SONGS OF PRAISE

NUMBER ONE

91-033

SP-010277

Songs of Praise

NUMBER ONE



COMPILED AND EDITED BY

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

FOR THE

GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S COMMITTEE ON EVANGELISTIC WORK

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION AND SABBATH SCHOOL WORK

PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK CHICAGO ST. LOUIS SAN FRANCISCO

PREFACE

THIS book has been specially prepared for use in Evangelistic services. Particular attention is directed to the number of Hymns emphasizing the work of the Holy Spirit, and to the large number of selections adapted to the after meetings.

The book has been carefully compiled, many of the hymns are familiar, a sufficient number are entirely new. The profits from the sale of Songs of Praise No. 1 will all be devoted to Evangelistic Work in needy fields.

THE COMMITTEE.

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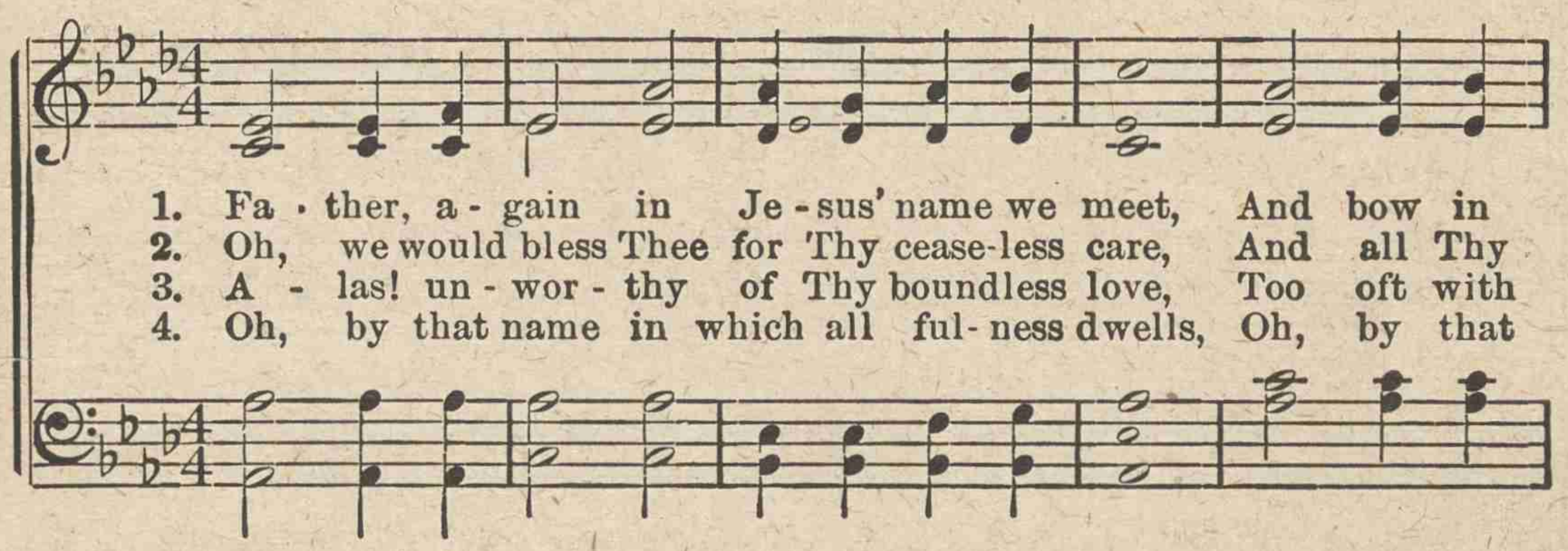
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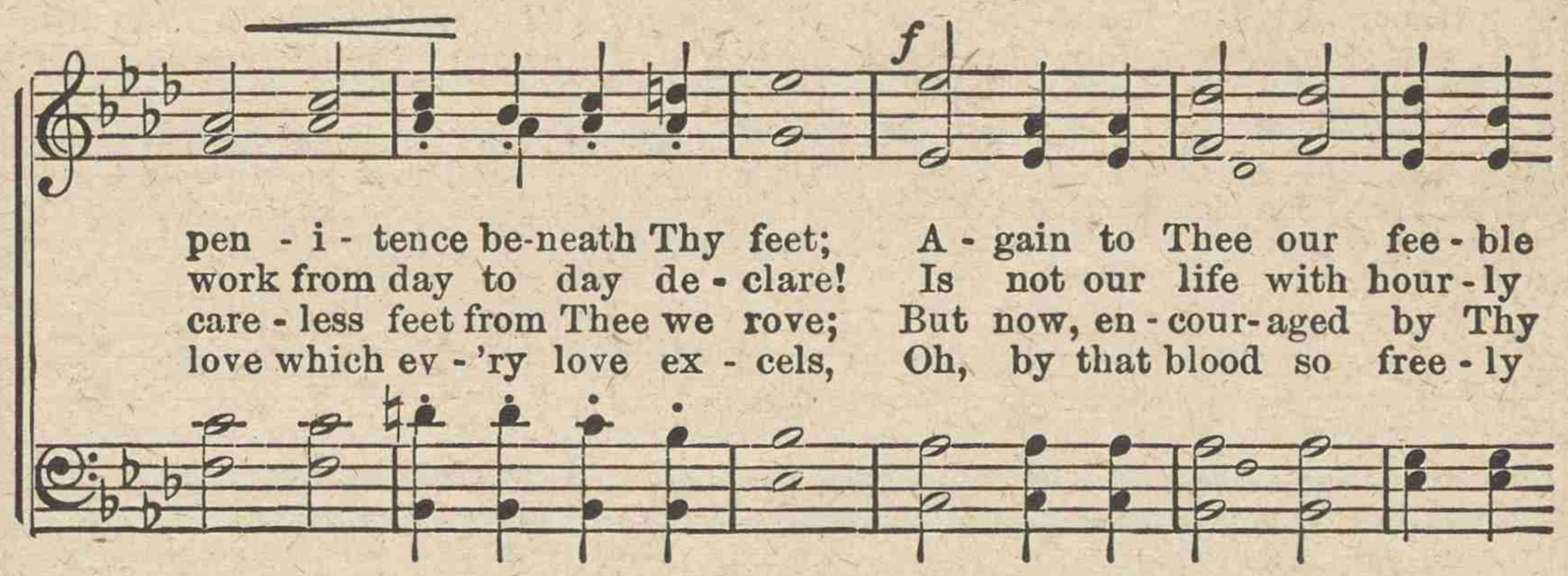
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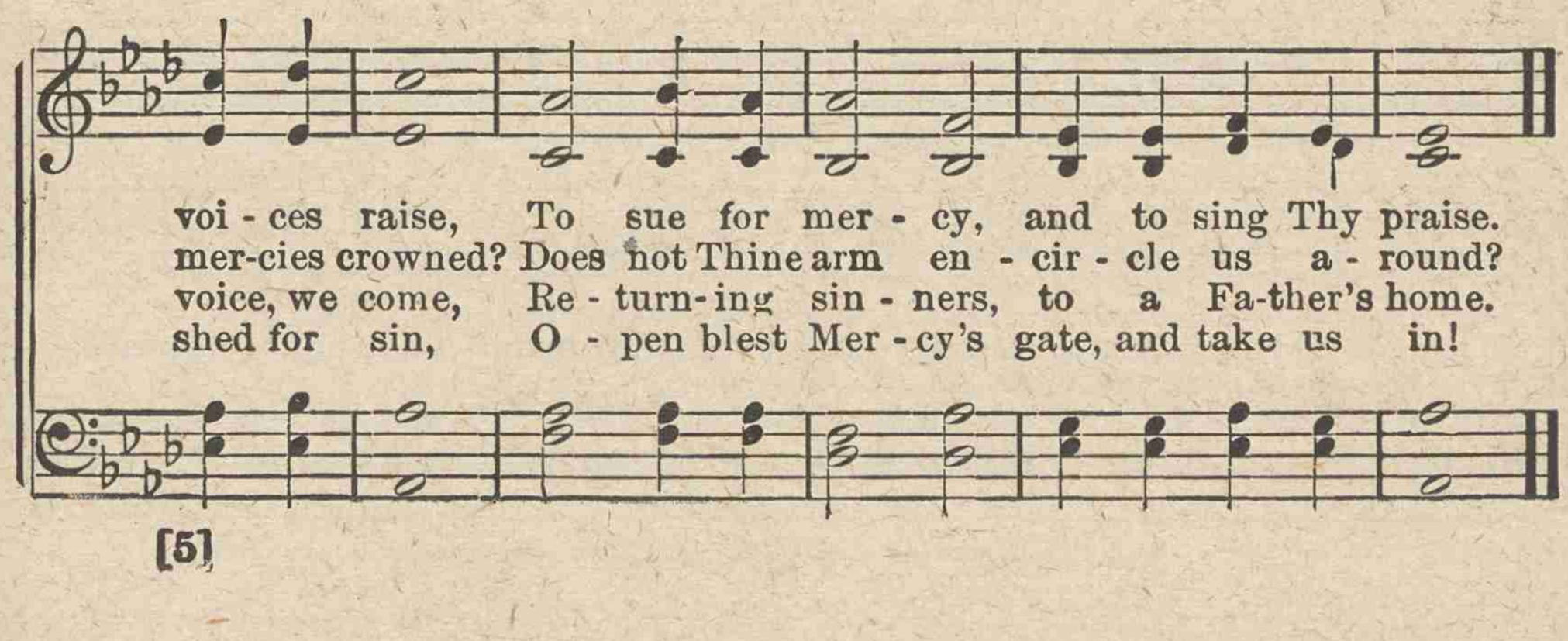
Number One.

Father, Again in Jesus' Name We Meet.

LUCY E. G. WHITMORE. E. J. HOPKINS.







6 Great God, We Come Before Thee.

EFFIE S. BLACK. JOHAN A. P. SCHULZ.

1. Great God, we come be - fore Thee, Thy pow'r and praise to sing; We
2. We praise Thee for Thy pow er To res - cue from the fall, And
3. Lord, haste the day, when, whol - ly Our wills are merged in Thine, Each
4. May we be sub-jects loy - al, And con-quer as we go, Led

mag - ni - fy, a - dore Thee, Thou great, E - ter - nal King. Thy
for that sa - cred hour..... Thy great heart bled for all; For
one a tem - ple ho - ly, Each heart a sa - cred shrine, Where
by the Christ, Prince Roy - al, To van - quish ev - 'ry foe; To

maj - es - ty, all - glo - rious, Is spread from star to star; Thy banner waves vic-
mercies Thou art send - ing, Distilled like heav'nly dew, And for Thy love un-
tapers brightly beam - ing Are light-ed from a - bove, And on - ly Thou art
march in faith re-dun - dant, Re-claim-ing all Thine own, Un - til we stand tri-

CHORUS.

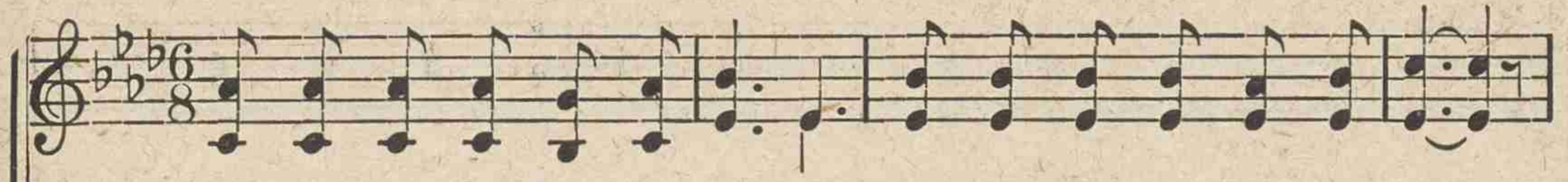
to - rious, Where'er Thy peo - ple are.
end - ing For saint and sin - ner too.
worshiped, Thou great E - ter - nal Love.
um-phant, A-round Thy glorious throne.

} Thy reign is e - ter - nal, Thy
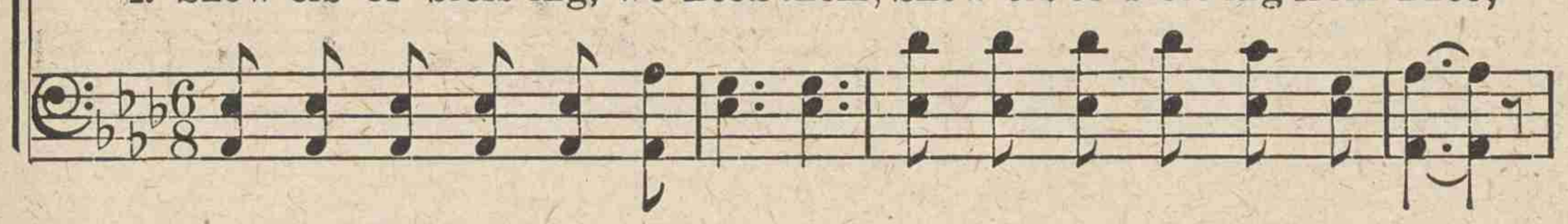
kingdom shall increase; A-rise, ye saints, and now install The reign of peace.

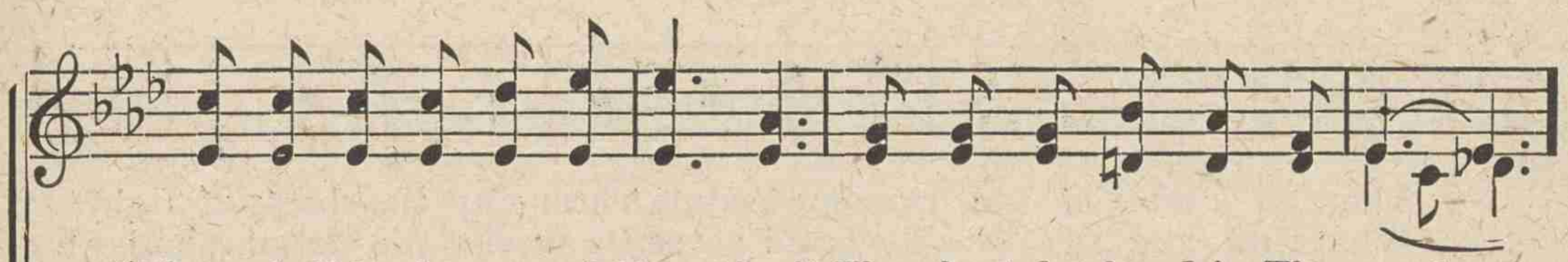
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JENNIE GARENTT. JNO. R. SWENEY.
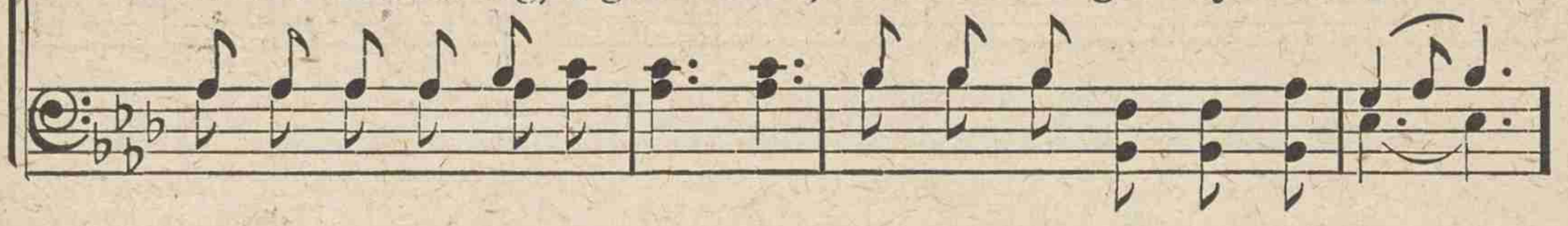


1. Here in Thy name we are gath-ered, Come and re-vive us, O Lord;
2. O that the show-ers of bless-ing Now on our souls may de-scend,
3. There shall be showers of bless-ing, Prom-ise that nev-er can fail;
4. Show-ers of bless-ing, we need them, Show-ers of bless-ing from Thee;

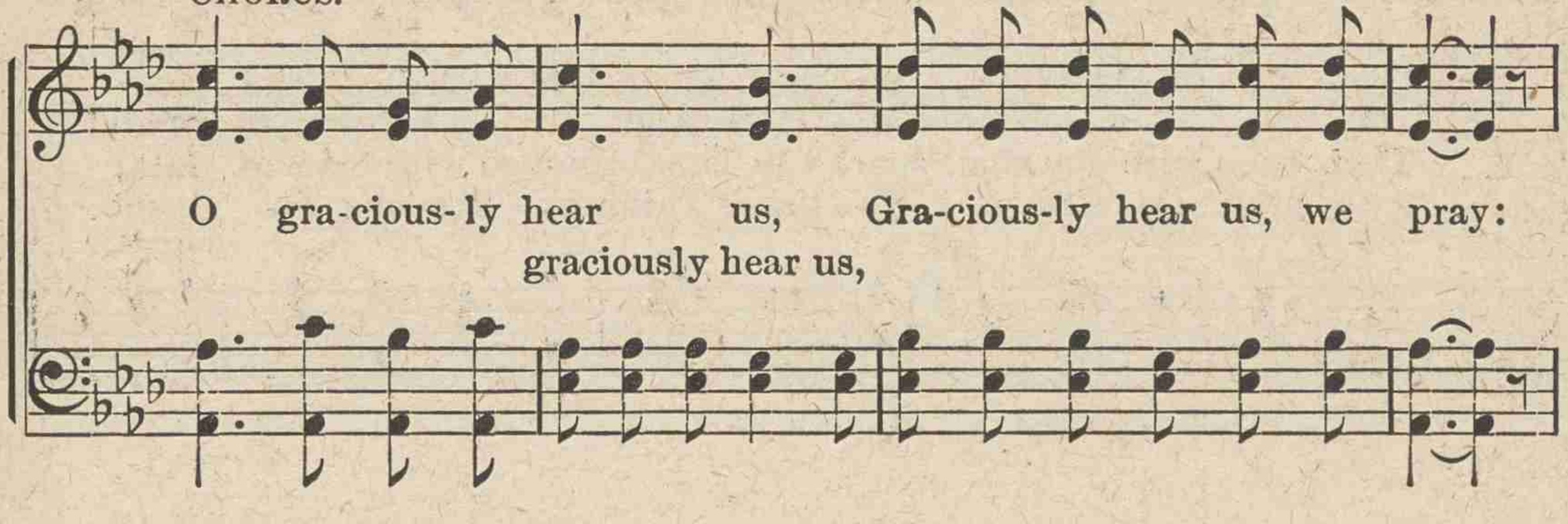




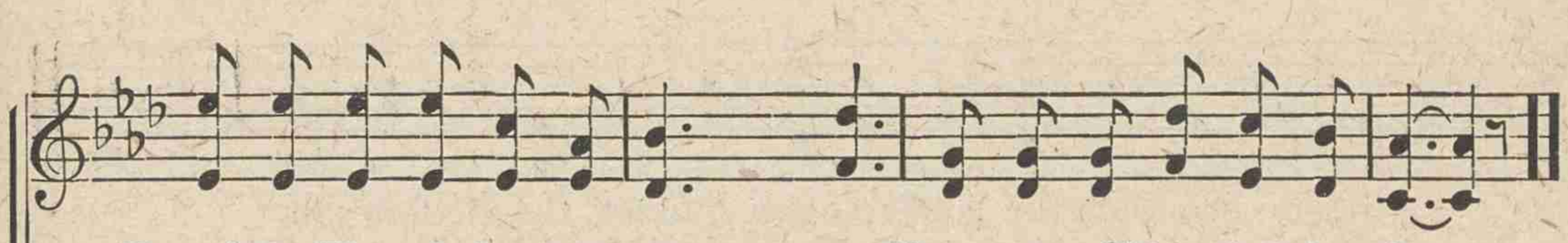
"There shall be showers of bless-ing" Thou hast de-clared in Thy word.
While at the foot-stool of mer-cy, Plead-ing Thy prom-ise we bend.
Thou wilt re-gard our pe-ti-tion; Sure-ly our faith will pre-vail.
Show-ers of bless-ing, O grant them; Thine all the glo-ry shall be.
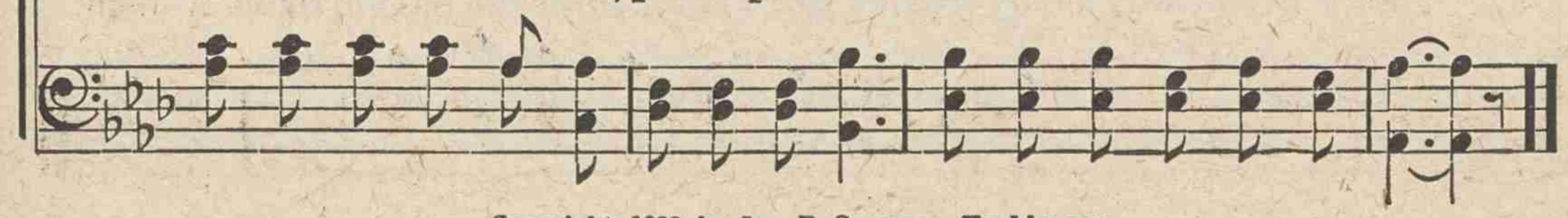


CHORUS.



O gra-cious-ly hear us, Gra-cious-ly hear us, we pray:
graciously hear us,



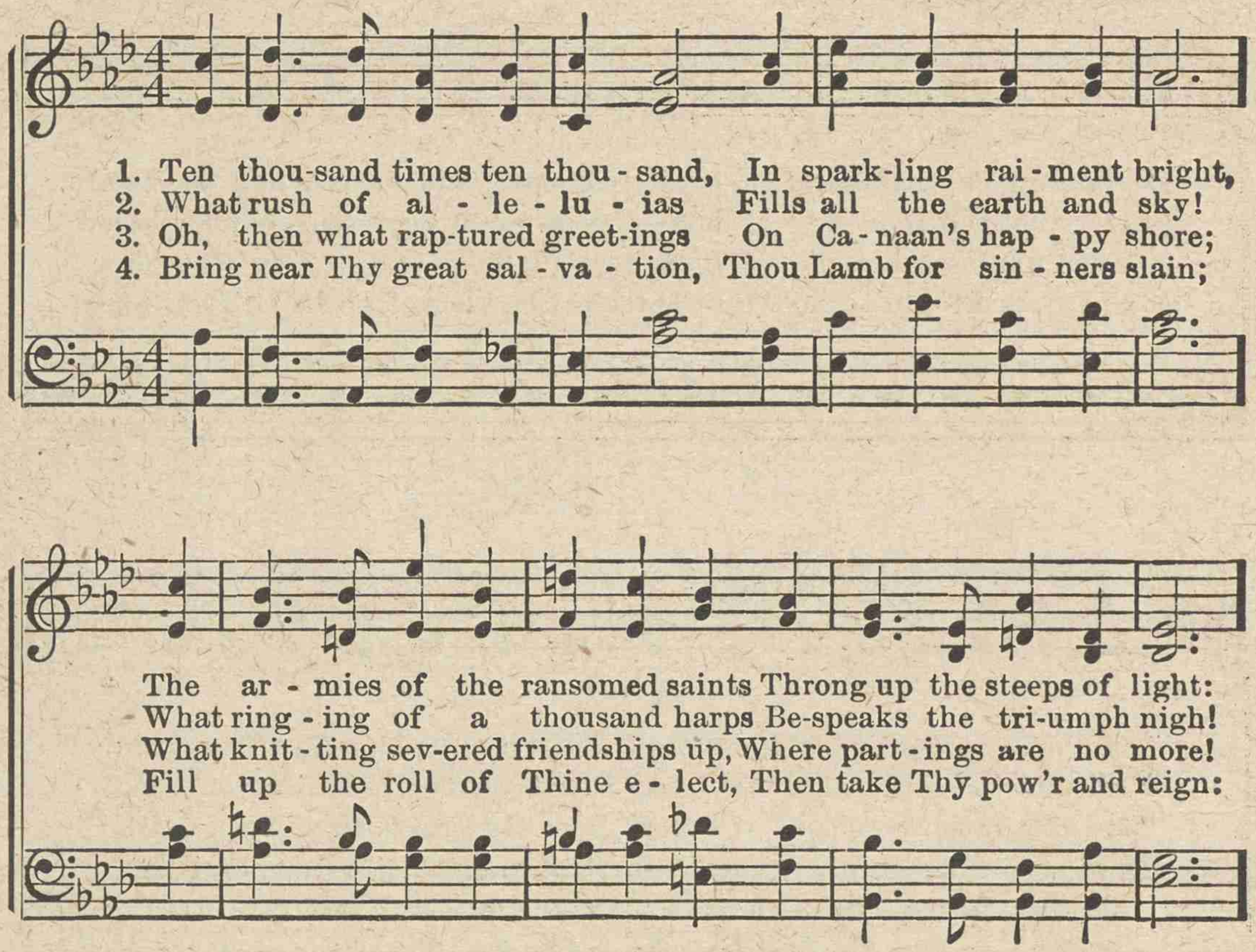
Pour from Thy windows up-on us Show-ers of bless-ing to-day.
Lord, pour upon us
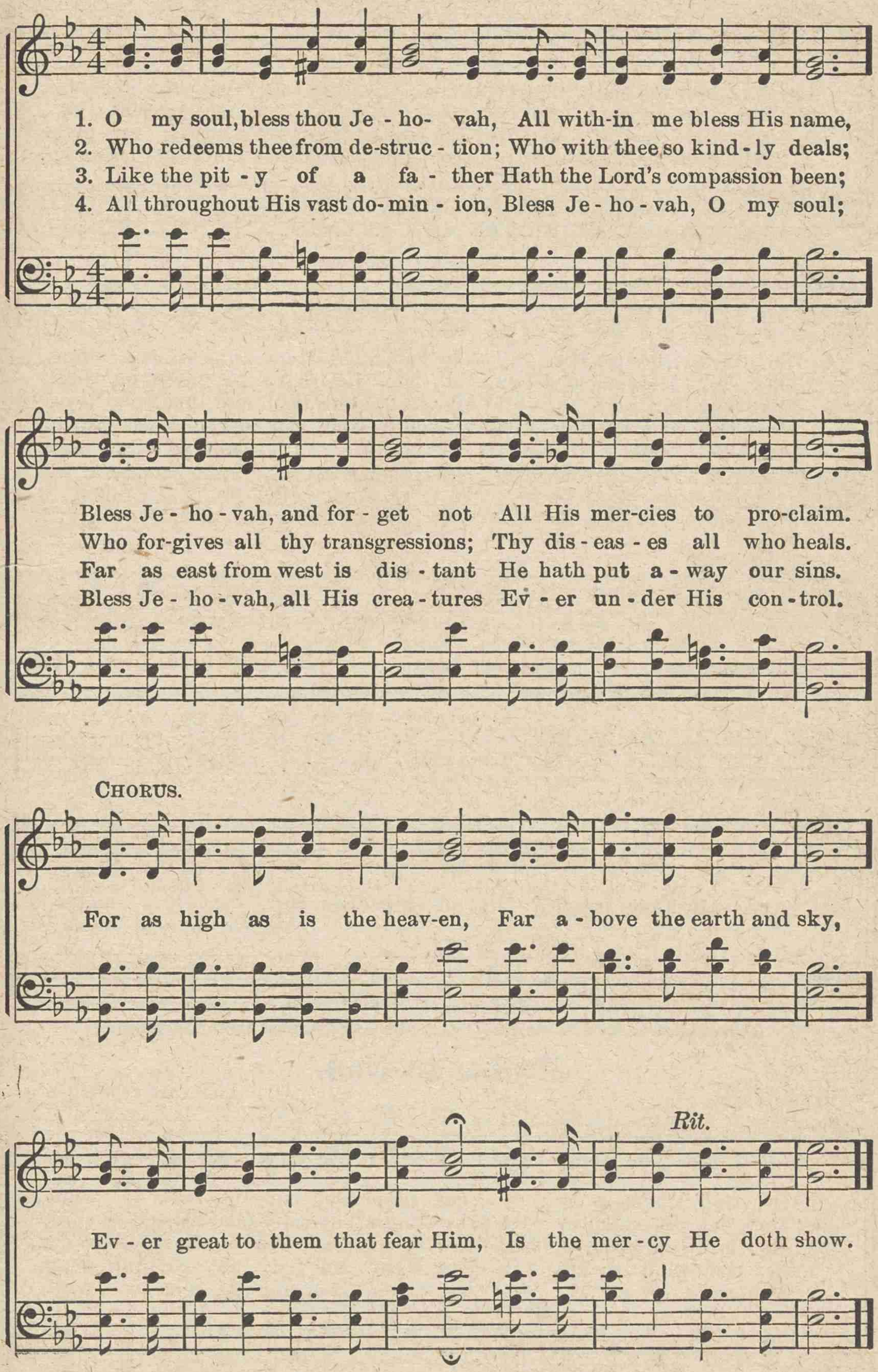


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The Life Everlasting.

Rev. HENRY ALFORD. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



H. G. S. H. G. SMYTH.



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Bless the Lord.

Not too slow. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. O thou my soul, bless God the Lord, And all that in me is
2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, And not for-get-ful be
3. All thy in-iq-ui-ties who doth Most gra-cious-ly for-give:
4. Who doth re-deem thy life, that thou To death mayst not go down,

Be lift-ed up, His ho-ly name To mag-ni-fy and bless.
Of all His gra-cious ben-e-fits He hath be-stowed on thee.
Who thy dis-eas-es all and pains Doth heal, and thee re-lieve.
Who thee with lov-ing-kind-ness doth And ten-der mer-cies crown.

CHORUS.

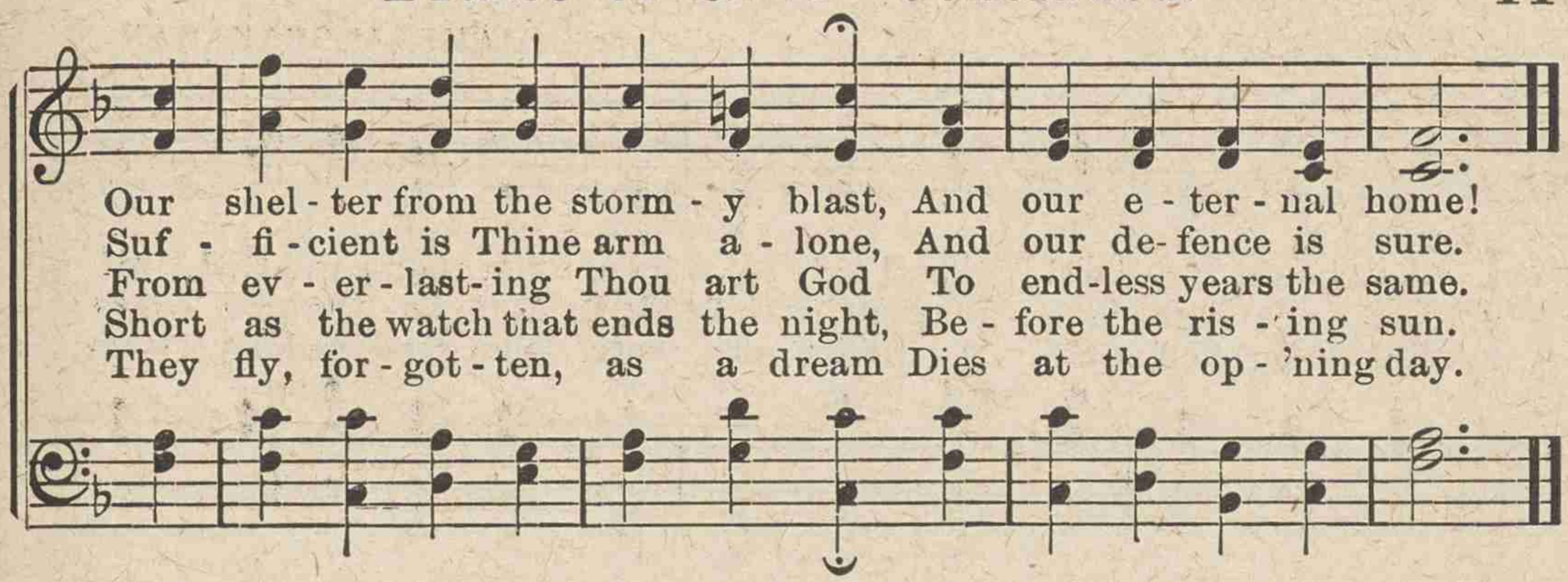
"Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul,
"Bless the Lord, bless the Lord,
And all that is with-in me, Bless His ho-ly name."
Bless His ho-ly name."

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Praise to God.
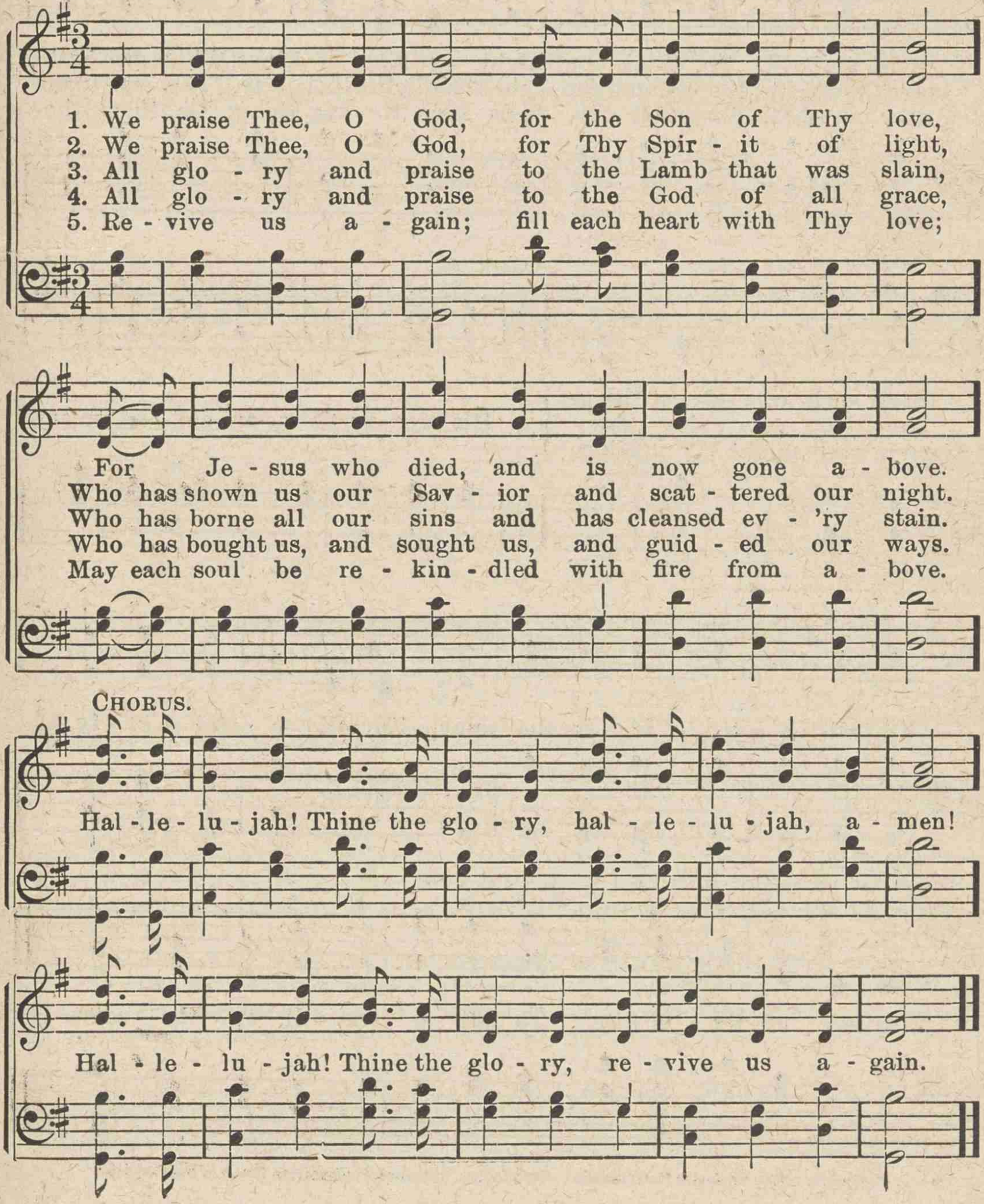
ISAAC WATTS. Andro Hart's Psalter.

1. O God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come;
2. Un-der the shad-ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se-cure;
3. Be-fore the hills in or-der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame,
4. A thou-sand a-ges, in Thy sight, Are like an eve-ning gone;
5. Time, like an ev-er-roll-ing stream, Bear sall its sons a-way;



We Praise Thee, O God!

Rev. WILLIAM P. MACKAY. JOHN J. HUSBAND.



His Mercy Flows.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Oh, thank the Lord, the Lord of love, Oh, thank the God, all
2. Whose wis-dom gave the heav'ns their birth, And on the wa-ters
3. Who thought on us a-midst our woes, Who res-cued us from

gods a-bove; Oh, thank the might-y King of kings, Whose arm hath
spread the earth; Who taught yon glo-rious lights their way, The ra-diant
all our foes; Who dai-ly feeds each liv-ing thing; Oh, thank the

CHORUS.

done such won-drous things;
sun to rule the day;
heav'n's Al-might-y King.

His mer-cy flows, an end-less stream,

To all e-ter-ni-ty the same, To all e-ter-ni-ty,
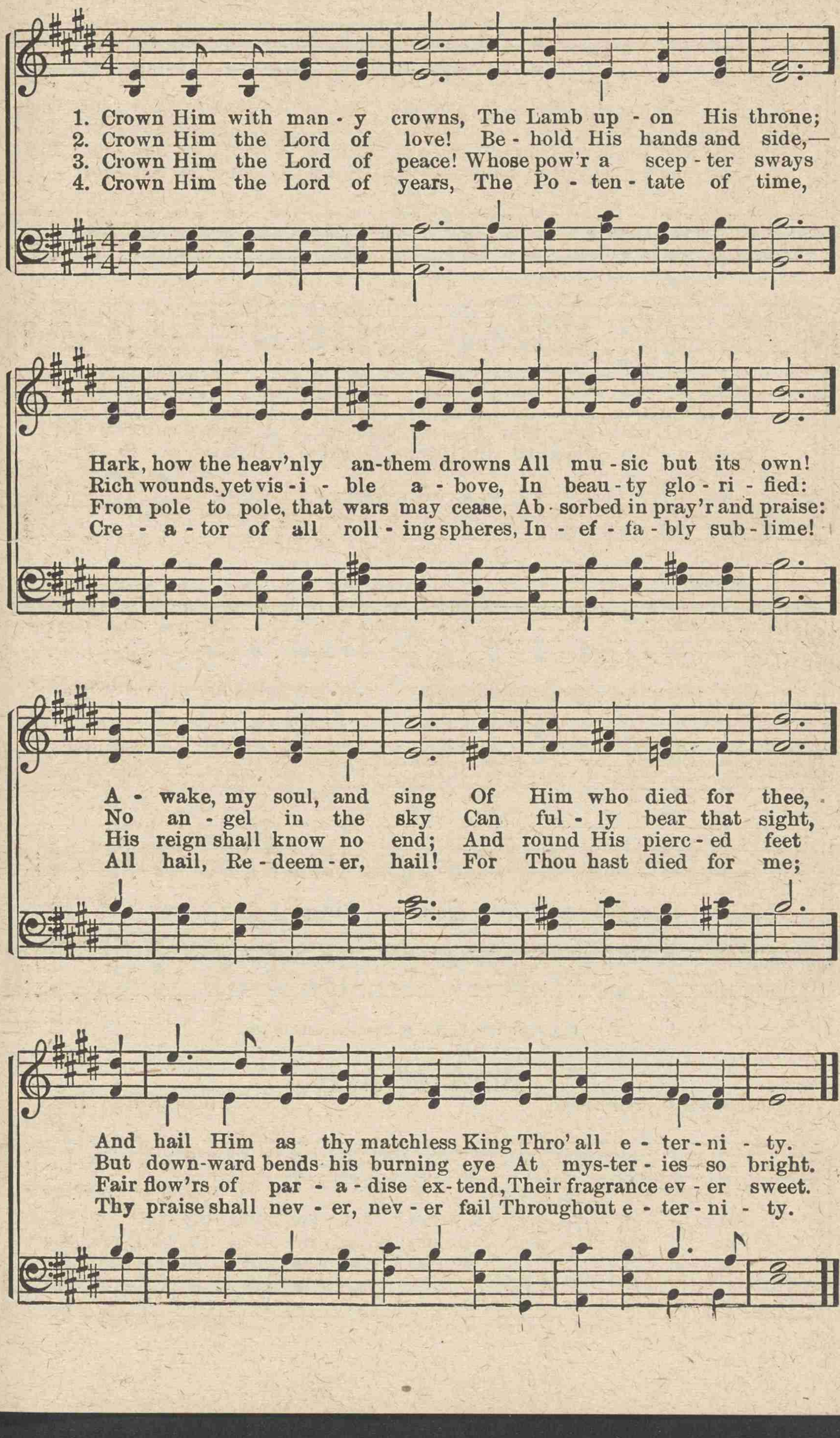
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To all e-ter-ni-ty, To all e-ter-ni-ty the same.

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Crown Him with Many Crowns. 13

MATTHEW BRIDGES. Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY.



Since I Found My Savior.

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

May be used as a Solo and Chorus.

1. Life wears a dif - ferent face to me, Since I found my Sav - ior; Rich
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav - ior; He
3. The pass-ing clouds may in - ter-vene, Since I found my Sav - ior; But
4. A strong hand kind-ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - ior; It

mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - ior.
brought sal-va - tion from a - bove, My dear, Al-might - y Sav - ior.
He is with me, tho' un-seen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav - ior.
leads me on - ward to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav - ior.

CHORUS.

Gold - en sun-beams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my nights to day;

Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.

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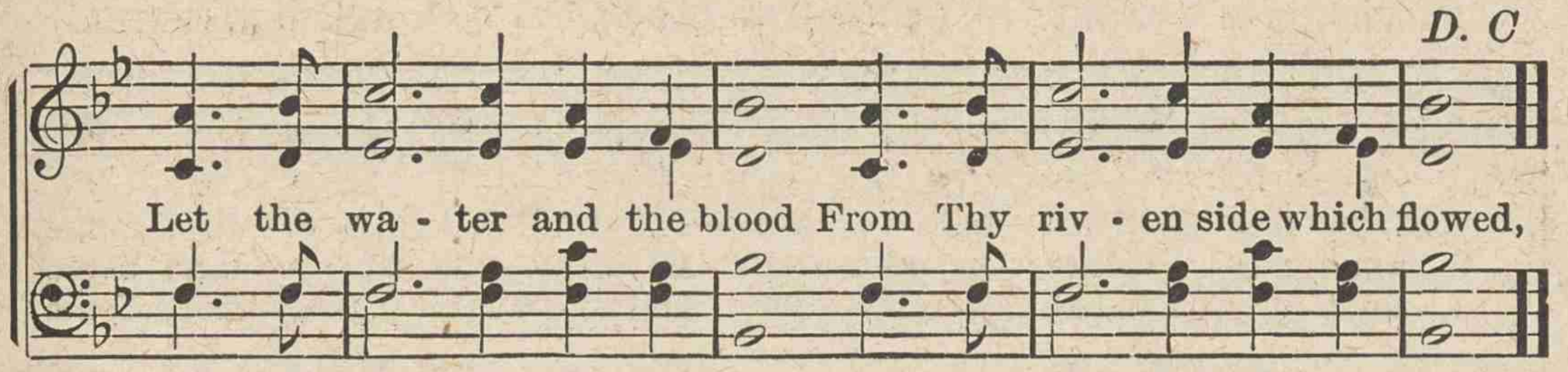
Rock of Ages.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. THOMAS HASTINGS.

Fine.

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

D. C.–Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.



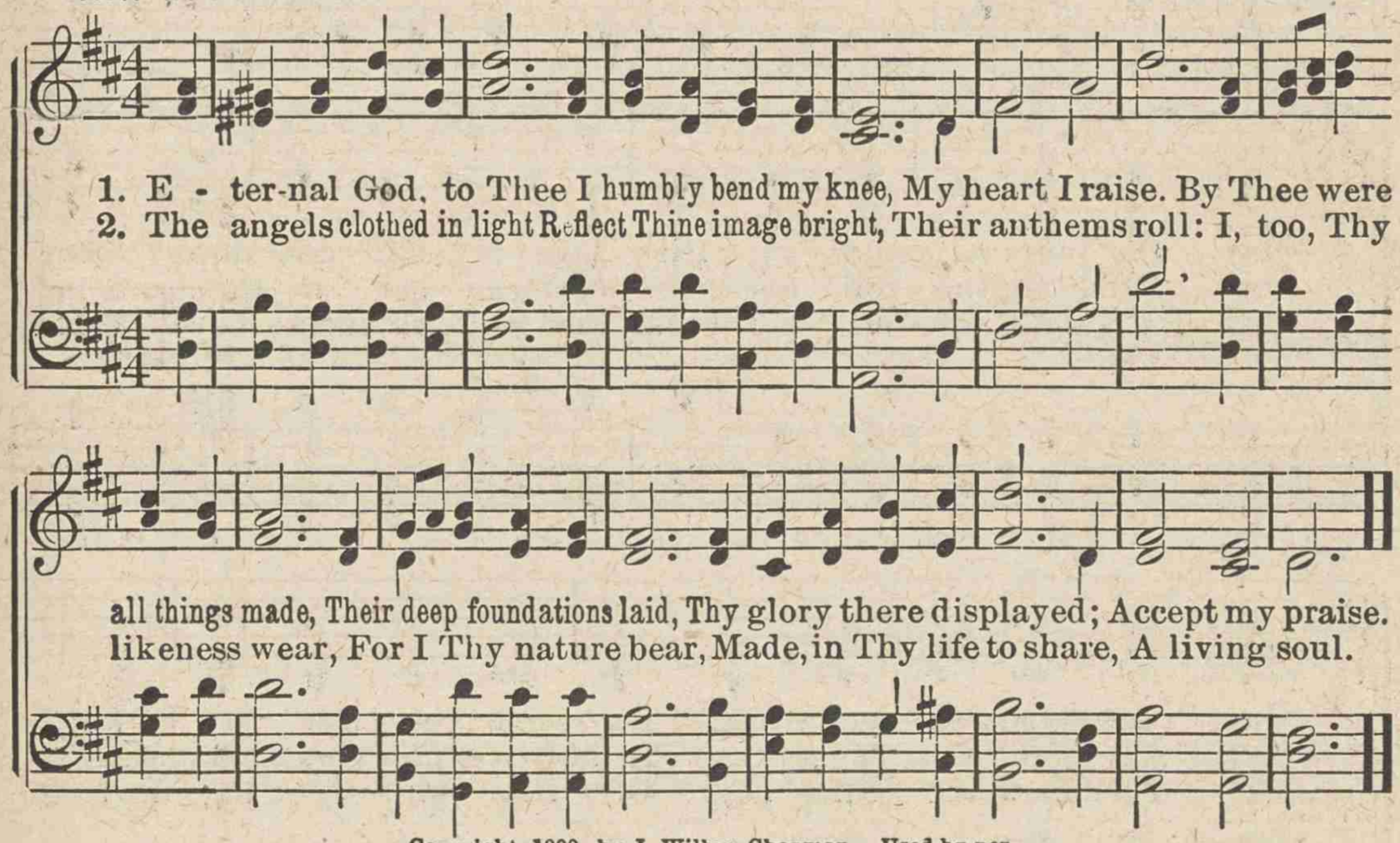
2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Eternal God, to Thee.

Rev. W. H. HODGE. C. L. TYLER.



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3 Through all Thy wide domains,
Thy will supremely reigns,
As nature sings.
With angels great in might,
Before Thy throne of light,
I worship Thee by right
The King of kings.

4 Most holy One and pure,
No sin canst Thou endure,
Thou God of light;
Bowed down by sin and fear,
I, trembling, now draw near,
O how shall I appear
In Thy dear sight.

5 Yet, Sov'reign, holy Lord,
Relying on Thy word,
I boldly go;
For Thou hast died for me,
From death to set me free,
And make me, all through Thee,
Whiter than snow.

6 Henceforth my aim must be
To please Thee perfectly,
Thou Savior mine.
Myself to Thee I give,
The gift Thou wilt receive,
And grant me strength to live
Forever Thine.

Some Day.

Dr. VICTOR M STALEY. (*Three-part Song.*) CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Some day 'twill all be o - ver— The toil and cares of life; Some
2. Some day I'll see the man-sions Of heav-en's cit - y fair; Some
3. Some day I'll see the Sav - ior, And know Him face to face; Some

day the world be van-quished, With all this mor - tal strife; Some
day I'll greet with pleas - ure The dear ones wait- ing there; Some
day re - ceive, un - meas-ured, The bless - ings of His grace; Some

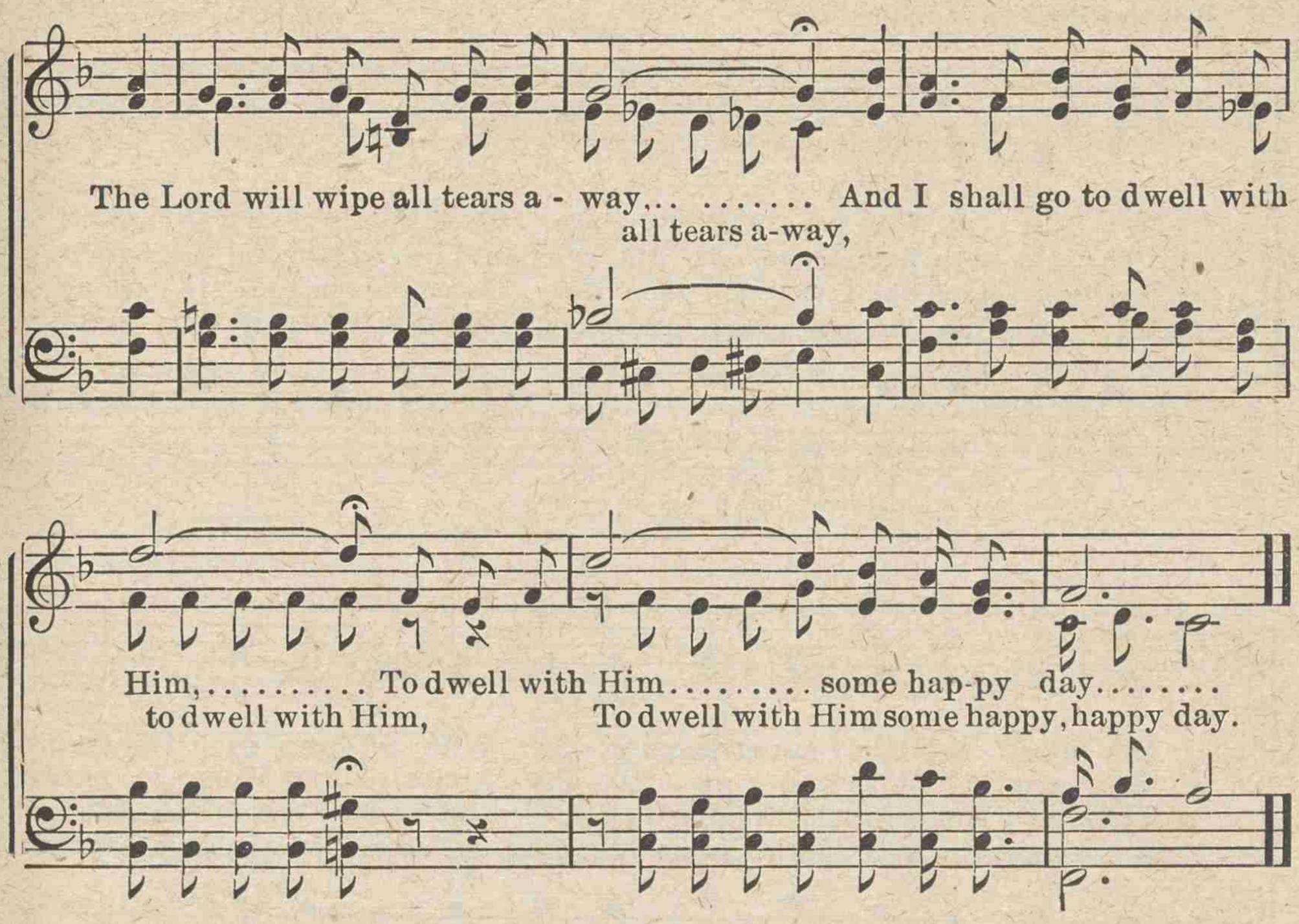
day, the jour - ney end - ed, I'll lay my bur - den down; Some
day I'll hear the voi - ces Of God's an - gel - ic throng; Some
day He'll smile up - on me From that white throne a - bove; Some

day, in realms su - per - nal, Re - ceive at last my crown.
day I'll join the cho - rus In heav'n's im - mor - tal song.
day I'll know the ful - ness Of His un - dy - ing love.

CHORUS.

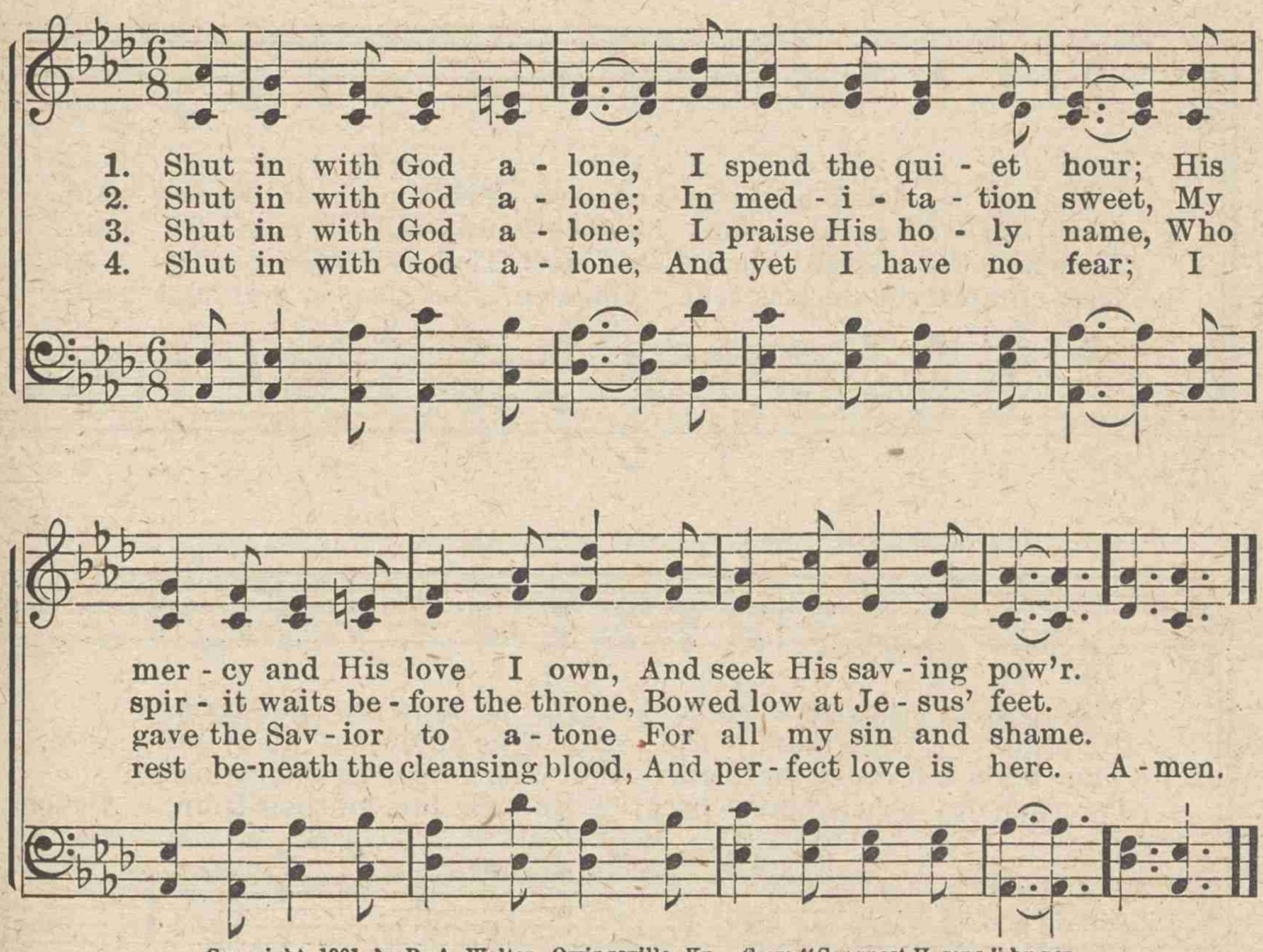
Some day,..... some hap - py day,..... ...
Some day, some hap - py day, some hap - py day, some hap-py day,

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The Quiet Hour.
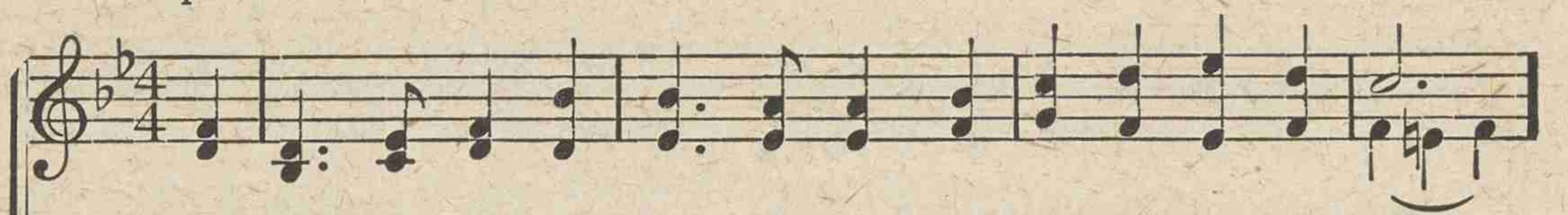
Rev. GEO. E. McMANIMAN. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.
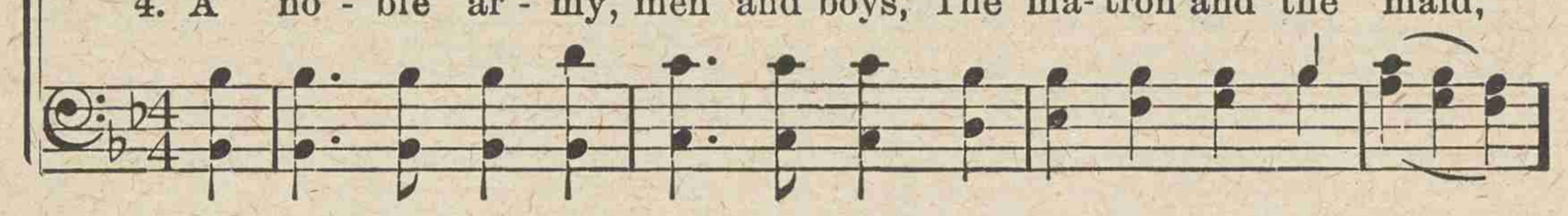


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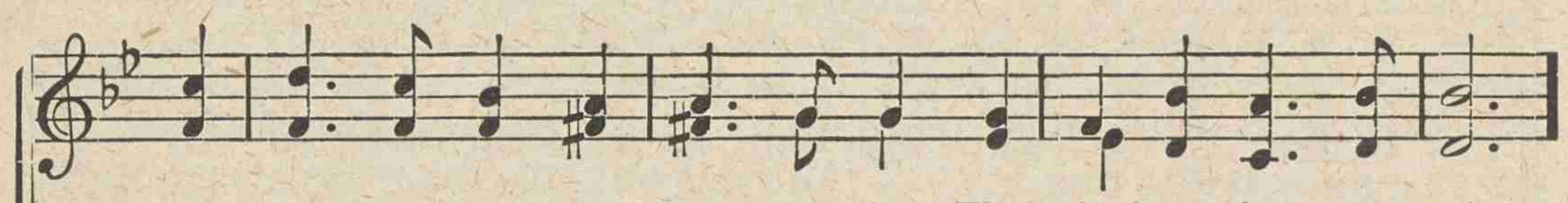
18 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER. HENRY S. CUTLER.
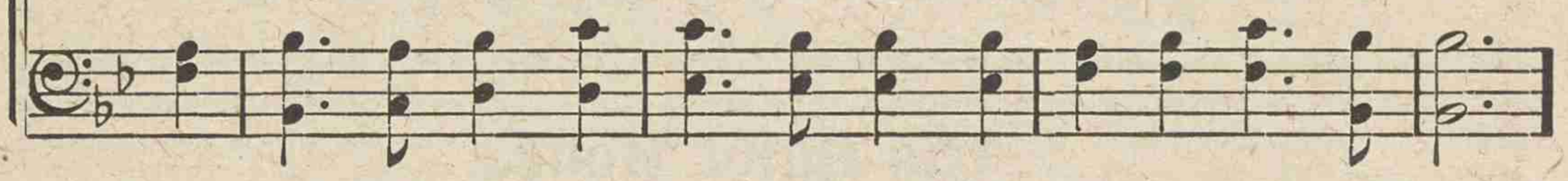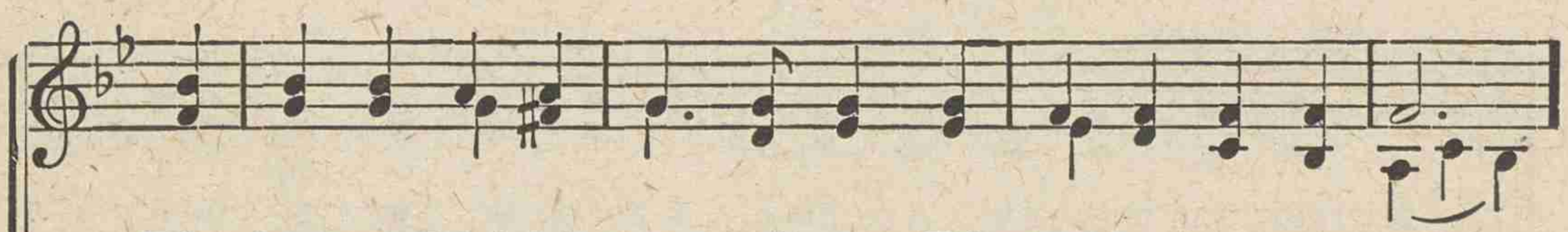


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,
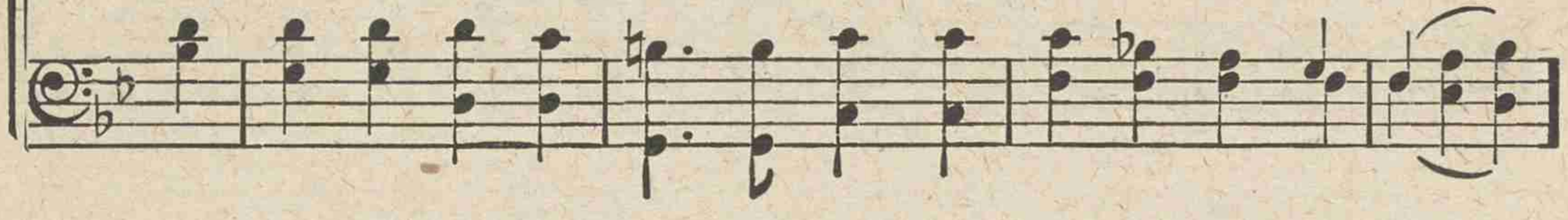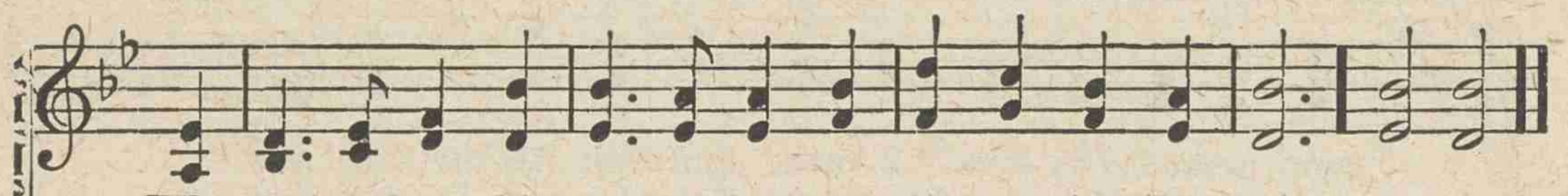




His blood-red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - joice, In robes of white ar - rayed:
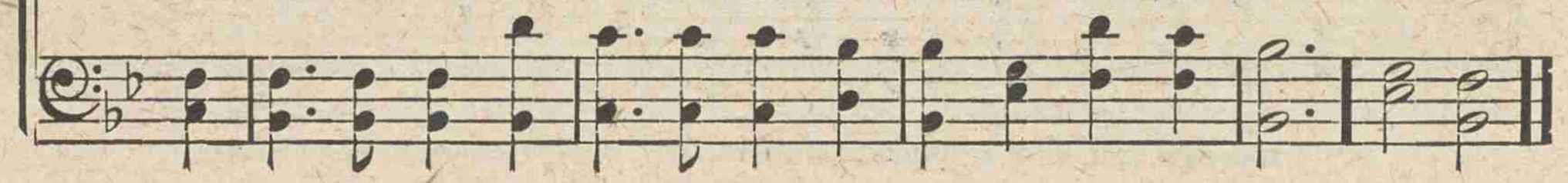




Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain,
Like Him, with par-don on his tongue In midst of mor-tal pain,
They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain;





Who patient bears his cross be - low, He fol-lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who follows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train. A-men.



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

1. To save a world of sin - ners lost, He was found wor - thy; And
2. To leave the glo - ry of His throne, He was found wor - thy; To
3. To heal the sick, the blind to lead, He was found wor - thy; The
4. To pray in dark Geth-sem - a - ne, He was found wor - thy; To
5. To rise in tri- umph o'er the grave, He was found wor - thy; All
6. To swing a - jar the gates of heav'n, He was found wor - thy; E-

to re - deem at an - y cost, He was found wor - thy.
be re - ject - ed by His own, He was found wor - thy.
hun - gry, faint - ing soul to feed, He was found wor - thy.
bleed and die on Cal - va - ry, He was found wor - thy.
na - tions of the earth to save, He was found wor - thy.
ter - nal praise to Him be giv'n, He was found wor - thy.

CHORUS.

O the Lamb of God, bless - ed Lamb of God, O the

dy - ing Lamb, He was found wor - thy; He was found wor - thy.

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20 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. Rev. J. B. DYKES.
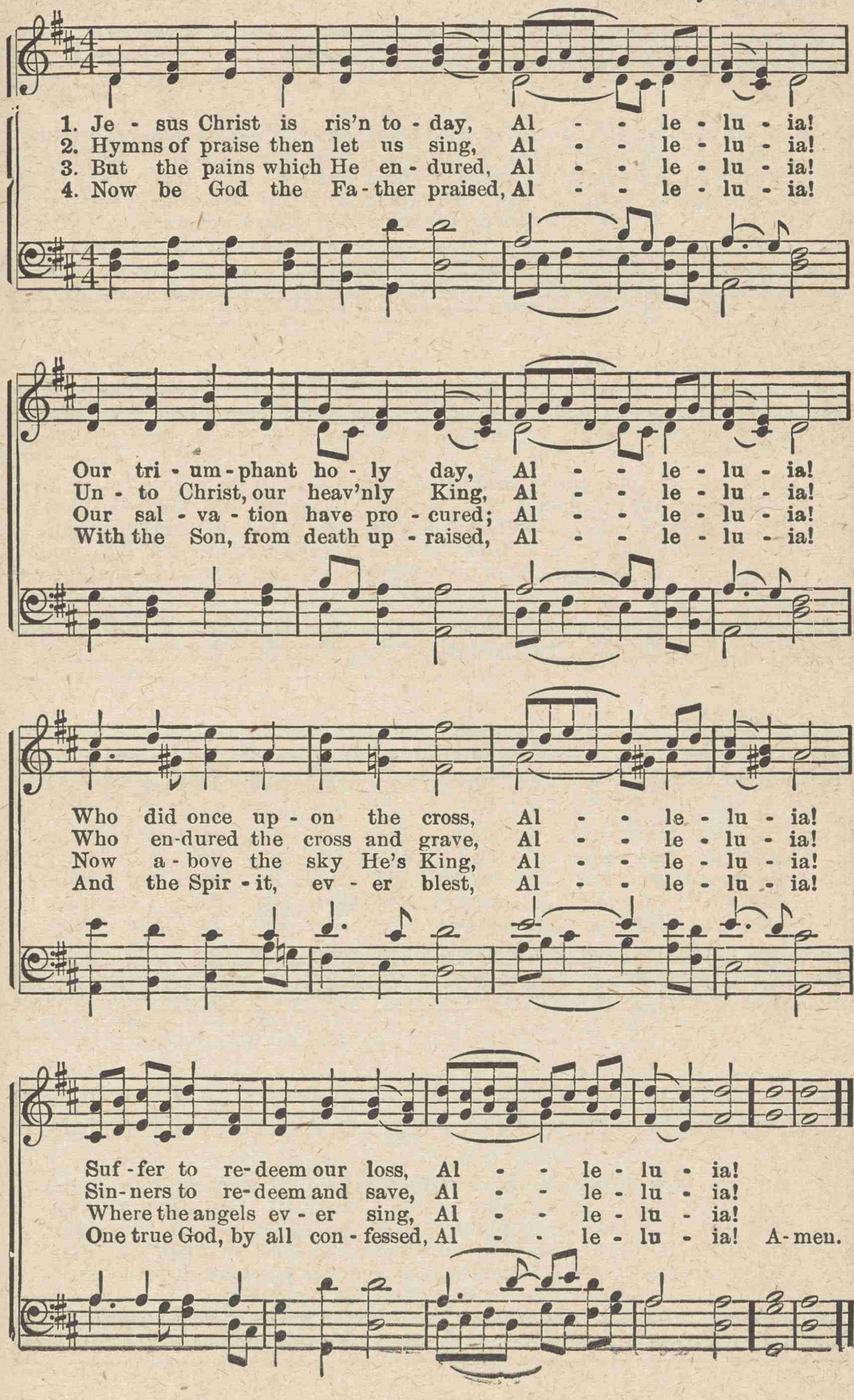
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee:
3. Wilt Thou not re - gard my call? Wilt Thou not ac - cept my pray'r?
4. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
5. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:

Whiie the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall! Lo, on Thee I cast my care;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal-ing streams a-bound: Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Reach me out Thy gra-cious hand While I of Thy strength re-ceive!
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous-ness:
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fence-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
Hop-ing a-gainst hope I stand, Dy-ing, and be-hold I live!
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

Lyra Davidica.



22 There is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. Ad. from LOWELL MASON.

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

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

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains,
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way,
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more,
And shall be, till I die, And shall be, till I die,
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave,

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

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n;
4. Then with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise,
5. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky,

E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me,
Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone,
All that Thou send - est me In mer - cy giv'n;
Out of my sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise;
Sun, moon, and stars for - got, Up - ward I fly,

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God. to Thee,
An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

24 Is It Not Wonderful?

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

1. Wondrous it seem - eth to me, Je - sus so gra-cious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev - er could know Je - sus such peace could be - stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re - sist - ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place,
5. He doth my new heart con - trol, Cleans-ing and keep - ing me whole,

Mer - cy re-veal-ing, comforting, heal-ing, Blessing a sin - ner like me.
Till the dear Savior showed me His fa-vor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
Willing to save me, par-don He gave me, And I am hap - py with - in.
But Je-sus sought me till he had brought me, Pen-i-tent, seeking His face.
Ban-ish-ing sad-ness, with joy and gladness Fill-ing and thrilling my soul.

CHORUS.
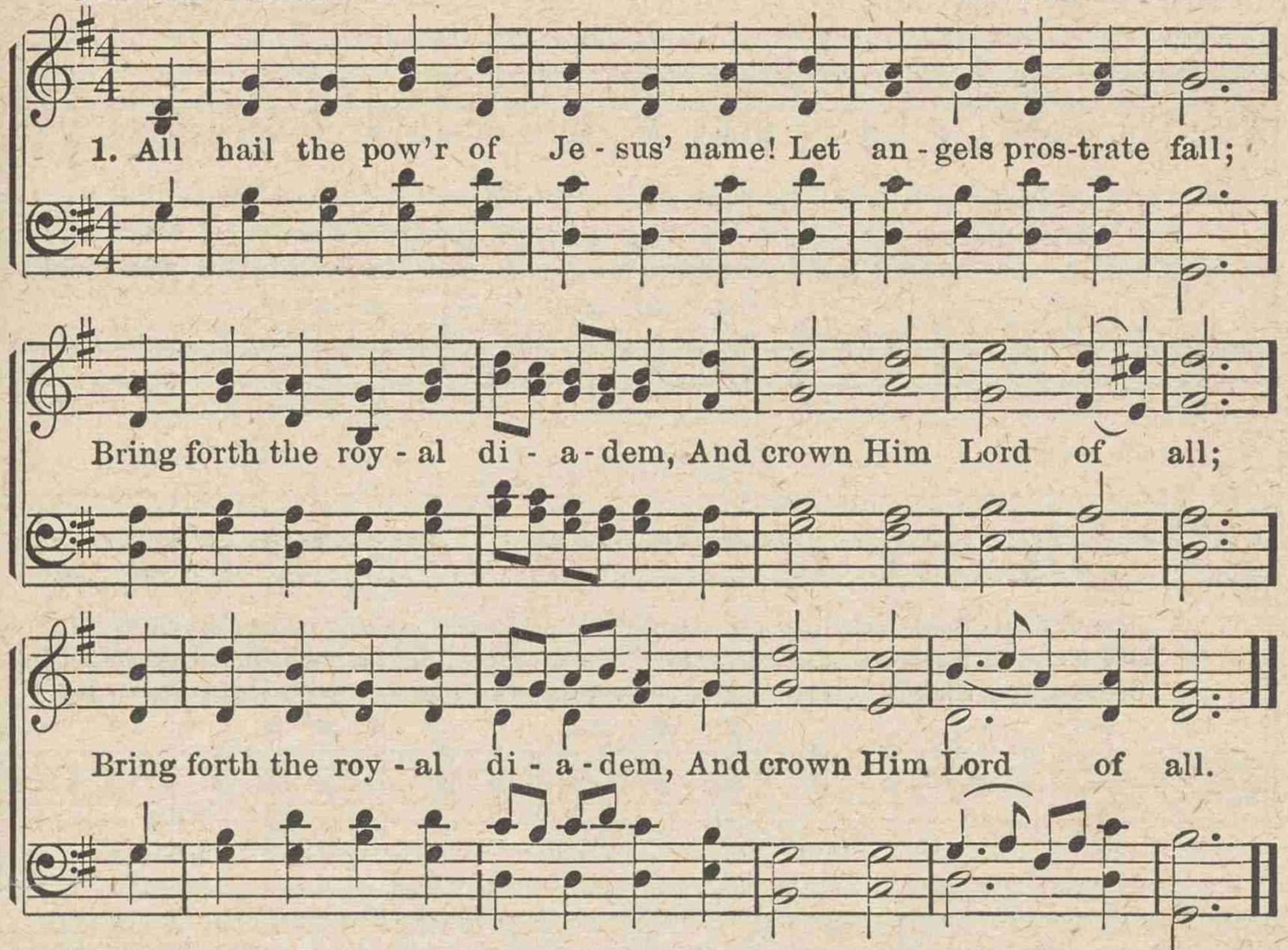
{ Is it not won - der-ful, is it not won - der-ful Je - sus so
{ Yes, it is won - der-ful, strange and so won - der-ful, [*Omit.* . .]

gracious should be?..... :‖ That He should save even me?.....
Loving and gracious should be?:‖ That He should pardon and save even me?

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Coronation.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



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.

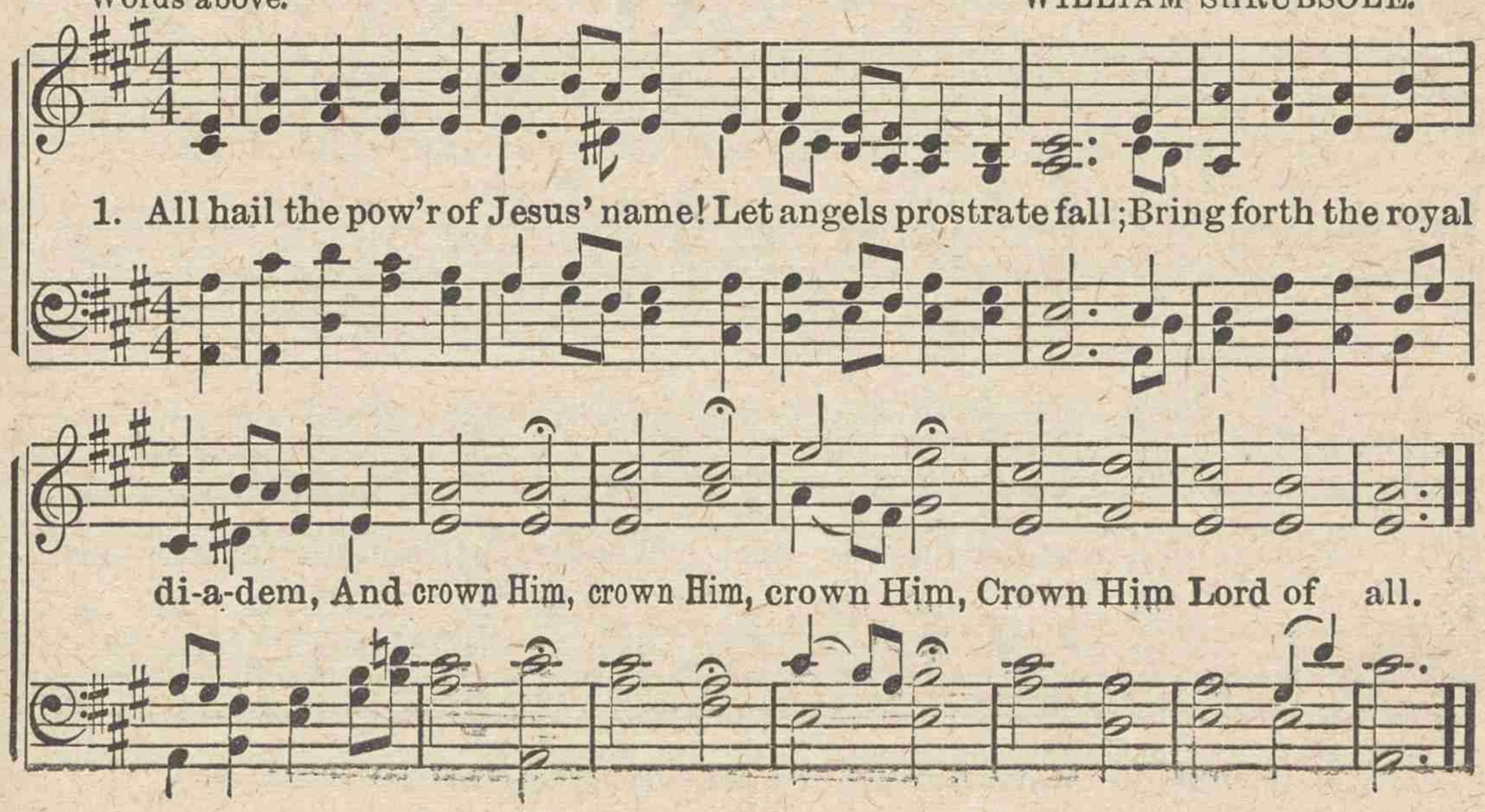
4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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.

All Hail the Power.

Words above. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.



The Wonderful Savior.

D. C. CARSON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I've found a friend, the best of all, Je-sus, the wonderful Sav - ior!
2. With out-cast sin - ners He did eat, Je-sus, the wonderful Sav - ior!
3. For us He suf-fered want and shame, Je-sus, the wonderful Sav - ior!

He heard my weak but ear - nest call, Je - sus, the wonderful Sav - ior!
And washed His own dis - ci - ples' feet, Je - sus, the wonderful Sav - ior!
We're saved thro' faith in His dear name, Je - sus, the wonderful Sav - ior!

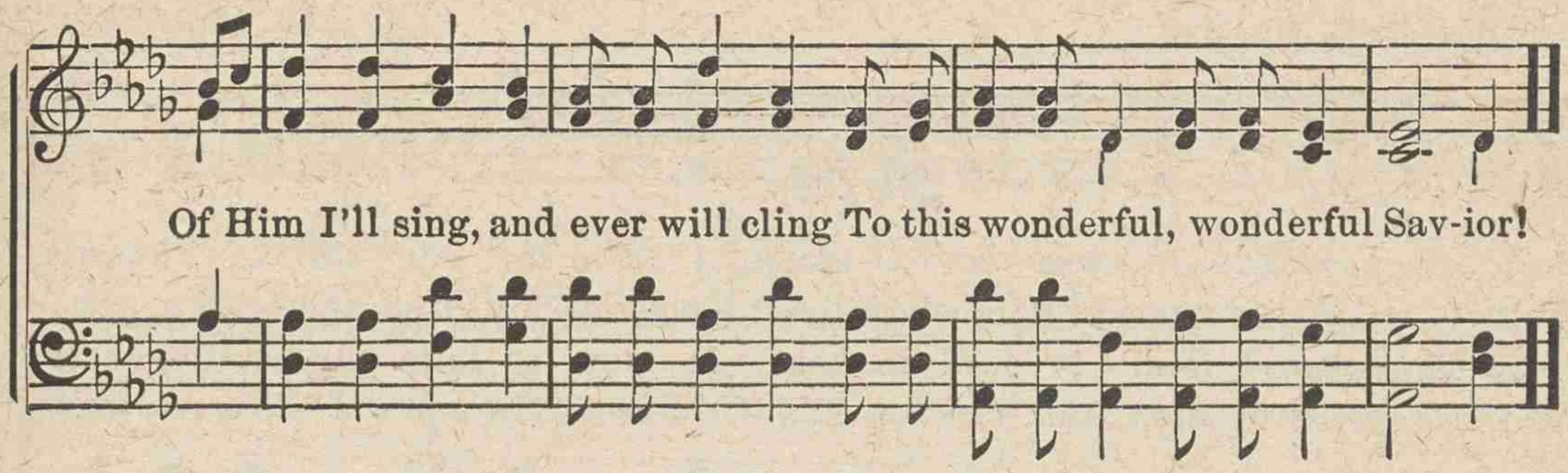
When lost in sin He heard my cry, To earth He came for me to die;
Tho' with-out sin, for us He died; On Cal-v'ry's cross was cru - ci - fied;
No oth - er name for sin-ners giv'n, No oth - er name in earth or heav'n;

And now He's reigning up on high, Is this wonderful, wonderful Sav - ior!
Bur - ied, a-rose, and glo - ri-fied, Was this wonderful, wonderful Sav - ior!
But all must come, who'd be forgiv'n, To this wonderful, wonderful Sav - ior!

CHORUS.

