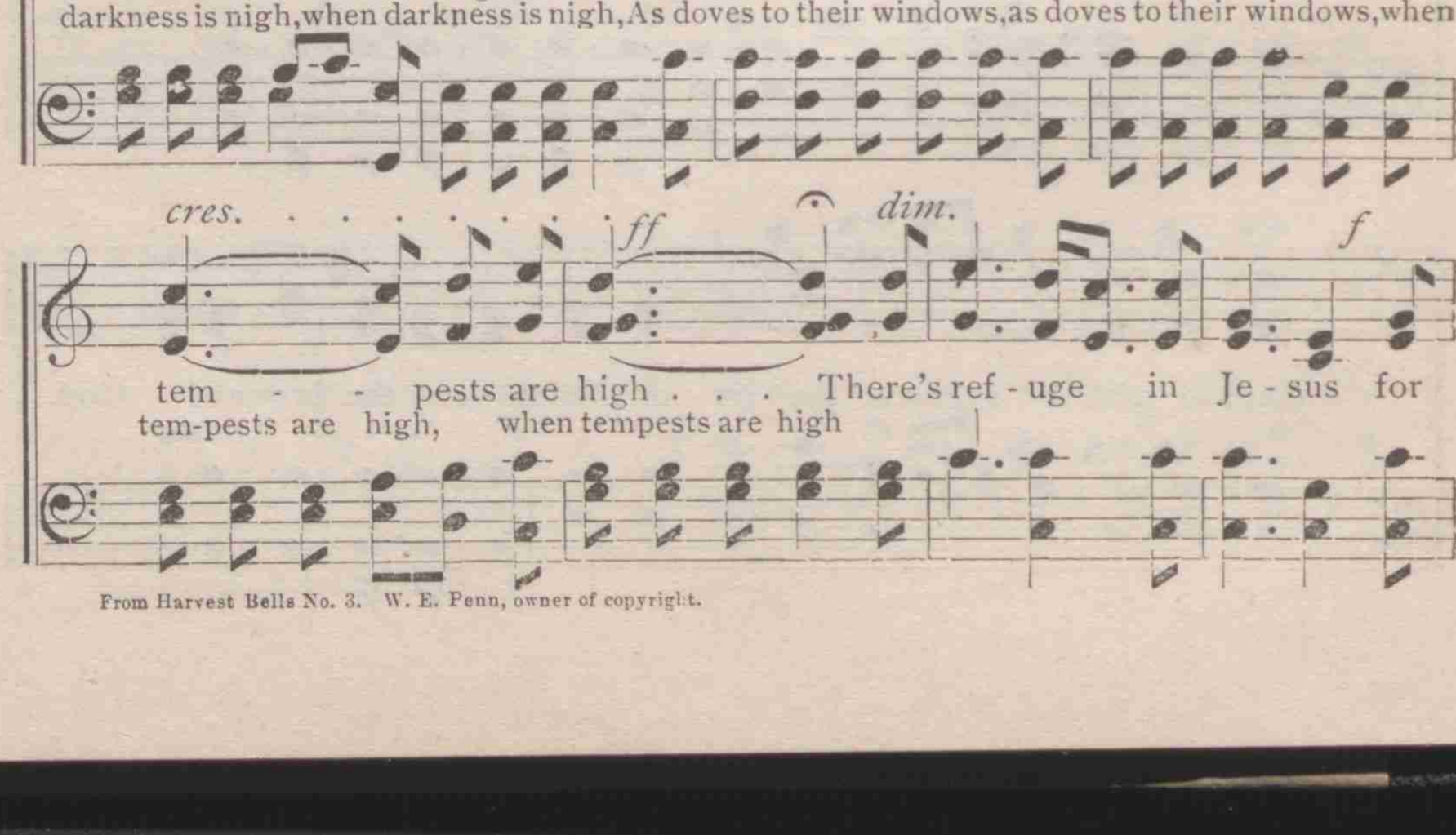
1. As doves to their windows, when darkness draws nigh My soul in its longings to
2. The win-dows of heaven stand open and wide, Where earth's weary pilgrims may
3. The storm clouds are gath'ring, the tempest is high, The day is far spent and the
4. Then come, trembling sin-ner, no long-er de-lay, As doves to their windows fly



Je-sus would fly; When dark waves of sor-row would o-ver me roll, In
ev-er a-bide; Why then do we tar-ry in dark-ness and sin, When
dark night is nigh; Why then stand we i-dle 'mid dan-gers so great? We
quick-ly a-way; A-way from the sins that will sink thy poor soul, Where



REFRAIN. *cres.* . . . . . .

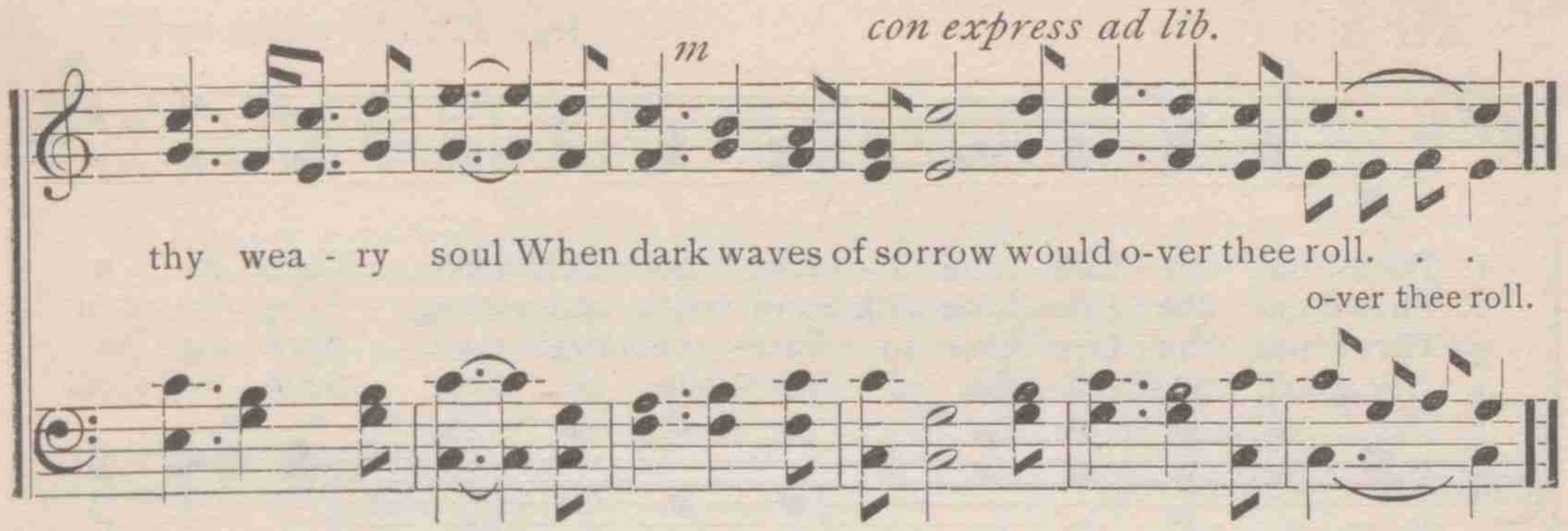


Jesus, my Saviour, there's rest for my soul. As doves . . to their win-dows, when
Je-sus is waiting to welcome us in?
know that this moment may close mercy's gate,
dark waves of death must eternally roll.
As doves to their windows, as doves to their windows, when

dark-ness is nigh, . . As doves . to their win-dows, when
darkness is nigh, when darkness is nigh, As doves to their windows, as doves to their windows, when

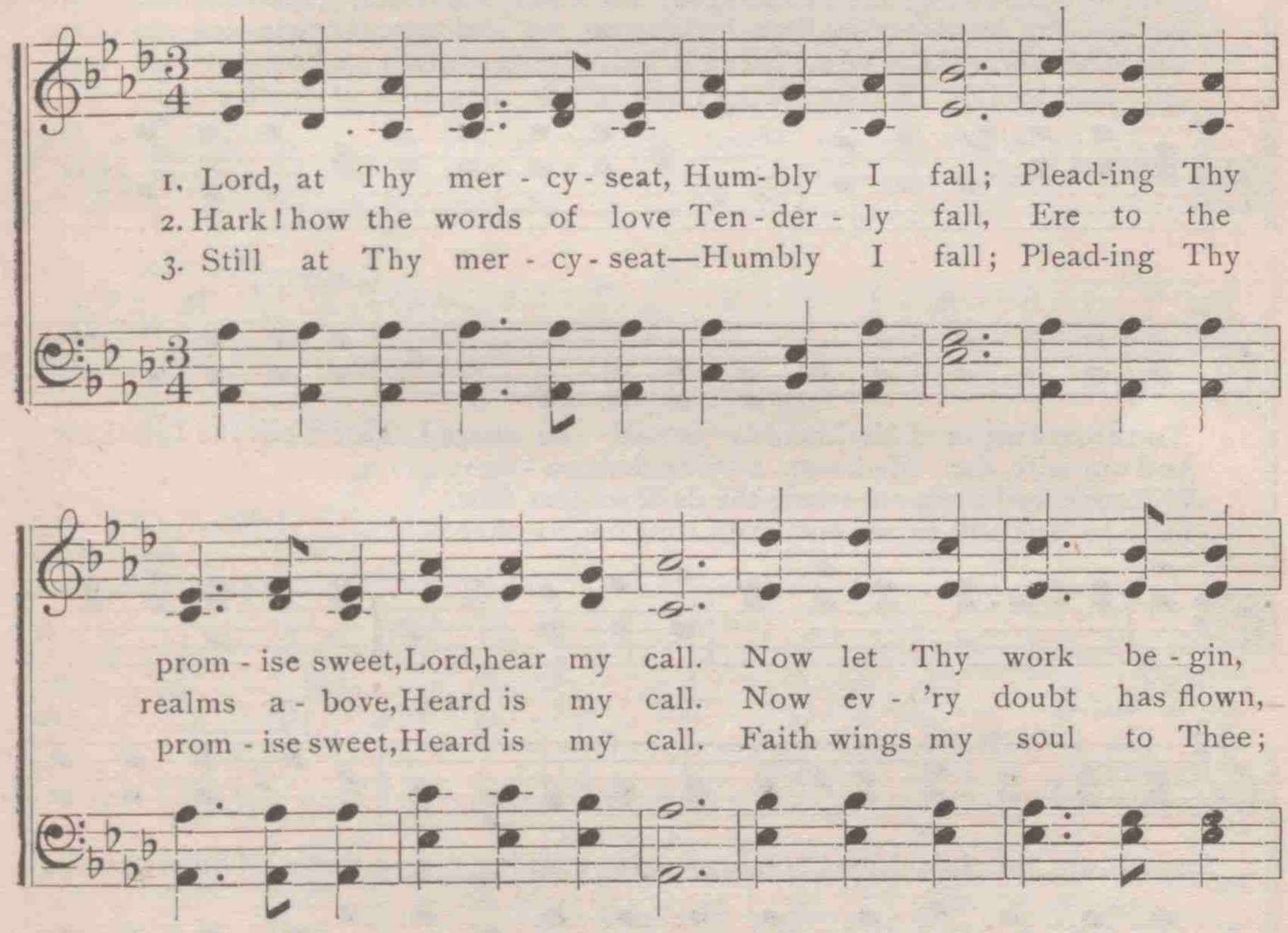
tem-pests are high . . . There's ref-uge in Je-sus for
tem-pests are high, when tempests are high

From Harvest Bells No. 3. W. E. Penn, owner of copyright.



No. 52. MILDRED. 6s, 4s.

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



No. 53. THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

Rev. E. S. U. Rev. E. S. UFFORD, by per.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan - ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in
4. Soon will this sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon we shall

broth-er whom some one should save; Somebody's brother, O, who then will dare
tar - ry, my broth-er, so long? See, he is sink-ing, O, has - ten to - day,
an-guish where we've never been; Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil - lows of woe,
go to the fair E - den shore; Then in the dark hour of death may it be,

CHORUS.

To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share? Throw out the Life-Line!
And out with the life-boat, a - way, then, a - way.
Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
That Je - sus will throw out the Life-Line to thee!

throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the

Life-Line! throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

No. 54. ONWARD MARCH TO VICTORY.

Mrs. Laura E. Newell. H. N. Lincoln.

1. Chris-tian soldiers, on life's rugged road, Onward marching to the King's abode,
2 On-ward, soldiers, there are foes to face, Sins to conquer ere we win the race;
3. Christ our Captain leads us all the way, Onward, soldiers! to the gates of day.
4, Still ad-vanc-ing, there is nought to fear, Je-sus loves us, He is ev-er near;

Nev-er fal-ter tho' the way be long, 'Neath His banner lift your voice in song.
Just beyond us lies the promised land, Don your armor, heed the King's command.
Storms and battles soon will aye be past; We may wear the victor's crown at last.
Ev-er striv-ing souls to gar-ner in For the Mas-ter, we a crown shall win.

Refrain.

On-ward march . . . to vic-to-ry! Je-sus
On-ward march to vic-to-ry, to vic-to-ry, to vic-to-ry,
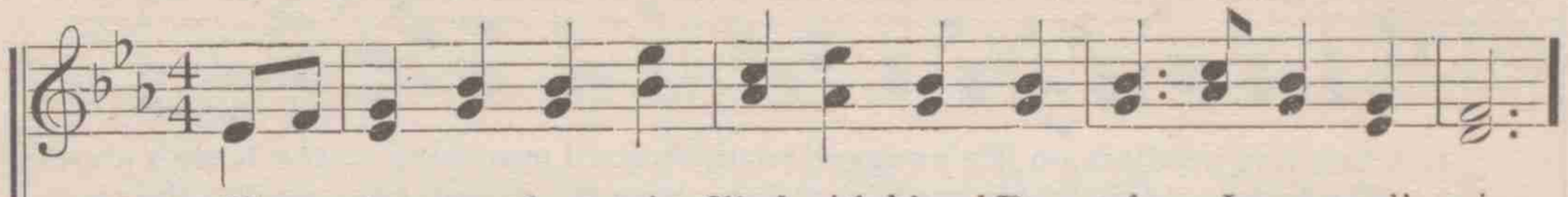
died . . . to set us free; Trust His love . . . what-e'er be-
Je-sus died to set us free, to set us free; Trust His love whate'er be-

tide,
tide, whate'er be-tide,
He our steps will safe-ly guide.
will safe-ly guide.
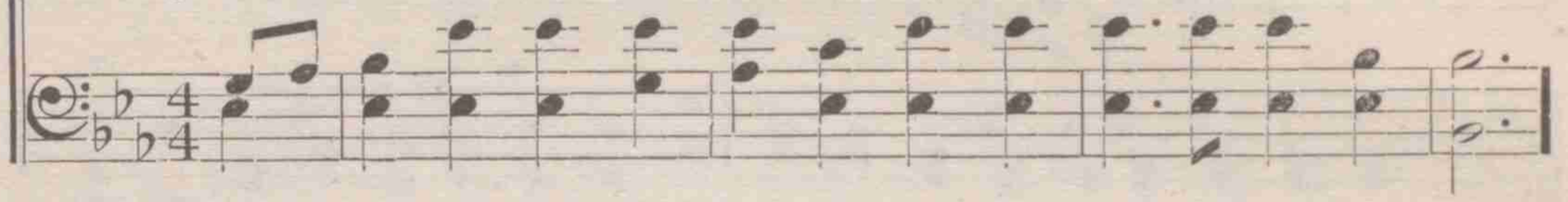
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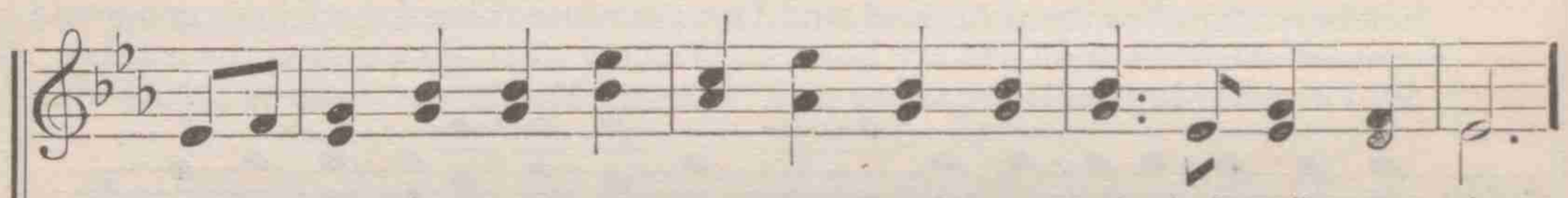
No. 55. PRECIOUS FOUNTAIN.

WM. COWPER. Music and Chorus by J. M. HUNT.
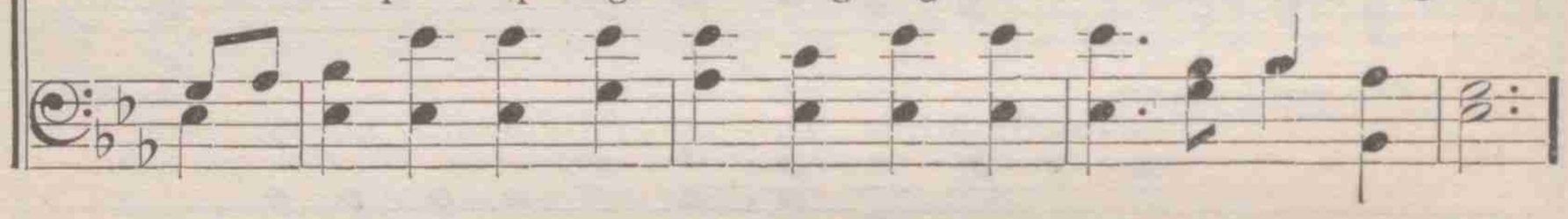


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then, in a no - bler sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

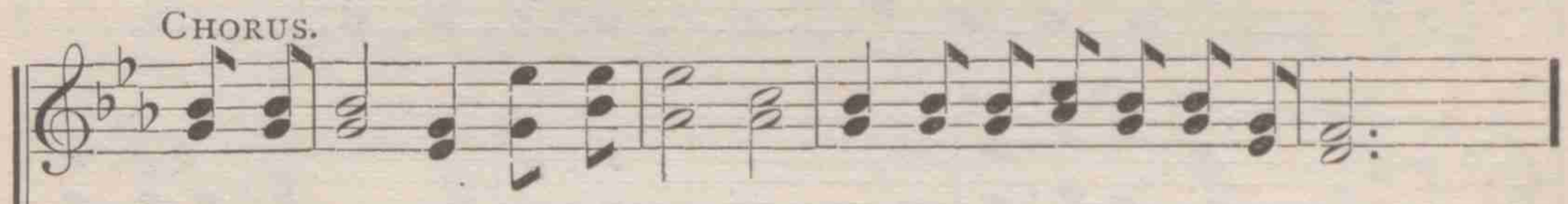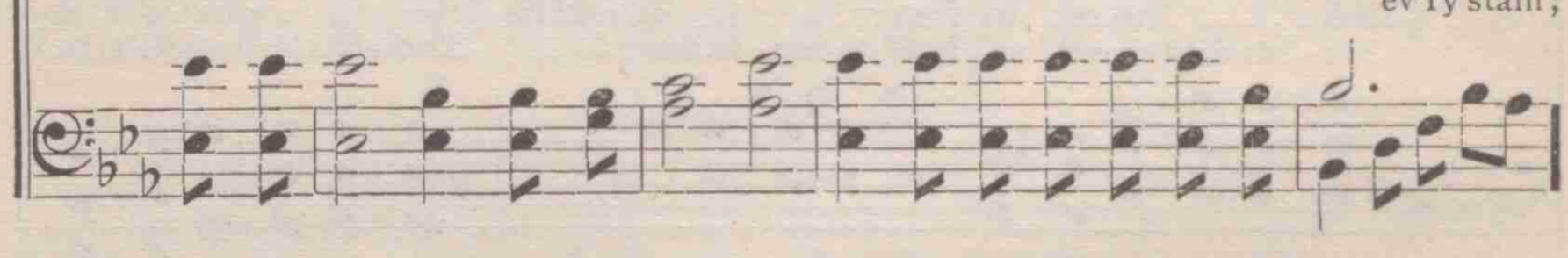




And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisp - ing stammering tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.
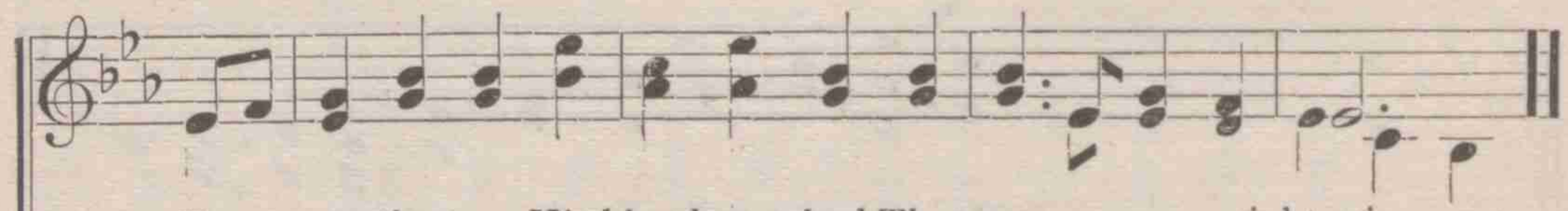


CHORUS.
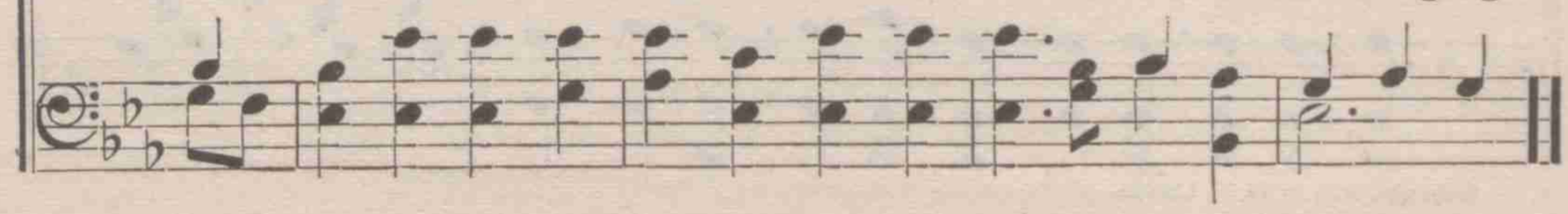


Precious fountain! Precious fountain! Fountain that cleanseth ev'ry stain;
ev'ry stain;



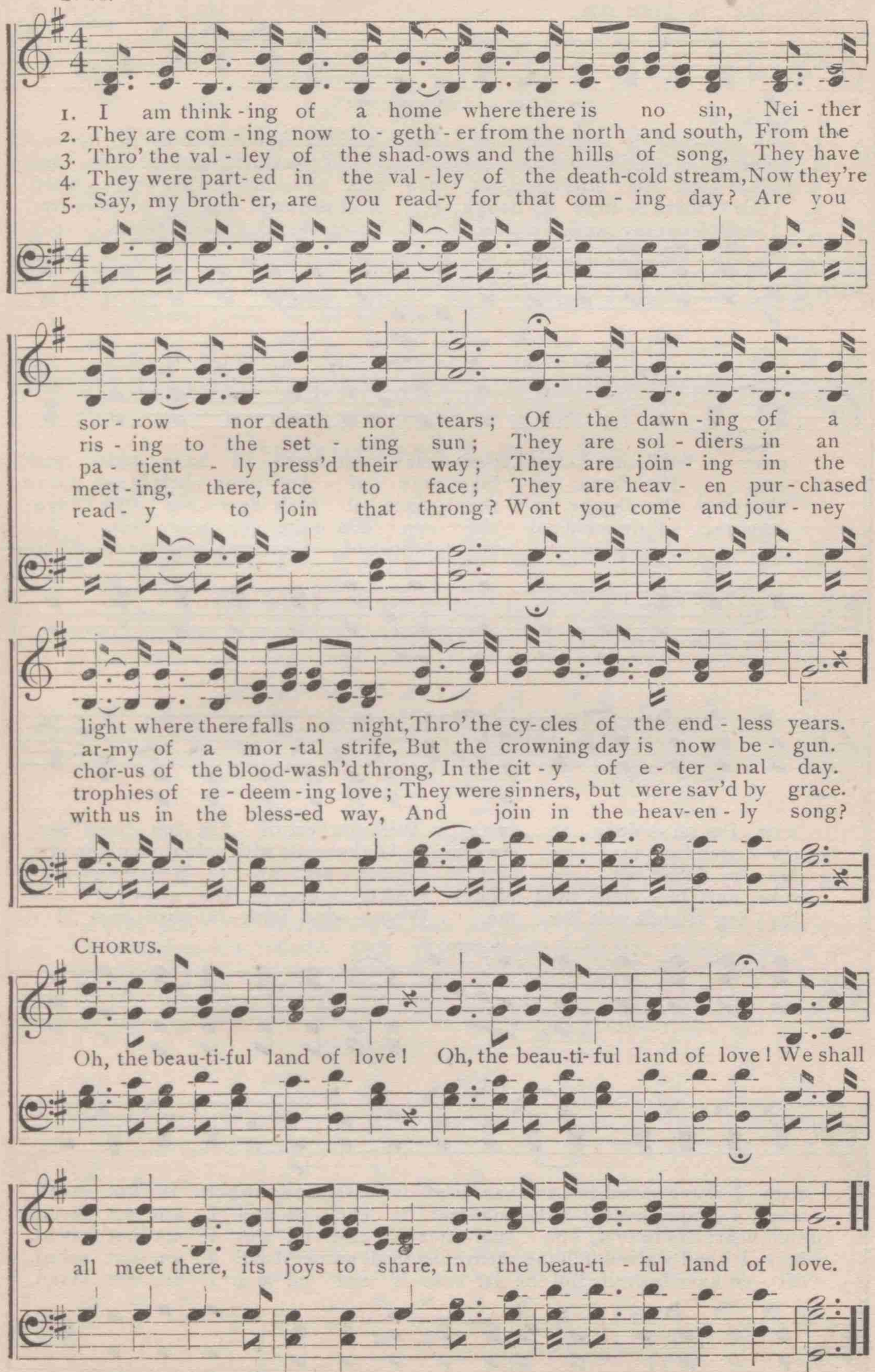


Up - on the tree His blood was shed, That we a crown might gain.
a crown might gain.



No. 56. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF LOVE.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.



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No. 57. THE LOST SOUL'S LAMENT.

Jeremiah 8: 20.

Mrs. Lou. S. Bedford. H. N. Lincoln.

1. The sum-mer is end - ed, oh God! And the har-vest for - ev - er past, While heed - less life's ear - nest path I have trod, And
2. The dews of God's grace have come down, Thro' the spring and the sum - mer eves The beau - ti - ful rays of Au - tumn's bright sun Have
3. Full of - ten His "still" gen - tle voice Has en - couraged my way - ward heart To choose, in the place of life's fleet - ing joys, Like
4. I tho't "there is time e - nough yet!" And the way was so strange - ly bright; I dream'd not the sun was quite so near set, I
5. I stretch out my weak, help-less hand, Reach-ing far toward the jas - per sea, And pray for one glimpse of Ca-naan's bright land—Where

now I'm un - done at last; With the best of "in - ten - tions" my
rip - ened full ma - ny sheaves; All the while with vain dreamings my
Ma - ry, "that bet - ter part," But a - las! ev - 'ry warn - ing my
woke, and be - held 'twas night! All the claims of the gos - pel a -
lov - ing friends wait for me, Whose kind faith - ful warn - ings I

path I have paved, But the har - vest is passed and my soul is not saved.
way I have paved, Till the sum-mer is end - ed and I am not saved.
proud heart has brav'd, The sum - mer is end - ed and I am not saved.
las! I had waived Till the sheaves were all garner'd and I am not saved.
oft - en have braved; But the har - vest is end - ed and I am not saved.

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THE LOST SOUL'S LAMENT.

CHORUS.

I . . . . am not saved, . . I . . . . am not saved; . .
I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved;

The har - vest is end - ed, and I am not saved.
har-vest is end - ed, the har -vest is end - ed,

No. 58. CHRISTMAS BELLS.

LONGFELLOW. J. M. HUNT.

1. I heard the bells on Christ-mas day, Their old fa - mil - iar
2. And thought how,as the day had come, The bel - fries of all
3. Till ring - ing, sing - ing on the way, The world re-volved from

And wild and sweet their words re -
Has rolled a - long th' un - bro - ken
A voice, a chime, a chant sub -

car - ols play; And wild and sweet their words re -peat, And wild and sweet their
Christen-dom Has rolled a - long th' un-bro-ken song,Has rolled a-long th' un-
night to day; A voice, a chime, a chant sub-lime, A voice, a chime, a

peat, Of peace on earth, good - will to men.
song, Of peace on earth, good - will to men.
lime, Of peace on earth, good - will to men.

words re - peat, Of peace on earth,good-will to men,good-will to men.
bro - ken song, Of peace on earth,good-will to men,good-will to men.
chant sub-lime, Of peace on earth,good-will to men,good-will to men.

Copyright, 1899, by J. M. Hunt.

No. 59. I AM GOING TO TELL THE STORY.

S. M. B. S. M. Brown.

1. I am go-ing to join the ar-my, The ar-my of the Lord;
2. I have strug-gled, all sin-gle-hand-ed, I've bat-tled all a-lone;
3. I have fol-lowed the Prince of Dark-ness To sor-row, shame and woe;
4. I was charmed with sin-ful pleas-ure, 'Twas al-ways mingled with pain;

I am go-ing to bear the mes-sage Of the Mas-ter's bless-ed word.
Have re-belled a-gainst my Cap-tain And de-filed His aw-ful throne.
There are oth-ers now leaving his ser-vice, And I am re-solved to go.
But I've found the price-less treas-ure, In join-ing the heav'nly train.

I am go-ing to tell the sto-ry Of the Saviour's matchless love;
I have plunged my soul in sor-row, And have filled my heart with shame;
I will join in the bloodless war-fare, And will reach the camp a-bove,
I am march-ing on with sing-ing, To the soul's bright home a-bove;

How He left the scenes of glo-ry, And the Fa-ther's home a-bove.
Have be-trayed the bless-ed Sav-iour, And dis-graced His ho-ly name.
And all a-long the jour-ney I will tell my Cap-tain's love.
Where the arch of heav'n is ring-ing With the songs of boundless love.

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I AM GOING TO TELL THE STORY.

CHORUS.

I am go-ing to tell the sto-ry Of the Sav-iour's matchless love,
And join the throng in glo-ry, In the Fa-ther's home a-bove.

No. 60. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

"I will glorify thy name forevermore."

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

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain, that saves from sin! I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fonn-tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His
bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His
en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His
Sav-iour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to His

D.S. *There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His*

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

name. Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name;

name.

No. 61. O HOME, SWEET HOME!

JENNIE WILSON. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. O home, sweet home! My tho'ts fondly turn to thee,'Mid
2. Up - on the strand, Dear home,I shall know thy rest,Where
3. Thy tones, blest song, O home of the glo - ri - fied; As
4. O home of peace, How precious Thy joys will be! When

1. O home,sweet home,o'er the o - cean's foam, 'Mid
2. Up - on the strand of that death-less land, Where
3. Thy tones, blest song,I shall hear ere long, As
4. O home of peace where all sor - rows cease, When

storms,'Mid storms so dark, so dark, Thy brightness by faith I see.
sin, Where sin and strife, and strife,Will nev - er a - gain mo - lest.
borne, As borne a - far, a - far, They float o - ver time's deep tide.
safe,When safe at last, at last, Thy por - tals un-close for me.

storms so dark gath'ring round my barque,
sin and strife of this mor - tal life,
borne a - far thro' the gates a - jar,
safe at last with all tri - als past,

REFRAIN.

O home,O home,sweet home,sweet home,Tho' bil - lows between us roll; Thy
O home,sweet home,un - to thee I come,

light shall shine,

light shall shine, bless-ed home di - vine, For - ev - er up - on my soul.
thy light shall shine
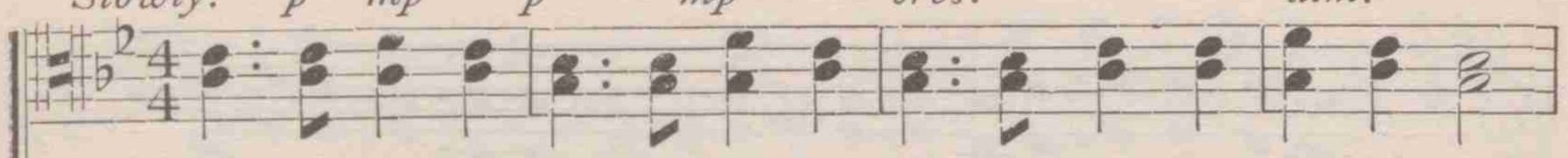
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No. 62. CALLING TO THEE.

MALE QUARTET.
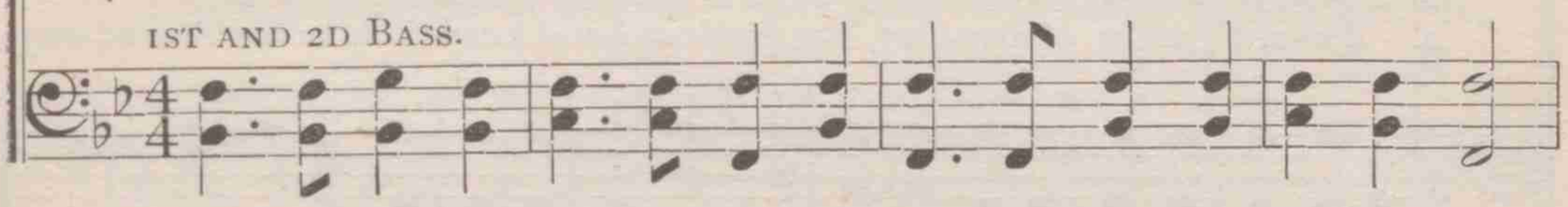
F. W. FABER. P. J. TREBOR.

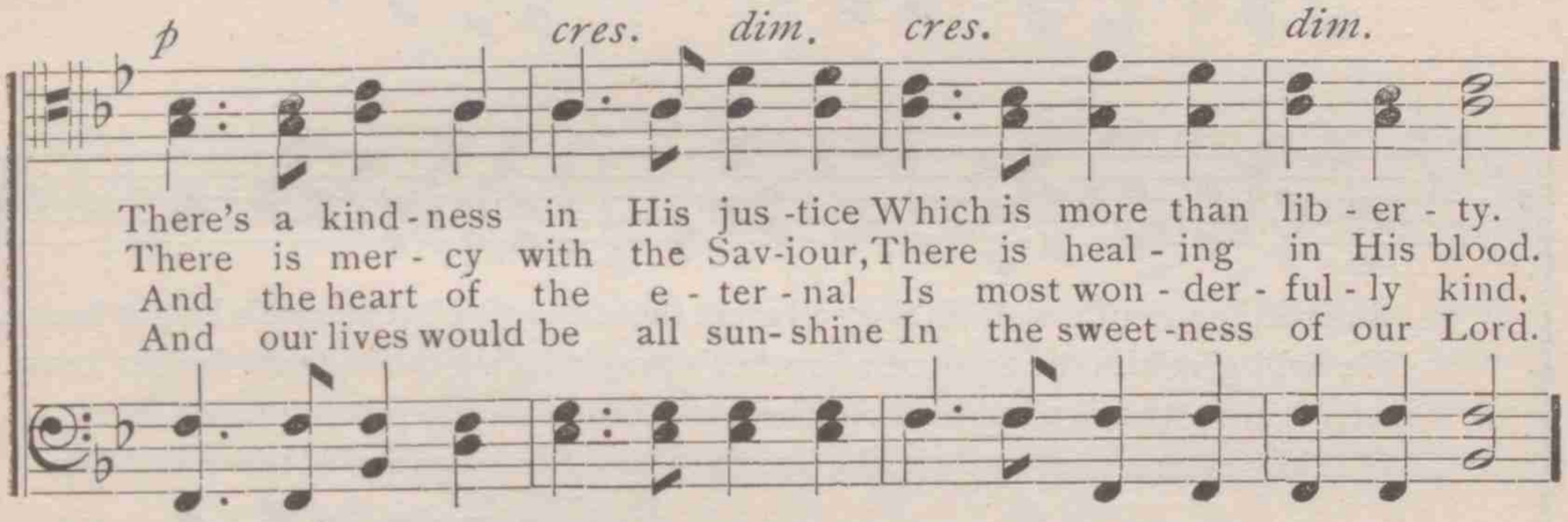
1ST AND 2D TENOR.



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy Like the wide-ness of the sea:
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;
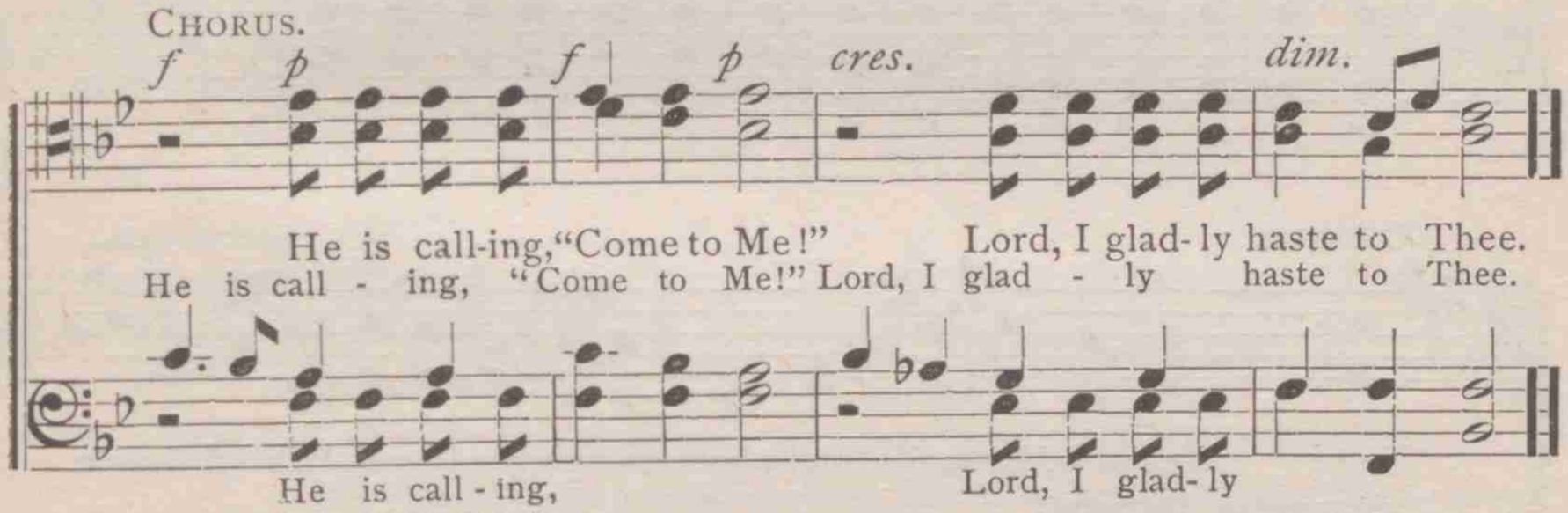
1ST AND 2D BASS.





There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour, There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the e-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

CHORUS.



He is call-ing, "Come to Me!" Lord, I glad-ly haste to Thee.
He is call-ing, "Come to Me!" Lord, I glad-ly haste to Thee.
He is call-ing, Lord, I glad-ly

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No. 63.

KEY OF E FLAT.

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

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

3. Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4. Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!
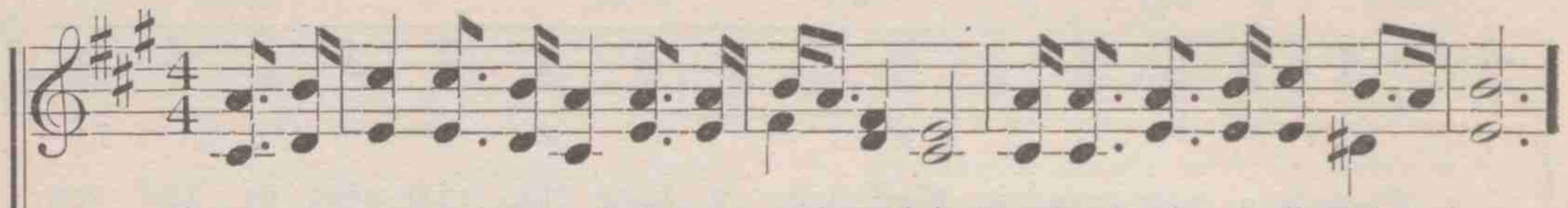
5. Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6. Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!
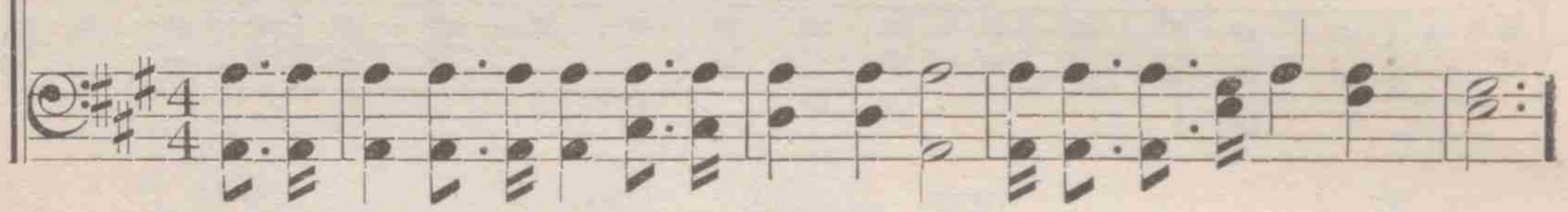
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.
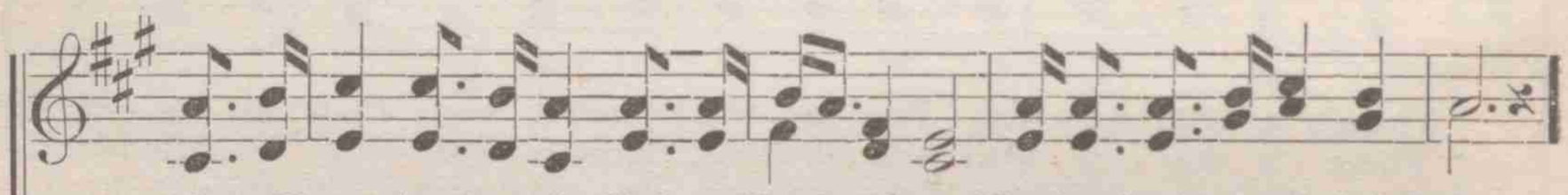
No. 64. SINGING IN THE SOUL'S BRIGHT HOME.

S. M. B. S. M. Brown.
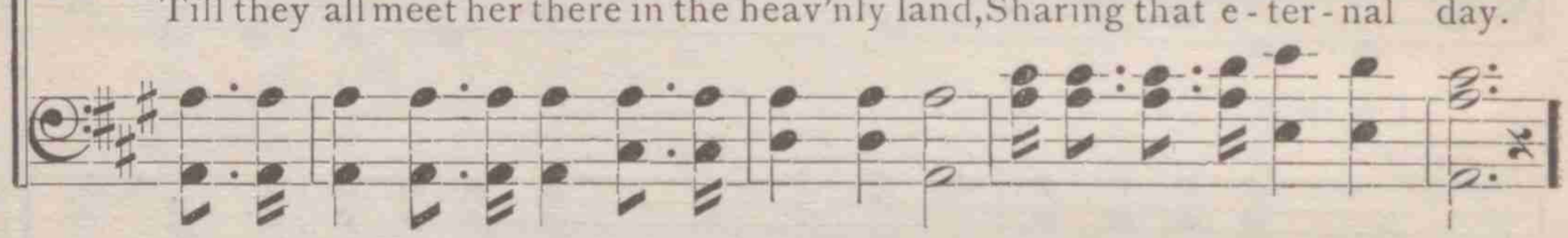


1. She has pass'd to the land of the mansions fair, Singing in the soul's bright home;
2. Lit-tle children are left to a father's care, Wending to the soul's bright home;
3. Lit-tle feet oft will tire in the rug-ged road, Sad and lonely they will be;
4. Blessed Father of love, may Thy gracious hand Lead them in the blessed way;
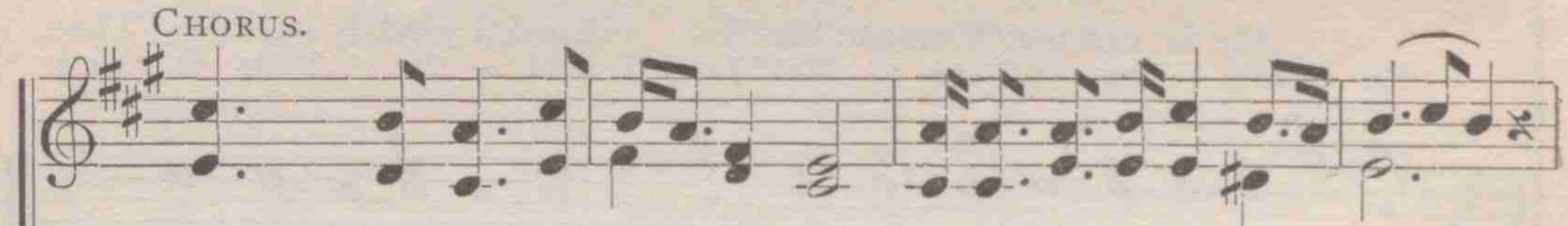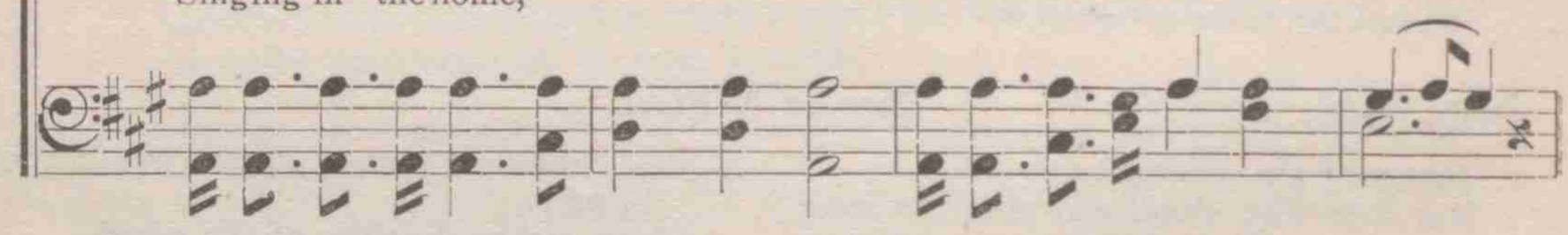




She will pa-tiently wait till they all meet there, Singing in the soul's bright home.
We will give him the help of a brother's pray'r, Going to the soul's bright home.
But a dear mother's hand beckons them to God, Come, my precious ones, to me.
Till they all meet her there in the heav'nly land, Sharing that e-ter-nal day.
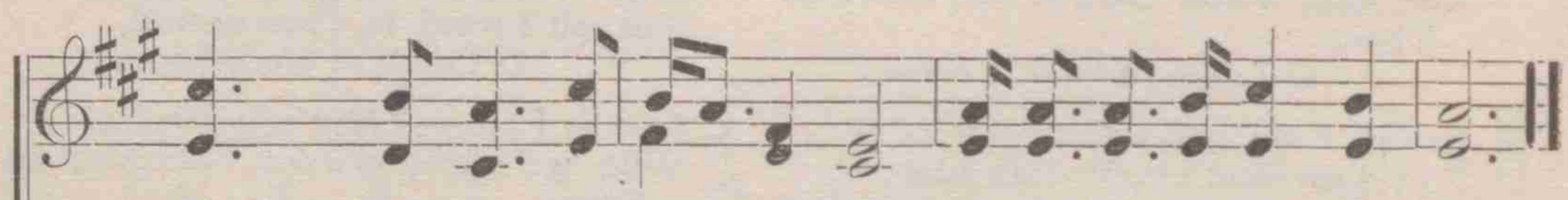


Chorus.
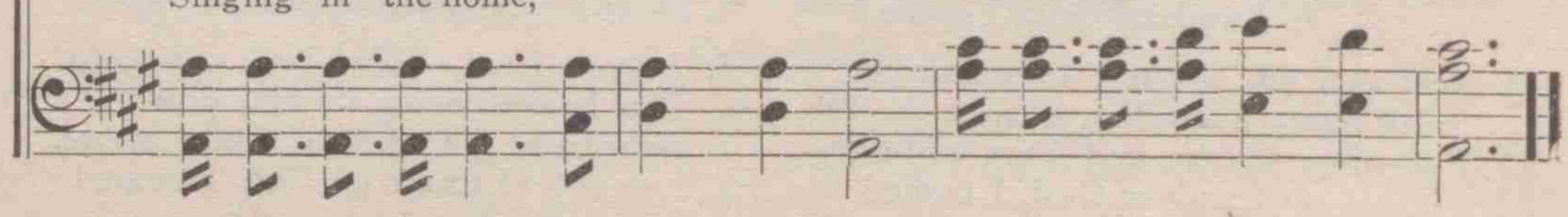


O the home, the soul's bright home, Singing in the soul's bright home.
Singing in the home,





O the home, the soul's bright home, Singing in the soul's bright home.
Singing in the home,
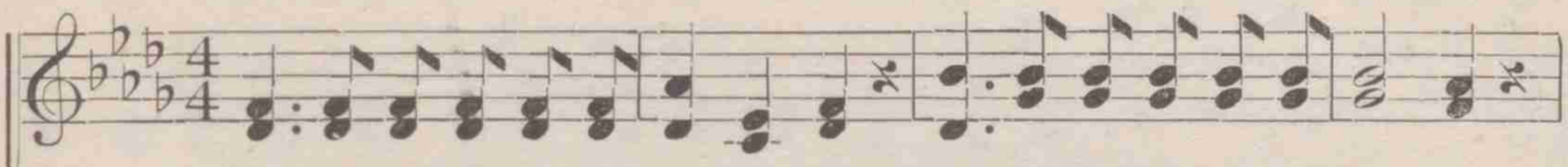


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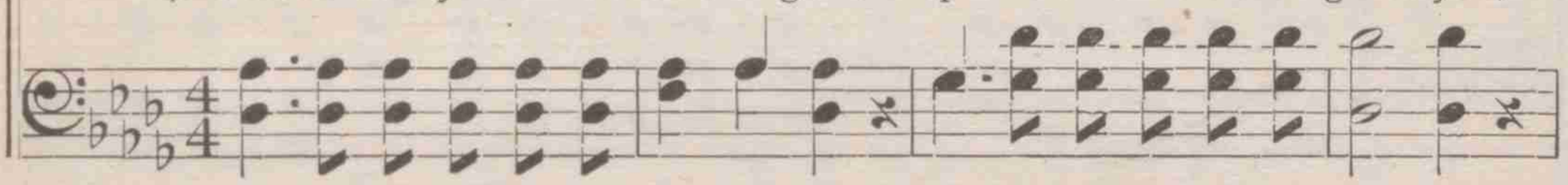
No. 65. GOD BE WITH YOU.
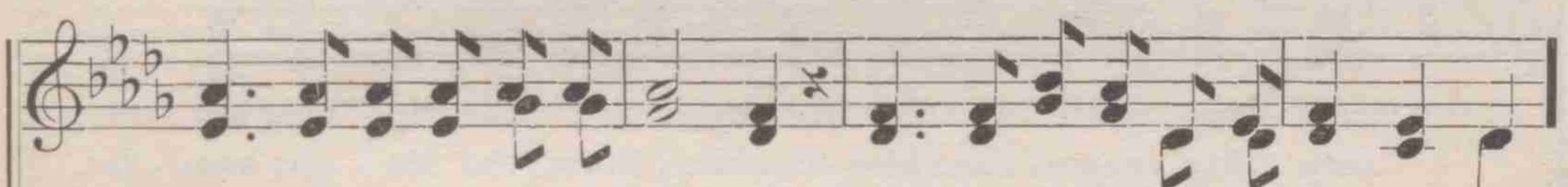
"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

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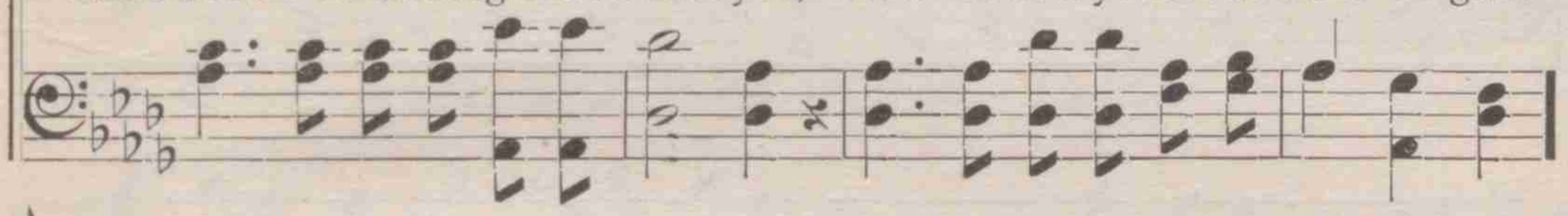


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating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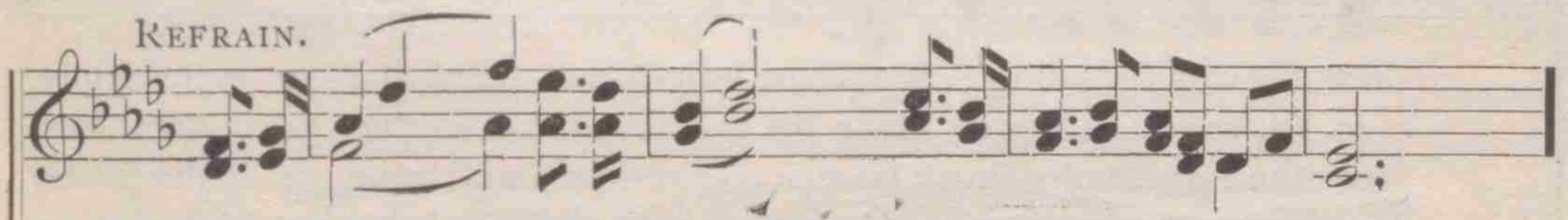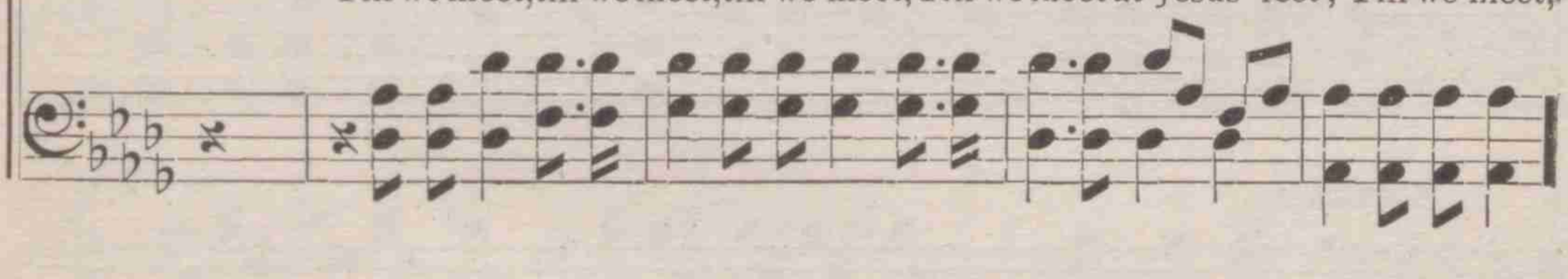




With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put His arms un-failing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
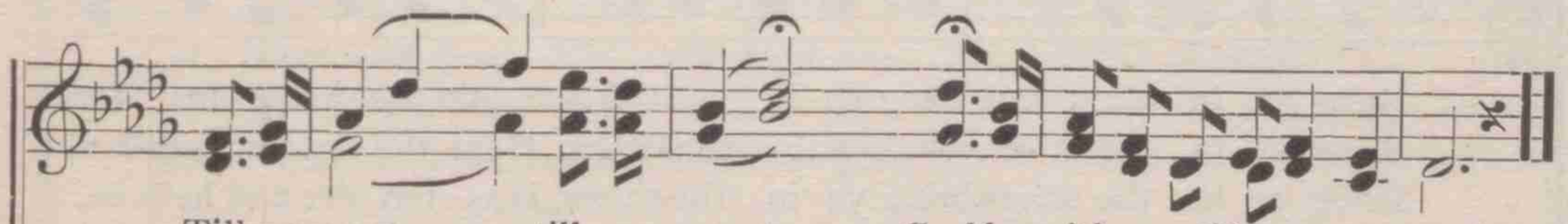


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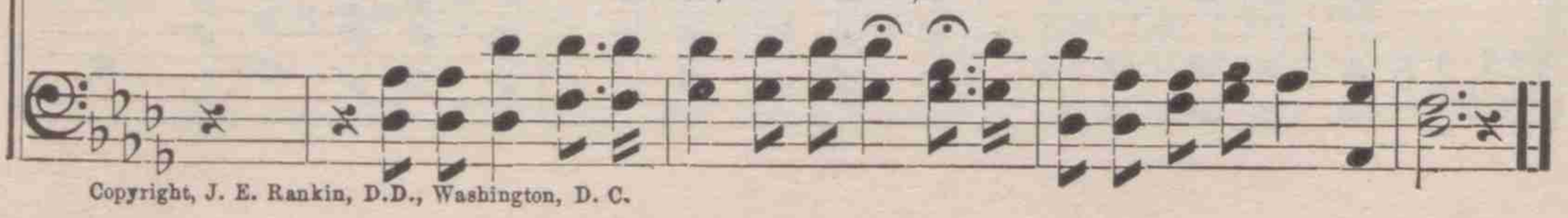


Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet; Till we meet,





Till we meet, . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,



Copyright, J. E. Rankin, D.D., Washington, D. C.

No. 66. BRING YE IN THE TITHES.

Mal. 3 : 10.

Rev. DWIGHT SPENCER. S. M. BROWN, by per.

1. Ho, ye faith-ful watchman on the walls of Zi - on, Je - sus now is call - ing, "Lift ye up your eyes, See the rip - 'ning har - vest, hear the call for lab'rers, Sound the proc-la-ma - tion, bring ye in the tithes."
2. Amer - i - ca is plead - ing, hear the cry of brothers, Where 'mid western scen - ery moun - tains kiss the skies; From the ice - girt ham - let, to the southern border, Hear the cry for work-ers, bring ye in the tithes.
3. Hear the cry from A - sia, hear her dy - ing mil-lions, Call - ing for the gos - pel, hear their plaintive cries; Af - ric's sons and daughters join the earnest pleading, "Hasten o'er and help us," bring ye in the tithes.
4. O the glo-rious morning, when the part - ing heavens Show the Lord ap- pear - ing, to our wond'ring eyes! We may "haste un - to" it, we may haste the dawning, If we come with gladness bring-ing in the tithes.

REFRAIN.

Bring ye in the tithes, bring ye in the tithes, Sound the procla - ma - tion,
Bring ye in the tithes, bring ye in the tithes, Hear the cry for work-ers,
Bring ye in the tithes, bring ye in the tithes, Has - ten o'er and help us,
Bring-ing in the tithes, bringing in the tithes, If we come with gladness,

BRING YE IN THE TITHES.

bring ye in the tithes; See the ripening har - vest, hear the call for
bring ye in the tithes; From the ice - girt ham - let to the southern
bring ye in the tithes; Af-ric's sons and daugh-ters join the ear - nest
bring-ing in the tithes; We may "haste unto" it, we may haste the

la - b'rers, Sound the proc - la - ma - tion, bring ye in the tithes.
bor - der, Hear the cry for work - ers, bring ye in the tithes.
plead - ing, "Has - ten o'er and help us," bring ye in the tithes.
dawn - ing, If we come with glad - ness, bring - ing in the tithes.

No. 67. I DO BELIEVE. C.M.

C. WESLEY.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath!
3. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry long - ing eyes;

CHO.— *I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;*

If Thou withdraw Thy - self from me, Ah, whith - er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor, to se-cure My soul from end - less death?
O, may I now re - ceive that gift; My soul, with-out it, dies.

And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 68. OUR COUNTRY FOR JESUS.*

S. M. B. S. M. Brown.

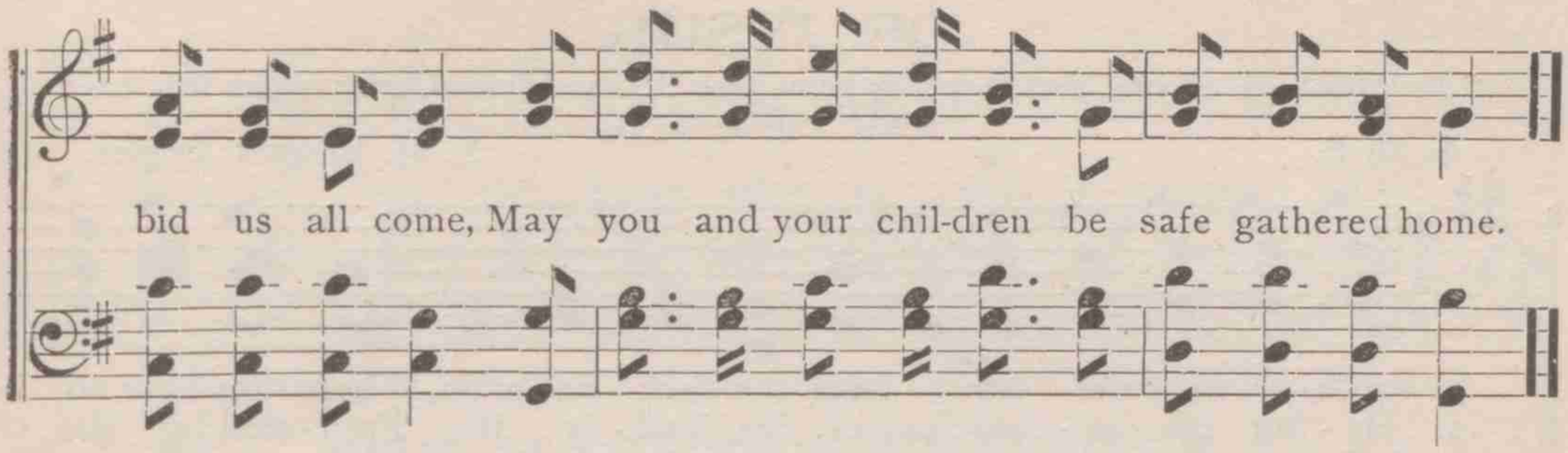
1. Our coun- try for Je - sus, of this will I sing, To Thee, my be - lov - ed, this tri bute I bring. O home of my child-hood, how pre - cious to me, The God of all na - tions will let me love thee.
2. Ye men of our coun- try, this God - fav- ored land, Oh, why in the con - flict do you i - dle stand, While sin and de - struc-tion and ru - in and blight Are wrap- ping your sons in the man- tle of night?
3. Our coun - try for Je - sus, come, join the re- frain, Ye sons of re - demp- tion, His gos - pel pro -claim, In pray'r and in ser- vice, in gift and in song, While all your dear chil-dren the cho- rus pro- long.
4. Our coun - try for Je - sus, how shall we re- frain? We're marching to con- quest in His bless - ed name. The des - ert shall blos -som, the moun - tains shall sing, And hea - ven's high arch with the cho-rus shall ring.

Chorus.

Our coun - try for Je - sus, O grant it, dear Lord, Hail, all ye good peo - ple, be this your re-ward, And when the dear Mas - ter shall

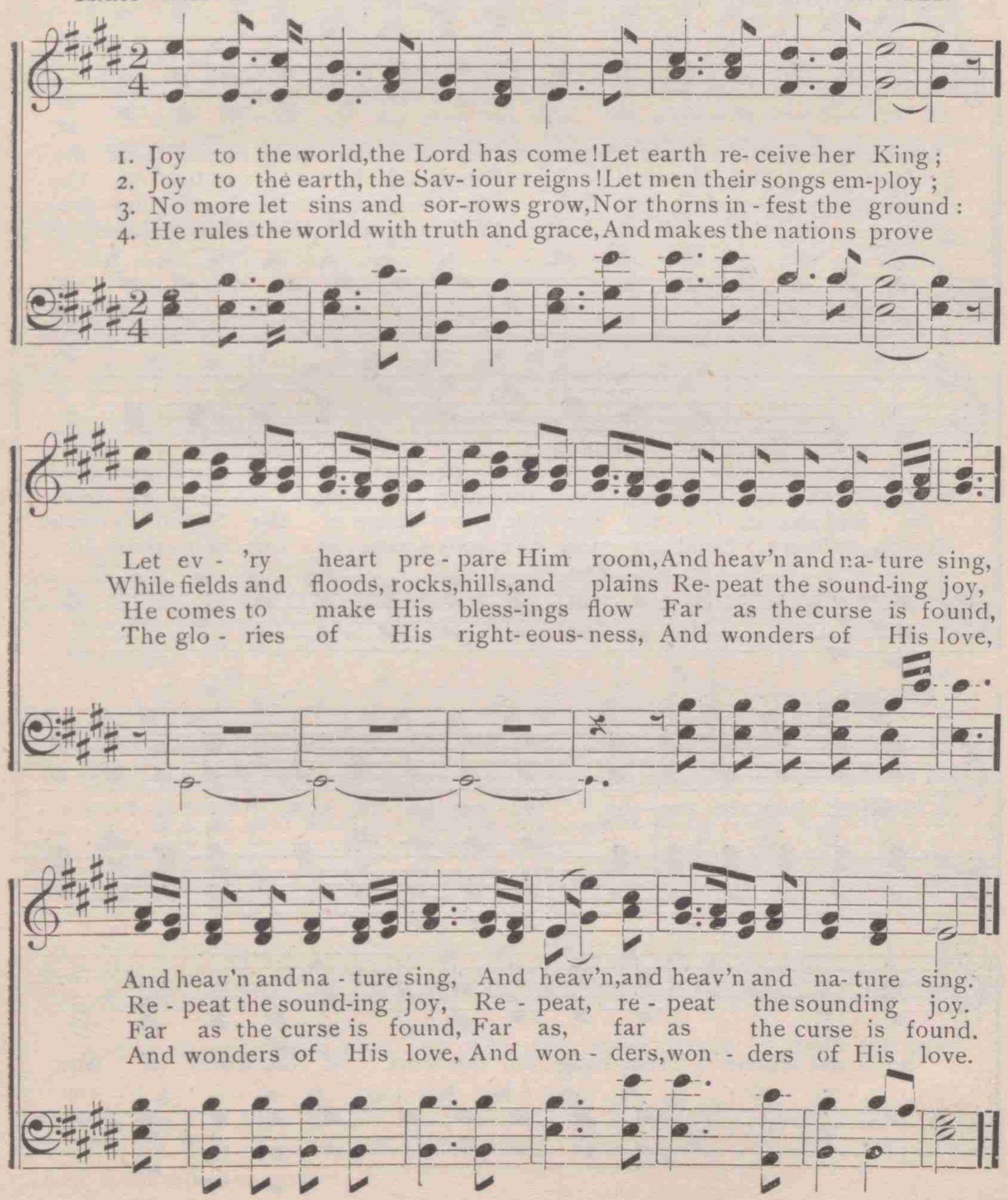
* Originally written as " Missouri for Jesus."

Copyright, 1888, by S. M. Brown.



No. 69. ANTIOCH. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from HANDEL.



No. 70. DYING FOR THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS.

"And this is life eternal, that they may know thee . . . and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." — John 17: 3.

S. M. B. S. M. Brown, by per.

1. Broth-er, hear the cry from the dark do-main, Where they have no
2. Dy-ing all un-conscious of the dead-ly ill; Fren-zied by the
3. Sad-ly they are cry-ing, tho' no voice we hear; Sink-ing to per-
4. Chris-tian, you have feasted on the Sav-iour's love, Hast-'ning to the

knowledge of the Sav-iour's name; See the dark'ning night, hear the
fe-ver of the fa-tal chill; Blind-ed by de-cep-tion of the
di-tion, yet they feel no fear; Si-lent-ly they're pleading by their
joys of the world a-bove; Will you with in-diff'rence hear your

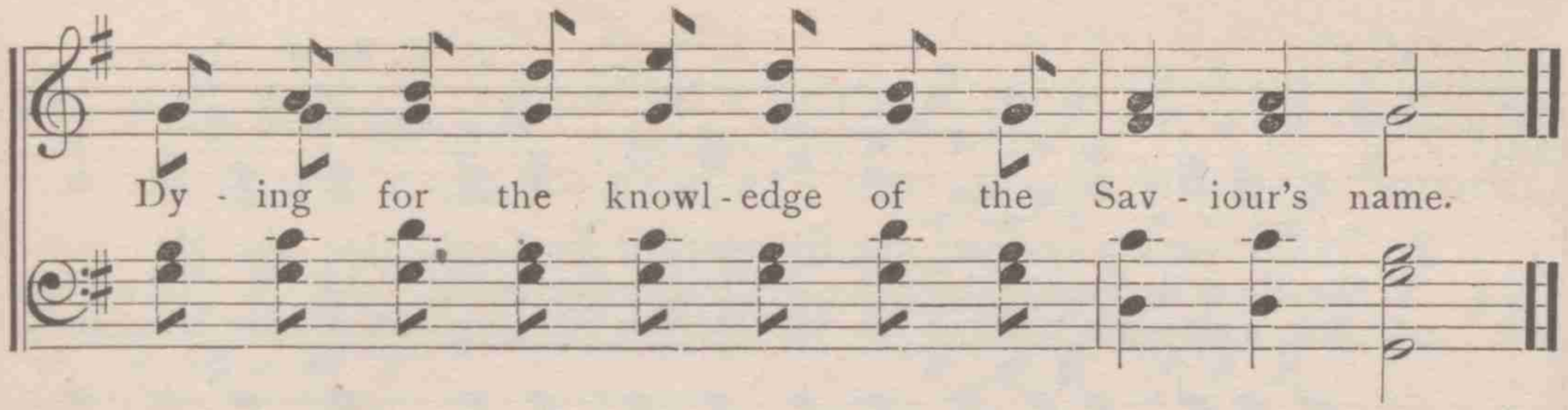
plain-tive cry, "Send us now the gos-pel or our souls must die."
world's dread foe, Stand-ing on the mar-gin of e-ter-nal woe.
sin and shame, Cry-ing for the know-ledge of the Sav-iour's name.
broth-ers' cry, "Send us now the gos-pel or our souls must die"?

Chorus.

Broth-er, they are cry-ing, cry-ing un-to you, "Save us from e-

ter-nal shame"; Trem-bling on the brink of the world of woe,

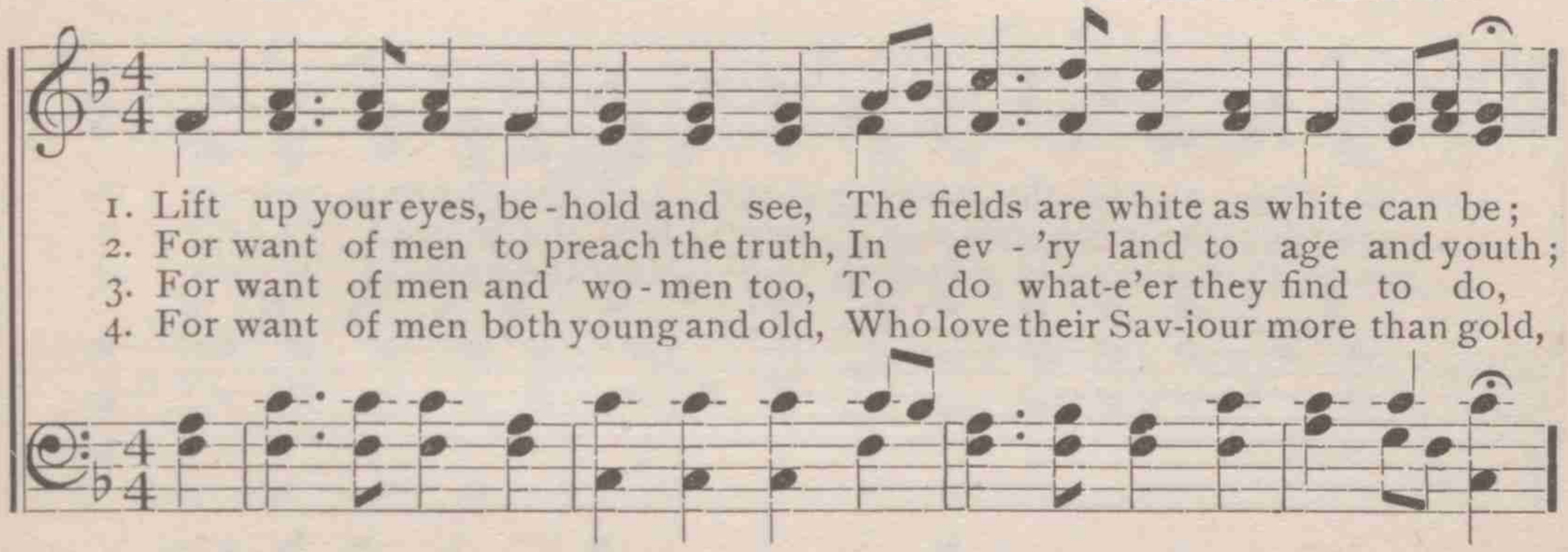
DYING FOR THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS.

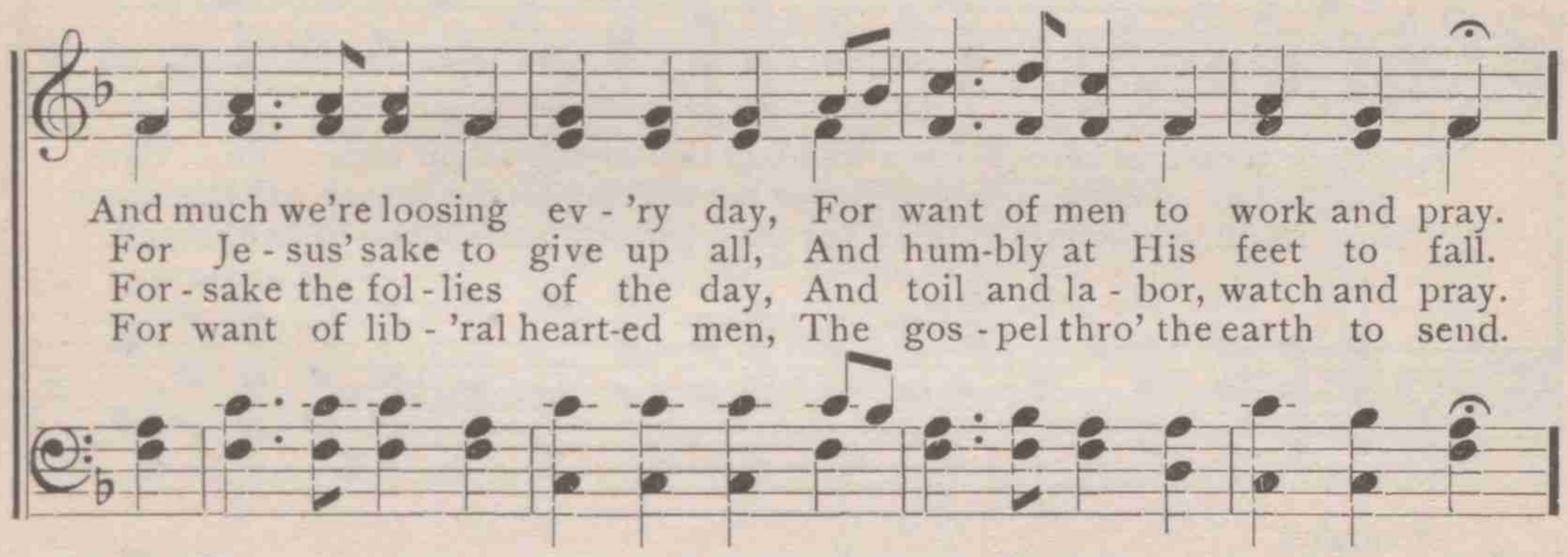


No. 71. THE HARVEST IS WHITE.
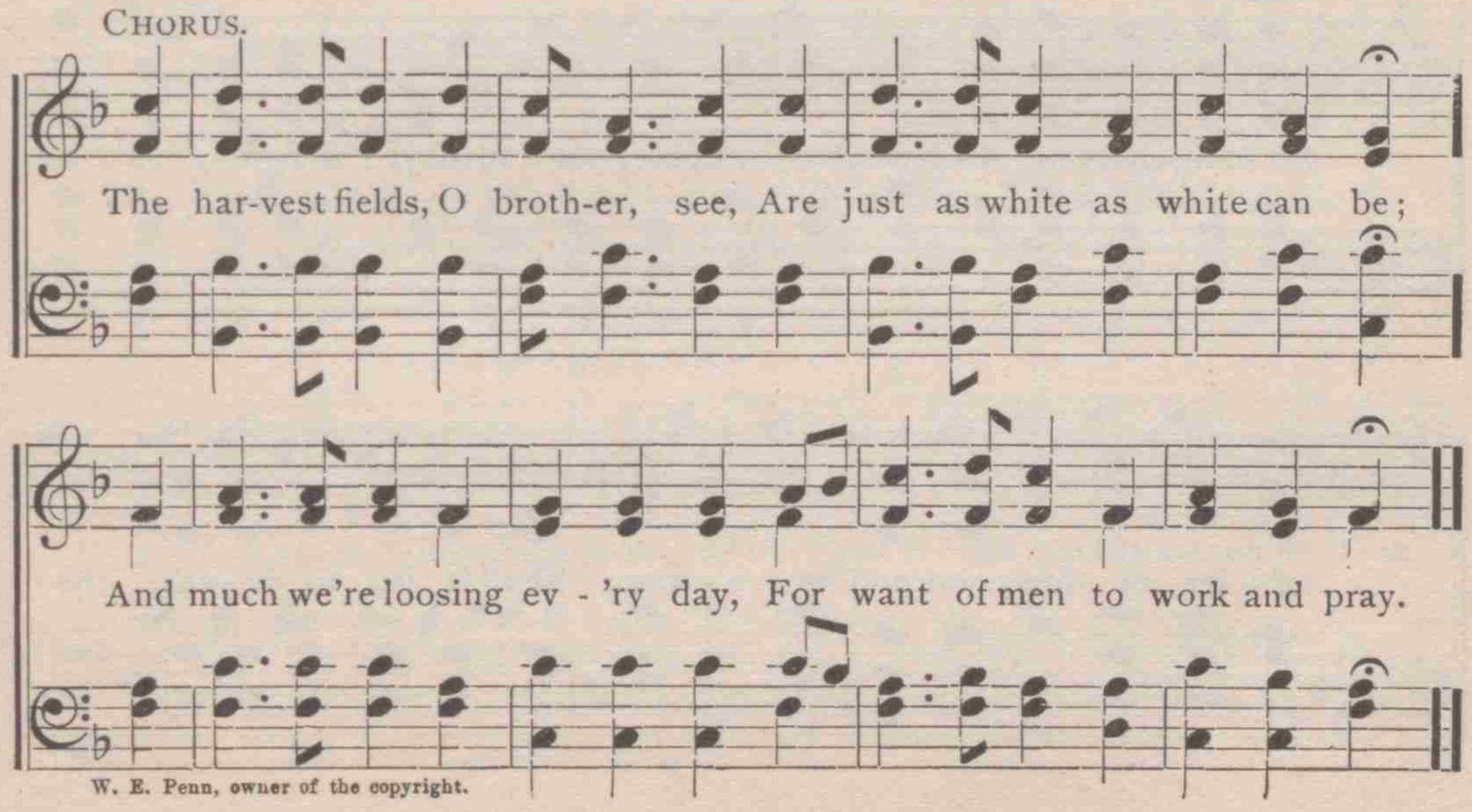
John 4: 35.

W. E. PENN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.





CHORUS.



W. E. Penn, owner of the copyright.

No. 72. THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Mark 12 : 42.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN, by per.
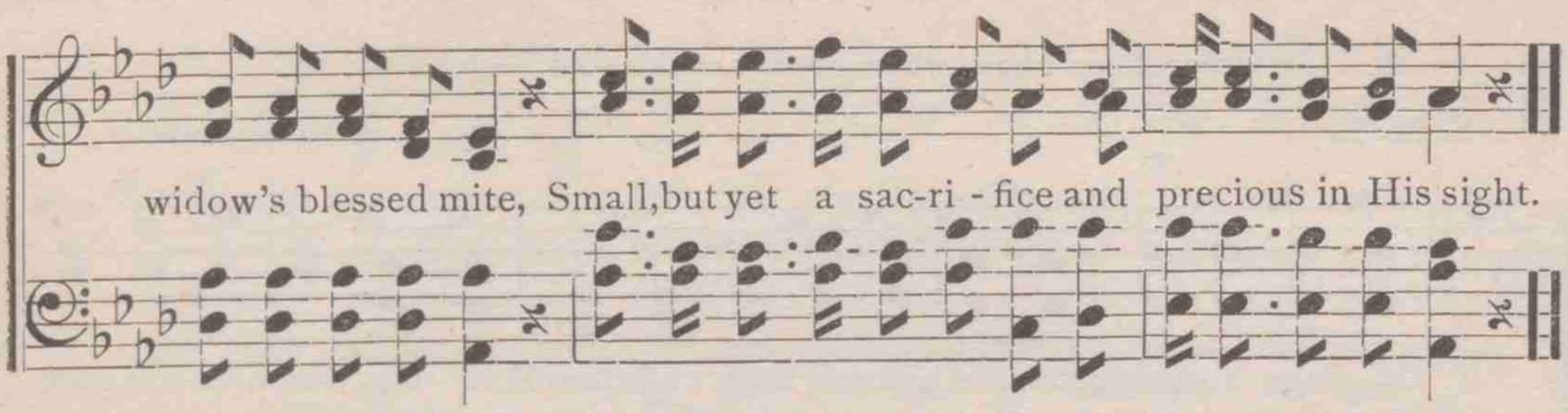
1. O - ver a - gainst the treas-'ry of the Lord, See the Mas - ter sit - ting a - mid the surg-ing crowd; Lo! the throng is com-ing to bring their treasures rare; From a-bundant rich-es they their love de - clare.

2. One there is among them un - no-ticed by the throng, As in pomp and splendor the great ones pass a - long; But the heart of Je - sus is kindled to a flame, As she makes her off'ring for the hon-or of His name.

3. But a sin - gle farthing is all she has to give, Yet the Mas - ter knows it's her on - ly means to live; Hear the words of Je - sus as from His lips they fall, "Out of her deep poverty she's given more than all."

CHORUS.

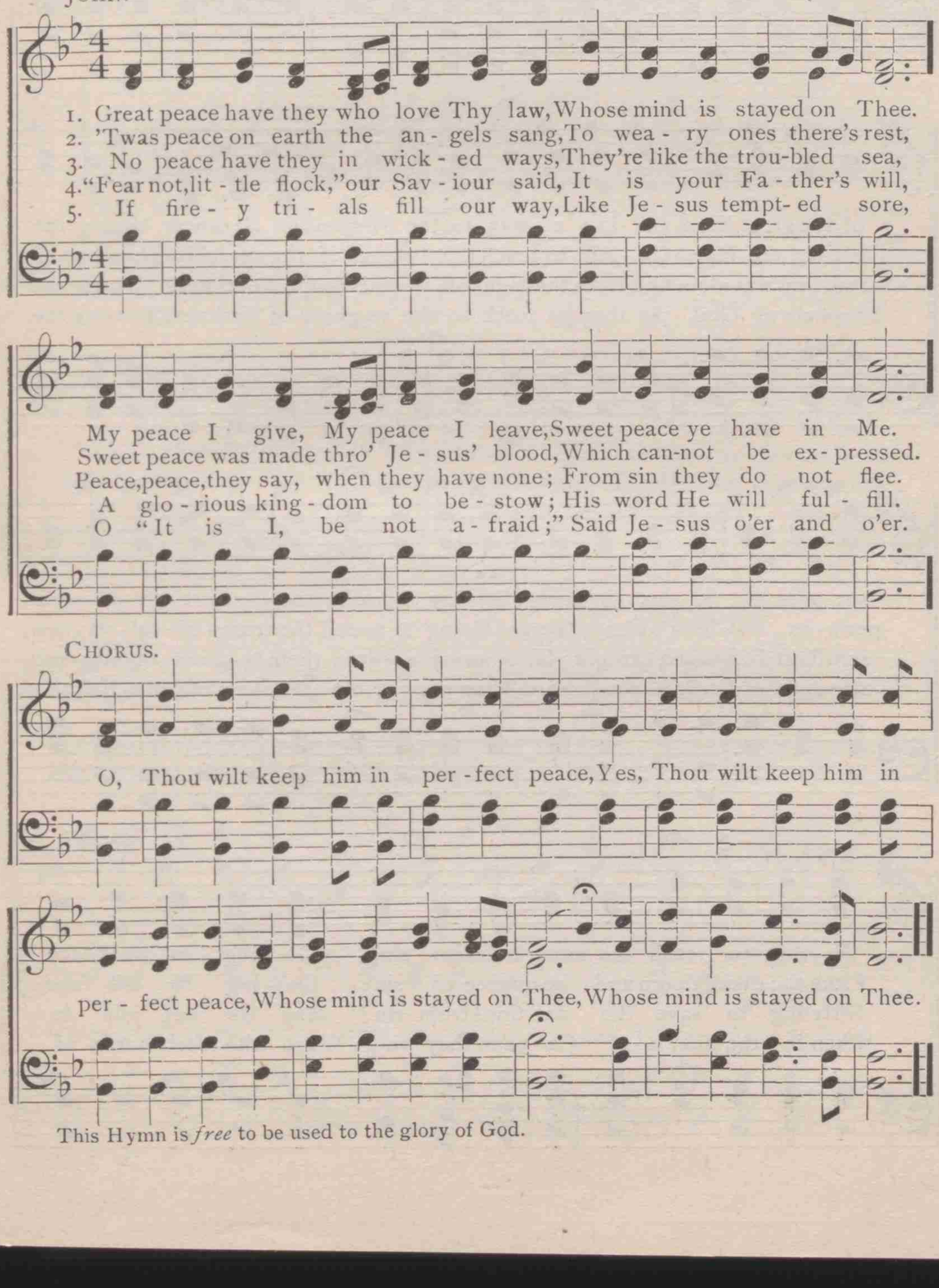
Sit - ting there in si - lence, He's watching yet to- day, Weighing what they of - fer as they come and go a - way; Shall it be, to Je - sus, the



No. 73. PEACE.

"In me ye have peace."— John 16 : 33.

JOHN. J. G. F.



This Hymn is *free* to be used to the glory of God.

No. 74. GOING THE LOST ONES TO BRING.

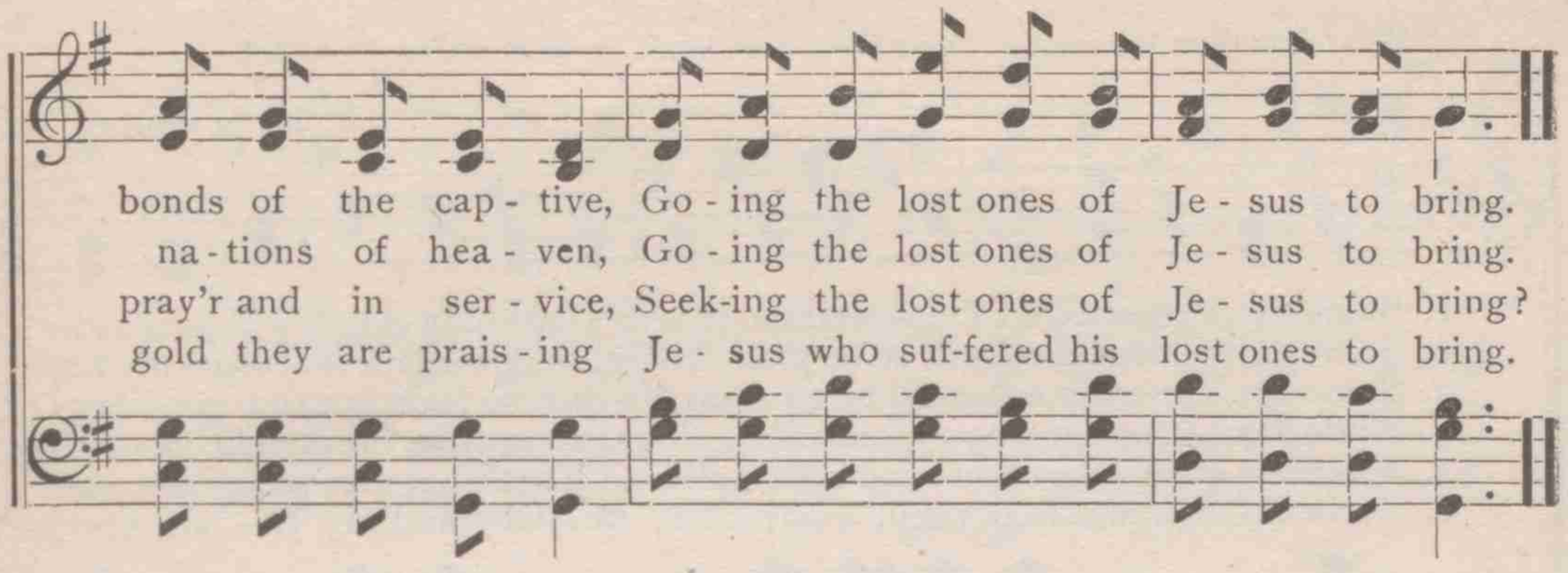
"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."—John 10: 16.

S. M. B. S. M. Brown, by per.

1. Go - ing a - way from the home of their childhood, Go - ing, the mes-sen-gers of the great K'ng, Go - ing a - way to the re-gions of darkness, Go-ing, the lost ones of Je - sus to bring;
2. Go - ing to be as eyes to the blinded, Of-f'ring their ser-vice as feet to the lame; Go - ing to teach the tongue of the speechless Lessons of prais - es to Christ's blessed name;
3. Go - ing and weep-ing, com-ing re - joic-ing, Lead-ing the hosts of the Lamb that was slain Out from the night of sin's deepest darkness Up to the sun-light of heaven's bright plain.
4. Yes, we will join, as did Hur and Aa - ron, Stay - ing the hands of the Prophets of God, As they go forth to the re-gions of darkness, Bearing the mes-sage of God's blessed word.
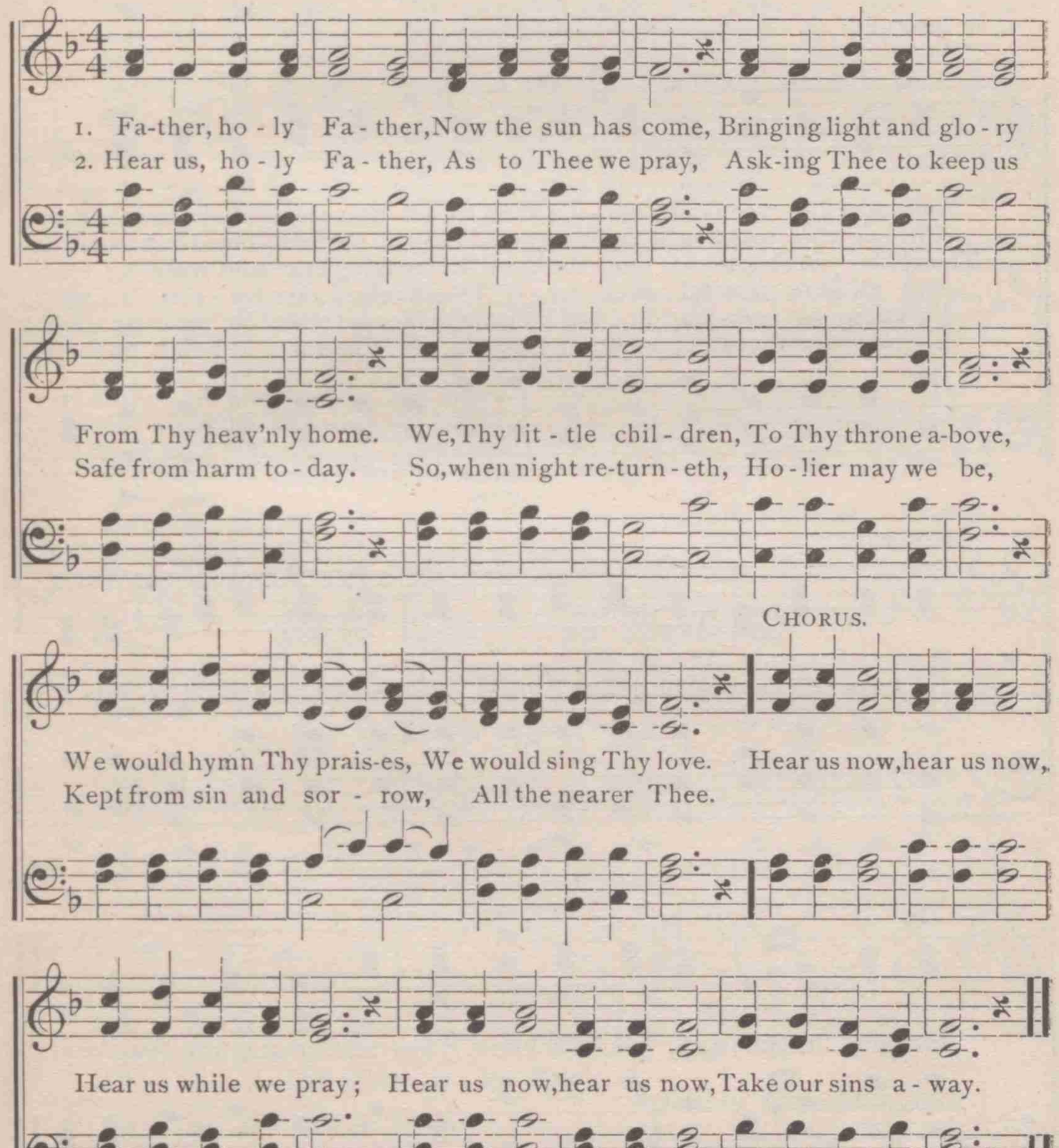
Going to make the des - ert to blossom, Go - ing to break the
Going to sound the trump of sal - va - tion, From the dread doom and se-quence of sin;
Can we not join their la - bors of mer - cy, Go - ing to tell the
Then we will join the song of de - liv'rance, Striv-ing to save the na - tions from sin?
May we not join in When in the heav'n - ly Ca - naan they sing;
When with their harps of

GOING THE LOST ONES TO BRING.



No. 75. HEAR US WHILE WE PRAY.

