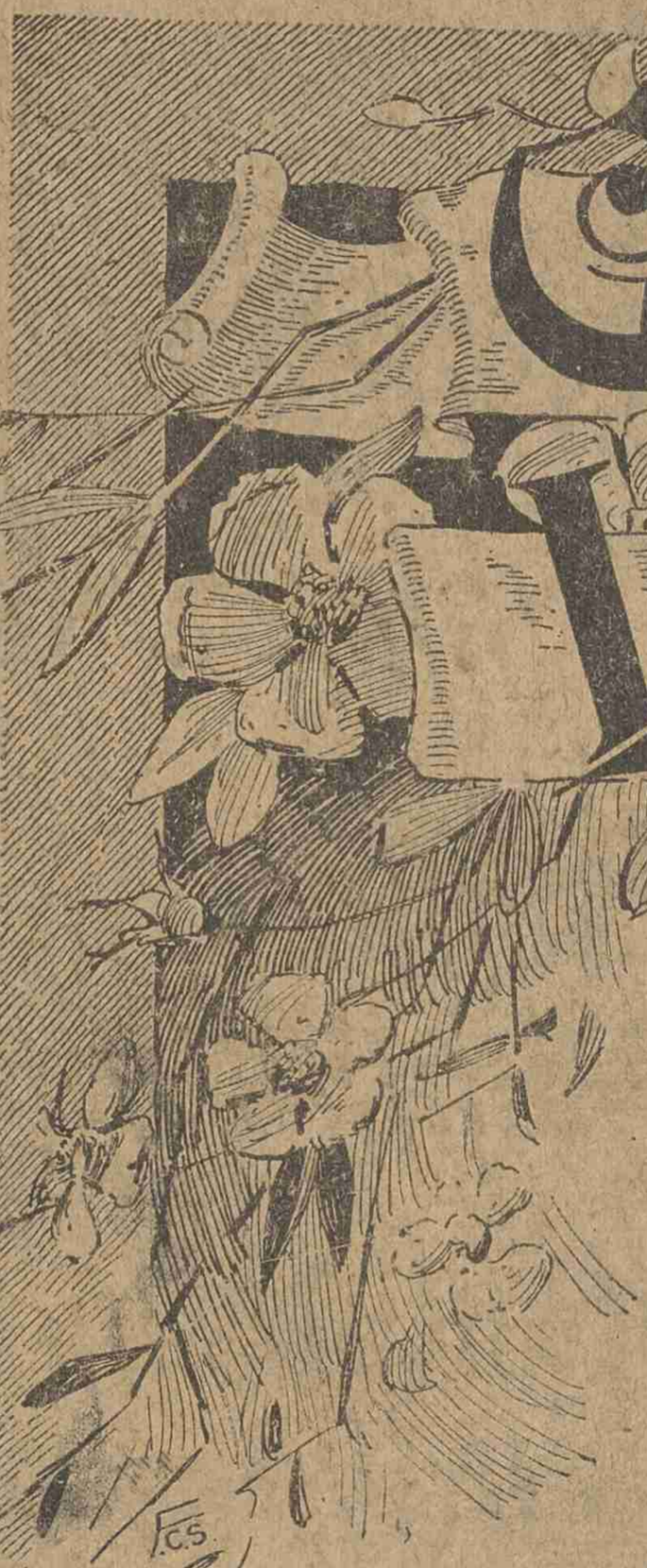
Dortch's Gospel Voices.



No. 2.

Edited and Published by

D. E. DORTCH,

813 Grand Avenue,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Published in both Round and Shaped Notes.

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DORTCH'S

GOSPEL VOICES

NO. 2.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, CHURCH SERVICES, GOSPEL AND EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS, YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES, ETC.

BY

D. E. DORTCH.

D. E. DORTCH, PUBLISHER,
813 GRAND AVE., NASHVILLE, TENN.

PREFACE.

THE author of the GOSPEL VOICES series has edited many song books, all of which have been well received. Much time and labor have been given to the preparation of these, and it is confidently believed that they are the best of his life work.

The hymns are full of pure gospel truth, the music sweet and flowing.

All songs of special doctrinal differences have been rejected, so that all denominations can use these books, adopting them as theirs.

Young people's societies can find in these collections songs suitable for their several uses.

A careful comparison between these and other song books will convince song-loving people that they are equal to the best and inferior to none.

GOSPEL VOICES, go thou and do thy work! Strengthen the weak, comfort the sorrowing, bind up the broken-hearted, lift up the fallen, save the lost, and when thou returnest lay many precious sheaves at the Master's feet.

THE AUTHOR.

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DORTCH'S GOSPEL VOICES No. 2.

112. ON CALVARY.

"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree."—1 Peter 2: 24.

Dr. J. H. WILLIAMS. D. E. DORTCH.

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113. HE TOUCHED ME.

(This song was composed by a convert of the Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, and is sung there every night.)

THOMAS SULLIVAN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. To the feet of my Saviour in trembling and fear, A pen - i - tent
2. I knew not the ten-der com-pas-sion of love That Je - sus my
3. My grace is suf-fi-cient, I heard His sweet voice, O, come and find
4. Oh! come, my dear broth-er, He's wait-ing for you, Your sin-burdened

sin-ner I came; He saw me and lov-ing-ly bade me draw near, All
Saviour had shown; Tho' bur-dened with grief His dear hand brought re-lief, He
rest for your soul; From sin you to save, My life free-ly I gave, I
heart to con - sole. Your wea - ry head rest on His dear, lov-ing breast, He

CHORUS.

rit.

glo - ry and praise to His name. . . . He touched me and thus made me
healed me and called me His own. . . .
died, that you might be made whole. . .
suffered and died for your soul. . . .

name, to His name.
own, me His own.
whole, be made whole.
soul, for your soul.

whole, Bringing com-fort and rest to my soul; Oh! glad, hap - py

rit.

day, all my sin's roll'd a-way, For He touched me and thus made me whole.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

114. THE SAVIOUR FOR ME.

"God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Rom. 5: 8.

Mrs. Jas. D. Conkling.
Crystal Run, N. Y.

D. E. Dortch.

Solo.

1. The Saviour who saw from His home in the sky, That from sin we should
2. The Saviour who left all the glo-ries of heav'n, And died a vile
3. The Saviour who loved all the lit-tle ones so, And said as they
4. The Saviour who feels ev-'ry sor-row we bear, And asks us His
5. The Saviour who wants us to trust in His love, And there we His

nev-er be free, And loved us so well that He came down to die, This,
death on the tree, That to us a bright crown and white robes might be giv'n, This,
pressed to His knee, "Let them come unto me; suffer not one to go," "This,
children to be, That safe He may keep us in His lov-ing care, This,
glo-ry shall see, Will guide us and guard us and take us a-bove, This,

Refrain.

this is the Saviour for me! . . The Saviour for me, the Saviour for

me, This, this is the Sav-iour for me! He loved us so well

that He came down to die, This, this is the Sav-iour for me!

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115. HAVE YOU TRIED TO WIN HIM BACK?

"He which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death."—James 5: 20.

W. M. S. WILL MITT SHIELDS.

1. Do you know a brother wand'ring from the fold, Hast'ning on a
2. Do you know a brother ask - ing of the world Pleas-ure where there's
3. Do you know a brother whom the heav - y cares Of a mis - spent

downward track, Where the way is drear - y, des - o - late, and cold?
wo - ful lack? Seek - ing it in vain 'neath Sa-tan's flag un-furl'd,
life - time rack? Whom you may re-claim with sym - pa - thy and pray'rs,

Have you tried to win him back? Have you ev - er told him that the
Have you tried to win him back? Have you ev - er told him of the
Have you tried to win him back? Have you ev - er told him of the

Heav'n-ly Fa - ther cares? Told him how the lov - ing Sav - iour
woes in paths of sin? Told him of the shame and death for
Saviour's ten - der love? Told him how our trust in Him will

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

HAVE YOU TRIED TO WIN HIM BACK?

in each sor - row shares? Told him of a moth - er's so -
all who walk there-in? Point - ing out the road which a -
earth - ly cares re - move? Told him of a home and un -

lic - i - tude and pray'rs? Have you tried to win him back?
lone true joys can win, Have you tried to win him back?
end - ing peace a - bove? Have you tried to win him back?

CHORUS.

Have you pray'd to God and done the best you could? Have you done your

du - ty, as ev - 'ry Christian should? See - ing some poor brother an

a - lien to the good, Have you tried to win him back?

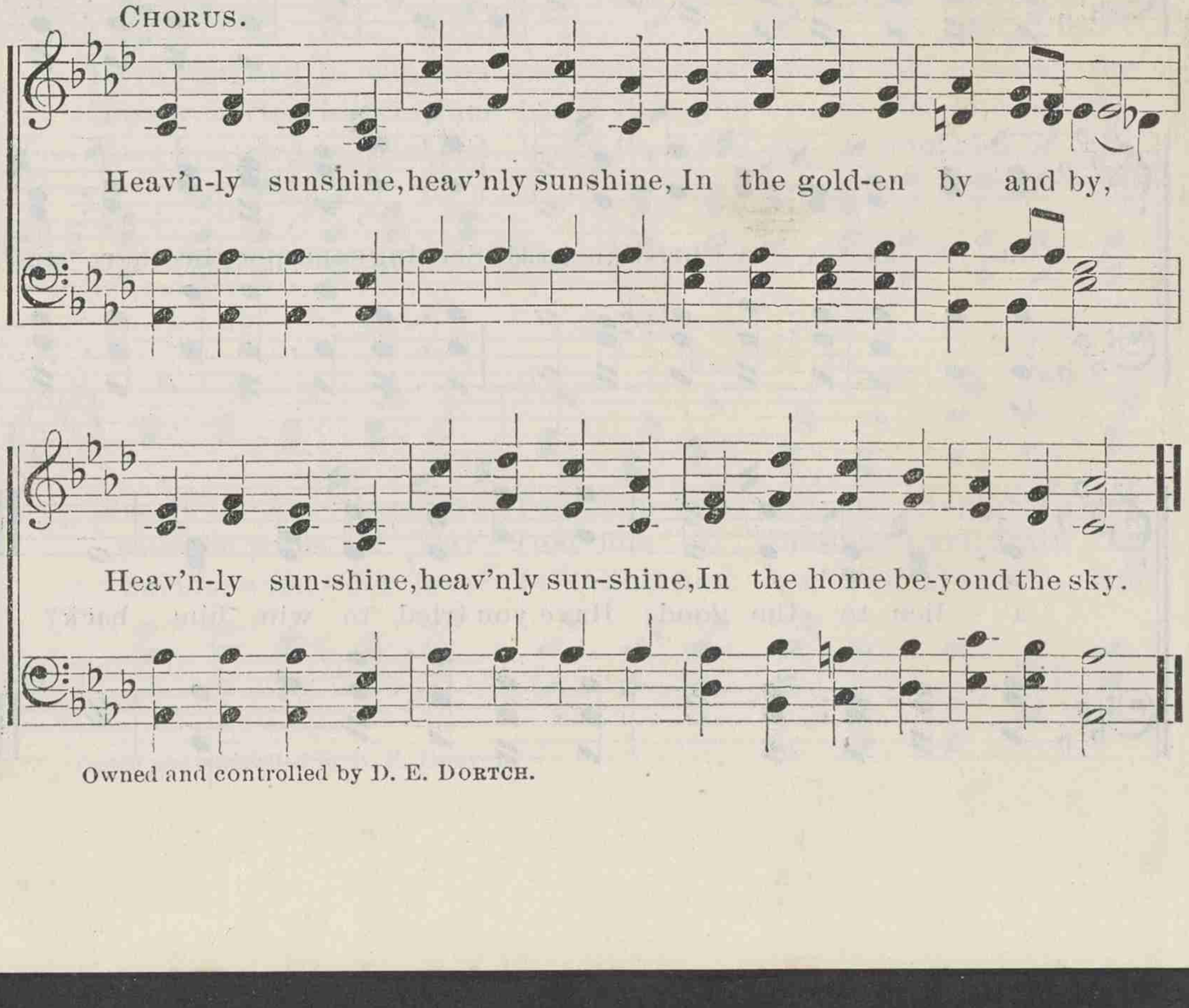
116. HEAVENLY SUNSHINE.

"And the Lamb is the light thereof." — Rev. 21: 23.

Rev. A. D. KENNEDY. A. F. MYERS.



CHORUS.

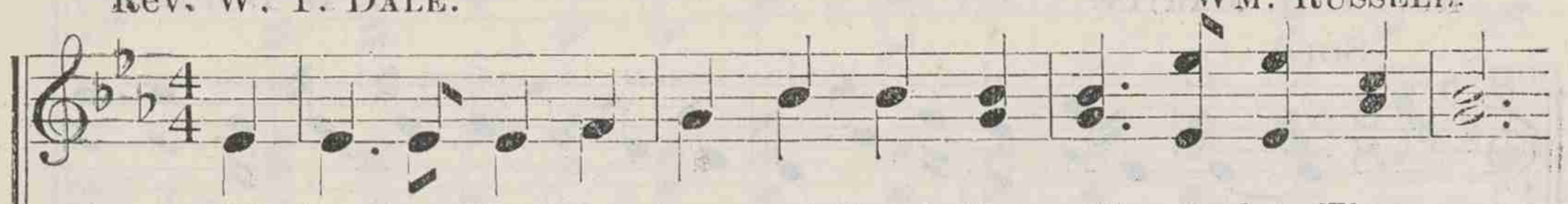


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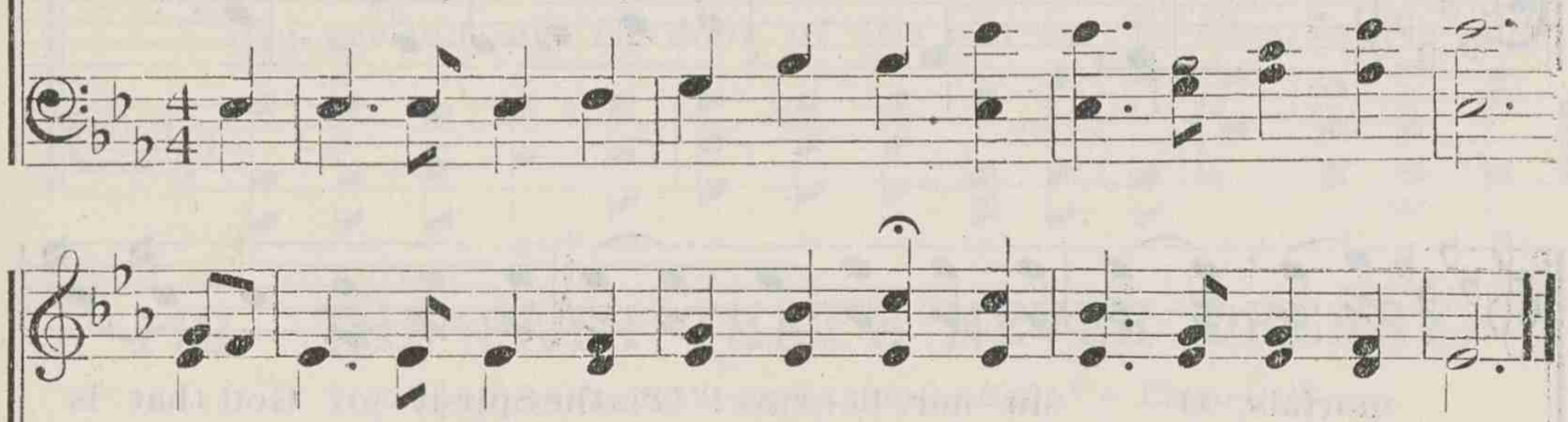
117. WRESTLING JACOB.

"I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me."—Gen. 32: 26.

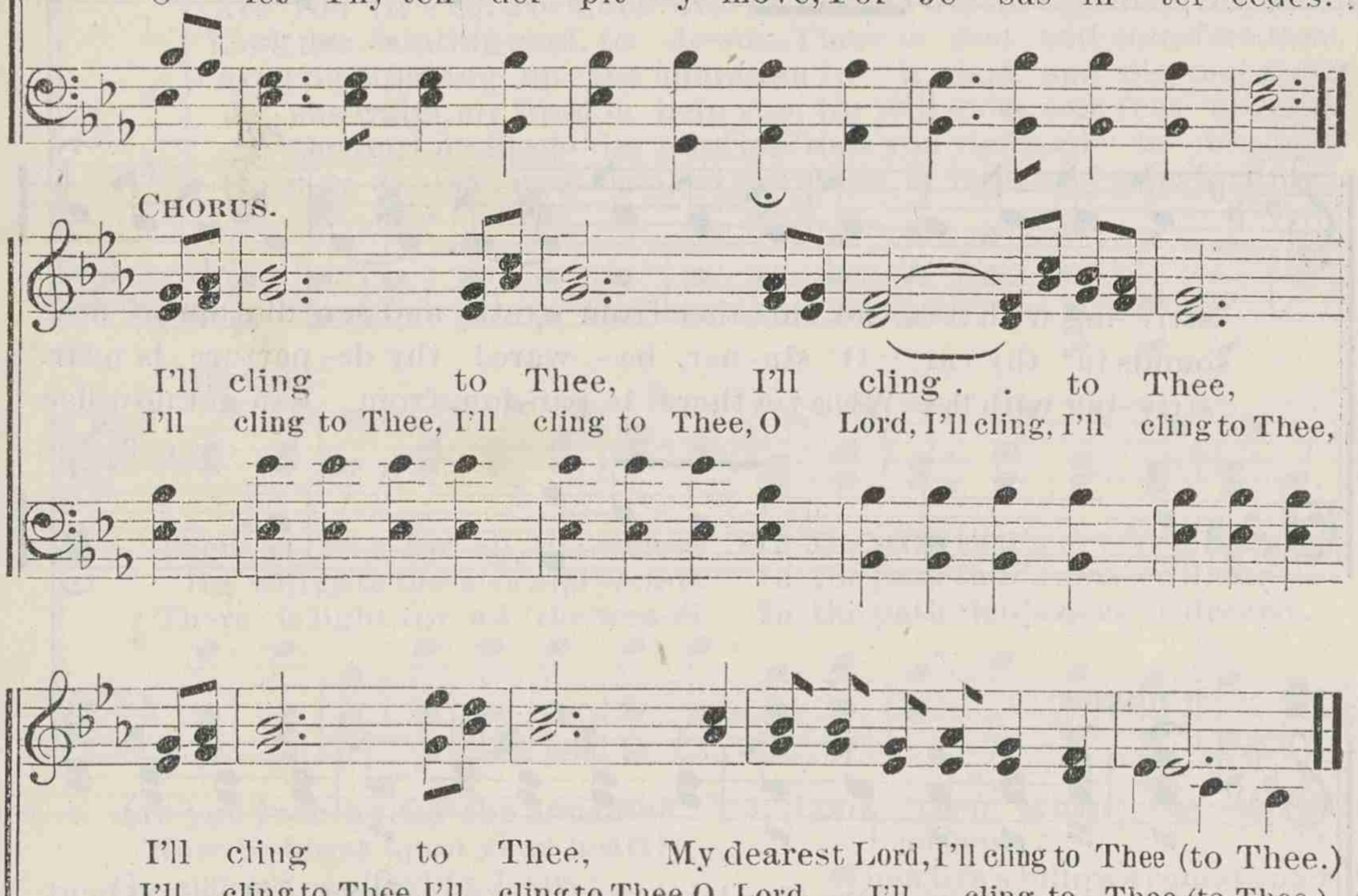
Rev. W. T. Dale. Wm. Russell.



1. I'll cling to Thee, my dear - est Lord, Nor will I let Thee go;
2. I'll wres-tle all the night with Thee, Un - til the dawning day;
3. Lord, give me prev - o - lence in pray'r, In-crease my faith in Thee;
4. But dost Thou ask me for my name, My name, Thou, Lord, dost know;
5. I know Thy name, Thy name is Lord, Now while my spir - it pleads,



For Thou hast promised in Thy word, A bless-ing to be - stow.
Till Thou shalt hear and an - swer me, I'll wait, and watch, and pray.
O, break the bands of sin and care, And set my Spir - it free.
My sin and mis - er - y pro-claim My wretch-ed-ness and woe.
O let Thy ten - der pit - y move, For Je - sus in - ter - cedes.



Chorus.

I'll cling to Thee, I'll cling . . to Thee,
I'll cling to Thee, I'll cling to Thee, O Lord, I'll cling, I'll cling to Thee,



I'll cling to Thee, My dearest Lord, I'll cling to Thee (to Thee.)
I'll cling to Thee, I'll cling to Thee, O Lord, I'll cling to Thee, (to Thee.)

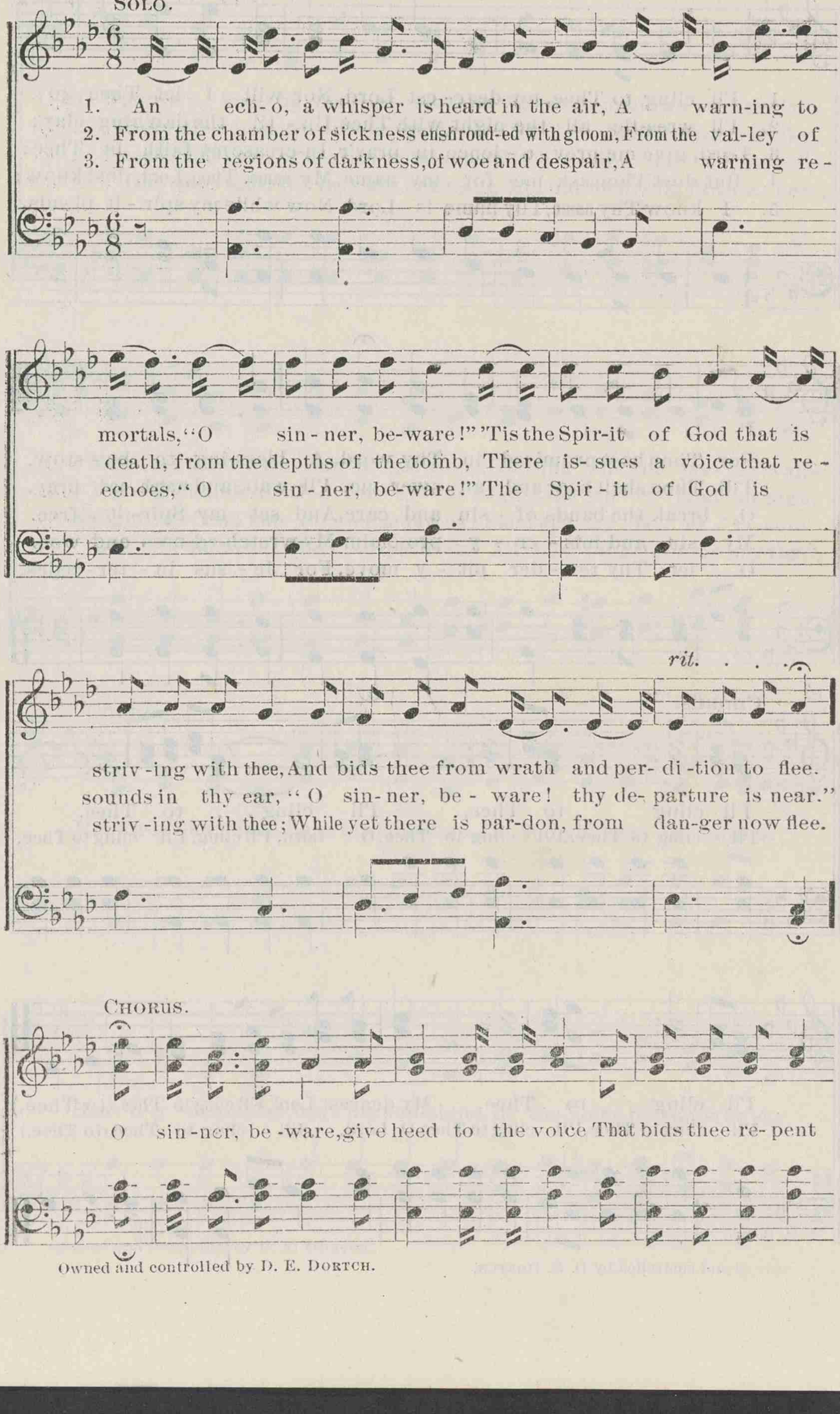
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118. BEWARE.

"Because there is wrath, beware lest he take thee away with his stroke." —Jobe 36: 18.

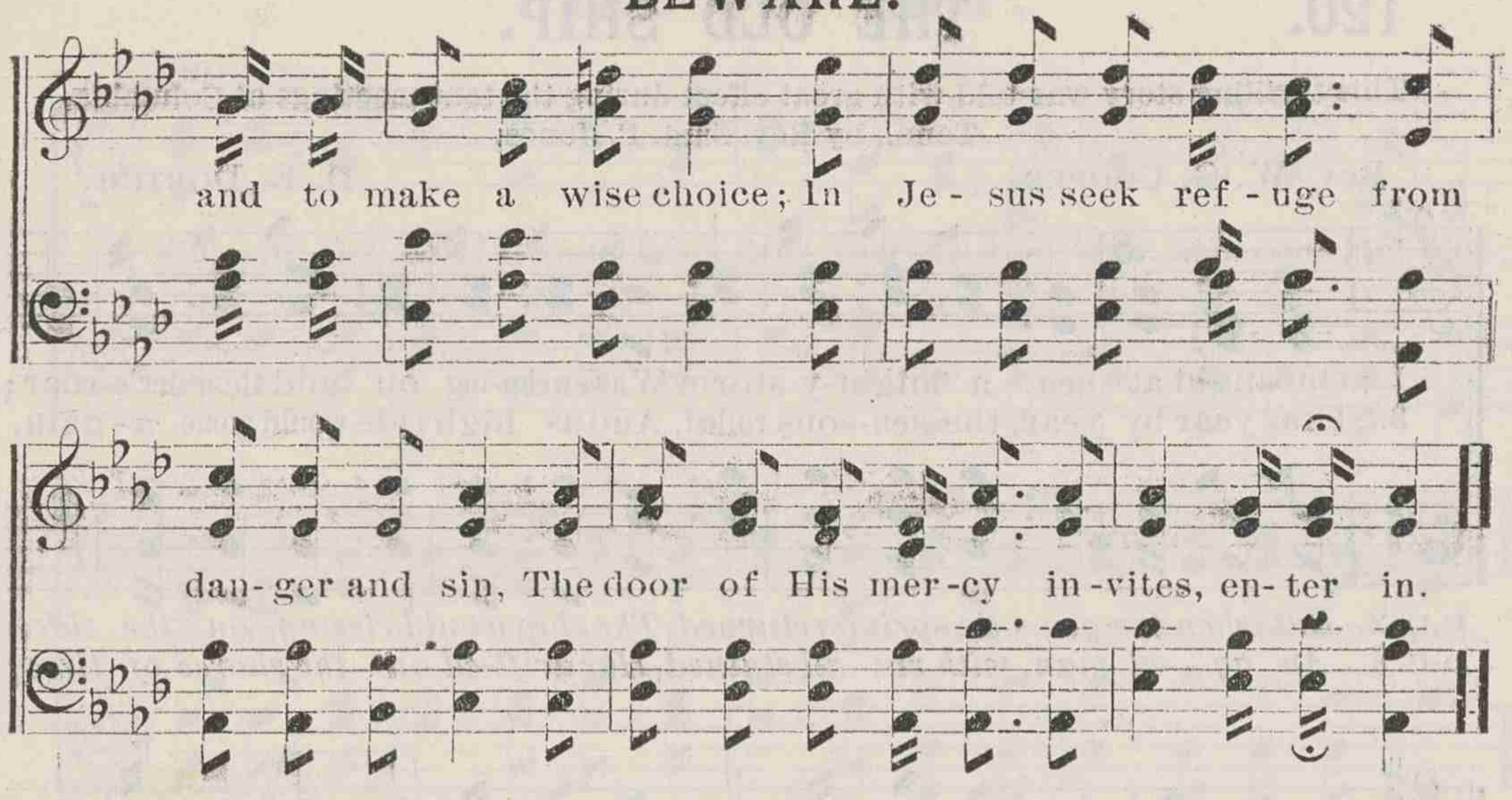
Rev. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.

SOLO.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

BEWARE.



119. THE PATH THAT'S NEVER DREARY.

"The path of the just is as the shining light." — Prov. 4: 18.

J. N. Gomer. Lucius Luttrell.



4. Are you longing for the sunshine
Now to burst upon your heart?
Go and ask, believing Jesus;
He will peace and joy impart.

Ref.—There is peace for all the weary
In the path that's never dreary.

5. Look then when the darkness gathers,
When life's billows round you roll,
To the Saviour who is willing
To support your sinking soul.

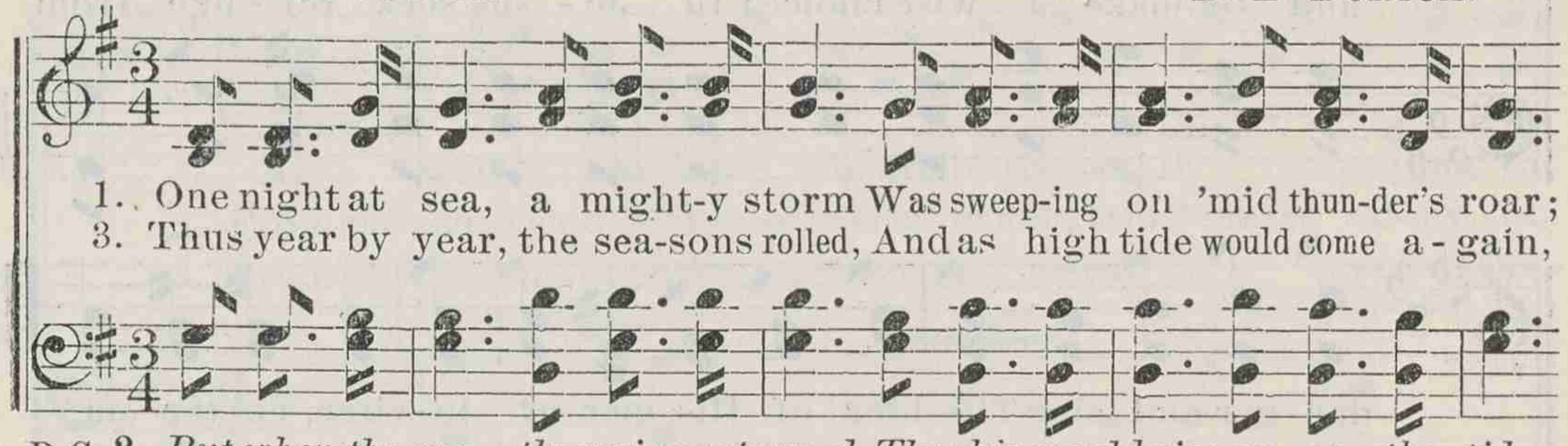
Ref.—There is strength for all the weary
In the path that's never dreary.

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

120. THE OLD SHIP.

This thrilling story was told with great effect during the tent meetings at Columbia, Tenn., by Rev. Sam. P. Jones.

Rev. W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.



1. One night at sea, a might-y storm Was sweep-ing on 'mid thun-der's roar;
3. Thus year by year, the sea-sons rolled, And as high tide would come a-gain,

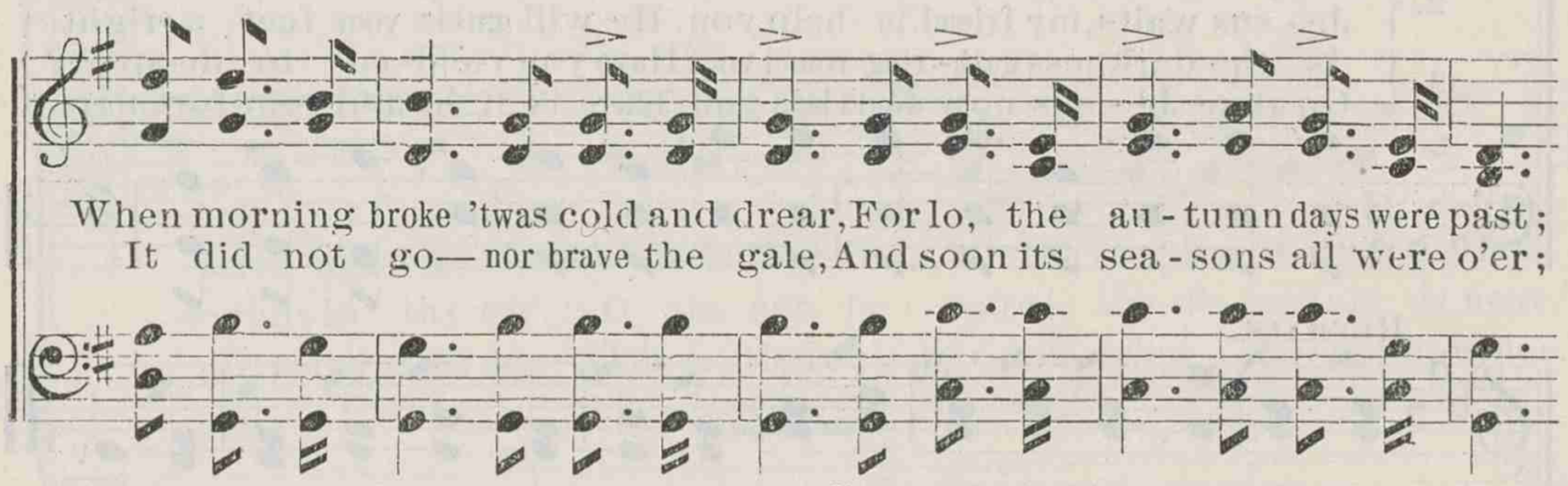
D.C. 2. *But when the gen-tle spring returned, The ship would rise up-on the tide,*
D.C. 4. *An ag-ed man, with sin all stained, Has drift-ed on the shores of time;*



A no-ble ship, all tem-pest torn, Was driv-en high up-on the shore;
The ships would straighten as of old, As if to sail up-on the main.

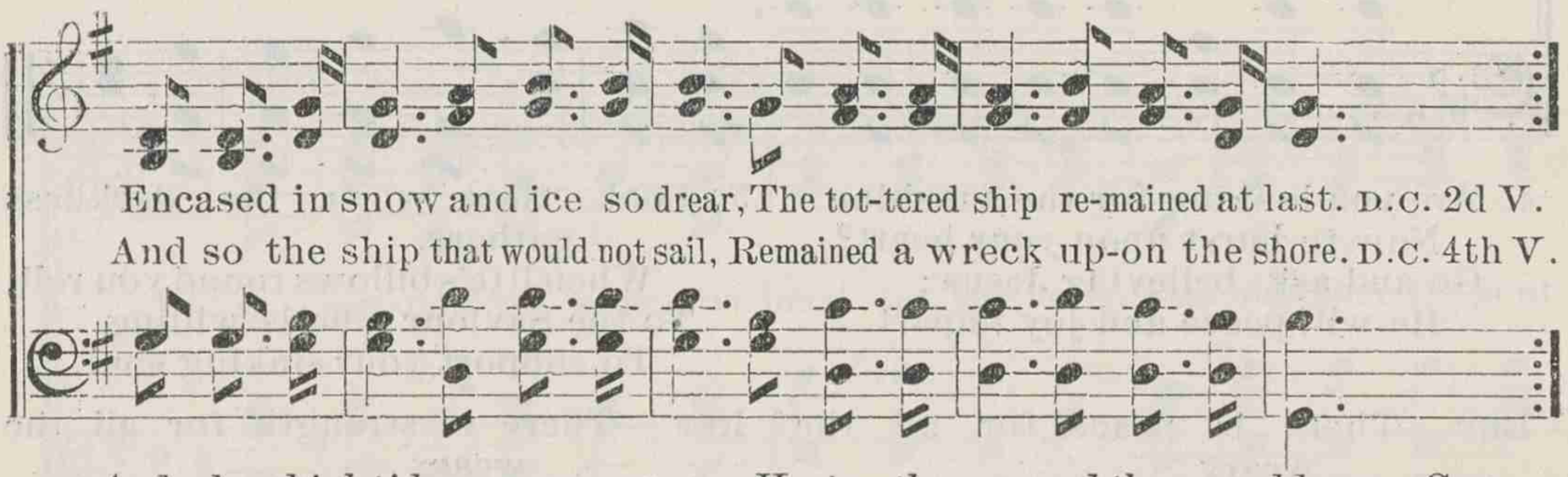


As tho' it for a voy-age yearn'd, And longed upon the sea to ride;
He hears the warn-ing oft proclaimed, To "launch out for a fair-er clime."



When morning broke 'twas cold and drear, For lo, the au-tumn days were past;
It did not go—nor brave the gale, And soon its sea-sons all were o'er;

A lit-tle boy with smil-ing face Came dai-ly on its deck to play;
Thus when re-vi-val tides a-rise, He longs to start, and yet de-lays;

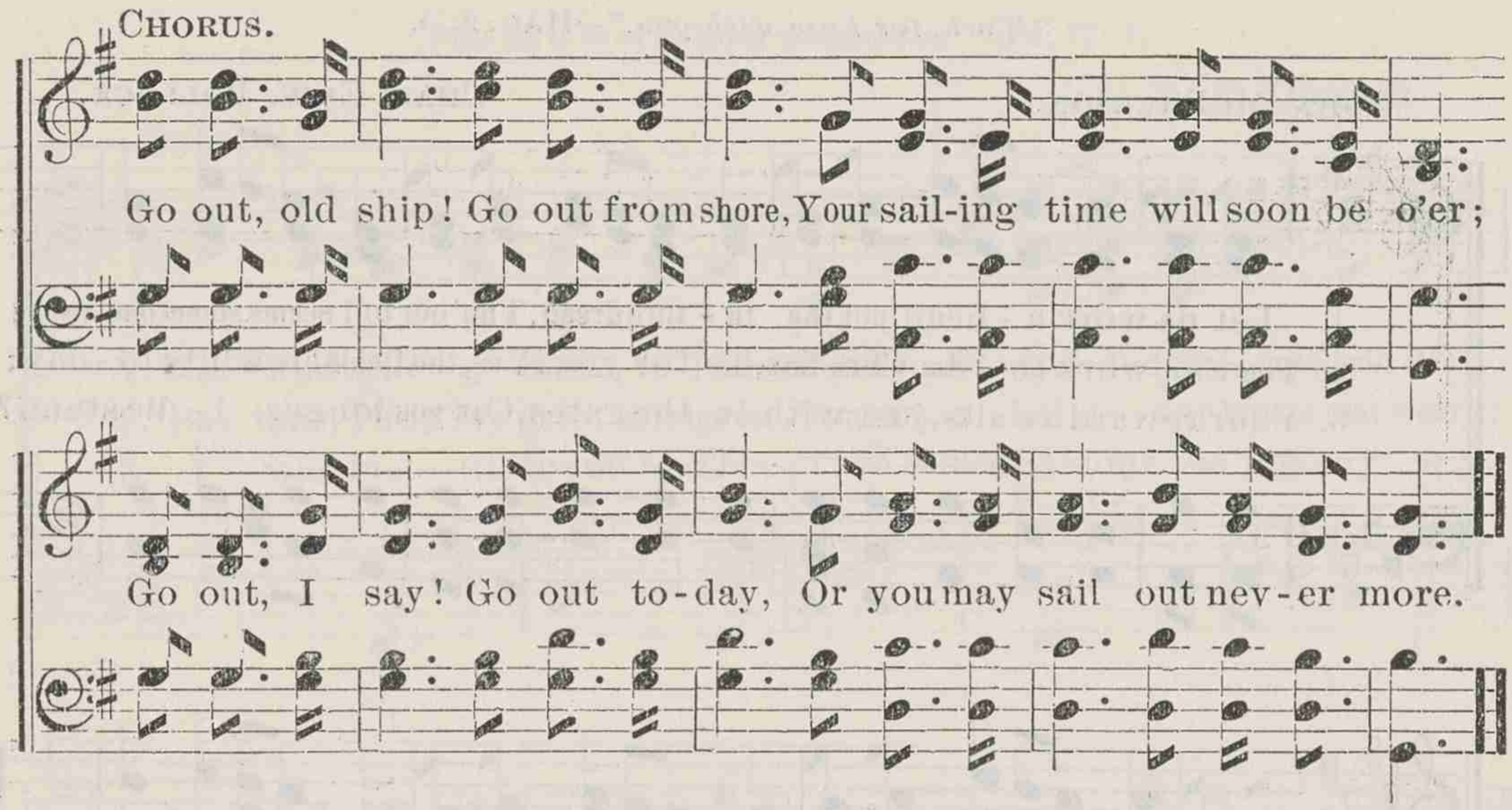


Encased in snow and ice so drear, The tot-tered ship re-mained at last. D.C. 2d V.
And so the ship that would not sail, Remained a wreck up-on the shore. D.C. 4th V.

And when high tide came on a-pace, He to the ves-sel then would say, CHO.
The oft re-peat-ed sea-son flies, A wreck, he falls, and thus decays. CHO.

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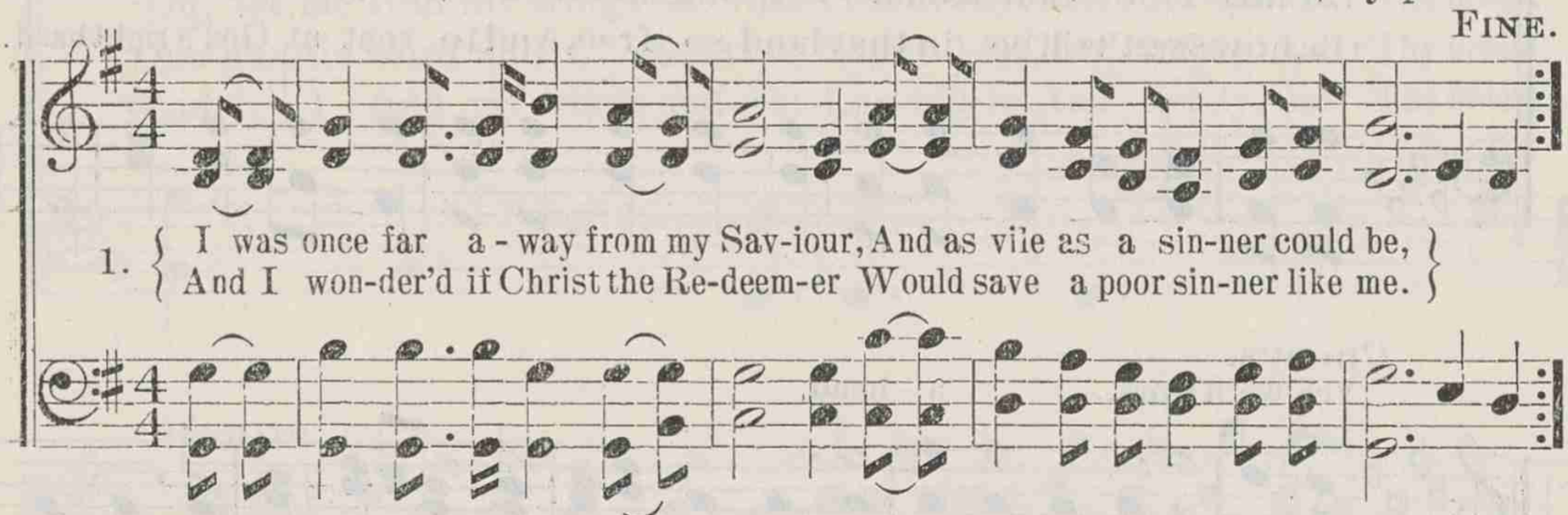
THE OLD SHIP.

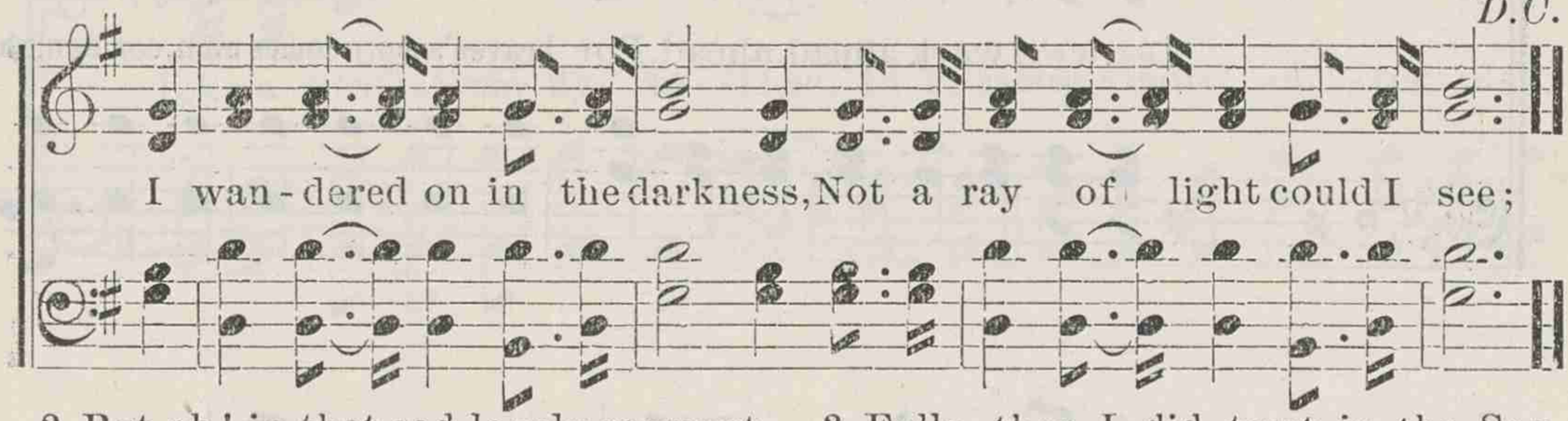


121. A POOR SINNER LIKE ME.

"Ye who were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." — Eph. 2: 13.

CHAS. I. BUTLER, Alt. W. T. DALE, by per.





2 But oh! in that sad lonely moment
A sweet voice gently whispered to me,
Saying, "Christ the Redeemer hath power
To redeem a poor sinner like thee."
I listened, and lo, 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
And I cried, "I'm the chief of poor sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me."

3 Fully then I did trust in the Saviour,
And then, oh! what joy came to me;
And my heart then was filled with His praises,
For He saved a poor sinner like me.
No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

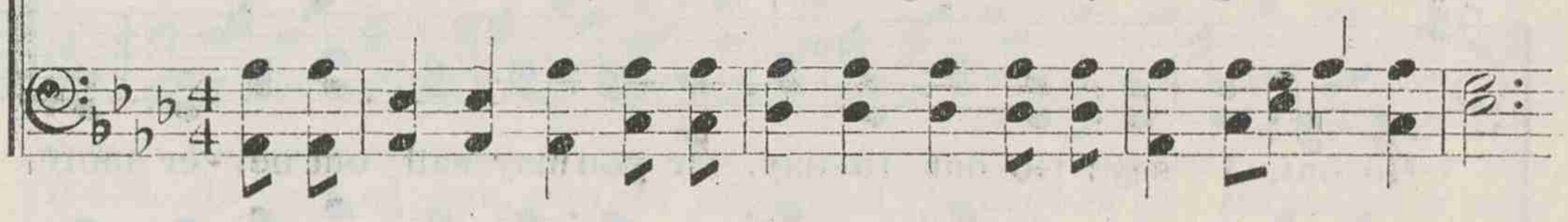
122. LET US WORK AHEAD.

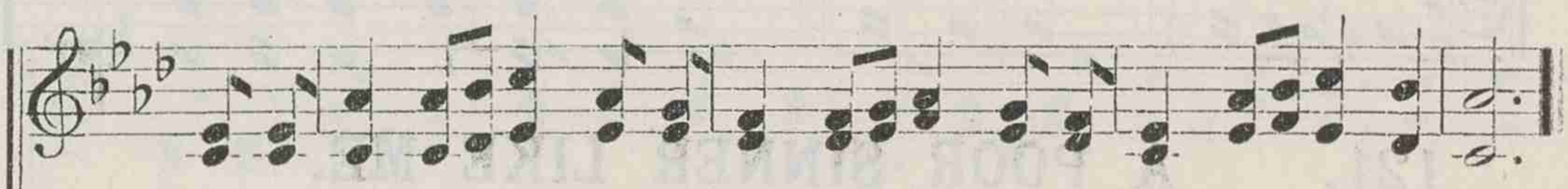
"Work, for I am with you."—HAG. 2: 4.

JOHN MCPHERSON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

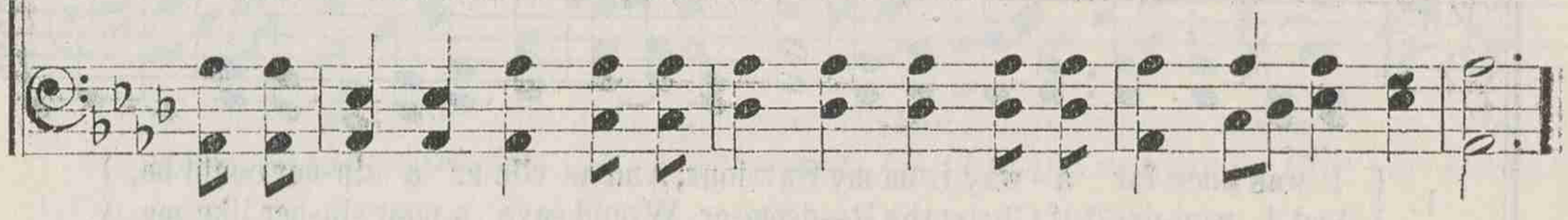


1. Let us work a - head, nor the fu - ture dread, Tho' our toil seems sometime vain;
2. There's a work to do, Christian, 'tis for you; Yes, the fields are white to - day;
3. Your reward awaits, just with-in the gates, Can you longer i - dle stand?





We may hear a voice making souls re-joice, If we trust in Je-sus' name.
Do not i - dle stand, lend a help-ing hand, Gather sheaves while now you may.
Oh, how sweet 'twill be in that land so free, And to rest at God's right hand.



CHORUS.

Yes, we'll work a - head,



Yes, we'll work ahead, ahead, For heaven's morn comes nigh, comes nigh,



Where we'll rest at last, when this earth life's past, We shall live and nev-er die.



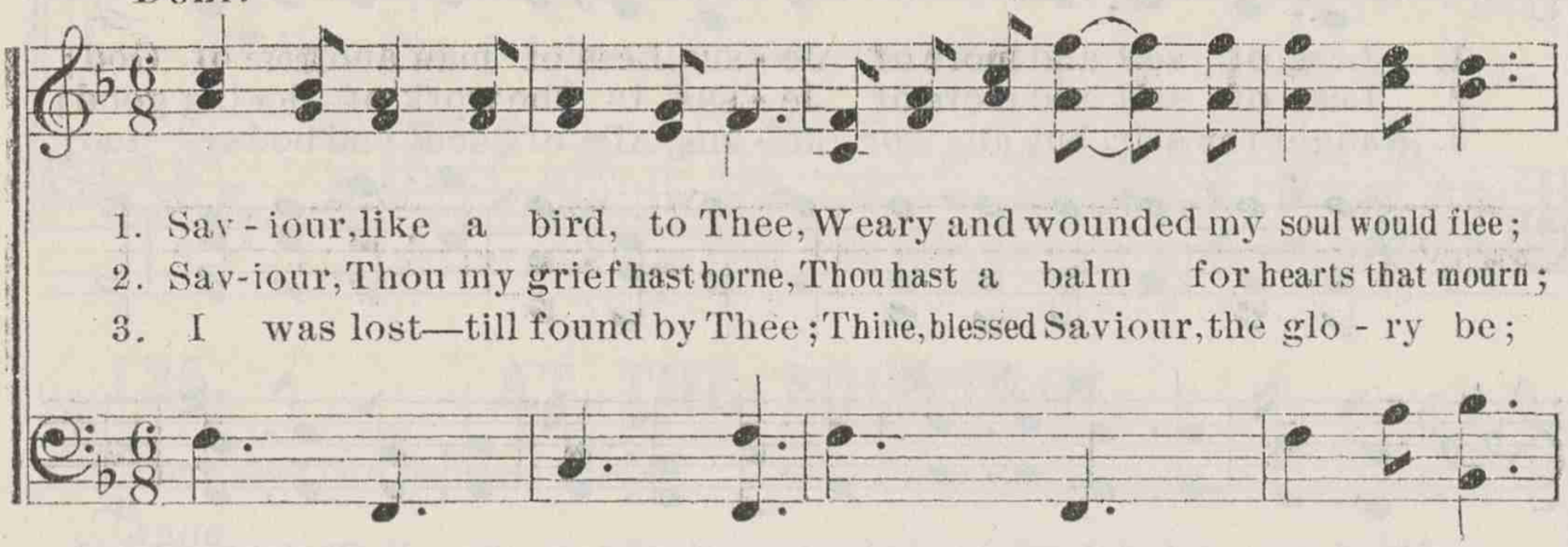
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123. LIKE A BIRD.

"Flee as a bird to your mountain."—Ps. 77: 1.

D. E. Dortch.

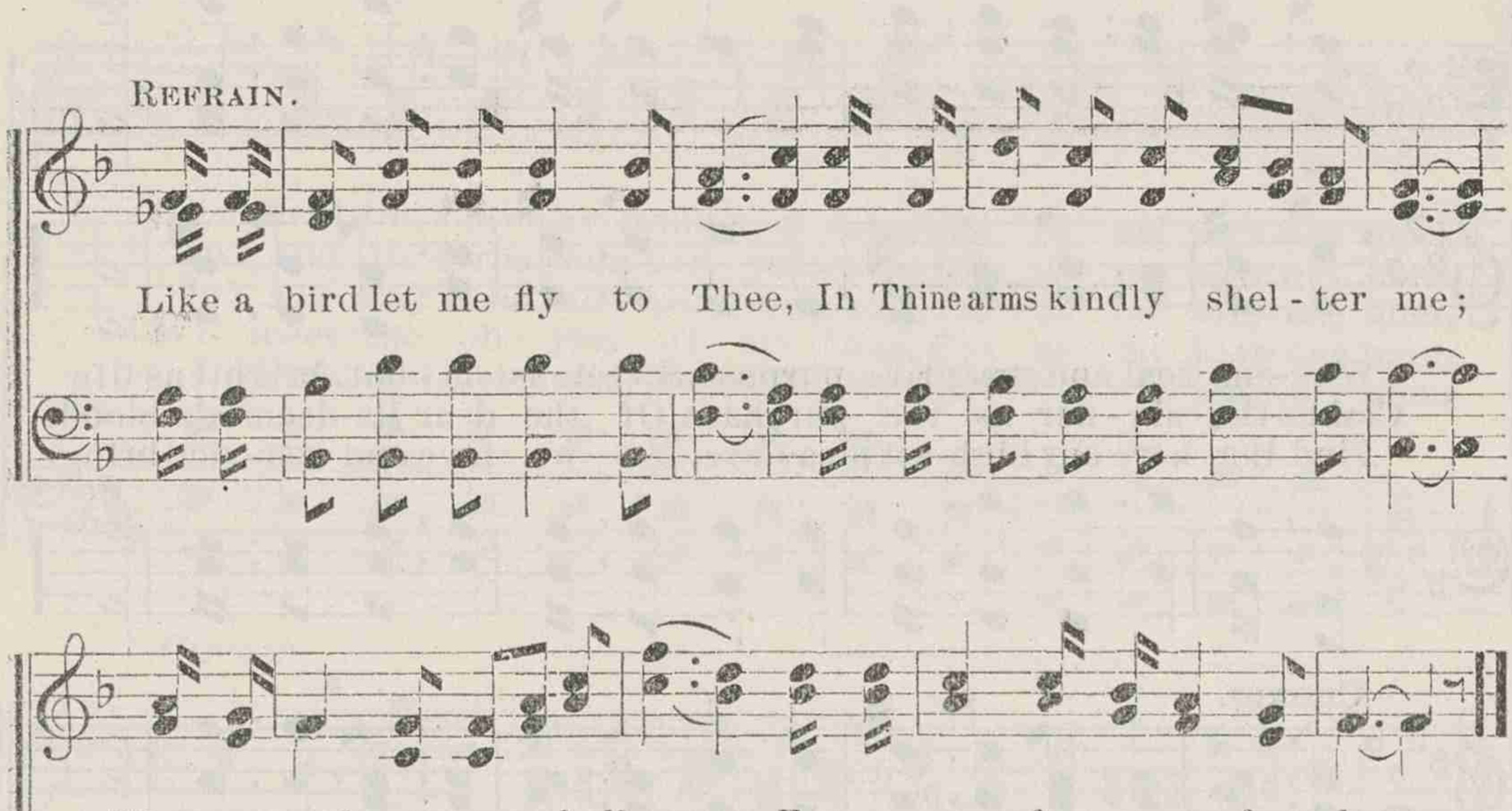
Duet.



1. Sav - iour, like a bird, to Thee, Weary and wounded my soul would flee;
2. Sav-iour, Thou my grief hast borne, Thou hast a balm for hearts that mourn;
3. I was lost—till found by Thee; Thine, blessed Saviour, the glo - ry be;



Oh, let me fold my wings and rest Peacefully, ten - der-ly, on Thy breast.
One gen-tle word, and I shall rest Hopeful-ly, lov - ing-ly, on Thy breast.
Glad-ly I fold my wings and rest Lov-ing-ly, ten - der-ly, on Thy breast.



Refrain.

Like a bird let me fly to Thee, In Thine arms kindly shel - ter me;

Then my soul no more shall roam Far a - way, far a-way from home.

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

124. MORE OF JESUS.

Rev. H. B. Beegle. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Less of self and more of Je - sus, Less of man and more of God;
2. Less of self and more of Je - sus, In the work of do-ing good;
3. Naught for self, but all for Je - sus, All of soul and bod-y, too;

Dead to sel- fish pains and pleasures Serv-ing on - ly Christ the Lord.
Help-ing saints and sav-ing sin-ners, Build-ing up the church of God.
In our work, and life, and spir - it, On - ly Je - sus kept in view.

Less of self and more of Je - sus, Arms the soul for ho - ly strife;
Self - destroyed faith works its wonders, Trusts the prom-is - es of God,
This our du - ty, hon - or, glo - ry, Thus to serve our Lord and King;

Wak-ens zeal and strengthens purpose, Sweetens la - bor, brightens life
Claims the sin - ner as the purchase Of the dear Re-deemer's blood.
Find-ing here our high-est pleas-ure, As we love and ser-vice bring.

Chorus.

Oh, for more and more of Je - sus, All His love, and life, and pow'r;

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

MORE OF JESUS.



125. AT THE FOUNTAIN.

"There shall be a fountain opened, . . . for sin, and for uncleanness." —Zech. 13: 1.

Anon. Anon.



126. MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

W. B. WILLIAMS. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, by per.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and pre-cious book, Tho' it's worn and fad - ed now, Which re -
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those mighty men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je- sus' love, As He blessed the children dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lin-gers still, And the

calls those happy days of long a - go;
Jo-seph and of Dan-iel and their trials;
suffered, bled, and died up-on the tree;
dear old book each day has been my guide;

When I stood at mother's knee, With her
Of lit-tle David bold, Who be -
Of His heav-y load of care, Then she
And I seek to do His will, As my

hand up - on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen-tle tones and low.
came a king at last; Of Sa- tan with his ma- ny wick- ed wiles.
dried my flow-ing tears With her kiss-es as she said it was for me.
moth- er taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words a- bide.