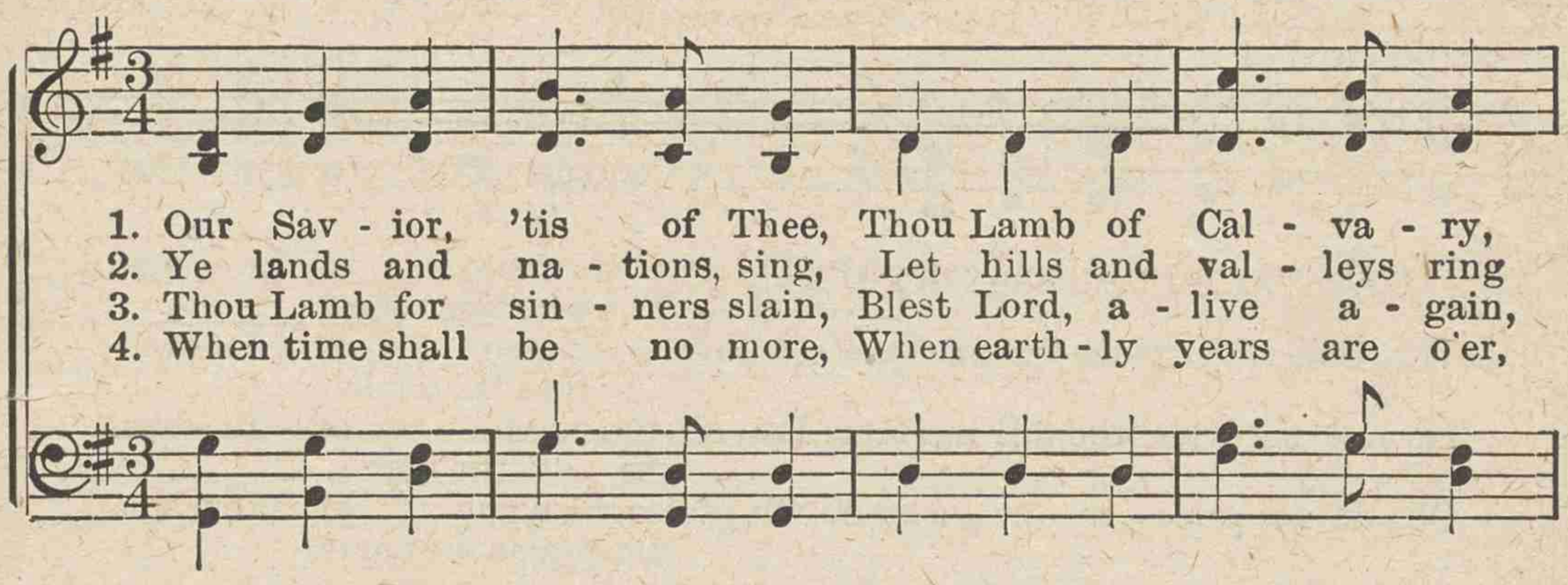
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav - ior! Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav - ior!
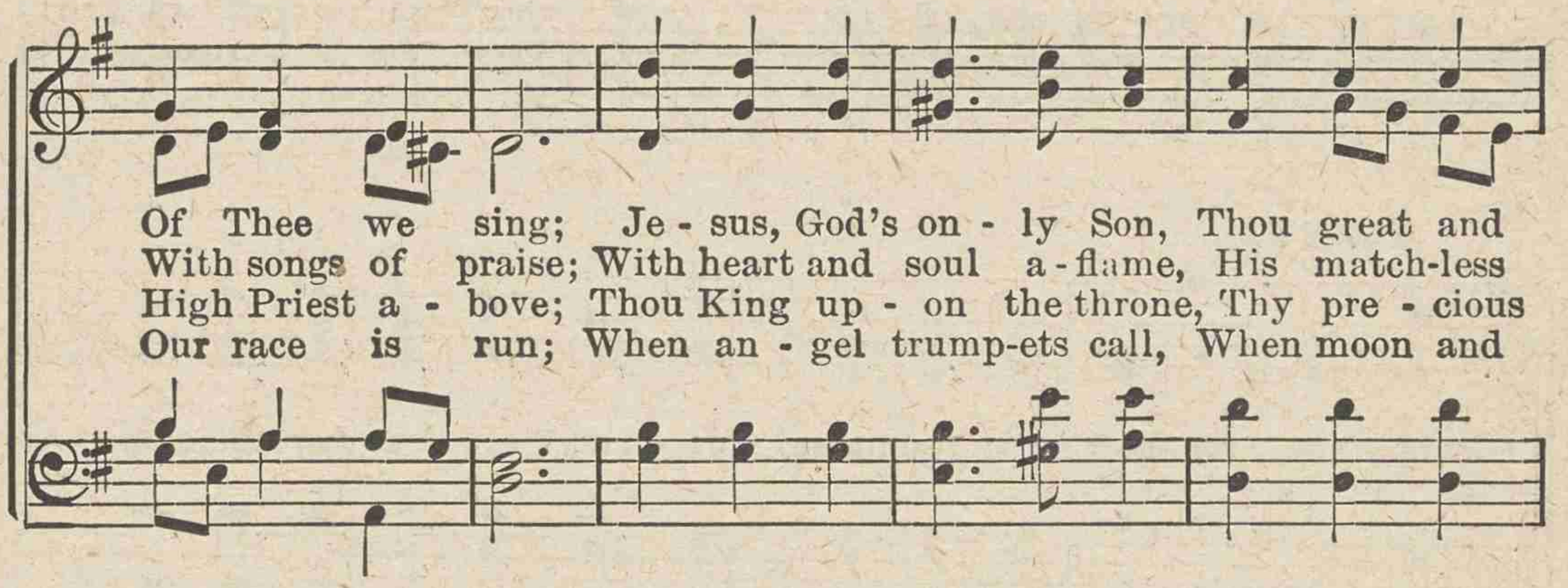
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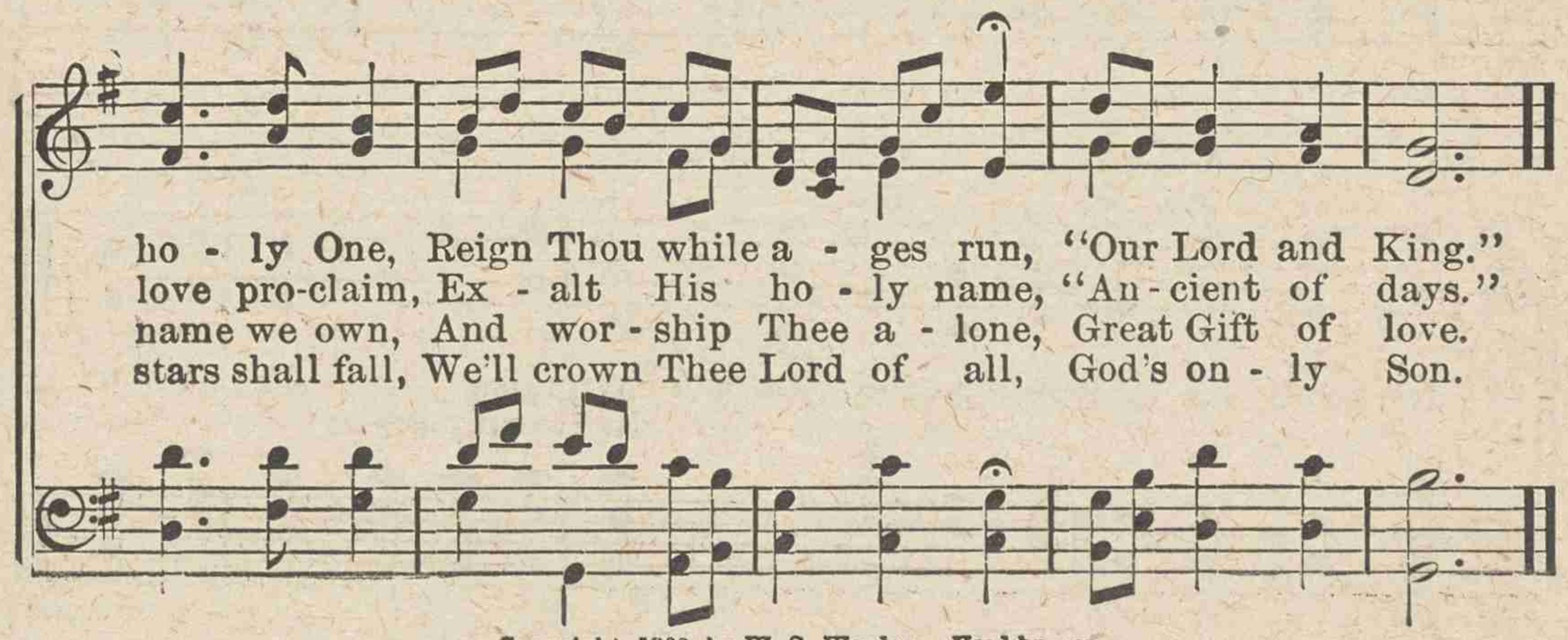


Immanuel.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.







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The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re-peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear; It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;

It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
The precious name
Who bids all anxious fears de-part—I love the name of Je - sus.
I love the name
Its mu - sic dries the fall-ing tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
Ex - alt the name
Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.
Oh, praise the name

CHORUS.

"Je - sus," oh, how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;

"Je - sus," let all saints proclaim Its wor-thy praise for - ev - er.
Its worthy praise

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Savior, Blessed Savior.

GODFREY THWING. HAYDN.

1. Sav - ior, bless ed Sav - ior, Lis-ten whilst we sing, Hearts and voic- es
2. Near- er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in ad - o-
3. Great and ev - er great - er Are Thy mer-cies here; True and ev - er-

rais - ing Prais - es to our King; All we have, we of - fer;
ra - tion Bend - ing low the knee; Thou for our re - demp-tion
last - ing Are Thy glo - ries there, Where no pain, or sor - row,

All we hope to be,.... Bod - y, soul, and spir - it,
Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might fol - low,
Toil or care is known, Where the an - gel - le - gions

CHORUS.

All we yield to Thee.
Hast gone up on high.
Cir - cle round Thy throne.

Sav - ior, bless - ed Sav - ior,

Lis - ten while we sing, Hearts and voi-ces rais - ing Prais-es to our King.

30 I Know Whom I Have Believed.

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, Con - vinc - ing 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 Redeemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev-ing in His Word Wrought peace with-in my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' 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 be-liev-ed, And am persuaded that He is a - ble

To keep that which I've com-mit-ted Un - to Him a-gainst that day."

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Think of Him.

Anon. JOSEPH D. LITTLE.

1. When the way seems dark and drear - y, Think of Him, think of Him;
2. When some sor - row sore - ly press - es, Think of Him, think of Him;
3. When some an - xious care per - plex - es, Think of Him, think of Him;

Lest thy heart grow faint and wea - ry, Think of Him, think of Him.
For thro' tri - als oft He bless - es, Think of Him, think of Him.
Lest thy in - most soul it vex - es, Think of Him, think of Him.

For He know - eth all the way, And His strength will be thy stay,
He a - lone can un - der - stand, Leave it all in His dear hand;
Bring thy care and thou shalt see He will bear it all for thee;

He can cheer the dark-est day, Think of Him, think of Him.
In His love for thee He planned, Think of Him, think of Him.
He would have thee peace-ful be, Think of Him, think of Him.

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32 Open My Eyes That I May See.

C. H. S. CLARA H. SCOTT

Gently and reverently.

1. O-pen my eyes that I may see Glimpses of Truth Thou hast for me;
2. O-pen my ears that I may hear Voic-es of Truth Thou sendest clear,
3. O-pen my mouth and let me bear Glad-ly the warm Truth ev-'ry-where;

f

Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp and
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev-'ry-thing false will
O-pen my heart and let me pre-pare, Love, with Thy chil-dren,

p *Cres--cen-*

set me free. Si-lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy
dis-ap-pear. Si-lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy
thus to share. Si-lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy

-do. *p*

will to see; O-pen my eyes, il-lu-mine me, Spir-it di-vine.
will to see; O-pen my ears, il-lu-mine me, Spir-it di-vine.
will to see; O-pen my heart, il-lu-mine me, Spir-it di-vine.

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Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in

Sav - ior, so pre - cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me
of - f'ring to Je - sus, my King; On - ly my sin - ful,
fol - lies, I glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleas - ures,
glo - ry my an - chor is cast; Thro' end - less a - ges

close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of
now con-trite heart, Grant me the cleans-ing Thy blood doth im-
pomp and its pride, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci-
ev - er to be, Near - er, my Sav - ior, still near - er to

Rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of Rest."
part, Grant me the cleans - ing Thy blood doth im - part.
fied, Give me but Je - sus, My Lord cru - ci - fied.
Thee, Near - er, my Sav - ior, still near - er to Thee.

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Sing of Jesus.

THOS. KELLY. J. J. LOWE.

Vigorous.

1. Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er, Of that love that chang-es nev - er;
2. With His blood the Lord He bought them, When they knew Him not He sought them,
3. Thro' the des - ert Je-sus leads them, With the bread of heav'n He feeds them,
4. There they see the Lord who bought them, Him who came from heav'n and sought them,

Who or what from Him can sev - er Those He loves and makes His own?
And from all their wand'rings bro't them; His the thanks and praise a - lone.
And thro' all the way He speeds them, To their bright e - ter - nal home.
Him who by His Spir - it taught them, Him they serve be-fore His throne

CHORUS.

Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er, Of His love that chang-es nev - er;

Rit.

Noth - ing from His love can sev - er, Sing, O sing!

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T. KOSCHAT.

Lento. *m*

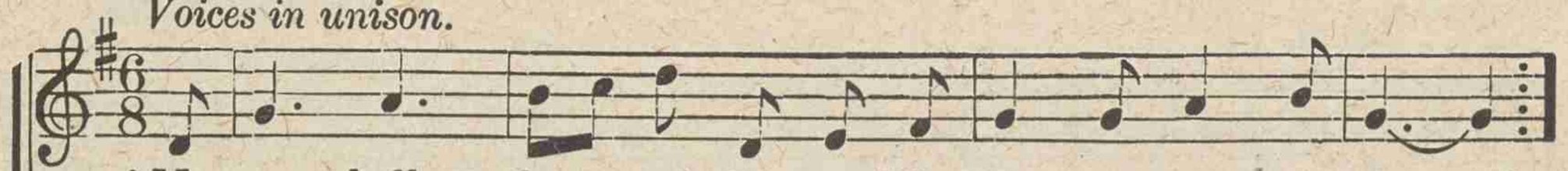
1. The Lord is my Shep - herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pas-tures, safe - fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when oppressed;
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my Guar-dian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de- fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With bless - ings un - meas-ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and oil Thou a - noint-est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov - i-dence more?
4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I seek by the path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king - dom of love;

m *f* *m* *ff* *Rit.* *p*
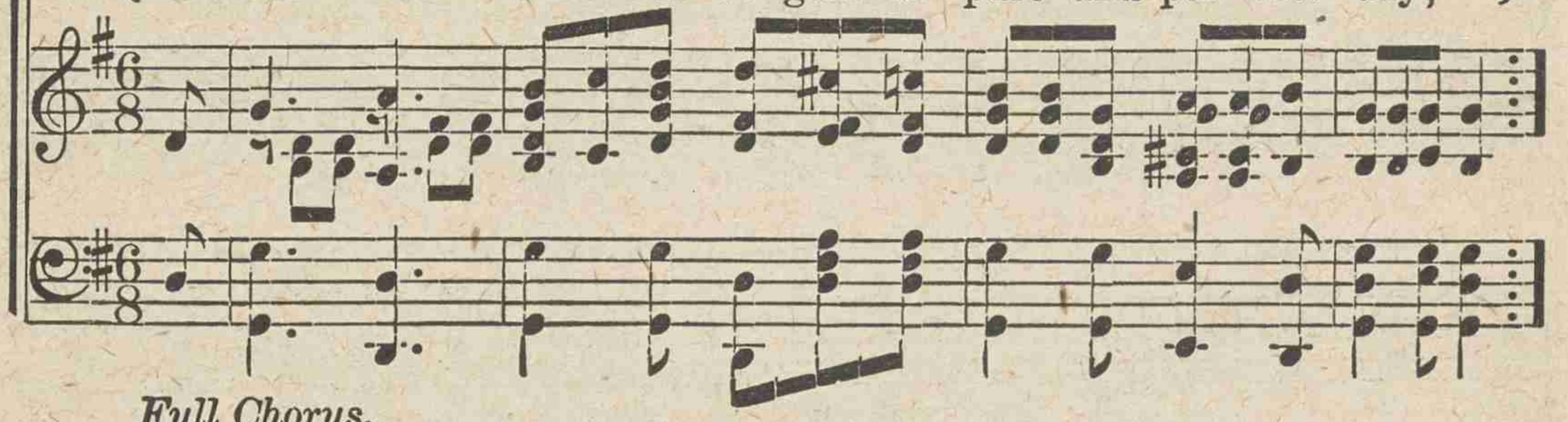
36 My Song Shall be of Jesus.

MRS. HEYER. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

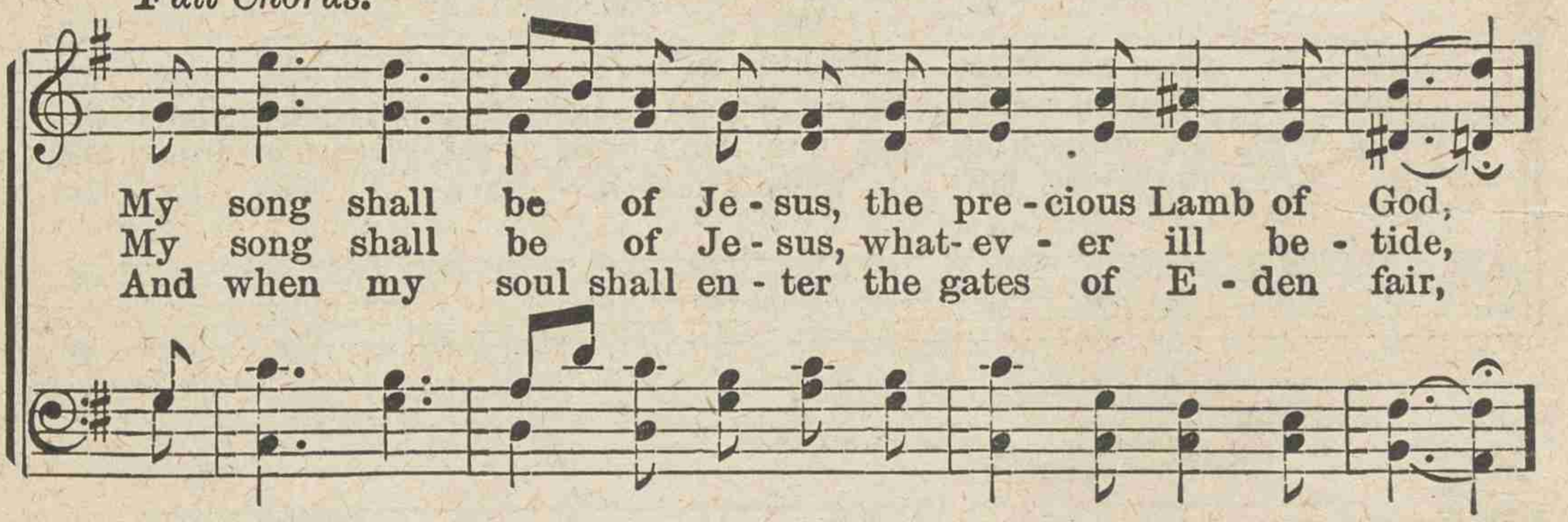
Voices in unison.



1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days,
   He fills my cup with bless-ings, and tunes my heart to praise;
2. My song shall be of Je - sus, when, sit - ting at His feet,
   I call to mind His kind-ness, in med - i - ta - tion sweet;
3. My song shall be of Je - sus, while press-ing on my way,
   To reach the bliss - ful re - gion of pure and per - fect day;

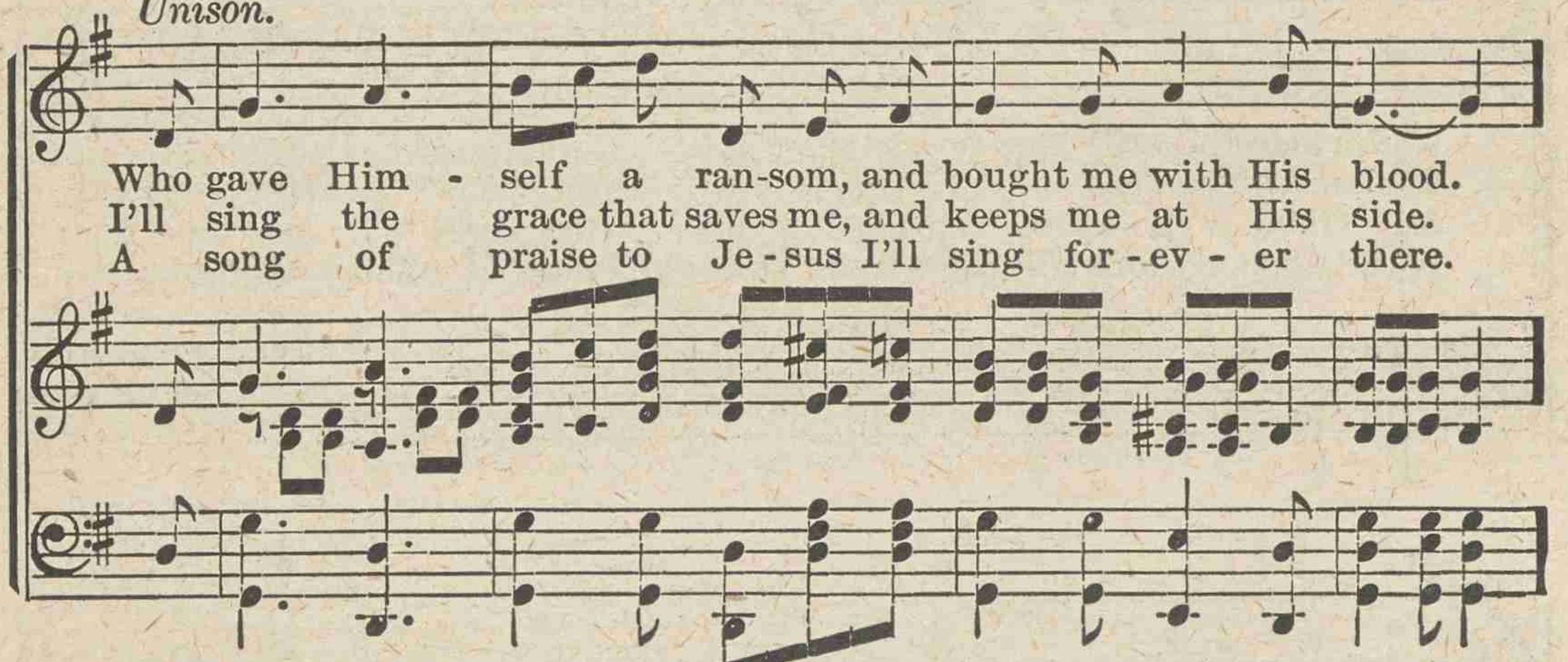


Full Chorus.



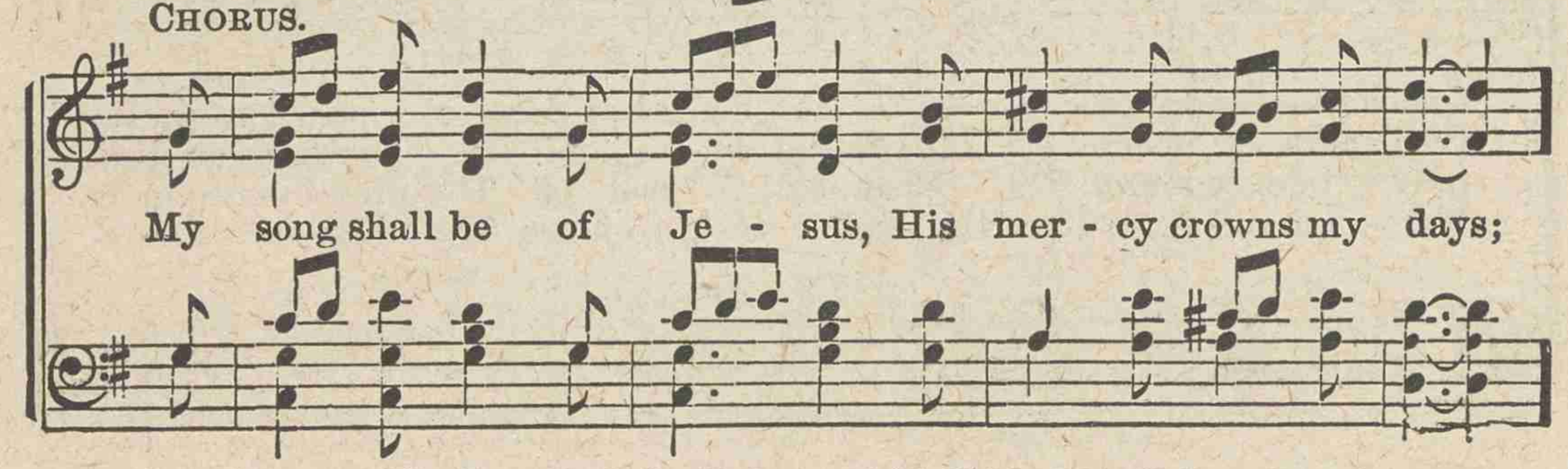
My song shall be of Je - sus, the pre - cious Lamb of God,
My song shall be of Je - sus, what - ev - er ill be - tide,
And when my soul shall en - ter the gates of E - den fair,

Unison.
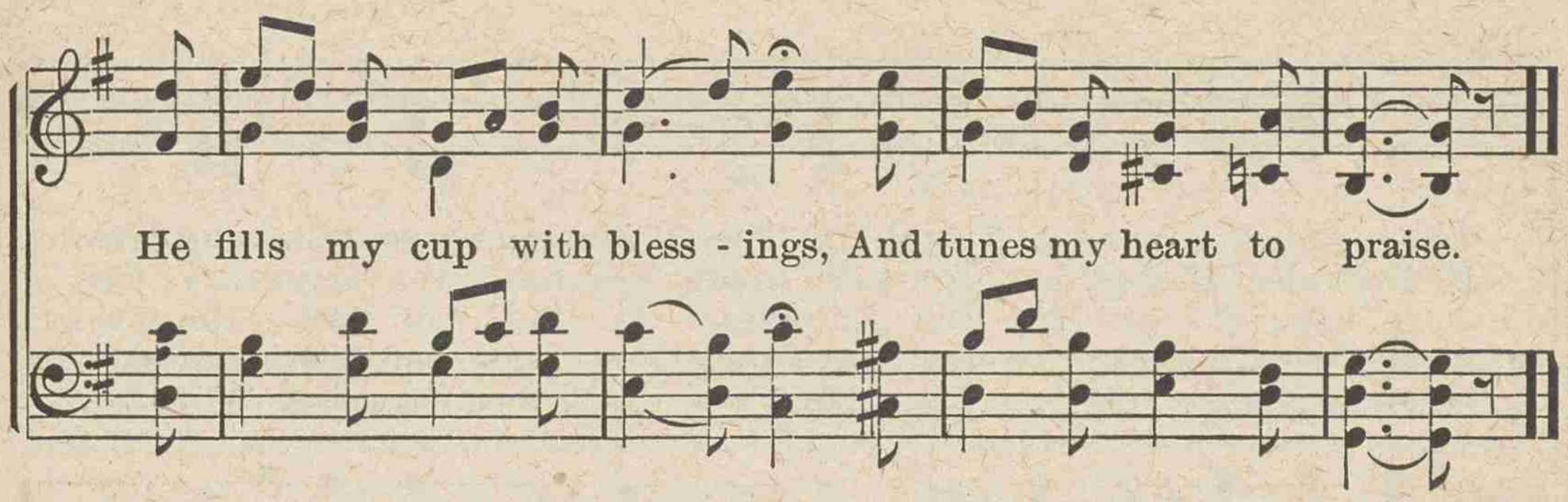


Who gave Him - self a ran-som, and bought me with His blood.
I'll sing the grace that saves me, and keeps me at His side.
A song of praise to Je - sus I'll sing for - ev - er there.

CHORUS.
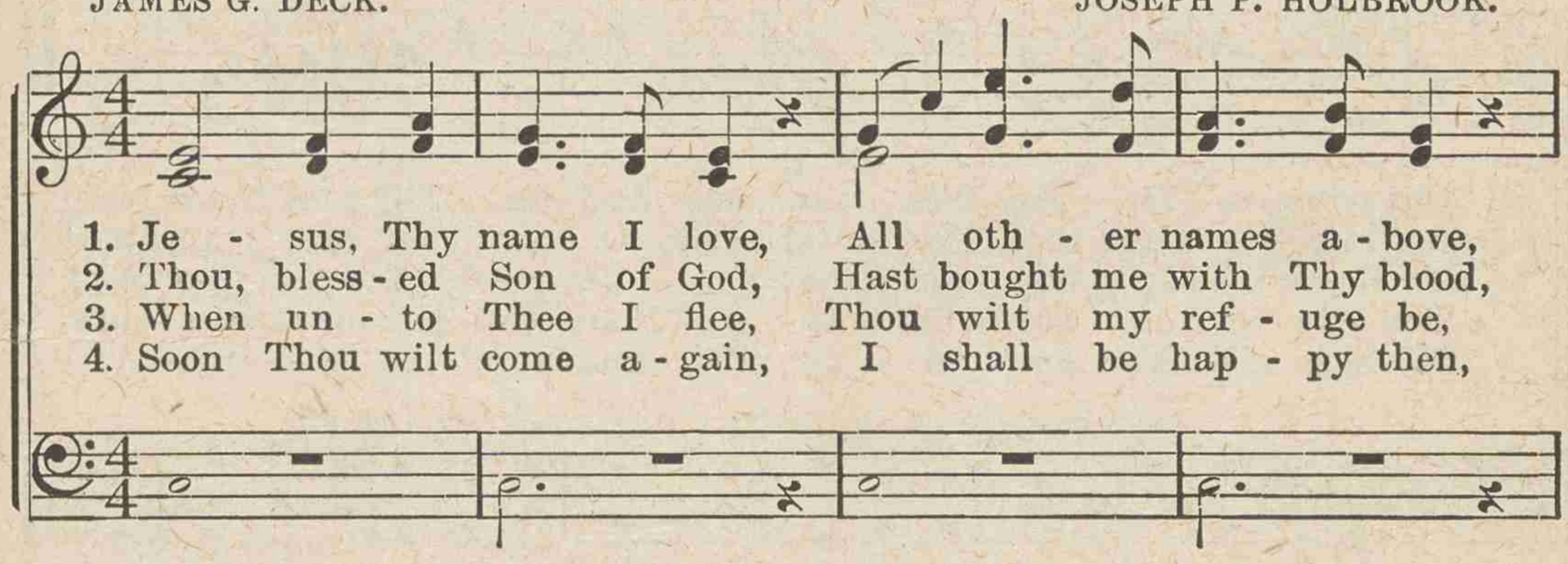


My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days;
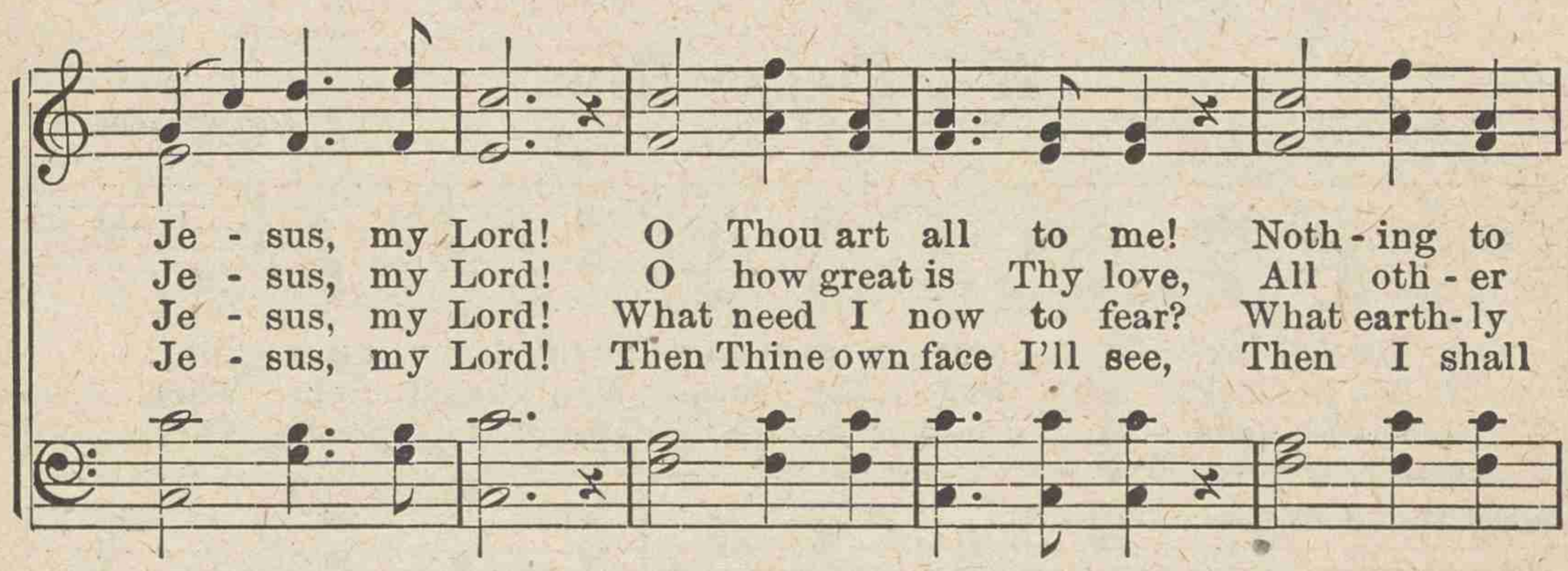
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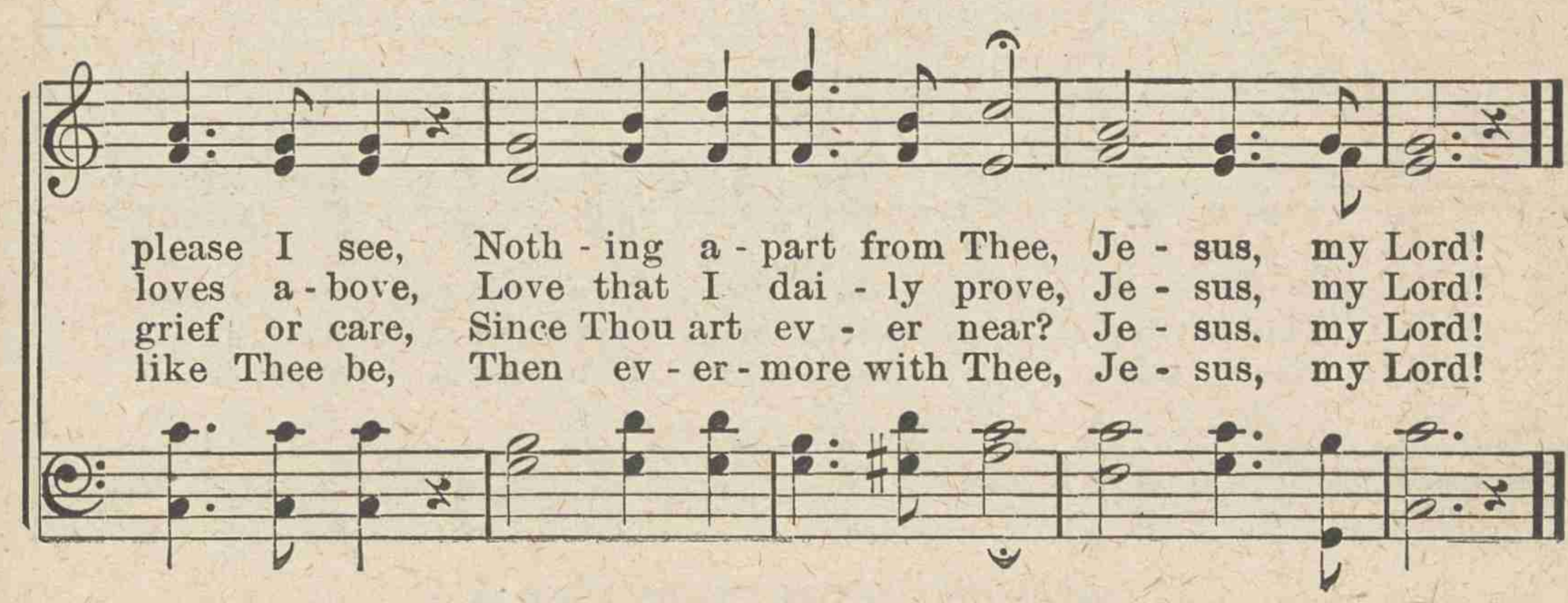


Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

JAMES G. DECK. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

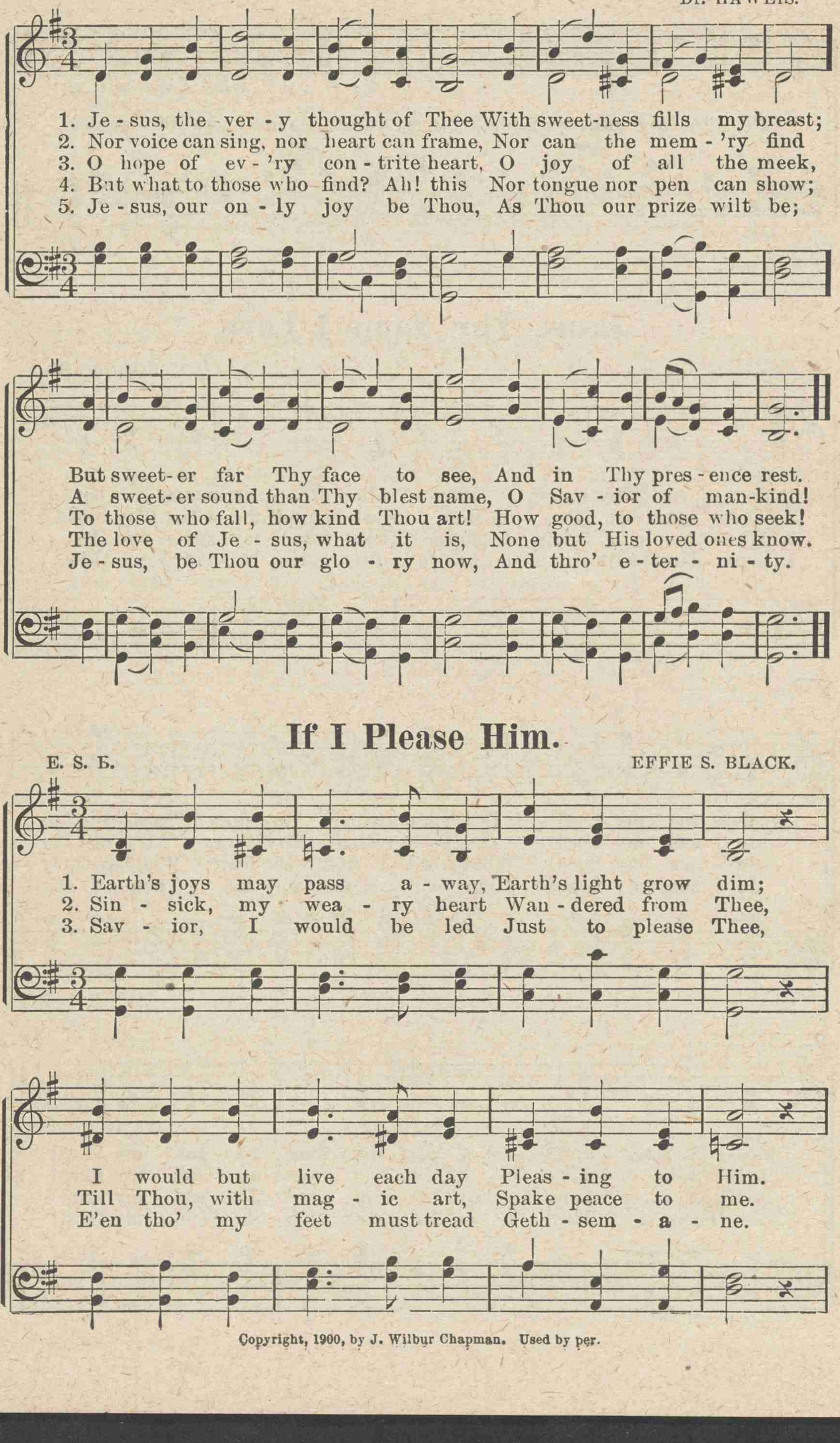






Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

Dr. HAWEIS.



If I Please Him.

E. S. B. EFFIE S. BLACK.

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O to walk in His way, Nor from Him ev - er stray;
Sin - ners no more al - lure; In Thee I am se - cure;
Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied,

O may each word I say On - ly please Him.
Thou'lt keep me by Thy pow'r In pu - ri - ty.
Tho' all else be de - nied, If I please Thee.

Hallelujah, What a Savior!

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

Moderato.

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came,
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemned He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile, and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry,
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ransomed home to bring,

Ru - ined sin-ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
"Full atonement!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

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40

My Lord and I.

Mrs. L. SHOREY. JOSEPH D. LITTLE.

1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
2. Sometimes I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak;
3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well;
4. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
5. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,

He loves me with a ten - der love, He loves so faith-ful - ly,
And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I'll glad - ly seek;
But with what love He lov - eth me, My tongue can nev - er tell;
I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
And so He bids me go and speak A lov - ing word for Him;

I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
He leads me in the path of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky;
It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In ev - er rich sup - ply;
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;
He bids me tell His wondrous love, And why He came to die;
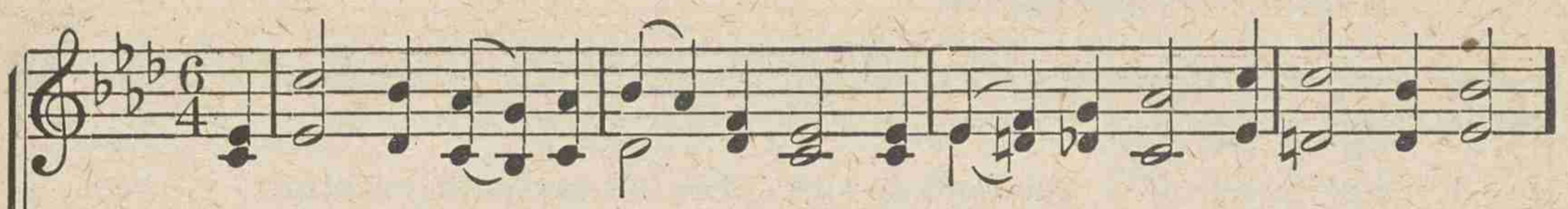
Rit.

And so we dwell to geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

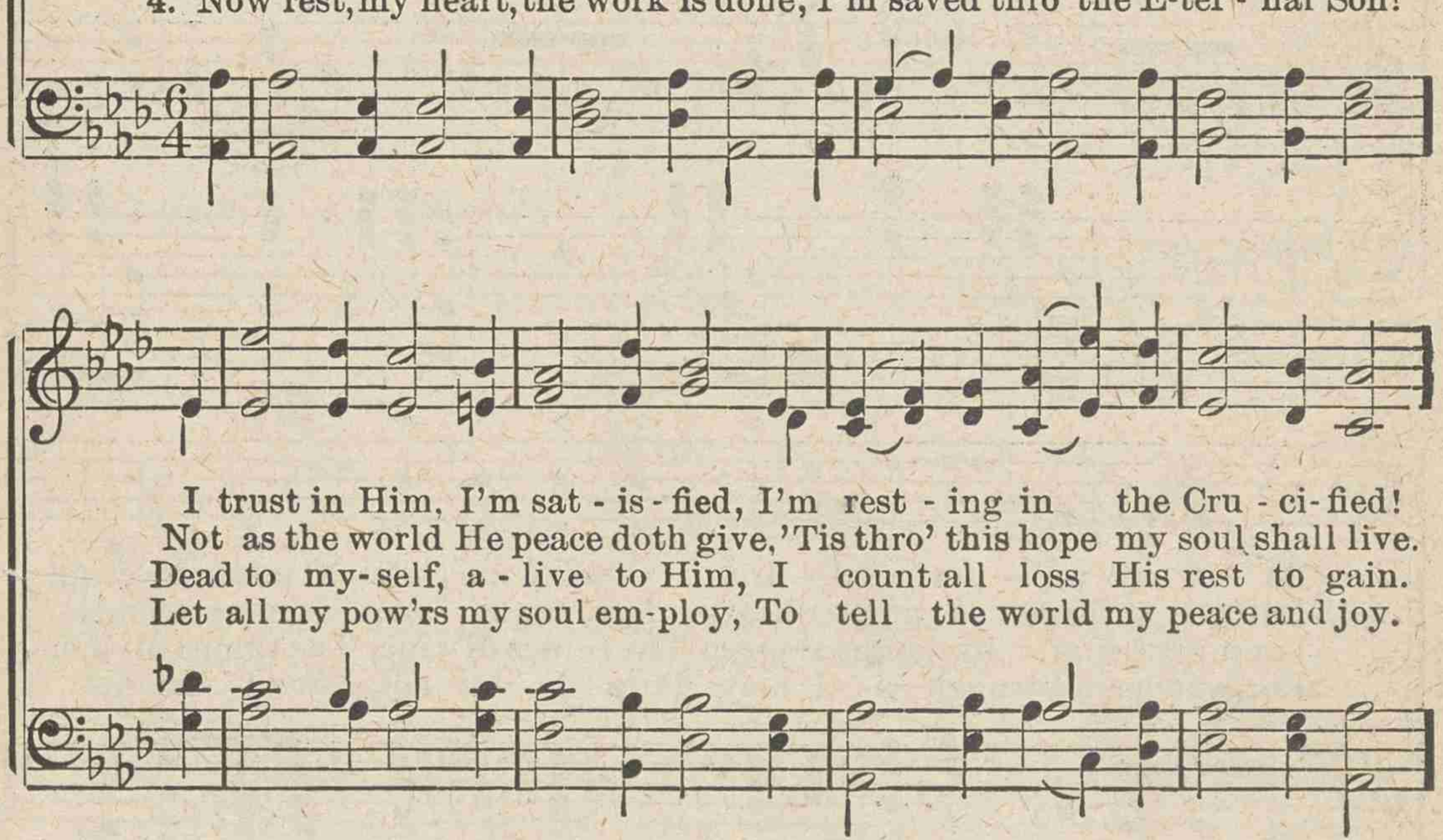
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Abiding in Him.

CHAS. B. J. ROOT. Melody by D. C. WRIGHT. Arr.
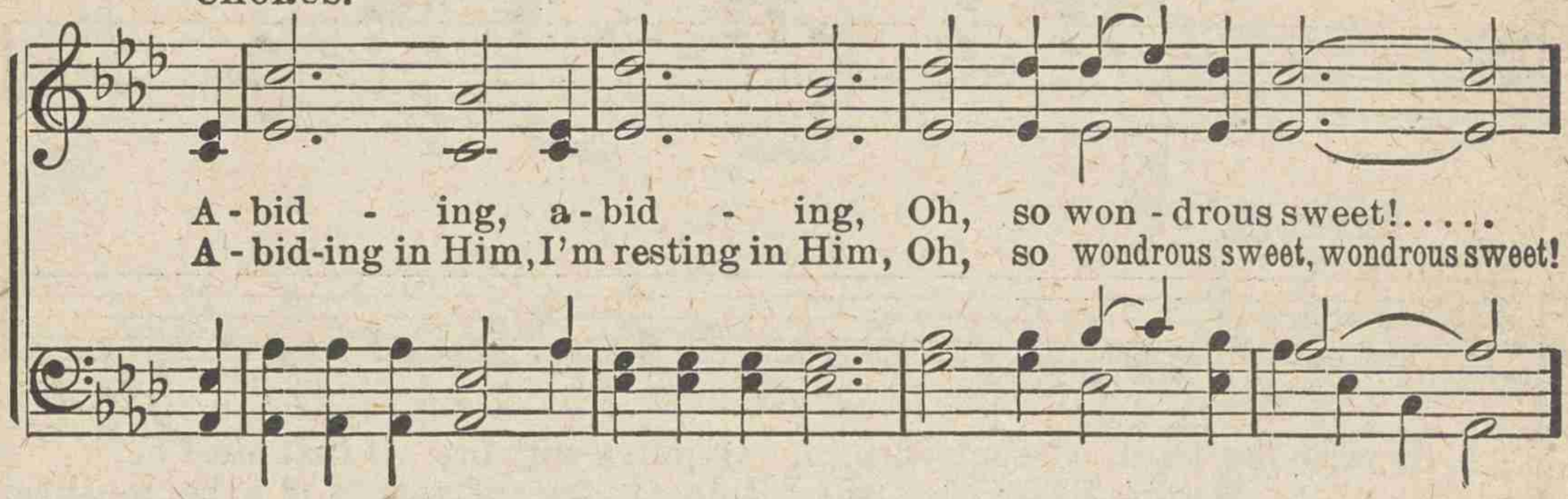


1. A - bid - ing, oh, so wondrous sweet! I'm rest-ing at the Sav-ior's feet;
2. He speaks, and by His word is giv'n His peace, a rich fore-taste of heav'n;
3. I live; not I; thro' Him a- lone By whom the might-y work is done;—
4. Now rest, my heart, the work is done; I'm saved thro the E-ter - nal Son!

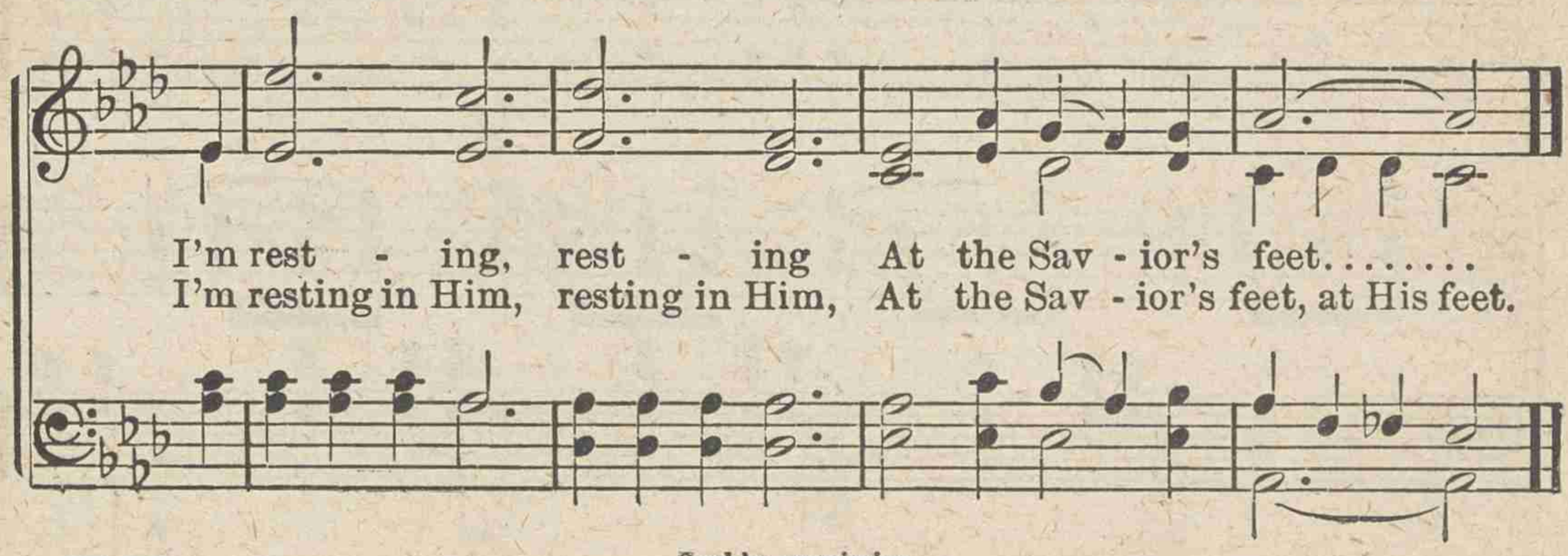


I trust in Him, I'm sat - is - fied, I'm rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied!
Not as the world He peace doth give, 'Tis thro' this hope my soul shall live.
Dead to my-self, a - live to Him, I count all loss His rest to gain.
Let all my pow'rs my soul em-ploy, To tell the world my peace and joy.

CHORUS.



A - bid - ing, a - bid - ing, Oh, so won - drous sweet!.....
A - bid-ing in Him, I'm resting in Him, Oh, so wondrous sweet, wondrous sweet!



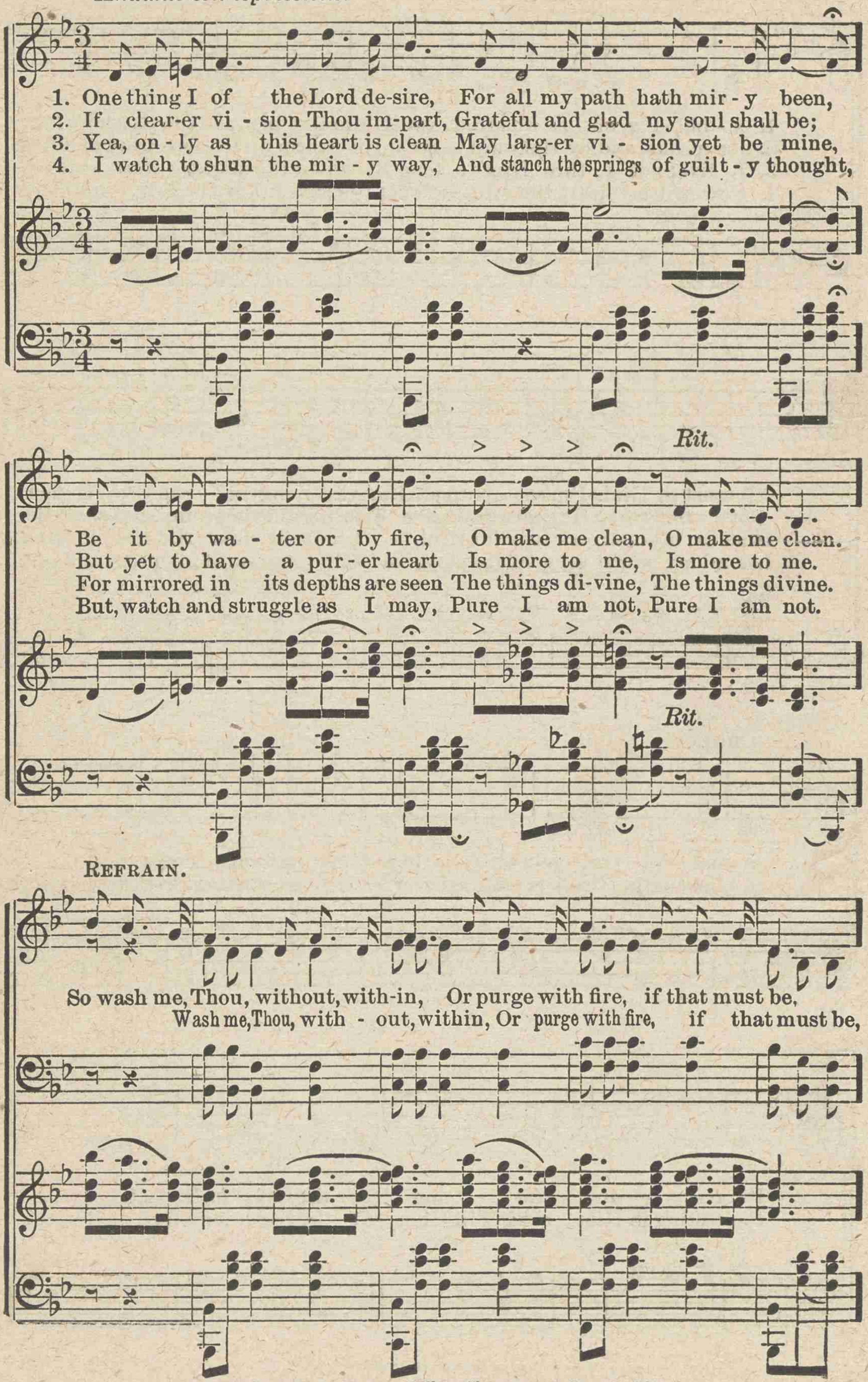
I'm rest - ing, rest - ing At the Sav - ior's feet.....
I'm resting in Him, resting in Him, At the Sav - ior's feet, at His feet.

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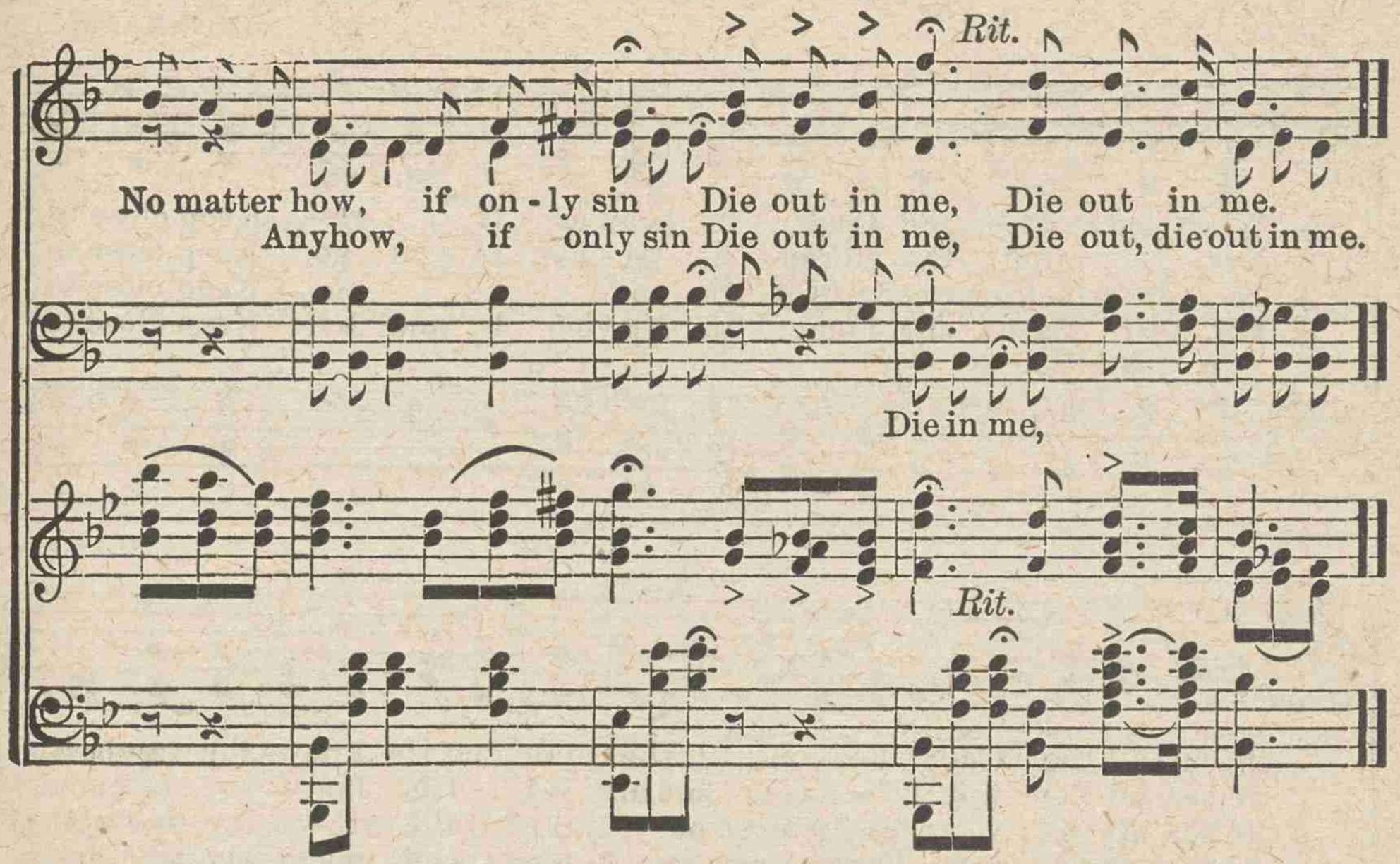
42 A Clean Heart.

REV. WALTER C. SMITH. FRED H. BYSHE.

Andante con espressione.

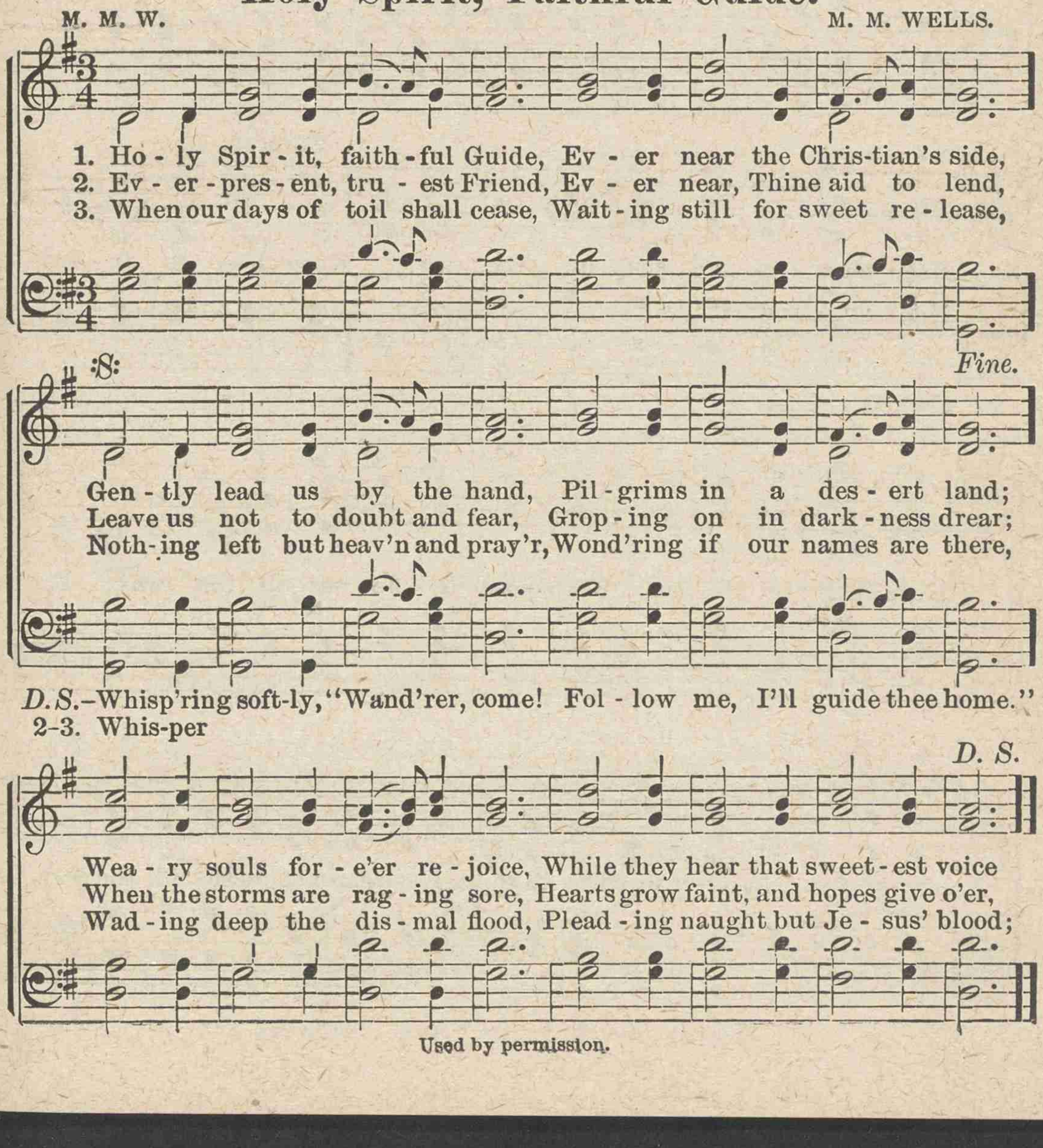


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Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.



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44 Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L. JOHN LANE.

1. When you start for the land of heav-en - ly.... rest, Keep close to
2. Nev - er mind the storms or tri - als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heav-en by and by, Keep close to

Je-sus all the way; For He is the Guide, and He knows the way best,
Je-sus all the way; 'Tis a com - fort and joy His fa - vor to know,
Je-sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic - to - ry is won,
Je-sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll nev-er say good - by,

CHORUS.

Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,

Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By

day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Je-sus all the way.

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Trust.

E. S. B. EFFIE S. BLACK.

1. O Sav - ior, take my hand in Thine, And lead me gen - tly on,
2. O Sav - ior, take my hand in Thine, For dan-gers round me press,
3. O Sav - ior, take my hand in Thine, And let me walk with Thee,
4. And when e - ter - nal day shall dawn, What joy to wake with Thee,

Thro' pas-tures green, or des - ert drear, Un - til I reach my home;
To keep me from the liv - ing way And from Thy right-eous-ness;
On hills of joy, or plains of peace, Or cross-crowned Cal-va - ry;
To dwell with Thee in man-sions fair, Be - side the crys - tal sea;

For life's path winds thro' mead - ows, And oft thro' bar - ren moor;
But with Thy hand to guide me, No e - vil will I fear;
And when the day is end - ed, And night is draw - ing nigh,
To see Thy won drous beau - ty, And know that I am Thine,

No mat - ter where my path-way lies, With Thee I am se - cure.
No ill can e'er be - tide me If on - ly Thou art near.
Be with me still, for with-out Thee I would not dare to die.
What bliss to know that naught can part My spir - it, Lord, from Thine!

I am se - cure, I am se - cure, With Thee I am se - cure.

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O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

WM. W. HOW. JUSTIN H. KNECHT.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand-ing Out-side the fast-closed door,
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarred,
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac - cents meek and low,

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
"I died for you, my chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?"

We bear the name of Chris-tians, His name and sign we bear;
O love that pass - eth knowledge, So pa - tient-ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door;

O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there!
O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav - ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!

Tell It to Jesus.

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

1. Are you wea - ry are you heav - y - heart - ed? Tell it to Je sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid - 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 troub - led at the thought 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 com - ing king - dom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus,
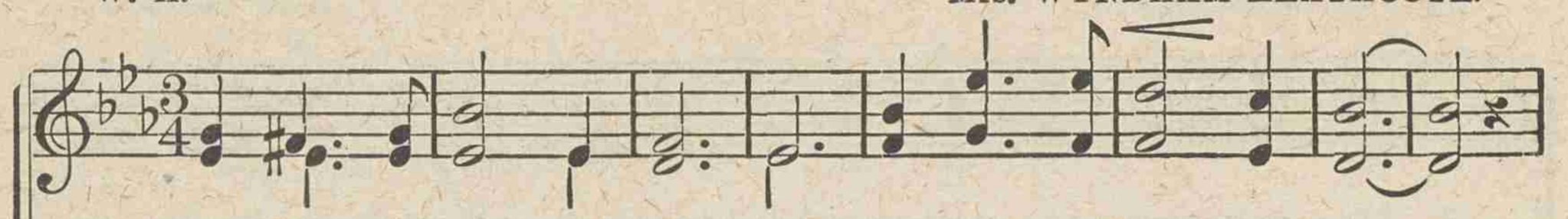
He is a Friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

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

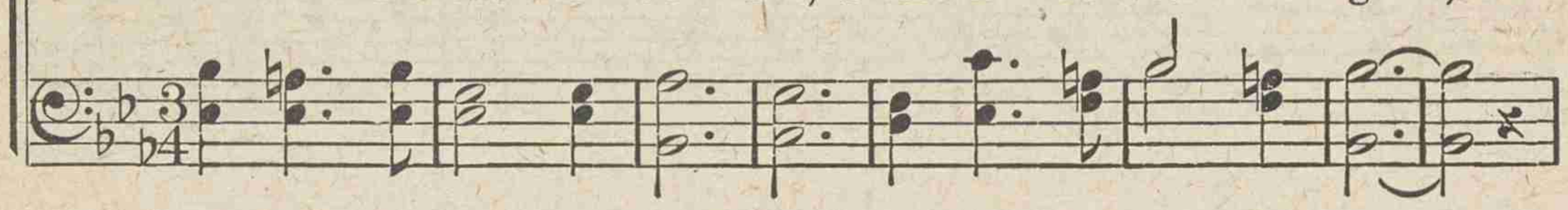
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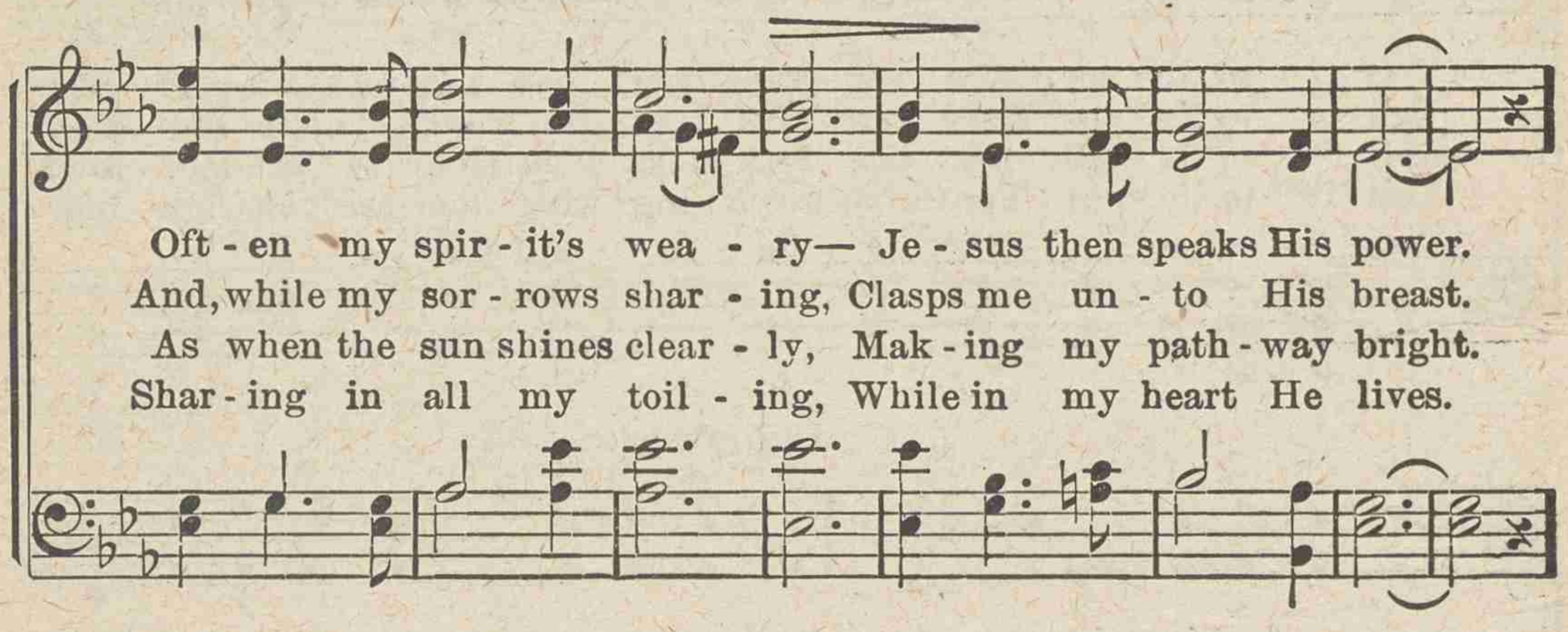
48 Jesus is Near, Burdens to Bear.

W. H. Mrs. WYNDHAM HEATHCOTE.
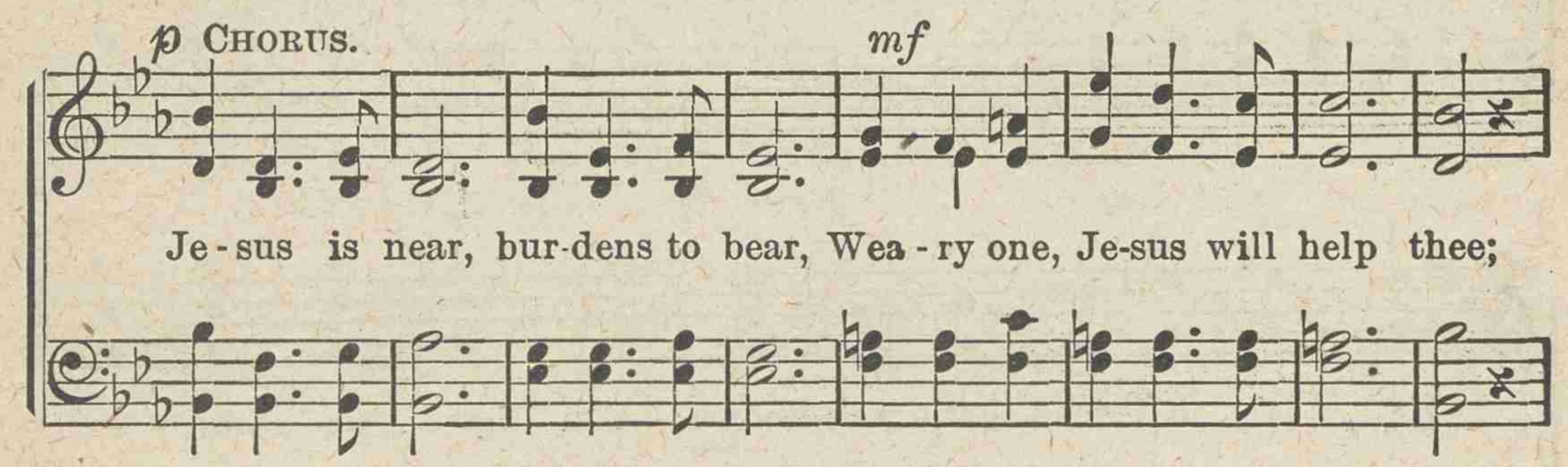


1. Oft - en the day is drear - y, Oft - en the storm-clouds lower,
2. Wel-come to tell my sto - ry, Tell - ing—He gives me rest;
3. Je - sus my heart loves dear - ly; All thro' the dark - est night,
4. Wondrous in love is Je - sus, Sweet is the rest He gives;





Oft - en my spir - it's wea - ry— Je - sus then speaks His power.
And, while my sor - rows shar - ing, Clasps me un - to His breast.
As when the sun shines clear - ly, Mak - ing my path - way bright.
Shar - ing in all my toil - ing, While in my heart He lives.



p CHORUS. *mf*

Je - sus is near, bur - dens to bear, Wea - ry one, Je - sus will help thee;

p

Je - sus is near, bur - dens to bear, His blood from sin will cleanse thee.

From "Hymns of Consecration."

I Must Tell Jesus.

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

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these bur-dens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind - ly will help me;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com- pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

CHORUS.

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

} I must tell Je - sus!

I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.
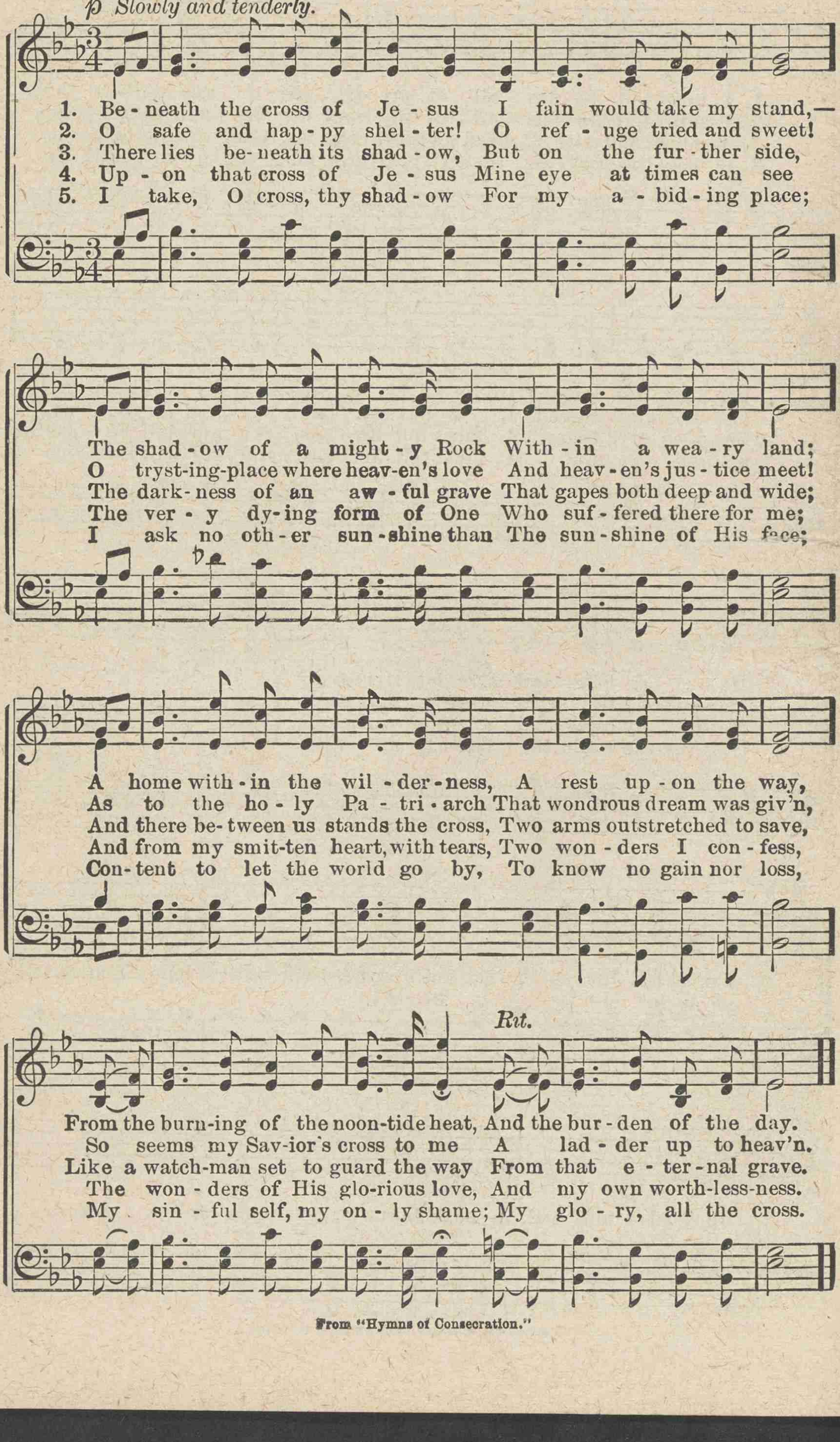
Rit.

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Beneath the Cross.

Miss E. C. CLEPHANE. J. MOUNTAIN.

p Slowly and tenderly.



From "Hymns of Consecration."

Face to Face.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint-ly now I see Him, With the dark - ling veil be-tween;
3. What re - joic-ing in His pres - ence, When are ban-ished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! Oh! bliss-ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;

When with rapt-ure I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crook-ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.

CHORUS.

Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star - ry sky;

Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

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52 We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS. Dr. WM. MILLER.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt'ring dome;
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;

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

CHORUS.

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

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H. L. TURNER. JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
3. While hosts cry Ho-san-na, from heav-en de-scend-ing. With glo-ri-fied
4. O joy! O de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing. No sick-ness, no

dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the
chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in-to light in the
saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
sad-ness, no dread and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."
ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-

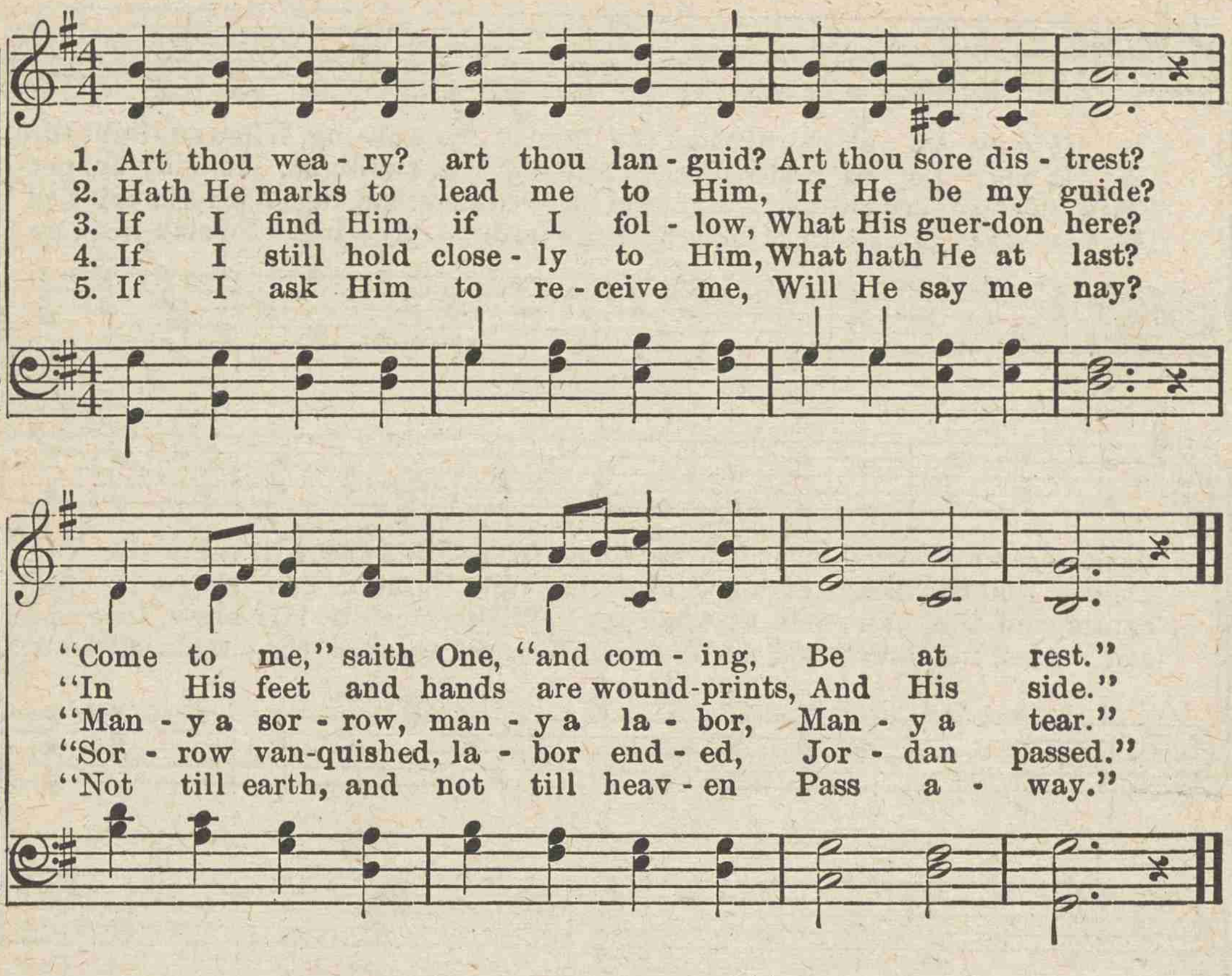
Rit.

turn-eth? Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

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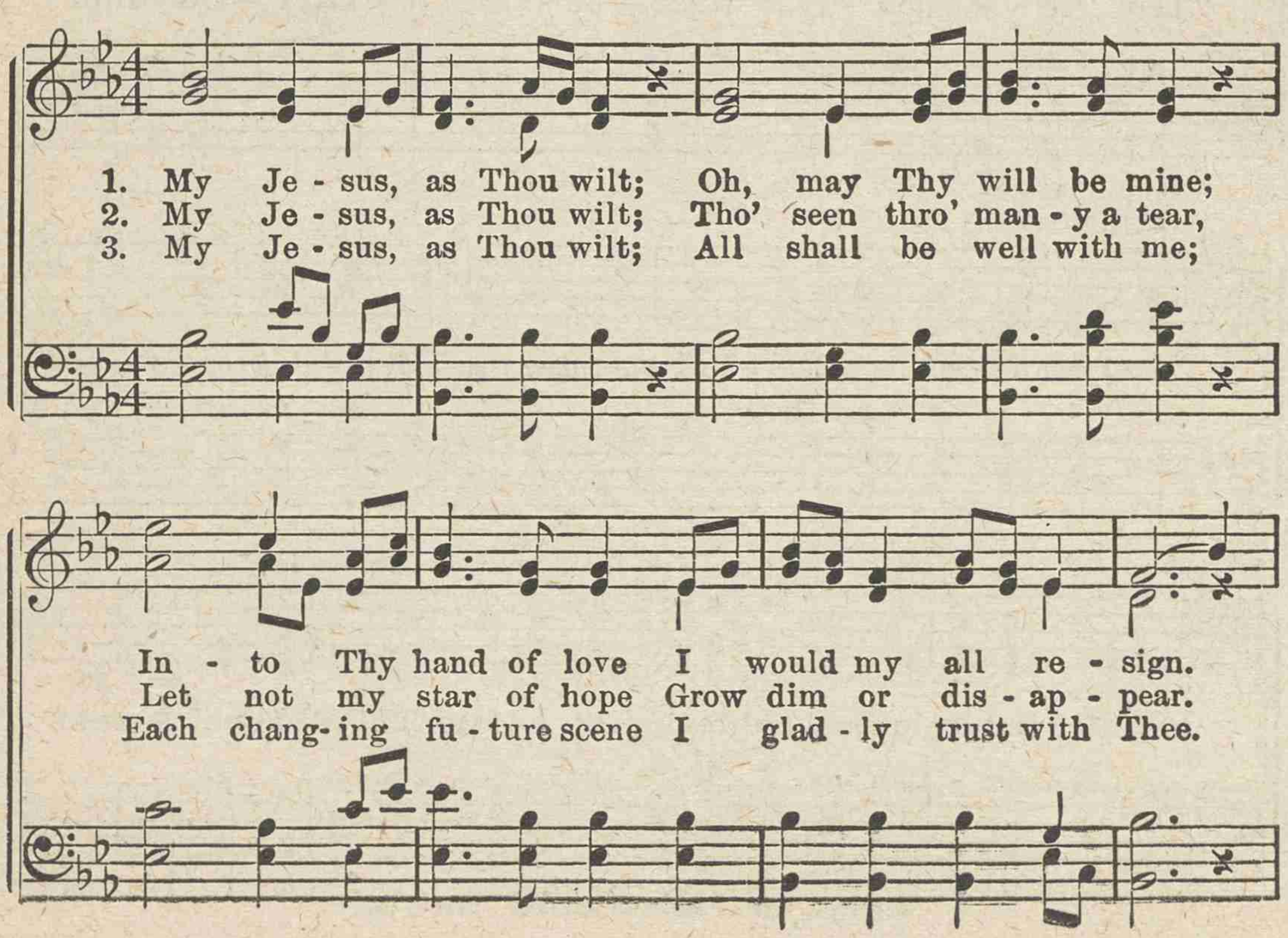
54 Art Thou Weary?

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE. HENRY W. BAKER.



My Jesus, As Thou Wilt.

B. SCHMOLKE. C. M. VON WEBER.



Thro' sor - row or thro' joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor - rowed oft a - lone,
Straight to my home a - bove, I trav - el calm - ly on,

And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

Take My Heart, O Father.

Anon. ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. Take my heart, O Fa ther, take it, Make and keep it all Thine own;
2. Fa - ther, make me pure and low - ly, Fond of peace and far from strife;
3. Ev - er let Thy grace surround me, Strengthen me with pow'r di-vine;
4. May the blood of Je - sus heal me, And my sins be all for- giv'n;

Let Thy Spir - it melt and break it—This proud heart of sin and stone.
Turn-ing from the paths un - ho - ly Of this vain and sin - ful life.
Till Thy cords of love have bound me, Make me to be whol - ly Thine.
Ho - ly Spir - it, take and seal me, Guide me in the path to heav'n.

56 Jesus Saves Me All the Time.

W. S. W. J. MOUNTAIN.

Smoothly.

1. Je - sus saves me ev - 'ry day, Je - sus saves me ev - 'ry night;
2. Je - sus saves, can I re - pine? Je - sus saves when I re - joice;
3. Je - sus saves when sor-rows come, Je - sus saves when death ap - pears;
4. Je - sus saves me, He is mine; Je - sus saves me, I am His;

Je - sus saves me all the way, Thro' the dark - ness, thro' the light.
Je - sus saves when hopes re - cline—Faith can al - ways hear His voice.
Je - sus saves and leads me home, How He saves from doubts and fears!
Je - sus saves as I re - cline On His pre - cious prom - is - es.

CHORUS.

Je-sus saves, O might-y pow'r! Je-sus saves, O bliss sub-lime!
Je-sus saves, O might-y pow'r! Je-sus saves, O bliss sub-lime!

Je-sus saves me hour by hour, Je-sus saves me all the time.
Je - sus saves me hour by hour, Je-sus saves me, saves me all the time.

From "Hymns of Consecration."

Nobody Loves Like Jesus.

EFFIE S. BLACK. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Oh, tell the glo - ri - ous news to all, No - bod-y loves like Je - sus;
2. Oh, heav - y la - den and sore op-pressed, No - bod-y loves like Je - sus;
3. Art hun - gry, thirst-y, Oh, wea - ry soul? No - bod-y loves like Je - sus;
4. Oh, won-drous mer - cy, so full, so free! No - bod-y loves like Je - sus;

He marks the pen - i - tent's earn-est call, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.
He'll bear the bur-den, He'll give you rest, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.
Art wound-ed? lo, He can make you whole, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.
Oh, love, that suf-fered for you and me, No - bod - y loves like Je - sus.

CHORUS.

No - bod - y loves like Je - sus! No - bod - y loves like Je - sus!
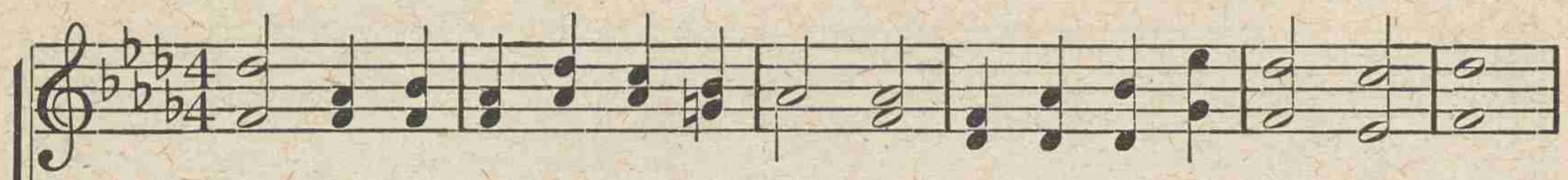
His love and pow - er are with you each hour, No - bod-y loves like Je - sus.