J. M. HUNT.
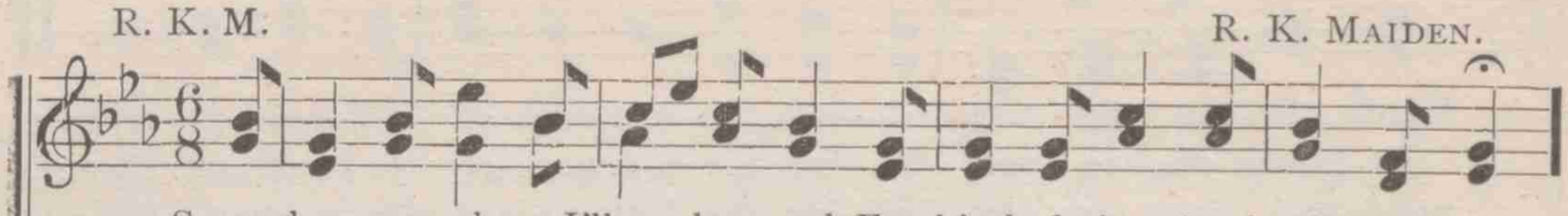


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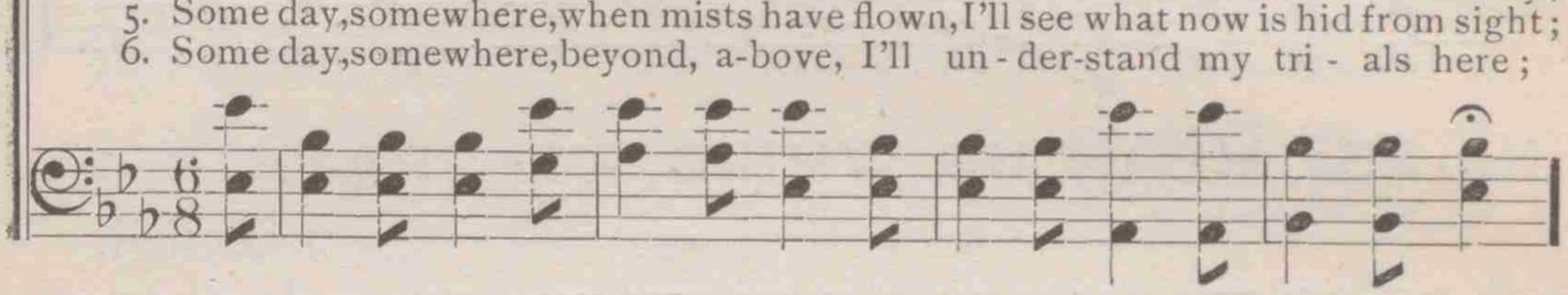
No. 76. I'LL KNOW.
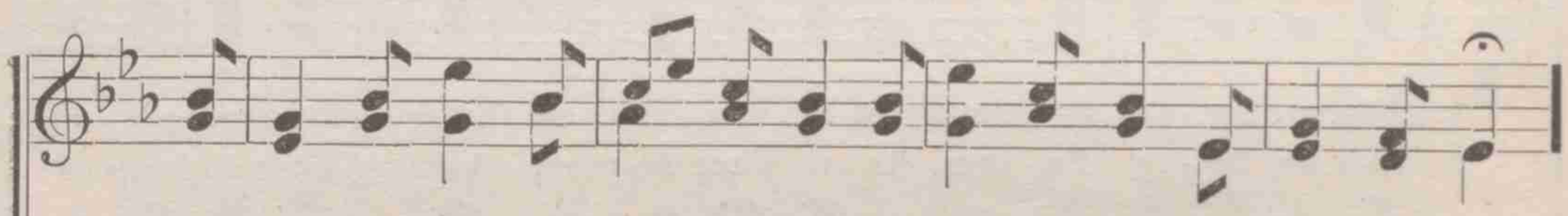
"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter": — John 13: 7.

R. K. M. R. K. MAIDEN.
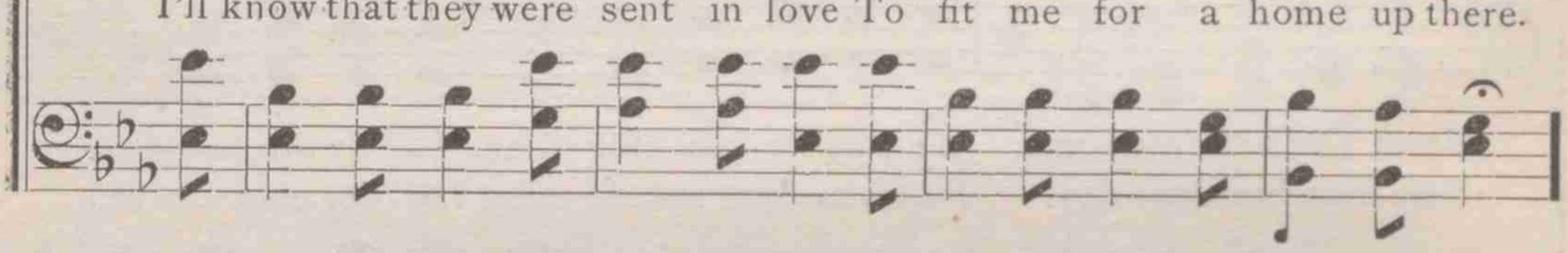


1. Some day, somewhere, I'll un-derstand; Earth's darkning clouds will pass away;
2. Some day, somewhere, 'twill all be plain, These shadows dark that cross my way;
3. Some day, somewhere, there'll be no night, No pain, no tears, nor sad good-byes;
4. Some day, somewhere, my eyes shall see The shadows lift, the clouds break way;
5. Some day, somewhere, when mists have flown, I'll see what now is hid from sight;
6. Some day, somewhere, beyond, a-bove, I'll un-der-stand my tri- als here;
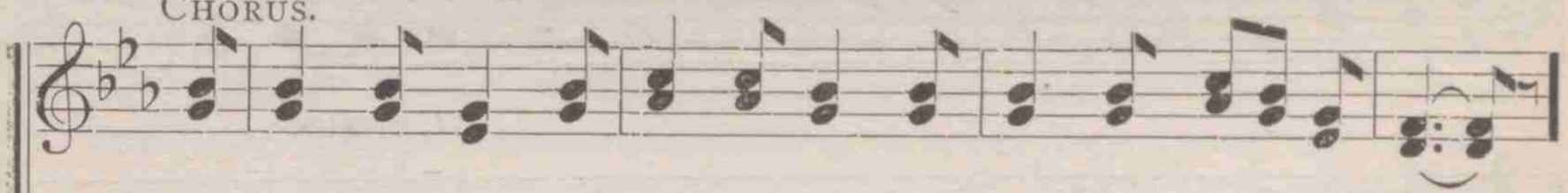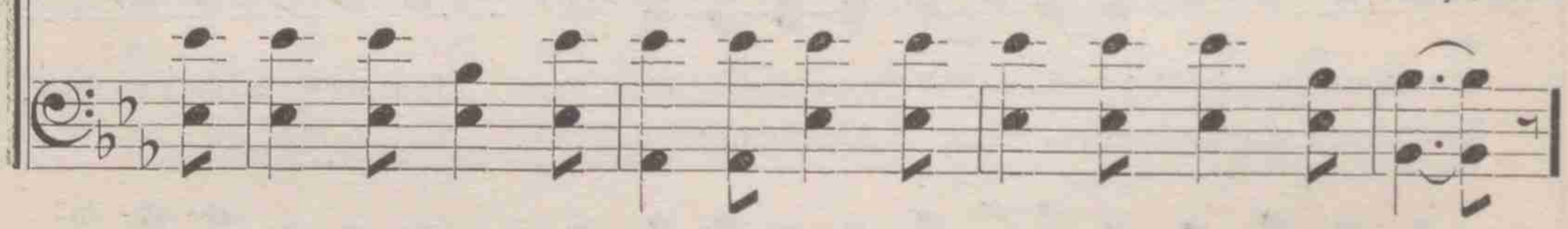




And then I'll see God's lov-ing hand, In all that seems so strange to-day.
I'll see that loss has brought me gain, 'Twill all be plain, somewhere, some day.
There'll be no clouds to dim the light, No breaking hearts, no weep-ing eyes.
And all life's pain-ful mys-ter-y Dissolve and pass for-e'er a-way.
I'll know, as ev-en I am known, Oh, blessed tho't! oh, pure de-light!
I'll know that they were sent in love To fit me for a home up there.
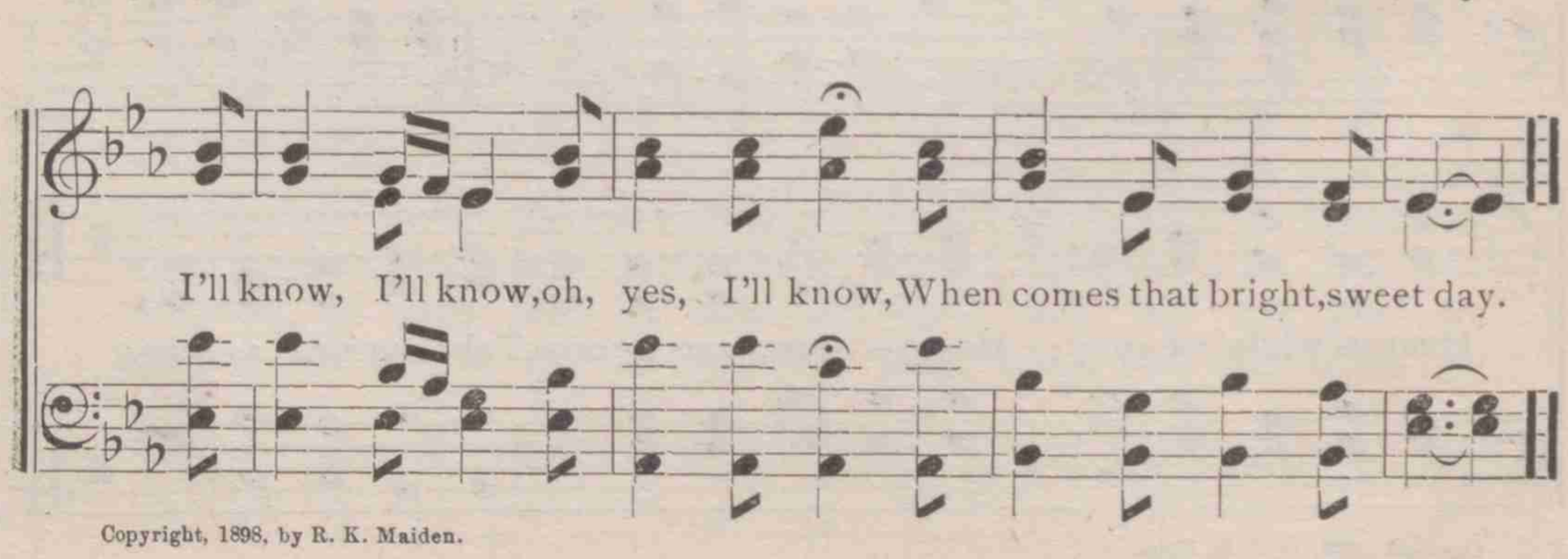


CHORUS.



I'll know, I'll know, some day I'll know, When clouds have roll'd a-way;



I'll know, I'll know, oh, yes, I'll know, When comes that bright, sweet day.



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No. 77. OH, THE PEACE THAT FILLS THE SOUL.

R. K. MAIDEN. P. J. TREBOR.

1. The eye hath not seen the beau - ti - ful things, The ear hath not heard the sweet tone,
2. The eye hath not seen that won - der - ful world, All ra - diant with heav - en - ly light,
3. The ear hath not heard the mu - sic di - vine Which charms the tired spir - it to rest,
4. The heart hath not known the full - ness of joy Which God has pre - pared for the good,

The heart hath not felt the rapt - ur - ous joy Which
But God hath un-veiled its glo - ry to those Who
But God hath re-vealed the mys - ter - y sweet To
But God hath re-vealed His treasures so rare To

CHORUS.

{ Oh, the peace . . . that fills the
{ Oh, the soul . . . with rap-ture

God hath prepared for His own.
see it with spir - it - ual sight.
those with His spir - it pos-sessed.
all who are washed in His blood.

Oh, the peace that
Oh, the soul with

heart, Oh, the joy . . . that fills the soul,
sings, And the tongue . . His good-ness tells,

fills the heart, Oh, the joy that fills the soul, When the
rap-ture sings, And the tongue His good-ness tells, When the

1 2

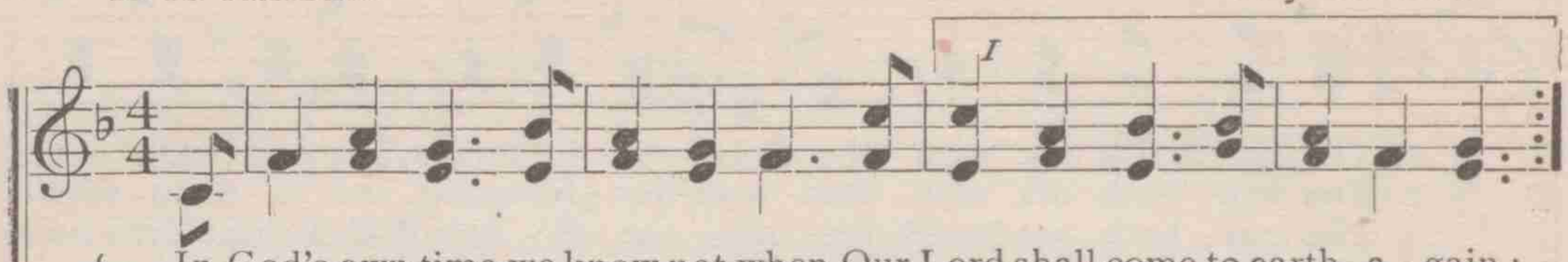
rich - es of His grace we be - hold.
full - ness of His love God un-folds, (un-folds.)

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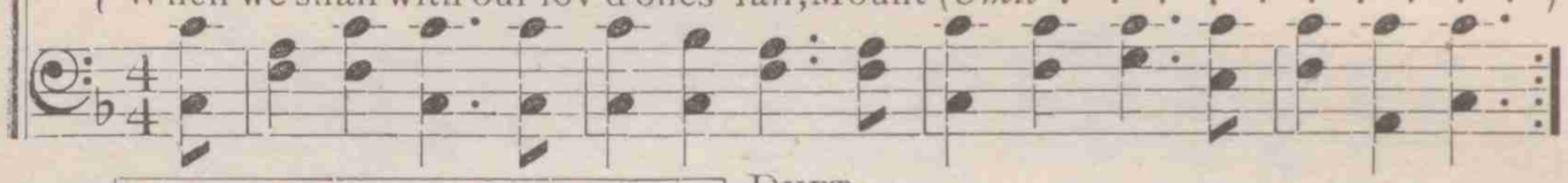
No. 78. THAT BLESSED HOPE.
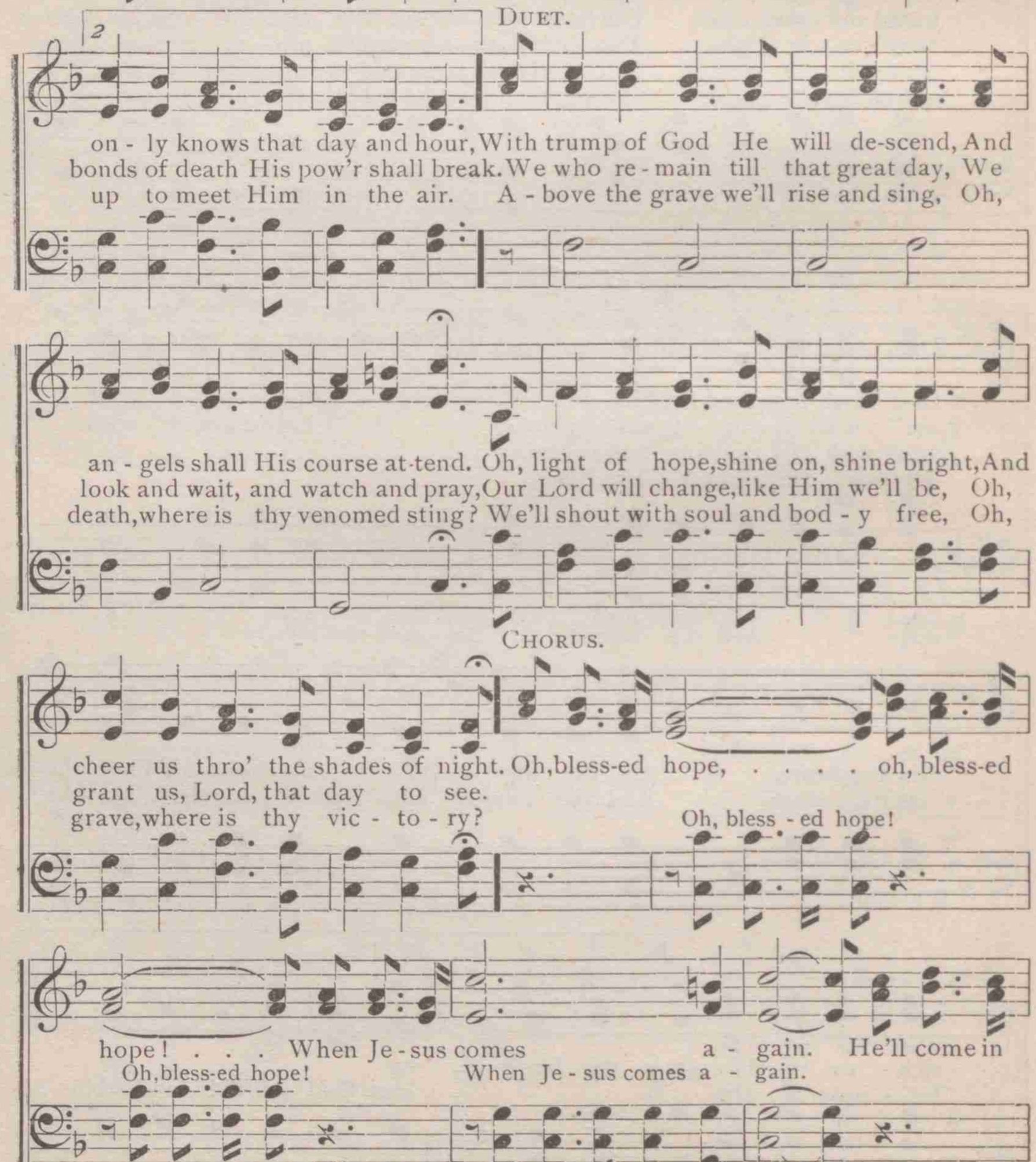
"Looking for that blessed hope."— Titus 2: 13.

R. K. MAIDEN. P. J. TREBOR.



1. In God's own time, we know not when, Our Lord shall come to earth a - gain;
   He'll come in glo - ry and in power, God (*Omit* . . . . .)
2. He'll bring with Him our friends who sleep, And wipe the tears from eyes that weep.
   The dead in Christ, shall all a-wake, The (*Omit* . . . . .)
3. Our Lord we'll see, oh, wondrous sight! When He shall come in glo - ry bright.
   When we shall with our lov'd ones fair, Mount (*Omit* . . . . .)





on - ly knows that day and hour, With trump of God He will de-scend, And
bonds of death His pow'r shall break. We who re - main till that great day, We
up to meet Him in the air. A - bove the grave we'll rise and sing, Oh,
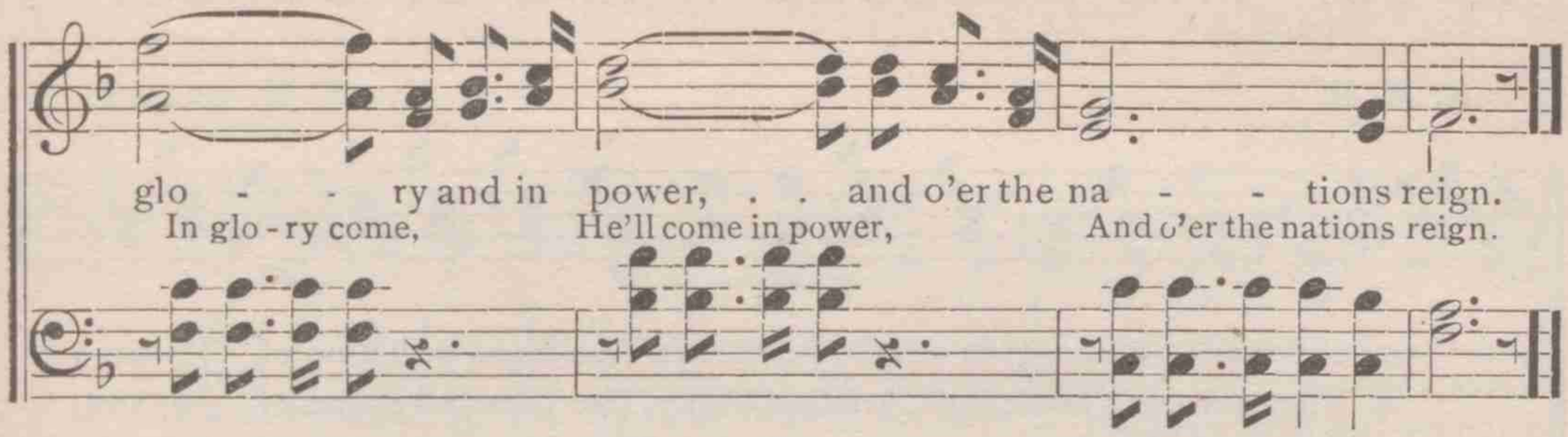
an - gels shall His course at-tend. Oh, light of hope, shine on, shine bright, And
look and wait, and watch and pray, Our Lord will change, like Him we'll be, Oh,
death, where is thy venomed sting? We'll shout with soul and bod - y free, Oh,

CHORUS.

cheer us thro' the shades of night. Oh, bless-ed hope, ... oh, bless-ed
grant us, Lord, that day to see.
grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? Oh, bless - ed hope!
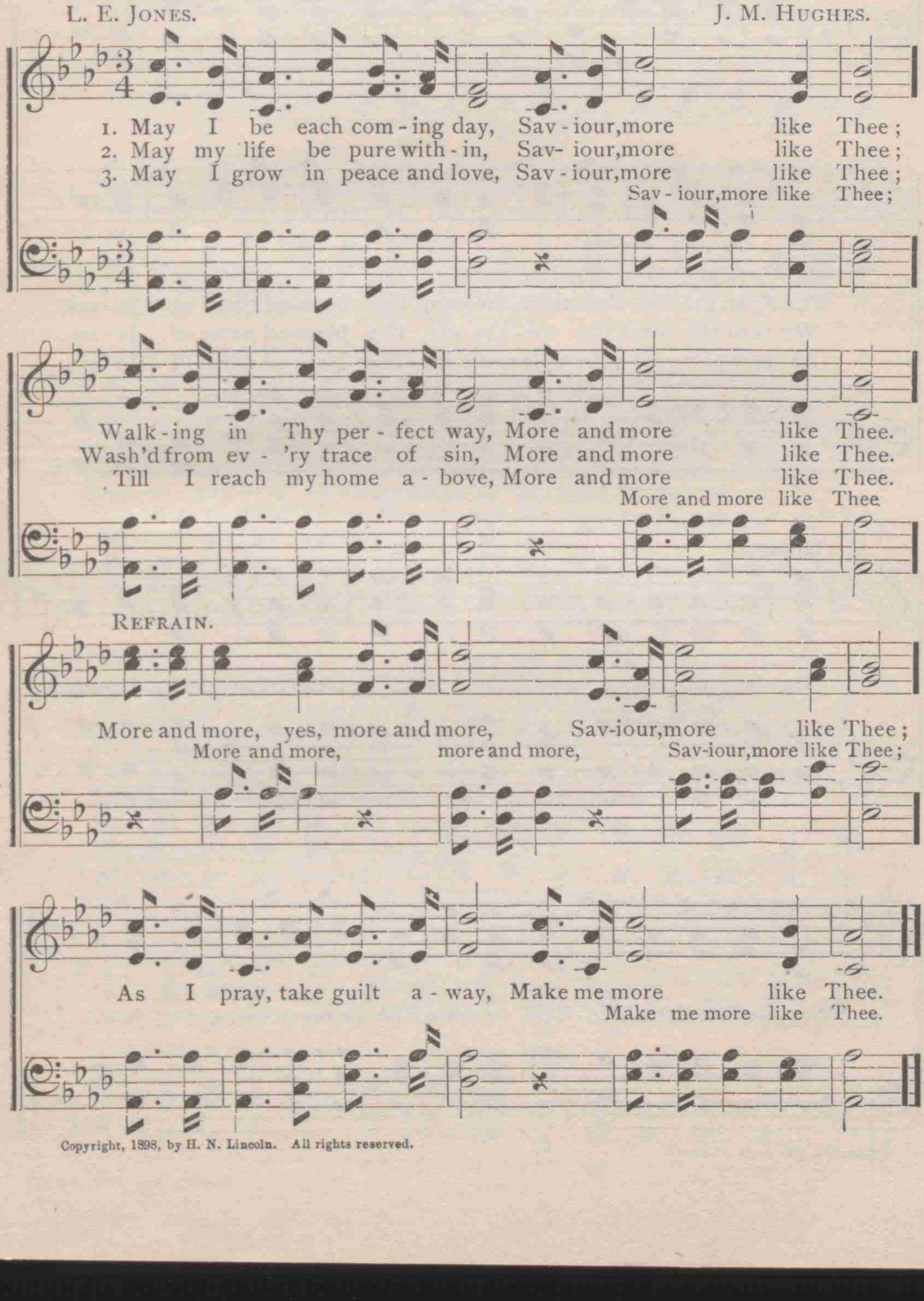
hope! . . . When Je - sus comes a - gain. He'll come in
Oh, bless-ed hope! When Je - sus comes a - gain.

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No. 79. SAVIOUR, MORE LIKE THEE.

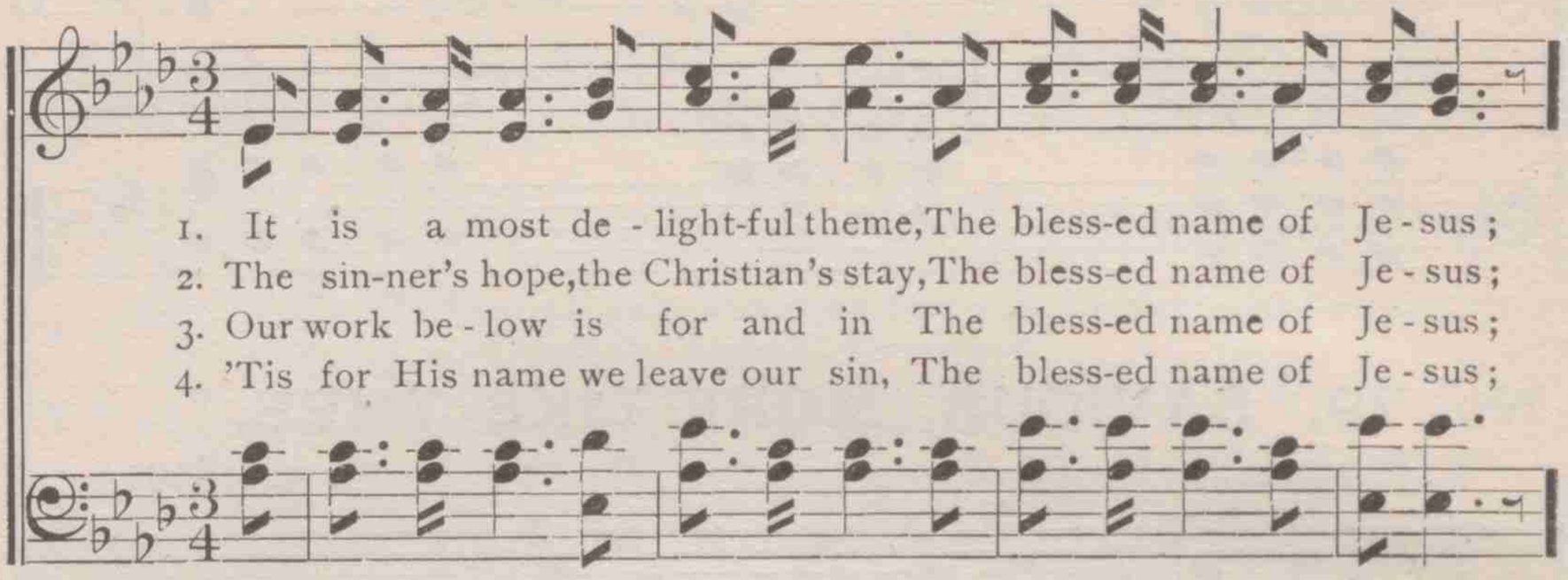
L. E. JONES. J. M. HUGHES.

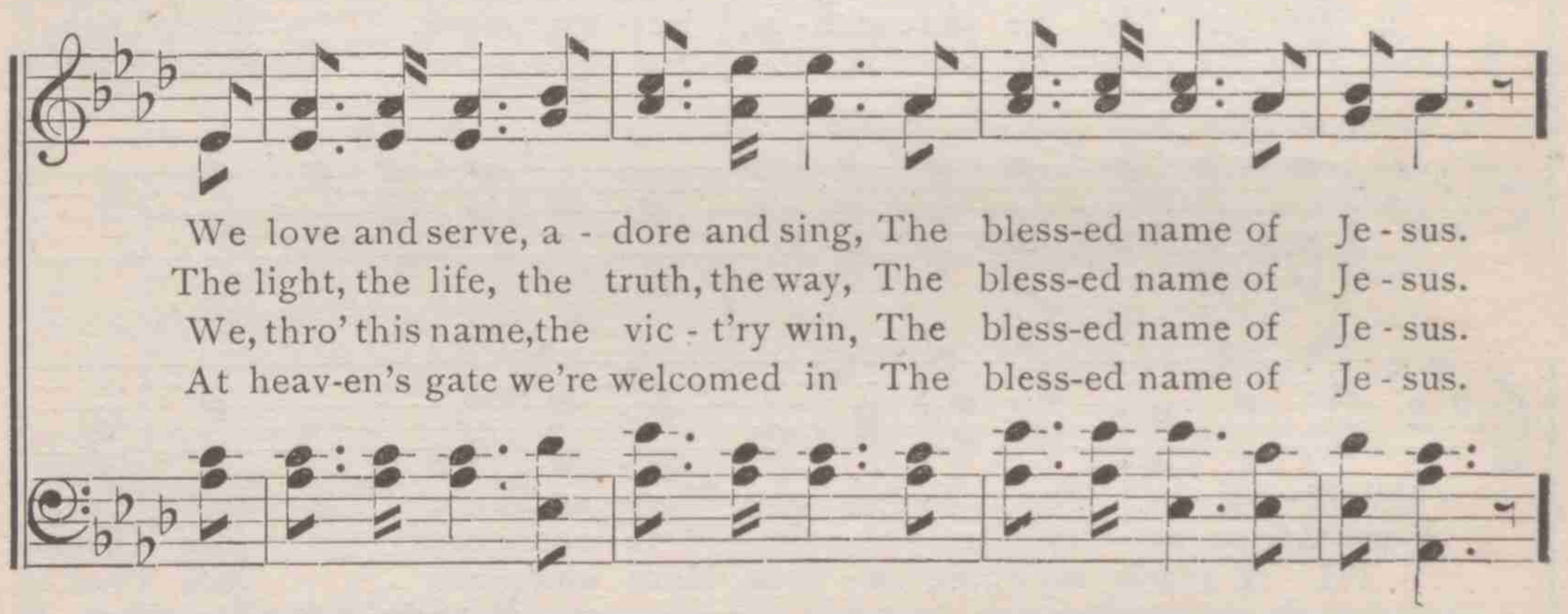


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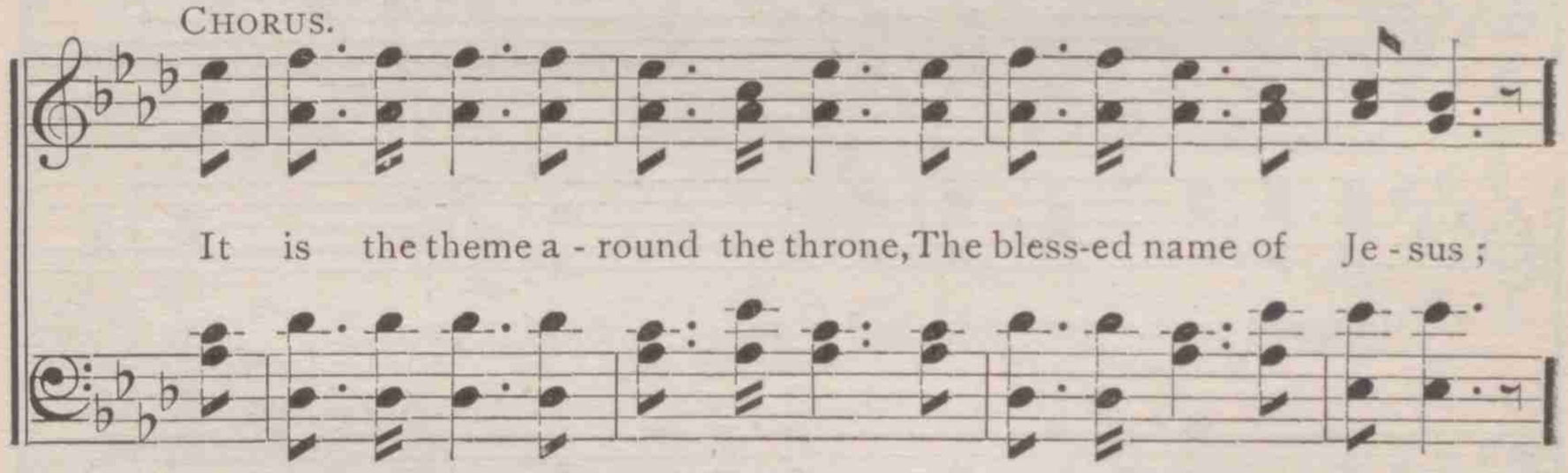
No. 80. THE BLESSED NAME OF JESUS.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.





CHORUS.



Copyright, 1899, by S. M. Brown.

No. 81. LET US STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Words arr. J. M. HUNT.

1. Let us stand up for Je - sus, Let us stand in His might; Let us gird on the
2. Let us stand up for Je - sus, Let us hon-or His word, Let us watch and be
3. Let us stand up for Je - sus, Till the conflict is past, And at home with the

ar - mor, And be first in the fight; Let us trust in His promise, Let His
faith-ful To our King and our Lord; Let us tell the glad sto - ry, Of His
ransom'd We are gathered at last; Let us fol - low His ban-ner Till our

strength make us strong, And the dear name of Je - sus Be our watchword and song.
mer - cy and love, As we march ev - er on - ward To the ci - ty a - bove.
tro - phies we bring To the feet of our Sav-iour, Our Re-deem-er and King.

CHORUS.

Let us stand, firm - ly stand, With a heart true and
Let us firm - ly stand, firm - ly stand,

brave, Let us stand up for Je - sus, Who is might - y to save.

Copyright, 1899, by J. M. Hunt.

No. 82. WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

"And an highway shall be there, . . . and it shall be called the way of holiness."—Isa. 35: 8.

JOHN CENNICK. Music and chorus by J. M. HUNT.

1. Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, We are walk-ing in the King's highway.
   Sing your Sav-iour's wor -thy praise, We are walk-ing in the King's highway.
2. Ye are trav-'ling home to God, We are walk-ing in the King's highway.
   They are hap - py now, and ye We are walk-ing in the King's highway.
3. Shout, ye lit - tle flock, and blest; We are walk-ing in the King's highway.
   There your seat is now pre-pared, We are walk-ing in the King's highway.
4. Lord, sub- mis - sive make us go, We are walk-ing in the King's highway.
   On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, We are walk-ing in the King's highway.
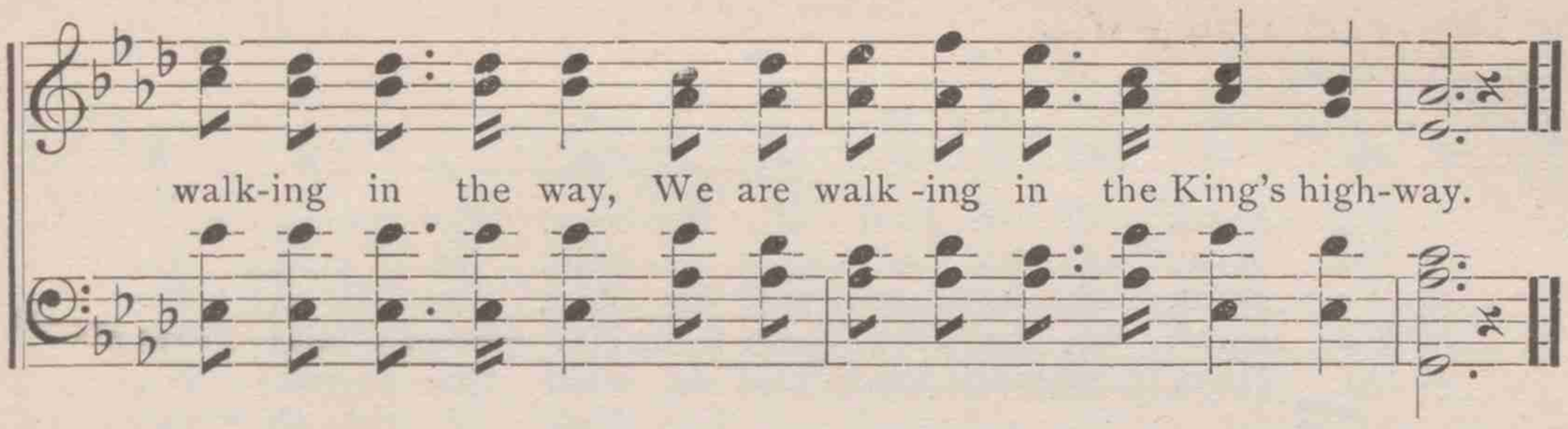
As ye jour-ney, sweet- ly sing, We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.
Glo-rious in His works and ways, We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.
In the way our fa -thers trod, We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.
Soon their hap- pi - ness shall see, We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.
You on Je- sus' throne shall rest, We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.
There your kingdom and re-ward, We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.
Glad -ly leav- ing all be - low; We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.
And we still will fol- low Thee, We are walk-ing in the King's high-way.

CHORUS.

We are walk-ing in the way, walk-ing in the way; We are walk-ing in the King's high - way;
walk-ing, we are walk - ing in the King's high - way; We are walk-ing in the way,

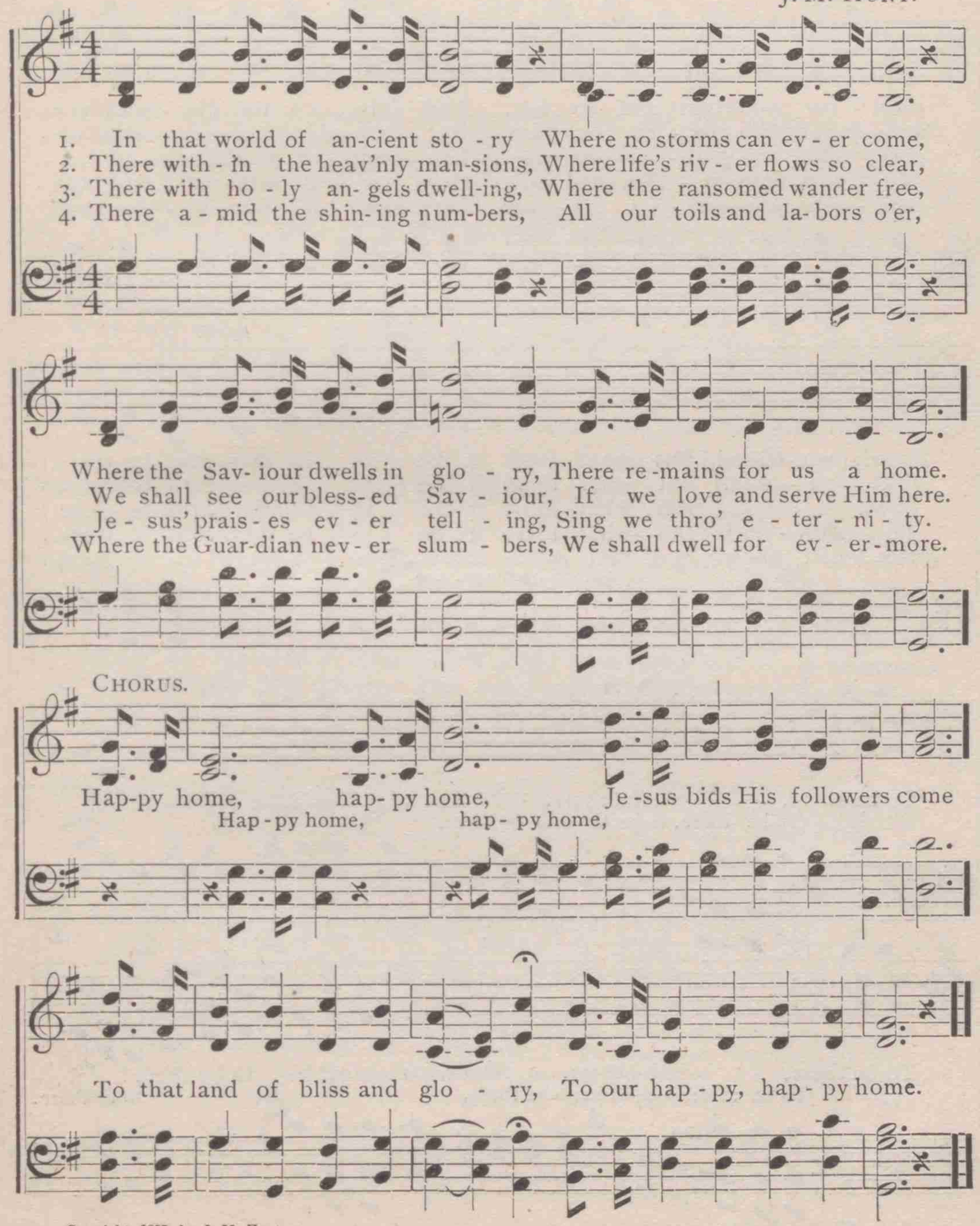
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WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.



No. 83. HAPPY HOME.

J. M. HUNT.



Copyright, 1897, by J. M. Hunt.

No. 84. WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE?

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. J. M. Hunt.

1. We speak of the land of the blest, (the blest,) A
2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, (of gold,) Its
3. We speak of its peace and its love, (its love,) The
4. We speak of its free - dom from sin, (from sin,) From
5. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleas - ure or woe, (or woe,) For

coun - try so bright and so fair, And oft are its glo - ries con -
walls deck'd with jew - els so rare, Its won - ders and pleas - ures un -
robes which the glo - ri - fied wear, The songs of the bless - ed a -
sor - row, temp-ta - tion and care, From tri - als with - out and with -
hea - ven our spir - its pre - pare, Then short - ly we al - so shall

fessed, (con - fessed,) But what must it be to be there? (to be there.)
told, (un - told,) But what must it be to be there? (to be there.)
bove, (a - bove,) But what must it be to be there? (to be there.)
in, (with - in,) But what must it be to be there? (to be there.)
know, (shall know,) And feel what it is to be there! (to be there.)

Chorus.

To be there, to be there, But what must it be to be there?
To be there, to be there, to be there,

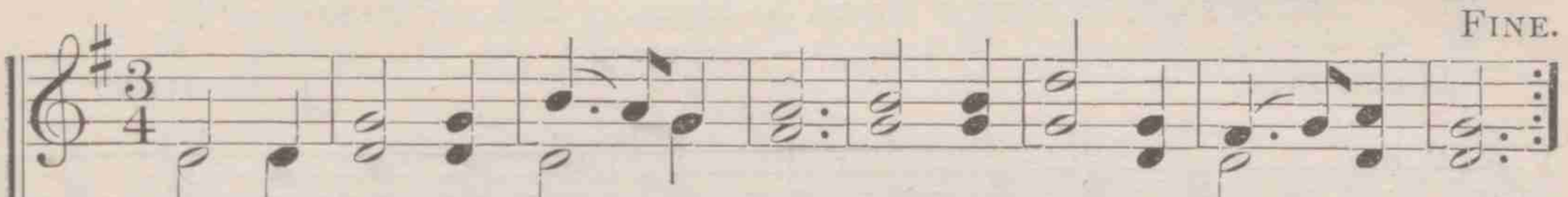
To be there, to be there, But what must it be to be there?
To be there, to be there, to be there, to be there.

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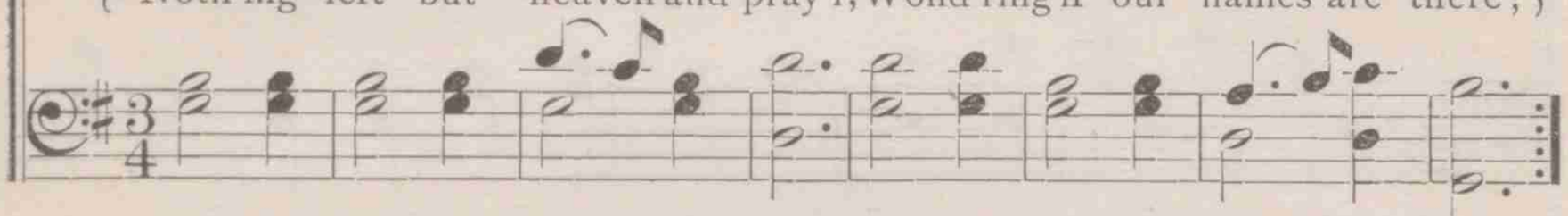
No. 85. GUIDE.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

FINE.

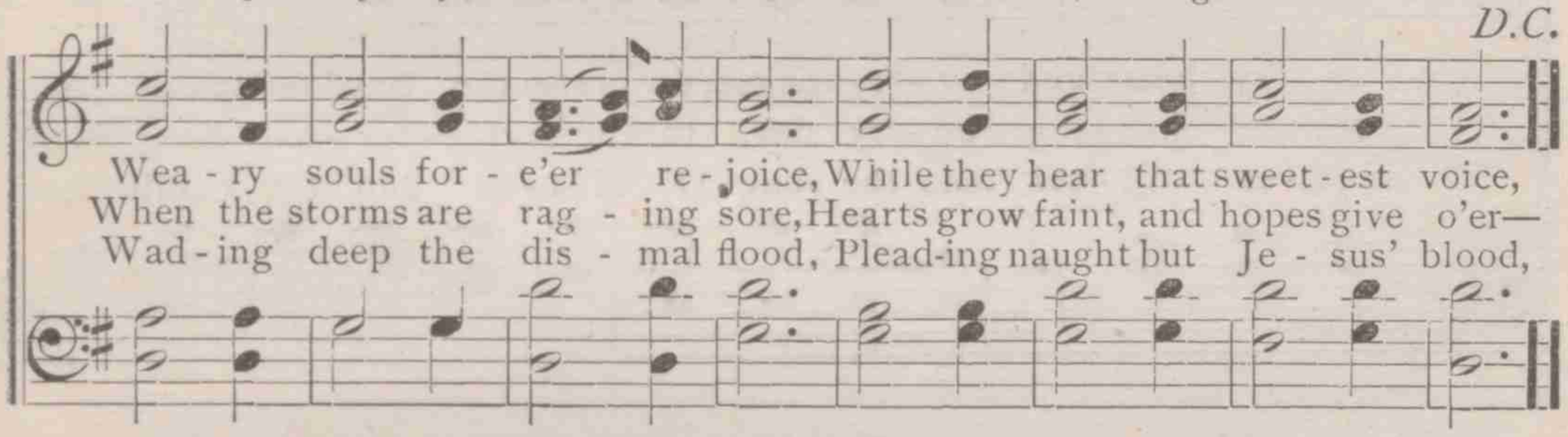


1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side,
   { Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
   { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear.
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,
   { Noth-ing left but heaven and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there;



D.C. *Whis-p'ring soft - ly, wan - d'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.*
Whis - per soft - ly, wan - d'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.
Whis - per soft - ly, wan - d'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

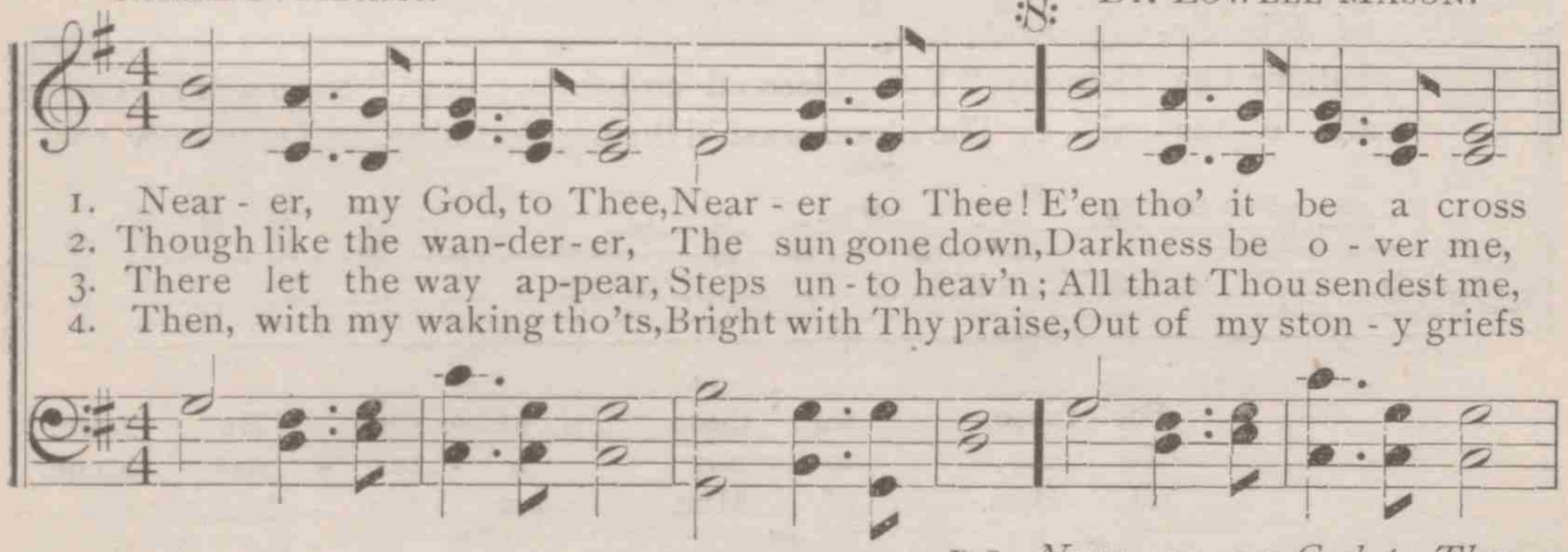
D.C.



Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er—
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

No. 86. BETHANY.

Sarah F. Adams. Dr. Lowell Mason.

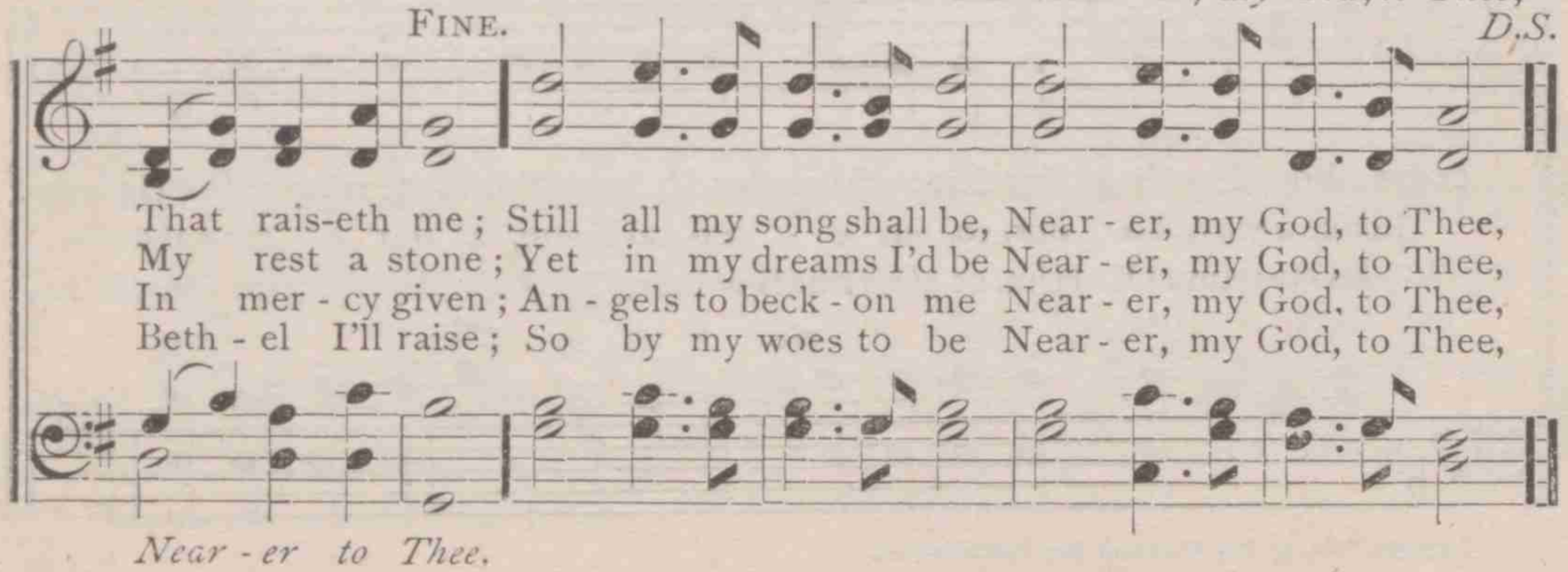


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Though like the wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs

D.S. *Near - er, my God, to Thee,*

FINE.

D.S.



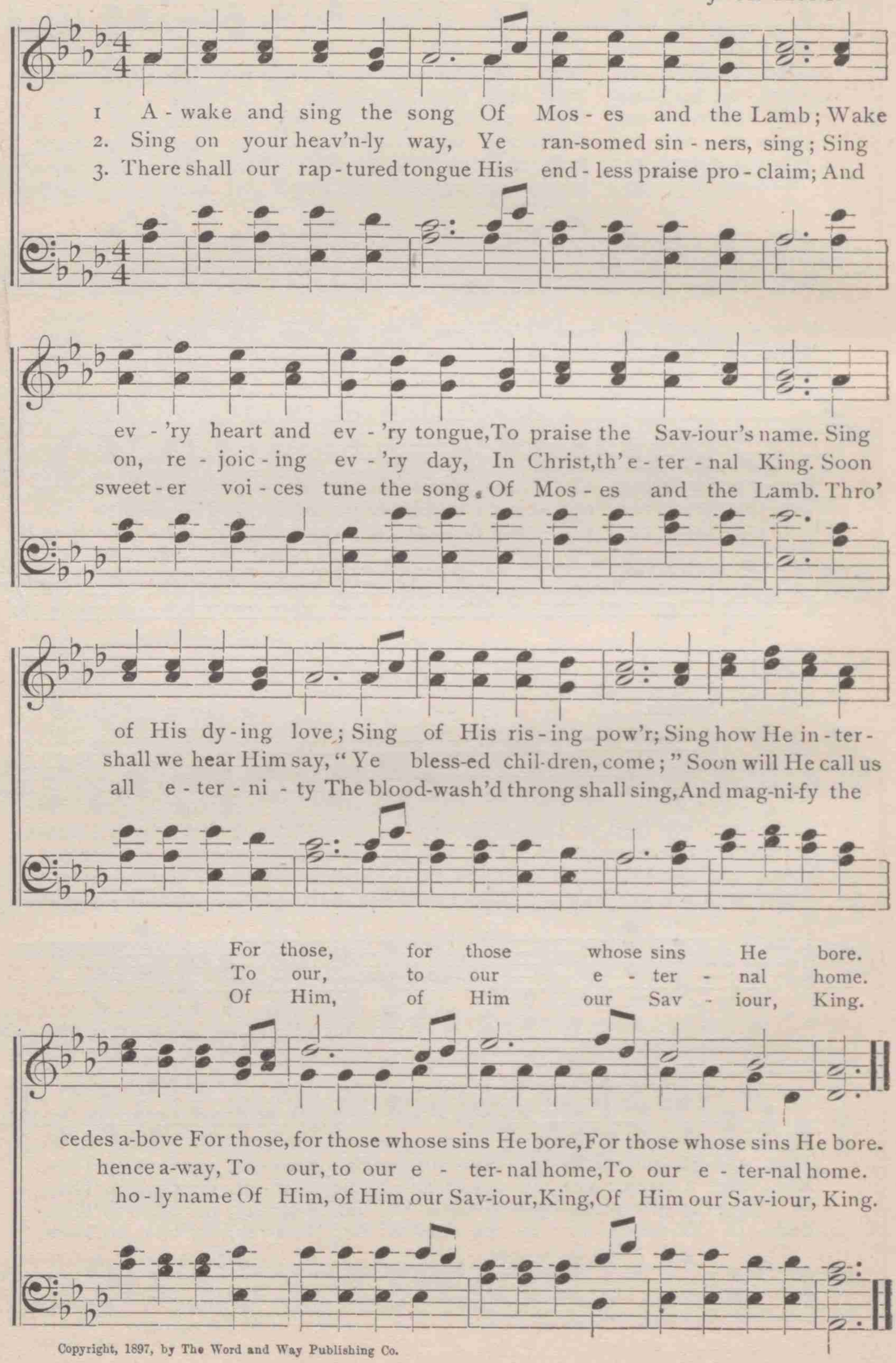
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee.

No. 87. AWAKE AND SING THE SONG.

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

HAMMOND. J. M. HUNT.



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No. 88. O! CARRY ME BACK.

Words arr. J. M. HUNT.

1. The day was gone, and the night was dark, And the howl - ing winds went by, And the blind - ing sleet fell thick and fast,
2. 'Twas a youth who had left his moun-tain home; He had wan - dered far and long; He had drained the gob - let's fier - y tide,
3. "I have left the halls of the tempt-er's power, And the rev - els wild and high; They cared not in their reck - less mirth,
4. "Like the wea - ry bird that hath wan-dered long, I will seek my moun - tain nest, And lay my ach - ing head once more

From a stern and storm - y sky; When a mourn - ful wail,
At the fes - tal mid - night throng; But a dream of home
If I wandered a - lone to die. Doth the fire still burn
On my gen - tle moth - er's breast. Once more will I seek

thro' the rush - ing gale, Was heard at the cot - tage door.
came o'er his heart, As he crept to the cot - tage door.
on the house - hold hearth? Doth the old elm tree shade its door?
the house - hold hearth, And once more will I en - ter its door."

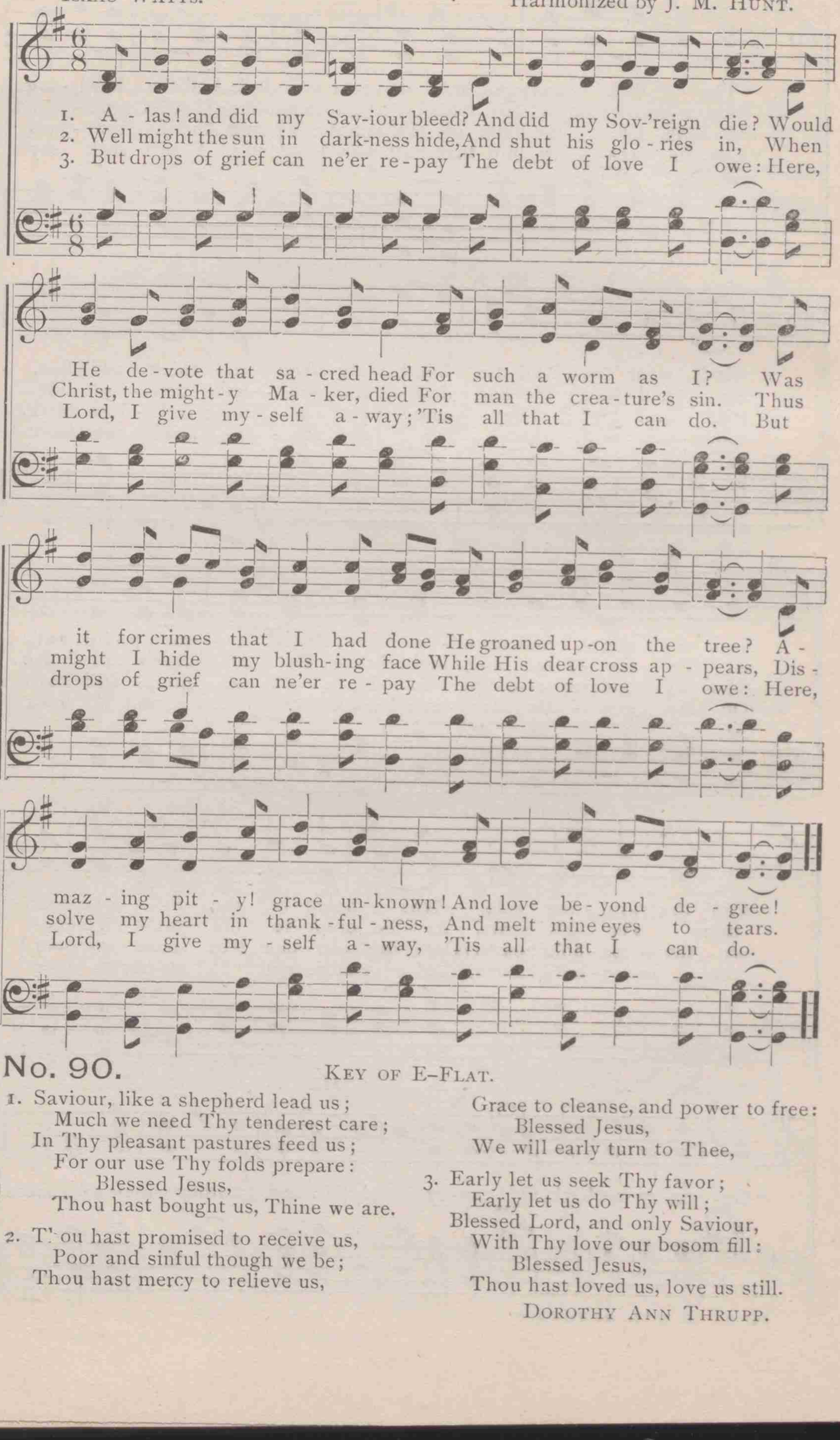
CHORUS. *rit.*

"O! car - ry me back, O! car - ry me back to my mother's home once more."

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No. 89. ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

ISAAC WATTS. Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



No. 90.

KEY OF E-FLAT.

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us;
   Much we need Thy tenderest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;
   For our use Thy folds prepare:
      Blessed Jesus,
   Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2. Thou hast promised to receive us,
   Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
   Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
      Blessed Jesus,
   We will early turn to Thee,

3. Early let us seek Thy favor;
   Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
   With Thy love our bosom fill:
      Blessed Jesus,
   Thou hast loved us, love us still.

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP.

No. 91. MARCHING ON TO GLORY.

CLYDE E. HUNT. J. M. HUNT.

1. We are chil - dren with a hap - py song, Hearts of glad - ness
2. Sin is with us all the toil-some day, Je - sus died to
3. We are sol- diers march-ing brave-ly on; Christ, our Cap - tain,

all the way a - long; Cheer for lone ones, and a lov - ing word,
cleanse it all a - way; How we love Him for His ten'- der care,
God's own precious Son; Come and join us, as we glad - ly sing,

CHORUS.

In the name of Je- sus and our Sav - iour, Lord. Marching on to glo - ry,
May we all be His a-lone, is our true pray'r.
We shall march vic-to-ri-ous, thro' Christ, our King.

comrades brave; First our sins to conquer, strong to save; Marching on to vict'ry

in His blessed name, We will try to save the world, our Christ proclaim.

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No. 92. O CHILD, LOOK UP AGAIN.

CLYDE E. HUNT. J. M. HUNT.

1. I found my-self a sin-ner vile, A wan-d'rer far from home;
2. I looked, and lo! most glo-rious sight, I saw my Sav-iour there;
3. E'en now, since I have seen my Lord, I dai-ly bow in shame;

My heart was sad, my feet were lame, And life was drear and lone.
Tho' suf-f'ring all the pangs of sin, My soul looked up in pray'r.
But in my weak-ness and my sin, I'll look and call His name.

I wondered whence my help would come, And who would comfort give;
I love my Sav-iour, love Him dear, But then I oft for-get;
My soul in prais-es to that name Will join in glad re-frain;

A whis-per came which gen-tly said: "O child, look up and live."
For sin en-slaves and leads me on, But Je-sus watch-es yet.
I'll flee to Je-sus for my rest, I'll look and look a-gain.

FINE.

D.S. *For Je-sus beck-ons from a-bove; O child, look up a-gain.*

CHORUS.

Look up, ... look up; . . . .
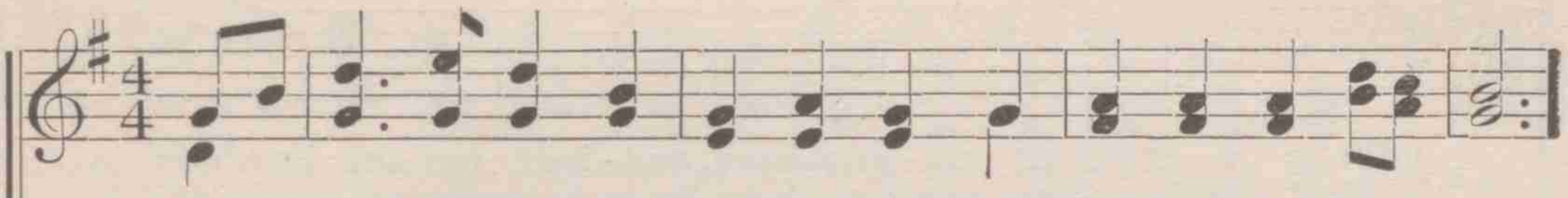
Look up, look up; O child, look up a-gain,

D.S.
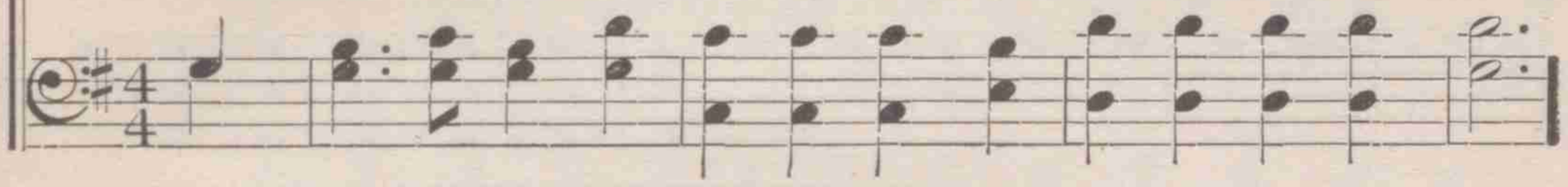
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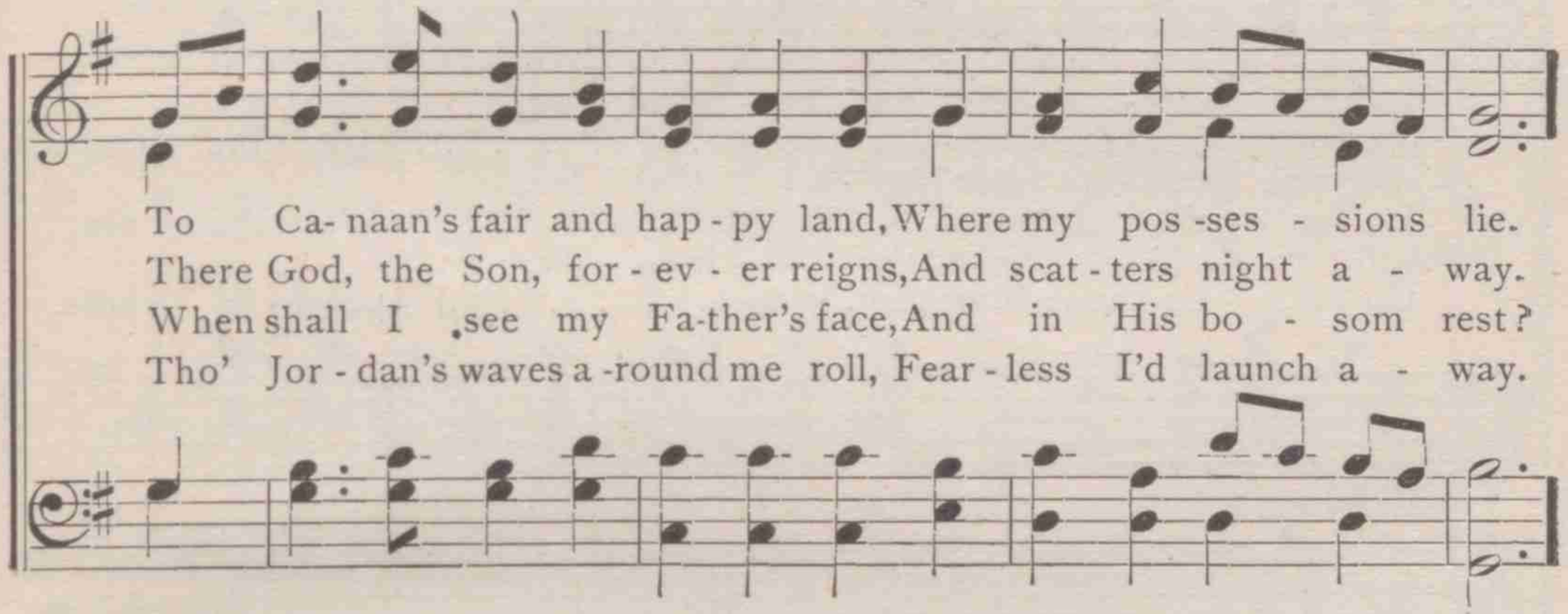
No. 93. ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

S. STENNETT. T. C. O'KANE, by per.
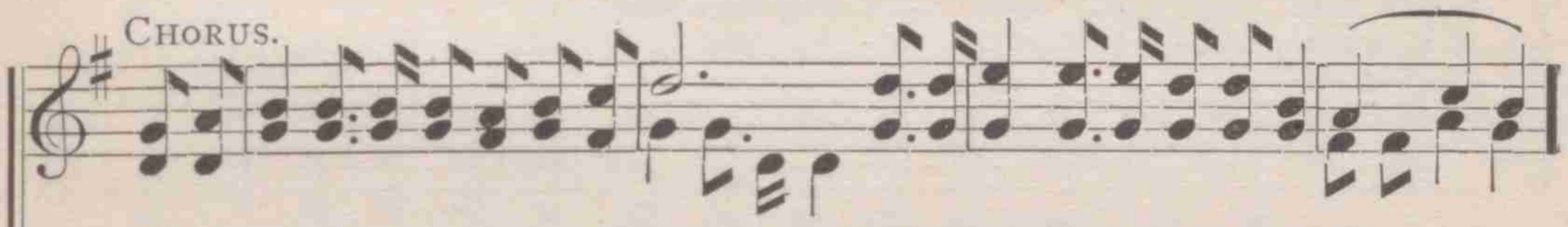


1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all these wide ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
4. Filled with de-light, my rap-tured soul Would here no long-er stay;
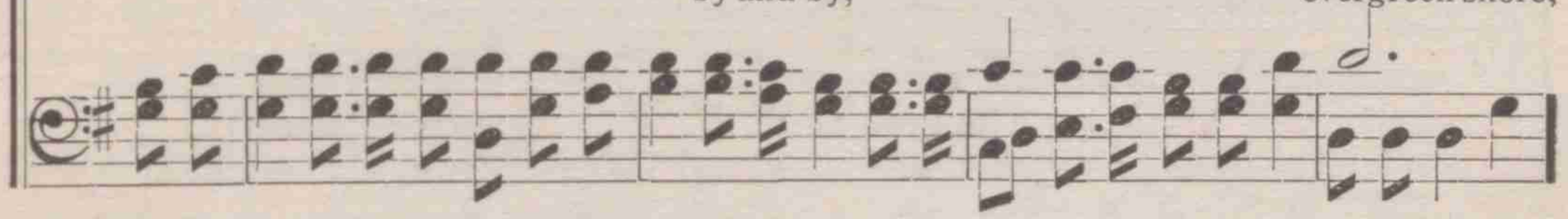




To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest?
Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.
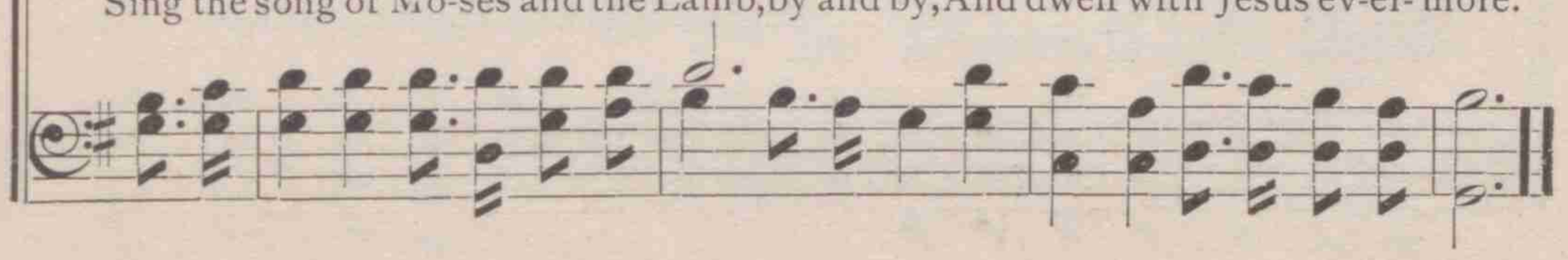


CHORUS.

We will rest in the fair and happy land, Just across on the evergreen shore; . .
by and by, evergreen shore;



Sing the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Jesus ev-er-more.



No. 94. WE'RE A FAITHFUL PILGRIM BAND.

J. M. HUNT.

1. We're a faith-ful pil-grim band, Sail-ing to the heav'n-ly land,
   Tho' the tem-pest rag-es long, There is one a-mong the throng,
2. Tho' the roll-ing bil-lows swell, Yet se-cure-ly we may dwell,
   'Mid the storm by day or night, If we trust our Cap-tain's might,
3. Tho' for ma-ny a-ges past She has long with-stood the blast,
   Yet a-mid the rocks and shoals, She has land-ed ma-ny souls,

With a swell-ing sail we on-ward sweep;
Who will guide the sai-lor (*Omit . . . . . .*) o'er the deep.
Tho' the break-ers roar up-on the lea,
He will guide us safe-ly (*Omit . . . . . .*) o'er the sea.
And in safe-ty crossed the bil-lows o'er;
On fair Ca-naan's bright and (*Omit . . . . . .*) peace-ful shore.

CHORUS.

We are sail - - - ing o'er the o - - - cean, We are
We are sail-ing o'er the o-cean, We are drift-ing with the tide; We are
drift - - ing with the tide; Soon the storms . . . .
sail-ing o'er the o-cean, We are drift-ing with the tide, Soon the storms will all be o-
will all be o'er, And we'll safe-ly reach the oth-er side.
ver, Soon the storms will all be o'er.

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No. 95. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.

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

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

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

Used by per. Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of the copyright.

No. 96. WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

J. M. HUNT.

Slowly.

1. When the eve - ning sha-dows gath-er, And the long day's work is done;
2. Cherished forms who walk'd be-side us, Down the aisles of by-gone years,
3. But if Je - sus bids us en - ter Thro' the pearl - y por - tals wide,

When we reach the un-known country Out be-yond the set - ing sun;
How we watch them fade and van - ish, Thro' a mist of fall - ing tears;
They will be the first to meet us, O - ver on the oth - er side;

Af - ter all the wea - ry wait - ing, In their peace - ful rest to share;
Lov - ing voi - ces hush'd in si - lence, Join - ing now the an - gel band;
Safe with - in our Fa-ther's man-sion, Clad in robes so bright and fair;

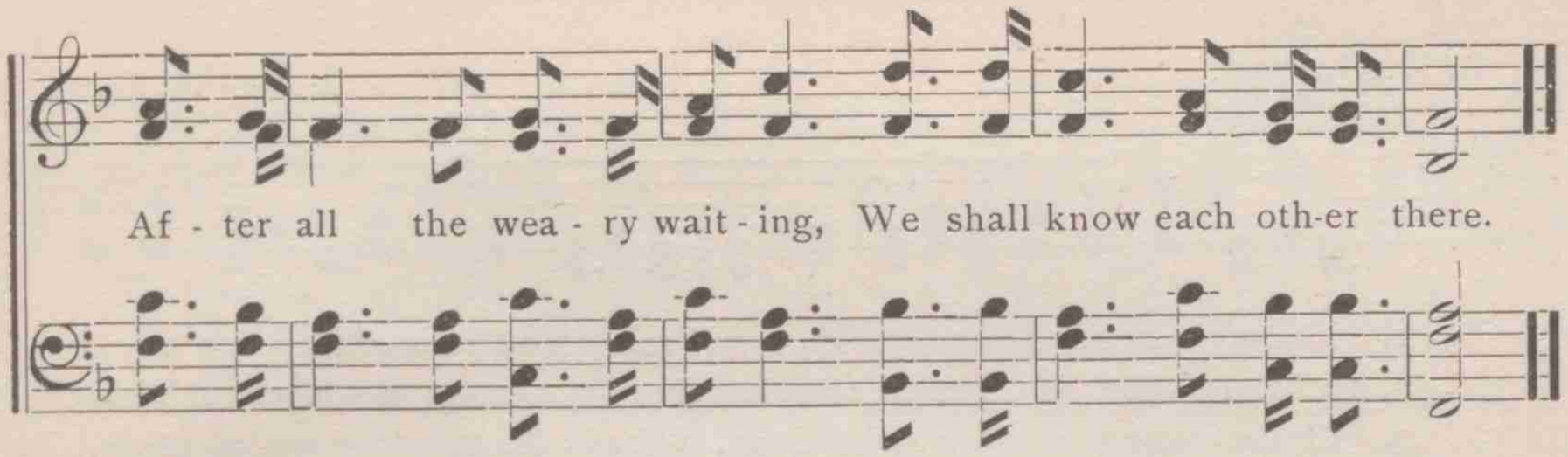
No more need of an - guish parting, We shall know each oth - er there.
Sing - ing glo - ry hal - le - lu-jah, O - ver in the Beu - lah land.
Hymn - ing out a joy - ous welcome, We shall know each oth - er there.

CHORUS.

We shall know each oth - er there, We shall know each oth - er there;

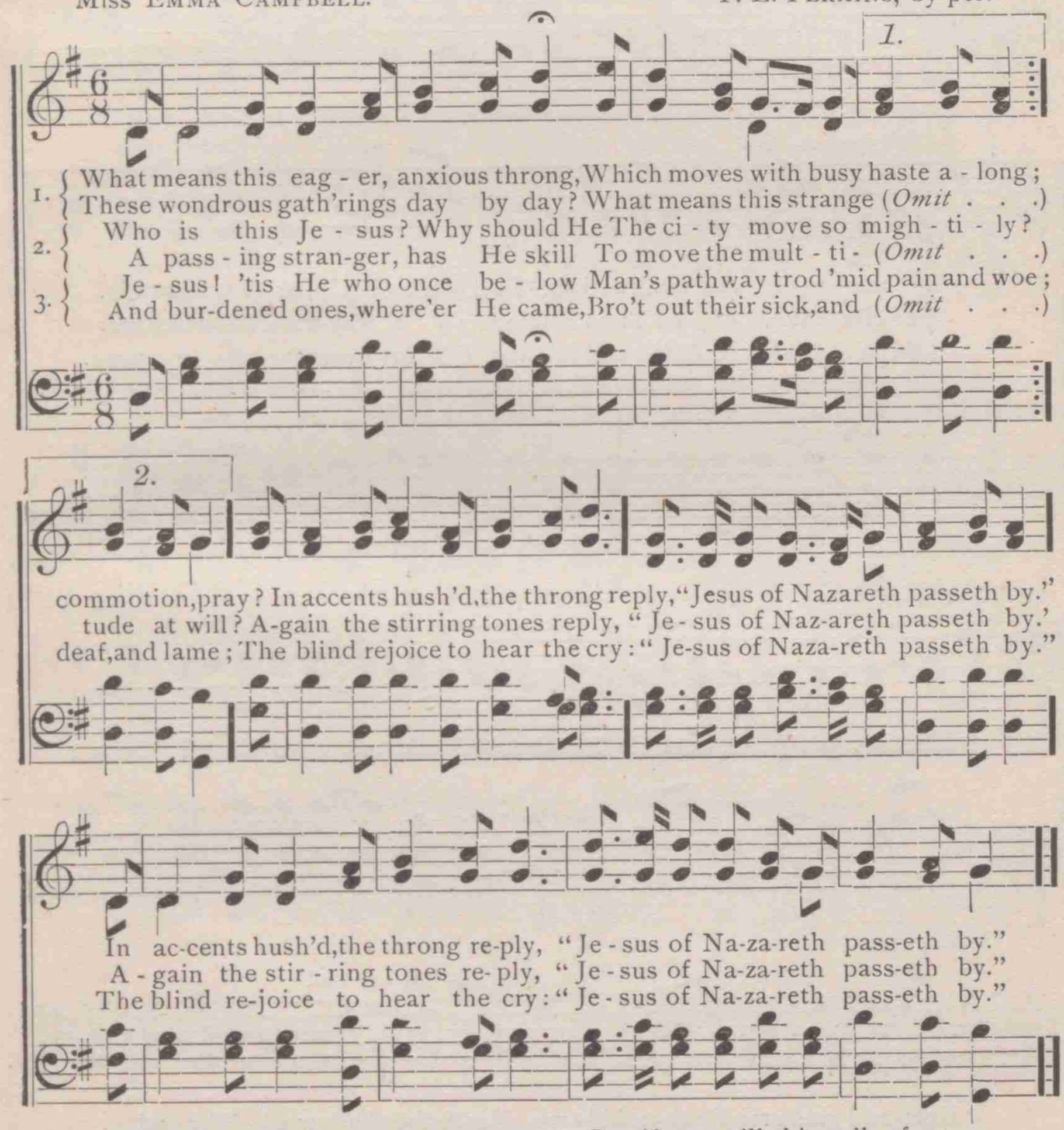
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WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.



No. 97. JESUS OF NAZARETH.

Miss EMMA CAMPBELL. T. E. PERKINS, by per.
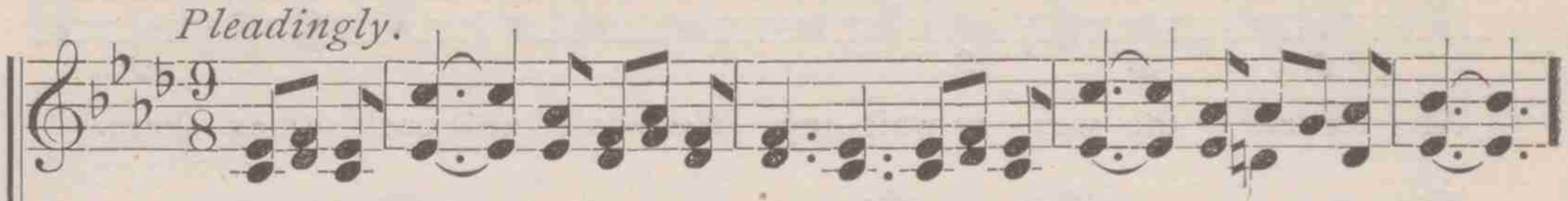


4. Ho! all ye heavy laden, come;
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wand'rers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
‖: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.":‖

5. But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
‖: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by*.":‖
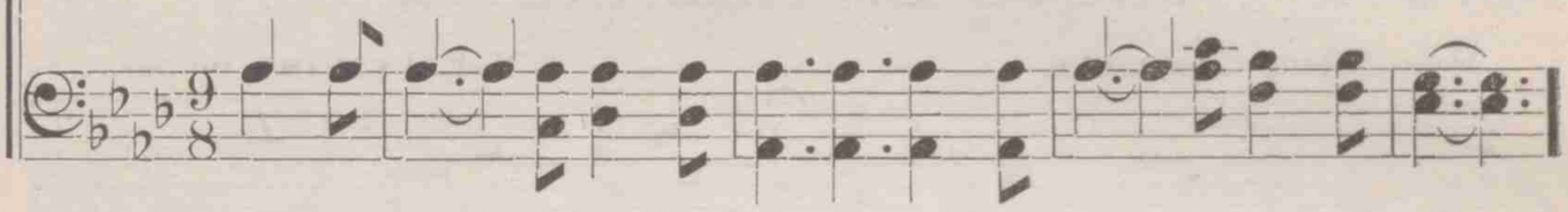
No. 98. THE HEART'S PRAYER.

R. K. MAIDEN. J. M. HUNT.

Pleadingly.
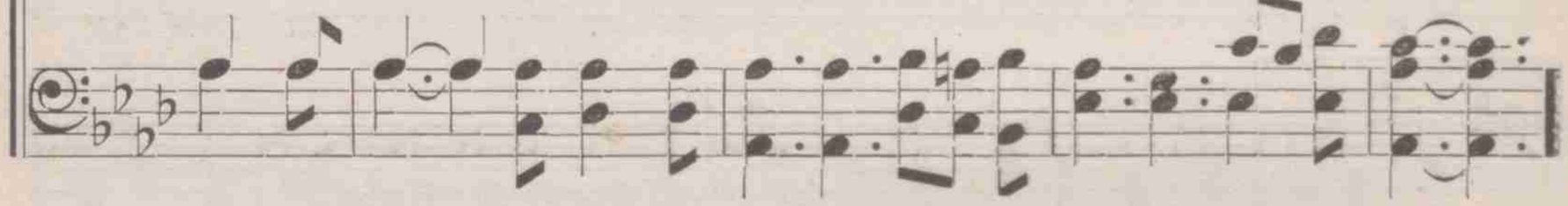


1. Hear my pray'r, O, heav'nly Fa-ther, From Thy throne, oh, hear me cry;
2. In the name of Christ, my Saviour, Emp-ty hands I stretch to Thee;
3. Oft the way is dark and drear-y, Oft my feet have gone a-stray,
4. To Thy home of ma-ny mansions, Pray'rful-ly I set my face,

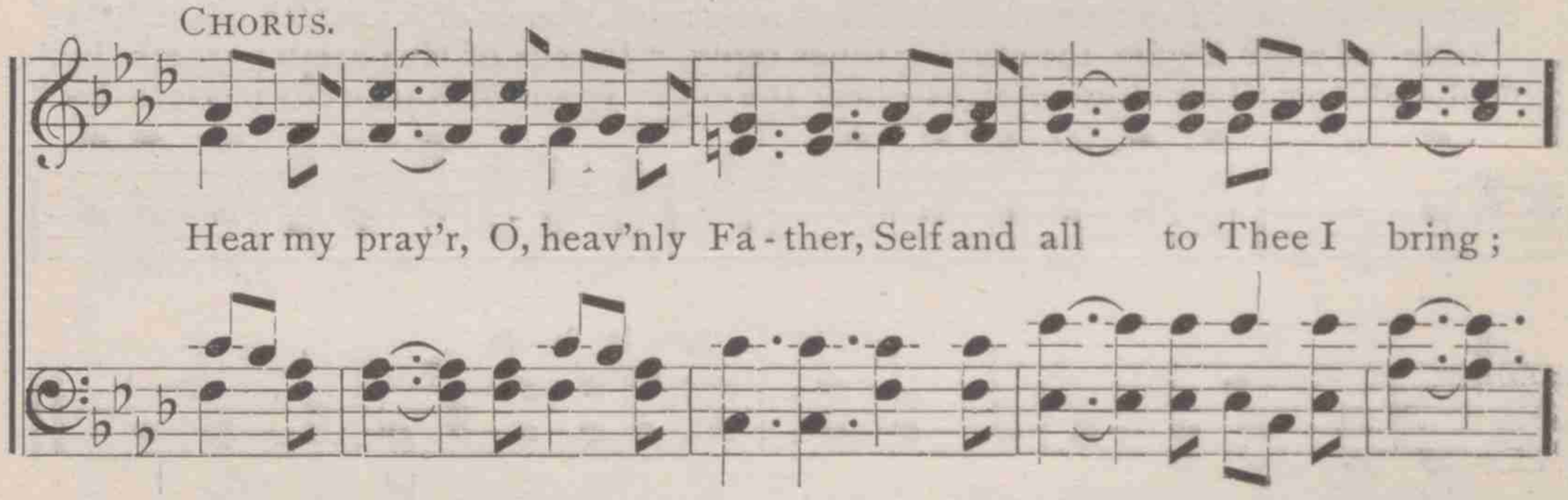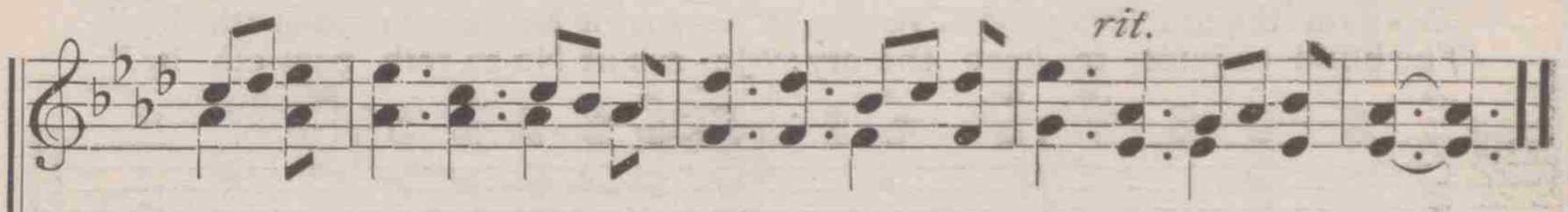




I am poor and weak and sin-ful, Hear and help, or I must die.
For His sake, oh, be Thou gracious To a way-ward child like me.
Oft, in doubt, I shrink and fal-ter, Oft my heart for-gets to pray.
Singing as I jour-ney on-ward, I'm a sin-ner saved by grace!



CHORUS.
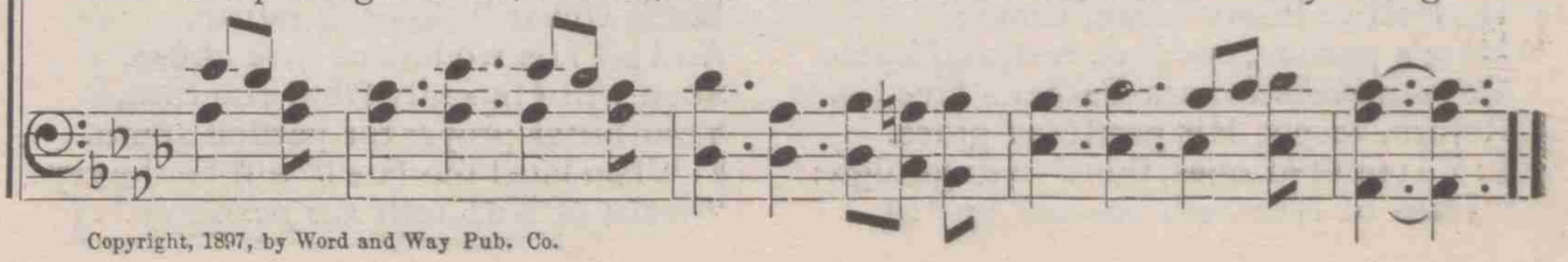


Hear my pray'r, O, heav'nly Fa-ther, Self and all to Thee I bring;



rit.

Keep and guide me, Fa-ther, hide me Neath the shadow of Thy wing.



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No. 99. GATHERED HOME.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Shall we all meet at home in the morning On the shores of the bright crystal
2. Shall we all meet at home in the morning And from sorrow for-ev - er be
3. Shall we all meet at home in the morning, Our bless- ed Re-deemer to

sea? With the loved ones who long have been wait - ing? What a
free? Shall we join in the songs of the ran- somed? What a
see? Shall we know, and be known by our loved ones? What a

meet - ing in - deed it will be. Gathered home, gath-ered

CHORUS.

gath- ered home,

home, On the shores of the bright crys-tal sea;

gath -ered home, crys - tal sea;

Gathered home, gathered home, With our loved ones for-ever to be.

gathered home, gathered home,

No. 100. HIDING IN THE ROCK.

"Be thou my strong habitation . . . for thou art my rock and my fortress." — Psa. 71: 3.

J. M. H. J. M. HUNT.

1. Tho' temp - ta - tions do al - lure, I am rest - ing all se - cure,
2. In my sor - row and my grief, I am find - ing sweet re - lief,
3. When I'm vexed with doubts and fears, He will wipe a - way my tears,

For I'm hid - ing in the Rock, Hid - ing in the Rock; And the
For I'm hid - ing in the Rock, Hid - ing in the Rock; And my
For I'm hid - ing in the Rock, Hid - ing in the Rock; On the

tem - pest, in its might, Can - not put my soul to flight, For I'm
Sav - iour's bless - ed smile, I'm en - joy - ing all the while, For I'm
cross He bore my shame, And I'm trust - ing in His name, For I'm

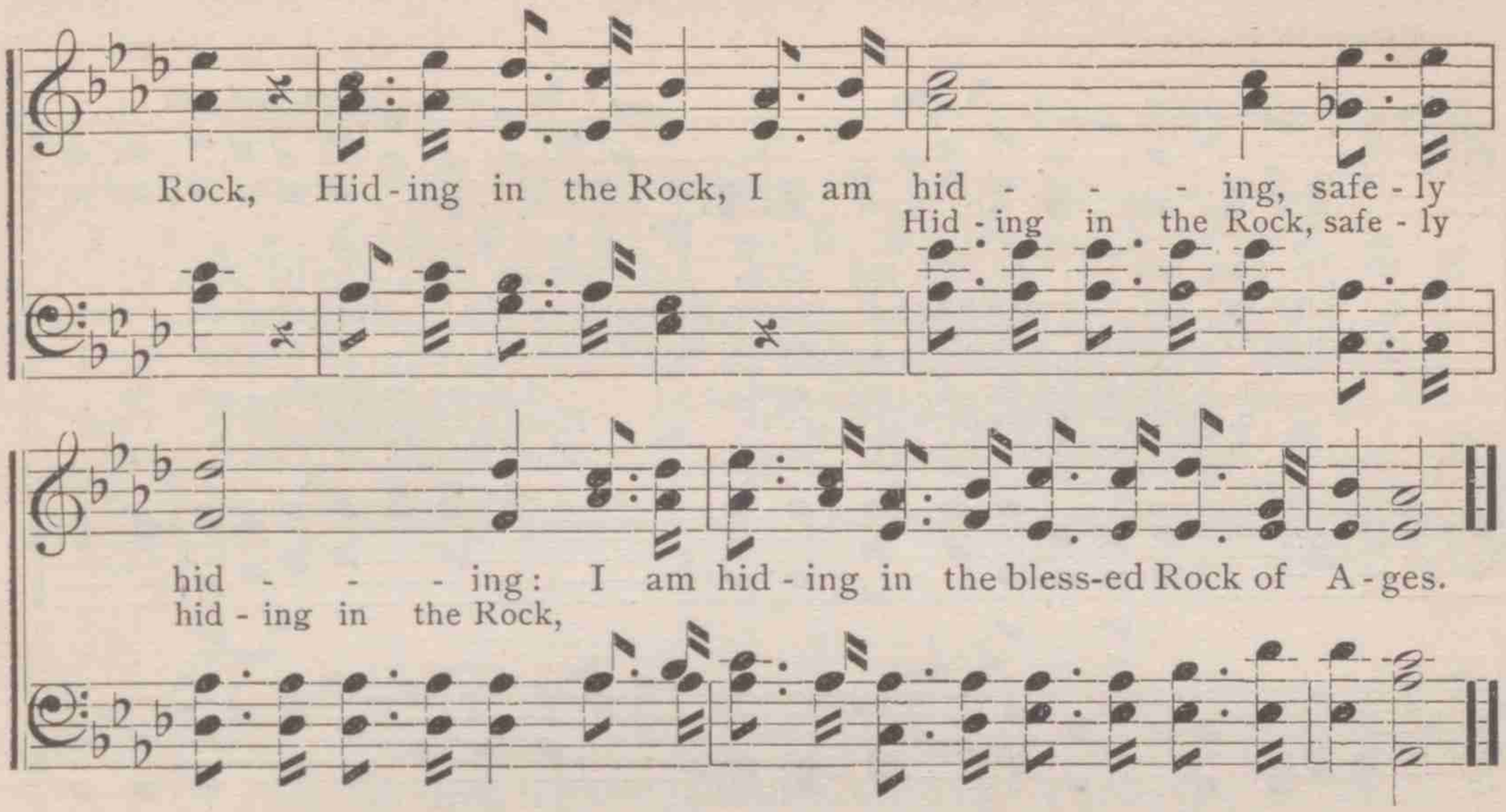
CHORUS.

hid - ing in the bless - ed Rock of A - ges. I am

hid - - - ing, safe - ly hid - - - ing, safe - ly hid - ing in the
Hid - ing in the Rock, hid - ing in the Rock,

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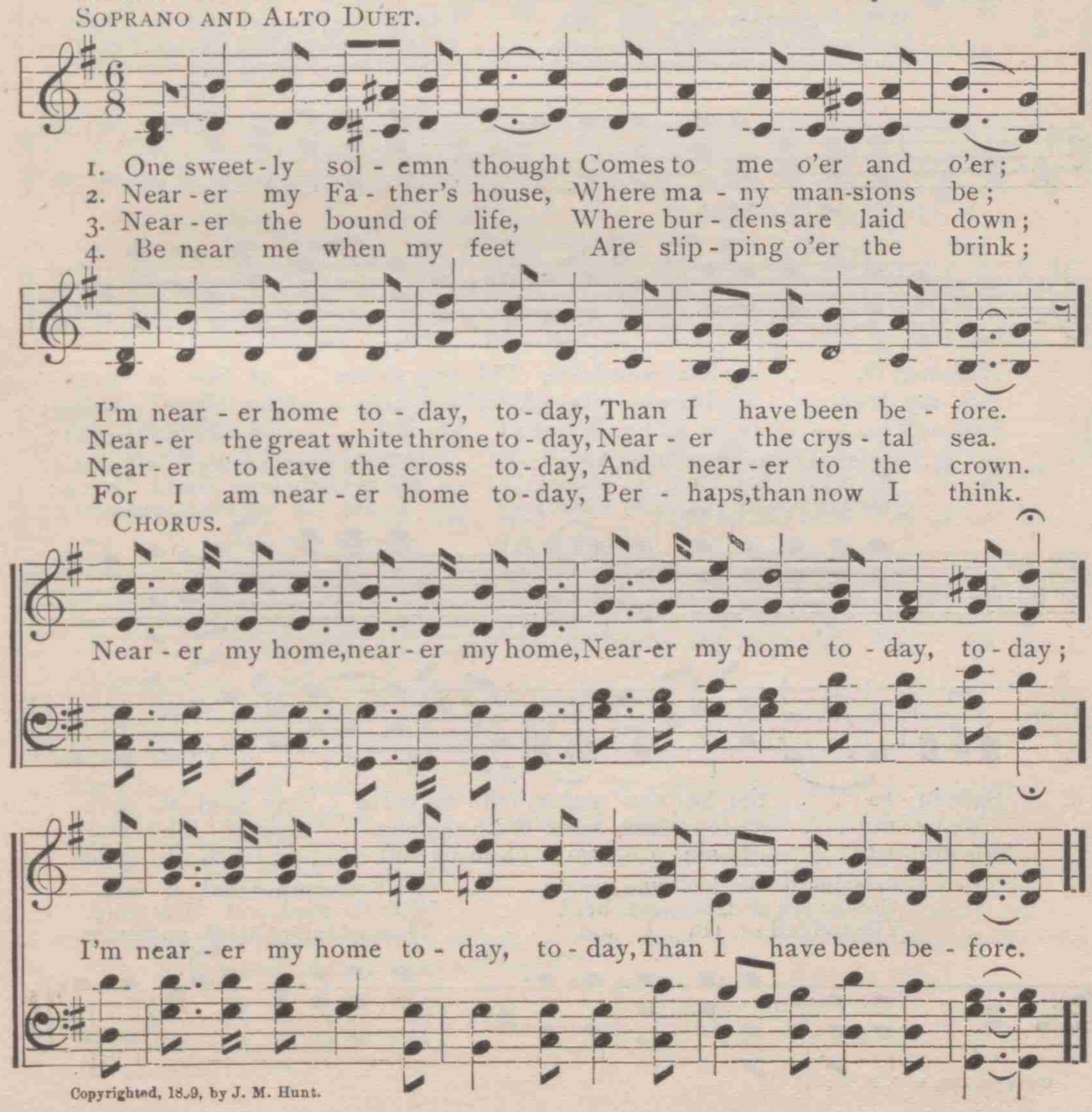
HIDING IN THE ROCK.



