Gospel Songs
No. 2

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FILLMORES'

GOSPEL SONGS

No. 2.

An Evangelistic Song Book for Revivals; Prayer Meetings, Young People's Meetings and Sunday-Schools.

BY PALMER HARTSOUGH AND
J. H. FILLMORE. . . . .

PRICES—Bound in Cloth, 35 cents; $3.60 per dozen, not prepaid; $25.00 per 100, not prepaid.

Limp Muslin, wire stitched, 25 cents; $2.60 per dozen not prepaid; $20.00 per 100, not prepaid.

The Fillmore Brothers Co.

528 Elm Street,
CINCINNATI, O.

41-43 Bible House,
NEW YORK.

Hymn
1902
Fill A
27
H258.2

Preface.

THE writing of new hymns and the making of good song books can scarcely keep pace with the demand for fresh and inspiring music adapted to the many different services of the modern church.

The preaching service, the prayer meeting, the Sunday-school, the young people's society and the missionary society may all be adequately served by one book if it be prepared with such a purpose in view. The authors have endeavored to bring together the hymns best calculated to cover this wide field.

The evangelistic spirit is now moving the Church of Christ as it has not been moved in many decades. To meet this condition, it has been the aim of the authors to include in Gospel Songs, No. 2, many songs, both new and old, which appeal strongly to those out of Christ. At the same time the demands of Christian devotion and worship are fully met.

A choice selection of the old popular hymns has been added for the purpose of making Gospel Songs, No. 2 a welcome aid at every Christian service. It is believed that it will fill a place not occupied by any other book.

Our prayer is that it may help to extend the Kingdom of Christ on the earth.

THE AUTHORS.

Cincinnati, April, 1902.

"Fillmores' Gospel Songs, Nos. 1 and 2 Combined," 416 pages, may be had at the following prices, bound in full cloth or boards :

	CLOTH.	BOARDS.
Single copy, postpaid	$ .50	$ .40
Per dozen, not prepaid	5.00	4.20
Per hundred, not prepaid	40.00	32.00

FILLMORES' GOSPEL SONGS

No. 2.

201 I Will Sing of Christ, My Saviour.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. I will sing of Christ my Sav-iour, I will tell His wondrous love,
2. I will sing of Christ my Sav-iour, How my load of guilt He bore,
3. I will sing of Christ my Sav-iour, He has saved me by His blood;
4. I will sing of Christ my Sav-iour, I will tell His love so free;

How He came, for me to suf-fer, From the Father's home a-bove.
How my griefs by Him were carried, How my thorn-y crown He wore.
I am cleansed and I'm for-giv-en, I am now a child of God.
Come in all your sin and sor-row, Come to Christ who saveth me.

CHORUS.

I will praise Him, I will praise Him, Glory to His precious name,

Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves me, Glo-ry to the bleeding Lamb.

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202 The Lord is in His Holy Temple.

W. H. BAGBY. J. H. F.

1. The Lord is in His ho - ly tem-ple, Let earth be - fore Him
2. The Lord is in His ho - ly tem-ple, Be si - lent all and
3. The Lord is in His ho - ly tem-ple, Bow down be - fore His

si - lence keep; In rev'rence bow, ye loft - y mount-ains, And
hear His word; In god - ly fear at - tend and lis - ten, A
maj - es - ty; Be si - lent in His aw - ful pres - ence, Whose

REFRAIN.

be thou still, O rest-less deep! The Lord is in His ho - ly
message hear from Christ the Lord!
glo - ry fills e - ter - ni - ty! Keep si-lence,

tem - ple, The Lord is in His ho - ly tem-ple, Keep si-lence, keep
Keep si - lence,

For last verse.

si-lence, Keep silence be-fore Him. A - men.
The Lord is in His ho-ly temple.

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203 We Praise Thee, O God.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. We praise Thee, O God, in Thy name we re-joice, We wor-ship be-
2. We praise Thee, O God, for the gifts of Thy hand, So free and so

fore Thee with the harp and the voice; For fa-vors un-num-bered sweet
pre-cious o-ver all this fair land; Thou giv-est the sunshine, Thou

anthems we sing, For bounties unmeasured glad off'rings we bring; Thou
send-est the rain, Thou glad'nest the pasture, Thou rip'nest the grain; The

Father, all gracious, who heedest our call, Thou King of all kindness, Thou
harvest Thou bring-est in bil-lows of gold, The glad year Thou crownest with

p *f* **Rit.** - - - -

Rul-er of all. We praise Thee, O God, we praise Thee, O God.
goodness untold. We praise Thee, O God, we praise Thee, O God. A-men.

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204 The Lord Taketh Pleasure.

MARY B. WINGATE. PSALM 149: 4. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. The Lord tak-eth pleas-ure in His peo - ple, O what can mo-
2. The Lord tak-eth pleas-ure in His peo - ple, His rich - es He
3. The Lord tak-eth pleas-ure in His peo - ple, What mat - ter tho'

lest or an - noy (or annoy)? The Lord tak-eth pleas-ure in His
free - ly will give (He will give), The Lord tak-eth pleas-ure in His
Sa-tan may frown (tho' he frown), The Lord tak-eth pleas-ure in His

CHORUS.

peo - ple, And we are His light and His joy.
peo - ple, The soul of the righteous shall live. Then sing to Je-ho-vah,
peo - ple, And we are His jew-els, His crown.

Serve Him with gladness, Praise Him with harp and with voice; The
and with voice;

Lord taketh pleasure in His peo - ple, O daughter of Zi - on, re-joice.

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205

I Will Sing.

FRED. E. RICKS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord, I will try all His
2. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord, His compas - sion to
3. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord, By His hand hath He
4. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord, He has washed me, and

good-ness to proclaim, With my mouth will I pub-lish to the
sin - ners I'll make known, And the peace and the blessedness and
led me all the way, I will sing of His mercies, I will
made me white as snow, When the cares and the burdens of this

CHORUS.

ends of the earth, Sal-va-tion in His name. I will sing, un-to the
trust in the Lord, Of those He calls His own.
tell of His love, And praise Him every day.
life pass away, To Him on high I'll go. I will sing

Lord, All His good - - ness I'll proclaim, With my
un-to the Lord, All His goodness I'll proclaim, I'll proclaim,

mouth, . . will I make known Sal - va-tion in His name.
With my mouth, will I make known

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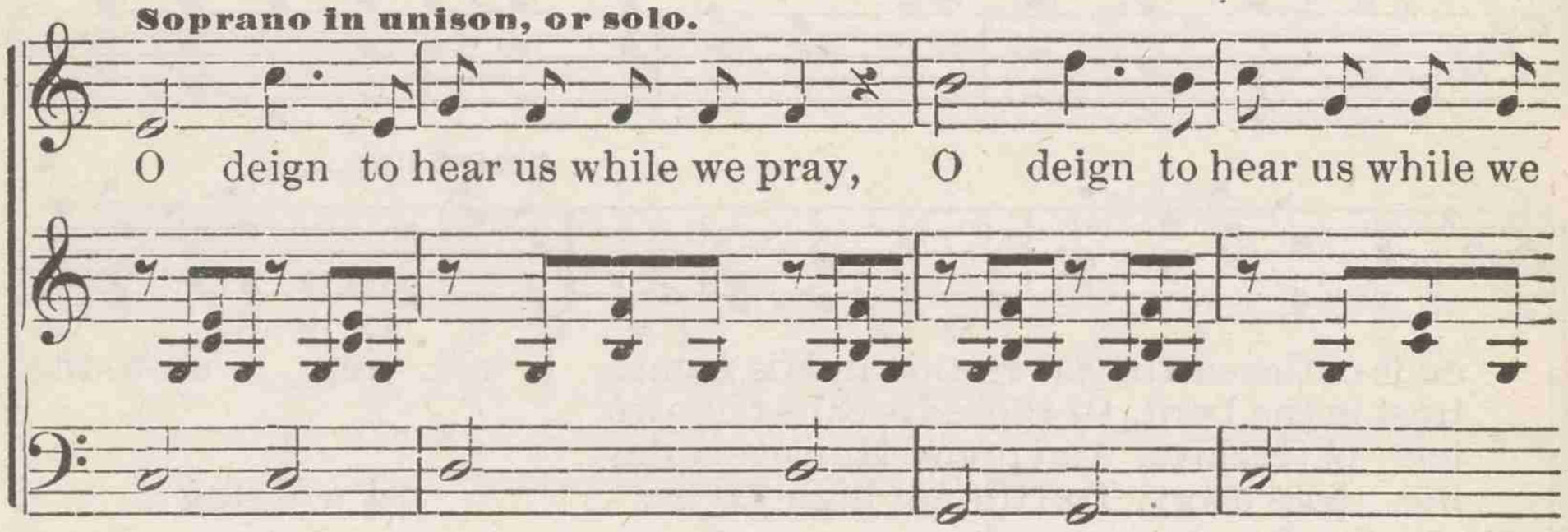
206 Lord, We Beseech Thee.

Arr. from BISHOP, by J. B. HERBERT. By per.

Soprano in unison, or solo.



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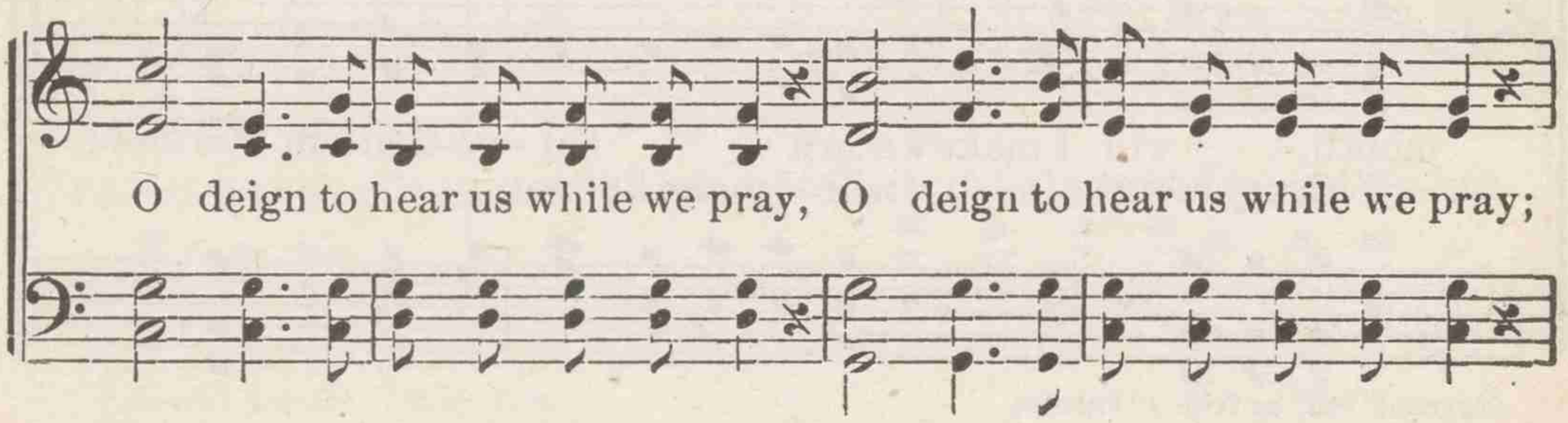
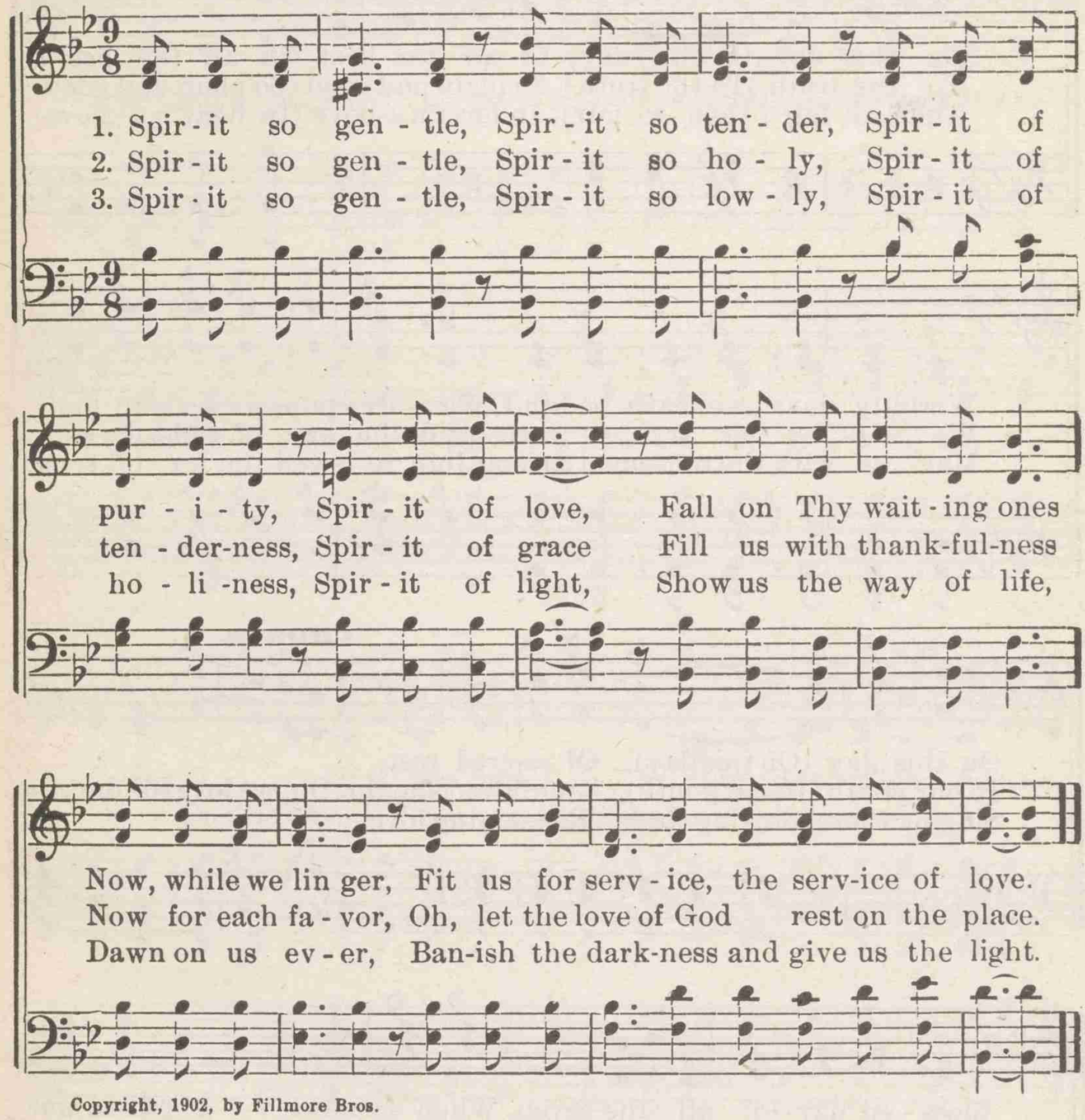


Lord, We Beseech Thee.

207 Spirit So Gentle.

MARY B. WINGATE. J. H. F.



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4 Spirit so gentle, Spirit so loving,
Spirit of faithfulness, Spirit of God,
Rest on our longing hearts
Strengthen us ever,
Making us pure in heart, children of God.

5 Spirit so gentle, Spirit so cleansing,
Spirit of righteousness, Spirit of fire,
Go through our sinful hearts,
Searching us ever,
Burn up the root of sin,—evil desire.

208 The Blessed Day.

Words and music by STANLEY GREENWOOD.

1. We have come be-fore the Lord For the stud - y of His word,
2. While we wait and worship here We will give the list'ning ear
3. When these lessons all are o'er, And we meet on earth no more,

On this day (On this day), Of all the best (Of all the best);
To the truth (To the truth), So plain and good (So plain and good);
Then so fair (Then so fair), In heav'n a-bove (In heav'n a - bove);

World-ly joys we leave be-hind, Pleasures pure we seek to find
We will ev - er try to learn, And the way of right dis-cern
May we with the ransomed throng Join to swell the joy - ful song,

CHORUS.

On this day (On this day), Of sa-cred rest.
In our youth (In our youth), As children should. Oh, we love the day, the
Singing there (Singing there), Redeeming love.

bless - ed day of all the seven, When we meet, When we
When we meet,

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The Blessed Day.

meet, And the Word of life, the bless-ed word to
When me meet,

mor-tals given, Un - to us, un-to us, how sweet, Oh, how sweet. We have

come be-fore the Lord For the stud - y of His word, On this

day,..... Of all the best; World-ly joys we leave behind,
On this day, all the best,

Pleasures pure we seek to find On this day of sa - cred rest.

209 From the Rising of the Sun.

PSALM cxiii : 3. J. B. HERBERT, by per.

From the ris - ing of the sun, Till the set - ting of the same, From the

ris-ing of the sun, Till the set-ting of the same, Let the Lord's name, let the

Let the Lord's name,

Lord's name, let the Lord's name be prais - ed, Let the Lord's name, let the

let the Lord's name, let the Lord's name be prais-ed, Let the Lord's name,

After D. C.
FINE.

Lord's name.... let the Lord's name.... be prais - ed. A - men.

let the Lord's name, let the Lord's name be prais - ed.

(*First time may be solo, second time full Chorus.*)

Praise ye the Lord, Praisē Him, praise Him,

Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Oh, praise ye the Lord,

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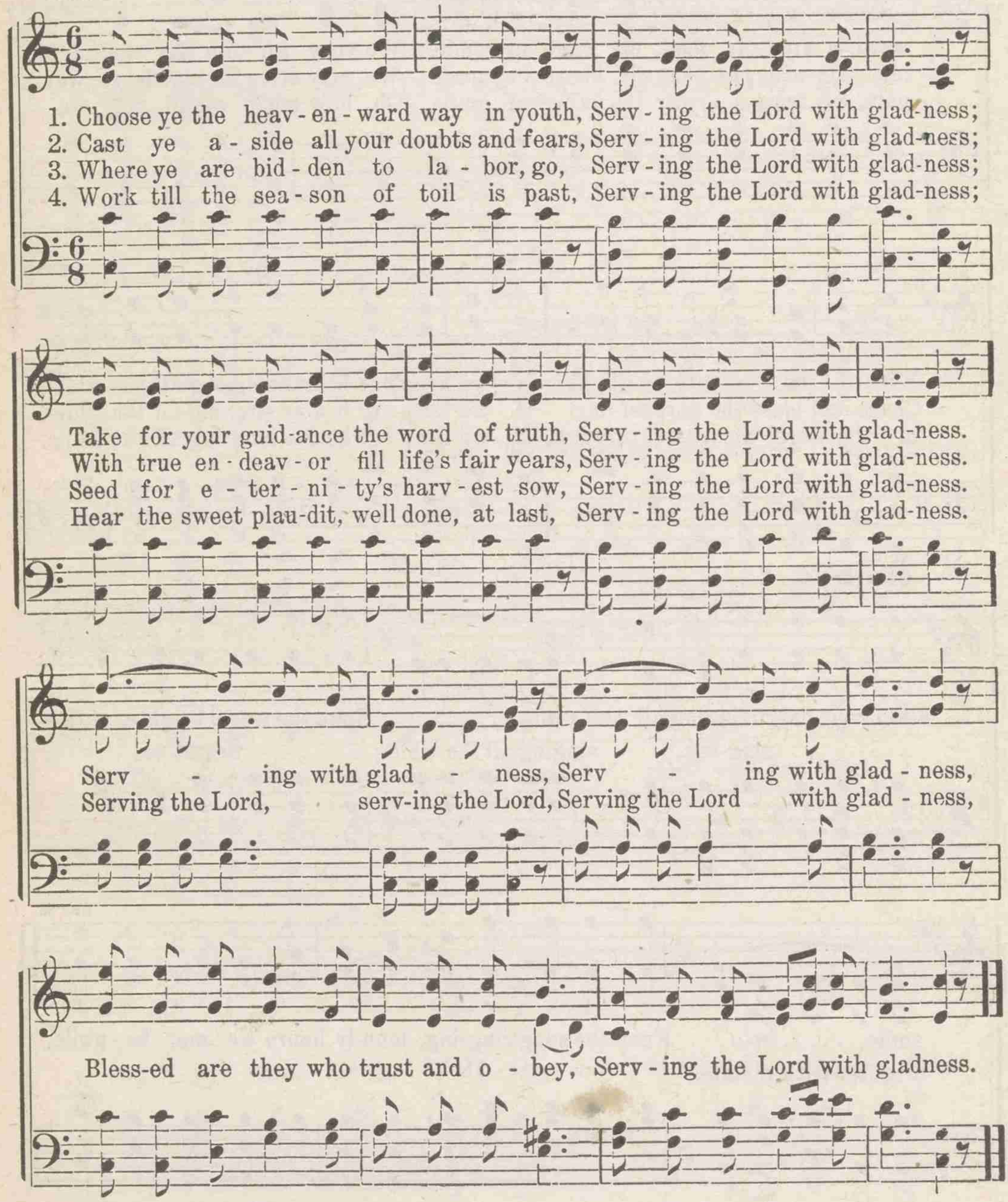
From the Rising of the Sun.

210 Serving the Lord with Gladness.

JENNIE WILSON. J. H. F.



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211 Keep Your Heart Singing.

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

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav - y bur-den share; With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweet-est
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin - dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a

word, a kind - ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gir - dle day and night
mu - sic will the lone - ly hours be - guile; We may drive the clouds a - way,
pain, or take a - way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

With a ha - lo of de - light, If we keep our hearts sing-ing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep our hearts sing-ing all the while.
In the world we trav-el through, If we keep our hearts sing-ing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep your heart singing all the while,..... Make the world brighter with a
sing-ing, singing all the while; bright - er,
smile,..... Keep the song ring-ing, lone-ly hours we may be - guile,
brighter with a smile;

Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

212 Walking by Faith.

ROBERT O. SMITH. J. H. F.

1. I walk by faith and not by sight, My way I oft-times
2. Sometimes the way is hard to climb, I fear I may not
3. The path be-fore is marked with blood, Of Him who trod it
4. And by and by when I shall come, And see my Sav-iour's

can not see, But tho' en-com-passed by the night, My
reach the goal; O Fa-ther, let me gain some-time The
all a-lone; Led by Thy foot-prints, Son of God, Wea-
beam-ing face, When safe in my e-ter-nal home, I'll

CHORUS.

bless-ed Sav-iour lead-eth me.
bliss-ful ref-uge of my soul. Walking by faith where I can not see,
ry I seek to fol-low on.
tell the an-gels of His grace.

Knowing my Sav-iour is lead-ing me, Glo-ry to God, I am

hap-py and free, Walk-ing by faith in Je-sus!

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213 Let the Gospel Light Shine Out.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand-ing like a lighthouse on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
2. There are human shipwrecks ly - ing all a-round, O, what mor - al dark-ness
3. Do not let the bush - el cov - er up your light, Keep your lamp in or - der,
4. Try to live for Je - sus till this life is o'er, For a - long this pathway

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

CHORUS.

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

out, Let the Gos - pel light shine out, While your lamp is

shine out, shine out,

burn-ing, keep the win - dows clean, Let the Gos-pel light shine out.

Copyright, 1901, by Geibel & Lehman.

214 Make Me a Blessing To-day.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.

1. O soft - ly the Spir- it is whisp'ring to me, With ten- der com-
2. Some heart may be longing for on - ly a word, Whose love by the
3. Some soul may be plunged in the dark-est de-spair, Whose shadows would
4. Come all ye that la - bor, ye wea-ry and worn, Come ye who in

pass - ion, with pit - y - ing plea; I hear His be-seech-ing, and
Spir - it is quickened and stirred; Now grant, blessed Sav-iour, this
melt in the sun-light of pray'r; O give me, dear Sav-iour, I
sor - row or sin - ful-ness mourn; With me this pe - ti - tion to

ear-nest - ly pray That Je - sus will make me a bless-ing to- day.
serv-ice to me, Of speak-ing a com - fort - ing message for Thee.
humbly implore, The sweet con- so - la - tion that soul to re-store.
Je - sus con-vey: O make me a bless- ing, dear Sav-iour, to - day.

CHORUS.

Lord, make ... me a blessing to-day, A blessing to some one, I pray;
Lord, make me a bless-ing, I pray;

In all that I do, in all that I say, O make me a blessing to- day.

Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane.

215 What Are You Doing for Jesus?

EMILY P. MILLER. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. What are you do - ing for Je - sus, As you jour-ney thro' life?
2. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Are you striv-ing each day,
3. What are you do - ing for Je - sus As the days go by?
4. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Soon comes set - ting of sun;

Sow - ing the grain for the har - vest, Or scat - ter - ing seeds of strife?
By lit - tle acts of kind - ness, To bright - en some-one's way?
Tell - ing the lone and the wea - ry Of rest be - yond the sky?
Has - ten and tell the glad ti - dings, Lest you leave some work un - done.

CHORUS.

What are you do - ing, Do - ing for Je - sus?
What are you do-ing for Je-sus your friend? What are you do-ing for Je-sus to-day?

What are you do - ing, As the days go by?.....
What are you do-ing for Je-sus your friend, As the days go by, days go by?

What are you do - ing, Do - ing for Je - sus?
What are you do-ing for Je-sus your friend? What are you doing for Jesus today?

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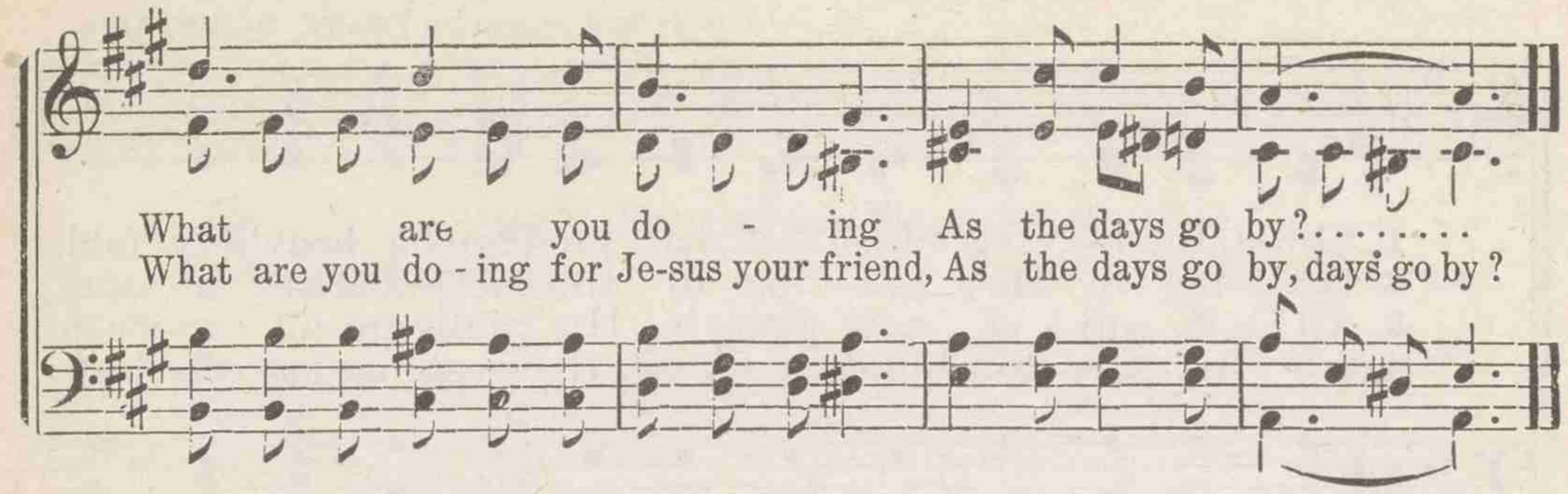
What Are You Doing for Jesus?



216 Turn Your Faces Toward the Morning.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

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217 Christ, the Loving Shepherd.

Words and music by FRANK A. SIMPKINS.

1. Christ, the lov - ing Shep-herd, has pre-pared a heav'n-ly fold,
2. Lov - ing - ly He's call - ing to the sheep that are a - stray,
3. All is qui - et now with - in, His lambs are all a - sleep,
4. See Him face the blind-ing storm; He's seek-ing for the lost,

Free - ly now He bids us en - ter in; The gates are thrown a-jar,
Ten - der - ly He bids them cease to roam, While in the qui - et fold,
Fear - ful - ly the storm beats at the gate, But still the Shepherd stands
Joy - ful - ly to bear them to the fold; But see them still re - bel

and His sheep from near and far Take refuge from the storms of sin.
safe from earthly storm and cold, The faithful ones are gathered home.
at the door, and with His hands, He beck-ons, for 'tis not too late.
in the face of death and hell, To per-ish in the bit - ter cold.

CHORUS.

Call - ing, hear Him call - ing, All ye heav-y
Calling, calling, calling, hear the loving Shepherd say,

la - den, come to me; Call - ing, hear Him
O come to me; Calling, calling, calling,

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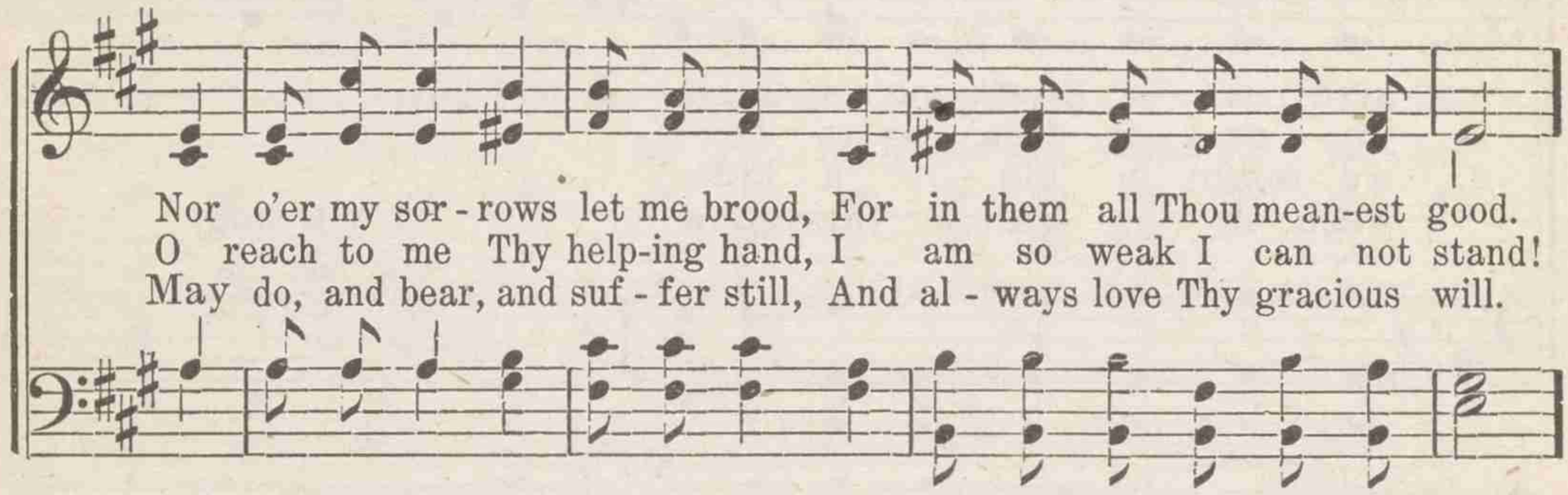
Christ, the Loving Shepherd.

218 O Hear My Prayer.

LORICK P. WINTER. J. H. F.



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219 I Will Sing of His Love.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. 'Twas love that bro't life un - to men, 'Twas love that was will-ing to die; All sin - ners to save from the pow'r of the grave, And
2. 'Twas won-der-ful, won-der-ful love! That bro't such a Sav - iour to me; And love will im - part His free grace to my heart, My
3. 'Twas love, O com-pas-sion-ate love, That will-ing - ly suf-fered and died; That counted death small and could sac - ri - fice all, That
4. O come to the fount-ain of love, Where ev-'ry poor sin - ner may go; That fountain so free, is for you and for me, And

give us a dwell - ing on high. I will sing,..... I will
joy ev - er - last - ing to be.
we might in glo - ry a - bide.
wash - es us whit - er than snow. I will sing,

REFRAIN.

sing,..... I will sing of His won-der-ful love; Wher-ev-er I
I will sing,

am, I will sing of the Lamb, The Lamb that for sinners was slain.

Copyright, 1899, by W. W. Bentley, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

220 Saviour, We are Coming Home To-Day.

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

1. We, like sheep, have wandered, All so blind - ly wan-dered
2. In this place of hun - ger, In this land of hun - ger,
3. Why should a - ny lin - ger, In their sor - row lin - ger,

From the fold so far a - way, far a - way. (D. S.) *But a*
We will now no lon - ger stay, will not stay. We have
O why tar - ry, why de - lay, why de - lay? While the

voice is call - ing, Now we hear it call - ing,—Sav-iour, we are
heard the Shepherd, Now have heard the Shepherd,—Sav-iour, we are
Shep-herd pleadeth, O so gen - tly plead-eth,—Sav-iour, we are

FINE. CHORUS.

com - ing home to - day.
com - ing home to - day. In the des - ert, dark and
com - ing home to - day.

drear, we've wandered From the path of light and love so far a - way. D.S.

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221 He's the One.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.

1. Is there an - y - one can help us, one who un - der-stands our hearts,
2. Is there an - y - one can help us when the load is hard to bear,
3. Is there an - y - one can help us who can give a sin ner peace,
4. Is there an - y - one can help us, when the end is draw - ing near,

When the thorns of life have pierced them till they bled; One who sym-pa-thiz - es
And we faint and fall be-neath it in a - larm; Who in ten-der-ness will
When his heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of
Who will go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way be-

with us, who in won-drous love im-parts Just the ver - y, ver - y
lift us, and the heav - y bur - den share, And sup - port us with an
par - don that af - fords a sweet re - lease, And whose blood can wash and
fore us, and dis - pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its

CHORUS.

bless-ing that we need? Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The
ev - er - last - ing arm?
make us white as snow?
safe - ly o'er the tide? Yes, there's One, on - ly One,

bless-ed, bless-ed Je - sus, He's the One; When af-flic-tions press the soul, when

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He's the One.

222 Close to Jesus.

LORENA PEPPARD. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

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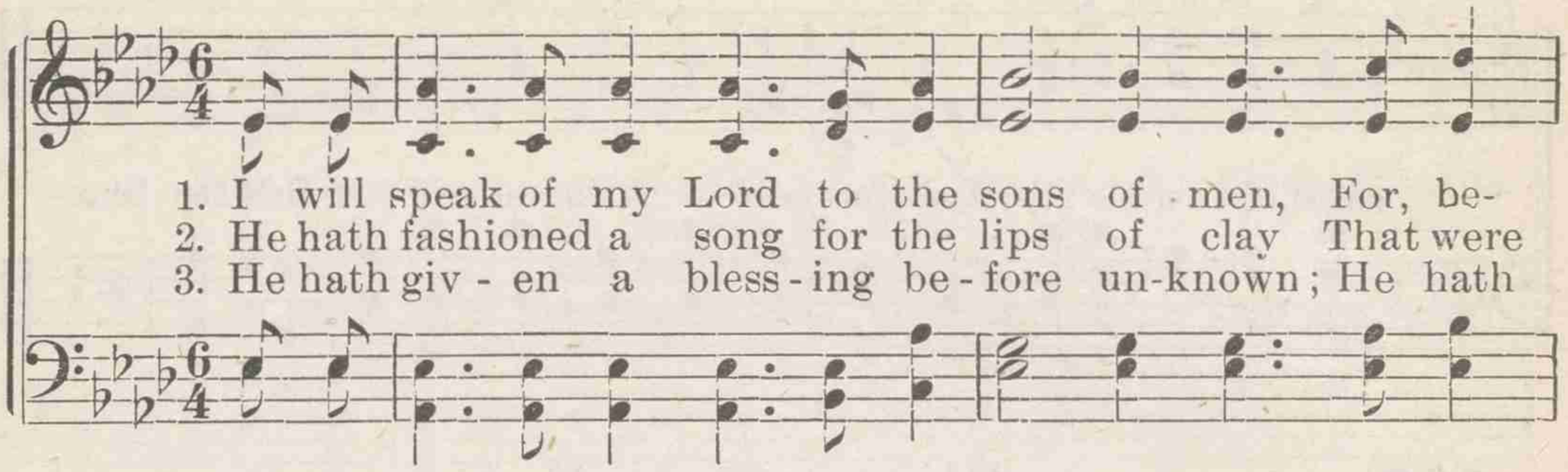
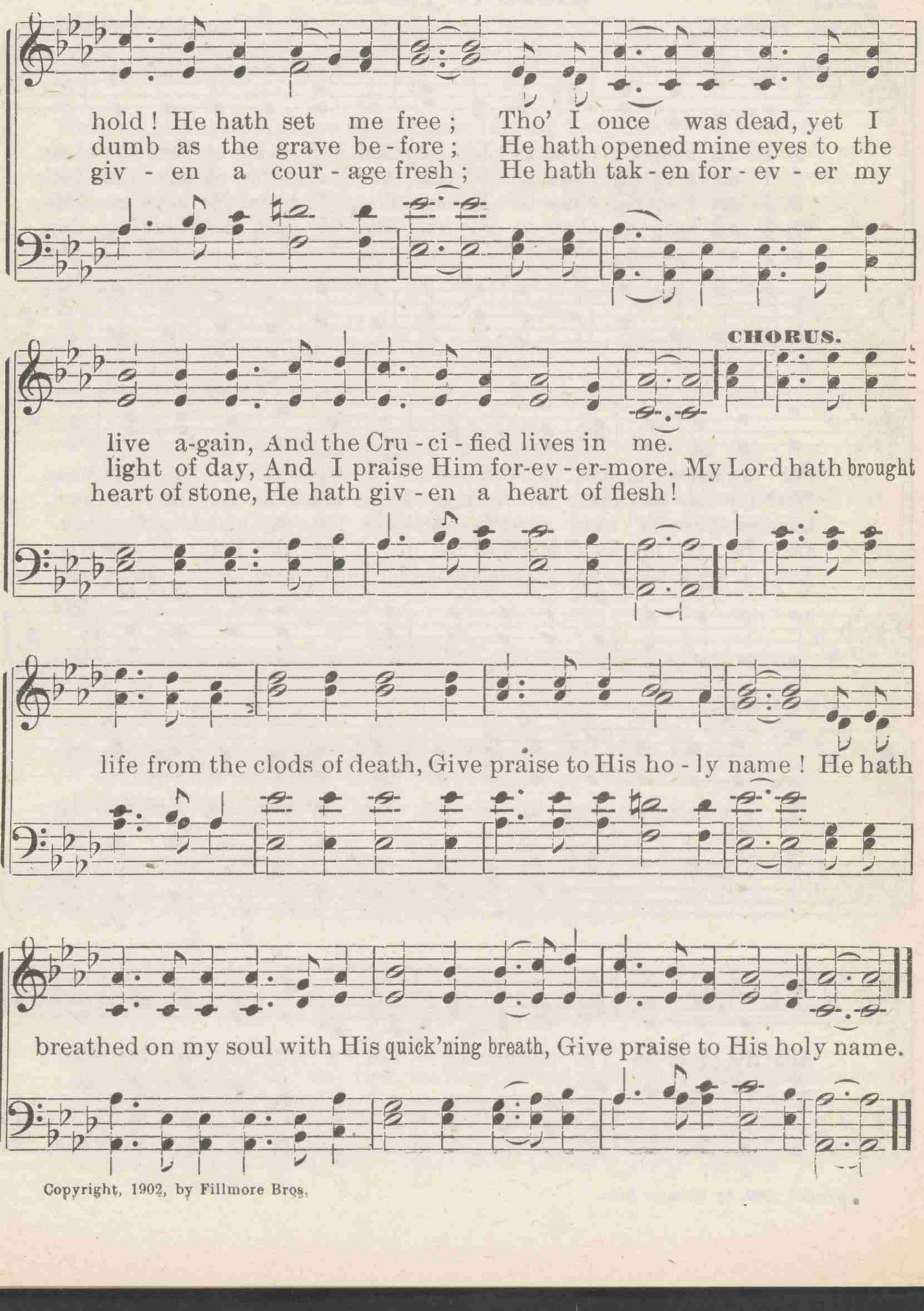
223 I Will Speak of My Lord.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.





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224 The Love that Brought Life.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK. B. W. HAMLIN.

1. 'Twas love that bro't life un - to man, 'Twas love that bro't death to the
2. 'Twas won-der-ful, won-der - ful love, That bro't such a Sav - iour to
3. 'Twas love, Oh! com-pas-sion-ate love, That wil - ling-ly suf-fered and
4. Oh! come to the fount-ain of love, Where ev-'ry poor sin - ner must

Lord; It gave Him the grave that our souls He could save, And
men— The grace He im - parts is the song that our hearts Sing,
died; That count-ed death small and could sac - ri - fice all, That
go— That fount-ain so free, is for you and for me, And

CHORUS.

grant us e - ter - nal re - ward.
o - ver and o - ver a - gain. 'Twas won-der-ful love, It was
we might in glo - ry a - bide.
wash - es us whit - er than snow.

won-der-ful love, That bore all our burden of pain, And wher-ev-er I

am I will sing of the Lamb—The Lamb that for sinners was slain.

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225 Jesus Saved Me.

Words and music by D. C. TREMAINE.

1. Je - sus came in - to the world to save Sin-ners lost in the depths of sin; On - ly come to Him just now and be-lieve, And for-ev - er be
2. O, I once was black with sin and woe, I was lost in the des - ert cold; Now the blood has made me white as the snow, Now I'm hap-py and
3. O, my brother, come to Christ to-day, There is par-don and peace for thee; He will nev-er turn the vil - est a - way, For His mer-cy is

hap-py in Him. There is hope for ev - 'ry sin-ner on earth, On - ly
safe in the fold. It was Je - sus came and o-pened the fount. It was
boundless and free. He will be your friend and guide here below, He will

o-pen now your blinded eyes and see. Je - sus came to heal the sick,
Je-sus came and found the wand'ring one, Now my sins are all for-giv'n,
take you home to heaven when you die, O the world with all its pride,

D. S. *Je - sus washed me in His blood,*

FINE.

Je - sus came to help the weak, Je-sus e - ven sav'd a sin-ner like me.
There's a place for me in heav'n, Je-sus e - ven sav'd a sin-ner like me.
Ne'er could tempt me from His side, Je-sus e - ven sav'd a sin-ner like me.

In the pure and cleansing flood, Now and ev-er-more I'm hap-py in Him.

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Jesus Saved Me.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Je - sus saved me, Je - sus saved me from the depths of sin.
Je - sus saved me, saved me,

226 Come Unto Me.

ADAM CRAIG. W. J. C. THIEL.

1. I heard a sweet voice sing-ing A song of love di - vine;
2. O bless - ed words of Je - sus, Hark! to His lov - ing call;
3. For since I've learned to sing it Christ dwells with-in my soul;
4. And now I'm teach-ing oth - ers That sweet and lov - ing strain;

It touch'd a chord in ten - der hearts And en - tered in - to mine.
The in - vi - ta - tion's full and free, Ac - cept it one and all.
He healed my wea - ry, sin - sick heart, And He has made me whole.
Thus lead-ing souls to Je - sus Christ, That nev - er knew His name.

REFRAIN.

"Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, With toil and care op-pressed;
Take up my yoke and learn of Me, And I will give you rest."

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227 Be Not Afraid.

Words and music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. When sail - ing o'er the sea of life, The bil - lows rage in an-gry strife;
2. When stand-ing in de-fense of right, And hard and bit-ter grows the fight;
3. When pass-ing un-der-neath the rod, When chastened by the hand of God;

Thy bark by furious tempest tossed, Seems al - most certain to be lost,
Tho' foes of truth be great and strong, And for-tune seems to fa - vor wrong,
When heav - y is thy weight of care, Thy tri - al more than thou canst bear,

Be not a - fraid, be not dis - mayed, For
Be not a - fraid, be not dis-mayed,

Christ, thy Lord, will be thine aid; Be not a - fraid,
Christ, for Christ, thy Lord, will be thine aid, Be not a-fraid,

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Be Not Afraid.

228 Find Safety on the Rock of Ages.

JENNIE WILSON. J. H. F.

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229 Jesus Invites You.

P. H. J. H. F.

Solo.

1. Je - sus, the Saviour, in-vites you, Hear Him in ac-cents so blest;
2. Je - sus, the Saviour, in-vites you, Gen - tly He calls from a - bove;
3. Je - sus, the Saviour, in-vites you, Sweet-er than mu - sic His voice;
4. Je - sus, the Saviour, in-vites you, Come, for the day will not last;

pp

Come, all ye wear-y ones, Come, all ye burdened ones, Come unto me and find rest.
Calls now the need - y ones, Calls now the famished ones, Calls to the feast of His love.
Come, all ye wan-d'ring ones, Come,all ye sin-ful ones, Come while the angels rejoice.
Morning glides swift to noon, Evening comes all too soon, Night falls,and mercy is past.

pp

CHORUS.

Why, why then not come,.... Why, why will you roam,....
Why then, O why then not come, O come, Why then, O why will you roam, O come,

Je-sus in-vites you to-day, He in-vites you to-day, He in-vites you to - day.

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230 Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. HEWITT. ANNIE F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a-bove, No gift so precious to Him as our love, Soft - ly He whis-pers wher-ev-er thou art,
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call - ing in mer - cy a- gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir-it di-vine, "All that thou hast, to my keep - ing re - sign; Grace more a-bound-ing is mine to im - part,

CHORUS.

"Grate-ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart.
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart." "Give me thy heart,
Make full sur-ren - der and give me thy heart."

p

Give me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wherever thou art; From this dark world He would draw thee a-part, Speaking so tenderly, "Give me thy heart."

Rit.

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231 Jesus is Precious.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR. I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Peace like a riv - er is flood-ing my soul, Since Christ, my
2. Joy is a-bound-ing, my heart gai - ly sings, Cleave I the
3. O pre-cious Je - sus, how love - ly Thou art! Come and, a-

Sav - iour, mak - eth me whole; Sweet peace a - bid - ing my
heav-ens, mount up on wings; Christ hath ex - alt - ed, my
bid - ing, rule in my heart; Break ev - 'ry fet - ter, Thy

por-tion shall be, Je - sus, my Sav-iour, is precious to me.
soul He set free, Je - sus, my Sav-iour, is precious to me.
face let me see, Then Thou shalt ev-er be precious to me.

CHORUS.

Pre - cious to me,..... Pre - cious is He;.....
Precious to me, He is precious to me, Je-sus, the Saviour, how precious is He;

Je - sus shall ev - er..... be pre - cious to me.....
Je-sus, my Sav - iour, ev - er shall be so precious to me, so precious to me.

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232 I am Satisfied in Jesus.

JESSIF BROWN POUNDS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. I am sat - is-fied in Je - sus, Life is rich - er ev - ery day;
2. I am sat - is-fied in Je - sus, All my restless doubts are still;
3. I am sat - is-fied in Je - sus, And I whis-per to my soul,

Earth is sweeter than I fan - cied, As I tread the heavenward way.
All my dread is changed to long - ing In the do - ing of His will.
"Some day, when thou hast grown like Him, Life shall find its perfect whole."

CHORUS

I am sat - is - fied in Je - sus, He is bet-ter than my dreams.

And as more and more I know Him, Dear and dearer still He seems,

And as more and more I know Him, Dear and dearer still He seems.

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233 Will There Be Any Stars?

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

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-iour I stand, Will there be a-ny stars in my crown?

2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His praise like the seabillow rolls. Will there be a-ny stars, a-ny stars in my crown, be a-ny stars in my crown.

3. Oh, what joy will it be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there be a-ny stars in my crown?

CHORUS.

When at evening the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest go-eth down?

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

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234 I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these bur-dens a - lone;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou-bles; He is a kind, com- pas - sion-ate Friend;
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-iour, One who can help my bur-dens to bear;
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me; O how my heart is tempt-ed to sin!

In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my trou - bles quick - ly an end.
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus!

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

Rit.

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

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235 Give Thanks and Sing.

E. E. HEWITT. J. FAURE.

Solo or Chorus.

1. Give thanks and sing un-to the Lord our God; Sweep, sweep the
2. Give thanks and sing; He made the day and night; Sun - beams of
3. Give thanks and sing, His wondrous deeds recount; Let lips and

p e cres.

harp in notes of sweet de-vo - tion; Tell of His grace and spread His
joy that brightly spark - le 'round us; Hopes like the stars, to shed their
lives un-ceas-ing prais - es ren - der; On wings of love, our souls shall

ff

name a - broad, Great are His works in sky and air and o - cean.
gold - en light, Till some glad morn, His mercy shall have crowned us.
heav'nward mount Till on our view, shall break the Cit-y's splendor.

Cres. *ff*

FULL CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord! give thanks and sing; Tell of His love to ev - 'ry

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Give Thanks and Sing.

land and na - tion, Ho - san - na! Praise ye the Lord,
Praise ye the Lord, give thanks and sing,

Praise Him for - ev - er, who bringeth sal - va - - tion.

236 Prayer Song.

P. H. J. H. F.

Andante. Unison.

1. O Father, hear us while we pray, With thankful hearts we bow to Thee; For all the
2. O Father, hear us while we pray, How great Thy ben-e-fits ap - pear; Thy gifts have

glad-ness of this day, The grate-ful praise to Thee shall be, O Fa-ther,
gladdened each bright day, Thy love now crowns the clos-ing year; O Fa-ther,

hear, O Fa-ther, hear; The grateful praise to Thee shall be.
hear, O Fa-ther, hear; Thy love now crowns the closing year. A - men.

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237 Rock of Ages.

W. H. BAGBY. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Stand-ing in a bound-less sea,
2. When the storm-cloud veils the skies, And the waves in mount-ains rise,
3. Noth - ing in my hands I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling,
4. When I draw my lat - est breath, When my trou-bles end in death,

Where the rag - ing temp-ests lash, Where the an - gry bil - lows dash; Ref - uge
When o'er yawn-ing deeps so dark, Reel - ing drives my help-less bark, May I
Want and sin a - lone I have, But in Thee is pow'r to save. 'Mid the
When I soar to worlds un-known, When I stand be-fore Thy throne; When the

of..... the troubled soul, While e - ter - - nal a - ges roll;
from.... the tempest's pow'r, Find Thee, O..... Thou Ref-uge sure;
surg - es swell-ing high, Sav - iour, un - - to Thee I cry;
mount - ains melt a - way, 'Mid the ter - - rors of that day;

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide..... my - self in Thee, in Thee.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide, let me hide my-self in Thee.

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238 Anchor Your Bark.

LIZZIE DEAKMOND. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Look well to your ca - bles, my broth-er, For sev-ered the
2. Con-cealed by the gath - er - ing dark-ness, Are breakers of
3. So anch - or your bark to the Christ-rock, And ask the dear

faith-strands may be, Take heed lest you slip from your moorings, And
sin, just at hand; O soul! there is ma - ny a dan - ger To
Je - sus to be Your pi - lot, to guide you in safe - ty To the

CHORUS.

storm-toss'd lie out on life's sea. Drift - - ing a-way,.....
keep you from gain-ing the land.
shores of e - ter - ni - ty. Drifting a-way, drifting a - way,

drift - - ing a - way,..... Far from the home of the blest,
drifting a-way, drifting a-way,

Then anchor your soul on the Christ-rock, For under its shadow is rest.

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239 If the Saviour Journey with Me.

D. B. PURINTON. W. H. DOANE.

Gently. Duet with Chorus.

1. If the Sav-iour jour-ney with me, If He be my constant stay, If His
2. If the Sav-iour jour-ney with 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

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

Rit.

CHORUS.

If the Sav - iour jour-ney with me, If His guid-ing hand He give me,

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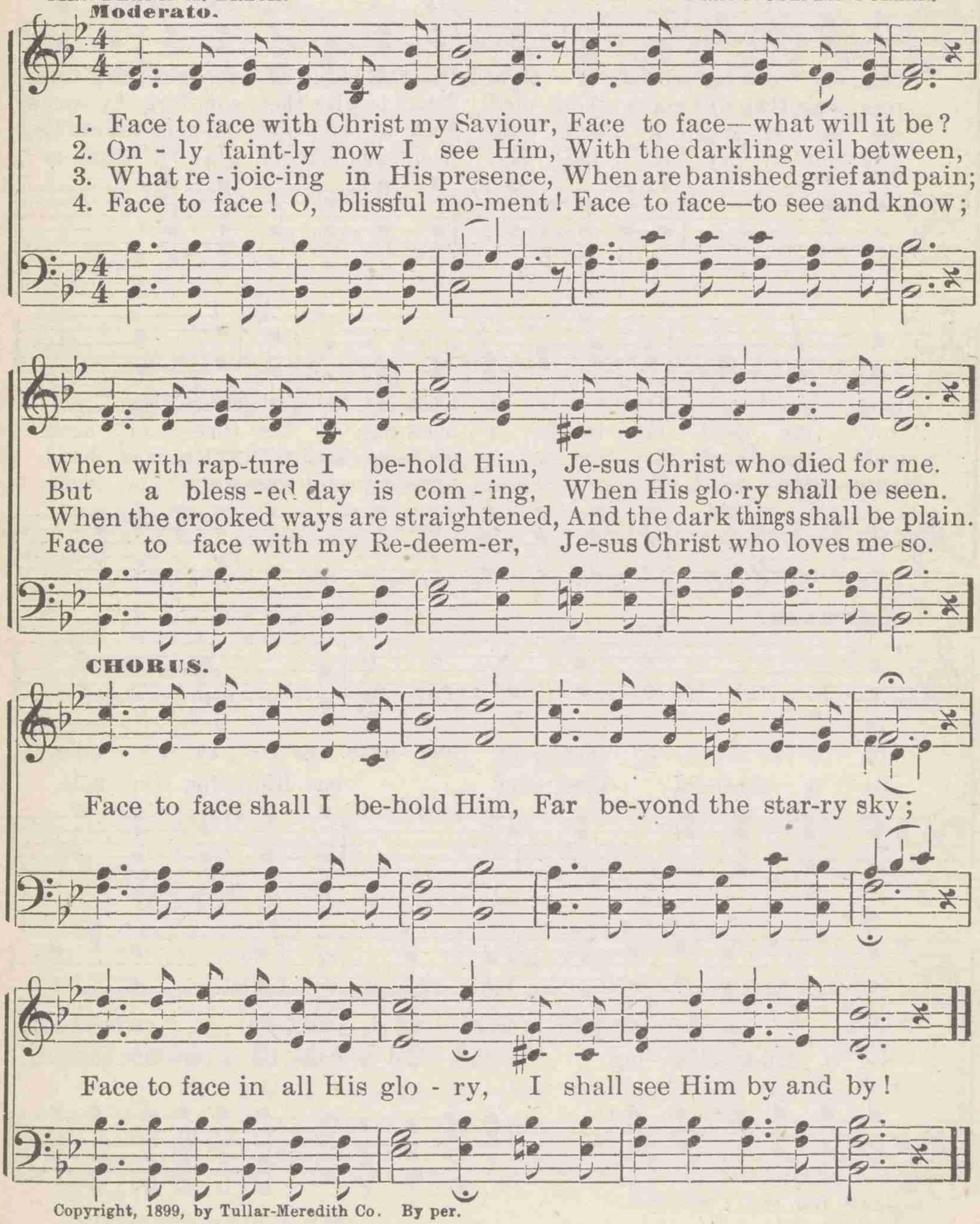
If the Saviour Journey with Me.

240 Face to Face.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.



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241 Be a Blessing.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Would you be a sun-beam filled with heav-en's light, Shed-ding forth its beau-ty o-ver scenes of night? In this world of sor-row, sick-ness, sin, and woe, Try to be a bless-ing ev-'ry-where you go.
2. Where the tears are fall-ing and the hearts are sad, Take some gos-pel mes-sage that will make them glad; Strive to give them com-fort by some lov-ing deed, Try to be a bless-ing in the time of need.
3. Just a cup of wa-ter for the Mas-ter's sake May sweet chords of mu-sic in some bo-som wake; Seek to help some pil-grim toward the gold-en land, Try to be a bless-ing, both with voice and hand.
4. If you fol-low Je-sus all a-long life's way, You will help to bright-en ev-'ry hour and day: Would you shine in glo-ry bright-er than the sun? Try to be a bless-ing till your work is done.

REFRAIN.

Be a bless-ing on life's wea-ry mile,
Be a cheer-ful bless-ing on life's wea-ry mile,
Be a bless-ing with a word or smile, Be a bless-ing,
Be a sun-ny bless-ing with a word or smile, Be a constant blessing,

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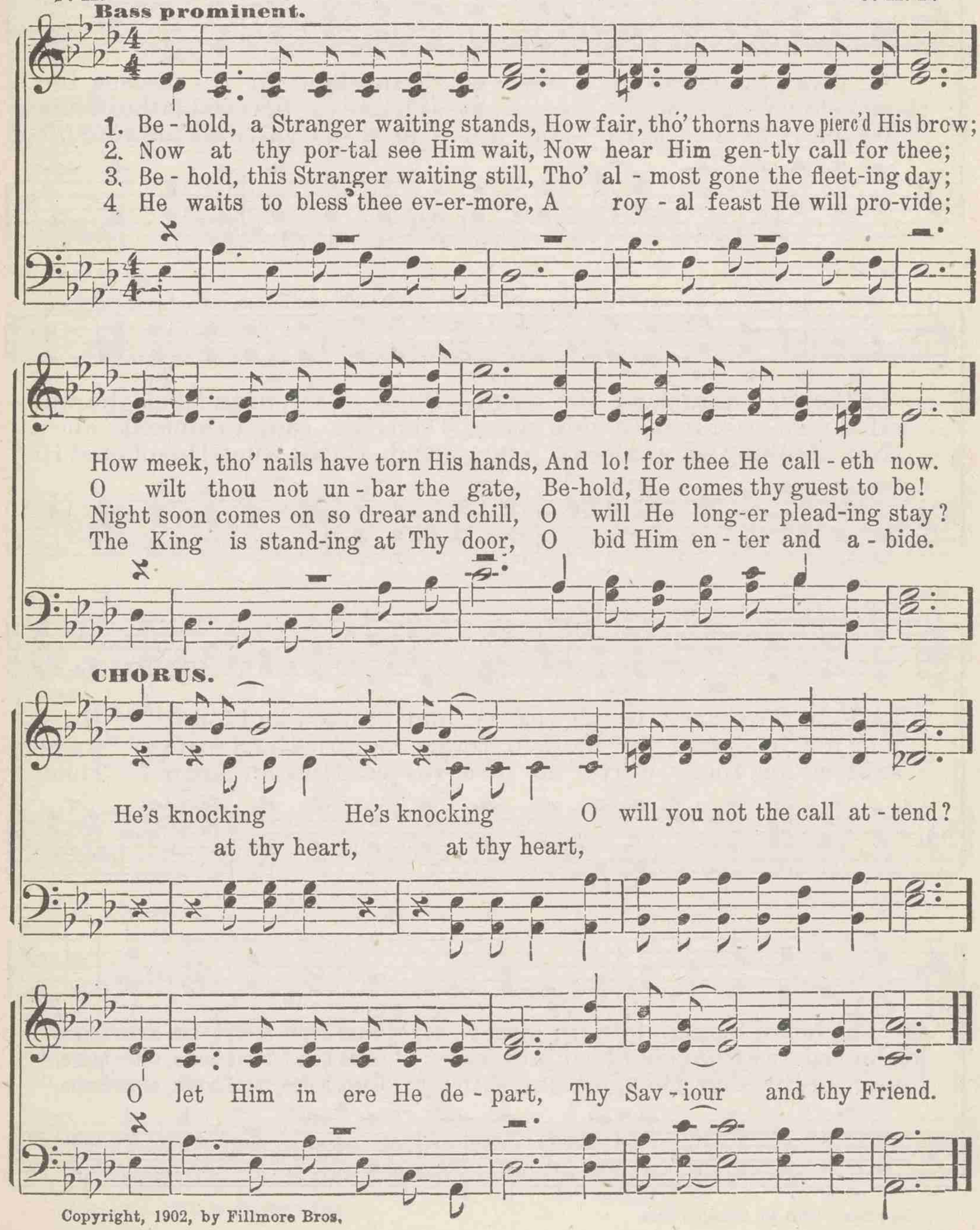
Be a Blessing.