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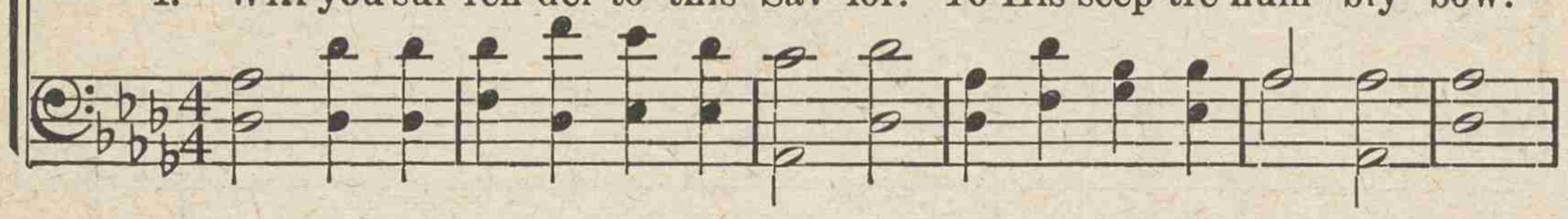
58
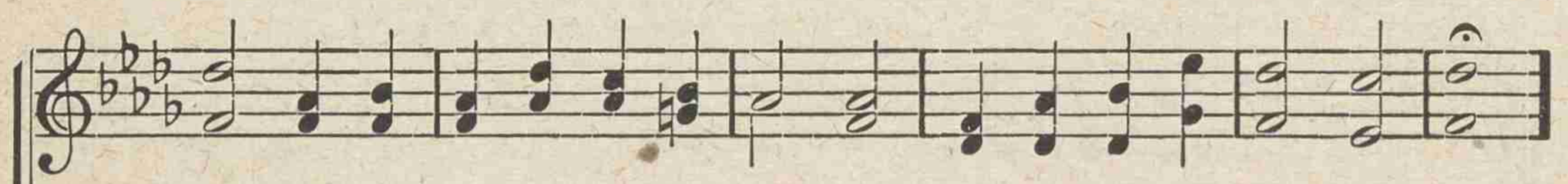
What Did He Do?

Alt. by J. M. G. (From the Welsh.) W. OWEN.
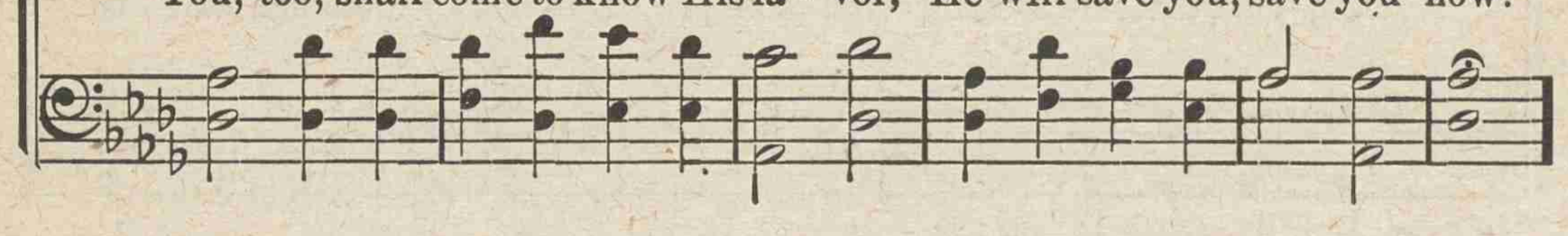


1. O lis - ten to our wondrous sto - ry, Counted once a-mong the lost;
2. No an - gel could our place have taken, Highest of the high tho' he;
3. And yet this tale wondrous proceedeth, Stirring heart and tongue a-flame!
4. Will you sur - ren-der to this Sav - ior? To His scep-tre hum - bly bow?
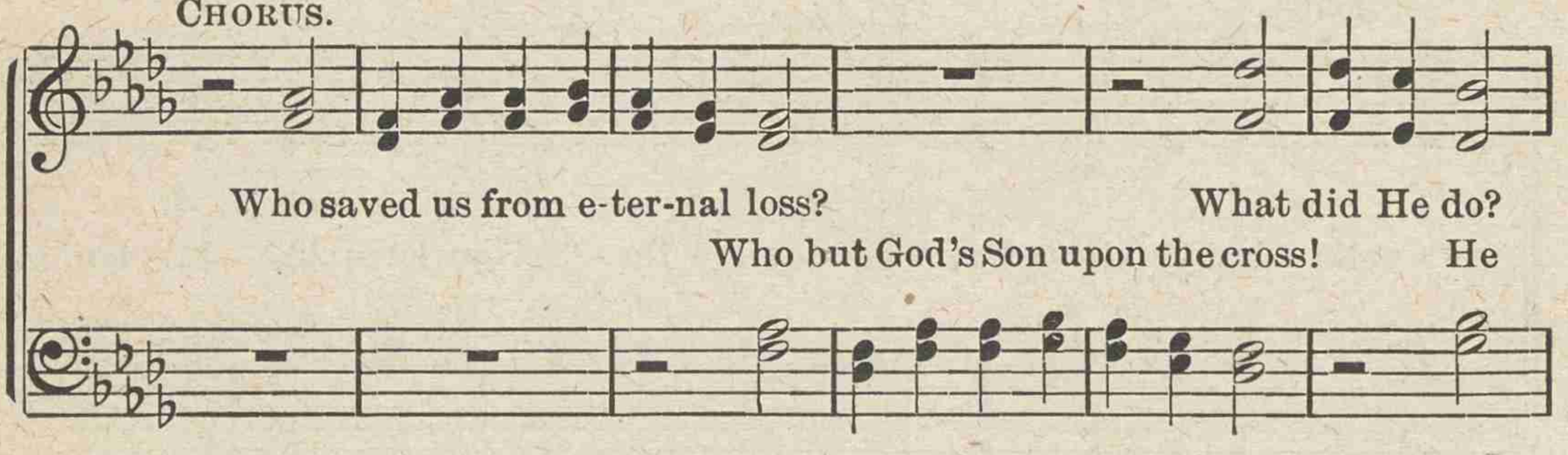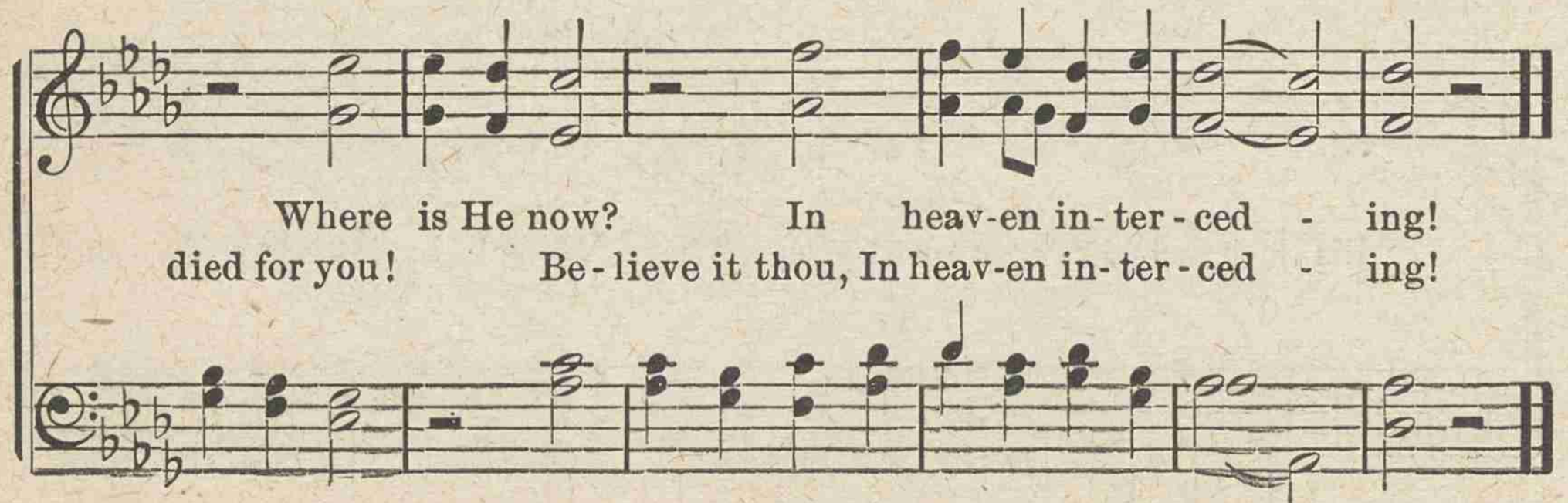




Yet, One came down from heaven's glo-ry Sav-ing us at aw - ful cost!
The loved One on the cross for-sak - en Was one of the God-head Three!
As our High Priest in heav'n He pleadeth, And Christ Je-sus is His name!
You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now!



CHORUS.



Who saved us from e-ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son upon the cross! He



Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav-en in-ter - ced - ing!

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W. J. K

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Saved to the ut - ter-most; I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my
2. Saved to the ut - ter-most; Je - sus is near, Keep - ing me
3. Saved to the ut - ter-most; this I can say, Once all was
4. Saved to the ut - ter-most; cheer - ful - ly sing Loud hal - le -

Sav - ior, sal - va - tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it a
safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es,
dark - ness, but now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vi - sions of
lu - jahs to Je - sus, my King! Ran-somed and par - doned, re -

wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don and sav - ing from sin.
how I am blest; Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.
glo - ry I see, Je - sus in brightness re-vealed un - to me.
deemed by His blood, Cleansed from un-right-eous-ness, glo - ry to God!

REFRAIN.

Saved, saved, saved to the ut-ter-most; Saved, saved by pow - er di - vine;

Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most; Je - sus, the Sav-ior, is mine.

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60

Wonderful Love.

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

1. I think, when I read the sweet sto - ry, How Je - sus came down from His throne, To res-cue the per - ish - ing sin - ner, To
2. And when I am fol - l'wing His foot - steps, New vi - sions of beau - ty un - fold, Till, lost in the depths of a - maze - ment, I
3. Tho' ha - ted, de-spised, and re - ject - ed, Neg-lect - ed a - gain and a - gain, He nev-er de - serts or for-sakes me, No

suf - fer and die for His own:..... Why should He as-sume my ob-
mar-vel such love to be - hold..... Why should He re - lin-quish His
mat-ter how wayward I've been..... My bur - den of sor - row He

la - tion? Why should He thus purchase sal-va - tion? Such love is di -
glo - ry? Be-fore Him stood Cal-va - ry go - ry! Yet heav-en re -
shar - eth, My stripes of in - iq - ui - ty wear - eth, My soul in His

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vine rev - e - la - tion, Unbounded, unmeasured, un - known.
sounds with the sto - ry Of love that can nev - er be told.....
bos - om He bear - eth, This won-der - ful Sav - ior of men.....

CHORUS

Oh, it is won-der-ful that He should love me, And for my

sins with His life - blood a - tone! Oh, it is won-der - ful,

won - der - ful, won - der - ful! Yet to the world be it

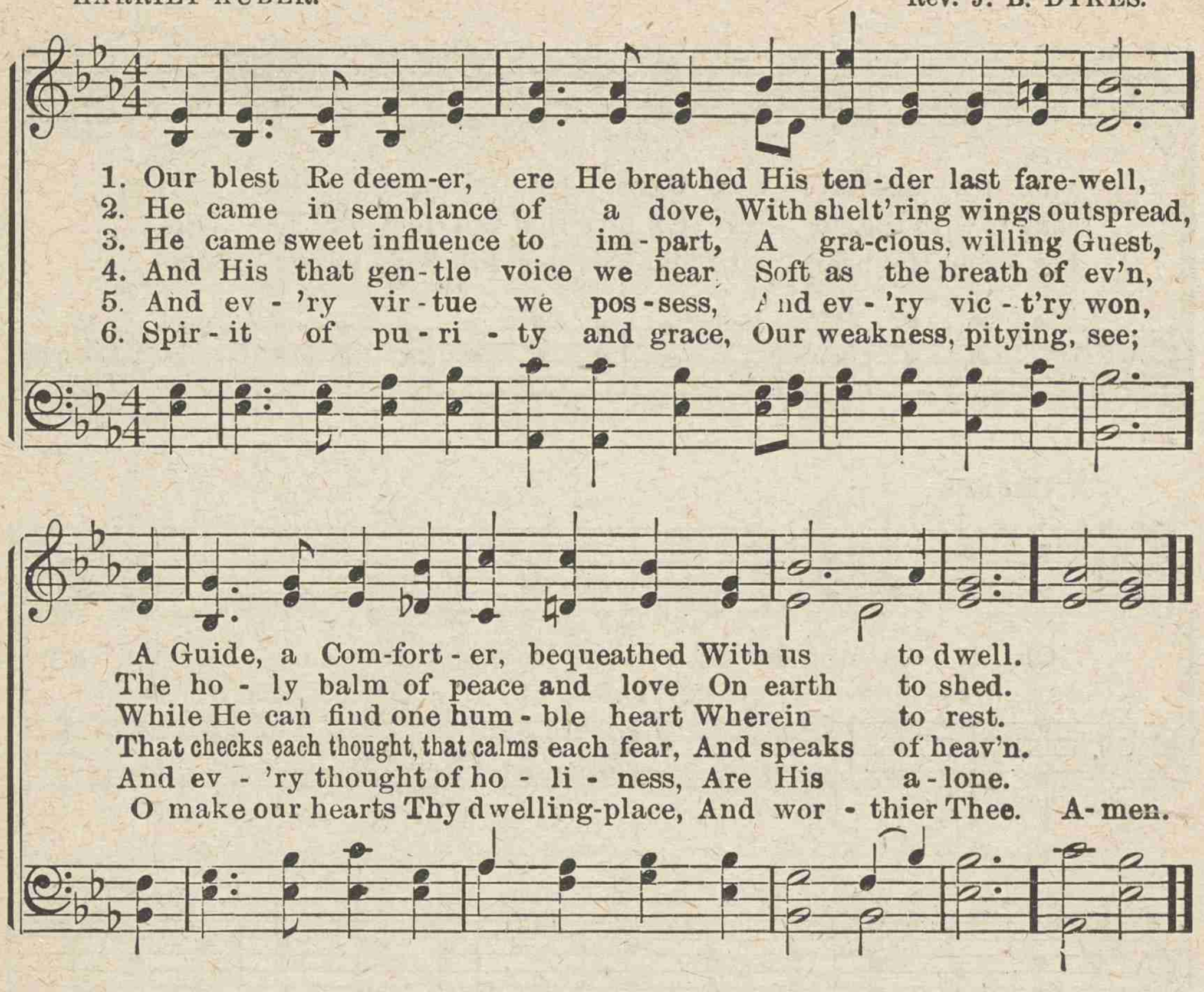
known, He brought me a - gain to His own....

Rit.

62

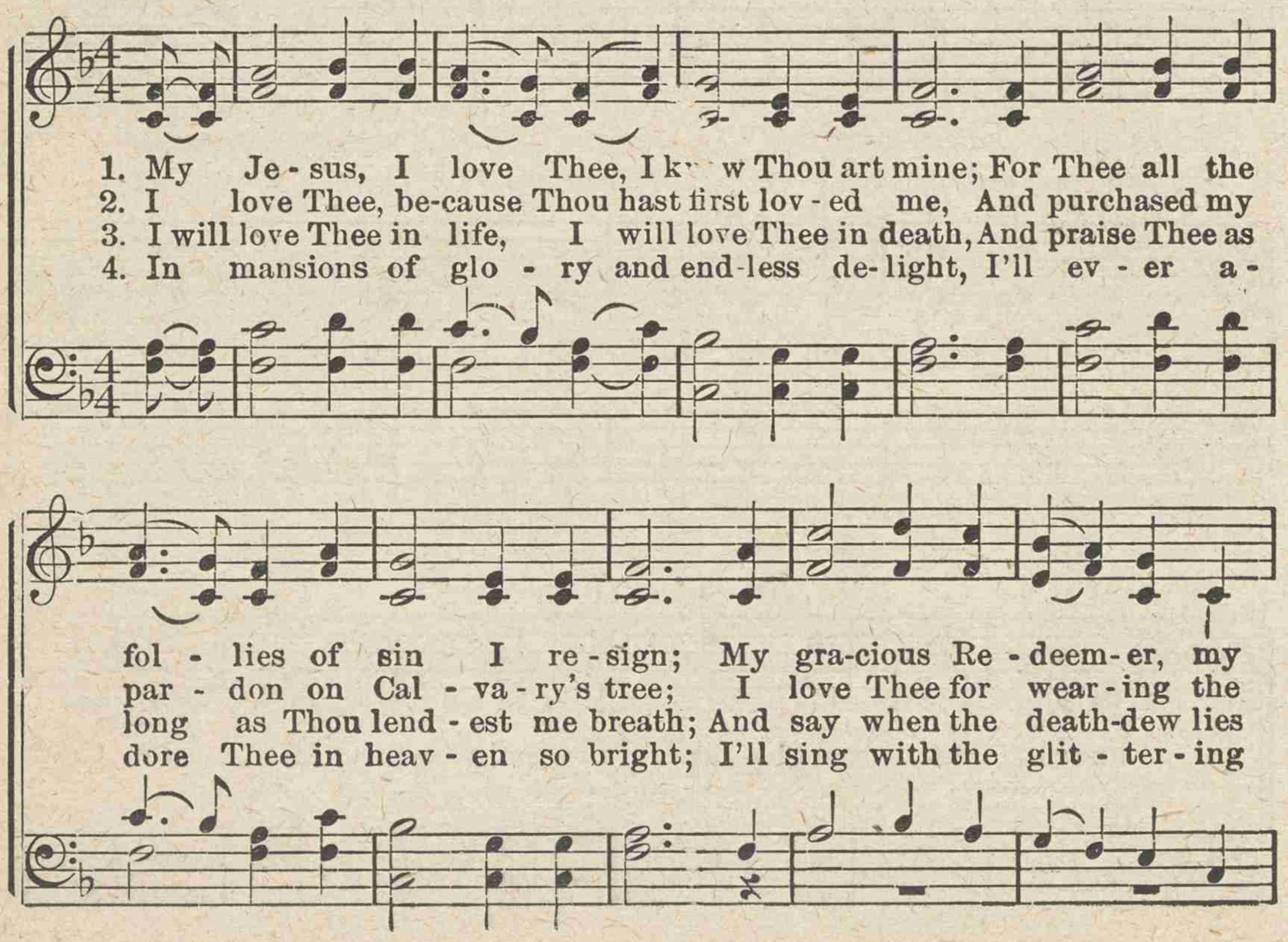
The Holy Ghost.
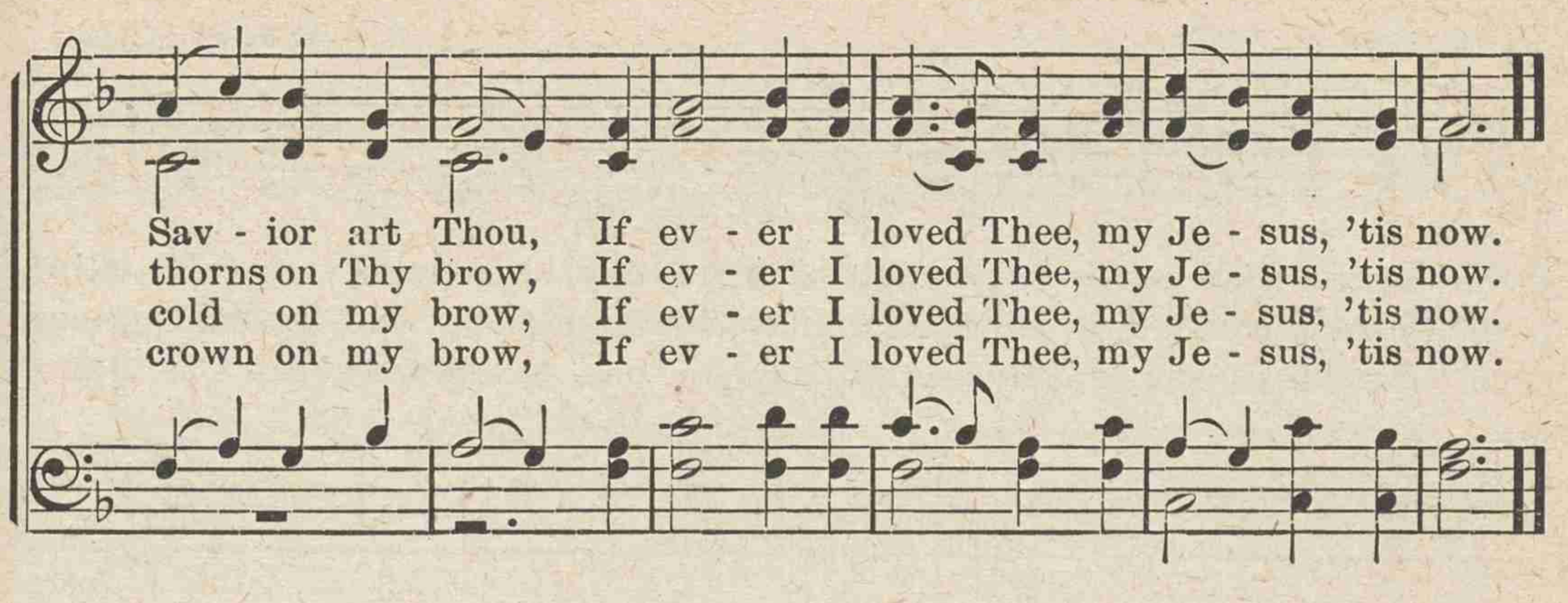
HARRIET AUBER. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



My Jesus, I Love Thee.
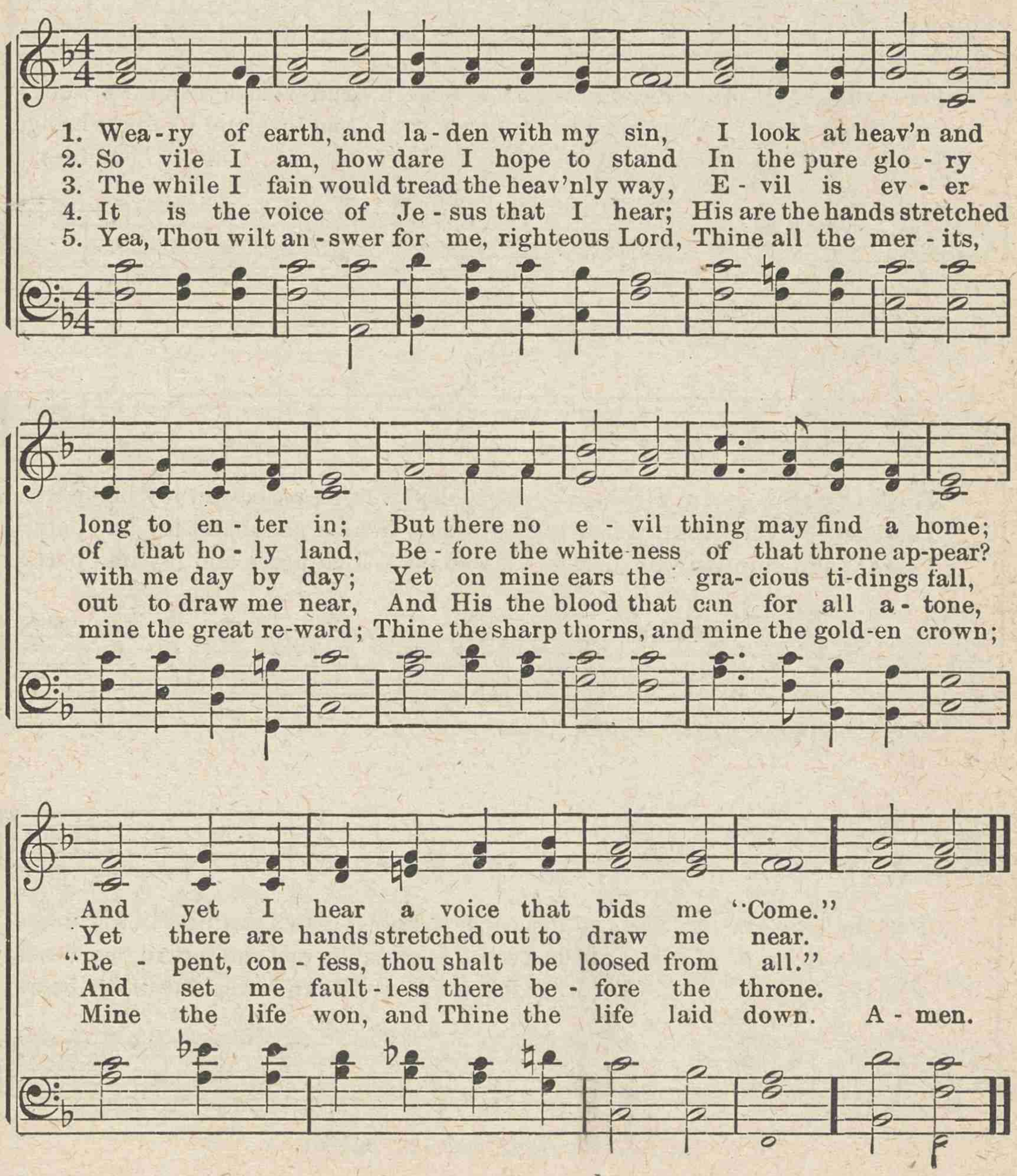
Anon. ADONIRAM J. GORDON.
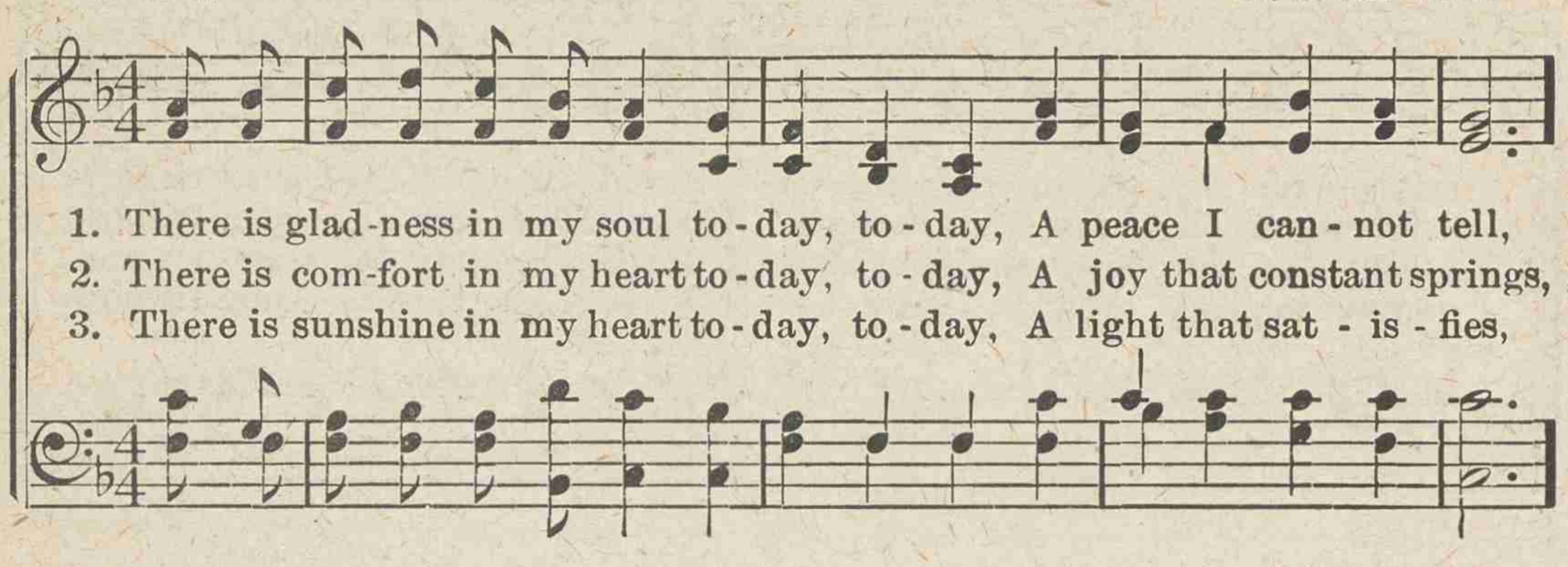




Weary of Earth.
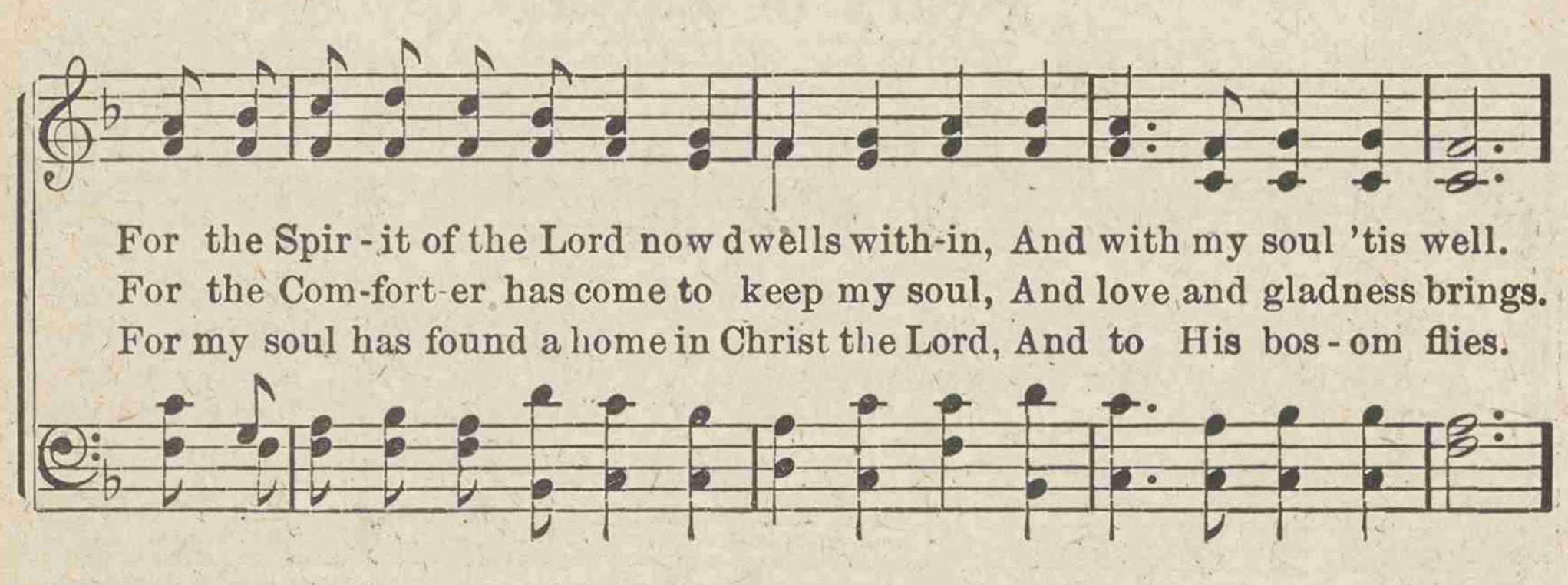
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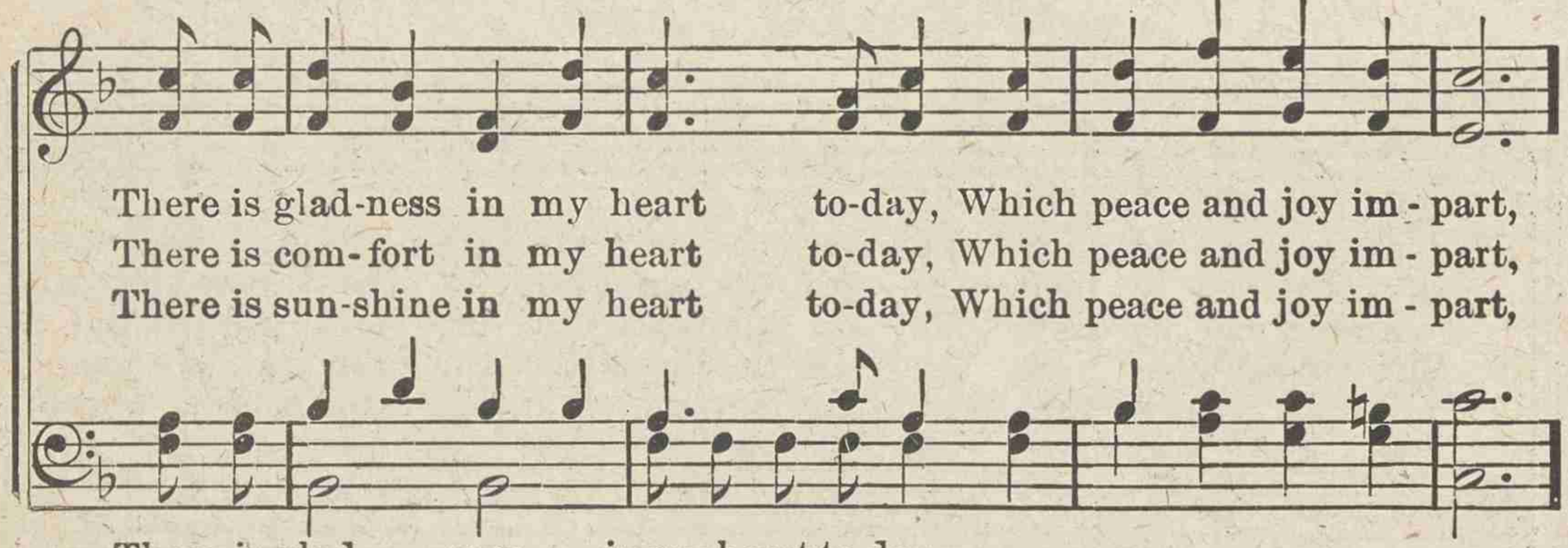


Joy of Forgiveness.
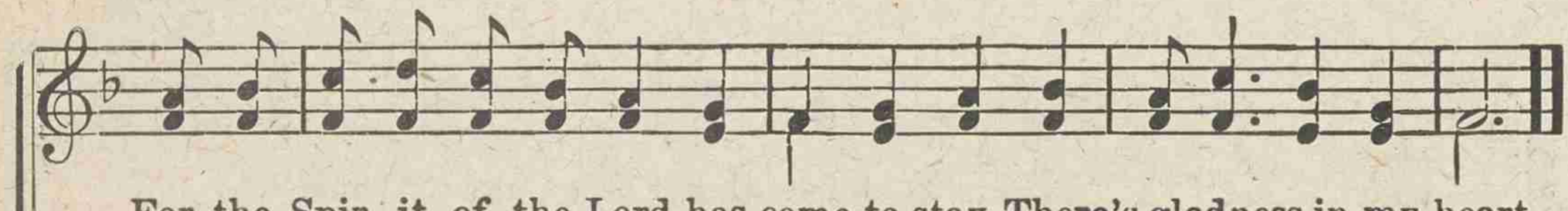
A. S. D. A. S. DE YOE.





CHORUS.
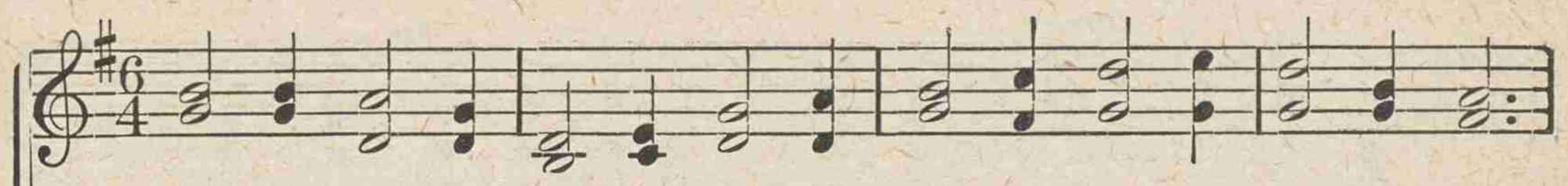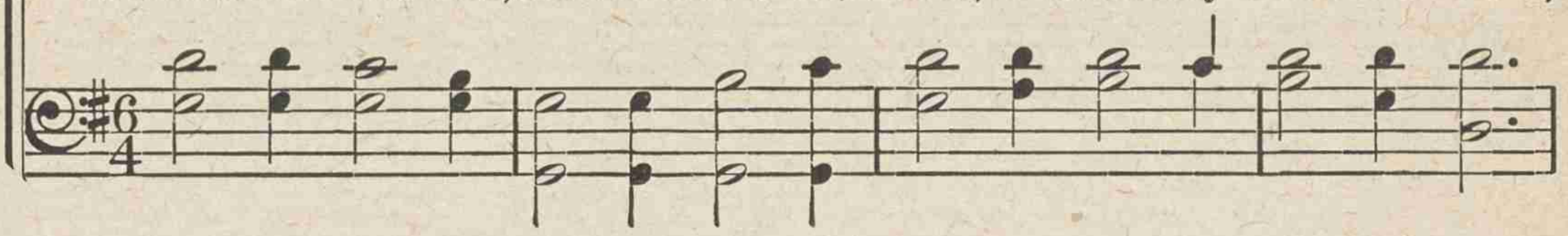




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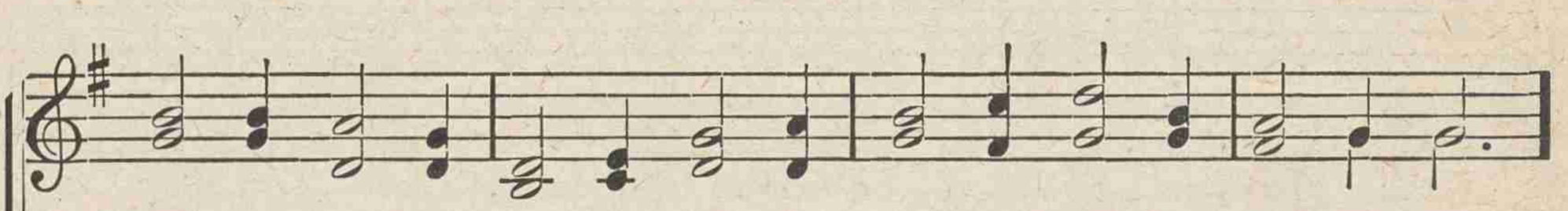
Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES, D. D. JNO. R. SWENEY.
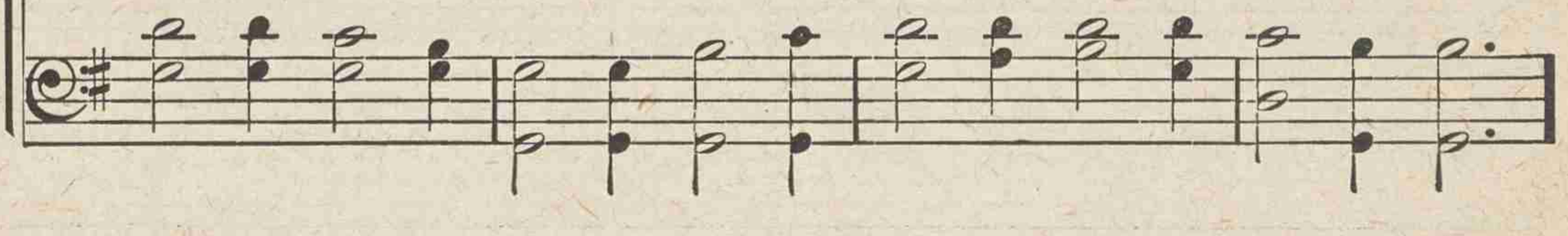


1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trem-bling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;
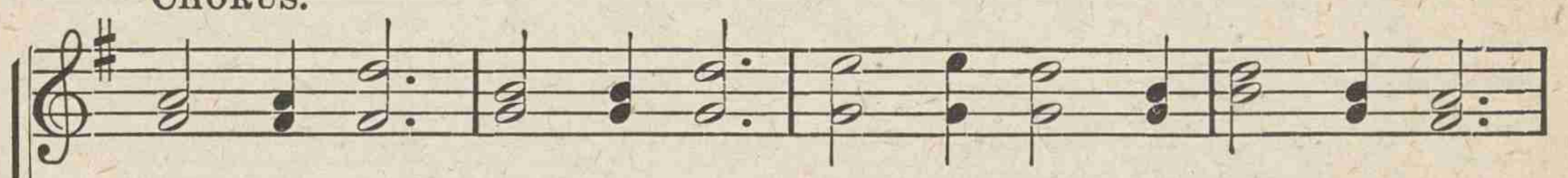




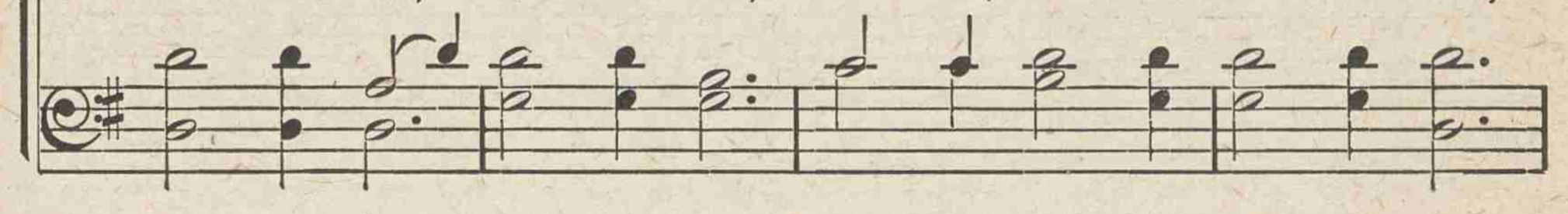
Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come, and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee; Come, O come, and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com - fort-ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.
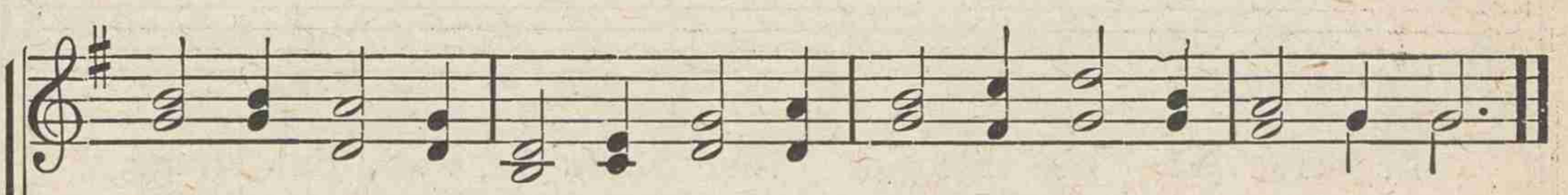


CHORUS.
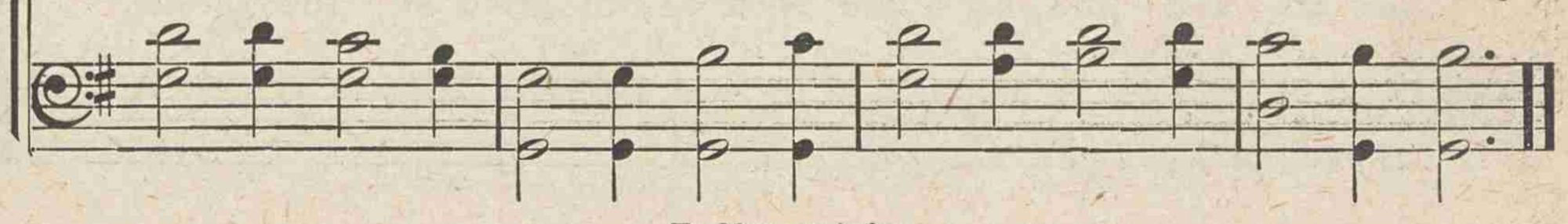


Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now;





Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come, and fill me now.
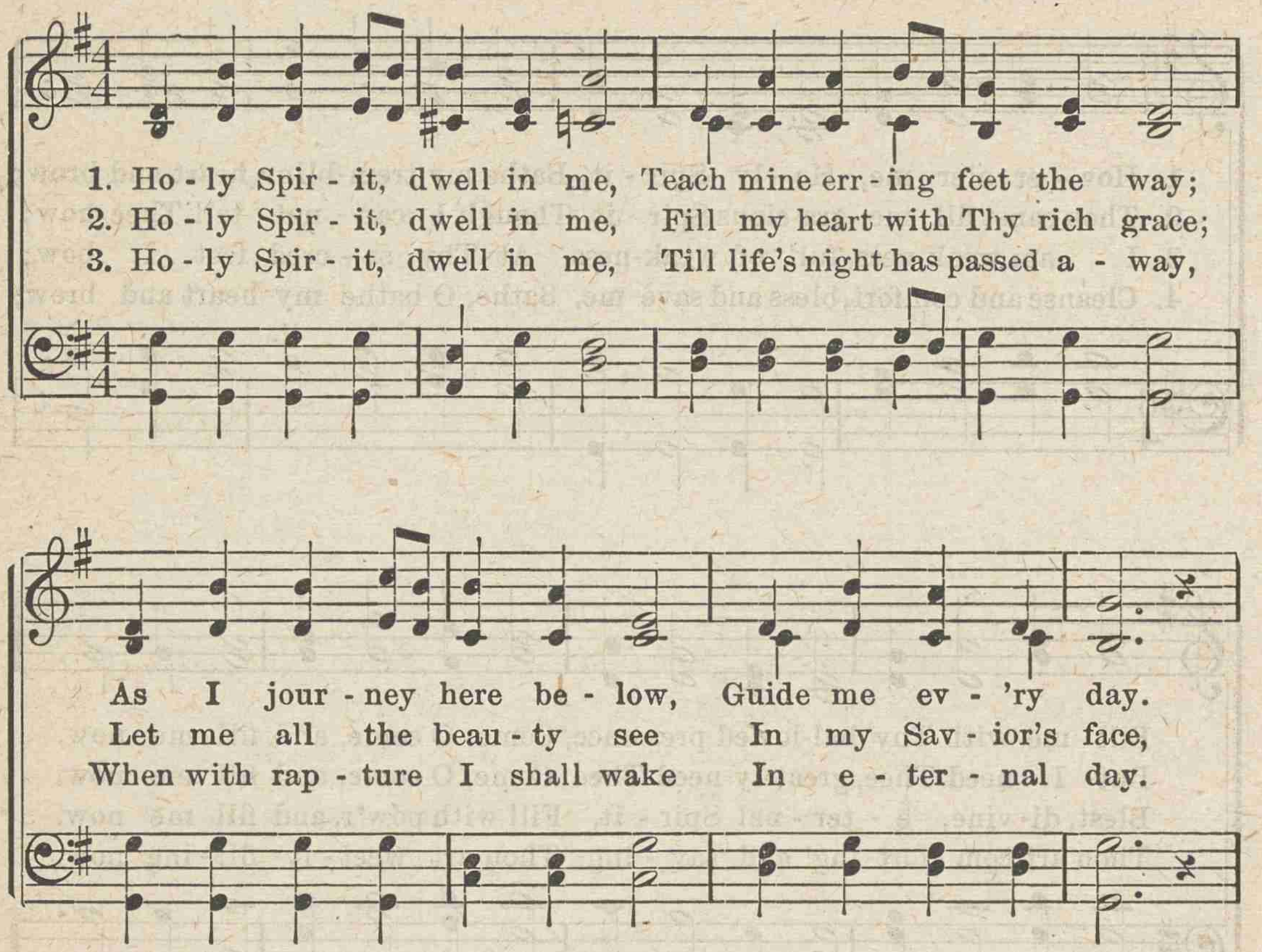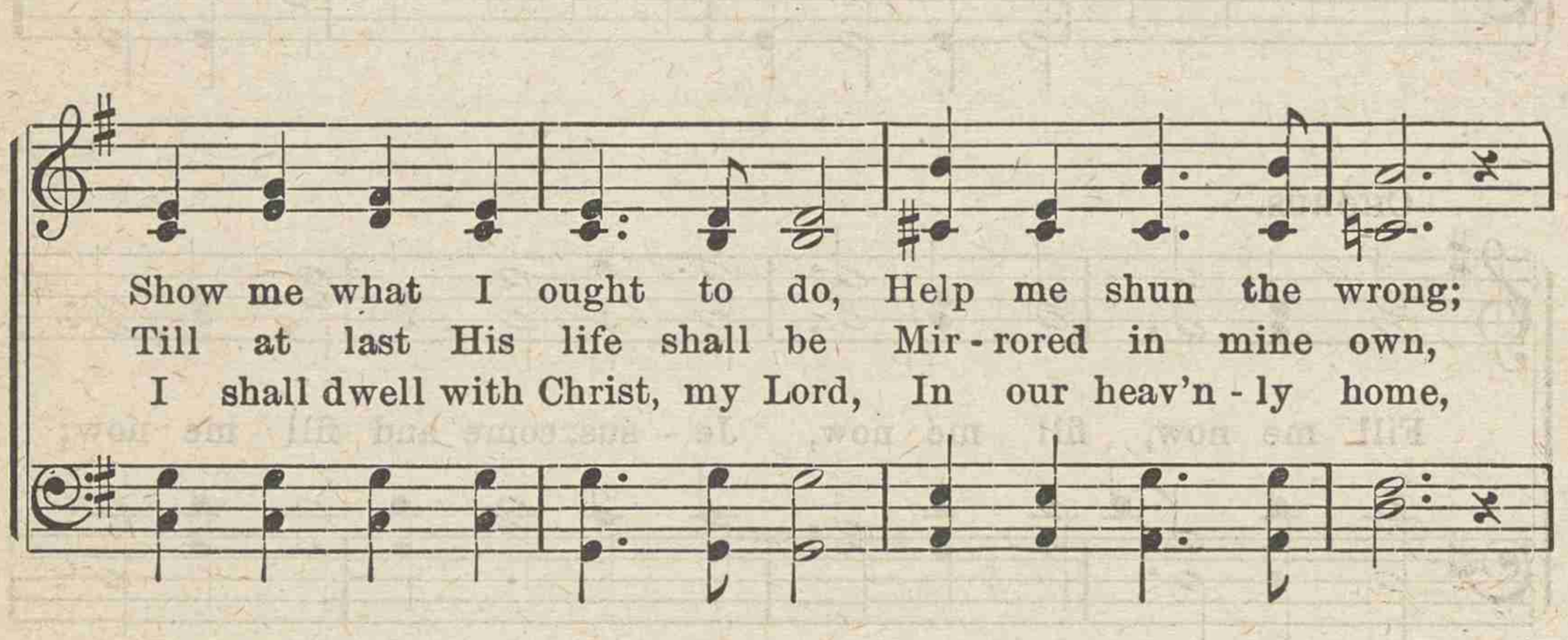


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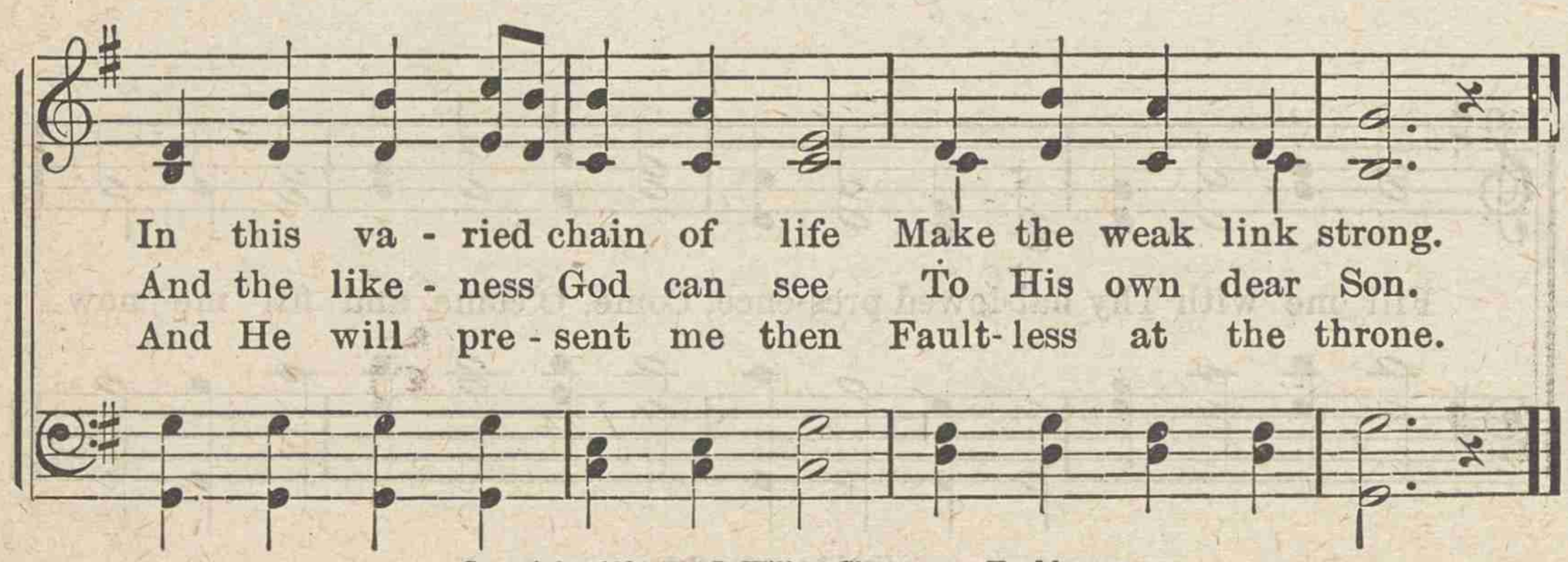
66

Holy Spirit, Dwell in Me.

E. S. B. EFFIE S. BLACK.







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Breathe on us, O Holy Spirit. 67

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO REV. R. A. WALTON, D. D.

REV. R. H. WASHBURNE. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

1. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, As we meet with one ac - cord,
2. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, As Thy al - tar we sur-round;
3. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, We be-lieve Thy prom-ise true,
4. Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, E - ven as at Pen - te - cost;

Grant to us Thy gra-cious fa - vor, Come, ac-cord - ing to Thy word.
Fill us with Thy pow'r and blessing, Place our feet on sol - id ground.
We are long - ing for Thy full - ness, Quickly come, our souls re - new.
We will wait the prom-ised bless-ing, Then go forth to save the lost.

CHORUS.

Breathe on us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, We be - lieve that Thou dost come;
Thou our souls art sweet-ly fill-ing, Self to Thee has giv-en room. A - men.

Last stanza only.

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68

Spirit, Tender, Holy.

E. S. B. EFFIE S. BLACK.

1. Spir - it, ten - der, Ho - ly, Come and dwell in me;
2. Spir - it, ten - der, Ho - ly, Make my heart Thy home;
3. Spir - it, ten - der, Ho - ly, Cleanse me from all sin;
4. Spir - it, ten - der, Ho - ly, Live in me su - preme;
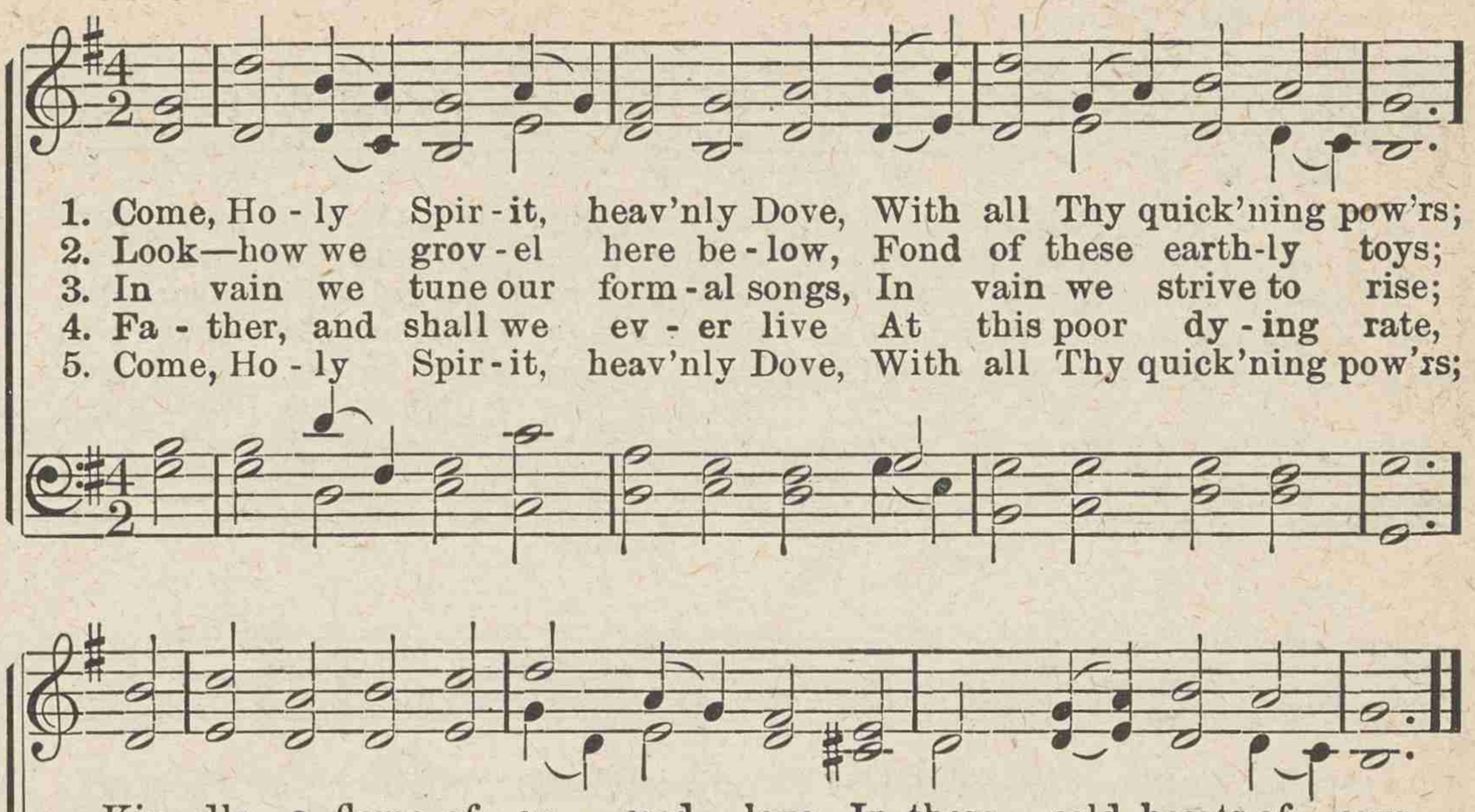
Thro' Thy pow - er, whol - ly, Com - eth vic - to - ry.
Make me pure and low - ly; Gen - tle Spir - it, come;
Reign in my heart whol - ly; Now Thy work be - gin;
Guid - ed by Thee sole - ly, Thy pow'r be my theme.

Need-less is life's war - fare, Naught have we to dread,
Let me feel Thy pow - er, All Thy good - ness see;
Be my strength in weak - ness, Quell my fool - ish fears;
Spir - it, wilt Thou nev - er Leave me? for by Thee

If we yield to Thy care, If by Thee we're led.
I would be this hour..... Bathed in pu - ri - ty.
Be my stay in sick - ness, Ban - ish all my tears.
Are life's dis - cords ev - er Made sweet har - mo - ny.

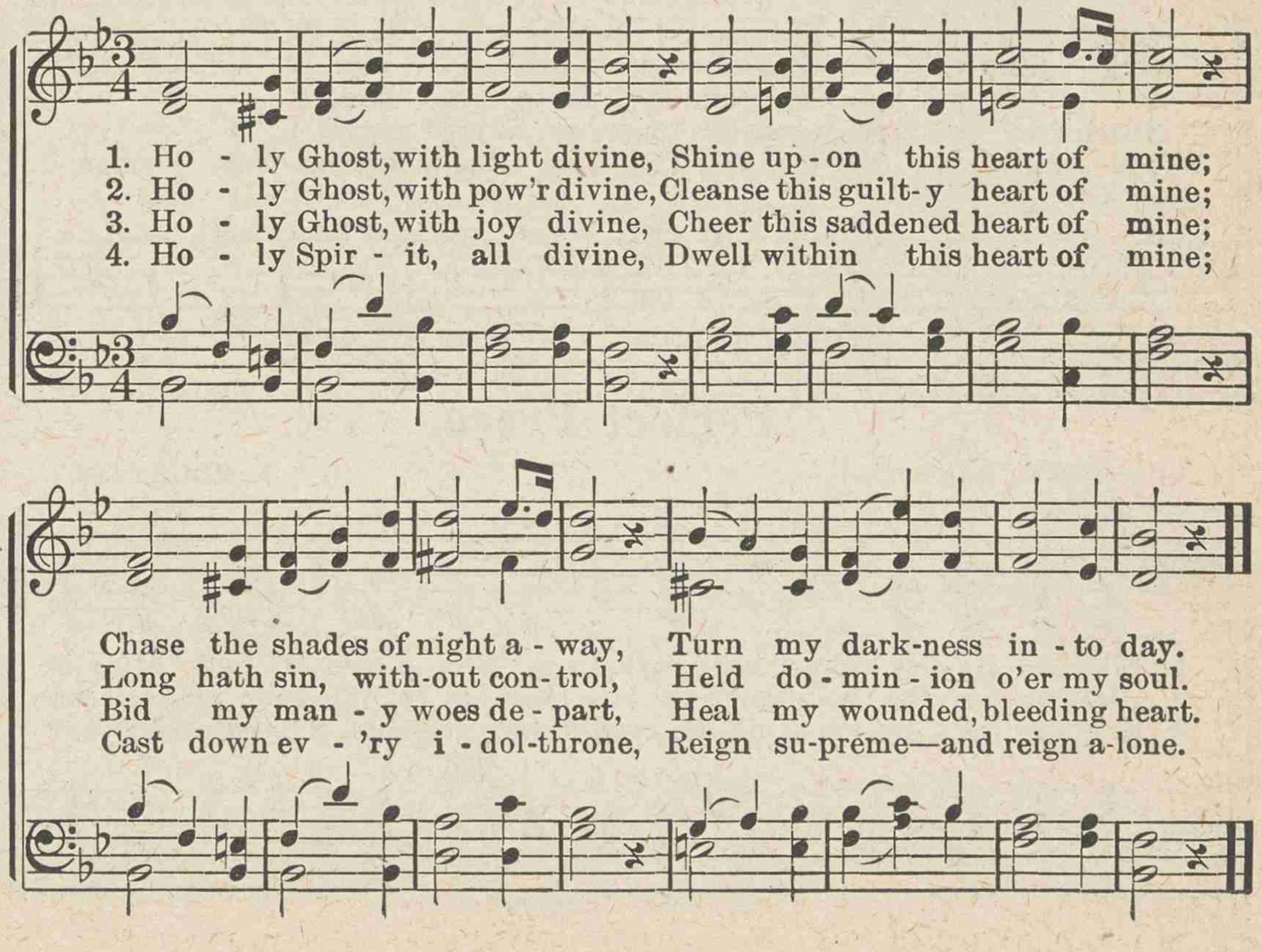
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ISAAC WATTS. WILLIAM JONES.



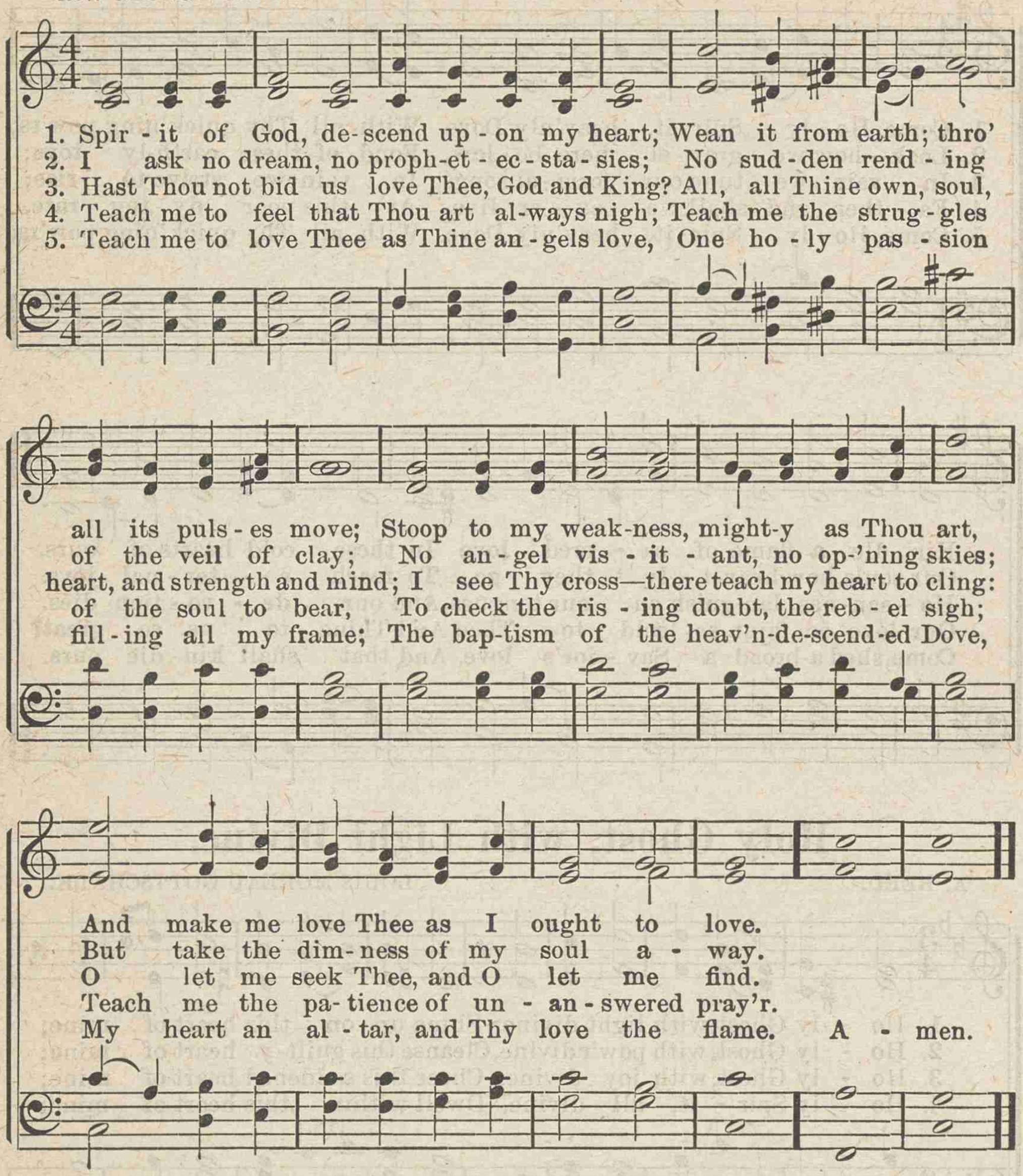
Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

A. REED. LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.



70 Spirit of God, Descend.

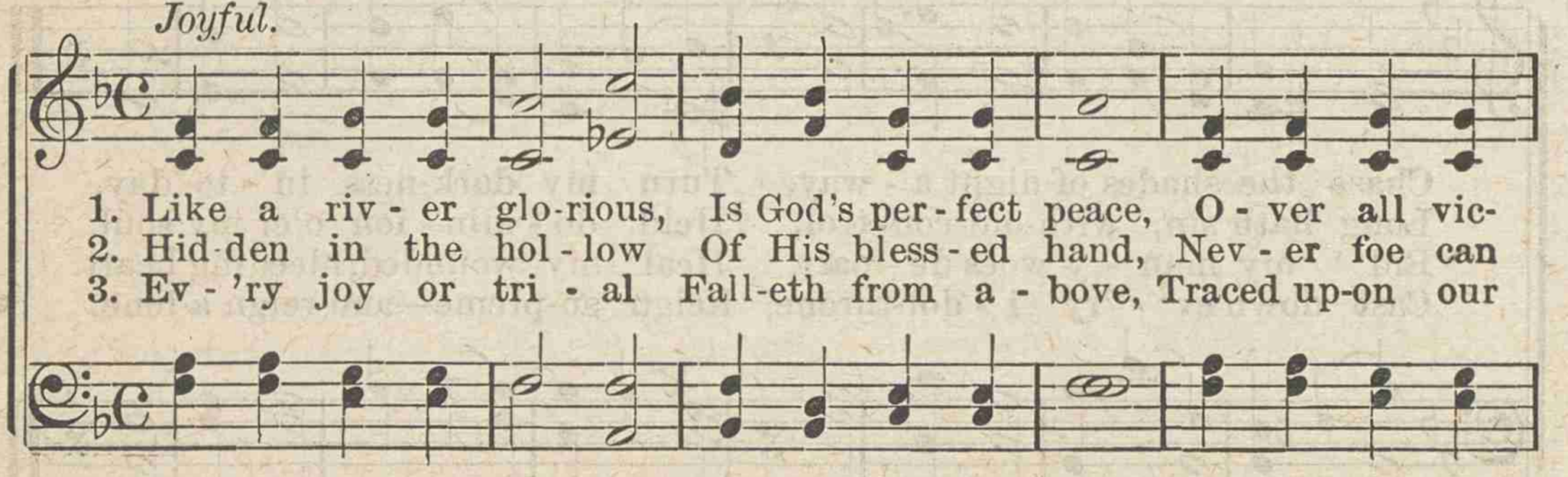
Rev. GEORGE CROLY.



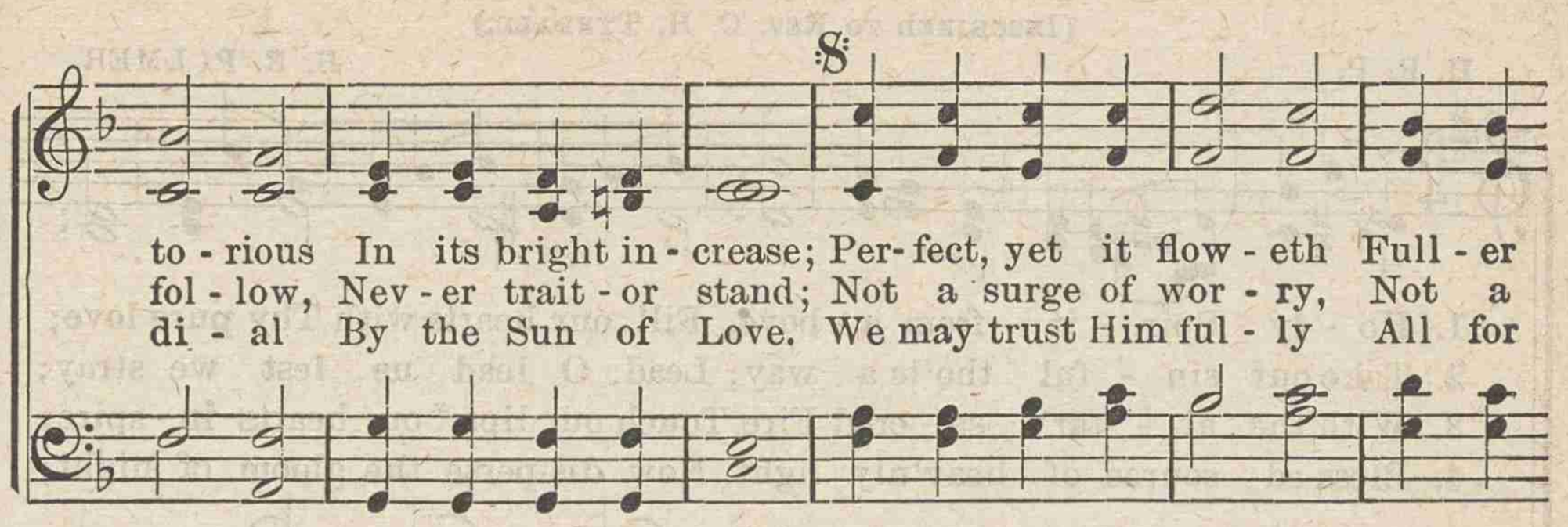
Perfect Peace.

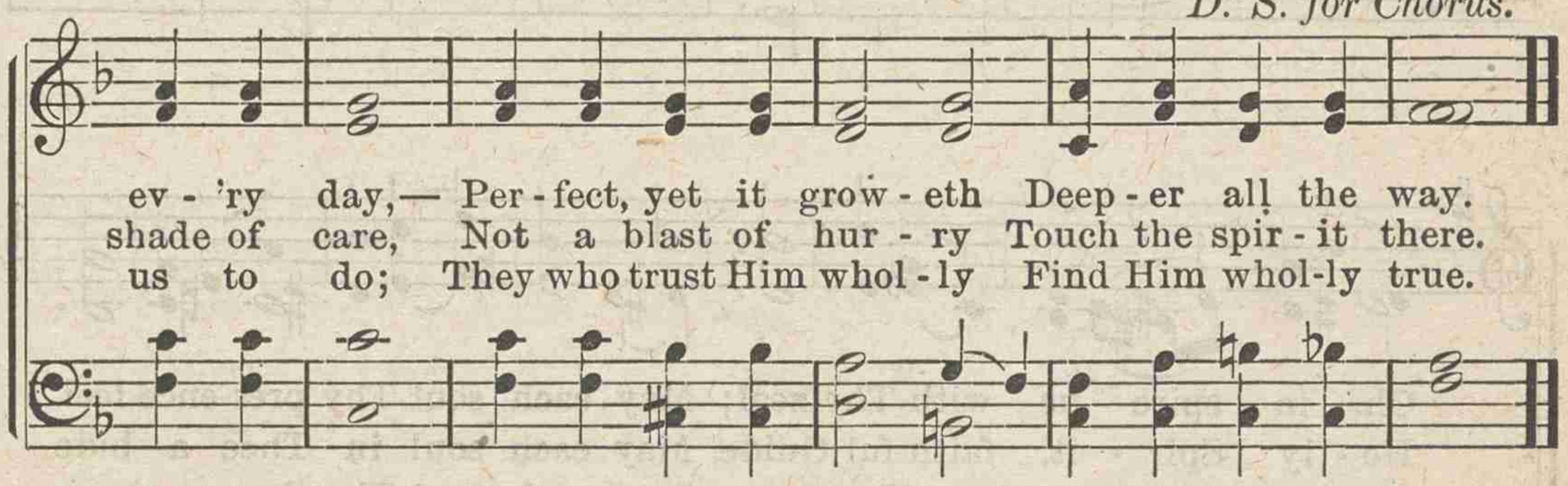
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. MOUNTAIN.

Joyful.
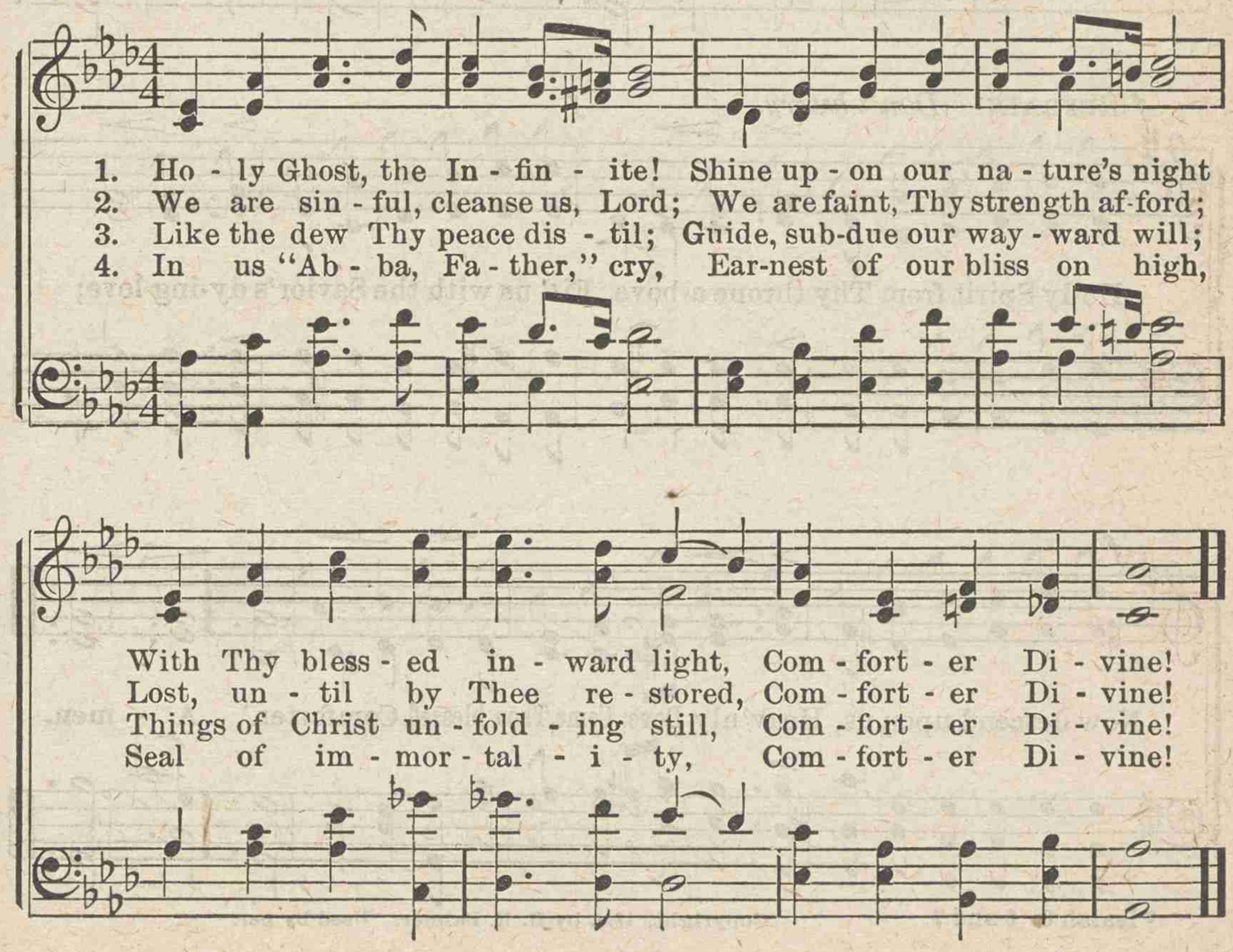


From "Hymns of Consecration."





Holy Ghost, the Infinite.



Holy Spirit, from Above.

(Inscribed to Rev. C. H. Tyndall.)

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

1. Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove, Fill our hearts with Thy pure love;
2. Take our sin - ful tho'ts a - way; Lead, O lead us lest we stray;
3. With the al - tar's sa - cred Fire, Touch our lips,* our hearts in - spire;
4. Bless-ed source of heav'nly light, Now dis-perse the gloom of night;

Oh, in - spire us with Thy zeal; May each soul Thy pres-ence feel.
Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, May each soul in Thee a - bide.
Oh, il - lume us by Thy grace; In each soul Thy im - age trace.
In our hearts for - ev - er shine; Fill each soul with joy di - vine.

f Refrain. *Don't hurry.* *f*

Ho-ly Spirit from Thy throne a-bove, Fill us with the Savior's dy-ing love;

Now descend upon us, Heav'nly Dove; Come, Thou blessed Comforter. A - men.
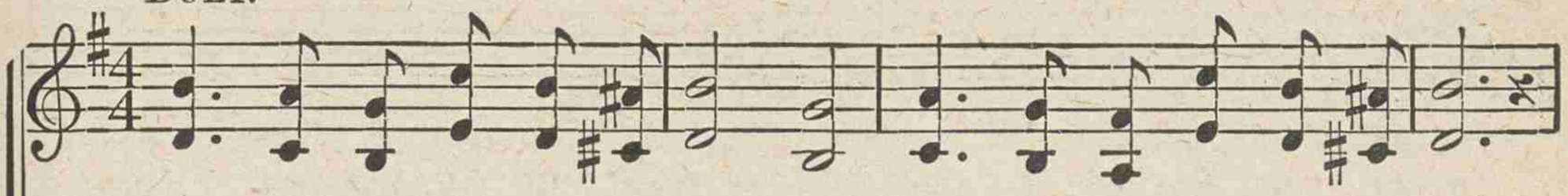
*Isaiah 6: 6 and 7.

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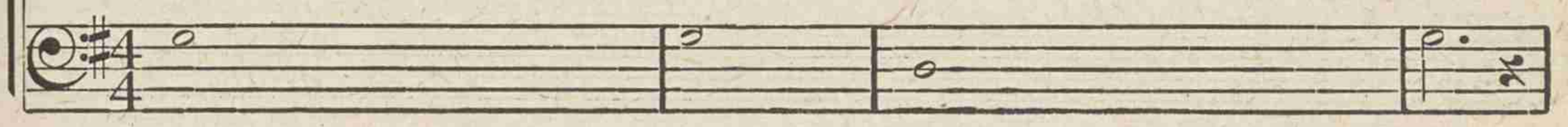
Oh, the Peace.
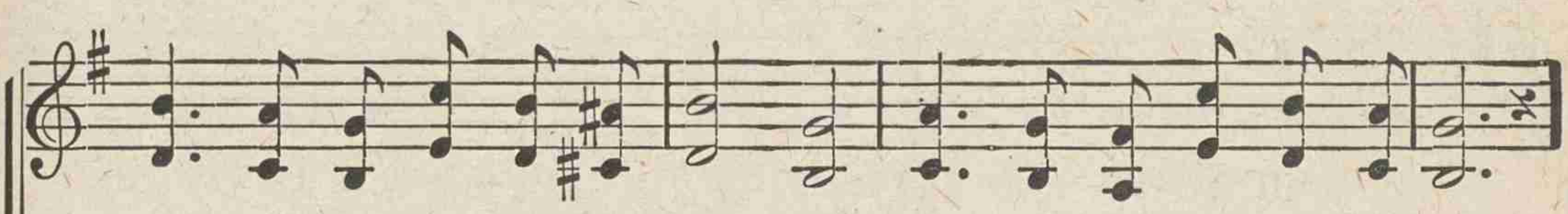
Rev. J. J. KETT. J. J. LOWE.

DUET.



1. Oh, the peace that come from Je - sus, Oh, the peace that's al-ways new,
2. Oh, the peace that I have tast - ed Since my Sav - ior spoke to me;
3. Oh, the rich - es of this treas - ure I have found a - lone in Him;
4. *Now* this peace to all is of - fered, By a Sav - ior from a - bove,

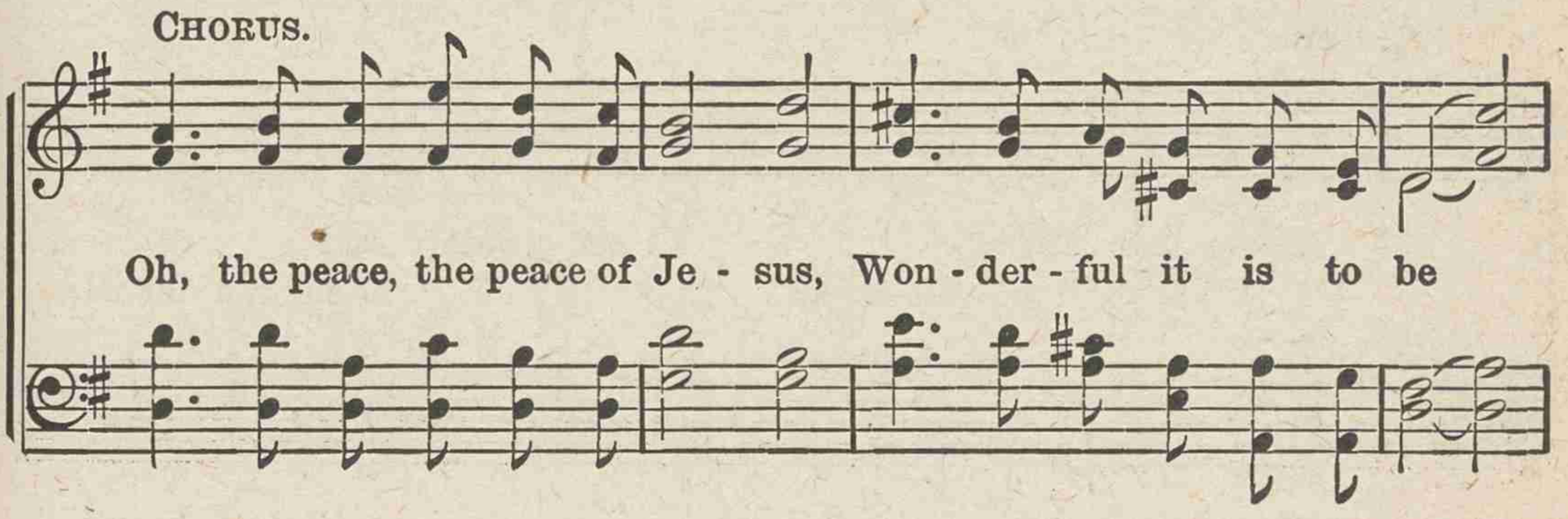




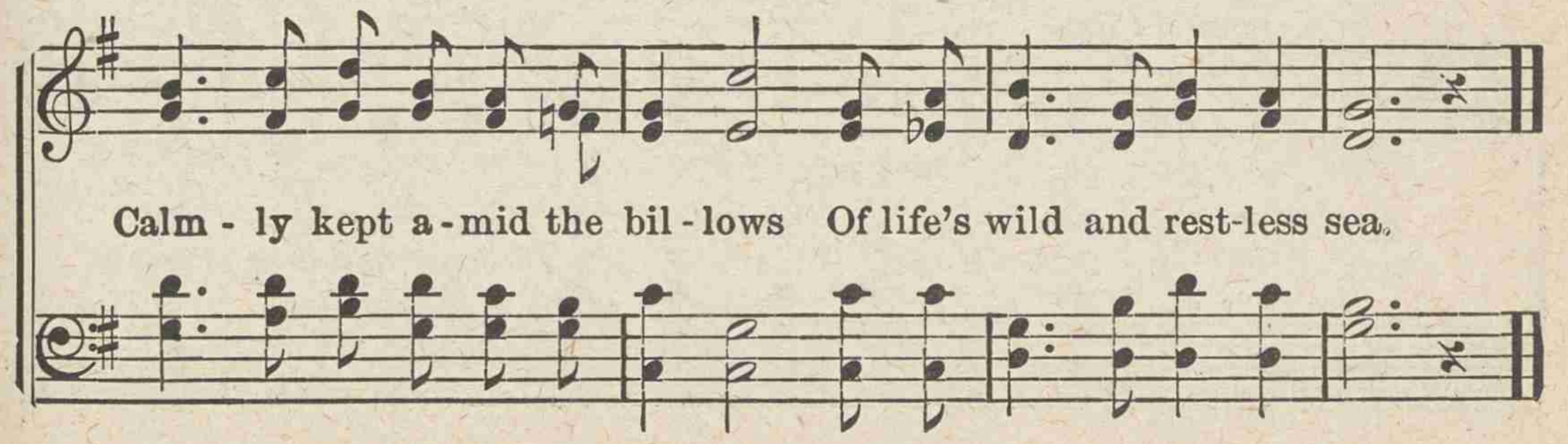
Bless - ed peace that last-eth ev - er Will He glad - ly give to you.
Bid - ding my poor an-xious spir - it Trust in *Him* who calmed the sea.
And His peace with-in is dwell - ing, Since He cleansed me from all sin.
And in mer - cy He will par - don Ev - 'ry crea-ture of His love.