No. 101. NEARER MY HOME TODAY.

PHŒBE CARY. J. M. HUNT.

SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET.



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No. 102. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHAS. WESLEY. J. M. HUNT.

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

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly;
2. Oth-er refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
Leave, ah! leave . . me not a - lone, Still sup-port . . and comfort me!
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, . . and lead the blind.

While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high.
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com -fort me!
Raise the fall- en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Hide me, O, . . my Sav- iour, hide, Till the storm . . of life is past;
All my trust . on Thee is stayed, All my help . from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy Name; I am all . . . un-righteous-ness;

Hide me, O my Sav- iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy Name; I am all un -righteous-ness;

Safe in - to . . the ha- ven guide, Oh! re- ceive my soul at last.
Cov-er my . . de-fenceless head With the sha - dow of Thy wing.
Vile and full . . of sin I am, Thou art full . . of truth and grace.

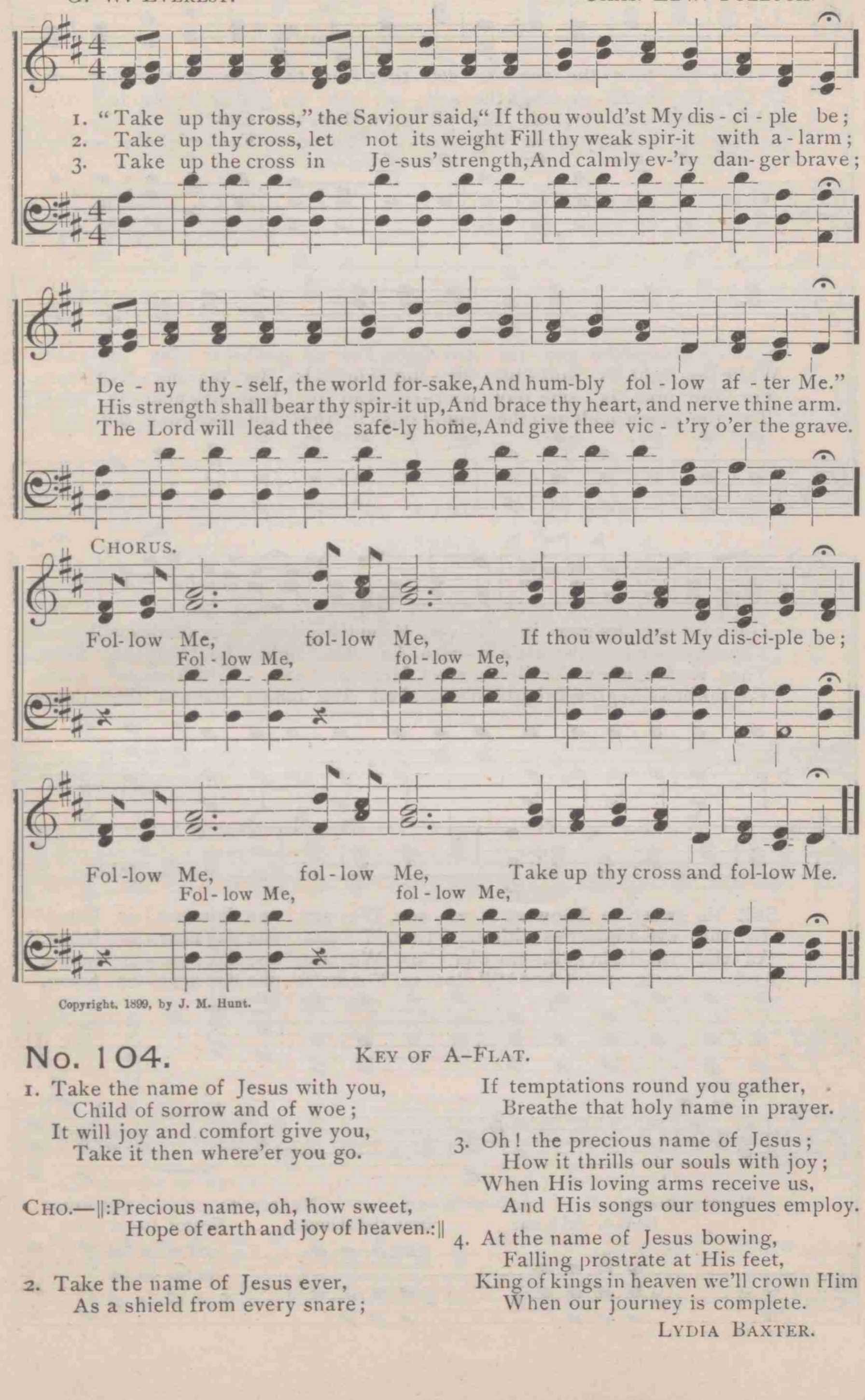
Safe in-to the ha - ven guide, Oh! receive my soul at last.
Cov-er my de-fence-less head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

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No. 103. FOLLOW ME.

(Written for "Songs of Zion.")

G. W. EVEREST. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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No. 104. KEY OF A-FLAT.

1. Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.

CHO.—‖:Precious name, oh, how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.:‖

2. Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3. Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy;
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.

4. At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him
When our journey is complete.

LYDIA BAXTER.

No. 105. NEARER HOME.

Rev. B. H. HUNT. J. M. HUNT.

1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is draw-ing on;
2. One day near - er, sings the sail - or, As he glides the wa- ters o'er,
3. Worn and wea - ry, oft the pil - grim Hails the set - ting of the sun;
4. Near - er home, yes, one day near - er To our Fa-ther's home on high,

Slow - ly droops the gen - tle twi - light, For an - oth - er day is gone;
While the light is soft - ly dy - ing On His dis - tant na - tive shore.
For the goal is one day near - er, And his jour - ney near - ly done.
To the green fields and the foun-tains Of the land be-yond the sky.

Gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the dark er shades will come,
Thus the Christian, on life's o - cean, As his light boat cuts the foam,
Thus we feel, when o'er life's des-ert, Heart and san - dal worn, we roam,
For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome,

Still 'tis sweet to know at e - ven, We are one day near - er home.
In the eve- ning cries with rap - ture, "I am one day near - er home."
As the twi - light gath - ers o'er us, We are one day near - er home.
And our tents are pitched still clos - er, For we're one day near - er home.

CHORUS.

Near-er home, near-er home, Nearer to . . . our home on
Beau-ti - ful home, beau-ti- ful home, Nearer to our home on

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high, To the green fields and the foun - tains
high, our home on high, green fields and the fountains, green fields and the foun-tains

Of the land . . . . . be - yond the sky. (be-yond the sky).
Of the land beyond the sky, be-yond the sky.

No. 106. CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

JOHN CENNICK. Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

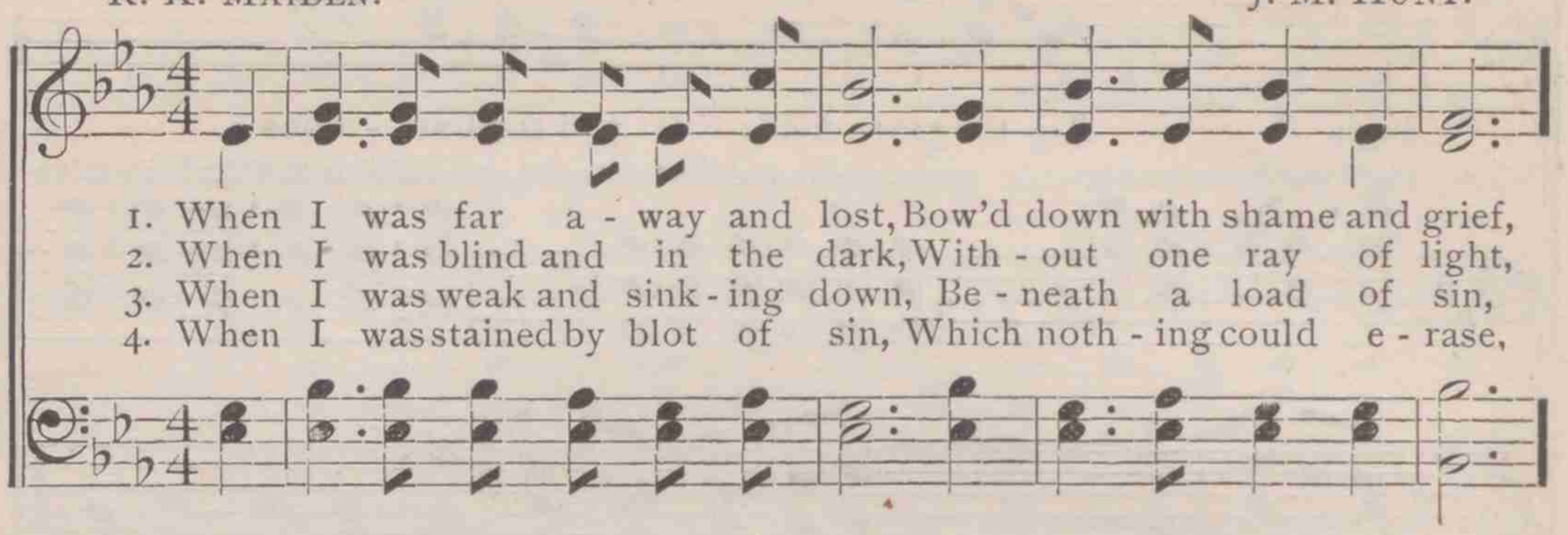
1. Children of the heav'n-ly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's
2. Shout, ye lit-tle flock, and blest; You on Je-sus' throne shall rest; There your seat is

worth-y praise, Glo-ri-ous in His works and ways. Ye are trav'l-ing home to God,
now pre-pared, There your kingdom and re-ward. Lord, sub-mis-sive make us go,
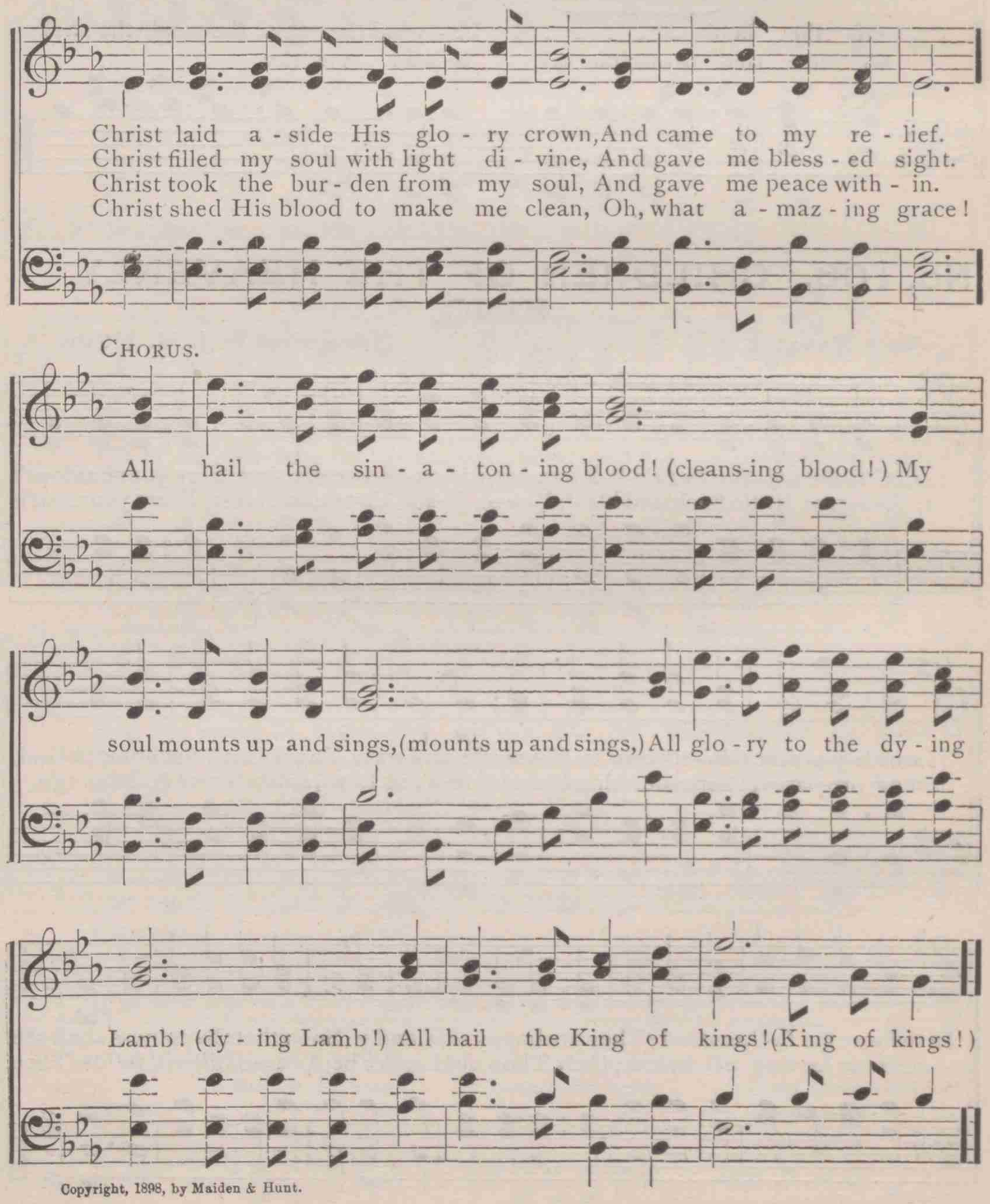
In the way the fa-thers trod; They are happy now, and ye Soon their happiness shall see.
Glad-ly leaving all below; Only Thou our Leader be, And we still will follow Thee.

No. 107. ALL HAIL, THOU KING OF KINGS!

R. K. MAIDEN. J. M. HUNT.
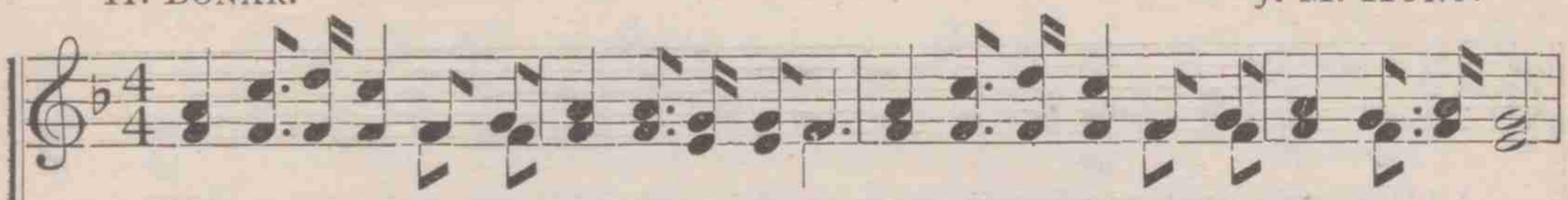


CHORUS.
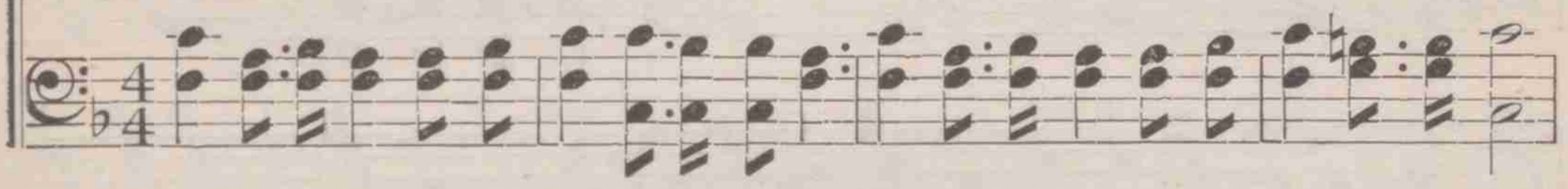


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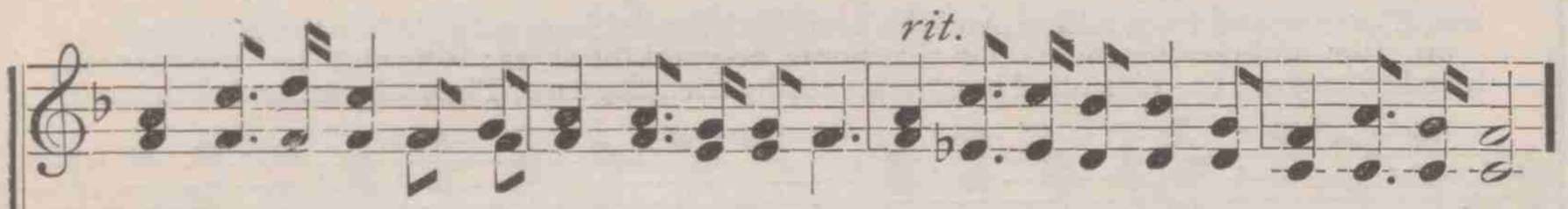
No. 108. ONLY REMEMBERED.

H. Bonar. J. M. Hunt.
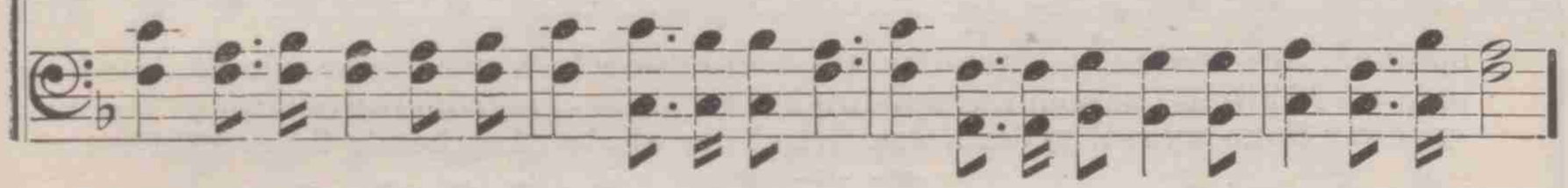


1. Fad- ing a-way like the stars of the morning, Los-ing their light in the glo - ri - ous sun;
2. Pass- ing a-way like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its home in the sun;
3. On - ly the truth that in life I have spoken, On - ly the seed that on earth I have sown;
4. Fad- ing a-way like the stars of the morning, So, let my name be un - hon-or'd, unsung;
5. O! when the Saviour shall make up His jewels, When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won;

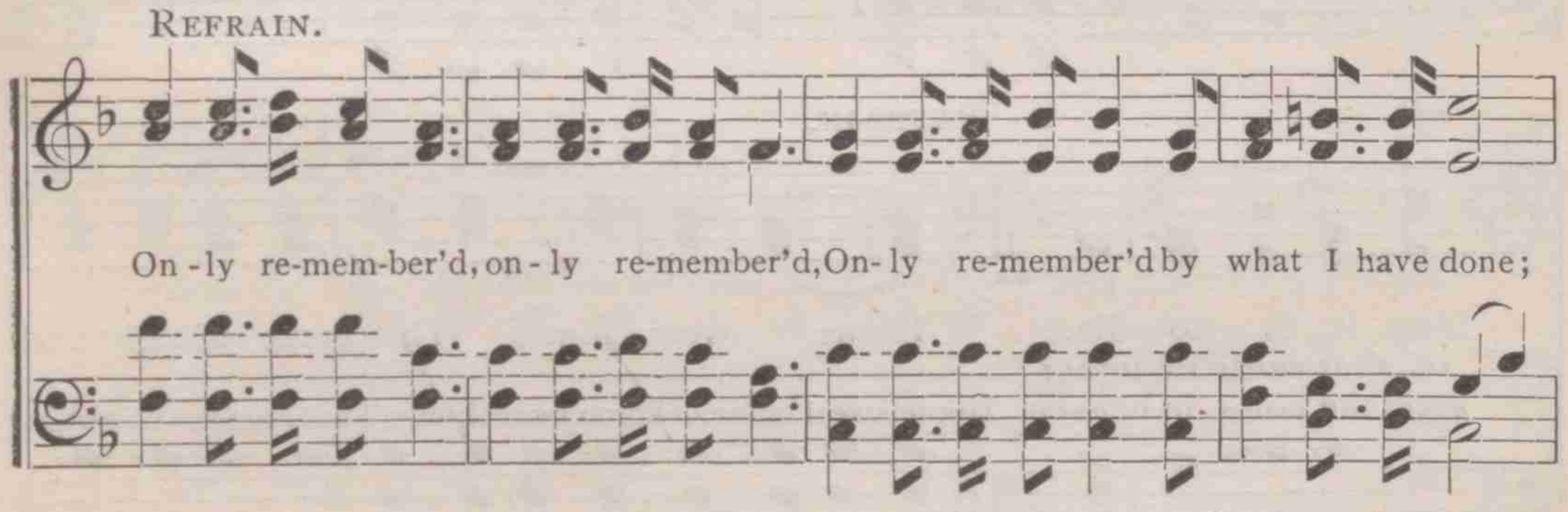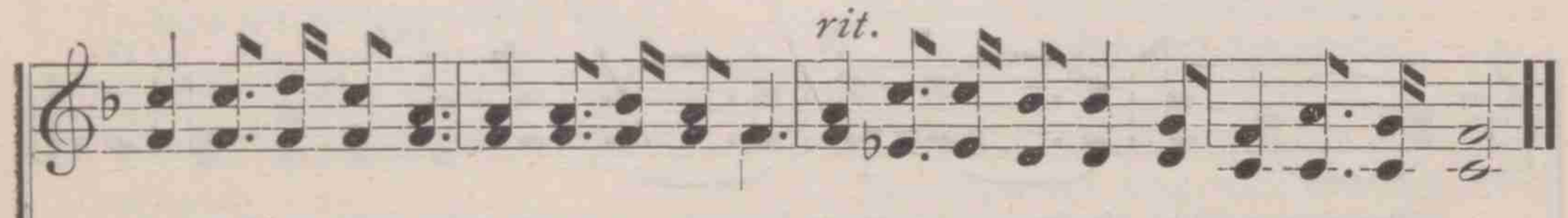




Steal -ing a-way, let me thus end my journey, On - ly remember'd by what I have done.
Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil- ing, On - ly remember'd by what I have done.
These shall pass onward when I am for-got-ten, Fruits of the harvest and what I have done.
Here, or up yon-der, I must be re-member'd, On- ly remember'd by what I have done.
Then will His faith-ful and wea - ry dis - ci- ples All be remember'd by what they have done.
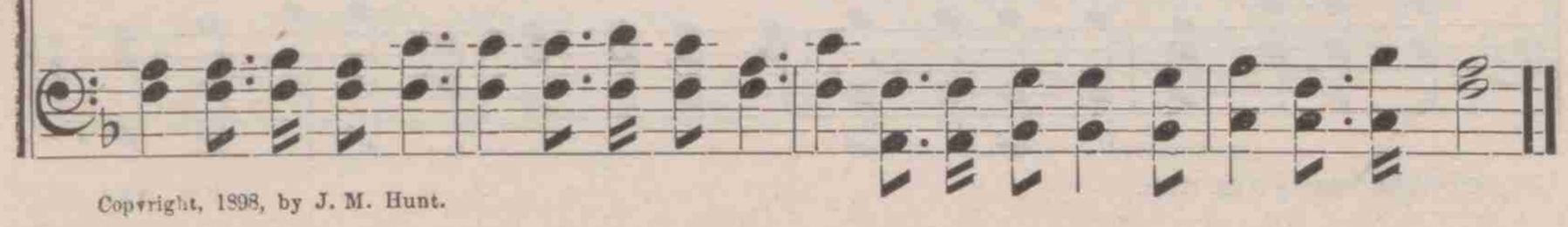


Refrain.



On - ly re-mem-ber'd, on - ly re-member'd, On- ly re-member'd by what I have done;



On - ly re-member'd, on- ly re-member'd, On -ly re-member'd by what I have done.



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No. 109. WHO WILL GREET ME FIRST IN HEAVEN?

J. M. HUNT.

1. Who will greet me first in heav-en, When that blissful realm I gain? When the hands have ceased from toiling, And the heart hath ceased from pain; When the last farewell is spok-en, Sev-ered the last ten-der tie, And I know how sweet, how solemn, And how pathway, From my soul by death were riven, They who loved me best in this world, First will
2. Who will greet me first in glo - ry? Oft the earn-est tho't will rise, Mus - ing on the unknown wonders Of that home be-yond the skies; Who will be my heavenly men-tor? Will it be some seraph bright? Or an an - gel from the countless Myriads of that world of light?
3. No, not these, for they have nev-er Gladdened here my mortal view, But the loved ones gone be - fore me, They, the loved, the tried, the true; They who walked with me life's blest it is to die. Home, sweet home, That home so bright and greet me home, in heaven. Home, sweet home, O home, sweet home, That home so bright, so fair; . . O home, . sweet home, . O who will greet me there? bright and fair; O home, sweet home, O home, sweet home,
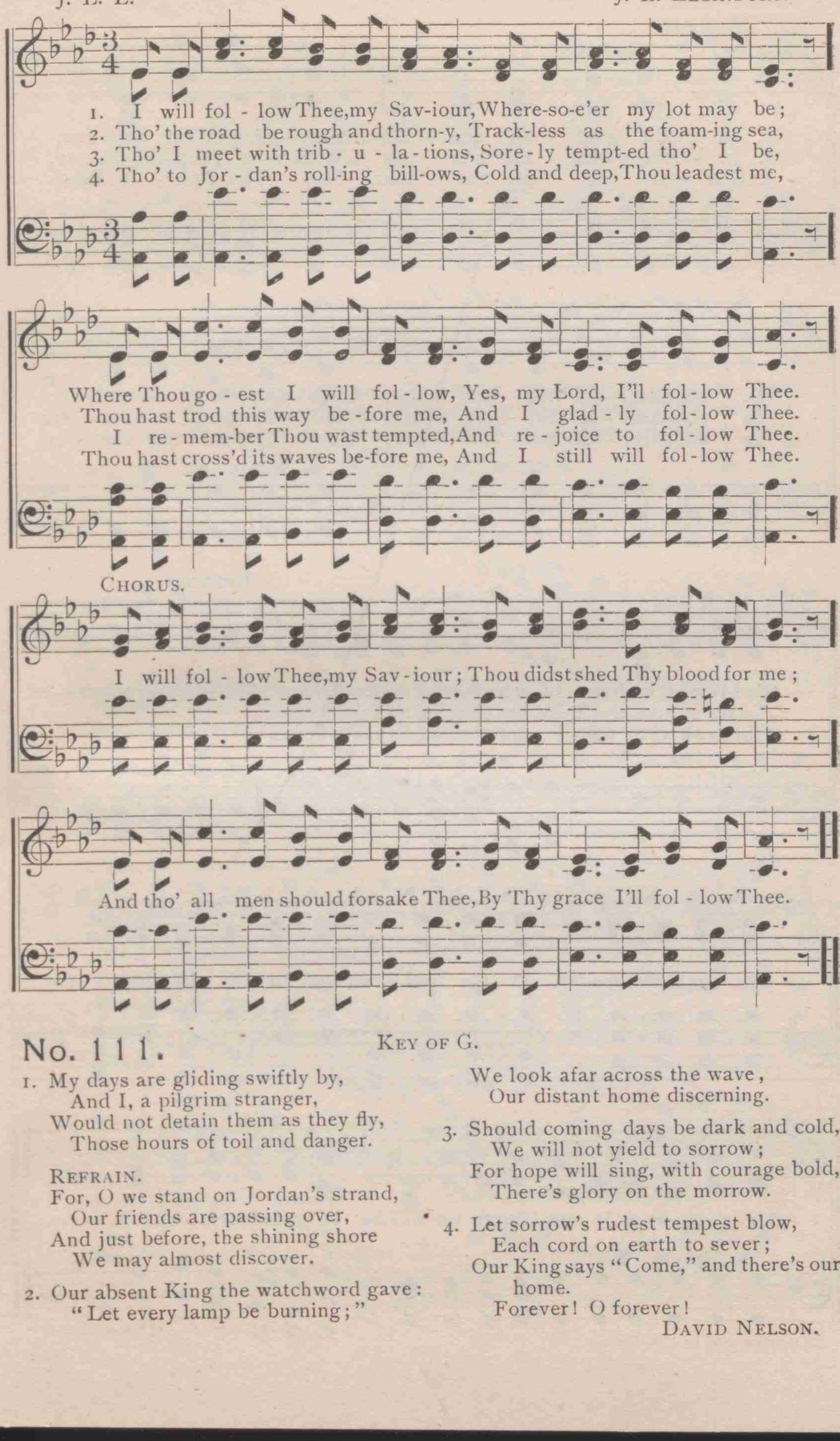
rit. . . . . . REFRAIN.

rit.

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No. 110. I WILL FOLLOW THEE. 8s & 7s.

J. L. E. J. L. ELGINBURG.



No. 111.

KEY OF G.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

REFRAIN.
For, O we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2. Our absent King the watchword gave:
"Let every lamp be burning;"
We look afar across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.

3. Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow;
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
There's glory on the morrow.

4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says "Come," and there's our home.
Forever! O forever!

DAVID NELSON.

No. 112. OUR CHEERFUL SABBATH HOME.

J. M. HUNT.

Moderato.

1. In the gold - en sun - light, Shin - ing bright and fair,
2. Je - sus watch - es o'er us With a shep - herd's care,
3. Gen - tle, lov - ing Sav - iour, May Thy Spir - it dwell

In our cheer - ful Sab - bath home; Chris - tian friends and teach - ers
In our cheer - ful Sab - bath home; He will kind - ly lis - ten
In our cheer - ful Sab - bath home; Here Thy ten - der mer - cy,

REFRAIN.

Glad-ly meet us here, In our cheerful Sabbath home. We will sing to-geth - er,
To our simple pray'r, In our cheerful Sabbath home.
Oh,'tis sweet to tell, In our cheerful Sabbath home.

For our hearts are gay, As the bird when soar-ing On its wings a - way;

Lit - tle lambs of Je - sus, Happy we will be In our cheerful Sabbath home.

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No. 113. STILL I AM SINGING.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Still I am sing - ing, Je - sus, of Thee, Bless- ed Re -
2. Still I am sing - ing, Je - sus, of Thee; Sim - ple the
3. Still may our cho - rus joy - ful - ly be, Bless -ed Re -

deem - er, so pre-cious to me; Toiling in weakness, try - ing to bring
tones of the mu - sic may be; Yet may the lan - guage comfort im - part,
deem - er, Ho-san-na to Thee; Grant in Thy king-dom all may u - nite,

REFRAIN.

Souls to Thy standard, Je-sus our King! Tell-ing Thy good-ness, singing Thy
Lift-ing the spir - it, cheering the heart.
Singing with rap-ture songs of de - light.

love, Plead-ing Thy mer - it, and look-ing a - bove; Thee will I

Chief of ten thou - sand,

hon-or, Thee will I praise, Chief of ten-thousand, Ancient of days.

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No. 114. IF I WERE A VOICE.

J. M. HUNT, by per.

SOLO.

1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice, That could travel the wide world through, I would
2. If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I'd fly on the wings of the air; The
3. If I were a voice, a convincing voice, I'd trav - el with the wind, And wher-
4. If I were a voice, an im-mortal voice, I would fly the earth a - round, And wher-

ORGAN.

fly on the beams of the morn-ing light, And speak to men with a
homes of sor - row and guilt I'd seek, And calm and truth - ful
ev - er I saw the na-tions torn, By war - fare, jeal - ous - y,
ev - er man to his i-dols bowed, I'd pub - lish in notes both

gen - tle might, And tell them to be true. I would fly, I would fly o - ver
words I'd speak, To save them from de - spair. I would fly, I would fly o'er the
spite or scorn, Or ha - tred of their kind. I would fly, I would fly on the
long and loud The gos-pel's joy - ful sound. I would fly, I would fly on the

IF I WERE A VOICE.

land and sea, Wherev - er a hu - man heart might be, Tell -ing a tale or
crowded town, And drop, like the happy sun-light, down In - to the hearts of
thun-der crash, And in- to their blinded bo-soms flash ; Then, with their e -vil
wings of day, Proclaim-ing peace in my world-wide way, Bidding the saddened

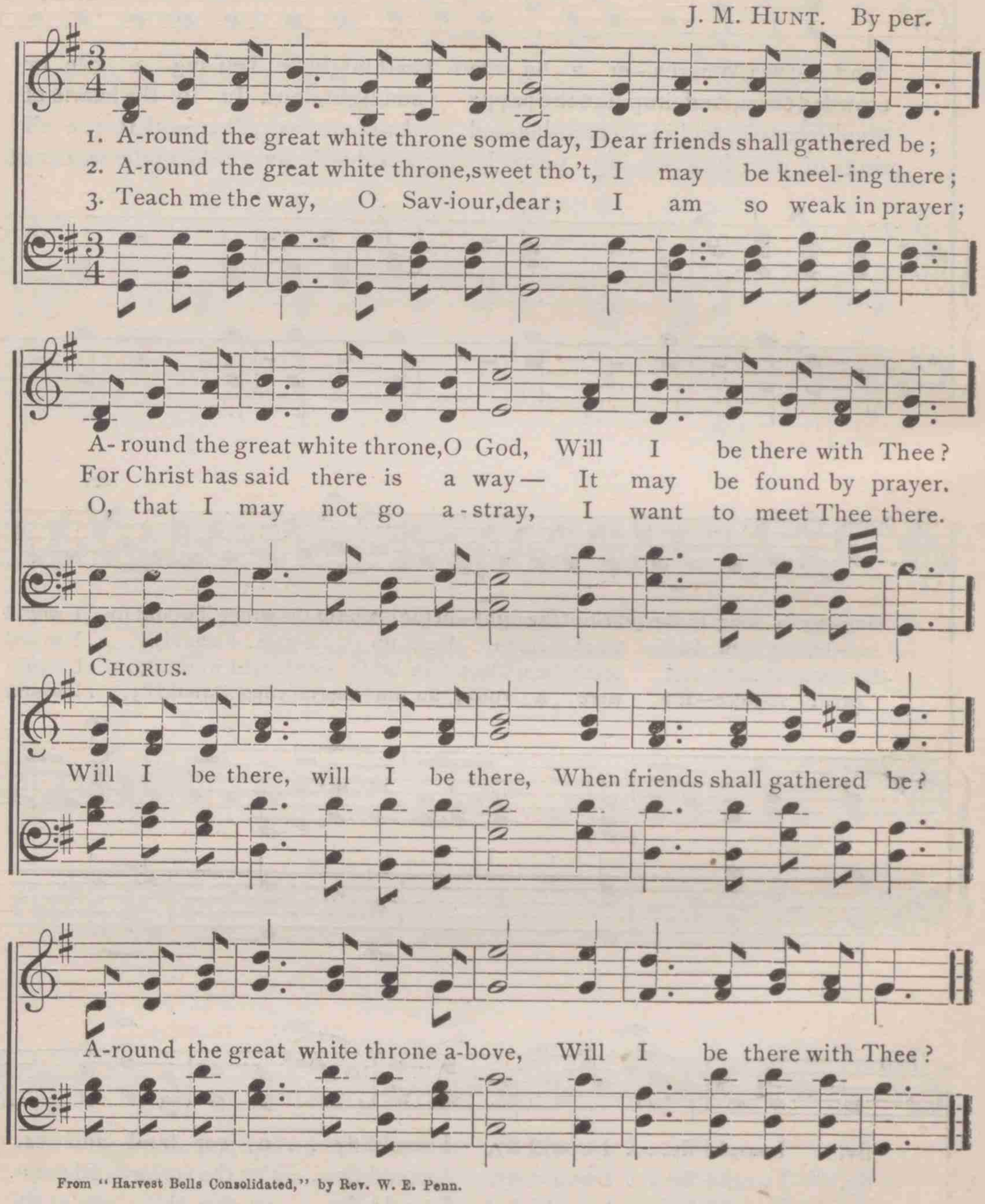
sing-ing a song In the praise of the right—in the blame of the wrong. I would fly, I would
suf - fer-ing-men, And teach them to look up a-gain. I would fly, . . I would
thoughts subdued, And teach them Chris- tian broth - er-hood. I would fly, . . I would
earth re-joice—If I were a voice, an im - mortal voice. I would fly, . . I would

fly, I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly . . o - ver land and sea.
fly, I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly . . o'er the crowd- ed town.
fly, I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly . . on the thun - der crash.
fly, I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly . . on the wings of day.

No. 115. WILL I BE THERE?

"And behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne."—Rev. 4: 2.

J. M. HUNT. By per.



From "Harvest Bells Consolidated," by Rev. W. E. Penn.

No. 116.

KEY OF G.

1. My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2. When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.
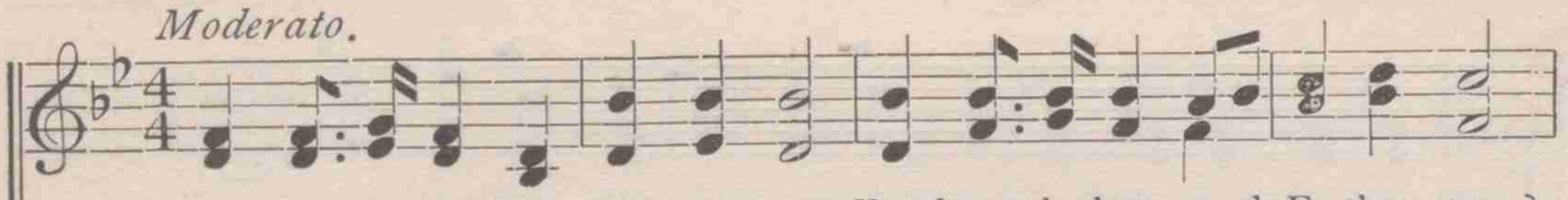
3. His oath, His covenant and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood.
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

EDWARD MOTE.

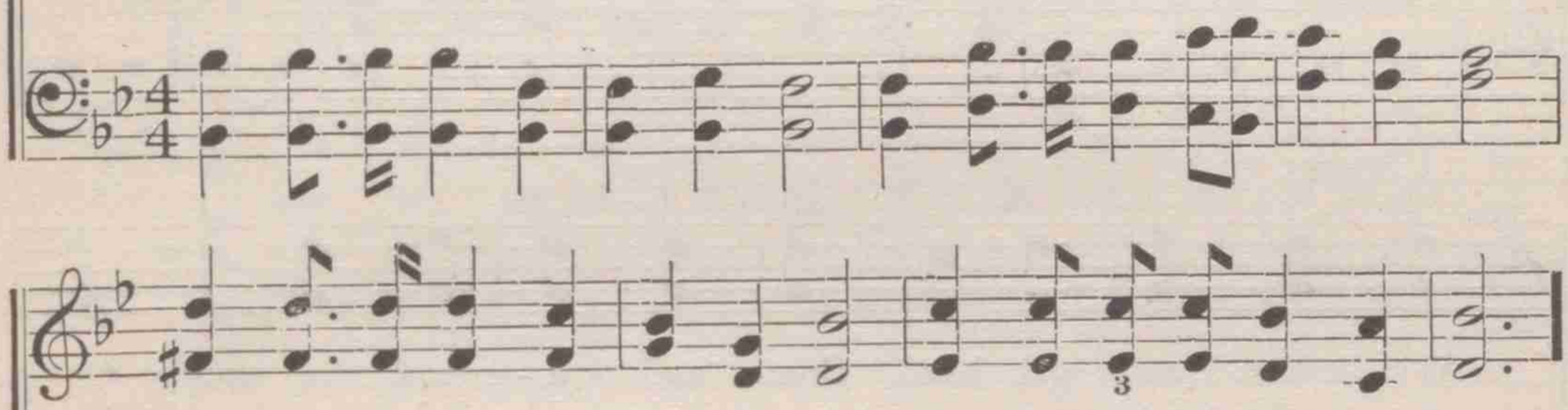
No. 117. THE FATHER'S CALL.

BIRDIE BELL. H. N. LINCOLN.
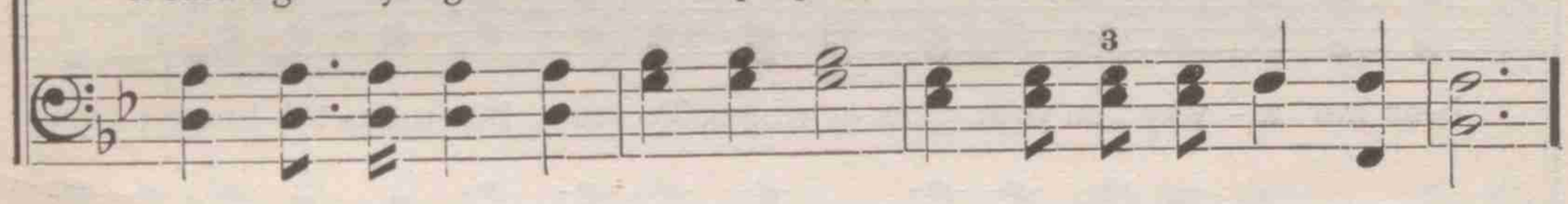
Moderato.



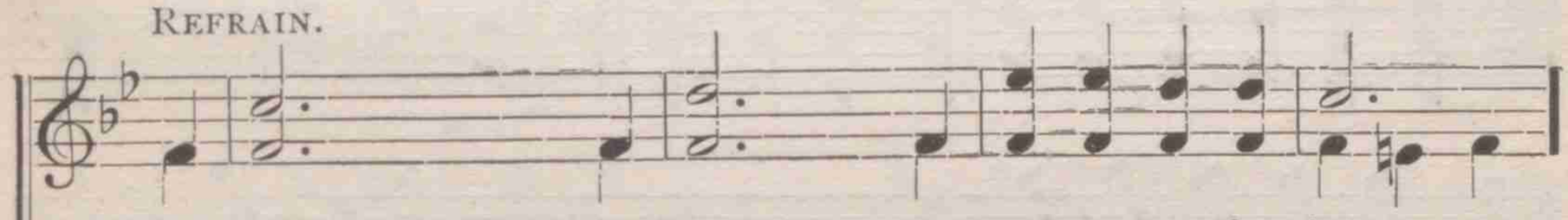
1. Why in thy bondage wilt thou stay, Far from thy home and Fa-ther stray?
2. Think of the years thou hast misspent, Time which the Father kind-ly lent;
3. Why wilt thou longer doubting stand? Haste! for He waits with outstretch'd hand;
4. Turn from the des-ert, drear and wild, God lov-eth still His way-ward child;
5. Won-drous sal-va-tion God hath wrought, Jesus thy sin-ful soul hath bought;
6. Soon will the shades of eve-ning fall, Life's day be past be-yond re-call;
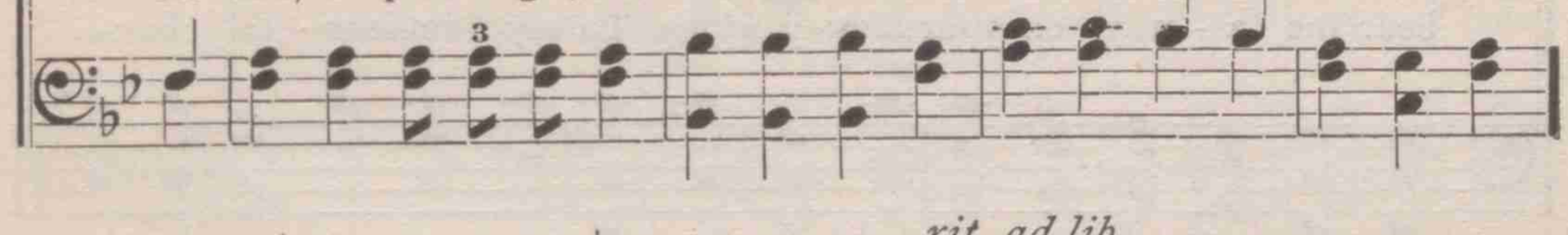


Wel-come is wait-ing thee to-day, O prod-i-gal child, come home!
He will for-give if thou re-pent, O prod-i-gal child, come home!
Wilt thou not heed that sweet com-mand? O prod-i-gal child, come home!
Come, and to-day be rec-on-ciled, O prod-i-gal child, come home!
Long in the dark-ness for thee sought, O prod-i-gal child, come home!
Death's gloomy night will thee ap-pall, O prod-i-gal child, come home!
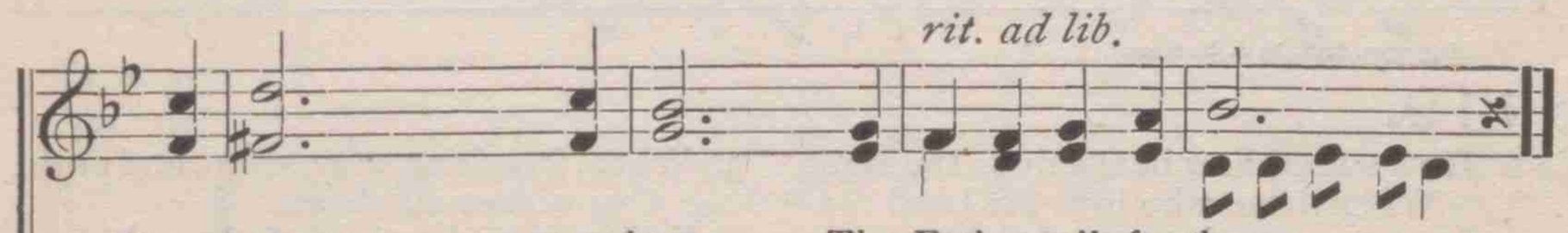


REFRAIN.
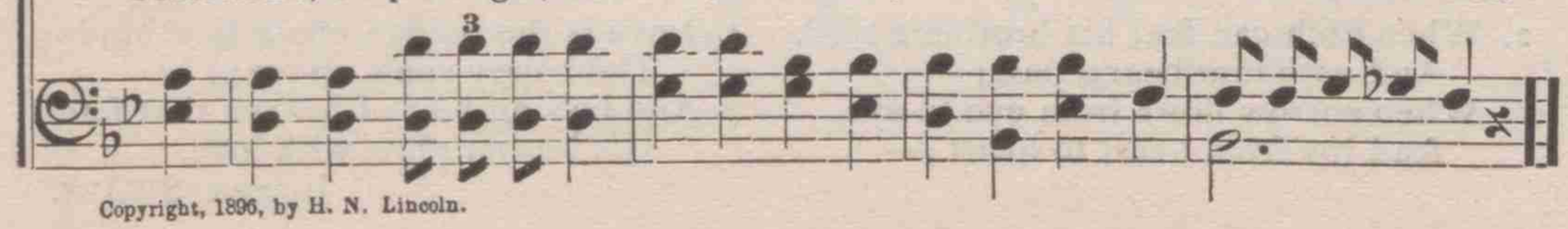


Re-turn, re-turn, O heed the ten-der plea;
Re-turn, O prod-i-gal, re-turn, re-turn, sweet plea;



rit. ad lib.
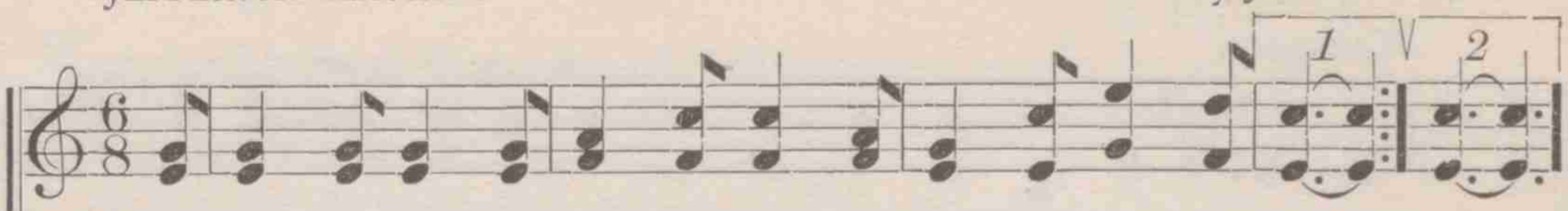


Come home, come home, Thy Father calls for thee.
Come home, O prod-i-gal, come now, come home, He calls for thee.
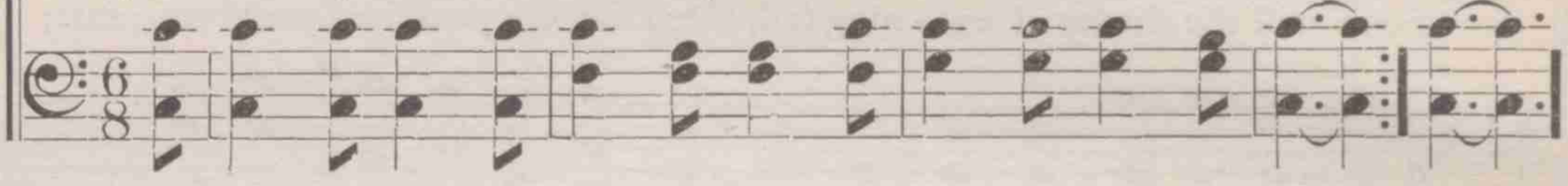


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No. 118. O COME, ANGEL BAND.

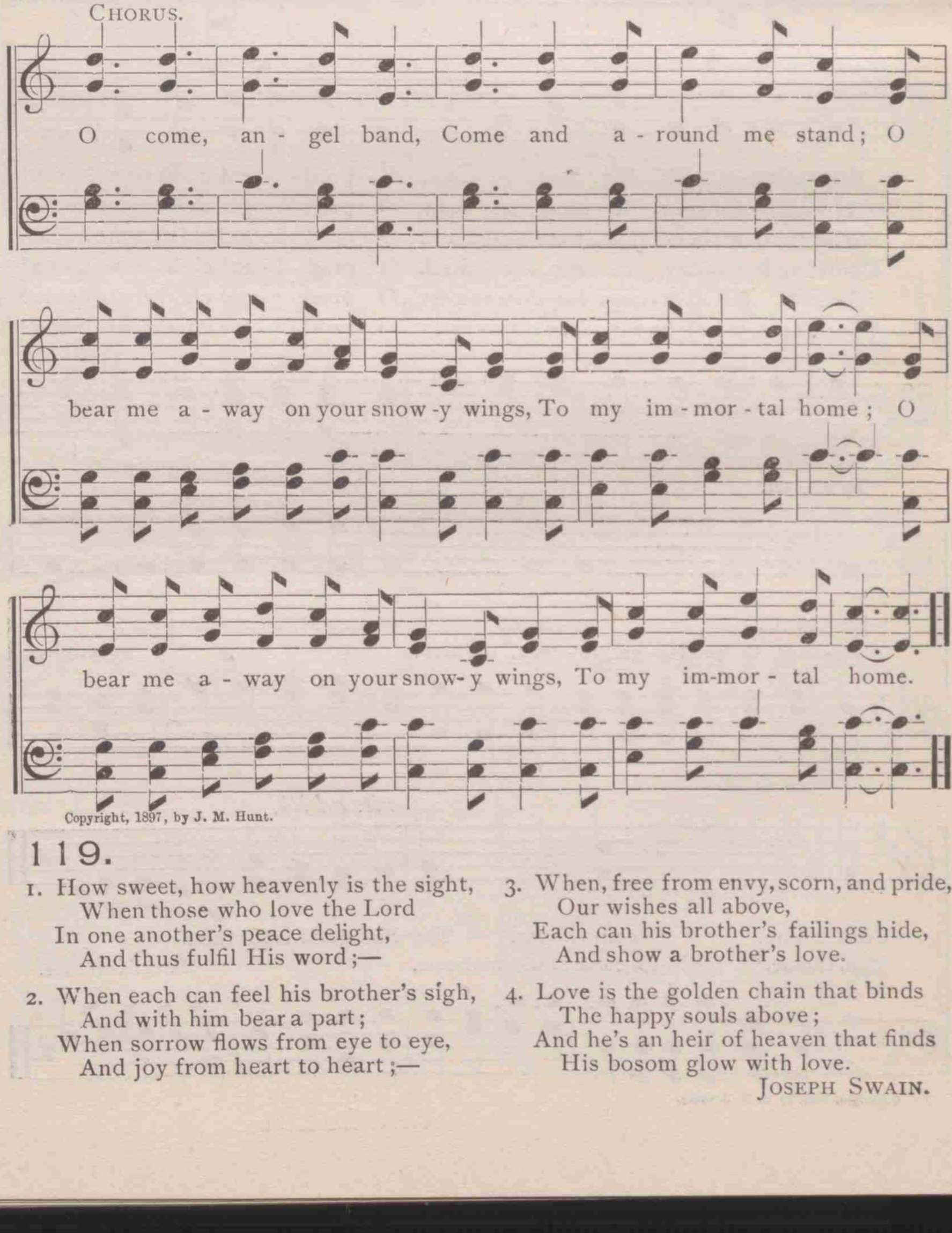
JEFFERSON HASCALL. Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
   My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.
2. I know I'm near-ing ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin-dred dear,
   I brush the dews on Jor - dan's banks, The crossing must be near.
3. I've al - most gain'd my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
   The ho - ly ones, be - hold they come! I hear the noise of wings.



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1897, by J. M. Hunt.

119.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
   When those who love the Lord
   In one another's peace delight,
   And thus fulfil His word;—

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh,
   And with him bear a part;
   When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
   And joy from heart to heart;—

3. When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
   Our wishes all above,
   Each can his brother's failings hide,
   And show a brother's love.

4. Love is the golden chain that binds
   The happy souls above;
   And he's an heir of heaven that finds
   His bosom glow with love.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

No. 120. WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

Anon. J. M. HUNT.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone, Most glo - rious to be - hold;
3. Thy gar - dens and thy pleas-ant streams My stu - dy long have been;
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to as - cend

When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
Such spark-ling gems by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.
Where con - gre - ga-tions ne'er break up, And prais - es nev - er end.

REFRAIN.

I will meet you in the Ci - ty of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, For I'm
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; I will meet you in the Ci - ty of the
New Je - ru - sa - lem, For I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Copyright, 1898, by J. M. Hunt.

No. 121. OPEN THE DOOR.

"Suffer little children to come unto me." — Luke 18: 16.

J. M. HUNT, by per.

Tenderly.

1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der - ly gath - er them in;
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com - ing in throngs;
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand;

In from the high-ways and hedg-es, In from the plac - es of sin.
Bid them sit down at the ban-quet, Teach them your beau-ti - ful songs.
Point them to truth and to Je - sus, Point them to heav-en's bright land.

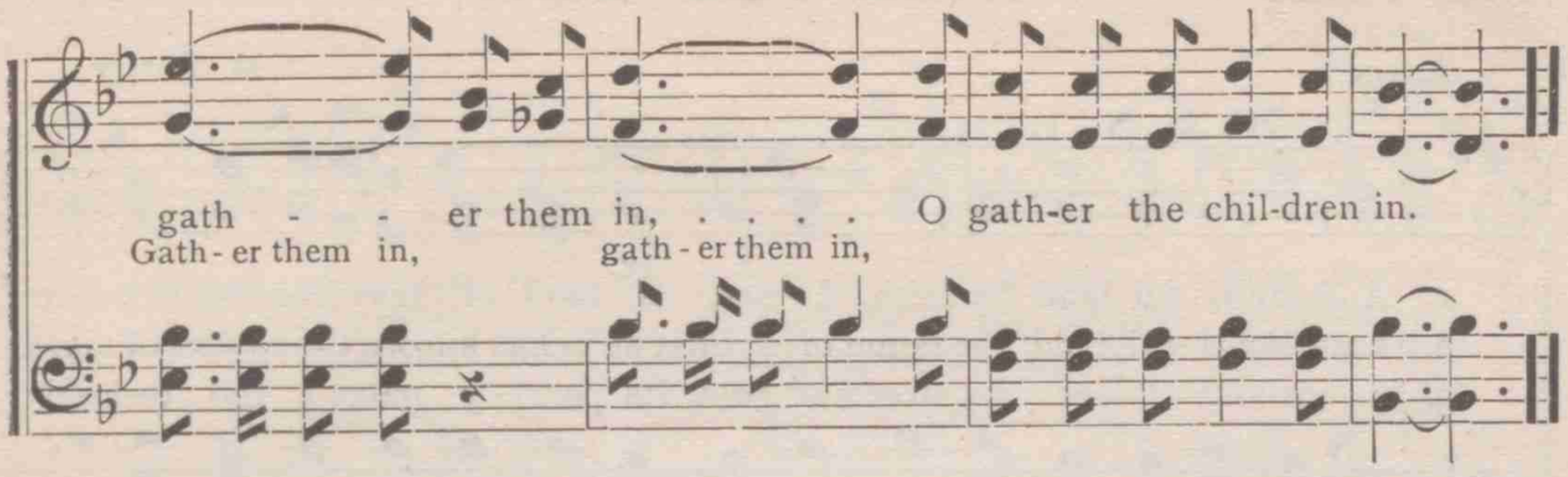
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
Pray you the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given;
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;

O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Such is the king-dom of heaven.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.

CHORUS.

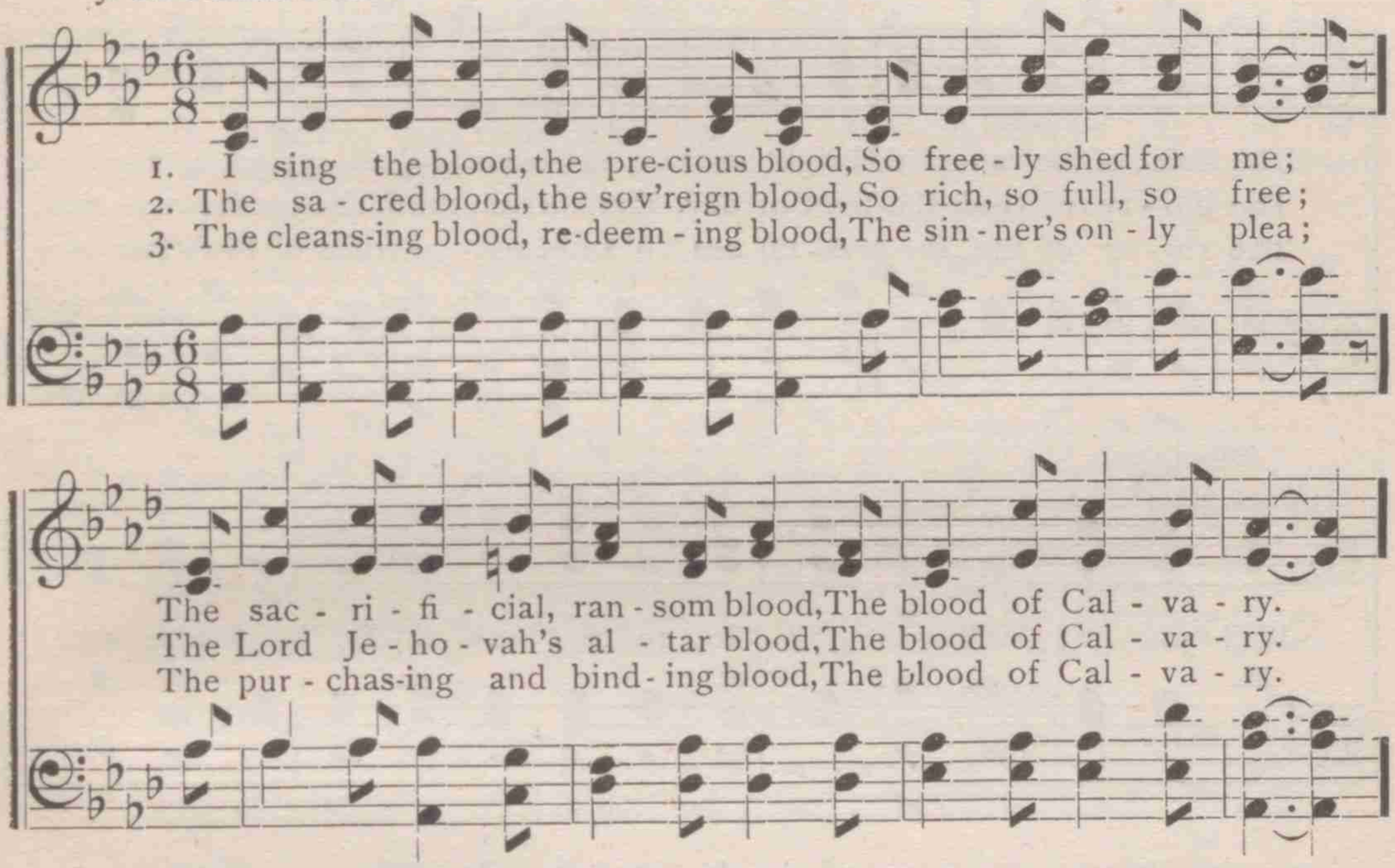
Gath - er them in, ... in - - to the fold, . . . O
Gath - er them in, gath - er them in, in - to the fold, in - to the fold:

OPEN THE DOOR.

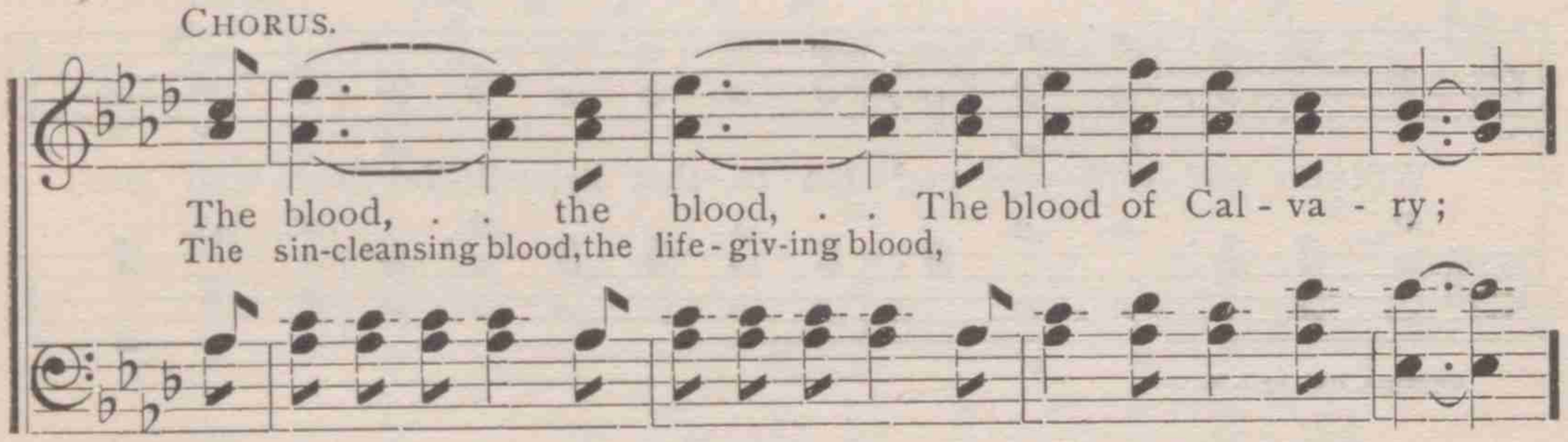


No. 122. THE BLOOD OF CALVARY.

J. E. CHAMBLISS. Music and Chorus by J. M. HUNT.



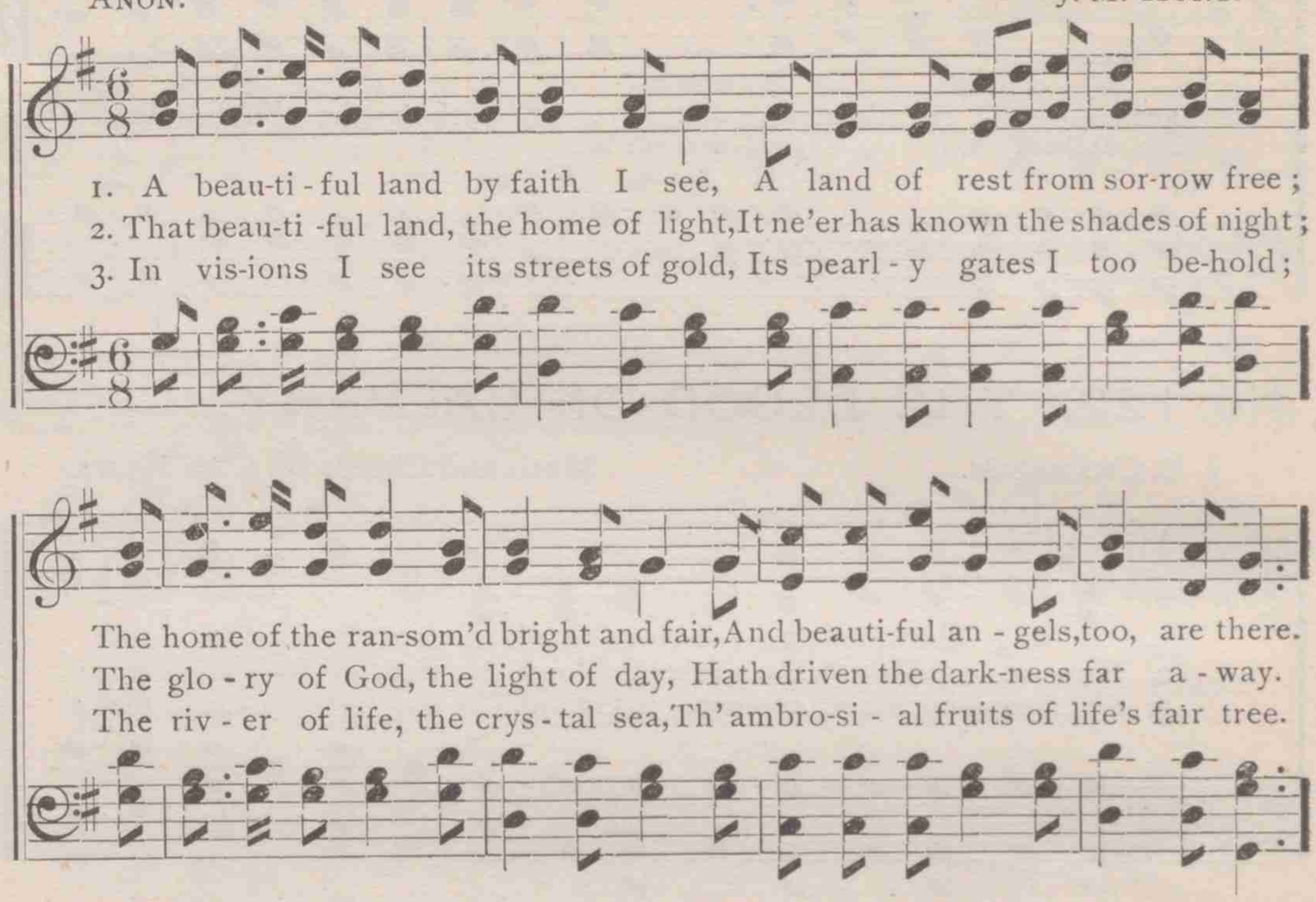
CHORUS.



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No. 123. WILL YOU GO?

ANON. J. M. HUNT.



Copyright, 1898, by J. M. Hunt.

No. 124. TUNE NO. 209.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2. "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

JONATHAN EVANS.

No. 125. CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL.

Words arr. J. M. HUNT.

1. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, A Saviour's born to - day; Bear the joy - ful
2. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, As when the an - gel throng, O'er the vales of
3. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, 'Tis hap-py Christmas time; Hark! the bells are

tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, Till
Ju - dah, A - woke the heav'nly throng. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, Good-
peal - ing Their mer - ry, mer-ry chime. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, Ye

earth's remotest bound Shall hear the mighty cho-rus, And ech-o back the sound.
will, and peace, and love; Sing glo-ry in the high-est To God who reigns a-bove.
shin- ing ones a - bove, And sing in loudest numbers, O sing redeeming love!

REFRAIN.

Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, car - ol sweet - ly to - day;
car - ol to - day:

Car - ol, car - ol sweet-ly, car - ol sweet - ly to - day.

Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.

Copyright, 1898, by J. M. Hunt.

No. 126. TELL IT AGAIN.

A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent. Bending over him he said: "God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard, and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. In - to the tent where a Gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing, a - lone,
2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me
3. Bend -ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en -
4. Smil- ing he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad

at the close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we
the good ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish?—my
tered the val - ley of death? "God sent His Son!—who - so -
that for me He was sent!" Whis-pered while low sank the

car - ried—said he: "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
hand will He hold?—"No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told."
ev - er!"said he; "Then I am sure that He sent Him for me."
sun in the west: "Lord, I be - lieve, tell it now to the rest."

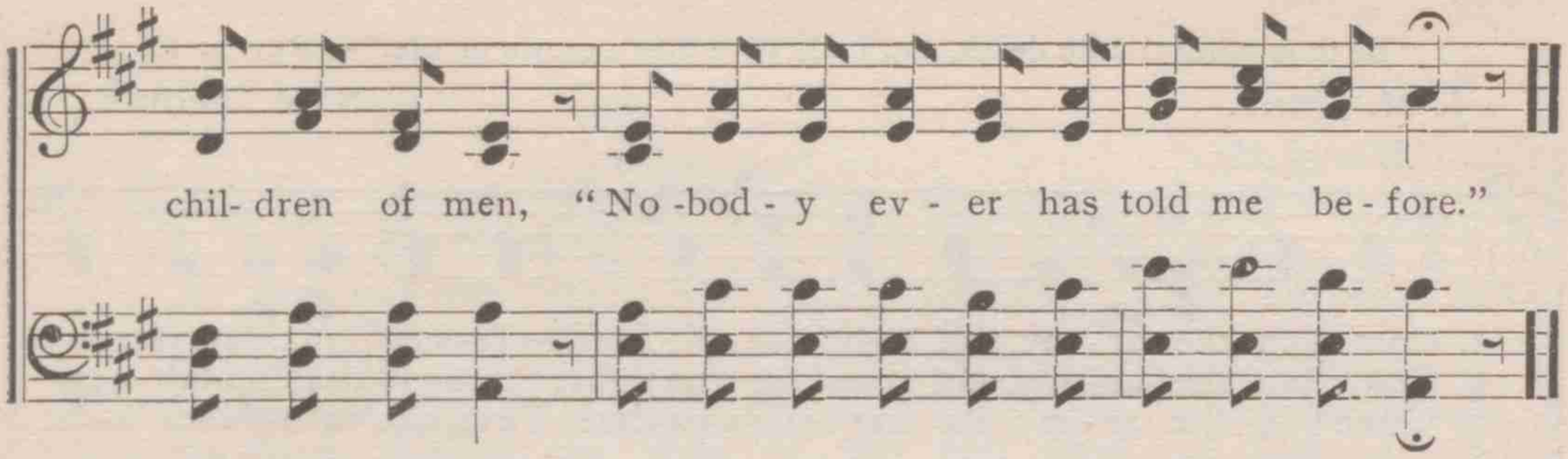
CHORUS.

Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain! Sal - va- tion's sto - ry re -

peat o'er and o'er. Till none can say of the

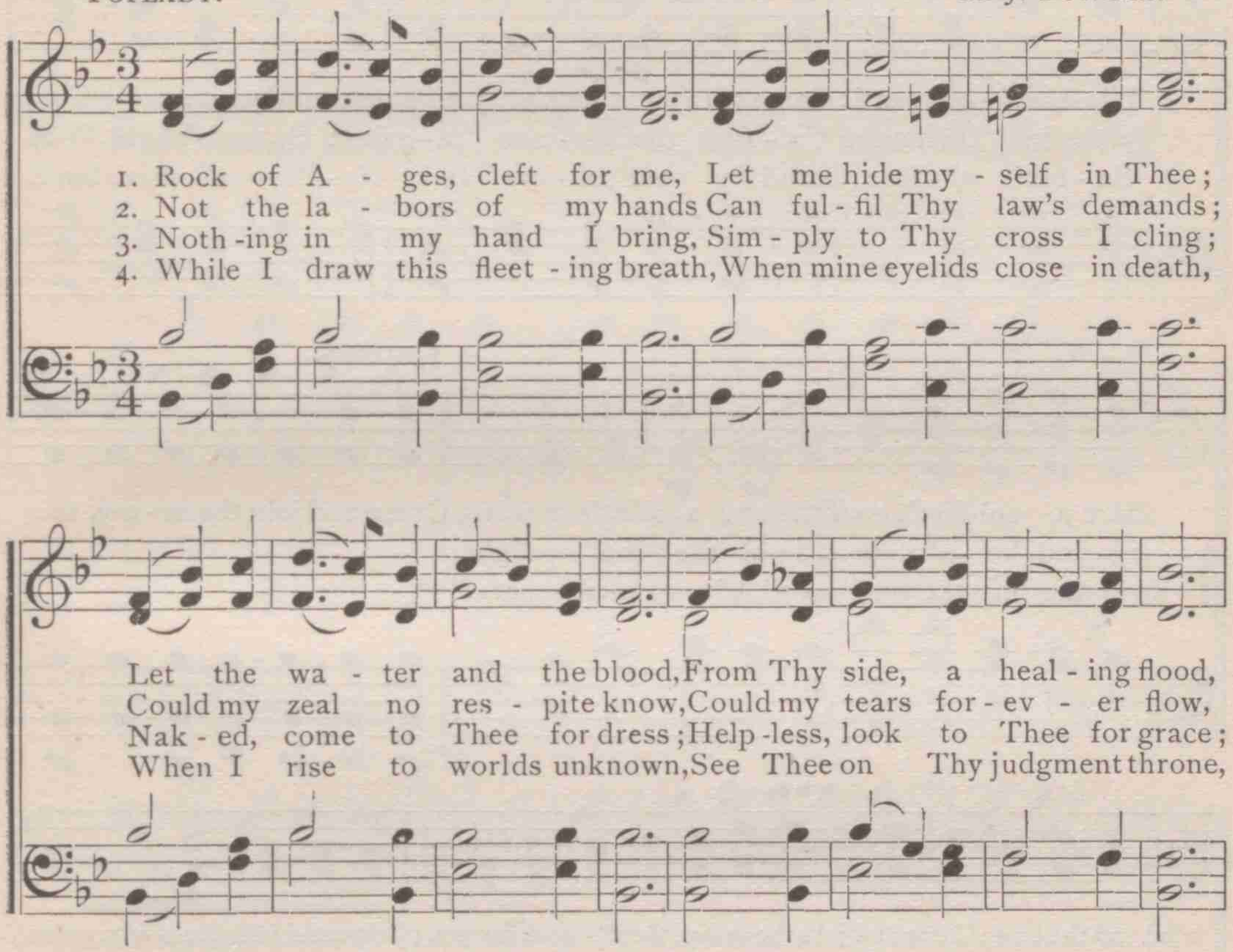
Used by per. R. M. McIntosh, owner of the copyright.

TELL IT AGAIN.



No. 127. ROCK OF AGES. (New.)

TOPLADY. R. J. POWELL.



No. 128. COME JOIN THE ARMY.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." — Rev. 2: 10.

J. M. HUNT. S. M. BROWN.

March time.

1. Come join the ar - my, and fight for the Lord,—Je - sus en-treats you in His bless - ed word: Come with your buckler, your shield, and your sword; Come
2. Come join the ar - my, and stand for the right; Strong is our Cap-tain—go forth in His might; Un - furl the ban - ner a - gainst Sa-tan's blight, With
3. Come join the ar - my, its hard-ships en-dure: Firm, like a sol-dier,'midst Sa - tan's al - lure; Stand by your col - ors and vic - t'ry se - cure; Send

CHORUS.
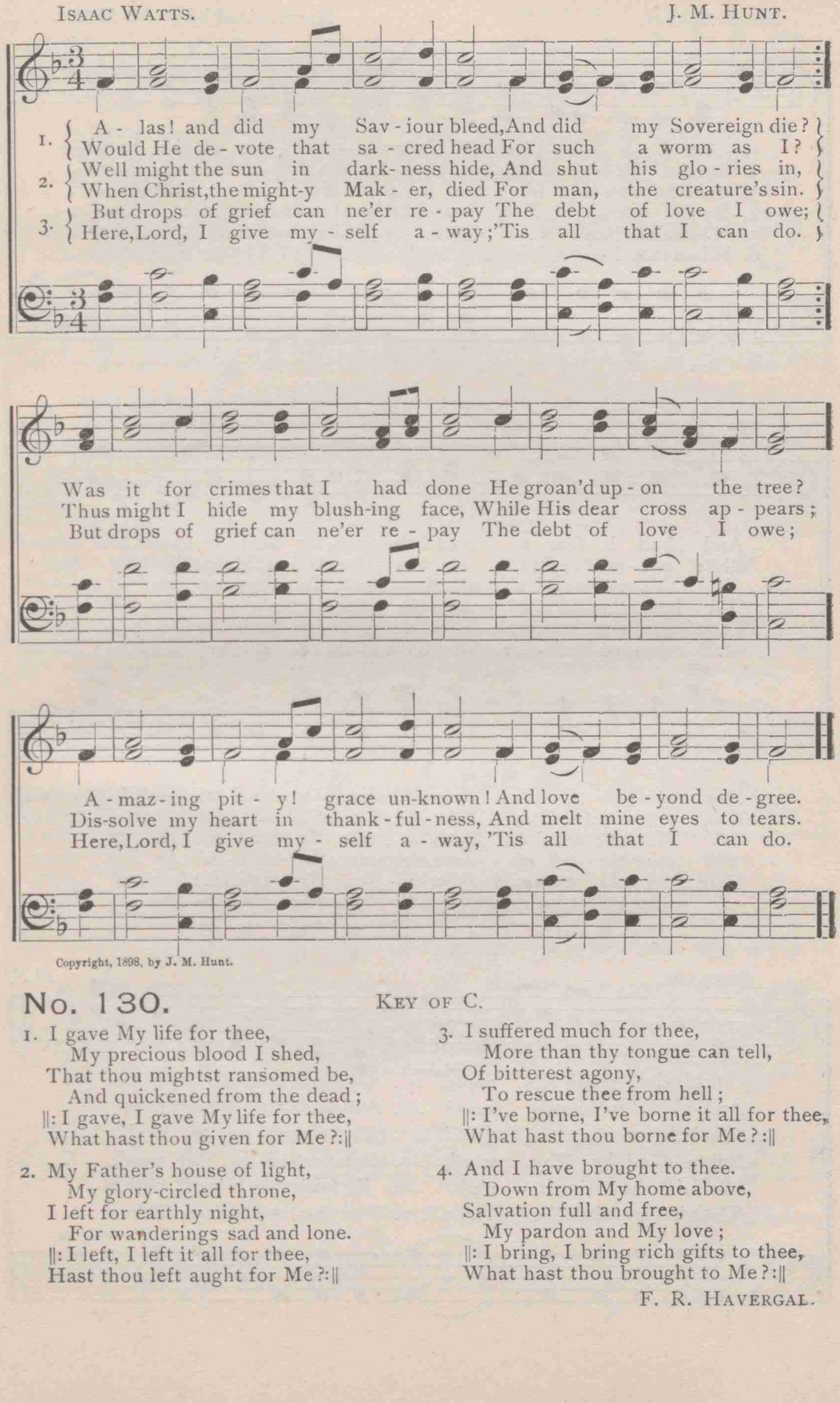
share a sol-dier's conflicts and a saint's re-ward. Come and join the ar - my, the
true and loy - al cour-age put the foe to flight.
down the line the watchword, "Our reward is sure."

tried and the true; Come and join the army, there's work for you; Come and join the ar-my, we're bat-tling for the Lord; Come share a sol-dier's conflicts and a saint's re - ward.

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No. 129. ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

ISAAC WATTS. J. M. HUNT.



Copyright, 1898, by J. M. Hunt.

No. 130.

KEY OF C.

1. I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou mightst ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
‖: I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?:‖

2. My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
‖: I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for Me?:‖

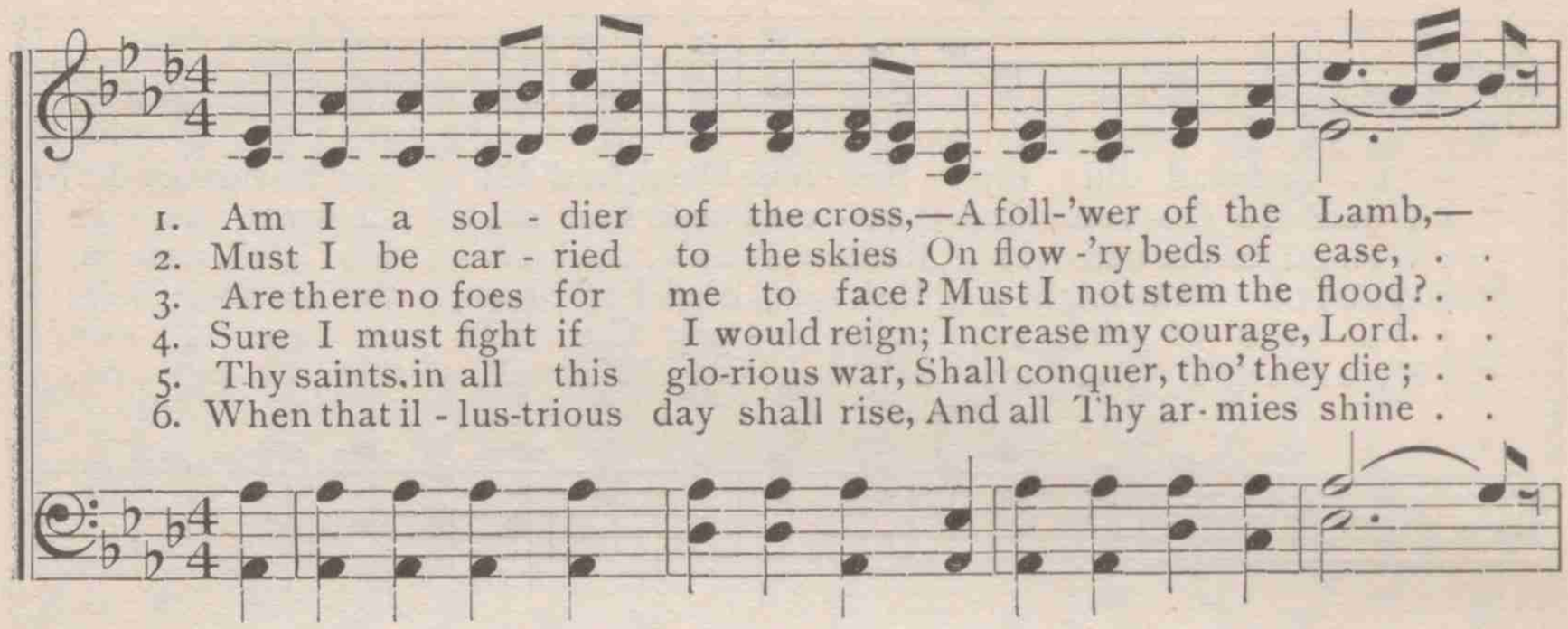
3. I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
‖: I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?:‖

4. And I have brought to thee.
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
‖: I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?:‖

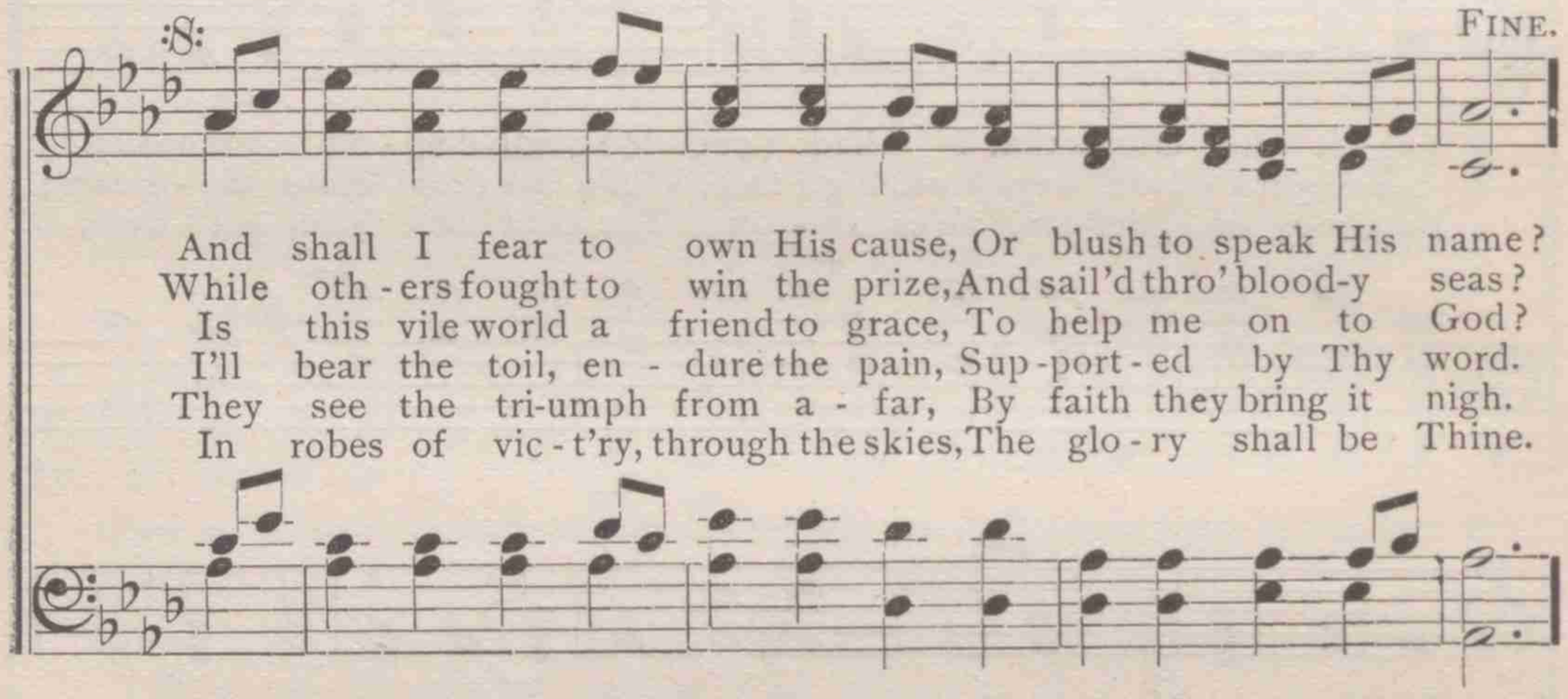
F. R. HAVERGAL.

No. 131. MOUNT PISGAH.

ISAAC WATTS. Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross,—A foll-'wer of the Lamb,—
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow -'ry beds of ease, . .
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? . .
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord. . .
5. Thy saints in all this glo-rious war, Shall conquer, tho' they die; . .
6. When that il - lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar - mies shine . .
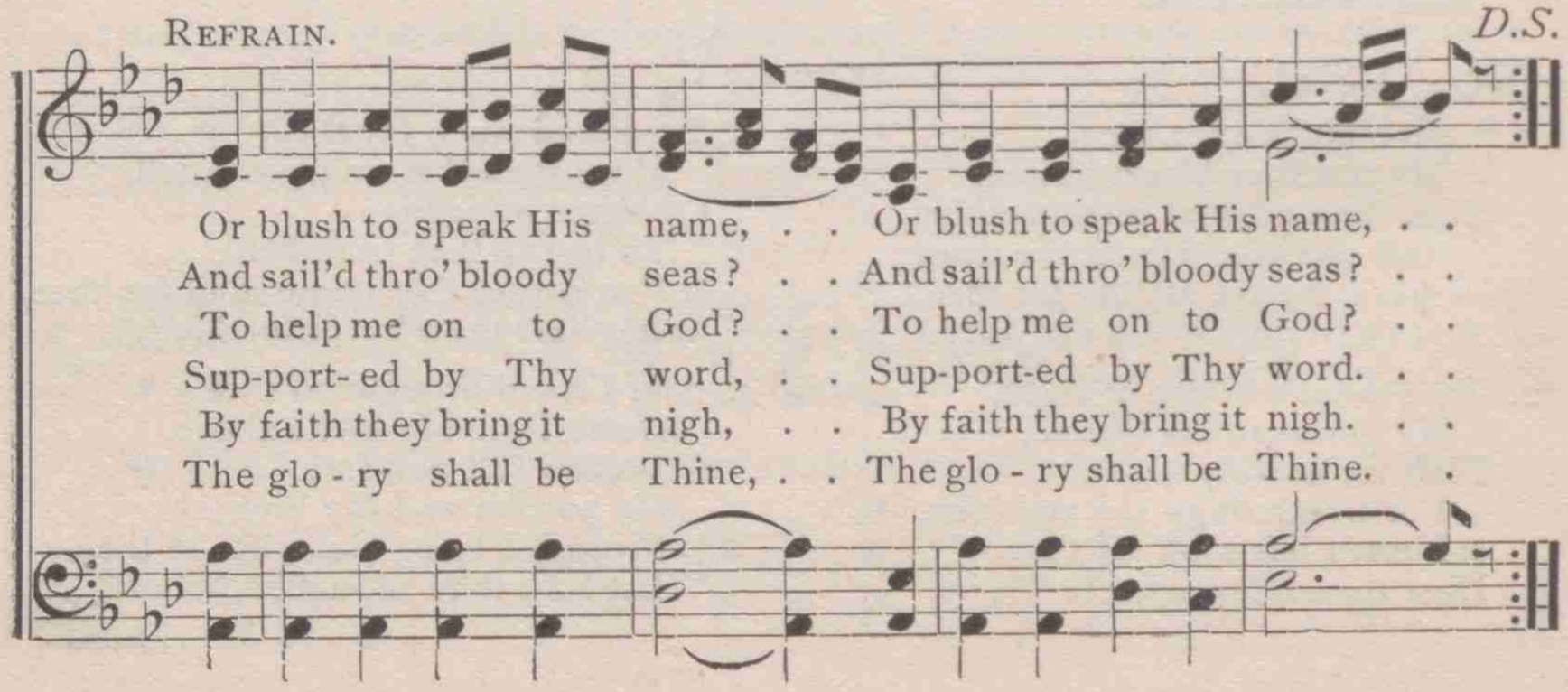


FINE.

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.
They see the tri-umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.
In robes of vic - t'ry, through the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.

D. S. *And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?*
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.
They see the tri-umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.
In robes of vic - t'ry, through the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*



Or blush to speak His name, . . Or blush to speak His name, . .
And sail'd thro' bloody seas? . . And sail'd thro' bloody seas? . .
To help me on to God? . . To help me on to God? . .
Sup-port-ed by Thy word, . . Sup-port-ed by Thy word. . .
By faith they bring it nigh, . . By faith they bring it nigh. . .
The glo - ry shall be Thine, . . The glo - ry shall be Thine. .

No. 132. RING THE BELLS.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor. 15: 20.

FRANK M. DAVIS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gos- pel bells, Ech - o their mu - sic o'er
2. Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gos- pel bells, Je - sus has ris - en to
3. Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gos- pel bells, Let hill and val- ley with

land and sea; Je - sus has ris - en the lost to save, Ring to the world the
die no more; Earth from her bondage of sin is free, Ring out the news from
prais- es ring; Je - sus has brok-en the bars of death, Crown Him, oh, crown Him

CHORUS.

Ring, ring the bells, ring, ring the

vic - to - ry. Ring, ring the bells, Ring, ring the bells, Ring, ring the bells,
shore to shore.
Saviour, King.

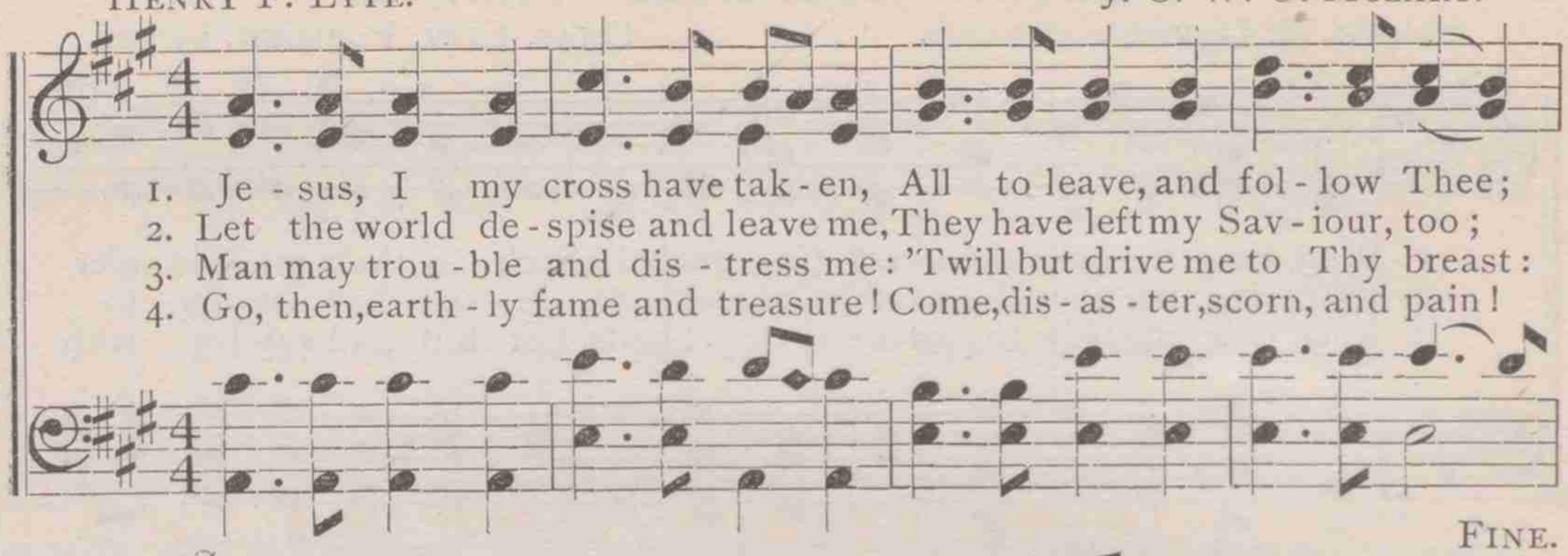
bells,

Ring, ring the bells, Oh, what joy to the world your sweet mu- sic tells!

Je - sus has ris'n the lost to save; Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gospel bells.

No. 133. ELLESTON. 8s, 7s, D.