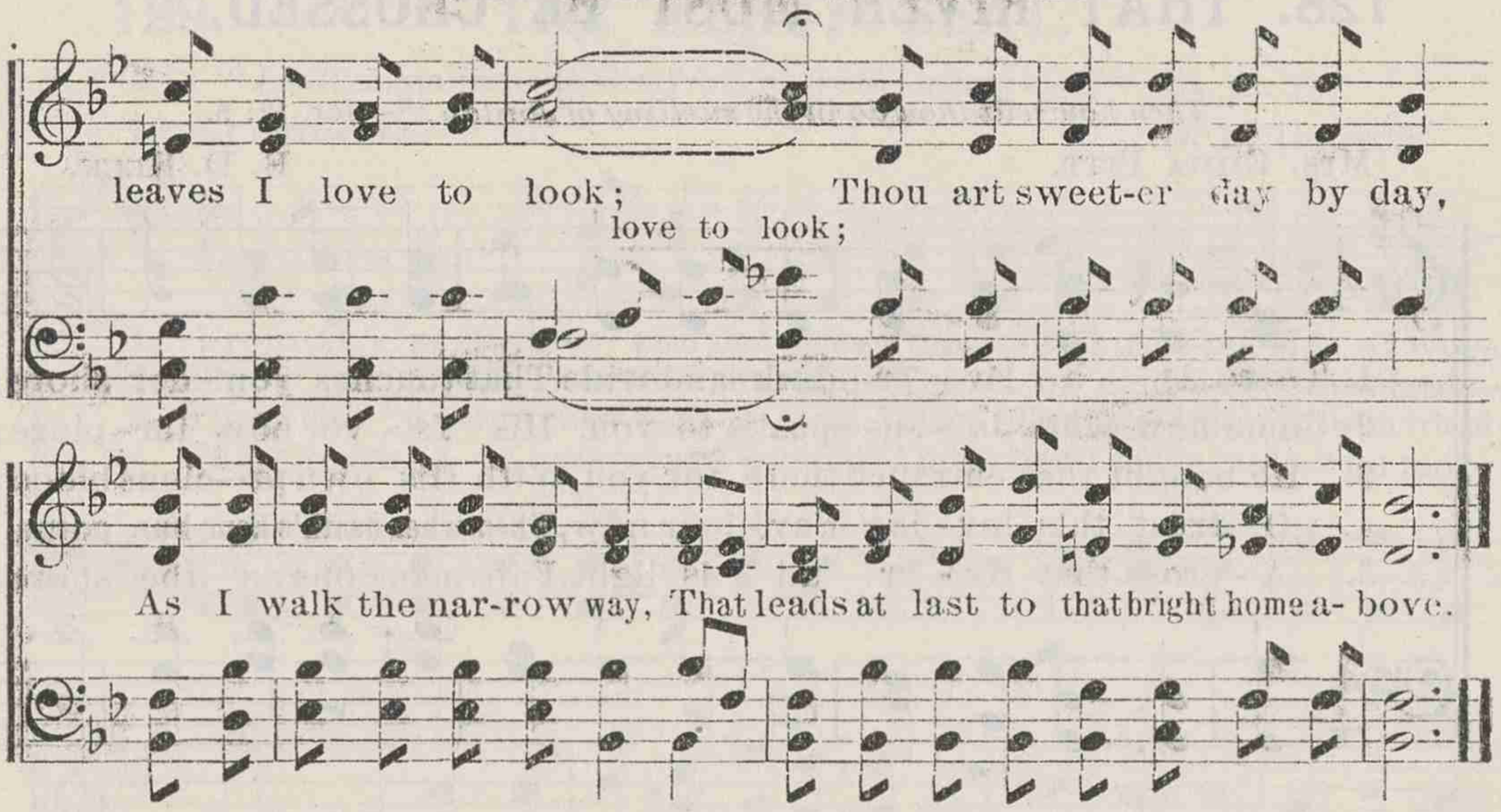
CHORUS.

Bless-ed book, . . pre-cious book, . . On thy dear old tear-stained

Blessed book. precious book,

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MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

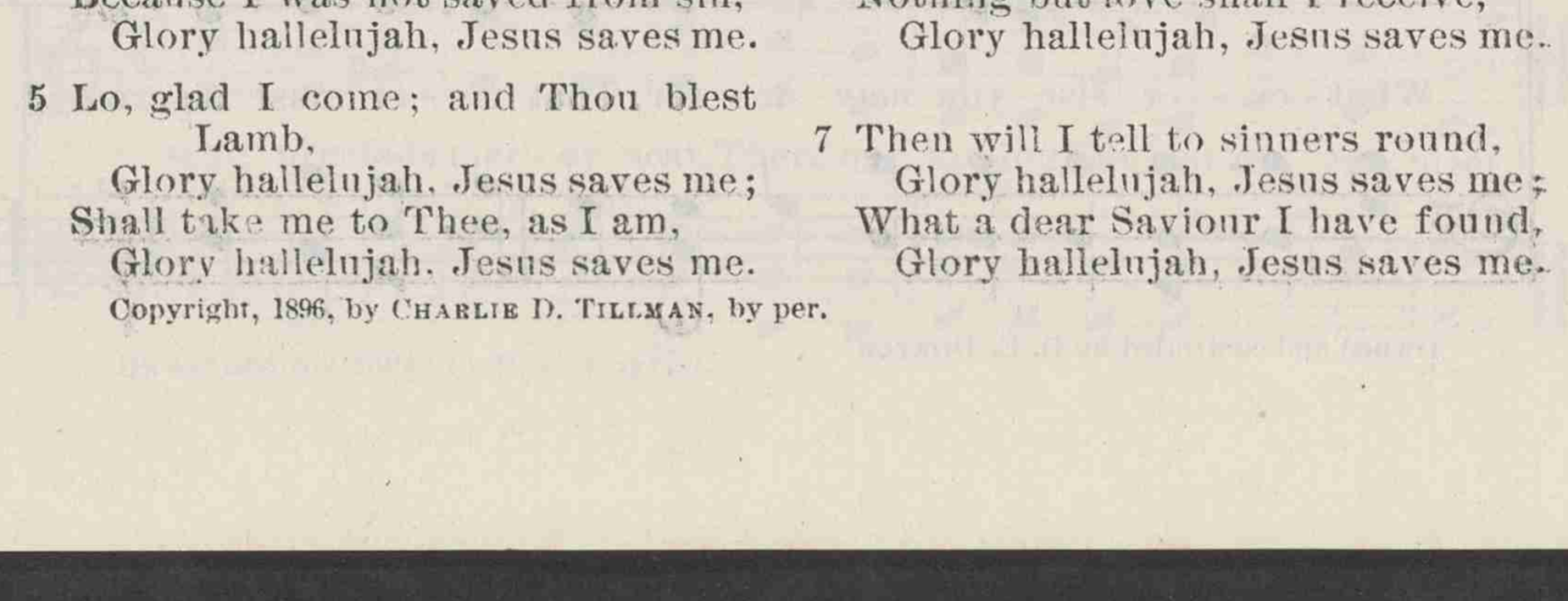


127. JESUS SAVES ME.

"He shall save his people from their sins."—Matt. 1: 21.

Arr. by G. R. C. SALLIE STUART.





4 My grief and burden long has been,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
Because I was not saved from sin,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me.

5 Lo, glad I come; and Thou blest Lamb,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
Shall take me to Thee, as I am,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me.

6 Nothing but sin have I to give,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
Nothing but love shall I receive,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me.

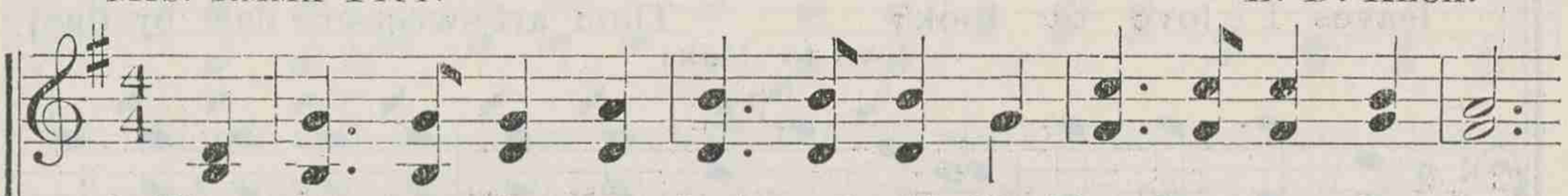
7 Then will I tell to sinners round,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
What a dear Saviour I have found,
Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me.

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128. THAT RIVER MUST BE CROSSED.

"Then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"—Jer. 12: 5.

MRS. EMMA PITT. E. D. KECK.



1. There is a riv - er dark and wide That touches yon - der shore;
2. Come now while Je - sus speaks to you, His fa - vor now im - plore;
3. He bought that entrance there for you, With His own pre-cious blood;
4. O trust this lov - ing Sav - iour now, Then when death's hour has come,
5. A - cross that riv - er all is light, Fair mansions on the shore;





Ma - ny are drift - ing with the tide, And some have cross'd be - fore.
He stands with outstretch'd arms to save, Opes wide the gold - en door.
He pass'd that riv - er safe - ly thro' To pur-chase your a - bode.
And that dark riv - er you must cross, His hand will guide you home.
And there our lov'd ones robed in white, Sing glo - ry ev - er - more.

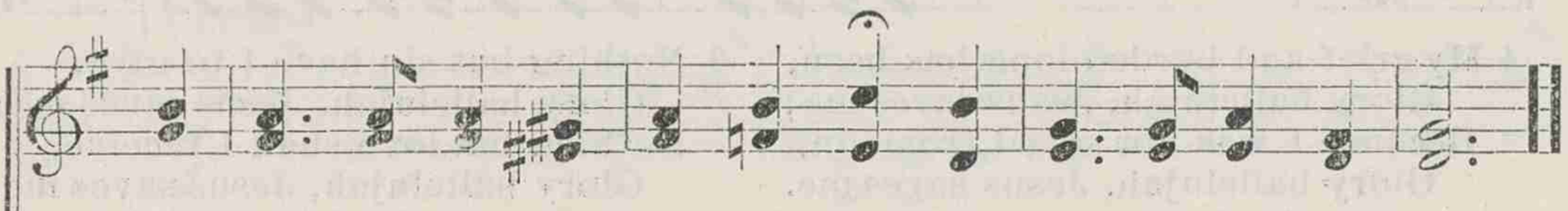


CHORUS.



Oh! sin - ner, list! the warn - ing hear; I fear you will be lost;





What - ev - er else you may de - fer, That riv - er must be crossed.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

129. THE MERCY SEAT.

"I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat." — Ex. 25: 22.

HUGH STOWELL. D. E. DORTCH.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads—
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more;

There is a calm, a sure re - treat; Tis found beneath the mer-cy seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mer-cy seat.
Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer-cy seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glo - ry crowns the mer-cy seat.

CHORUS.

O the mer - cy seat, prec-ious mer - cy seat, There is
joy and peace at the mer - cy seat. O the mer - cy
seat, precious mer - cy seat, There our lov-ing Saviour we can meet.

Rit.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

130. WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

"For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"—Rev. 6: 17.

W. T. Dale. D. E. Dortch, by per.

1. When that aw-ful day shall come, and the Judge ap-pears, What a throbbing of all
2. And the dead shall gather there from the sea and land. Gath'ring there in might-y
3. Then the se-crets of all hearts Je-sus will make known, As we stand to-geth-er
4. Oh, pre-pare us, gracious Lord, for that aw-ful day; Wash us in Thy pre-cious

hearts quak-ing there with fears, 'Mid the falling of the stars and the flam-ing spheres,
throngs at the Lord's command; Who shall gather in that day on the Lord's right hand,
there 'round the great white throne; And the Judge shall there proclaim those that are His own,
blood, take our sins a-way; May we stand to-gether there in Thy bright ar-ray,

Chorus.

1, 2, & 3. Who shall be a-ble to stand? Who shall be a-ble to stand?
4. Then we'll be a-ble to stand. Who shall be a-ble, be a-ble to stand?

Who shall be a-ble to stand? They who trust in Christ, the
Who shall be a-ble, be a-ble to stand?

Lord, and His word o-bey; They shall all there be a-ble to stand.

131. ASHAMED OF JESUS.

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me . . . of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed."—Luke 9: 26.

JOSEPH GRIGGS. D. E. DORTCH.

DUET.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a - shamed of Thee,
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon-er far Let ev-'ning blush to own a star;
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On whom my hopes for heav'n de-pend;
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, when I've no guilt to wash a-way,

A - shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days?
He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this be - night-ed soul of mine.
No! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.

CHORUS.

O I'm not ashamed of Je-sus, my Sav-iour! O I'm precious, lov - ing Sav-iour!

not ashamed of Je - sus, my Sav-iour! On the pre-cious, lov - ing Sav - iour!

cru-el cross He suffered to re - deem me, And I'll nev-er be ashamed of Him.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

132. O WONDROUS CROSS.

"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree."—1 Peter 2: 24.

C. L. EBY. A. F. MYERS.

1. Up - on the cross . . . . my Sav - iour died, ...
2. I sought at length . . . . His par - don free, ...
3. Up - on the cross . . . . of Cal - va - ry, ...
4. I'll sing His power . . . . while I have breath, ...

And for my sins . . . . . was cru - ci - fied; . . . . .
I gained at once . . . . . great lib - er - ty; . . . . .
His blood was shed, ... was shed for me; . . . . .
In glo - ry praise . . . . . Him af - ter death; . . . . .

His love so great, ... how can it be, ...
E'en now by faith, ... I claim Him mine? . . . . .
O cleansing fount! . . . . O bleed-ing pow'r! . . . . .
Redeem'd, re-deem'd, ... I know I'm free, ...

D.S. *O won-drous cross, where Je - sus died,*

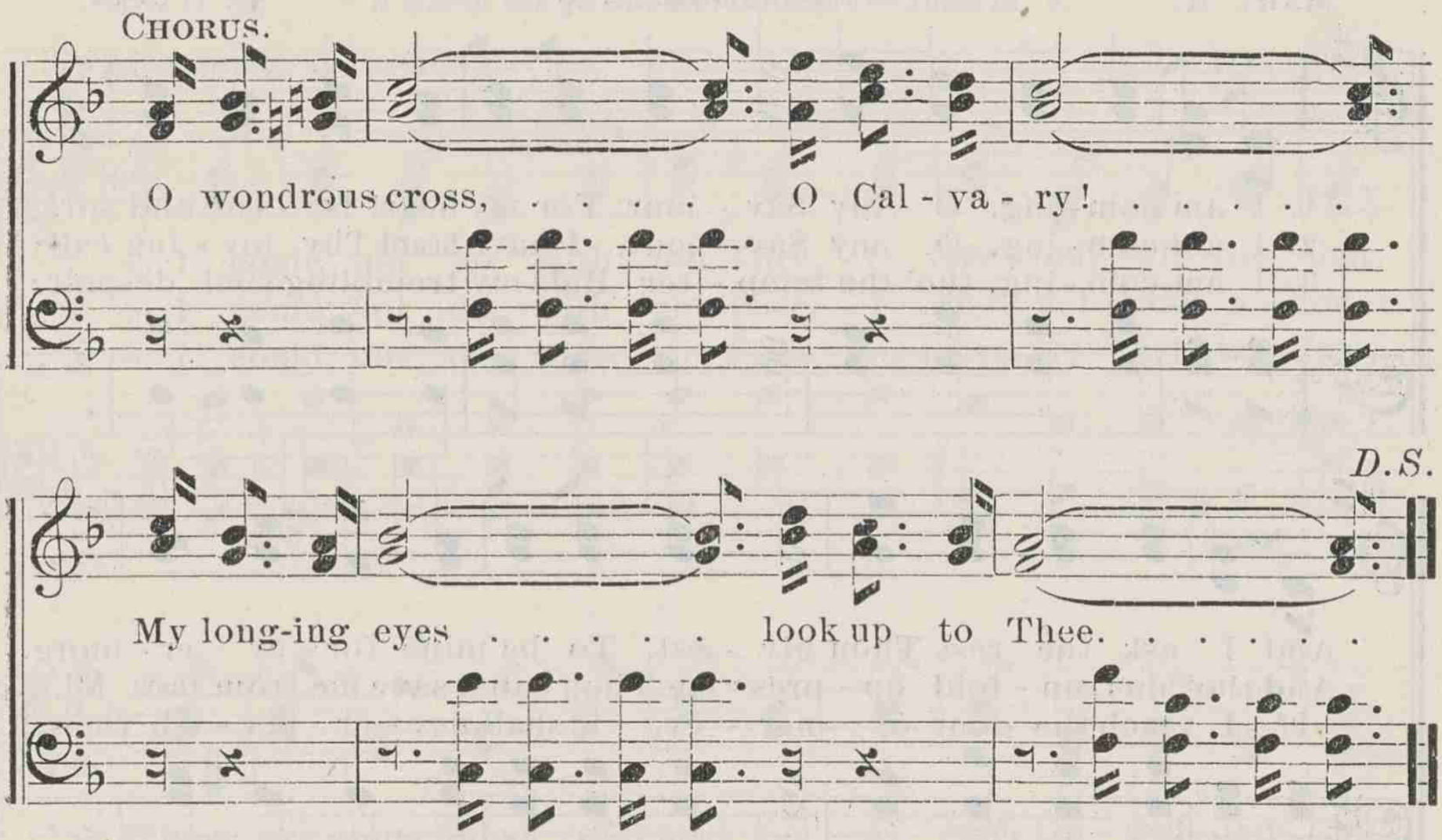
FINE.

My Sav-iour died, ... yes, died for me; . . . . .
I am re - deemed . . . . thro' grace di - vine. . . . . .
I need Thy flow . . . . . each pass - ing hour. . . . . .
I've peace with God, ... and lib - er - ty. . . . . .

And for my sins was cru - ci - fied. . . . . .

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

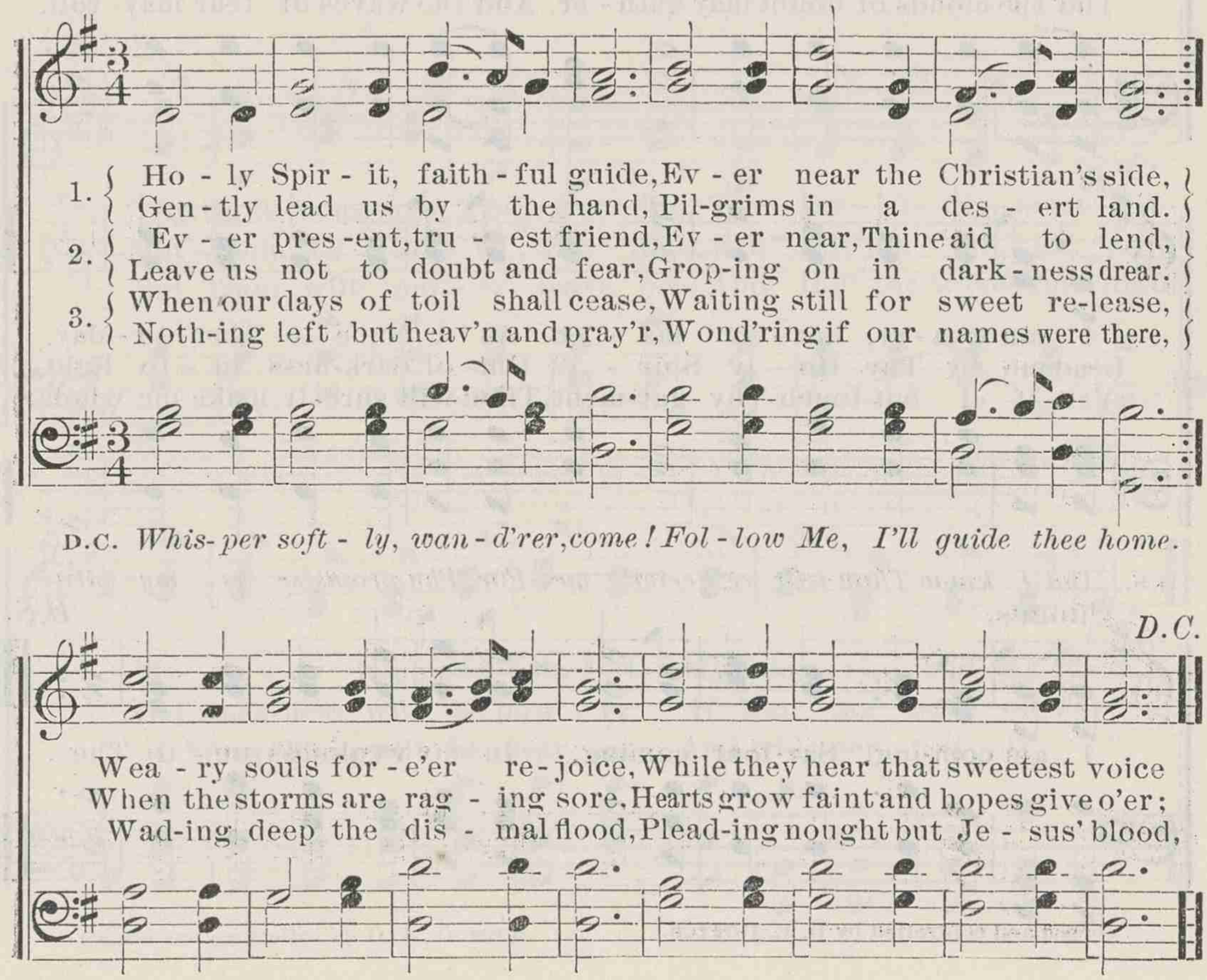
O WONDROUS CROSS.



133. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

"*He will guide you into all truth.*"—John 16: 13.

M. M. WELLS. M. M. WELLS.



134. I AM COMING.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28

MARY R. E. HANKS.

1. I am com-ing, O my Sav - iour, For my heart is sad and sore,
2. I am com-ing, O my Sav - iour, I have heard Thy lov - ing call;
3. I am com-ing, tho' the temp - ter Bids my trembling soul despair;

And I ask the rest Thou giv - est, To be mine for - ev - er - more.
And tho' sins un - told op - press me, Thou canst save me from them all.
If I reach the door of mer - cy, I shall nev - er per - ish there!

Earth's hopes like flowers have faded, Earth's friends have passed a - way;
I am com-ing, O my Sav - iour, Guide my wand'ring steps a - right,
Tho' the clouds of doubt may gath - er, And the waves of fear may roll,

I am wea - ry, hea - vy lad - en, As I come to Thee to - day.
Lead me by Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Out of dark-ness in - to light.
Yet if I but touch Thy gar-ment, Thou wilt sure-ly make me whole.

D.S. *And I know Thou wilt re - ceive me, For Thy prom-ise is my plea.*

CHORUS. D.S.

I am com-ing, Sav-iour, coming, In my weakness un - to Thee.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

135. I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT THEE.

"Without me ye can do nothing." —John 15: 5.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. DAVID.

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

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

Thy right - eous-ness, Thy par - don, Thy sac - ri - fice must be
But Thou, be - lov - ed Sav - iour, Art all in all to me,
But Thou wilt nev - er leave me, And tho' the waves run high,

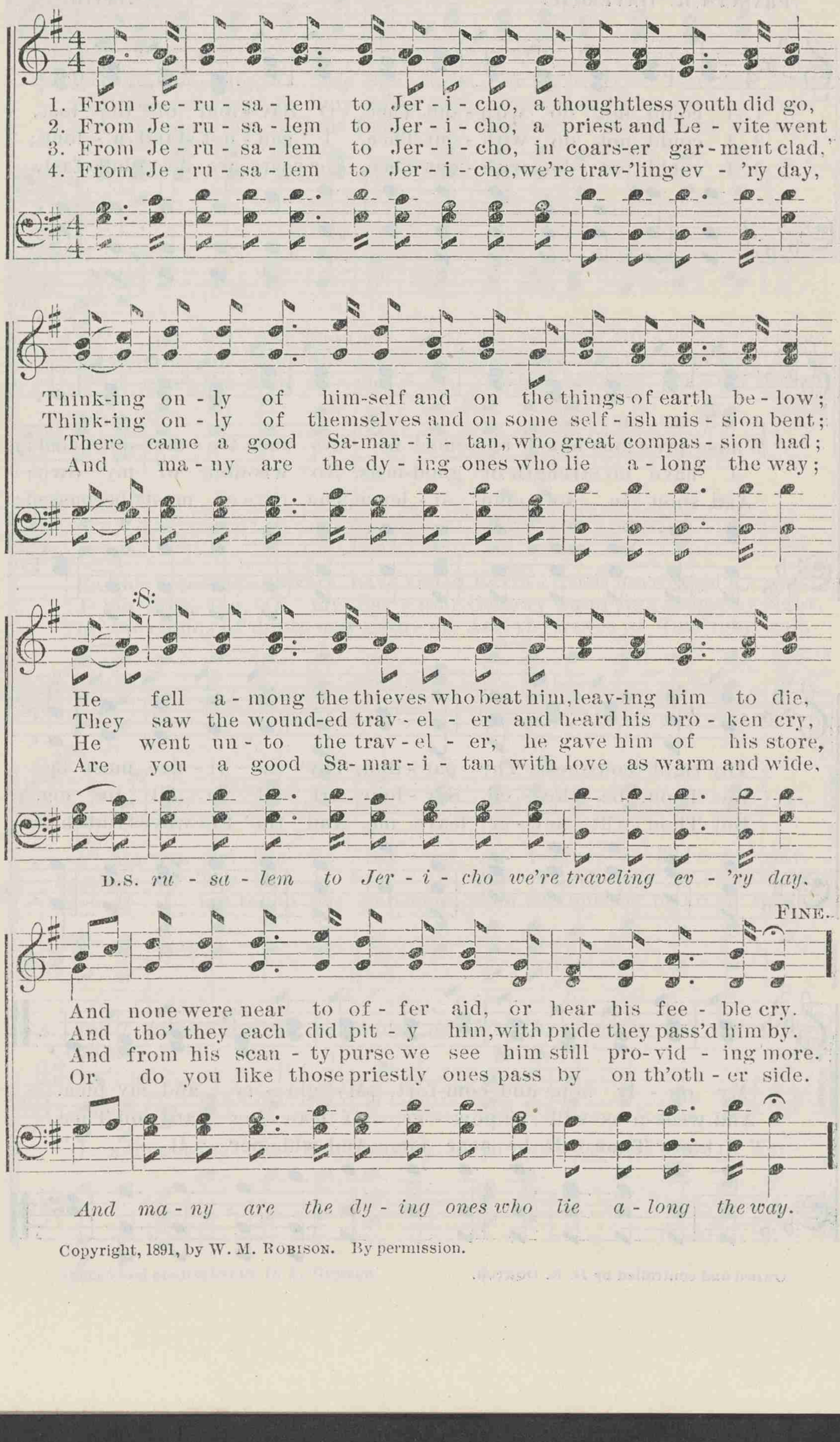
My on - ly hope and com-fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
And week-ness will be pow - er, If lean - ing hard on Thee.
I know Thou wilt be near me, And whis-per "It is I."

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

136. THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves."—Luke 10: 30.

W. M. R. Rev. W. M. ROBISON.



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THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

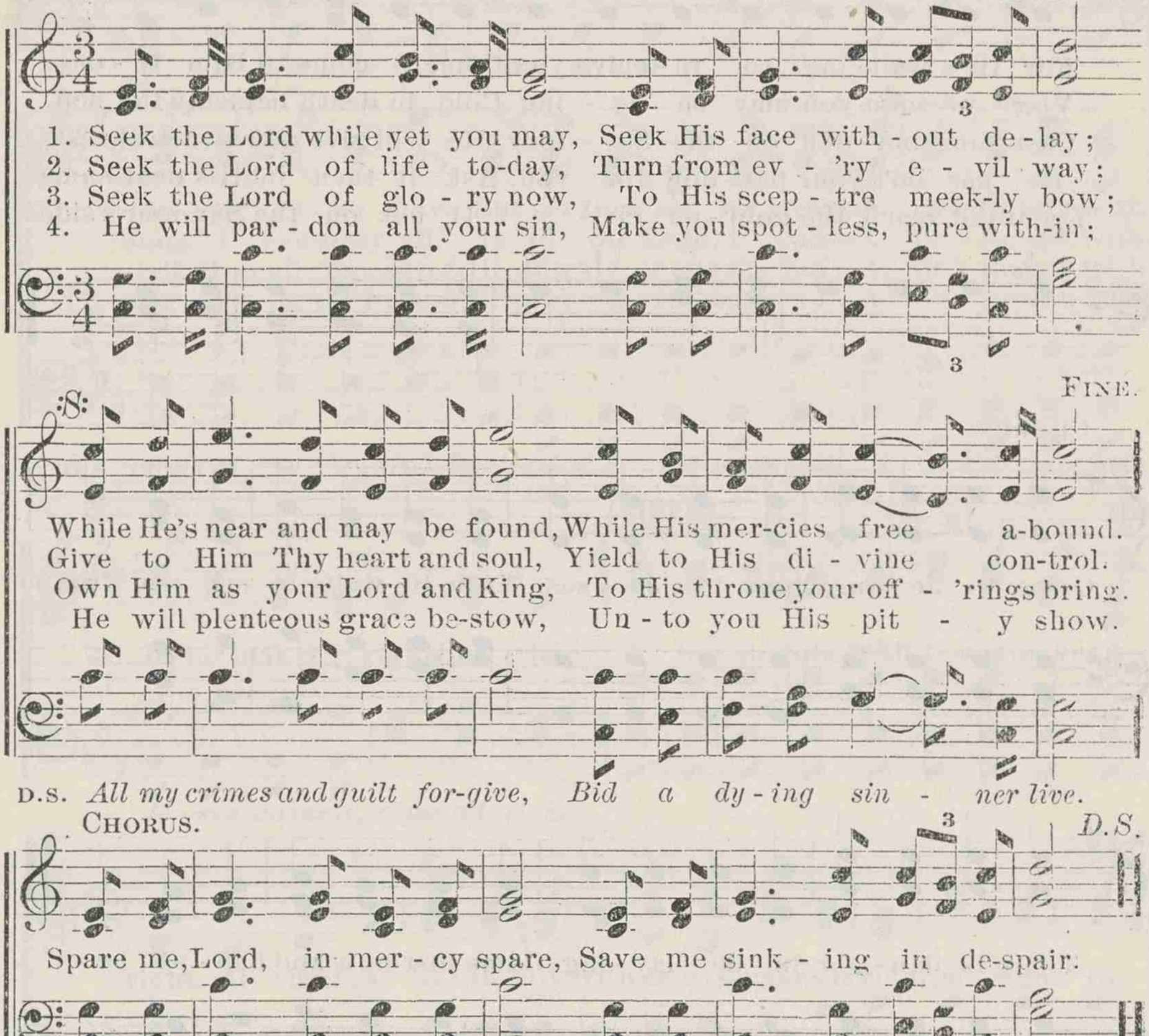
CHORUS.



137. SEEK THE LORD.

"*Seek the Lord, and ye shall live.*"—Amos 5: 6.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. E. HANKS.



CHORUS.

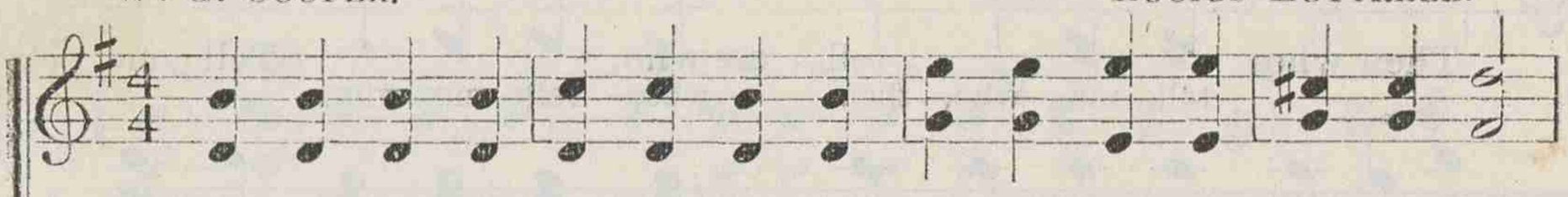


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138. COME JUST NOW.

"Now is the accepted time."—1 Cor. 6: 2.

W. G. COOPER. LUCIUS LUTTRELL.



1. Sin - ner, come, O come to Je - sus, Do not lon - ger thus de - lay;
2. There's no bet - ter time that's coming, When you may re - turn to God;
3. Come then, ask Him for sal - va - tion, And you shall in Him be blest;
4. Sin - ner, Je - sus died to save you From your sins, and guilt, and shame;
5. Down, oh, down the stream you're floating, Far from God, on sin's dark tide;





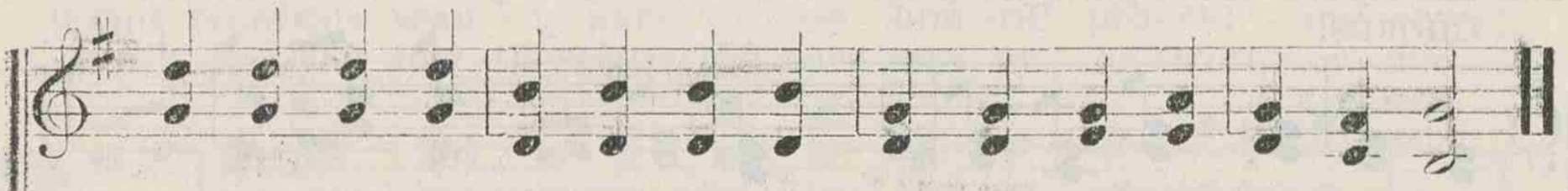
For He's wait - ing to re - ceive you, Come, O come to Him to - day.
Ver - y soon you may be ly - ing Cold in death be-neath the sod.
Cast your bur - den on the Sav - iour, He will give you sweetest rest.
He has bo't your par - don for you, Ask it then in His dear name.
You'll not reach the gold - en cit - y, If not on the Sav-iour's side.



CHORUS.



Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, While He waits to set you free;



There is dan - ger in de - lay - ing, Come just now and hap - py be.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

139. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

"And behold, there talked with him two men."—Luke 9: 30.

Arr. Arr.

1. While fighting for my Sav-iour here, The tempter tries me hard; He
2. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And
3. When those who once were dearest friends Be-gin to per - se - cute, And
4. And thus by fre-quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And

us - es all his might-y pow'r, My prog-ress to re - tard. He's
trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
more, who once pro-fess'd to love, Have dis-tant grown and mute; I
march a - long with cheer-ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty. With

up to ev - 'ry move, But yet thro' all to prove A lit - tle talk with
soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call—A lit - tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quickly sends re - lief; A lit - tle talk with
Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God I al - ways find A lit - tle talk with

D.S.

CHORUS.

Je-sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je-sus makes it

Je - sus makes it, right all right.

D.S.

right, all right; A lit - tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right. In

140. TARRY WITH US.

"They besought him that he would tarry with them." —John 4: 40.

Rev. W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Tar - ry with us, bless-ed Je - sus, For the ev'n-ing shad-ows fall;
2. Tar - ry with us, lov - ing Mas-ter, Till the morning light appears;
3. Here our hearts are press'd with sadness For our kin-dred gone be-fore;

And the day is fast re - ced - ing, Darkness gath-ers like a pall;
For we're pil-grims sad and lone - ly, Let Thy pres-ence calm our fears;
Friends who now are watching for us, Wait-ing on the oth-er shore.

Tar - ry with us, bless - ed Sav-iour, For we're in a des - ert drear;
Tar - ry with us for we're pilgrims, Camp-ing on a des - ert plain;
When we gath - er in the morn-ing, Morning of e - ter - nal rest,

See the day of life is pass - ing, And the night of death is near.
All is lone - li - ness with-out Thee, Gracious Mas-ter, here re-main.
Shall we meet no more to sev - er, Be with Christ for - ev - er blest?

CHORUS.

Tar - ry with . . . . . us, bless - ed Je - - - - - sus,
Tar - ry with us, bless - ed Je - sus, tar - ry with us thro' the night;

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TARRY WITH US.

Tar - ry till . . . . . the morn-ing light;
Tar - ry with us, bless-ed Je - sus, tar - ry till the morn-ing light;
Tar - ry with . . . . . us thro' the dark - - - - - ness,
Tar - ry with us thro' the darkness, tar - ry till the morn-ing light;
Tar - ry with us, bless - ed Je - sus, all the night (all the night).

141. COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE.

ISAAC WATTS. Adapted by R. SIMPSON.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove! With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs;
2. Dear Lord! and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate?
3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove! With all thy quick-'ning pow'rs;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great.
Come, shed a-broad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

142. MY HEAVENLY HOME.

"*There shall be no night there.*"—Rev. 22: 5.

Respectfully inscribed to Hon. M. B. Templeton, of Waxahachie, Texas.

Rev. W. H. Berry. D. E. Dortch, by per.

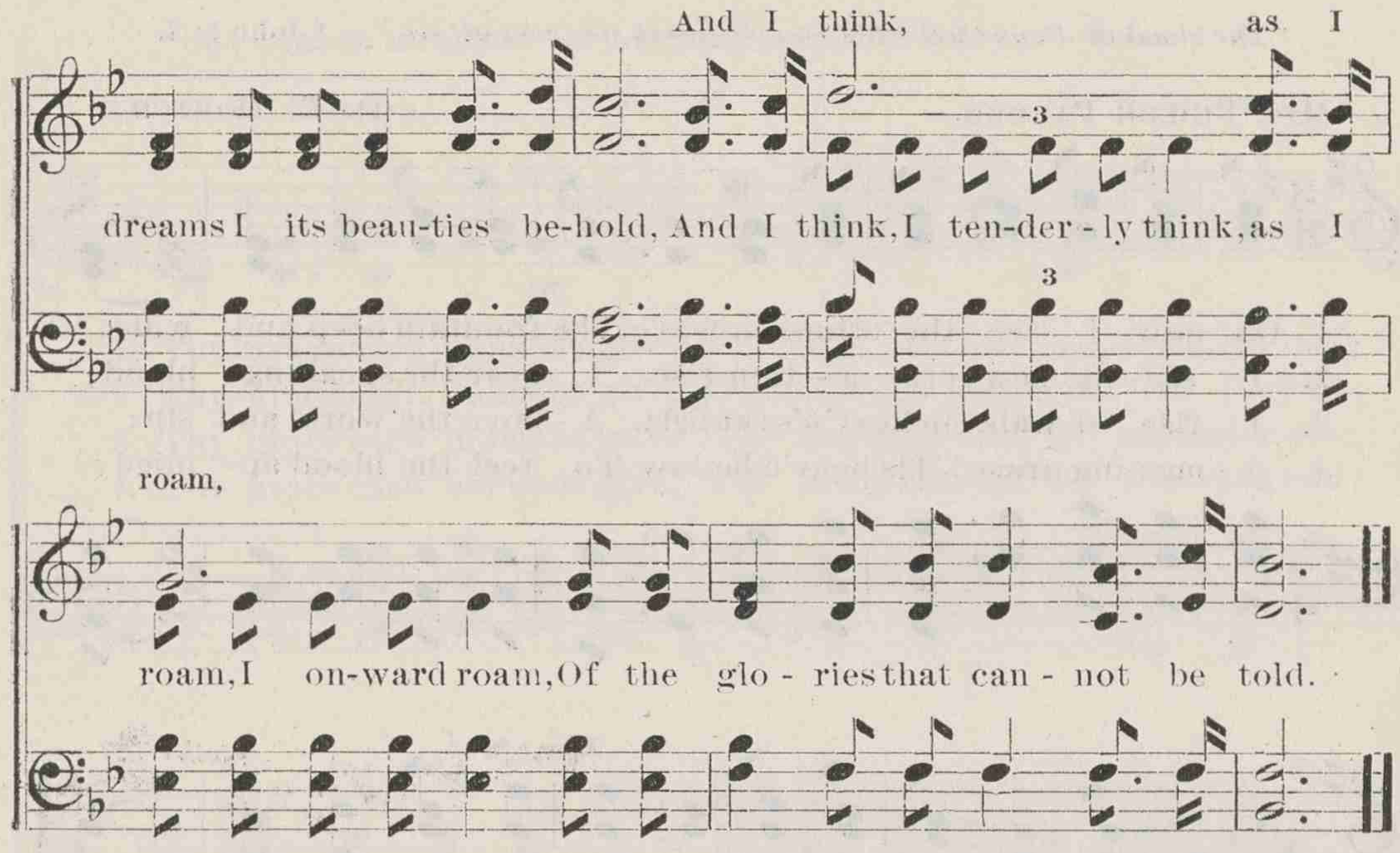
1. There's a land where 'tis morn - ing for - ev - er, There no clouds ev - er dark - en the sky; Those who meet in that land naught can sev - er, There true friend - ship and love nev - er die.
2. There the riv - er of life, ev - er flow - ing, Keeps the hills and the vales bright and fair; And the Sav - iour, His pres-ence be - stow - ing, Fills with bliss ev - 'ry heart that is there.
3. O how sweet when our war - fare is o - ver, And we pass from the scene of earth's strife, It will be in that land to dis - cov - er Hearts we know to be true in this life.
4. Sweet-er still it will be with our Sav - iour In that land of His glo - ry to meet, To re - joice in the light of His fa - vor, With the glo - ri - fied saints at His feet.

Chorus.

O that land is my home,
O that land, that beauti - ful land, is my home, my peaceful home! Oft in

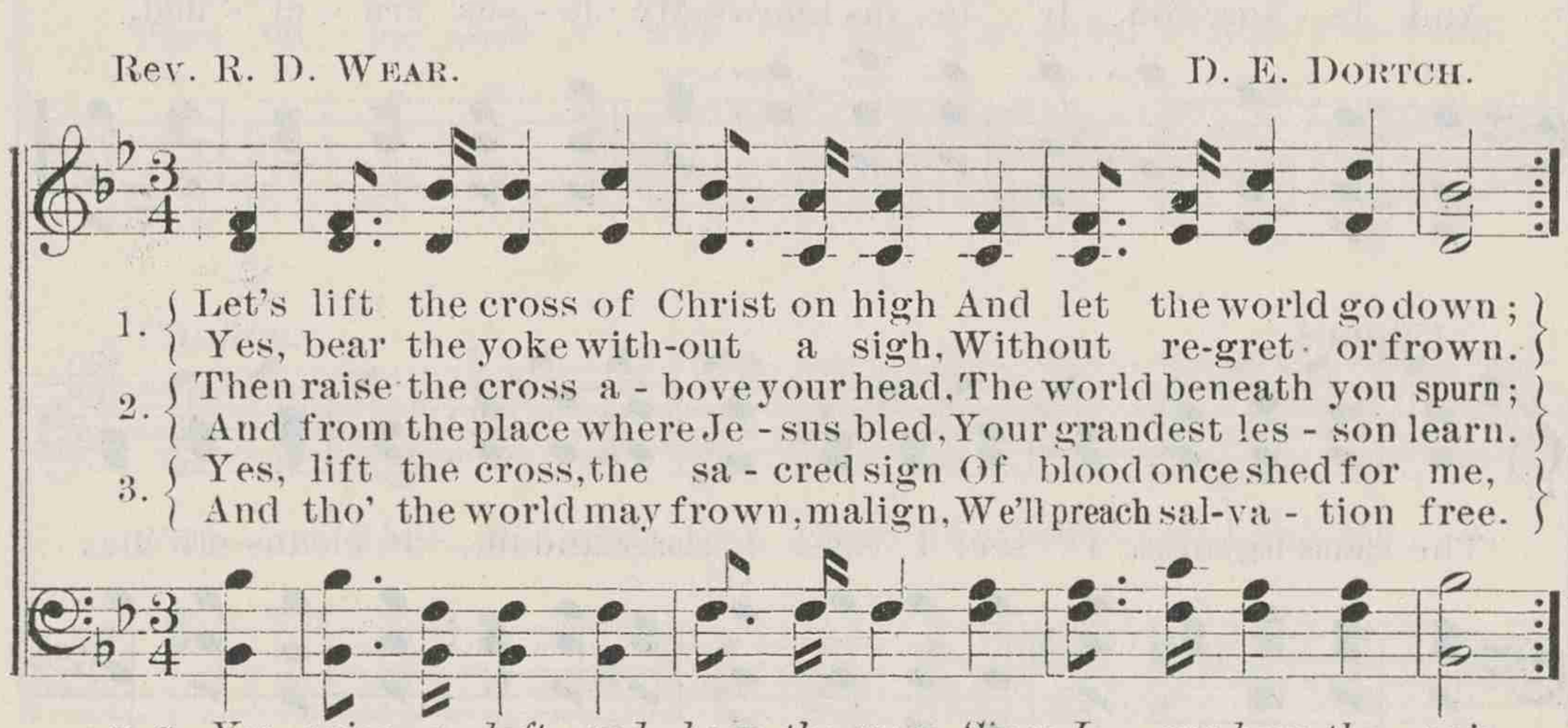
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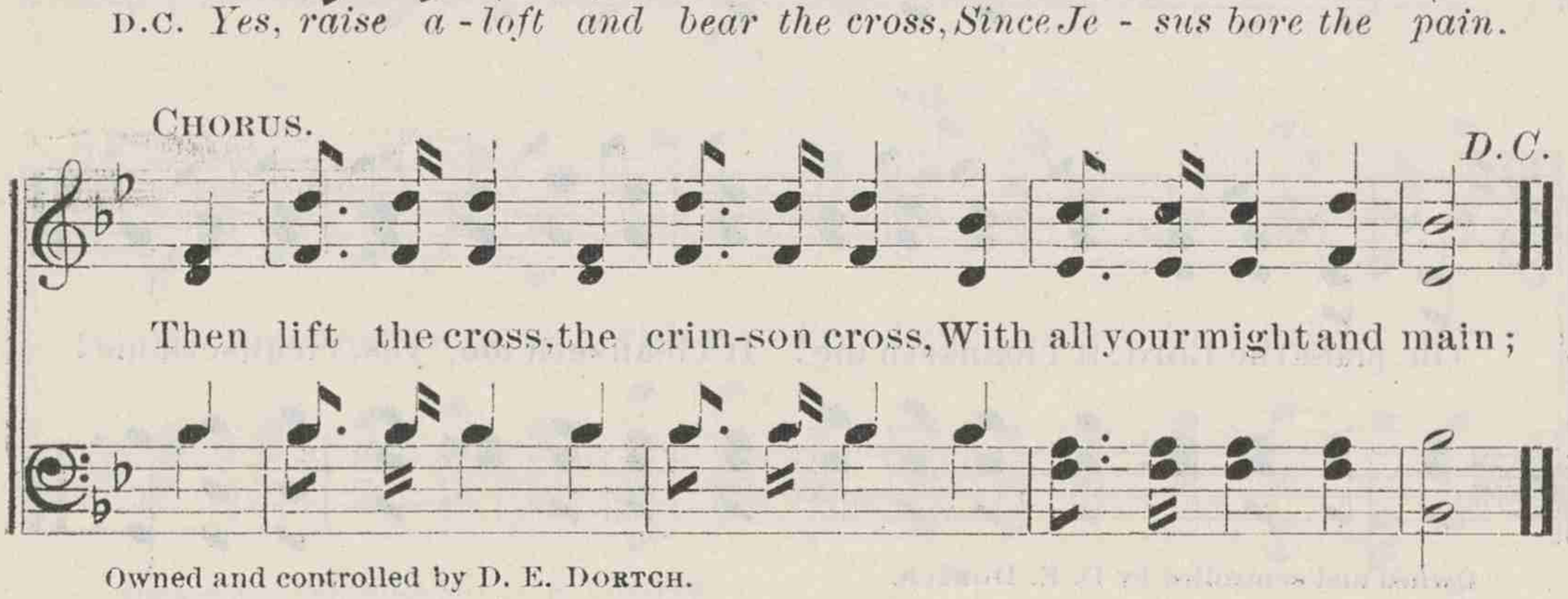
MY HEAVENLY HOME.



143. LIFT THE CROSS.

Rev. R. D. Wear. D. E. Dortch.





Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

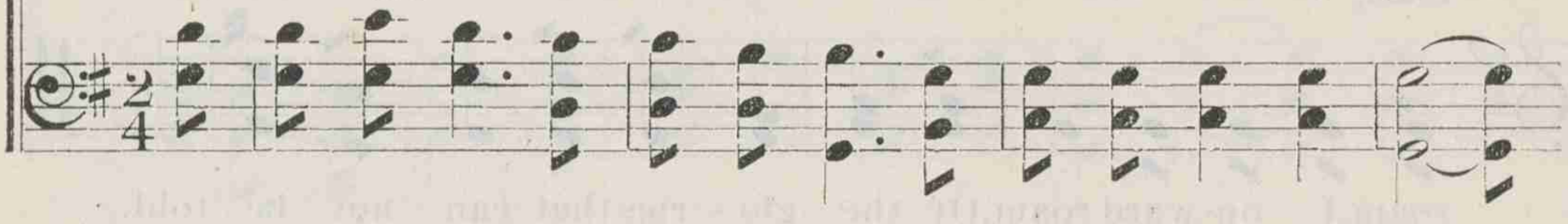
144. THE CLEANSING WAVE.

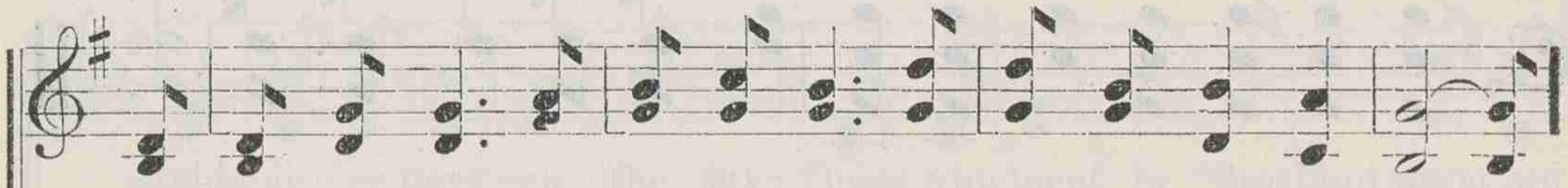
"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." —1 John 1: 7.

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER. D. E. DORTCH.



1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave, The fountain deep and wide;
2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speaking blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A - bove the world and sin;
4. A - maz-ing grace! 'Tis heav'n be-low To feel the blood ap - plied;





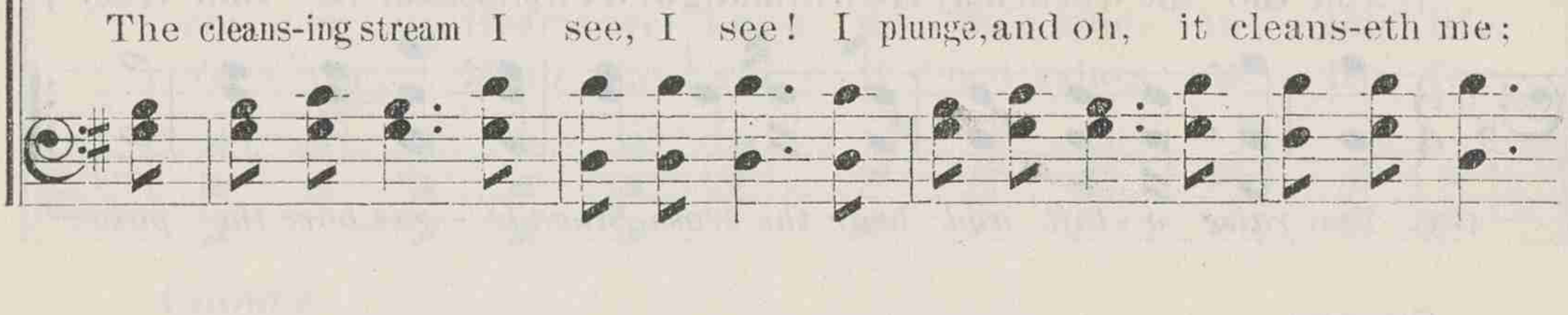
Je - sus my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wounded side.
It speaks, pol - lu - ted na-ture dies, Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
With heart made pure, and gar-ments white, And Christ enthroned with-in.
And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus knows, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.



CHORUS.



The cleans-ing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me;



Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

145. THY GRACE EACH MOMENT GIVE.

"God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble."—James 4: 6.

Rev. J. H. Martin. D. E. Dortch.





Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

146. BE STILL AND KNOW.

"Be still and know that I am God."—Ps. 46: 10.

J. H. MARTIN D. E. DORTCH

1. When waves of trou - - ble o'er thee roll, ...
2. When in the des - ert thou dost stray, ...
3. Should want and sick - - ness waste thy frame, ...
4 Should death in - vade . . . thy dwelling place, ...

And seas of sor - - - row whelm thy soul, ...
A - long a rough . . . . and toilsome way, ...
Reproach be cast . . . up - on thy name, ...
And clasp fair frames . . . . in his em - brace, ...

A - mid the wild . . . . and rag - ing flood, ...
Or in the path . . . . by pil-grims trod, ...
In meekness kiss . . . . thy Fa-ther's rod, ...
To rest be - neath . . . . the ver-dant sod, ...

Be still and know . . . . that I am God. . . . . .
Be still and know that I am God, that I am God.

CHORUS.

Be still and know . . . that I am God, ... Be still and
Be still, and know that I am God, Be still and

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

BE STILL AND KNOW.

know that I am God; . . . . Tho' rough the way . . . .
know that I am God, thy might-y God; Tho' rough the way

that thou dost plod, . . . Be still and know . . . that I am God.
that thou dost plod, Be still and know that I am God.

147. CROSS AND CROWN.

"And he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull." — John 19: 17.

Rev. JAS. ALLEN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. This con-se-cra-ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Oh, precious cross! oh, glo-rious crown! Oh, res-ur-rec-tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way.

REFRAIN. D.S.

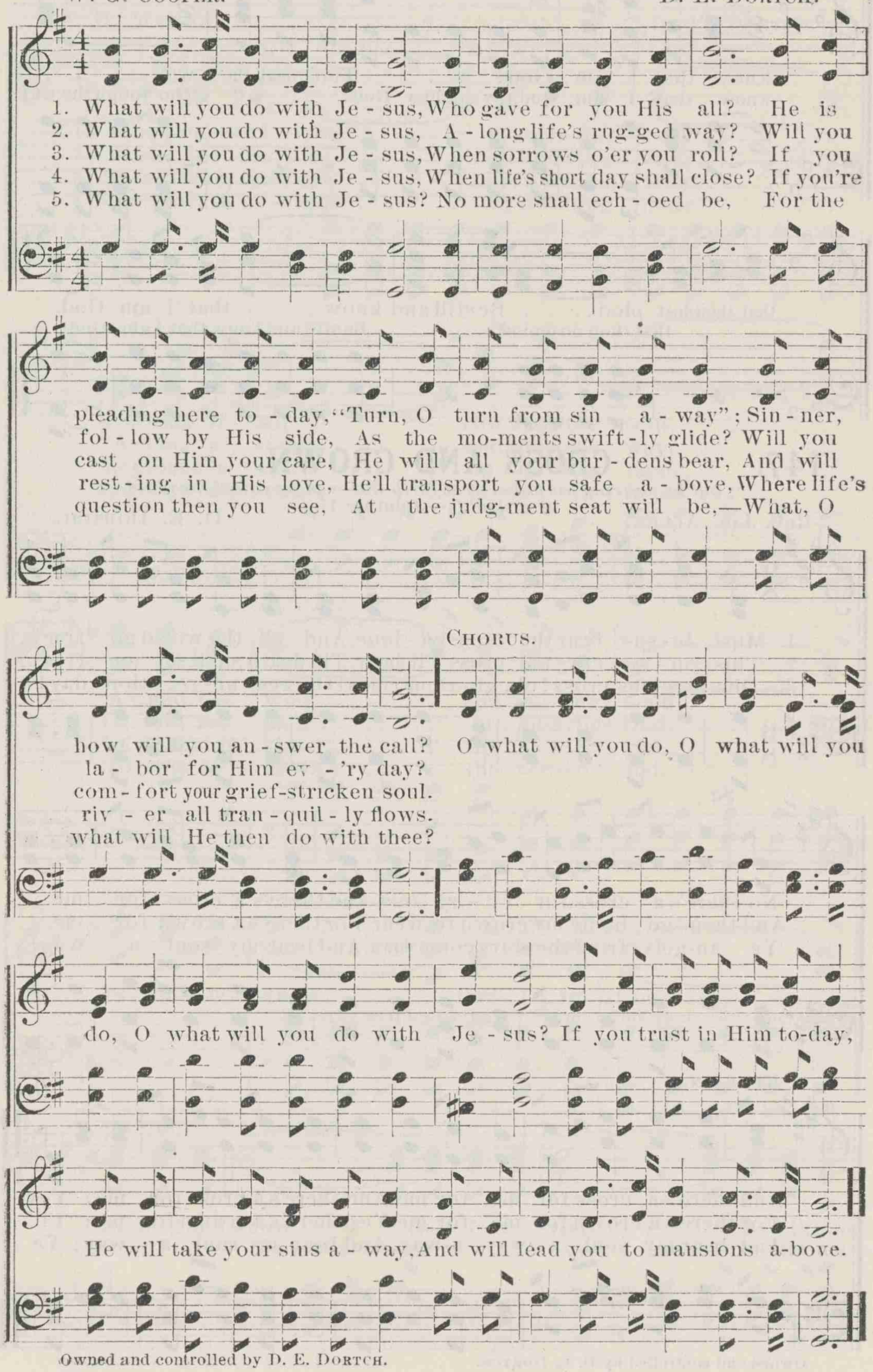
And there's a cross for me, for me, And there's a cross for me; Yes,
For there's a crown for me, for me, Yes, there's a crown for me; I'll
And bear my soul a-way, a-way, And bear my soul a-way; Ye

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

148. O WHAT WILL YOU DO?

"What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" — Matt. 27: 22.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

149. JESUS WILL CARRY ME OVER THE RIVER.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." — Ps. 23: 4.

Words and music by A. F. MYERS, by per.

Slow.

1. I know, at the riv - er of death, My Sav-iour will be at my
2. I fear not to en - ter the flood, Tho' wild-ly its bil-lows may
3. I know when the riv - er I cross That Je-sus will car - ry me
4. Oh, when to cross o - ver the tide, To me the glad sum-mons shall

side; His pres-ence so near Will ban - ish all fear, And
roll, With Je - sus my guide, No ill can be - tide, For
o'er; Up - held by His arm, I'll suf - fer no harm, But
come, With Christ as my light, The way will be bright, And

CHORUS.

He will the wa - ters di - vide. Yes, Je - sus will car - ry me
He will the tem-pest con - trol.
safe - ly I'll reach the blest shore.
an - gels will wel-come me home.

o - ver the riv - er, Yes, Je - sus will car - ry me o'er, (yes, o'er;) He'll

rit.

car - ry me o'er to the glo - rified shore, Yes, Je- sus will car - ry me o'er.