CHORUS.



Oh, the peace, the peace of Je - sus, Won - der - ful it is to be



Calm - ly kept a - mid the bil - lows Of life's wild and rest-less sea.

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74

I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

DUET.

1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;
2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow;
3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly Thine;
4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee;
5. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame;

I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai - ly live.
Worldly pleas-ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.
Fill me with Thy love and pow - er, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.
O the joy of full sal - va - tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!

CHORUS.

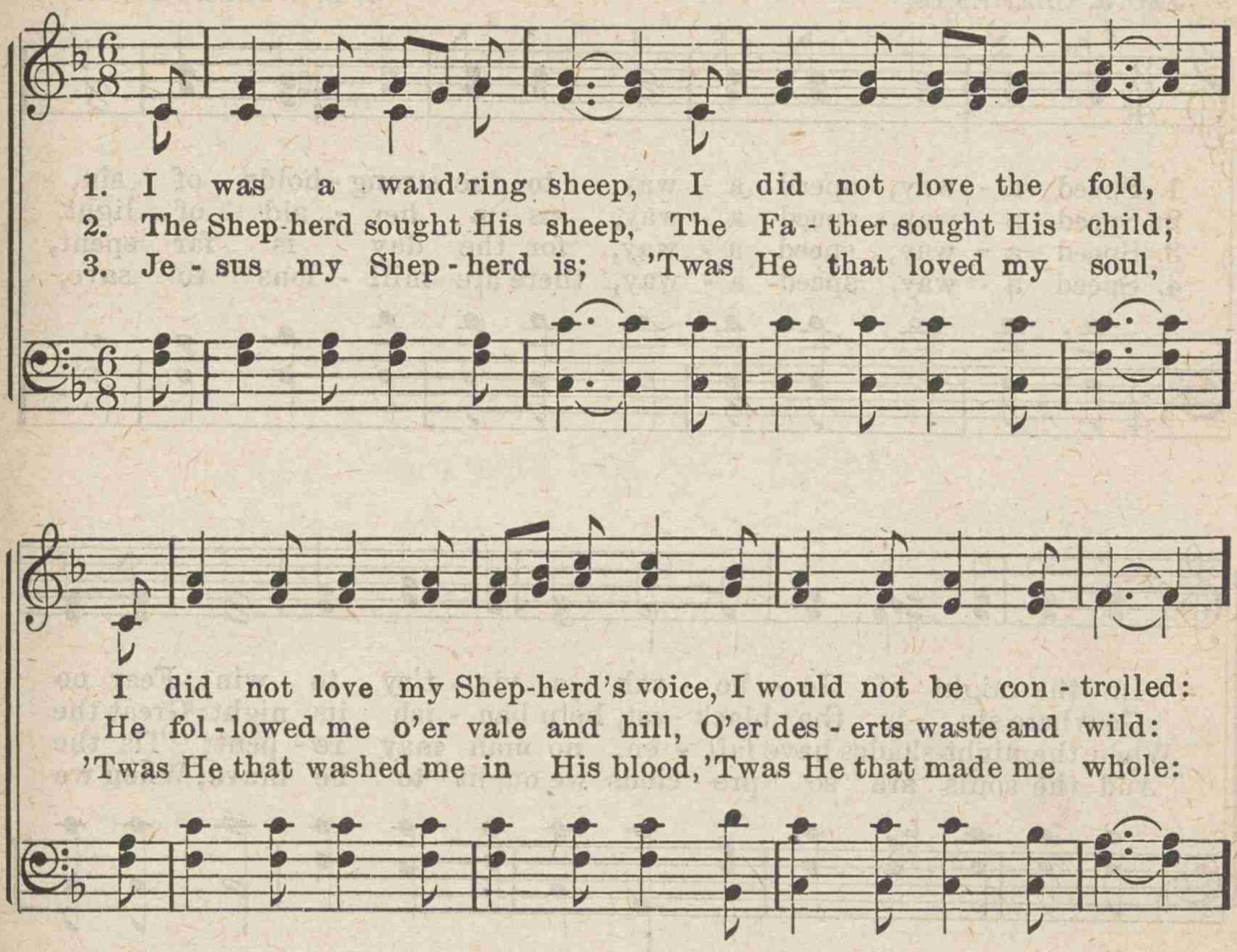
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all.

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I Was a Wandering Sheep. 75

HORATIUS BONAR. JOHN ZUNDEL.
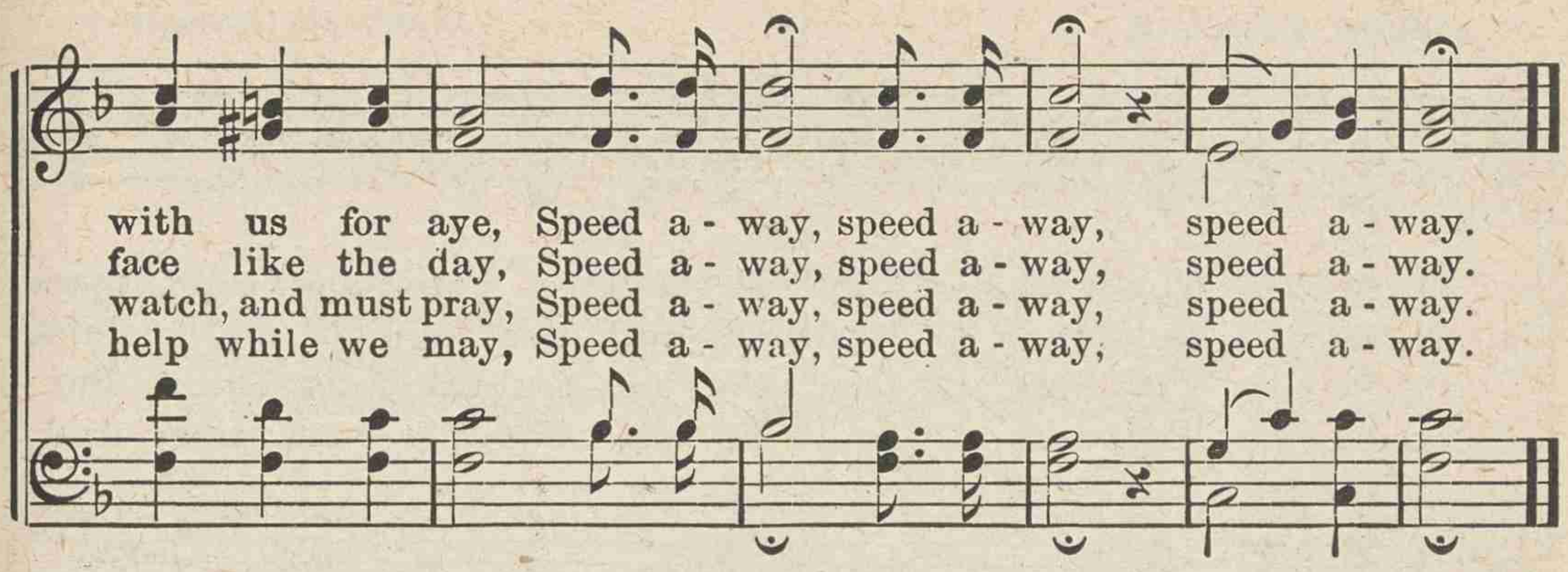


Speed Away.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."—Mark 16: 15.

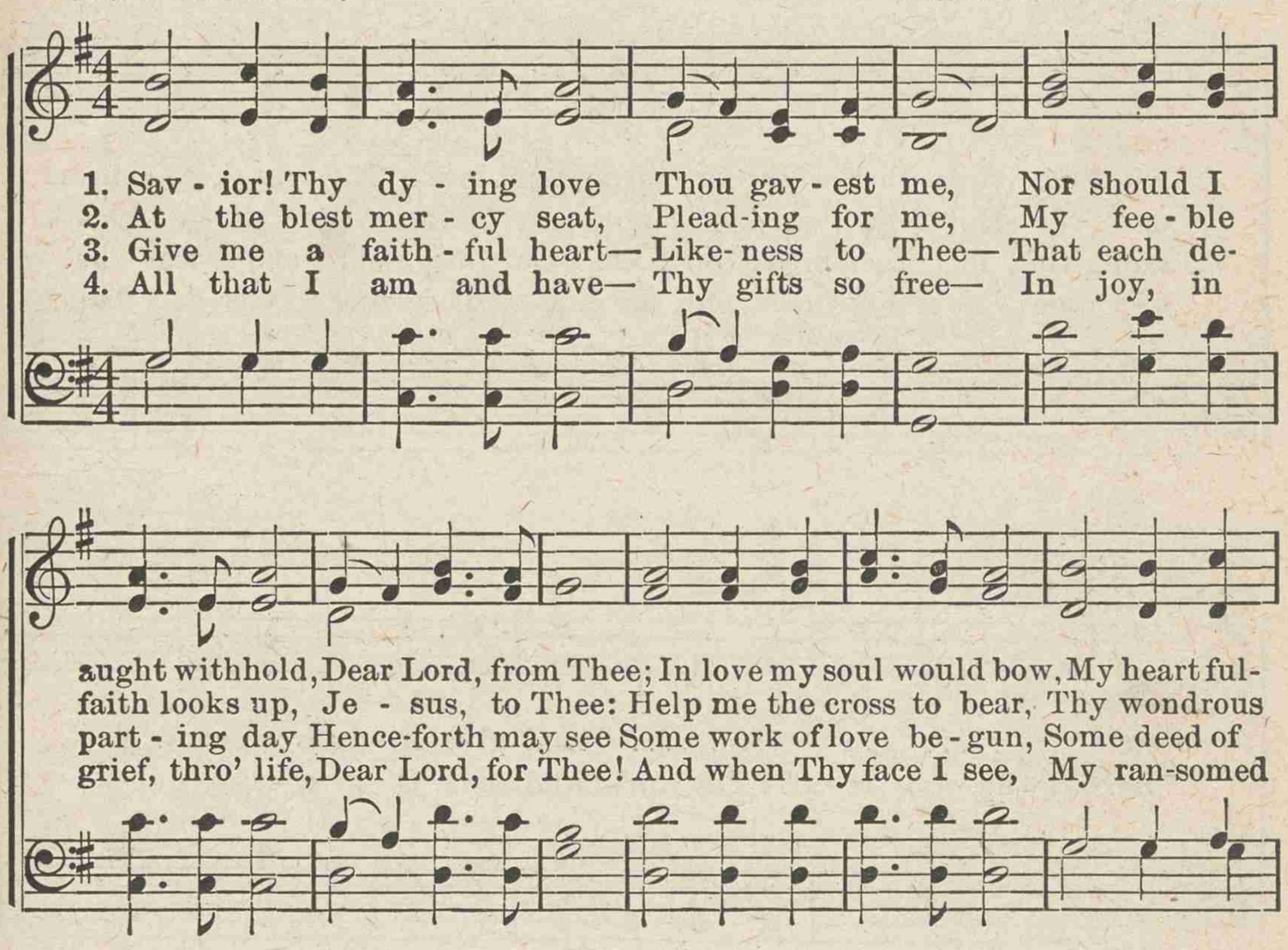
JNO R. CLEMENTS. J. B. WOODBURY, arr.

Words copyrighted, 1902, by W. S. Weeden.



Something for Jesus.

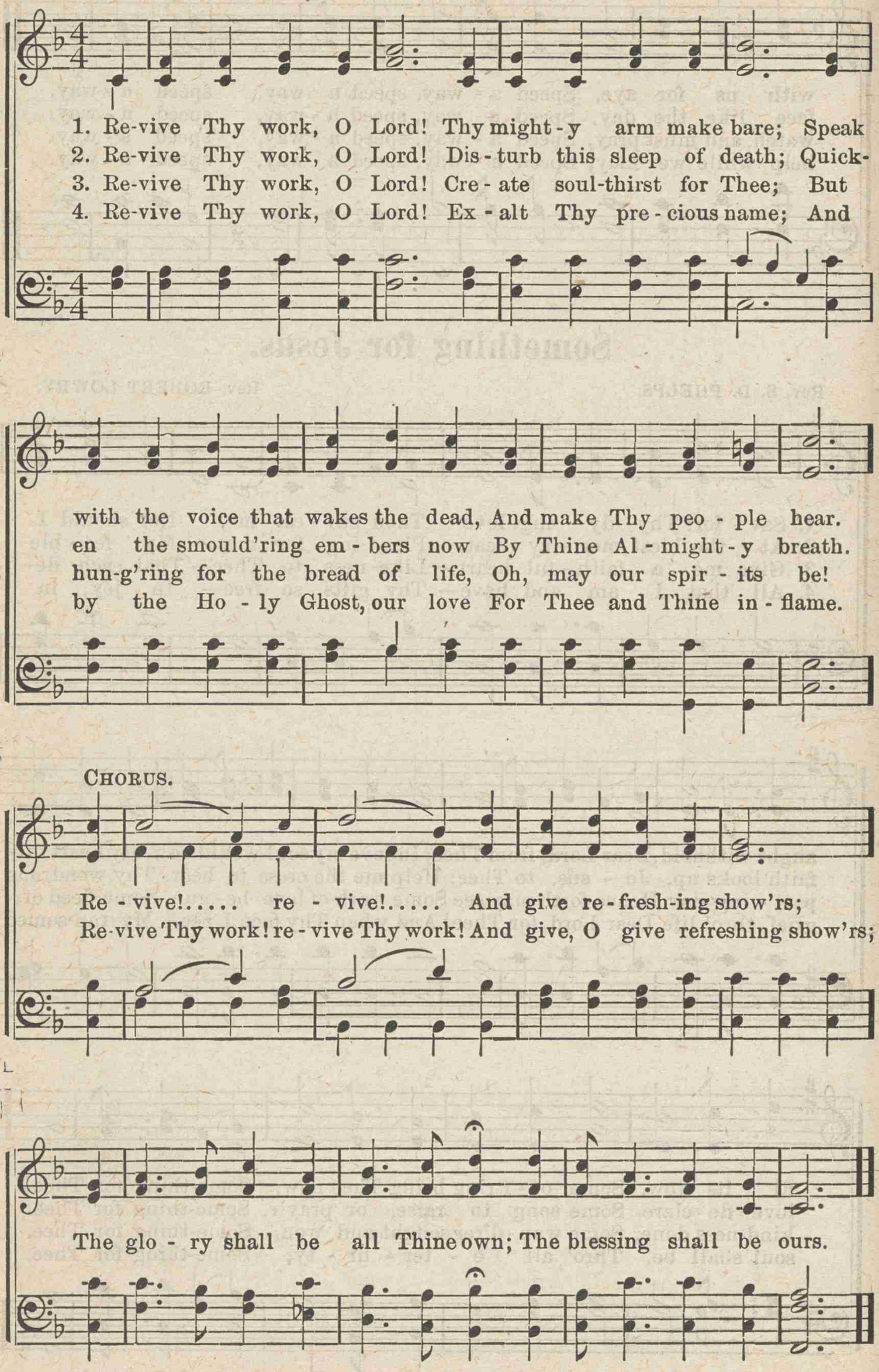
Rev. S. D. PHELPS. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



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Revive Thy Work.
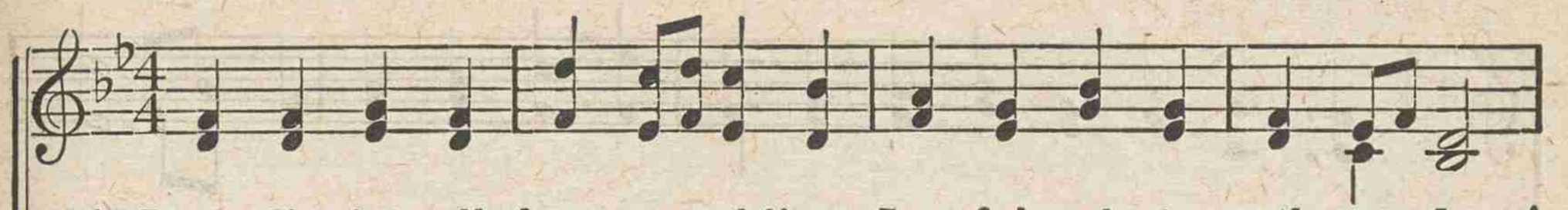
ALBERT MIDLANE. JAMES McGRANAHAN.
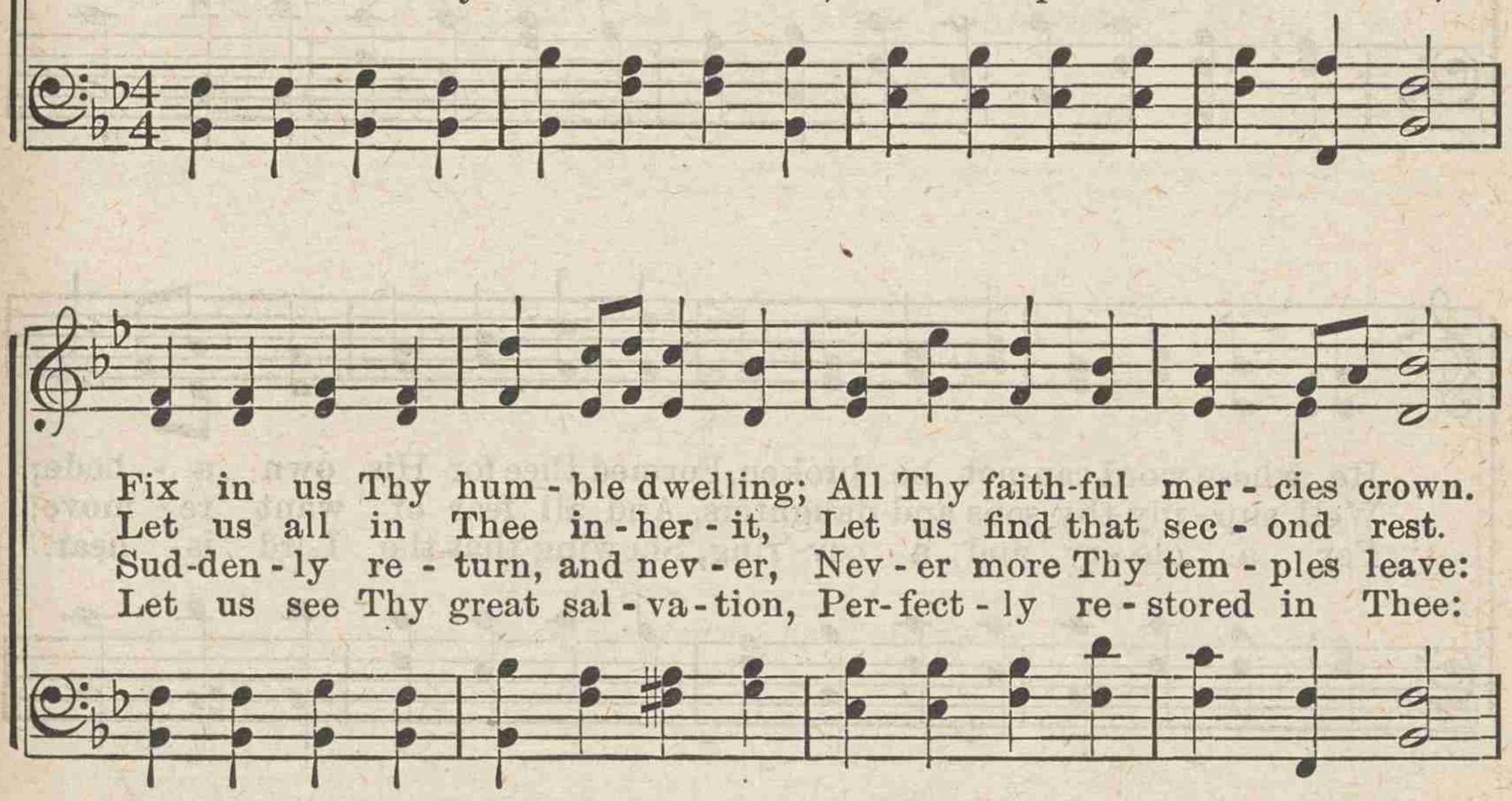


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Love Divine.
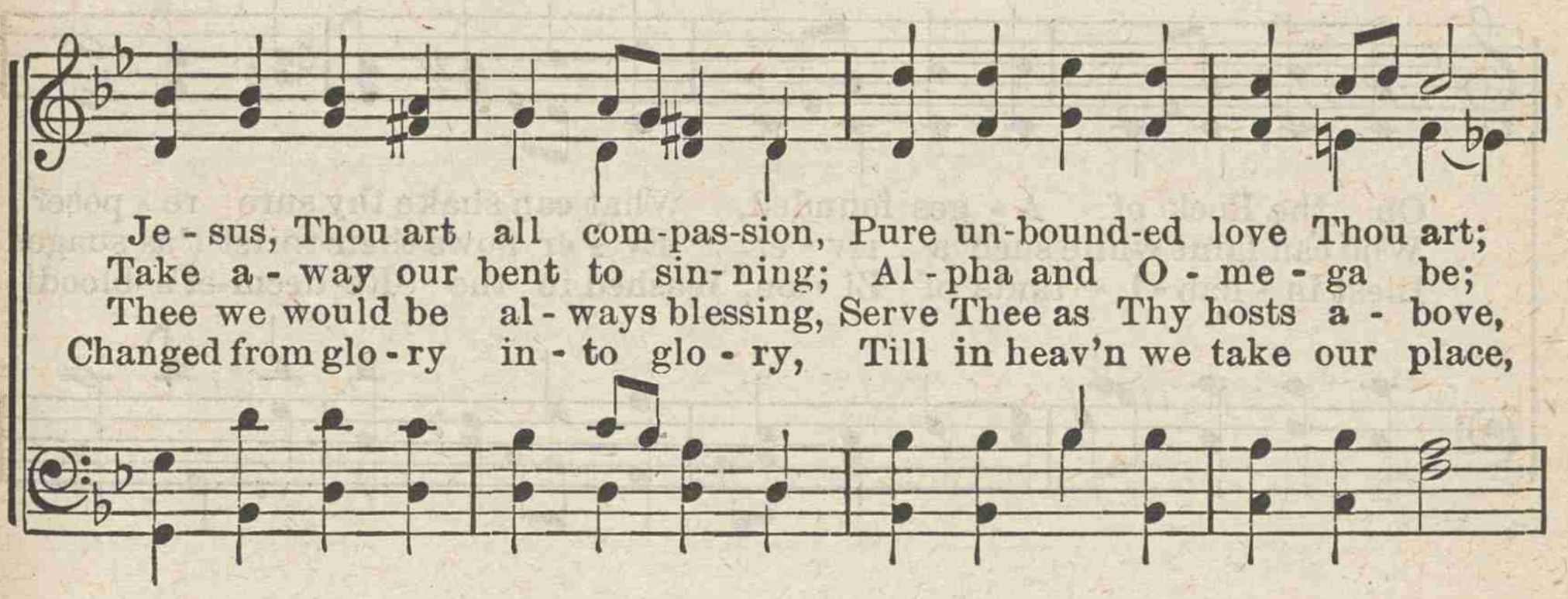
CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.



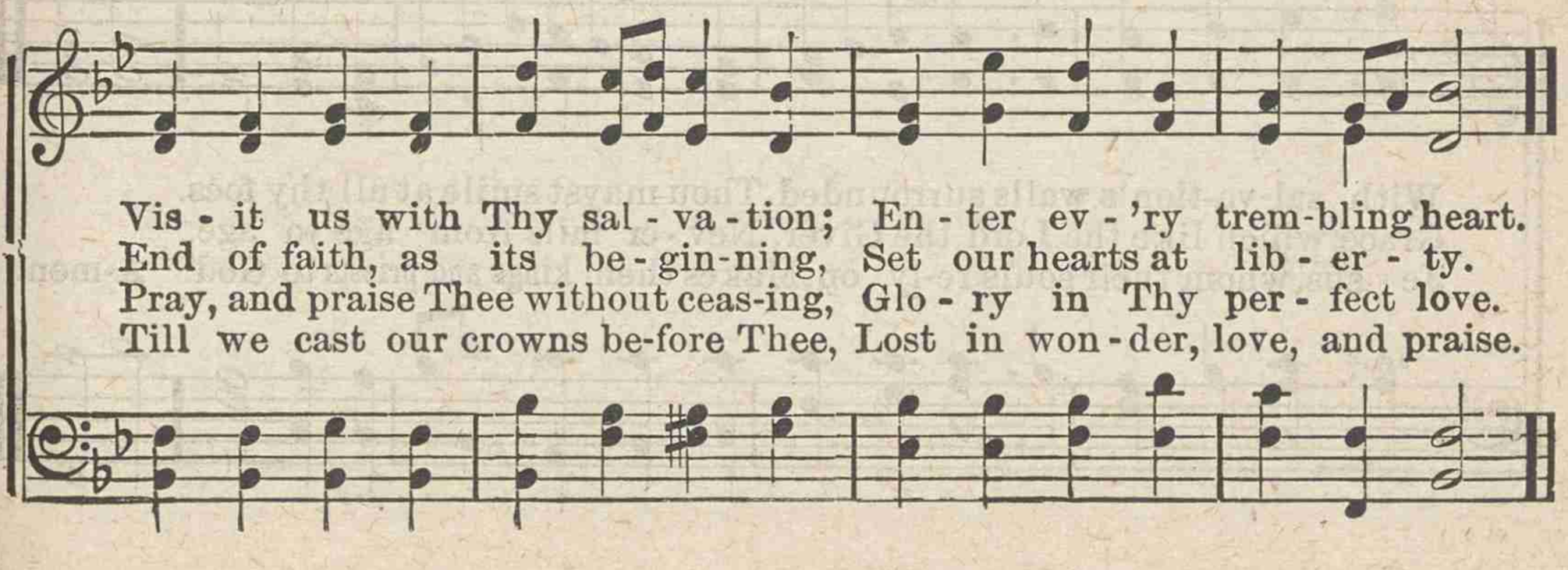
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al-might-y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwelling; All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
Sud-den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per-fect - ly re - stored in Thee:



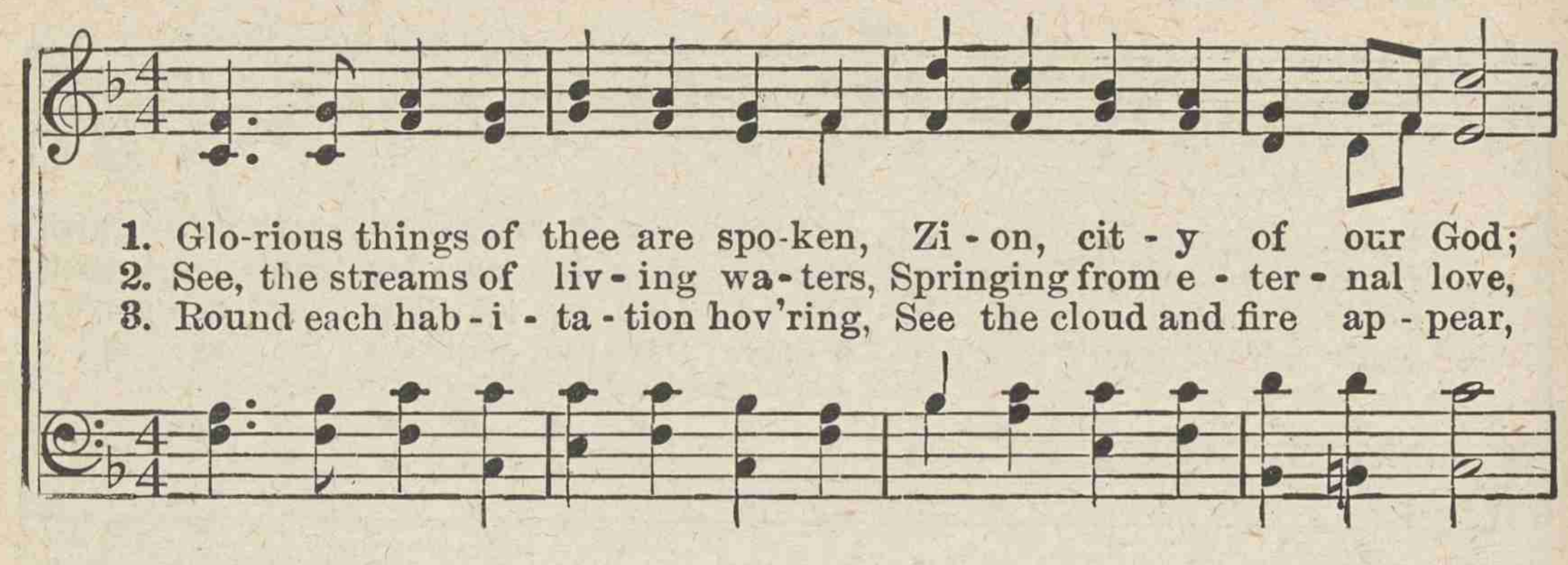
Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin-ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

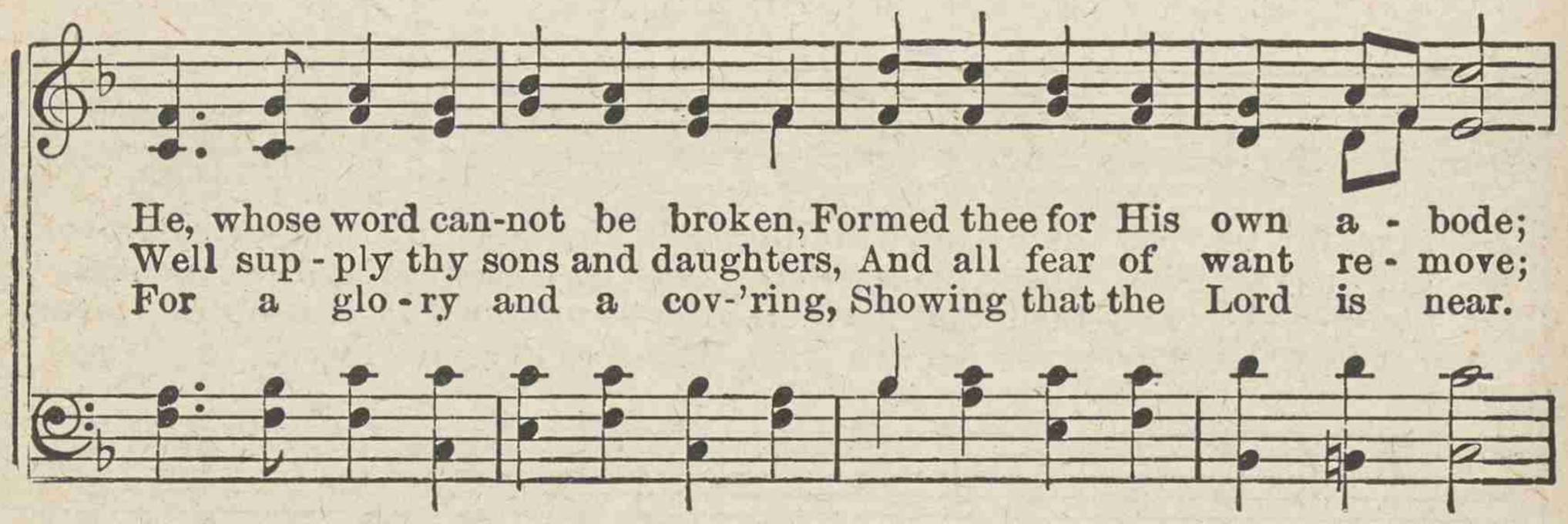


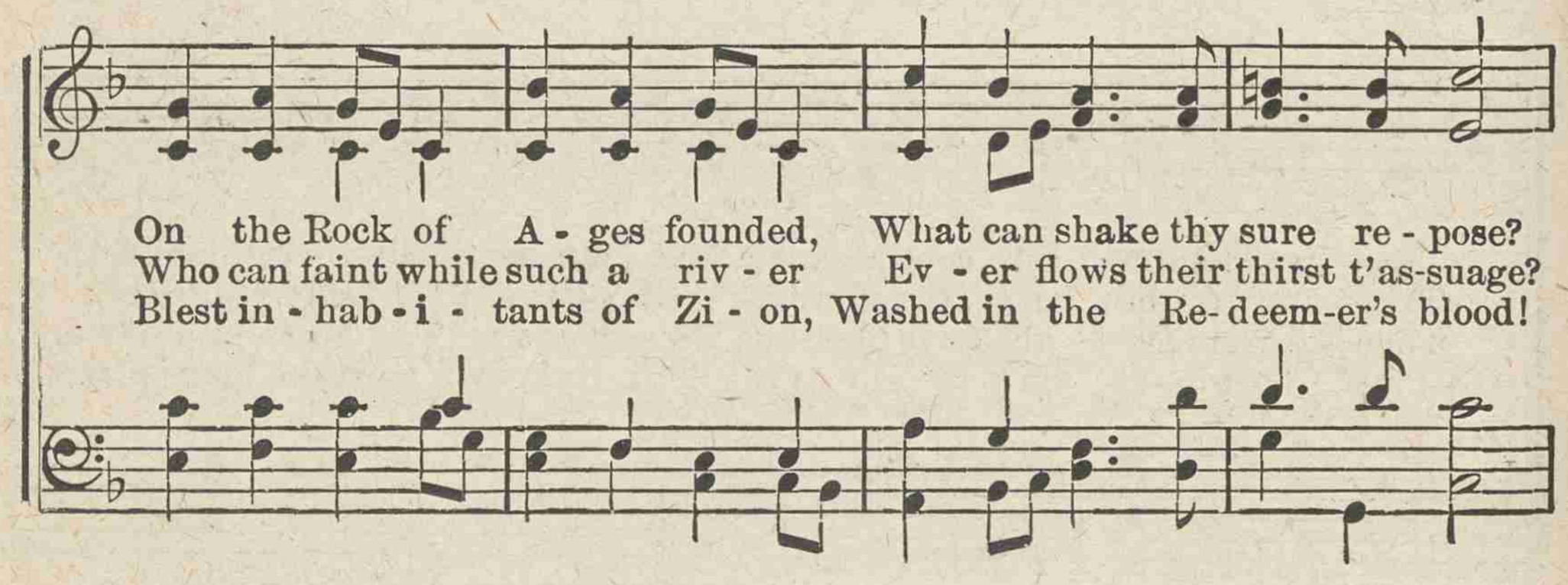
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.
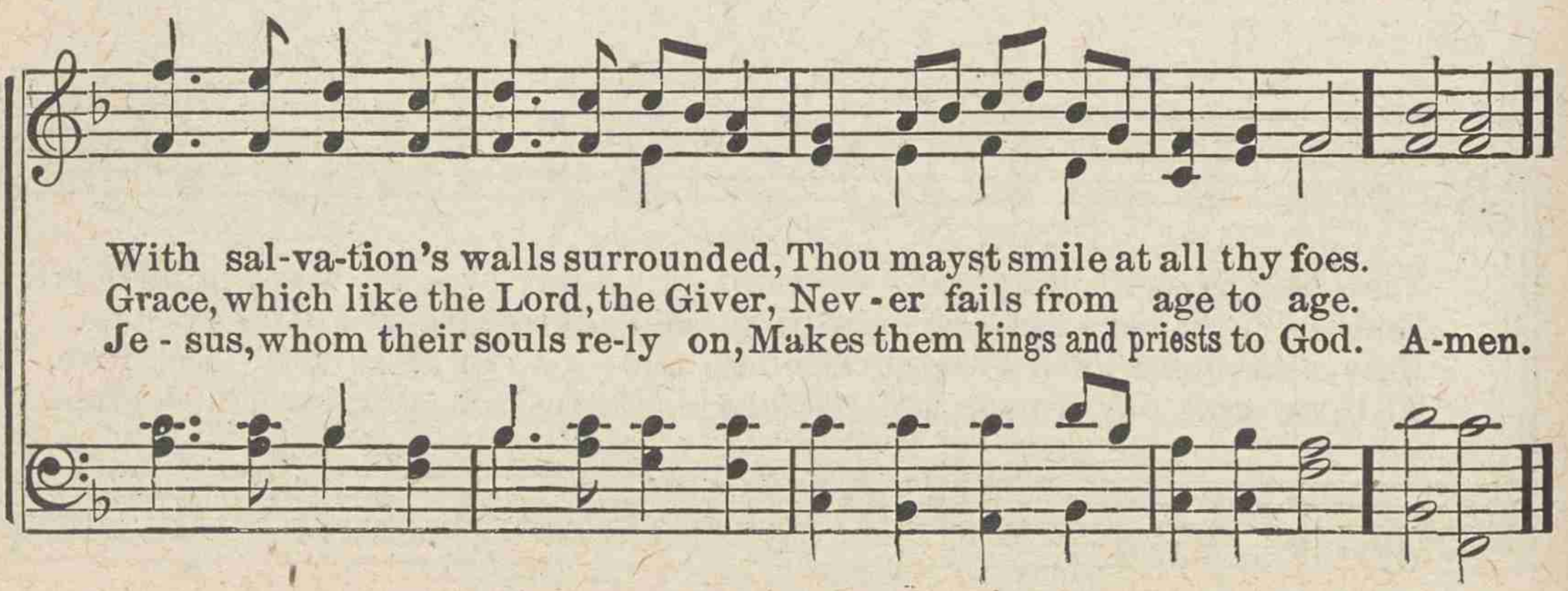
80 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

JOHN NEWTON. F. J. HAYDN.
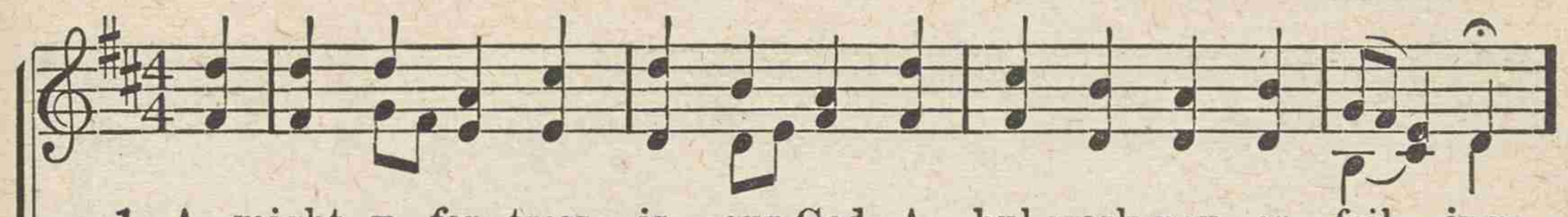




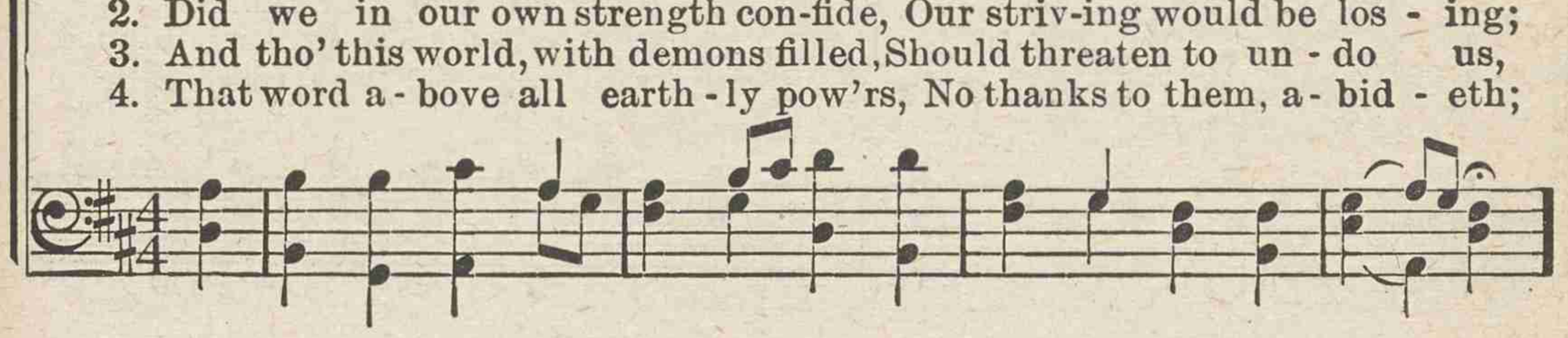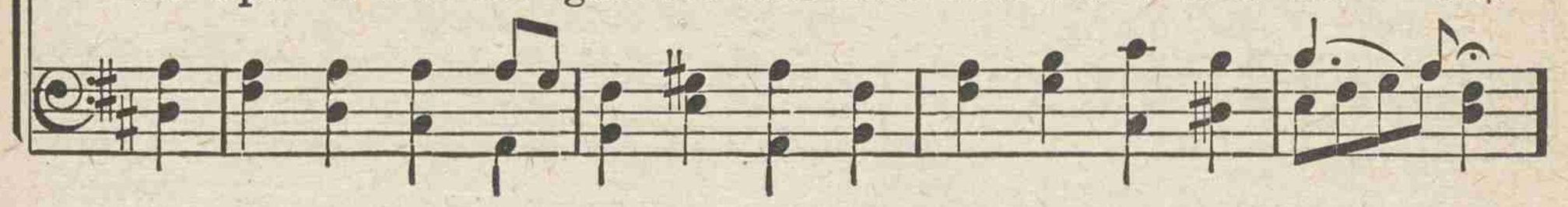




M. L. MARTIN LUTHER.
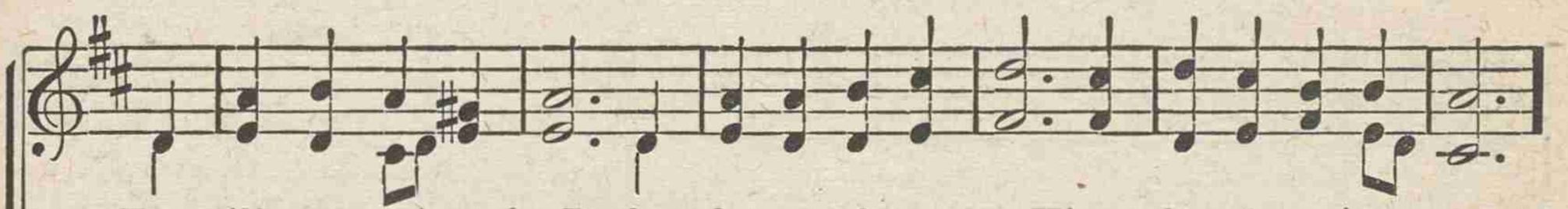


1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;
2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing;
3. And tho' this world, with demons filled, Should threaten to un-do us,
4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a-bid-eth;
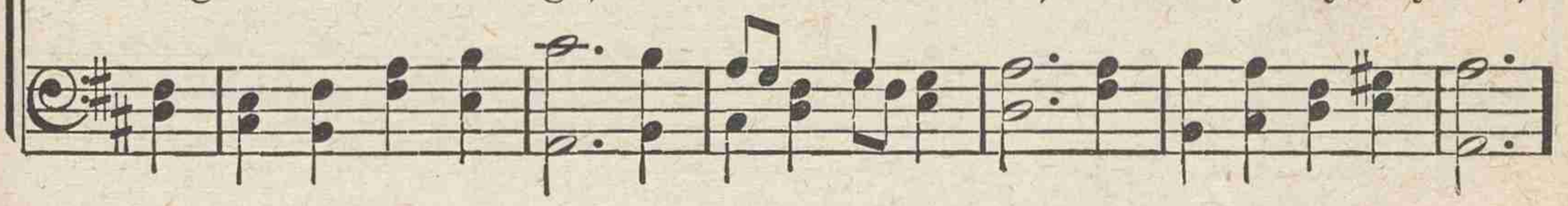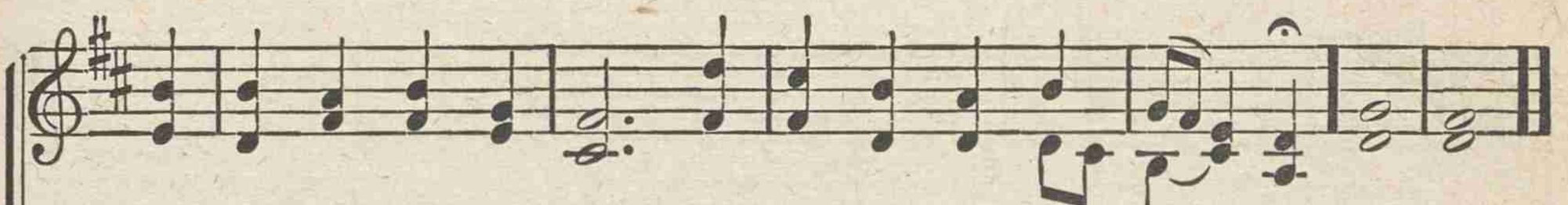


Our help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos-ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph thro' us.
The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid-eth.
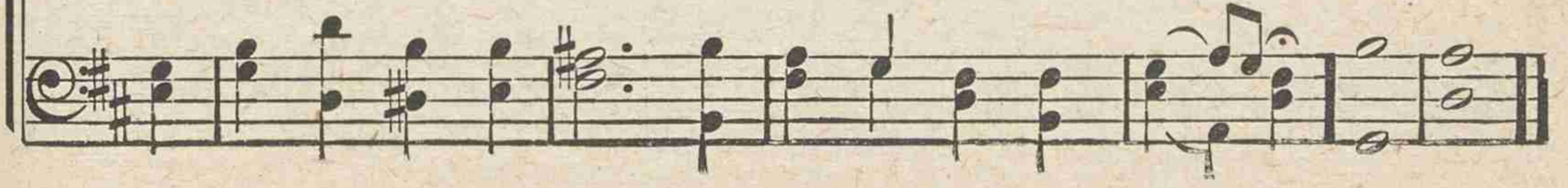




For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His name,
The Prince of darkness grim, We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-dure,
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so; The bod-y they may kill;
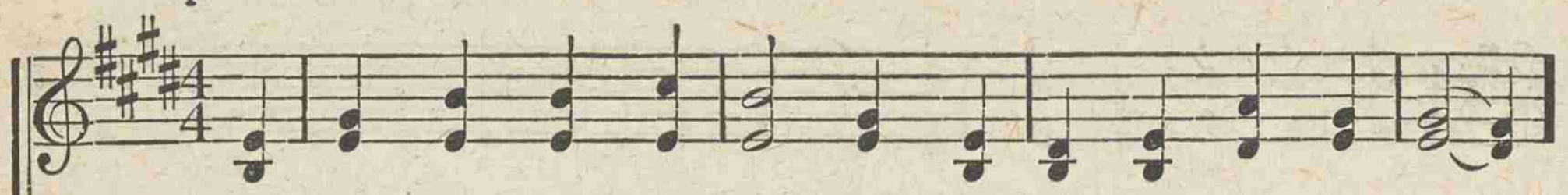




And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
From age to age the same, And He must win the bat-tle.
For lo! his doom is sure: One lit-tle word shall fell him.
God's truth a-bid-eth still, His king-dom is for-ev-er. A-men.
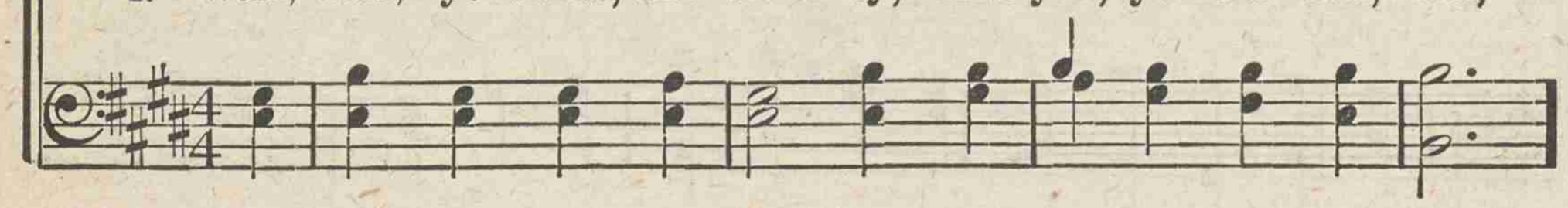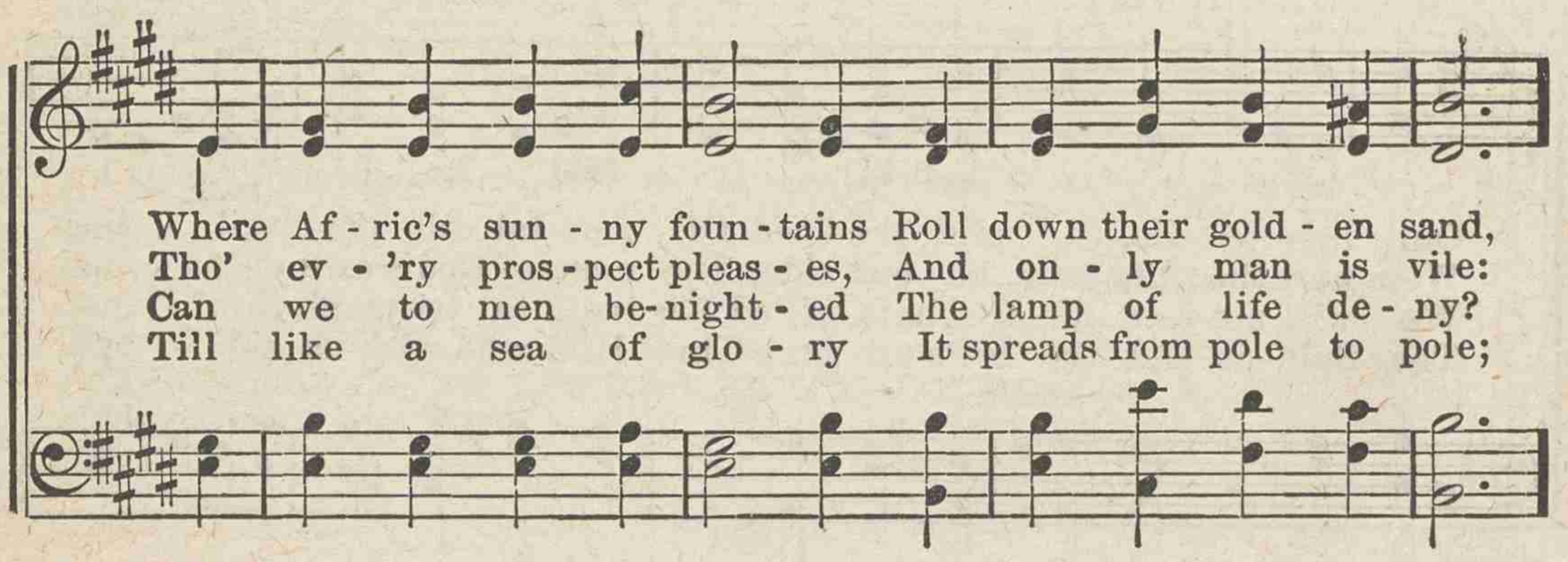


82 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.
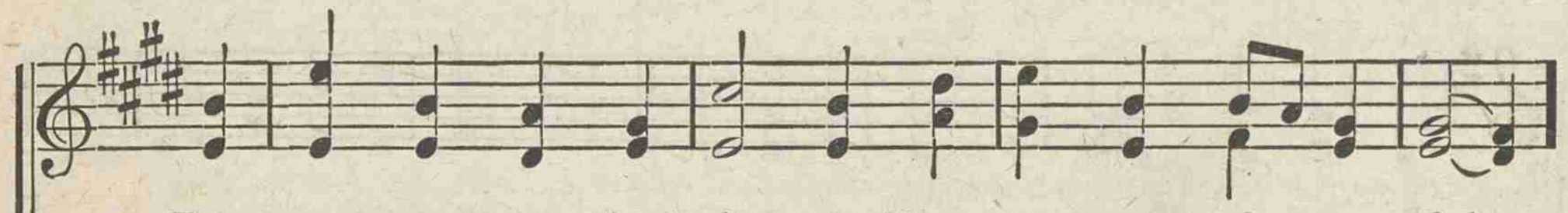


1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;
3. Can we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,
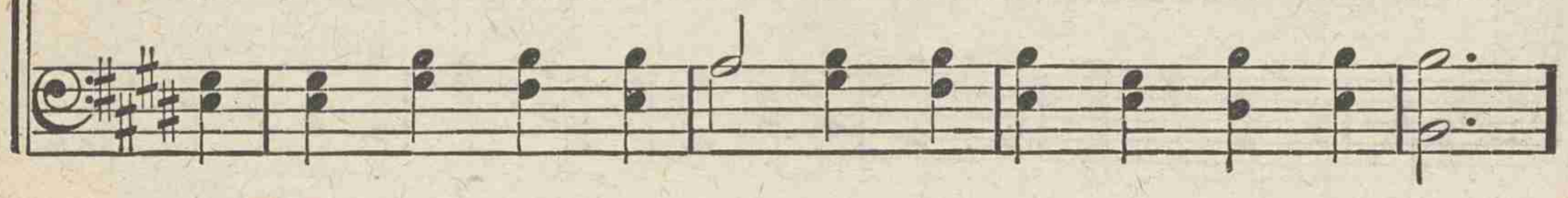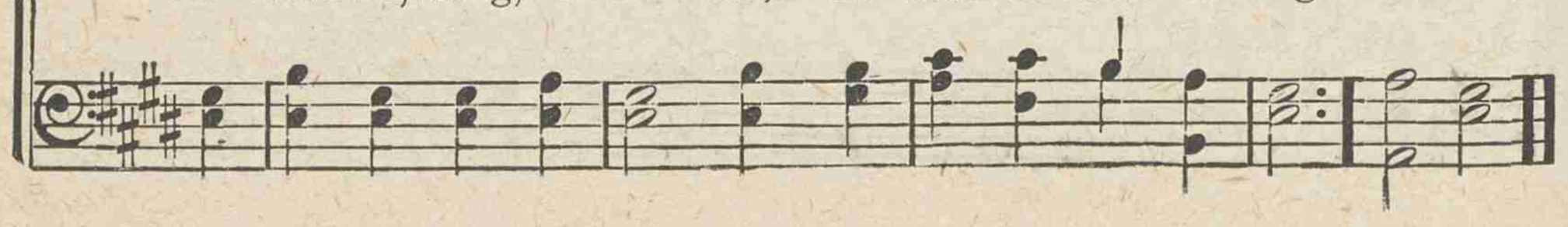




Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,
Tho' ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile:
Can we to men be-night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till like a sea of glo - ry It spreads from pole to pole;



From man - y an an - cient riv - er, From man - y a palm - y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,
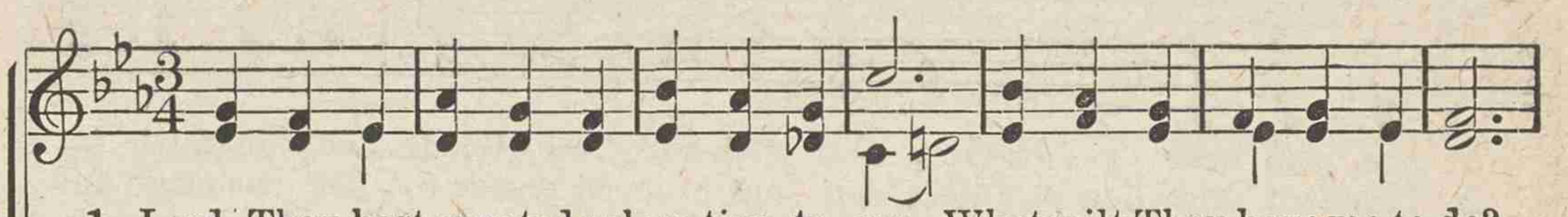


They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er-ror's chain.
The hea-then in His blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till each re - mot-est na - tion Has learned Mes-si-ah's name.
Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign. A - men.
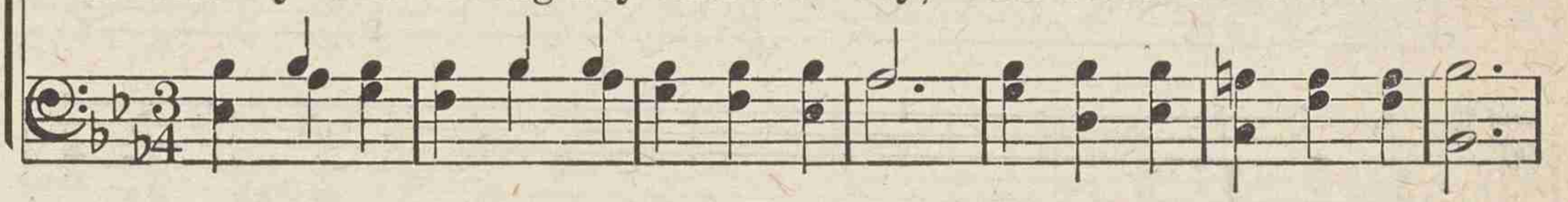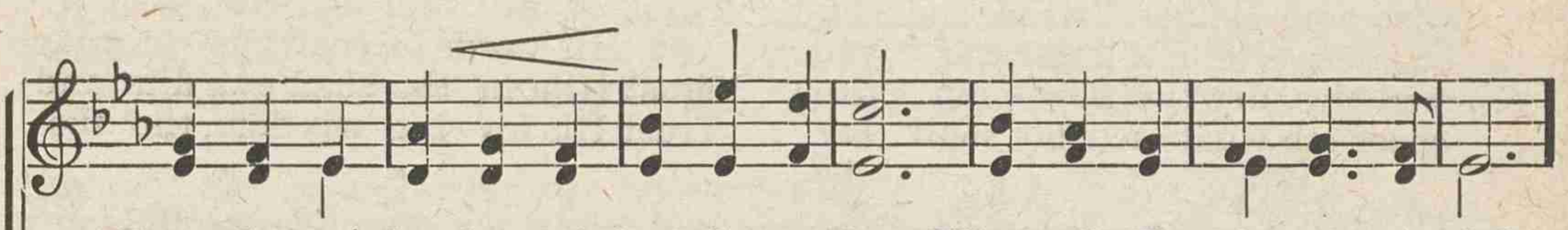


What Wilt Thou Have Me to Do? 83

B. A. R. P. P. BILHORN.
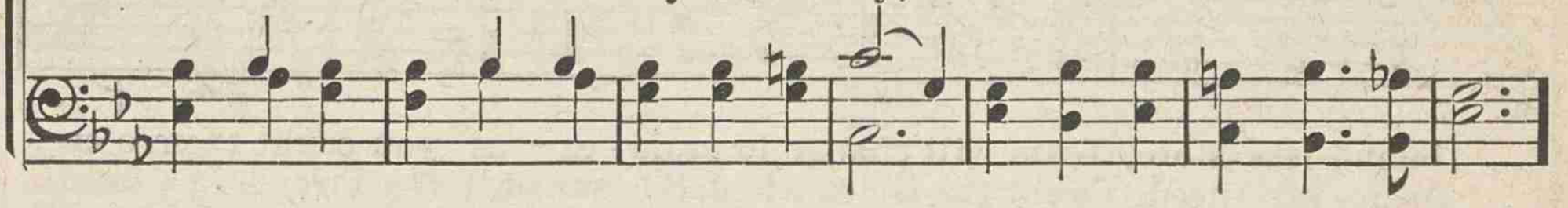


1. Lord, Thou hast granted sal-va-tion to me, What wilt Thou have me to do?
2. Since I am saved by the Cru-ci-fied One, What wilt Thou have me to do?
3. Par - don is granted thro' Him who hath died, What wilt Thou have me to do?
4. Read - y and will-ing Thy voice to o - bey, What wilt Thou have me to do?

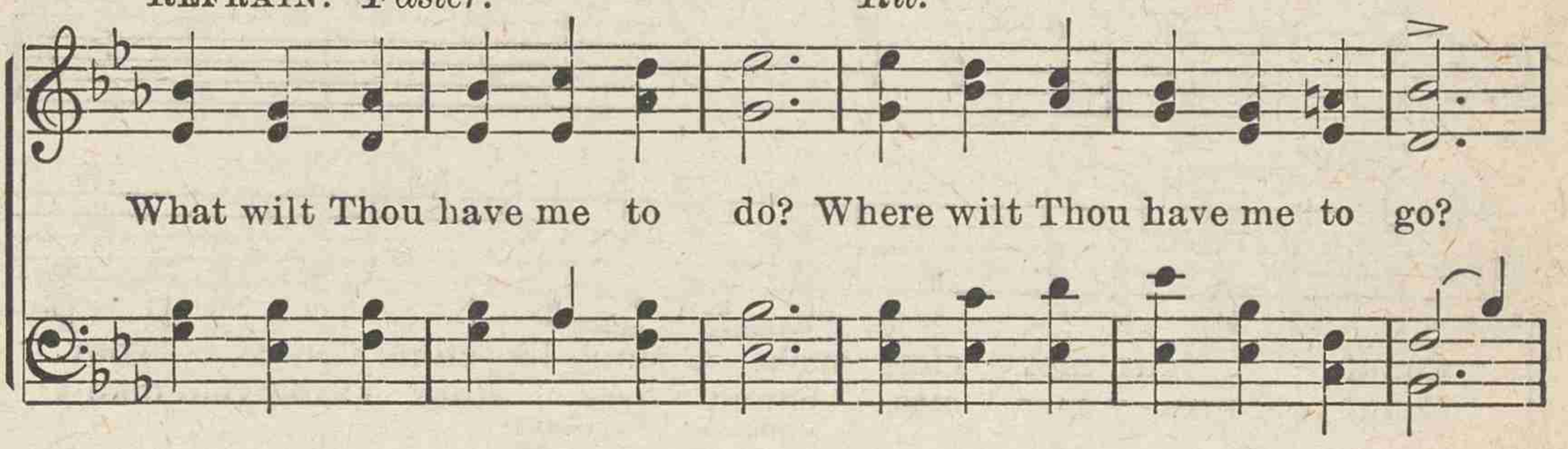




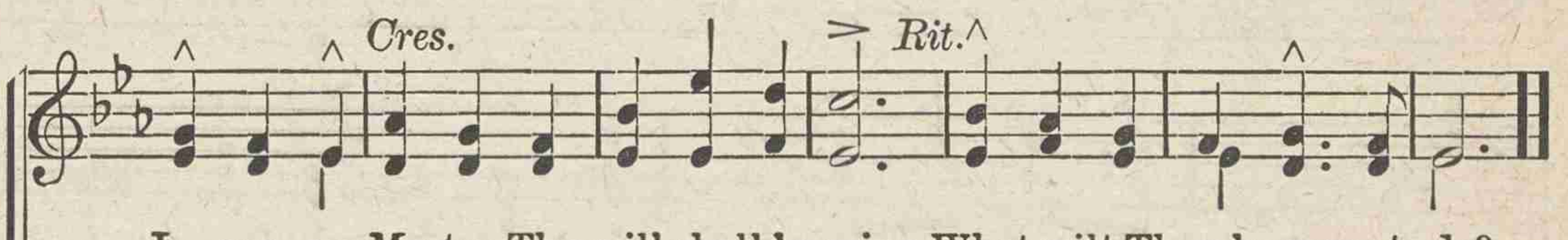
From Sa-tan's bondage at last I am free, What wilt Thou have me to do?
I would point oth-ers to God's on-ly Son, What wilt Thou have me to do?
I am so hap-py with Thee at my side, What wilt Thou have me to do?
Bid me to fol-low Thee day un-to day, What wilt Thou have me to do?



REFRAIN. *Faster.* *Rit.*
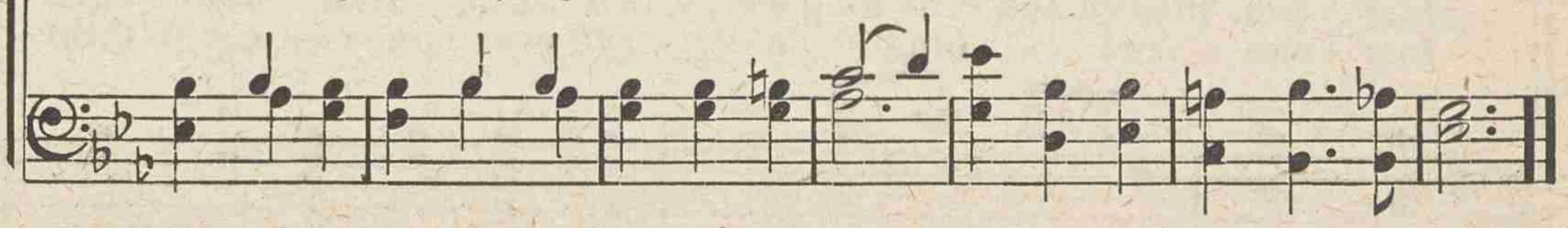


What wilt Thou have me to do? Where wilt Thou have me to go?



Cres. *Rit.*

Je - sus, my Master, Thy will shall be mine, What wilt Thou have me to do?



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84

Count Your Mercies.

FLORA KIRKLAND, Alt. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
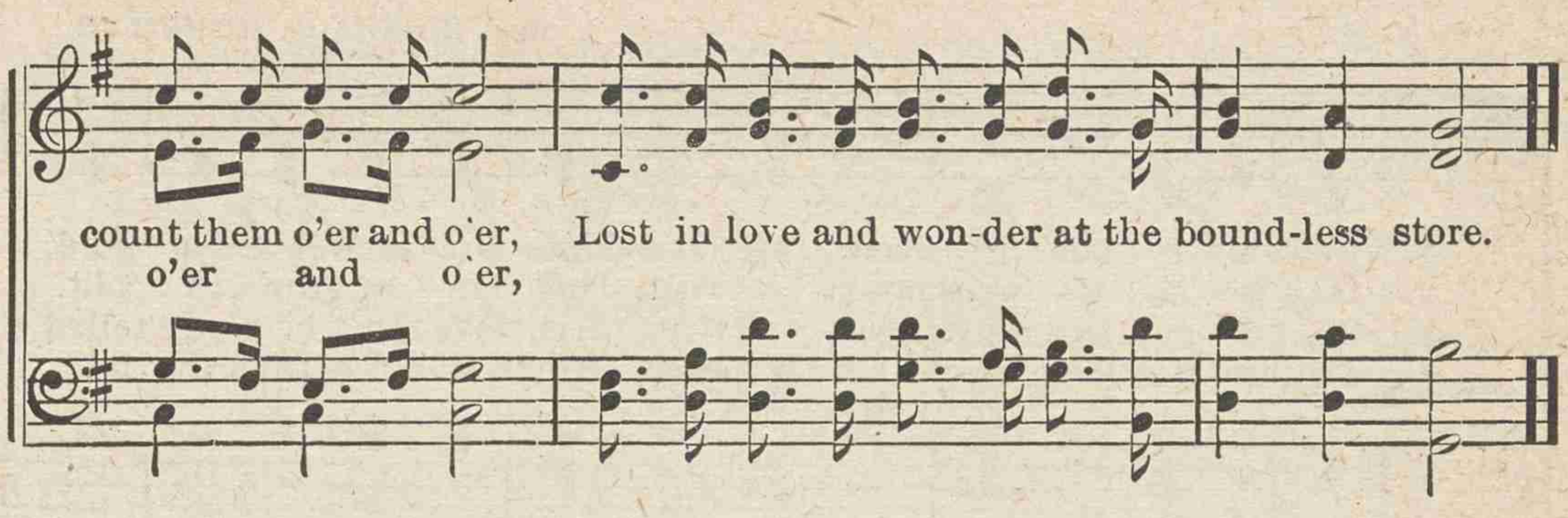
1. Are you heav - y - la - den and with sor - row tried? Look in faith to Christ, your Helper, Friend, and Guide; Think of all your mer-cies, such a
2. Think of hid - den dan-gers He has brought you thro', Of the cares and bur-dens He has borne for you, Of His words of com - fort in your
3. Does your path-way dark-en when the clouds draw near? Count your man-y mer- cies, dry the flow - ing tear; Trust Him in the shad-ows dim, and
4. As He looks from heav-en down on you and me, Know you not He choos-eth what each day shall be? Trust His lov - ing wis-dom, tho' the

bound-less store, Tears will change to prais - es as you count them o'er.
deep - est need, Count the times when Je - sus proved a Friend in - deed.
have no fear; "Heav'n will be the sweet - er for the dark down here."
hot tears start, Give to Him the in - cense of a grate - ful heart.

CHORUS.

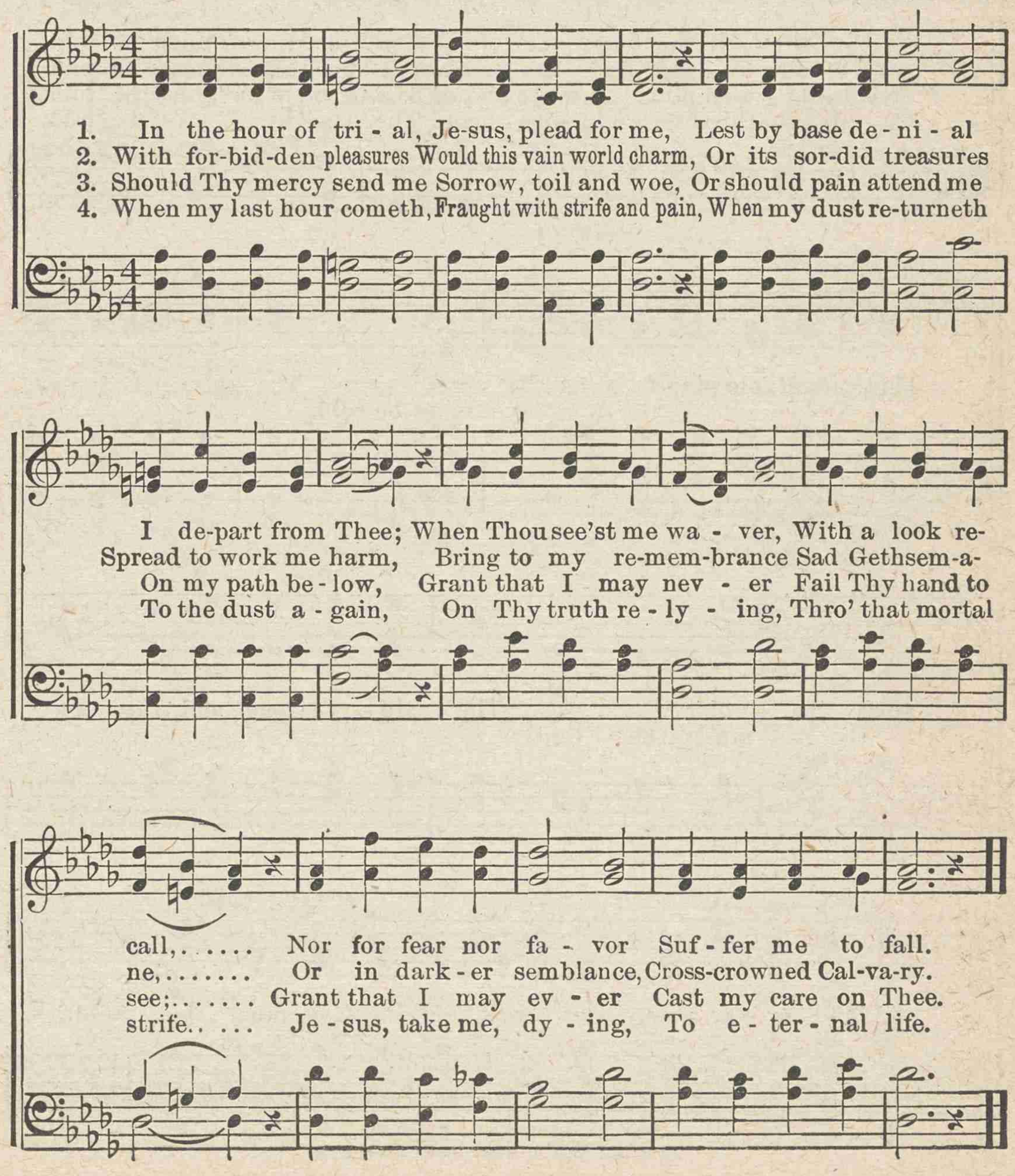
Count your mer - cies, such a bound-less store, Count your mer - cies, pressed and run - ning o'er, All your mer - cies,
Count your man - y mer - cies, bound - less store, Count your man-y mer - cies run - ning o'er, All your mer - cies, count them

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In the Hour of Trial.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. SPENCER LANE.



86 The "Good News" Must Be Told.

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

1. The sto - ry of re - deem - ing love More pre-cious is than gold,
2. It is a sto - ry strange - ly sweet, That nev - er grow-eth old,
3. O yes! our lips must hon - or Him, His love must be ex - tolled,
4. To those who long for heav'n - ly peace, To wan-d'rers from the fold,

Rit.

And on thro' all the years of time The "good news" must be told.
And to the a - ged and the young The "good news" must be told.
His grace to men must be made known, The "good news" must be told.
To all who thirst for right-eous - ness The "good news" must be told.

CHORUS.

That sweet, old sto - ry must be told, The gos - pel sto - ry
it must be told,
must be told;..... The sto - ry strange and true, So
it must be told;
old and ev - er new, The sweet, old sto - ry must be told.

Rit.

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Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S. H. G. SMYTH.

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God flow - ing thro' you?
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur - dened for those that are lost?
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly tell - ing for Him?
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not free from all sin;

Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you
Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing, The
Have you spok - en the word of sal - va - tion To
We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To

read - y His serv-ice to do?
Sav - ior who died on the cross?
those who are dy - ing in sin?
those we are try - ing to win.

CHORUS.

Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, I pray; My life pos - sess - ing,
my serv - ice bless-ing, Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing to - day.

rit

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It Shall Be Mine.

"Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 Peter 5: 4.

J. W. V. J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. There waits a crown be-yond the skies, A fade-less gem, a roy - al prize,
2. I suf - fer here, en-dure the pain, I bear the cross that I may reign;
3. No cru - el hand can dim, nor mar, De - ny the crown of one bright star;
4. E - ter - nal years will come and go, And all shall pass a - way be - low;

With-in the Sav ior's ten - der care, For ev - 'ry child of God to wear.
I seek the hon - or and re-nown That glo - ri - fies the vic-tor's crown.
The light will nev - er fade a - way, But glit - ter like the orb of day.
But, far a - bove the realms of night, The crown will shine, for-ev - er bright.

CHORUS. *Cres.*
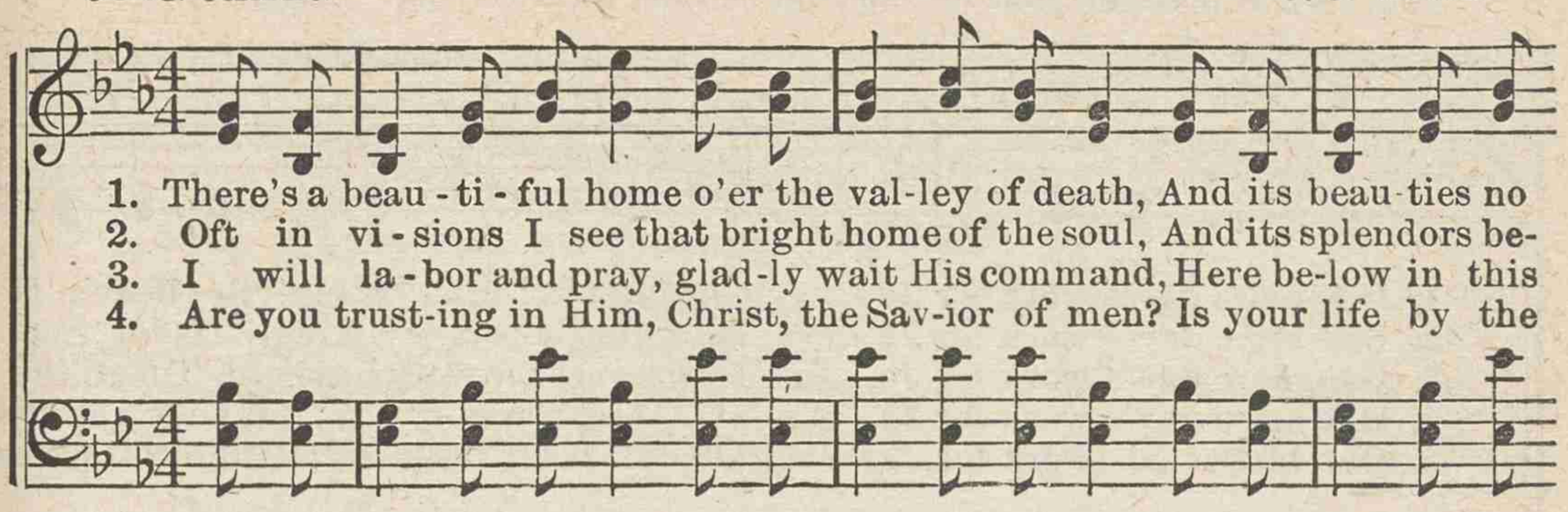
It shall be mine,..... un - fad - ing gem,..... E - ter - nal
It shall be mine, un-fad-ing gem,
gift,..... bright di - a - dem;..... Its ra-diant light.....
E - ter-nal gift, bright di-a-dem; Its radiant light
the stars out - shine;..... The crown of glo - ry shall be mine!
the stars outshine;

ff *Dim.*

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That Beautiful City of Gold. 89

JOHN JAMES. J. J. LOWE.
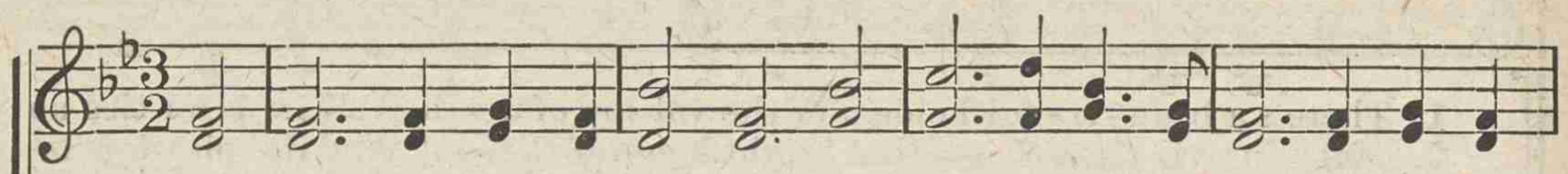


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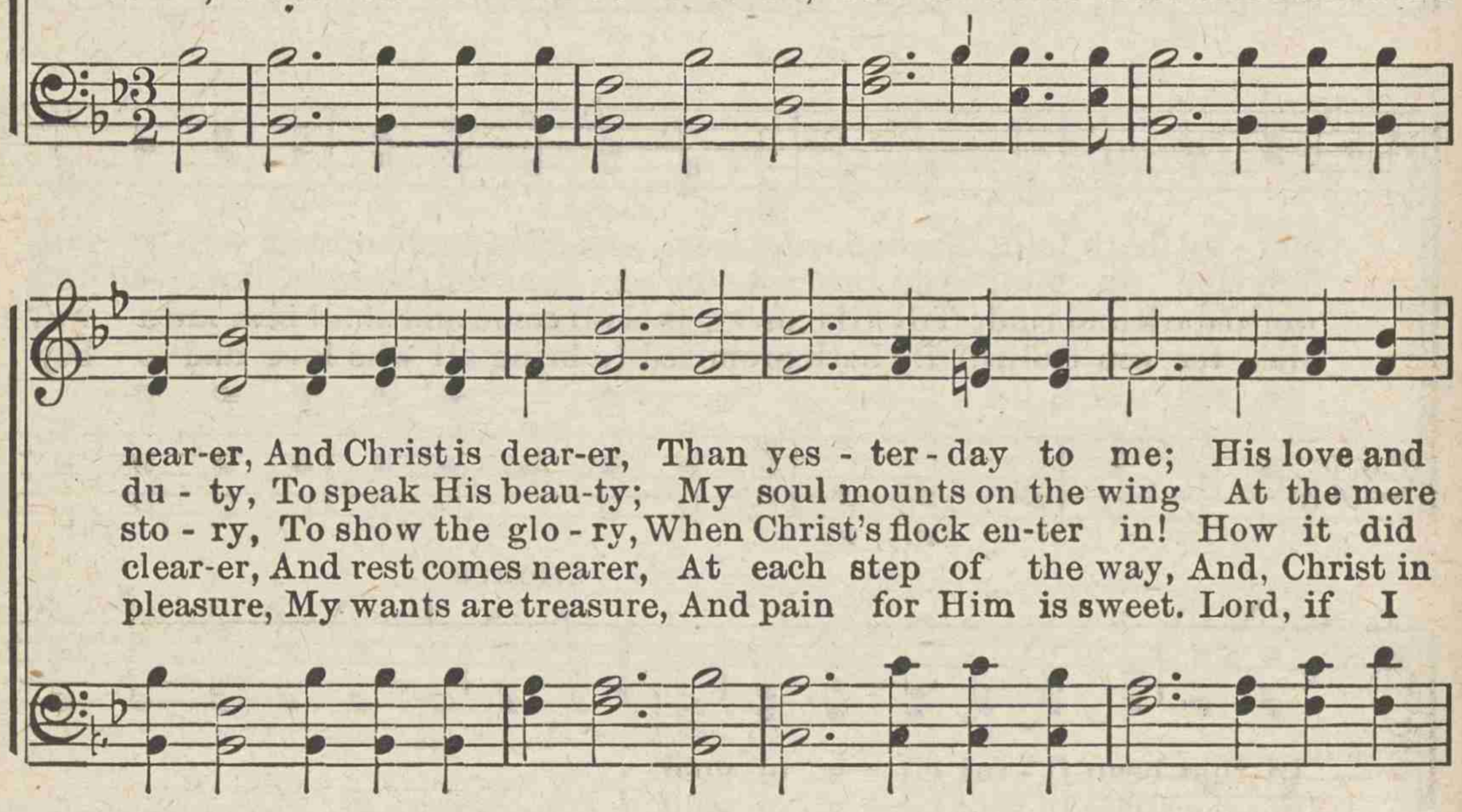
90 One More Day's Work for Jesus.
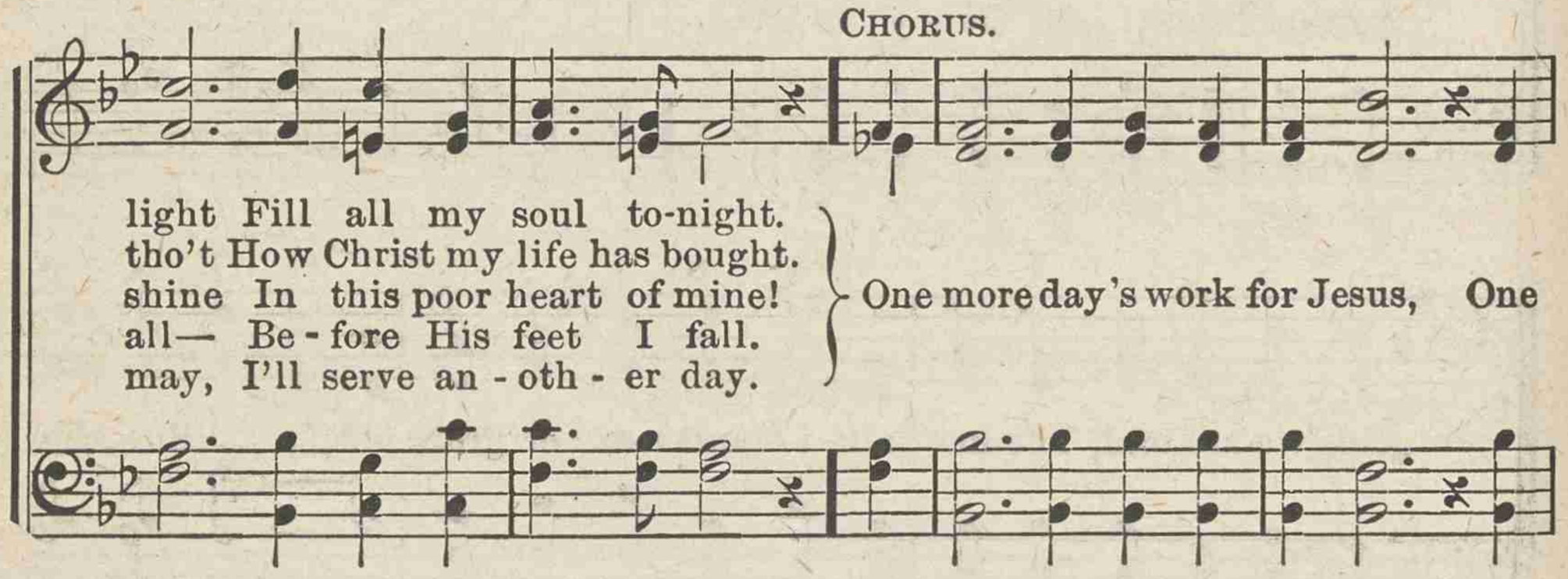
"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day."—John 9: 4.

Miss ANNA WARNER. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for me! But heav'n is near-er, And Christ is dear-er, Than yes - ter - day to me; His love and
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo-rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak His beau-ty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When Christ's flock en-ter in! How it did
4. One more day's work for Je - sus— O yes, a wea-ry day; But heav'n shines clear-er, And rest comes nearer, At each step of the way, And, Christ in
5. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Jesus' feet! There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treasure, And pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I

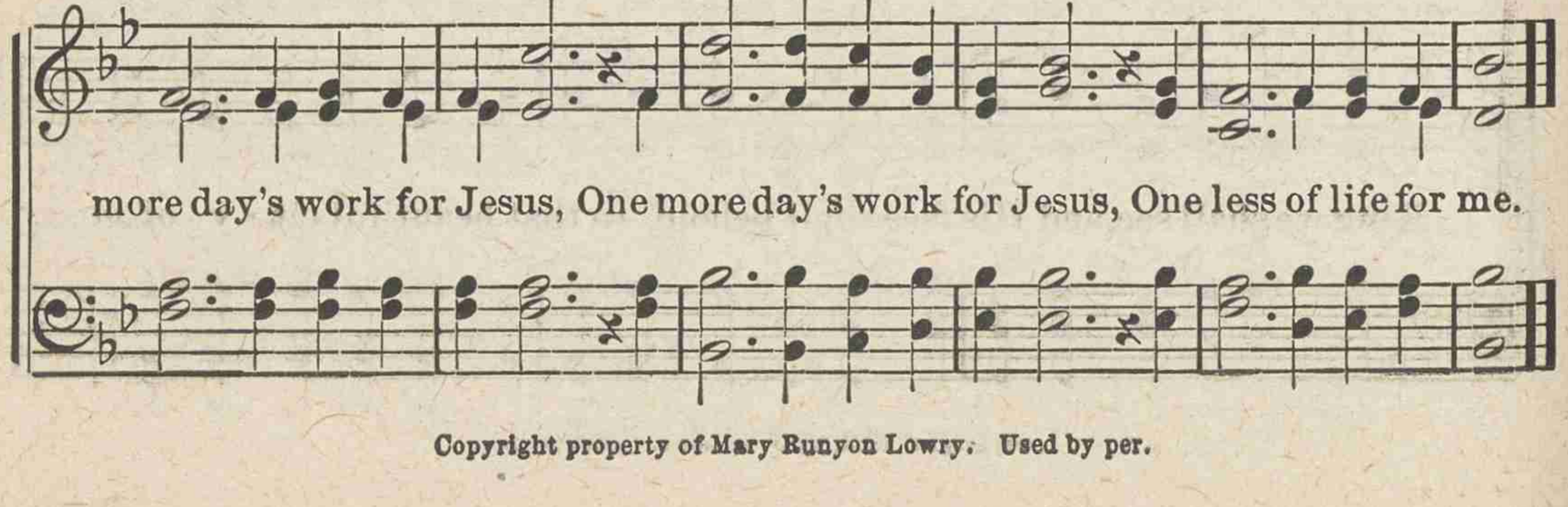




CHORUS.

light Fill all my soul to-night.
tho't How Christ my life has bought.
shine In this poor heart of mine!
all— Be - fore His feet I fall.
may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.