HENRY F. LYTE. J. C. W. G. MOZART.



No. 134.

KEY OF F.

1. O! what shall I do to be saved
From the sorrows that burden my soul?
Like the waves in the storm
When the winds are at war,
Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll.
What shall I do? what shall I do?
O! what shall I do to be saved?

2. O! what shall I do to be saved,
When the pleasures of youth are all fled?
And the friends I have loved,
From the earth are removed,
And I weep o'er the graves of the dead;
What shall I do? what shall I do?
O! what shall I do to be saved?
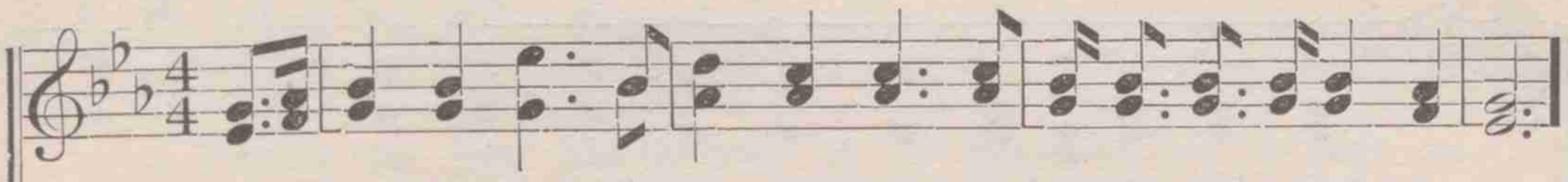
3. O! what shall I do to be saved,
When sickness my strength shall subdue?
Or the world in a day,
Like a cloud roll away,
And eternity opens to view?
What shall I do? what shall I do?
O! what shall I do to be saved?

4. O! Lord, look in mercy on me,
Come! O come and speak peace to my soul;
Unto whom shall I flee,
Dearest Lord, but to Thee?
Thou canst make my poor, broken heart whole!
That will I do! that will I do!
To Jesus I'll go and be saved.
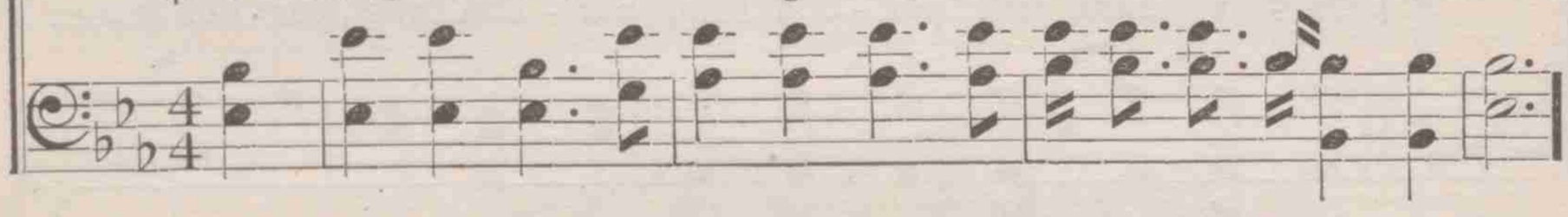
J. W. HOLMAN.
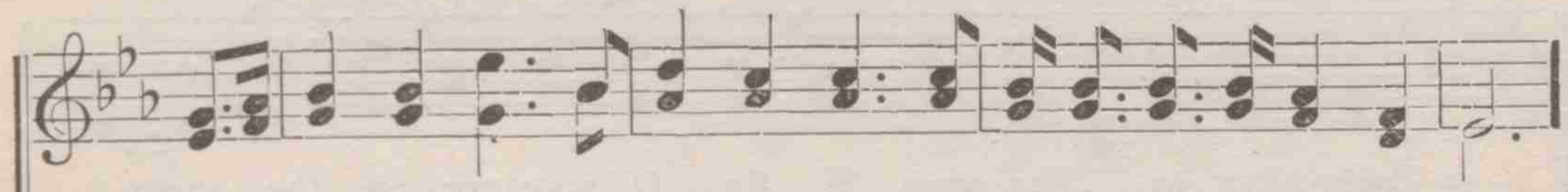
No. 135. A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM.

Words Arr. J. M. HUNT.
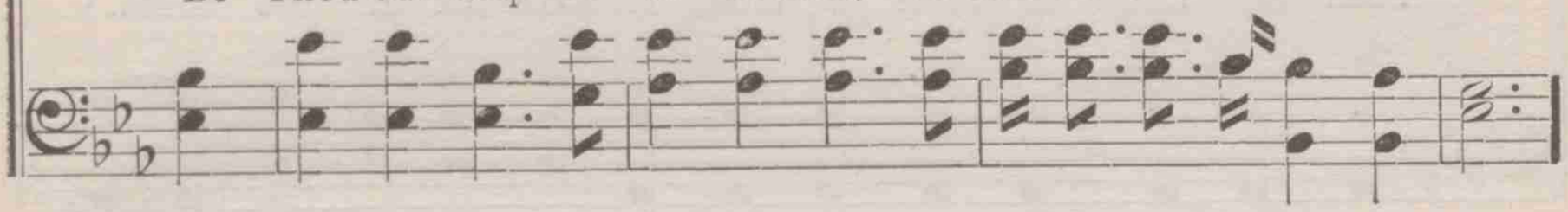


1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de-fense by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
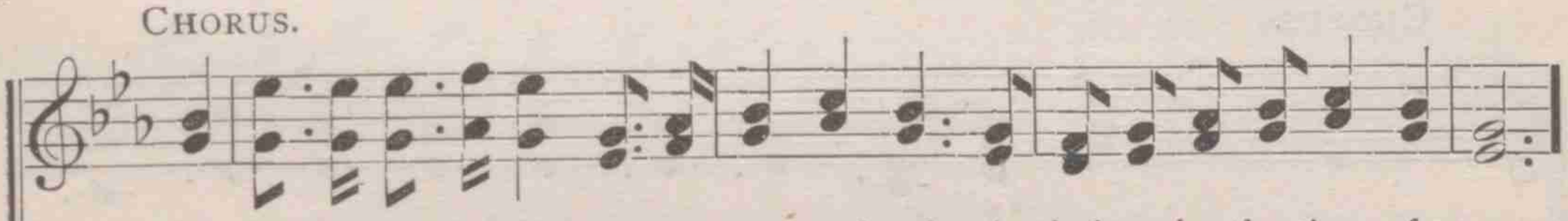




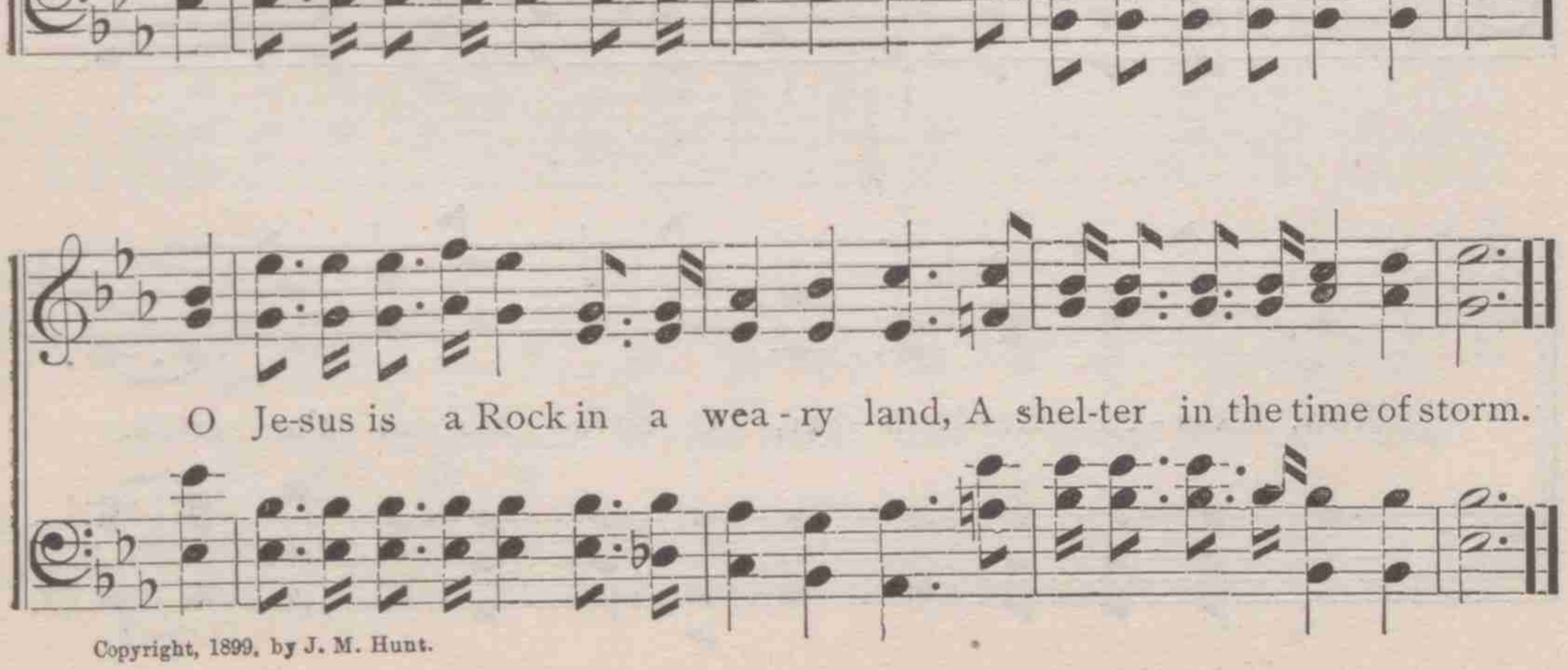
Se-cure what-ev-er ill be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
We'll nev-er leave our safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help-er ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.



CHORUS.



O Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shelter in the time of storm;
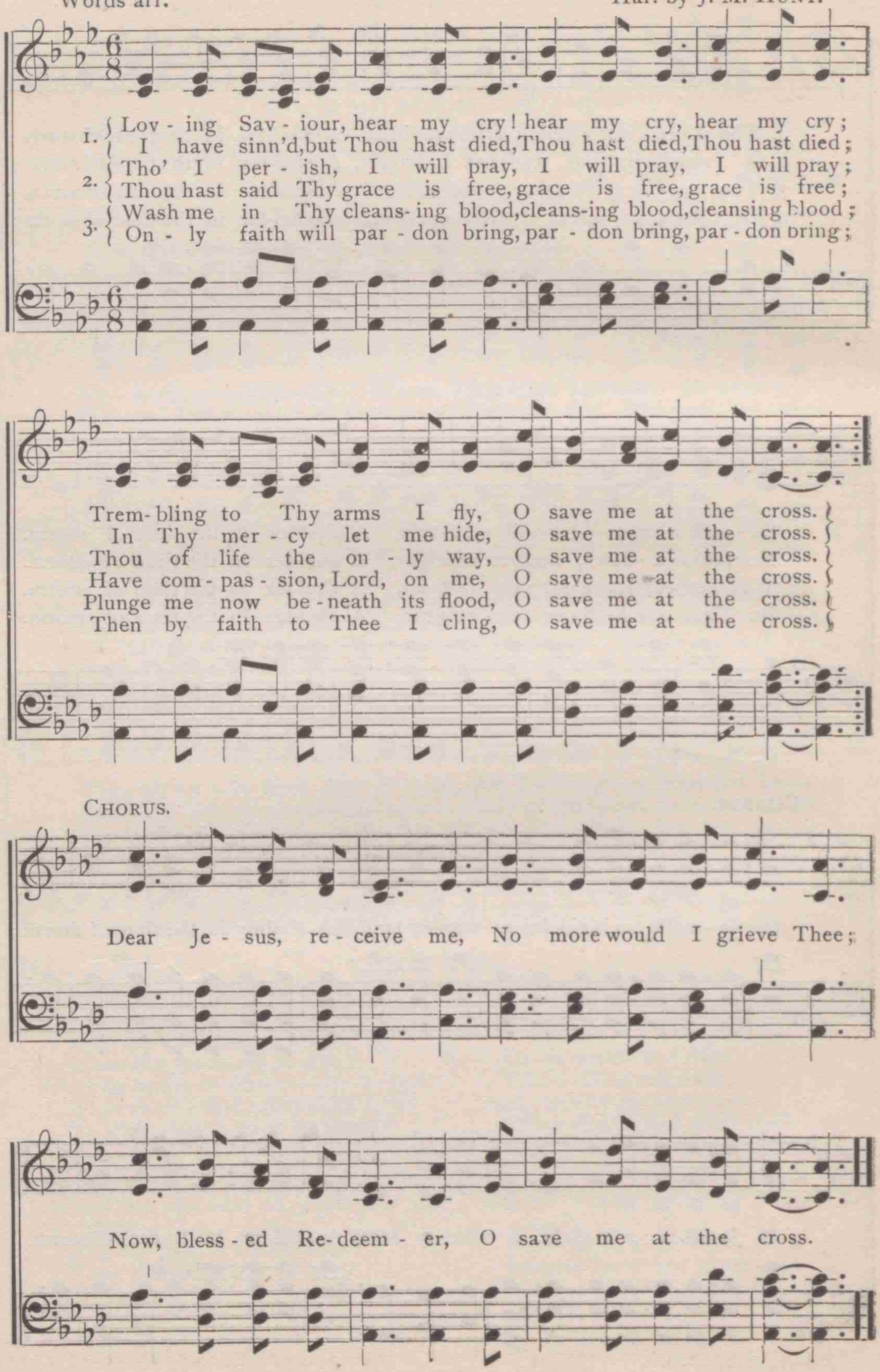


O Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

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No. 136. SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

Words arr. Har. by J. M. HUNT.



No. 137. JESUS' LOVE.

J. M. HUNT.

1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev - er to fade or
2. There is no heart like the heart of Je - sus, Filled with a ten - der
3. O, let us hark to the voice of Je - sus; O, may we nev - er

fall,(fade or fall,) Till in - to the fold of the peace of God, He has
love;(tender love;) No throb nor throe that our hearts can know,But He
roam,(never roam,)Till safe at last on His lov - ing breast, In the

CHORUS.

gath-ered, has gath-ered us all. Je - sus' love, pre-cious
feels it, He feels it a - bove.
dear, in the dear heav'nly home. Je - sus' love,

love,(precious love,) Boundless,and pure,and free; O turn to that love,

wea - ry, wan - d'ring soul, Je - sus plead - eth, He plead - eth for thee.

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No. 138. IF WE KNEW.

Words arr. J. M. HUNT.

1. If we knew the cares and cross - es Crowd-ing round our neigh-bor's way; If we knew the lit - tle loss - es, Sore - ly griev - ous day by day—Would we then so of - ten chide him For the lack of thrift and gain, Leav - ing on his heart a shad-ow, Leav-ing on his heart a stain?

2. If we knew the clouds a - bove us, Held by gen - tle bless-ings there, Would we turn a - way all trembling, In our blind and weak de - pair? Would we shrink from lit-tle shad-ows Ly - ing on the dew - y grass, While 'tis on - ly birds of E - den Just in mer - cy fly - ing past?

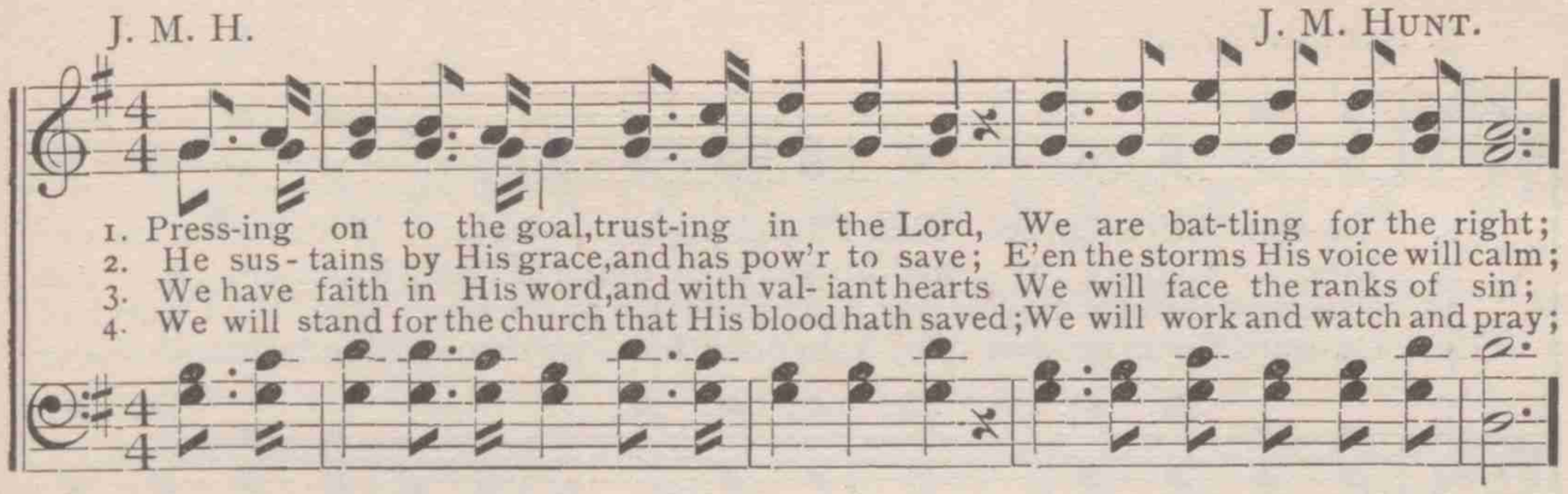
3. If we knew the si - lent sto - ry Quiv - 'ring thro' the heart of pain, Would we dare to harsh - ly doom them Back to haunts of guilt a - gain? Life hath ma - ny tan - gled crossings, Thorns beset the jour - ney thro', And the cheeks, tear-wash'd, are whitened; This the bless-ed an - gels knew.

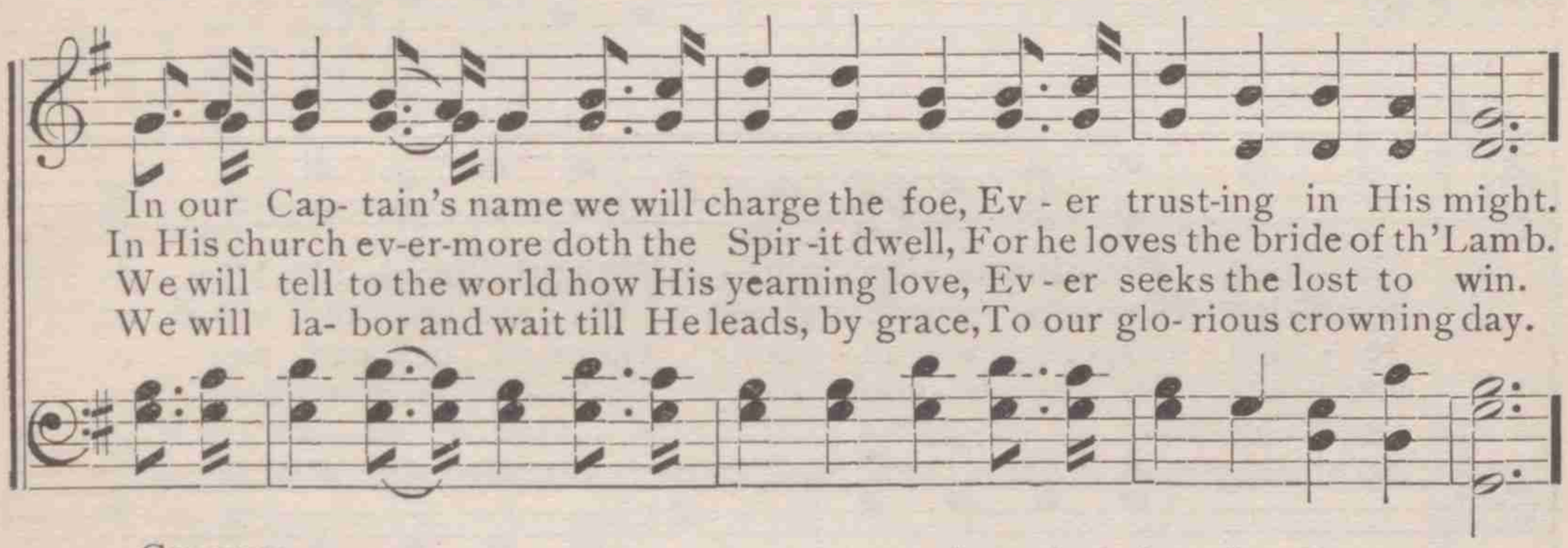
4. Let us reach in - to our bos - om For the key of oth - er's lives; And with love toward err-ing na - ture Cher - ish good that still sur - vives; So that when our dis-robed spir-its Soar to realms of life a - gain, We may say, "Dear Fa - ther, judge us, As we've judged our fel-low men."

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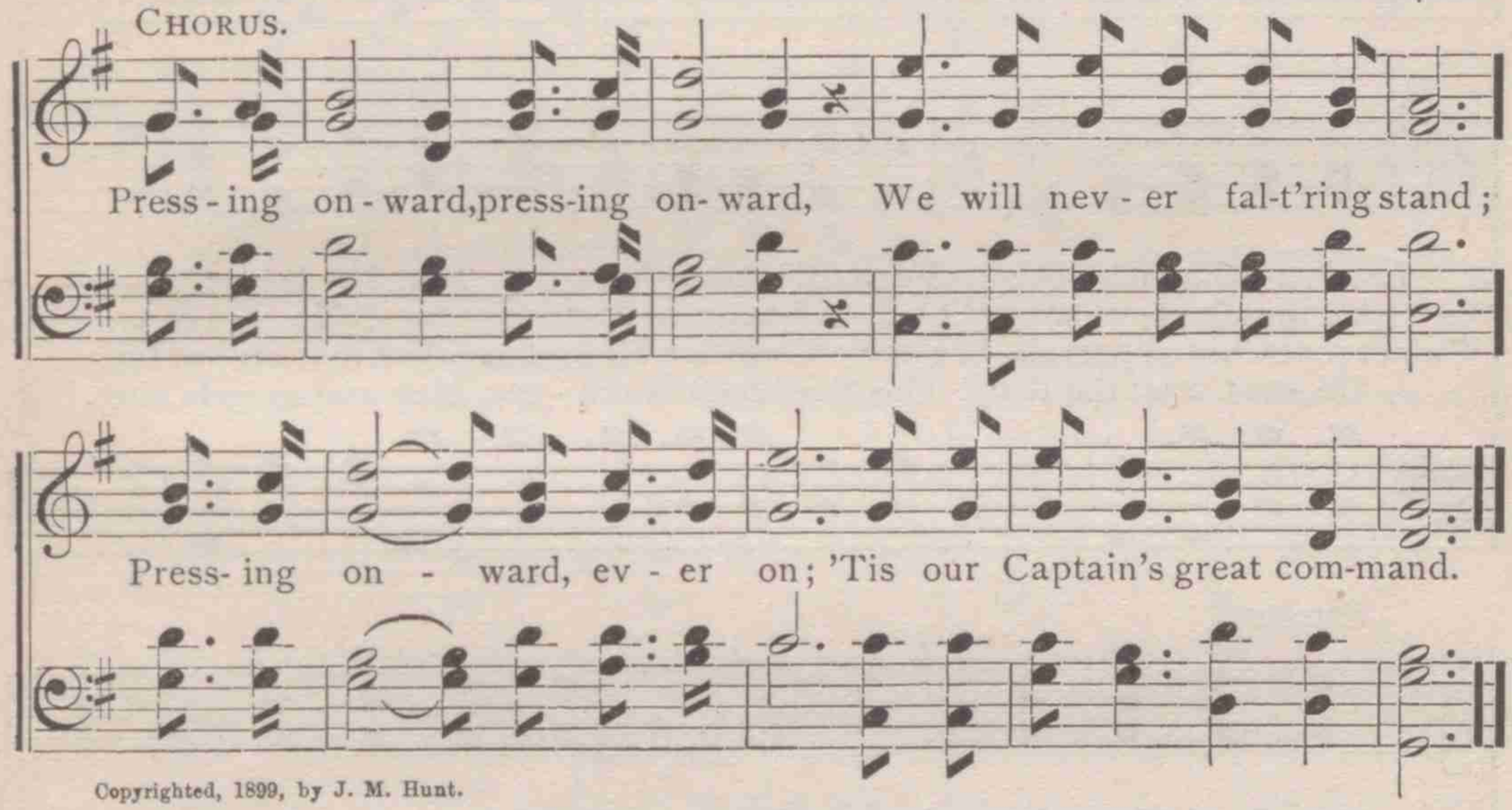
No. 139. PRESSING ON TO THE GOAL.

J. M. H. J. M. HUNT.





CHORUS.



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No. 140. KEY OF A FLAT.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.

REF. — Even me, even me;
Let some droppings fall on me.

2. Pass me not, O God, our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst curse me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me.

3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
For I'm longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.

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

5. Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
Magnify it all in me.

ELIZABETH CODNER.

No. 141. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

S. Baring-Gould. J. M. Hunt.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces, In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

Leads a-gainst the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go!
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail, We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

Chorus.

On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,
Chris - tian sol - diers!

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 142. UP THERE IN HEAVEN.

KIT. WILLIAMS, arr. L. B. SHOOK. Arr. by J. M. H.

1. When wrap'd in mists and shadows here, The way of life is dark and drear;
2. When press-ing up the hills I meet, With ach-ing head and wea-ry feet,
3. When, pass-ing sad-ly from my side, Lov'd ones are lost in Jor-dan's tide,
4. O, land of love, sweet land of song! Home of the sinless, blood-wash'd throng!

How dear the hope that God has giv'n, Of light and joy, up there in heav'n.
What mat-ters it how I have striv'n? Sweet rest is mine up there in heav'n.
A - mid my tears, sweet hope is giv'n, We'll meet a-gain up there in heav'n.
How rich the grace that God has giv'n, To guide us to that home in heav'n.

CHORUS.

O home of peace, ... and rest, and love; . . . Sweet home with
O home of peace, and rest, and love;
Christ a - bove! No dark-'ning clouds . . . . o'er thee are
Sweet home with Christ a - bove! No dark-'ning clouds,
driv'n, ... Up there, up there in heav'n.
o'er thee are driv'n, Up there, up there in heav'n.

No. 143. DEAR NAME.

J. NEWTON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear;
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast;
3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm - est thought;

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.

CHORUS.

Dear name, the Rock . . . . on which I build, ... My shield and
Dear name, the Rock on which I build,

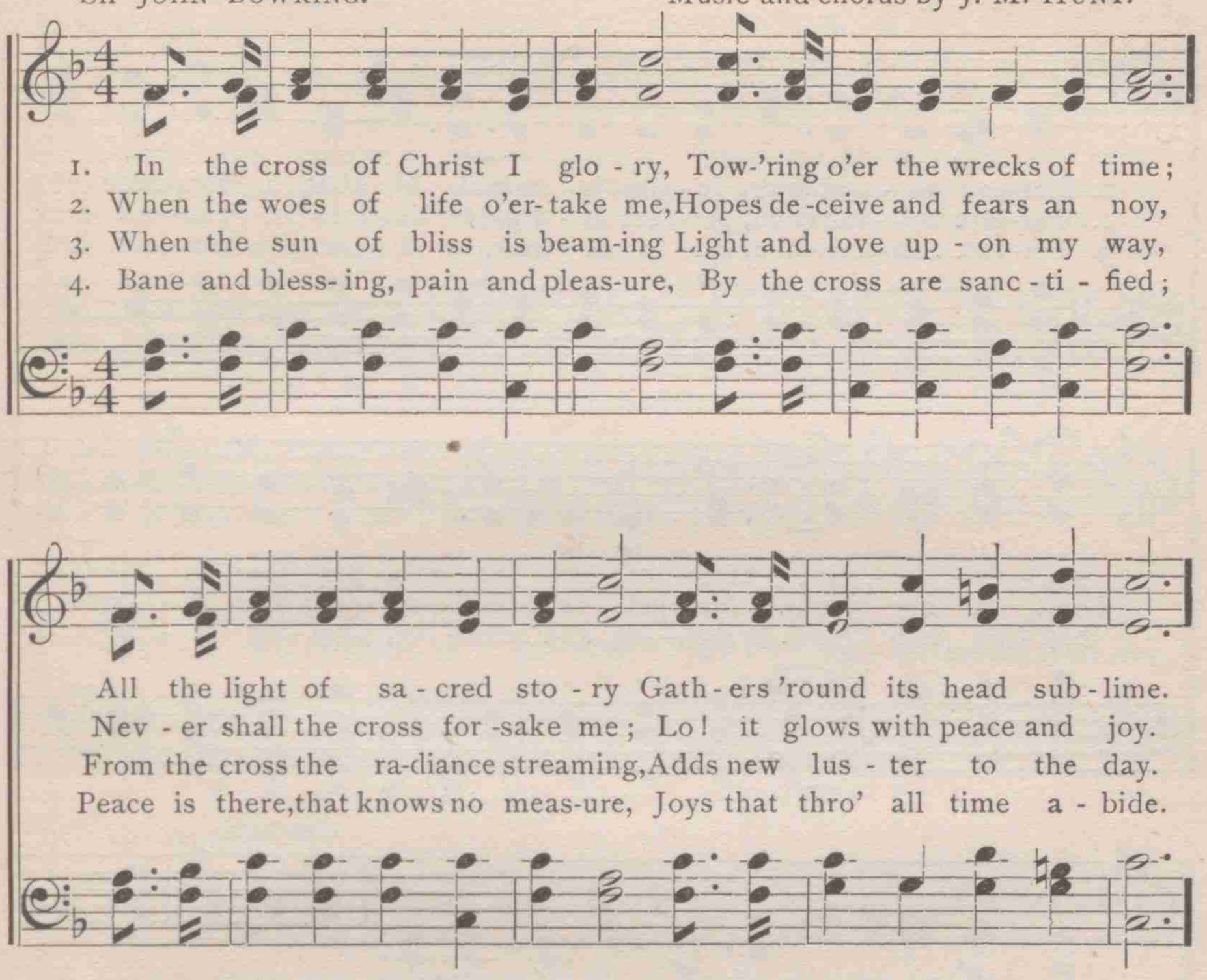
hid - - - - - ing place; My nev - er fail - - - - ing
My shield and hid - ing place; My nev - er fail -

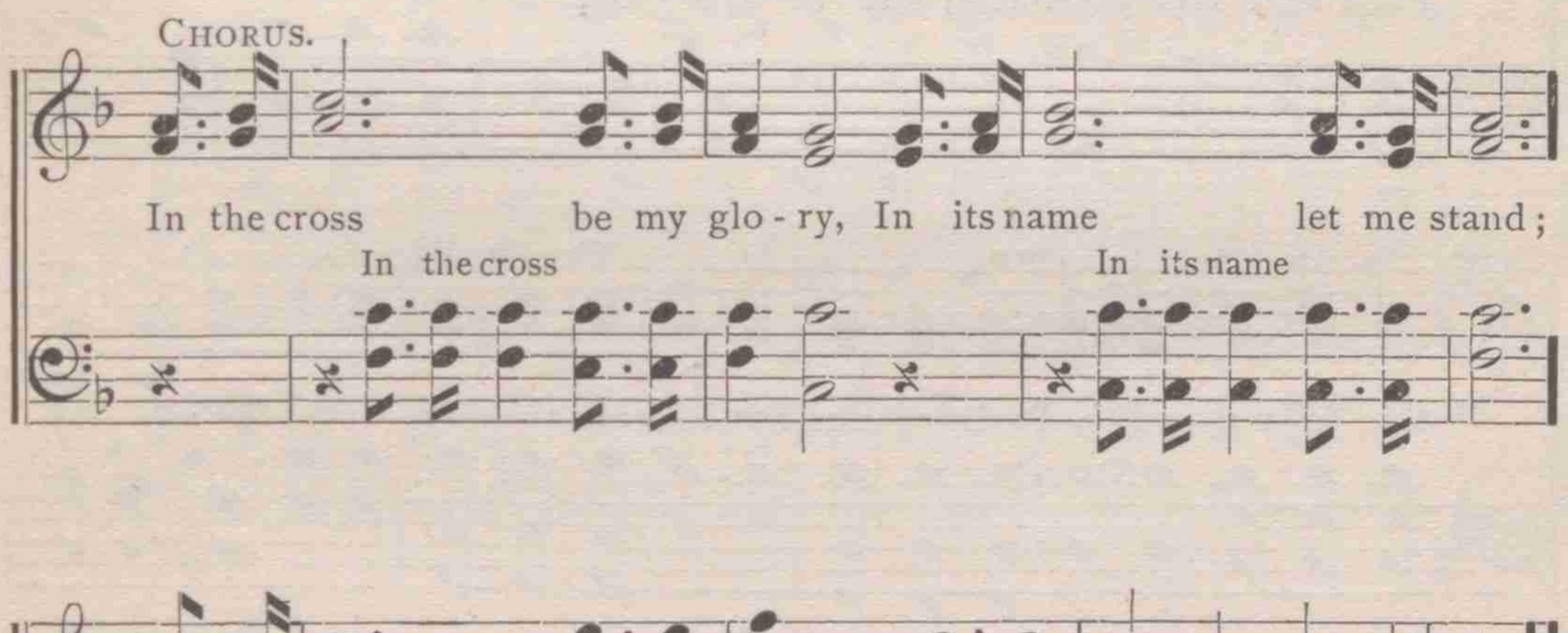
treas - ure, filled . . . With boundless stores of grace.
ing treas - ure, filled With bound-less stores of grace.

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No. 144. IN THE CROSS BE MY GLORY.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. Music and chorus by J. M. HUNT.





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No. 145. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
2. Per- fect sub - mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis- ions of rap -ture now burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing bring from a - bove
3. Per- fect sub - mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and wait - ing, look -ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

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

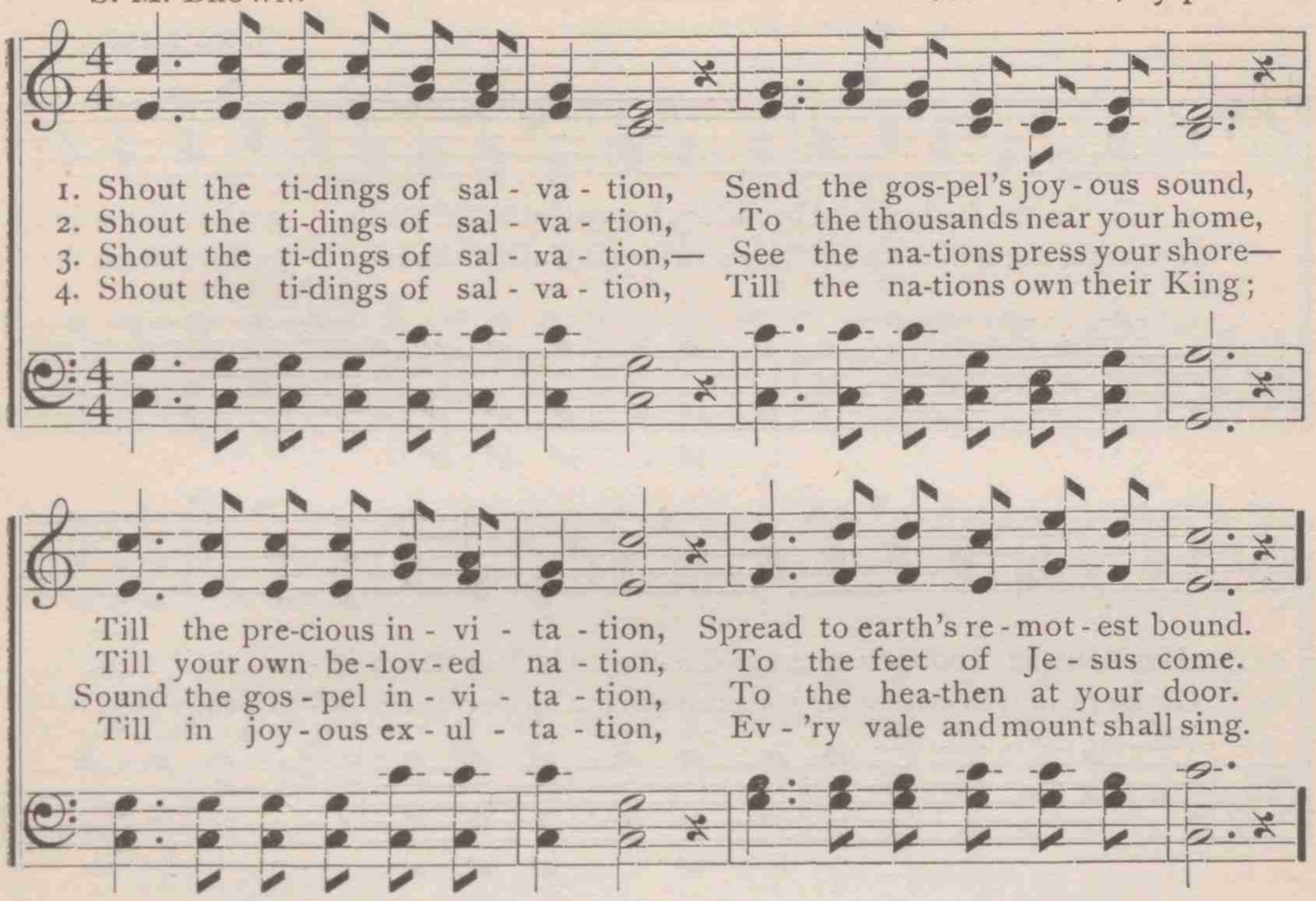
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

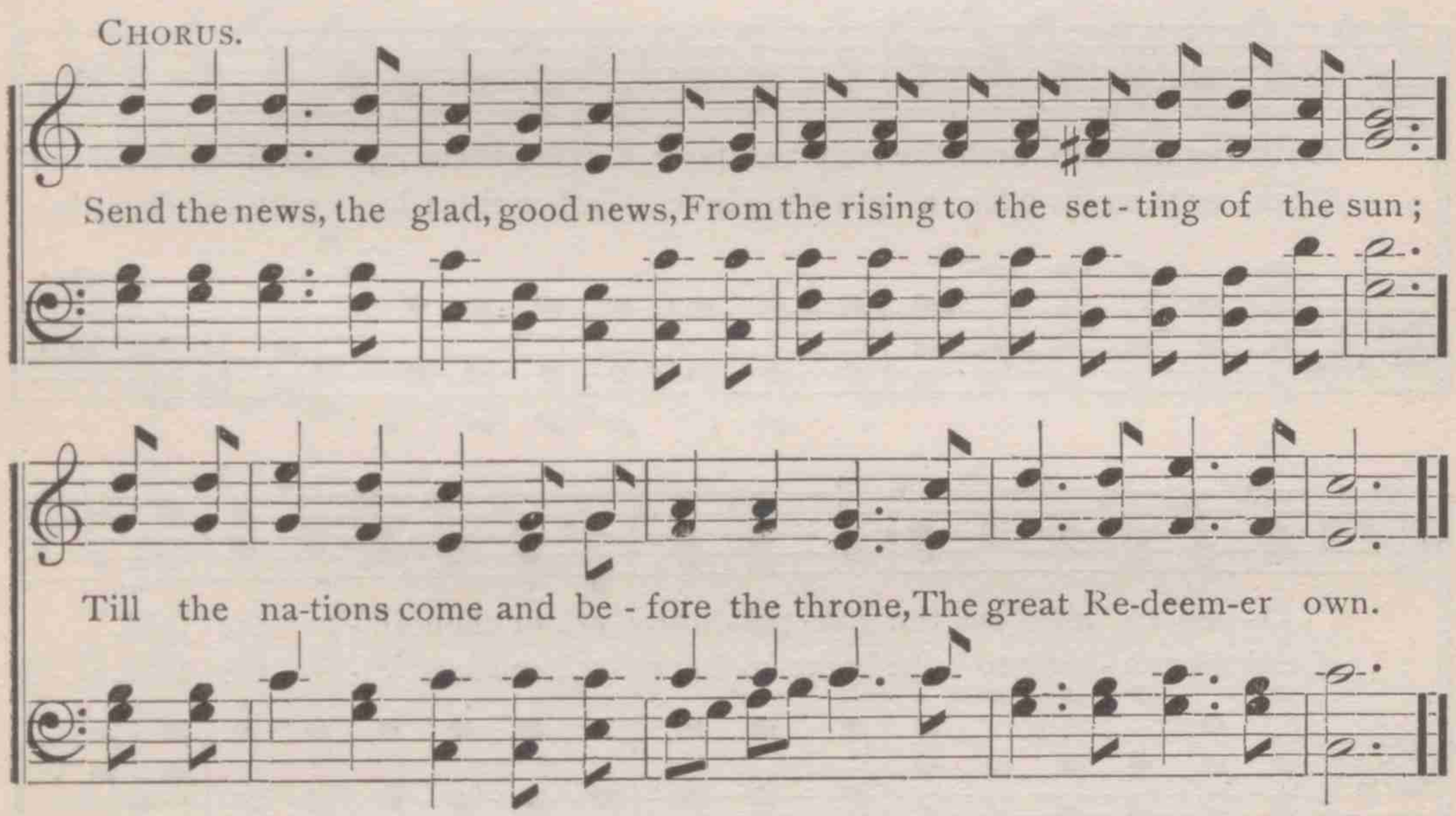
Copyright, 1873, by Jno. F. Knapp.

No. 146. SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

S. M. BROWN. J. M. HUNT, by per.



CHORUS.



No. 147. KEY OF G.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name before His wondrous birth,
To Christ, the Saviour, given.

REF.— We love to sing around our King,
And hail Him blessed Jesus;
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

2. And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above Him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.

3. So now, upon His Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, He ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

No. 148. GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD.

Luke 14 : 23.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Go to the hedges and broad highway, Gather them in, gath-er them in;
2. Gather them in from the lane and street, Gather them in, gath-er them in;

Has-ten the Saviour's command o-bey, Gath-er them in-to the fold.
Gath-er them in with your songs so sweet, Gath-er them in-to the fold.

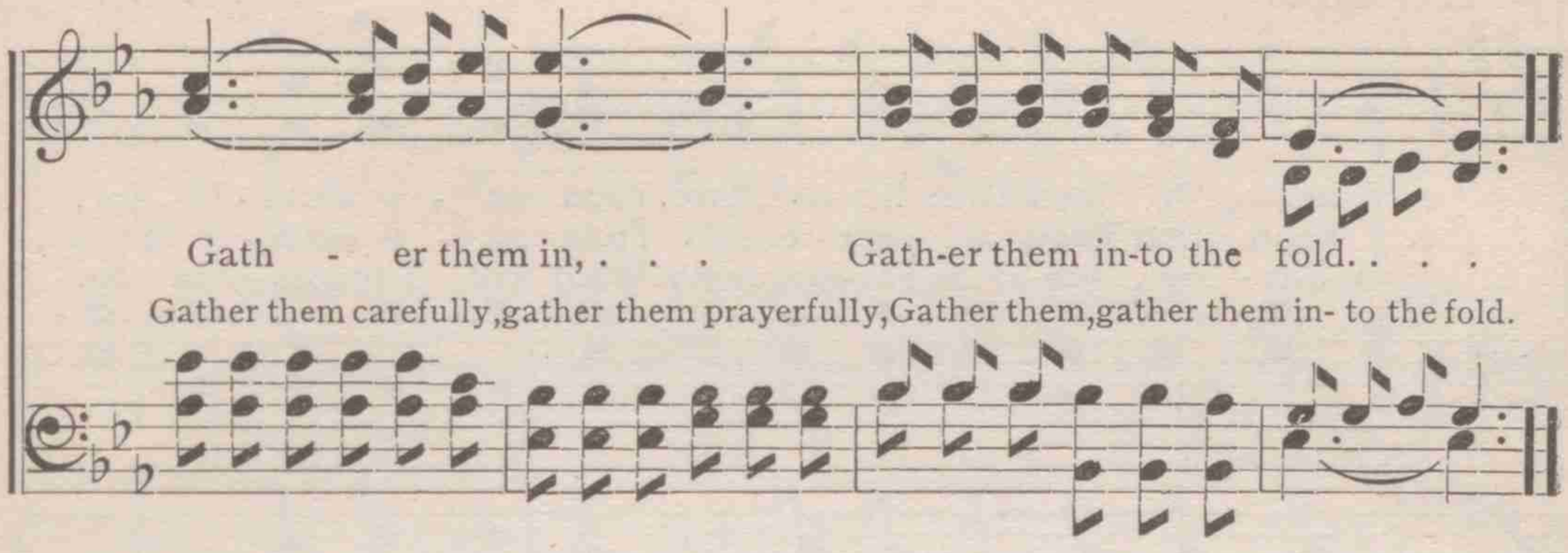
Gath-er them in, both the rich and poor, Gather them in, gath-er them in;
Gath-er them in with a glow-ing love, Gather them in, gath-er them in;

O-pen to all is the gos-pel door, Gath-er them in-to the fold.
Lead them a-long to the home a-bove, Gath-er them in-to the fold.

CHORUS.

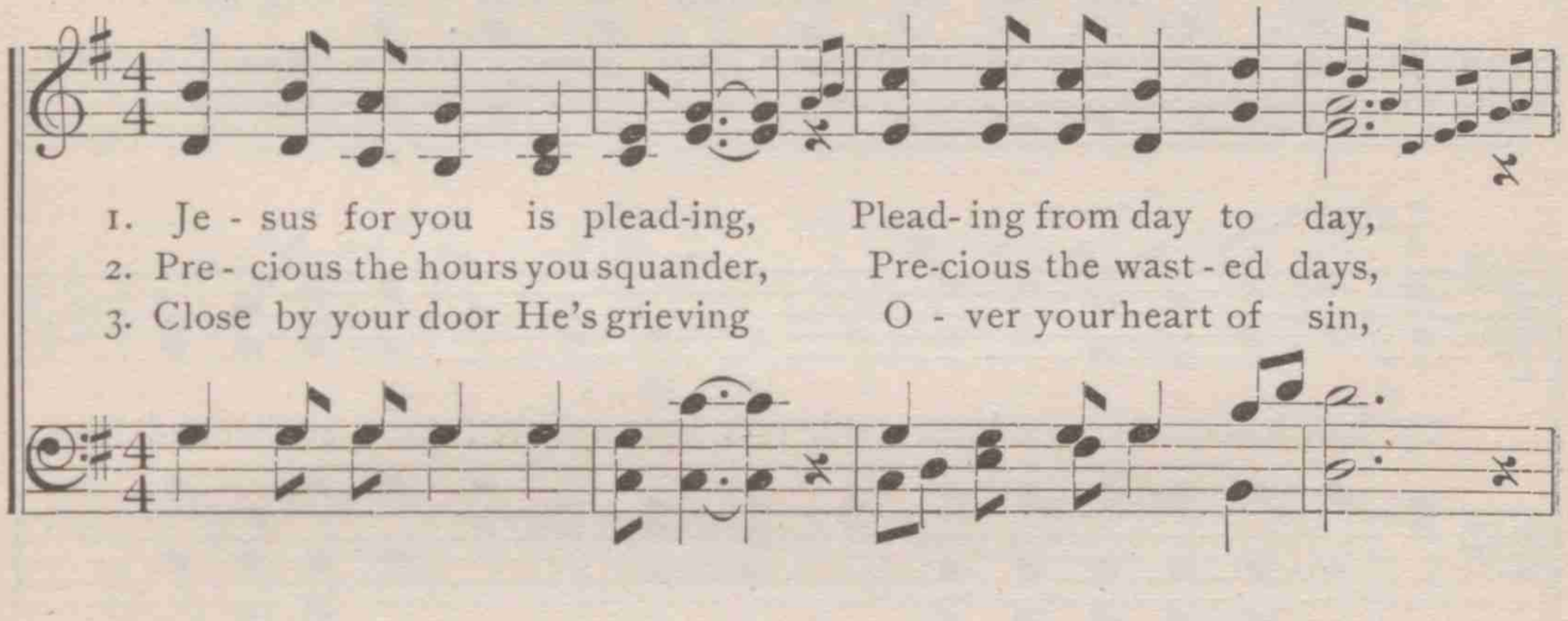
Gath-er them in, . . . gath-er them in;
Gather them, gather them in-to the fold, Gath-er them, gather them in-to the fold;

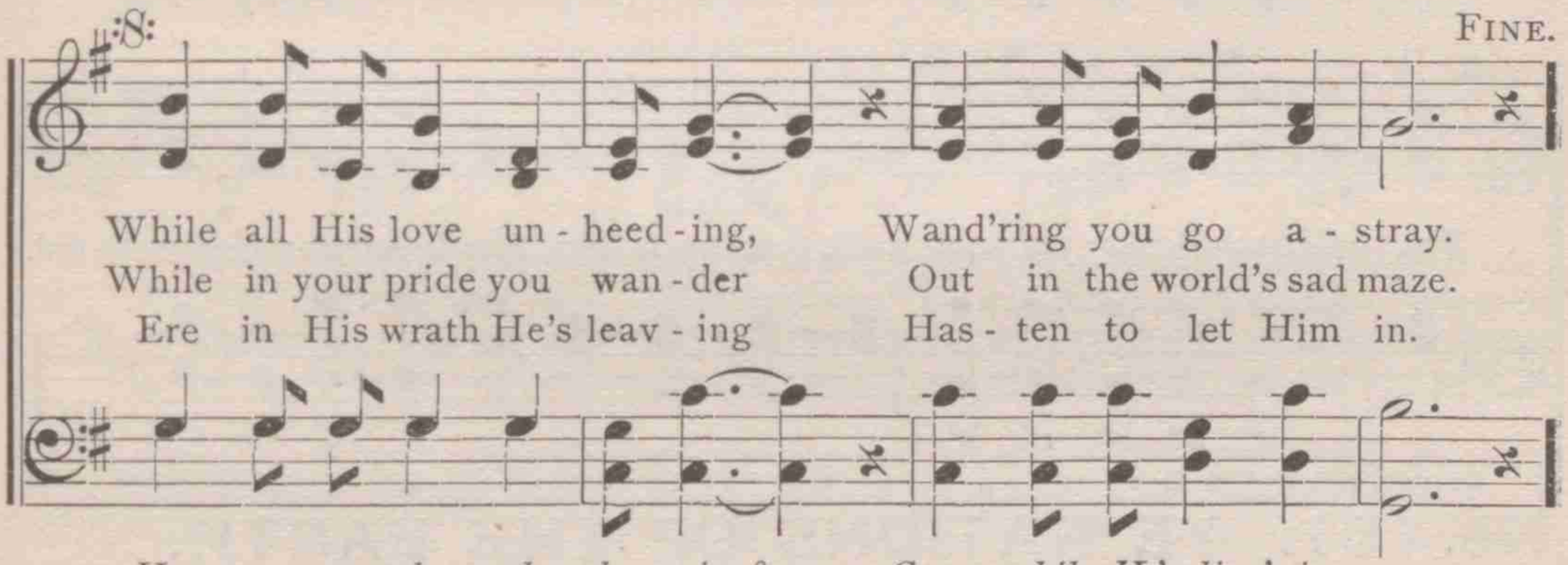
GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD.
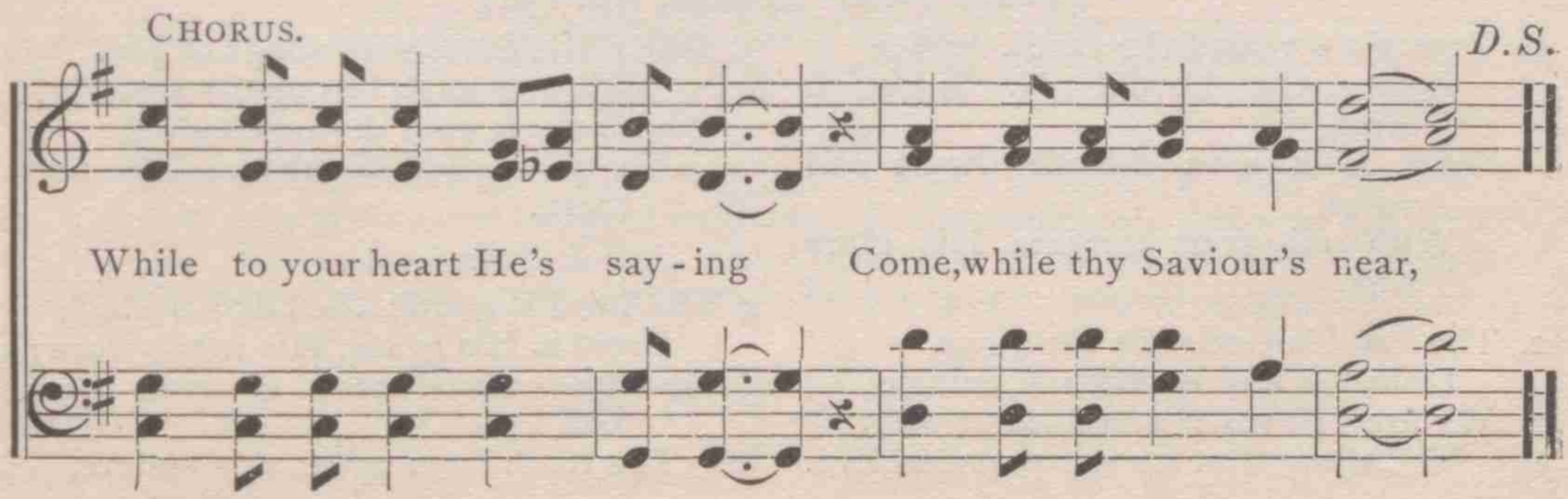


No. 149. JESUS FOR YOU IS PLEADING.

Mrs. T. R. GRIFFIN. H. N. LINCOLN.

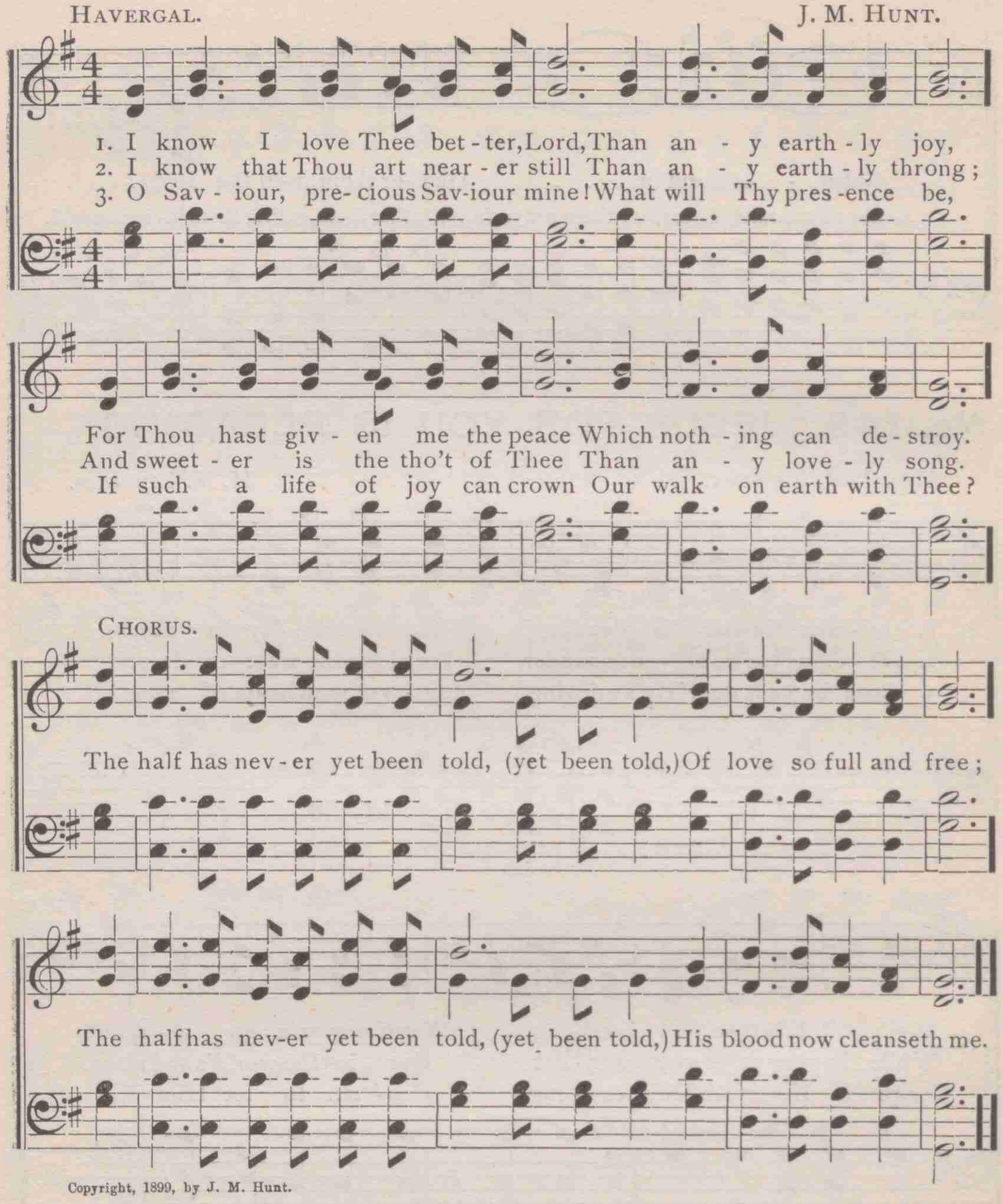






No. 150. HALF HAS NEVER YET BEEN TOLD.

HAVERGAL. J. M. HUNT.



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No. 151. YE NATIONS OF THE EARTH.

(Tune: DUKE STREET, No. 152.)

1. Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King,
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues His glory sing.

2. The Lord is God; 'tis He alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are His work, and not our own,
The sheep that on His pastures live.

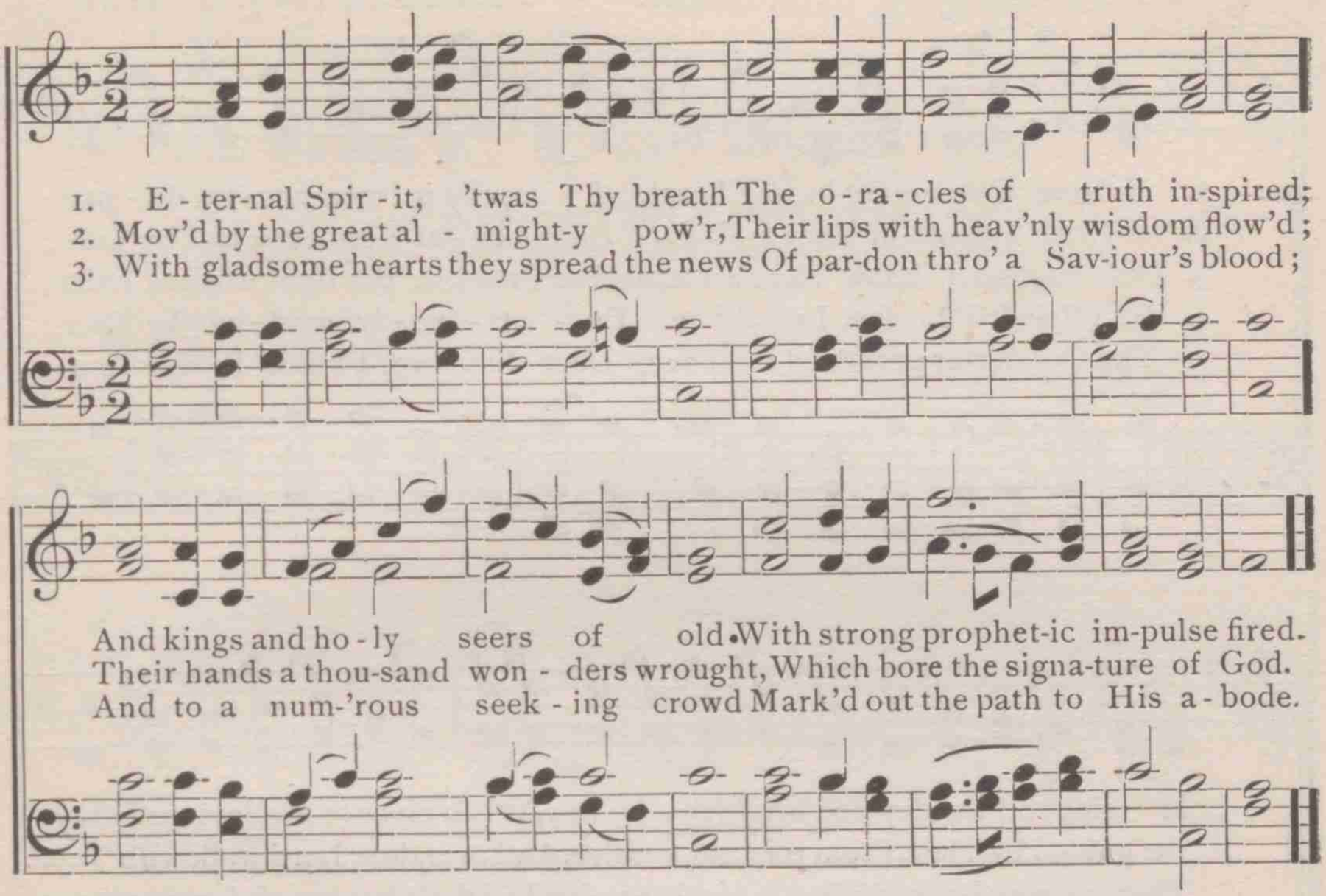
3. Enter His gates with songs of joy,
With praises to His courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4. The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is His grace, His mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

ISAAC WATTS.

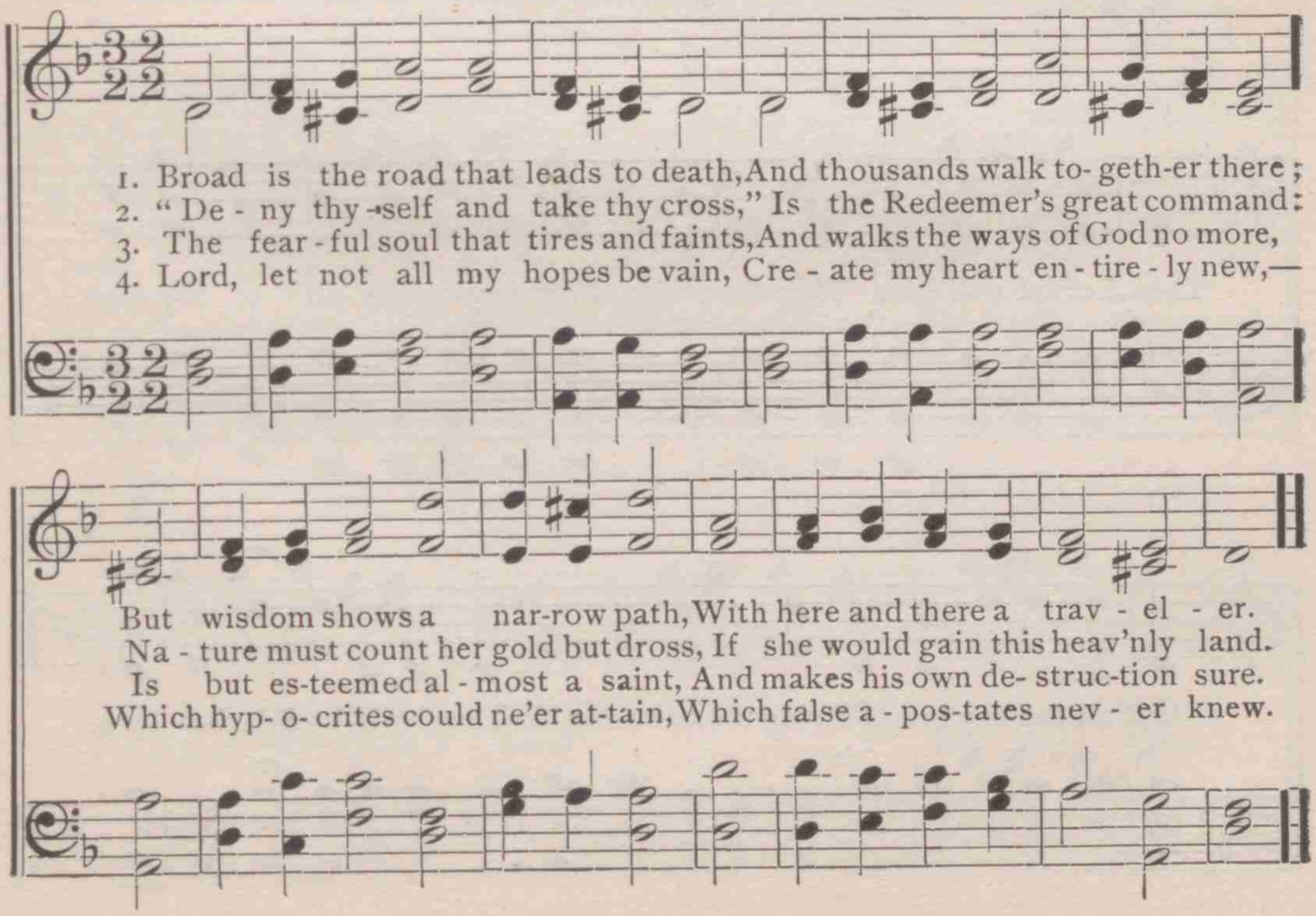
No. 152. DUKE STREET. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. J. HATTON.
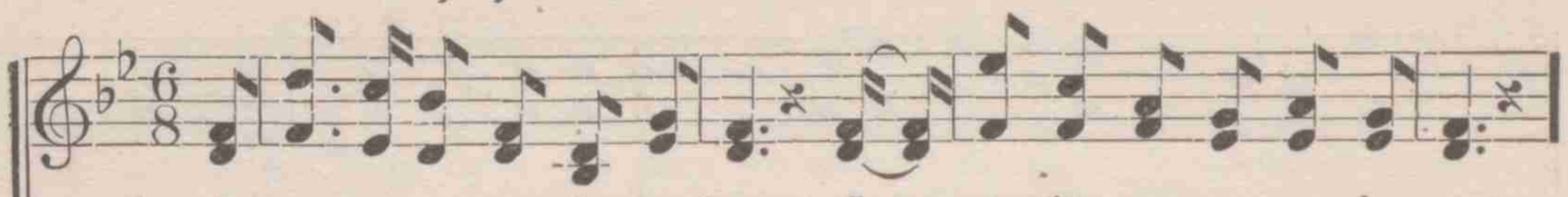


No. 153. WINDHAM. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. DANIEL READ.
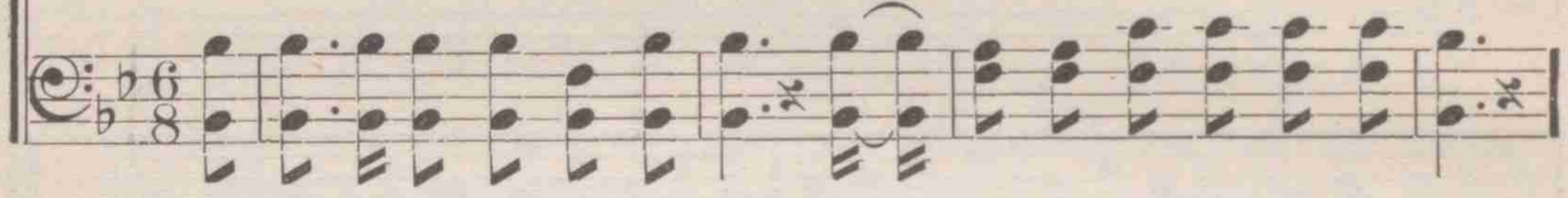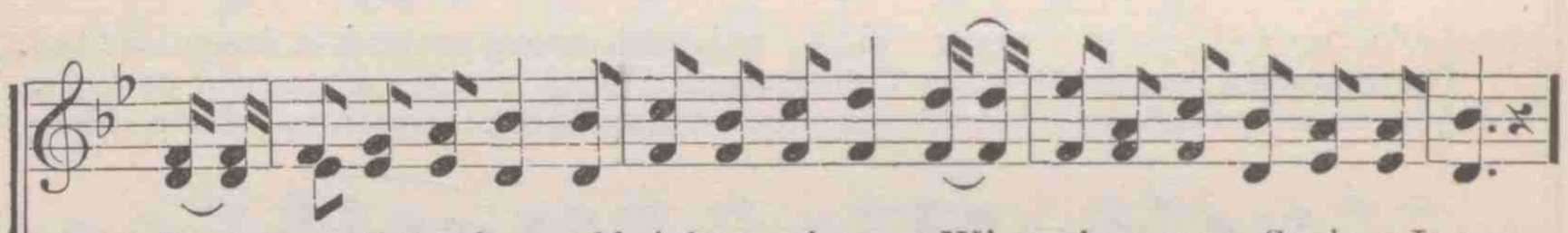


No. 154. TO THEE HALLELUJAHS BELONG.

Words and Melody by W. F. HENRY. Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.
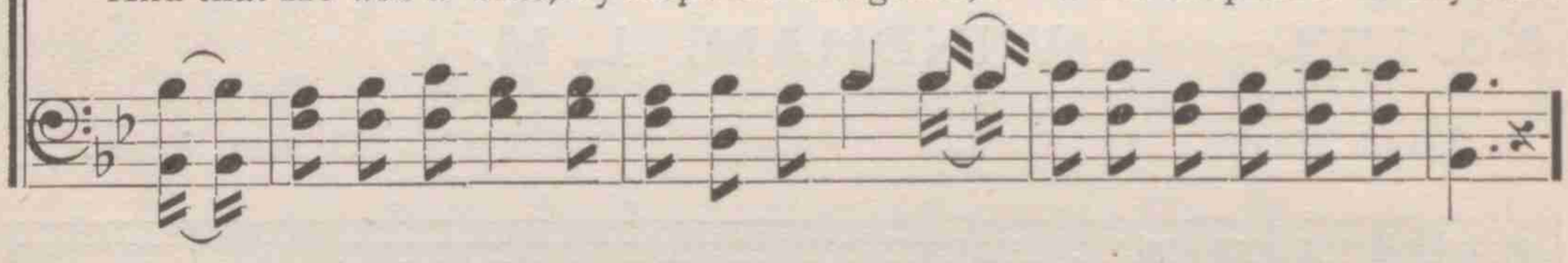


1. I have a new song in my heart, I pray it may nev-er de-part;
2. O Lord, I would in Thee a-bide, And ev-er keep close to Thy side;
3. Dear Saviour, I know Thou art mine, For I read in the blest word of Thine,
4. Blest Spir-it Di-vine, I would be En- ti-re-ly guid-ed by Thee;
5. The Comforter promised by Thee, Dear Sav-iour, I know is for me;

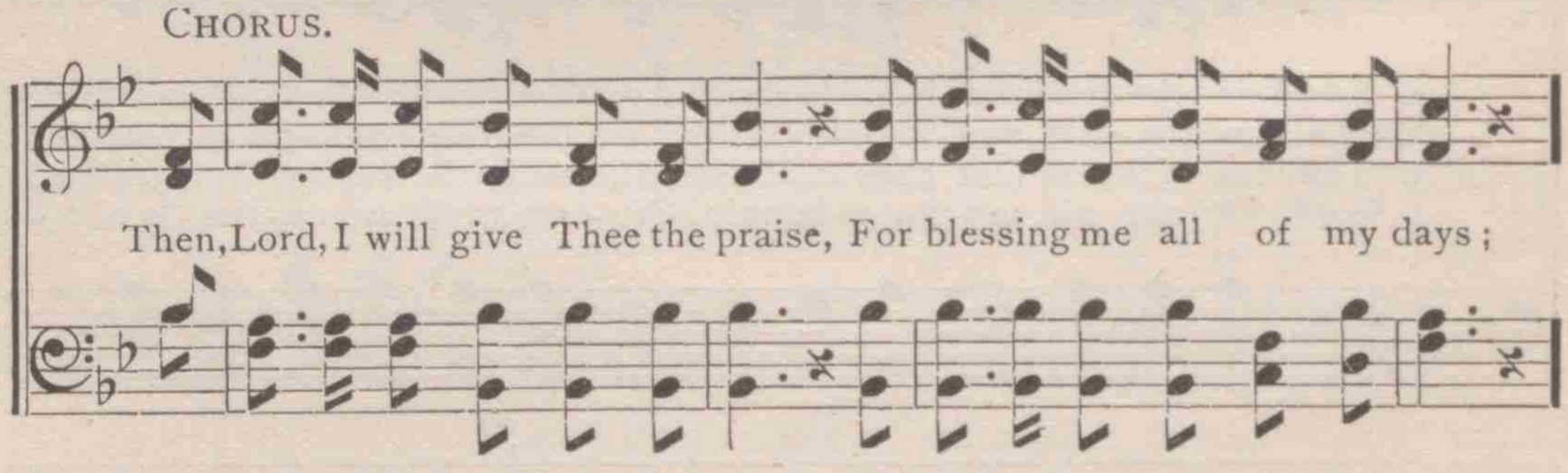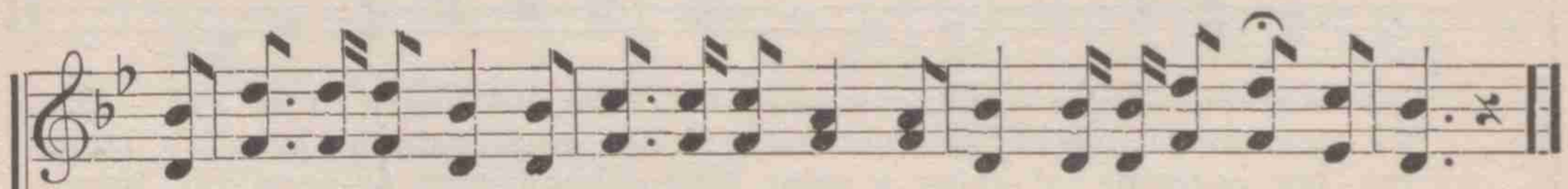




It sings all the day and brightens the way, When close to my Saviour I stay.
Be guided by Thee, From temptations flee, And ever, dear Lord, walk with Thee.
That all who believe, Thou'lt surely receive And their burden of sin will relieve.
Let Thine be my will, My heart ev-er fill, And may I Thy purpose ful-fil.
And that He will a-bide, My steps He will guide, If I will keep close to Thy side.
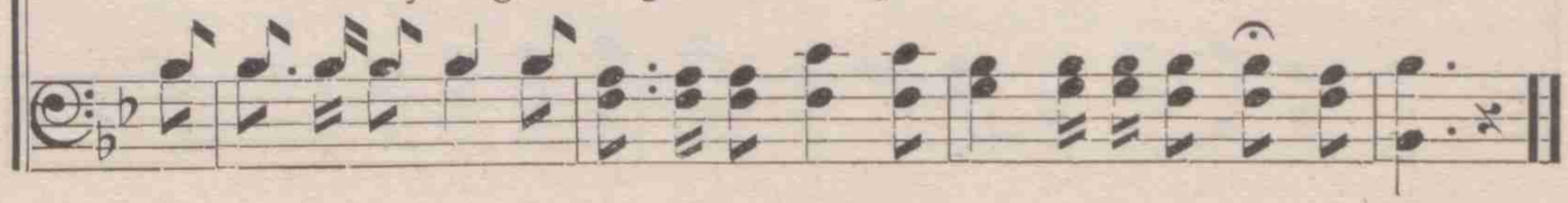


CHORUS.



Then, Lord, I will give Thee the praise, For blessing me all of my days;



And all the day long, I'll sing the new song, To Thee halle-lu-jahs be-long.



No. 155. JESUS, I WOULD LOVE THEE.

WILLIBELLE DANIEL. R. J. POWELL.

1. Je - sus, I would love Thee more and more;
Thou dost stoop to lis - ten, more and more,

2. Help me tell the sto - ry, more and more,
Thus Thy good-ness voic - ing, more and more,

3. Let my dai - ly liv - ing, more and more,
Ev - 'ry act re - veal - ing, more and more,

4. Sin - ners then shall own Thee, more and more;
An - gels hov - 'ring o'er us, more and more,
more and more;

Keep Thy wings a - bove me, more and more;
To Thy child's pe - ti - tion, (*Omit.* . . . . .)
Of Thy matchless glo - ry, more and more;
Oth - ers set to - joic - ing, (*Omit.* . . . . .)
Be one long thanks-giv - ing, more and more.
Depths of ear - nest feel - ing, (*Omit.* . . . . .)
In their hearts en-throne Thee more and more;
Swell the joy - ful chor - us, (*Omit.* . . . . .)
more and more;

CHORUS.
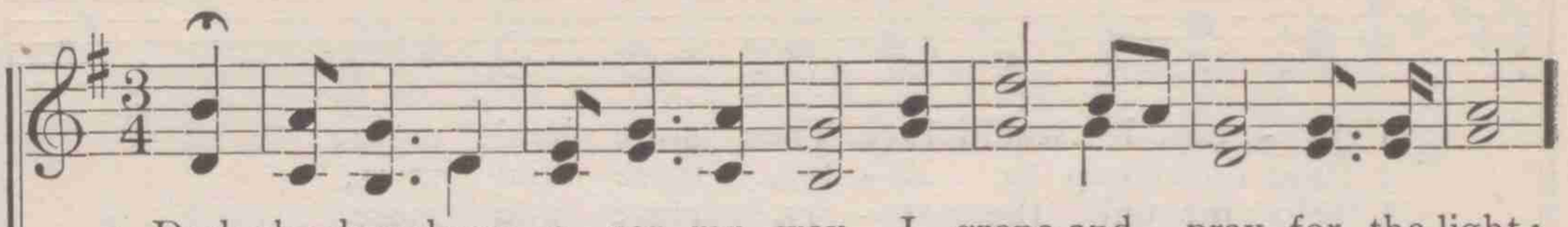
Praise the Lord, . . the King of
Praise the Lord, . . the King of
more . . and more.
Praise the Lord, the
Praise the Lord, the
more and more,

glo - ry, wher e'er you roam;
glo - ry, He'll (*Omit.* . . . . .) take you home.
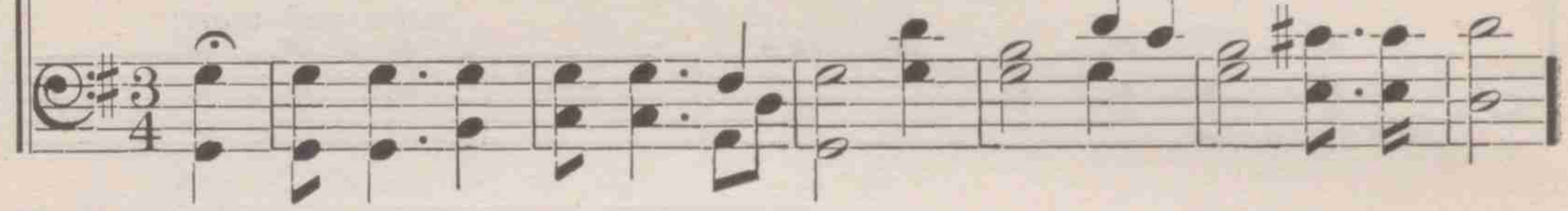
King of glory, wher - e'er you roam, wher - e'er you roam;
King of glo - ry, He'll (*Omit.* . . . . .) take you home.

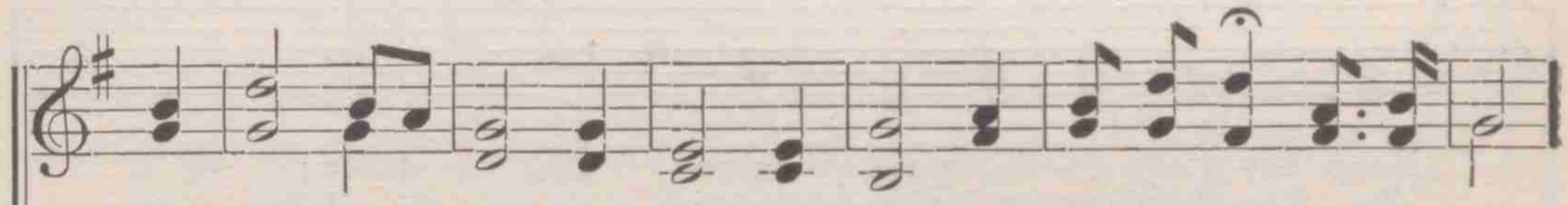
No. 156. GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

R. K. M. R. K. MAIDEN.

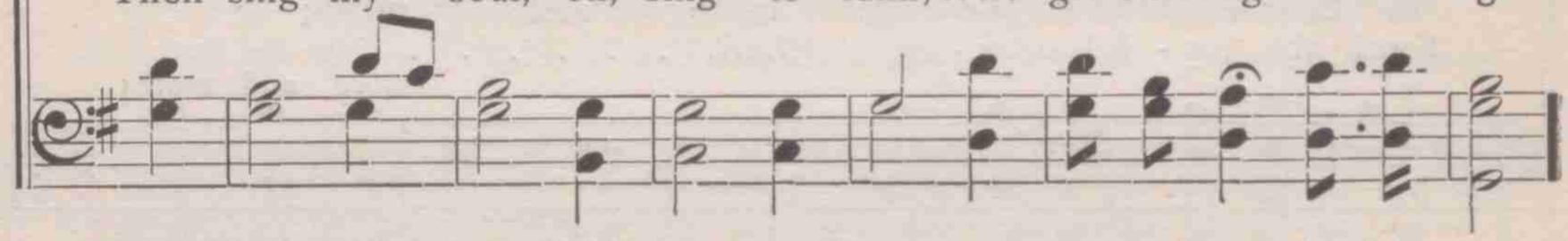


1. Dark sha-dows hang o - ver my way, I grope and pray for the light;
2. O Fa- ther re - mem-ber Thy child, So dark the night and so drear;
3. God's goodness is precious to me, His grace my strength and my stay;
4. The morning will gladden my heart, And flood my way with its light;
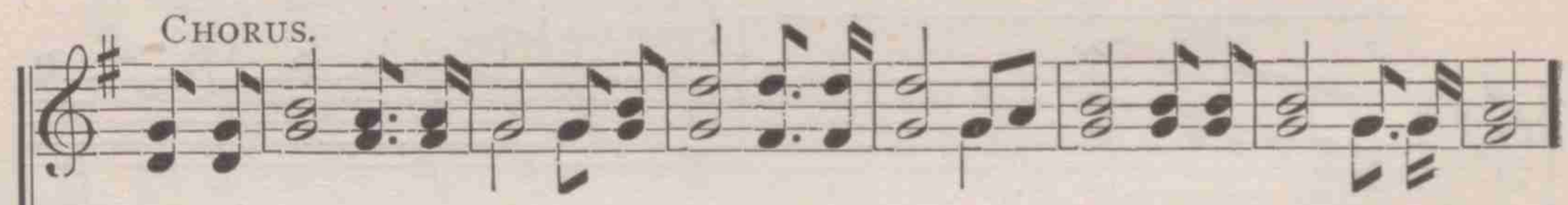




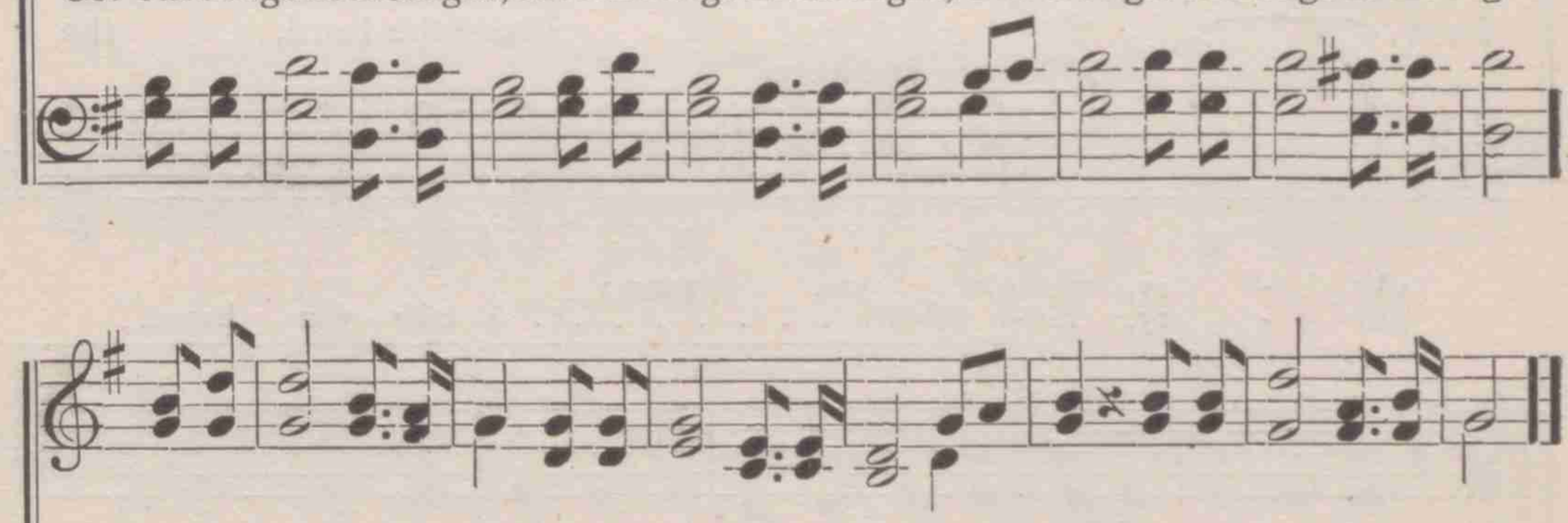
I lift my heart in trust to Him, Who giv- eth songs in the night.
O take me by my tremb-ling hand, O Fa- ther, Fa- ther be near.
Be - neath the sha - dow of His wing, I'll hide me all the dark way.
Then sing my soul, oh, sing to Him, Who giv-eth songs in the night.
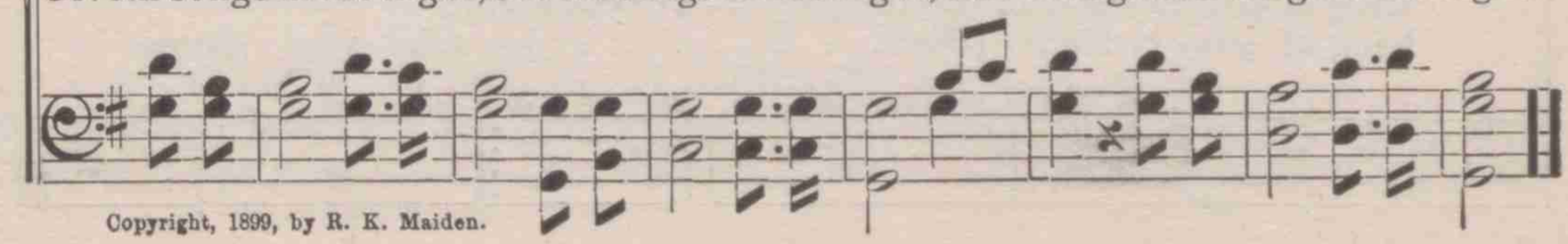


CHORUS.



Giv-eth songs in the night, Giveth songs in the night, Our God giveth songs in the night.



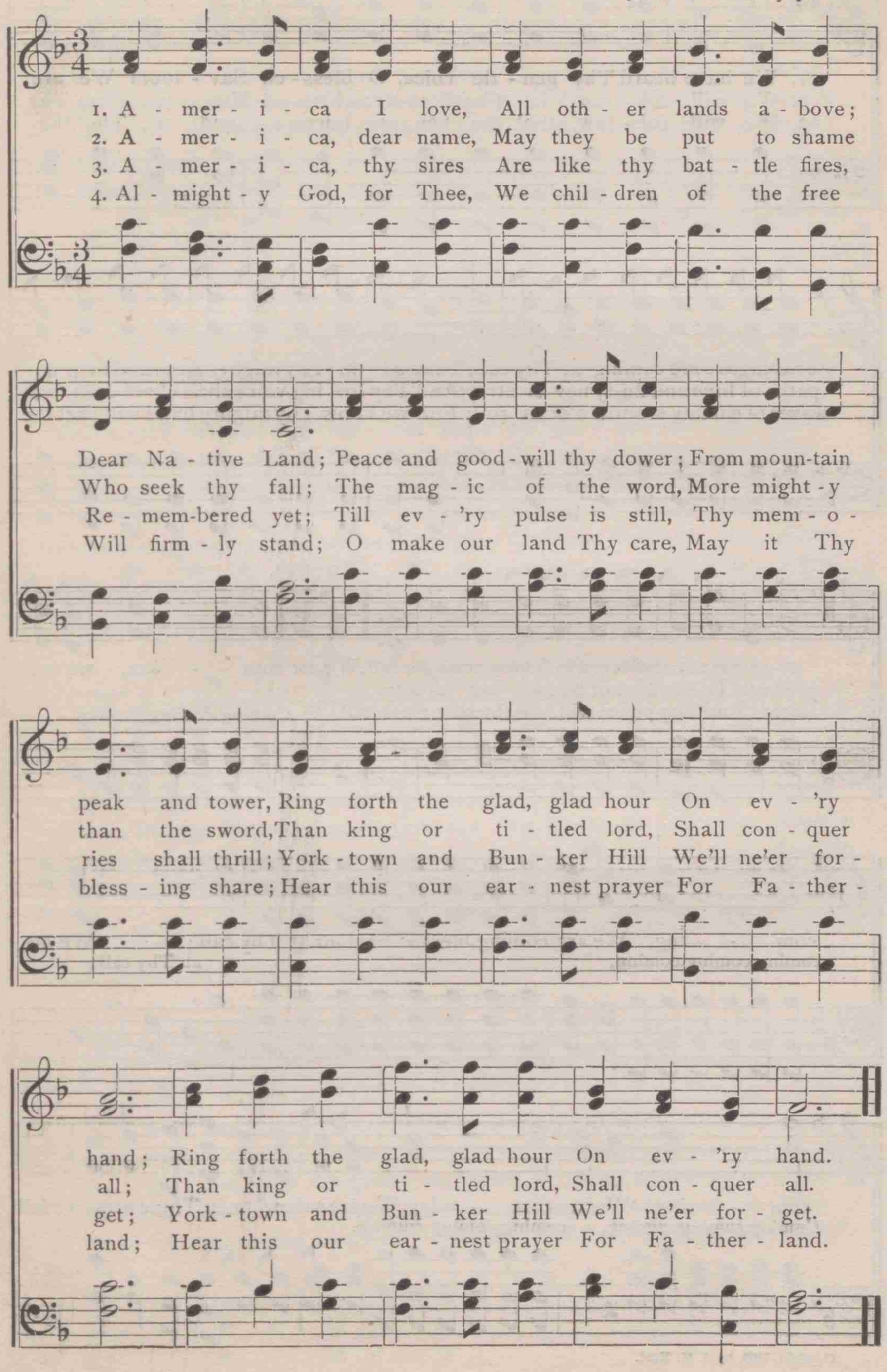
Giveth songs in the night, Giveth songs in the night, Our God giveth songs in the night.



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No. 157. DEAR NATIVE LAND.

Rev. DWIGHT SPENCER. J. M. HUNT, by per.



No. 158. WE ARE COMING.

J. M. HUNT.

1. We have heard Thy gen - tle voice, O bless - ed Sav - iour! We are com-ing, we are coming at Thy call; Take us in Thy mighty arms and help us
2. We will fol - low in Thy foot-steps, bless-ed Mas - ter, From Thy paths of love and du-ty nev- er stray; And Thy lov- ing voice shall cheer us as we
3. We will fol - low, tho' the tem -pest bursts a- round us, Tho' the waves of earthly sor-row o'er us roll; For we know Thy mighty hand will part the

CHORUS.

ev- er, Safe-ly sheltered in Thine arms we fall. We are com - ing, we are coming, coming, coming, We are coming, blessed Saviour, at Thy call; We are coming, coming, coming, at Thy call;
jour-ney To the land of beauty far a- way.
waters, And Thy peace will still the storm control. Coming, coming, coming,

com - ing, We are com - ing, We are safe when in Thine arms we fall.
Coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,

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No. 159. THE DOOMED MAN. C. M.

J. A. ALEXANDER. J M. HUNT.

1. There is a time we know not when, A place we know not where,
2. To pass that lim - it is to die — To die as if by stealth;
3. But on that fore-head God has set In - del - i - bly a mark,
4. He knows, he feels that all is well, And ev - 'ry fear is calmed;
5. How far may men go on in sin? How long will God for - bear?

That marks the des - ti - ny of men, To glo - ry or de - spair.
It does not quench the beam - ing eye, Or pale the glow - ing health.
Un-seen by man, for man as yet Is blind, and in the dark.
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell, Not on - ly doomed, but damned.
Where does hope end, and where be - gin The con - fines of de - spair?

There is a line, by us un - seen, That cross - es ev - 'ry path,
The con-science may be still at ease, The spir - its light and gay,
And still the doomed man's path be-low May bloom as E - den bloomed;
Oh! where is that mys - te - rious bourne, By which our path is crossed,
An an - swer from the skies is sent, "Ye that from God de - part,

The hid - den bound - a - ry be-tween God's patience and His wrath.
That which is pleas - ing still may please, And care be thrust a - way.
He did not, does not, will not know, Or feel that he is doomed.
Be - yond which, God Himself hath sworn, That he who goes is lost?
While it is called to-day, re - pent, And hard - en not your heart."

No. 160. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

Dr. H. BONAR. H. N. LINCOLN.

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

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

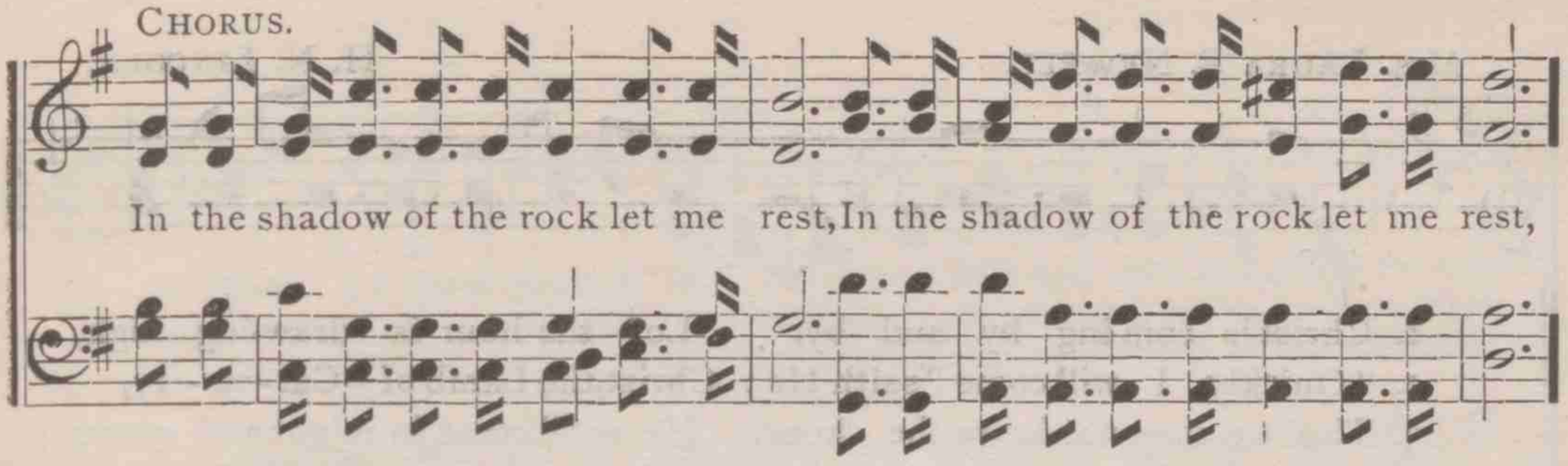
All in vain the storm shall sweep while I hide, (while I hide,)
Let me find a wel - come shade, cool and still, (cool and still,)
That the burn - ing heats are past, and the day (and the day)

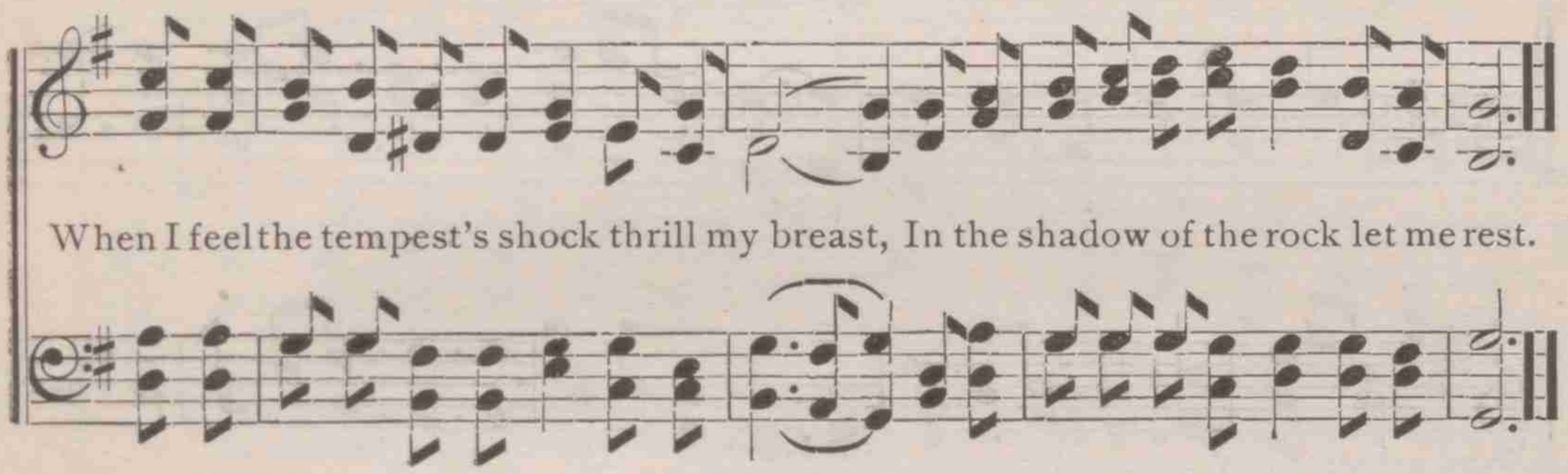
And my tran - quil vir - gil keep by Thy side. (by Thy side.)
And my wea - ry steps be stay'd by Thy will. (by Thy will.)
Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way. (go his way.)