242 He's Knocking at Thy Heart.

P. H. J. H. F.

Bass prominent.



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243 The Prodigal.

Words and music by D. C. TREMAINE.

Solo and Chorus.

1. The prod - i - gal gathered his por-tion, and left His dear old fa - ther's home, And wast - ed his substance in ri - ot - ous life,
2. He longed for the husks which he fed to the swine, But e - ven of these he'd no share, While the servants at home in his good father's house
3. Dear sin - ner, a Fa - ther is plead-ing for you, From the gates of a heaven-ly home, For you are a prod - i - gal wast-ing your life,

In the dis - tant land to roam; But as in the field he was
Had plen-ty of bread and to spare. Then "he came to himself" and a
Nor thinking of a - ges to come. And Christ when He suffered He

feed-ing the swine, He was wea - ry and hun-gry and lone; He
jour ney be - gan, No more in strange countries he'd roam; As he
suffered for thee, Why do you re - ject Him, and roam? Then

tho't he heard his dear father's kind voice: "Come home, come home, come home."
journeyed away he could hear father say: "Come home, come home, come home."
hasten, my brother, He's pleading with you: "Come home, come home, come home."

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The Prodigal.

CHORUS.

Come home,.... to thy Father's house, O why will you longer roam?
come home,

There's peace and rest on His loving breast, Come home, come home, come home.

244 We Kneel Before Thy Throne.

IDA L. REED. J. H. F.

1. Here before Thy throne, O Fa-ther, We, Thy children, humbly kneel;
2. We have wandered far, O Fa-ther, In a wea-ry des-ert way;
3. In-to light and love, O Fa-ther, Lead us, lest a-gain we stray;

Grant us now Thy sweet forgiveness, Set up-on our brows Thy seal.
But Thy ten-der love has followed, And we're coming back to-day.
Be Thou near in ev-'ry tri-al, Keep us to the end, we pray.

D. S. *Grant us now Thy lov-ing fa-vor As we kneel be-fore Thy throne.*

CHORUS.

Hear us, O our Fa-ther, hear us, Thou canst bless, and Thou a-lone.

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245 My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to wel-come me.
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the lus - tre of his kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the mercy, love and grace, That prepares for me a man-sion in the sky.
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will sing my welcome home, But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spotless white, He will lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall mingle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

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

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246 Sweet Are the Promises.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es of the Ho - ly Word, On the sa-cred pag - es
2. Sweet are the prom-is - es to the sin-sick soul, Come, ye heav - y la - den,
3. Sweet are the prom-is - es, safe and sure for me, I will rest up - on them

how they bright-ly shine; Blest the as - sur-an - ces of my gracious Lord,
come, ye sore distressed, Here flows the healing fount, come and be made whole;
what - so-e'er may come, Speaks He so ten - der - ly, "I will care for thee,"

CHORUS.

In the book of love di - vine. Sweet are the prom-is - es of Je - sus,
Come and I will give you rest. Sweet are the prom-is - es of Je - sus,
"I at last will bring you home." Sweet are the prom-is - es of Je - sus,

Com fort - ing and cheer ing, Con-stant and en - dear - ing, Sweet are the

prom - is - es of Je - sus, In the book of love di - vine.
prom - is - es of Je - sus, "Come and I will give you rest."
prom - is - es of Je - sus, "I at last will bring thee home."

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247 Just One Touch.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. Slow, with expression.

1. Just one touch as He moves a-long, Push'd and press'd by the jost-ling throng,
2. Just one touch and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless-ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and He turns to me, O the love in His eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by His mighty pow'r, He can save thee this ver - y hour,

Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
At His feet all my bur - dens roll, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
I am His, for He hears my plea, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.

CHORUS.

Just one touch as He pass - es by, He will list to the faint-est cry;

Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal-er di - vine.

di-vine.

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248 Did You Do It for Christ?

GERTRUDE BARBE. J. B. HERBERT.

Solo and Chorus.

1. Did you speak a word of love to - day? A word of hope and cheer?
2. Did you speak of Je-sus to the lost? Did your light shine pure and bright?
3. Did you praise your God for life and health, For the peace and joy with-in?
4. Did you lose all sight of self to - day? Did you bravely bear your cross?

Did you bring a smile on someone's face? Did you wipe some burn-ing tear?
Did it lead some lone-ly, bro - ken heart From dark - ness in - to light?
For a spot-less heart that He can keep, Midst a world of woe and sin?
Did you on - ly long for ho - li - ness, And count all else but dross?

CHORUS.

Oh, may your an - swer ev - er be, While in this world you stay,
"Yes, for my lov-ing Sav-iour's sake I did it all to - day, (for His sake,)
Yes, for my lov - ing Sav-iour's sake, I did it all to - day."

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249 The Good Old Way.

B. H. WINSLOW. ALLEN L. WINSLOW.

With spirit.

1. We are go - ing forth on a jour - ney long, But we cheer our way with a pil-grim song; "With our Father's hand leading
2. We shall meet with sin on our jour - ney home, We shall feel the waves of af - flic-tion come; But our lov-ing Guide will our
3. When the jour-ney ends at the shin - ing strand, And our eyes shall look on that far-off land; How our hearts will thrill as with

night and day, We are go - ing home in the Good Old Way."
strength re-new, And will walk with us all the jour - ney thro'.
joy we say, "What a bless - ed path was that Good Old Way."

REFRAIN.

'Tis our Fa - ther's way, by the proph-ets trod; 'Tis a joy-ful way, and it leads us un - to God; "With our Father's hand

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The Good Old Way.

250 Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V. J. W. VanDeVenter.

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251 Joy in Following.

Words and Music by M. M. LUZADER.

1. There is joy in fol - low - ing Christ, my Sav - iour; All the way He will safe - ly lead me, Griefs and sor-rows may cloud my pathway, He will light the way. When I'd stray a - way in - to paths for - bid - den, Lured to sin by the wiles of Sa - tan, Je - sus ten-der - ly draws me to Him, Keeps me day by day.

2. When I wan-dered wear - i - ly, sore and help - less, Tossed a- bout on the rest - less bil-lows Je - sus lov - ing - ly stand-ing near me, Heard my anguished cry. Now I find the way that was once so drear - y, Cheered by hope and the joy of trust - ing, Doubts and shadows cannot o'ertake me When to Him I fly.

3. He has prom-ised ev - er to help and bless me, Guard and shield from the dangers round me, He will com-fort me, He will keep me As I fol - low on. Now I walk by faith in the glo-rious war - fare, Following Christ as my great Com-man-der, Sin and darkness must flee be - fore Him, Till the vic-t'ry's won.

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252 Honey from the Rock.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Once my poor heart found that a sin-ner's pray'r Could the door of God's mer - cy un - lock, For He heal'd my soul when He met me there
2. When the waves of life did a - bove me roll, And my poor heart did quail at the shock, Then I pray'd to God to pre-serve my soul,
3. Now no more I roam on the mountains cold, For the Shepherd counts me with His flock, For He took me in - to His bless - ed fold,
4. When my work is done and I cross the tide, At the great pearl-y gates I will knock, For my Sav - iour said they would o - pen wide,

REFRAIN.

And He gave me hon-ey from the rock. Yes, He gave me hon-ey from the rock,
And He gave me hon-ey from the rock.
And He gave me hon-ey from the rock.
When He gave me hon-ey from the rock. Yes, He gave me hon-ey, gave me honey from the rock, When my faith did those portals, those portals unlock;

heard my pray'r when I met Him there, And He gave me hon-ey from the rock.

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253 Harvest Time.

Words and music by REV. W. A. SPENCER.

1. The seed I have scattered in spring-time with weeping, And wa-tered with tears and with dews from on high; An - oth - er may shout when the har - vest-ers reap-ing Shall gath - er my grain in the "sweet by and by."
2. An - oth - er may reap what in spring-time I've plant-ed, An - oth - er re- joice in the fruit of my pain,—Not know - ing my tears when in sum - mer I faint - ed While toil - ing, sad-heart-ed, in sun - shine and rain.
3. The thorns will have choked, and the summer sun blasted The most of the seed which in spring-time I've sown; But the Lord who has watched while my wea - ry toil last - ed Will give me a har - vest for what I have done.

CHORUS.

O - ver and o - ver, yes, deep - er and deep - er My heart is pierced through with life's sor - row - ing cry, But the tears of the sow - er and

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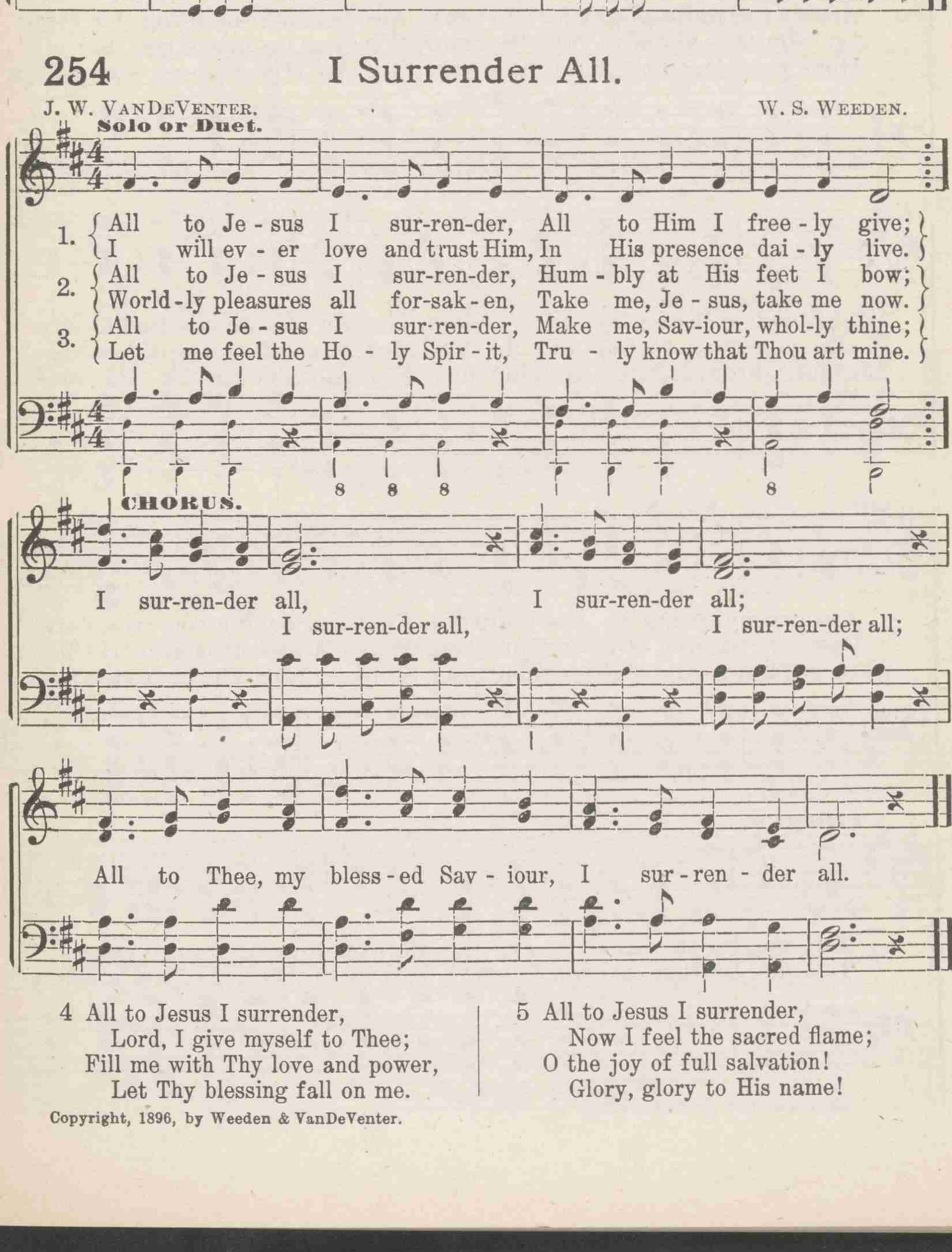
Harvest Time.

254 I Surrender All.

J. W. VanDeVenter. W. S. Weeden.

Solo or Duet.

1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free - ly give;
   I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His presence dai - ly live.
2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow;
   World - ly pleasures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-iour, whol-ly thine;
   Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.



4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee;
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

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255 Are You Witnessing for Him?

ALICE M. BATCHELDER. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Tell me, broth-er, as you jour-ney O'er the path of life so dim,
2. Are you watching by the way-side For the faint-ing ones who fall?
3. Have you made a con - se - cra-tion Of your time and earthly store?

Are you shedding light for Je - sus, Are you wit - ness-ing for Him?
Do you take them to the Saviour, Who has promised rest to all?
Have you placed them on the al - tar To be His for - ev - er - more?

Are you seek-ing for the sin-ners, Those whom Je-sus died to win?
Do you love to tell of Je - sus More than all the world be-side?
Joyful, Christian, then we'll journey, E'en tho' gloomy be the ways,

Are you point-ing to the fount-ain That can wash a-way their sin?
Does it fill you with re - joic - ing When His name is glo - ri - fied?
With our lamps all bright and burning, Showing forth the Saviour's praise.

CHORUS.

Tell me, broth - er, as you jour - ney,
Tell me, brother, as you journey, Tell me brother, as you journey

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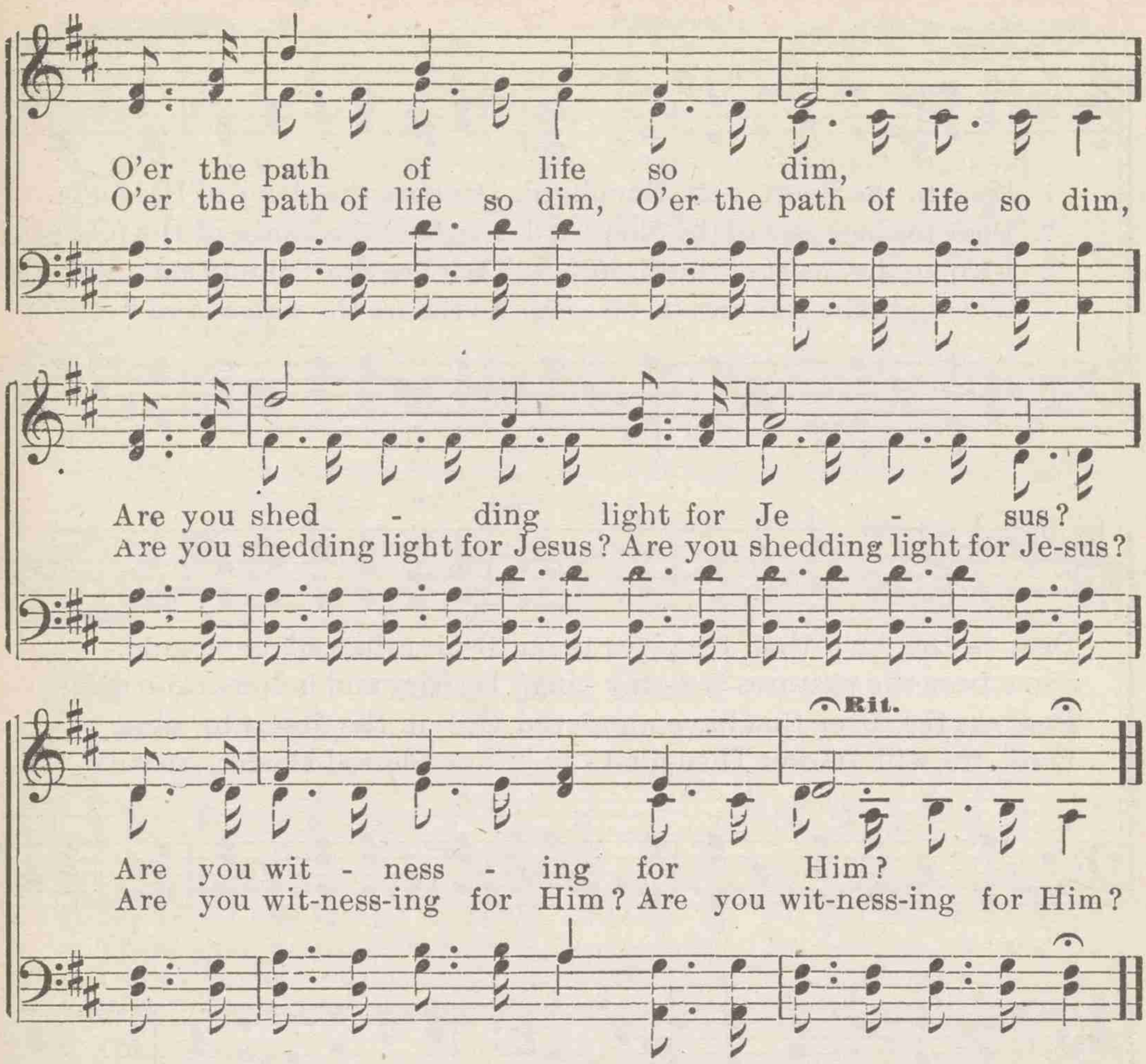
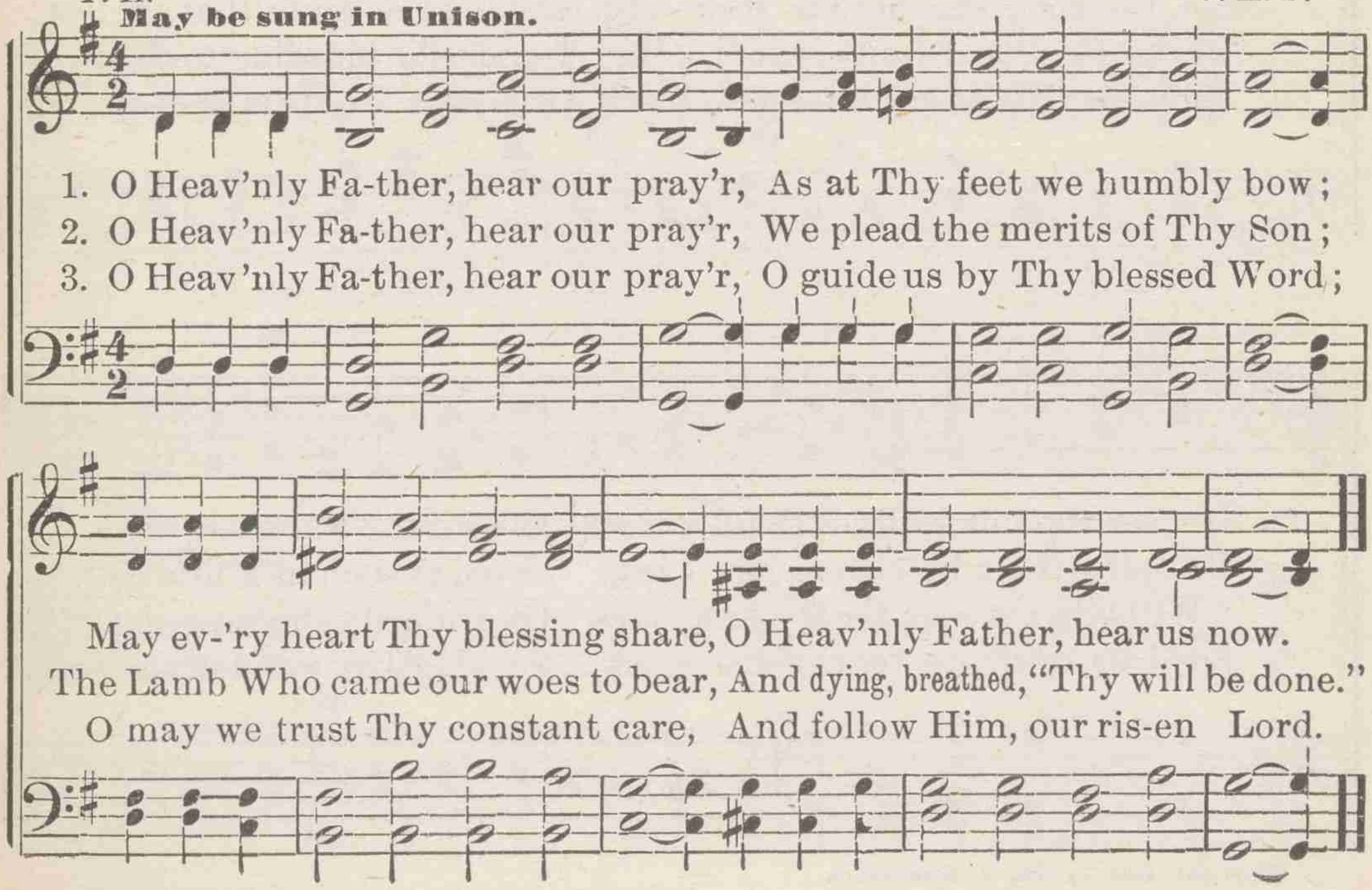
Are You Witnessing for Him.



256 Hear Our Prayer.

P. H. J. H. F.

May be sung in Unison.



257 Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET.

1. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the sheep of His fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the lambs of His fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the "ninety and nine."
4. Green are the pastures in-vit - ing, Sweet are the waters and "still";

Dear is the love that He gives them, Dearer than silver or gold.
Some from the pastures are stray - ing, Hungry and helpless and cold.
Dear are the sheep that have wandered Out in the desert to pine.
Lord, we will answer Thee glad - ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will!

Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are His "other" lost sheep;
See, the good Shepherd is seek - ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost;
Hark! He is earn-est - ly call - ing, Ten-der-ly pleading to-day;
Make us Thy true un-der-shepherds, Give us a love that is deep;

O - ver the mountains He fol - lows, O - ver the waters so deep.
Bringing them in with re-joic - ing; Saved at such in-fi-nite cost.
"Will you not seek for My lost ones, Off from My shelter a-stray?"
Send us out in - to the des - ert Seeking Thy wandering sheep."

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Dear to the Heart.

CHORUS. Poco rit.

Out in the desert they wan-der, Hungry and helpless and cold;

f A tempo.

Off to the rescue { He hast - ens, } Bringing them back to the fold.
(4*th verse.*) { we'll hast-en, }

258 No, Not One!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

ff FINE.

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark, but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D. S. *There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

CHORUS. D. S.

Je - sus knows all about our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

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259 The Inner Circle.

(Dedicated to Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., and first sung in the Union Meetings at Mount Vernon in November 1898.

FLORA KIRKLAND, W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have chosen you"?
2. As the first dis - ci - ples followed, As they went where'er He sent;
3. Or, if He shall choose to send us On some er-rand in His name,
4. Mas - ter, at Thy foot-stool kneeling, We, Thy children, humbly wait;

Does He tell you in com-mun-ion What He wish-es you to do?
So to - day we, too, may fol-low, On His lead - ing still in - tent.
We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heaven's gate.

CHORUS.

Are you in the in-ner cir-cle? Have you heard the Master's call?
Are you in the in-ner cir-cle? Have you heard the Master's call?

Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is He now your All in All?
Have you giv'n your

Rit.

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260 The Heavenly Land.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. PETER WELSH.

1. In that land of pure delight, In that home beyond the sky,
2. Soon will life's dark day be o'er, All its storms will soon be gone,
3. There in rap - tures all un-told, We shall join the wondrous strain,

With the saints in garments white, We shall gath - er by and by;
Soon will rise the golden shore, In a new and brighter dawn;
Chanting loud to harps of gold, Glo-ry to the Lamb once slain;

We shall reach those heav'nly seats, We shall share that blest abode,
Life's tem-pest-uous voyage past, There for-ev - er with the blest,
He par - took our mor-tal frame, He did our sal-va-tion bring,

We shall walk the golden streets, In the cit - y of our God.
Shall we safe - ly dwell at last, In that home of heav'nly rest.
There we'll join to bless His name, Christ our Saviour and our King.

Rit.

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261 At Heaven's Gate.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. ADAM GEIBEL.

Solo.

1. Some day I shall cross the riv-er, I know not if soon or late,
2. O joy - ful will be the meeting, When safe in His blest embrace,
3. Earth's sorrows will seem as nothing, When loved ones again I see,

But this do I know—the Sav-iour Will meet me at heaven's gate!
I'll dwell in His glorious pres-ence, Be-hold-ing Him face to face.
And life but a lit - tle jour - ney To that blest E-ter- ni - ty!

mf **CHORUS.** **Cres.**

At por-tals of the heav'nly gate My Lord will stand and for me wait,

Dim. *p* **Rit.**

All sorrow past—all safe at last, I'll en-ter thro' the heav'nly gate.

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262 When We Have Entered In.

MARY B. WINGATE. J. H. F.

Solo or Unison. Andante, with feeling.

1. There'll be no sor - row there, No dark'ning shade of sin,
2. There'll be no con - flict there, No sound of war's rude din,
3. There'll be no part - ing there, No sad "It might have been,"

But light and glad-ness ev-'ry-where, When we have en-tered in.
But peace shall spread her pin - ions fair, When we have en-tered in.
But all the lov'd hea'v'n's bliss shall share, When we have en-tered in.

CHORUS. A little faster.

In - to the rest that re-main-eth, In - to the joy of our Lord,

In - to the ma - ny mansions, In - to the cit-y of God.

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263 Save One.

Words and music by D. C. TREMAINE.

1. Out on life's o - cean are per - ish - ing souls, Save one, save one.
2. Go to the high-ways and by-ways of sin, Save one, save one.
3. Out o'er the mountains a sheep may have stray'd, Save one, save one.

Temp-ests are rag - ing and wild the sea rolls, Save one, save one.
E'en to the ut - most, go gath-er them in, Save one, save one.
Search the dark steeps and the dan-ger-ous glade, Save one, save one.

Rap - id - ly drift - ing on sin's aw - ful tide, Soon to de-
Je - sus has bid - den the lame and the blind—Go and the
Far o'er the mountains so bar - ren and cold, Far from the

struc-tion for - ev - er they'll glide, Souls for whom Je - sus has
out - casts and prod - i - gals find, Tell them that Christ is for-
Good Shepherd's shel-ter - ing fold, Ma - ny are wand'ring in

CHORUS.

suf-fered and died, Save one, save one.
giv - ing and kind, Save one, save one. Man ye the life-boat! launch
sor - row un - told, Save one, save one.

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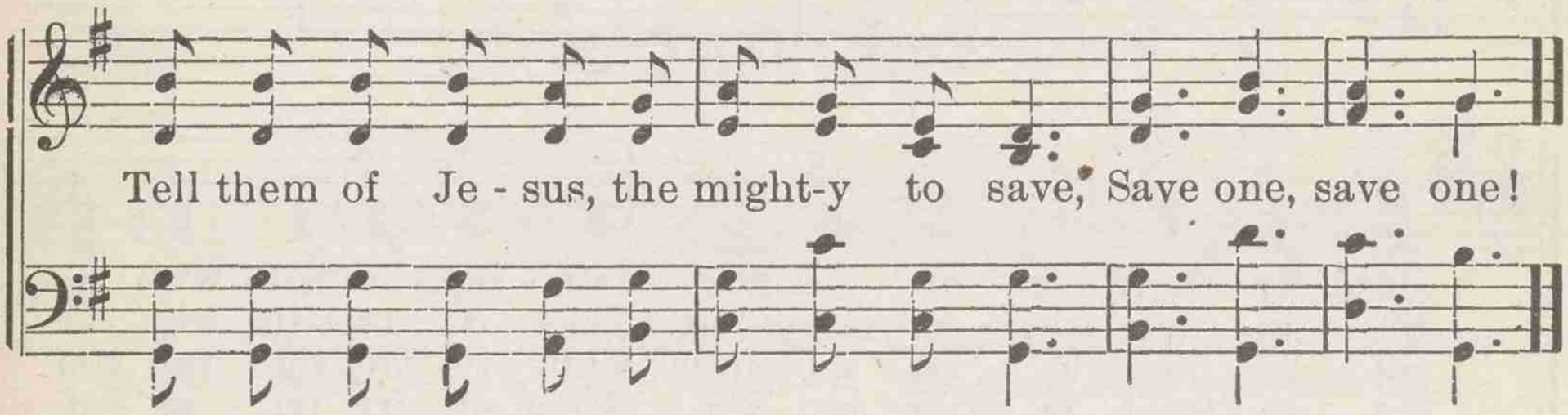
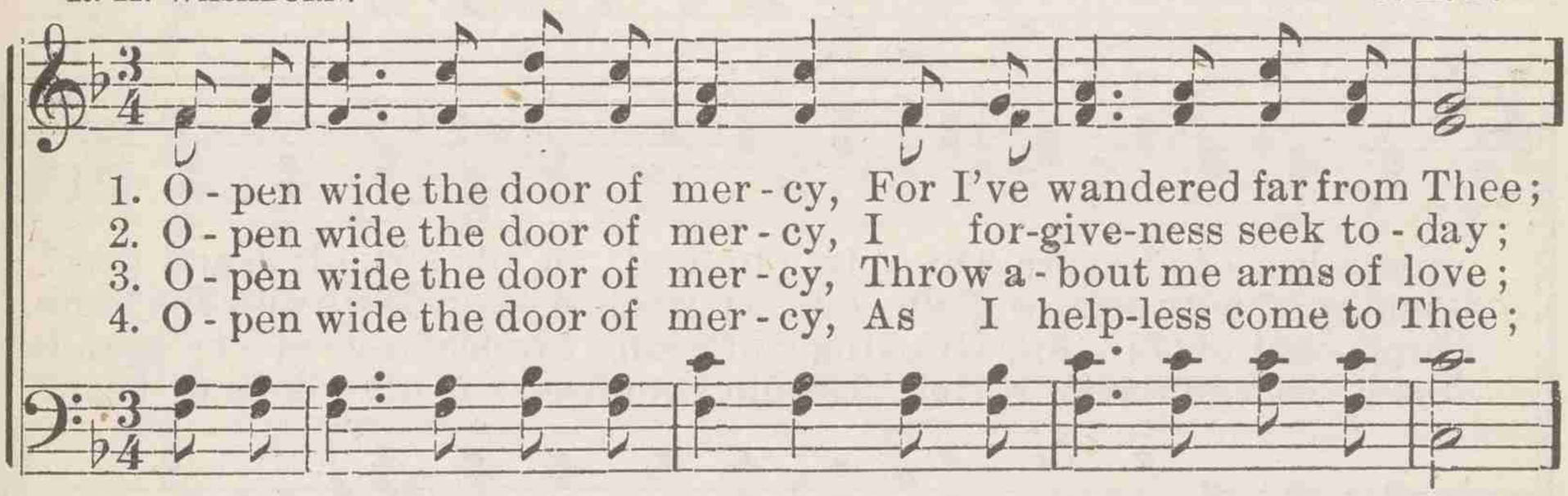
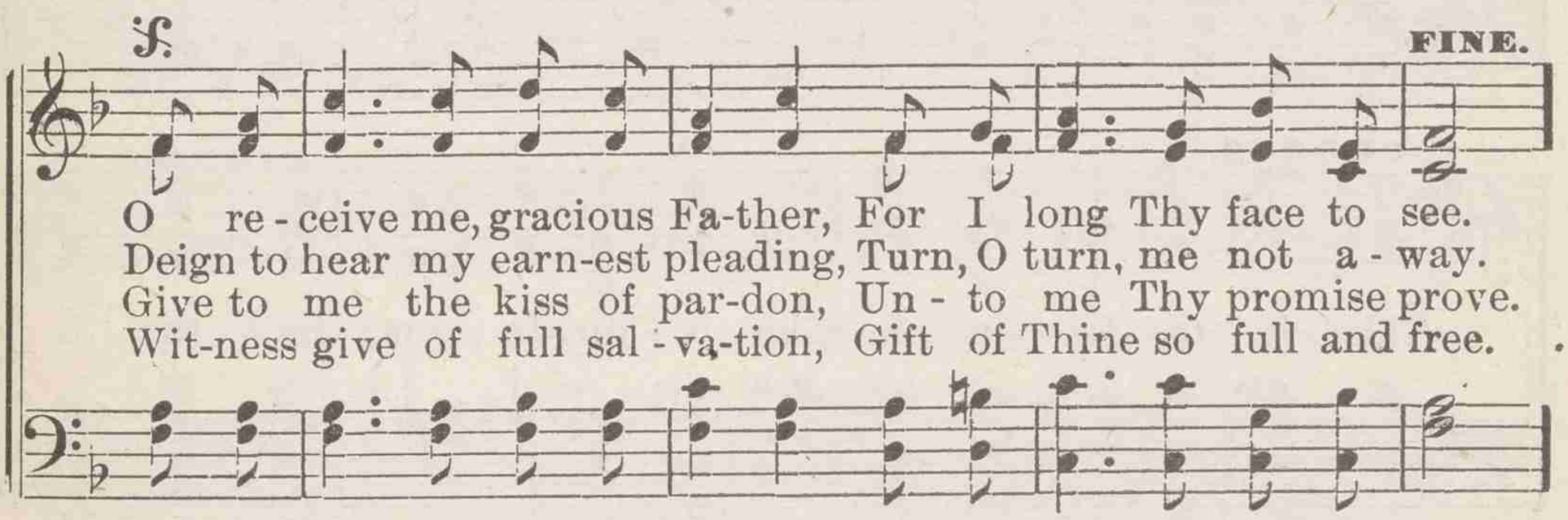
Save One.



264 The Door of Mercy.

R. H. WASHBURN. J. H. F.





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265 Jesus is Mighty to Save.

L. W. S. LANTA WILSON SMITH.

1. Is there a sin that is tempt-ing you sore - ly, Fol - low - ing close - ly where - ev - er you go? Lur - ing your soul with a prom-ise of pleasure, On - ly to end in de-struc-tion and woe?
2. Is there bereavement, af - flic - tion or sor - row, Shrouding your life in its pit - i - less gloom? Take it to Him, who ac-quaint-ed with sorrow, Felt ev - 'ry woe, e - ven death and the tomb.
3. Your faith is tried by the sins that surround you; God is for- got - ten and e - vil a-bounds; Vain - ly you sigh for the prais - es of Zi - on, Grieving while sin's careless rev - el - ry sounds.
4. Great are the bur-dens the whole world is bear-ing, Sor - row and sin - ning and temp - ta - tion and care; Bring ev - 'ry tri - al at once to the Saviour, Has He not promised our bur - dens to bear?

CHORUS.

Take it to Je - sus, oh, take it to Je - sus; Je - sus is might - y, and will - ing to save; Sor - row and sin - ning shall

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Jesus is Mighty to Save.

266 In That City.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.

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267 O Happy Was the Day.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. O that sea - son of de - light, O that bless - ed hour, When
2. Crimson was my soul with sin as I trembling stood, And
3. I will tell the sto - ry sweet of sal - va - tion free, I will

to my soul my Sav - iour came; When the bur-den great He took
heav - y was my heart with woe; But the might-y arm has saved,
sing a Sav-iour's wondrous love; I will serve the bless-ed Christ,

by His gra - cious pow'r, And freed me thro' His pre - cious name.
and the flow - ing blood Has made me whit - er than the snow.
Him who died for me, And praise Him with the hosts a - bove.

CHORUS.

O hap - py was the day, O hap - py was the day, When

Je - sus bore my load of guilt a - way, All my ma - ny sins for-giv'n,

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O Happy Was the Day.

What a rapture, what a heav'n, O hap-py, hap-py was the day.

268 The Triumph Song.

KATE ULMER. J. H. F.

1. I'm just a sin-ner saved by grace, That's all—but O how much;
2. In low-est depths of dark de-spair, A cap-tive bound I lay;
3. No right-eous-ness in me He found, Just sin and guilt and shame;
4. 'Tis not for time a-lone I'm saved, But for e-ter-ni-ty;

That I a child of death should be With Christ in liv-ing touch.
Till in His love He lift-ed me, From out the mire and clay.
Yet in His blood He washed me white, And called me by His name.
There, face to face, His name I'll praise, Who did so much for me.

CHORUS.

Redeemed and pardoned, cleansed and kept, I sing the triumph song;

A sin-ner saved by grace a-lone, I now to Christ be-long.

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269 Don't You Remember?

Words and music by D. C. TREMAINE.

Solo and Chorus.

1. Brother, don't you re-mem-ber the old, old home, In the days that are
2. Sis - ter, don't you re-mem-ber the vil-lage church, Where with mother you
3. O, don't you re-mem-ber the Man of grief, How He suf-fered on

gone so long a - go? And don't you re-mem-ber how at moth-er's knee,
worshipped mother's God? Then, sister, come to-night, and choose the path of right,
Cal - va - ry's tree? His blood He free-ly shed to wash a - way your sin,

You were warned to flee the path of woe? O, don't you re-mem-ber that
The nar - row way your moth-er trod. O, don't you re-mem-ber how
And to set your soul for - ev - er free. O, don't you re-mem-ber the

dear old home, And sigh that we ne'er can see it more? For the
moth - er said, Be faith - ful, o - be - di - ent and true; Then in
prom-ised home, In the cit - y where ma - ny mans-ions be? There'll be

moth-er so dear, ne'er can greet us here, But she beckons from the oth-er shore.
peace passed away to the realms of day, Where she watches and she waits for you?
joy in the presence of an-gels pure, Where a place is made secure for Thee.

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Don't You Remember?

CHORUS.

Remember those teachings so tender, Remember, and cease to roam.

Yes, the sto - ry of Je-sus that mother told In the dear old home.

270 Where and How.

MARY B. WINGATE. J. H. F.

1. Where and how will the soul find rest— Rest from its sor-row and
2. Where and how will the soul find peace—Peace in its tur-moil and
3. Where and how will the soul find love—Love that will ev - er en-

sin? Here and now on the Saviour's breast, Here it may en - ter
strife? Here and now may the con - flict cease, Here in the pres - ent
dure? Here and now from its source a - bove, Here from the fount so

in, It may en - ter in, It may en - ter in.
life, In the pres - ent life, In the pres - ent life.
pure, From the fount so pure, From the fount so pure.

Here it may en - ter in.
Here in the pres - ent life.
Here from the fount so pure.

4 Where, oh where, will the soul find truth,
Truth that is changeless for aye?
Here and now in immortal youth,
Here in the Living Way.

5 Where and how shall the soul find power,
Power in the service of God?
Here and now in the present hour,
Here in a Risen Lord.

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271 Sunshine and Rain.

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

1. Had we on - ly sunshine all the year a-round, With-out the blessing of refresh-ing rain (refreshing rain), Would we scatter seed up-on the fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the bur - den of our sin (who bore our sin), Would we know the sweetness of His love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
3. Can we prize the sunshine and de - plore the rain, Re - pin-ing when the days are dark and drear? (are dark and drear?) Can we hope for pleasures yet de- ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

Would we scat - ter seed

CHORUS.

{ Sun-shine and rain, re - freshing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and
{ Sun-shine and rain, to nur-ture the grow-ing grain, Send us, Lord, the

love, Show - ers from a - bove! sun - shine and the rain.

Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

272 I Know That His Promise Is Sure.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know not the way that my Saviour may lead, How strongly the
2. I know not what comrades my Saviour may send, What fellowships
3. I know not how soon He may whisper my name, How long He may

world may al - lure; I know not the mor-row of gladness or need,
faith - ful and pure; But He will be faith-ful as Comrade and Friend,
bid me en - dure; But long-er or short-er, the way is the same,

CHORUS.

But I know that His promise is sure.
For I know that His promise is sure. I know that His promise is
Since I know that His promise is sure.

sure, is sure, I know that His promise is sure, I know my dear
is sure,

Lord, and I trust His Word, For I know that His promise is sure.

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273 Pull Away to the Canaan Shore.

Words and music by D. C. TREMAINE.

SOLO.

1. A ves-sel was speeding with sails all set, The morn-ing was clear and bright,
2. A soul sore-ly tempted to paths of sin Was striv-ing to stem the tide,
3. So when tempted and toss'd on the tide of life, You feel you must sure-ly fail,

The eye of a sail-or a storm-cloud met, The har - bor was just in sight;
The temp-ter had battled for many a day, Was constantly at his side;
The Mas-ter will strengthen you for the strife, Thro' Him you can face the gale;

When the storm in wild fury the frail bark toss'd, And threatened a wa-ter-y grave,
He sure - ly was yielding, the brink was near, The billows would soon o'er him roll,
Don't wa-ver, don't fal-ter, but trust in Him, He's a - ble and will-ing to save,

But above the wind's roar came a voice from shore, Far over the tow'ring wave.
When the voice of the Spirit so sweet and clear, Gave hope to his fainting soul.
And the voice of the Mas-ter says, "Peace be still," And calms the tempestuous wave.

CHORUS.

Pull a-way, pull a-way in the strength of God, Pull away from the breakers' roar.

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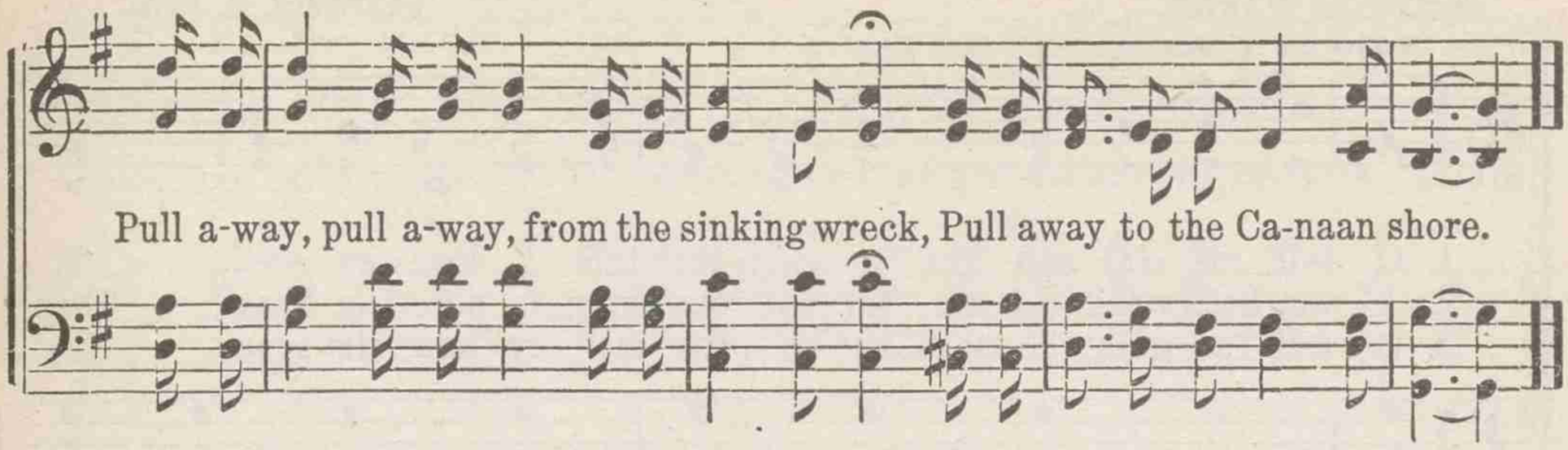
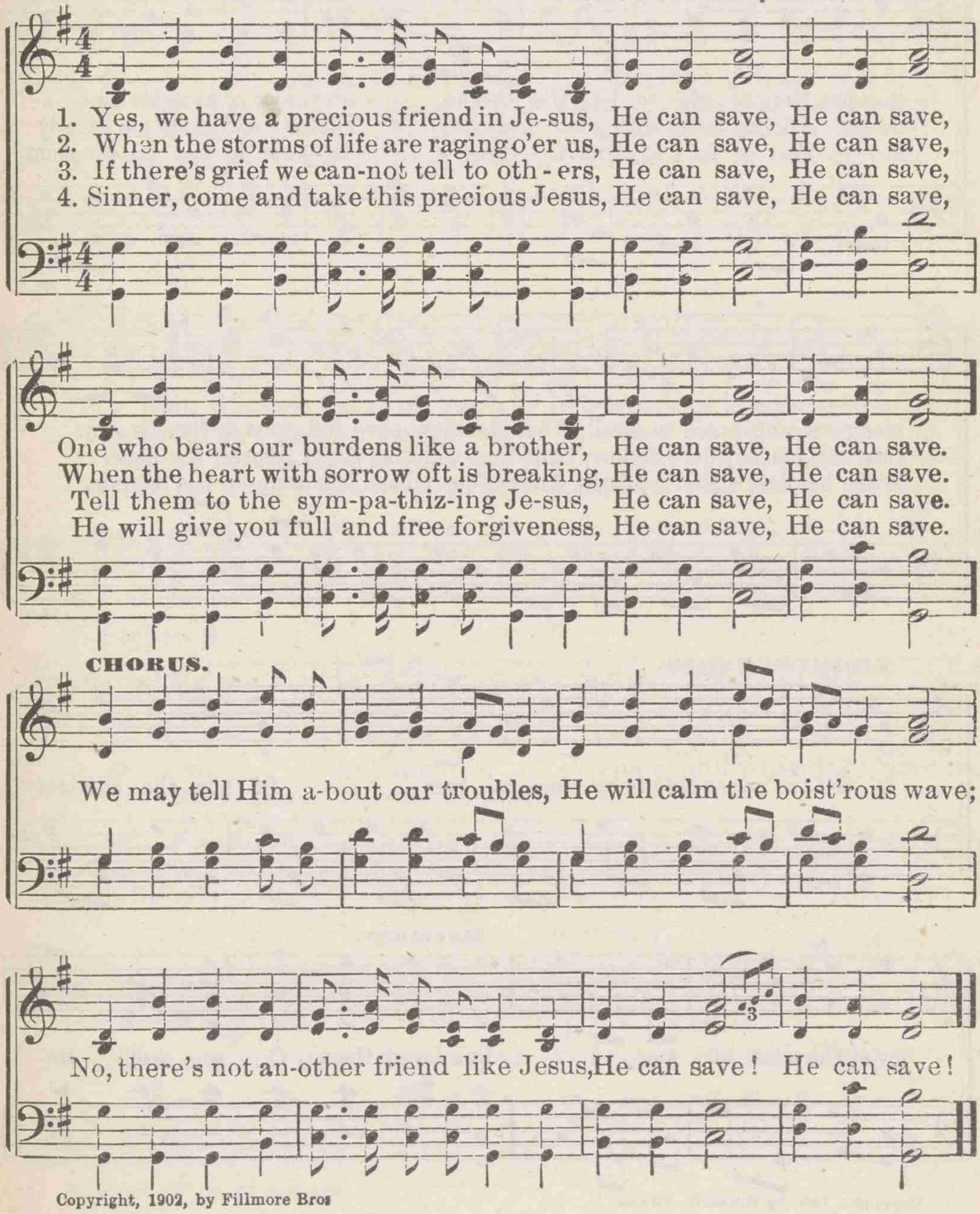
Pull Away to the Canaan Shore.



274 Yes, We Have a Friend in Jesus.

Words and music by W. C. HAFLEY.



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275. O Tell the Sweet Old Story.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Solo or Unison. Not too fast.

1. O tell me o'er and o'er a - gain the tale I love so well, Of how the King of glo - ry left His throne, And came a hum-ble man a-
2. I am both weak and sin - ful but one thing I sure - ly know, That Je - sus fills my heart with grace and love, That He will guide me safe-ly
3. O tell a - gain the sto - ry of His mer - cy and His grace, The sto - ry that is told of Him a - lone; Of how He died in tor-ment,

mong our sinful race to dwell, That He might save and claim us for His own.
thro' my journey here be-low, And then will take me to Himself a - bove.
in the helpless sinner's place, And conquered and is now up-on His throne.

CHORUS. Unison.

O tell the sweet old sto-ry once a - gain, Of how the Sav-iour loved the sons of men,.... He loved them, O so well, He

Harmony.

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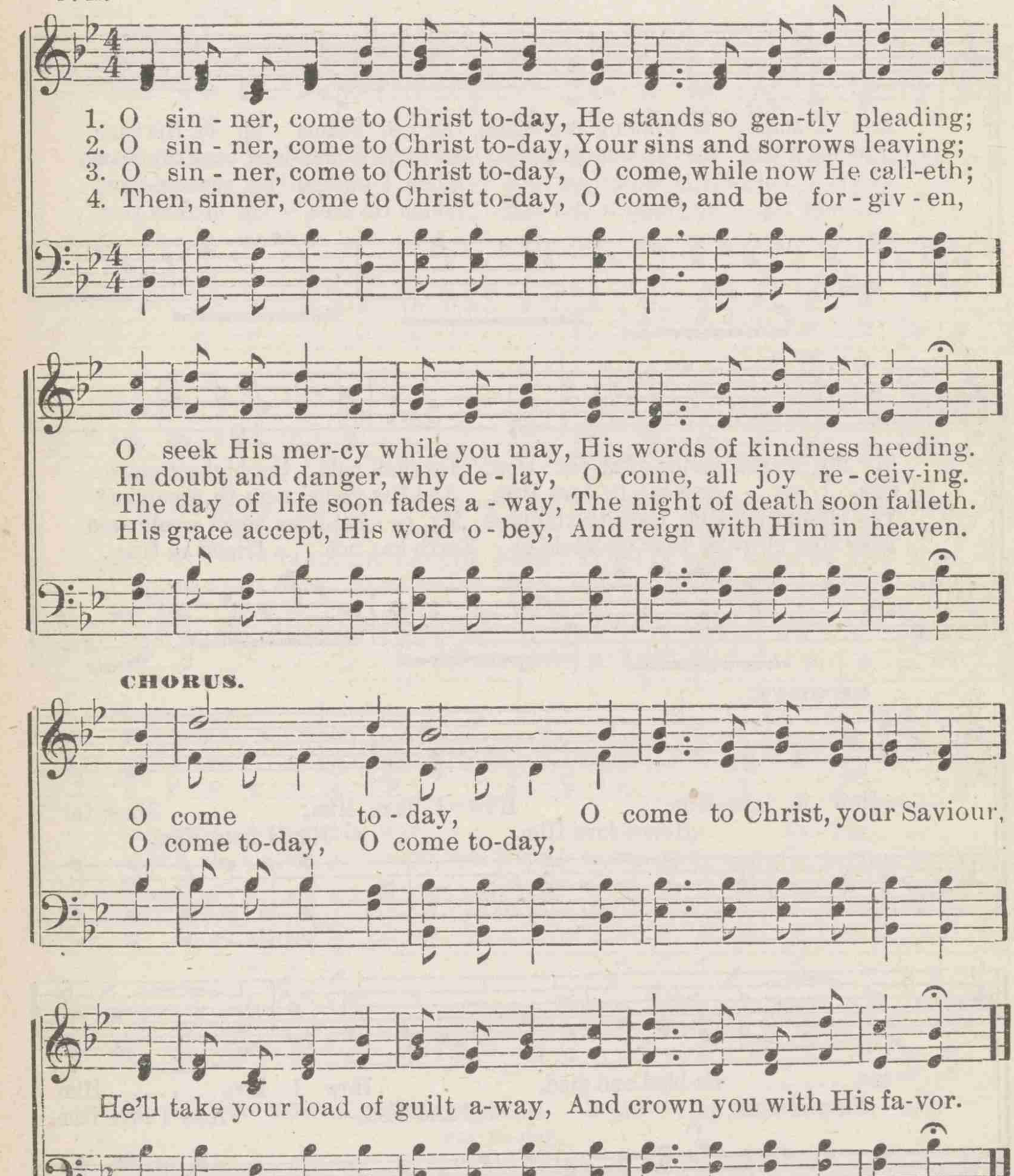
O Tell the Sweet Old Story.

276 Come to Christ To-day.

P. H. J. H. F.



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277 My Saviour.

Words and music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

May be sung as a Solo or Duet.

1. I've a Sav - iour, kind and tender, I've a Sav - iour full of grace,
2. For my sake He came from heaven To this world of sin and shame;
3. Tho' I've oft - en been un-worth-y, He has con-stant been, and true;
4. I've a Sav - iour, kind and tender, He would be your Saviour, too;

And a smile of winning sweetness, Ev - er beams up - on His face.
Bore my guilt, tho' He was guiltless, And tho' blame-less, took my blame.
Tho' I wronged Him, He forgave me When I would my vows re-new;
Will you not ac-cept the par-don Which He free - ly of-fers you?

In my heart's shrine of af-fec - tion, He shall hold the highest place.
Can I ev - er cease to love Him, And His good - ness to proclaim?
Tho' I spurned Him, He with kindness My re - bel-lious heart would woo.
Take Him now as your Re-deem-er, Earth has not a friend so true.

CHORUS.

How I love Him, How I love Him; Since for
How I love Him, How I love Him,
me,..... He bled and died, How I love..... Him
Since for me He bled and died, How I love Him,

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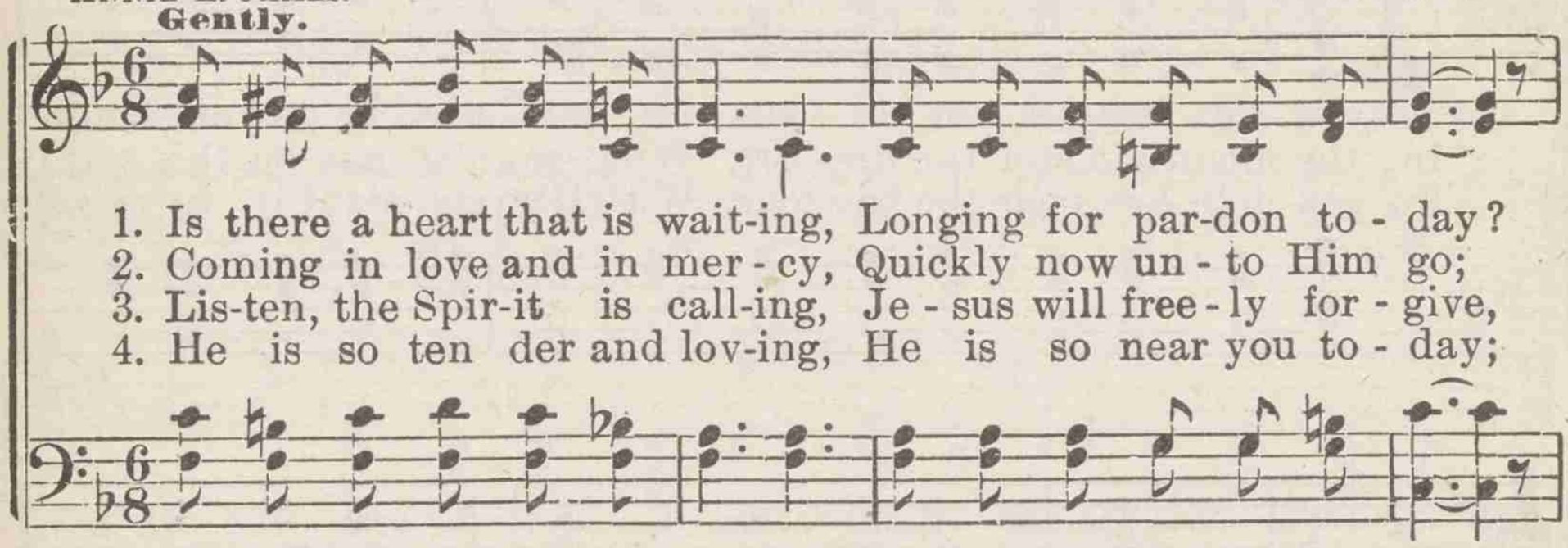
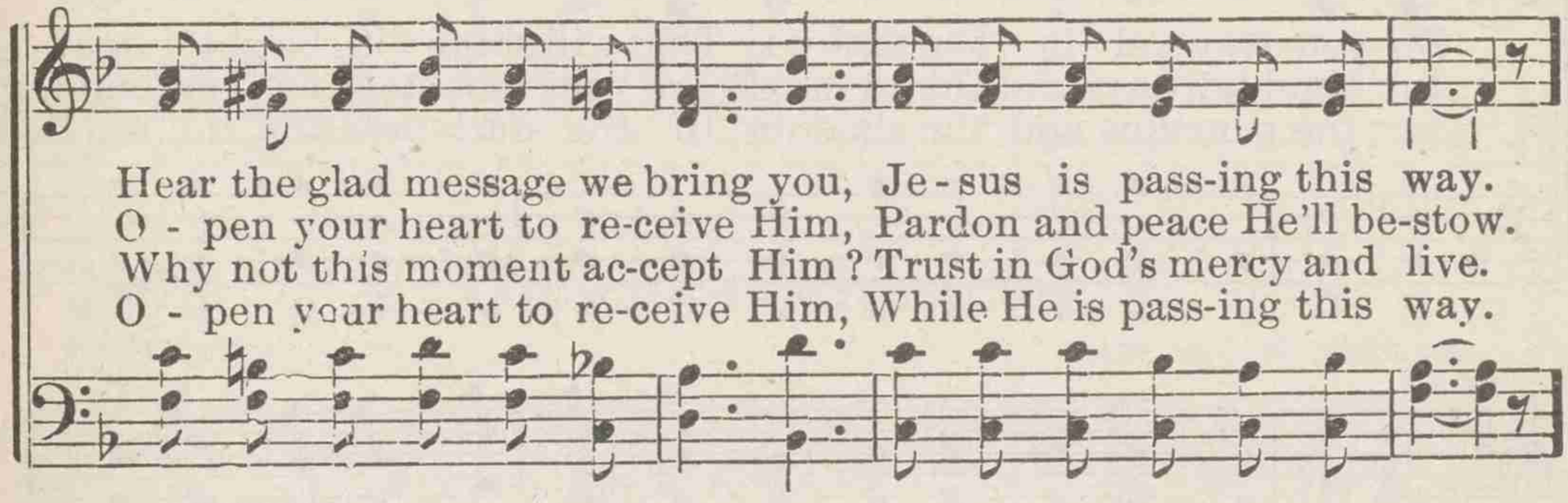
My Saviour.