} One more day's work for Jesus, One
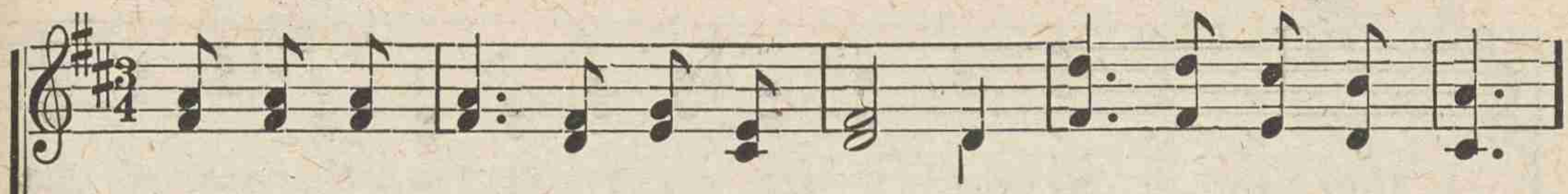


more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me.
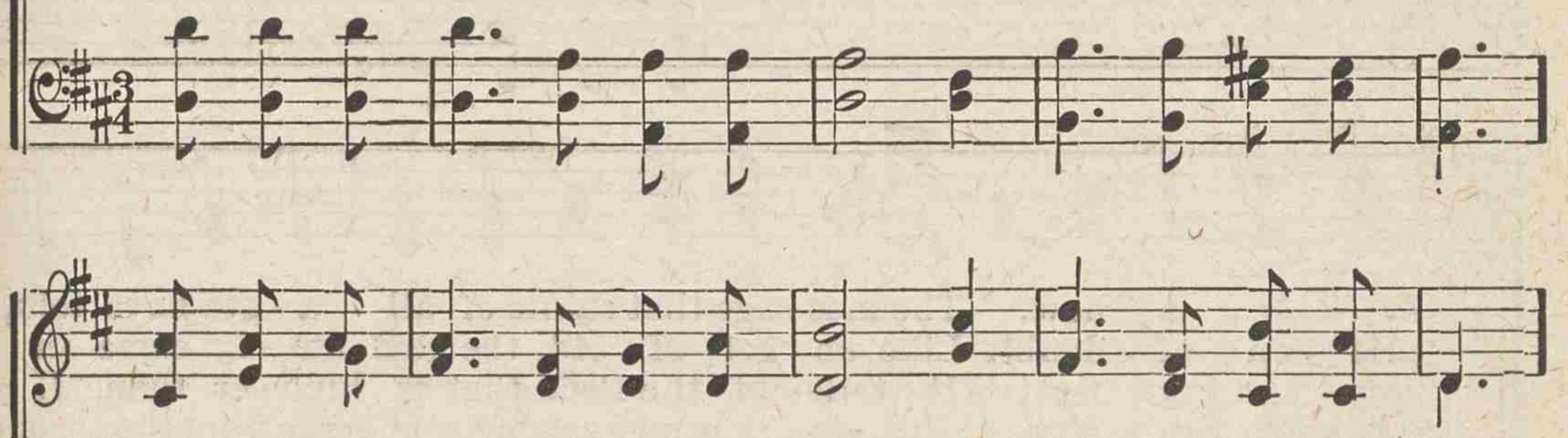
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I Will Pass Over You.
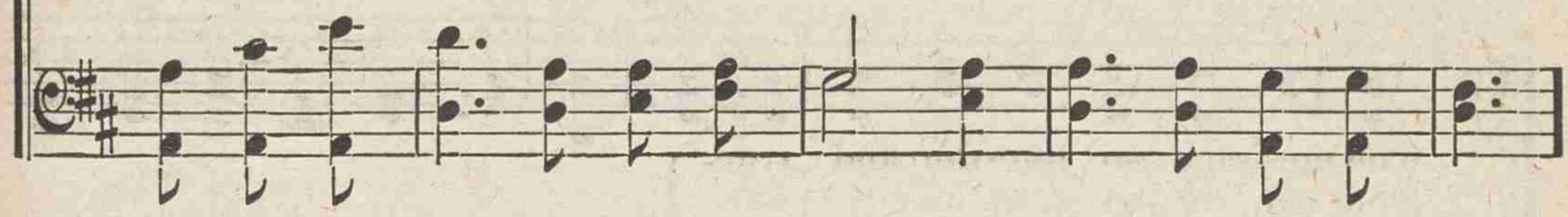
EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.
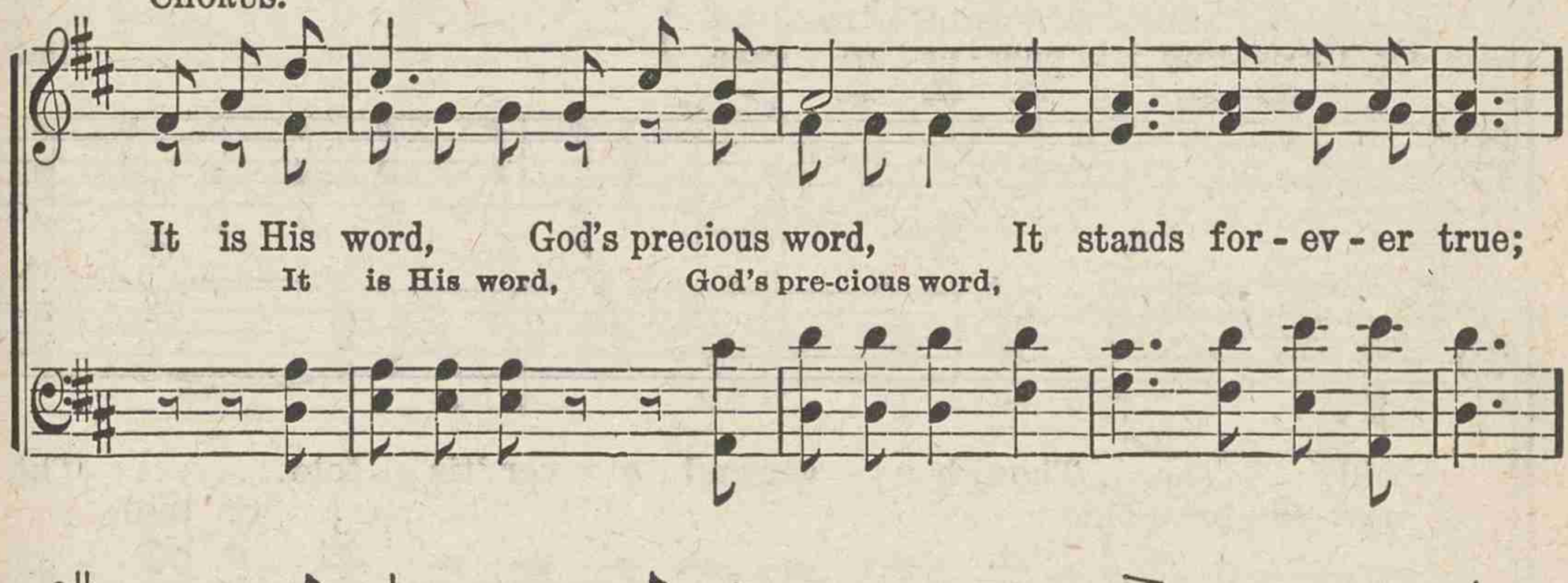


1. When God the way of life would teach And gath - er all His own,
2. By Christ, the Lamb, the Lamb of God, The pre-cious blood was shed,
3. O soul, for thee sal - va - tion thus By God is free - ly giv'n;
4. The wrath of God that was our due, Up - on the Lamb was laid;
5. How calm shall pass the judg-ment hour, To all who do o - bey



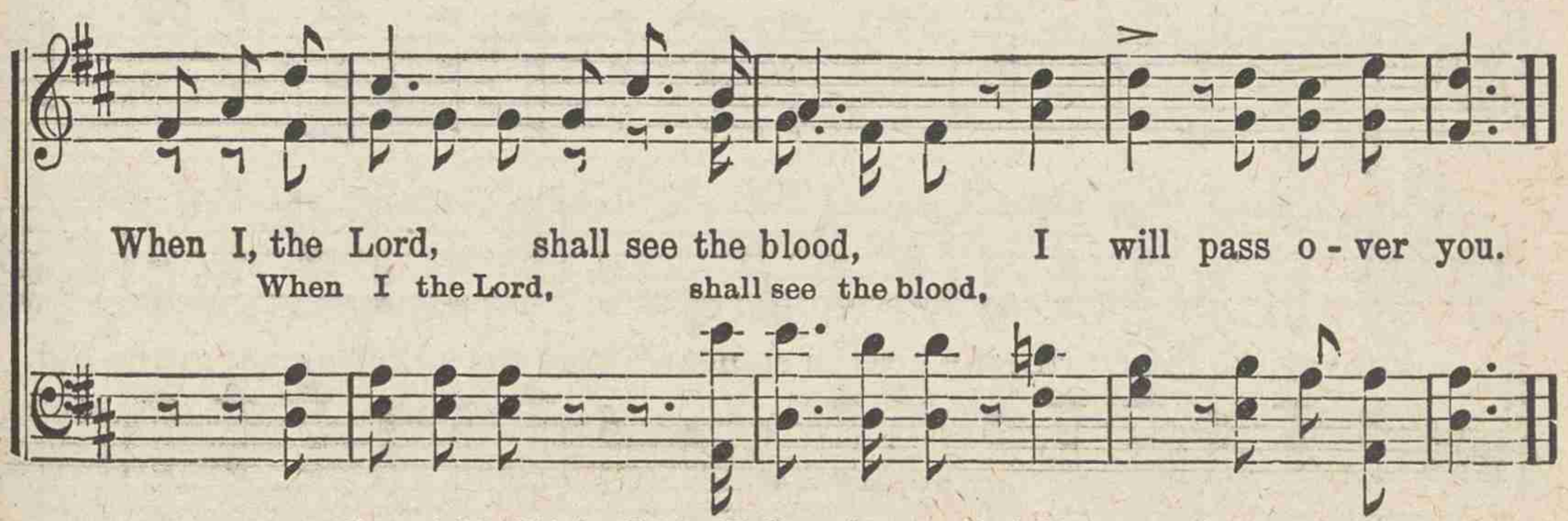
He puts them safe be - yond the reach Of death, by blood a - lone.
When He ful - filled God's ho - ly word, And suf - fered in our stead.
The blood of Christ a - tones for sin, And makes us meet for heav'n.
And by His blood, His pre - cious blood, The debt for us was paid.
The word of God a - bout the blood, And make that word their stay.



CHORUS.



It is His word, God's precious word, It stands for - ev - er true;
It is His word, God's pre-cious word,



When I, the Lord, shall see the blood, I will pass o - ver you.
When I the Lord, shall see the blood,

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92 The Story that Never Grows Old.

JOHN H. YATES. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. How dear to my heart is the sto - ry of old, The sto - ry that
2. It came to my heart when, all fet-tered by sin, I sat in the
3. It comes to my soul when the temp-ter is nigh With snares for my
4. When sor - row is mine, and on pil-lows of stone My ach - ing head
5. When down in the "val - ley and shad - ow of Death," I en - ter the

ev - er is new, The mes-sage that saints of all a - ges have told,
pris - on of doubt; Like an - gel of old, the glad sto - ry came in
way - wea - ry feet; It tells of the Rock that is high - er than I,
seeks for re - pose, This sto - ry brings comfort and peace from the throne,
gloom of the grave, I'll tell the old sto - ry with life's lat - est breath

CHORUS.

The mes-sage so ten - der and true.
And led me tri - um-phant-ly out.
And leads to its bliss - ful re - treat.
My des - ert blooms forth like the rose.
Of Christ and His pow - er to save.
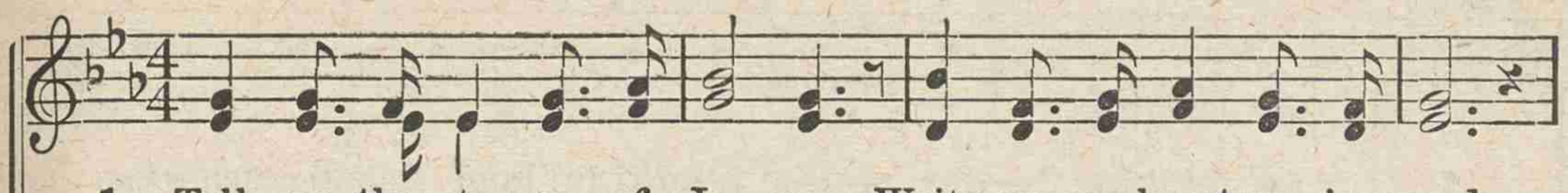
The sto - ry that nev - er grows that

old, ... Though o - ver and o - ver 'tis told, ... The
nev - er grows old, 'tis told,
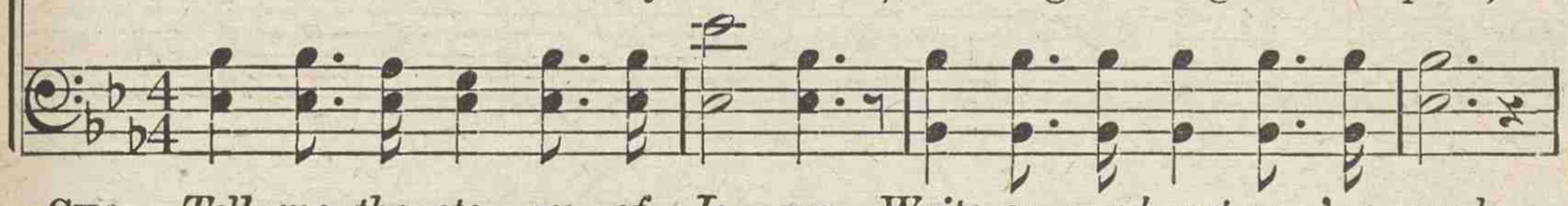
sto - ry so dear, bringing heaven so near, Sweet story that nev - er grows old.

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FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

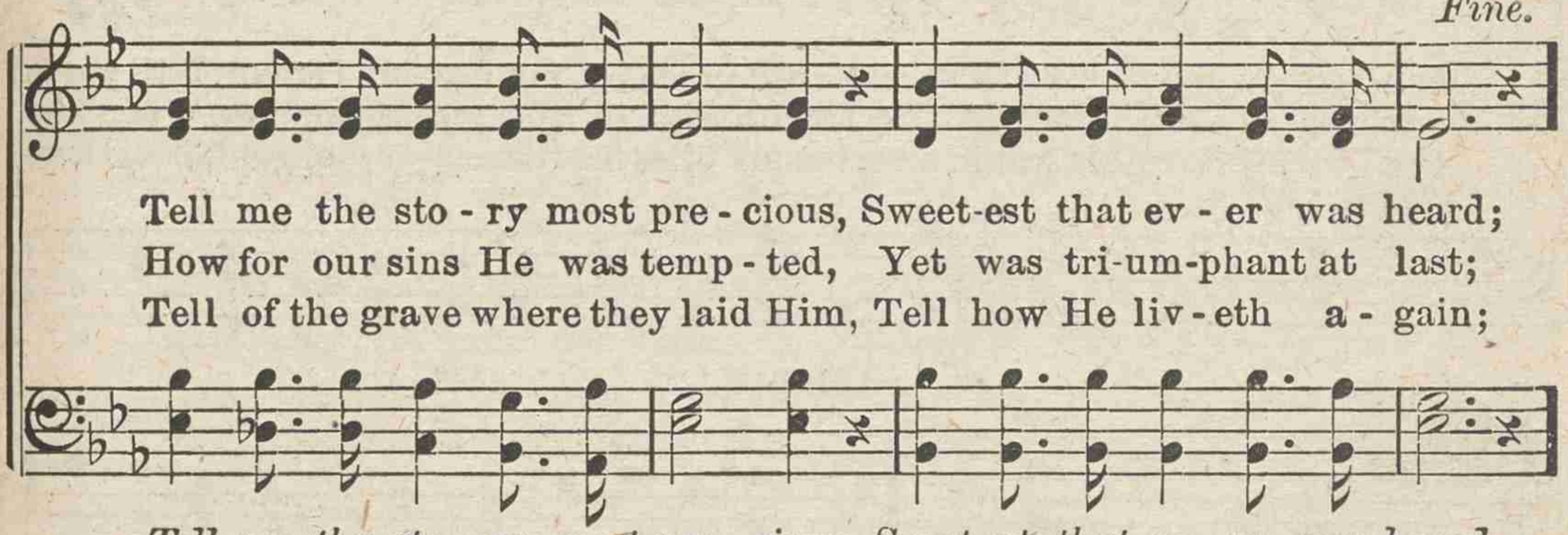


1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word,
2. Fast-ing a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that He passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writhing in an-guish and pain;
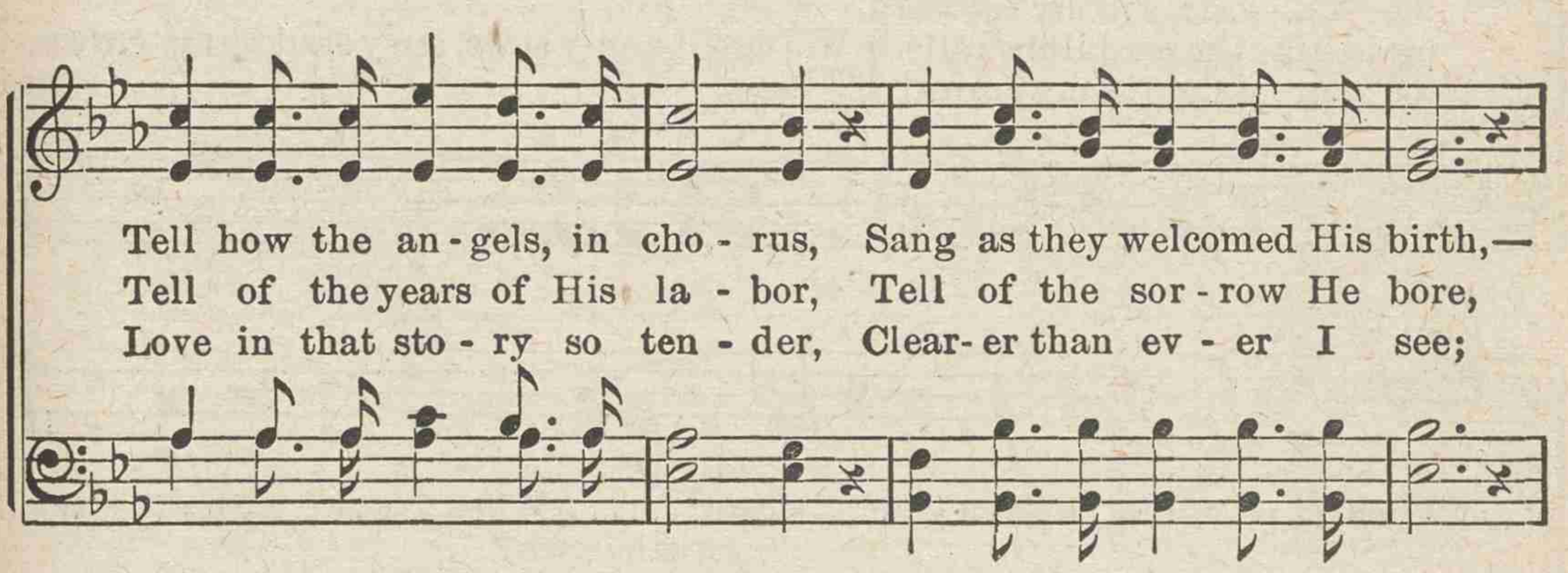


CHO.—*Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;*

Fine.



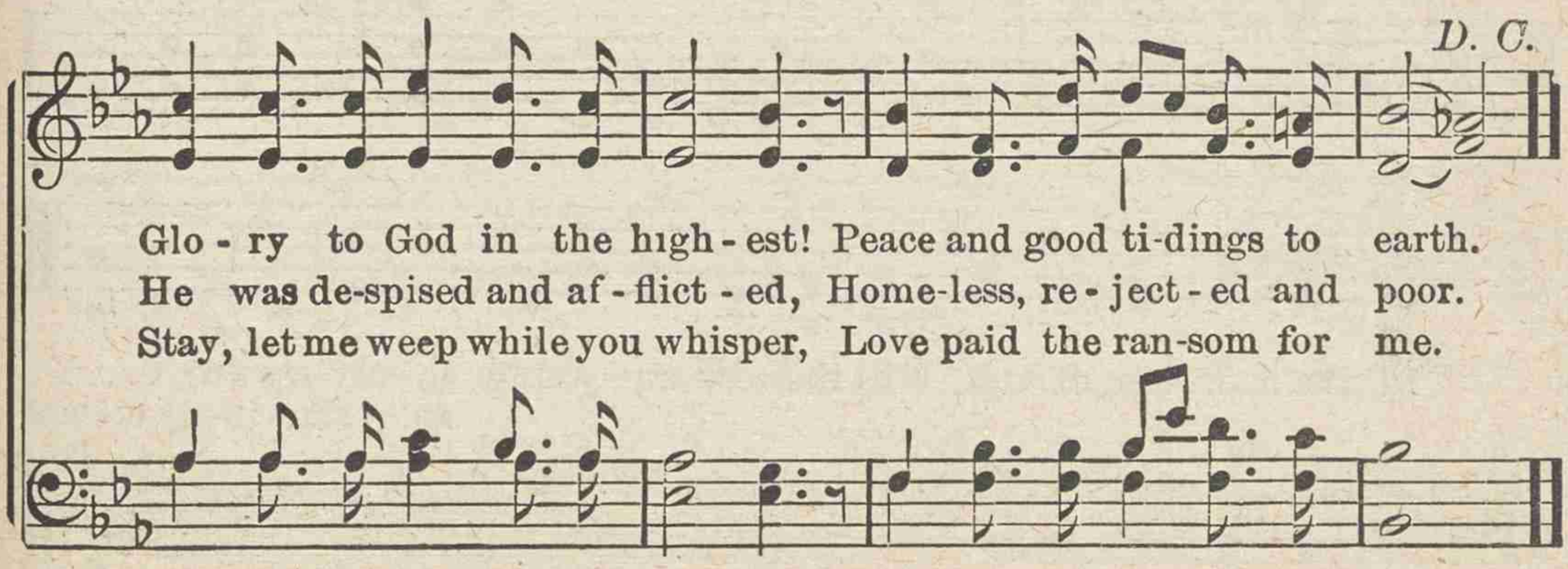
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins He was temp - ted, Yet was tri-um-phant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain;

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard.



Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed His birth,—
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;

D. C.



Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti-dings to earth.
He was de-spised and af - flict - ed, Home-less, re - ject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ran-som for me.

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94

Will There Be Any Stars?

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

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His
3. Oh, what joy will it be, when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there

CHORUS.

be an-y stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-billow rolls.
be an-y stars in my crown?
} Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown,

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

In the man-sions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?..... an-y stars in my crown?

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My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By. 95

Rev. DAVID NELSON. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my breth-ren dear, Our dis - tant home dis- cern-ing;
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing;
4. Let sor-row's rud - est tem- pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er,

Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan- ger.
Our ab- sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn-ing.
That per-fect rest naught can mo - lest, Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.
Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home, For-ev - er, oh, for - ev - er!

REFRAIN.

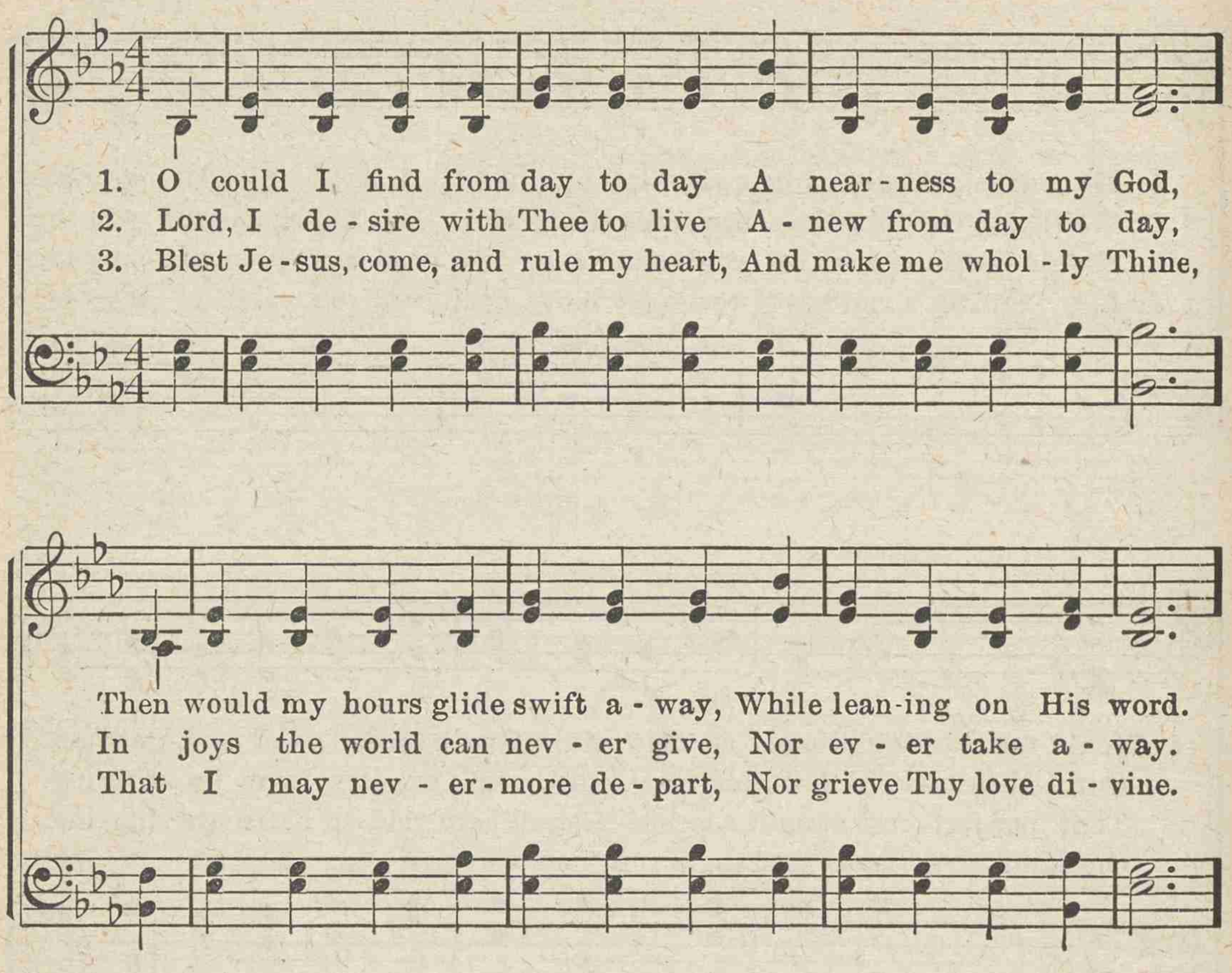
For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand; Our friends are pass-ing o - ver;

And, just be - fore, the shin-ing shore We may al- most dis - cov - er.

96

O Could I Find.

B. CLEVELAND. J. J. LOWE.



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Alone.

"For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost."—Matthew 18: 11.

J. W. V. J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. A - lone in the world are you roam - ing to - night, In dan-ger, ex-
2. A - lone with-out God on the wild waste of time, When mer-cy and
3. A - lone in the vale, in the shad - ow of death, For - sak - en! How
4. A - lone in the gloom of e - ter - ni - ty's night, The riv - er of

posed to the cold,..... A wan - der-ing sheep on the mountains of sin,
par - don are nigh!..... Why hard-en your heart and re - fuse to be saved,
dread-ful the fate!..... Re - pent ere the door - way of mer - cy is closed,
des - ti - ny crossed;... Your soul with-out hope in the dark-ness will roam,

CHORUS.

Un - shel - tered and far from the fold?.....
Re - ject the dear Sav-ior, and die?.....
When Je - sus will an-swer, "Too late!"....
A wan - der - er, ransomed, but lost!.....

O lis-ten, the voice of the Shep-herd I hear, "I bring to the wea-ry one rest; My arms are ex-tend - ed, I bid him to come And pil - low his head on my breast."

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98

Beulah Land.

E. P. STITES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. The Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heaven's mel - o - dy,

Here shines undimmed one blissful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
He gen - tly leads me with His hand, For this is heav- en's bor- der-land.
And flow'rs that nev- er - fad-ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an-gels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

CHORUS.

O Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,

I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,

And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home for - ev - er more.

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The Sweet By and By.

S. F. BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our

see it a - far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

REFRAIN.

pare us a dwell-ing-place there. In the sweet by and by,
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless-ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet by and by,

We shall meet on that beau-ti- ful shore; In the sweet
by and by; by and by,
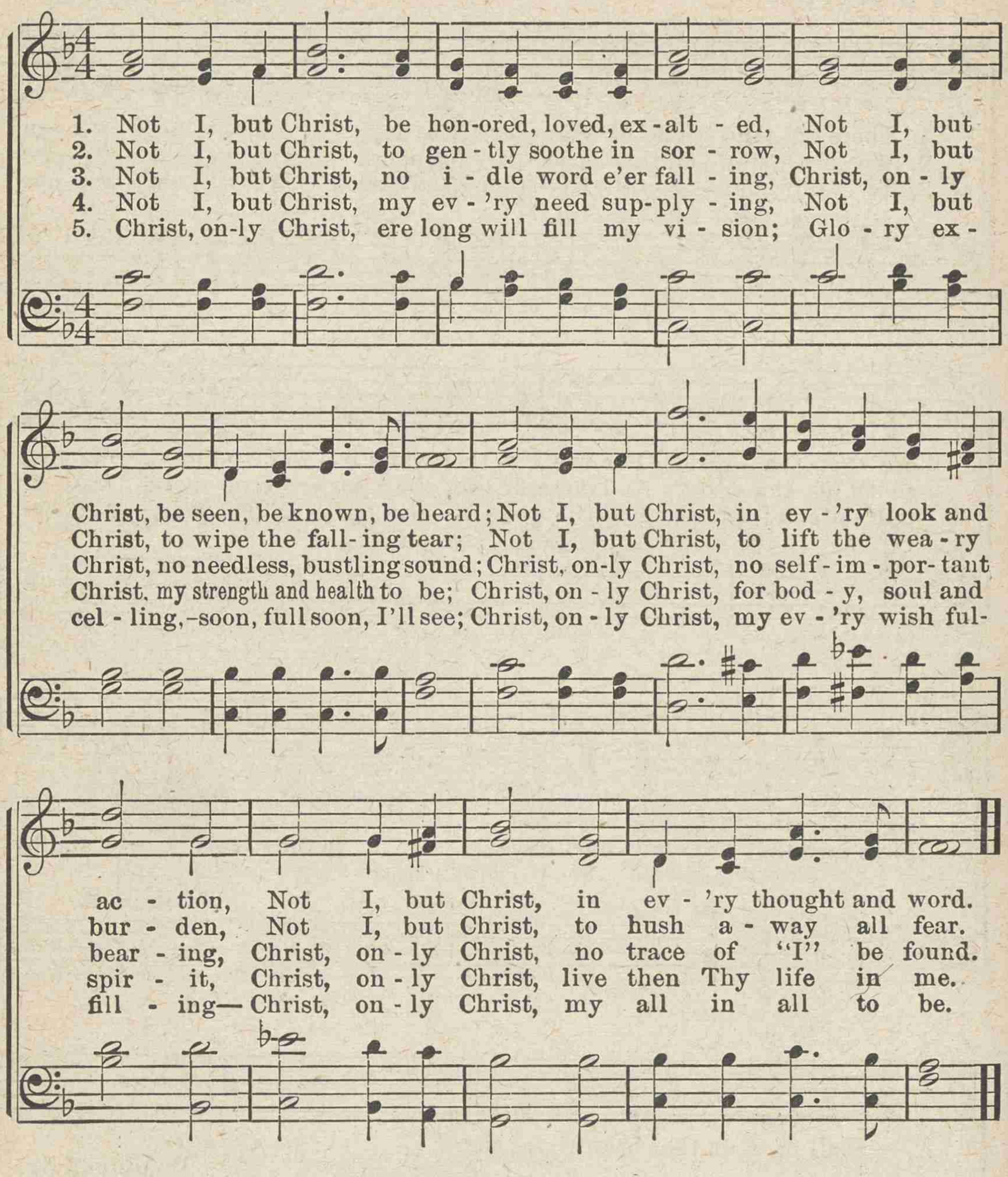
by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
by and by,

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100

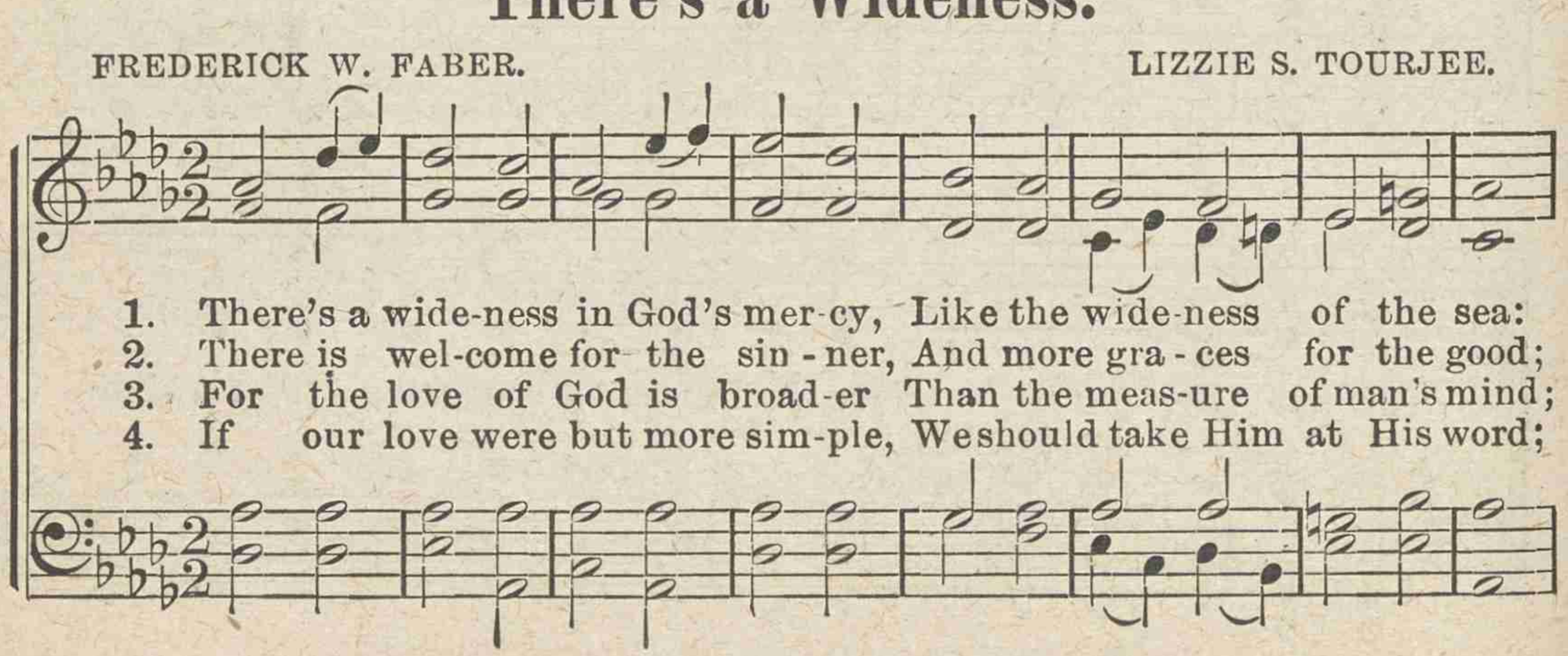
Not I, But Christ.

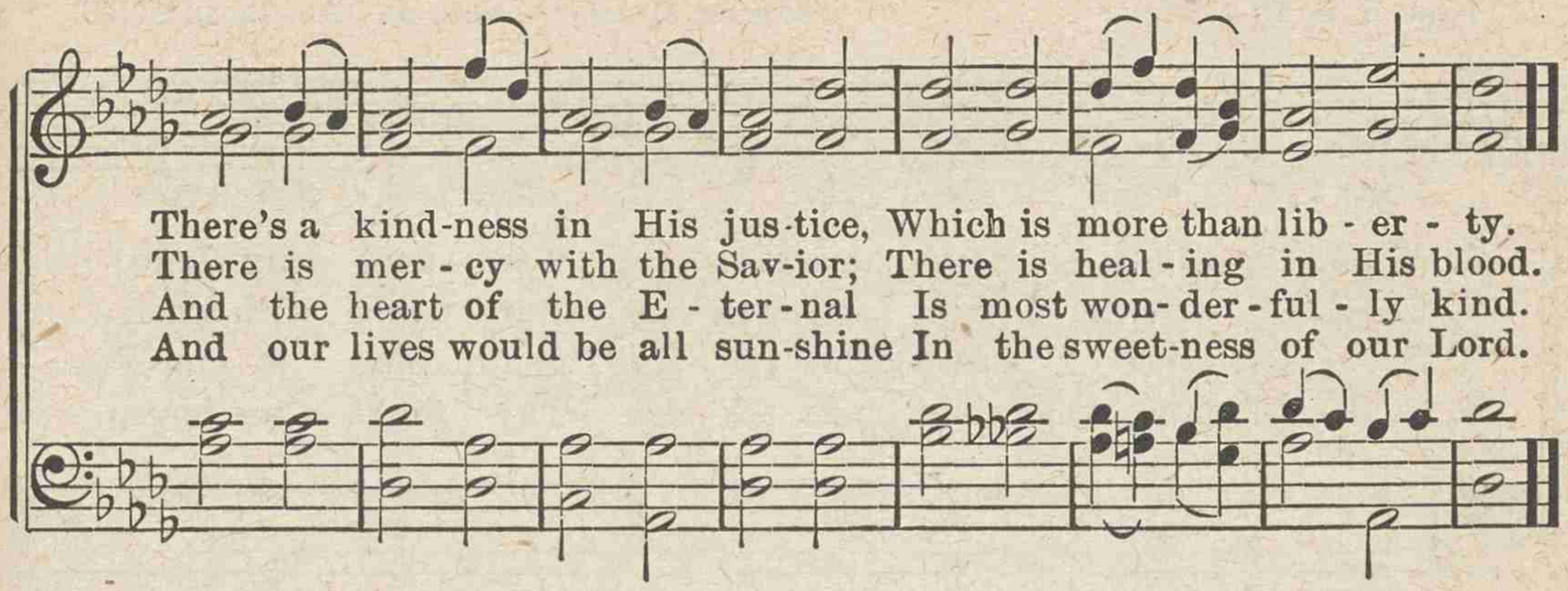
A. B. SIMPSON. From MENDELSSOHN.



There's a Wideness.
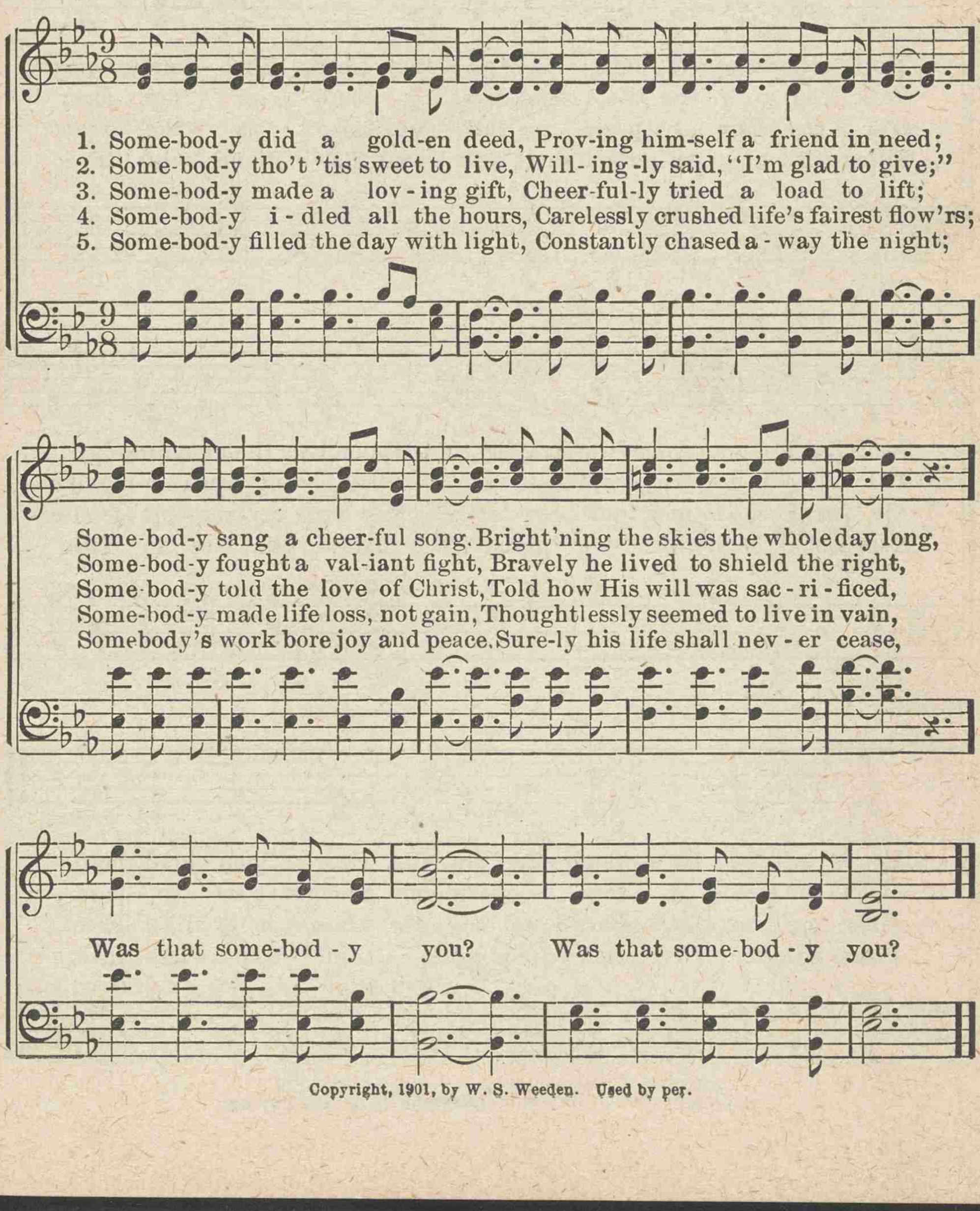
FREDERICK W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.





Somebody.
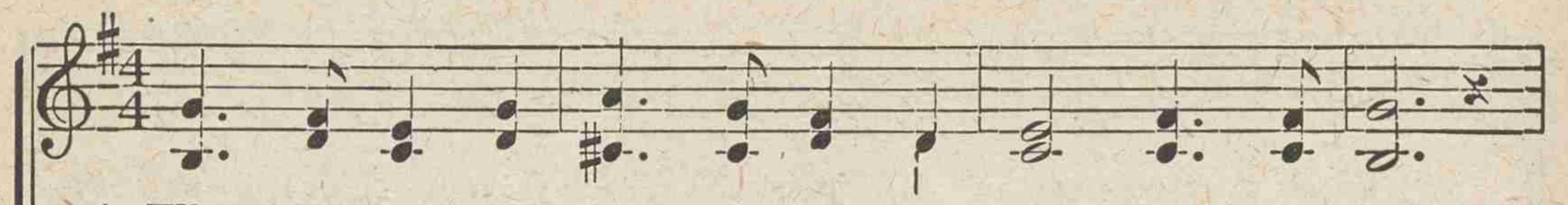
JNO. R. CLEMENTS. W. S. WEEDEN.
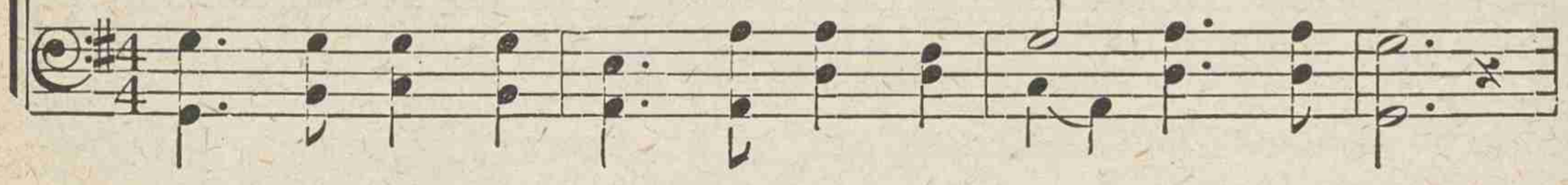


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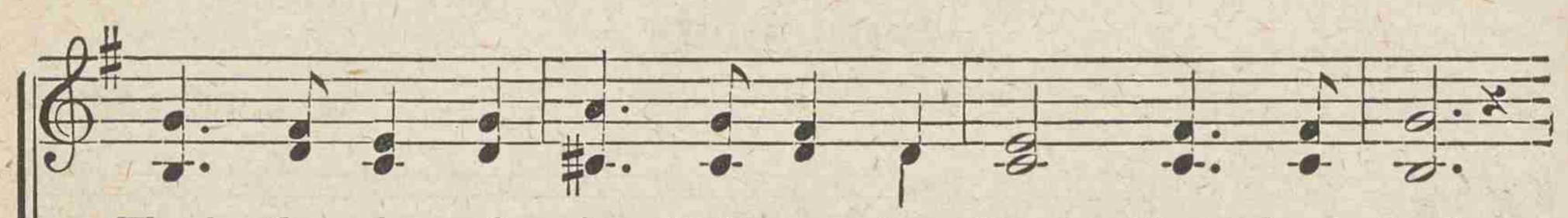
102 Filled With Glory.

MRS. E. S. BLACK. WELSH MELODY. ARR. BY JAS. D. LITTLE.
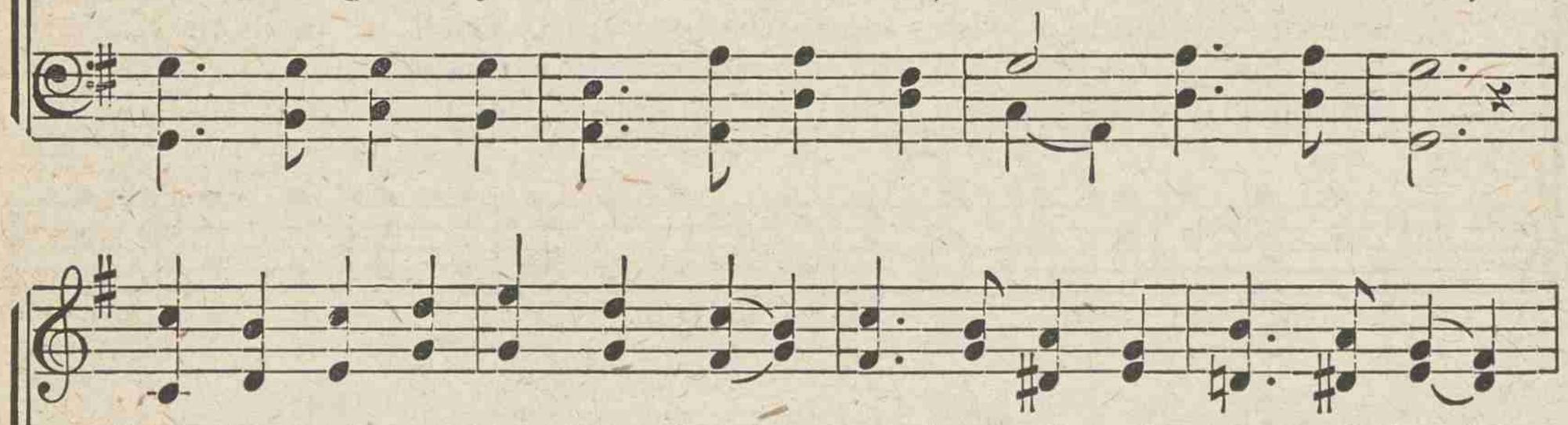


1. Where the winds of death are blow - ing, Wan - ders my Lord,
2. Long I wan-dered, faint and wea - ry, Bur - dened with woes,
3. Sav - ior, since I heard Thee call - ing "Come, come to me,"
4. Soul of mine, when thou hast tak - en Thy flight a - bove,

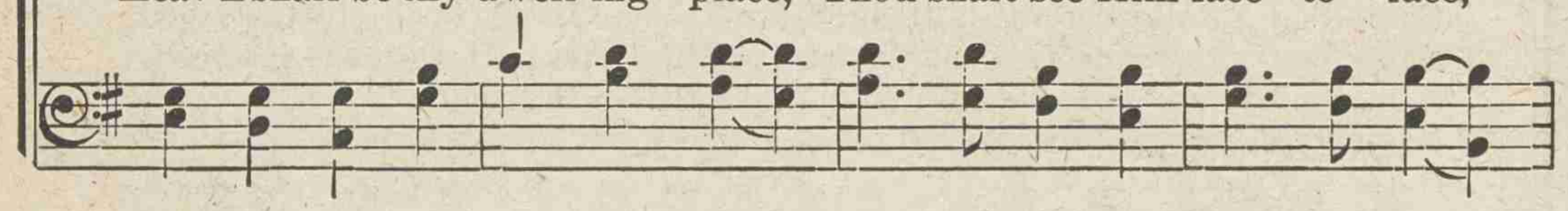




Thro' the vales of sin He's go - ing, Dear Shep - herd, Lord;
Dark - er grew the way, and drear - y, Fierc - er my foes;
O'er my heart a peace is fall - ing, Deep as the sea;
Filled with glo - ry— thou shalt wak - en, Ra - diant with love;



Seek- ing lost ones from Him straying, Loved ones, long from home de-lay-ing,
Till this ten- der Shepherd found me, Threw His lov-ing arms a-round me,
All to Thee I now sur - ren-der, Be my stay, my sure de - fend-er,
Heav'n shall be thy dwell-ing place, Thou shalt see Him face to face,



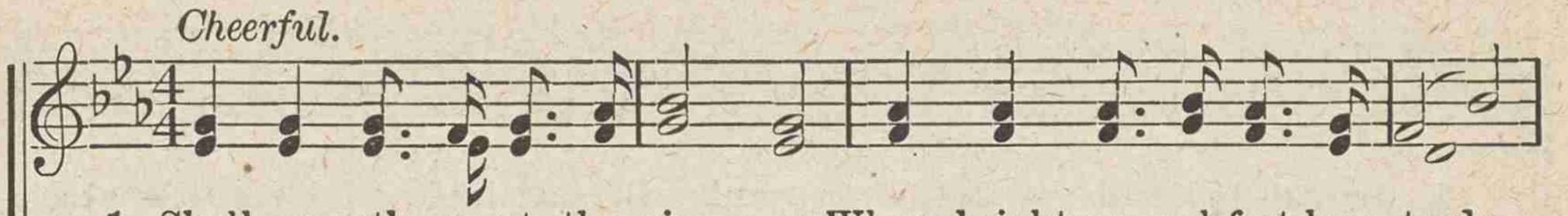
Ev - er - more He's watch - ing, pray-ing, Dear Shep - herd, Lord.
With the bands of love He bound me, Brought sweet re - pose.
Make me ho - ly, pure and ten - der, More, more like Thee.
Praise Him for His won - drous grace, And bound - less love.

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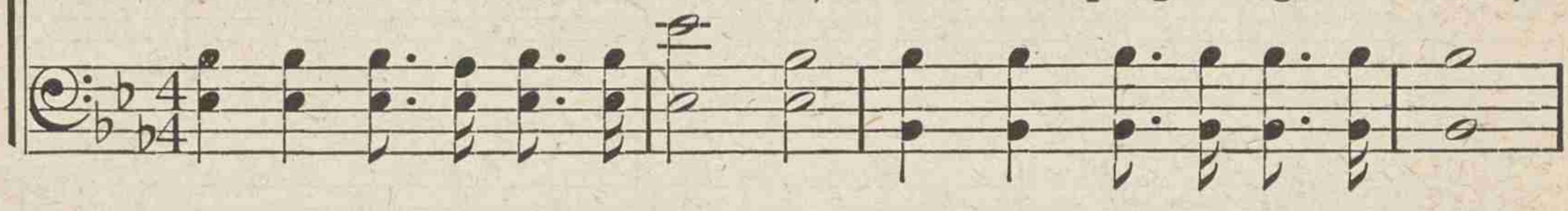
Beautiful River.
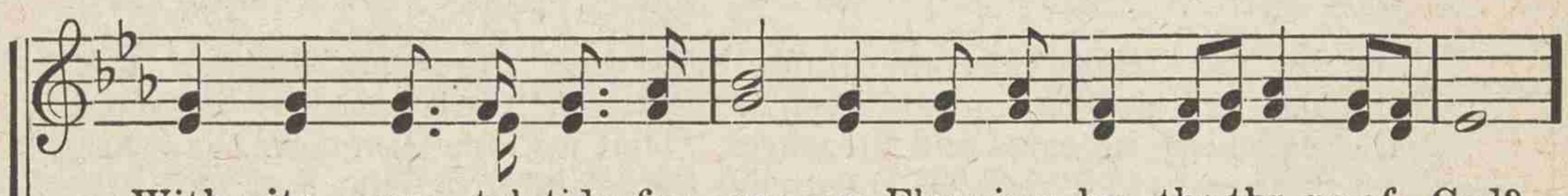
R. L. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

Cheerful.
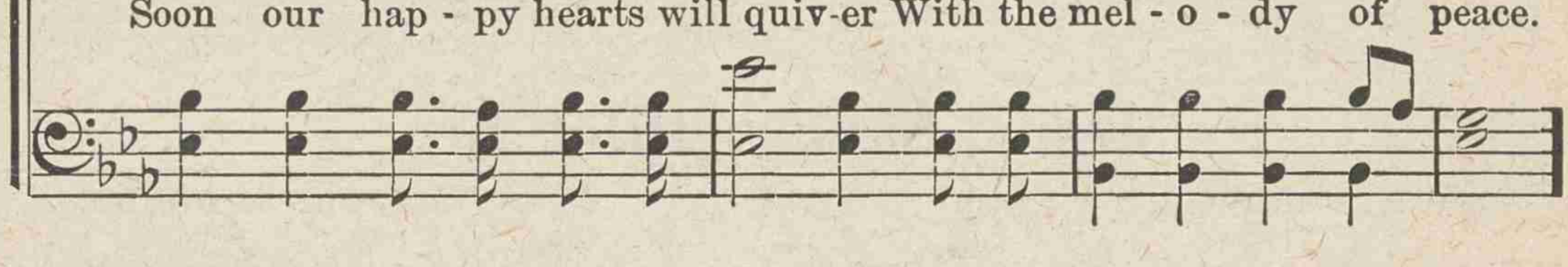


1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down;
4. At the smil-ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Sav-ior's face,
5. Soon we'll reach the silver riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
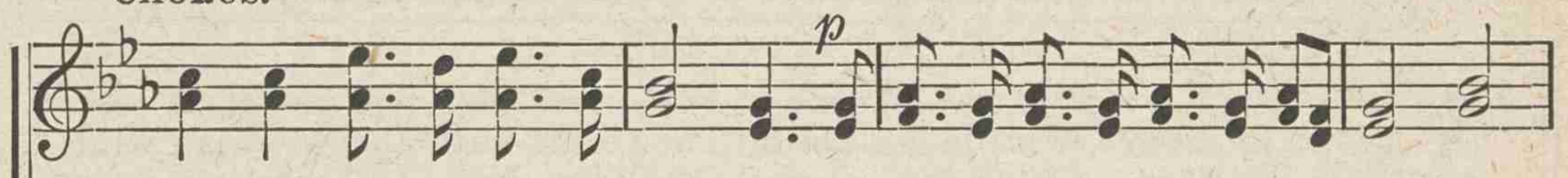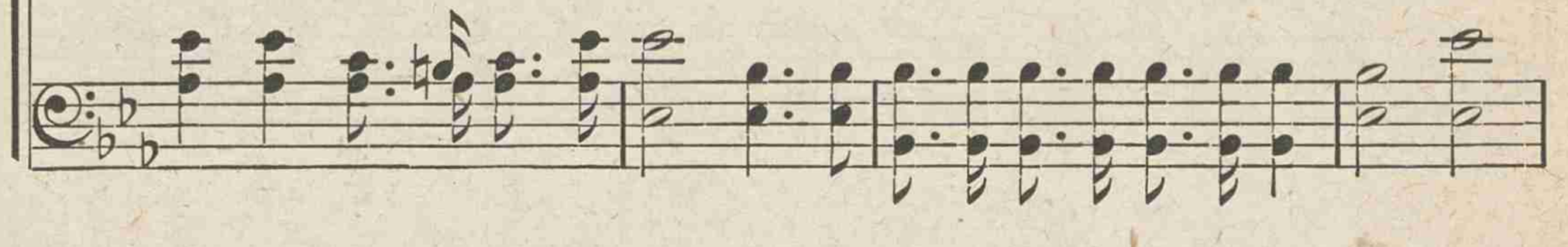




With its crys - tal tide for ev - er Flow-ing by the thr ne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Saints whom death will nev-er sev - er, Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv-er With the mel - o - dy of peace.
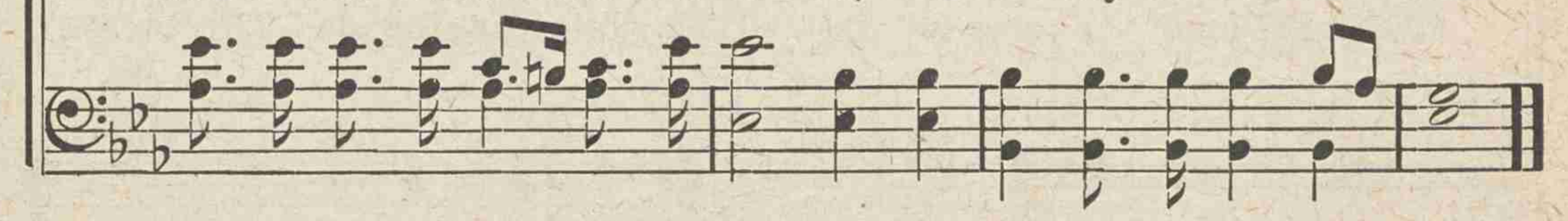


CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beautiful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,—
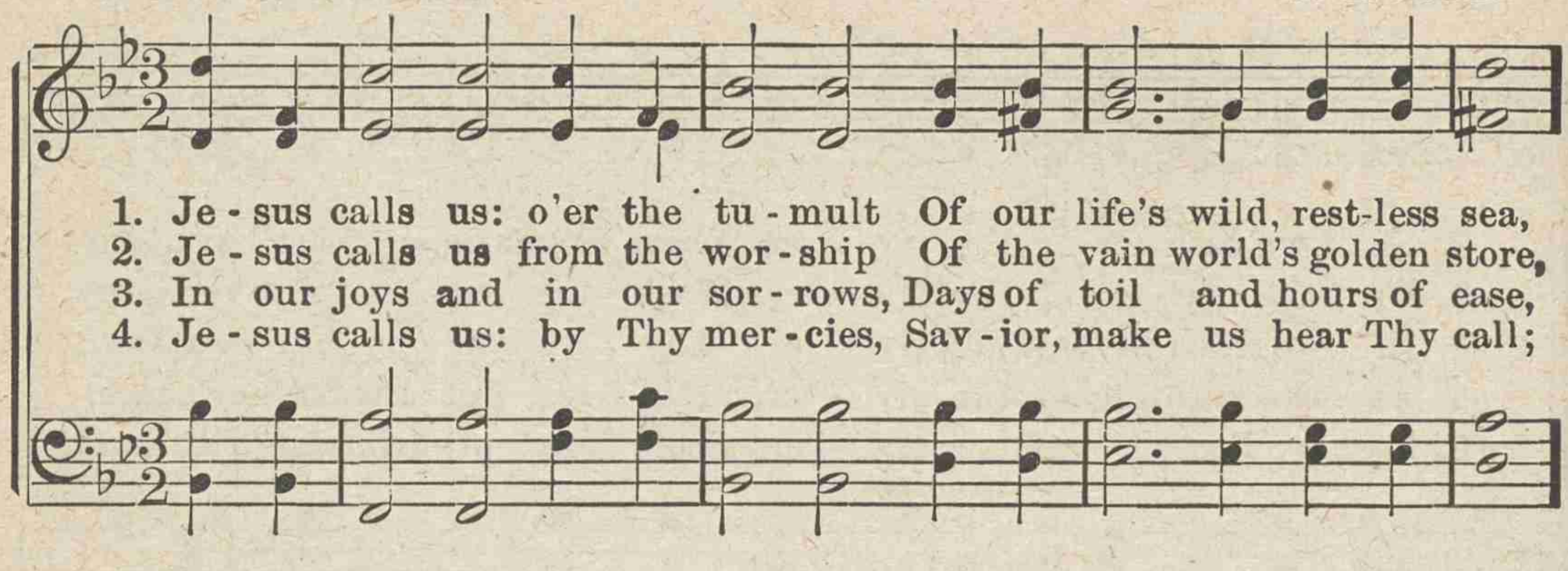


Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.



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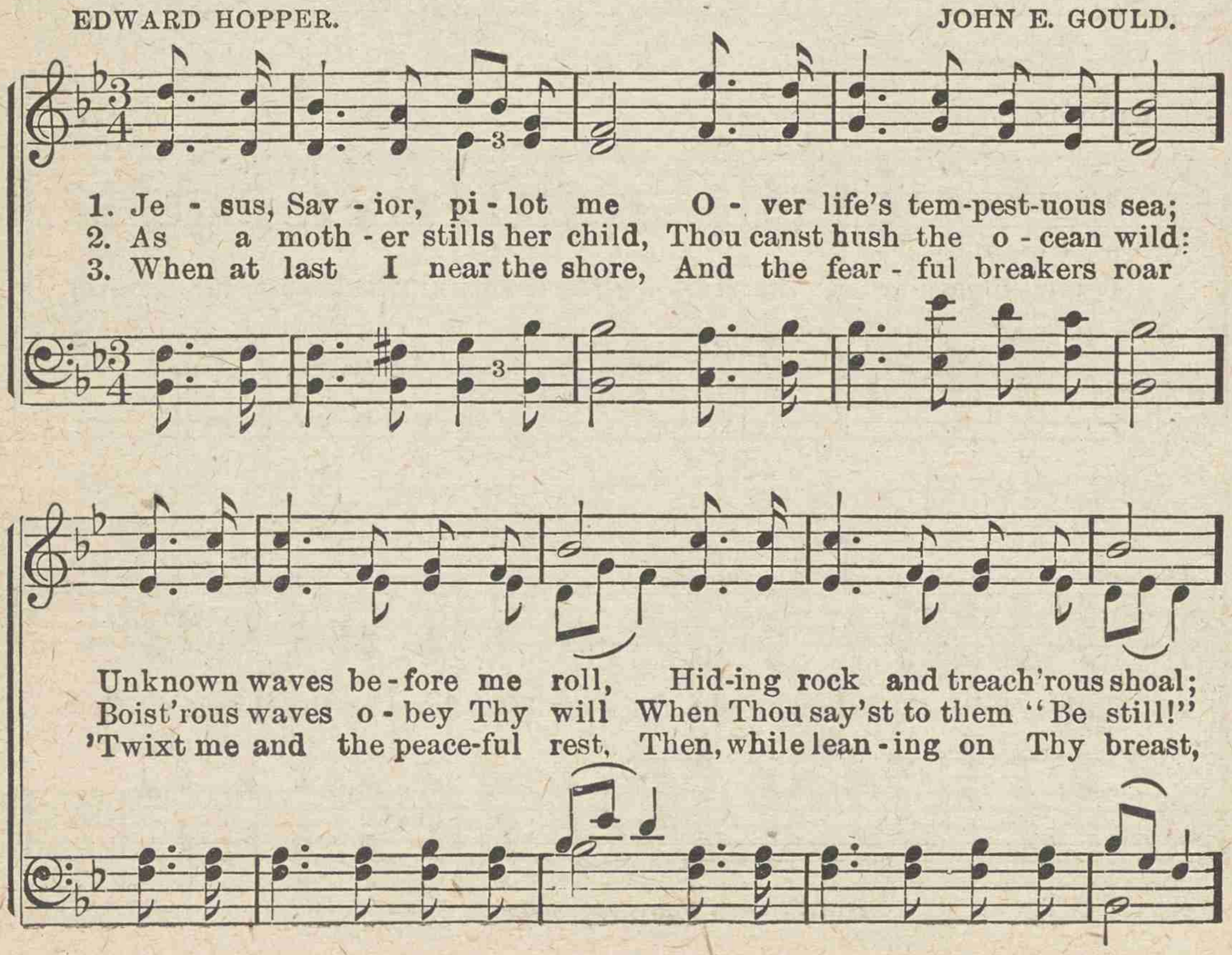
104 Jesus Calls Us.

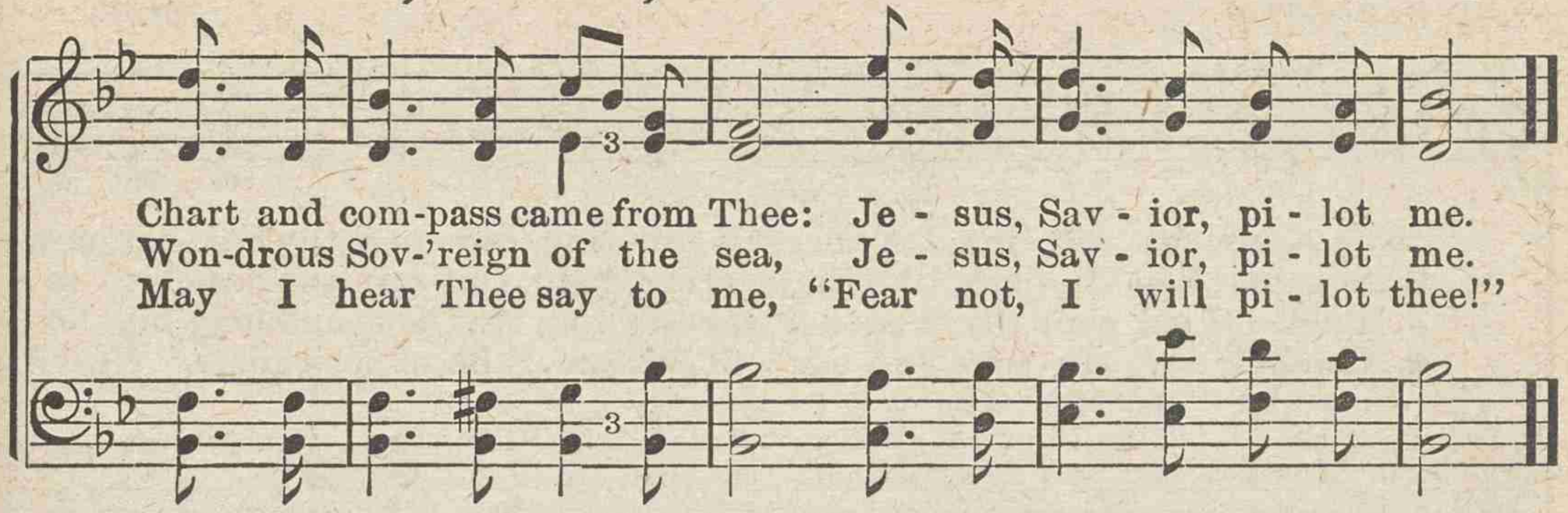
CECIL F. ALEXANDER. W. H. JUDE.



Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.
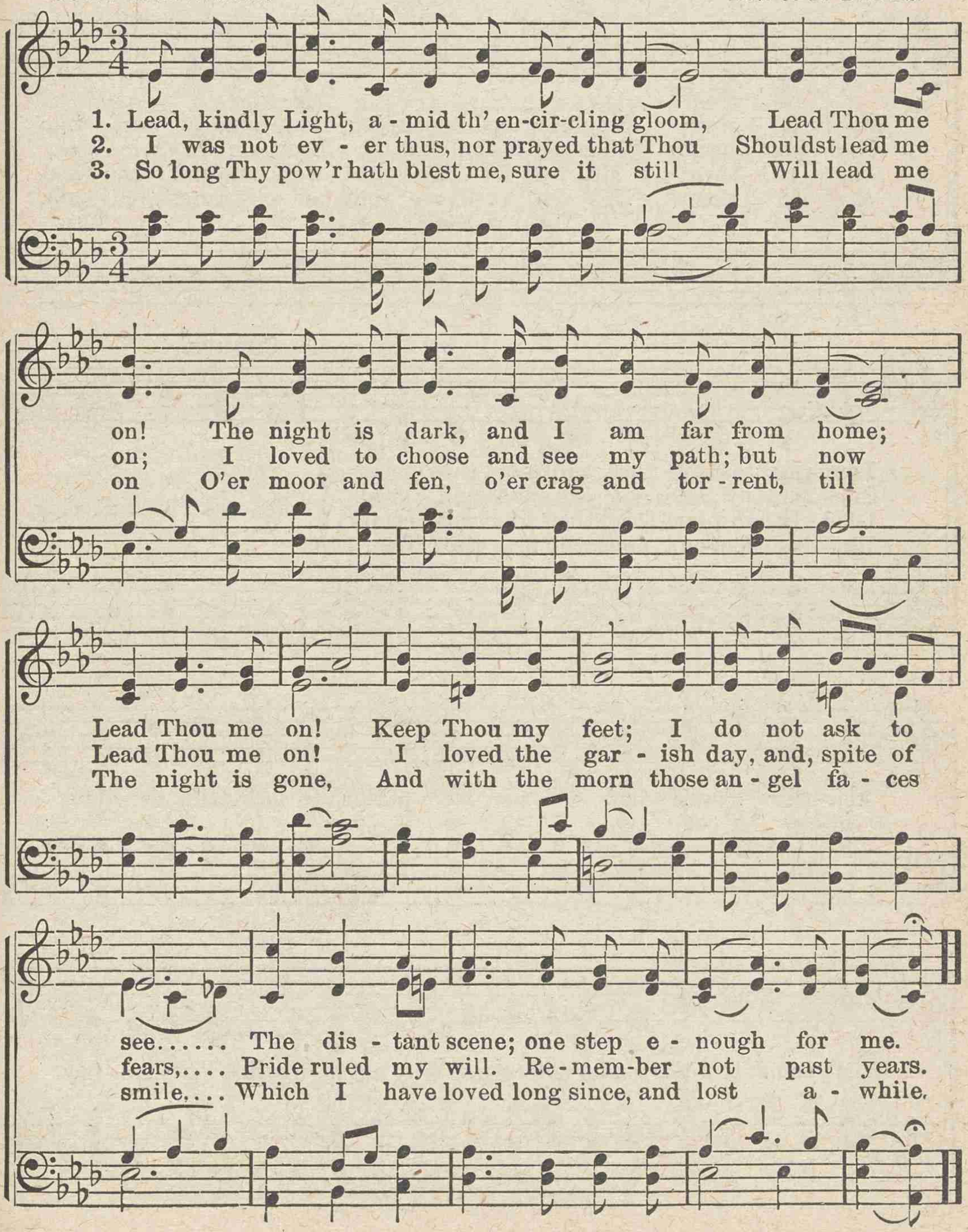
EDWARD HOPPER. JOHN E. GOULD.





Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



106 Jesus Tenderly Calling.

J. G. FOOTE. JOHN.

1. Je - sus is call - ing, ten - der - ly call - ing, Sin - ner, thy Sav - ior now
2. Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus, like the good shepherd, Out on the des - ert to
3. Prod - i - gal son, thy Fa - ther is wait-ing, Anx-ious and long-ing for
4. Chiefest of sin - ners Je - sus will welcome, "Be of good cheer," He will

pleads for thee; Stand-ing and knock - ing, anx-ious - ly wait - ing,
find his sheep; When he hath found it heav - en re - joic - es;
thy re - turn; He will for - give thee, wel-come and bless thee,
say to thee; He will re - move your ev - 'ry trans-gres - sion,

CHORUS.

Long-ing to save thee, and set thee free.
Sin - ner, thy Sav - ior can save and keep.
Glad - ly em-brace thee: then why not come?
Blot-ting them out, and will set thee free.

} Je - sus is call - ing,

ten - der - ly call - ing, Sin - ner, He pleads, O hear Him to - day;

Will you not heed His tender entreaties? Why not receive Him, His voice o - bey.

From "New Hymns." Used by per.

Nailed to the Cross.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUET. *Ad lib.*

1. There was One who was will-ing to die in my stead, That a
2. He is ten-der and lov-ing and pa-tient with me, While He
3. I will cling to my Sav-ior and nev-er de-part— I will

soul so un-wor-thy might live; And the path to the cross He was
cleans-es my heart of its dross, But "there's no con-dem-na-tion"—I
joy-ful-ly jour-ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

REFRAIN.

will-ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for-give.
know I am free, For my sins are all nailed to the cross.
song in my heart, That my sins have been taken away.
} They are nailed to the cross,

pp

they are nailed to the cross, O how much He was will-ing to bear! With what

Rit.

anguish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! But He carried my sins with Him there.

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108 Seeking for Me.

"I will both search my sheep, and seek them out."—Ezek. 34: 11.

A. N. E. E. HASTY.

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

sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful–blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
soul He set free; Oh, it was wonderful–how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for
far from the fold, Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Calling for me, for
wea - ry years fly; Oh. I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for

REFRAIN. for me,..... for me!.....

me! Seeking for me, seeking for me, Seeking for me, seeking for me!
me! Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me, Dy - ing for me, dy-ing for me!
me! Call-ing for me, call-ing for me, Call-ing for me, call-ing for me!
me! Com-ing for me, com-ing for me, Com-ing for me, com-ing for me!

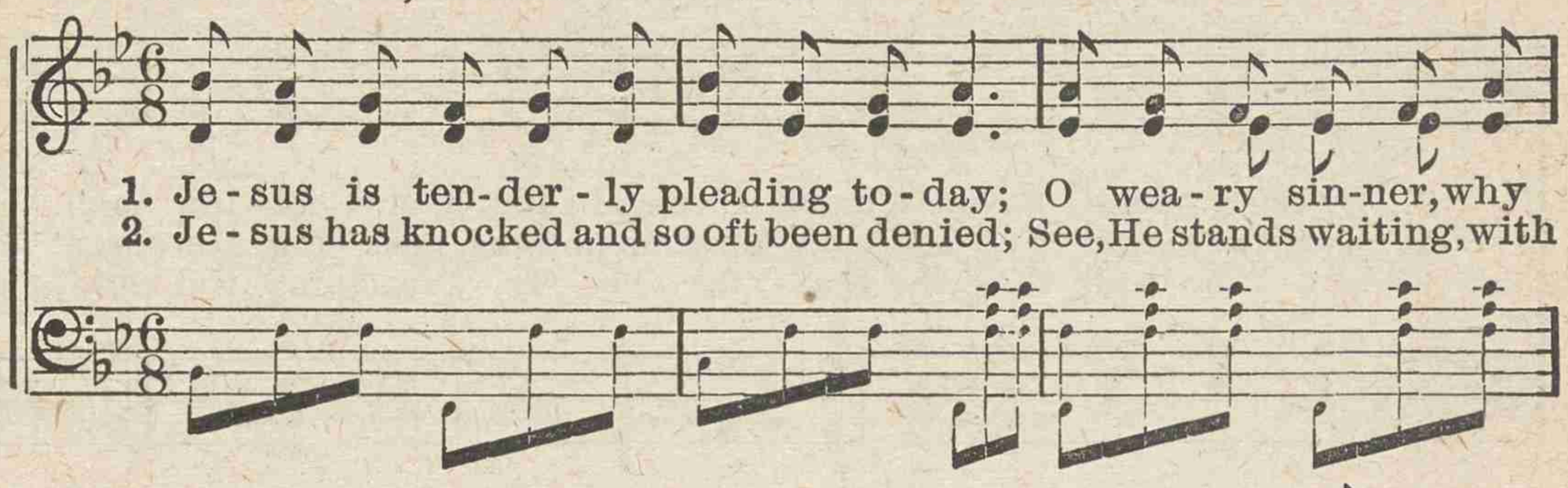
Oh, it was won-der-ful—blest be His name! Seek-ing for me, for me!
Oh, it was won-der-ful—how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me!
Gen-tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me!
Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me!
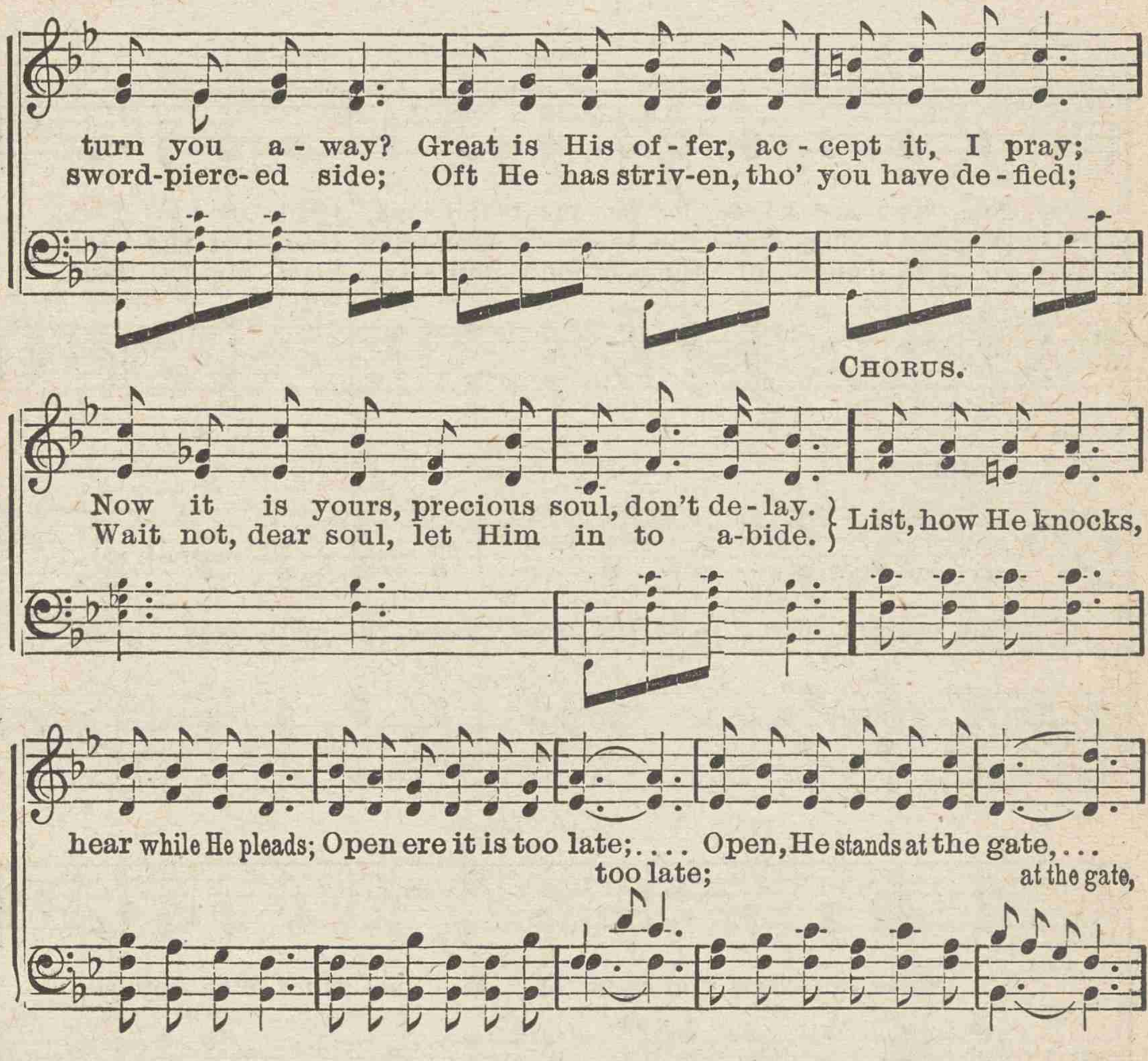
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Jesus is Tenderly Pleading. 109

A. S. ANNA SIMPSON.

SOP. and ALTO, or SOP. and TENOR.
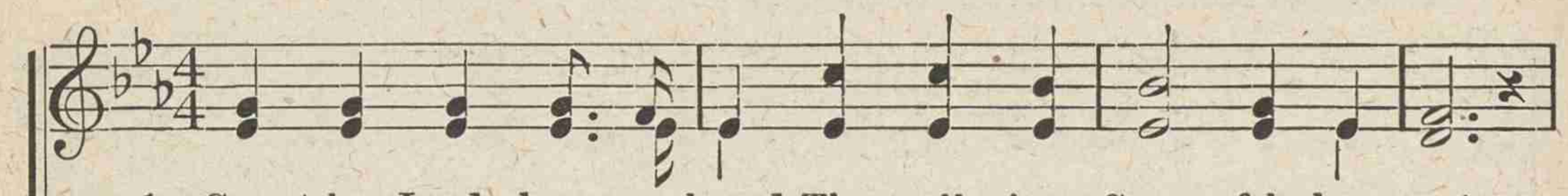




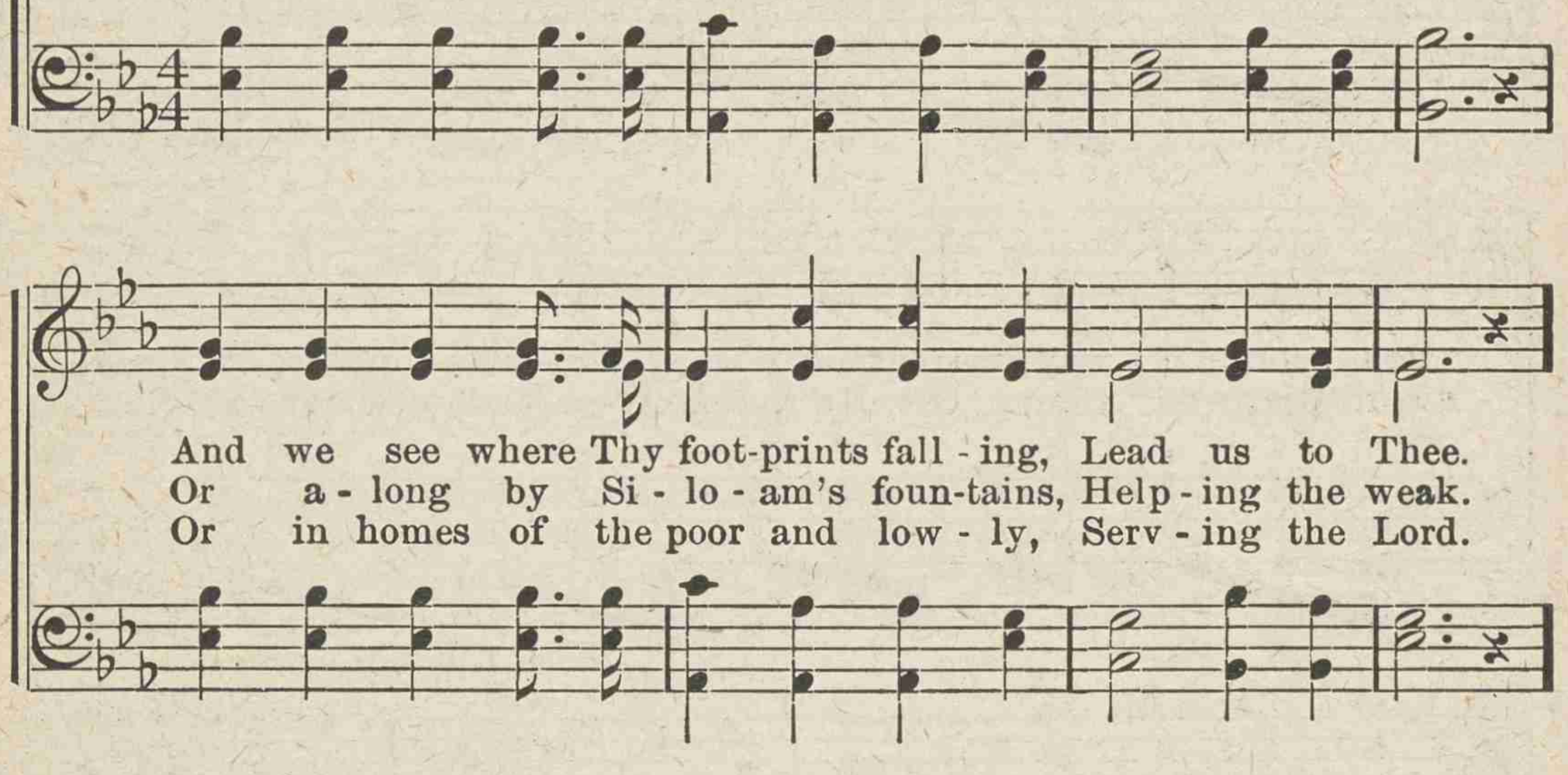
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110 Footsteps of Jesus.
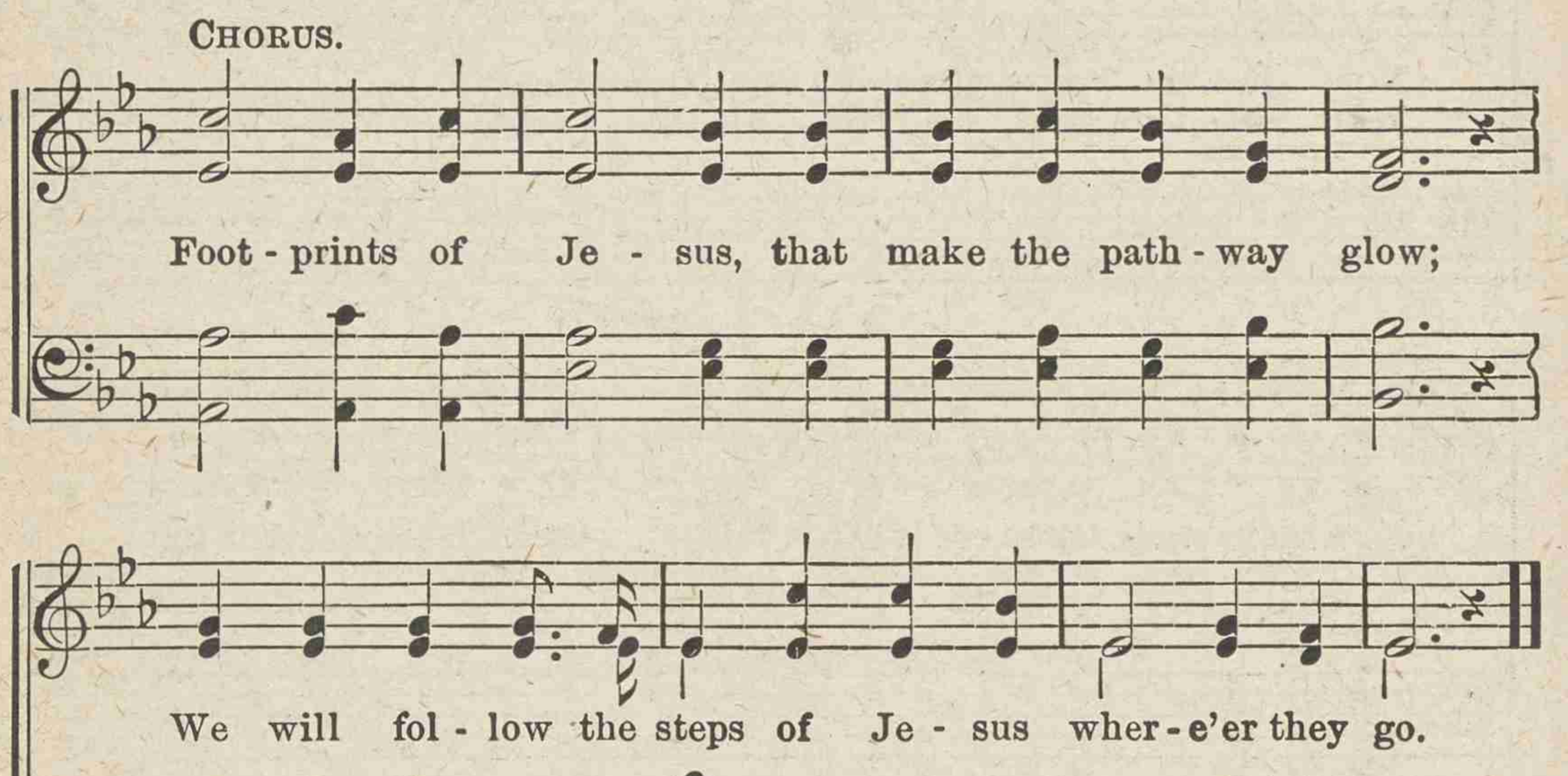
MARY B. C. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.



