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The Voice of the Forest

HYMNS
NEW AND OLD
FOR
MISSIONS
REVIVAL MEETINGS
AND
SABBATH SCHOOLS

EDITORS
Geo. D. ELDERKIN
FOR
R. C. McCABE
Jno. R. SWENEY
W. J. KIRKPATRICK
THE WHYTE BROTHERS
OF CANADA
AND
F. A. HARDIN.

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THE

FINEST OF THE WHEAT:

HYMNS NEW AND OLD,

FOR

MISSIONARY AND REVIVAL MEETINGS,

AND

SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

EDITED BY

GEO. D. ELDERKIN

FOR

C. C. McCABE, JNO. R. SWENEY, WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,

THE WHYTE BROTHERS OF CANADA, AND F. A. HARDIN.

THIRTY-FIRST EDITION.

CHICAGO:

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PREFACE.

THAT **"The Finest of the Wheat"** may prove worthy of its name is the highest ambition the Editor can have for it. Many of the pieces are the very latest productions of the Authors whose names appear upon the title page. All the selections have been made under the watchful supervision of the Authors themselves and the leaders of sacred song associated with them.

In *Camp Meetings, Social Meetings, Missionary Meetings and Conventions, and Sabbath-Schools* they have noted the pieces that have in them the "swing of conquest," and have garnered into this book their favorites.

"The Finest of the Wheat" is the real successor of "Winnowed Hymns."

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THE PUBLISHERS.

THE FINEST OF THE WHEAT.

1 The Battle Hymn of Missions.

RAY PALMER. JOHN WHITAKER.



5

O fill thy Church with faith and pow'r,
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

6

Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known
Fulfill the Father's high decree;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown
Shall keep her last great jubilee.

(NOTE.—There is in this tune a strain of the "Marseillaise," and of "The Watch on the Rhine." When choir, congregation. or Sabbath-school sing it, the music is most inspiring. The hymn is the 921st of the Hymnal. The tune is found on page 154 of the Hymnal. If the people could be induced to commit the hymn to memory, and sing it without their books, it would afford a most instructive lesson as to the sort of Church music we ought to have. Try it.

The hymn should become as familiar to the Church as Ray Palmer's other great hymn—"My faith looks up to Thee,")

Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let his prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
2. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and fear assail, By the liv-ing Word of God I shall prevail,
3. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es I now can see Per - fect, present cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
4. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e- ter - nally by love's strong cord, O-ver-coming dai-ly with the Spirits' sword,
5. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es I can - not fall, Listening ev -'ry moment to the Spirits' call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, Stand - ing,
Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,
Stand - - ing,
Standing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav-ior; Standing on the promise,
Stand - - ing,
Standing on the promise, I'm standing on the prom-is - es of God.

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3 I Know Whom I Have Believed.

2 Tim. i. 12.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.



1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me he hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me he did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Convincing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,





Nor why—un-wor-thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for his own.
Nor how be-liev-ing in his word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the word, Cre - at - ing faith in him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore his face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with him, Or "meet him in the air."

CHORUS.

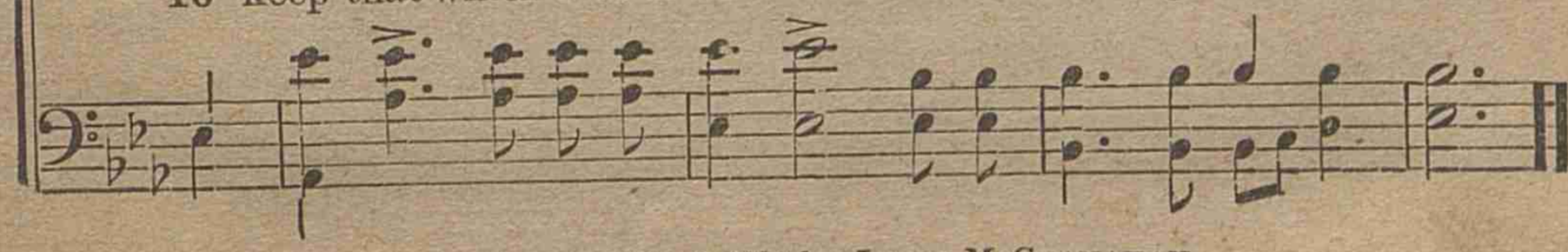


But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that he is a - ble





To keep that which I've committed un - to him a-gainst that day."



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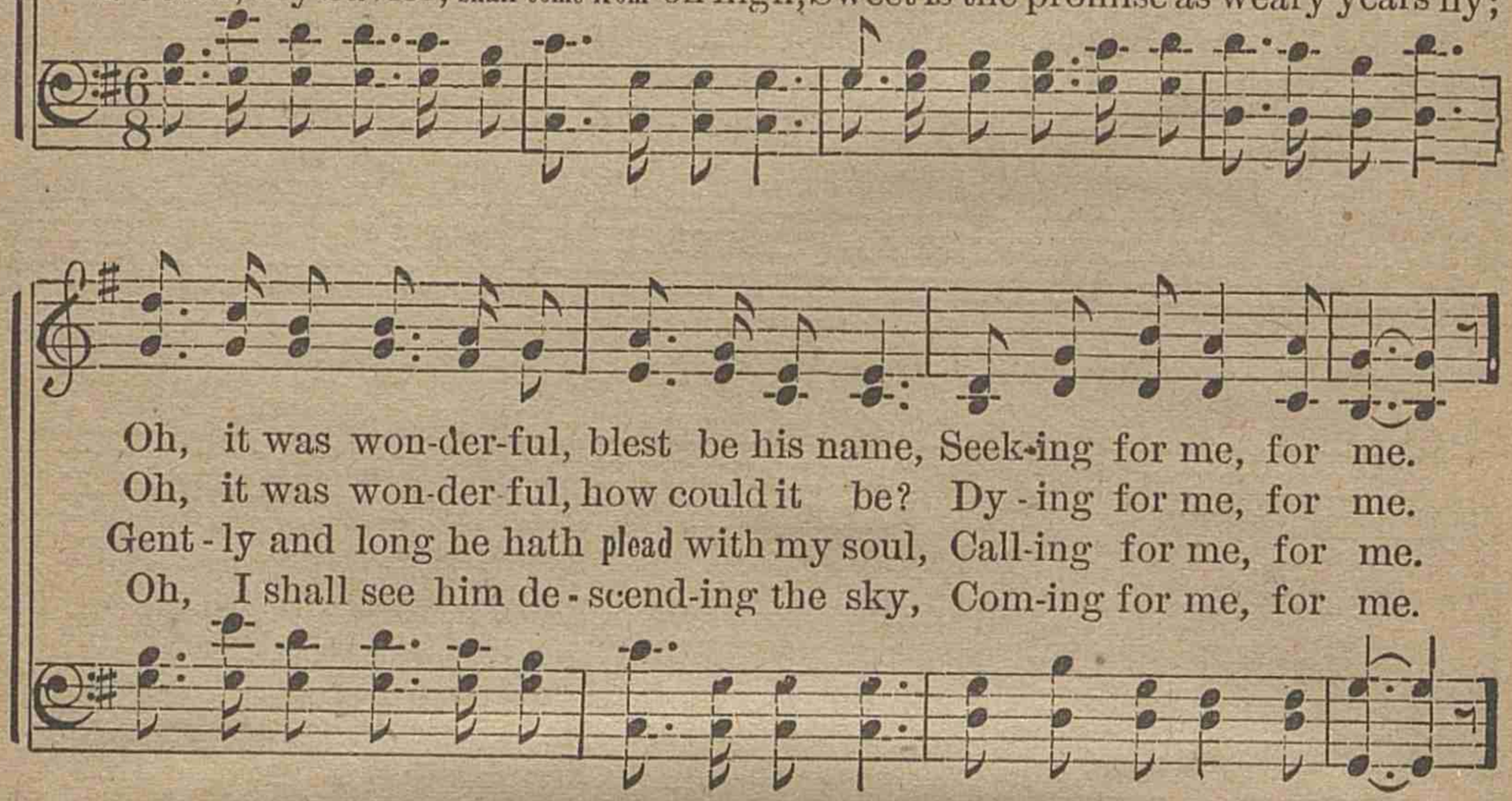
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Seeking for Me.

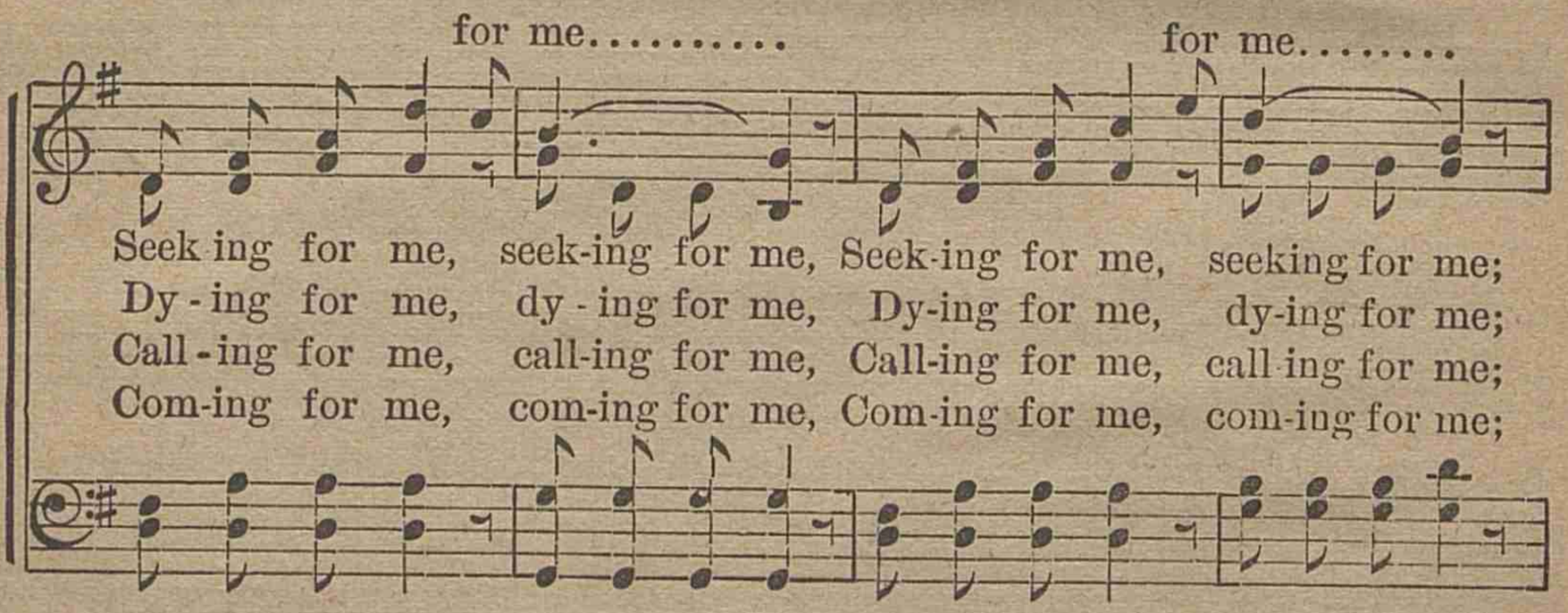
E. E. HASTY.



1. Jesus, my Savior, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
2. Jesus, my Savior, on Cal-va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul he set free;
3. Jesus, my Savior, the same as of old, While I did wander afar from the fold,
4. Jesus, my Savior, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;

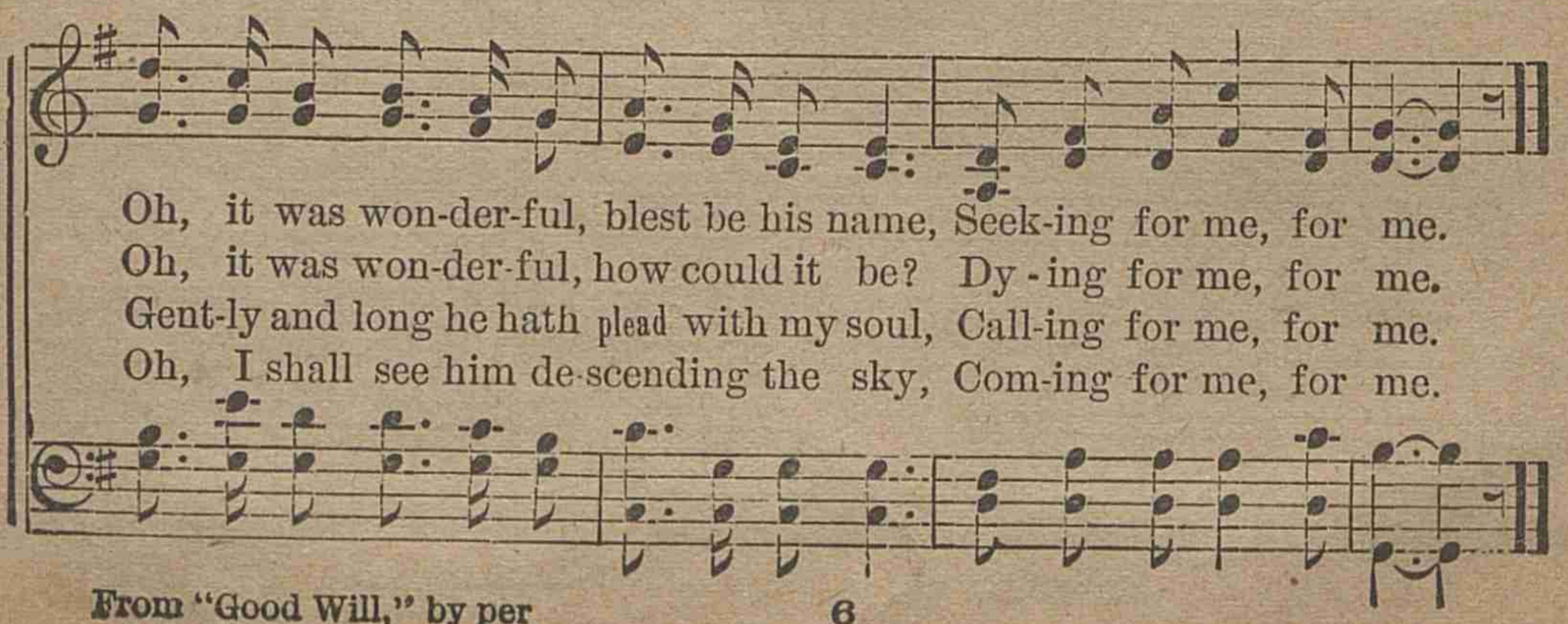


Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, for me.
Oh, it was won-der ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.
Gent - ly and long he hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see him de - scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.



for me..... for me.....

Seek-ing for me, seek-ing for me, Seek-ing for me, seeking for me;
Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me, Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me;
Call - ing for me, call-ing for me, Call-ing for me, call ing for me;
Com-ing for me, com-ing for me, Com-ing for me, com-ing for me;



Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, for me.
Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.
Gent-ly and long he hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see him de-scending the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

5

My Mother's Hands.

Mrs. M. E. W. Mrs. M. E. WILLSON, by per.

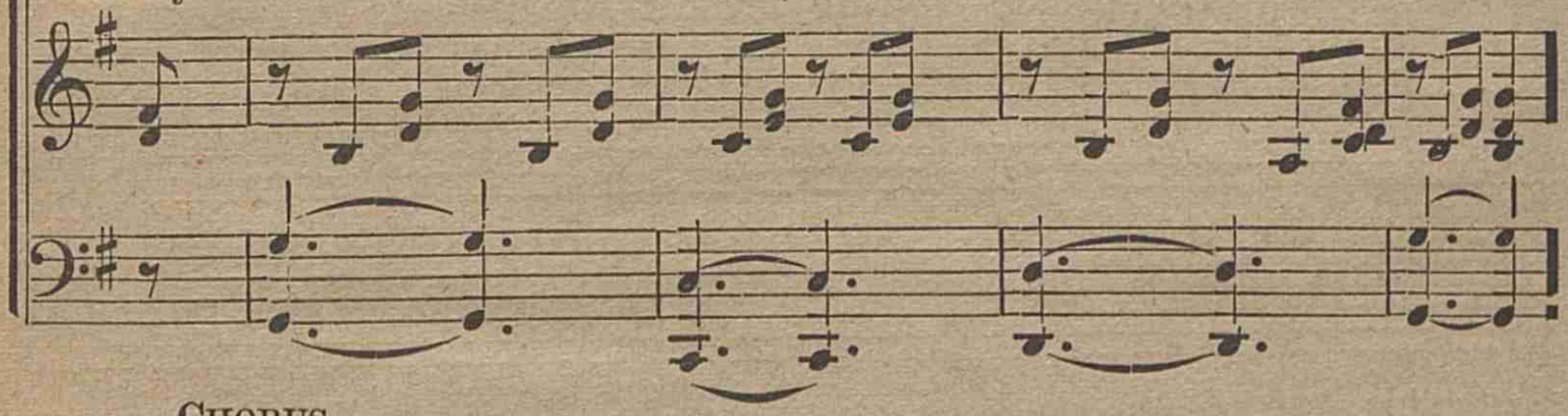
Slow and with great expression.



1. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
2. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! How they cared for my in-fant days!
3. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! As they pressed my ach - ing brow;
4. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
5. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I stood by her coffin one day,
6. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I shall clasp them a-gain once more,



Yet my mother's hands were the fair - est, And love-li-est hands of all.
They guided my feet in - to pleasant paths And smoothed all the rugged ways.
They cooled the fev-er and eased the pain, Me - thinks I can feel them now.
But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seemed more tender and true.
And I kissed those hands so cold and white, As qui - et and peaceful she lay.
As my feet touch the bank of the heav'nly land; We shall meet on that shin - ing shore.



CHORUS.



My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guided me safe o'er life's sands,



I bless God's name for the mem'ry Of mother's own beau-ti-ful hands.

6 I Will Tell it to Jesus my Lord.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. When times of temp - ta - tion bring sad - ness and gloom, I will
2. When out on the hill - tops, a - way from all sin, I will
3. When wea - ry with toil - ing and read - y to faint, I will
4. When dark - ness is dim ming my path to the sky, I will

tell it to Je-sus my Lord; The last of earth's treasures borne
tell it to Je-sus my Lord; When joy - ous and hap - py the
tell it to Je-sus my Lord; He nev - er re - fu - ses to
tell it to Je-sus my Lord; When help - ers shall fail me and

out to the tomb, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
sun - shine with - in, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
hear my com-plaint, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.
com - forts shall fly, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord.

This earth hath no sor - row For to - day or to - mor - row,
To know I'm for - giv - en Is a fore - taste of heav - en,
I'll cheer - ful - ly bear it, When I've Je - sus to share it,
Though blurred my life's pa - ges By my sin and its wa - ges,

But Je - sus hath known it and felt long a - go, And
And Je - sus is dear - er to me than be - fore, Such
His yoke it is ea - sy, his bur - den is light, When
He's yes - ter - day, now, and for - ev - er the same, I'll

By permission of John J. Hood.

I Will Tell it to Jesus. Concluded.

when it comes o'er me, And I'm tempt - ed so sore - ly, I will
peace - ful - ness fills me, Such an ec - sta - cy thrills me, I will
life be - comes drea - ry, And I'm foot - sore and wea - ry, I will
not be for - sak - en, Tho' my life should be tak - en, I will

CHORUS.

tell it to Je - sus, my Lord. I will tell it to
tell it to Je - sus, my Lord. I will tell it to Je - sus, I will

Je - sus, to Je - sus my
tell it to Je - sus, I will tell it to Je - sus, to

Lord,..... I will tell..... ... it to
Je - sus my Lord, I will tell it to Je - sus, I will

Je - sus, I will tell it to Je - sus my Lord
tell it to Je - sus.

Tell it Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. In - to the tent where a gyp - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the
2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
3 Bending we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the
4. Smiling, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for

close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we carried, said he,
tid - ings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will he hold?
val - ley of death, "God sent his Son!" "whoso - ev - er?" said he;
me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,

Refrain.

"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!" Tell it a - gain!
No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
"Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
"Lord, I be - lieve, tell it now to the rest!"

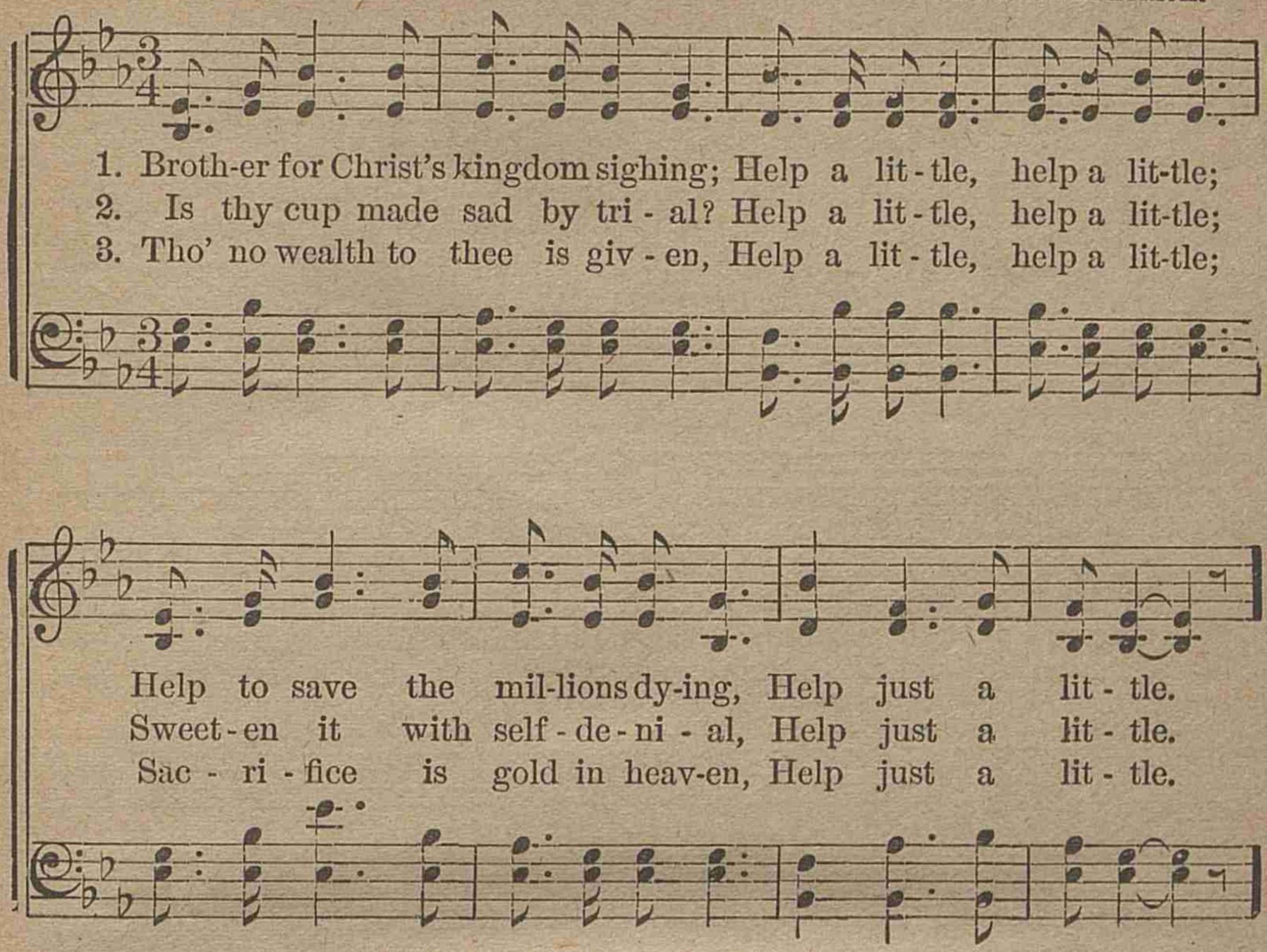
Tell it a gain! Salvation's sto-ry re-peat o'er and o'er, Till none can

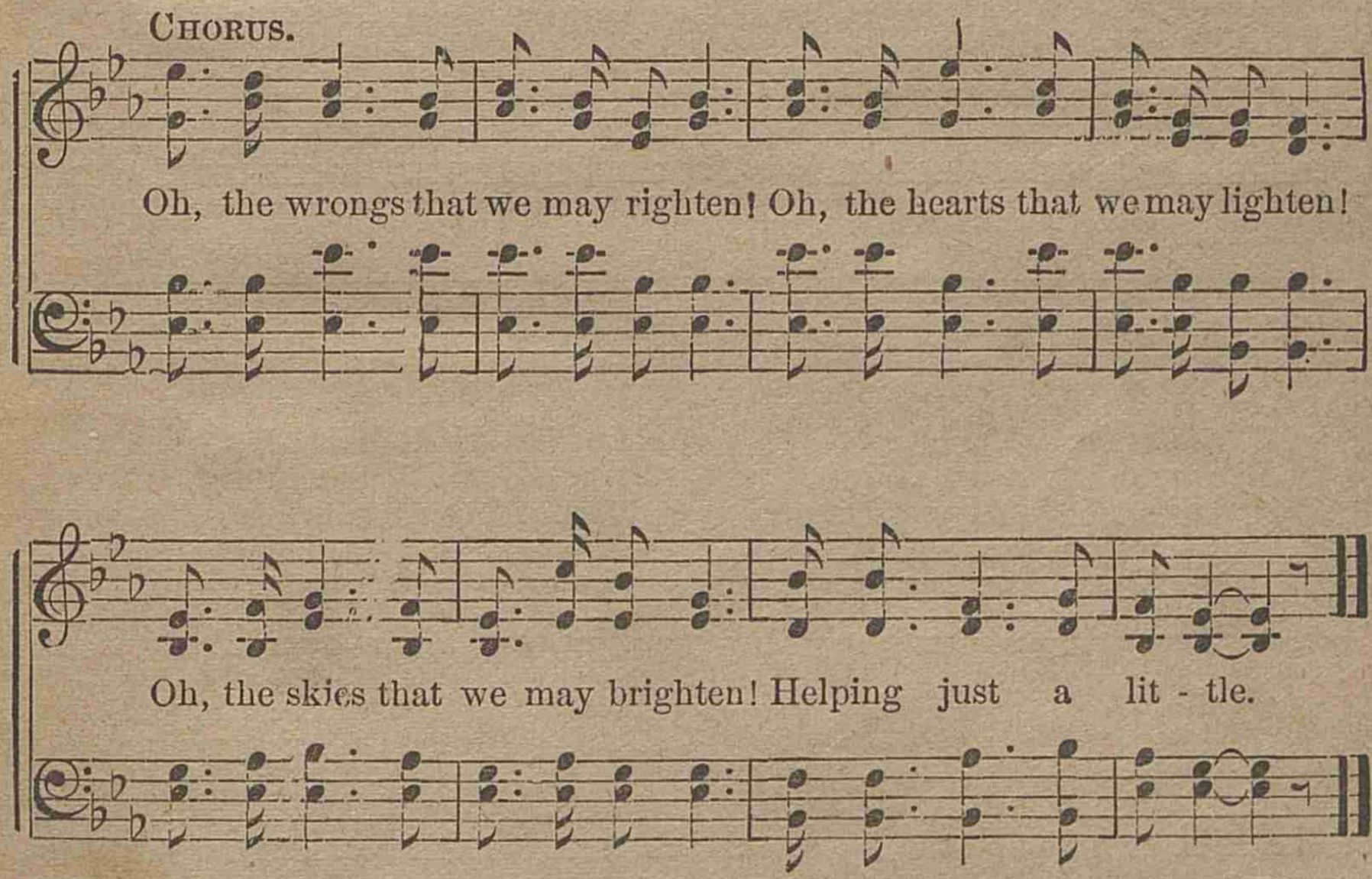
say of the children of men, No-bod-y ev - er has told me be - fore."

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Help Just a Little.

Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,
Help just a little.

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9 Blessed be the Fountain.

E. R. LATTA. H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.



1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His body o'er came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from thee, Often has my heart gone a-stray;



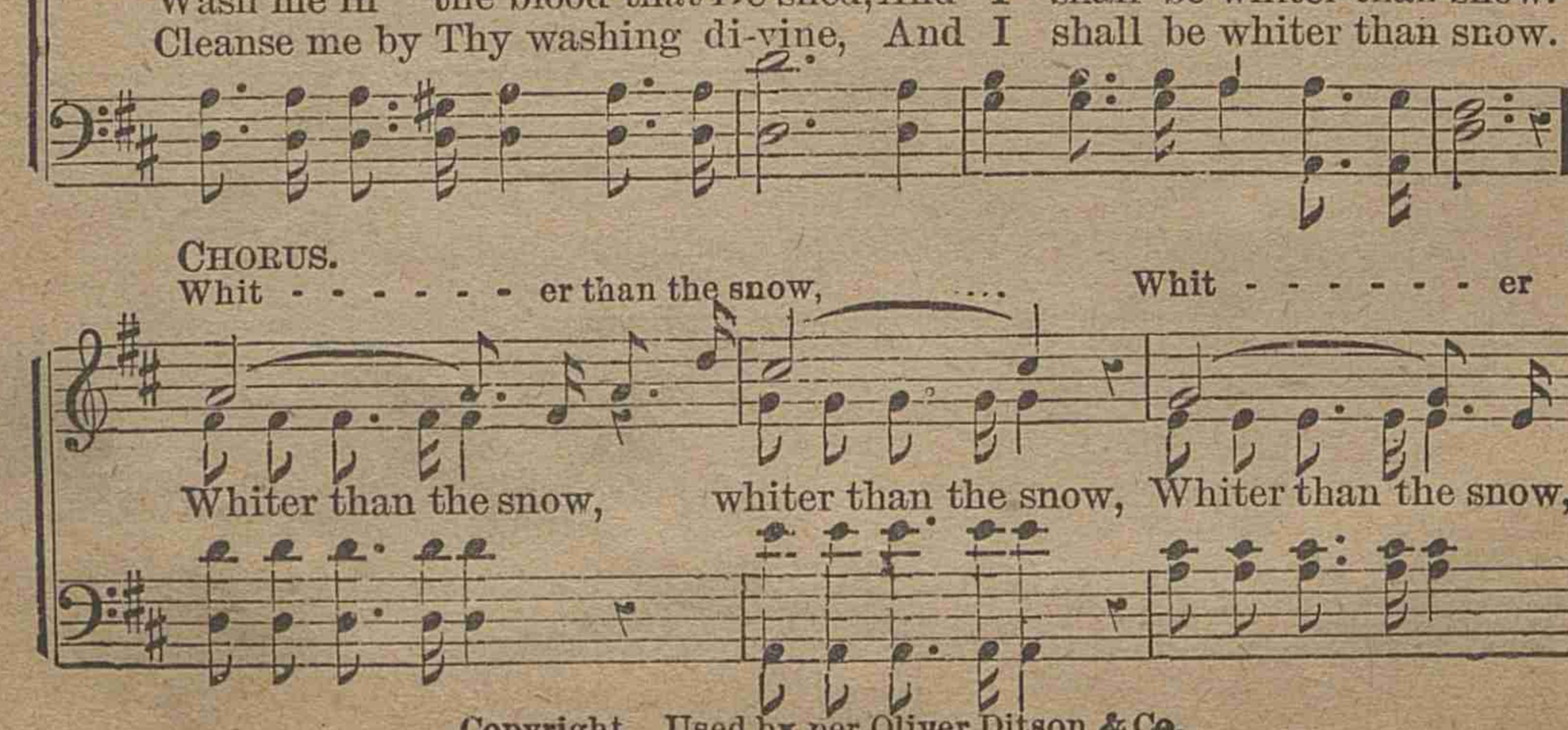
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God; On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sorrows He bore, But he suf-fered thus not in vain.
Crimson do my sins seem to me--Wa-ter can - not wash them a-way.



Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Je - sus to that Fountain of thine, Lean-ing on thy promise I go;



Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whiter than snow.



CHORUS.

Whit - - - - - - er than the snow, ... Whit - - - - - - er

Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,

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Blessed be the Fountain—Concluded.

than the snow..... Wash me in the Blood of the

whit - er than the snow; Wash me in the Blood of the

Lamb,..... And I shall be whit - er than snow.....

rit.

Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow, than snow.

snow,.....

10 Why do You Wait?

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striving with - in?
4. Why do you wait, dear brother, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way,

Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanctified throng.
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no other way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept his sal-va-tion, And throw off thy burden of sin?
Your Sav - ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in delay?

CHORUS.

1 2

Why not? why not? Why not come to him now? now?

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Christ is all.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. ii:7.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there:
Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er
Wait-ing for Je - sus' call, I marked his smile, was sweet as
Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was
To save from Sa - tan's thrall; Nor home nor life he count - ed
A fire dissolved this ball; I saw the church's ran-somed
The Bride re-peats the call; For He will cleanse your guil - ty
whence Her helpless widow-hood's defence, She told me "Christ was all."

2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
May, And as his spir - it passed away, He whispered "Christ is all."

3. I saw the martyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
giv'n, He looked triumphantly to heav'n, And answered "Christ is all."

4. I saw the gos-pel her-ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,
dear,' Midst wants and perils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."

5. I dreamed that hoary time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
throng, I heard the bur-den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."

6. Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day, The Fa-ther, Son and Spir- it say;
stains, His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."

CHORUS.

Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all.

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12 The Beautiful Light.

R. KELSO CARTER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are
2. We who know our sins for-given, We are walking in the light, We are
3. As we jour - ney here be - low, We are walking in the light, We are
4. We will sing his pow'r to save, We are walking in the light, We are

walking in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of heaven, We are walking in the
walking in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the

REFRAIN.

beautiful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the light, We are
Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,

walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - ing in the
Walk-ing in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God, Walking in the light,

light ..... We are walk-ing in the beau-ti-ful light of God.
walk-ing in the light,

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13

Beautiful Robes.

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

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of de-light, Where the

enter naught that may de - file; Where the day-beam ne'er de-clines,
beau-ty of the King we see; Hold - ing con-verse full and sweet,
Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead, For his blood shall wash each stain,

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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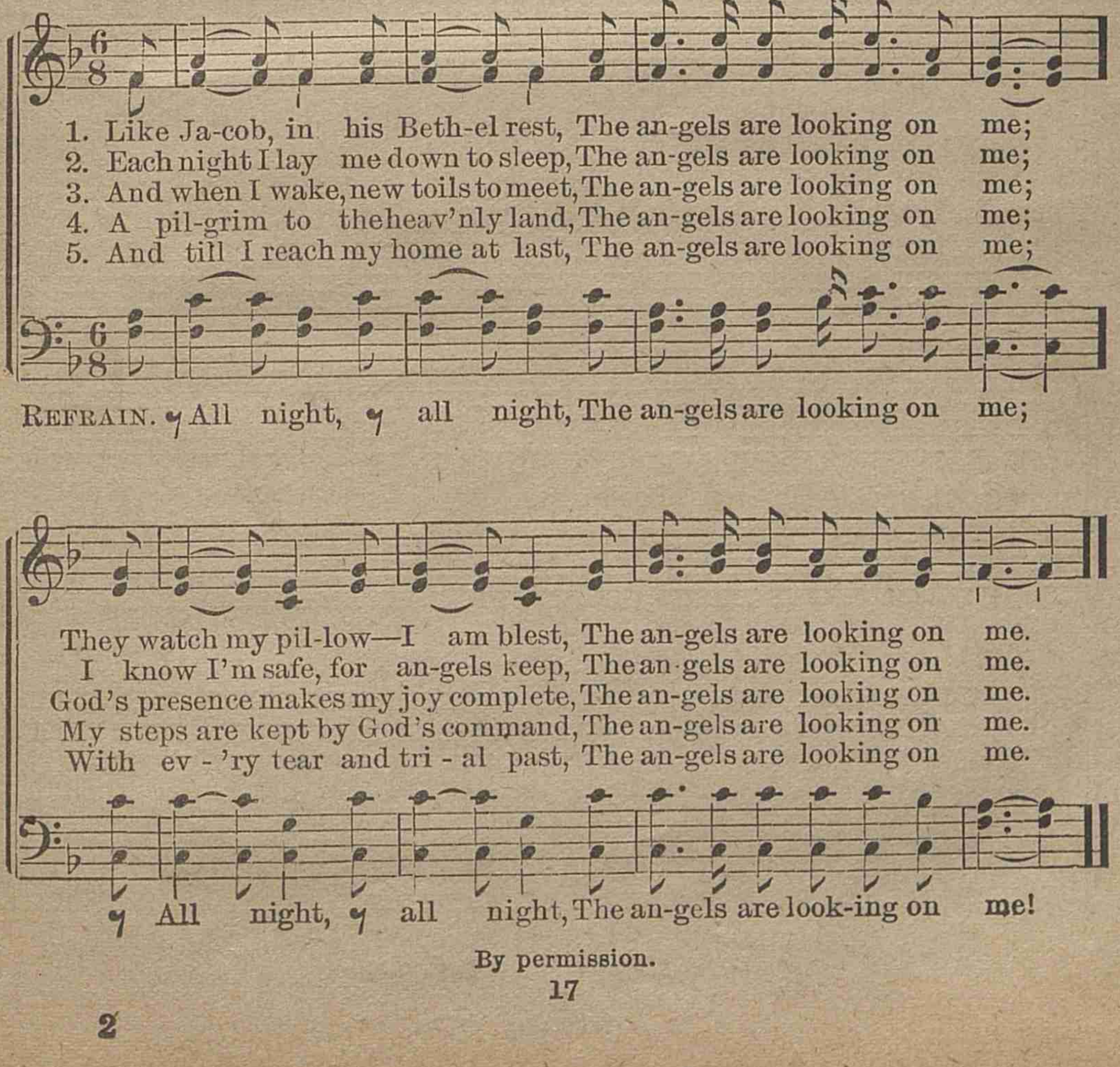
Beautiful Robes—Concluded.





14 The Angels are Looking on Me.

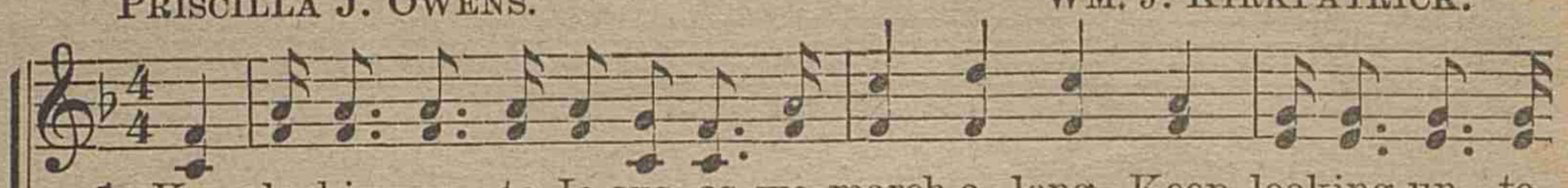
Rev. JOHN PARKER. J. P.



By permission.

15 Keep Looking unto Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Keep looking un - to Je-sus, as we march a - long, Keep looking un - to
2. Keep looking un - to Je-sus, with the night around, Keep looking un - to
3. Keep looking un - to Je-sus, when the storms are out, Keep looking unto
4. Keep looking un - to Je-sus, Author of our faith, Keep looking un - to





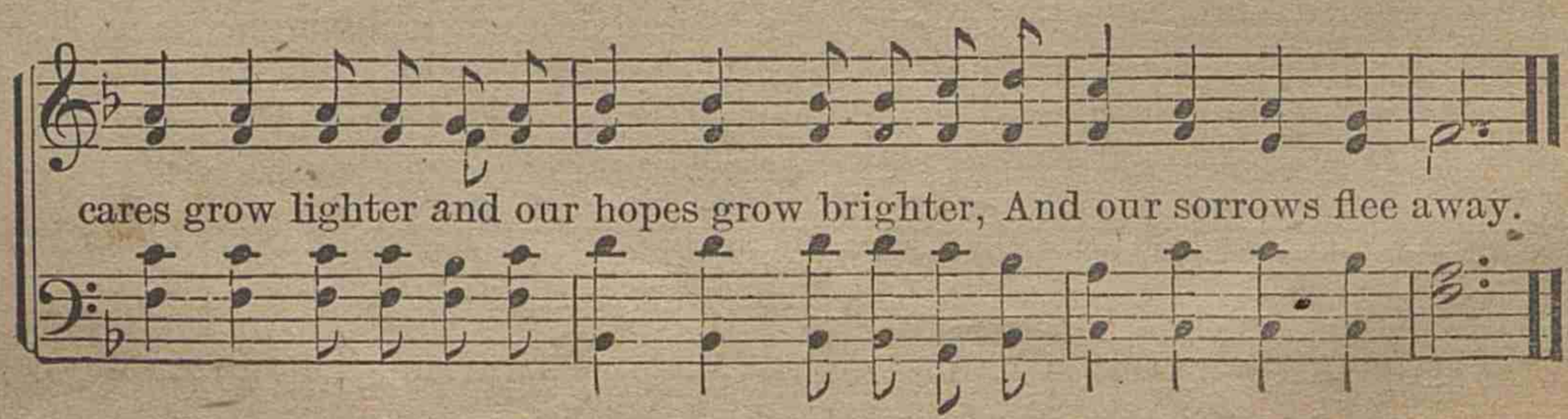
Je-sus all the day, When our hopes are steadfast and our hearts are strong,
Je-sus, Star and Sun, We shall yet behold him with full glo - ry crowned,
Je-sus, sorely tried; We shall win the bat-tle with a song and shout,
Je-sus as we move, We shall share his triumph o-ver sin and death,

CHORUS.



We can tread the nar - row way. Keep looking un - to Je - sus,
When the fi - nal vic - t'ry's won.
We shall find new strength sup-plied.
We shall reign with him a - bove.

looking un - to Je - sus, Looking un - to Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Till our



cares grow lighter and our hopes grow brighter, And our sorrows flee away.

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16 Come away to Jesus Now.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. Oh, why thus stand with re - luc - tant feet, Just on the verge
2. The Spir - it strives, and yet there you stand, In sight of bliss
3. Your loved ones gone to the oth - er shore, With un - seen hands
4. The touch of death is up - on your frame, The mar - ble slab

of this rest so sweet? While God in - vites and your steps will greet,
and the glo - ry land; Re-treat is death in the sink - ing sand,
seem to beck - on o'er; Their voic - es hushed, yet they still im - plore,
soon will bear your name; Lest you should suf - fer e - ter - nal shame,

CHORUS.

Come a-way to Jesus now. Come away to Je - sus, Come a -
Come a-way to Je-sus, come a-way,

way to Je - sus, Come a- way to
Come a - way to Je-sus, come a - way, Come a - way to

Je - sus, Come a - way to Je - sus now.
Je - sus, come a - way,

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17 No Shelter but in Christ.

JAMES L. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There is no shel - ter for the soul, On earth, in heav'n a - bove,
2. There is no shel - ter from the night, So cold and dark and drear,
3. There is no shel - ter from the storm That frowns a-bove our head,
4. There is no ref - uge but in Christ, Tho' we the world should gain;

No shel-ter but in Christ the Lord, No ref - uge but his love.
But in the Lord, our right-eous - ness, Whose kind - ly aid is near.
But in the Lamb of Cal - va - ry Whose blood for all was shed.
The soul with-out his grace is lost, All oth - er hope is vain.

REFRAIN.

Then fly..... to the ark where the wea - ry dove Came
O fly

rit. *a tempo.*

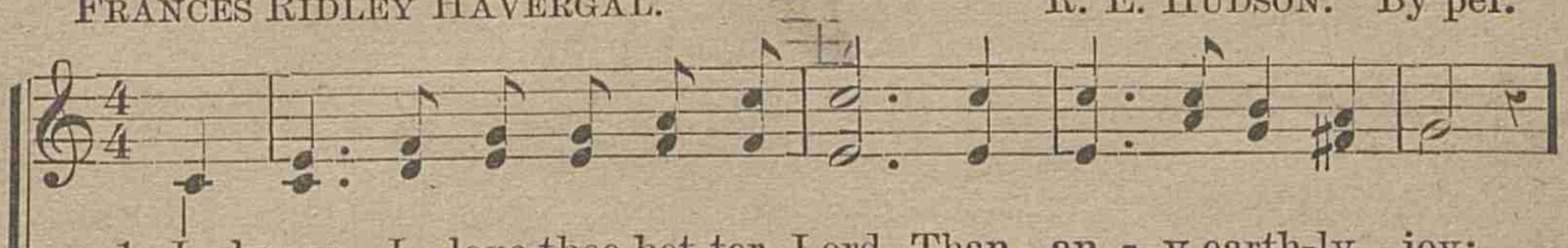
back to the place of rest, O fly to the arms,..... to the sheltering
O fly to the arms,

arms..... Of the Sav - ior who loves thee best.
shel - ter - ing arms,

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18 The Half has Never been Told.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON. By per.



1. I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth-ly joy:
2. I know that thou art near-er still Than an - y earth-ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O, Sav - ior, pre-cious Sav - ior mine! What will thy pres-ence be

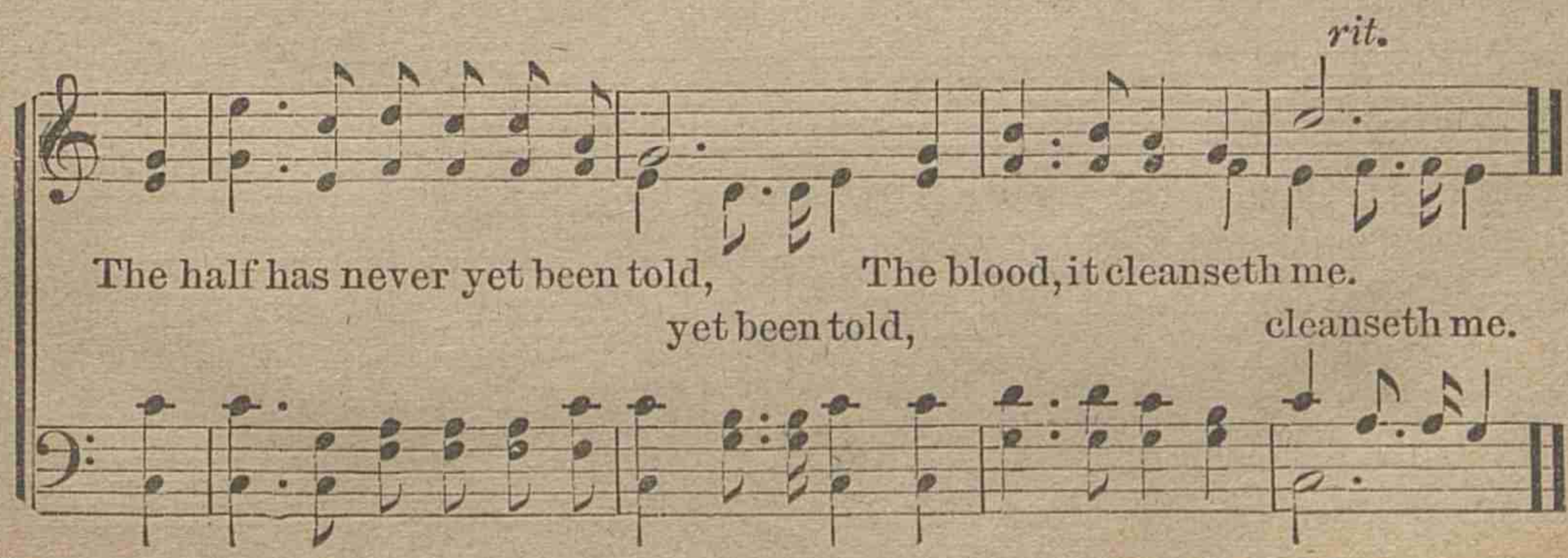


For thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-stroy.
And sweet-er is the tho't of thee Than an - y love-ly song.
With-out the se-cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?



CHORUS.

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
yet been told,



rit.

The half has never yet been told, The blood, it cleanseth me.
yet been told, cleanseth me.

19 Jesus is Calling You Now.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

DUET.

1. Why do you wait a con - ven - i - ent day?
2. Days have gone by, and the months and the years,
3. Dark - ness is deep - 'ning, and oh, 'tis so late!

QUARTET. DUET

Je - sus is call - ing you now; Why do you turn from his
Je - sus is call - ing you now, Joys have de - part - ed and
Je - sus is call - ing you now, What if the spir - it leave

QUARTET.

plead - ings a - way? Je - sus is call - ing you now.
sor - row ap - pears, Je - sus is call - ing you now.
you to your fate? Je - sus is call - ing you now.

DUET.

He stands at the door of your heart just now; The dews of the
The prom - ise you made him was nev - er kept, When down by the
Es - cape for thy life, tar - ry not, O soul, Es - cape for thy

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Jesus is Calling You Now. Concluded.

morn - ing are on his brow; He is there wait - ing and
grave - side you mourn'd and wept; Turn to him now and his
life, you may miss the goal, And if you miss it, what

QUARTET.

call - ing you now, O will you not come to him now?
free grace ac-cept; O will you not come to him now?
hor-rors, O soul! O will you not come to him now?

CHORUS.

Will you not come to him now? Will you not
Come to him now, come just now,

trust in him now? Just now, right
right now? Come to him now, trust in him

now, O hear him, he's call - ing you now.

Bless the Lord, My Soul.

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

1. Praise him for his glo - ry, praise him for his grace, For his help a-
2. Praise for free forgiveness, power which makes us whole, For his touch of
3. Praise him for the tri - als sent as chords of love, Bind-ing us more

dapt - ed to each time and place, For his promised pres - ence all the
heal-ing, strengthening the soul, For his gifts of kind-ness and his
close - ly to the things a - bove, For the faith that conquers, hope that

pil - grim way, For the flam - ing pil - lar, and the cloud by day.
lov - ing care, For the best as - sur-ance that he answers prayer.
naught can dim, For the land where loved ones gather home to him.

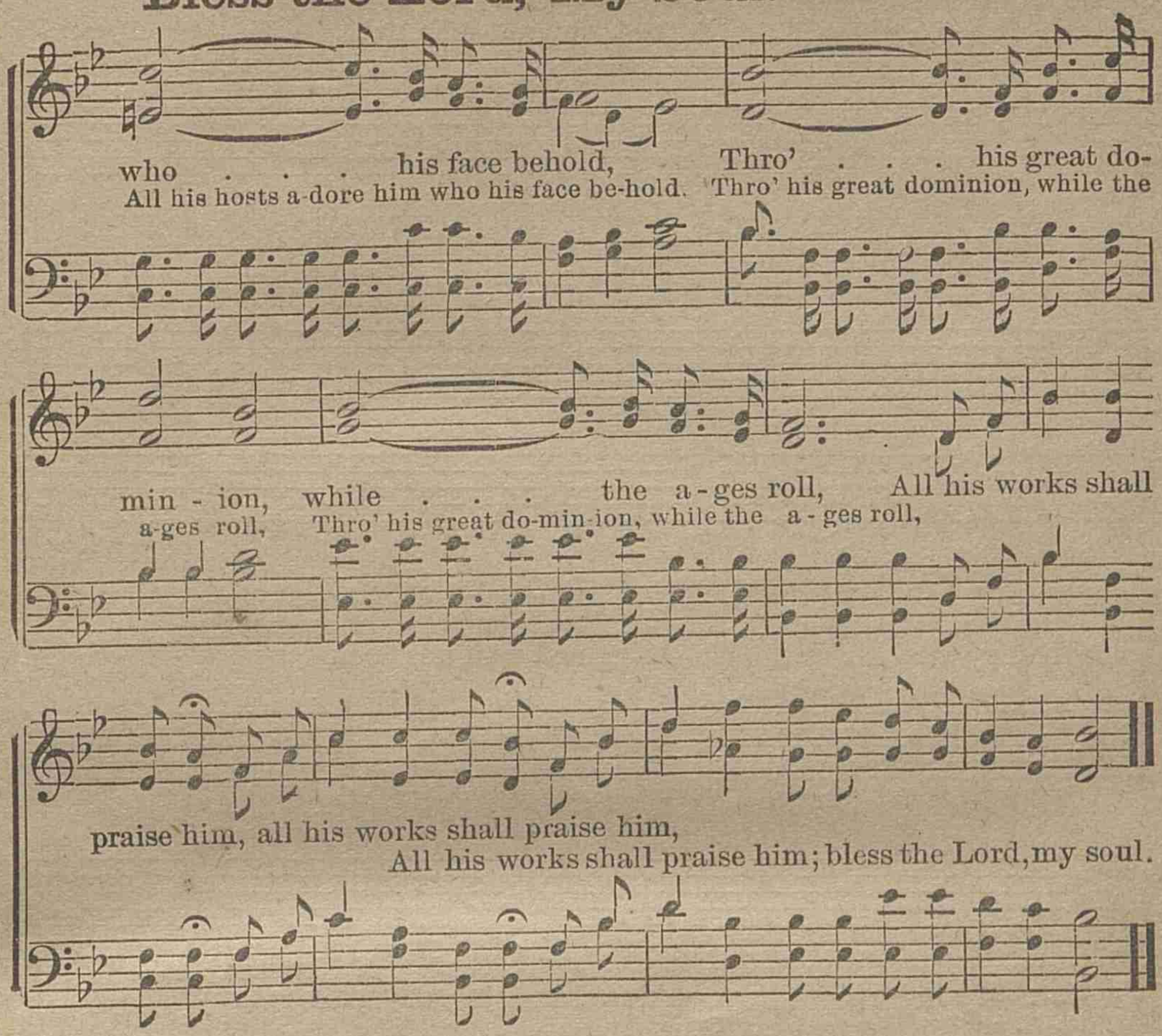
CHORUS.

Praise . . . him, shining an - gels, on . . . your harps of
Praise him, shining angels on your harps of gold, Praise him, shining angels, on your

gold, All . . . his hosts a-dore him
harps of gold, All his hosts a-dore him who his face be - hold,

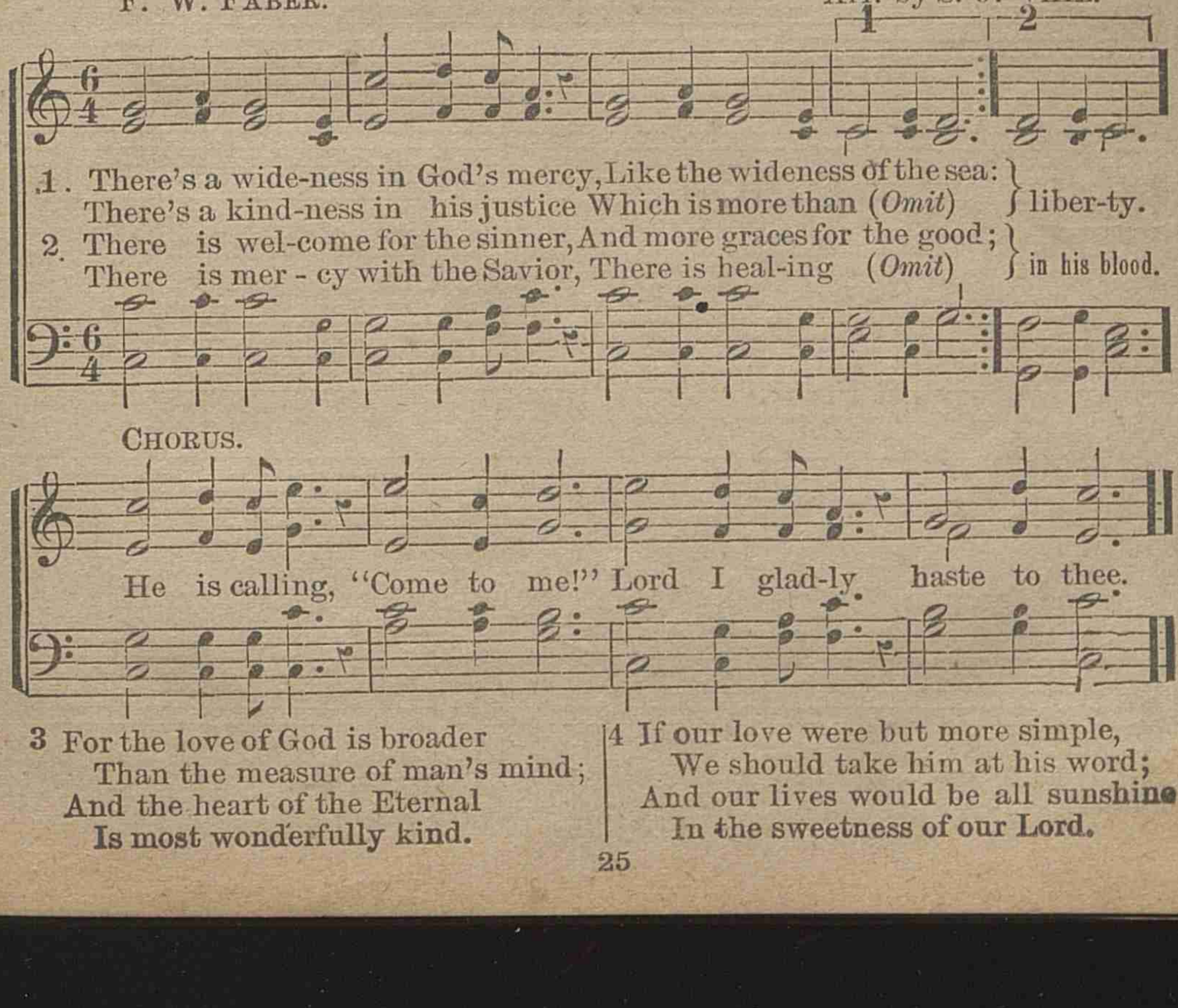
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Bless the Lord, My Soul.–Concluded.



21 He is Calling.

F. W. Faber. Arr. by S. J. Vail.



3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

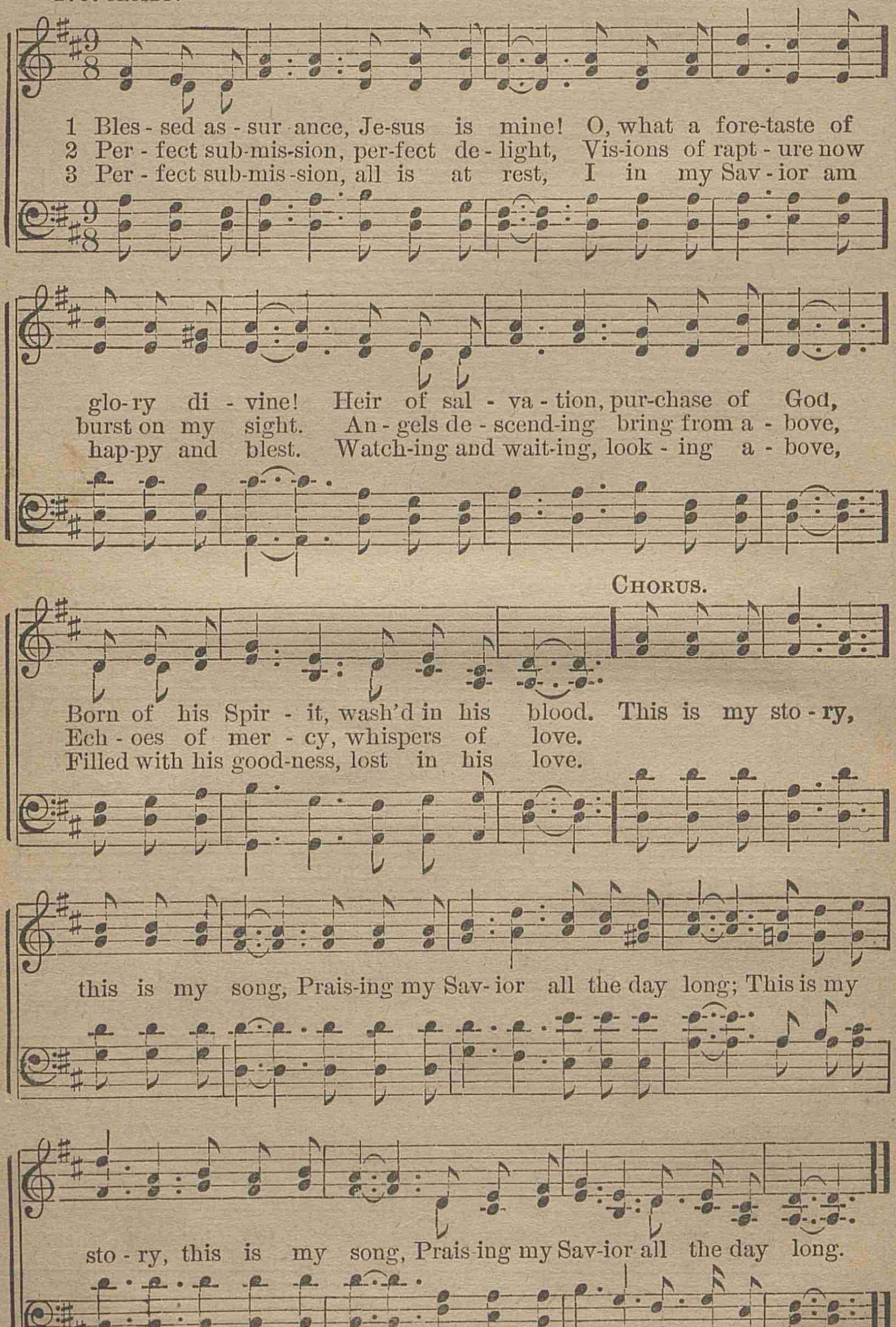
4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

22 Blessed Assurance.

He is faithful that hath promised.—Heb. 10; 23.

By per.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.



Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp.

23 Companionship with Jesus,

MARY D. JAMES. W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Oh, bless - ed fel - low-ship divine! Oh joy supremely sweet! Com-
2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side, So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean - ing on his lov - ing breast, Along life's weary way; My
4. I know his shel-t'ring wings of love Are always o'er me spread, And

pan - ion-ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss replete, In
soft - est whis - pers of his love, In fel - low-ship so dear, And
path, il - lumined by his smiles, Grows brighter day by day, No
tho' the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from dread, My

un - ion with the pur - est one I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.
feel his great al-might-y hand Protects me in this hos - tile land.
foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my al-might-y Friend so near.
peace - ful spir - it ev - er sings "I'll trust the cov-ert of thy wings."

REFRAIN.

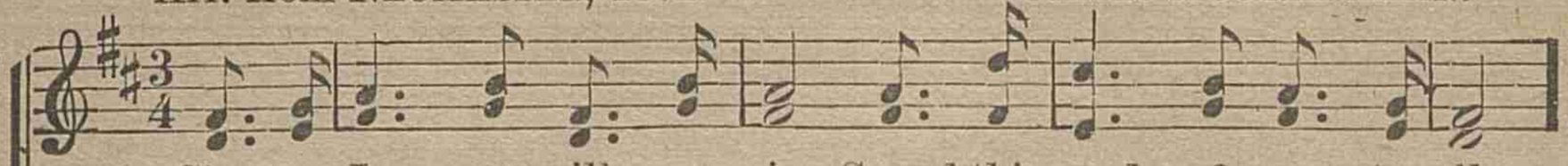
Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Jesus with me all the time!

Oh! wondrous bliss! oh joy sublime! I've Jesus with me all the time.

24 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—MATT. ix: 12.

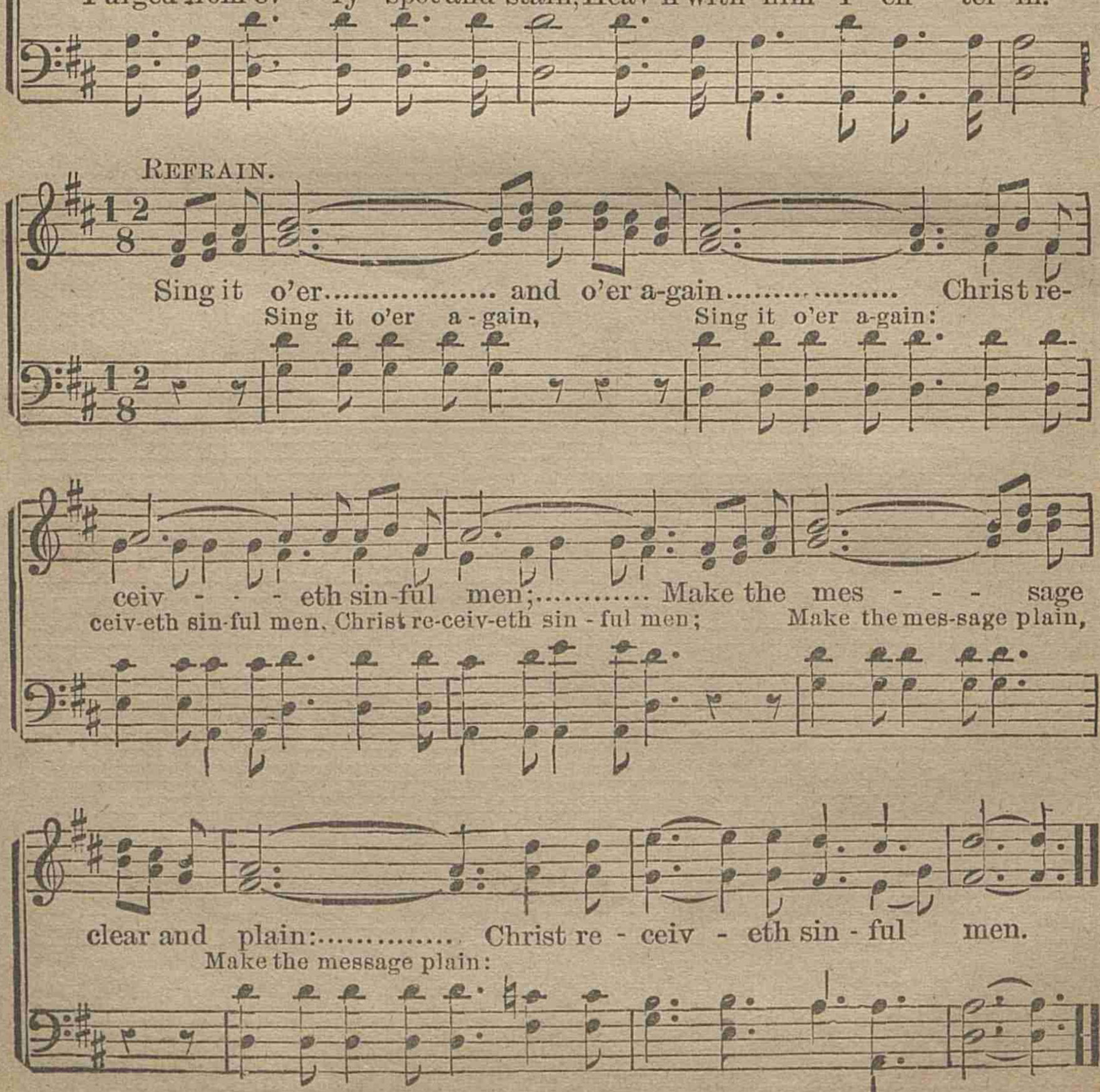
Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. Sin-ners Je - sus will re-ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and he will give you rest; Trust him, for his word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand:
4. Christ re-ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;



Who the heav'n-ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de-mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with him I en - ter in.



REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er..... and o'er a-gain..... Christ re-
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a-gain:

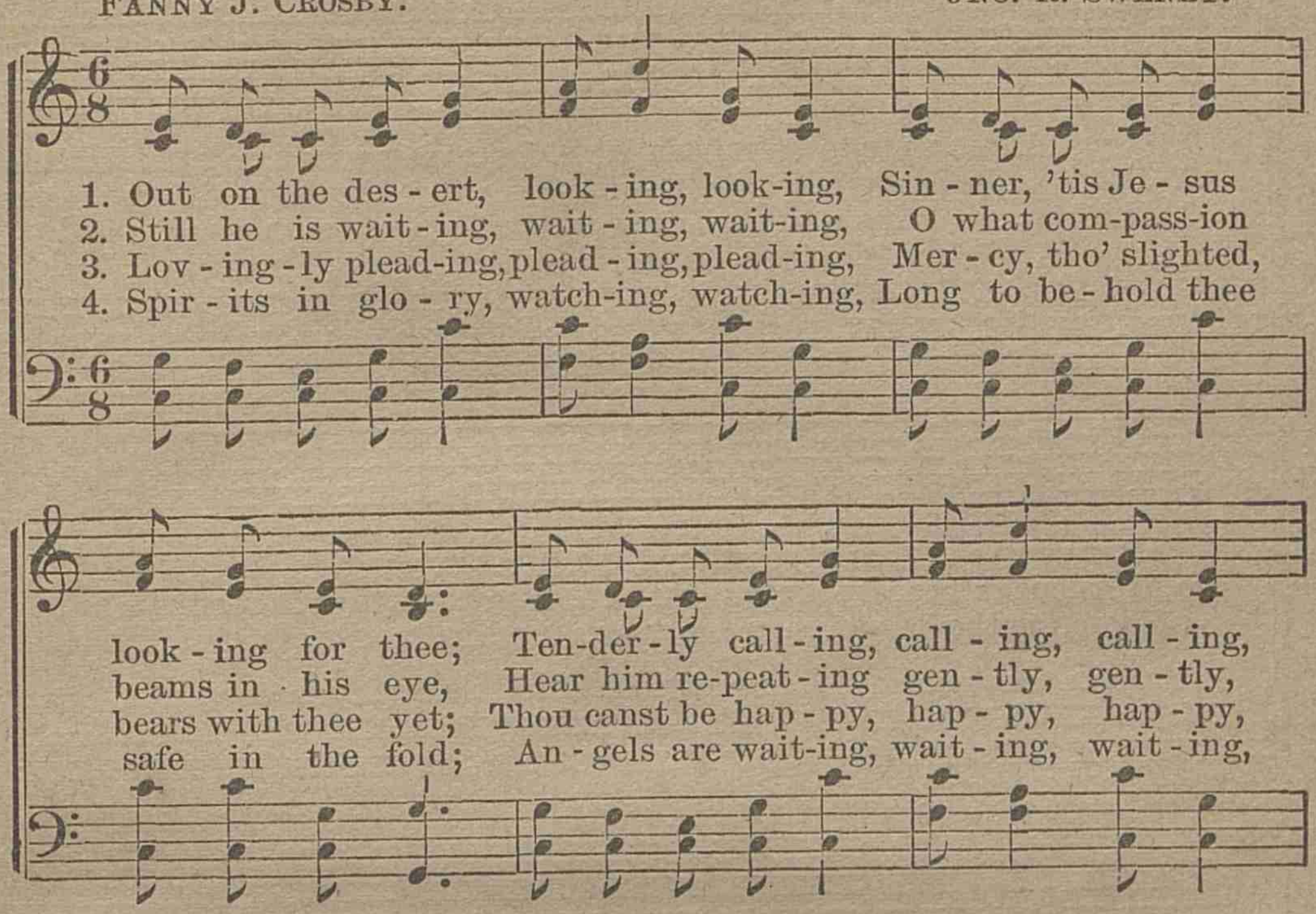
ceiv - - - eth sin-ful men;..... Make the mes - - - sage
ceiv-eth sin-ful men. Christ re-ceiv-eth sin - ful men; Make the mes-sage plain,

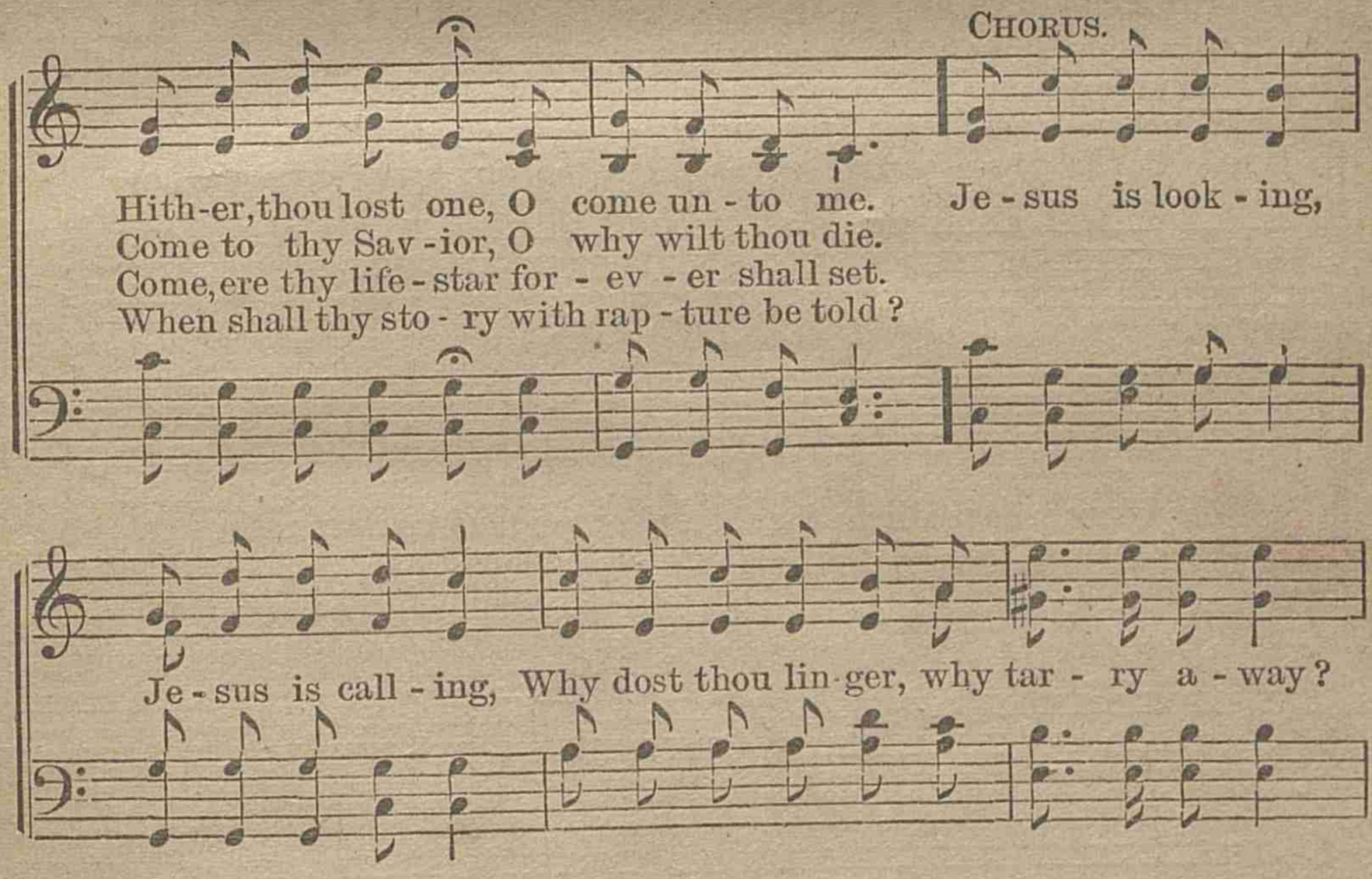
clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the message plain:

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25 Coming To-Day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.





