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"ROUND" NOTES.

BELLS OF HEAVEN

CHOICE

HYMNS AND TUNES

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RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

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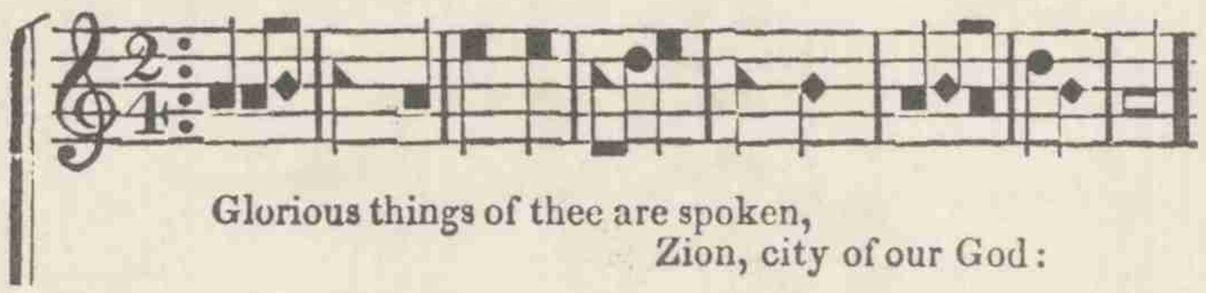

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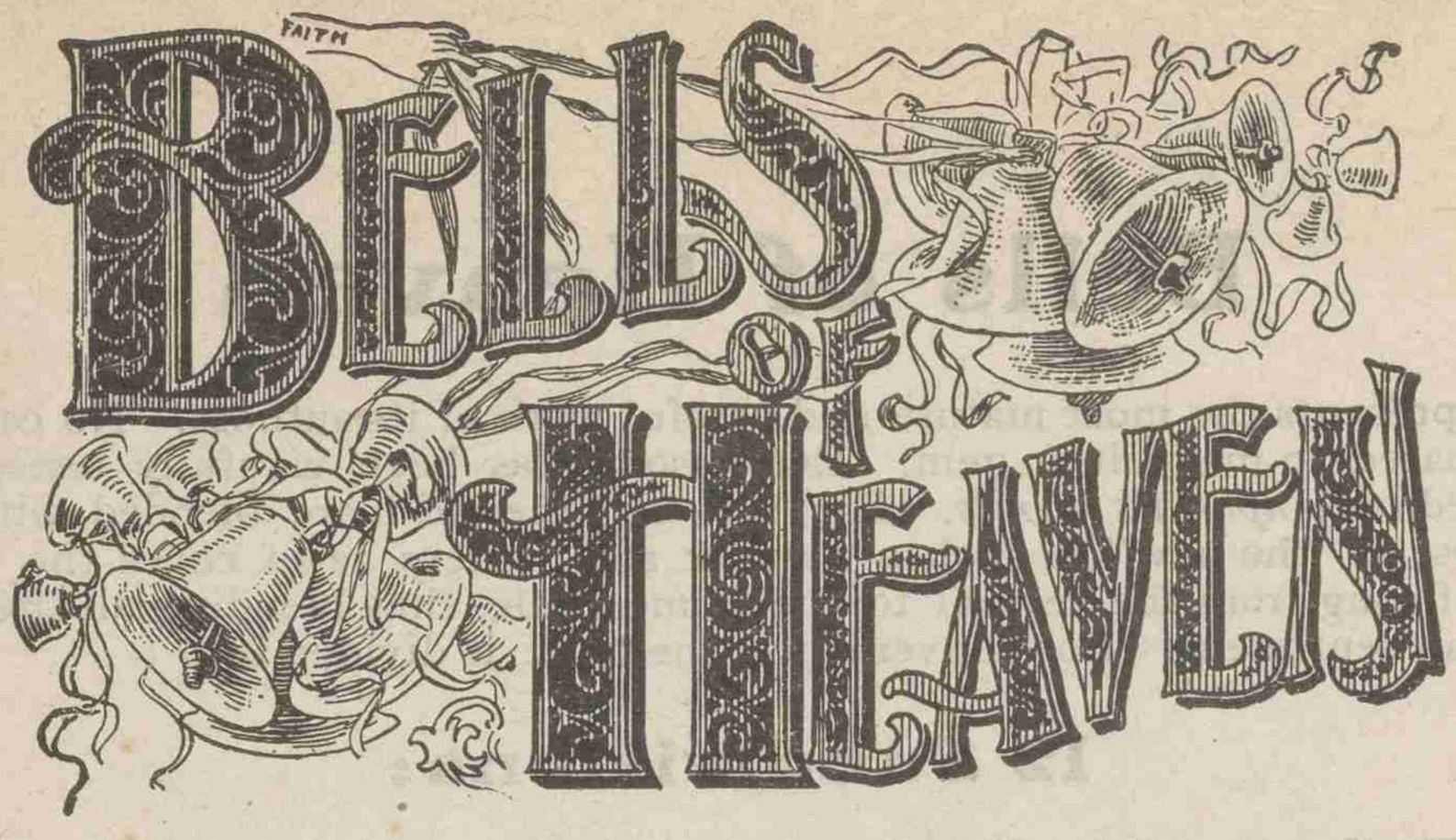

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

"NEW AND OLD,"

ARRANGED IN TEN DEPARTMENTS FOR USE IN

Sunday Schools, Young People's Societies, Revivals, Prayer Services, Missionary Meetings, Home Circle, and for the School Room,

TOGETHER WITH

A CAREFULLY PREPARED HISTORY OF HYMNS,*

WITH A PRELUDE ON

Hymnology and Christianity

BY

GEORGE C. LORIMER, D.D., LL.D.,
Pastor Tremont Temple, Boston,

Rev. JOHN C. F. KYGER,
Editor of Hymns and Their History.

MUSIC UNDER CAREFUL SUPERVISION OF

Elisha A. Hoffman, **Charles C. Luther,** **Warren W. Bentley**
John H. Tenney, **James M. Hagan,** **Charles E. Pollock.**

"Ring, ye Bells of Heaven, ring, we shall stand before the King."—*E. O. Excell.*
"Faith pulls the rope that rings the Bells of Heaven."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

ILLUSTRATED

"New Century"—1 copy, prepaid, 75c; 12 copies, not prepaid, $7.20; 100 copies, not prepaid, $55.00.

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THE BROWN-FRANKLIN CO.,

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Bells of Heaven

Represents the most mature and careful work of its authors. No care has been spared to make it a gem. Every song has been carefully tested and admitted *only upon its merits.* The best of "the old" are blended with the brightest of "the new" in such a number and variety as to cover the whole scope of song from the revival to the home circle, thus blending all life with Christian sentiment. For convenience, the book is divided into

12 Subdivisions:

1. The Sunday-School Department—Contains an unusually fine collection of bright Sunday-school Songs, many of which have never before been published.

2. Young People's Societies—These hymns are such as will feed communion, stimulate devotion and deepen consecration. They will enkindle hope, stir the zeal and inspire the courage of our young people.

3. Revivals and Prayer Meetings—While embracing many new hymns, contains a large number of the old hymns and tunes which fired the hearts of Israel's hosts in the days of our fathers, and kindled a holy enthusiasm which led them on to victory

4. Warning and Invitation—Contain hymns that not only warn the sinner, but they exalt Christ. They magnify His sovereign grace, and exhibit His infinite love. The department contains many touching solos, full of spiritual power calculated to awaken the unsaved.

5. Penitence and Faith—Songs that will touch the soul and lead to penitence, put faith into exercise, stir emotion and inflame affection. They tend to awaken enthusiasm, stimulate to duty, and thus bring down "streams of refreshing" and the food of "heavenly manna."

6. Mission Hymns—For use in meetings of Missionary Societies, Children's Bands and for use in the congregation when a missionary sermon is preached, or a missionary rally is being held. These should be used often.

7. The Funeral—Special hymns are here deemed essential since the decree of the Creator, "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return," has gone forth. A number of funeral hymns are here inserted.

8. Special Occasions—Embracing hymns suitable for the Lord's Supper, joining the church, the service of baptism, church dedications, ordination of ministers, temperance occasions, thanksgiving services, etc., will render this department very helpful to any church.

9. The Home Circle—Devotion should begin in the home. The most sacred alter of earth is that of mother's knee. Here infant lips should be trained to sing the songs of Jesus and His love.

10. Male Quartets—Are so much called for that we have been induced to make for them a separate and distinct department.

11. Anthems—Are often in demand, and we feel that BELLS OF HEAVEN would be incomplete without a few well selected ones.

12. The Miscellaneous Department—Contains excellent hymns and tunes which do not properly belong to any of the other divisions of the book.

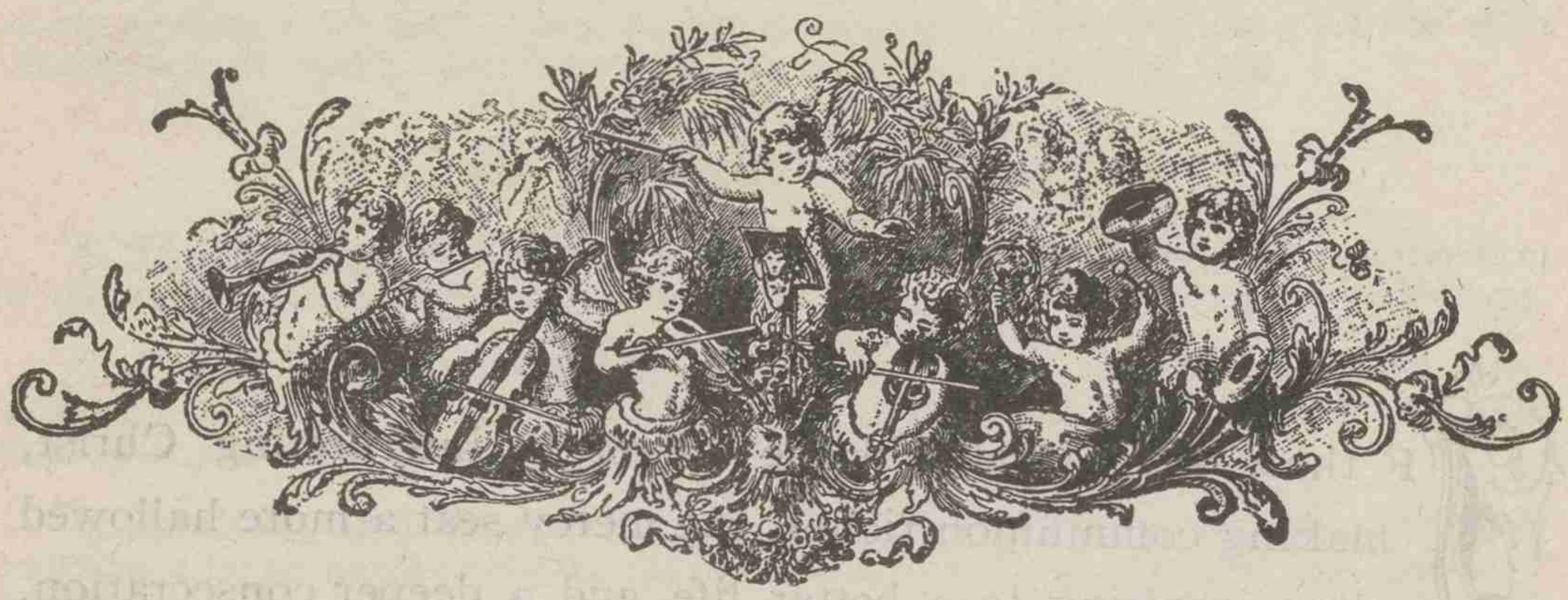
IF these songs shall aid the singer in interpreting Christ, making communion richer, the mercy seat a more hallowed altar, inspiring to a better life and a deeper consecration, our object will have been accomplished.

So, fervently praying and ardently hoping that the divine unction may accompany these songs in their mission of love and salvation, and that through them many precious souls may be won into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, BELLS OF HEAVEN is sent forth on its mission. May God add His blessing.

Yours in the Service of Song,

THE AUTHORS.

MUSIC



Music is the inarticulate speech of the heart, which can not be compressed into words, because it is infinite.—*Wagner.*

Music raises in the mind of the heart great conceptions; it strengthens devotion, and advances praise into rapture.—*Addison.*

Music, as it rises from the family altar or echoes from the sanctuary, addresses the highest and holiest emotions of the soul.—*Smith.*

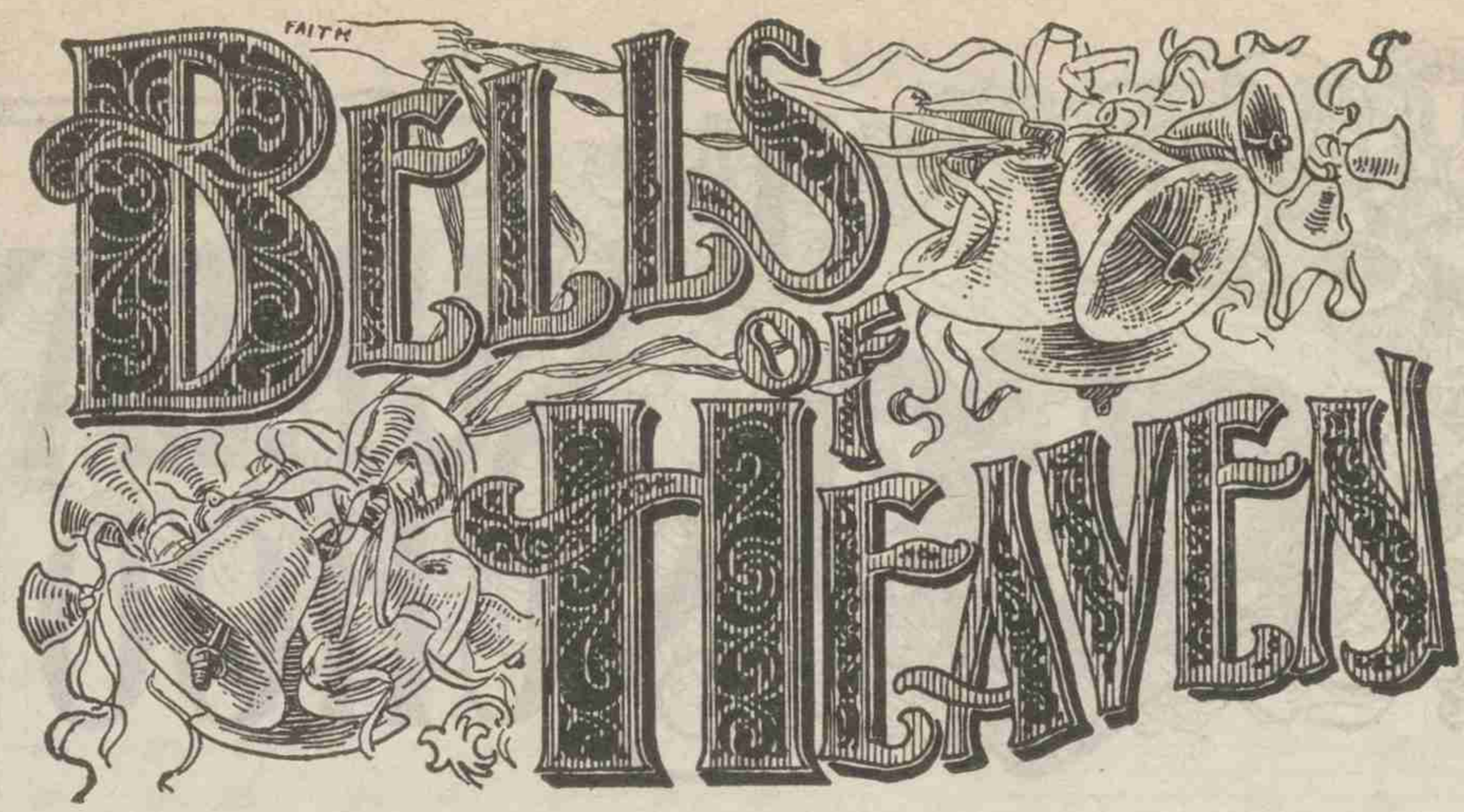
Music is a thing of the soul—a rose-lipped shell that murmurs of the eternal sea—a strange bird singing the song of another shore.—*Holland.*

Music is the harmonious voice of creation; an echo of the invisible world; one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound.—*Mazzini.*

This is the luxury of music—it touches every key of memory, and stirs all the hidden springs of sorrow and of joy. I love it for what it makes me forget, and for what it makes me remember.—*Brittain.*

The music of art is but the imitation of the music of nature; there are voices of grief in the winds, joy in the songs of spring, and melody in the rippling stream. These Æolian strains God employs to educate the finer feelings; and man, conspiring to the same result, adds these artificial charms, which elevate sentiment, quicken the imagination, touch the heart, transport the soul, and draw the finite closer to the infinite.—*Robertson.*

We can sing away our cares easier than we can reason them away. The birds are the earliest to sing in the morning; the birds are more without care than anything else I know. Sing in the evening. Singing is the last thing that robins do. I know they sleep sweeter for it. Oh, that we might sing evening and morning, and let song touch song all the way through! Oh, that we could put songs under our burdens! Sing in the house. Teach your children to sing.—*Beecher.*



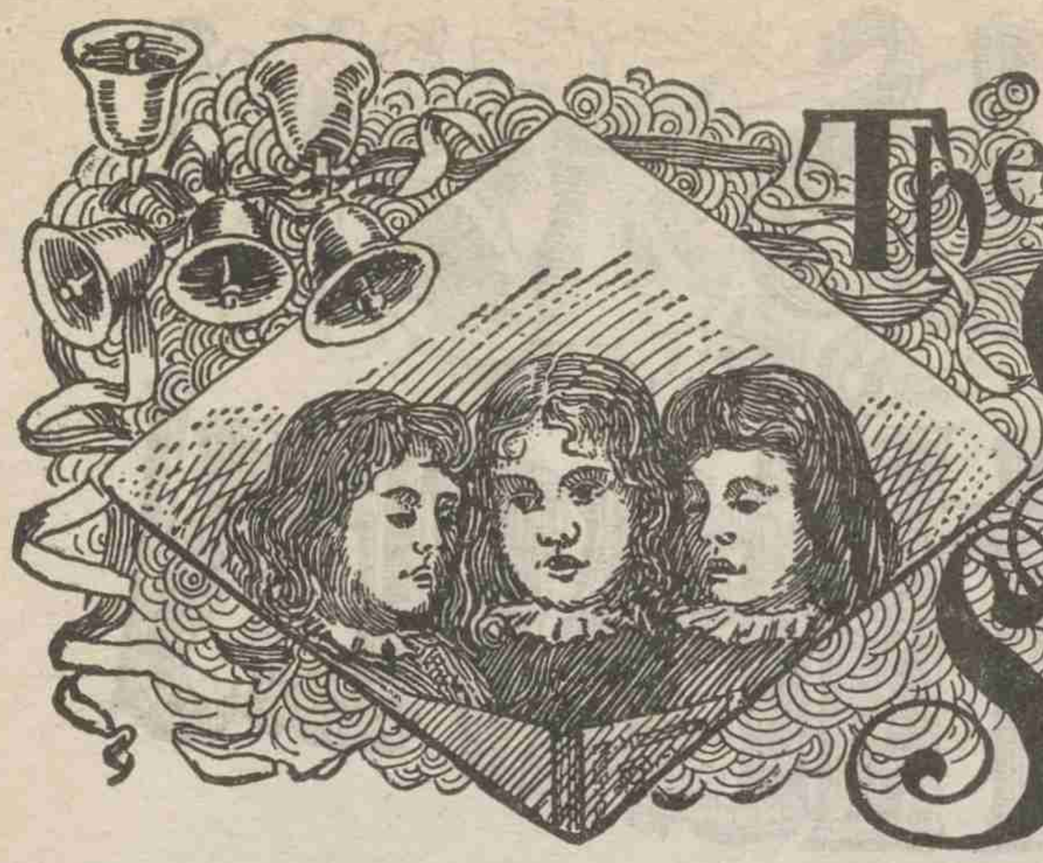
No. 1. Holy, Holy, Holy!

"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4: 8.

REGINALD HEBER, D.D. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Earl - y in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their gold-en crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see; On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer - ci-ful and might-y! God in three per - sons, Blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.
Mer-ci - ful and might-y! God in three per - sons, Blessed Trin - i - ty!



The SUNDAY SCHOOL

Gather the people together, men, and women, and children, and thy stranger that *is* within thy gates, that they may hear, and that they may learn, and fear the LORD your God, and observe to do all the words of this law:

And *that* their children, which have not known *any thing*, may hear, and learn to fear the LORD your God, as long as ye live in the land whither ye go over Jordan to possess it.

Now therefore write ye this song for you, and teach it the children of Israel; put it in their mouths, that this song may be a witness for me against the children of Israel.—Deut. 31: 12, 13, 19.

No. 2. The Sabbath Bells are Ringing.

(FOR THE INFANT CLASS.)

"I will praise Thy name, O Lord."—Ps. 54: 6.

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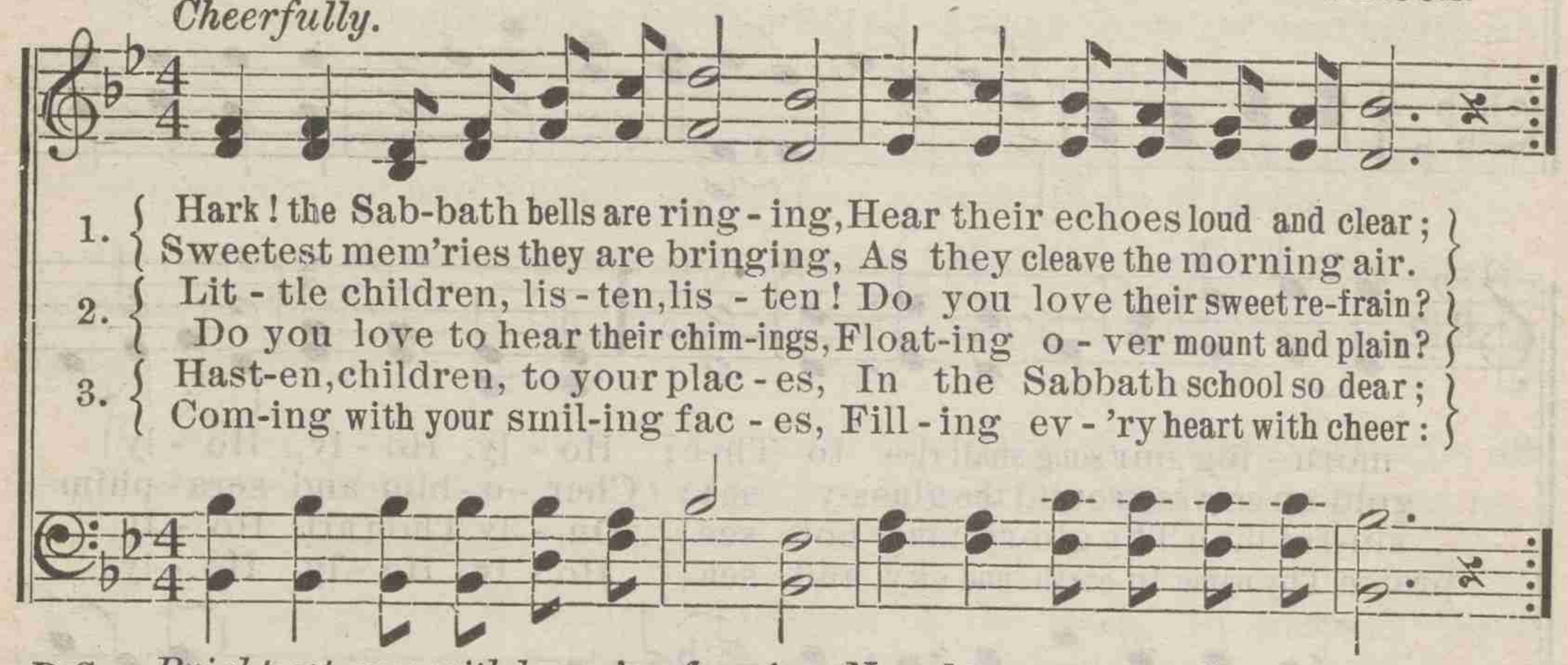
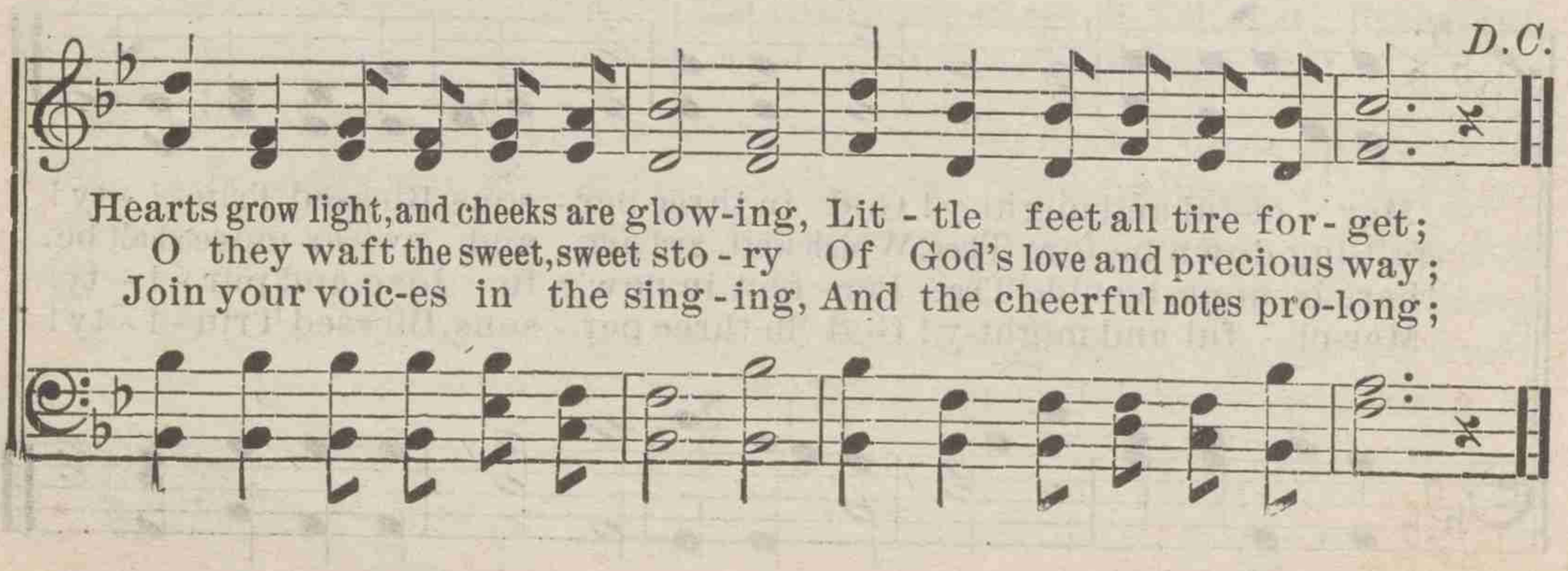
F. A. EVANS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Cheerfully.



No. 3. The Morning Bells.

(FOR OPENING SCHOOL.)

"In thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore."—Ps. 16:11.

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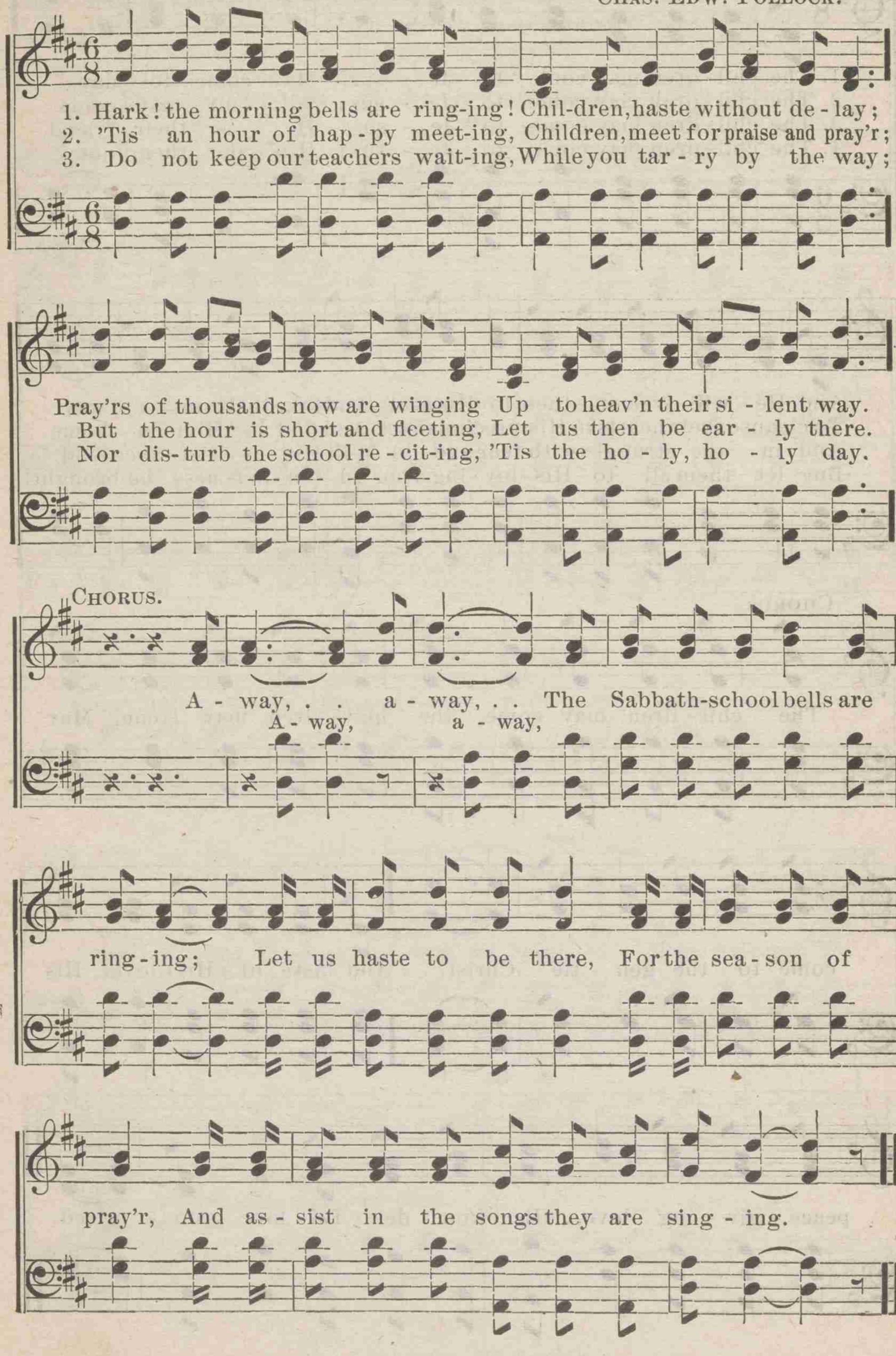
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



No. 4. The Children may Come to Jesus.

"Those that seek me early shall find me."— Prov. 8: 17.

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Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. S. W. Straub.

1. The chil - dren may come to Je - sus, May come to - day,
2. The chil - dren may come to Je - sus; All, all may come
3. The chil - dren may come to Je - sus; He is their friend,
4. The chil - dren may come to Je - sus; Hin - der them not;

And He will welcome them to His arms, And take their sins a - way.
To cleanse their hearts in His precious blood, And find in Him a home.
And in the struggle with fear and sin Will His as - sist - ance lend.
But let them all to His lov - ing arms In ten - der- ness be brought.

Chorus.

The chil - dren may come, the chil - dren may come, May

come to the gen - tle Christ, And taste of His love, His

peace - giv - ing love, His won - der - ful love un - priced.

No. 5. We Come.

"Incline your ear, and come unto me."—Isa. 55: 3.

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Selected. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Oh, come to Me at the morn-ing hour, While the world is so fresh with dew, While life is fair, and you have no care,
2. Oh, come to Me in the sweet spring-time, Ere the flow-ers of youth are passed, While no foe you fear, and no days are drear,
3. Oh, come to Me, come, thou youthful one, There is no bet-ter time for thee; I will re-ceive all who do be-lieve,
4. Oh, come to Me at the eve-ning hour, Ere the sen-ses of sleep are still; Come, taste this hour all My pard'ning pow'r,

CHORUS.

There is no oth-er friend so true. We come, we
And the clouds nev-er o-ver-cast.
They shall all My sal-va-tion see.
Come and bow to My right-eous will. We come, we come, we

come, we come . . . to Thee; We
come, we come, Pre-cious Sav-iour, we come to Thee, we come; We

come, we come, Precious Sav-iour, we come to Thee.
come, we come, we come, we come,

No. 6. Children's Work Song.

(FOR THE INFANT CLASS.)

"My soul waiteth for the Lord."—Ps. 130 : 8.

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CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Lit - tle children, come to Jesus, Hear Him saying, "come to Me," Blessed
   Lit - tle souls were made to serve Him, All His ho - ly laws ful-fil; Lit - tle
2. Lit - tle eyes to read the Bi-ble, Giv-en from the heav'n's above, Little
   Lit - tle tongues to sing His praises, Lit-tle feet to walk His ways, Little

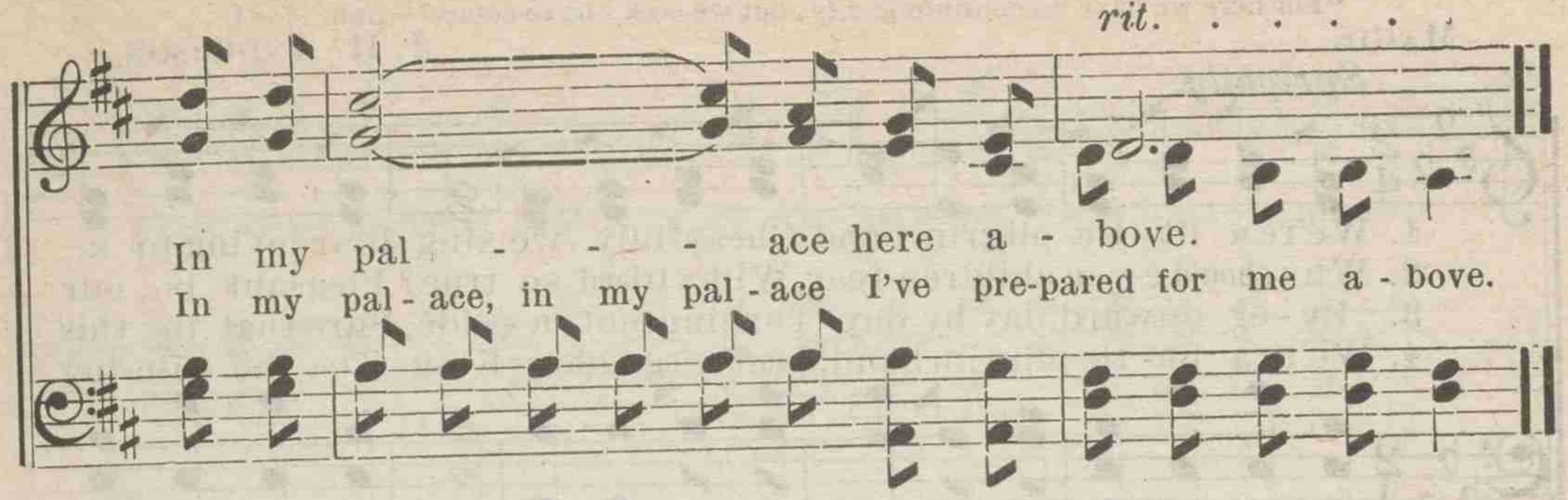
Je-sus, who to save us, Shed His blood on Calva - ry.
hearts were made to love Him, Little (*Omit . . .*) hands to do His will.
ears to hear the sto - ry Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
bod-ies to be temples, Where the (*Omit . . .*) Ho-ly Spir-it stays.

CHORUS.

Don't you hear . . . . . the Sav-iour say - - ing,
Don't you hear the Sav - iour call - ing, Speak-ing soft, in tones of love,

Lit - tle chil - - - dren, seek My love, ...
Lit - tle chil-dren, don't you hear Him, Don't you hear His voice a - bove?

I am wait - - - ing to re - ceive you,
I am wait - ing to re - ceive you, I am wait-ing to re-ceive you,

Children's Work Song. Concluded.

No. 7. Jesus Loves the Children Dear.

"As the Father loved me, so have I loved you."—John 15. 9.

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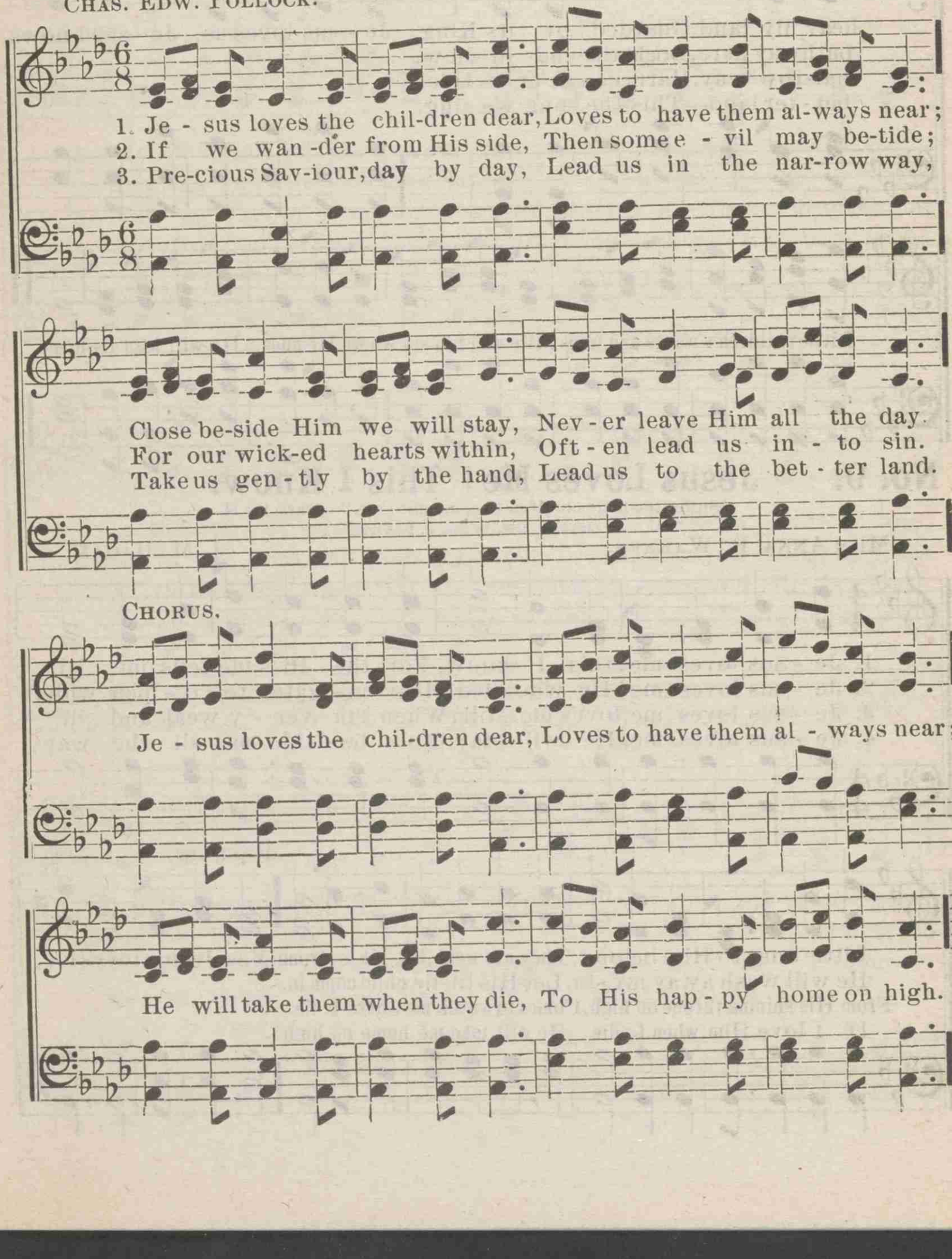
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. J. H. TENNEY.

No. 8. Little Pilgrims. (Infant Class.)

"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 13: 14.

MAUD. J. H. ANDERSON

Sprightly.

1. We're a lit - tle pilgrim band, Cheerfully we sing, Journeying to a heav'nly land, Guarded by its King.
2. Why should e-ven children fear, With a friend so true? Pleasant is our pathway here, Bright the end in view.
3. Ev - er onward, day by day, Turning not a - side, Sure that in this nar-row way, Harm can ne'er be- tide.
4. We're a lit - tle pilgrim band, Journeying with our King To the shin-ing bet - ter land—This the song we sing.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus loves us, Je - sus knows Little children's wants and woes; We will fol-low where He goes, He will lead us home.

No. 9. Jesus Loves Me! This I Know.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."—Mark 10: 14.

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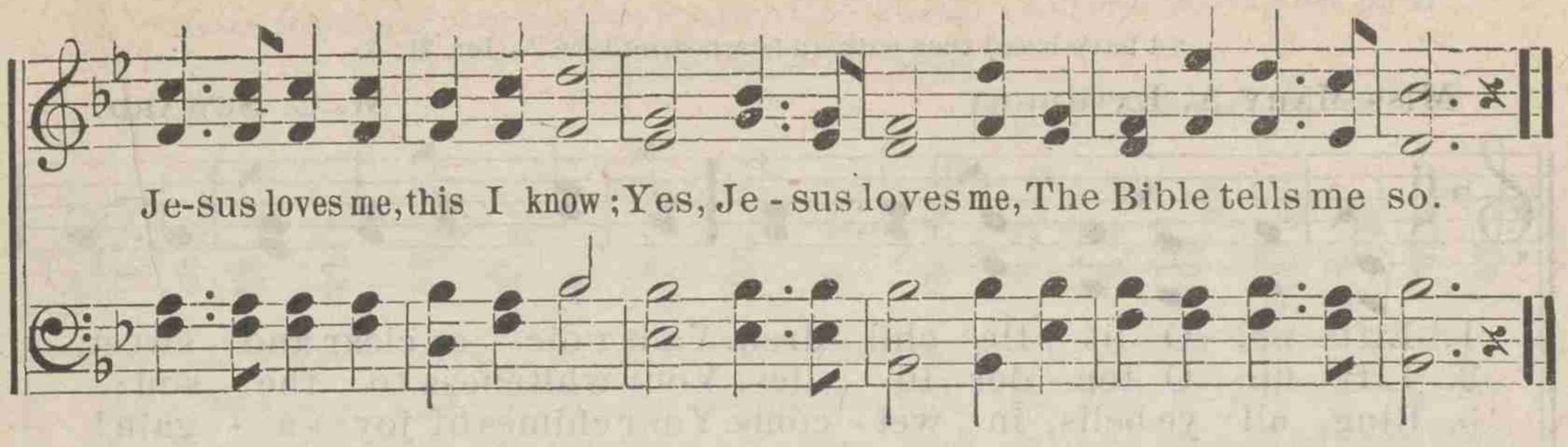
Miss ANNA B. WARNER. J. M. HAGAN.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide,
3. Je - sus loves me, loves me still; When I'm ver - y weak and ill,
4. Je - sus loves me, He will stay Close be - side me all the way;

REFRAIN.

Little ones to Him belong, They are weak, but He is strong. Yes, Je-sus loves me,
He will wash away my sin, Let His lit-tle child come in.
From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him, when I die He will take me home on high,

Jesus Loves Me! This I Know.

No. 10. Jesus and the Children.

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."—Mark 10: 16.

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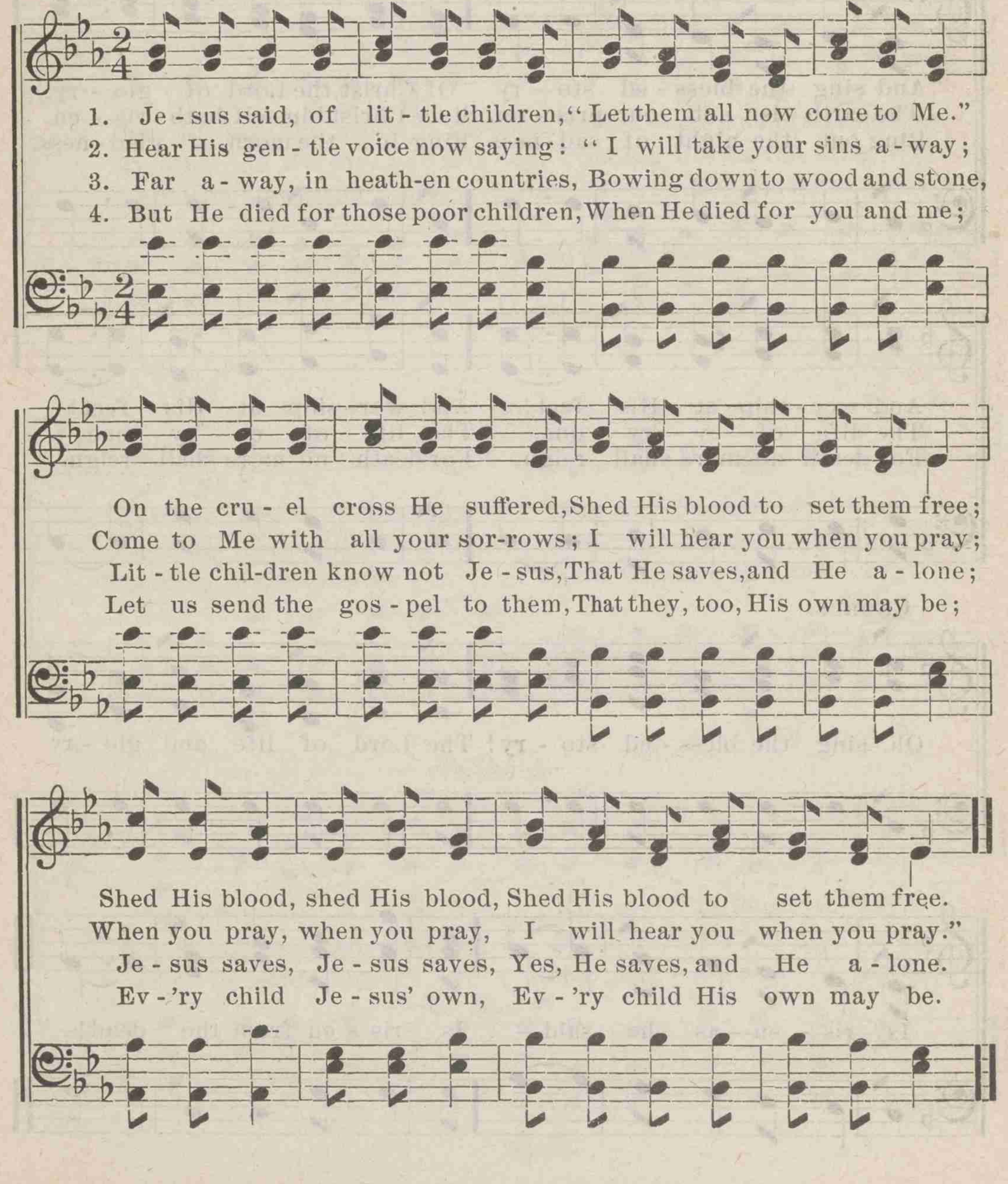
Anon. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



No. 11. The Lord is Risen.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."—Jer. 31: 3.

Miss Mary A. Lathbury. M. C. Seward.

1. Lift up, O lit - tle chil - dren, Your voic - es clear and sweet,
2. Lift up, O ten - der lil - lies, Your whiteness to the sun;
3. Ring, all ye bells, in wel - come, Your chimes of joy a - gain!

And sing the bless - ed sto - ry Of Christ, the Lord of glo - ry,
The earth is not our pris - on, Since Christ himself hath ris - en,
Ring out the night of sad - ness, Ring in the morn of glad - ness,

And wor - ship at His feet! And wor - ship at His feet!
The life of ev - 'ry one, The life of ev - 'ry one.
For death no more shall reign, For death no more shall reign.

Chorus.

Oh, sing the bless - ed sto - ry! The Lord of life and glo - ry

Is ris - en—as he said— Is ris - en from the dead!

No. 12. Little Friends of Jesus.

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

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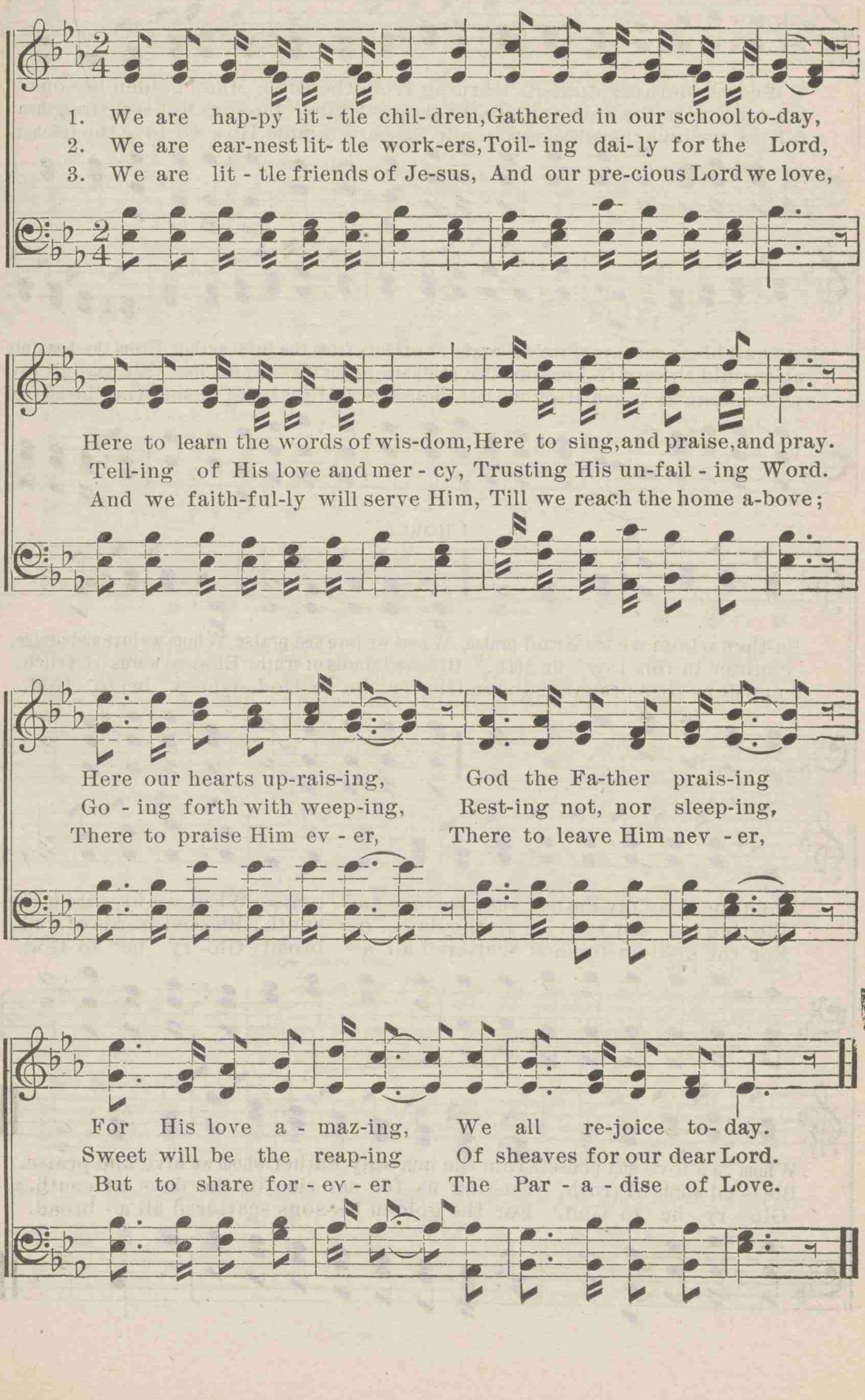
E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

No. 13. Our Sunday School.

"Teach it to the children of Israel, put it in their mouths."—Deut. 38: 19.

To my son, Austin T. Lincoln, and his Sunday School class.

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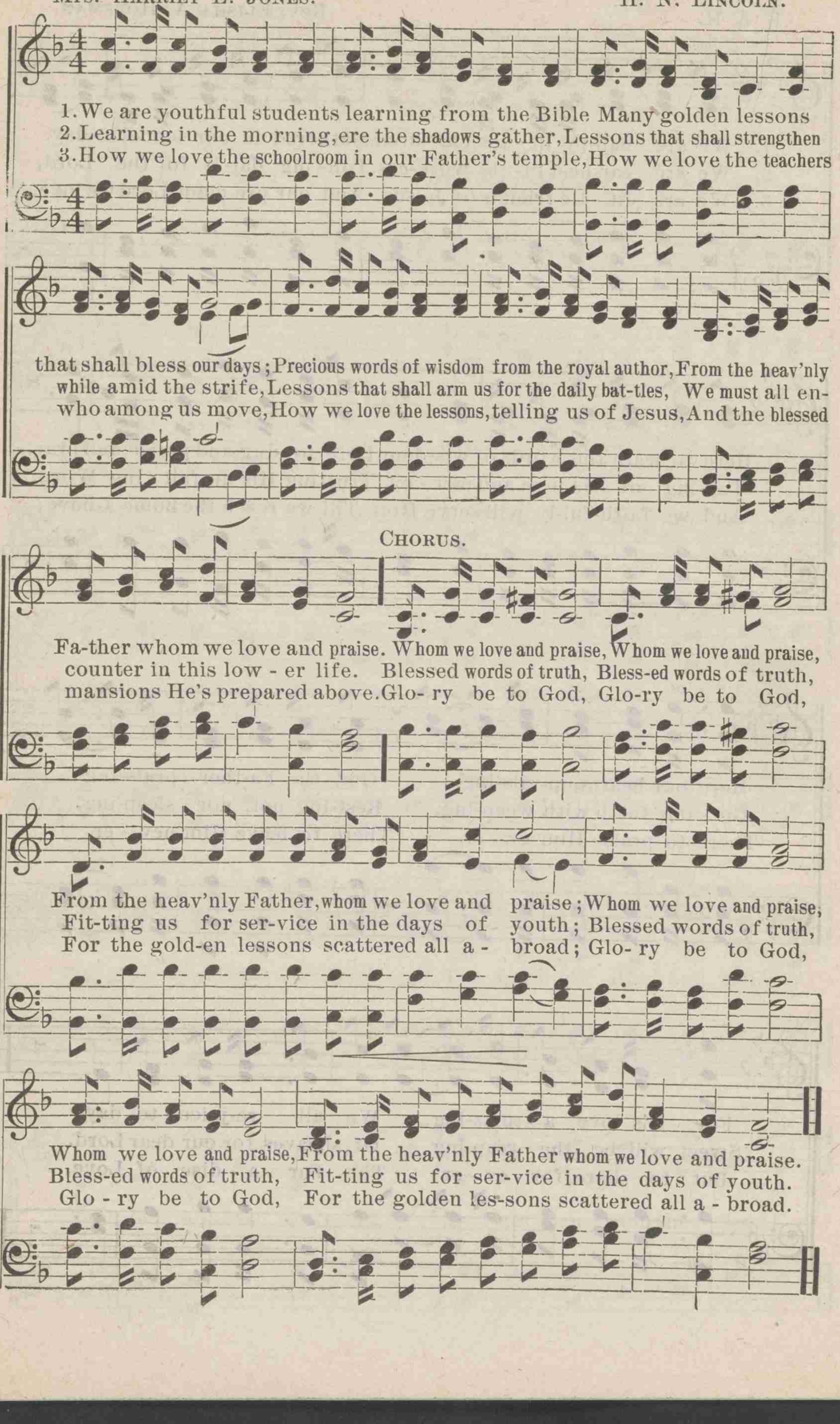
Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. H. N. LINCOLN.

No. 14. Suffer the Children to Come.

"Suffer . . . little children . . . to come unto me."—Matt. 19: 14.

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O. S. G. O. S. GRINNELL.

1. Christ suf-fered the chil-dren to come un - to Him, His bless-ing He gave full and free, And His words of com-pas-sion were sweet when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
2. How ma - ny are homeless and no-where to go! In the streets of our cit - ies they roam! Oh, may the Good Shepherd send some one to bring These chil-dren to "Sweet Sabbath home!"
3. Oh! can we not win them to Je - sus to - day? Their hearts will soon harden in sin; We all should go forth with much la - bor and zeal, And bid the dear chil-dren come in.

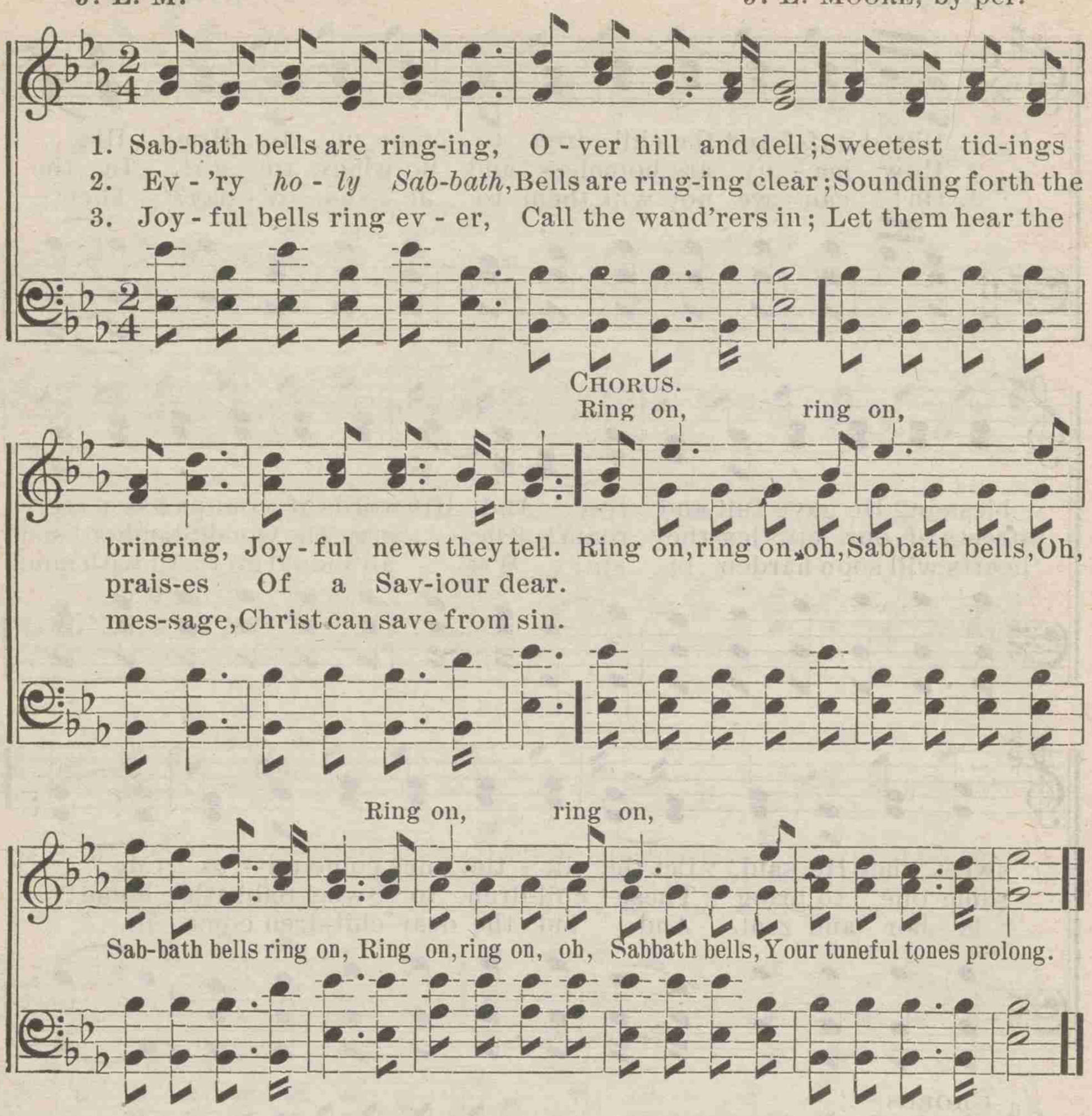
CHORUS.