1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call - ing, Come, fol - low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek - ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach-ing the word;

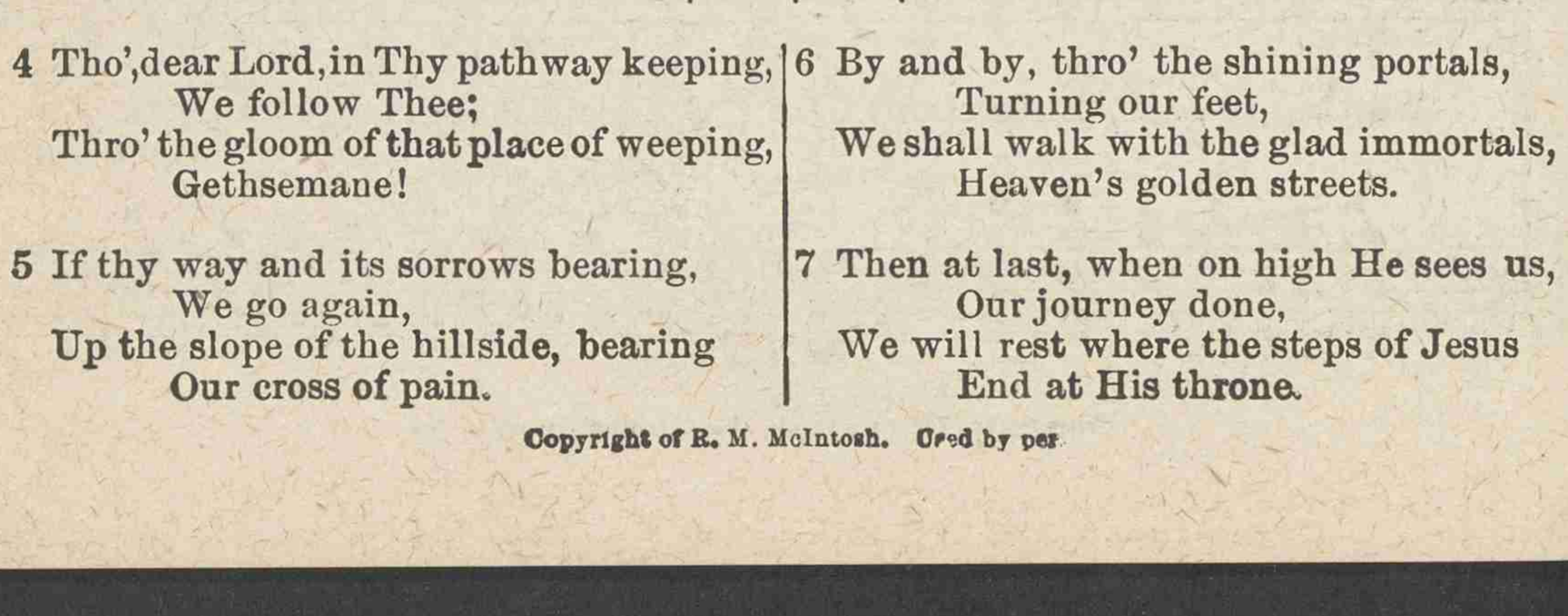


And we see where Thy foot-prints fall - ing, Lead us to Thee.
Or a - long by Si - lo - am's foun-tains, Help - ing the weak.
Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.



CHORUS.

Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;



We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus wher - e'er they go.

4 Tho', dear Lord, in Thy pathway keeping,
We follow Thee;
Thro' the gloom of that place of weeping,
Gethsemane!

5 If thy way and its sorrows bearing,
We go again,
Up the slope of the hillside, bearing
Our cross of pain.

6 By and by, thro' the shining portals,
Turning our feet,
We shall walk with the glad immortals,
Heaven's golden streets.

7 Then at last, when on high He sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at His throne.

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Come to Me.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Wea - ry soul, why art thou so dis-tressed? Come where there is per - fect peace and rest, Lean up - on Thy lov - ing Sav-ior's breast;
2. "Bring to me Thy heav - y load of sin, On the cross I died thy soul to win, Come to me, and I will take thee in."
3. "Come to me; tho' all is dark as night, I will make thy path-way clear and bright; Come to me, and I will be thy light,
4. "Come to me!" O hear Him call-ing "Come, Come to me, O child, no lon - ger roam, Leave the path of dan-ger, death and gloom;

CHORUS.

In His love thou shalt be ful - ly blest.
Ho - ly Spir - it, now the work be - gin.
Walk with me in faith and not by sight."
Come to me, and I will lead thee home."

} "Come to me," O hear the Sav-ior call to thee, "I'll sustain, tho' trials of life may fall to thee."

"Come to me," O hear the Savior call, "Come to me, I will be all in all."

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112 An Unseen Friend.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. Close by your side stands an Un - seen Friend, Call - ing from
2. List to the voice of this Un - seen Friend, Heed - ing His
3. O - pen your heart to this Un - seen Friend, Tell Him your
4. Trust all your days to this Un - seen Friend, Path-ways of

sin a - way; One who can make of your guilt an end;
word to you; Sor - est of heart-aches He'll quick - ly mend;
guilt and woe, Ask Him His aid in your cause to lend;
peace He'll show; Glad in His serv - ice your mo - ments pend;

REFRAIN.

Hear Him now sweet - ly say:
Do as He bids you do.
Mer - cy He will be - stow.
Go where He bids you go.

} "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found," He will your soul de - fend; "Call ye up- on Him while He is near," He is your Un - seen Friend.

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EFFIE S. BLACK. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

1. God so loved the world, when in darkness 'twas lost, That He sent forth His
2. The dear Sav-ior came all our burdens to bear; For us He lived
3. O Thou who hast died to re-deem us from sin, Now grant us Thy

Son from a-bove, Who came to re-deem us at in-fi-nite cost,
hum-bly and poor That we, thro' His pov-er-ty, rich-es might share,
par-don-ing peace; Re-ceive us, for-give us and cleanse us with-in;

REFRAIN.

And light-ed the world with His love.
And joys that for-ev-er en-dure.
Bid sin and sin's sor-row to cease.

Je-sus is a-ble to save,..... Je-sus is a-ble to save;..... No one but
and willing to save willing to save;

Je-sus can save you, Je-sus is a-ble to save.
is a-ble to save,

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114 Jesus Will Help You.

WM. STEVENSON. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, sin - ner— Urg - ing you now to draw
2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev-ing; Sin - ner, O why will you
3. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, wand'rer—Points you to man-sions on
4. There's danger in lon - ger de - lay-ing, Swift - ly the mo-ments pass

nigh; He asks you by faith to re - ceive Him; Je - sus will
die? Ac - cept Him by faith as your Sav - ior; Je - sus will
high; Re - turn to the path that leads home-ward; Je - sus will
by; If now you will come, there is mer - cy; Je - sus will

REFRAIN.

help if you try. Je - sus will help you, Je - sus will help you,

Help you with grace from on high; The weak - est and poor - est the
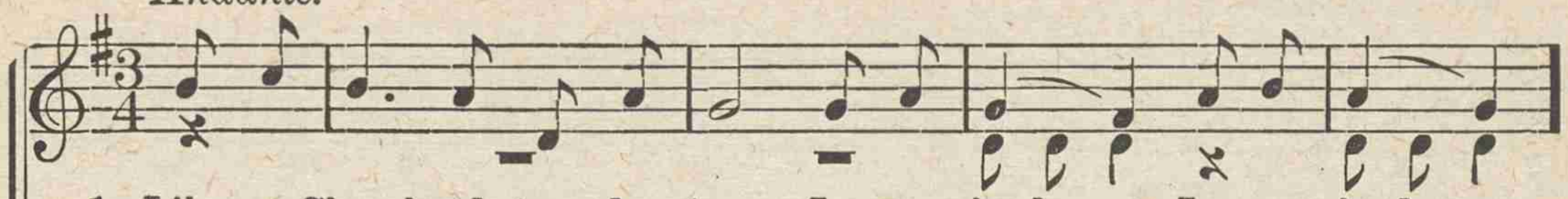
Sav - ior is call - ing; Je - sus will help if you try.

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Jesus Leads.
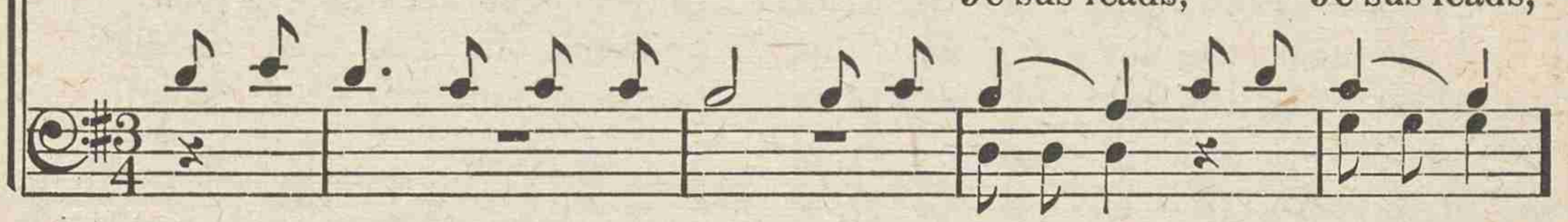
JNO. R. CLEMENTS. JNO. R. SWENEY.
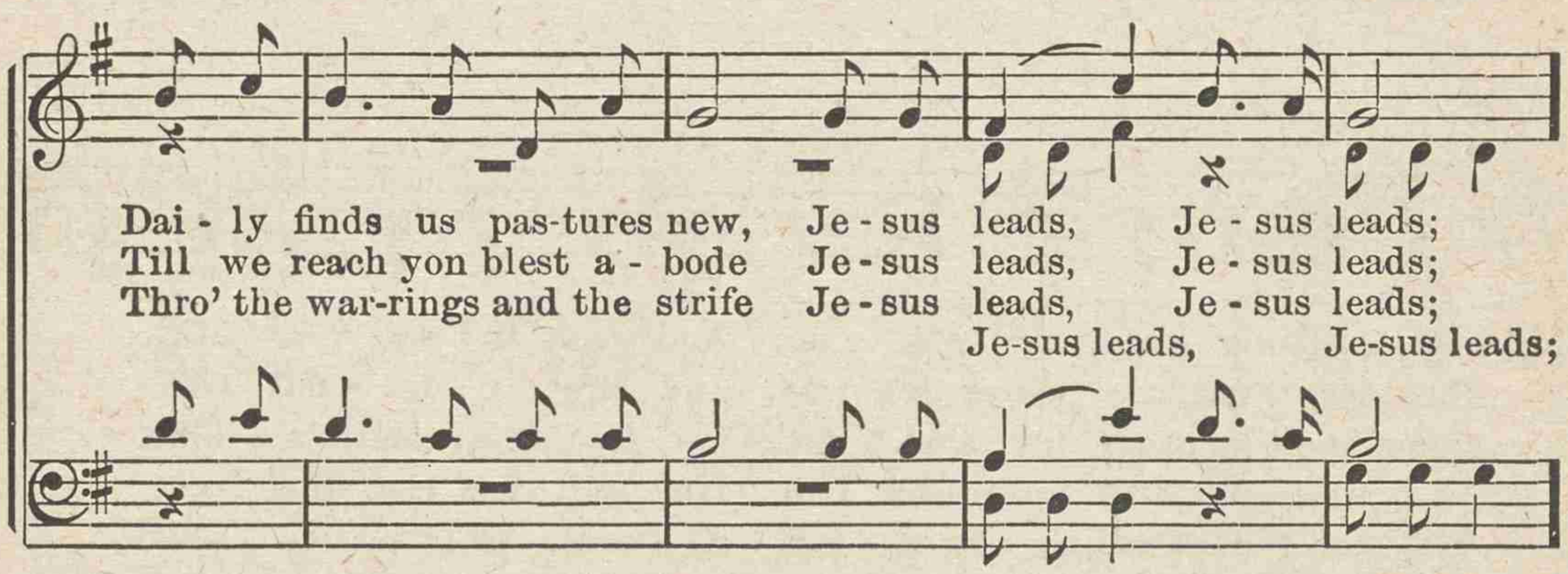
Andante.



1. Like a Shep-herd, ten - der, true, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,
2. All a - long life's rug - ged road Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,
3. Thro' the sun - lit ways of life Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,
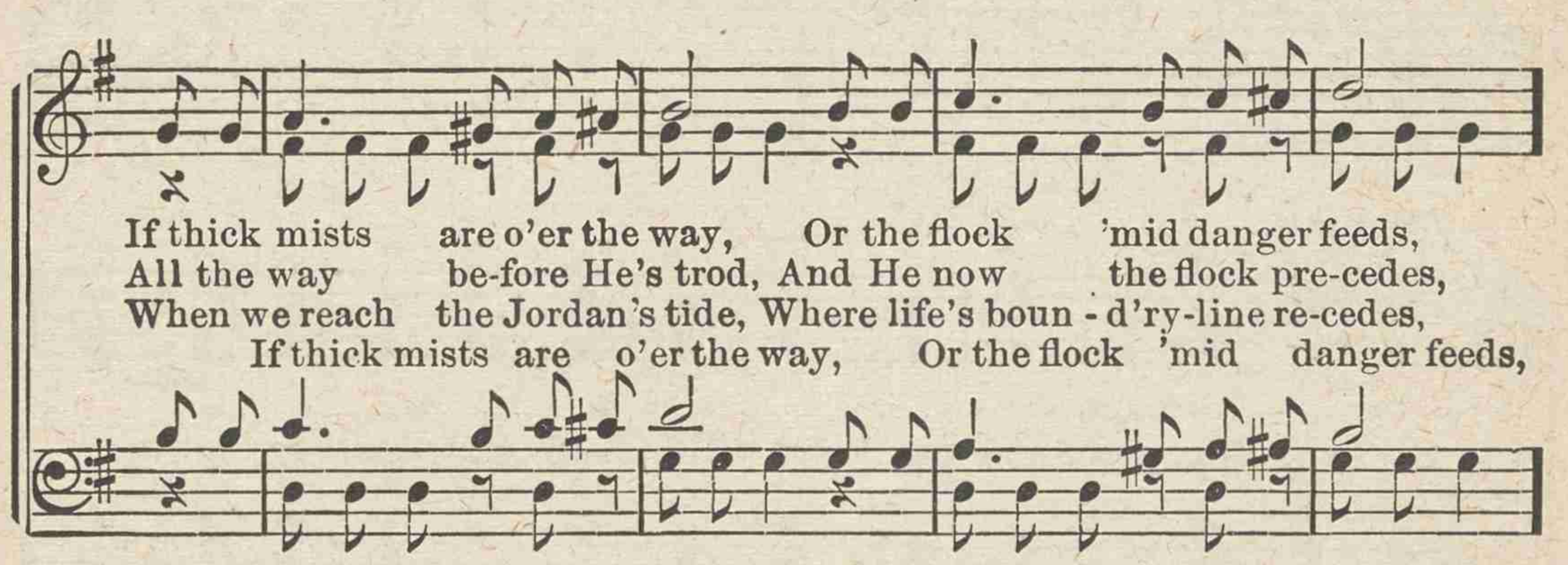
Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
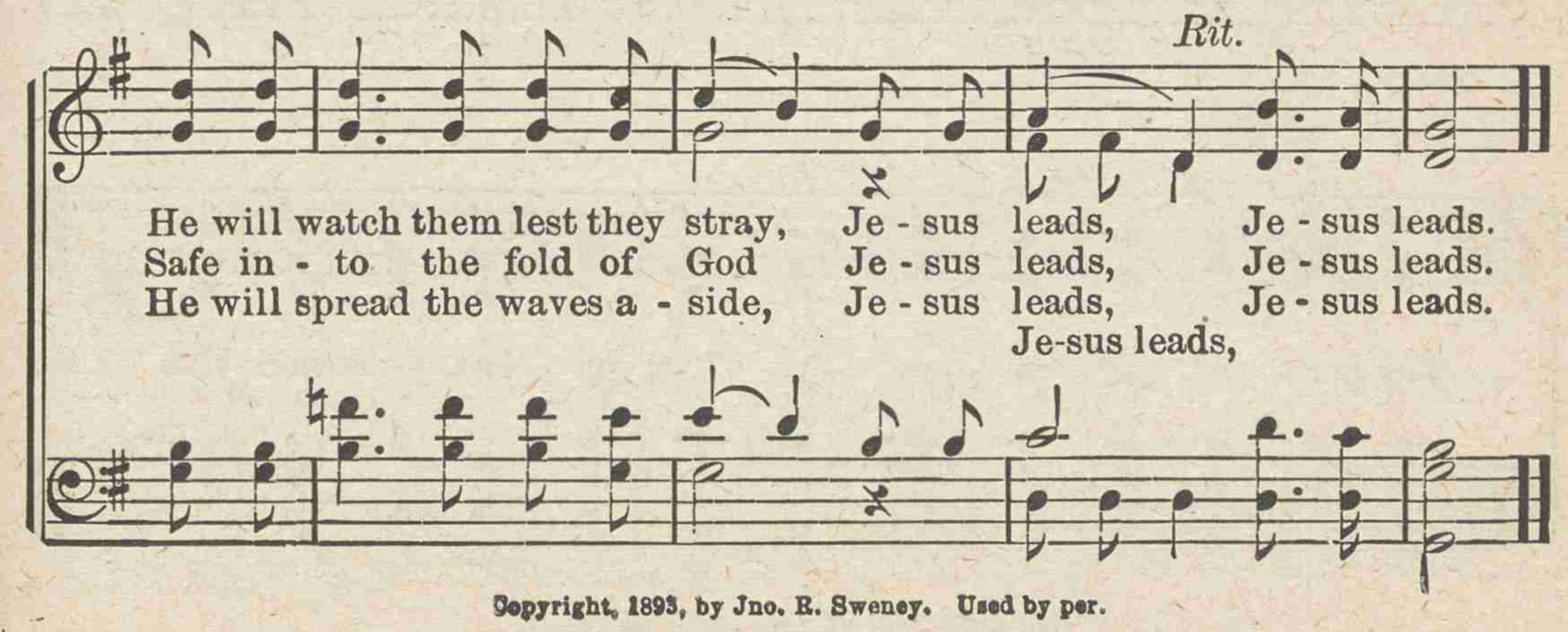




Dai - ly finds us pas-tures new, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads;
Till we reach yon blest a - bode Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads;
Thro' the war-rings and the strife Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads;

Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;



If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
All the way be-fore He's trod, And He now the flock pre-cedes,
When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's boun - d'ry-line re-cedes,
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,



Rit.
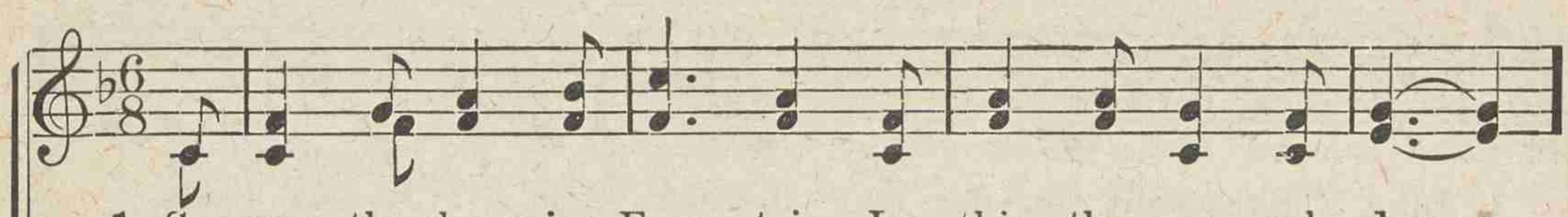
He will watch them lest they stray, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
Safe in - to the fold of God Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
He will spread the waves a - side, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.

Je-sus leads,
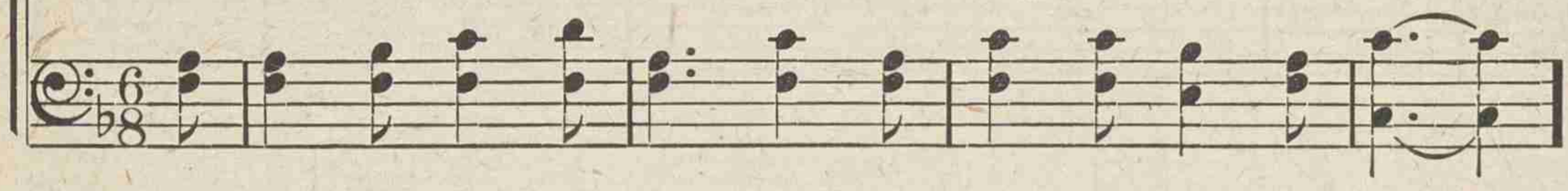
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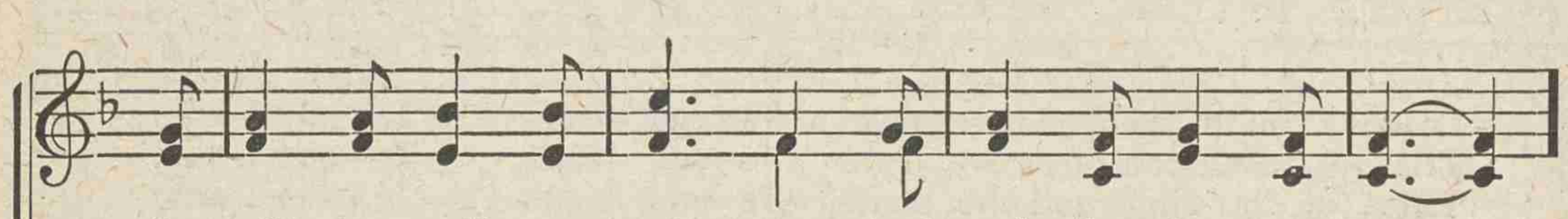
So Near.

Rev. J. CLARK. J. J. LOWE.
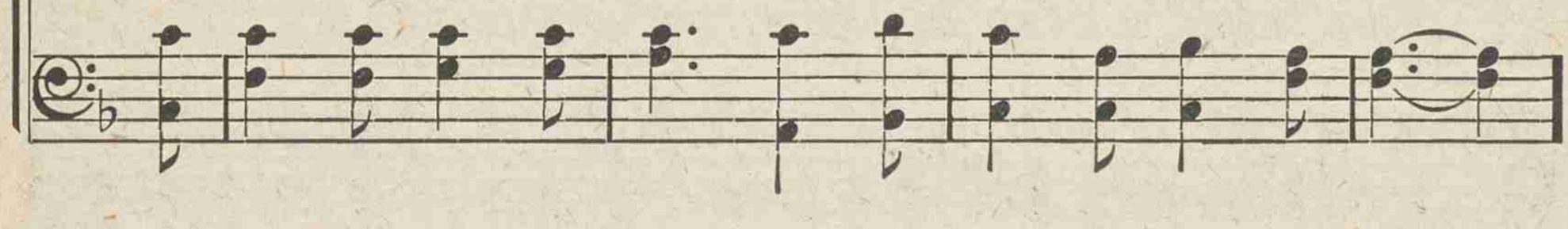


1. So near the cleans-ing Foun - tain In this the gos - pel day,
2. So near the ref - uge cit - y, Then why not en - ter in?
3. So near the fold of Je - sus, No lon - ger stay out - side;
4. So near the lov - ing Sav - ior, Why stand in fear and doubt?
5. So near the ark of safe - ty, A - rise, and en - ter thou!
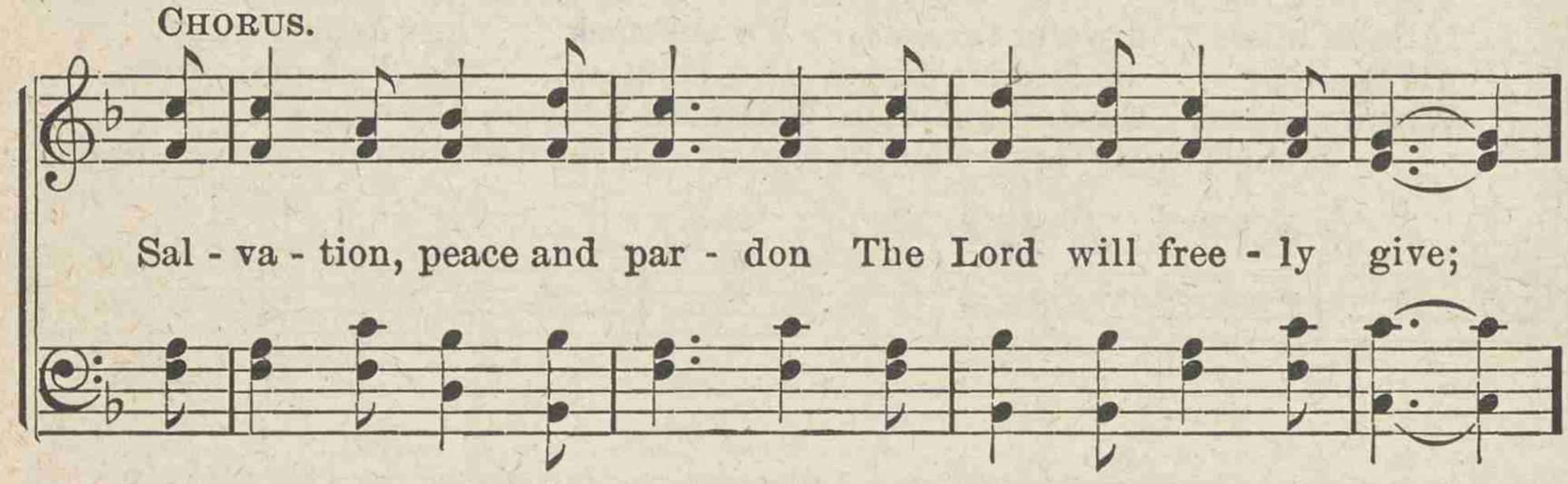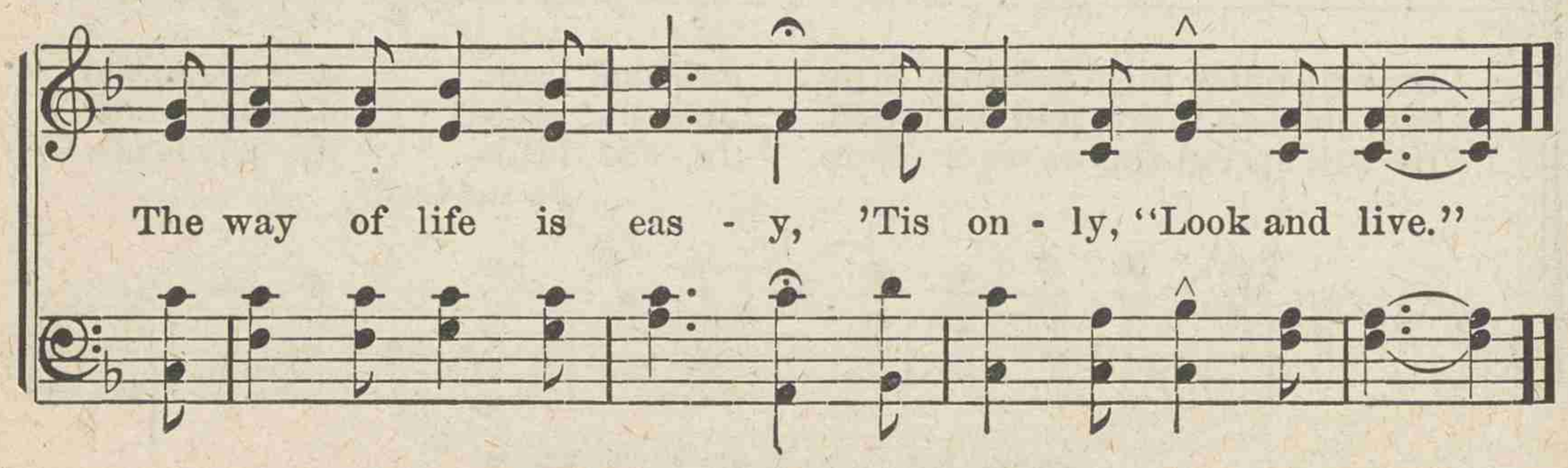




O guilt - y soul! a - wak - en, And wash thy sins a - way.
Pass thro' the o - pen gate - way, And life e - ter - nal win.
Come find a peace - ful shel - ter Where God's re-deemed a - bide.
In sim - ple faith ap - proach Him, He will not cast thee out.
The storm of wrath is burst - ing; O soul, es - cape it now!



CHORUS.



Sal - va - tion, peace and par - don The Lord will free - ly give;
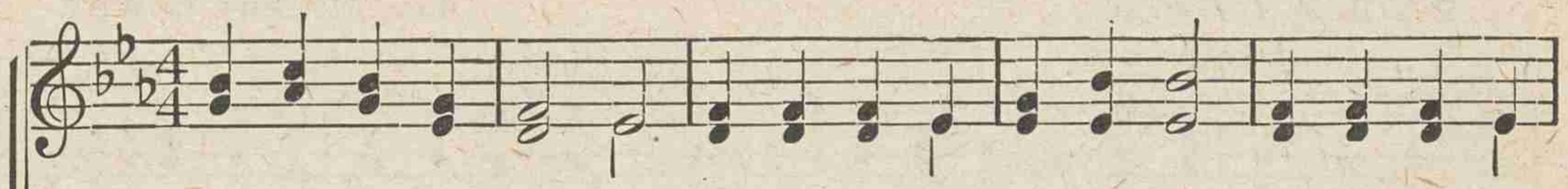


The way of life is eas - y, 'Tis on - ly, "Look and live."

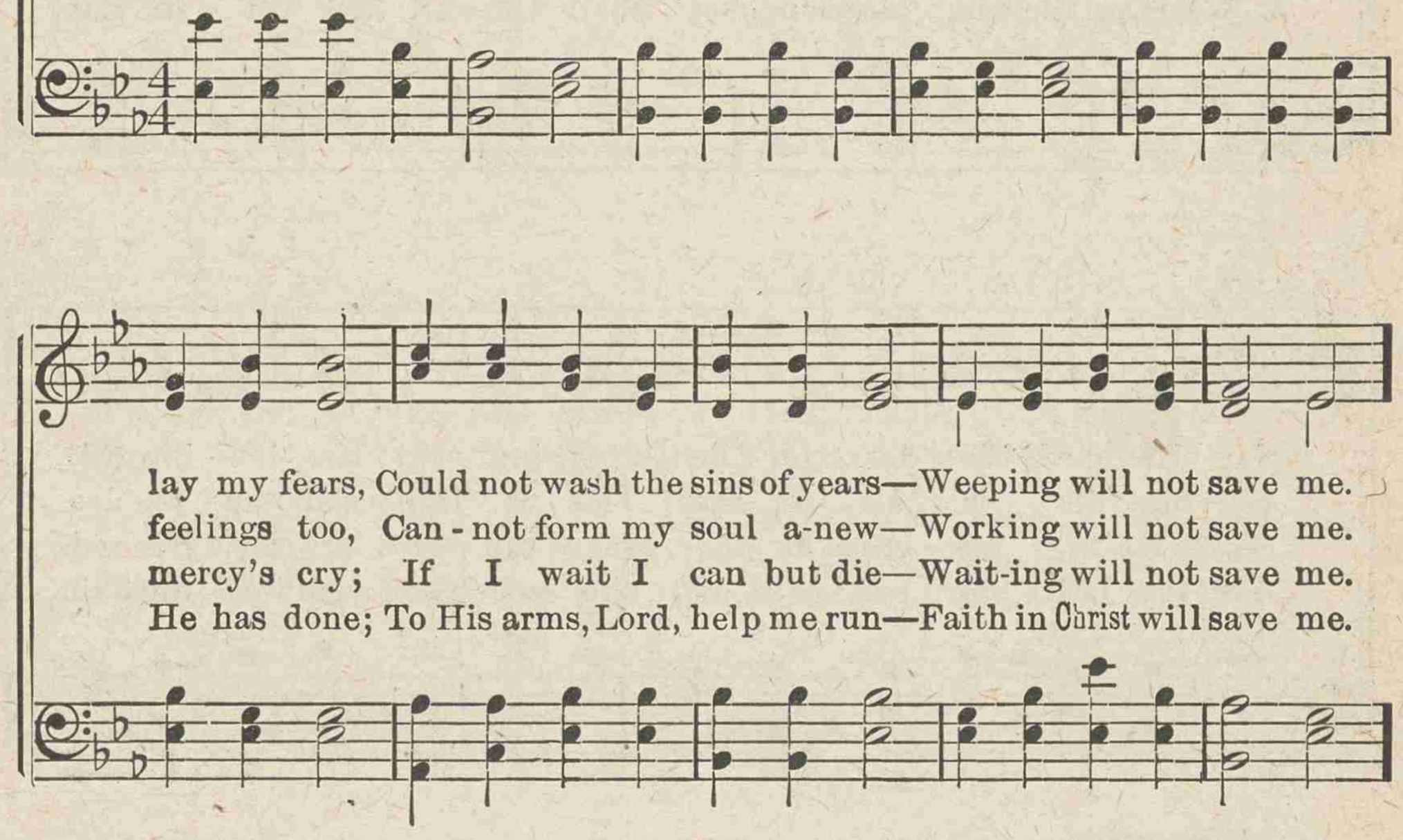
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None but Jesus. 117
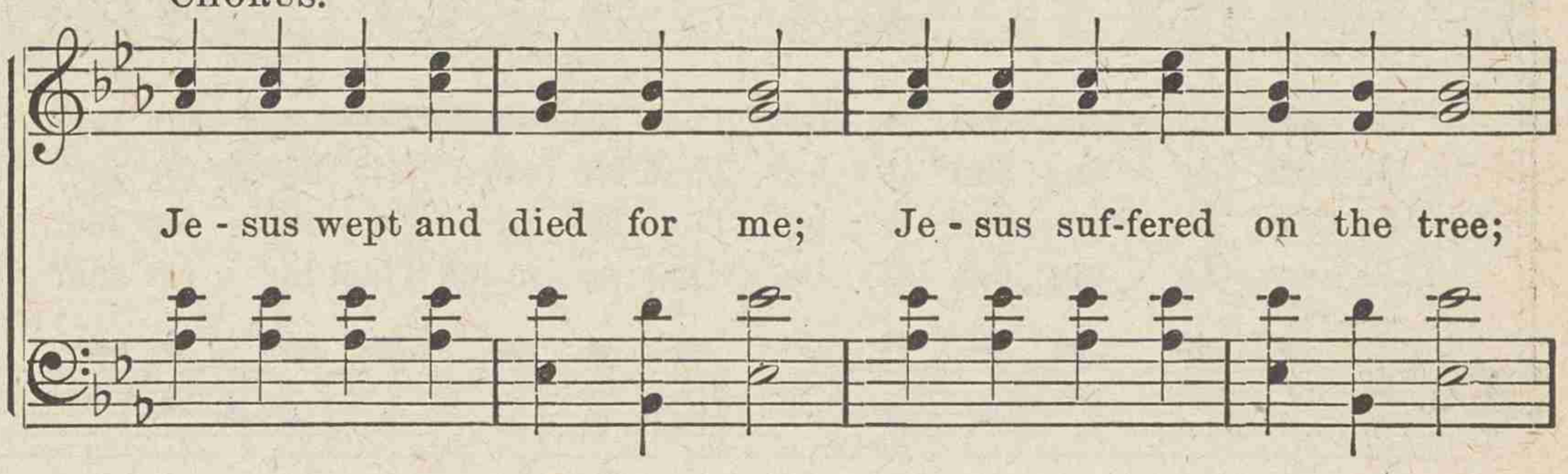
REV. ROBERT LOWRY.
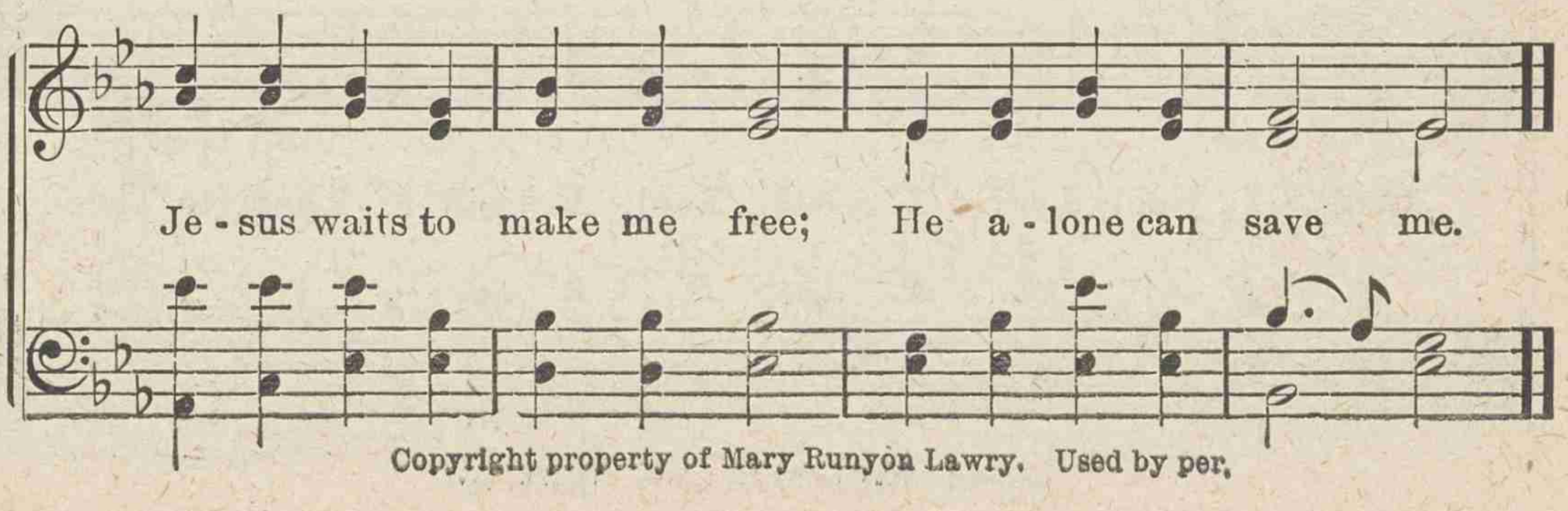


1. Weeping will not save me—Tho' my face were bathed in tears, That could not al-lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years—Weeping will not save me.
2. Working will not save me—Purest deeds that I can do, Honest thought and feelings too, Can-not form my soul a-new—Working will not save me.
3. Wait-ing will not save me—Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie; In my ear is mercy's cry; If I wait I can but die—Wait-ing will not save me.
4. Faith in Christ will save me—Let me trust Thy weeping Son; Trust the work that He has done; To His arms, Lord, help me run—Faith in Christ will save me.



CHORUS.



Je - sus wept and died for me; Je - sus suf-fered on the tree;
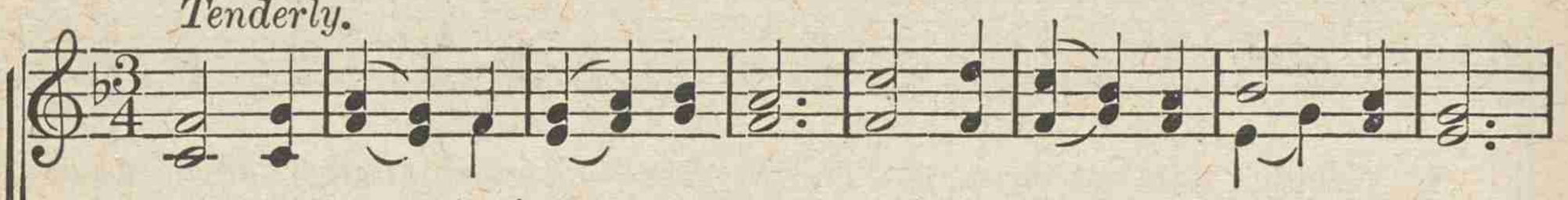


Je - sus waits to make me free; He a - lone can save me.

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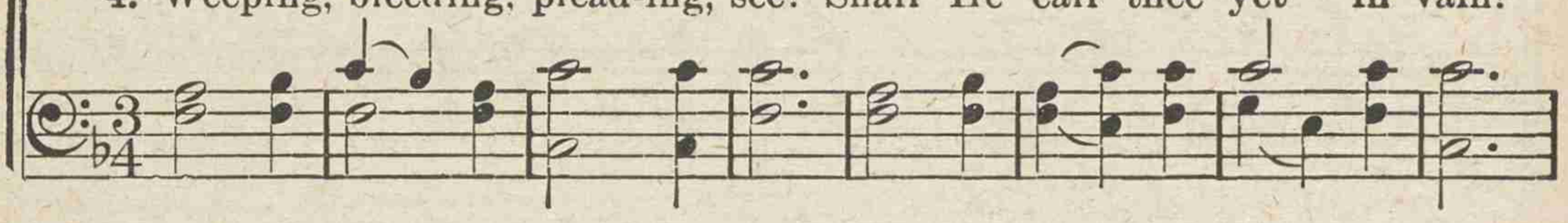
118 Weeping Savior.
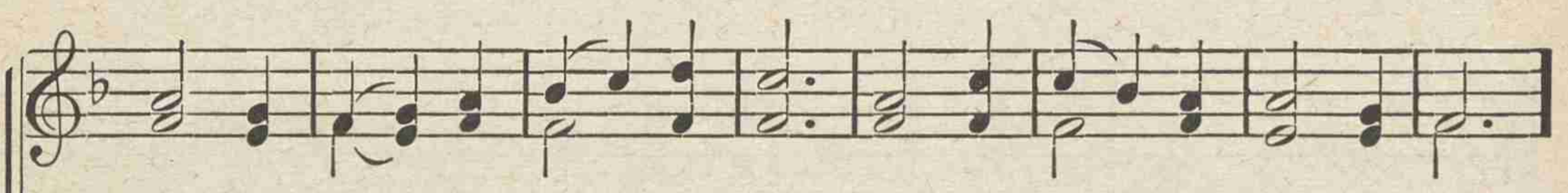
Rev. R. M. OFFORD. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

Tenderly.
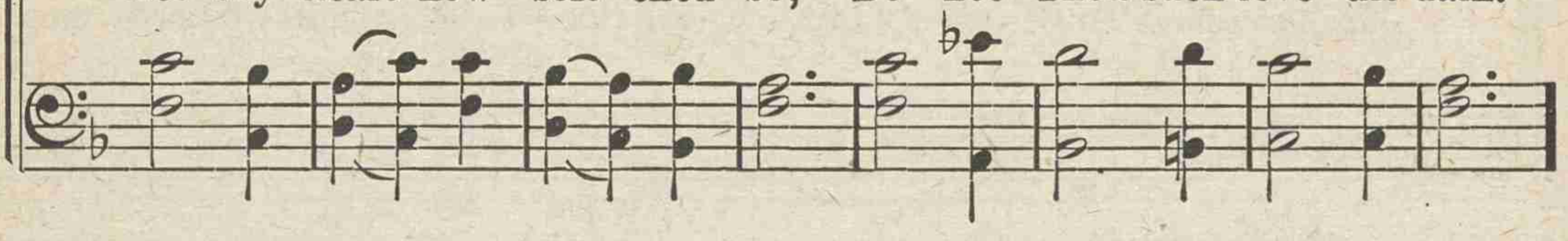


1. Je - sus weep - ing! sin - ner, see; Watch those tear-drops as they fall;
2. Je - sus bleed - ing! sin - ner, see; On the cross, be - hold, He dies;
3. Je - sus plead - ing! sin - ner, see; Plead - ing at His Fa - ther's throne;
4. Weeping, bleeding, plead-ing, see! Shall He call thee yet in vain?
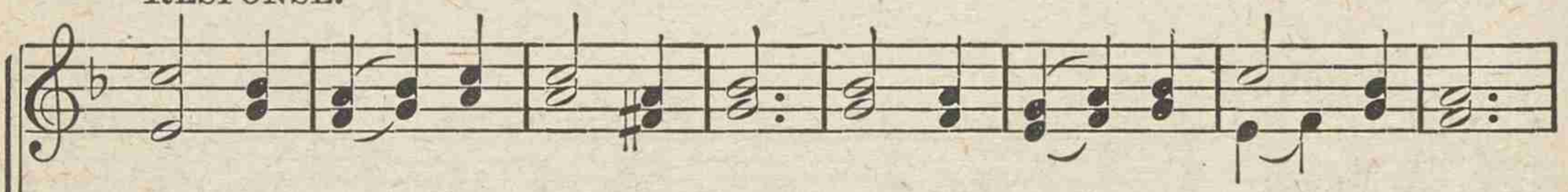




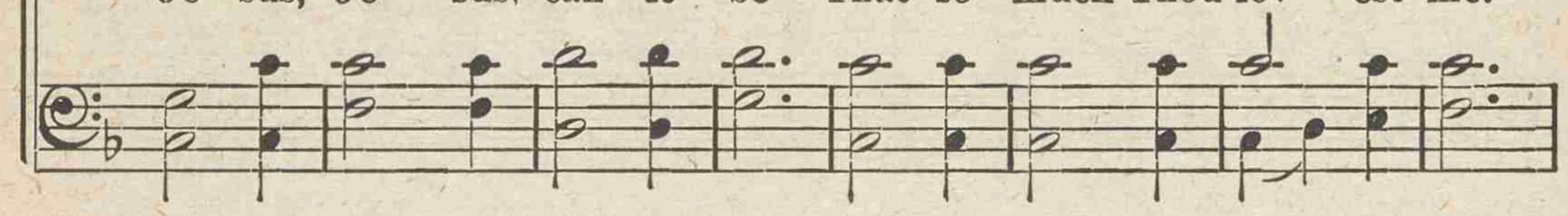
Lo, He sheds those tears for Thee, Slight-ing still His lov - ing call.
Sin - ner, it is all for thee; This is love's own sac - ri - fice.
There He in - ter - cedes for thee, Makes thy worth-less cause His own.
Let thy heart now soft - ened be; Do not Thou such love dis-dain.
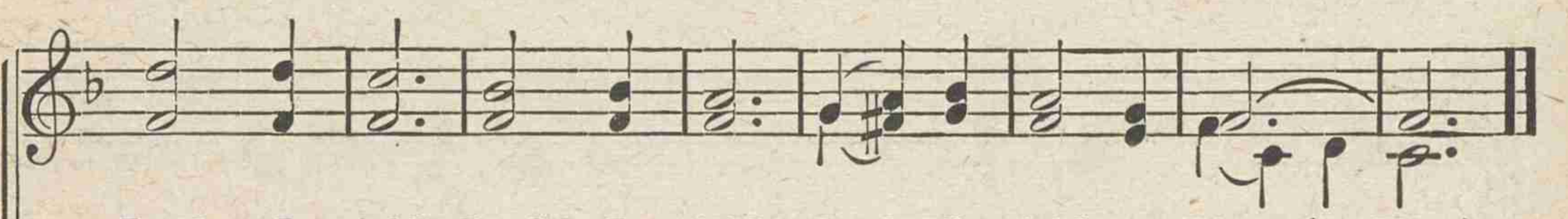


RESPONSE.
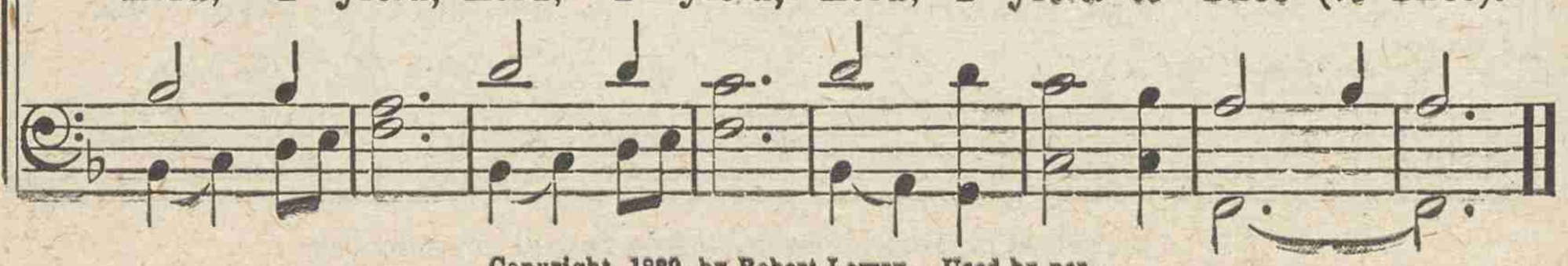


Je - sus weep - ing! can it be That He shed those tears for me?
Je - sus dy - ing! can it be That He shed His blood for me?
Je - sus plead - ing! can it be That He in - ter - cedes for me?
Je - sus, Je - sus, can it be That so much Thou lov - est me?
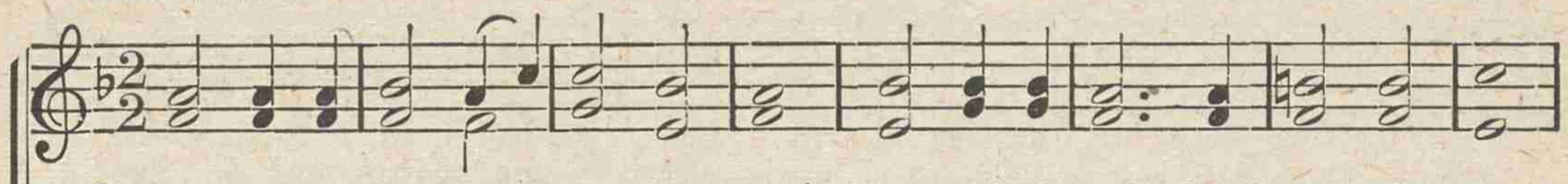




Lord, I yield, Lord, I yield, Lord, I yield to Thee (to Thee).

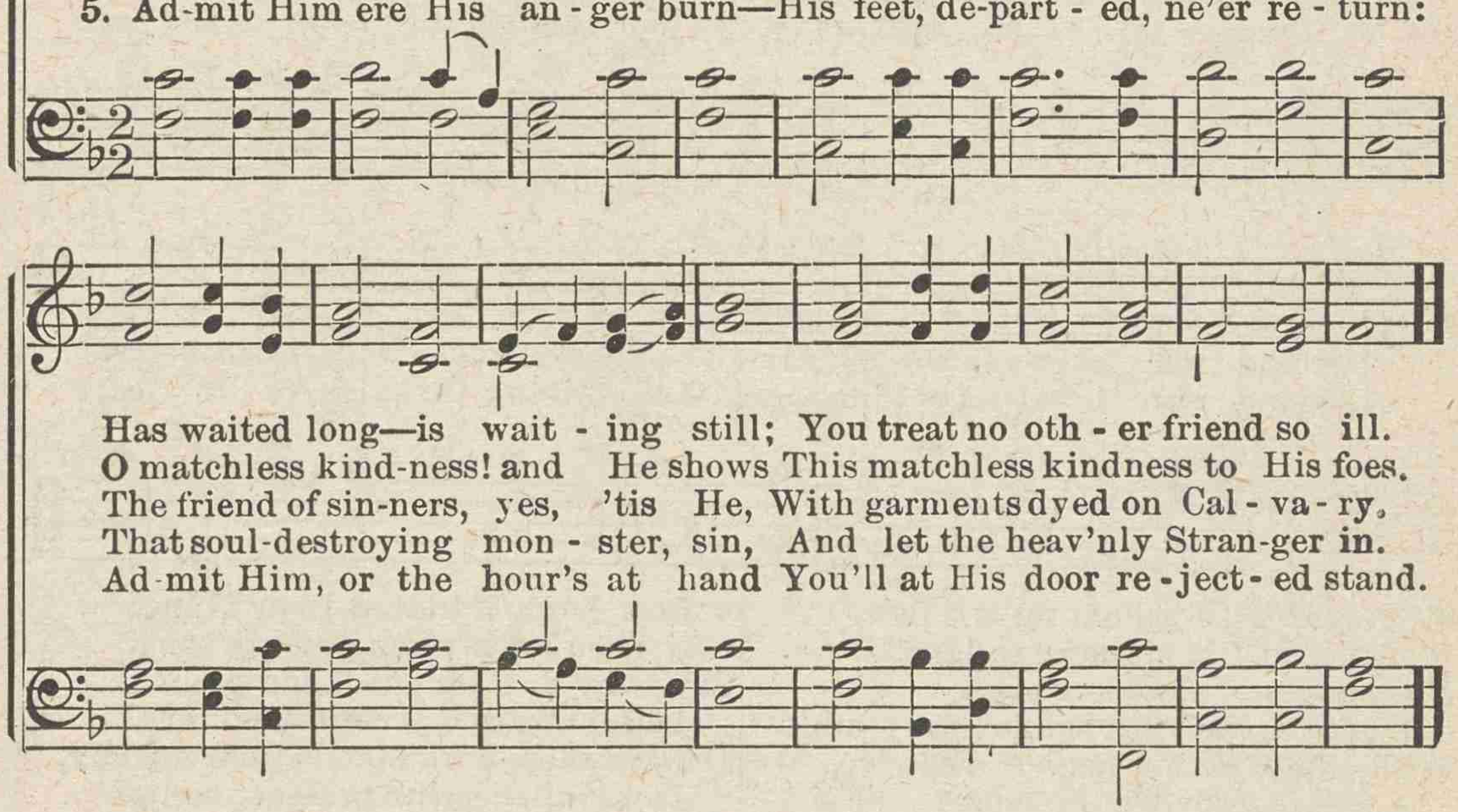


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JOS. GRIGG. HENRY K. OLIVER.
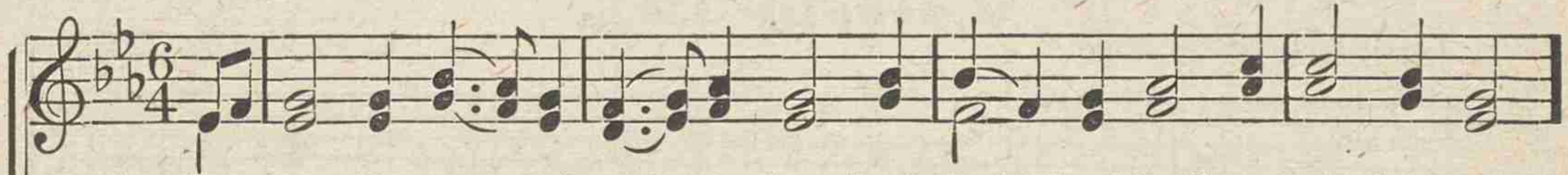


1. Be-hold, a Stran-ger's at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before;
2. O love-ly at - ti - tude! He stands With melting heart and load - ed hands!
3. But will He prove a friend in - deed? He will; the ver - y friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with gratitude di - vine; Turn out His en - e - my and thine,
5. Ad-mit Him ere His an - ger burn—His feet, de-part - ed, ne'er re - turn:



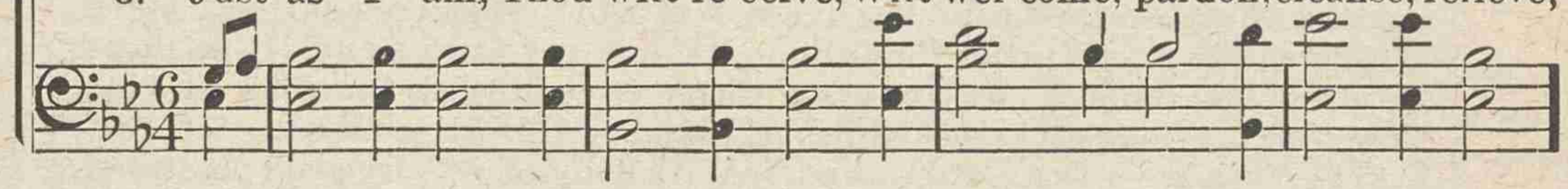
Has waited long—is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kind-ness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The friend of sin-ners, yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul-destroying mon - ster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stran-ger in.
Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re - ject - ed stand.

Just as I Am.
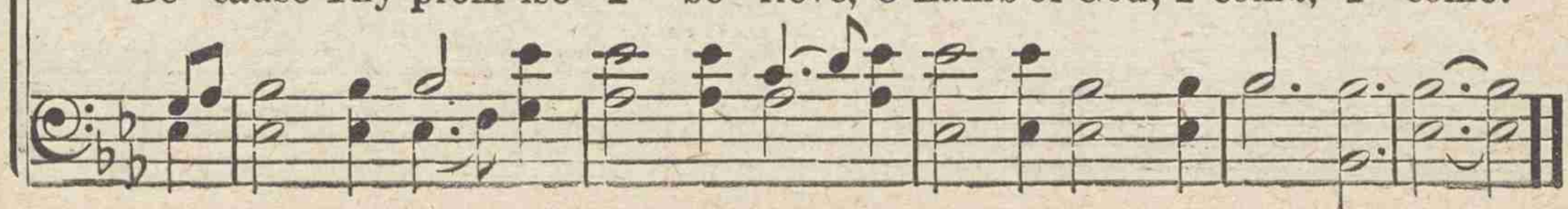
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With man - y a con-flict, man - y a doubt;
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
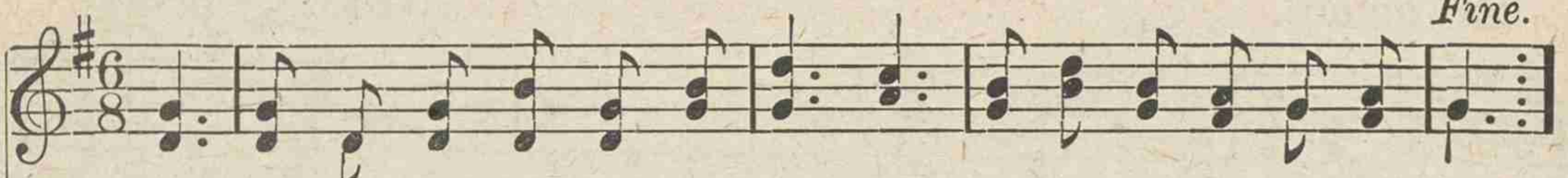


And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fightings and fears with - in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!



120 How Tedious and Tasteless.

JOHN NEWTON. DE FLEURY.

Fine.
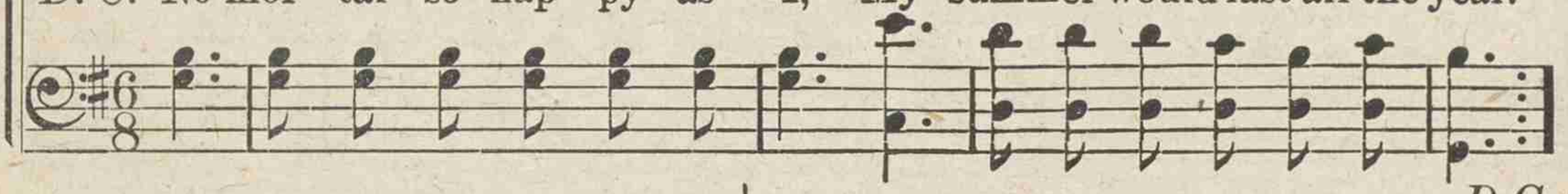


1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours, When Je-sus no lon-ger I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me.

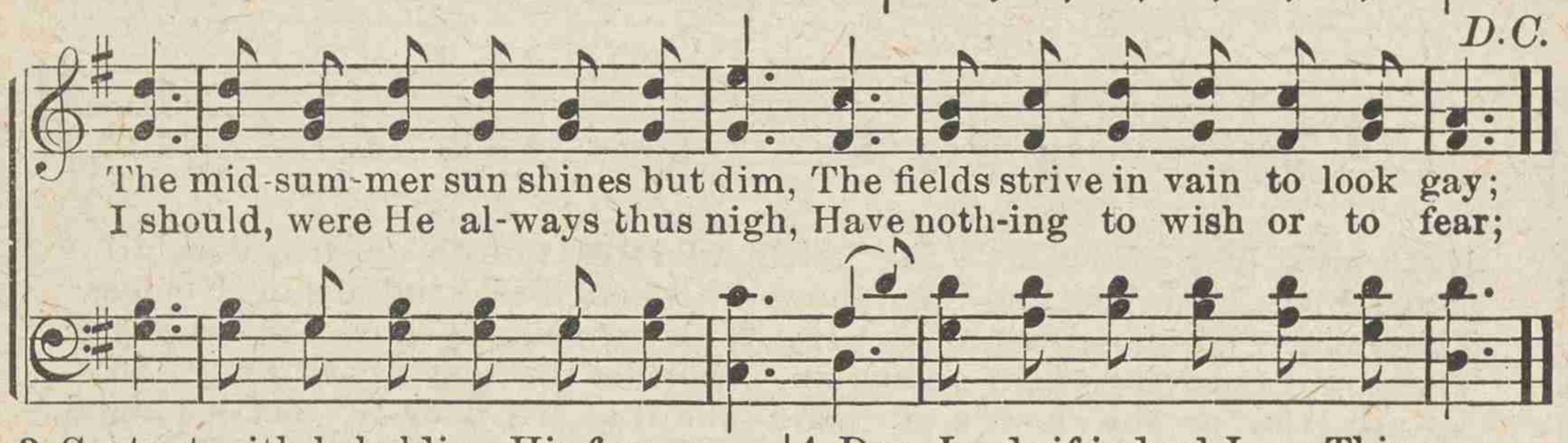
D. C.—But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.

2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic His voice;
His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice.

D. C.—No mor-tal so hap-py as I, My summer would last all the year.



D.C.
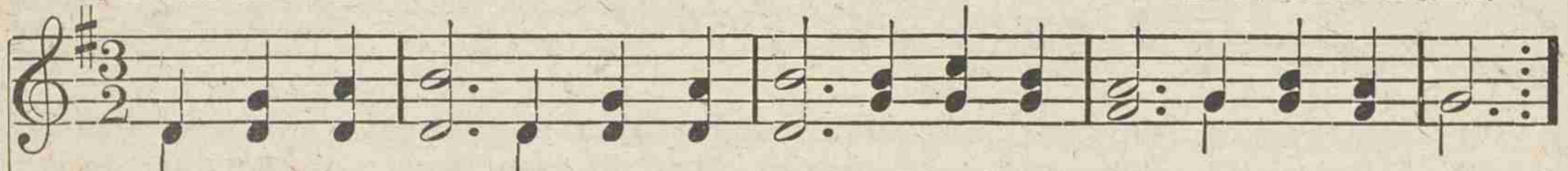


The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

O Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

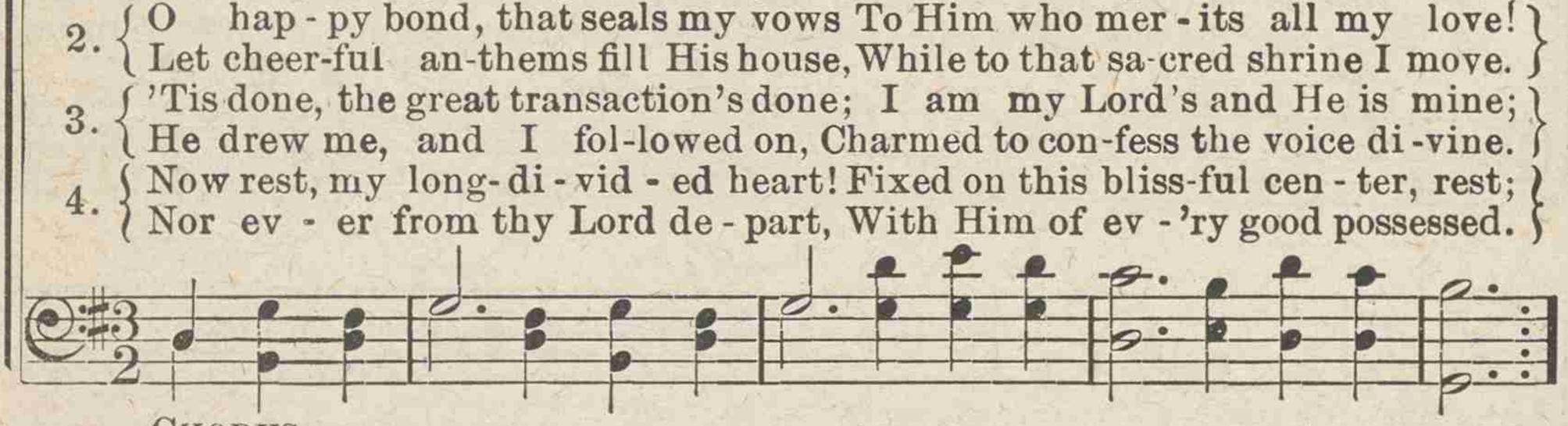


1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.

2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love!
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
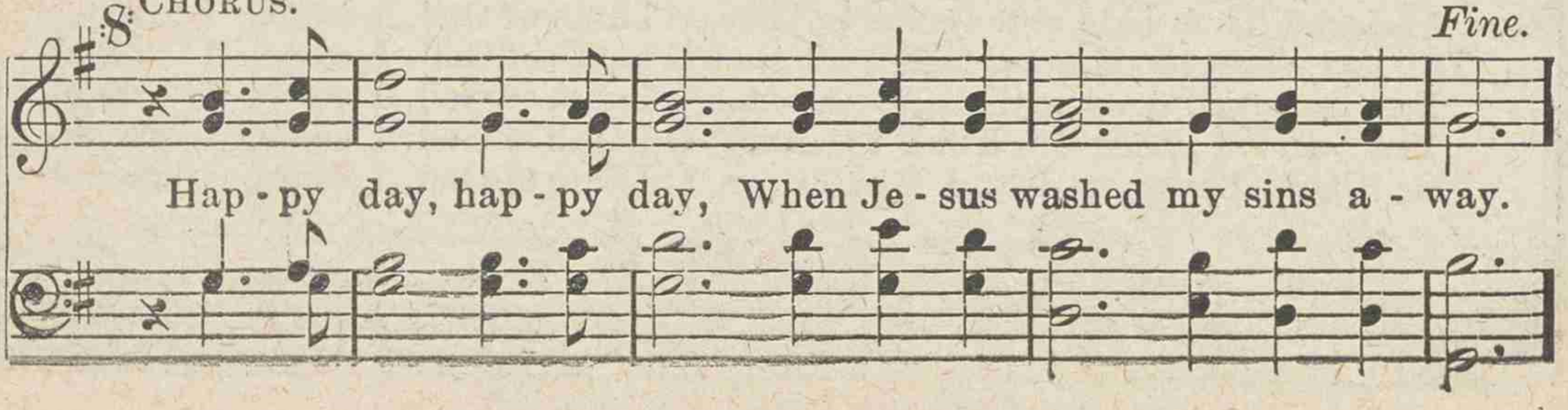
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.

4. Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart! Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter, rest;
Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev-'ry good possessed.



CHORUS.

Fine.



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

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joi - cing ev - 'ry day:

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

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

And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now;
Don't re - ject Him, don't re - ject Him, Don't re - ject Him now;
I will trust Him, I will trust Him, I will trust Him now;
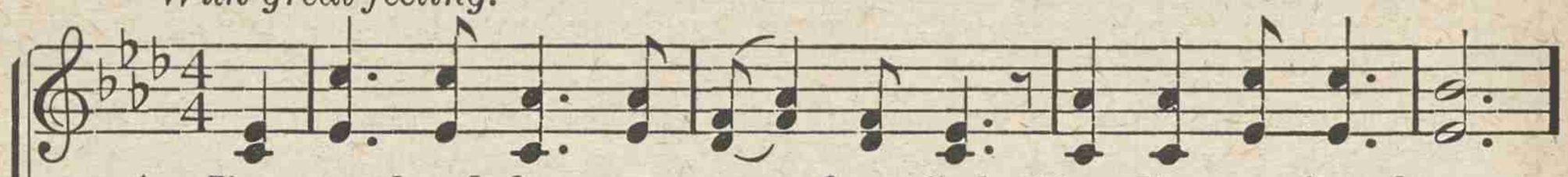
1–3. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
4. He will save me, He will save me, He will save me now.

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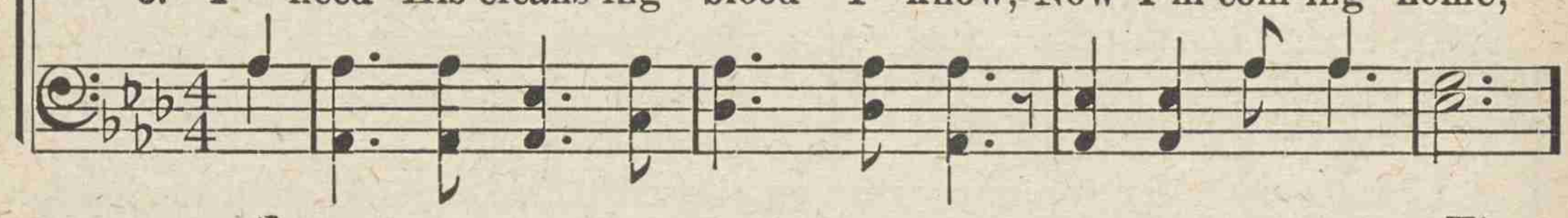
122 Lord, I'm Coming Home.
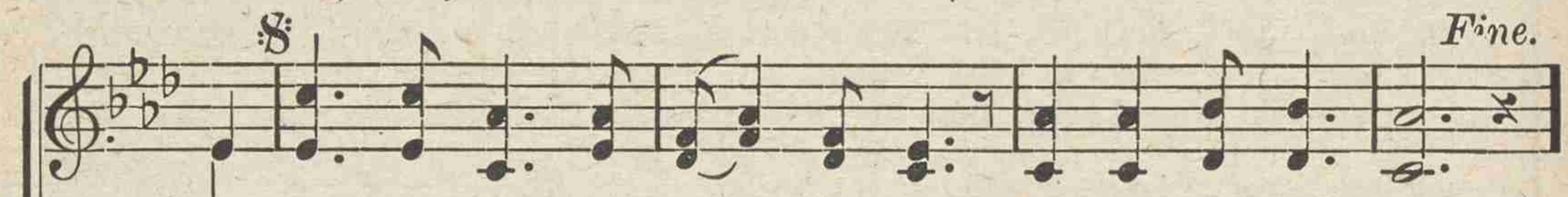
W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With great feeling.
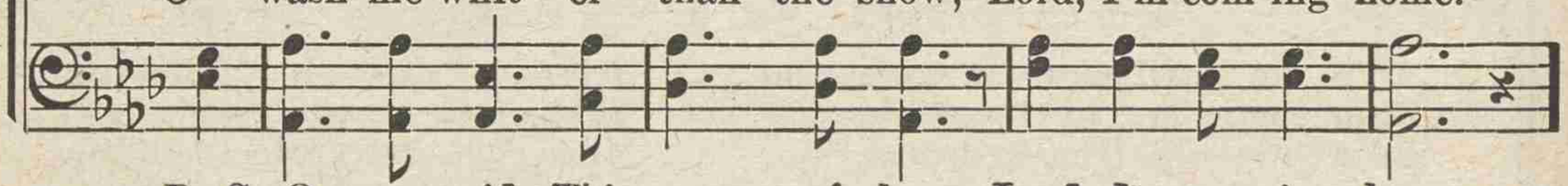


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood I know, Now I'm com-ing home;
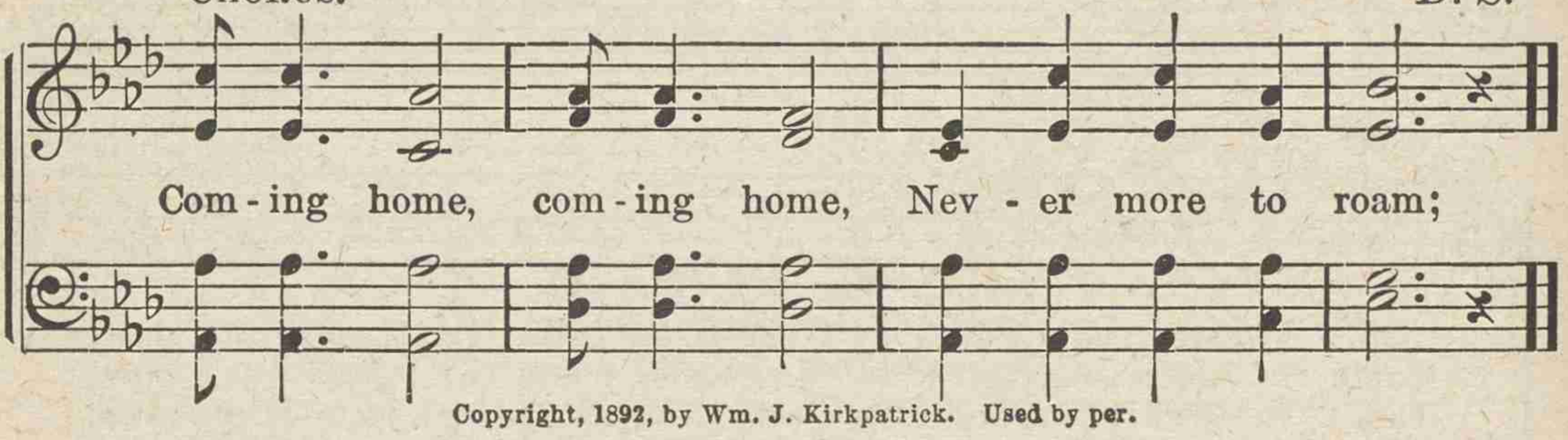




The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



D. S.–O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS. *D. S.*
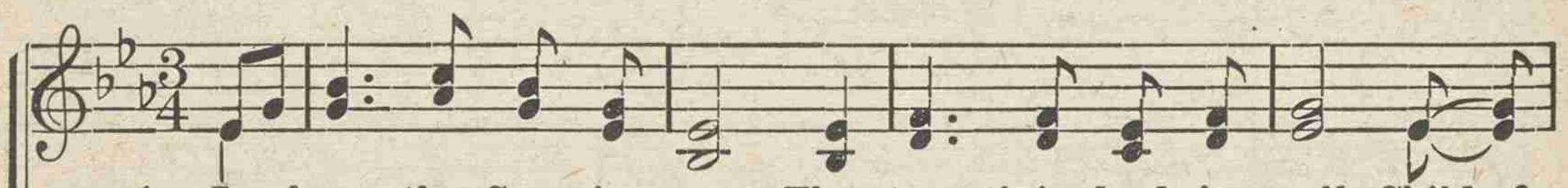


Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam;
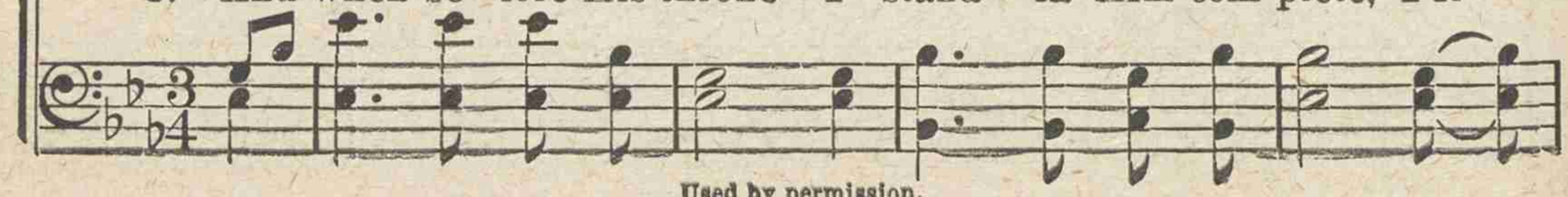
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All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

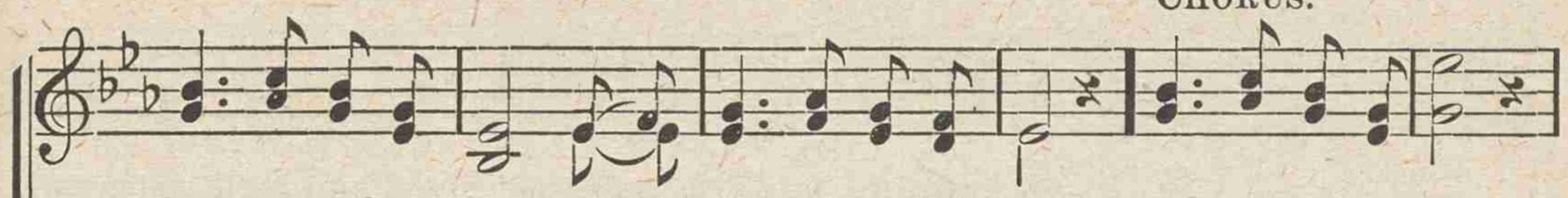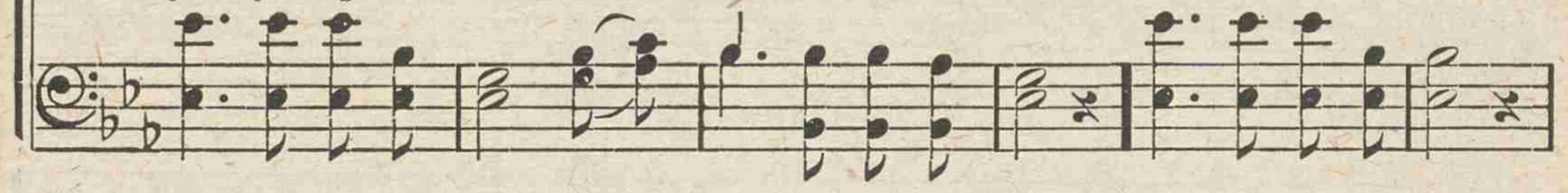


1. I hear the Sav - ior say, Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and that a - lone, Can
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim—I'll
4. When from my dy - ing bed My ran - somed soul shall rise, Then
5. And when be - fore His throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll
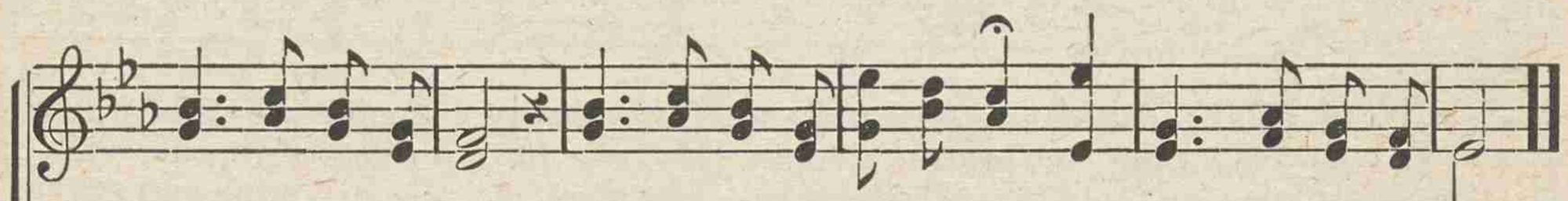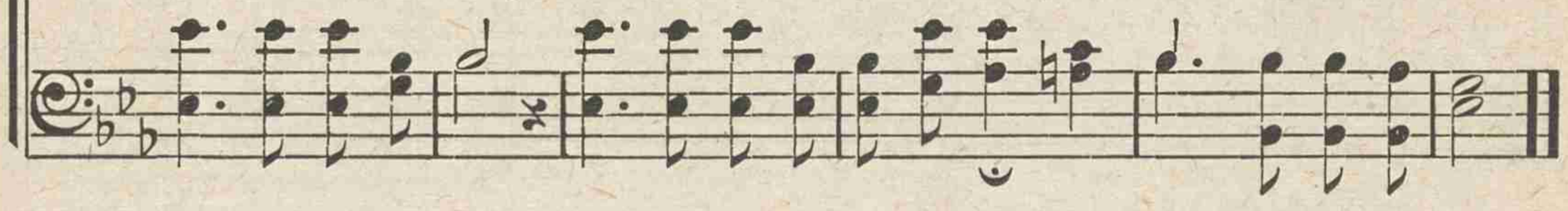


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CHORUS.

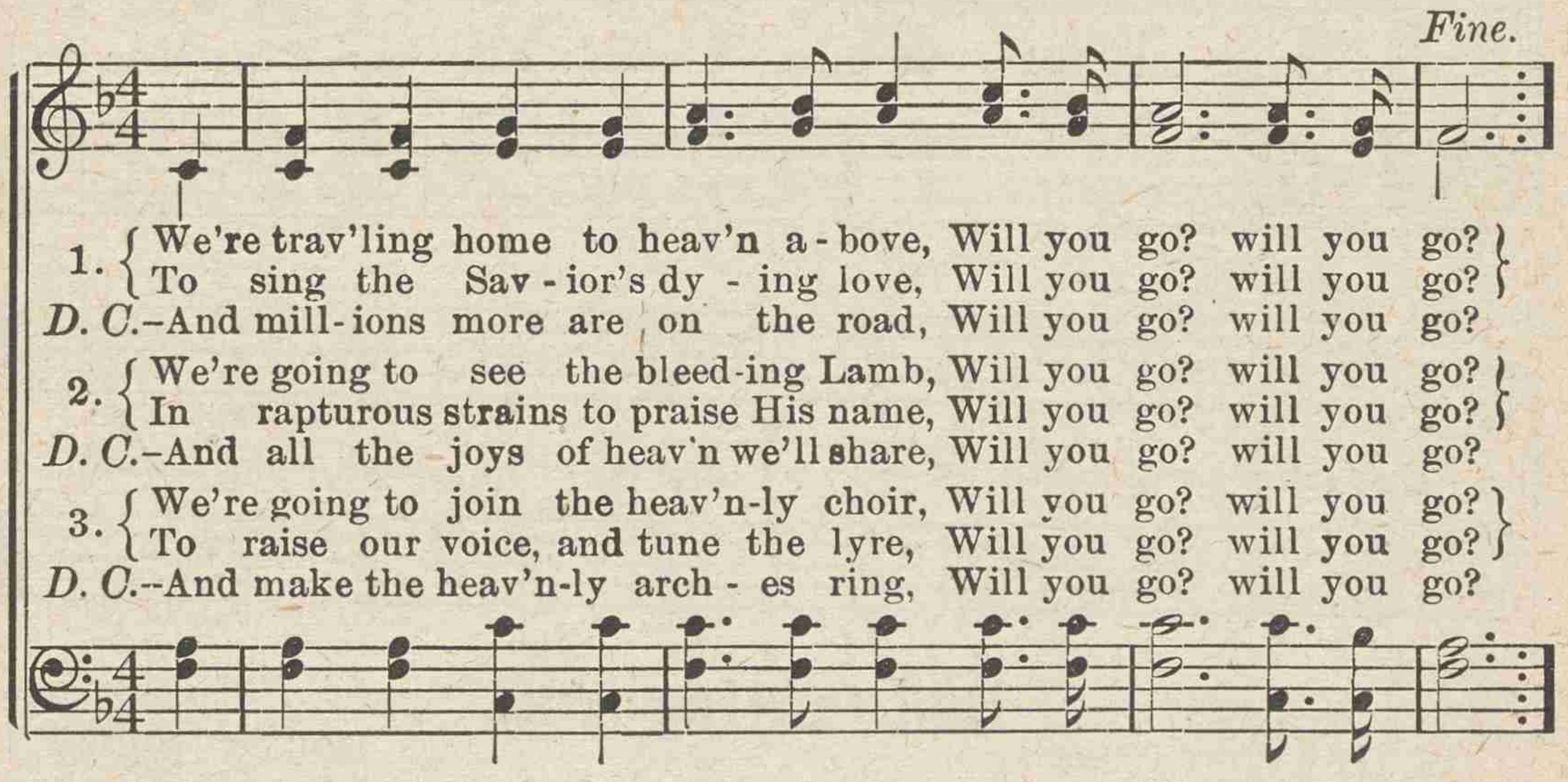


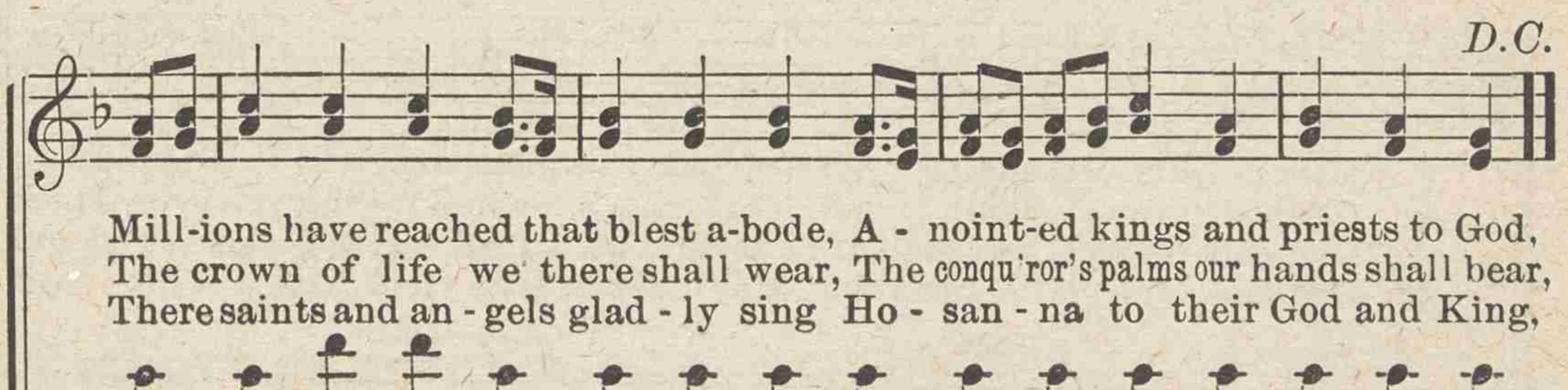






Will You Go?