Copyright, 1880, by JOHN J. HOOD.

26 Our Loved Ones in Heaven.

Rev. J. W. DADMUN. LESSUR.

1. Come, all ye saints, to Pisgah's mountain, Come view your home beyond the tide,
2. There endless springs of life are flowing, There are the fields of living green;
3. Faith now beholds the flowing riv-er, Coming from underneath the throne;

Hear now the voices of your lov'd ones, What they sing on the oth-er side,
Mansions of beau-ty are pro-vid - ed, And the King of the saints is seen.
There, too, the Sav-ior reigns for-ev - er, And he'll welcome the faithful home.

f. *2d time Chorus.*

Some are sing - ing of bright crowns of glo - ry; Some of
Soon my con - flicts and toils will be end - ed; I shall
Would you sit by the banks of the riv - er With the
CHO.—*O the pros - pect! it is so trans-port - ing, And no*

dear ones who stand near the shore; For the fond heart must ev - er be
join those who've pass'd on be - fore; For my lov'd ones, O how I do
friends you have lov'd by your side? Would you join in the song of the
dan - ger I fear from the tide; Let me go to the home of the

D. S. for Chorus.

cling - ing To the faith - ful we love ev - er - more.
miss them! I must press on and meet them once more.
an - gels? Then be read - y to fol - low your guide.
Chris - tian, Let me stand rob'd in white by their side.

The Beloved.

H. M. BRADLEY. THOS. O. LOWE.

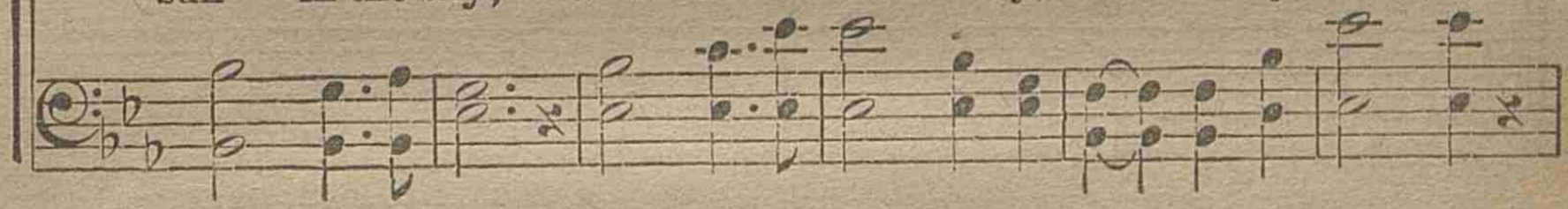


1. Down in the val-ley, a mong the sweet lilies, Walks my Be-lov-ed, his
2. Know'st thou I seek thee? oh, haste to dis-cov-er Where is the place of thy
3. Now I ap-proach thee, oh, fair-est Redeemer, Lured by thy beauty to
4. Gen - tler thy voice than the whisper of angels, Brighter thy smile than the





foot-prints I see; Haste I to fol - low thee, Sav-ior and Lov - er,
fra - grant re-treat—Where thou dost rest with thy flocks at the noon-tide,
dwell in thy love; Hide not thy face from the heart that a-dores thee,
sun in the sky; Gath - er me ten - der - ly, close to thy bos - om,



CHORUS.



How the winds whisper thy dear name to me! Oh, my be-loved Lord!
Shel-ter'd near foun-tains unsearch'd by the heat.
Hast thou not sought me and called me thy Dove?
Faint with thy lov - li-ness thus let me die.





For me thy life-blood pour'd, Thou blessed Son of God, Jesus my Lord.



By permission.

Nearer the Cross.

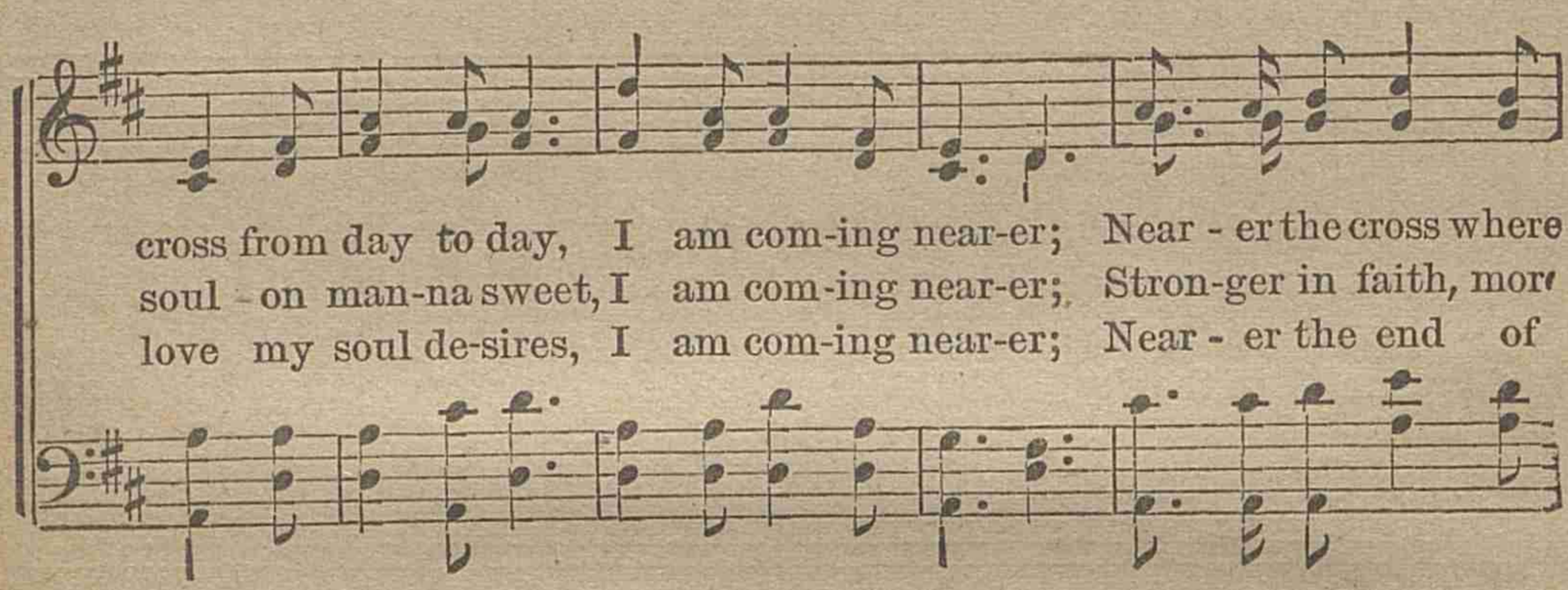
"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. vi. 14.

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

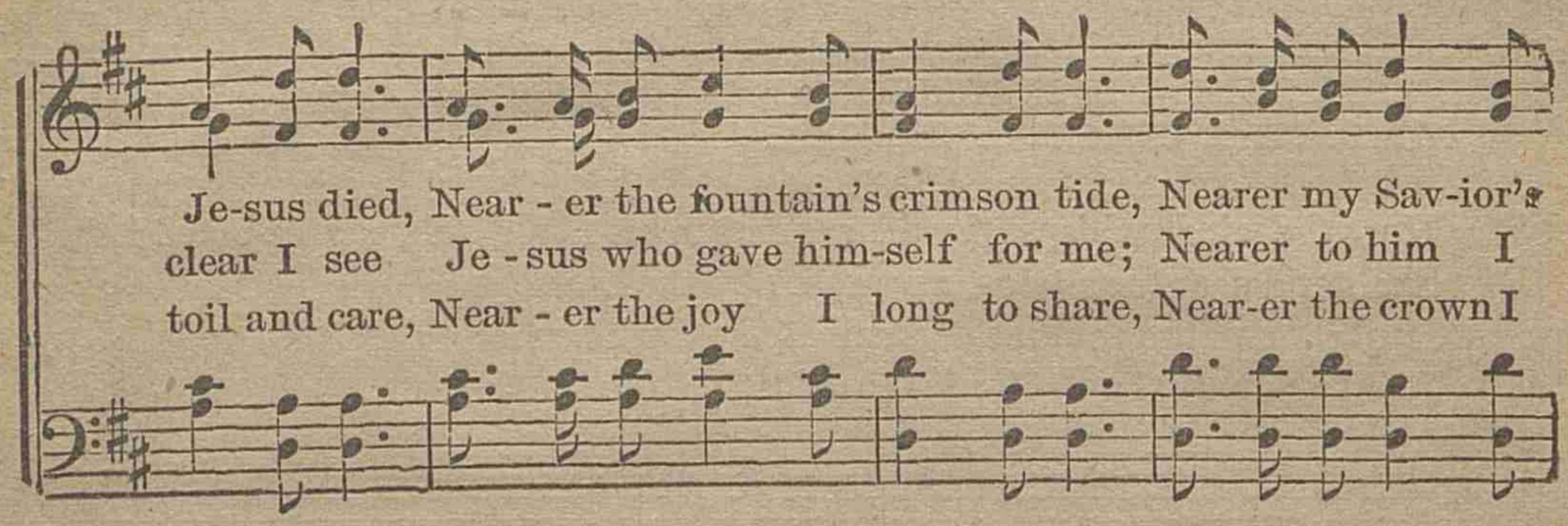
1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing nearer, Near-er the
2. Near - er the Christian's mercy seat, I am com-ing nearer, Feast-ing my
3. Near - er in pray'r my hope aspires, I am com-ing nearer, Deep-er the



cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near - er the cross where
soul - on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Stron-ger in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near - er the end of



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



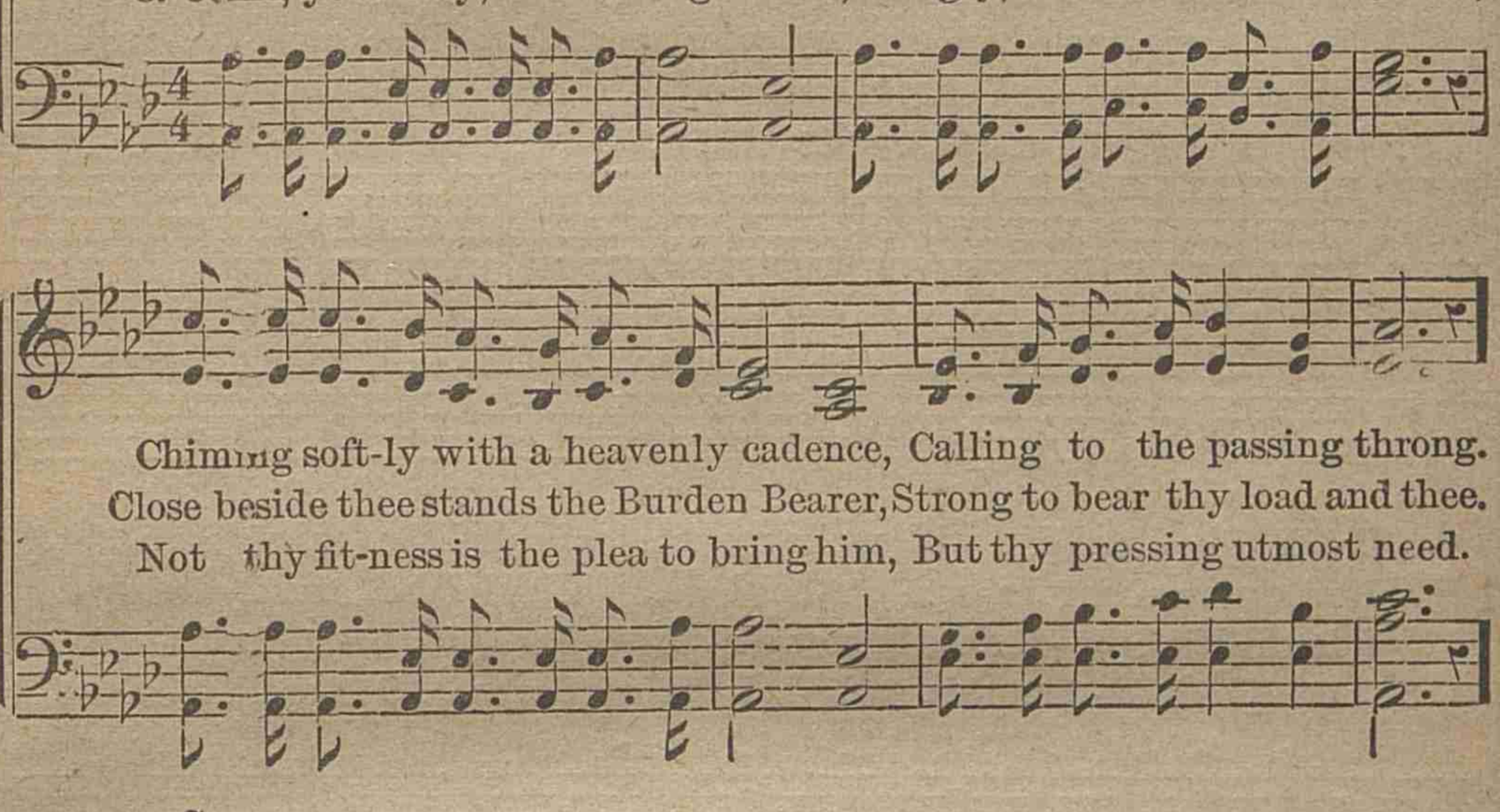
wound-ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be, Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm coming near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com - ing near - er, I am com-ing near-er.

29 Him that Cometh unto Me.

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



1. Listen to the blessed in-vi-ta-tion, Sweeter than the notes of angel-song,
2. Weary toiler, sad and heavy laden, Joy-ful-ly the great salvation see,
3. Come, ye thirsty, to the living waters, Hungry, come and on his bounty feed,



Chiming soft-ly with a heavenly cadence, Calling to the passing throng.
Close beside thee stands the Burden Bearer, Strong to bear thy load and thee.
Not thy fit-ness is the plea to bring him, But thy pressing utmost need.

CHORUS.



4. "Him that cometh," blind or maimed or sinful
Cometh for his healing touch divine,
For the cleansing of the blood so precious,
Prove anew this gracious line.

5. Coming humbly, daily to this Savior, [prayer;
Breathing all the heart to him in
Coming some day to the heavenly mansions,
He will give thee welcome there.

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30 Shall I be Saved To-Night?

"*Look unto me, and be ye saved.*"—Isaiah xlv. 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. M. BLISS WILSON, by per.

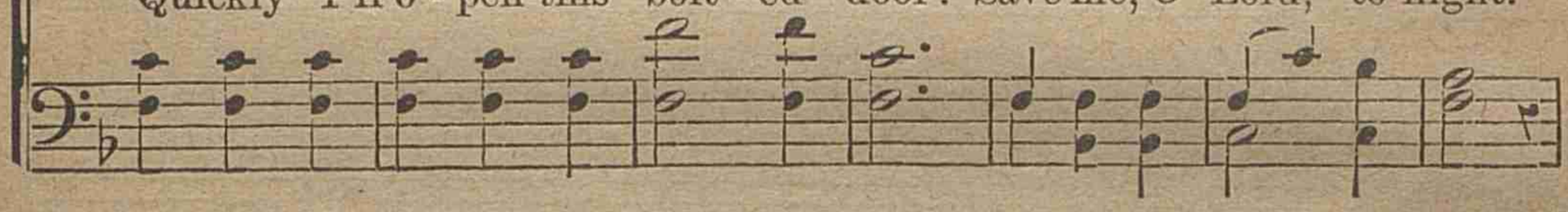


1. Je-sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
2. Je-sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to-night?
3. Je-sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?





If I be-lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
How can my heart so un-grate-ful be? Shall I be saved to-night?
What if His Spir-it should now de-part? Shall I be saved to-night?
Quickly I'll o-pen this bolt-ed door? Save me, O Lord, to-night.



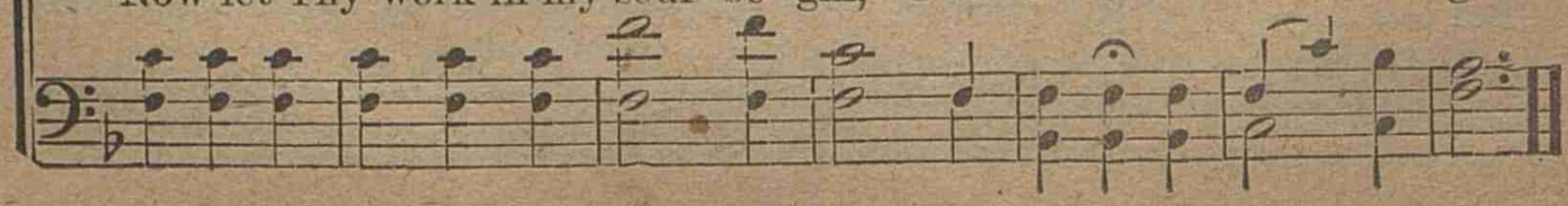


Tender-ly, sad-ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
Now He will save me by grace divine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
O-ver and o-ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit-y my sorrow, for-give my sin;





Shall I go on in the old, old way? Or shall I be saved to-night?
Can I the pleasures of earth re-sign? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Shall I re-ject Him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Now let Thy work in my soul be-gin, For I will be saved to-night.



All for Jesus.

"But Christ is all in all." Col. iii: 11.

Mrs. Mary D. James. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, by per

1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my be-ing's ransom'd pow'rs:
2. Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways,
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus, I've lost sight of all be- side;
4. O, what won-der! how a -maz - ing! Je - sus, glo-rious king of kings,

All my tho'ts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours.
Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise.
So enchained my spir- it's vis- ion Look-ing at the cru - ci - fied.
Deigns to call me his be - lov -ed, Lets me rest be-neath his wings.

Refrain.

All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Look - ing at the cru - ci - fied.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Rest - ing now be-neath his wings.

All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise.
All for Je sus! all for Je - sus! Look - ing at the cru - ci - fied.
All for Je sus! all for Je - sus! Rest - ing now be-neath his wings.

32 I Know a Fountain.

H. L. G. "Brethren, stand by your facts!"—Bishop Taylor. H. L. Gilmour.

1. I know a fountain deep and wide Was opened for you and me
   In Da-vid's house for all unclean, And . . . . .
2. I know that as it wound its way Thro' Bethlehem's manger shade,
   'Mid quiv'ring earth, on Calvary's hill, It . . . . .
3. I know that still it sweeps a-long, All ach - ing hearts to fill;
   And bold-ly mirrored on its breast, Is . . . . .

now it's flowing free; It springs from out beneath God's throne, A stream as
paused in love's cascade; But onward dash'd with crimson tinge Made by the
"who-so-ev-er will!" Oh, come and quench thy raging thirst; Drink deep of
cry-stal clear; The prophet's eye foresaw its course, And David sung it near.
soldier's spear; No granite rock nor Roman seal Could stop its grand career.
life's pure spring, And in the darkest hour of life Your happy soul will sing.

Chorus. 2 Tim. i 12.

"For I know whom I have believ'd, And am persuaded, That he is a-ble to
keep That which I've committed Un-to him a - gainst that day."

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33 We're on the way to Canaan's Land.

REV. H. G. JACKSON. W. S. NICKLE.



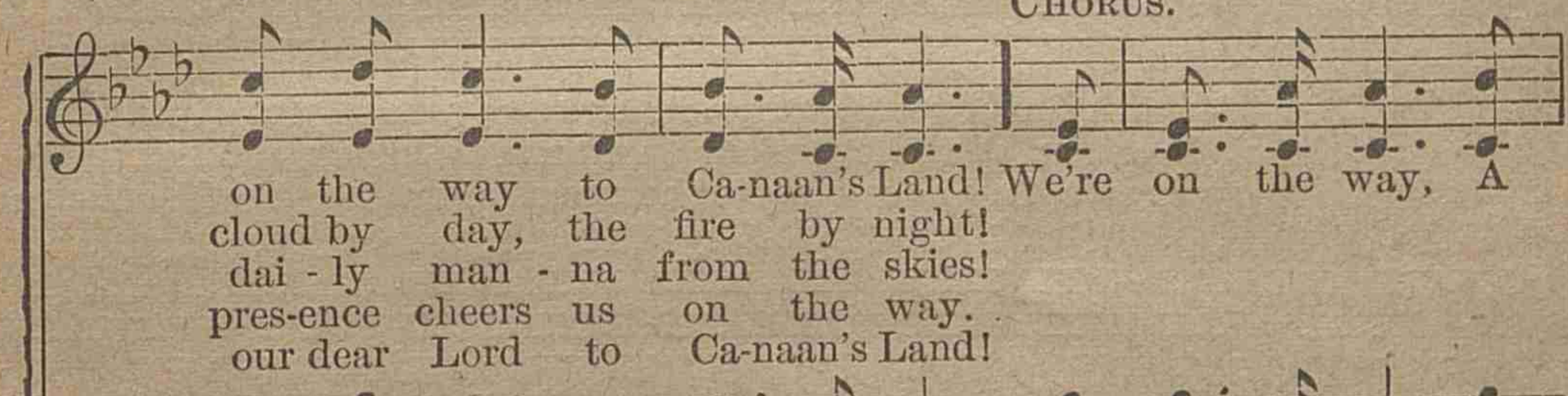
1. From Egypt's cru - el bond - age fled, O - be dient to our
2. Thro' wil-der-ness - es wide and drear, Our Lord will guide our
3. His pow'r the smit - ten rock con- trols, A crys - tal stream our
4. In hos - tile lands we feel no fear; No foe our on - ward
5. Ere long, the Riv - er crossed, we'll meet The ran-somed host at



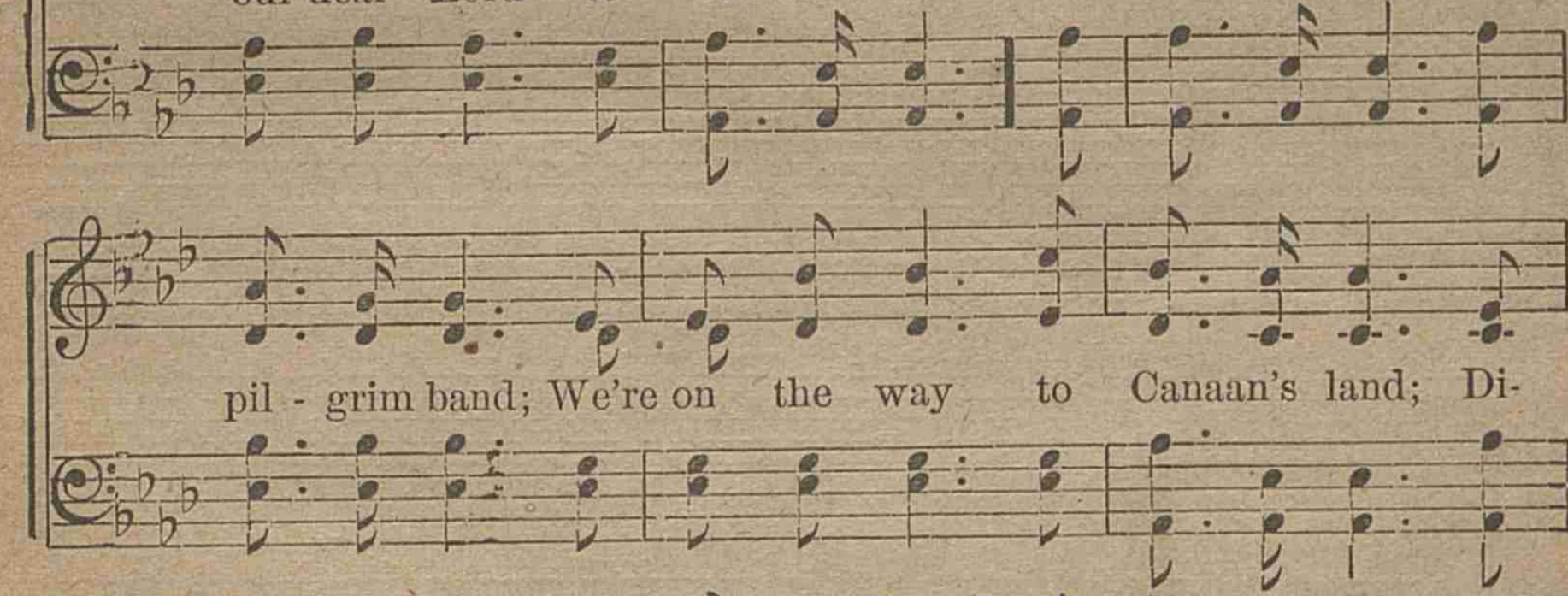
Lord's command, And by his word and spir - it led, We're
steps a - right, Be - hold to prove his pres-ence here, The
need sup - plies, He feeds our hun - gry, faint - ing souls, With
march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict he is near, Whose
his right hand; And there re - ceive a wel- come sweet, From



CHORUS.



on the way to Ca-naan's Land! We're on the way, A
cloud by day, the fire by night!
dai - ly man - na from the skies!
pres-ence cheers us on the way.
our dear Lord to Ca-naan's Land!



pil - grim band; We're on the way to Canaan's land; Di-



vine - ly guid - ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

Copyright, 1889, by W. S. Nickle. By per.

34 Our Savior's Mighty Love.

WILLIAM P. JONES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. We may sound the depths of ocean, We may brave the heaving main, We may climb the highest
2. 'Tis a love without beginning, 'Tis a love without an end, 'Tis the ladder where the
3. In the work of our redemption, It has laid the corner stone, 'Tis eternal like Je-

mountain, And its lofty summit gain. We may look with cloudless vision On the
faith-ful, With triumphant songs ascend. How it stoops to lift us upward, How its
ho-vah, 'Tis unchanging like his throne. 'Tis the gift of all most precious, That the

jeweled arch above, But we cannot know the greatness, Of a Savior's dying love.
arms the world embrace, O the love of our Creator, To a lost and ruined race.
poor-est may receive, And it sav-eth to the utmost Whoso-ever will believe.

REFRAIN.

But its depth ..... we cannot fath - om, To its height .....
But its depth we cannot fathom, To its height we cannot soar, But its depth we can-not
.... we cannot soar, We can feel ..... the ho - ly
fath-om, To its height we cannot soar, We can feel the ho - ly rapt - ure Of its

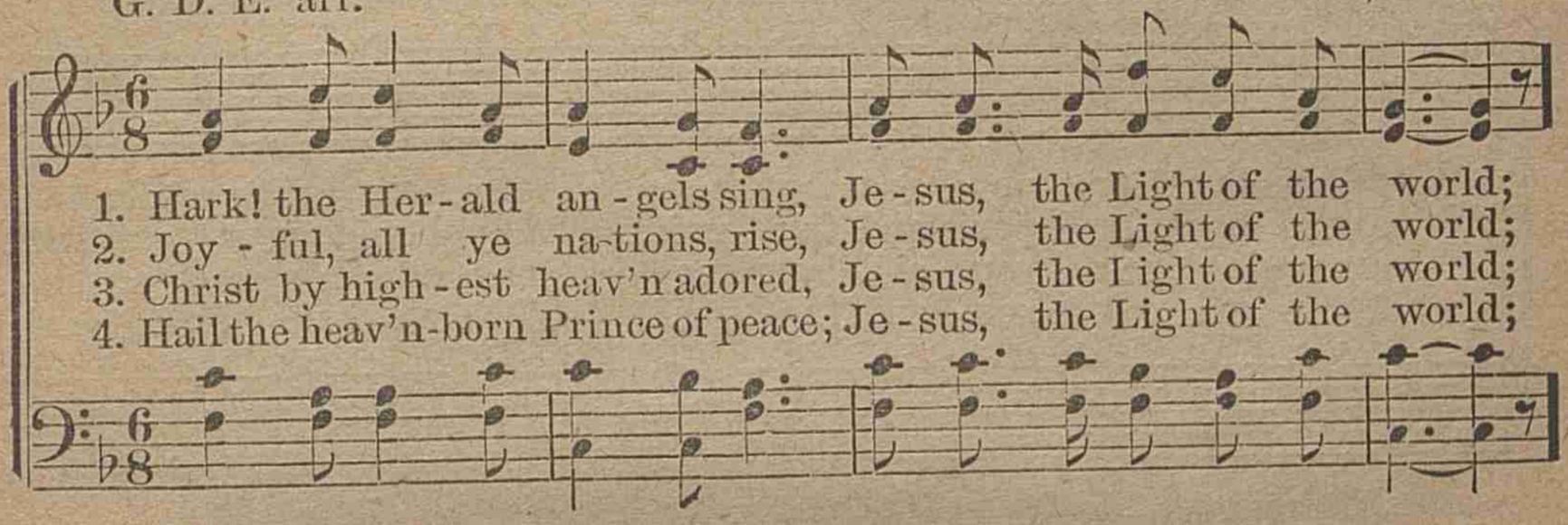
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Our Savior's Mighty Love—Concluded.



35 Jesus the Light of the World.

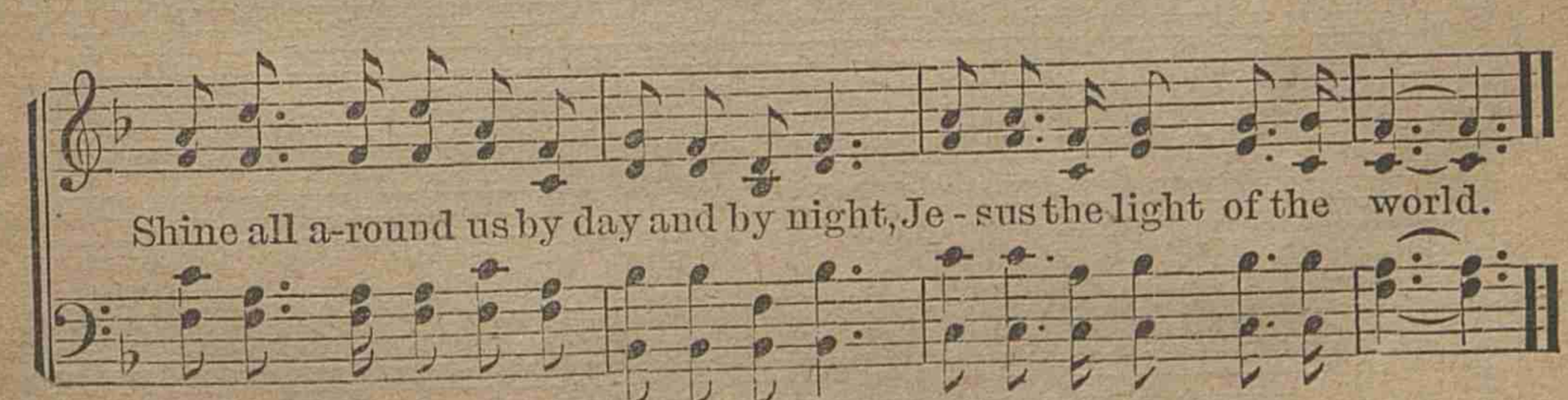
G. D. E. arr. GEO. D. ELDERKIN, arr.





CHORUS.





Copyright, 1890, by GEO. D. ELDERKIN

36 For You and for Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON

Very Slow. pp

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing,
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo-ments are pass - ing,
4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love he has prom - ised,

m

Call - ing for you and for me; See at the por - tals he's
Plead - ing for you and for me; Why should we lin-ger and
Pass - ing from you and from me; Shad- ows are gath - er - ing,
Prom-ised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd he has

wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.
heed not his mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
death-beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

m CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, Come home; Ye who are weary, come home;
Come home, Come home,

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

By permission of Will L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O.

Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL.



1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
2. O-pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
3. Hear you now his lov - ing voice? Let him in,
4. Now ad-mit the heav-enly Guest, Let him in,

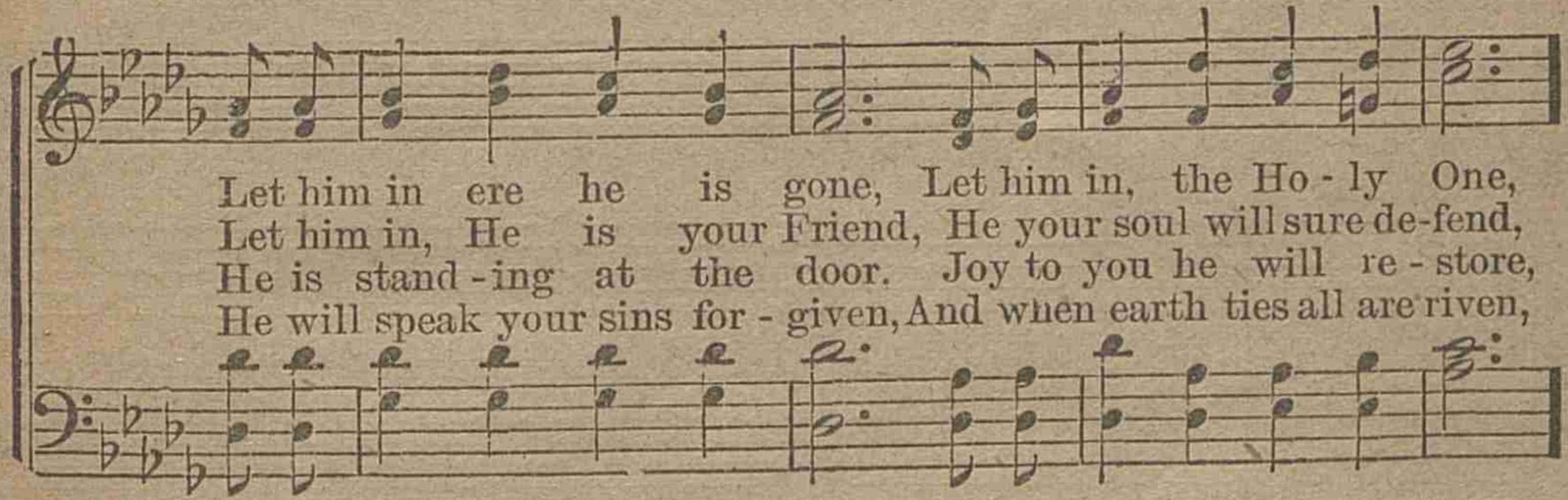
Let the Savior in, let the Savior in,



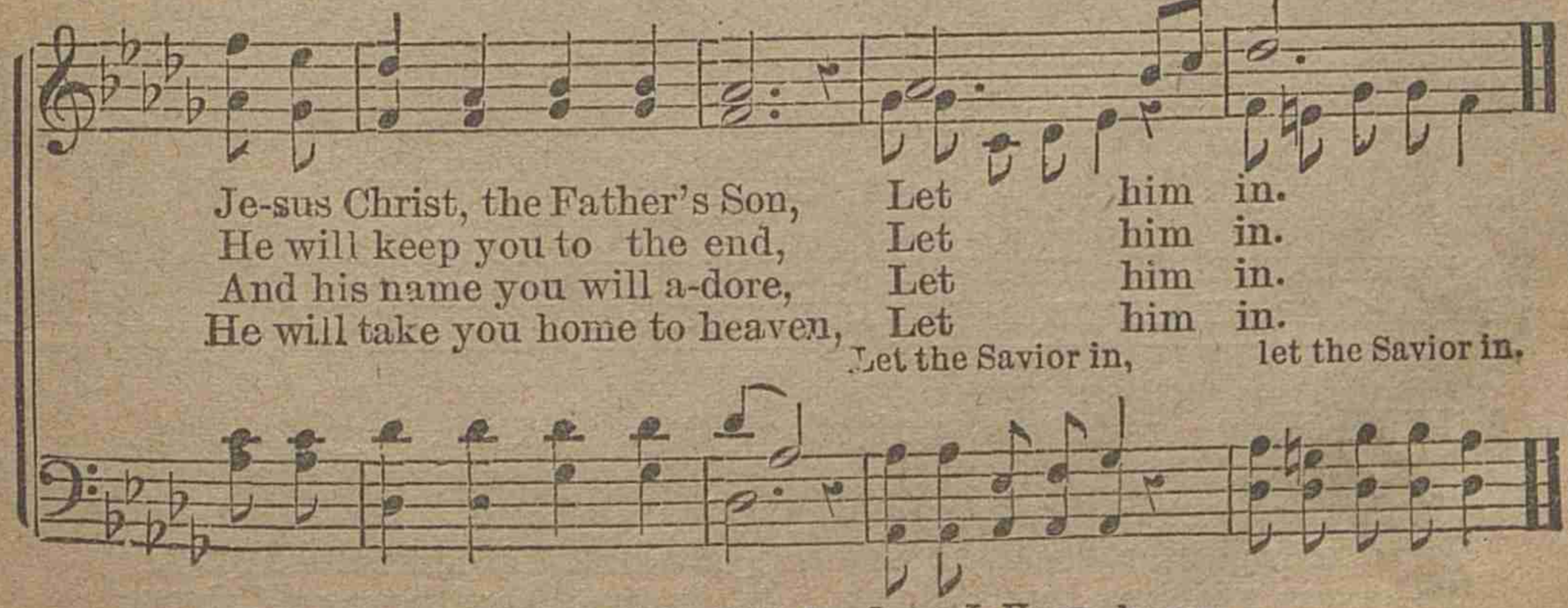


He has been there oft be - fore, Let him in;
If you wait he will de - part, Let him in;
Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let him in:

Let the Savior in, let the Savior in,



Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend,
He is stand - ing at the door. Joy to you he will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - given, And when earth ties all are riven,



Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let him in.
And his name you will a-dore, Let him in.
He will take you home to heaven, Let him in.

Let the Savior in, let the Savior in.

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Calvary! dear Calvary.

Luke xxiii. 33. H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. When I sur-vey..... the wondrous cross,..... On which the
2. On Calv'ry's brow..... my Sav - ior died..... 'Twas there my
3. See, from his head,..... his hands, his feet,..... Sor-row and

Prince..... of glo - ry died,..... My richest gain ..... I count but
Lord..... was cru-ci - fied..... 'Twas on the cross..... he bled for
love..... flow mingled down;..... Did e'er such love..... and sorrow

loss,..... And pour con-tempt..... on all my pride.....
me,..... And purchased there..... my par-don free.....
meet,..... Or thorns compose..... so rich a crown.....

CHORUS.

O Cal - va - ry! dear Cal-va - ry! My long-ing heart is turned to thee;

O Cal - va-ry! dear Cal-va - ry! Speak to my heart from Calvary.

4 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies,
My Savior bows his head and dies;
The opening veil reveals the way
To heaven's joys and endless day.

5 O Jesus, Lord, how can it be
That thou shouldst give thy life for me;
To bear the cross and agony,
In that dread hour on Calvary!

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39 Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K. W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my Sav-ior, sal-va - tion af - fords; Gives me his Spir - it, a wit - ness with-in,
2. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep ing me safe-ly, he cast - eth out fear; Trust-ing his prom - is - es, how I am blest;
3. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was dark-ness, but now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vi - sions of glo - ry I see,
4. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: cheer-ful -ly sing, Loud hal-le - lu - ias to Je - sus, my King! Ran-som'd and par-don'd, re - deem'd by his blood,

REFRAIN.

Whis-p'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin. Sav'd, sav'd,
Lean-ing up - on him, how sweet is my rest.
Je sus in bright - ness re - veal'd un - to me."
Cleans'd from un - right - eous-ness, glo - ry to God.

sav'd to the ut - ter-most· Sav'd, sav'd by pow-er di-vine; Sav'd, sav'd,

sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus, the Sav - ior is mine!

40 Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D. Rev. J. M. DRIVER. by per.

Duet. *Full Chorus.*

1. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain;
2. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way;
3. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: JE - SUS pro-vides a rest:

Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Wake the im - mor - tal strain!
Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: Still he doth call to - day;
Won-der-ful sto - ry of love: For all the pure and blest

An-gels with rapt-ure announce it, Shepherds with wonder re-ceive it;
Calling from Calvary's mountain, Down from the crys-tal bright fountain
Rest in those mansions a-bove us, With those who've gone on before us,

Sin-ner, oh! wont you be-lieve it? Won-der - ful sto - ry of love.
E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion Won-der - ful sto - ry of love.
Singing the rapt - ur-ous cho - rus, Won-der - ful sto - ry of love.

CHORUS.

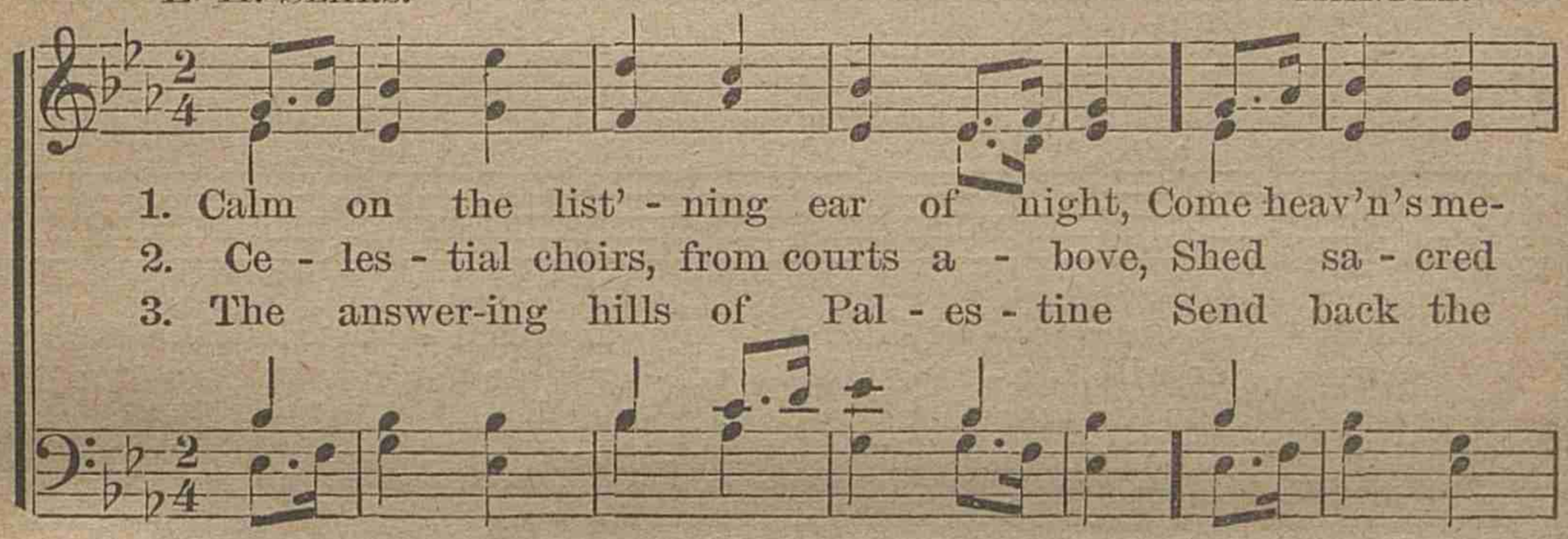
Won - der - ful! won - der - ful!
Won-der - ful sto - ry of love: won-der - ful sto - ry of love:

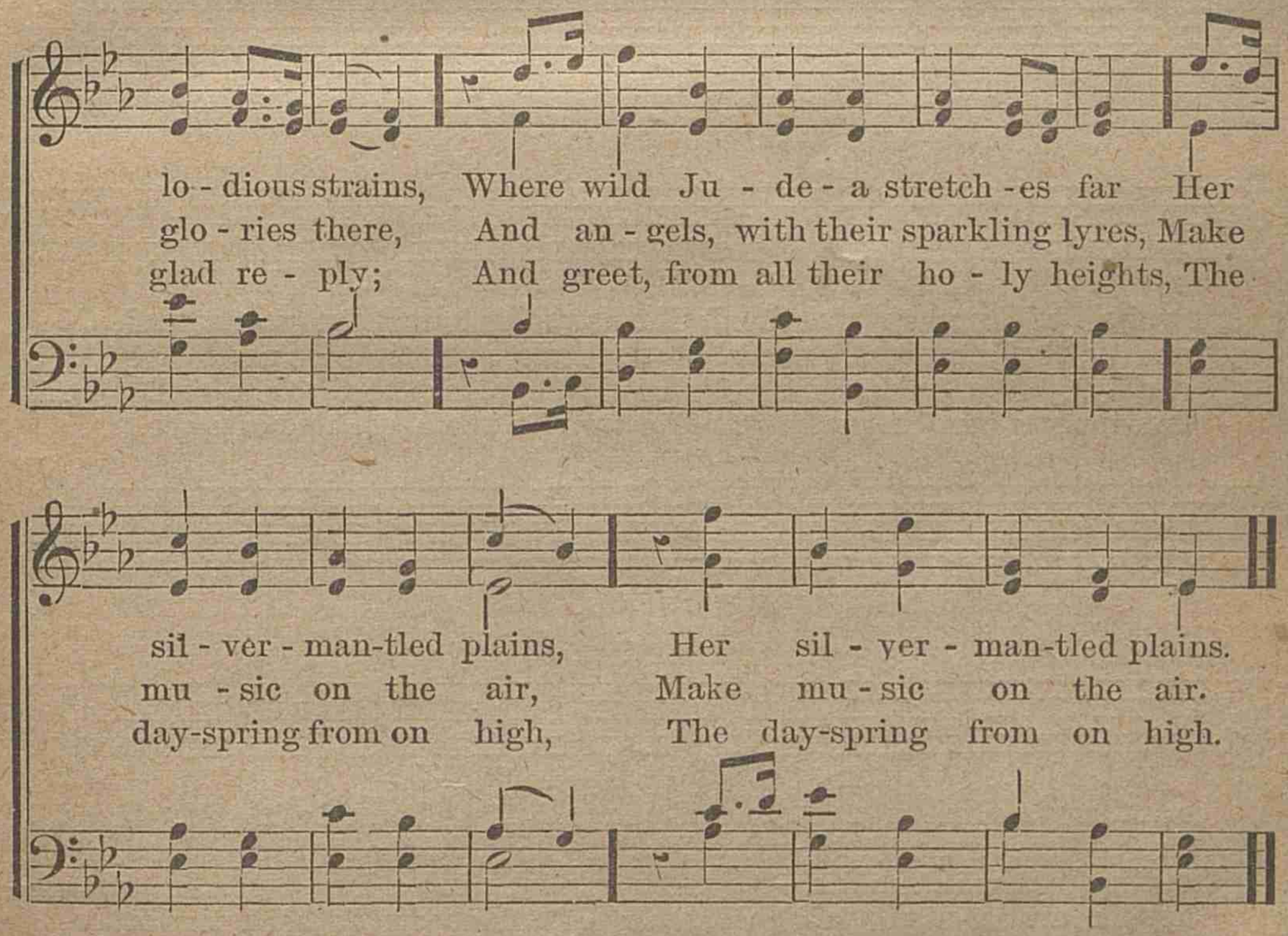
Wonderful Story of Love—Concluded.



41 Christmas. C. M.

E. H. Sears. Handel.





4. O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5. "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

42 The Storehouse of Grace.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON. D. D. GEO. D. ELDERKIN.

1. When the famine waxed sore in the land, The store-hous-es Jo-seph had filled, Were o-pen'd by roy-al com-mand, And the
2. And the na-tions a-far heard the cry, "In Egypt there's bread and to spare, Nor will Jo-seph the rul-er de-ny, To the
3. The sov'reign of heav-en hath willed And hath is-sued his roy-al de-cree, That the store-hous-es mer-cy hath filled, To the
4. O! prod-i-gal wretched, for-lorn, And rea-dy of hun-ger to die, To the house of thy fa-ther re-turn, From

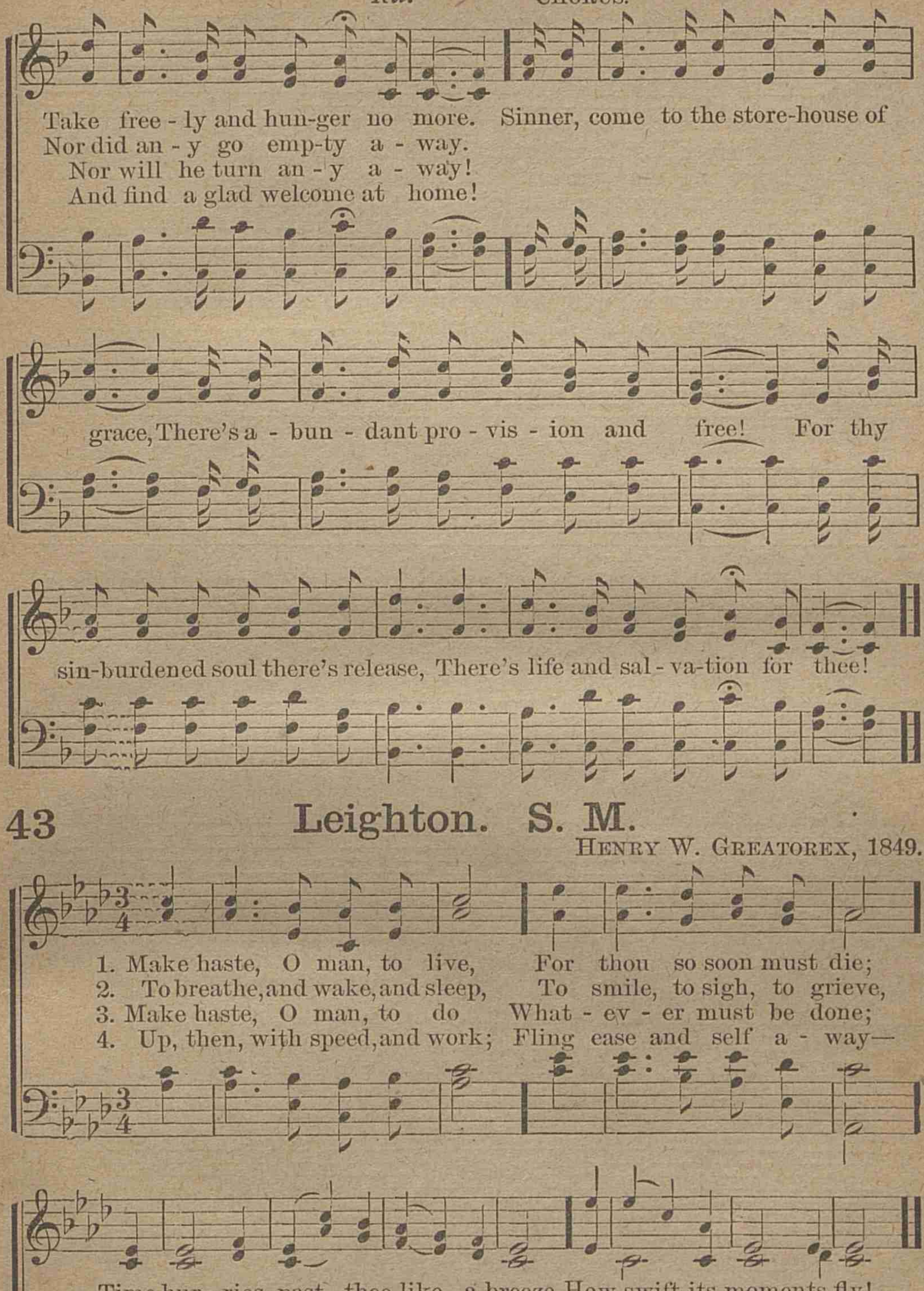
voi-ces of hunger were stilled; The news thro'out Egypt was spread, Of
need-y, tho' strangers, a share!" So they came as the ti-dings went forth, As
need-y be o-pen and free! Ye na-tions, give heed to the call, Ye
fam-ine and mis-e-ry fly! Re-turn to the household of grace, No

corn there is plen-ty in store: Come ye famished and dy-ing for bread,
far as the famine held sway, From the lands of the south and the north,
starving ones, make no de-lay, There's food in a-bun-dance for all,
lon-ger an a-lien to roam, Re-turn to thy Father's em-brace,

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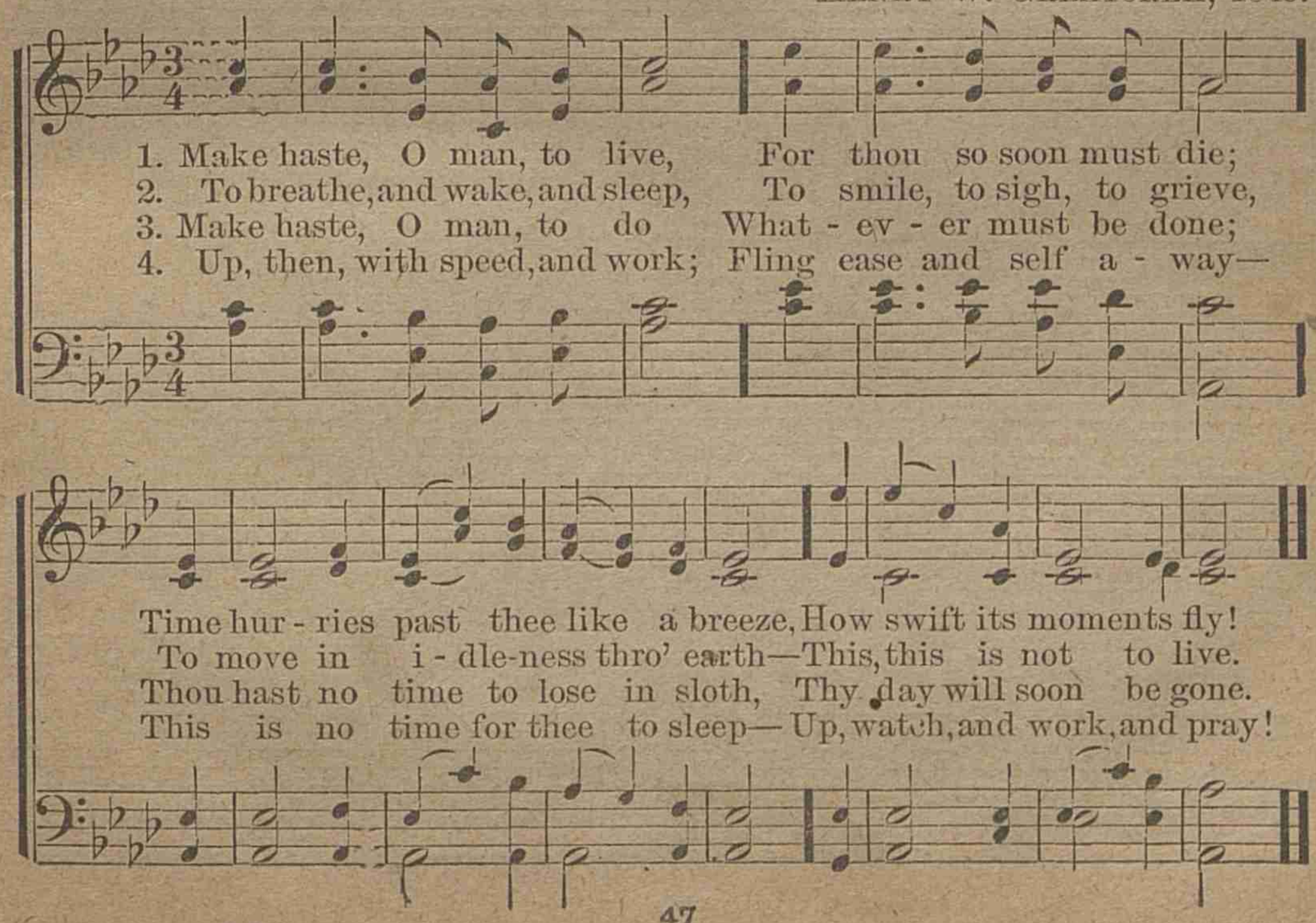
The Storehouse of Grace--Concluded.

Rit. CHORUS.



43 Leighton. S. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX, 1849.



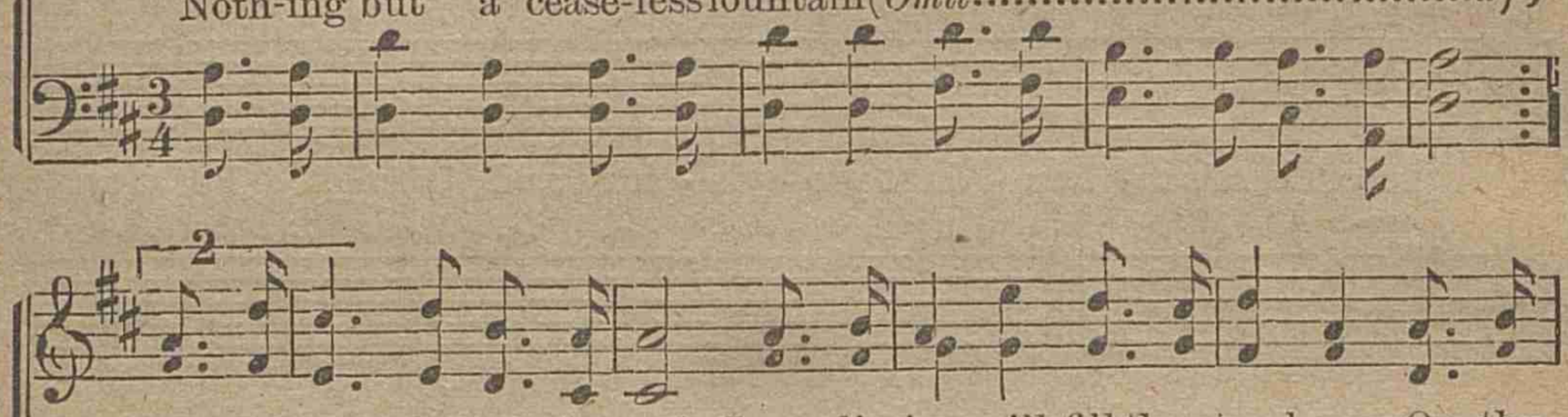
44 Is thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?

"Neither shall the cruse of oil fail."—1 Kings 17: 14.

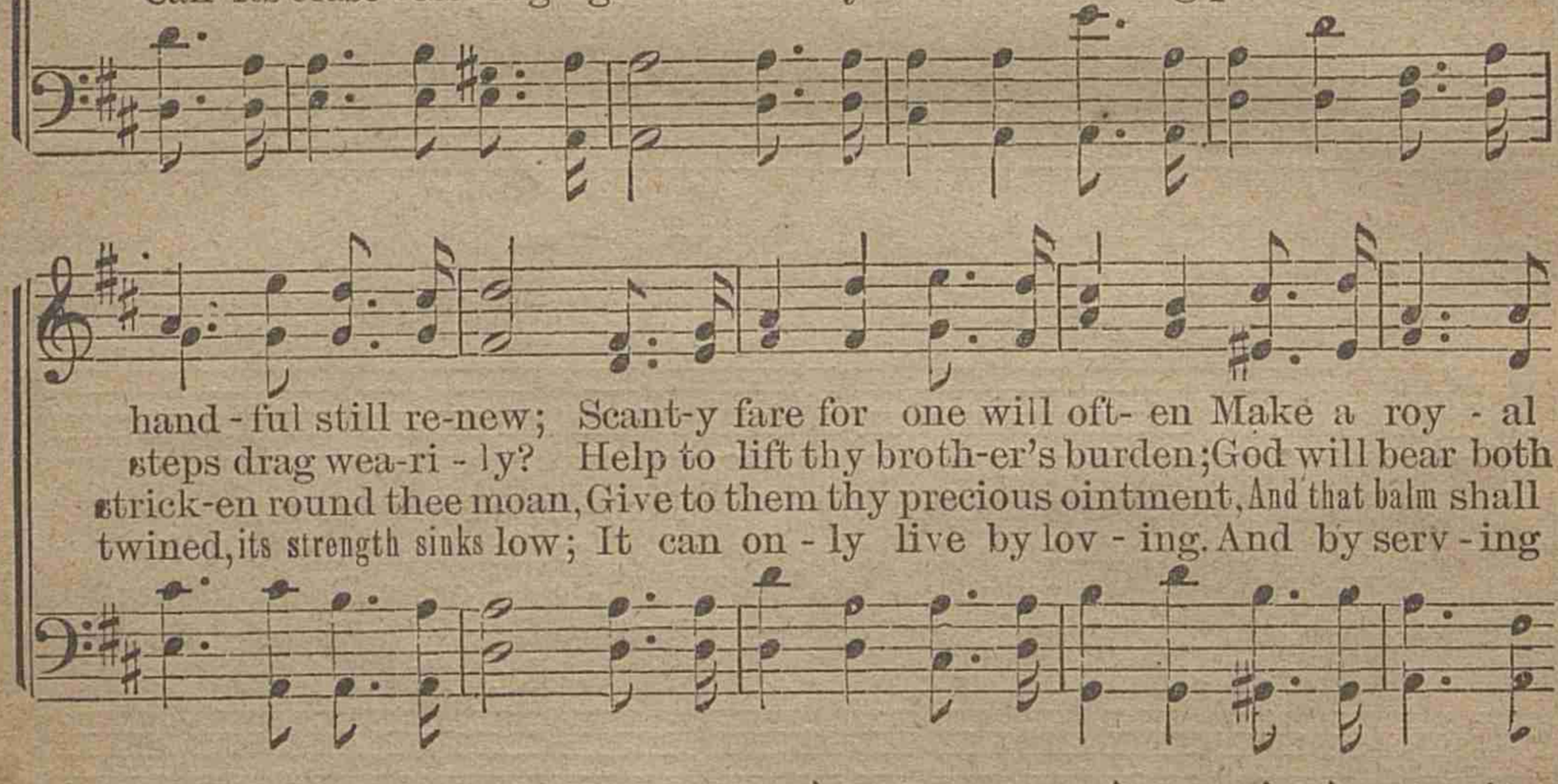
Words arr. from Mrs. E. R. CHARLES. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



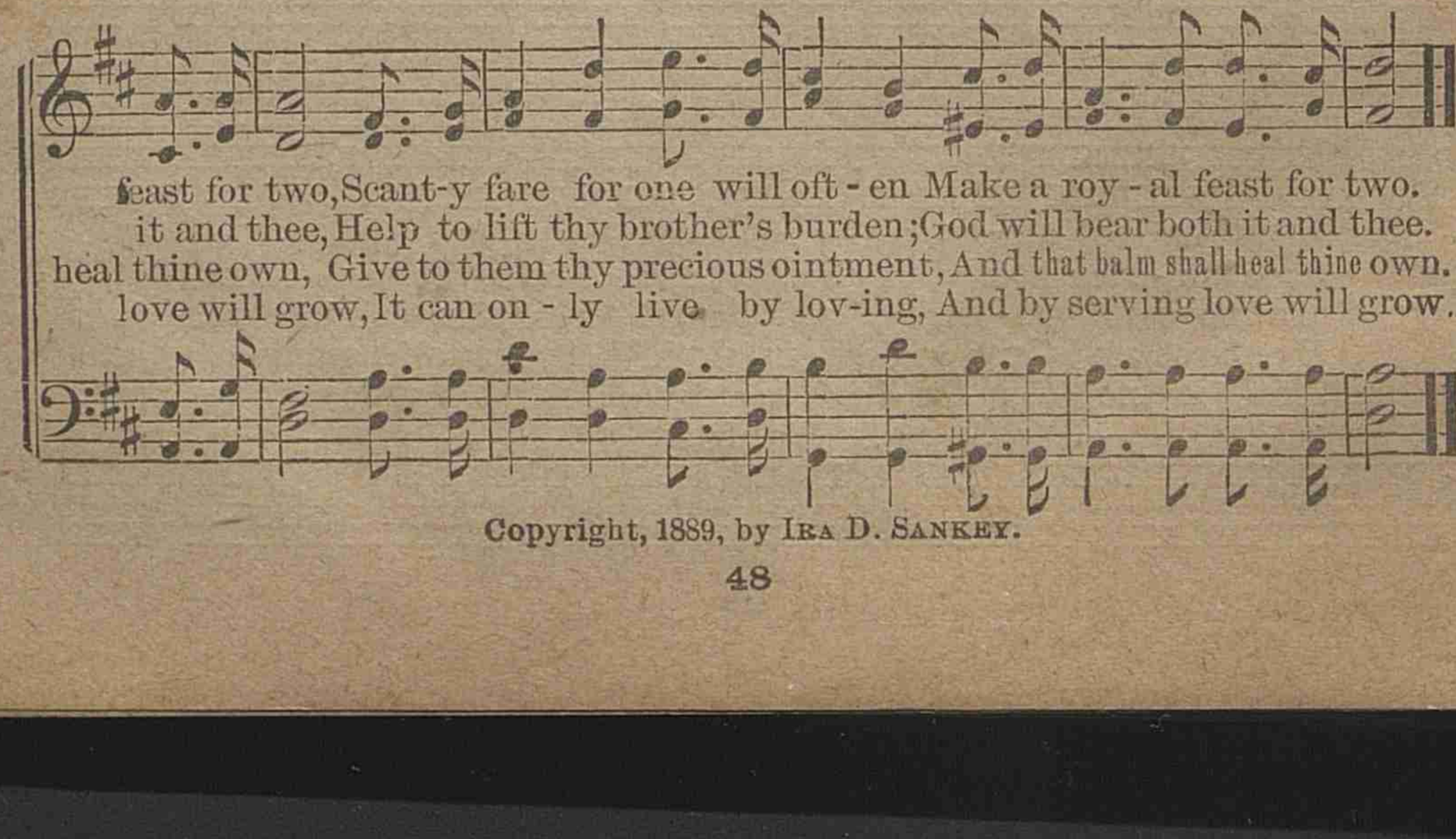
1. Is thy cruse of com-fort fail-ing? Rise and share it with a friend,
   And thro' all the years of fam-ine (*Omit*.....)
2. For the heart grows rich in giv-ing; All its wealth is liv-ing grain;
   Seeds, which mil-dew in the gar-ner, (*Omit*.....)
3. Lost and wea-ry on the mountains Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
   Chafe that fro-zen form be-side thee, (*Omit*.....)
4. Is thy heart a well left emp-ty? None but God its void can fill:
   Noth-ing but a cease-less fountain (*Omit*.....)



It shall serve thee to the end. Love di-vine will fill thy storehouse, Or thy
Scattered, fill with gold the plain. Is thy bur-den hard and heavy? Do thy
And to-geth-er both shall glow. Art thou wounded in life's bat-tle? Ma-ny
Can its cease-less longings still. Is thy heart a liv-ing power? Self-en-



hand-ful still re-new; Scant-y fare for one will oft-en Make a roy-al
steps drag wea-ri-ly? Help to lift thy broth-er's burden; God will bear both
strick-en round thee moan, Give to them thy precious ointment, And that balm shall
twined, its strength sinks low; It can on-ly live by lov-ing. And by serv-ing



feast for two, Scant-y fare for one will oft-en Make a roy-al feast for two.
it and thee, Help to lift thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.
heal thine own, Give to them thy precious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own.
love will grow, It can on-ly live by lov-ing, And by serving love will grow.

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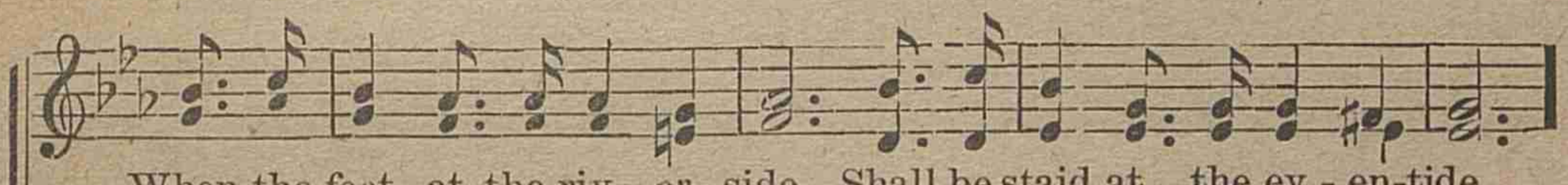
45 The Beautiful Time to Come.

Miss EMMA M. JOHNSTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



1. There's a beau-ti-ful time to come, To the wea-ry of heart and sad,
2. In the beau-ti-ful time to come There is fullness of joy in store,
3. In the beau-ti-ful time to come, The time of the gath'ring home,
4. O the beau-ti-ful time to come! The time by the seers fore-told,



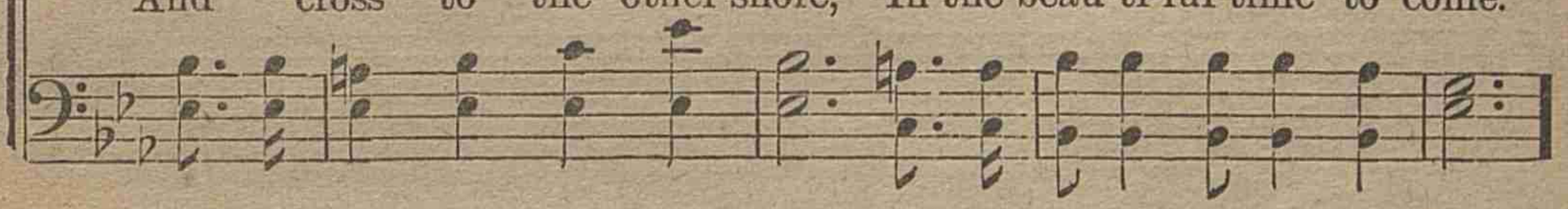


When the feet at the riv - er - side Shall be staid at the ev - en-tide,
When each sorrow shall pass a-way As the mist at the opening day,
When the tears shall fall no more From the eyes that wept of yore,
When the loved shall meet once more, When we hear the bend-ing oar,





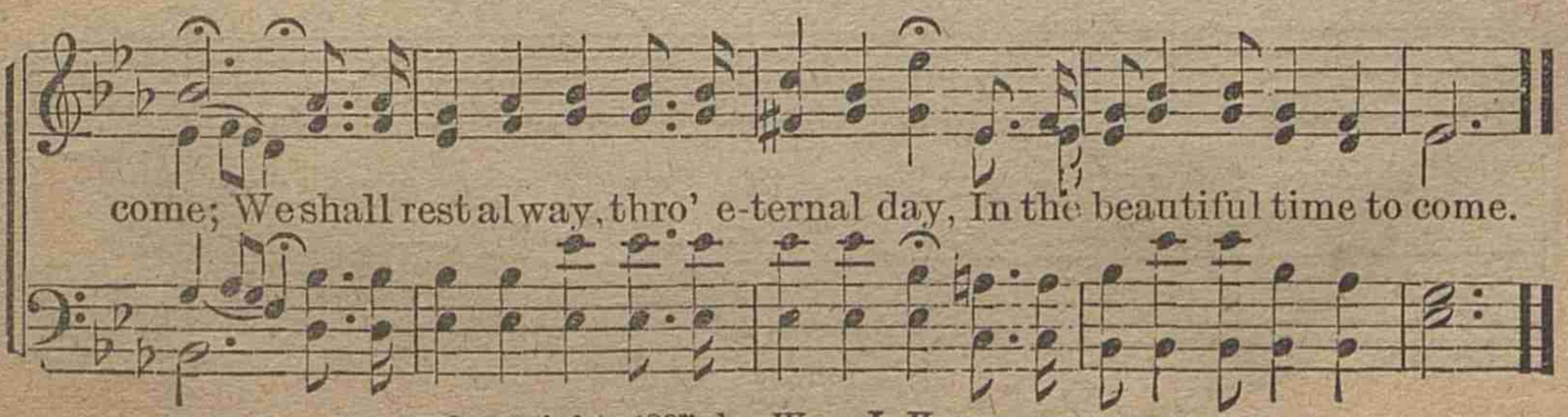
And the bur - dens laid a - side, In the beau-ti-ful time to come.
And our songs be heard for aye, In the beau-ti-ful time to come.
And the feet shall press that shore, In the beau-ti-ful time to come.
And cross to the other shore, In the beau-ti-ful time to come.



REFRAIN.



In the beautiful time, In the beautiful time, In the beautiful time to



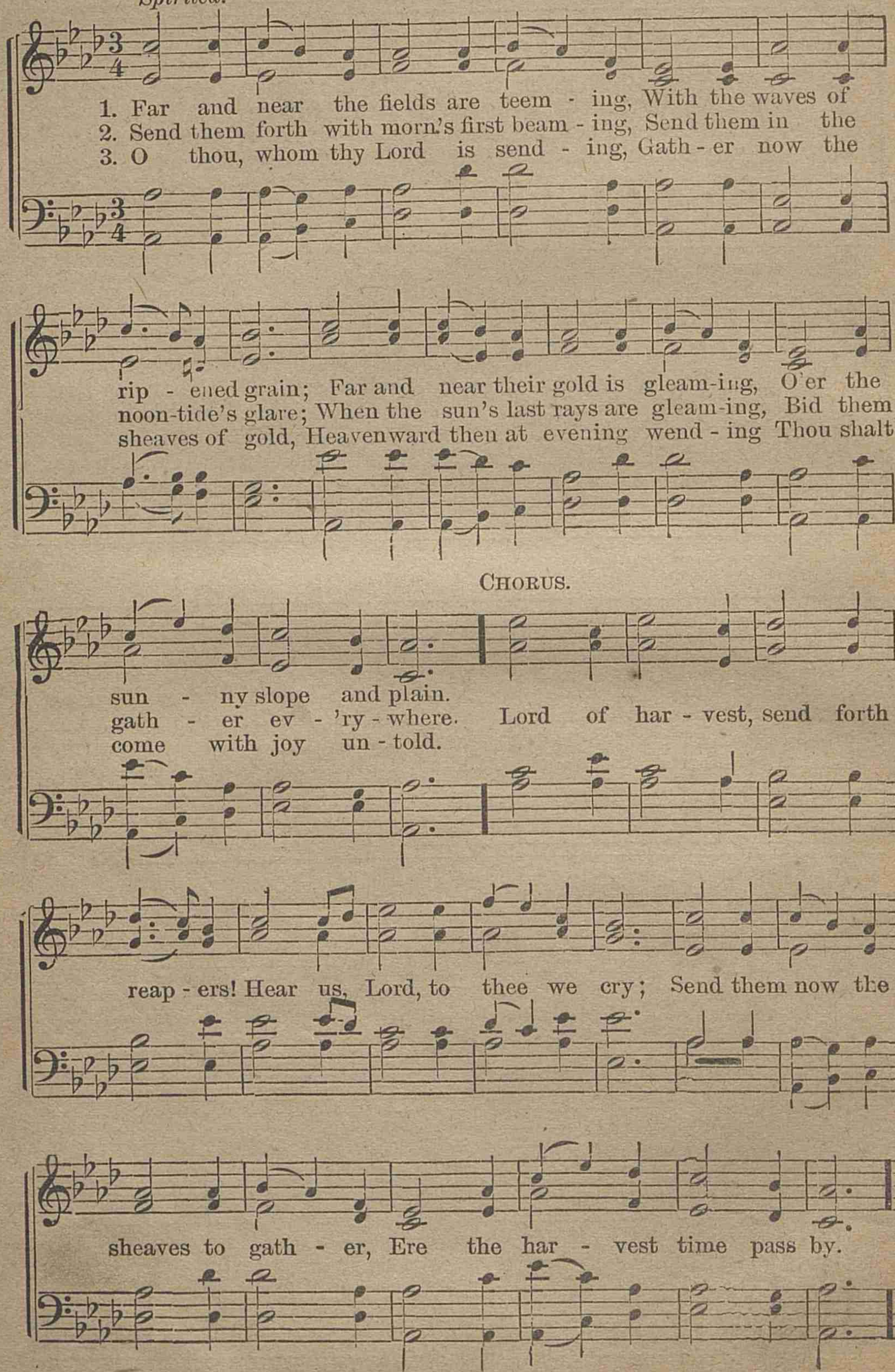
come; We shall rest al way, thro' e-ternal day, In the beautiful time to come.