"Suffer the children to come," . . "Suffer the children to come," . . .
come un-to Me," come un-to Me,"

"Suf-fer the children to come un-to Me, Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

No. 15. Sabbath Bells Are Ringing.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—Phil. 4: 4.

J. L. M. J. L. MOORE, by per.

No. 16. The Little Gleaners.

(INFANT CLASS.)

"Go work today in my vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28.

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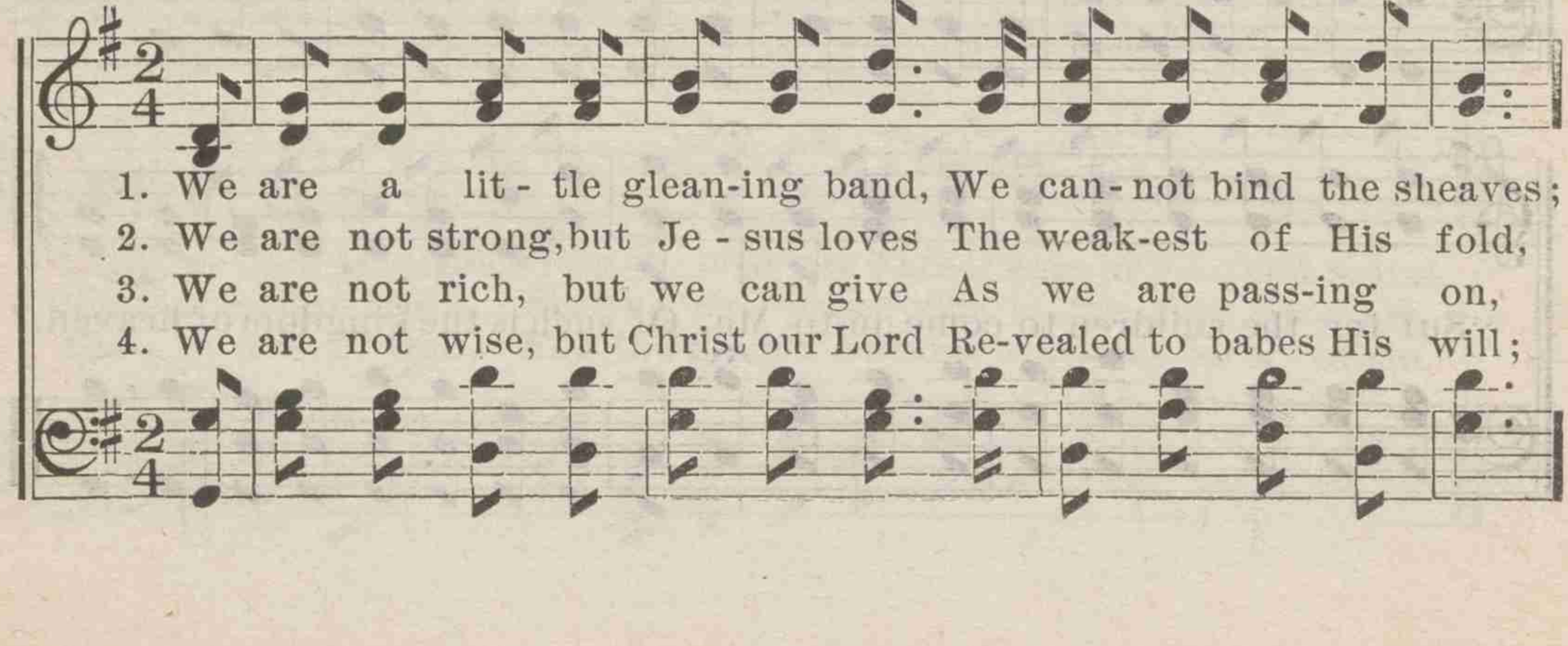
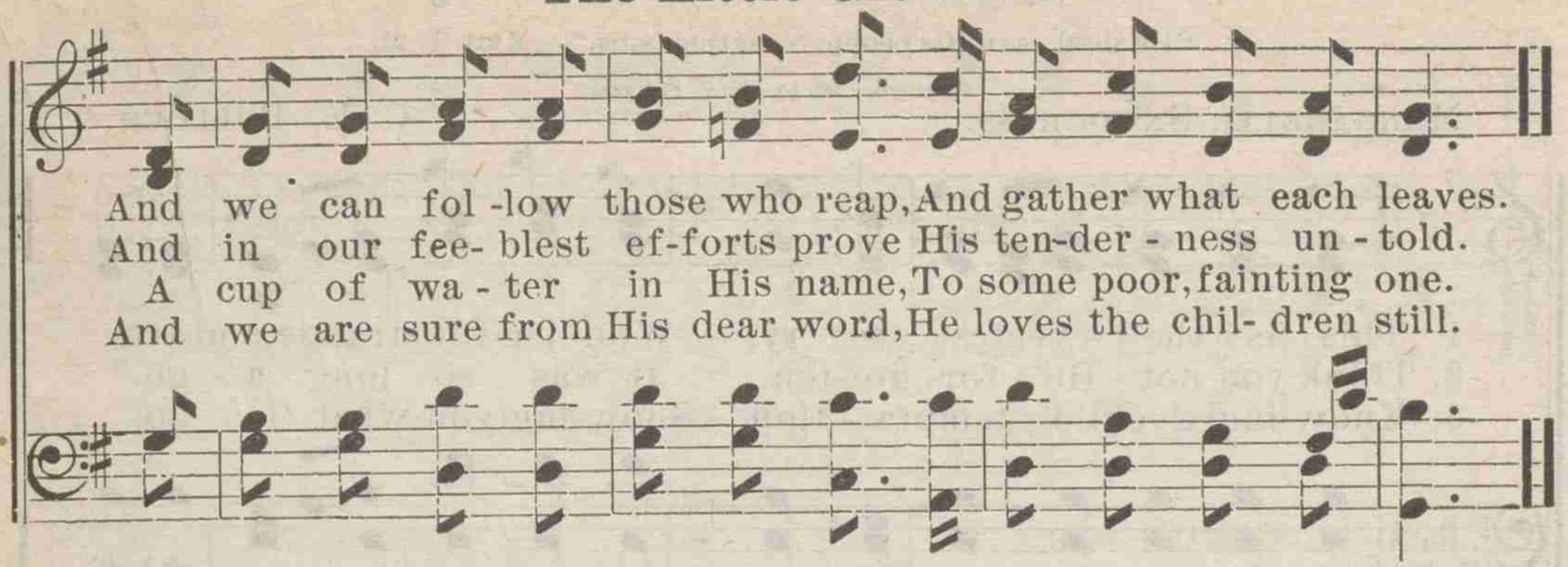
J. M. HAGAN.

The Little Gleaners.



No. 17. Bless Us Children Now.

FANNIE J. CROSBY. ANNIVERSARY HYMN. WM. W. BENTLEY.

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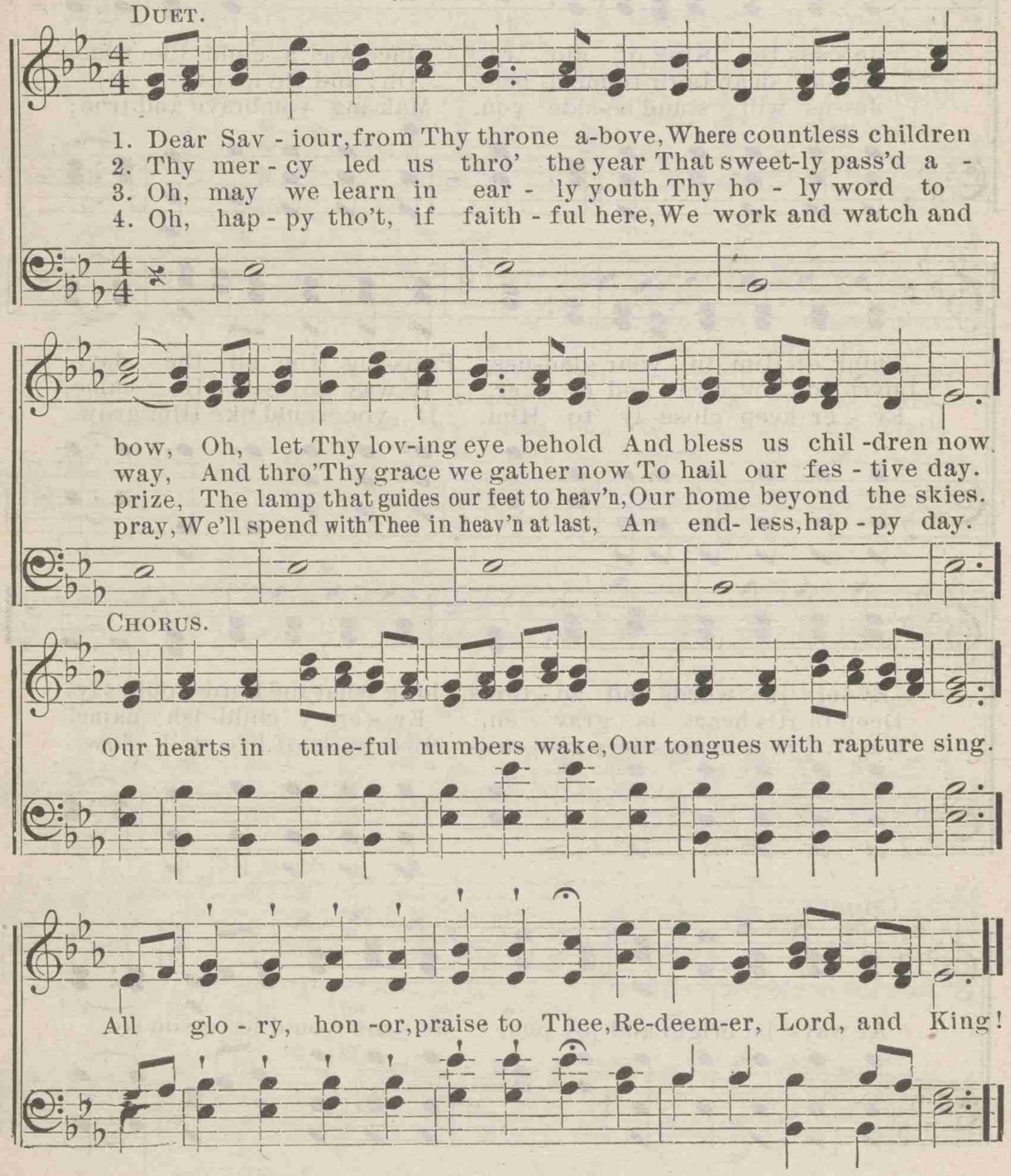
DUET.



No. 18. This Is the Sweetest Story.

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

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MARGARETTE SNODGRASS. C. E. POLLOCK.

1. This is the sweetest sto - ry, Won-der-ful, strange, and true,
2. Think you not "He's for- got-ten, It was so long a - go,"
3. Know-ing a child's tempta - tion, Show-ing you what to do,

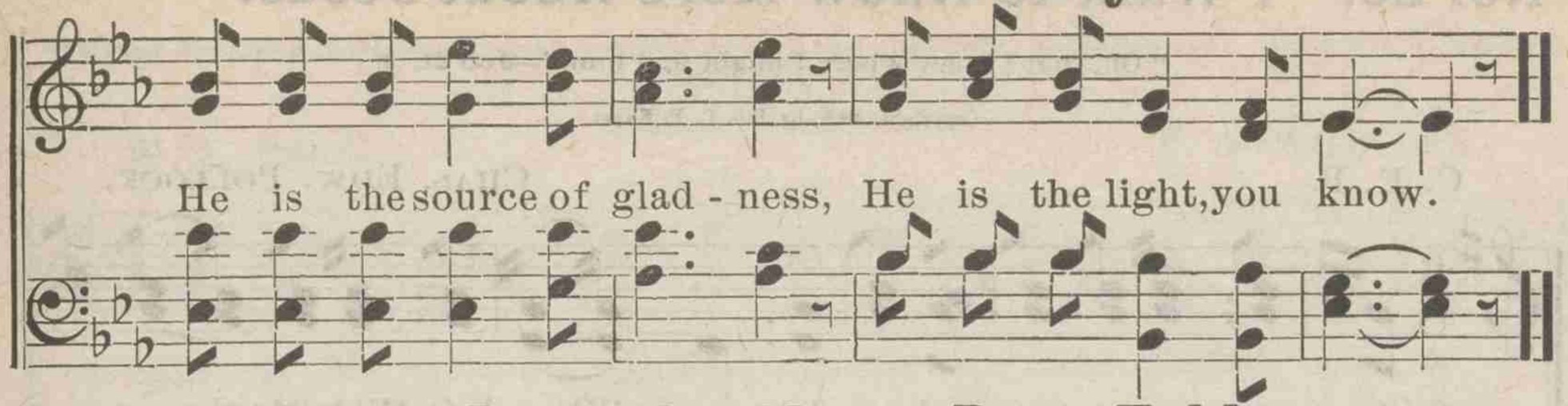
Je - sus, the King of glo - ry, Once was a child like you.
No, the dear Lord re-mem- bers, Oh! and He loves you so;
Je-sus will stand be-side you, Mak-ing you brave and true;

Think of Him in your glad-ness, Prais-ing Him all the day,
Loves you for aye and ev - er, It was to you He came,
Ev - er keep close- ly to Him, If you would like Him grow,

Ev- er in words and ac - tions, Think what the Lord would say.
Deep in His heart is grav - en, Ev - er - y child- ish name.
Out of your heart's deep glad-ness Sweetness of life will flow.

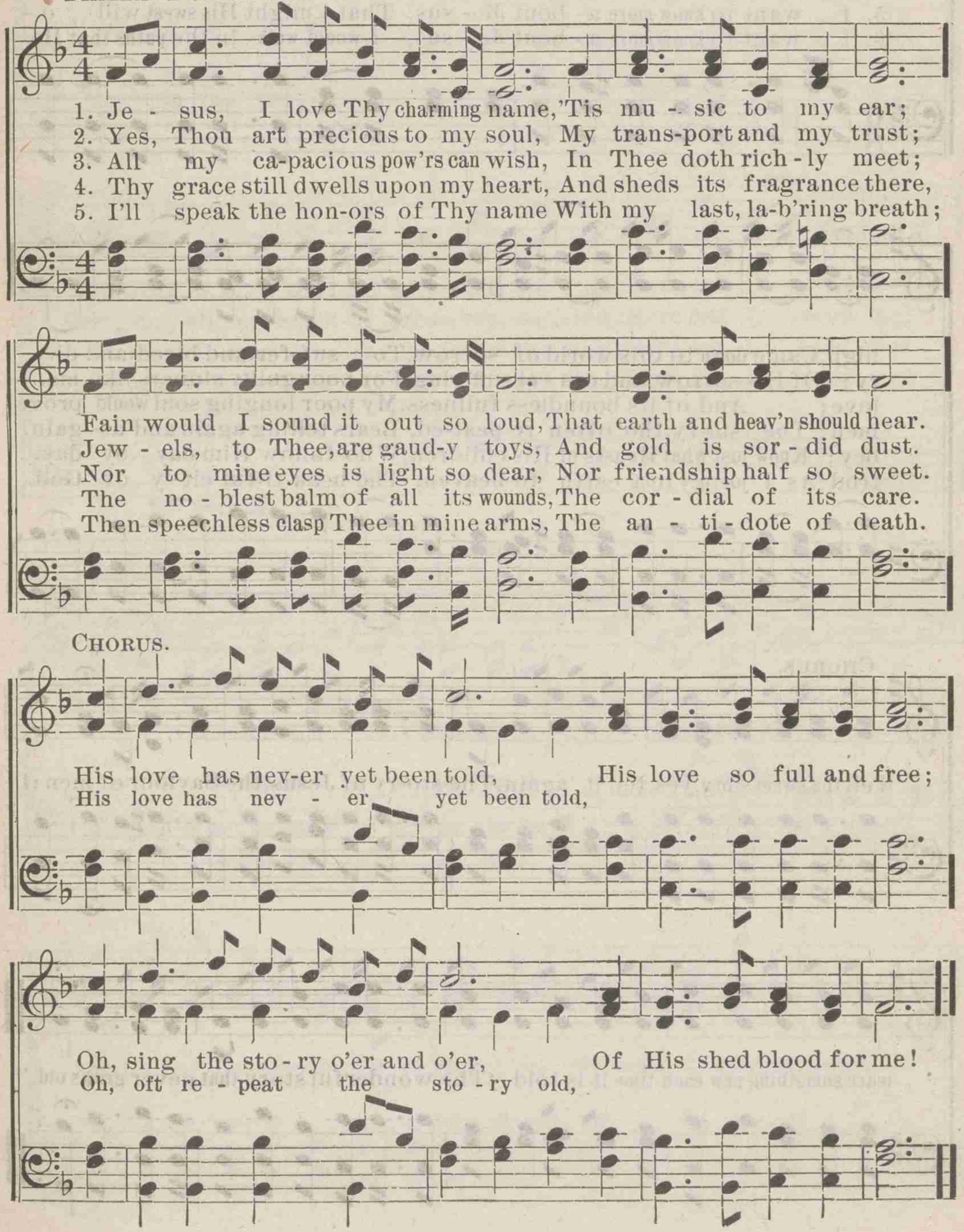
CHORUS.

Al-ways be bright and joy-ous, Je - sus would have you so.

This Is the Sweetest Story.

No. 19. His Love Has Never Been Told.

"Behold, the half was not told."—1 Kings 10: 7.

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

No. 20. I Want to Know More About Jesus.

"Oh, that I knew where I might find him."—Job 23: 3.

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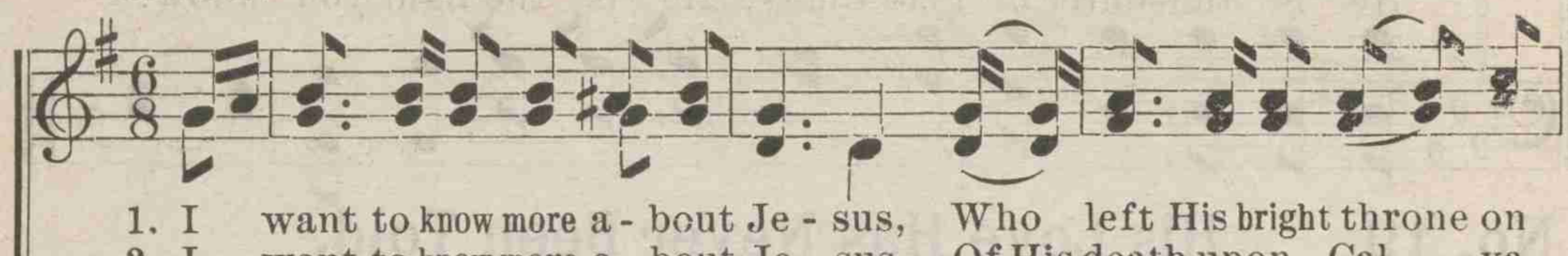
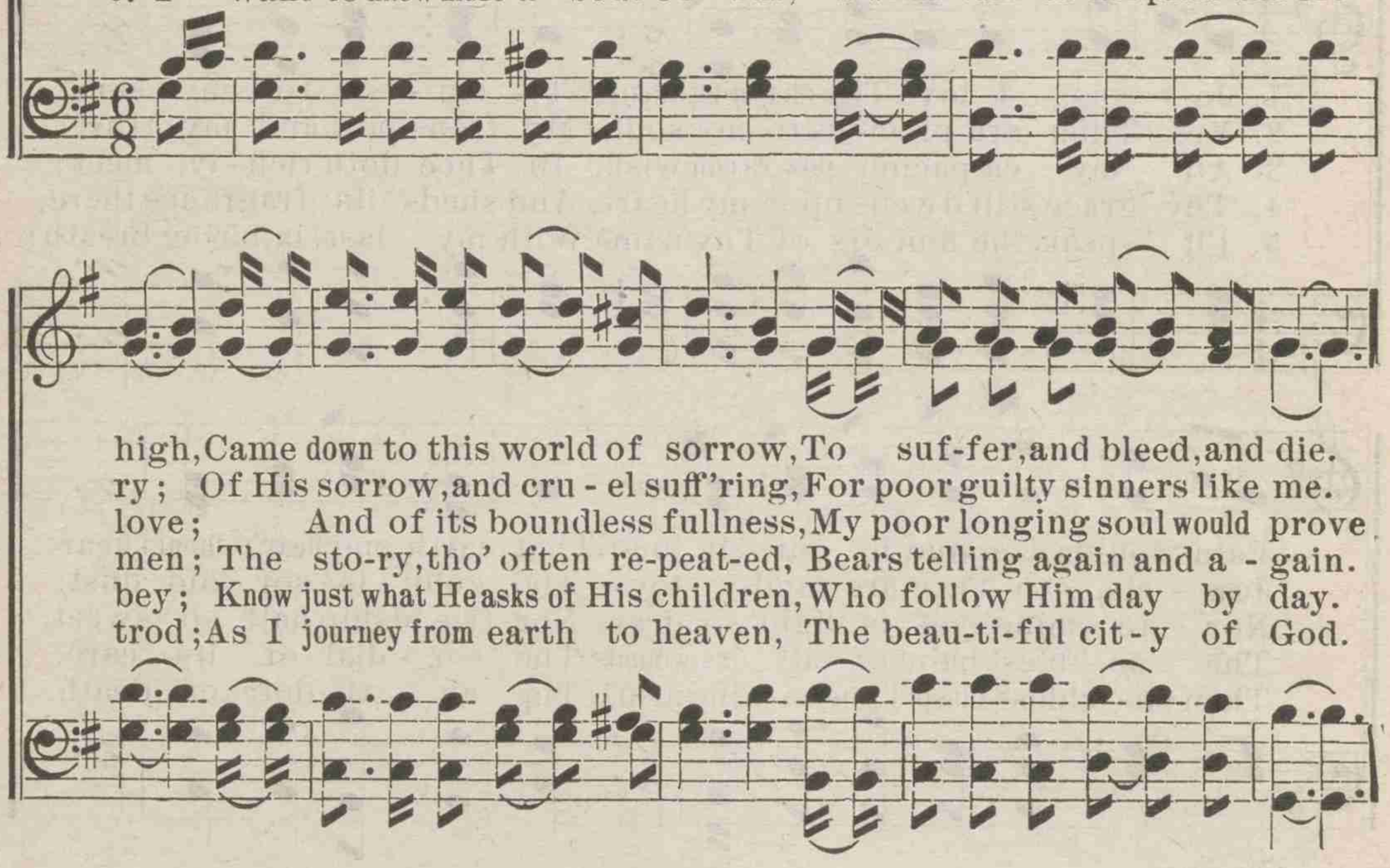
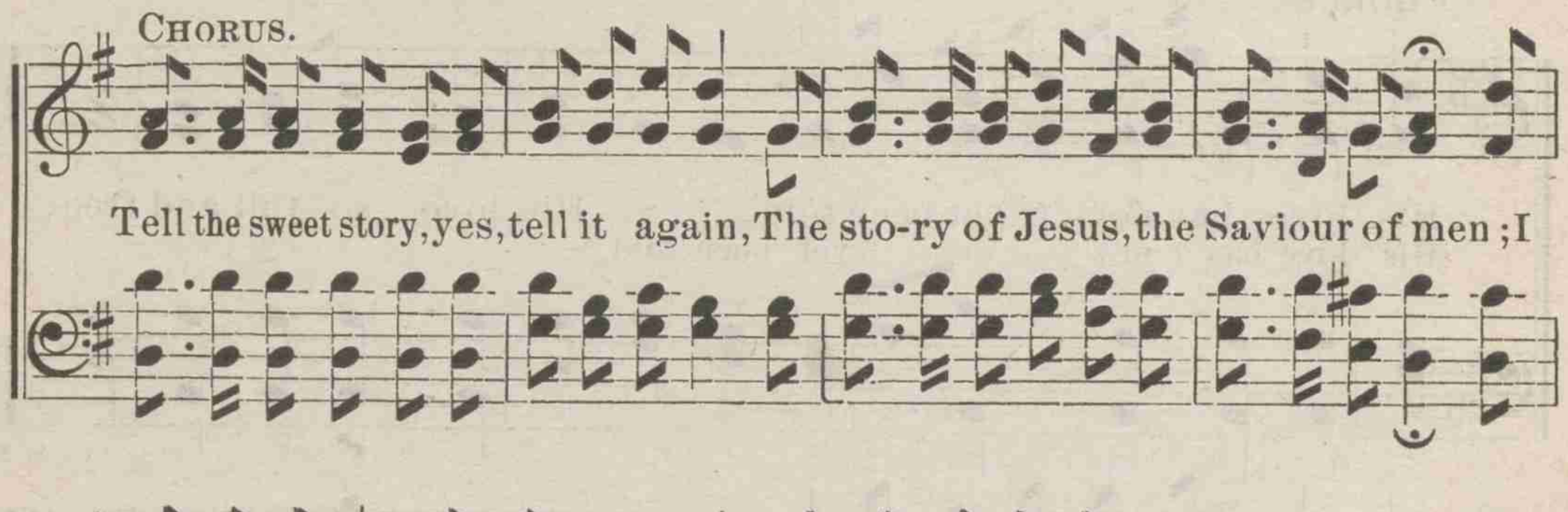
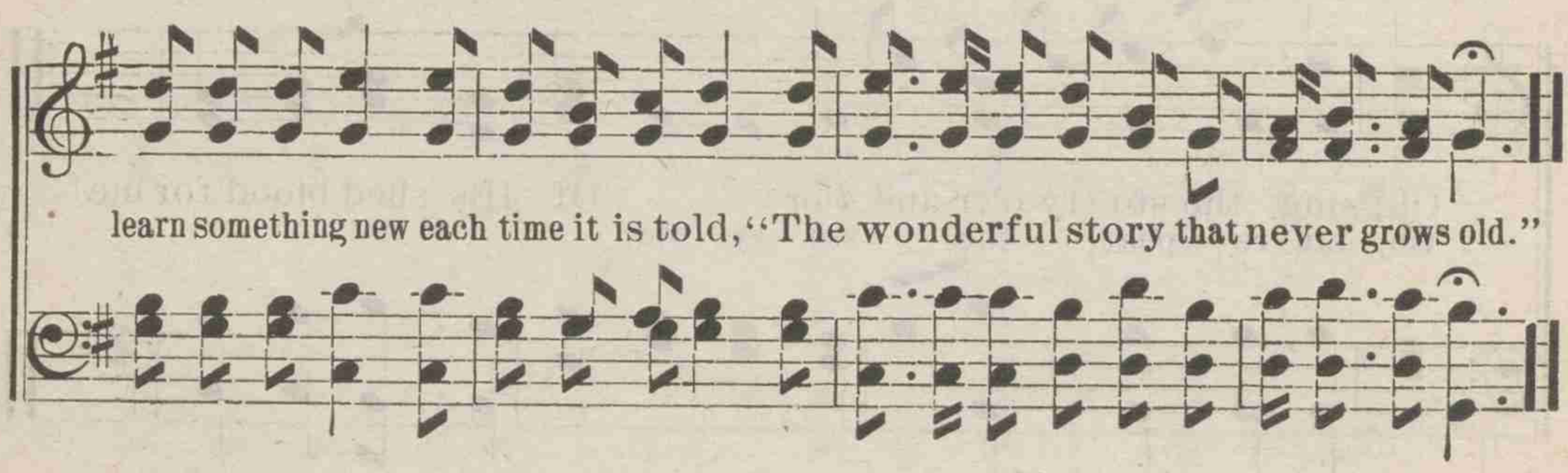
C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus, Who left His bright throne on high, Came down to this world of sorrow, To suf-fer, and bleed, and die.
2. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus,—Of His death upon Cal - va- ry; Of His sorrow, and cru - el suff'ring, For poor guilty sinners like me.
3. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus,— More of His great heart's love; And of its boundless fullness, My poor longing soul would prove men; The sto-ry, tho' often re-peat-ed, Bears telling again and a - gain.
4. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus, The won - derful Saviour of bey; Know just what He asks of His children, Who follow Him day by day.
5. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus, That I might His sweet will o - trod; As I journey from earth to heaven, The beau-ti-ful cit - y of God.
6. I want to know more a - bout Je - sus,—I would walk in the paths that He



CHORUS.

Tell the sweet story, yes, tell it again, The sto-ry of Jesus, the Saviour of men; I learn something new each time it is told, "The wonderful story that never grows old."



No. 21. Here am I, Send Me!

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I, send me."—Is. 6: 8.

Copyright, 1887, by W. E. Penn.

W. E. PENN. F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Ear - ly in the morn-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, Sam - uel like I'd be,
2. Ear - ly in the morn-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, I would come to Thee,
3 Ear - ly in the morn-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, I would live for Thee,
4. Has - ten, ev - 'ry wand'rer, now to Je - sus, For He call - eth thee;

Leav-ing ev - 'ry sin - ful pleas-ure, say - ing: Here am I, send me!
Bring-ing all my earth - ly treas-ure, say - ing: Here am I, send me!
So that I may ev - er be found say - ing: Here am I, send me!
Come, and join the heav'n-ly arm - y, say - ing: Here am I, send me!

CHORUS.

Hear am I, here am I, Here am I, send me!
Here am I, here am I, Here am I, send me. send me!

Read-y for Thy service Ev - er would I be, Here am I, send me, send me!

No. 22. A Child's Prayer.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 17: 8.

Copyright, 1894, by J. Berg Esenwein.

J. B. E. Rev. J. Berg Esenwein.

Tenderly.

1. Sav - iour, gen - tle Sav - iour, Ten - der, meek, and mild,
2. Teach me to be faith - ful In the least I do,
3. Teach me ne'er to fal - ter At Thy blest com - mand,

Grant me now Thy fa - vor, Come and bless Thy child.
Make me hum - bly grate - ful When Thy love I view.
Lead me to Thine al - tar By Thy lov - ing hand.

:S: Make me pure and ho - ly, More and more like Thee,
Guard my feet from stray - ing, Keep my heart from guile,
Work in me Thy pleas - ure, Thine I ask to be,

D.S. *Teach me to a - dore Thee, Teach me how to pray,*

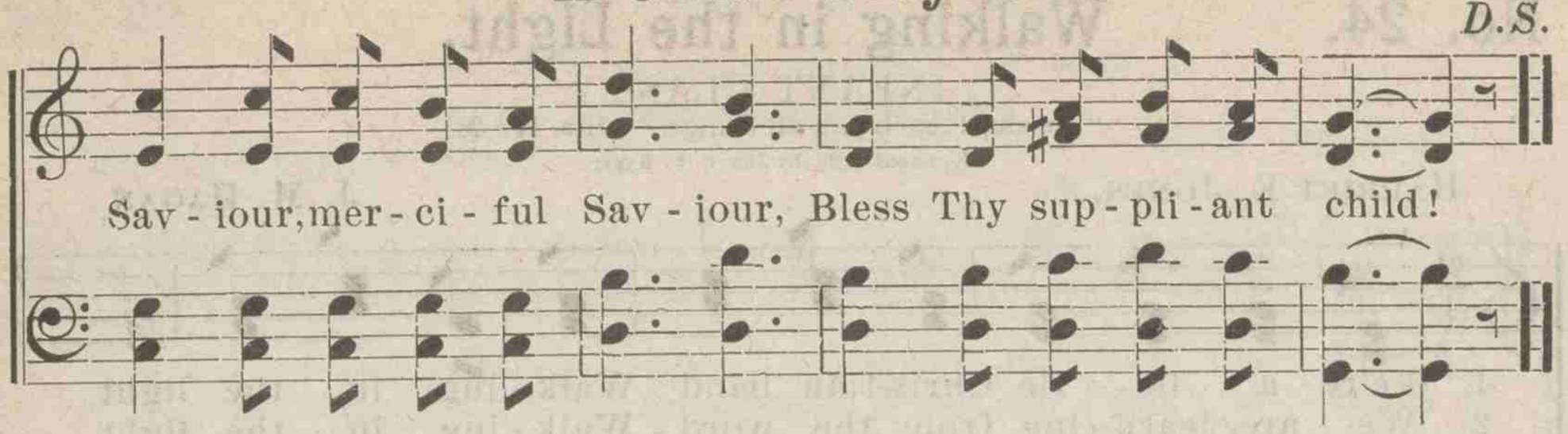
FINE.

Sanc - ti - fy me whol - ly, Ev - er Thine to be!
E - vil words ne'er speak - ing, Hold my hand the while.
Yield my heart's rare treas - ure, Je - sus, Lord, to Thee.

Praise and love and serve Thee, More and more each day!

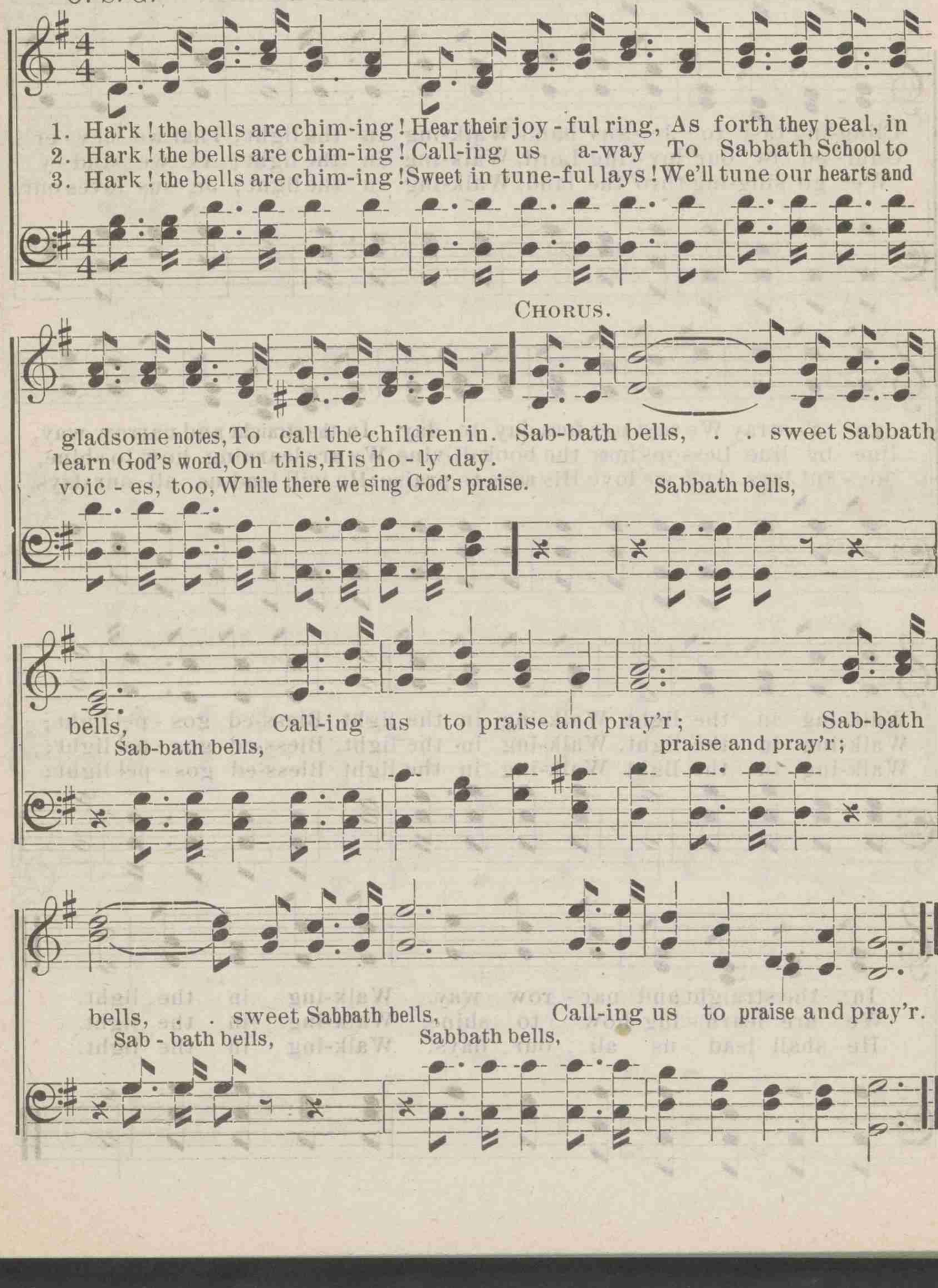
CHORUS.

Sav - iour, mer - ci - ful Sav - iour, Gen - tle, lov - ing, and mild,

A Child's Prayer.

No. 23. Sabbath Bells Are Chiming.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—Exod. 20: 8.

Copyrighted, 1884, by the Hoffman Music Co.

O. S. G. O. S. GRINNELL.

No. 24. Walking in the Light.

(INFANT CLASS.)

"He shall teach you all things."—Jno. 14: 26.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. M. HAGAN

1. We're a lit - tle Chris-tian band Walk - ing in the light,
2. We are learn - ing from the word, Walk - ing in the light,
3. O, we are a hap - py band Walk - ing in the light,

Cling-ing fast to Je - sus' hand, Walk-ing in the light; That we nev - er
Guid - ed by our lov - ing Lord, Walk-ing in the light; As we stud - y
We go sing-ing thro' the land, Walk-ing in the light; Je - sus loves our

go a - stray We must keep from day to day In the straight and narrow way,
line by line Lessons from the book di-vine, We are learning how to shine,
joy - ful lays, And we love His name to praise; He will lead us all our days,

Walk-ing in the light, Walk-ing in the light, Bless-ed gos - pel light;
Walk-ing in the light, Walk-ing in the light, Bless-ed gos - pel light;
Walk-ing in the light, Walk-ing in the light, Bless-ed gos - pel light;

In the straight and nar - row way, Walk-ing in the light.
We are learn - ing how to shine, Walk-ing in the light.
He shall lead us all our days, Walk-ing in the light.

No. 25. Little Children, Pray.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73: 28.

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

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH. S. W. STRAUB

1. In the morn - ing ear - ly, When the dew is bright,
2. In the fer - vid noon - tide, When the sun is high,
3. In the pur - ple twi - light, When the day is done,
4. When the night is set - ting O'er the track - less world,
5. Yes, in times of troub - le, Or in sun - ny hours,

When the flow'rs are smil - ing In the bless - ed light;
When the flocks are seek - ing Where the shad - ows lie;
And be - hind the hill - tops Sink - eth low the sun;
And the dark-some shad - ows All the earth en - fold;
Wheth - er in the des - ert, Or a - mid the flow'rs,

When the hap - py song - birds Thank - ful hom - age pay;
When the brooks are run - ning Dream - ing - ly a - way;
When you pause to rest you, Wea - ry of the day,
When the winds are sigh - ing 'Neath the star - ry way;
In the mid - night drear - y, Or in bright - est day.

To the God who keeps you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
Then to God who sees you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
At that pleas - ant sea - son, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
Un - to God who keeps you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.
Un - to God who keeps you, Lit - tle chil - dren, pray.

No. 26. The Child's Prayer.

"And know my heart."—Psa. 139: 23.

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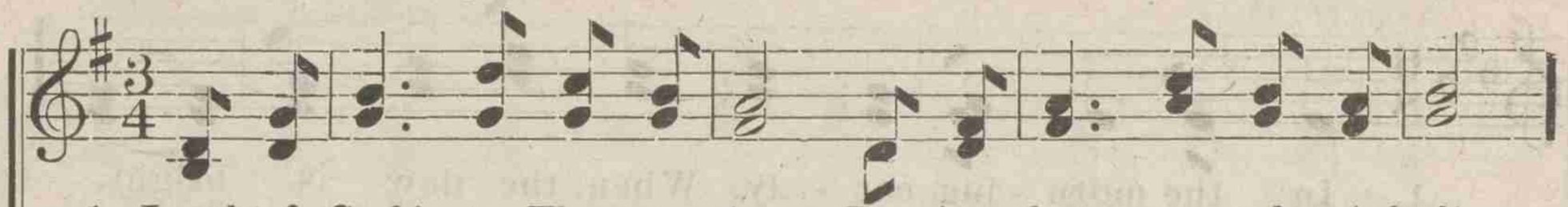
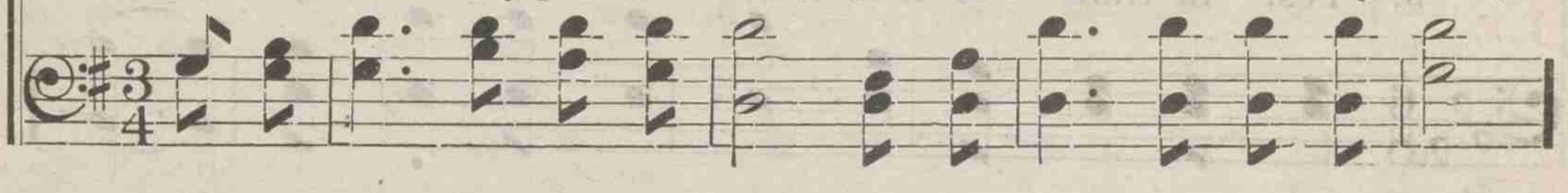
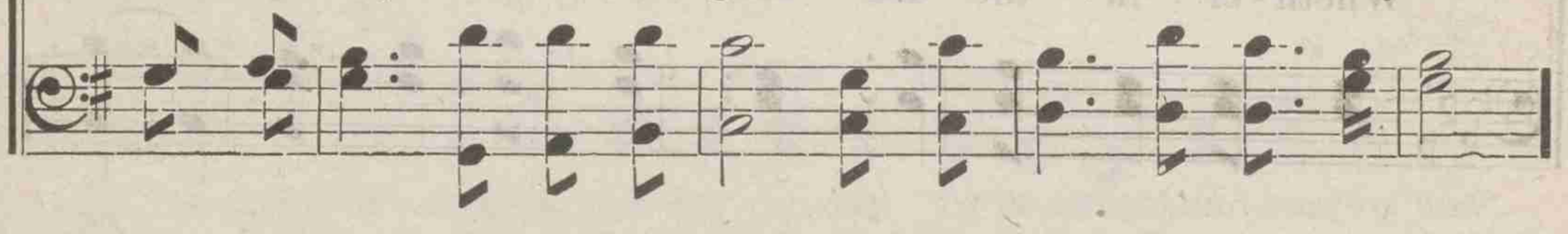
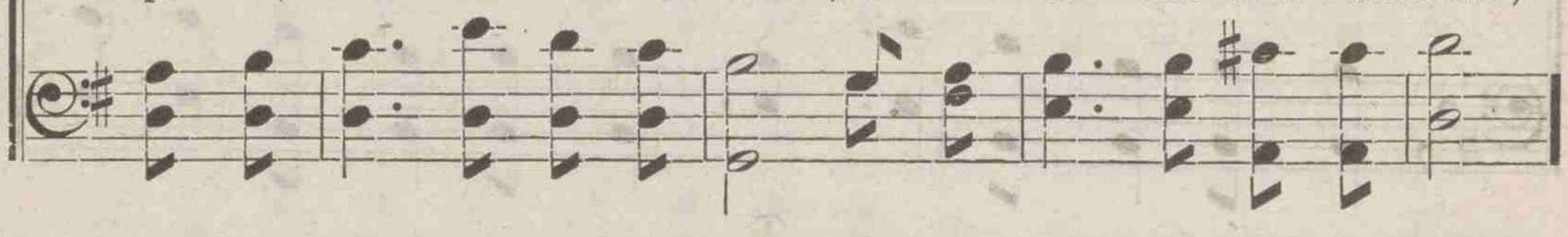
Dr. JOHN HILL LUTHER. J. M. HAGAN.

1. Lamb of God! to Thee we sing, Dy - ing that our souls might live;
2. Liv - ing, all Thy life was light, Cheer - ing earth and op'ning heav'n;
3. Oh! as - cend - ed Lamb of God! Vic - tor o - ver death and sin,
4. Now with - in Thy presence met, Sav - iour, send the Heav'nly Dove,

Lamb of God! to Thee we bring All that chil - dren have to give—
Weep - ing thro' the lone - ly night, All Thy tears for us were giv'n;
Let Thy life, Thy tears, Thy blood, Guide us, melt us, make us clean;
That we may no more for - get What we are, and what Thy love.

Hearts that sin - ful tho'ts al - lure—Lamb of God! oh, make them pure;
Dy - ing, all Thy blood was spilt To re - claim our souls from guilt;
Lamb of God! our sins for - give, In Thy like - ness let us live;
Spir - it, live Thou in each breast, Till th'e - ter - nal Sab - bath Rest;

Hearts that sin - ful tho'ts al - lure—Lamb of God! oh, make them pure.
Dy - ing, all Thy blood was spilt To re - claim our souls from guilt.
Lamb of God! our sins for - give, In Thy like - ness let us live.
Spir - it, live Thou in each breast, Till th'e - ter - nal Sab - bath Rest.

No. 27. Little Children Must Love Jesus.

"Suffer the children to come unto me."—Mark 10: 14.

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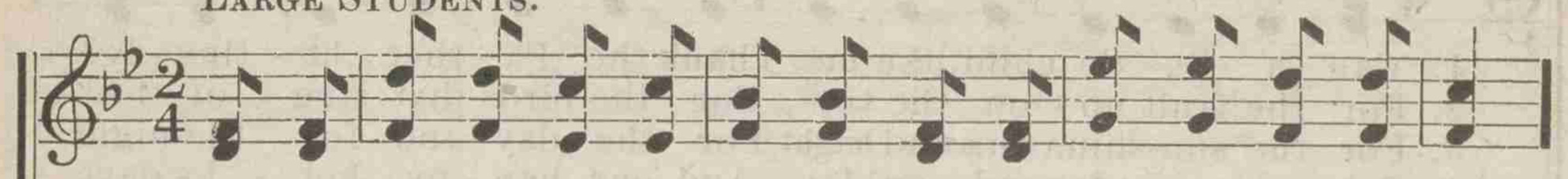
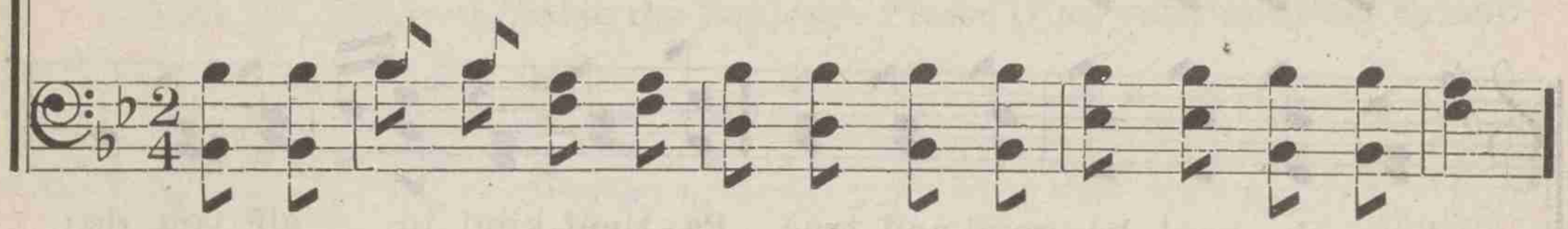
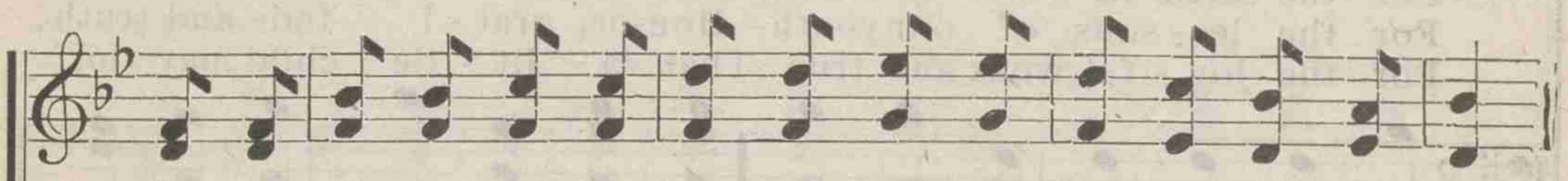
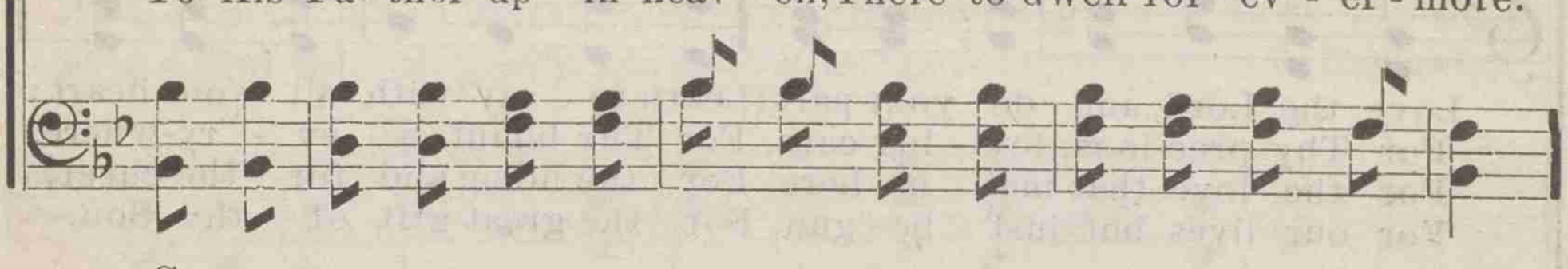
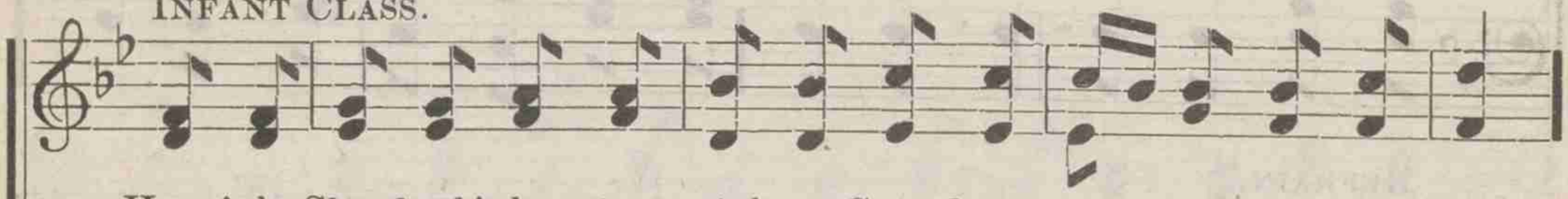
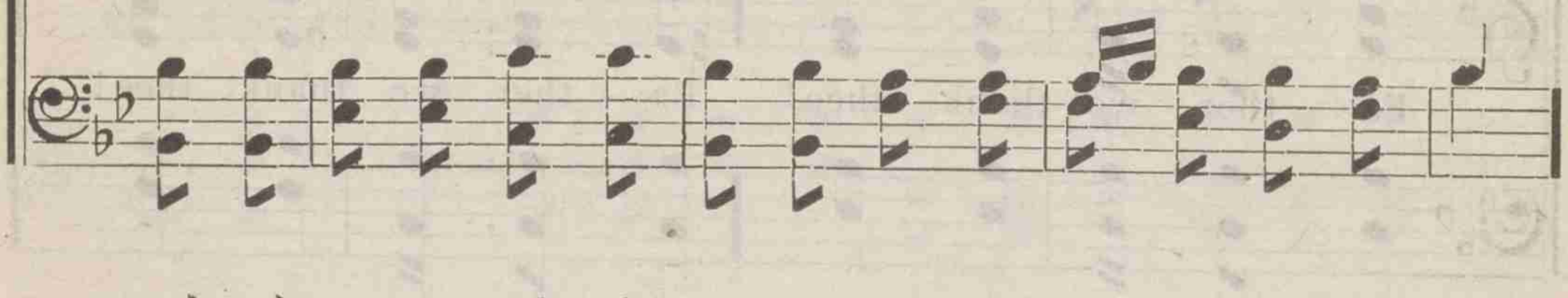
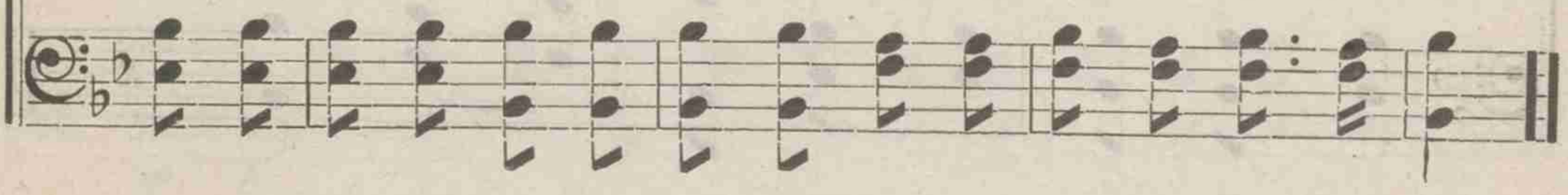
JNO. C. F. KYGER. JAS. M. HAGAN.

LARGE STUDENTS.

1. Lit - tle children must love Je - sus, He is gen - tle, true, and good;
2. Je - sus bless'd the lit - tle children, When He walked this world be - low;
3. Je - sus saves the lit - tle children, Tho' their hearts be black with sin,
4. Je - sus takes the lit - tle children, When their pil - grim-age is o'er,

Je - sus guides their ev - 'ry foot-step And sup-plies their dail - y food.
Now He reigns with God in heav - en, Great - er bless-ings to be - stow.
When to God they have re - pent - ed, And they let the Sav - iour in.
To His Fa - ther up in heav - en, There to dwell for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.
INFANT CLASS.

Heav'nly Shep-herd! please to watch us, Guard us both by night and day;

Pit - y show to lit - tle chil-dren, Who like lambs, too oft - en stray.

No. 28. Can a Little Child, Like Me?

"Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. 8: 17.

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE. W. K. BASSFORD.

1. Can a lit - tle chlld, like me, Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly?
2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of thee,
3. For the sun-shine warm and bright, For the day and for the night,
4. For our comrades and our plays, And our hap - py hol - i - days,

Yes, oh, yes! be good and true, Pa - tient, kind in all you do;
For the earth in beau - ty drest, Fa - ther, moth-er, and the rest,
For the les - sons of our youth—Hon-or, grat - i - tude, and truth;
For the joy - ful work and true That a lit - tle child may do,

Love the Lord, and do your part; Learn to say with all your heart:
For Thy prec-ious, lov - ing care, For Thy bount - y ev - 'ry-where,
For the love that met us here, For the home and for the cheer,
For our lives but just be - gun, For the great gift of thy Son,

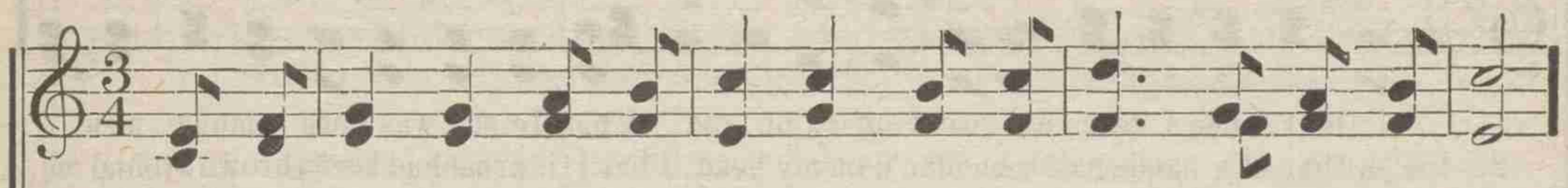
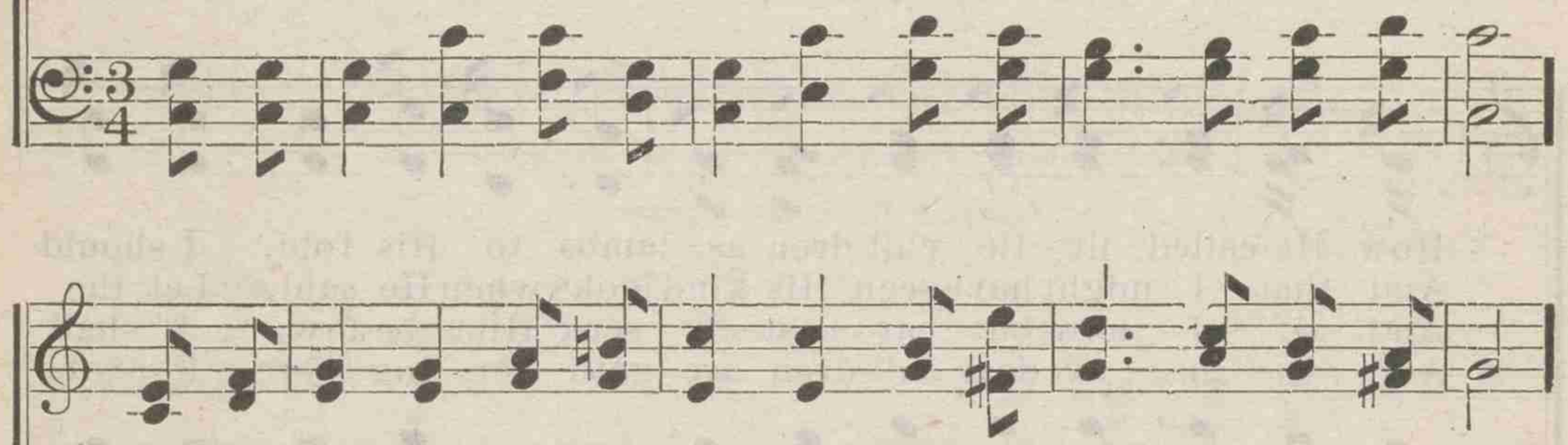
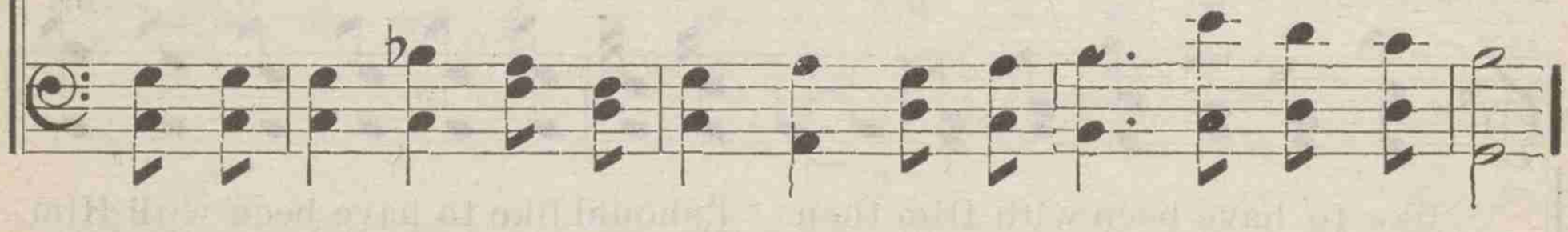
REFRAIN.

Fa - ther, we thank thee! Fa - ther, we thank thee!

Fa - ther in heav - en, we thank . thee!

No. 29. Little Children, Praise the Saviour.

"Sing forth the honor of his name; make his name glorious."—Psalm 66: 2.

Author not known. WILLIAM T. BEST.

1. Lit - tle chil-dren, praise the Saviour; He re-gards you from a - bove.
2. When He left His throne in glo - ry, When He lived with mortals here,
3. When the anxious mothers round Him, With their tender infants, pressed,
4. Up in yon - der, hap - py re-gions An - gels sound the cho-rus high;
5. Lit - tle chil-dren, praise the Saviour, Praise Him, your undying Friend;

Praise Him for His great sal - va - tion, Praise Him for His precious love!
Lit - tle chil-dren sang His prais - es, And it pleased His gracious ear.
He with o - pen arms re-ceiv'd them, And the lit - tle ones He blessed.
Twice ten thousand times ten thousand Sound His prais-es thro' the sky.
Praise Him till in heav'n you meet Him, There to praise Him without end.