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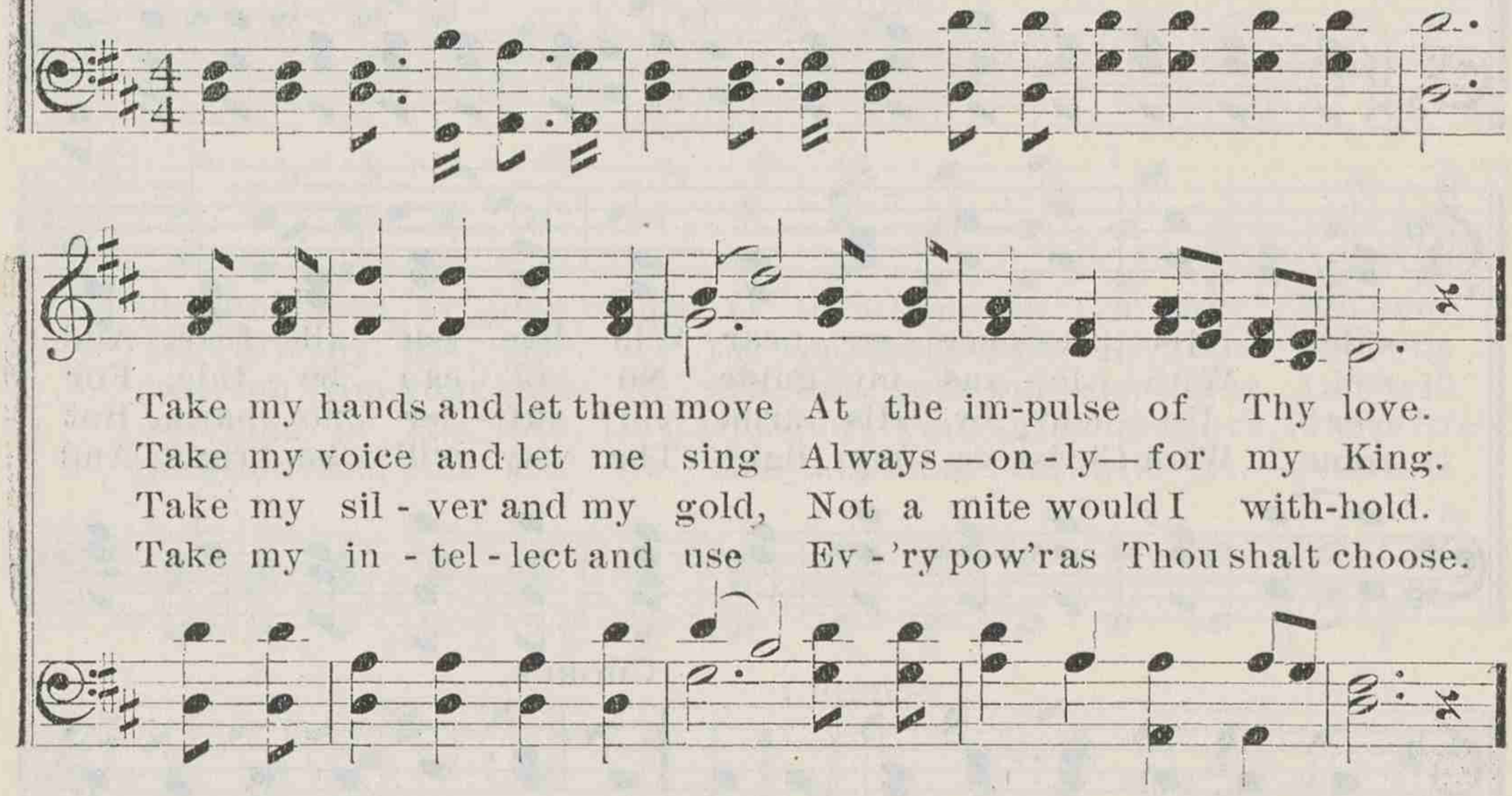
150. ALL TO THEE.

"Consecrate yourselves today to the Lord."—Exodus 32: 29.

F. R. HAVERGAL. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



1. Take my life and let it be, (let it be) Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be, (let them be) Swift and beauti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips and let them be, (let them be) Fill'd with messages from Thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, (and my days) Let them flow in endless praise;



Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Always—on - ly—for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.



CHORUS.



All to Thee, all to Thee, Precious Sav - iour, all to Thee;
Take my life and let it be Con-se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee.

5 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

151. LET THE BLESSED SUNLIGHT IN.

"God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all."—1 John 1: 5.

A. F. M. A. F. MYERS, by per.

Not too fast.

1. Would you al-ways cheerful be, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
2. Would you bright-en drear-y days, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
3. Would you ease a burdened heart, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
4. Would you speed the truth abroad, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;

Would you bid the dark-ness flee, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you fill your heart with praise, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you joy and strength impart, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you bring the world to God, Let the bless-ed sun-light in.

CHORUS.

Let the blessed sunlight in! Let the blessed sunlight in!
sun-light in! sun-light in!

Repeat chorus softly.

Would you never weary, When the days are dreary, Let the blessed sunlight in!
sunlight in!

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152. COME, SING OF THE SAVIOUR.

"At midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God."—Acts 16: 25.

Rev. J. D. GOLD, Ph.D. D. E. DORTCH.



1. Come, sing of the Saviour, no sadness have we Since Jesus a-toned for our
2. Come, sing of the Saviour, O tell of His love Who came to earth's hov-els from
3. Come, sing of the Saviour, till no one be heard To ad-vo-cate e - vil or
4. Come, sing of the Saviour, wherever you be; He was not ashamed of a

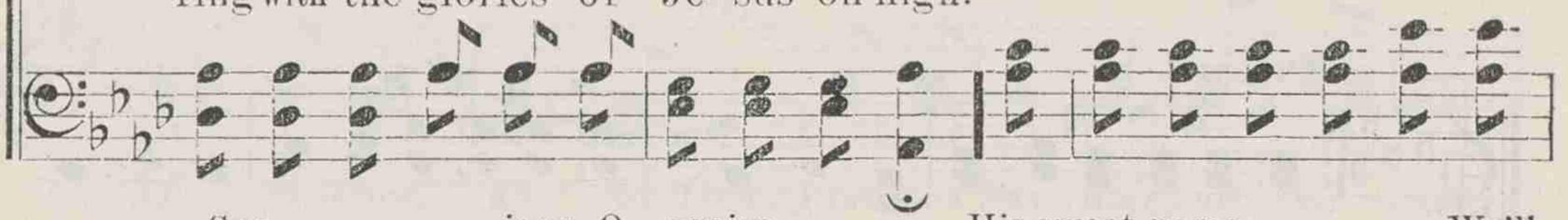


sins on the tree. We'll scatter the ti-dings to each distant shore Till
mansions a-bove; Let each vie with oth-er in wafting abroad The
scoff at His word; Till all shall u - nite in one anthem of praise To
sin - ner like thee; Then shout His ho-san-nas un - til earth and sky Shall



CHORUS.

Come, sing . . . . . of the
sin and its sadness af - flict them no more. Come, sing of the Saviour, O
song of re - un - ion 'twixt man and his God.
Je - sus, E-man - u - el, ancient of days.
ring with the glories of Je - sus on high.



Sav - - - iour, O praise . . . . His sweet name; . . . . We'll



praise His sweet name, Come, sing of the Saviour, O praise His sweet name; We'll



tell . . . . of His mer - - - cy, His love, ... and His

tell of His mer-cy, His love, and His fame, We'll tell of His mer-cy, His

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

COME, SING OF THE SAVIOUR.

fame; . . . Come, sing . . . . . of the Sav - - - - iour, O

love, and His fame; Come, sing of the Sav-iour, O spread the news wide, Come,

spread . . . the news wide, ... Till all . . . . . na - tions

sing of the Saviour, O spread the news wide, Till all na-tions hear of the

hear . . . . of the One . . . . . cru - ci - fied. . . . .

one cru - ci - fied, Till all nations hear of the One cru - ci - fied.

153. OLIVET.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va-ry, Sav-iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day, Be ho - ly Thine.
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire. As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be—A liv - ing fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide, Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tear a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour, then in love, Fear and dis-tress re-move; Oh, bear me safe a-bove—A ran - somed soul.

154. THERE'S A HOME FOR THE BLEST.

"I go to prepare a place for you." — John 14: 2.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. There's a home for the blest, There's a place of sweet rest, An
2. There's a cit - y of light, There's a pal - ace most bright, A
3. There the Sav - iour is gone, And He sits on His throne, Tri -
4. Oh! I long for that rest, To be hap - py and blest, With

E - den of glad - ness a-bove; There's a coun - try on high,
man - sion of splen - dor most fair; There's a king - dom of joy,
umph - ant, ex - al - ted and crowned; Saints and an - gels re - joice,
Je - sus my Sav - iour and King; With the ran - somed I'll raise

There's a land in the sky, A gar - den of pleas-ure and love.
Where no troub - les an-noy, No sor - row and woes en - ter there.
With the harp and the voice, His hon - or and prais - es re-sound.
End - less hymns to His praise, Ho - san - nas of tri - umph I'll sing.

CHORUS.

There's a home, sweet home, hap-py home, sweet home, There's a home for ev - er

bright we shall see (by and by); There's a home, sweet home, hap - py

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

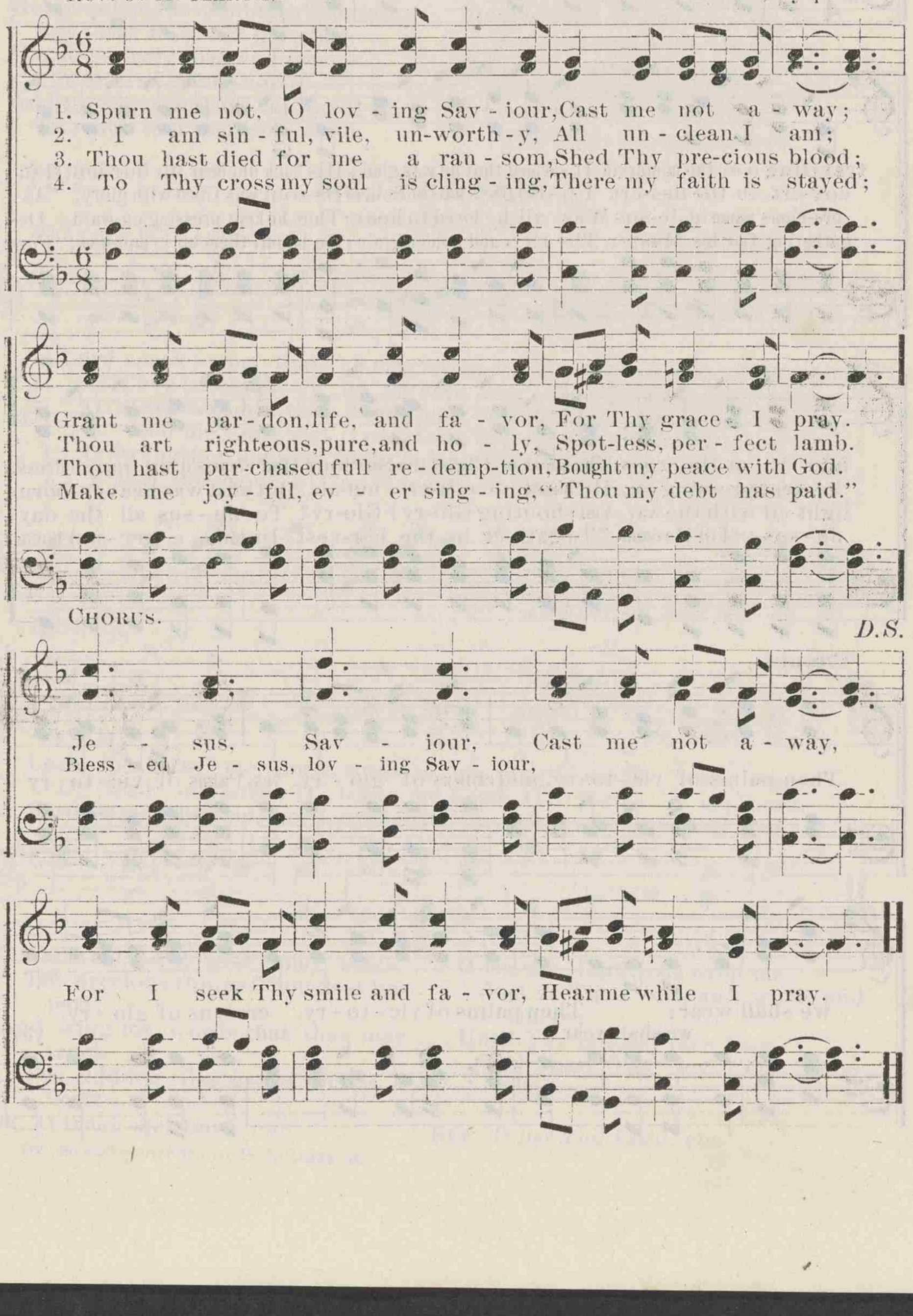
THERE'S A HOME FOR THE BLEST.



155. SPURN ME NOT.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts 2: 21.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



156. THE HAPPY PILGRIM.

Words furnished by
Rev. J. H. MADDOX, pastor of the
M. E. Church, Rogers, Ark.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. I saw a hap - py pil - grim, In shin - ing garments clad, While traveling o'er the mountain, It seemed that he was glad; His back did bear no burden, He'd laid it at the cross, The blood of Christ the Saviour Had cleans'd him from all dross.
2. The summer sun was shin - ing, But he had found a shield, A cov-ert in the des-ert Up - on life's bat-tlefield; His soul was filled with glory, As he kept pressing on, He heard no oth-er mu-sic But what was heaven-born.
3. No pleas-ure in sin's ar - bor Could catch his eye or ear, The pre-cious name of Je-sus Was all he loved to hear; Thus he kept pressing on-ward, Dlight-ed with the way, And shouting Glo-ry! Glo-ry! To Je - sus all the day.
4. I saw him in the morn-ing, In Canaan's sun - ny plain There gathering for his Master The rich and golden grain; He bound them up in bun-dles, For Je - sus, "Till He come," To gath-er in the har-vest, In that e - ter - nal home.

CHORUS.

Then palms of vic - to - ry, and crowns of glo - ry, yes, Palms of vic - to - ry we shall wear; Then palms of vic - to - ry, crowns of glo - ry, and yes,
we shall wear;

THE HAPPY PILGRIM.



5 I saw him at the noon-time,
Still happy on his way,
He'd reached the mountain's summit,
But there he could not stay;
His steps were firm and steady
For he was going home,
And pressing onward, upward,
To reach that heavenly dome.

6 I saw him in the evening,
Life's sun was shining low;
He'd almost reached the city,
His robe was white as snow.
I saw him gladly enter,
And join the heavenly choir,
I heard him shout hosannas
And strike the golden lyre.

157. MY PRAYER.

1 Samuel 3: 9, 10.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. D. E. DORTCH.



1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech-oes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err-ing children lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wand'ring and the wav-'ring feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hung'ring ones with man-na sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand, Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a lov - ing hand, To wrestlers on the troubled sea.



REFRAIN.



Lord, speak to me, Lord, speak to me, Lord, speak to me.
O, lead me, Lord, O lead me, Lord, O lead me, Lord.
Lord, strengthen me, Lord, strengthen me, Lord, strength - en me.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

REF. O teach me, Lord, etc.

5 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

REF. O use me, Lord, etc.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

158. OH, I LOVE TO THINK OF JESUS.

"*Christ is all, and in all.*"—Col. 13: 11.

J. D. GOLD, Ph.D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, He is all the world to me,
2. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, Of His birth with - in the stall;
3. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, In His robes of pur - est white;
4. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, And the spear mark in His side;
5. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, Of His cross and emp - ty tomb;

Since His blood has been my ran - som, And His grace has set me free.
Of the sing - ing of the an - gels, And the cross He bore for all.
When I taste His fu - ture glo - ry, On the mount's transfigur'd height.
Of His tones of love and mer - cy, While in ag - o - ny He died.
And the road to sweet Em-ma - us, And the words that banish gloom.

CHORUS.

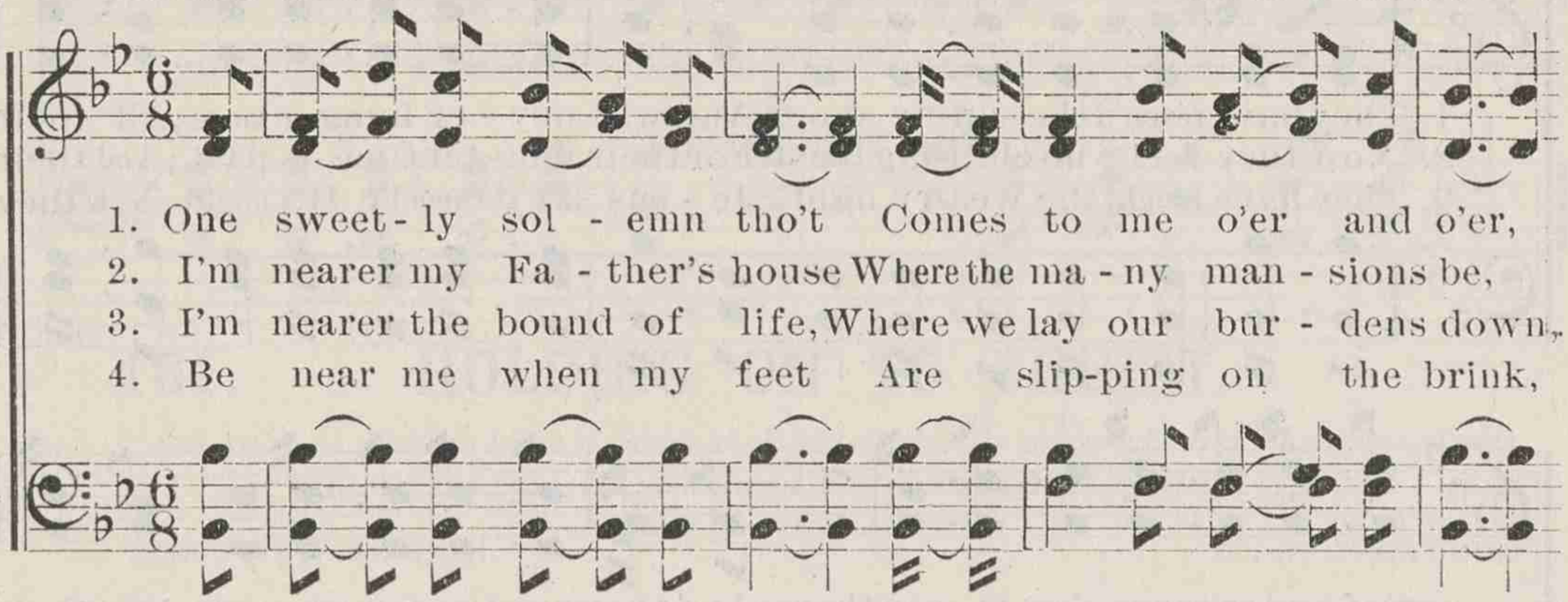
Yes, I love to think of Je - sus Close be - side the crys - tal sea,
Or a-mong the bow'rs of E - den, Where my home shall ev-er be.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

159. I'M NEARER MY HOME TODAY.

"*Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.*" — Rom. 13: 11.

PHOEBE CAREY. D. E. DORTCH.





CHORUS.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

160. THE NEW "OVER THERE."

W. A. OGDEN.

1. They have reach'd the sun-ny shore, And will nev - er hunger more; All their
2. Now they feel no chill-ing blast, For their win - ter time is past; And their
3. They have fought the wea-ry fight, Je - sus sav'd them by His might; Now they

grief and pains are o'er, O - ver there; And they need no lamp by night, For their
summers always last, O - ver there; They can nev-er know a fear, For the
dwell with Him in light, O - ver there; Soon we'll reach the shining strand, But we'll

day is always bright, And their Sav - iour is their light, O - ver there.
Sav-iour's al-ways near, And with them is end - less cheer, O - ver there.
wait our Lord's command, Till we see His beck'ning hand, O - ver there.

CHORUS.

O - ver there, o - ver there, They can nev - er know a
O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there,

fear, O - ver there; All their streets are shining gold, And their
O - ver there;

From "New Silver Songs," by per. W. W. WHITNEY.

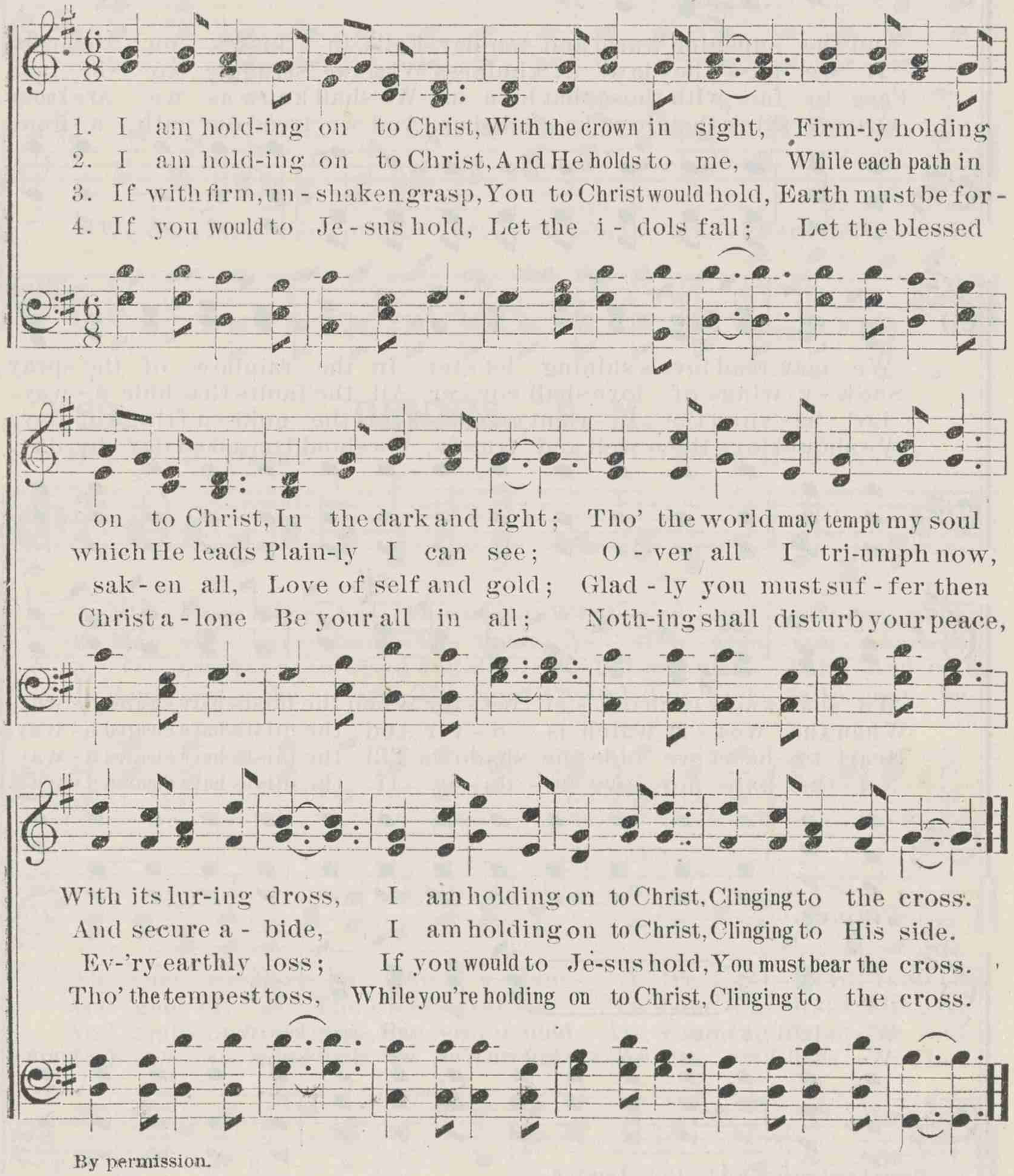
THE NEW "OVER THERE."



161. HOLDING ON TO CHRIST.

"Seeing then that we have a great high priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our professions."—Heb. 4: 14.

Rev. A. J. Hough. W. J. Weaver.



By permission.

162. WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY.

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."—Solomon's Songs 4: 6.

ANNIE HERBERT. D. E. D.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the sum-mit of the hills,
2. If we are in hu-man blindness, And for-get that we are dust,
3. When the mists have ris'n a-bove us, As our Fa-ther knows His own,
4. When the sil-v'ry mists have veiled us From the fa-ces of our own,

And the sunshine warm and ten-der Falls in kisses on the rills,
If we miss the law of kindness Where we struggle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;
Oft we think their love has failed us, And we tread our path a-lone;

We may read love's shining let-ter In the rainbow of the spray;
Snow-y wings of love shall cov-er All the faults that hide a-way,
Lo! be-yond the o-rient mead-ows Floats the gold-en fringe of day,
We should love them well and tru-ly, We should trust them day by day,

rit.

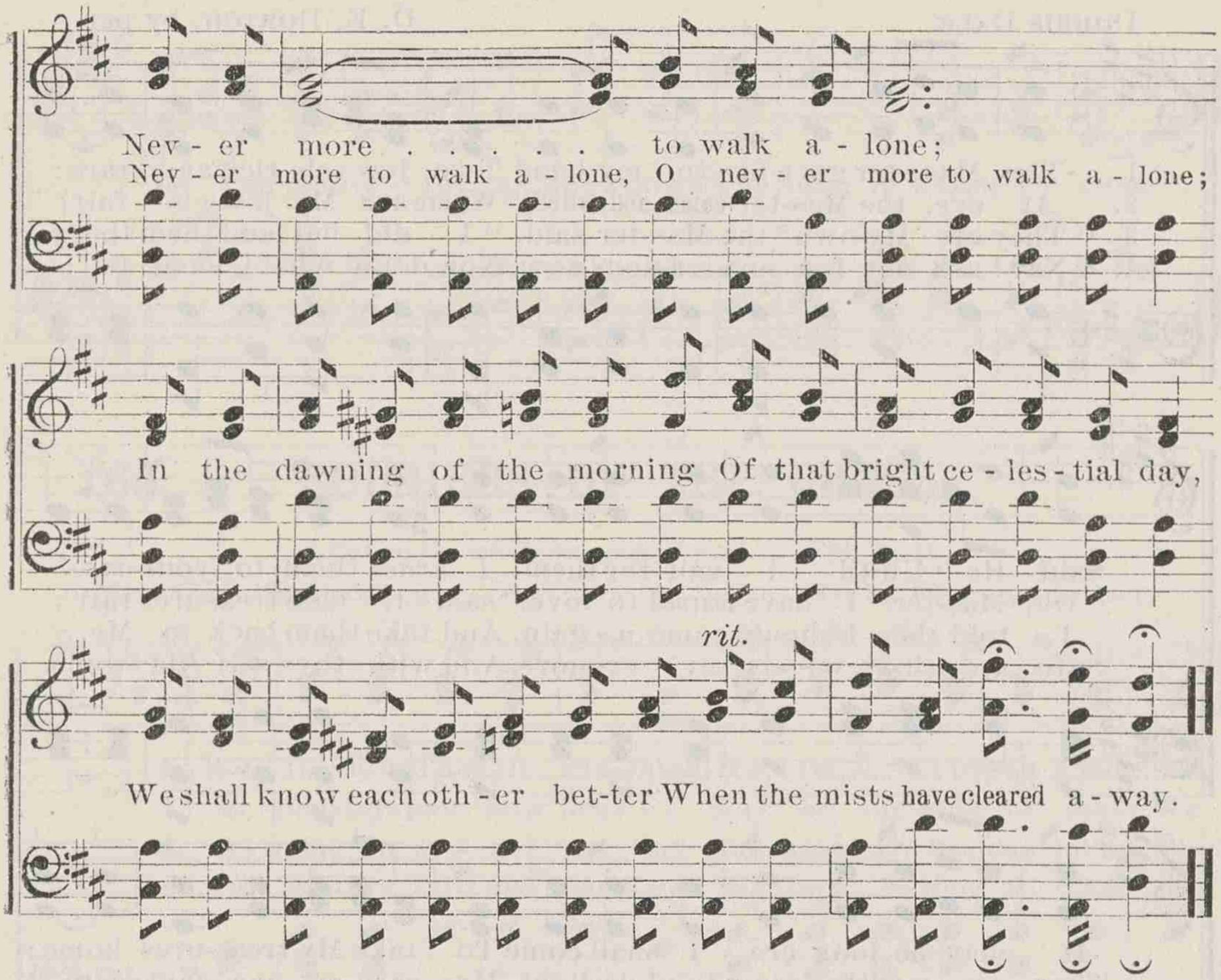
We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have cleared a-way.
When the wea-ry watch is o-ver And the mists have cleared a-way.
Heart to heart we bide the shadows Till the mists have cleared a-way.
Nei-ther hate nor love un-du-ly If the mists have cleared a-way.

CHORUS.

We shall know . . . . . as we are known,
We shall know as we are known, Yes, we shall know as we are known,

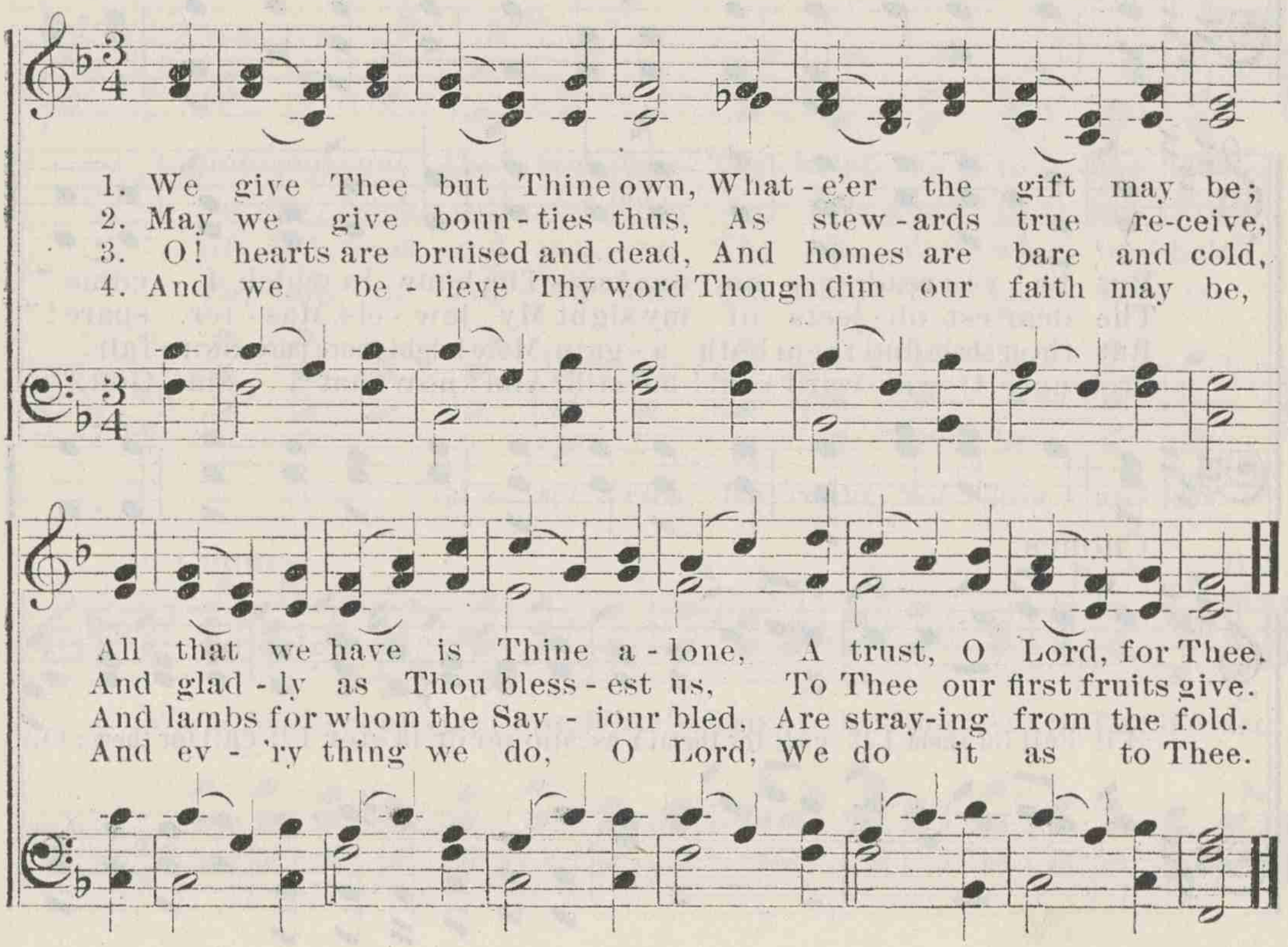
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WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY.



163. DENNIS. S. M.

Mrs. W. J. DARBY. From H. G. NAGELI.



164. MY JEWELS.

DORRIS DALE. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. The Mas-ter gave in-to my hand Two jew-els rich and rare;
2. At eve, the Mas-ter came and called, "Where are My jew-els fair?"
3. "They are My own" the Mas-ter said, "I did but lend them thee;
4. "Nay! ask not for my rea-sons now, Nor doubt what I shall tell;

Said He "Un-til I call for them, I trust them to your care.
"Oh, Mas-ter, I have learned to love," said I, "these treasures rare;
I told thee I should come a-gain, And take them back to Me.
Safe are thy jew-els ev-er-more, And with thy-self 'tis well,

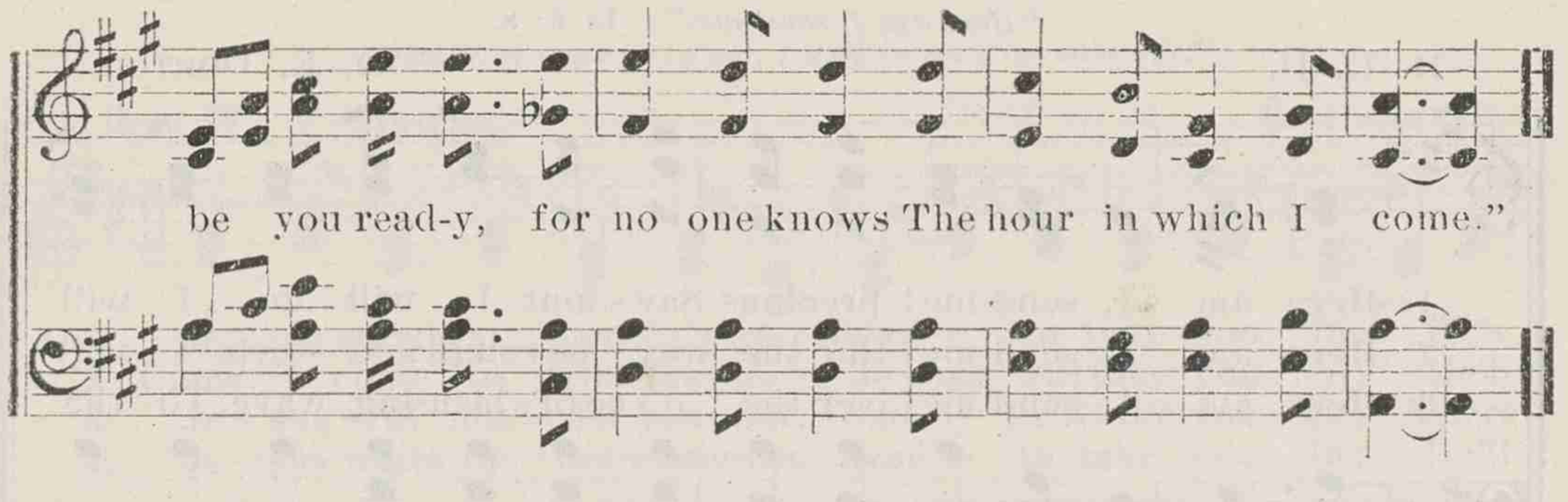
It may be long ere I shall come To take My treas-ures home;
They are my life's most fond de-light, My earn-est, con-stant care.
But hear My words, my prom-ise true: Thou shalt not ease thy care,
If thou canst meek-ly give them up, Nor mur-mur at the rod.

But be you read-y— no one knows The hour in which I come."
The dear-est ob-jects of my sight My jew-els, Mas-ter, spare!"
But thou shalt find them both a-gain, More bright, more pure, more fair.
Fret not, O way-ward soul! be still, And know that I am God."

CHORUS.

"I'll call for them, I'll call for them, Yes, sooner or la-ter I'll call for them; O,

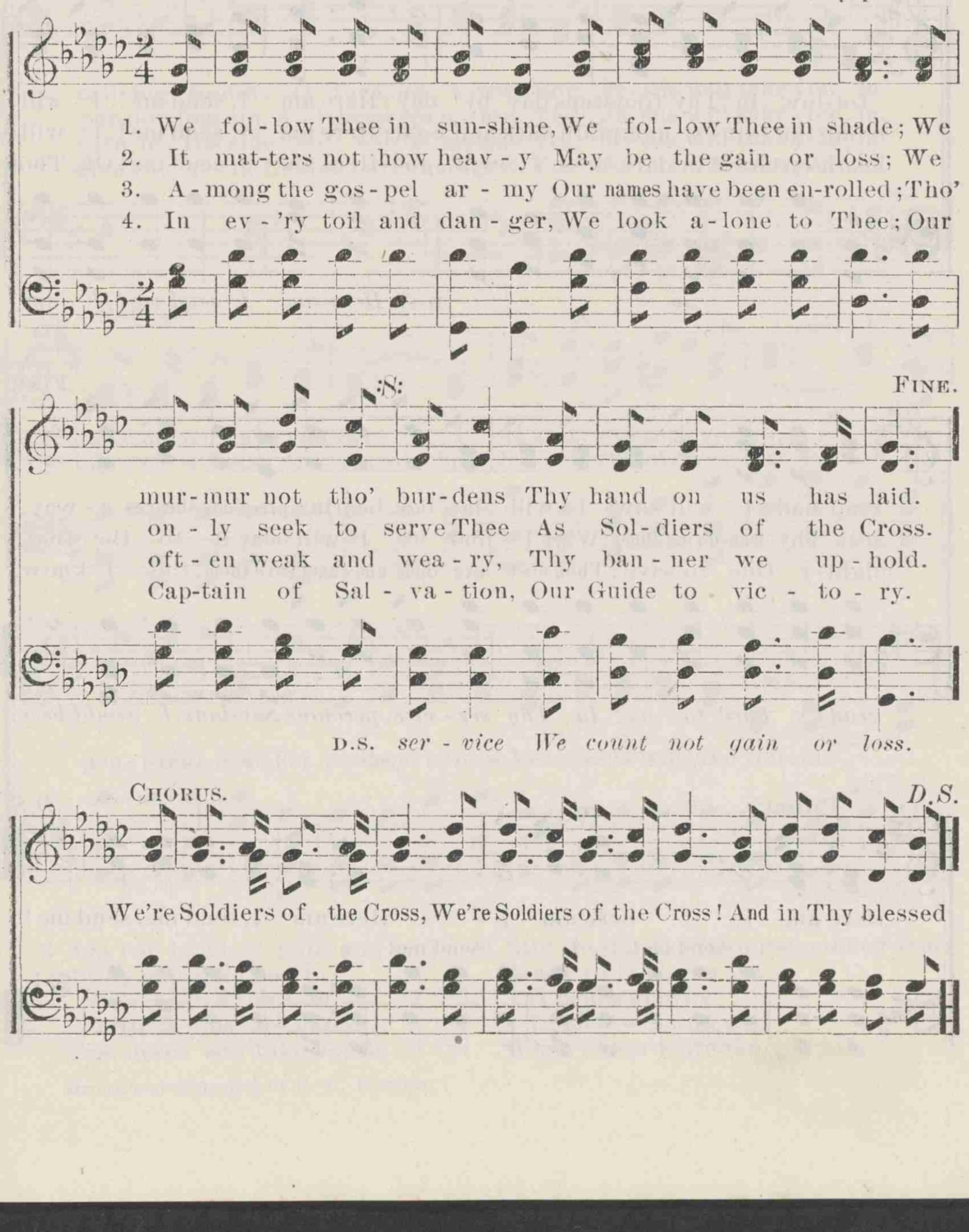
MY JEWELS.



165. SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

"*Put on the whole armour of God.*" — Eph. 6: 11.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



166. SEND ME.

"Here am I, send me." — Is. 6: 8.

D. E. D. D. E. Dortch.



:8:

Fine.

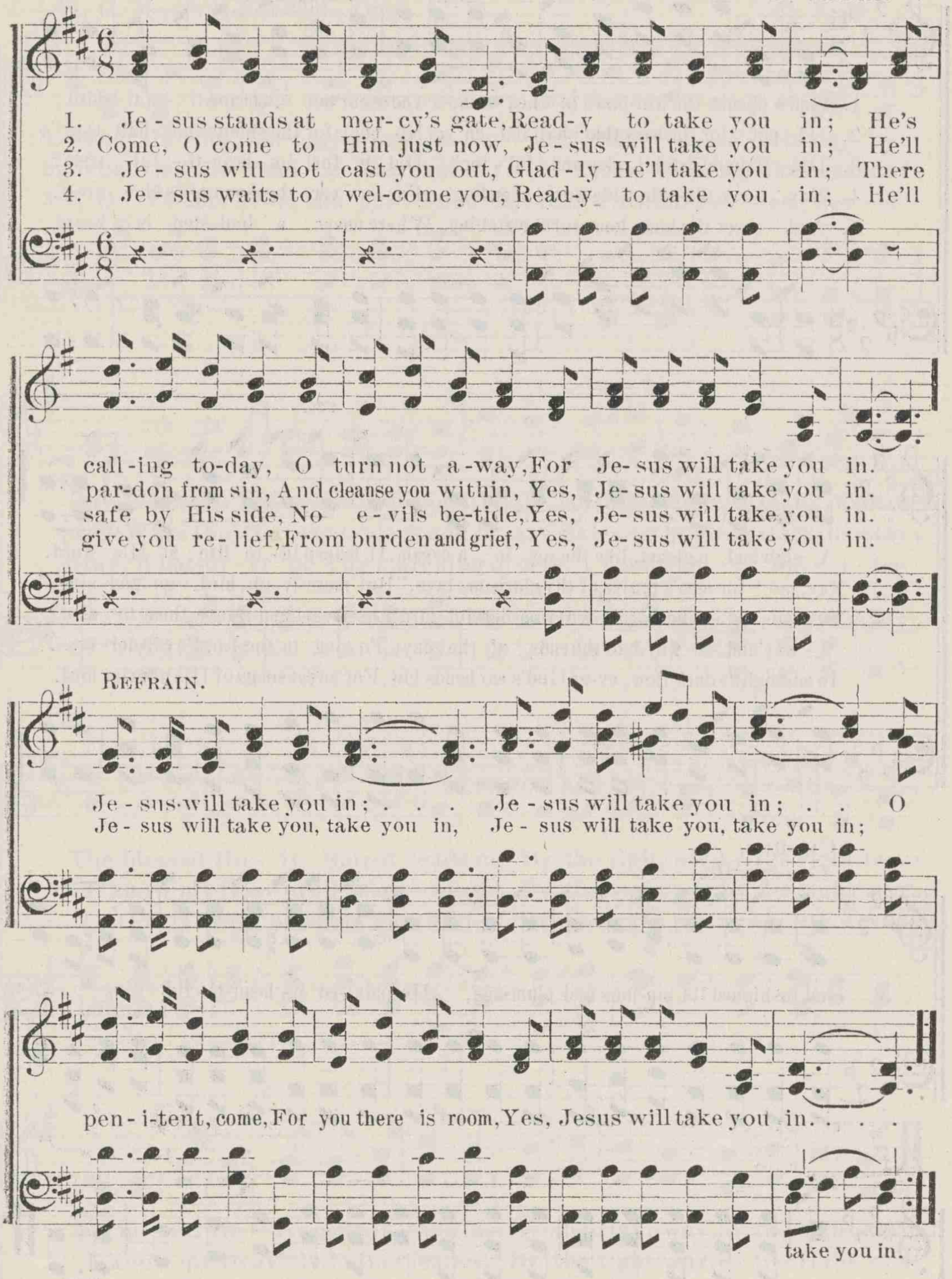
Chorus.

D.S.

167. JESUS WILL TAKE YOU IN.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

Rev. W. G. Cooper. E. Hanks.



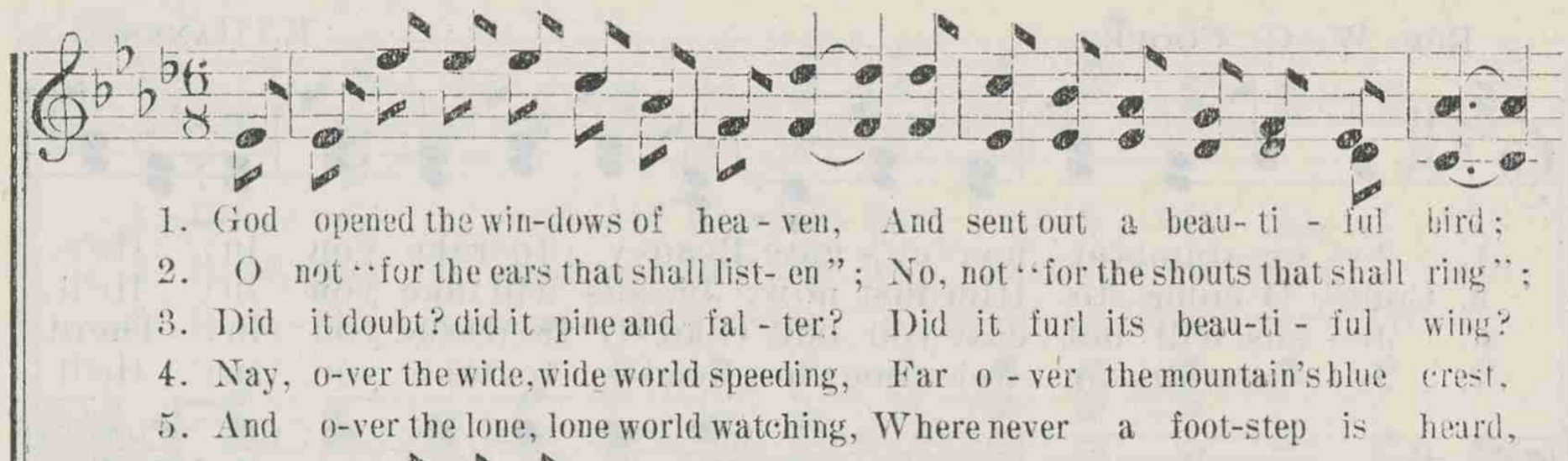
5 Are you tired of guilt and sin?
Jesus will take you in;
Come enter the fold,—
There's pleasure untold,
Yes, Jesus will take you in.

6 Still He stands with outstretched arms
Ready to take you in;
O penitent why
In sins will you die,
When Jesus will take you in?

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

168. THE PILGRIM BIRD.

Miss Dromgoole. Lucius Luttrell.



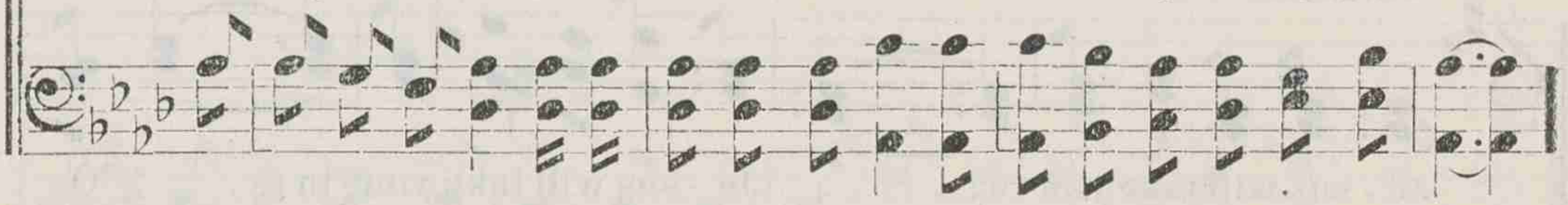
1. God opened the win-dows of hea - ven, And sent out a beau- ti - ful bird;
2. O not "for the ears that shall list- en"; No, not "for the shouts that shall ring";
3. Did it doubt? did it pine and fal - ter? Did it furl its beau-ti - ful wing?
4. Nay, o-ver the wide, wide world speeding, Far o - ver the mountain's blue crest,
5. And o-ver the lone, lone world watching, Where never a foot-step is heard,



rit.

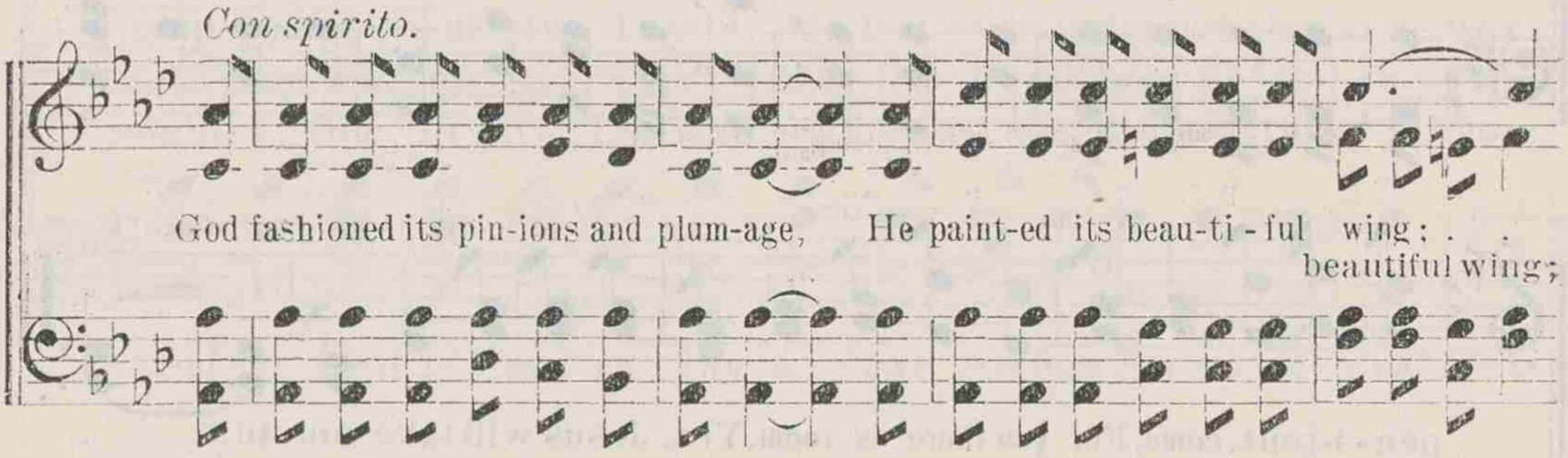


A sigh and a gleam, like the joy in a dream, It leaped in - to life at His word.
Nay, not "for men's praise of thy glori-ous lays," But mere-ly, oh, bird, "go and sing."
'Cause no- bod - y heard, did that won-der-ful bird Lose heart and refuse then to sing?
A - way and a - way, to the ends of the day, To sing in the Lord's wil-der- ness.
In midnight's dark flow, ev-er God's ear bends low, For sweet songs of His pilgrim bird.



Chorus.

Con spirito.



God fashioned its pin-ions and plum-age, He paint-ed its beau-ti - ful wing: . .
beautiful wing;



He placed in its throat a glo - ri - ous note, And said, "Go forth and sing."

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

169. BY THE RIGHT WAY.

"I am the Lord thy God . . . which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go."—Is. 48: 17.

W. C. MARTIN, Norwich, Conn. D. E. D.



1. What tho' my pil - grim-age be o - ver Bar - ren des - erts day by
2. What tho' the road be hard, and by it Demons crouch like beasts of
3. O Fa-ther, from the path Thou markest I would nev - er, nev - er





day, What tho' before me seem such trials As might fill with blank dismay;
prey; What tho' the way be dark and dreary, Skies no guiding stars dis-play;
stray; What-ev - er be Thy marching orders, I would nev - er dis - o - bey.





The blessed Ho - ly Spir-it leads me By the right way, by the right way;
I know my Heav'nly Father lead-est By the right way, by the right way;
O God, I trust and know Thou leadest By the right way, by the right way;



The blessed Ho - ly Spir-it leads me By the right way, by the right way.
I know my Heav'nly Father leadest By the right way, by the right way.
O God, I trust and know Thou leadest By the right way, by the right way.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

170. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

"(CHRIST) *shall be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*"—Isa. 32: 2.

Dr. H. BONAR. D. E. DORTCH.

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

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

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

And my tran - quil vig - il keep by Thy side, (by Thy side.)
And my wea - ry steps be stayed by Thy will, (by Thy will.)
Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way, (go his way.)

CHORUS.

In the shadow of the Rock let me rest, (let me rest.) In the shadow

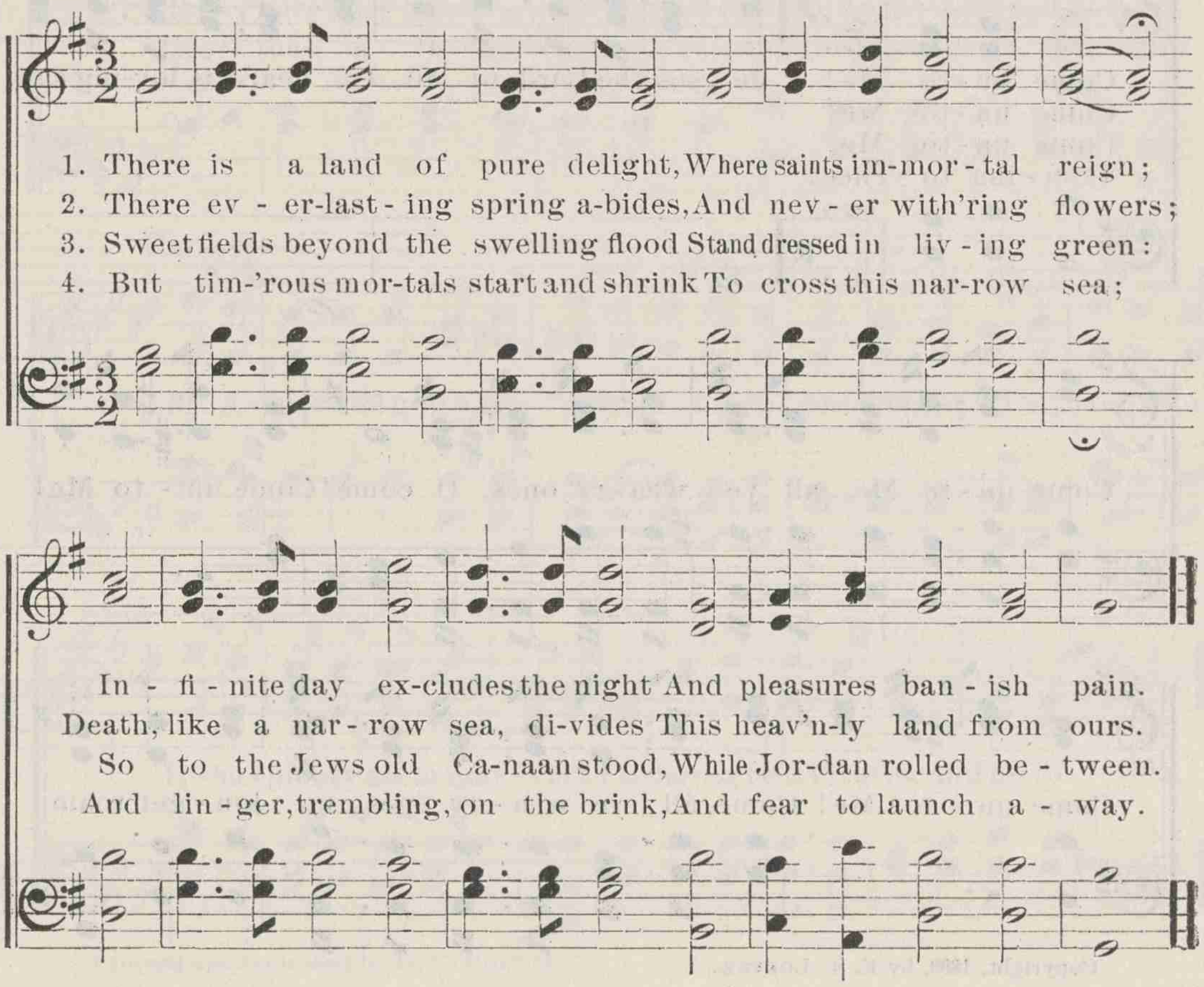
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IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.



171. ARLINGTON.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Thos. A. Arne.



172. COME UNTO ME.

Matt. ii: 28.

ANNA SHARE. E. S. LORENZ, by per.

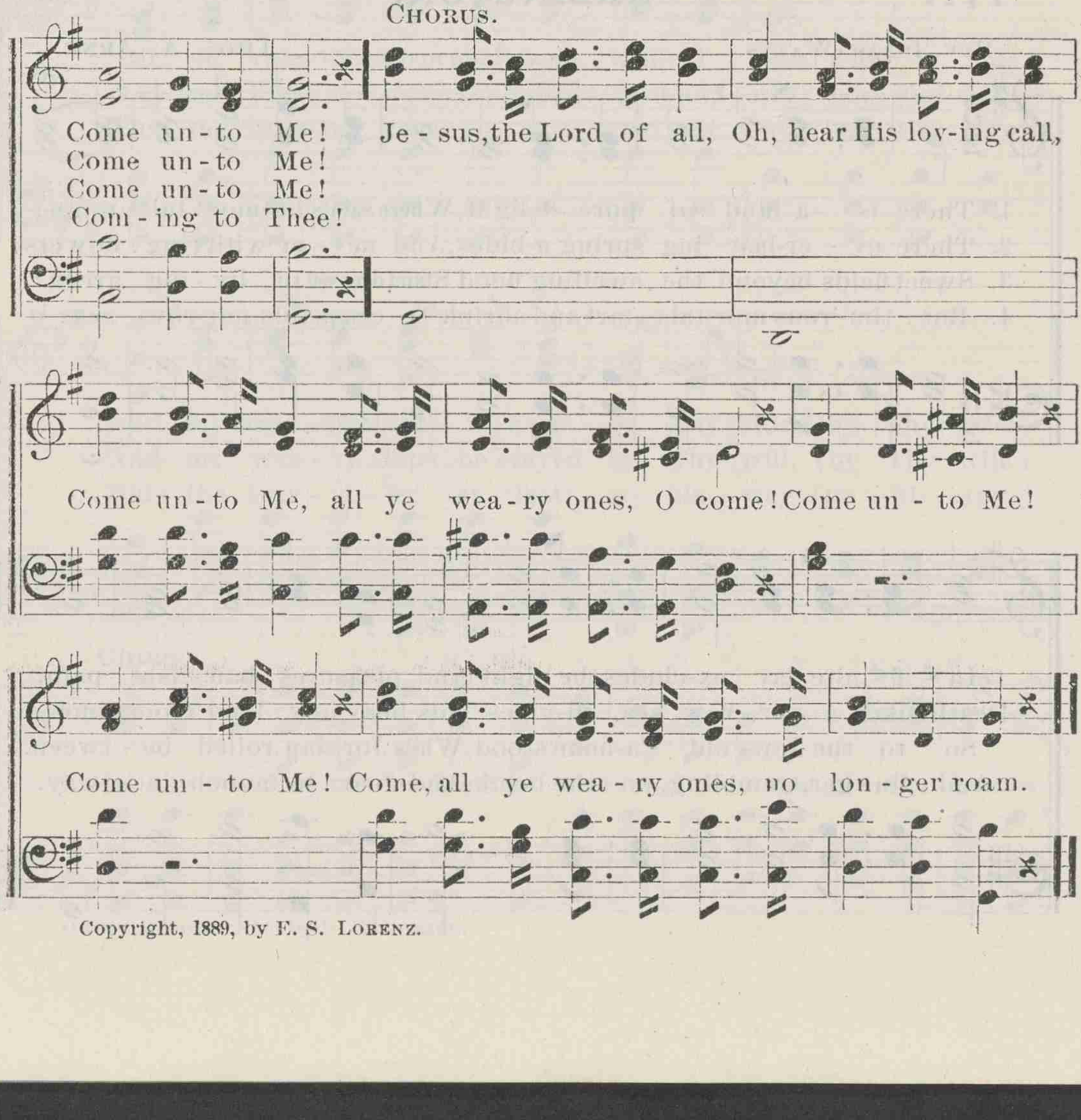


1. Sweet-ly the Saviour's voice is ev - er call-ing, Come un - to Me!
2. Long have I sought you, lost in darkness drear-y, Come un - to Me!
3. Here is the rest that I a - lone can give you, Come un - to Me!
4. Je - sus, for - sak - ing all that would deceive us, Come we to Thee;



Come un - to Me! See shad-ows dark a - round you now are fall - ing,
Come un - to Me! I am the ref - uge, wait-ing for the wea - ry,
Come un - to Me! Come, for My heart is long-ing to for-give you,
Come we to Thee! Safe in Thy lov - ing arms, O Lord, re-ceive us,

CHORUS.