124 The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His unchanging grace;
3. His oath, His cov - en - ant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.
In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Drest in His right-eous-ness a - lone, Fault-less to stand be - fore the throne.

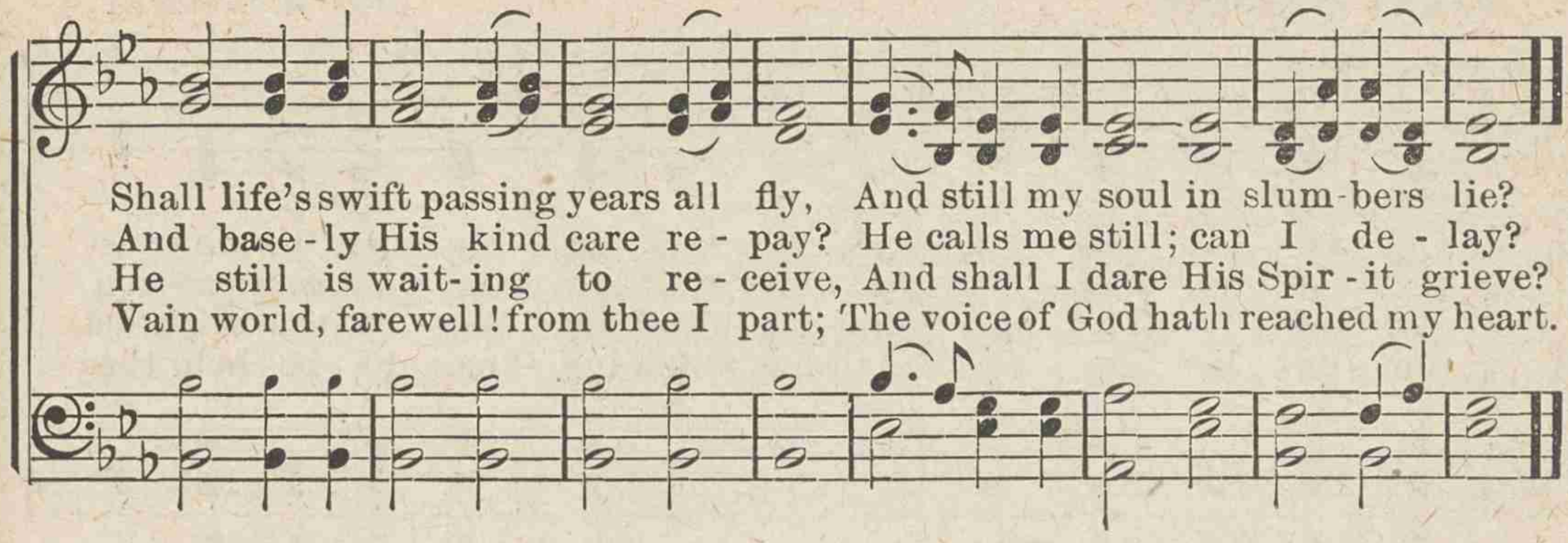
REFRAIN.

On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

God Calling Yet.

Tr. JANE BORTHWICK. JOHN E. GOULD.

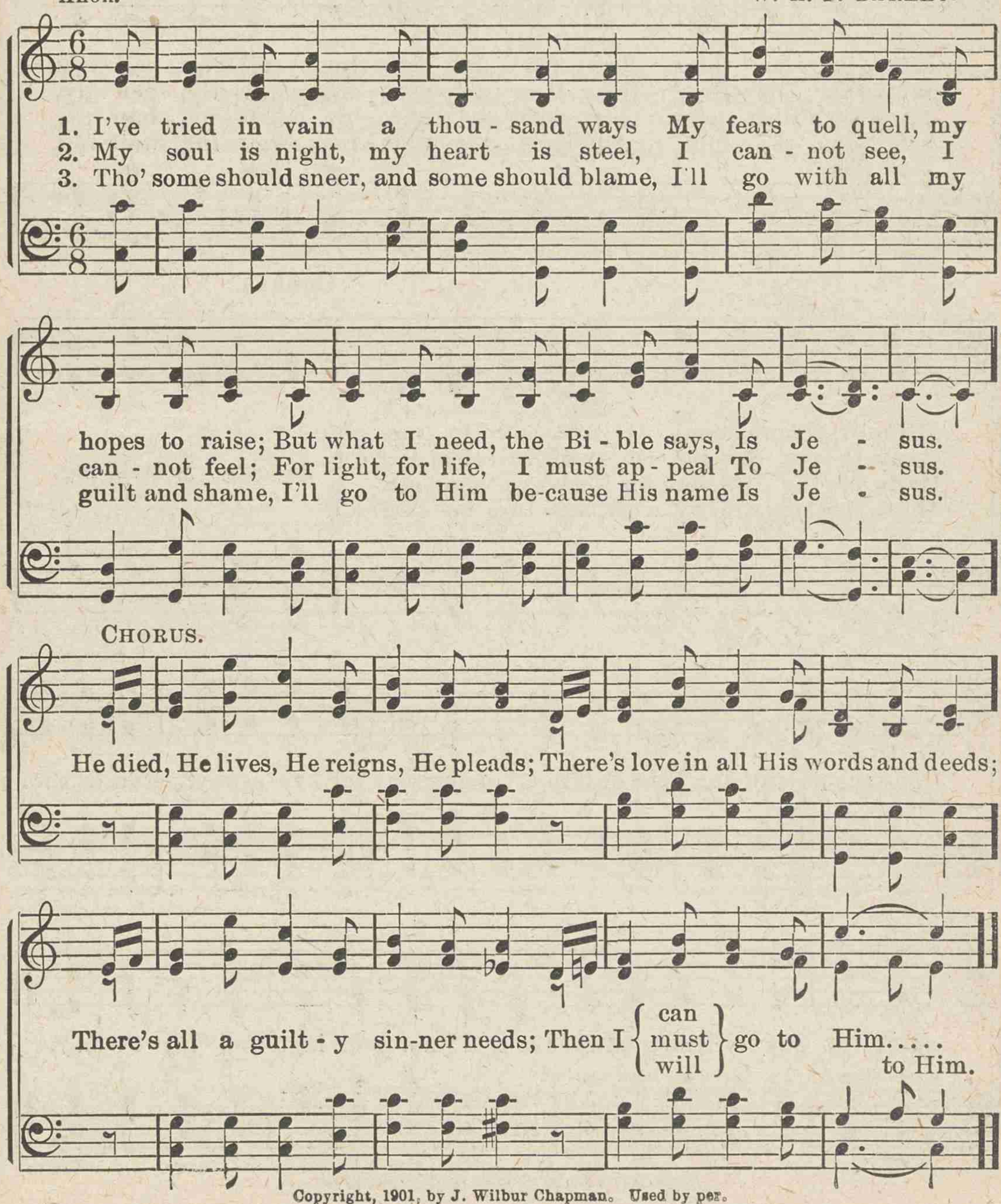
1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de - lay:



I Go to Him.

"And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

Anon. W. H. P. BARLEY.



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126 Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Out on the des - ert, seek - ing, seek-ing, Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus
2. Still He is wait - ing, wait - ing, wait-ing, Oh, what com-pas-sion
3. Lov - ing - ly plead - ing, plead-ing, plead-ing, Mer - cy, tho' slight-ed,
4. Spir - its in glo - ry, watch-ing, watch-ing, Long to be - hold thee

seek - ing for thee; Ten - der - ly call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,
beams in His eye; Hear Him re - peat - ing gen - tly, gen - tly,
bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,
safe in the fold; An - gels are wait - ing, wait - ing, wait- ing,

CHORUS.

Hith - er, thou lost one, O come un - to me.
Come to thy Sav - ior, Oh, why wilt thou die?
Come, ere thy life-star for - ev - er shall set.
When shall thy sto - ry with rap - ture be told?
} Je - sus is seek - ing,

Je - sus is call-ing, Why dost thou lin-ger, why tar - ry a-way? Run to Him

quick-ly, say to Him glad-ly, Lord, I am com- ing, com - ing to - day.

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Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart. 127

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If friends, once trusted, have prov - en un - true, Let Je - sus come
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Foun-tains for cleans-ing are flow-ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,
in - to your heart; Find what a Friend He will be un - to you,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. 1–4. Just now, your
5. Just now, my

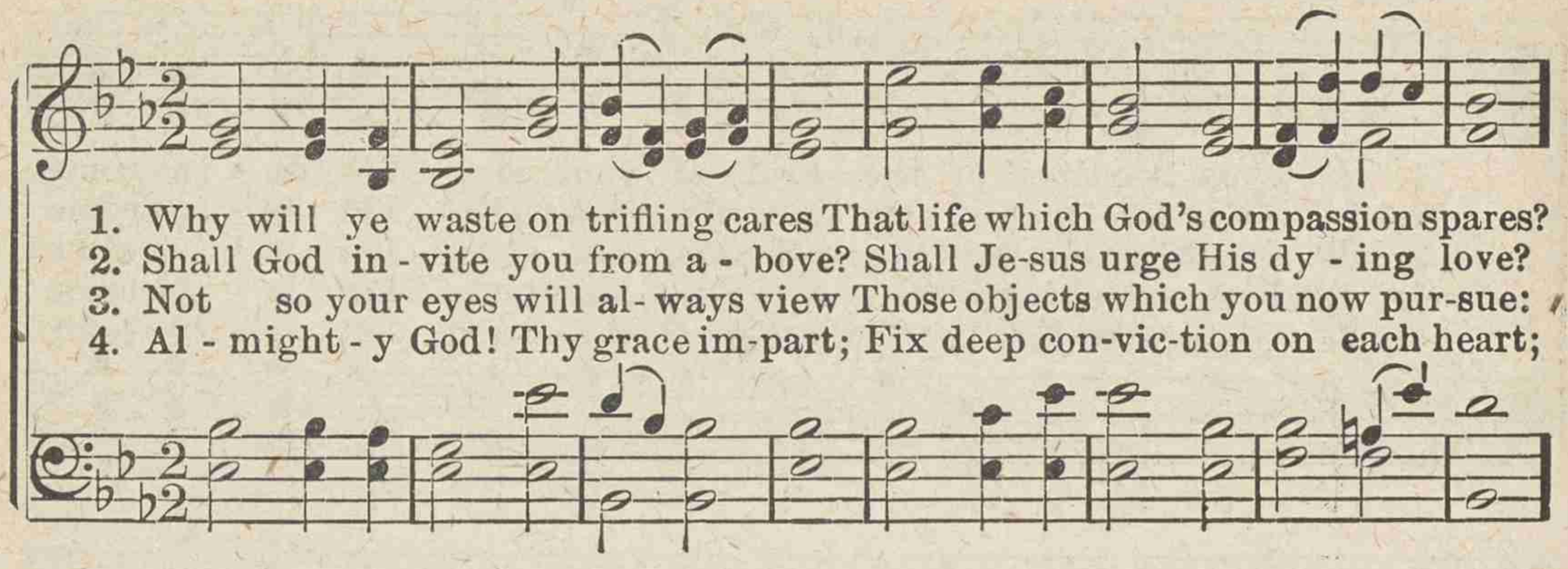
doubt-ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
doubt-ings are o'er; Just now, re - ject- ing no more; Just now, I

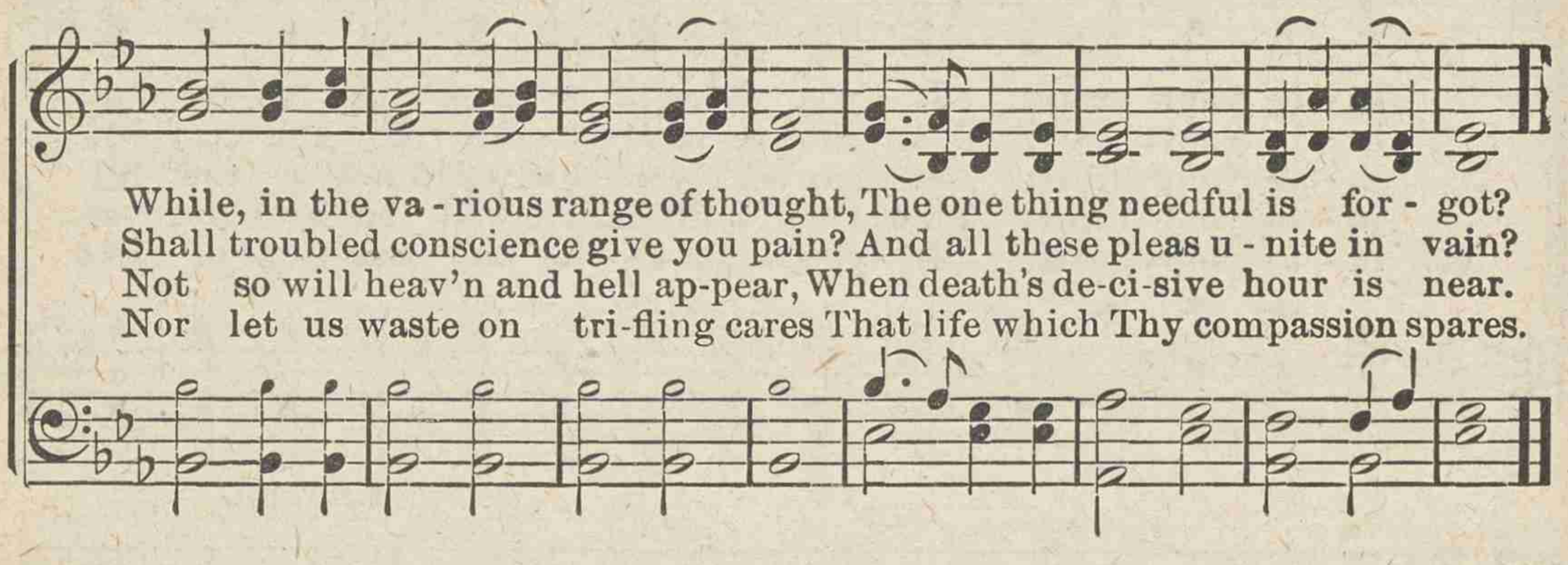
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
o - pen the door; And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

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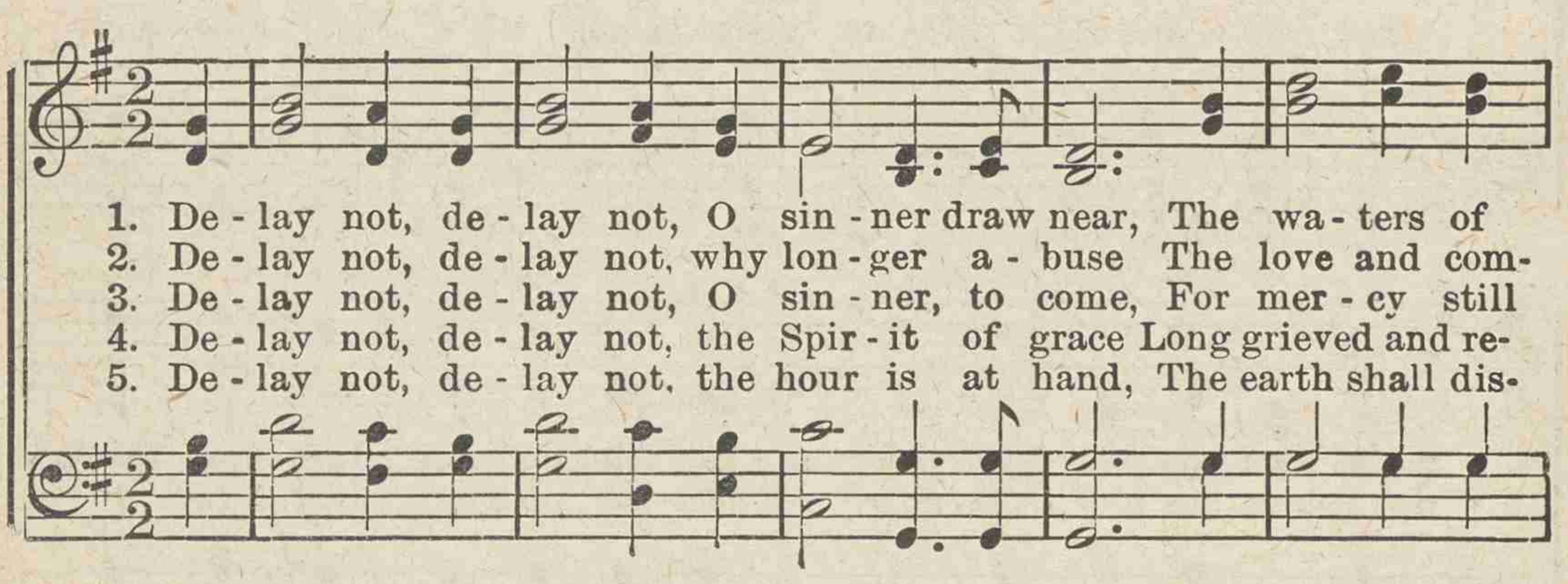
Why Will Ye Waste.

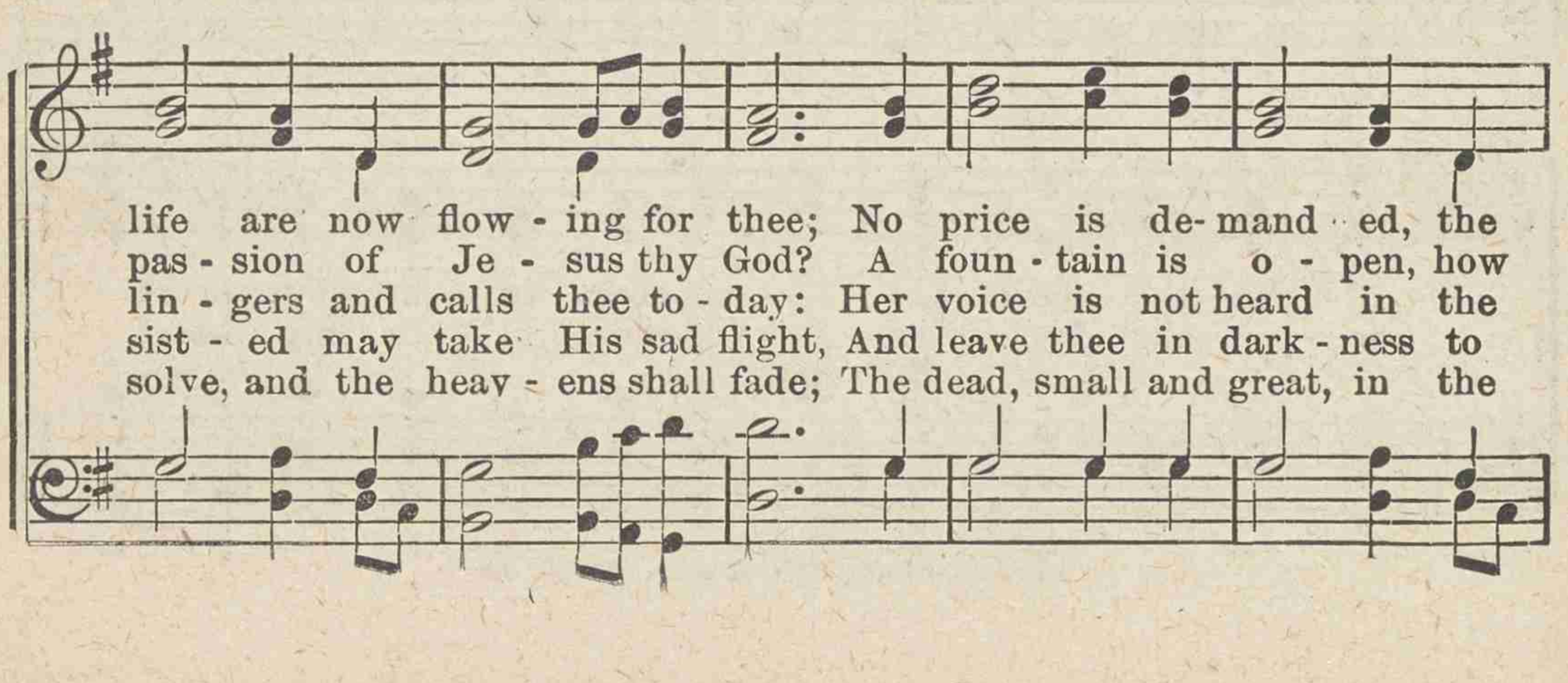
JOHN E. GOULD.

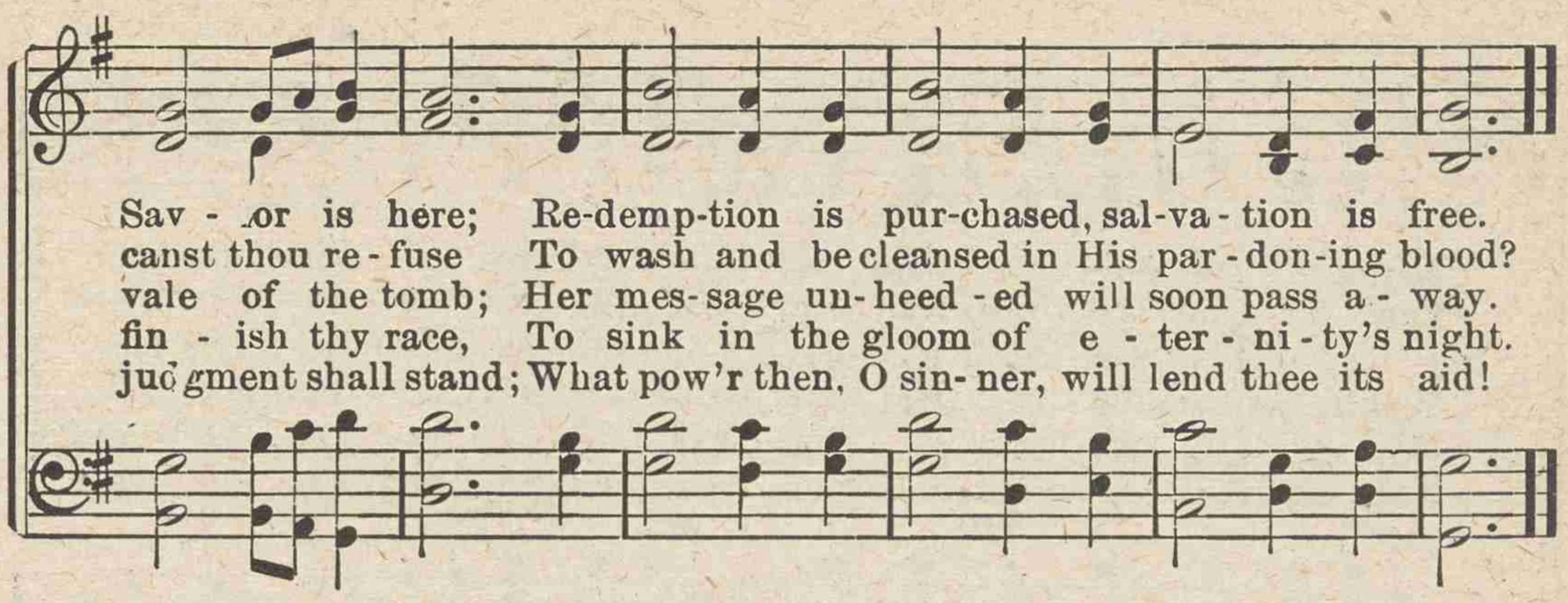




Delay Not, Delay Not.

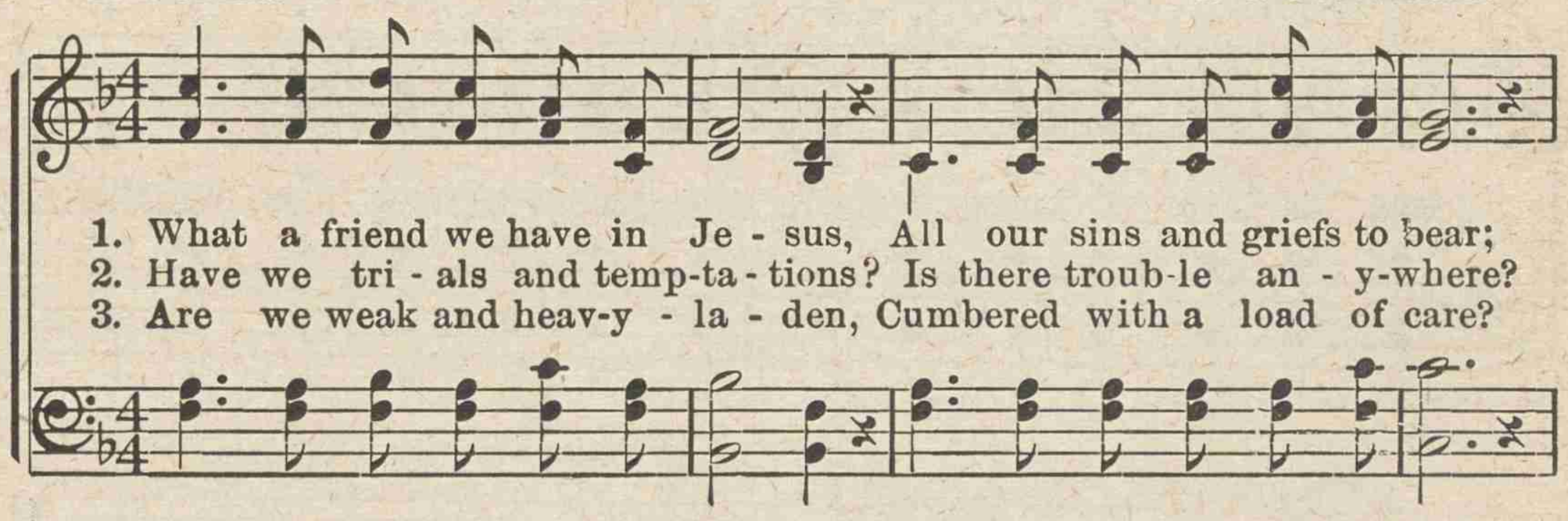


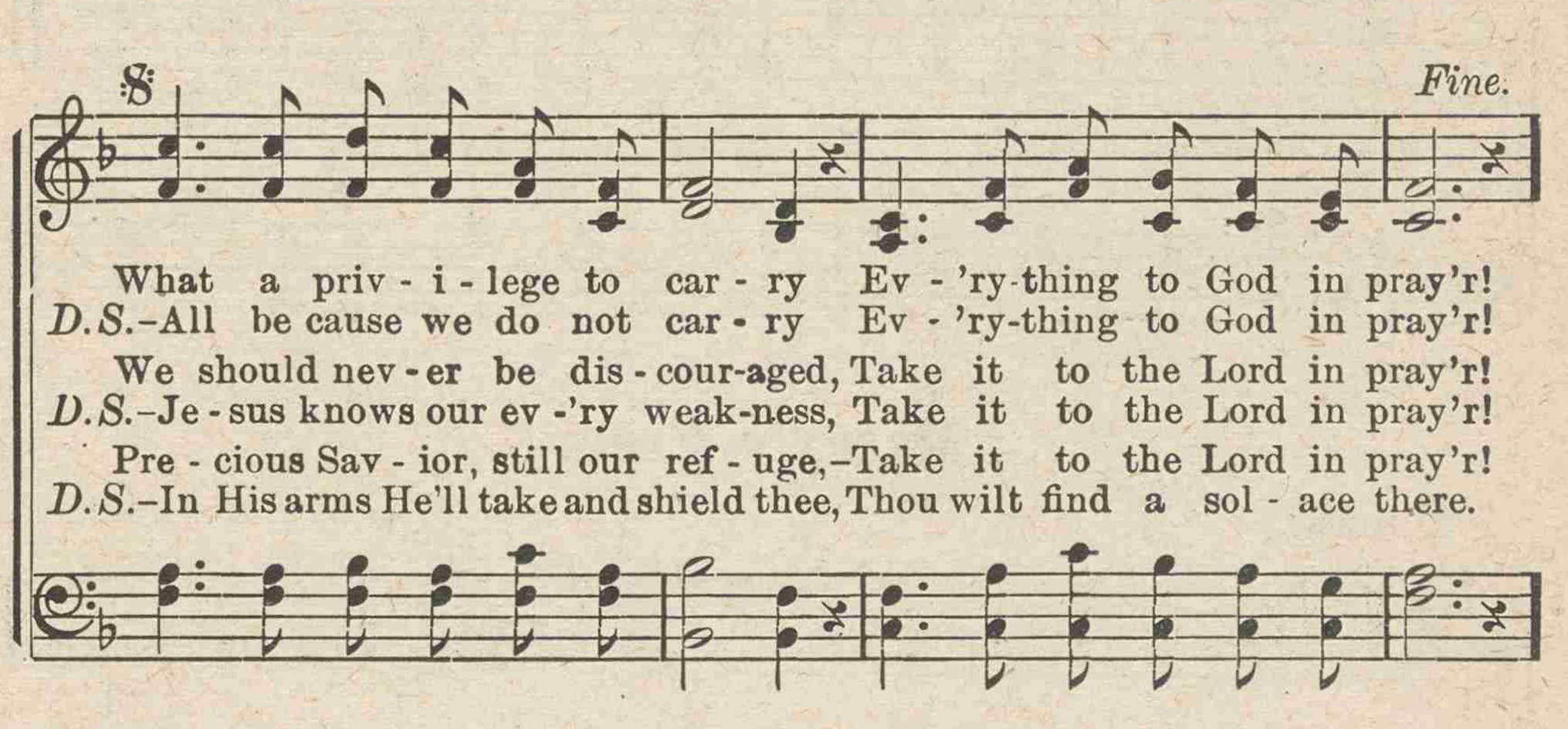


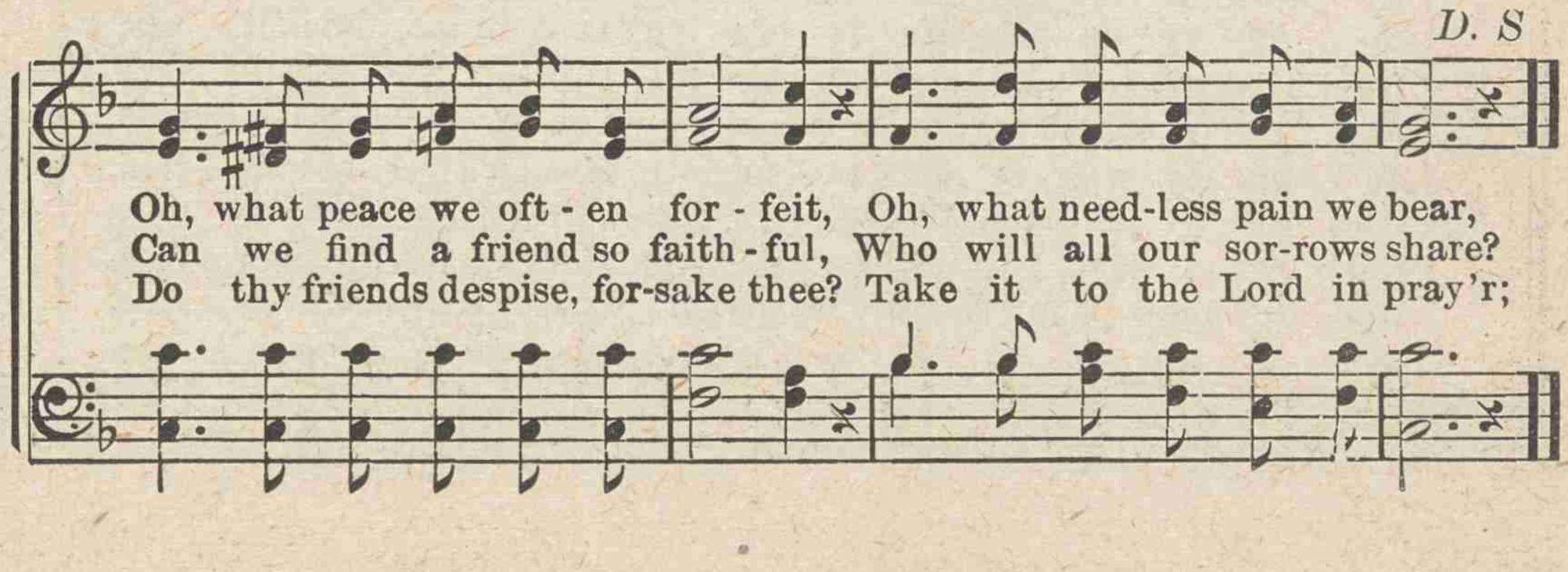


What a Friend.

H. BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE.
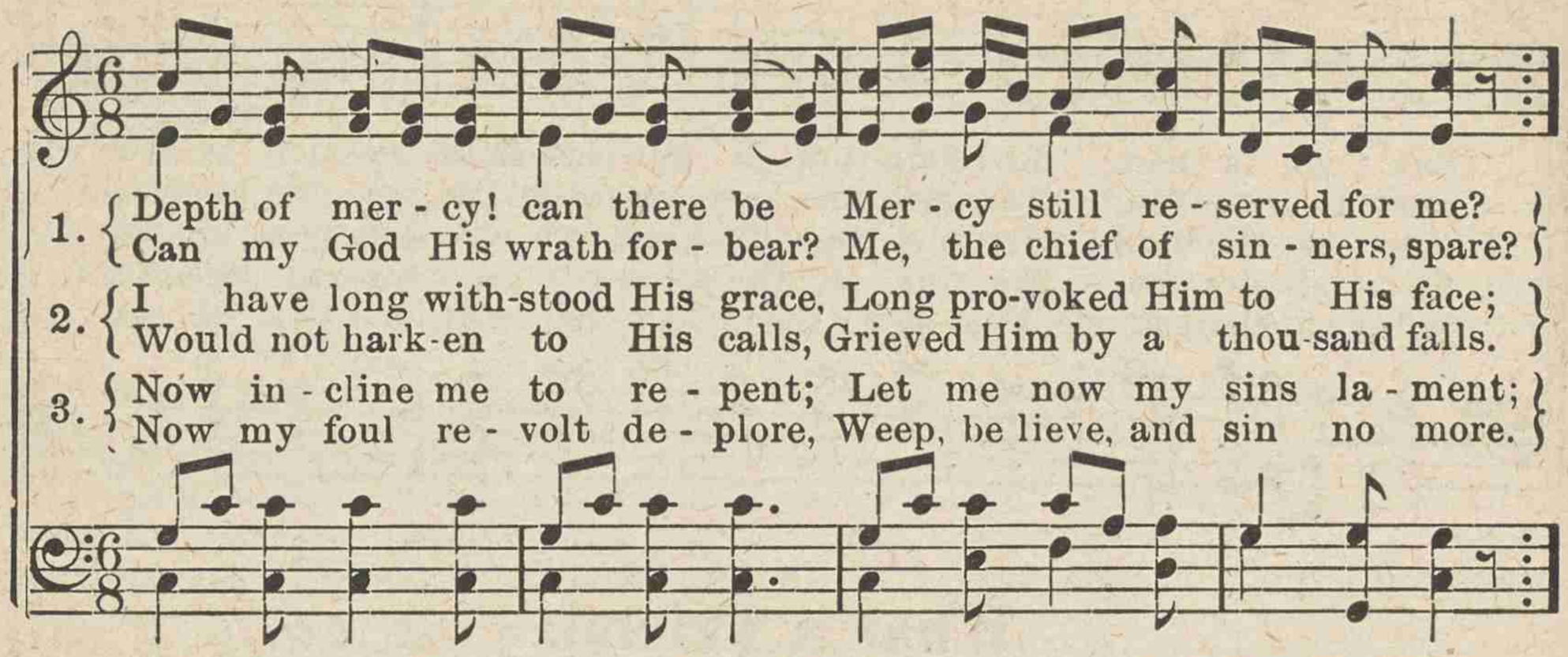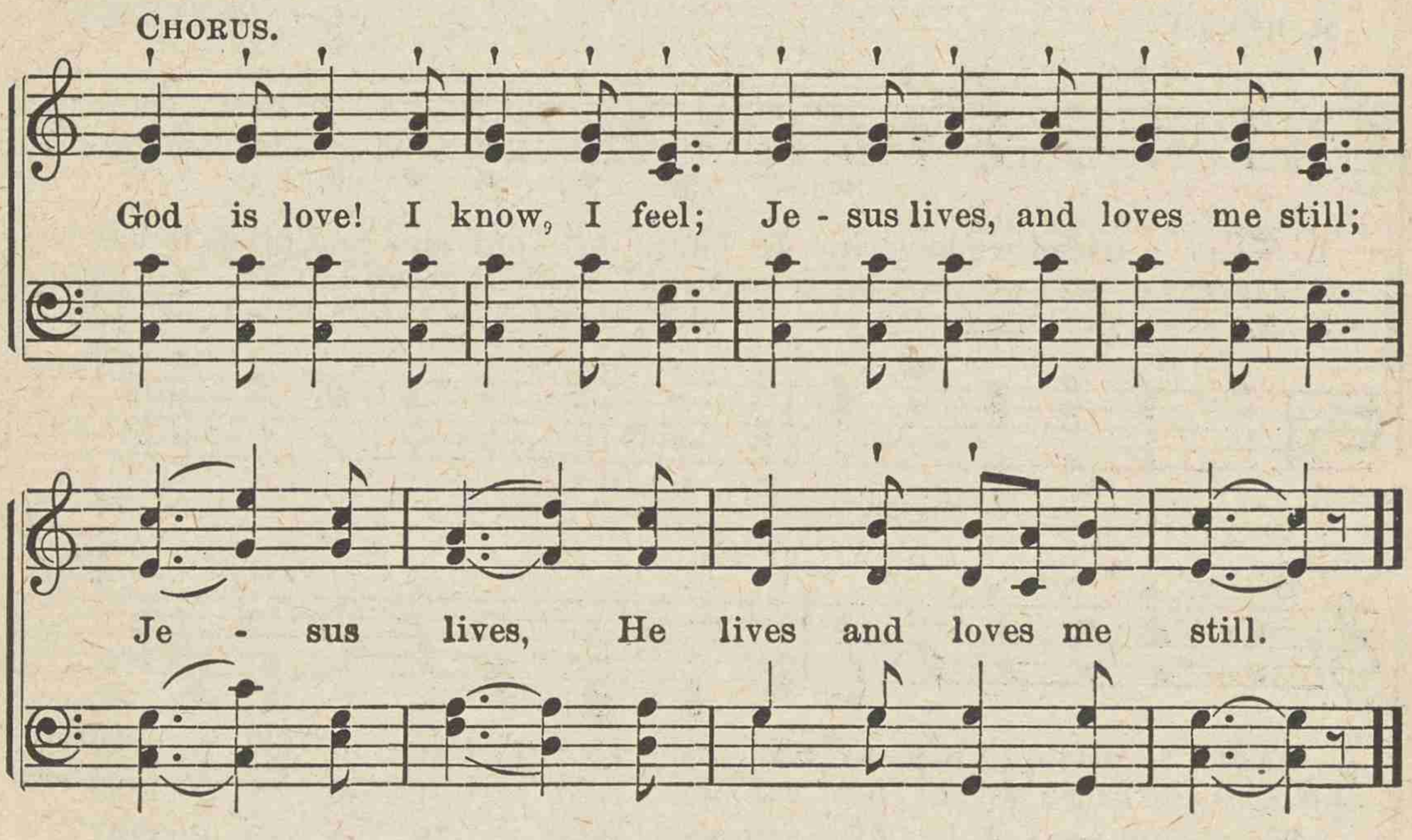






130 Depth of Mercy.
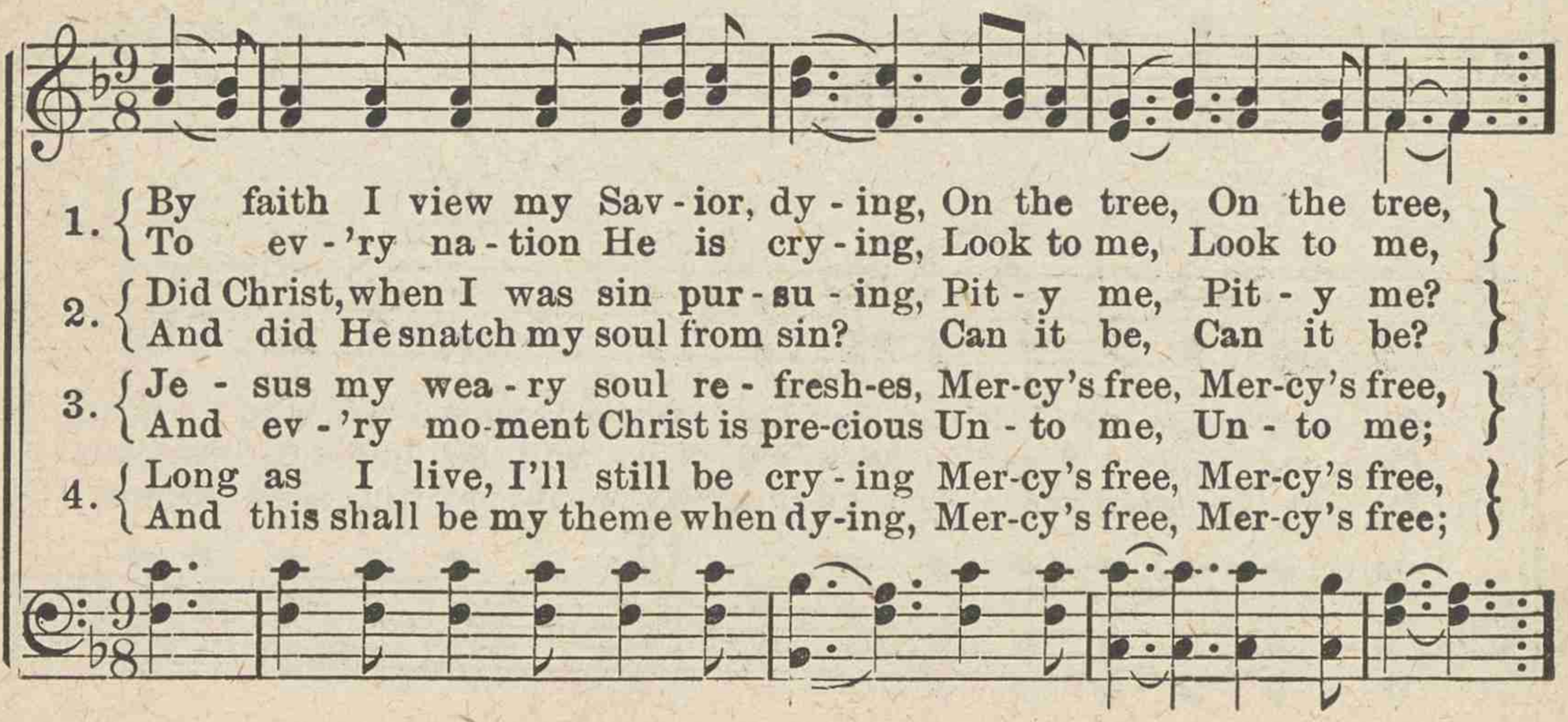
CHARLES WESLEY. From STEVENSON.

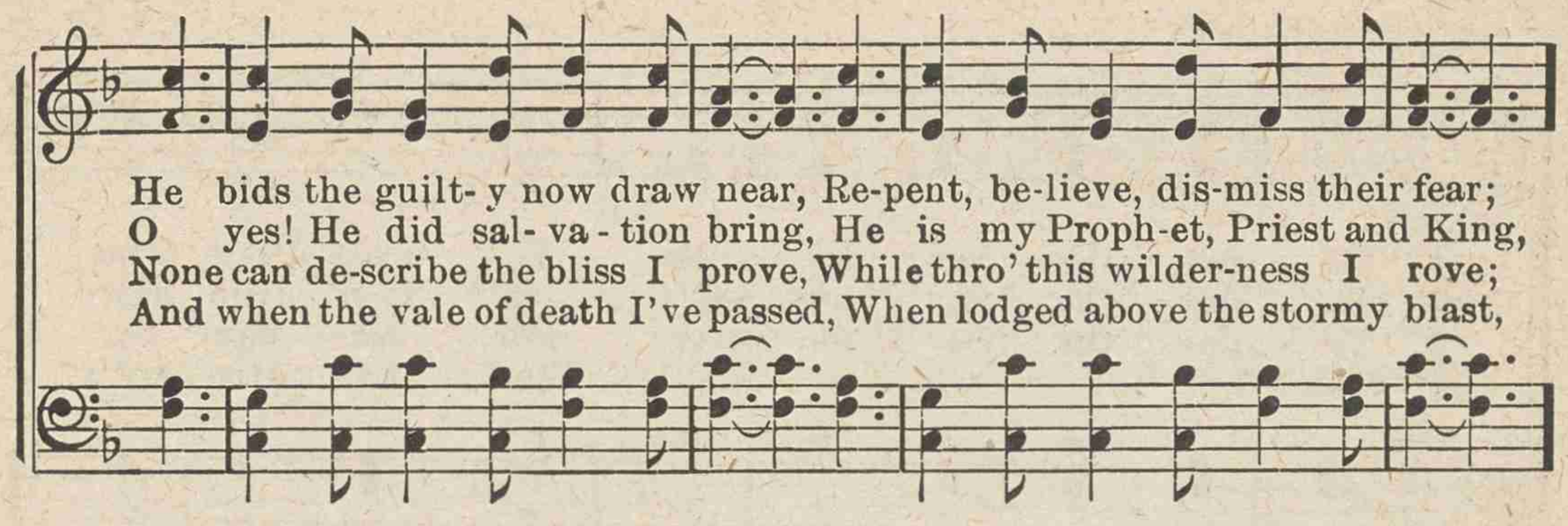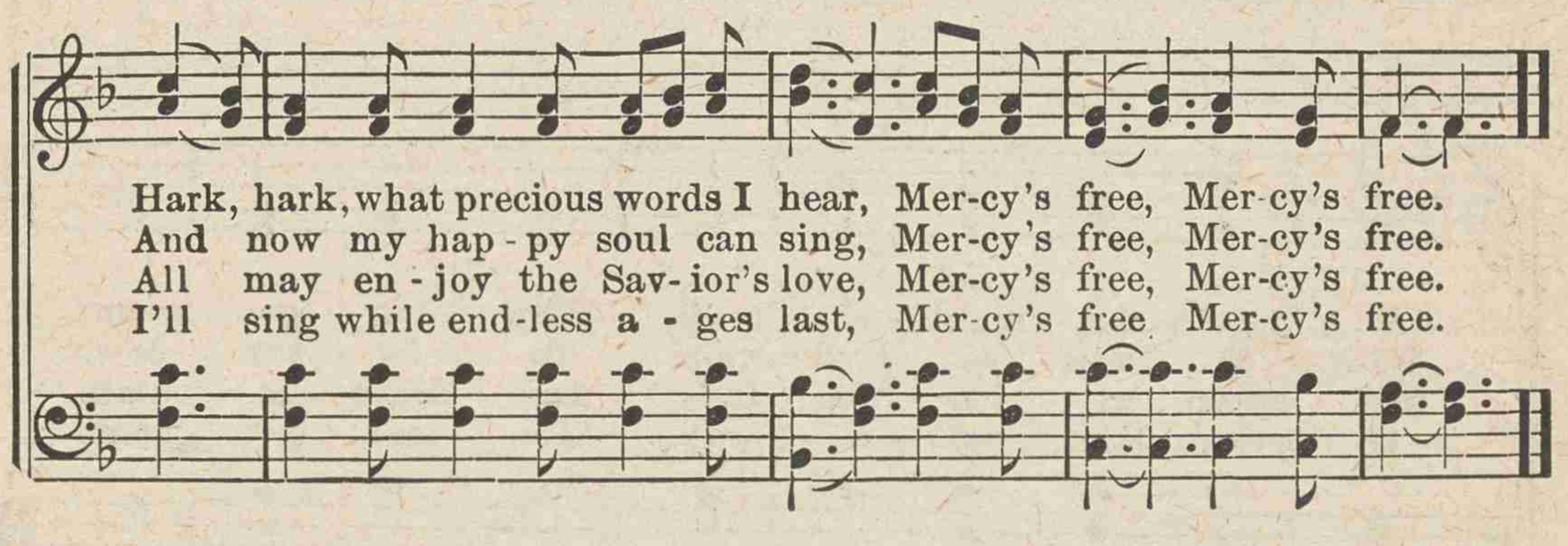




Mercy's Free.

R. JUKES. From D. F. E. AUBER.

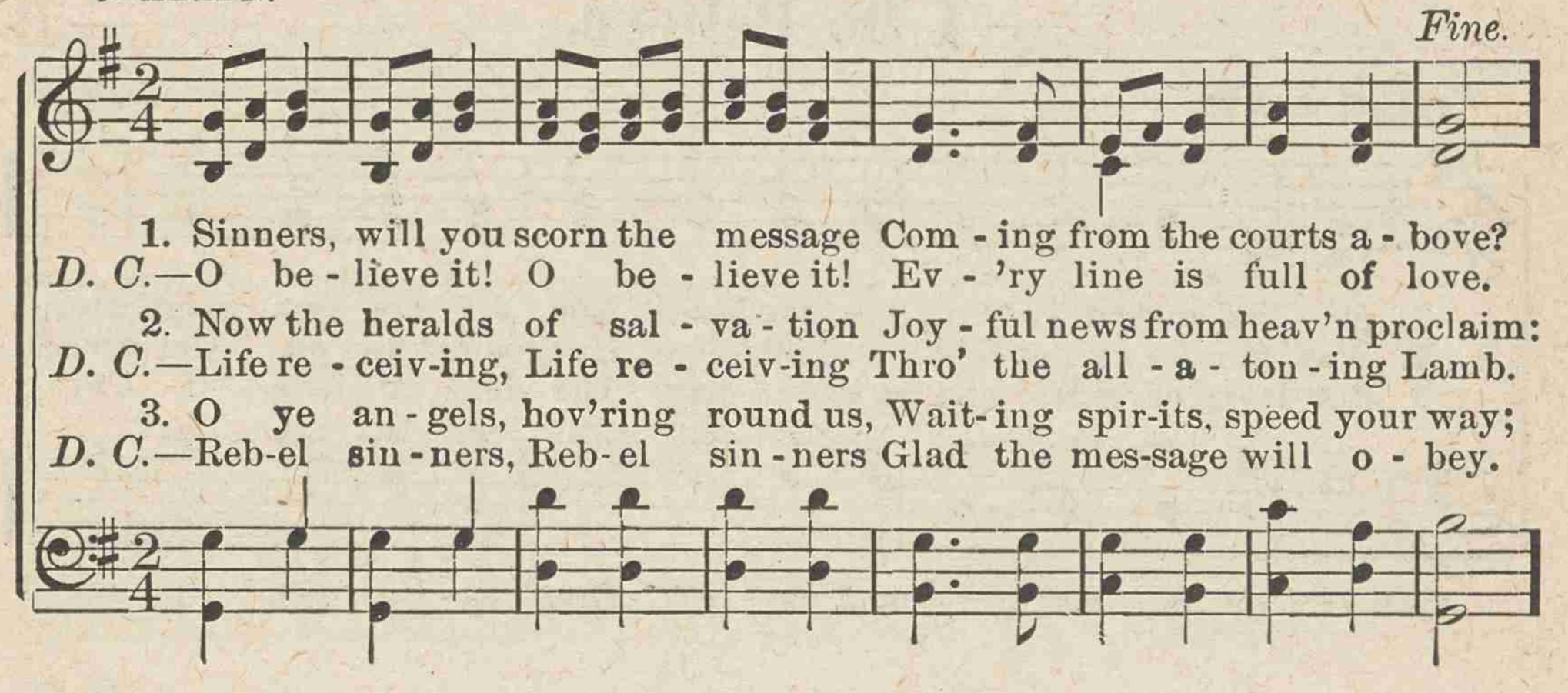


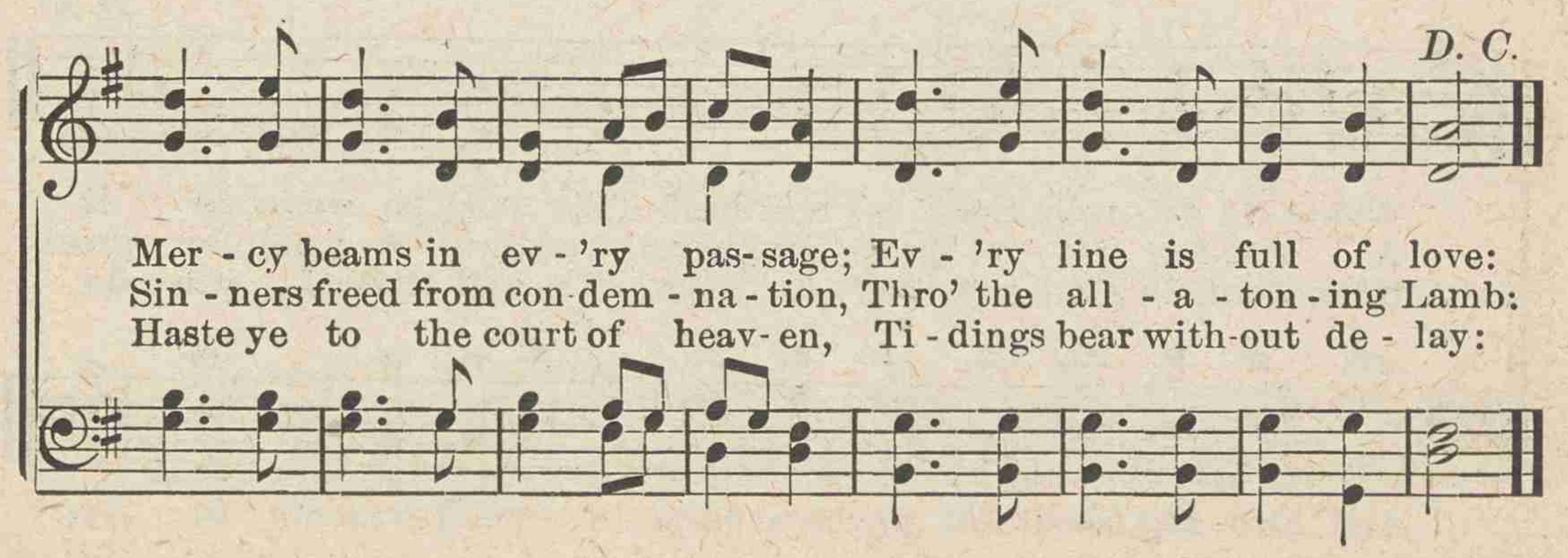




Sinners, Will You Scorn the Message?

J. ALLEN.





132 To-day the Savior Calls.

S. F. SMITH, alt.

1. To - day the Sav - ior calls! Ye wan - d'rers, come;
2. To - day the Sav - ior calls! O hear Him now;
3. To - day the Sav - ior calls! For ref - uge fly;
4. The Spir - it calls to - day! Yield to His pow'r;

O ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
O grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

I Do Believe.

ISAAC WATTS. Anon.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

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

D. C.

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self to Thee, 'Tis all that I can do.

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

Old Melody.

Joyful.

1. Je - sus hath died and hath ris-en a - gain, Pardon and peace to be-stow;
2. Sin's con-dem-na-tion is o - ver and gone, Je-sus a-lone knoweth how;
3. Sa - tan may tempt, but he never shall reign, *That* Christ will never allow;
4. Rest - ing in Je - sus, a - bid-ing in Him, Glad-ly my faith can a-vow,—
5. Je - sus is stron-ger than Sa-tan and sin, Sa - tan to Je-sus must bow;
6. Sor - row and pain may be-set me a - bout, Nothing can darken my brow;

Ful - ly I trust Him; from sin's guilt-y gain, Je - sus saves me now.
Life and Sal - va - tion my soul hath put on: Je - sus saves me now.
Doubts I have bur-ied, and this is my strain, "Je - sus saves me now."
Nev - er a - gain need my path-way be dim, Je - sus saves me now.
Therefore I tri-umph with-out and with-in: Je - sus saves me now.
Bat - tling in faith I can joy - ful - ly shout; "Je - sus saves me now."

CHORUS.

Je - sus saves me now, Je - sus saves me now; Yes,

Je - sus saves me all the time; Je - sus saves me now.

134 Master, I Have Heard Thee Pleading.

E. H. J. J. MOUNTAIN.

1. Mas - ter, I have heard Thee pleading With my in-most soul to - night!
2. Spir - it, soul, and bod - y yield-ing Will - ing - ly to Thee, my Lord!
3. Now, henceforth, Lord, and for- ev - er, I am Thine, yes, all for Thee;

CHO.–*Je - sus, Mas-ter, search me, prove me! With Thy fire try my heart;*

Fine.

Now, Thy sol - emn mes - sage heed - ing, I would end the fight:
What I give Thou now art tak - ing: I be - lieve Thy word!
Thine in serv - ice, or in suf-f'ring—Choose my path for me.

All I am and have I yield, Lord; All I need—Thou art.

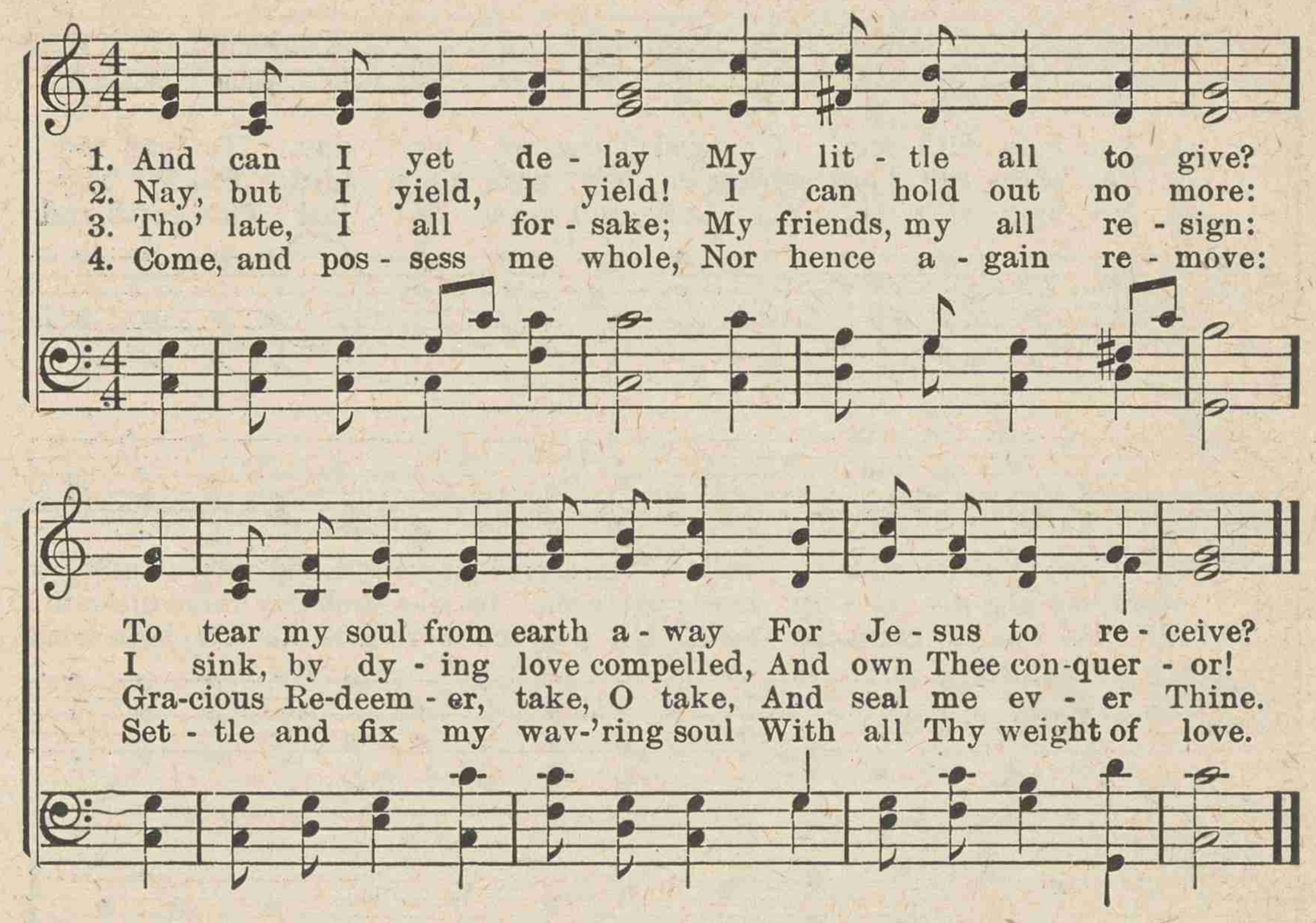
p

Vain - ly hath my soul been struggling With the ty - rant on its throne;
Yes! I trust Thee as my Keep- er, 'Mid temp-ta - tions day by day,
Peace and joy my heart are fill - ing; Rest be- yond all pow'r to tell;

Rit. *p* *D. C. for Chorus.*
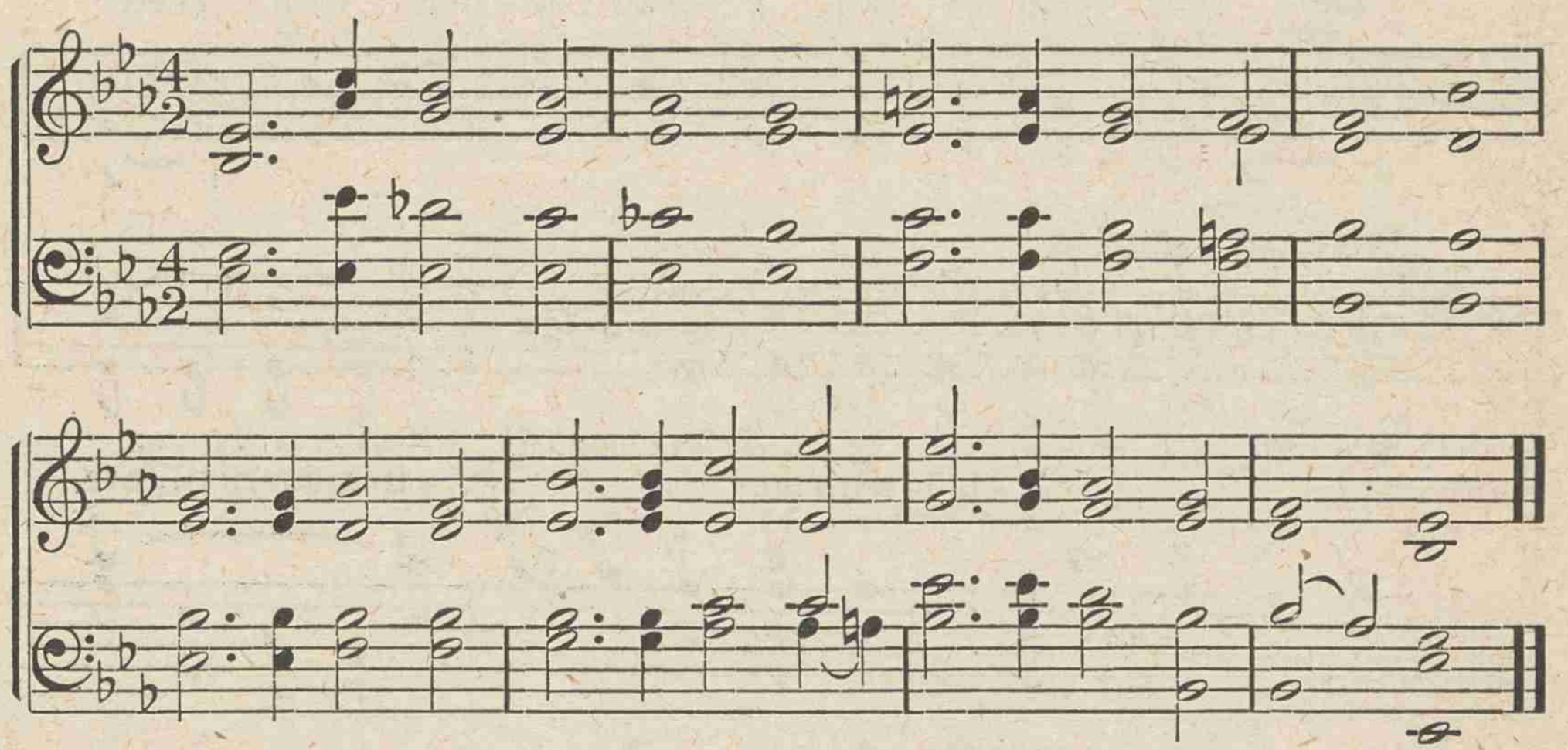
Now, dear Lord, the king - dom tak - ing, Claim me Thine a - lone.
Trust Thee as my Guide and Lead - er In the nar - row way.
This my ev - er - deep-'ning por - tion While in Thee I dwell.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.



For the Morning Hour.

H. G. H. GREEN.



1 Set a watch, Lord Jesus,
Close upon my talking;
Guide me, guard me from all stumbling
In my daily walking.

Psalm 141: 3.

2 Save me, Lord, from shirking
Tests which Thou dost send me;
So Thy wise and wondrous working
Never shall offend me.

Isaiah 28: 29.

3 Help me "run with patience"
Where Thou art appointing;
With fixed gaze my eyes upon Thee,
Eyes of Thine anointing.

John 9: 11.

4 Grant me "ears uncovered"
To Thy voice so tender;
Then shall I not fear to follow
Thee, my strong Defender.

I Sam. 9: 15.

136 Abide With Me.

EMMA G. DIETRICH. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.
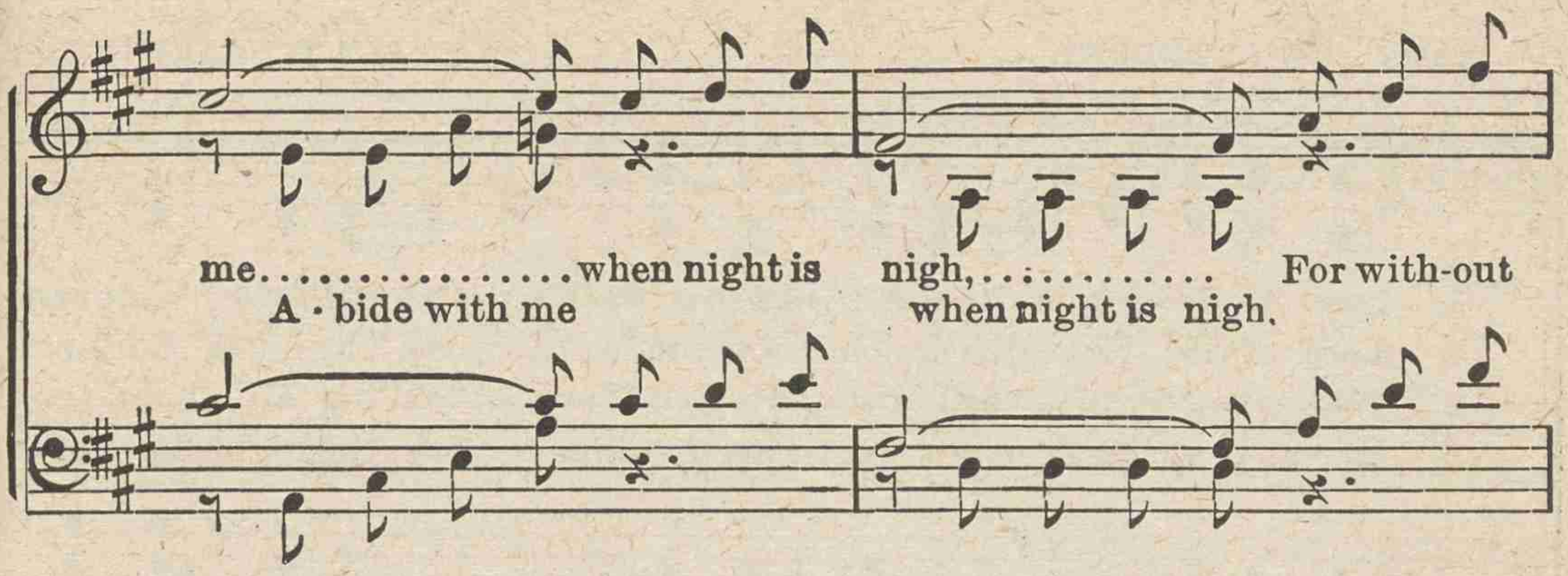
Effective as a Solo and Chorus.

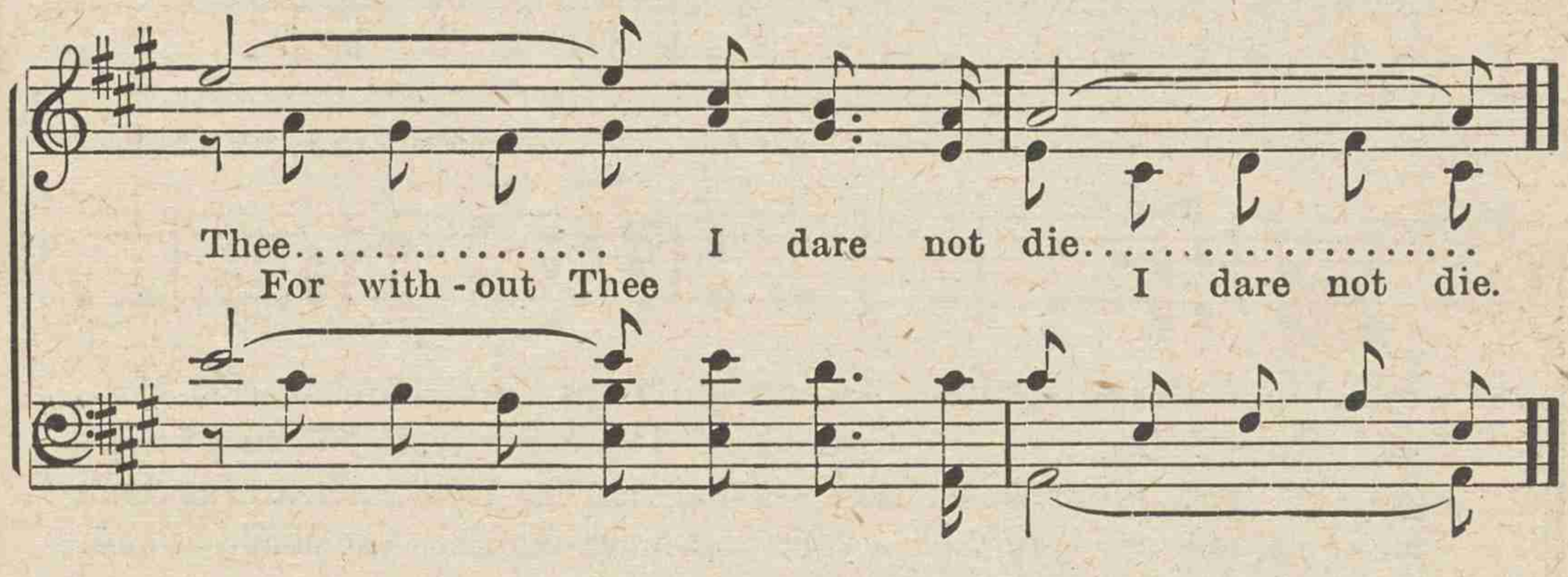
1. A - bide with me; I need Thee ev - 'ry day, To lead me on thro' all the wea - ry way; When storms surround, and only clouds I see, Lord, be my com - fort, and a - bide with me.
2. Be with me, Lord, wher-e'er my path may lead; Ful-fill Thy word, sup-ply my ev - 'ry need; Help me to live each day more close to Thee, And, O dear Lord, I pray a - bide with me.
3. A - bide with me, my Lord, and when at last This earth and all its wea - ry cares are past, I'll pray no more that Thou a - bide with me, For then, at last, I shall a - bide with Thee.

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

A - bide with me..... from morn till eve,.....
A - bide with me, from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee..... I can - not live;..... A - bide with
For without Thee I can-not live;

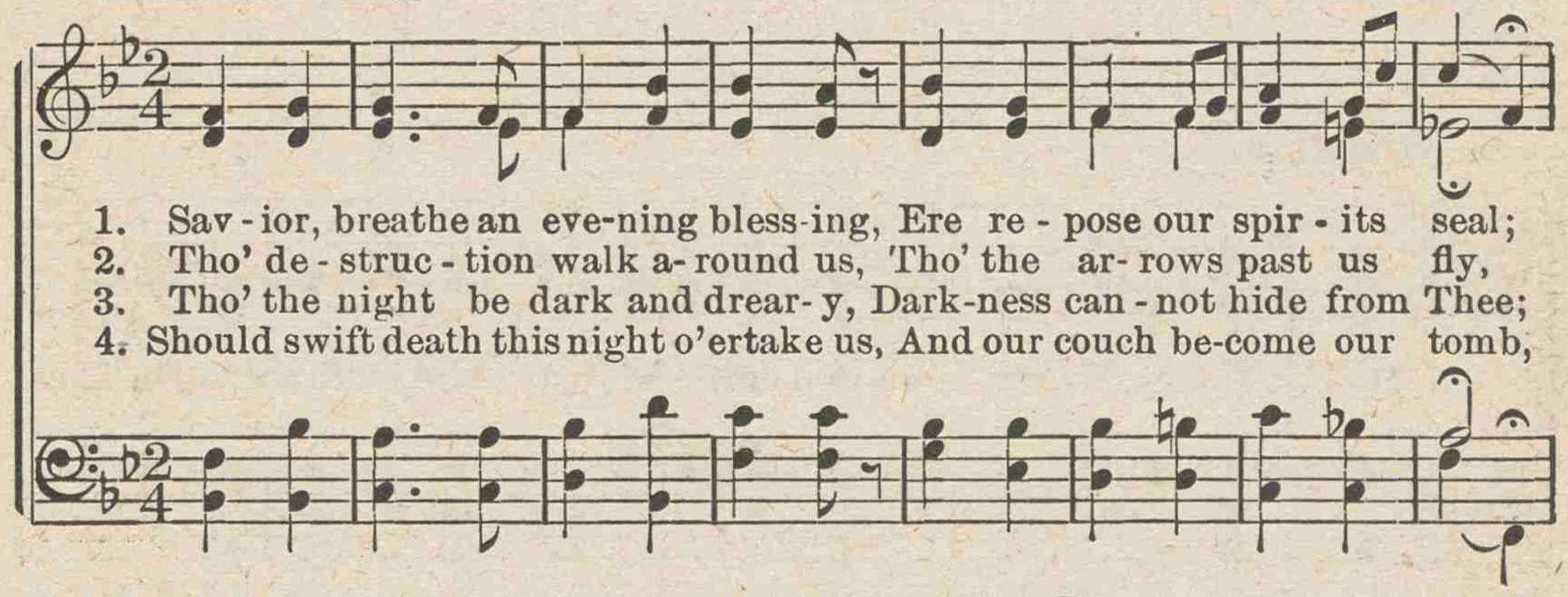
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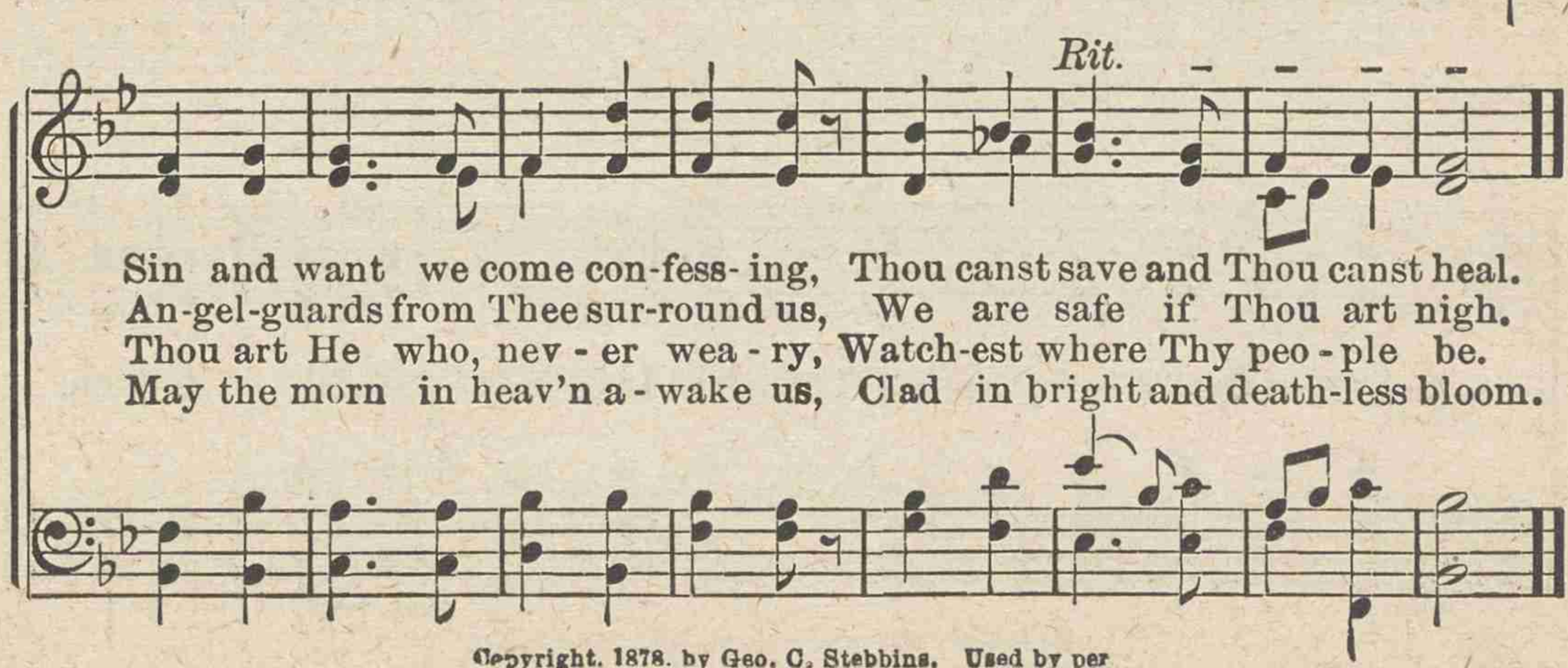




Evening Prayer.

JAMES EDMESTON GEO. C. STEBBINS.
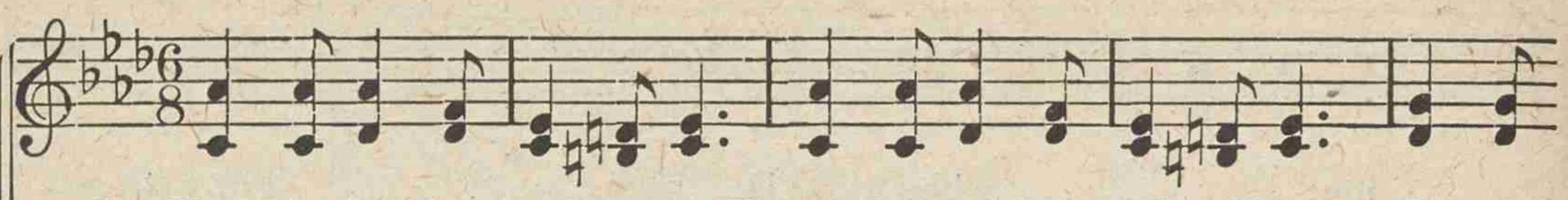




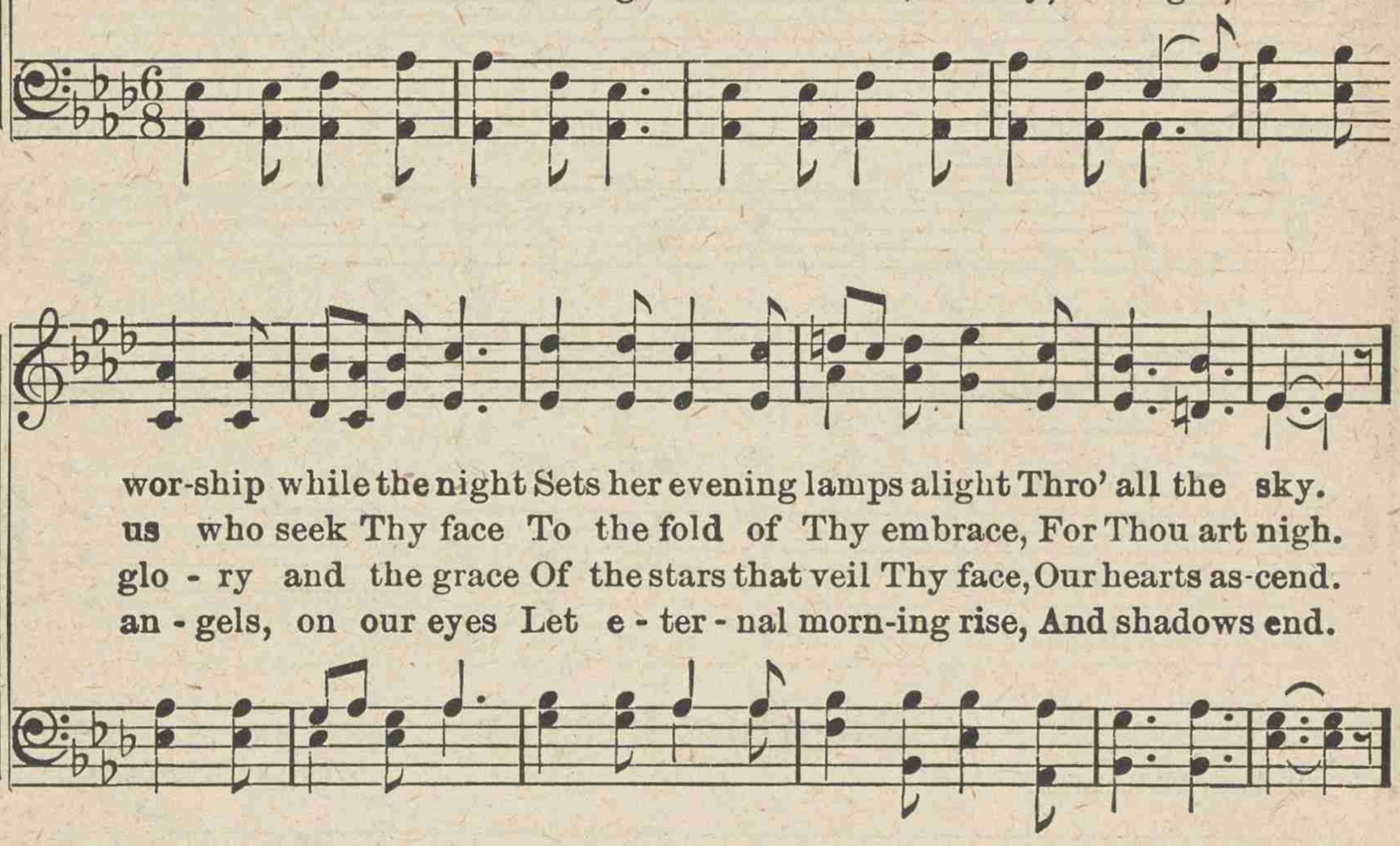
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138 Day Is Dying in the West.
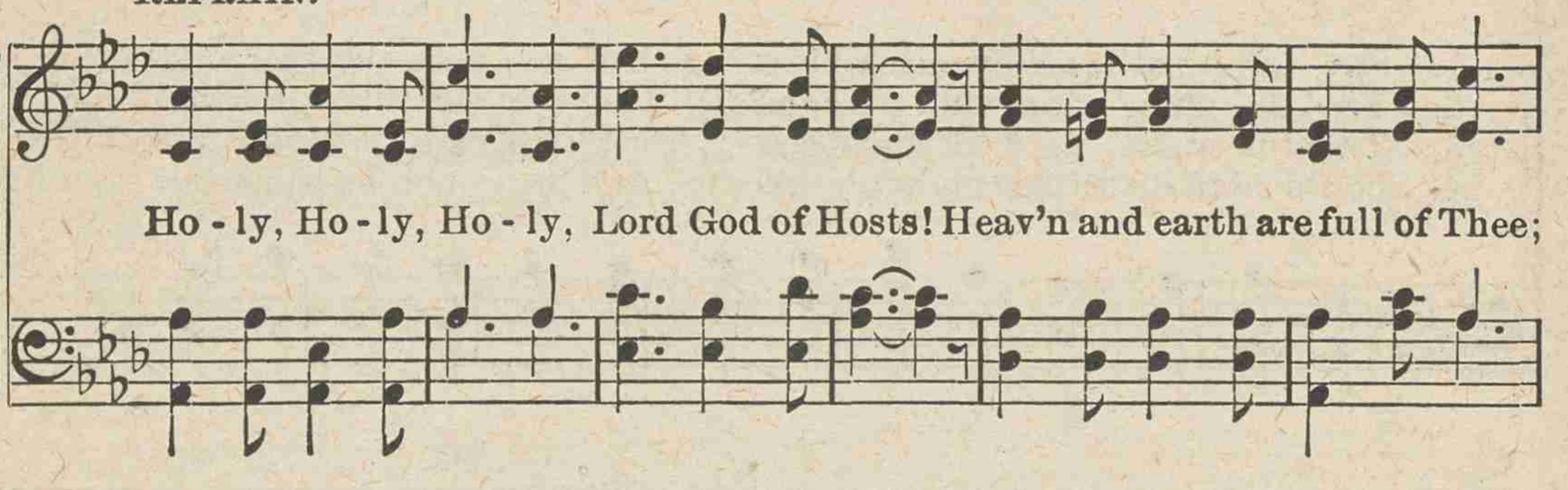
MARY ANN LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.
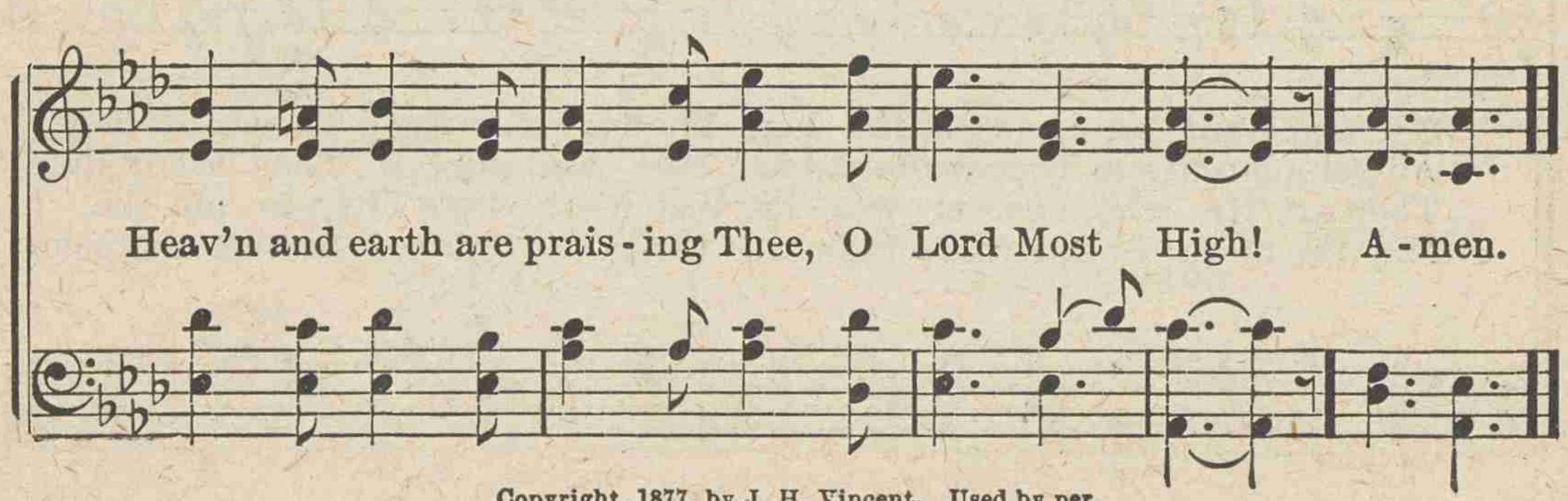


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
4. When for ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And shadows end.