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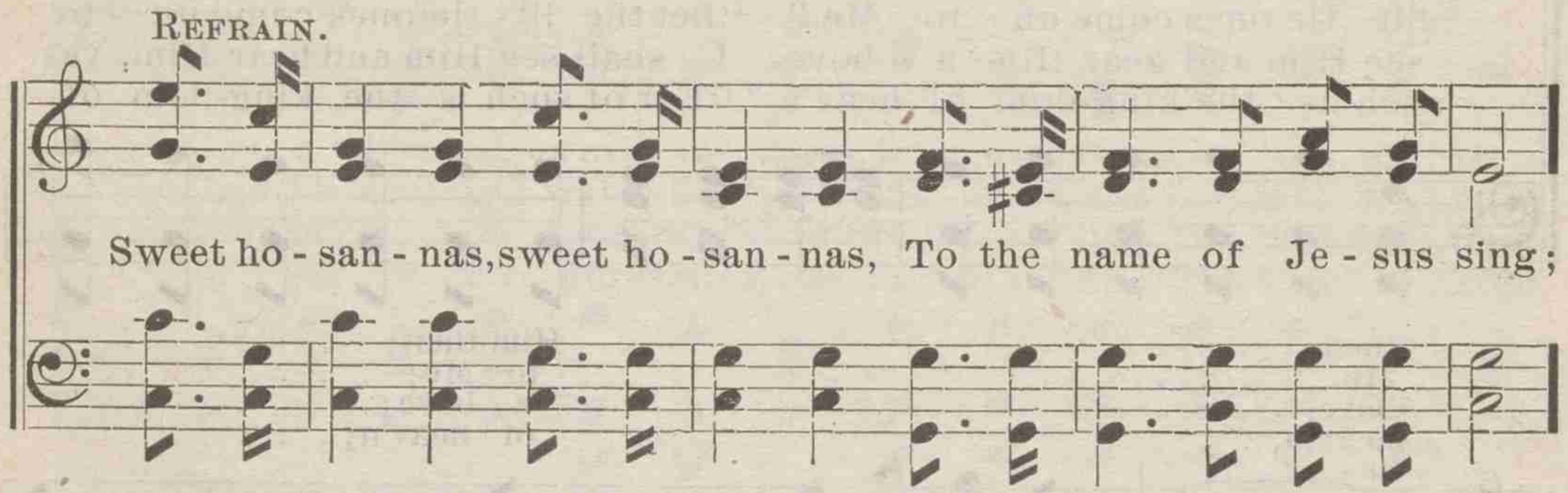
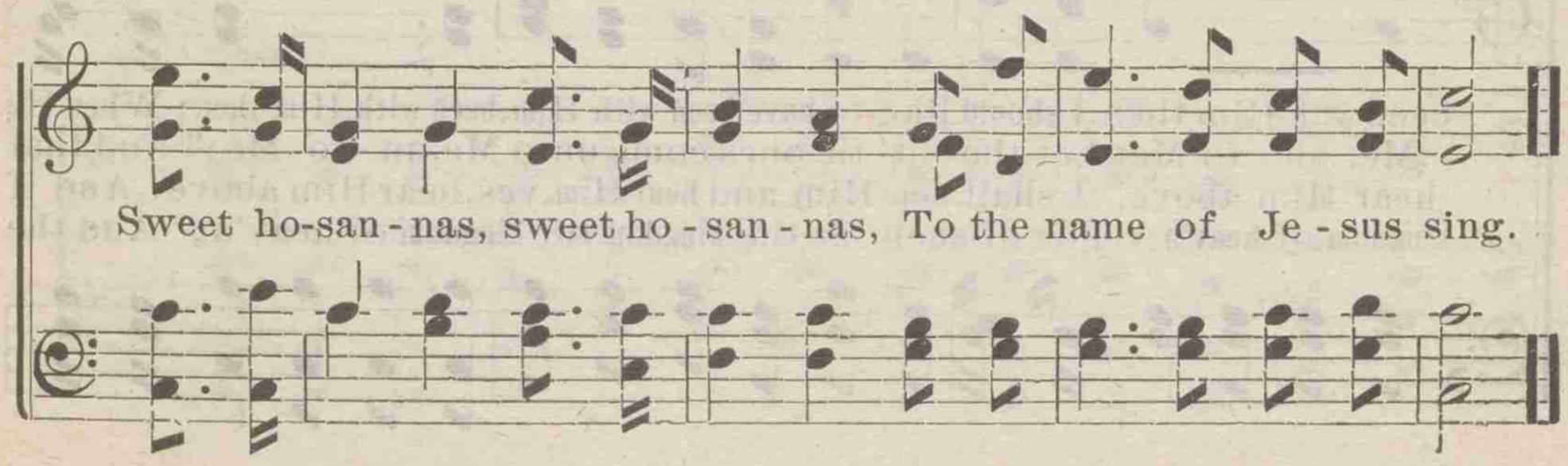

Sweet ho - san - nas, sweet ho - san - nas, To the name of Je - sus sing;

Sweet ho-san - nas, sweet ho - san - nas, To the name of Je - sus sing.

No. 30. The Child's Desire.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications."--Psalm 142: 1.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

MRS. LUKE. J. M. HAGAN.

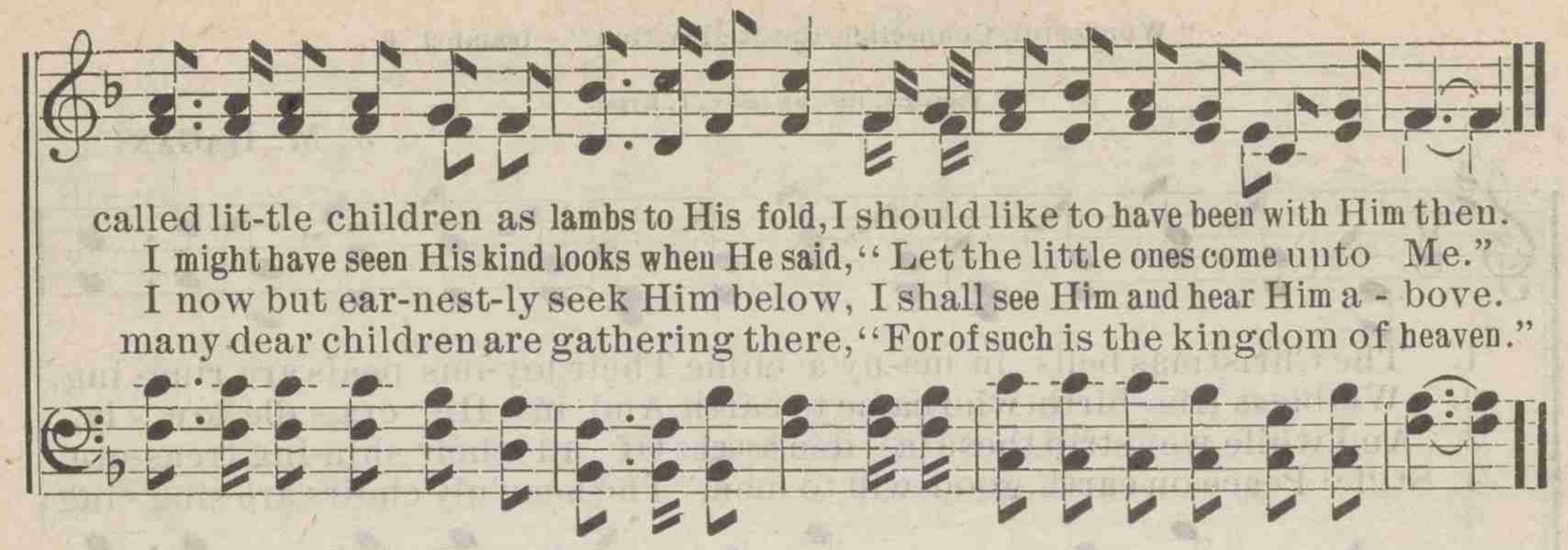
1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je-sus was here a-mong men,
2. I wish that His hands had been plac'd on my head, That His arms had been thrown around me,
3. Yes, still to His footstool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in His love;
4. A beau - ti - ful place He has gone to prepare, For all who are washed and for-giv'n;

How He called lit - tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should
And that I might have seen His kind looks when He said, "Let the
And if I now but ear - nest - ly seek Him be-low, I shall
And the ma - ny dear chil-dren are gath - er - ing there, "For of

like to have been with Him then. I should like to have been with Him,
lit - tle ones come un - to Me." "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to
see Him and hear Him a - bove. I shall see Him and hear Him, yes,
such is the king-dom of heav'n." "For of such is the king-dom of,

been with Him then, I should like to have been with Him, been with Him then; When He
Me, un - to Me, Let the lit - tle ones come unto Me, un - to Me;" And that
hear Him above, I shall see Him and hear Him, yes, hear Him above; And if
kingdom of heav'n, For of such is the kingdom of, kingdom of heav'n;" And the

The Child's Desire.

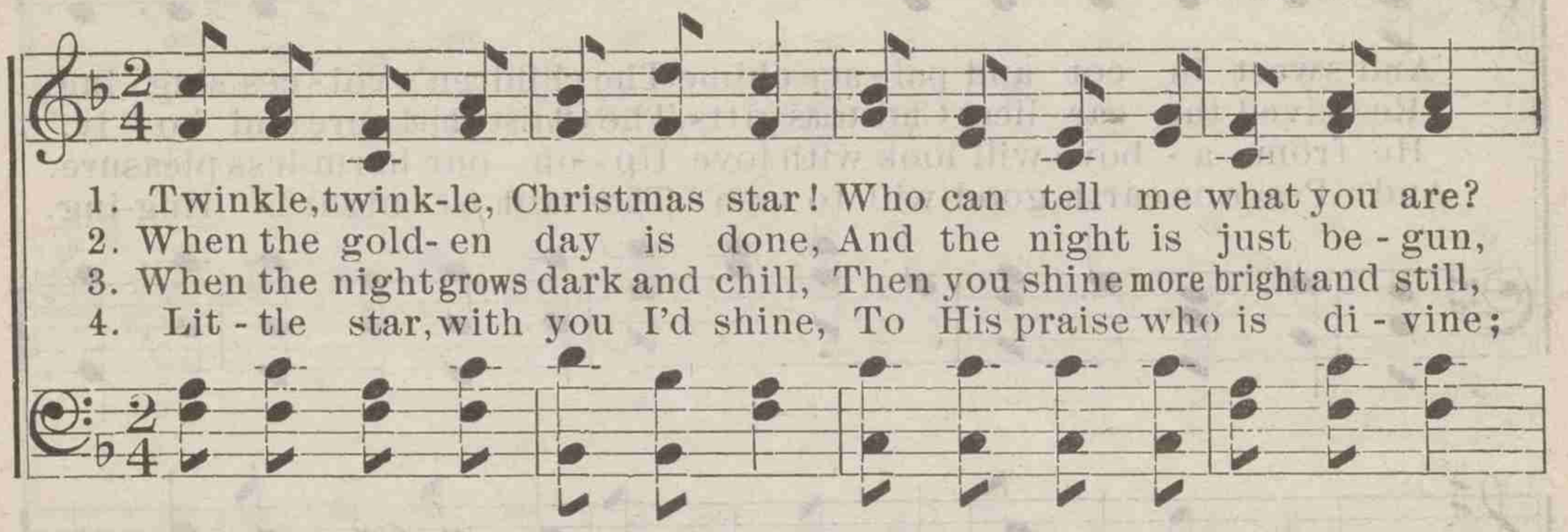
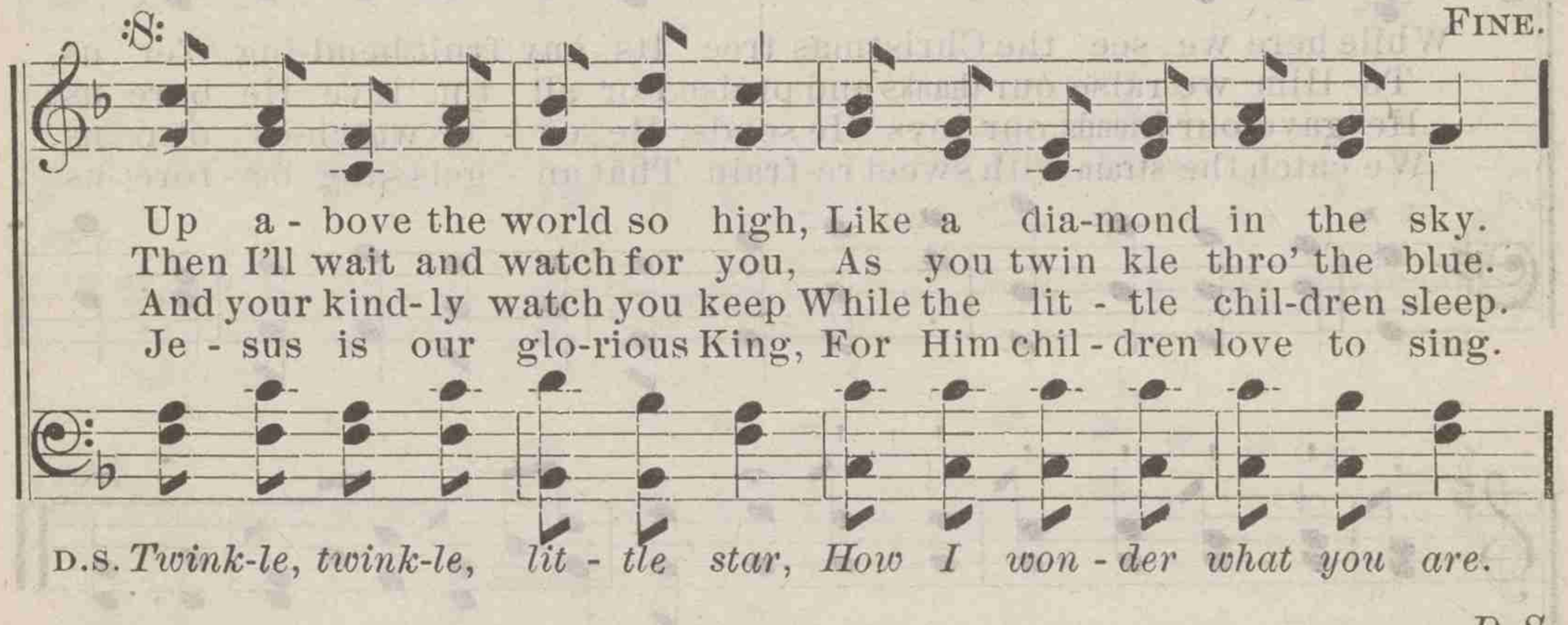
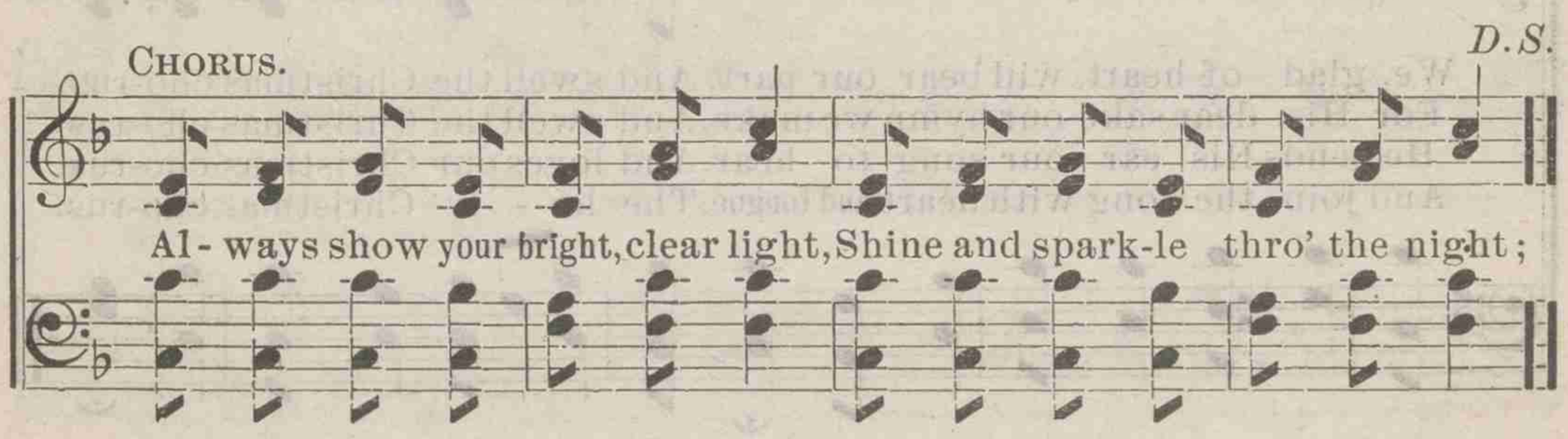


No. 31. Twinkle, Twinkle, Christmas Star.

"We have seen his star in the east."—Matt. 2: 2.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

J. M. HAGAN.



No. 32. The Christmas Tree.

"Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God."— Isaiah 9 · 6.

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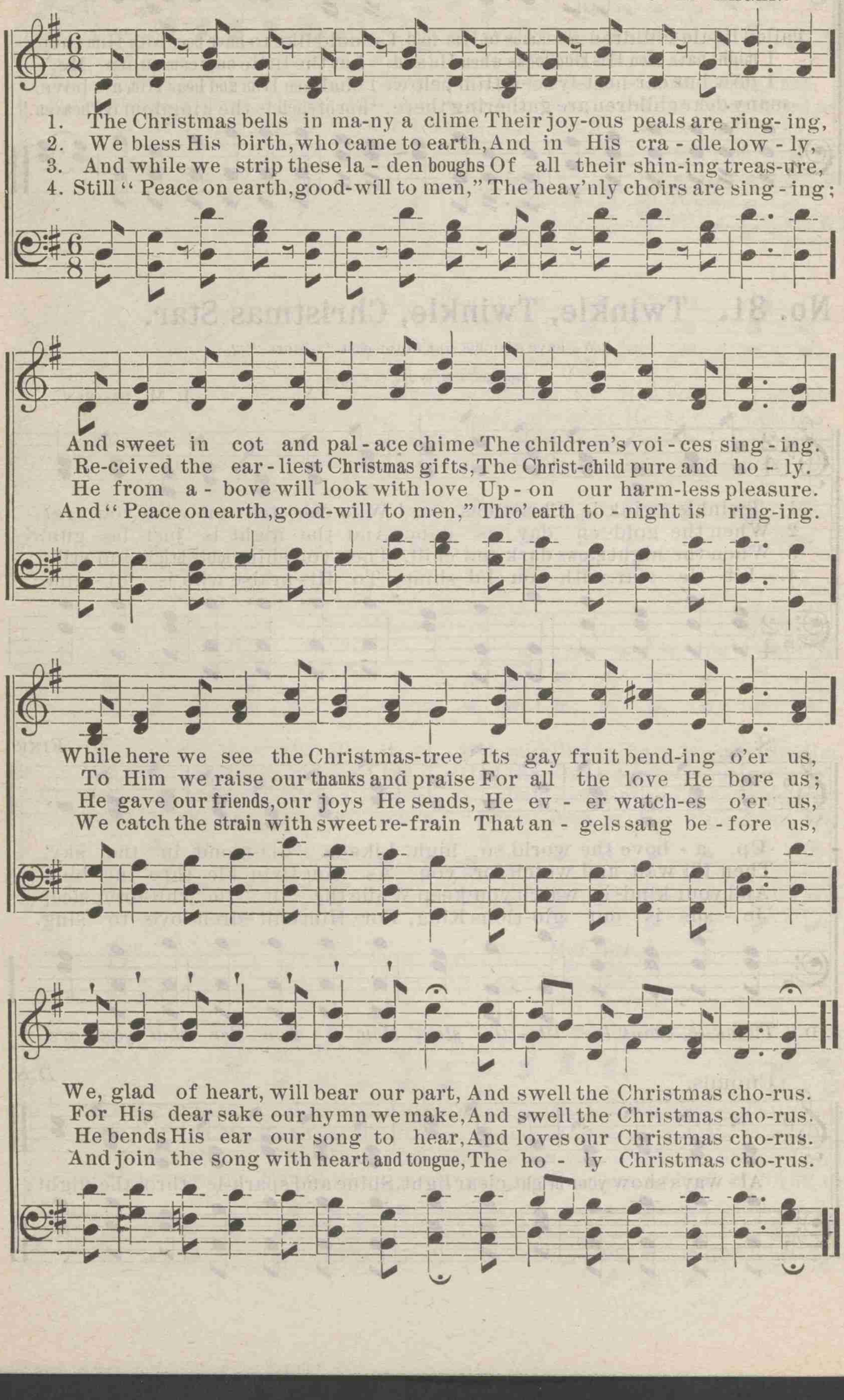
J. M. HAGAN.



1. The Christmas bells in ma-ny a clime Their joy-ous peals are ring- ing,
2. We bless His birth, who came to earth, And in His cra - dle low - ly,
3. And while we strip these la - den boughs Of all their shin-ing treas-ure,
4. Still "Peace on earth, good-will to men," The heav'nly choirs are sing - ing;

And sweet in cot and pal - ace chime The children's voi - ces sing - ing.
Re-ceived the ear - liest Christmas gifts, The Christ-child pure and ho - ly.
He from a - bove will look with love Up - on our harm-less pleasure.
And "Peace on earth, good-will to men," Thro' earth to - night is ring-ing.

While here we see the Christmas-tree Its gay fruit bend-ing o'er us,
To Him we raise our thanks and praise For all the love He bore us;
He gave our friends, our joys He sends, He ev - er watch-es o'er us,
We catch the strain with sweet re-frain That an - gels sang be - fore us,

We, glad of heart, will bear our part, And swell the Christmas cho-rus.
For His dear sake our hymn we make, And swell the Christmas cho-rus.
He bends His ear our song to hear, And loves our Christmas cho-rus.
And join the song with heart and tongue, The ho - ly Christmas cho-rus.

No. 33. Christmas Song.

"Praise ye the Lord."—Psalm 148: 1.

Copyright, 1890, by The Hoffman Music Co.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN IRA O. HOFFMAN. Arr.

1. Gath - er round the Christmas tree; See the ta - pers burn - ing,
2. Ring the mer - ry Christmas bells, Till their tune - ful rhym - ing
3. Sing the songs of Christmas time, Grate - ful prais - es bring - ing;

And the branches rich with gifts On this day's re - turn - ing; Hap - py
Fills the val - leys and the dells With mel - o - dious chim-ing; Is not
He who came on Christmas day Well deserves your sing - ing; Laud Him

we the joy to see, As with song and greet-ing, We sur-round the
this the Christmas time, Har - bin-ger of glad-ness? And shall not the
in ex - ult - ant strains, Lord of life and glo - ry! In the sweet-est

CHORUS.

Christmas tree, Je - sus' praise repeat-ing. Hap-py, hap-py children we;
bells' sweet chime Ban - ish all our sad-ness?
har - mo - nies Sing the wondrous sto - ry.

Ring, bells, ring! Gather round the Christmas tree, And sing, sing, sing!
Bells of Christmas, ring!

No. 34. Star of Bethlehem.

"In Bethlehem, of Judea."— Matt. 2: 5.

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ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The lit - tle town of Beth-le - hem Lay wrapp'd in si-lent night, While in the sky there shone on high, A star of wondrous light. Up-
2. The shepherds watch - ing o'er their flocks, Be - held thy beams divine; To guide the wise men from a - far, Thou didst in beau-ty shine. Who
3. Shine on, O star of Beth-le - hem, In all thy splendor bright, And shed up - on this darken'd world, Thy pure and per-fect light. Be

on the softly sleeping earth, It sheds its glit-t'ring ray, And pointed to the waiting world, The place where Je-sus lay. O star of wondrous beauty bright,
follows thee, thou blessed star, Can nev-er go a - stray; But, guid-ed by thy light, shall find To Jesus Christ the way.
thou to e-v'ry human heart, The pure and priceless gem; Be thou to them their guiding star, O Christ of Bethle-hem.

CHORUS.

Of night the fair-est gem, Un - to each heart thy light impart, Sweet star of Bethle-hem.

No. 35. The Holy Christmas Time.

"Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King."—Matt. 2: 1.

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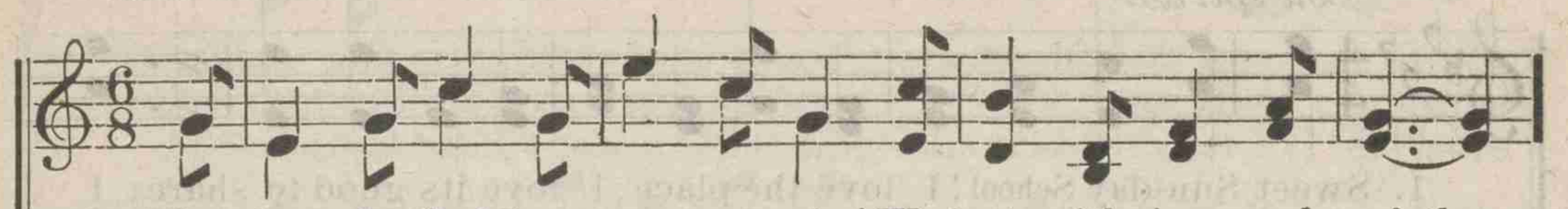
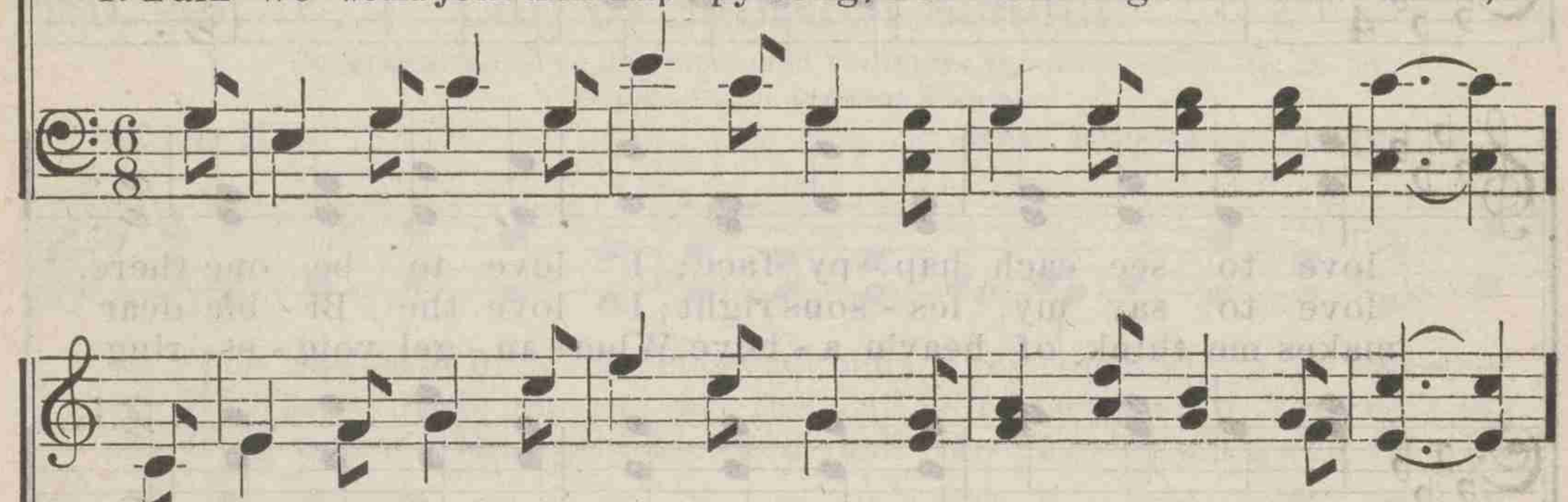
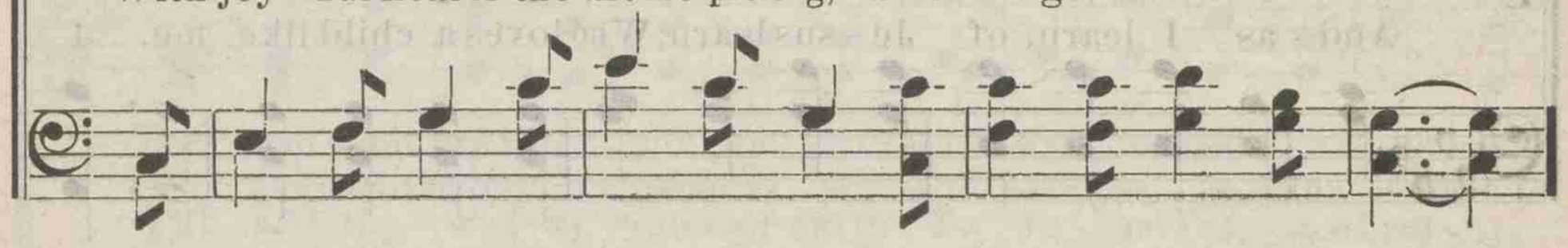
MRS. MARTHA E. WHITTEN. J. M. HAGAN.

1. The ho - ly Christmas comes a - gain! We haste with joy and mirth,
2. Their mu - sic rang o'er Ju - dah's rocks, And waked the sol - emn night;
3. They haste to Bethl'hem's low-ly stall, Their cost-ly gifts to bring;
4. Fain we would join their hap - py song, Pro-claim-ing Je - sus' birth;



To cel - e - brate the Sav-iour's reign, On this our wea - ry earth.
Shepherds be- side their sleeping flocks, Be-held the won-drous sight.
Be - fore the in - fant Christ they fall, And crown Him Sav - iour, King.
With joy - ful hearts the theme prolong, "Peace and good-will on earth."

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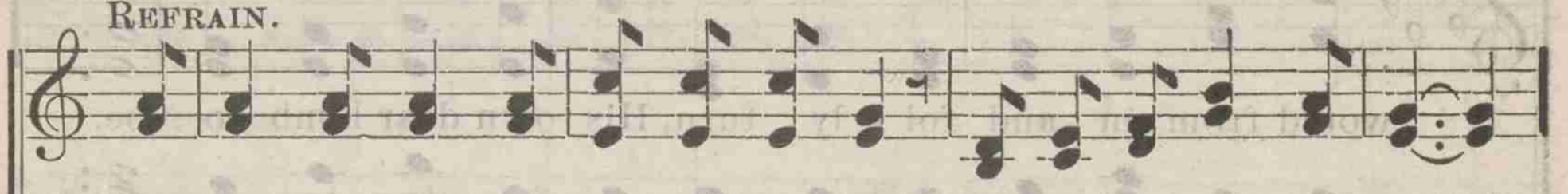
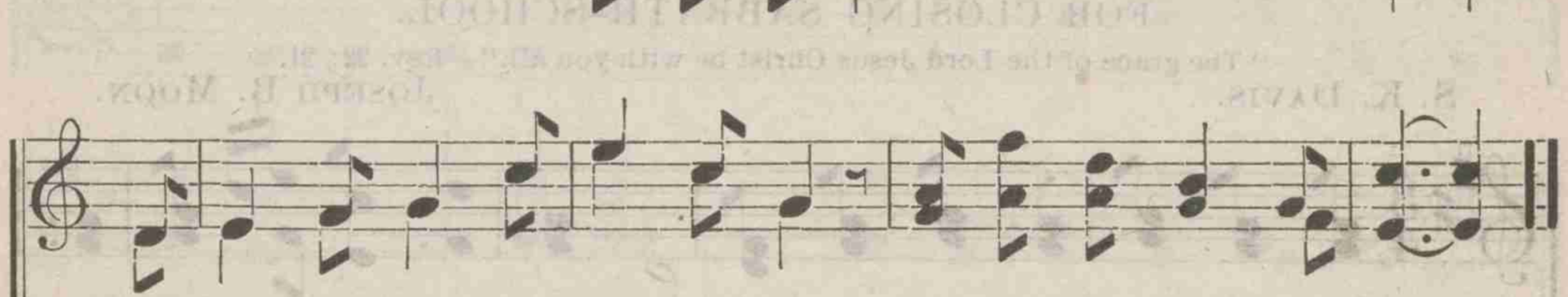
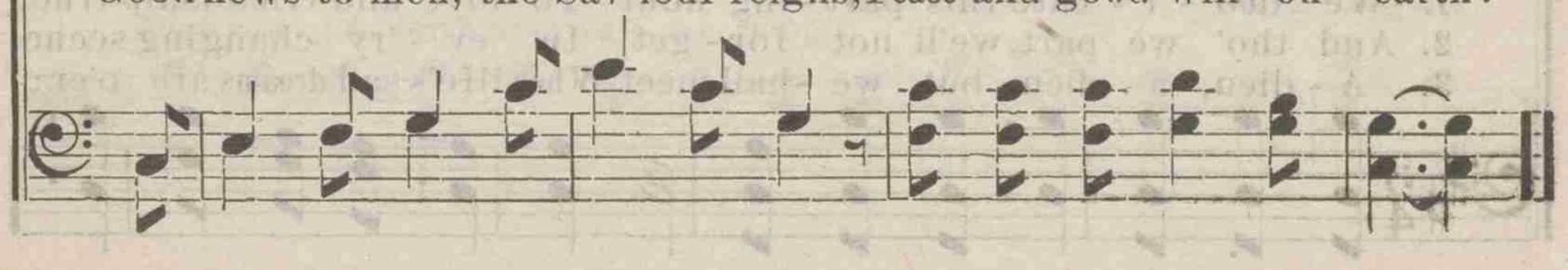

Long years a - go, o'er Beth-lehem's plains, Angels proclaim His birth;

"Good news to men, the Sav-iour reigns, Peace and good will on earth!"



No. 36. I Love the Sunday School.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."—Mark 10: 14.

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S. D. PHELPS. J. EDMOND THOMAS.

Con spirito.

1. Sweet Sun-day School! I love the place, I love its good to share; I
2. Sweet Sun-day School! there with de-light, My teacher's words I hear; I
3. Sweet Sun-day School! O, how I love Its precious songs to sing; It

love to see each hap-py face; I love to be one there.
love to say my les-sons right; I love the Bi-ble dear.
makes me think of heav'n a-bove, Where an-gel voic-es ring.

CHORUS.

And as I learn, of Je-sus learn, Who loves a child like me, I
would from sin and fol-ly turn, His own dear lamb to be.

No. 37. Teacher and Student's Farewell.

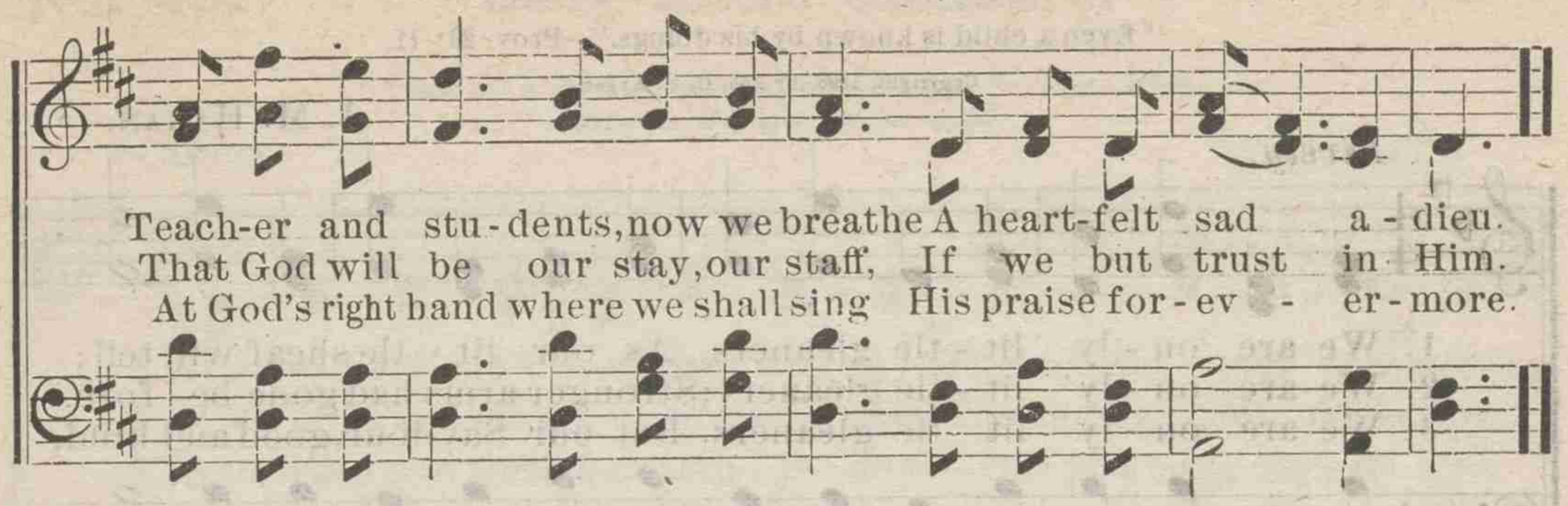
FOR CLOSING SABBATH-SCHOOL.

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."—Rev. 22: 21.

S. K. DAVIS. JOSEPH B. MOON.

1. We ded-i-cate this part-ing hour To love and friendship true,
2. And tho' we part, we'll not for-get, In ev-'ry changing scene,
3. A-dieu, a-dieu, but we shall meet When life's sad dreams are o'er;

Teacher and Students, Farewell.



No. 38. Call to Sabbath School.

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

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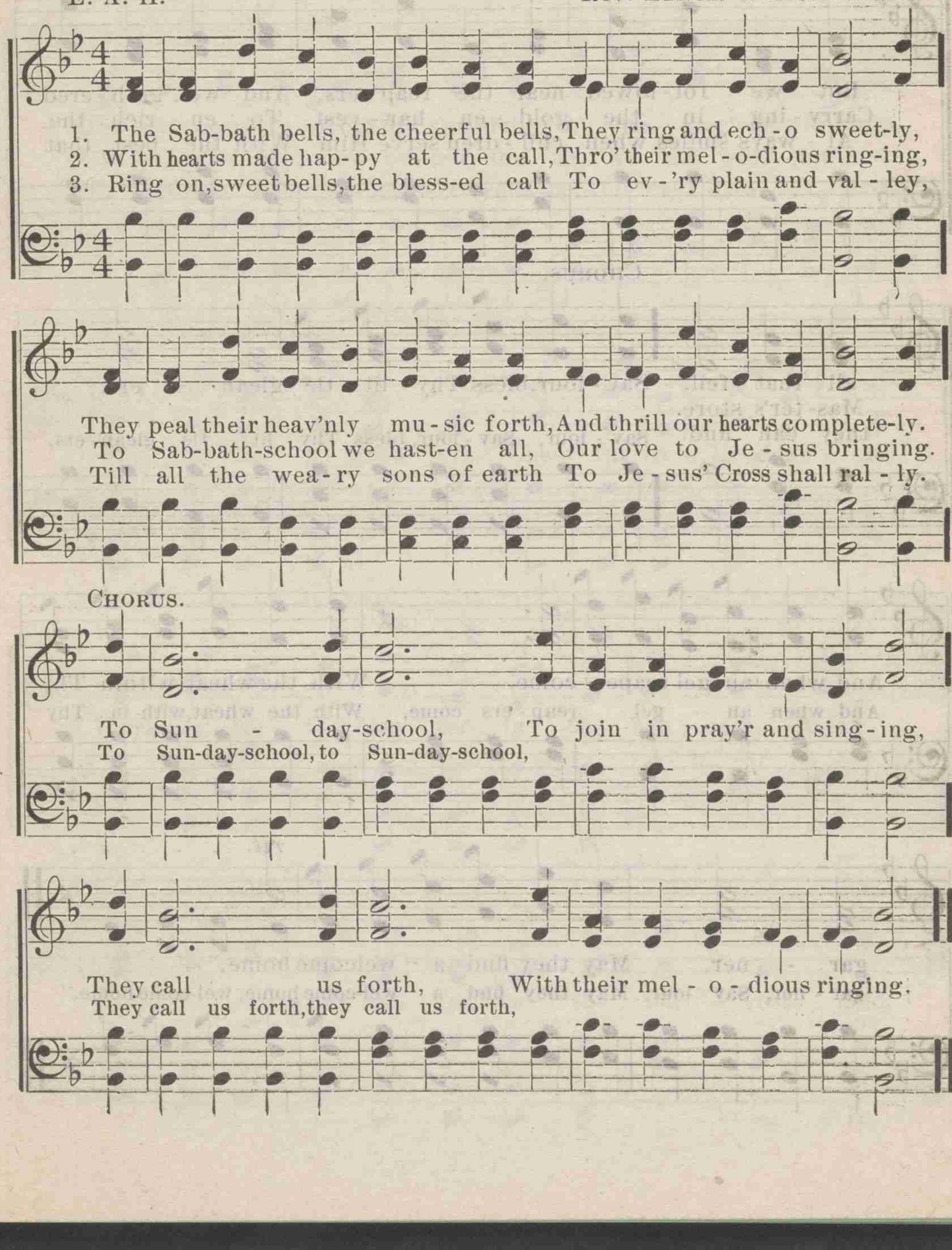
E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



No. 39. Little Gleaners.

"Even a child is known by his doings."—Prov. 20: 11.

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J. M. HAGAN.

Lively.

1. We are on - ly lit - tle gleaners, As our lit - tle sheaf will tell;
2. We are on - ly lit - tle gleaners; Stronger arms had gone be - fore,
3. We are on - ly lit - tle gleaners, But our Sav-iour, good and kind,

But we fol - lowed near the reap - ers, And we gath - ered
Carry - ing in the gold - en har - vest To en - rich the
Al - ways smiles when chil - dren serve Him With the best that

CHORUS.

all that fell. Sav - iour, bless Thy lit - tle glean - ers,
Mas - ter's store.
they can find. Sav - iour, Sav - iour, bless Thy lit - tle glean - ers,

And when an - gel reapers come, With the wheat, within Thy
And when an - gel reap - ers come, With the wheat, with - in Thy

rit. . . . . . .

gar - ner, May they find a "welcome home."
gar - ner, Sav - iour, May they find a "wel-come home, wel-come home."

No. 40. Busy Little Gleaners.

"Train up a child in the way he should go."—Prov. 22: 6.

Copyright. 1886. by I Baltzell. By per.

"CARLIN." I BALTZELL.

1 The reap-ers now for many a day Have toiled a - mid the grain;
2 With hope and strength we gleaners search The golden grain fields thro',
3. And when our work on earth is done—Our gleaming days all o'er,

But we come in from hill and dale, A bus - y glean - er train.
With songs of glad-ness on our lips As we our work pur- sue.
We'll gath-er home our gathered sheaves, And rest for-ev - er - more.

FULL CHORUS. *Lively.*

We are bus - y glean - ers, Cheer- ful lit - tle glean - ers,

1

Work-ing for the Mas - ter in the har - vest field;

2

Pray for us while toil - ing in the har - vest field.

No. 41. Little Reapers.

"That from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures."—2 Tim. 3: 15.

Copyright, 1888, by J. H. Weber. By per.

Rev. J. H. WEBER.

With spirit.

1. We are lit - tle reap - ers, Toil - ing thro' the day,
2. We are lit - tle reap - ers In the fields of sin,
3. We are lit - tle reap - ers In the har - vest field;

Lab'-ring in the har - vest, O'er the ston - y way;
Striv- ing for the Mas - ter Pre - cious souls to win;
Truth and right the sick - les That we there do wield.

Glean - ing 'mong the this - tles, Searching thro' the rain,
Point-ing them to Je - sus, To the Lamb of God,
And we la - bor ev - er, 'Neath our Fa - ther's eye,

FINE.

Fit - ting for the gar - ner Bright and gold - en grain.
Fol - low-ing His foot - steps In the paths He trod.
Gath - er - ing the bright sheaves For the home on high.

CHORUS. *D. S. al Fine.*

Toiling, toiling, toiling all the day, Toiling, toiling in this happy way.

No. 42. There is Something for Children to Do.

(FOR THE INFANT CLASS.)

"Come over . . . and help us." — Acts 16: 9.

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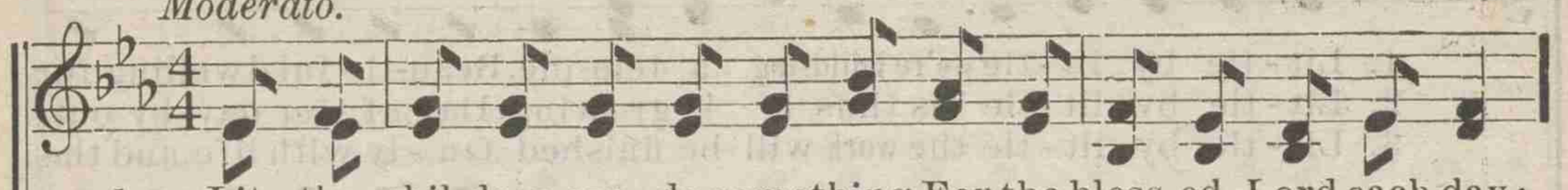
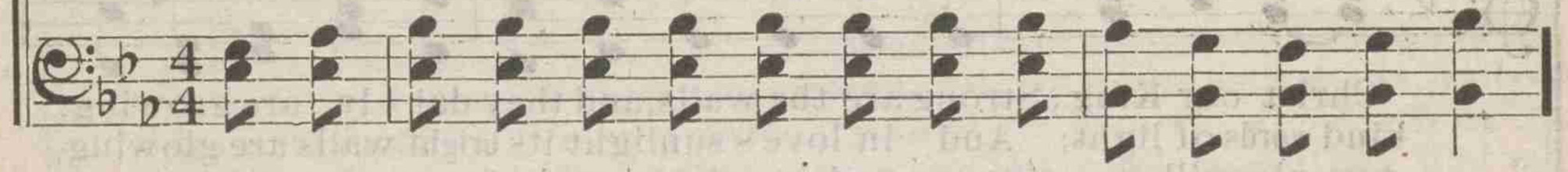
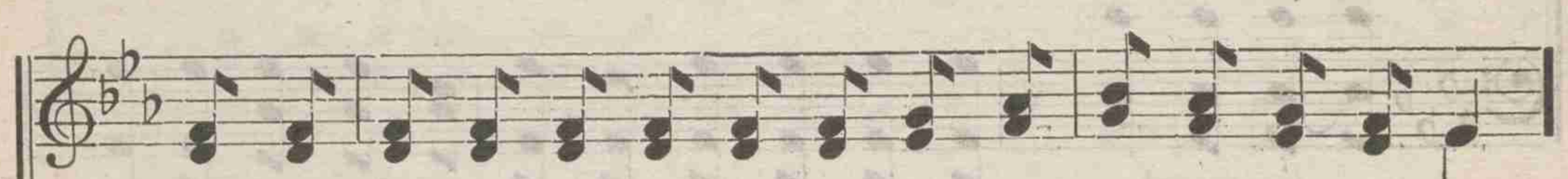
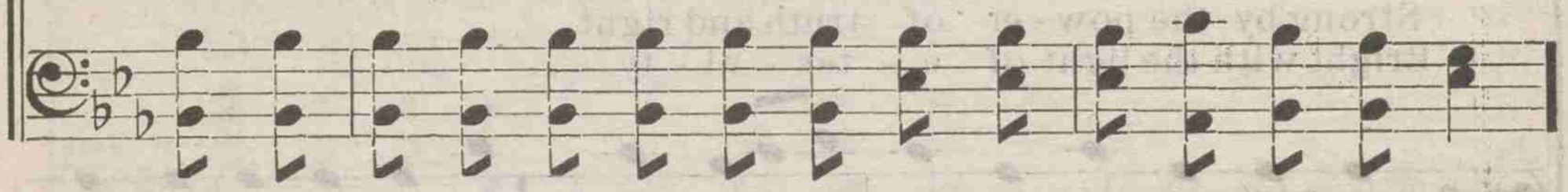
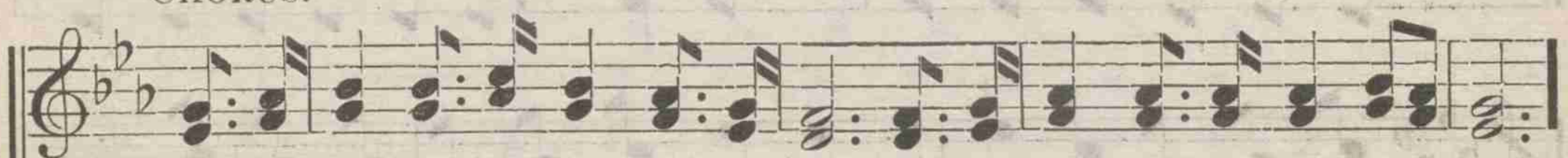
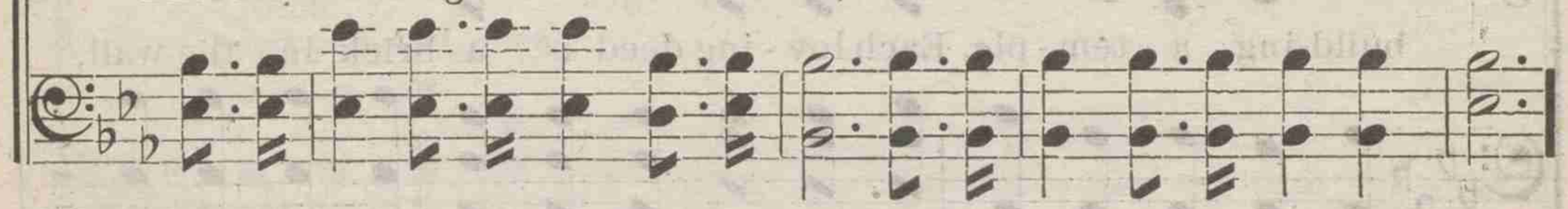
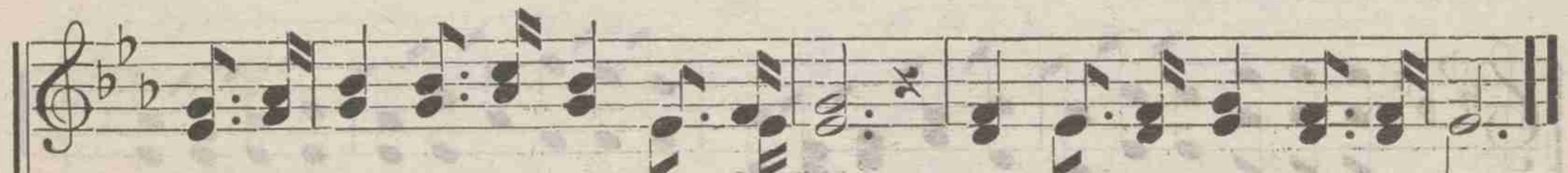
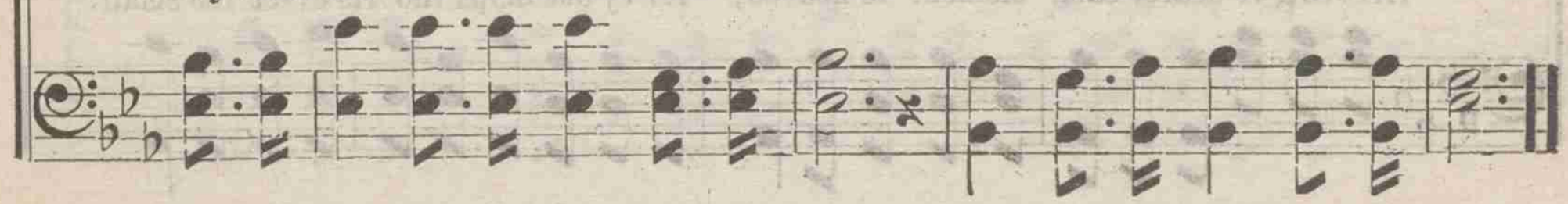
C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Moderato.

1. Lit - tle chil-dren can do something For the bless-ed Lord each day;
2. They can scat - ter rays of sunshine Round a - bout them day by day,
3. They can al - ways be o - be - dient To their pa-rents, fond and true,
4. When a - mong their lit - tle playmates They can al - ways gen-tle be;
5. By a lit - tle act of kind-ness, By a gen - tle word of love,

There is work for lit - tle fin-gers, There is work as well as play.
Mak - ing glad the hearts of oth - ers By the kind words they may say.
Do - ing promptly at their bidding, All that they would have them do.
Nev - er get-ting rude or an - gry, Bear-ing with them pa-tient-ly.
They can lead some lit - tle wand'rer To a home in heav'n a - bove.

CHORUS.

There is something for children to do, There is work for the lit - tle hands,

They can be lit - tle ser-vants of God, Do - ing His blessed commands.

No. 43. Little by Little.

"Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap."—Gal. 6: 29.

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IDA L. REED. J. M. HAGAN.

1. Lit - tle by lit - tle we're build-ing a tem-ple, Beau-ti - ful dwelling for
2. Lit - tle by lit - tle 'tis thus it is growing, Day af - ter day by our
3. Lit - tle by lit - tle the work will be finished On - ly with life, and the

Christ our King; Strong are the walls, and they dai - ly are growing,
kind words of light, And in love's sunlight its bright walls are glowing,
tem-ple will be Strong and en - dur - ing for - ev - er and ev - er,

CHORUS.

All of our lives to the work we bring. Lit - tle by lit - tle we're
Strong by the pow - er of truth and right.
Bright with the light of e - ter - ni - ty.

build-ing a tem - ple, Each lov - ing deed is a brick in the wall,

Lifting it nearer each moment to heaven, Ev'ry one helps tho' its ev-er so small.

No. 44. The Sunday School Army.

"Take unto you the whole armor of God."— Eph. 6: 13.

Copyright, 1897, by H. N. Lincoln. From "Song-Land Melodies," by per.

Arr. by H. N. L. Music and Refrain by H. N. LINCOLN.

1. The Sunday School ar- my has gather'd once more; Its num-bers are greater than
2. We fight against e - vil and battle with wrong; Our sword is the Bi-ble both
3. A - mid all our conflicts we think of our Lord, Who died on the cross and from
4. To Je-sus our Captain, ho-san-nas we raise, And join with our teachers in

ev - er be-fore; Its banners are spread and shall nev-er be furled, Till the
trust-y and strong; With prayer as our watchword, and faith as our shield, And our
death was restored, To save us from sin and to give us a place With the
singing His praise; His soldiers we are and His soldiers we'll be, Till we

REFRAIN.

Prince of sal - va- tion has conquer'd the world. Sing and re -
ar - mor to en - e - mies nev - er we'll yield.
ransom'd who al - ways be- hold His bright face.
lay down our ar - mor and death sets us free. Sing and re - joice with

joice, . . . Our ar - my is on its bright way, bright way,
heart, soul, and voice,

March - ing a - long, . . To the beau-tiful mansions of day.
Marching a- long with ban-ner and song,

No. 45. Far up in Heaven's Blue.

"A better country, that is, an heavenly."—Heb. 11:16.

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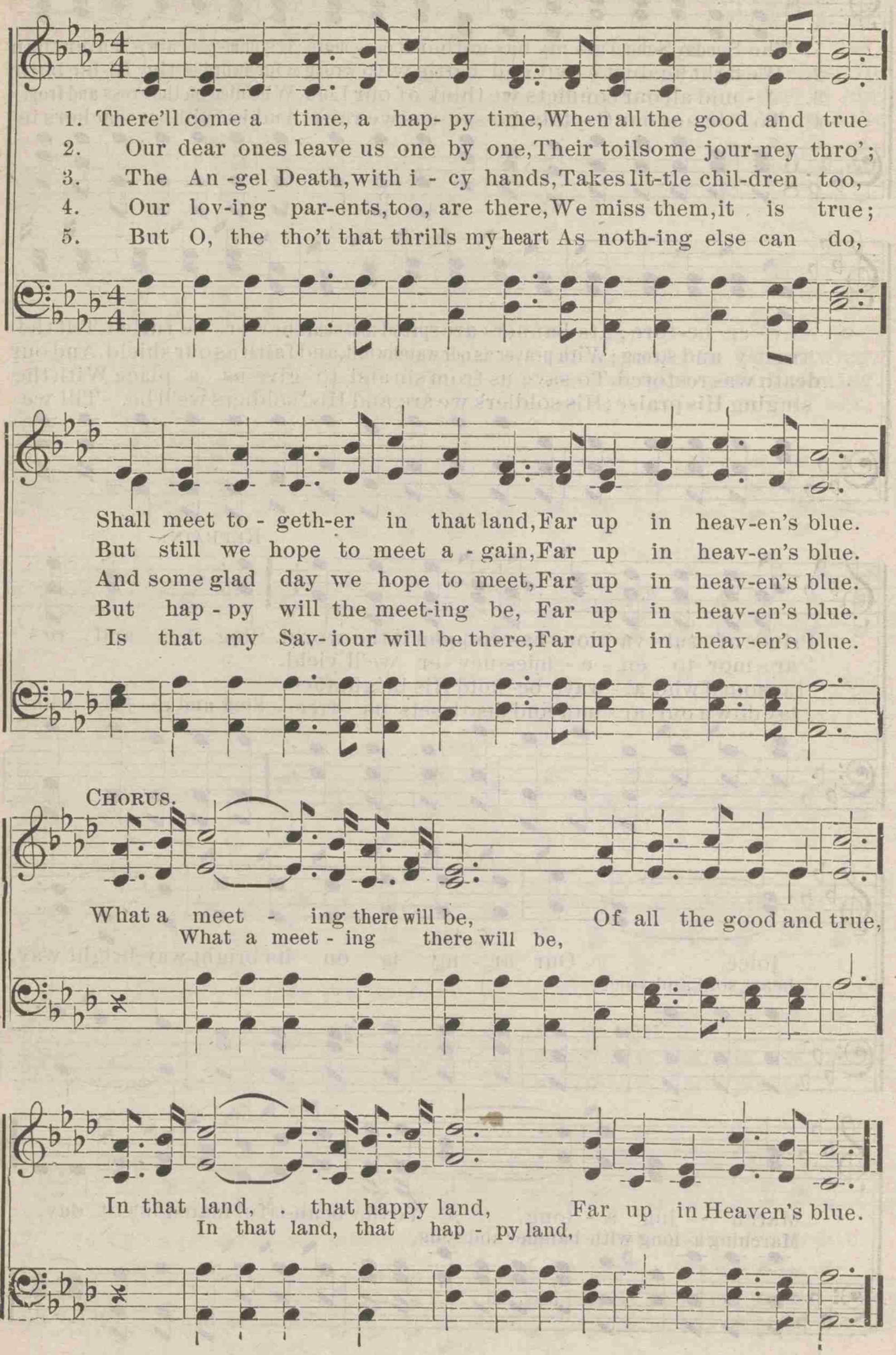
C. E. P. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.



No. 46. On the Banks of the Beautiful River.

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

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

MRS. MOLLIE E. PALMORE. JAMES M. HAGAN.

1. When the toils of life are o - ver, And our wea - ry journey's done;
2. There our cares will all be o - ver, And our tears all wiped a - way;
3. When the storms of life are o - ver, In that pure and ho - ly land,
4. There the an-gel bands are sing - ing All their hap - py songs of love;
5. There our dear and sainted lov'd ones, Wait-ing for us on the strand,

When the Christian's warfare's end - ed, And the vic - to - ry is won.
There we'll see our bless-ed Sav - iour, In the realms of end - less day.
We shall join the heavenly cho - rus, In one joy - ful, hap - py band.
We will join their blessed cho - rus, When we meet them up a - bove.
Beck-on us with an - gel whis - pers, That we join their hap - py land.

CHORUS.

On the banks of the beau-ti - ful riv - er, O-ver on the gold-en shore,
Near the throne of the boun - ti - ful Giv - er, We shall rest for-ev-er-more.

No. 47. Throw Open the Gates of the City.

"And has a wall great and high, and has twelve gates."—Rev. 21: 12.

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J. H. KUSZENKNABE. J. M. HAGAN.

1. Throw o - pen the gates of the Cit - y, The beau - ti - ful Cit - y of gold, That the right - eous na - tions may
2. Throw o - pen the gates of the Cit - y, That its light may shine in on the way; For the prod - i - gal, wea - ry of
3. Throw o - pen the gates of the Cit - y, To the na - tions in dark-ness and gloom; They are hear - ing the news of sal-
4. Throw o - pen the gates of the Cit - y, Let the guests who are bid - den come in; Soon the Bridegroom and Bride will be

en - ter, Where the glo - ries e - ter - nal un - fold.
wan - d'ring, Will re - turn to the Fa - ther to - day
va - tion, And glad - ly to Je - sus they come.
read - y, And the feast of the mar - riage be - gin.

REFRAIN.

Let the light of the cit - y Guide the penitents, weary and lone,
Let the light of the won-der-ful cit - y of gold,
Till they share the bright glory surrounding The King on His beautiful throne.

No. 48. We Will Walk in the Streets of the City.

"And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there."—Rev. 21: 24-26.