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46 The Call for Reapers.

J. O. THOMPSON. J. B. O. CLEMM.

Spirited.



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47 My Soul Shouts Glory.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God For the work free grace has done;
2. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God, Not a cloud nor care I see;
3. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God, In his se-cret place I dwell;
4. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God, And I know it will not be long

My faith looks upward with a steadfast eye That is clear as the noonday sun.
My hope is clinging with a per-fect trust To the cross he has borne for me.
His constant presence overshades me there, And my joy there is none can tell.
Till o'er the river, where the saints have gone, I shall join their e-ter- nal song.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu - - jah! hal-le-lu - - jah! Hal-le-lu-jah to the
Hal le - lu lah! I will praise him! hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise him!

Sav-ior I a-dore; I will praise him, I will
Hal - le - lu - jah! I will praise him, I will praise him, I will

praise him, Hal-le - lu - jah! I will praise him ev - er - more.
praise him and a - dore,

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48 Tell it to Others.

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

1. Tell it to oth - ers, the sto-ry of Je - sus, Your wonderful Sav-ior con-
2. Tell it to oth - ers, there's power in confession; The soul gathers strength with the
3. Tell it to oth - ers; he died to re-deem you, He makes intercession a-
4. Tell it to oth - ers, so simply and humbly; Oh, tell it with love in your

fess; So gracious and faithful, so kind and for-giv-ing, So ready to
word; The story grows sweeter; there's joy in the telling, For Christ hath the
bove; Oh, tell of his mer - cy; his grace, all-sufficient; The height and the
heart; Then trustfully pray for the help of his Spir - it, And God will his

CHORUS.

save and to bless. Tell it, oh, tell it, the "good news" from
wit - ness - ing heard.
depth of his love.
bless - ing im - part.

heav - en; A message so pre - cious, so true; In man-sions of

glo - ry we'll sing the same story, In rapturous strains, ev-er new.

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49 He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A won-der-ful Savior is Je - sus my Lord, A won-der-ful Savior to
2. A won-der-ful Savior is Je - sus my Lord, He taketh my burden a-
3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his fulness di-
4. When clothed in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in clouds of the

me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where rivers of
way, He hold-eth me up, And I shall not be moved, He giveth me
vine, I sing in my rap-ture, oh, glo - ry to God For such a Re-
sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, his wonderful love, I'll shout with the

CHORUS.

pleasure I see. He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That
strength as my day.
deem-er as mine.
mill-ions on high.

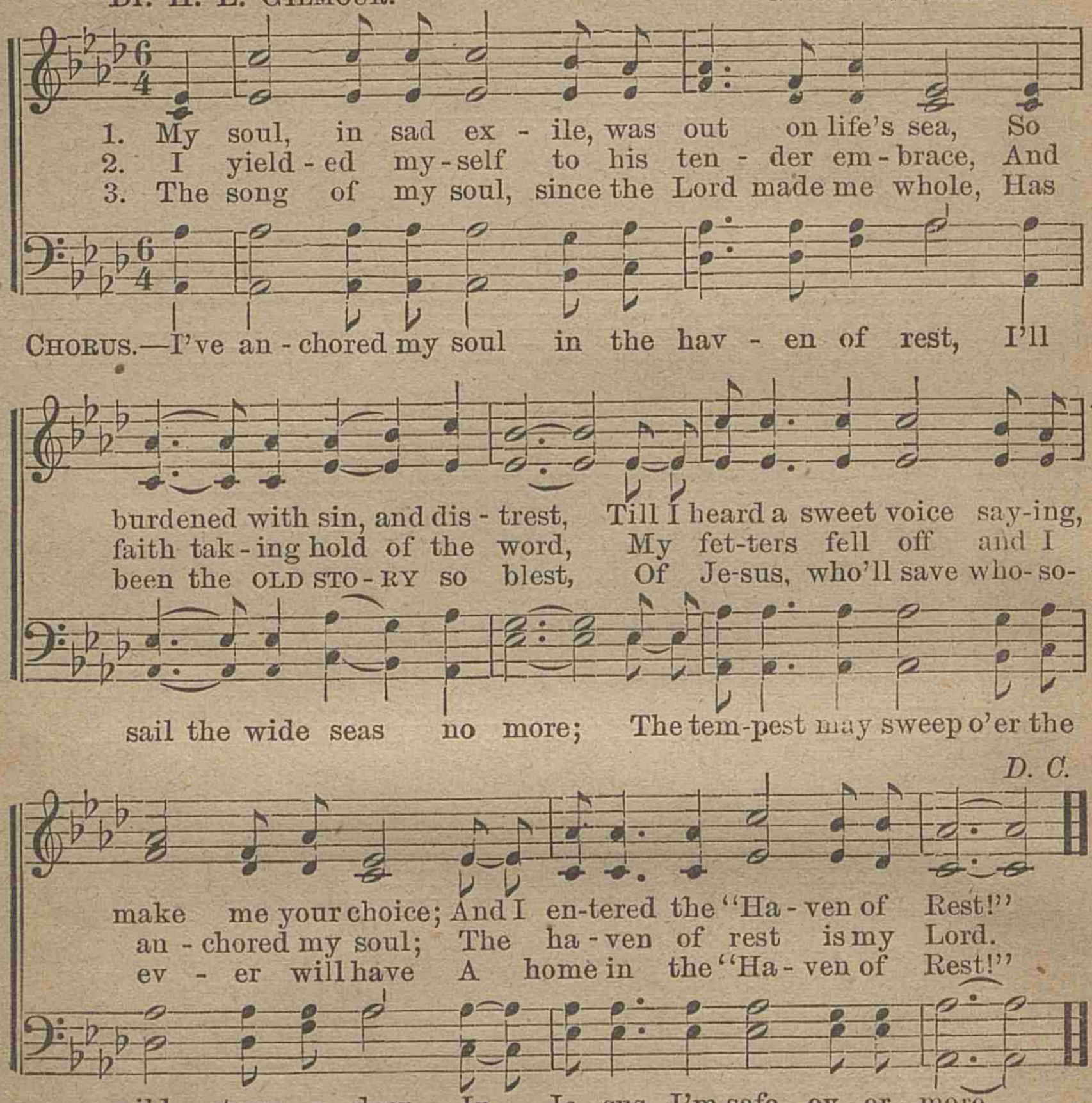
shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of his

love. And covers me there with his hand. And covers me there with his hand.

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50 The Haven of Rest.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.



4 How precious the thought that we all may recline,
Like John the beloved and blest,
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,—
Secure in the "Haven of Rest!"

5 Oh, come to the Savior, he patiently waits
To save by his power divine;
Come, anchor your souls in the haven of rest,
And say, "my Beloved is mine."

Home of the Soul.

MRS. E. H. GATES. Tune and chorus above.

1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 Oh, that home of the soul! in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
Between that fair city and me.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
To meet one another again.

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51 Where is my Soul to-night?

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oft have I heard a voice that said, In tones that were soft and low,
2. Oft have I heard a warn-ing voice That urg'd me to fly from sin;
3. Oft have I heard a ten - der voice, When troubled and care op - press'd,
4. Oft have I heard a griev'd, sad voice, Entreat-ing me o'er and o'er;





"Thy Sav-iour has lov'd, and loves thee yet, Then why wilt thou slight him so?"
To o - pen the door I long have clos'd and welcome the Sav-iour in.
And then like a wea - ry child I sigh'd In Je-sus to find a rest.
And if I re - fuse to hear it now, Perhaps it will come no more.



CHORUS.



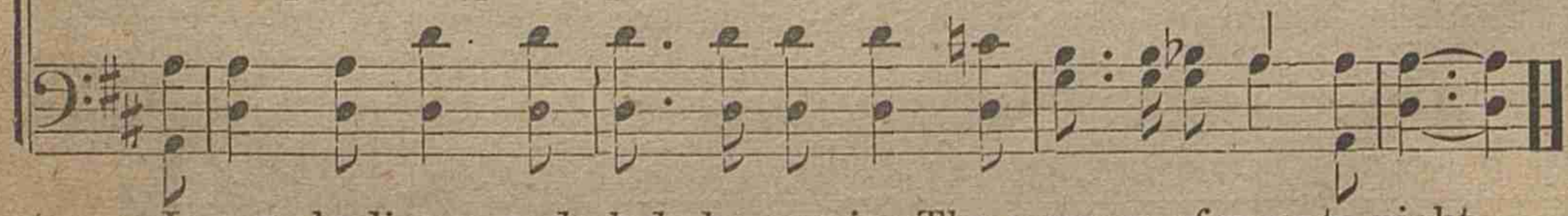
But where is my soul, where is my soul, Where is my soul to - night?



last v. O, Sav - iour I yield, Sav - iour, I yield, Take thou my soul to - night.



That voice pleads on, pleads pa - tiently on, But where is my soul to-night?



I now be-lieve, and glad - ly re-ceive Thy message of grace to-night.

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52 Jesus Changeth Not.

J. M. Weyth

1. There's naught on earth to rest on, All things are chang-ing here;
2. The sweet-est flow'r that blooms here, And sheds its fra-grance round,
3. Clouds oft o'er-cast our sun-shine, So beau-ti-ful, so bright,
4. And friend-ship's smile a-vails not To cheer us here be-low,
5. And while stern time moves on-ward, And nears e-ter-ni-ty,

The smiles of joy we gaze on; The friends we hold so dear.
Ere ev-'ning comes has with-ered, And lies up-on the ground.
And while we still ad-mire it, It dark-ens in-to night.
For smiles are oft de-ceit-ful, And lure to o-ver-throw.
The hand of death brings chang-es In ev-'ry thing we see.

One Friend a-lone is change-less, The One too oft for-got,
The dark and drear-y des-ert, That hath not one green spot
One sky a-lone is cloud-less, Where dark-ness com-eth not;
One smile a-lone can glad-den, What-e'er the pil-grim's lot;
But faith has found a Sav-ior Whose prom-ise fail-eth not;

Whose love hath stood for a-ges, For Je-sus chang-eth not.
A-bounds in liv-ing pas-tures; With him who chang-eth not.
'Tis found a-lone with Je-sus, For Je-sus chang-eth not.
It is the smile of Je-sus, For Je-sus chang-eth not.
Our life is hid with Je-sus, And Je-sus chang-eth not.

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53 Waiting at the Door.

Mrs. Kate M. Reasoner. T. C. O'Kane, by per.

1. I am wait-ing for the Mas-ter, Who will bid me rise and come
2. Many-a wea - ry path I've traveled, In the dark-est storm and strife,
3. Man - y friends that traveled with me Reached that por - tal long a - go;
4. Yes, their pil-grim-age was short-er, And their triumphs soon-er won;
5. Yet, O Lord, I wait thy pleas-ure, For thy time and ways are best;

To the glo - ry of his pres-ence, To the glad - ness of his home.
Bearing many-a heav - y bur-den,— Oft-en strug-gling for my life.
One by one they left me bat-tling With the dark and craft - y foe.
Oh, how lov-ing-ly they'll greet me When the toils of life are done.
Hear me, Lord, for I am wea-ry; O my Fa - ther, bid me rest.

Chorus.

They are watch - ing at the por-tal, They are wait -
They are watching, they are watching at the portal, They are wait - ing, they are

- ing at the door; Wait-ing on - - - ly for my
wait-ing at the door; Wait - ing on - ly, wait - ing on - ly for my

com-ing All the loved..... ones gone be - fore.
com - ing, All the loved ones, All the loved ones gone be - fore.

54

Wondrous Glory.

SALLIE M. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On the mount of won-drous glo - ry, Borne a - loft by faith we stand,
2. On the mount of won-drous glo - ry, Where so oft 'tis ours to be,
3. On the mount of won-drous glo - ry, Where he bids me come and rest,
4. If on earth our souls are hon - or'd With such vis-ions of de - light,

While we drink the crys - tal wa - ters Flow-ing down from E - den's land.
In the bright-ness of his pres-ence, Christ, our Lord, re-veal'd we see.
Je - sus spreads a feast be - fore us, Mak - ing each a wel-come guest.
Who can tell our heights of rap - ture, When our faith is lost in sight.

CHORUS.

How the heart ..... its toil for - gets, In the joy.....

How the heart, its toil for-gets,

In the ful - - - ness

In the joy we there be - hold; there be-hold; In the ful - ness of his love, of his love, That is bet - ter felt than told.

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55 God be with You.

"Grace be to you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ."
2 Cor. i. 2.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER. By per.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Bright Morning Land.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. The bright e - ter - nal day is break - ing, My
2. My tir - ed eyes grew dim with watch - ing, For
3. My fal - t'ring steps had sure - ly failed me, But
4. And al - most ev - 'ry day some loved one, Touch'd

soul is thrill'd with glad sur-prise; This life is but the mist of
him of whom it is fore-told That he should come in all his
for my Sav - ior's guid-ing hand; At last my wea - ry feet are
by an un - seen an - gel hand, Leaves all and thro' the mist and

CHORUS.

morn - ing That dims the hills of Par - a - dise. O morning land, bright
glo - ry, And I should then my King behold.
stand - ing Where I can see the promised land.
shad - ow, Goes o - ver to the morn-ing land. Bright land, bright

morn - ing land, O woods and vales and hills of glo - ry, O

Par - a - dise of sa - cred sto - ry! I soon shall reach thy

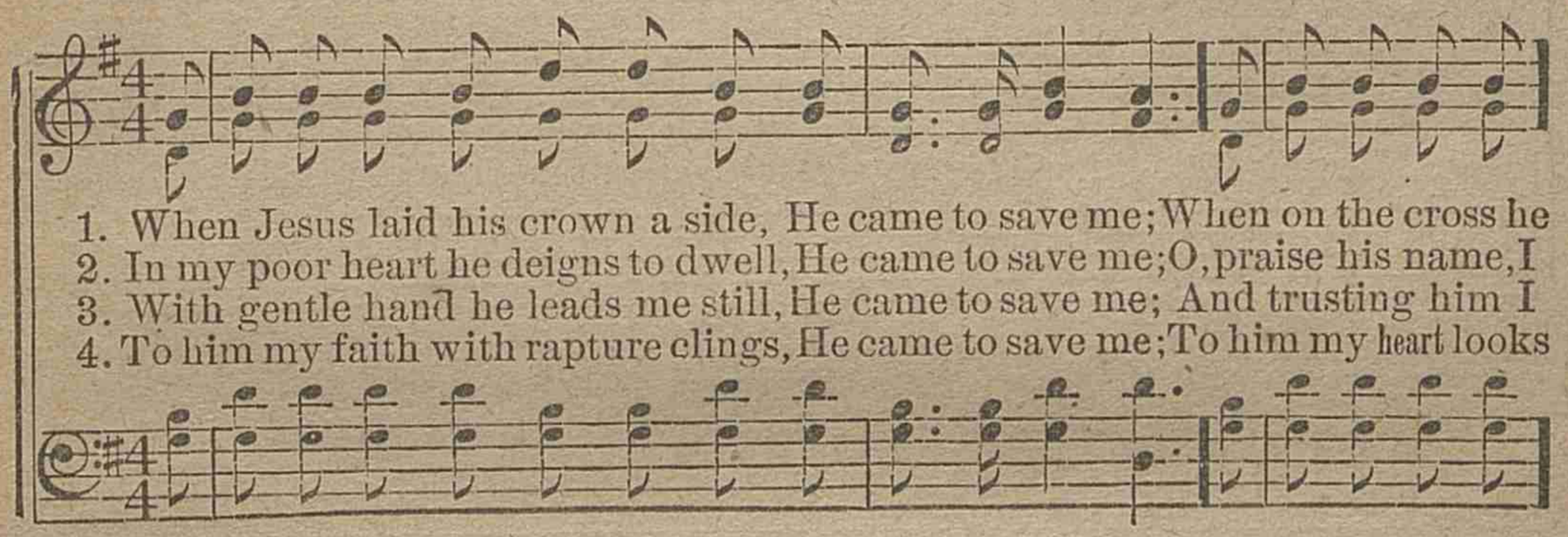
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Bright Morning Land.—Concluded.



57 He Came to Save Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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58

Rock in the Desert.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Rock in the des - ert, my shield from the blast, Un-der thy shad-ow I'm hid - ing at last; Dear is thy ref - uge, and welcome to me; Rock in the
2. Rock in the des - ert, how love-ly the star Guid - ing my footsteps from wand'ring a-far; Now I am hap-py, thy shel - ter I see; Rock in the
3. Rock in the des - ert, how peaceful my rest, Kind - ly pro-tect - ed, no longer oppress'd; Long have I thirsted for streams cool and free, Rock in the
4. Rock in the des - ert, O, Sav - ior di - vine, Thou art my ref - uge, no love is like thine; Thou my Redeemer art gra-cious to me; Rock in the

CHORUS.

My soul flies to thee, My des-ert, my soul flies to thee. My soul flies to thee, My soul flies to thee, My des-ert, my faith clings to thee.
des-ert, I find them in thee.
des-ert, I live but in thee.

soul flies to thee, soul flies to thee, My soul flies to thee, Rock in the des - ert, Rock in the des - ert, Rock in the des - ert, my soul flies to thee.

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59 I could not do Without Thee.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. xiii. 6.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. SIGISMUND THALBERG. Arr.

Andante.



1. I could not do with-out thee, O Sav - ior of the lost,
2. I could not do with-out thee, I can - not stand a - lone;
3. I could not do with-out thee, For years are fleet - ing fast,



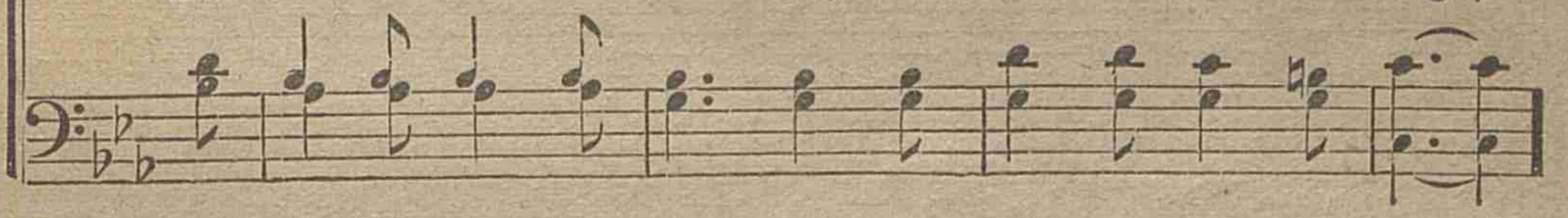


Whose precious blood re-deemed me At such tre-men - dous cost;
I have no strength or good - ness, No wis - dom of my own;
And soon in sol - emn si - lence, The riv - er must be passed;





Thy right-eousness, thy par - don, Thy sac - ri - fice, must be
But thou, be - lov - ed Sav - ior, Art all in all to me,
But thou wilt nev - er leave me, And, tho' the waves run high,





My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
And weak-ness will be pow - er, If lean - ing hard on thee.
I know thou wilt be near me And whis - per, "It is I."



60

Send the Light.

C. H. G.

C. H. G.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Ma-ce-do-nian call to-day. "Send the light,
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'rywhere abound, Send the light,
4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, Send the light,

Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold-en off-'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,

Send the light!

The first eight measures, (or CHORUS. *Bass Solo,) may be omitted.*

Send the light!.....Send the light!..... We will spread the

Send the light! Send the light! We will spread..... the ev-er-

BASS SOLO.

ev-er-last-ing light, With a will-ing, willing heart and hand.

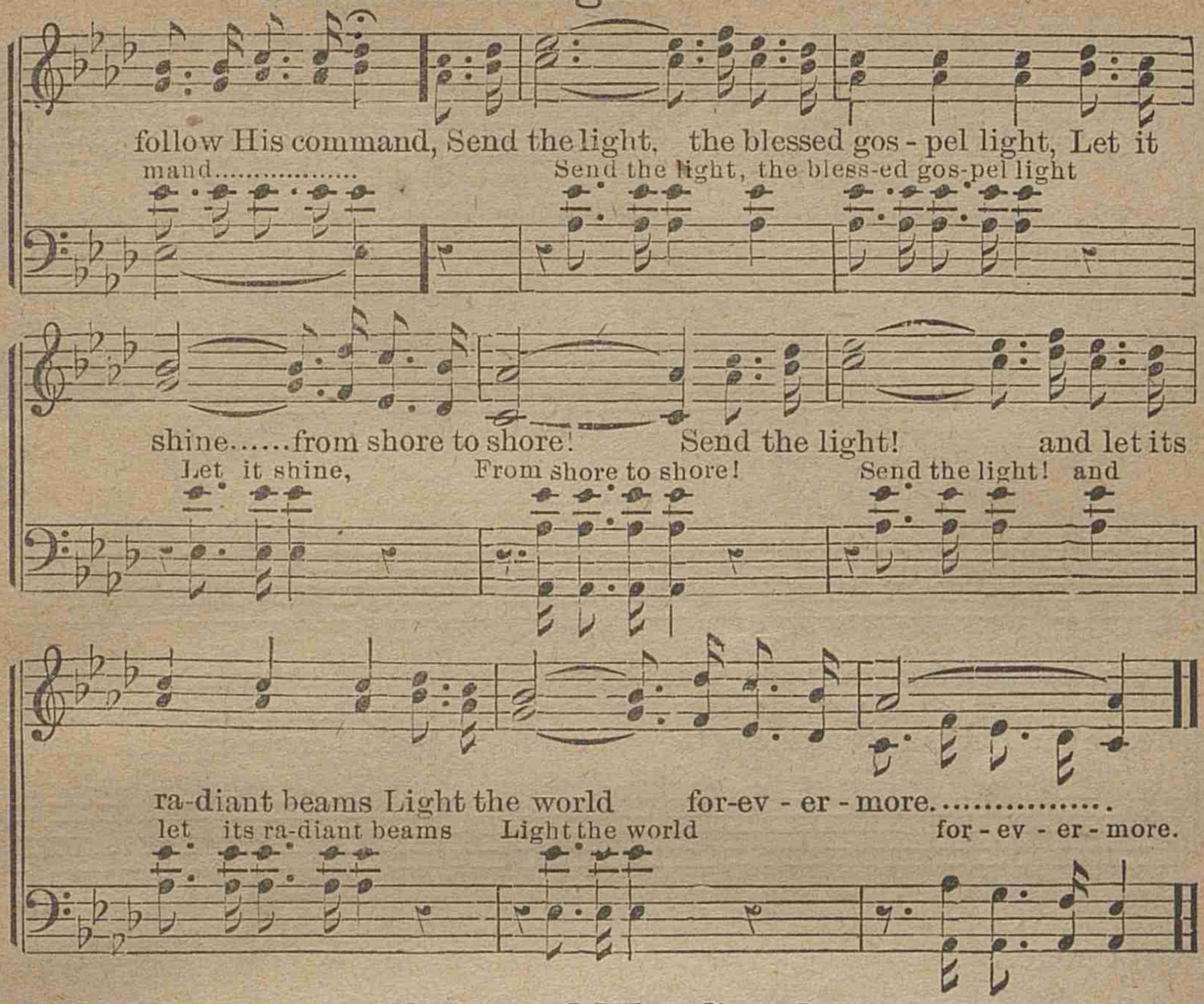
last - ing light With a will - ing heart and hand....., Giv-ing

Giv-ing God the glo-ry ev-er-more, We will fol-low,

God..... the glo-ry ev - er - more, We will fol-low His com-

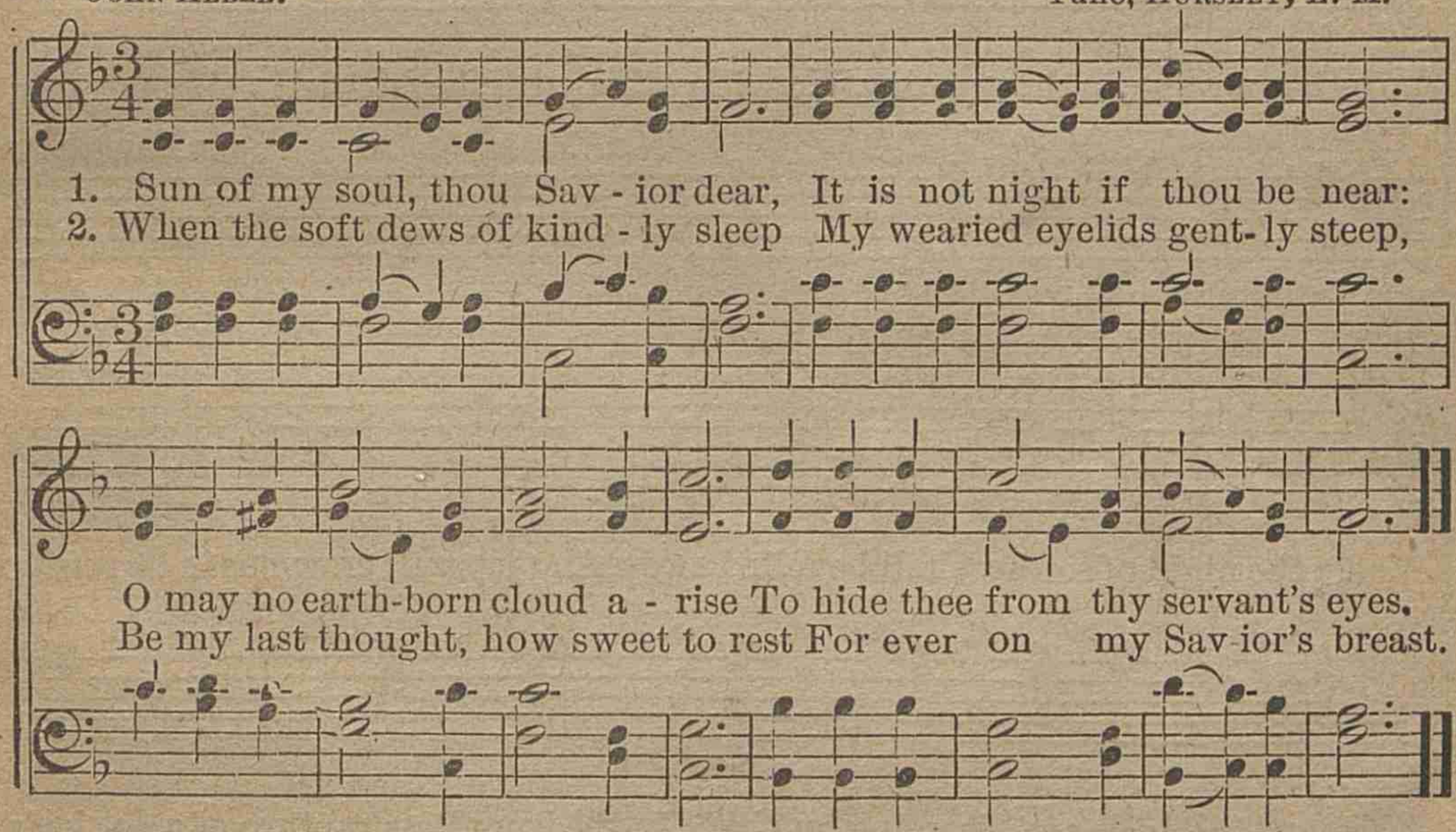
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Send the Light—Concluded.



61 Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. Tune, HURSLEY, L. M.



3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

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

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

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

62 Meet in the Morning.

H. E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



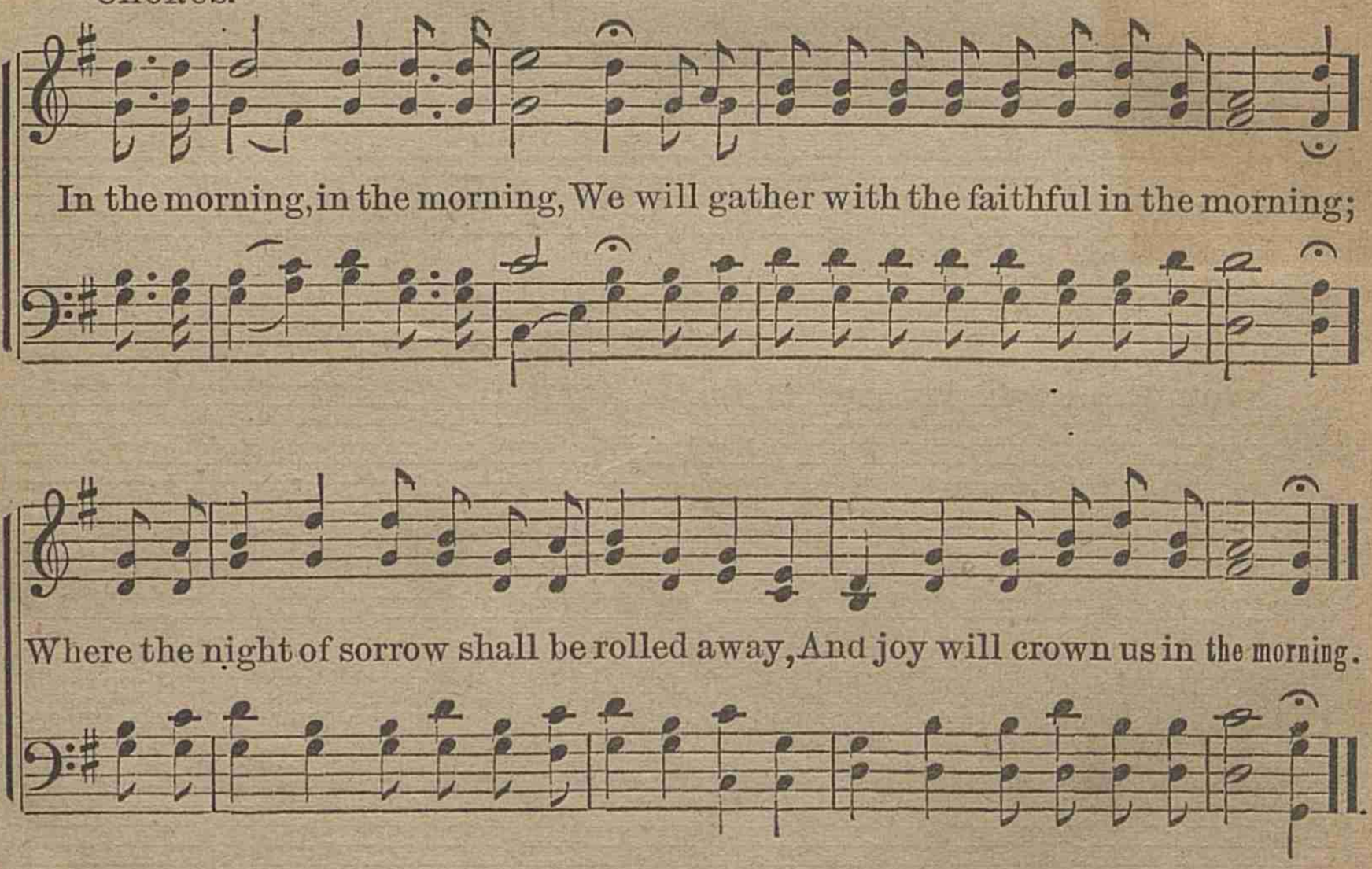
1. We are marching onward to the heav'nly land, To meet each other in the morning;
2. We are trav'ling onward from a world of care, To meet each other in the morning;
3. We are trav'ling onward, and the way grows bright, We'll meet each other in the morning,



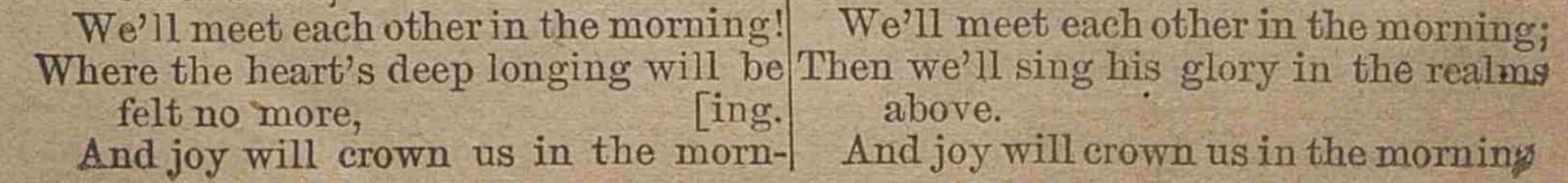
We are pressing forward to the golden strand, Where joy will crown us in the morning.
Oh, the time is coming, we shall soon be there, And joy will crown us in the morning.
Where our friends are waiting, at the gate of life, And joy will crown us in the morning.



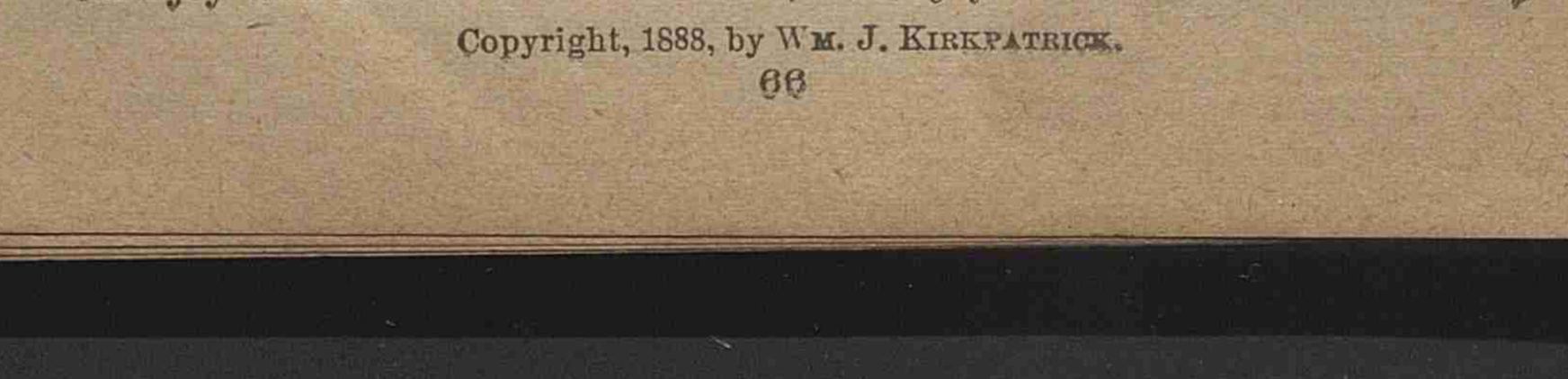
CHORUS.



In the morning, in the morning, We will gather with the faithful in the morning;



Where the night of sorrow shall be rolled away, And joy will crown us in the morning.



4 Where the hills are blooming on the other shore,
We'll meet each other in the morning!
Where the heart's deep longing will be felt no more,
And joy will crown us in the morning.

5 In the boundless rapture of a Savior's love
We'll meet each other in the morning;
Then we'll sing his glory in the realms above.
And joy will crown us in the morning.

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All is Ready.

SALLIE L. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. All is read - y, the Mas - ter said, All is ready, the feast is spread;
2. All is read - y, he call-eth still; Come, and welcome, who ev-er will;
3. Tho' his mer-cy prolongs your day, Time is precious, no more de-lay;
4. Take the par-don his love be-stows, Take the wa-ter of life that flows;

e of love to all, Yet how ma-ny will slight the call!
n of doubts and fears, Bring your sorrow, your cares, and tears.
s to hear your pray'r, Haste the garment of praise to wear.
th be-side the door: Hear the Spirit, your hearts implore.

hy will ye die? Ask, and the Sav - ior will free-ly forgive;

Why, why, why will ye die? On - ly a look, and your soul shall live.

If you strike a thorn or rose, keep
a-goin'!
If it hails or if it snows, keep a-goin'!
'Taint no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'—
keep a-goin'!

Fissie.

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63

All is Ready.

SALLIE L. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. All is read - y, the Mas - ter said, All is ready, the feast is spread;
2. All is read - y, he call-eth still; Come, and welcome, who ev-er will;
3. Tho' his mer-cy prolongs your day, Time is precious, no more de-lay;
4. Take the par-don his love be-stows, Take the wa-ter of life that flows;





Sweet his message of love to all, Yet how ma-ny will slight the call!
Bring your burden of doubts and fears, Bring your sorrow, your cares, and tears.
Now he listens to hear your pray'r, Haste the garment of praise to wear.
Lo, he standeth be-side the door: Hear the Spirit, your hearts implore.



CHORUS.



Why, why, why will ye die? Ask, and the Sav - ior will free-ly forgive;





Why, why, why will ye die? On - ly a look, and your soul shall live.



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64 It Was Spoken for the Master.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. It was spok-en for the Mas - ter Oh, how lov-ing - ly it fell!
2. Oh, we know not when we scatter, Where the precious seed will fall,
3. When our bus - y toil is o - ver, From the vineyard when we go,

It was uttered in a whis - per, Who had breathed it none could tell.
But we work and trust in Je - sus, For he watch-eth o - ver all.
We shall find a store of bless-ings That on earth we could not know.

It was spok-en for the Mas - ter, On - ly just a lit - tle word,
We may sow be - side the wa - ters, Of af - flic - tion, it may be,
We shall wonder at the brightness Of the crowns we then shall wear,

But the chords that long had slumbered, In a grief-worn heart were stirred
But the fruits of ear-nest la - bor At the reap - ing we shall see.
But the Lord himself will tell us Why he placed the jew-els there.

REFRAIN.

Gentle words of patient kindness, Tho' unheed - ed oft they seem,

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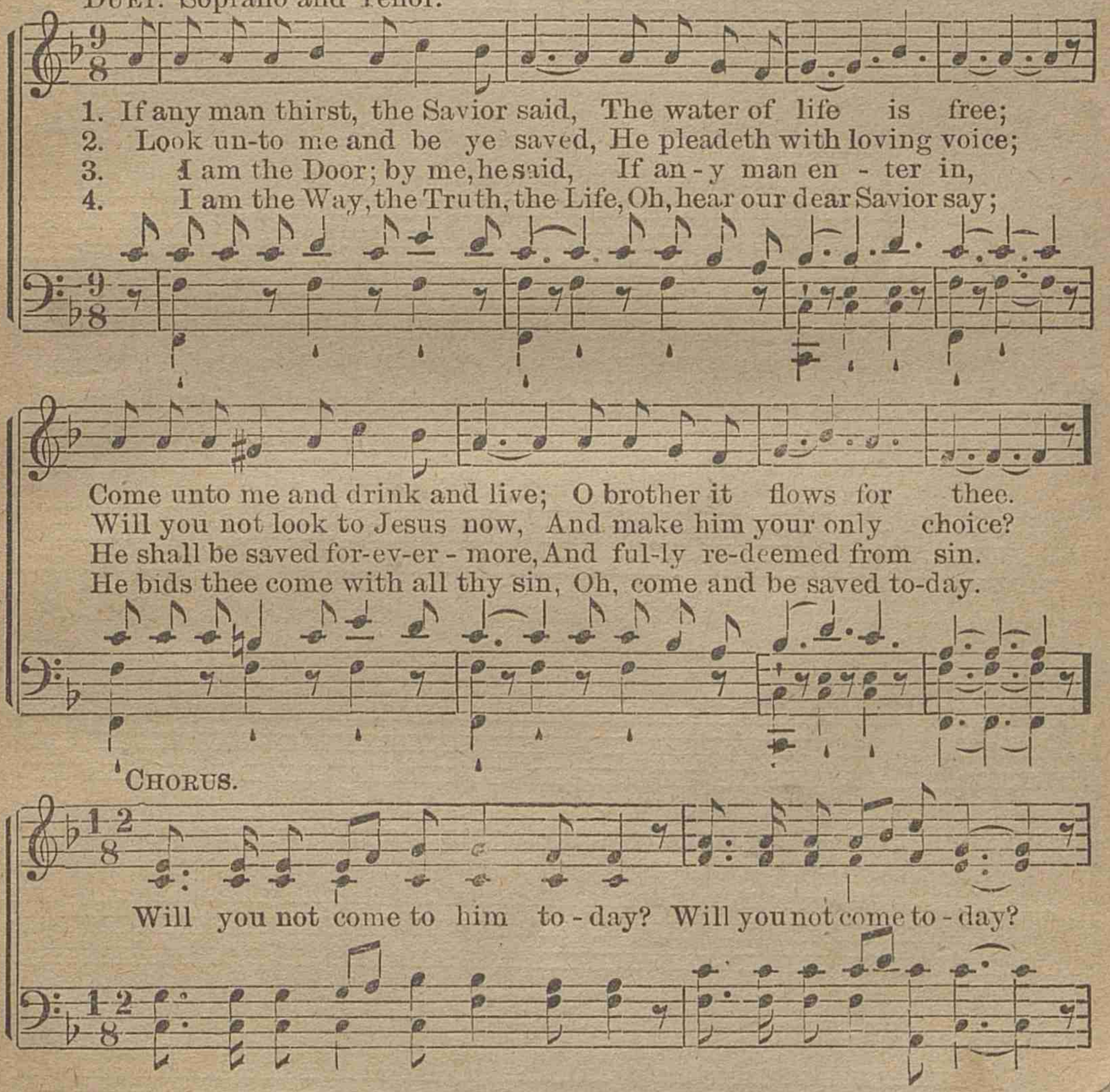
It Was Spoken for the Master—Concluded.



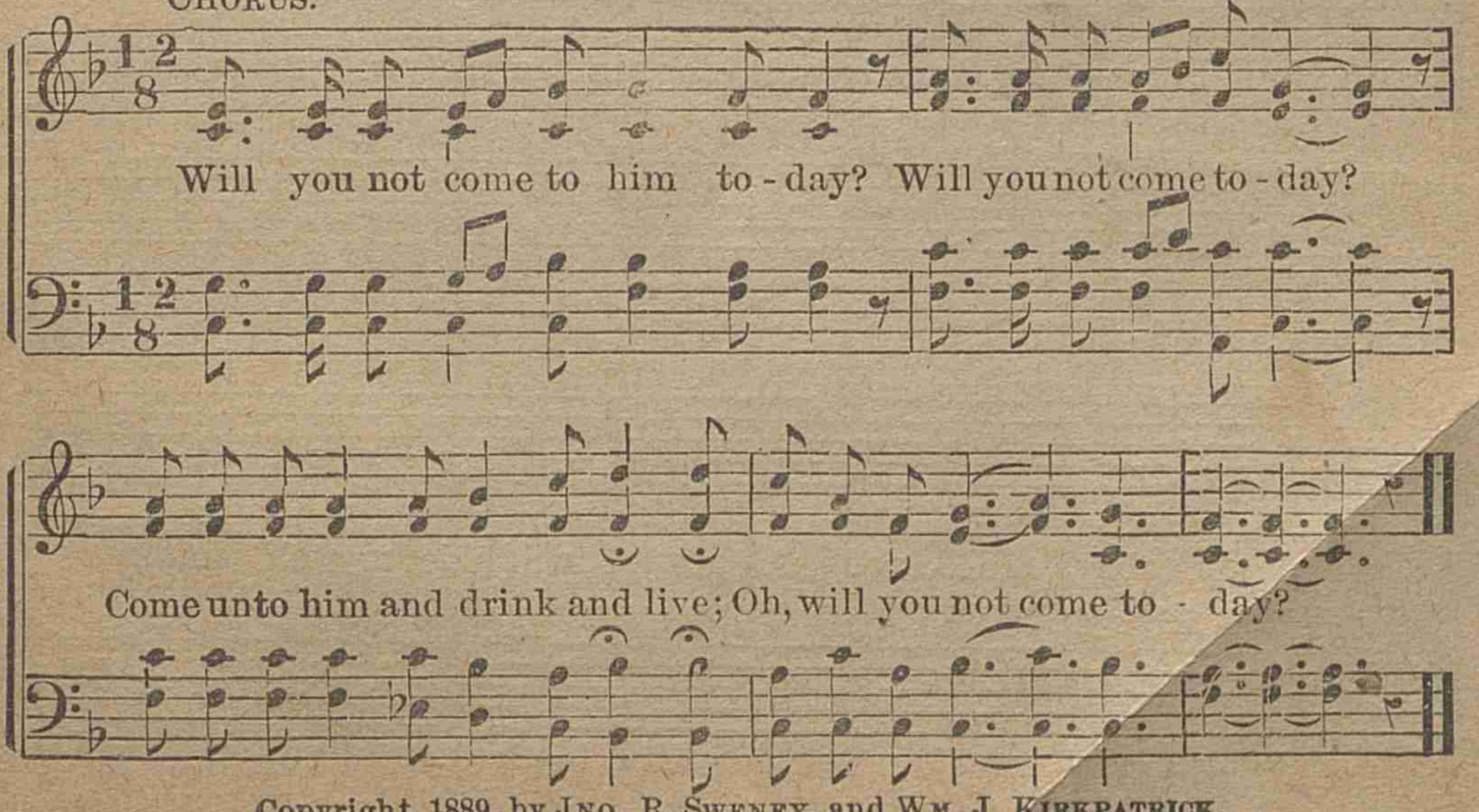
65 If Any Man Thirst.

J. J. L. J. J. Lowe.

Duet. Soprano and Tenor.



Chorus.



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66

Sweetly Resting.

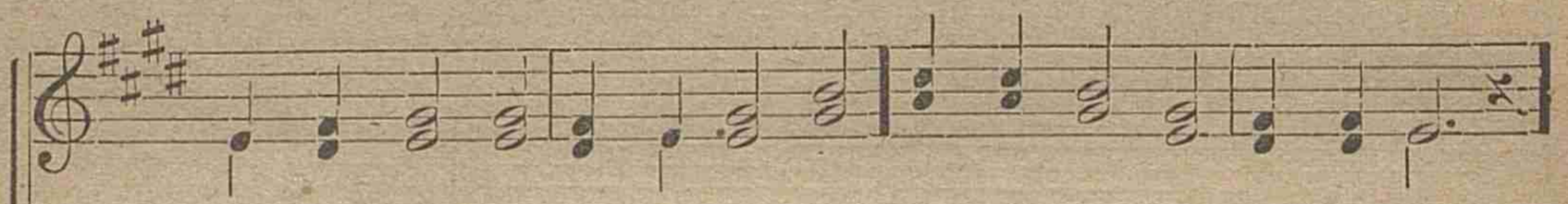
(Dedicated to Chaplain C. C. McCabe.)

MARY D. JAMES. W. WARREN BENTLEY. By per.

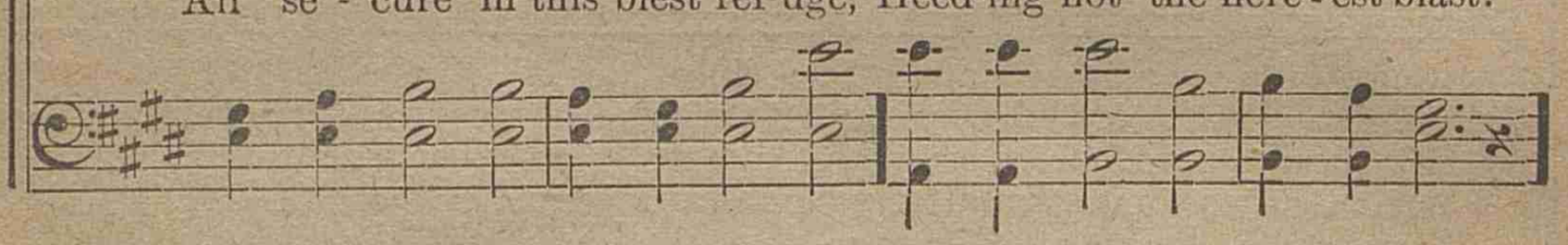


1. In the rift -ed Rock I'm rest -ing, Safe-ly shel-ter'd, I a - bide;
2. Long pur-sued by sin and Sa - tan, Wea-ry, sad, I long'd for rest;
3. Peace, which pass-eth un-der-stand ing, Joy, the world can nev-er give,
4. In the rift -ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past





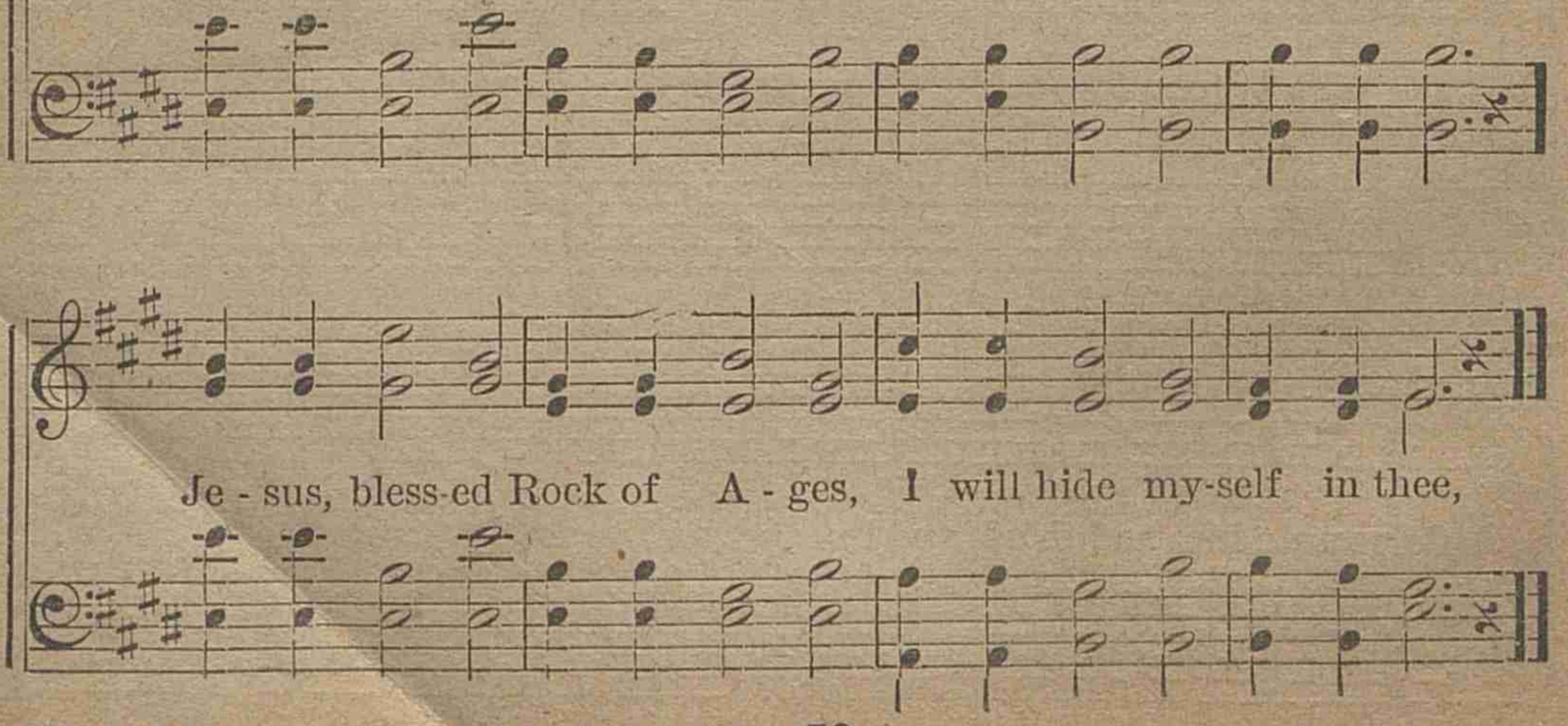
There no foes nor storms mo-lest me, While within the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'n-ly shelter, O-pened in my Sav-ior's breast.
Now in Je - sus I am find - ing; In his smiles of love I live.
All se - cure in this blest ref-uge, Heed-ing not the fierc - est blast.



REFRAIN.



Now I'm rest -ing, Sweetly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me:



Je - sus, bless-ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my-self in thee,

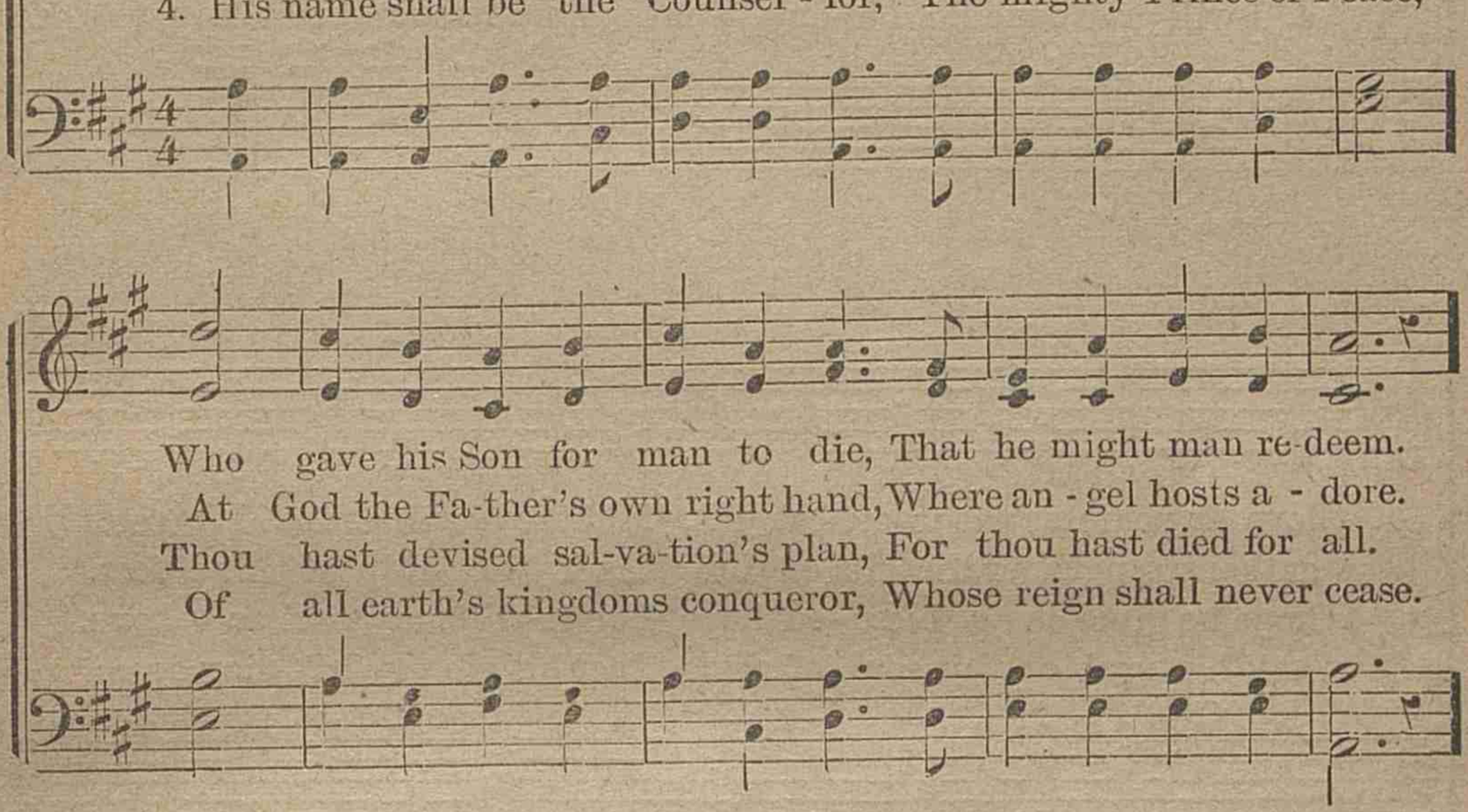
67

Blessed be the Name.

W. H. CLARK. ARR. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

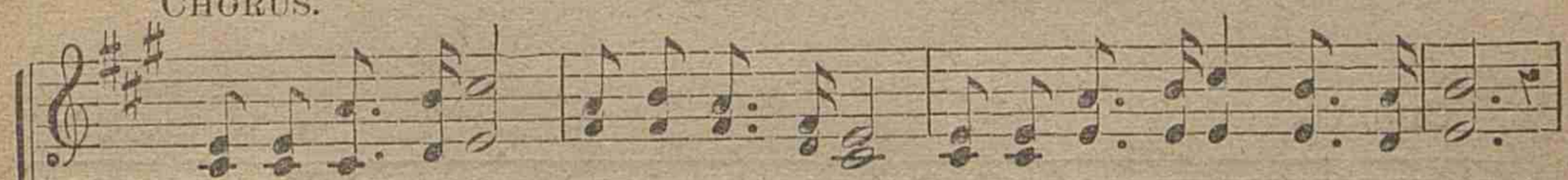


1. All praise to Him who reigns a-bove, In ma - jes - ty su - preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Exalt - ed more and more,
3. Re - deem-er, Sav - ior, Friend of man, Once ruin-ed by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Counsel - lor, The mighty Prince of Peace,

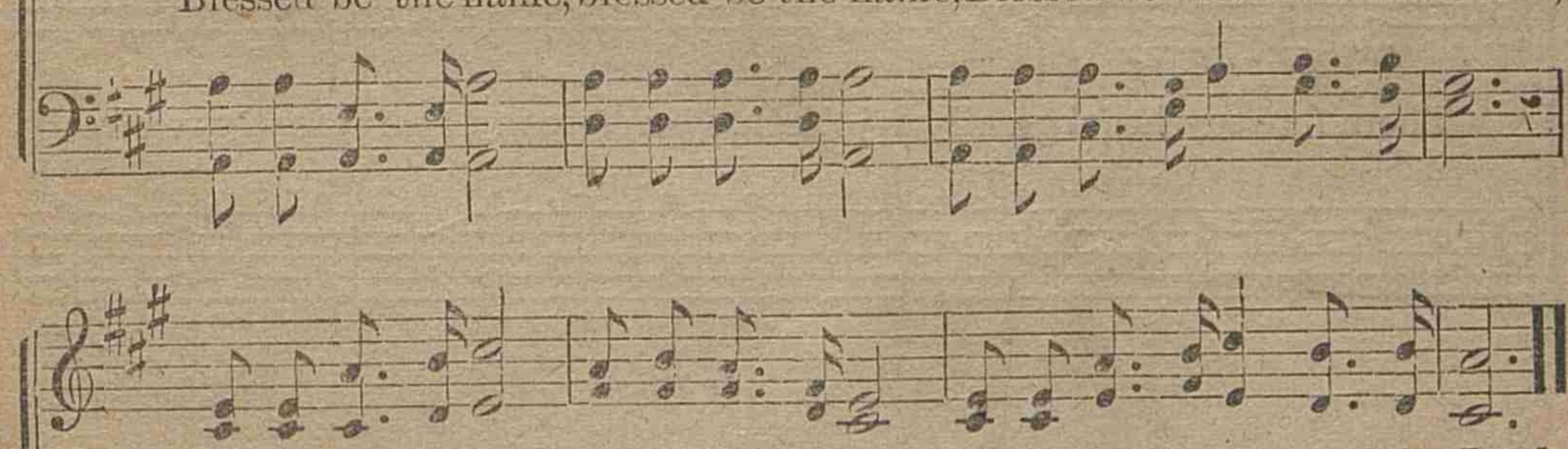


Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re-deem.
At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.
Thou hast devised sal-va-tion's plan, For thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdoms conqueror, Whose reign shall never cease.

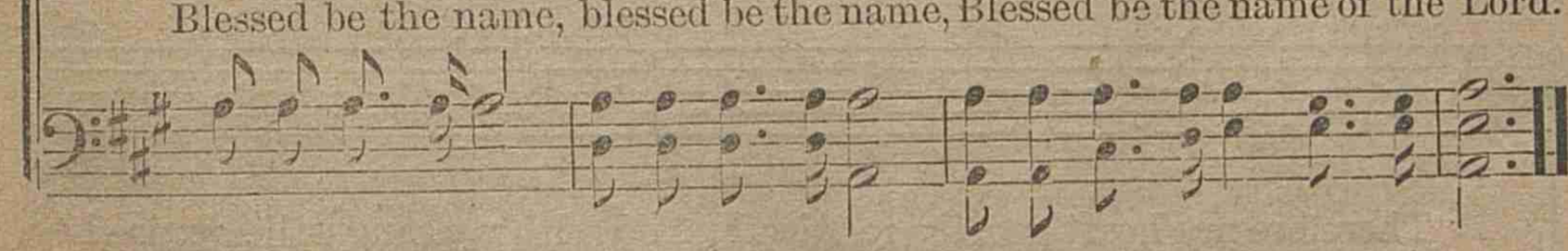
CHORUS.



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.



5 The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring
Their praise and homage meet;
With rapturous awe adore their King,
And worship at his feet.

6 Then shall we know as we are known,
And in that world above
Forever sing around the throne
His everlasting love.

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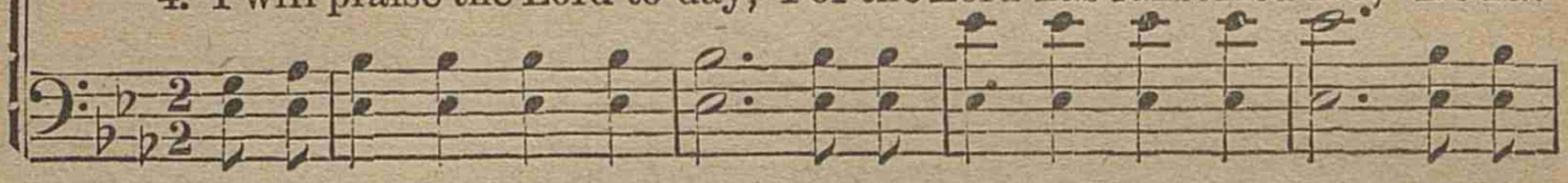
68 I will Praise the Lord To-day.

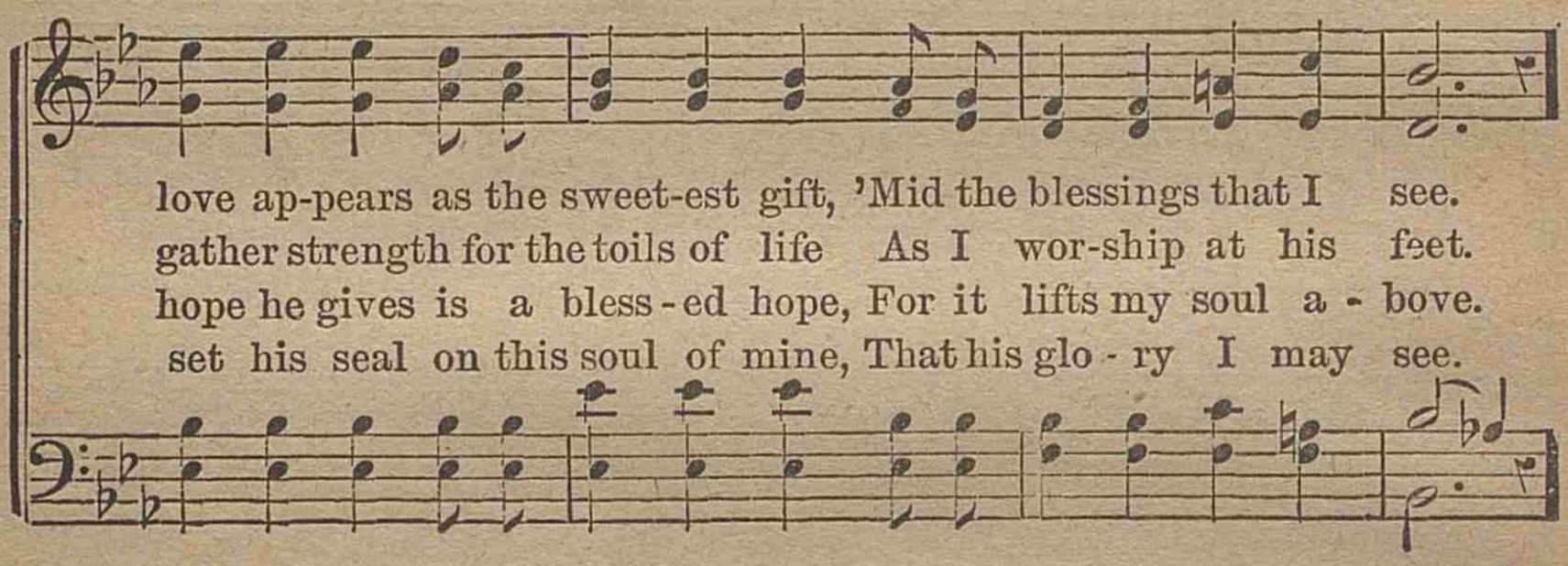
"With my song will I praise him."—Ps. xxviii. 7.

E. A. BARNES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I will praise the Lord to-day, For the Lord is good to me: And his
2. I will praise the Lord to-day, For his name is more than sweet: And I
3. I will praise the Lord to-day, For his word is life and love: And the
4. I will praise the Lord to-day, For the Lord has ransomed me; He has



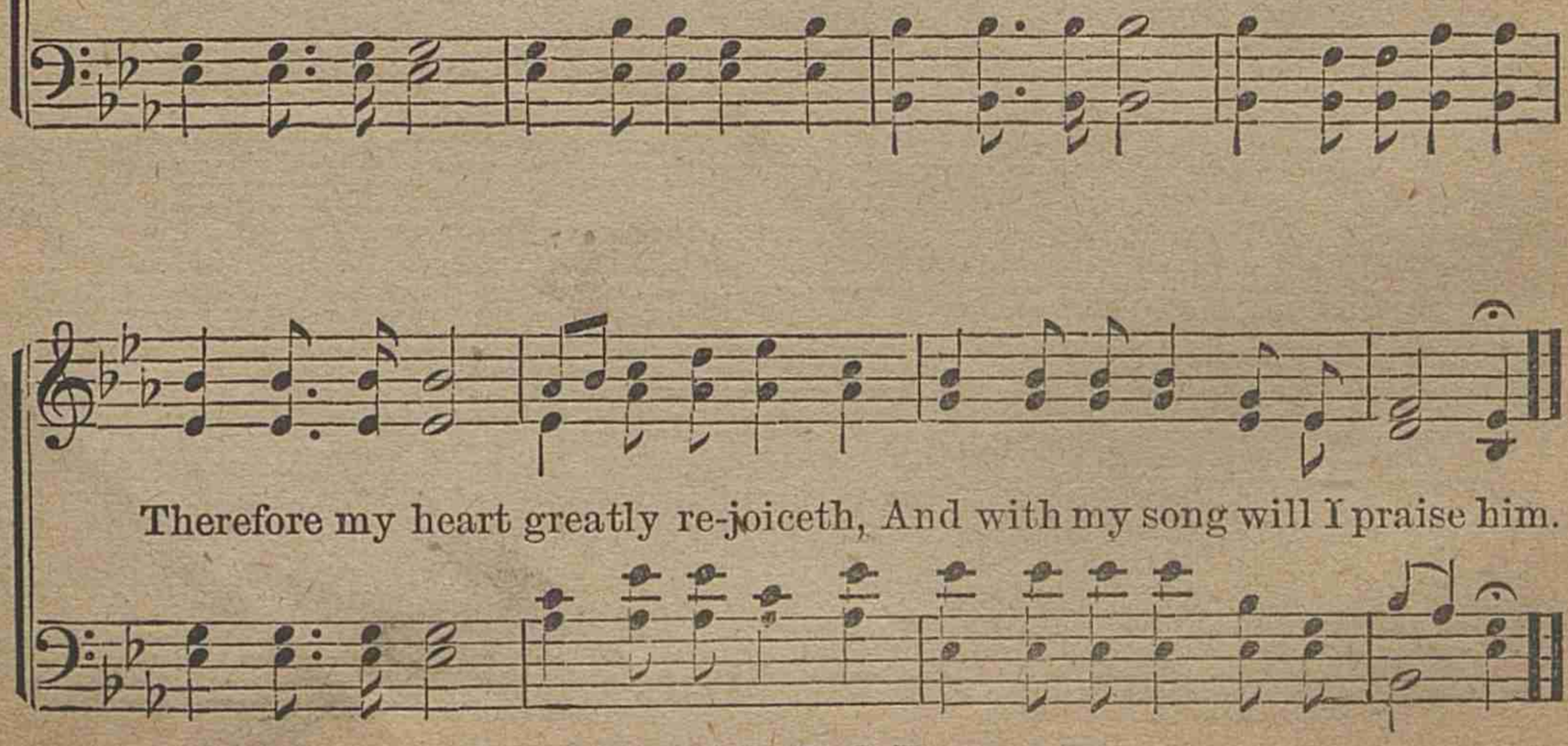


love ap-pears as the sweet-est gift, 'Mid the blessings that I see.
gather strength for the toils of life As I wor-ship at his feet.
hope he gives is a bless-ed hope, For it lifts my soul a-bove.
set his seal on this soul of mine, That his glo-ry I may see.

CHORUS.



There-fore my heart greatly rejoiceth, Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth,



Therefore my heart greatly re-joiceth, And with my song will I praise him.

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69 The Morning Draweth Nigh.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, ral - ly round the stand-ard Of Christ, our roy - al King; Oh,
2. Tho' long and deep the shad-ows The drear-y night may bring, Our
3. To yon - der gold-en re-gion Our faith now plumes her wing; Our
4. To him who paid our ran - som, And took from death the sting, Be

ral - ly round his stand - ard, And hal - le - lu - jahs sing. For the
lamps are trimm'd and burn-ing, Our hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
hearts with joy are bound-ing, And hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
ev - er - last-ing prais - es, Let hal - le - lu - jahs ring.

CHORUS.

morn - - ing draw-eth nigh. For the morn - -
morn-ing draweth nigh, For the morn-ing draweth nigh, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le -

- - ing draw-eth nigh; We can see..... it in the
lu - jah! yes the morn-ing draweth nigh; We can see it, we can

dis - tance, We shall hear it, we shall hear it by and by. by and by.
see it in the distance,

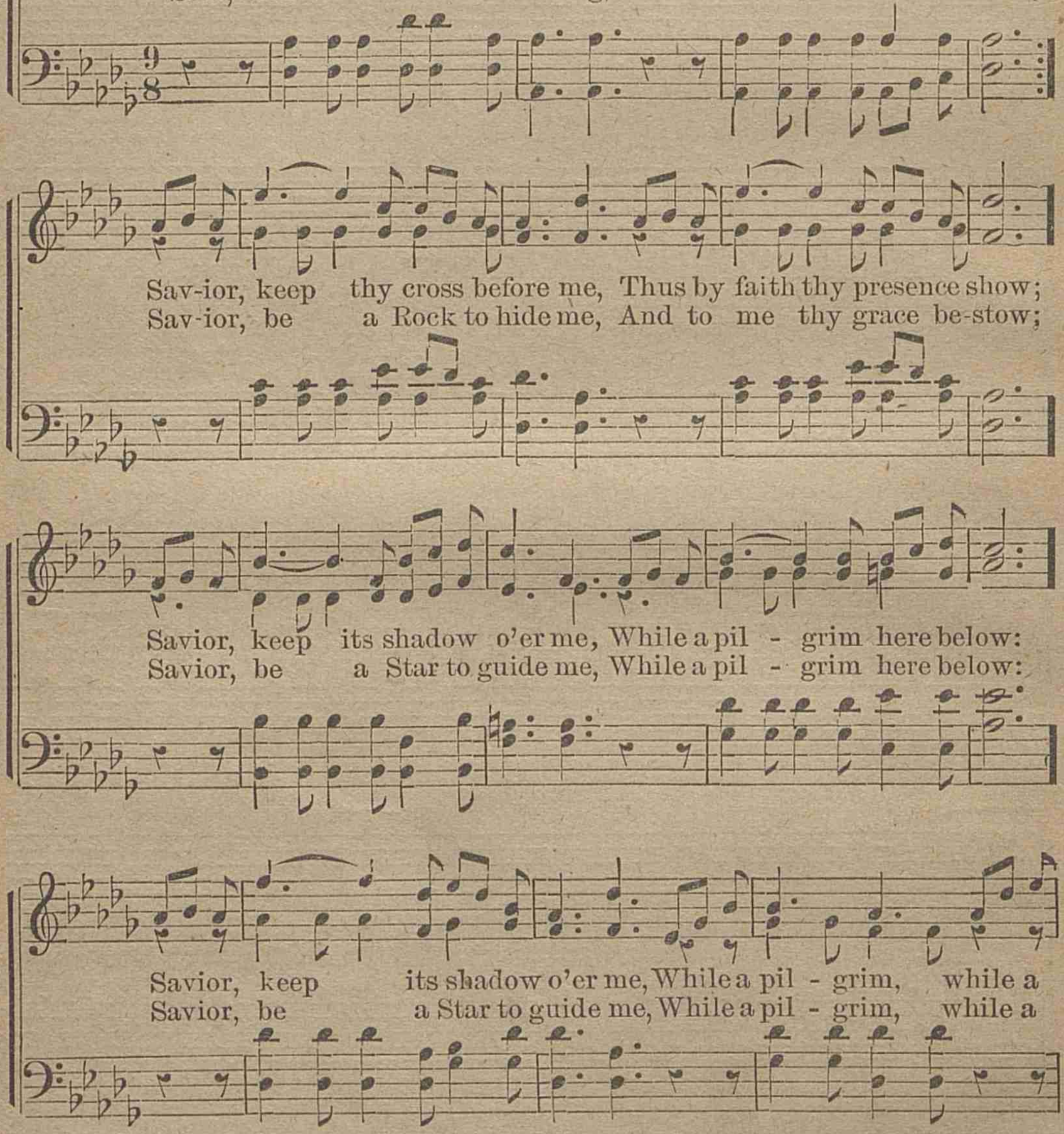
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70 A Pilgrim's Song.