REFRAIN.



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee;



Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord Most High! A - men.

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The King of Glory. 139

Rev. CHAS. M. SHELDON. H. G. SMYTH.

1. Al - might - y King of glo - ry, We love to sing of Thee, To tell the death-less sto-ry Of Thy sal - va - tion free; O might - y
2. He found us lost and straying Up - on the mountains cold, With tears and toil and pray-ing He brought us to the fold; O Shep-herd,
3. He felt our shame while ly-ing In sad Geth-sem - a - ne; He bore our sins while dy-ing On dark Mount Cal-va-ry! For us He

grace, forgiving, O crown of thorns He wore! Our souls, redeemed and living, Shall nev - er sleeping! O Sav-ior, ev - er near! Be-neath Thy watchful keeping Our rose, su-per-nal, In triumph o'er the grave; Our souls, in realms e - ter-nal, Shall

CHORUS.

praise Him ev-er-more.
hearts shall never fear.
sing His pow'r to save.
} He is the King of glo-ry! To Him our hearts we enshrine;

Rit.
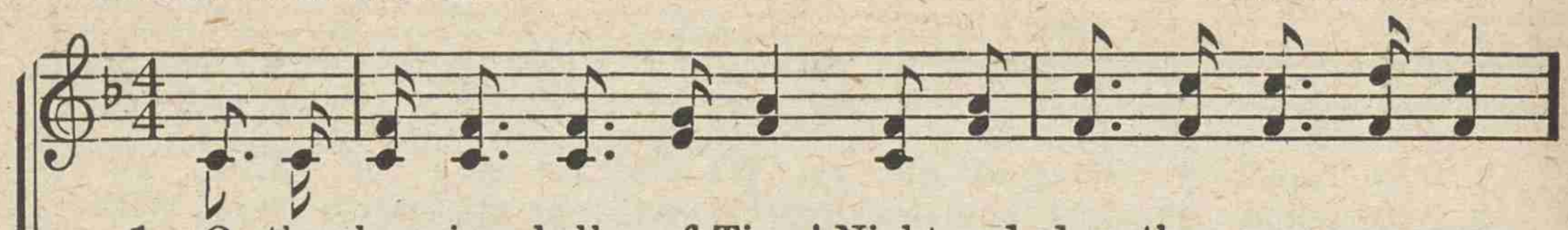
He is our light and sal - va - tion, Sav-ior, Re-deem-er di - vine!....
di-vine!

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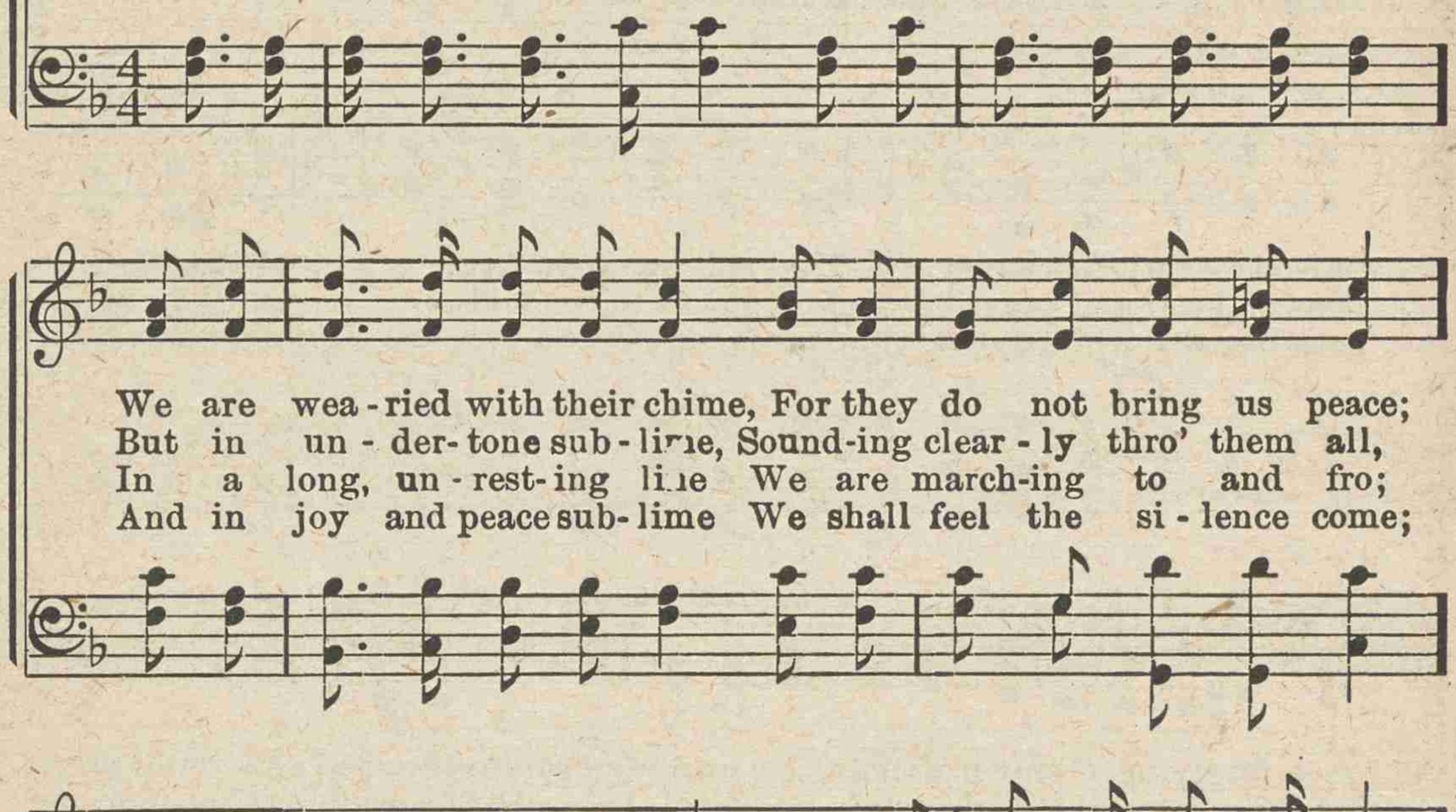
140 The Clanging Bells of Time.

"The time is short."—1 Cor. 7: 29.

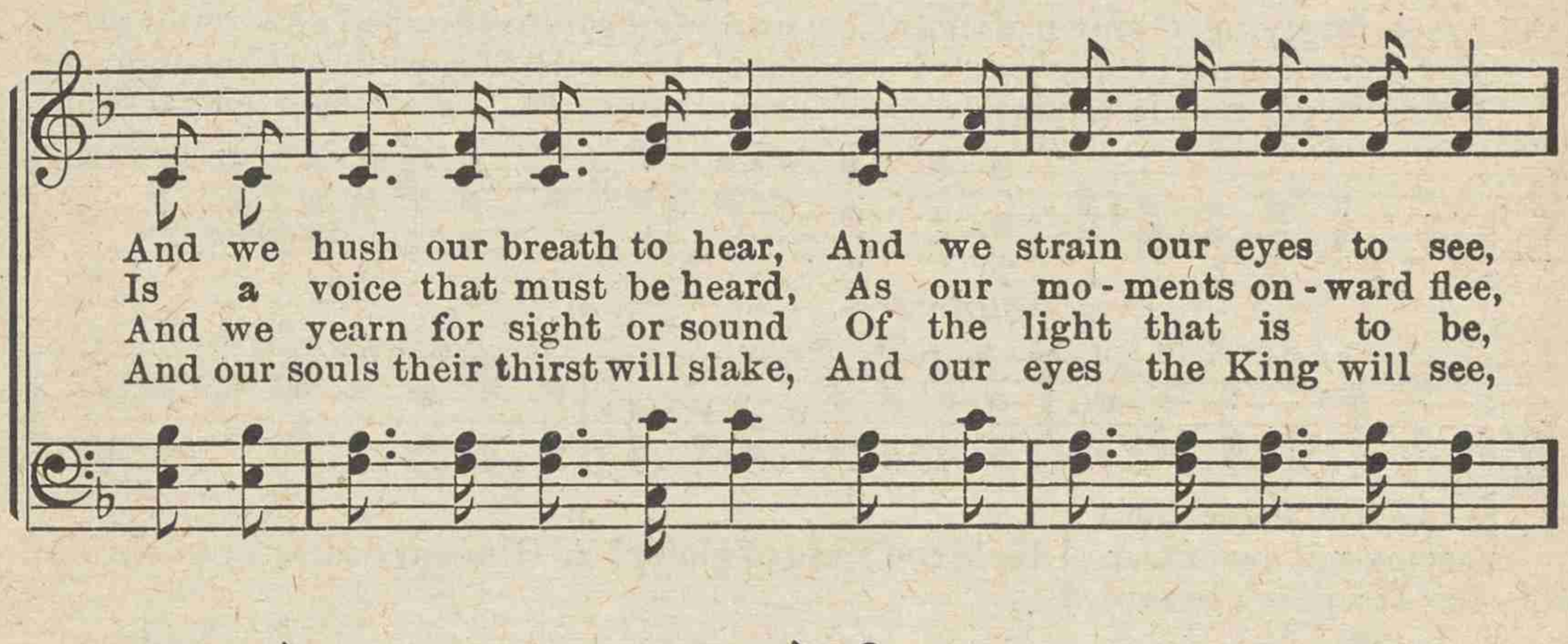
ELLEN M. H. GATES. IRA D. SANKEY.
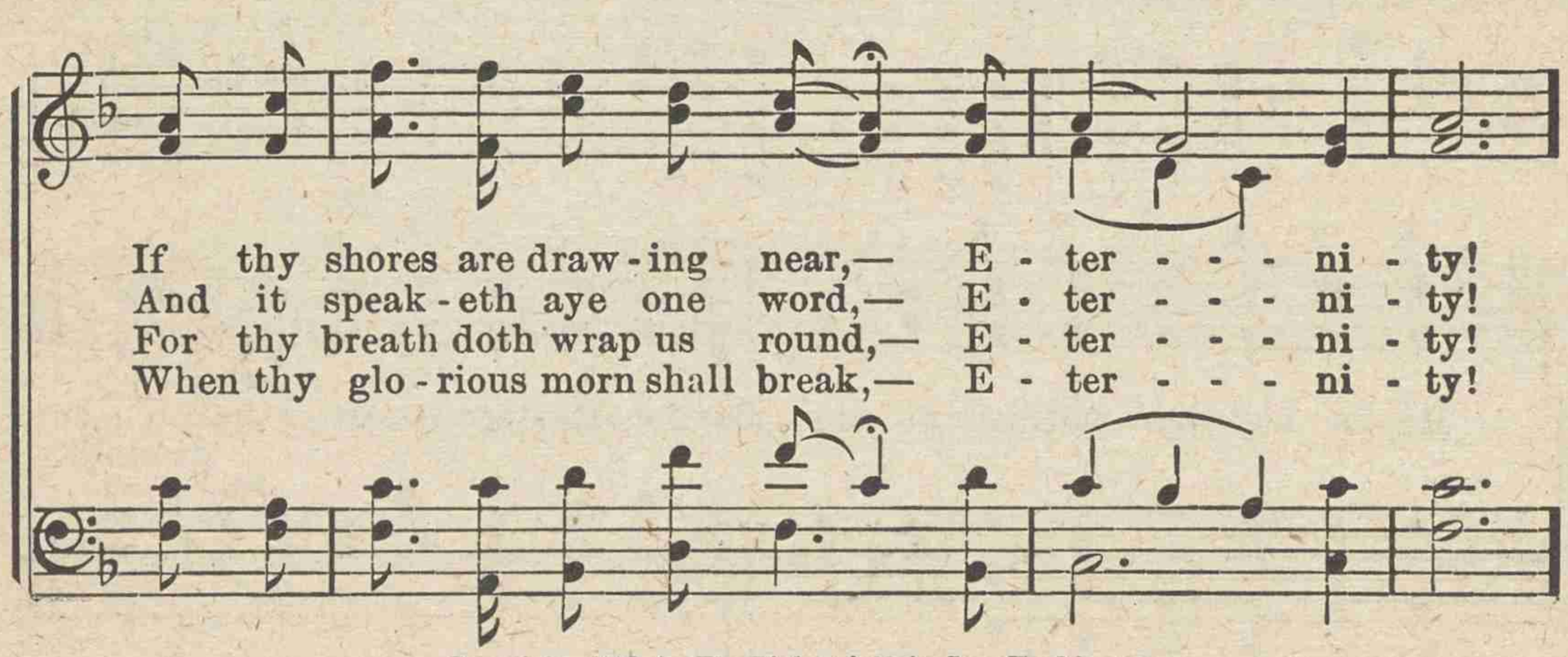


1. O the clang-ing bells of Time! Night and day they nev - er cease;
2. O the clang-ing bells of Time! How their chan - ges rise and fall,
3. O the clang-ing bells of Time! To their voi - ces loud and low,
4. O the clang-ing bells of Time! Soon their notes will all be dumb,



We are wea - ried with their chime, For they do not bring us peace;
But in un - der- tone sub - lime, Sound-ing clear - ly thro' them all,
In a long, un - rest-ing line We are march-ing to and fro;
And in joy and peace sub- lime We shall feel the si - lence come;
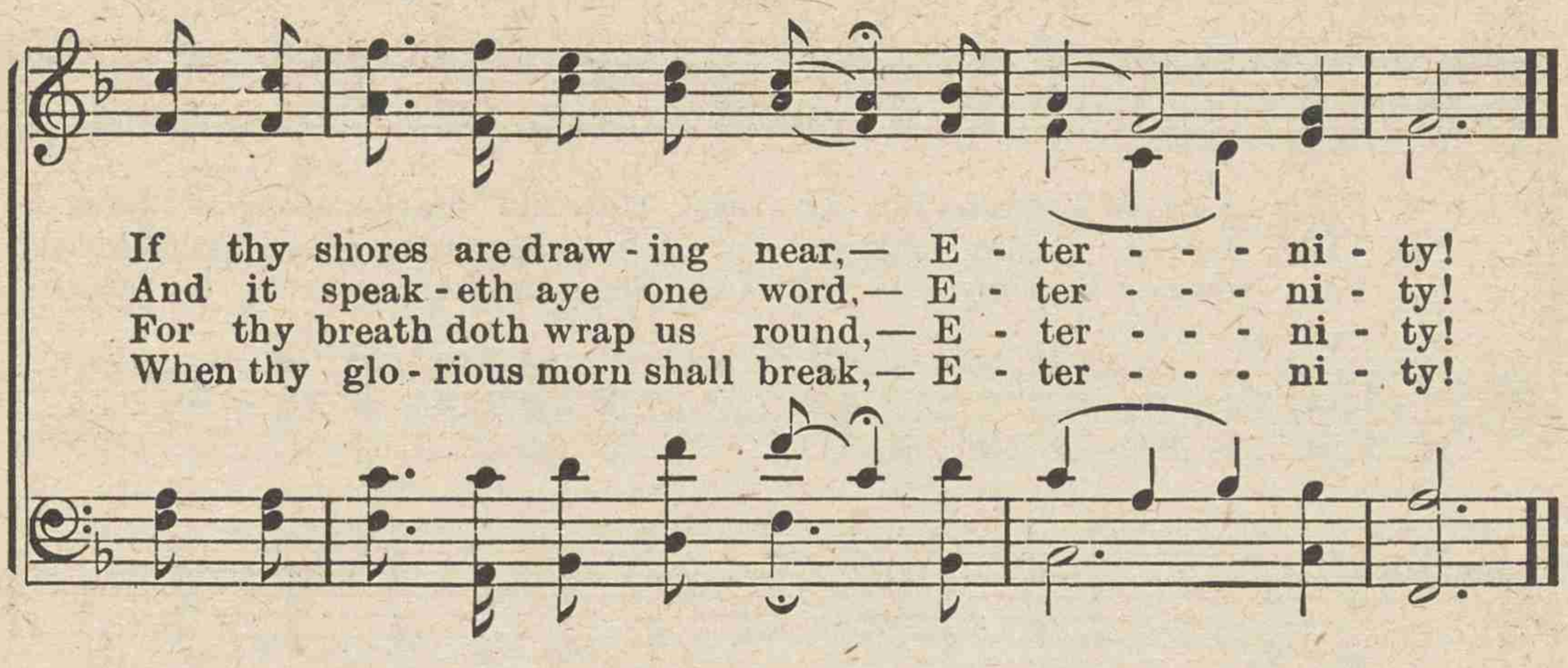


And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see,
Is a voice that must be heard, As our mo - ments on - ward flee,
And we yearn for sight or sound Of the light that is to be,
And our souls their thirst will slake, And our eyes the King will see,
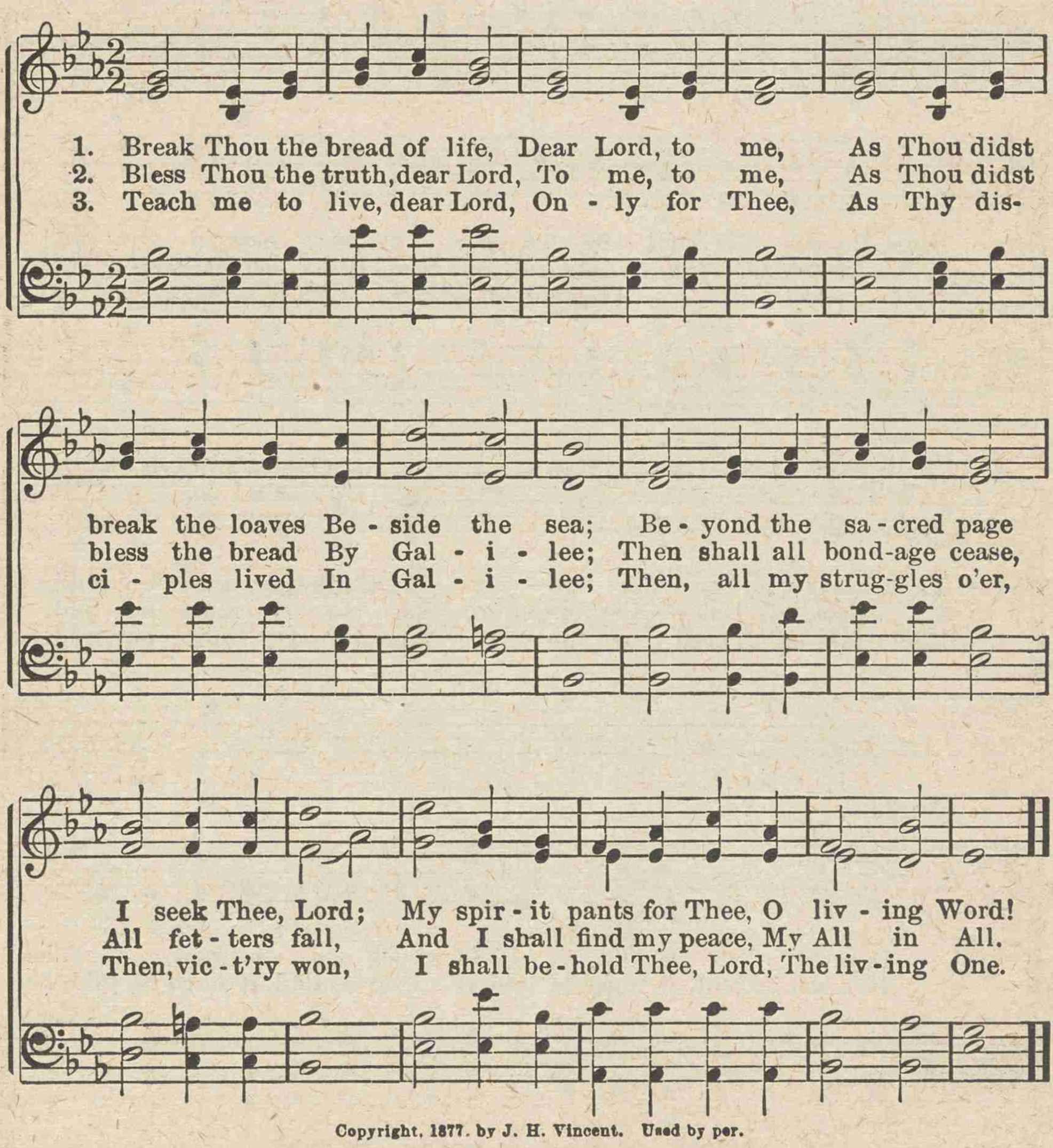


If thy shores are draw - ing near,— E - ter - - - ni - ty!
And it speak - eth aye one word,— E - ter - - - ni - ty!
For thy breath doth wrap us round,— E - ter - - - ni - ty!
When thy glo - rious morn shall break,— E - ter - - - ni - ty!

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Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY ANN LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.



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142 It Must be Told.

ALMEDA E. WIGHT. ROBT. C. MARQUIS.

1. 'Tis a sweet and ten - der sto - ry, How the Father from a - bove
2. 'Tis the ver - y same old sto - ry That has warmed the cold world's heart
3. Say you not that un - a - vail - ing Seem the words you try to speak;

Looked down on His err - ing chil - dren With the pitying eyes of love;
Thro' the centuries that have vanished, But its charm can ne'er de - part;
Trust the Ho - ly Spir-it's unc-tion, It shall strengthen what is weak.
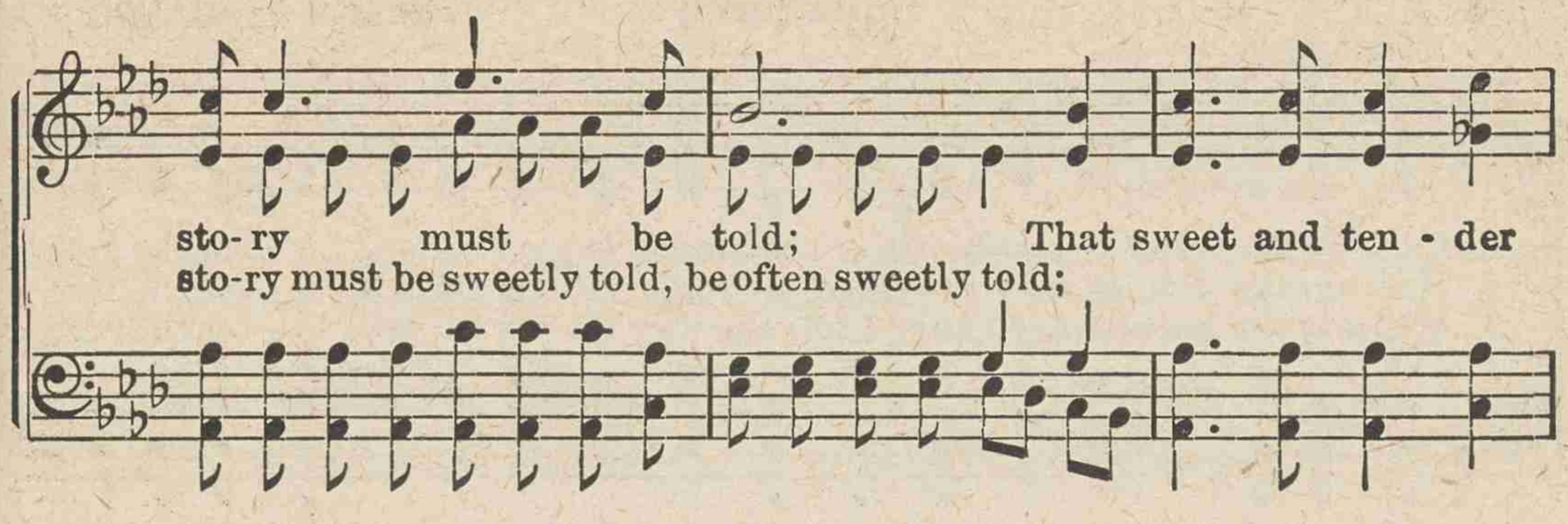
How He sent His Well - Be - lov - ed, For - give - ness to un - fold;
There are souls that have not heard it, Some hearts so strange-ly cold;
Go forth to do His bid - ding; The truth shall make you bold;
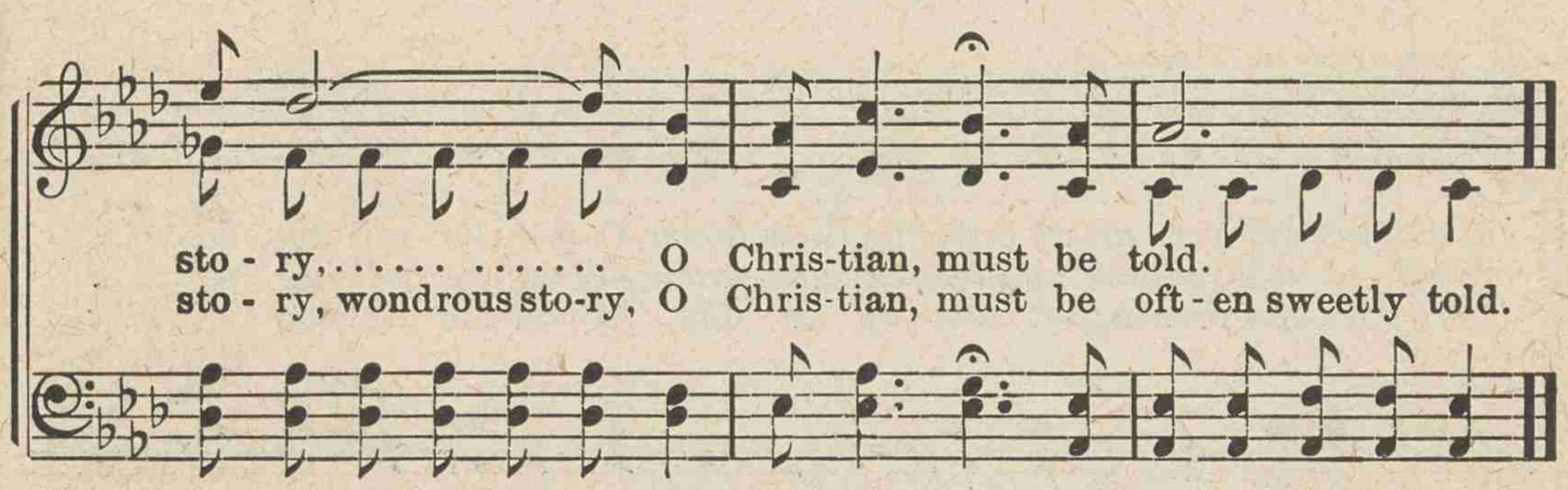
That sweet and ten - der sto - ry, O Chris-tian, must be told.
To these, O fal - t'ring Chris-tian, The sto - ry must be told.
Tho' few shall heed your sto - ry, That sto - ry must be told.

CHORUS.

It must be told, It must be told, The
It must be told, it must be told, It must be told, it must be told, The
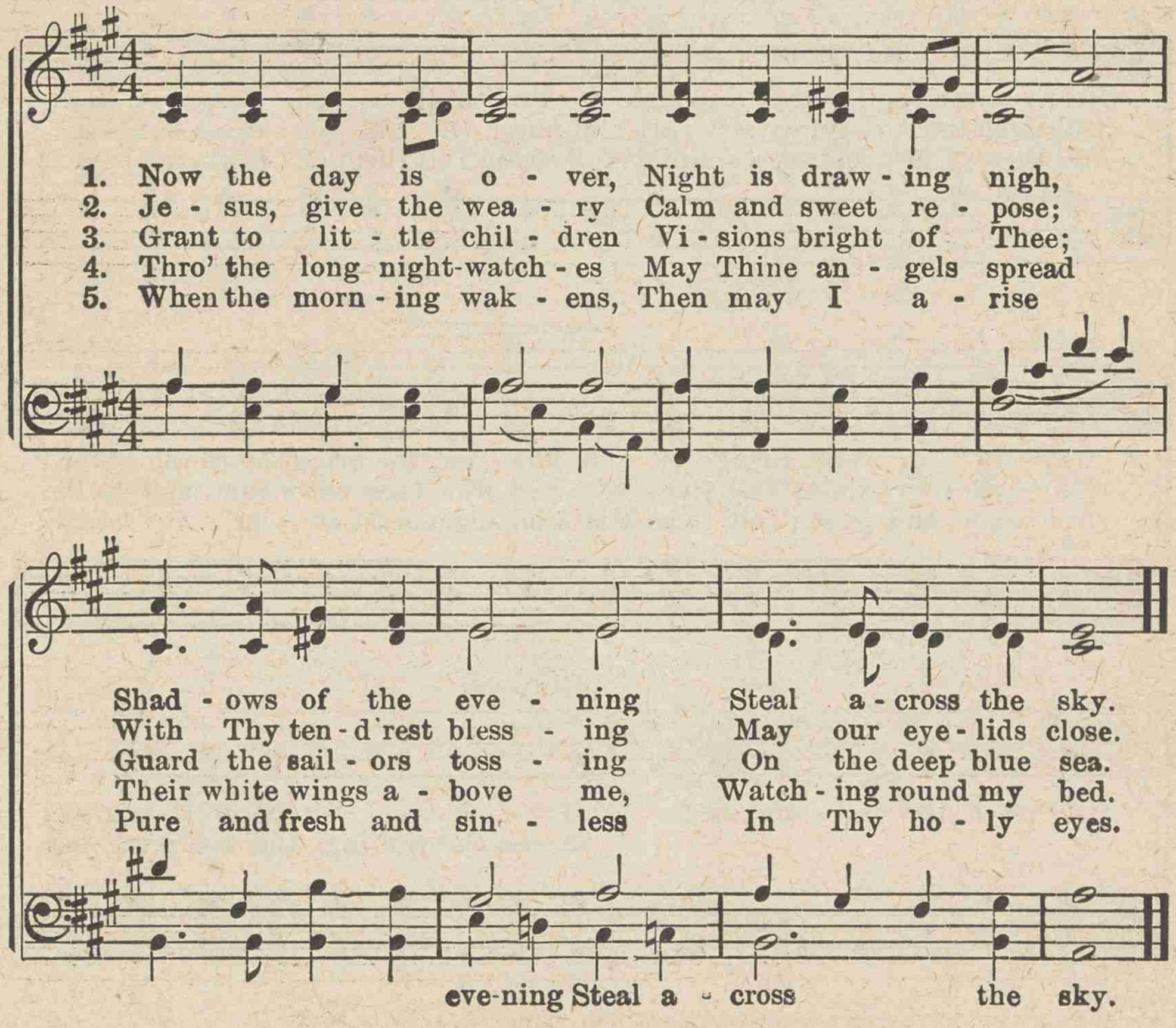
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Now the Day Is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.



144 Over the Sea.

F. A. M. (Missionary.) FRANK A. MILLER.

Earnestly.

1. Car - ry the news to our brothers so brown, O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea,
2. Has - ten the tidings, they've waited so long, O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea;
3. White is the harvest, and Christ leads the way, O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea;

Darkness and tyr - an - ny crushing them down, O - ver the roll - ing sea.....
Wait - ed in blindness, op-pres-sion, and wrong, O - ver the roll - ing sea.....
Go with His mes-sage of mer - cy to - day, O - ver the roll - ing sea.....
rolling sea.

f *Rit. e dim.*

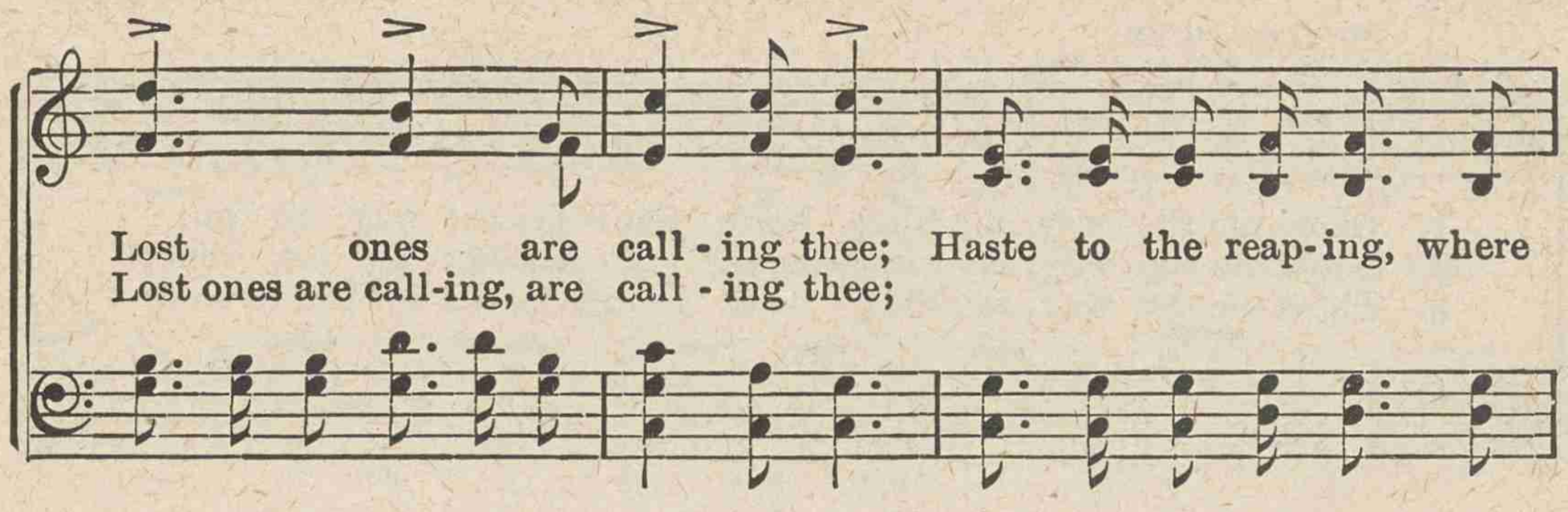
Hear you their call as they sig - nal a - far, "Tell us of peace; we are
Tell them the sto - ry, so sim - ple and plain, Of the Re - deem - er on
Tell them of *love*, and their sin-ning will cease; Tell them of *home*, and of
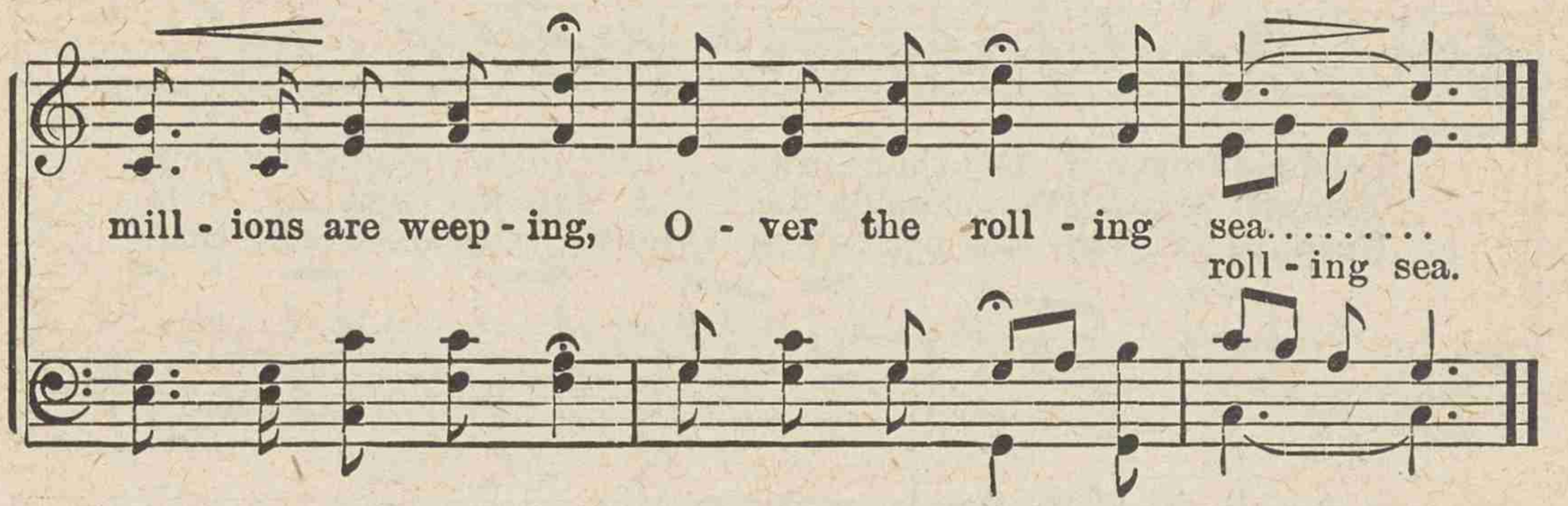
wea - ry of war; Bring us your Sav - ior, the bright Morn-ing Star,"
Cal - va - ry slain; Tell them of rest from their sor - row and pain,
free - dom and *peace*; Tell them His king - dom must ev - er in - crease,

CHORUS.

O - ver the roll - ing sea. O - - - ver the roll - ing sea,
O - ver the roll-ing, the roll - ing sea,

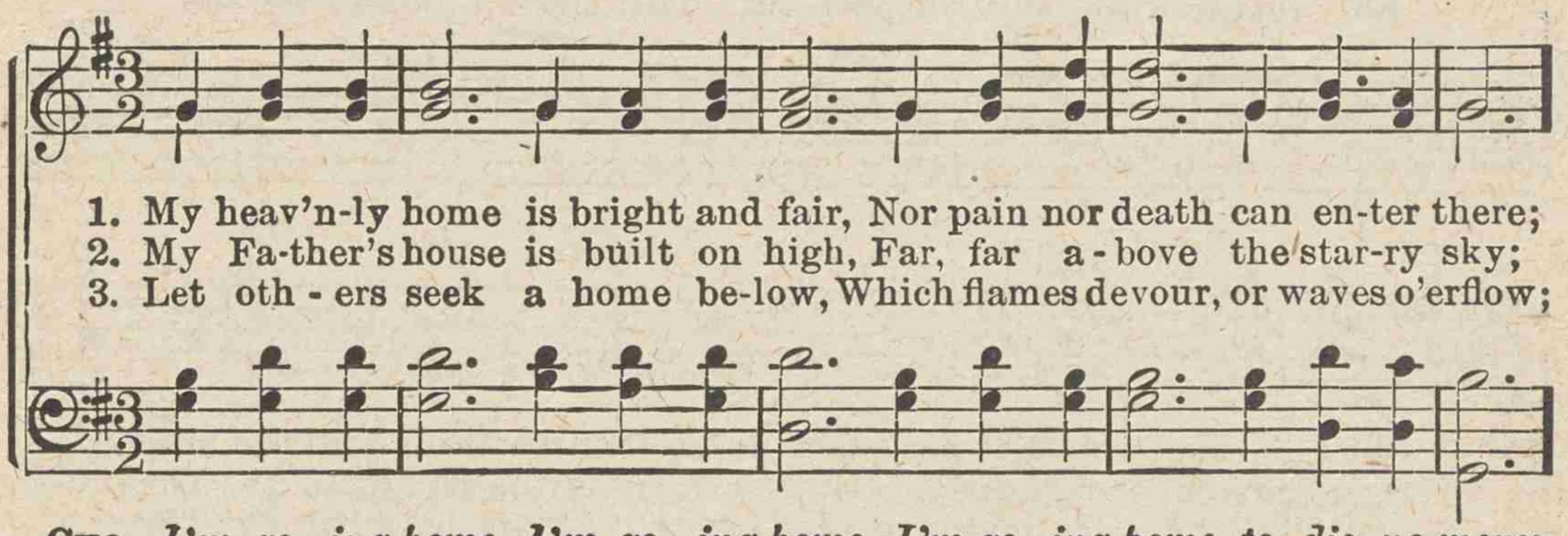
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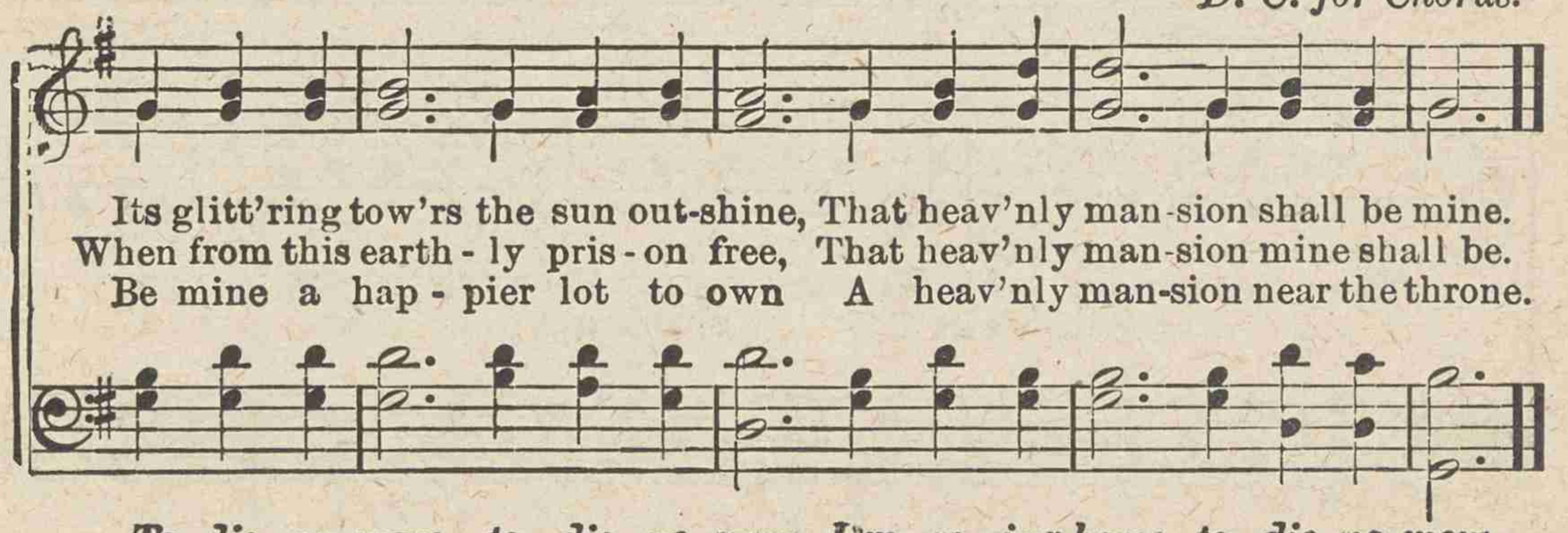
I'm Going Home.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. WM. MILLER.



CHO.–*I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more;*

D. C. for Chorus.



To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more

146 Show Me the Way, My Shepherd.

J. S. F. J. S. FEARIS.

SOLO or DUET.

1. Show me the way, my Shep - herd, Show me the way to go;
2. Show me the way, my Shep - herd, I can-not go a - lone;
3. Show me the way, my Shep - herd, Rough is the road I've trod;

Lead me from out the shad - ows, In - to the sunlight's glow;
Thine is the strength that holds me, I dare not trust my own.
Keep me with - in that path - way, Bright with the love of God.

Out of the fear and doubt - ing, In - to the peace and rest;
Guide me to those green pas - tures Where the still wa - ters be;
So let me walk, my Shep - herd, That those a-round may see

Show me the way to per - fect faith, Then shall my soul be blest.
Save me from storms of doubt and fear, Keep me still close to Thee.
On - ly Thy grace, and love—and know I have been led by Thee.

REFRAIN.

Show me the way, Show me the way, Show me the way to go;
Shepherd, Shepherd,

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If led by Thy hand, my Shep-herd, No e - vil my soul can know.

My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH. *Tune:*—AMERICA.

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

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

pil-grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

148 My Friend.

F. A. M. REV. F. A. MILLER.

May be sung as Solo and Chorus.

1. They tell me the path to heav-en Is filled with man-y a thorn;
2. They say there are heav-y cross-es, And bur-dens man-y to bear;
3. They tell me the way is threatened With clouds and man-y a storm;
4. O hearts that are crushed with sorrow, Whose eyes with weeping are dim;

That the feet that will fol-low Je-sus, Will be wea-ry oft and torn;
That the way is too straight and nar-row, And the sun shines sel-dom there;
But I hide in the "Rock of A-ges," Un-til all with-out is calm.
Weep not, for the Mas-ter call-eth; Bring your load of grief to Him:

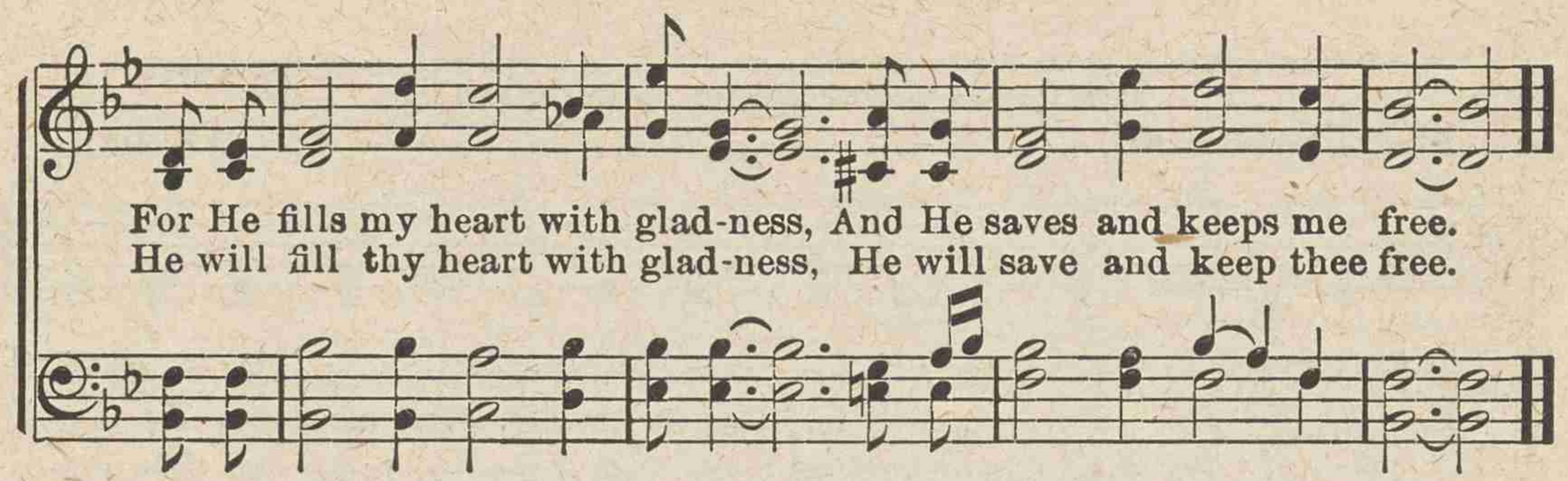
But they do not hear the whis-per Of His voice so sweet and calm,
But a-round the cross there's glo-ry, And His strong arm bears my load,
If my cup is some-times bit-ter, 'Tis be-cause "He knows" it's best;
For He soothes the brow of sor-row, And He calms the heav-ing breast,

And they do not feel the rap-ture, As I press the wound-ed palm.
And His lov-ing smile is sun-shine, And He gives me naught but good.
He but lets my feet grow wea-ry, That I may have sweet-er rest.
And He heals the bro-ken-heart-ed, And He gives the wea-ry rest.

CHORUS.
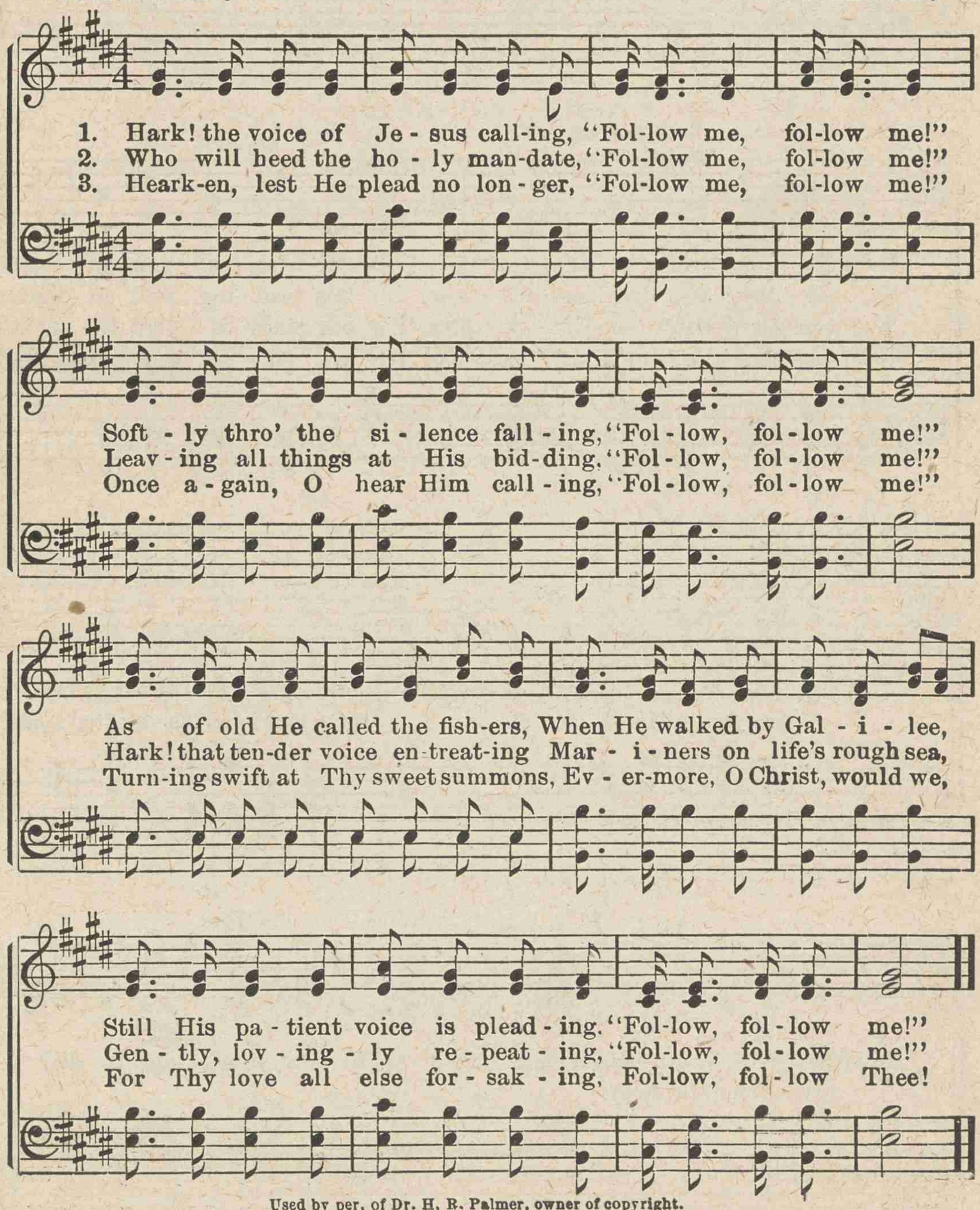
O let me walk with Je-sus, He has been a friend to me;
4. O come and walk with Je-sus, He will be a friend to thee;

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"Follow Me!"

M. B. SLEIGHT. H. R. PALMER.



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The Inner Circle.

DEDICATED TO REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D., AND FIRST SUNG IN THE UNION MEETINGS AT MOUNT VERNON, IN NOVEMBER 1898.

FLORA KIRKLAND. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whis-per, "I have cho - sen you"?
2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol - lowed, As they went wher-e'er He sent;
3. Or, if He shall choose to send us On some er - rand in His name,
4. Mas-ter, at Thy foot-stool kneel-ing, We, Thy chil-dren, hum-bly wait;

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

CHORUS.

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

Rit.

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

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O Fairest One!

SOLO, DUET, OR QUARTET AND CHORUS.

F. A. M. FRANK A. MILLER.

Slow, with expression.

1. There came a day in my sad life, When 'mid its sor - row, storm and strife,
2. He told me how He loved me there, And gave me His deep love to share,
3. Oh, years of love that in-ter-vene! Oh, walks with Him thro' pastures green,

I walked a - lone (I walked a - lone); I heard a voice so full of grace,
To tell a-broad (to tell a-broad); He showed me His dear wounded side,
Or mountain steeps (or mountain steeps); My path grows brighter day by day,

I looked, and lo! my Sav-ior's face Shone on my soul and all was peace,
And said, "Thou shalt in me a-bide," And there my soul was sat - is-fied,
A - long this hallowed pil-grim way; And faith-ful to the end, for aye,

𝄋 *Rit. e dim.* *Fine.* * CHORUS. *Faster. f*

O fair - est One! O fair - est One!
"My Lord, my God, My Lord, my God."
His own He keeps, His own He keeps.
} O fair - est One! Thy love a-lone

D.S.—O fair - est One! O fair-est One!

D. S.

Could for my ev - 'ry sin a-tone; Thy wondrous grace my heart has won,

*Chorus may be omitted if preferred.

Free for His glory—1904—F. A. Miller, Elgin, Ills.

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Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneeling
3. Trusting on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me; Whom have

CHORUS.

oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be-lief.
wounded, bro-ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Sav - ior, Sav - ior,
hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran-som
3. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear

sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd
from the dreadful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine; I'd
Lord will bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then

soar and touch the heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel
sing His glo - rious right-eous-ness, In which all-per - fect,
with my Sav - ior, Broth - er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni -

while He sings In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
heav'nly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
ty I'll spend, Tri - um-phant in His grace, Tri-um-phant in His grace.

While Jesus Whispers to You.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come; While we are
2. Are you too heav - y - la - den? Come, sin - ner, come; Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come; Come, and re-

pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come. Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin - ner, come. Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin - ner, come. While Je - sus whis-pers to you,

Come, sin-ner, come; Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come.
Come, sin-ner come; Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin-ner, come.
Come, sin-ner, come; While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come.

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154 Shall I Let Him In?

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

1. Christ is knock-ing at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in?
2. Shall I send Him the lov - ing word; Shall I let Him in?
3. Yes, I'll o - pen this heart's proud door; Yes, I'll let Him in;

Pa-tient-ly plead-ing with my sad heart; Oh, shall I let Him in?
Meek-ly ac - cept-ing my gra-cious Lord; Oh, shall I let Him in?
Glad-ly I'll welcome Him ev - er-more; Oh, yes, I'll let Him in.

Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheer-less is all with-in;
He can in - fin - ite love im-part; He can par-don this reb - el heart;
Bless - ed Sav-ior, a - bide with me; Cares and tri - als will light-er be;

Christ is bid-ding me turn un - to Him, Oh, shall I let Him in?
Shall I bid Him for - ev - er de-part, Or shall I let Him in?
I am safe if I'm on - ly with Thee, O bless-ed Lord, come in.

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O How Love I Thy Law. 155

"The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever."—Ps. 19: 9.

Anon. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Un - spot-ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
2. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - si - red are;
3. More - o - ver, they thy serv - ant warn, How he his life should frame;
4. Who can his er - rors un - der stand? From se - cret faults me cleanse;
5. And do not suf - fer them to have Do - min-ion o - ver me;

The judgments of the Lord are truth, And right-eous-ness most pure.
Than hon - ey, hon - ey from the comb That drop-peth, sweet-er far.
A great re-ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
Thy serv-ant al - so keep Thou back From all pre-sump-tuous sins;
I shall be right-eous, then, and from The great trans-gres-sion free.

CHORUS. Psalm 119: 97.

"O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day. O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day (all the day)."

Rit.

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Christ Is All.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach-ing head,
3. I saw the mar-tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
4. Then come to Christ, O come to-day, The Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it say,
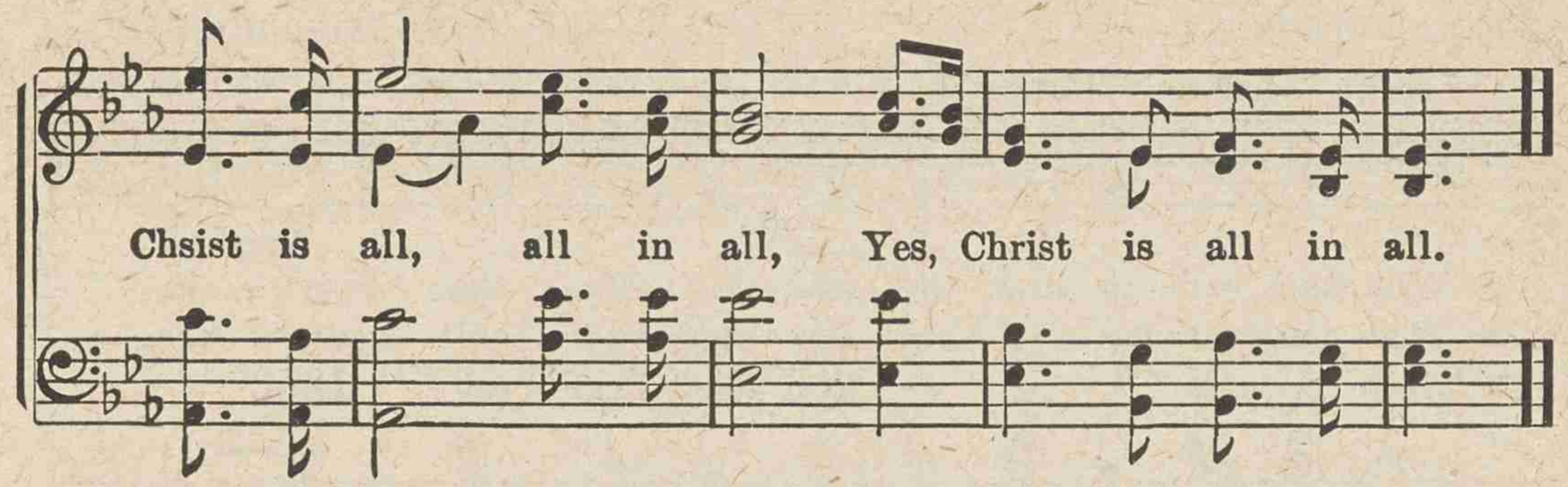
Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence
Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May,
Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was giv'n,
The Bride re - peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilt - y stains,

Her help - less wid - ow-hood's de - fense, She told me "Christ was all."
And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
He looked tri-um - phant-ly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all."
His love will soothe your wea - ry pains, For "Christ is all in all."

CHORUS.
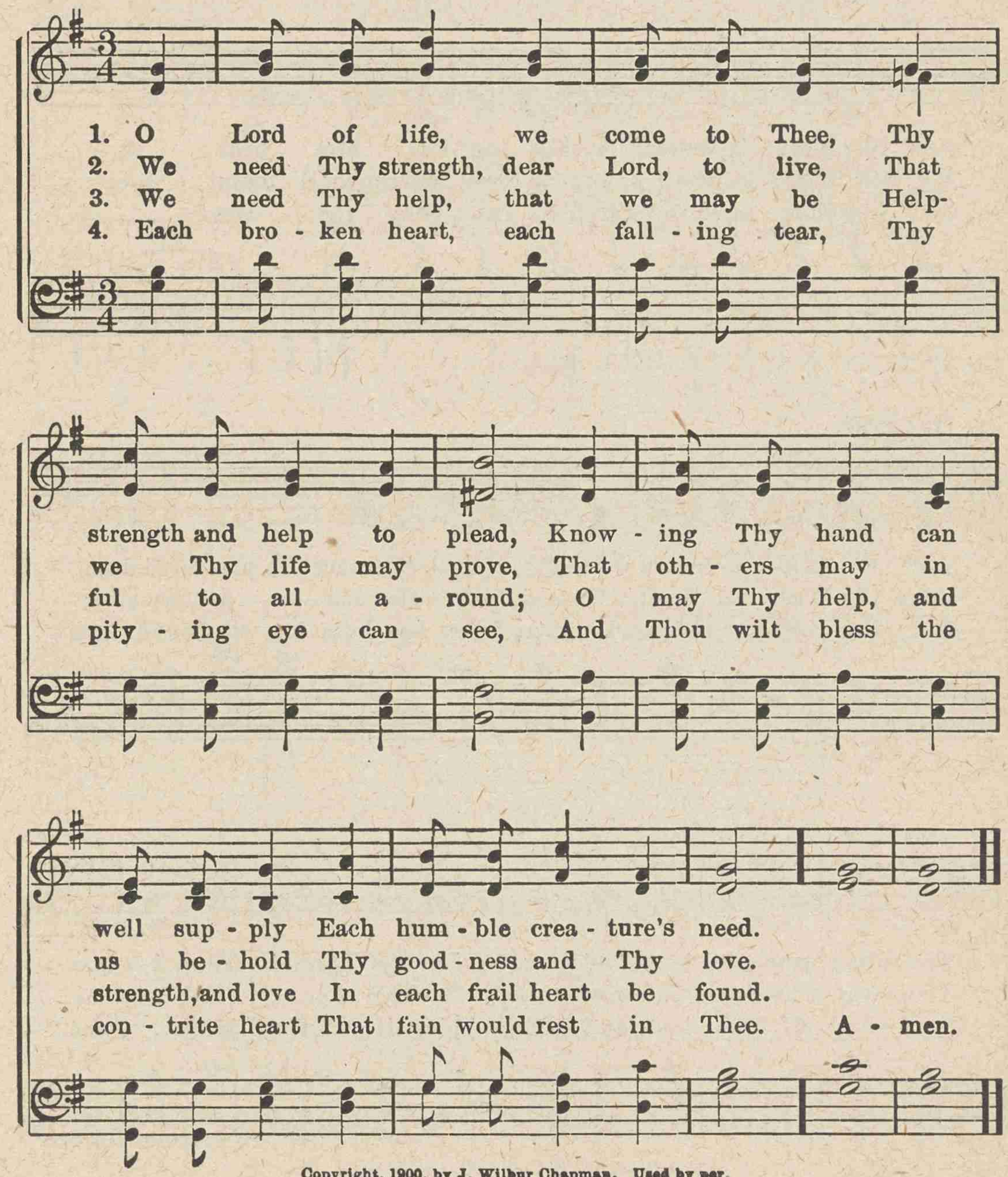
Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all;

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Petition.

E. S. B. EFFIE S. BLACK.



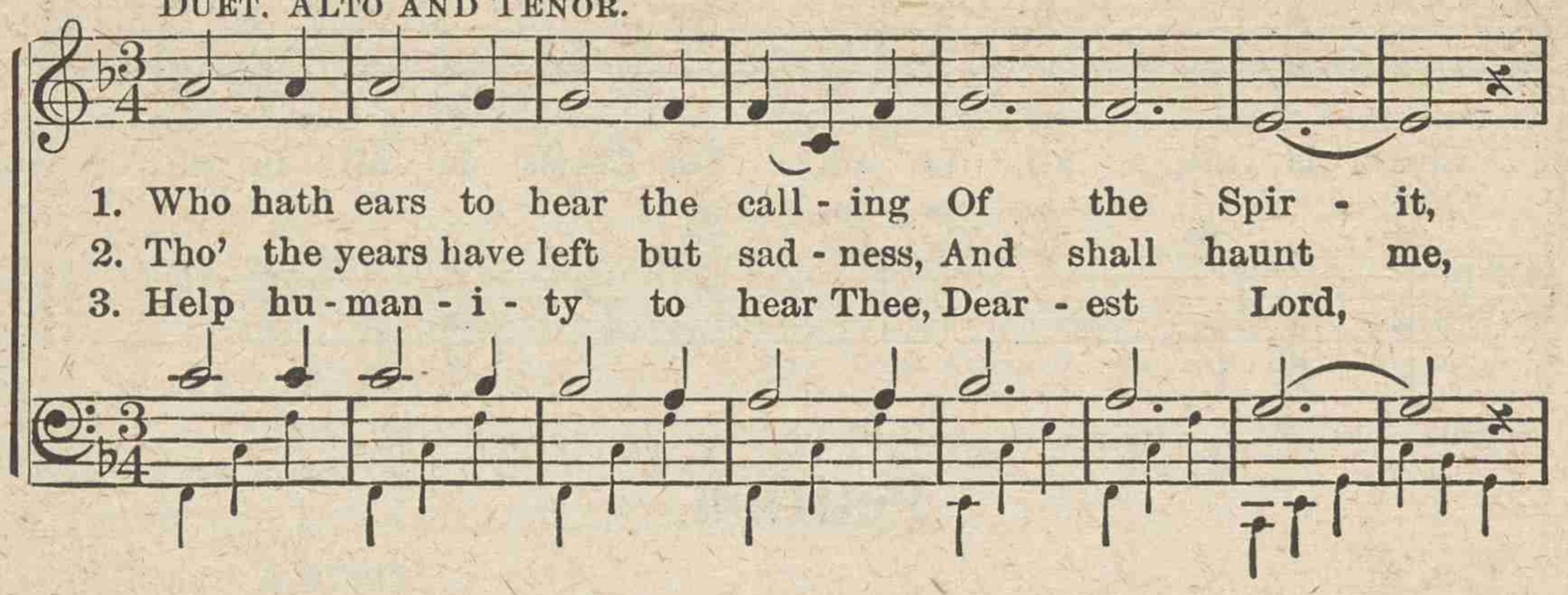
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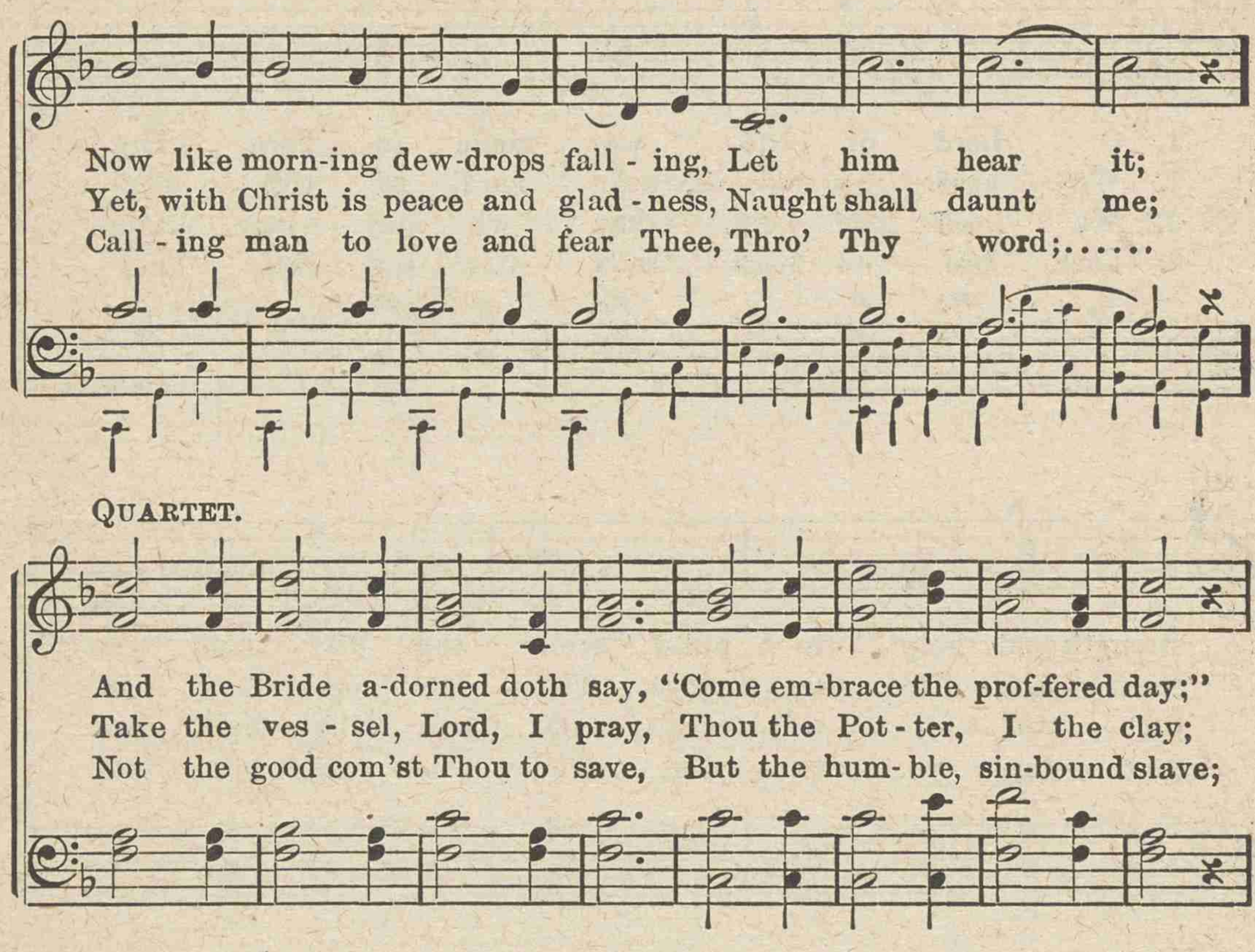
To Thee I Come.

M. L. WILSON. IDYL LONG-HOLMES.

DUET. ALTO AND TENOR.



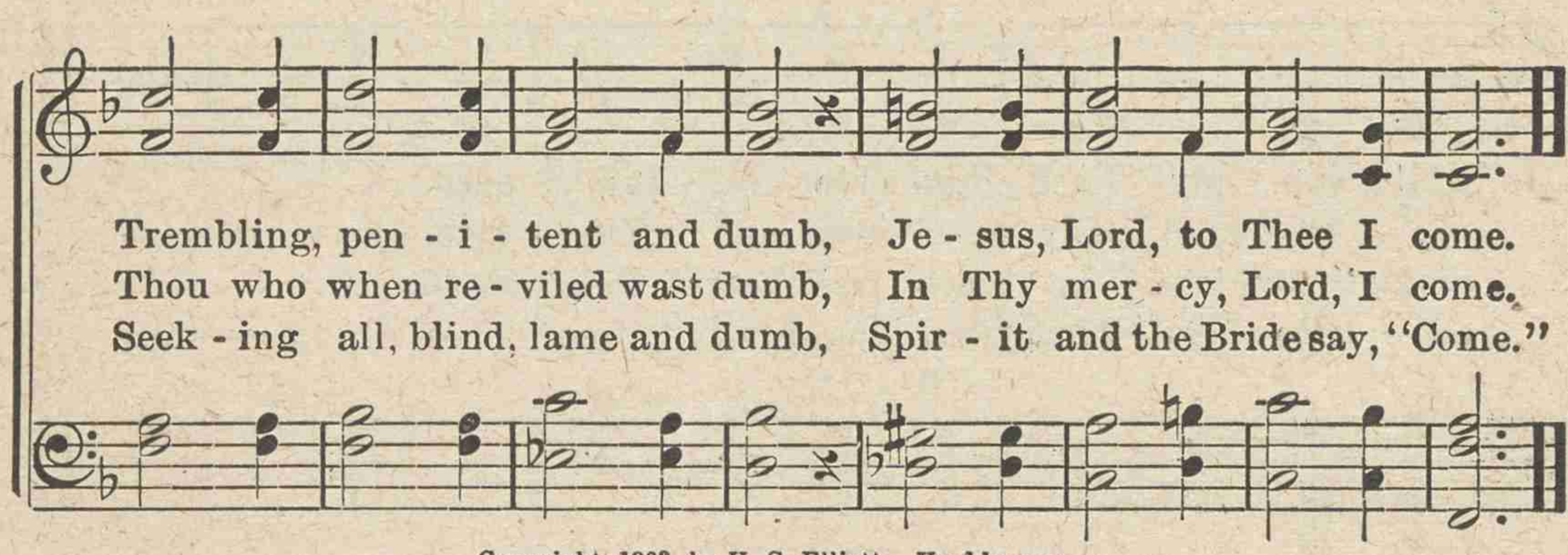
1. Who hath ears to hear the call - ing Of the Spir - it,
2. Tho' the years have left but sad - ness, And shall haunt me,
3. Help hu - man - i - ty to hear Thee, Dear - est Lord,



Now like morn-ing dew-drops fall - ing, Let him hear it;
Yet, with Christ is peace and glad - ness, Naught shall daunt me;
Call - ing man to love and fear Thee, Thro' Thy word;.....

QUARTET.

And the Bride a-dorned doth say, "Come em-brace the prof-fered day;"
Take the ves - sel, Lord, I pray, Thou the Pot - ter, I the clay;
Not the good com'st Thou to save, But the hum - ble, sin-bound slave;



Trembling, pen - i - tent and dumb, Je - sus, Lord, to Thee I come.
Thou who when re - viled wast dumb, In Thy mer - cy, Lord, I come.
Seek - ing all, blind, lame and dumb, Spir - it and the Bride say, "Come."

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1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
   Let us each, Thy love pos - sess-ing, Tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace;
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra-tion, For Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound;
   May the fruits of Thy sal - va-tion In our hearts and lives a - bound;
3. So, when-e'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,
   Borne on an-gels' wings to heav-en, Glad the sum-mons to o - bey,

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav-'ling thro' this wil - der-ness.
May Thy presence, May Thy pres-ence With us ev - er - more be found.
May we ev - er, May we ev - er Reign with Christ in end-less day.

Grant, We Beseech Thee.

W. F. BISSELL.

Grant, we beseech Thee, Al-might - y God, That the words we have heard this day may
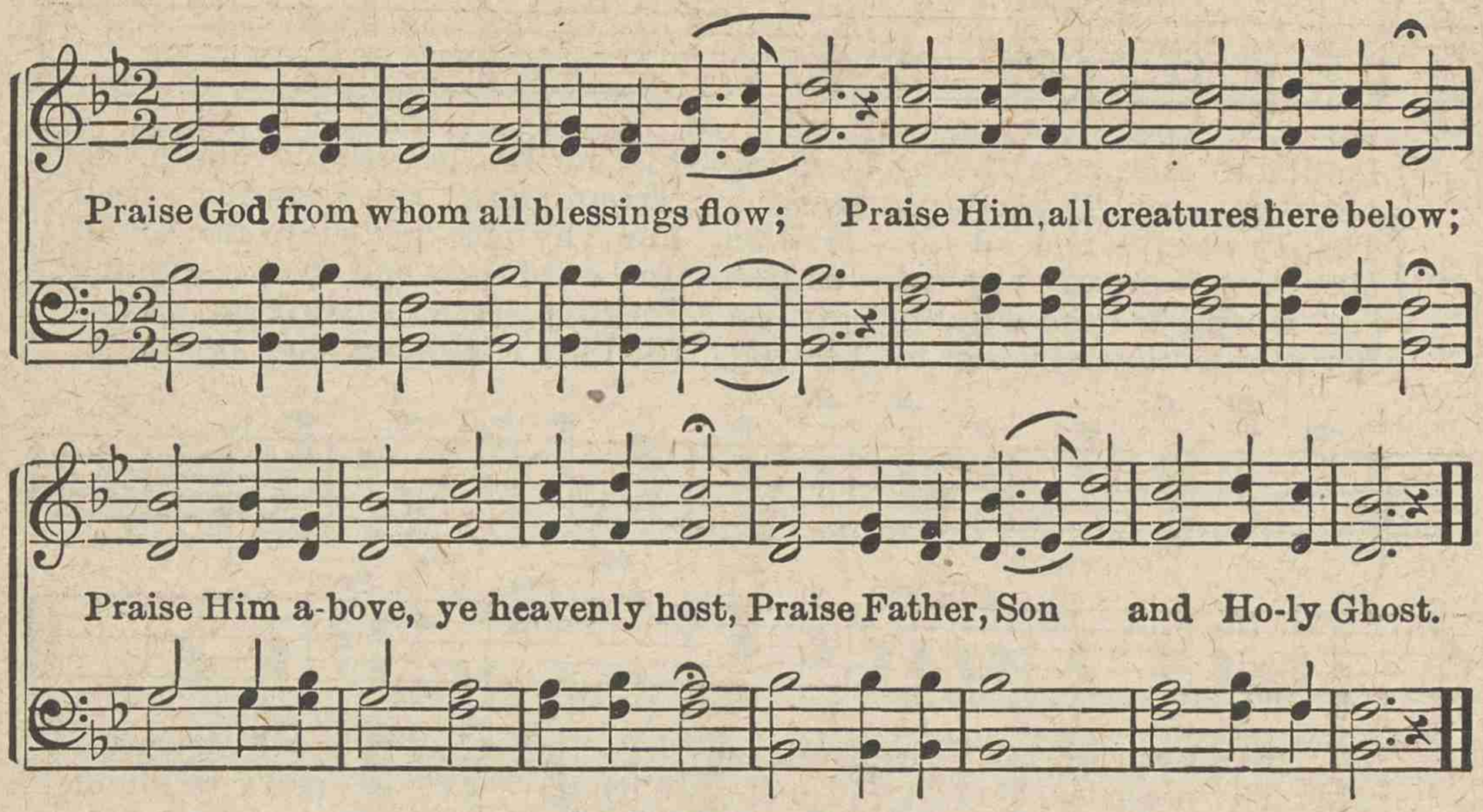
bring forth in us The fruit of good living, to the honor and

praise of Thy name, thro' Je - sus Christ, our Lord. A - men.
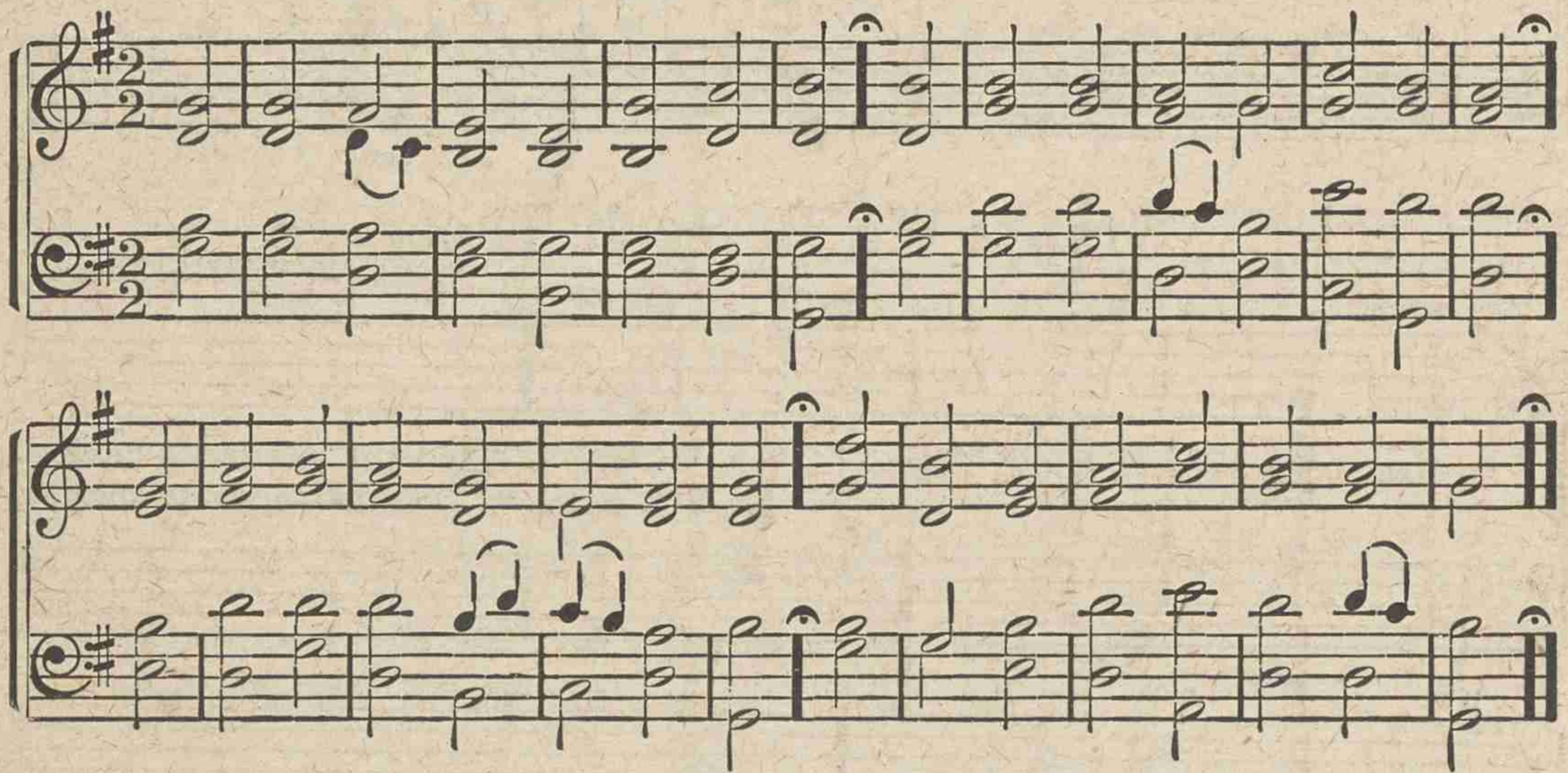
This response is used most effectively after the preaching of the sermon in the Glens Falls, N. Y., Presbyterian Church.

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Doxologies.



Old Hundred.


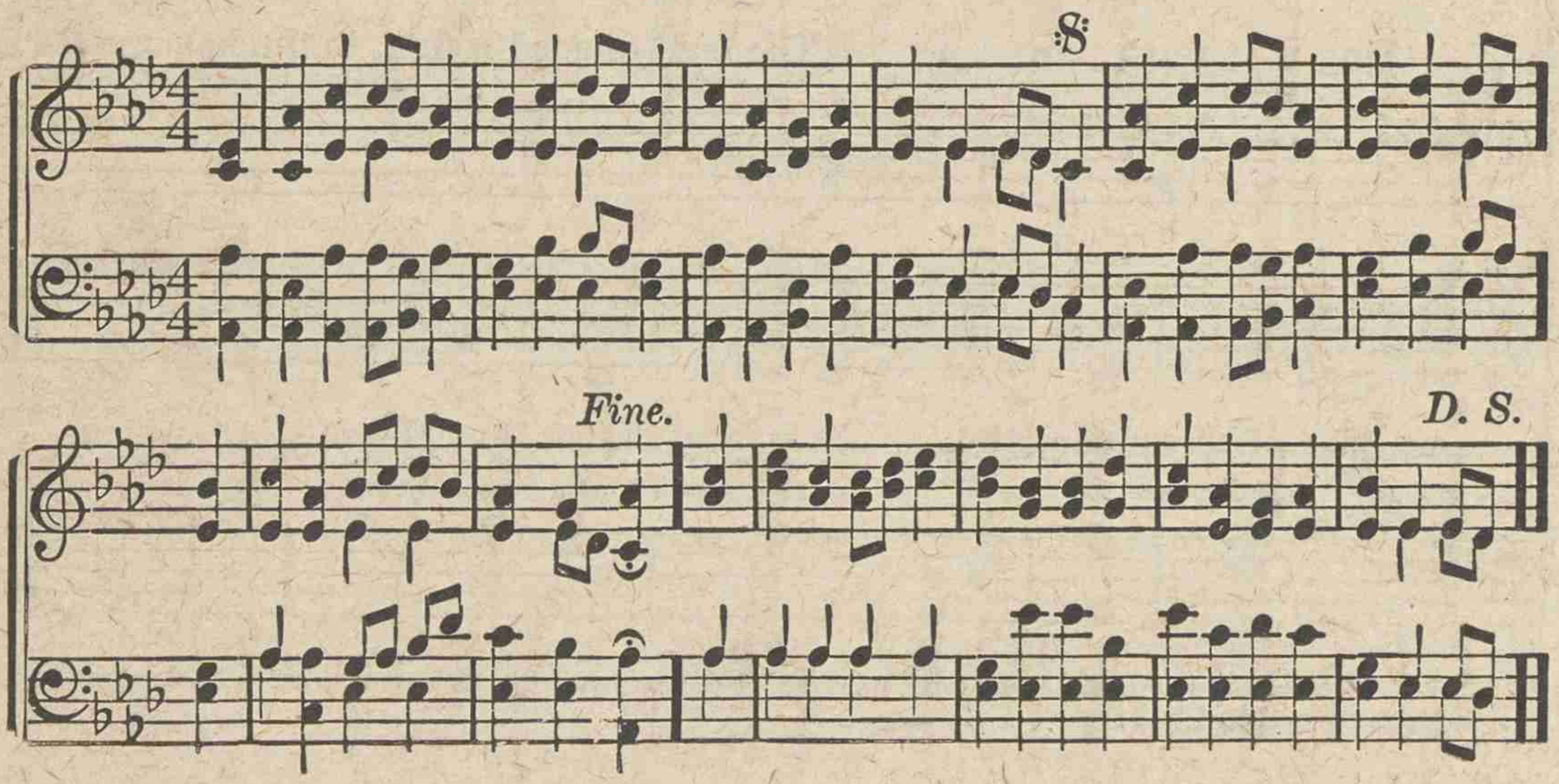
Praise God From Whom.