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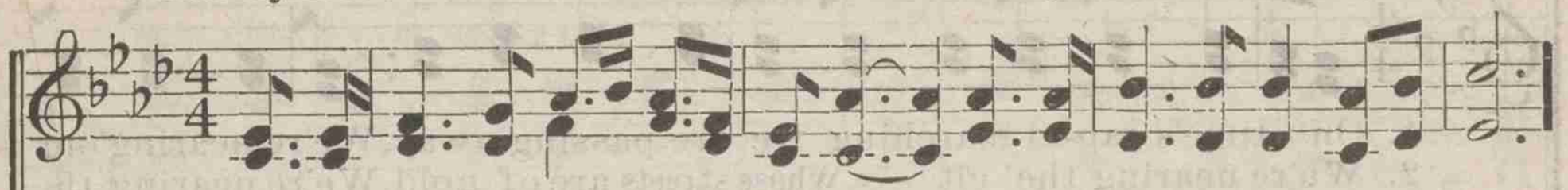
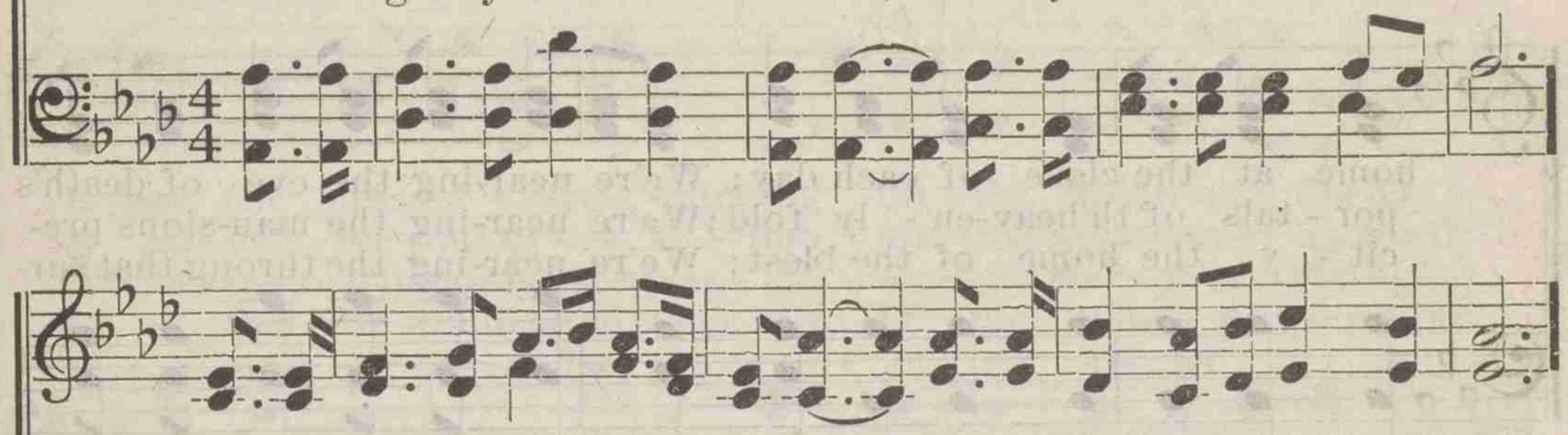
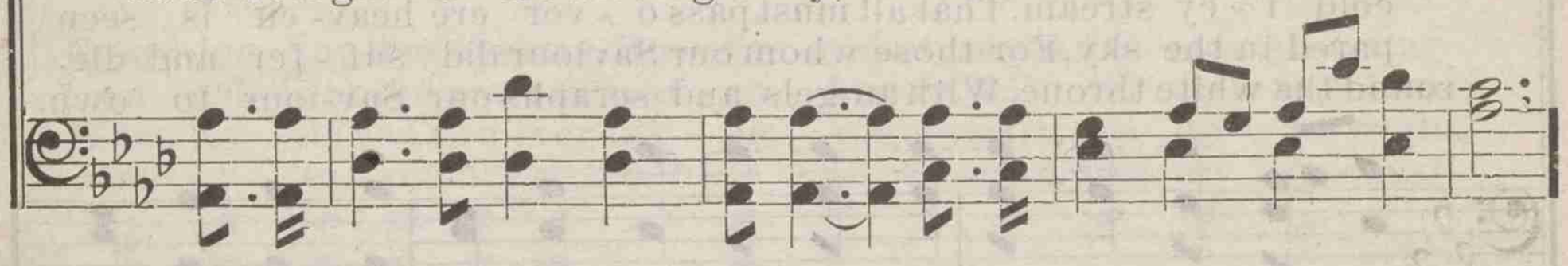
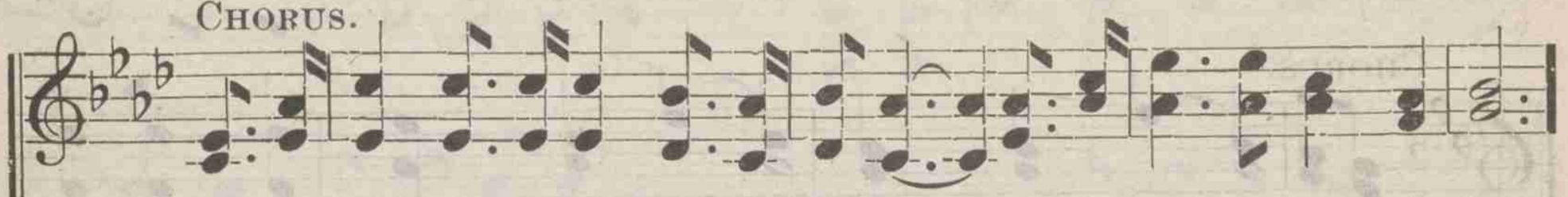
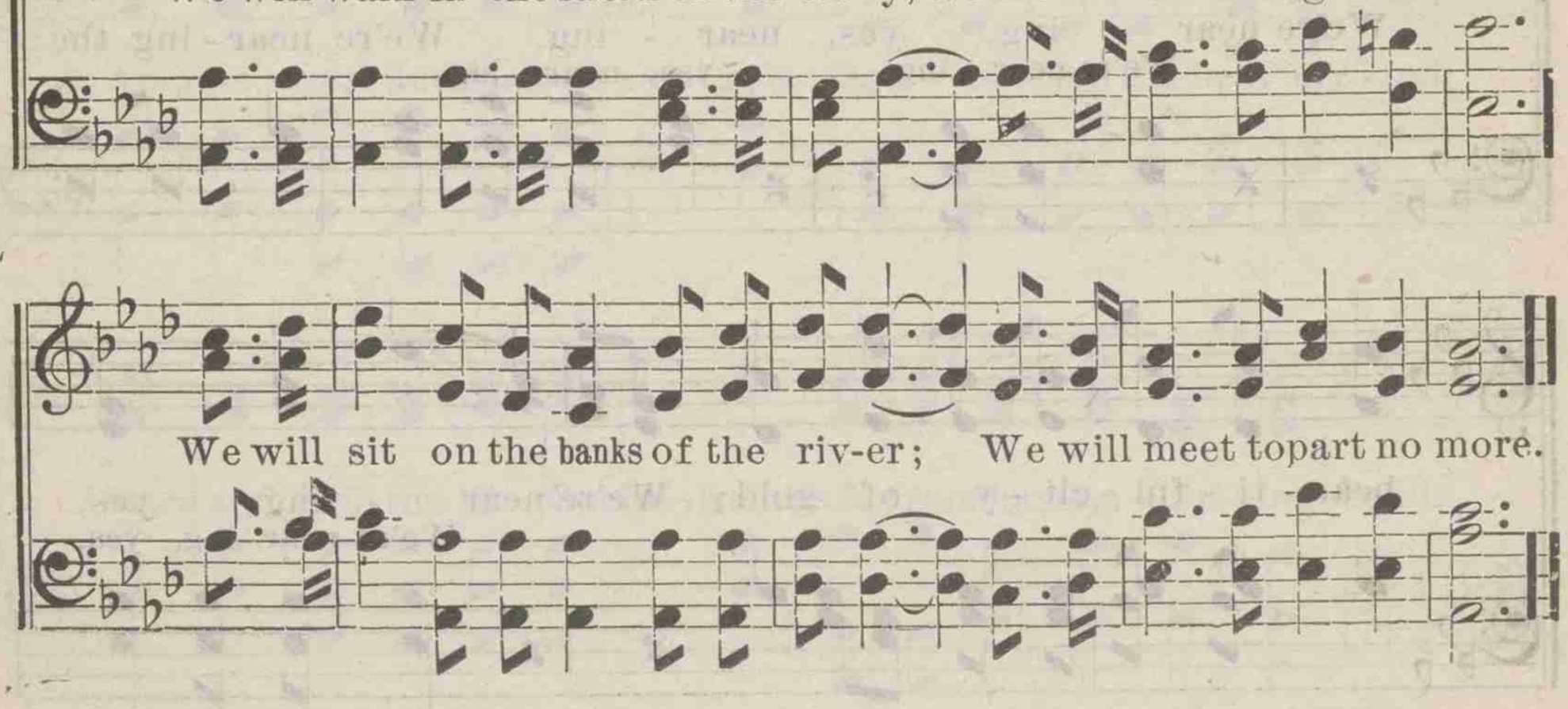
Words by Rev. Mr. FLAMMIN. Music by Dr. T. H PEACOCK.

1. When we reach the gold-en cit - y, When we pass the golden gate,
2. Here our hap - py hearts al - read-y Taste by faith the bllss of heav'n;
3. But how great will be our pleas-ure, When we, free from sin and pain,
4. Where no foe can e'er mo - lest us, Where all earthly woe is o'er,
5. Then we'll gladly wait a lit - tle, Glad-ly still our burdens bear;

Where our friends, who went be-fore us, For our com - ing watch and wait.
To our hun-gry souls the man-na From a-bove is free - ly given.
On the oth - er side of Jor-dan, See each oth - er there a - gain.
When we've safely reached the cit-y, Canaan's fair and hap - py shore.
Soon we'll get a crown of glo - ry, Soon we'll Je - sus' "welcome" hear.

CHORUS.

We will walk in the streets of the cit - y, With our lov'd ones gone before;



We will sit on the banks of the riv-er; We will meet topart no more.

No. 49. We are Nearing Home.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—Heb. 4: 9.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

J. M. H. J. M. HAGAN.

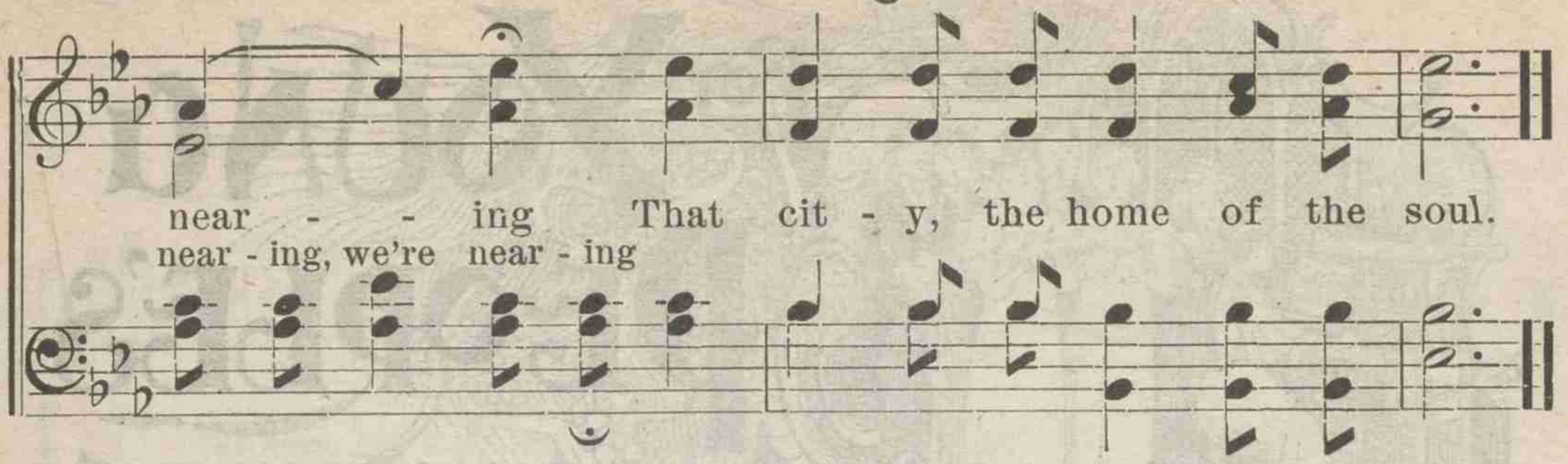
1. On time's rap-id marching we are passing away, We're nearing our home at the close of each day; We're near-ing the eve of death's cold i - cy stream, That all must pass o - ver ere heav- en is seen.
2. We're nearing the cit - y whose streets are of gold, We're nearing the por - tals of th'heav-en - ly fold; We're near-ing the man-sions pre- pared in the sky, For those whom our Saviour did suf - fer and die.
3. We're nearing the heav'n where we soon hope to rest, We're nearing the cit - y, the home of the blest; We're near-ing the throng that sur- round the white throne, With an-gels and seraphs our Sav-iour to own.

CHORUS.

We're near - ing, yes, near - ing, We're near - ing the beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold; We're near - ing, yes,

We're near - ing, yes, near - ing, We're near- ing, yes,

We are Nearing Home.



No. 50. Blessed Angels.

"The angel of the Son encampeth around them that fear him and delivereth them."—Psa. 34: 7.

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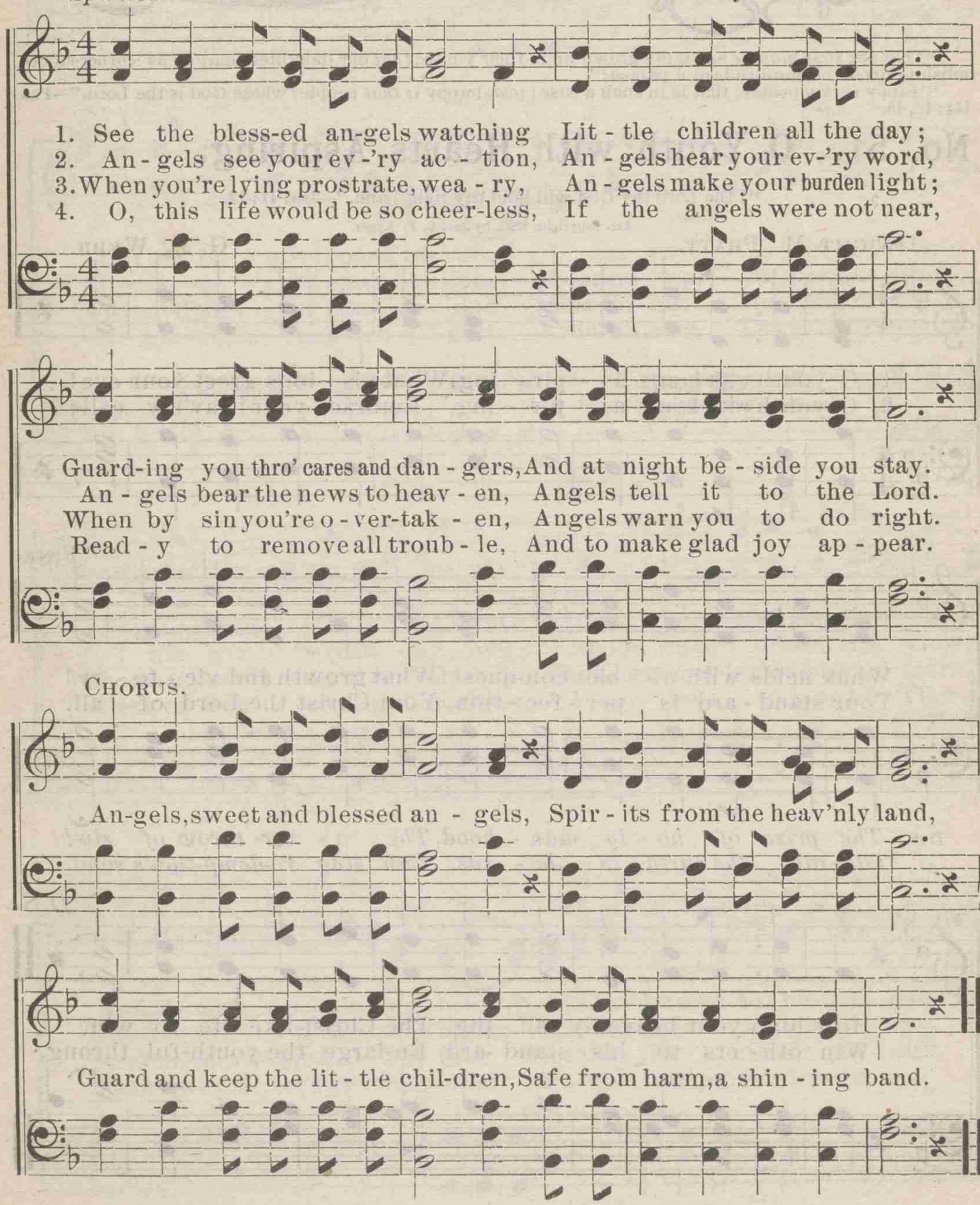
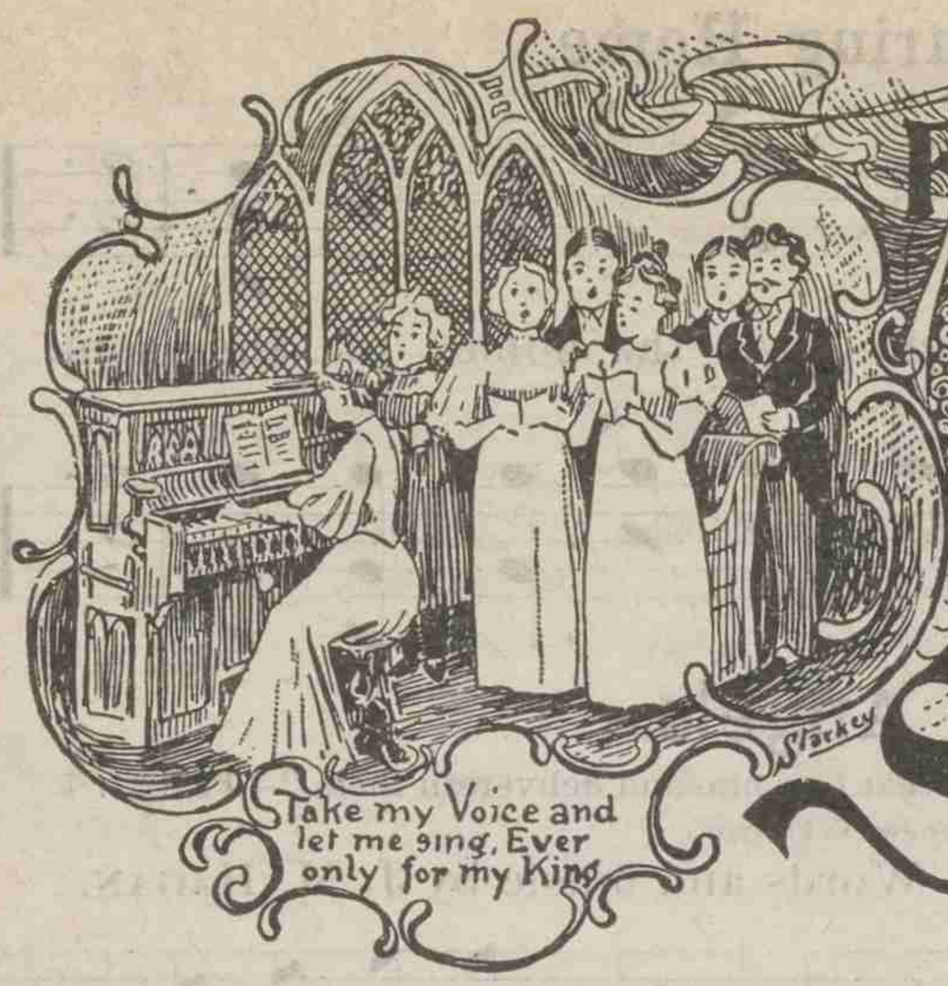
Spirited. Words and music by J. M. HAGAN.



CHORUS.



For Young People's Societies

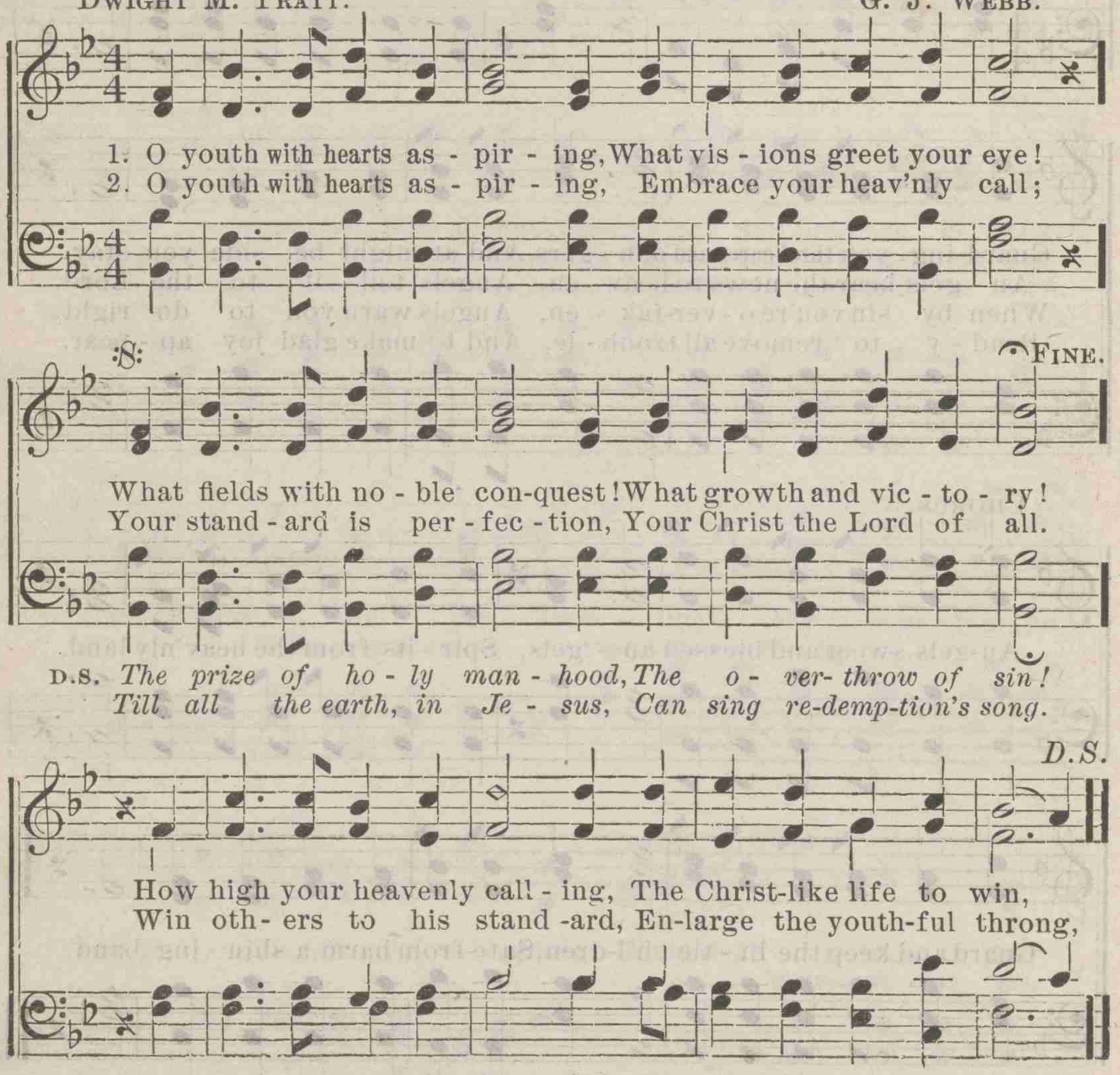
"That our sons *may be* as plants grown up in their youth; *that* our daughters *may be* as corner-stones, polished *after* the similitude of a palace:"

"Happy *is that* people, that is in such a case; *yea*, happy *is that* people, whose God is the Lord."—Psa 144: 12, 15.

No. 51. O Youth with Hearts Aspiring.

"I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand."—Isa. 41: 13.

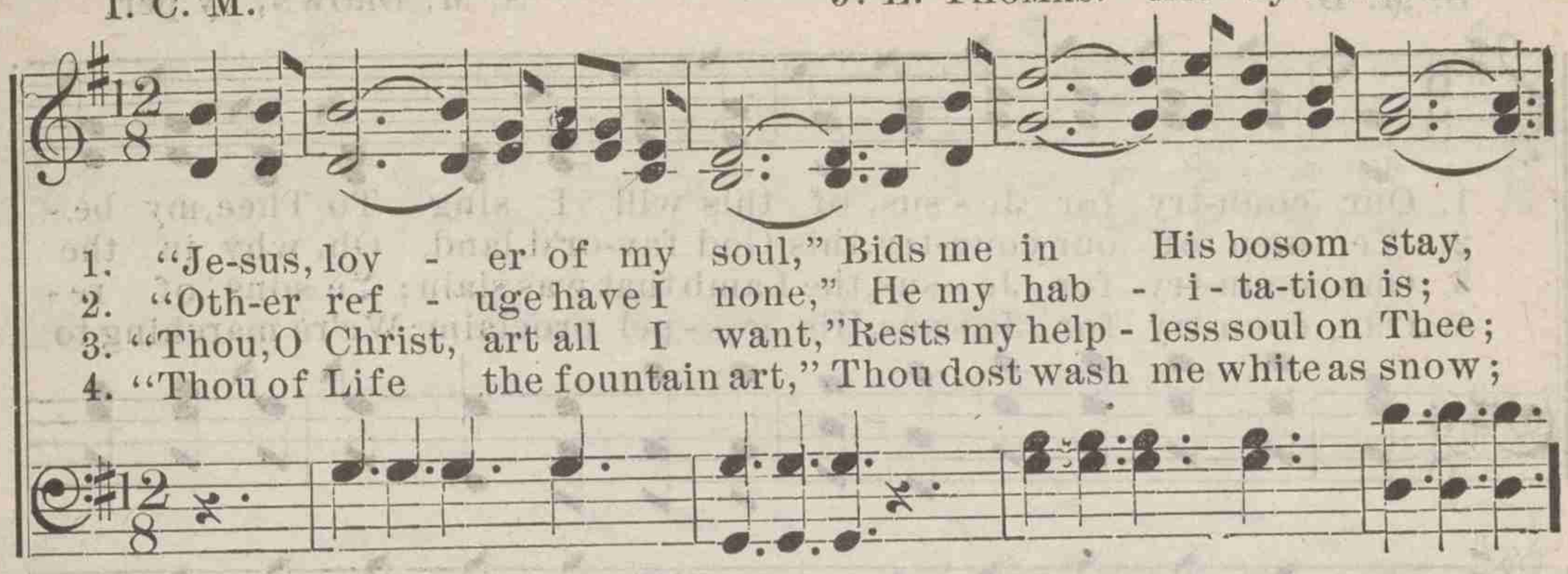
Arr. Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

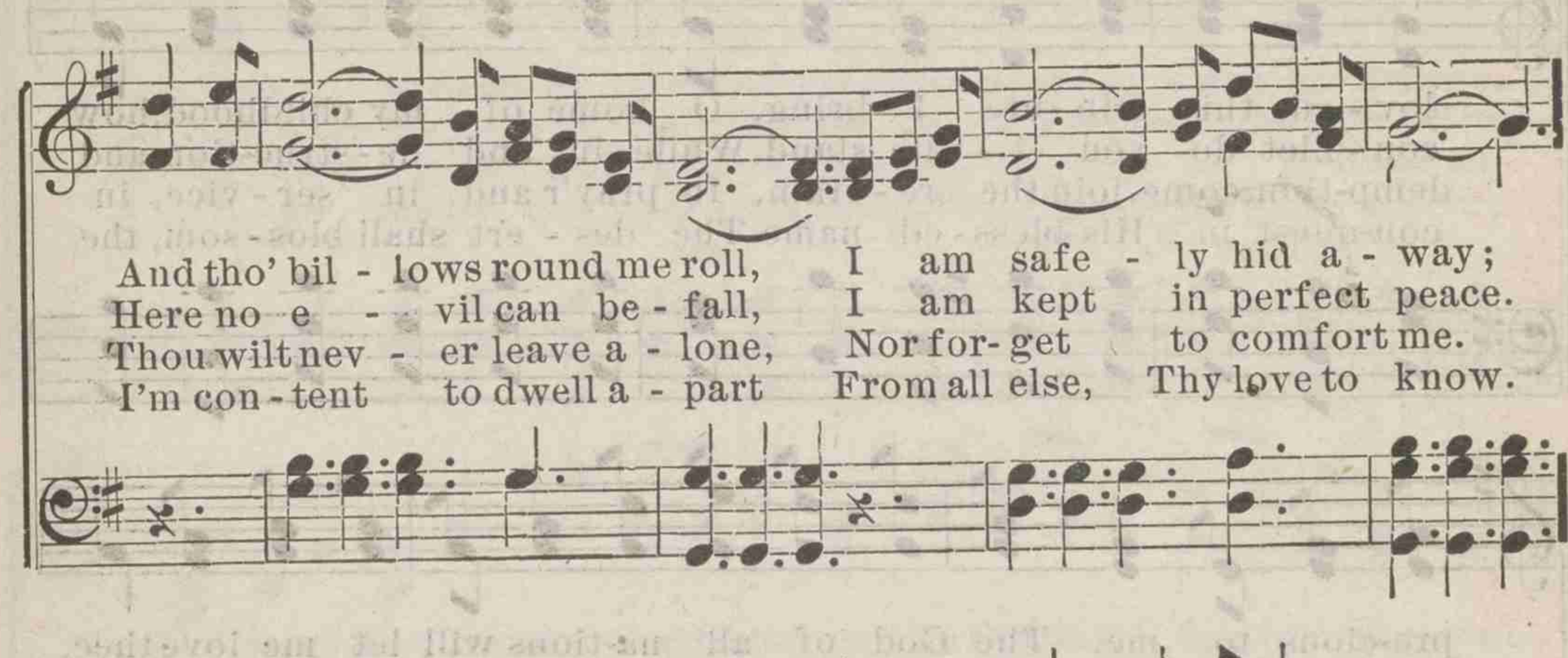
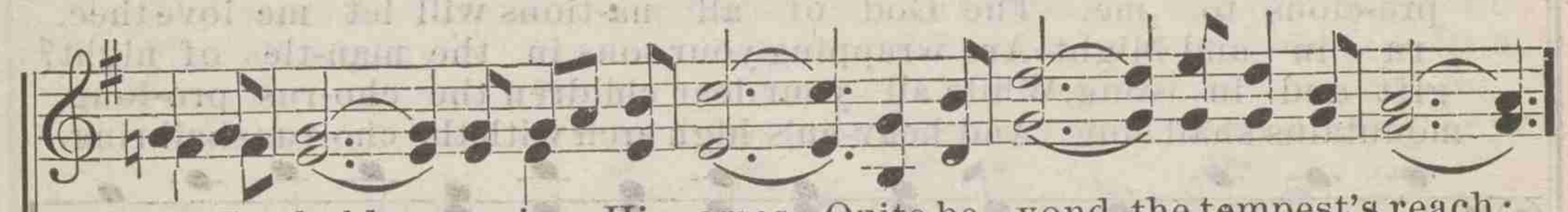
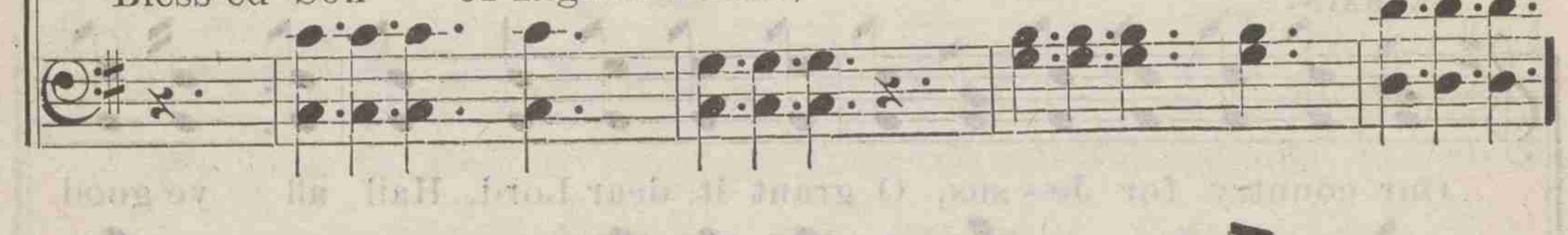
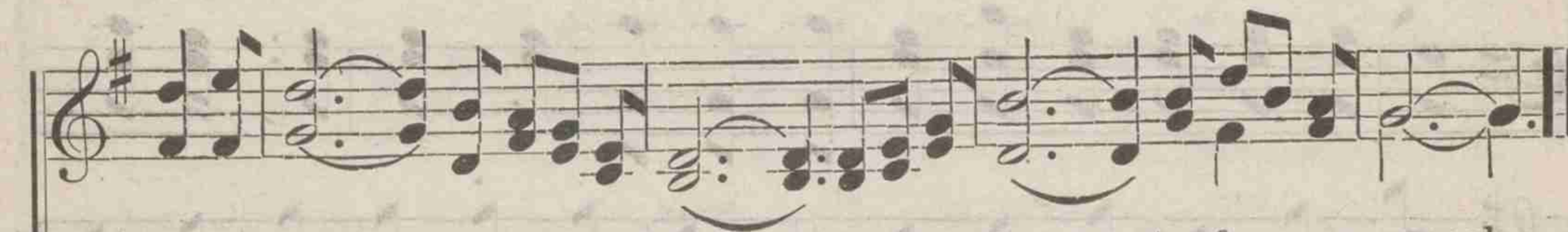
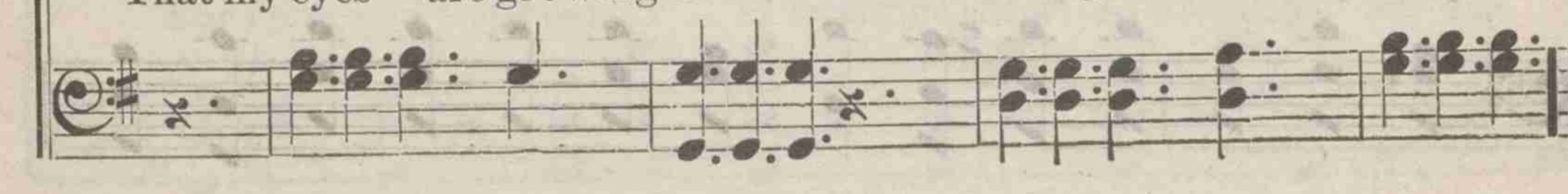
DWIGHT M. PRATT. G. J. WEBB.

No. 52. The New Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

"My Refuge, my Saviour."—2 Sam. 22: 3.

Copyright, 1889, by H. N. Lincoln. From "Song-land Messenger," by per.

I. C. M. J. E. THOMAS. Arr. by H. N. L.



1. "Je-sus, lov - er of my soul," Bids me in His bosom stay,
2. "Oth-er ref - uge have I none," He my hab - i - ta-tion is;
3. "Thou, O Christ, art all I want," Rests my help - less soul on Thee;
4. "Thou of Life the fountain art," Thou dost wash me white as snow;

And tho' bil - lows round me roll, I am safe - ly hid a - way;
Here no e - vil can be - fall, I am kept in perfect peace.
Thou wilt nev - er leave a - lone, Nor for-get to comfort me.
I'm con - tent to dwell a - part From all else, Thy love to know.

For He holds me in His arms, Quite be - yond the tempest's reach;
I am cov - er'd all day long, With the shad - ow of His wing;
Thou hast sav'd my soul from death, Thou hast scat-ter'd doubts and fears,
Bless-ed Son of Righteousness, I so love to look on Thee,

And He whis - pers in my heart Words un-known to hu-man speech.
Dwell in safe - ty thro' the night, Waking, this is what I sing.
And the sun - shine of Thy face Sweetly, dri - eth all my tears.
That my eyes are growing blind To the things once dear to me.

No. 53. Our Country for Jesus.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Psa. 137: 5, 6.

Copyright, 1888, by S. M. Brown.

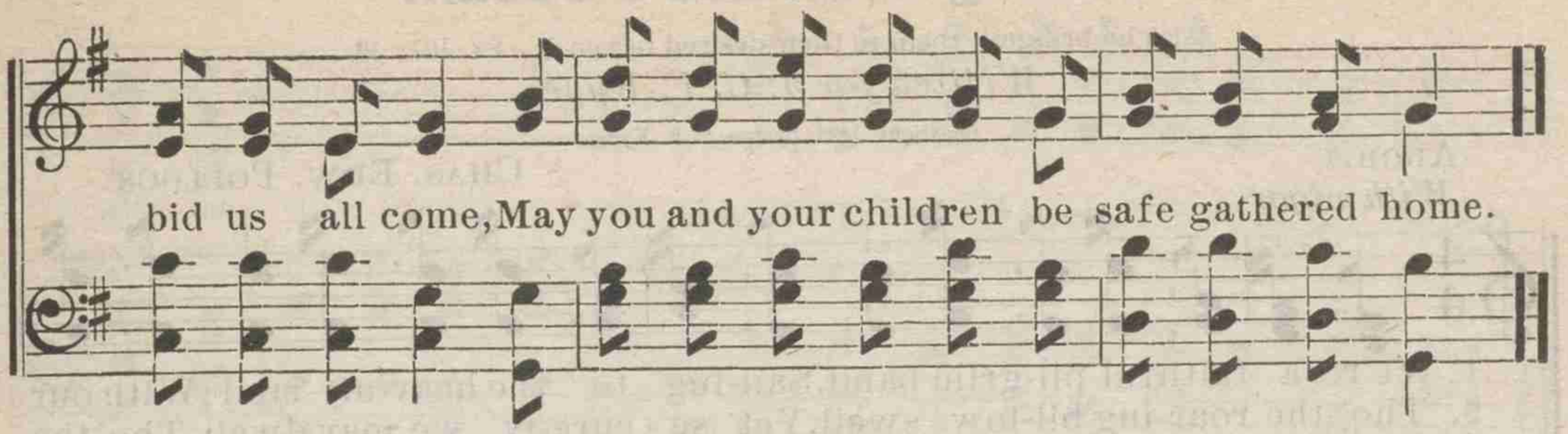
S. M. B. S. M. BROWN, by per.

1. Our coun-try for Je - sus, of this will I sing, To Thee, my be - lov - ed, this trib - ute I bring, O home of my childhood, how pre-cious to me, The God of all na-tions will let me love thee.
2. Ye men of our coun-try, this God fav-or'd land, Oh, why in the con - flict do you i - dle stand, While sin and de-struc-tion and ru - in and blight Are wrapping your sons in the man-tle of night?
3. Our coun-try for Je - sus, the Lamb that was slain; Ye sons of re - demp-tion, come, join the re - frain, In pray'r and in ser - vice, in gift and in song, While all your dear children the cho-rus pro-long.
4. Our coun-try for Je - sus, His gos - pel proclaim; We're marching to con-quest in His bless - ed name. The des - ert shall blos - som, the mountains shall sing, And heav-en's high arch with the cho-rus shall ring.

REFRAIN.

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

Our Country for Jesus.

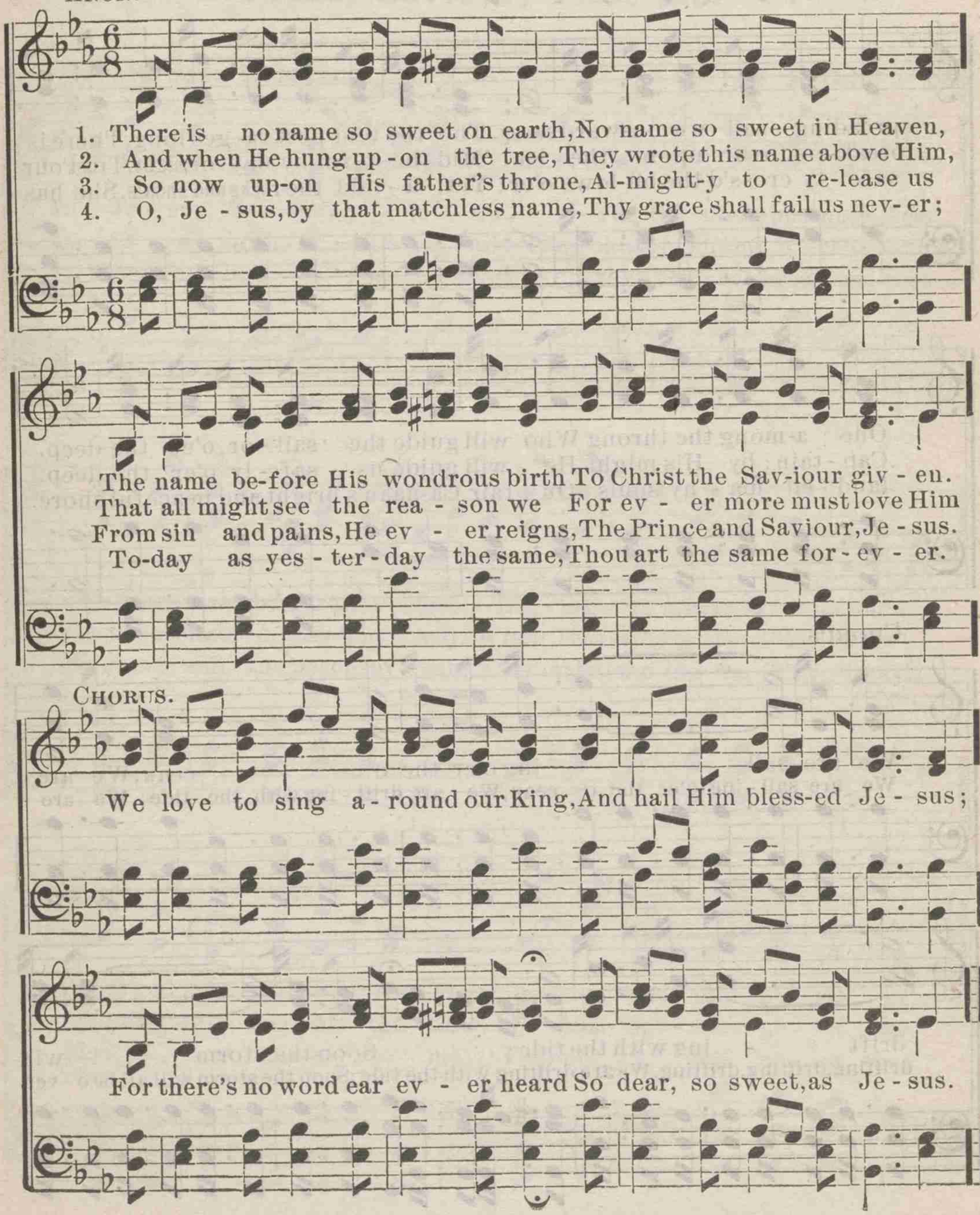


No. 54. The Name of Jesus.

"We thank thee, and praise thy glorious name."—1 Chr. 29: 13.

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

ANON. J. H. TENNEY.



No. 55. Sailing O'er Life's Ocean.

"So he bringeth them to their desired haven."—Ps. 107: 30.

Written for J. C. F. Kyger.

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Anon. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

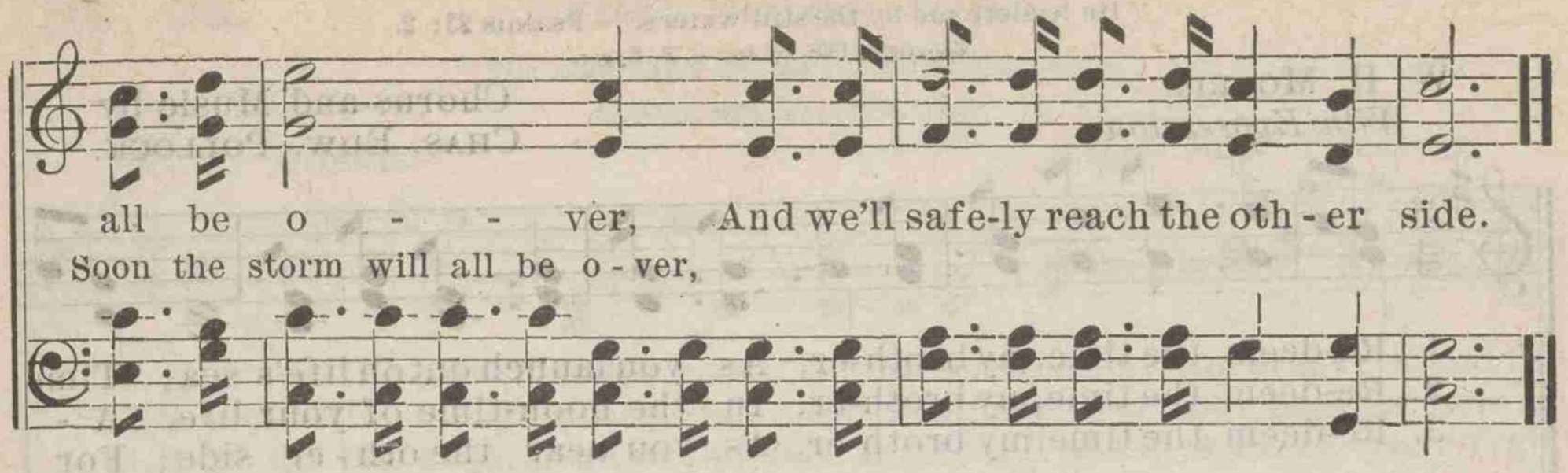
With vigor.

1. We're a faithful pil-grim band, Sail-ing to the heav'nly land; With our spreading sail we on-ward sweep. Tho' the tem-pest ra- ges long, There is
2. Tho' the roar-ing bil-lows swell, Yet se - cure-ly we may dwell, Tho' the break-ers rear up-on the lea. 'Mid the storm, by day or night, Trust our
3. Tho' for ma- ny a - ges past She has long with-stood the blast, And in safe - ty cross'd the bil-lows o'er; Yet, a - mid the rocks and shoals, She has

One a-mong the throng Who will guide the sail - or o'er the deep.
Cap - tain; by His might He will guide us safe- ly o'er the deep.
land - ed ma - ny souls On fair Ca-naan's bright and peaceful shore.

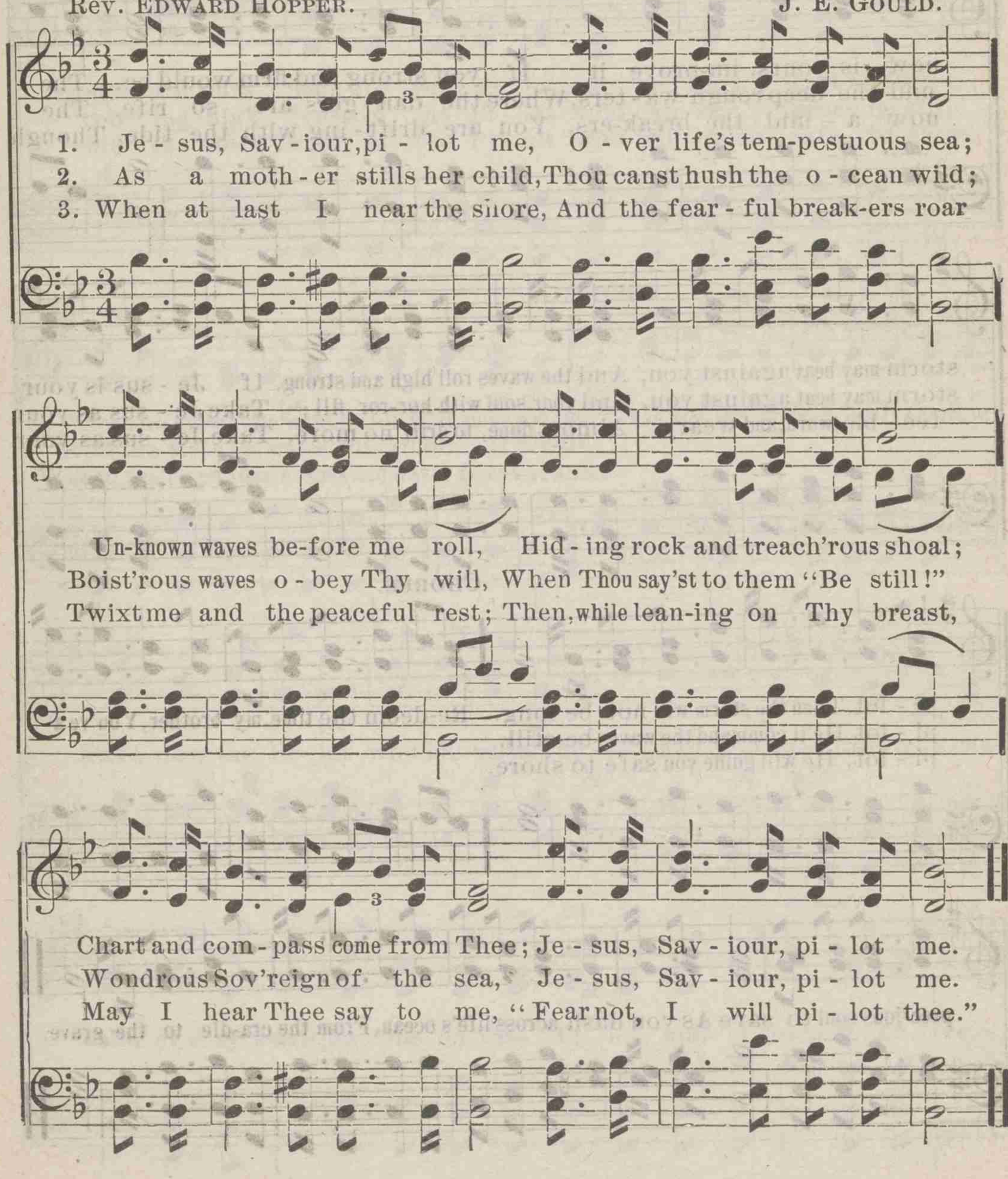
CHORUS.

We are sail - - - ing o'er the o - - - - cean, We are
We are sail - ing o'er the o - cean, We are drift - ing with the tide; We are
drift - - ing with the tide; Soon the storm . . . will
drifting, drifting, drifting, We are drifting with the tide; Soon the storm will all be o - ver,

Sailing O'er Life's Ocean.

No. 56. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

"For thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



No. 57. Jesus is Your Pilot.

"He leadeth me by the still waters."—Psalms 23: 2.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

W. H. MORRIS.

With Expression.

Chorus and Music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Re-deem the time, my broth-er, As you launch out on life's sea; Time
2. Re-deem the time, my broth-er, In the noon-time of your life, A -
3. Re-deem the time, my broth-er, As you near the oth - er side; For

now is yours, im-prove it If you strong and firm would be. The
mid the deep rough wa - ters, Where the dan - gers are so rife. The
now a - mid the break-ers, You are drift - ing with the tide. Though

storm may beat against you, And the waves roll high and strong, If Je - sus is your
storm may beat against you, And your soul with hor-ror fill; Take Je - sus as your
fee - ble, worn, and weary, Almost done, to drift no more, Take Je - sus as your

CHORUS.

pi - lot, Then the storm will not be long. Re-deem the time, my brother, You've a
pi - lot, He'll command the waves be still.
pi - lot, He will guide you safe to shore.

prec-ious soul to save As you dash across life's ocean, From the cra-dle to the grave.

No. 58. Trust in the Pilot.

"The Lord alone did lead him."—Deut. 32:12.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

W. H. MORRIS. CHAS EDW POLLOCK.

1. Out on the o-cean, sailor, now is your bark, Ma-ny the breakers, and the
2. Rough is the voyage, sailor, dan - ger is nigh, O - ver your bark the waves are
3. Rough tho' the waters, sailor, you need not fear, Trust in a Pil-ot your frail

clouds are dark. Seek for your Pi - lot, sail - or, one tried and true,
roll - ing high. Trust in the Pi - lot who can say, "peace be still,
ship to steer. Trust in the Pi - lot who will guide safe to shore,

CHORUS.

One who knows the waters and will guide you thro'. Take, you, the Pilot, born in Galilee;
And the winds and waves will all obey His will.
Where you'll rest from storms and waves forevermore.

Take now the Pi - lot who has walked the sea. Take, you, the Pi-lot who can

slower.

calm ev - ry wave; Je - sus is that Pi - lot, and is read - y to save.

No. 59. The Old Family Bible.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."—Psa. 19: 7.

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Arr. by JNO. C. F. KYGER.

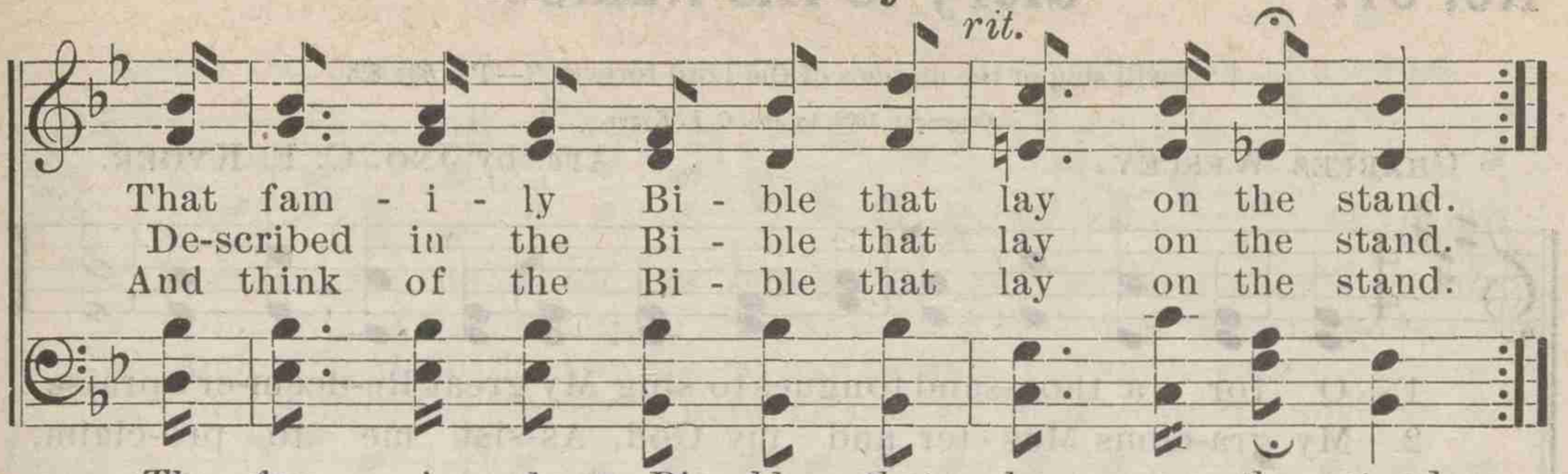
1. How pain - ful - ly pleas - ing the fond rec - ol - lec - tion
When bless'd with pa - ren - tal ad - vice and af - fec - tion,
2. That Bi - ble, the vol - ume of God's in - spir - a - tion,
And the pray'r of our sire was a sweet in - vo - ca - tion,
3. Ye scenes of tran - quil - i - ty, long have we part - ed;
In sor - row and sad - ness I live brok-en - heart - ed,

Of youth - ful con - nec - tions and in - no - cent joy,
Sur-round - ed with mer - cies, with peace from on high!
At morn and at ev - 'ning could yield us de - light
For mer - cy by day and for safe - ty thro' night.
My hopes al - most gone, and my par - ents no more;
And wan - der un - known on a far, dis - tant shore.

I still view the chair of my sire and my mother, The seats of their offspring are
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling, All warm from the heart of a
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection, Forget - ful of gifts from His

rang'd on each hand, And that rich-est of books, which excell'd ev'ry oth - er,
fam- i - ly band, Half raised us from earth to that rap - tur-ous dwelling,
boun- ti- ful hand! O, let me, with pa-tience, receive His cor-rec-tion,

REF. *The old fashioned Bi- ble, the dear bless-ed Bi - ble,*

The Old Family Bible.

No. 60. With Loving Heart I'd Praise Thee.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul."—Ps. 146: 1.

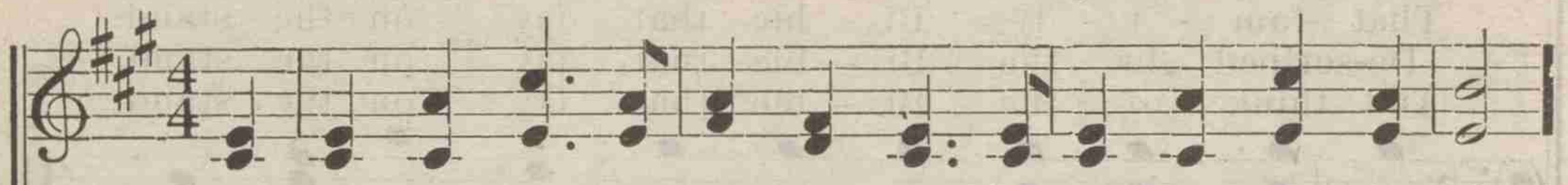
Copyright, 1898, by Jno. F. C. Kyger.

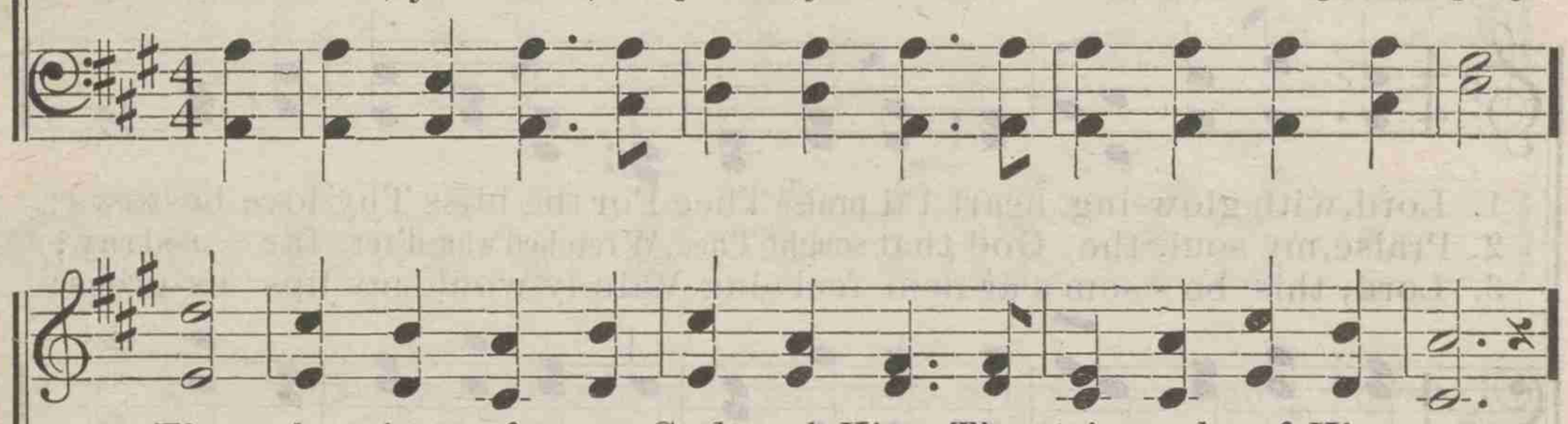
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY. J. H. TENNEY.