Come un - to Me! Je - sus, the Lord of all, Oh, hear His lov-ing call,
Come un - to Me!
Come un - to Me!
Com - ing to Thee!

Come un - to Me, all ye wea - ry ones, O come! Come un - to Me!

Come un - to Me! Come, all ye wea - ry ones, no lon - ger roam.

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173. THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

"*I will arise and go to my father.*" — Luke 15: 18.

JOHN NEWTON. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Af - flic-tions, tho' they seem se-vere, In mer - cy oft are sent;
2. "What have I gained by sin," he said, "But hun-ger, shame, and fear?
3. "I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down be - fore his face.
4. His fa - ther saw him com-ing back; He looked, he ran, he smiled,
5. "O fa - ther, I have sinned, for-give"; "E - nough," the fa - ther said;
6. 'Tis thus the Lord His love re-veals, To call poor sin - ners home;

They stopped the prod - i - gal's ca - reer And caused him to re - pent.
My fa - ther's home a-bounds with bread, While I am starv-ing here!
Un - wor - thy to be called his son, I'll seek a ser-vant's place."
And threw his arms a-round the neck Of his re - bell - ious child.
"Re - joice my house, my son's a - live, For whom I mourned as dead."
More than a fa - ther's love He feels, And welcomes all that come.

CHORUS.

I'll a - rise and go to my fa-ther, I'll a - rise and go to my fa - ther;

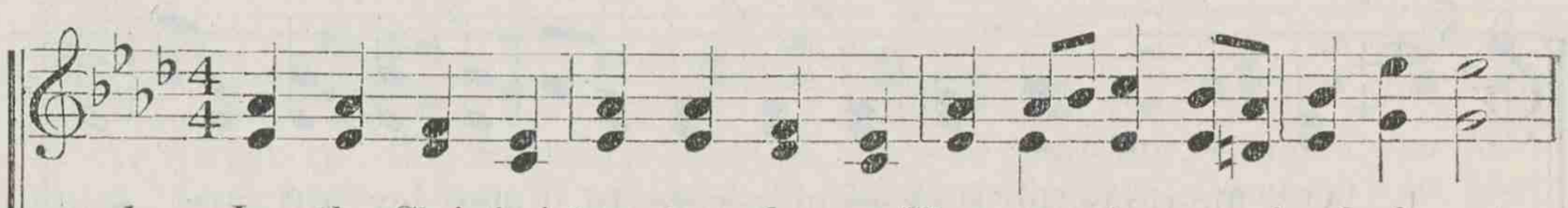
He has plenty and to spare While I'm starving here, I'll arise and go to him.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

174. REST OVER JORDAN.

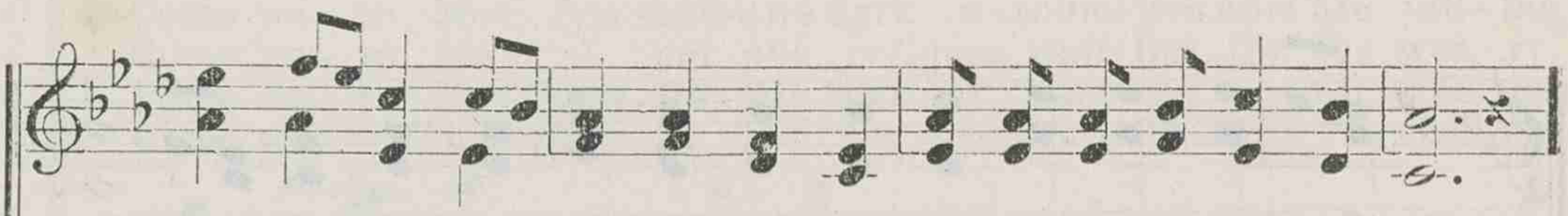
"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." — Heb. 4: 9.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, 1892.

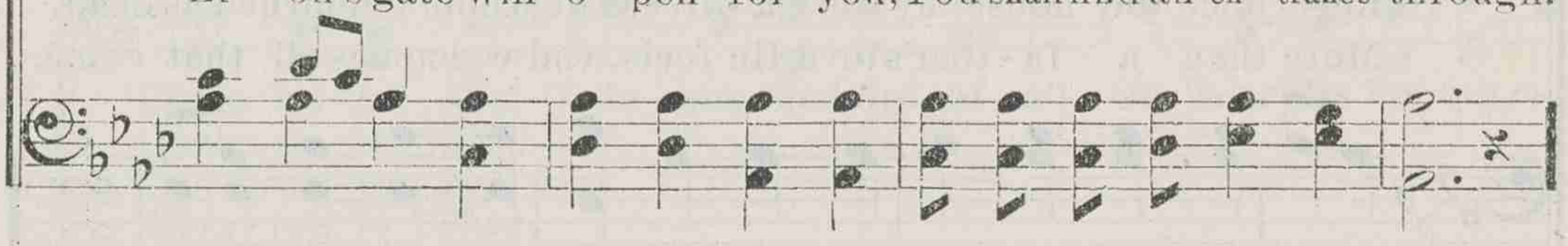


1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand;
3. Pain nor sick-ness ne'er shall en-ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it - self shall then be vanquished; And his sting shall be with-drawn.
5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your tri - umph as you go;





There my Sav - iour's gone be - fore me! To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
For my stay shall not be transient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
But in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an en - trance through.



REFRAIN.



Yes, there is rest ov - er Jordan's waters, Rest for such as from sin are free;



Rest for all who come to Je - sus, Rest for you and me.

By permission.

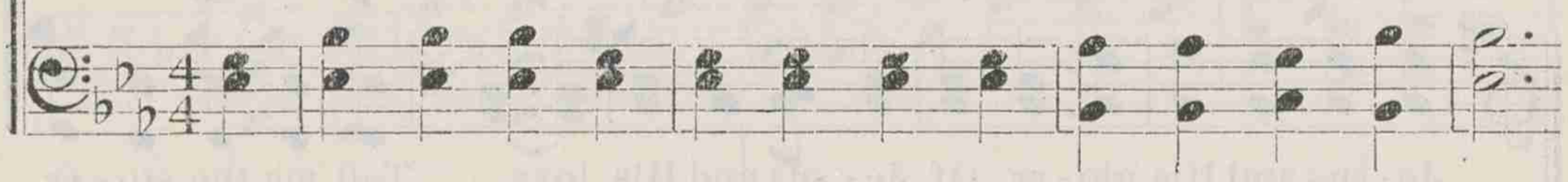
175. HE WILL SAVE YOU.

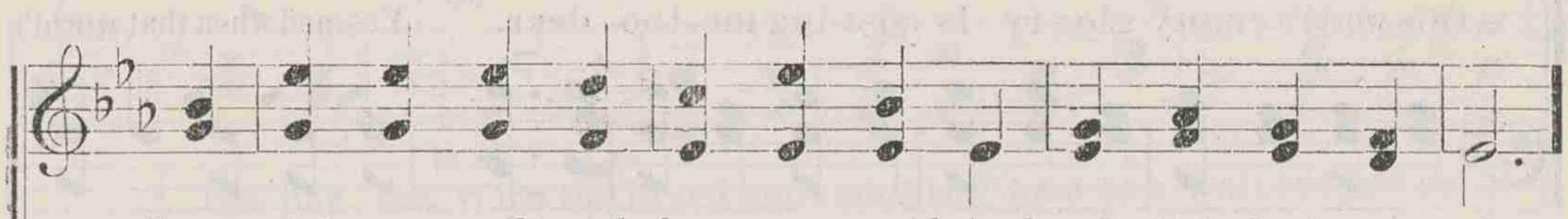
"*I will arise and go to my father.*"—Luke 15: 18.

E. JONES. E. HANKS.

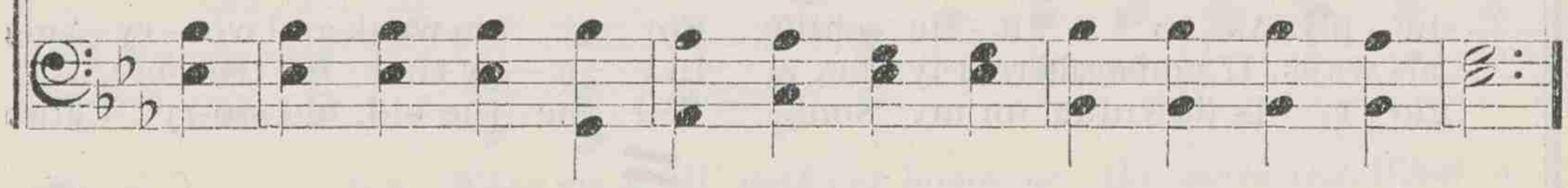


1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts revolve—
2. Pros-trate I'll lie be-fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess;
3. Per-haps He may ad-mit my plea, Per-haps will hear my pray'r;
4. I can but per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;

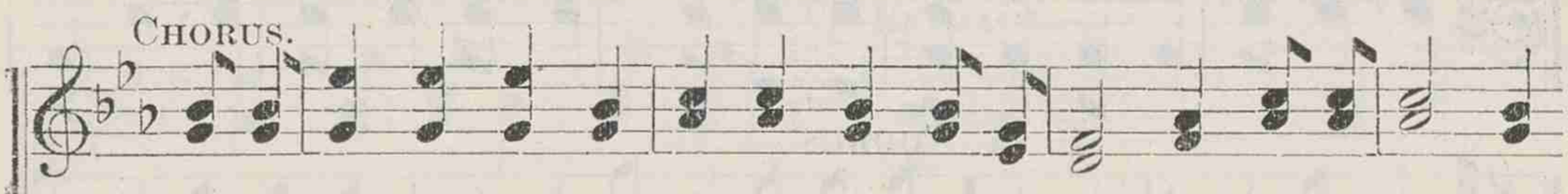




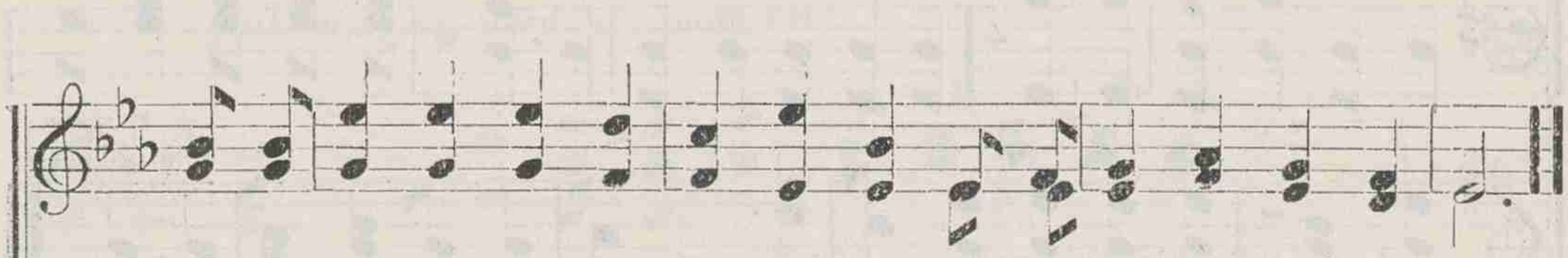
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re-solve.
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done, Without His sov-'reign grace.
But if I per-ish I will pray, And per-ish on-ly there.
For if I stay a-way, I know I must for-ev-er die.



CHORUS.



O a-rise and come to Je-sus now, He will save you, He will save you;



O a-rise and come to Him just now, He will make you white as snow.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

176. TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Miss Kate Hankey. William Russell.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re -
3. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry
member! I'm the sin-ner Whom Je-sus came to save. Tell me that sto - ry
this world's empty glo - ry Is cost-ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In a - ny time of trou-ble, A
glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto-ry, "Christ

Chorus.

helpless and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old
com-fort-er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole."

sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

177. WHEN WE ALL GATHER HOME.

"*We shall be gathered one by one.*"—Is. 27: 12.

Anon. LUCIUS LUTTRELL.

1. When we all gath-er home in the morning, On the banks of the bright
2. When we all gath-er home in the morning, And from sor-row and pain
3. When we all gath-er home in the morning. And our blessed Redeem-
4. When we all gath-er home in the morning, In the land of the soul's

:S.

Jas- per sea, With the loved ones who long have been wait- ing, What a
we are free, We shall join in the song with the ransomed, What a
er we see, We shall meet 'round the throne of His glo - ry, What a
lib - er - ty, Where the saints of all a - ges have gathered, What a

D.S. *When we all gath- er home in the morn-ing, What a*

REFRAIN.

gath-'ring in-deed it will be. What a gath - 'ring,
What a gath- 'ring in- deed it will

gath-'ring in- deed it will be.

D. S.

gath - 'ring, what a gath-'ring in-deed it will be.
be it will be, it will be.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

178. GO BEAR THE GLAD TIDINGS.

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

MARIELLA M. PINNEY,
In Christian Standard.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Go bear the glad tid - ings o'er o-cean's blue wave, The God of our fa- ther's is
2. On land or on bil - low, still bear the glad theme, He liv-eth and reign- eth, who
3. Go tell them of Je - sus, the one who can save, To res- cue the lost ones His

might-y to save; Aye, tell the heart-bro-ken, no night is so deep, But
died to re-deem; Wide spread be the sto - ry, His banners unfurl'd, The
own life He gave; He'll take them to glo - ry, where hap - py they'd be, There

CHORUS.

Je-sus, the Shepherd, will watch o'er His sheep. Go bear . . . the glad
King of bright glo - ry is Lord of the world.
singing with loved ones from sor-row set free. Go bear the glad tid-ings o'er

tid - - ings o'er o - - cean's blue wave, . . . The
ocean's blue wave, The God of our fa-ther's is might-y to save, Go

God . . . of our fa - - ther's is might - y to
bear the glad tid-ings o'er o-cean's blue wave, The God of our fa-ther's is

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

GO BEAR THE GLAD TIDINGS.

save; . . . He'll par - - don and cleanse . . all who
might-y to save; He'll par-don and cleanse all who trust in His Son, He'll

trust . . . in His Son, . . . And take . . . them to
par-don and cleanse all who trust in His Son, And take them to glo-ry when

glo - - ry when earth's . . life is done. . . .
earth's life is done, And take them to glo-ry when earth's life is done.

179. SALVATION.

Rev. I. Watts. Arr. by D. E. Dortch.

1. Sal - va-tion!—oh, the joy-ful sound! 'Tis pleas-ure to our ears;
2. Bur-ied in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;
3. Sal - va-tion! let the ech-o fly The spa-cious earth a-round;

A sov'reign balm for ev-'ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.
But we a-rise by grace di-vine, To see a heav'n-ly day.
While all the ar-mies of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound.

180. SEARCHING FOR THE GOLDEN STREET.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. "Please, Mister Po-lice-man, for we are tired, We've walked most all the day; . .
2. "But moth - er told us both last night, (She's sick in bed, you know),
3. "This morning dear mother was fast a - sleep, As sound as sound could be; . .
4. "So we have walked all the cit - y thro' Without a thing to eat, . .
5. "He does not know, so Har - ry, dear, We'll go to sleep I guess, .

We want to find the gold - en street, But we don't know the way.
Some - time we would not need our shoes, To keep a - way the snow;
So I said to lit - tle broth-er dear, 'Get your cap and come with me;
Now, Mister Police - man, if you please, Where is the gold - en street?
And you shall lay your lit - tle head Close down up - on my dress;

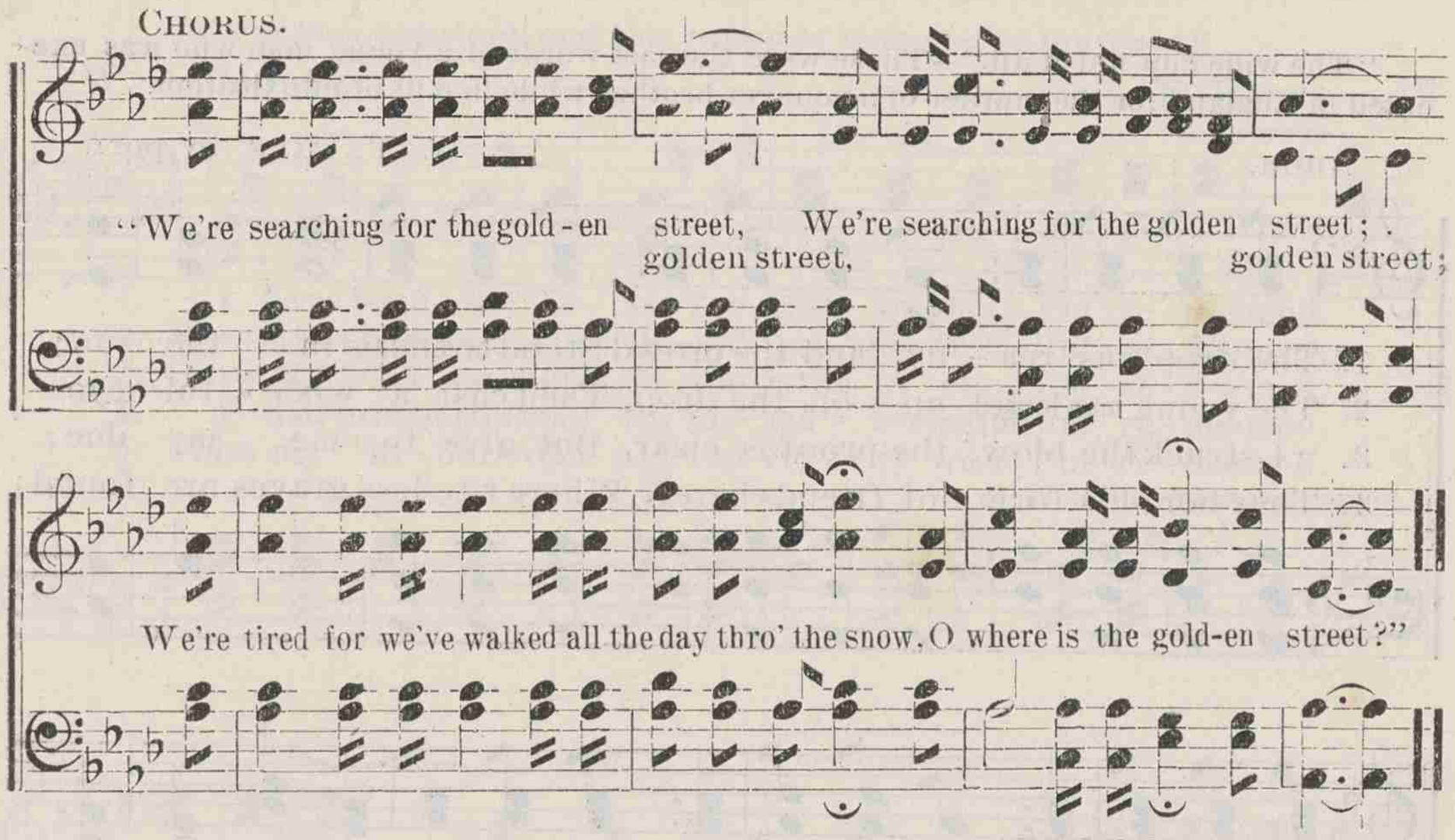
We haven't a - ny shoes as you can see But just what's most worn through;
For when we'd found the gold - en street There'd be no wind nor rain,
We'll find the love - ly gold - en street Where children's feet go bare;
"Don't know, my chickens, I can - not say, It is not on my beat, ;
And I will take good care of you, I'm big - ger than you be.

The snow comes in at the bot - tom thick, And at the cor - ners, too. . .
Nor a- ny stones to hurt our feet, So they'd not ache a - gain. .
Then we'll come back for moth - er dear, And live to - geth - er there.' .
You'd bet - ter run back to your home, I don't know such a street."
For I shall be six my next birth - day, And you are on - ly three."

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

SEARCHING FOR THE GOLDEN STREET.

CHORUS.



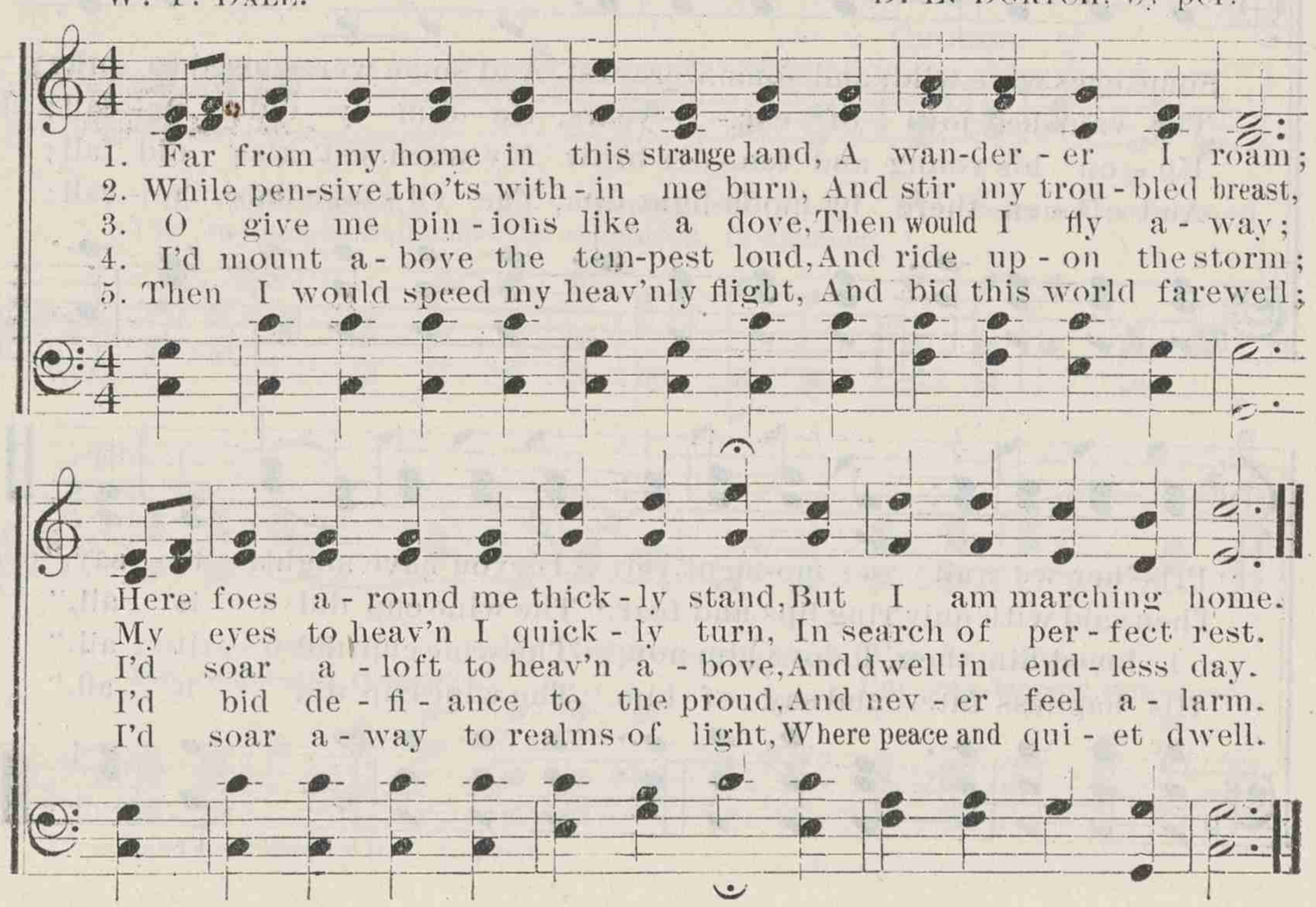
6 Very early in the morning cold,
Ere the city was astir,
There walked a red-faced, stout Policeman,
Muffled closely in his fur;
And dead! froze stark! the very same
That talked about their feet;
The blessed lambs, but then, I guess
They've found the golden street.

7 He told the beautiful story true,
To scores of men that day
Who gathered round the court-house door
Wherein the children lay.
A tenderness, sweetly solemn, there
Came down upon each soul,
As they thought of the seekers, fair and young,
Now safe at the journey's goal.

181. FAR FROM HOME.

"Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest."—Ps. 55:6.

W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



182. THE WINE CUP DID IT ALL.

"The wine cup did it all."—These were the last words of a young man who was executed in England for the murder of a younger brother while in a fit of intoxication.

Anon. W. T. DALE, by per.

1. The drop was rea - dy, and the crowd Stood breathless in the sun;
While pealed the pris - on bell most loud, Th'appointed hour of one.

2. The young man looked up - on the drop, Then cast a wish - ful eye
To-ward his fa - ther's chimney top, And na - tive vil - lage nigh.

3. "I struck the blow, the proof is clear, But give to me my due;
My broth-er was to me as dear As an - y one to you;

4. They bore his form, of friends bereft, Where rite-less graves are found;
And there the twi - light sun-shine left The sha-dow on his mound;

Some eyes were wild, and some were wet, And some were closed to pray;
The vanished joys of ear - ly years, He dim - ly did re - call;
Up - on his young and ten - der brow My warm-est kiss did fall;
And oft - en there by moon-light dim, The vil - lage lads re - call;

"Pris-'ner we wait a mo-ment yet, If you have aught to say."
Then said with quiv'ring lips and fear, "The wine cup did it all."
I loved him then, I love him now; The wine cup did it all."
His hap-less fate, and say of him, "The wine cup did it all."

183. I'M REDEEMED.

"For thou was slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."

W. G. COOPER. E. HANKS.



1. I have been to Je - sus for rest to-day, I'm re - deemed,
2. From the power of sin Je- sus set me free, I'm re - deemed,
3. Now I walk no more in the paths of sin, I'm re - deemed,
4. I will praise His name till my lat - est breath, I'm re - deemed,
5. Then my la - bors o'er and the vic - t'ry won, I'm re - deemed,

I'm redeemed, redeemed,





I'm re - deemed; And He took my guilt and my sins a - way,
I'm re - deemed; That I might from hence pure and ho - ly be,
I'm re - deemed; I have peace, sweet peace reigning now with-in,
I'm re - deemed; Sweet shall be my rest in the hour of death.
I'm re - deemed; I shall wear in heav'n an im -mor-tal crown,
I'm re-deemed, re-deemed;



D.S. *So I sing all day on my pil- grim way.*

CHORUS.



I'm re - deemed, re - deemed, I'm redeemed, redeemed,
I'm re-deemed, redeemed, I'm redeemed, re-deemed.



D.S.

I'm re - deemed, By His prec-ious brood I'm re - deemed.
I'm re-deemed, redeemed, I'm re - deemed, redeemed.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

184. TELL IT OUT!

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." — Mark 5: 19.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Tell it

1. Tell it out among the peo-ple that the Lord is King;
2. Tell it out among the heathen that the Sav-iour reigns;
3. Tell it out among the na-tions, Je-sus reigns a-bove;

out, . . .

Tell it out, O tell it out; Tell it out! Tell it out among the people, bid them
Tell it out, O tell it out; Tell it out! Tell it out among the heathen, bid them
Tell it out, O tell it out; Tell it out! Tell it out among the nations that His

Tell it out, ...

shout and sing; Tell it out, O tell it out! Tell it
break their chains; Tell it out, O tell it out! Tell it
reign is love; Tell it out, O tell it out! Tell it

out with ad-o-ra-tion that He shall in-crease, That the mighty King of
out among the weeping ones that Je-sus lives, Tell it out a-mong the
out among the highways and the lanes at home, Let it ring across the

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TELL IT OUT.

glo-ry is the King of peace; Tell it out with ju-bi - la-tion, let the
wea-ry ones what rest He gives; Tell it out among the sinners that He
mountains and the o-cean's foam, That the weary, heav-y - la-den need no

Tell it out, ...

FINE.

song ne'er cease; Tell it out, O tell it out!
came to save, Tell it out, O tell it out!
long - er roam, Tell it out, O tell it out!

CHORUS.

Tell it out, ... Tell it

Tell it out, O tell it out, O tell it out!

out, ...

Tell it out, O tell it out, O tell it out! Tell it out among the

Tell it out, . . .

nations that the Lord is King, Tell it out, O tell it out, O tell it out!

185. DEPARTED LOVED ONES.

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." — 2 Samuel 12: 23.

Selected. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Ma-ny friends that you've lov'd from your side have been tak-en, You'll meet them no more till you meet them with God; When with an-guish and sor-row your
2. A broth-er or sis-ter has cross'd death's cold river, They bade you to meet them beyond the dark flood; But un-less you are sav'd you'll be
3. A dear lit-tle child, while the hot tears were falling, Was tak-en a way to the dark, si-lent tomb; But that sweet ba-by voice from the
* 4. You have heard the last sigh of a dear, lov-ing mother, And held her pale hand as you stood by her bed; When the an-gel of death laid his
* 5. As you stood by her grave ere for-ev-er you parted, It seem'd from your heart the last pang had been wrung; But the song that they sung made you

poor heart was breaking, You laid them for-ev-er to rest 'neath the sod.
part-ed for-ev-er, No soul can reach heaven unwash'd in the blood.
shadows is call-ing! "Oh, come to the cross while for thee there is room."
cold hand up-on her She answer'd the summons and mother was dead.
sink broken-hearted, 'Twas the song that so oft-en your mother had sung.

CHORUS.

Shall we meet in that land where no death comes for-ev-er, Where no sorrow is known, Where no tears ev-er flow? Shall we meet in that land, or be

* Sing last measure of fourth and fifth stanzas like last measure of Chorus.

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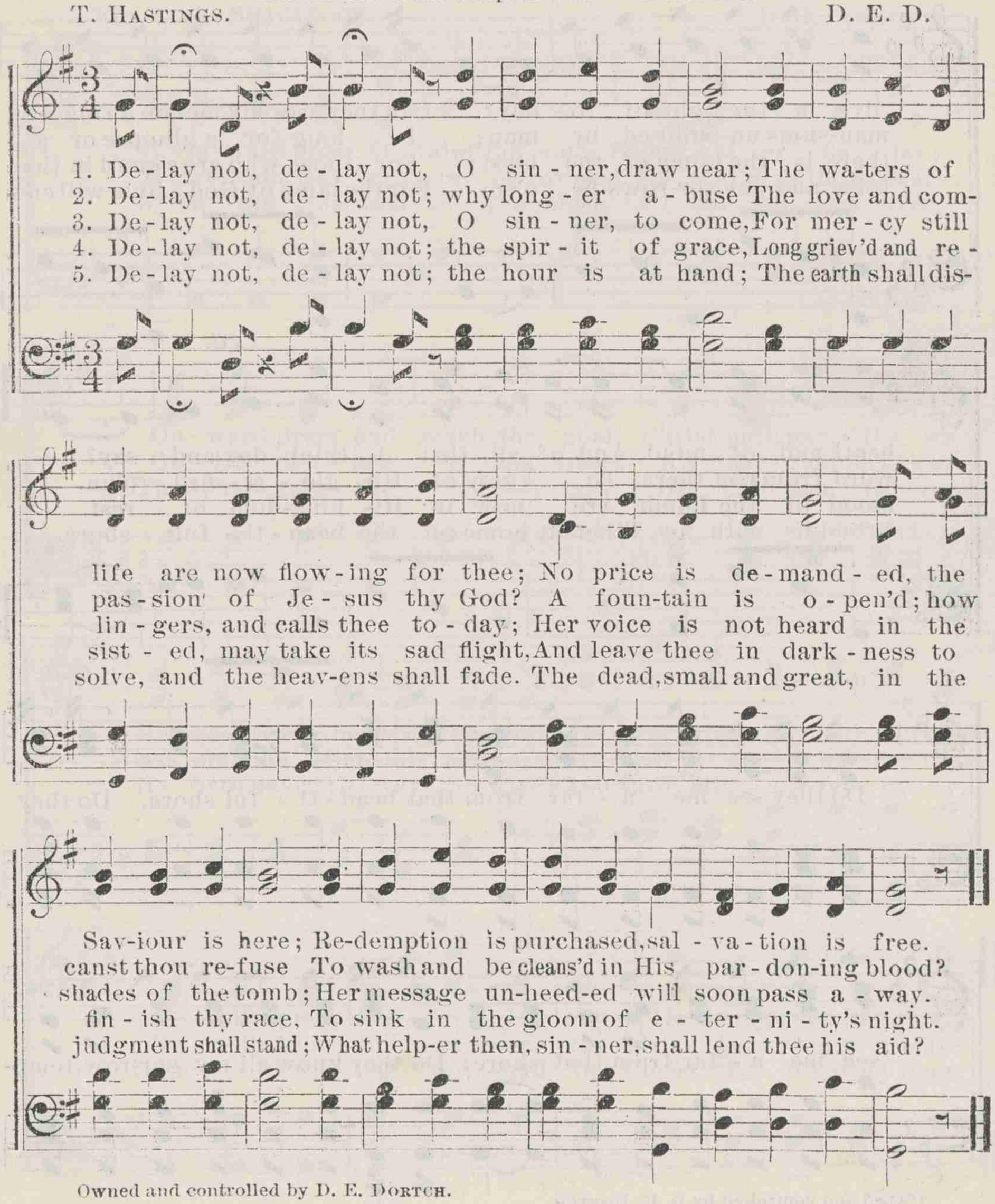
DEPARTED LOVED ONES.



186. DELAY NOT.

"Behold now is the accepted time." — 2 Cor. 6: 2.

T. HASTINGS. D. E. D.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

187. DO THEY KNOW?

JANE ROSEBORN. D. E. DORTCH.

SOLO.

1. Do they see me a - far from that beau - ti - ful shore, As I live in the light of to - day? Can they know my me-an-d'ring of
2. Oh, thou loved and be - loved on that beau - ti - ful shore; Where are man-sions un-build-ed by man; I long for a glimpse or a
3. 'Tis there are the lov'd in their robes pure-ly white, And there is the home of the blest; For those who are cleans'd in the
4. What then, tho' this world and our cares have an end, Our toils and our sor-rows be o'er; For the lamp of God's love will en -

rit.

heart and of mind, And of all that I think, do, and say?
word from you there, To know of His glo - ri - fied plan.
blood of the Lamb Are now in His king-dom of rest.
shroud us with joy, When at home on the beau - ti - ful shore.

CHORUS.

Do they see me a - far from that beau - ti - ful shore, Do they see me a - far from that shore? Do they know all my sor-row, temp-

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

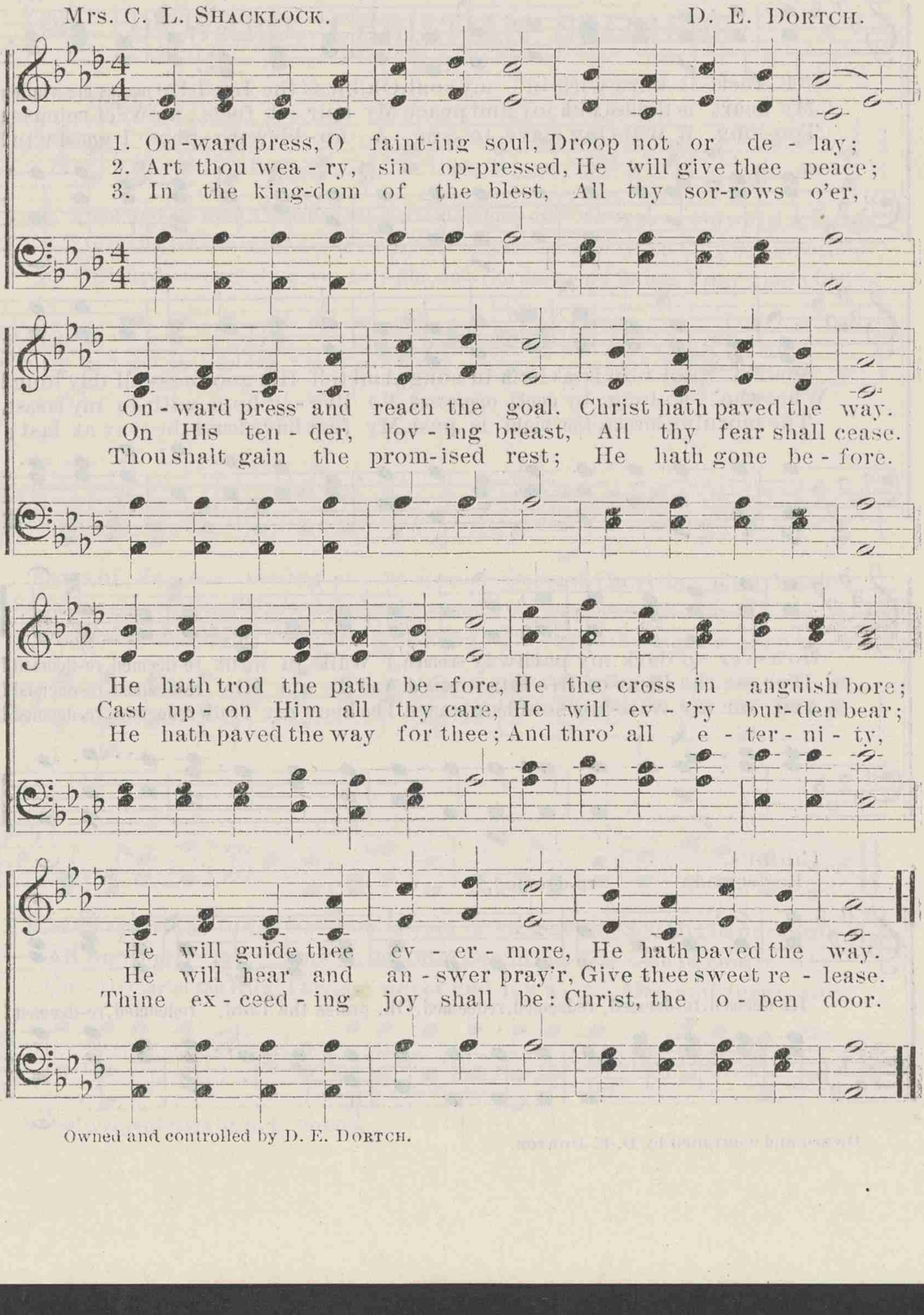
DO THEY KNOW?



188. HE HATH PAVED THE WAY.

"The forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus." —Heb. 6: 20.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. E. DORTCH.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

189. REDEEMED! REDEEMED!

"I have redeemed thee . . . thou art mine." — Is. 43: 1.

FRANCIS A. SIMPKINS. E. HANKS.

1. Re-deemed! redeemed! Oh, praise His name! Oh, mystic fire of heav'n-ly flame!
2. Re-deemed! redeemed! Oh, swell the theme! On me the heav'n-ly glo-ries beam;
3. Re-deemed! redeemed! The spell is o'er, The world shall thrall my soul no more;

I feel it burn with-in my soul, Oh, bless the Lord, He makes me whole;
My heart is thrilled with joy and peace My spir-it feels a sweet release;
Too long a will-ing slave to sin A no-bler tro-phy I would win!

Shall I not now break forth in song, And tell His goodness all day long!
What tho' so long by doubt oppressed, No live-ly hope with-in my breast,
The morning breaks, the night is past, My feet have found the way at last;

How-e'er so dark my pathway seemed, I walk in light re-deemed, re-deemed!
O'er me the light of life hath stream'd, And I am His re-deemed, re-deemed!
And on my wait-ing soul hath beamed The heav'nly Truth redeemed, re-deemed!

CHORUS.

Re-deemed, re-deemed,

Re-deemed, re-deemed, redeemed, redeemed, Oh, praise the Lord, redeemed, re-deemed!

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

REDEEMED! REDEEMED!

Re-deemed, re-deemed,

Redeemed, re-deemed, redeemed, redeemed! Oh, praise the Lord, re-deemed, re-deemed!

190. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

J. L. Orr.

Boldly.

1. Onward, on-ward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, Onward, with the
2. Onward like a might-y ar - my Moves the church of God; Onward, brothers,
3. Onward, on-ward then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap - py throng, Your glad voices

ff

cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore. On-ward, Christ the roy-al Mas-ter
we are treading Where the saints have trod. On-ward, we are not di - vid - ed
with ours blending In the triumph song. Glo - ry, hon - or, praise, and pow-er

Leads against the foe; For-ward, forward in - to bat-tle, See His banners go.
All one bod-y we, One in hope and one in doc-trine, One in char-i - ty.
Un - to Christ the King, This thro' never end-ing a - ges Men and angels sing.

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191. SOME OTHER DAY.

"Boast not thyself of tomorrow." — Prov. 27: 1.

Success. LUCIUS LUTTRELL.

1. There are wonderful things we are go- ing to do, Some oth- er day, some
2. We know we must toil if ev - er we win, Some oth - er day, some
3. And when we are old and our race is run, Some oth-er day, some

oth - er day; And har-bors we hope to drift in - to, Some
oth - er day; But we say to our-selves, there is time to be - gin, Some
oth - er day; We fret for the things which might have been done, Some

oth- er day, Some oth-er day. With fold-ed hands, the oars that trail We
oth- er day, Some oth-er day. And so de-ferring, we loi- ter on, Un -
oth- er day, Some oth-er day. We trace the path that leads us where The

watch and wait for a fav -'ring gale To fill the folds
til at last we find with-drawn The strength of the hope
beck - 'ning hand of grim de - spair Doth lead us yon -

of an i - dle sail, Some oth - er day, some oth - er day.
we leaned up - on, Some oth - er day, some oth - er day,
der out of the here, Some oth - er day, some oth - er day.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

192. ARE YOU READY FOR SERVICE?

JESSIE H. BROWN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Should the "Forward march!" be echoed down the lines to-day, Would it find you fac-ing tow'rd the foe? Is your ar-mor buckled tight-ly?
2. Should the bu-gle note of bat-tle come to you to-day, Would the summons find you nerv'd for fight? Are your pul-ses true and stead-y?
3. Should the call to death and judgment reach your ear to-day, Would it find you in the bat-tling host? At the ev-en or the morning,

D.S. *read-y for His ser-vice?*

FINE.

Are your weapons burnished brightly? Are you ready should the call be, "Go?"
Could you an-swer, "I am ready!" If the foe were marshalled just in sight?
Should it come without a warning, Would the message find you at your post?

Are you read-y for His service? Will you dare to be a sol-dier true!

CHORUS.

Are you read-y for the ser-vice of Je-ho-vah?
are you read-y for it now?

D.S.

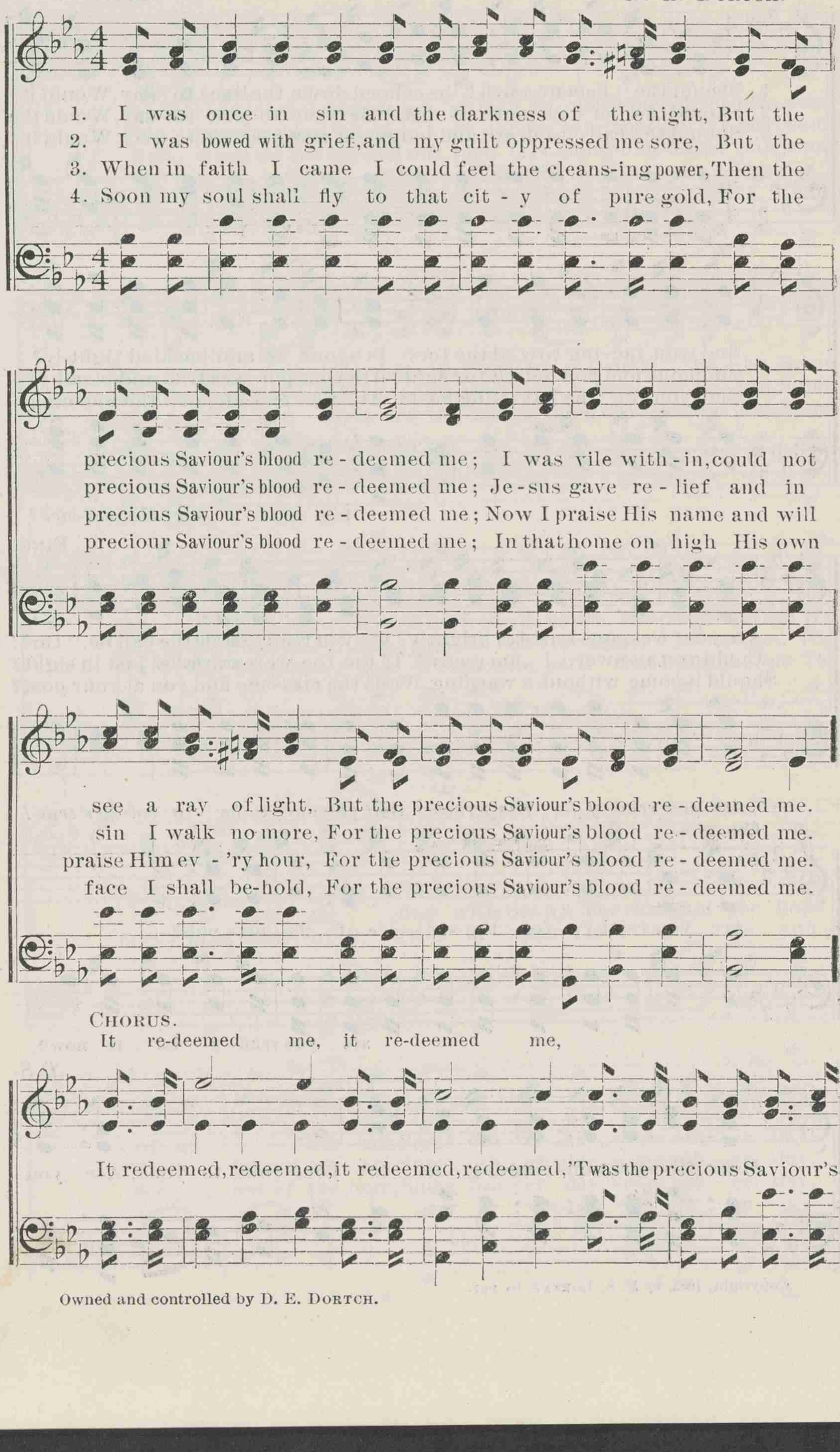
Hear His summons ring-ing out to you, (out to you), Are you

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193. IT REDEEMED ME.

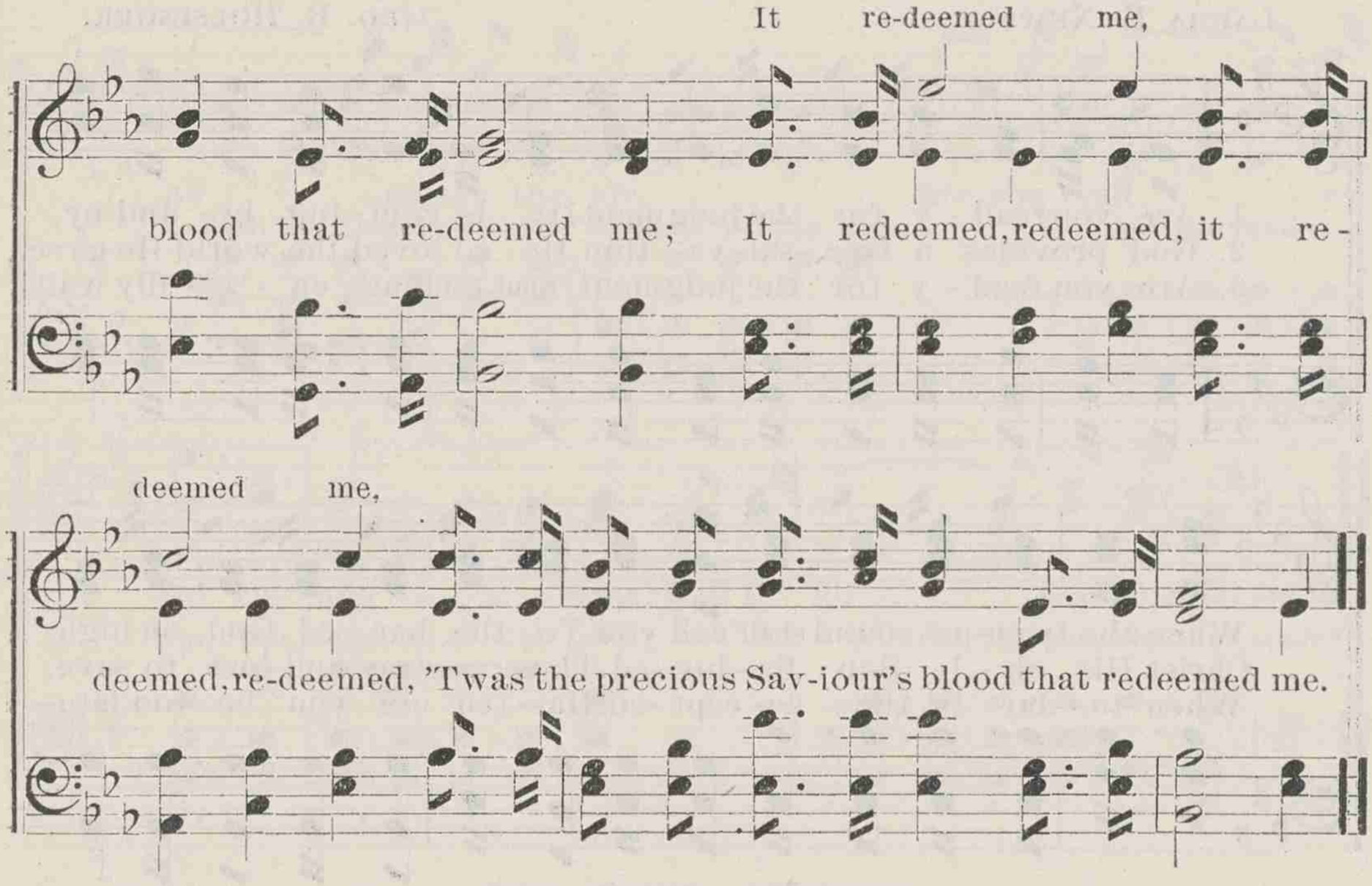
"Thou . . . hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."—Rev. 5: 9.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH.



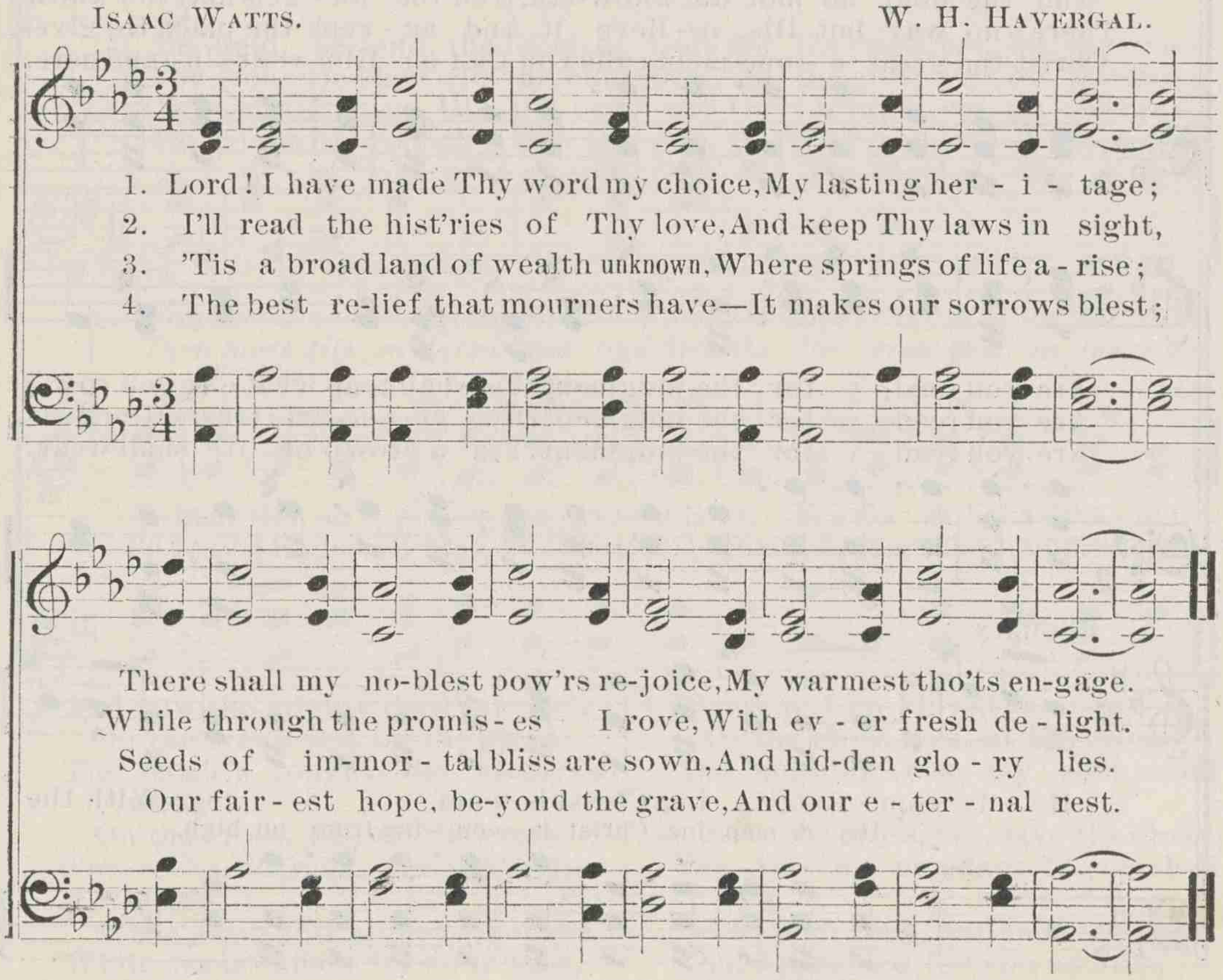
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IT REDEEMED ME.



194. LORD, I HAVE MADE THY WORD MY CHOICE.

ISAAC WATTS. W. H. HAVERGAL.



195. ARE YOU READY FOR THE JUDGMENT?

LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Are you read - y for the judgment? It is com - ing by and by,
2. God provides a free sal- va - tion, He so loved the world He gave,
3. Are you read - y for the judgment? Soul, no long - er i - dly wait,

When the trum-pet sound shall call you, To the bar of God on high,
Christ His on - ly Son Be - lov -ed, Those a -stray and lost to save,
When to - day is time ac- cept -ed, Has- ten ere you be too late—

And the hour no mor -tal know-eth, E'en the an - gels may not know;
There's no way but His, be- lieve it, And ac - cept the place He gives,
Christ the great a -tone-ment calls you, Cast on Him your sins and care,

Are you read - y for the judgment? You shall reap what e're you sow.
Are you read - y for the judgment? Ev - 'ry one who trusts Him lives.
Are you read - y for the judgment? You a crown of life shall wear.

REFRAIN.

He is com - - - ing, Christ is com - - - ing, With the
He is com -ing, Christ is com - ing from on high,

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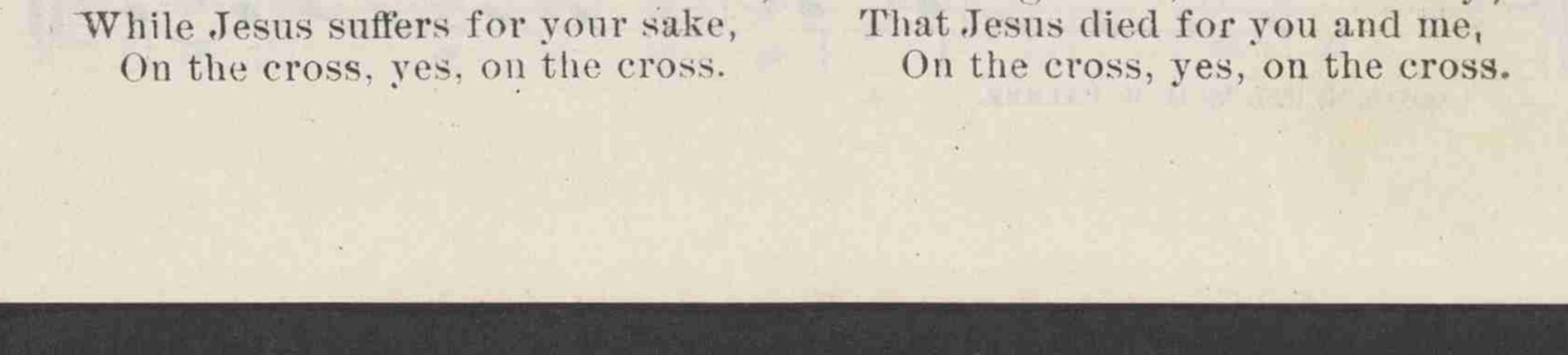
ARE YOU READY FOR THE JUDGMENT?





196. ON THE CROSS.





3 And now the mighty deed is done
On the cross, yes, on the cross;
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
On the cross, yes, on the cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make;
While Jesus suffers for your sake,
On the cross, yes, on the cross.

4 Where're I go I'll tell the news
Of the cross, yes, of the cross;
And nothing else my soul shall choose,
Save the cross, yes, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be
Through time, and in eternity;
That Jesus died for you and me,
On the cross, yes, on the cross.

197. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER, by per.

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

passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

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198. THE CHILD OF A KING.

"Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him. — James 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JM. A. SUMNER.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-iour so fair, Once wandered on
3. I once was an out-cast, a stran-ger on earth, A sin-ner by
4. A tent or a cot-tage, oh, why should I care? They're building a

wealth of the world in His hands; Of ru-bies and dia-monds, of
earth hu-man sor-row to share; But now He is reign-ing for-
choice and a lov-er of mirth; But I've been a-dopt-ed, my
pal-ace for me o-ver there; Tho' ex-iled from home, yet my

sil-ver and gold His cof-fers are full; He has rich-es un-told.
ev-er on high, He'll give us a home in the sweet by and by.
name's writ-ten down: An heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
glad heart can sing, All glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King, the child of a King;
With Je-sus my Sav-iour, I'm the child of a King.