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IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

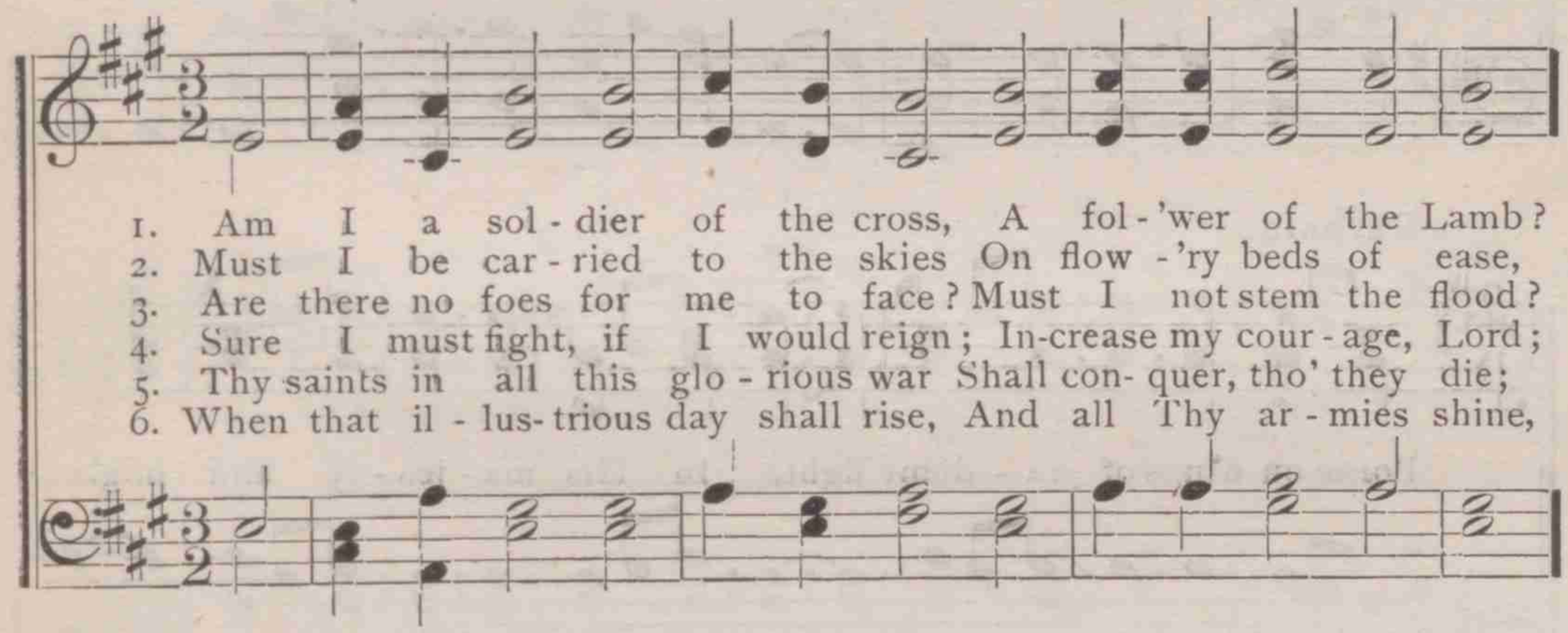
CHORUS.

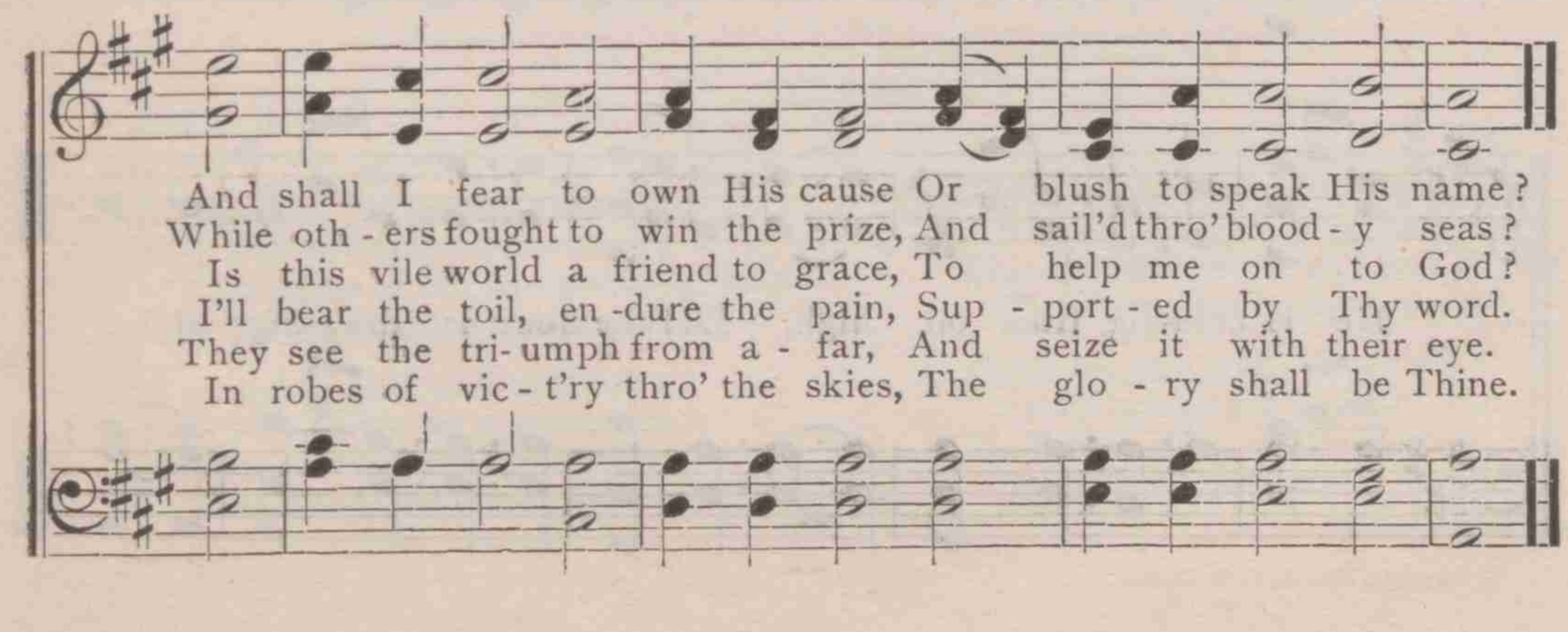




No. 161. AZMON. C. M.
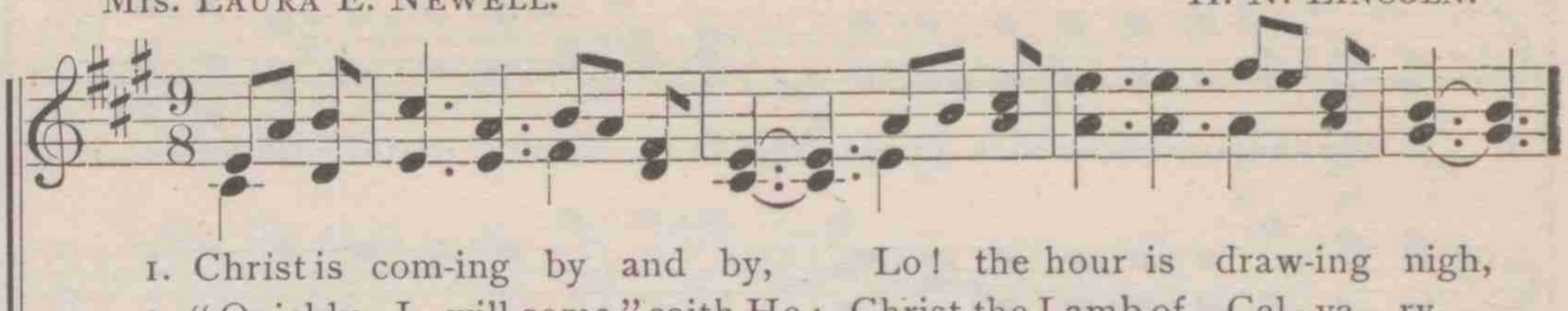
ISAAC WATTS. C. G. GLASER.
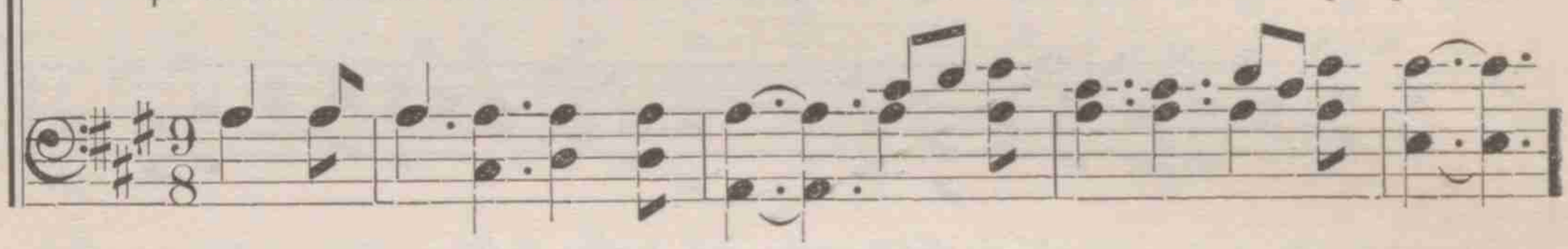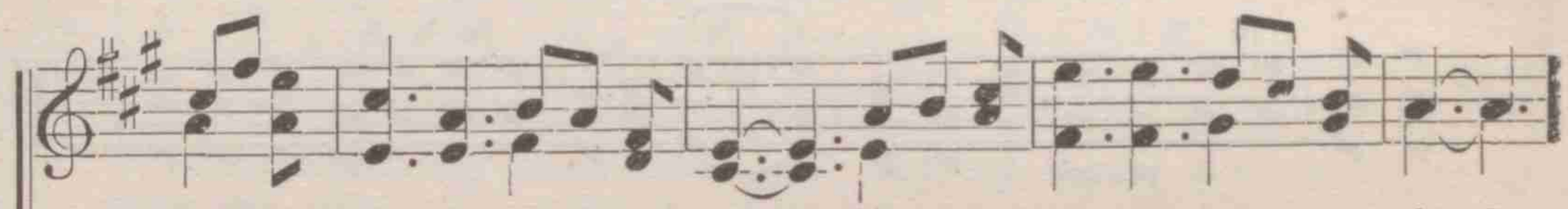




No. 162. CHRIST IS COMING BY AND BY.

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL. H. N. LINCOLN.
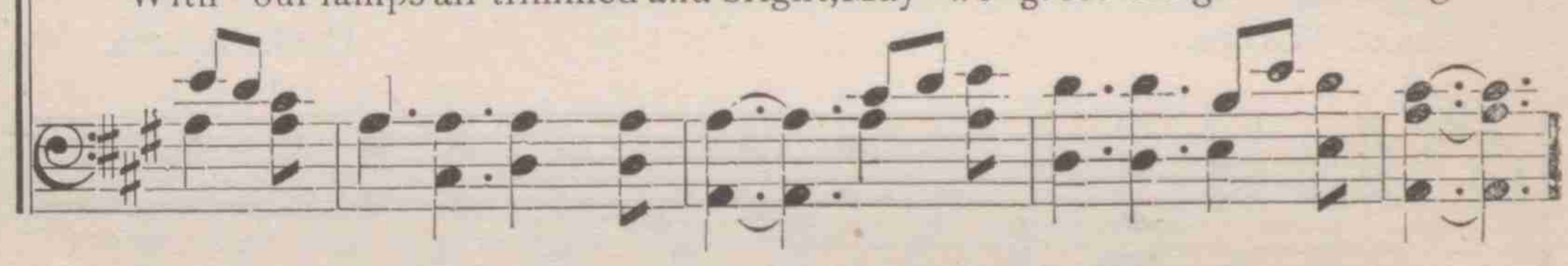


1. Christ is com-ing by and by, Lo! the hour is draw-ing nigh,
2. "Quickly I will come" saith He; Christ, the Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
3. Tho' we may not know the hour, He shall come in might and power;
4. When we think not He is near, Christ, our Sav-iour, will ap - pear;
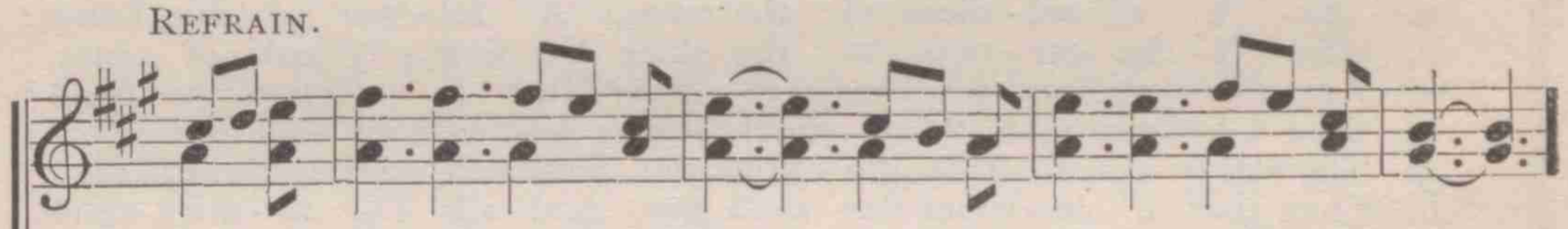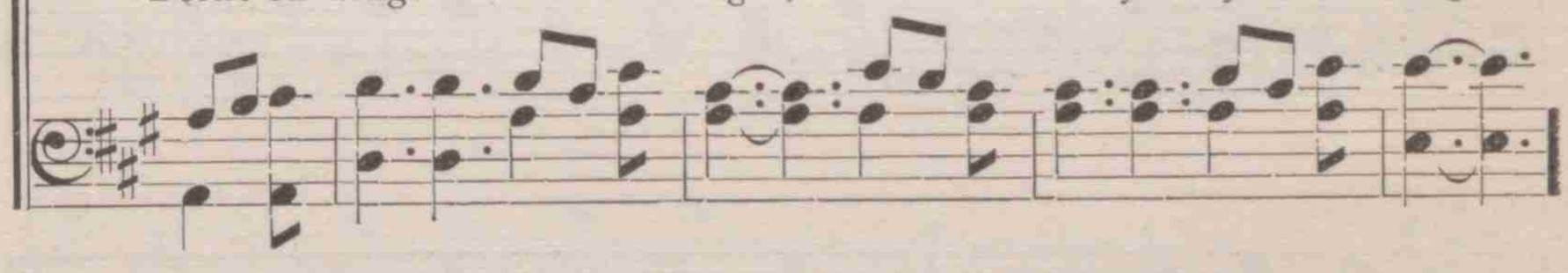




When His voice the saints shall hear; Shall it be with joy or fear?
Saith "Be read - y 'gainst that day Heaven and earth shall pass a - way."
He the faith-ful will re - ceive; Do you on the Lord be - lieve?
With our lamps all trimmed and bright, May we greet the glo - rious sight.
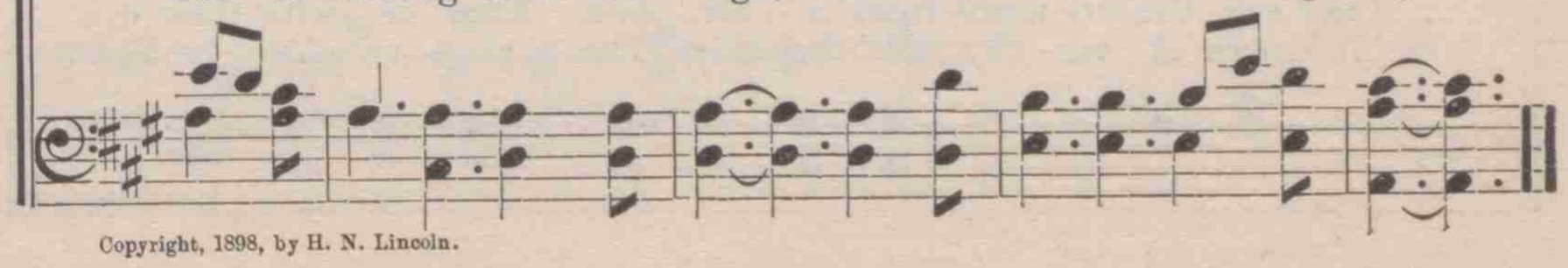


REFRAIN.



Borne on wings of ra - diant light, In His ma - jes - ty and might;
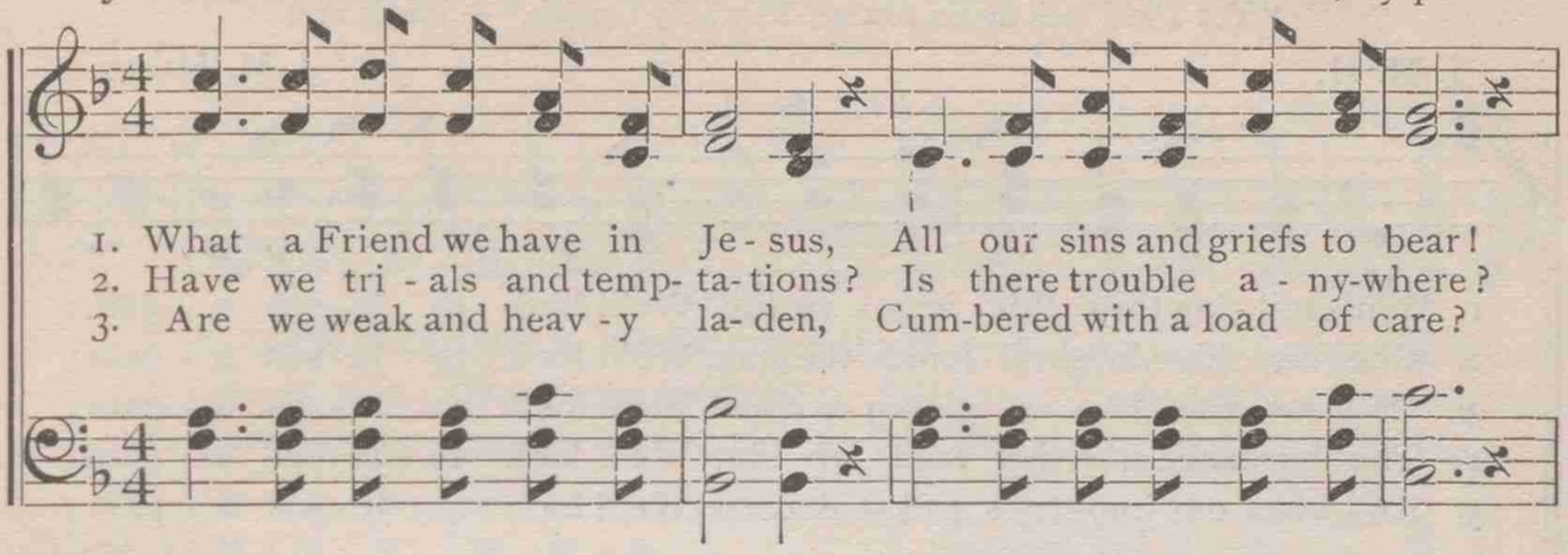


He is com-ing from on high, Lo! the hour is draw-ing nigh.

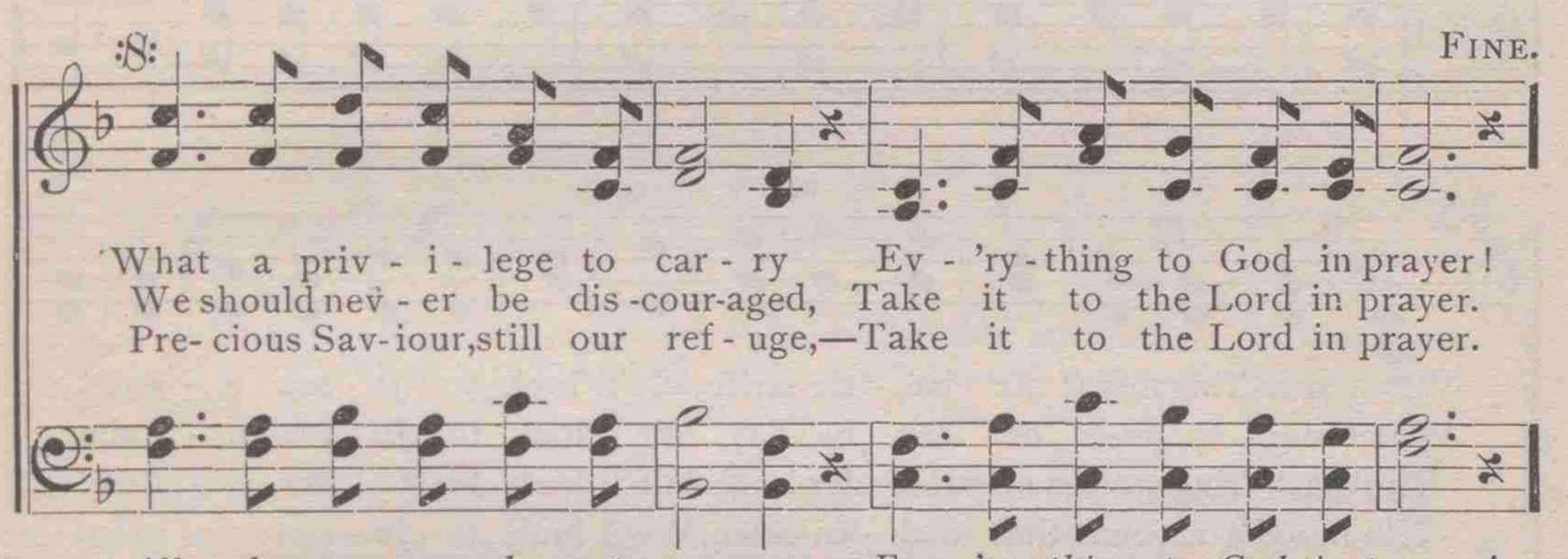


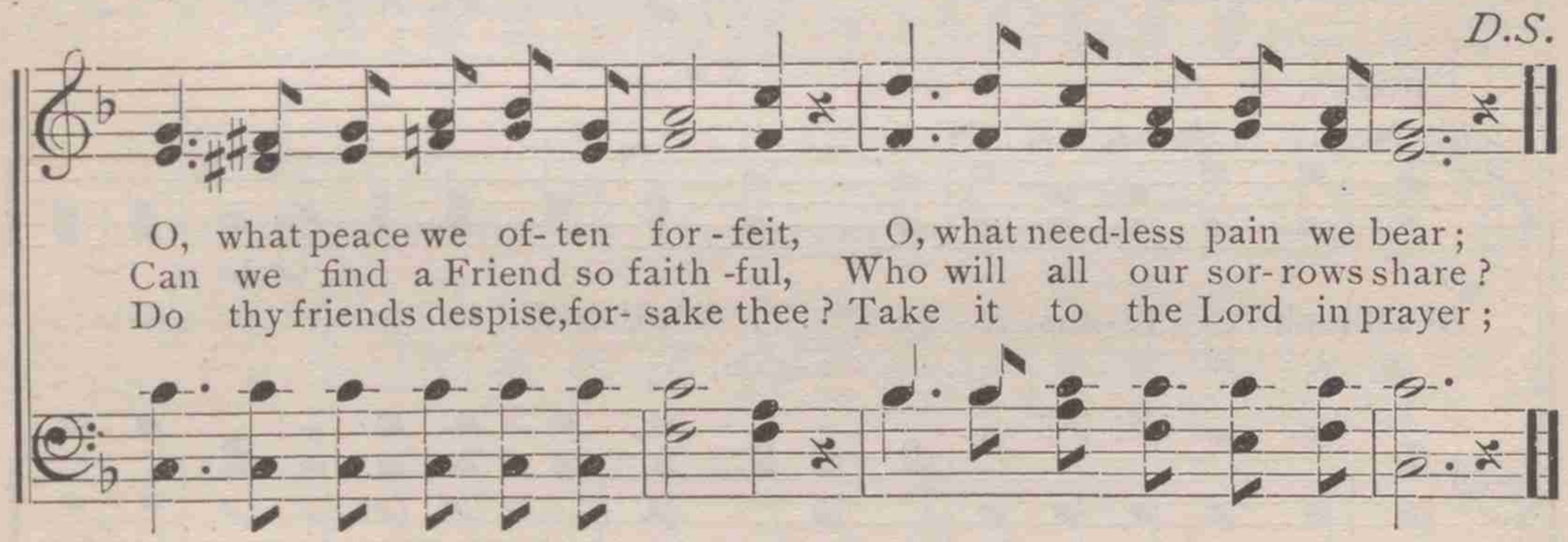
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No. 163. WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s. D.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE, by per.







No. 164. KEY OF C.

1. My soul, be on thy guard;
   Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
   To draw thee from the skies.

2. O watch and wait and pray;
   The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
   And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the victory won,
   Nor lay thine armour down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
   'Till thou obtain thy crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death
   Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
   To His divine abode.

GEO. HEATH.

No. 165. WE'LL LOOK TO JESUS AGAIN.

"Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." — Isa. 45: 22.
"Yet I will look again toward Thy holy temple." — Jonah 2: 4.

J. M. H. J. M. HUNT.

1. While toil-ing thro' this wea-ry life, We'll look to Je-sus a-gain;
2. When sun-shine, bright, il-lumes the way, We'll look to Je-sus a-gain;
3. 'Mid sor-rows, like a gloom-y cloud, We'll look to Je-sus a-gain;
4. Tho' burdened with this load of sin, We'll look to Je-sus a-gain;
5. And when our jour-ney's end shall come, We'll look to Je-sus a-gain;

When wav-'ring midst the bat-tle strife, We'll look to Je-sus a-gain.
When mer-cy leads us day by day, We'll look to Je-sus a-gain.
Tho' gath-'ring storms may thun-der loud, We'll look to Je-sus a-gain.
His blood's a fount that wash-es clean, We'll look to Je-sus a-gain.
We'll all be gath-ered safe-ly home, We'll look to Je-sus a-gain.

CHORUS.

We'll look to Je-sus a-gain, . . We'll look to Je-sus a-gain;
a-gain,

Although we've looked so oft be-fore, We'll look to Je-sus a-gain.

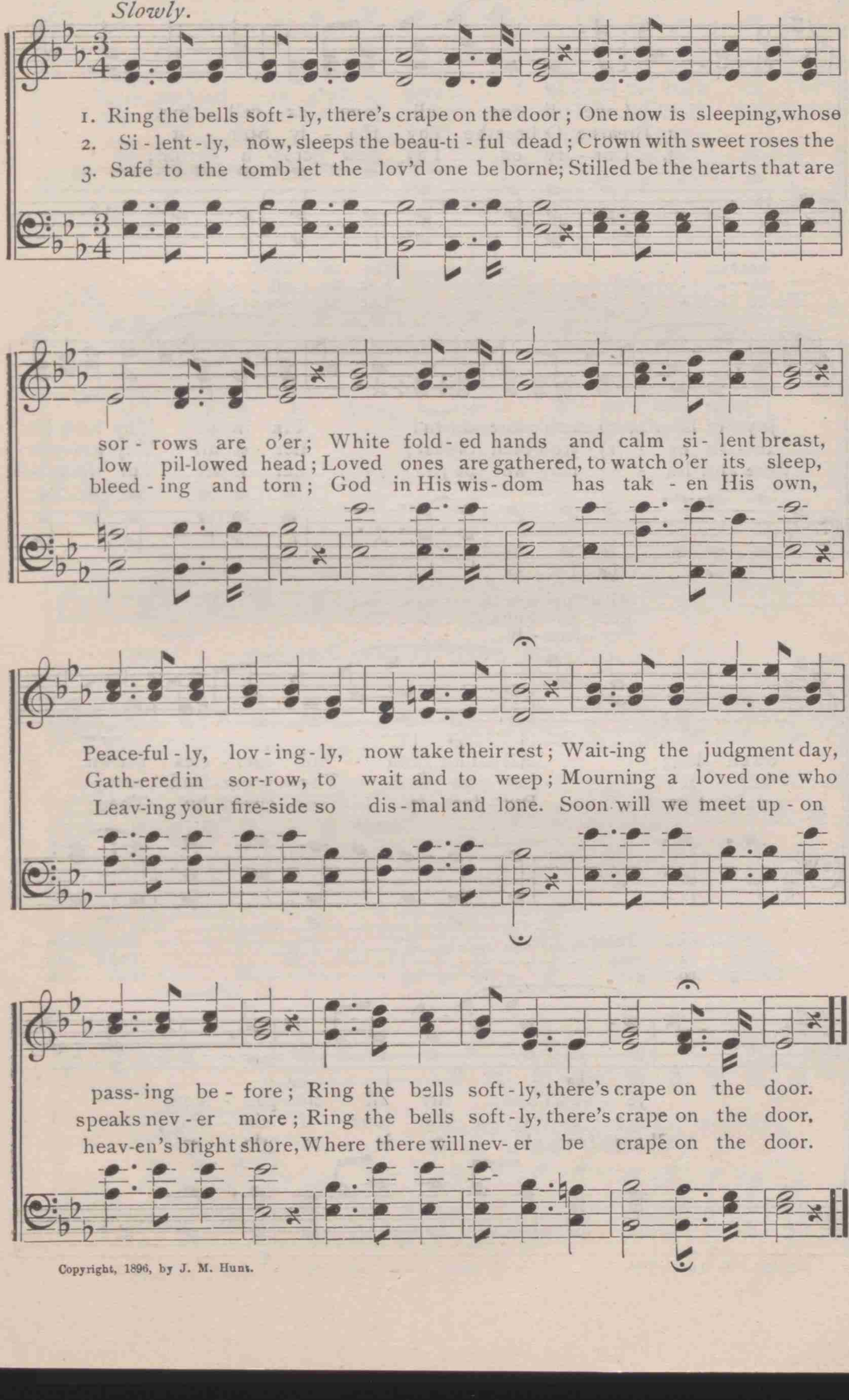
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No. 166. THERE'S CRAPE ON THE DOOR.

Affectionately dedicated to the memory of our departed brother and faithful servant of the Master, Rev. W. E. Penn.

Words and music by J. M. HUNT.

Slowly.



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No. 167. FATHER, WE'LL REST IN THY LOVE.

C. WESLEY. R. J. POWELL.

1. Love di - vine, . . .
2. Breathe, O breathe . . . .
3. Car - ry on . . . . . Joy of
In - to
Pure and

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing,
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy Ho - ly Spir - it
3. Car - ry on Thy new cre - a - tion;

heaven, . . . Fix in us . . . . .
ev - - - Let us all . . . . .
ho - - - Let us see . . . . .

Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum-ble
In - to ev - 'ry trou-bled breast; Let us all Thy grace in -
Pure and ho - ly may we be; Let us see our whole sal-

All Thy faith - - -
Let us find . . . . .
Per - fect - ly . . . . . .

dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
her - it; Let us find Thy prom - ised rest;
va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee;

Je - sus, Thou . . . . . Pure un -
Take a - way . . . . . Take our
Change from glo - - - - - Till in

Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas - sion,
Take a - way the love of sin - ning;
Change from glo - ry in - to glo - ry,

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FATHER, WE'LL REST IN THY LOVE.

bound - -
load . . . .
heaven . . .

Vis - it us . . . . .
End the work . . . .
Till we cast . . . .

Pure, un-bound - ed love Thou art;
Take our load of guilt a - way;
Till in heav'n we take our place,

Vis - it us with Thy sal -
End the work of Thy be -
Till we cast our crowns be-

En - ter ev - - - -
Bring us to . . . . . .
Lost in won - - - -

va - tion,
gin - ning,
fore Thee,

En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
Bring us to e - ter - nal day.
Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

CHORUS.

Fa - ther, we'll rest in Thy love,

Fa - - ther, we'll rest in Thy

Rest in Thy love, rest in Thy love; . . . . Fa - ther, we'll rest in Thy
love, ... rest in Thy love;

love, ...

Fa-ther, we'll rest, rest in Thy love.

rest in Thy love Fa-ther, we'll rest . . . . .

No. 168. RING THE JOYFUL BELLS.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Ring, ring the bells, the joy - ful bells This mer - ry Christmas morn;
   Their sweet me-lo-dious mu - sic tells The (*omit.* . . . . .)
2. Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells, For in their joy - ous chime
   Once more on earth the cho - rus swells, Of (*omit.* . . . . .)
3. Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells, Pro - phet - ic of the day,
   When He of whom their mu - sic tells Shall (*omit.* . . . . .)

day that Christ was born. Sweet-ly they sound o'er vale and glen; Hark!
an - gel song sub - lime. The sweet, old sto - ry, ev - er new, Falls
all the na - tions sway; Shall bless, and fill, and rule each heart, Shall

how their mu - sic swells With "Peace on earth, good-will to men!" O
on the heart a - gain, Re - fresh - ing as the ear - ly dew, Or
bid all sor - rows cease; And give His own the bet - ter part Of
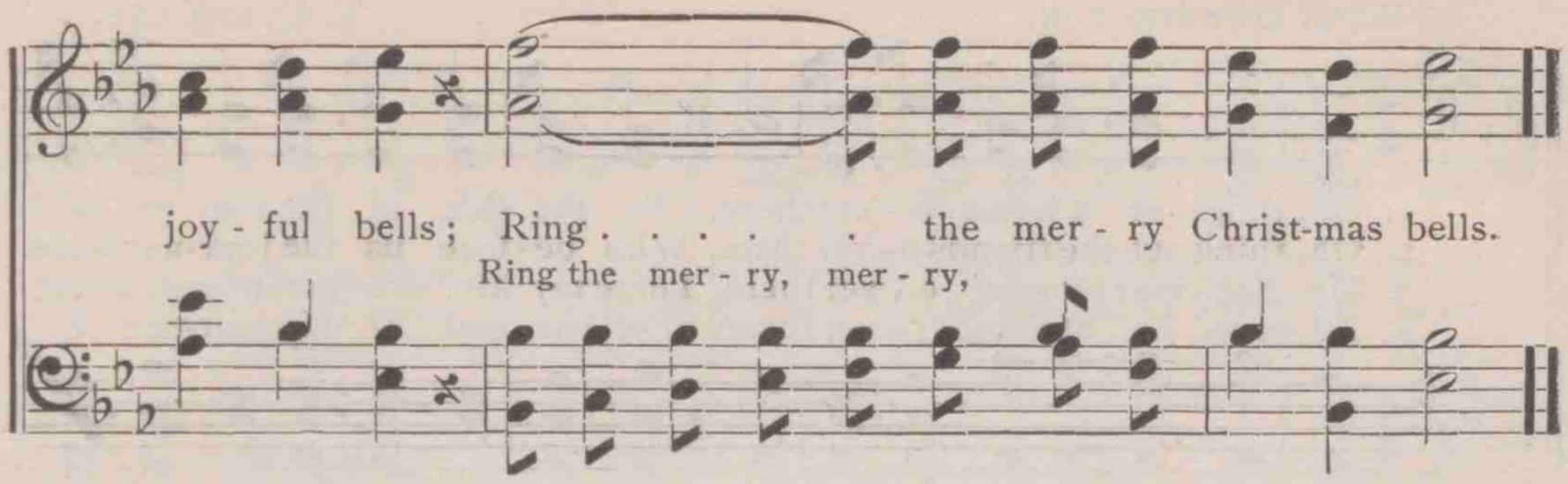
CHORUS.

mer - ry Christ-mas bells! Ring, ring the bells, the joy - ful bells,
the soft sum - mer rain.
ev - er - last - ing peace.

Ring the mer - ry, mer - ry Christ-mas bells; Ring, ring the bells, the

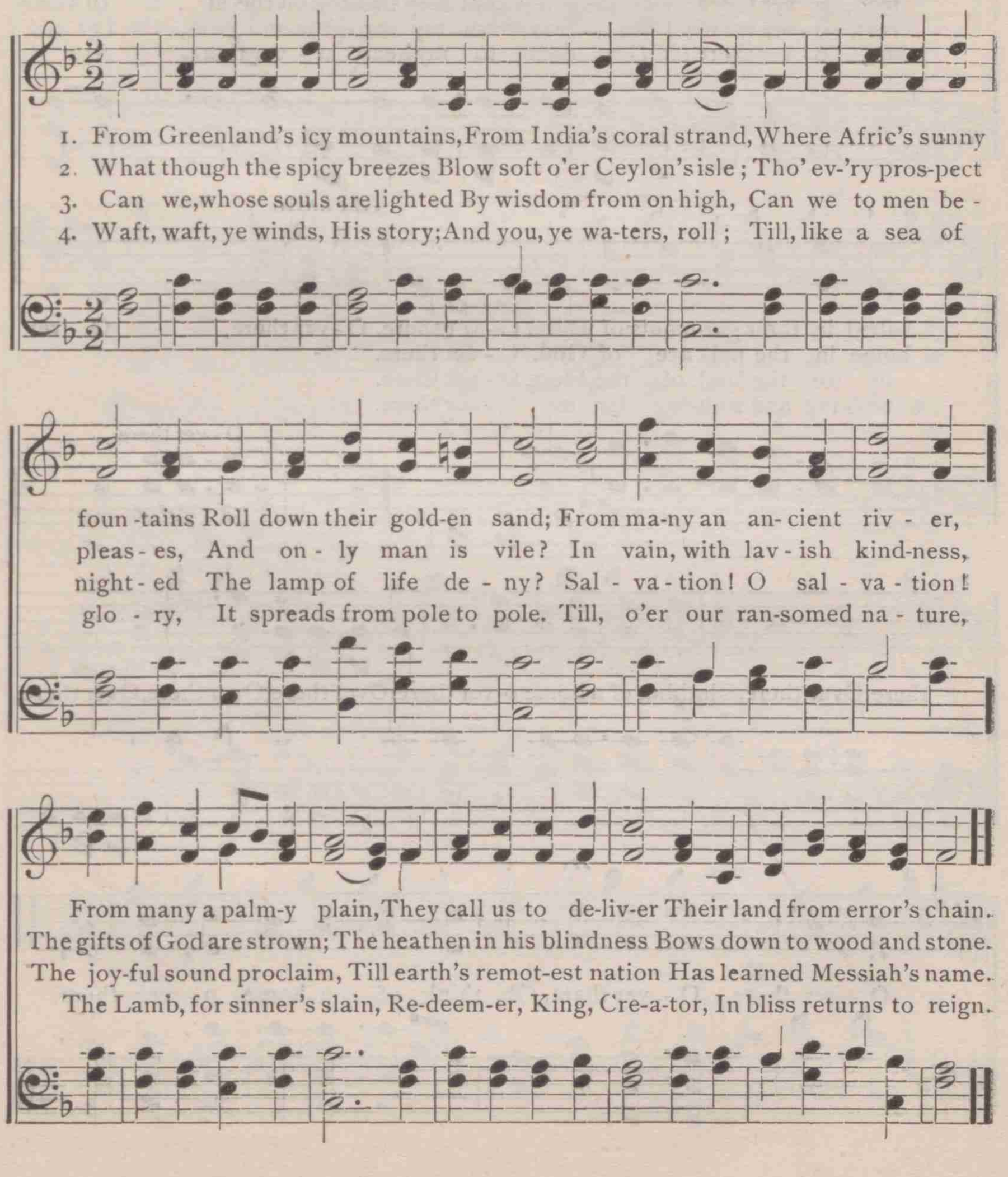
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RING THE JOYFUL BELLS.



No. 169. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s. D.

REGINALD HEBER. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 170. OVER THERE. P. M.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. T. C. O'KANE.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

O - ver there,

there, Over there, Oh, think of a home o-ver there; Over there; Over there, Over there,

O - ver there, O - ver there, Oh, think of a home o - ver there.

No. 171. SAVED BY GRACE.

E. R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.

ALTO AND TENOR. QUARTET.

1. I have learn'd a sweet new song, Saved by grace! saved by grace!
2. I will strive to keep from sin, Saved by grace! saved by grace!
3. Tho' tempta - tion me may try, Saved by grace! saved by grace!
4. If my all to Him I give, Saved by grace! saved by grace!

SOPRANO AND BASS. SEMI-CHORUS.

I to Christ the Lord be - long, Saved by grace! saved by grace!
And a fade - less crown to win, Saved by grace! saved by grace!
I will on my Lord re - ly, Saved by grace! saved by grace!
He will keep me while I live, Saved by grace! saved by grace!

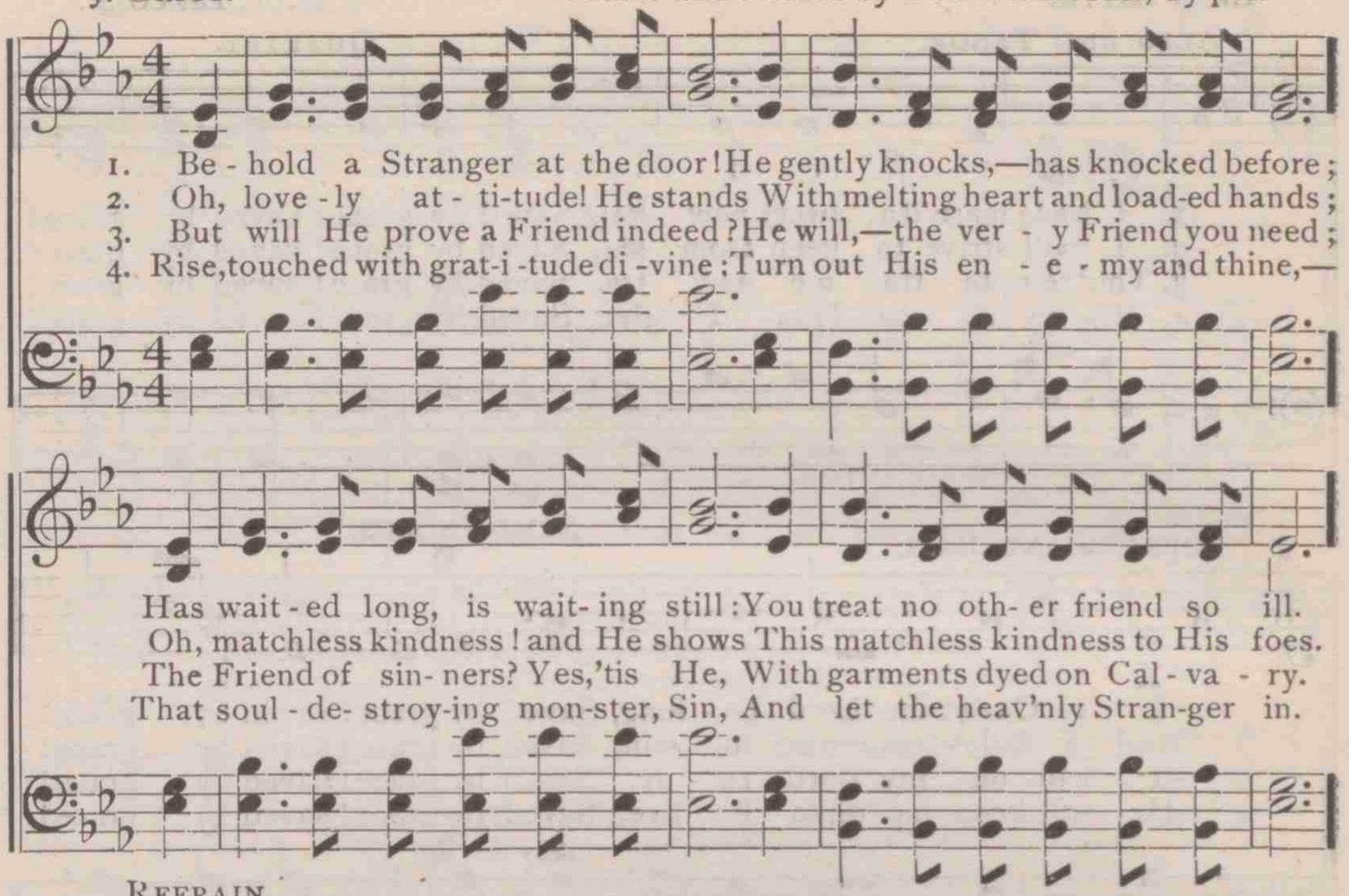
REFRAIN. FULL CHORUS.

Where the saints and an - gels are, And no
Where the saints and an - gels are, And no
blight of sin can mar; I shall see Him face to
blight, and no blight of sin can mar; I shall see Him, I shall
face, Saved by grace! saved by grace!
see Him face to face, Saved by grace!

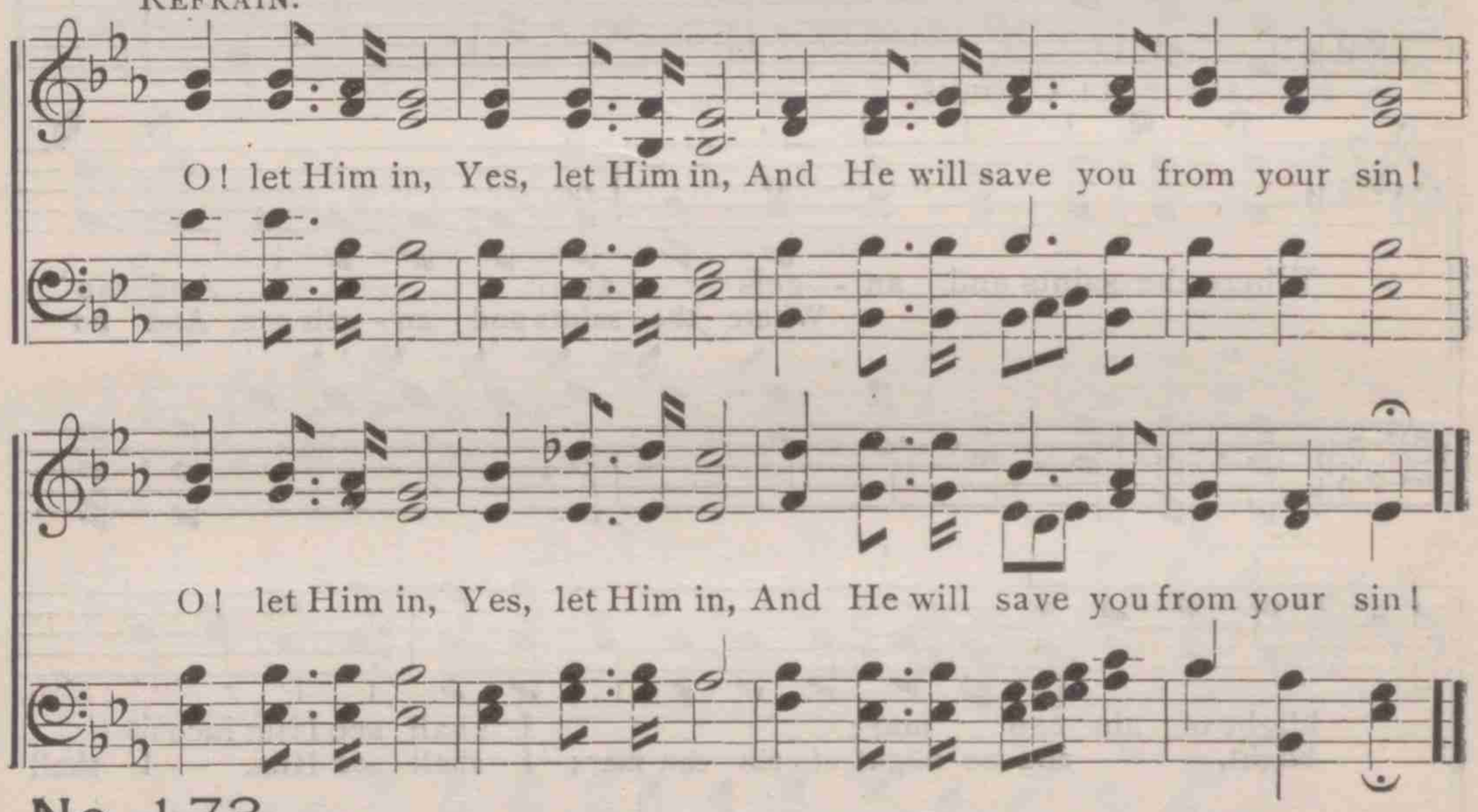
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No. 172. LET HIM IN.

J. GRIGG. Music and refrain by H. N. LINCOLN, by per.



REFRAIN.



No. 173.

1. Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

2. "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I'll enter in
Whatever may oppose.

3. "Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.

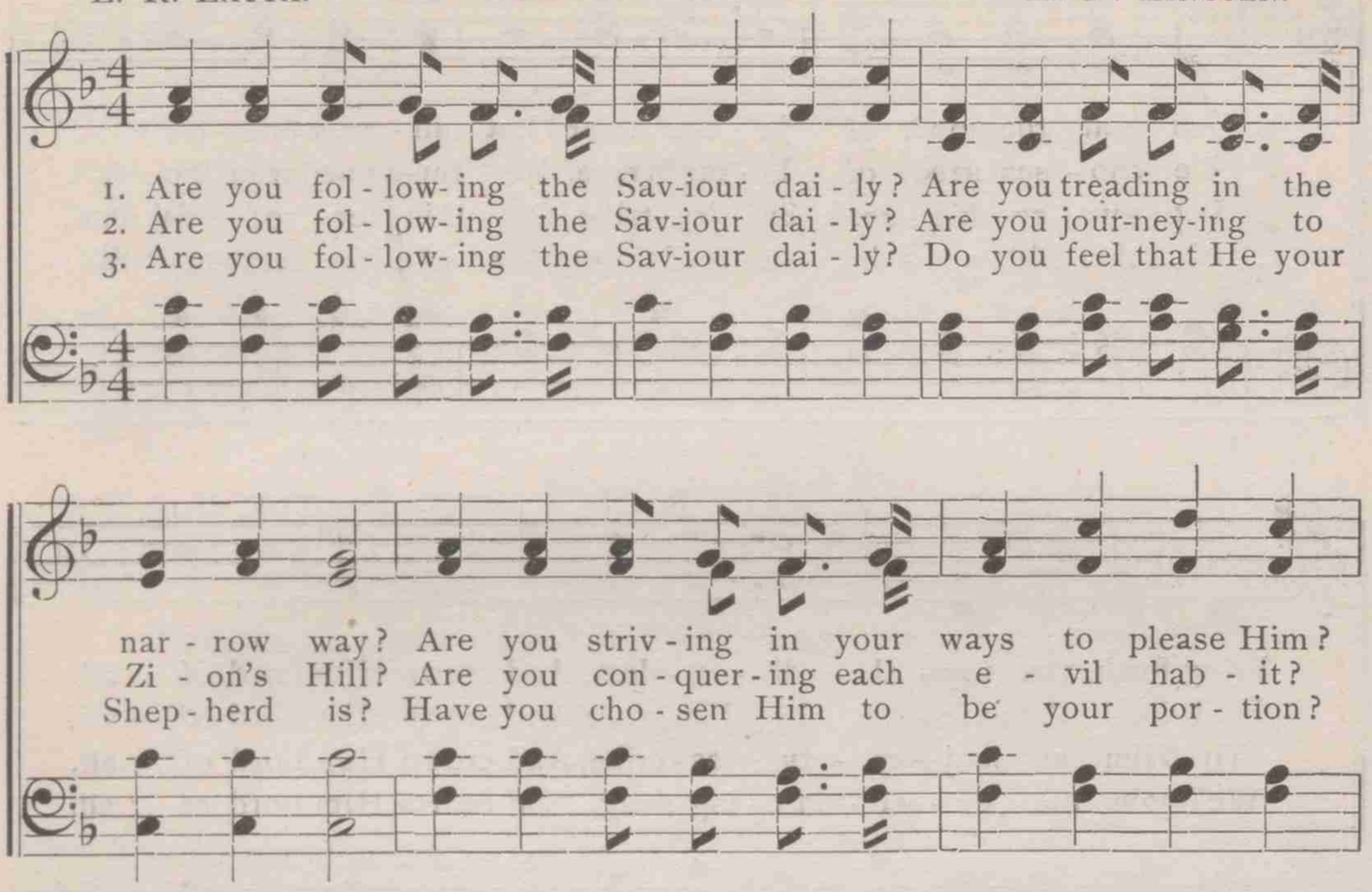
4. "Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

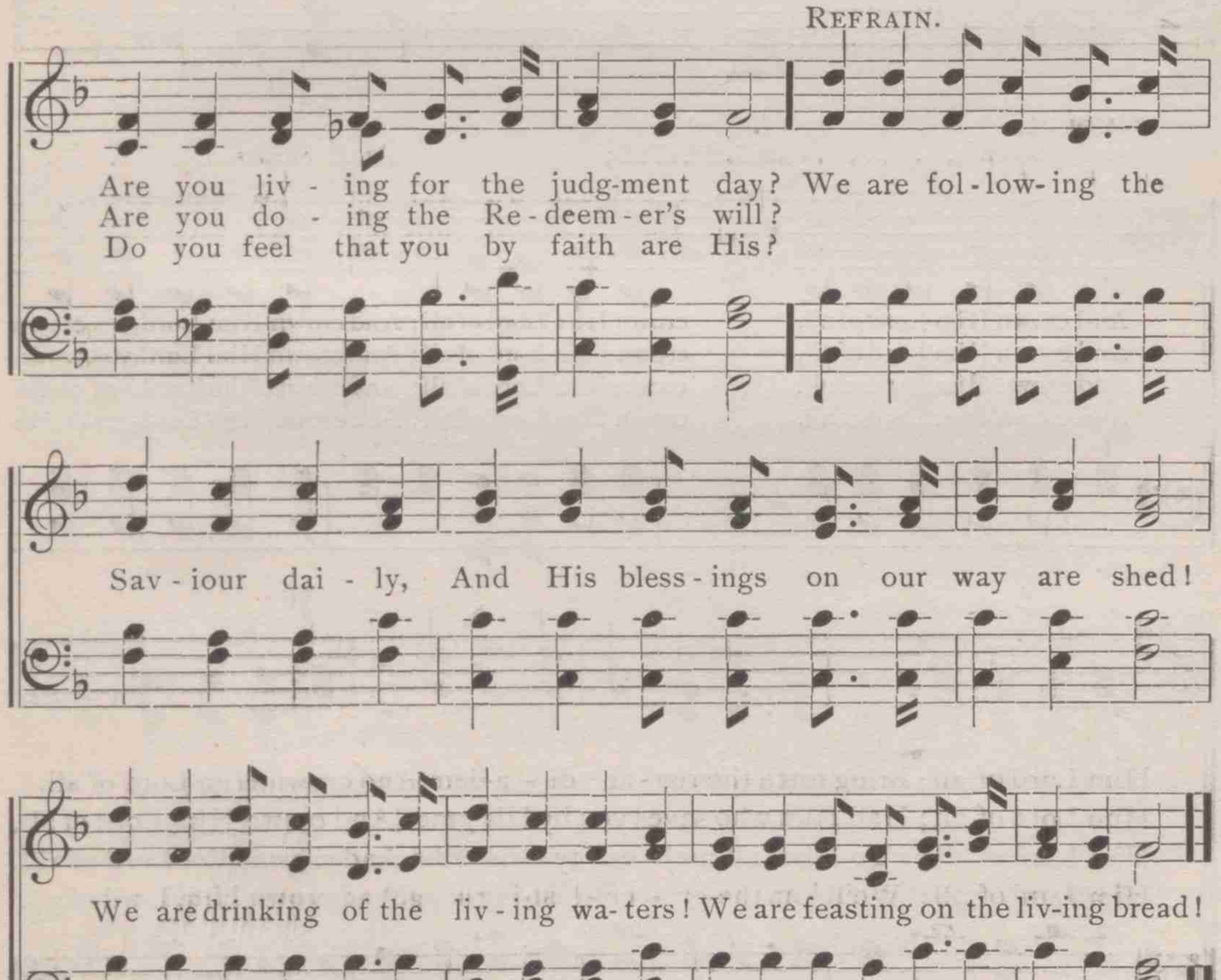
5. "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
I must forever die."

EDMUND JONES.

No. 174. ARE YOU FOLLOWING THE SAVIOUR DAILY?

E. R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.





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No. 175. CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

PERRONET. J. M. HUNT.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall!
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O, that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

And crown . . . . . Him Lord of all; And crown . . . . . .

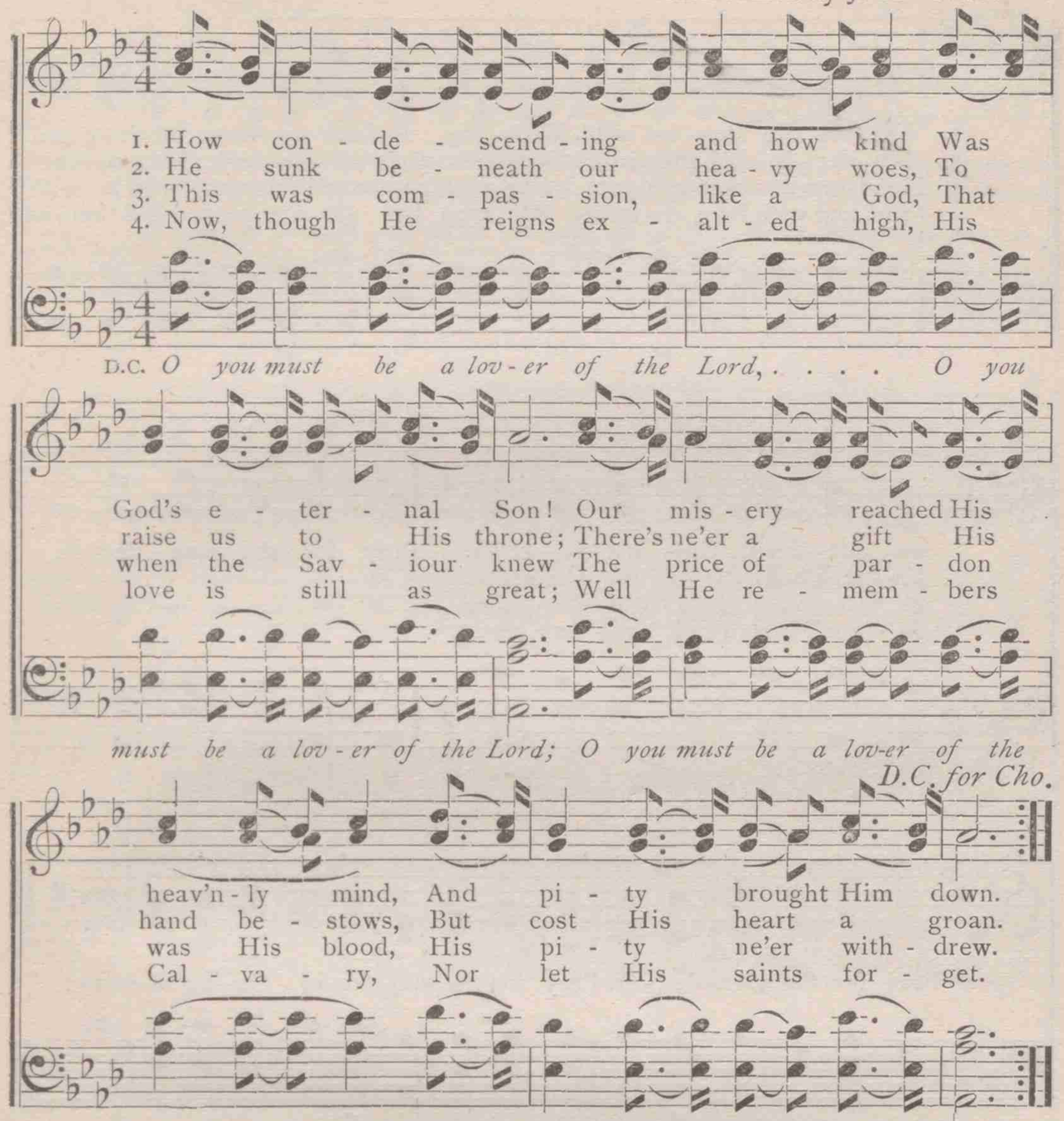
And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him Lord of all; And crown Him Lord, yes, crown
And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him Lord of all; And crown Him Lord, yes, crown
And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him Lord of all; And crown Him Lord, yes, crown
And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him Lord of all; And crown Him Lord, yes, crown

Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

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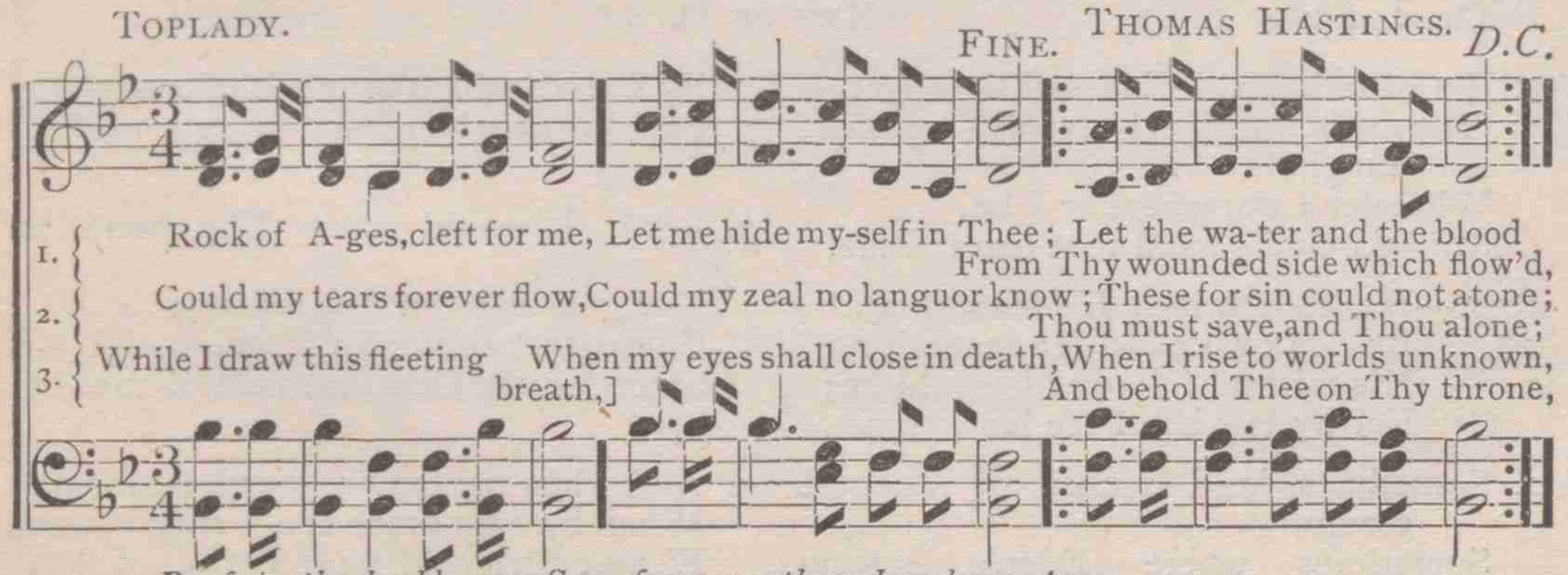
No. 176. O YOU MUST BE A LOVER OF THE LORD.

ISAAC WATTS. Harmonized by J. M HUNT.



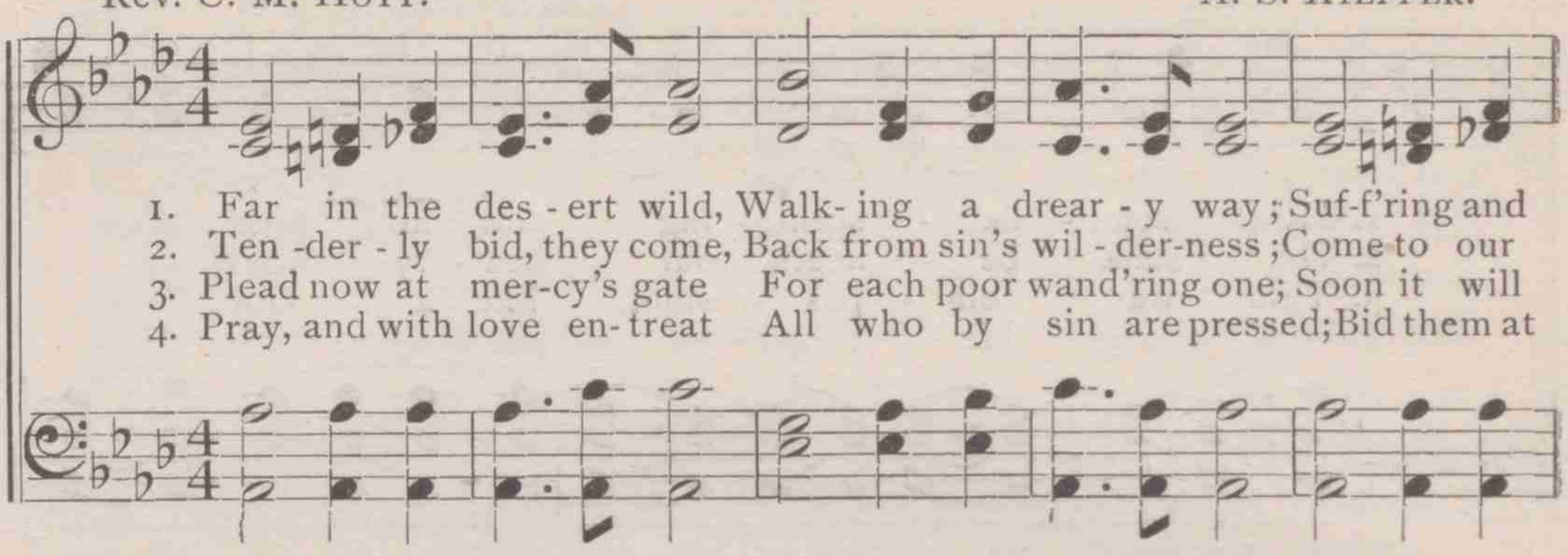
No. 177. ROCK OF AGES.

TOPLADY. THOMAS HASTINGS.

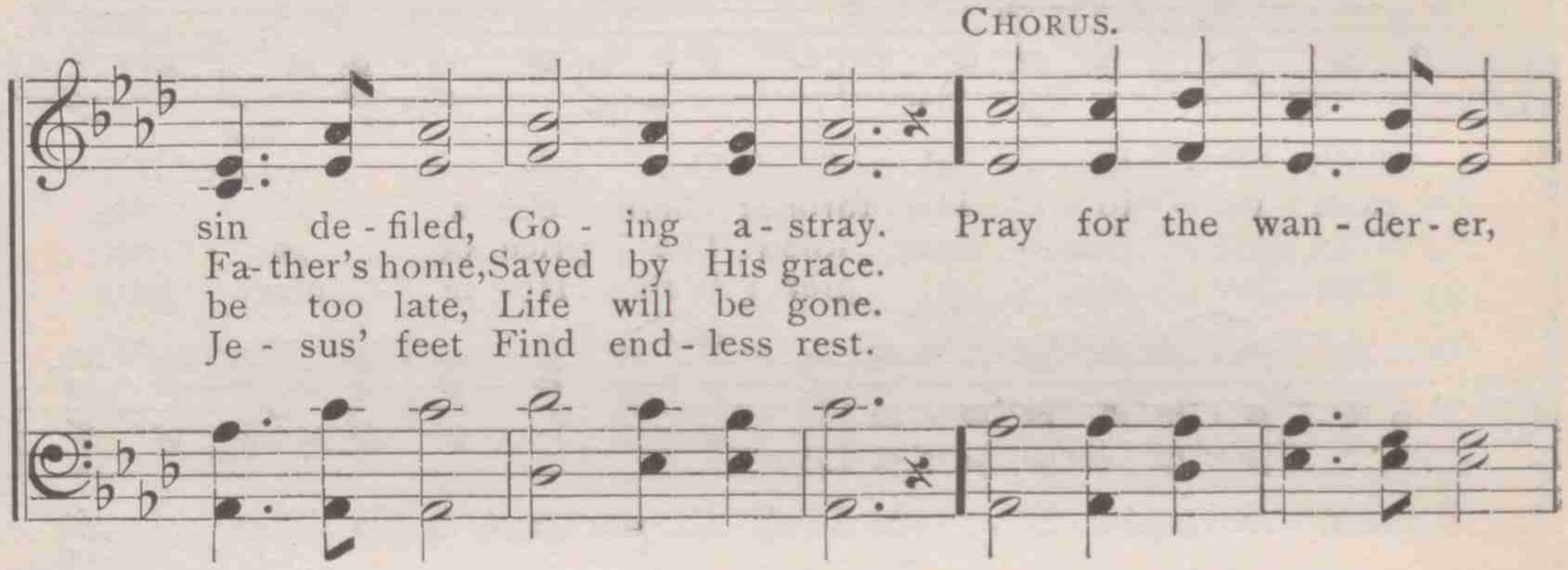


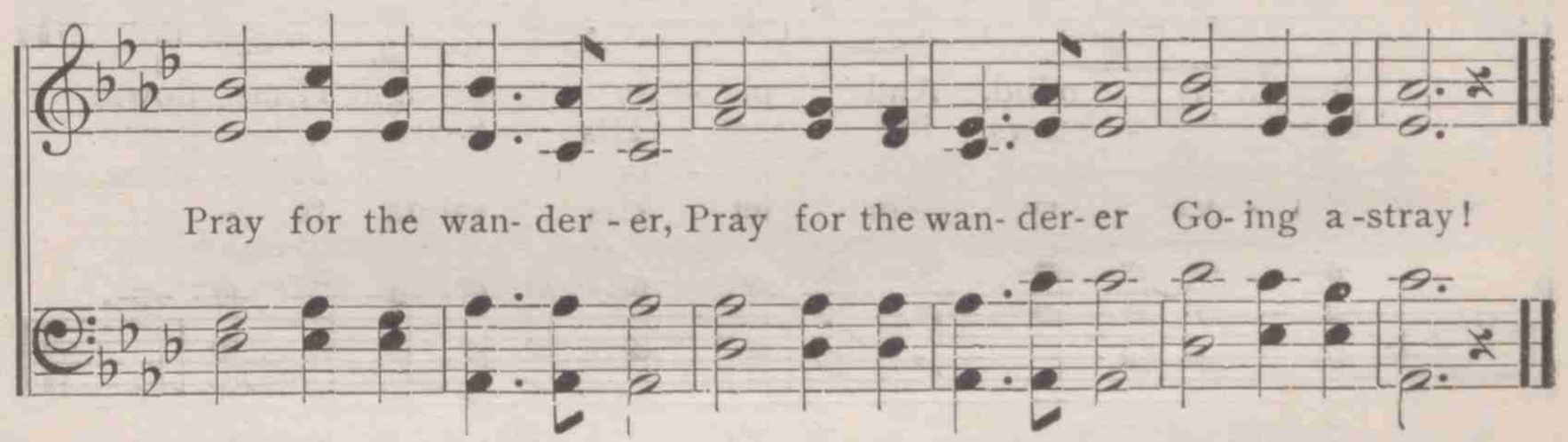
No. 178. PRAY FOR THE WANDERER.

Rev. C. M. HOTT. A. S. KIEFFER.



CHORUS.





From "Sweet Fields of Eden," by permission.

No. 179. KEY OF D.

1. He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be;
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!

3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4. And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

J. H. GILMORE.

No. 180. KNEELING AT THE DOOR.

LYDIA C. BAXTER. J. M. HUNT.

1. I'm kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate, With trembling, hope, and fear; I've waited long and
2. None ev - er empty turned away, Who truly sought Thy face; And I, my Saviour,

still I wait, Thy gracious word to hear. Thy precious word has bid me seek The
come to stay, To seek Thy pard'ning grace. Thy precious blood is all my plea, This

joys Thou hast in store; O Lord, in mer-cy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door.
can my soul re- store; O Lord, in mer-cy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door.
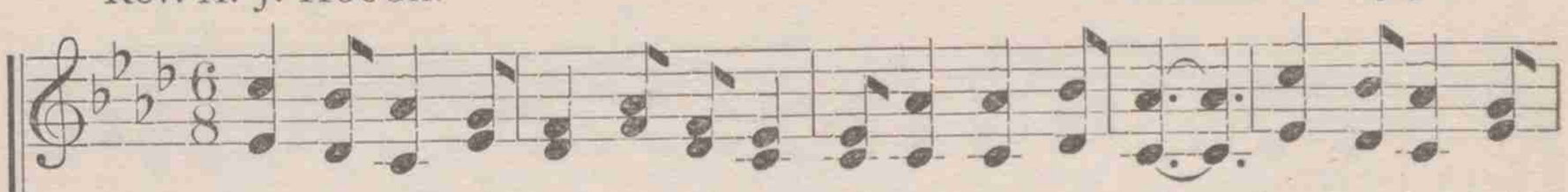
REFRAIN.

I'm kneel - - ing at the door, I'm kneel - - ing at the door; O Lord, in mer - cy speak to me, I'm kneel-ing at the door.
Kneel - ing, kneel - ing Kneel - ing, kneel - ing
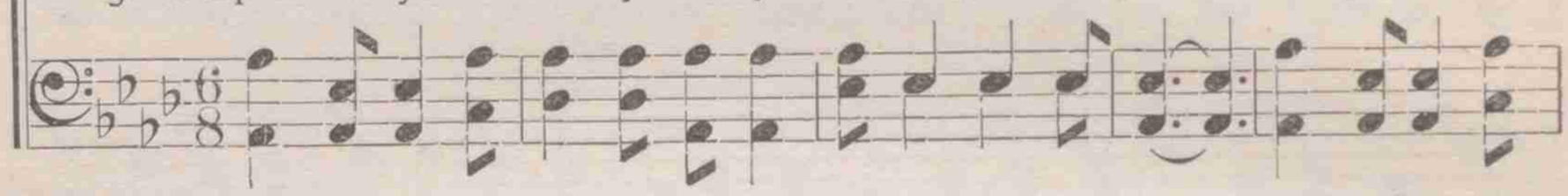
Copyright, 1899, by J. M. Hunt.

No. 181. WAITING AT THE POOL.

Rev. A. J. HOUGH. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.
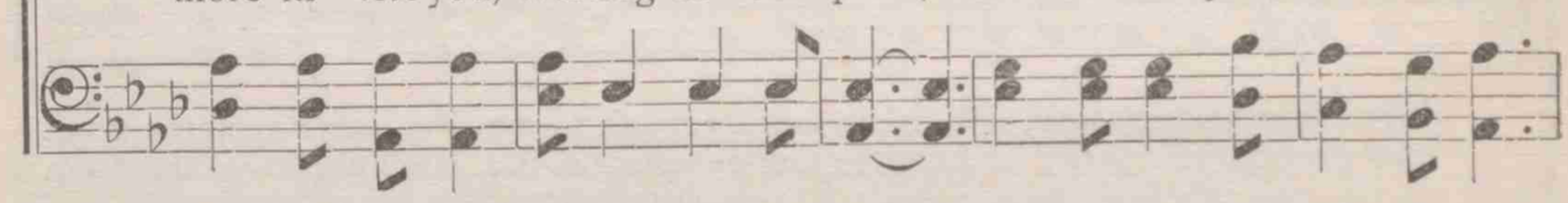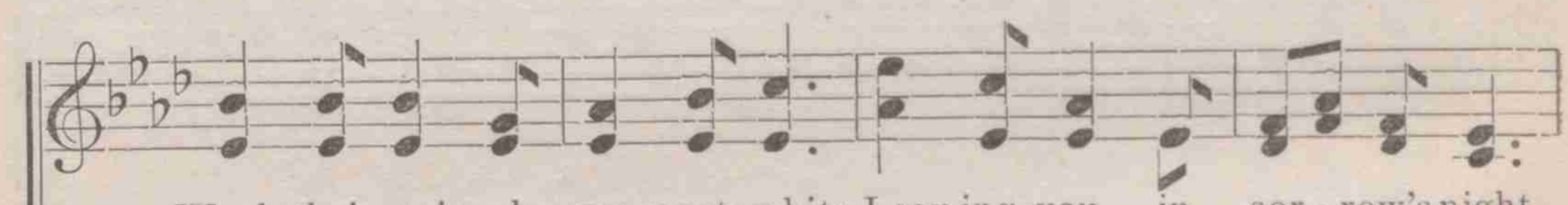


1. Thousands stand today in sor-row, Waiting at the pool; Say-ing they will
2. Souls, your filthy garments wearing, Waiting at the pool; Hearts, your heavy
3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; Come their voices
4. Mother leaves the son, the daughter, Waiting at the pool; Calls to them a
5. Step in boldly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool; Je-sus may no
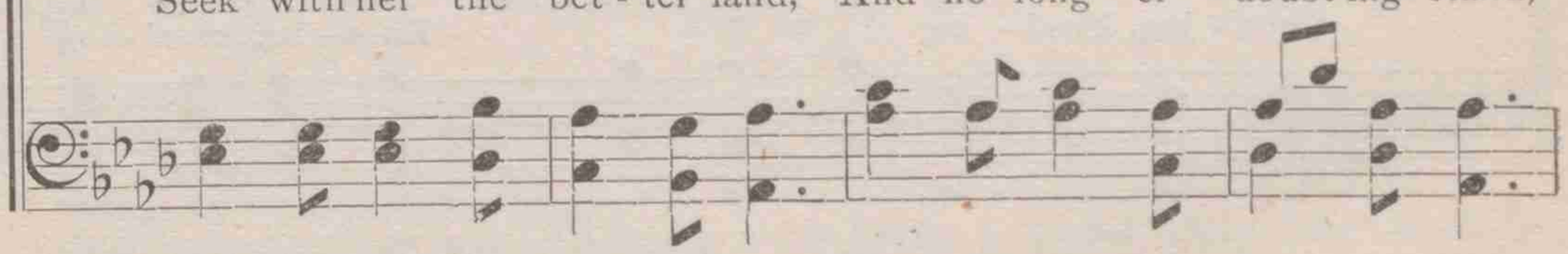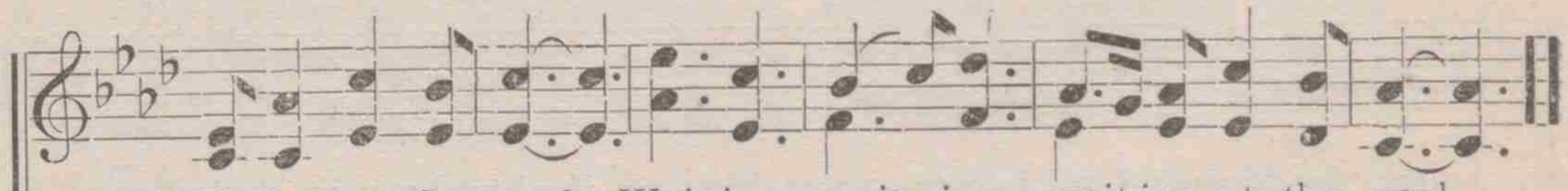




wash to-mor-row, Waiting at the pool; Oth-ers step in left and right,
bur-den bear-ing, Waiting at the pool; Can it be you nev-er heard,
back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool; Back from Ca-naan's happy shore,
cross the wa-ter, Waiting at the pool; You can nev-er more em-brace
more in-vite you, Waiting at the pool; Faith is near you, take her hand,
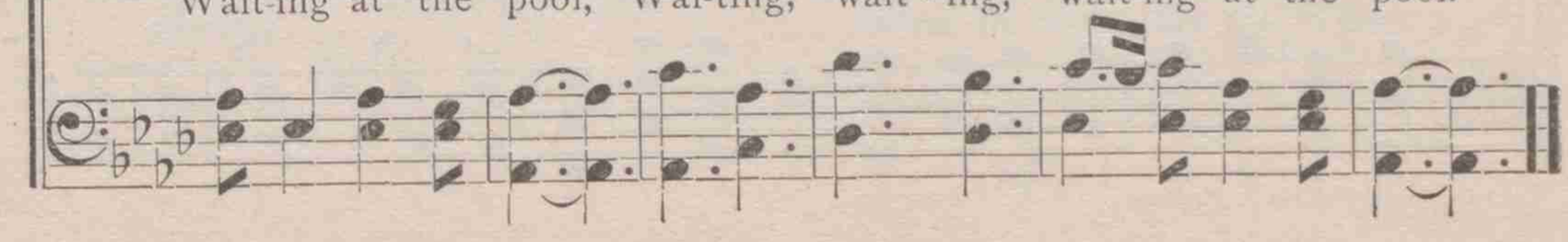




Wash their stain-ed gar-ments white, Leav-ing you in sor-row's night,
Je-sus long a-go hath stirred Th' wa-ters with His might-y word,
Sor-rows past and la-bor o'er, Where they stand in tears no more,
Moth-er, or be-hold her face, If you keep the lep-er's place,
Seek with her the bet-ter land, And no long er doubt-ing stand,





Wait-ing at the pool, Wai-ting, wait-ing, wait-ing at the pool.



No. 182. TRUST IN THE SAVIOUR NOW.

H. N. LINCOLN. J. R. HINCEY, Arr. by H. N. L.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to - day, He in-vites you, why de - lay?
2. He has prom-ised to for - give; All who look to Him shall live.
3. Do not still the call re - fuse, Wound His heart, His love a - buse;
4. Come and take the no - ble stand, Come and join our pil - grim band;
5. If you heed the Spir - it's voice, If you make our Lord your choice,

Will you not His call o - bey? Trust in the Sav - iour now.
Will you not His grace re - ceive? Trust in the Sav - iour now.
Think, O sin - ner, wise - ly choose, Trust in the Sav - iour now.
Go with us to Ca - naan's land, Trust in the Sav - iour now.
Saints and an - gels will re - joice; Trust in the Sav - iour now.

CHORUS.

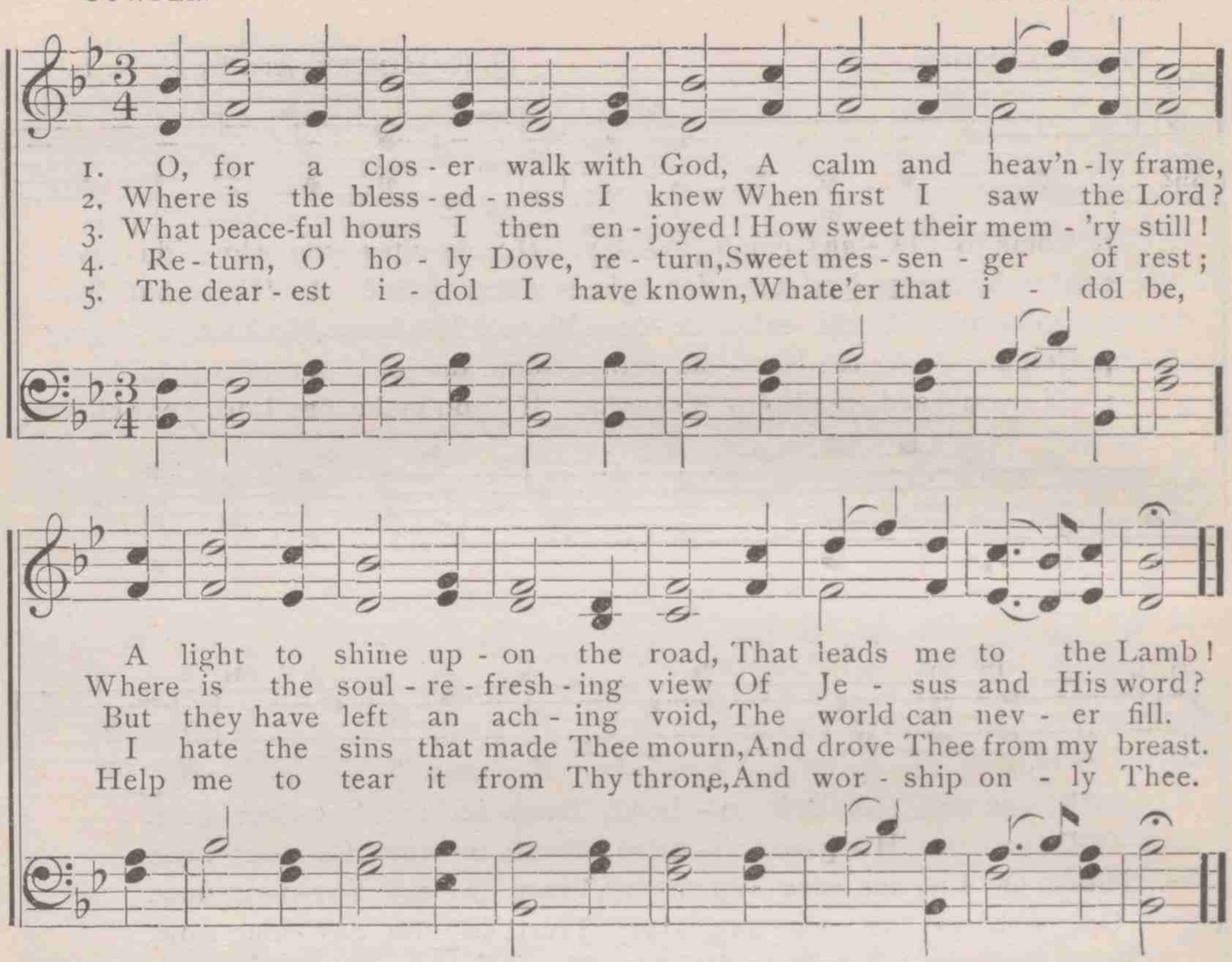
Trust in Je - sus, He's your Friend; On His word you can de - pend;

He will keep you to the end, Trust in the Sav - iour now.

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No. 183. BALERMA. C. M.

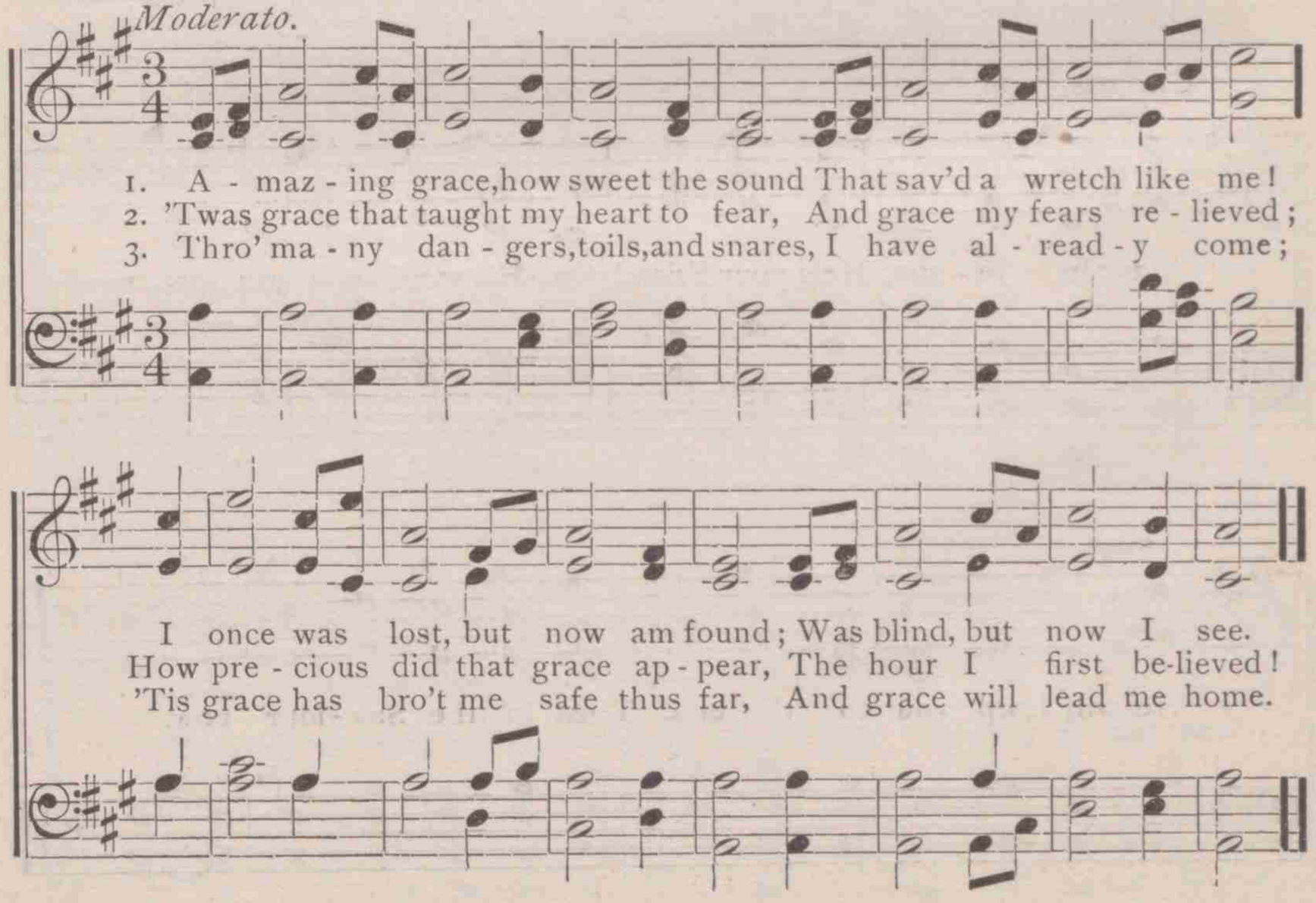
COWPER. R. SIMPSON.



No. 184. HARMONY GROVE. C. M.

NEWTON. WM. WALKER.

Moderato.

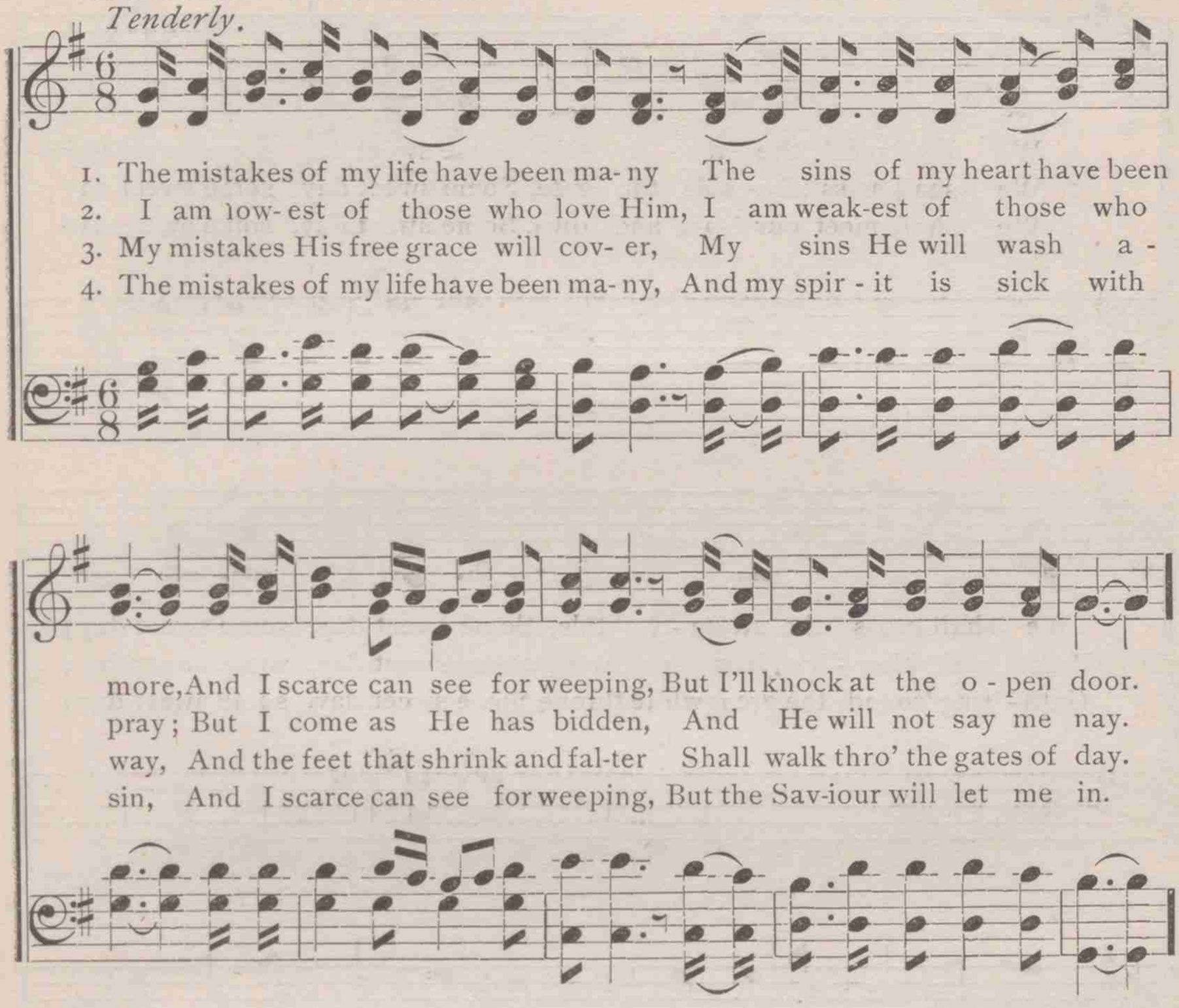


No. 185. AT THE DOOR.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door." — Rev. 3: 8.

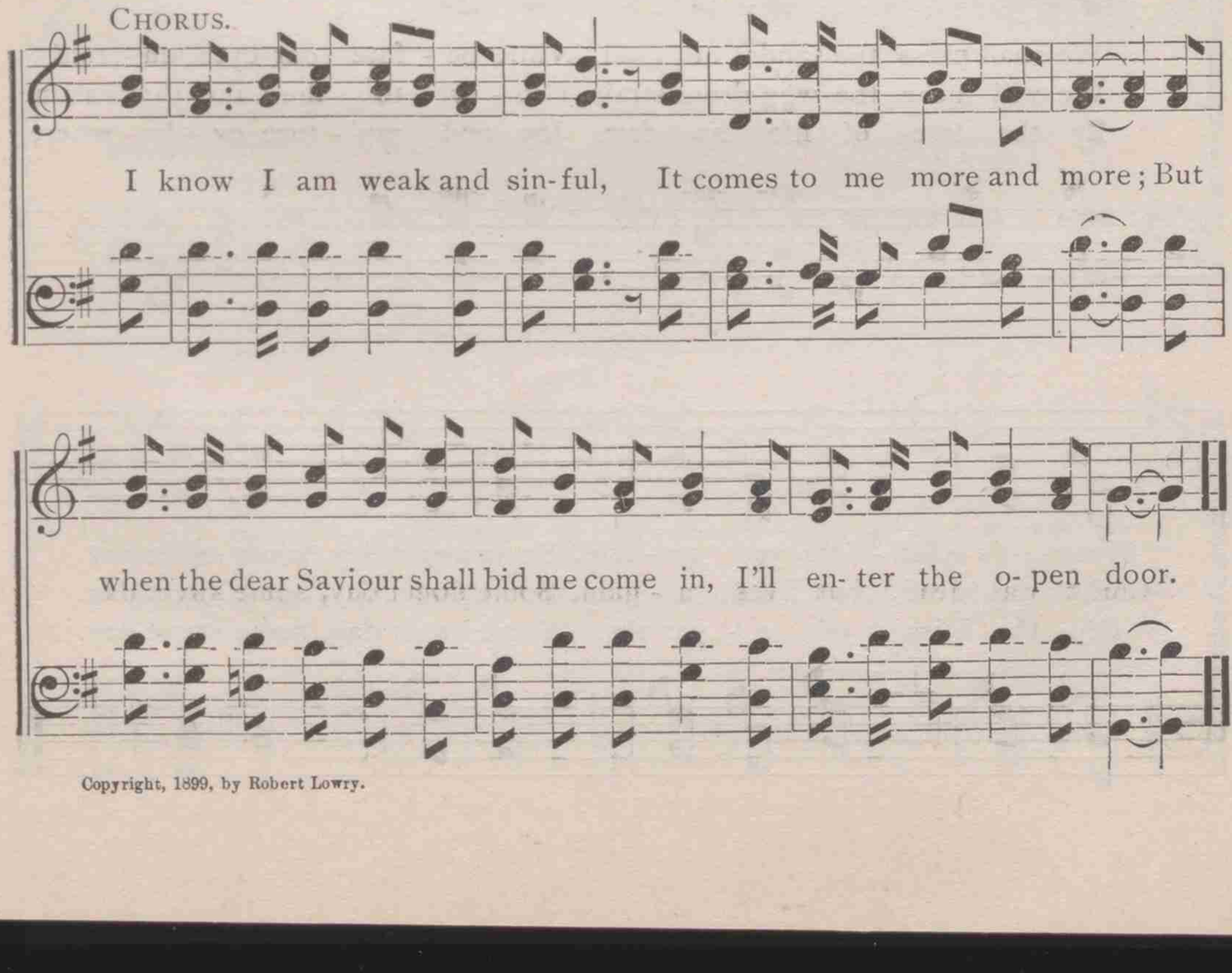
Mrs. URANIA LOCKE BAILEY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

Tenderly.