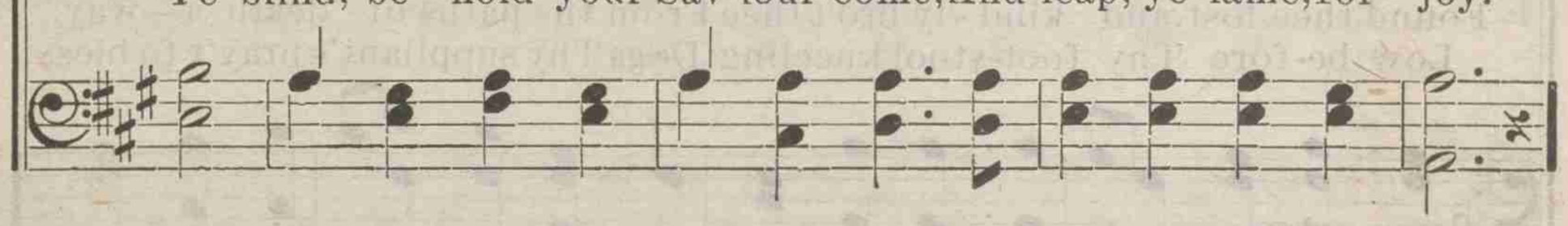
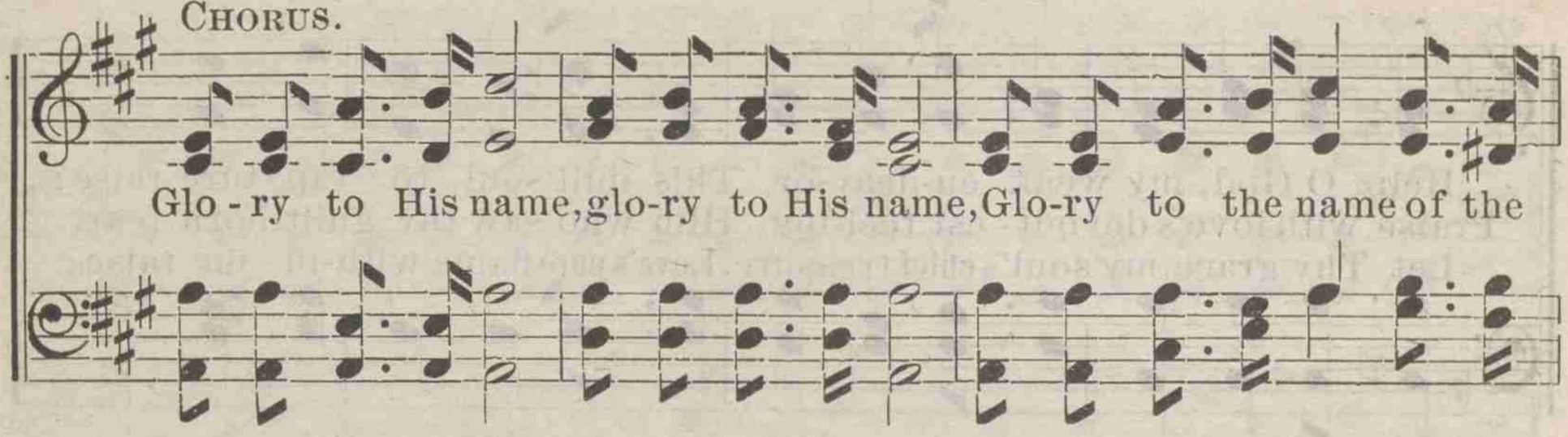
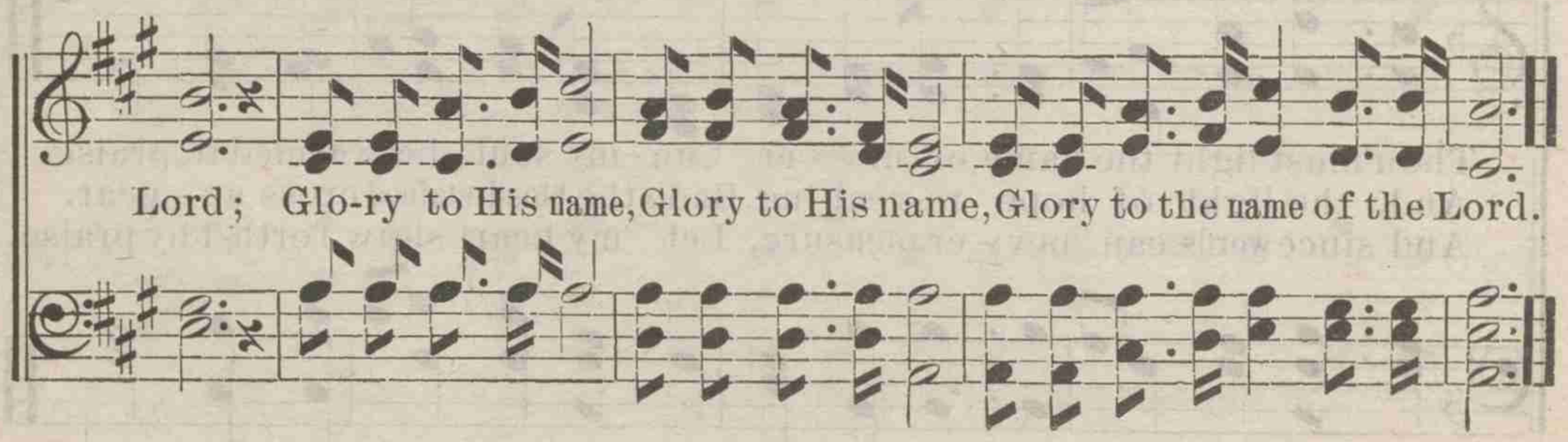
No. 61. Glory to His Name!

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. 50: 89.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by JNO. C. F. KYGER.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease,
4. He breaks the power of can-celed sin, He sets the pris-oner free;
5. He speaks, and listening to His voice, New life, the dead re-ceive;
6. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues employ;



The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace.
His blood can make the foul-est clean, His blood a-vailed for me.
The mournful, brok-en hearts re-joice; The hum-ble poor be-lieve.
Ye blind, be-hold your Sav-iour come, And leap, ye lame, for joy.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to His name, glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to the name of the

Lord; Glo-ry to His name, Glory to His name, Glory to the name of the Lord.

No. 62. Come, Sing of the Saviour.

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

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Rev. J. D. GOLD, Ph.D. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Come sing of the Sav-iour, no sadness have we, Since Jesus a-ton'd for our
2. Come sing of the Sav-iour, O tell of His love, Who came to earth's hovels from
3. Come sing of the Sav-iour till no one be heard To ad-vo-cate e - vil or
4. Come sing of the Sav-iour Wherever you be; He was not asham'd of a

sins on the tree; We'll scat-ter the tid -ings to each distant shore, Till
mansions a - bove; Let each vie with other, in waft-ing a-broad The
scoff at His word; Till all shall u - nite in one anthem of praise To
sin - ner like thee; Then shout His hosannas un - til earth and sky Shall

REFRAIN.

sin and its sad-ness af - flict us no more. Sing, sing of the
song of re - un -ion, twixt man and his God!
Je - sus, E - man-u - el, an-cient of days!
ring with the glo-ries of Je - sus on high! Sing of the Sav - iour,

Sav - iour, Hearts full of grat - i - tude bring; . . .
sing of the Sav-iour, Hearts full of grat - i-tude bring;

Sing of His goodness, proclaim - ing: "Saviour, Messiah, and King!" .
Sing of His goodness, proclaiming: "Sav - iour, Mes-si-ah, and King!"

No. 63. Made Perfectly Whole.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40 : 17.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

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

Spirited.

mf

1. In the ful - ness of love Je - sus came from a - bove To re -
   And He died on a tree as a ran - som for me, And His
2. Heav - y la - den with sin and de - file - ment within, I bowed
   And He poured forth the flood of the soul - cleansing blood, And my
3. It was when I be - lieved that His peace I re - ceived, And my
   For He scat - tered the night and my soul saw the light, And the

deem them from guilt and from sin;
blood makes me per-fect - ly clean;
low at His mer - ci - ful feet,
heal - ing from sin was complete!
dark-ness was turned in - to day;
bur - den of sin rolled a - way;

What a ful - ness of peace, what a
Now my heart is a tem - ple of
And now all the day long His sweet

rap - ture of bliss, What rejoic - ing when Christ made me whole, When He
glad-ness and song, O - ver-flow-ing with love and with praise; Ev - er -
love is my song, And I tell of His grace o'er and o'er, While I

rit. :S:

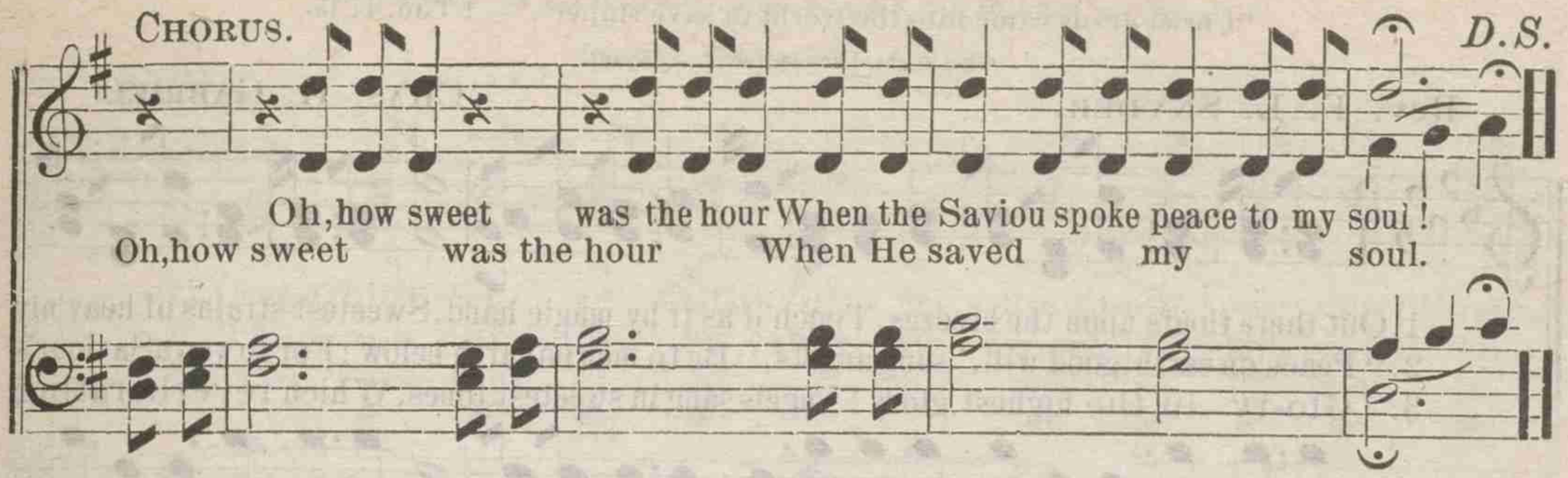
D.S. *By His*

FINE.

showed forth His pow'r in that wonderful hour, And so sweetly spoke peace to my soul!
lasting thanksgivings to Je sus belong, And to Him glad thanksgivings, I raise.
bow at His feet and His praises repeat, And my wonderful Saviour a-dore.

wonderful grace and His wonderful pow'r, I was cleansed and made perfectly whole.

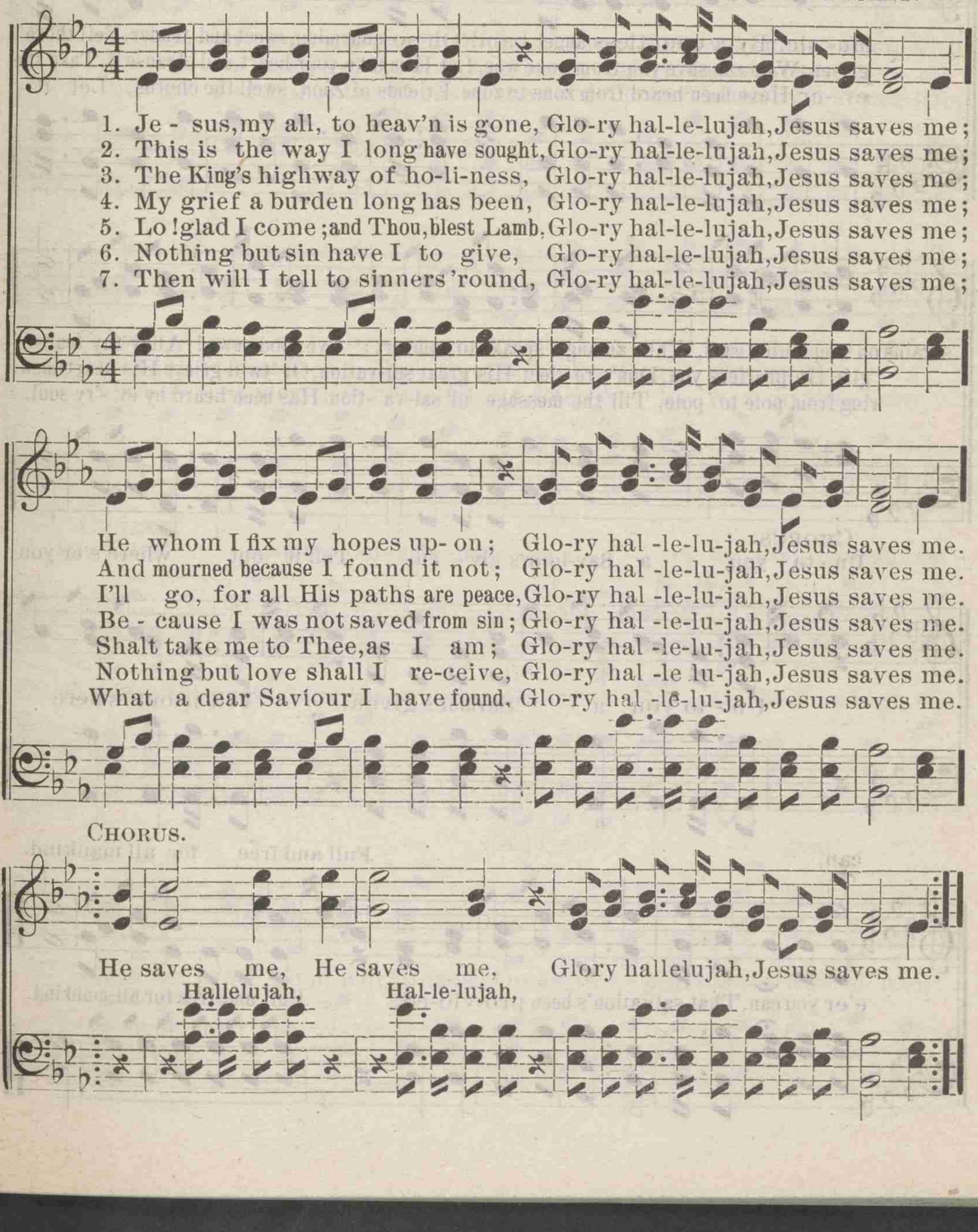
Made Perfectly Whole.



No. 64. Jesus Saves Me.

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

Copyright, 1896, by Charlie D. Tillman.

G. R. STUART. ZOLLIE STUART.

No. 65. Unto You a Saviour's Given.

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

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Out there floats upon the breezes, Touch'd as if by magic hand, Sweetest strains of heav'nly
2. "Peace on earth, good will," sang angels, "Be to men on earth below; For to you a Saviour's
3. Glo-ry in the highest, glory! Angels sang in sweetest tones, Which reverberating

mu- sic, By a countless angel band. Oh so charming, sweet and tender, Fell those
giv-en, Who can save you from your woe. Let Him take your heart and cleanse it, Take the
ev -er, Have been heard from zone to zone. Friends of Zion, swell the chorus, Let it

strains on shepherd's ears, While an angel speaks to comfort: "I've good news! Allay thy fears."
gift He proffers you, Don't re -ject His great sal-vation, Or 'twill grieve His heart anew.
ring from pole to pole, Till the message of sal-va -tion Has been heard by ev -'ry soul.

CHORUS.

Un - to you a Sav-iour's giv - en, Tell it out where e'er you

Un - to you a Saviour's given, Tell it out where

can, Full and free for all mankind.

e'er you can, That salvation's been pro-vid-ed, Full and free for all mankind.

No. 66. Hark! How the Angels Sing.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say rejoice."—Phil. 4: 4.

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ANON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, tri - umph-ant - ly sing; Come,
2. The Son of the Fa - ther, He comes from the skies; To
3. To Thee, then, O Je - sus, this day of Thy birth, Be

see in a man-ger our Saviour and King! To Bethle-hem hasten with
lie in a man-ger He doth not despise; Hark! hark to the angels all
glo - ry and honor thro' heaven and earth! True Godhead Incarnate! Om-

joy - ful ac-cord! Oh, come ye, come hith-er, to wor-ship the Lord.
sing-ing in heav'n: To God in the high-est all glo - ry be giv'n!
nip - o - tent word! Oh, come, let us hast-en to wor-ship the Lord.

CHORUS.

Hark! . . . how the an - gels sing, Glo - - ry to God on high, On

Hark! how the angels sing, an-gels sing, Glo-ry to God, to God on high, On

Good-will . . . to men! . . .

earth be peace, good will to men, On earth be peace, good will to men!

No. 67. I am Happy.

"My soul shall make her boast in the Lord."—Psa. 34: 2.

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I. WATTS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. A - las, and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love beyond de - gree!
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give myself a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

Ah, my poor soul is filled with a boundless joy to-night, I am happy, oh, so happy! I am walking in the light. Would you know the wondrous secret Of this gladness in my soul? I am ful-ly trust-ing Je-sus, "I am ev - 'ry whit made whole."

No. 68. Launch Out.

"Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets."—Luke 5: 4.

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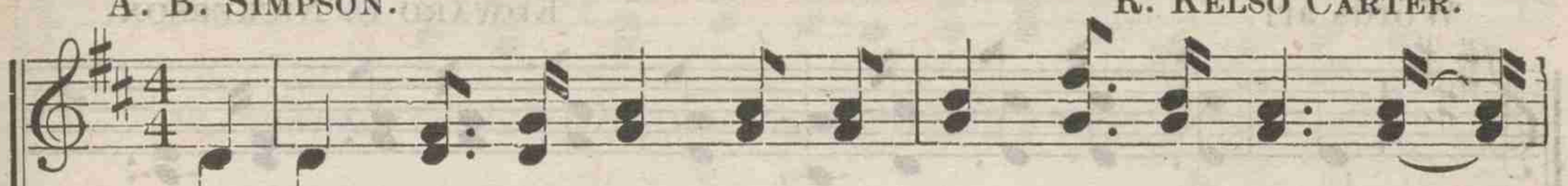
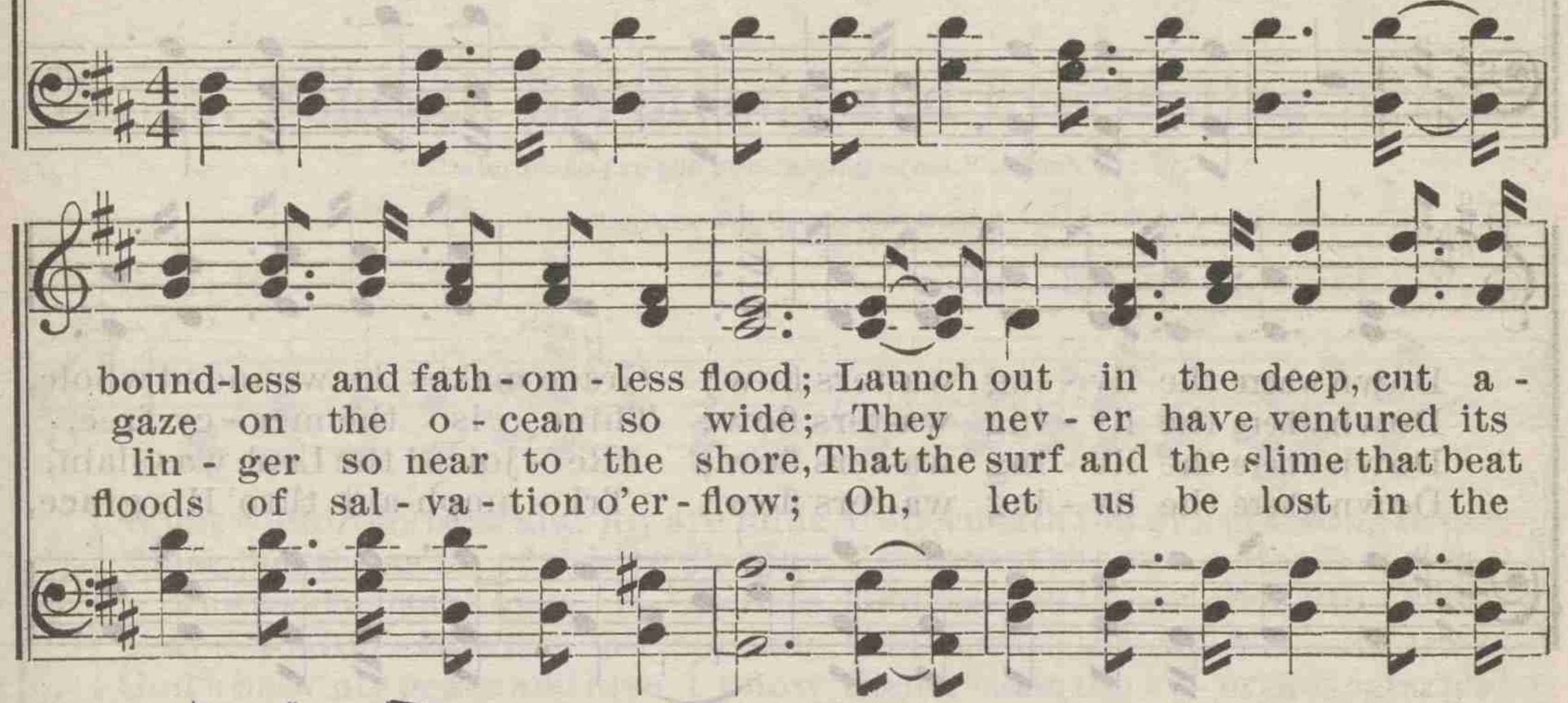
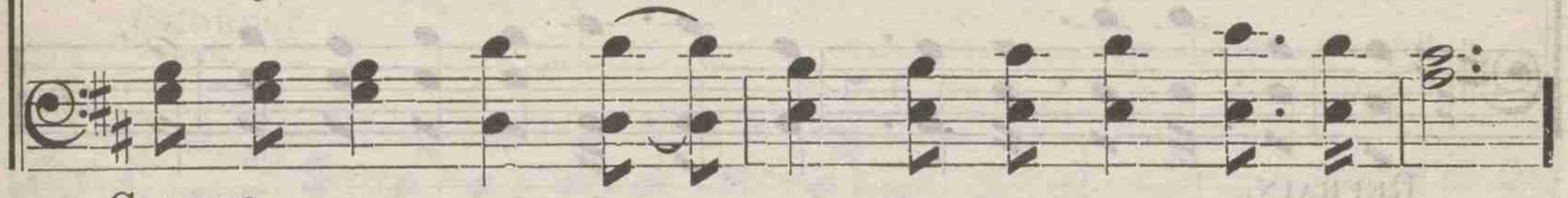
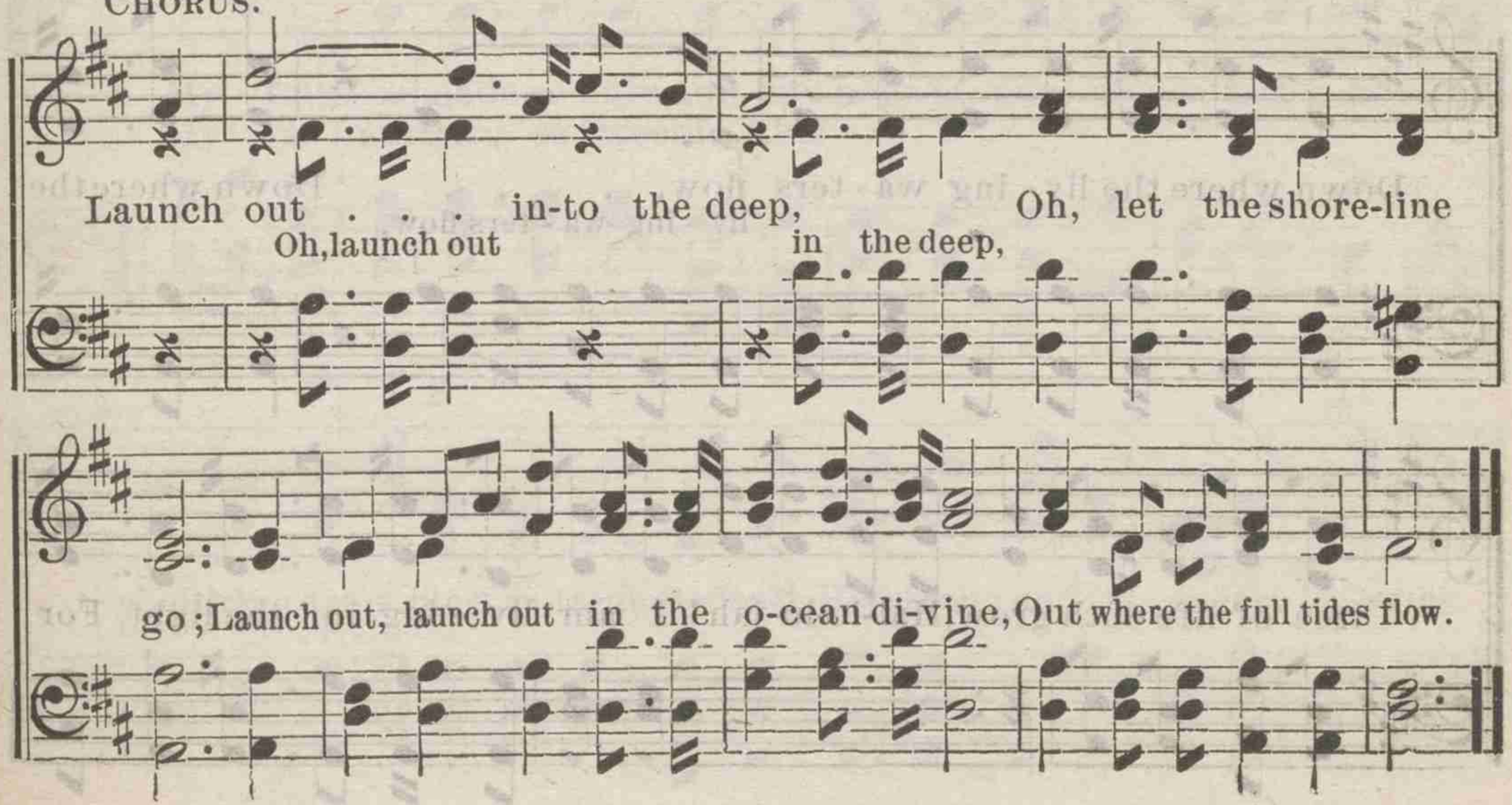
A. B. SIMPSON. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. The mer - cy of God is an o - cean di - vine, A bound-less and fath - om - less flood; Launch out in the deep, cut a -
2. But ma - ny, a - las! on - ly stand on the shore, And gaze on the o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ventured its
3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And lin - ger so near to the shore, That the surf and the slime that beat
4. Oh, let us launch out on this o - cean so broad, Where the floods of sal - va - tion o'er - flow; Oh, let us be lost in the



way the shore-line, And be lost in the ful - ness of God.
depths to ex - plore, Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide,
o - ver the strand, Dash o'er them in floods ev - er - more.
mer - cy of God, Till the depths of His ful - ness we know.

CHORUS.

Launch out . . . in-to the deep, Oh, let the shore-line go; Launch out, launch out in the o-cean di-vine, Out where the full tides flow.
Oh, launch out in the deep,

No. 69. Where the Living Waters Flow.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1.

Copyright, 1889, by E. C. Avis. By per.

Words arr. EDWARD E. NICKERSON.

1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing breast is giv'n,
2. For thee, my soul, for thee, These price - less joys were bought,
3. Come, with the ran-som'd train, The Sav-iour's prais - es sing,
4. And soon be - fore His face, We'll praise in light a - bove,

Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole,
Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free,
Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Re - joice! the Lamb was slain,
Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow; Tri - umph-ant thro' His grace,

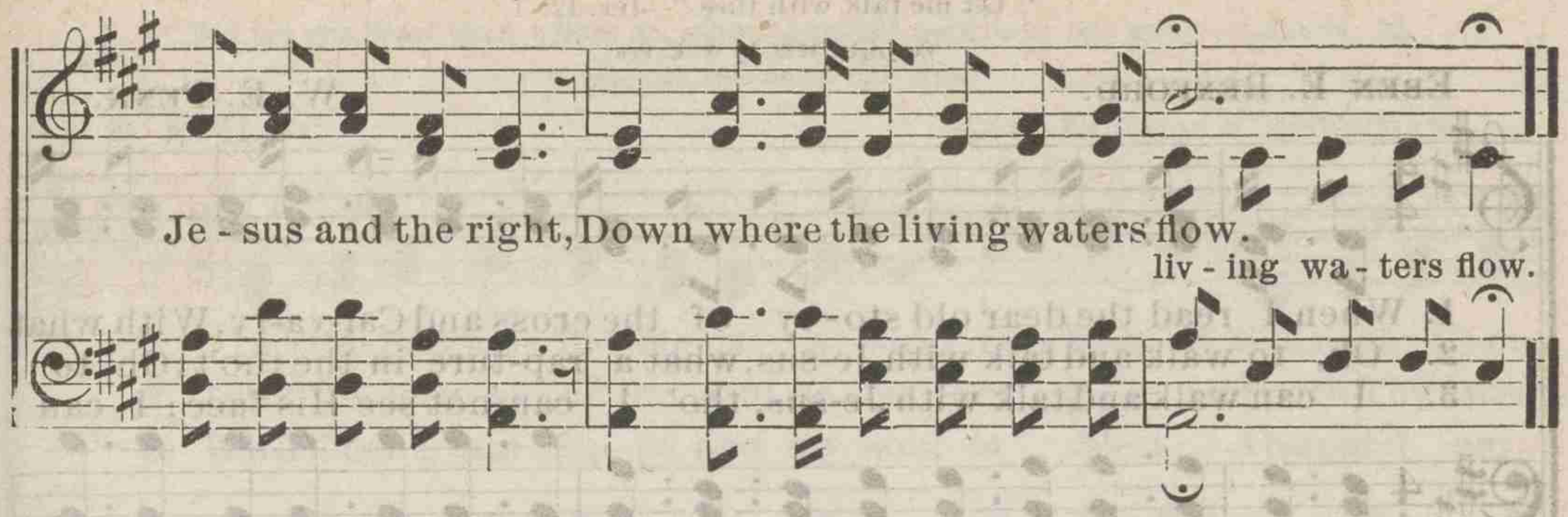
Love fills our heart with heav'n, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
That Christ to earth has bro't, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
A - dore! He reigns a King, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
Made per - fect by His love, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.

REFRAIN.

Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow, ... Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow,

tree of life doth grow, Hal-le-lu-jah! I am liv - ing in the light, For

Where the Living Waters Flow.



No. 70. Beneath His Strong and Everlasting Arms.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

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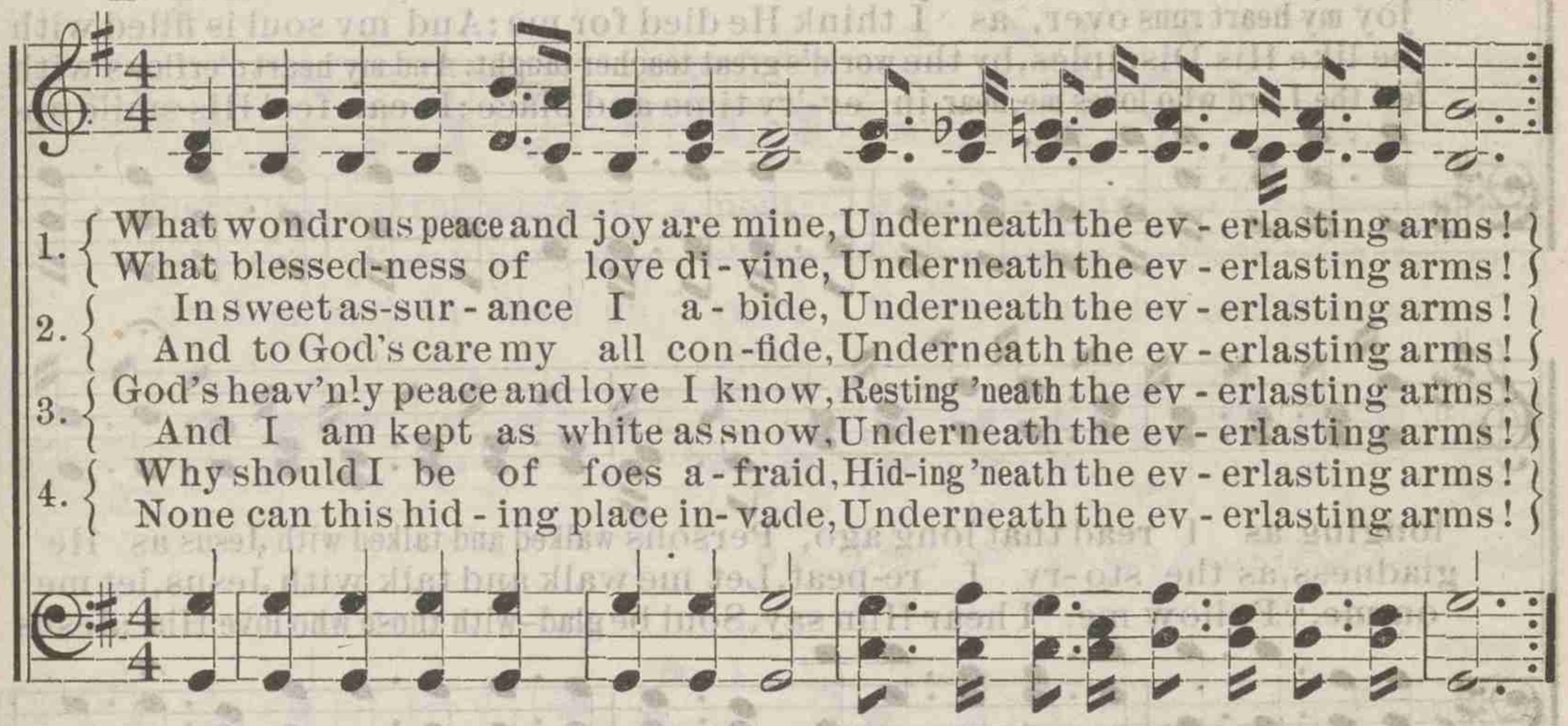
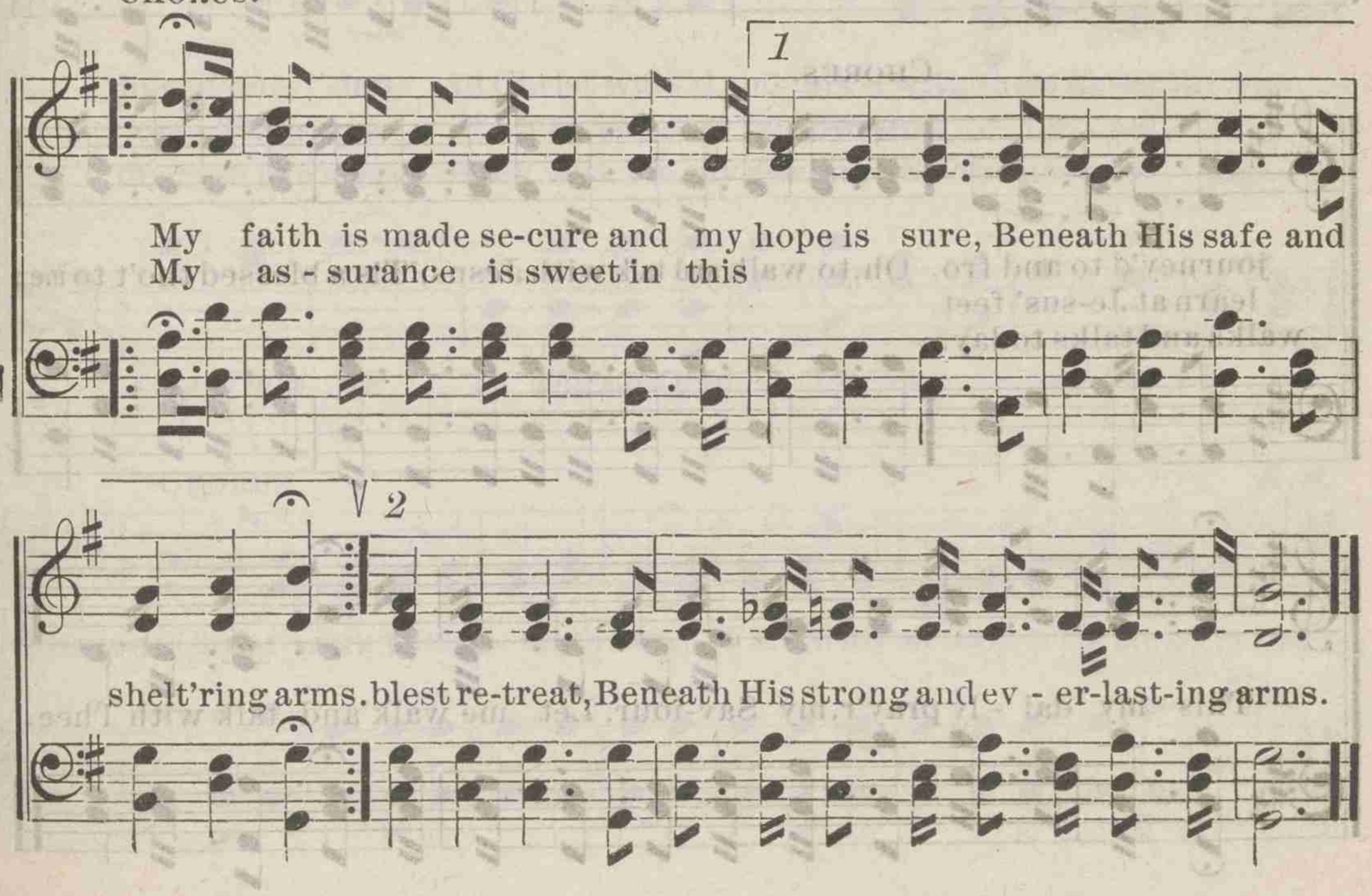
E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



Chorus.



No. 71. Walking and Talking with Jesus.

"Let me talk with thee."—Jer. 12: 1.

Copyright, 1889, by W. E. Penn.

EBEN E. REXFORD. W. E. PENN.

1. When I read the dear old sto-ry of the cross and Cal-va-ry, With what joy my heart runs over, as I think He died for me; And my soul is filled with longing as I read that long ago, Persons walked and talked with Jesus as He gladness, as the sto-ry I re-peat, Let me walk and talk with Jesus, let me journey'd to and fro. Oh, to walk and talk with Jesus, 'Tis a blessed tho't to me;

2. Oh, to walk and talk with Je-sus, what a rap-ture in the tho't; Oh, to be like His Disciples, by the world's great teacher taught. And my heart o'erflows with feel the Lord who loves me, near in ev-'ry time and place; I can feel His smile up- on me, "Follow me," I hear Him say, Soul be glad—with those who love Him; Jesus learn at Je-sus' feet.

3. I can walk and talk with Je-sus, tho' I can-not see His face; I can walk and talks today.

CHORUS.

This my dai - ly pray'r, my Sav-iour, Let me walk and talk with Thee.

No. 72. Walk and Talk With Me.

"Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way."—Luke 24: 32.

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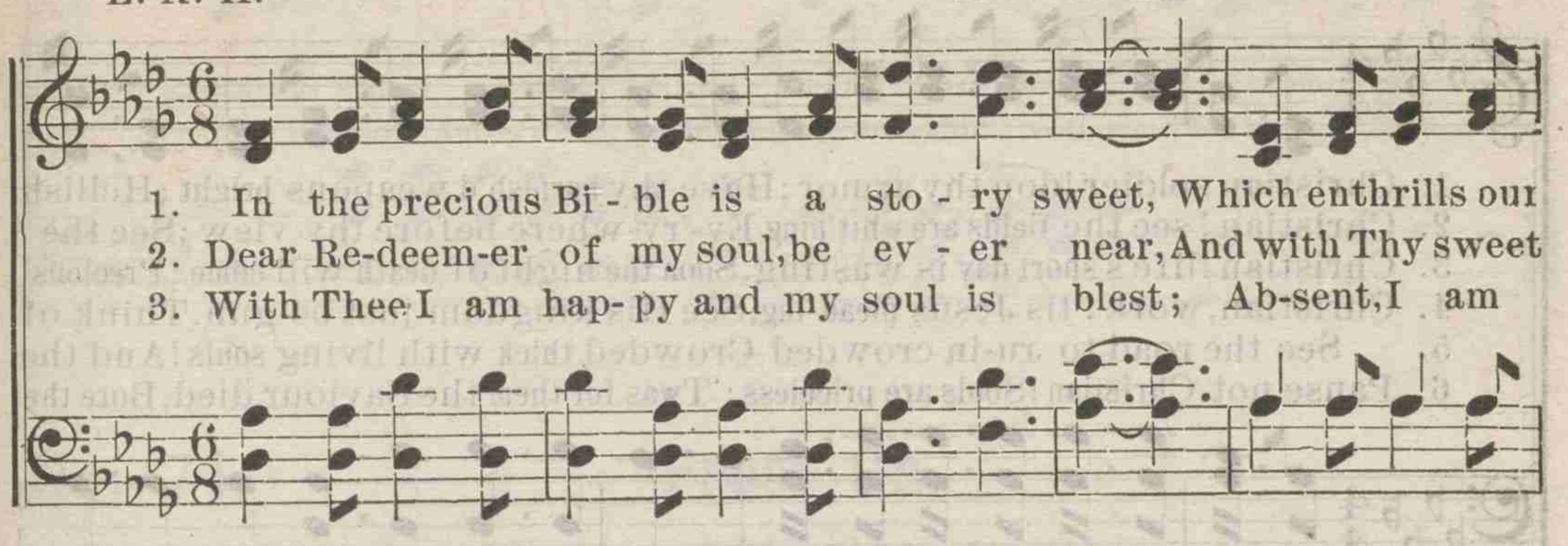
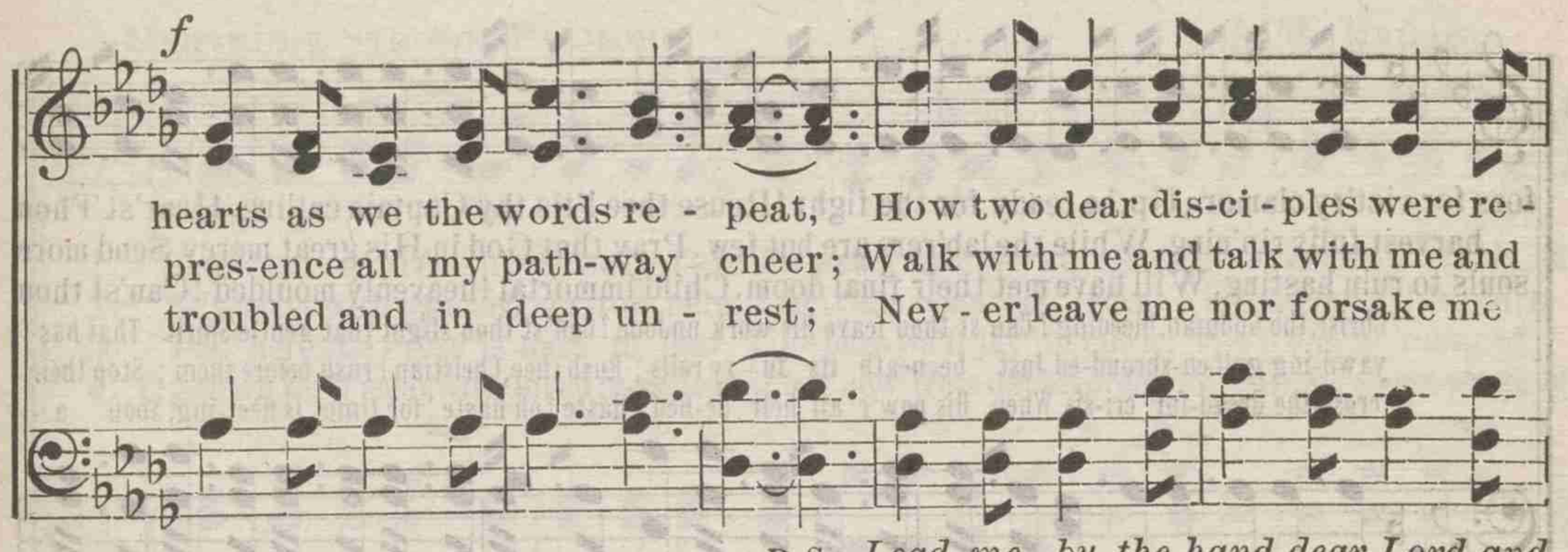
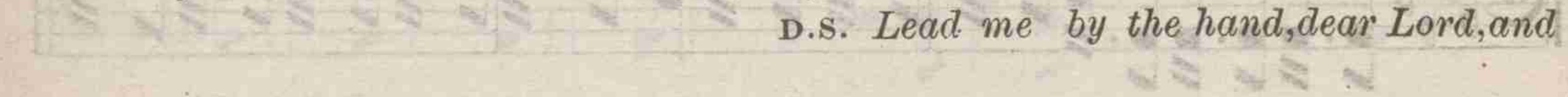
E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



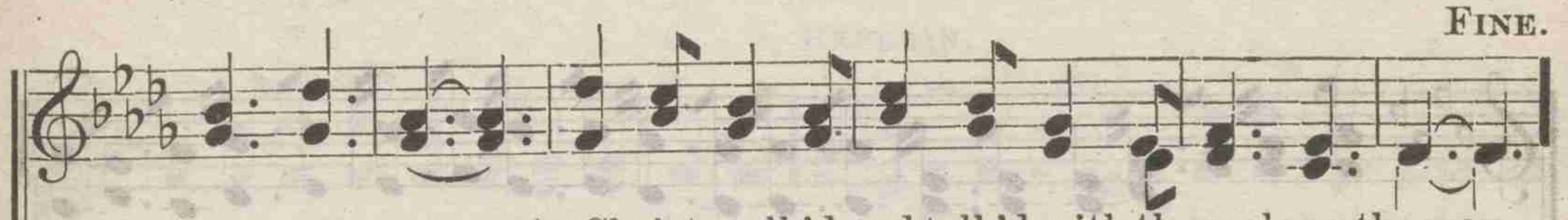
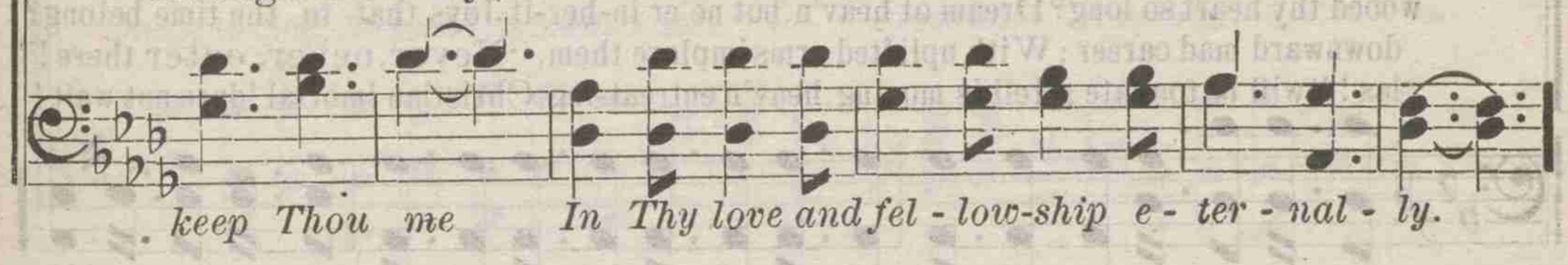
1. In the precious Bi - ble is a sto - ry sweet, Which enthrills our
2. Dear Re-deem-er of my soul, be ev - er near, And with Thy sweet
3. With Thee I am hap- py and my soul is blest; Ab-sent, I am

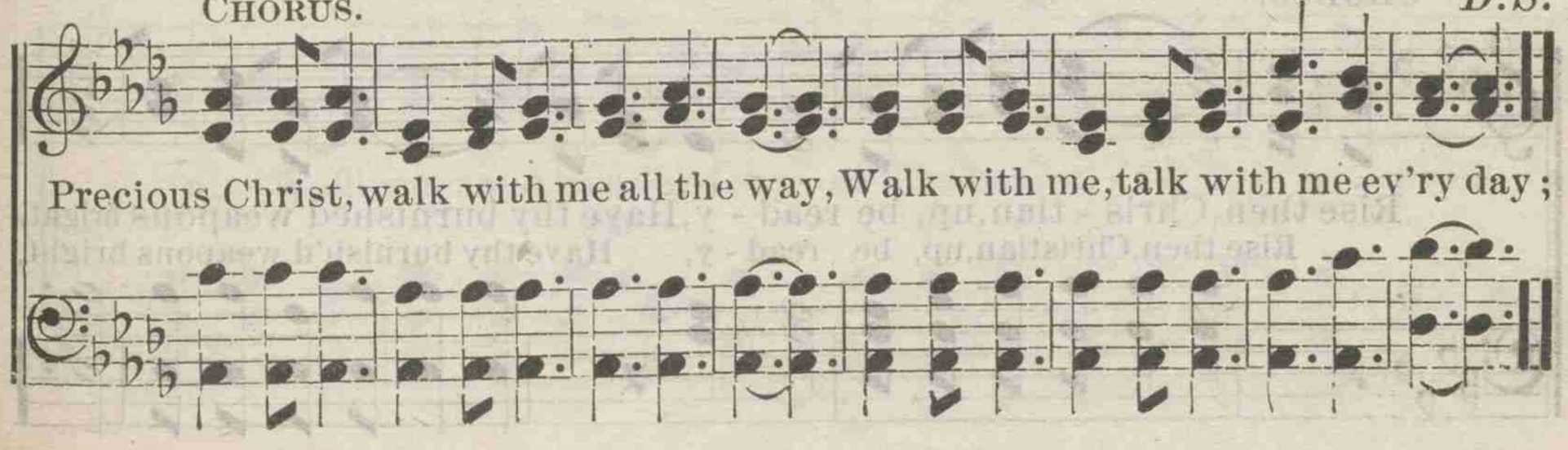


hearts as we the words re - peat, How two dear dis-ci - ples were re -
pres-ence all my path-way cheer; Walk with me and talk with me and
troubled and in deep un - rest; Nev - er leave me nor forsake me



D.S. *Lead me by the hand, dear Lord, and*

FINE.

joiced one day, As Christ walk'd and talk'd with them along the way.
keep Thou me In Thy bless-ed fel-low-ship e - ter - nal - ly.
through life's day; Walk with me, my Saviour, in the nar-row way.

keep Thou me In Thy love and fel - low-ship e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. D.S.

Precious Christ, walk with me all the way, Walk with me, talk with me ev'ry day;

No. 73. Christian Soldiers, Don Your Armor.

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—Eph. 6: 10.

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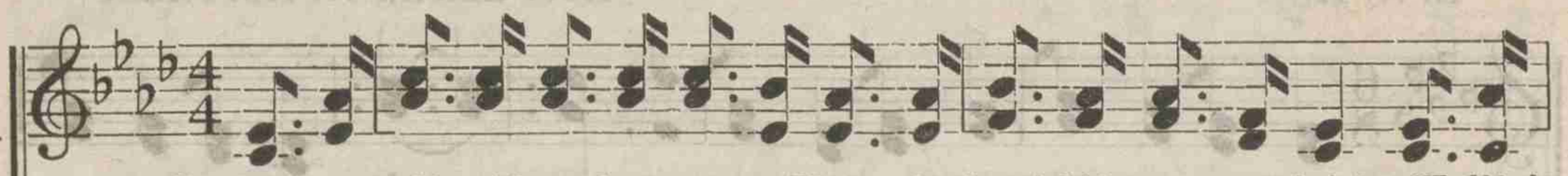
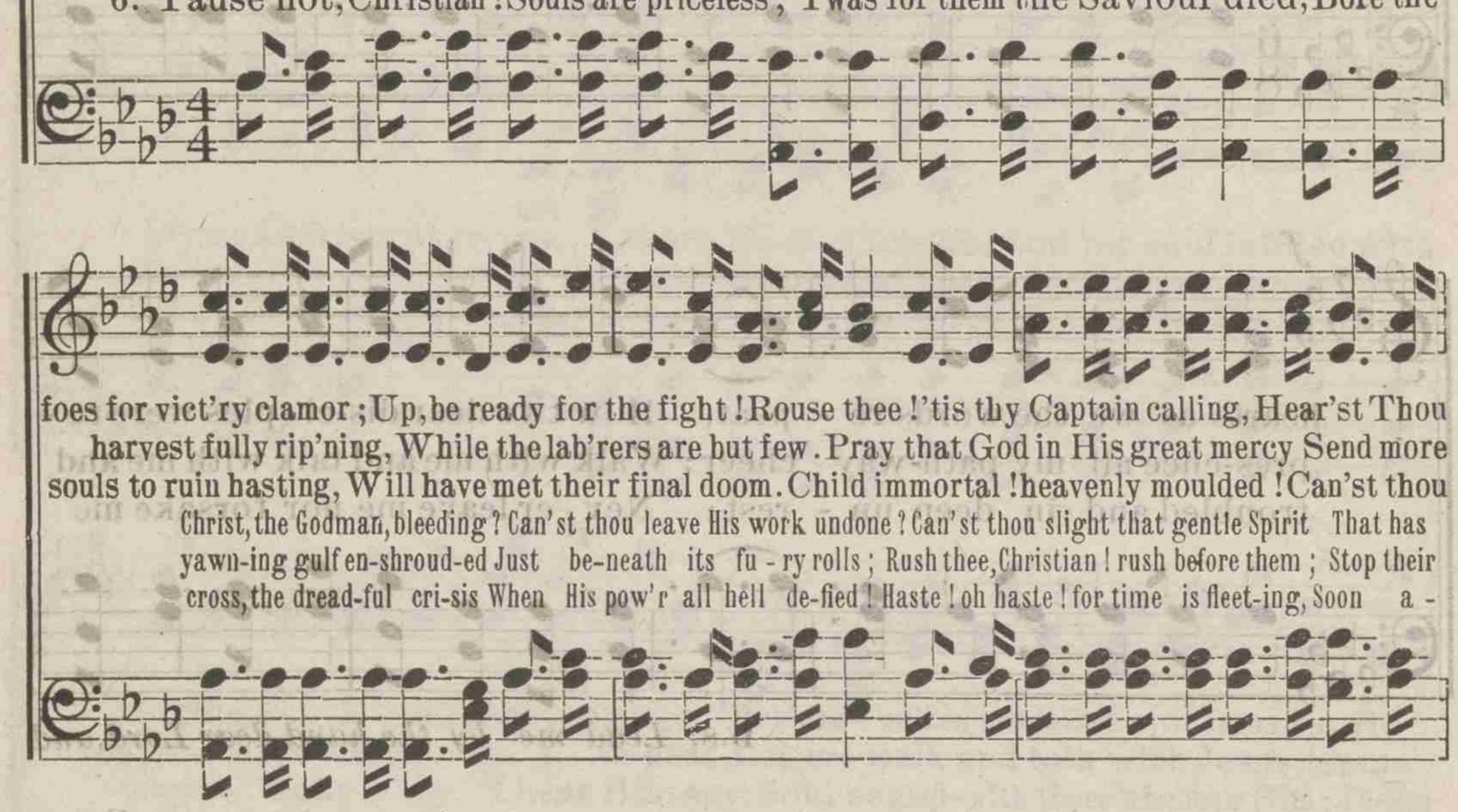
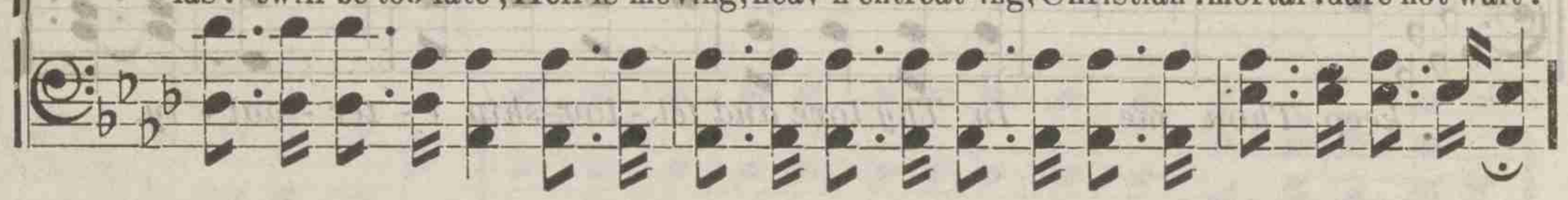
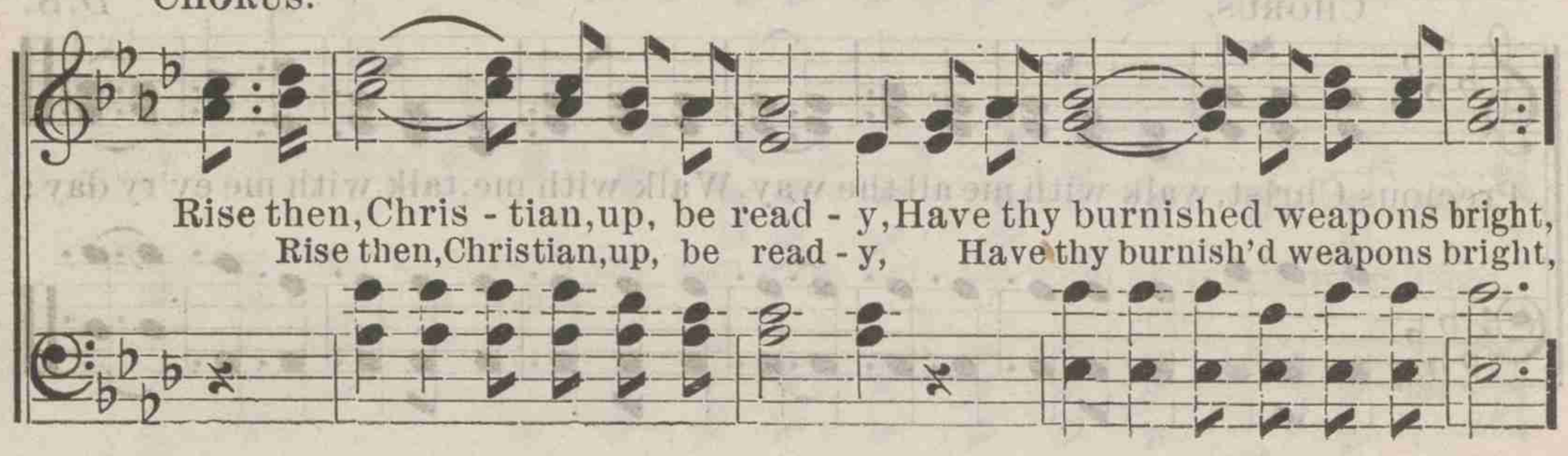
Mrs. Martha E. Whitten. Chorus and music by J. M. Hagan.

1. Christian soldier !don thy armor ; Have thy burnish'd weapons bright ; Hellish
2. Christian ! see the fields are whit'ning Ev-'ry-where before thy view ; See the
3. Christian !life's short day is wasting, Soon the night of death will come ; Precious
4. Christian, work !'tis Jesus plead-ing, See His kingdom just be-gun, Think of
5. See the road to ru-in crowded, Crowded thick with living souls ! And the
6. Pause not, Christian ! Souls are priceless ; 'Twas for them the Saviour died, Bore the



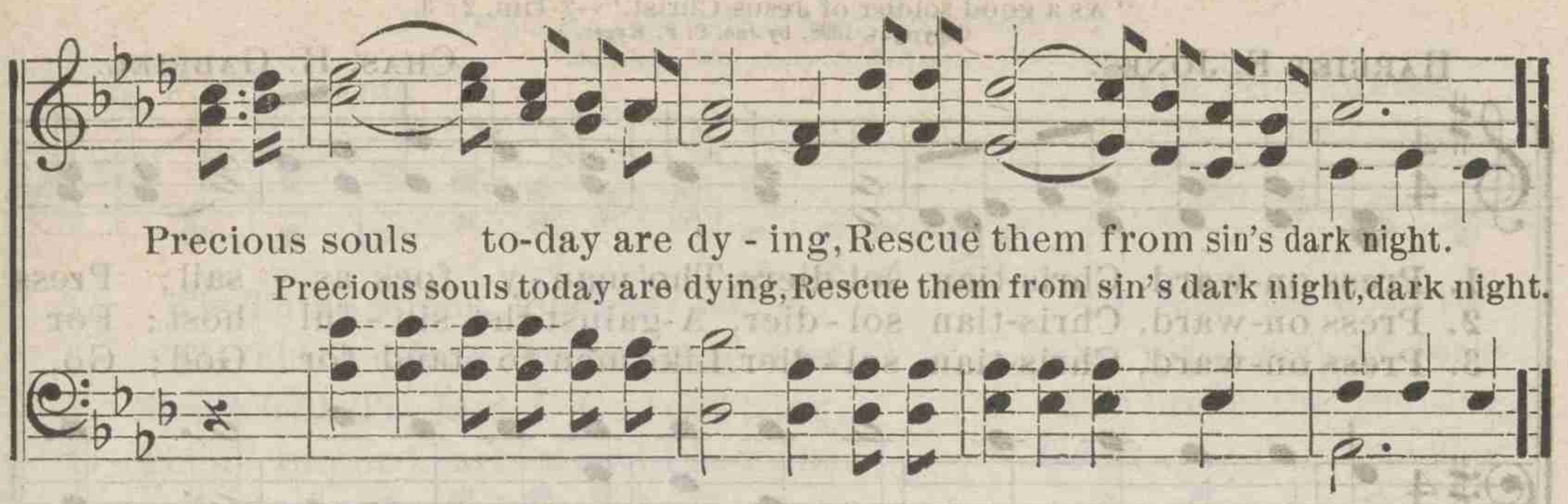
foes for vict'ry clamor ; Up, be ready for the fight ! Rouse thee !'tis thy Captain calling, Hear'st Thou
harvest fully rip'ning, While the lab'rers are but few. Pray that God in His great mercy Send more
souls to ruin hasting, Will have met their final doom. Child immortal ! heavenly moulded ! Can'st thou
Christ, the Godman, bleeding ? Can'st thou leave His work undone ? Can'st thou slight that gentle Spirit That has
yawn-ing gulf en-shroud-ed Just be-neath its fu - ry rolls ; Rush thee, Christian ! rush before them ; Stop their
cross, the dread-ful cri-sis When His pow'r all hell de-fied ! Haste ! oh haste ! for time is fleet-ing, Soon a -

not the bugle's sound ? See our banner well nigh falling ! Mark the fear-ful foes around !
workmen to the field Who shall ne'er grow faint or weary, Till the pow'rs of darkness yield.
like the sluggard sleep ? Rest, with active pow'rs enfolded ? Sweetly smile, when thou shouldst weep ?
wooed thy heart so long ? Dream of heav'n, but ne'er in-her-it Joys that to the time belong ?
downward mad career ; With uplifted arms implore them, "Never, never, enter there !"
las ! 'twill be too late ; Hell is moving, heav'n entreat-ing, Christian ! mortal ! dare not wait !