199. TRIUMPH BY AND BY.

"We are more than conquerors through him that loved us."—Rom. 8: 37.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. The prize is set before us To win, His words implore us; The eye of God is
2. We'll follow where He leadeth, We'll pasture where He feedeth; We'll yield to Him who
3. Our home is bright above us, No trials dark to move us, But Jesus dear to

o'er us From on high, from on high. His lov-ing tones are calling, While
pleadeth From on high, from on high. Then naught from Him shall sever, Our
love us There on high, there on high. We'll give Him best endeavor, And

sin is dark appaling, 'Tis Je-sus gently calling, He is nigh, He is nigh,
hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never, He is nigh, He is nigh,
praise His name forever, His precious words can never, Never die, nev-er die.

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in

glo-ry, By and by, by and by; By and by we shall meet Him, By and

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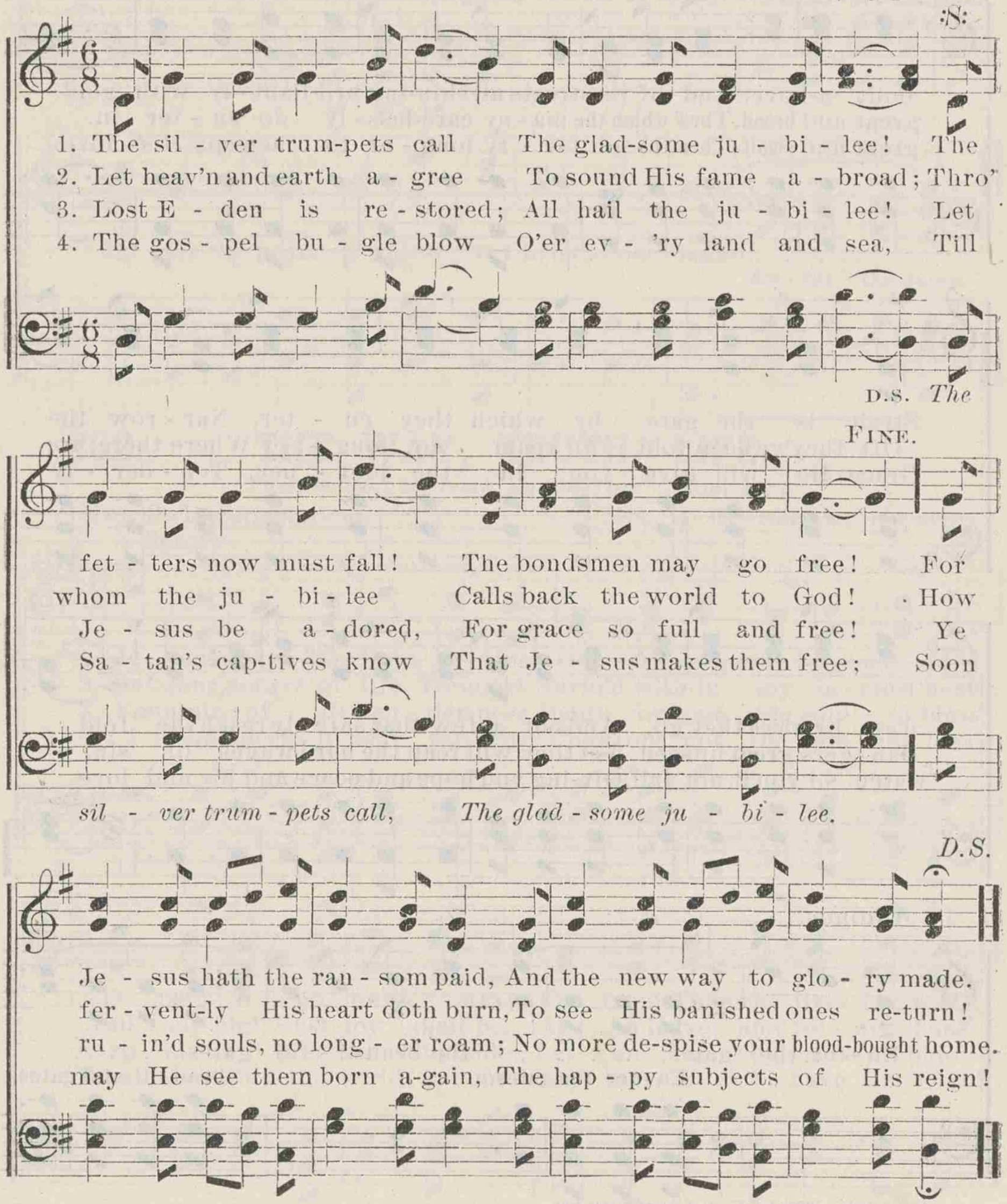
TRIUMPH BY AND BY.



200. THE JUBILEE.

"Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous."—Psalm 32: 11.

Rev. Robt. Kerr. D. E. Dortch, by per.



201. ENTER THE PEARLY GATES.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate." — Matt. 7: 13.

M. B. S.

M. B. SIMON.

Moderato.

1. Hark to the words that once were spo - ken, Of a grand cit - y
2. Turn from the gates that stand wide o - pen, Lead-ing from streets so
3. Christ hath prepared the way so clear - ly, Free-ly for all, both

built a-bove, And of its streets all shin-ing bril-liant - ly with gold.
great and broad, Thro' which the ma - ny care-less - ly do en - ter in.
great and small; Then do not tar - ry long - er to ac-cept His love.

Strait is the gate by which they en - ter, Nar - row the
Oft they've been told to roam no long - er Where there are
Grace He will give you in the jour - ney, Ten - der - ly

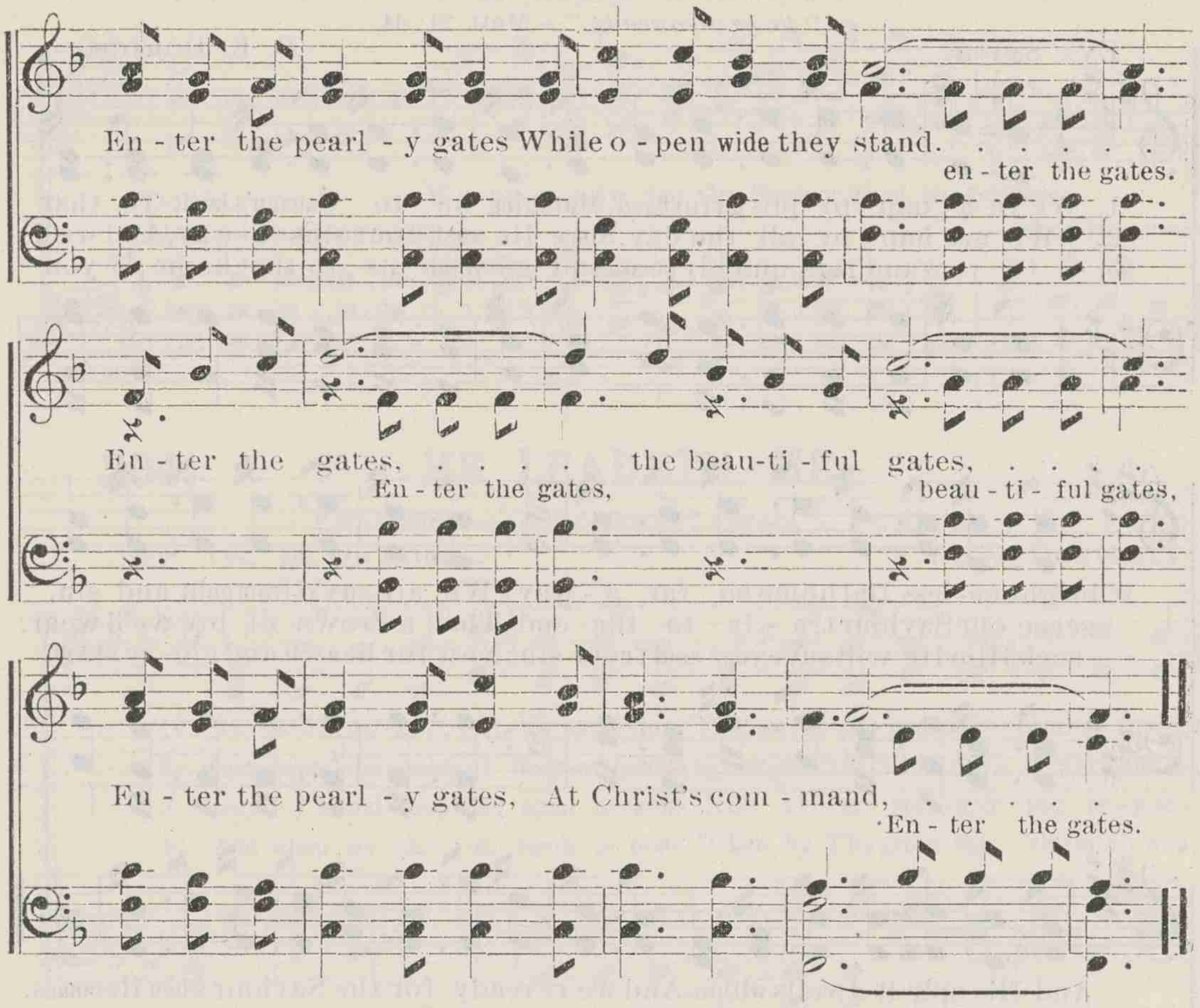
way by which they go, And but a few that safe - ly reach the fold.
dan - gers great unseen, Yet they will reap the hard wages of sin.
watch so you'll not fall, Giv-ing you hope and peace and joy and love.

CHORUS.

En - ter the gates, ... the beau-ti - ful gates, ...
En - ter the gates, beau - ti - ful gates,

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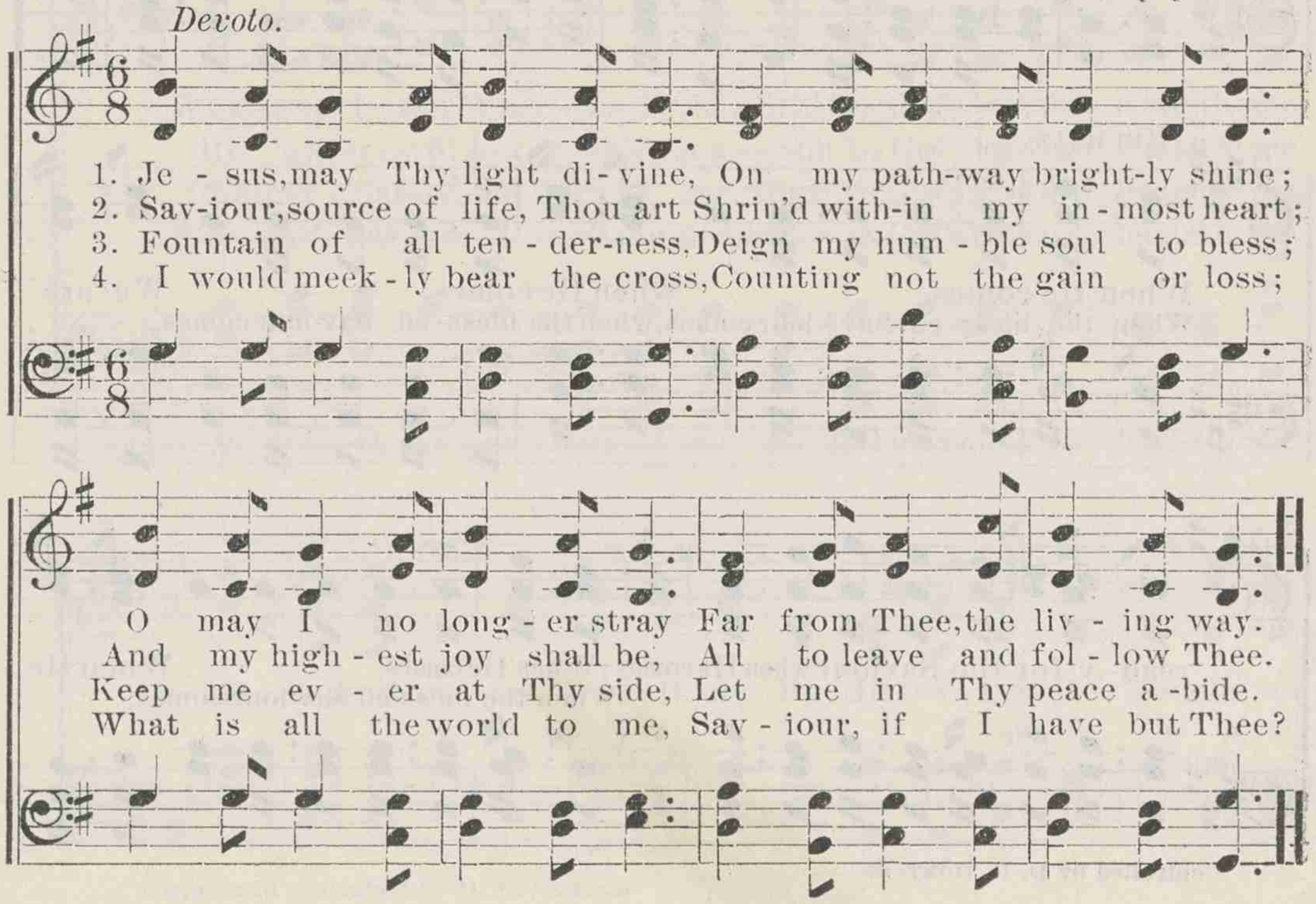
ENTER THE PEARLY GATES.



202. THE WAY, TRUTH, LIFE.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life." — John 14: 6.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. MRS. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



203. WE ARE READY.

"Be ye also ready." — Matt. 24: 44.

EVA SMITH. D. E. DORTCH.

1. We're a hap - py pil - grim band, Marching on to Canaan's land, To that bright ce- les- tial home so far a - way; We are sav'd from guilt and sin,
2. We are hap - py all the day, Since He wash'd our sins a - way, And we'll serve our Saviour tru - ly to the end; Then a crown of joy we'll wear,
3. O ye wand'rers, quickly come And go with us to that home; If you seek Him He will save your soul from sin; Now for heav'n and glo- ry start,

And His spir-it dwells within, And we're ready for the Saviour when He comes.
In that home so bright and fair; We are read-y for the Saviour when He comes.
From the paths of vice de-part, And be read-y for the Saviour when He comes.

REFRAIN.

When He comes, when He comes, We are read- y for the Saviour when He comes; When He comes, When He
When the bless- ed Sav - iour comes, when the bless- ed Sav-iour comes, When the bless-ed Sav-iour comes,

Controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

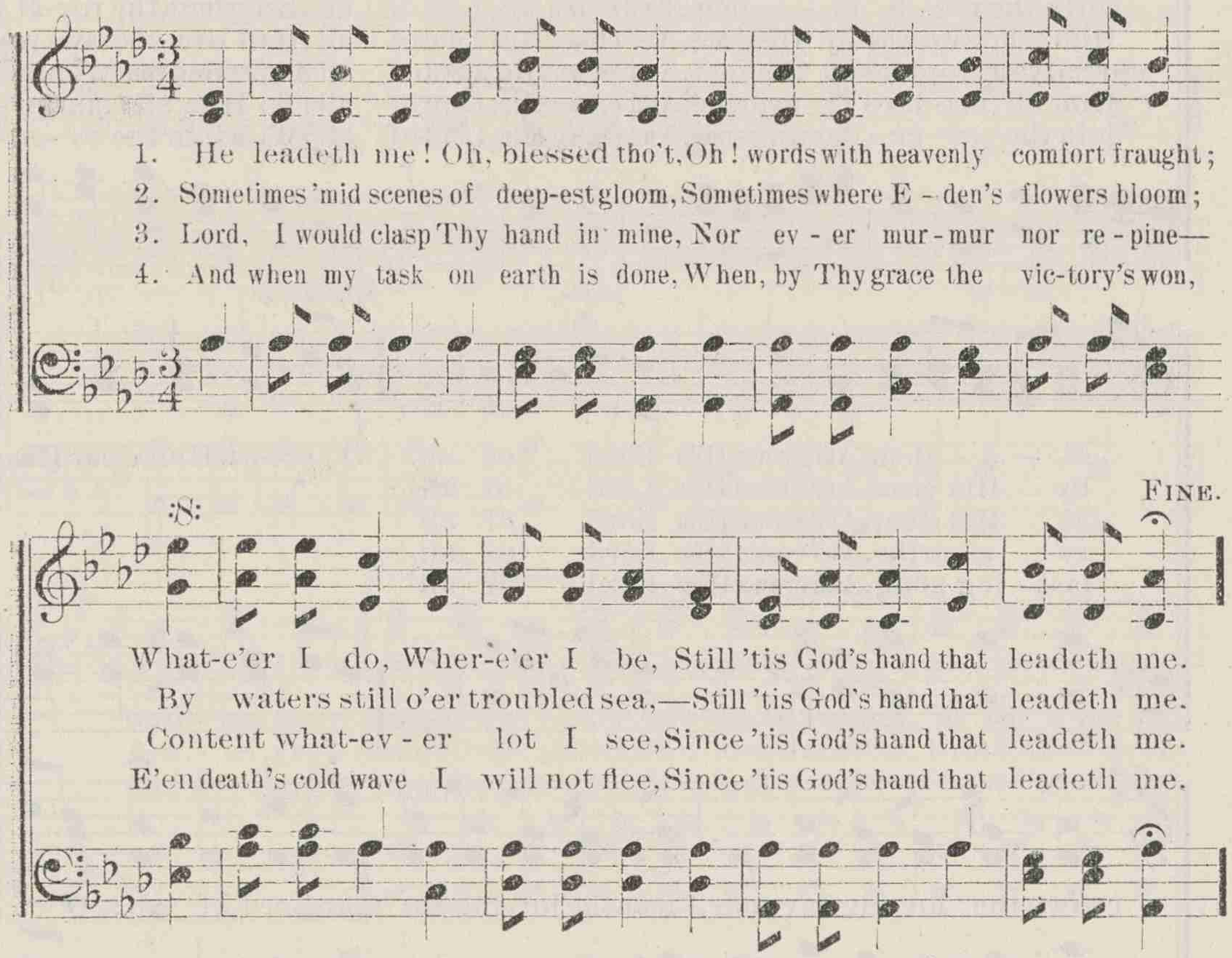
WE ARE READY.



204. HE LEADETH ME.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. 23: 2.

Rev. Jas. H. Gilmore. D. E. Dortch.





Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

205. CORONATION.

O. HOLDEN.

EDW. PERRONET. Chorus by D. E. DORTCH.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall. Bring
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail
3. Sin-ners, whose love can-not for-get The worm-wood and the gall, Go,
4. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To
5. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at His feet may fall; We'll

forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al
Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you
spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all; Go, spread your trophies
Him all ma-jes-ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all ma-jes-
join the ev-er-lasting song, And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev-er-

CHORUS.

di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all. O crown Him, crown Him,
by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
ty a-scribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all

crown the lov-ing Sav-iour, Crown the lov-ing Sav-iour Lord of all; O

crown Him, crown Him, crown the lov-ing Sav-iour, Crown the loving Sav-iour Lord of all.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

206. HOW YOU GROW.

CHILDREN'S INFANT SONG.

Question, SOLO. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. How do lit - tle bird - ies grow, Fly - ing, chirping, sing-ing so?
2. How do lit - tle fish - es grow, Swimming, playing as they go?
3. How do lit - tle chil-dren grow? Not by drink-ing rum I know;

Are they fed with wine and rum, In their daint - y nest - ing home?
Do they live in bran - dy streams, As they glide 'neath sun-ny beams?
Bran - dy, ci - der, wine, and beer, Nev - er makes them strong and fair.

Answer, DUET.

No, no, no, no, Let me tell you, no, no, no, no, no; Water makes the
No, no, no, no, Let me tell you, no, no, no, no, no; Water makes the
No, no, no, no, Let me tell you, no, no, no, no, no; Water makes the

FULL CHORUS.

bird - ies grow. Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scatter, So the fresh and
fish - es grow. Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scatter, Brooks and rivers
chil-dren grow. Rain-drops patter, dew-drops scatter, Fountains fill and

cooling water, Wets their ti-ny beaks and lo! This is how the birdies grow.
flow with water, Where they live and thrive, and lo! This is how the fish-es grow.
flow with water, See they bathe and drink, and lo! This is how the children grow.

207. ONLY WAITING.

"For I am now ready . . . and the time of my departure is at hand."—2 Tim. 4: 6.

Mrs. F. L. Mace. E. Hanks.

1. On - ly wait - ing till the shad-ows Are a lit - tle long-er grown;
2. On - ly wait - ing till the reap - ers Have the last sheaf gath-er'd home;
3. On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the pearl-y gate,
4. Waiting for a bright-er dwell-ing Than I ev - er yet have seen,

On - ly wait - ing till the glim-mer Of the day's last beam is flown.
For the sum - mer time has fad - ed, And the autumn winds have come.
At whose por - tals long I've lingered, Wea - ry, poor, and des - o - late.
Where the Tree of Life is bloom-ing, And the fields are ev - er green.

Till the night of earth has fad - ed From the heart and full of day,
Quick - ly, reap-ers, quick-ly gath - er All the ripe hours of my heart,
Ev - en now I hear their footsteps And their voic - es far a - way,
Wait - ing for my full re-demption, When my Sav-iour shall re - store

Till the stars of heav'n are break-ing Thro' the twi-light soft and gray.
For the bloom of life is with-er'd, And I has - ten to de - part.
If they call me, I am wait - ing, On - ly wait-ing to o - bey.
All that sin has caused to with - er; Age and sor-row come no more.

Chorus.

On - ly wait - - - - - ing, on - ly wait - ing, Till the

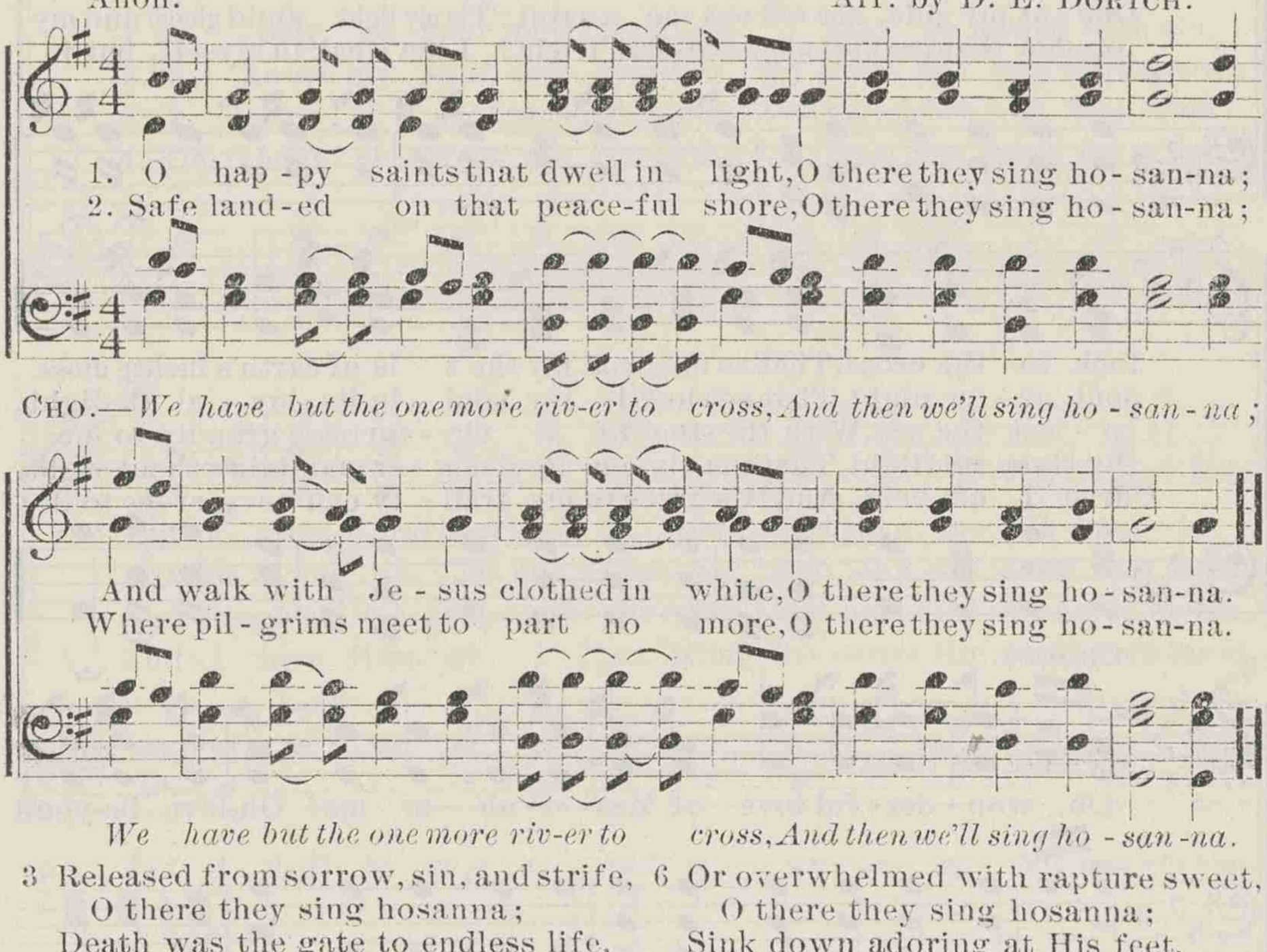
On - ly wait - ing, on - ly wait - ing,

ONLY WAITING.



208. BUT ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

Anon. Arr. by D. E. Dortch.



3 Released from sorrow, sin, and strife,
O there they sing hosanna;
Death was the gate to endless life,
O there they sing hosanna.

4 And now they range the heavenly plains,
O there they sing hosanna;
And sing His love in melting strains,
O there they sing hosanna.

5 They gaze upon His beauteous face,
O there they sing hosanna;
And tell the wonders of His grace,
O there they sing hosanna.

6 Or overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
O there they sing hosanna;
Sink down adoring at His feet,
O there they sing hosanna.

7 Ah, Lord, with faltering steps I creep,
O there they sing hosanna;
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep,
O there they sing hosanna.

8 When shall I wake in heaven, to prove,
O there they sing hosanna;
The heights and depths of Jesus' love?
O there they sing hosanna.

209. THE LOVE OF MESSIAH TO ME.

"I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, . . . that ye, . . . may be able . . . to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." — Eph. 3: 14, 17, 18, 19.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. 'Tis the grief of my life that my love is so small To the
2. 'Tis the pain of my heart, that so weak-ly I cling To the
3. 'Tis the joy of my life that His love is so great, Such a
4. 'Tis my crown and my pride, that 'tho fee-ble and faint, There is
5. I am crim-son with shame when I think of my sin, But

Lord of my life, who is God o-ver all; 'Tis the shame of my tho't as I
Guest in my heart, my Redeemer and King; 'Tis a wea-ry refrain in my
life in my life; that my Lord does not wait; But o-ver the mountains and
One at my side, who will own me a saint; 'Tis my light amid gloom and my
oh, thro' His name what white robes shall I win! I am weak in myself, but in

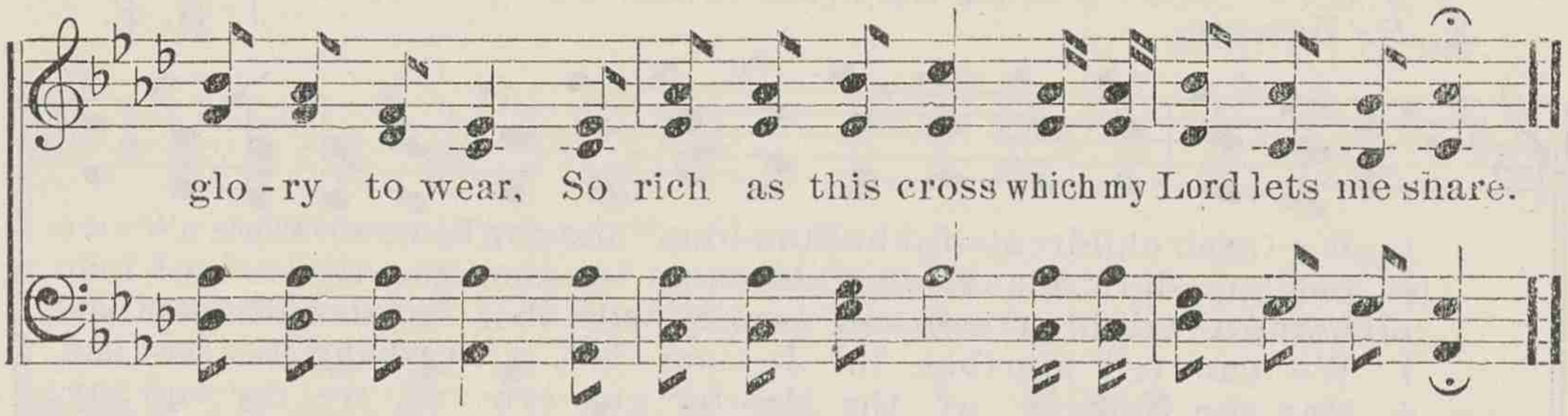
look to the cross, That so much of my tho't is of earth's fleeting dross.
soul ev-'ry night, That so slow is my soul in its loy-al de-light.
o-ver the sea, With the step of a vic-tor comes grandly to me.
my bloom amid light, That the ris-en Re-deem-er maintain-eth my right.
Christ I am bold, And His grace to my frail-ty can nev-er be told.

CHORUS.

Oh, won-der-ful love of Mes-si-ah to me! Oh, love be-yond

love, so tri-um-phant and free! No an-gel a-bove has a

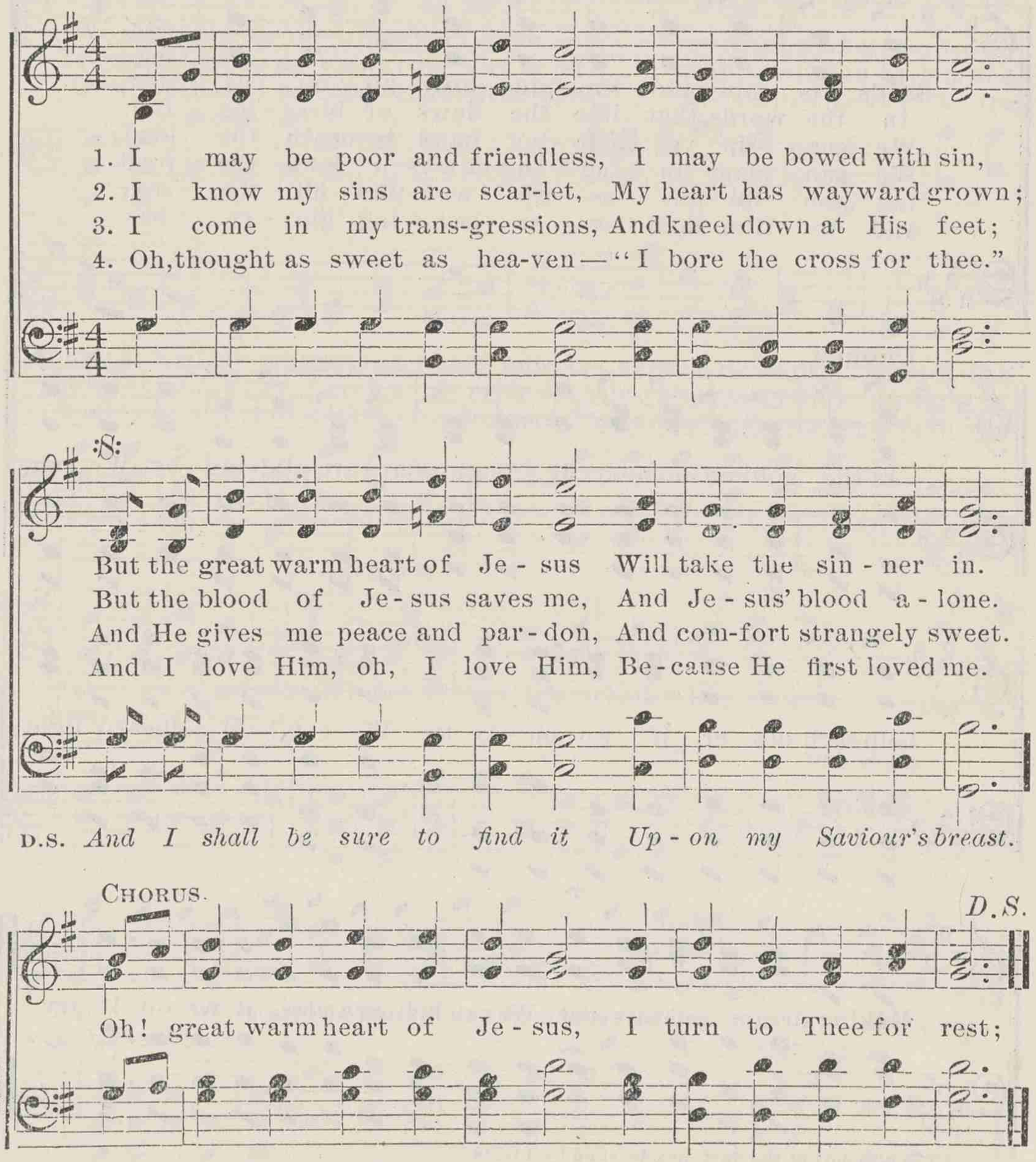
THE LOVE OF MESSIAH TO ME.



210. THE GREAT WARM HEART OF JESUS.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." —John 6: 37.

E. E. REXFORD. D. E. DORTCH.



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211. CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM.

*DUET AND CHORUS.

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

1. We are "children of the kingdom," and our King who reigns a-bove,
Let us show our Fa-ther's likeness in the gen-tle deeds of love,
2. There's a neighbor sad and wea-ry with the bur-den he must bear;
We can tell him that in Je-sus is a rest-ing place most fair,
3. May the Spir-it of the Mas-ter gov-ern all we do and say;
Then we'll sure-ly help each oth-er on the shin-ing up-ward way,

Sends His rain and sun-shine down up-on us all;
In the words that like the dews of bless-ing fall.
We can slip a help-ing hand be-neath the load;
We can plant un-fad-ing flow'rs a-long the road.
Let him fill us as the wa-ters fill the sea;
And to Him shall ev-er-last-ing glo-ry be.

CHORUS.

As the gold-en moments fly, As the days are glid-ing by, We can
help each oth-er, if we on-ly try; We can hold a cheer-y light,
Making dreary pathways bright, We can help each other, if we on-ly try.

*The alto part of the duet may be sung by a tenor.

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212. LOVE AND HELP EACH OTHER.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." — Eph. 6: 2.

P. H. J. H. F., by per.

1. We should love and help each oth- er, Day by day, day by day;
2. Let us go in scenes of sor-row, Undismayed, un-dismayed;
3. How the hand of love can light-en All our woe, All our woe;

We should raise the fallen brother On the way, on the way. For the road is
Trouble's hand on us tomorrow May be laid, may be laid. Let us help while
How the gleam of hope can brighten All be -low, all be-low. Let us do the
rough at best, As we count each weary mile, Let us cheer the fainting breast With a
now we can, Ev'ry bur-den to re-lieve; As we bless our fellow-man, So a
kind-ly deed, Let us speak the lov-ing word; They will spring like precious seed In the

REFRAIN.

ten-der word and smile. We should love and help each other, Day by day, day by
blessing we'll re-ceive
gar-den of the Lord.
Day by day,
day. We should raise the fall-en brother, On the way, on the way.
day by day, On the way,

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213. I AM RESOLVED.

"I will arise and go to my father." — Luke 15: 18.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. I am re-solved to lin - ger, to lin - ger, Charmed by the
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - iour, Leav - ing my
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - iour, Faith - ful and
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
true each day; Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
paths of sin; Friends may op-pose me, foes may be - set me,
out de - lay; Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spi - rit,

CHORUS.

These have al - lured my sight. I will has - ten to Him,
He hath the words of life.
He is the liv - ing way.
Still will I en - ter in.
We'll walk the heav'n-ly way. I will has - ten, has - ten to Him,

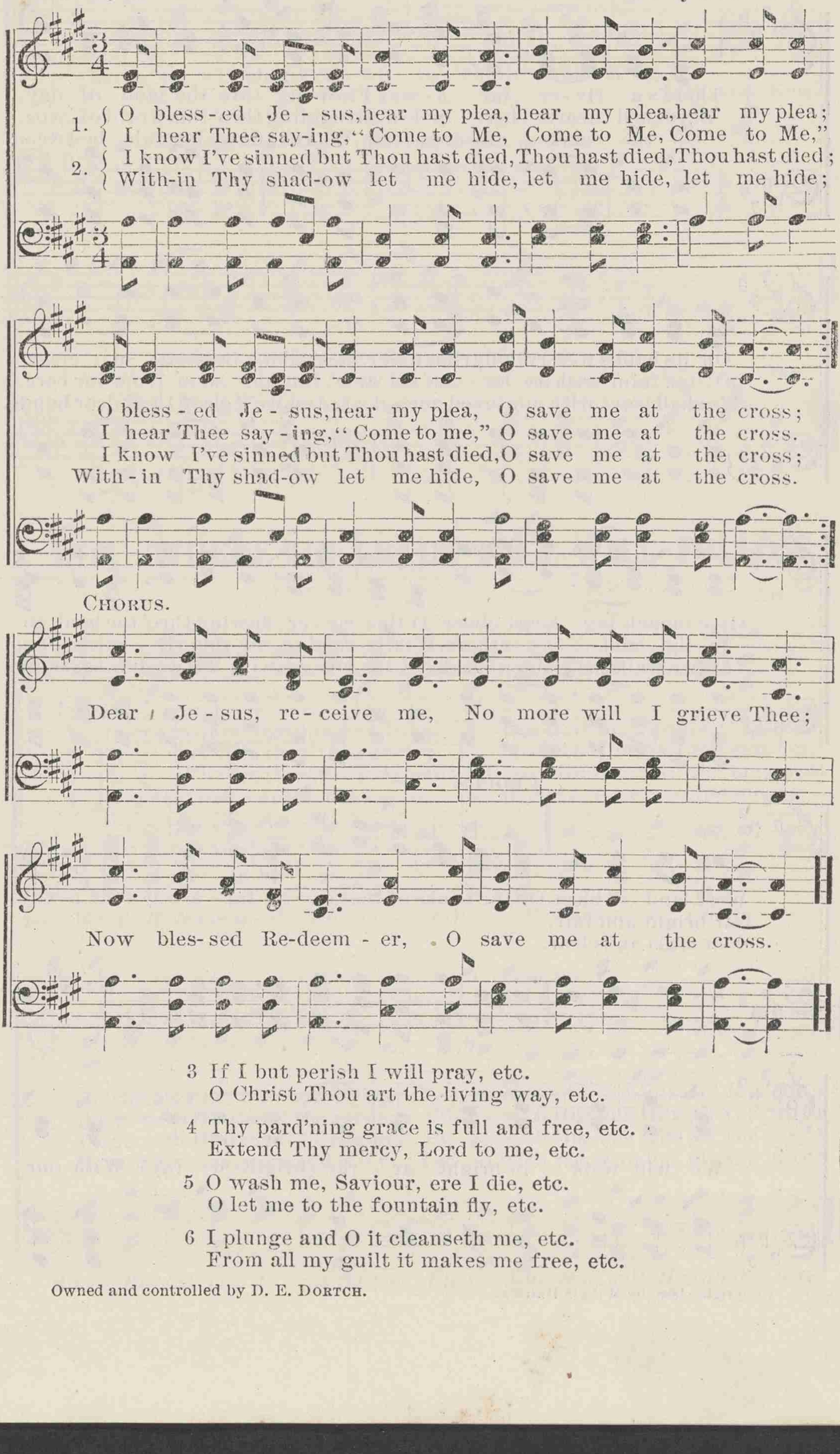
Has - ten so glad and free; Has - ten glad and free;

Je - sus, great-est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.

214. O SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

"O Lord, save me."—Jer. 17: 14.

D. E. D. Arr. by D. E. D.



3 If I but perish I will pray, etc.
O Christ Thou art the living way, etc.

4 Thy pard'ning grace is full and free, etc.
Extend Thy mercy, Lord to me, etc.

5 O wash me, Saviour, ere I die, etc.
O let me to the fountain fly, etc.

6 I plunge and O it cleanseth me, etc.
From all my guilt it makes me free, etc.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

215. ON THE BANKS OF THAT RIVER.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life clear as crystal."—Rev. 22: 1.

W. B. WILLIS BROWN, by per.

1. There's a riv-er far a-way Flow-ing thro' the land of day,
2. Burdened hearts here be-low Struggling thro' this world of woe,
3. On the banks of this stream, With its flow-ing tide be-tween,

On its banks wea-ry pilgrims find rest; And its wa-ters so clear,
Of-ten faint 'neath the bur-dens and strife; But ah, soon from our care,
We shall meet with our loved ones dear; And we'll clasp their dear hands,

Give the ach-ing heart cheer, O this riv-er flowing thro' the land so
In the land o-ver there, We'll be resting by this riv-er bright and
As we walk the golden strands, By the riv-er with its wa-ters bright and

CHORUS.

blest, land so blest, On the banks of that riv-er far a-way (far a-way),
fair, bright and fair.
clear, bright and clear.

We will walk in bright ar-ray (bright ar-ray), With our

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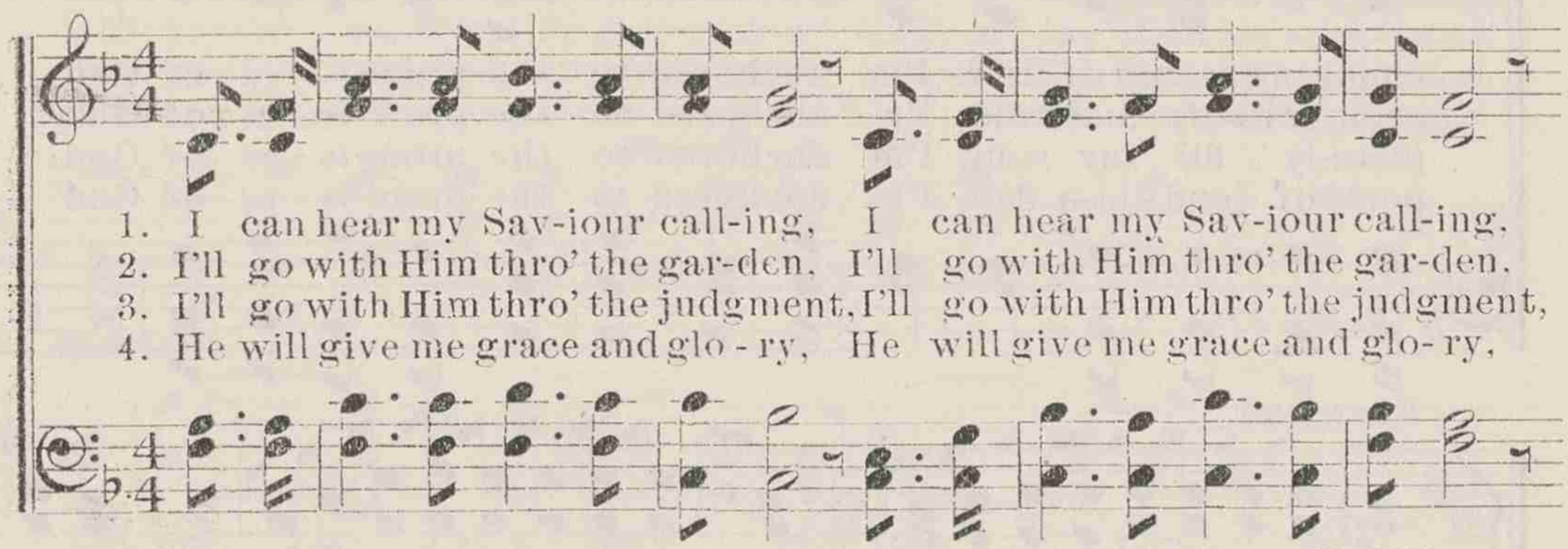
ON THE BANKS OF THAT RIVER.





216. WHERE HE LEADS ME I WILL FOLLOW.

Arr.





217. I'M ANCHORED TO THE PROMISES OF GOD.

F. S. SHEPERD. R. S. COWARD, by per.

1. My barque drifts no more on the trou-bled sea of life,
2. The winds of temp - ta - tion be - set me fierce and wild,
3. The bil - lows of sor - row a - round me oft - en roll,
4. Though dan - gers and cares may be - set me all the way,

I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God; I rest, calm-ly rest 'mid the
I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God; And Christ speaks the tem-pest to
I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God; But peace, per fect peace doth com-
I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God; I safe-ly will reach that blest

changing scenes of strife, I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God.
zeph-ers soft and mild, I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God.
plete-ly fill my soul, I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God.
port of end - less day, I'm anchored to the prom-is - es of God.

REFRAIN.

I'm anchored to the promises of God, And safe-ly will I weather ev-'ry gale, For the
word of God is sure, And for-ev-er will en-dure, And against it naught of e-vil can pre-vail.

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218. AT THE SAVIOUR'S RIGHT HAND.

"*And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on his left.*"—Matt. 25: 33.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged, And the
2. But the wick - ed who will not re -pent and be - lieve, And will
3. We are jour - ney - ing on to e - ter - ni - ty now, On the
4. If our Shep-herd He is, and we fol - low His call, He will

chaff from the wheat shall be thor-ough-ly fanned, Then the right-eous shall shine as the
nev - er live up to the Master's command, Shall be placed on the left, as un -
bank of death's Jordan we sometime shall stand! Shall we fear to pass o- ver the
lead us safe home, to that beau-ti- ful land; And with crowns on our brows, and with

stars in the sky, And their plac-es shall be at the Saviour's right hand.
wor- thy to be, With the chil-dren of God at the Saviour's right hand.
dark rolling flood, Lest our por-tion be not at the Saviour's right hand.
branch-es of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Saviour's right hand.

REFRAIN.

Let me . . find a place with that . . hap-py band,
Let me find a place with that happy band, Let me find a place with that hap-py band,

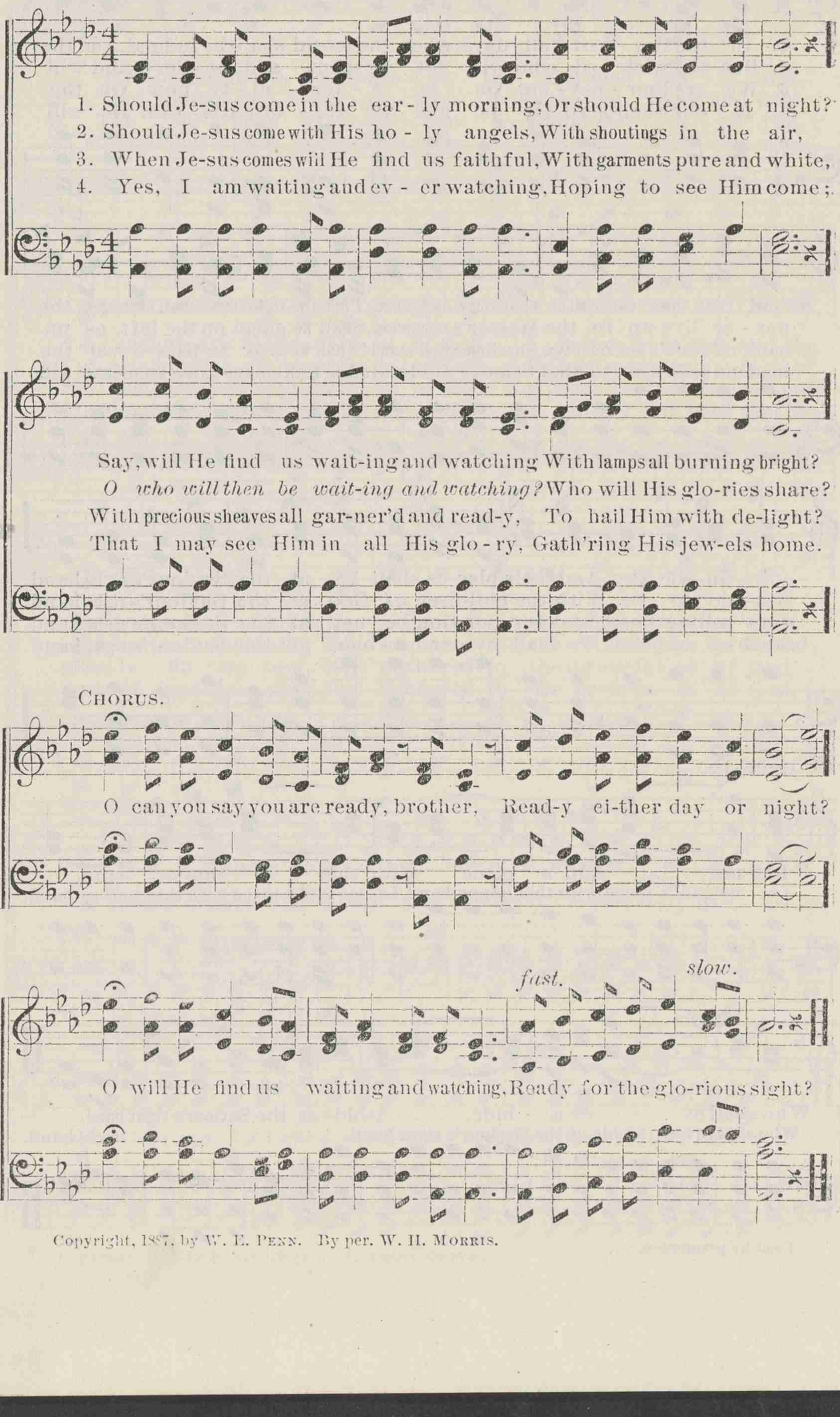
Who shall ev - er a - bide, . . A-bide at the Saviour's right hand.
Who shall ev-er a-bide at the Saviour's right hand, right hand.

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219. ARE YOU WAITING AND WATCHING?

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24: 42.

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



Copyright, 1887, by W. E. PENN. By per. W. H. MORRIS.

220. WHITER THAN SNOW.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

R. A. GLENN.

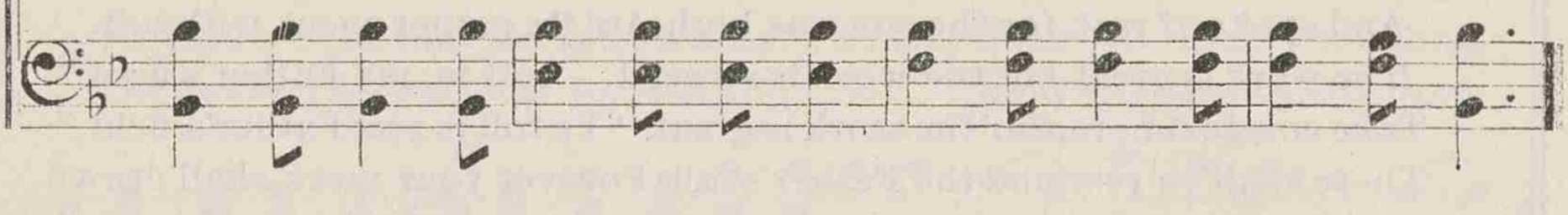


1. White as snow; oh, what a prom-ise For the heav - y - lad - en breast;
2. White as snow; can my transgressions Thus be whol-ly wash'd a-way,
3. Yes, at once, and that completely, Thro' the blood of Christ, I know,





When by faith the soul re-ceives it, Wea - ri - ness is changed to rest.
Leav - ing not a trace be- hind them, Like a cloud-less sum-mer day?
All my sins, tho' red, like crim-son, May be -come as white as snow.



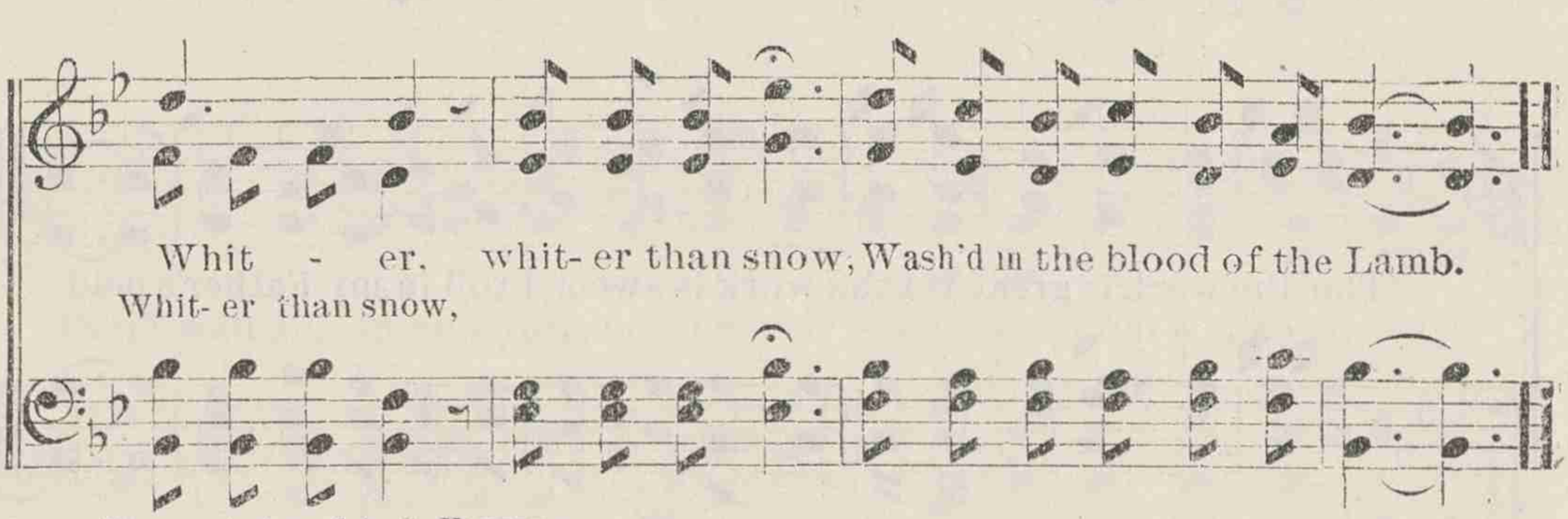
CHORUS.



Whit - er, whit-er than snow, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; . .
Whiter than snow, in the blood of the Lamb;



Whit - er, whit- er than snow, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
Whit- er than snow,



By permission of A. S. KIEFFER.

221. MY FATHER'S FIELD.

"She gleaned in the field until even."—Ruth 2: 17.

E. G. STUART.
In "Our Home Field," Feb. '99.

E. HANKS.



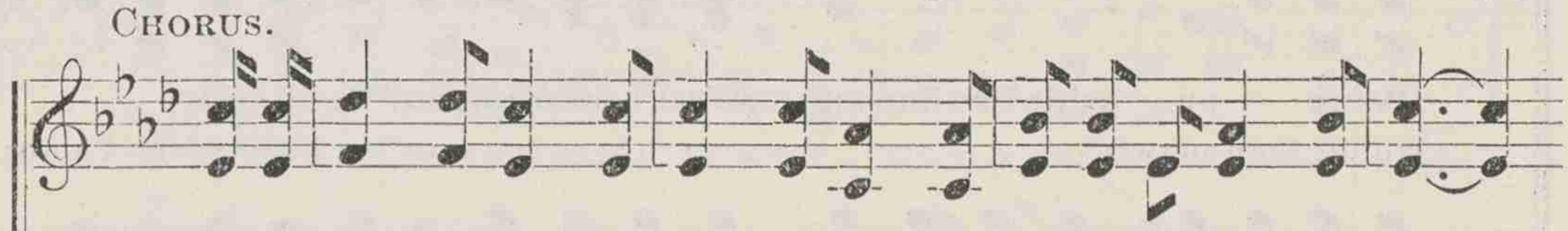
1. A maiden stood where the fields were ripe, And gathered the golden wheat;
2. One marked her there as he passed her by, A - lone with her hard-earned spoil;
3. But the maiden smiled as her glad voice said, "Nay, trav'ler, I may not yield;
4. Glean- ers for Christ, in your lonely toil, When weary and fain to yield,
5. And the Father's house lies o'er the hill, Where the sun of life goes down;



Glad-ly she sang as she bound her sheaves, And laid them about her feet.
And spoke of rest, for the sun was high, And the reaper spent with toil.
The work is great, but the work is sweet, I toil in my Father's field."
Take comfort here, tho' the work is great, "Ye toil in your Father's field."
There shall ye rest, and the Father's smile Forever your work shall crown.



CHORUS.



In my Fa-ther's field, my Fa-ther's field, I toil in my Fa-ther's field;



Tho' the work is great, yet the work is sweet, I toil in my Father's field.

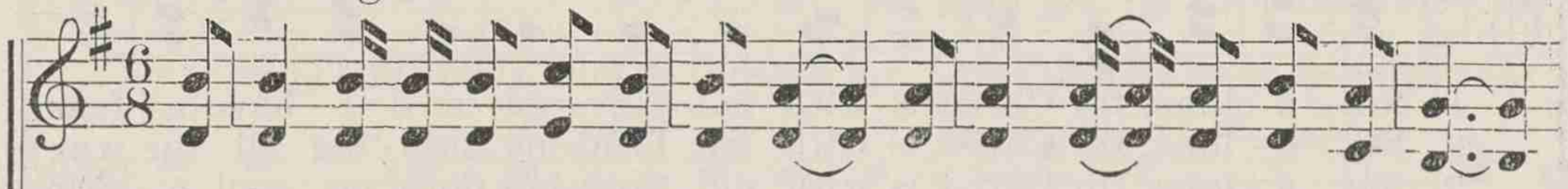


Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

222. NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

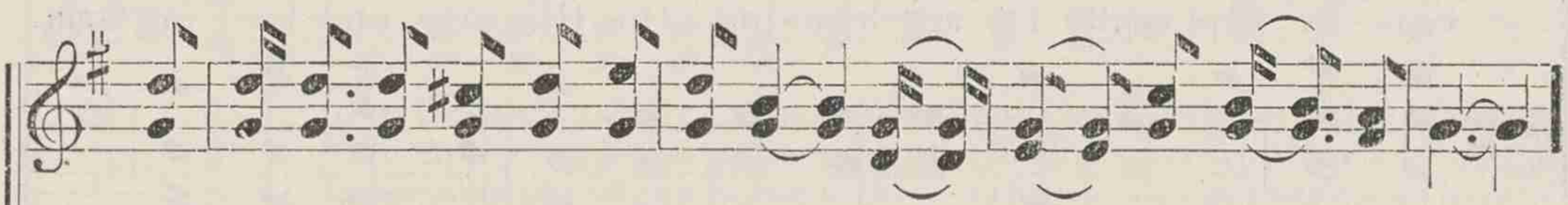
"Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."—Mark 12: 34.

Words arranged. D. E. DORTCH.