1. The mistakes of my life have been ma- ny The sins of my heart have been more, And I scarce can see for weeping, But I'll knock at the o - pen door.
2. I am low- est of those who love Him, I am weak-est of those who pray; But I come as He has bidden, And He will not say me nay.
3. My mistakes His free grace will cov- er, My sins He will wash a - way, And the feet that shrink and fal-ter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.
4. The mistakes of my life have been ma- ny, And my spir - it is sick with sin, And I scarce can see for weeping, But the Sav-iour will let me in.

CHORUS.

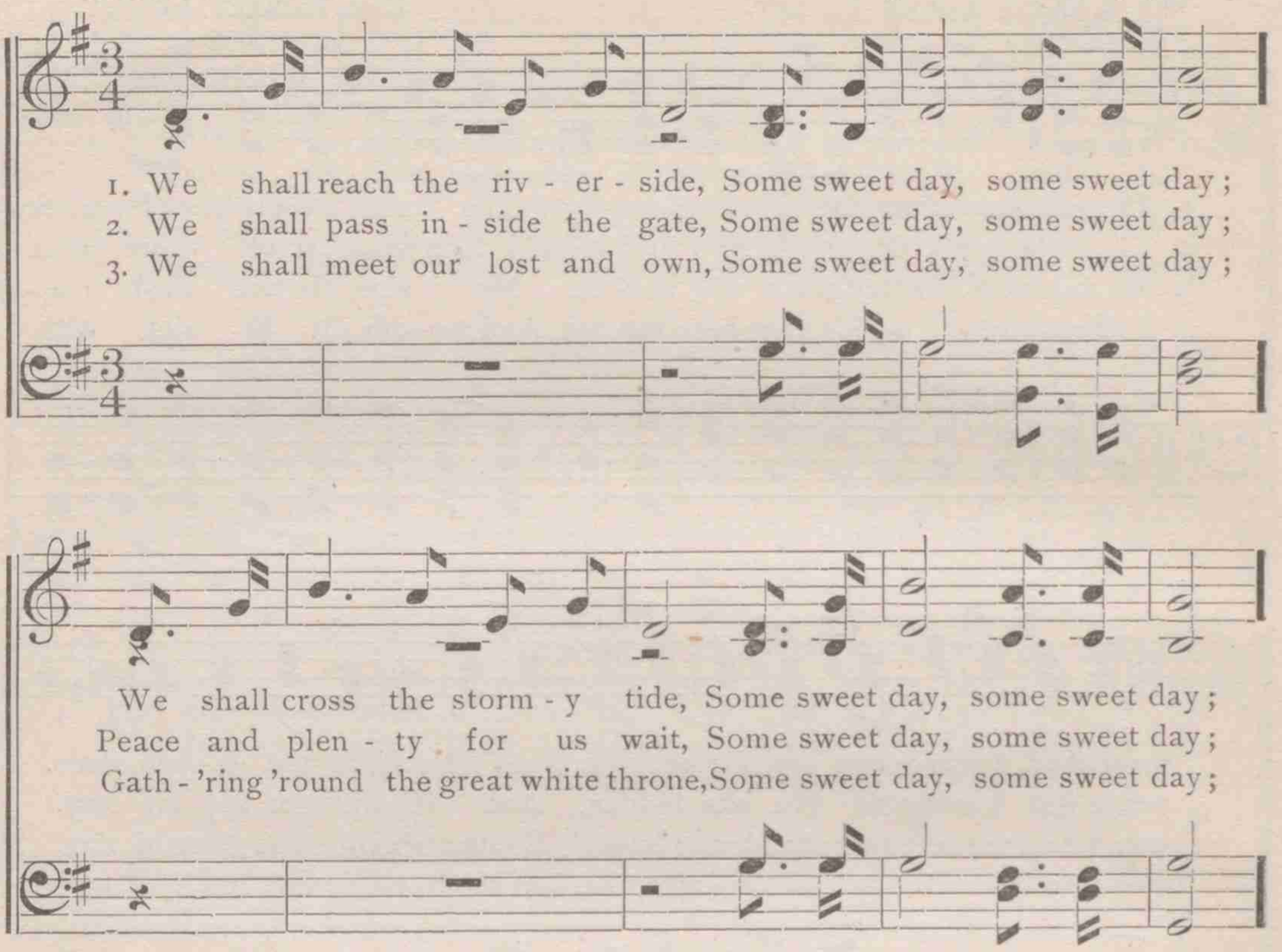


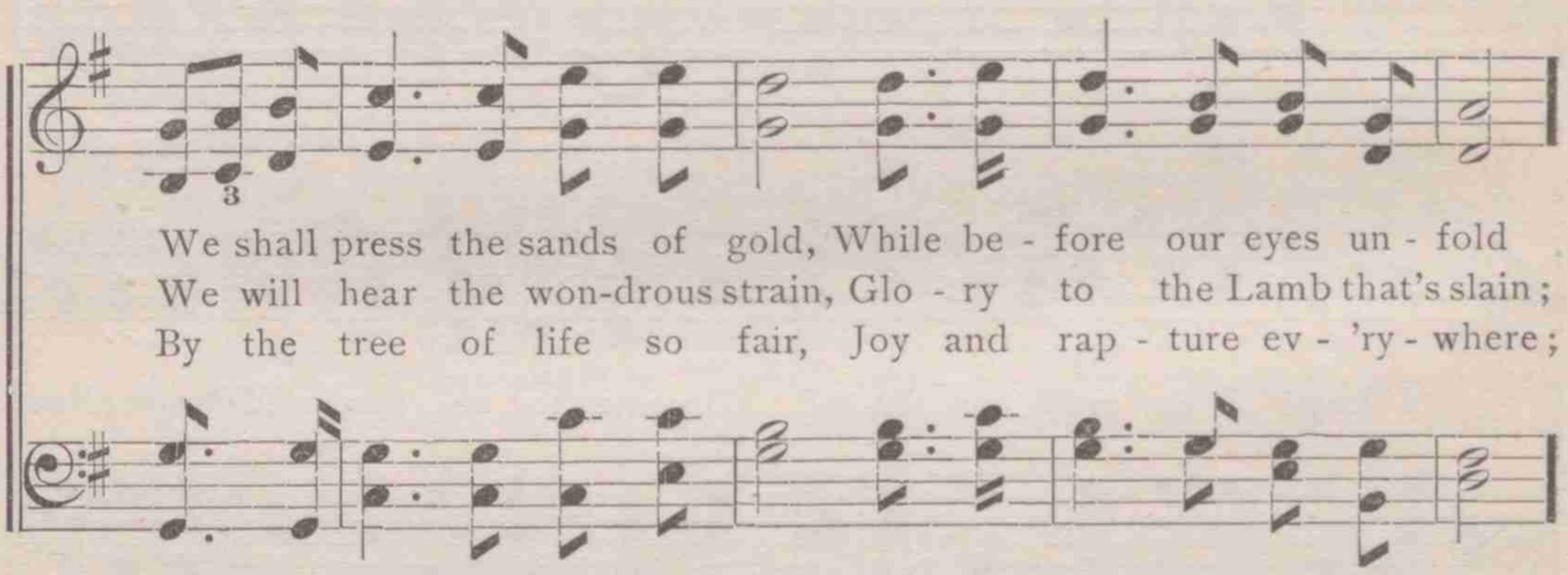
I know I am weak and sin-ful, It comes to me more and more; But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll en- ter the o- pen door.

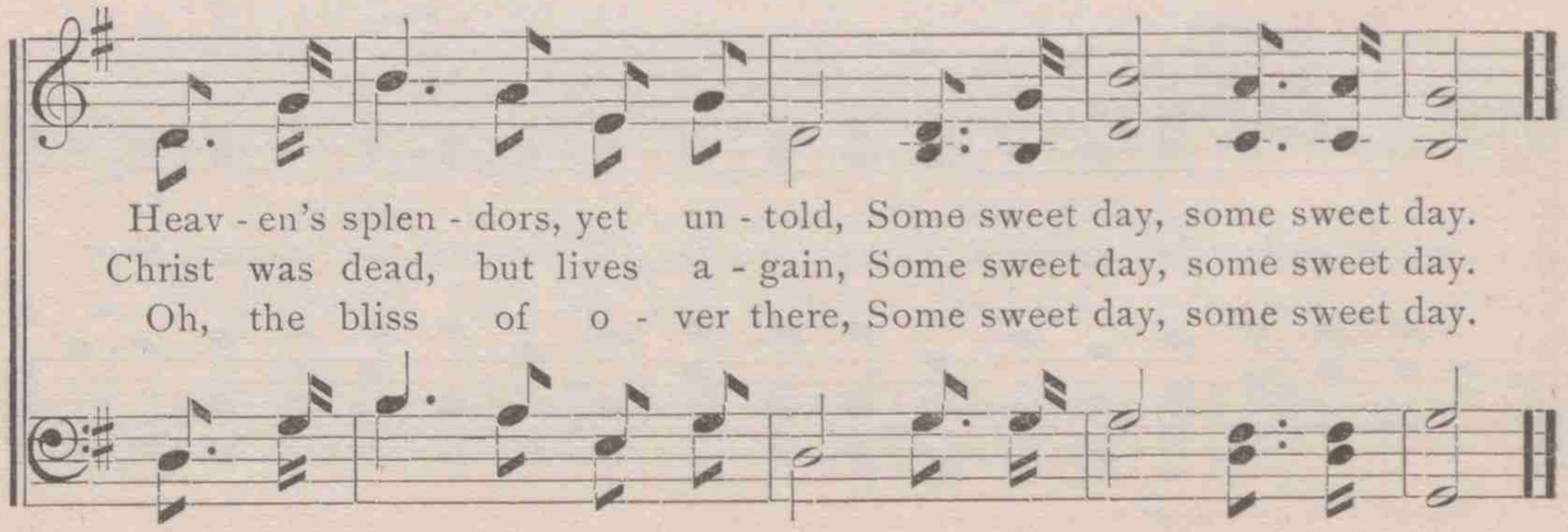
Copyright, 1899, by Robert Lowry.

No. 186. SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. J. F. KINSEY, by per.







No. 187. WHITER THAN SNOW.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en - treat; I wait, bless-ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient-ly wait; Come now, and with

ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry
make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-ev - er I
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood
in me a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st

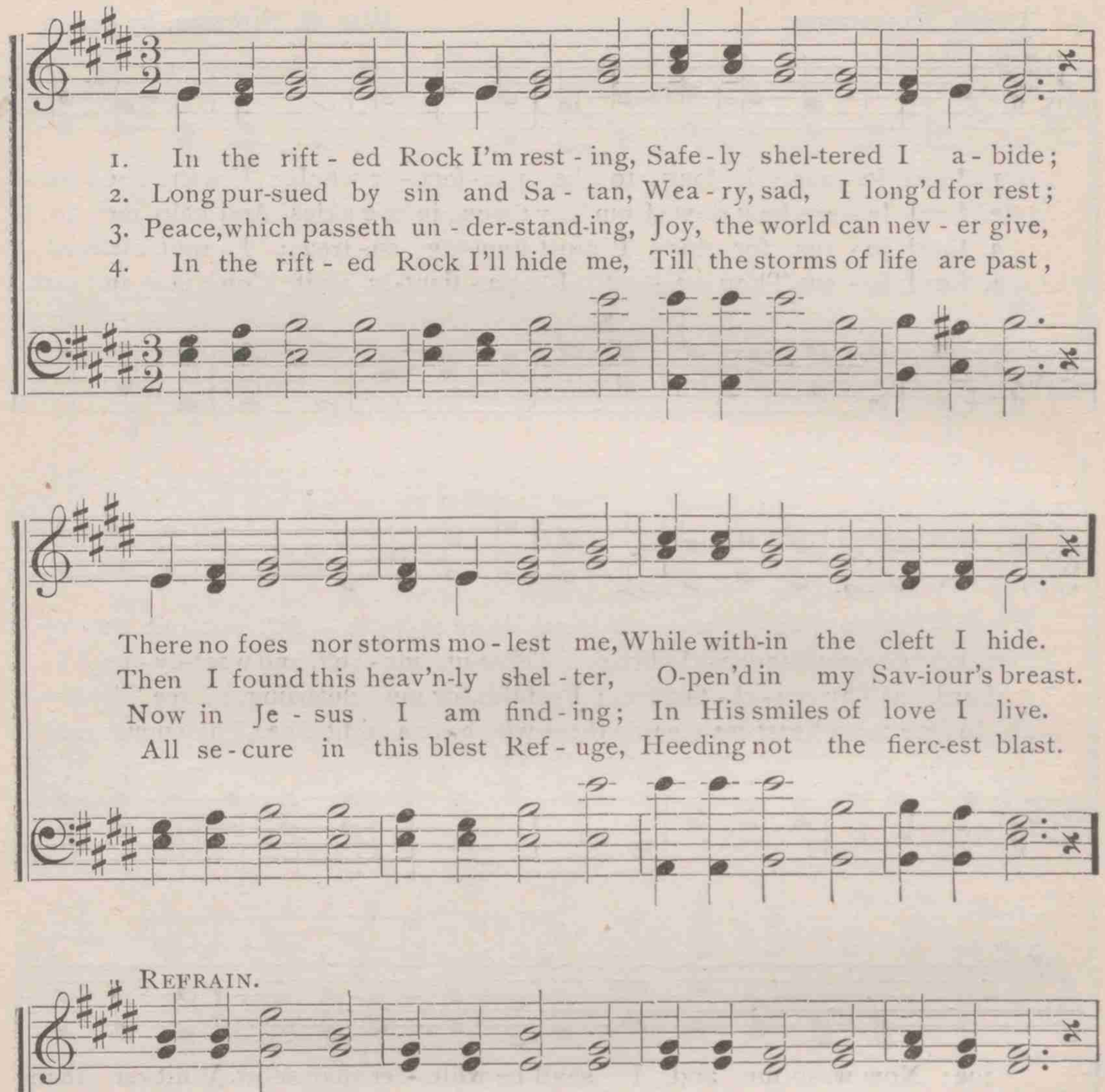
CHORUS.

foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than
know — Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
flow — Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
No — Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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

No. 188. SWEETLY RESTING.

MARY D. JAMES. W. WARREN BENTLEY, by per.



No. 189. LOOK UP, THE STARS ARE SHINING.

W. F. COSNER. C. E. POLLOCK, by per.

1. Look up, the stars are shining So brightly in the sky; Be not in darkness
2. Look up, the stars are shining Beyond the misty shroud, While all beneath, re-

pin- ing, Look up, there's light on high. Tho' in a des- ert drear- y, The
clin -ing, Is hid- den by the cloud. Yield not to i - dle sor- row; Mourn

sun gone down at night, Poor wand'rer, faint and weary, Above thee still is light.
not the gloom of night; Nor pin-ing for the morrow, Look ev-er for the bright.

CHORUS.

Look up, Look up, The stars are shin-ing bright; Look
Look up, the stars are shin - ing bright,

up, look up, The stars are shin - ing bright.
up, the stars are shin - ing bright,

No. 190. BRIGHT FOREVERMORE.

J. M. HUNT, by per.

1. There is a land, a sun - ny land, Whose skies are ev - er bright,
2. There is a home, a glo - rious home, A heav'n-ly man - sion fair,
3. We soon shall leave these fad - ing scenes, That glide so quick - ly by,

Where ev - 'ning sha-dows nev - er fall, The Sav - iour is its light.
And those we loved so fond - ly here, Will bid us wel - come there.
And join the shin - ing host a - bove, Where joy can nev - er die.
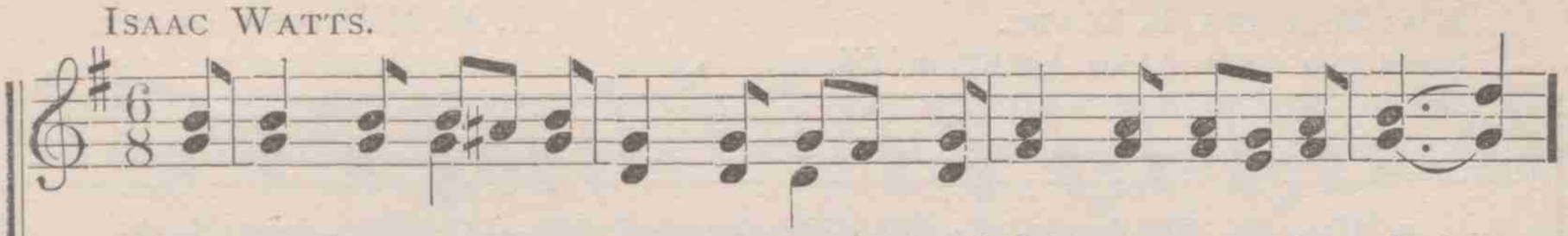
CHORUS.

If the cross . . . . we meek - ly bear, Then a crown we shall wear, When we dwell . . . a-mong the fair, In the bright for - ev - er - more.

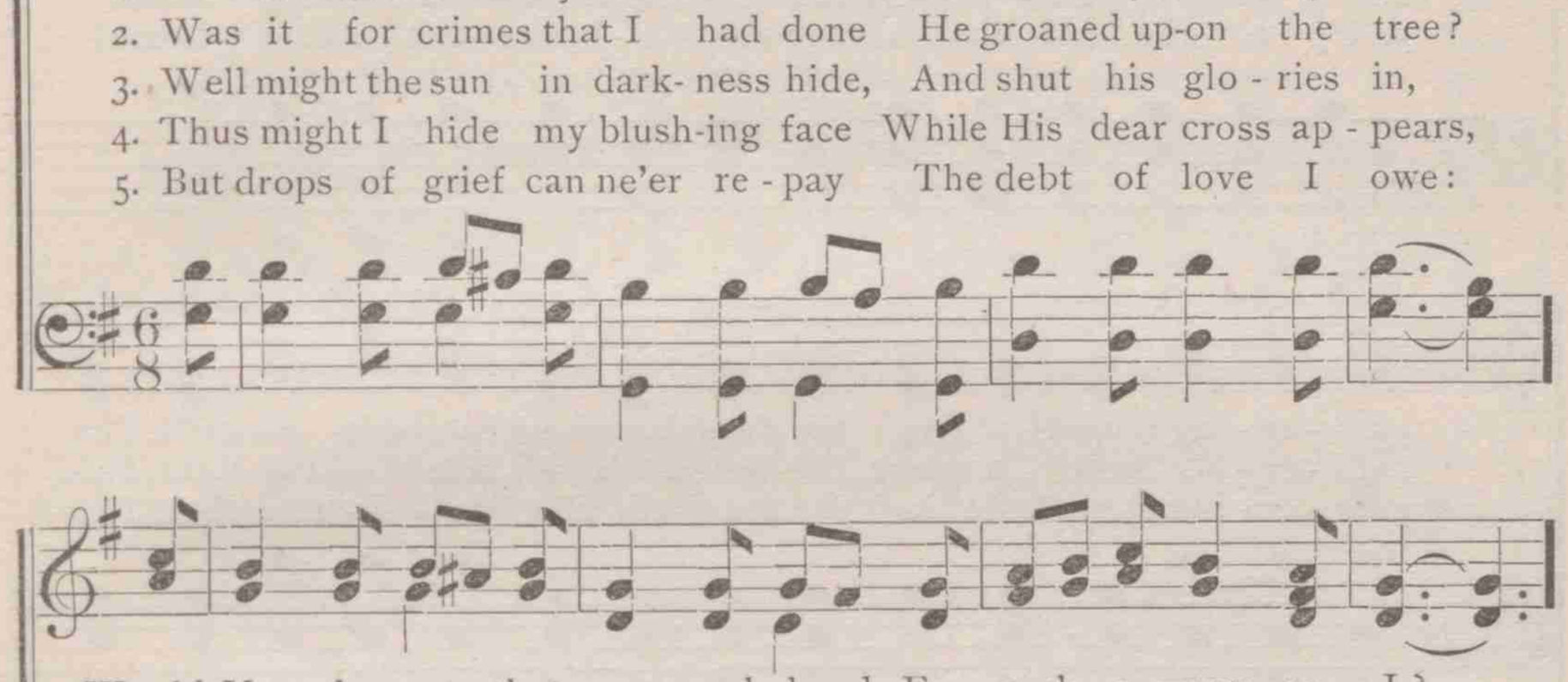
If the cross we meek - ly bear, Then a crown we shall wear, When we dwell a - mong the fair,

No. 191. O, HOW I LOVE JESUS. C. M.
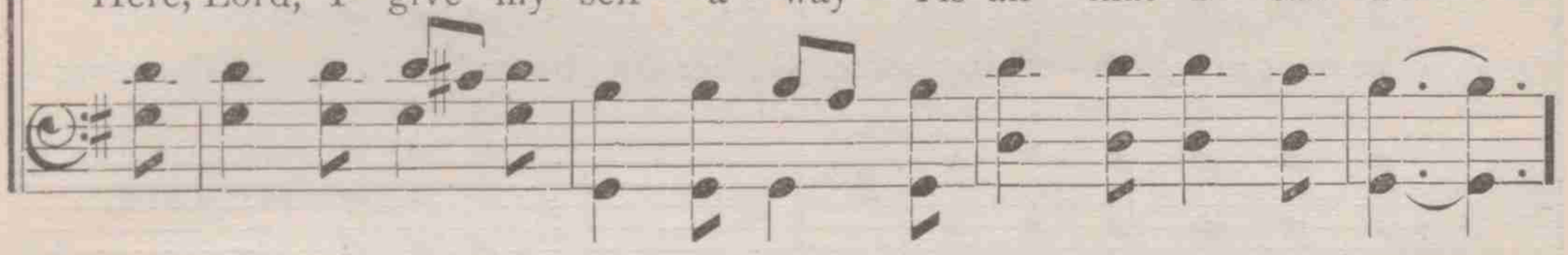
ISAAC WATTS.



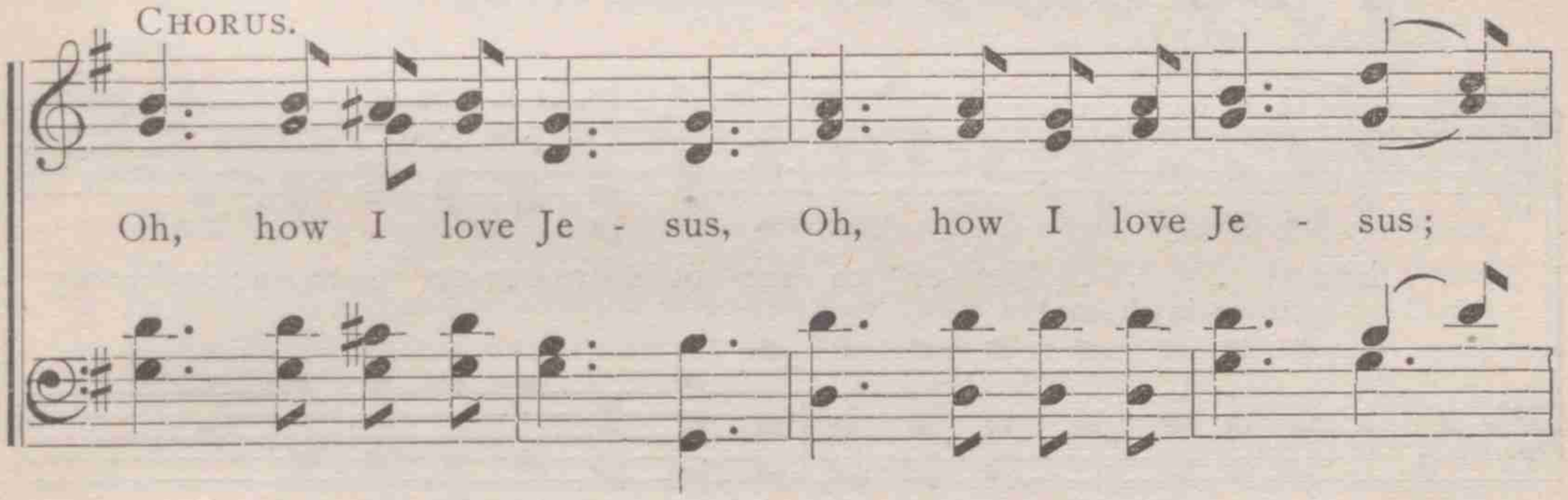
1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark- ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap - pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er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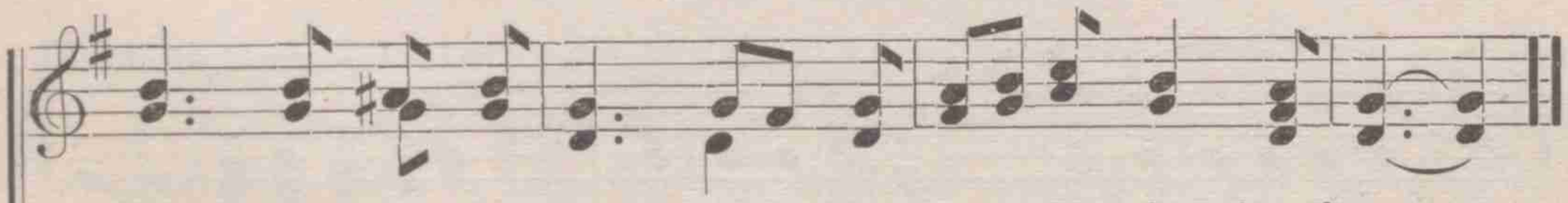


Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de - gree!
When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man, the creature's sin.
Dis-solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way—'Tis all that I can do.
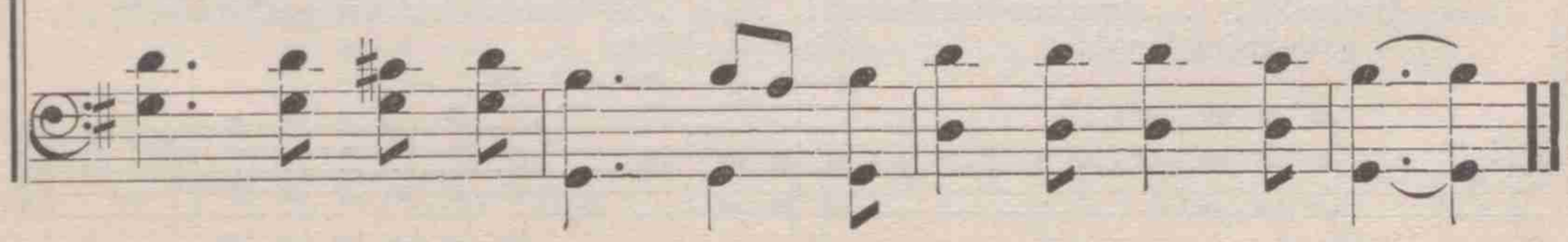


CHORUS.



Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus;



Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause He first loved me.



No. 192. GATHERING HOME.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE. R. M. M'INTOSH, by per.

SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET, *ad lib.*

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

gath - er - ing home! Up to the dwell-ing where com- eth no strife, The
gath - er - ing home! Up where the Sav-iour's own face is the light, The
gath - er - ing home! Safe in the arms of His in - fi - nite love, The

REFRAIN.

dear ones are gath - er -ing home. Gather -ing home! . . . gath-er -ing
Gath-er- ing home!

home! . . . Nev -er to sor- row more, nev-er to roam; Gathering
gath-er- ing home!

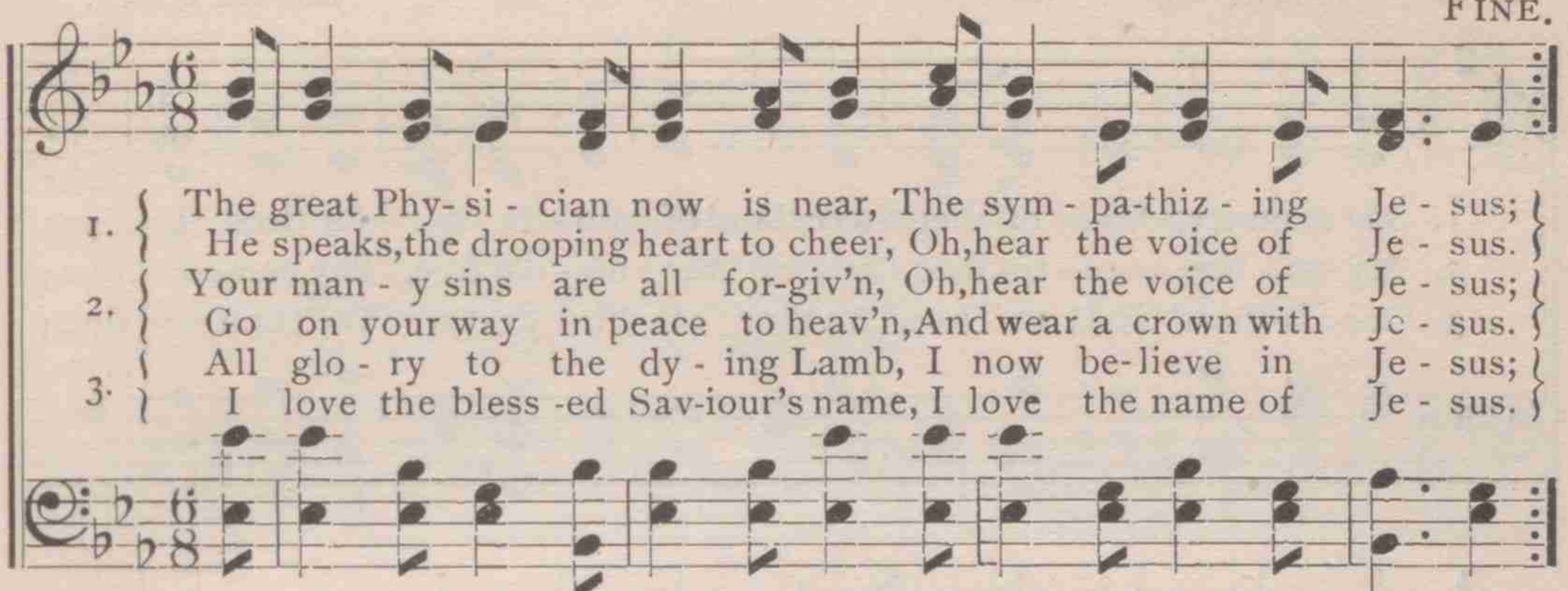
home! . . . gather-ing home! . . . God's children are gathering home.
gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

Repeat pp ad lib.
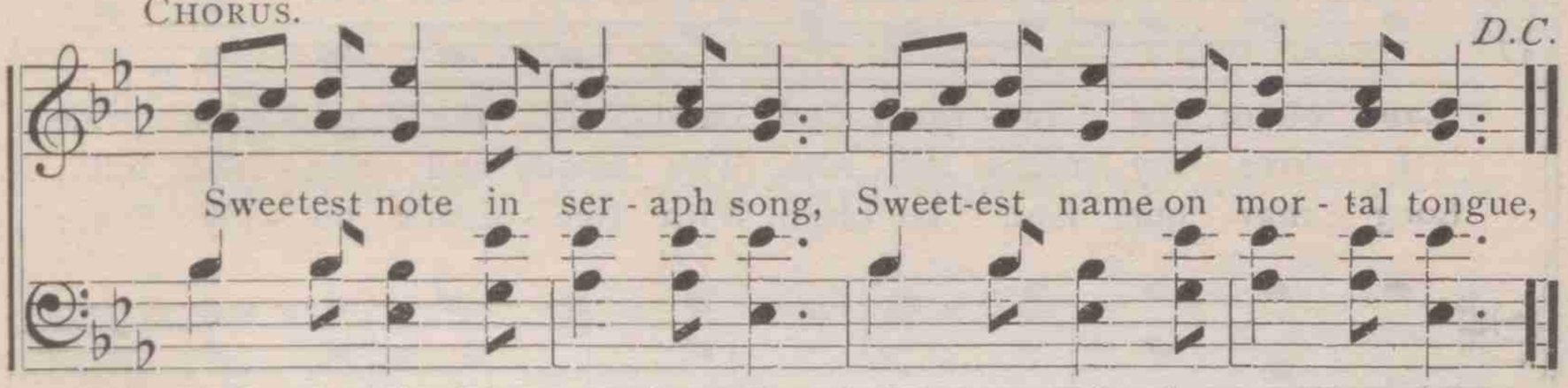
No. 193. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WM. HUNTER. Har. by J. M. HUNT.

FINE.



CHORUS. D.C.



4. The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

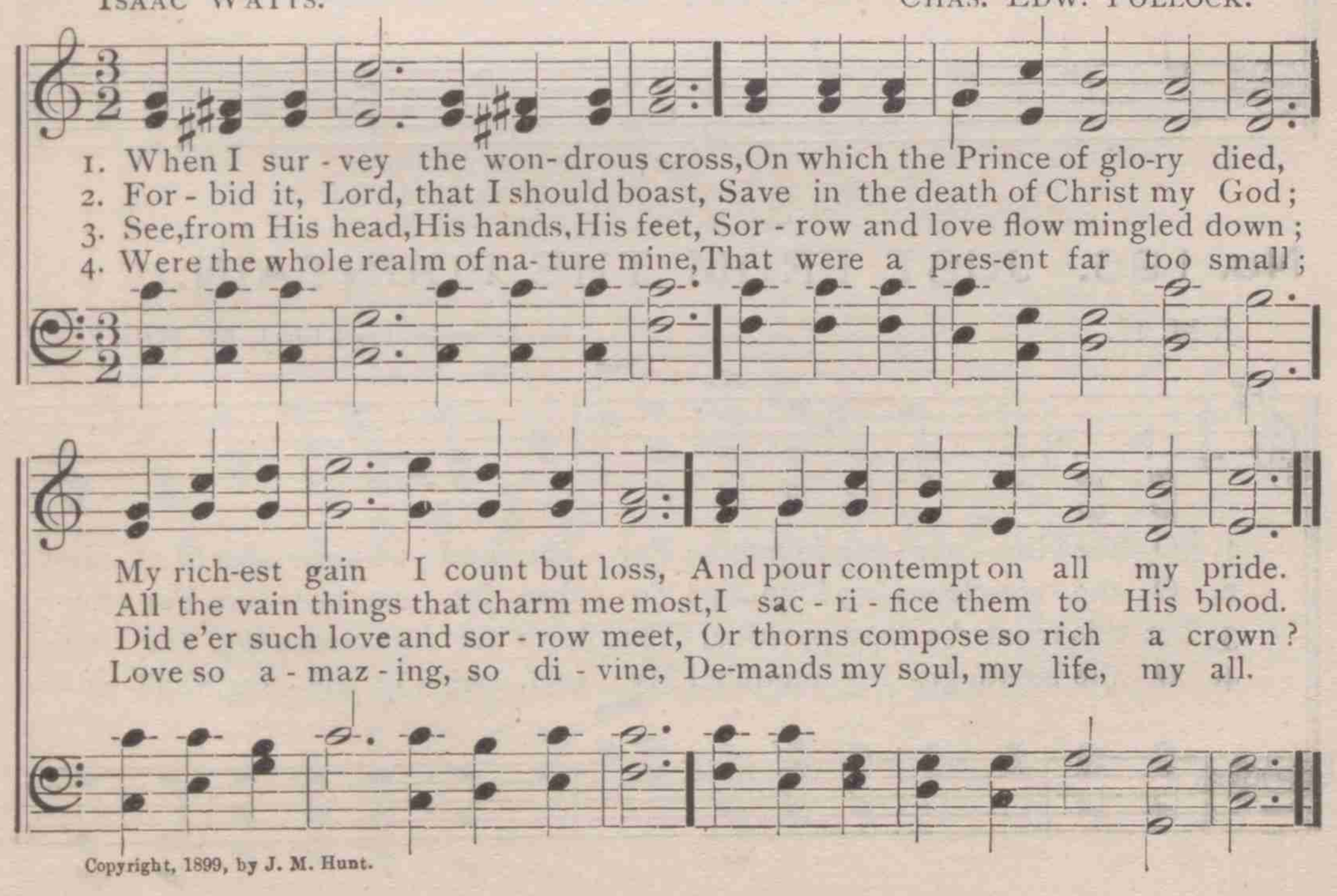
5. Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
O, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

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

7. And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
His name, the name of Jesus.

No. 194. WONDROUS CROSS. L. M.

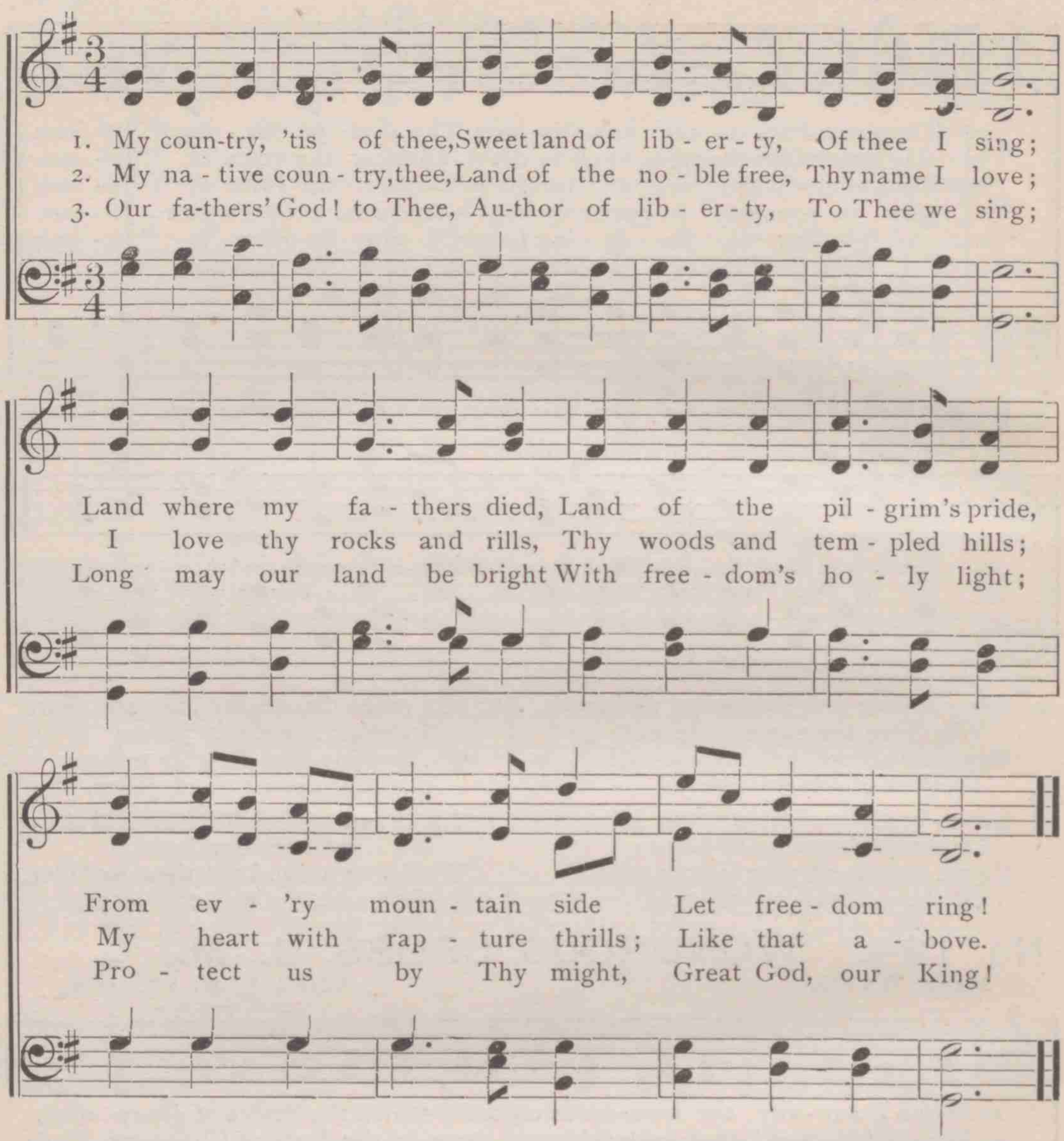
ISAAC WATTS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Copyright, 1899, by J. M. Hunt.

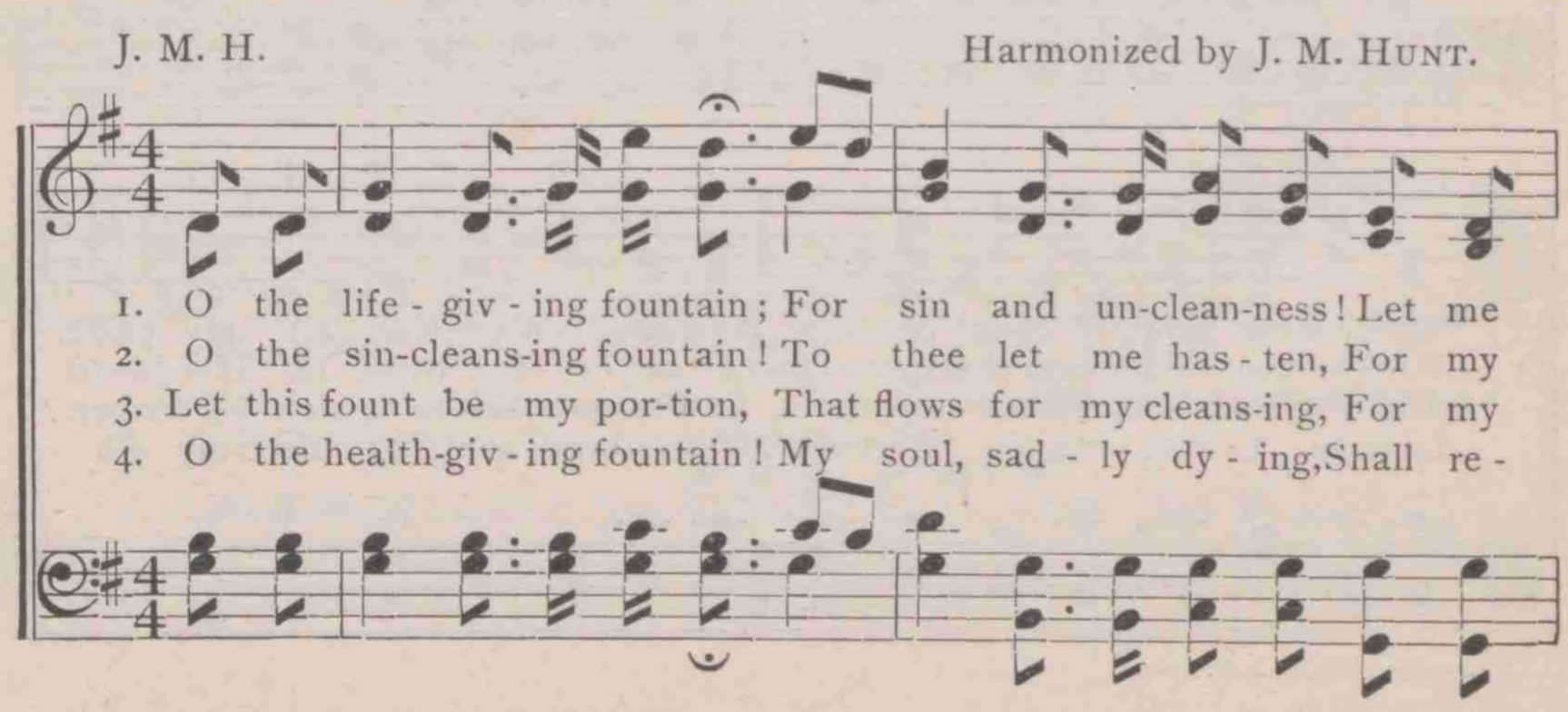
No. 195. AMERICA.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CARY.

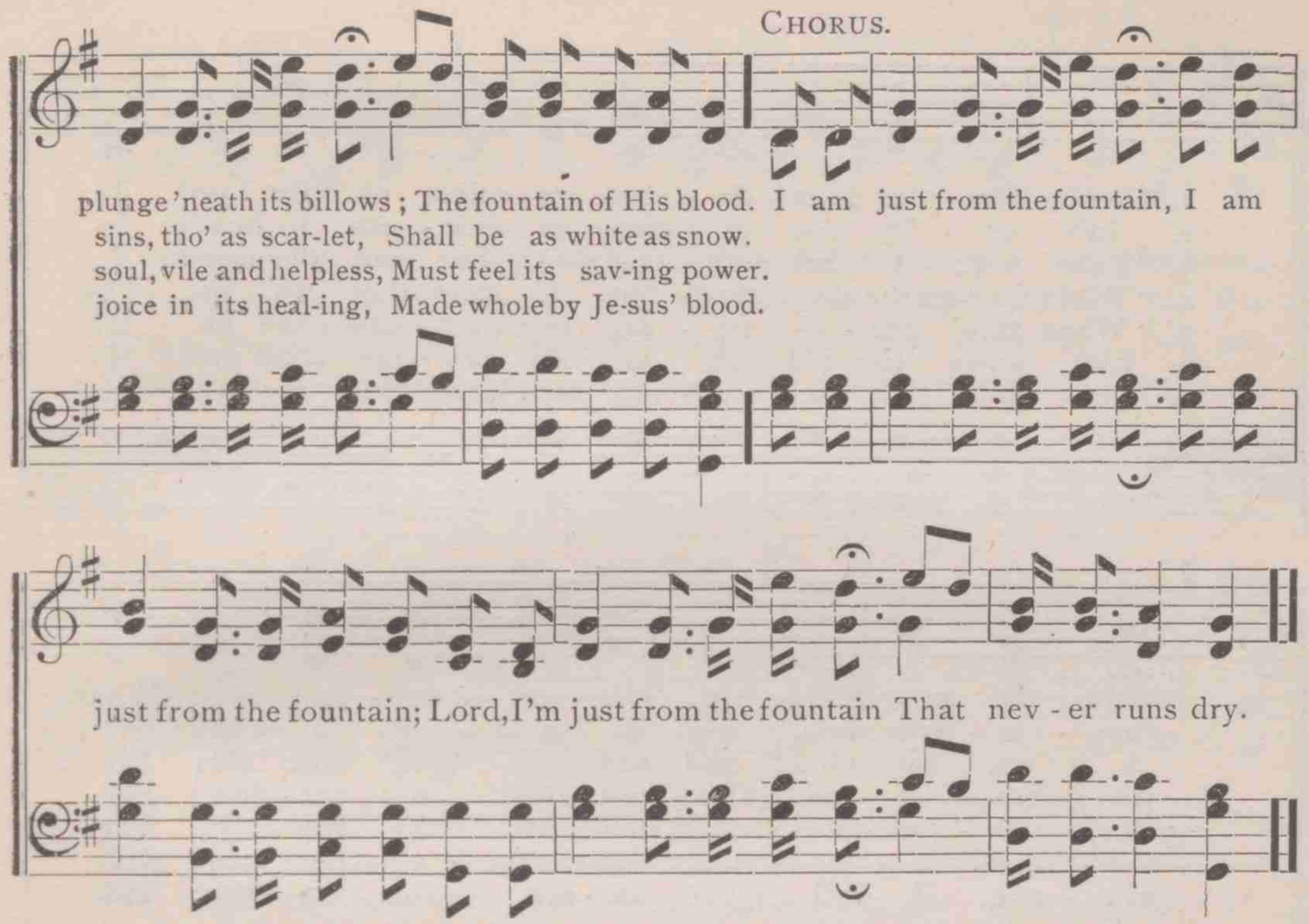


No. 196. JUST FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

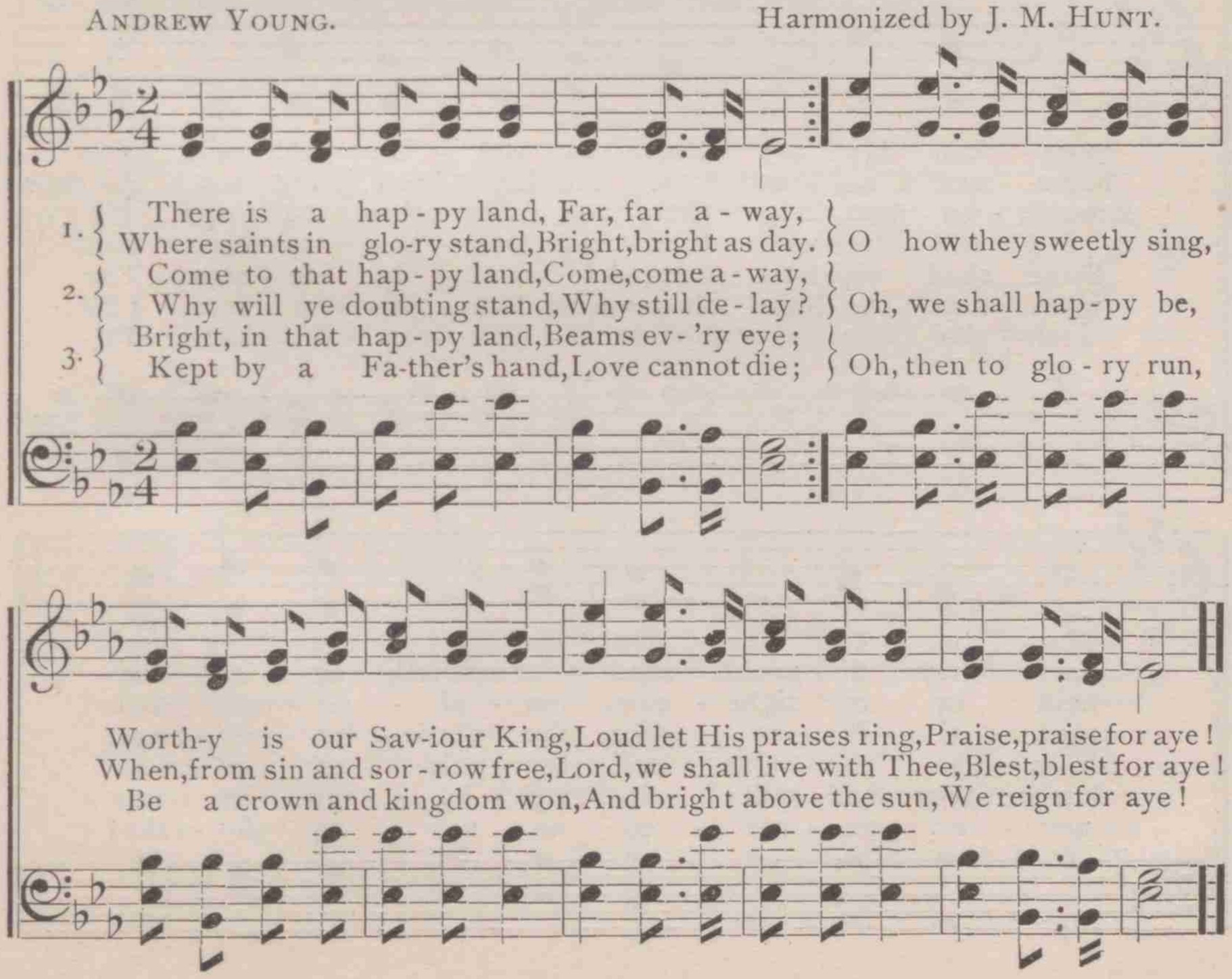
J. M. H. Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



JUST FROM THE FOUNTAIN.
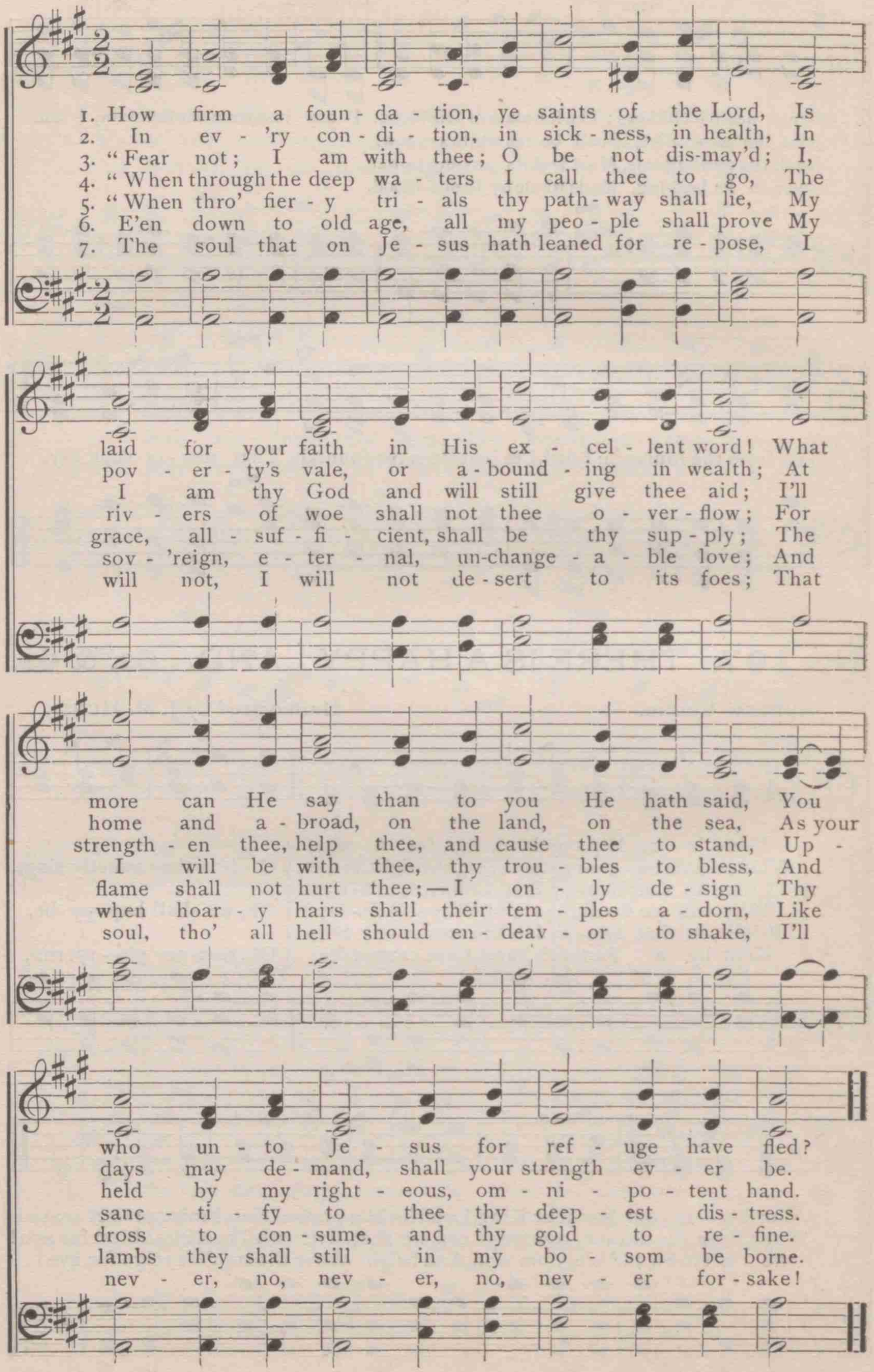


No. 197. THERE IS A HAPPY LAND. 6s. & 4s.



No. 198. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

GEO. KEITH.



No. 199. THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

LYDIA BAXTER. Arr. and Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

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

A ra-diance from the cross a - far, The Sav-iour's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
Ac - cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing tok - en.
And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav- en.

REFRAIN.

Oh, depth of mer - cy! can it be, That gate was left a - jar for me?

For me, . . for me? . . Was left a - jar for me?
For me, for me?

No. 200. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.

"A fountain open for sin."—Zech. 13: 1.

WM. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man- uel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
4. Then in a no- bler, sweet- er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sin -ners plunged be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Re - deem -ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisp- ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

REFRAIN.
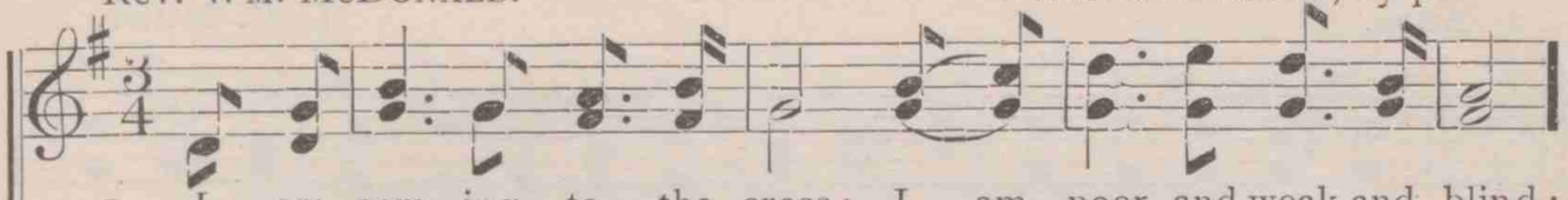
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, . . Wash all my sins a - way;
And shall be till I die, . . And shall be till I die;
Lies si - lent in the grave, . . Lies si - lent in the grave;

And sin- ners plunged be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisp - ing, stam-m'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.
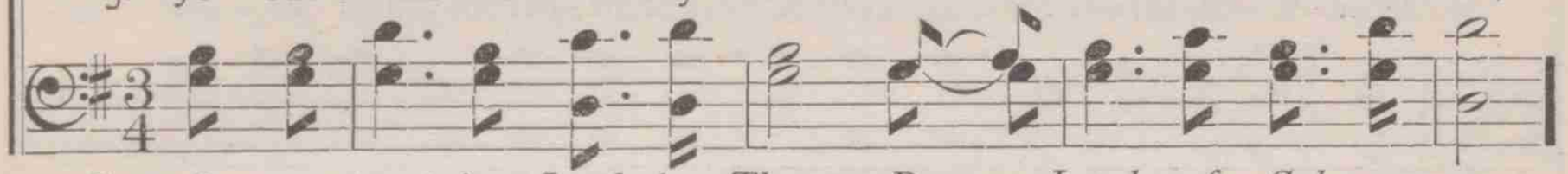
No. 201. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

John 6: 37.

Rev. WM. McDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

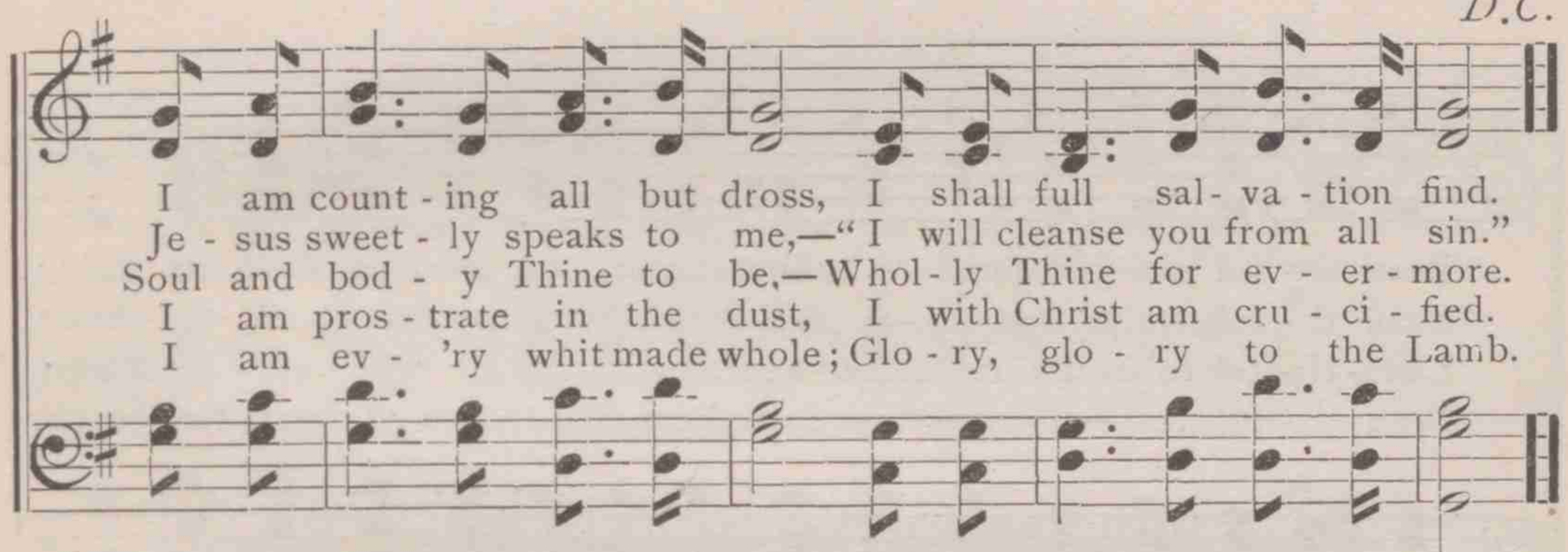


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil dwelt with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth- ly store;
4. In Thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;



CHO. *I am trust- ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*

D.C.

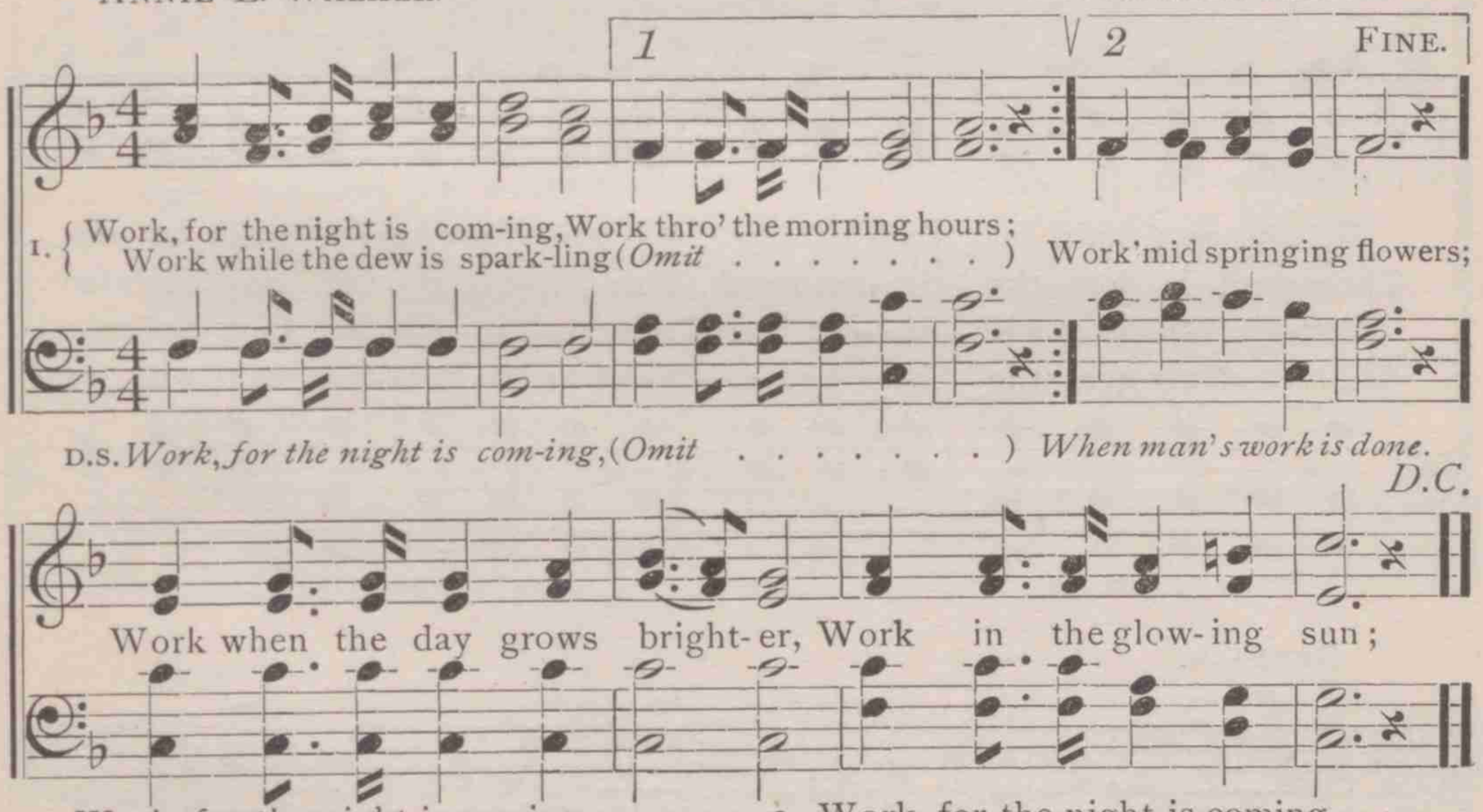


I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal- va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be,—Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.
I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

Hum- bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

No. 202. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.

ANNIE L. WALKER. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
   { Work while the dew is spark-ling (*Omit . . . . . .*) Work 'mid springing flowers;

D.S. *Work, for the night is com-ing, (Omit . . . . . .) When man's work is done.*

D.C.

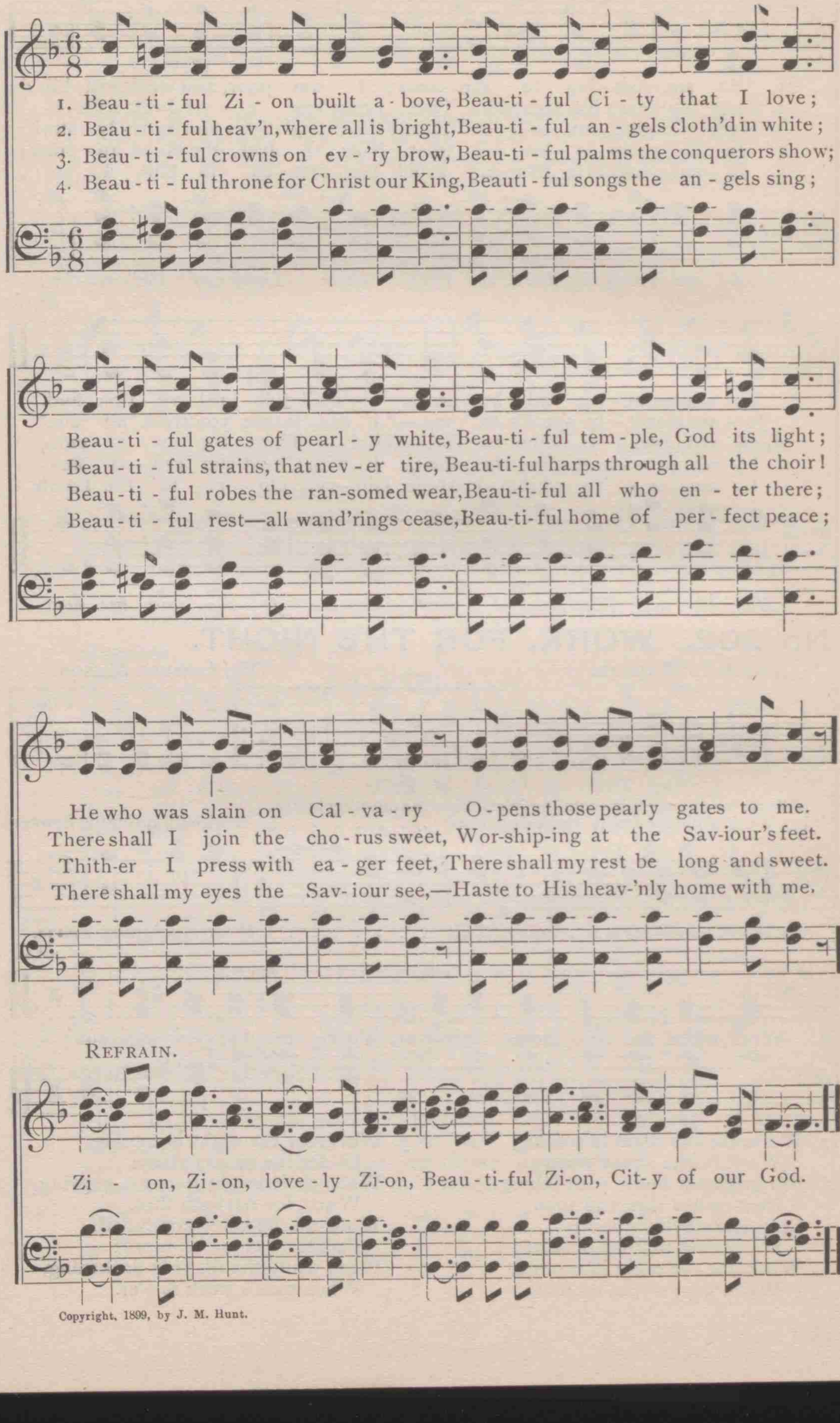
Work when the day grows bright- er, Work in the glow- ing sun;

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

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

No. 203. BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Anon. J. M. HUNT.

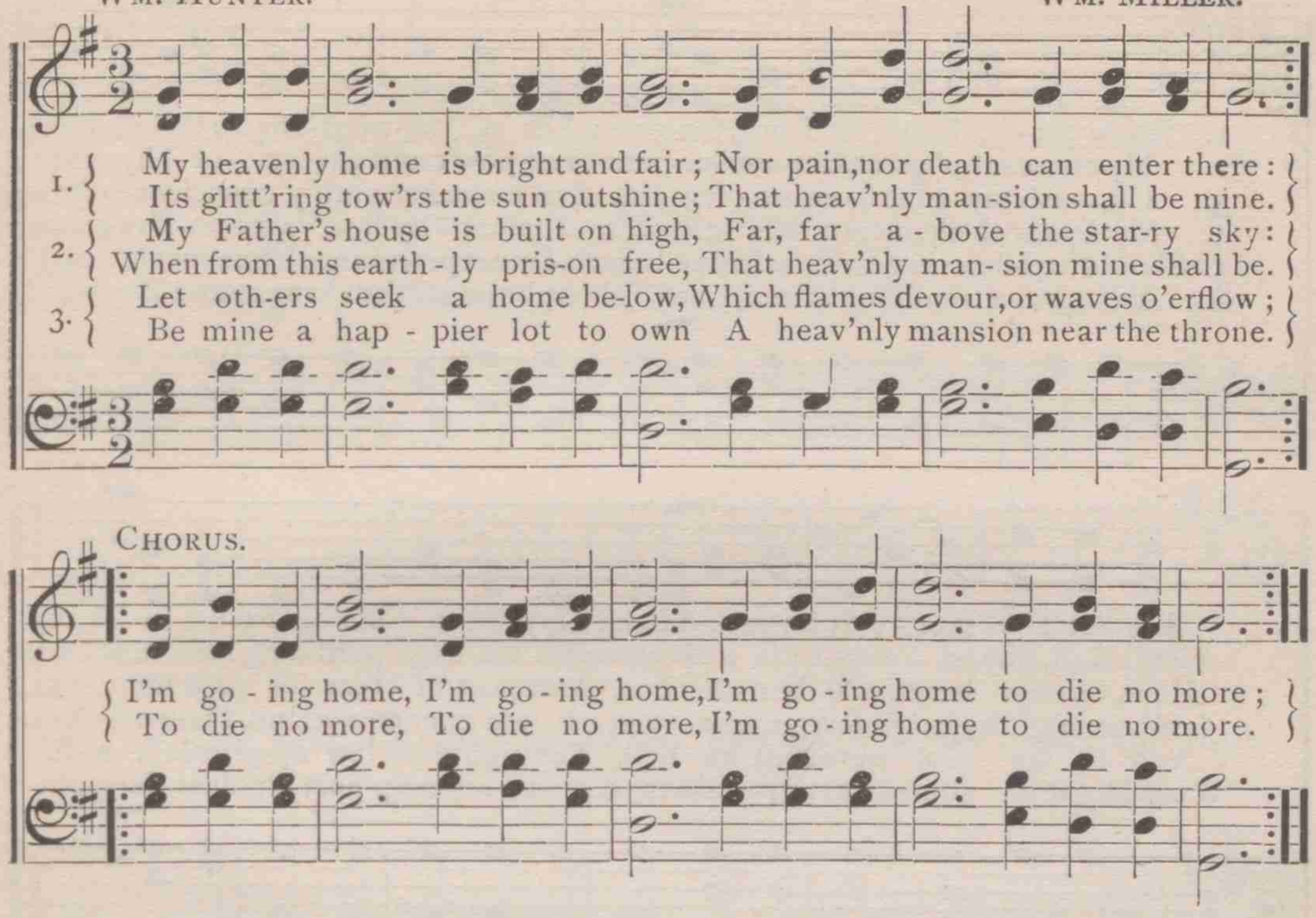


REFRAIN.

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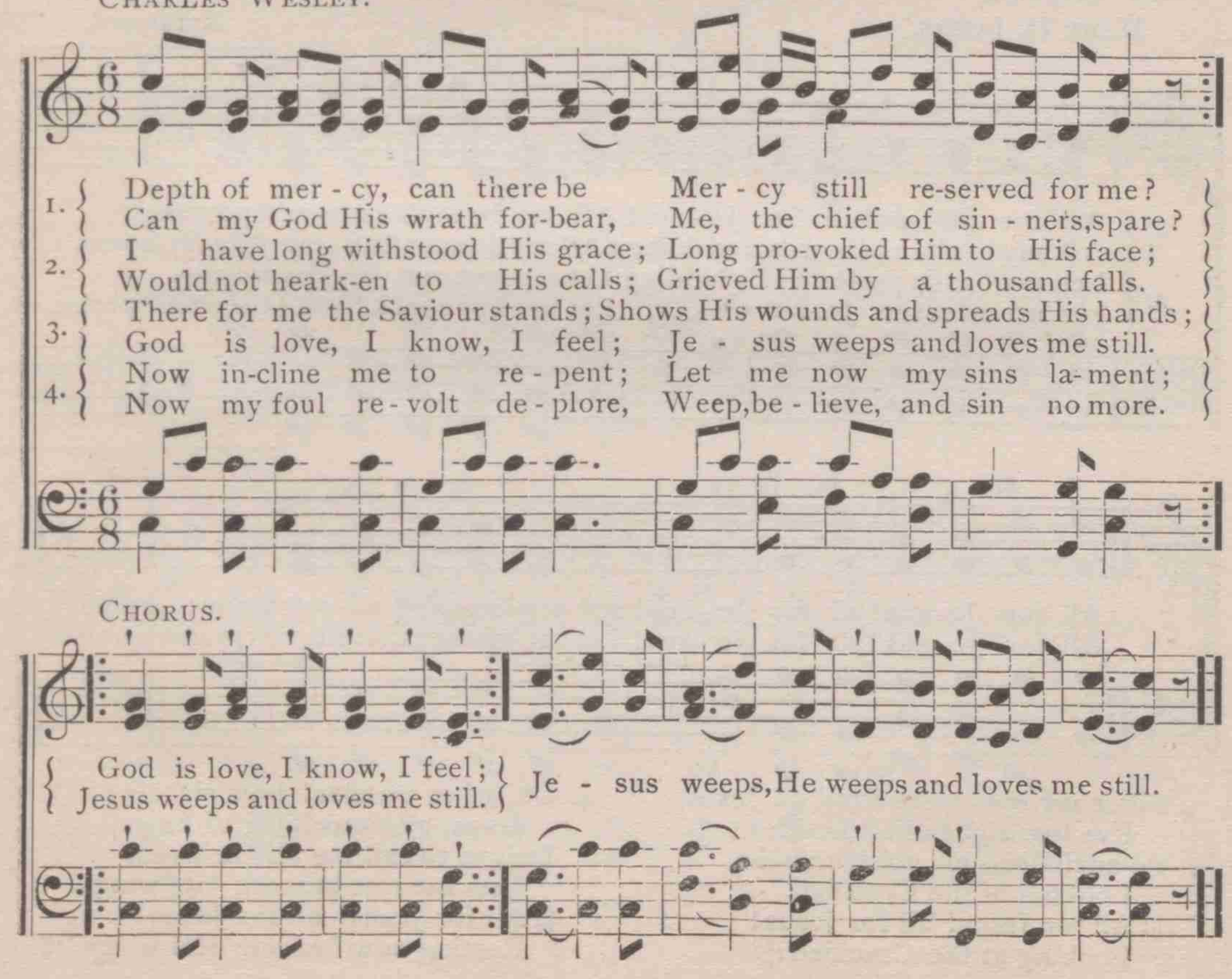
No. 204. GOING HOME. L. M.

WM. HUNTER. WM. MILLER.



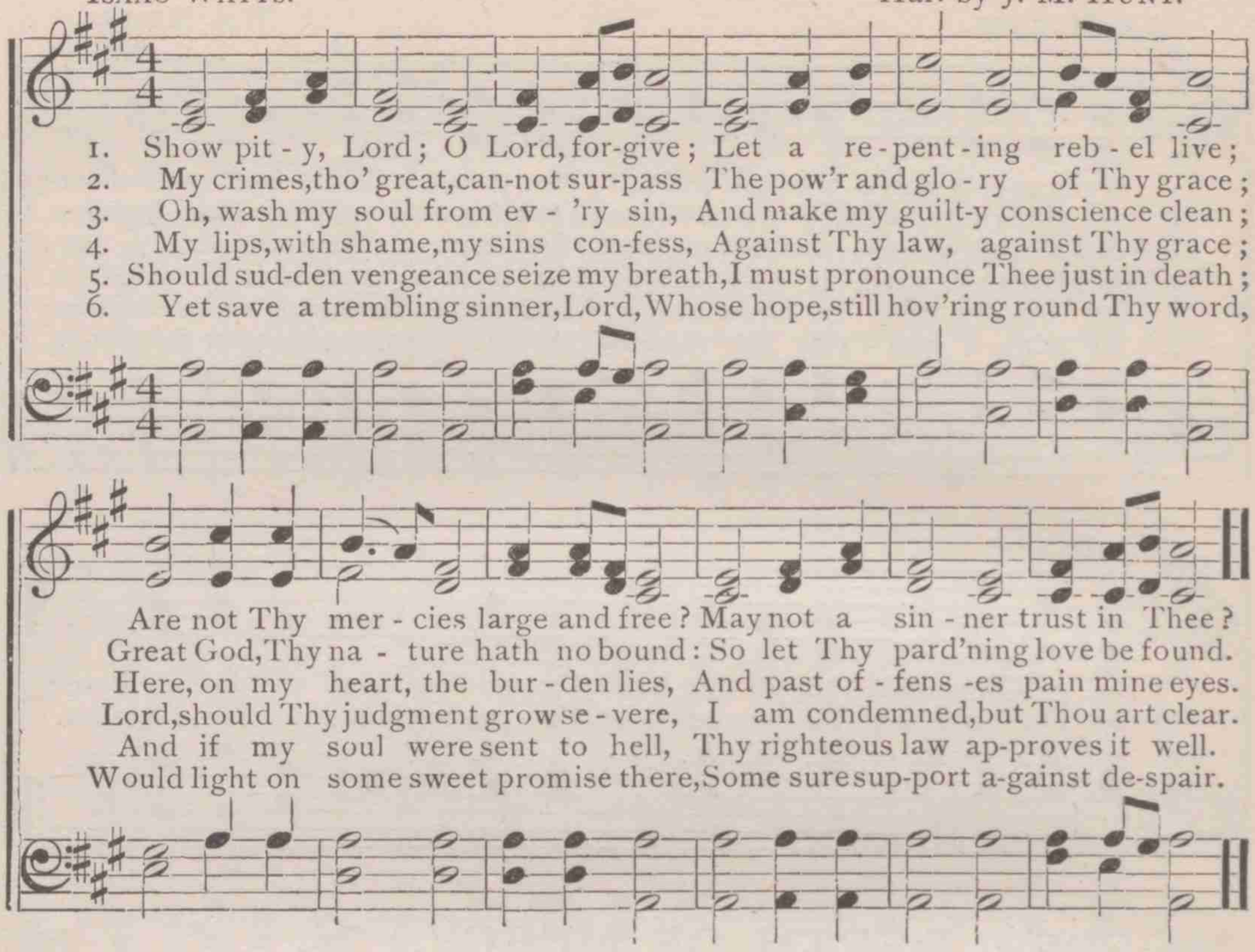
No. 205. DEPTH OF MERCY. 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY.



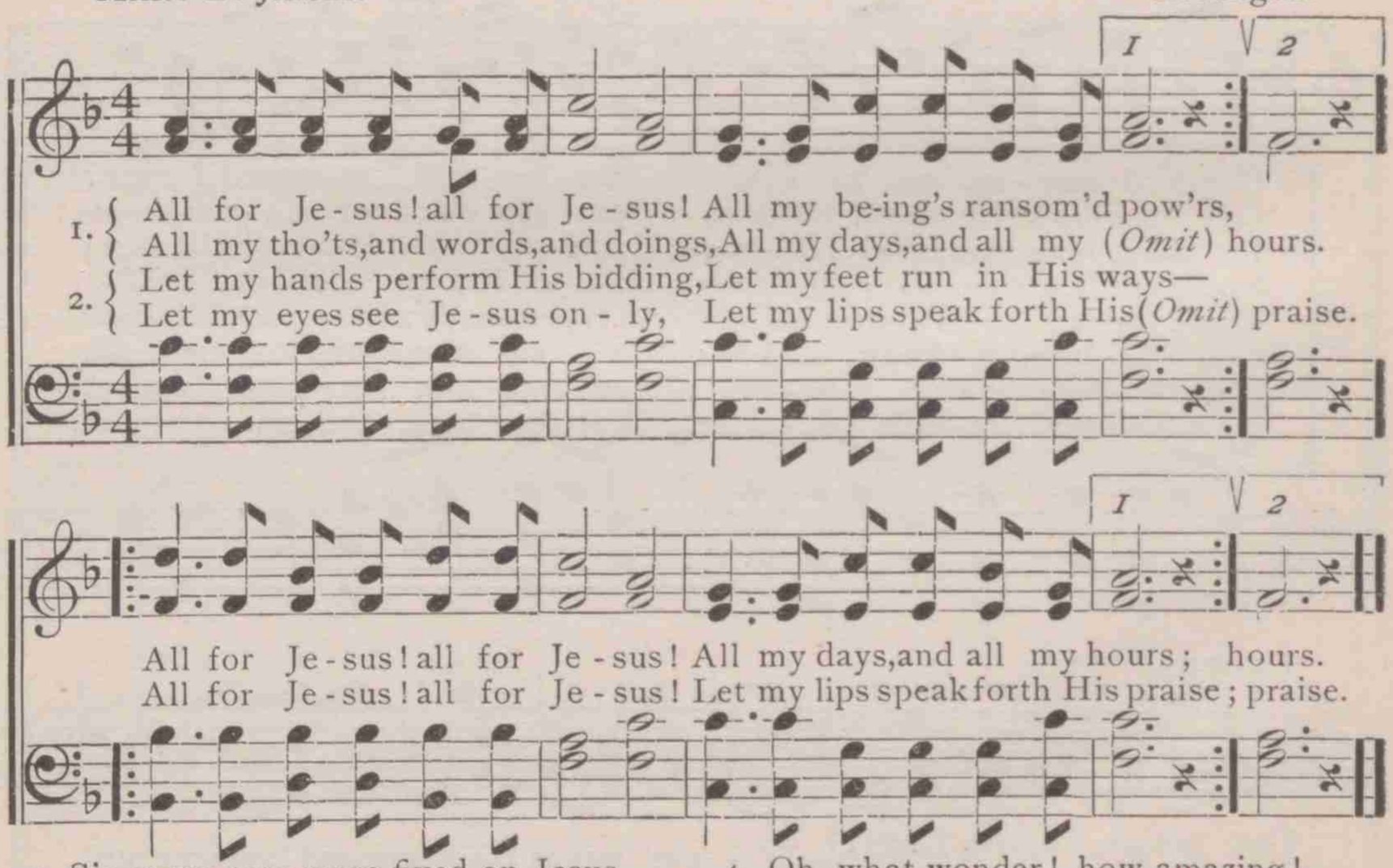
No. 206. SHOW PITY, LORD.

ISAAC WATTS. Har. by J. M. HUNT.



No. 207. ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES. Arranged.

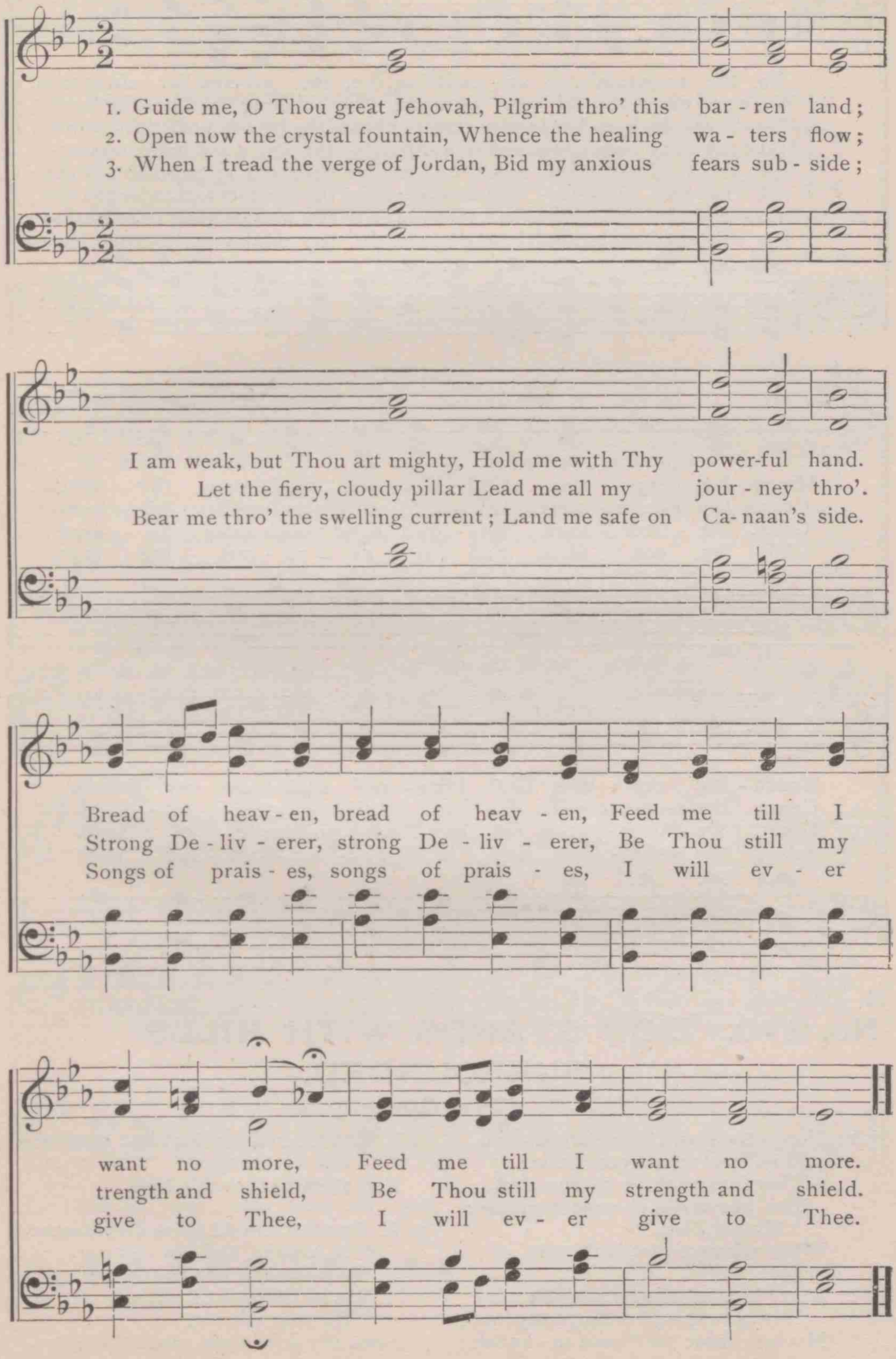


3. Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all besides;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified :‖

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

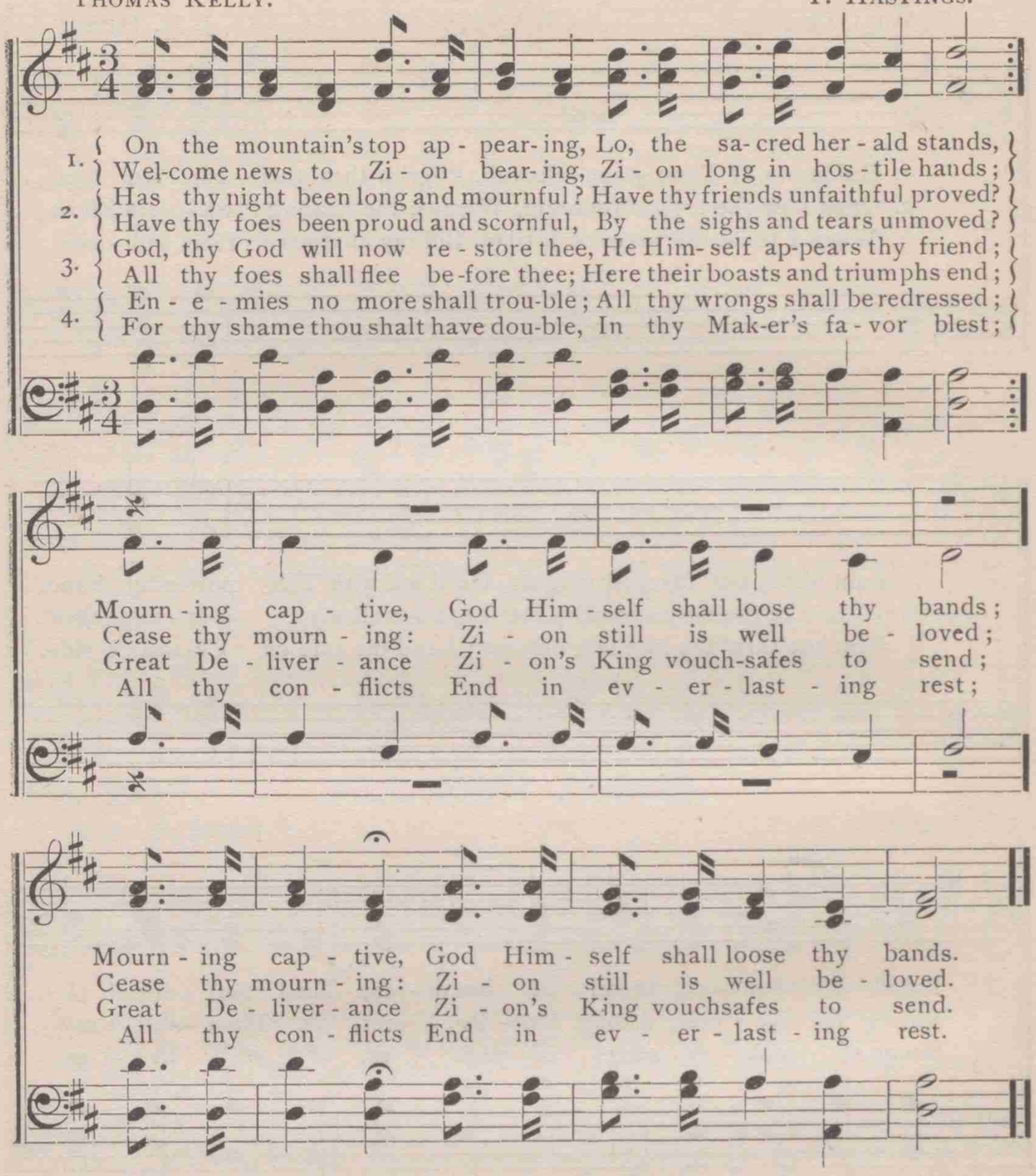
No. 208. GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

W. WILLIAMS. CHANT. J. M. HUNT.



No. 209. ZION.

THOMAS KELLY. T. HASTINGS.



No. 210. ZION STANDS WITH HILLS SURROUNDED.

(Tune above.)

1. Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Tho' the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!
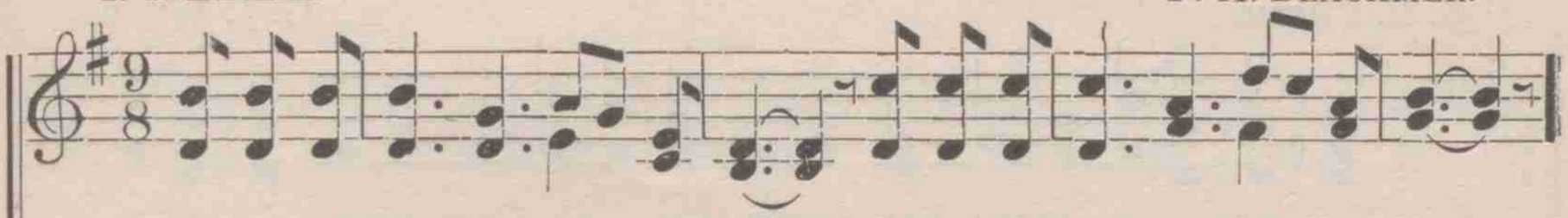
2. Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3. If thy God should show displeasure,
'Tis to save, and not destroy:
If He punish, 'tis in measure;
'Tis to rid thee of alloy.
Be thou patient,
Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.
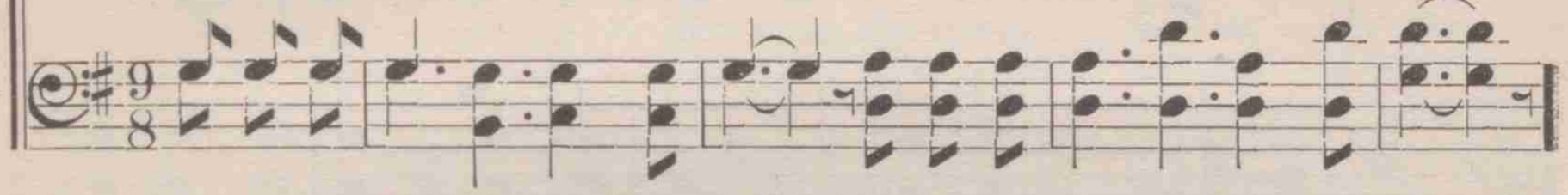
THOMAS KELLY.
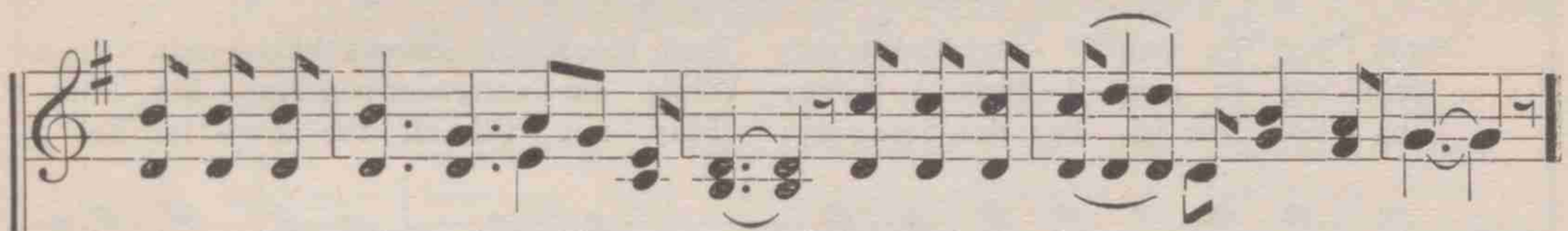
No. 211. AFTER.