278 Jesus is Passing this Way.

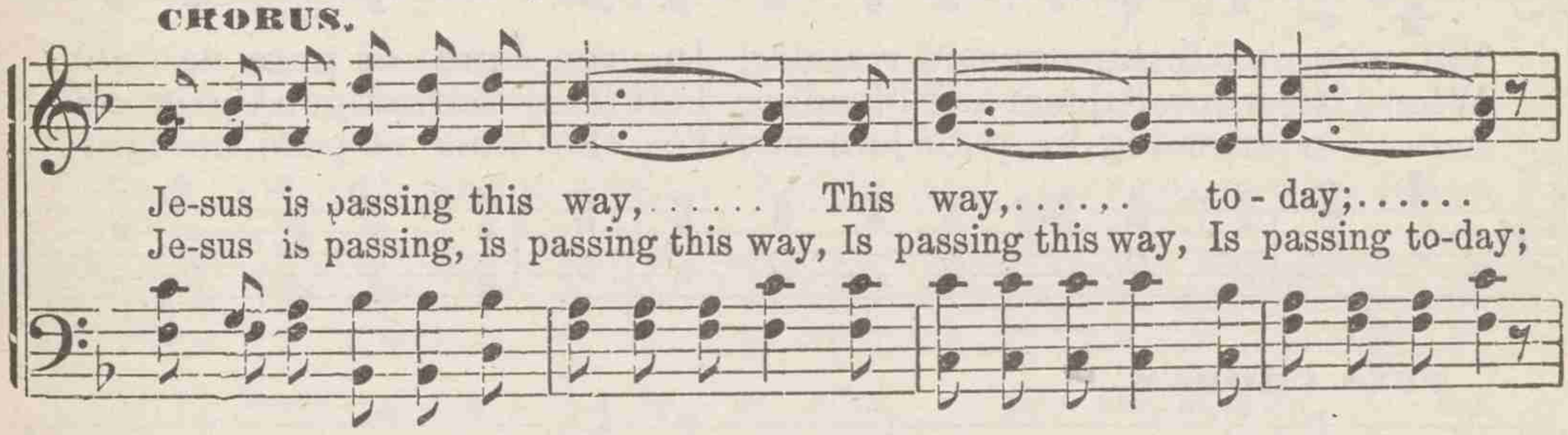
ANNIE L. JAMES. W. H. DOANE.

Gently.





CHORUS.



Rit.

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279 Walking in His Footsteps.

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

1. Are you walk-ing in His foot-steps, Are you al-ways do-ing good,
2. Are you walk-ing in His foot-steps, Do you ev-er seek the lost
3. Are you walk-ing in His foot-steps, As He bids you dai-ly do,

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

Do you trav-el in the path way That will shine with brighter light,
In the highways and the by-ways, Are your foot-steps ev-er found,
In the sunshine and the shad-ow, In the dark-ness and the light,

Till you reach the mansion yon-der, In the land of pure de-light?
Where His wounded feet and bleeding, Left their marks upon the ground?
Are you press-ing in your jour-ney To the land of pure de-light?

FULL CHORUS.

Are you walk - - ing in His foot - steps?
Are you walk-ing in His footsteps? Are you walking in His footsteps?

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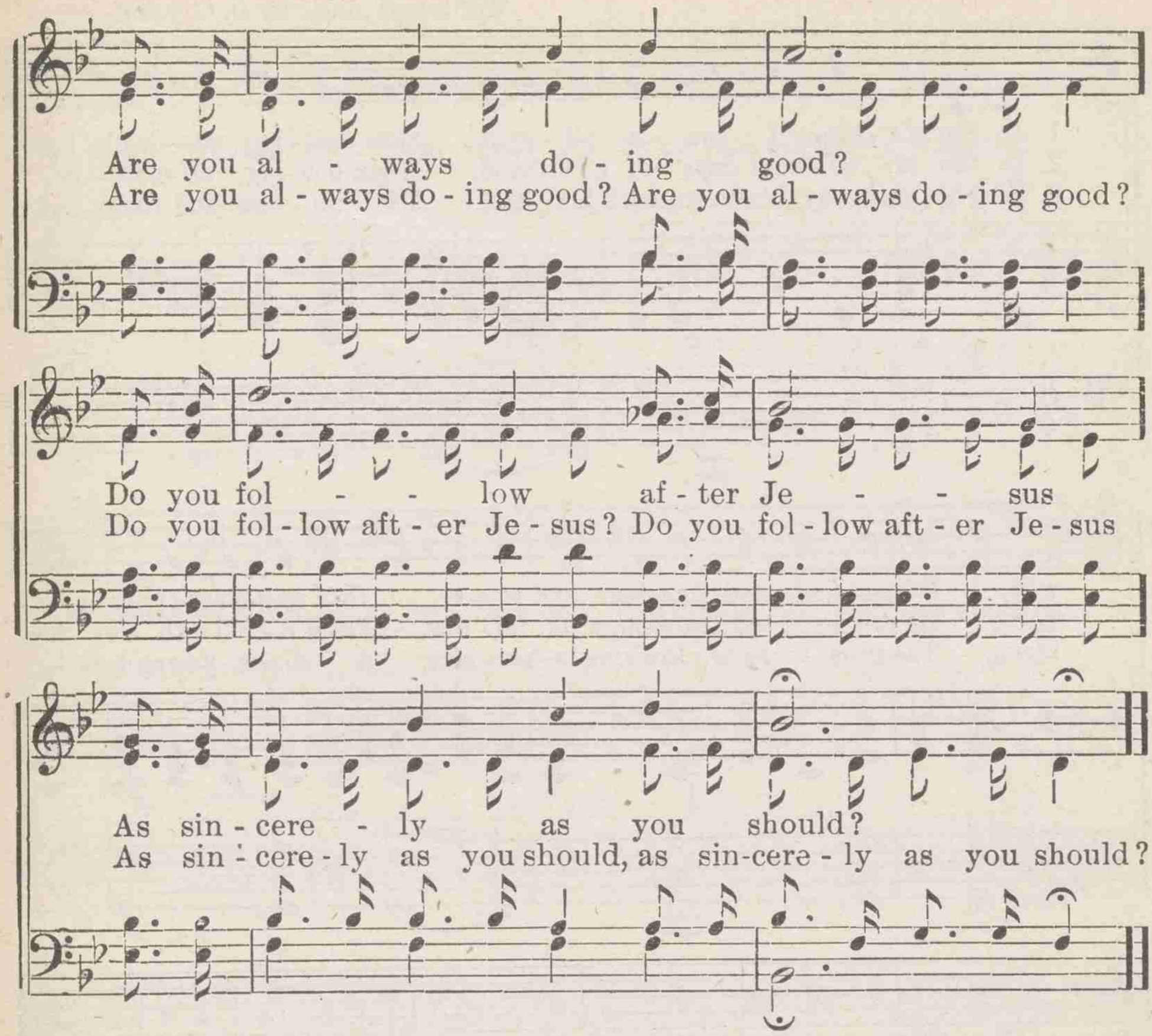
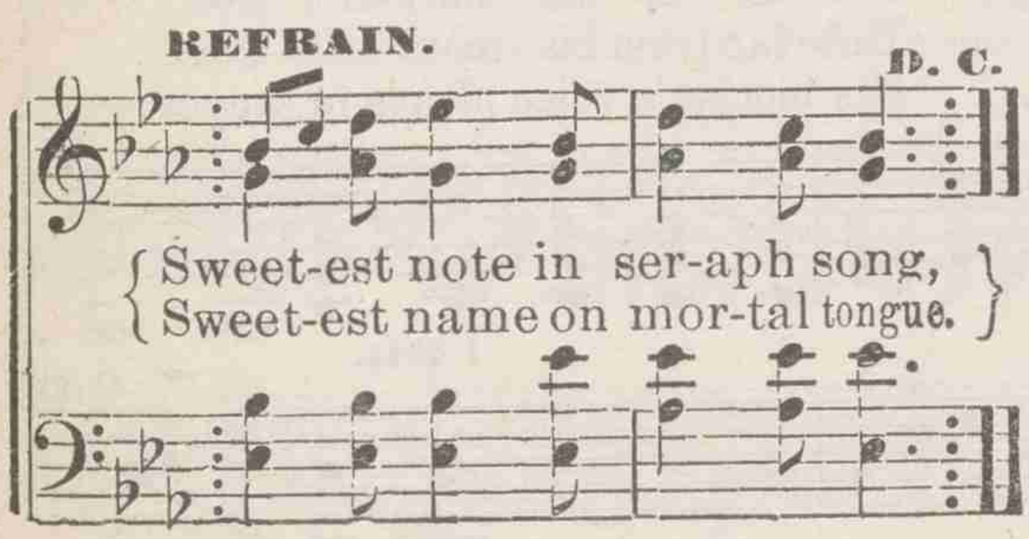
Walking in His Footsteps?



280 The Great Physician.

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



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

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

281 Mother's Voice.

Words and music by D. C. TREMAINE.

1. In the dis - tance I see a pil - grim, Slow toil - ing up life's hard
2. In the in - no - cent days of child-hood, When bow-ing at moth - er's
3. See! his path-way is strewn with bri - ars, 'Tis nar - row and rough and

way, De-ject - ed and foot-sore and wea-ry, He's wandered for ma-ny a
knee, He promised her teach-ings to fol - low, From e - vil to e'er be
steep, The great rocks are tow'ring a-bove him, A chasm yawns dark be-

day; 'Tis long since he left the pathway, His dear old moth-er trod,
free; But leav-ing the path so nar-row, He took the way so broad,
neath; And see! e - ven now he's slid-ing, Will no one save him there?

For-got - ten his mother's teachings, For-sak - en his moth-er's God.
He's far from the fold of safe-ty, He's far from his moth-er's God.
Yes, hark! there's a soft sweet ech-o, His mother's voice pleads in prayer:—

Rit. D. C.

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Mother's Voice.

4. I pray Thee, dear Lord, in heav - en, Watch Thou o'er his wayward feet, O

seek him where-ev-er he wan-ders, And lead to the path-way straight; Pro-

tect him from ev - 'ry e - vil, For - give, O God, his sin, Re-

Slower.

deem him for Thy kingdom, Thro' Je-sus Christ, Thy Son.— A - men, A - men.

283 Would You Know?

Words and music by B. W. HAMLIN.

1. Would you know why I love my Sav-iour? Shall I the old, old sto - ry re-peat? Would you know all the joy that it gives me,
2. Would you know of the great redemp-tion He free - ly gives to all who believe? Would you share in the joy of sal - va - tion,
3. Come, then, come to this Friend and Sav-iour, Ask for His grace, His peace and His rest; Join the songs of the saved and the ransomed,

While I kneel at His bless-ed feet?
And His par-don and grace receive?
Thou shalt know and be ful-ly blest.

CHORUS.

He died to make us free; Died on the cross for you and for me, He died for you— for me.

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284 I Bring My Sins to Thee.

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL. HERMAN ZIMBLER.

SOLO. Ad lib.

1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can not count,
2. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I can not tell;
3. My joys to Thee I bring, The joys Thy love has given,
4. My life I bring to Thee; I would not be my own:

That all may cleans-ed be In Thy once - o - pened fount—
No words shall need - ed be, Thou know-est all so well—
That each may be a wing To lift me near - er heav'n—
O Sav - iour let me be Thine ev - er, Thine a - lone—

SOLO or QUARTET.

I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee; The burden is too great for me.
I bring the sor - row laid on me, O suff'ring Sav-iour, all to Thee.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee, Who hast procured them all for me.
My heart, my life, my all I bring To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

Accel. Cres. **Rit. e dim.**

I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee; The burden is too great for me.
I bring the sor - row laid on me, O suff'ring Sav-iour, all to Thee.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee, Who hast procured them all for me.
My heart, my life, my all I bring To Thee, my Sav-iour and my King.

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285 Hark, There's Someone Knocking!

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. T. H. ERVIN.

1. Hark! there's Someone knocking At thy heart to-day! O haste in joy to greet Him, Turn Him not a-way. 'Tis the Sav-iour seek-ing For an en-trance there, A-rise, fling wide thy heart's door To this Stran-ger fair!
2. O how oft has Je-sus Wait-ed there be-fore! Then lin-ger now no lon-ger, O-pen wide the door. Joy and peace He'll bring thee For thy doubt and sin, A-rise, make haste to an-swer: "Je-sus, en-ter in."
3. Time is pass-ing on-ward, Soul, no lon-ger wait; O bid the Sav-iour en-ter, Ere it be too late. All to Him sur-ren-der, O in glad-ness say: "My Sav-iour, I en-throne Thee, In my heart to-day."

CHORUS.

O haste, a-rise, and let the Sav-iour in..... This hour He'll cleanse thy heart from sin..... Thy doubts will cease, He'll
Let the Saviour in, A-rise, and let the Sav-iour in, He this hour will cleanse, will cleanse thy heart, thy heart from sin, all Thy doubts will

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Hark, There's Someone Knocking!

bring sweet peace..... A-rise, and let the Sav-iour in.
cease, He'll bring sweet peace, He'll bring sweet peace,

286 Tell His Power to Save.

E. R. LATTA. J. M. HAGAN.

1. We have tak-en up the cross (blessed cross), We will tell His pow'r to save;
2. We, by faith, will fol-low on (fol-low on), We will tell His pow'r to save;
3. In the calm or tempest loud (tempest loud), We will tell His pow'r to save;
4. If our path-way rugged seem (rugged seem), We will tell His pow'r to save;

We will mag-ni-fy His cause (glorious cause), We will tell His pow'r to save.
Where His bless-ed feet have gone (feet have gone), We will tell His pow'r to save.
Thro' the mer-its of His blood (of His blood), We will tell His pow'r to save.
We will clos-er keep to Him (keep to Him), We will tell His pow'r to save.

CHORUS.

Mighty pow'r wond'rous pow'r! We will tell His pow'r to save,
His mighty pow'r, His wond'rous pow'r! His pow'r to save.

Might-y pow'r! wond'rous pow'r! We will tell His pow'r to save.
His mighty pow'r! His wond'rous pow'r!

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287 Sunshine Will Melt Away the Shadows.

E. A. BRININSTOOL, in "Christian Endeavor World." J. H. F.

1. In spite of gloomy darkness keep a - fac - ing toward the light,
2. In spite of ev - 'ry sor-row let your troubled spir - it fly
3. In the beau-ty and the brightness of the bet - ter spir - it - land,
4. Yes, the gold-en light is breaking and will ush - er in the day

Keep a - look-ing for the sunshine, tho' it's hid-den from your sight,
To the sun that's always shining up a - bove the cloud - ed sky;
Where with loved ones we will gather on the shin-ing, sil - ver strand,
Of a bright, im-mor-tal morn-ing that is com - ing here to stay.

At the dawning of a morning that is beau-ti - ful and bright The
There's a brighter morn a-coming, yes, it's com-ing by and by,— The
Ev'ry doubt and fear will vanish; then, yes, then we'll understand, The
Keep a - fac-ing toward the sunshine, and the mists will roll away, The

REFRAIN.

sunshine will melt a-way the shadows. Sun - shine, soft and gentle
Sunshine, sunshine, soft and gentle
from a - bove, Sun - shine tok - en of the Fa-ther's love,
from a - bove, Sun - shine, sun - shine, tok - en of the Fa-ther's love,

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Sunshine Will Melt Away the Shadows.

288 Sunshine Fills the Heart with Song.

E. E. HEWITT. J. M. HAGAN.

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289 Have You Thought of the Future?

Words and music by D. C. TREMAINE.

Solo and Chorus.

1. O, this world is ver - y full of bright il - lu-sions, They are
2. Now I know that you are mor-al in your liv - ing, "More so
3. 'Tis a question that requires a so - ber an - swer, Giv - en

leading men in dan-ger ev -'ry day, Do not set your heart up-
than the men around you," so you say, But to Je - sus you must
as the Saviour's "come" extends to thee; 'Tis a question which con-

on the things that perish—In your haste to gather wealth, my brother, stay.
give your final an-swer, Then, O tell me, are you read-y for that day?
cerns your soul forever, And your answer must decide e-ter-ni - ty:

Have you tho't of the fu-ture, O my brother, What the grave has in

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Have You Thought of the Future?

keeping for you? Don't you think it would be saf - er, O my

broth - er, To do what the lov - ing Mas - ter bids you do?

290 Rock of Ages.

DEBBIE HINK. J. H. F.

1. Rock of A - ges! O how sweet, Rest-ing-place for wea - ry feet;
2. Rock of A - ges! troubles roll, Sweeping o'er my storm-tossed soul;
3. Rock of A - ges! blessings sweet Come to me when at Thy feet;

Tir - ed, faint and sore oppressed, In Thy shad-ow let me rest.
Sav - iour, clos - er to Thy side I would come and there a - bide.
I from Thee would nev-er stray, Draw me clos - er ev - 'ry day.

D.S. *Rock of A - ges! Saviour, Friend, Let Thy grace my ways at - tend.*

CHORUS.

Near to Thee, Sav - iour dear, I would live without a fear;

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291 Let the Light Shine Out.

KATE ULMER. J. H. FILLMORE.

Solo or Duet.

1. O the world is full of sor-row, full of sin and dark despair,
2. Ma - ny souls are dai - ly dy-ing, knowing naught of God or heav'n,
3. O the light was nev - er giv - en to be hid-den in the heart,
4. If the lights that now are hidden, and the ma-ny faint and dim,

There are hearts bowed down in anguish, crushed 'neath burdens hard to bear,
They have never heard how Jesus died that they might be for-giv-en,
But that to the world a-round us of its cheer we might im-part,
All shone clear and true for Je-sus, how the world would flock to Him;

And they need the bless-ed Gos-pel, and the light of life di-vine,
Just one ray of light may save some, working out God's blest design,
Hear the Master's words so blessed, ring-ing out in notes di-vine,
How the glow would drive the darkness from sad hearts that now repine,

All voices. **Echo.**

If you have the light with - in you, let it shine, let it shine.
Let us heed the great command and let it shine, let it shine.
If to God you would bring glo-ry, let it shine, let it shine.
If the lights that He has kindled, all would shine, all would shine.

CHORUS.

Let the light shine out, let it shine, (let it shine,) Let the light shine

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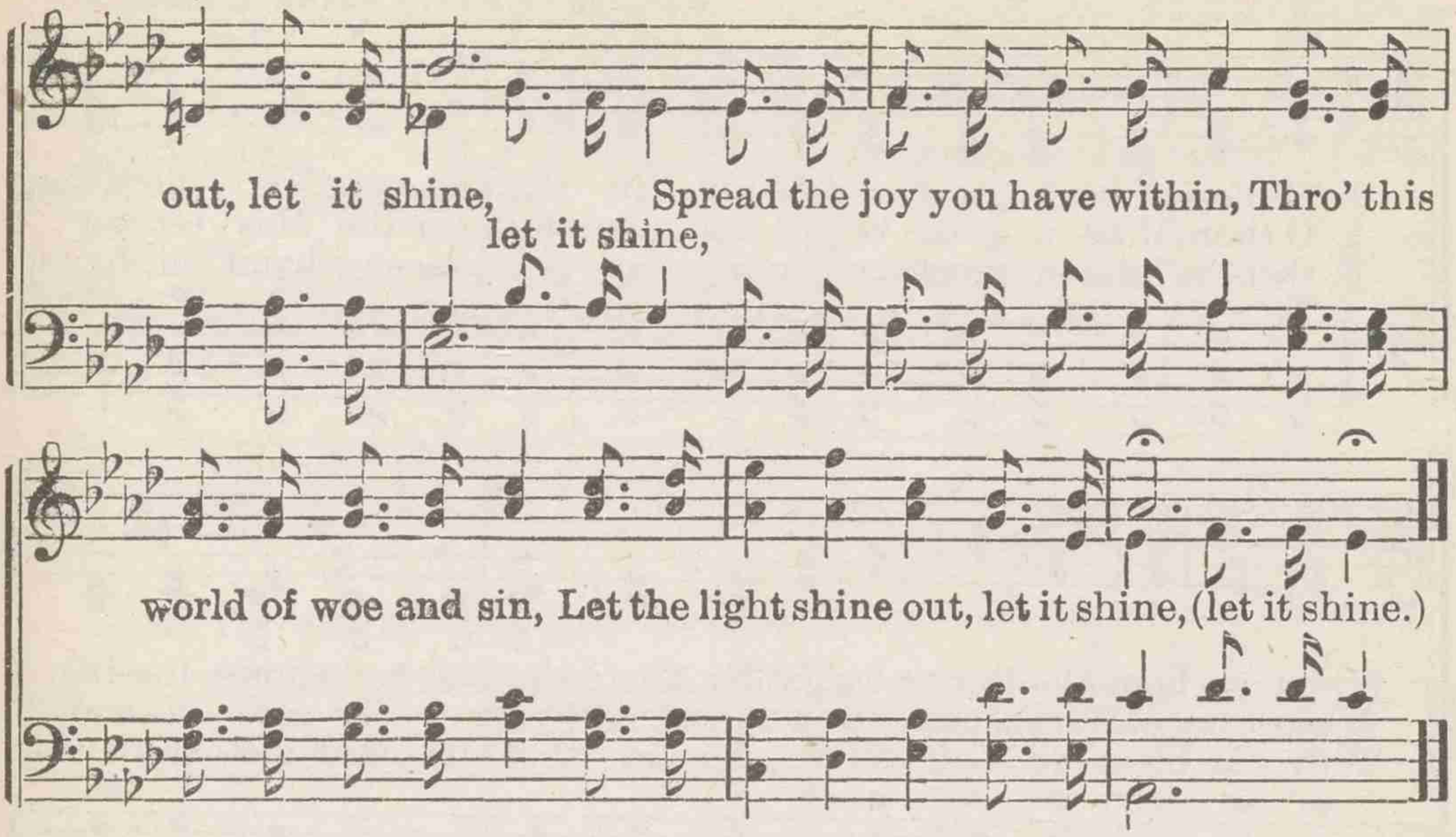
Let the Light Shine Out.



292 Nearer Home.

Words and Music by FRANK A. SIMPKINS.

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293 There'll Be Great Rejoicing.

Words and music by FRANK A. SIMPKINS.

1. O there'll be a great re-joic-ing in the pres-ence of the King,
2. O there'll be a great re-joic-ing when we hear the Mas-ter say:
3. O there'll be a great re-joic-ing as we jour-ney hand in hand,

When a-bout the throne we gather, there the Mas-ter's praise to sing.
"Come, my children, cease from toiling, cast your ev-'ry care a-way."
With our bless-ed Lord and Mas-ter in that dis-tant glo-ry-land.

O there'll be a grand re-un-ion, for the sleep-ing ones shall rise,
O we'll sing the songs of Zi-on, prais-ing Him for-ev-er-more,
O we'll bask in brightest sunshine feast-ing on our Sav-iour's love,

And we'll gath-er at the por-tals of our home beyond the skies.
With the ransomed ones in glo-ry on the shin-ing glo-ry-shore.
Shouting glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah in our Fa-ther's home a-bove.

CHORUS.

And we'll shout,.... a glad ho-san na, For we're marching to our home so we'll shout,

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There'll Be Great Rejoicing.

bright and fair, And we'll walk and talk with angels, knowing naught of pain or
bright and fair,

care, For with Je - sus Christ our Sav-iour, we will dwell for-ev - er there.

294 Only Thee.

IDA L. REED. J. H. F.

1. In Thy righteousness, dear Saviour, Oh and upward lead Thou me,
2. Make Thy pathway straight before me, Let me fol-low near Thy side;
3. Let me fol-low Thee, dear Saviour, In Thy mer-cy full and free.

f. FINE.

In Thy pa-tient, lov - ing kindness, Let me fol - low on - ly Thee.
When the clouds hang darkly o'er me, All my faltering footsteps guide.
And, at last, O let me en - ter In - to heaven's bliss with Thee.

D. S. *Guide me, guard me, hold me, Sav-iour, Let me fol - low on - ly Thee.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

On - ly Thee, on - ly Thee, Let me fol - low on - ly Thee;

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295 Think of What Mother Has Said.

LUELLA D. STILLMAN. J. H. F.

1. You are go - ing to leave the old home, my boy, You are wait-ing to kiss us good-bye; But remember there's no one in all this great world, Who will
2. You are standing just now where the roads branch out, And o'er which one, my boy, will you go? There is one leads a-bove to the bless-ed be-yond, But the
3. You are go - ing to leave the old home, my boy, You are wait-ing to kiss us good-bye; Who will read for us now the old chapters so sweet, When the

love you like fa - ther and I:.... Two paths are now o - pen be - fore you, my
oth - er to re - gions of woe... The one at the right hand looks rugged and
still hour of eve-ning draws nigh? But I'll be content if you'll shun the broad

boy, 'Tis for you to choose which one you'll tread, But if ev - er you're
steep, And the one at the left, broad and fair,... Tho' with pleasures and
road, And in years to come when I am dead,... You can look back o'er

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Think of What Mother Has Said.

tempted to take the wrong road, Just think of what mother has said.
blossoms 'tis strewn all a - long, Its per-fume is dead-ly— be-ware!
life with no cause for re - gret, If you heed what your mother has said.

CHORUS.

Just think of what mother has said, my boy, Just think of what mother has said;

When out on the sea you are drifting from me, O think of what mother has said.

Rit.

296 O Gentle Saviour.

T. R. BIRKS. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. O gen - tle Sav - iour, from Thy throne on high
2. Go where we go, a - bide where we a - bide,
3. O lead us dai - ly with Thine eye of love,

Look down in love, and hear our hum - ble cry.
In life, in death, our com - fort, strength and guide.
And bring us safe - ly to our home a - bove.

297 Wait on the Lord.

W. H. BELLAMY. F. E. BELDEN.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sor-row, toil nor care; Yes!
2. If in thy path some thorns are found, O think who bore them on His brow; If
3. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r for-got; The

'tis a bright and bless-ed home; O who would not be resting there (resting there)?
grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou (Je-sus' brow).
day of rest will dawn for thee! Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not (murmur not).

REFRAIN.

Wait ..... up - on the Lord (up-on the Lord), He ..... shall re-
Wait upon the Lord, wait upon the Lord, He shall renew thy strength,

new thy strength; ..... Lean ..... up - on His
He shall re - new thy strength; Lean up - on His word,

word; ..... He will an - swer thee at length .....
lean up - on His word; (wait on the Lord).

Music copyright, 1899, by F. E. Belden.

298 Far Away From the Fold.

GRANVILLE JONES. E. M. DOUTHIT.

1. O dark is the night and bleak winds howl, O keen is the cold and wild beasts prowl; On rug - ged mountain in wa - ters deep, O where to-
2. Our hearts are so sad, the sheep are gone, Tho' far, far a - way, they're still our own; Thro' wa - ters chil - ly, thro' dark-ness black, We pray Thee,
3. O safe is the shelter and warm the fold, Then why still re - main in darkness and cold; The Shepherd loves you with ten - der care, Then lin - ger
4. The an-gels are striking their harps of gold, To wel-come the wan - d'rer to the fold; O hear it ring - ing the glad re - frain, "The sin-ner is

CHORUS.

night are the wand'ring sheep?
Lord, bring the lost sheep back. Far a - way from the fold, in the storm and the
not on the mountains bare.
safe in the fold a - gain."

cold; Our hearts are sad and we can - not sleep, Far a - way from the

fold, in the storm and the cold, Lord help us to bring back the wand'ring sheep.

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299 At the Beautiful Gate.

Theme of words and music suggested by L. R. MINOR.

1. At the beautiful gate, some day, In garments all stained with sin;
2. At the beautiful gate, some day, All dripping with guilt and blood;
3. At the beautiful gate, some day, When summers and harvests are past;
4. At the beautiful gate, some day, In garments made whiter than snow;

Someone will knock, but knock in vain, For the white-robed alone can come
Someone will knock and seek to gain A place with the ho - ly and
Someone will knock and call a - loud: "O may I not en - ter at
Someone will knock, while angels sing, And in - to the cit - y will

in. Will it be you or me that shall stand there and knock, In our
good. Will it be you or me that shall stand there and knock, While the
last?" Will it be you or me that shall stand there and knock, All a-
go. Will it be you or me that shall stand there and knock, While the

sin, on that last, dreadful day? And the words of the Mas - ter to
thunders of judgment shall roll, And the bil-lows of wrath from the
lone at that beau - ti - ful gate, And hear but the ech - o of
great song of welcome sounds free, And will we go in with the

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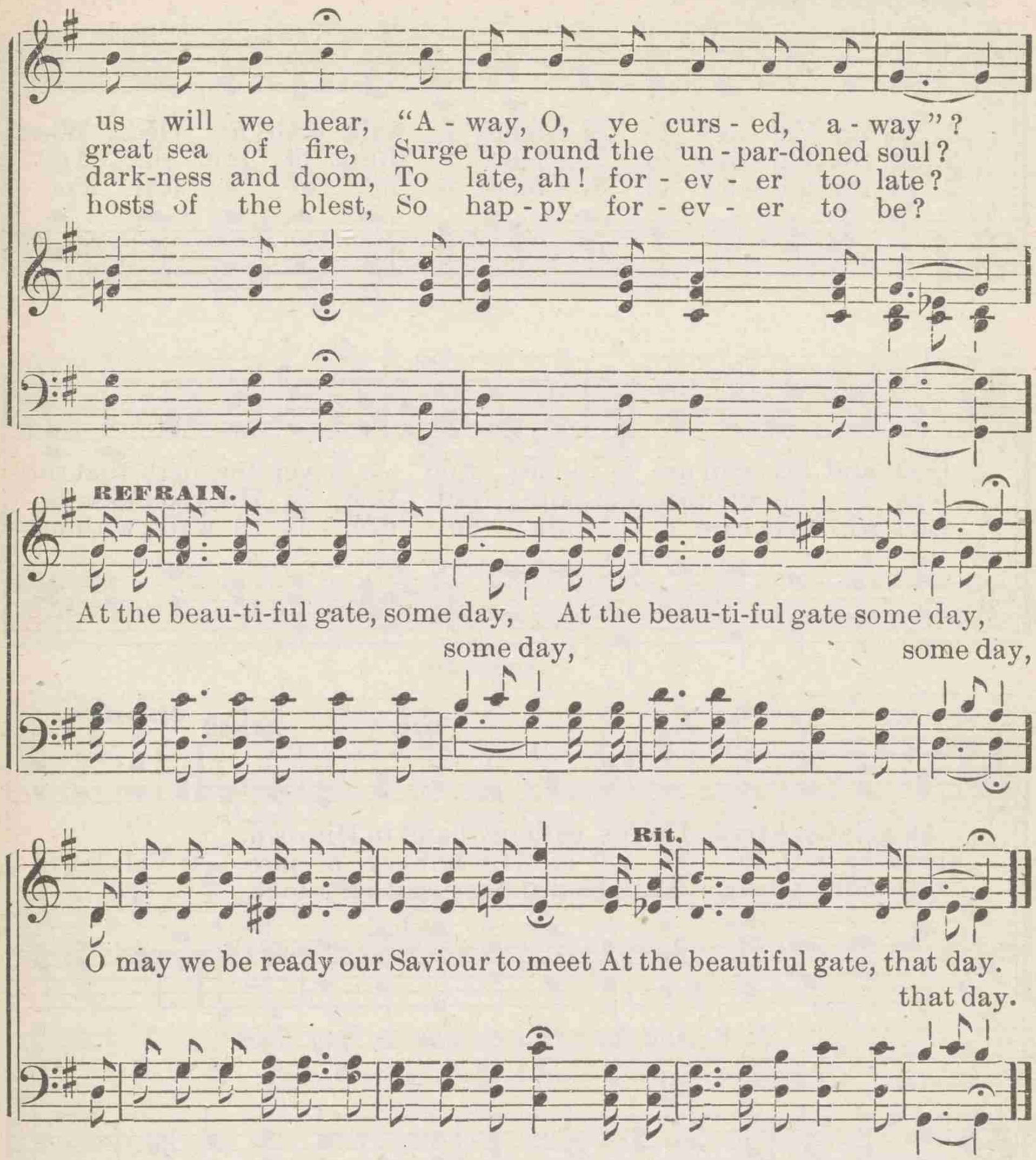
At the Beautiful Gate.



300 Come to Jesus Just Now.

HAMMOND. FAWCETT.

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

301 In the Valley of Silence.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

1. In the Val - ley of Si - lence I walk with my God, Where God and my soul are a - lone;
2. In the Val - ley of Si - lence I think of my sin, And long to be stainless and pure;
3. In the Val - ley of Si - lence is nev - er a fear, For God will take care of His own;

And o - ver the path that the an-gels have trod,
But God in His good-ness is speaking with-in,
So firm - ly I walk, without tre - mor or tear,

I press, with my hand in His own.
To tell me His mer - cy is sure.
While God and my soul are a-lone.

O Val - ley of Si-lence! O Val - ley of Rest, Where God and my soul are a - lone!

D. S. *And heav-en e'en now is my own.*

In the ex - qui - site still - ness all clam - or - ing cease,

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302 How I Love My Saviour.

Words and music by B. W. HAMLIN.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, to Beth-le-hem came, Oh, how I love my
2. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, was nailed on a tree, Oh, how I love my
3. Oh, 'twas for me that He suf-fered and bled, Oh, how I love my

Sav-iour; Born in a man-ger, O blest be His name, Oh, how I
Sav-iour, Died on the cross to re-deem you and me, Oh, how I
Sav-iour, And 'twas for me He a - rose from the dead, Oh, how I

CHORUS.

love my Sav-iour. Je - sus, Thou bless-ed One, dwell in my heart,
love my Sav-iour. Je - sus, Thou bless-ed One, dwell in my heart,
love my Sav-iour. Save me from er - ror and cleanse me from sin,

Nev - er, no nev - er from me to de - part; Friend and Re-
Nev - er, no nev - er from me to de - part; Friend and Re-
Teach me Thy way e - ven now to be - gin; Wash me and

deem - er and Sav-iour Thou art, Oh, how I love my Sav-iour.
deem - er and Sav-iour Thou art, Oh, how I love my Sav-iour.
cleanse me with-out and with - in, Oh, how I love my Sav-iour.

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303 O Come Unto Jesus.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

NELLIE A. MONTGOMERY. W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a soft pleading voice, call-ing ten-der- ly, To the heart heav-y la - den and sad: At the cross thou shalt be, from thy burden set free,
2. Heed not sin's lur-ing tones, tho' so tempting-ly She doth whisper of joys yet unknown; On - ly Je - sus can give pleasures sweet, that will live;
3. When He hung on the cross, O, how cru-el - ly! Did they mock as they pass'd by Him there! Will you mock at Him too, when He hung there for you,
4. Yield to Him, for He pleads, O, so pa- tient- ly! As no friend ev - er sought thee be- fore, On His dear, lov-ing breast, all who come shall find rest;

CHORUS.

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

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

Come, O come, un-to Je- sus, come, And His love do not doubt;

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304 Come to the Saviour To-Night.

Words and music by E. M. DOUTHIT.

1. O sin - ner, no long - er de - lay, No long - er the
2. No long - er in dark - ness re - main; Come, en - ter the
3. The door of God's mer - cy so free, Is stand - ing a -
4. The Spir - it is striv - ing with - in; From you He may

sweet mes - sage slight; But come to Him now while you may, O!
king - dom of light; O, come and con - fess His dear name, O!
jar in thy sight, And Je - sus is plead - ing with thee, O!
soon take His flight; Then come and the new life be - gin, O!

CHORUS.

come to the Sav-iour to - night. O, come to Him now, Come to Him now,

No long - er the sweet mes-sage slight; O, come to Him now,

Come to Him now, O! come to the Sav - iour to - night.

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305 Will You Come?

J. W. CARPENTER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lost one, in a des-ert coun-try, Far from home,..... Why with-
2. Hear the Spir-it's voice now call-ing, Call-ing thee,..... Come ye
3. There's a path-way reaching sky-ward To the throne,..... There are

in that land of strangers Lon-ger roam? Do not lin-ger there and die!
to the liv-ing wa-ters, Flowing free; All the paths of sin for-sake,
pil-grims hast'ning onward, Onward home; See the Mas-ter looking down,

To the arms of mercy fly, While the Saviour's voice is pleading, Will you come?
Of the flowing stream partake; While the Spirit's voice is calling, Will you come?
In His hand for thee a crown; While His gentle voice is calling, Will you come?

CHORUS.

Do not lon-ger roam Far a-way from home, While the
lon-ger, lon-ger roam Far a-way from love and home,

Saviour's voice is plead-ing, Will you come? ... Do not lon-ger roam,
Will you come? longer, longer roam,

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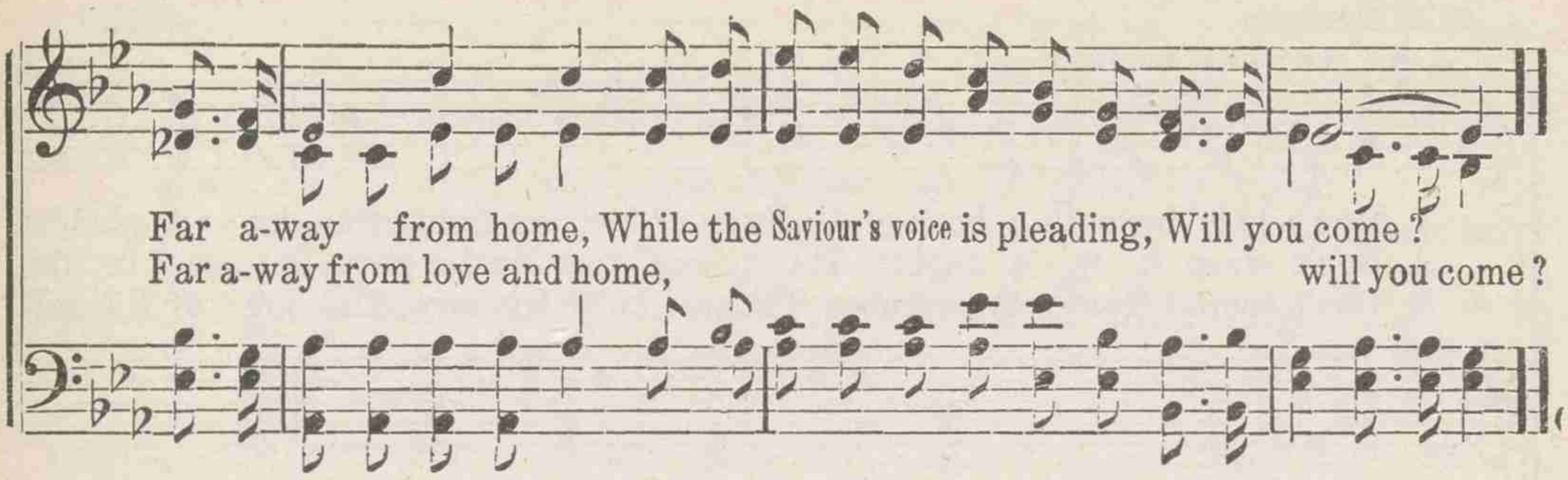
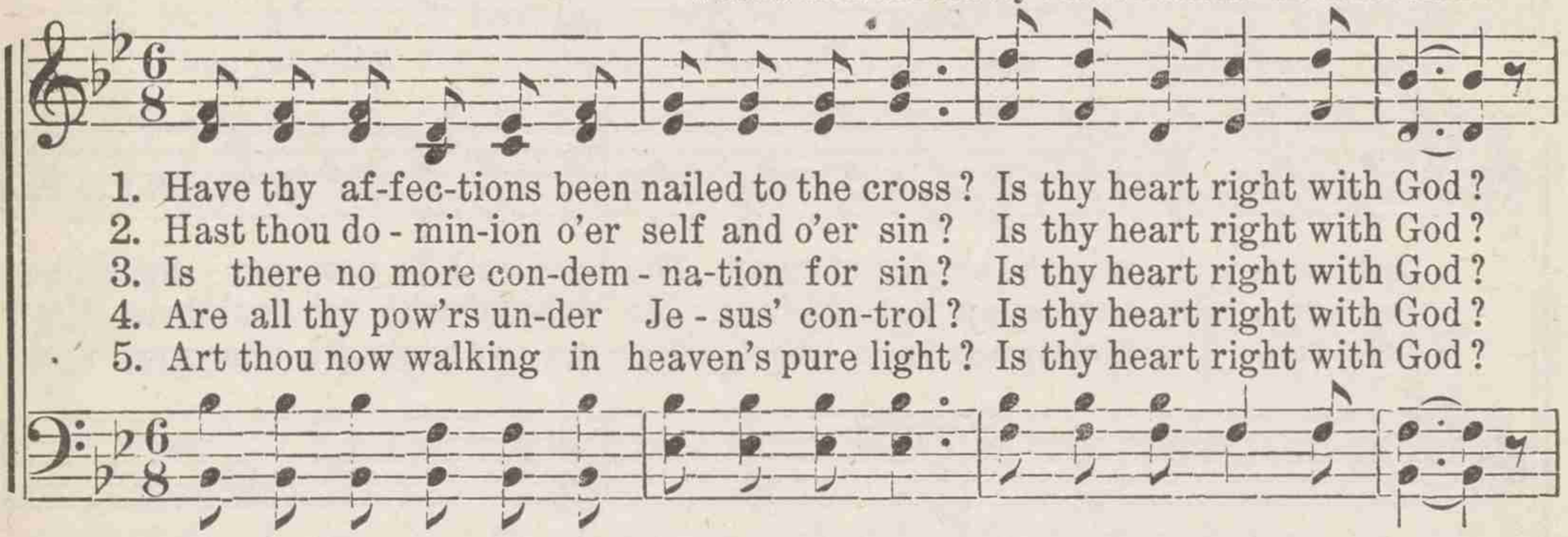
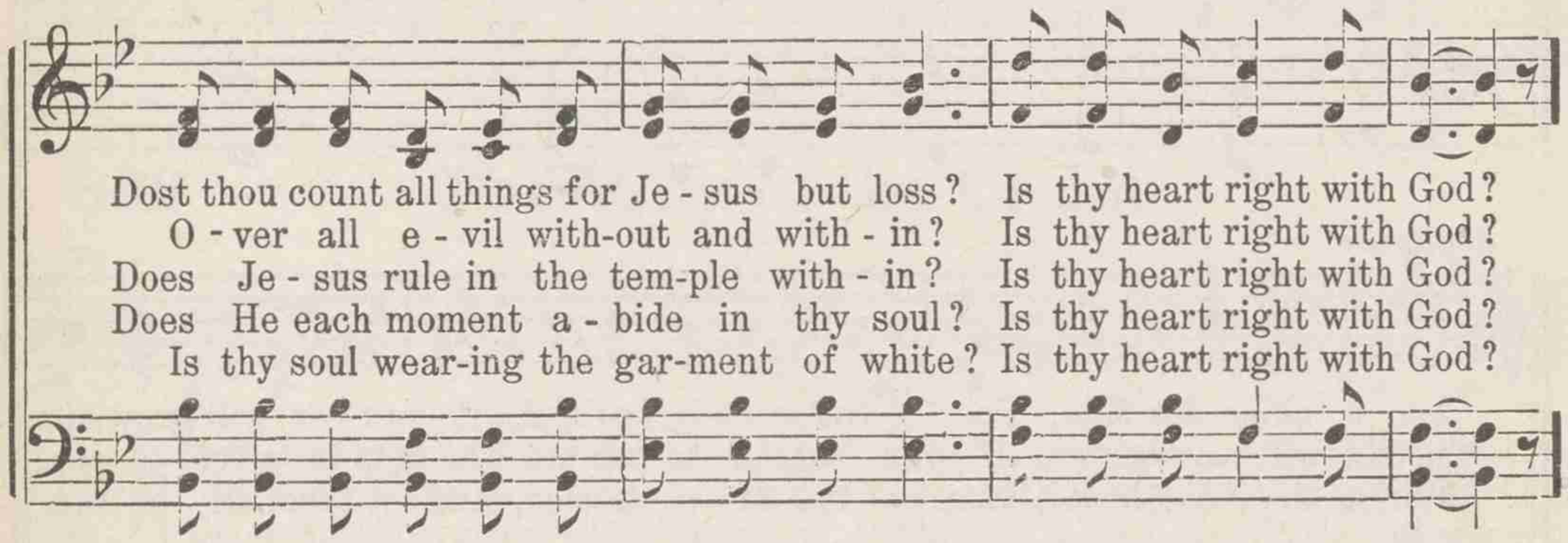
Will You Come?

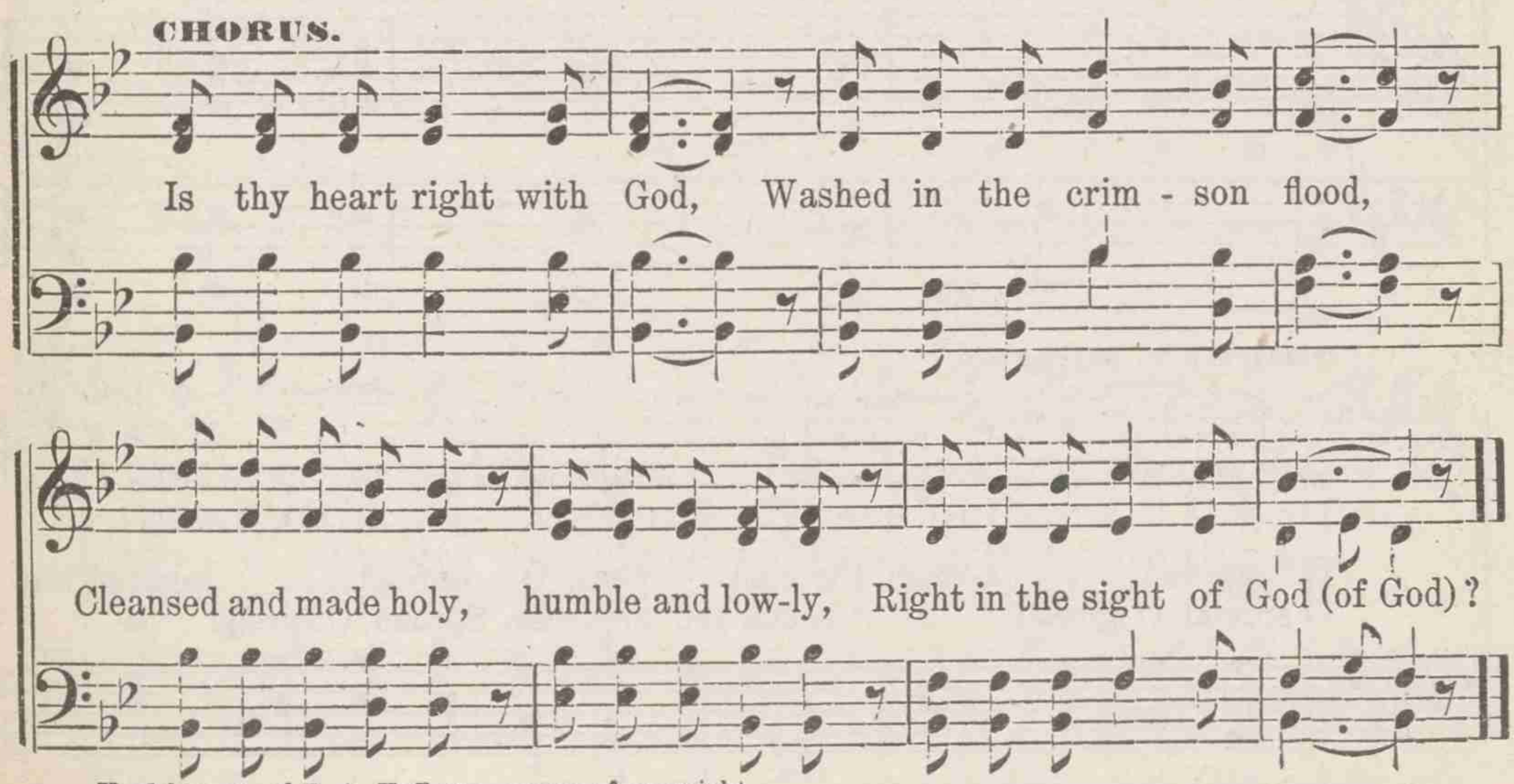


306 Is Thy Heart Right With God?

Words and music by REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.







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307 Don't Hide Beneath a Bushel.

E. E. HEWITT. J. H. F.

Solo or Unison.

1. Don't hide beneath a bush-el, God's ev-er-last-ing light, But let it gladden oth - ers, A - mid the shades of night. The Lord hath lit your can - dle, Then let it shine for Him, For if you're on-ly faithful, It nev - er will grow dim.
2. Don't wrap it in a napkin, The "pound" your Master gave, But use it in His ser - vice, Be earn-est, true and brave. The "tal-ent" will be doub-led, The "pound" will soon be two, If you extend to oth-ers The help He gives to you.
3. Don't keep it from your neighbor, The sto - ry of His love, The joy of His sal- va - tion, The blessing from a - bove. Since ma - ny souls are hun - gry For Christ, the living bread, Pass on the in - vi - ta-tion, And let them all be fed.

CHORUS. Allegro.

O spread.... a-round the glad - ness, O spread.... a-round the
O spread, O spread a - round the gladness, Spread, O spread a-

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Don't Hide Beneath a Bushel.

glad - ness, O spread around the gladness, Let ev -'ry-bod - y know,
round the gladness let them know

That you..... have been with Je - sus, That you..... have been with
That you, that you have been with Je - sus, you, that you have

Je - sus, That you have been with Je-sus, And have caught the heav'nly glow.
been with Je - sus,

308 The Way of the Cross.

Arranged.

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

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

Ad lib. D. C.

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

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

309 I'll Trust Him and Not be Afraid.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

May be used as solo and chorus.

1. I know not the pathway be - fore me, I know not what dangers a - wait,
2. The love of our heav-en - ly Fa - ther No need-less af-flic-tion will send,
3. A fa-ther with heart true and ten-der, Will pit - y his own wayward child;
4. A trust that is firm and un-shak - en, Is life-giv - ing comfort and joy,

What sor - rows to grieve and distress me, What pleasures to charm and e - late.
He plans that our sor-row and trou-ble In rich - es of glo - ry shall end.
So God will look down with compassion On sin - ners by Sa - tan be-guiled.
And noth - ing but sin and re - bel - lion This jew - el of faith can de-stroy.

But still with a faith nev - er fail - ing, I jour-ney with heart un-dis-mayed;
I'll trust in the love that redeemed us, Tho' grief on my heart may be laid;
For all who re-pent there is par - don, Our ran - som has free-ly been paid;
If forc - es of sin should surround me, Like sol-diers for bat - tle ar-rayed,

D. S. For Je - sus will guide and pro-tect me, I'll trust Him and not be a - fraid.
D. S. My Sav-iour can make it a bless-ing, I'll trust Him and not be a - fraid.
D. S. I'll come with true faith and repentance, I'll trust Him and not be a - fraid.
D. S. With God, I will meet them and conquer, I'll trust Him and not be a - fraid.

CHORUS.

I'll trust Him.... I'll trust Him.... I'll trust Him and not be a - fraid.

D. S.

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310 Though He Slay Me.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. J. H. F.

Prelude and interlude.

SOLO.

1. Tho' He slay me, I will trust Him, Just and Ho - ly One a - bove;
2. Tho' He slay me, I will trust Him, When my brightest hopes shall fade;
3. Tho' He slay me, I will trust Him, When my faith is sore - ly tried;
4. Tho' He slay me, I will trust Him, With His presence ev - er near;

From the depths my soul will bless Him, For I've prov'd His wond'rous love.
When the friends my heart holds dear-est, In the lone - ly grave are laid.
When the bil - lows would o'er - flow me, He will bear me thro' the tide.
Thro' the val - ley of the shad - ow, I shall walk with - out a fear.

CHORUS.

I will trust Him, I will trust Him, I will prove Him o'er and o'er;

Rit.

Tho' He slay me, tho' He slay me, I will trust Him all the more.

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311 The Blessed Fountain.

Words and music by STANLEY GREENWOOD.

1. There's a crystal fountain, full and free, From the throne of God now flow-ing;
2. Flowing from the Saviour's wounded side, Ev - 'ry stain it turns to white - ness;
3. Broader still, and deep - er as it goes, Joy it brings to ev - 'ry na - tion;

And the precious flood for you and me Life is ev - 'ry-where be - stow - ing.
All who plunge beneath its cleansing tide, Rise to Him with hearts of light-ness.
Like the boundless love of God it flows, Bless-ed riv - er of sal - va - tion.

CHORUS.

To that healing stream with joy we'll come, To the fount that fail-eth nev - er;

Then we'll walk with gladness toward the heav'nly home, Where the Lamb we'll praise forever.
Walk with glad-ness,

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312 When a Sinner Turns to Jesus.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. 'Tis the happiest time in this life be - low, 'Tis the greatest thing that a soul can do, When it gives it - self to Je - sus;
2. Will you leave the world and its ways of sin, Will you come with us and a bright crown win, Will you make your start for heav - en?
3. Do not long-er stay in your sin and grief, Do not still de - lay, for the time is brief, And the path all dark be - fore thee;

D. S. For a joy rings out thro' the heav'ns, we're told, And a song bursts forth
D. S. Will you list - en now while the Sav-iour calls, Will you yield your heart
D. S. Come and take your stand for the Lord to-day, Come and walk with us

from the harps of gold, When a sin - ner turns to Je - sus,
while the soft voice falls, Will you have your sins for - giv - en?
on the King's highway To the shin - ing fields of glo - ry;

Hap - py, hap-py, When a sin - ner turns to Je - sus.
Bless-ed, bless-ed, Will you have your sins for - giv - en?
Marching, marching, To the shin - ing fields of glo - ry.

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313 Sing Old Hymns to Me.

Words and music by EVA MARTINDALE.

SOLO.

1. Oh, how I love the old songs My saint-ed moth - er sang, With thrill-ing pow'r and ten - der-ness Her voice tri-umph-ant rang; I seem to hear her sing - ing An old - time mel - o - dy—
2. And when I hear the old songs, Those songs of oth - er years, Sweet mem'ry scenes I see a - gain, Thro' a mist of fall-ing tears; I hear dear moth-er sing - ing Where'er my foot-steps roam—
3. I see the dear old homestead, The lone - ly hill-side grave, A - gain I'm in the old home church Be - yond the o - cean-wave; The good, old-fashioned sing - ing Seems like a trum-pet call—
4. And when at last the reap - er Shall say, "I've come for thee," I want to hear some Christian sing These good old hymns to me; And with a faith tri- umph-ant I'll pass with-out a sigh—

First Refrain.

"Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee." Whisp'ring soft - ly, sin - ner, come, I will guide you to your home. Bring forth the royal di-a - dem and crown Him Lord of all.

Second Refrain.

Third Refrain.

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Sing Old Hymns to Me.

Fourth Refrain.

Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly.

314 Christ the Solid Rock.

(The alto part in the duet may be taken by a tenor.)

HERMAN ZIMBLER.

DUET.

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and
2. When darkness veils His love - ly face I rest on His un-
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood Sup - port me in the
4. When He shall come with trum-pet sound, O, may I then in

right-eous-ness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly
chang-ing grace; In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale My an-chor
whelming flood; When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is
Him be found; Drest in His righteous-ness a - lone, Faultless to

REFRAIN. *

lean on Je - sus' name.
holds with-in the vale. On Christ the sol - id Rock I stand; All
all my hope and stay.
stand be - fore the throne.

oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink - ing sand.

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*A good effect in the Refrain may be had by male voices only singing two lines of words, all joining on the last line.

315 When the Door is Shut.

Words and music by REV. T. C. NEAL.

Moderato.

1. When the door is shut it will be too late; En-ter while you may,
2. When the door is shut all your hopes will die; En-ter while you may,
3. When the door is shut mer-cy's calls will cease; En-ter while you may,
4. When the door is shut count the dreadful cost, En-ter while you may,

en - ter in to - day; Why live on in sin? why in dan-ger wait?
en - ter in to - day; Vain-ly then to heav'n you for help will cry;
en - ter in to - day; Has-ten, need-y one, with thy God make peace;
en - ter in to - day; Oh, the shut-out soul, all's for - ev - er lost;

CHORUS. *f*

En-ter while you may, while you may! O en - ter, en - ter in to-day!

O en-ter, en-ter while you may! Do the Saviour's bidding, lest you

Rit.

hear Him say, "The door is shut! Too late! too late! (too late!)"

Copyright, 1902, by Rev. T. C. Neal.

316 When the Bridegroom Comes.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. We are wait-ing till the Bridegroom cometh, With our lamps all trimmed and burn-ing bright; We are watching for His blest ap-pear-ing, With the
2. He will come, tho' long He seems to tar-ry, He has prom-ised and His word is sure; All His wait-ing ones with Him shall en-ter, Then for-
3. Of His com-ing there is no one know-eth, Breaks the glo-ry as the lightning's flash; Na-tions in the sleep of sin un-heed-ing, Peals the
4. O, how hap-py if He finds us wait-ing, With what rap-ture will we en-ter in; But how aw-ful, un-pre-pared to meet Him, O how

CHORUS.

shin-ing ones in garments white.
ev-er will be closed the door. O be read-y, O be read-y,
trum-pet as the thun-der's crash.
dread-ful then the doom of sin.

O be read-y when the Bride-groom comes, O be read-y,

O be read-y, O be read-y when the Bridegroom comes.

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317 When the Master Comes.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. When the Mas-ter comes, When the Mas-ter comes, Reap - ing the fields of gold-en grain, D. S. Will we watching be, Will we watching be,
2. When the Mas-ter comes, When the Mas-ter comes, In all the glo - ry of His train, D. S. Will we wait-ing be, Will we waiting be,
3. When the Mas-ter comes, When the Mas-ter comes, When sounds the last tri-um-phal strain, D. S. Will we read-y be, Will we read-y be,
4. He will sure - ly come, He will sure - ly come, In all the glo - ry of His pow'r; D. S. Joy-ful will we be, Joy-ful will we be,

FINE.

Glad - ly to welcome Him a-gain? In His vineyard will He find us toil - ing still, In His harv-est laboring all the day?.....
Glad - ly to welcome Him a-gain? Will He find us with our lamps all trimmed and bright, At the por - tal faith-ful will we stand?.....
Glad - ly to welcome Him a-gain? Will we stand re-joic-ing in the blood-washed throng, Will we sing ho - san-nas to His name?....
When strikes the last, decisive hour; If to Him we're faithful while the bright day lasts, If His bid-ding here we strive to do.....

D. S.

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318 Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je-sus comes to re-ward His serv-ants, Wheth-er it be noon or night, Faith-ful to Him, will He find us watch-ing,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re-store our tal-ents,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
4. Bless-ed are those whom the Lord finds watching; In His glo - ry they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

REFRAIN.

Rit.

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
Will He an - swer thee, "Well done"? Oh, can we say we are
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch - ing there?

read - y, broth-er? Read-y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

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319 Loyalty Unto Christ.