1. Not far from the kingdom of hea-ven, Yet in the shadow of sin;
2. Not far from the kingdom of hea-ven, Where voic-es whis-per and wait,
3. Not far from the kingdom of hea-ven, They hear a beau-ti-ful song;
4. Not far from the kingdom of hea-ven, Yet still in the night and the cold;

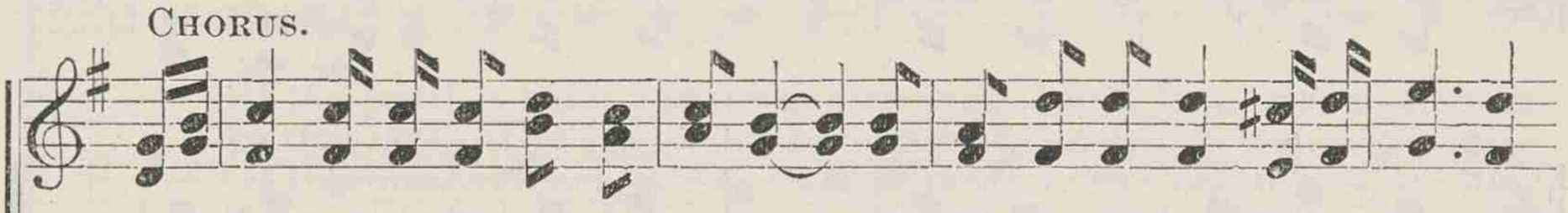




How ma-ny are coming and go-ing, How few are en-ter-ing in.
But fearing to en-ter in bold-ly, They linger out-side the gate.
The strains of the mu-sic fall sweetly, As they float so gently a-long.
The Saviour is wait-ing to lead you So kind-ly in-to His fold.



CHORUS.



Not far from the kingdom of hea-ven, Yet lin-ger-ing still in the gateway;





Don't wait till to-mor-row, but en-ter That kingdom while you may.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

223. NOT ALONE.

"*Lo, I am with you alway.*"—Matt. 28: 20.

Selected. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Not a - lone, for Christ is with me, Nev - er need I have a fear;
2. Not a - lone, for Christ is with me, Lead-ing, guid - ing all the way;
3. Not a - lone, for Christ is with me, Noth-ing doth my soul a - larm;

Not a - lone be this my sol - ace, I've a Friend that's ev - er near.
Tread-ing close - ly in His foot-steps, I need nev - er go a - stray.
Safe - ly kept while I am lean - ing On His safe and lov - ing arm.

Earth - ly friendships changing ev - er, Transient as the noonday dreams;
Sometimes o - ver thorn - y pathways, Or be - side the wa - ters still,
And when I shall tread the val - ley, This my tri-umph song shall be:

But my Sav - iour chang-es nev - er, He hath ev - er faith-ful been.
Where He leads I'll glad - ly fol - low, Seeking naught but His good will.
Not a - lone, for Christ is with me, And a con-quer - or I'll be.

CHORUS.

Not a - lone, not a - lone, My Sav - iour will not
Not a - lone, not a - lone,

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

NOT ALONE.



224. MY HOME ABOVE.

"We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 Cor. 5: 1.

LOUISA E. C. E. POLLOCK, by per.



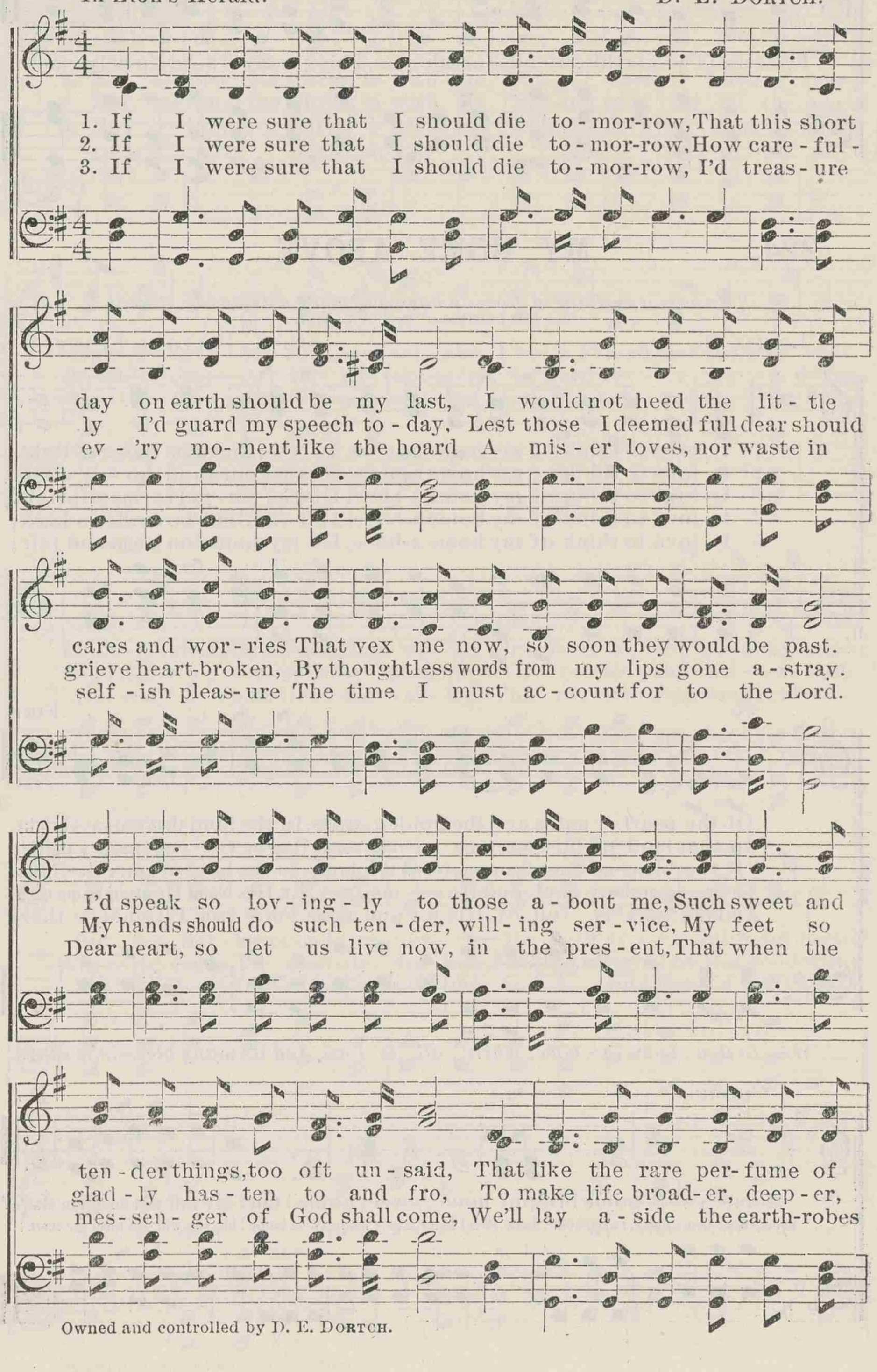


225. IF I WERE SURE.

"Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." — Prov. 29: 1.

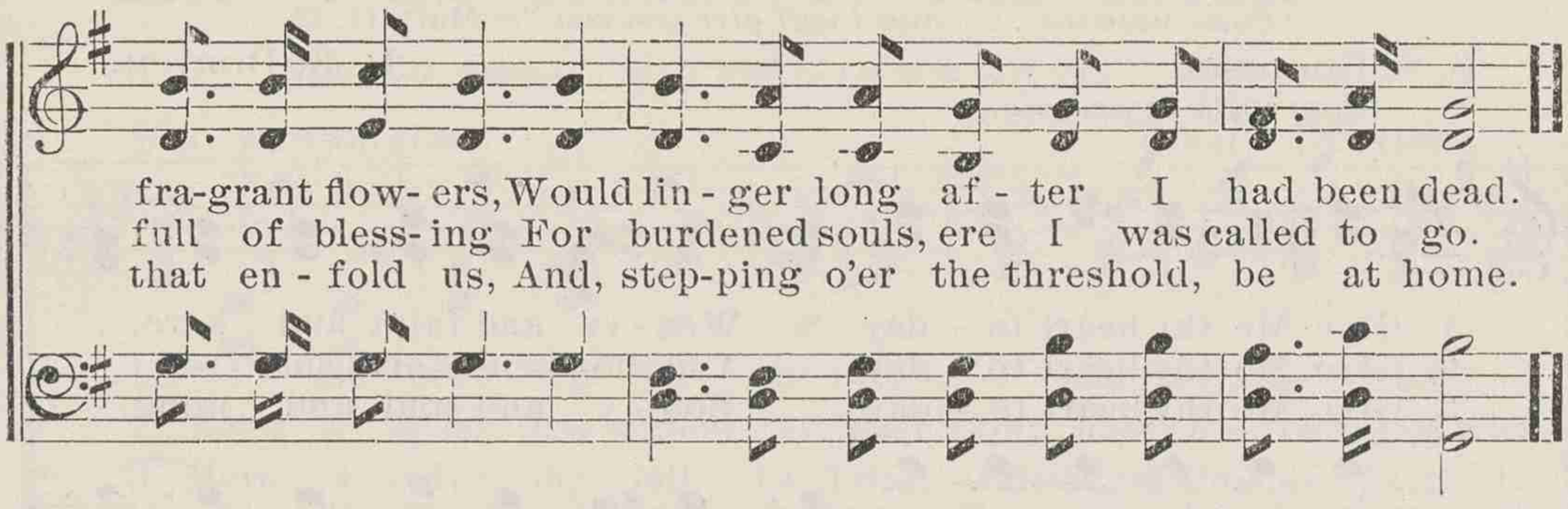
Lizzie D. Armond,
In Zion's Herald.

D. E. Dortch.



Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

IF I WERE SURE.



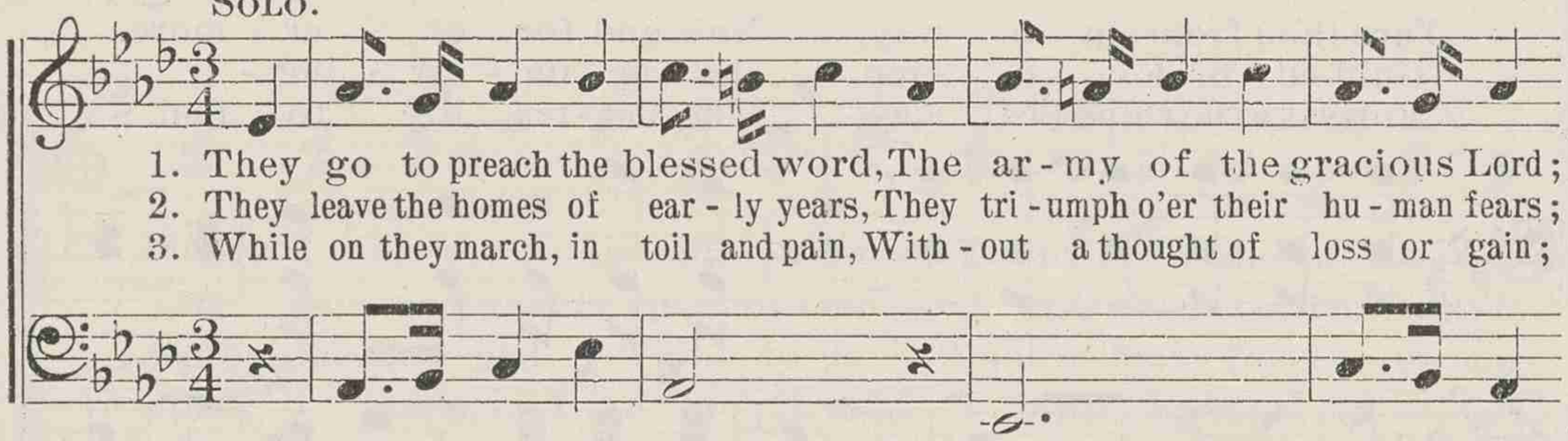
226. GOD SPEED THEM ON.

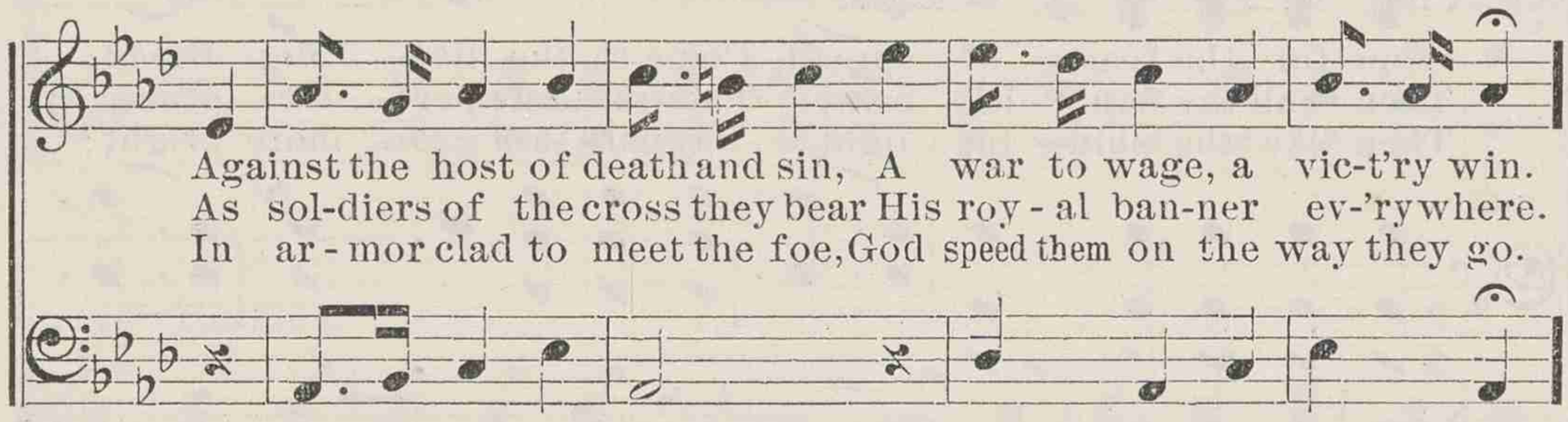
(MISSIONARY SONG.)

"And they departed, and went through the towns, preaching the gospel, and healing everywhere."—Luke 9: 6.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. E. HANKS, by per.

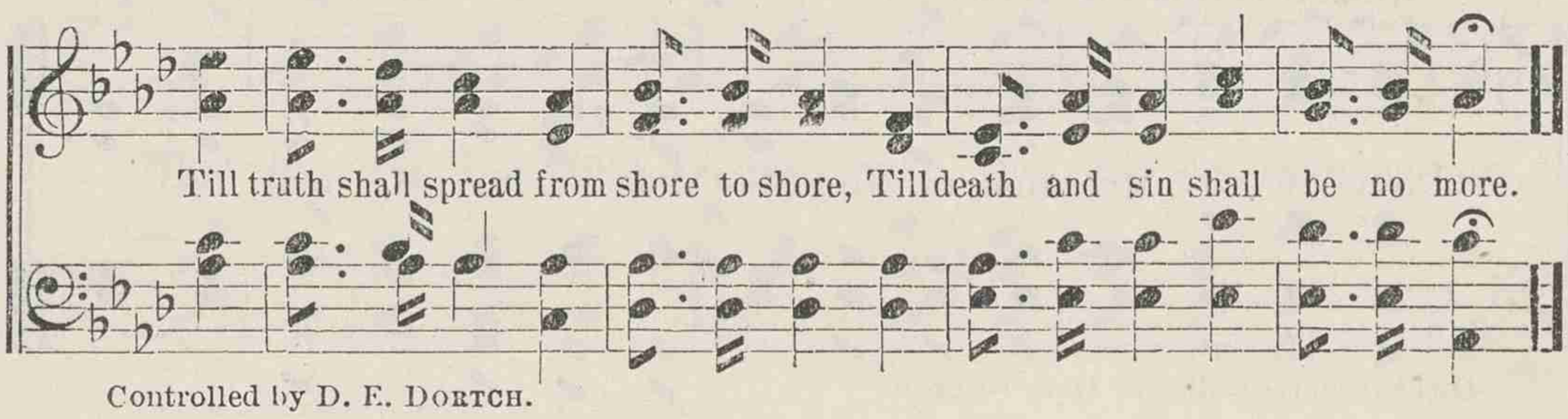
SOLO.





CHORUS.





Controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

227. THE SAVIOUR PLEADING.

"Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest."— Matt. 11: 28.

F. S. GOODRICH. D. E. DORTCH.

Slow with expression.

1. Give Me thy heart to - day, Wea - ry and faint and sore,
2. Give Me thy heart to - day, And thou henceforth shall be
3. Give Me thy heart to - day. Bod - y and soul and mind,

Turn thou from sin a - way, Now and for - ev - er - more.
Guid-ed by love di - vine, Ev - er un - err - ing - ly.
For-sake the things of clay, The bet-ter life to find.

Come for the feast is spread, Come to the liv - ing Bread;
Then shall thy doubt - ing cease, Thou shalt have per - fect peace;
Then like the shin - ing light. Thy path shall grow more bright;

Here shall thy soul be fed, Come un - to Me and rest.
Wis-dom and light in - crease, Come un - to Me and rest.
Un - til thy faith is sight, Come un - to Me and rest.

REFRAIN *after last verse.*

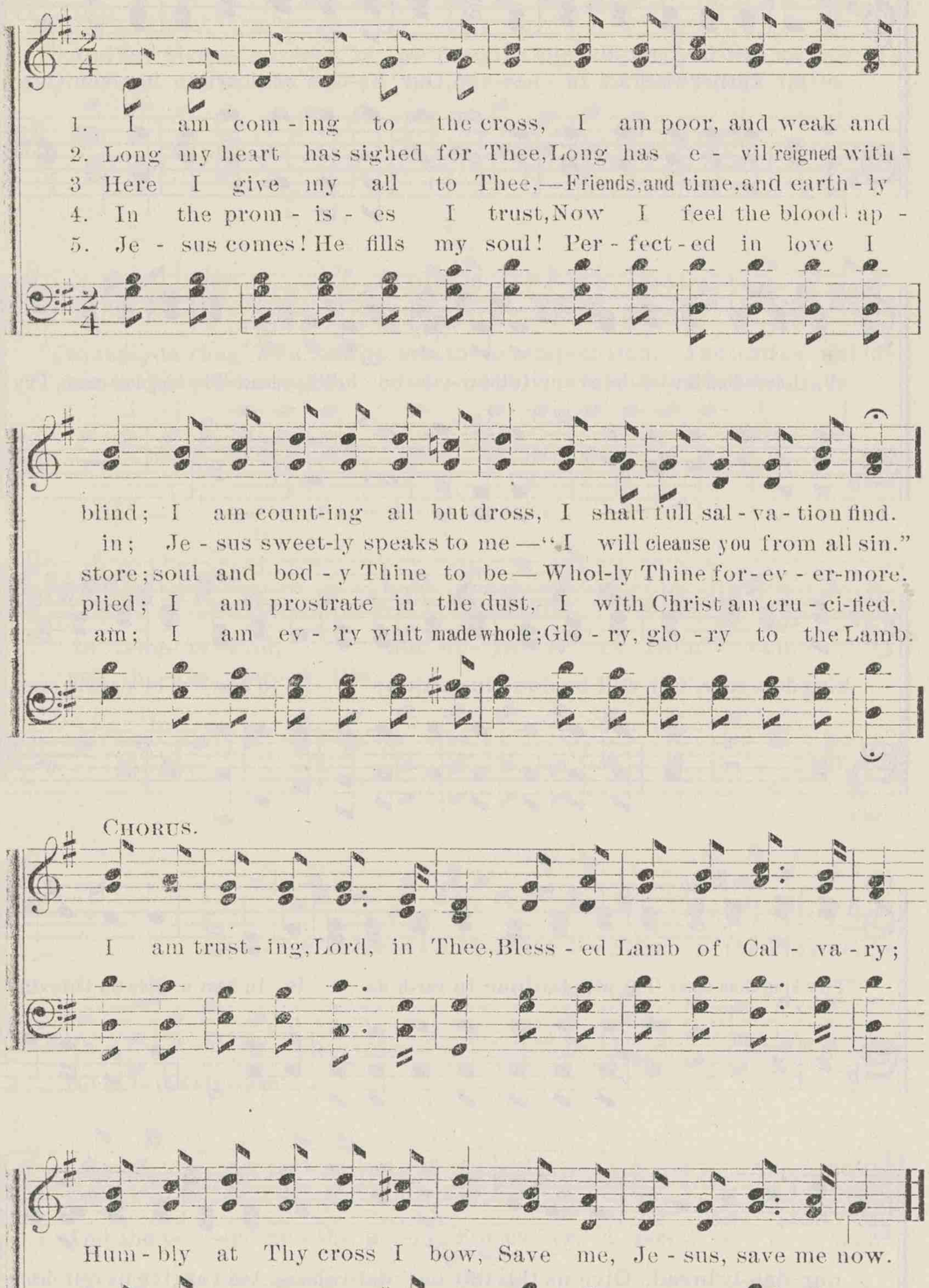
Come un - to Me, come un - to Me, Come un - to Me and rest.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

228. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." — John 6: 37.

WM. MCDONALD. LUCIUS LUTTRELL.



Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

229. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

JESUS. D. E. DORTCH.



THE LORD'S PRAYER.



230. I KNOW NOT WHY HE LOVES ME.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. I know not why He loves me With such a ten - der love,
2. I know not why He saves me From all my guilt and sin.
3. I know not why so con - stant Has been His ten - der care,

And came to me, a sin - ner, From yon fair home a - bove;
A sin - ner so un - wor - thy, My heart and life un - clean;
Nor why this bless - ed Sav - iour Goes with me ev - 'ry - where;

But one thing I know, Be - cause He loved me so,
But one thing I know, His grace He doth be - stow,
But one thing I know, Be - cause He cares for me,

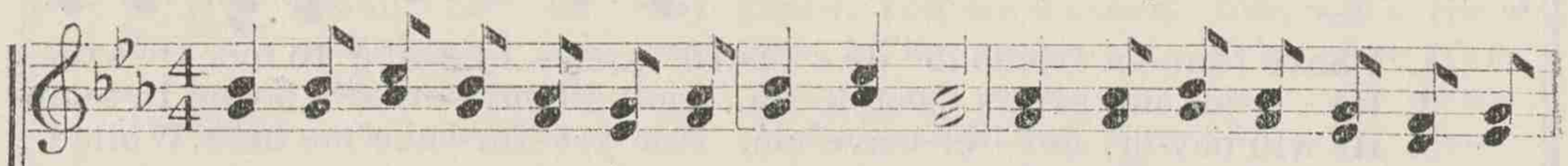
I brought my heart un - to Him, And He made it white as snow;
And if I fol - low ful - ly He will keep me white as snow;
My grate - ful heart will love Him Thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty;

I brought my heart un - to Him, And He made it white as snow.
And if I fol - low ful - ly He will keep me white as snow.
My grate-ful heart will love Him Thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty.

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231. THE PROMISED LAND.

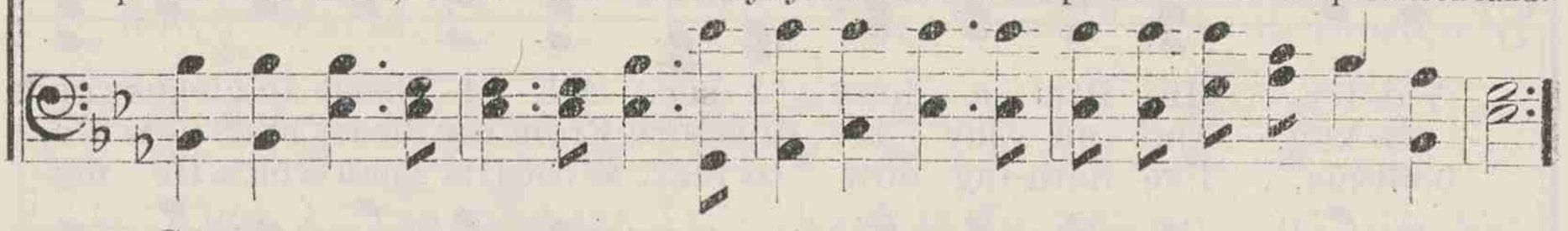
Old Revival Song. Arr. by D. E. Dortch.



* 1. I have a Fa-ther in the promised land, I have a Fa-ther in the
2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, I have a Sav-iour in the
3. I have a crown in the promised land, I have a crown in the
4. I hope to meet you in the promised land, I hope to meet you in the



promised land; My Fa-ther calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
promised land; My Saviour calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
promised land; When Jesus calls me I must go To wear it in the promised land.
promised land; At Je - sus' feet a joyous band We'll praise Him in the promised land.



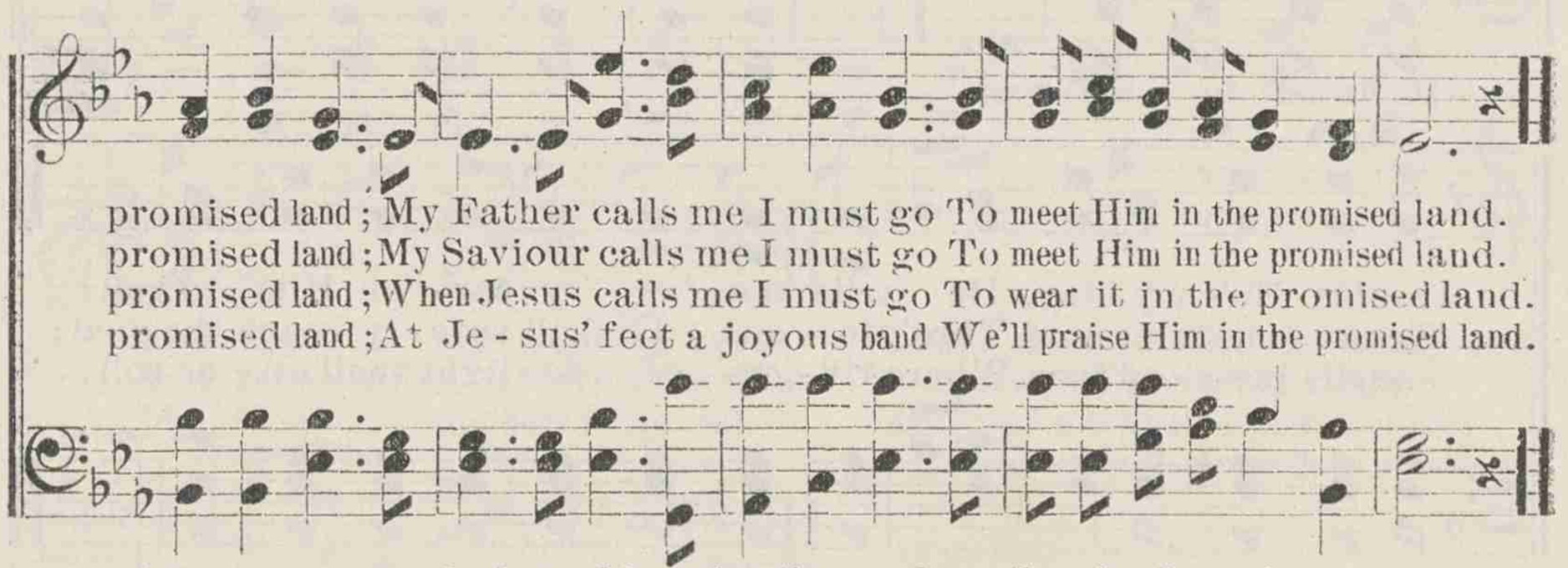
Chorus.



I'll a -way, I'll a -way to the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll a- way to the
I'll a -way, I'll a -way to the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll a- way to the
I'll a -way, I'll a -way to the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll a- way to the
I'll a -way, I'll a -way to the promised land, I'll a-way, I'll a- way to the



promised land; My Father calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
promised land; My Saviour calls me I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
promised land; When Jesus calls me I must go To wear it in the promised land.
promised land; At Je - sus' feet a joyous band We'll praise Him in the promised land.



* Other verses may be formed by using the words mother, brother, sister, etc.

232. THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Song of Solomon.—2: 1.

English Melody. Arr. by E. HANKS.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has tak - en, And all my sorrows borne, In temp-
3. He will nev-er, nev - er leave me, Nor yet for-sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul; The "Lil - y of the
ta - tion He's my strong and might-y tow'r I have all for Him for-
live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a -

D.S.—*He's the "Lil-y of the*

Val- ley," In Him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and
sa- ken, And all my i - dols torn From my heart and now He
bout me, I've noth-ing now to fear, With His man - na He my

Val- ley, the Bright and Morn-ing Star," He's the fair - est of ten

FINE.

make me ful - ly whole. In sor - row He's my com-fort, In
keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world for - sake me, And
hun - gry soul will fill. Then sweeping up to glo - ry, To

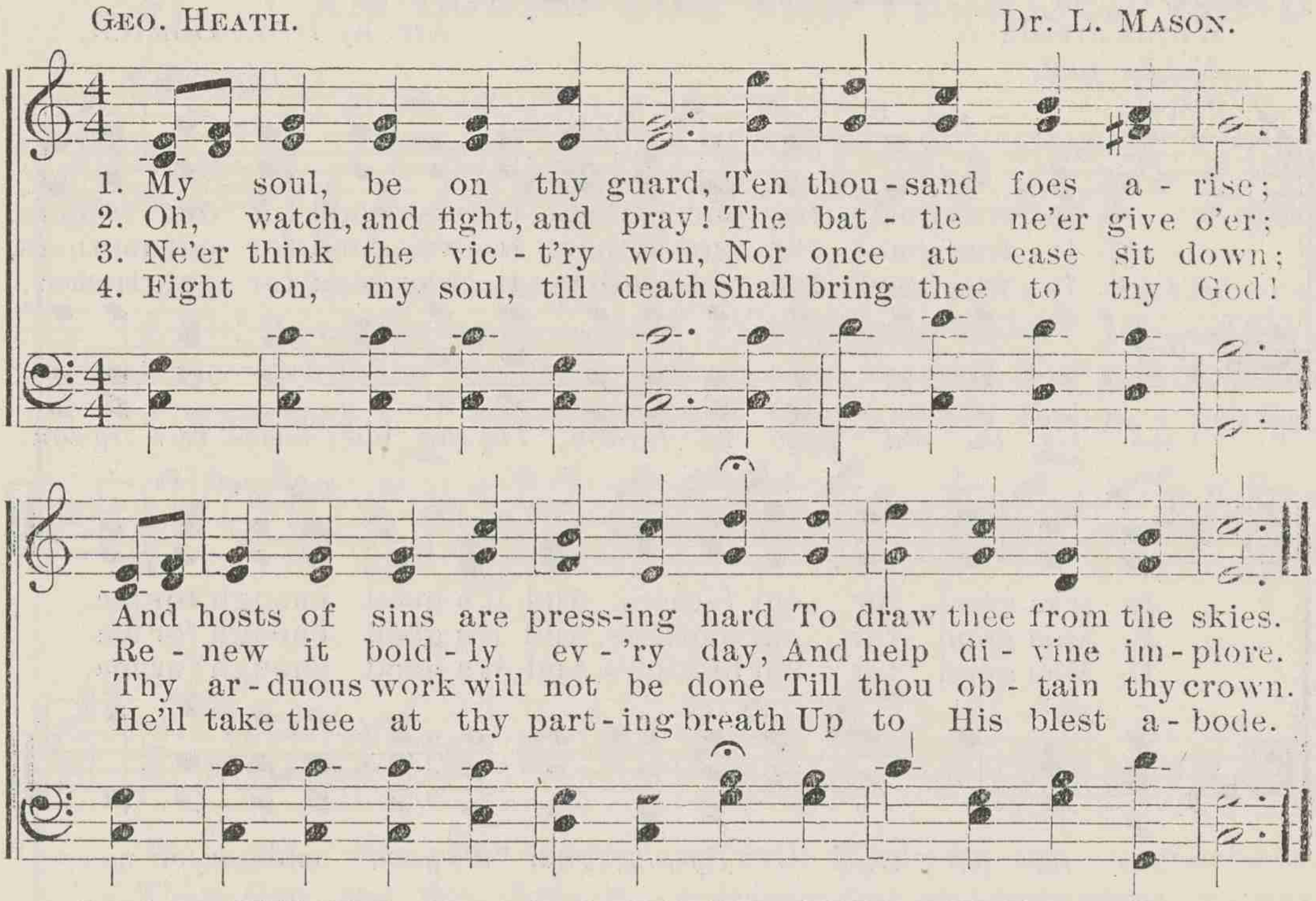
thousand to my soul. *D.S.*

trouble He's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll;
Sa-tan tempts me sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal;
see His bless - ed face, Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll;

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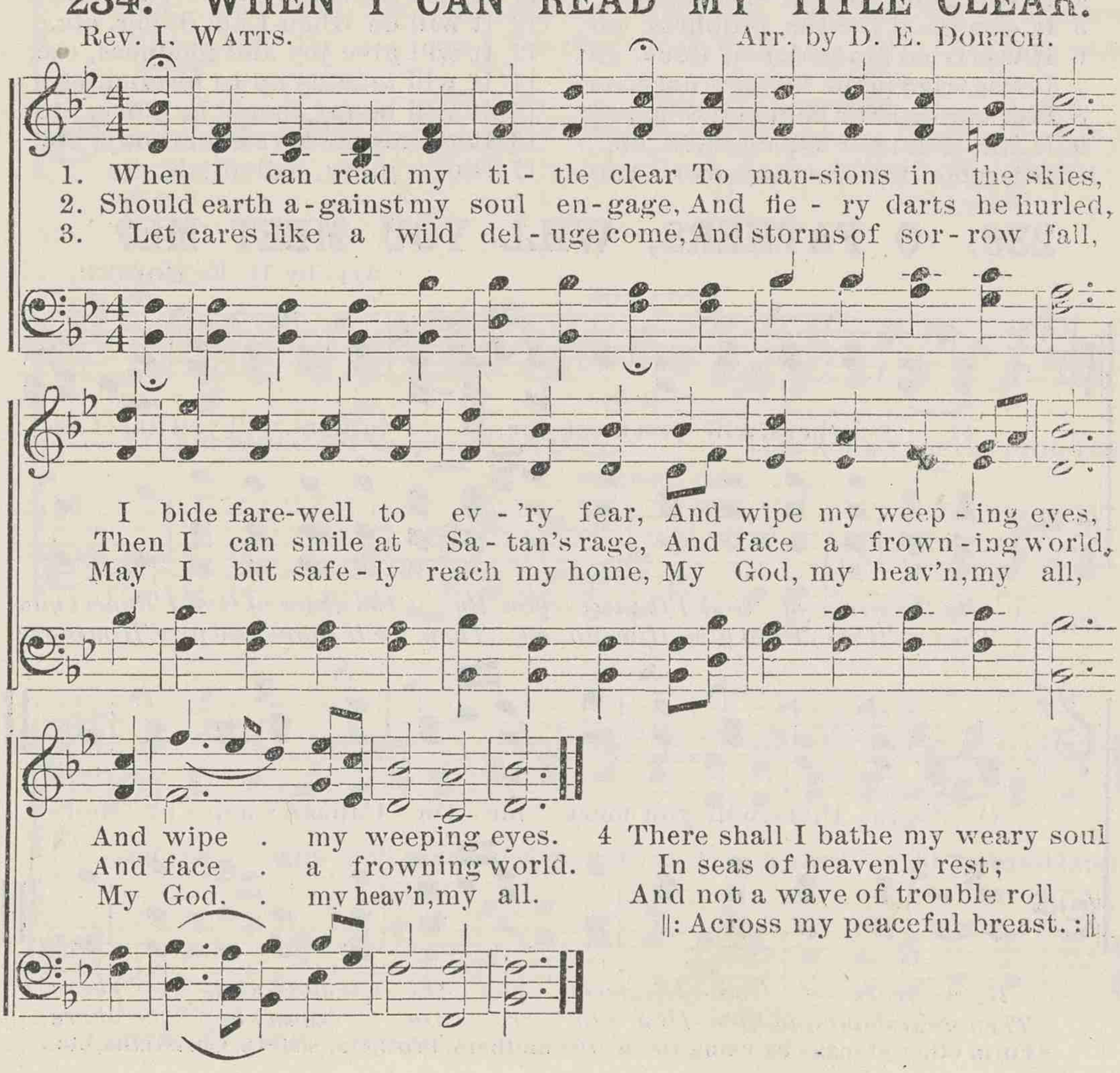
233. LABAN. S. M.

Geo. Heath. Dr. L. Mason.



234. WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR.

Rev. I. Watts. Arr. by D. E. Dortch.



4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
‖: Across my peaceful breast. :‖

235. OLD TIME RELIGION.

Words arranged. Arr. by D. E. Dortch.

Not too fast.



4 It was good for our sisters, etc.
5 It was good for the prophets, etc.
6 It was tried in the den of lions, etc.
7 It was tried in the fiery furnace, etc.
8 It was good for Paul and Silas, etc.
9 It was good for the martyrs, etc.
10 It is good for the way-worn traveler, etc.
11 It will do while I am living, etc.
12 It will do when I am dying, etc.
13 It will give joy and gladness, etc.
14 It will take us up to heaven, etc.
15 It will be my theme in glory, etc.
16 It makes me love everybody, etc.
17 Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

236. O FATHERS, WILL YOU MEET ME?

Arr. by D. E. Dortch.



*Form other stanzas by using the words mothers, brothers, sisters, Christians, etc.

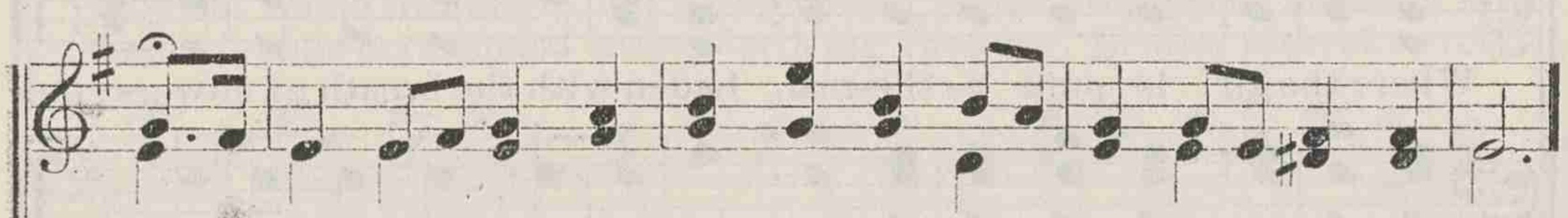
237. I AM BOUND FOR THE PROMISED LAND.

S. STENNETT. D. E. DORTCH.



1. On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
2. All o'er those wide ex-tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill- ing winds, nor pois'-nous breath Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for - ev - er blest?





To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?



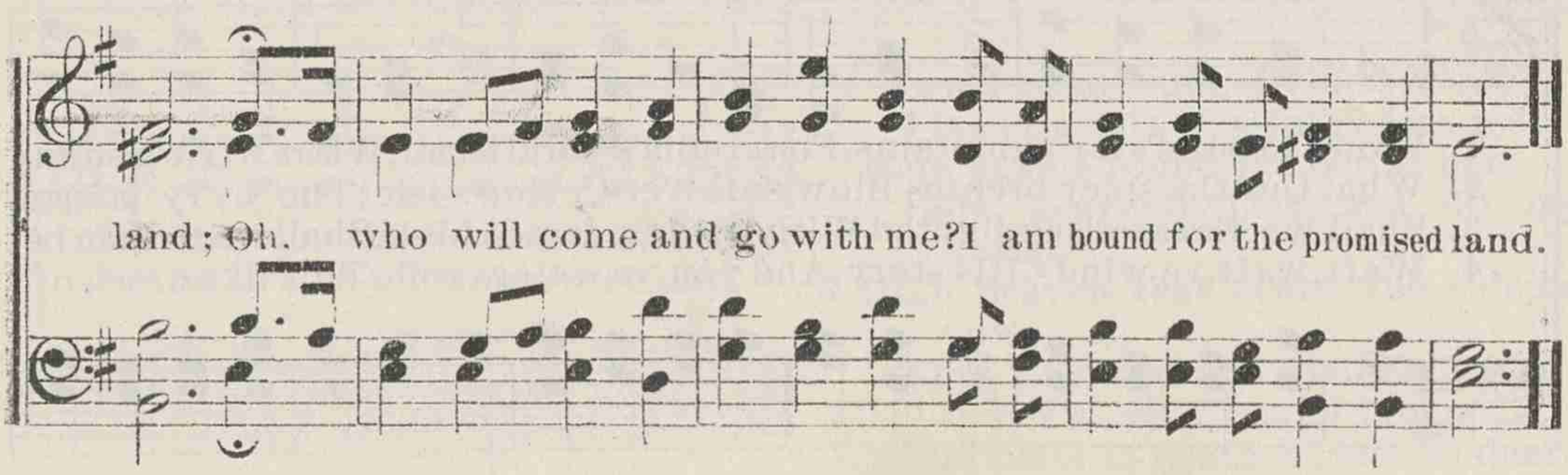
CHORUS.



I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised promised land,



land; Oh, who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.

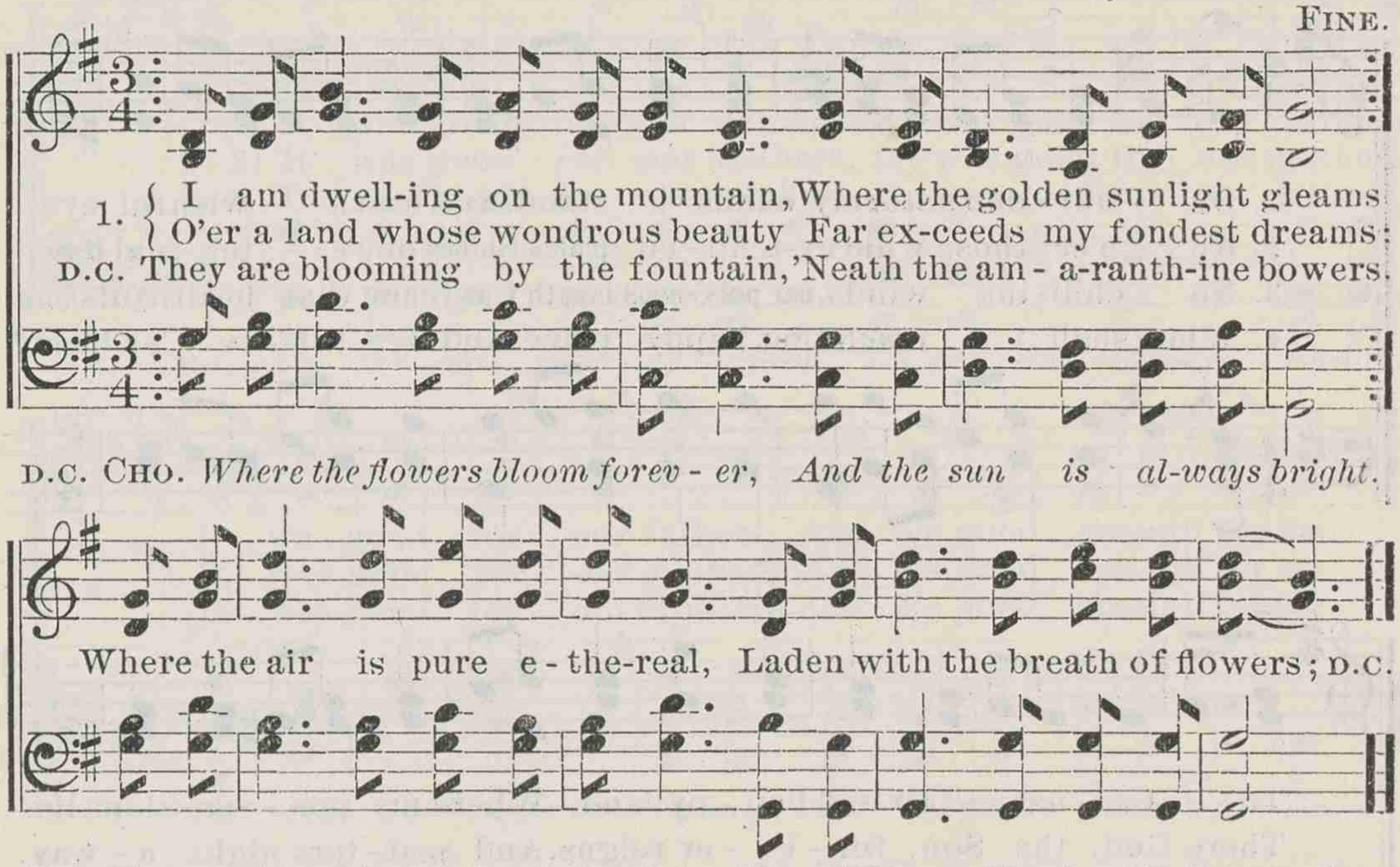


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238. IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

"*Thy land shall be called Beulah.*" — Isa. 62: 4.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Arr. by E. Hanks.



2 I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey,
By the ghosts of doubts and fears.
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way;
But the spirit led, unerring
To the land I hold today.

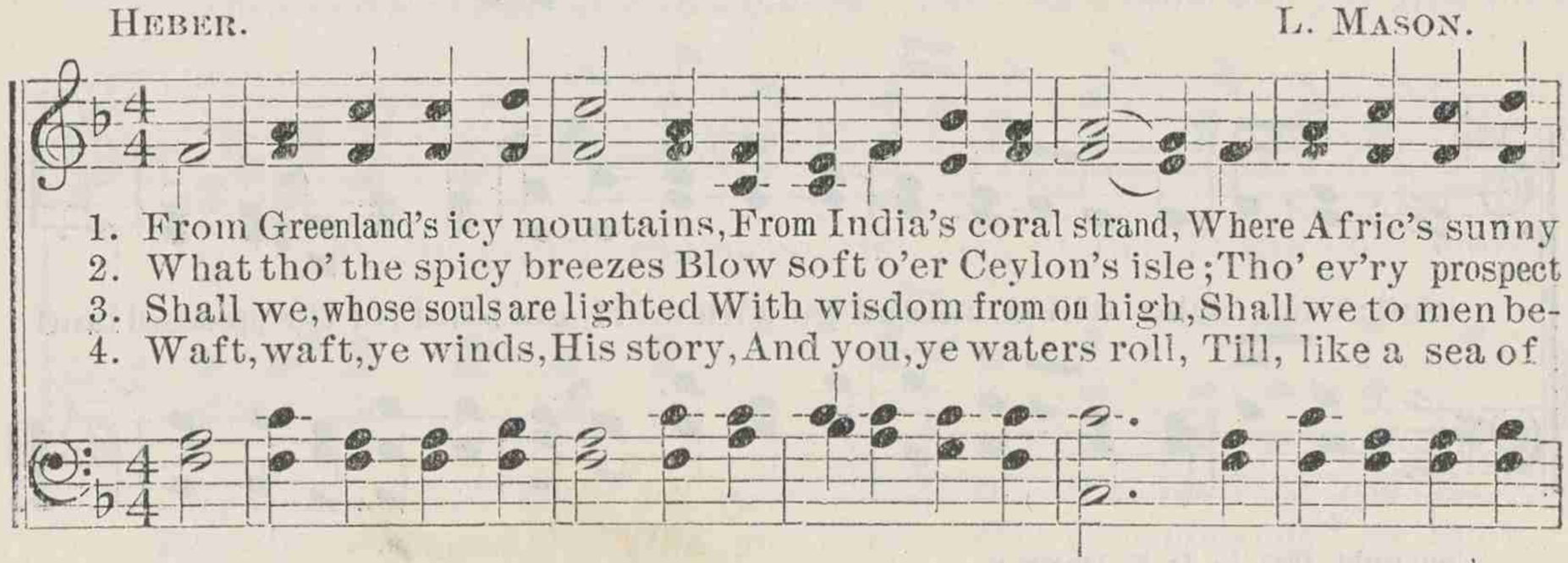
3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied.
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

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

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

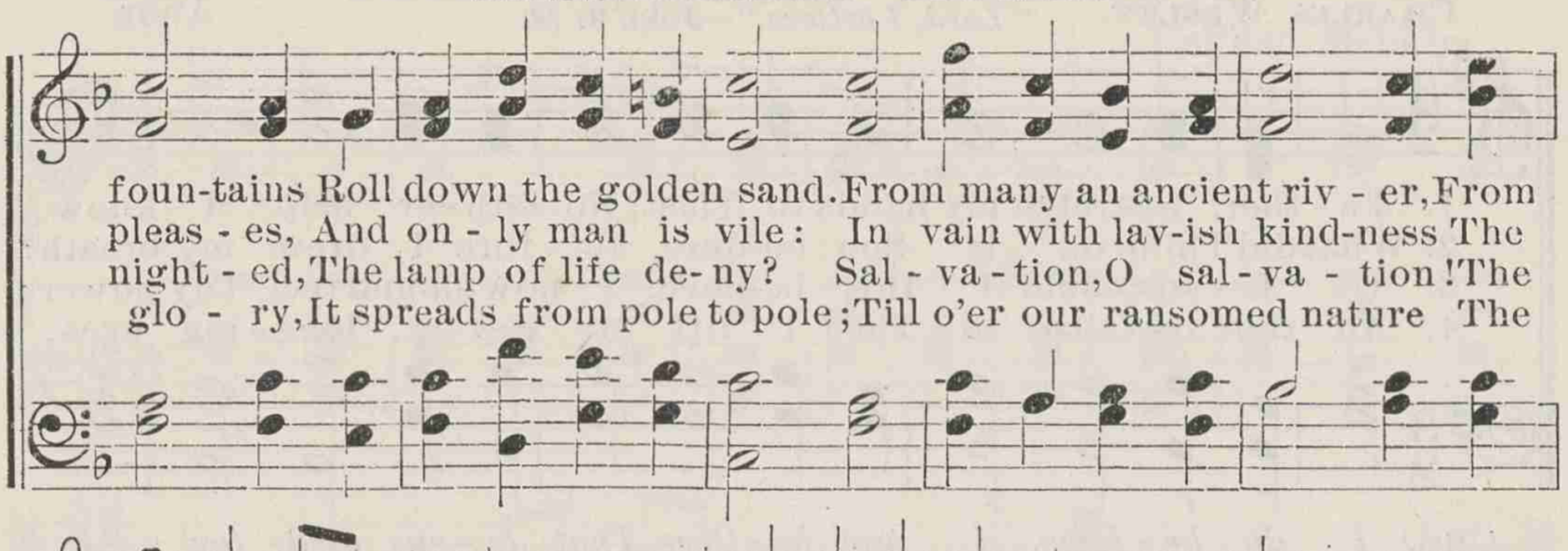
239. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s. & 6s.

Heber. L. Mason.



MISSIONARY HYMN.

foun-tains Roll down the golden sand. From many an ancient riv - er, From
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile: In vain with lav-ish kind-ness The
night - ed, The lamp of life de-ny? Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed nature The

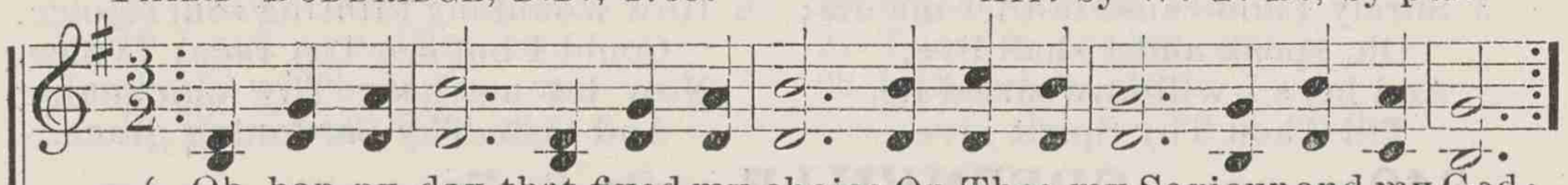


many a palm - y plain They call us to de- liv-er Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down tc wood and stone!
joy-ful sound pro-claim, Till earth's remotest nation, Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb for sin-ners slain, Redeemer, King, Crea-tor, In bliss returns to reign

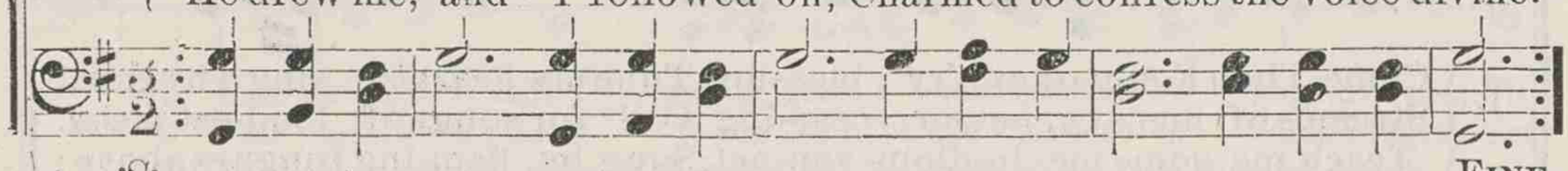


240. HAPPY DAY. L. M.

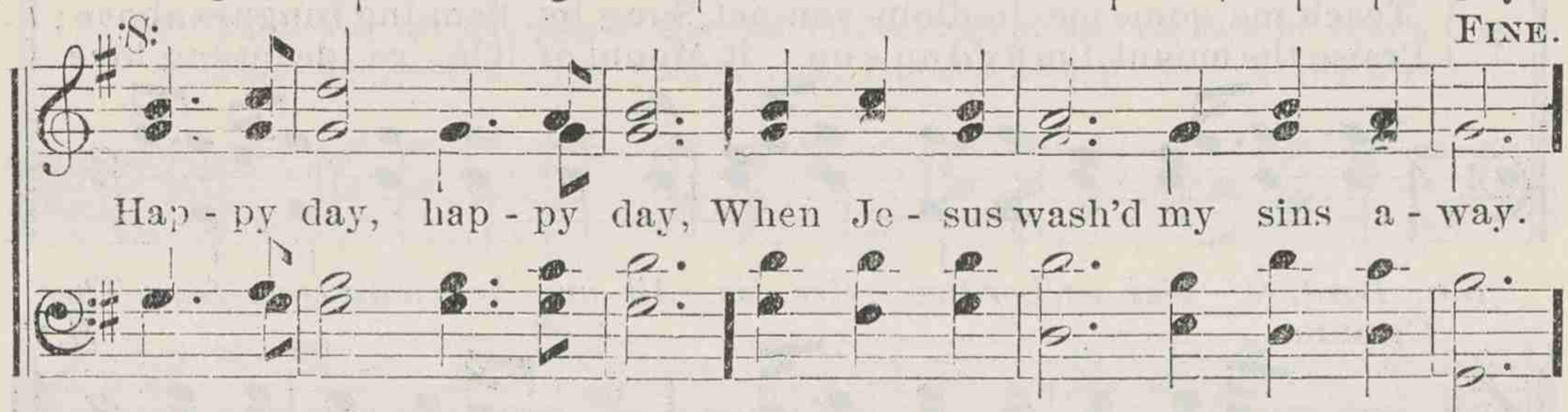
PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D., 1755. Arr. by W. T. D., by per.



1. Oh, hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God;
   Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
2. Oh, hap-py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love;
   Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;
   He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.

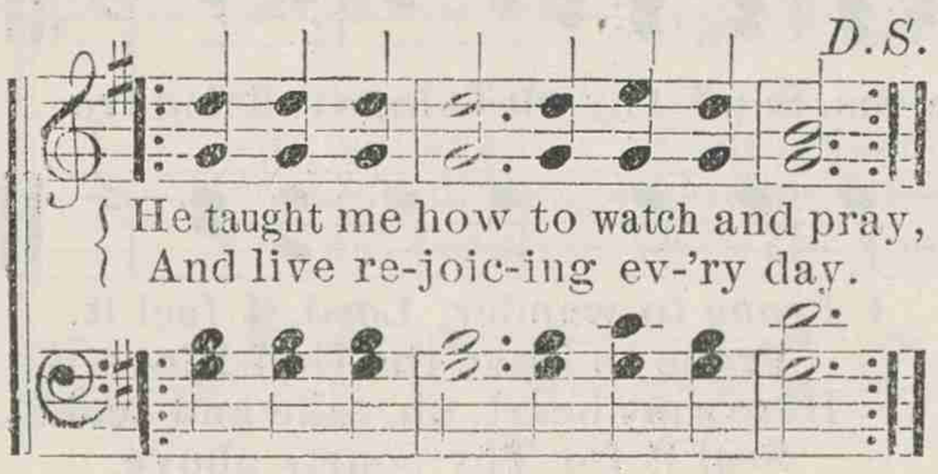


FINE.



Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way.

D.S.



He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day.

4 Now rest my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
Here have I found the better part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

241. I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. *"Lord, I believe."*—John 9: 38. Anon.

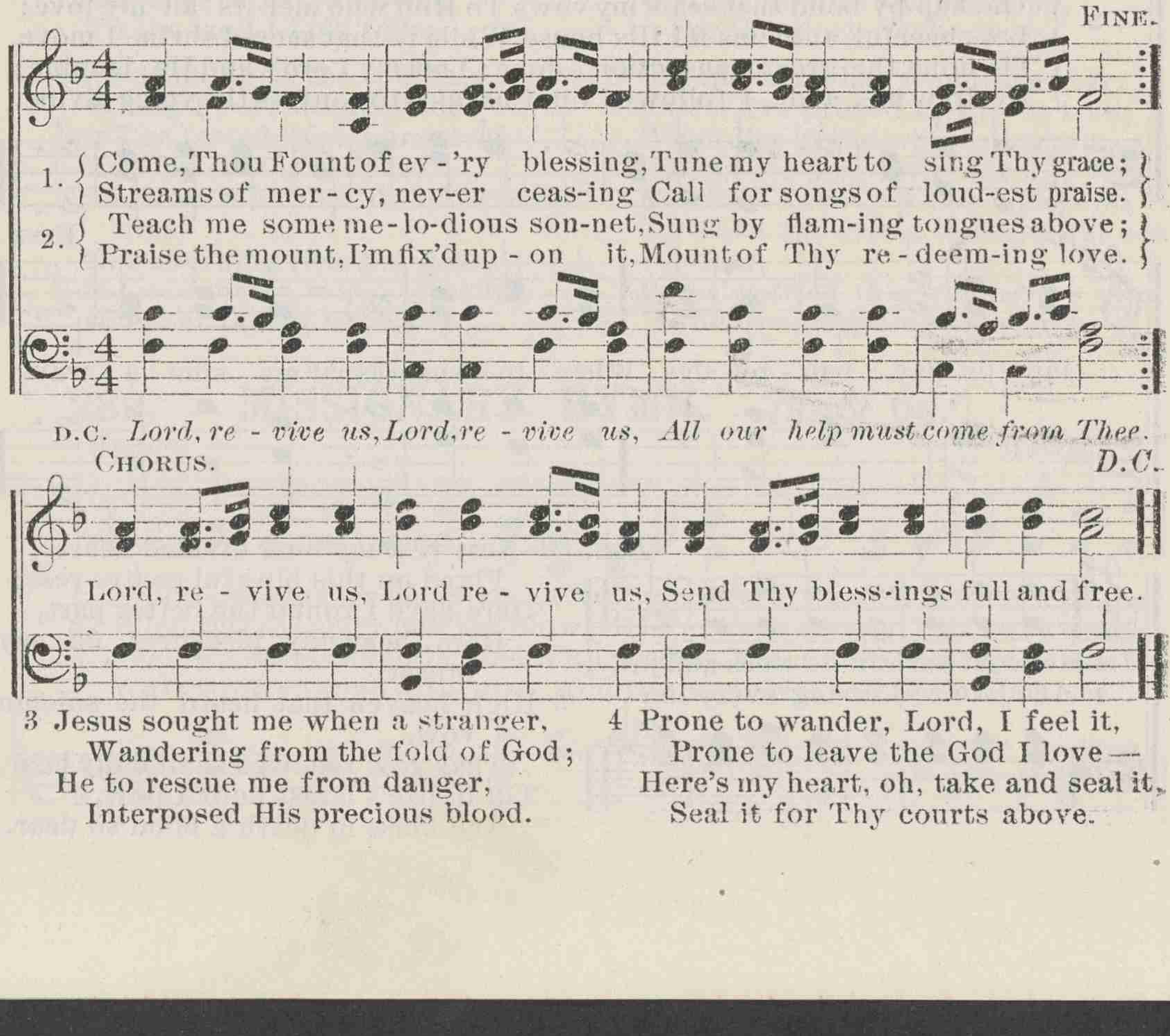


5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see Thy face; [voice,
Now let me hear Thy quickening
And taste Thy pardoning grace.

242. GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

Rev. R. ROBINSON, 1858. J. J. ROUSSEAU.



3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love —
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

243. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

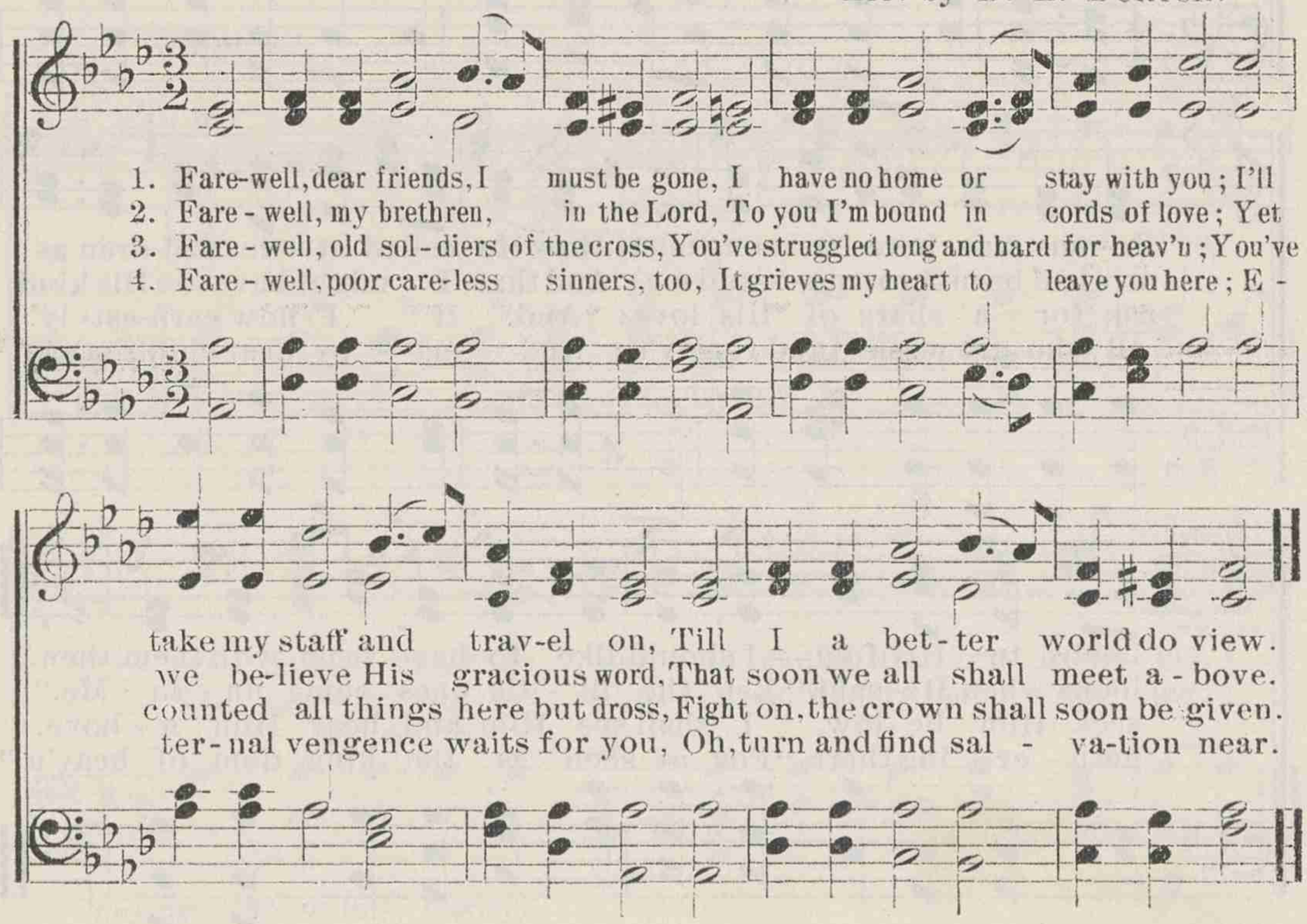
English Melody.



2 He'll receive you, etc.
3 Oh, believe Him, etc.
4 He is able, etc.
5 He is willing, etc.
6 If you trust Him, etc.
7 He will save you, etc.
8 Call upon Him, etc.
9 He will hear you, etc.
10 Look unto Him, etc.
11 He will hear you, etc.
12 If you ask Him, etc.
13 He'll forgive you, etc.
14 Flee to Jesus, etc.
15 He's thy refuge, etc.
16 He will cleanse you, etc.
17 Jesus loves you, etc.
18 Don't reject Him, etc.
19 Only trust Him, etc.
20 He is waiting, etc.
21 There is pardon, etc.
22 Hallelujah, etc.

244. THE PILGRIM'S FAREWELL. L. M.

Arr. by D. E. Dortch.



245. NAOMI.

STEELE. L. MASON.

1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sov'reign will de-nies,
2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free!
3. "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at-tend;

ORG.

Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—
The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy presence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my journey's end."

246. THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD.

JEMIMA LUKE. Anon.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And
4. In that beau - ti - ful place He is gone to prepare, For

Je- sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil-dren as
arm had been thrown a-round me; And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share of His love; And, if I now earn-est- ly
all who are washed and forgiv'n; And ma - ny dear children are

lambs to His fold — I should like to have been with them then.
looks when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
seek Him be-low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of heav'n."

247. O HOW I LOVE JESUS.

Rev. I. WATTS. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

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

Would He de - vote that sa- cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de- gree!
When Christ the great Cre - a - tor died For man, the creature's sin.
Dis-solve, my heart, in thankful - ness, And melt, my eyes, to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

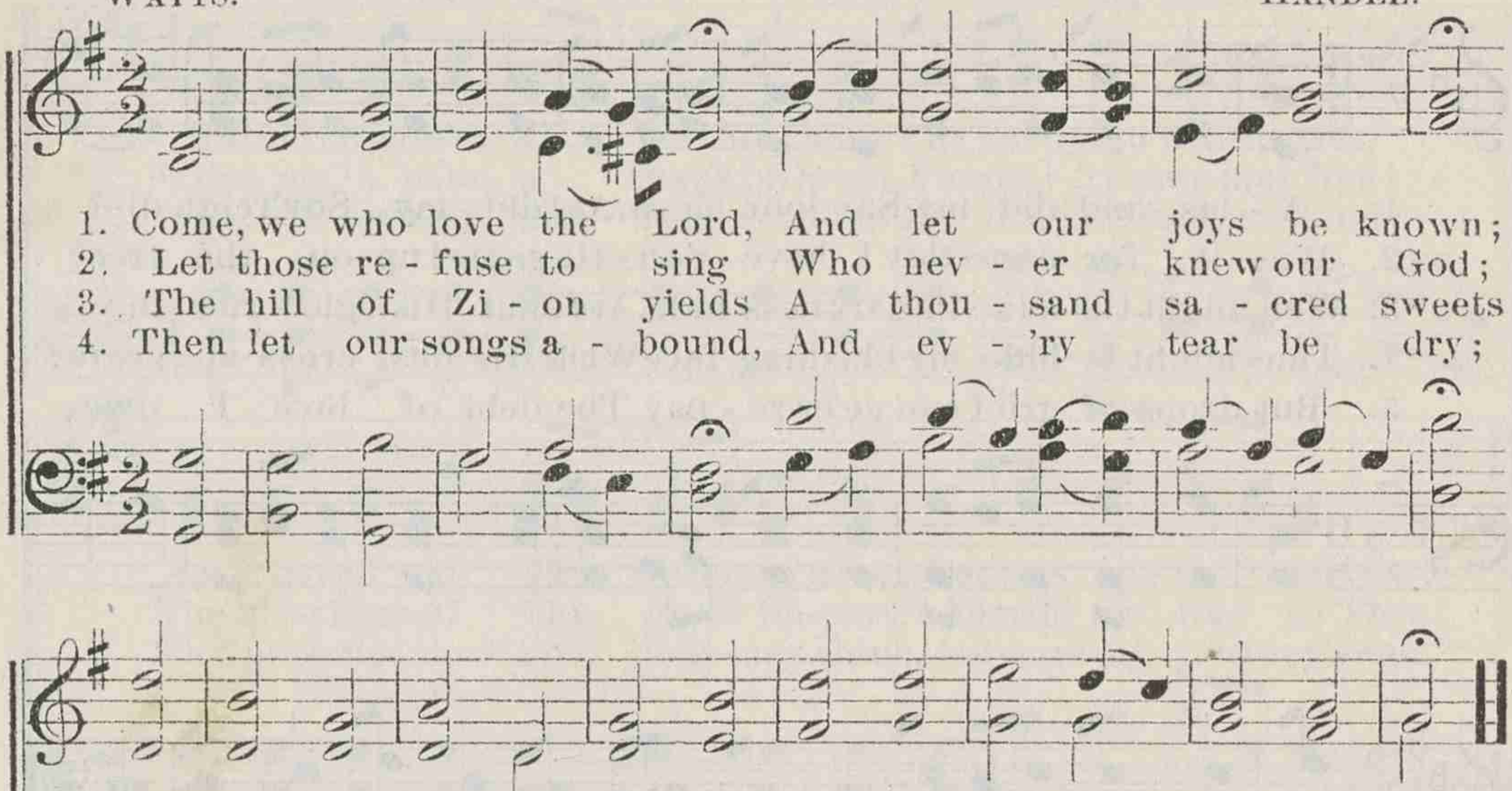
O, how I love Je - sus! O, how I love Je - sus!
I'll nev - er for - get Him, I'll nev - er for - get Him,

O, how I love Je - sus! Be-cause He first loved me.
I'll nev - er for - get Him; O Lord, re - mem - ber me!

Copyright, 1885, by D. E. DORTCH.

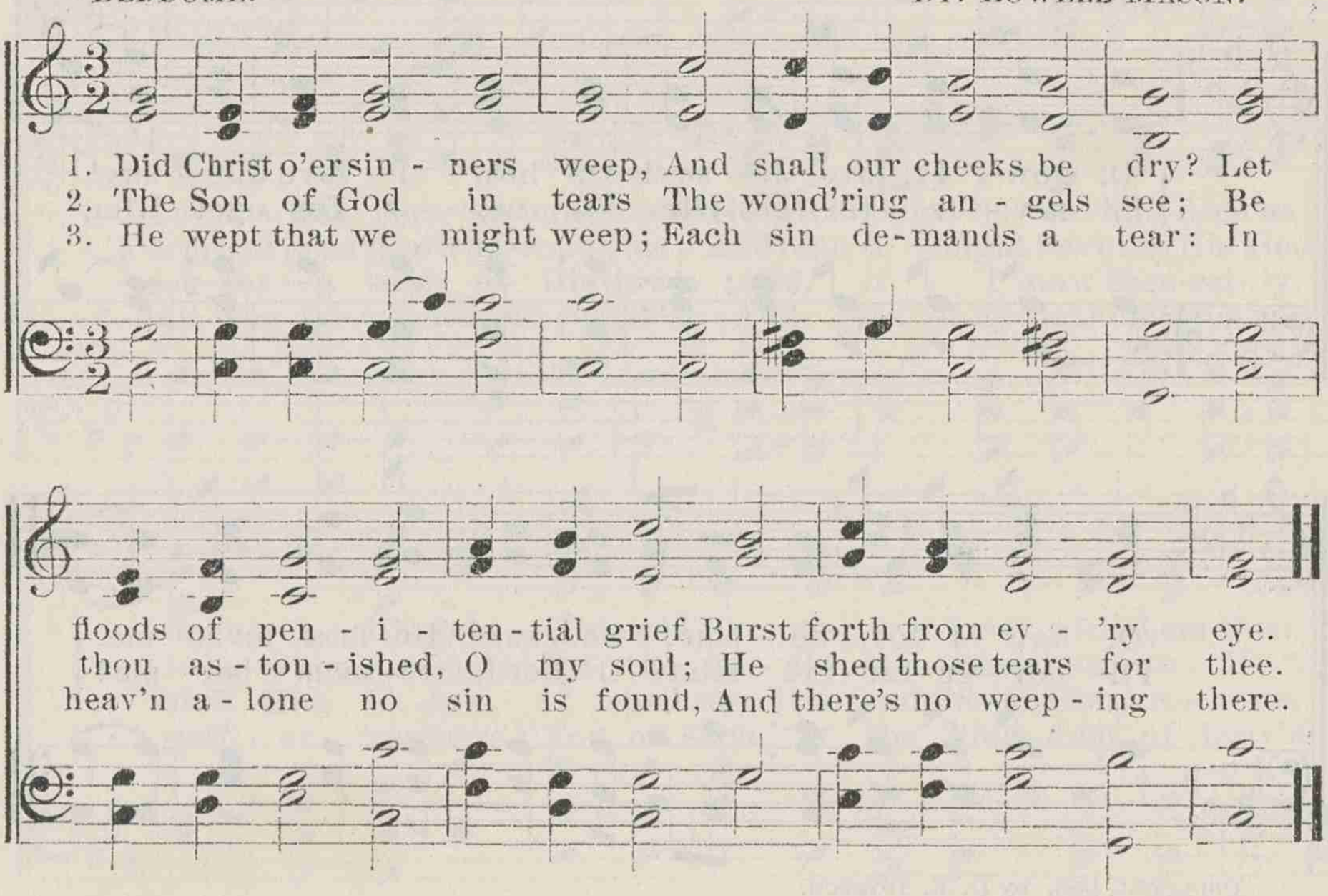
248. COME, WE WHO LOVE THE LORD.

WATTS. HANDEL.



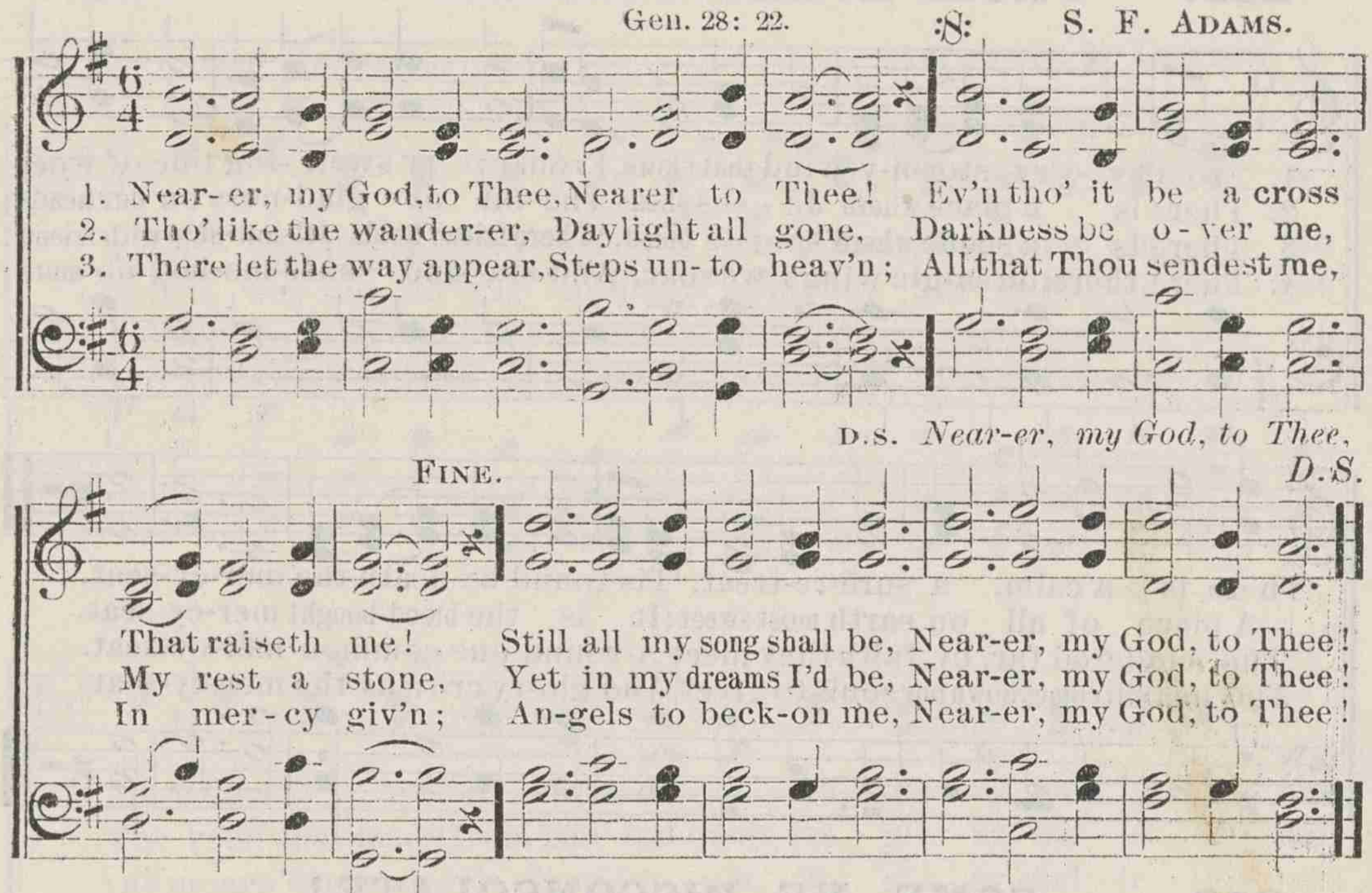
249. DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?

BEDDOME. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



250. BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

Gen. 28: 22. S. F. Adams.

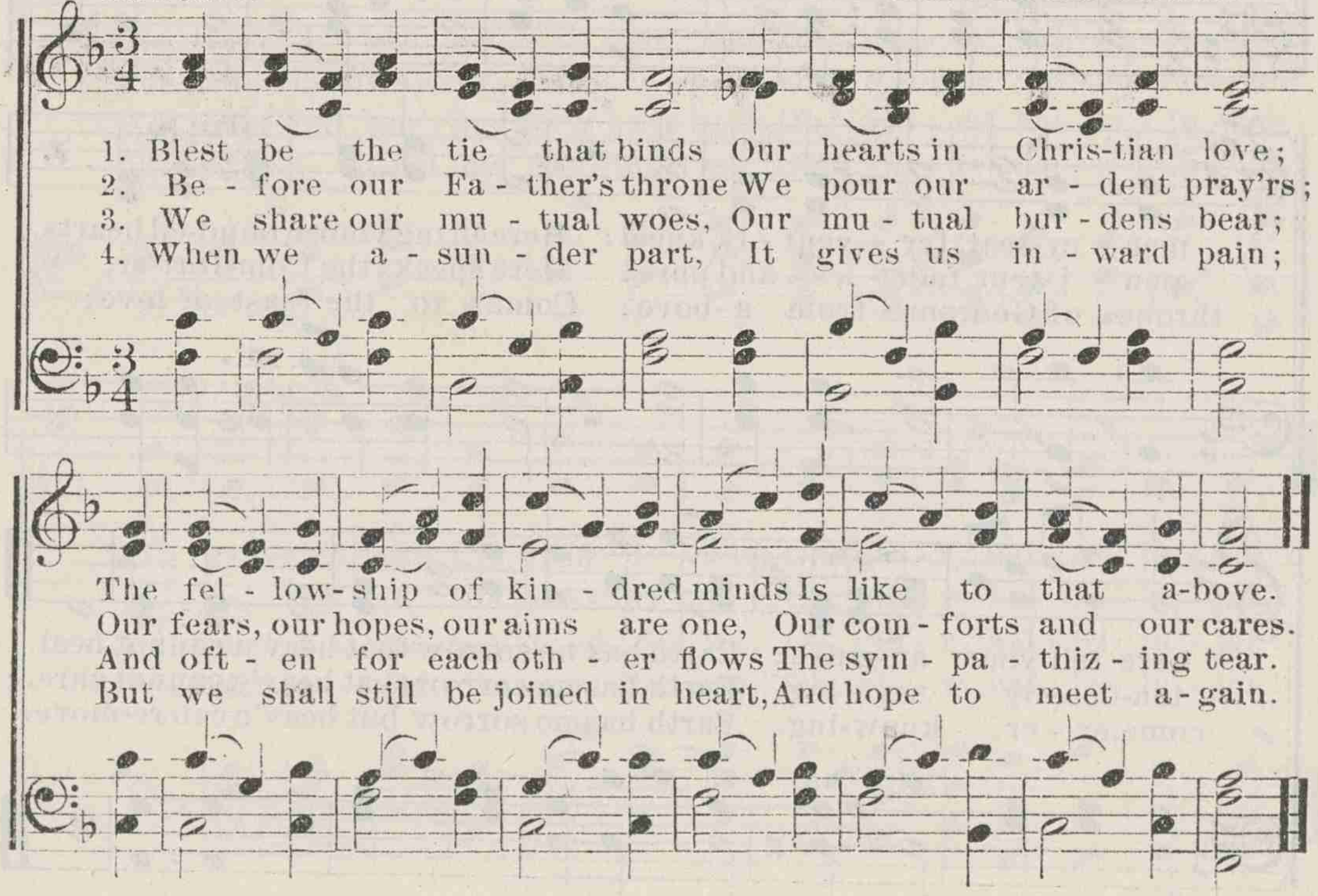


4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

251. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

Fawcett. Hans Georg Nageli.



252. FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev- 'ry swell -ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spi-rits blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea-gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more;

There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer-cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.

253. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE!

THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis- con- so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
pen - i-tent, fade - less, and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
throne of God, pure from a-bove: Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
ten-der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.
come, ev - er know-ing, Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re-move.

254. JESUS, MY ALL.

Rev. JOHN CENNICK. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
2. The way the ho - ly prophets went, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
3. This is the way I long have sought, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
4. The more I strove a - gainst its pow'r, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

He whom I fix my hopes up - on, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
The road that leads from ban - ish-ment, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
And mourn'd be-cause I found it not, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
I felt its weight and guilt the more, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

His track I see, and I'll pur - sue, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
The King's highway of ho - li - ness, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
My grief and bur - den long have been, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
Till late I heard my Sav - iour say, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

The nar - row way, till Him I view, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
I'll go, for all His paths are peace, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
Be - cause I was not saved from sin, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
"Come hith-er, soul, I am the way," Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

255. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

SABINE B. GOULD. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;

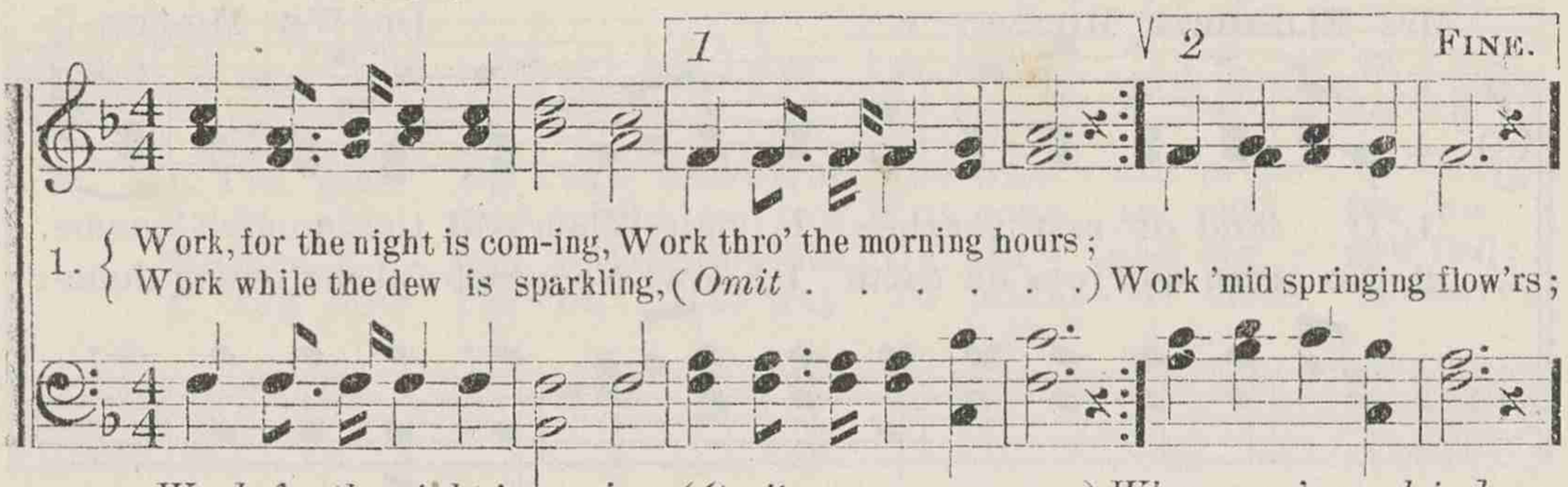
REFRAIN.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go! Onward, Christian sol - diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

256. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNIE L. WALKER. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



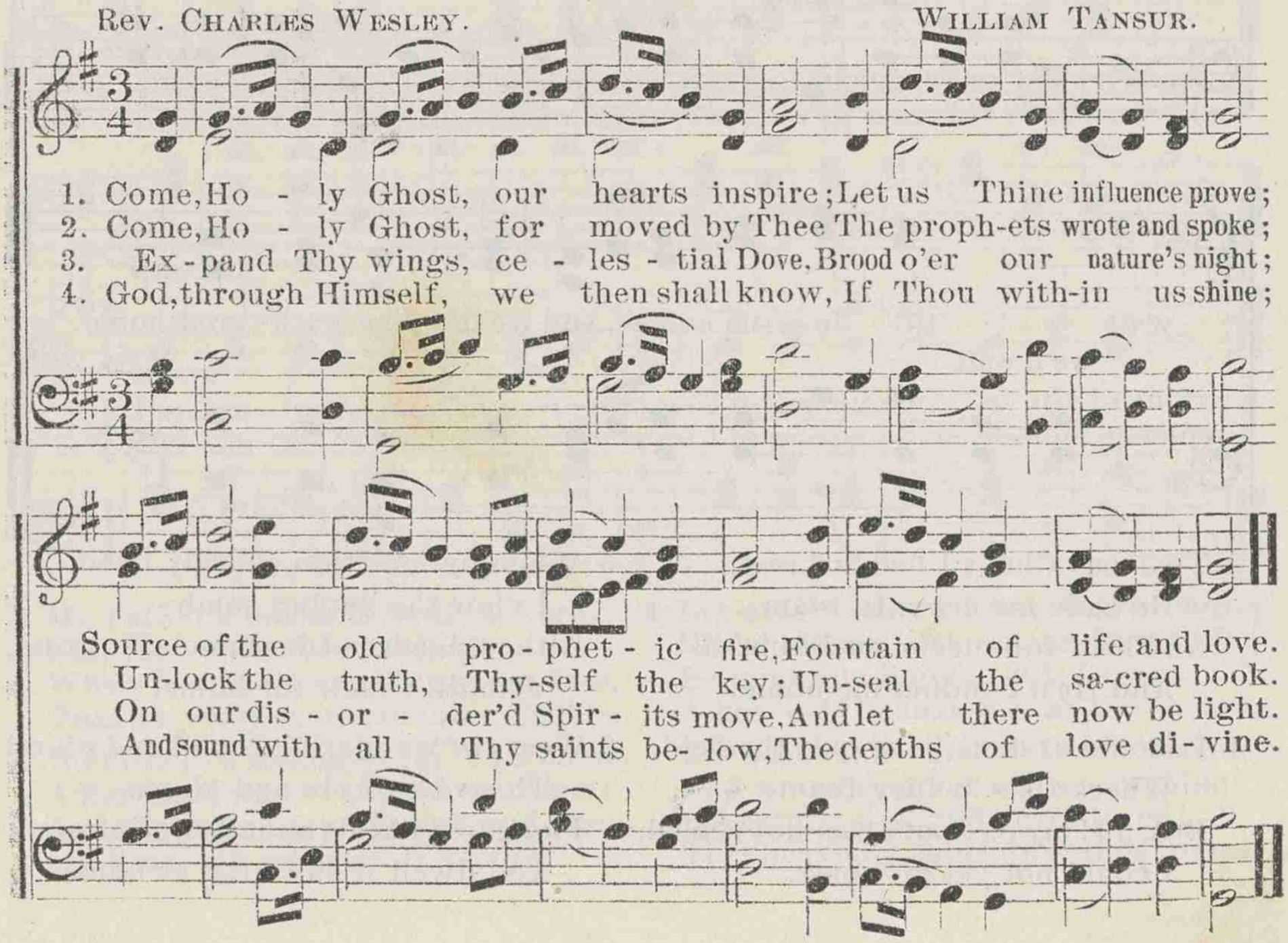
Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow-ing sun;

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

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

257. ST. MARTINS.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY. WILLIAM TANSUR.



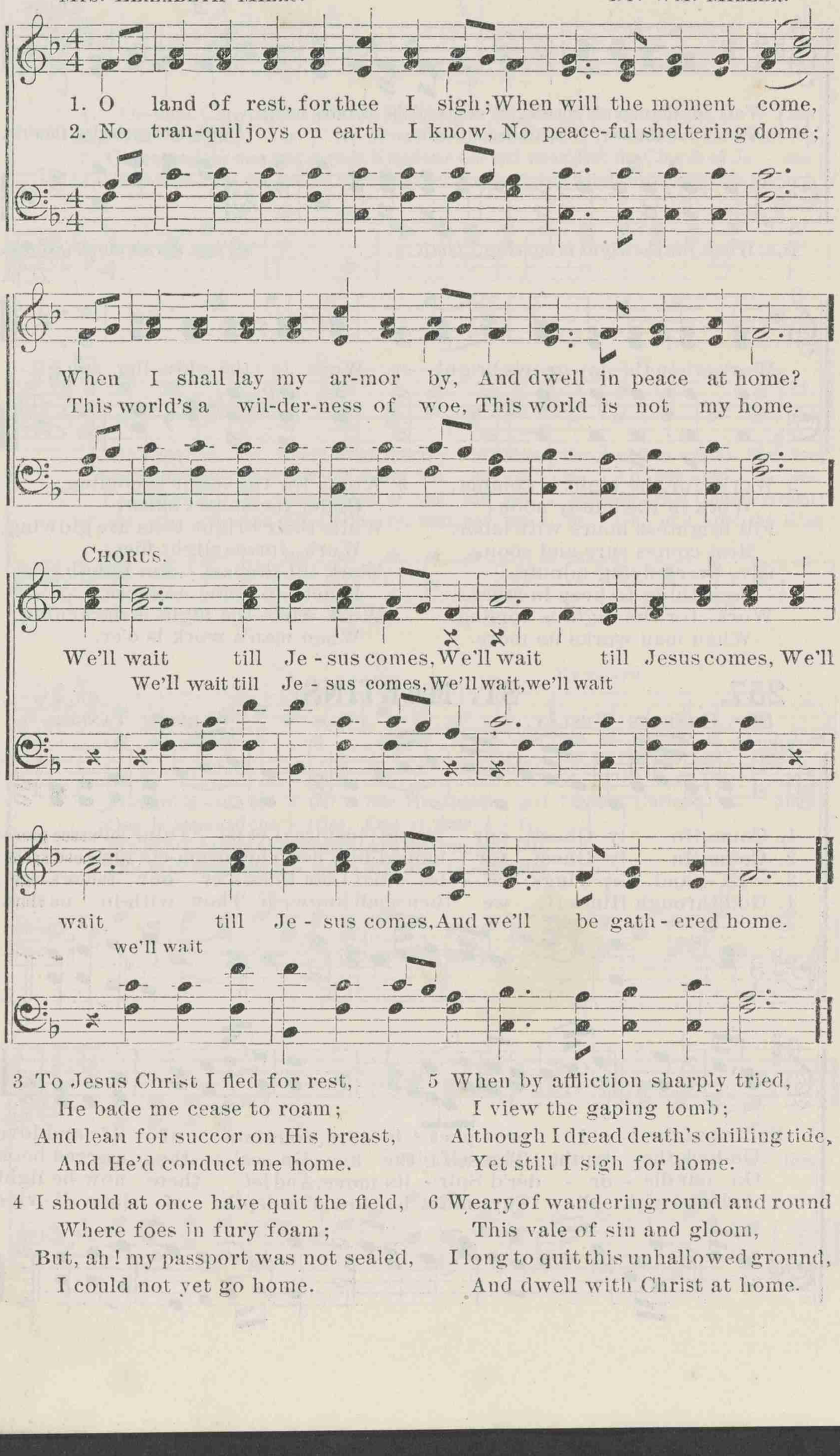
1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts inspire; Let us Thine influence prove;
2. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for moved by Thee The proph-ets wrote and spoke;
3. Ex-pand Thy wings, ce - les - tial Dove, Brood o'er our nature's night;
4. God, through Himself, we then shall know, If Thou with-in us shine;

Source of the old pro - phet - ic fire, Fountain of life and love.
Un-lock the truth, Thy-self the key; Un-seal the sa-cred book.
On our dis - or - der'd Spir - its move, And let there now be light.
And sound with all Thy saints be- low, The depths of love di- vine.

258. WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

"*I will come again.*" — John 14 : 2.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.



3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
And lean for succor on His breast,
And He'd conduct me home.

4 I should at once have quit the field,
Where foes in fury foam;
But, ah! my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.

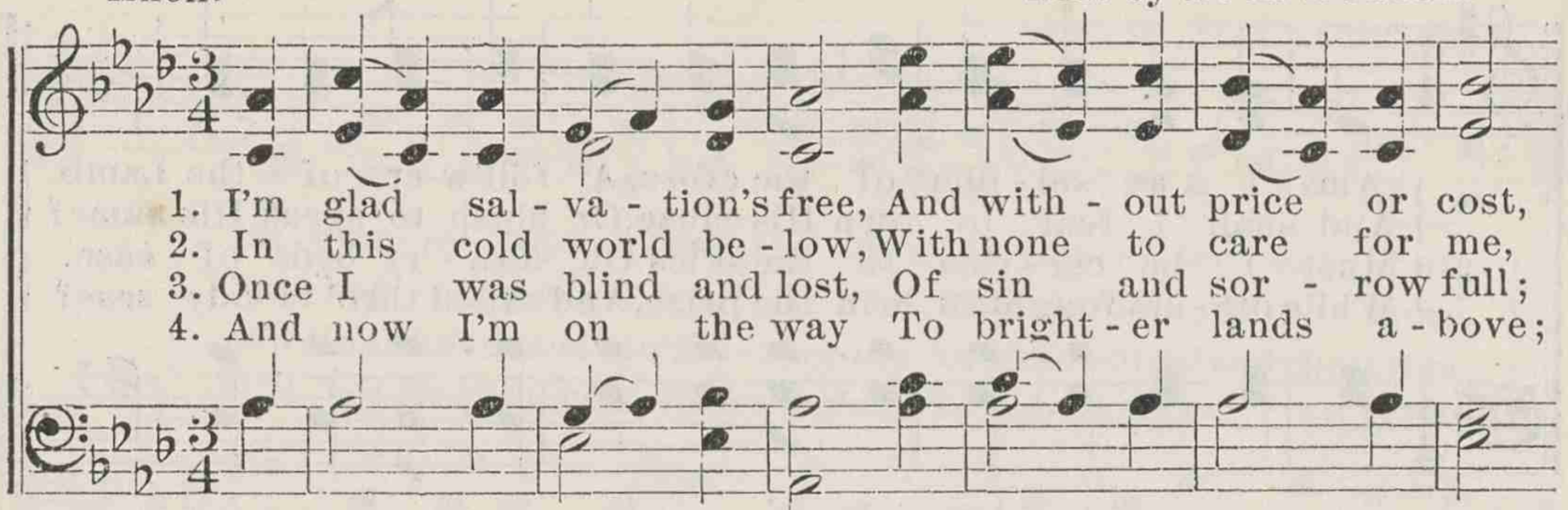
5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit this unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

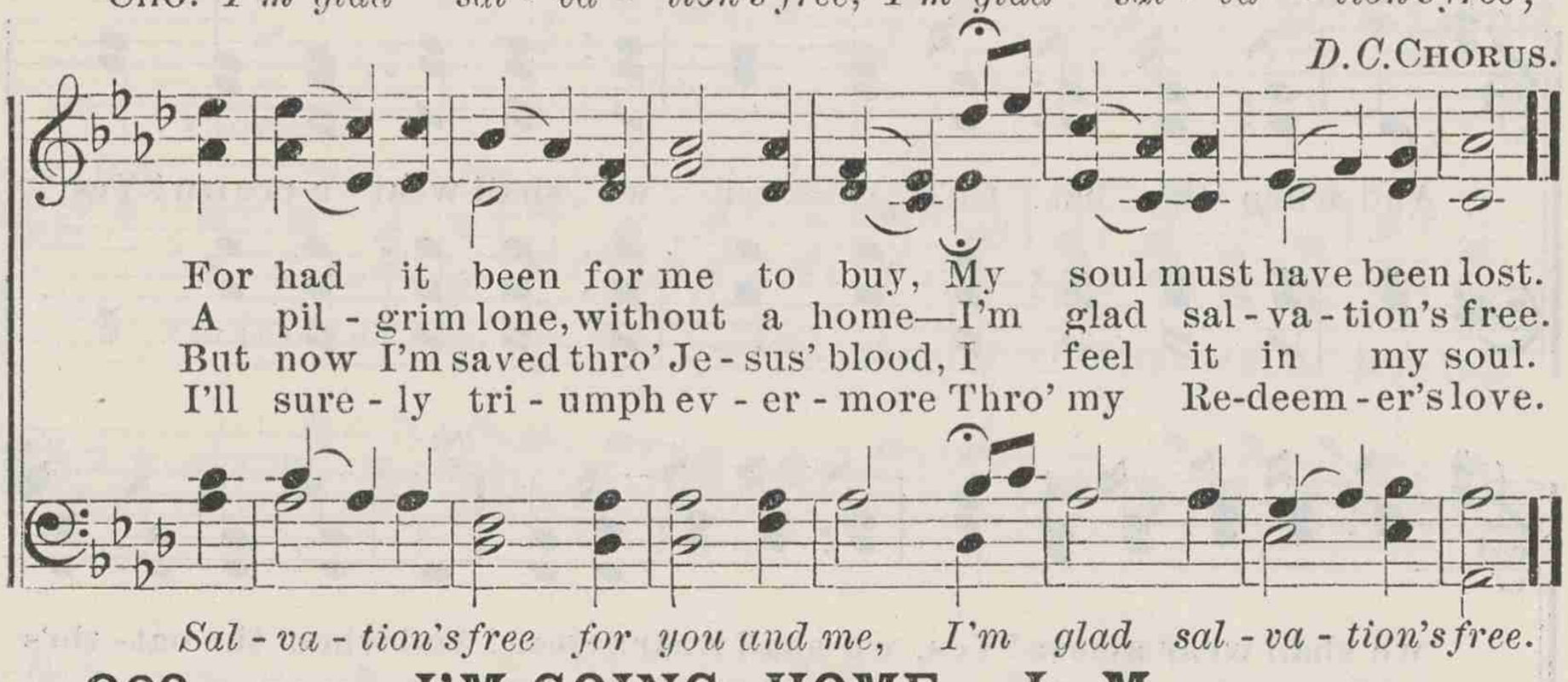
259. I'M GLAD SALVATION'S FREE.

In memory of Rufus Thomas.

Anon. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

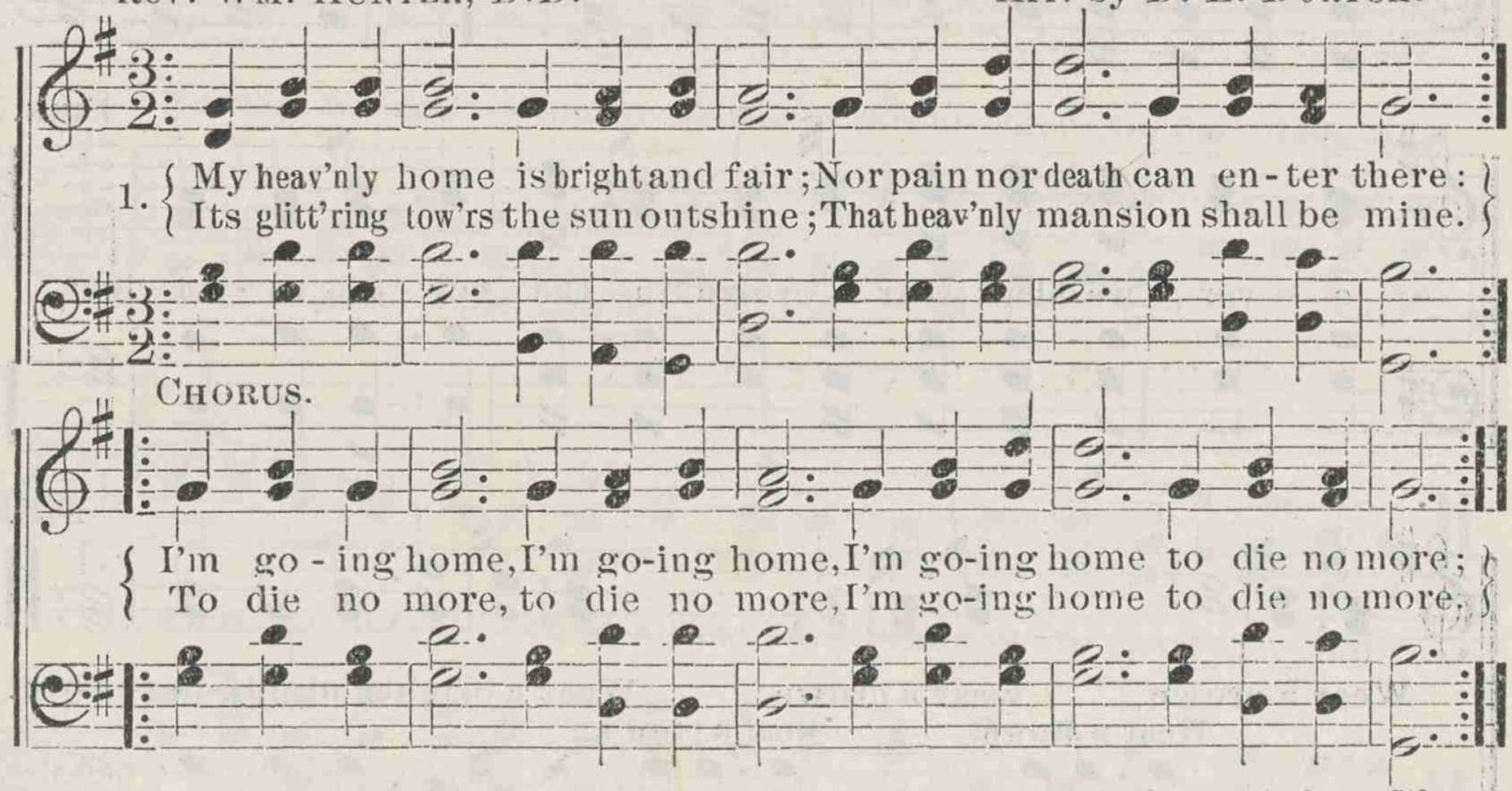


D.C. CHORUS.



260. I'M GOING HOME. L. M.

Rev. WM. HUNTER, D.D. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



2 My Father's house is built on high
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

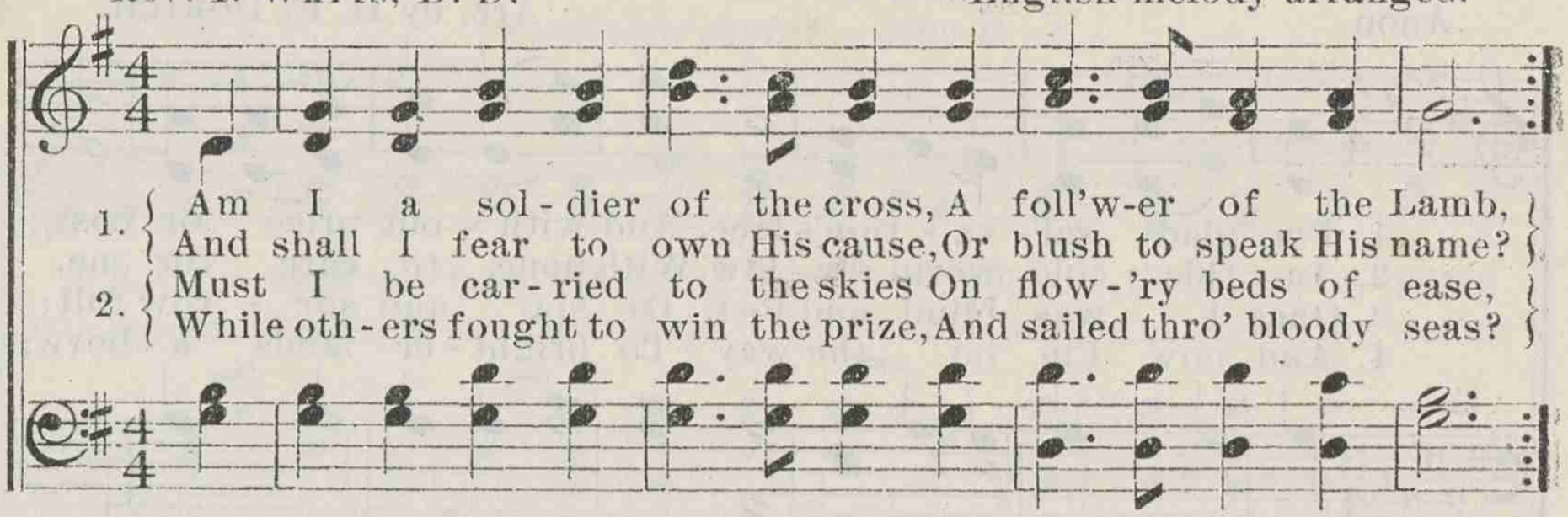
3 While here a stranger, far from home,
Affliction's waves around me foam;
And tho' like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or floods o'er-
Be mine the happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

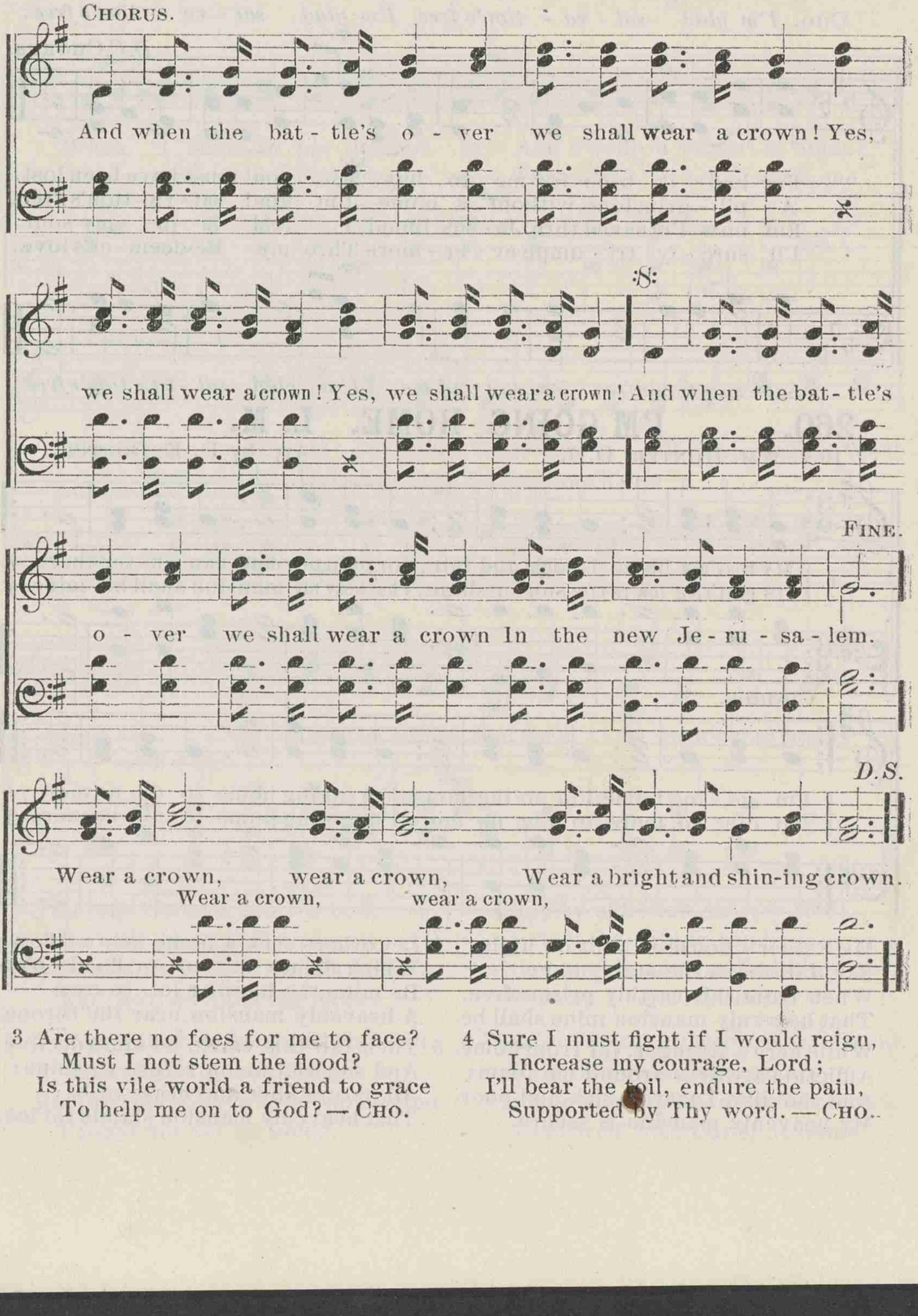
5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine;
All nature sink and cease to be;
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

261. BATTLE HYMN.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. English melody arranged.



CHORUS.



3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God? — CHO.

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word. — CHO.

262. OH, THAT WILL BE JOYFUL.

Arr. by D. E. Dortch.



1. Im-mor-tal joys a-wait the blest, On yon e-ter-nal shore;
There hap-py souls for-ev-er rest, And sorrows are no more.

2. Mil-lions have home to glo-ry gone, And have obtained the prize;
Still mil-lions more are pressing on, To join them in the skies.



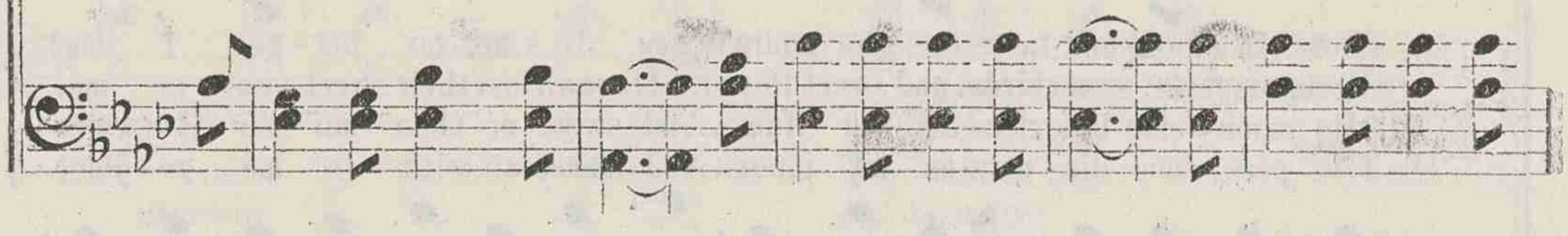
Chorus.



Oh! that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful; Oh! that will be joy-ful,



To meet to part no more—To meet to part no more, On that delightful





shore; At Je-sus' feet, we all shall meet, Shall meet to part no more.

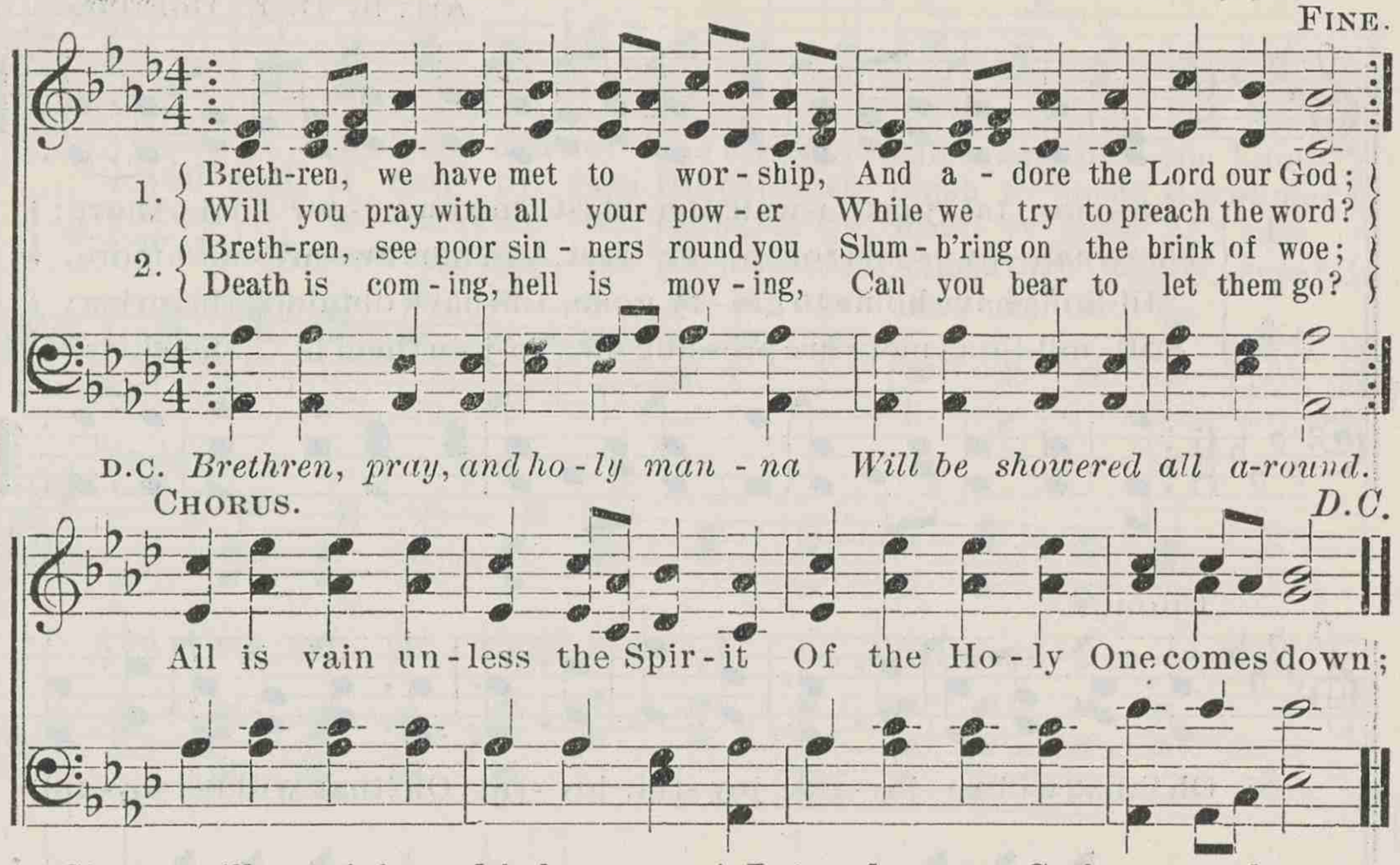


3 These living armies shall, at last,
On Zion's mountain meet;
When once the stormy Jordan's past,
Their union is complete.

4 If friendship in this vale of woe
With Christians be so sweet,
What gushing ecstacy shall flow,
When 'round the throne we meet.

263. HOLY MANNA.

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



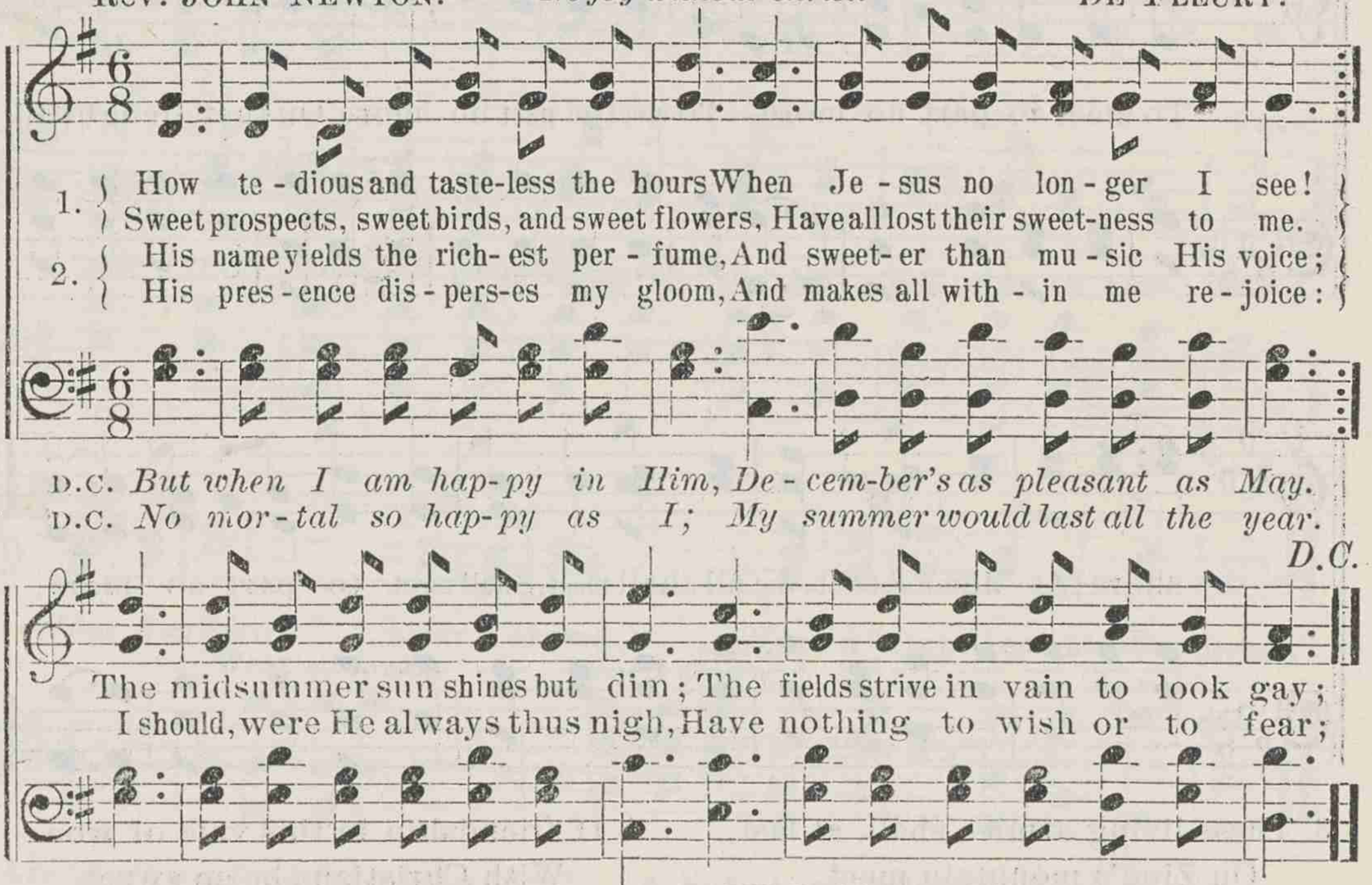
3 Sister, will you join and help us,
While we struggle hard with sin?
Will you tell to trembling mourners
Jesus waits to welcome them?