Chorus.



Rise then, Chris - tian, up, be read - y, Have thy burnished weapons bright,
Rise then, Christian, up, be read - y, Have thy burnish'd weapons bright,

Christian Soldiers, Don Your Armor.



No. 74. Press On.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31: 16.

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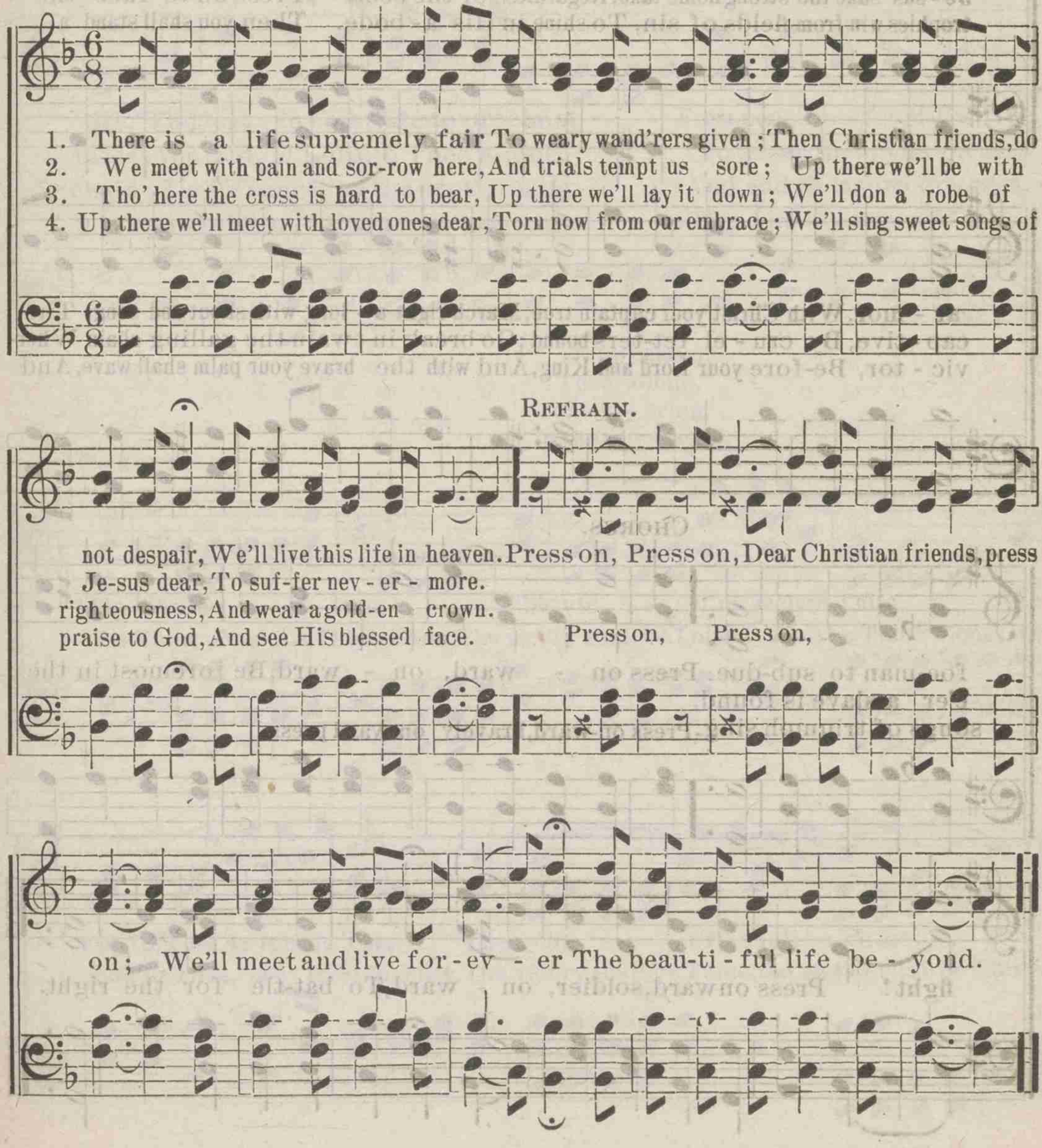
GERTRUDE STRODE-PALMORE. J. M. HAGAN.

No. 75. Press Onward, Christian Soldier.

"As a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

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HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Press on-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers, Tho' man-y foes as - sail; Press on to fight for truth and right which surely shall pre-vail; En-cased in gos - pel ar - mor, With Christ your captain true, March right a - long with shout and song, The cap - tive, By cru - el fet-ters bound; Go break in twain the galling chain Wher- ever a slave is found.

2. Press on-ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, A-gainst the sin - ful host; For Je - sus' sake the strong holds take, Regardless of the cost, Press on to face the vic - tor, Be-fore your Lord and King, And with the brave your palm shall wave, And songs of triumph sing.

3. Press on-ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Like men to stand for God; Go, trophies win from fields of sin, To shine in His a - bode. Then you shall stand a foe-man to sub-due. Press on - ward, on - ward, Be foremost in the fight! Press onward, soldier, on - ward, To bat-tle for the right.

CHORUS.

Press on-ward, bravely on-ward press.

No. 76. The Victory shall be Thine.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. 6 : 12.

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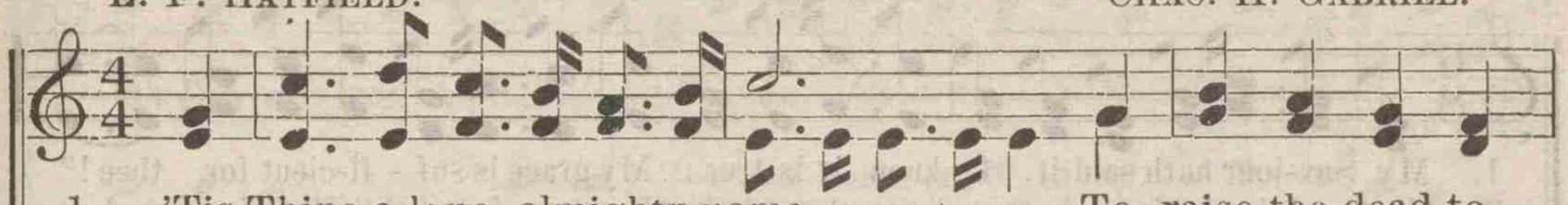
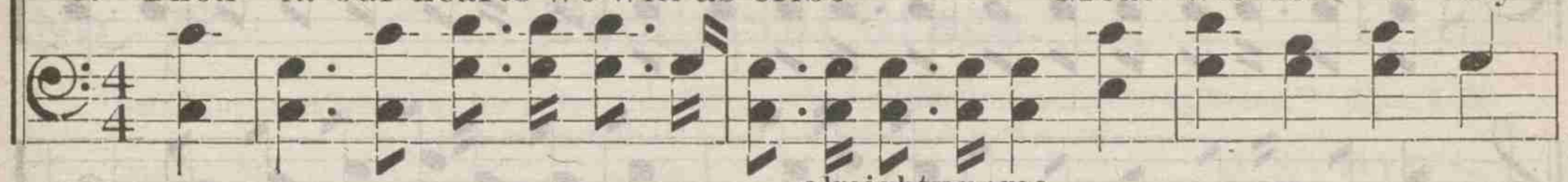
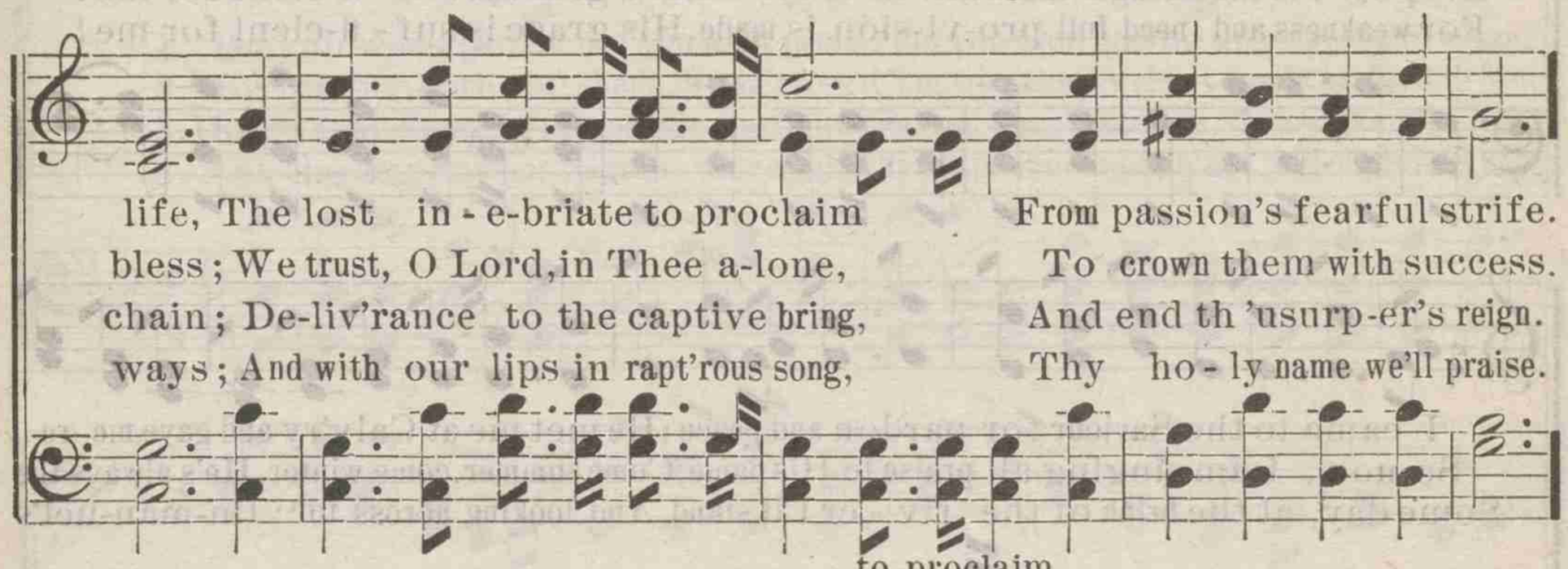
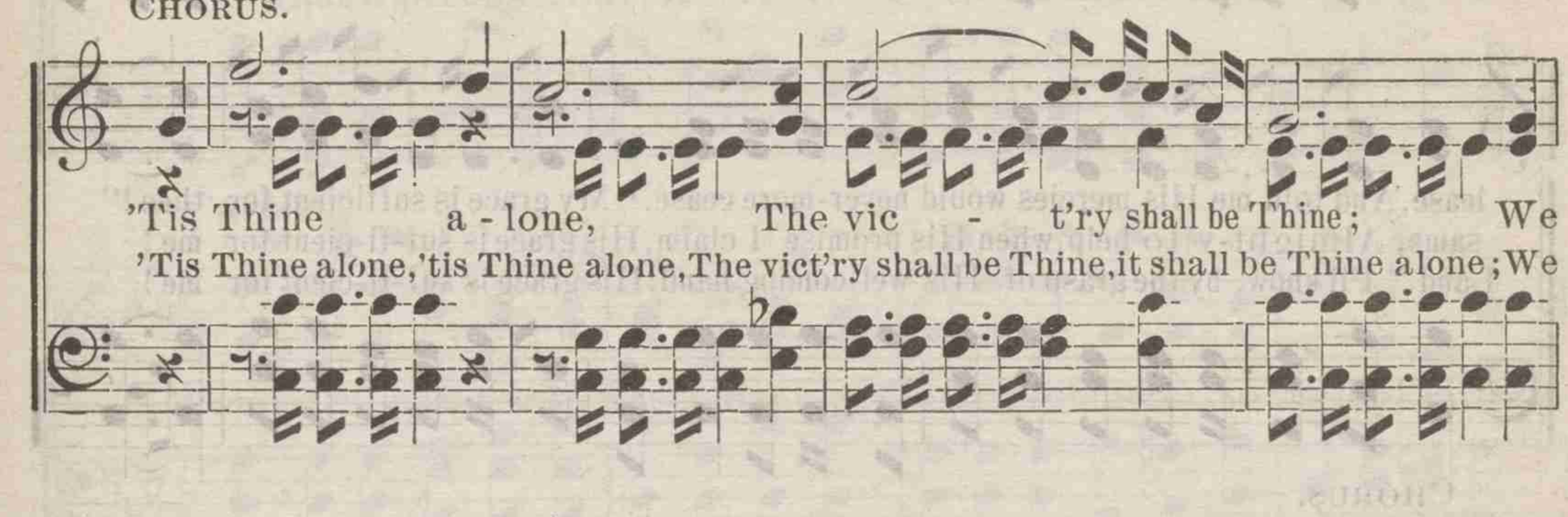
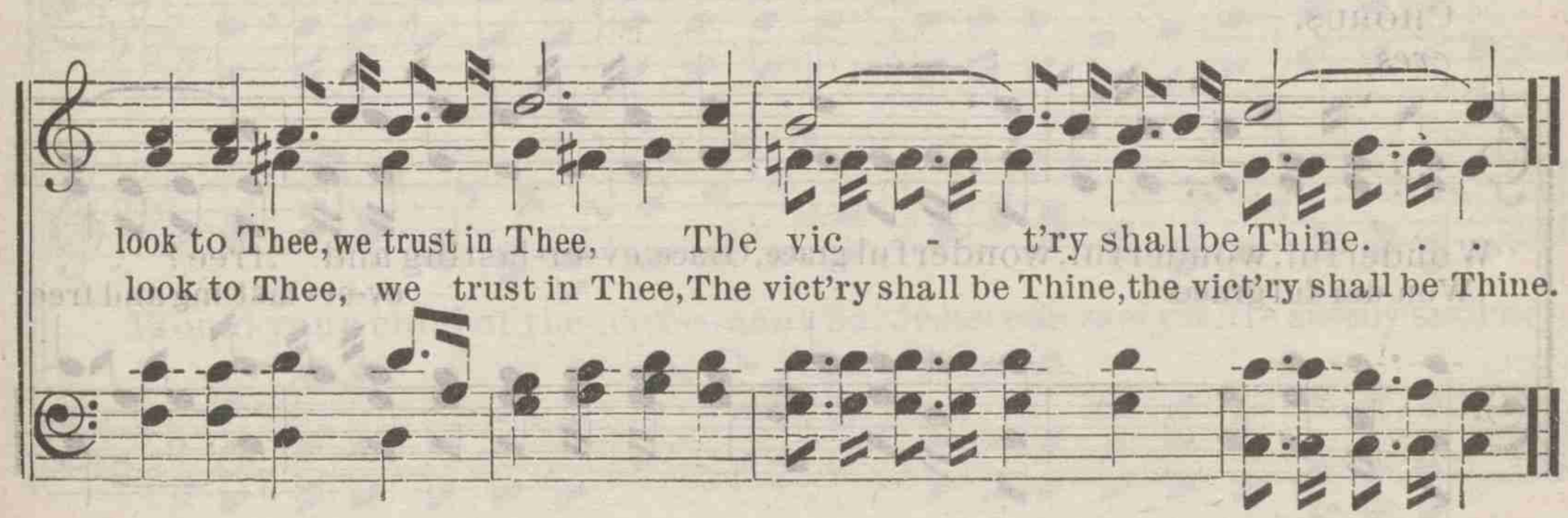
E. F. HATFIELD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. 'Tis Thine a-lone, almighty name, To raise the dead to
2. 'Tis Thine a-lone, the temp'rance cause, Our plans and ef-forts
3. Stretch forth Thy hand, O God our King, And break the gall-ing
4. Then in our hearts we will as-cribe Great wis-dom to Thy

almighty name,
the temp'rance cause,
O God, our King,
we will ascribe,

life, The lost in - e-briate to proclaim From passion's fearful strife.
bless; We trust, O Lord, in Thee a-lone, To crown them with success.
chain; De-liv'rance to the captive bring, And end th 'usurp-er's reign.
ways; And with our lips in rapt'rous song, Thy ho - ly name we'll praise.

to proclaim,
Thee a-lone,
quickly bring,
in rapt'rous song,

CHORUS.



'Tis Thine a - lone, The vic - t'ry shall be Thine; We
'Tis Thine alone, 'tis Thine alone, The vict'ry shall be Thine, it shall be Thine alone; We



look to Thee, we trust in Thee, The vic - t'ry shall be Thine. . .
look to Thee, we trust in Thee, The vict'ry shall be Thine, the vict'ry shall be Thine.

No. 77. Wonderful, Wonderful Grace.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."—Eph. 2: 8.

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E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. My Sav-iour hath said it, I know it is true: "My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee!"
2. His blood is the fountain that cleanseth from sin, His grace is suf - fi-cient for me!
3. O'er mountain and val - ley, in sunshine and shade, His grace is suf - fi-cient for me!

Accepting His promise, I'll prove it a-new, "My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee!"
His pow'r is the strength that shall vic-to-ry win, His grace is suf - fi-cient for me!
For weakness and need full pro-vi-sion is made, His grace is suf - fi-cient for me!

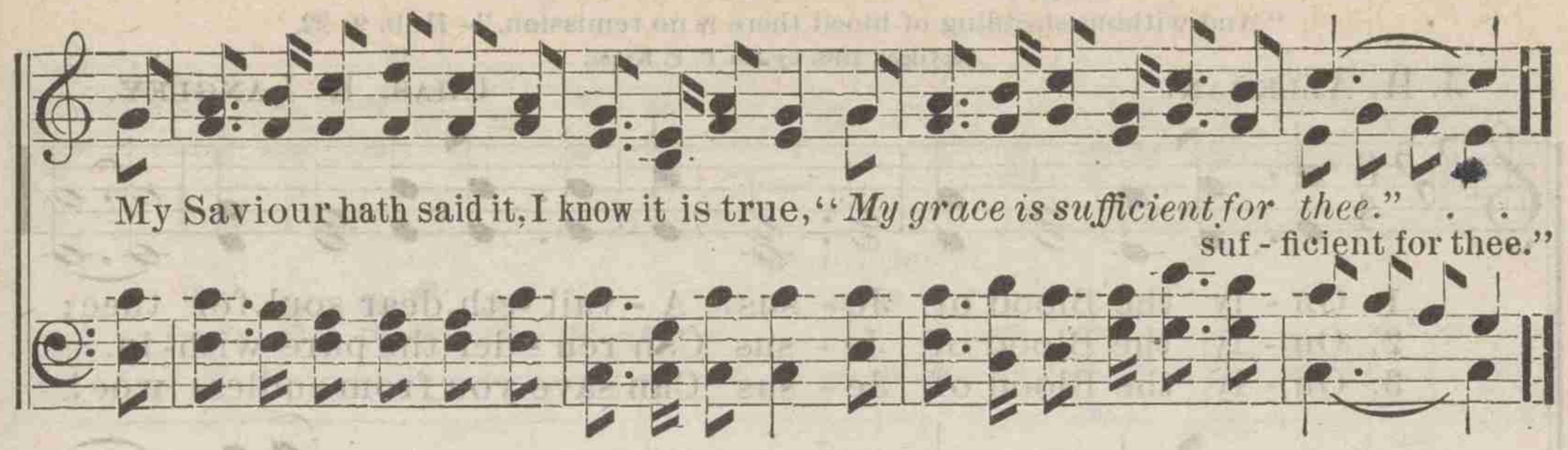
I came to the Saviour for pardon and peace; He met me at Calv'ry and gave me re-
So, now, I am singing all praise to His name, Come summer, come winter, He's always the
Some day, at the brink of the riv - er I'll stand, And, looking across to "Im-man-uel's

lease, And told me His mercies would never-more cease, "My grace is sufficient for thee!"
same, Almight-y to help, when His promise I claim, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me!
Land," I'll know, by the grasp of His wel-coming hand, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me!

CHORUS.

cres.

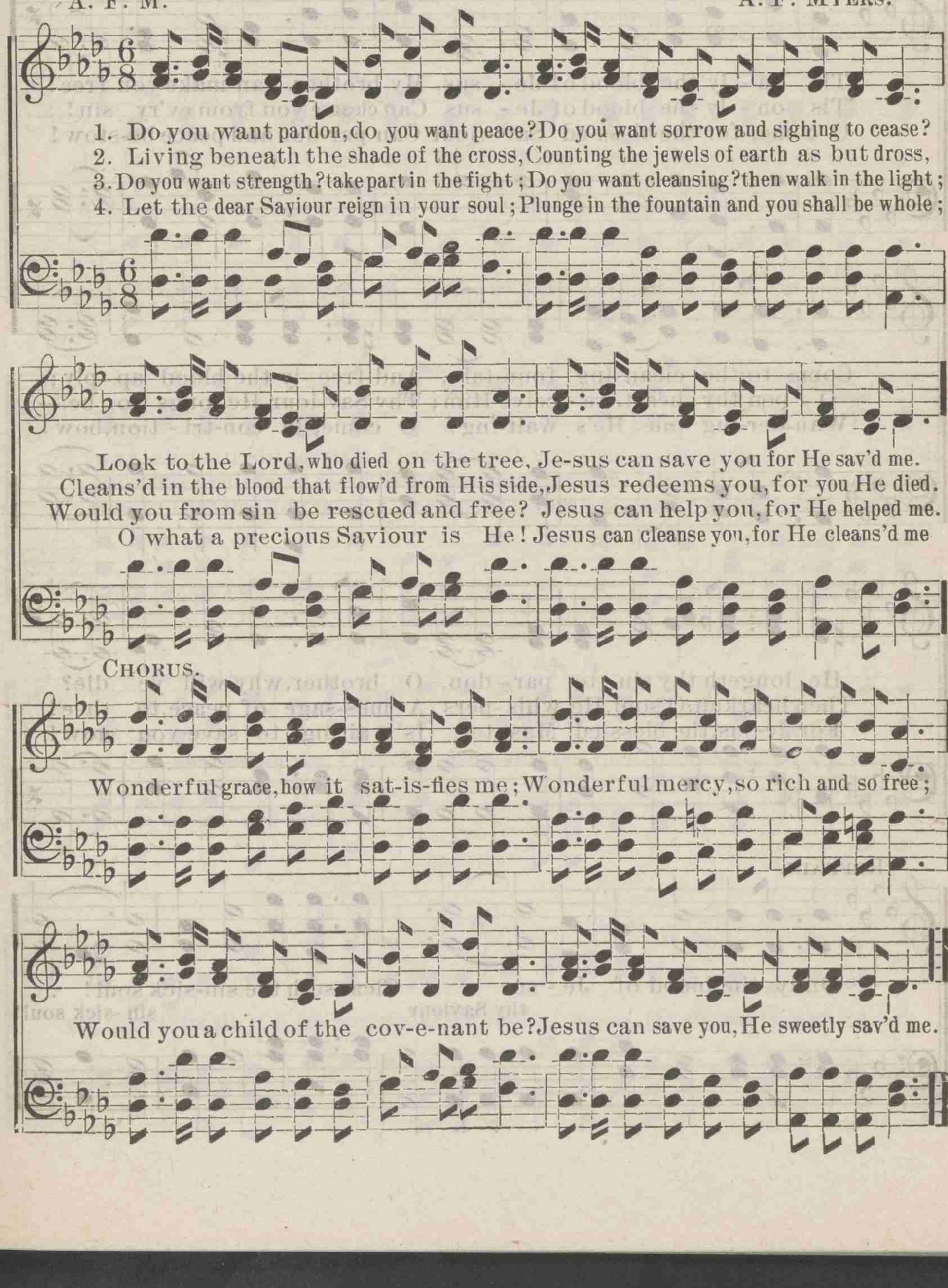
Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful grace, Grace, ev-er-lasting and free!
Won-der-ful grace! ev-er-last-ing and free!

Wonderful, Wonderful Grace.

No. 78. Wonderful Grace.

"Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—Rom. 3:24.

From the "Life-Line," by per. A. F. Myers, Toledo, Ohio. By per.

A. F. M. A. F. MYERS.



No. 79. Only the Blood Availeth.

"And without shedding of blood there is no remission."—Heb. 9: 22.

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J. H. ALLEMAN. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. On - ly the Blood of Je - sus A - vail -eth, dear soul, for thee;
2. On - ly the Blood of Je - sus Can ren - der the pure with- in.
3. On - ly the Blood of Je - sus Can save you from endless woe!

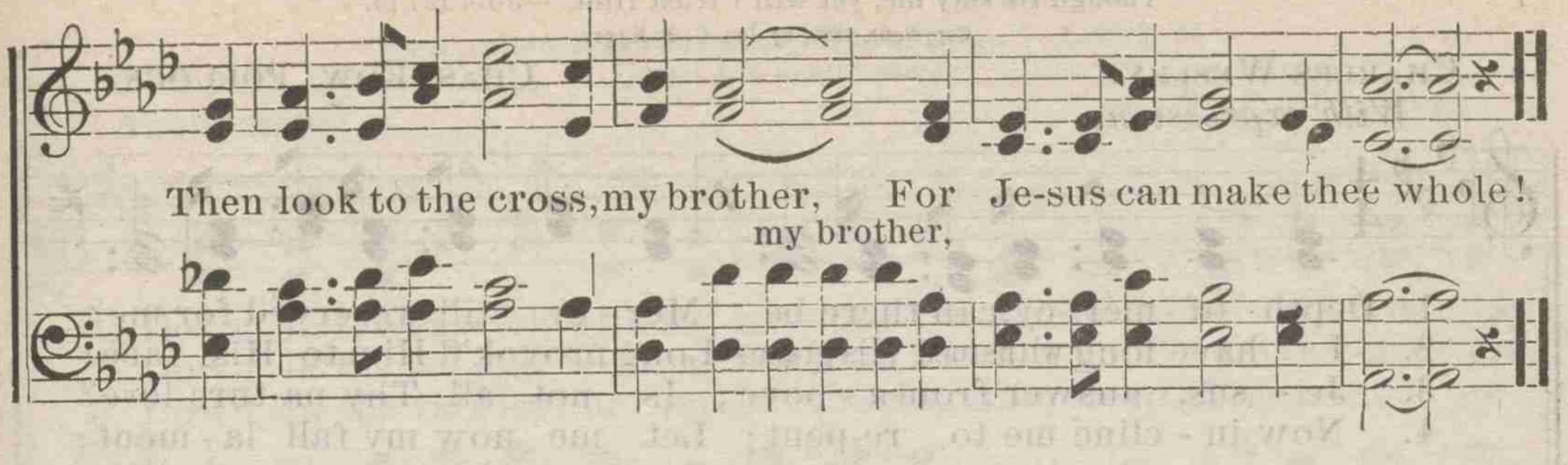
'Tis on - ly the blood of Je - sus, My brother, can make you free!
'Tis on - ly the blood of Je - sus Can cleanse you from ev'ry sin!
O come, for the bless-ed Sav - iour Can par-don and peace be-stow!

Come to the cleansing foun-tain, And free -ly the blood ap - ply;
O - pen thy heart, re - ceive Him; Thy Sav-iour He longs to be,—
Wan-der-ing one, He's wait-ing! O come, in con-tri - tion, bow!

He longeth thy sin to par - don, O brother, why will ye die?
Then hearken, O soul, He whis -pers A mes-sage of peace, to thee!
For Je-sus, the bless-ed Mas- ter, Is waiting to save you now!

REFRAIN.

On-ly the blood of Je - sus . . Cleanseth the sin-sick soul! .
thy Saviour sin -sick soul!

Only the Blood Availeth.

No. 80. The Blood of the Lamb.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood."—Eph. 1: 7.

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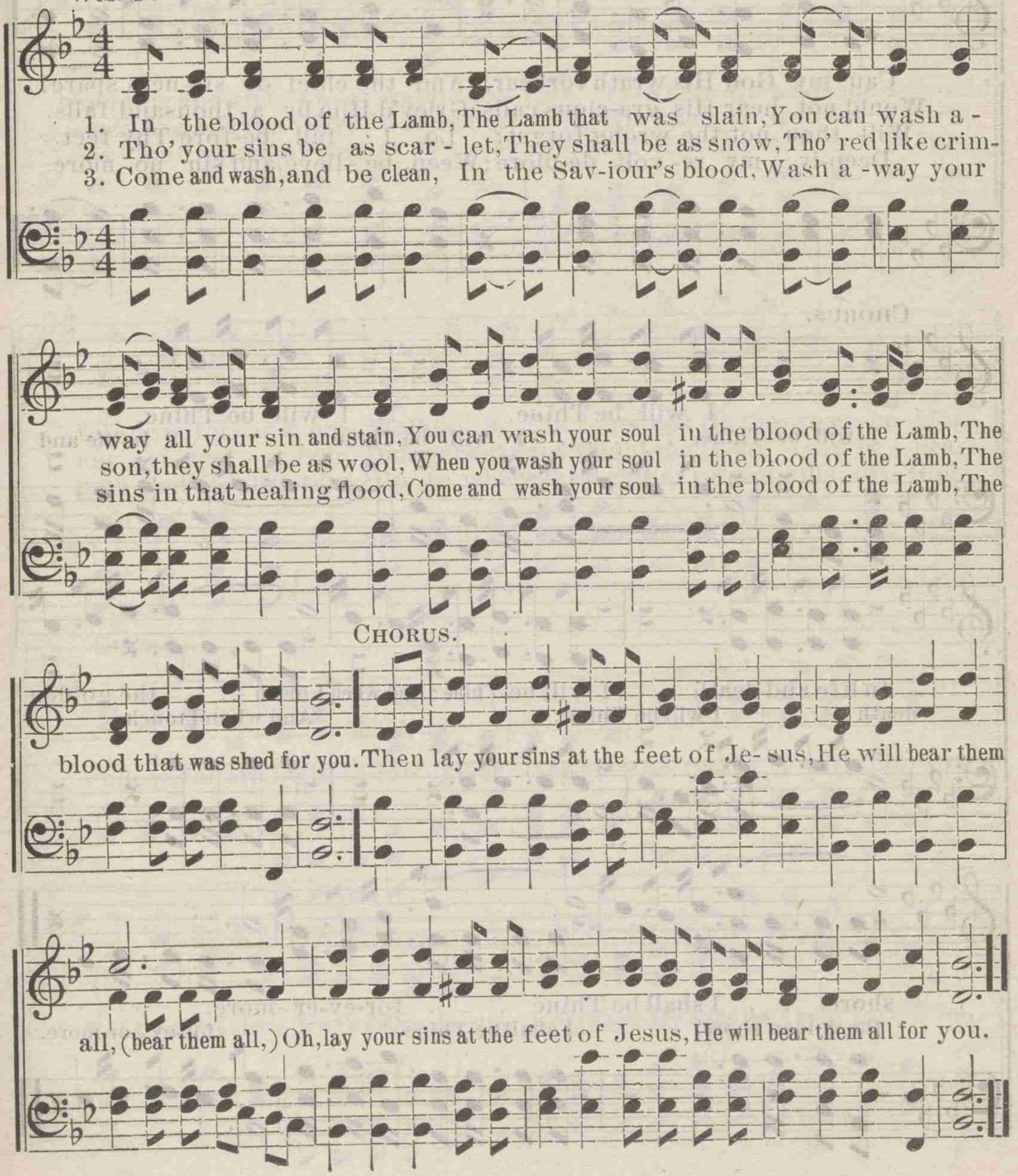
WM. M. WM. MAGOFFIN.

No. 81. I Will be Thine.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."—Job. 13: 15.

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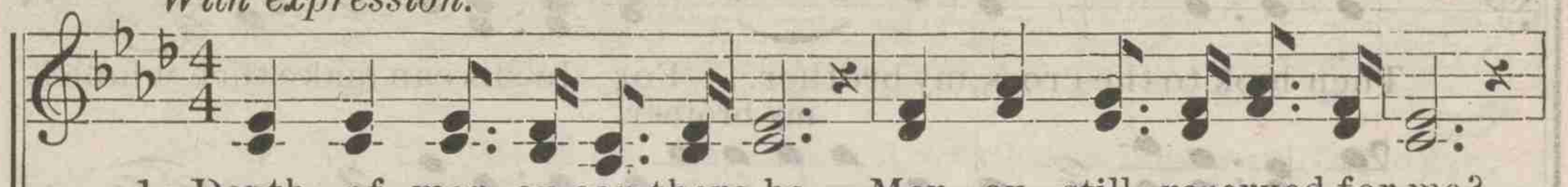
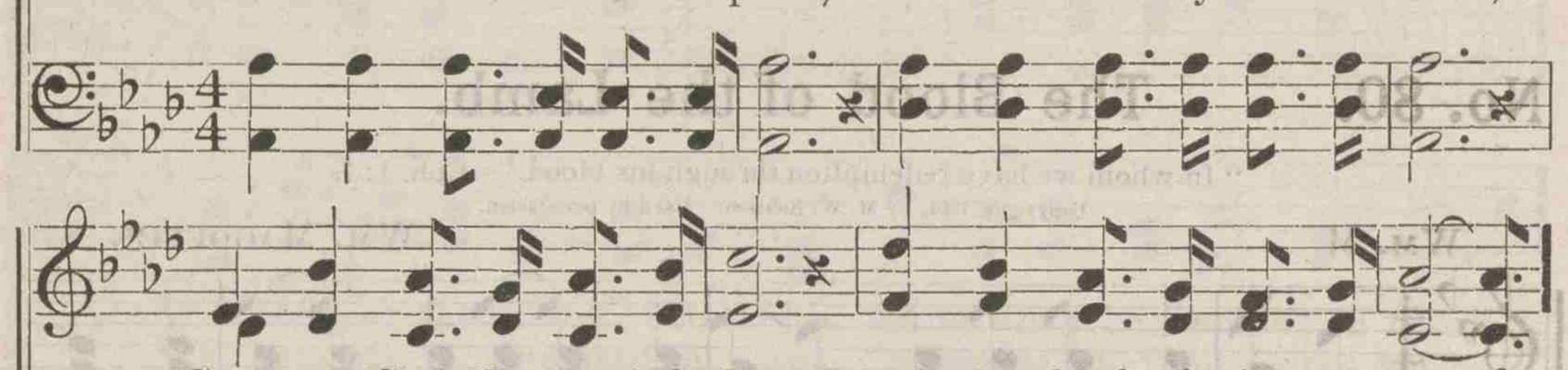
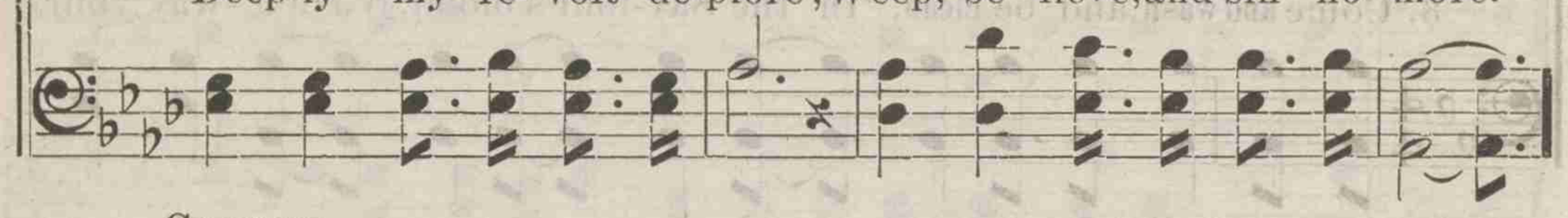
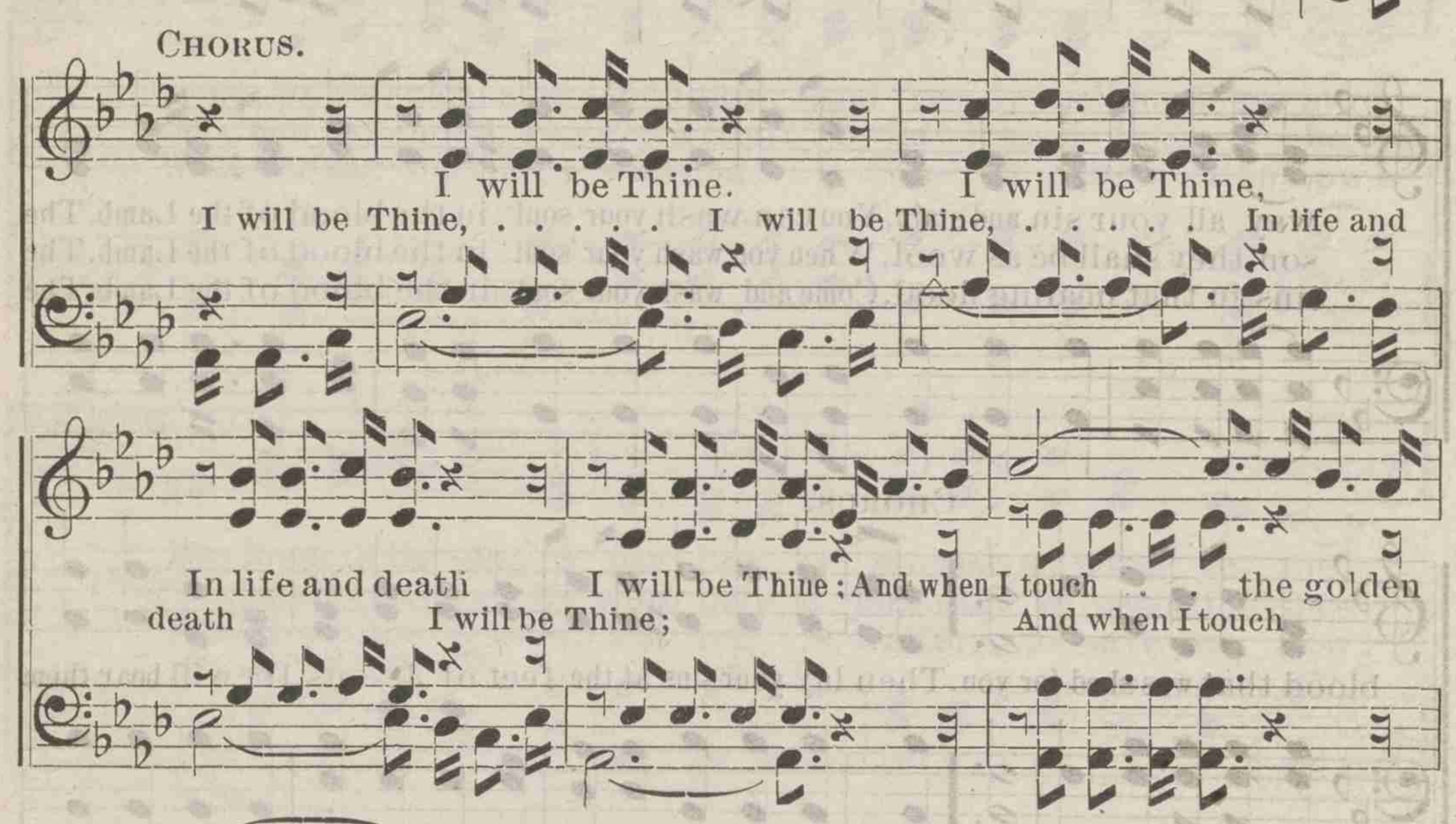
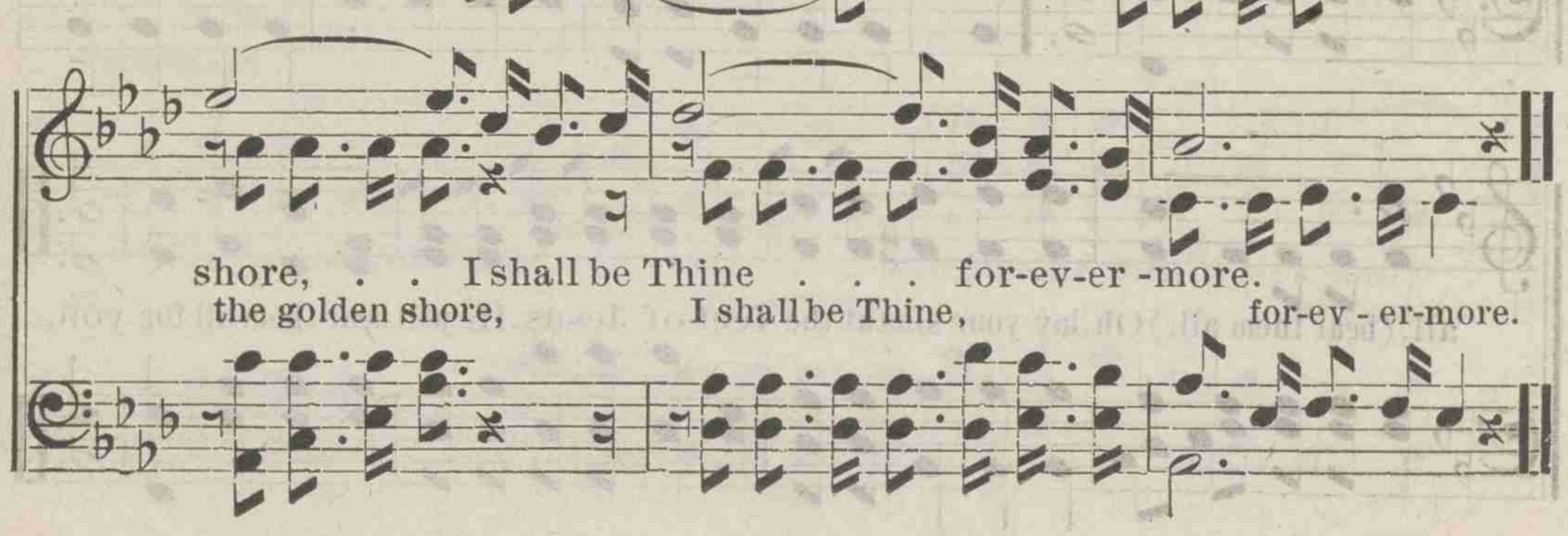
CHARLES WESLEY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression.

1. Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me?
2. I have long withstood His grace, Long provok'd Him to His face;
3. Je-sus, answer from a-bove; Is not all Thy na-ture love?
4. Now in-cline me to re-pent; Let me now my fall la-ment;

Can my God His wrath forbear, And the chief of sin-ners spare?
Would not hear His gra-cious calls; Griev'd Him by a thousand falls.
Wilt thou not the wrong forget? Lo, I fall be-fore Thy feet.
Deep-ly my re-volt de-plore; Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.

CHORUS.



I will be Thine. I will be Thine,
I will be Thine, ... I will be Thine, ... In life and
In life and death I will be Thine; And when I touch . . the golden
death I will be Thine; And when I touch
shore, . . I shall be Thine . . . for-ev-er-more.
the golden shore, I shall be Thine, for-ev-er-more.

No. 82. I Will Follow Jesus.

"I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."—Luke 9: 57.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

Anonymous. R. E. HUDSON.

1. Down in the val - ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are blooming and the sweet waters flow; Ev - 'ry-where He leads me I would fol - low, fol - low on, Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.
2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are sweeping and the dark waters flow; With His hand to lead me I will nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan-gers cannot fright me if my Lord is near.
3. Down in the val - ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close beside my Sav - iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

CHORUS.

Follow, follow, I will follow Je-sus, Any-where, ev-'rywhere, I will follow on;]
Fol-low, fol - low, I will follow Je-sus, Ev'rywhere He leads me I will follow on.

No. 83. For Jesus Loves Me.

"For the love of Christ constraineth us."—2 Cor. 5: 14.

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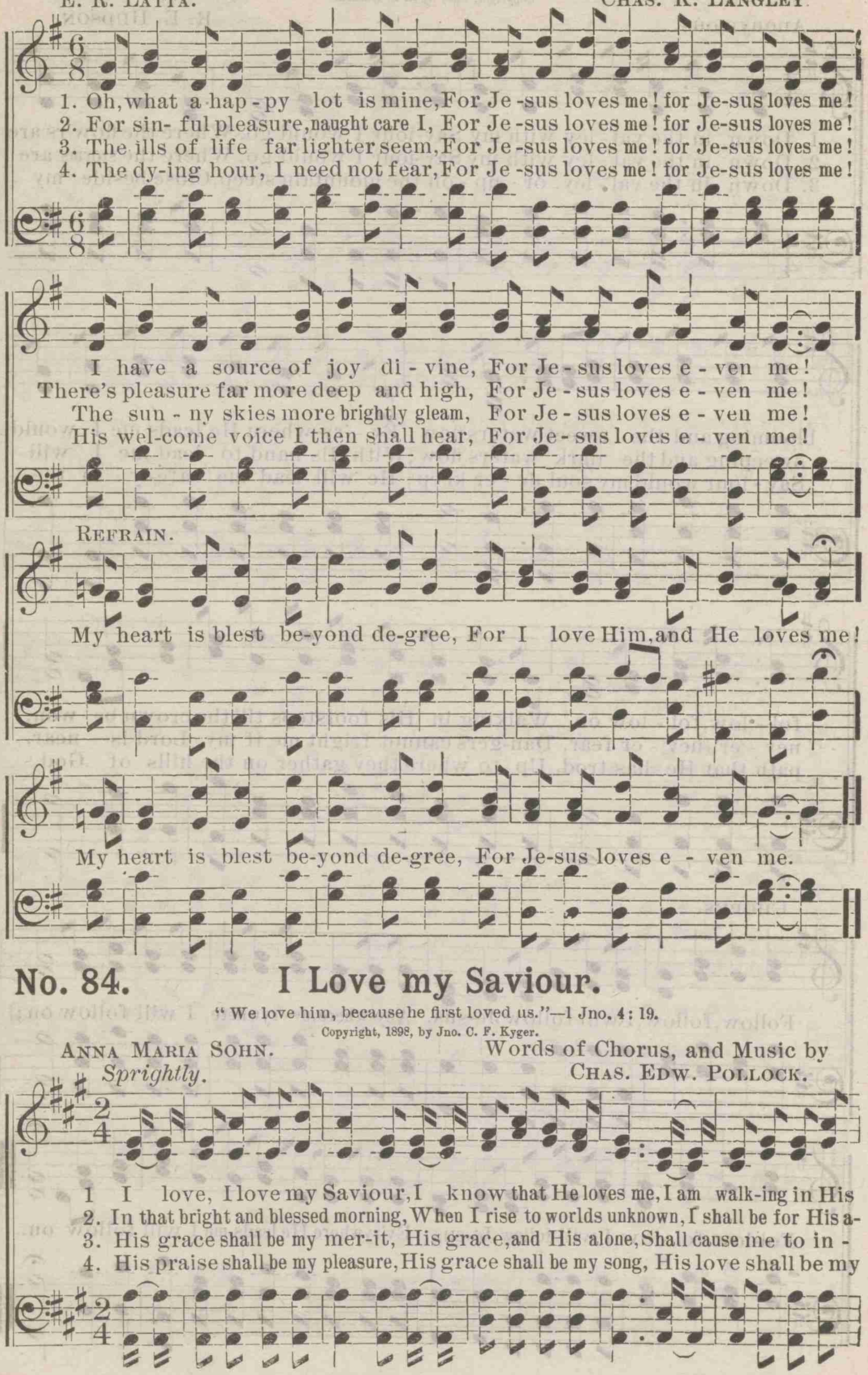
E. R. LATTA. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

No. 84. I Love my Saviour.

"We love him, because he first loved us."—1 Jno. 4: 19.

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ANNA MARIA SOHN. Words of Chorus, and Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sprightly.

I Love my Saviour.

CHORUS.

fa - vor, In the truth that makes me free. I love my Saviour, I
dorn-ing I shall shine for Him a-lone.
her - it A place near by His throne.
treas-ure, Each day and all day long. I love, I love my Sav-iour, I

love (I love) my Saviour, I love (I love) my Saviour, Because He first lov'd me.

No. 85. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

Dedicated to Jno. C. F. Kyger.

"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Ps. 67 : 5.

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J. M. H. J. M. HAGAN.

1. I'm a sol-dier bound for glory, I'm a soldier marching on; Come and hear me tell my sto - ry, All who long in sin have gone. Halle-lu - jah! Halle - lu-jah! Halle -
2. I will tell you what induc'd me, For the better land to start; 'Twas the Saviour's loving kindness Overcame and won my heart.
3. When I first with Christ enlisted, Many said, "He'll turn again"; But tho' ev'ry day re- sist-ed, In the ranks I still re-main.
4. I'm a wonder unto many, Christ alone, the change hath wrought; Here I'll raise my "Eben- e - zer," Hither by Thy help I'm bro't.

CHORUS.

lu - jah to the Lamb! I'm on my way to glo - ry, I'm bound for Canaan's land.

No. 86. Shelter 'Neath the Cross.

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

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Ayger.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. There's an Ark of safety, will you en-ter in, While the door is o-pen wide?
2. When the storm is rag-ing, and the billows roll, And your heart is sore a-fraid;
3. 'Neath the cross of Je-sus, there is rest for you, Tho' your sins as scarlet glow;

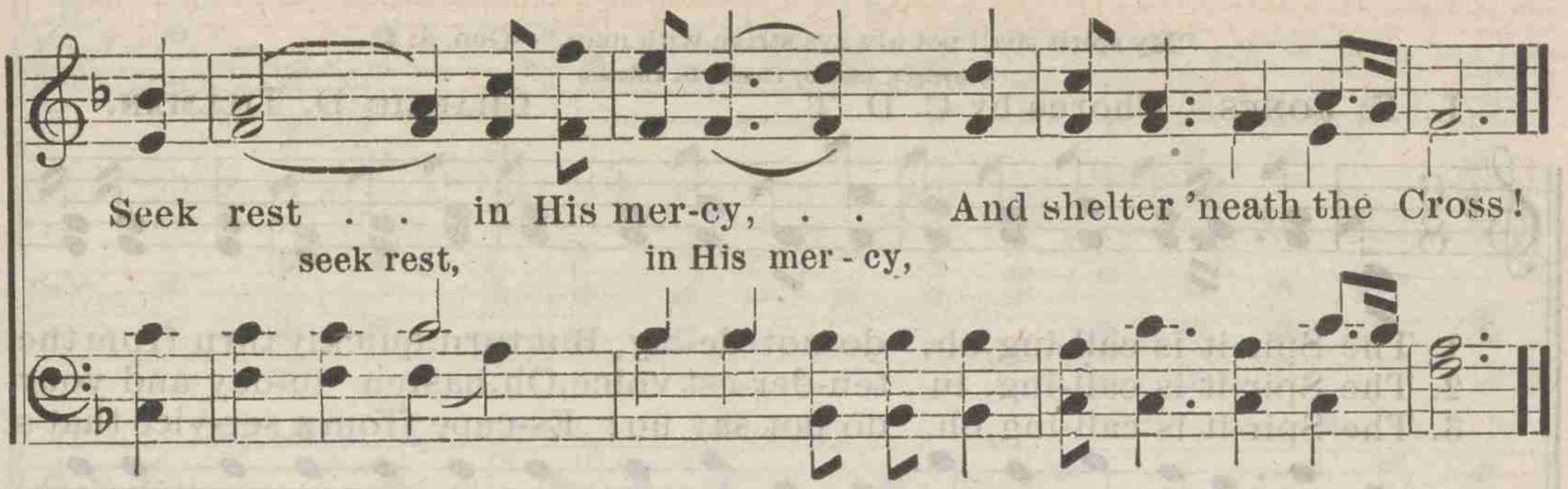
Will you fol-low Je-sus, and His kingdom win, On the gold-en, oth-er side?
There's a mighty Refuge for the weary soul, En-ter in, nor be dismay'd.
On - ly come, be-liev-ing in His mer-cy true, He will wash you white as snow.

Will you flee the tempter and his e - vil pow'r? Will you drop your earthly dross?
Thro' the darkness calling, hear the Saviour's voice, As He bids the tem-pest cease;
There is per-fect healing in His precious blood That was shed on Calv'ry's tree;

Will you seek sal-vation from the Lord this hour? Will you shel-ter 'neath the Cross?
O, be-neath His shadow shall your heart rejoice, For with Je-sus all is peace.
Come, and find forgiveness in the cleansing flood That a-toned for you and me.

CHORUS

There's pardon with Je - sus, There's gain for ev'ry loss;
There's pardon, there's pardon with Jesus, There's gain for ev-'ry loss;

Shelter 'Neath the Cross.

No. 87. Are you Almost Persuaded?

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."— Acts 26: 28.

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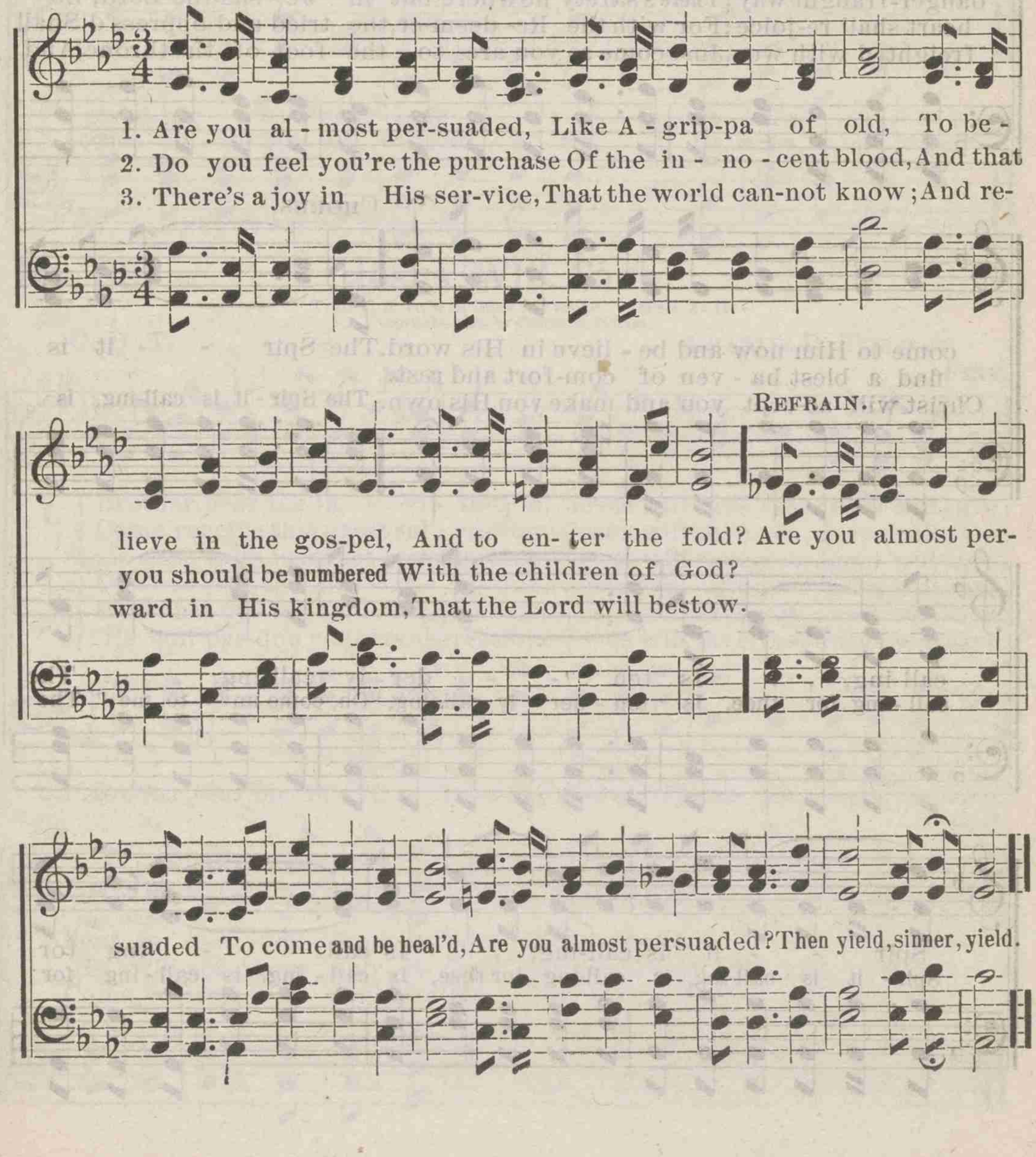
E. R. LATTA. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



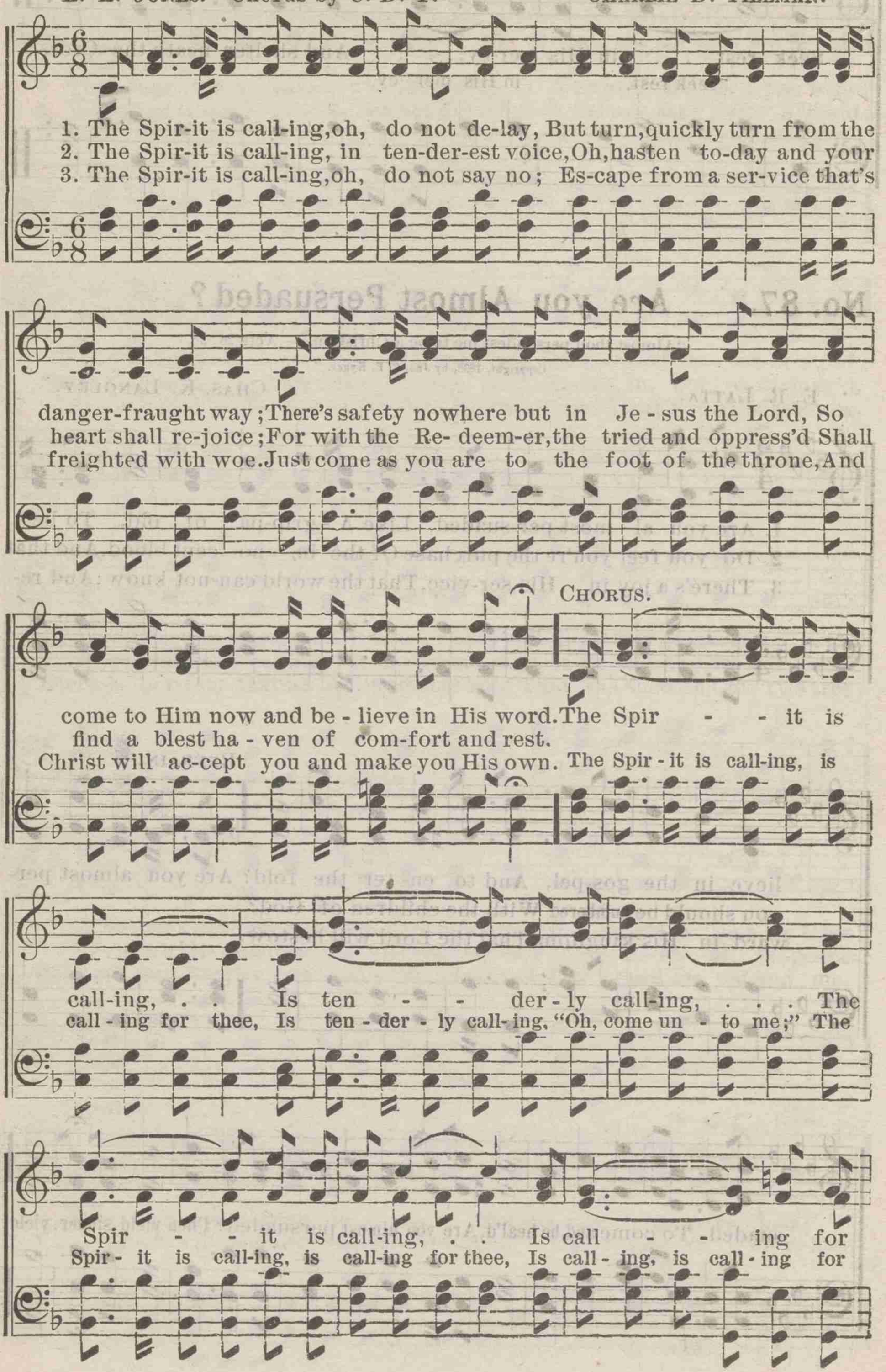
No. 88. The Spirit is Calling.