Words and music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. "Loy - al - ty un - to Christ" the trum-pet now is sound-ing, And the
2. Loy - al - ty, faith and works, in ho - ly con - se - cra - tion, Shall the
3. "Loy - al - ty un - to Christ!" O, what a might - y pow - er, Were the

ech - oes an-swer from the fields of sin; Na - tions are a - wak - ing,
scattered na-tions un - to Him re - store; Then the world shall own Him,
hosts of God u - nit - ed in His name! Then would an-gels greet us,

FINE.

I - dol thrones are shak-ing, For the great mil-len - ni - um is com - ing in.
And with joy enthrone Him, King of kings and Lord of lords for-ev - er-more.
Christ Himself would meet us, And bap-tize us with the Pen - te-cost - al flame.

Unison Solo. Ad lib.

Like..... a might - y arm - y, The her - alds of the cross are
See..... the dark-ness rift - ing! The gos - pel light of truth is
Then..... would come the tri - umph, And Christ be known and loved, His

march - ing o - ver land and sea, Bear - - ing thro' the
spread - ing to the per - fect day! Clouds..... are back - ward
praise be sung from shore to shore; Earth..... would then, in

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Loyalty Unto Christ.

dark - ness, The light that lead-eth to sal - va-tion, full and free.
drift - ing! Re - new en - deav-or! for the King pre-pare the way!
glo - ry, Be - come the king-dom of the Lord for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Long and loud, "Loy - al - ty un - to Christ" we sing; Till

ev - 'ry hu - man tongue, Shall hear His prais - es sung!

Let the hills, val - leys and des - ert plac - es ring With

"Loy - al - ty un - to Christ, our Lord and King."..... D. C.

our King.

320 I Would Rest.

DR. M. VICTOR STALEY. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. I am worn and weak and wea - ry, I would rest; Long has been the way, and drear-y, I would rest.
2. Ev'ning's shades are clos-ing o'er me, I would rest; With those loved ones gone before me, I would rest.
3. Safe in Christ, to dwell for - ev - er, I would rest; From His pres-ence part-ing nev-er, I would rest.

Safe from all life's rude alarms,
Re - u - ni-ted love's fond ties,
In that bless-ed realm a-bove,

In my Sav-iour's lov - ing arms I would rest for - ev - er - more.
In that home be - yond the skies I would rest for - ev - er - more.
Sheltered in His boundless love, I would rest for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

In my Saviour's loving arms I would rest, Safe from all earth's rude alarms I would rest,

I would rest for - ev - er - more, In my Sav-iour's lov - ing arms, Safe from

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I Would Rest.

all earth's rude a - larms I would rest for - ev - er - more,
I would rest for-ev-er-more.

321 Blessed Quietness.

MRS. M. P. FERGUSON, alt. Arr. by J. H. F.

1. Joys are flow - ing like a riv - er, Since the Com - for - ter has come;
2. Ev - 'ry-thing is turned to glad-ness, All a - round this glo-rious Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heav - en, Like the sun - light from the sky,
4. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion Where we al - ways see His face!

He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust-ing heart His home.
Ban-ished un - be - lief and sad - ness, All is per - fect peace and rest.
So the Ho - ly Spir - it giv - en, Falls up - on us from on high.
What a peace - ful hab - i - ta - tion! What a qui - et rest-ing place.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed qui - et-ness, ho - ly qui - et-ness, Blest as-sur - ance in my soul!

On the storm-y sea, Je - sus speaks to me, And the bil-lows cease to roll.

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The Comforter Has Come.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O! spread the tidings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O! bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And

ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes abound; Let ev-'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful gale and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the golden
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
wond'ring mor-tals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of endless

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

FINE.

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

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

CHORUS.

D. S.

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

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323 O For a Heart.

WM. COWPER. HERMAN ZIMBLER.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A heart that always feels the blood So free-ly shed for me, So free-ly shed for me, So free-ly shed for me,
2. Thy Spirit, gracious Lord, im-part, Di-rect me from a - bove; May Thy dear name be near my heart, That dear, best name is Love, That dear, best name is Love, That dear, best name is Love,

free-ly shed for me; A heart that al - ways feels the blood So free - ly shed for me, So free - ly shed for me,
dear, best name is Love; May Thy dear name be near my heart, That dear, best name is Love, That dear, best name is Love,

shed for me; O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A heart that always feels the blood So free - ly shed for me, So free - ly shed for me,
name is Love; Thy Spirit, gracious Lord, im-part; Di - rect me from a- bove, May Thy dear name be near my heart, That dear, best name is Love, That dear, best name is Love,

O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A heart that al-ways feels the blood So free-ly shed for me, So free-ly shed for me,
Thy Spirit, gra - cious Lord, im - part, Di - rect me from a- bove, May Thy dear name be near my heart, That dear, best name is Love, That dear, best name is Love,

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324 He Waits for Thee.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. F.

1. Upon the great high ways thou standest wea-(ry, standest wea-)ry,
2. The hopes of earth-life oft-en fade and fail (thee, fade and fail) thee,
3. In him is strength, in him di-vine com-pas-(sion, great com-pas-)sion,

Thou cri - est ev - er-more "A-lone and drear-(y, lone and drear-)y,"
Thou hast no ref-uge when thy foes as - sail (thee, foes as - sail) thee,
He chang-es not, tho' things of earthly fash-(ion, earthly fash-) ion

And wilt not un-der-stand that there so near(thee, there so near)thee,
And when the night shall come, O, who will guide(thee, who will guide)thee,
Grow old and die, ah! turn thee, heart so wea-(ry, heart so wea-) ry,

The Saviour waits to love and bless, and cheer(thee, bless and cheer)thee.
If thou dost still re-fuse thy Friend be-side(thee, Friend beside)thee?
And thou shalt nevermore be lone and drear- (y, lone and drear-)y.

CHORUS.

He stands so near, and yet thy blinded vis-ion Is turned a-way from

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He Waits for Thee.

hope and light e - lys-ian, Thou wilt not see that 'tis for thee he careth,

For thee, for thee the heav-y cross he bear - - eth.

the heav - y cross he beareth.

325 Jesus, My Saviour King.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. There is one among the meek most lowly, Je-sus, my Saviour King,
2. Than the lil - y of the val-ley fair - er, Je-sus, my Saviour King,
3. I was lost amidst the night around me, Wand'ring so faint and cold,
4. I will tell to all the wondrous sto-ry Of his redeeming love,

There is one among the blest most ho - ly, Je-sus, my Saviour King.
Than the lovely Rose of Shar-on rar - er, Je-sus, my Saviour King.
He the Shepherd in the desert found me, Bro't me in-to his fold.
I will swell the endless song of glo - ry, In brighter worlds above.

D.S. *He the one a-mong the blest most ho - ly, Je - sus, my Sav-iour King.*

Fine.

D. S.

CHORUS.

Sweet the prais - es Of my Lord to sing,
Sweet be the praise, sweet be the praise, Sweet be the praise my Lord to sing.

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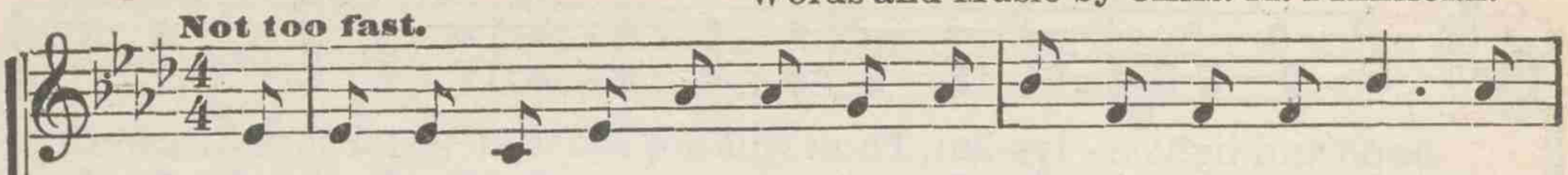
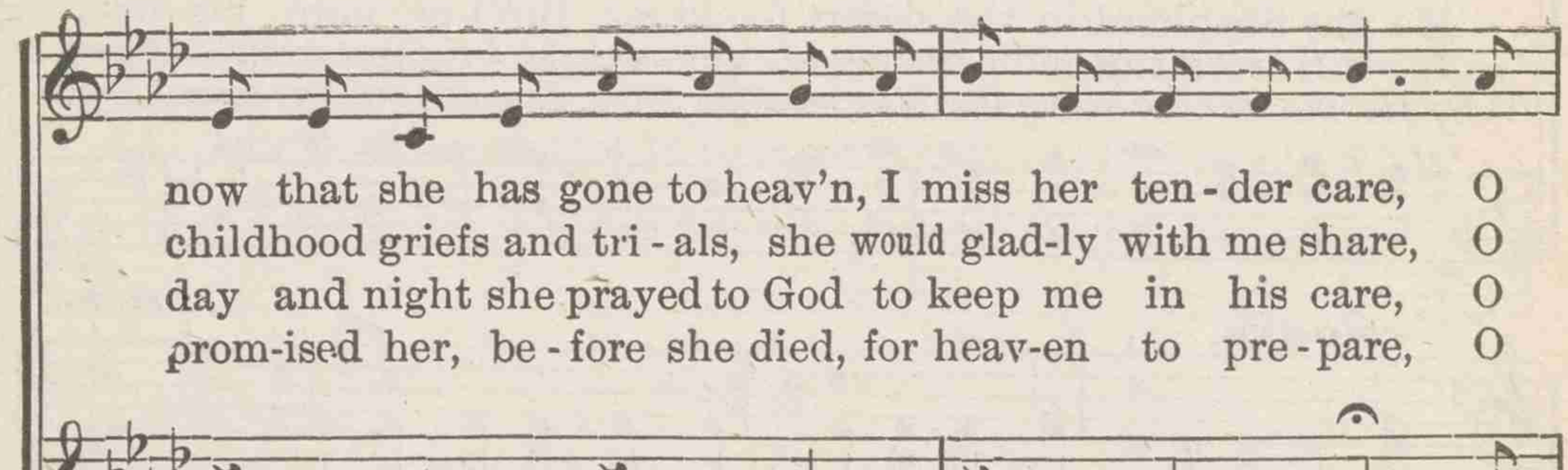
326 Tell Mother I'll be There.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



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

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



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

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Tell Mother I'll be There.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

328 Jesus, the High and the Holy.

P. H. J. H. F.

Alto and Tenor Duet.

1. Je-sus, the High and the Ho-ly, Came to this sin-cursed earth,
2. Je-sus, the suffer-ing Sav - iour, Bowed in the gar-den a - lone,
3. 'Tis by his stripes we are healed, 'Tis by his bruises made whole,

Here with the poor and the low-ly, Poorest and humblest his birth;
Pleading for us heav'nly fa - vor, Stooping, our guilt to a - tone;
'Tis by his blood we are seal - ed, Long as the bright ages roll;

Came he to car - ry our sor-rows, Came he to bear ev -'ry grief,
Jesus, the Lamb in its meekness, Led to the slaughter for me,
Naught from his presence can sever, Ne'er can his glo - ry de - cline,

Came he to give glad to-mor-rows, Came he to bring blest relief.
Sav - ing my soul in its weakness, Praises for-ev - er to thee.
Worshipped forever and ev - er, Sov'reign and Saviour divine.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, the Meek and the Lowly, Dy - ing, our guilt to a - tone,

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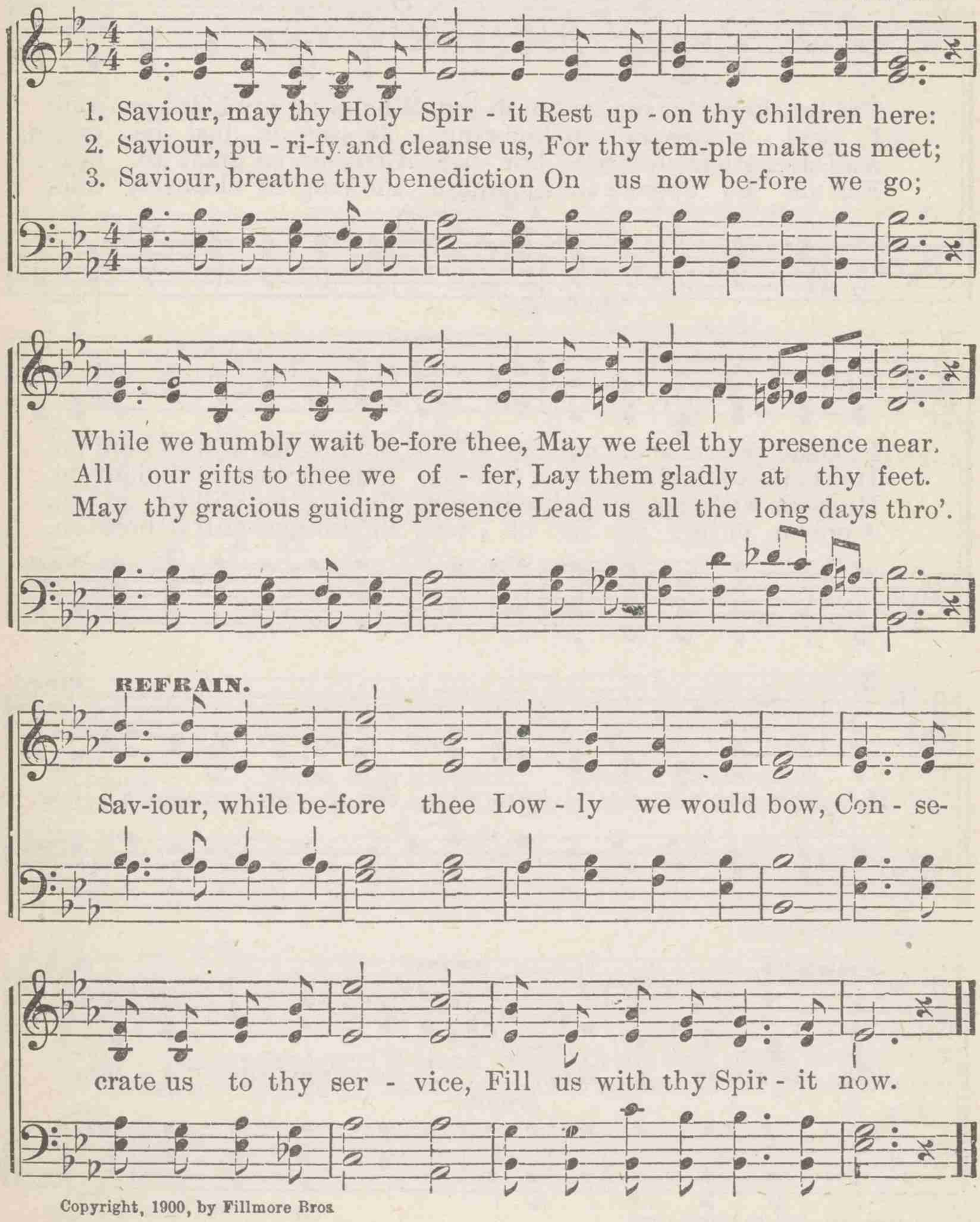
Jesus, the High and the Holy.

329 Fill Us With Thy Spirit.

LORENA PEPPARD. J. H. F.



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330 Never Alone.

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

D. S.

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331 I Shall Awake.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. I shall awake when the trump shall sound, I shall a - rise from the
2. I shall awake when the Bridegroom comes, Rise at the cry that shall
3. I shall awake when the world's on fire, I shall as-cend to the
4. I shall awake when the gates un-fold, I shall look in on the

dark, cold ground, I shall a-wake, I shall a-wake, I shall a-
break the tomb, I shall a-wake, I shall a-wake, I shall a-
heav'n-ly choir, I shall a-wake, I shall a-wake, I shall a-
streets of gold, I shall a-wake, I shall a-wake, I shall a-

CHORUS.

wake when the trump shall sound.
wake when the Bridegroom comes. O then . . at the Father's right
wake when the world's on fire.
wake when the gates un - fold. O then, O then at

hand, There with the good, there with the good, With
his right hand, There with the good, there with the good, With

May repeat pp.

Je - sus, my Saviour, I'll stand, Washed in the blood, in the precious blood.
Christ, my Sav-iour, I shall stand, All washed in the precious blood.

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332 Lovely River.

P. H. J. H. F.

Duet and Chorus.

1. Lovely, love-ly riv - er, On thy way so free, Murm'ring softly ev - er Toward the boundless sea, Thou art sweetly telling In thy gen - tle song, Of the liv - ing wa-ters Flowing bright a - long.
2. O that love-ly riv - er, With its crystal flood, Flow-ing free-ly ev - er From the throne of God; On its pleasant borders Springs the liv - ing green, There the tree immortal, With its fruits is seen.
3. To this love-ly riv - er We may gladly come, To its bow'rs of blessing We may free-ly come; Of its leaves of healing We may strength receive, Of its precious wa-ters We may drink and live.

CHORUS.

Love - ly riv - er, With its crystal flood, Bless - ings
Beauti-ful river, lovely river, With its crystal flood, its flood, Blessings, abundant
ev - er, Bearing all a - broad, Love - ly riv - er,
ev-er, ev - er, Bear-ing all abroad, abroad, Beauti - ful riv-er, beauti-ful riv - er,

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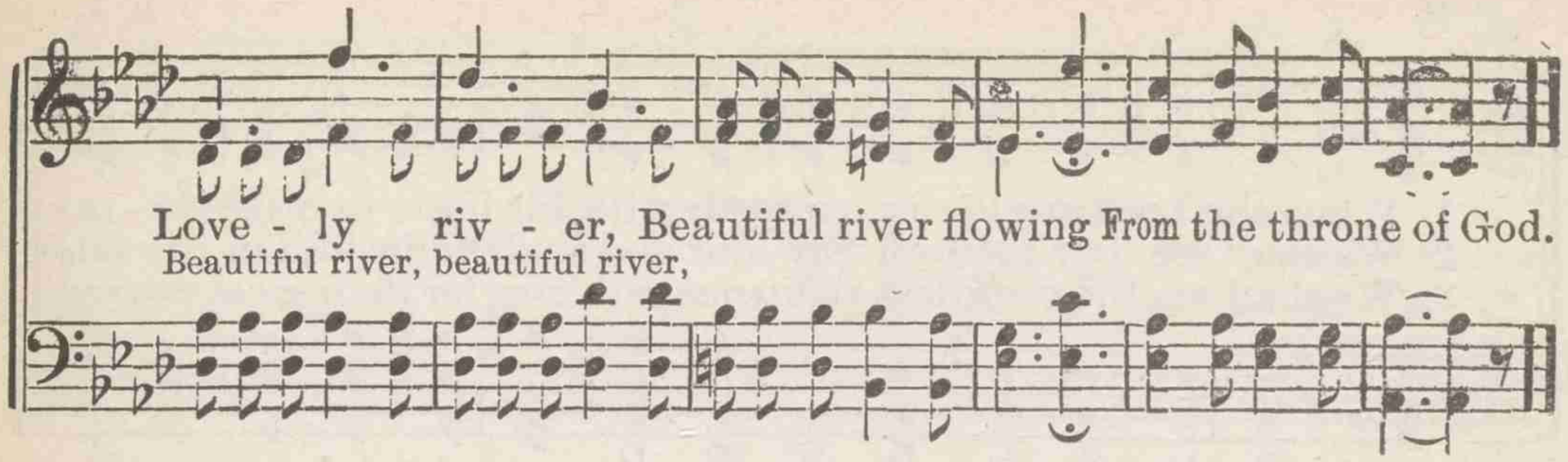
Lovely River.



333 Blessed are They.

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. F.

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334 We'll Be There.

P. H. J. H. F.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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We'll Be There.

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

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

335 Jesus is Calling To-day.

P. H. J. H. F.

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

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

Fine.

CHORUS. D. S.

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

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336 Thought For One Another.

MRS. ARTHUR SCOFIELD. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

SOLO, or voices in unison.

1. Oh, this world has much of sor - row That we all might help al - lay,
2. Faith and hope may be sweet grac-es, But, in love, we're ver-y sure,
3. So 'tis lov - ing and for - giv - ing Makes life's darkest pathway light,

We could charm a way the sad-ness If we would but watch and pray;
Will be found life's highest pleasure, And it al - ways will en - dure;
And will guide God's fallen chil-dren To the land where all is bright;

We should do our best to light - en All the bur-dens oth - ers bear,
So when days are dark and drear-y We will find some sin - sick heart,
Love will an-swer love in glad-ness And will brighten all our way,

Poco rit.

And by sim-ple, kind - ly ac - tion Lift their heav-y load of care.
And do all we can to light-en His dark pathway ere we part.
As we trav - el on our path-way To the land of per - fect day.

CHORUS. Joyfully.

Yes, 'tis tho't for one an - oth - er That makes life so sweet to live, Just to

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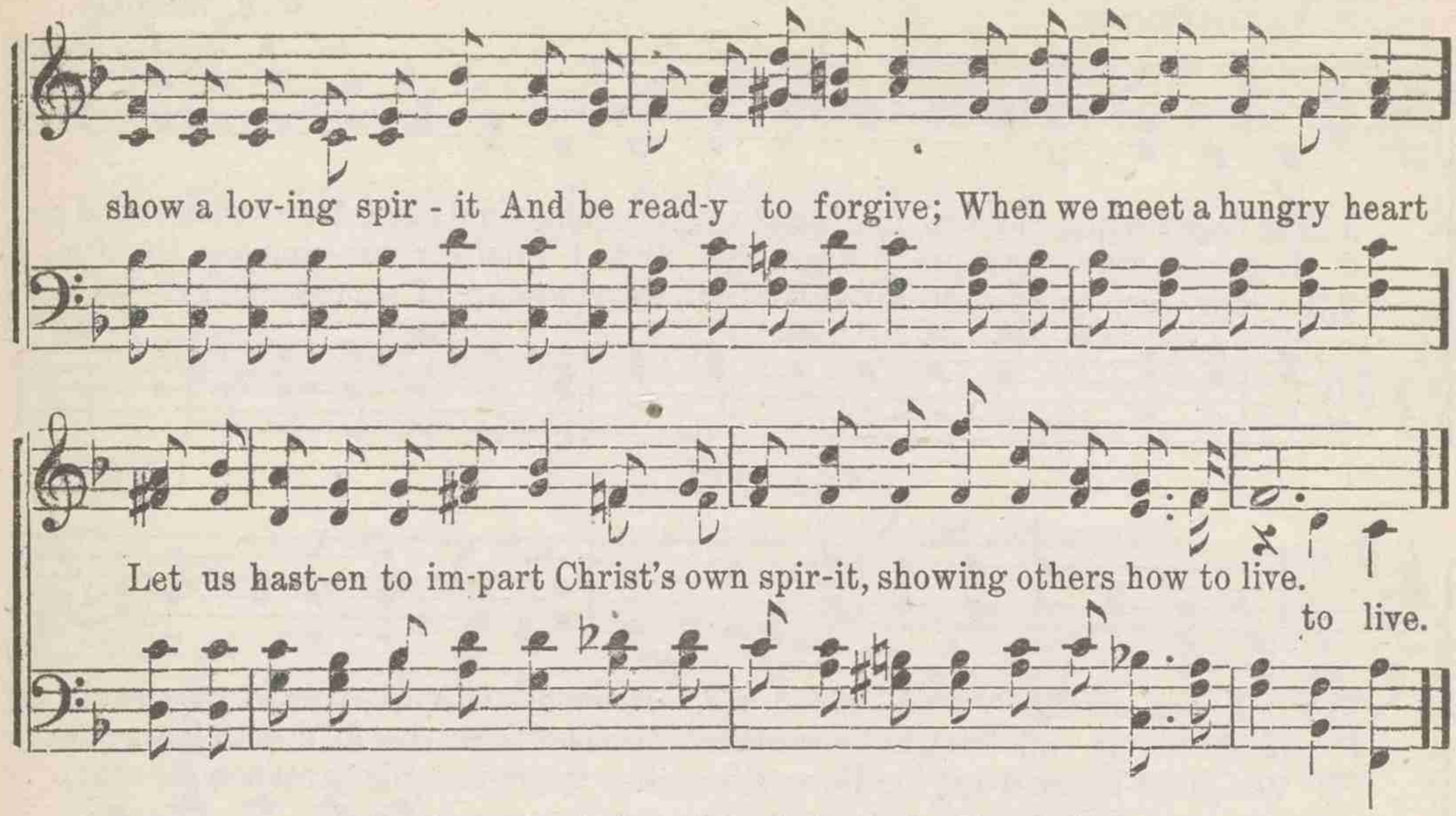
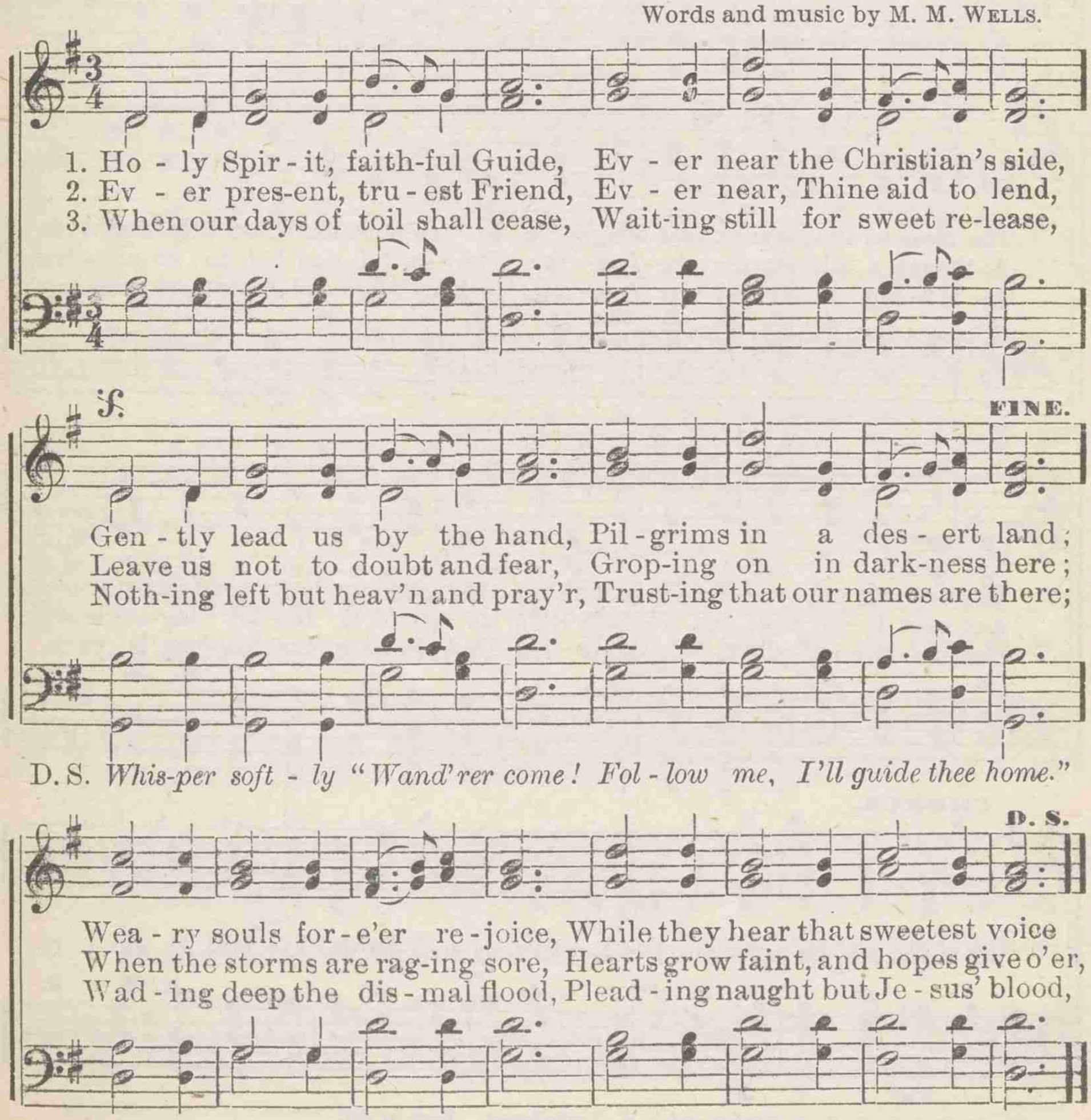
Thought For One Another.



337 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

Words and music by M. M. WELLS.



338 He Saves Me.

J. W. VanDeVenter. W. S. Weeden.

1. The dear lov-ing Sav-iour has found me, And shatter'd the fet-ters that bound me,
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi - nal - ly win-ning me to Him,
3. I nev - er, no, nev-er will leave Him, Grow wea-ry of service and grieve Him,

Tho' all was con-fus - ion a - round me, He came and spoke peace to my soul;
I yield - ed my all to pur - sue Him, And ask'd to be fill'd with His grace,
I'll con-stant-ly trust and be-lieve Him, Re - main in His presence di - vine;

The bless-ed Re-deem-er that bought me, In ten-der-ness constantly sought me,
Al-though a vile sin-ner be - fore Him; Thro' faith I was led to im-plore Him,
A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In knowledge and grace ev-er grow-ing,

The way of sal - va - tion He taught me, And made my heart per-fect-ly whole.
And now I re - joice and a - dore Him, Re - stor'd to His lov - ing em-brace.
Con - fid - ing im - plic-it - ly, know - ing That Je - sus the Sav-iour is mine.

CHORUS.

He saves me, He saves me, His love fills my soul, hal-le - lu - jah! O glo - ry,

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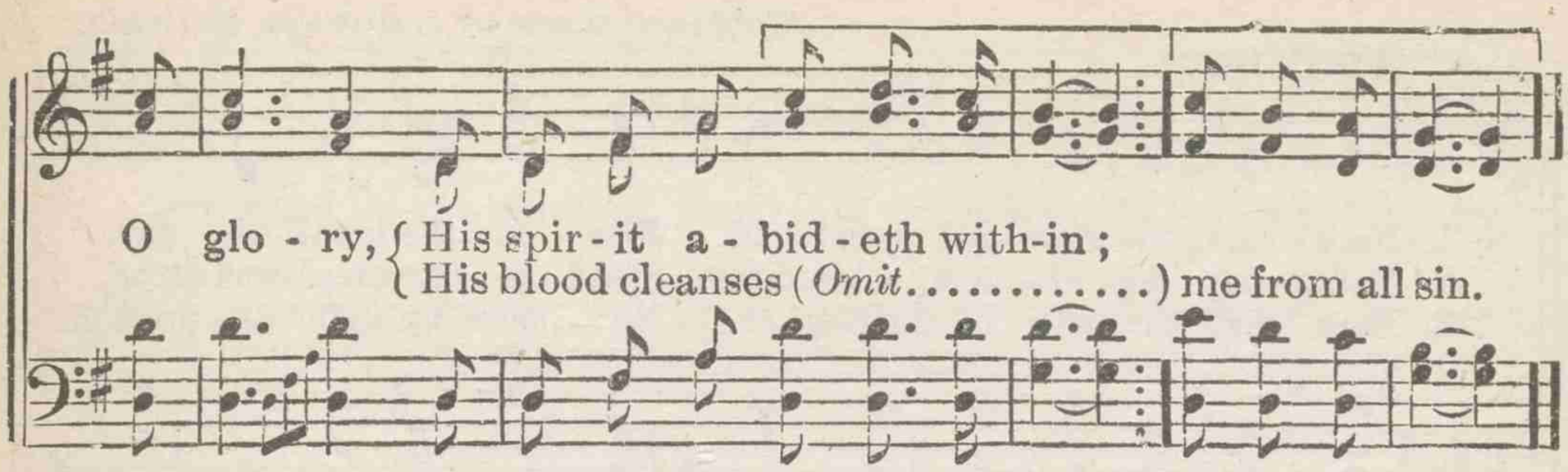
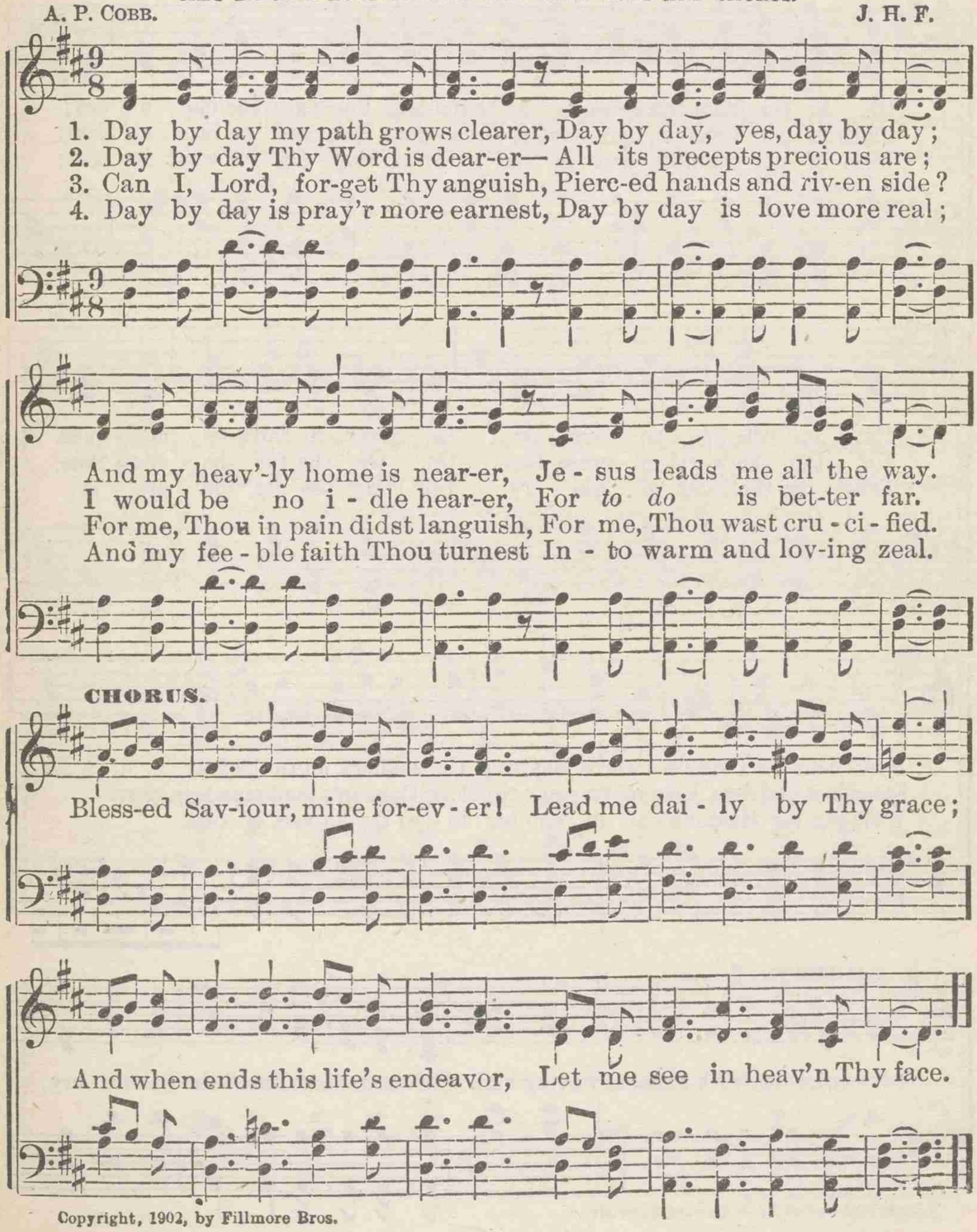
He Saves Me.



339 Day By Day.

MAY BE USED AS A SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET AND CHORUS.

A. P. COBB. J. H. F.



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340 On To Victory.

Words and music by J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

March time.

1. Hark! hark, the trum - pet sound - ing, Rise at the break of day,
2. March - ing like val - iant sol - diers, Stead - y our steps and true,
3. Then shall the path be bright - er, No more by care op - press'd,

On to the front where sin is a - bound-ing, For-ward, the call o - bey;
Faith in our Lead-er, no thought of dan-ger, Fear and a - larm, a - dieu;
Firm in our pur-pose, true in our mo-tives, Hop - ing for what is best;

Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Go forth in faith to con - quer,
On, tho' the world op - press thee, On, tho' the foe dis - tress thee,
Trust - ing the King of glo - ry, Tell - ing the old, old sto - ry,

Hear, hear the Captain's words inspiring, On, soldiers, on to the fray.
Steadfast and firm, keep moving on till Fair Canaan's land stands in view.
Wait-ing the Master's call to en - ter In - to the ha-ven of rest.

CHORUS.

Forward, then, with banners waving high; Forward, as we shout the bat-tle - cry;

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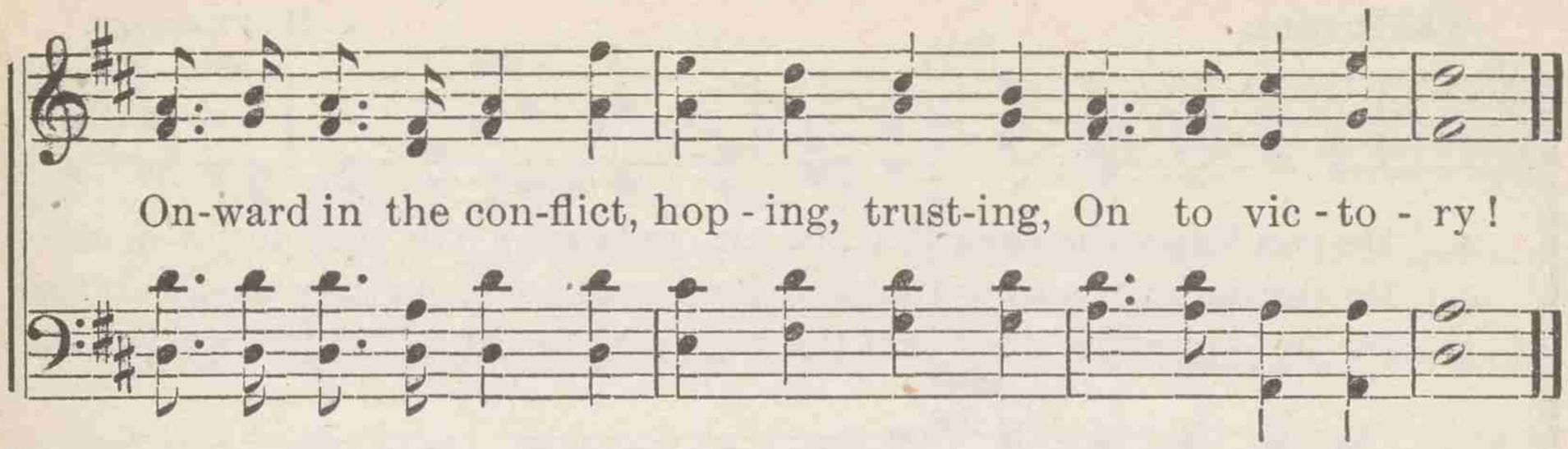
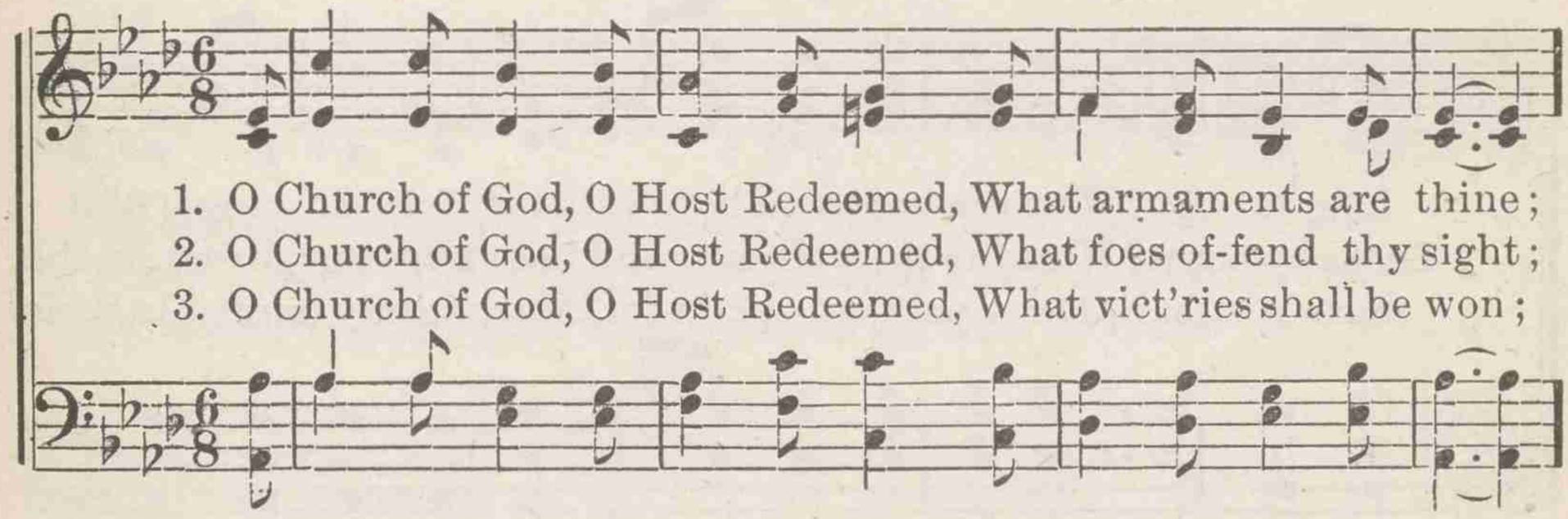
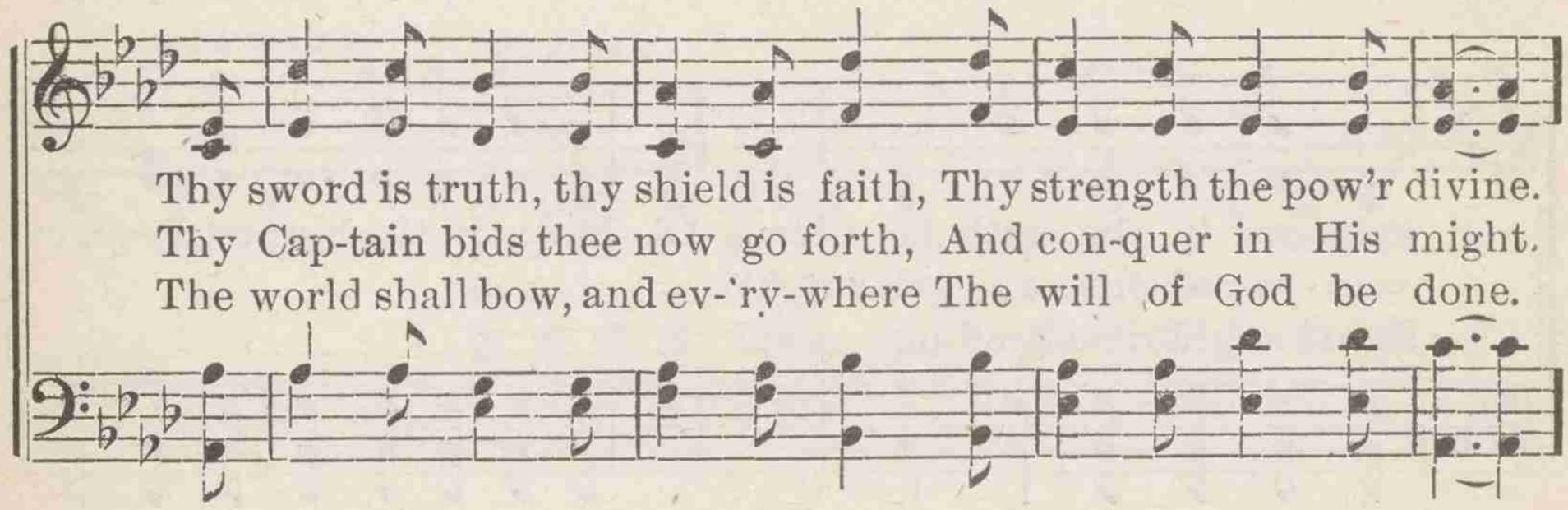
On To Victory.

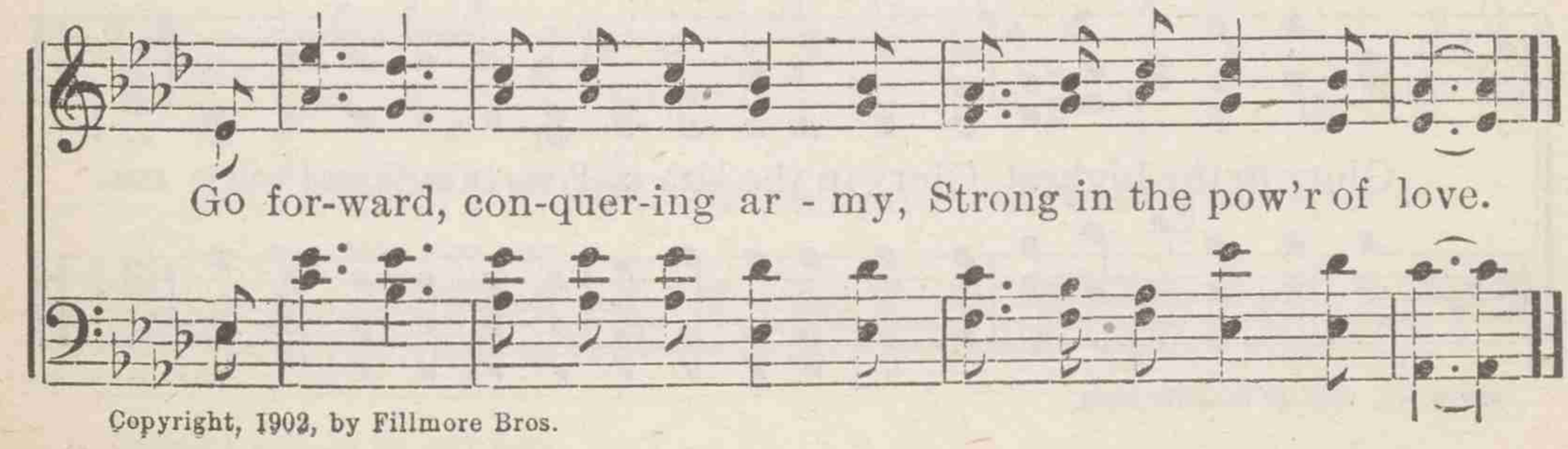


341 Go Forward.

P. H. J. H. F.







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342 Do You Know the Song?

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Do you know the song that the an - gels sang On that night in the long a - go? When the heav'ns a-bove with their mu-sic rang, Till it
2. Do you know the song that the sheph erds heard As they watch'd o'er their flocks by night? When the skies bent down, and their hearts were stirred By the
3. Do you know the story that the wise men heard As they journey'd from the East a - far? O'er a path-way plain, for there nightly burned In their

CHORUS.

ech - oed in the earth be - low? All glo-ry in the highest, Peace on earth, good will to men, Glory in the highest, Peace, good will to men; Glory in the highest,
voic - es of the an - gels bright?
sight a glo-rious guid-ing star?

Glory in the highest, Glory in the high-est, Peace on earth, good will to men.

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343

Star Divine.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. Star di-vine, that led the wise men To the cra-dle of our Lord,
2. Star di-vine, a-mid the darkness We had wandered far a-stray,
3. Star di-vine, there's naught can lure us From the way that thou dost lead;

Thou art still as bright With a ho-ly light In the pag-es of his word.
When a beam so lone O'er the desert shone, And we found the blessed way.
Thou dost brighter grow As we onward go, And we'll ever joy-ful heed.

REFRAIN.

We fol-low on,..... we fol-low on,..... And all the way that star our guide shall be; We follow on,..... we follow on,..... Un-til in heav'n our Saviour's face we see.

We fol-low on, we fol-low on,

we fol-low on,

we fol-low on,

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344 I Know That My Redeemer.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

1. I know that my Redeem-er liv - eth, And on the earth again shall stand;
2. I know his promise nev-er fail - eth, The word he speaks, it can not die;
3. I know my mansion he pre-par - eth, That where he is there I may be;

I know e - ternal life he giveth, That grace and
Tho cruel death my flesh assaileth, Yet I shall
O wondrous tho't, for me he careth, And he at

CHORUS.

power . . are in his hand. { I know, I know . .
see . . . him by and by. { And on the earth . .
last . . . will come for me.

that Je-sus liv-eth, }
a - gain shall (*omit*) } stand; I know, I know . . that life he

giv-eth, That grace and power . . . are in his hand.
are in his hand.

Rit.

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345 The Lowly is King.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

Con spirito.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! the low - ly is King!
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! the war - call shall cease,
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! op - pres - sion is o'er,

Then a-wake, O ye na-tions, ex - ult - ing - ly sing! For the
And the earth shall smile back to the an - gel of peace; For the
And the scourge of the ty - rant shall threaten no more; But the

Day-star has ris - en, the morn-ing is here, And the hosts of Je-
sword of the war - rior is bro - ken in twain, And the cross is the
world from its bondage henceforth shall be free, And the glo - ry to

CHORUS.

ho - vah in tri-umph ap-pear.
sign of the Low - ly One's reign. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,
Je - sus for - ev - er shall be.

Rit.

ex-ult-ing - ly sing; Hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, the low-ly is King.

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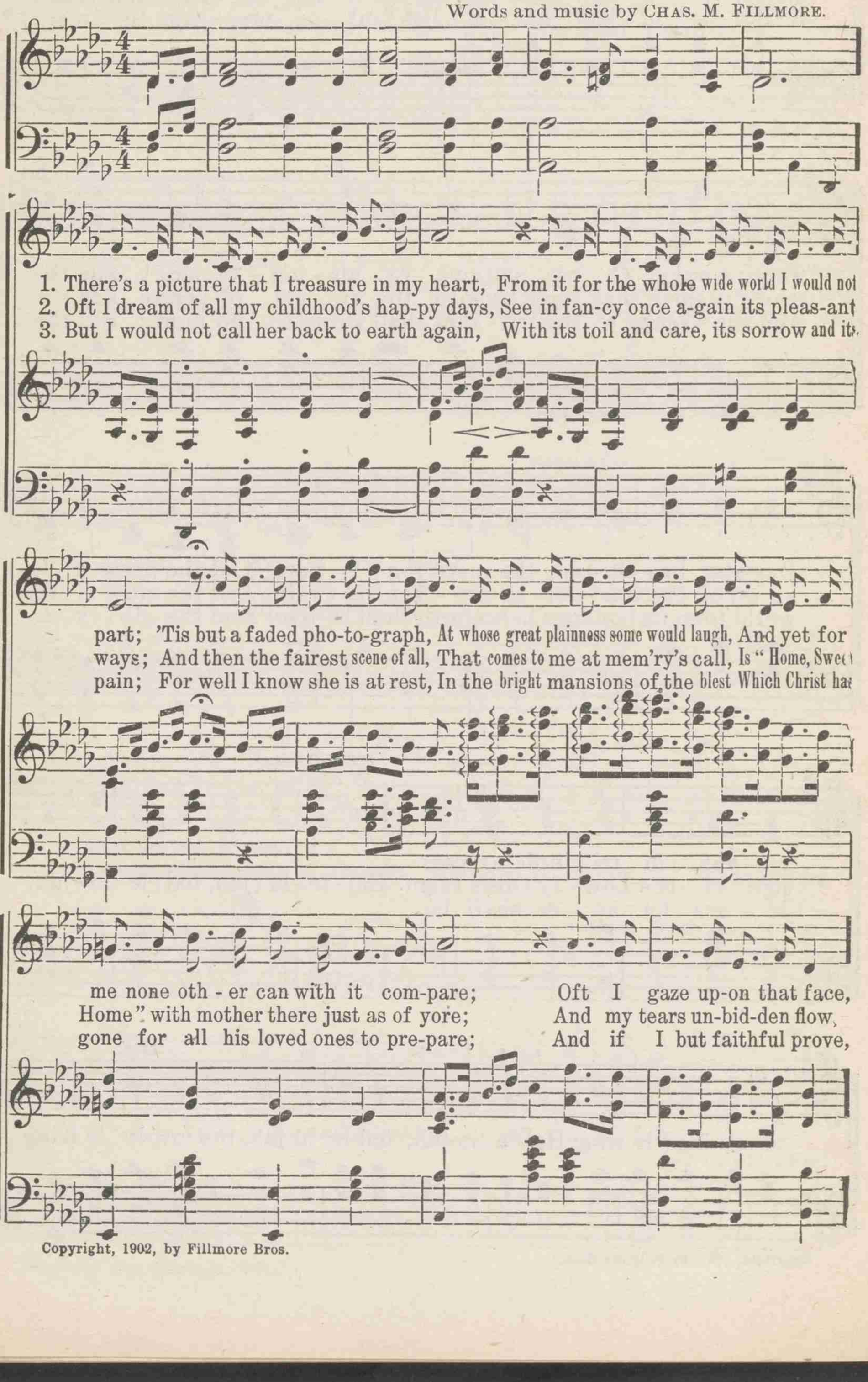
346 My Mother's Photograph.

NOTE.—During the battle of Manila Bay a small boy on one of the vessels lost his coat overboard. He asked permission from the commanding officer to jump over after it, and was refused. Going to the opposite side of the vessel, he climbed down the ladder, swam around the boat and while shot and shell were falling thick and fast about him, secured the coat and returned to the deck in safety. He was put in brig for disobedience. The next day his case was reviewed by Admiral Dewey, who asked him why he disobeyed orders and risked his life for such a poor, old coat. His reply was, "It was not the coat that I cared for, but it had my mother's photograph in it." Admiral Dewey promptly dismissed the case, saying that no boy could be imprisoned under his authority for thinking so much of his mother.

Words and music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



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My Mother's Photograph.

Full of sweetness, love and grace,—'Tis the im - age of my sainted moth-er dear.
As I wake a - gain to know, I shall see her dear, sweet face on earth no more.
To her les-sons taught in love, I shall see her face in glo - ry o-ver there.

CHORUS.

Oh, my moth-er's heav'n-ly face! Full of sweet-ness, love and grace!

Earth has none so fair and love-ly to my view, As I
Earth has none so fair and love - ly to my view,

gaze up - on it now, Kiss the lips and cheek and brow, I can

FINE. **Interlude.** *pp*

hear her say, "My child, be true."

347 O Beautiful Starland.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

1. O beau - ti - ful far - land! O beau - ti - ful Star-land! I dream of its bliss - es as hith - er I fare; O gains with-out
2. O beau - ti - ful far - land! O beau - ti - ful Star-land! I dream of its mansions with spac-es for all; Where feet are not
3. O beau - ti - ful far - land! O beau - ti - ful Star-land! Where pure ones are wait - ing our com - ing to hail; I sing of Thy

loss - es! O crowns without cross-es! What blessedness waits for earth's
wea - ry, where days are not drear-y, Where night and its lone-li - ness
glo - ry, I whis - per thy sto - ry, When dangers ap-pall and when

D. S. *O beau - ti - ful far-land! O beau - ti - ful Star-land! The land of sweet wel - comes for*

FINE. CHORUS.

wea - ry ones there!
nev - er shall fall. O beau - ti - ful far-land! O beau - ti - ful
tri - als as - sail.

thee and for me!

D. S.

Star-land! The land that is homeland to thee and to me!

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348 On the Margin of the River.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. There'll be sing - ing on the mar - gin of the riv - er, When the
2. There'll be sing - ing on the mar - gin of the riv - er, When the
3. There'll be sing - ing on the mar - gin of the riv - er, We shall

wond'rous day of God shall come; There'll be prais-es to the Saviour King, for-
earth - ly night has passed a-way; There the skies that bend serene are cloud-ed
greet the dear ones gone be-fore; We shall meet in un-ion sweet, no more to

REFRAIN. (*Four measures*

ev - er When the saints at last are gathered home.
nev - er, And e - ter-nal shines the bliss-ful day. On the mar-gin of the
sev - er, With the blest up - on the gold-en shore.

of the base may be omitted, mak ng it a trio.)

bright-ly flow-ing riv - er, 'Neath the tree that stands in fadeless bloom, We shall

join the host redeemed in praise for-ev - er, When the saints are gathered home.

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349 Will Papa Come There?

ROBT. O. SMITH. J. H. F.

1. I will soon be at home in the far - a - way land, Where
2. I so love to think of my beau - ti - ful home, O'er its
3. I am near - ing my home, and oh, now I can see The

close to the throne with the an - gels I'll stand; And hap-py I'll
bright fields of glo - ry how glad - ly I'll roam; No pain shall I
bright an - gels wait - ing and watching for me; Dear mamma, You'll

be in my home bright and fair, But oh, how I won - der if
know, nor ev - er a care, But oh, will my own pre-cious
come, I have nev - er a fear, Now kiss me good-bye, but will

CHORUS.

pa-pa'll come there?
pa - pa be there? Will papa come there? will papa come there? Oh,
pa - pa come there?