I. I. LESLIE. F. A. BLACKMER.
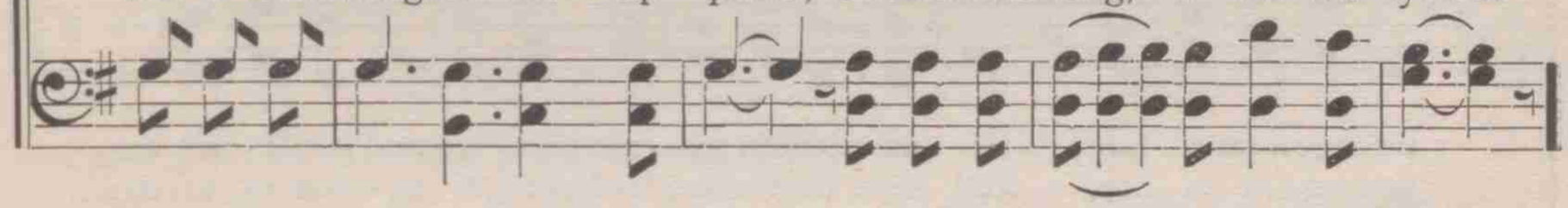


1. Aft-er the storm that sweeps the sea; Aft-er the drift-ing to the lea;
2. Aft-er the win-ter long and drear; Aft-er the snow-clouds disap-pear;
3. Aft-er the long and toil-some day; Aft-er the sun's fierce burning ray;
4. Aft-er the course of life is run; Aft-er its work has all been done;
5. Aft-er the march of time shall cease; Aft-er earth-strife shall end in peace;
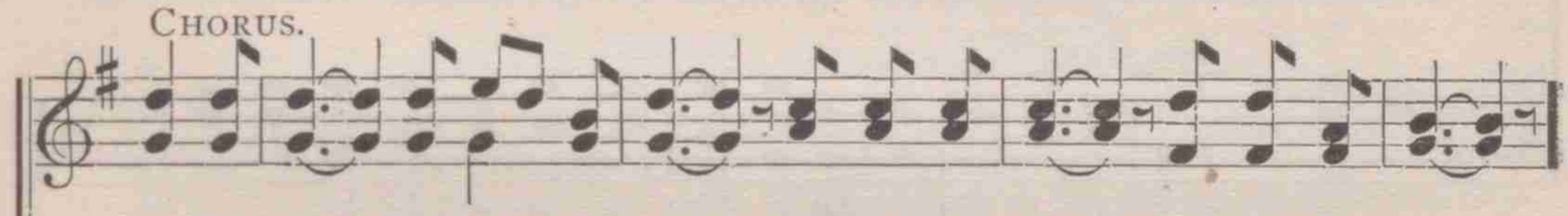




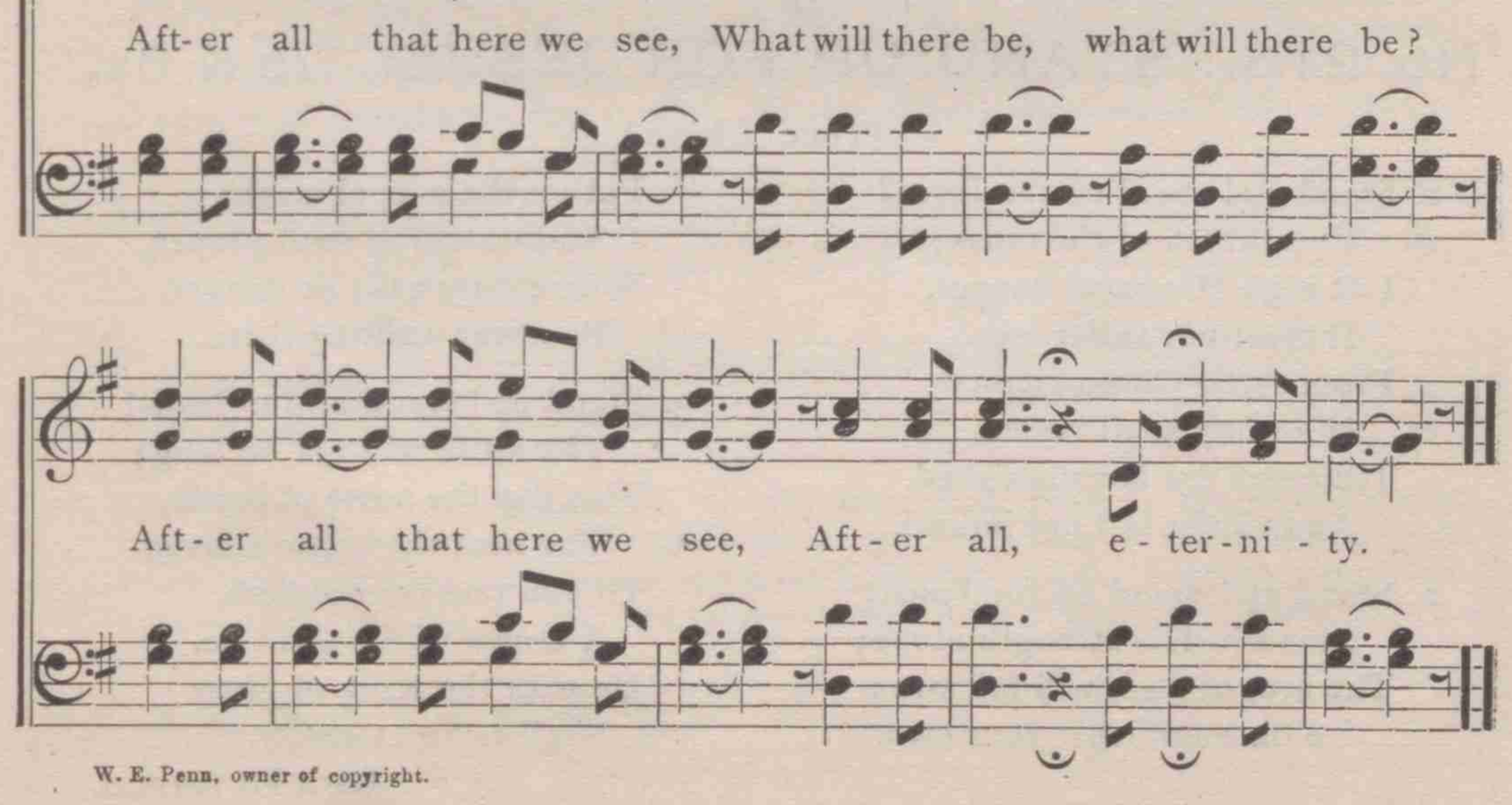
Aft-er the rocks and sands are passed, Cometh the joy of home at last.
Aft-er the winds sweet o-dors bring, Cometh the ev-er-welcome spring.
Aft-er the toil-er homeward goes, Cometh the night and sweet re-pose.
Aft-er the hands are on the breast, Cometh the long and peaceful rest.
Aft-er the changeful dis-ap-pears, Cometh the long, e-ter-nal years.



CHORUS.



Aft-er all that here we see, What will there be, what will there be?

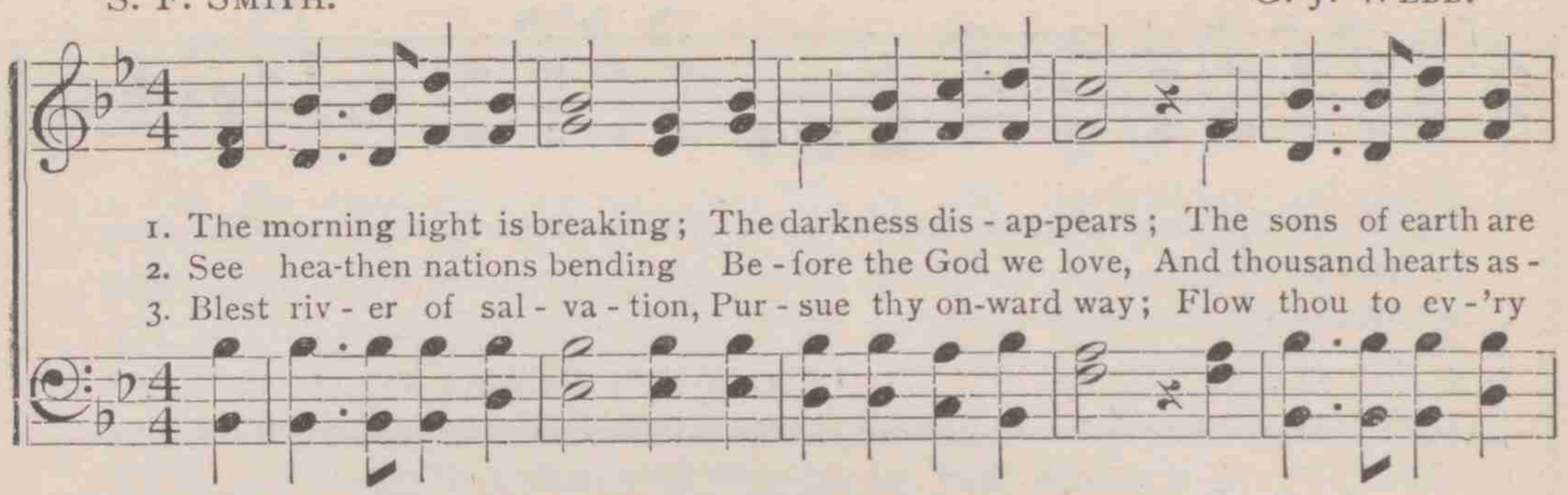


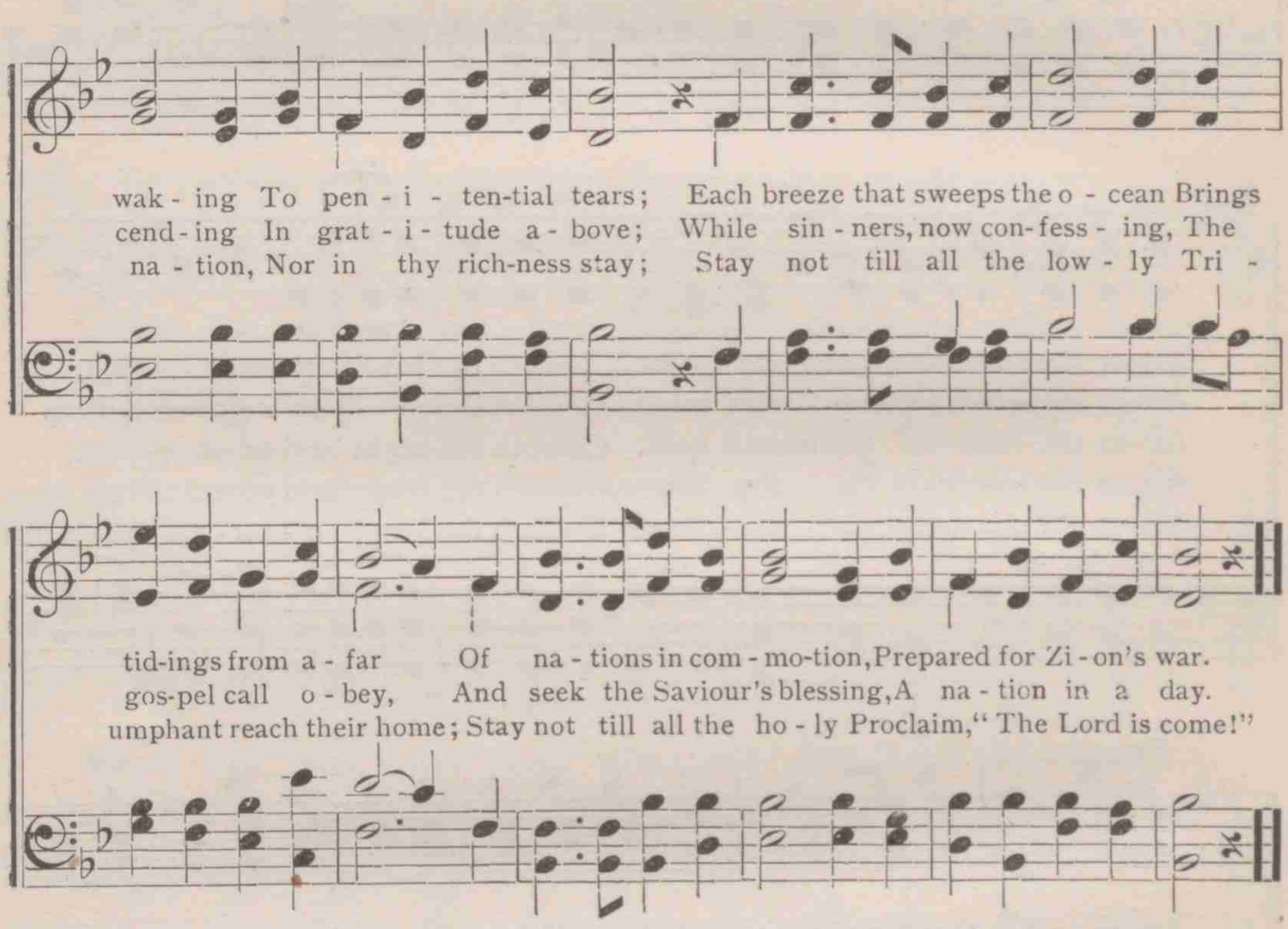
Aft-er all that here we see, Aft-er all, e-ter-ni-ty.

W. E. Penn, owner of copyright.

No. 212. WEBB.

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





No. 213. STAND UP FOR JESUS. 7s & 6s.

(Tune Above.)

1. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

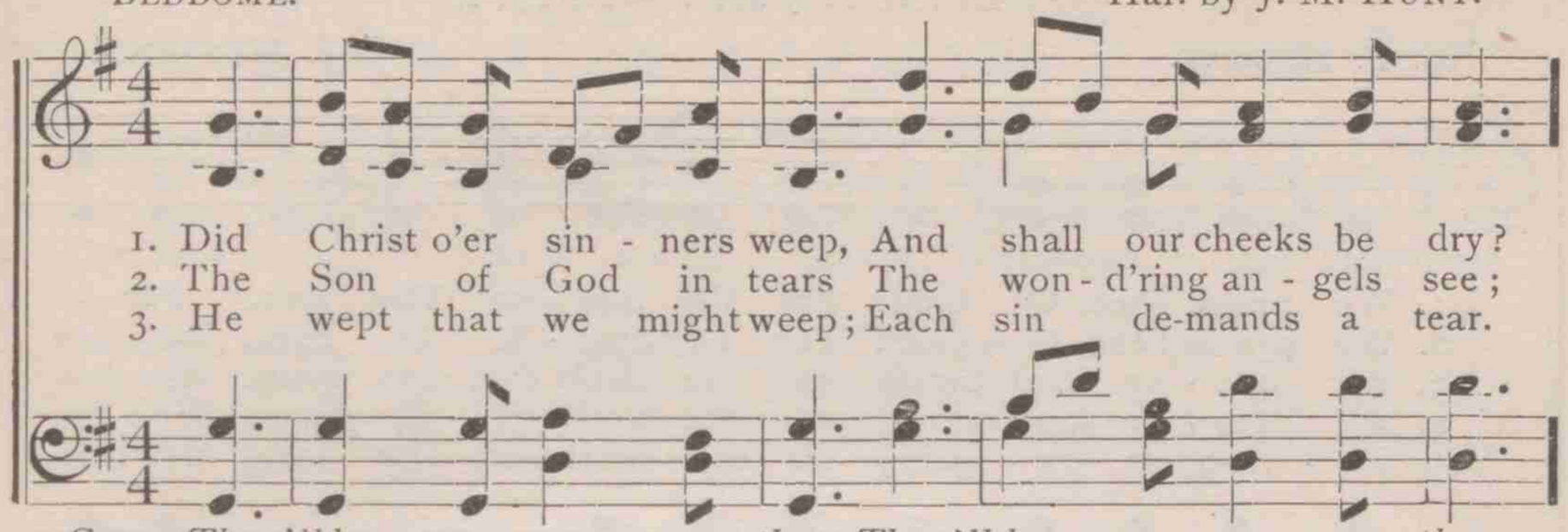
2. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
e dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be.
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

GEO. DUFFIELD.

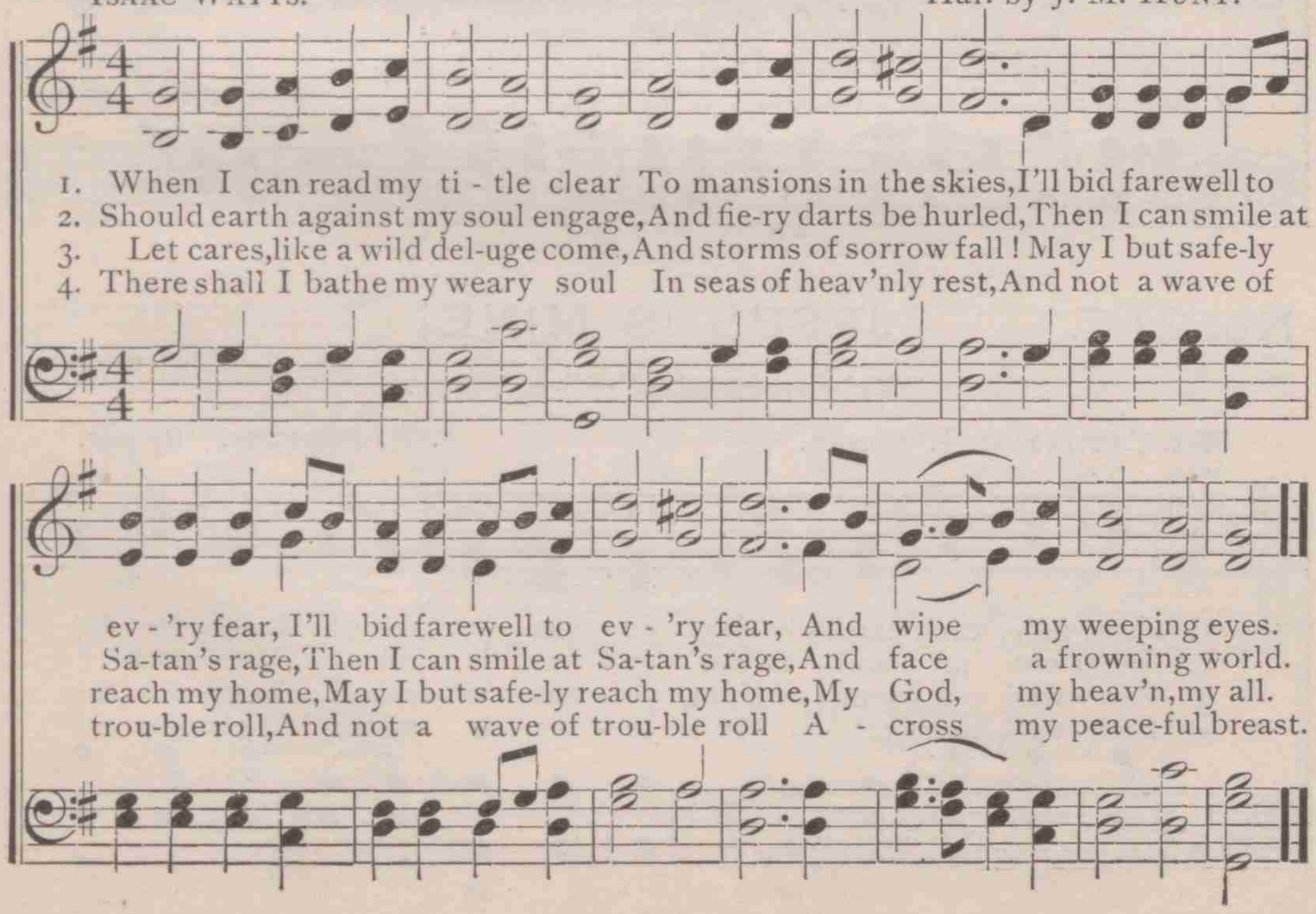
No. 214. THERE'LL BE NO SORROW THERE.

BEDDOME. Har. by J. M. HUNT.



No. 215. WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Har. by J. M. HUNT.



No. 216. WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

"O Lord, revive thy word."—Heb. 3: 2.

W. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus, who died and is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Teee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Sav - iour, and scat - ter'd our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain. Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love, May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

CHORUS.

{ Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glory, Hal-le - lu - jah! A-men.
{ Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glory, (*Omit*. . . . . .) Re-vive us a - gain.
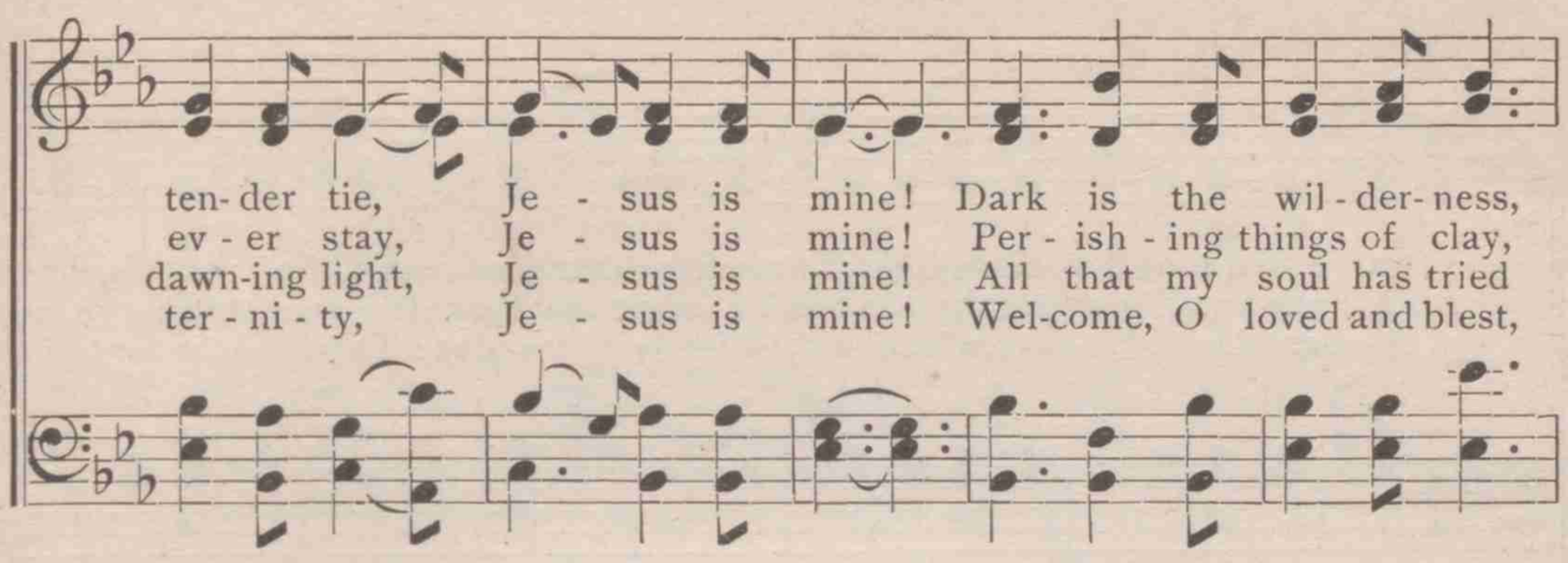
No. 217. JESUS IS MINE!
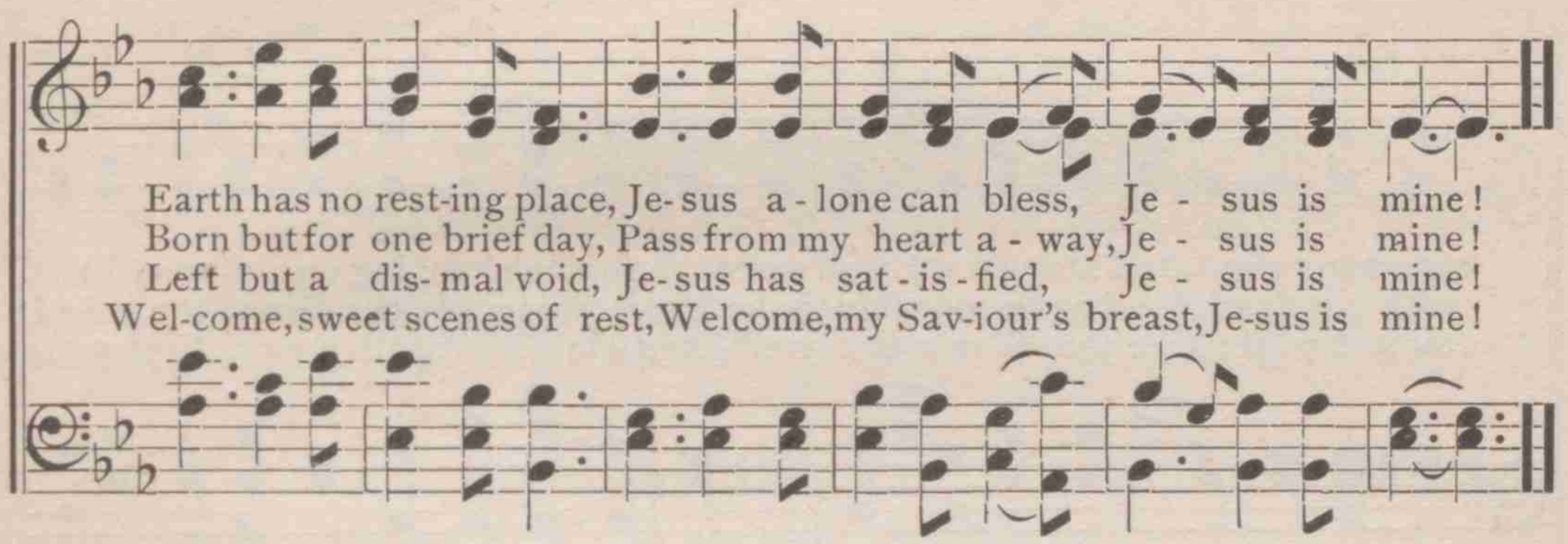
"My beloved is mine."—S. of Sol. 2. 16.

Mrs. CATHARINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS. By per.

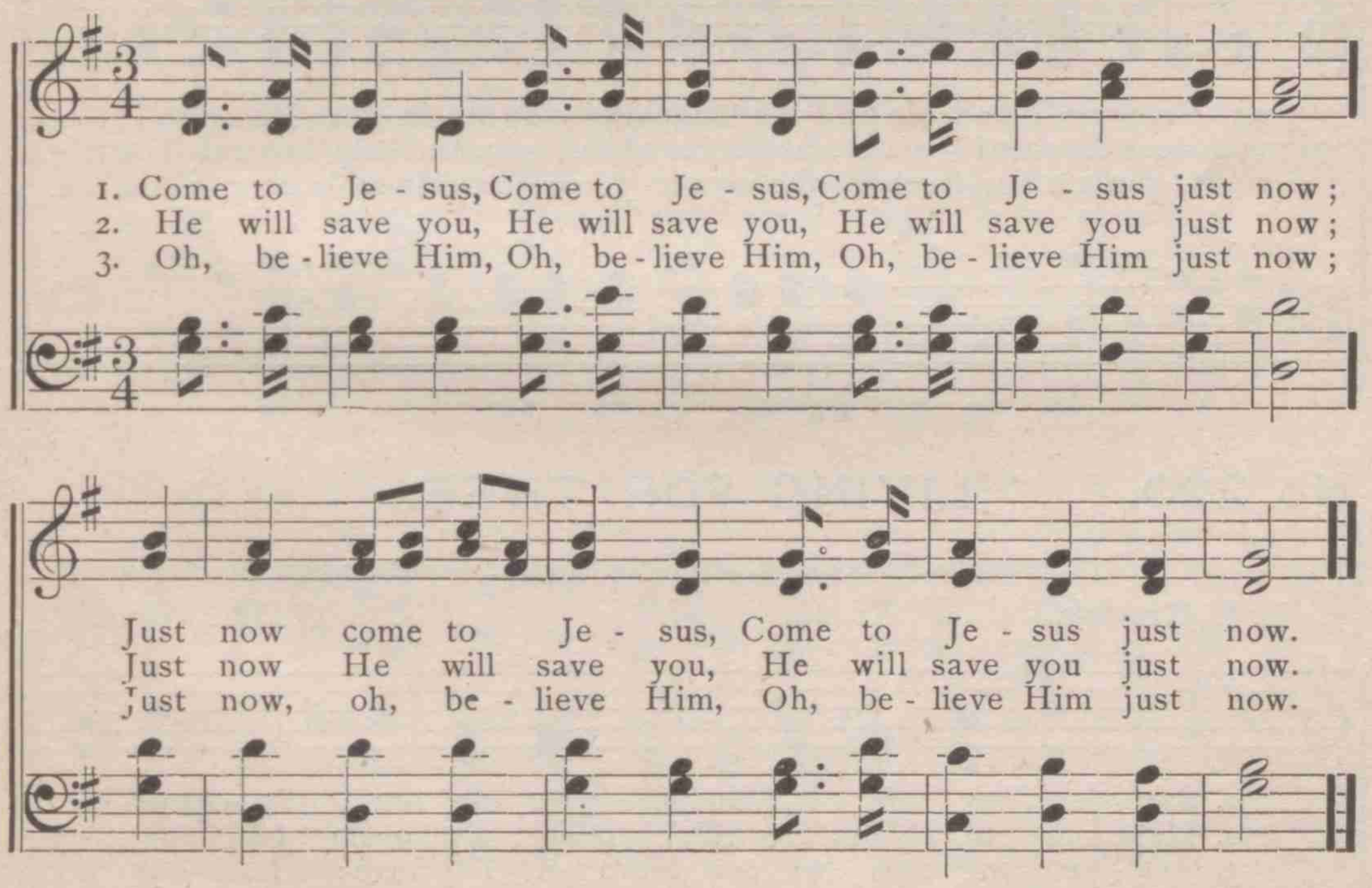
1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel-come, e -

JESUS IS MINE!





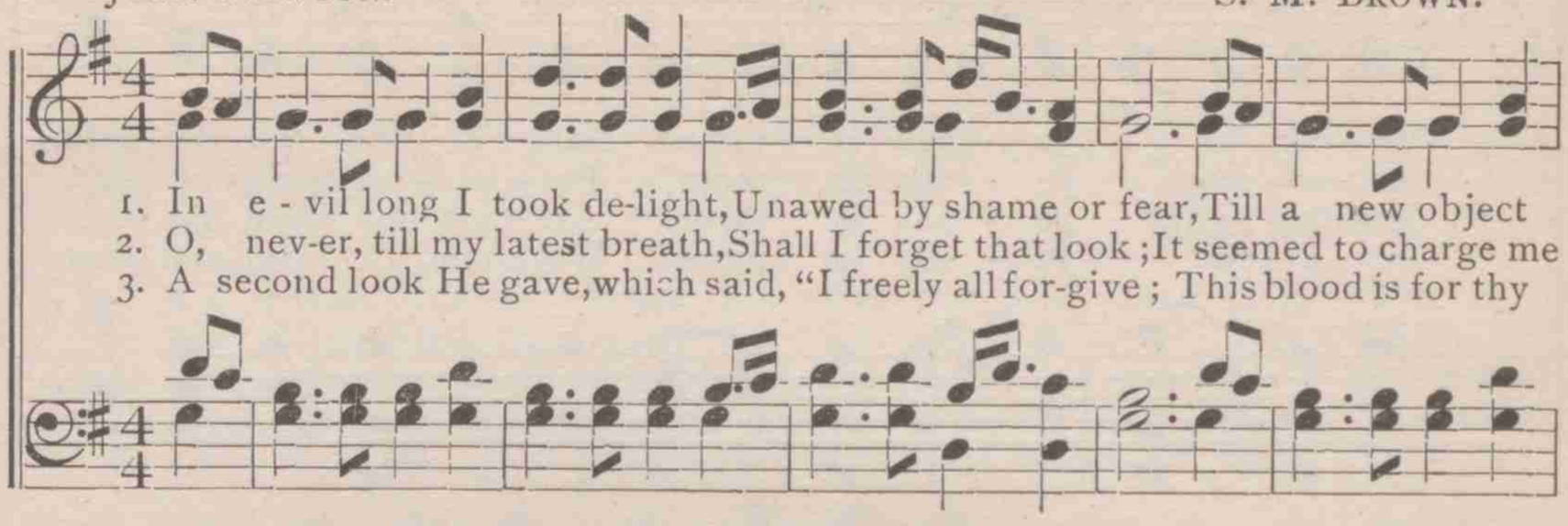
No. 218. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.



4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He 'll receive you.
7 Call upon Him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto Him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. Only trust Him.
12. Jesus loves you.
13. Don't reject Him.
14. I believe Him.
15. Hallelujah, Amen.

No. 219. IN EVIL LONG I TOOK DELIGHT.

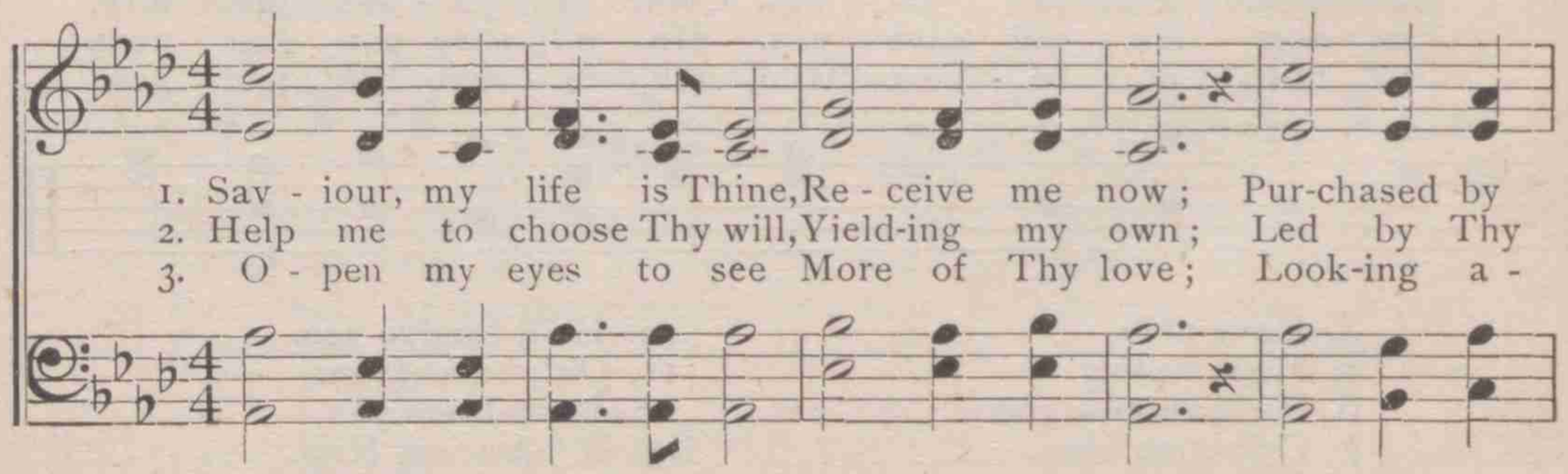
JOHN NEWTON. S. M. BROWN.



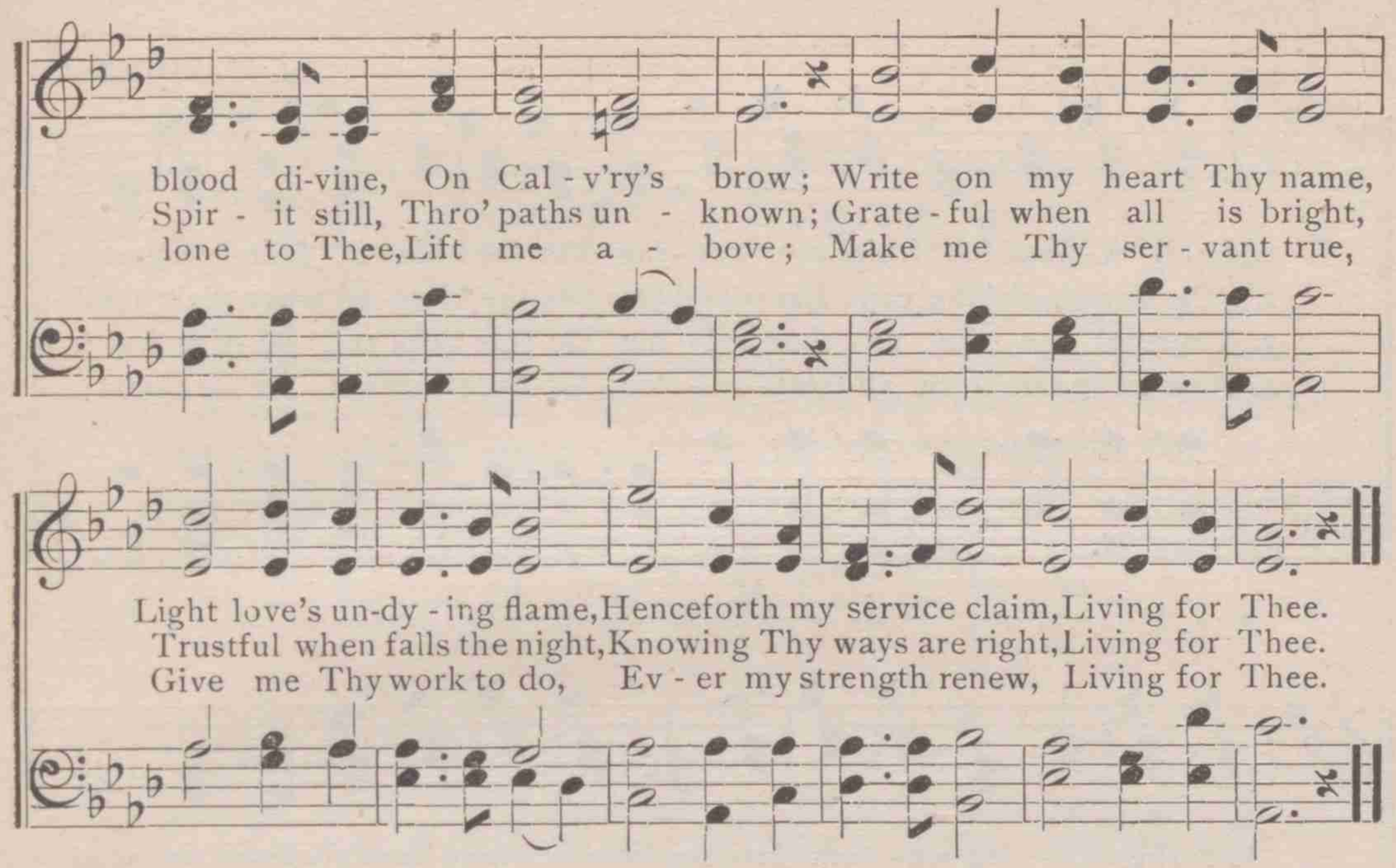
No. 220. LIVING FOR THEE.

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—PHIL. 1 : 21.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE.

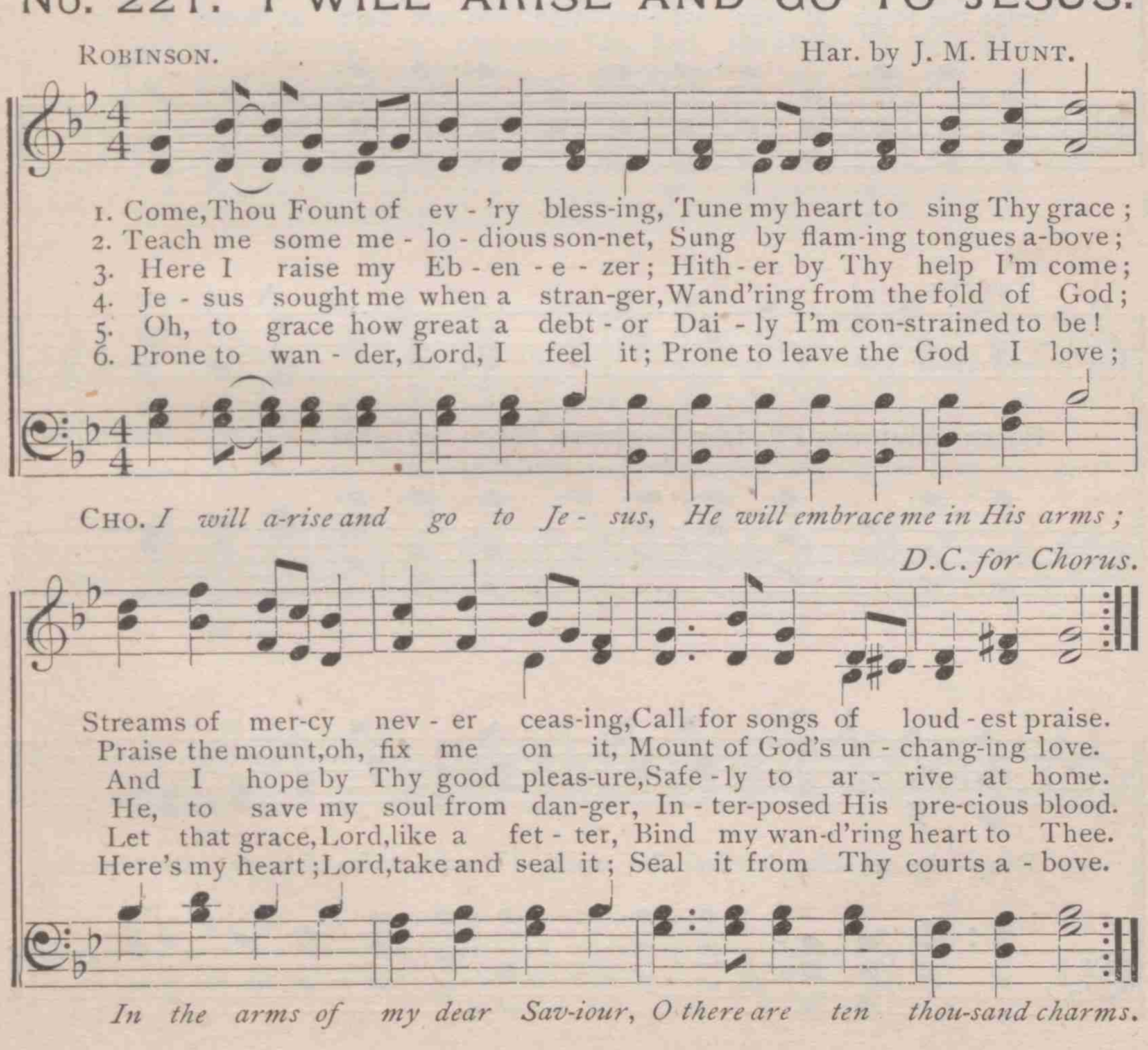


Copyright, 1898, by W. H. Doane.



No. 221. I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS.

ROBINSON. Har. by J. M. HUNT.



No. 222. I AM SAFE WITHIN THE VEIL.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Land a - head! its fruits are wav - ing O'er the hills of fade-less green;
2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm round-ing; See, the bless- ed wave their hands;
3. There let go the an - chor, rid - ing On this calm and sil -v'ry bay;
4. Now we're safe from all temp- ta - tion, All the storms of life are past;

And the liv - ing wa - ters lav - ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
Hear the harps of God re- sounding From the bright, im- mor - tal bands.
Sea-ward, fast the tide is glid- ing, Shores in sun-light stretch a - way.
Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, We are safe at home at last.
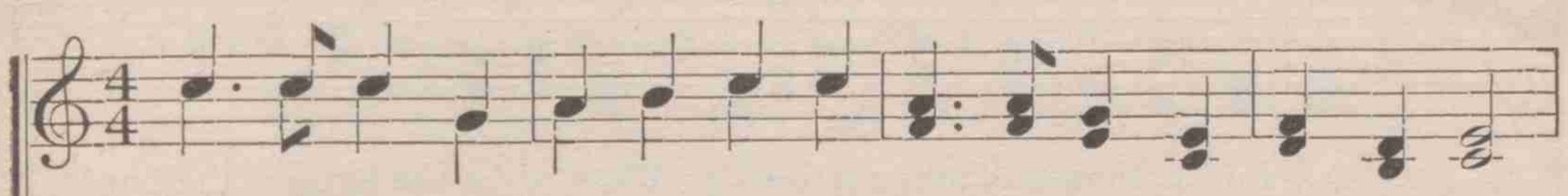
CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter - nal shore;
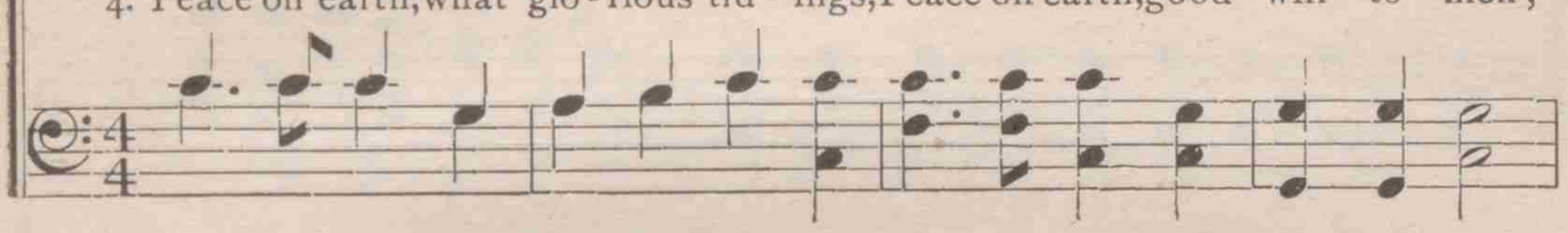
Drop the an - chor! furl the sail! I am safe with - in the veil.
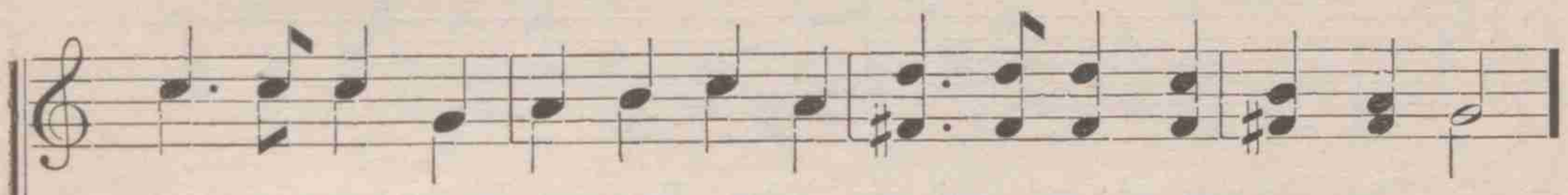
No. 223. PEACE ON EARTH.

J. M. HUNT. S. M. BROWN.
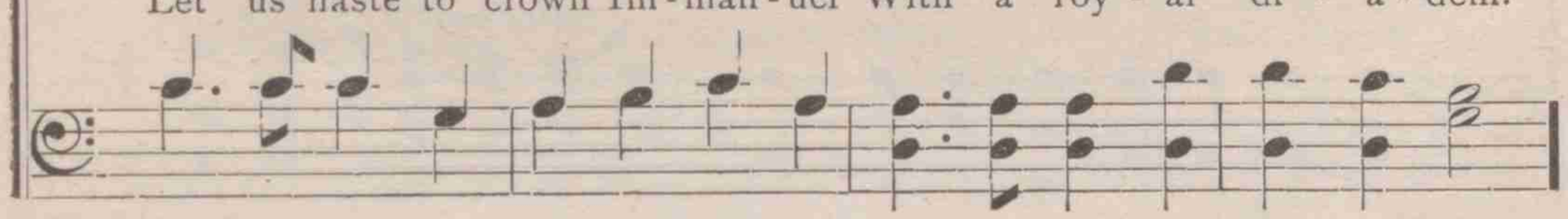


1. Hear the an - gels glad - ly sing-ing, Christ,the Sav - iour, now is born;
2. Loud proclaim the wondrous message, Of a Sav - iour's low - ly birth;
3. Lift your heads,ye faint and wea - ry, See your Lord, Im - man - uel, King;
4. Peace on earth,what glo - rious tid - ings,Peace on earth,good - will to men;
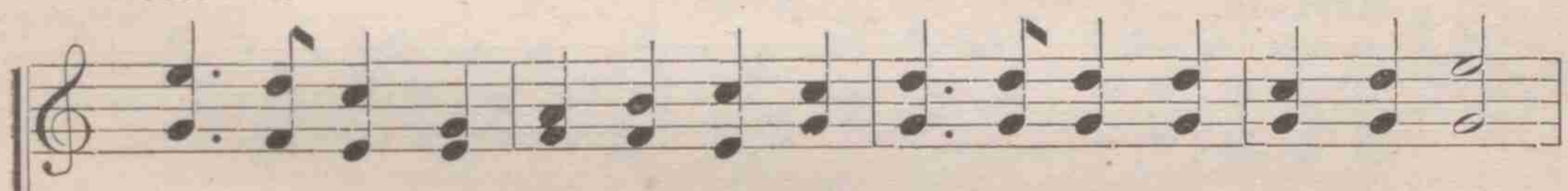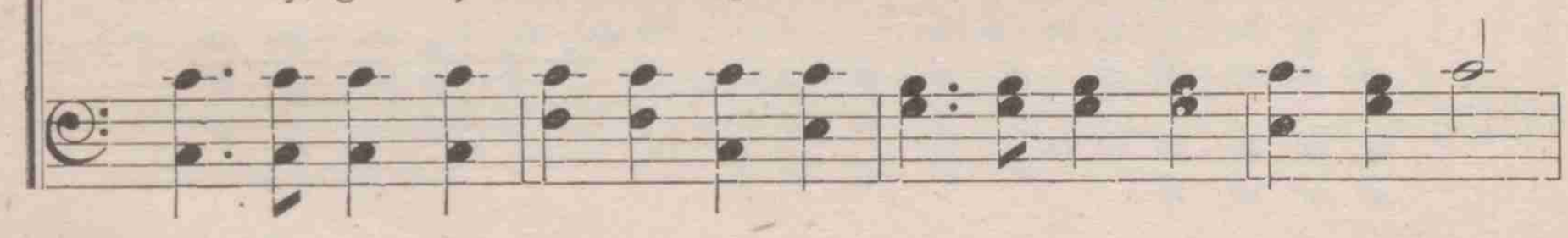




Shout the tid - ings, till all na - tions Heed with joy this na - tal morn.
How He rest - ed in the man-ger, He the Son of God on earth.
Lend your voi - ces to the cho - rus, Let the shout tri - um - phant ring.
Let us haste to crown Im - man - uel With a roy - al di - a - dem.



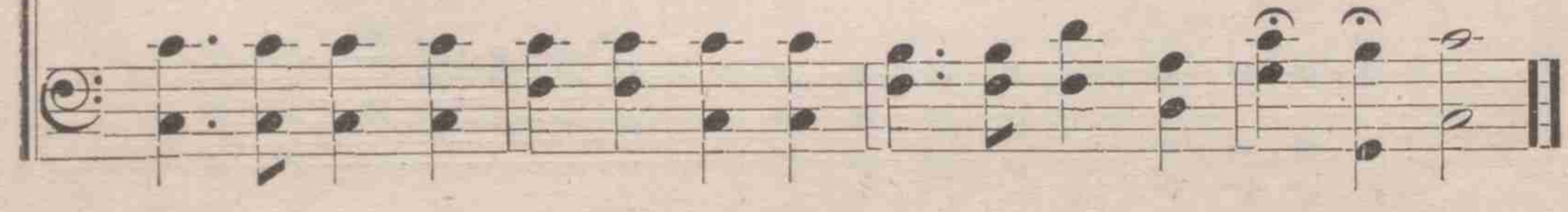
CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high-est, Hear the an - gels sing a - gain;
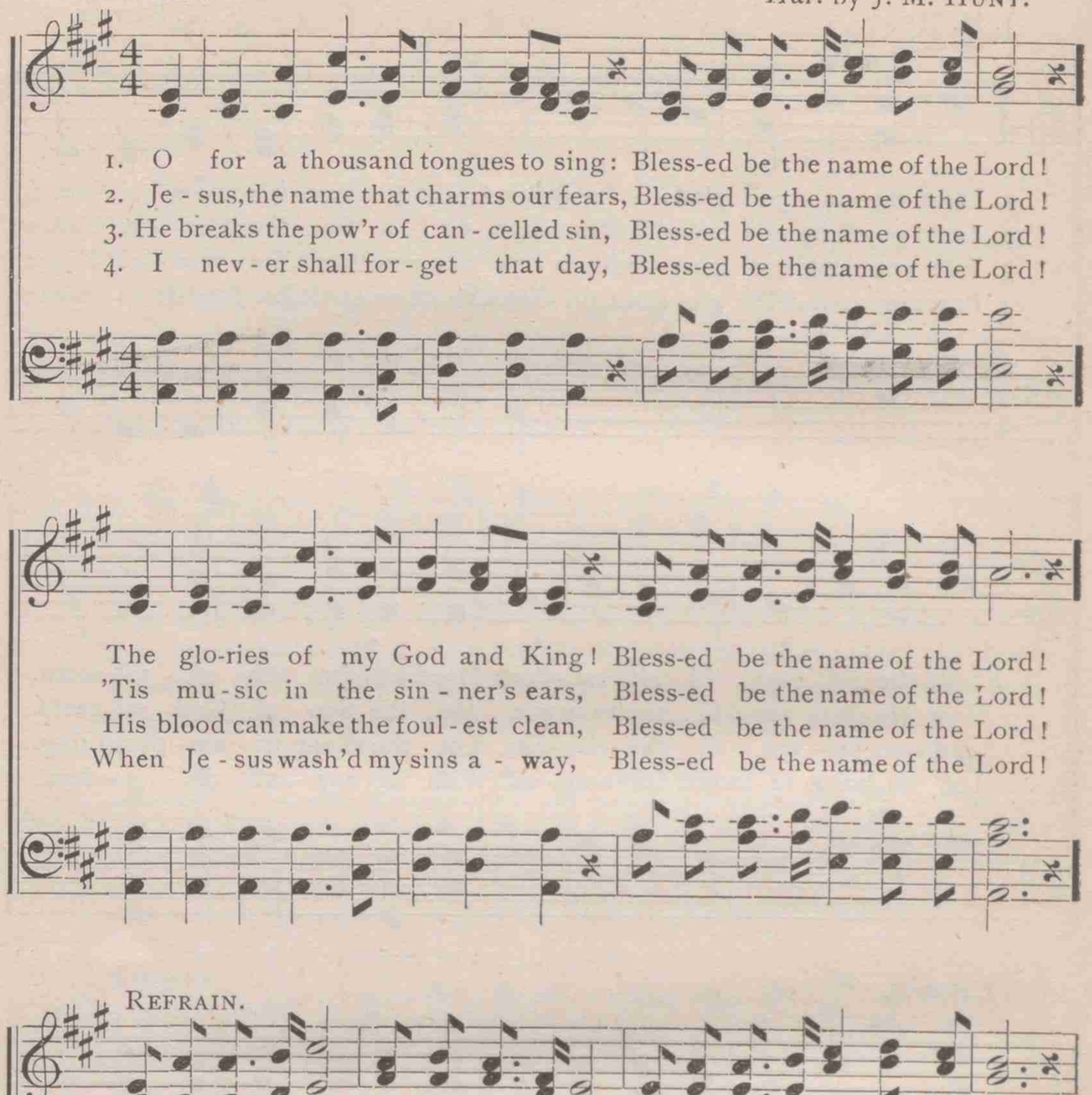


Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high-est, Peace on earth,good-will to men.



No. 224. BLESSED BE THE NAME.

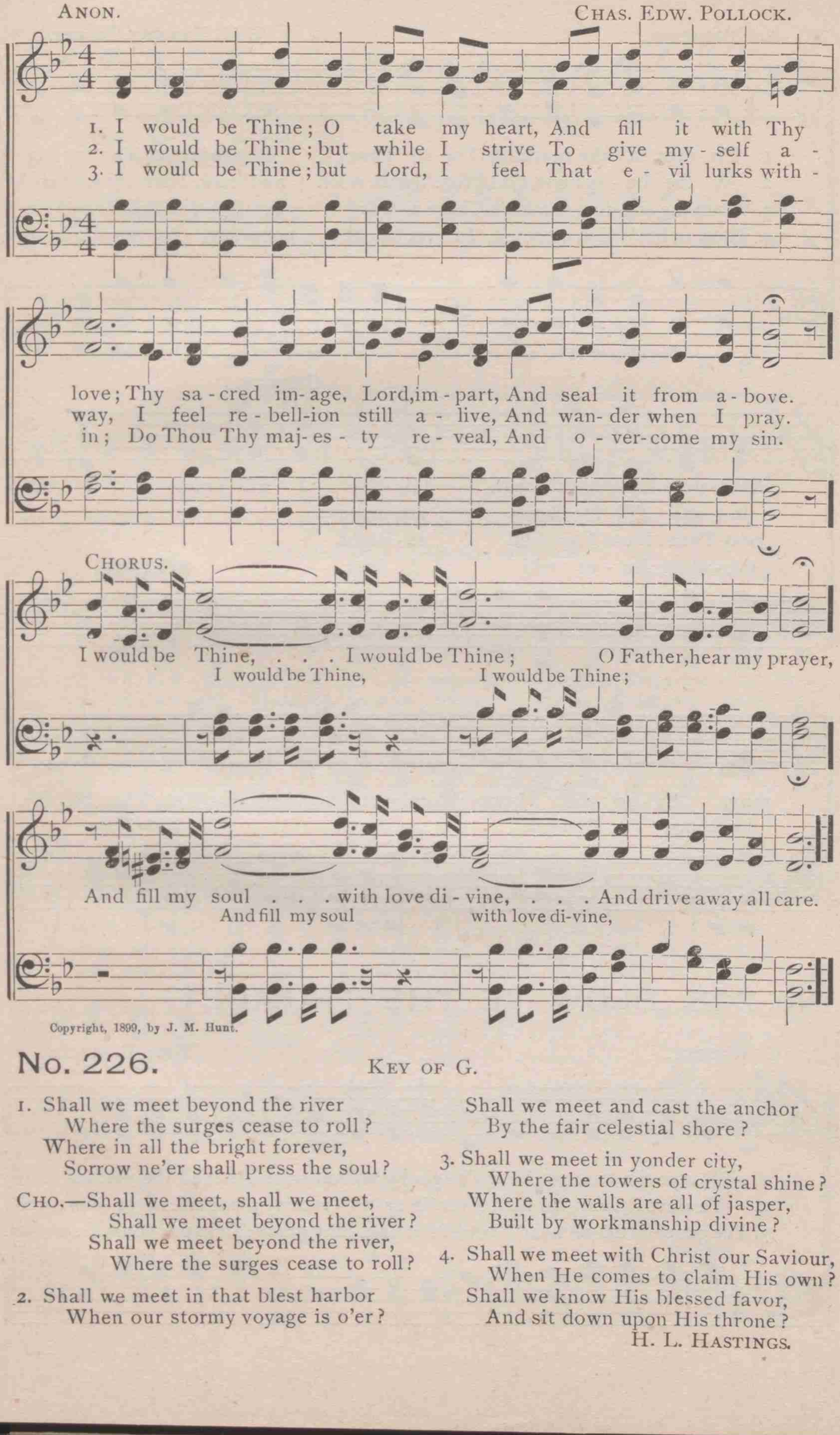
C. WESLEY. Har. by J. M. HUNT.



REFRAIN.

No. 225. I WOULD BE THINE.

ANON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Copyright, 1899, by J. M. Hunt.

No. 226.

KEY OF G.

1. Shall we meet beyond the river
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

CHO.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?

2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?

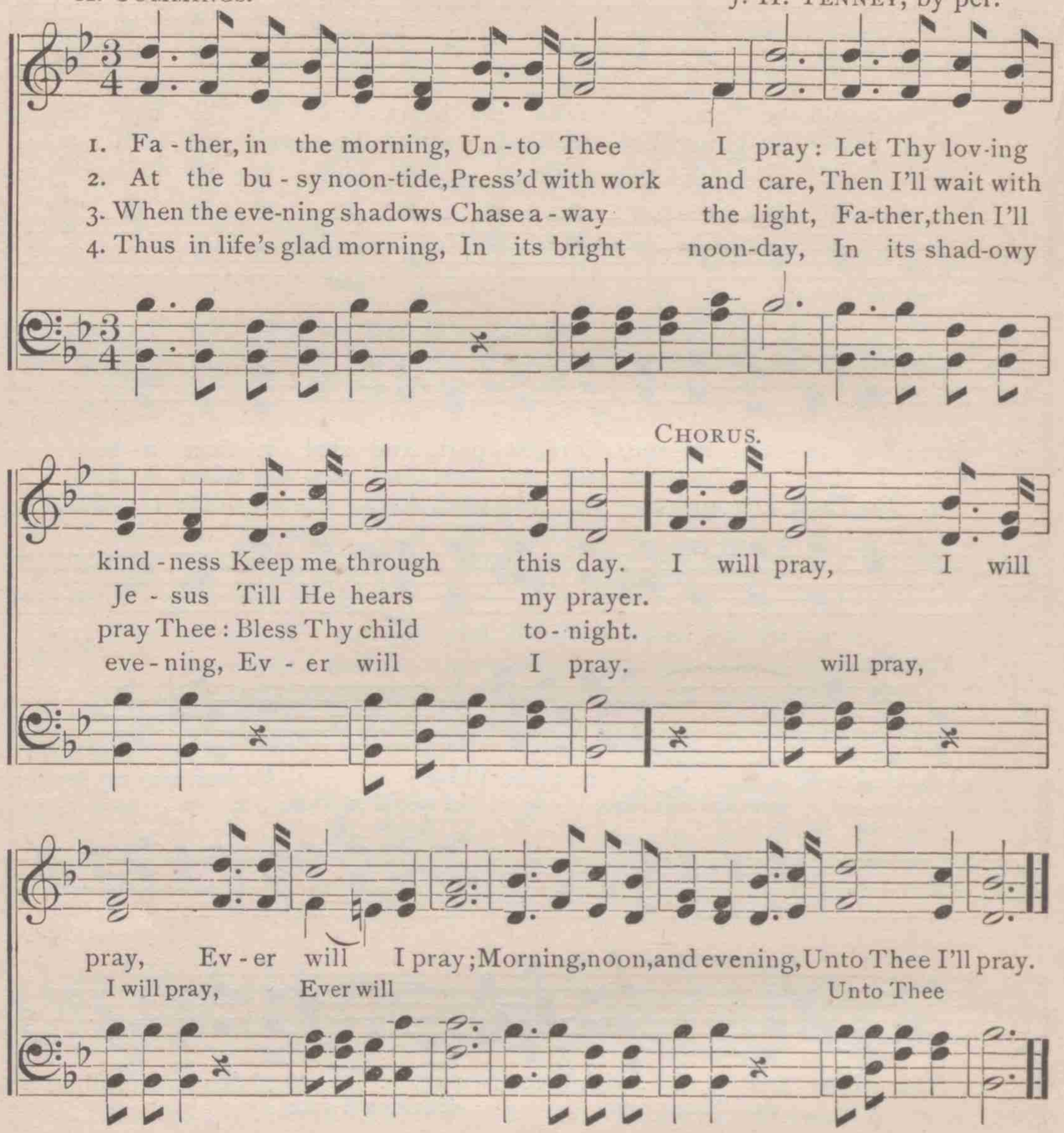
3. Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

H. L. HASTINGS.

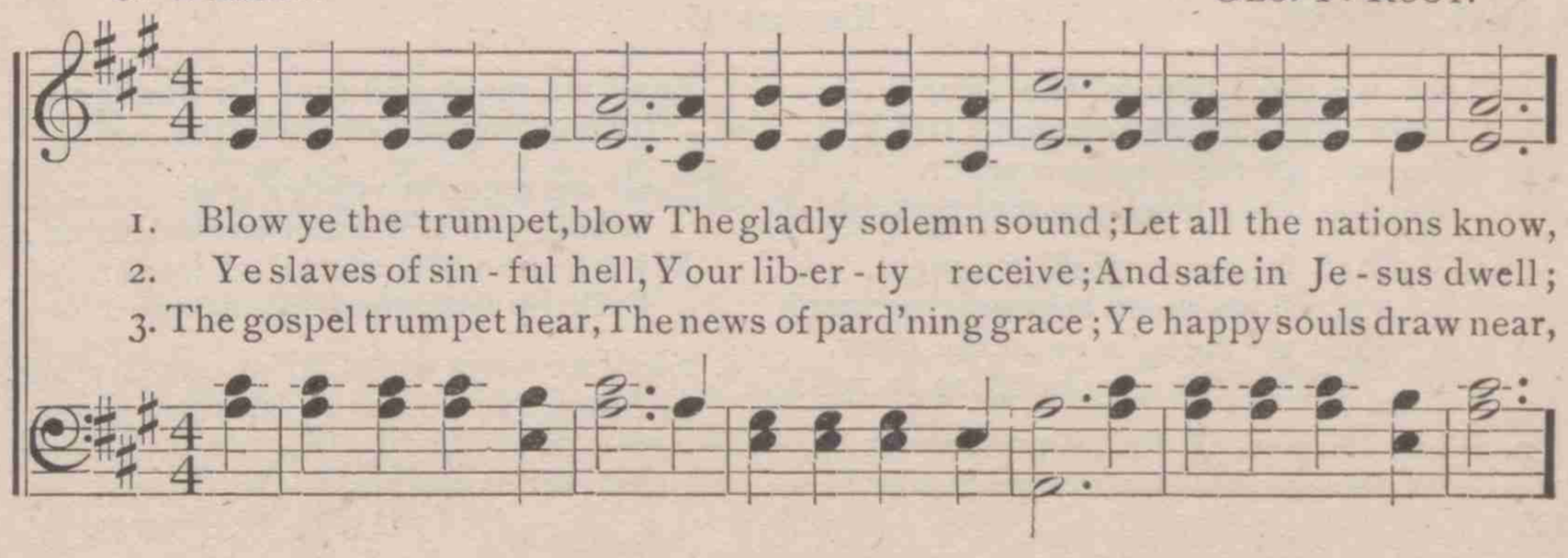
No. 227. EVER WILL I PRAY.

A. CUMMINGS. J. H. TENNEY, by per.



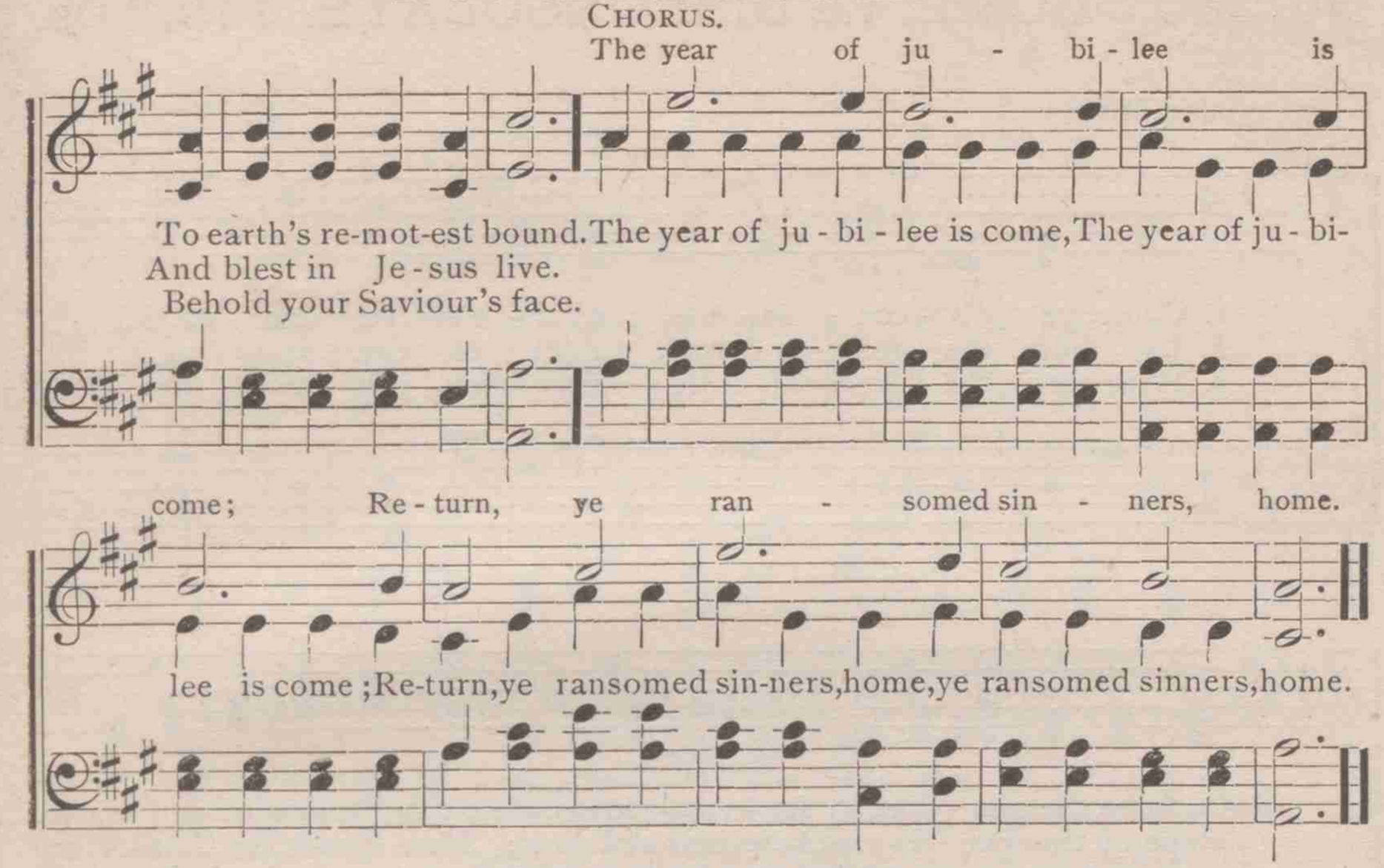
No. 228. BLOW YE THE TRUMPET.

C. WESLEY. GEO. F. ROOT.



BLOW YE THE TRUMPET.
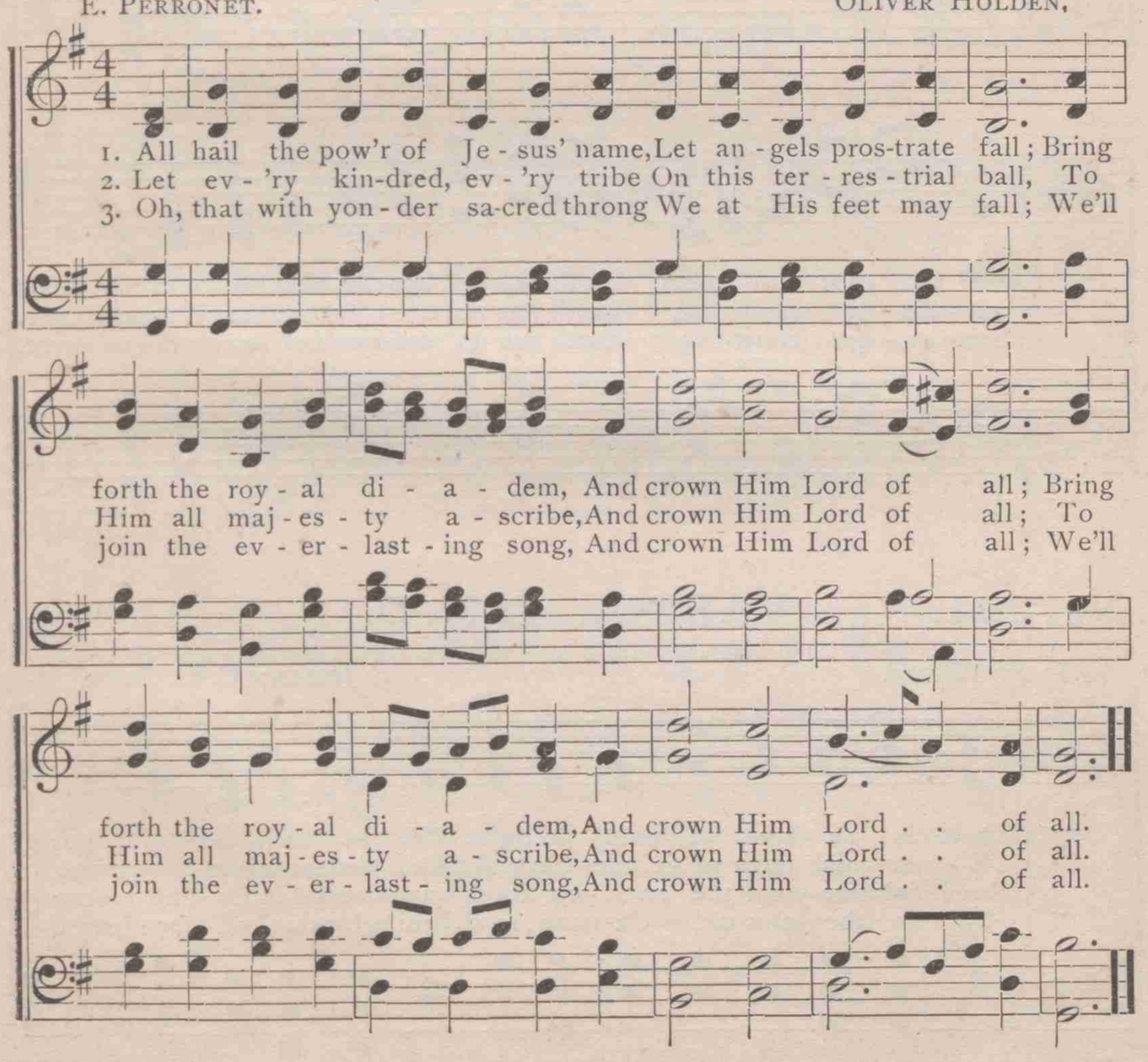
CHORUS.



No. 229. CORONATION.
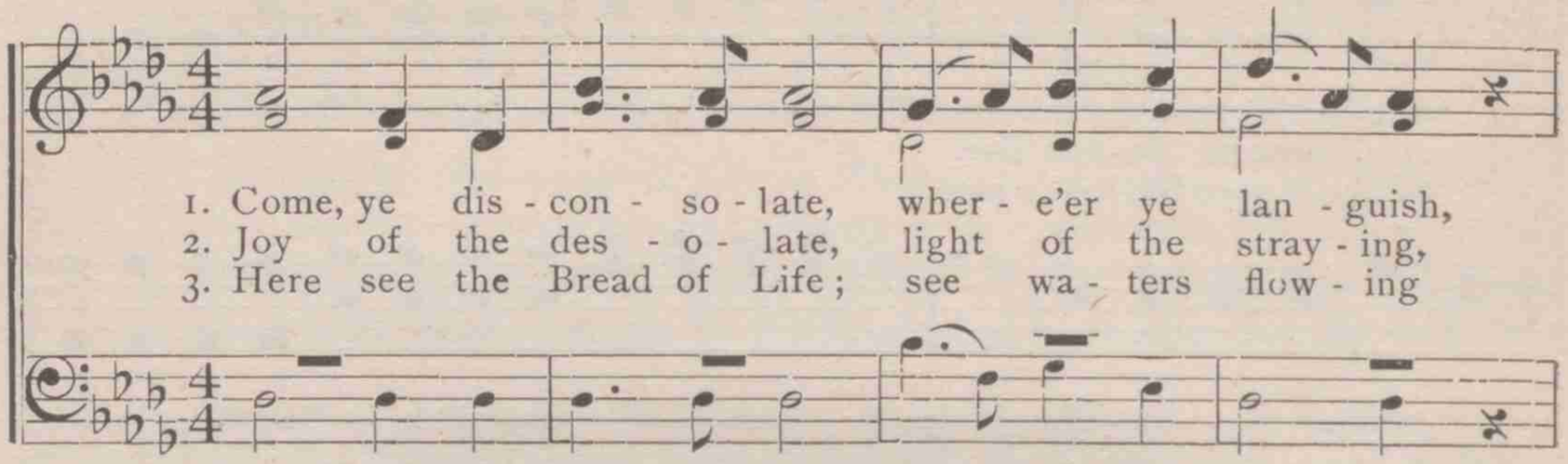
"Exalted above all blessing and praise."

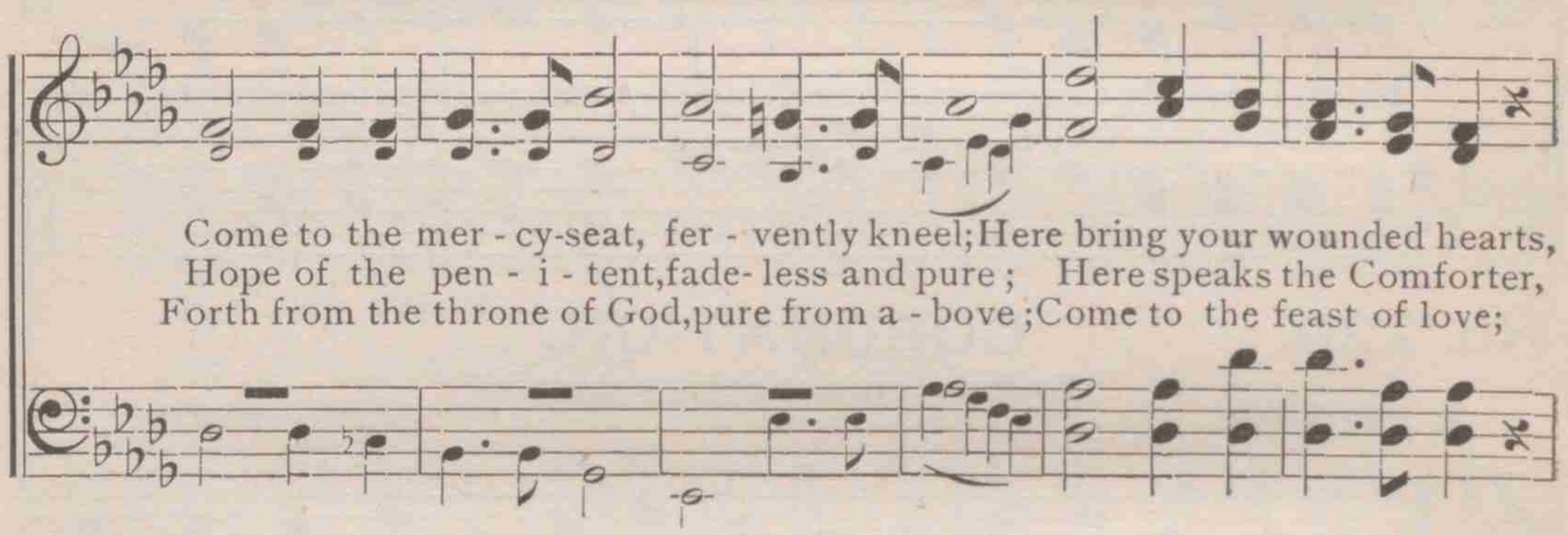
E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.
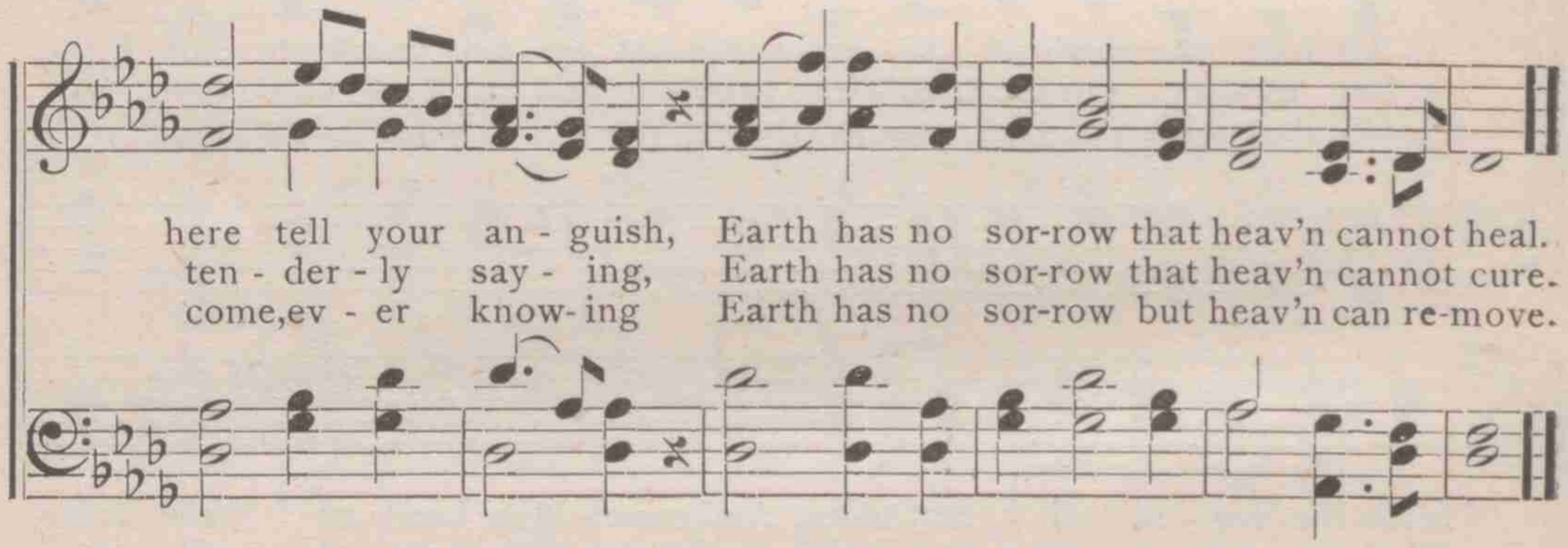


No. 230. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s, 10s.

THOMAS MOORE. S. WEBBE.

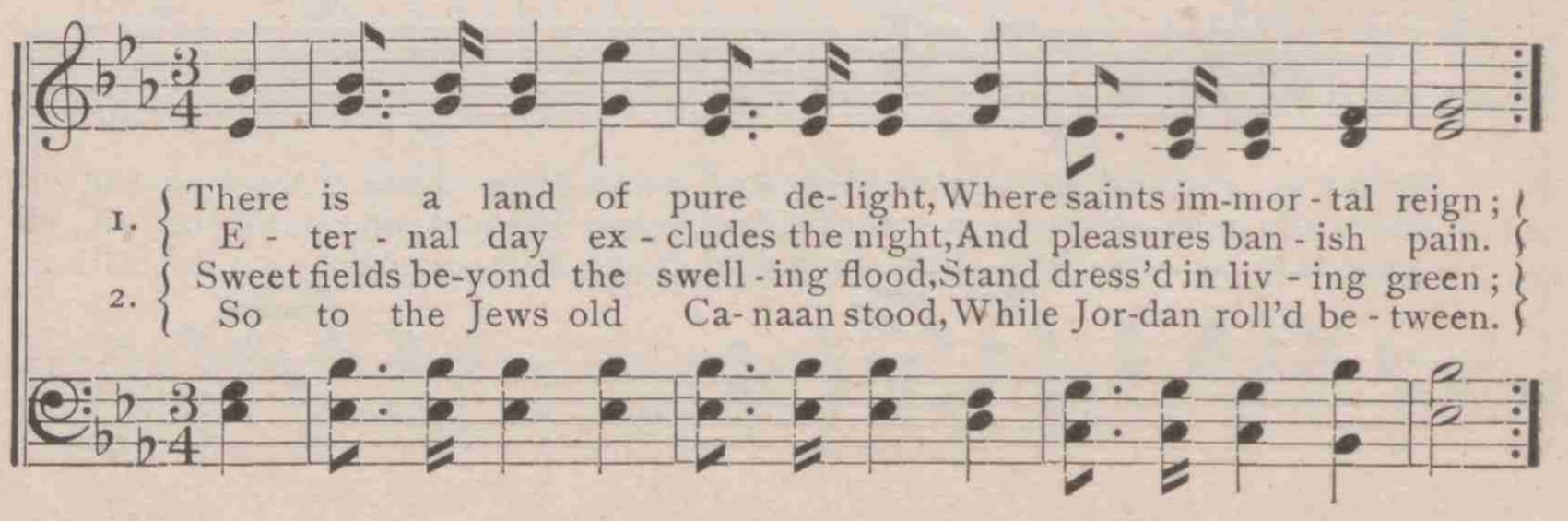


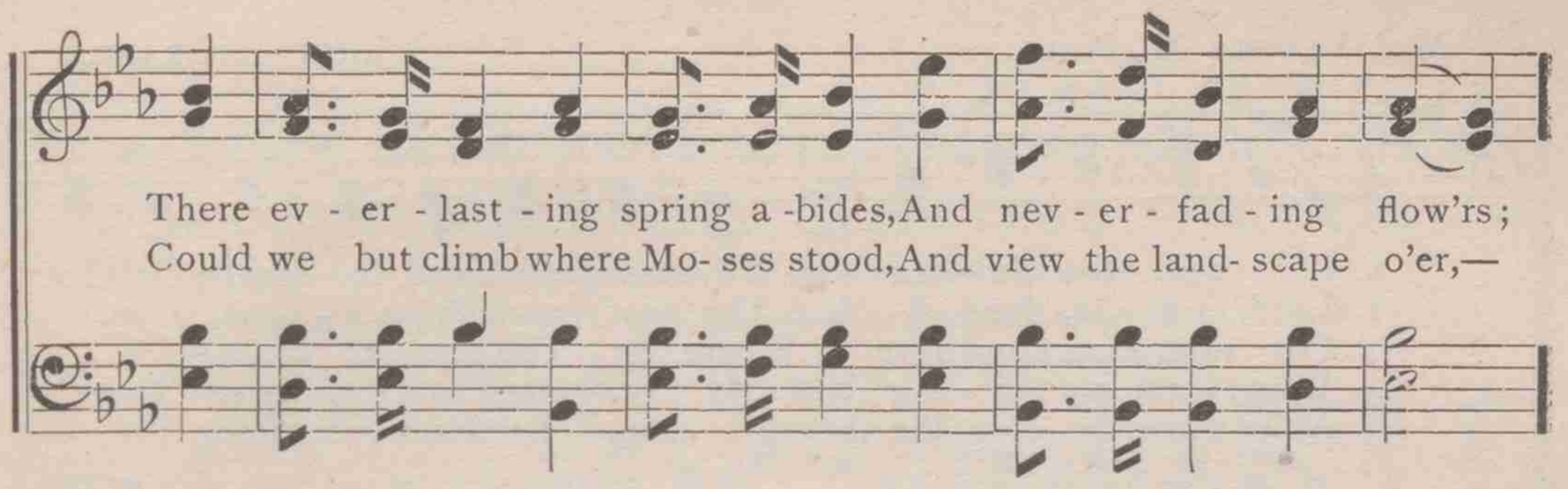


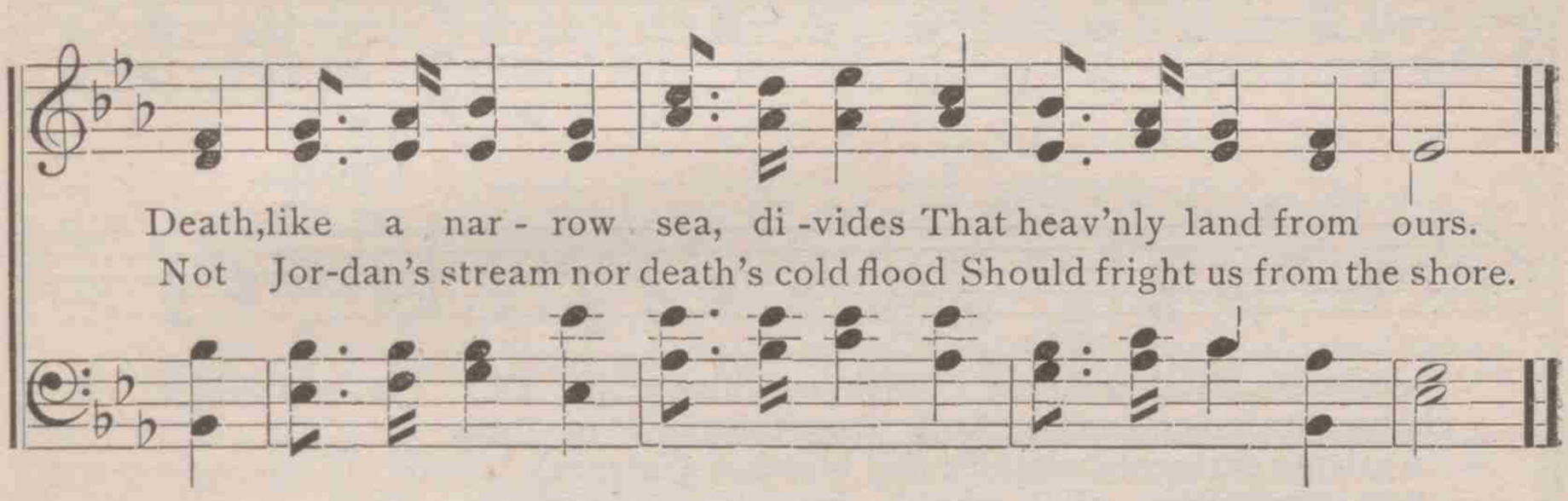


No. 231. VARINA. C. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHANN C. H. RINK.

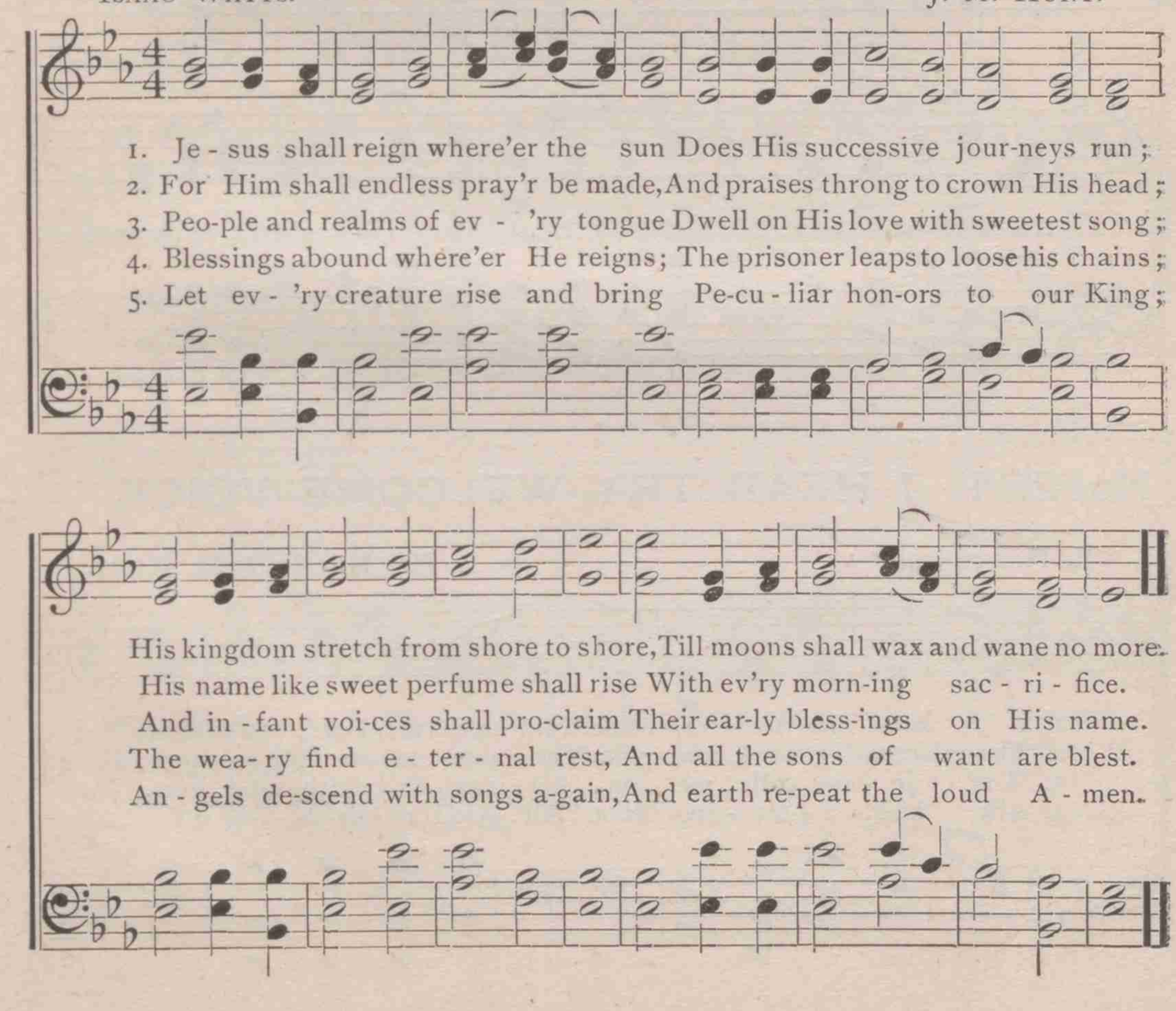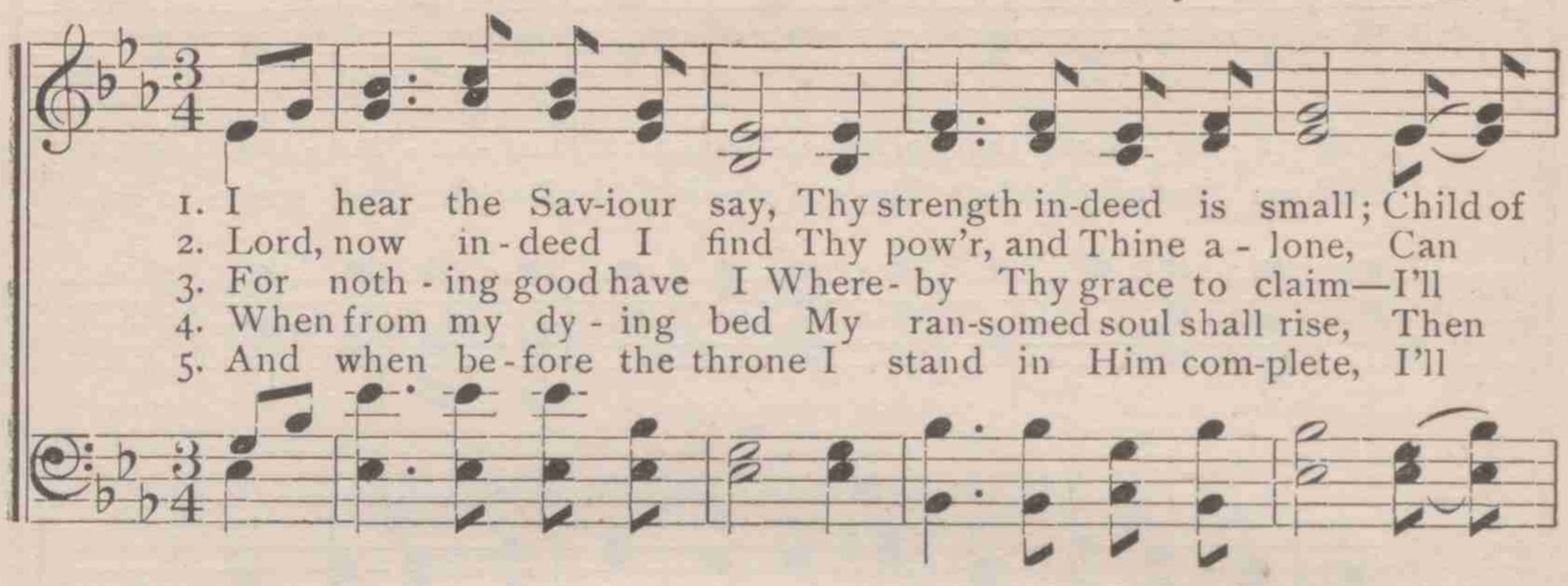






No. 232. JESUS SHALL REIGN. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. J. M. HUNT.