4 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too;
Let us love and pray for sinners
Till our God makes all things new.

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264. GREENFIELDS. 8s.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. *No joy without Christ.* DE FLEURY.



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.

265. THE FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD.

WM. COWPER. Alt. Old Melody.



1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Imman-uel's veins;
2. The dy- ing thief rejoiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy- ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its power,

And sin- ners cleansed by that pure flood, Lose all their guilt- y stains.
And there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more.

D.S. *And sin -ners cleansed by that pure flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.*
And there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved to sin no more.

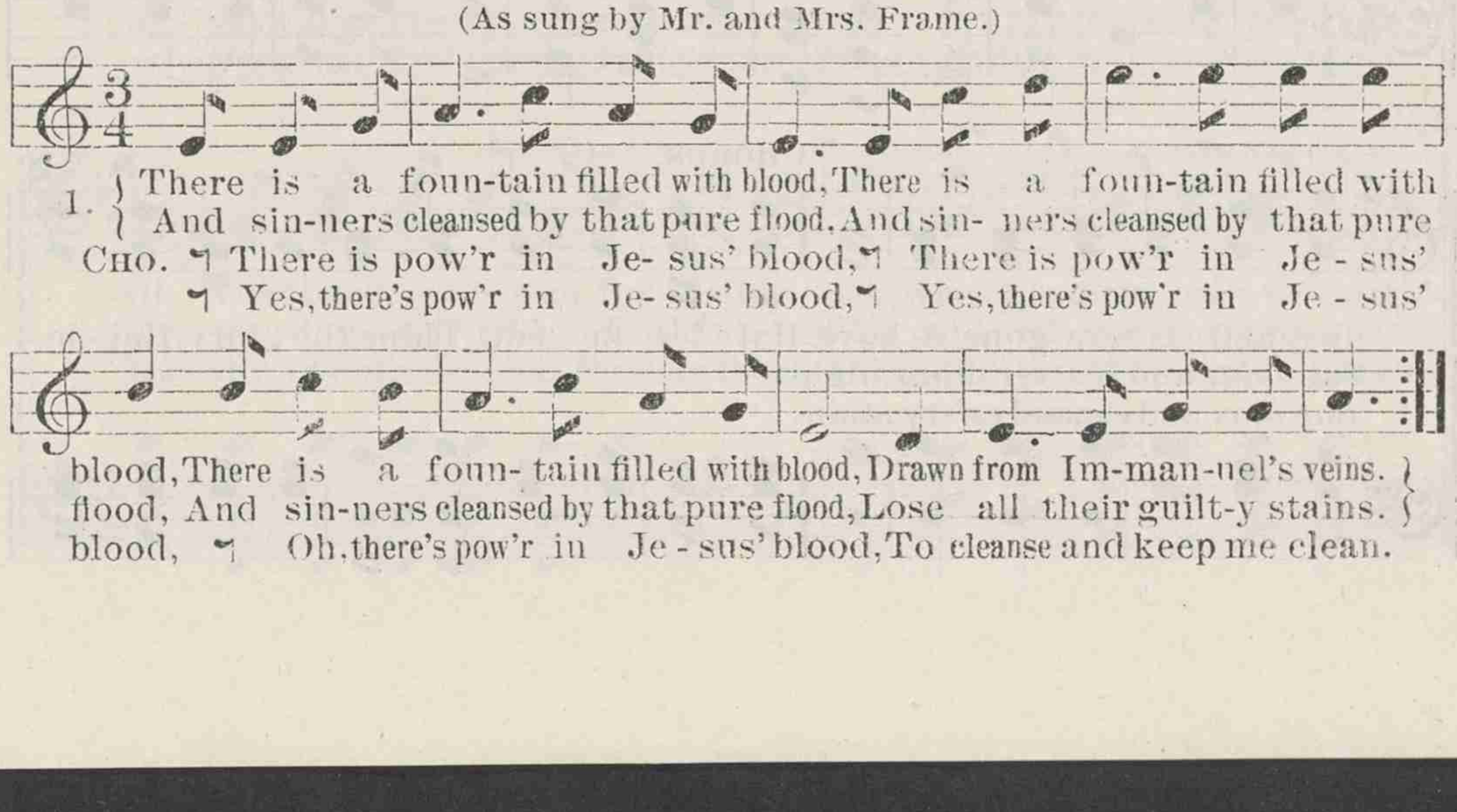
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
Wasned all my sins a - way, Washed all my sins a - way.
Be saved to sin no more. Be saved to sin no more.

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

5 When this poor, lisping stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save.

266. THERE IS POWER IN JESUS' BLOOD.

(As sung by Mr. and Mrs. Frame.)



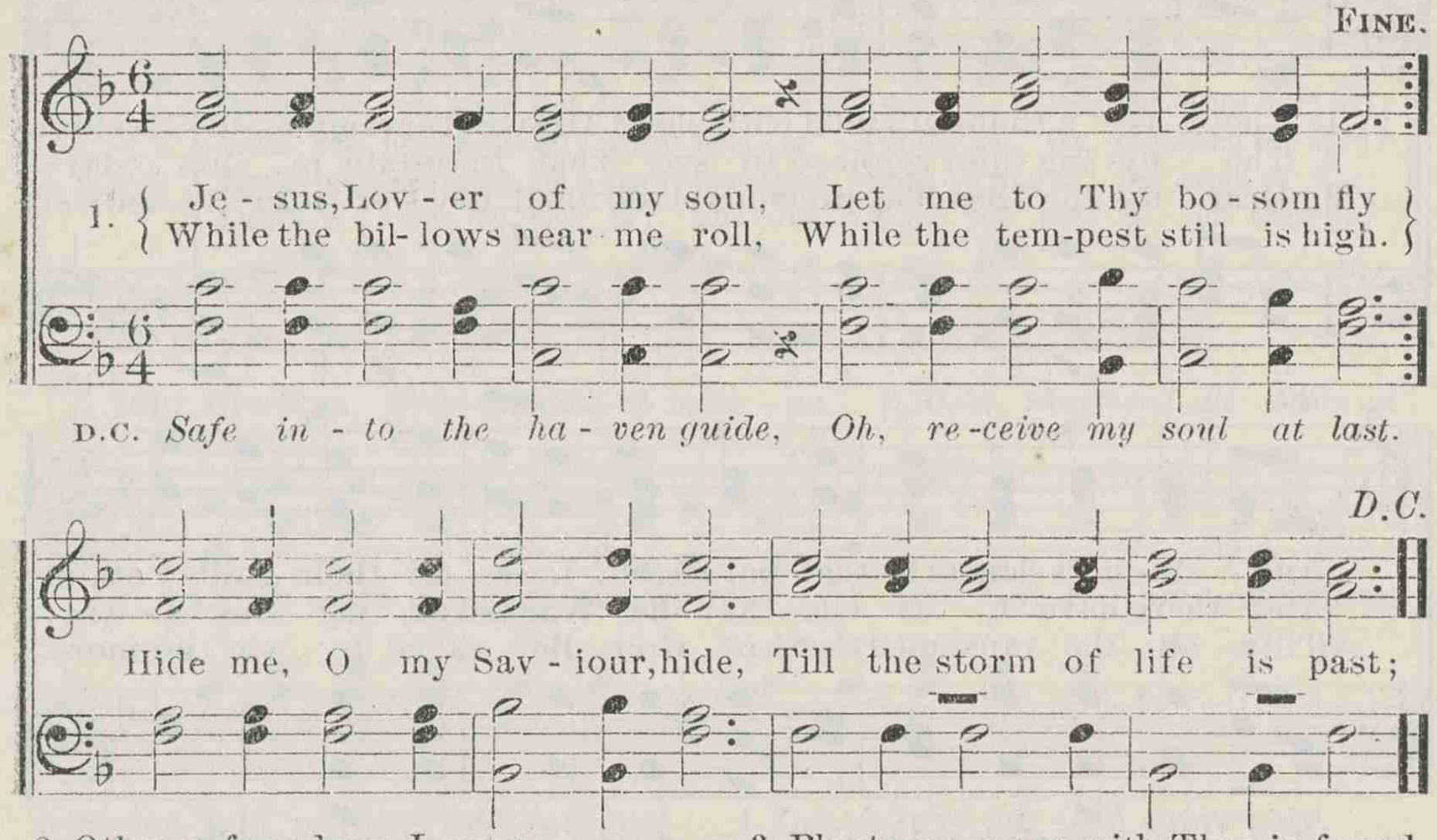
1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, There is a foun-tain filled with
   And sin-ners cleansed by that pure flood, And sin- ners cleansed by that pure
CHO. There is pow'r in Je- sus' blood, There is pow'r in Je - sus'
   Yes, there's pow'r in Je- sus' blood, Yes, there's pow'r in Je - sus'

blood, There is a foun- tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins.
flood, And sin-ners cleansed by that pure flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
blood, Oh, there's pow'r in Je - sus' blood, To cleanse and keep me clean.

267. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

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

Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1740. Simeon B. Marsh, 1834.



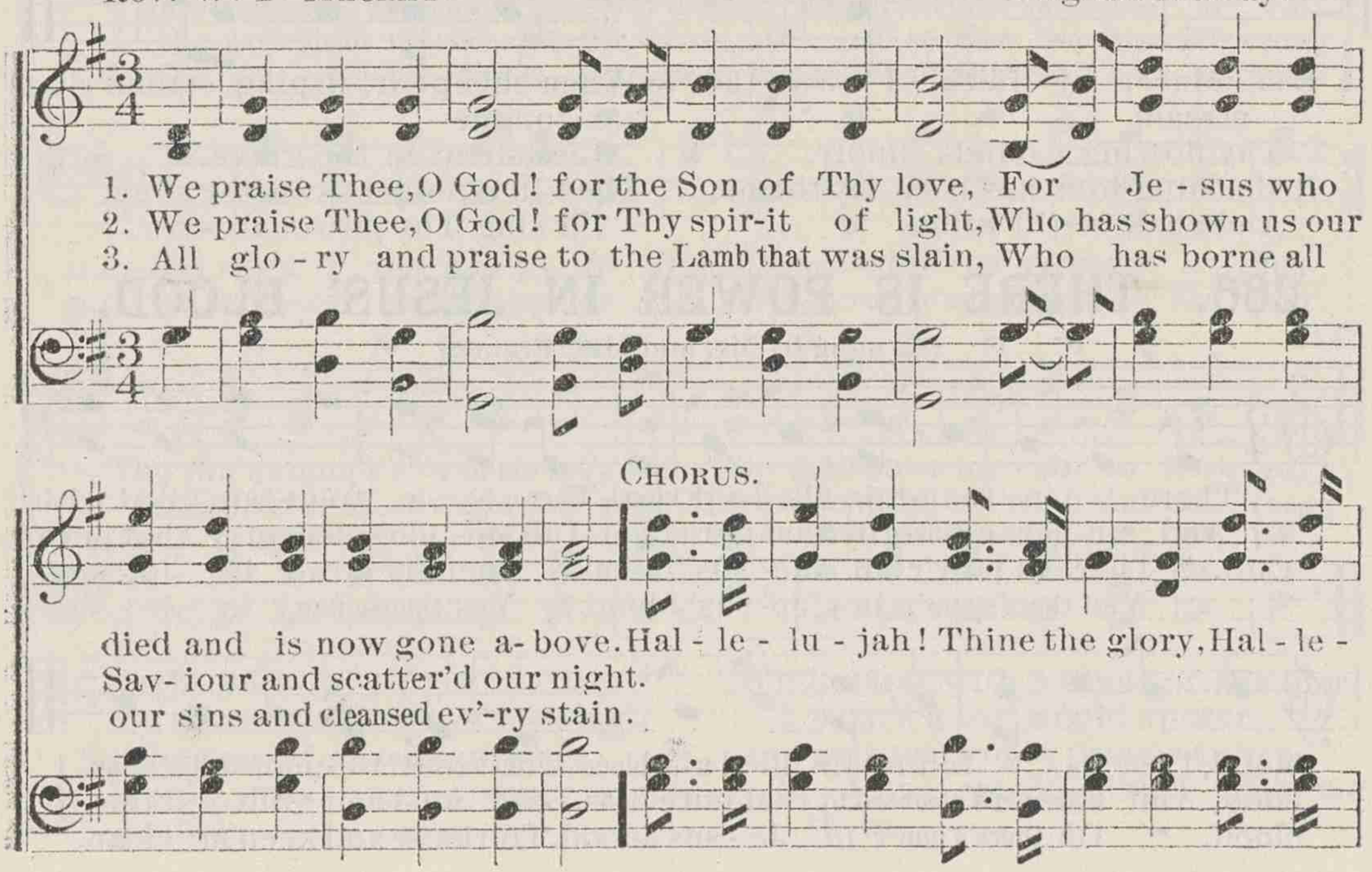
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

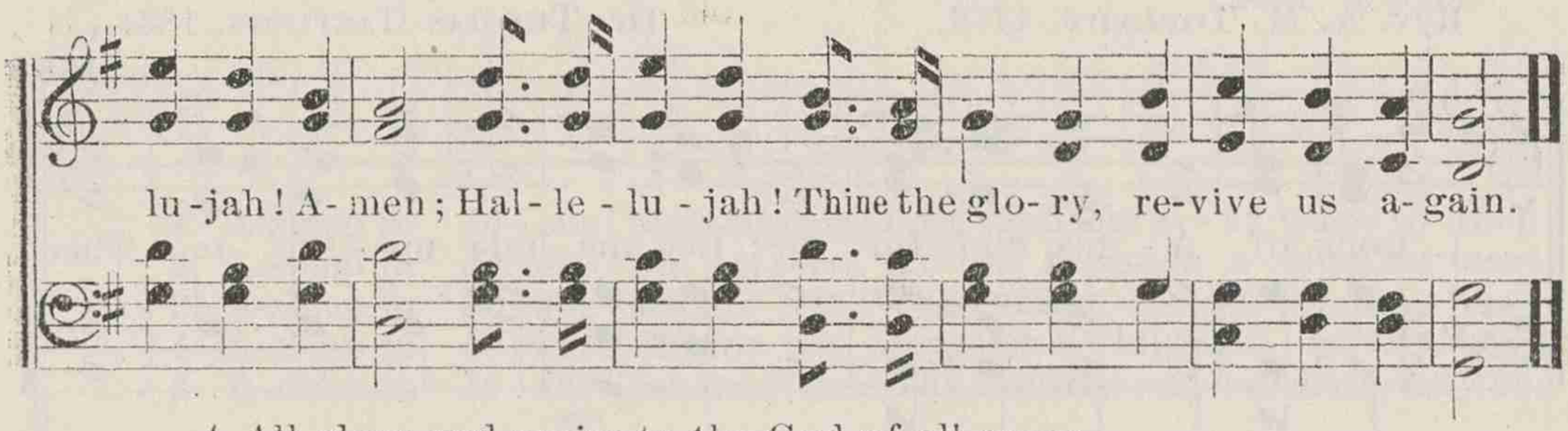
268. REVIVE US AGAIN.

"Wilt thou not revive us again that thy people may rejoice in thee."—Ps. 85: 6.

Rev. W. P. Mackay. English Melody.



REVIVE US AGAIN.



4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again: fill each heart with Thy love:
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

269. WHAT A FRIEND. 8s & 7s.

"*There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*"—Prov. 18: 24.

Rev. H. Bonar, D.D. C. C. Converse, by per.



270. ROCK OF AGES.

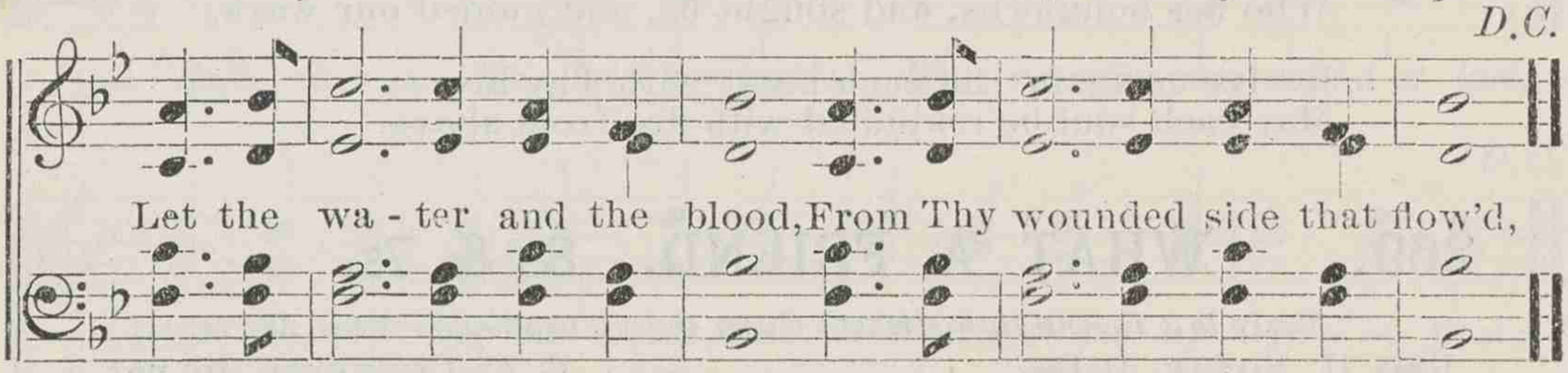
"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge." — Psa. 94: 22.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776. Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1834.

FINE.



D.C.



2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

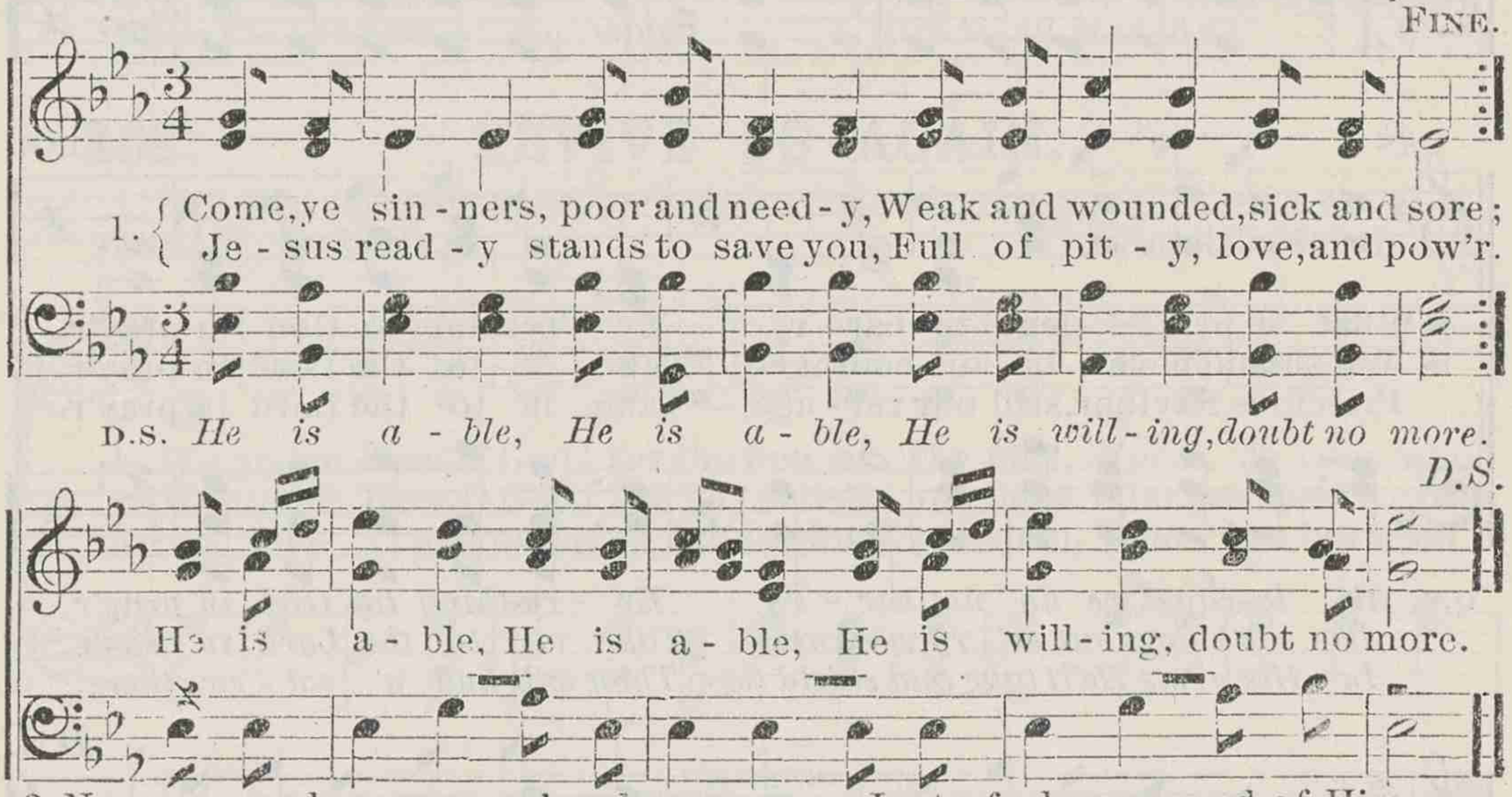
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

271. COME, YE SINNERS.

Matt. 11: 28.

Rev. JOSEPH HART, 1759. Old Melody.

FINE.



D.S.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth
Is, to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

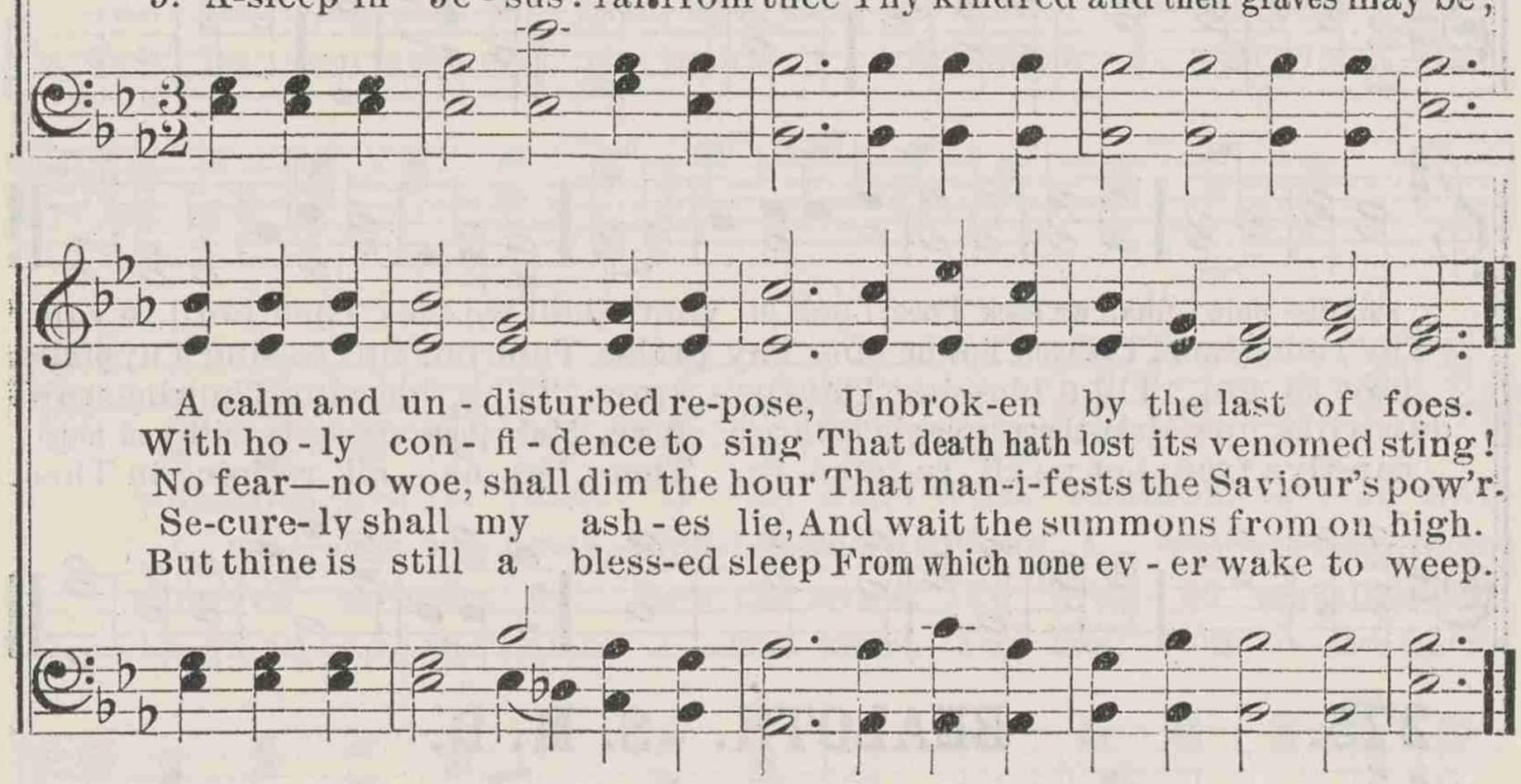
4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

272. ASLEEP IN JESUS.

MRS. MACAY.

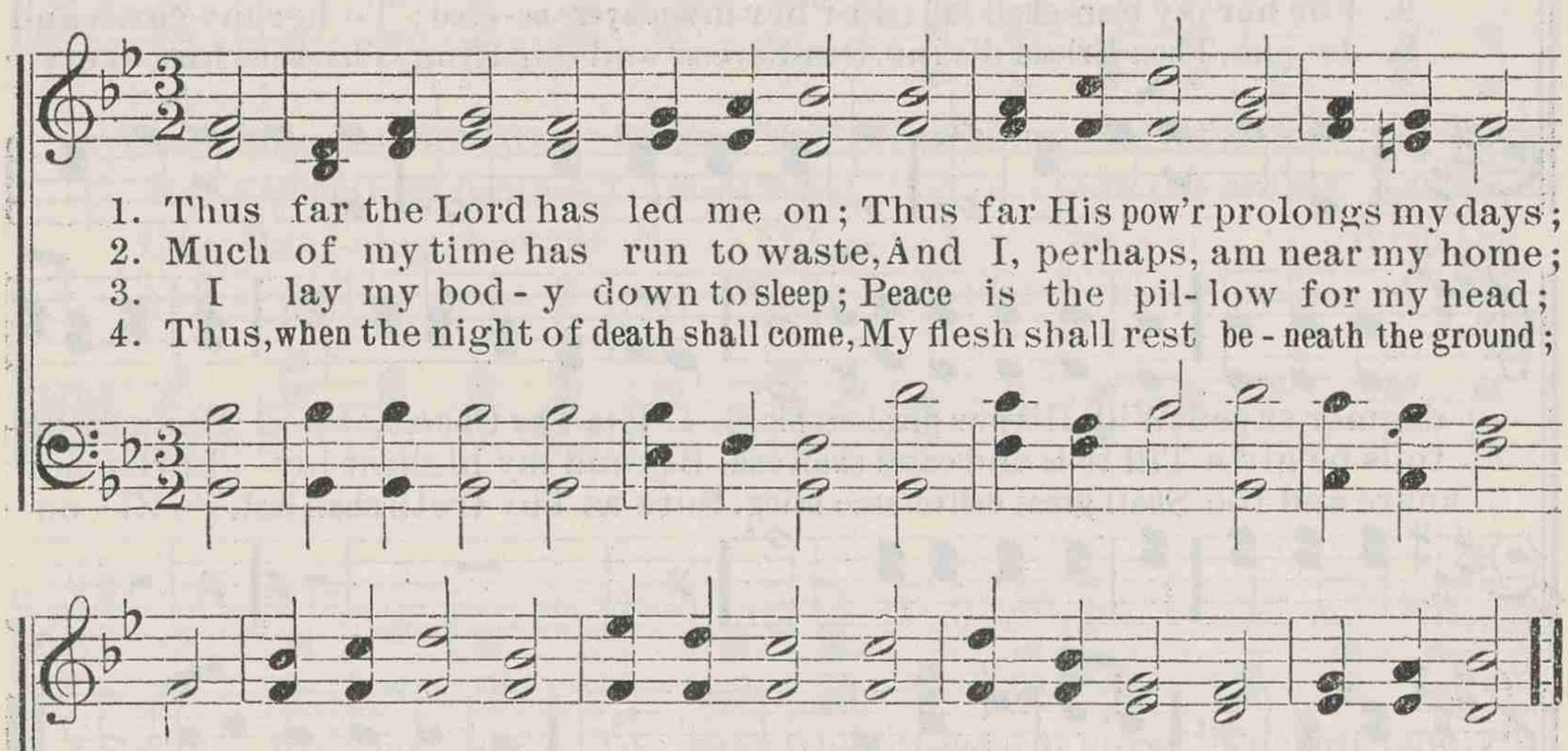


1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su-premely blest;
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be;
5. A-sleep in Je - sus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be;

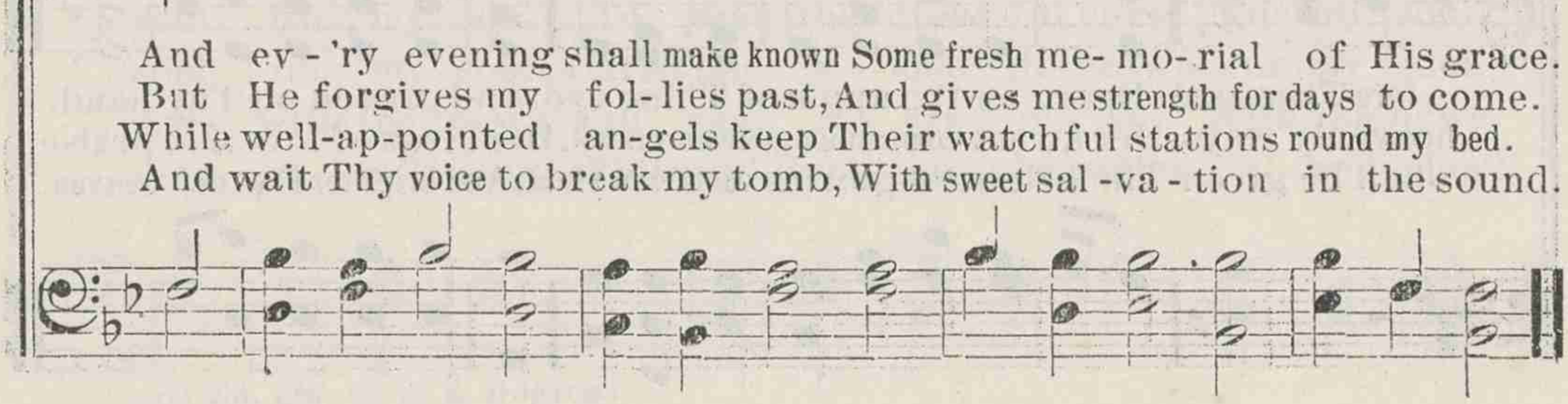


A calm and un - disturbed re-pose, Unbrok-en by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost its venomed sting!
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour That man-i-fests the Saviour's pow'r.
Se-cure-ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.
But thine is still a bless-ed sleep From which none ev - er wake to weep.

273. HEBRON. L. M.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head;
4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest be - neath the ground;



And ev - 'ry evening shall make known Some fresh me- mo- rial of His grace.
But He forgives my fol- lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
While well-ap-pointed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
And wait Thy voice to break my tomb, With sweet sal - va - tion in the sound.

274. HENDON. 7s.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum-bly bow; Oh, do not our
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de-pend, In com-pas - sion now de- scend; Fill our hearts with
3. In Thine own ap - point-ed way, Now we seek Thee; here we stay; Lord, we know not
4. Comfort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy re - turn; Those that are cast
5. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a God su - preme-ly kind; Heal the sick, the

suit dis- dain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
how to go, Till a blessing Thou be - stow, Till a blessing Thou be-stow.
down lift up; Make them strong in faith and hope, Make them strong in faith and hope.
cap-tive free; Let us all re-joice in Thee, Let us all re-joice in Thee.

275. BEALOTH. S. M. D.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode; The Church our blest Re-
2. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as-cend; To her my cares and
3. Je- sus, Thou Friend divine, Our Saviour and our King, Thy hand from every

deemer saved With His own precious blood. I love Thy Church, O God: Her walls be-
toils be giv'n Till toils and cares shall end. Beyond my highest joy I prize her
snare and foe Shall great deliverance bring. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on

fore Thee stand. Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows. Her hymns of love and praise.
shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

276. WHAT WONDROUS LOVE.

"*Behold what manner of love.*"—1 John 3 : 1.

Anon. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. What wondrous love is this,— O my soul! O my soul! What
2. When I was sink-ing down, Sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When
3. Ye wing-ed ser-aphs, fly! Bear the news, bear the news! Ye
4. To God and to the Lamb I will sing! I will sing! To

wondrous love is this,— O my soul! What wondrous love is this
I was sink-ing down, Sink-ing down! When I was sink-ing down
wing-ed ser-aphs, fly, Bear the news! Ye wing-ed ser-aphs, fly
God and to the Lamb I will sing! To God and to the Lamb,

That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dreadful curse For my
Be-neath God's righteous frown, Christ laid a-side His crown For my
Like light-ning thro' the sky, Fill vast e-ter-ni-ty With the
And to the great I Am, While mil-lions join the psalm, I will

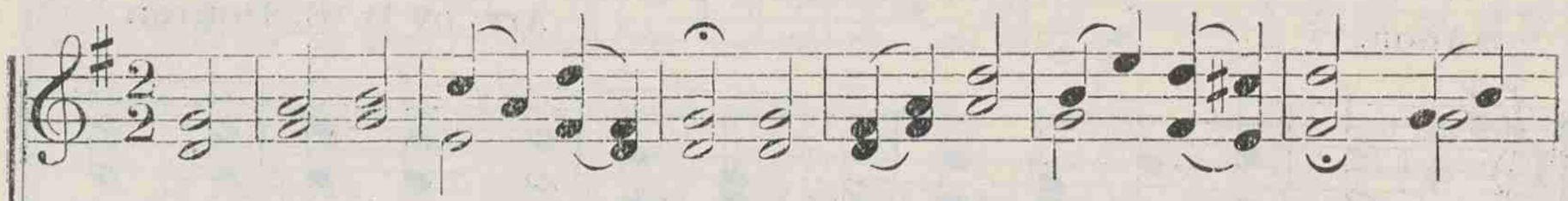
soul, for my soul? To bear the dread-ful curse For my soul?
soul, for my soul; Christ laid a-side His crown For my soul.
news, with the news, Fill vast e-ter-ni-ty With the news.
sing, I will sing, While mil-lions join the psalm, I will sing!

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277. BAPTISM.

DOWN TO THE SACRED WAVE.

S. F. SMITH. STANLEY.



1. Down to the sa - cred wave The Lord of life was led; And
2. He taught the sol - emn way; He fixed the ho - ly rite; He
3. Blest Saviour, we will tread In Thy ap - point-ed way; Let

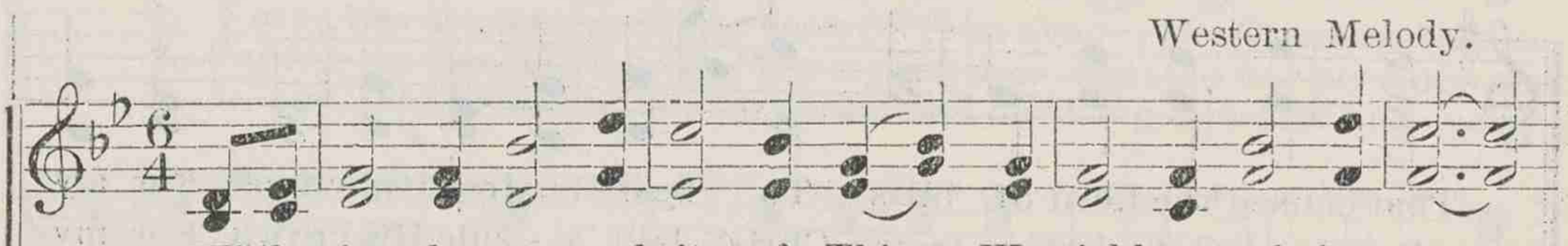


He who came our souls to save In Jor-dan bowed His head.
bade His ran-somed ones o - bey, And keep the path of light.
glo - ry o'er these scenes be shed, And smile on us to-day.

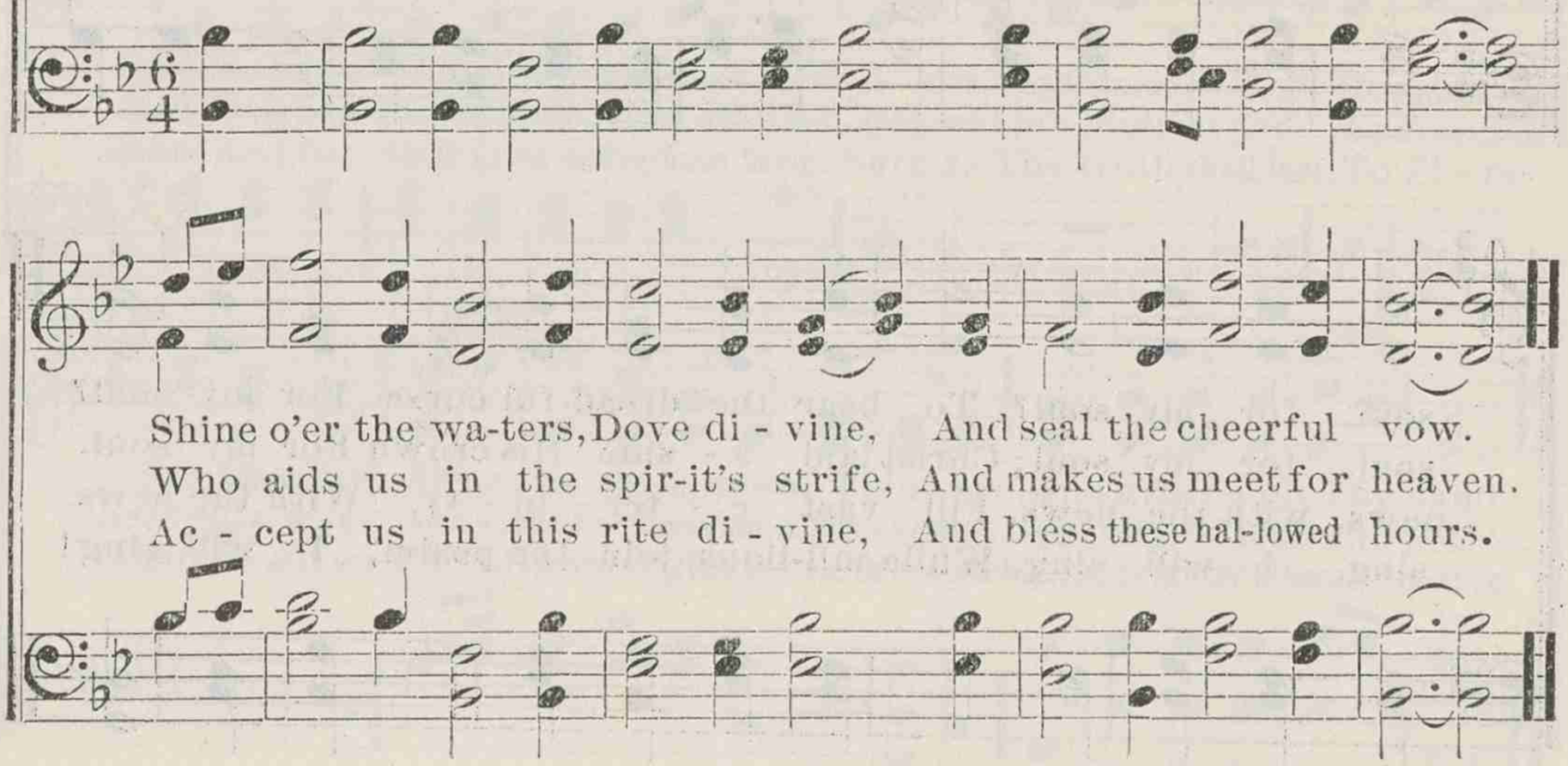


278. CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

Western Melody.



1. While in the sa-cred rite of Thine, We yield our spir-its now,
2. All glo - ry be to Him whose life For ours was free-ly given;
3. To Thee we glad-ly now re - sign Our life and all our powers;

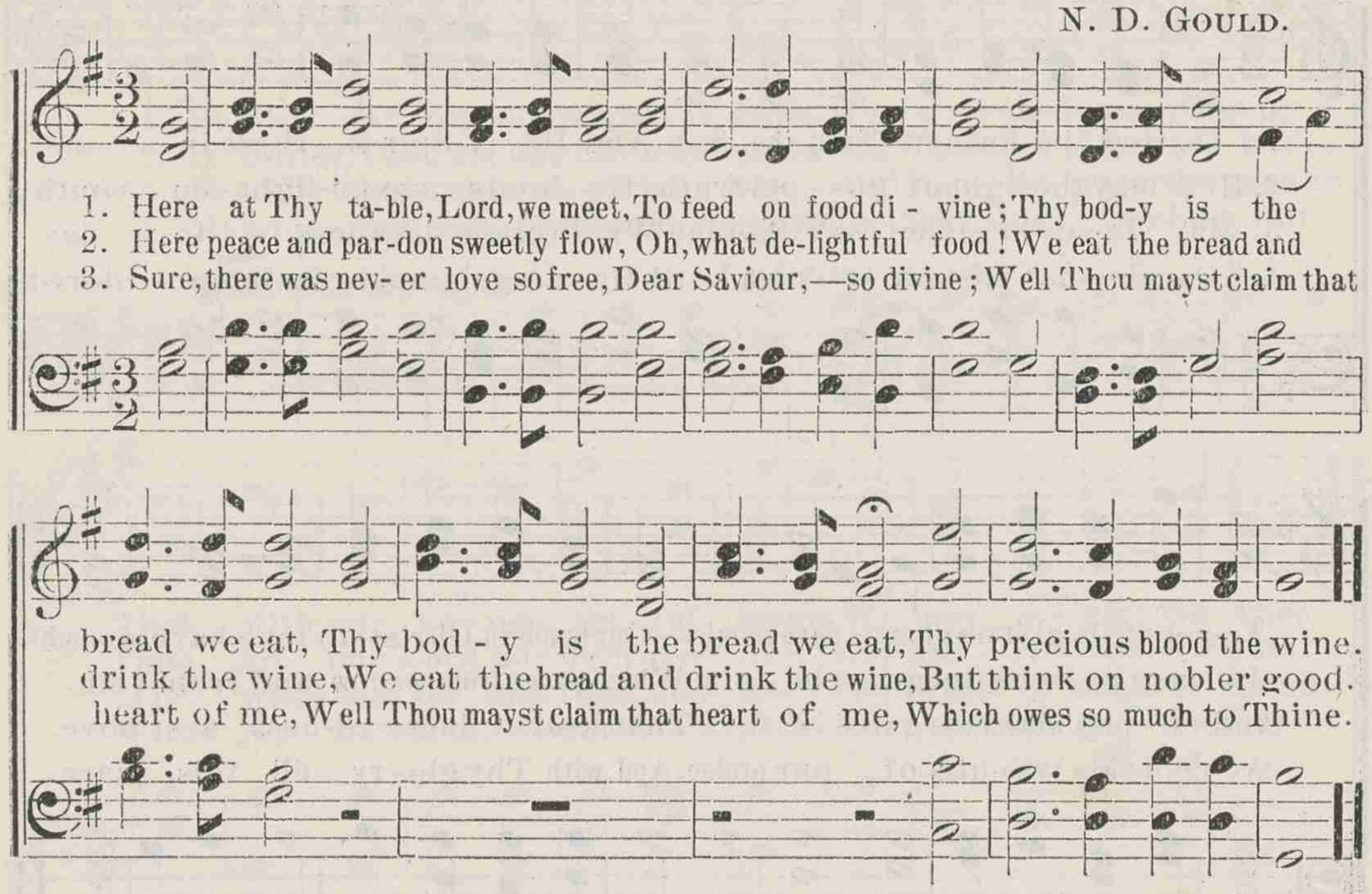


Shine o'er the wa-ters, Dove di - vine, And seal the cheerful vow.
Who aids us in the spir-it's strife, And makes us meet for heaven.
Ac - cept us in this rite di - vine, And bless these hal-lowed hours.

279. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

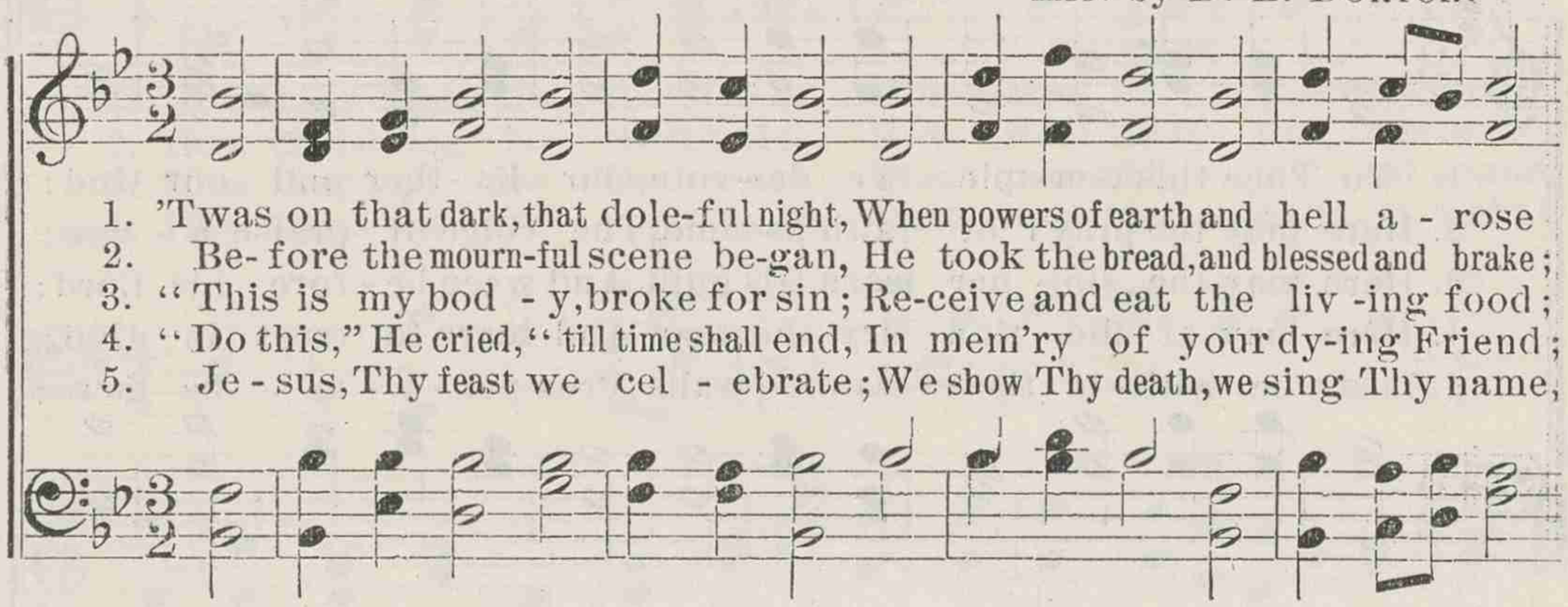
WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.



280. ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

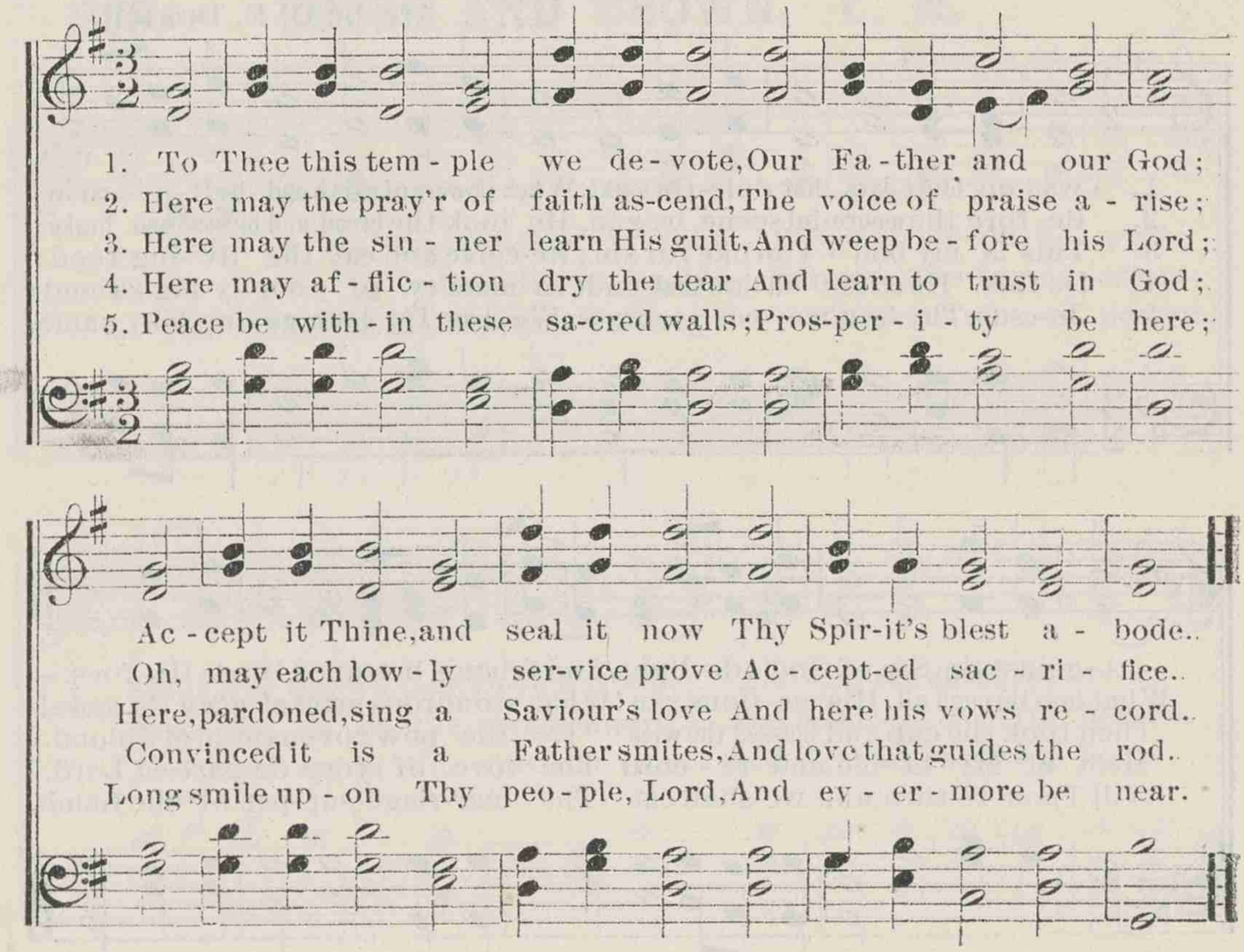


281. DEDICATION.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

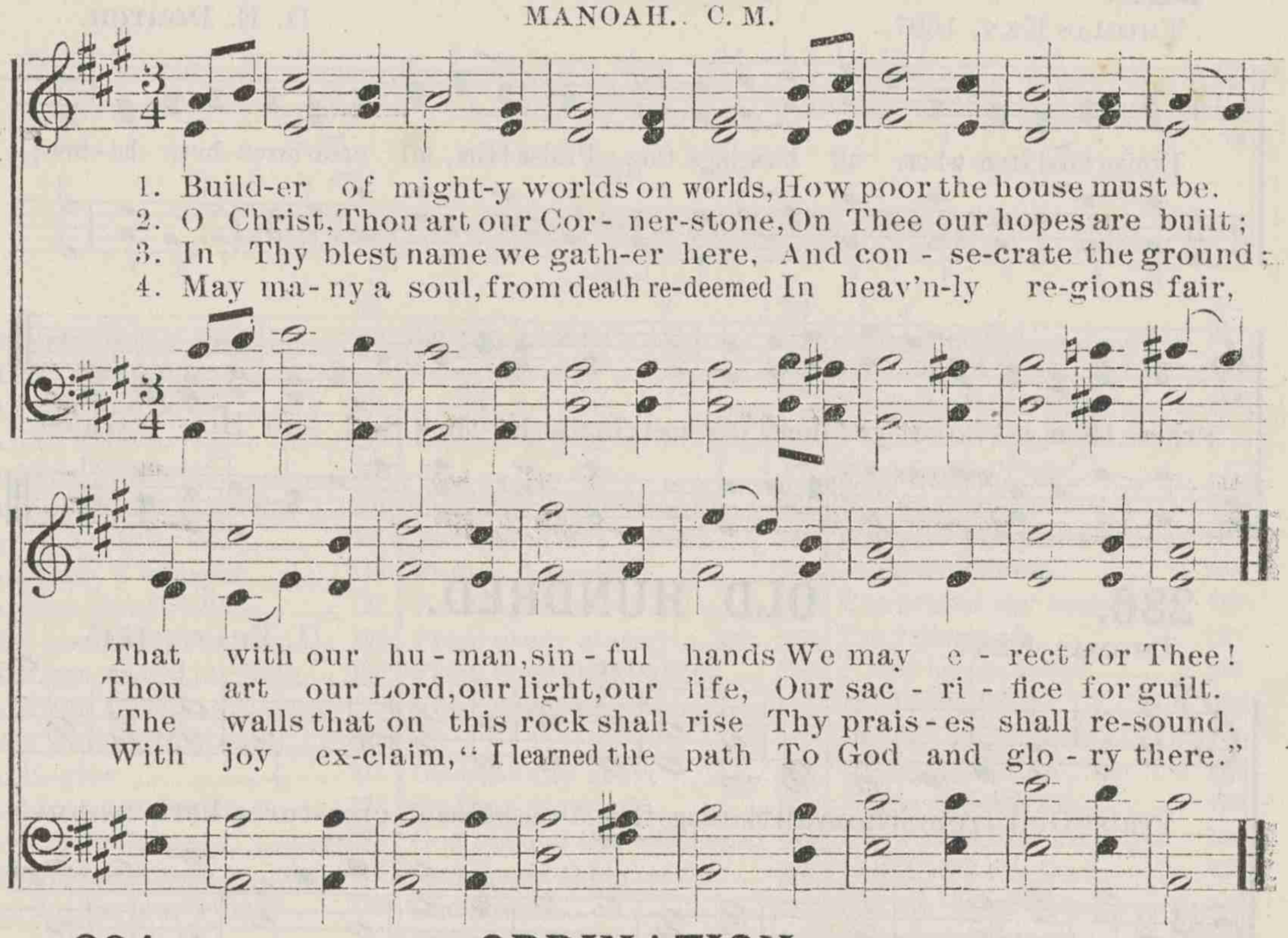


282. MARLOW. C. M.



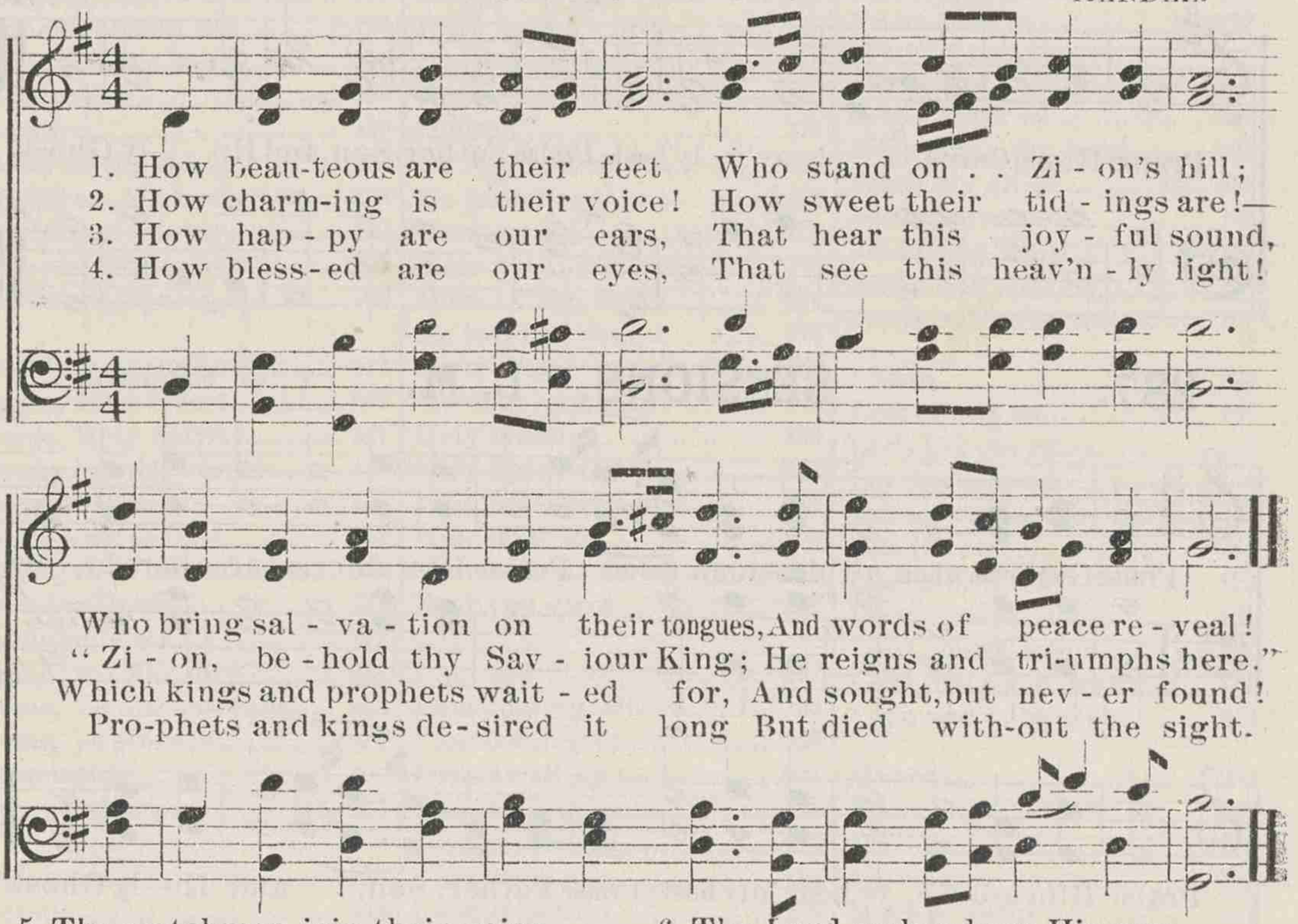
283. LAYING A CORNER STONE.

MANOAH. C. M.



284. ORDINATION.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. HANDEL.



5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

285. DOXOLOGY.

THOMAS KEN, 1697. D. E. DORTCH.



286. OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN. G. FRANC, 1545.



287. SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.



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