EDW. A. BARNES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



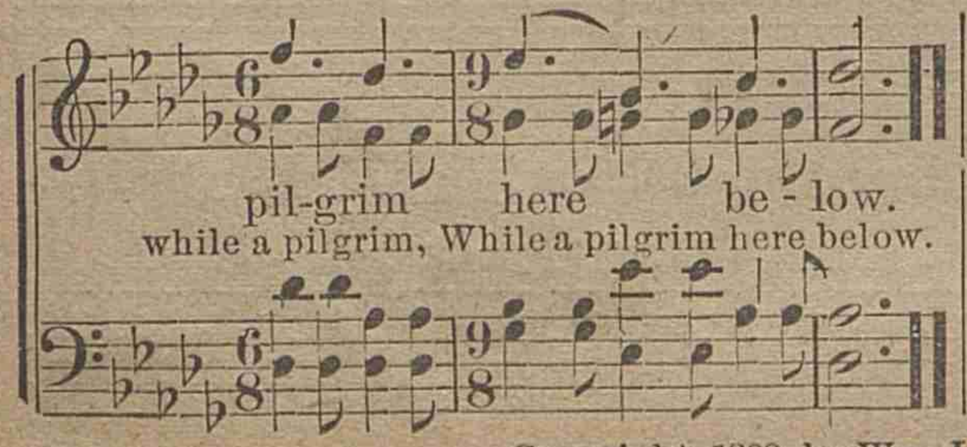
1. Sorrow here is not a stran-ger, Care ap-pears with ev'ry day;
   And I meet with sin and dan-ger, As I walk the pilgrim's way.
2. Storms in life are oft prevailing, And the shad - ows oft-en fall;
   Still, with Christian zeal unfailing, I would meet and brave them all.



Sav-ior, keep thy cross before me, Thus by faith thy presence show;
Sav-ior, be a Rock to hide me, And to me thy grace be-stow;

Savior, keep its shadow o'er me, While a pil - grim here below:
Savior, be a Star to guide me, While a pil - grim here below:

Savior, keep its shadow o'er me, While a pil - grim, while a
Savior, be a Star to guide me, While a pil - grim, while a



pil-grim here be - low.
while a pilgrim, While a pilgrim here below.

3

Hope and peace in thee possessing,
By the Word that is divine;
And thy holy name confessing,
Faith is in this song of mine.
Savior, help me tell thy story,
Thus the precious seed to sow;
‖:Savior, help me sing thy glory,
While a pilgrim here below.:‖

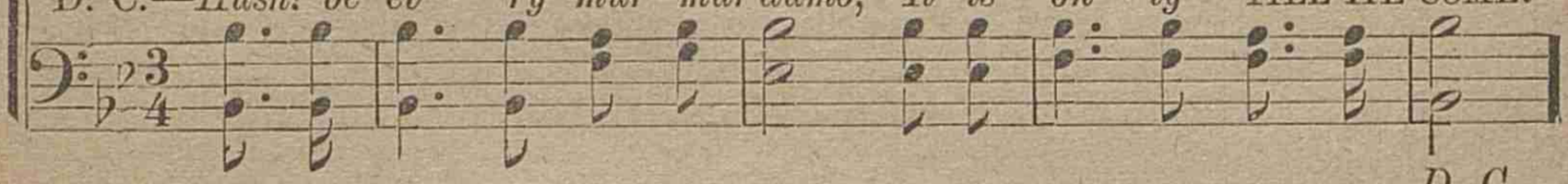
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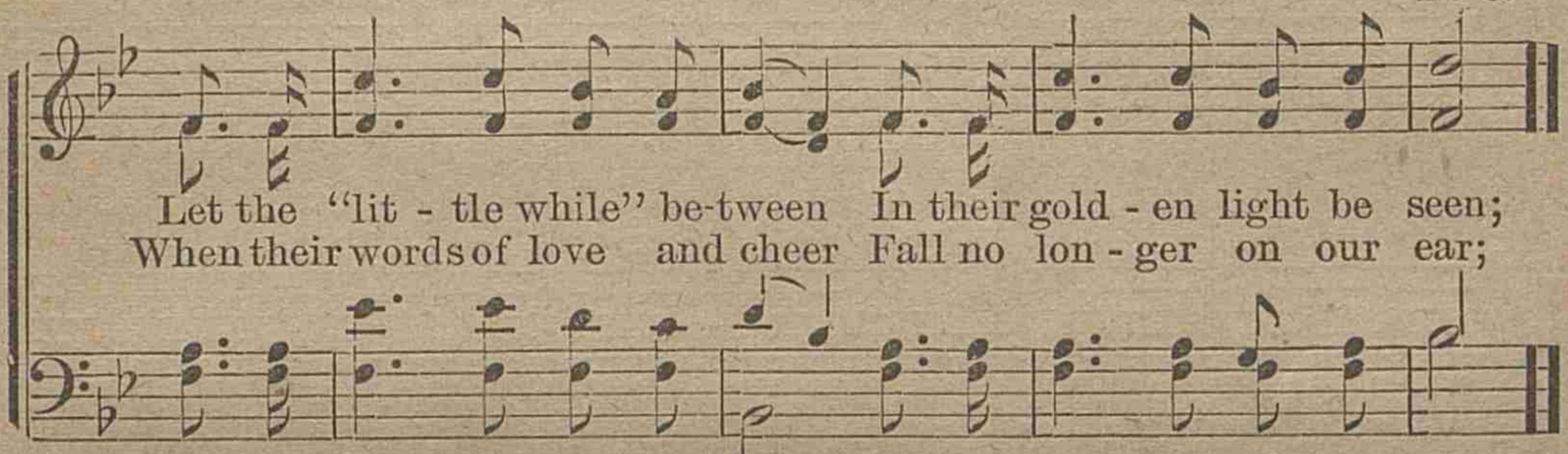
71 Till He Come.

Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH. 1866. P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. "*Till He come!*"—oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trem-bling chords;
D. C.—*Let us think, how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that* "TILL HE COME!"
2. When the wea-ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a-bove,
D. C.—*Hush! be ev-'ry mur-mur dumb, It is on-ly* "TILL HE COME!"





Let the "lit-tle while" be-tween In their gold-en light be seen;
When their words of love and cheer Fall no lon-ger on our ear;

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3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "*Till He come!*"

4 See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come!*"

72 Just as I Am



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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

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

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

73 Work, for the Night is Coming.



1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

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

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

74 I Will Praise Thee.

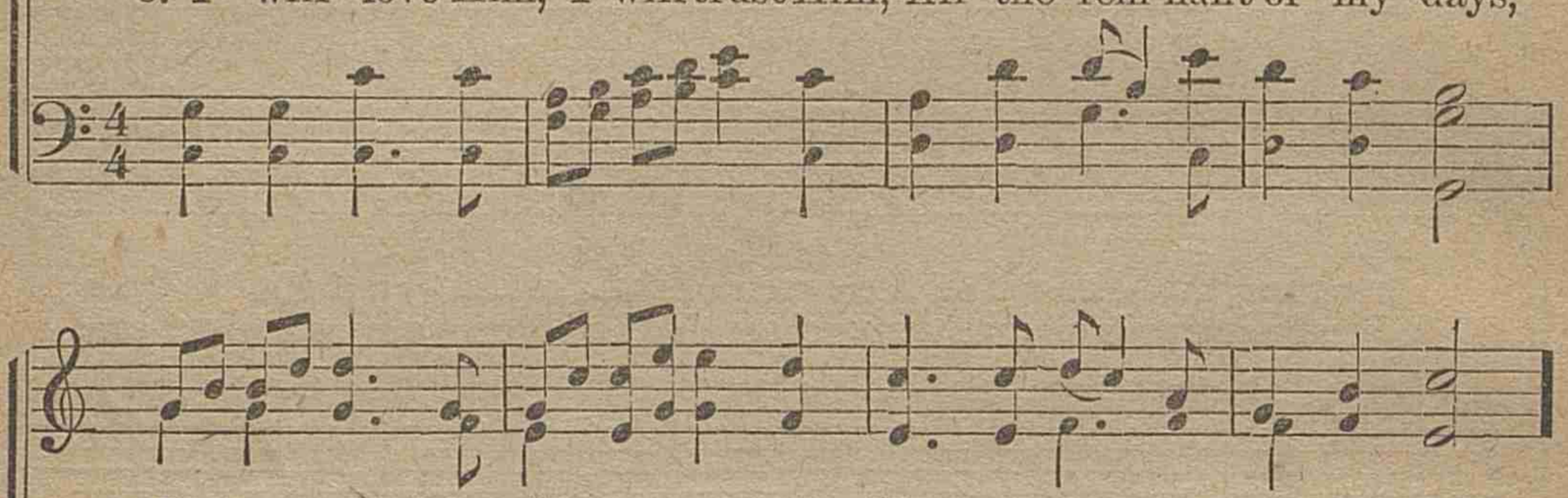
Psalm, cix. 30.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Allegretto.



1. I will praise the Lord my Glo ry, I will praise the Lord my Light,
2. I will praise the Lord my Prophet, Ho-ly Priest and Righteous King,
3. I will praise the Lord my Shepherd, Keeper, Past-ure, Door and Fold,
4. I will praise the Lord my Fa-ther, Savior, Brother, Guide and Friend,
5. I will love Him, I will trust Him, All the rem-nant of my days,



He my cloud by day to cov - er, He my fire to guide by night.
With the an - gels who a - dore him, "Ho - ly, ho - ly," I will sing.
O'er the lone - ly hills he sought me, When the night was dark and cold.
He thus far in life hath led me, He will lead me to the end.
And will sing thro' end-less a - ges, Naught but my Re-deem-er's praise.



CHORUS.



I will praise thee with my whole heart, will praise thee, O Lord;



I will be glad and re-joice in thee, O Thou most high.

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In the Morning.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are pilgrims looking home, Sad and wea-ry, oft we roam, But we
2. O these ten - der bro-ken ties, How they dim our aching eyes, But like
3. When our fettered souls are free, Far beyond the nar-row sea, And we
4. Thro' our pilgrim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us

know 'twill all be well in the morning; When, our anchor safely cast, Ev'ry
jewels they will shine in the morning; When our victor palms we bear, And our
hear the Savior's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the
watch and persevere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise For the

:S: FINE.

storm - y wave is past, And we gath- er safe at last in the morn-ing.
robes immor tal wear, We shall know each other there in the morn-ing.
feet of Christ our King, What a cho-rus we shall sing in the morn-ing.
love that crowns our days, And to Je - sus give the praise in the morn-ing.

D. S.—sun-ny re-gion bright, When we hail the blessed light of the morn - ing.

CHORUS.

When we all meet a - gain in the morning, On the sweet, blooming

D.S.

hills in the morning; Nev - er more to say good night In that

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76 Mercy is Boundless and Free.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Thanks be to Je - sus, his mer-cy is free; Mer - cy is free,
2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer - cy is free,
3. Think of his good-ness, his patience and love; Mer - cy is free,
4. Yes, there is par - don for all who be-lieve; Mer - cy is free,

Refrain.—Je-sus, the Sav - ior, is look-ing for thee, Look-ing for thee.

mer - cy is free: Sin-ner, that mer-cy is flow-ing for thee,
mer - cy is free: Gen-tly the Spir - it is calling, "Come home,"
mer - cy is free: Pleading thy cause with his Fa - ther a - bove,
mer - cy is free: Come and this mo-ment a bless-ing re - ceive,

look - ing for thee; Lov-ing - ly, ten-der - ly call-ing for thee,

Fine.

Mer - cy is boundless and free. If thou art will-ing on
Mer - cy is boundless and free. Thou art in darkness, O,
Mer - cy is boundless and free. Come and re-pent-ing, O,
Mer - cy is boundless and free. Je - sus is wait-ing, O,

Call - ing and look-ing for thee.

him to be - lieve, Mer - cy is free, mer-cy is free.
come to the light, Mer - cy is free, mer-cy is free.
give him thy heart, Mer - cy is free, mer-cy is free.
hear him pro - claim Mer - cy is free, mer-cy is free.

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Mercy is Boundless and Free—Concluded.

D. C. Refrain.

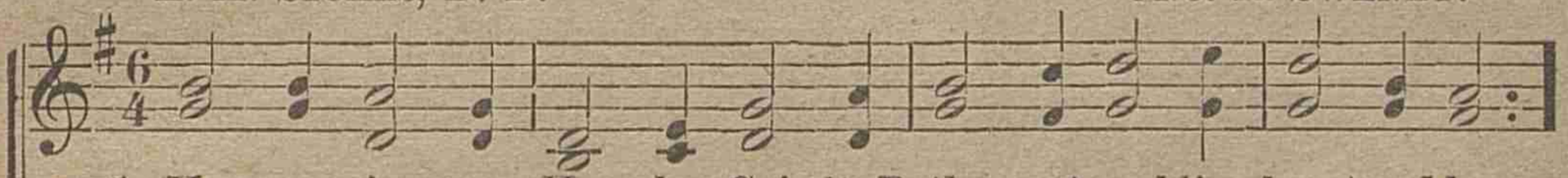


Life ev - er-last-ing thy soul may receive, Mercy is boundless and free.
Je - sus is waiting, he'll save you to-night, Mercy is boundless and free.
Grieve him no lon-ger, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.
Cling to his mer - cy, believe on his name, Mercy is boundless and free.



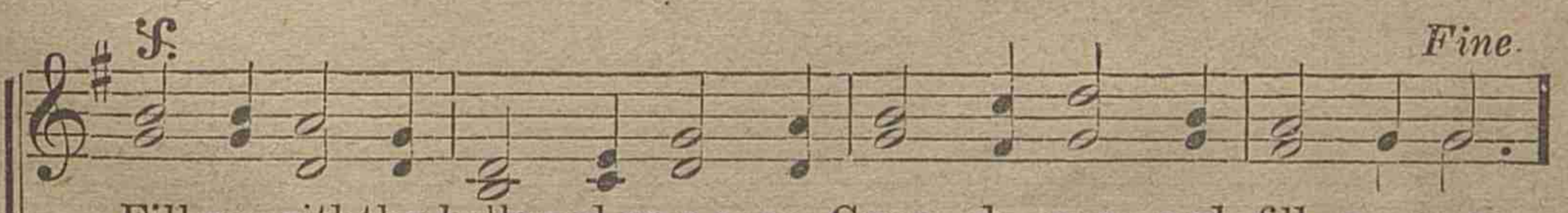
77 Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes, D. D. Jno. R. Sweney.



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





Fine.

Fill me with thy hallowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need thee, great-ly need thee; Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, divine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.



D. S. Fill me with thy hallow'd pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.



Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now.

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78 Stepping in the Light.

L. H. EDMUNDS. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Try-ing to fol-low our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is leading, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen-tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Upward, still upward we'll

Sav-ior and King; Shap-ing our lives by his bless-ed ex-am-ple,
turn from the way; Trust-ing the arm that is strong to defend us,
mer-cy, and love, Look-ing to him for the grace free-ly promised,
fol-low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beau-ty,"

CHORUS.

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

steps of the Sav-ior, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Savior, Led in paths of light.

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79 Tell it to Jesus.

Matt. xiv. 12.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. E. S. LORENZ. By per.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbid-den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you trou-bled at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev-ing o - ver joys de-part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to-mor - row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming King-dom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus,

He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

Our Fatherland.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Our Fatherland, thy name so dear Our souls repeat while strangers here;
2. Above the stars, above the skies, Thy tow'ring hills majestic rise;
3. There Jesus reigns, our Savior-King, And one by one his own will bring,
4. No tears shall dim, no pain destroy The light of peace, the smile of joy;

rit.

And oh, how oft we sigh for thee, Our Fatherland beyond the sea.
Thy sunny fields with verdure glow, And fadeless flowers in beauty grow.
Thy songs to join, thy bliss to share, O Fatherland, our Zi - on fair.
No more we'll clasp the parting hand Within thy gates, our Fatherland.

CHORUS.

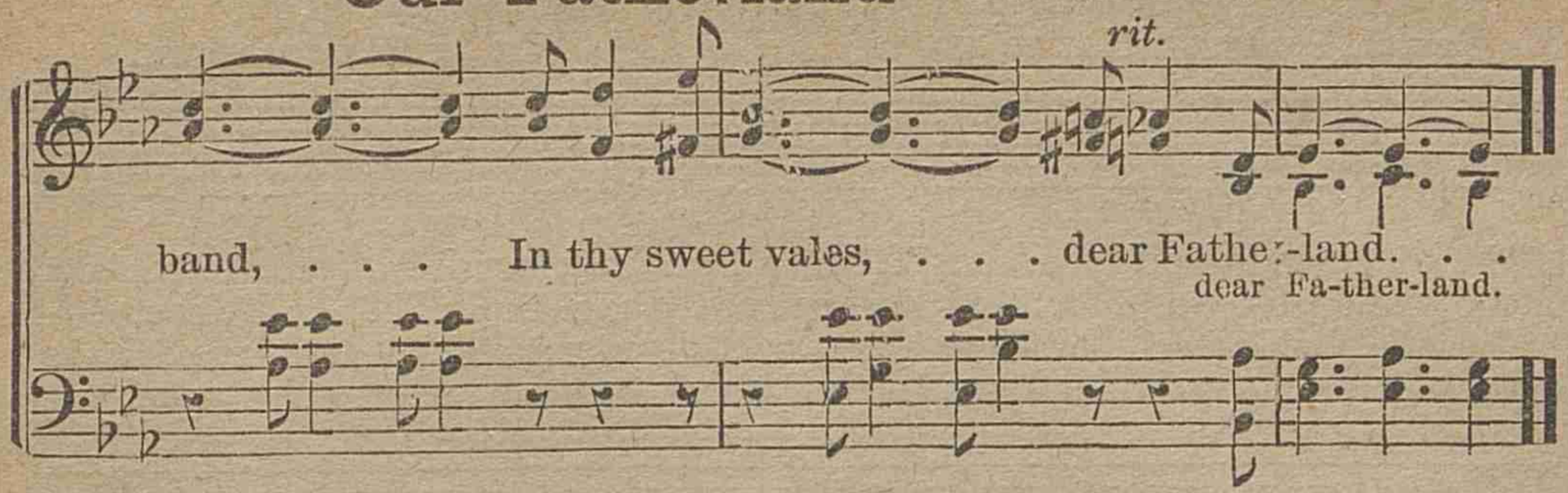
Our Father-land, . . . dear Father-land, . . . We long to

press . . . thy golden strand . . And hail the bright and shining

We long to press, we long to press thy golden strand.

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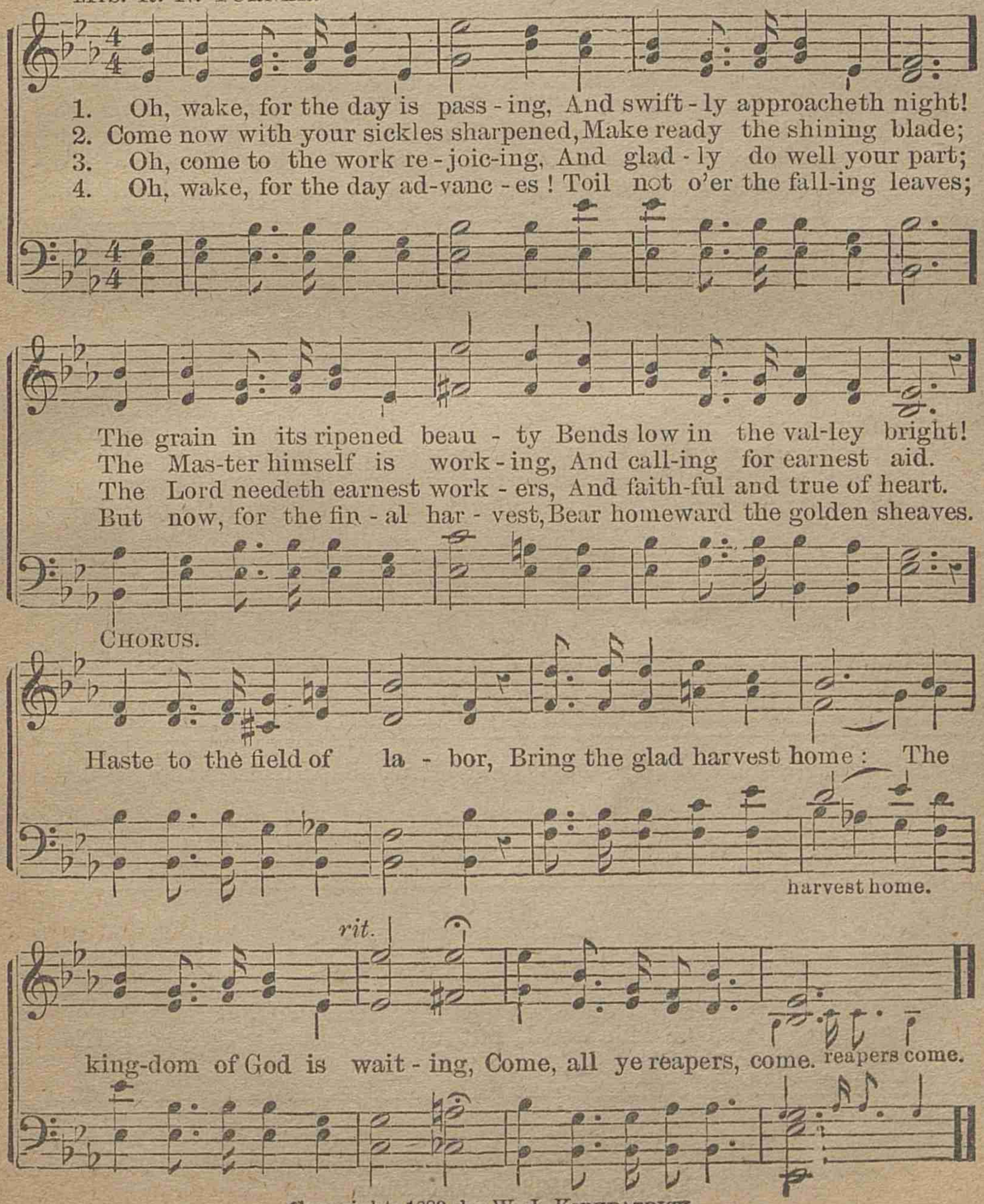
Our Fatherland.--Concluded.



81 Haste to the Field of Labor.

(Harvest Song.)

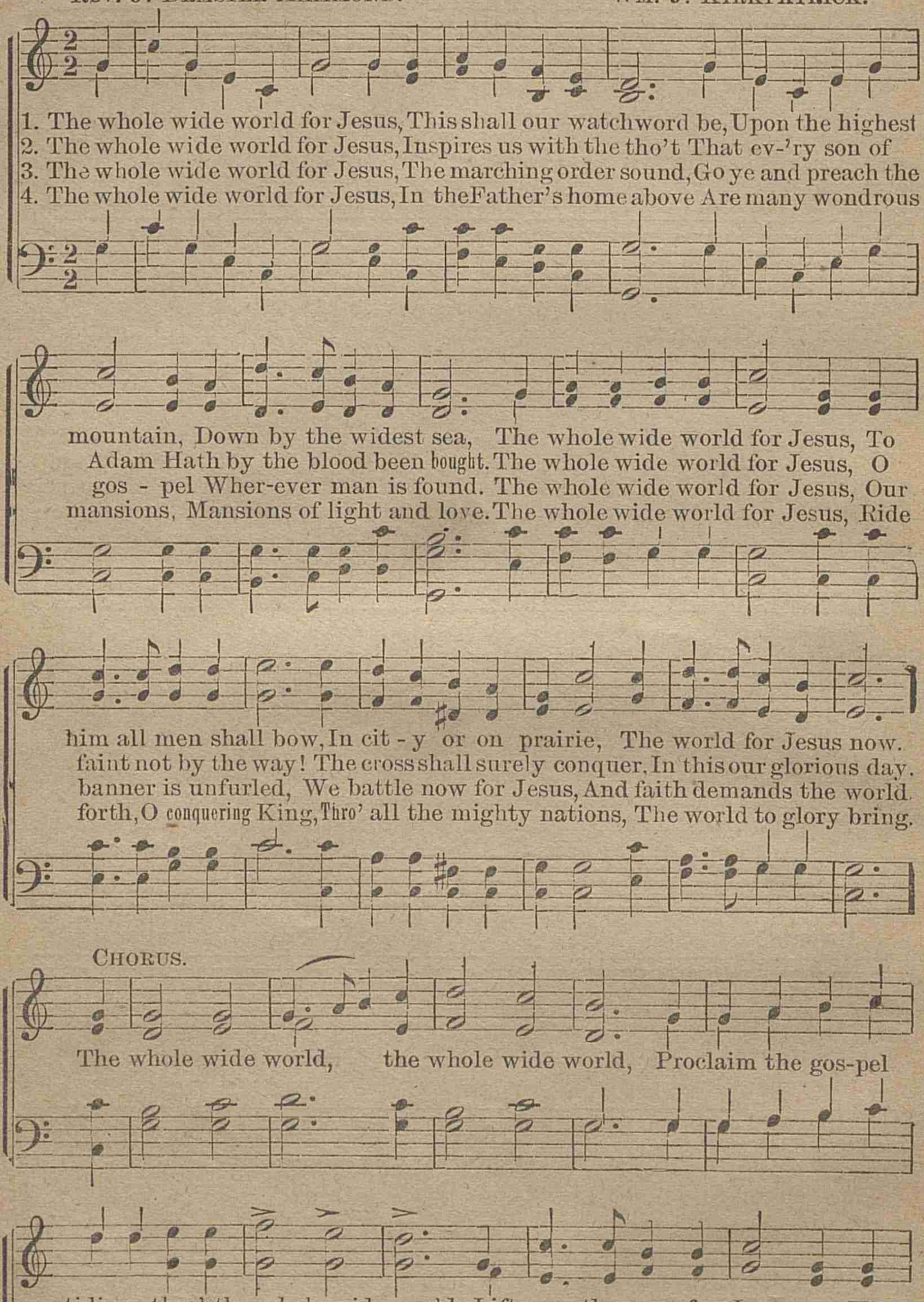
MRS. R. N. TURNER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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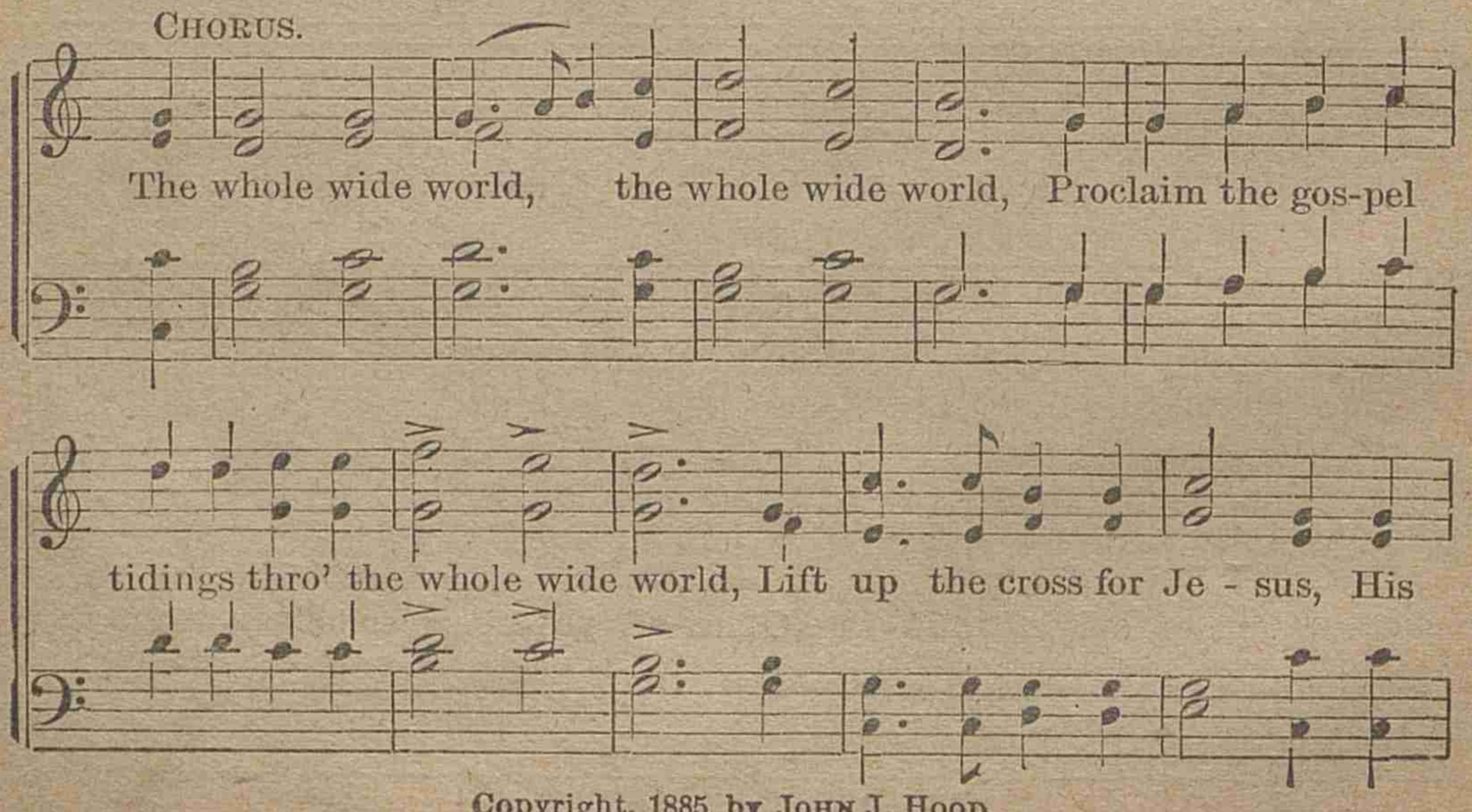
82 The Whole Wide World.

Rev. J. Demster Hammond. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. The whole wide world for Jesus, This shall our watchword be, Upon the highest mountain, Down by the widest sea, The whole wide world for Jesus, To him all men shall bow, In cit - y or on prairie, The world for Jesus now.
2. The whole wide world for Jesus, Inspires us with the tho't That ev-'ry son of Adam Hath by the blood been bought. The whole wide world for Jesus, O faint not by the way! The cross shall surely conquer, In this our glorious day.
3. The whole wide world for Jesus, The marching order sound, Go ye and preach the gos - pel Wher-ever man is found. The whole wide world for Jesus, Our banner is unfurled, We battle now for Jesus, And faith demands the world
4. The whole wide world for Jesus, In the Father's home above Are many wondrous mansions, Mansions of light and love. The whole wide world for Jesus, Ride forth, O conquering King, Thro' all the mighty nations, The world to glory bring.

Chorus.



The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Proclaim the gos-pel tidings thro' the whole wide world, Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

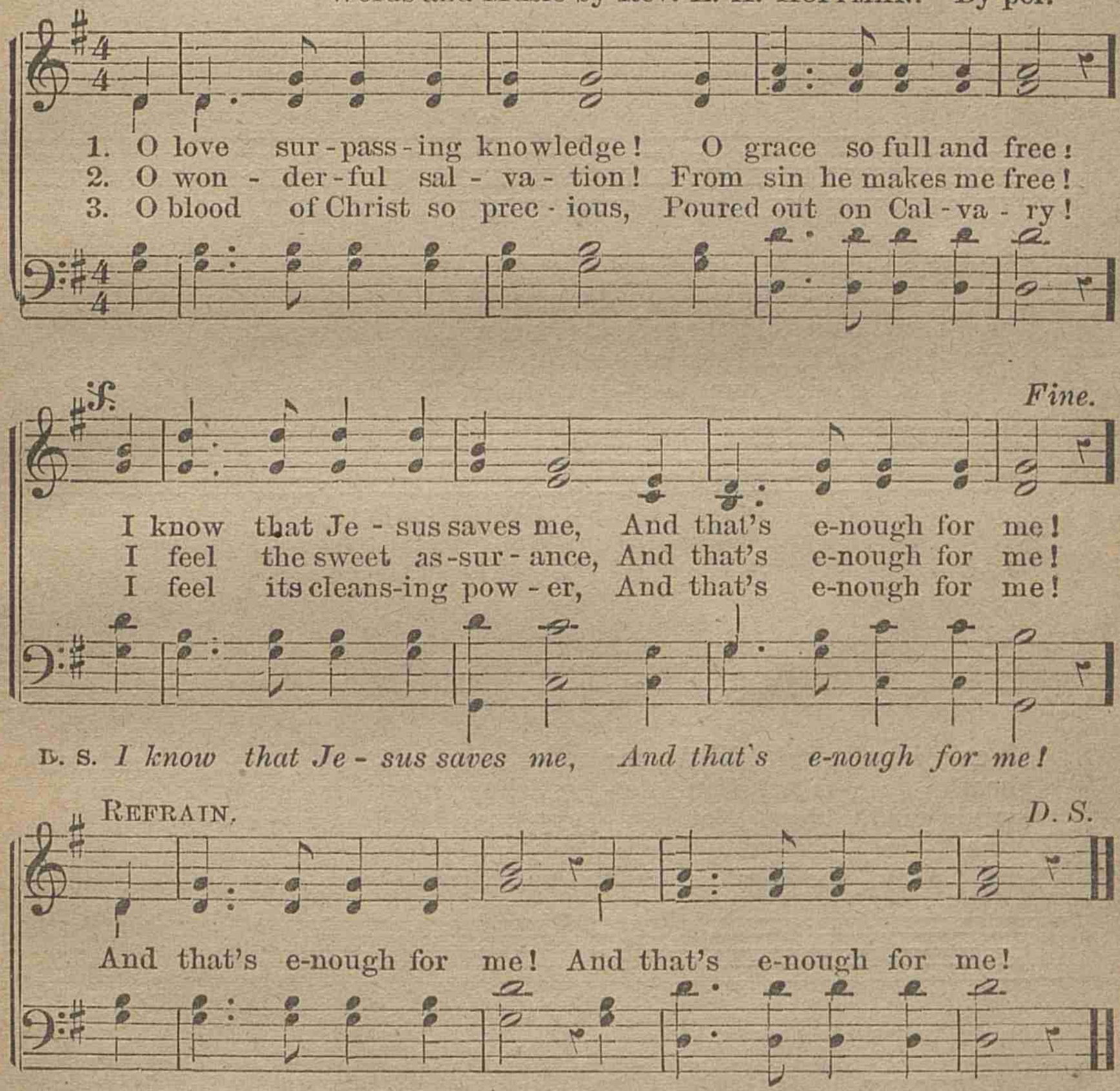
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The Whole Wide World—Concluded.



83 Enough for Me.

Words and Music by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.



4 Oh, wondrous love of Jesus,
He tasted death for me;
He lives my King forever,
And that's enough for me.

5 His blessed Holy Spirit
With mine doth now agree;
He tells me—I'm adopted:
And that's enough for me.

6 I have his sweet communion,
He walks—and talks with me,
And fills my life with gladness—
And that's enough for me.

7 His grace will be sufficient,
Till I his glory see,
Then safe at home forever—
And that's enough for me.

84 We have an Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the
2. It is safe - ly moor'd, 'twill the storm with - stand, For 'tis
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the
5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath - 'ring night The cit-

clouds un - fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the
well se - cur'd by the Sav - ior's hand; And the ca - bles, pass'd from his
break-ers have told the reef is near, Tho' the tem - pest rave and the
wa - ters cold chill our lat - est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can
y of gold, our har - bor bright, We shall an-chor fast by the

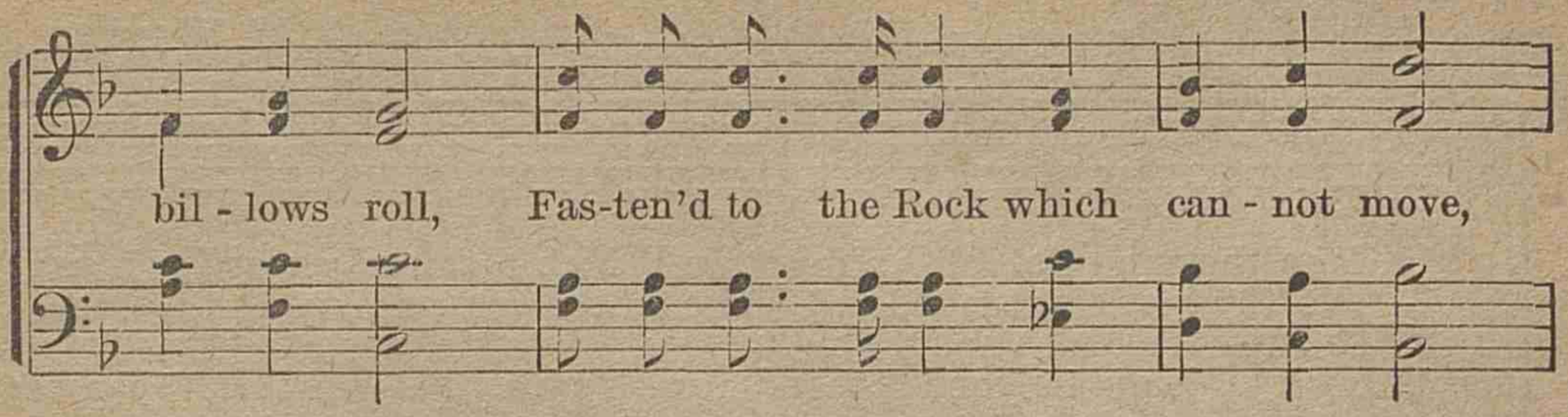
ca - bles strain, Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
heart to mine, Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di - vine.
wild winds blow, Not an angry wave shall our bark o'er - flow.
nev - er fail, While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
heav'n - ly shore, With the storms all past for - ev - er more.

REFRAIN.

We have an an - chor that keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the

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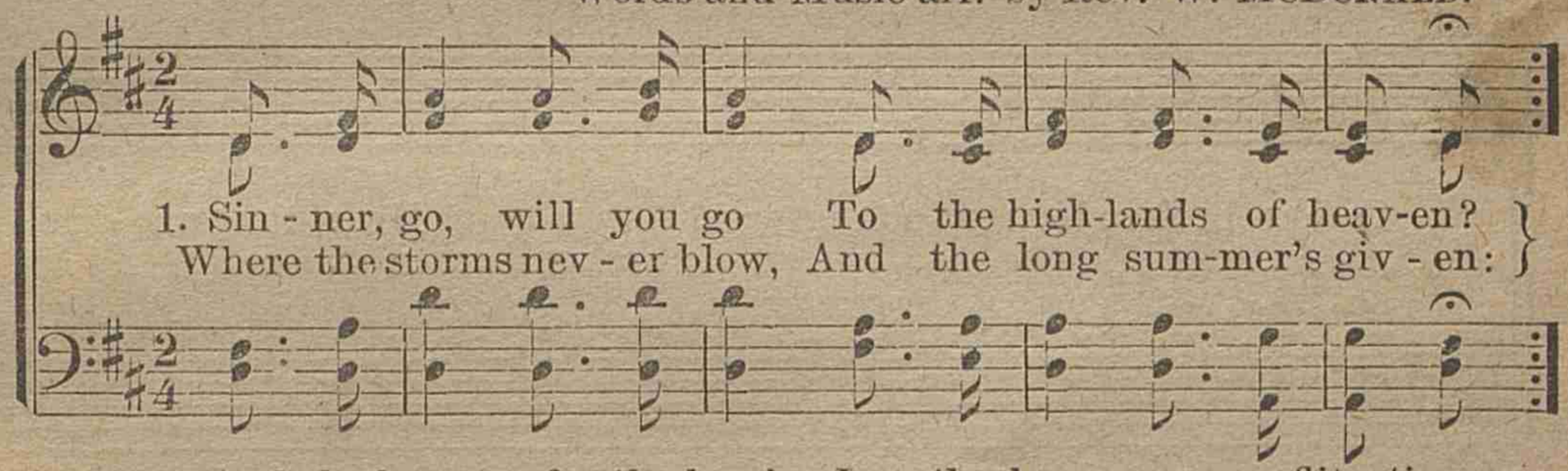
We have an Anchor.--Concluded





85 The Sinner Invited.

Words and Music arr. by Rev. W. McDONALD.



2. Where the saints rob'd in white,
Cleans'd in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be fear'd for the morrow.

3. He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Savior will soon
And forever cease pleading.

Broken Hearts.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. Like the mu - sic of a fountain Which a thirst - y trav'ler hears,
2. Tho' thy heart is crushed and broken, Like a storm-tossed ship at sea,
3. Tho' thy song hath nought but sorrow, Like a bird's whose breast is torn;
4. Look a - way be-yond thy sad-ness, Up to Je - sus turn thy gaze;

Speaks a voice from Calv'ry's mountain, "I am more than all thy fears."
Sink-ing, dying,–Christ hath spoken, "It is I, look un - to me."
Fly to Christ, nor wait the morrow, He hath all thy sor-rows borne.
Then thy song shall turn to gladness–Then thy tongue shall sound his praise.

CHORUS.

O ye broken hearts, look upward! Hear the an - gel
broken hearts,
voi - ces call - ing, Lift your eyes to Cal-v'ry's
call - ing you, Lift your eyes to
Je - sus. Bro - ken - heart - ed there for you.
Je - sus,

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87 They Crucified Him.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. Come, sin - ner, be - hold what Je - sus hath done,
2. From heav - en he came, he loved you— he died:
3. No pi - ty - ing eye, a sav - ing arm, none,
4. They cru - ci - fied him, and yet he for - gave,
5. So what will you do with Je - sus your King?

Be - hold how he suf-fered for thee: They cru - ci-fied him,
Such love as his nev - er was known; Be - hold; on the cross
He saw us and pit - ied us then; A - lone; in the fight,
"My Fa - ther, for - give them," he cried, What must he have borne,
Say, how will you meet him at last? What plea in the day

God's in - no-cent Son, For - sak - en, He died on the tree!
your King cru-ci - fied, To make you an heir to his throne!
the vict - 'ry he won; O praise him, ye chil - dren of men.
the sin - ner to save, When un - der the bur - den he died!
of wrath will you bring, When of - fers of mer - cy are past?

CHORUS.

They cru-ci-fied him, they cru-ci-fied him, They nailed him to the tree,

And so there he died, A King crucified To save a poor sinner like me.

like me.

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Home at Last.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Melody by M. LINDSAY. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Hark the song of ho - ly rap - ture, Hear it break from yon-der strand
2. O, the long and sweet re - un - ion, Where the bells of time shall cease,
3. Look be-yond, the skies are clear-ing; See, the mist dis-solves a - way;

Where our friends for us are wait - ing, In the gold - en, sum-mer land;
O, the greet-ing, end-less greet-ing, On the ver - nal heights of peace;
Soon our eyes will catch the dawn-ing Of a bright, ce - les - tial day;

They have reach'd the port of glo - ry, O'er the Jor-dan they have pass'd,
Where the hop - ing and de-spond-ing Of the wea - ry heart are past,
Soon the shad-ows will be lift - ed That a - round us now are cast,

And with millions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last:
And we en - ter life e - ter-nal,—Home at last, home at last:
And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last:

And with millions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last:
And we en - ter life e - ter-nal,—Home at last, home at last:
And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last:

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89

Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D. *With expression.* FRANK M. DAVIS.



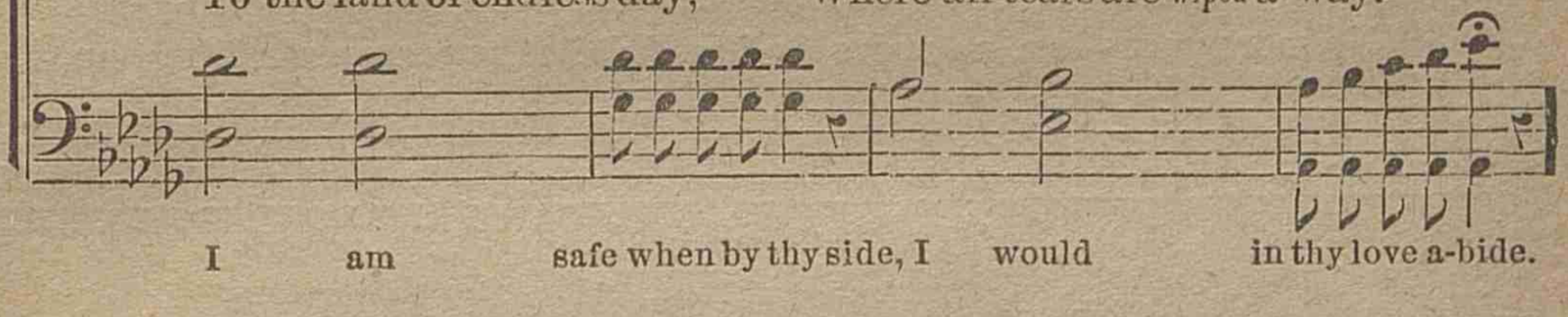
1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen-tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Sav-ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,



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



I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide.
I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee rely.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped a-way.



I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide.

CHORUS.



Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;
lest I stray;



Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Savior, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

From "Carols of Joy," by per.

90 While the Years are rolling on.

HARRIET. B. MCKEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

Recitante.

1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on,
2. There's no time to waste in sigh-ing, While the years are rolling on;
3. Let us strengthen one an-oth-er, While the years are rolling on;
4. Friends we love are quick-ly fly-ing, While the years are rolling on;

Christian souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on.
Time is fly - ing, souls are dy-ing, While the years are rolling on.
Seek to raise a fall - en brother, While the years are rolling on.
No more part - ing, no more dy-ing, While the years are rolling on.

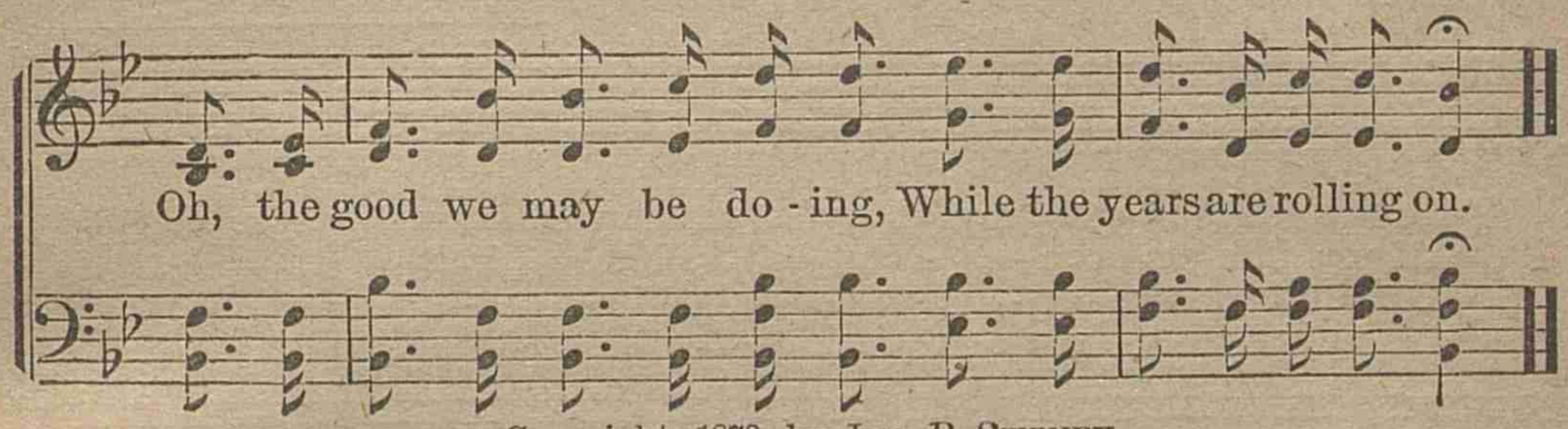
While our jour - ney we pur - sue, With the ha-ven still in view,
Lov - ing words a soul may win From the wretched paths of sin;
This is work for ev - 'ry hand, Till, thro'-out cre - a - tion's land,
In the world be-yond the tomb Sor - row nev - er more can come,

There is work for us to do, While the years are roll-ing on.
We may bring the wand'rers in, While the years are roll-ing on.
Ar - mies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are roll-ing on.
When we meet in that blest home, While the years are roll-ing on.

While the Years are rolling on—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

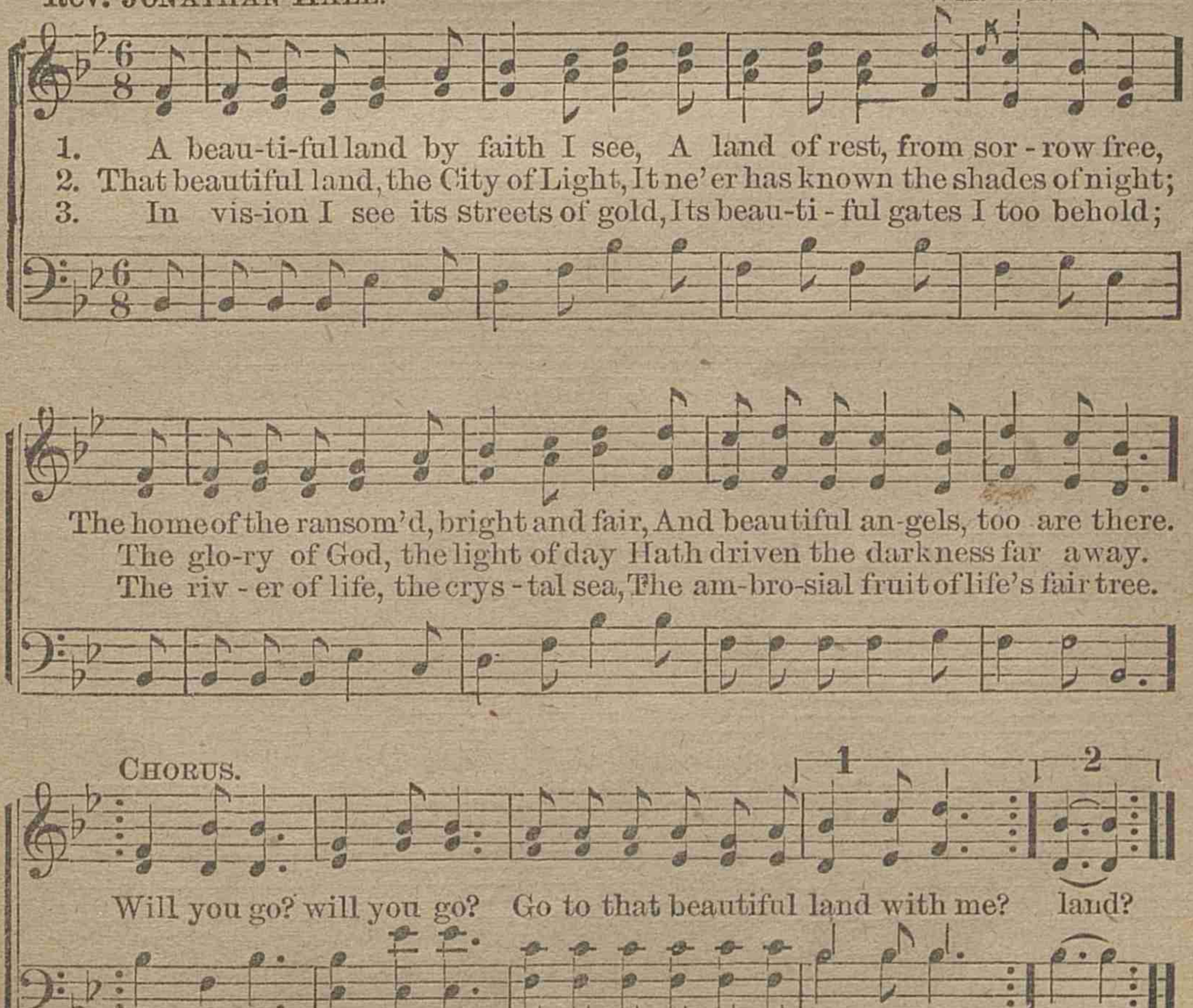




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91 Beautiful Land.

Rev. JONATHAN HALL. WM. BRADBURY.



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92 The Savior Precious.

JAMES S. APPLE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have found the Sav - ior precious, And I love him more and more;
   I have found the Sav - ior precious, And I find him precious still;
2. I have found the Sav - ior precious, And, wher-ev - er I may go,
   I am read - y, if he calls me, In the bat - tle front to stand;

He has rolled a - way my bur-den, And my mourning days are o'er;
All my life is con - se - crat - ed To his (*Omit.*)
I will bear the roy - al standard, And its col - ors I will show;
I am read - y—yes, and waiting—To ful- (*Omit.*)

CHORUS.

service and his will. I have tak - - - en up the cross, And will
fill my Lord's command. I have taken up the cross, And will never lay it down, I have

nev - - er lay it down Till I see..... his face in
taken up the cross, And will never lay it down Till I see his face in glo-ry, Till I

glo - - ry, And re - ceive..... a star - ry crown.
see his face in glo - ry, And re-ceive a star - ry crown, a star - ry crown.

3 I have found the Savior precious;
Hallelujah! praise his name!
To a mansion in his kingdom
Through his grace the right I claim.

I have found the Savior precious;
He has proved my dearest Friend;
And my faith can trust his promise
Of protection to the end.

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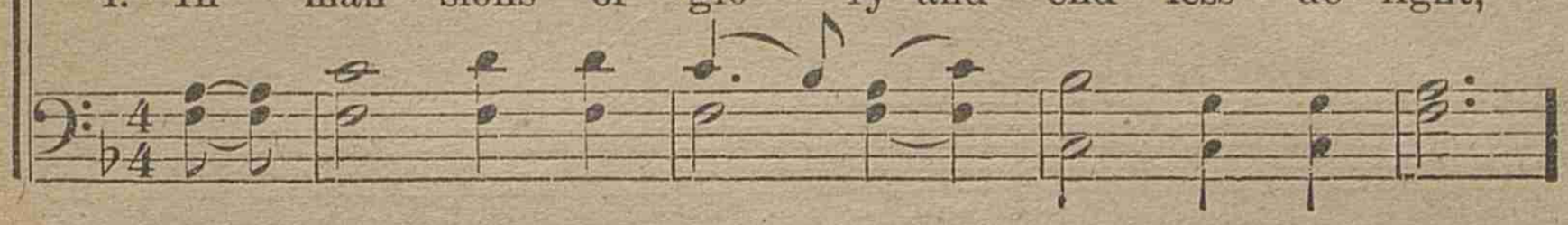
93 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—John 17: 10.

London Hymn Book, 1864. A. J. Gordon. By per.

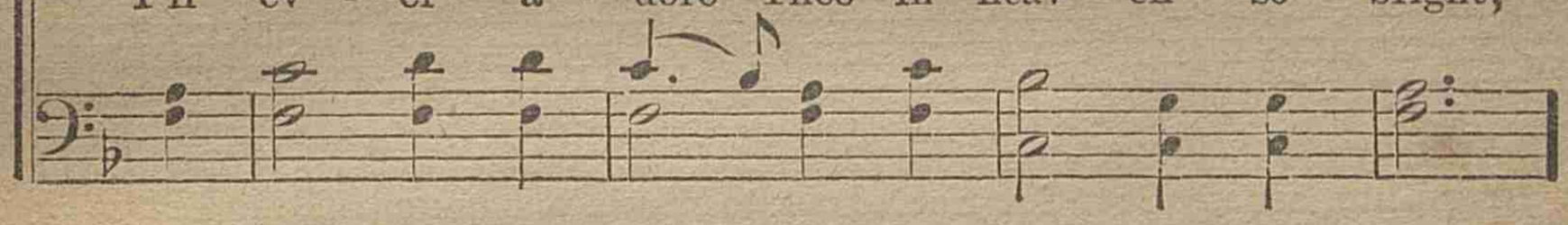


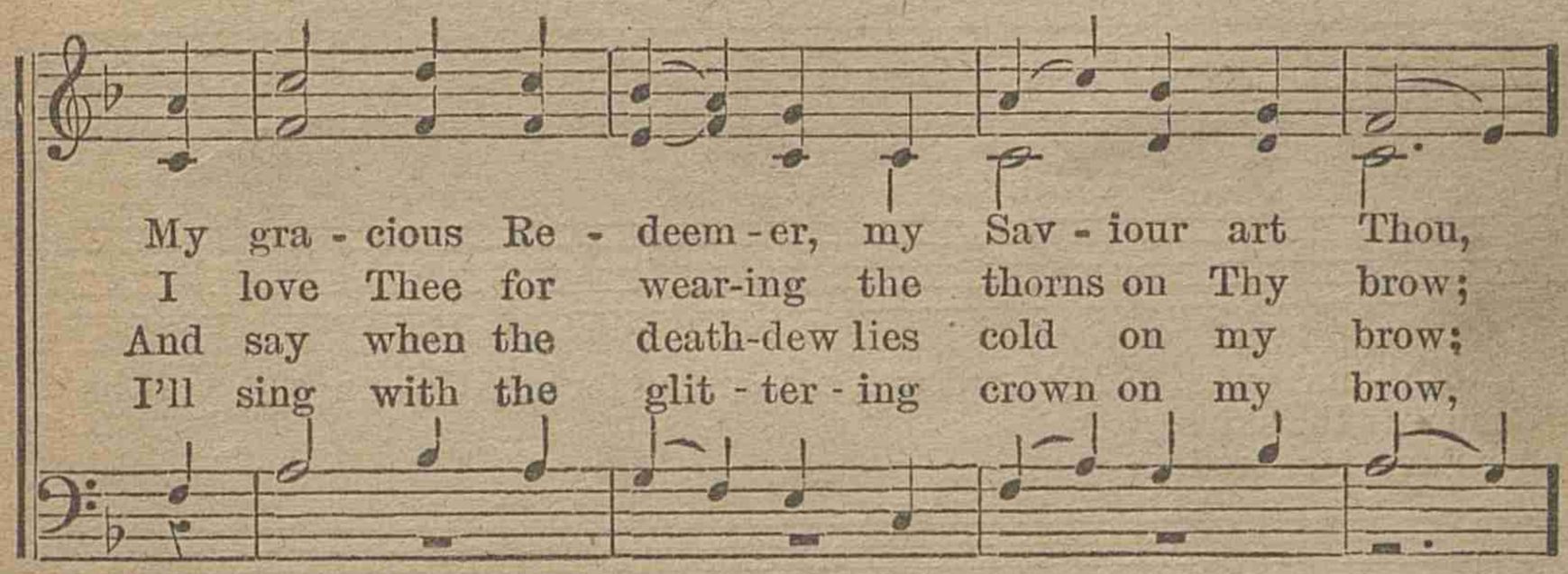
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,





For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;





My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
I love Thee for wear-ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow;
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now,



Life of Christ.

JESSIE H. BAKER. J. M. WHYTE.

1. From a pal - ace to a man-ger, Once the Sav - ior came; Poor, de-
2. On the cross, his arms ex - tended, There my Sav - ior dies; In a
3. Wide are flung the gates of brightness, List the heav'n-ly strains! On a

spis'd, and call'd a stranger; This, my Sav-ior's fame. Down in pathways dark and
grave—his life-work ended, There my Sav - ior lies, From the tomb, death's fetters
throne of dazzling whiteness, Now my Savior reigns, And to see him in his

drear - y, Still my Sav - ior goes, Cheering hearts grown faint and weary, Bear-ing
rend-ing, See my Sav - ior rise, Back to heav'n to home ascending, Lo! he
beau - ty On the hills of God; I must tread the path of du - ty, That my

CHORUS.

oth - ers' woes. My Lord was cru - ci-fied for me, Up - on the cross he
mounts the skies.
Sav - ior trod.

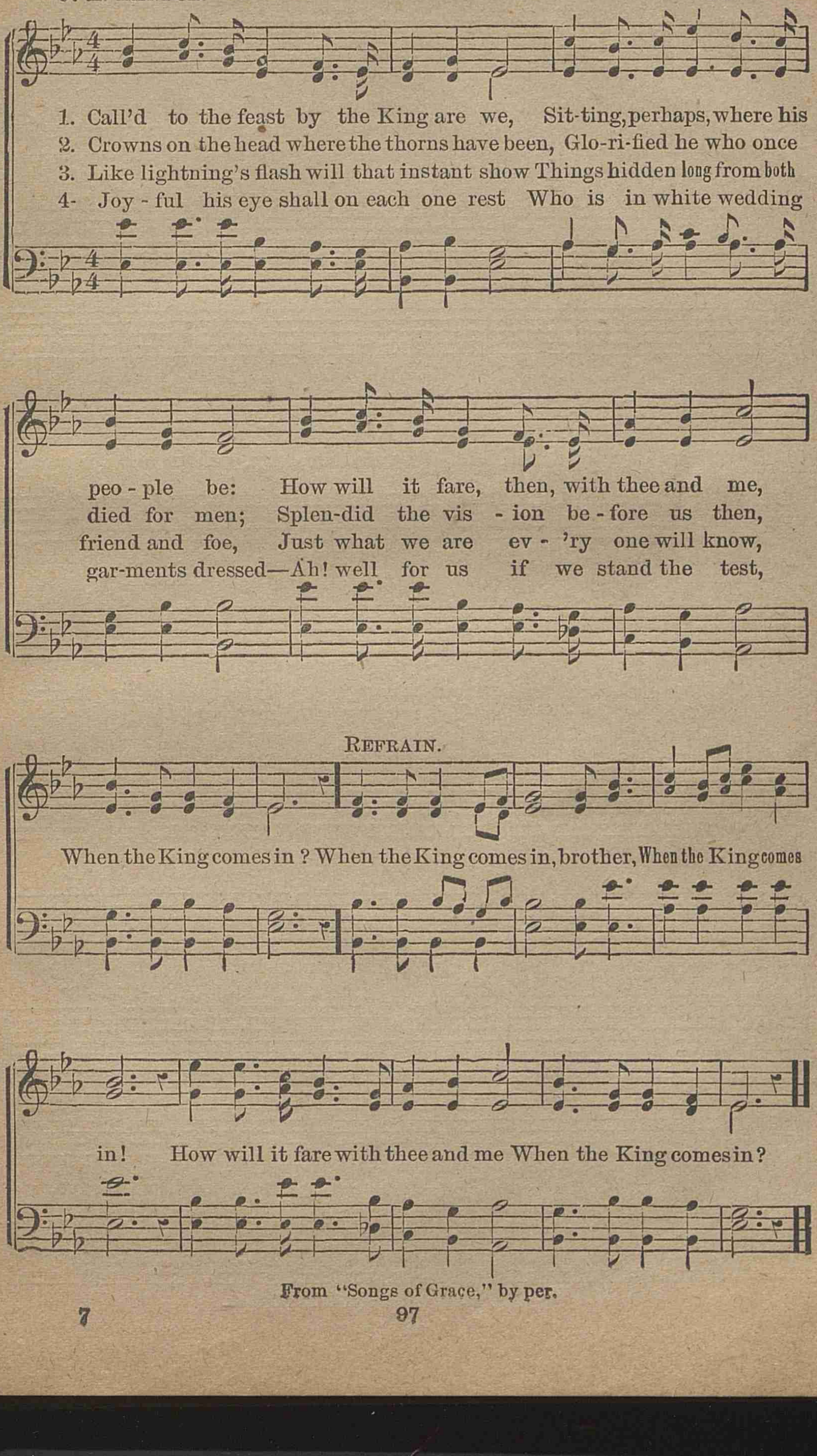
died for me, And I will love thee, my Sav-ior; For thou hast first lov'd me.

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95

When the King comes in.

J. E. LANDOR. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where his peo - ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me,
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo-ri-fied he who once died for men; Splen-did the vis - ion be - fore us then,
3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both friend and foe, Just what we are ev - 'ry one will know,
4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding gar-ments dressed—Ah! well for us if we stand the test,

REFRAIN.

When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

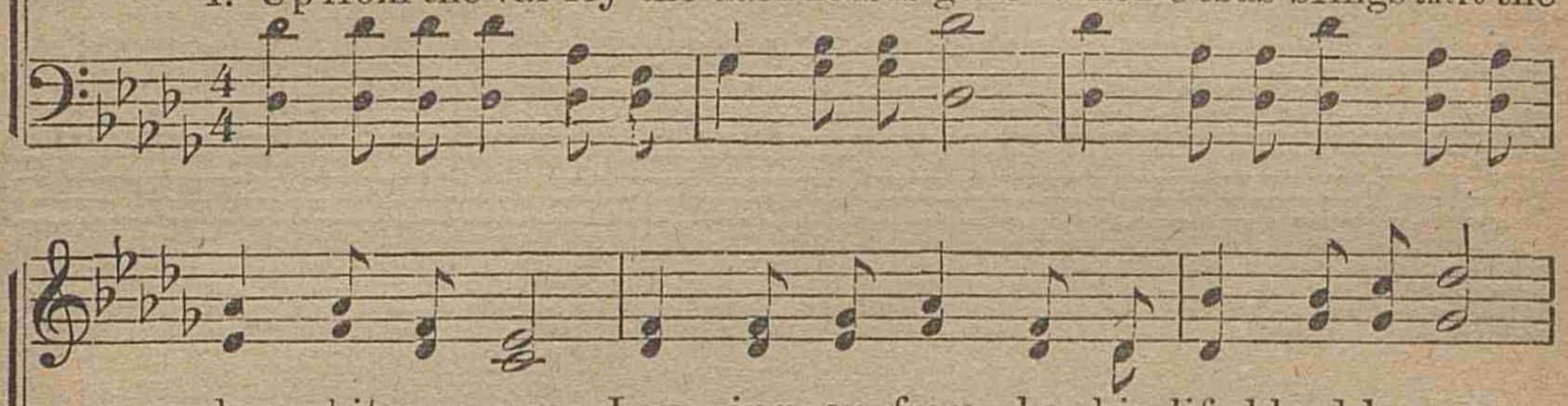
From "Songs of Grace," by per.

He's Mighty to Save.

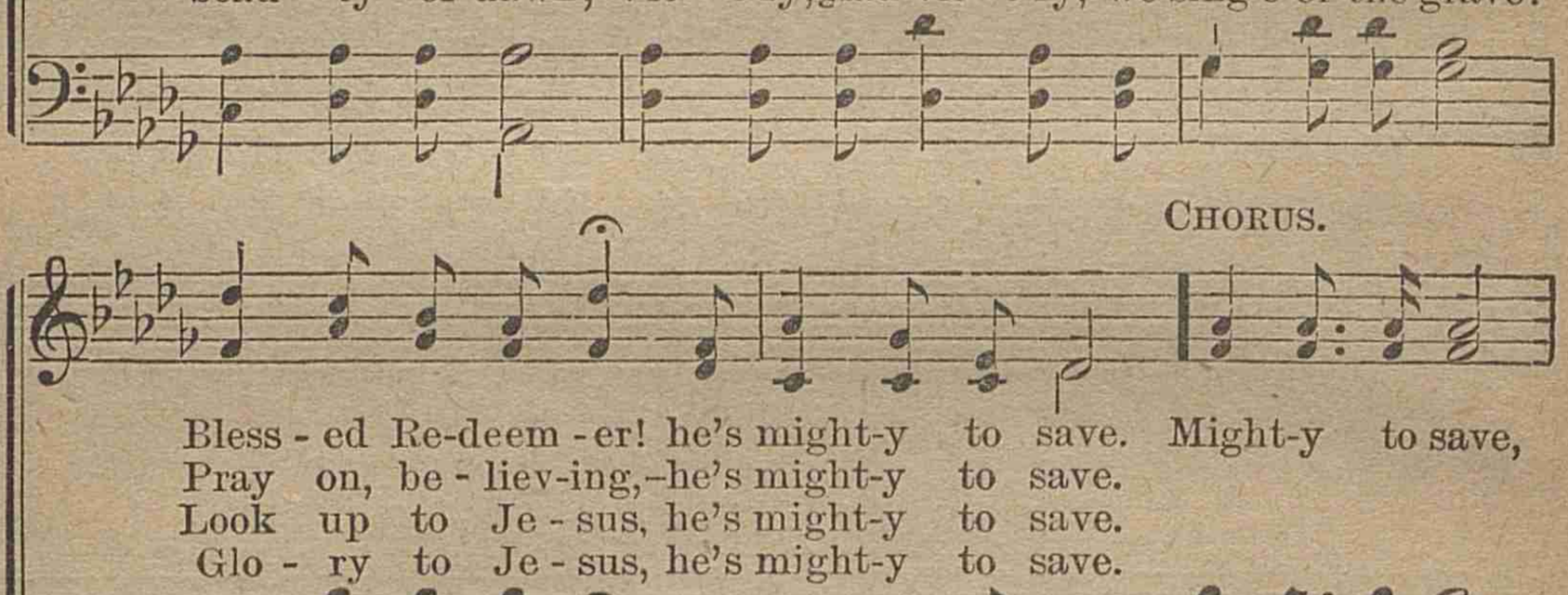
E. E. HEWITT. Isaiah lxiii. 1. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Je - sus is waiting his grace to be-stow; Sin "red like crimson" he
2. Standing a-lone in the strife we shall fail, Close to our Lead-er his
3. Take him the burden that weighs on your heart, Take him the trouble, he'll
4. Up from the val-ley the darkness is gone When Jesus brings there the

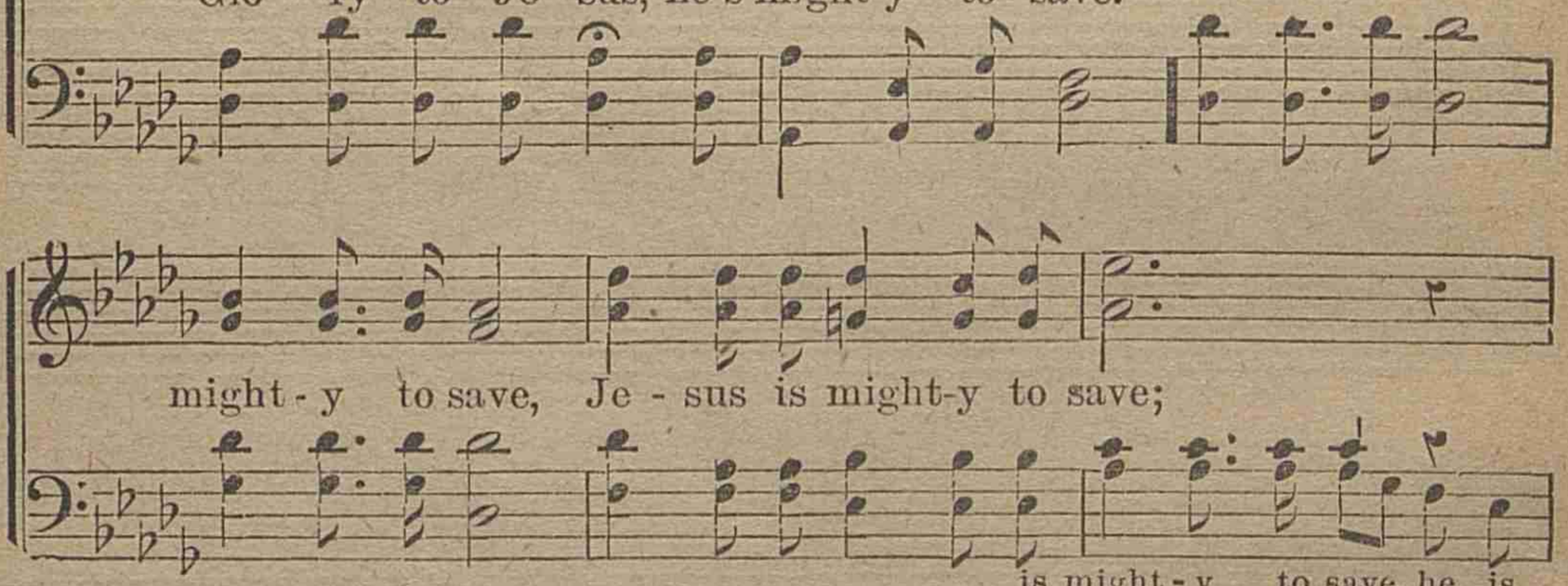


makes white as snow; Lov - ing us free - ly, his life-blood he gave;
might will pre-vail; Or if a bless - ing for oth - ers we crave,
com - fort im - part; Held by his hand we can walk on the wave;
beau - ty of dawn; Vic - t'ry, glad vic - t'ry, we sing o'er the grave!



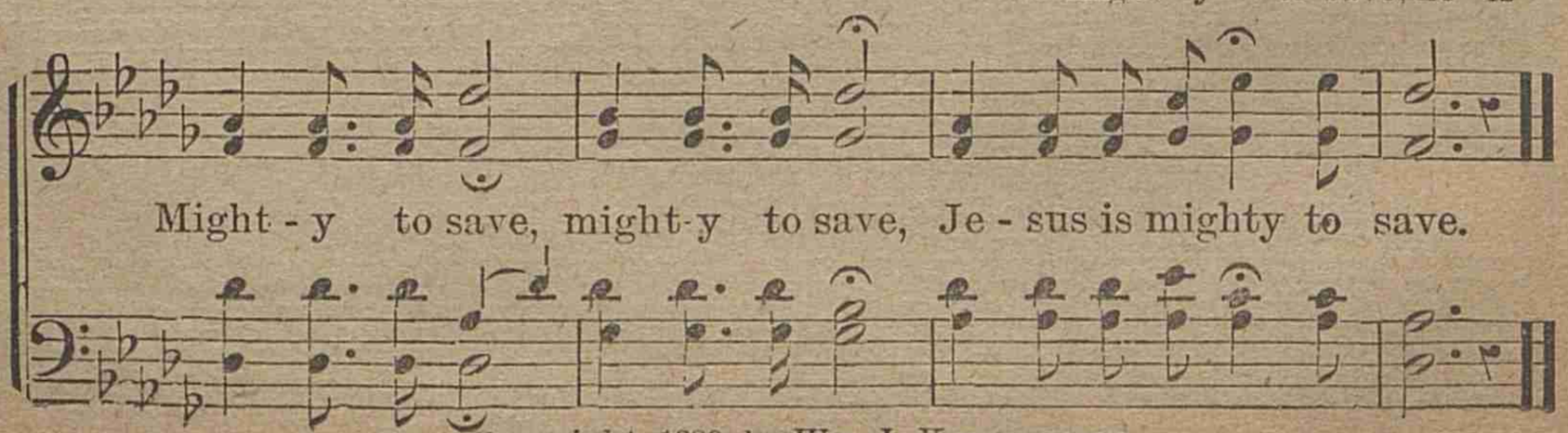
CHORUS.

Bless - ed Re-deem - er! he's might-y to save. Might-y to save,
Pray on, be - liev-ing,—he's might-y to save.
Look up to Je - sus, he's might-y to save.
Glo - ry to Je - sus, he's might-y to save.



might - y to save, Je - sus is might-y to save;

is might - y to save, he is



Might - y to save, might-y to save, Je - sus is mighty to save.