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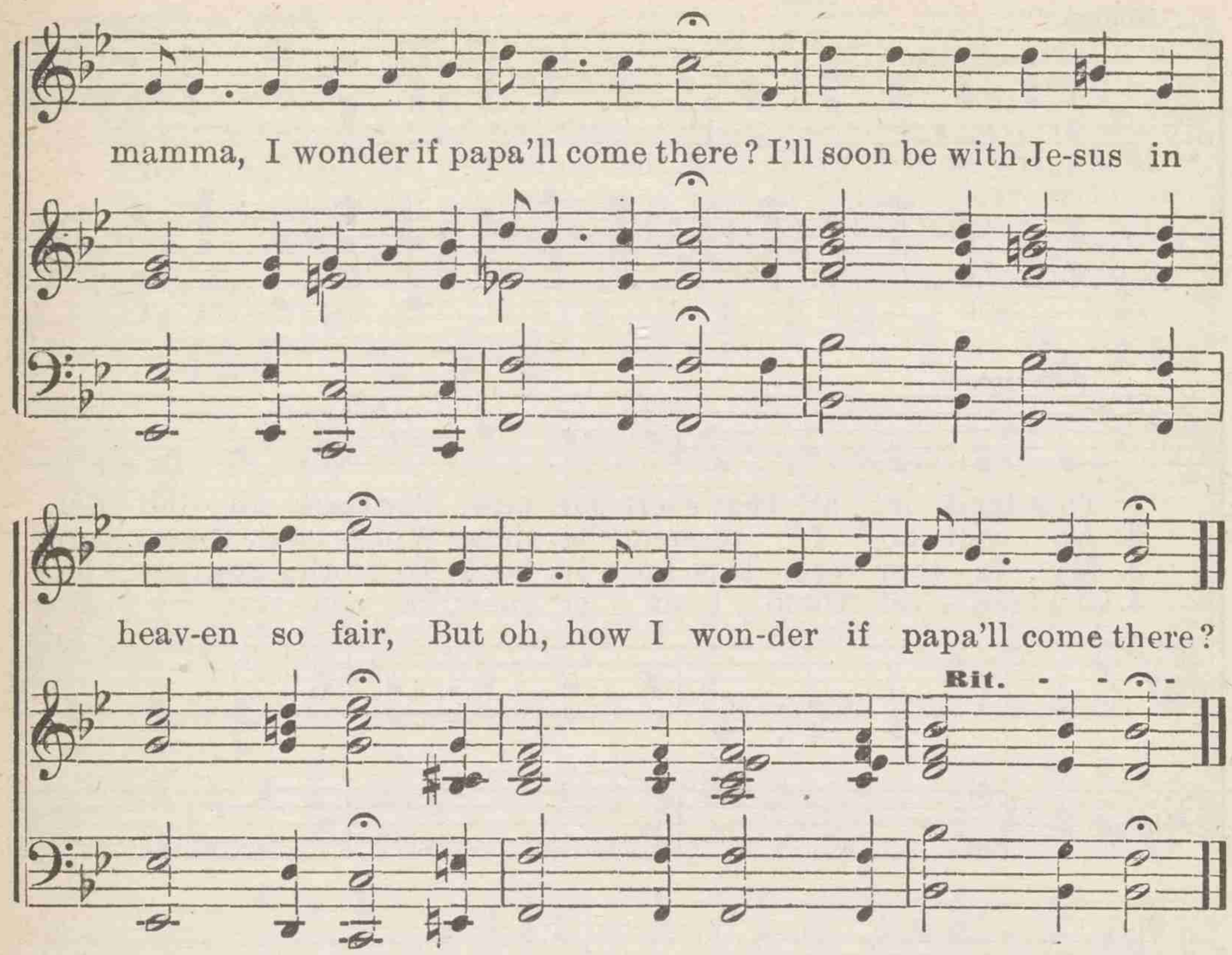
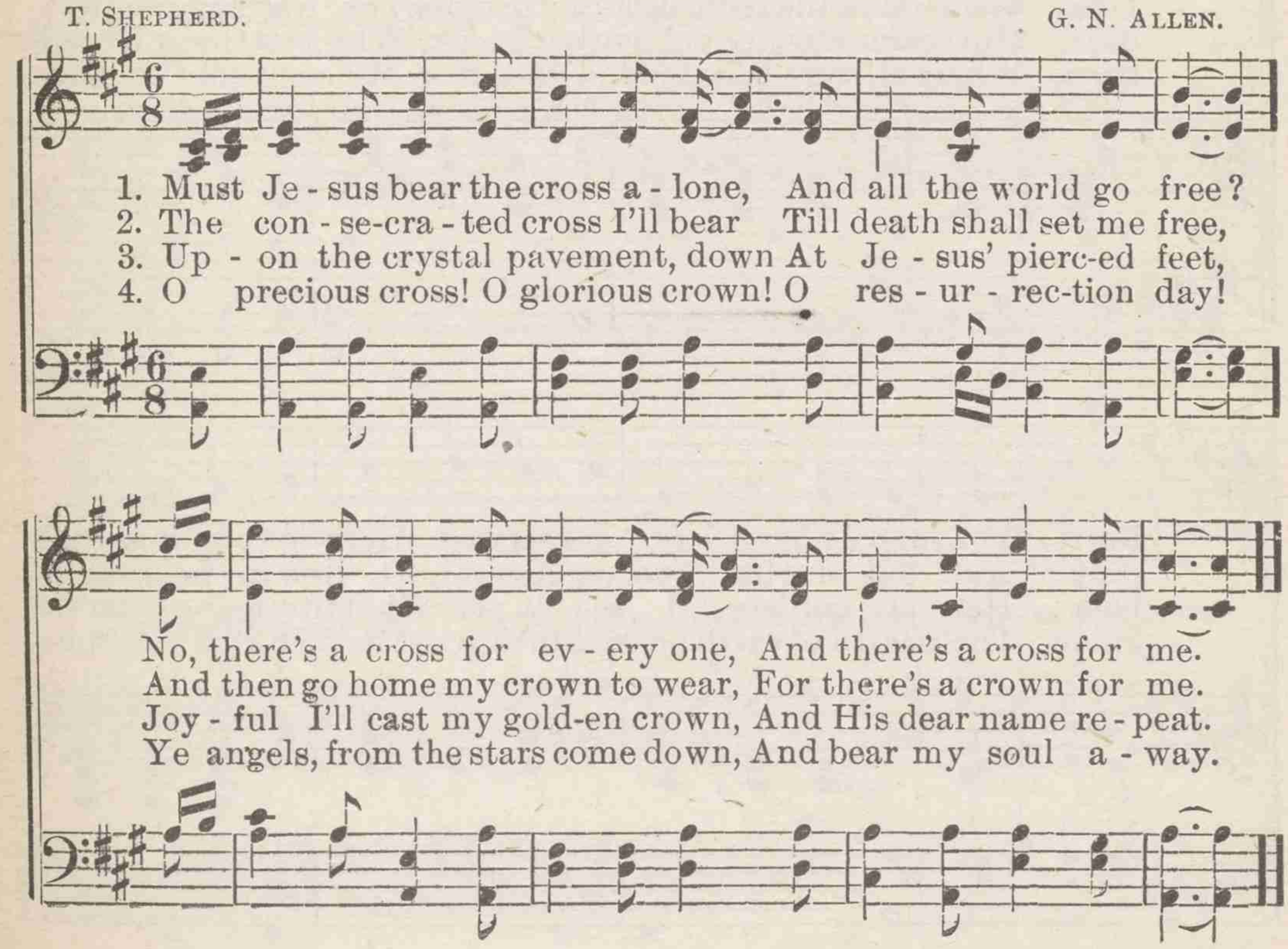
Will Papa Come There?



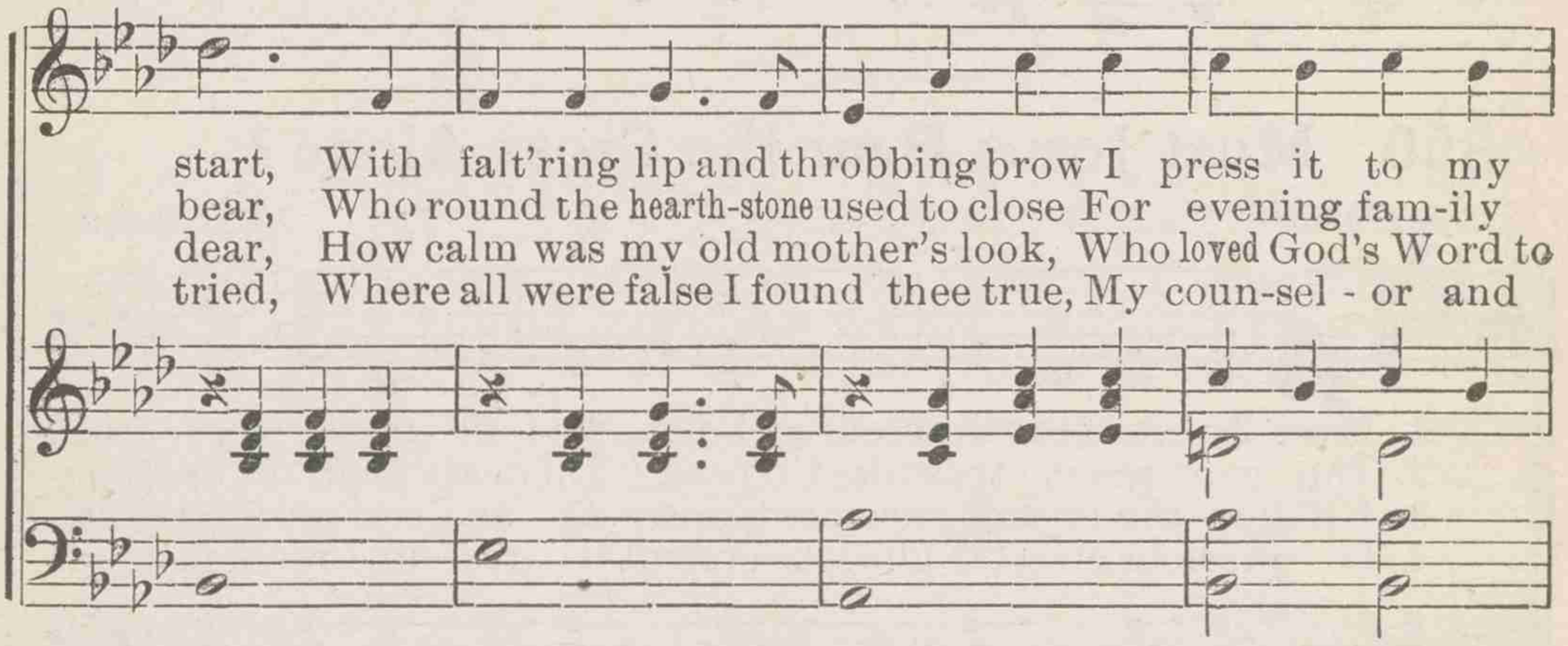
350 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

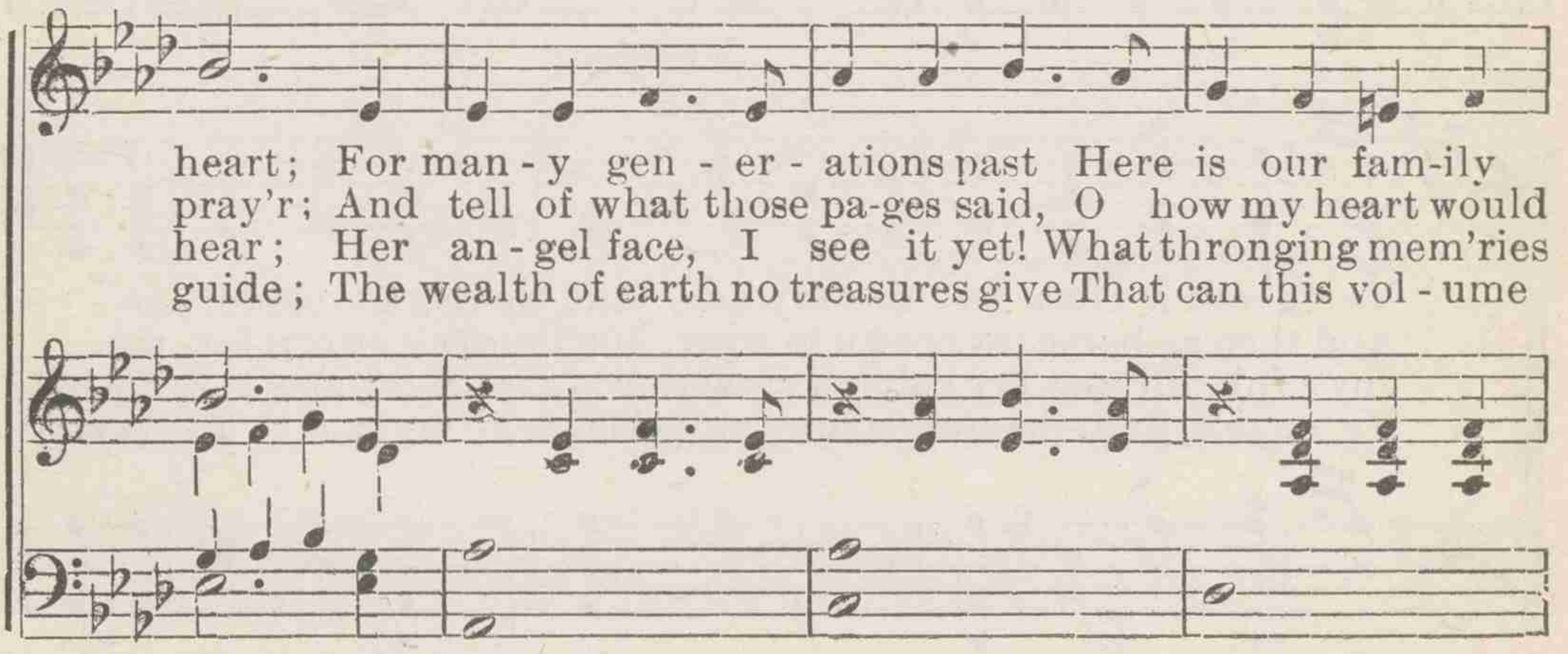
T. SHEPHERD. G. N. ALLEN.



351 My Mother's Bible.

MORRIS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.





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My Mother's Bible.

Rit. - -

tree, My mother's hand this Bible clasped, She, dying, gave it me.
thrill, Tho' they are with the si-lent dead They here are living still.
come; A - gain that lit-tle group is met Within the dear old home.
buy, It teach - es me the way to live, Prepares me then to die.

Rit. - -

CHORUS.

'Tis all that's left me now; There is no book be - side The dear old Bi - ble

moth-er loved As coun-sel-or and guide; The treasures of the earth This

volume can-not buy, It teaches me the way to live, Prepares me then to die.

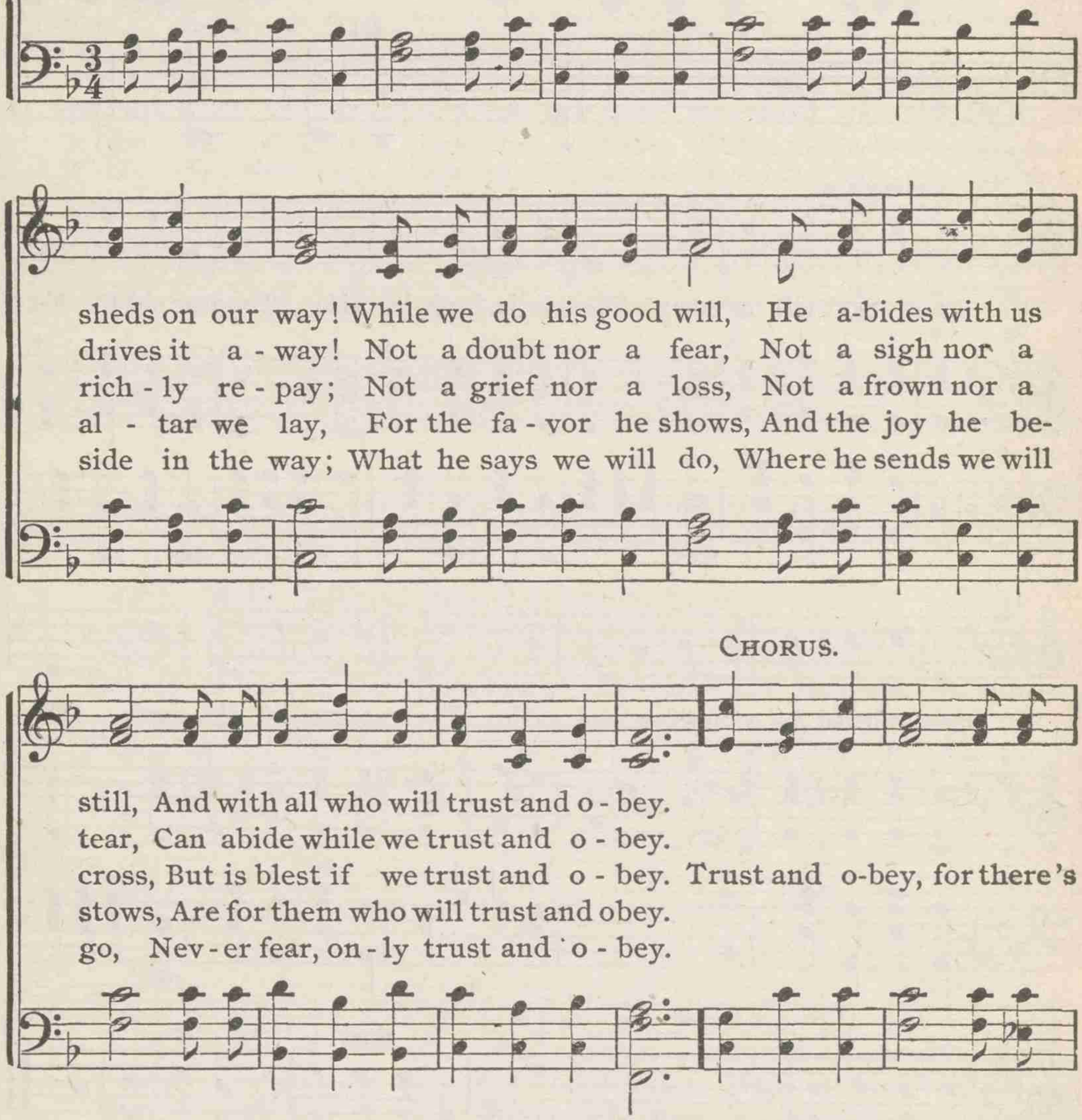
Rit. - - -

Rit. - - -

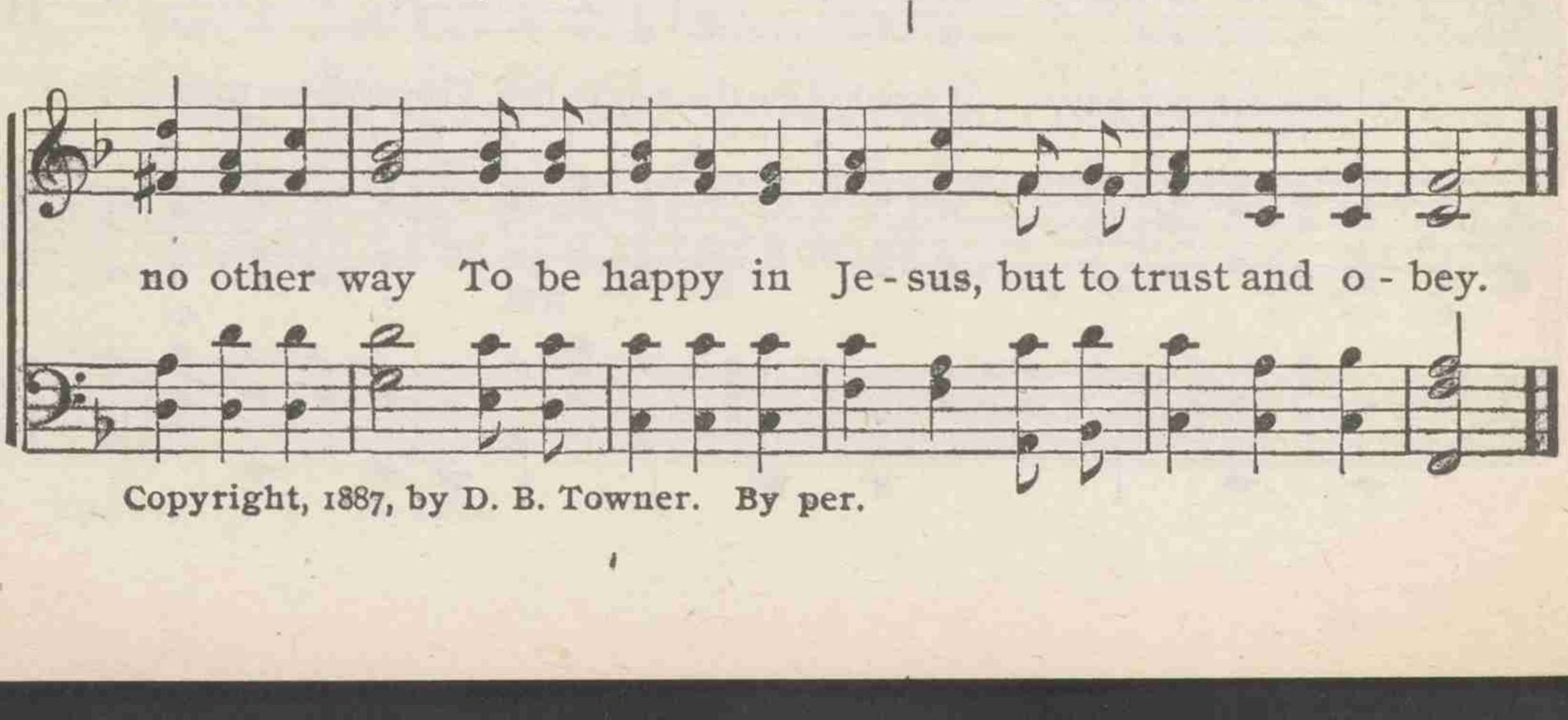
352 Trust and Obey.

Words by J. H. SAMMIS. Music by D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo-ry he
2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a burden we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil he doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of his love, Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his



sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a-bides with us
drives it a-way! Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
al-tar we lay, For the fa-vor he shows, And the joy he be-
side in the way; What he says we will do, Where he sends we will



CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o-bey.
tear, Can abide while we trust and o-bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, for there's
stows, Are for them who will trust and obey.
go, Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.

no other way To be happy in Je-sus, but to trust and o-bey.

Copyright, 1887, by D. B. Towner. By per.

353 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J SHOWALTER.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

By permission.

354 The Penitent's Plea.

H. H. B. H. H. Booth. Arranged.

DUET.

1. Savior, hear me, while before Thy feet I the rec-ord of my sins re-peat;
2. Back with all the guilt my spir-it bears, Past the haunting memories of years,
3. Yet why should I fear; hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be denied?
4. All the rivers of Thy grace I claim, O-ver ev'ry promise write my name:

Stained with guilt, myself ab-hor - ring, Fill'd with grief, my soul out-pour-ing,
Self and shame and fear de-spis - ing, Foes and taunting fiends sur-pris-ing,
To that heart its sins con-fess-ing, Canst Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
As I am I come be-liev - ing; As Thou art Thou dost, re-ceiv-ing,

Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spirit free?
Sav-ior, to Thy cross I press my way, And a broken heart before it lay;
By the love and pity Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me atone,
Bid me rise a freed and pardoned slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave.

Raise my sinking heart and bid me be Thy child once more!
Ere I leave, oh, let me hear Thee say, "It shall be thine!"
Bold - ly will I kneel be-fore Thy throne, A plead-ing soul.
Charging me to preach Thy pow'r to save To sin - bound souls.

The Penitent's Plea.

CHORUS.

Grace there is my ev-'ry debt to pay; Blood to wash my ev-'ry
Grace there is my debt, my ev-'ry debt to pay; Blood to wash my sin, my
sin a-way; Pow'r to keep sin-less day by day, For me, for me.
ev-'ry sin a-way; Pow'r to keep me sin-less

355 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free–
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's
pilgrims' pride; From ev - 'ry mount-ain-side Let free-dom ring.
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break—The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

356 When the Lord Shall Come.

GUSSIE SPENCER. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Solo or Unison.

1. It may be in the morn-ing, When the toil is just be-gun, It
2. We wait for His ap-pear-ing, For we have His promise sweet, He'll
3. Our hearts will glow with rapture, As His beaming face we see, Our

may be in the eve-ning When the wea-ry day is done. In
come in wond'rous glo-ry, All His faith-ful ones to meet. His
tongues shall sing ho-san-nas To the Man of Gal-i-lee; And

noontide's blaze of brightness, Or in midnight's si-lent gloom, That
glance shall change the living, And His voice shall break the tomb, With
He will bear us up-ward To our bright e-ter-nal home, To

CHORUS.

fi-nal hour we know not When the Lord shall come. Oh, then, be
joy we'll stand be-fore Him When the Lord shall come.
dwell with Him for-ev-er, When the Lord shall come. Oh, then, my soul be

Oh, then, be

read-y, For the Lord shall come, All lamps be burning, For the
read-y, For the Lord, the Lord shall come, All lamps be trimmed and burning, For the
read - y, The Lord shall come, All lamps be burn - ing, The

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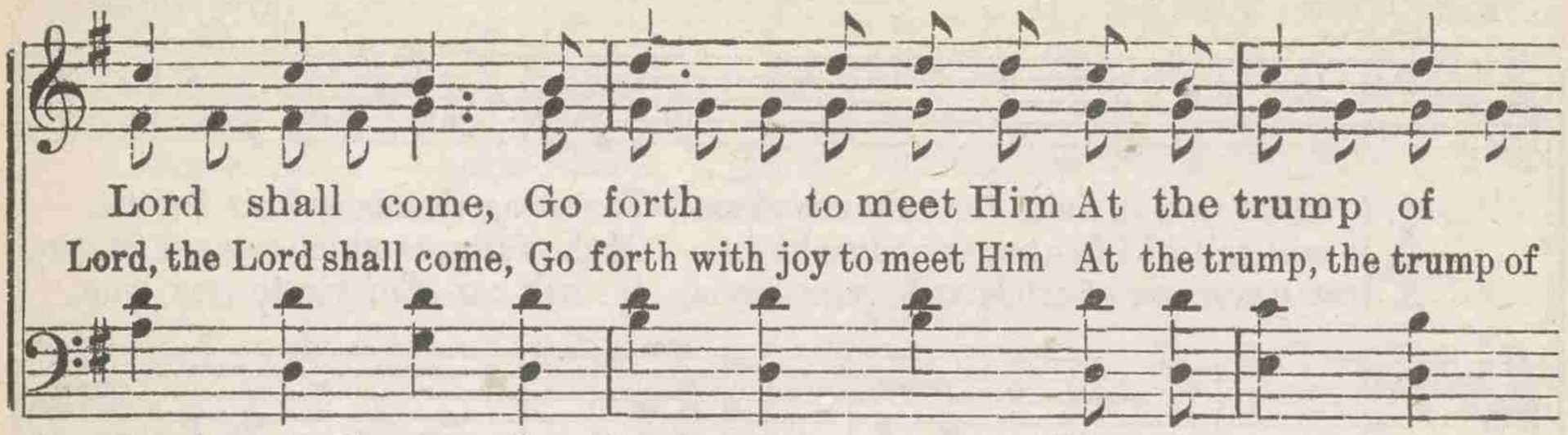
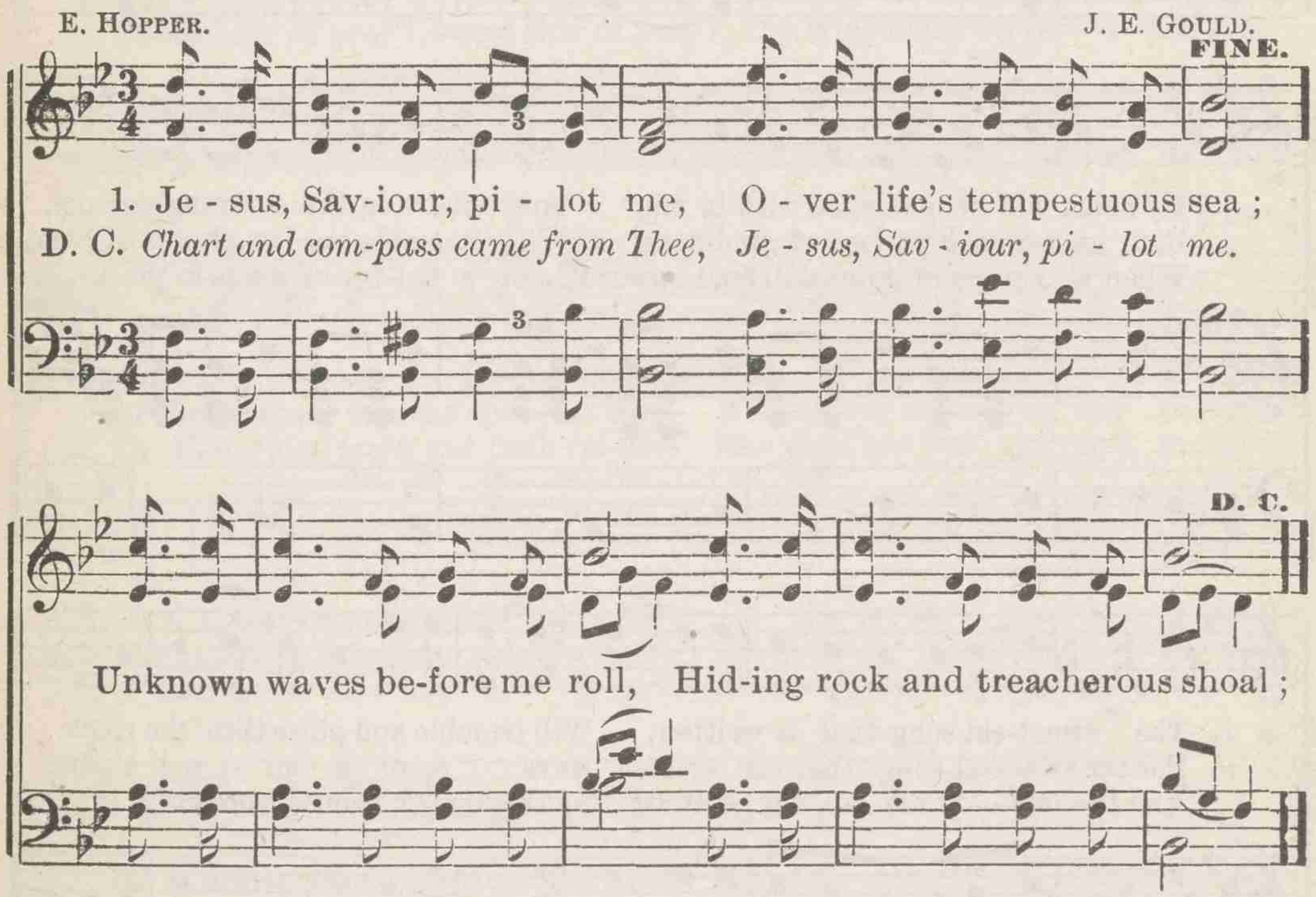
The Lord Shall Come.



357 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



2 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.

3 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!"

358 Sometime, Somewhere.

KATE GALPIN PERKINS. S. M. CHASE.

SOLO.

1. I know that it waits for me somewhere, That song that is written for me;
2. It will tell of life's hopes and ambitions, Of the fullness which came with the years,
3. It will murmur of trials and temptations, It will car-ol of vic-to-ries won,

When I catch the first lingering echoes Of its matchless mel - o - dy
When that which was planted in sunshine Had been often-times watered with tears.
And the song will grow clearer and sweeter Till the last ringing measure is done;

My heart will keep silence with-in me, And there in the eve-ning's gloom,
But un-der each pa-lore of glad-ness Will tremble the low chords of pain,
When a rip-ple of notes will float upward Like a flut-ter of wings in the air,

The sweet-est song that is written, Will tremble and pulse thro' the room.
For the sweetest songs that are written, Have ev-er a mi - nor strain.
And the mel-o-dy die a - way soft-ly, As the low whispered words of a pray'r.

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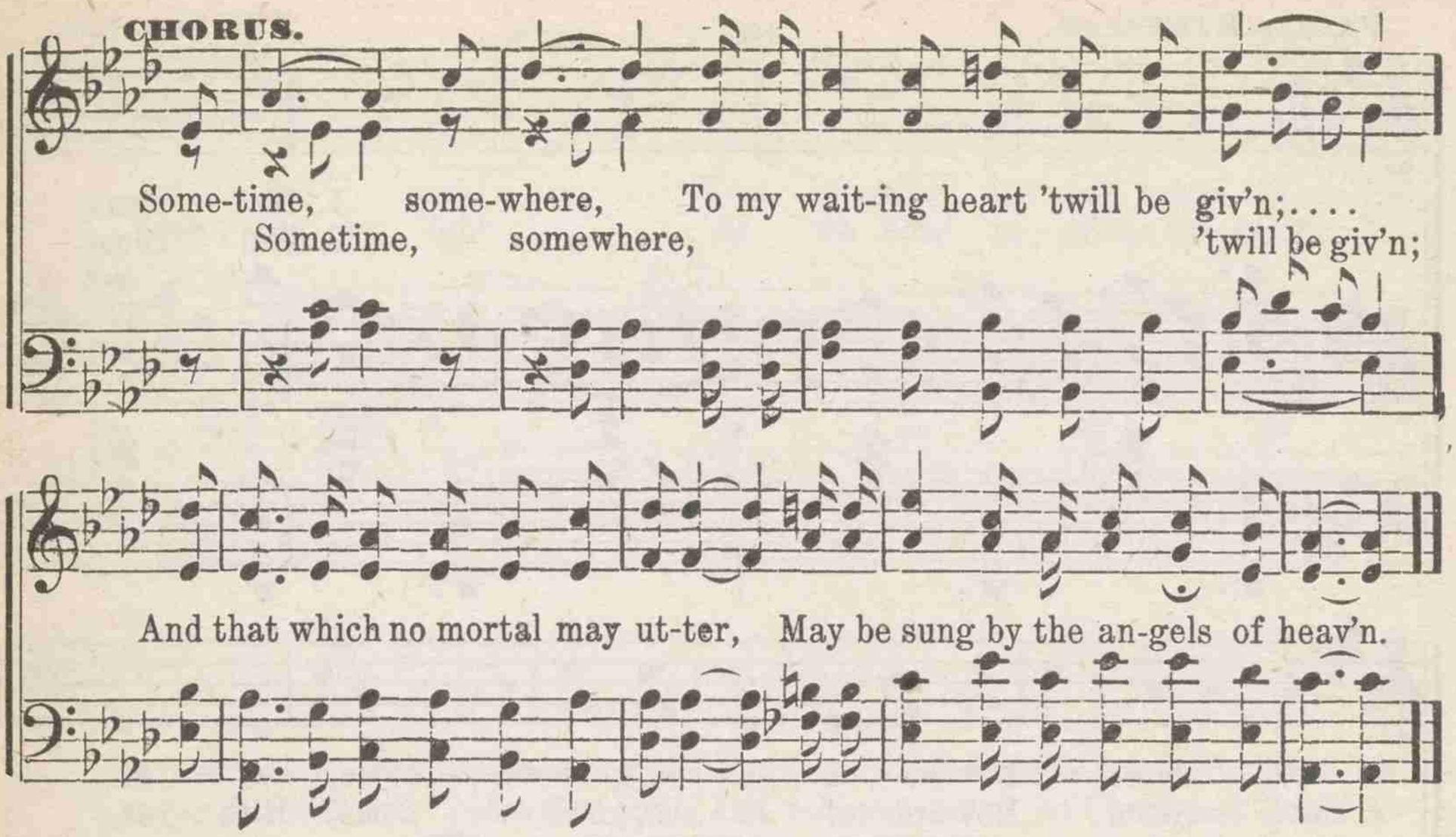
Sometime, Somewhere.



359 Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.

360 Welcome.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Wel - come,
2. Wel - come,

wel - come, Lov-ers of Je - sus, good wel - come, Un - to
wel - come, Lov-ers of Je - sus, good wel - come, Hith - er

God glad thanks we'll pay; Wel - come, wel - come,
come in throngs so bright, Wel - come, wel - come,

Broth-ers and sis-ters all wel - come, Gath - ered here this
Broth-ers and sis-ters all wel - come, Join these scenes of

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Welcome.

Fine. *mp*

joy - ful day; Kept by pow'r di - vine are we, And
pure de - light. As we here re - ceive the word, O,

here with - in His courts so free; The love of Christ the theme shall be We
may each heart in blest ac - cord, Its sol-emn vows to Christ our Lord; A-

mf

now as one pro - long; Sound His praise o'er land and main, Let farthest isles take
gain with joy re - new; May we in His strength begin A-new to fight the

D. S.

up the strain, For Christ the King o'er all shall reign; Our joy and song.
pow'rs of sin, This mighty world for Him to win, In serv-ice true.

361 Ye Have Done It Unto Me.

D. ALEXANDER RUSSELL. J. H. F.

Recitative. Ad lib.

1. Once a poor, forsaken beggar, Hungry, thirsty and footsore, Begging for some food and water,
2. In a dark and lone-ly alley, With his head upon a stone, Lay a poor and helpless stranger
3. In a damp and dingy cottage, Lonely ones were weeping sore ; Some were sick and some forsaken,

Stood be-fore my o-pen door; I was touched by his distresses, And my sympathies flowed forth, In un-
Al - most nak-ed and a-lone ; How my heart was filled with pity, As I took him by the arm, Heard him
Some were helpless evermore; And within the gloomy prison, Many sat with aching hearts, Pleading

Rit. **A tempo.**

bid-den tears of sad-ness, For the need-y ones of earth. But I gave him food and water, And I
beg for friends and raiment, And for shelter from all harm—" I'm a friend ", I said, " and raiment, I will
for a word of com-fort Ere the light of day departs. Then I went and tried to help them, Tried their

Rit. **A tempo.**

Rit.

washed his weary feet, Then I heard the Mas-ter say-ing, In His accents soft and sweet,—
free-ly give to thee " ; Then I heard the Mas-ter speaking, And He seemed to say to me,—
griefs to roll a - way, And I heard the Mas-ter speaking, And He seemed to me to say,—

Rit.

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Ye Have Done It Unto Me.

Aria.

"I was hun-gry and ye fed me, Thirst-y and ye gave me drink; And you
"I was once a lone - ly stran-ger Pass-ing thro' the world of sin,— Nak-ed,
"I was sick, and ye watched o'er me, Gen - tly soothed my aching head; I was

tried to seek and save me When I trem-bled on the brink; Now I call you
and ye gave me rai-ment, Home-less, and ye took me in: In-as-much as
fet-tered in a dun-geon, And ye smoothed my prison bed; Ye have helped my

Rit. ad lib.

'Come up high-er,' This re-ward I give to thee, As ye helped my suff 'ring
these my brethren Ye have cheered and helped a-long, I've prepared for you a
suff - 'ring brethren, With your loving deed and and word; Come ye bless-ed of my

Colla voce.

Rit.

breth - ren, Ye have done it un - to me."
king - dom, With the white-robed an - gel throng."
Fa - ther, Yours the king-dom of the Lord."

1st and 2d ending. D. C. **3d ending.**

Rit. **A tempo.**

362 Unto Him Be Glory.

P. H. J. H. F.

Maestoso.

Un-to him be glo - ry and hon - or and pow'r, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu - jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

Un-to him be glo - ry and

lu - jah, hal-le-lu-jah, To him be glo - ry and hon-or and pow'r,

hon - or, hal-le-lu - jah,

2d time go to Coda.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le- lu-jah, hal-le-lu - jah, A-men. To him who was

dead, But for ev - er-more liv - eth, To him who was dead, but for

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Unto Him Be Glory.

ev - er-more liv - eth, For ev - er-more liv - eth, for ev - er-more

liv - eth, To him who was dead, but for ev - er-more liv - eth,

Rit. - - - - D. C.

Un - to him.....

CODA.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

Un - to him.....

To him be glo - ry and hon - or and pow'r,

For - ev - er and ev - er, A - men, A - men.

363 Glory and Honor.

FLORA KIRKLAND. CHAS. GOUNOD.

FULL CHORUS. Maestoso.

Glo - ry and hon - or to God our heav'nly Fa - ther, Praise and a-

dore Him who reigns in might and ma-jes-ty. Tell of His goodness, proclaim His

name to ev-'ry land Till all the nations shall own Him King for-ev-er-more.

Sing and give praise to the Lord the King of kings, For He is good, He is
O sing, give praise, is good,

good, and His mer-cy ev - er - last - ing. Sing to the Lord tho' a
is good, O sing, O sing,

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Glory and Honor.

* Use small notes, if desirable.

364 Banner of Beauty.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. F.

1. Beau - ti - ful flag of the brave and free,.... Emblem of
2. He - roes have lain with their dy - ing eyes,.... Gaz-ing with
3. Dear to Co - lum - bi - a's true and brave,.... O - ver the

hope and lib - er - ty;..... Glad-ly we hail thee, float - ing
love on thy gor-geous dyes;..... Floating a-bove the gloom of
land and o'er the wave;..... Glad-ly we hail thee, float - ing

CHORUS.

far,..... Beau-ti-ful flag of the stripe and star. Ban - ner of
war,..... Beau-ti-ful flag of the stripe and star.
far,..... Beau-ti-ful flag of the stripe and star. Ban-ner of beau-ty,

beau - ty, Em - blem of the free,.....
Ban - ner of beau-ty, Em - blem of the free, of the free,.....

Ban - ner of beau - ty, Flag of lib - er - ty.
Ban-ner of beau-ty, Ban - ner of beau - ty, Flag of lib - er - ty.

By permission.

365 Pure as the Streamlet.

E. E. HEWITT. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Thank God for the fountains, the life - giv - ing rills That spring, pure as crys-tal, a - mong the green hills; They bring to the val - leys re-
2. Thank God for the vine-yards that smile in the sun, For autumn's full gar-ners, when har-vest is done; O turn not to poi - son God's
3. Our Fa-ther knows well what His children should drink, And gives us much more than we ask or can think; A - way, then, a - way, with the
4. In paths true and ho - ly, Lord, may we be led, Throughout the wide world may Thy kingdom be spread; All e - vil en - tice-ments our

freshment and wealth, They rip - ple with glad-ness, they sparkle with health.
beau - ti - ful fruit, De - file not His boun - ty with sin's bit - ter root.
sin - curs - ed bowl! A - way with the li - quor that poi-sons the soul.
hearts would dis-own, A - thirst for the riv - er that flows from the throne.

CHORUS.

Mur - mur-ing rills, Hear their sweet music among the green hills;
Murmuring rills, murmuring rills,

Keep, bless-ed Saviour, our souls Pure as the stream as it rolls.
Keep, blessed Saviour, our lips and our souls

Fine.

D. C.

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366 Forward the Call.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. Na-tion great and na-tion glo-ri - ous, Na-tion blest and na- tion prosperous,
2. Forward thus the might-y ar - my, Forward thus the conq'ring ar - my,

Ev - er, ev - er forward, Moving, moving forward, Nation great and nation glorious,
Ev - er, ever marching, Forward, forward marching, Forward thus the glorious army,

Na-tion blest and na - tion prosperous, Ev - er, ev - er for-ward in the
Forward thus the peaceful ar - my, For-ward in the bless - ed cause of

light of God; Peace with fair - est ban - ner o'er us, Leads the way of
truth and right. Ev - en step a band of broth-ers, All the line ad-

du - ty, Points the path of beau - ty, Truth and right our conq'ring cho - rus,
vanc-ing, Good to all en-hanc-ing, Help a - like we give to oth - ers,

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Forward the Call.

Lib - er - ty our watchword all a-broad. A na - tion great and na-tion
Striv-ing all to find and spread the light. As for-ward thus the-might-y

glo-ri-ous, Na-tion blest and na-tion prosperous, Ev - er, ev - er for - ward,
ar - my, Forward thus the conq'ring ar - my, Ev - er, ev - er march - ing,

Mov - ing, mov - ing for - ward, Na - tion great and na - tion glo - ri-ous,
For - ward, for - ward march-ing, For - ward thus the glo - ri - ous ar-my,

Na-tion blest and na-tion pros-per-ous, Ev - er, ev - er for-ward in the
Forward thus the con-q'ring ar - my, For-ward in the bless - ed cause of

light of God.
truth and right. Forward the con-q'ring call, Forward the conq'ring call, Forward the

call, for - ward the call, For-ward the con - q'ring call. con - q'ring call.

Small notes for instrument only.

367 There Will Dawn a Golden Morrow.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. There will dawn a gold - en mor-row, by and by, Earth will
2. Truth and jus - tice will be strong-er, by and by, (by and by!) Men will
3. Each will learn to serve his neigh-bor, by and by, Kind - ly

wear a - way her sor - row, by and by, We shall
bear with sin no long - er, by and by, (by and by!) Hosts of
words will sweet-en la - bor, by and by, Man to

see the glo - ry bright-en, We shall feel the bur - den light-en, In the
e - vil will be scat-tered, And their i - dols will be shattered, In the
man will be a broth - er, Each in hon - or choose the oth - er, In the

CHORUS.

gold-en morn-ing by and by. By and by, by and by,
By and by! by and by!

Hearts will know a sweeter sto-ry by and by, by and by! By and by,
by and by!

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There Will Dawn a Golden Morrow.

368 A Temperance Prayer

E. E. HEWITT. J. H. F.

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369 Fly Your Banners.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. In the name of Christ fling your banners out, Let them fly, let them fly, All ye valiant ones, let your rallying shout Rend the sky,
2. That the tidings blest may be borne abroad, Give your hand, give your hand, That your place be filled in the ranks of God, Take your stand,

Rend the sky; Now we see the brightness of his word, And we
Take your stand, And no ill thy soul unmoved shall see, In the

hail the ris-ing dawn, Now Jehovah takes his conq'ring sword, And his
battle's din and shock, For the Lord himself thy strength shall be, And thine

CHORUS.

cause goes marching on. In the name of Christ fling your banners out, Let them
ev - er-last - ing rock.

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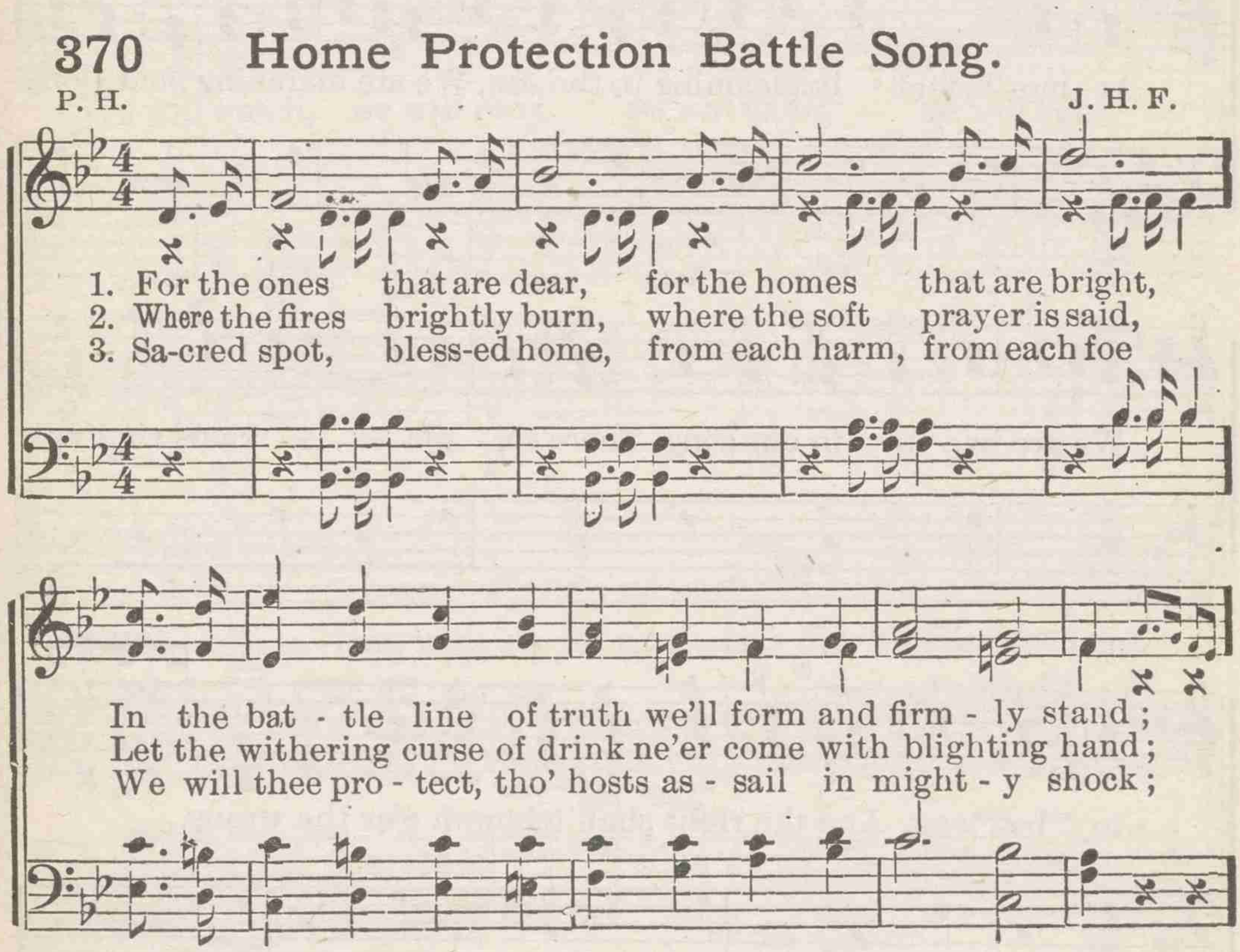
Fly Your Banners.

370 Home Protection Battle Song.



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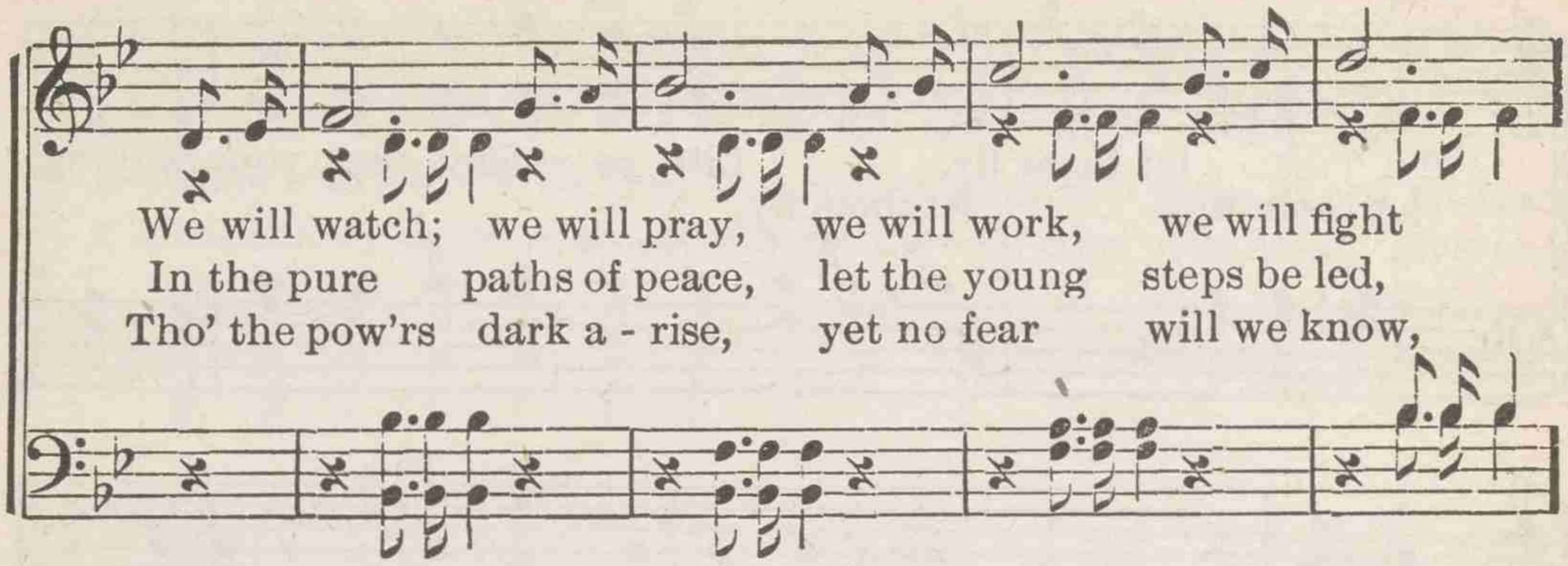
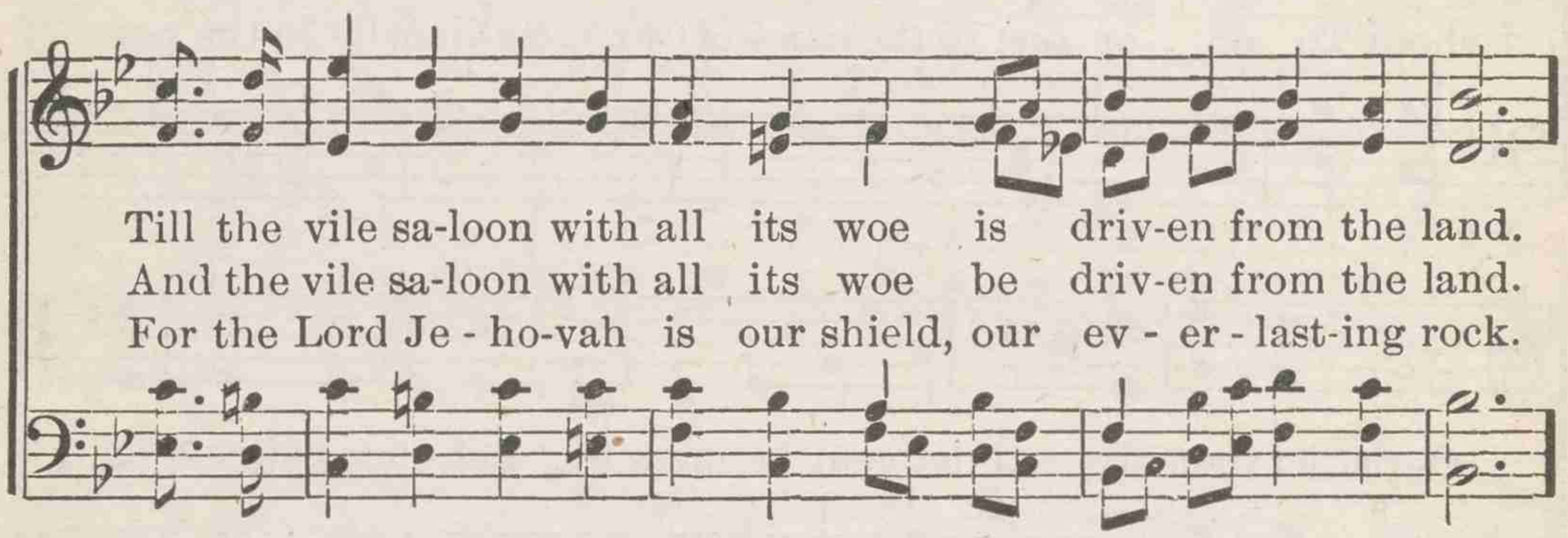
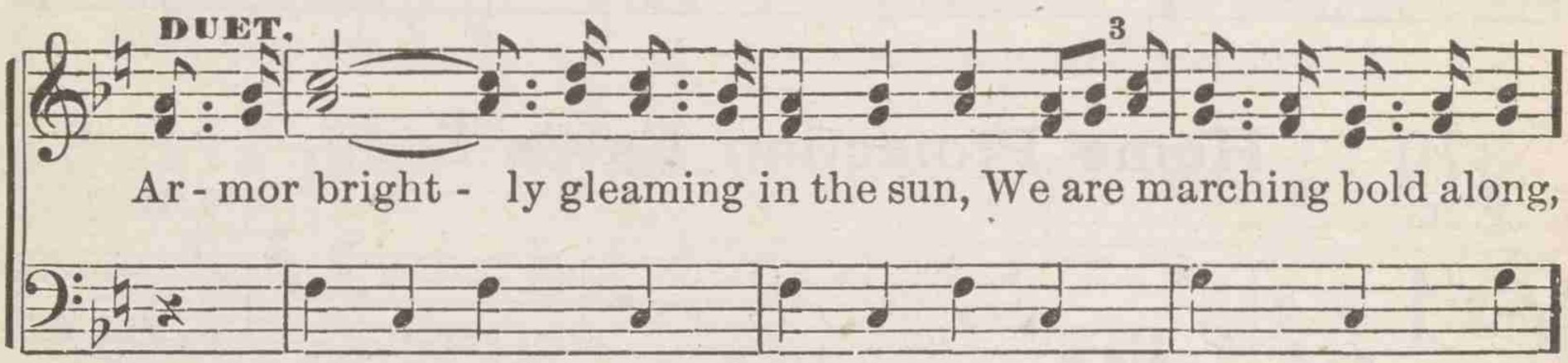
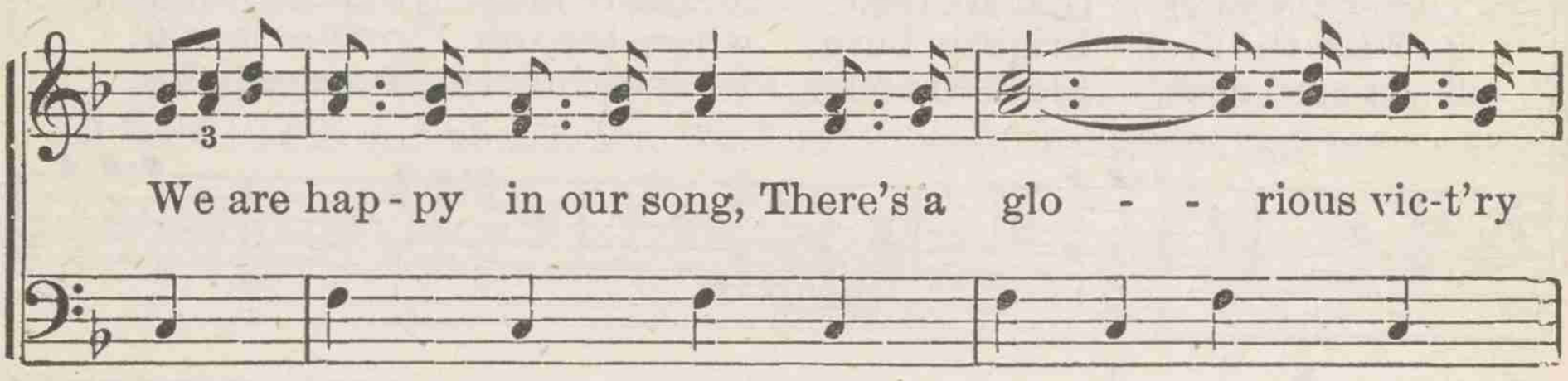
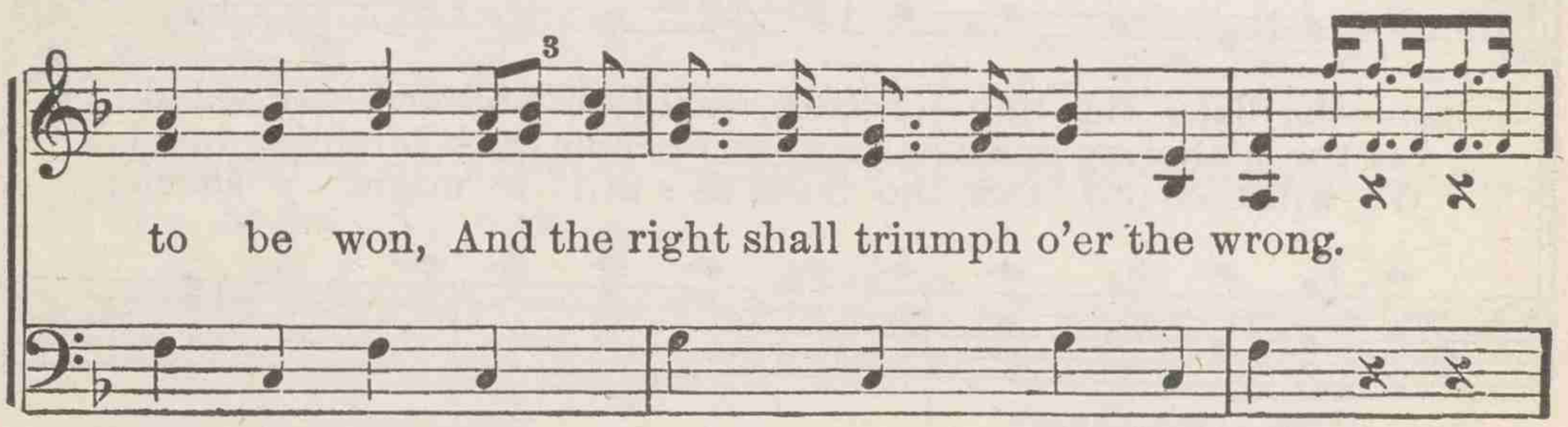
Home Protection Battle Song.