"My spirit shall not always strive with man."—Gen. 6: 3.

Copyright, 1896, by Charlie D. Tillman.

L. E. JONES. Chorus by C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. The Spir-it is call-ing,oh, do not de-lay, But turn,quickly turn from the
2. The Spir-it is call-ing, in ten-der-est voice,Oh,hasten to-day and your
3. The Spir-it is call-ing,oh, do not say no; Es-cape from a ser-vice that's



danger-fraught way ;There's safety nowhere but in Je - sus the Lord, So
heart shall re-joice ;For with the Re- deem-er,the tried and oppress'd Shall
freighted with woe.Just come as you are to the foot of the throne,And

CHORUS.

come to Him now and be - lieve in His word.The Spir - - it is
find a blest ha - ven of com-fort and rest.
Christ will ac-cept you and make you His own. The Spir - it is call-ing, is

call-ing, . . Is ten - - der - ly call-ing, . . . The
call - ing for thee, Is ten - der - ly call - ing, "Oh, come un - to me;" The
Spir - - it is call-ing, . . Is call - - ing for
Spir - it is call-ing, is call-ing for thee, Is call - ing, is call - ing for

The Spirit is Calling.

thee. . . . Re - sist . . . . not His pleading, . . . His
thee, for thee, Re - sist not His plead-ing, His plead-ing for thee, His

sweet, . . . ten - der pleading, . . He's lov - - - ing - ly
sweet tender plead-ing, His plead-ing for thee, He's lov - ing - ly plead - ing "Oh,

plead-ing, . . "Oh, come . . . . un - to Me." . . . .
come un - to Me, Oh, come un - to Me, Oh, come un - to Me."

No. 89. Jesus Will Save.

"Today, if ye will hear his voice."—Heb. 3: 15.

Copyright, 1896, by Charlie D. Tillman.

C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

FINE.

1. { Brother, hear the in - vi - ta-tion, Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
   { Come, receive this great sal - va-tion, Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.
2. { Je - sus calls in sweet compas -sion, Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
   { Don't re-ject the in - vi - ta- tion, Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.
3. { Hear that dy - ing in - ter-ces- sion, Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
   { He will par-don your transgression, Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.

D.C. *Brother, hear the in - vi - ta - tion, Je-sus will save, yes, Je-sus will save.*

D.C.

Sent in mer - cy from a - bove, Purchased by re - deem-ing love;
He will set your spir - it free. Rise forthwith, He call - eth thee;
Come, ye wea - ry souls, to Me, Rise forthwith, He call - eth thee;

No. 90. The Great Judgment Morning.

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

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Anonymous. F. L. EILAND.

1. I dream'd that the great judg-ment morning Had dawn'd and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon-ey Soon melt-ed and fad - ed a - way;
3. The wid-ow was there, and the orphan, God heard them and answer'd their pray'rs;
4. There stood moral men at the judgment, But self-righteous ways would not do;

I dream'd that the nations had gathered For judg-ment a-round the great throne.
A pau - per stood there at the judg-ment, His debts were too ma-ny to pay.
No sor-row for- ev - er in heav-en, God wip'd all the tears from their eyes.
The peo-ple who cru- ci - fied Je- sus, Had claimed to be mor - al men too.

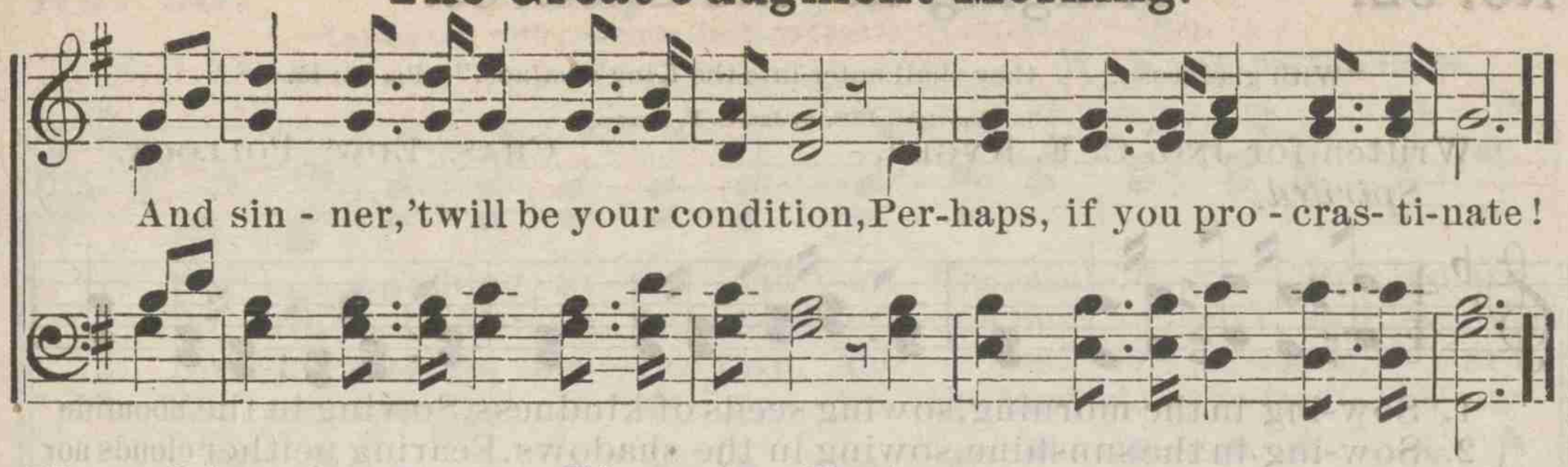
From the throne came a bright shining an-gel, That stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there with His greatness, When death came was left far be-hind;
The gambler was there and the drunk-ard, And he who had sold them their drink,
Souls who had put off their sal- va-tion, Not now, I'll be sav'd by and by,

And vowed with his hands raised to heav-en, That time no long - er should be.
The an - gel that opened the rec-ord, No trace of his greatness could find.
And the peo - ple who is-sued the license, To - geth-er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re-lig-ion, Al - tho' they had found time to die.

REFRAIN. *Slowly and tenderly.*

They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They pray'd, but their pray'rs were too late.

The Great Judgment Morning.



No. 91. Sinner, Return.

"All things are ready, come."—Matt. 22: 4.

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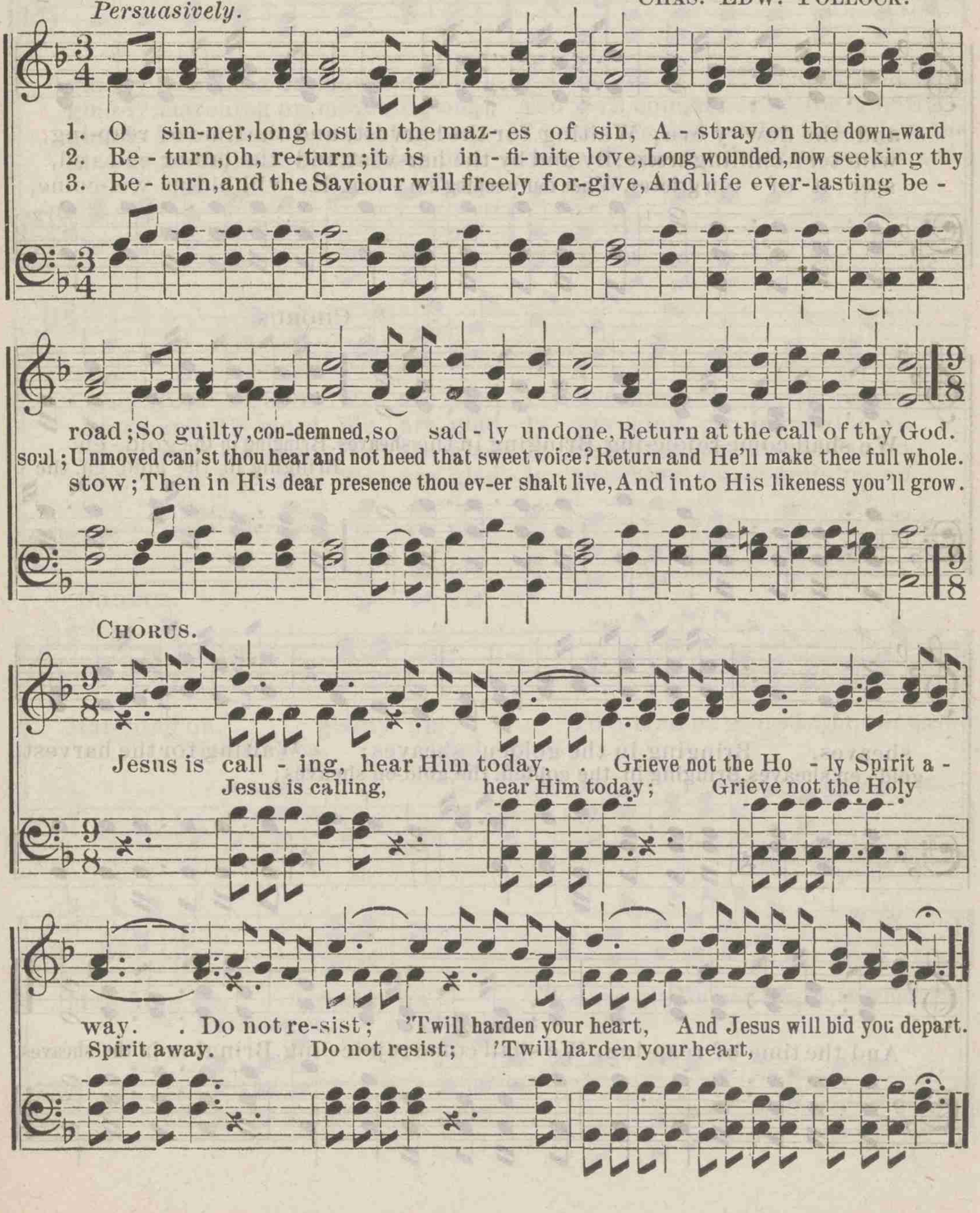
Rev. Frank Pollock. Music and 3d verse by Chas. Edw. Pollock.

Persuasively.



No. 92. Bringing in the Sheaves.

"With gladness . . . they shall enter into the King's palace."—Ps. 48: 15.

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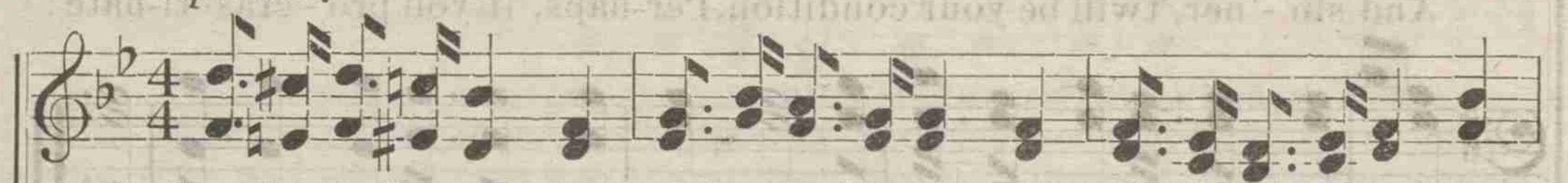
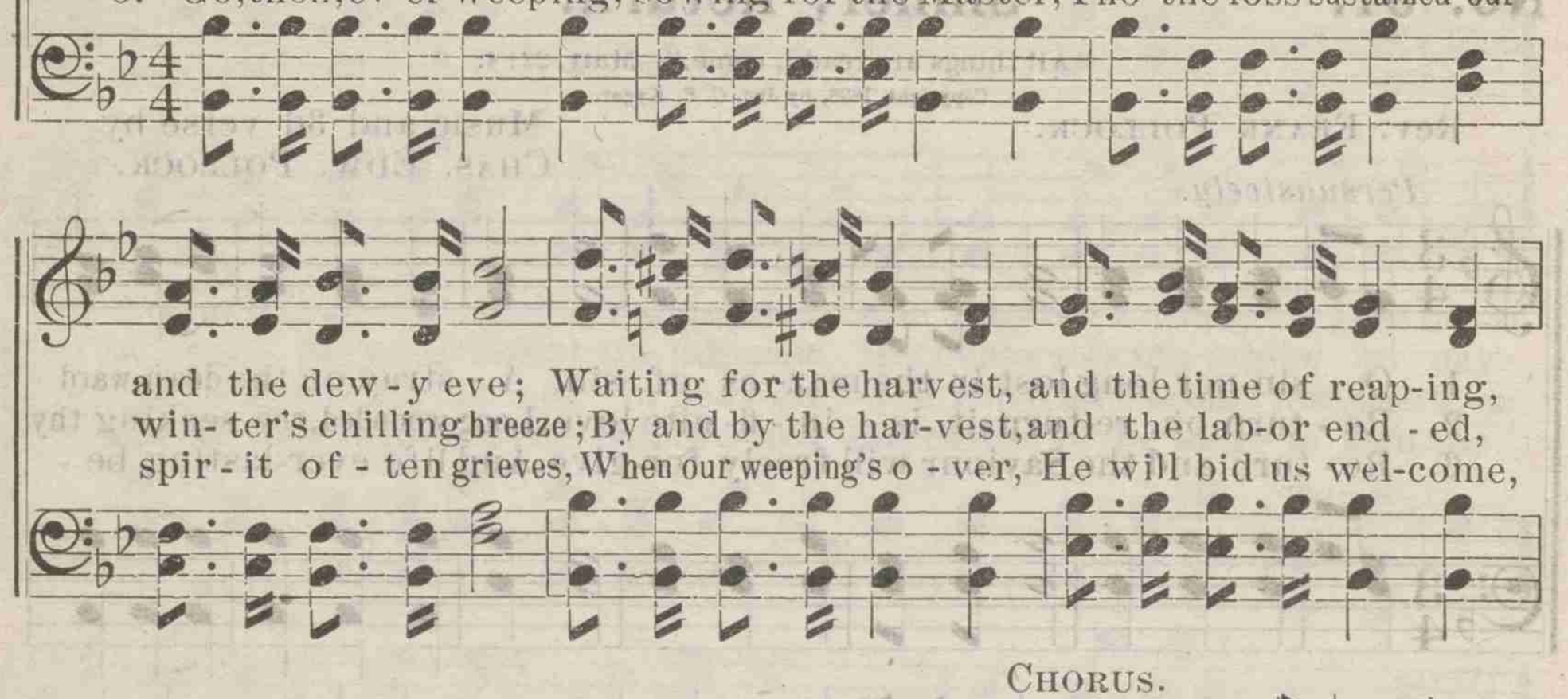
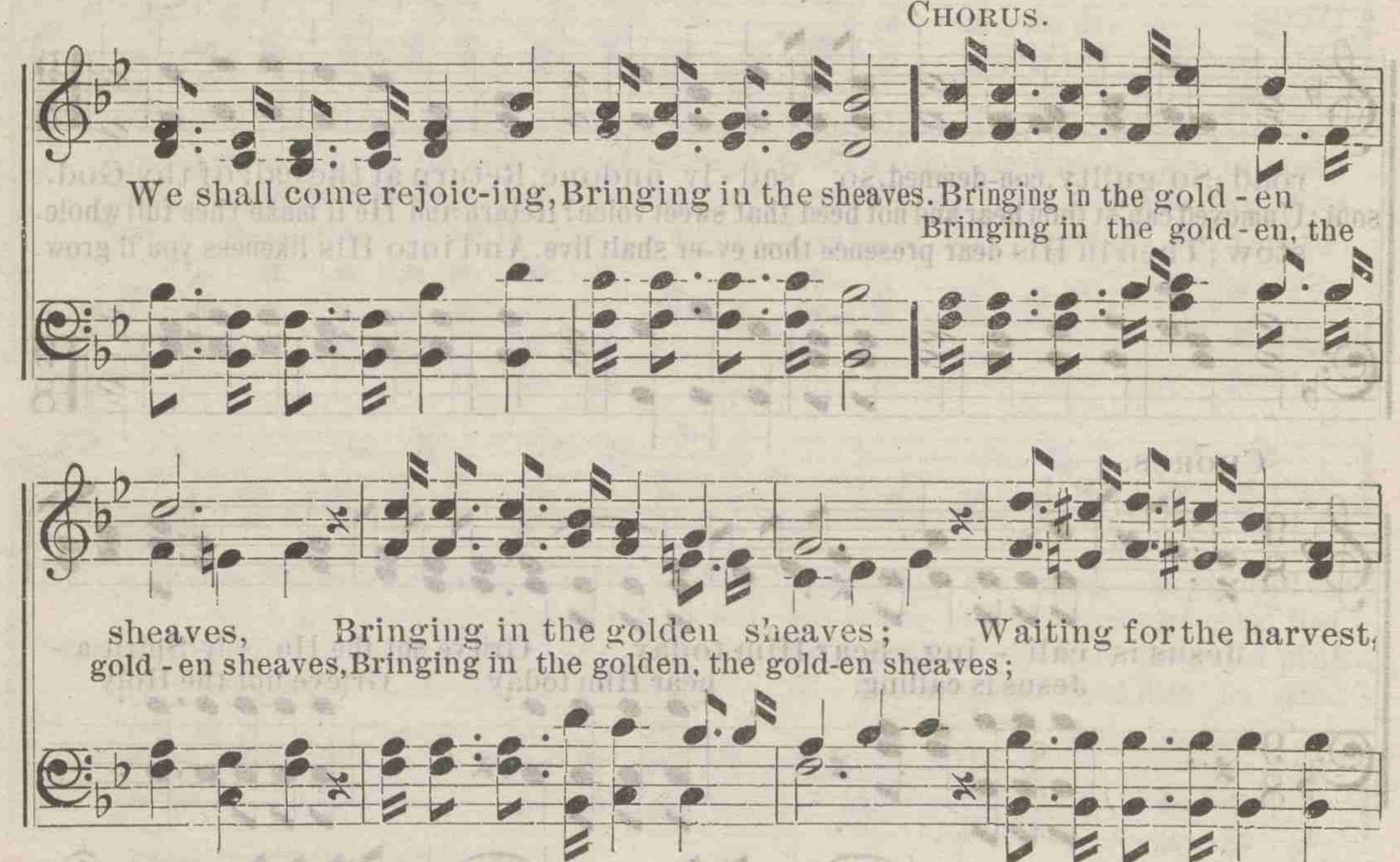
Written for JNO. C. F. KYGER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Spirited.

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide
2. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev-er weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

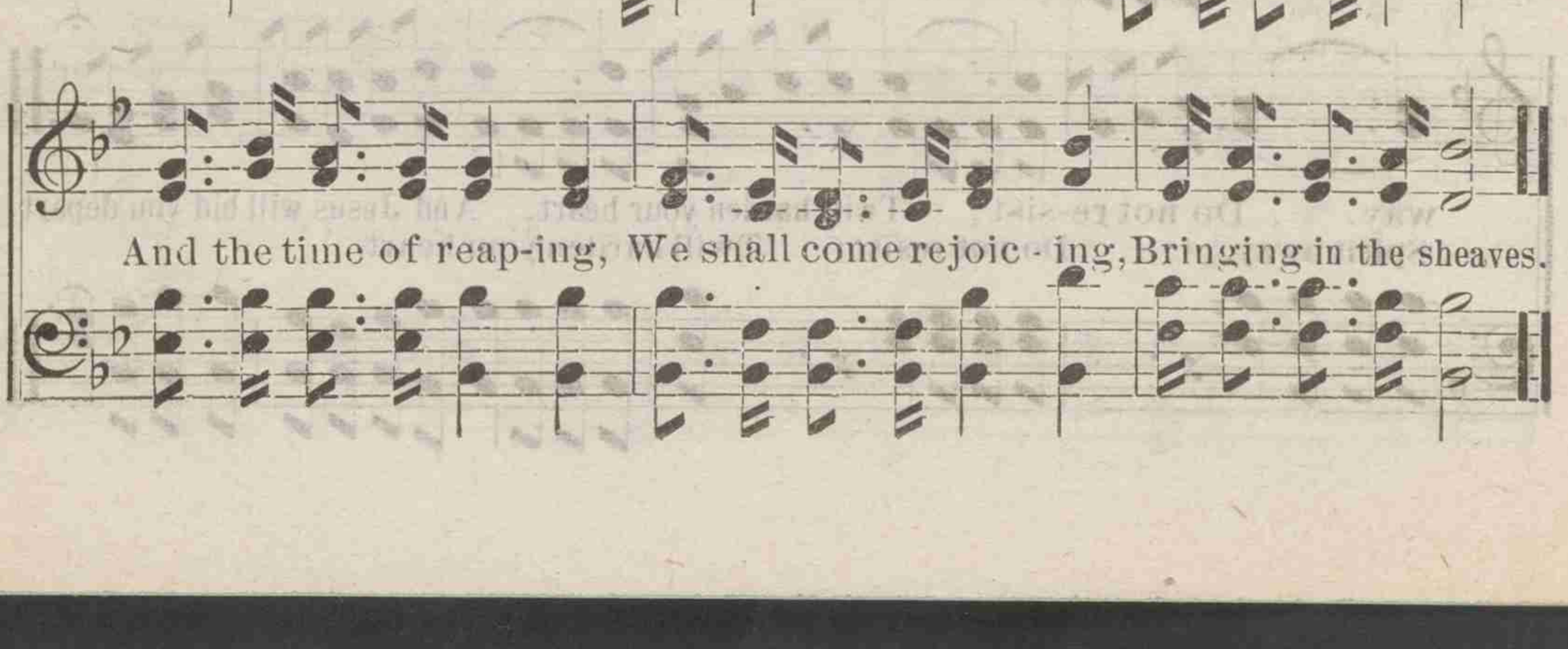


and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reap-ing,
win-ter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the lab-or end-ed,
spir-it of-ten grieves, When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come,



CHORUS.

We shall come rejoic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the gold-en
Bringing in the gold-en, the



sheaves, Bringing in the golden sheaves; Waiting for the harvest,
gold-en sheaves, Bringing in the golden, the gold-en sheaves;

And the time of reap-ing, We shall come rejoic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves.

No. 93. Gladly Marching On.

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us."—Heb. 12: 1.

S. J. OSLIN. W. F. STUBBLEFIELD.

1. We are marching to the land of the saints o - ver there, We are
2. We are sol - diers in the ranks of our Sav- iour and Lord, We are
3. Heav-en with its beau-ties rare, and a rest ev - er-more, We are
4. We are hap - py as we go to the land o'er the lea, We are

glad-ly marching on, marching on;
glad-ly marching on, marching on;
glad-ly marching on, marching on;
glad-ly marching on, marching on;

To the cit - y of the blest where we'll
And we'll conquer ev'ry foe, by His
We can see that land by faith, view the
And we'll soon be free from sor-row, and

rest from all care, We are glad - ly marching on, march-ing on.
grace and His word, We are glad - ly marching on, march-ing on.
bright, gold -en shore, We are glad - ly marching on, march-ing on.
sigh - ing will flee, We are glad - ly marching on, march-ing on.

CHORUS.

Marching on, gladly on, To a land of glory bright, over there;
Marching on, glad - ly on,

Marching on, glad-ly on, We are gladly marching on, marching on.
Marching on, glad - ly on,

No. 94. On the Hills Beyond the River.

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

Copyright, 1895, by James A. Buchanan, Atlanta, Ga. Charlie D Tillman, owner.

Anon. JAMES A. BUCHANAN.

Andante con espressione.

1. There are hills be-yond the val - ley where the riv - er glid - eth by,
2. On those hills be-yond the riv - er is our heav'nly Father's throne,
3. While we walk a - long the val - ley we may sometimes gain a view

Where the E - den flow'rs are bloom-ing un - der-neath a cloudless sky;
And the brightness of that cit - y mor - tal eye hath nev - er known;
Of the hills be -yond the riv - er, un - der - neath the arching blue;

There the state- ly palms are swaying in the soft and balm- y breeze,
Oh, its gates are shin-ing brightly in the nev - er fad - ing day,
If our footsteps nev - er fal - ter in the path that should be trod,

Birds of Par - a - dise are sing-ing from the ev - er ver-dant trees.
For the sun-shine is e - ter - nal, and can nev - er fade a - way.
We may one day claim a dwell-ing in the cit - y of our God.

CHORUS.

On the hills . . . . . be-yond the riv - - - er,
On the hills be - yond the riv - er, On the hills be - yond the riv - er,

On the Hills Beyond the River.

state - ly hills, ... ma - jes - tic hills;
state - ly hills be - yond the riv - er, state - ly hills, ma - jes - tic hills;

We shall rest . . . . . in peace for - ev - er,
We shall rest in peace for - ev - er, We shall rest in peace,

on those hills, ... en - dur - ing hills; We shall
on those hills, en - dur - ing hills, en - dur - ing hills; We shall

rest . . . . . in peace for - ev - - er, on the
rest in peace for - ev - er, we shall rest in peace, on the

hills, ... en - dur - ing hills.
hills, en - dur - ing hills, en - dur - ing hills, en - dur - ing hills.

No. 95. Jesus Will Welcome us in!

"And may enter in through the gates into the city."—Rev. 22: 14.

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

1. When we have kept the faith ful - ly, Faith in the Saviour of men;
2. If we will keep His commandments, If we will love Him in-deed,
3. Think of the num-ber un-count-ed, Safe on that ra - di - ant shore!

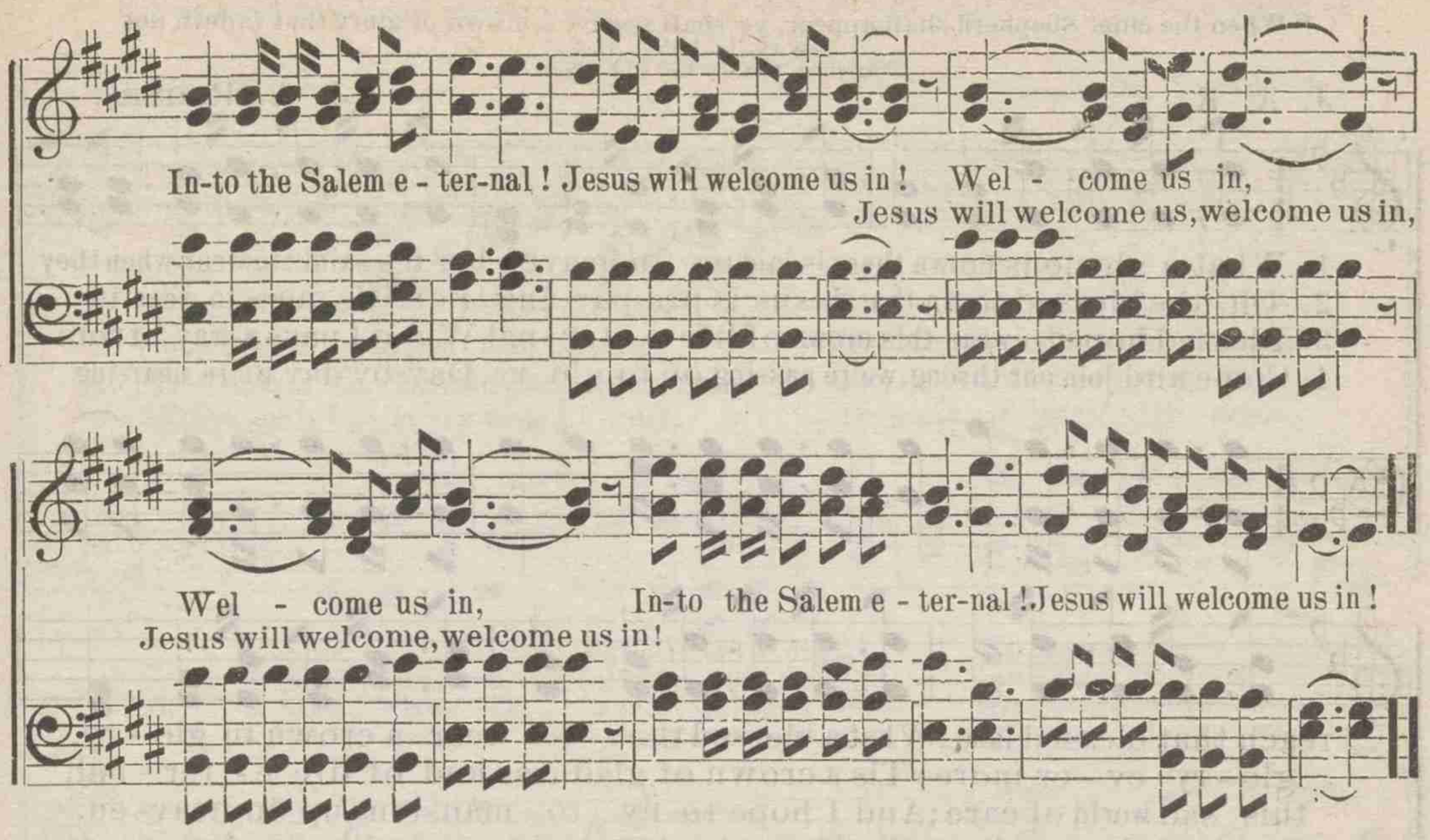
When we have finished our journey, Nev-er to jour-ney a - gain;
He will af -ford us as -sist-ance, All the as -sist-ance we need.
In - to the ci - ty they entered, Entered to go out no more.

If we are pu - ri - fied wholly— Pur - i - fied whol- ly from sin,
If we have ear-nest-ly striv -en, Striv-en a mansion to win,
If we have made prepa-ra -tions, Life with the saints to be - gin,

When at the gates of the cit - y, Je - sus will wel-come us in.

CHORUS.

Wel - come us in, . . . Wel - come us in, . .
Je-sus will welcome us, wel-come us in, Je-sus will welcome us, welcome us in,

Jesus Will Welcome us In.

No. 96. The City of Gold.

"And the city was pure gold like unto glass."— Rev. 21 : 18.

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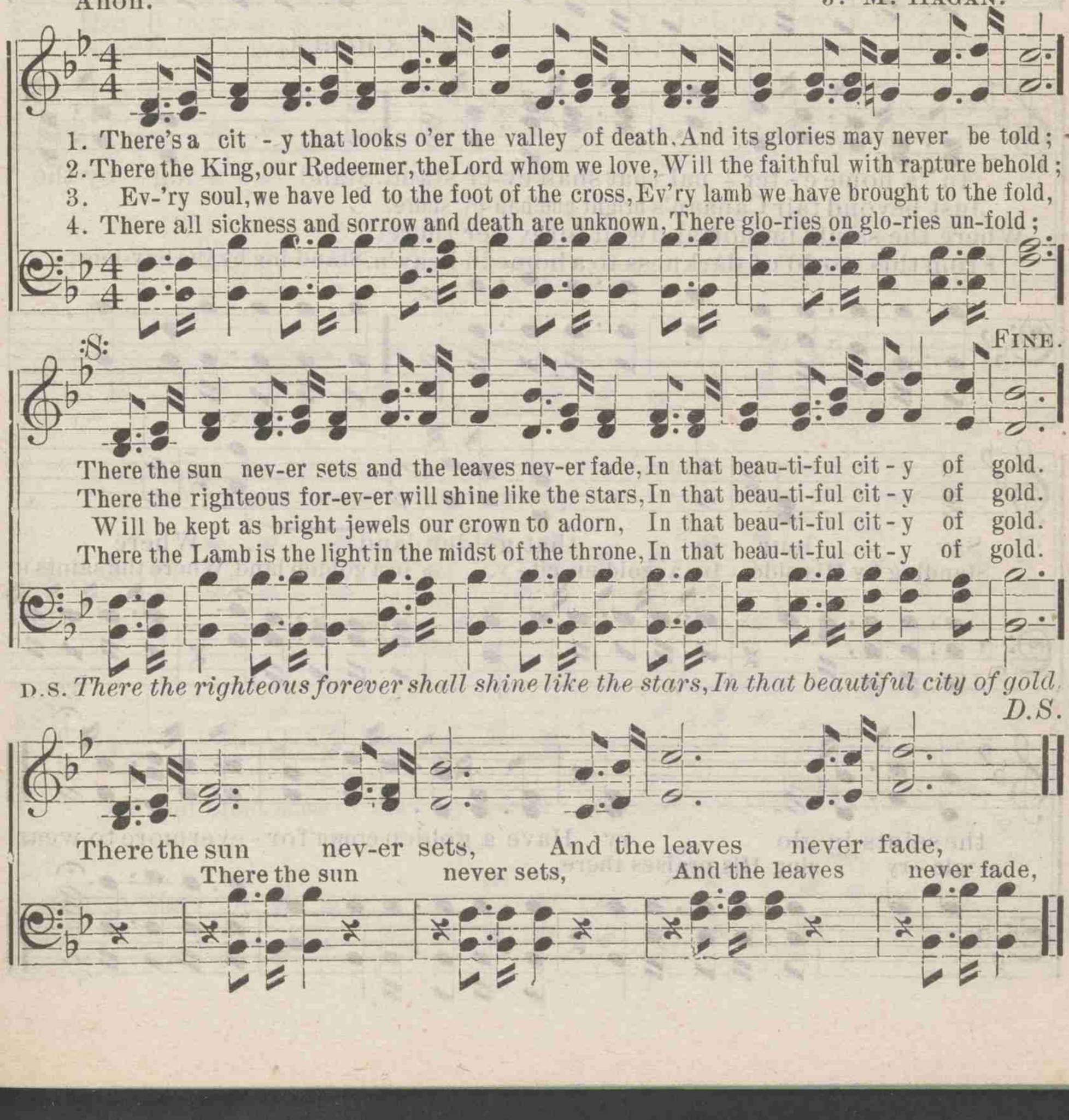
Anon. J. M. HAGAN.

No. 97. A Glorious Crown.

"When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 Pet. 5: 4.

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J. A. R. J. A. ROGERS.

1. What a glorious crown there is laid up in heaven For the saints to wear when they reach that blessed land; What a blessed tho't to wear a crown in glo-ry,
2. Oh, the blessed crown that Jesus is pre-par-ing For His saints to wear in glo-ry ev-er-more; 'Tis a crown of gladness and of life e-ter-nal,
3. Blessed hope to wear this crown of life e-ter-nal When I pass a-way from this sad world of care; And I hope to fly to mansions up in heav-en,
4. Come and join our throng, we're passing on to glo-ry, Day by day we're near-ing Ca-naan's happy shore; On-ly a short time, then we will pass forev-er,

CHORUS.

In a home e-ter-nal that shall ev-er stand. Stand-ing by the Sav-iour, Standing by His side,
Just beyond fair Canaan's bright and hap-py shore. In a gold-en cit-y,
Where the saints immortal dwell forev-er there. in a golden land,
From this world of darkness to a home in heav'n. Stand-ing by the Sav-iour, Where the saints in
the saints in glo-ry Have a golden crown for-evermore to wear.
glo-ry sing His praises there,

No. 98. My Title Clear.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God."—2 Cor. 5: 1.

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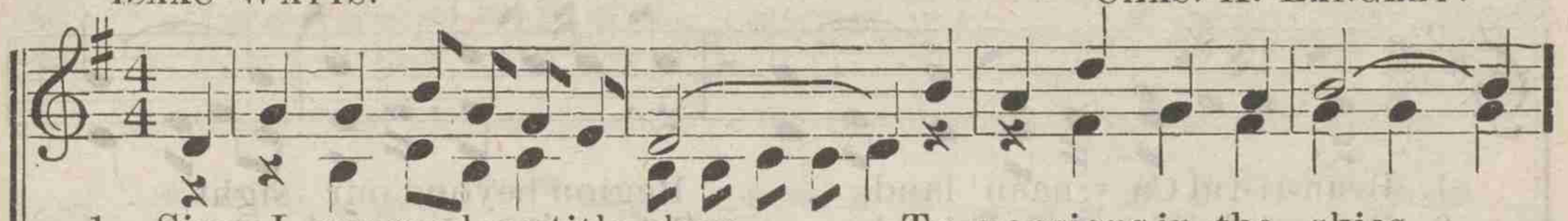
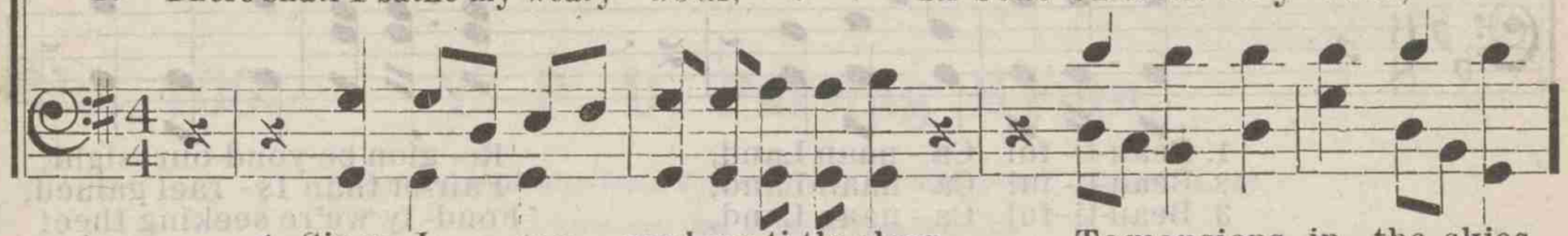
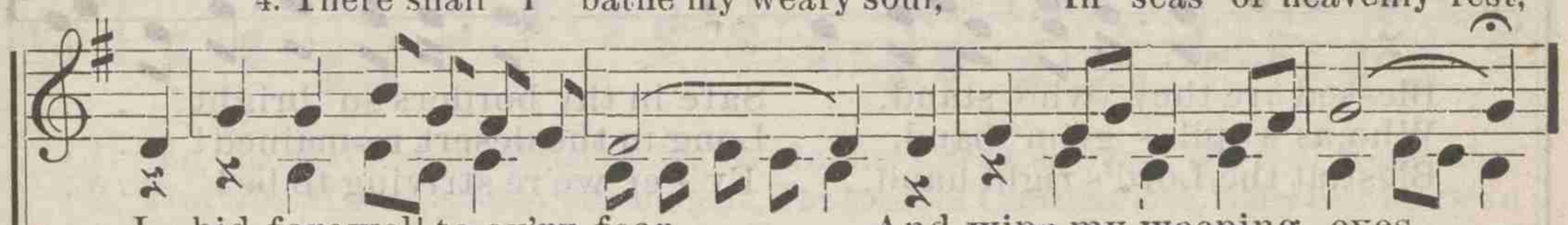
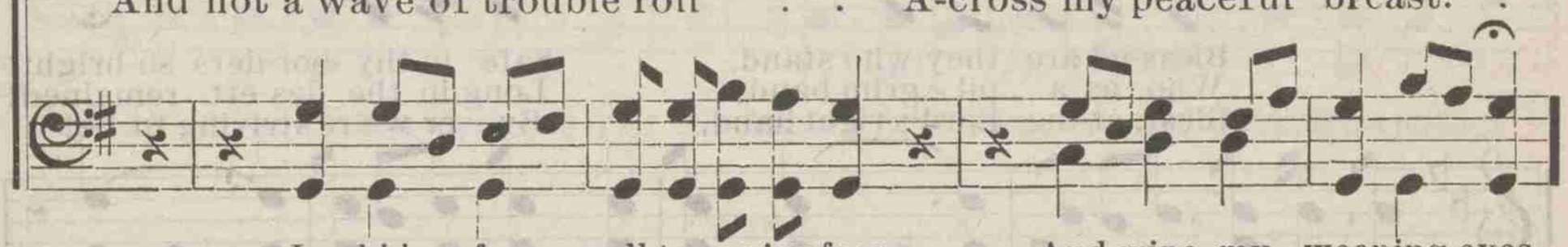
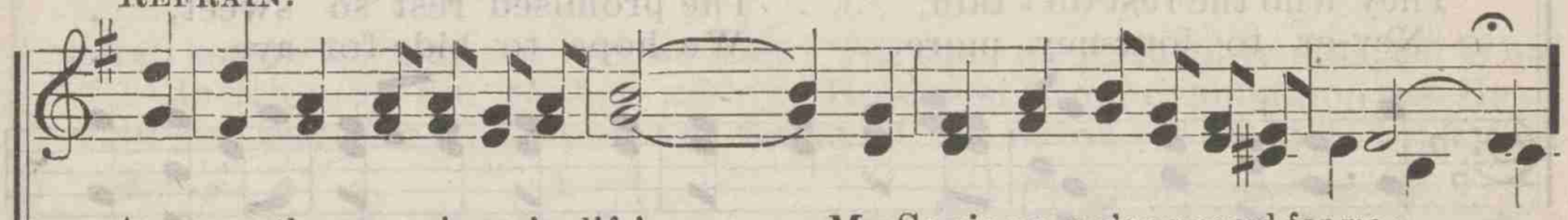
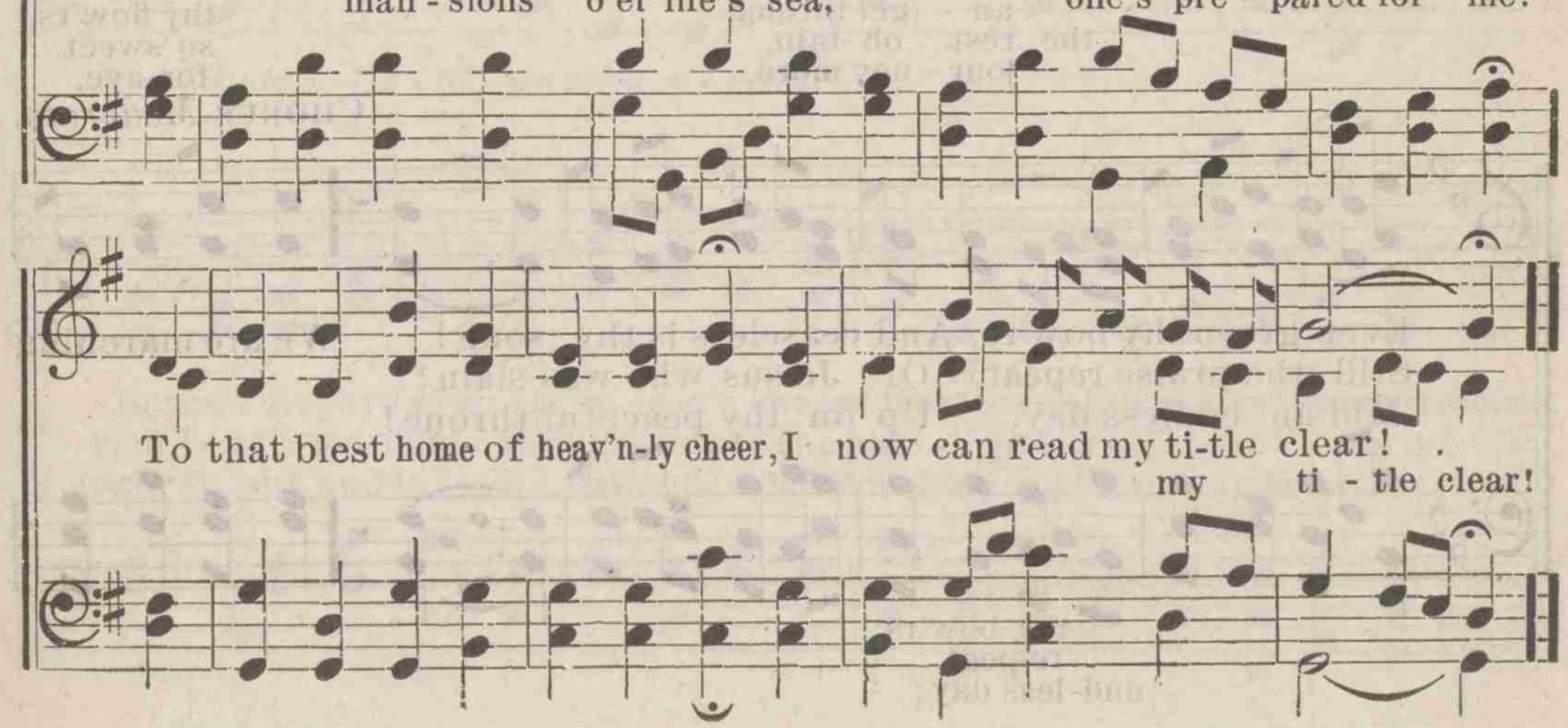
ISAAC WATTS. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Since I can read my title clear, . . To mansions in the skies, .
2. Should earth against my soul engage, . . And fie - ry darts be hurled, .
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, . And storms of sorrow fall, .
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul, . . In seas of heavenly rest, .

1. Since I can read my ti-tle clear, To mansions in the skies,
2. Should death a - gainst my soul engage, And fie - ry darts be hurl'd,
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sor-row fall,
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul, In seas of heavenly rest,

I bid farewell to ev'ry fear, . . . And wipe my weeping eyes. .
Then I would smile at Satan's rage, . . . And face a frown-ing world. .
May I but safely reach my home, . . My God, my heav'n, my all. . .
And not a wave of trouble roll . . A-cross my peaceful breast. .

I bid fare - well to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
Then I would smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trouble roll A - cross my peaceful breast.

REFRAIN.

A-mong those mansions o'er life's sea, . My Saviour, one's prepared for me; . .
man - sions o'er life's sea, one's pre - pared for me!



To that blest home of heav'n-ly cheer, I now can read my ti-tle clear! .
my ti - tle clear!

No. 99. Beautiful Canaan Land.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."—I Cor. 2: 9.

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E. R. LATTA. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Beau-ti-ful Ca - naan land, . Region beyond our sight, . .
2. Beau-ti-ful Ca - naan land, . Fair-er than Is - rael gained, . .
3. Beau-ti-ful Ca - naan land, . Fond-ly we're seeking thee! . .

1. Beau-ti- ful Ca - naan Land, Re- gion be-yond our sight,
2. Beau-ti- ful Ca - naan Land, Fair-er than Is - rael gained,
3. Beau-ti- ful Ca - naan Land, Fond- ly we're seeking thee!

Blessed are they who stand, . Safe in thy borders so bright! . .
Who, as a pil - grim band, . Long in the desert re-mained! . . .
Blest, at the Lord's right hand, Ev - er we're striving to be! . . .

Bless-ed are they who stand, Safe in thy bor-ders so bright!
Who, as a pil - grim band, Long in the des-ert remained!
Blest, at the Lord's right hand, Ev - er we're striving to be!

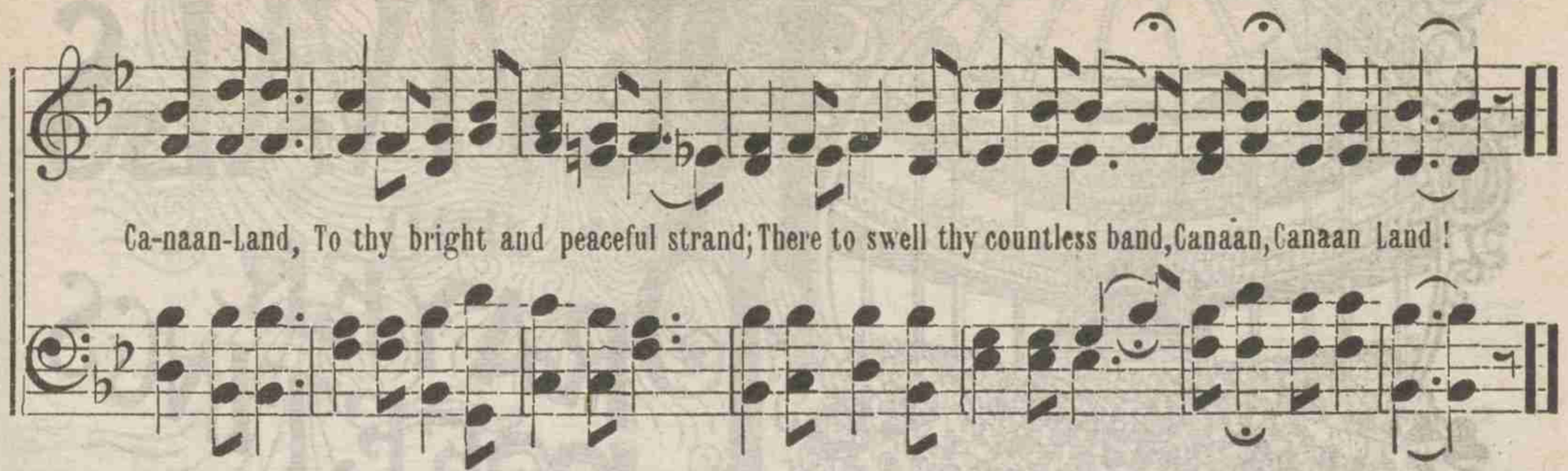
Home of the an - gel throng, . How fade-less are thy flow'rs, .
They who the rest ob - tain, . . The promised rest so sweet, .
Nev-er to jour-ney more, . . We hope to bide for aye, . .

an - gel throng, thy flow'rs,
the rest ob -tain, so sweet,
jour - ney more, for aye,

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

Ever green thy bow'rs, And ceaseless is thy song! . We are marching
Still the praise repeat, Of Je-sus who was slain!
'Mid an endless day, Up on thy peaceful throne!

thy bow'rs,
re-peat,
end-less day;

Beautiful Canaan Land.

No. 100. Y. P. U. Parting Hymn.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

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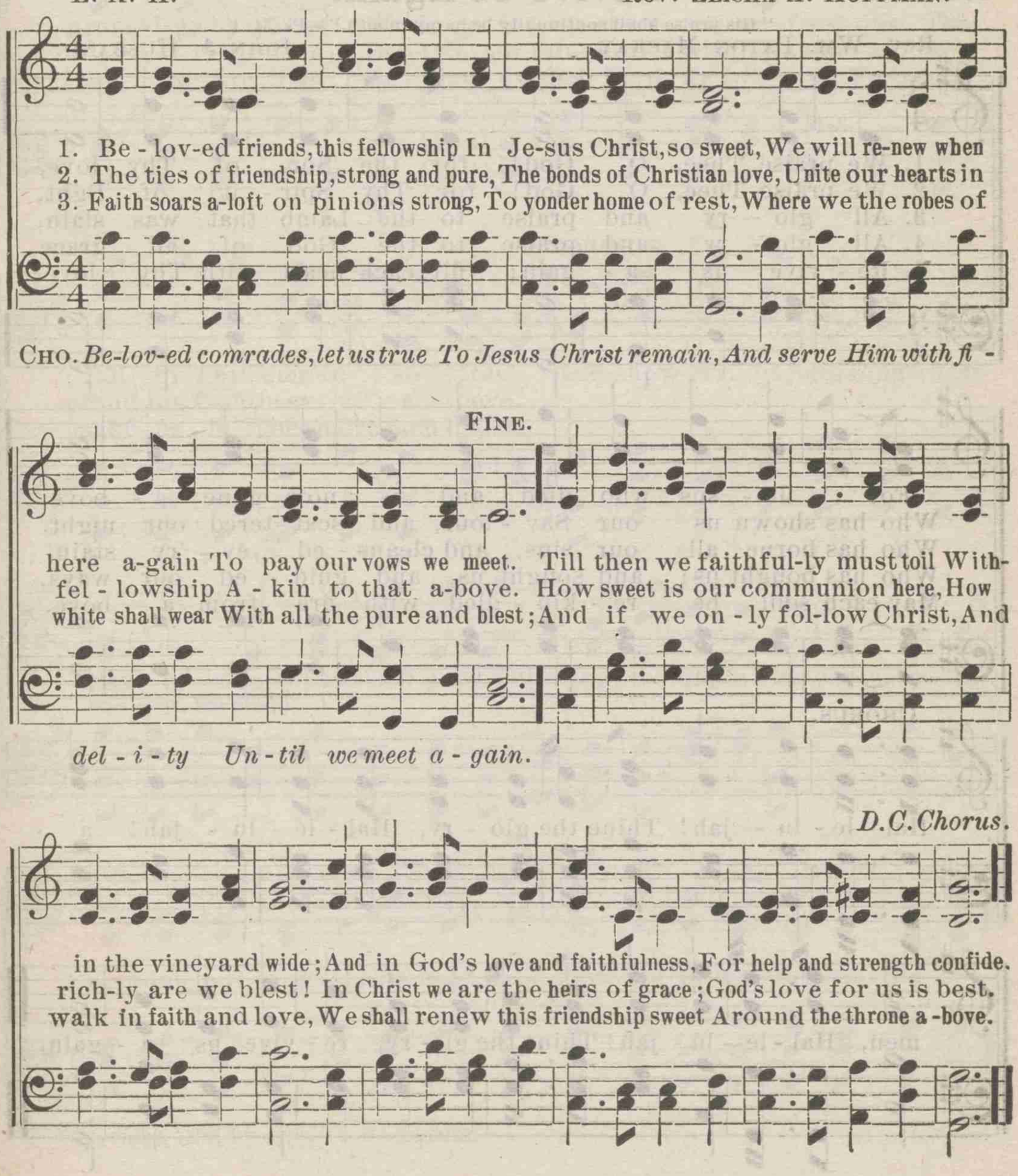
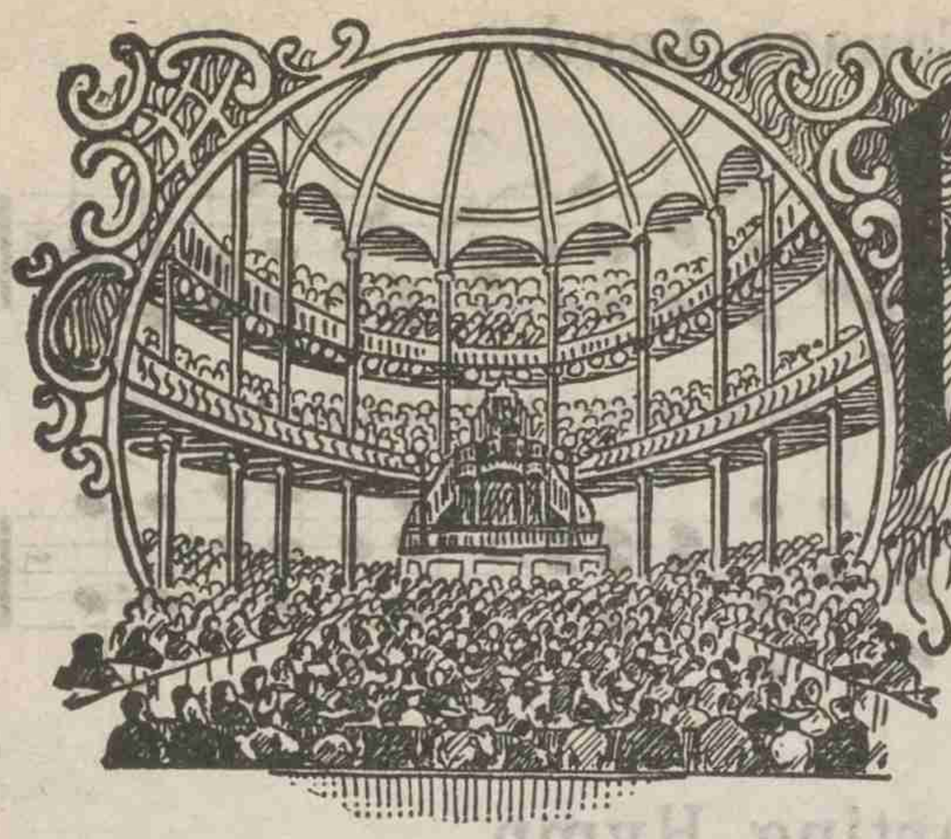
E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



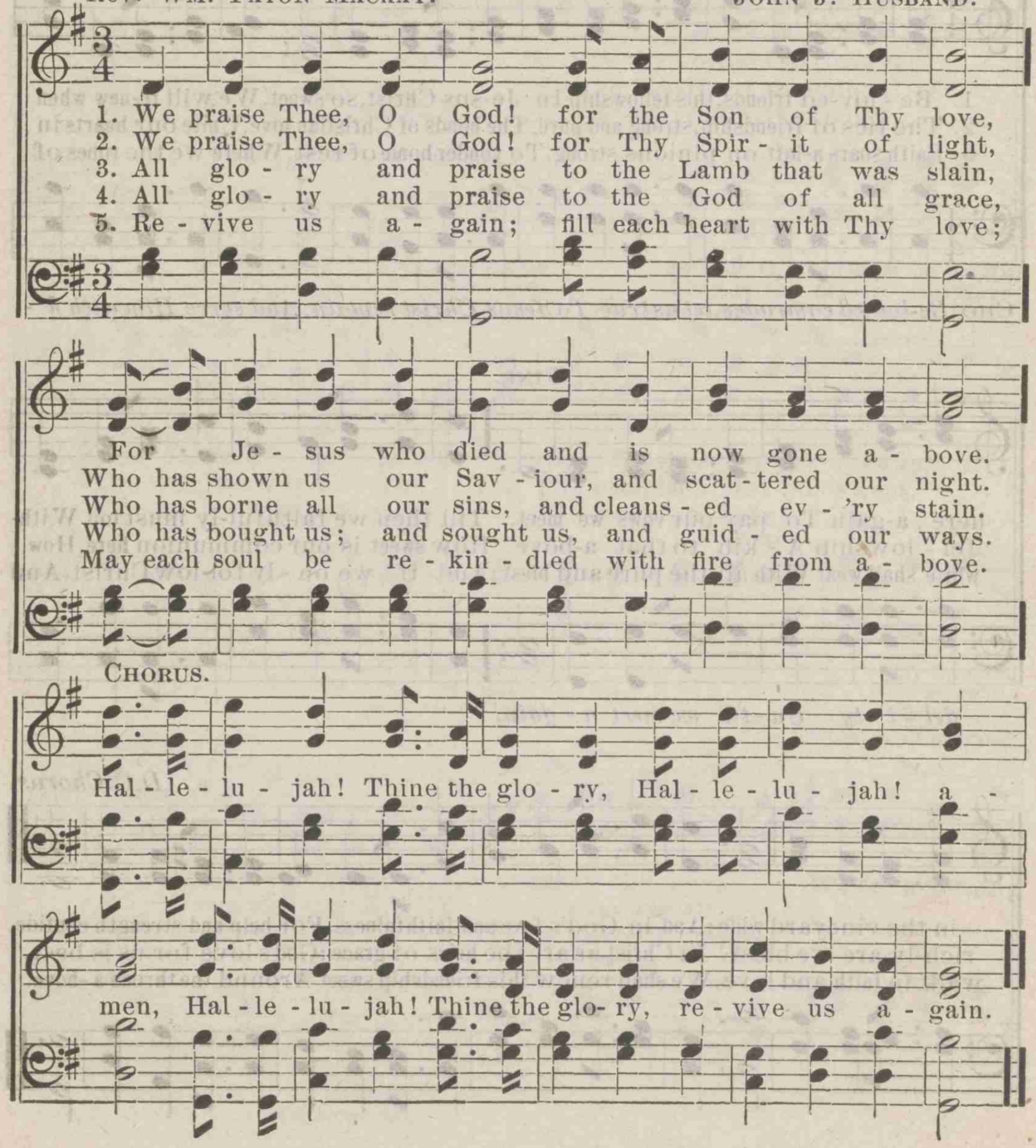
REVIVALS AND PRAYER MEETINGS

"O Lord, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid; O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy."—Hab. 3: 2.

"For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."—Matt. 18: 20.

No. 101. Revive Us Again.

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. 34: 1.

REV. WM. PATON MACKAY. JOHN J. HUSBAND.

No. 102. Send Showers of Blessings.

"I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing."—Ezek. 34: 26.

FRANK M. DAVIS. J. M. HAGAN.