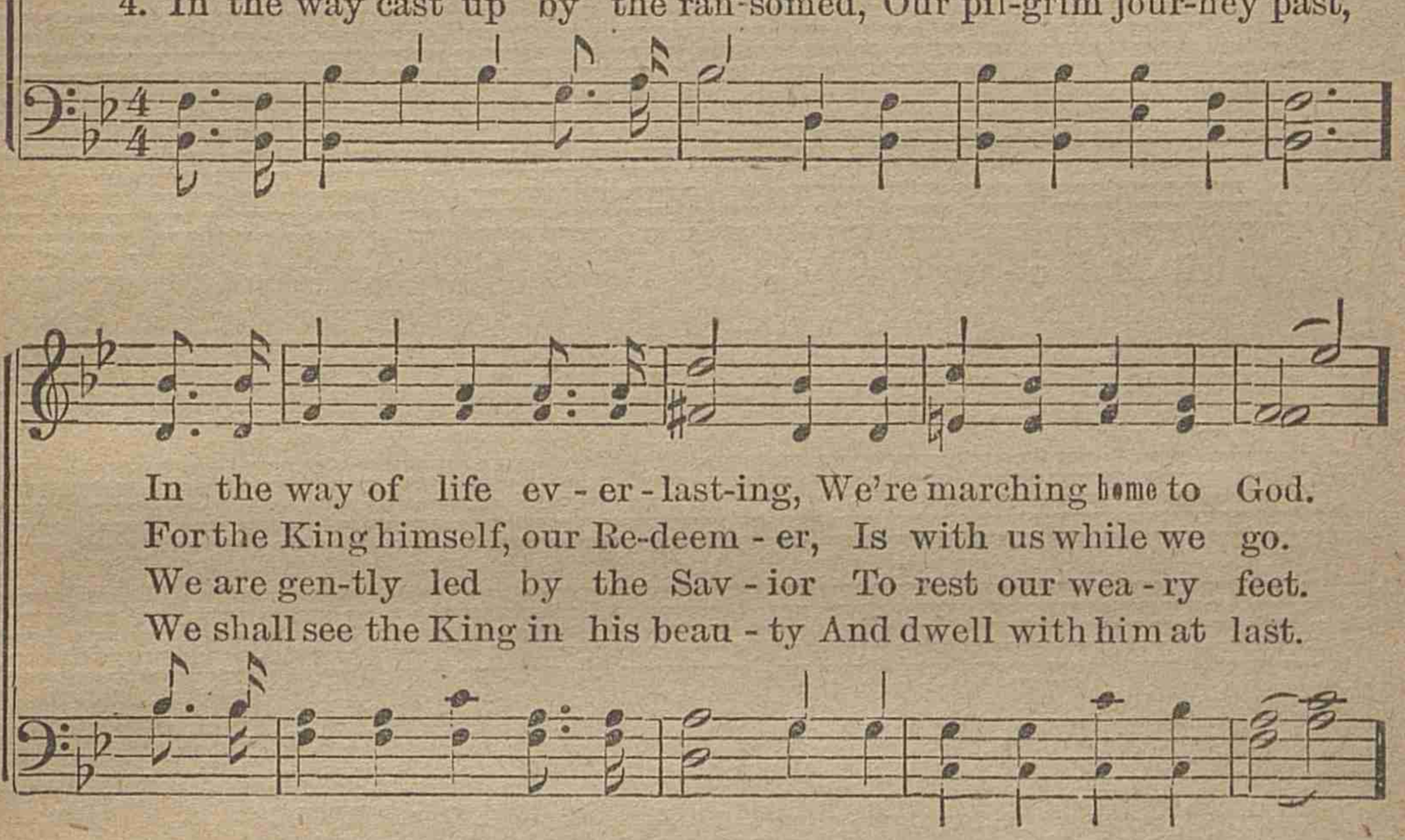
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97 Marching in the King's Highway.

SALLIE A. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.



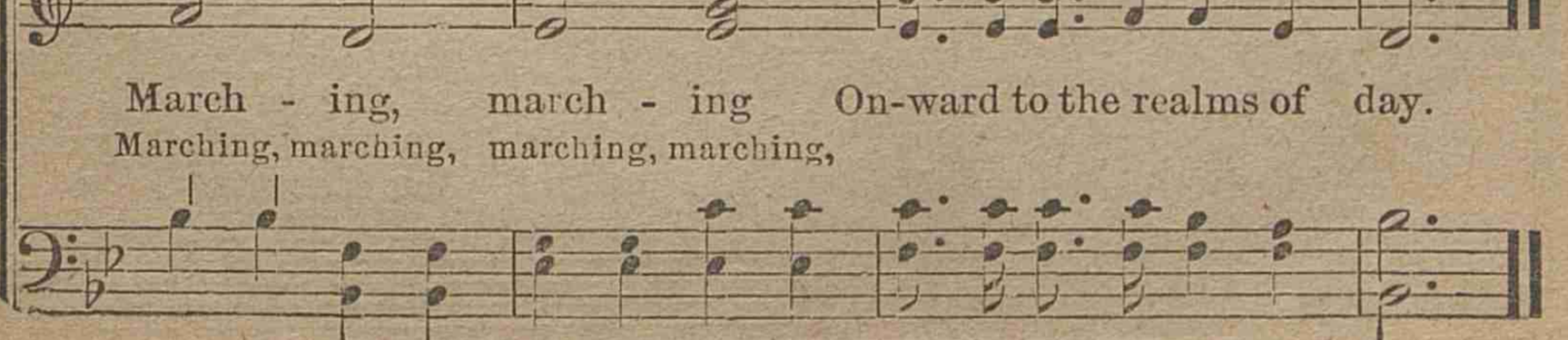
1. In the way cast up for the ran-somed, By count-less mill-ions trod,
2. In the way cast up for the ran-somed, What constant joy we know;
3. In the way cast up for the ran-somed, By foun-tains cool and sweet,
4. In the way cast up by the ran-somed, Our pil-grim jour-ney past,



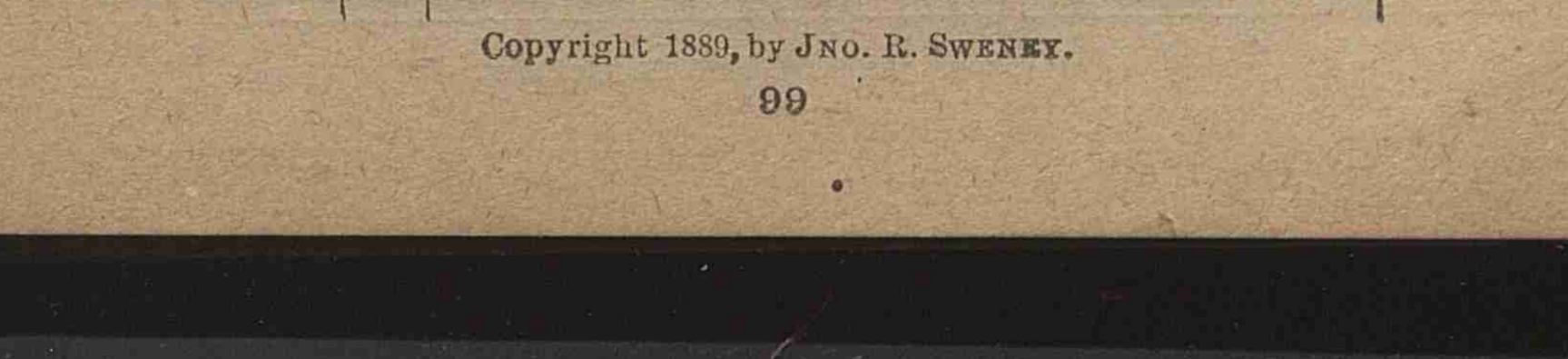
In the way of life ev - er - last-ing, We're marching home to God.
For the King himself, our Re-deem - er, Is with us while we go.
We are gen-tly led by the Sav - ior To rest our wea - ry feet.
We shall see the King in his beau - ty And dwell with him at last.



CHORUS.



March-ing, march - ing, Marching in the King's high-way;
Marching, marching, onward marching, we're marching.



March - ing, march - ing On-ward to the realms of day.
Marching, marching, marching, marching,

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98 Let us Hear you Tell It.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. O, brother, have you told how the Lord for-gave? Let us hear you
2. When toil-ing up the way, was the Sav-ior there? Let us hear you
3. Was ev - er on your tongue such a blessed theme? Let us hear you
4. The bat-tles you have fought, and the vict'ries won, Let us hear you

tell it o - ver once a - gain; Thy com-ing to the cross, where he
tell it o - ver once a - gain; Did Je - sus bear you up in his
tell it o - ver once a - gain; 'Tis ev - er sweet-er far than the
tell it o - ver once a - gain; 'Twill help them on the way who have

died to save, Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
ten - der care? Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
sweetest dream, Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
just be - gun, Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.

Are you walk-ing now in his blessed light? Are you cleansed from
Nev - er have you found such a friend as he, Who can help you
There are aching hearts in the world's great throng, Who have sought for
We are striv-ing now with the hosts of sin, Soon with Christ our

ev - 'ry guilt - y stain? Is he your joy by day, and your
'midst the toil and pain; O all the world should hear what he's
rest, and all in vain; Hold Je - sus up to them by your
Sav - ior we shall reign; Ye ransomed of the Lord, try a

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Let us Hear you Tell It—Concluded.

song by night? Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
done for thee; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
word and song; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.
soul to win; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.

CHORUS.

Let us hear you tell it o - ver,
Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain,

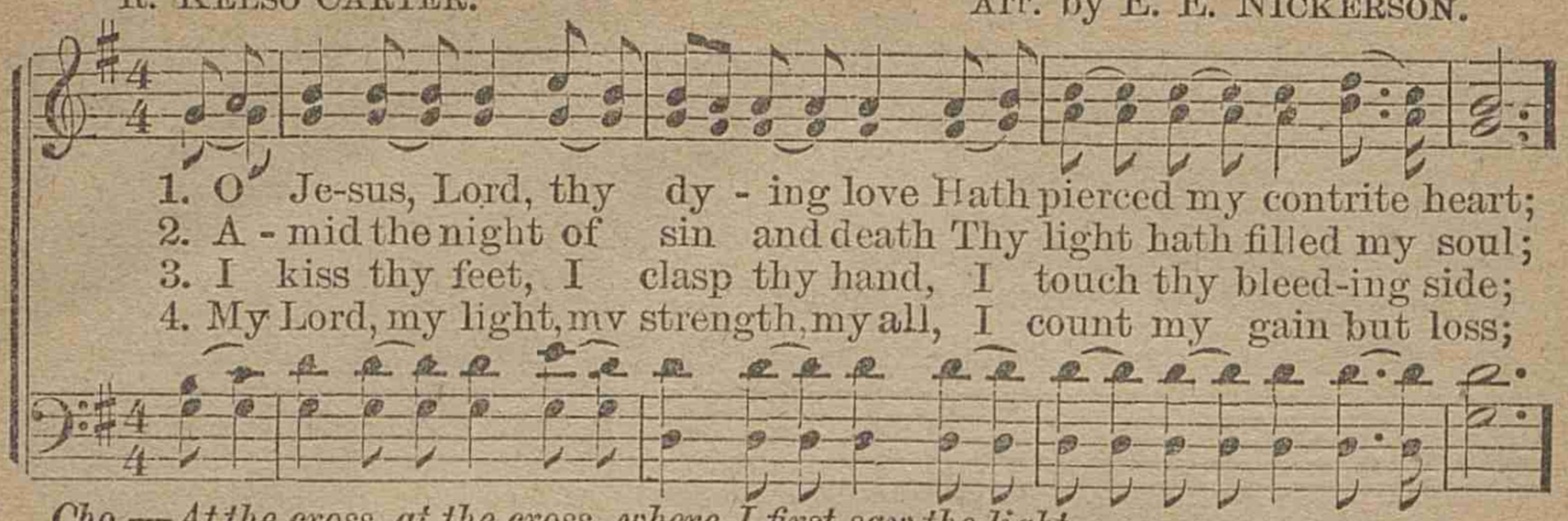
tell it o - - - ver once a - gain,
tell it o - ver, tell it o - ver once a - gain,

Tell the sweet and bless-ed sto - ry, It will help you on to

glo - ry, Let us hear you tell it o - ver once a - gain.

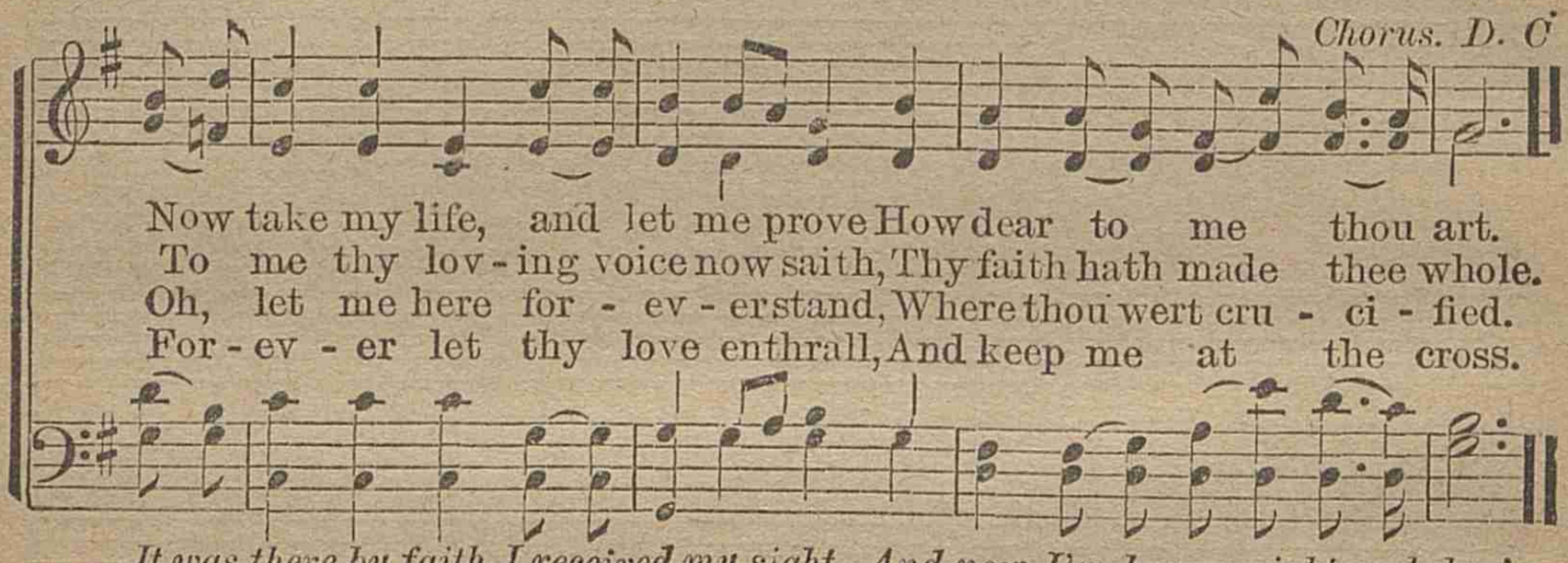
99 At the Cross.

R. KELSO CARTER. Arr. by E. E. NICKERSON.



1. O Je-sus, Lord, thy dy - ing love Hath pierced my contrite heart;
2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul;
3. I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand, I touch thy bleed-ing side;
4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;

Cho.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away.



Chorus. D. C

Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.
To me thy lov - ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
Oh, let me here for - ev - er stand, Where thou wert cru - ci - fied.
For - ev - er let thy love enthrall, And keep me at the cross.

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I'm happy night and day!

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100 Crown Him Lord of All.



1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

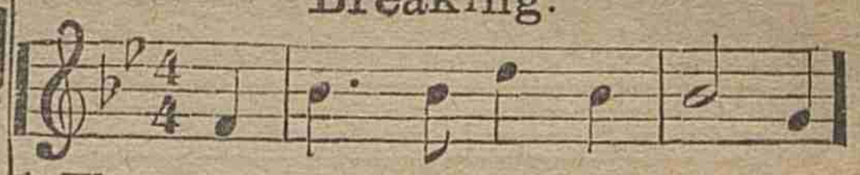
3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

101 The Morning Light is Breaking.



1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

102 Jesus shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. KARL WILHELM, Arr.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to shore,
2. To him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end - less prais - es crown his head; His name like sweet per - fume shall rise

Till moons shall wax and wane no more, From north to south the
With ev - 'ry morning sac - ri - fice, Peo - ple and realms of

prin-ces meet, To pay their hom-age at his feet; While west-ern
ev-'ry tongue Dwell on his love with sweet-est song, And in - fant

em - pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at - tend his word.
voi - ces shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless - ings on his name

Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

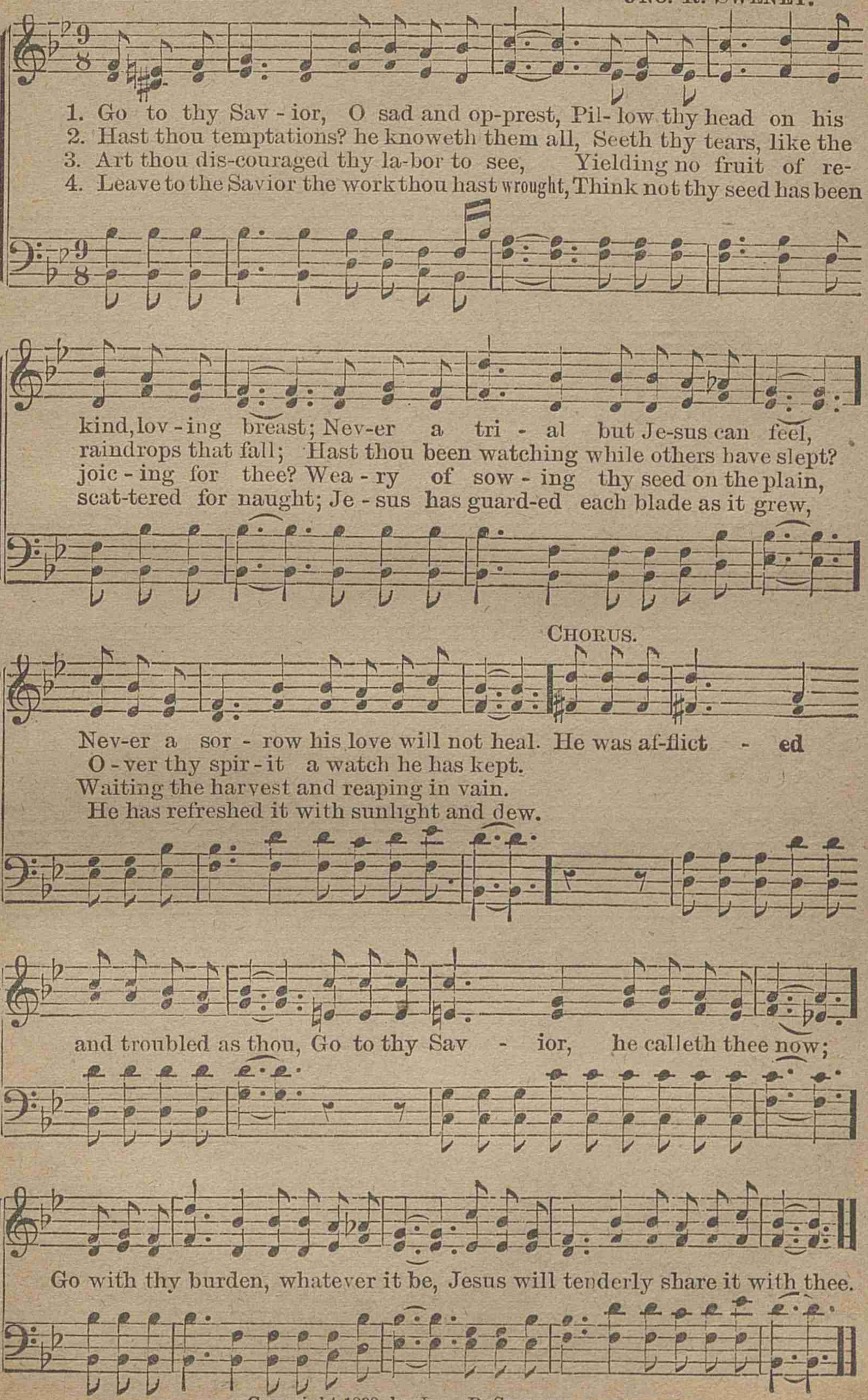
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High-est hill and deep-est caves.

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

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104 Go to Thy Savior.

SALLIE E. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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105 Take Him at His Word.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON, D. D. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. God's word a - bid - eth ev - er, His prom - is - es stand fast;
2. O seek - er of sal - va - tion No long - er sorrow-ing go;
3. O wea - ry heav - y la - den, O soul by grief op-pressed,
4. I come thou gra-cious Sav - ior, My self I give to thee,

Tho' earth and heav'n may per - ish His truth shall ev - er last.
Tho' red, thy sins, like crim-son He'll make them white as snow.
Heed now his in - vi - ta - tion, And come to him for rest.
Thine ev - er - more, thine on - ly, For life or death to be.

Take then, for faiths foun - da - tion, This Rock, "Thus saith the Lord!"
His bless - ed peace he'll give thee, With joy he'll fill thy soul;—
He bids thee cast thy bur - den On Him, Thy lov-ing Lord,
O bless - ed, bless - ed, Je - sus My lov - ing faith-ful Lord,

CHORUS.

In life, and death still trust him, And take him at his word. Take him at his word,
"Thy sins are all forgiven, Thy faith hath made thee whole."
And tell him all thy sorrow, O take him at his word.
With all my soul I trust thee, I take thee at thy word!

Take him at his word; His word can never fail thee, O take him at his word.

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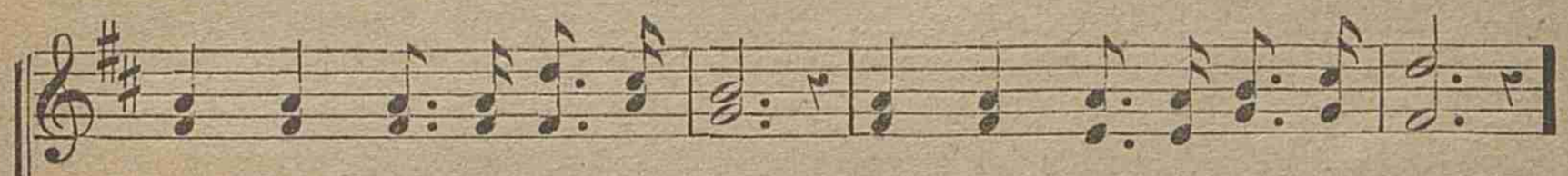
106 Entire Consecration.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



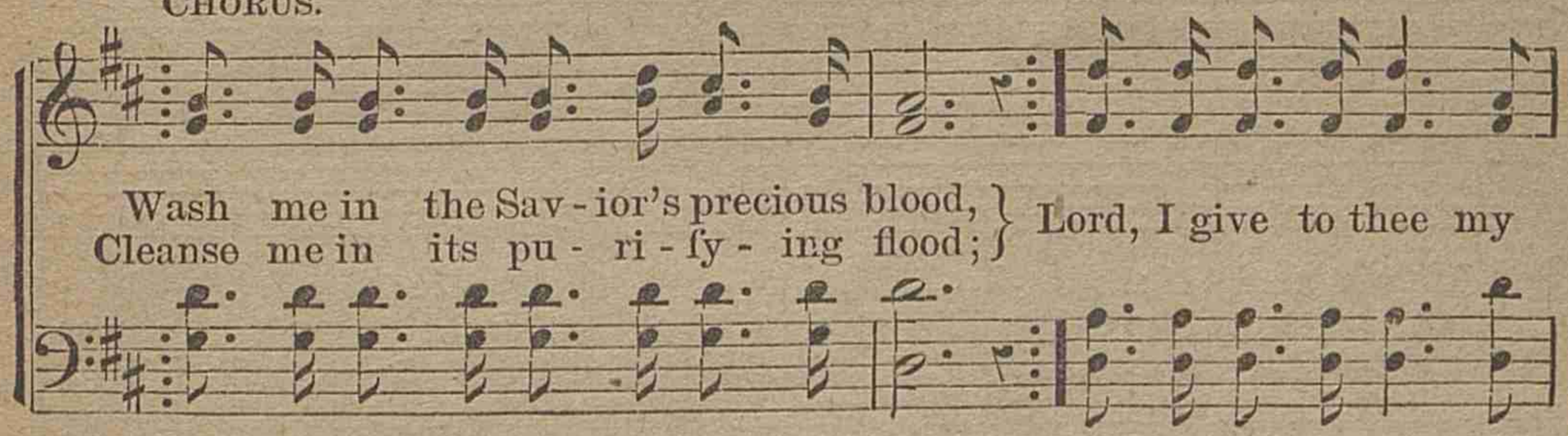
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes-sa-ges from thee;
4. Take my will, and make it thine; It shall be no lon-ger mine;
5. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At thy feet its treas-ure-store;





Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days; Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my heart—it is thine own, It shall be thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.

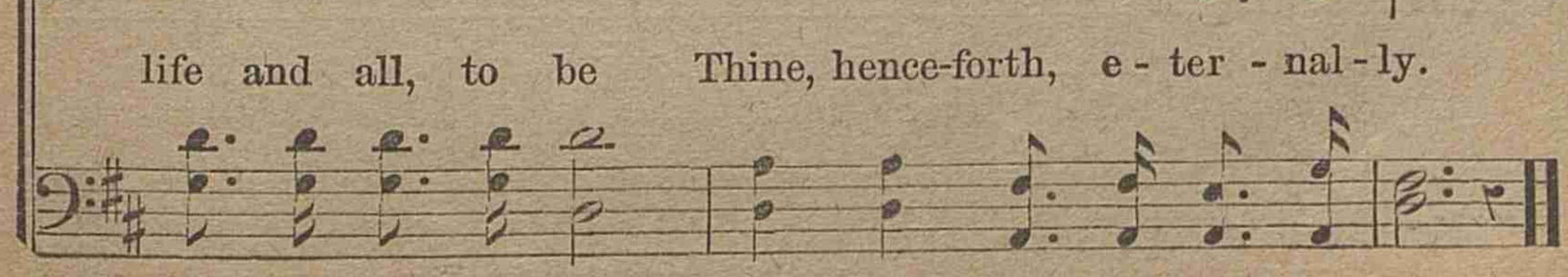
CHORUS.



Wash me in the Sav - ior's precious blood, } Lord, I give to thee my
Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood; }



life and all, to be Thine, hence-forth, e - ter - nal - ly.



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107 Sing, O Sing the Love of Jesus.

MAY CLIFTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus, Boundless, deep unmeasured love;
2. Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus, Ren-der heart-y thanks and praise;
3. An - gel lips will join our an-them, Thro' the sky the sound pro-long;
4. Pow'r and might and bliss e - ter - nal Now and ev - er - more shall be

Let the soul - in-spir-ing cho - rus Ring thro' all the courts a - bove.
While he gives us life and be - ing, Praise him on thro' end-less days.
Heav'n-ly hosts take up the cho - rus, And with rap - ture swell the song.
Un - to him who lov'd and sav'd us With a love so full and free.

CHORUS.

Sing, O sing ..... the love of Je - - - sus,
the love of Je - sus, Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus,

Heav'n and earth..... re - peat the strain;
re - peat the strain, Heav'n and earth re-peat the strain;

Sing, O sing..... till ev - 'ry na - - - tion
till ev - 'ry na-tion, Sing, O sing, till ev - 'ry na - tion

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Ech - oes on..... the sweet re - frain.
the sweet re-frain, Ech - oes on the sweet re-frain.

108 Where will you Spend Eternity?

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty? This question comes to you and me!
2. Ma - ny are choosing Christ to-day, Turning from all their sins away,
3. Leaving the strait and narrow way, Going the downward road to-day,
4. Re - pent, believe, this very hour, Trust in the Savior's grace and power,

Tell me, what shall your answer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Heav'n shall their happy portion be, Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Sad will their fi - nal end - ing be,—Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
Then will your joy-ous an-swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

REFRAIN.

E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni-ty?
3d v. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni-ty!
4th v. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni-ty!

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109 Only a Beam of Sunshine.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—Rom. xii: 10.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On - ly a beam of sun-shine, But oh, it was warm and bright;
2. On - ly a beam of sun - shine That in - to a dwell-ing crept,
3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in his dear name;

The heart of a wea - ry trav'ler Was cheer'd by its wel - come sight.
Where o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth - er her vig - il kept.
To per - ish-ing souls a-round you The mes - sage of love pro - claim.

On - ly a beam of sun - shine That fell from the arch a - bove,
On - ly a beam of sun - shine That smil'd thro' her falling tears,
Go, like the faith-ful sun - beam, Your mis-sion of joy ful - fill,

And ten-der-ly, soft - ly whis-per'd A mes-sage of peace and love.
And show'd her the bow of prom - ise, For-got - ten per-haps for years.
Re-mem-ber the Savior's prom-ise, That He will be with you still.

CHORUS.

On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whis-per'd pray'r

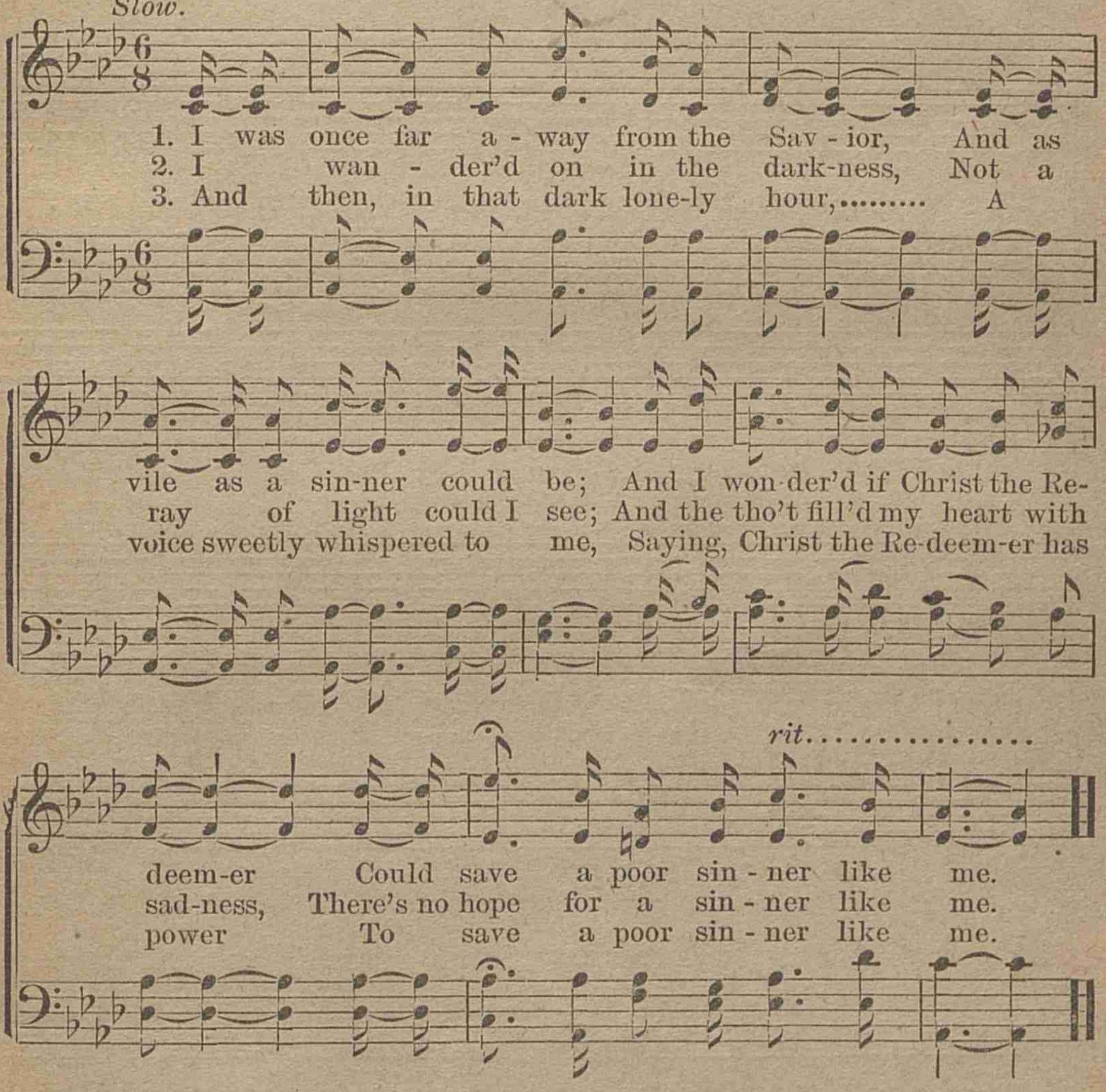
From "Melodious Sonnets" by per. JOHN J. HOOD.



110 A Sinner like Me!

"Christ came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. i: 15.

C. J. B. C. J. Butler.



4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Savior
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Savior shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood.

111 Jesus is Passing this Way.

E. A. H. J. H. TENNEY. By per.

1. Is there a sin-ner a - wait-ing Mer-cy and par-don to - day?
2. Brother, the Mas-ter is wait-ing, Wait-ing to free-ly for - give;
3. Yes, he is com-ing to bless you, While in con-tri - tion you bow;

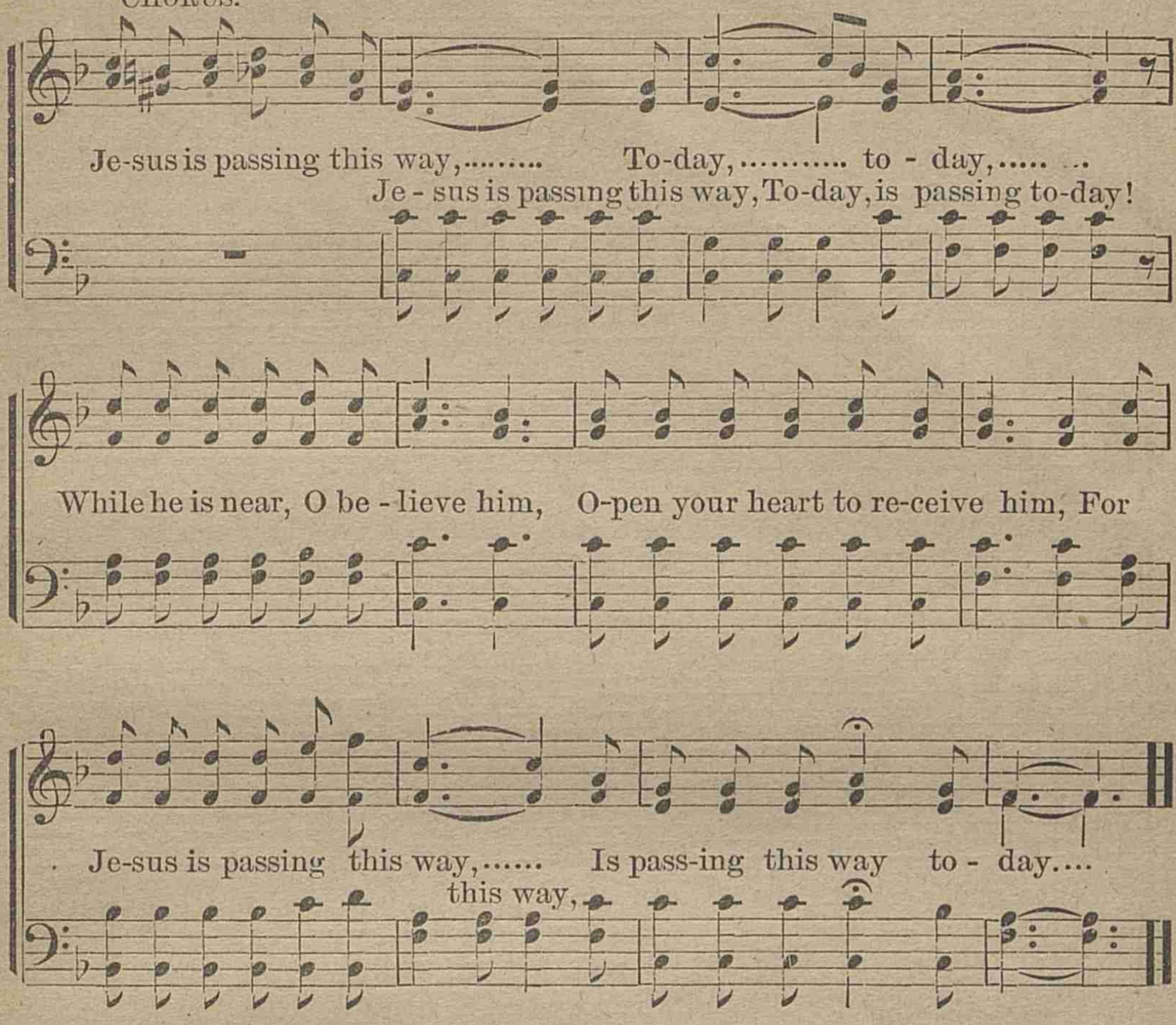
Welcome the news that we bring him: "Je-sus is passing this way?"
Why not this moment ac-cept him, Trust in his grace and live?
Com-ing from sin to re-deem you, Read-y to save you now;

Com-ing in love and in mer - cy, Par-don and peace to be - stow,
He is so ten - der and pre - cious, He is so near you to - day;
Can you re-fuse the sal - va - tion Je - sus is of - fer - ing here?

Com-ing to save the poor sin - ner From his heart-anguish and woe.
O - pen your heart to re-ceive him, While he is pass - ing this way.
O - pen your heart to ad - mit him, While he is com - ing so near.

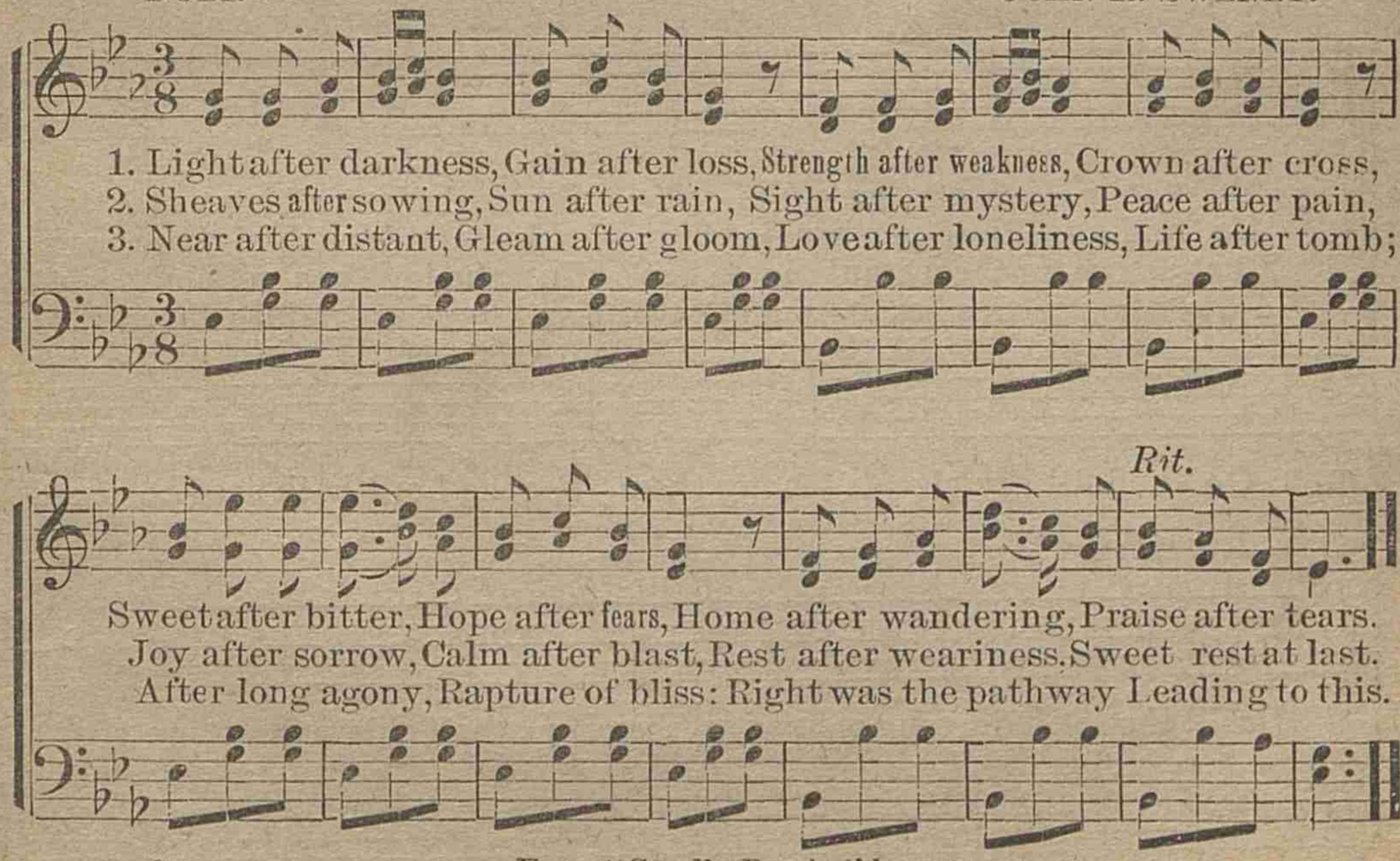
Jesus is Passing this Way--Concluded.

CHORUS.



112 Light after Darkness.

DUET. JOHN R. SWENEY.



113 Lo, the Golden Fields are Smiling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Lo, the golden fields are smil-ing, Where-fore idle shouldst thou be?
2. Take the balm of con-so - la - tion, That so oft has cheer'd thy heart;
3. Go and gather souls for Je - sus; Precious souls thy love may win;
4. Go, then, work, the Master call - eth; Go, no long-er i - dle be:

Great the harvest, few the work - ers, And the Lord hath need of thee.
Let some wea-ry broth-er toil - er, In thy com-fort share a part.
Lead them to the door of mer - cy, Tell them how to en - ter in.
Waste no more thy precious moments, For the Lord hath need of thee.

Go and work, the time is wan - ing, Let thy earnest heart re - ply
Go and lift the heavy bur - den He has struggled long to bear;
Go and gath-er souls for Je - sus; Work while strength and breath remain:
Once he gave his life thy ran - som, That thy soul with him might live.

ad lib. *Fine.*

To the call so oft re - peat - ed,—"Bless-ed Master, here am I."
Go, and kneeling down beside him, Blend thy faith with his in prayer.
What are years of constant la - bor To the joy thou yet shalt gain?
Now the ser-vice he de-mand - eth, Can thy heart re-fuse to give?

D. S. Go and fill thy place a - mong them, For the Lord hath need of thee.

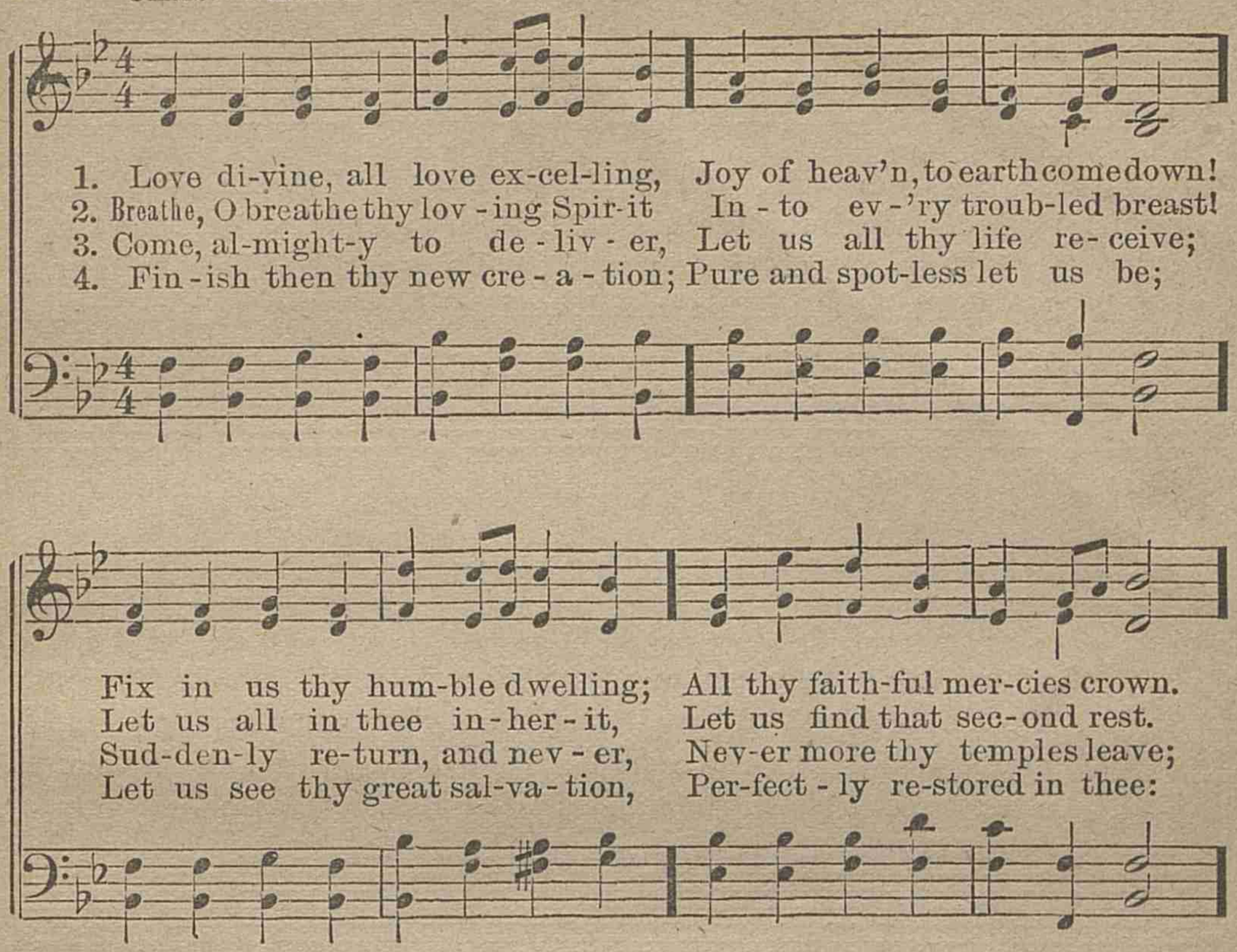
REFRAIN. *D. S.*

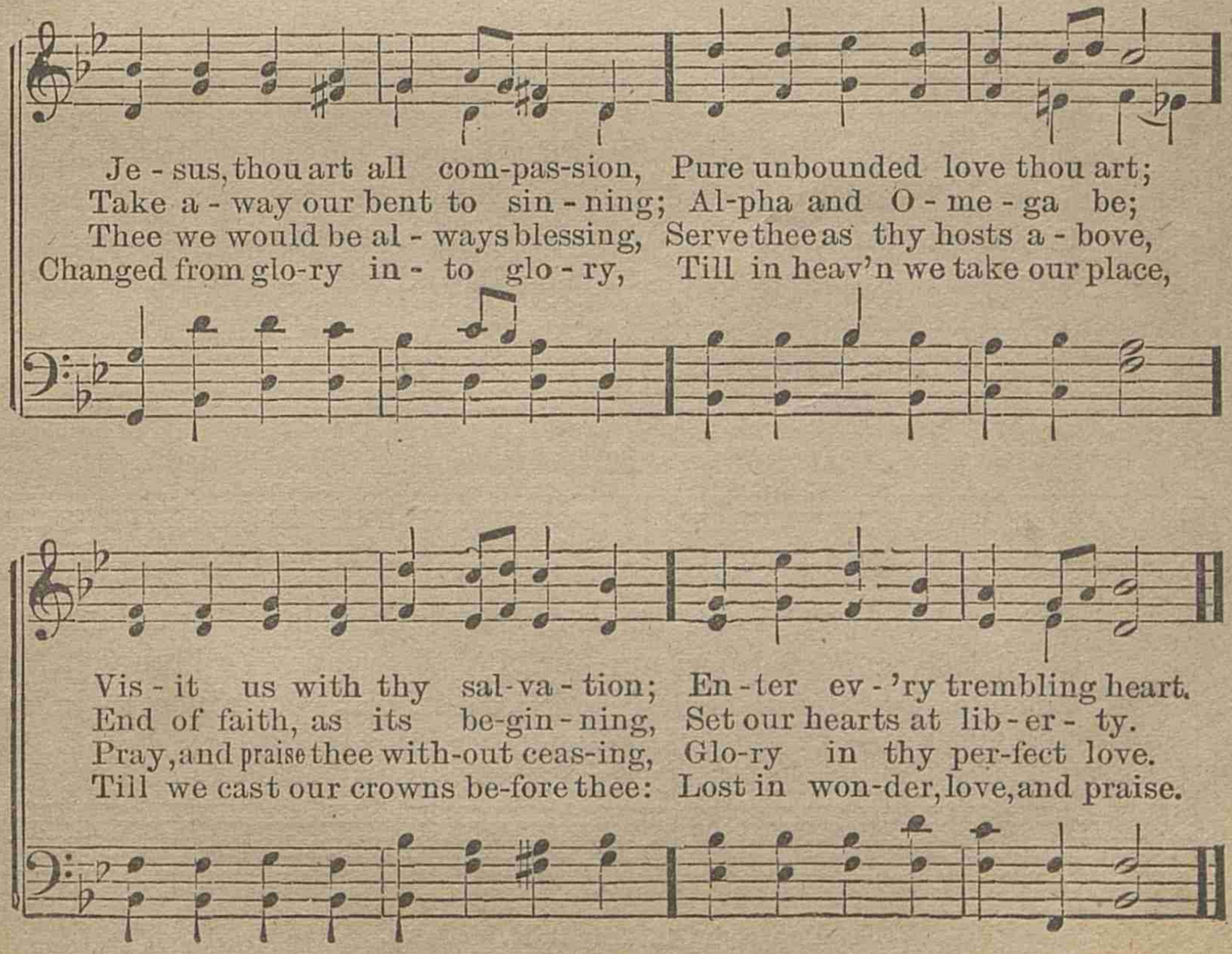
Hark! the song, the song of busy workers, In the fields so fair to see;

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114 Love Divine.

CHAS. WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.





115 De Massa ob de Sheepfol'.

Miss McLEAN. J. M. WHYTE.

1. De Mas - sa ob de sheepfol', Dat guard de sheep-fol' bin,
2. "O," den says de hirelin' shep-a'd, "Dar's some, deys black an' thin,
3. Den de Mas - sa ob de sheepfol', Dat guard de sheep-fol' bin,
4. Den up t'ro' de gloom'rin' meadows, T'ro' de col' night rain an' win',

Look out in de gloom'rin' meadows Whar de long night rain be - gin.
An' some dey's po' ol' wed - das, Dat can't come home a - gin,
Goes down in de gloom'rin' meadows, Whar de long night rain be - gin,
An' up t'ro' de gloom'rin' rain paf Whar de sleet fa' pie' - cin' thin,

So he call to de hire - lin' shepa'd, "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
Dey's los' an' good for nuf - fin', But de res', dey's all brung in,"
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol', Callin' sof,' "Come in, come in,"
De po' los' sheep of de sheepfol', Dey all comes gad-der - in' in,"

So he call to de hire - lin' shepa'd, "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
"Dey is los' an' good for nuf - fin', But de res', dey's all brung in."
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol', Callin' sof', "Come in, come in."
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol', Dey all comes gad-der - in' in."

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De Massa ob de Sheepfol'--Concluded.

CHORUS.

For de Mas-sa guards de sheep-fol' bin, An' he wan's to know, "Is my sheep come in?" An' he's call - in', call - in', Call-in' soft-ly soft - ly, Call-in' for dem all to come gad-der - in' in.

call-in', call-in', call-in', call-in', Soft, soft, Call - in'

116 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.

Fine.

1. Je-sus, Sav - ior, pi-lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea;
D. C. Chart and compass came from thee; Je-sus, Sav - ior, pi-lot me.
2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
D. C. Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav - ior, pi-lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful breakers roar,
D. C. May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi-lot thee!"

D. C.

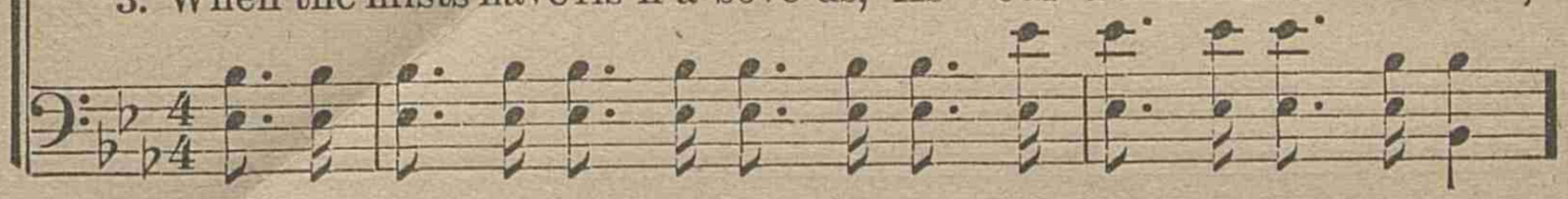
Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o-bey thy will When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while leaning on thy breast,

We Shall Know.

ANNIE HERBERT. J. H. ANDERSON.



1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beau-ty of the hills,
2. If we err, in hu-man blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have ris'n a-bove us, As our Fa-ther knows his own,





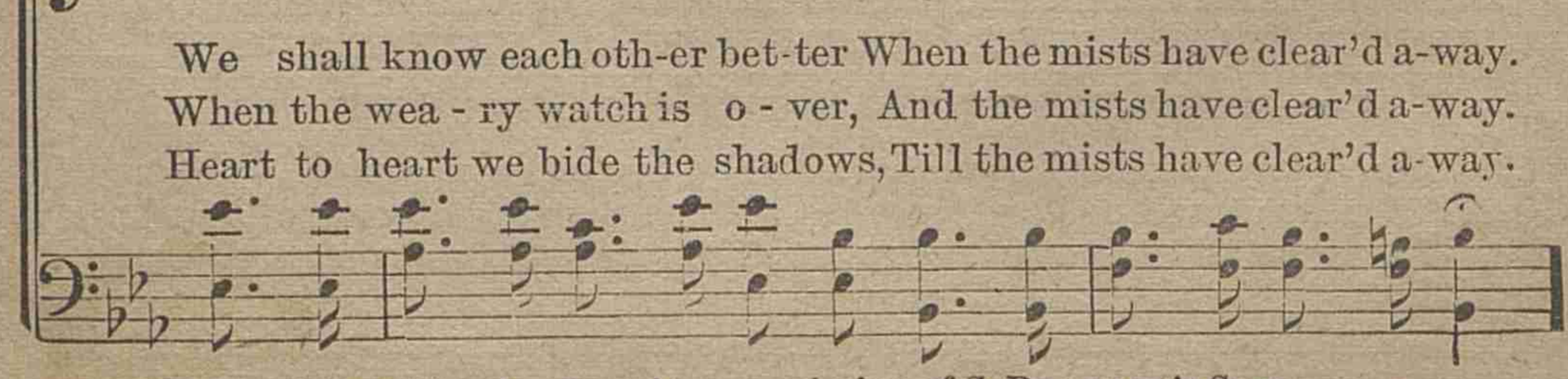
And the sun-shine, warm and tender, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
If we miss the law of kind-ness When we struggle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;



We may read love's shining let-ter In the rain - bow of the spray:
Snow-y wings of peace shall cover All the plain that hides a-way,
Love, be-yond the orient meadows Floats the gold-en fringe of day,



We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have clear'd a-way.
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have clear'd a-way.
Heart to heart we bide the shadows, Till the mists have clear'd a-way.



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We Shall Know—Concluded.

CHORUS.



118 What a Gath'ring That will Be.

J. H. K. "Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. l. 5. J. H. KURZENKNABE,

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home,
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fi - nal judgment, when the hid-den comes to light,
4. When the gold-en harps are sounding, and the an - gel bands proclaim,

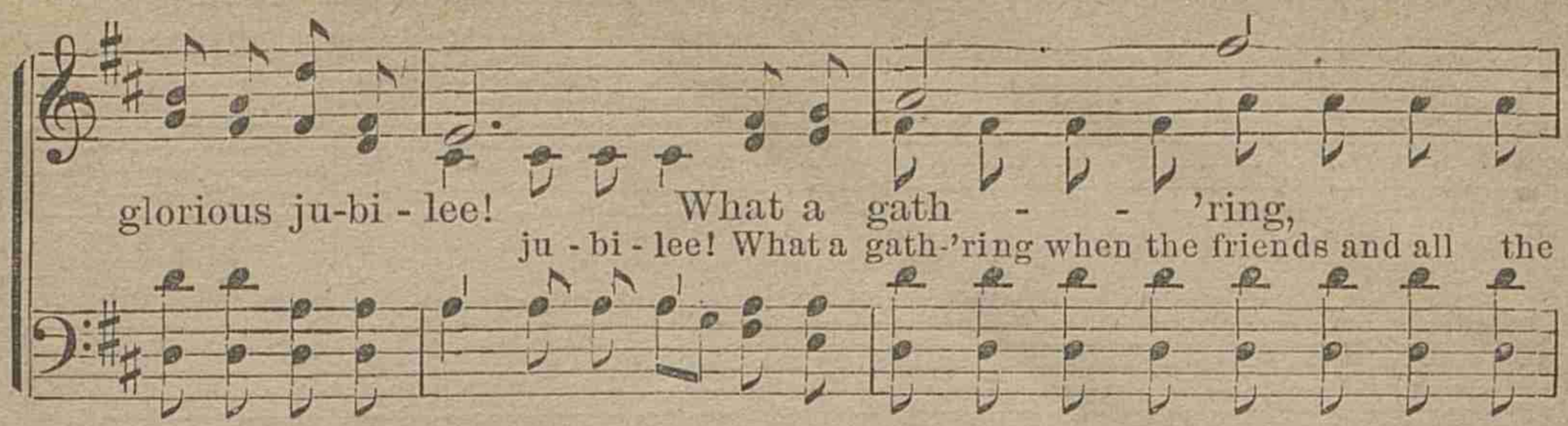
We will greet each oth - er by the crys - tal sea, (crys-tal sea;)
We shall gath - er, and the saved and ran-som'd see, (ransom'd see,)
When the Lord in all his glo - ry we shall see, (we shall see;)
In tri-umph-ant strains the glo - rious ju - bi - lee, (ju - bi - lee;)

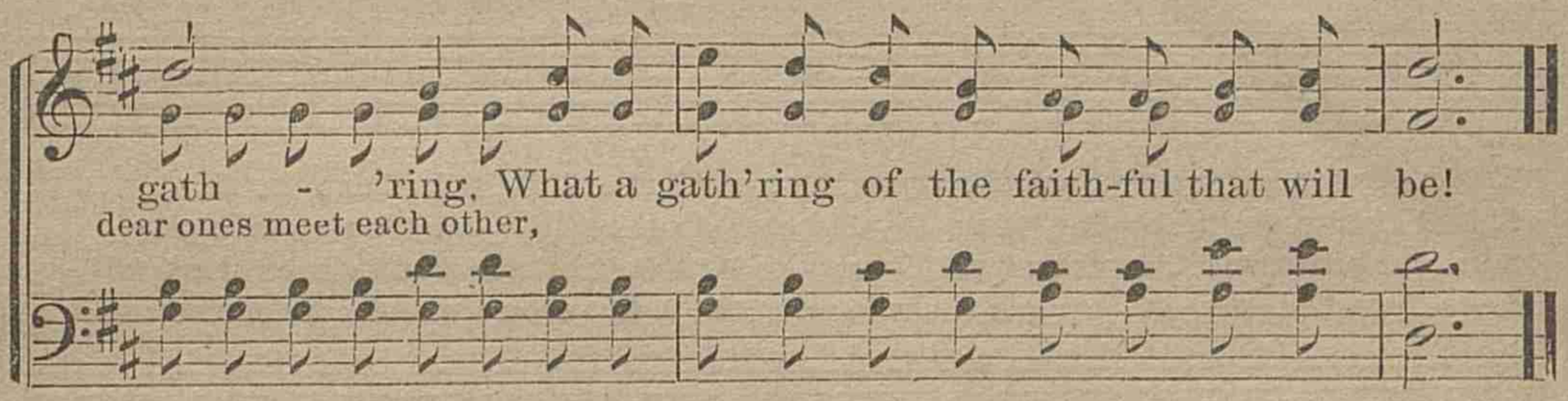
With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a - wait - ing us to come,
Then to meet a - gain to - geth - er, on the bright ce - les - tial shore,
At the bid-ding of our SAV-IOR, "Come, ye bless-ed, to my right,"
Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb,

CHORUS.

What a gath-'ring of the faith-ful that will be! What a gath -
What a gath'ring of the
'ring, gath - - 'ring At the sounding of the
loved ones when we'll meet with one an - oth - er.

What a Gath'ring, etc.--Concluded.

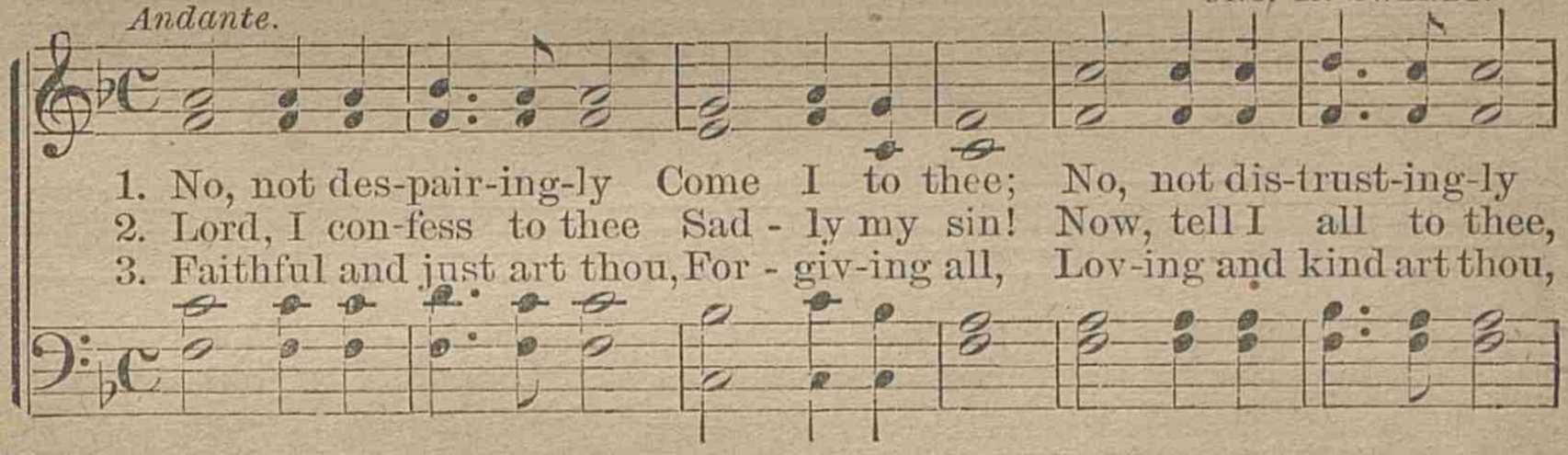


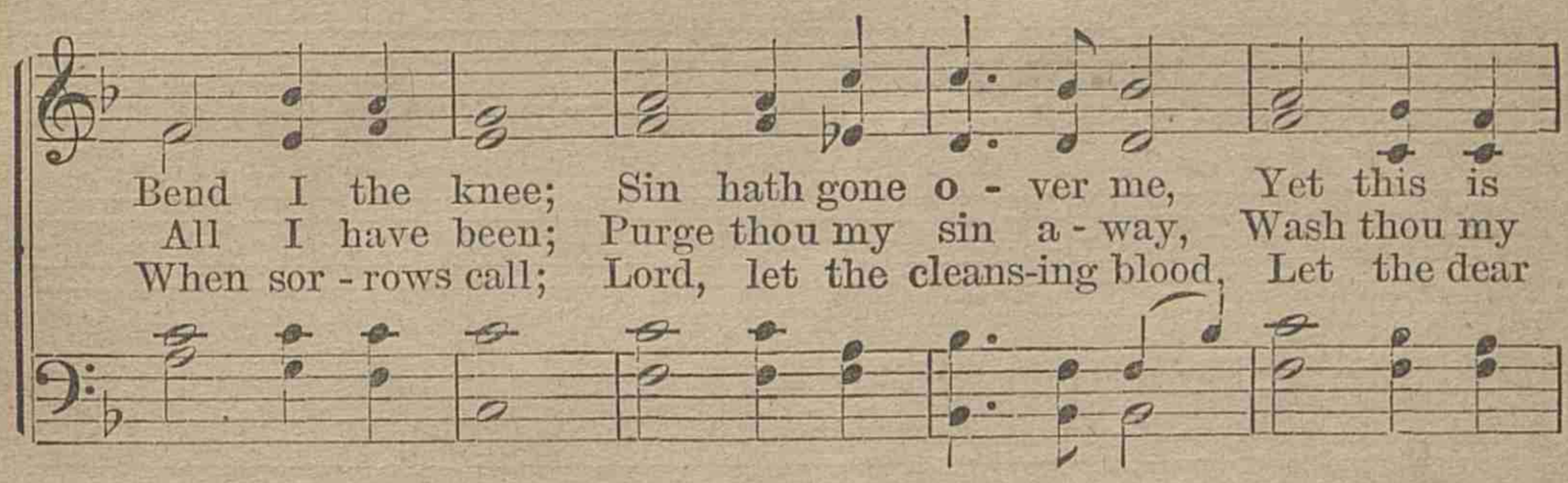


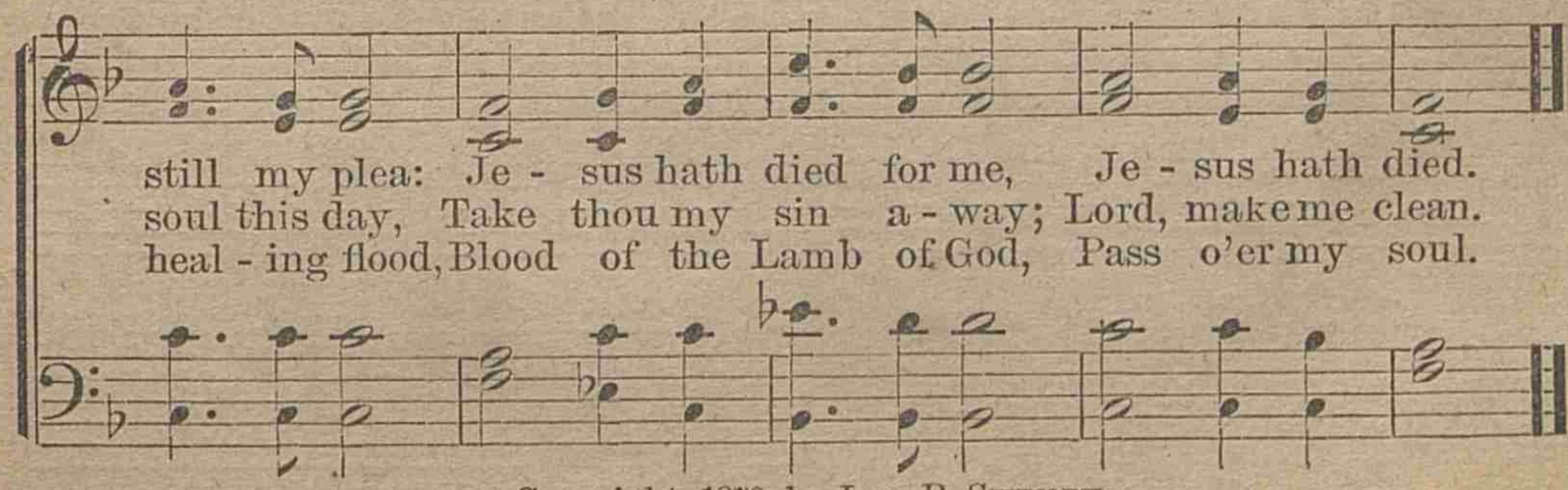
119 No. Not Despairingly.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.







Copyright, 1879, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

120 "Papa, fot would you take for me?"

Music by J. M. Whyte.

Silas B. McManus.





1. She was ready for sleep, and she lay on my arm. In her little frilled cap so fine,
2. And I answer'd "a dol - lar," dear lit - tle heart, And she slept, baby, weary with play,
3. All the cities, with streets and pal - ac - es, With their pictures and stores of art,
4. So I rocked my ba - by, and rocked away, And I felt such a sweet content,



With her golden hair falling out at the edge, Like a circle of noon sunshine;
But I held her warm in my love-strong arms, And I rocked her, and rocked away:
I would not take for one low soft throb, Of my little one's lov - ing heart;
For the words of the song express'd more to me, Than they ever before had meant;



And I hum'd the old tune of "Banbury Cross," And "Three men who put out to sea," When she
Oh, the dollar meant all the world to me, The land, and the sea, and the sky, The
Nor all the gold that was ever found, In the busy, wealth-finding past, Would I
And the night crept on, and I slept and dream'd Of things far too gladsome to be, And I



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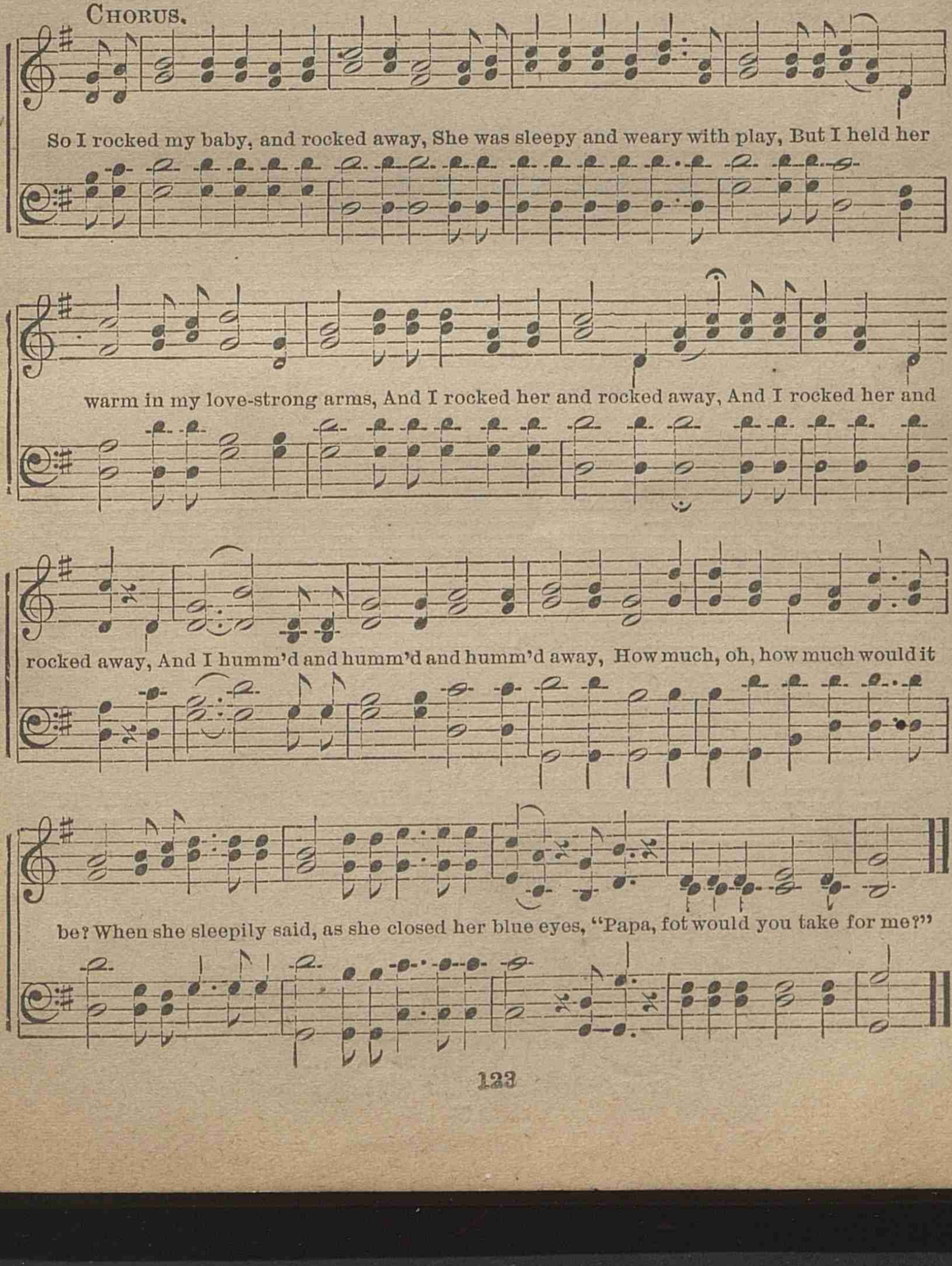
Papa, fot would you take for me? Concluded.



sleep - i - ly said, as she closed her blue eyes, "Papa, fot would you take for me?"
low - est depths of the low - est place, The highest of all that's high.
take for one smile of my darling's face, Did I know it must be the last.
wakened with lips saying close to my ear, "Papa, fot would you take for me?"



CHORUS.



So I rocked my baby, and rocked away, She was sleepy and weary with play, But I held her warm in my love-strong arms, And I rocked her and rocked away, And I rocked her and rocked away, And I humm'd and humm'd and humm'd away, How much, oh, how much would it be? When she sleepily said, as she closed her blue eyes, "Papa, fot would you take for me?"

121 He was Not Willing.

L. R. M. L. R. M.

1. "He was not willing that any should perish;" Je-sus enthron'd in the glo - ry a - bove, Saw our poor fallen world, pit - ied our sor-rows,
2. "He was not willing that any should perish;" Cloth'd in our flesh with its sor - row and pain, Came he to seek the lost, com - fort the mourn-er,
3. Plenty for pleasure, but lit - tle for Je - sus; Time for the world, with its trou-bles and toys, No time for Je - sus' work, feed ing the hun - gry,

f.

D. S. Je-sus would save, but there's no one to tell them,
D. S. Je - sus is call - ing thee, haste to the reap - ing,
D. S. We are so wea - ry, so heav - i - ly la - den,

Fine.

Pour'd out his life for us—won-der-ful love! Per - ish-ing, per-ish - ing!
No one to lift them from sin and de-spair.
Heal the heart, brok-en by sor-row and shame. Per - ish-ing, per-ish - ing!
Thou shalt have souls, precious souls for thy hire.
Lift - ing lost souls to e - ter - ni - ty's joys. Per - ish-ing, per-ish - ing!
And with long weeping our eyes have grown dim."