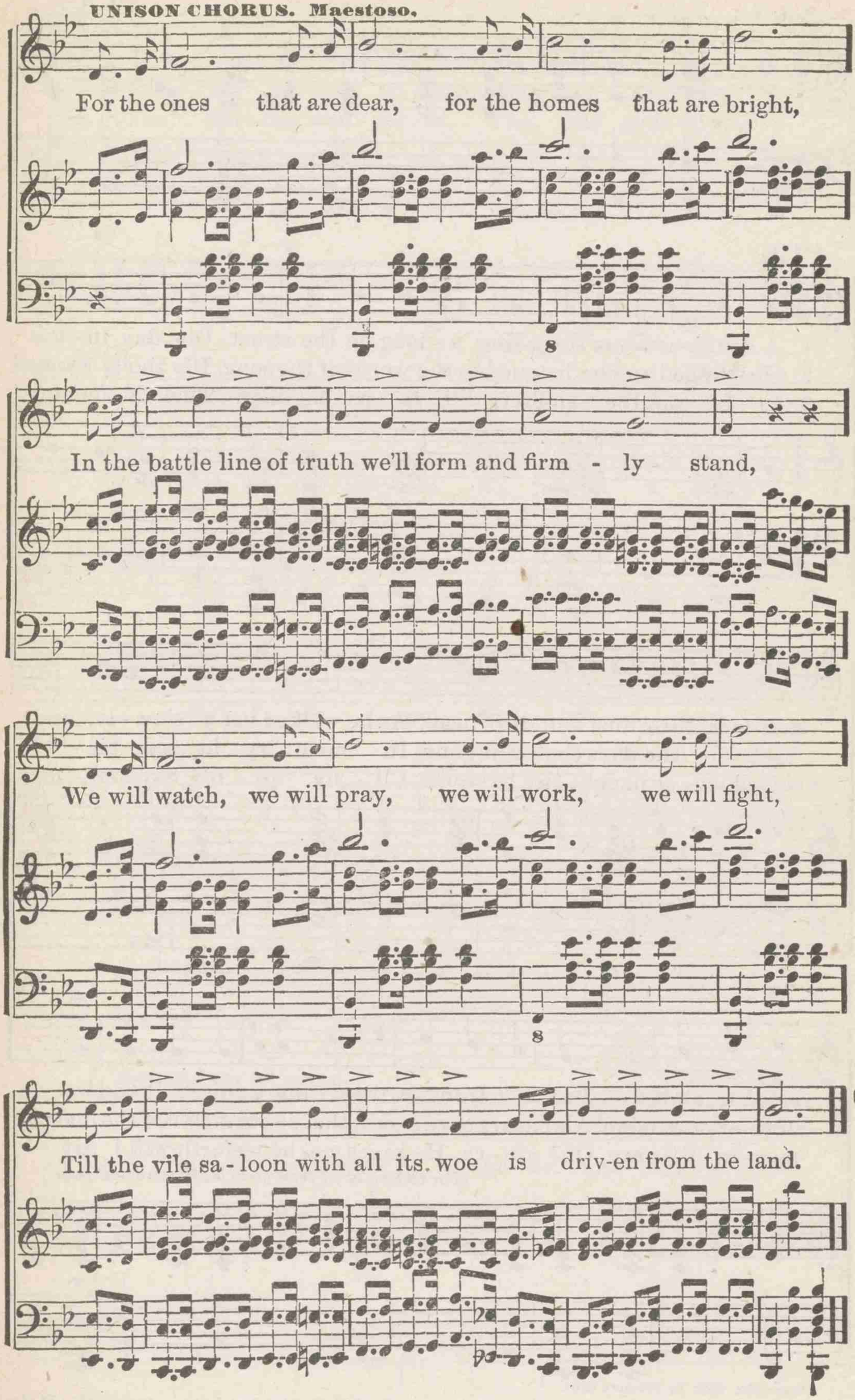








Home Protection Battle Song.



371 Saved by a Song.

J. H. F.

1st ♩.

1. A drunk-ard was stagg'ring a - long on the street, One day in the sum-mer, thro' dust and thro' heat; As he walked ver-y slow - ly, and reeled to and fro, Just then from the church came a voice soft and low :—
2. He stopped and he listened to the words of the song, His tho'ts wandered back to the days that were gone, In mem - 'ry he sees his old moth-er once more, And hears once a-gain that sweet strain thro' the door :—
3. I, I am the wand'rer, I'll be so no more, That old song has touched me as naught else be - fore; I'll fly to my Sav-iour, for mer - cy I'll pray, Oh! glo - ry, He saves me, henceforth will I say :—

(*For ending of 3d verse go to lower score next page.*)

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NOTE.—The name of the author of the words of this song has been misplaced. If she will kindly report to the publishers, proper credit will be given.

Saved by a Song.

pp

1. "Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee,
2. "Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down,

pp

2d *f.*

FINE.

E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me."
Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone."
D. S. *Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee."*

Interlude.

Go to 1st D. S.

f Refrain for 3d verse.

Go to 2d D. S.

3. "Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

f

372 ' Stand for the Right.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. No - ble is he who lifts his col - ors high, Standing for the right
2. He - ro is he who meets a cold world's scorn, Walk-ing in the steps
3. Vic - tor is he who bat-tles for the Lord, Strong is he, tho' fal-

'gainst the pow'rs of sin and wrong; Val - iant is he who dares to
of the meek and low - ly One; Glo - ry a-waits him on that
len, and might - y, tho' cast down; Plant-ed is he on the e-

do and die, Righteousness his watchword, and God his strength and song.
heav'nly morn, All his hardships end - ed and all his tri - als done.
ter-nal Word, E'en in death triumphant he views his star - ry crown.

D. S. *Righteousness your watchward, and God your strength and song.*

CHORUS.

Stand for the right, stand for the right, Lift your col-ors 'gainst the pow'rs of

wrong, For - ward to vic - t'ry in the glo - rious fight,

Then proud-ly lift your col-ors,

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373 Down in the Licensed Saloon.

An answer to, "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

Words and Music by W. A. WILLIAMS.

p **Rit.**

Where is my wand'ring boy to-night! Down in the licensed saloon.

mf

1. Down in a room all co - zy and bright, Filled with the glare of
2. Learning new vi - ces all the night long, Tempted to all that's
3. Little arms once were thrown round my neck, Look at him now, my
4. Brother, I guess you'd en-ter this fight, If it were your boy

mp

ma - ny a light, Beau - ti - ful mu - sic the ear to de - light,
sin - ful and wrong, Lis - ten - ing to the har - lot's foul song,
poor heart will break! Think of that boy to - night a sad wreck,
down there to-night, Ruined and wrecked by the drink ap - pe - tite,

CHORUS.

Down in the li-censed sa - loon. There is my wand'ring boy to-night,

Cres.

There is my wand'ring boy to-night, Down, down, down, down, Down in the licensed saloon!

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374 In the Name of Christ as King.

Dedicated to Major C. N. Howard, Rochester, N. Y.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. What a stream of crime and woe From the curst saloon doth flow,
2. Far too long this blighting curse, Has been waxing worse and worse,
3. Let us fal - ter not nor fear, Let us brave-ly per - se-vere,

As the days and months and years roll by! To the breeze this banner fling:
On - ly laughing at its vic-tim's cry. There must be a reck-on-ing—
And we soon shall gain the victo - ry. While we bat-tle let us sing:

"In the name of Christ as King, The Liq-uor Traf - fic must die."

CHORUS.

In the name of Christ as King, Lift the standard high;
In the name of Christ as King, Shout the battle cry;

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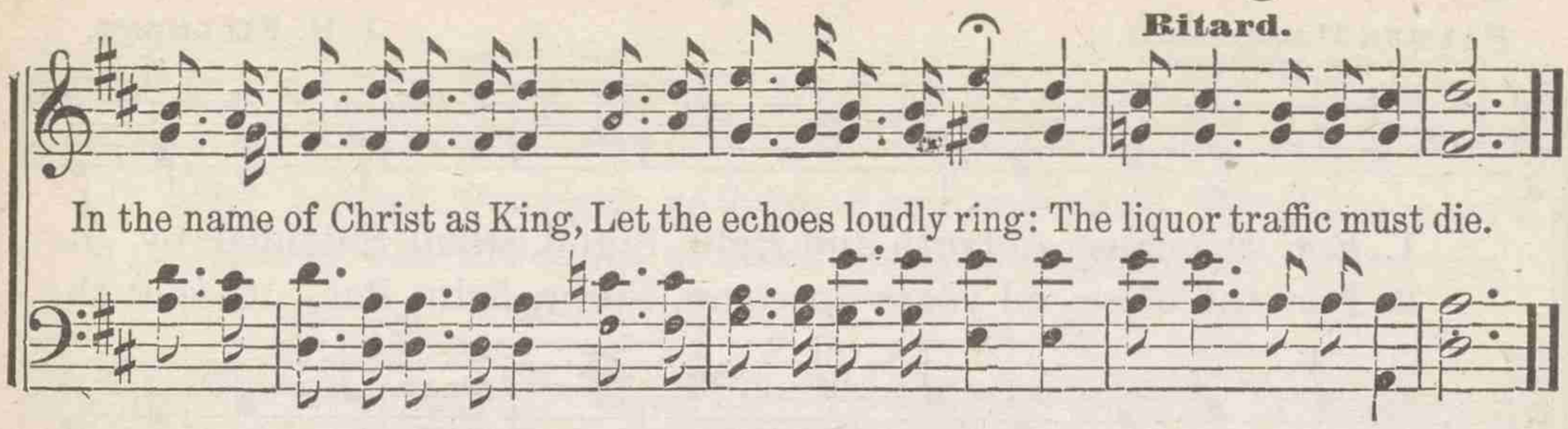
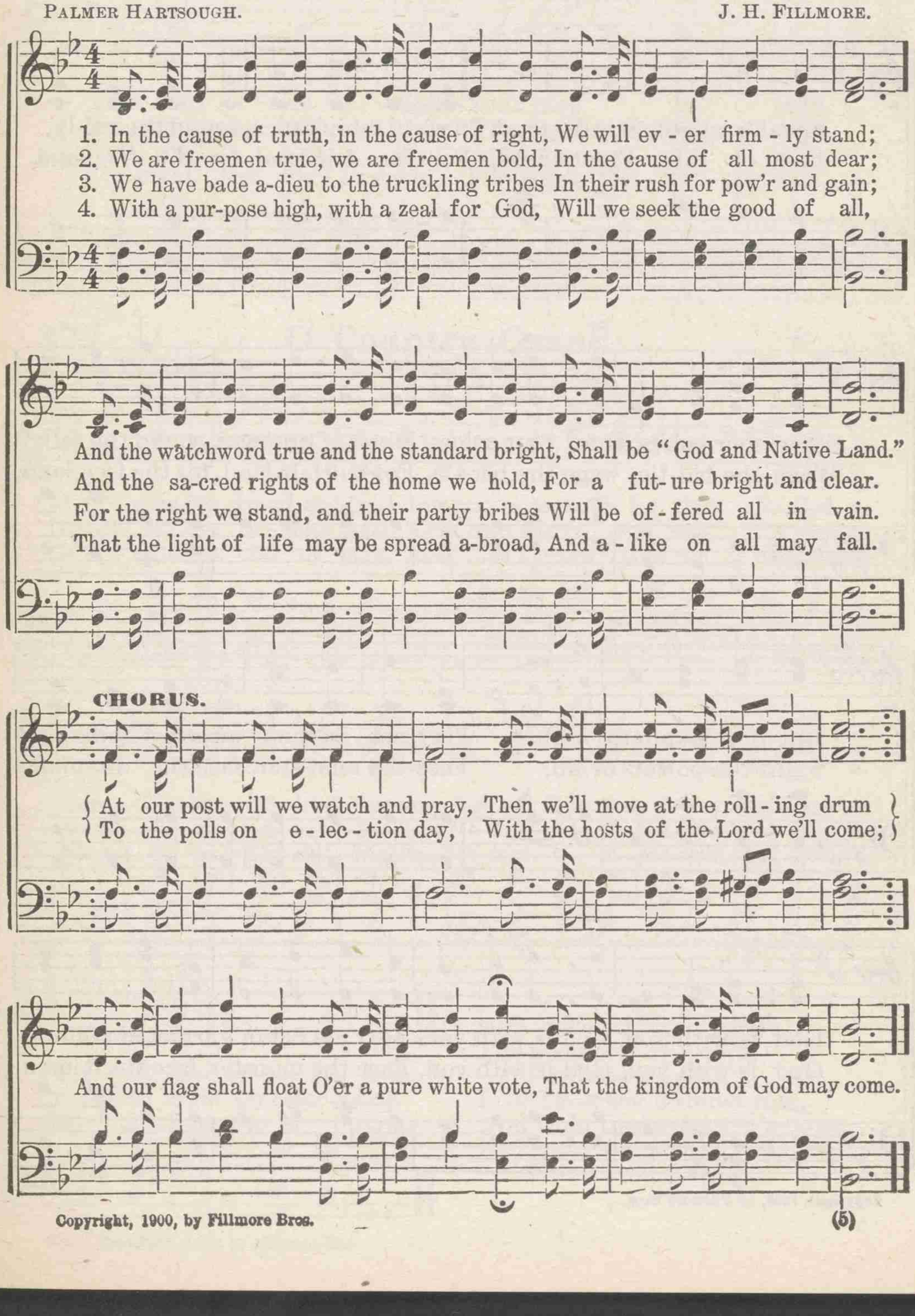
In the Name of Christ as King.



375 In the Cause of Truth.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.



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376 The Victory Win.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

Con spirito.

1. For the cause of truth and right, Stand, stand, Shielded by Je-
2. For the bless - ed years to come, Fight, fight, Put to rout the

hovah's might, Stand, stand, Friends of temp'rance, sound the ral-ly,
hosts of rum, Fight, fight, For the fair land, for the free land,

Show your colors, show your colors, Friends of temp'rance, sound the rally,
Wage the bat-tle, wage the bat-tle, For the fair land, for the free land,

Lift your standard high. Fear not Sa-tan's armored millions,
Fight the powers of sin; Face the mon-ster, face the de - mon,

God is with you, God is with you, Fear not Satan's armored millions,
God is with you, God is with you, Face the monster, face the demon,

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The Victory Win.

377 O Country Grand.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. *Tune: "Italian Hymn."* F. GIARDINI.

4 God of The nations, spare
The people of Thy care,
Deliverance send;
Free Thou the fettered soul,
And from the drunkard's bowl,
As joyous years shall roll,
Thine own defend.

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378 Brighter Days are Coming.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Moth-er! pray-ing for your wayward boy, Source of grief, who
2. Wife! so lone-ly, des-o-late, for-lorn, Vig-il keep-ing
3. Chil-dren! rag-ged, cry-ing for your bread, Pray-ing for a
4. Brave re-form-er! battling 'gainst the wrong, Yield not, faint not,

once was pride and joy, Pray on, moth-er, God will hear your cry,
till the break of morn, Pray on, wife, for God will hear your cry,
father worse than dead, Pray on, chil-dren, God will hear your cry,
tho the foe be strong, Fight on, pray on, God will hear your cry,

CHORUS.

Brighter days are com-ing, by and by. Brighter days are com-ing,

coming by and by, All the clouds will vanish from the darkened sky,

Pray on, work on, hope on, God will hear your cry, Brighter days are coming by and by.

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379 Who is On the Lord's Side?

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Prelude to each verse.
Vigorously.

Who is on the Lord's side, who? Who is on the Lord's side, are you?

Not too fast.

1. Not if it is your business to sell Li-quor that fits the
2. Not if you drink the pois-on-ous cup, E'en but a small, oc-
3. Not un-less you uphold with your might, All that is good and

drinker for hell. E'en tho the State permission may grant, 'T is a Sa-
ca - sion - al sup. While you yourself may be very strong, You may lead
no - ble and right. Not unless you op-pose all you can, Ev-'ry-thing

Postlude after each verse.
Softly and smoothly.

tan - ic— a vile cov - e-nant. The Lord is ho - ly,
weaker ones in - to the wrong. The Lord is help - ful
e - vil and hurt-ful to man. The Lord is right - eous,

just and true, And such a - lone His will can do.
to the weak, To be like Him such serv - ice seek.
just and true, Those on His side will such things do.

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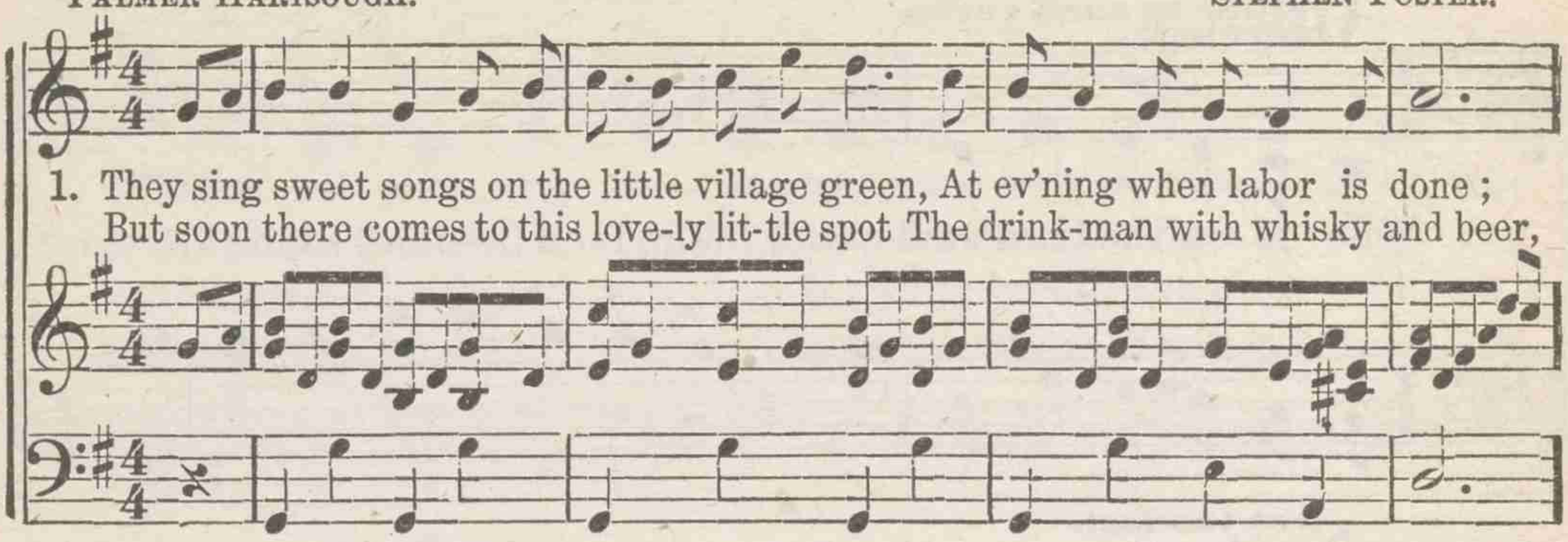
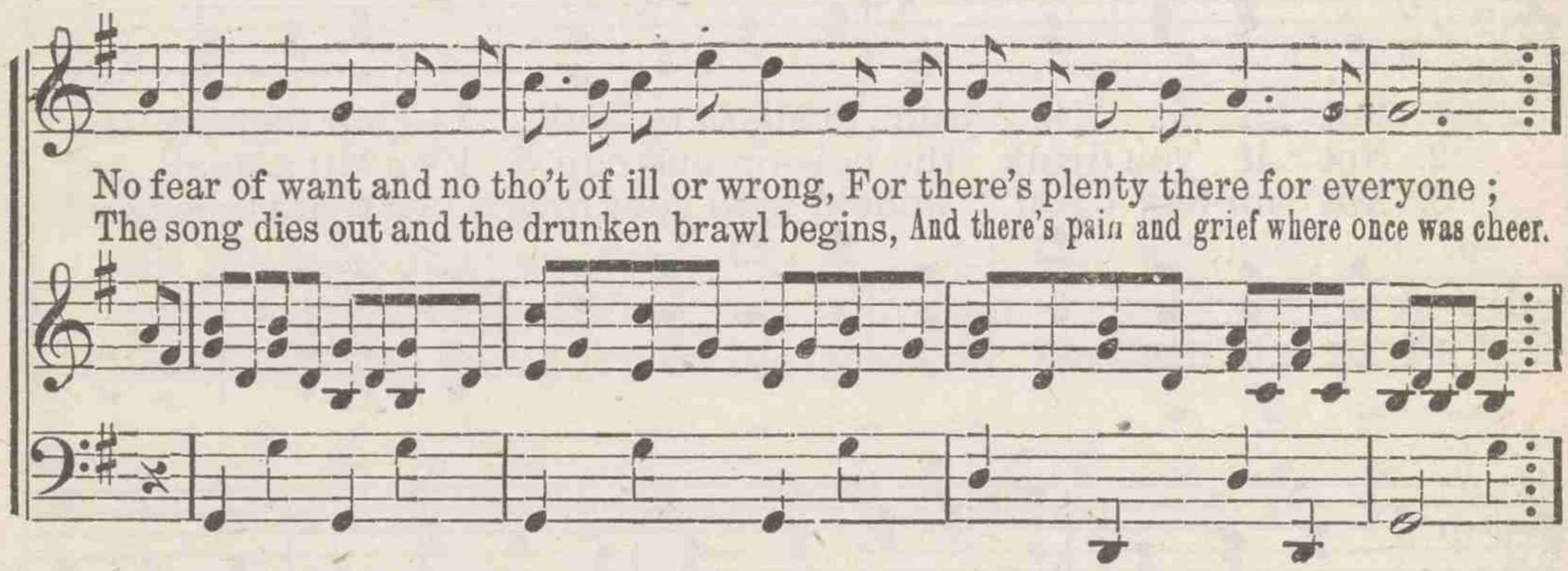
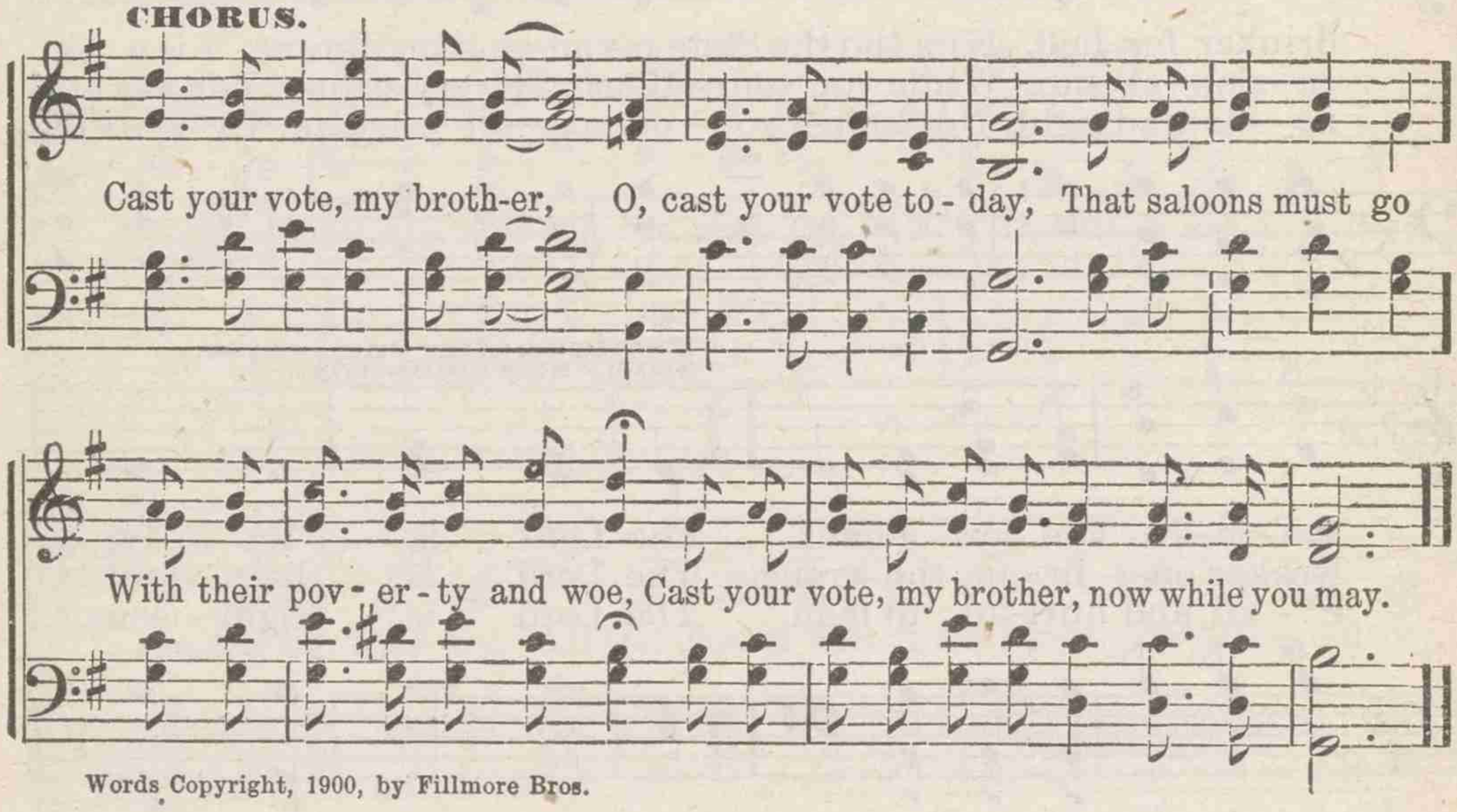
Then and Now.

Tune: "Old Kentucky Home."

PALMER HARTSOUGH. STEPHEN FOSTER.







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2 The drink-man hangs on the wall of his saloon
A writing most precious and rare,
And safe is he with this license o'er his head,
For it bears Columbia's seal so fair;
He leads young men in the paths of sin and shame,
And mothers and maidens must weep,
He breaks great hearts and he wrecks the brightest homes,
Yet serenely on his way will keep.

3 The drink-man rules, for in caucus he is king,
His bidding his tipplers all do,
And good men vote with the party and the ring,
So the drink-man's schemes are carried thro';
The time comes fast when beneath the tyrant Rum
The nation must bow as a slave,
Stand, patriots, then for the cause of truth and right,
And your colors fly, ye freemen brave.

381 At The Polls.

Rev. Robt. O. Smith. J. H. F.

1. Let us fight the na-tion's foe, At the polls, at the polls!
2. Let the li - quor de-mons yell, At the polls, at the polls!
3. On - ward then our way we press To the polls, to the polls!

Let us strike the fa - tal blow, At the polls! Let us
Joined by all the hosts of hell, At the polls! We will
God will all His sol - diers bless, At the polls! Tho' our

raise our ban-ner high, Till its folds shall kiss the sky, We will
sure - ly win the fight! "God is God and right is right," We will
en - e-mies may frown, An - gel bands will hasten down, With suc-
raise our ban - ner high, Till its folds shall kiss the sky, We will

con-quer or we'll die, At the polls.
put them all to flight, At the polls. At the polls, meet the foe, At the
cess our brows to crown, At the polls.
con - quer or we'll die, At the polls.

polls, At the polls, strike the blow, At the polls, (at the polls;) Let us

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382 The Nation's Boys.

ADALINE H. BEERY. **Duet for Tenor and Alto.** CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Out in the wild, where the sharp brambles grow, Somebody's darling is lost;
2. Quickly he rises, with new kindled hope, Round to the home-road he turns;
3. "Father, I've wronged you; I own it with shame; Low as the lowest I've been;
4. Men of the nation, O, why will you spoil Thousands of homes of their pride;

Somewhere below, in the whirlpool of sin, Hon - or and vir-tue are tossed.
While, as each landmark familiar appears, Deeply the one question burns:
But with each step on the broad, beaten way, Comradeship gilded the sin.
How can you license the cru-el saloon, Scattering death far and wide!

Under the droop of his brown tangled curls, Shame marks a once noble face;
"How will my father his ingrate receive? Can he forgive me at all?
Wine was the tempter that gave me the start, Soon I was raving with rum;
Save the bright boys from the clutches of hell, Keep them unspotted and brave;

Faint-ly a longing creeps up in his soul, Wea-ry of sin's gid dy chase.
Back to his threshold in tat-ters I'll go, Humbly confessing my fall."
Quickly the dregs of dis - hon-or I drained, Till to this wreck I have come."
Help in the work of up-lift-ing the world, In-to God's kingdom to save.

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The Nation's Boys.

CHORUS.

1 and 2. Bring him back home, my pen-i-tent boy! Back to the warm home-nest;
3. Bring the best robe! wel-come my boy! Here with my par-don crowned;
4. Strike the black flag! save all the boys! Give them their hopes of youth;

Tell him his fa-ther is lov-ing him still, Wait-ing to give him rest.
Let there be joy in the house-hold a-gain, O-ver my boy that's found.
Give us a na-tion of he-roes in-deed, Dar-ing to stand for truth.

383 You Can If You Will.

ROBT. O. SMITH. J. H. F.

1. Would you save the drunkard's home? You can if you will; Would you stop the
2. Would you lit-tle children bless? You can if you will; Would you ban-ish
3. Broth-ers, join us in the fight, You can if you will; He-roes put the

curse of rum? You can if you will. Would you strew the earth with flow'rs, Making
their distress? You can if you will. Would you qui-et their a-larm, Would you
foe to flight, You can if you will. Pray, O, pray, "Thy kingdom come," To the

glad this world of ours, As it smiles 'neath radiant show'rs? You can if you will.
save them from all harm, As you break the serpent's charm? You can if you will.
pal-ace and the slum, Toll! yes, toll the knell of rum, You can if you will.

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384 Columbia, the Strong to Deliver.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. Arr. by J. H. F.

1. Co-lum - bia, the strong to de - liv - er, The friend of the poor and distressed; Let lib - er - ty's rapt - ur - ous mu - sic
2. Co-lum - bia, the hope of the nations, The pride of the brave and the free, Co - lum - bia, the dream of the a - ges,

Sound out to the weak and distressed Let lib - er-ty's children be
The world turns with longing to thee. Be true to the blood of your

loy - al, And stand for the good and the true, Till the
he - roes, To lib - er - ty's voi - ces be true, And the

lands that are ly-ing in darkness, Shall honor the Red, White and Blue.
world, with its doubters and scorners, Will honor the Red, White and Blue.

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Columbia, the Strong to Deliver.

CHORUS. D. S.

Shall honor the Red, White and Blue! Shall honor the Red, White and Blue!
Will honor the Red, White and Blue! Will honor the Red, White and Blue!

385 Cleft for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Mighty Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks above the frowning storm;
2. Of the springs that from Thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chil - ly breath,

Rock, a - mid the des - ert waste, To Thy shad-ow now I haste.
Wea - ry, fainting, toil - oppressed, In Thy shad-ow let me rest.
Rock where all my hopes a - bide, In Thy shad-ow let me hide.

REFRAIN.

Un - to Thee, un - to Thee, pre-cious Sav-iour, now I flee;

"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee."

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386 Forward!

P. H. J. H. F.

1. For-ward, for-ward! Forward go, for the
2. For-ward, for-ward! Forward go, for the

Lord is with thee, He is thy life, thy light, thy joy; Forward,
morn is breaking, Swiftly the shadows fly away; Forward,

forward! Forward go, for the Lord is with thee, Mighty thy foes to destroy.
forward! Forward go, for the King in splendor Rises and conquers the day.

Her - alds of the gos - pel, Mes - sen-gers of
Heralds of the gos - pel, Heralds of the gospel, Messengers of mer - cy,

mer - cy, Chil - dren of the king-dom, High the
Messengers of mer-cy, Children of the king-dom, Children of the king - dom,

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Forward!

col-ors of Zi-on show; Fol - lowers of Je - sus,
Followers of Je - sus, Followers of Je - sus,

Ar - mies of Je-ho - vah, Church - of God tri-
Armies of Je-ho - vah, Armies of Je- ho - vah, Church of God triumphant,

umph-ant, Rise and forth to the vict'ry go. Forward,
Church of God triumphant forth to the vict'ry go.

forward! Forward, ye brave hearts, Forward, ye true hearts at His

word; Forward, ye heroes, Forward, ye conq'rors for the Lord.

387 Arouse Ye!

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A-rouse ye! a-rouse ye! oh why in slumber lie? The foe is at
2. A-rouse ye! a-rouse ye! your keeper is the Lord, And He will pre-
3. A-rouse ye! a-rouse ye! what e - vil will be-tide, Ye soldiers who

hand and the con - flict is nigh! Swift gird on your ar - mor and
serve you, for sure is His word. Go forth in His name and in
ral - ly up - on the Lord's side! His truth is your buck-ler, tho'

press in - to the fight, A -loft hold your banner and strike for the right.
triumph loud-ly sing, For strong is the hand of your Lead-er and King.
le - gions may op-pose, Press onward! thro' grace you will conquer your foes.

CHORUS.

A - wake!.... thou that sleep - est and a-
A - wake! a - wake! a - wake! thou that sleep - est, and a-

a - wake! a-

rise..... from the dead;..... A - wake!.... thou that
rise! a - rise! a - rise! from the dead; A - wake! a - wake! a-

rise! a - rise! a - rise! a rise! A - wake! a - wake! a-

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Arouse Ye!

sleep-est A-rise, and Christ will give thee light, A-wake,

wake! thou that sleepest Awake,

wake! a - wake,

thou that sleepest and a - rise..... from the dead,.....

a - wake thou that sleepest and a - rise, a - rise, a - rise from the dead,

a wake! a - wake! a - rise! a - rise! a - rise! a - rise!

And Christ will give thee light, and Christ will give thee light.

388 Native Land.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. I. PLEYEL.

1. Na-tive Land, our country bright, Land where shines the gospel's light.
2. Na-tive Land, thy shores we love, Plains so fair, and hills a - bove,
3. Na-tive Land, as years shall roll, Yield thee still to His con - trol,

Land where dwells the noble free, Na-tive Land, we sing of thee.
Truth thy rock, and God thy King, Na-tive Land, of thee we sing.
Guid-ed by His high be - hest, Na-tive Land, be great and blest.

389 Plant the Church of God.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. In the country that we love the best, Plant the holy Church of God;
2. Where the mighty river rolls a-long, Plant the holy Church of God;
3. Satan, while we slumber, sows the tares, Plant the holy Church of God;

O'er its broad extent from east to west, Plant the holy Church of God;
Where the cheery miner sings his song, Plant the holy Church of God;
In the way he hides the deadly snares, Plant the holy Church of God;

He, the God of na-tions, we a - dore, He, the sovereign Ruler,
Where the cit - y in its splendor stands, Where the for- est shadow
Save our country from his curse and blight, Save our peo-ple from the

is our Lord, Let His truth be known from shore to shore, And
dark-ly lies, Drop the pre-cious seed with gen - tle hands And
woes of sin, Let the truth of God give forth its light And

CHORUS.

let His righteous word by all be heard. Peo - - ple of the
let the temples of our God a - rise.
let the full-ness of the Lord come in. Peo - ple of the Lord,

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Plant the Church of God.

Lord, Saved and blest, saved and blest, Oh,
Peo - ple of the Lord, Saved and blest, saved and blest, Oh,
plant..... the Church of God, In the land we love the best.
plant the Church of God, plant the Church of God, we love the best.

390 Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly!
golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cherubim and seraphim
sin-ful man Thy glo- ry may not see; On- ly Thou art ho- ly,
praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly,

mer- ci- ful and might-y, God in three persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
falling down before Thee, Which wert and art and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none beside Thee, Perfect in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.
mer- ci- ful and might-y, God in three persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

391 As Goes America, so Goes the World.

Dedicated to Josiah Strong, D.D.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. As goes A-mer-i-ca, so goes the world, Here where the fight for truth is rag - ing,
2. As goes A-mer-i-ca, so goes the world, Here freedom makes her last en- deav - or,
3. As goes A-mer-i-ca, so goes the world, Here lift we Christ, the light be- stow - ing,
4. As goes A-mer-i-ca, so goes the world, Foremost and highest is her sta - tion,

As goes A - mer - i - ca, so goes the world, Here where the hosts are now en - gag - ing.
As goes A - mer - i - ca, so goes the world, Fails she, and all is lost for - ev - er. Stand thou for righteousness, people so blest,
As goes A - mer - i - ca, so goes the world, Here serve we God in right-ful do - ing.
As goes A - mer - i - ca, so goes the world, Lead-er and guide to ev - 'ry na - tion.

CHORUS.

Win thou the vic - to - ry great-est and best; Lead on so grand and free,

Rall.

Na-tion of des - ti - ny, As goes A-mer - i - ca, so goes the world.

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392 Fly Away Blest Gospel Light.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. From a distant shore comes the moaning cry Of a sad be-night-ed band,
2. From the pal-lid lip comes the mute appeal Of the hungry, starving poor,
3. There's a blessing sweet, there's a blessing great, To the soul that freely gives,

Oh, the Light of Life, let its healing fly, Let it bless that darkened land;
May the Father good give us hearts to feel For the suff'rers at our door;
For his pray'r goes up thro' the pearly gate, And in heav'n's own light he lives;

Let the souls long bound by the chains within, In the air of God go free,
May our hearts be moved and our steps be led By the love that comes from heav'n;
Let us quick-ly, then, give the cooling cup, Let us pour the heav'nly balm,

Rit.

Let the eyes long sealed in the sleep of sin, Now their blest sal-va-tion see.
Till the earth-ly food and the living bread May to all who want be giv'n.
And the darkened lands, let us lift them up, Till we join that last sweet psalm.

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Fly Away Blest Gospel Light.

A tempo.

Fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a-way, a - way, a - way,
Fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a-way, a - way, a - way,
Fly a - way, fly a - way, fly a-way, a - way, a - way,

Let the souls long bound by the chains within, In the air of God go free;
May our hearts be moved and our steps be led, By the love that comes from heav'n;
Let us quick-ly, then, give the cooling cup, Let us pour the heav'nly balm;

Let the eyes long sealed in the sleep of sin, Their salvation so blest now see.
Till the earthly food and the living bread, Un-to all may be free-ly giv'n.
And the darkened lands, let us lift them up, Till we join in that last sweet psalm.

CHORUS.

Fly a-way, fly a-way, Fly a-way, blest Gos- pel light,
fly a- way, fly a- way,

Fly Away Blest Gospel Light.

Till the morn shall break and the world shall wake In the dawn of the day so bright.

393 Sow the Seed.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. O'er our land the day is break-ing, Sow the seed, sow the seed,
2. Hills and vales in wealth unending,
3. While we tar- ry in our go - ing,
4. Stay not then our good endeavor, Sow the seed, sow the seed,

Church of God the gos-pel tak- ing, Sow the seed, the precious seed.
States like empires vast ex-tend-ing,
Tares o'er all the ground are growing,
God the har-vest giv - eth ev - er, the precious seed.

CHORUS.

Where the waiting fields lie nearest, Where the sunny skies shine clearest,

In the home-land best and dearest, Sow the seed, sow the seed.

Sow the seed, sow the seed.

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

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

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

It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek;
Where I may labor thro life's short day, For Jesus the cru - ci - fied;

But if, by a still small voice, He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Saviour, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho dark and rugged the way,
So, trusting my all to Thy tender care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

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

REFRAIN.

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

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I'll Go Where You Want Me.

395 Our Country's Voice is Pleading.

MRS. M. F. ANDERSON. HENRY SMART.

396 Church Triumphant.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Go forth, thou Church triumphant, In all thy bright ar - ray,
2. Go forth, thou Church triumphant, Advance on ev - 'ry side,
3. Go forth, thou Church triumphant, Thy reign of peace ex - tend,

Thy great Com-mand-er calls thee, He leads the glo-rious way;
The crumbling gates of em - pires For thee are open-ing wide;
Till falls each proud op-press - or, And er - ror's night shall end;

Tho' hosts of hell op - pos - ing, In dead - ly com - pact stand,
The rule of kings is break-ing, The pow'rs of dark - ness fall,
Go forth, thou blood-bought ar - my, Thy truths di - vine in - still,

From conq'ring still to con-quer, Go forth at His command.
And na - tions swift are turn - ing To Him who rul - eth all.
Till God's great, free sal - va - tion With joy each heart shall fill.

CHORUS.

Go forth tri - um-phant, In bright ar - ray,
Go forth tri - um - phant, Go forth in bright ar - ray,

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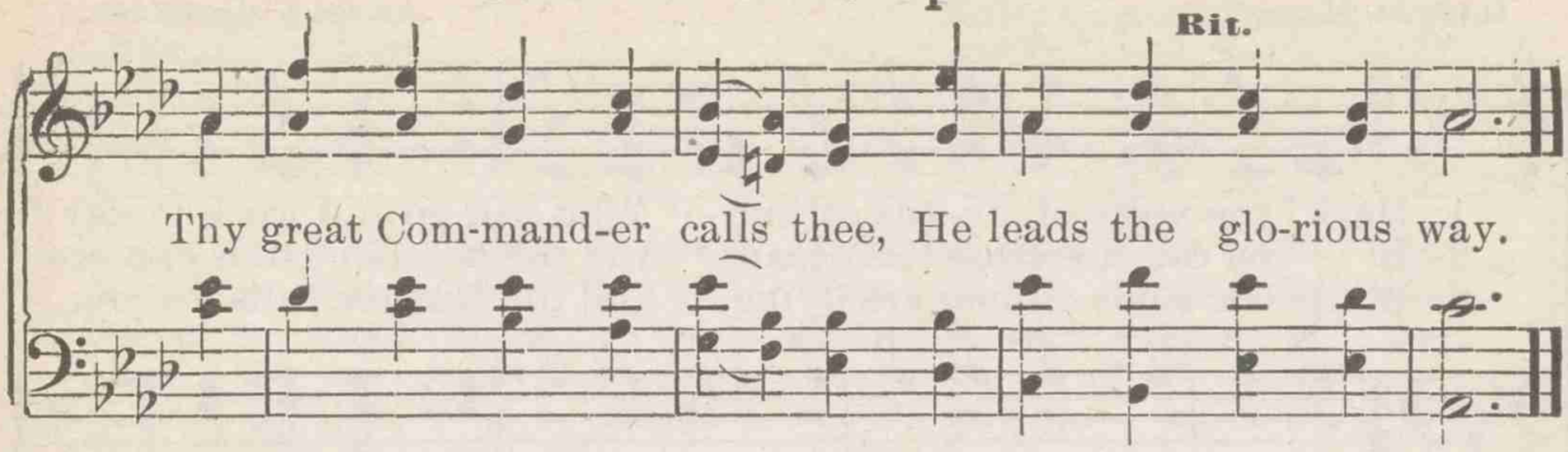
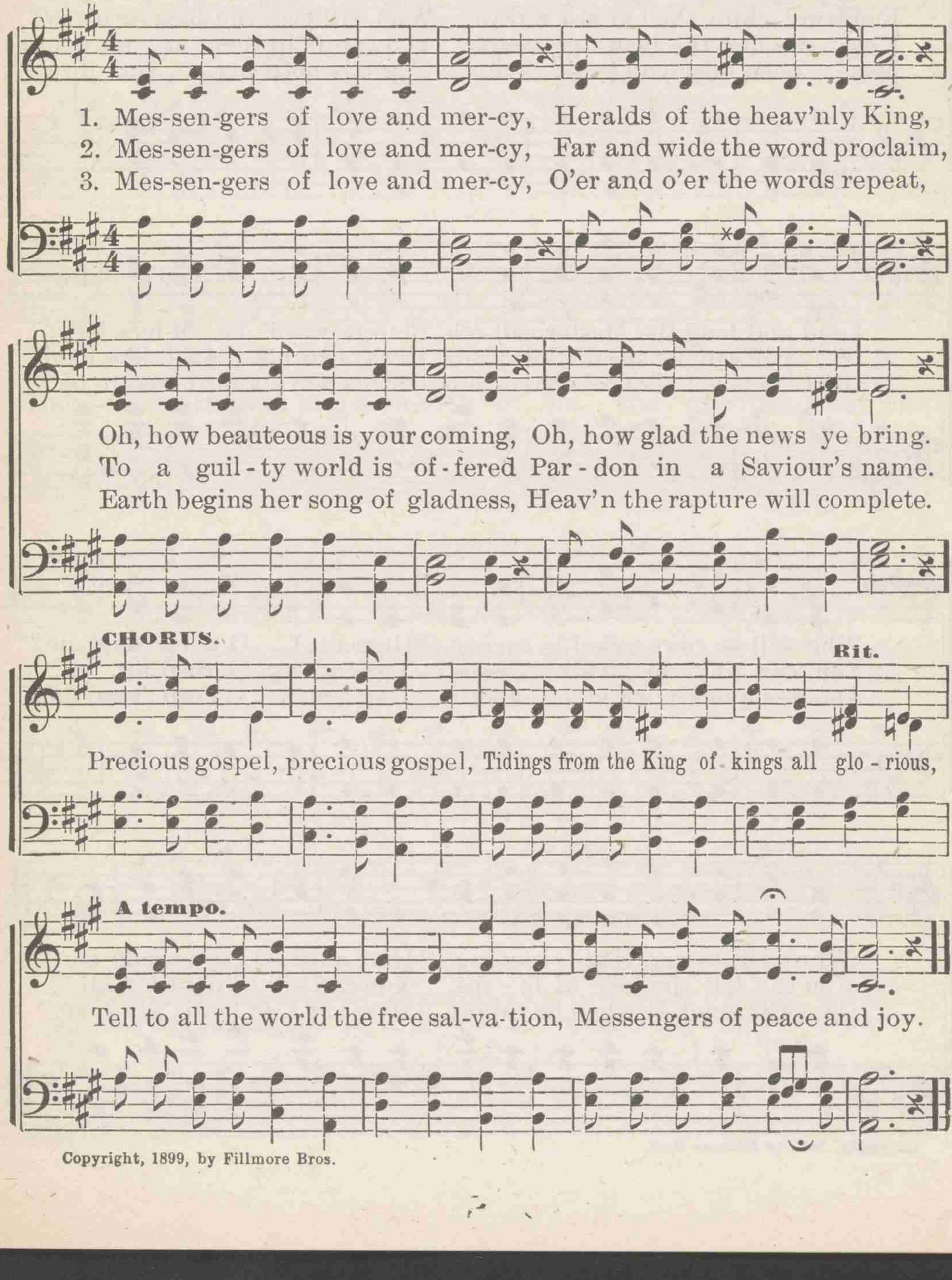
Church Triumphant.



397 Messengers of Love and Mercy.

Inscribed to the Delegates of the Jubilee Convention, Cincinnati, 1899.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.



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398 Workers at Home.

DANIEL MARCH. ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

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

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

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

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

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

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399 Speed Away.

Words adapted by
PALMER HARTSOUGH.

Music arranged from
I. B. Woodbury by J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! bless - ed gos - pel of light,
2. Speed a - way! speed a - way! love - ly her - alds of peace,
3. Speed a - way! speed a - way! with the mes - sage of love,

There's a re - gion that li - eth in dark - ness of night,
To the cap - tives in sor - row go take thou re - lease,
And the lost will look up to the Fath - er a - bove,

There's a shad - ow of death on that des - o - late shore, And a
To the fall - en that moan on the dark fields of strife, To the
They will turn from the dark-ness of sin and of wrong, They will

sad call that comes to our ears ev - er - more; O spread thy bright
dy - ing O speak thou the sweet words of life, O haste with thy
walk in the sun - light of glad - ness and song, Thy God will be

Ad lib. Rit.

pinions, O make no delay; Speed away! speed away! speed a-way!
healing, bright beams of the day; Speed away! speed away! speed a-way!
with thee, then why dost thou stay; Speed away! speed away! speed a-way!

400 White are the Fields.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. To us has been giv - en a coun-try so great, To us a land
2. Where roll the broad prairies in bil- low - y tide, Oh, there are the
3. Oh, coun- try be-lov-ed, our hearts yearn for thee, For thee are our

fruit-ful and fair, And now all around us the ripe fields a-wait And
sheaves to bring in, Where rise the great cities in splendor and pride, Oh,
la - bors of love, Till garnered in God all thy children shall be, And

CHORUS.

we in the harvest must share.
there are the thousands to win. White are the fields, white are the fields,
saved for His kingdom a - bove.

Rit. **A tempo.**

Spreading a-round us so vast they wait, And we are the

reap-ers the Master hath called, To gath-er this harvest so great.

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401 Native Land for Jesus.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. Our na - tive land we bring to Je - sus, Dear coun-try of our
2. Our na - tive land we give to Je - sus, Her wealth up-on a
3. Ourselves and all we give to Je - sus, To spread the word of

hope and pride; We pray that to her farthest bor - ders The
thou-sand hills; We pray that she may do His bid - ding And
life di - vine; We pray that we thro' all this free - land May

CHORUS.

name of God be glo - ri - fied.
speed the bless-ed work He wills. Un - to Je - sus, Je - sus,
help to make the light to shine.

Look we now, a pray - ing band, That the Spir - it of His love,

Rich in blessing from a-bove, Come and fill our na - tive land.

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402 Behold the Fields.

P. H. J. H. F.

1. Be-hold! be-hold! the fields al-read-y white, Be-hold! be-hold! the
2. Be-hold! be-hold! the fields al-read-y white, Be-hold! be-hold! the

fields al-read-y white, The har-vest great! the har-vest great! On
fields al-read-y white, The land we love, the land we love, The

Fine.

ev-'ry side the fields are white. Come, oh, come, now speaks the blessed
glorious harvest field of God. List, a call comes from the dis-tant

Mas-ter, Come, oh, come, He call-eth you and me, See, He points us
ham-let, List, a whis-per from the prairie wide, List, a voice of

to the waiting har-vest, See, He bids us go so glad and free.
o-cean un-to o-cean, O'er our broad land waves the harvest-tide.

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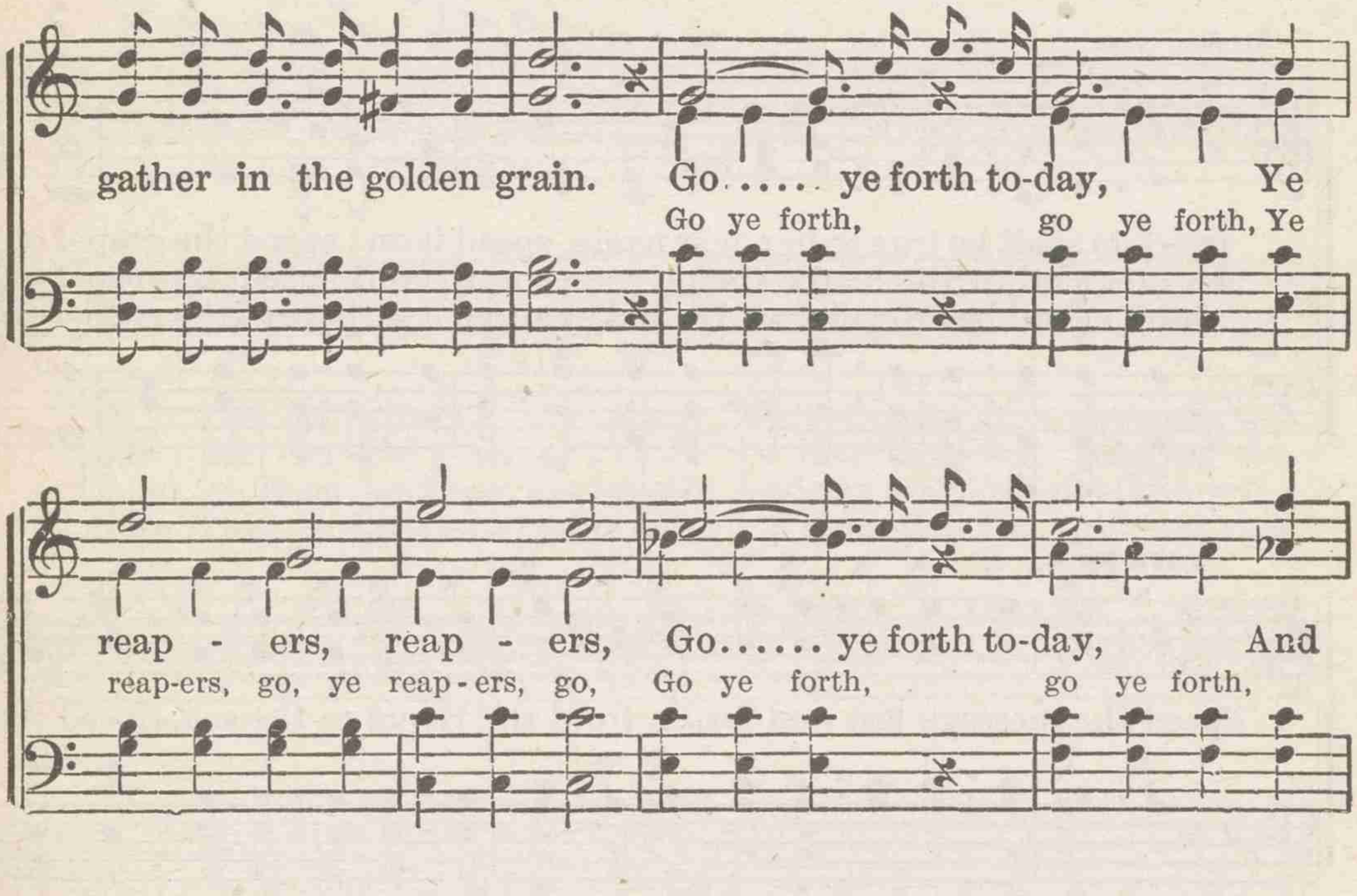
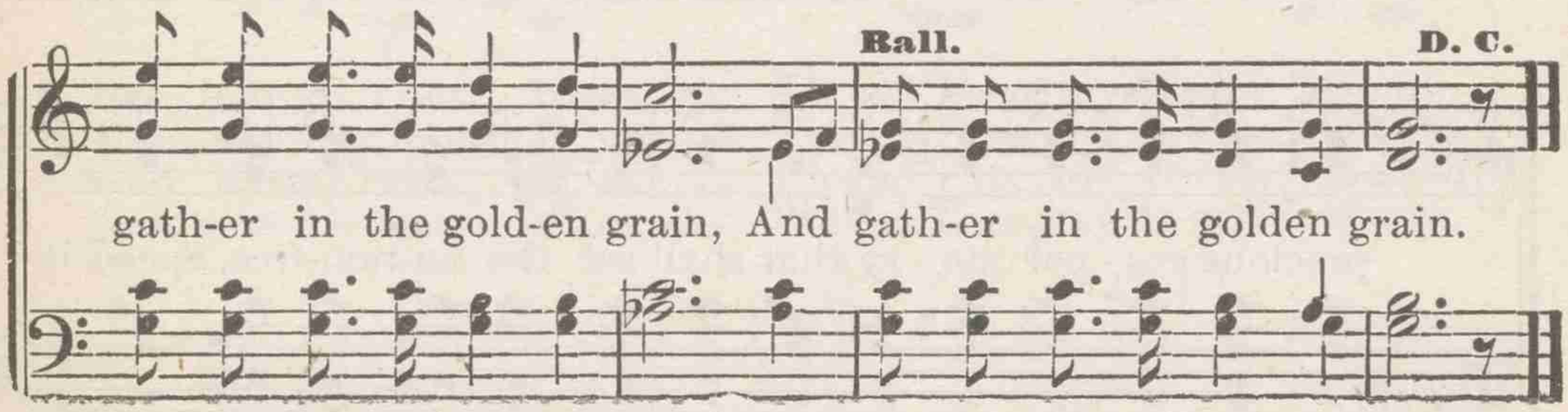
Behold the Fields.





403 Speed the Gospel On.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel."—MARK 16: 15.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

1. Speed the gos - pel on and onward thro' the land we love and claim,
2. Speed the gos - pel on and onward, till as brothers men shall be,
3. Speed the gos - pel on and onward, till the pow'rs of sin shall fall,

Speed it on! speed it on! Till the honored land of
Speed it on! speed it on! And the children of the
Speed it on! speed it on! And the gentle King of
Speed it on! speed it on!

freedom shall be true to her dear name, speed it on! speed the gospel on!
Fa-ther shall with clearer vis-ion see—speed it on! speed the gospel on!
Nations shall be crowned as All in All! speed it on! speed the gospel on!

CHORUS.

Speed the message fast and faster, from the rivers to the sea, Speed the

precious gos - pel sto - ry that shall set the na-tion free, Speed it

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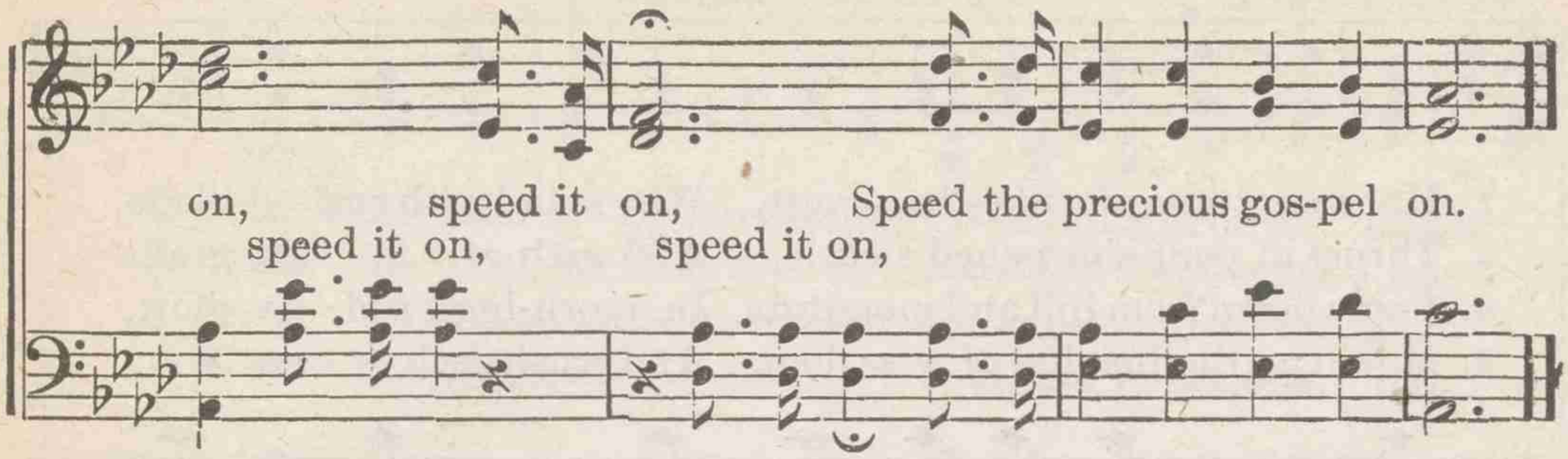
Speed the Gospel On.