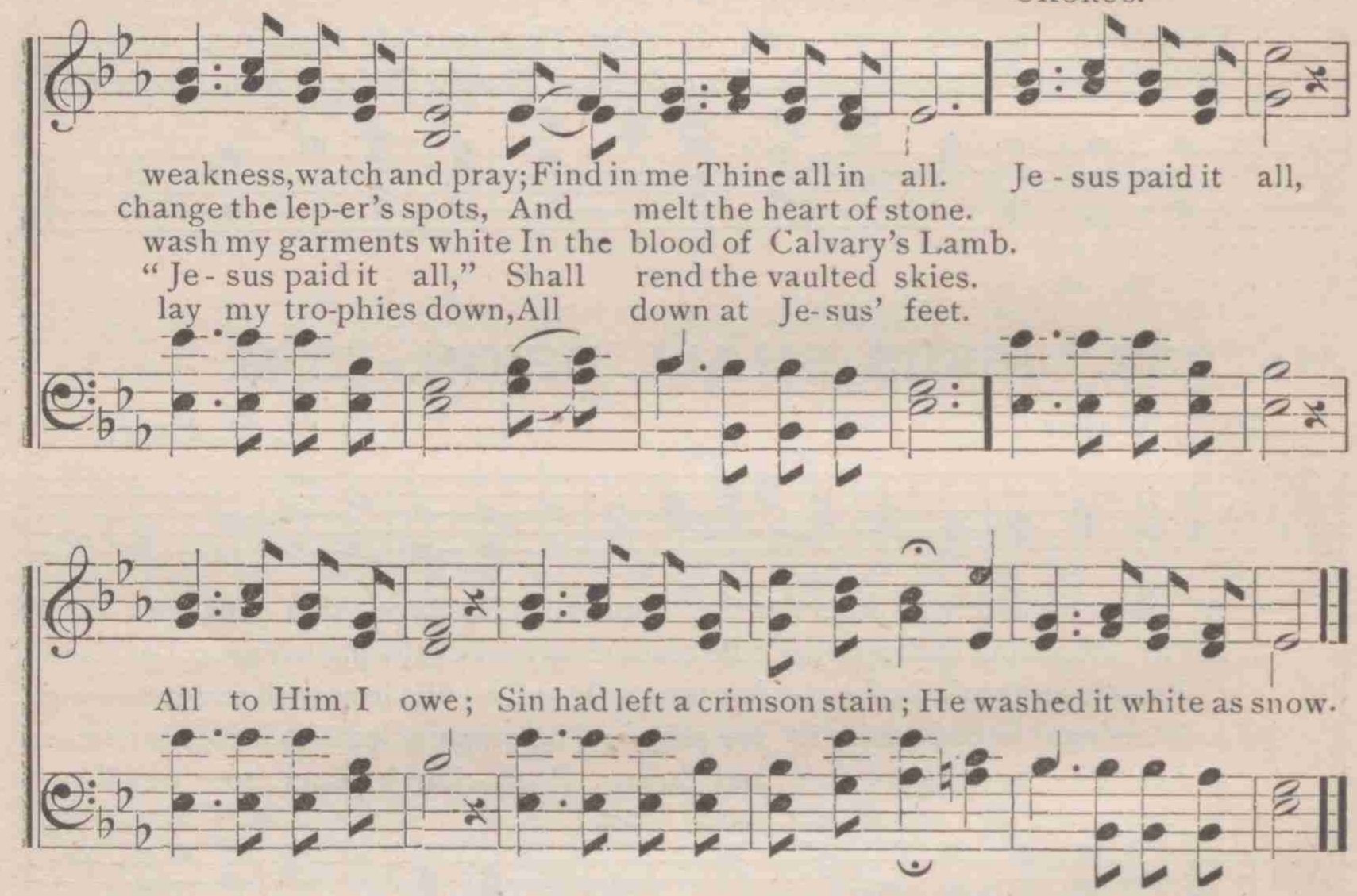


No. 233. I HEAR THE SAVIOUR SAY.

Mrs. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

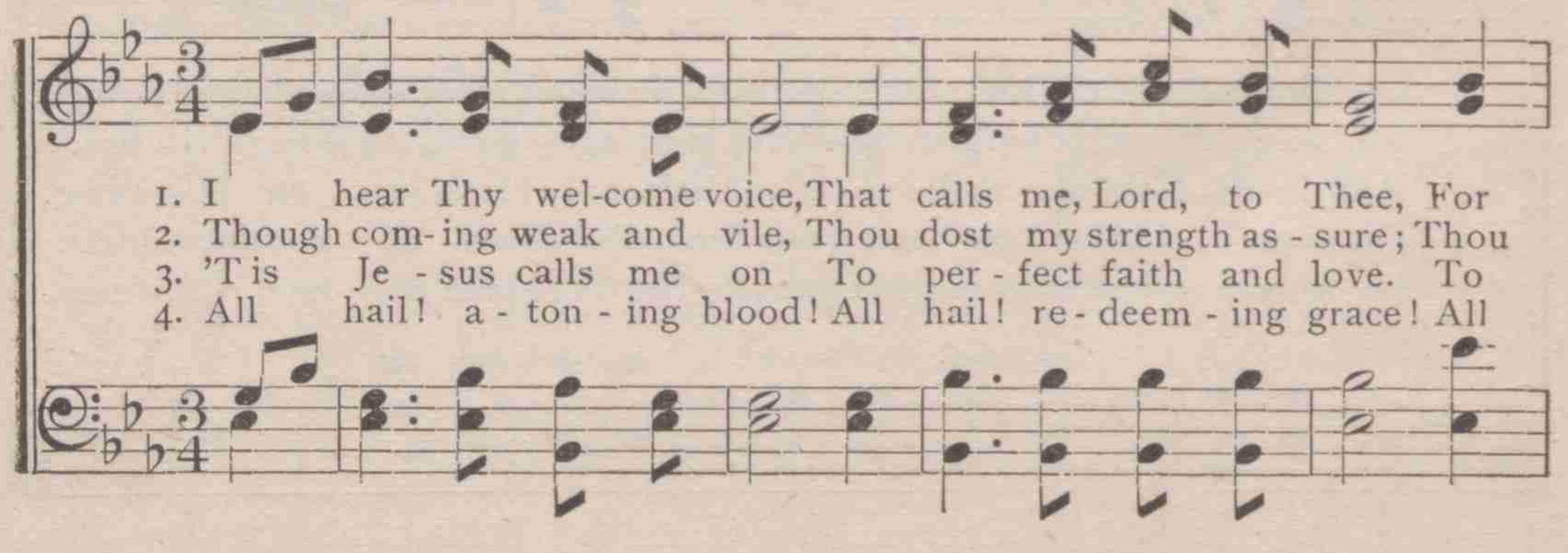


CHORUS.



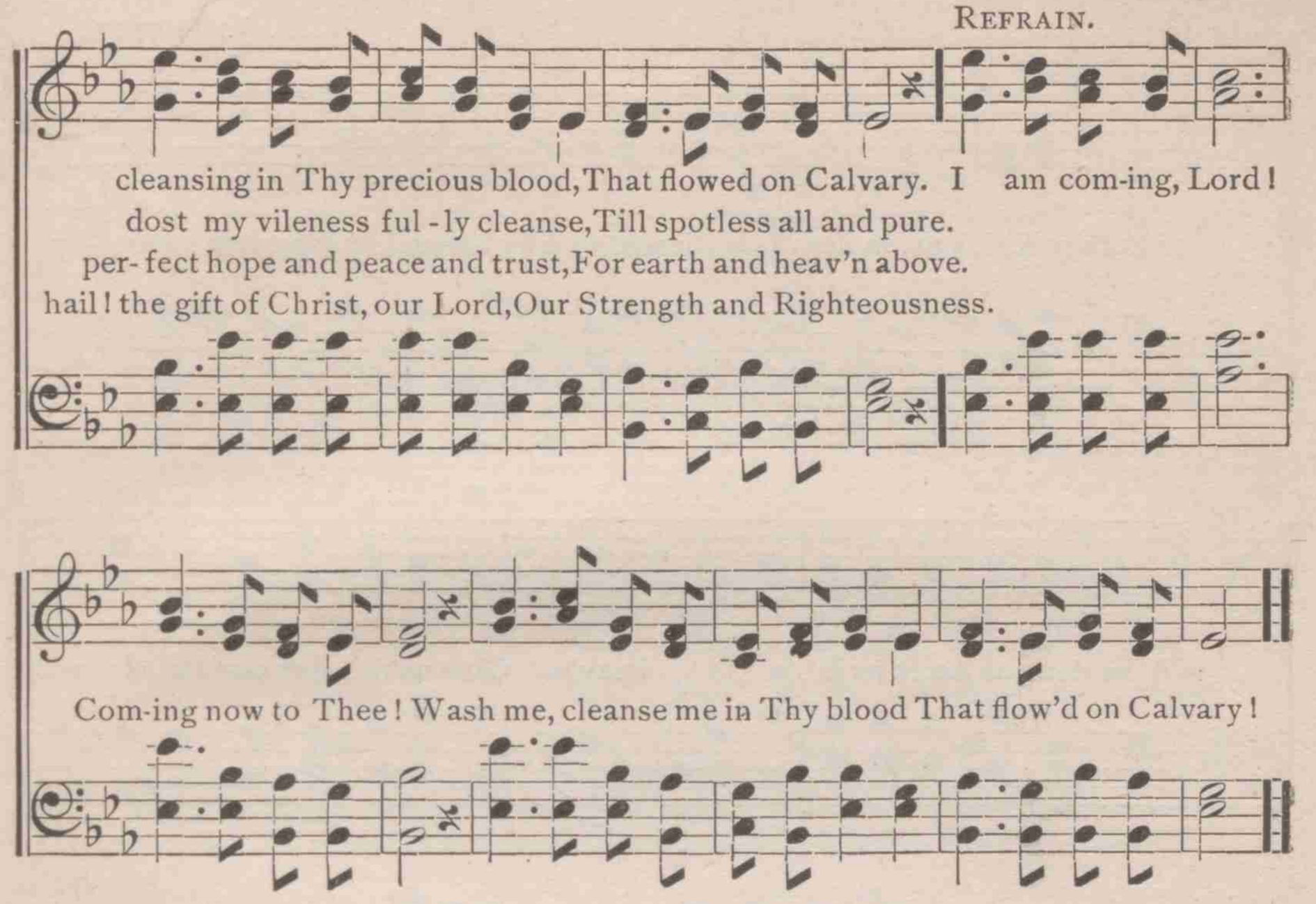
No. 234. I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

L. HARTSOUGH. L. H. Har. by J. M. HUNT.



I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

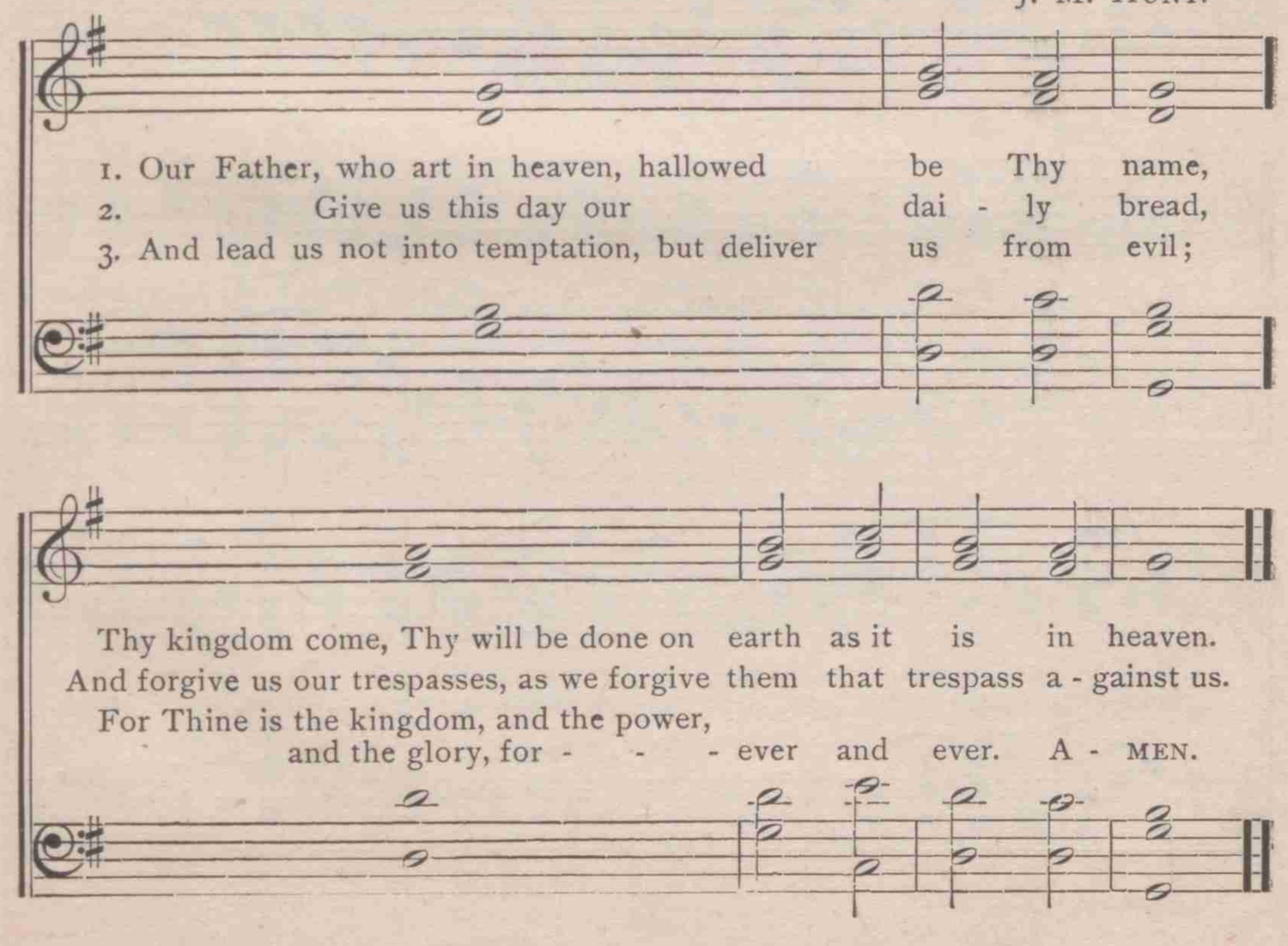
REFRAIN.



No. 235. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(CHANT.)

J. M. HUNT.



No. 236. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

P. J. TREBOR.

Andante. p

Our Father which art in heav'n, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy

m

will be done on earth as it is in heav'n. Give us this day our daily bread,

pp

And for-give us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not in-to temp -

m

cres. Faster.

ta - tion, but de - liv - er us from e - vil, For Thine is the kingdom, and

pp

pow - er, and glo-ry for ev - er, A - men, a - men, a - men, a - men.

Copyright, 1898, by P. J. Trebor.

No. 237. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD.

R. L. R. LOWRY.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
   What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
2. For my par - don, this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
   For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
   Naught of good that I have done, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
4. This is all my hope and peace— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
   This is all my righteous-ness— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er Fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

Copyright, 1876, by Robert Lowry.

No. 238. GRACE. 7s.

MARY MASTERS.

Slowly.

1. 'Tis re - lig - ion that can give Sweet - est pleas-ures while we live;
2. Af - ter death, its joys will be Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty;

'Tis re - lig - ion must sup - ply Sol - id com-fort when we die.
Be the liv - ing God my Friend, Then my bliss shall nev- er end.

No. 239. ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE. ROBERT J. POWELL.

:S:

1. A - bide with me! fast

D.S. *Hold Thou Thy cross be -*

Andante.

p

falls the eventide; The darkness deep - ens—Lord, with me abide! When oth - er

fore my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning

p

help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Thou, help of the helpless, Oh, a - bide with me!

breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life or in death, Lord, Oh, a- bide with me!

FINE.

f *p*

FINE.

Copyright, 1899, by J. M. Hunt.

ABIDE WITH ME.

I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry passing hour, What like Thy

grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my

guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud or in sunshine, Oh, a - bide with me!

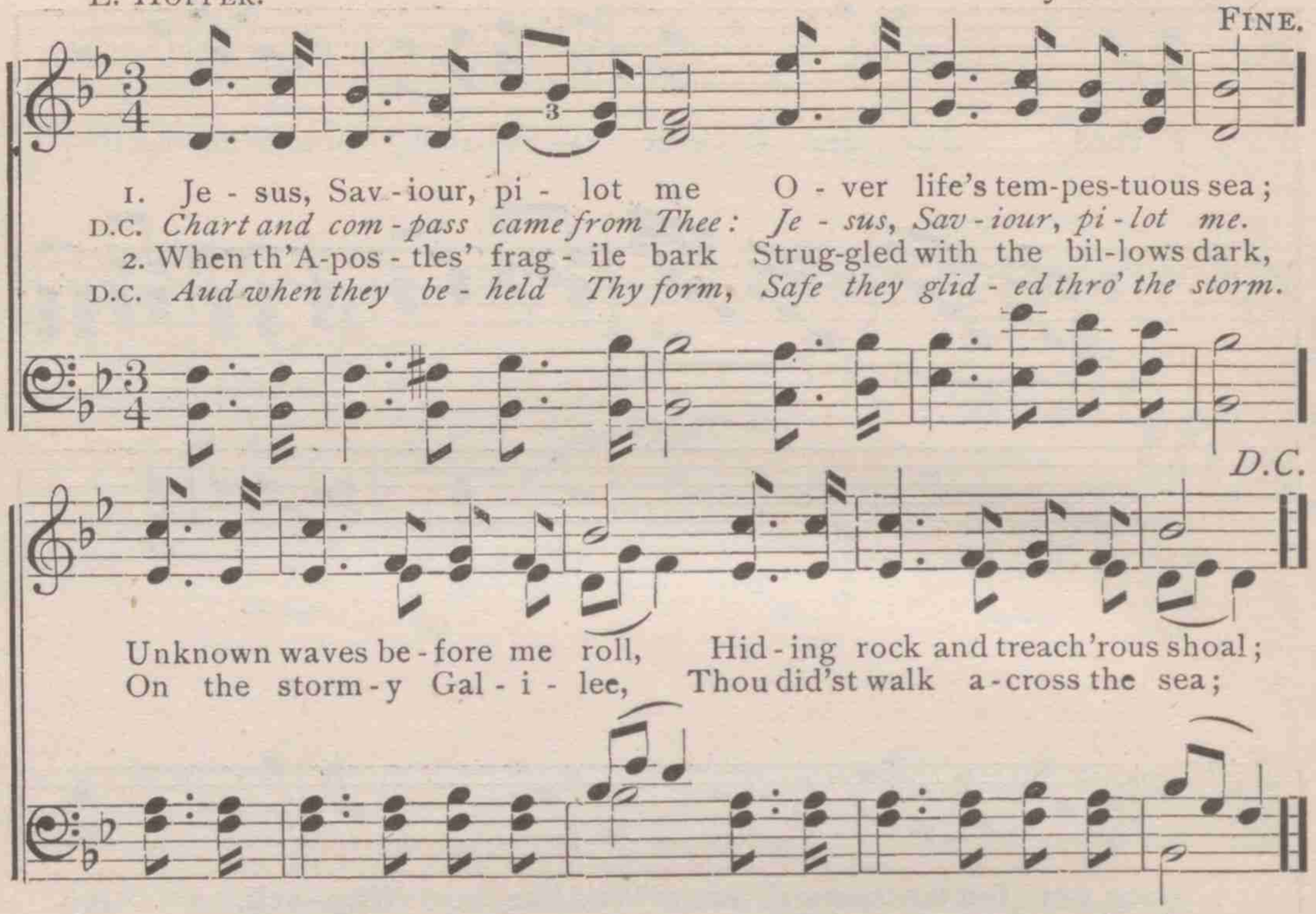
D.S.

cres. . . . . f

D.S.

No. 240. SAVIOUR, PILOT ME. 7s, 6s.

E. HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
D.C. *Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
2. When th'A-pos - tles' frag - ile bark Strug-gled with the bil-lows dark,
D.C. *And when they be - held Thy form, Safe they glid - ed thro' the storm.*

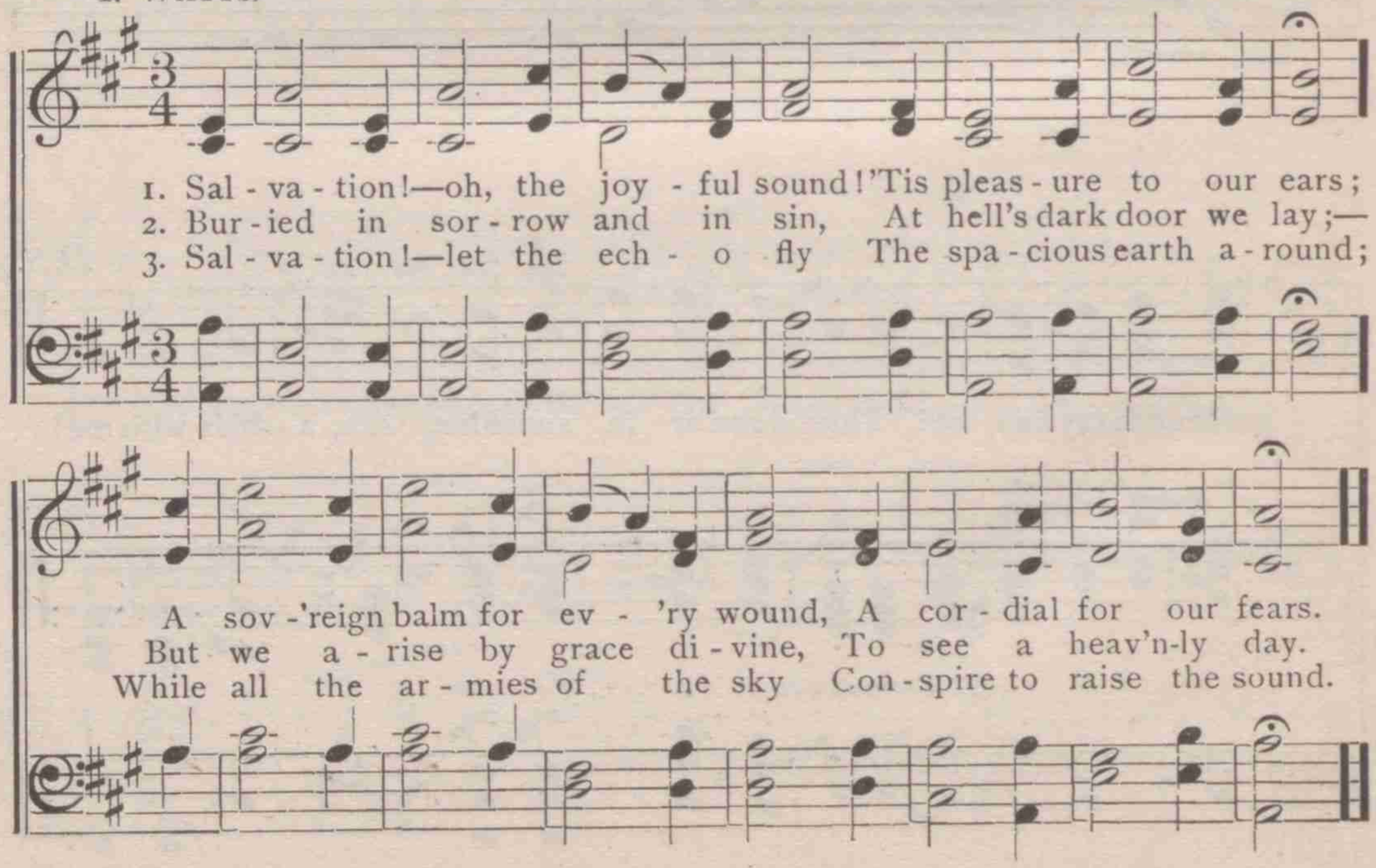
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
On the storm - y Gal - i - lee, Thou did'st walk a - cross the sea;

3. As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

4. When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 241. SHEPHERD. C. M.

I. WATTS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.
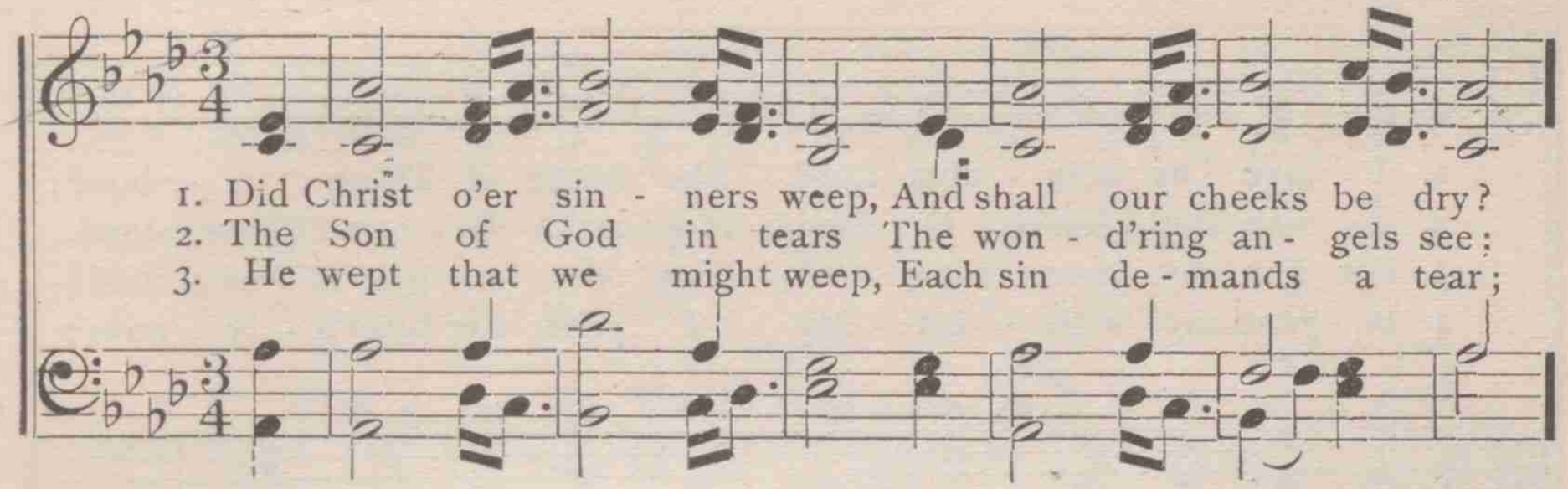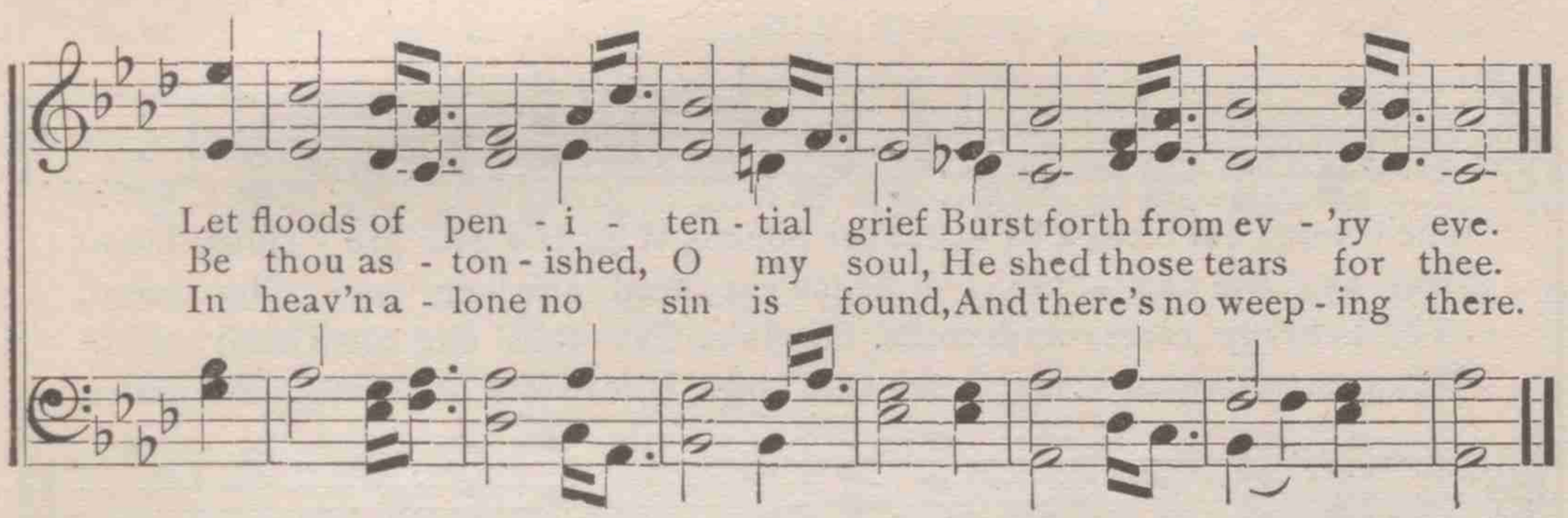


1. Sal - va - tion!—oh, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears;
2. Bur - ied in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;—
3. Sal - va - tion!—let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round;

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

No. 242. KENTUCKY. S. M.

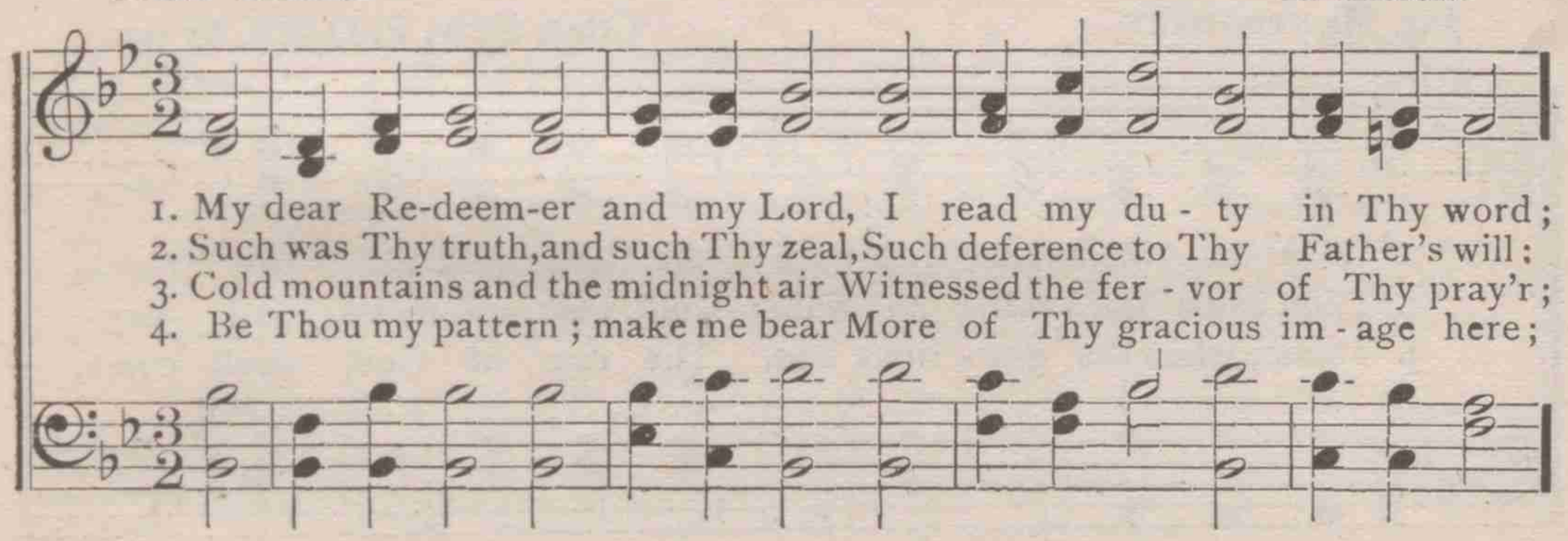
BEDDOME. Old Melody.

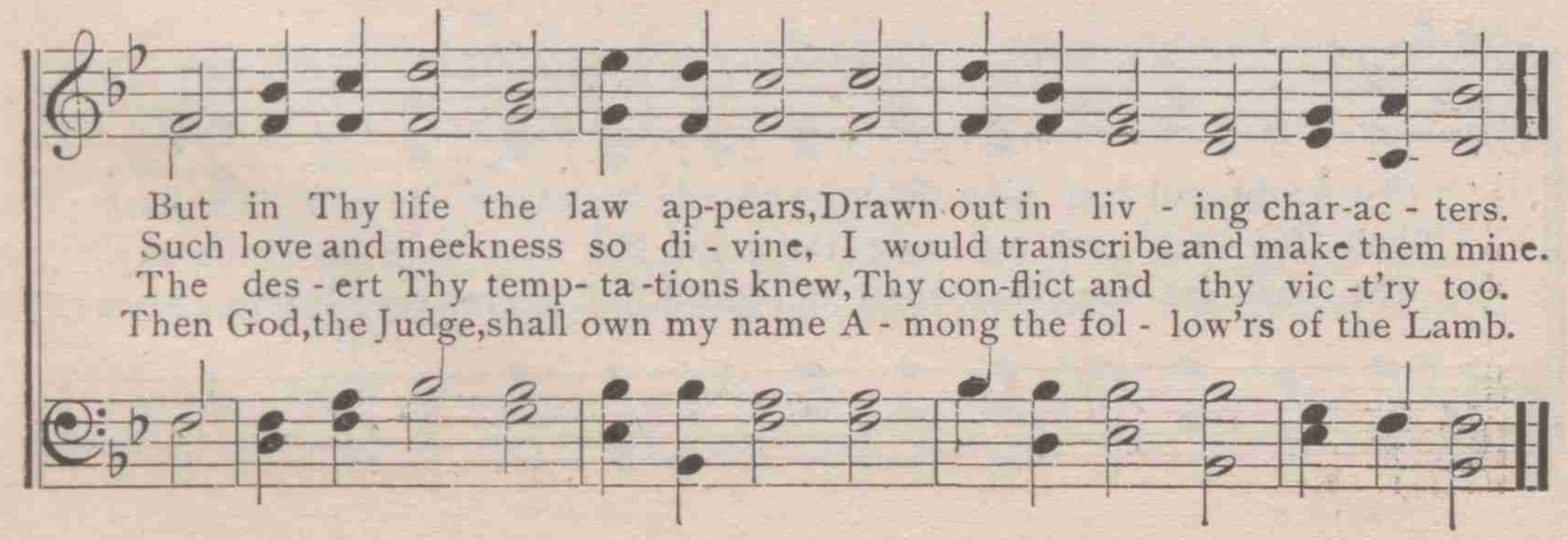




No. 243. HEBRON. L. M.
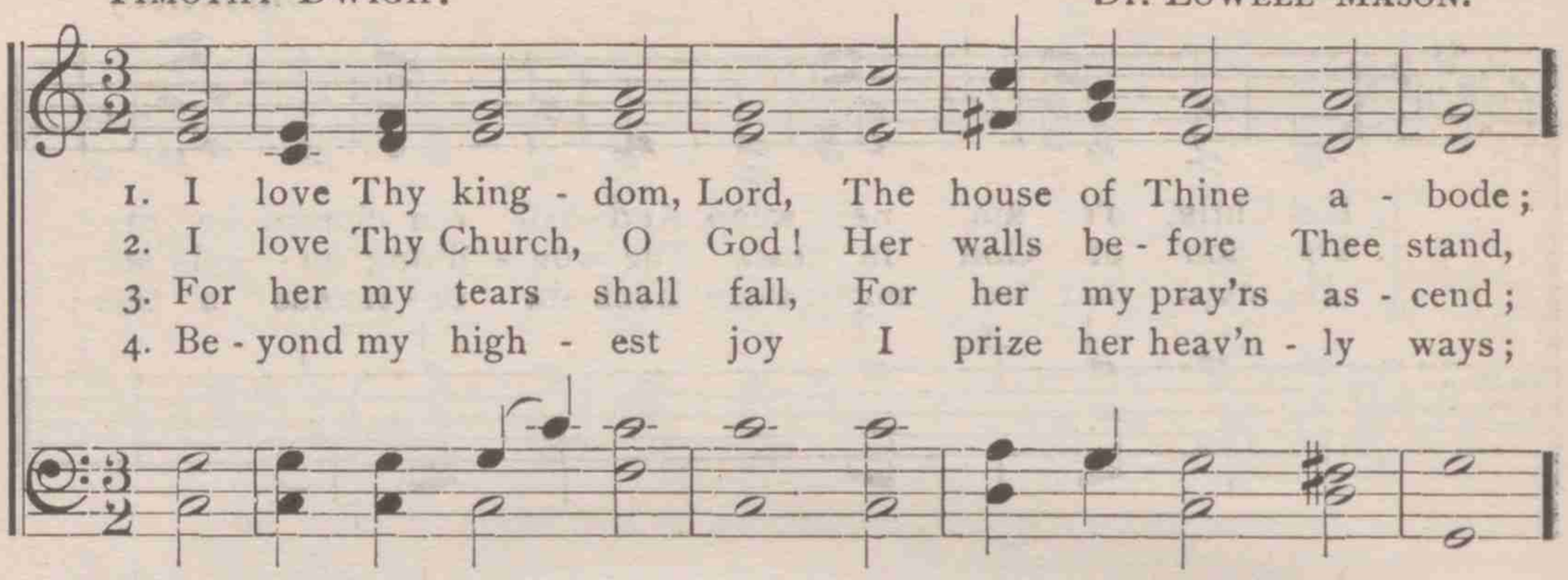
ISAAC WATTS. L. MASON.

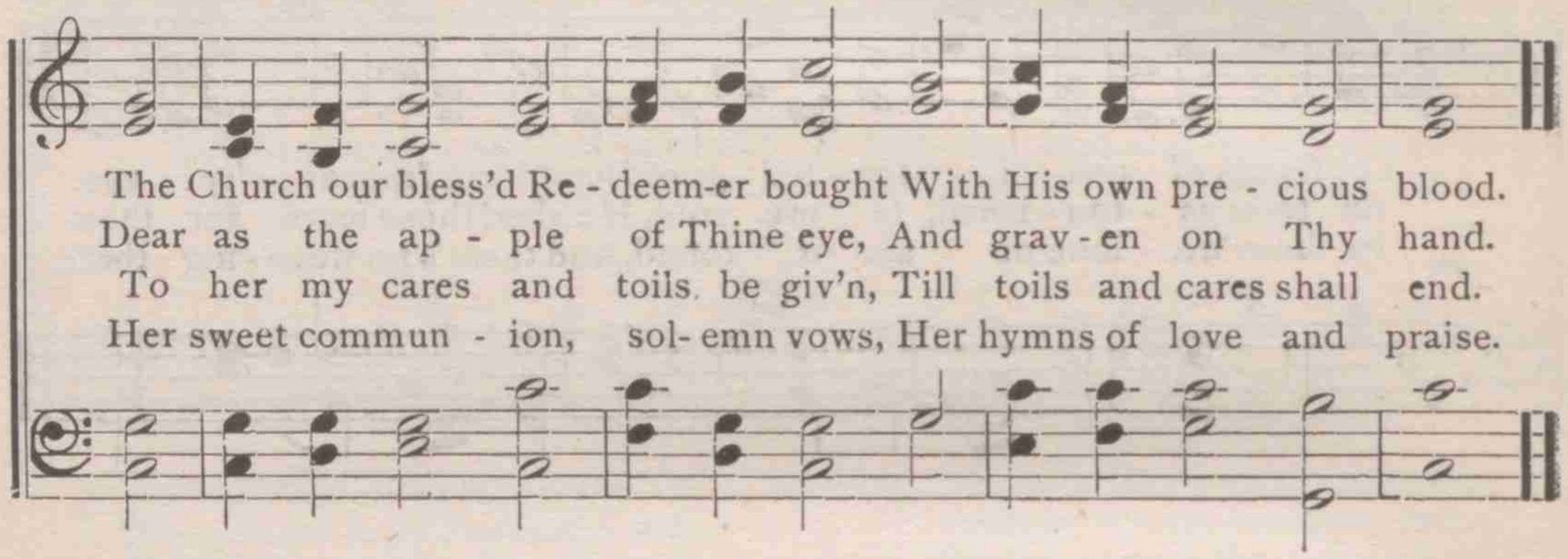




No. 244. BOYLSTON. S. M.

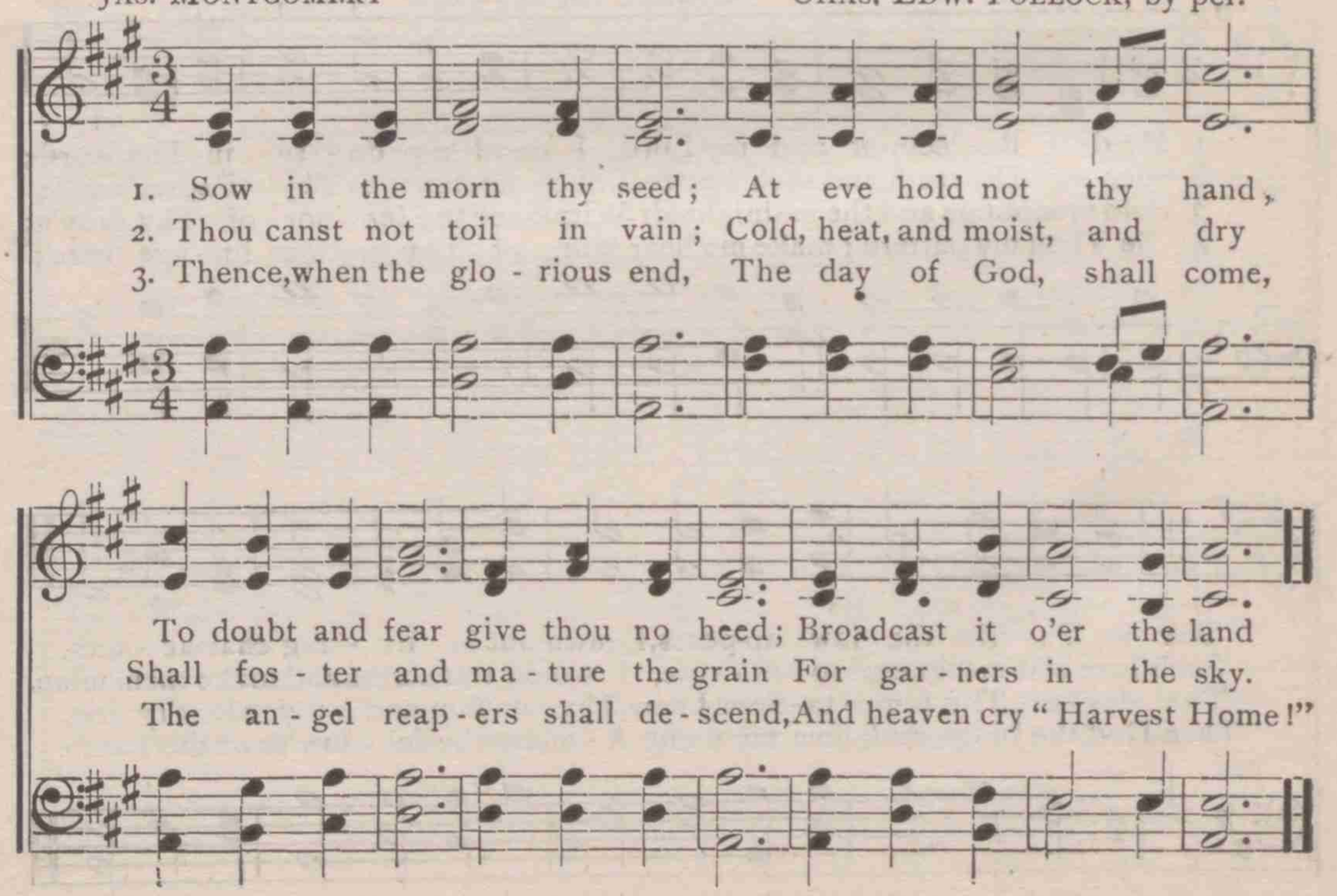
TIMOTHY DWIGH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.





No. 245. MISSOURI. S. M.
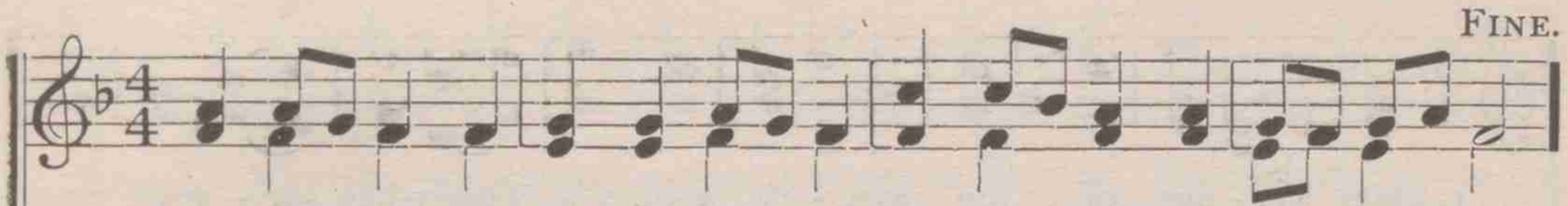
JAS. MONTGOMERY CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.
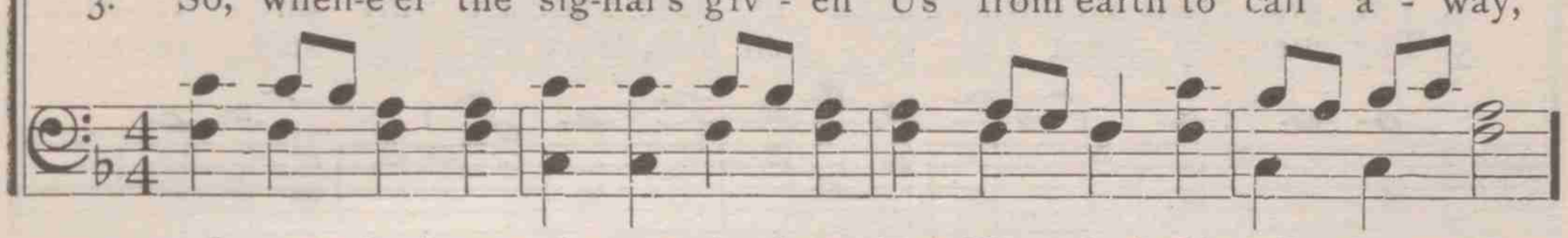


No. 246. GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

WALTER SHIRLEY. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.
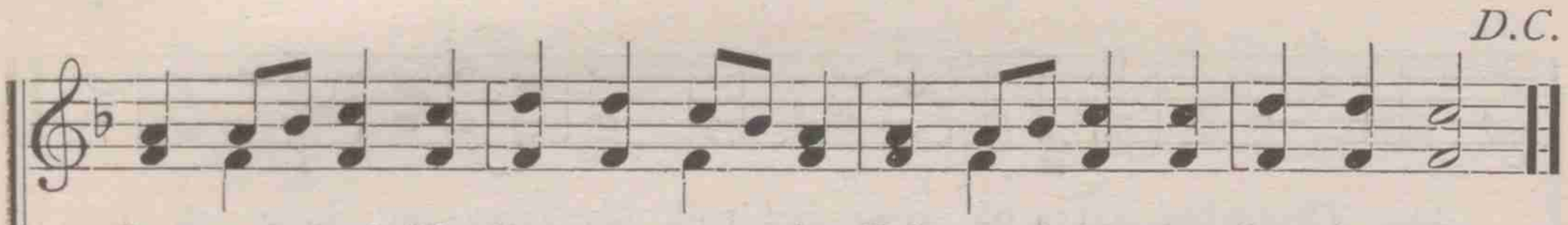


1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For the gos-pel's joy - ful sound;
3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,
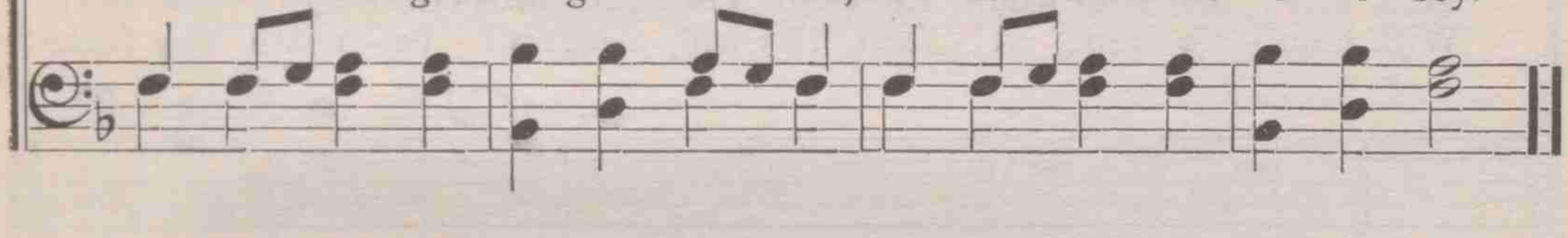


D. C. *O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.*

D.C.
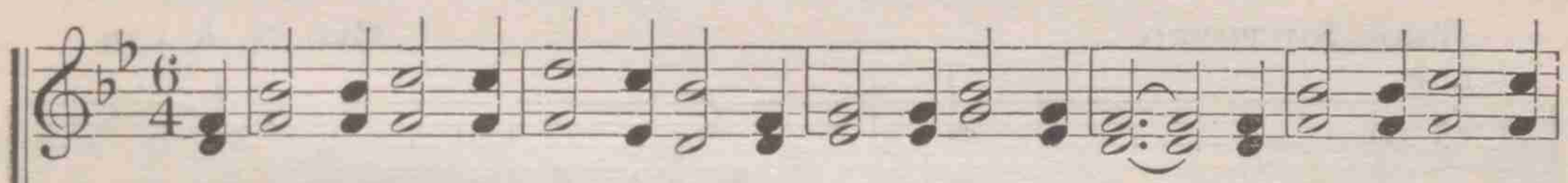


Let us each Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem-ing grace.
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a-bound.
Borne on an - gel's wings to hea - ven, God the sum-mons to o - bey.

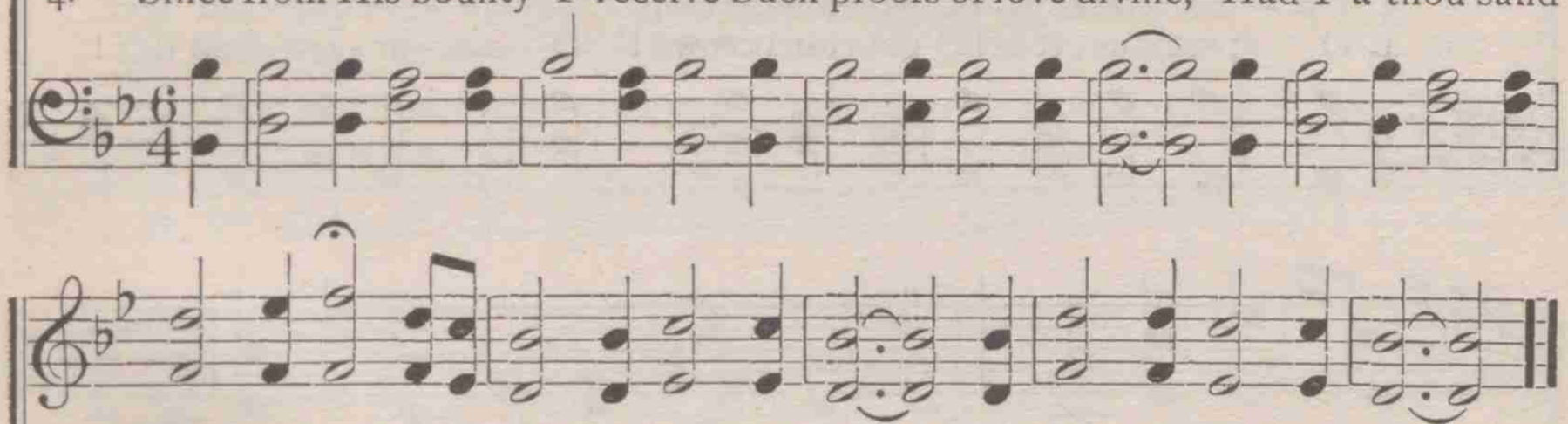


No. 247. ORTONVILLE. C. M.
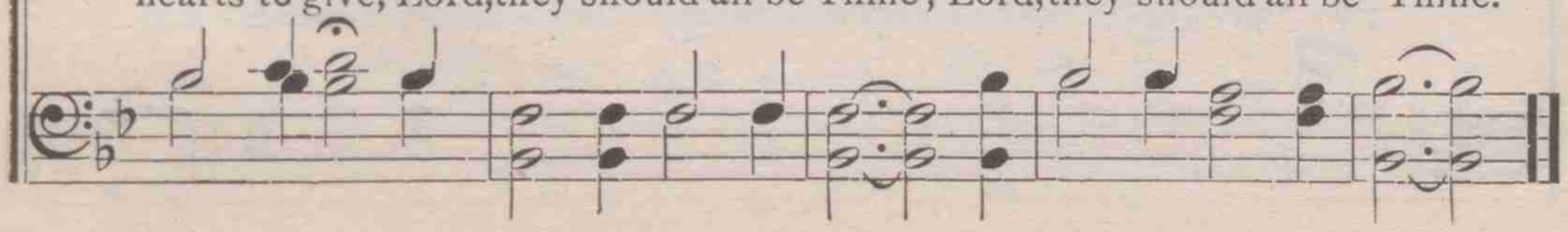
SAMUEL STENNETT. Dr. T. HASTINGS.



1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
2. No mortal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men; Fairer is He than all
3. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph
4. Since from His bounty I receive Such proofs of love divine, Had I a thou-sand

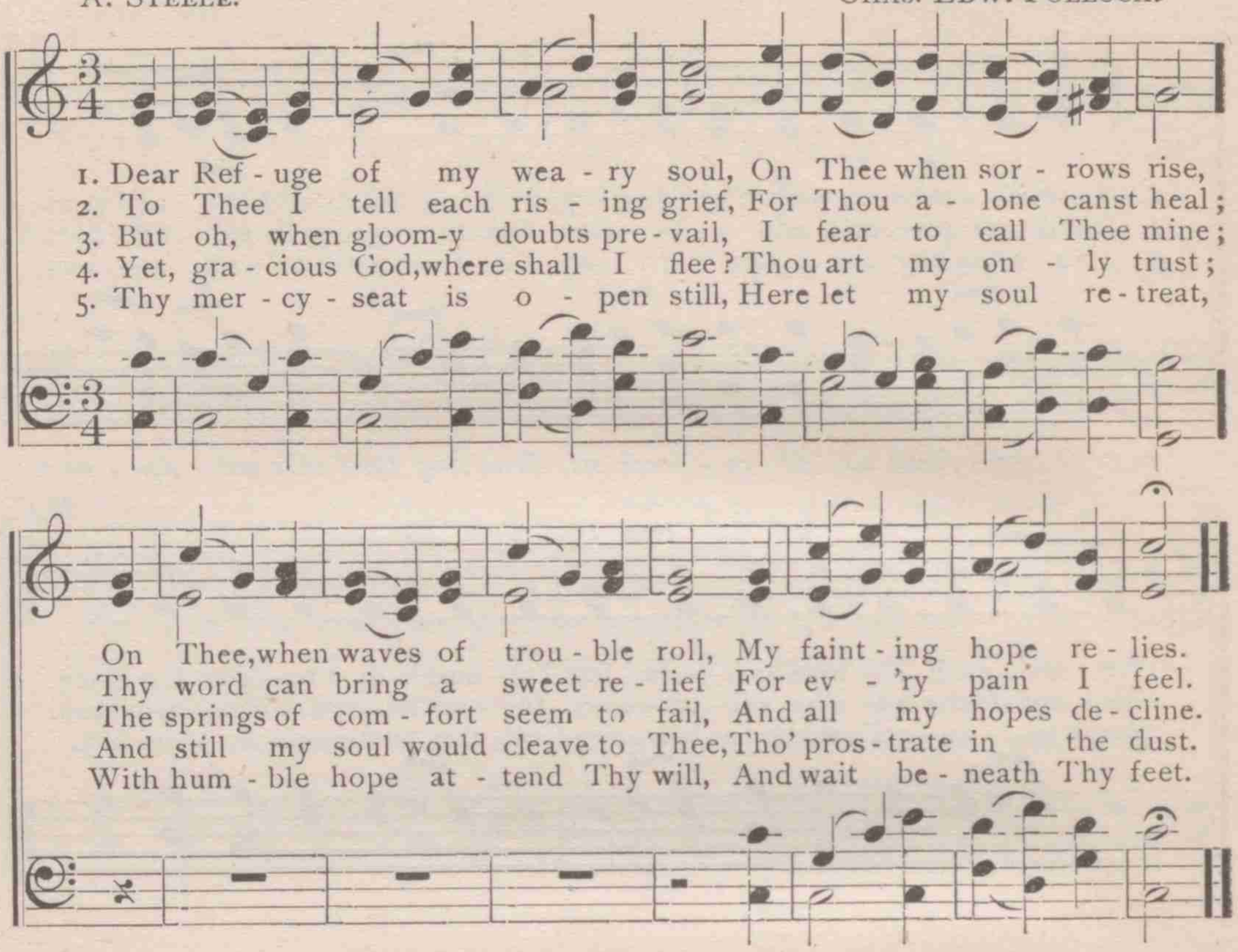


glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
the fair That fill the hea-ven - ly train, That fill the heavenly train.
o - ver death, He saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.
hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine; Lord, they should all be Thine.



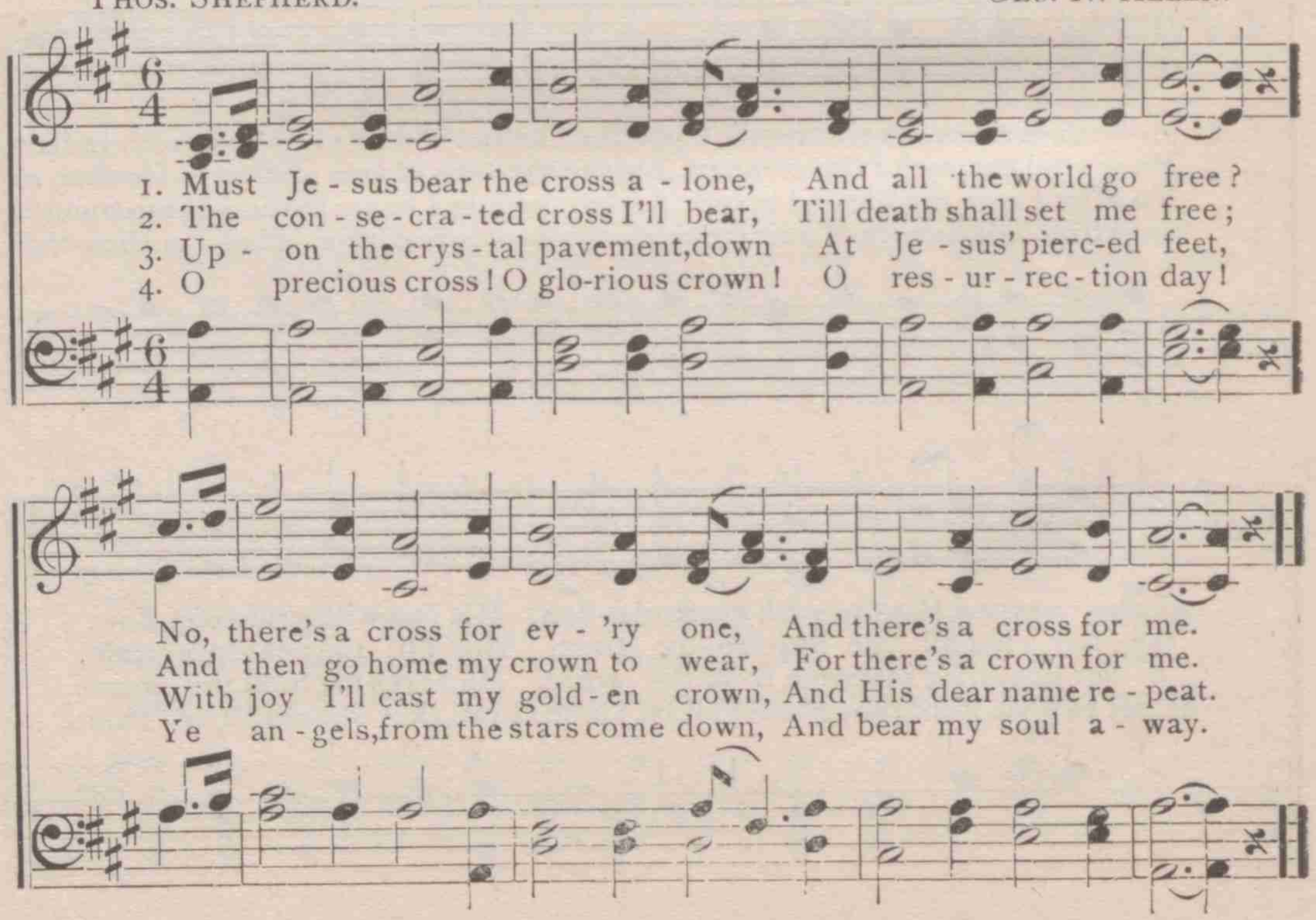
No. 248. HOPE. C. M.

A. STEELE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



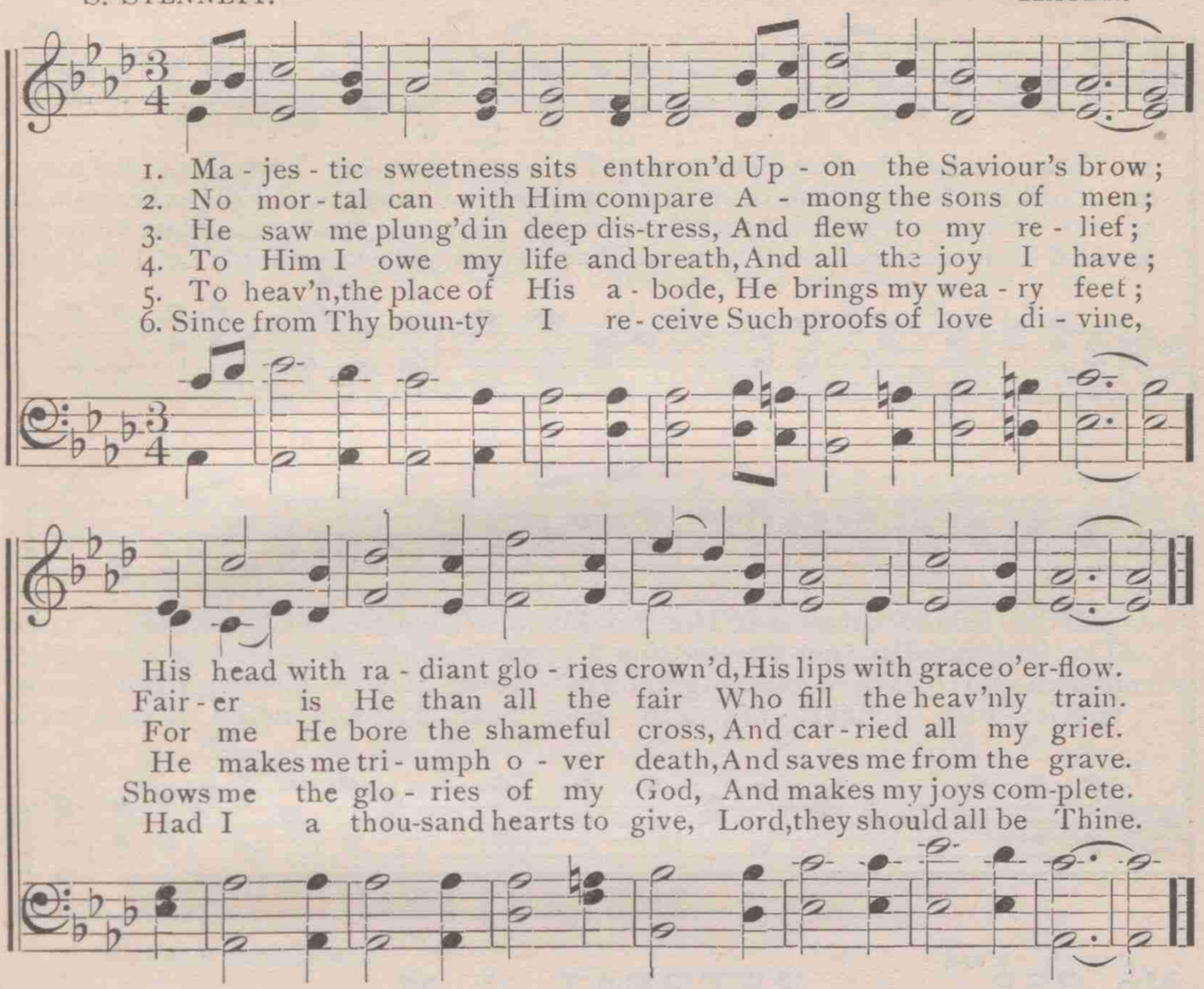
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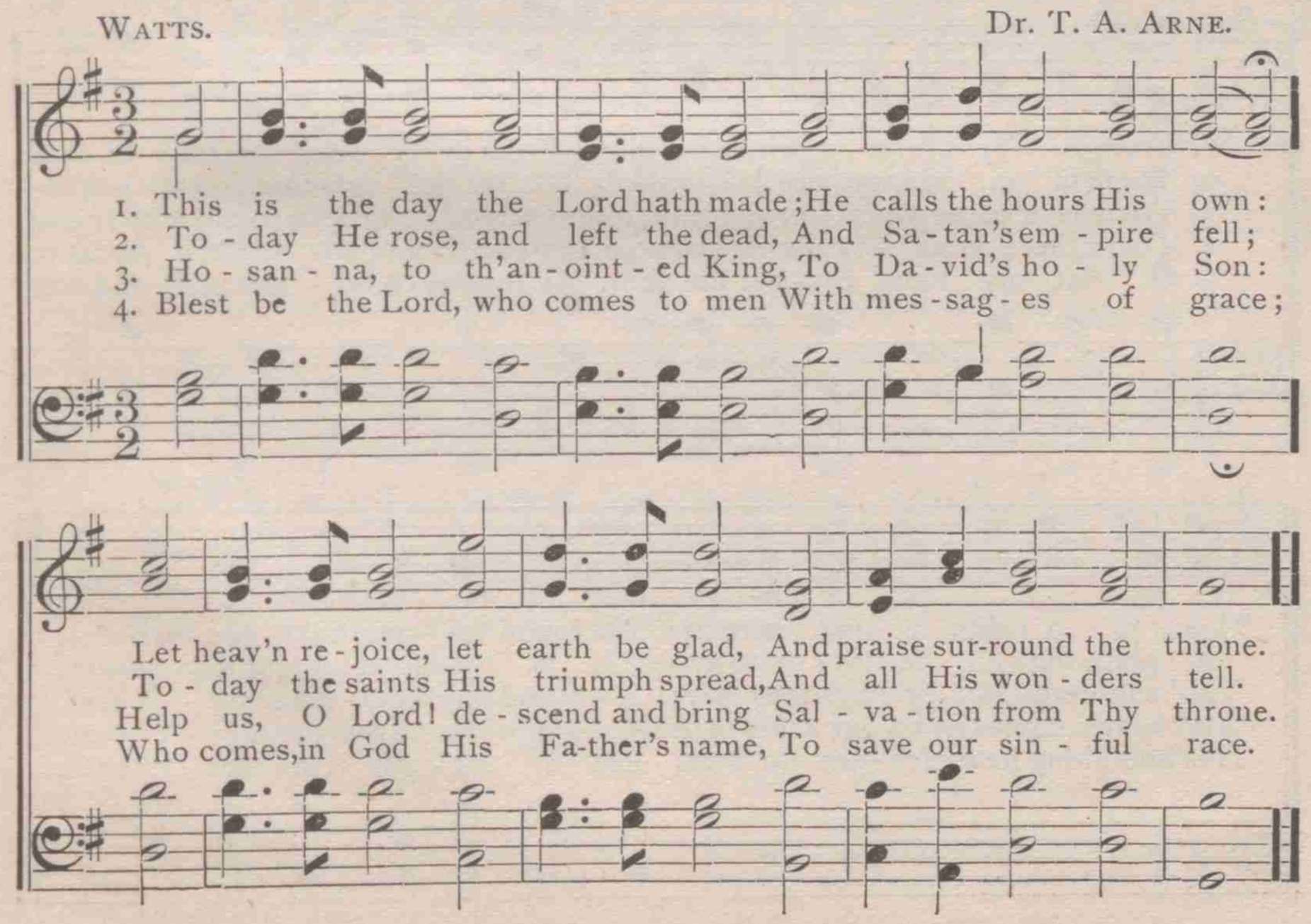
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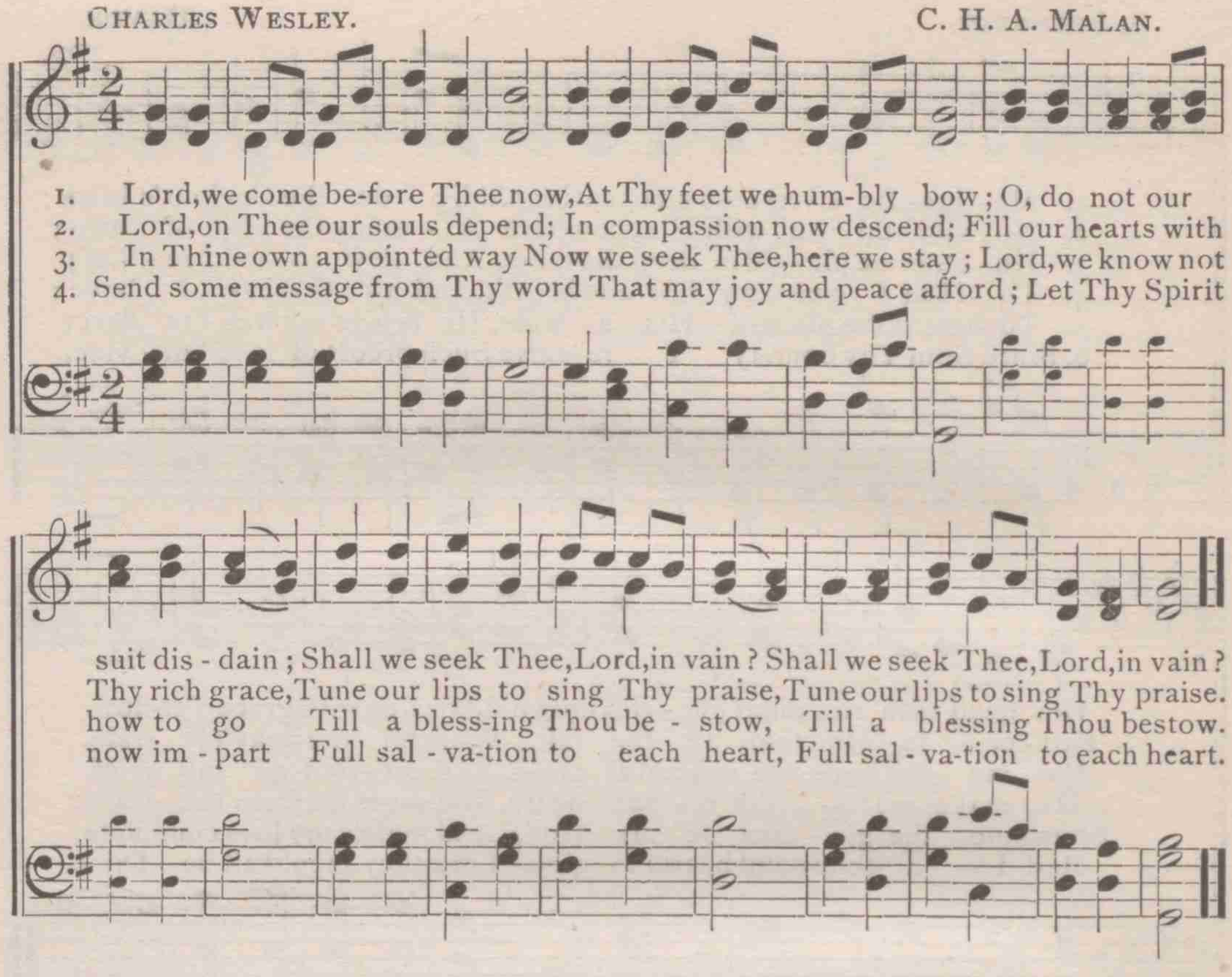
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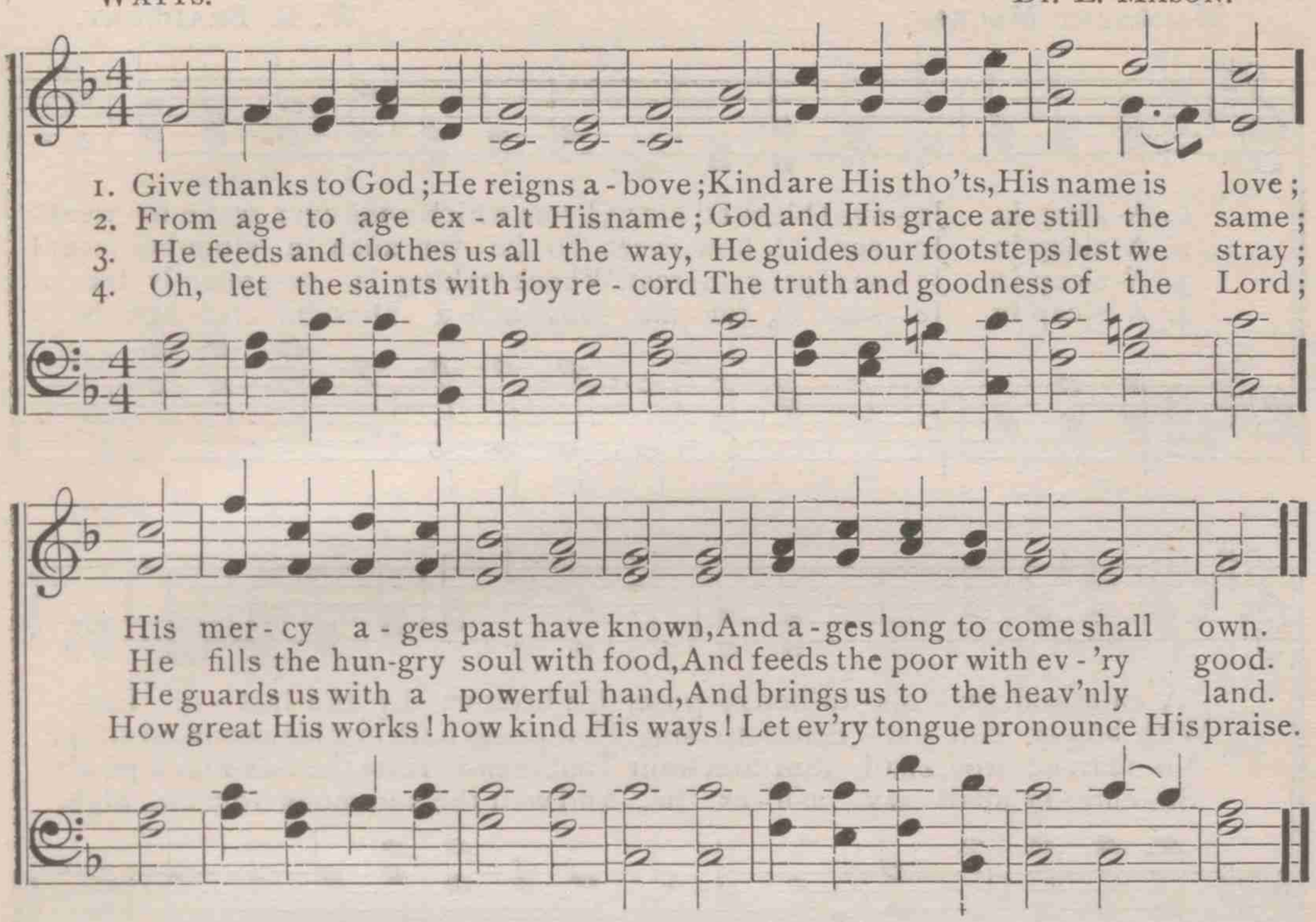


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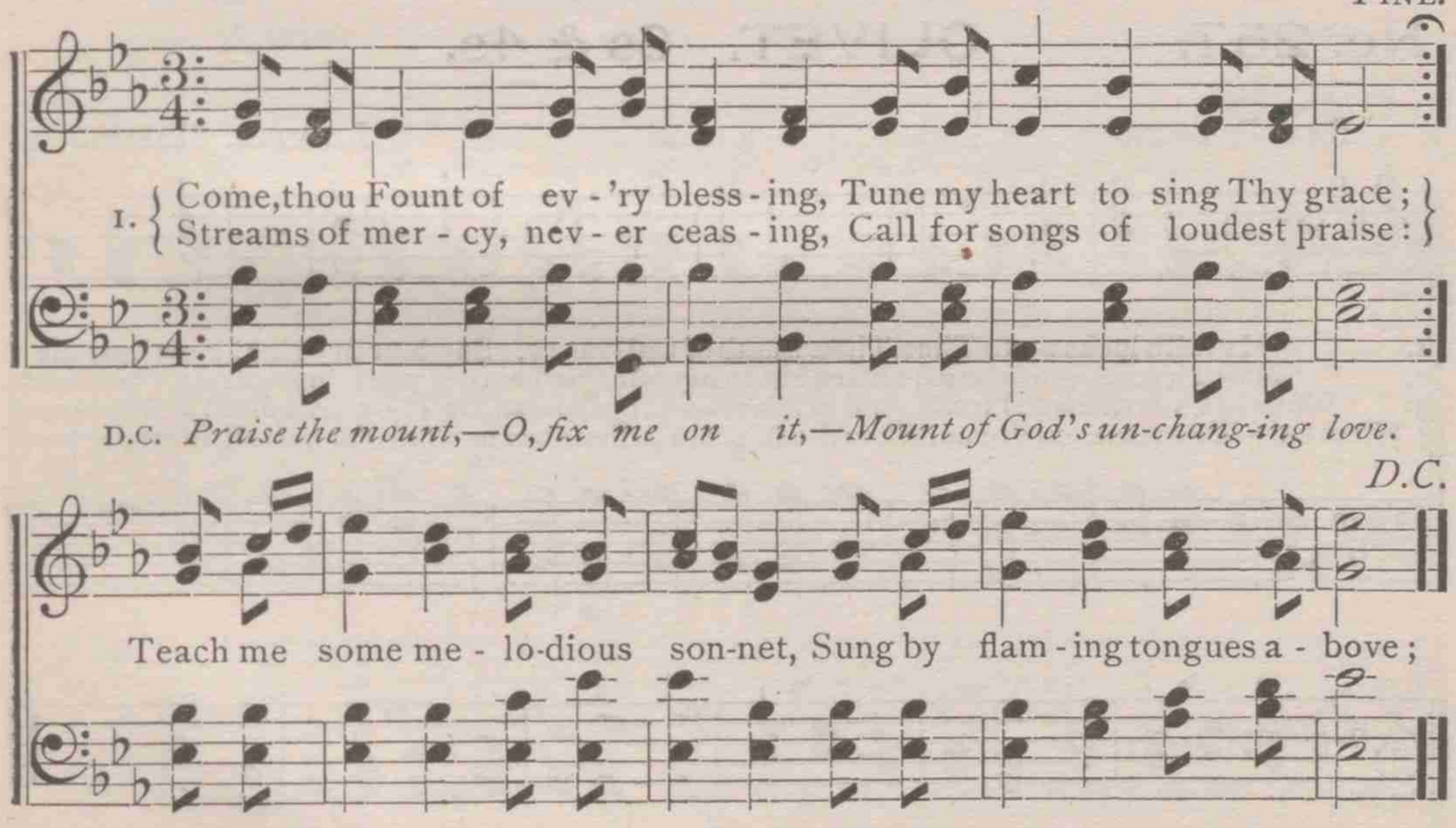
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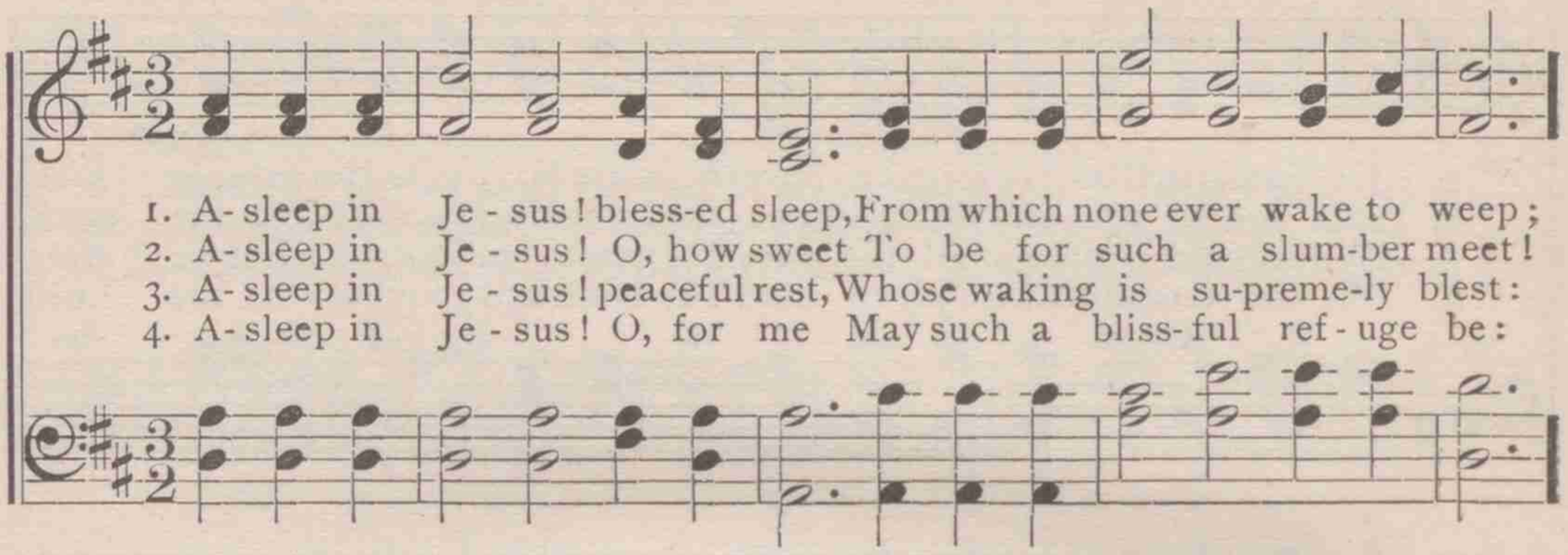


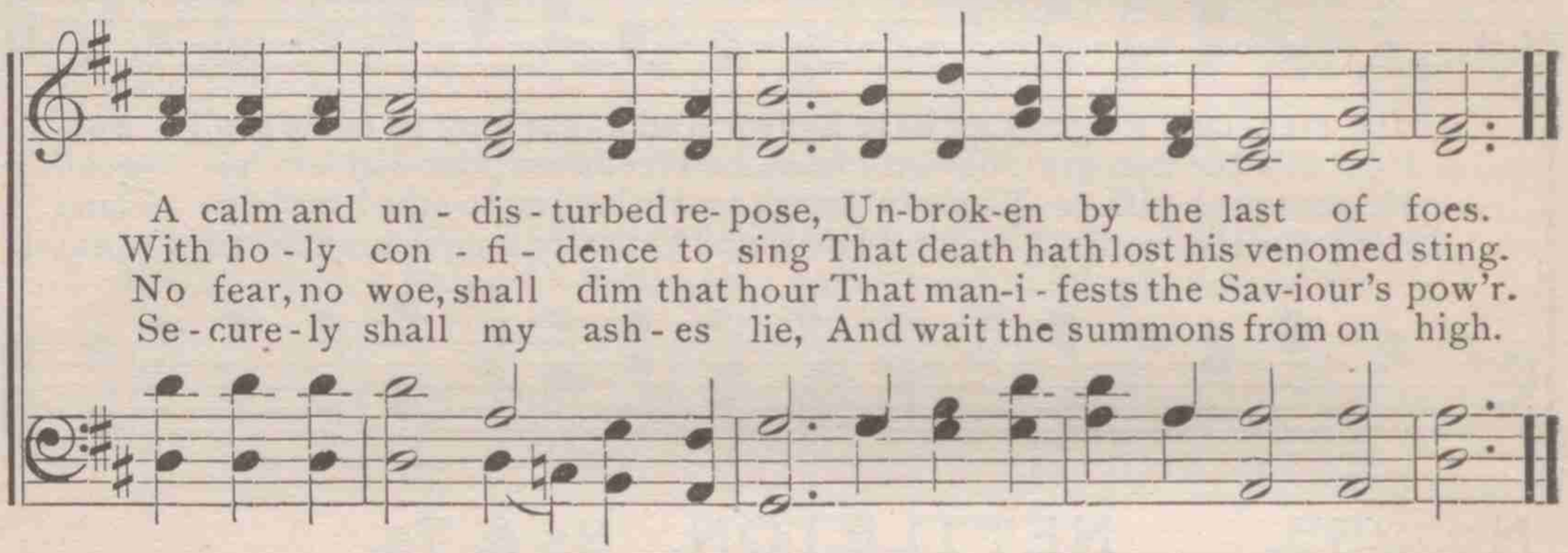
2. Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

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

No. 256. REST. L. M.

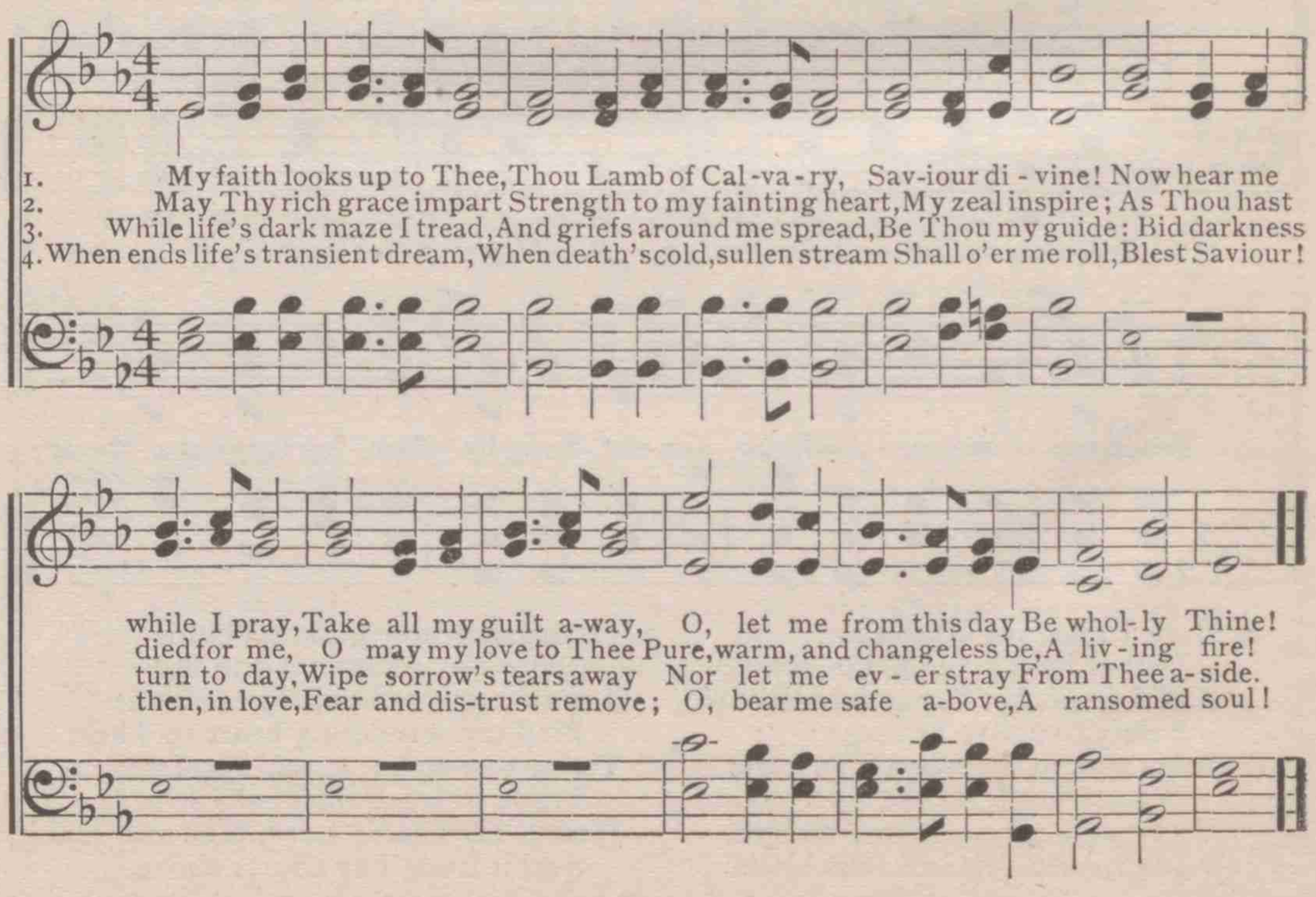
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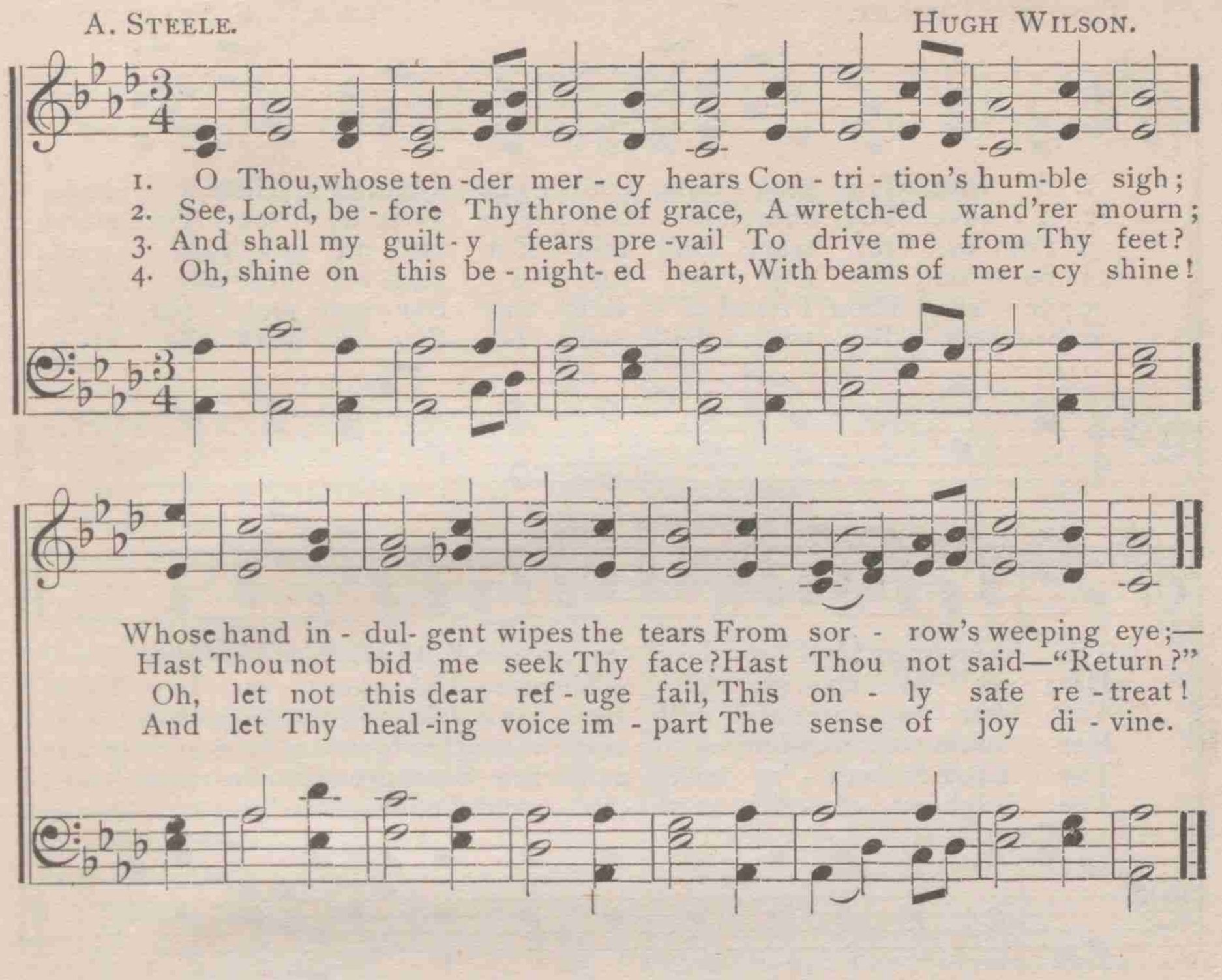
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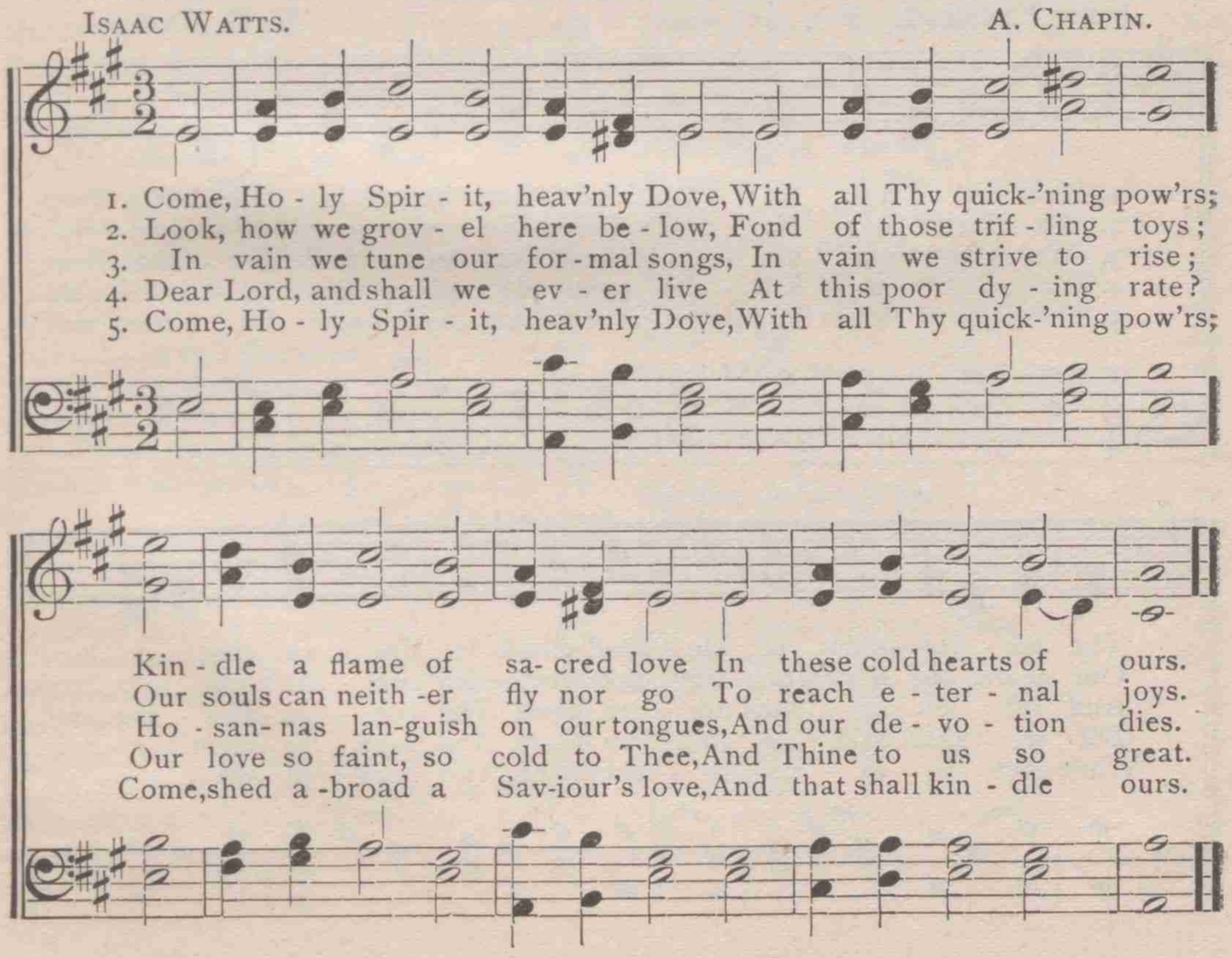
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No. 259. MELODY. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. A. CHAPIN.



No. 260. SHIRLAND. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. S. STANLEY.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways;
5. Je - sus, Thou Friend di - vine, Our Sav - iour and our King,
6. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
Thy hand from ev - 'ry snare and foe Shall great de - liv-'rance bring.
The brightest glo - ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 261. DENNIS. S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAEGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part It gives us in - ward pain;
5. This glo - rious hope re - vives Our cour - age by the way;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,—Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
While each in ex - pec - ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.

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