D. S.

Throng-ing our path-way, Hearts break with burdens too heavy to bear,
Har - vest is pass - ing, Reap - ers are few and the night draweth near
Hark, how they call us: "Bring us your Savior, oh, tell us of Him!

4 "He was not willing that any should perish;"
Am I his follower, and can I live
Longer at ease with a soul going downward.
Lost for the lack of the help I might give?
Perishing, perishing! Thou wast not willing.
Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;
Banish our worldliness, help us to ever
Live with eternity's values in view.

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122 I Hope to Meet You All in Glory.

EMMA PITT. [From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.] WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er;
2. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the tree of life so fair;
3. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, Round the Savior's throne a-bove;
4. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When my work on earth is o'er;

I hope to tell the dear old sto - ry, On the bless - ed shin-ing shore.
I hope to praise our dear Redeem-er For the grace that bro't me there.
I hope to join the ransomed ar - my Singing now re-deem-ing love.
I hope to clasp your hands rejoic-ing On the bright e - ter - nal shore.

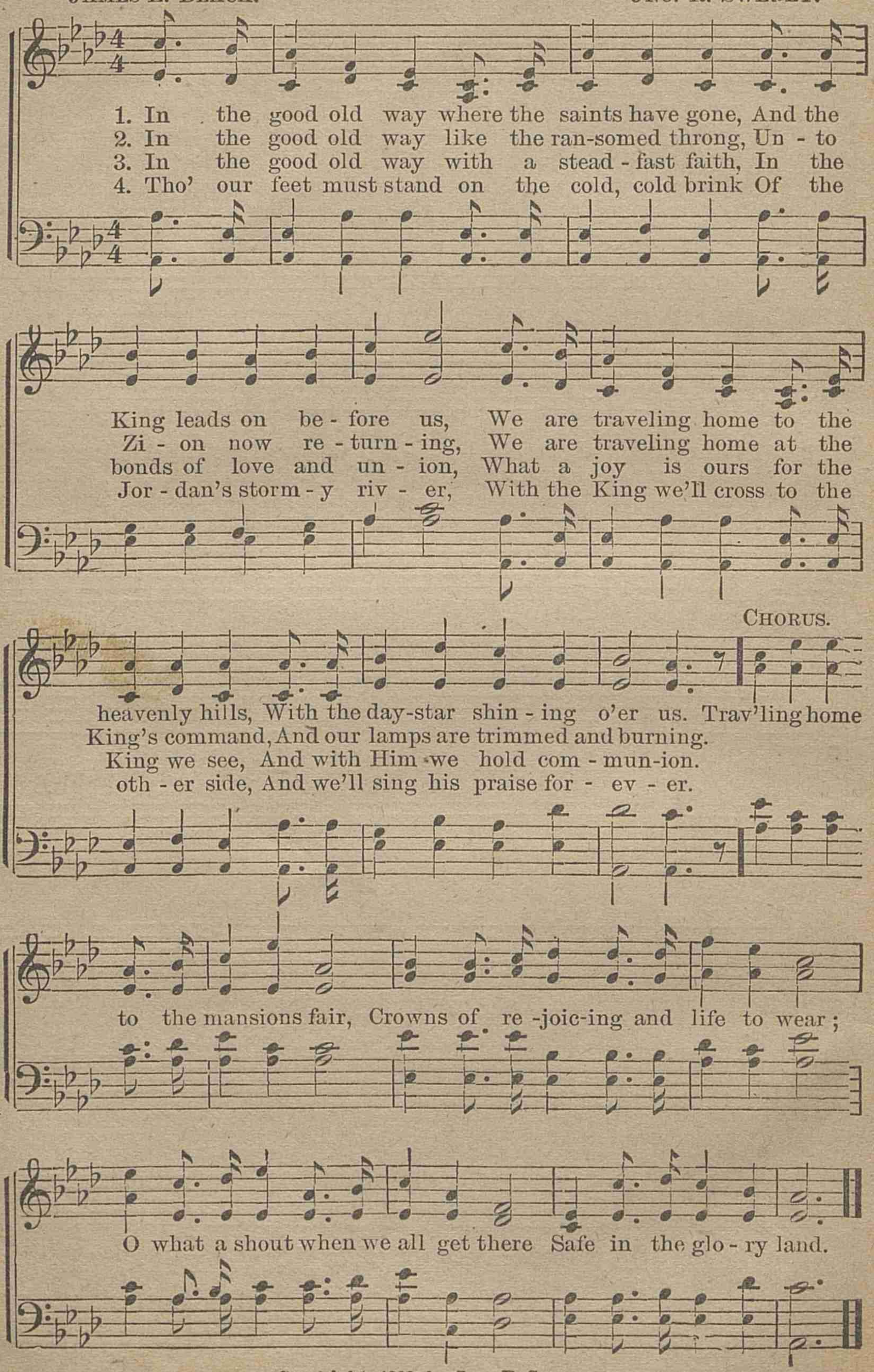
CHORUS.

On the shin - ing shore, On the gold - en strand, In our Father's home, In the hap - py land: I hope to meet you there, I hope to meet you there,—A crown of vic-t'ry wear,—In glo - ry.

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123 Safe in the Glory Land.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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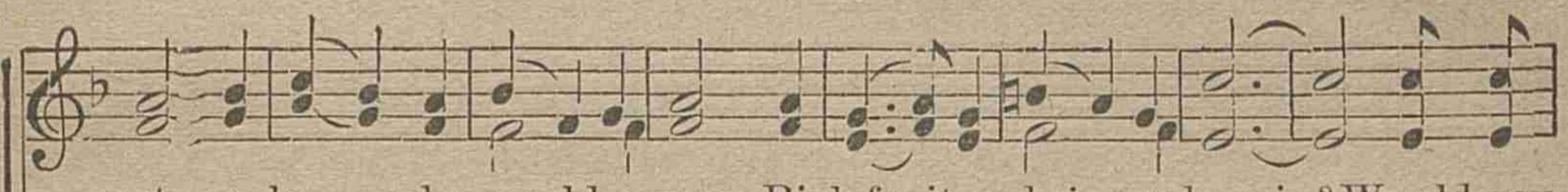
124 Your Own.

L. G. M'VEAN. LELIA WATERHOUSE.



1. What if your own were starv-ing Faint-ing with famine pain, And
2. What if your own were thirst-ing And never a drop could gain, And
3. What if your own were dark-ened. With-out one cheer-ing ray. And





yet you knew where golden grew Rich fruit and ripened grain? Would you
you could tell where a sparkling well Poured forth melodious rain? Would you
you alone could show where shone The pure sweet light of day? Would you





hear their wail As a thrice told tale And turn to your feast again? feast again?
turn aside, While they gasped and died, And leave them to their pain? to their pain?
leave them there in their dark despair, And sing on your sunlit way? sunlit way?



4 What if your own were wand'ring
Far in a trackless maze,
And you could show them where to go
Along your pleasant ways?
Would your heart be light
Till the pathway right
Was plain before their gaze?

5 What if your own were prisoned
Far in a hostile land,
And the only key to set them free
Held in your safe command?
Would you breathe free air,
While they stifled there,
And wait, and hold your hand?

6 Yet, what else are you doing,
O ye by Christ made free, well,
If you'll not tell what you know so
To those across the sea,
Who have never heard
One tender word
Of the Lamb of Calvary?

7 "They're not our own," you answer,
"They're neither kith nor kin."
They are God's own; his love alone
Can save them from their sin;
They are Christ's own;
He left his throne
And died their souls to win.

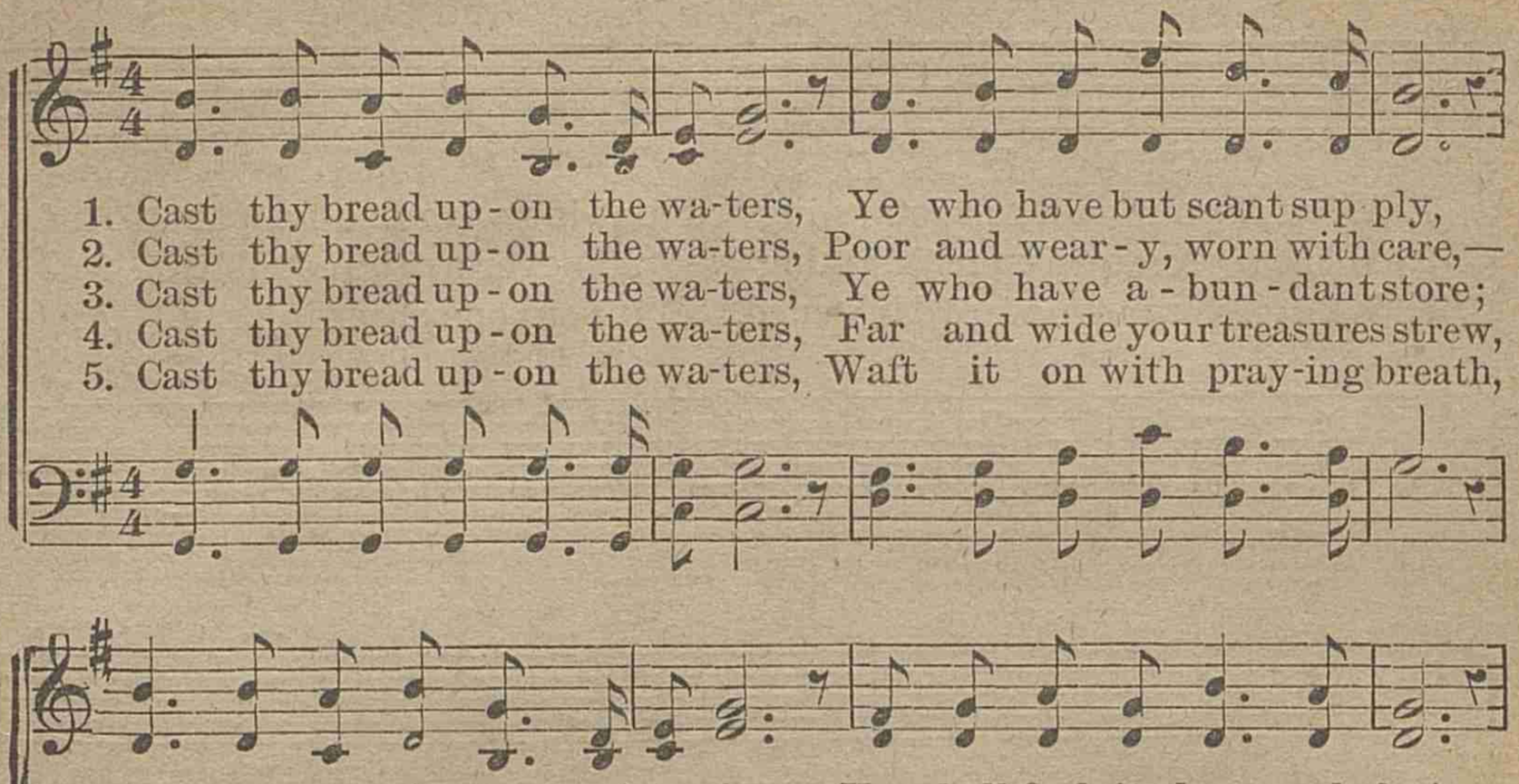
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From "Hymns of the Heart," by per.

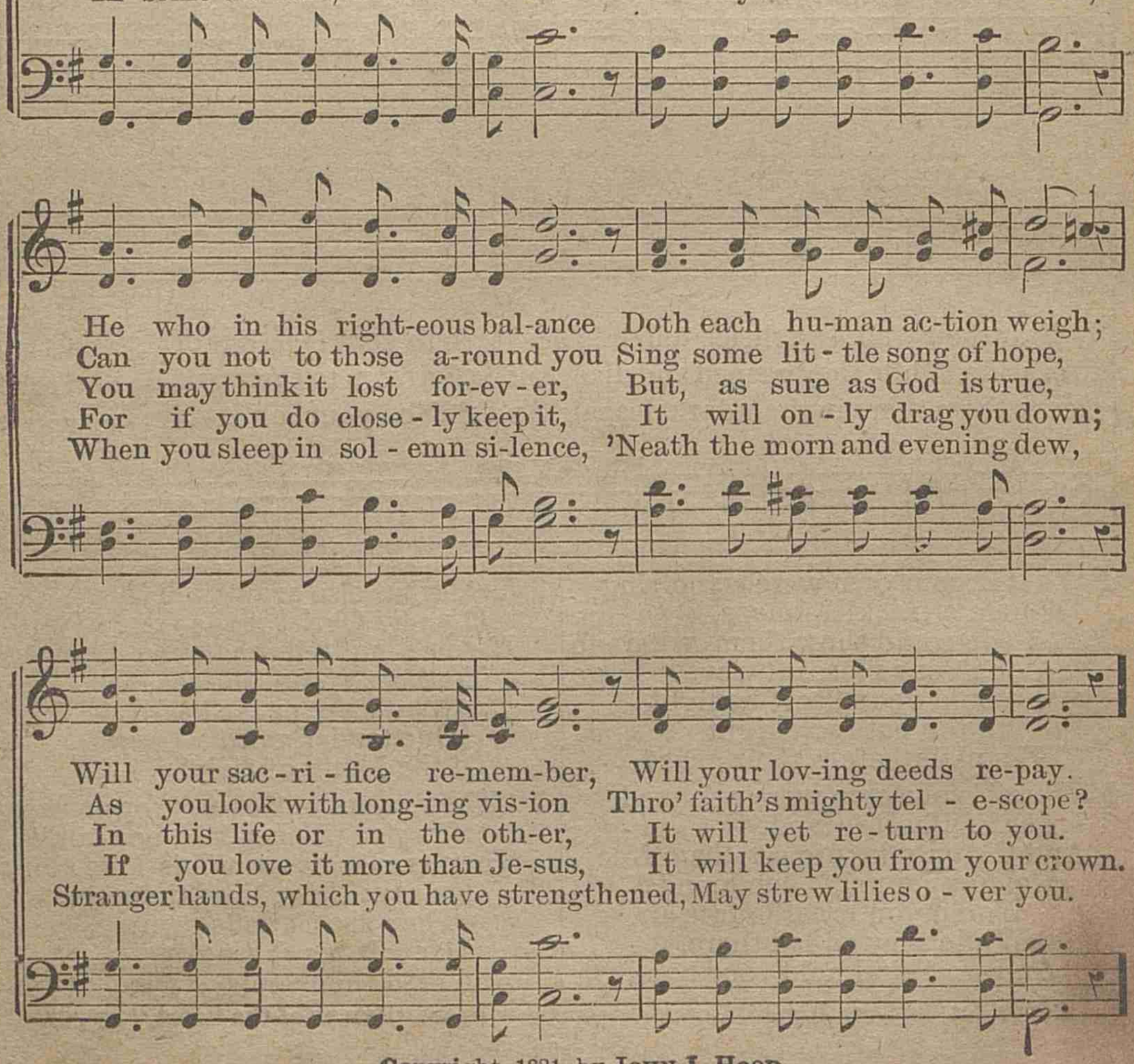
125 Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

* * *

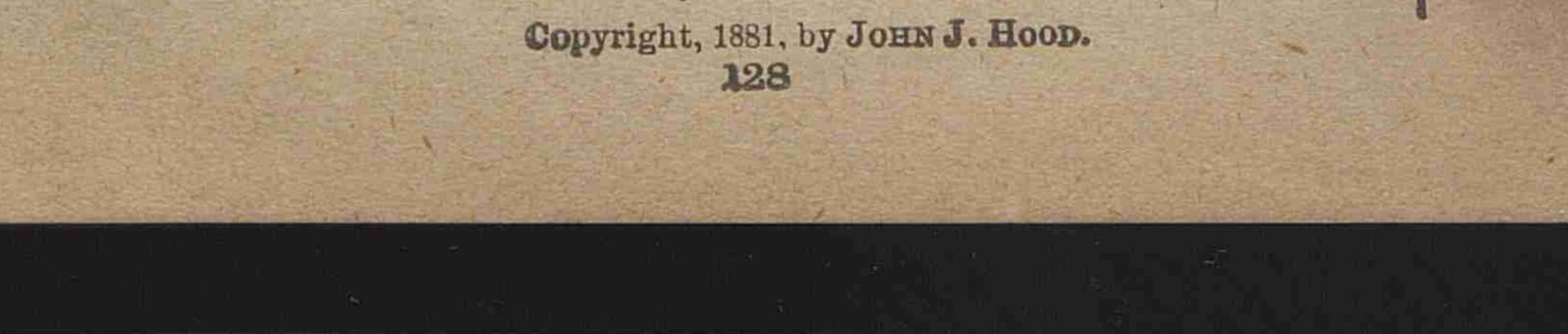
1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant sup ply,
2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Poor and wear - y, worn with care,—
3. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Ye who have a - bun - dant store;
4. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treasures strew,
5. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Waft it on with pray-ing breath,



An - gel eyes will watch a-bove it;— You shall find it by and by!
Oft - en sit - ting in the shadow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on ma-ny a bil-low, It may strand on many a shore;
Scat - ter it with will - ing fin-gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
In some dis-tant, doubt-ful moment It may save a soul from death;



He who in his right-eous bal-ance Doth each hu-man ac-tion weigh;
Can you not to those a-round you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for-ev - er, But, as sure as God is true,
For if you do close - ly keep it, It will on - ly drag you down;
When you sleep in sol - emn si-lence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,



Will your sac - ri - fice re-mem-ber, Will your lov-ing deeds re-pay.
As you look with long-ing vis-ion Thro' faith's mighty tel - e-scope?
In this life or in the oth-er, It will yet re - turn to you.
If you love it more than Je-sus, It will keep you from your crown.
Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lilies o - ver you.

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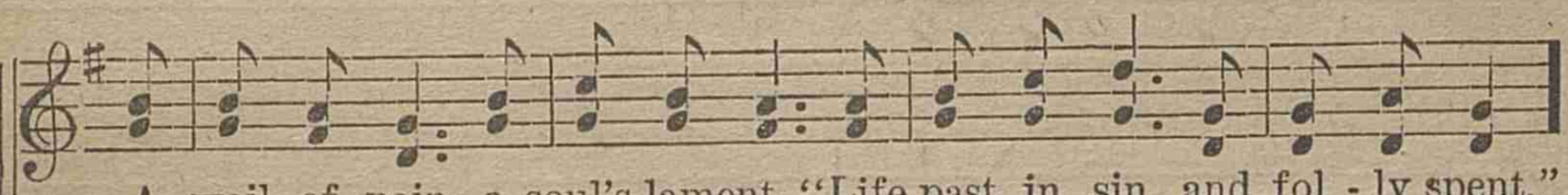
126 Oh, Tolling Bells!

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

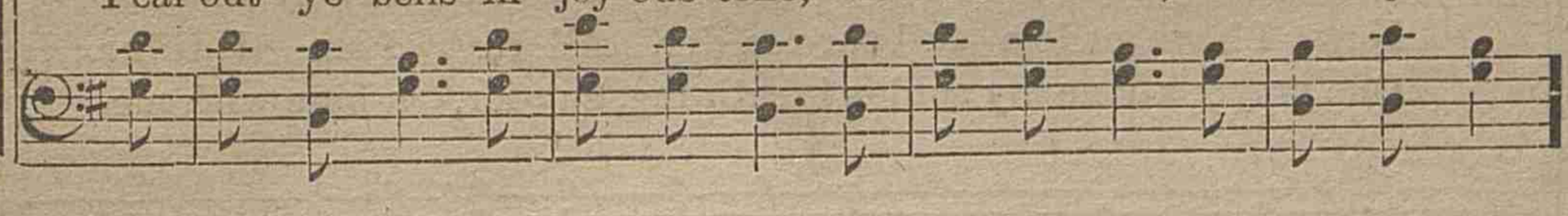


1. Oh, toll-ing bells! oh, tolling bells! Deep, deep within your tones there wells
2. When ringing out a soul's farewell, Oh, tolling bells! what do ye tell?
3. I seem to hear despairing moans, A weeping, weeping in your tones;
4. In warn-ing tones, and solemn knells, Ring out, ring out, oh tolling bells!
5. Have ye no joy-ous notes to ring, Oh, toll-ing bells! for me to sing?
6. And when I die, oh, tolling bells! Ring out "I've gone where Jesus dwells,"





A wail of pain, a soul's lament, "Life past, in sin and fol - ly spent."
Of griefs and woes? of sobs and tears? Of misspent hours and wasted years?
"The door is closed" ye ring in swells, "For-ev - er closed." oh, tolling bells!
Let dy - ing souls the warnings hear; And seek the Lord while he is near.
In Je- sus boundless mer-cy dwells,—Ye ring of him, oh, toll - ing bells!
Peal out ye bells in joy-ous tone, "The bat-tle o'er, the victory won."



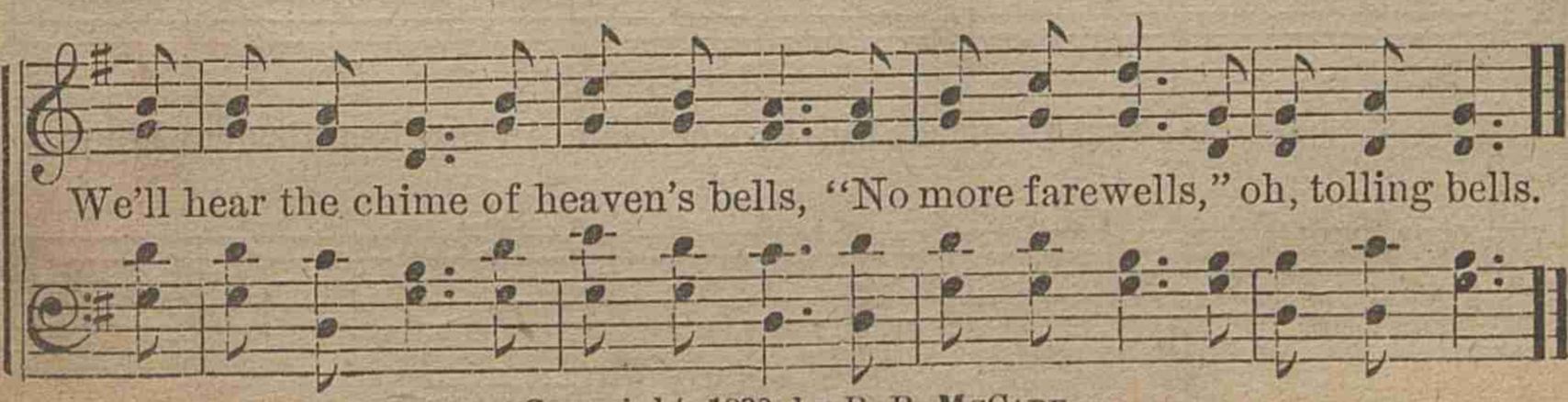
CHORUS.



Oh, toll - ing bells! Oh, toll - ing bells!
Oh, toll - ing, toll - ing bells! Oh, toll - ing, toll - ing bells!



Ye ring and ring of sad farewells, But o - ver there where Je-sus dwells,



We'll hear the chime of heaven's bells, "No more farewells," oh, tolling bells.

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127 My Heart's Dear Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

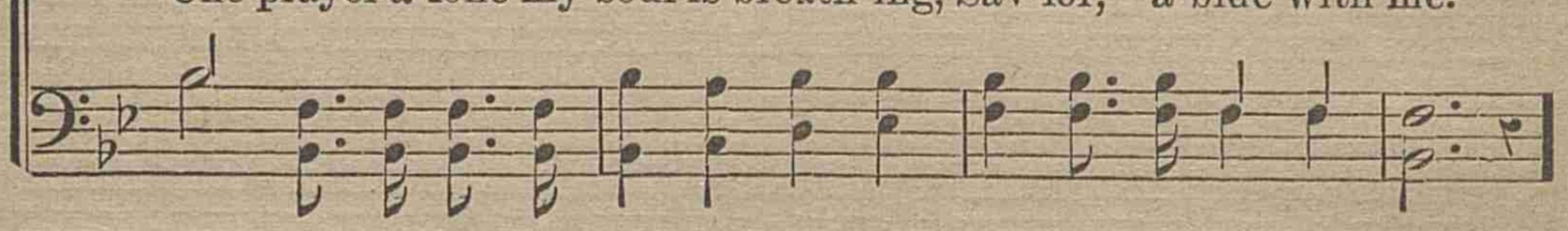


1. When lost a-mong the wild, dark mountains, Far, far from thee,
2. When lost a-mong the wild, dark mountains, Sad was my cry,
3. O teach me to a-dore and praise thee, Sav - ior di - vine;
4. Where - ev - er thou wilt lead, I'll fol - low Close, close to Thee;





I heard thy gen-tle voice, my Sav-ior, Call - ing in love to me.
Till soft - ly came the words so ten-der, "Fear not, for here am I."
Now I have made a full sur-ren-der, All that I am is thine.
One prayer a-lone my soul is breath-ing, Sav-ior, a-bide with me.



CHORUS.



Safe, within thy arms of mer - cy, Nev-er more to roam;



Nev-er more to roam;

O, let me rest in peace for - ev - er, Safe in my heart's dear home.



Copyright, 1888, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

128 What a Refuge.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To the shadow of the Rock, in a thirsty land I flee, To the
2. To the shadow of a Rock, where so ma-ny pilgrim feet, In their
3. In the shadow of the Rock, where the peaceful waters glide, Peaceful

shadow of the Rock just be-fore me; My Re-deemer bids me go, and how
joyful, joyful haste now are turning; Where their weary, troubled hearts find a
waters from the pure crystal riv-er, In the shadow of the Rock, in its

Fine.

sweet my rest will be, With his ten-der, lov-ing smile beaming o'er me.
sure and safe re-treat, And the bless-ed lamp of faith still is burn-ing.
cleft my soul shall hide With my blessed Lord to dwell, and for-ev-er.

D. S. sweet my rest will be, With his ten-der, lov-ing smile beaming o'er me.

Oh, what a ref-uge from ev-'ry throbbing care! Oh, what a refuge! my

D. S.

on-ly hope is there; My Re-deem-er bids me go, and how

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129 Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

Copyright, 1887, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

130 Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.—1 Peter v. 7.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

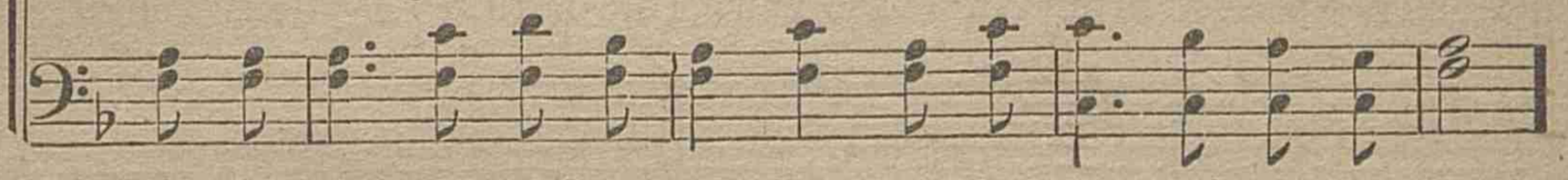


1. Wea-ry pil-grim on life's pathway, Struggling on be-neath thy load;
2. Are thy tir - ed feet un stead - y? Does thy lamp no light af - ford?
3. Are the ties of friendship severed? Hush'd the voic - es fond-ly heard?
4. Does thy heart with faintness falter? Does thy mind for-get his word?
5. He will hold thee up from fall - ing, He will guide thy steps a - right;





Hear these words of con - so - la - tion, "Cast thy bur - den on the Lord."
Is thy cross too great and heav - y? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
Does thy strength succumb to weakness? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
He will strengthen each en-deav - or; He will keep thee by his might.



CHORUS. *cres.*



Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, And he will



strengthen thee, sustain and comfort thee; Cast thy bur-den on the Lord.

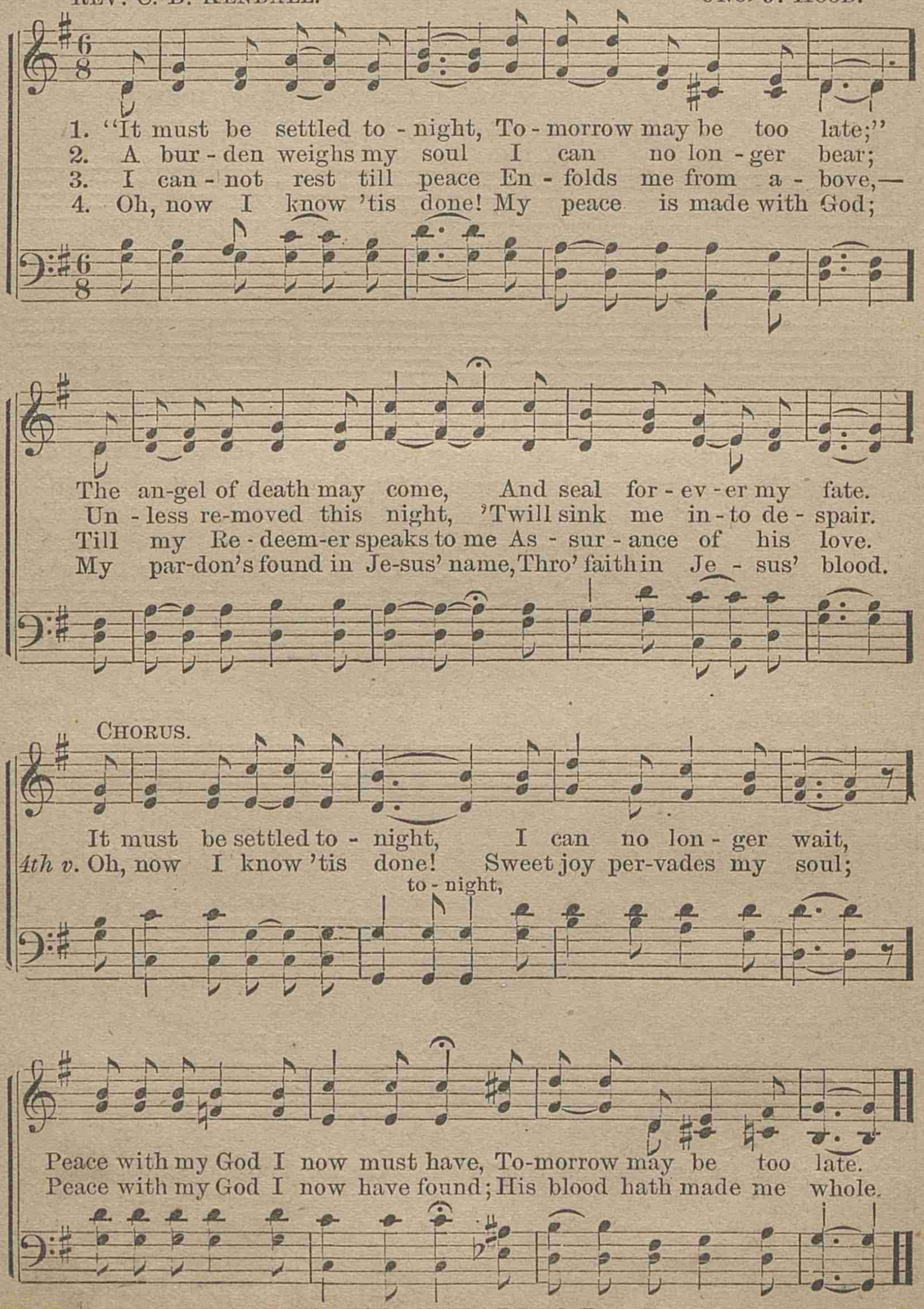


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131 It must be Settled To-Night.

A miner in England went to Church one night and became deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul. When the services were ended he refused to leave the house, although the minister told him it was late, and he must go home and seek the Savior there, and come again the next night. "No," said the miner, "It must be settled to-night, to-morrow night may be too late." So the minister stayed with him until he found peace. The next day while at work in the mines a mass of rock fell upon him, and he was killed. His last words were, "Thank God, it was settled last night, to-night it would have been too late."

REV. C. B. KENDALL. JNO. J. HOOD.



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Satisfied By and By.

Theme of Chorus from WEBSTER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. En-throned is Je - sus now Up - on his heav'n - ly seat,
2. There we shall see his face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;
3. Yea, and be - fore we rise To that im - mor - tal state,
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

The king-ly crown is on his brow, The saints are at his feet,
There, from the riv - ers of his grace, Drink endless pleasures in.
The tho'ts of such a - maz - ing bliss Should constant joys cre - ate.
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

CHORUS.

There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Sav-ior's side,

We shall be sat-is-fied By and by, By and by,
There, there with the glorified,

By..... and by, We shall be sat-is-fied, By and by.
Safe, safe by our Savior's side,

133 Sing On.

CARRIE M. WILSON. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, Nor think the moments long;
2. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, While here on earth we stay;
3. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, The time will not be long;

My faith is heav'nward ris-ing With ev-'ry tune-ful song;
Let songs of home and Je-sus Be-guile each fleet-ing day;
Till in our Fa-ther's king-dom We swell a no-bler song;

Lo! on the mount of bless-ing, The glo-rious mount I stand,
Sing on the grand old sto-ry Of his re-deem-ing love;
Where those we love are wait-ing To greet us on the shore,

And look-ing o-ver Jor-dan, I see the promis'd land!
The ev-er-last-ing cho-rus That fills the realms a-bove.
We'll meet be-yond the riv-er, Where sur-ges roll no more.

CHORUS.

Sing on; O bliss-ful mu-sic, With ev-'ry note you raise,

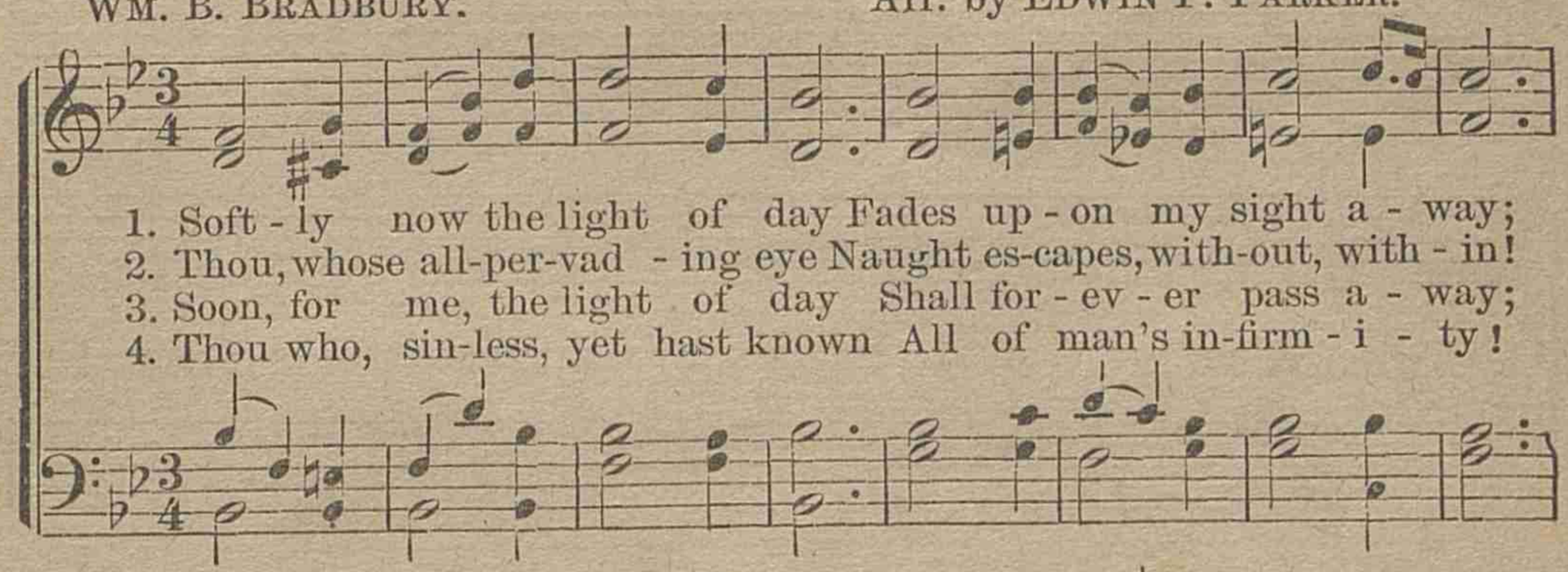
Sing On----Concluded.





134 Mercy.

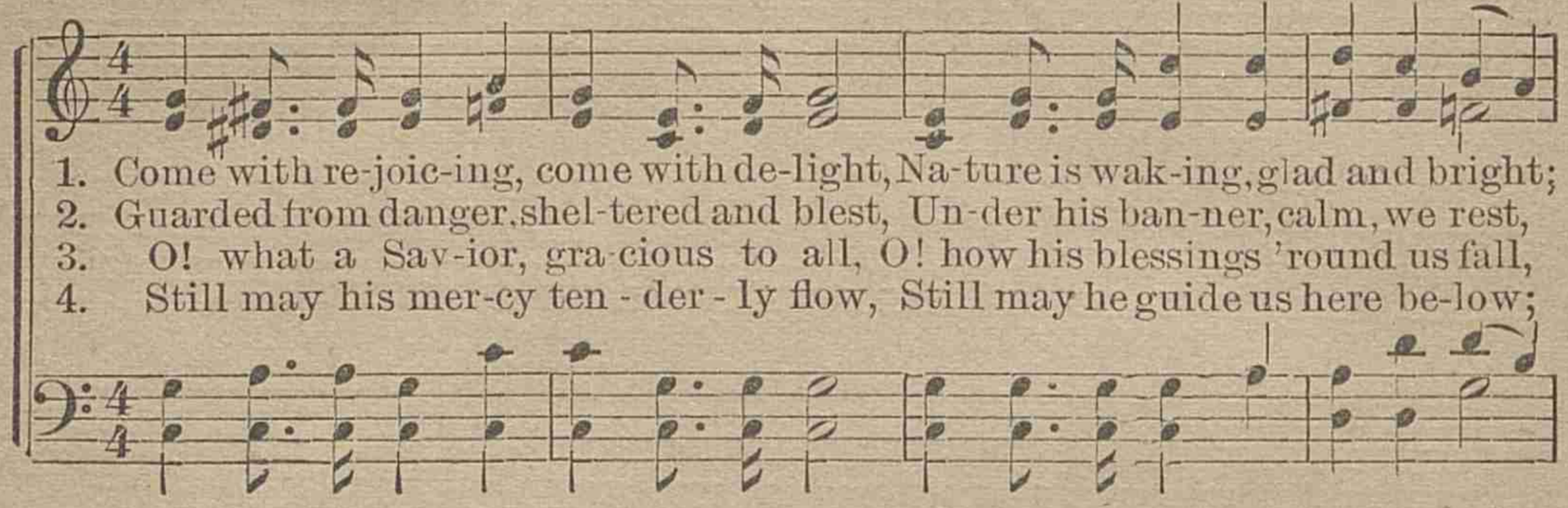
WM. B. BRADBURY. Arr. by EDWIN P. PARKER.



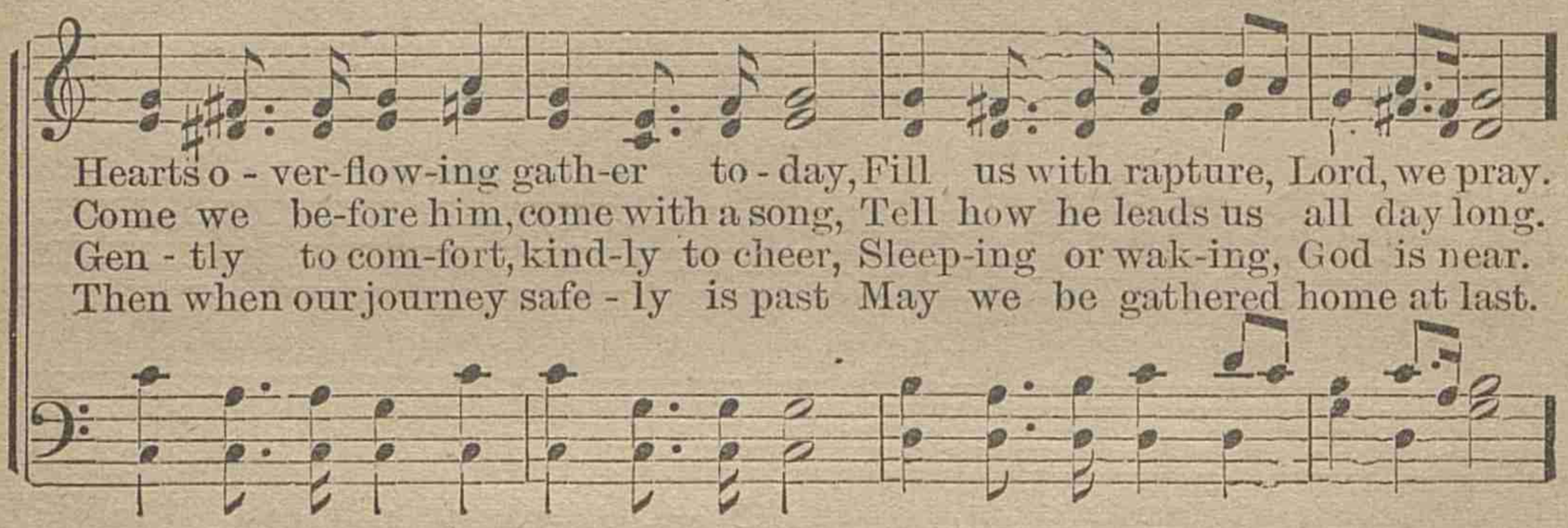


135 Come With Rejoicing.

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

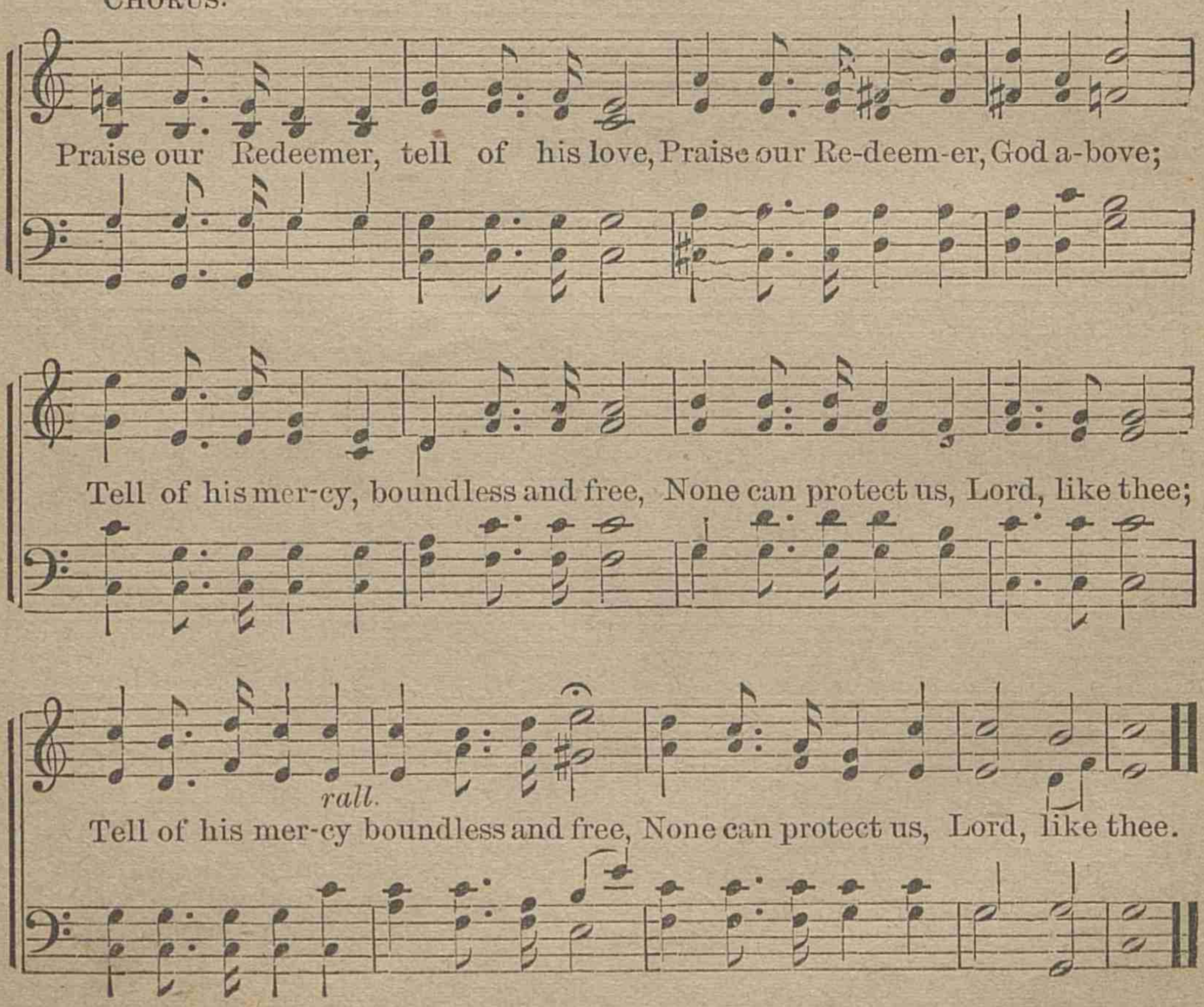


1. Come with re-joic-ing, come with de-light, Na-ture is wak-ing, glad and bright;
2. Guarded from danger, shel-tered and blest, Un-der his ban-ner, calm, we rest,
3. O! what a Sav-ior, gra-cious to all, O! how his blessings 'round us fall,
4. Still may his mer-cy ten - der - ly flow, Still may he guide us here be-low;



Hearts o - ver-flow-ing gath-er to - day, Fill us with rapture, Lord, we pray.
Come we be-fore him, come with a song, Tell how he leads us all day long.
Gen - tly to com-fort, kind-ly to cheer, Sleep-ing or wak-ing, God is near.
Then when our journey safe - ly is past May we be gathered home at last.

CHORUS.



Praise our Redeemer, tell of his love, Praise our Re-deem-er, God a-bove;
Tell of his mer-cy, boundless and free, None can protect us, Lord, like thee;
rall.
Tell of his mer-cy boundless and free, None can protect us, Lord, like thee.

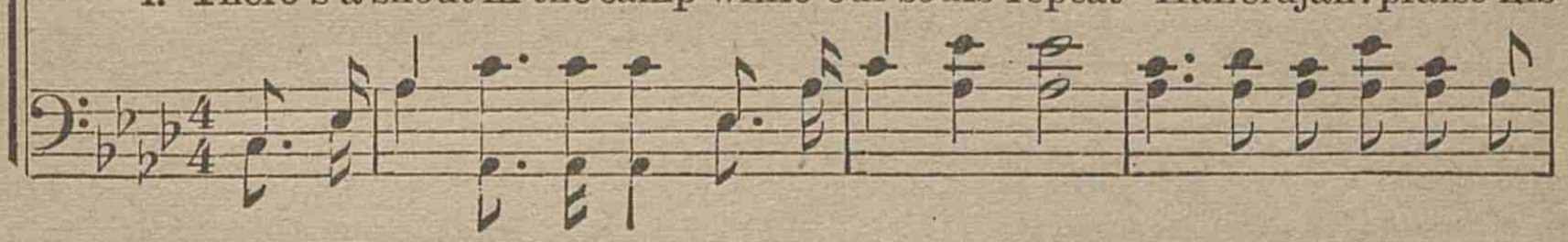
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136 A Shout in the Camp.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's a shout in the camp, for the Lord is here, Hallelujah! praise his
2. There's a shout in the camp like the shout of old, Hallelujah! praise his
3. There's a shout in the ranks of the King of kings, Hallelujah! praise his
4. There's a shout in the camp while our souls repeat Hallelujah! praise his





name; To the feast of his love we again draw near, Praise, oh,
name; For the cloud of his glo - ry we now be-hold, Praise, oh,
name; While we drink at the Rock from the living springs, Praise, oh,
name; There is room for the world at the Sav-ior's feet, Praise, oh,
praise his name;



CHORUS.



praise his name. Room for the millions, room for all! Hal-le-lu-jah! praise his



name; Come to the banquet, great and small, Praise, oh, praise his name.
praise his name;



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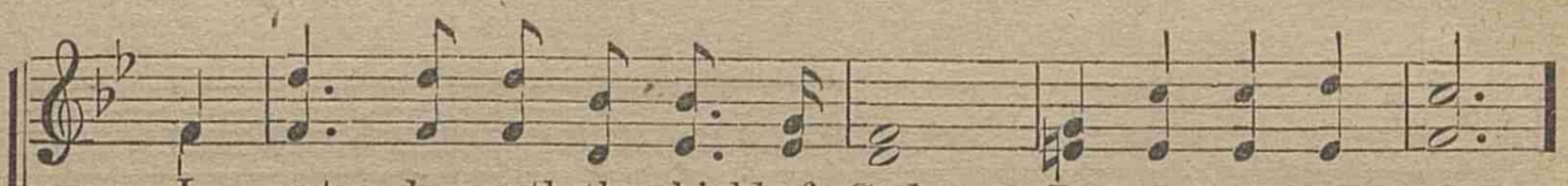
137 I'm more than Conqueror.

PARKER. R. KELSO CARTER.

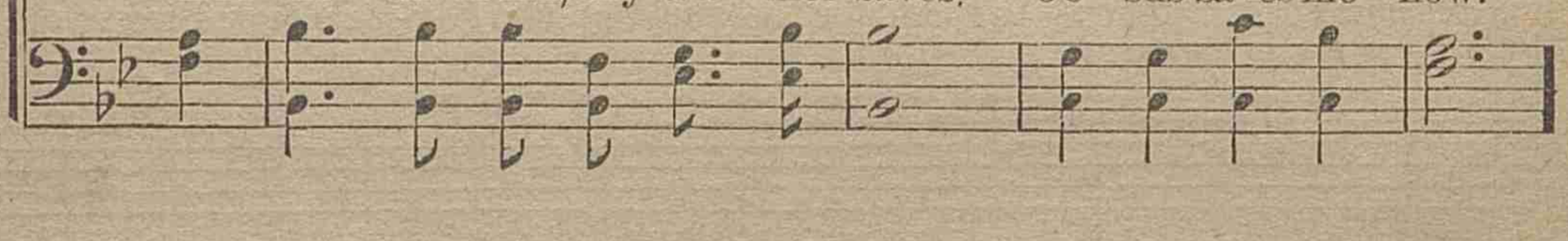


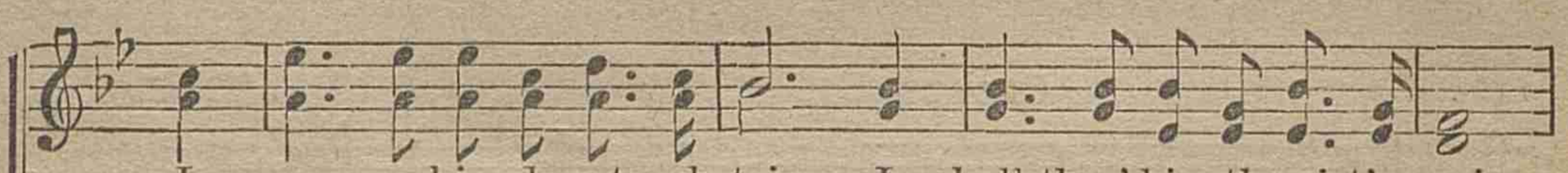
1. I'm more than conq'ror thro' his blood, Je - sus saves me now;
2. Be - fore the bat - tle lines are spread, Je - sus saves me now;
3. I'll ask no more that I may see, Je - sus saves me now;
4. Why should I ask a sign from God? Je - sus saves me now;
5. Should Sa - tan come like 'whelming waves, Je - sus saves me now;



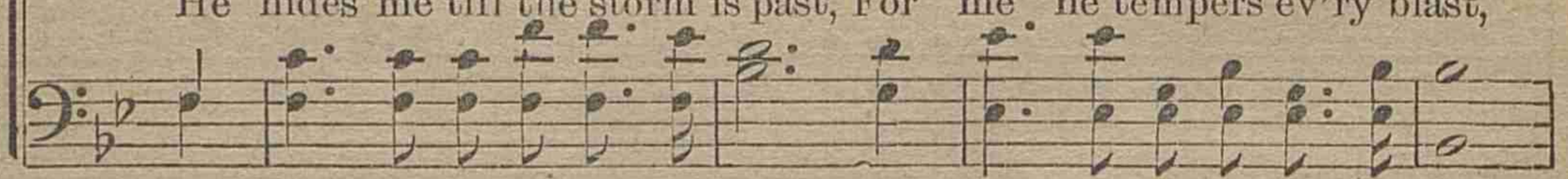


I rest be-neath the shield of God, Je - sus saves me now.
Be - fore the boasting foe is dead, Je - sus saves me now.
His prom - ise is e - nough for me, Je - sus saves me now.
Can I not trust the prec - ious blood! Je - sus saves me now.
E're tri - als crush, my Fa - ther saves, Je - sus saves me now.





I go a kingdom to ob-tain, I shall thro' him the vict'ry gain,
I win the fight tho' not begun, I'll trust and shout, still marching on,
Tho' foes be strong and walls be high, I'll shout, he gives the vic-to - ry,
Strong in his word, I meet the foe, And, shouting, win without a blow,
He hides me till the storm is past, For me he tempers ev'ry blast,





Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me now.

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138 Wait, and Murmur Not.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care;
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot;
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow;
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot;

Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be resting there?
Thou yearn'st to reach that blest abode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho-li - er than thou.
The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not;

CHORUS.

O, wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,
meek - ly wait,
wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not, O, wait,
meek - ly wait,
meek - ly wait,
O, wait, O, wait, and murmur not,
meek - ly wait,
O, mur - mur not.

139 Welcome for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far a - way from its nest, I had wan-der'd, my Sav - ior, from thee; But thy dear lov - ing voice call'd me home to thy breast, And I knew there was welcome for me.
2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold - ed my wings On the bo - som of mer - cy di - vine; I am fill'd with the light of thy pres - ence so bright, And the joy that will ev - er be mine.
3. I am safe in the ark; and I dread not the storm, Tho' a - round me the sur - ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the day nev - er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

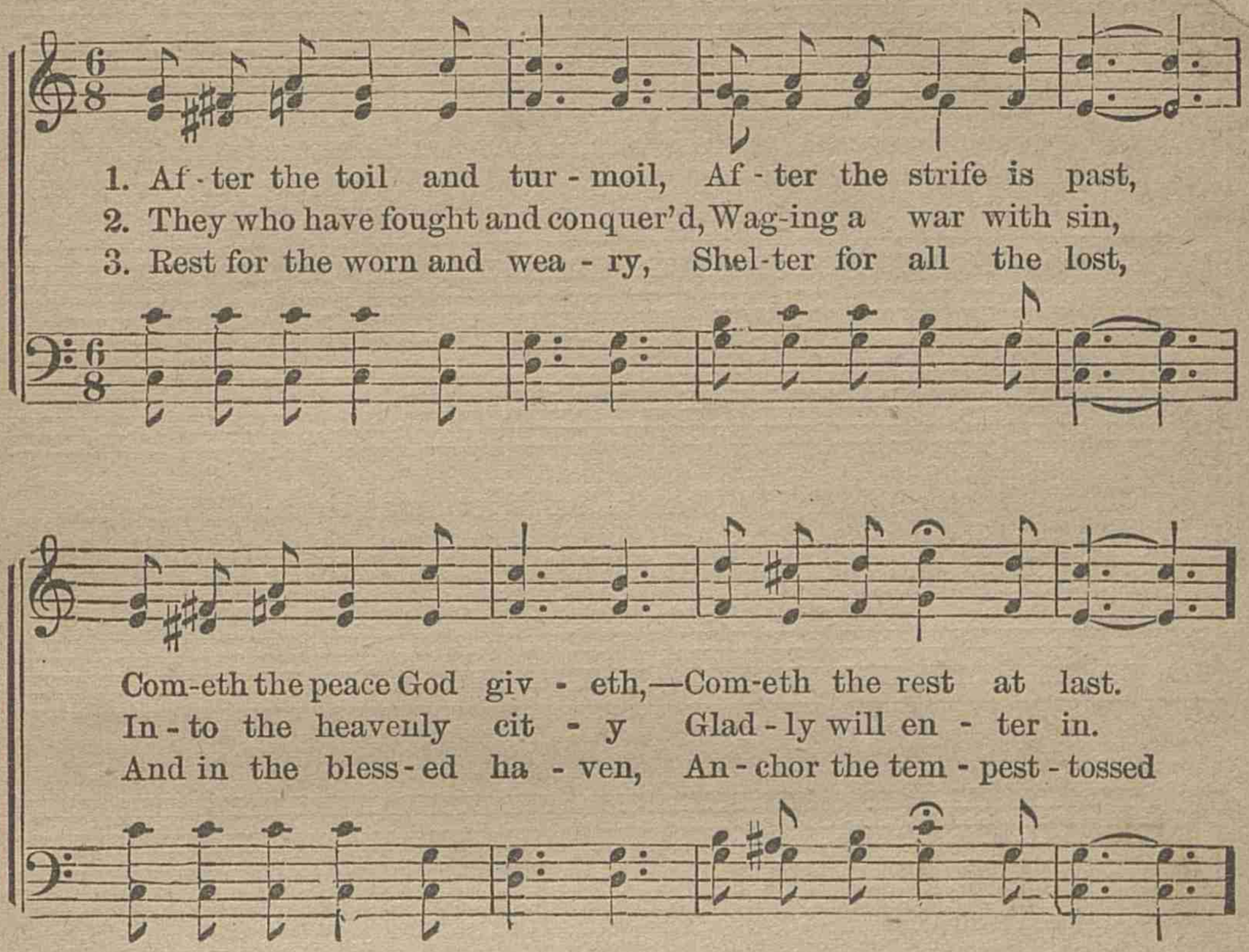
CHORUS.

Welcome for me, Sav - ior from thee; A smile and a welcome for me:
Now, like a dove, I rest in thy love, And find a sweet refuge in thee.
in thee.

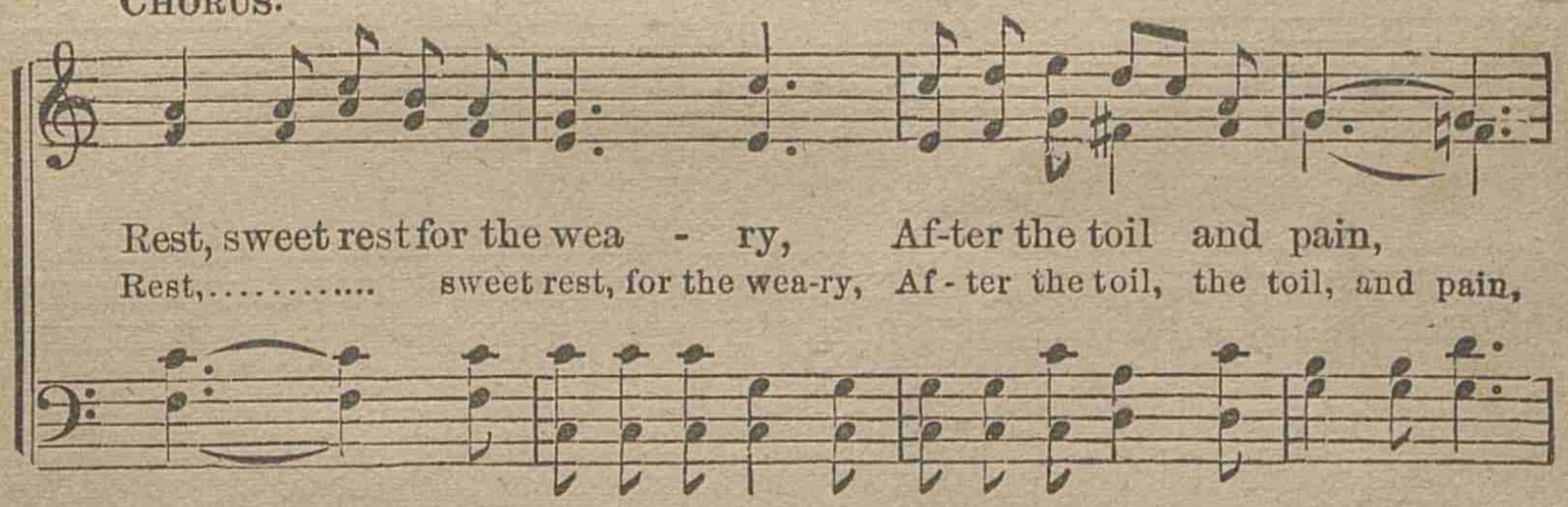
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140 Rest in Heaven.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. J. H. Tenney.



Chorus.



Copyright, 1880, by J. H. Tenny.

141 Meet me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faith-ful part no more,
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain,
3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing,

When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the
But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the
In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in

night dis-solves a - way In - to pure and per - fect day,
riv - er spark - ling bright, In the cit - y of de - light,
sweet com-mun - ion blend Heart with heart, and friend with friend,

D. S.—*hap - py gold - en shore,*
Fine.

I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.
Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

Where the faith - ful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the

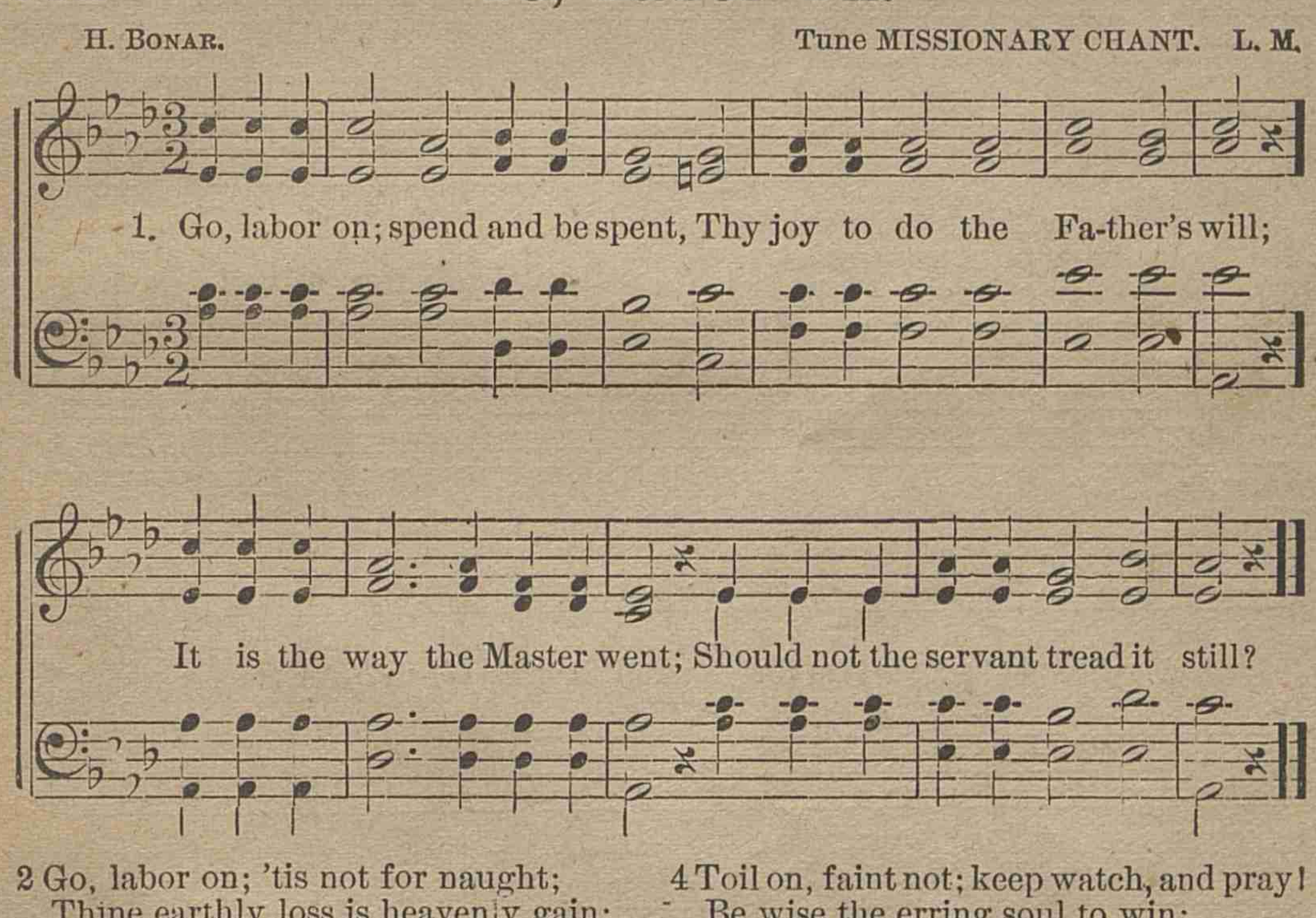
Meet me There.—Concluded.





142 Go, Labor On.

H. BONAR. Tune MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.



2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

143 O, Sing of the Rapture.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O sing of the rap-ture, the ho - ly de - light, Sal - va-tion so free-ly bestows, Our path, like the noonday, is cloudless and bright With
2. O sing of the ful - ness of in- - fi - nite love, The bliss that we constant-ly share, Com-mun-ing with Je - sus our Sav - ior a - bove, And
3. How sweet when we gather to worship his name, And praise him for all he has done, To feel, while the rich - es of grace we proclaim, Our
4. O glo - ry to Je - sus! a - gain and a - gain Our song of de- vo-tion shall rise, And an - gels re - ech - o the joy - ful a-men, They

CHORUS.

joy from his presence that flows. Sal-va-tion is free, salvation is free,
knowing our treas-ure is there.
E - den on earth is be - gun.
bear from our hearts to the skies.

A per - fect sal-va-tion for you and for me; When o-ver the riv-er our dwell-ing we see, We'll shout as we en - ter, sal - va - tion is free.

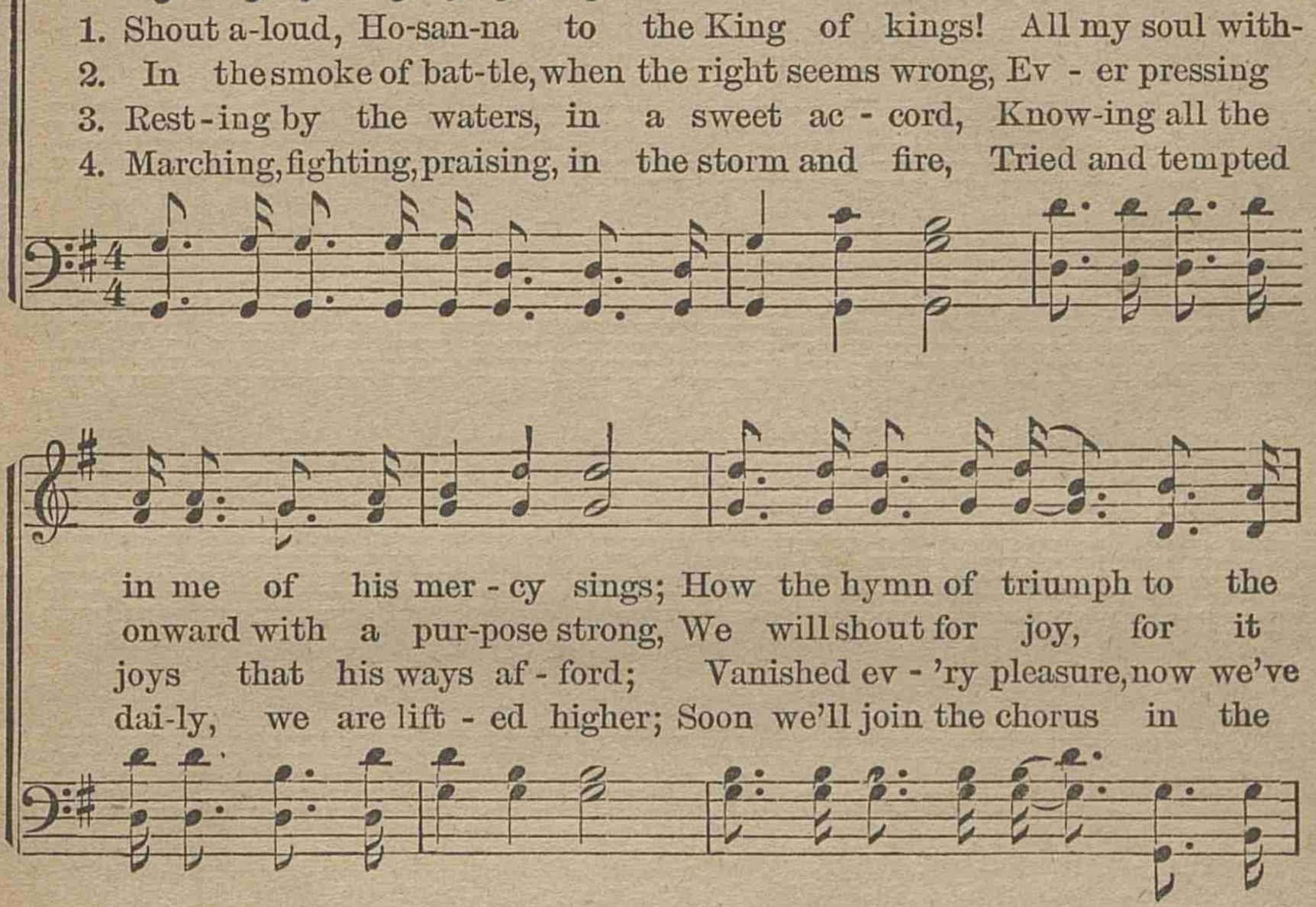
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144 We Overcome by the Blood.

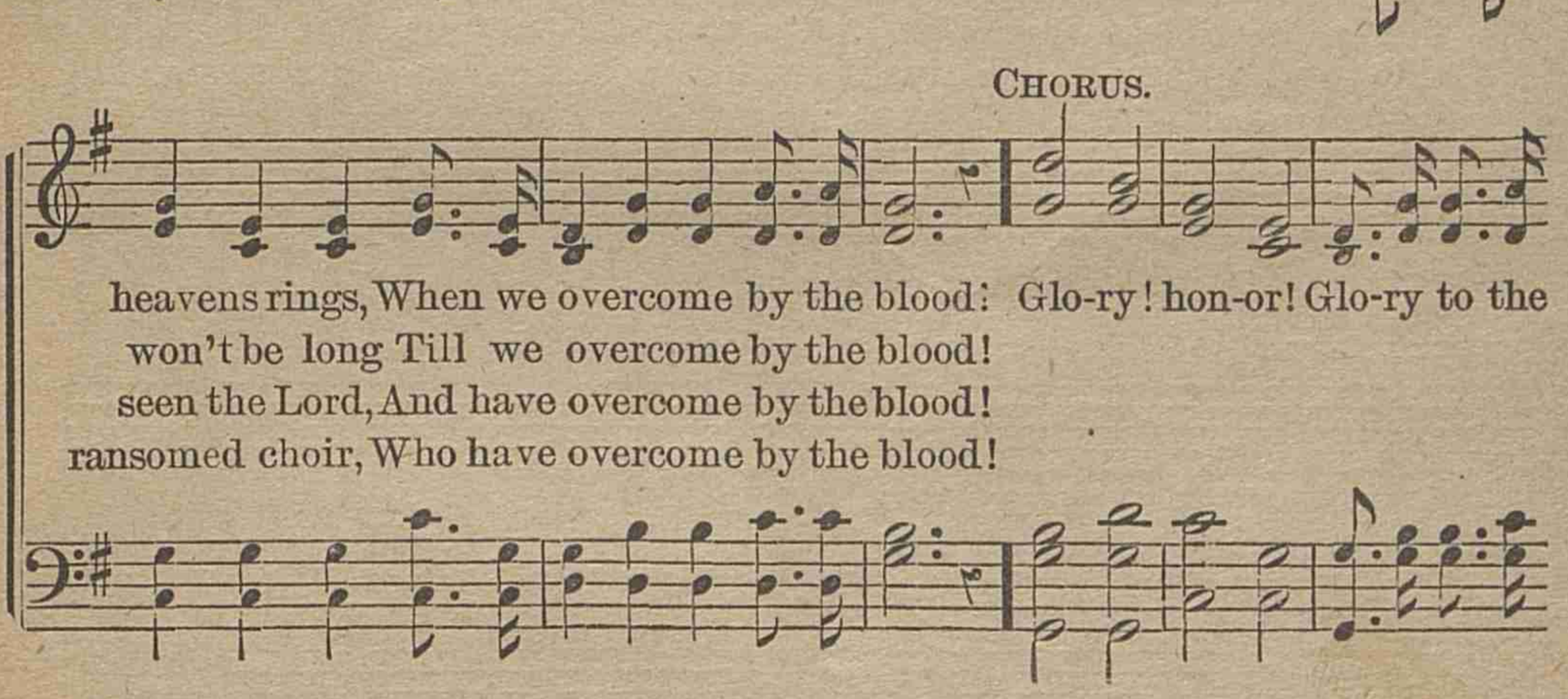
R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.