404 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—JOHN 17: 10. A. J. GORDON.

405 Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

I. B. W. I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Ho! reap - ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rust-ed blade,
2. Thrust in your sharpened sick-le, And gath-er in the grain:
3. Come down from hill and mountain In morn-ing's rud - dy glow,
4. Mount up the heights of wis - dom, And crush each er - ror low;

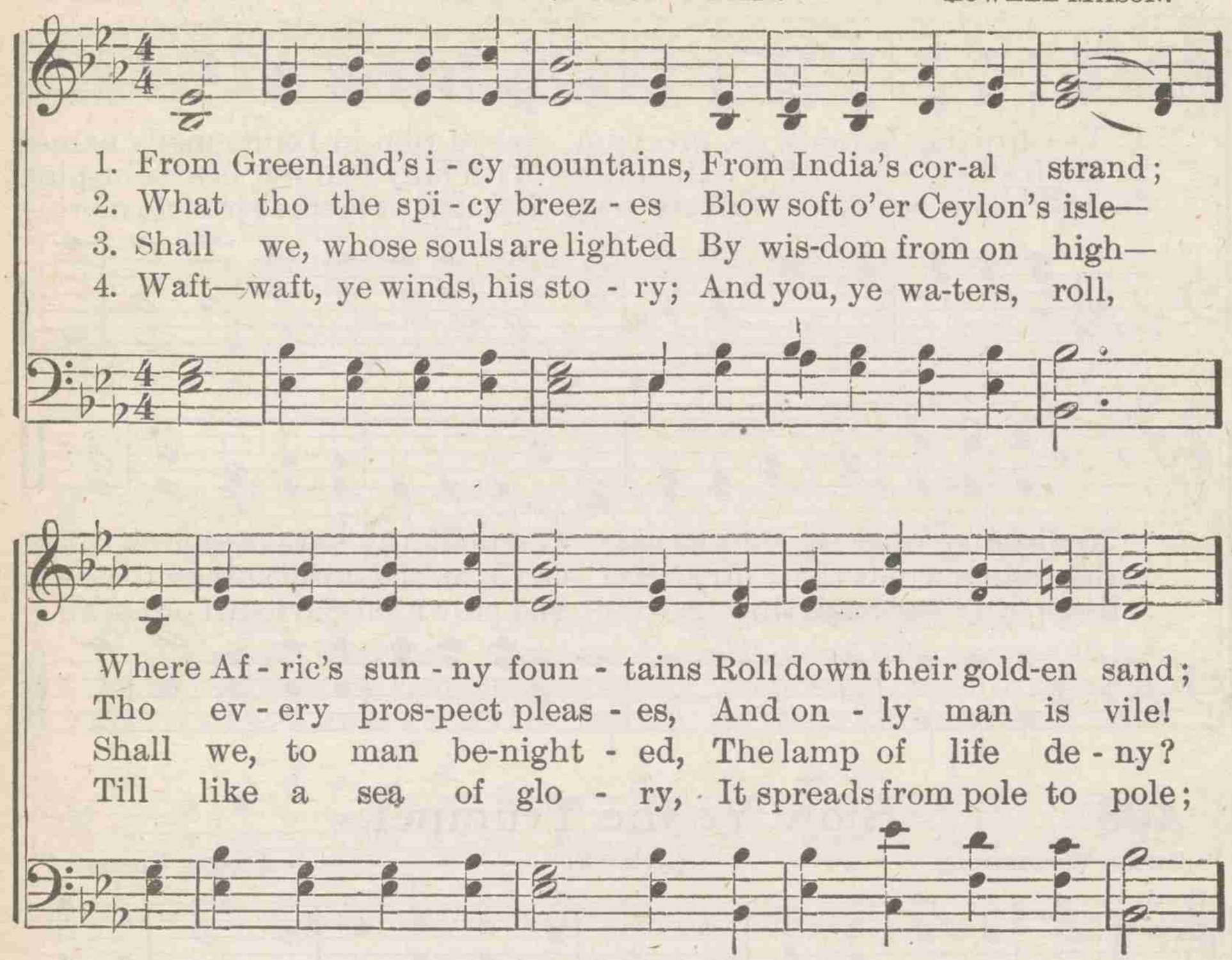
Un - til the night draws round thee, And day be-gins to fade?
The night is fast approach-ing, And soon will come a - gain.
Nor wait un - til the di - al Points to the noon be - low;
Keep back no word of knowledge That human hearts should know.

Why stand ye i - dle, wait - ing For reap - ers more to come?
The Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And shall he call in vain?
And come with stronger sin - ew, Nor faint in heat or cold,
Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion, In serv - ice of the Lord,

The gold - en morn is pass - ing: Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste up-on the plain?
And pause not till the eve-ning Draws round its wealth of gold.
And then a gold - en chap-let Shall be thy just re - ward.

406 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. MISSIONARY HYMN. Lowell Mason.



407 Ye Christian Heralds.

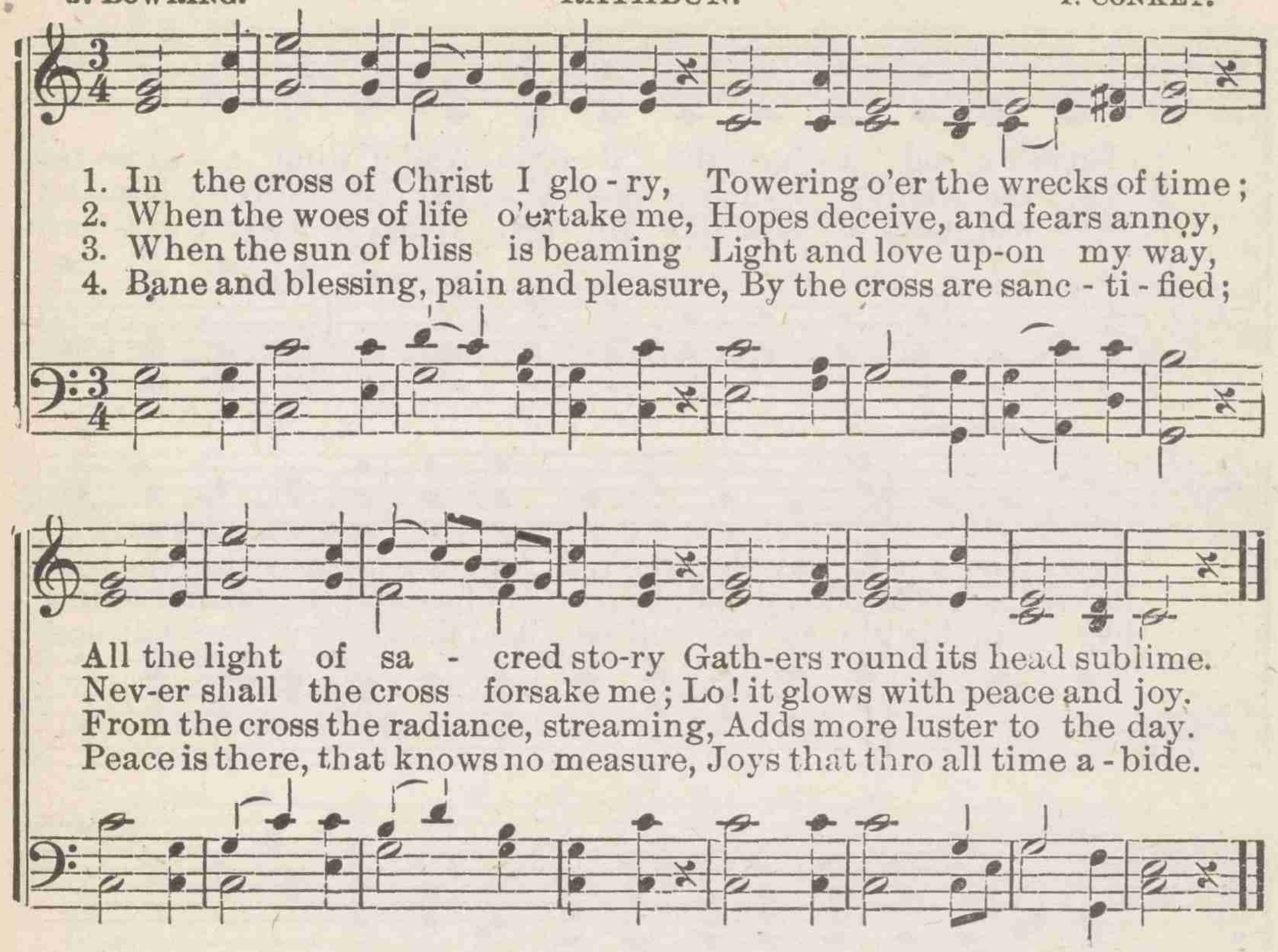
BOURNE HALL DRAPER. MISSIONARY CHANT. H. C. ZEUNER.

408 Blow Ye the Trumpet.

CHAS. WESLEY. LENOX. LEWIS EDSON.

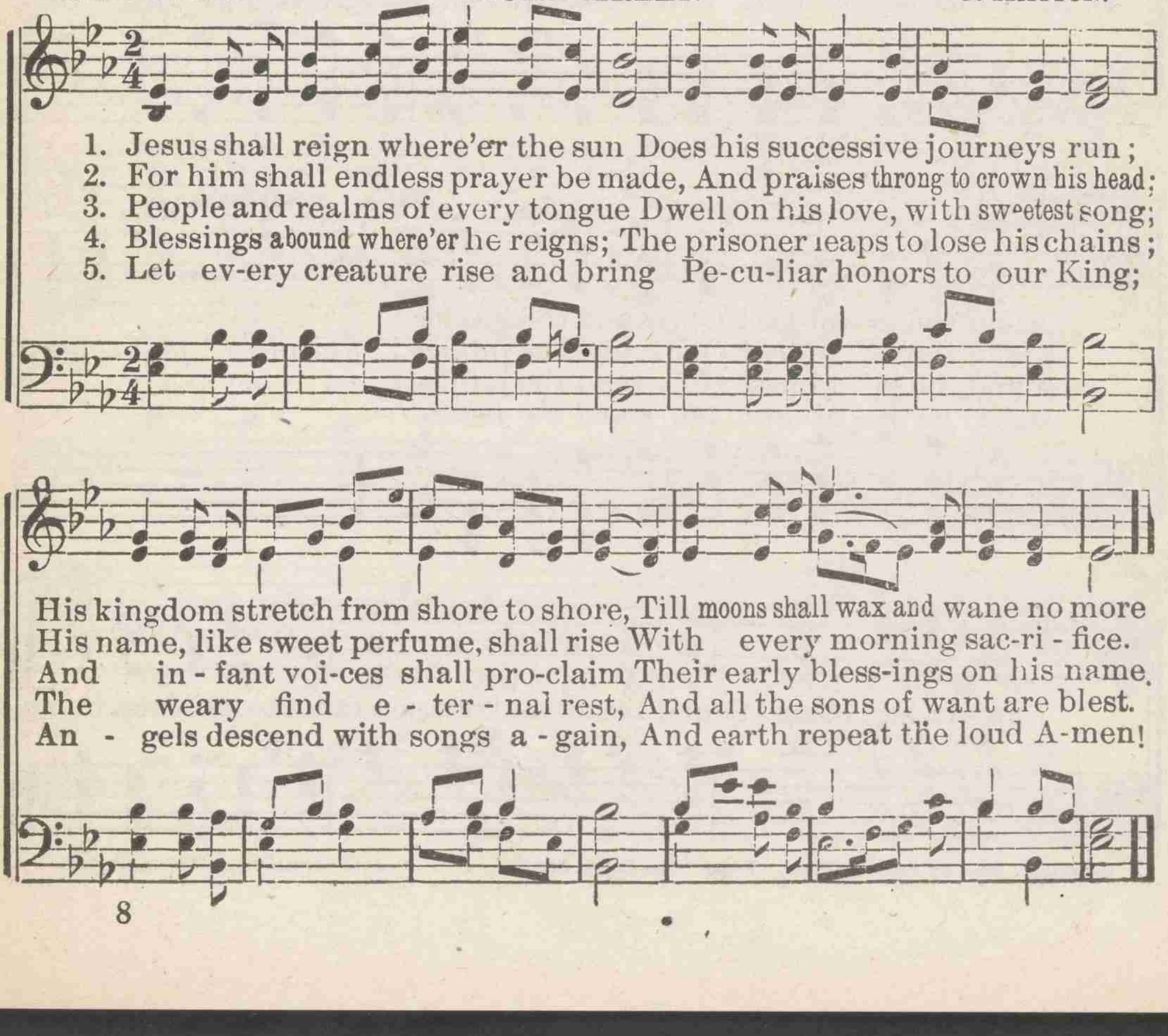
409 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

J. BOWRING. RATHBUN. I. CONKEY.



410 Jesus shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. DUKE STREET. J. HATTON.



411 Oh, Sound the Jubilee.

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

1. There's a rod a - bove the o - cean, And a wind a - cross the wave, And a path-way thro the sea, And a path-way thro the sea.
2. Oh, the might-y God has spo - ken, For the children whom he loves, He has said they shall be free, He has said they shall be free!
3. We will stand a - side like Mo - ses, When Je-ho-vah pass - es by, And his glo - ry we will see, And his glo - ry we will see.

f.

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

Fine. CHORUS.

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

D. S.

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

Copyright, 1887, by Fillmore Bros. From "The Battle Cry."

412 I am Resolved.

P. H. J. H. F.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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413 A Place In the Ranks for Me.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. F.

1. List! the trumpet of God is sound-ing, Is sound-ing from sea to sea;
2. See, the ar-my of God ad-van-ces, In strength of his ho-ly might;
3. List! the trumpet of God is sound-ing, Is sound-ing for vic-to-ry;

On the field where the brave are falling There's a place in the ranks for me.
See the flash of the mov-ing lan-ces, And the glit-ter of hel-mets bright.
I must go, for the brave are fall-ing, And the Cap-tain has need of me.

CHORUS.

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

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414 Take a Step Forward To-day.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. My brother, look upward and on-ward, The hosts of our God in ar-
2. In spite of life's worries and stresses, In spite of the thorns of the
3. Look up to the sum-mit a-bove you, Look on to the end of the

ray With shout and with song are ad-vanc-ing; Then take a step
way, Lift brave-ly the bur-den that presses, And take a step
way, Look up to the an-gels who love you, And take a step

CHORUS.

for-ward to-day. O, take a step for - ward, for-
for-ward to-day. Forward, O, take a step forward, O,

ward, Take a step for-ward to - day, . . . O,
take a step for - - ward, Take a step forward to-

Rit.

brother, look upward and onward, And take a step forward to-day.
day,

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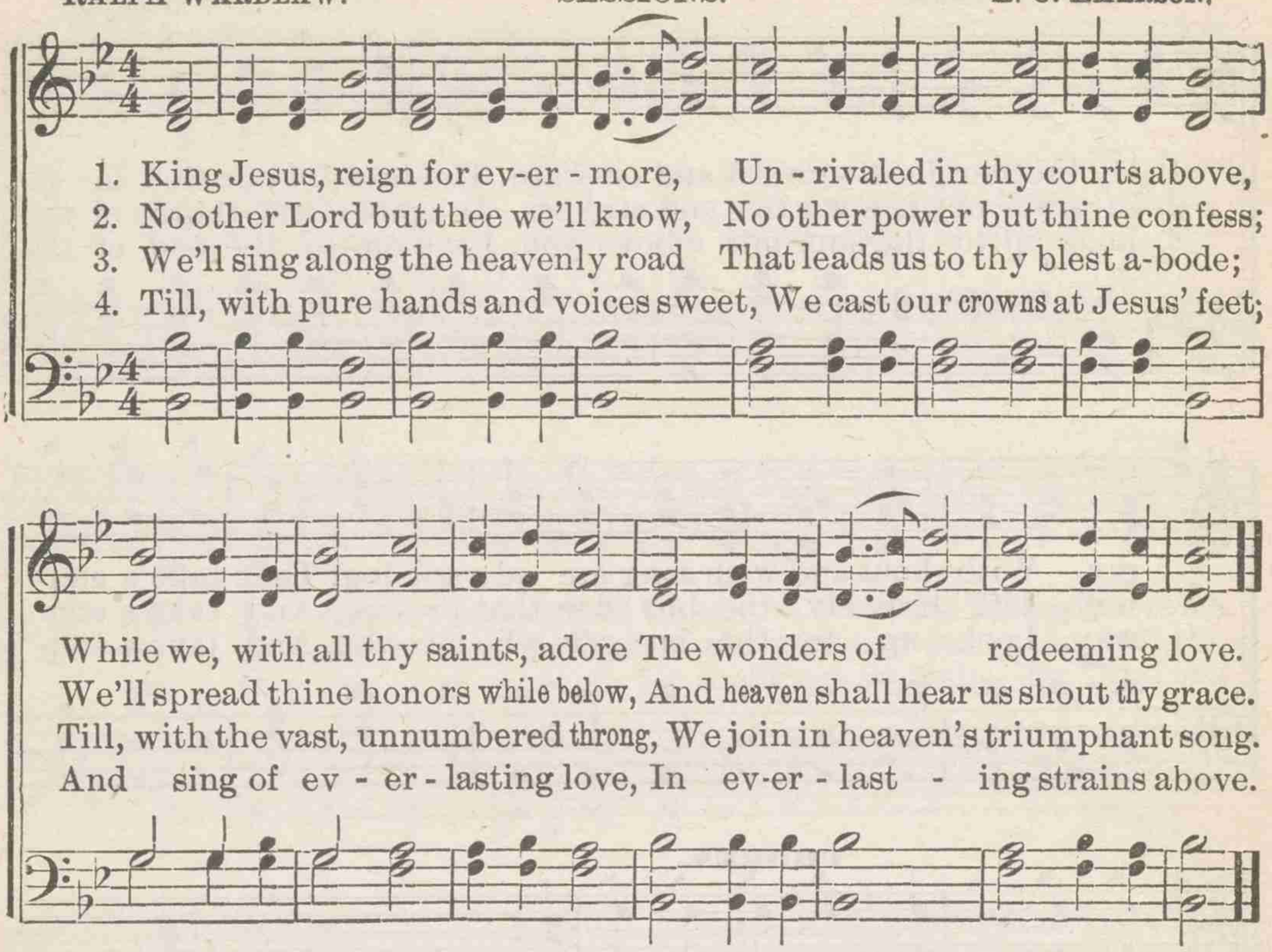
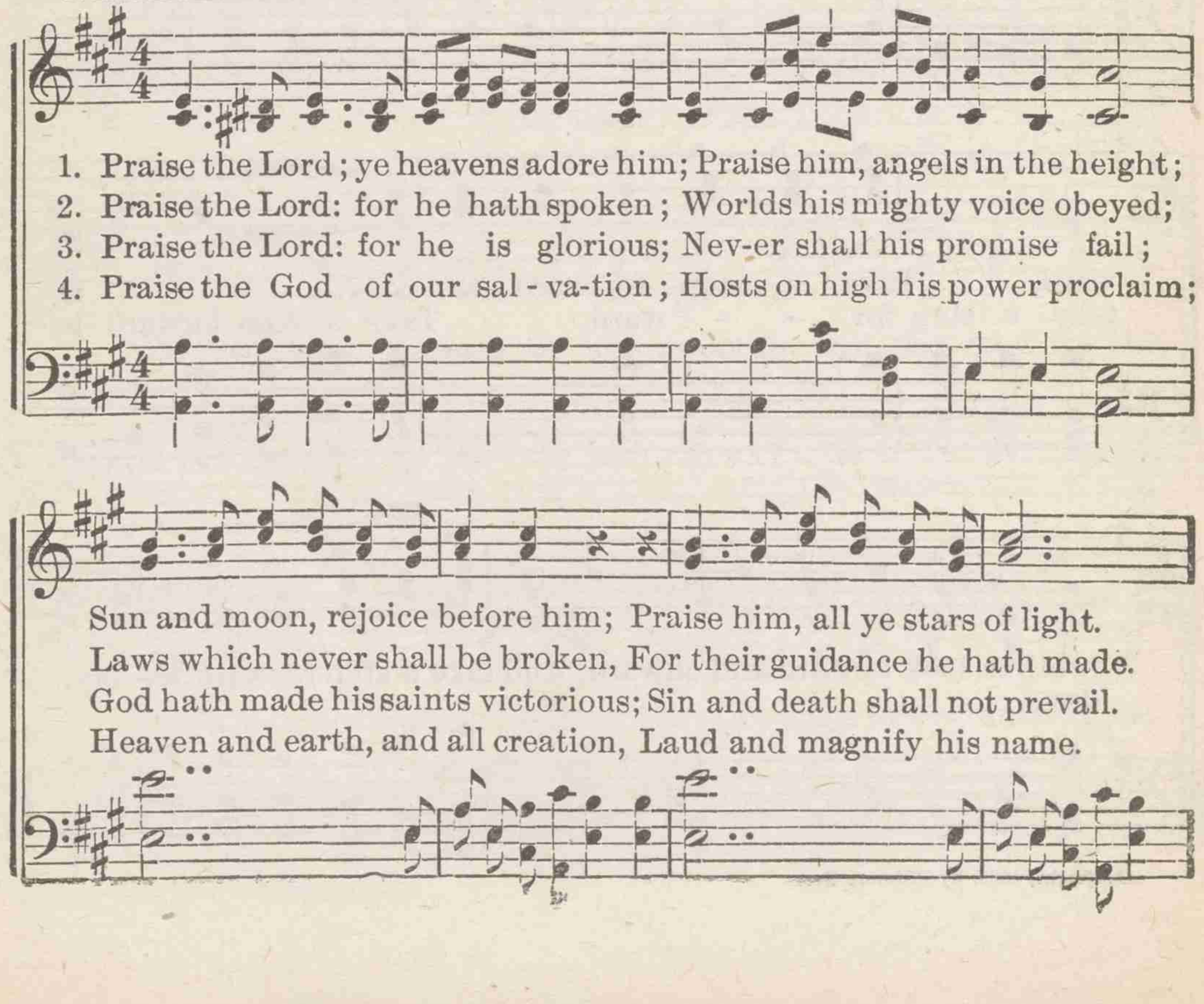
415 King Jesus, Reign.

RALPH WARDLAW. SESSIONS. L. O. EMERSON.



416 Praise the Lord.

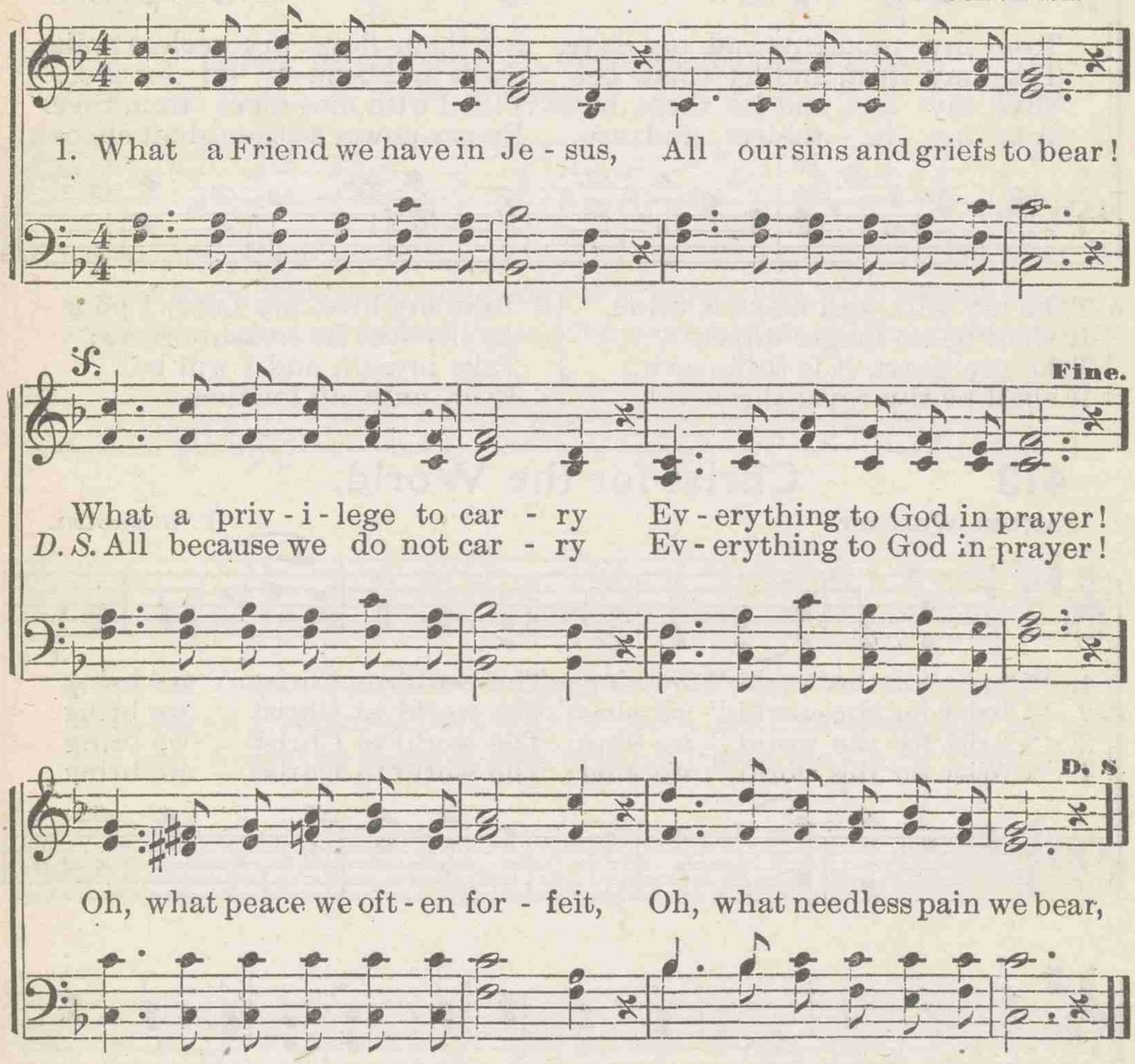
J. KEMPTHORNE. PEREZ. LOWELL MASON.



Praise the Lord.

417 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.



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

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

418 Take my Life, and let it Be.

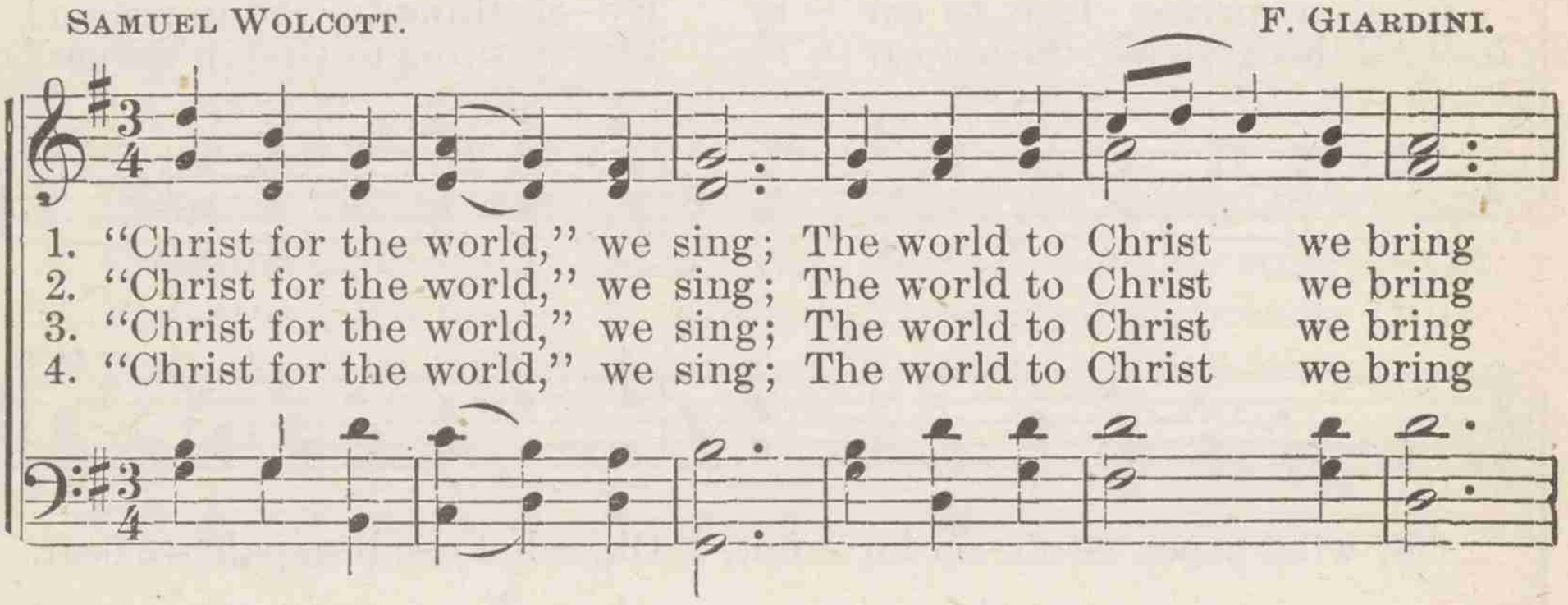
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. MOZART.

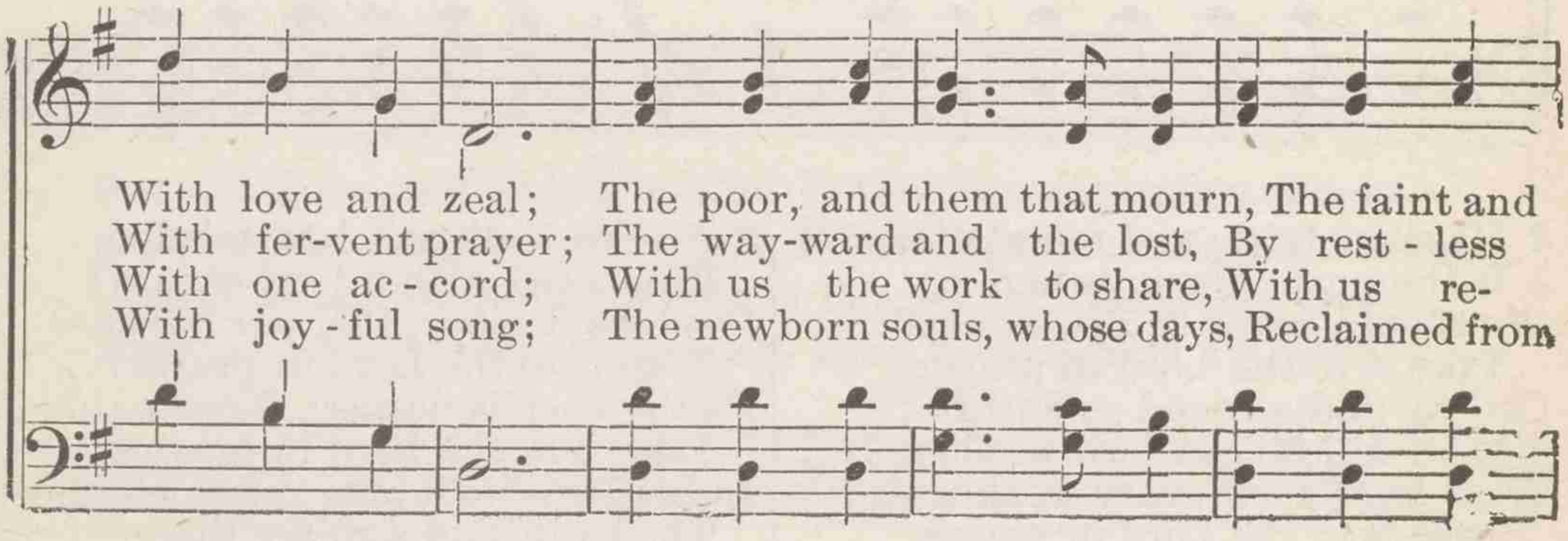
5 Take my will, and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

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

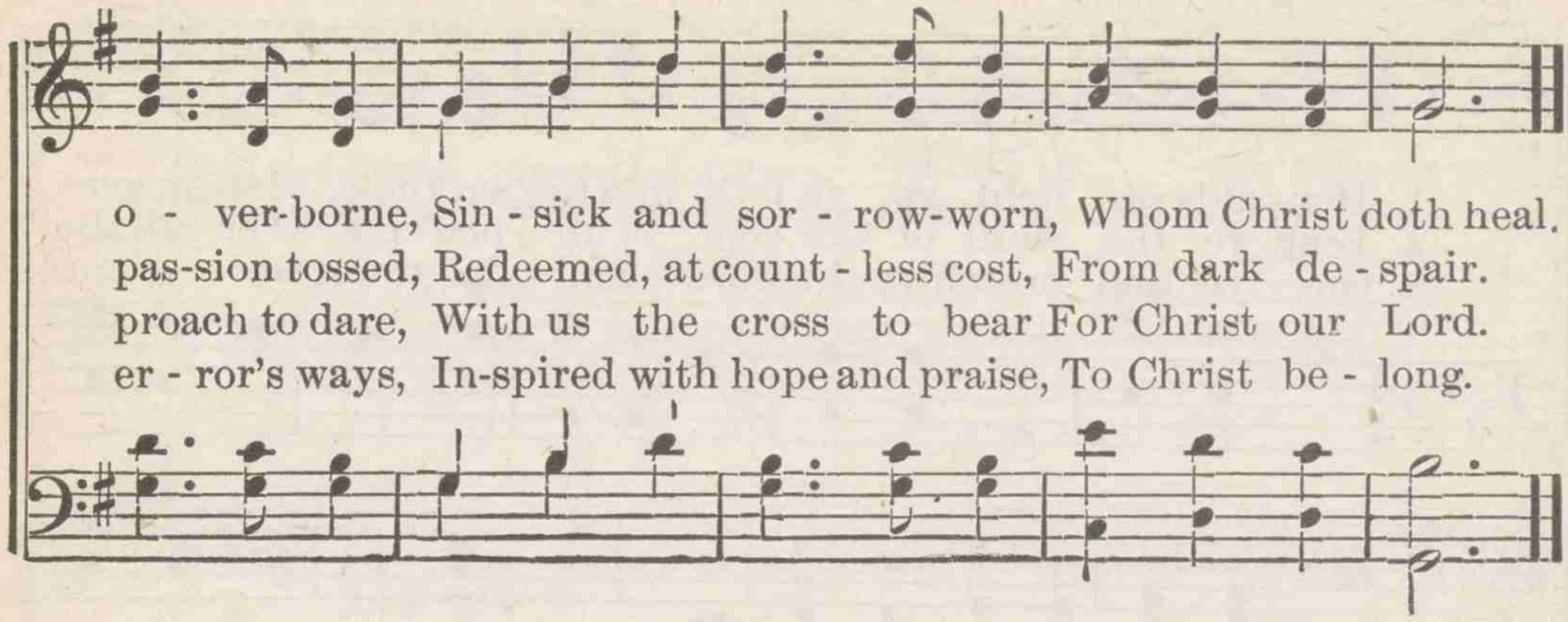
419 Christ for the World.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT. F. GIARDINI.



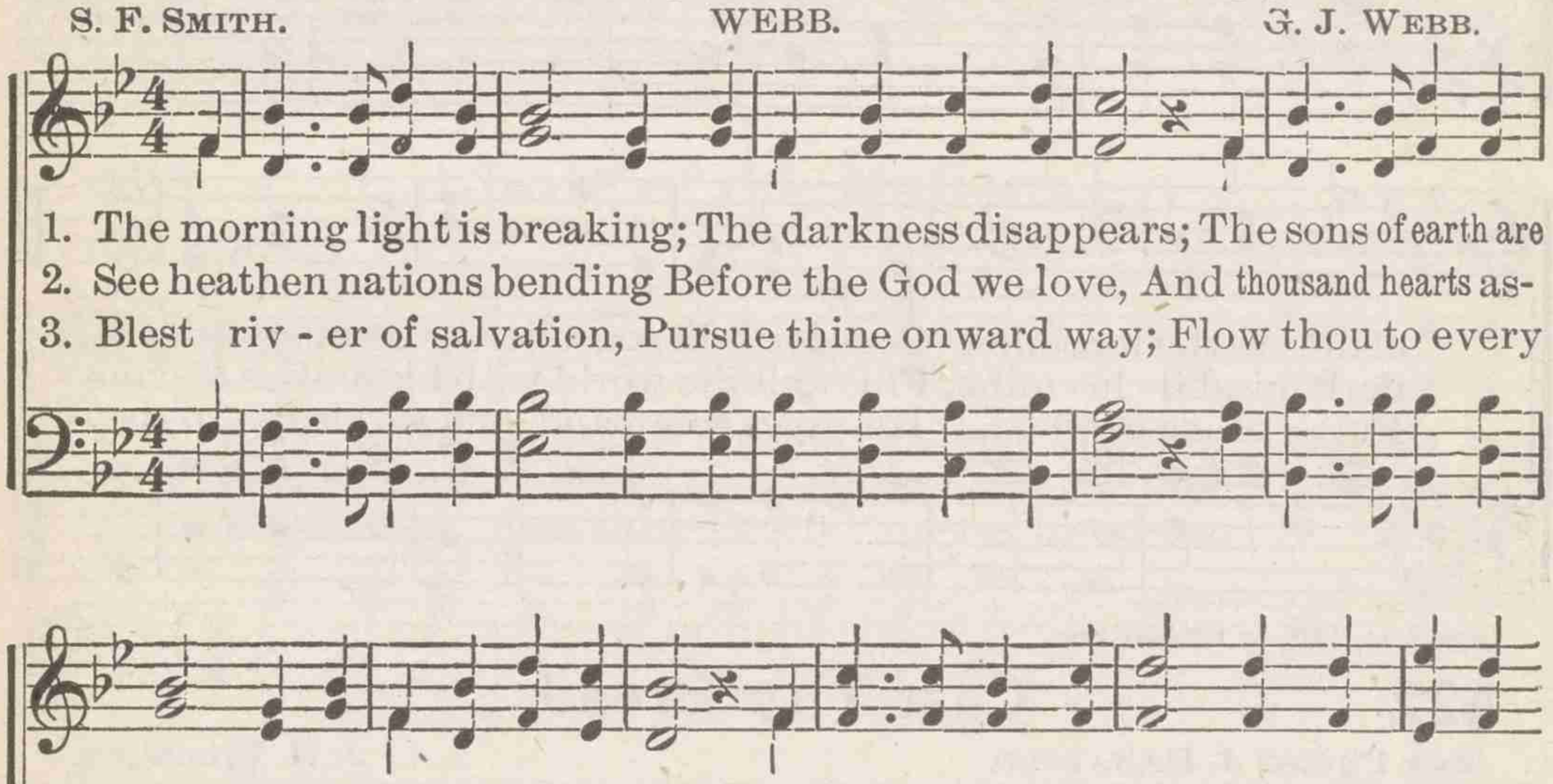


Christ for the World.



420 The Morning Light is Breaking.

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



421 Heralds of Light.

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

1. Her - alds of light, go ye forth mid the darkness, Mes-sengers
2. Bear ye the word of our God to all peo - ple, O'er all the
3. Go ye, and preach ye the word to all na - tions, Go ye, and

sweet, on your blest mis-sion go, News of sal - va - tion pro-
lands make his gos - pel to shine, Bid ye his truth ev - ery
lo! I am with you al - way; He, the A - ris - en, the

claim to the lost ones, Com-forts dispense to the dwellers in woe.
dark mind il - lu - mine, Fill all the world with his praises di-vine.
Rul - er as-cend-ed, He gives command, and we gladly o - bey.

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422 Cast Thy Bread.

MRS. PHŒBE J. HANAFORD. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
2. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Why, oh, why still doubting stand;

God has said that thou shalt gather Rich rewards some future day
God shall send a bounteous harvest If thou sowest with liberal hand.

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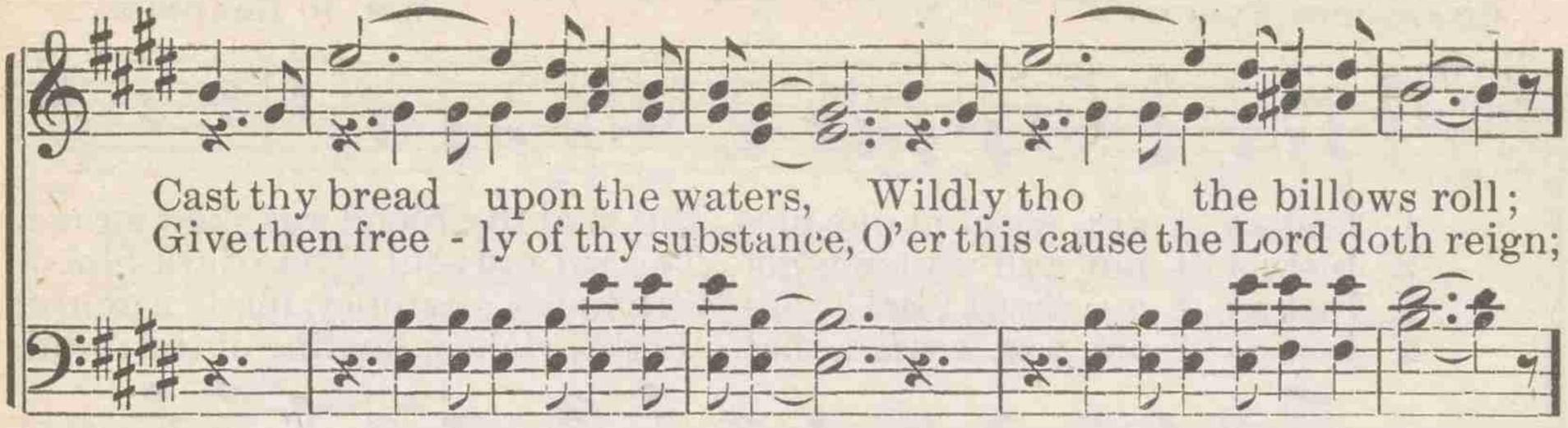
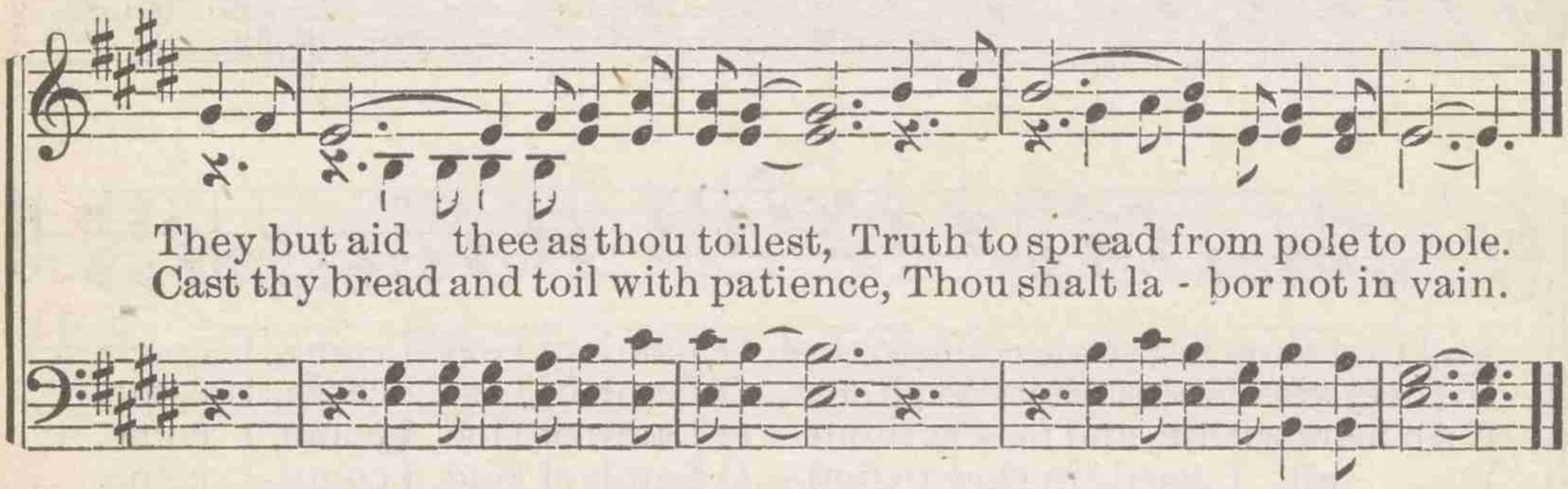
Cast Thy Bread.



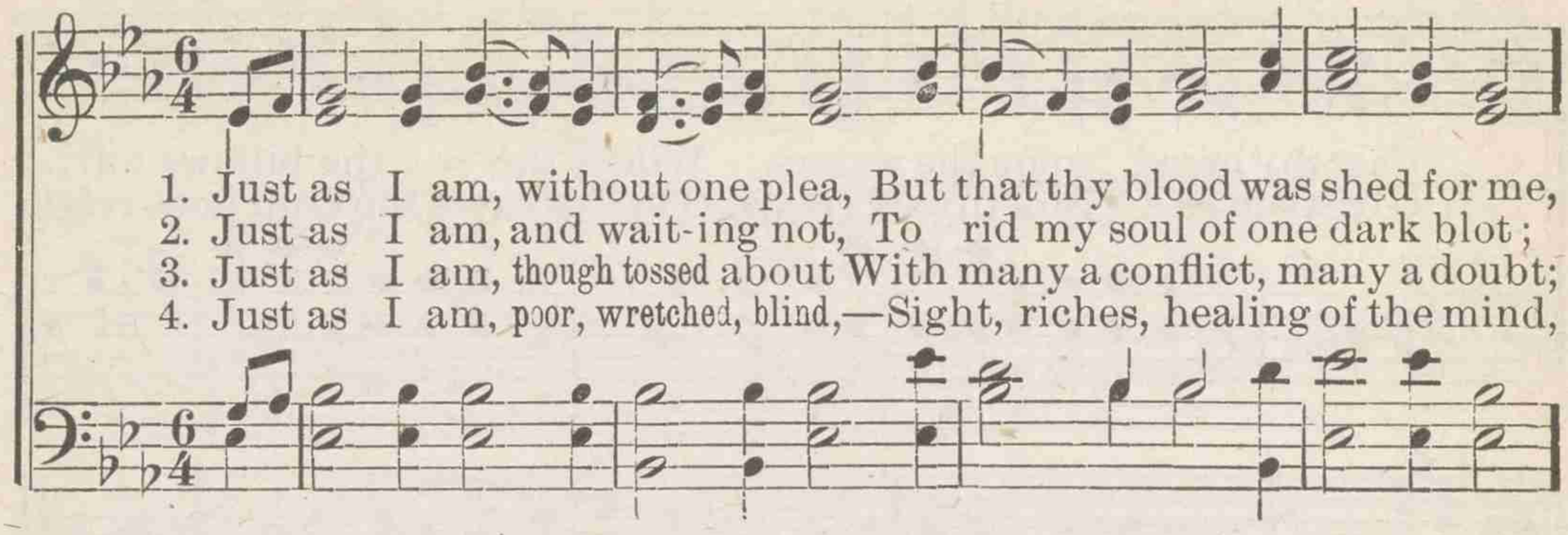


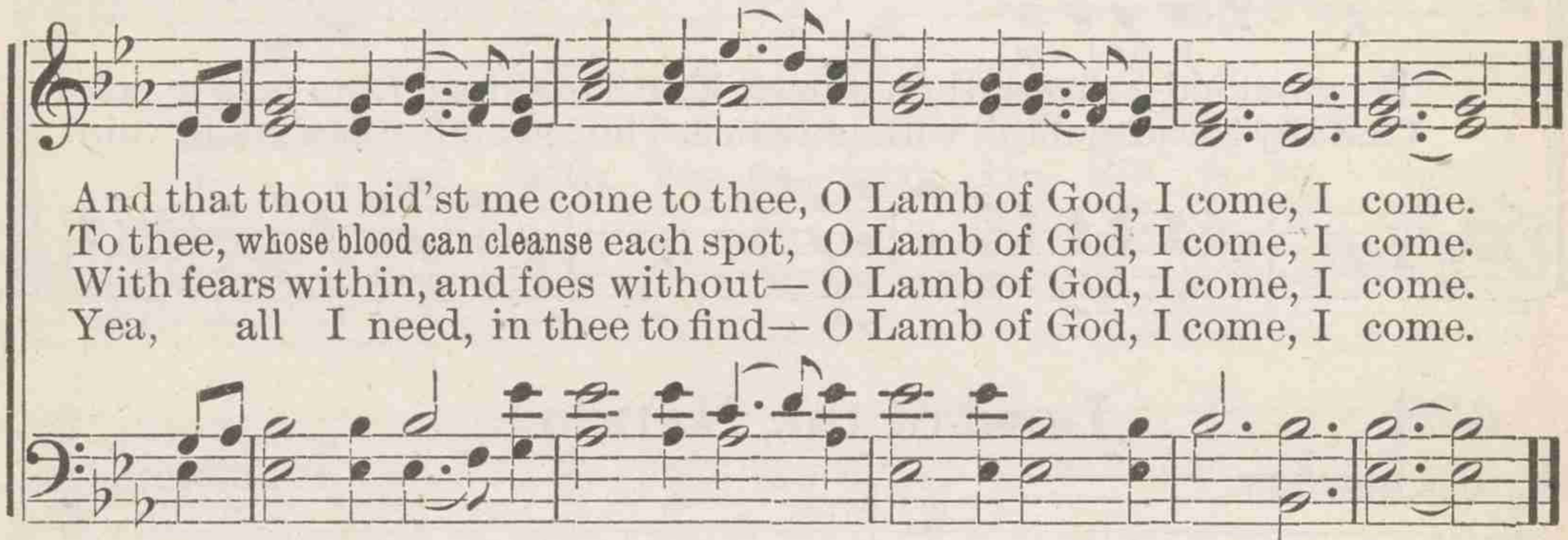
423 Lord of the Nations.

GEO. BENNETT. F. FLEMMING.

424 Just as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



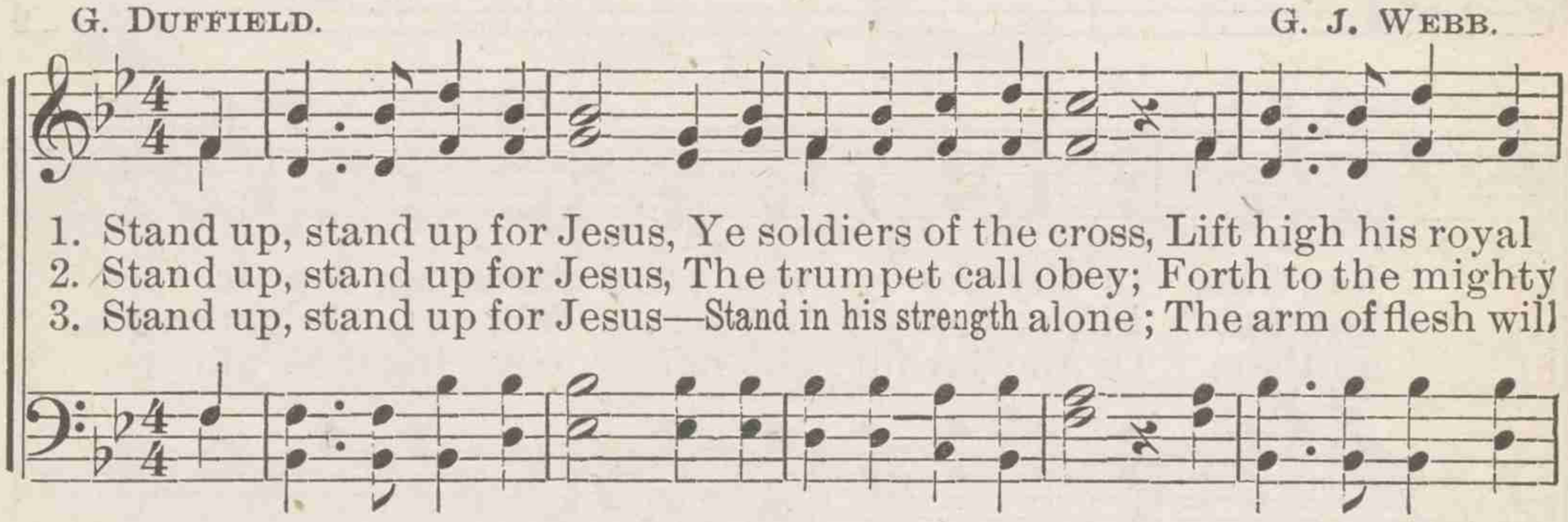


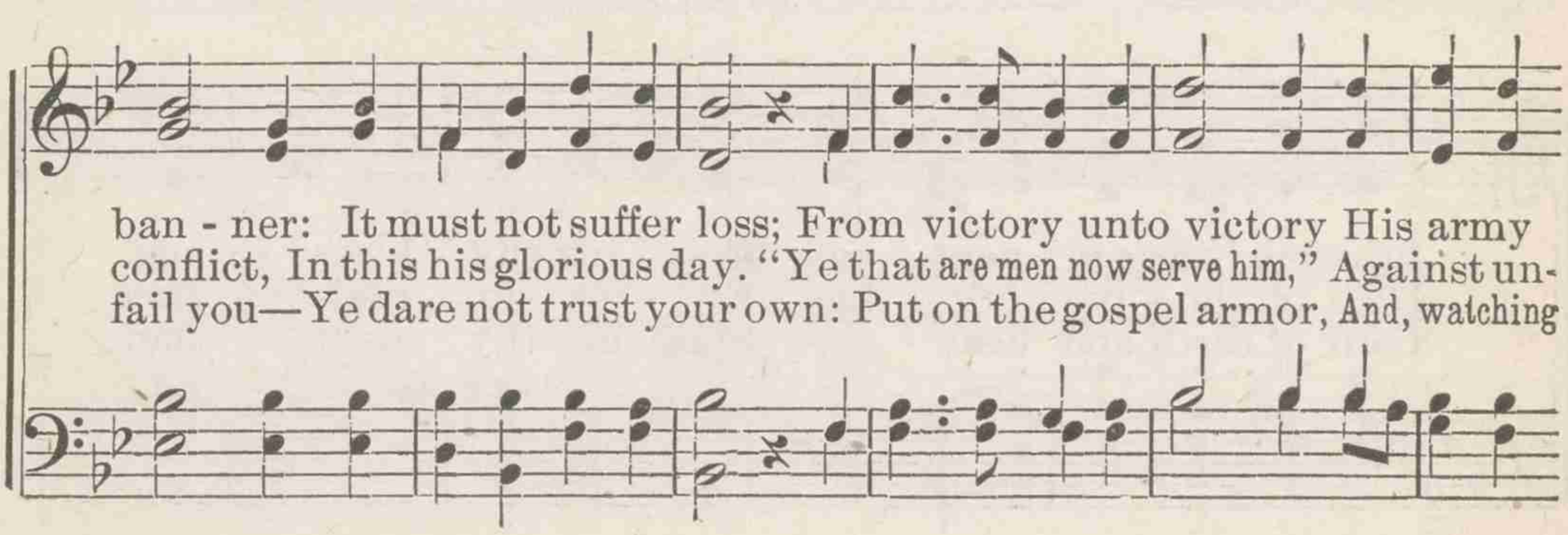
5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

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

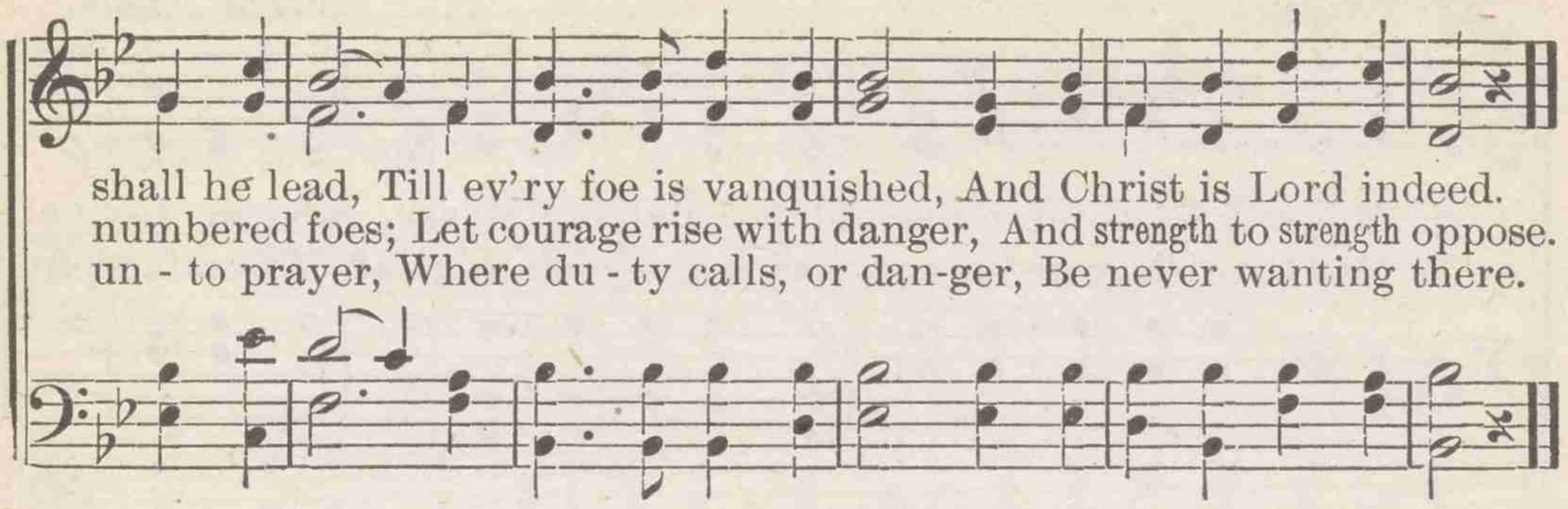
425 Stand Up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.





Stand Up for Jesus.