1. Shout a-loud, Ho-san-na to the King of kings! All my soul with-
2. In the smoke of bat-tle, when the right seems wrong, Ev - er pressing
3. Rest-ing by the waters, in a sweet ac - cord, Know-ing all the
4. Marching, fighting, praising, in the storm and fire, Tried and tempted

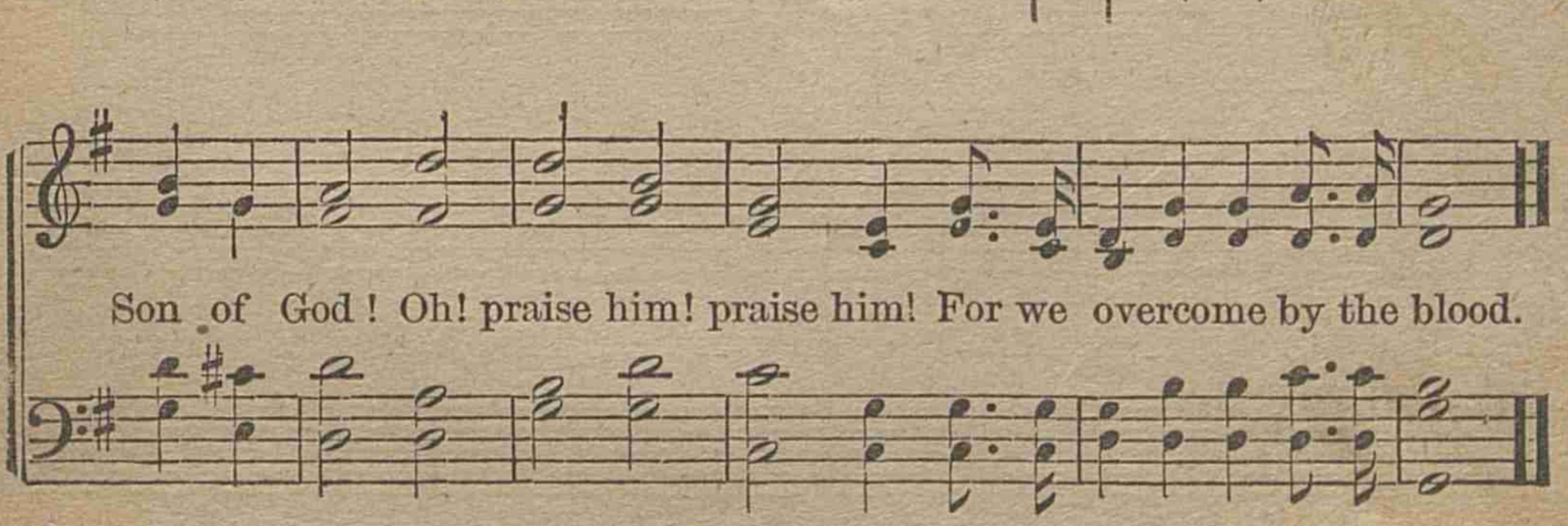


in me of his mer - cy sings; How the hymn of triumph to the
onward with a pur-pose strong, We will shout for joy, for it
joys that his ways af - ford; Vanished ev - 'ry pleasure, now we've
dai-ly, we are lift - ed higher; Soon we'll join the chorus in the

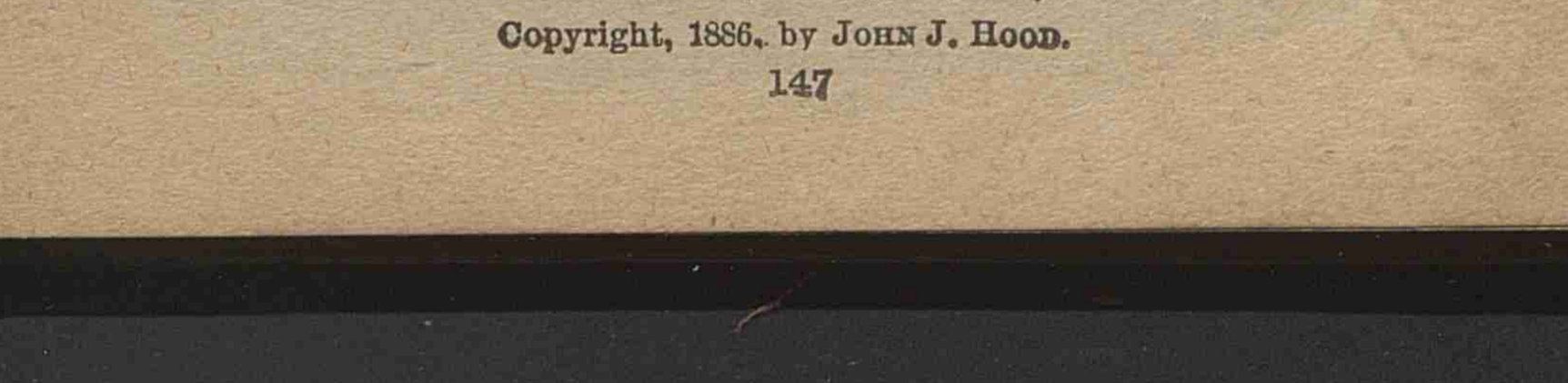


CHORUS.

heavens rings, When we overcome by the blood: Glo-ry! hon-or! Glo-ry to the
won't be long Till we overcome by the blood!
seen the Lord, And have overcome by the blood!
ransomed choir, Who have overcome by the blood!



Son of God! Oh! praise him! praise him! For we overcome by the blood.



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145 Ho! Every One that is Thirsty.

L. J. R. LUCY J. RIDER.

1. Ho! ev-'ry one that is thirst - y in spir - it, Ho! ev-'ry one that is wea - ry and sad, Come to the fount-ain, there's full - ness in Je - sus, All that you're longing for, come and be glad.
2. Child of the world, are you tired of your bond - age? Wea - ry of earth-joys, so false, so un - true; Thirst - ing for God and his full - ness of bless - ing; List to the prom-ise—a mes-sage for you.
3. Child of the king-dom, be filled with the Spir - it, Noth - ing but life and for ser - vice; Thine is the prom-ise, so cer - tain, so sweet.

CHORUS.

I will pour wa - ter on him that is thirst - y, I will pour floods up- on the dry ground; O - pen your heart for the gifts I am

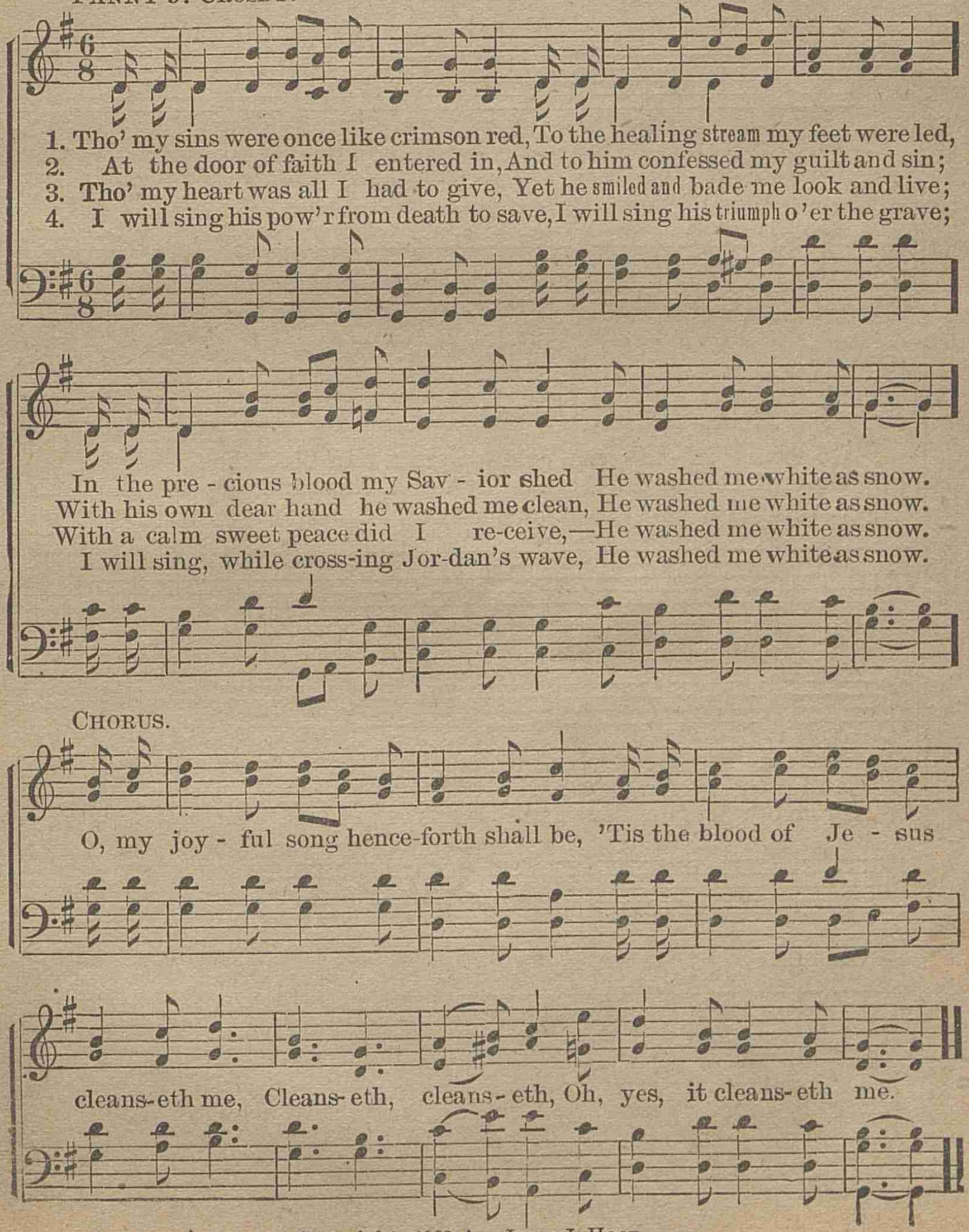
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Ho! Every One that is Thirsty—Concluded.



146 Washed White as Snow.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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147 Behold, the Fields are White.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The har-vest time is near;
2. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The la - bor-ers are few,
3. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The Mas - ter soon will come,

The sum-mons of the Mas - ter falls Up-on the reap - er's ear;
The gath'ring of the har - vest must By grace de - pend on you;
And car - ry with re-joic - ing heart His gath-ered trophies home;

Go forth in - to the gold - en grain And bind the pre-cious sheaves,
Go forth throughout the bus - y world, The world of want and sin,
And can you stand with emp-ty arms, While glad-ly he re - ceives

And gar - ner for the Lord of Hosts The har - vest which he gives.
And gath - er for the Lord of Hosts Its dy - ing mil - lions in.
From oth - ers in the har - vest field A load of prec - ious sheaves.

Chorus.

Look up! look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is
Look up! look up! behold! behold! the fields are white, The har - vest

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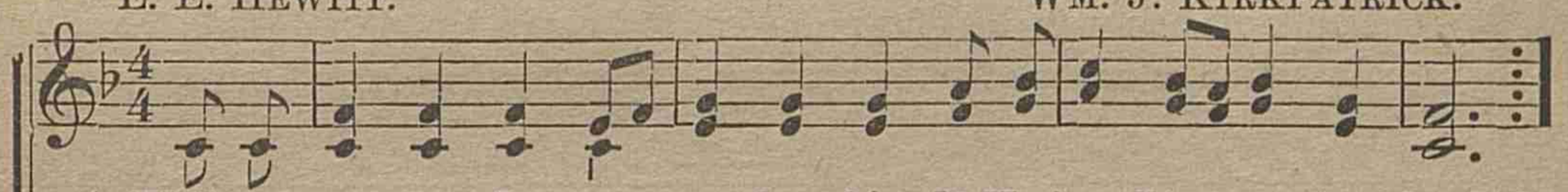
Behold the Fields are White—Concluded.





148 By Grace I Will.

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



1. Will you go to Je - sus now, dear friend? He is calling you to - day,
   Will you seek the bright and better land, By "the true and living way?"
2. Would you know the Savior's boundless love, And his mercy rich and free?
   Will you seek the saving, cleansing blood, That was shed for you and me?



REFRAIN.





3 Will you consecrate your life to him,
To be ever his alone?
And your loving service freely yield,
To the King upon his throne.

4 Will you follow where the Master leads,
Choosing only his renown;
Will you daily bear the cross for him,
Till he bids you wear the crown?

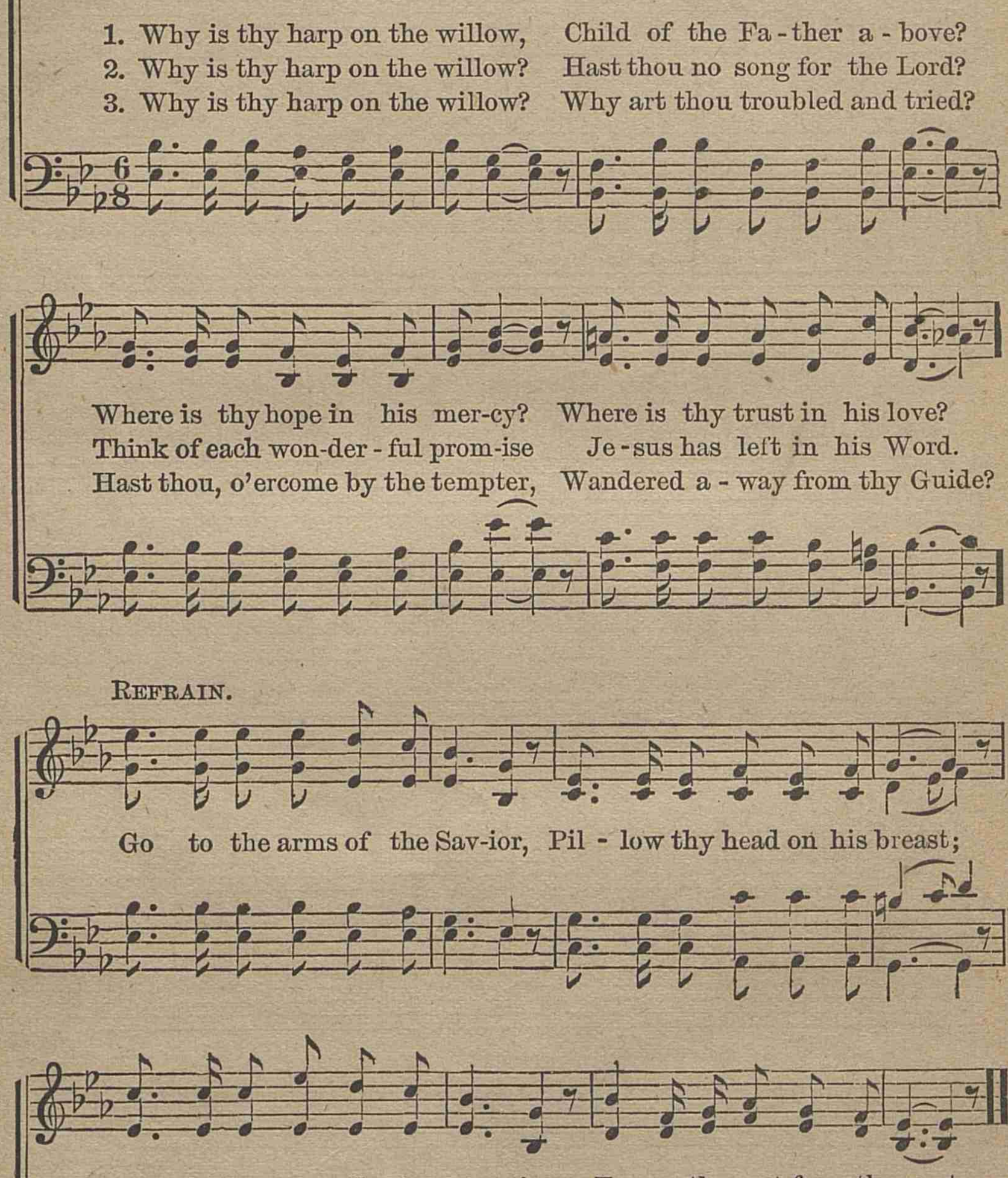
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149 Far as the East from the West.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

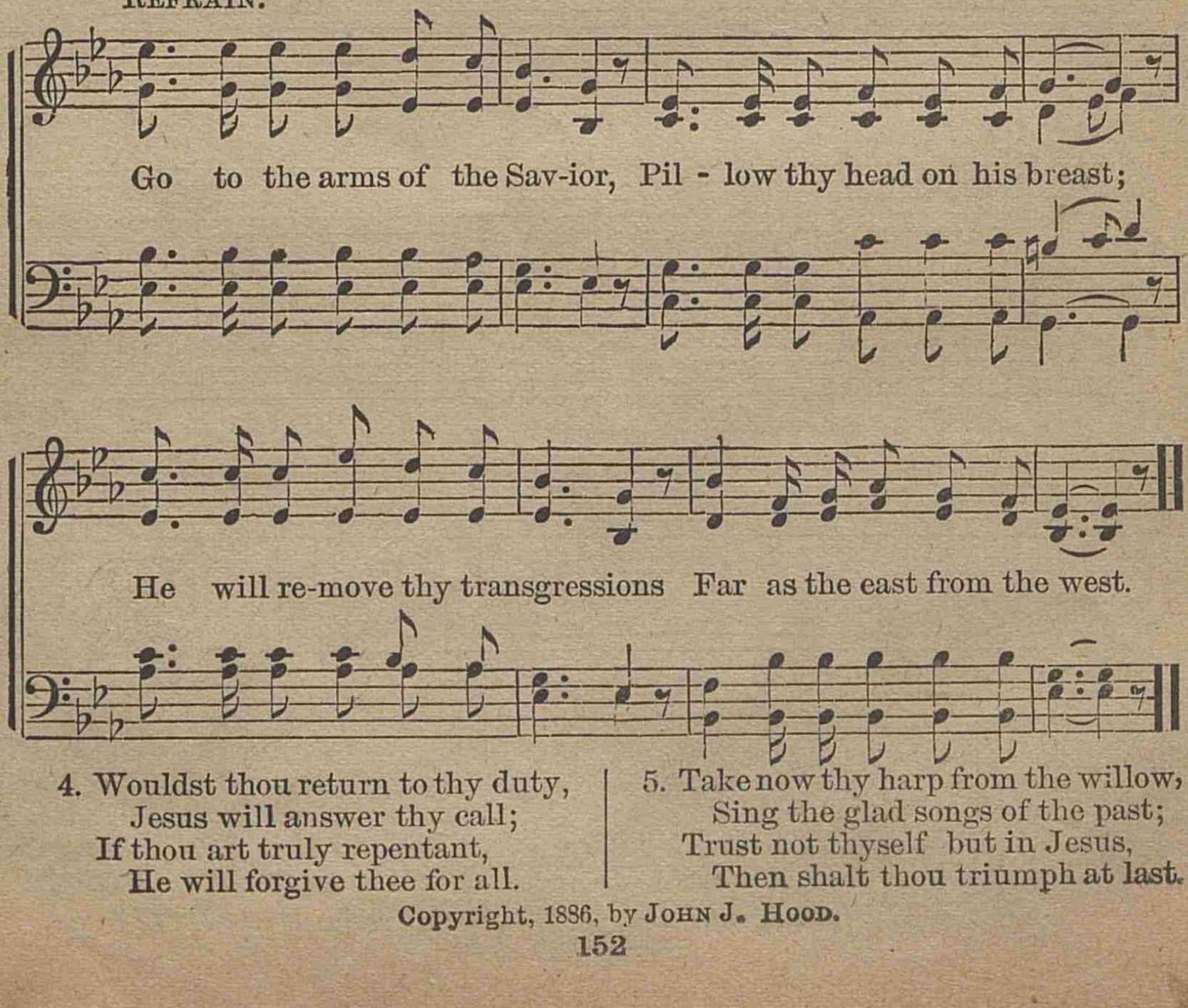


1. Why is thy harp on the willow, Child of the Fa - ther a - bove?
2. Why is thy harp on the willow? Hast thou no song for the Lord?
3. Why is thy harp on the willow? Why art thou troubled and tried?



Where is thy hope in his mer-cy? Where is thy trust in his love?
Think of each won-der - ful prom-ise Je - sus has left in his Word.
Hast thou, o'ercome by the tempter, Wandered a - way from thy Guide?

REFRAIN.



Go to the arms of the Sav-ior, Pil - low thy head on his breast;
He will re-move thy transgressions Far as the east from the west.

4. Wouldst thou return to thy duty,
Jesus will answer thy call;
If thou art truly repentant,
He will forgive thee for all.

5. Take now thy harp from the willow,
Sing the glad songs of the past;
Trust not thyself but in Jesus,
Then shalt thou triumph at last.

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150 Hast Thou Heard of Jesus.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Hast thou heard of that wonderful Je- sus, Who dwelt a-mong sinners, a
2. Hast thou heard of that wonderful Je- sus, Re - ject - ed by sinners of
3. Hast thou heard of that wonderful Je- sus, Who dwells with the low-ly in

God? Who in pu - ri - ty walked with the vil - est, Dis-
old? He is wait - ing to - day to be gra-cious, Yet
heart? With the hum - ble he walks in commun - ion, And

CHORUS.

pens - ing his fa-vors a - broad? Oh that won - derful, wonderful
slight - ed by numbers un - told.
grace he will freely im - part.

Je - sus! He left the bright glo-ry a - bove, On a

world in its sin and its ru - in To pour out his in - fi-nite love.

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151 Awake, O Zion's Daughter.

FANNY R. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY

1. Awake, O Zion's daughter, Awake from sorrow's night; Come forth in all thy
2. Thou hast not been forsaken, Tho' long by foes oppressed; Thy tears were not un-
3. His arm thy foes shall conquer, His power their strength shall bind,
And they shall fly in

beau-ty, Arrayed in garments bright; Why should thy vales be si - lent? Why
heed-ed By him who loves thee best; Oh, look above the shad - ows For
ter-ror, Like chaff before the wind, While thou thyself tri - um-phant Up-

should thy harps be still, When he, the Lord, is coming, Thy soul with joy to fill?
him who yet shall reign; Look up with eyes expectant, Thy trust is not in vain.
on the earth shall stand, The light of ev'ry na-tion, The pride of ev'ry land.

CHORUS.

A-wake, a - wake..... O Zi-on's daugh-ter, A - wake..... from sorrow's
A-wake, a-wake, A - wake, a-wake,

night;..... Come forth in all thy beauty, Arrayed in garments bright.
from sorrow's night,

Come forth in all thy beau - ty,

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152 Redeemed, Praise the Lord.

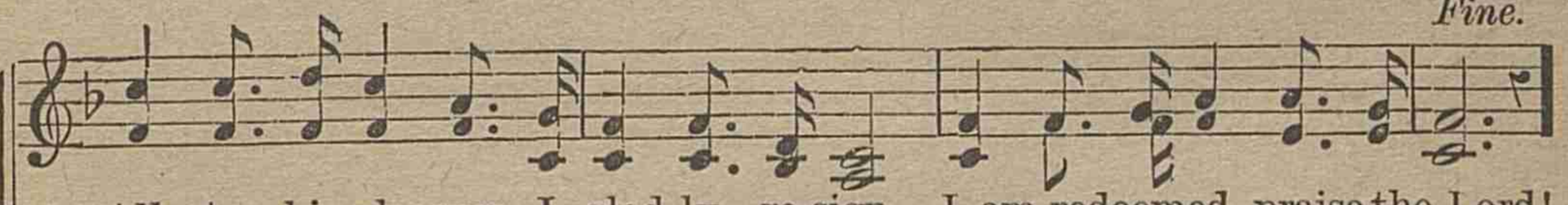
ABBIE MILLS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O hap-py day! what a Sav-ior is mine! I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
2. O clap your hands, all ye people of God, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
3. Thanks be to God, for the great vict'ry given, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
4. Glo-ry to God, I would shout ev-er-more, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!



Fine.



All to his pleasure I glad-ly re-sign, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Let ev-'ry tongue speak his mercy abroad, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Now I am free, ev'ry chain has been riven, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
O for a voice that could reach ev'ry shore, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!





Je-sus has taken my burden away; Je-sus has turned my night in-to day;
His loving-kindness is better than gold; He doth bestow more than my cup can hold;
Out of the pit, and the mire, and the clay, Jesus has borne me in triumph away;
Help me, ye ransom'd, awake, ev'ry string, Let earth rejoice and the whole heav'ns ring,



Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.



Je-sus has come to my heart, come to stay, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Wondrous salvation, that ne'er can be told, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Safe on the Rock I am standing to-day, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
While we the cho-rus u-nit-ed-ly sing, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!



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153 Valley of Rest.

ANNA C. STOREY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Val - ley of E-den, beyond the sea, Ha-ven of rest, tranquil and blest,
2. Val - ley of E-den, the soul's dear home, Bright are thy hills, peaceful thy rills;
3. Val - ley of E-den, beyond the sea, Lovely thy bow'rs, fadeless thy flow'rs;

Anchored for-ev - er we soon shall be, Gathered with Jesus to rest,
Hap - py for-ev - er we soon shall roam, Over thy bright blooming hills;
Val - ley of E - den, we dream of thee, Dream of thy beautiful bowers

Songs of the ransomed are floating in air, Wafted to earth from thy region so fair;
Thine are the beauties that never decay, Thine is the light of a shadowless day
Friends that were parted with rapture shall meet, Casting their crowns at Immanuel's feet:

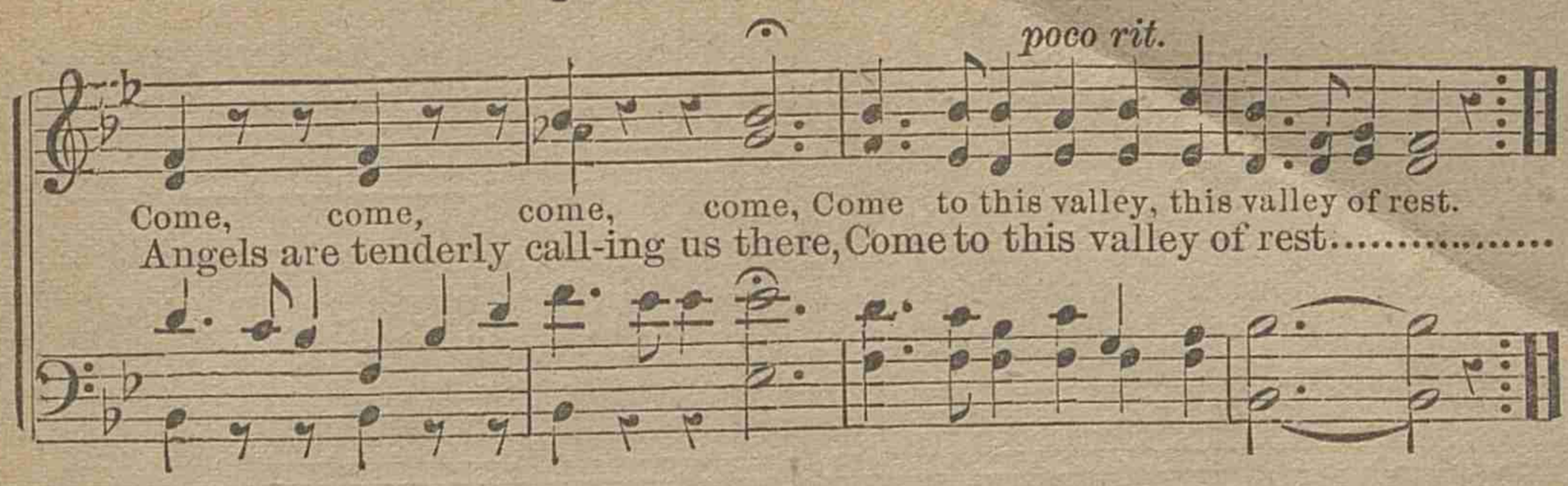
An-gels are tenderly call-ing us there, Call-ing the wea-ry to rest.
Voices of loved ones are calling a-way, Home to thy bright blooming hills.
Still the glad voices of angels re-peat, Come to the val-ley of flowers.

CHORUS. *Repeat, Tenor and Soprano, changing parts.*

Come, come, come, come,
Come to this valley of E - den fair, Wea-ry and sor - row op - pressed;

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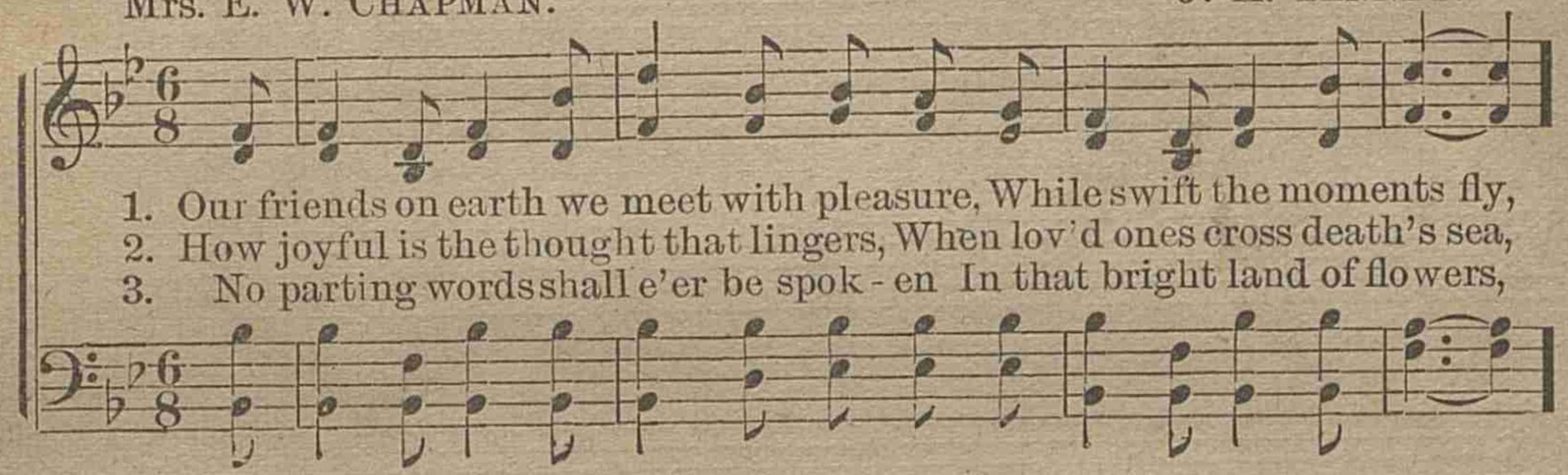
Valley of Rest—Concluded.

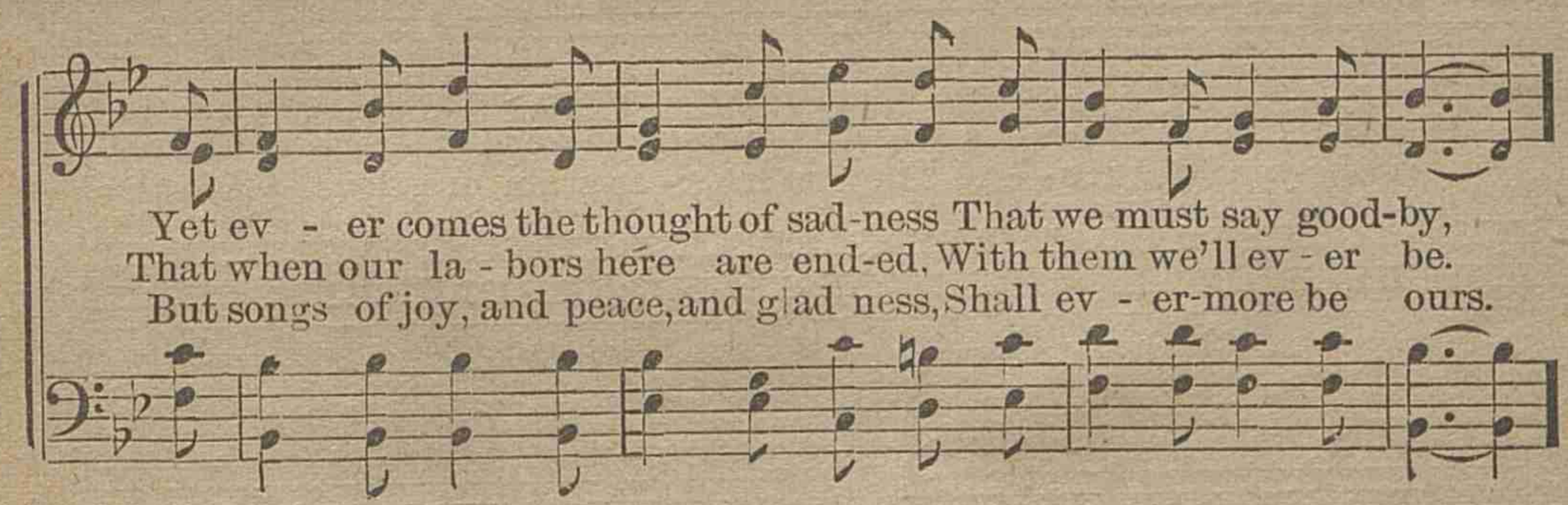


154 We'll Never Say Good By.

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

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.





CHORUS



Repeat Chorus pp



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155 Thou Shalt Rest at Eve.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Onward press, tho' faint and wea-ry, Droop not 'neath the parching sun,
2. Du-ties wait for thy ful-fill-ing, Let thy full strength go to each,
3. Tho' the prom-ise long may tar-ry, And the way seems dark and drear,

Onward thro' the des-ert dreary, Till the day is won; Tho' thy
With an earn-est heart, and willing, La-bor, pray, and teach; Fal-ter
Gloom-y doubts and fears still parry, Night will soon be here; Saved ones

feet be worn and bleeding, Ne'er the nar-row pathway leave, Thro' thy
not beneath thy bur-den, Je-sus' pre-cious word be-lieve, Faith pre-
wait be-yond the riv-er, They no long-er sin or grieve, With them,

CHORUS. *p*

Sav-ior's in-ter-ced-ing, Thou shalt rest at eve.
sents the promised guerdon, Thou shalt rest at eve.
in the bright for ev-er, Thou shalt rest at eve.

Rest on the beautiful

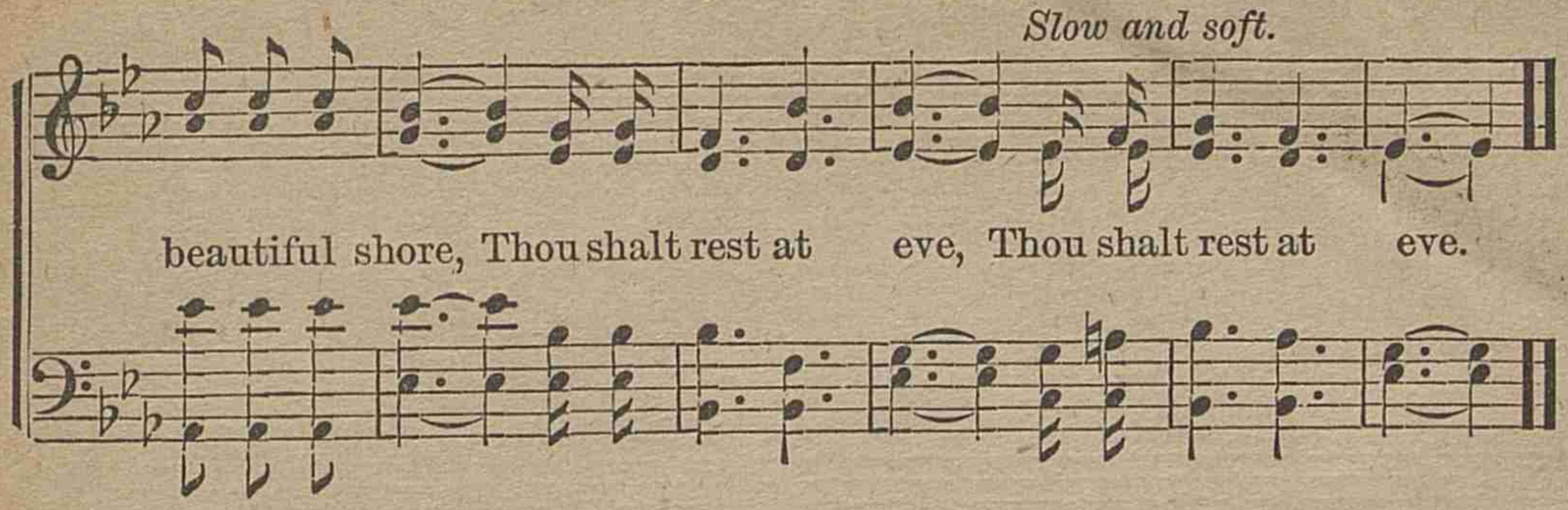
In chanting style.

shore, Where no sor-row thy breast can heave, Yes, on the bright

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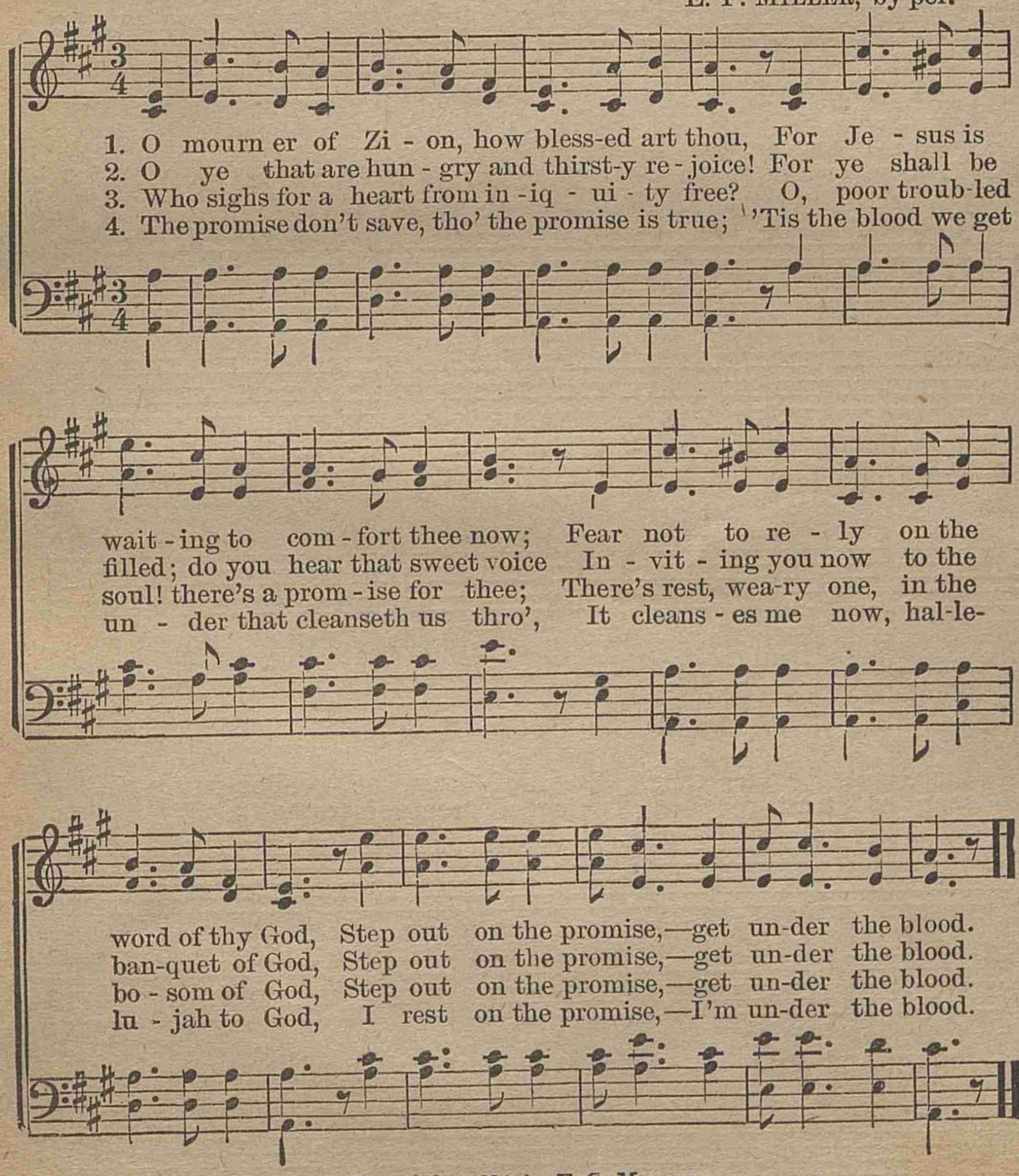
Thou Shalt Rest at Eve—Concluded

Slow and soft.



156 Step Out on the Promise.

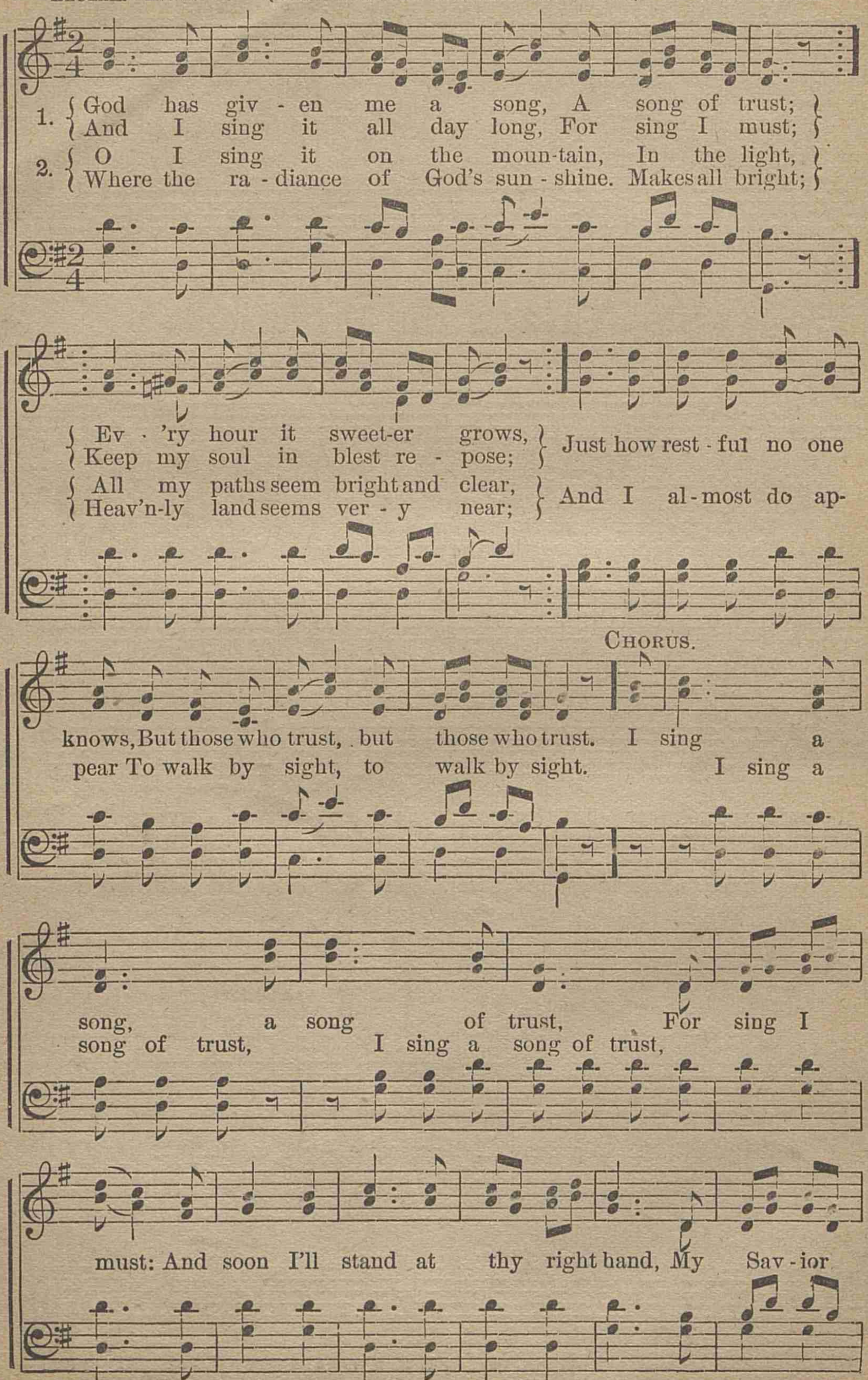
E. F. MILLER, by per.



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157 A Song of Trust.

BEULAH. *Melodious.* (Music dedicated to Mrs. C. C. McCABE.) J. M. WHYTE.



Words used by per. of John J. Hood.

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A Song of Trust. Concluded.



3

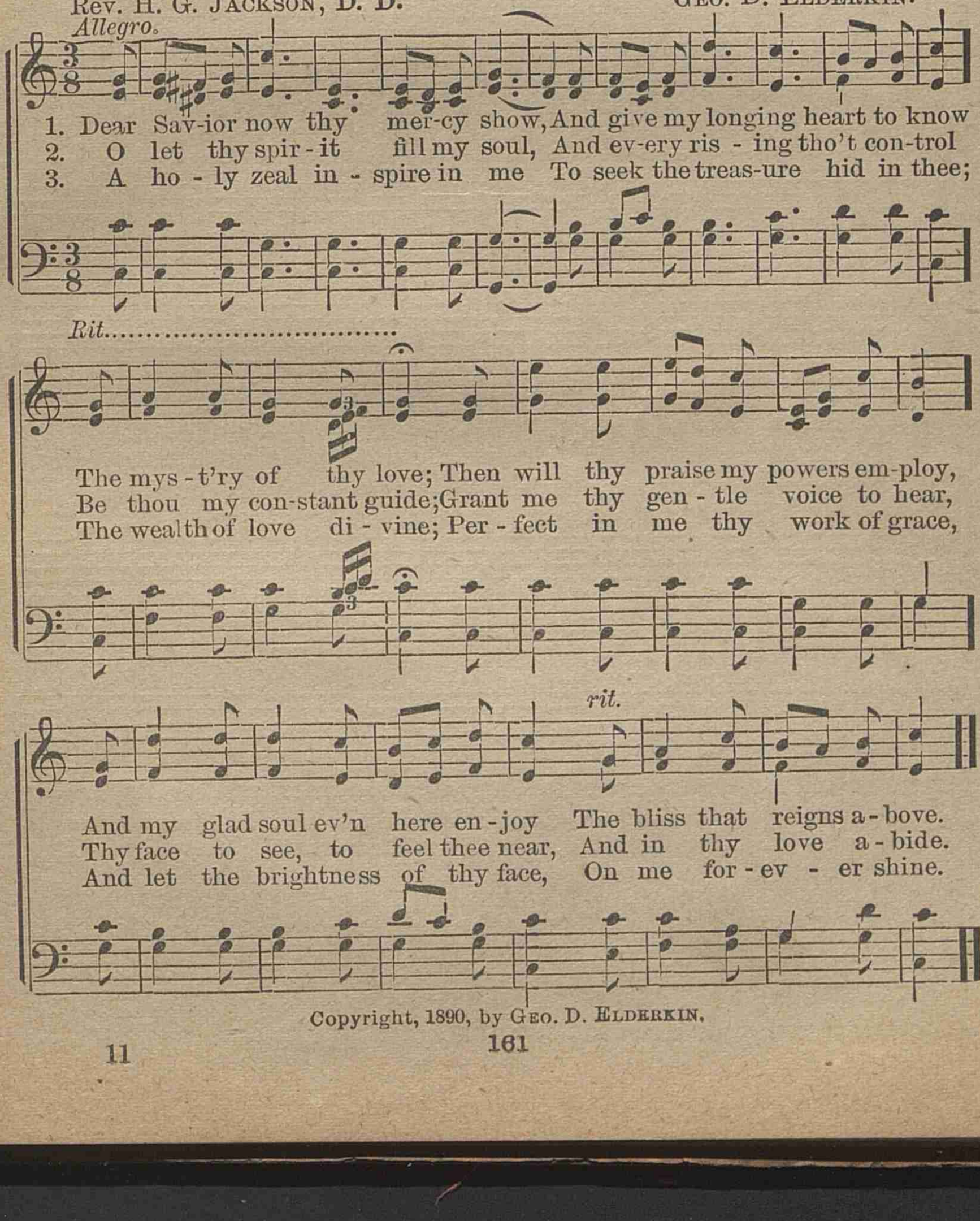
And I sing it in the valley,
Dark and low;
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
Pain and woe;
Then the shadows flee away,
Like the night when dawns the day;
Trust in God brings light alway--
I find it so. *Cho.*

4

For I've cross'd the river Jordan,
And I stand
In the blessed land of promise—
Beulah land!
Trusting is like breathing here,
Just so easy doubt and fear
Vanish in this atmosphere,
And life is grand. *Cho.*

158 Perfect Love.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON, D. D. GEO. D. ELDERKIN.



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159 In the Secret of His Presence.

REV. HENRY BURTON. M. A. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

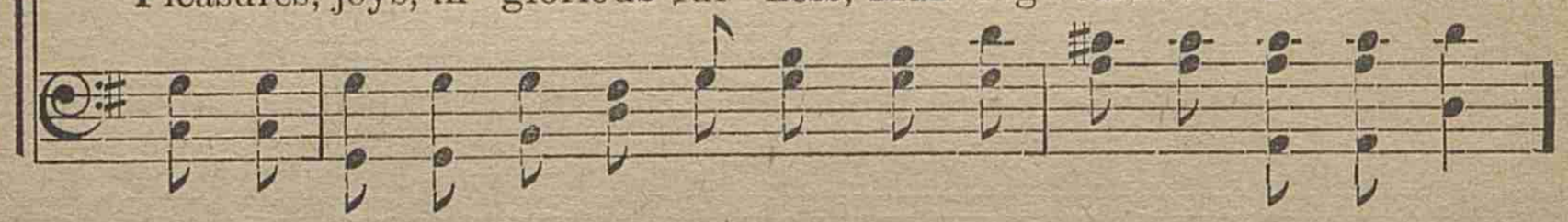


1. In the se-cret of his presence I am kept from strife of tongues;
2. In the se-cret of his presence All the dark-ness dis-ap-pears;
3. In the se-cret of his presence Nev-er-more can foes a-larm;
4. In the se-cret of his presence Is a sweet un-bro-ken rest;





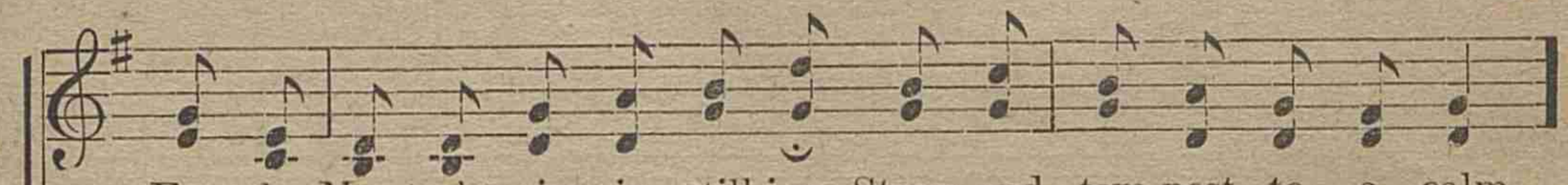
His pa-vil-ion is a-round me, And with-in are cease-less songs!
For a sun, that knows no setting, Throws a rain-bow on my tears.
In the sha-dow of the High-est I can meet them with a psalm:
Pleasures, joys, in glorious ful-ness, Mak-ing earth like E-den blest:



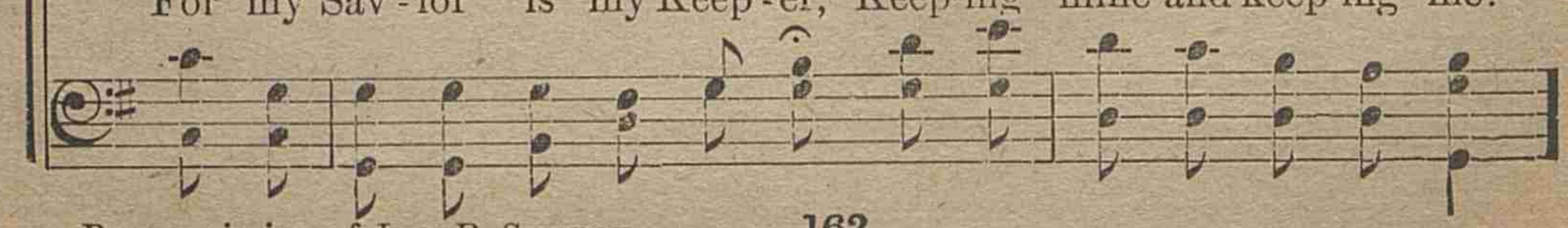


Storm-y winds his word ful-fil-ing, Beat with-out, but can-not harm,
So the day grows ev-er light-er, Broad'ning to the per fect noon;
For the strong pa-vil-ion hides me, Turns their fier-y darts a-side,
So my peace grows deep and deeper, Widening as it nears the sea,





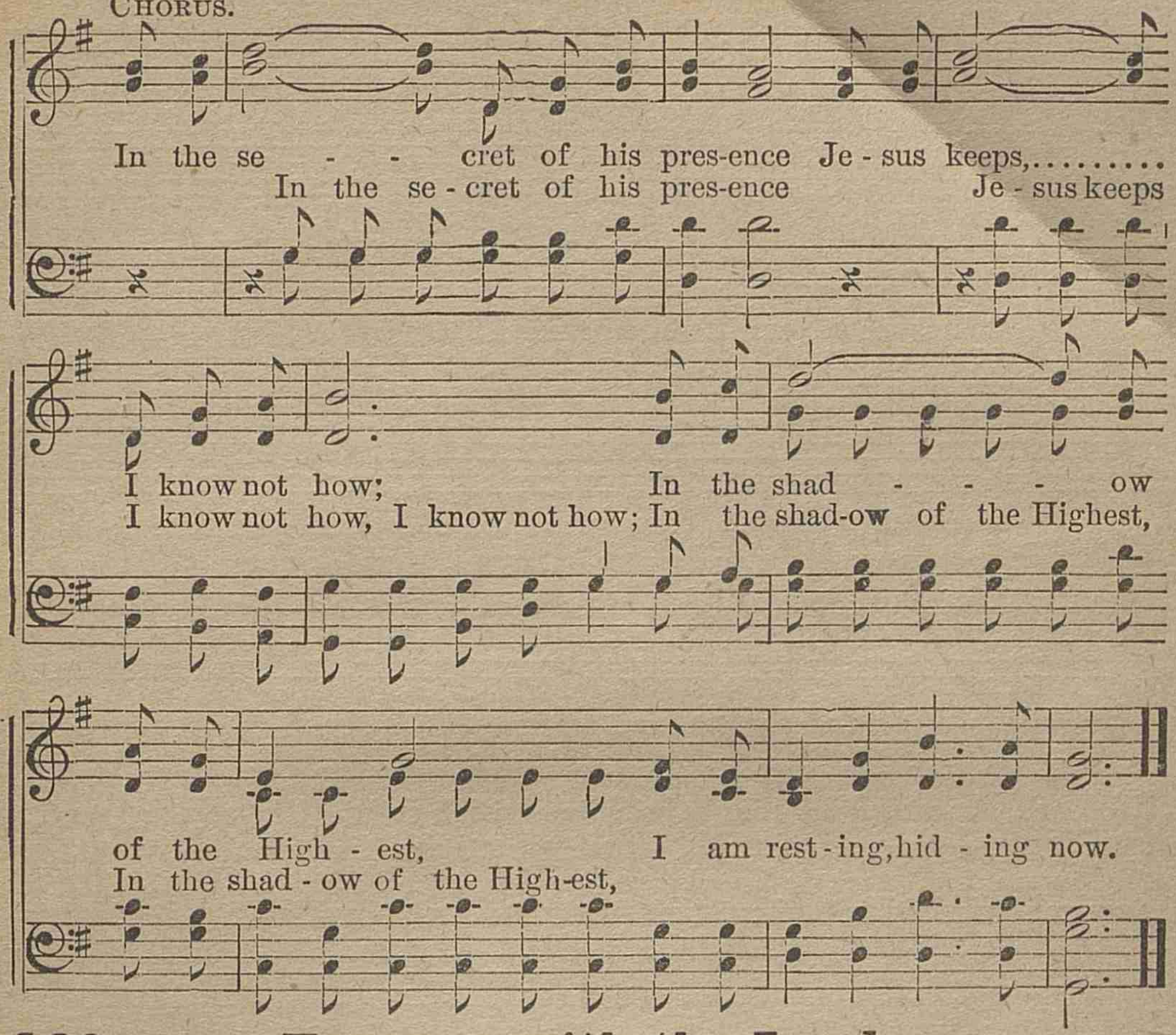
For the Mas-ter's voice is still-ing, Storm and tem-pest to a calm.
So the day grows ev-er brighter, Heav'n is com-ing, near and soon.
And I know what-e'er be-tides me, I shall live be-cause He died!
For my Sav-ior is my Keep-er, Keep-ing mine and keep-ing me!



By permission of Jno. R. Sweney.

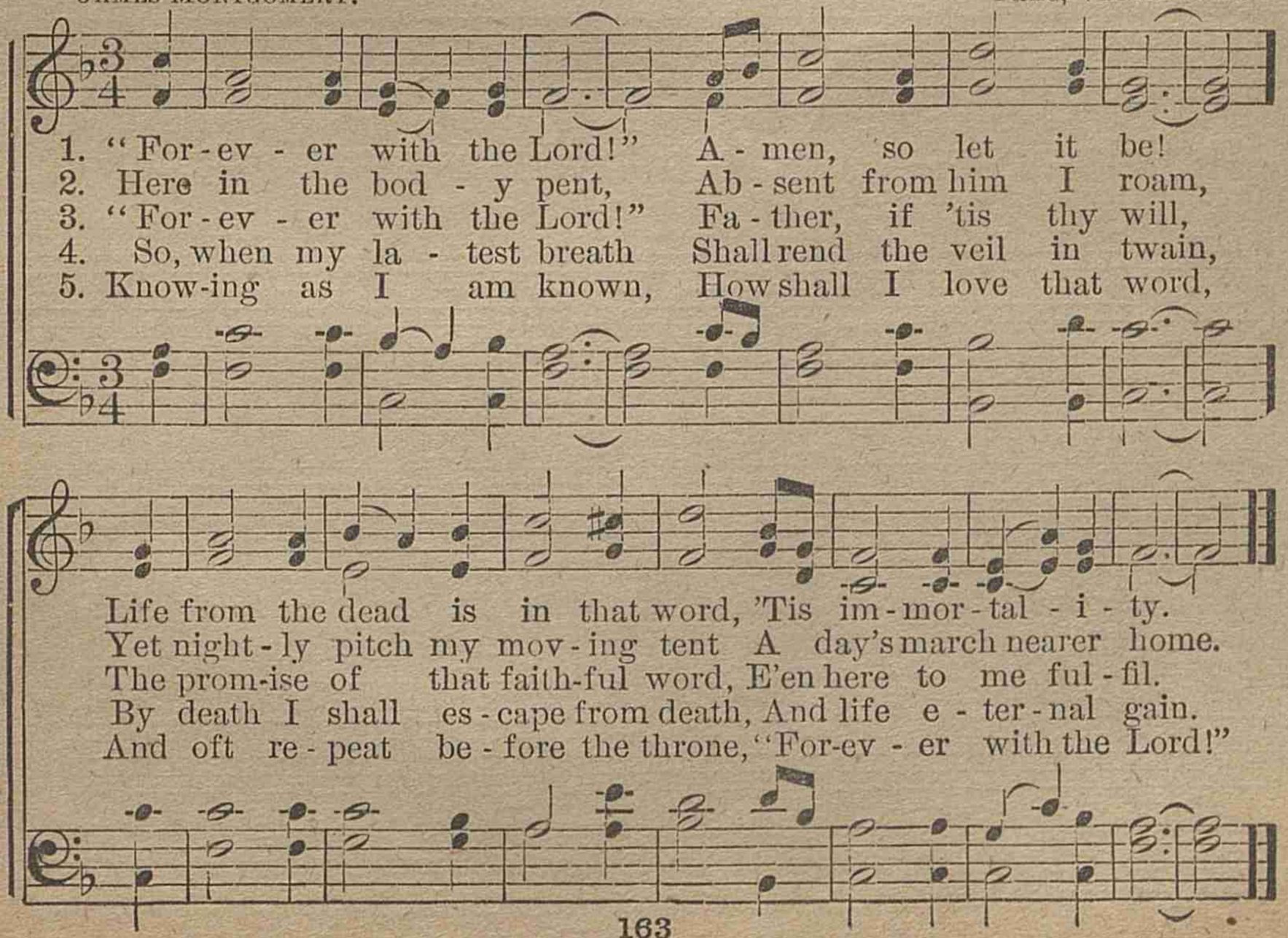
In the Secret of His Presence. Concluded.

CHORUS.



160 Forever with the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Tune, VIGIL. S. M.



161 Help Your Brother.

Matt. xxv, 40.

Mrs. Geo. D. Elderkin. Jno. R. Sweney.

May be sung as a Duet.



1. O my broth - er, are you bask-ing In the light of Je - sus' love?
2. Know you not that ma-ny oth - ers, Lower down are striv-ing still?
3. Do not spend your life in sing-ing, There is work for ev - 'ry day;
4. On the moun-tain top of glo - ry, We would fain for-ev - er dwell;





Have you reached the land of Beulah, Do you dwell on heights above?
Reach a hand to your poor broth-er; Help him climb the rug-ged hill.
All the struggling ones be bring-ing High-er up the narrow way.
But there's work for Je-sus wait-ing, Waiting far-ther down the hill.



Chorus.



Then help your broth - - er in the valley, Weak and weary he may be;
Then help your brother





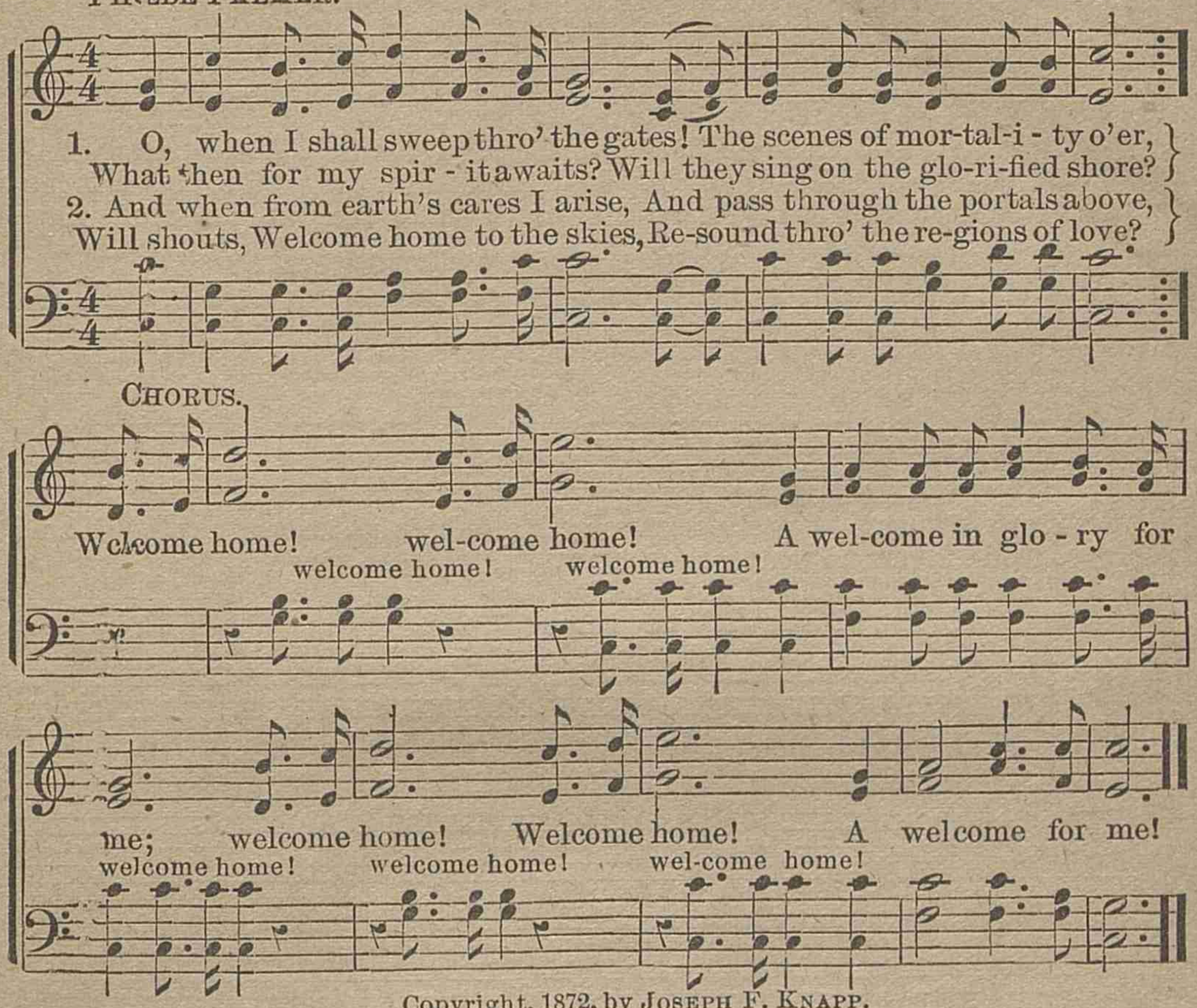
By and by..... the Lord will tell us, "Ye have done it unto me."
By and by,



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162 Welcome to Glory.

PHŒBE PALMER. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



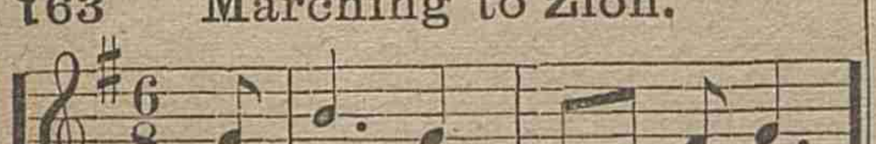
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3 Yes! loved ones who knew me below,
Who learned the new song with me
In chorus will hail me, I know, [here,
And welcome me home with good
Welcome home! etc. [cheer!

4 The beautiful gates will unfold,
The home of the blood-washed I'll see;
The city of saints I'll behold!
For, O! there's a welcome for me!
Welcome home! etc.

5 A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
And shout through the gates as I go,
Salvation to God and the Lamb!
Welcome home! etc.

163 Marching to Zion.



1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

Cho.—We're marching to Zion.
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our song abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

164 Forever here my Rest.



1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
"For me the Savior died."

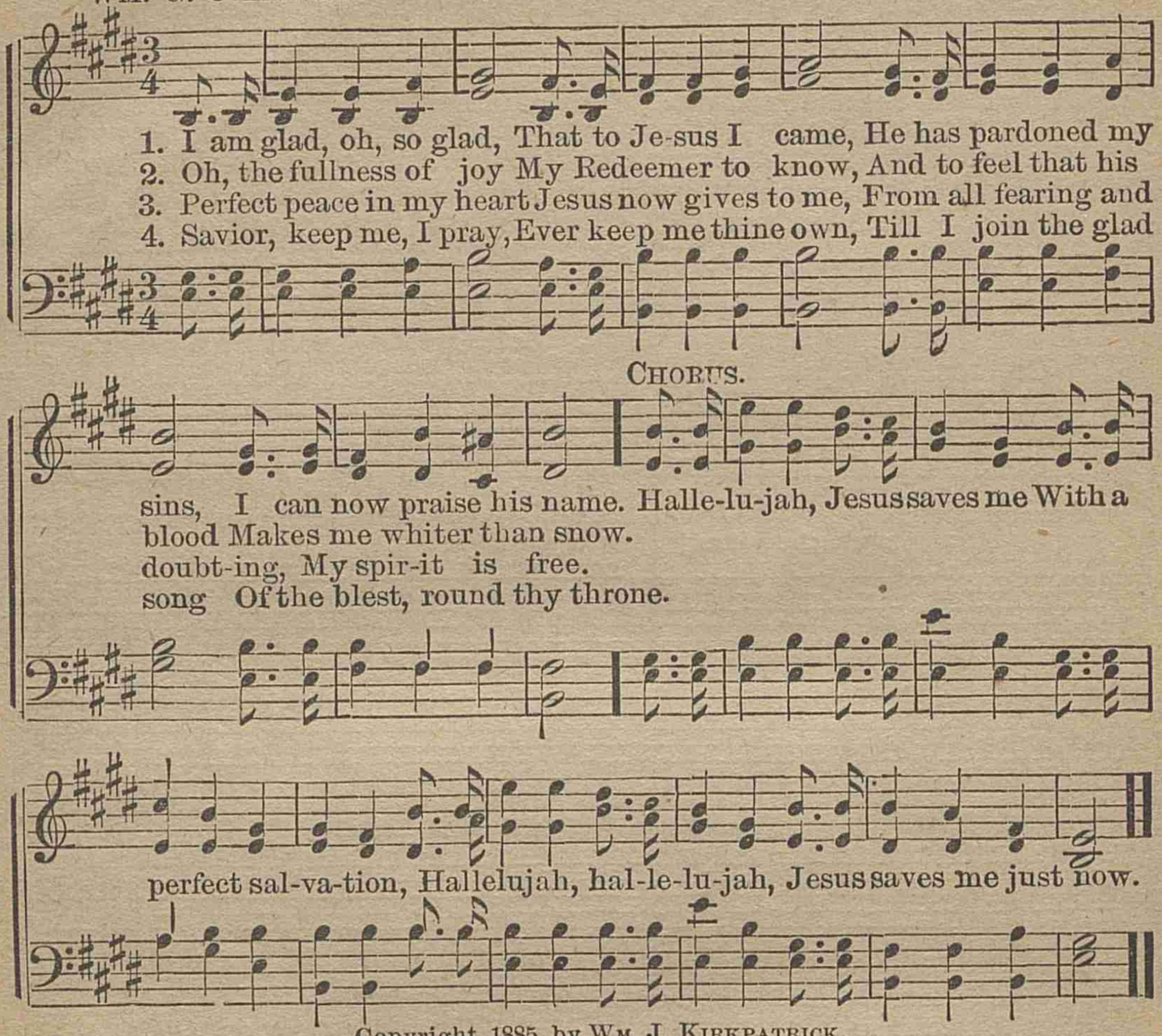
2 My dying Savior, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine
Wash me and mine thou art, [own;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

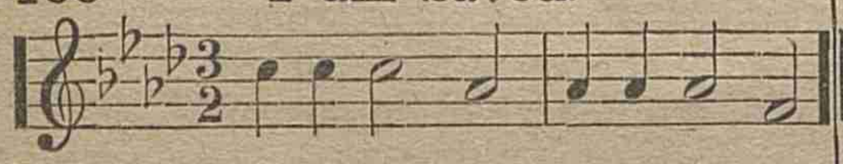
165 Hallelujah.

WM. G. COLLINS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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166 I am Saved.



1 I am saved! the Lord hath saved me,
Help me shout the glorious news!
I have tasted God's salvation,
And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.

Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I rejoice, salvation came;
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I am saved in Jesus' name.

2 Loud I sing my exultation,
Hoping it will reach the skies;
Keep, dear Lord, my soul forever
Under thy protecting eyes.

3 Free salvation! glad salvation!
Let us shout from pole to pole,
Until each diseased nation
Feels that God hath made it whole.

4 When at last the days are gathered
Into thy great judgment one,
May I find my name deep written,
In the records of thy Son.

167 Bringing in the Sheaves.



1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy eves:
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

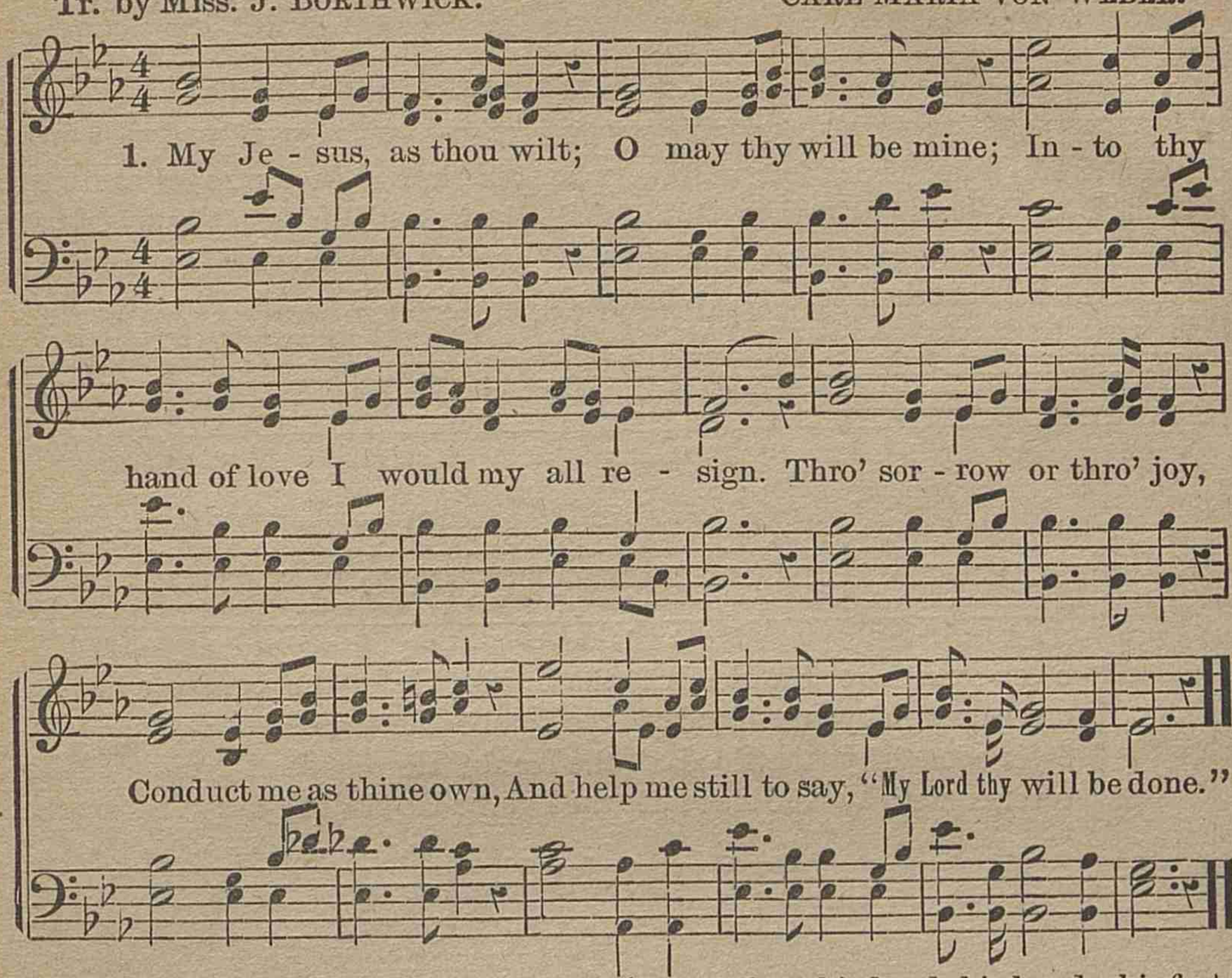
Cho.—Bringing in the sheaves, :‖
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds, nor winters chilling breeze.
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over he will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

168 Jewett.

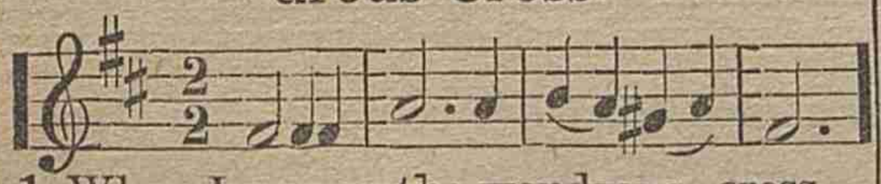
Tr. by Miss. J. BORTHWICK. CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



2 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus as thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

169 When I survey the Wondrous Cross



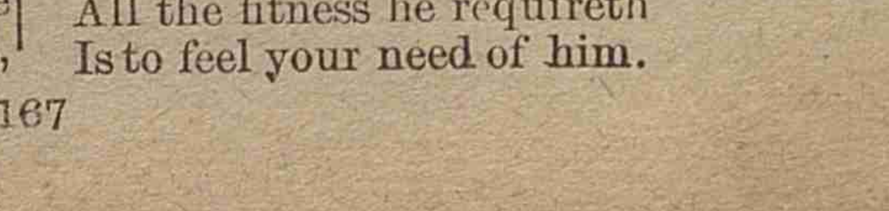
1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

170 Come, Ye Sinners.



1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.