426 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

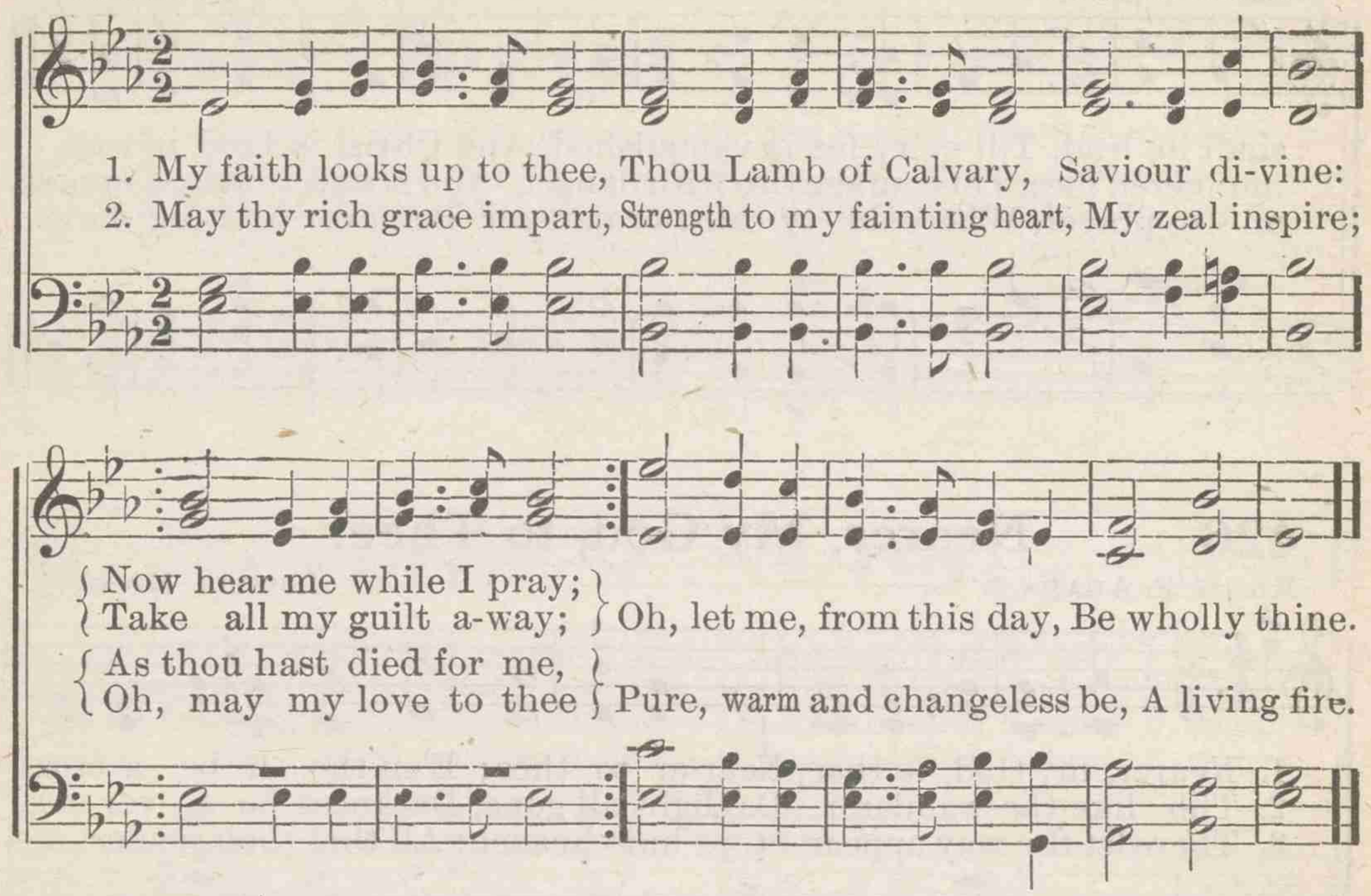
MRS. S. F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

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

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

427 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.

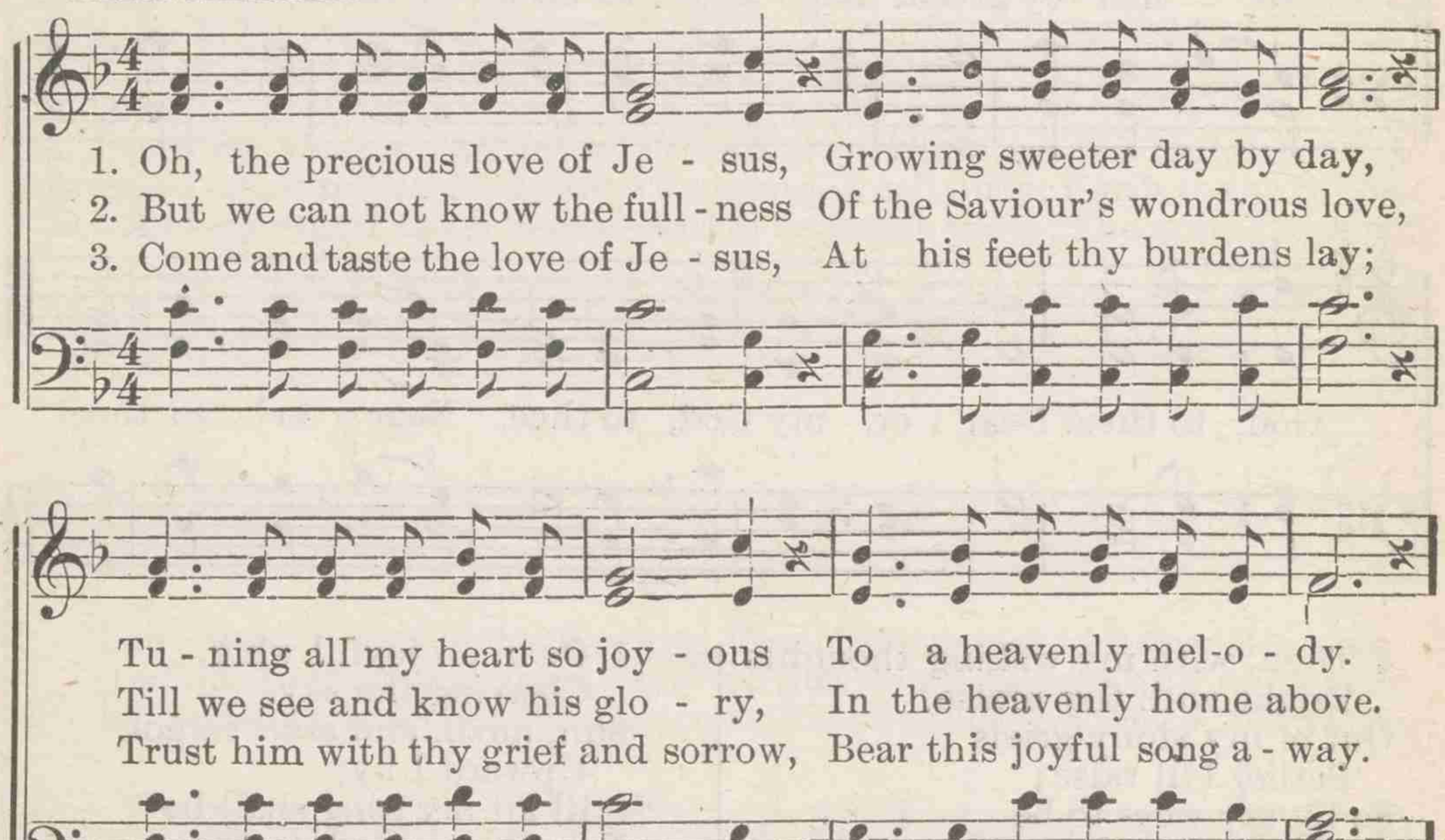


3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

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

428 Christ is Precious.

ELIZA SHERMAN. J. H. F.



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Christ is Precious.

CHORUS.

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

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

429 All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

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

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

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

430 Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS. ANTIOCH. HANDEL.

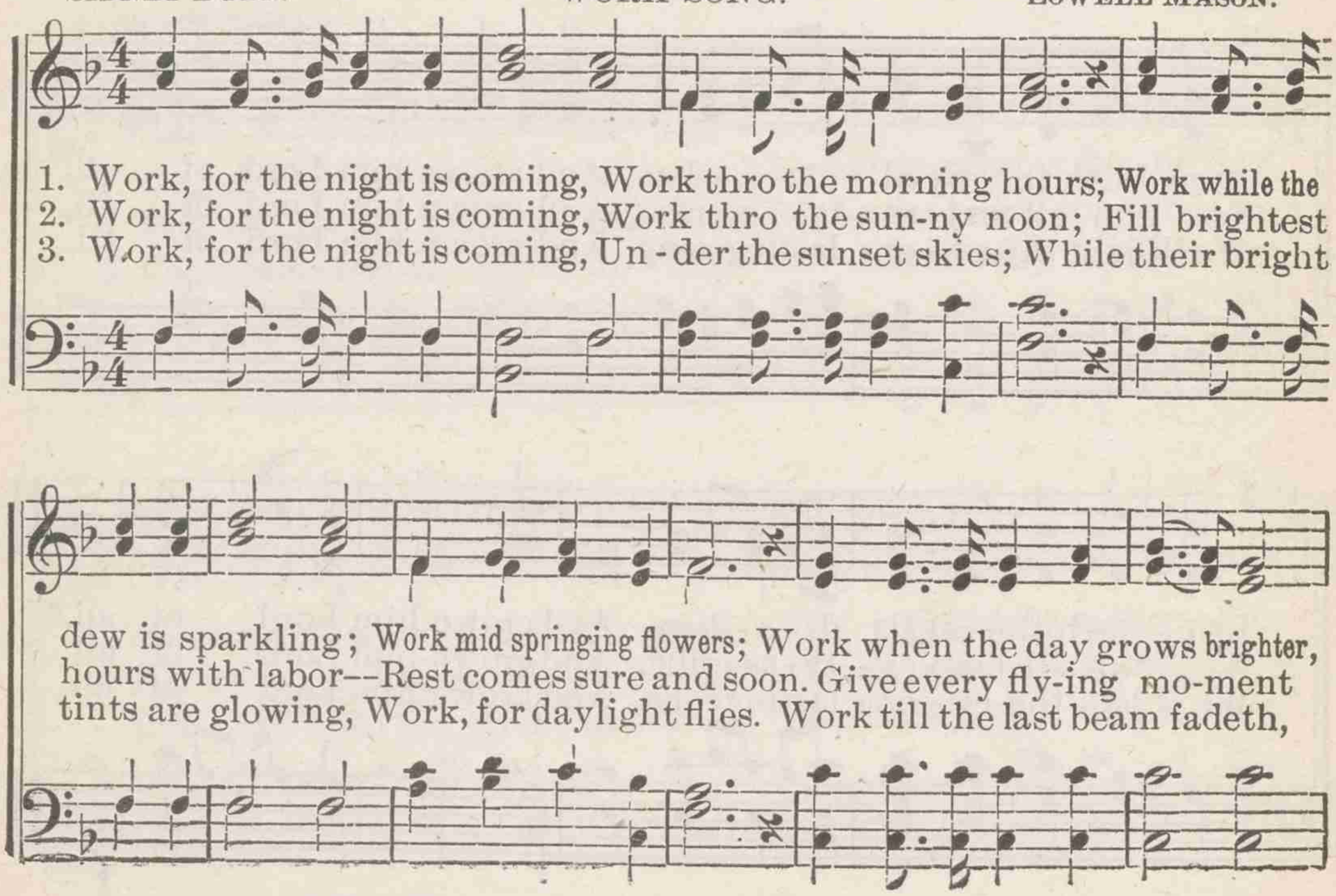
2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

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

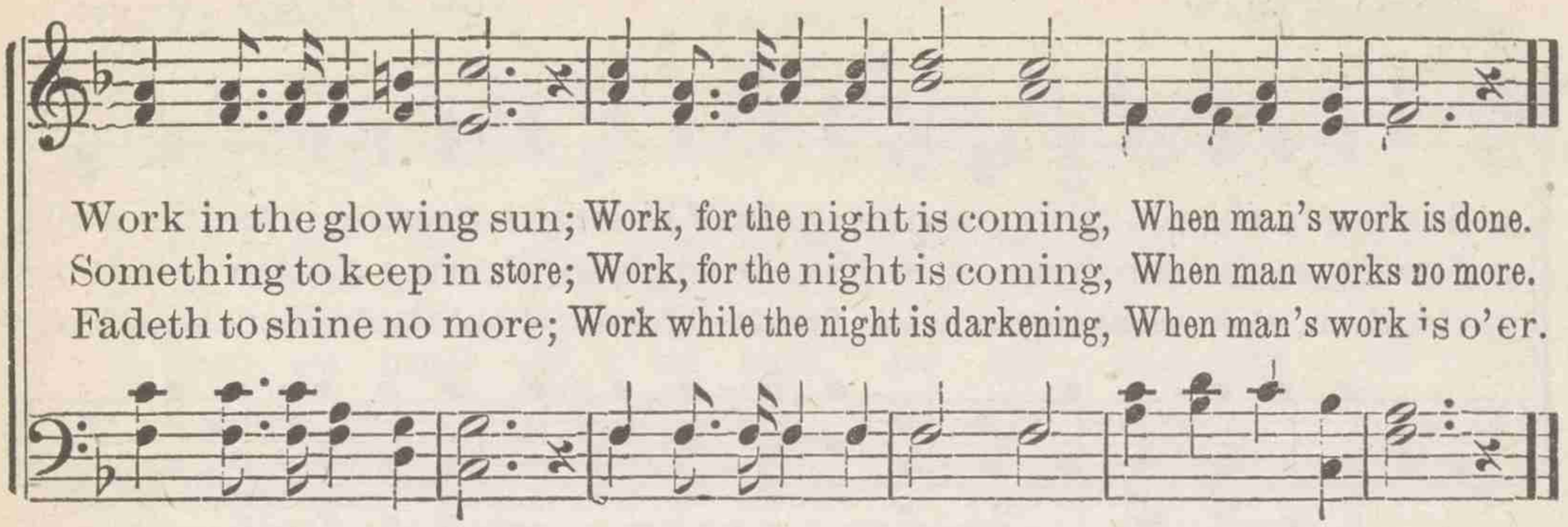
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

431 Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER. WORK SONG. LOWELL MASON.



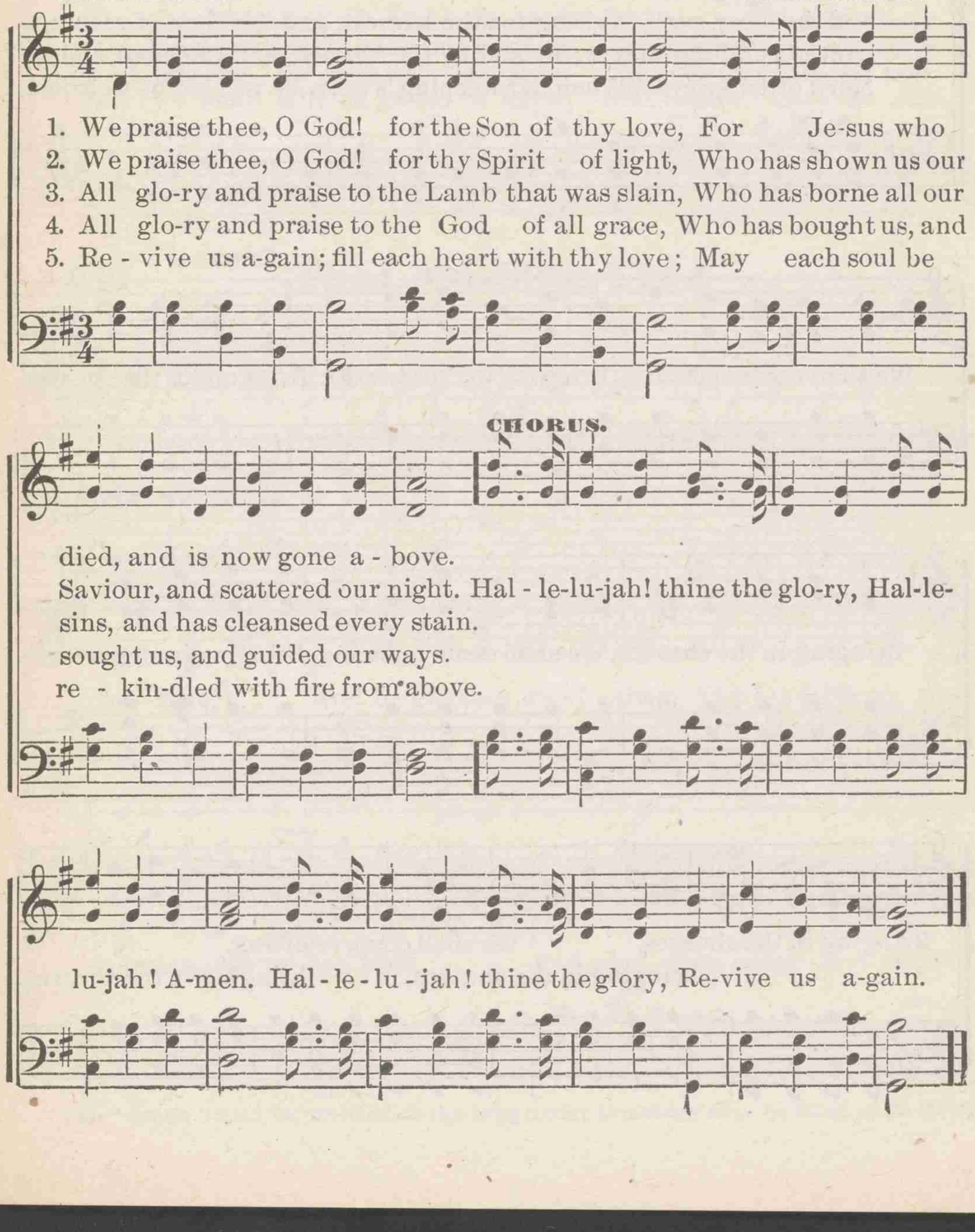
Work for the Night is Coming.



Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

432 We Praise Thee, O God.

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



1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo-ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a-gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be

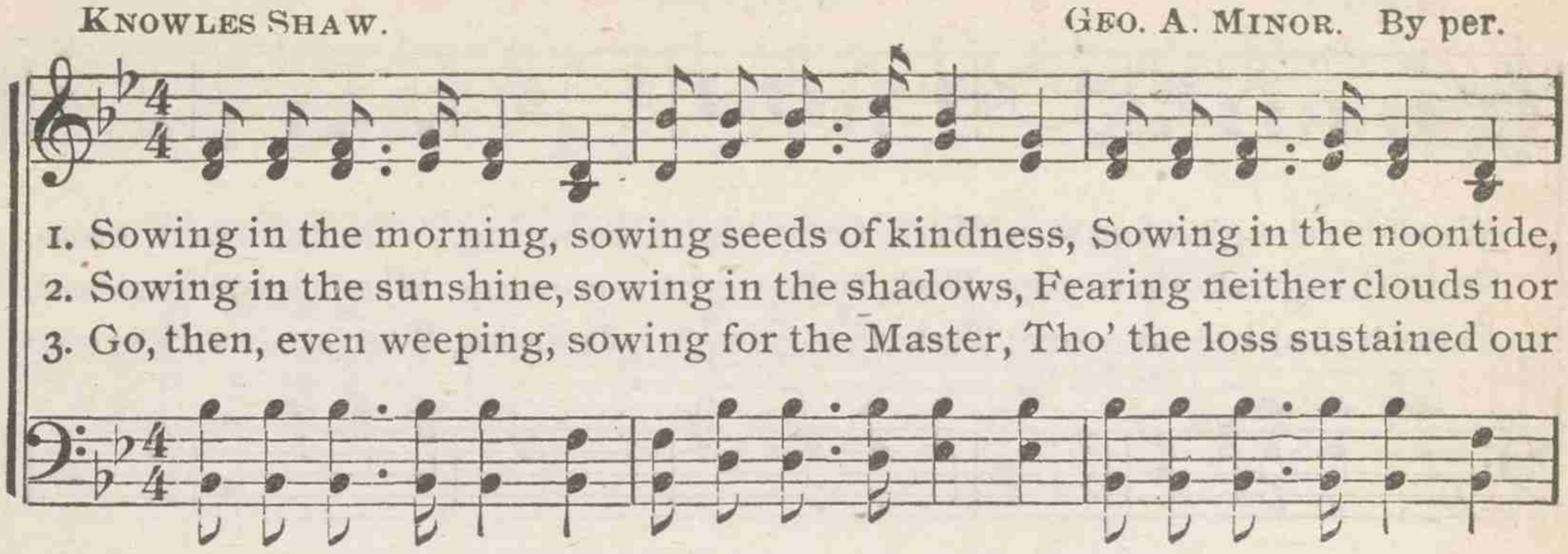
CHORUS.

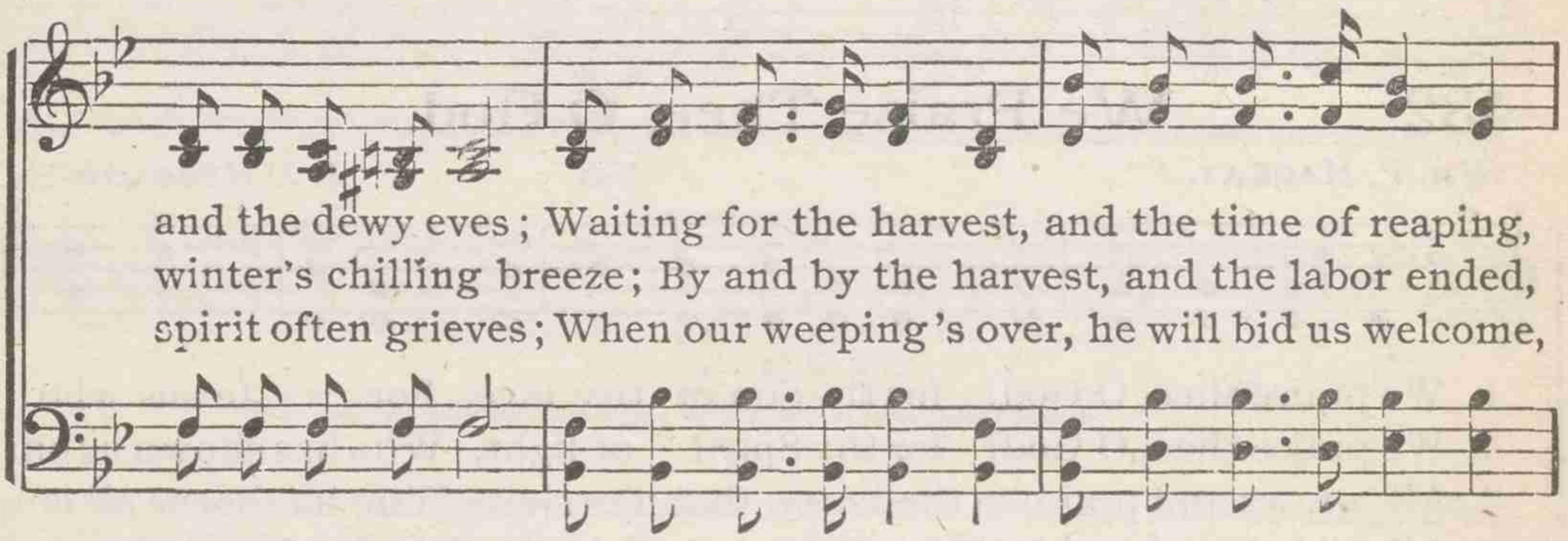
died, and is now gone a - bove.
Saviour, and scattered our night. Hal - le-lu-jah! thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
sins, and has cleansed every stain.
sought us, and guided our ways.
re - kin-dled with fire from above.

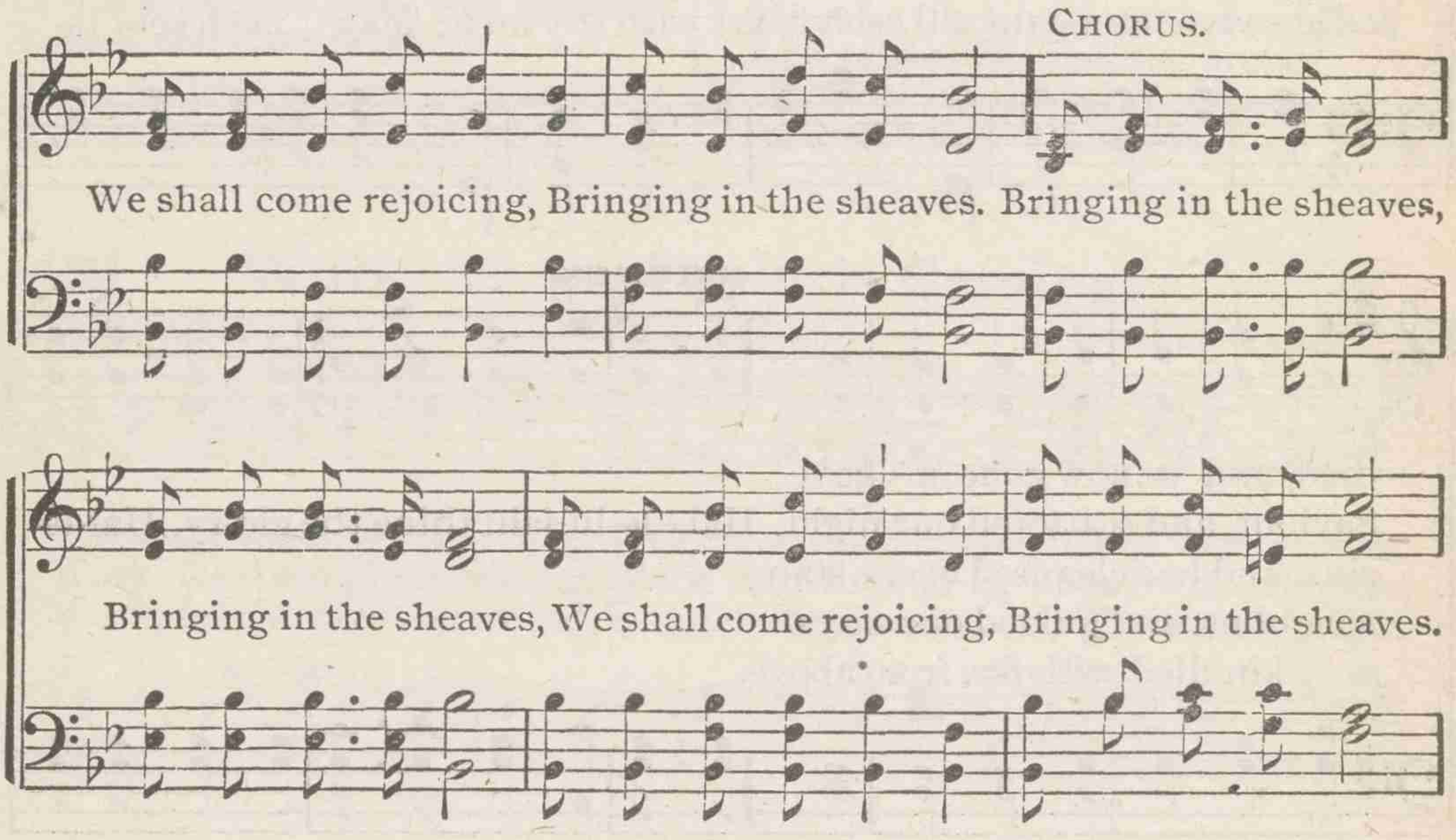
lu-jah! A-men. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glory, Re-vive us a-gain.

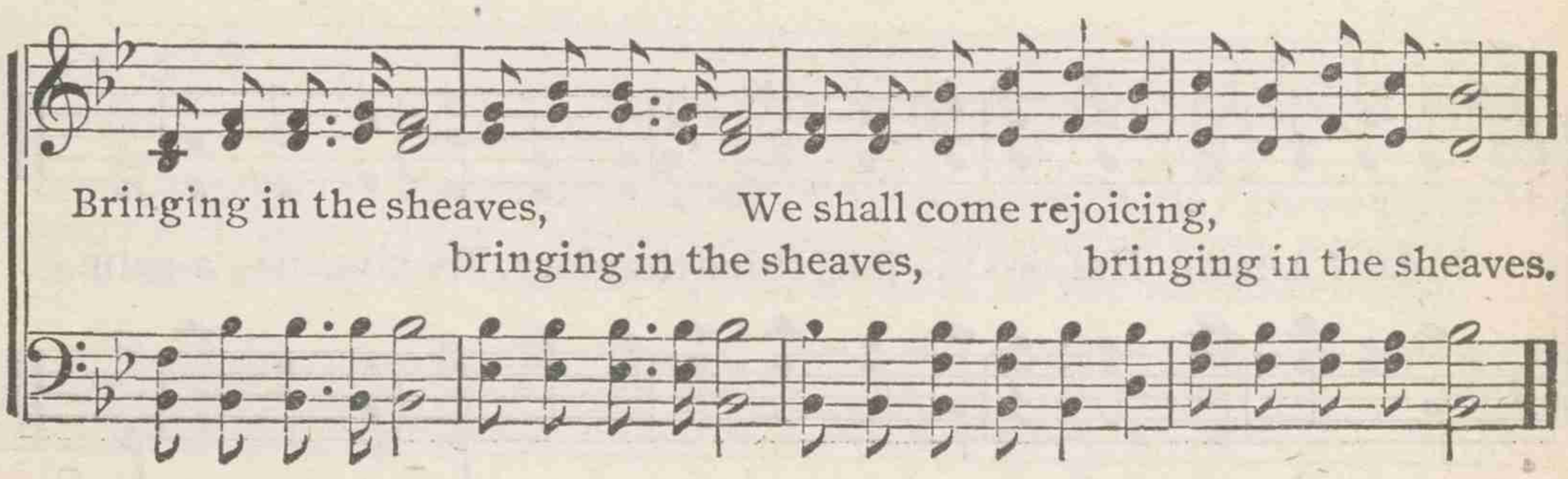
433 Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR. By per.









434 Blest be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. DENNIS. H. G. NAGELI.

435 The Lord Bless Thee.

J. B. HERBERT. By per.

The "Amen" may be omitted or the long meter Doxology may be sung in its stead.

436 Onward Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

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

Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that
Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and

REFRAIN.

ban - ners go!
char - i - ty.
can not fail.
an - gels sing.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to

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

437 Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Would you know earth's highest happiness, Would you know its greatest
2. Pleasant smiles will cheer a drooping heart, Kindly words relieve a
3. Man-y hearts are crushed with bitter woe, Many hearts with grief are

bless-ed - ness, Would you know its truest joyfulness, Make some other
bit-ter smart, Helping hands to weakness strength impart, Make some other
bend-ing low, Many hearts need help you can bestow, Make some other

CHORUS.

heart re - joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kindly word,

Lend a hand to help a broth - er, Give a pleasant smile,

Speak a kind-ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.

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438 Blessed Assurance.

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

1. Blessed as - surance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, Angels descending, bring from above, Ech-oes of
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap - py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
goodness, lost in His love.

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.

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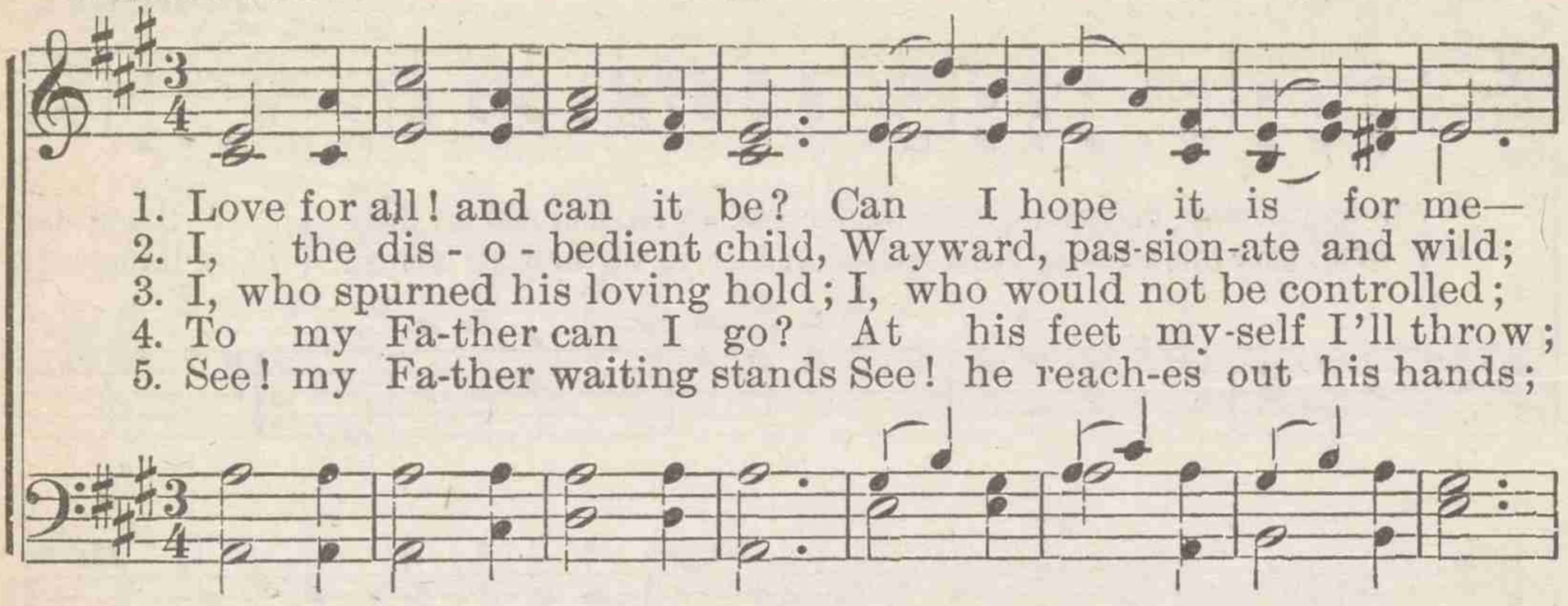
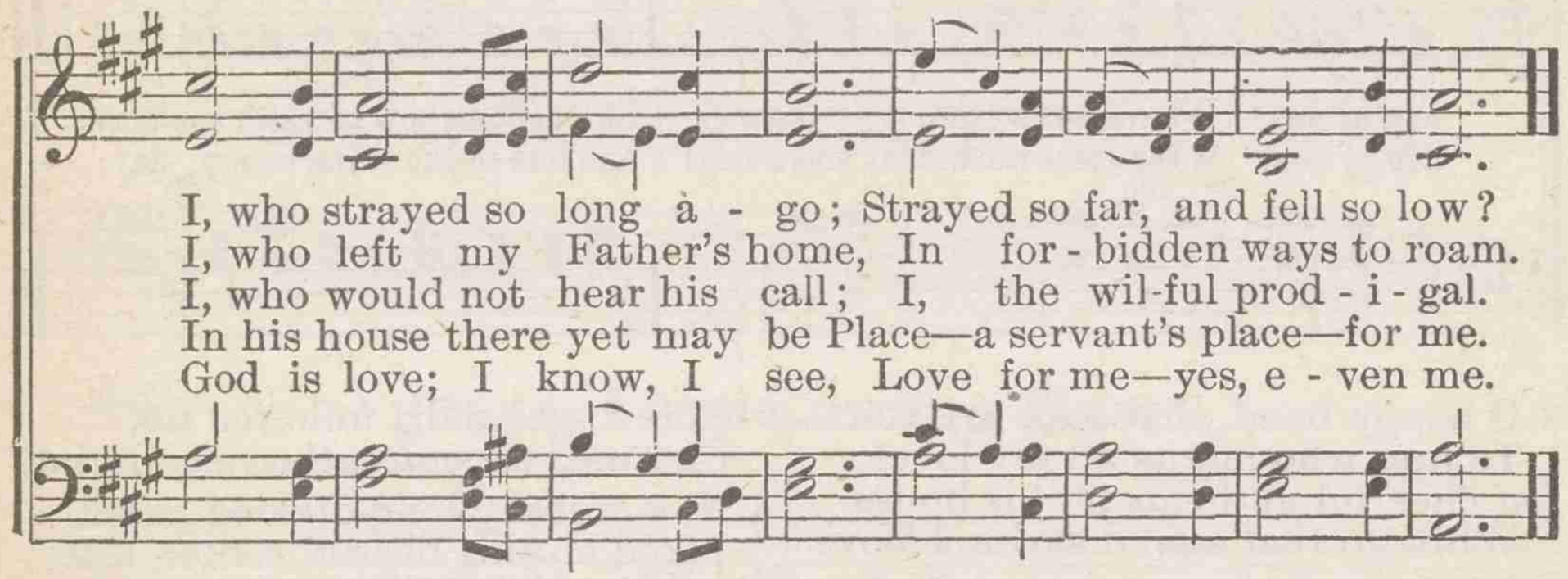
439 Love for All! and can it Be?

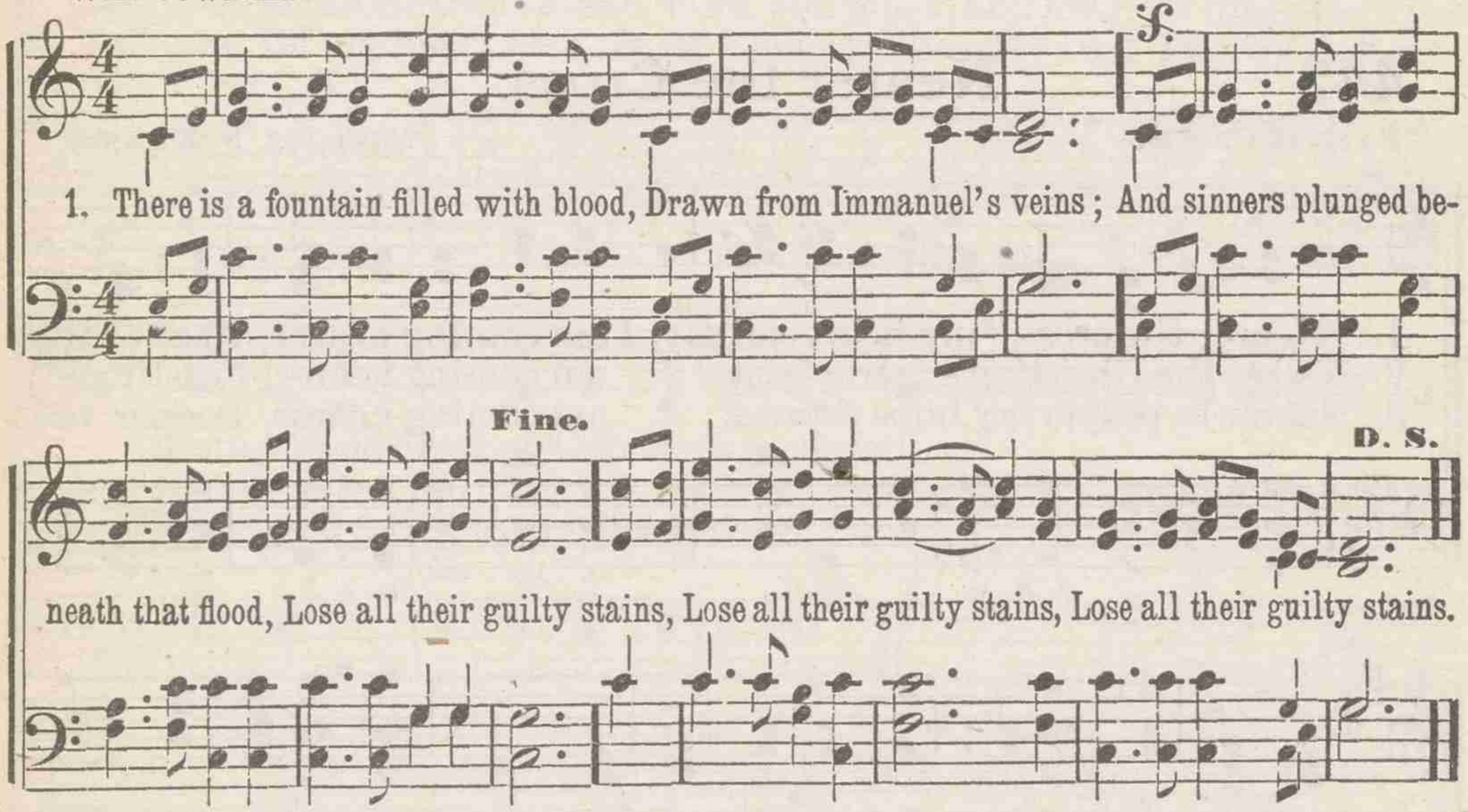
S. LONGFELLOW. HORTON. XAVIER SCHNYDER.





440 There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.



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

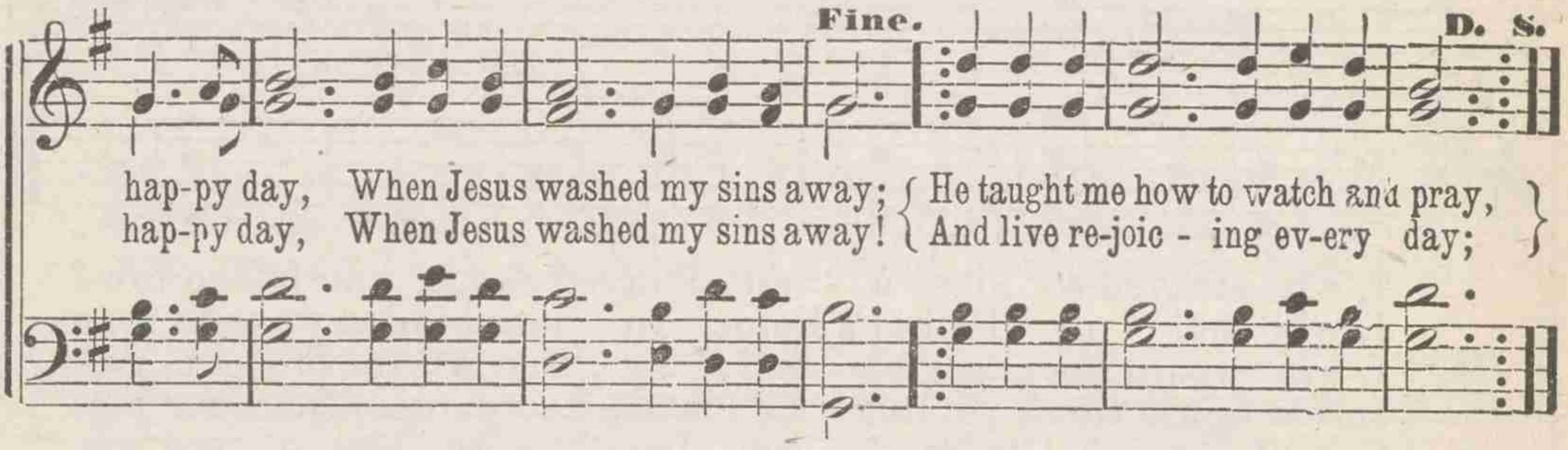
3 O Lamb of God, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

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

5 And when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save.

441 Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.



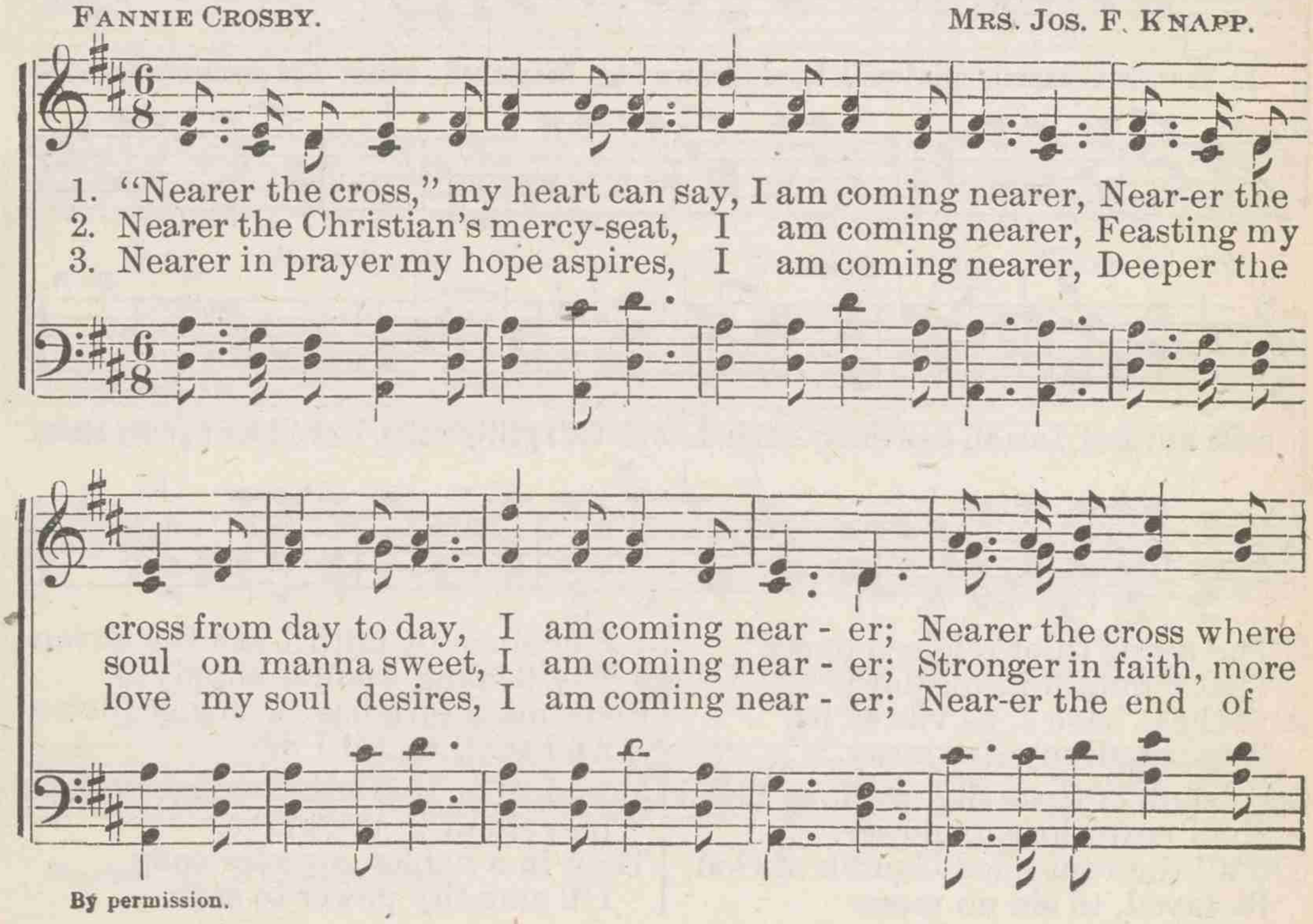
2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

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

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

442 Nearer the Cross.

FANNIE CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



By permission.

Nearer the Cross.

Je - sus died, Near-er the foun-tain's crimson tide, Nearer my Saviour's
clear I see, Je - sus who gave himself for me; Nearer to him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share; Nearer the crown I

wounded side, I am com - ing near-er, I am coming near - er.
still would be: Still I'm com - ing near-er, Still I'm coming near - er.
soon shall wear: I am com - ing near-er, I am coming near - er.

443 Jesus, I am Coming Now.

ROBERT MOFFETT. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Je - sus, I am coming now, Coming to the fountain; Precious is th'a-
2. Jesus, make me true to thee, Pure, and meek, and lowly, While I walk the
3. Jesus, fill my heart with peace, Flowing like a riv - er; Day by day my

toning blood Shed on Calvary's mountain.
nar-row way To the cit - y ho-ly. Coming now, coming now, Seeking
joy increase, Till the glad for-ev-er.

CHORUS.

grace and fa - vor, That my weary soul may find Rest in thee forever.

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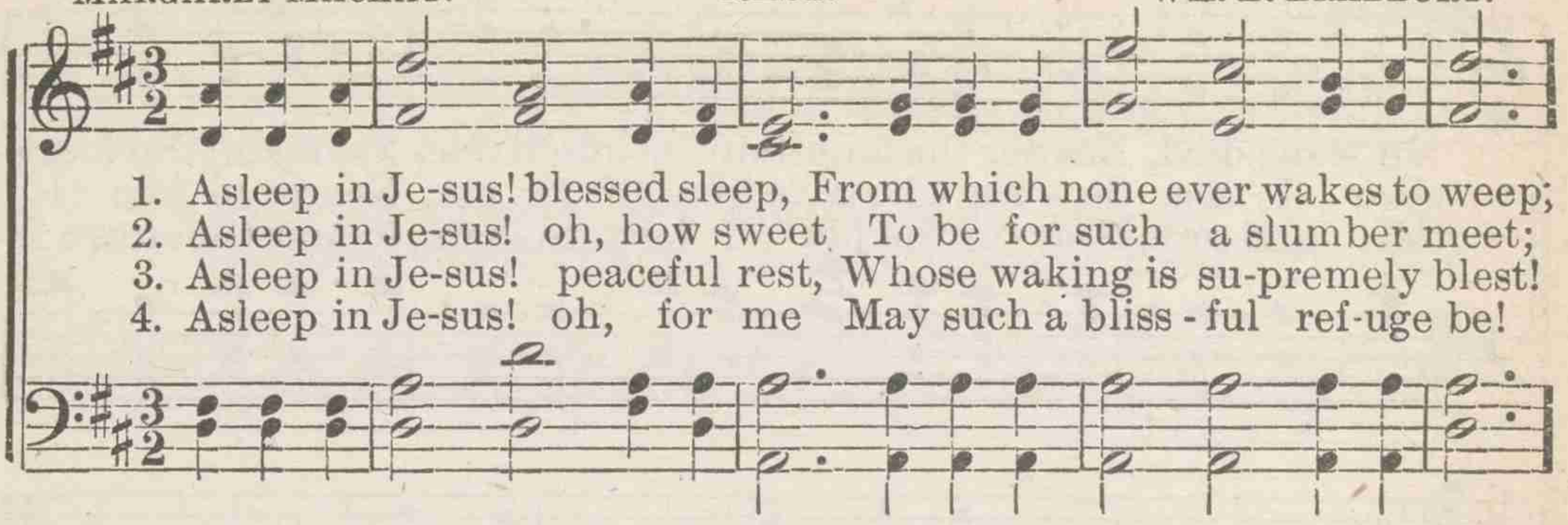
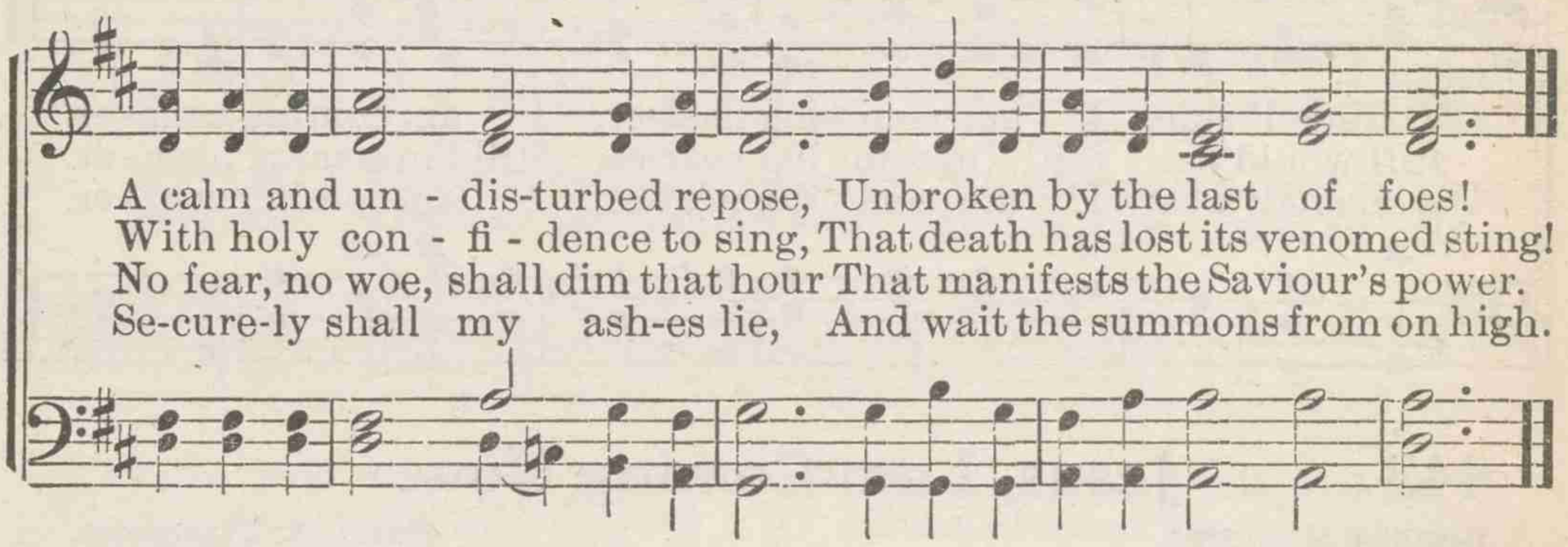
444 Asleep in Jesus!

MARGARET MACKAY. REST. WM. B. BRADBURY.



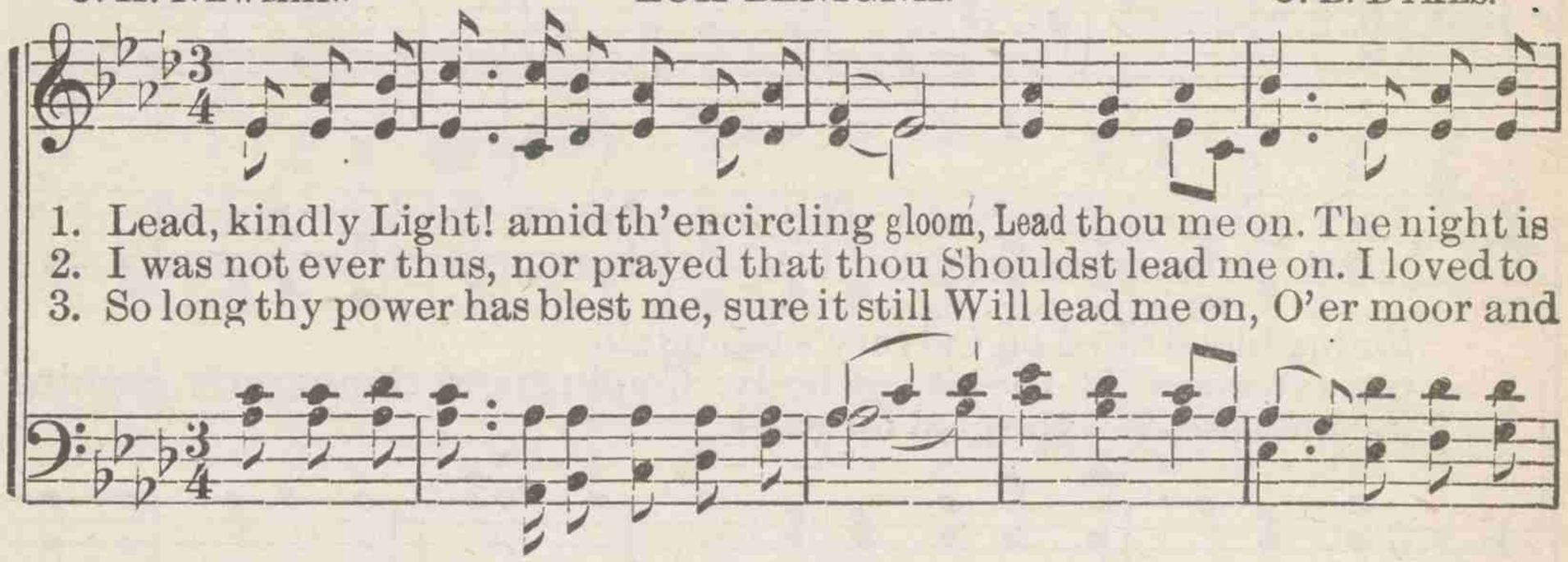


5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains, on Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

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

445 Lead, Kindly Light!

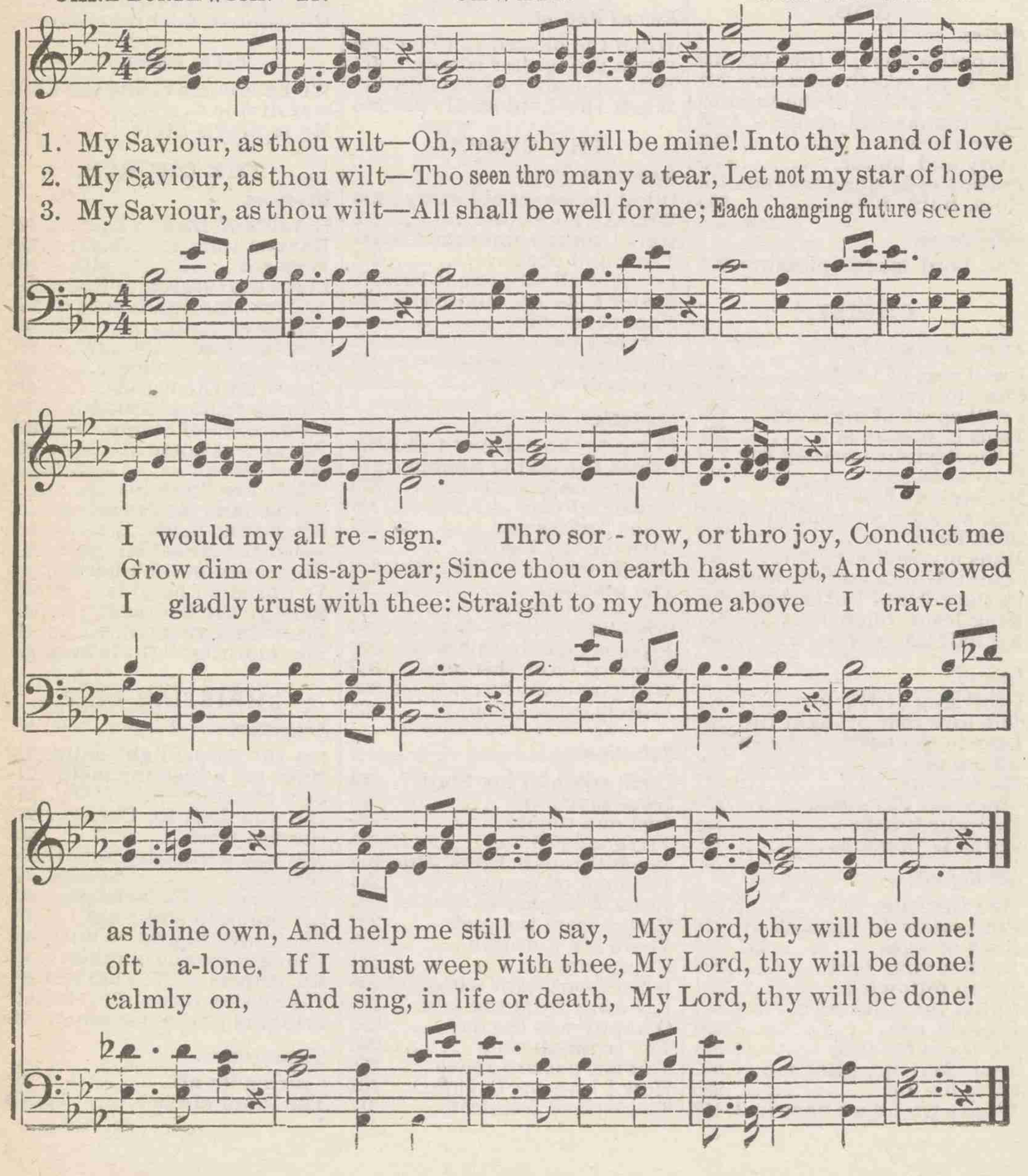
J. H. NEWMAN. LUX BENIGNA. J. B. DYKES.



Lead, Kindly Light!

446 My Saviour, as Thou Wilt.

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



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