Cho.—Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.

171 "Overcomers."

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

QUESTION.

1 John. V:5, 4.1. Who, who is he? Who, who is he? Who, who is he that
Rev. III:5. 2. What shall he wear? What shall he wear? What shall he wear that
Rev. II:7. 3. What shall he eat? What shall he eat? What shall he eat that
Rev. III:12. 4. What shall he be? What shall he be? What shall he be that

RESPONSE.

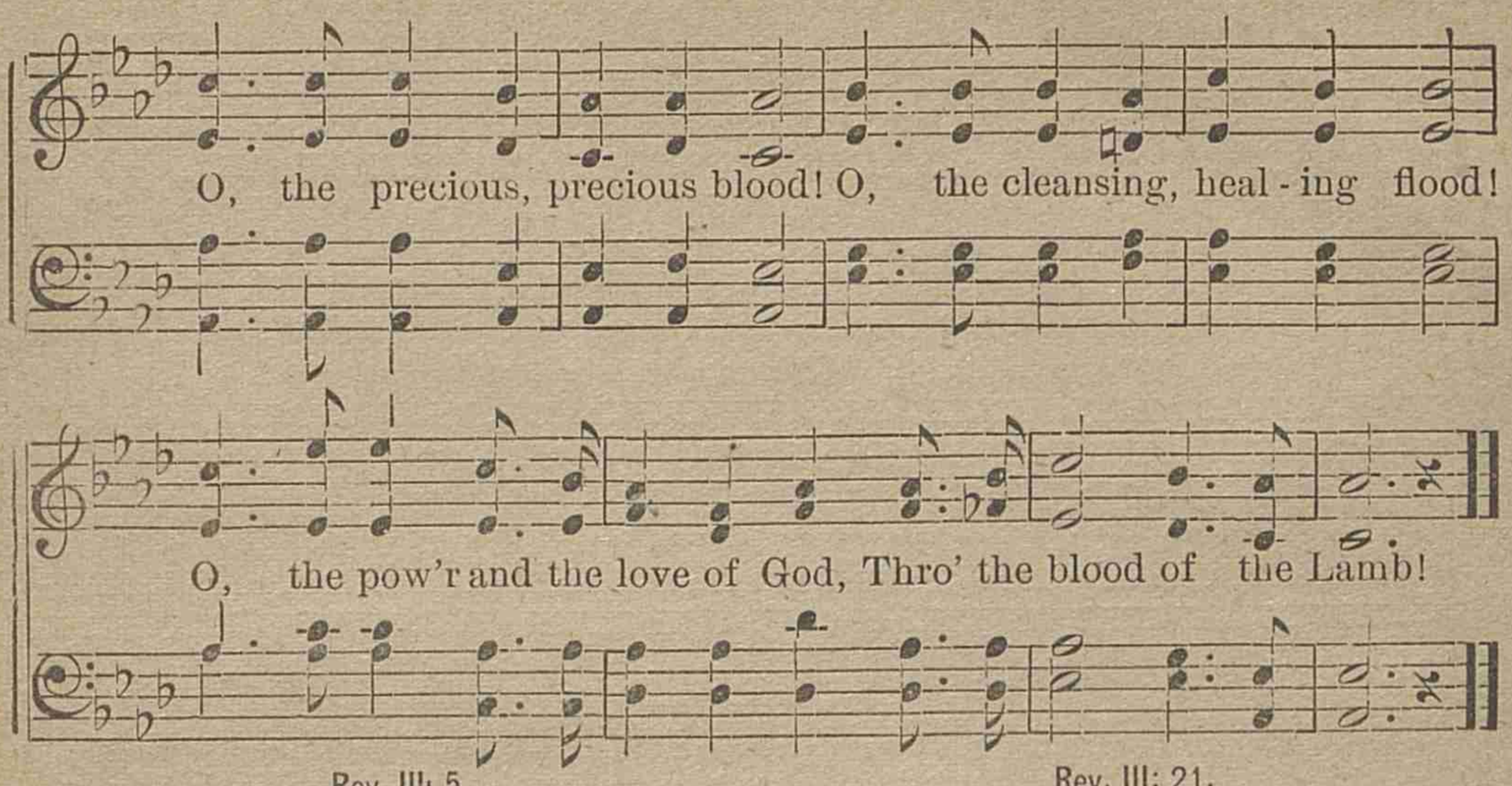
o-ver-cometh by the blood of the Lamb? He that believeth and is
o-ver-cometh by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be clothed in
o-ver-cometh by the blood of the Lamb? He shall eat of the
o ver-cometh by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be a pil-lar in the

born of God, He that be - liev-eth and is born of God,
rai - ment white, He shall be clothed in rai - ment white,
tree of life, He shall eat of the tree of life,
temple of God, He shall be a pil - lar in the temple of God,

He that believeth and is born of God, Shall overcome by the blood.
He shall be clothed in raiment white, That overcomes by the blood.
He shall eat of the tree of life, That overcomes by the blood.
He shall be a pillar in the temple of God, That overcomes by the blood.

By permission of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

"Overcomers." Concluded.



Rev. III: 5.

5 ‖: What shall he hear? :‖ that over-cometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
‖: He shall hear his name con- | fessed in heaven, :‖
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. XXI: 7.

6 ‖: What shall he have? :‖ that over-cometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
‖: God will give him all things, and | make him his son, :‖
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. III: 21.

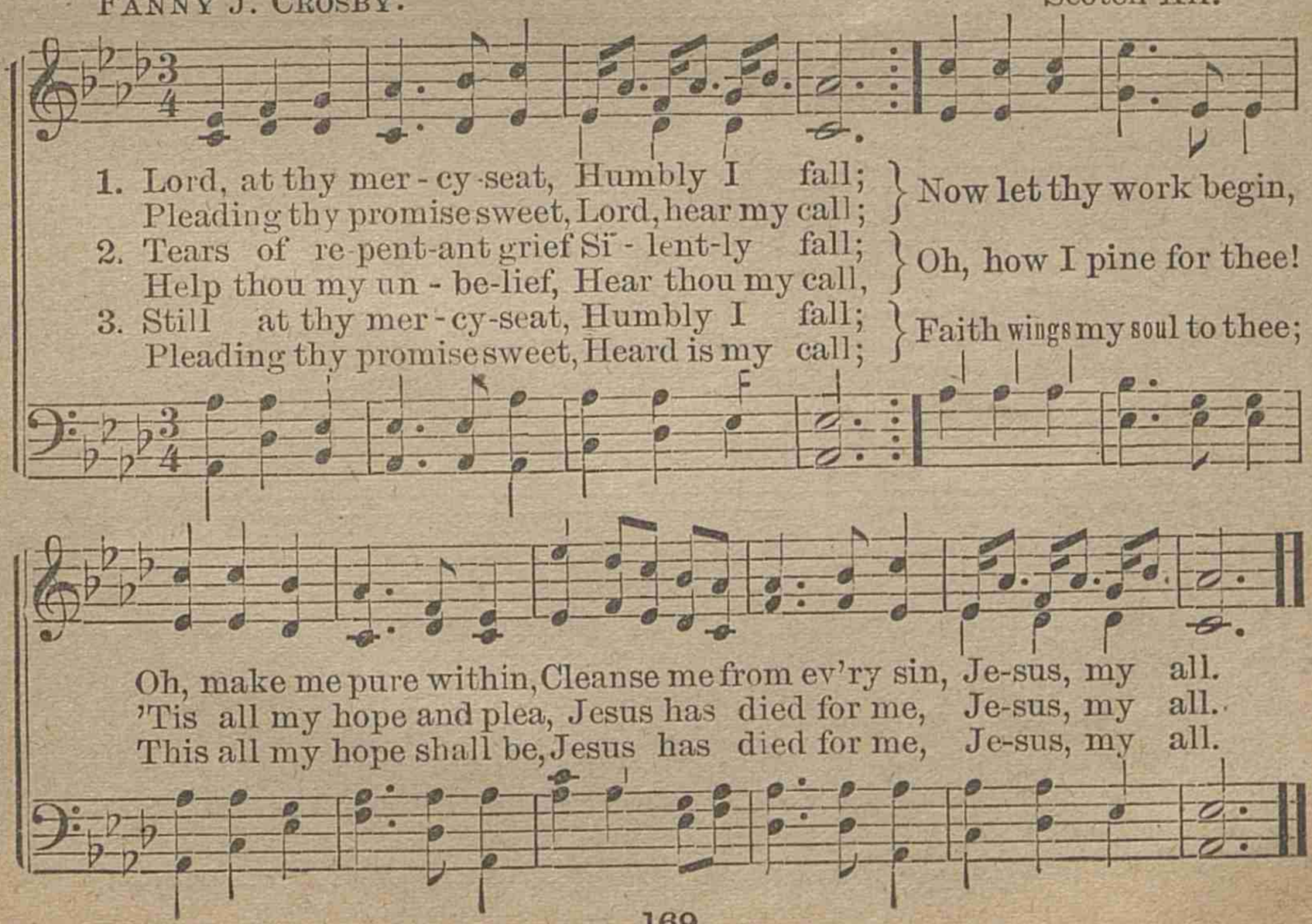
7 ‖: Where shall he sit? :‖ that over-cometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
‖: He shall sit with | Jesus, on his throne, :‖
That overcomes by the blood.

1 John V: 4.

8 ‖: What is the victory? :‖ that over-cometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
‖: Faith is the victory that | over-cometh
By the blood of the Lamb.

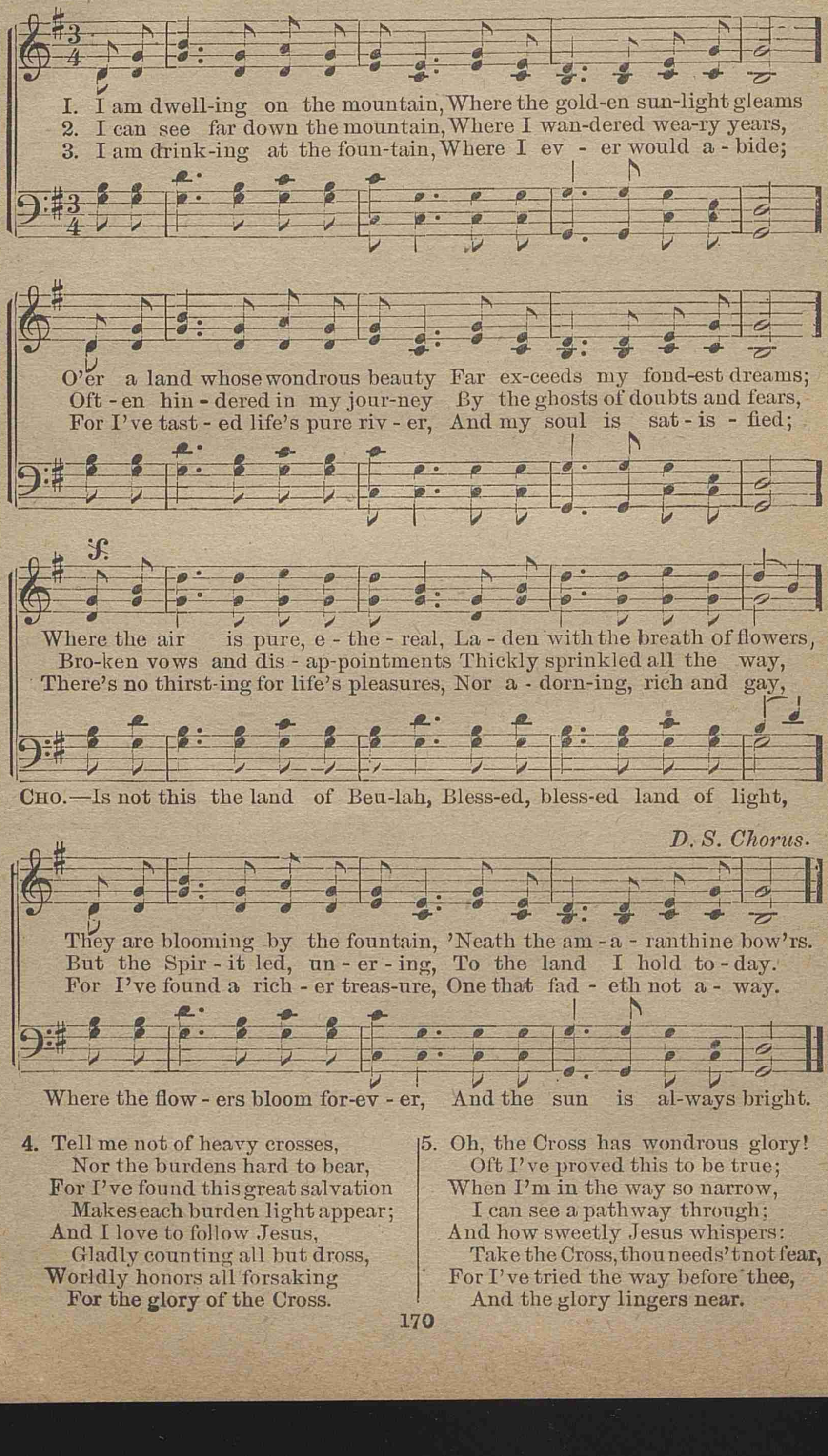
172 Jesus, My All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Scotch Air.



173 Is not this the Land of Beulah?

Anon. Arranged.



4. Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou needs't not fear,
For I've tried the way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

174 Give me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Take the world, but give me Je-sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je-sus, Sweet-est com-fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je-sus, Let me view his con-stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je-sus, In his cross my trust shall be,

But his love a-bid-eth ev-er, Thro' e-ter-nal years the same.
With my Sav-ior watching o'er me I can sing, tho' bil-lows roll.
Then throughout my pil-grim jour-ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear-er, bright-er vis-ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

CHORUS.

O the height and depth of mer-cy, O the length and breadth of love,
O the ful-ness of re-demp-tion, Pledge of end-less life a-bove.

By permission.

175 Our Sunday School.

JAMES R. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. Our Sun-day-school, ... how sweet, how dear ..... To meet and
2. Our Sun-day-school, ... where all may sing ..... Glad songs of
3. Our school is like ..... a gar-den fair, ... Where plants are
4. Our Sunday school, ... whose golden hours ..... From E - den

learn ..... of Jesus here; ..... To read his word, ... whose ev'ry
praise ..... to God our King ..... And youthful hearts ..... may find the
trained ..... with tender care ..... To bloom for him ..... the Lord of
bring ..... refreshing showers, ... In thee on earth ..... we learn to

line ..... Is full of hope ..... and joy divine .....
way ..... To perfect peace ..... and endless day .....
all ..... Whose loving smiles ..... like sunbeams fall .....
live, ... For thee our thanks ..... to God we give .....

CHORUS.

Our blessed Sunday-school, Our bright and happy home, Within thy peaceful

dome, We love, we love to come; Our tho'ts will cling to thee, And

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still our pray'r will be, That God may bless and keep our Sunday-school, (Sunday school.)

176 All Things in Jesus.

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

1. Wonderful promise! all things are mine; Je-sus my surety, Savior divine,
2. Peace that my Spirit freshens and calms, Praise and rejoicing, jubilant psalms;
3. Finding the treas-ures time can-not dim, Joy in his service likeness to him;
4. All things in Jesus, since he is mine; Light from its fountain, life from the vine

Mine by a cov'nant, order'd and sure, Sign'd by his life-blood, seal'd and secure.
Comfort in sorrow, strength as my day, Wells of salvation cheering the way.
Grace all abounding, fullness of love; Blessings unmeasur'd stream from above.
On-ly to trust him, on-ly to take Gifts of his purchase, for his dear sake.

CHORUS.

Won - der-ful, wonderful promise! Lord, be it mine;
Won-der-ful promise, won-der-ful promise! Lord, be it mine, Lord, be it mine;

Glo - - ry and blessings forever, Sav - ior, be thine.
Glo - ry and blessings ev - er and ev - er, Sav-ior be thine, be thine.

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177 His Child Forevermore.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Of him I boast, who shed for me His pre-cious blood on Cal - va-ry, Who bore the cross that I might be His child for - ev - er - more.
2. Of him I boast, my Sav - ior dear, Who takes a- way my guilt and fear, And bids me now by faith draw near, His child for - ev - er - more.
3. Of him I boast, my Lord and King, Whose blessed name I love to sing, To him a-lone my heart shall cling, His child for - ev - er - more.
4. Of him I'll boast, while here I stay, And then to realms of endless day I'll spread my wings and fly a- way, His child for - ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

His child for ev-er - more, His mer - - - cy I a - dore;
His child for ev-er-more, His child for evermore, His mer-cy I a-dore,
His mer - cy I a-dore; He bore the cross that I might be
He bore the cross, His child for - ev - er - more.

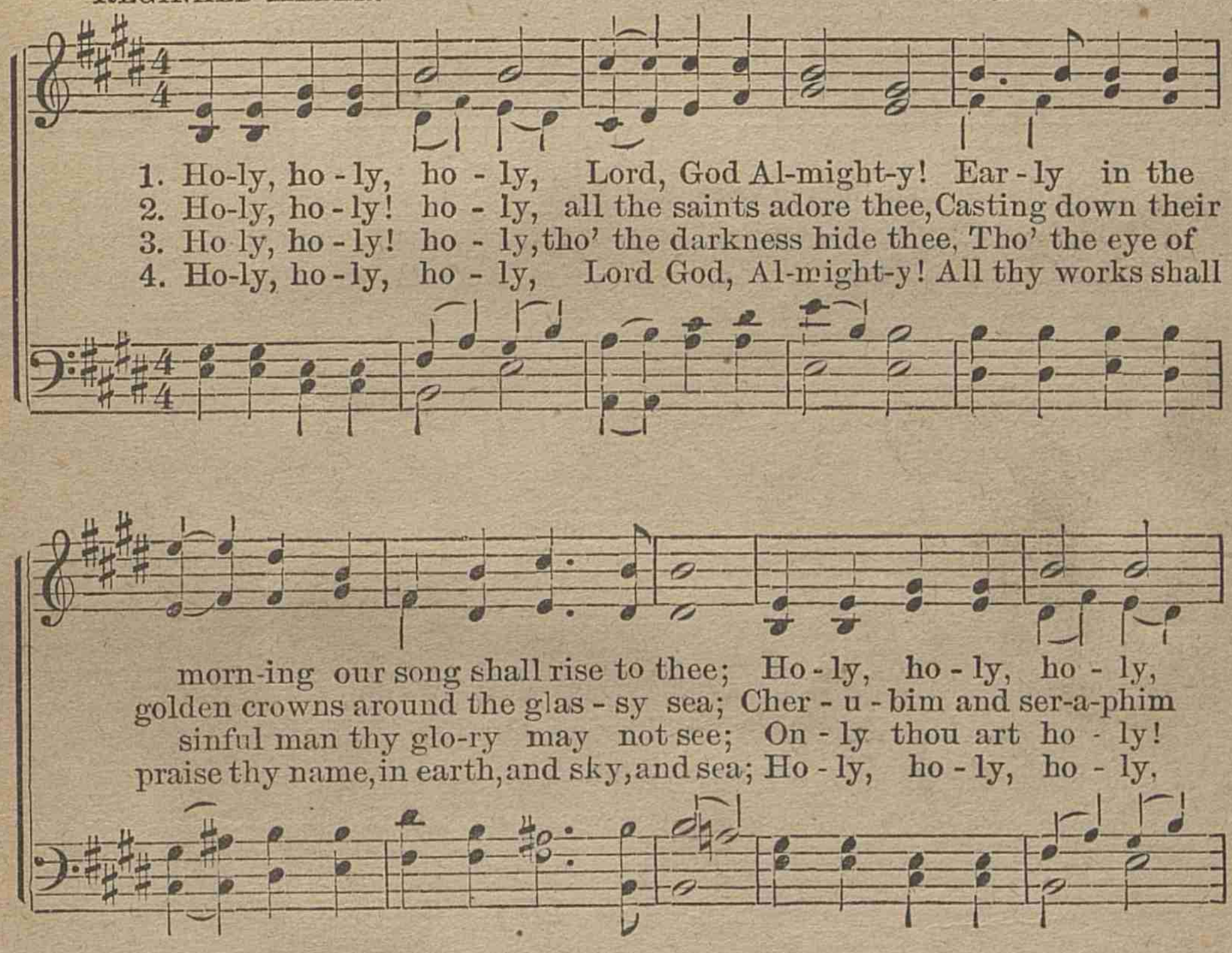
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His Child Forevermore—Concluded



178 Holy, holy, holy.

REGINALD HEBER. J. B. DYKES.



179 Invitation.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857. ARR. from LUDWIG SPOHR, 1784—1859.

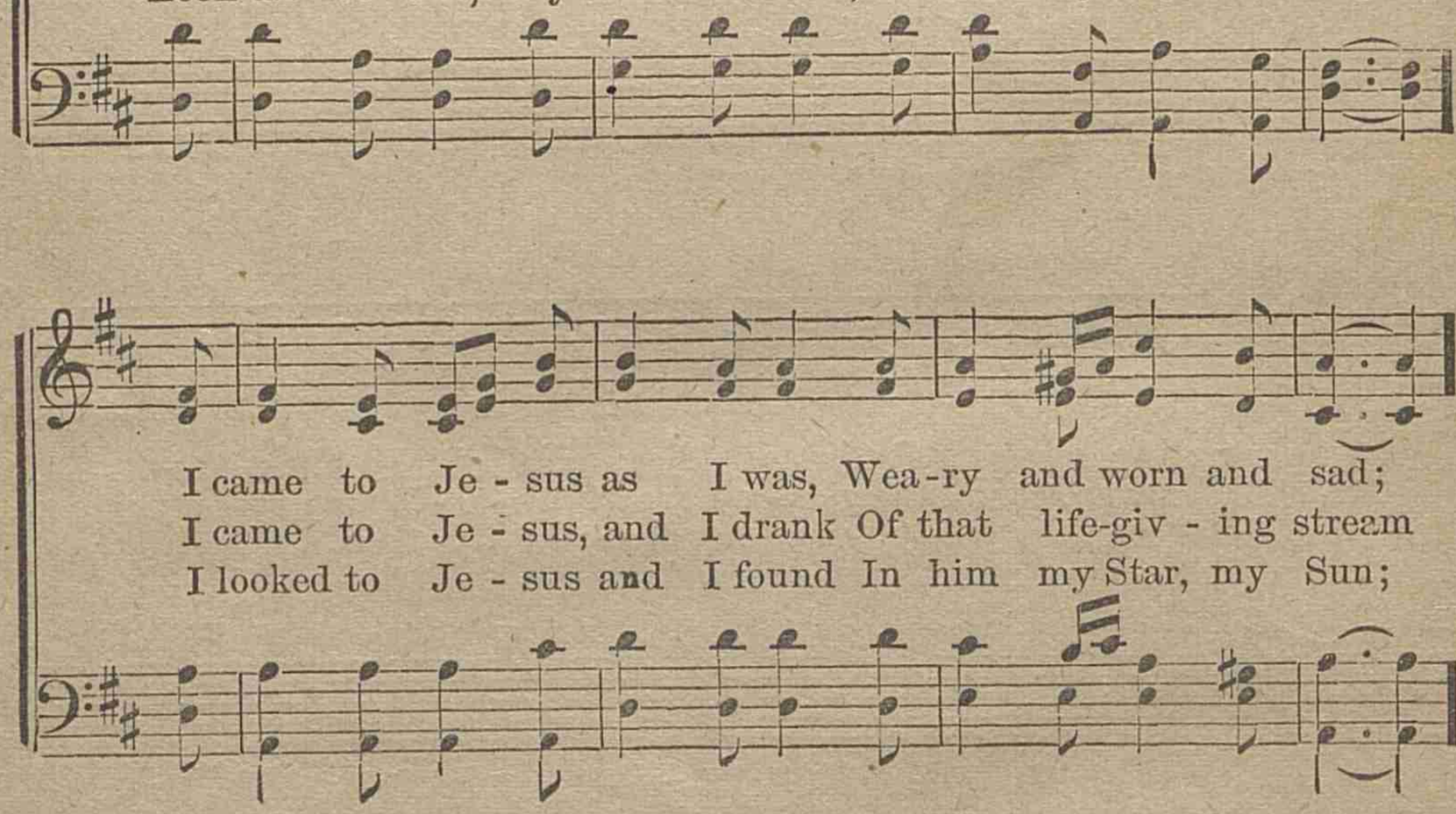


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light:

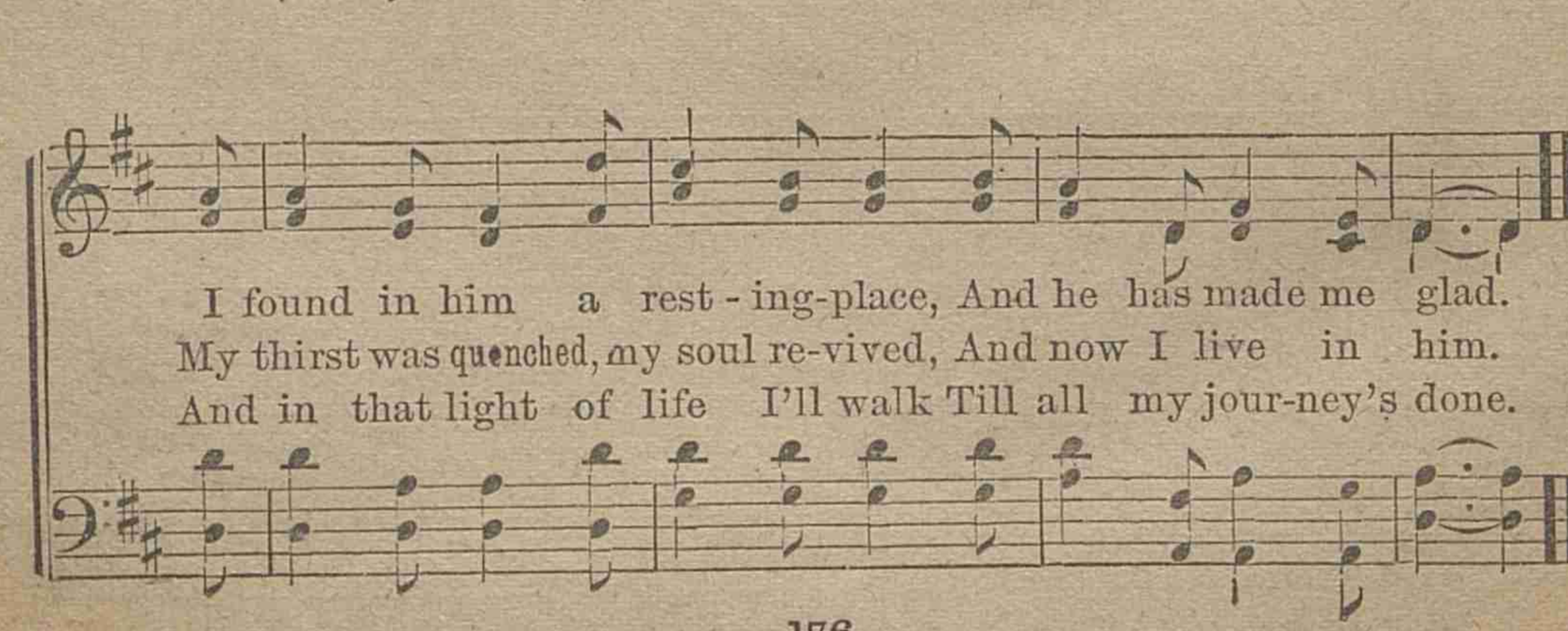




Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and, live."
Look un - to me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life-giv - ing stream
I looked to Je - sus and I found In him my Star, my Sun;



I found in him a rest - ing-place, And he has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour-ney's done.

180 It is the Lord my Savior.

E. A. BARNES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I know who came to die for me, My soul to seek, my hope to be;
2. I know who gives permission sweet To lay my bur- dens at his feet,
3. I know who dwells within my heart, His peace and Spirit to im-part;
4. I know who holds salvation's cup, And as I drink my faith looks up;





I know who pleads for me a-bove, My ad-vocate, in boundless love.
I know who will not turn a- way When in my faith I kneel to pray.
I know who guides my steps aright, And keeps me ever in his sight.
I know who has a place for me In mansions by the crystal sea!

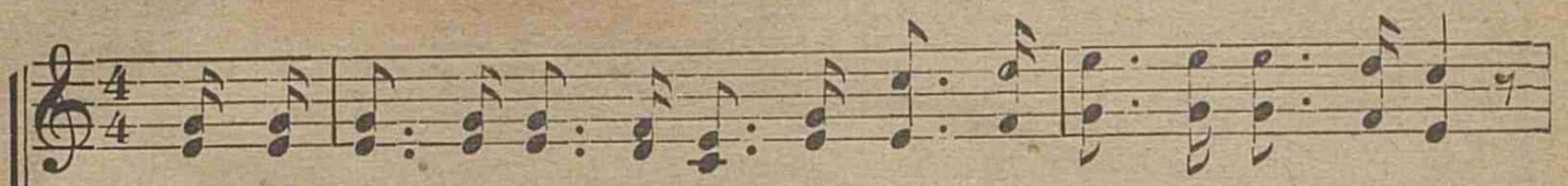




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181 Glory, Hallelujah! *

Rev. D. WILLIAMS.



1. On the mountain top of vis - ion, what a glo - ry we be-hold!





A hundred years of vic - to-ry are tinging earth with gold; And the



glorious time is coming which the prophets long foretold. The Truth is marching on.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

2. For the glory of the Master, Wesley taught beyond the sea,
And preached the great salvation which delivers you and me;
And a million voices shout it,—"Redemption's full and free,"
Salvation's rolling on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

3. From the cabin on the prairie, from the vaulted city dome,
From the dark and briny ocean, where our sailor brothers roam,
We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy harvest home,
Salvation's rolling on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

4. A hundred years of marching, and a hundred years of song,
The Conqueror advances, and the time will not be long
When he shall claim the heathen and overthrow the wrong,
Our God is marching on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

5. And when the war is over, with the saints forevermore,
On the blissful heights of Glory we will shout the battle o'er,
And in the Golden City we will join the Conqueror,
Forever marching on.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

* The Chorus, "GLORY, HALLELUJAH," is so familiar, that the music need not be repeated.

182 Jesus will give you Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your
3. Will you come, will you come, you have nothing to pay; Je - sus, who
4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his

sin op-press'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-ior and Lord,
ach - ing breast; On-ly come as you are, and be - lieve on his name,
loves you best, By his death on the Cross purchas'd life for your soul,
lov - ing breast, And what-ev - er your sin or your sor - sow may be,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, happy rest, sweet, happy rest!

Je - sus will give you rest, Oh! why won't you come in

hap-py rest,

sim-ple, trust - ing faith Je - sus will give you rest.

From "JOY TO THE WORLD."

183 Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'en - circling gloom, Lead thou me on!
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on,

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

on! Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
on! I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of fears,
gone! And with the morn those an-gel fac - es smile

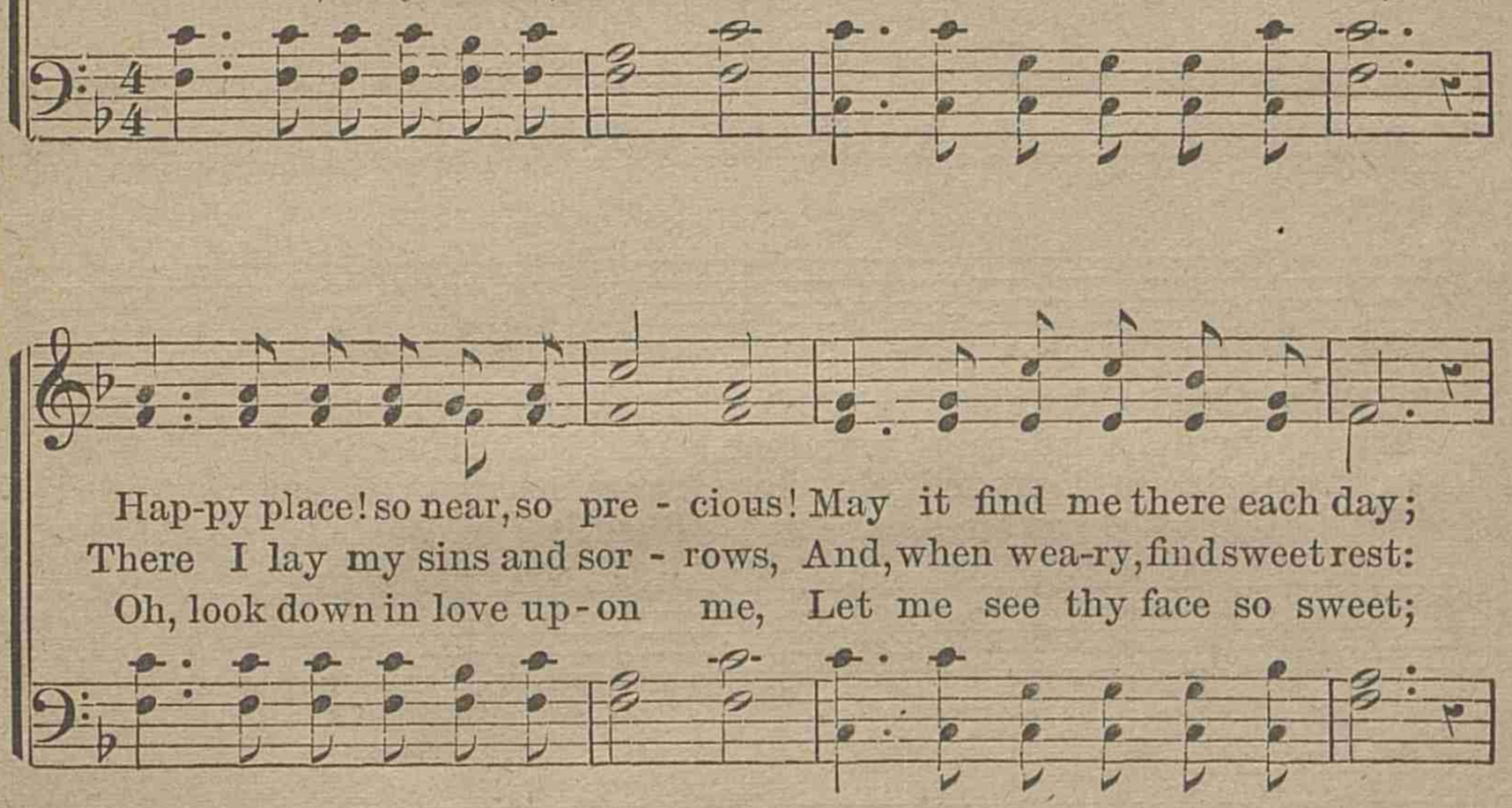
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

184 Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

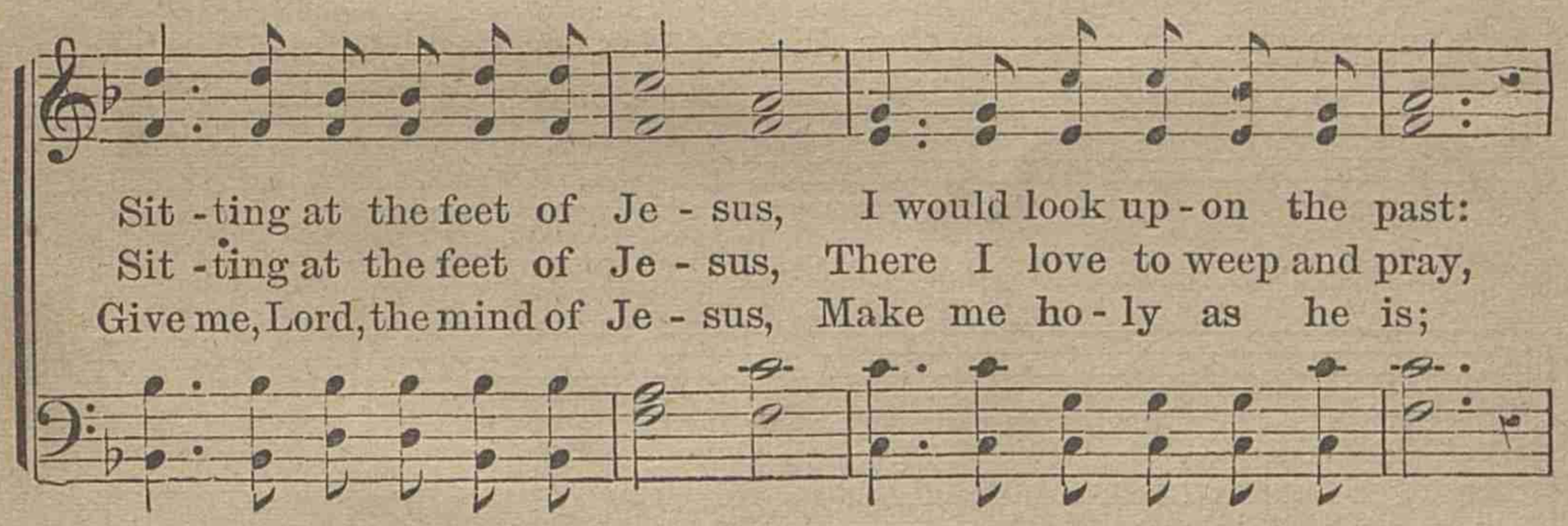
Words by J. H. Arr.



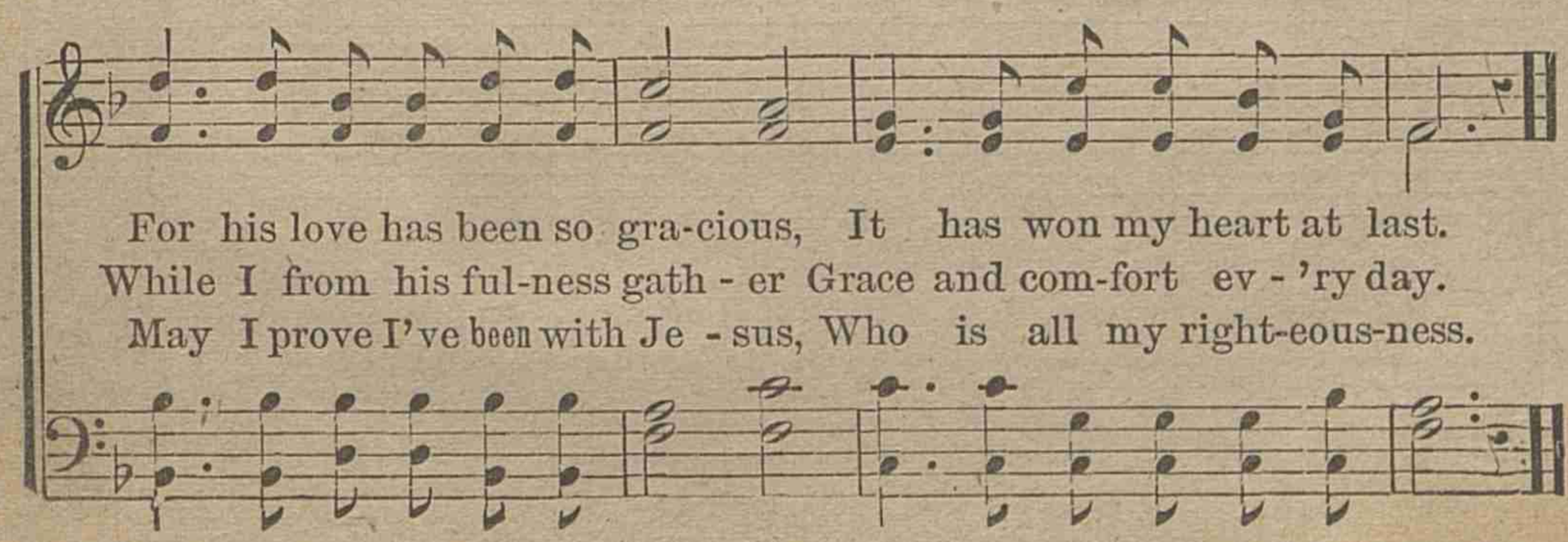
1. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear him say!
2. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor-tal be more blest?
3. Bless me, O my Savior, bless me, As I sit low at thy feet;



Hap-py place! so near, so pre - cious! May it find me there each day;
There I lay my sins and sor - rows, And, when wea-ry, finds sweet rest:
Oh, look down in love up-on me, Let me see thy face so sweet;



Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up-on the past:
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as he is;



For his love has been so gra-cious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from his ful-ness gath - er Grace and com-fort ev - 'ry day.
May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my right-eous-ness.

185 Keep Me ever Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Source from whence the stream of mercy Like a riv - er flows to me,
2. There my life, my hope and com-fort, There a ref - uge for my soul,
3. There in ho - ly, sweet com - munion With thy Spir - it day by day,
4. Close to thee, O Sav - ior, keep me, Till I reach the shin-ing shore.—

With thy cords of love so ten - der Bind and keep me close to thee.
When the clouds hang darkly round me, And the dis-tant sur - ges roll.
Faith to realms of light and glo - ry Bears my raptured soul a - way.
Till I join the rap-tured ar - my, Shouting joy for - ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

Keep me ev - er close to thee, Bless-ed Sav-ior, dear to me, With thy

cords of love so tender Bind and keep me close to thee; Keep me ev-er close to

thee, Bless-ed Sav-ior, dear to me, Bind and keep me close to thee.

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186 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. W. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.



1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Precious Je - sus, Savior, Friend;





Just to rest up - on his prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim-ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.



Refrain.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him; How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er,





Je - sus, Je - sus, Precious Je-sus! O for grace to trust him more.



From "Songs of Triumph."

187 The Hallowed Spot.

Rev. Wm. Hunter, D.D. Arr. by T. C. O'Kane.

1. There is a spot to me more dear Than native vale or mountain
2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd upon the o-cean;
3. Sink-ing and panting as for breath I knew not help was near me;
4. O sa-cred hour! O hallowed spot! Where love divine first found me;

A spot for which af-fection's tear Springs grateful from its fountain.
A-bove me was the thunder's roar, Beneath, the waves' commotion.
I cried, "Oh, save me, Lord, from death, Im-mor-tal Je - sus, hear me."
Wherever falls my dis-tant lot My heart shall lin-ger round thee.

'Tis not where kindred souls abound, Tho' that is al - most heaven,
Dark - ly the pall of night was thrown Around me faint with terror;
Then quick as tho't I felt him mine, My Sav-ior stood be - fore me;
And when from earth I rise, to soar Up to my home in heav-en,

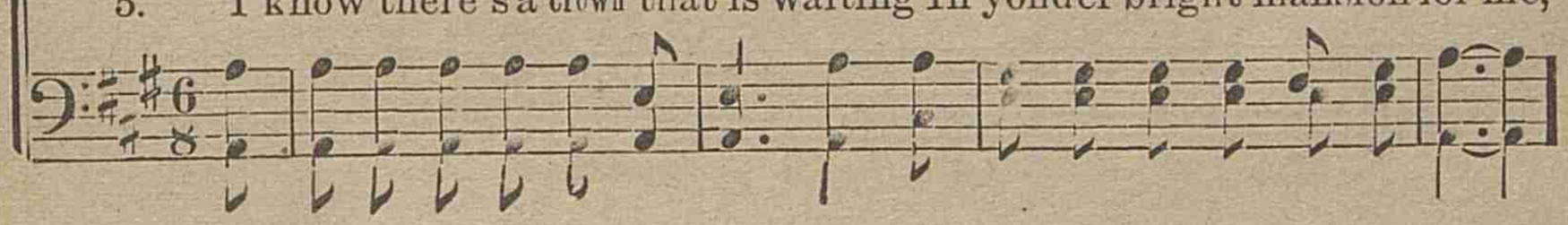
But where I first my Sav-ior found, And felt my sins for - giv-en.
In that dark hour how did my groan As-cend for years of er - ror.
I saw his brightness round me shine, And shouted "Glory, Glory."
Down will I cast my eyes once more, Where I was first for-giv - en.

188 Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell,
3. I think of my blessed Re-deem-er, I think of him all the day long,
4. I know I shall see in his beau-ty The King in whose law I de - light,
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me,





Redeemed thro' his in-fi - nite mer - cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.
I know that the light of his pres-ence With me doth con-tin-ual-ly dwell
I sing, for I can-not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my foot-steps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
And soon, with the spirits made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.



REFRAIN.



Re - deemed, re - deemed, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
redeemed, redeemed,





Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and for-ev - er I am.
redeemed, redeemed,



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189 It Reaches Me

MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va-tion! 'Tis a foun - tain full and free,
2. How a - maz ing God's compassion, That so vile a worm should prove
3. Je - sus, Sav - ior, I a-dore thee! Now thy love I will pro-claim,

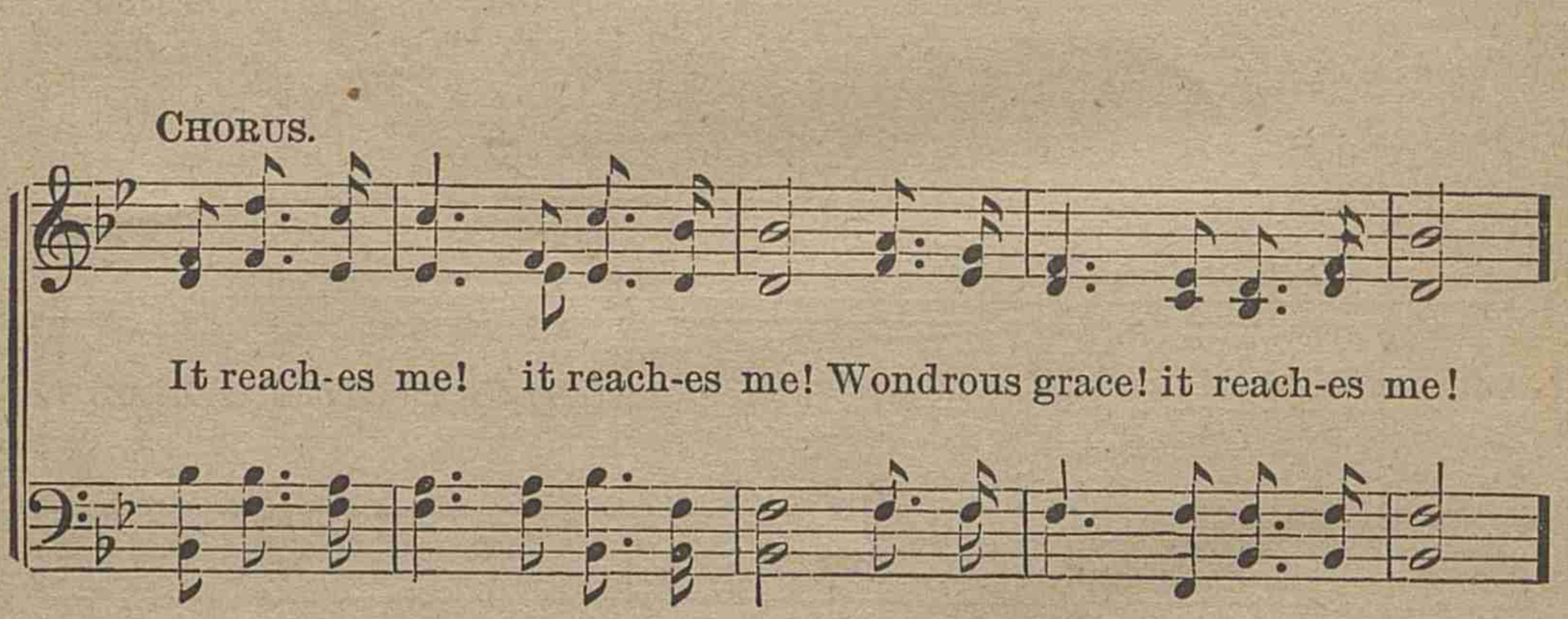




Pure, ex-haust - less, ev - er flow-ing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!
This stu-pen - dous bliss of Heav-en, This un-meas-ured wealth of love!
I will tell the bless-ed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy thy name!



CHORUS.



It reach-es me! it reach-es me! Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!

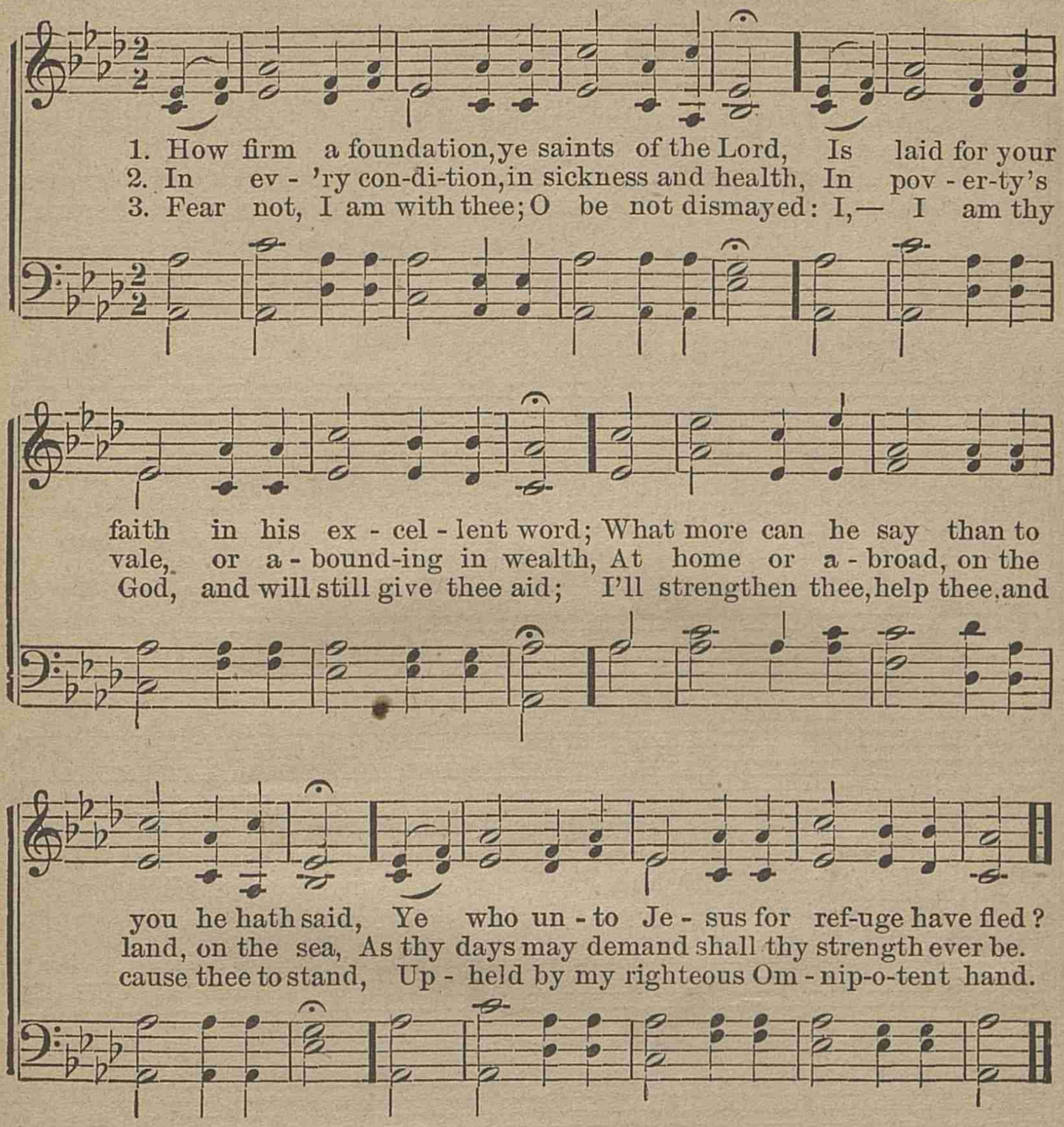


Pure, ex-haust-less, ev - er flow-ing, Wondrous grace, it reach-es me!

From "The Garner." by per.

190 How firm a Foundation.

Arr.



4. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not harm thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6. Even down to old age all my people shall prove
My constant, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be borne,

7. The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no never forsake.

191 Behold the Bridegroom Comes.

J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE.

1. We shall hear a voice, an im-mor-tal voice, "Behold, the Bridegroom
2. When the voice shall cry, "Go ye forth to-night, Behold, the Bridegroom
3. Brother, trim your lamp, have it burning bright "Behold, the Bridegroom
4. Hast thou made a vow? has-ten ye to pay, "Behold, the Bridegroom

comes!" At the mid - night watch, in the dark - ness deep,
comes!" Then the pulse will cease, and the heart grow still,
comes!" He will sure - ly come, though he seem - eth late,
comes!" For when he has come, and hath closed the door,

When a - cross our souls heav - y slum - bers creep, We shall
And the eyes will close, and the blood grow chill, And the
Be at peace with him, nor a mo - ment wait, You will
And ye stand and pray, "O - pen, we im - plore," It will

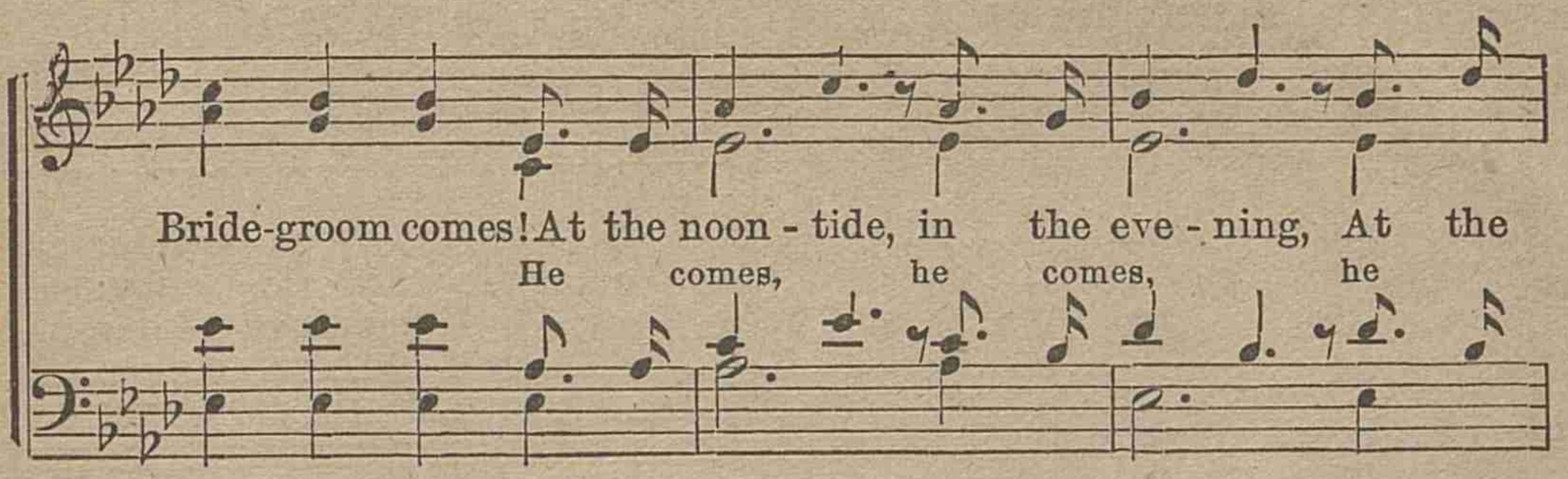
hear that voice, that im-mor-tal voice, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"
soul will take its e - ter-nal flight, "For lo, the Bridegroom comes!"
hear the cry ere the morning light, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
be too late,—pay thy vows to-day, "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"

CHORUS.

O be read - y when the Bridegroom comes! O be read - y when the

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Behold, the Bridegroom Comes.—Concluded.



192 Marching to Glory.

Tune—Marching Through Georgia.

Key of B Flat.

1 Come with hearts and voices now and sing a gospel song,
Sing it with a spirit that will move the mighty throng;
Sing it till the world shall hear the echoes loud and long,
While we are marching to glory.

CHO.—Then hail! all hail! the coming jubilee!
Redeemed from sin, our Jesus make us free;
Now we'll shout salvation over mountain land and sea,
While we are marching to glory!

2 Gird the gospel armor on and duty's call obey;
See the host of Satan ready marshaled for the fray;
Going forth to meet them we will watch and fight and pray,
While we are marching to glory!

3 Forward then to battle 'neath the banner of the cross;
Counting worldly honors at their best as only dross;
Jesus is our Captain, and we ne'er can suffer loss,
While we are marching to glory!

193 Eventide.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1847. WM. H. MONK, 1867.



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

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

194 I'll be There.

Adapted by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
   E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
2. There ev - er-last-ing spring a-bides, And never-fad - ing flowers,
   Death like a nar - row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.
3. O'er all those wide ex - tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
   There God the Son for - ev - er reigns And scatters night a - way.



REFRAIN.



Copyright, 1887, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

195 From Greenland's Icy Mts.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

196 The Cleansing Wave.



1 Oh, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide,
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

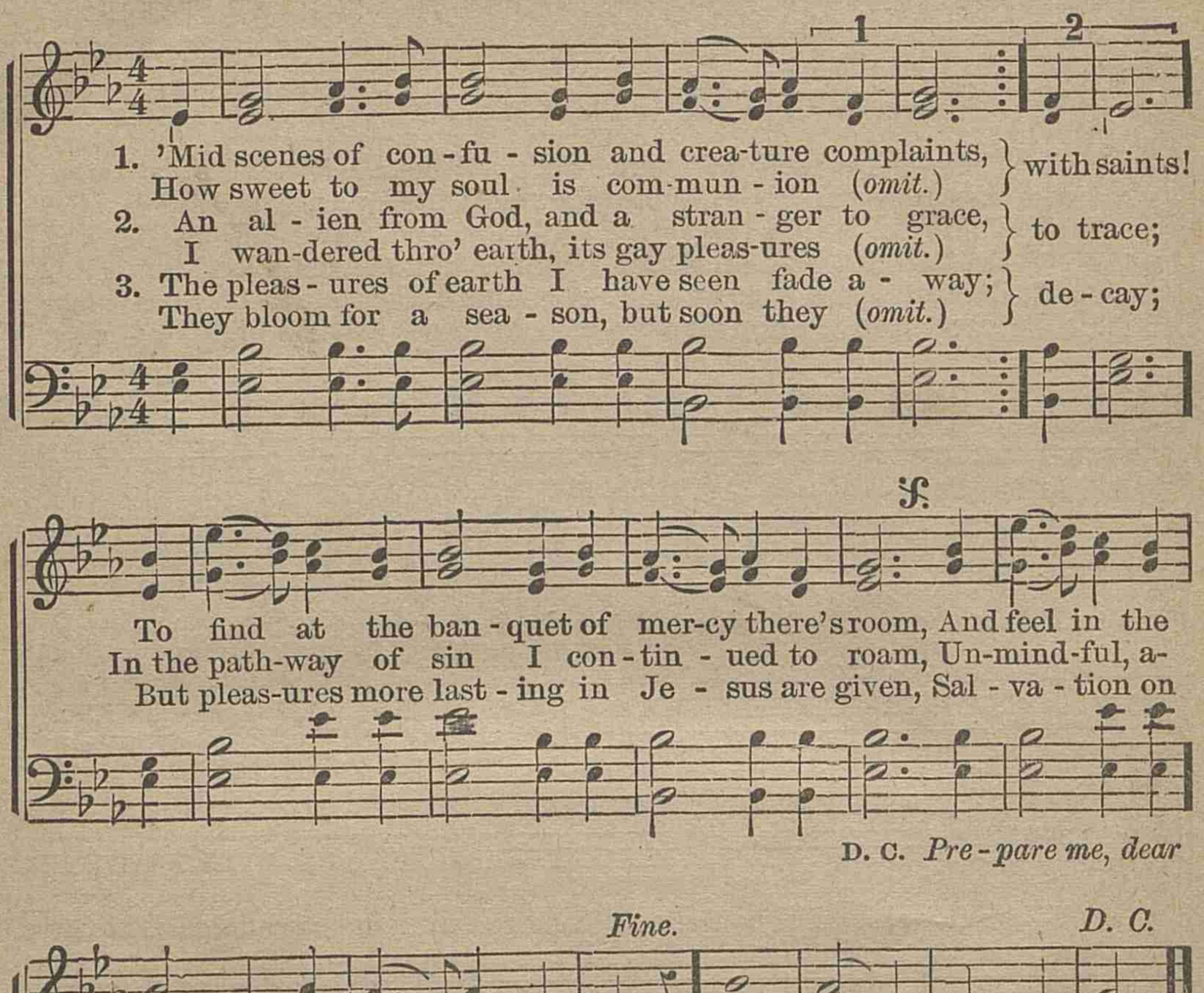
Ref. The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see the new creation rise;
I hear the speaking blood!
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below,
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified. *Ref.*

197 Home, Home, Sweet Home.



No. 198 Your Mission.

1 If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boat away.

2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitude go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

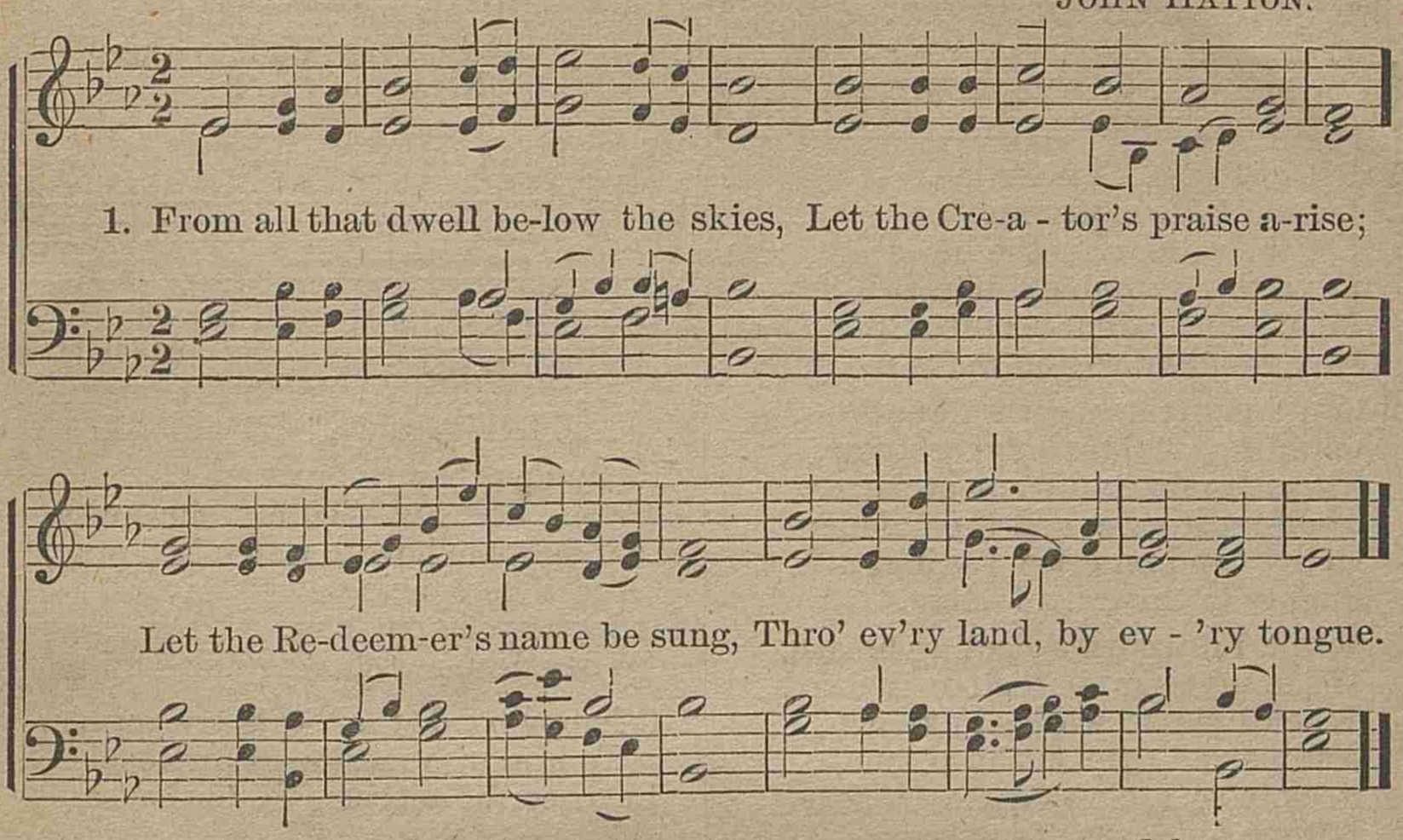
3 If you have not gold or silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted.
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Savior's feet.

4 If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaf,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that the shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

E. H. Gates.

199 Duke Street.

JOHN HATTON.



1. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre-a - tor's praise a-rise;
Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

200 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.



1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

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

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

201 Stand up for Jesus.



1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

202 Rock of Ages.

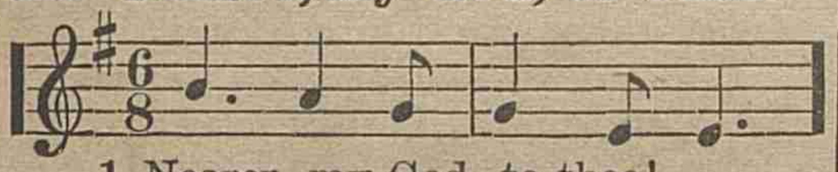


1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

203 Nearer, my God, to Thee.



1 Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

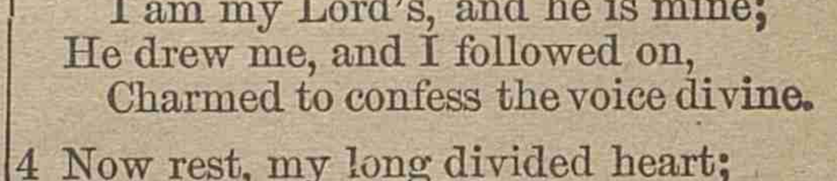
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

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 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 to thee!

204 O Happy Day.



1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

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;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

205 Thirsting for Perfect Love.



1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow
Our words are lost, nor will we know
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

206 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.



1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

207 I am Coming to the Cross.



1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind:
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.
Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin,
I am trusting, Lord, etc.

3 In thy promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.
I am trusting, Lord, etc.

208 What a Friend.



1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer!

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

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

209 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.



1 Holy Spirit, faithful guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand.
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

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

210 Is My Name Written There.



1 Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Savior,
Is my name written there?

Cho.--Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, O my Savior,
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

211 I'll Live for Him.



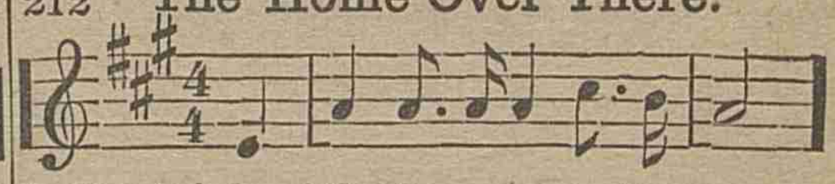
1 My life, my love I give to thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
Oh, may I ever faithful be.
My Savior and my God!

Cho.—I'll live for him who died for me,
How happy then my life shall be!
I'll live for him who died for me.
My Savior and my God!

2 I now believe thou dost receive,
For thou hast died that I might live;
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee,
My Savior and my God!

3 Oh, thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free,
I consecrate my life to thee,
My Savior and my God.

212 The Home Over There.



1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

3 My Savior is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

213 Glory to His Name.



1 Down at the cross where my Savior died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

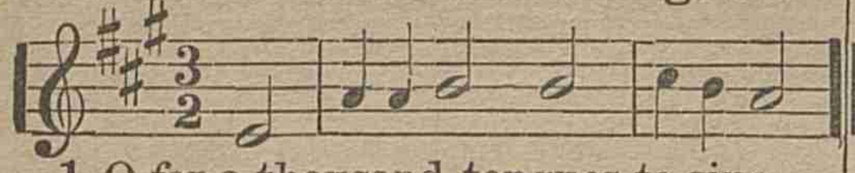
Cho.—Glory to his name; :‖
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within:
There at the cross where he took me in;
Glory to his name.

3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to his name.

4 Come to the fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to his name.

214 O for a Thousand Tongues.



1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim, [abroad,
To spread through all the earth
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears;
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ear,
'Tis life, and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

215 Oh, 'tis Glory.



1 To thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging,
All my refuge and my plea;
Matchless is thy loving kindness,
Else it had not stooped to me.

Cho.—Oh, 'tis glory! oh, 'tis glory!
Oh, 'tis glory in my soul. [ment,
For I've touched the hem of his gar-
And his power doth make me whole.

2 Long my heart has heard thee calling,
But I thrust aside thy grace;
Yet, O boundless condescension!
Love is shining from thy face.

3 Love eternal, light eternal,
Close me safely, sweetly in;
Savior, let thy balm of healing,
Ever keep me free from sin.

216 Angels Hovering Round.



There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels, angels hov'ring round.

2 They will carry the tidings home, etc.

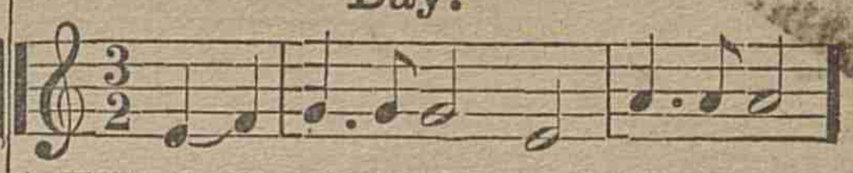
3 To the New Jerusalem, etc.

4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.

5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.

6 There's glory all around, etc.

217 With Joy we Hail the Sacred Day.



1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite;
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own,
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

218 Alas and did my Savior Bleed.



1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Cho.—Help me, dear Savior, thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when thou sittest on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

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

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

219 Arise, My Soul, Arise.



1. Arise ,my soul,arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2. He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3. Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary:
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me,
"Forgive him, O, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4. The Father hears him pray,
His dear annointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5. My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father, cry.

220 Blest be the Tie.



1. Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellow-ship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our hopes, our fears, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares. [one,

3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in
And hope to meet again. [heart,

221 My Faith looks up to Thee.



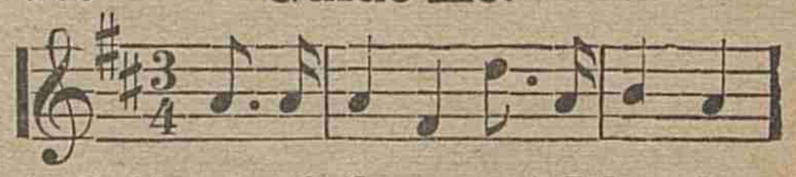
1. My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine

2. May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

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 Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

222 Guide me.



1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand,
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

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

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

223 It is Good to be Here.



1 While we bow in thy name,
Oh, meet us again, [love;
Fill our hearts with the light of thy
May the Spirit of grace,
And the smiles of thy face,
Gently fall on us now from above.

Ref.—It is good to be here, it is good to be here, [fear,
Thy perfect love now drives away all our
And light streaming down makes the pathway all clear,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

2 Our souls long for thee;
Oh, may we now see
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;
And feel, as it rolls
In power o'er our souls,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;
We feel the sweet flow [tide;
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning
We are washed from our sin,
Made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

224 Glorious Fountain.



1 There is a fountain ‖:filled with blood:‖
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd ‖:beneath that flood:‖
Lose all their guilty stains.

Cho.—Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay,
And in thee ever wash my sins away.

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

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

5 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.

225 The Great Physician.



1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

Cho.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung;
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

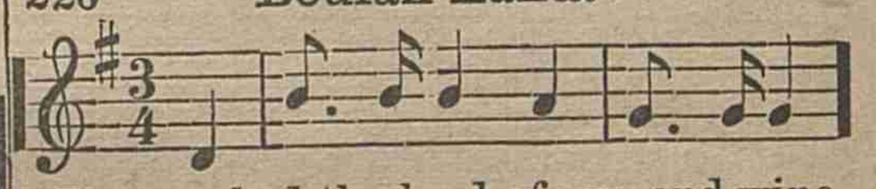
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

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

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

226 Beulah Land.



1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine,
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has pass'd away.

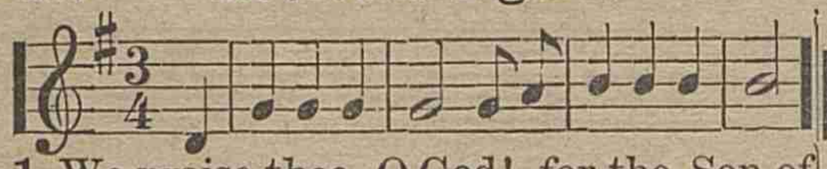
Cho.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home, forever more!

2 My Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze,
Is borne from ever-vernal trees;
And flowers that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-rob'd throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

227 **Revive us Again.**



1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

Chor—Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory; Revive us again

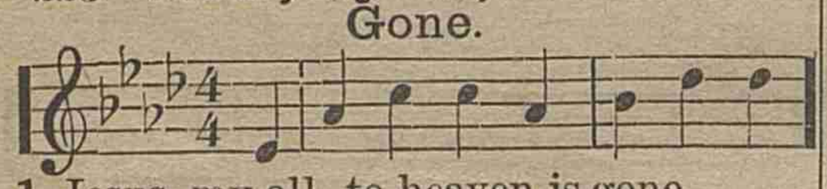
2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

228 **Jesus, my All, to Heaven is Gone.**



1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view,
The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found,
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

229 **The Lily of the Valley.**



1 I have found a friend in Jesus, he's every thing to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;
The Lily of the Valley, in him alone I see,
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole;
In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay,
He tells me every care on him to roll,
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Chorus.—In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay,
He tells me every care on him to roll.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

2 He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne;
In temptation he's my strong and mighty tower;
I have all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn
From my heart, and now he keeps me by his power.
Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore,
Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

3 He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith and do his blessed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear;
With his manna he my hungry soul shall fill;
Then sweeping up to glory we see his blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

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I have served them also with
the wheat and with
the wheat should I have
Ps. 81 - 16.
He should feed them
the finest of
honey out of
satisfied thee.