1. We pray for Thy bless-ing, dear Sav - iour, So gra-cious - ly prom - ised by Thee; We long for the show- ers re -fresh-ing That
2. We pray for Thy bless-ing, dear Sav - iour, The in - flu - ence sweet of Thy love; Bap-tize our faint hearts with Thy spir -it, De -
3. We pray for Thy bless-ing, dear Sav - iour, While pros-trate we bow at Thy feet; Re - vive us, dear Lord, we en-treat Thee, And

CHORUS.

fall by Thy mer - cy so free. Send show-ers of bless-ings, dear Sav - iour, Send show-ers of blessings to - day; The show - ers re -
scend-ing from heav- en a - bove. Sav-iour, we plead,
make us in Thee more com - plete.

fresh-ing our gaunt spirits need, Send show-ers of blessings to - day.

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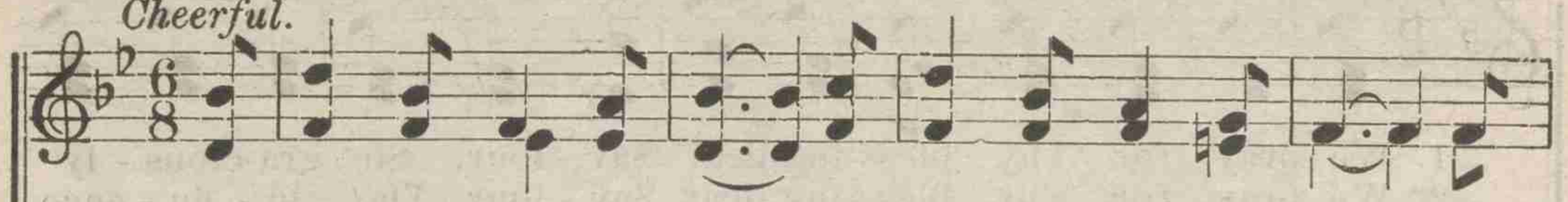
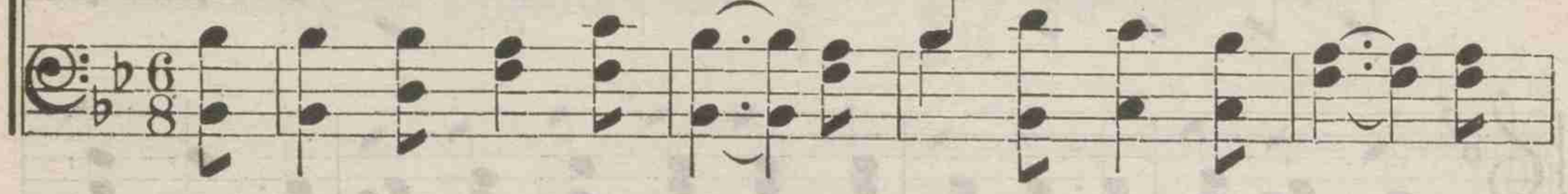
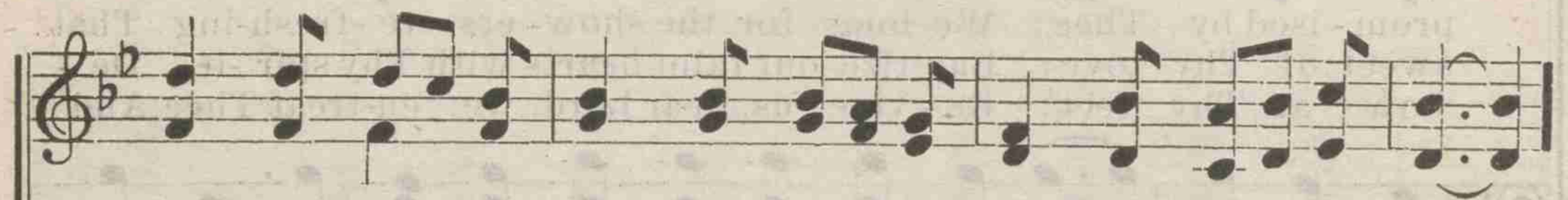
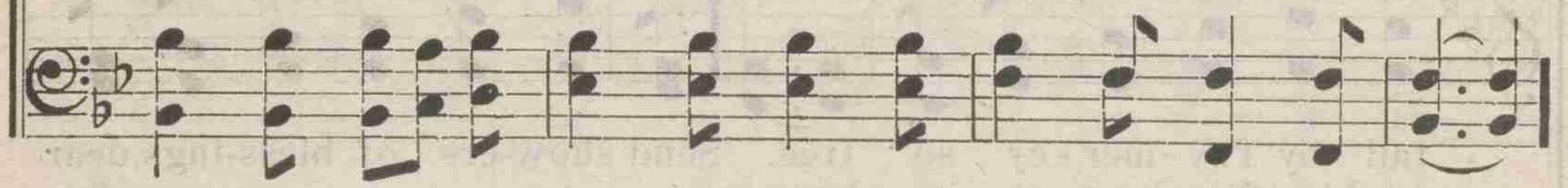
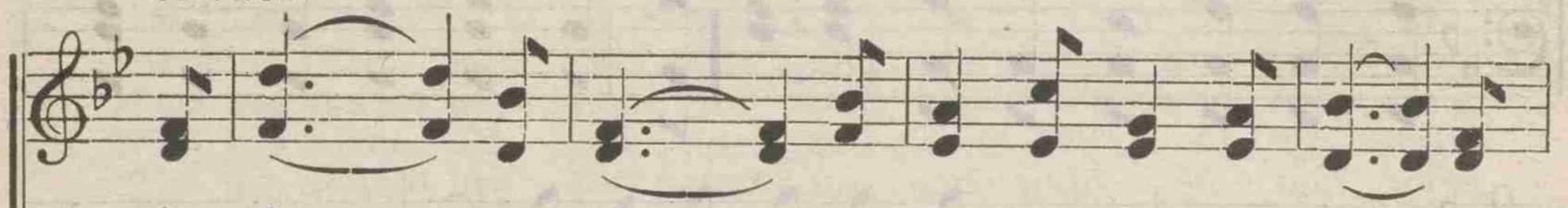
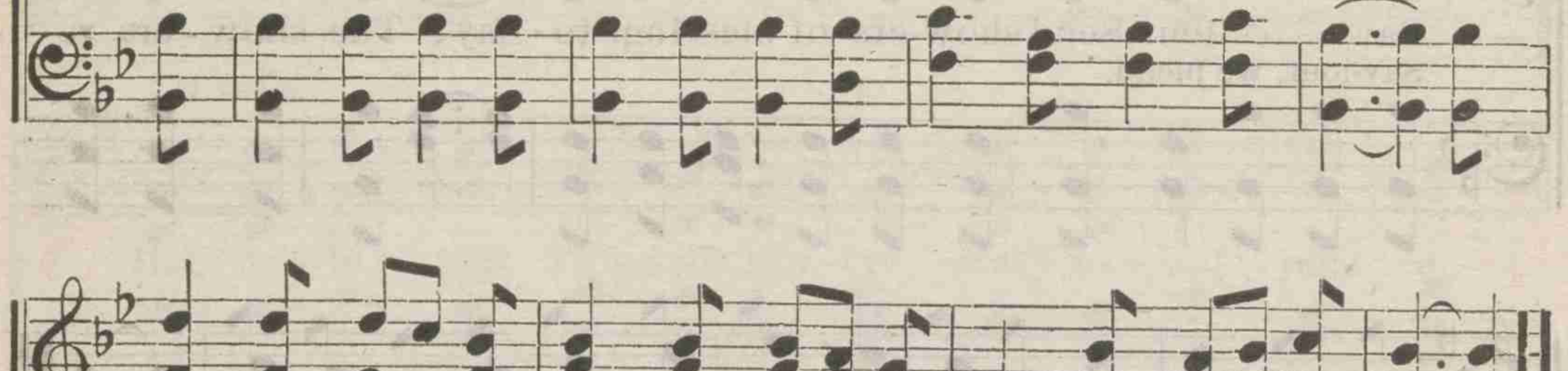
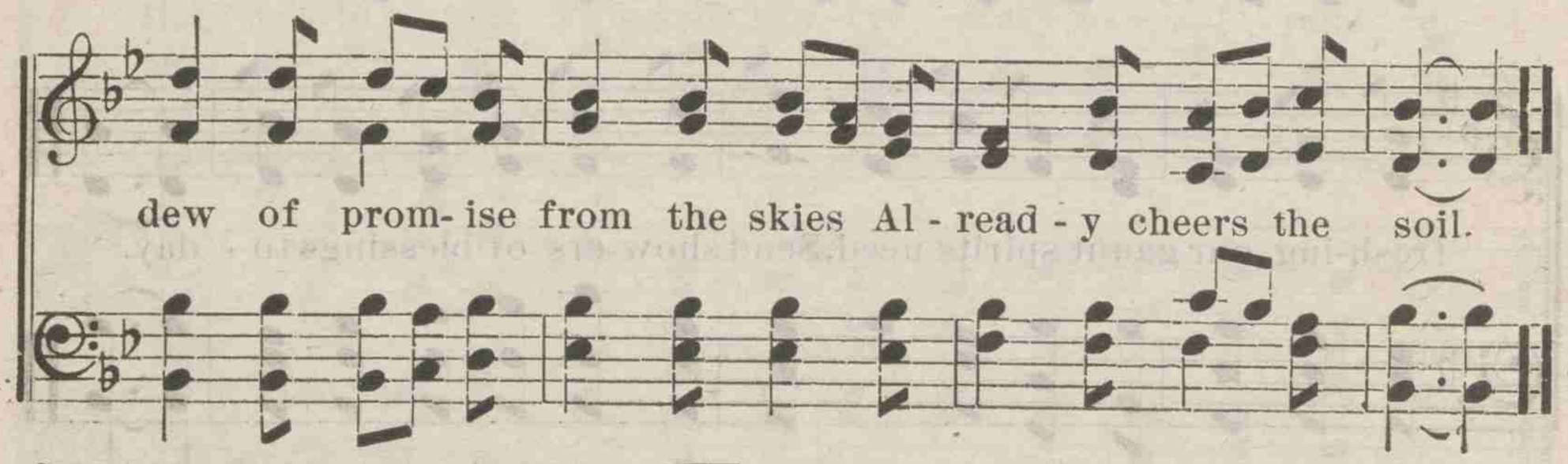
No. 103. Laborers of Christ, Arise.

"Arise, shine forth, thy light is come."— Isa. 60: 1.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

Cheerful.

1. Lab-'rers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil; The
2. Go where the sick re - cline, Where mourning hearts deplore: And
3. Be faith, which looks a bove, With pray'r, your constant guest; And
4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er de - spoil, And the

dew of prom - ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.
where the sons of sor - row pine, Dis-pense your hal- lowed lore.
wrap the Sav-iour's changeless love, A man - tle round your breast.
bless - ed Gos-pel's sav - ing health Re - pay your ar-duous toil.

Chorus.

A - rise, . . a - rise, . . And gird you for the toil; The
A - rise, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise,



dew of prom- ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.

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No. 104. Work To-day.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28.

Selected. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Go work in my vineyard to-day; Why stand ye so i - dle a-round!
2. Go work in my vineyard to-day; Be ear-nest, be active, be strong;
3. Go work in my vineyard to-day; Precious souls may be bro't by Thy love;
4. Go work in my vineyard to-day; Go hon - or thy Master and Lord;

The day is far gone, and the night cometh on, Why not with the lab'rers be found?
Go forth in His might, who will honor the right, And give thee thy wages ere long.
From darkness of night to His marvelous light, To a home with the ransomed above.
Thy tal-ents improve by the la-bor of love, And heav'n shall be thy re-ward.

CHORUS.

Why not to-day? Why not to-
Why not to-day? Why not to-day? Why not to-day? Why not to-day?

day? Go and work in my vine-yard to-day; For the
Why not to-day?

day is far gone and the night cometh on, Go work in my vineyard today.

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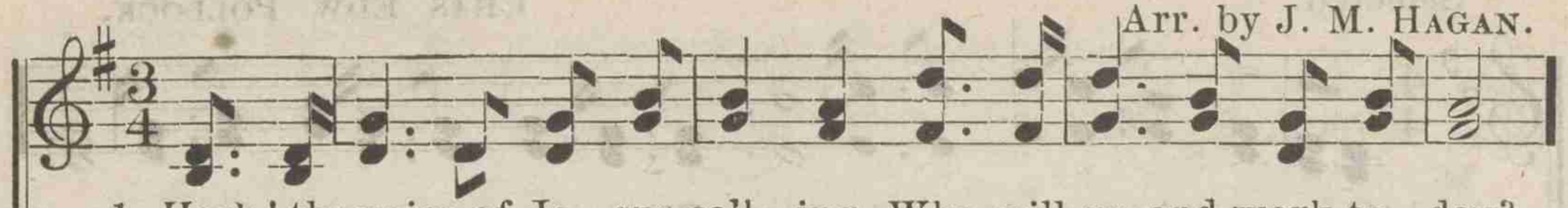
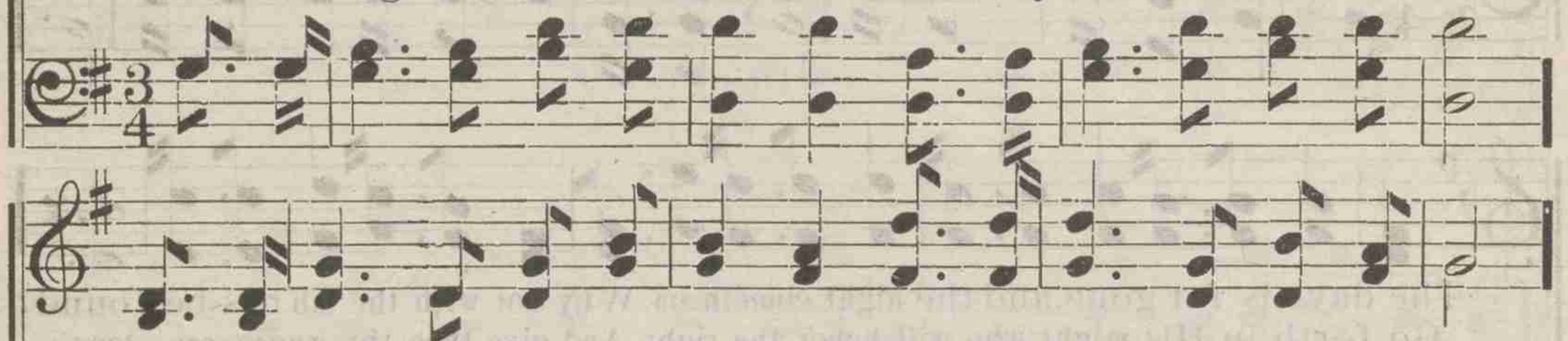
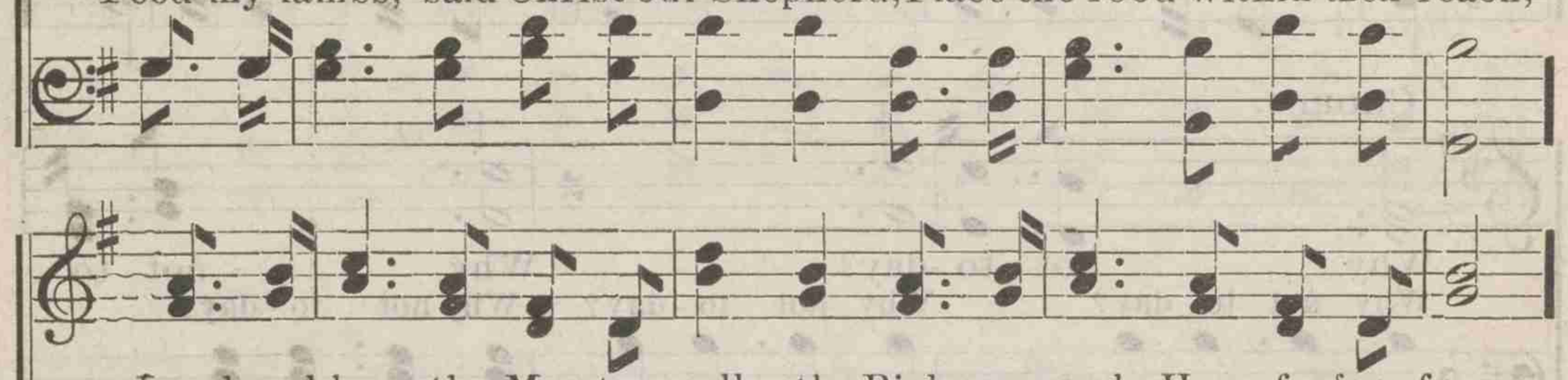
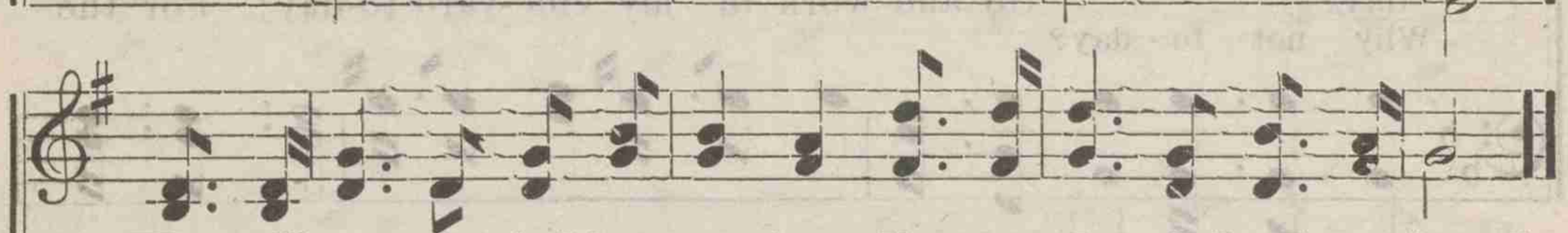
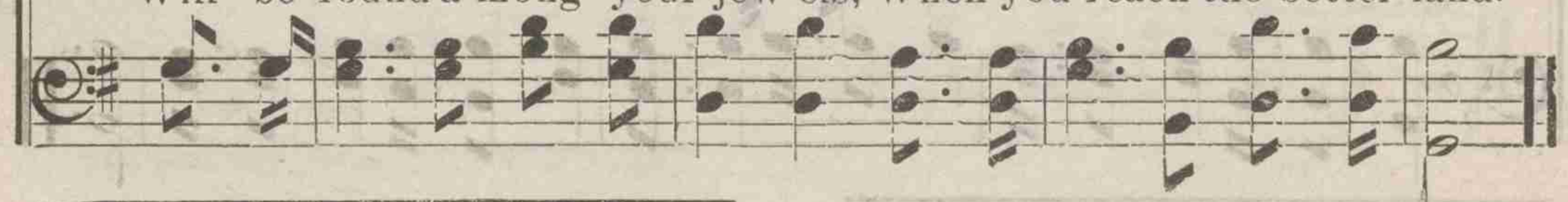
No. 105. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

"I the Lord have called Thee."—Isa. 42: 6.

Rev. Dan'l March. Dr. Mason.
Arr. by J. M. Hagan.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can- not cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands ex-plore,
3. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas-ter calls for you,
4. If you can-not speak like an-gels, If you can -not preach like Paul,
5. If you can-not be the watchman, Standing high on Zi - on's wall,
6. If a-mong the old - er peo-ple, You may not be apt to teach,

Fields are white, the har-vest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?
You can find the heathen near- er, You can help them at your door;
Let none hear you i - dly say - ing "There is noth - ing I can do!"
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say "He died for all,"
Point-ing out the path to heav-en, Of - f'ring life and peace to all;
"Feed my lambs," said Christ our Shepherd, Place the food within their reach,"

Loud and long the Mas-ter call -eth, Rich re-ward He of - fers free;
If you can-not speak like angels, If you can - not preach like Paul,
Glad - ly take the task He gives you, Let His work your pleasure be;
If you can - not rouse the wicked, With the judgment's dread a- larms,
With your pray'r and with your boun-ties, You can do what heav'n demands;
And it may be that the chil - dren You have led with trembling hand,

Who will an-swer, glad-ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all.
An -swer quick-ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me,"
You can lead the lit - tle chil -dren To the Saviour's waiting arms.
You can be like faith-ful Aa- ron, Hold-ing up the prophet's hands.
Will be found a-mong your jew-els, When you reach the better land.

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No. 106. Bearing the Golden Sheaves.

"The harvest truly is plenteous; but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

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

1. Go forth in - to the har - vest And reap the gold - en field,
   Your toil will not be wast - ed, Your la - bor not be vain,
2. The fields are white al - read - y; The la - bor - ers are few;
   Oh, go and toil for Je - sus, Nor let Him call in vain!
3. We'll sow in ear - ly morn - ing, We'll sow at noon and eve,
   Then in the time of reap - ing Re - joic - ing we will come,

Re - turn - ing with the gold - en sheaves In an a - bun-dant yield;
For you shall gar - ner plen-teous - ly The (*Omit.*)
To gath - er in the gold - en sheaves The Mas - ter calls for you.
With glad-ness you shall bear to Him The (*Omit.*)
And all our time, and all our strength, To Je - sus we will give.
And bear a - way the gold - en sheaves, And (*Omit.*)

Chorus.

sheaves of gold - en grain. Bear - ing a - way the sheaves,
gold - en sheaves of grain.
sing the har - vest-home.

Bear - ing a - way the gold - en sheaves,

Bear-ing a - way the sheaves, Re-joic-ing we will bring to Christ A

Bear - ing a - way the gold - en sheaves,

har - vest of gold - en sheaves. har - vest of gold - en sheaves.

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No. 107. Sowing, Ever Sowing.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31: 16.

E. R. LATTA. J. M. HAGAN. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

1. We are sow - ing, ev - er sow - ing, In the paths where others move,
2. We are sow - ing, ev - er sow - ing, Be the weath - er foul or fair;
3. We are sow - ing, ev - er sow - ing, In the home and on the street,

And the har - vest that shall fol - low, Shall a bane . . or bless-ing prove;
Heed-less-ly . . how we scat-ter, Where there's need . . of great-est care;
Sow-ing good . or sow-ing e - vil, For our - selves and all we meet;

Are we sow - ing thorns and thistles, That shall pierce . the trav'ler's feet,
Now's the seed - time full of prom-ise, Full of pos - si-bil - i - ty;
Let us earn - est-ly en-deav-or Seeds of hap - pi-ness to strew,

Or the seeds . of love and mer - cy, That shall make . ex-istence sweet?
What the fruit - age we shall gath-er, Here and in . . e-ter - ni - ty?
That our fel - lowmen may bless us, Whereso-ev - er we may go.

CHORUS.

Sow-ing pain . . . . . or sow-ing pleas - - ure,
Sow-ing pain or sow - ing pleasure, Sow-ing pain or sow - ing pleas-ure,

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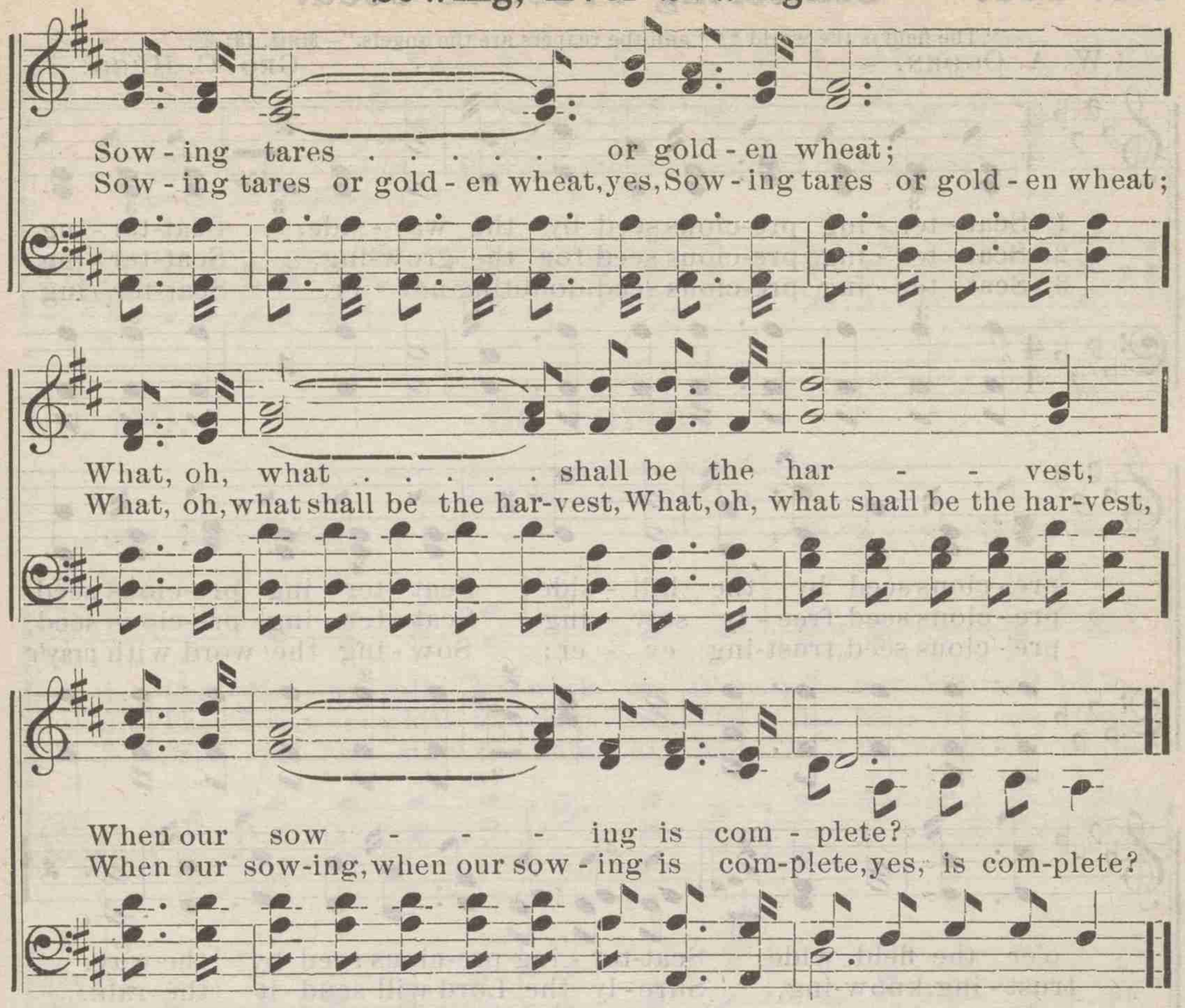
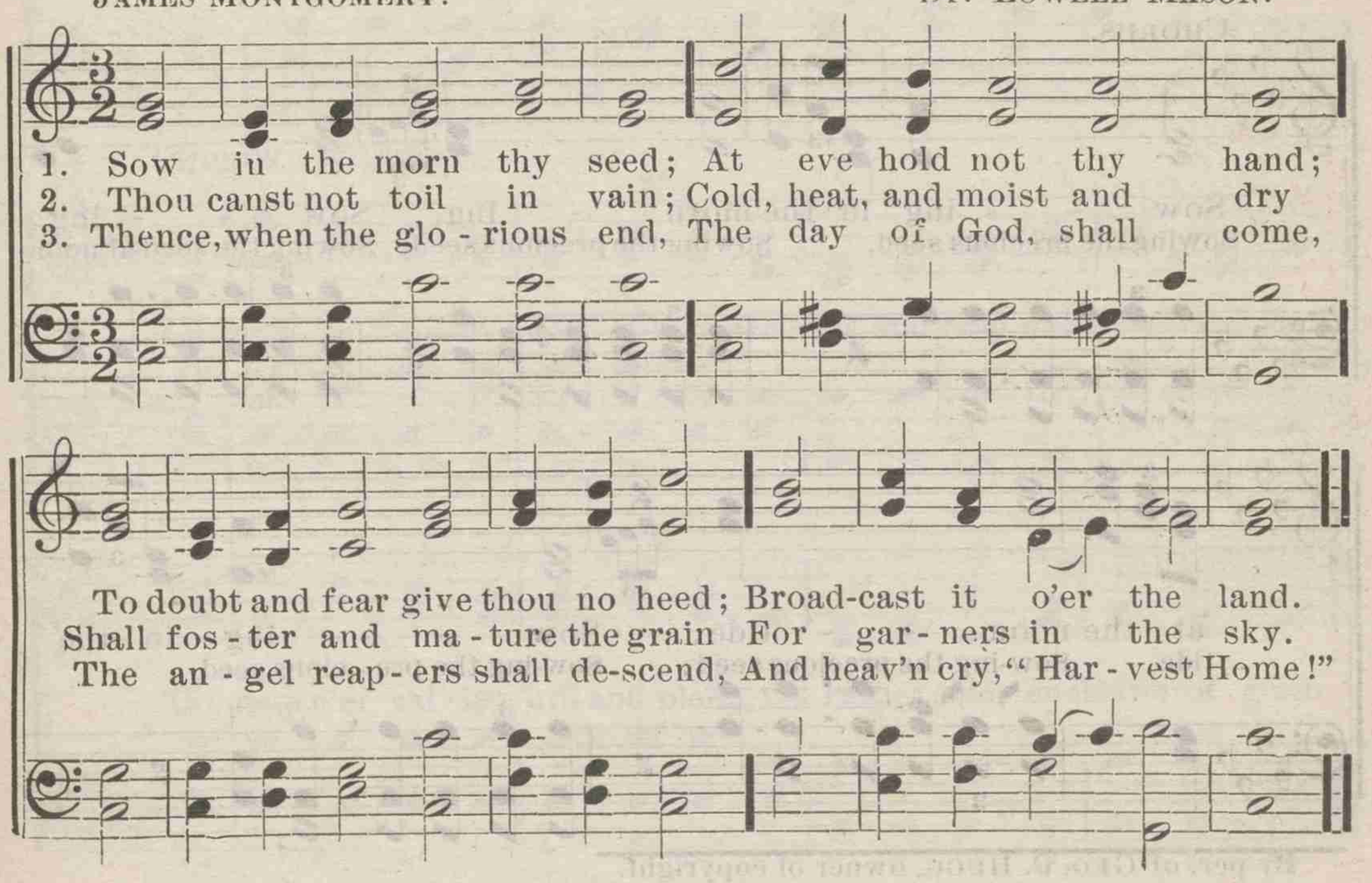
Sowing, Ever Sowing.

No. 108. Sow in the Morn Thy Seed.

"The harvest truly is plenteous; but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 109. Scattering Precious Seed.

"The field is the world * * * and the reapers are the angels."—Matt. 13: 38.

W. A. OGDEN. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed by the hill - side; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed o'er the field, wide,
2. Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed for the grow-ing, Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed, trust-ing know-ing,
3. Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed, trust-ing ev - er; Sow - ing the word with pray'r and en-deav - or,

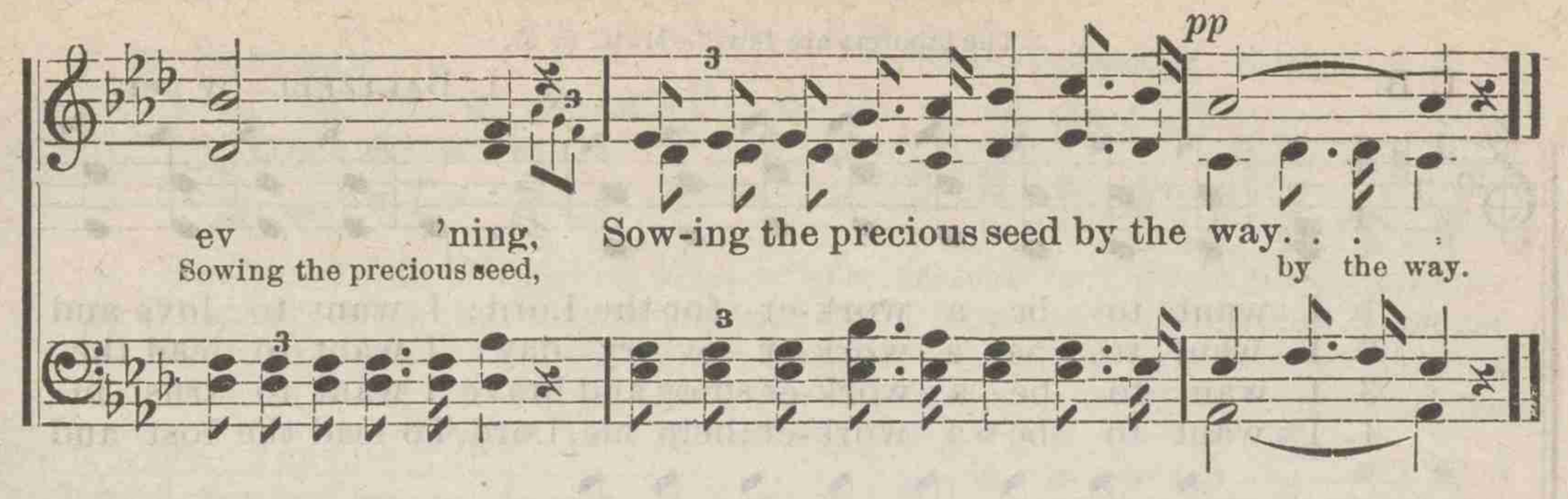
Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way.
Sure - ly the Lord will send it the rain.
Trust-ing the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.

Sow - - ing in the morn - ing, Sow - - ing at the noon - - tide; Sow - - ing in the
Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noon-tide, Sow-ing the precious seed; Sow-ing the pre - cious seed,

By per. of GEO. C. HUGG, owner of copyright.

Scattering Precious Seed.



No. 110. Go Forth!

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields."—John 4: 35.

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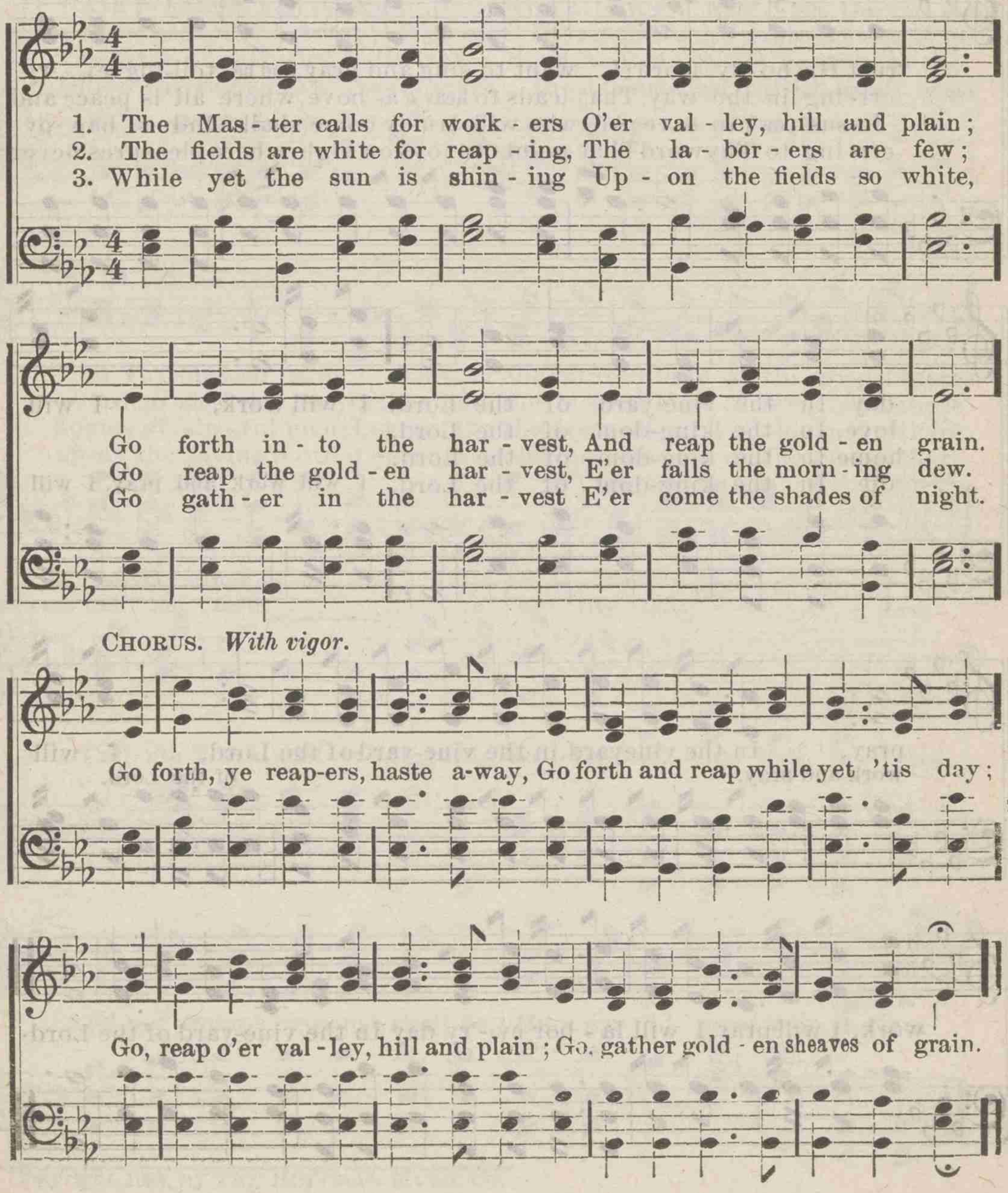
JOHN C. F. KYGER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

No. 111. I Want to be a Worker

"The laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

I. B. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord; I want to love and
2. I want to be a work-er ev -'ry day; I want to lead the
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave; I want to trust in
4. I want to be a work-er; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

trust His ho - ly word; I want to sing and pray, and be toil-ing ev - 'ry
err- ing in the way That leads to heav'n a- bove, where all is peace and
Je-sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru -ly come, shall find a hap -py
err- ing to Thy word That points to joys on high, where pleasures never

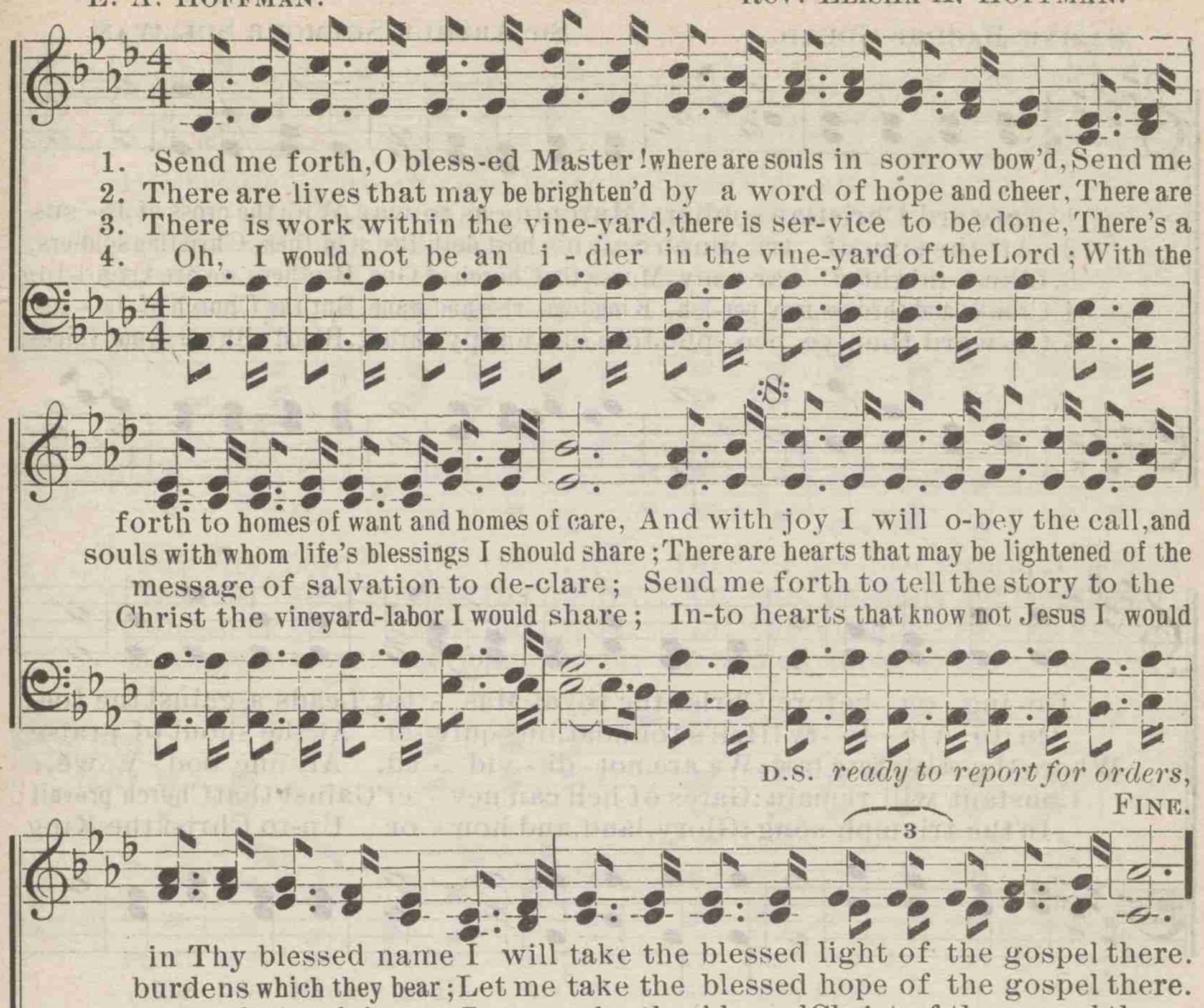
day In the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work, I will
love, In the king-dom of the Lord.
home In the king-dom of the Lord.
die In the king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will

pray, In the vineyard, in the vine-yard of the Lord, I will
work and pray, of the Lord,

work, I will pray, I will la - bor ev -'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

No. 112. Master, Use Me.

"Wilt thou not tell."— Ezek. 24: 19.

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

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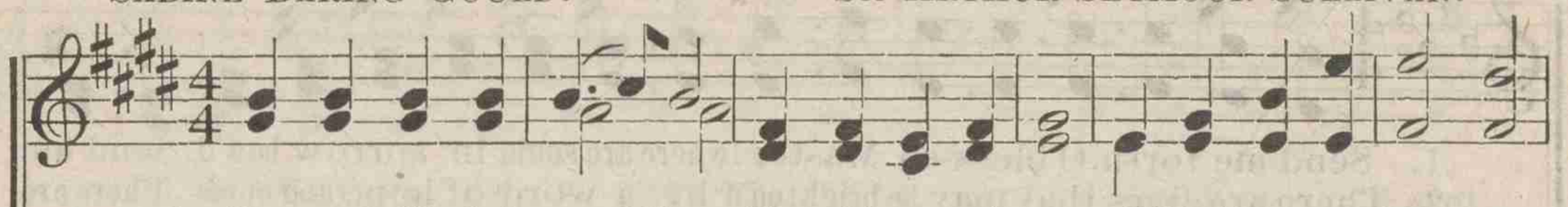
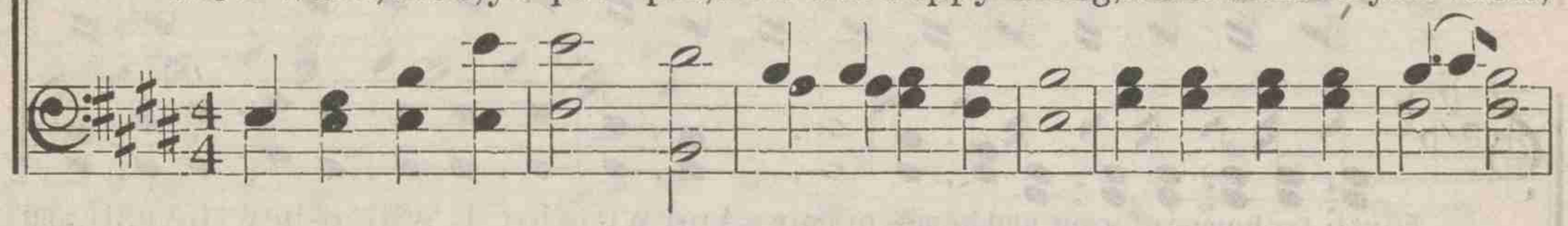
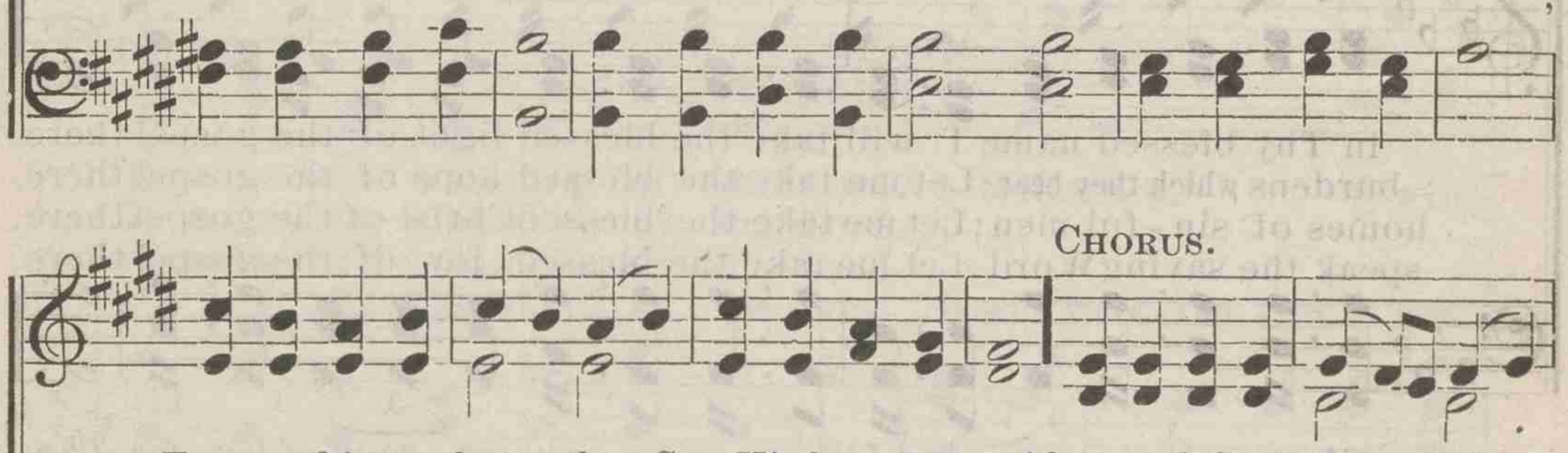
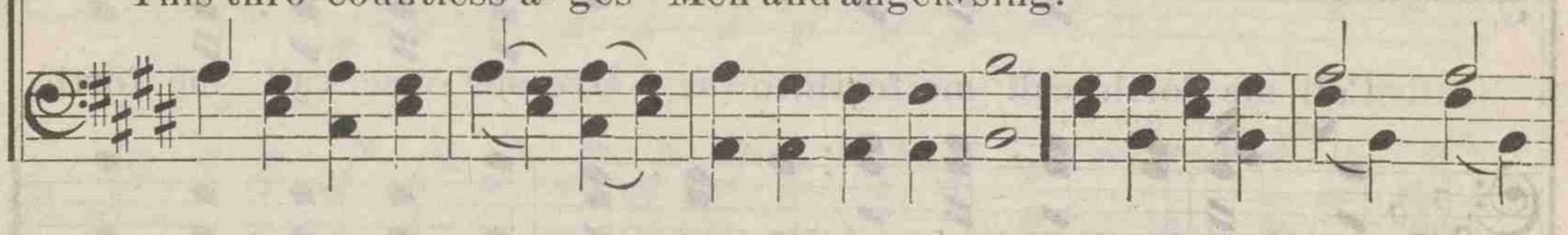
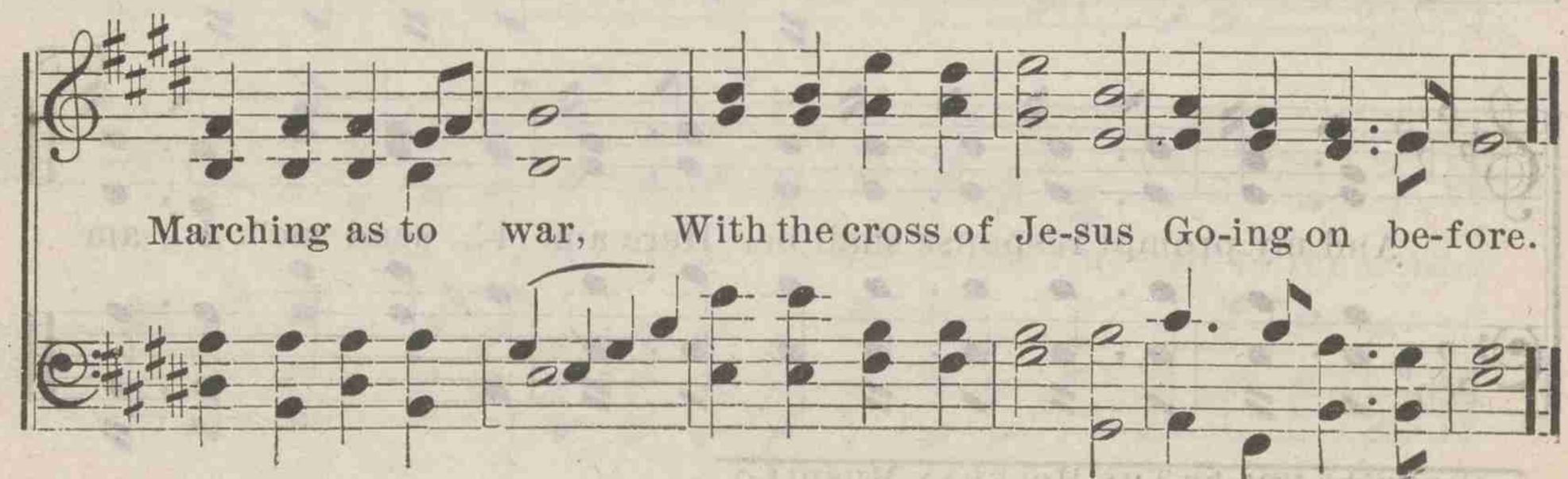
No. 113. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

"Take unto you the whole armor of God."—Eph. 6: 13.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je- sus
2. At the sign of tri -umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God, Brothers, we are tread-ing
4. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
5. On-ward, then, ye peo -ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices,

Go- ing on before. Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to -ry! Hell's foundations quiv -er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Constant will remain; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glory, laud, and hon - or Un-to Christ the King,

CHORUS.

Forward in-to bat - tle, See, His banners go! Onward, Christian soldiers,
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise.
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 angels sing.

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

No. 114. On to Victory.

"The victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—John 5: 4.

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Christian, gird the ar - mor on, There's a vic - t'ry to be won
2. Let His ban - ner be unfurl'd Till it waves o'er all the world,
3. When the bat - tle shall be done, And the vic - to - ry be won,
4. That will be an hour of joy, Praise shall then our tongues employ,

For the Lord, for the Lord; Take the hel - met, sword, and shield,
Sea to sea, shore to shore; Till the na-tions all shall own
Con - flict past, con - flict past; In the new Je - ru - sa - lem,
More and more, more and more; We shall stand before the King,

Forth un - to the bat - tle-field At His word, at His word.
He is King and He a - lone, Ev - er - more, ev - er-more.
We shall wear a di - a - dem, At the last, at the last.
And the song of tri- umph sing, Ev - er-more, ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

On we'll march to vic-to - ry, Je-sus will our leader
On we'll march to vic-to - ry, To a fi - nal and a
On we'll march, to vic - to - ry,

1. be, Je - sus will our lead- er be: glo-rious vic - to - ry.
2. be, Je - sus will our lead- er be: glo-rious vic - to - ry.

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No. 115. Church of God, Awake.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 Pet. 5:7.

Mrs. E. J. BUGBY. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Church of God, whose conqu'ring ban-ners Float a -long the glo-rious years,
2. In your costly tem-ples praying, "Let Thy kingdom come," ye pray,
3. Grace and glo-ry He hath sent you, Cast your lines in pla-ces fair,
4. Shake the earth and rend the heav -en, Wake Thy sleeping children, Lord,

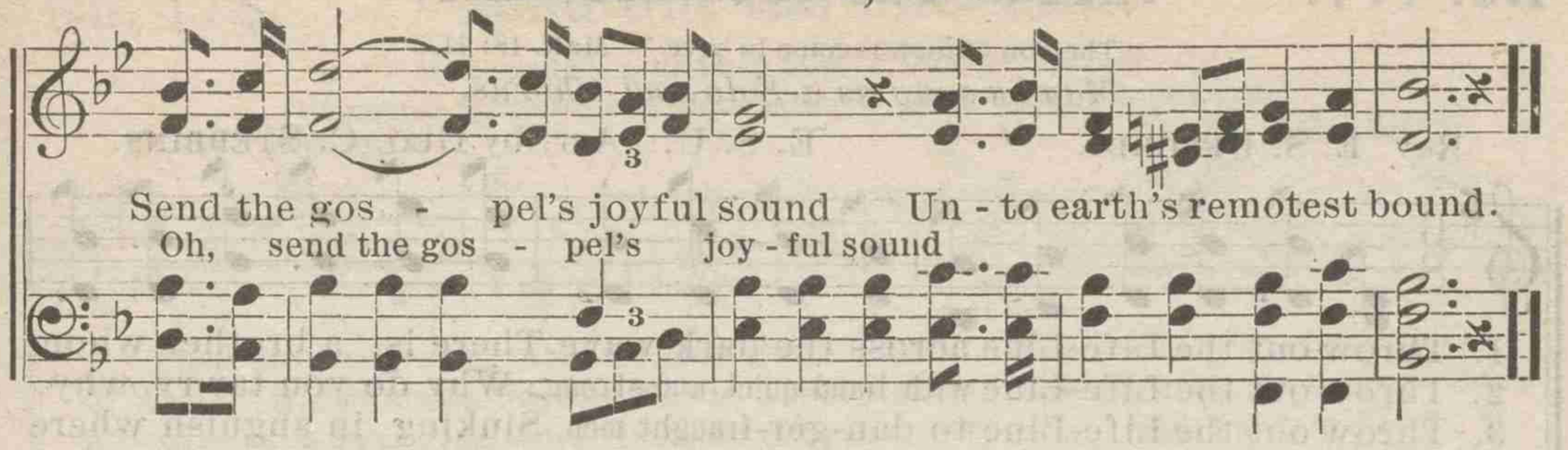
Gath'ring harvest rich and gold - en, Sowed in pov - er - ty and tears;
Are but words of i - dle mean -ing, If with these you turn a - way;
Scat-ter bless-ing *now* He bids you, O'er His green earth ev-'ry-where;
Till the measure full and e - ven Has been rendered at Thy word;

On -ward press, the cross is bending Far to -ward the morning skies,
Boundless wealth to you is giv- en, From His hand who owns it all,
Till the millions in the twi- light Of the far-off O-rient land,
Then from out her night of sor-row, Shall the earth redeemed a-rise,

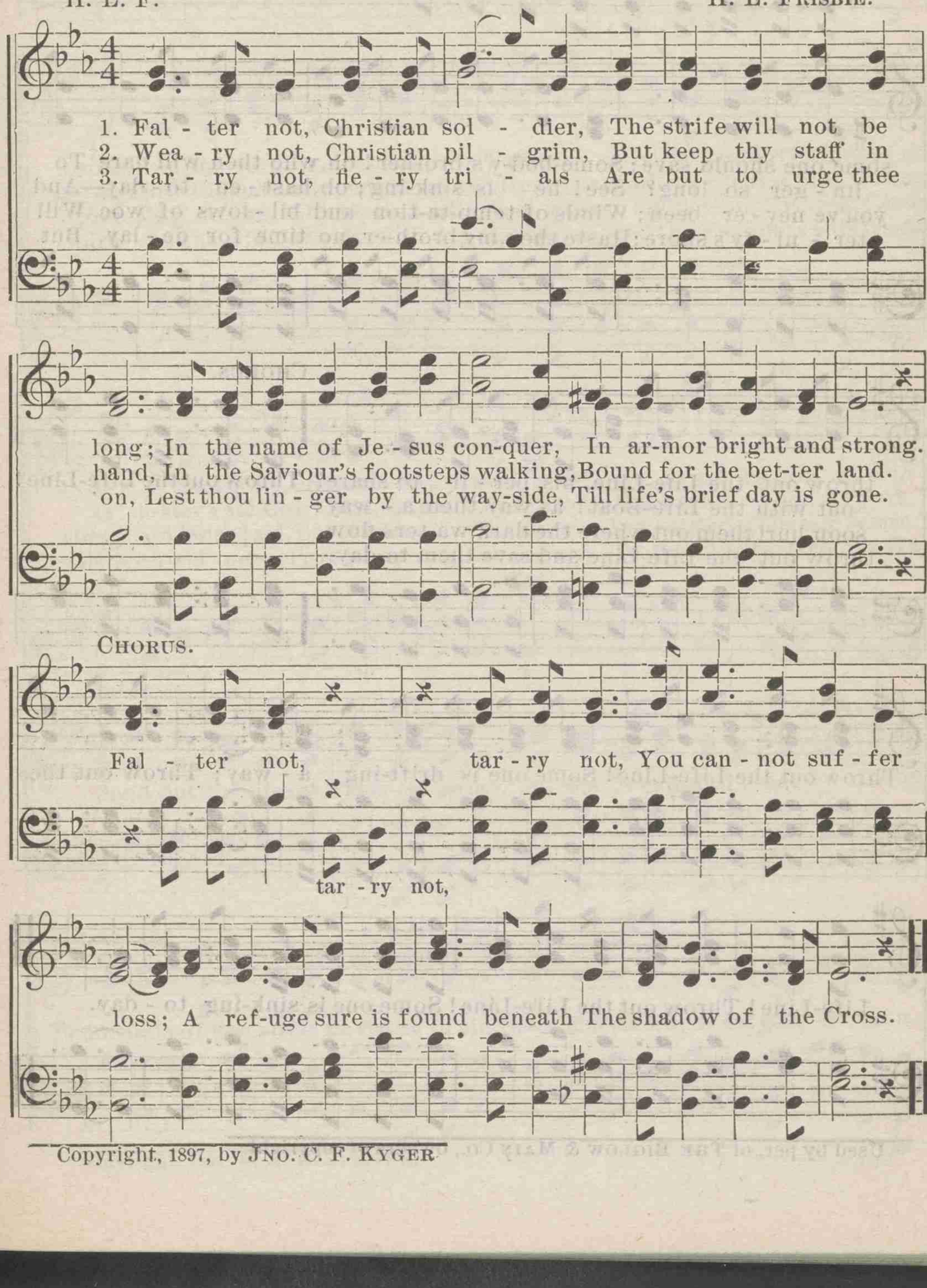
Speed-y dawn of light por - tend-ing;—Church of God, awake, a - rise!
And His eye be-holds in heav- en What ye ren-der back of all.
In the gra-cious morning splendor Of the gospel light shall stand.
And the fair mil- len- nial mor - row Dawn with o - pal-tint - ed skies.

CHORUS.

Church of God, awake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,
Church of God, a - wake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,

Church of God, Awake.

No. 116. Falter Not.

"Be strong and of a good courage."—Deut. 31: 9.

H. L. F. H. L. FRISBIE.

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No. 117. Throw Out the Life-Line.

"The Son of man is come to save."—Matt. 18: 11.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD. E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Throw out the Life-Line across the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

some one should save; Some-bod-y's brother! oh, who then will dare To
lin-ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast-en to-day—And
you've nev-er been; Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will
ter-ni-ty's shore; Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de-lay, But

CHORUS.

throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share? Throw out the Life-Line!
out with the Life-Boat! a-way, then a-way!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a-way; Throw out the
Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to-day.

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No. 118. Send Out the Life-Boat.

"He healed them that had need of healing."—Luke 9: 11.

Suggested by the work of Messrs. Moody and Wooley in Boston, 1891.

L. W. SMITH. F. A. BLACKMER.

1. There are wrecks along the shore, Going down on ev-'ry side, 'Mid the crashing break-er's roar, And the surging, foaming tide, Faint-ly o-ver rock and reef, Comes the ag - o- niz- ing cry, "Send, oh! send us quick re- lief! Ere we per -ish, ere we die."
2. Anxious friends are waiting lone, For an absent, wayward child; Hearing not the sad- dened moan, Thro' the darkness, strange and wild, Hear the mother's earnest plea, Go-ing up to heav'n and God, "Send, oh! send Thy help to me! Let me lean up- on Thy rod."
3. "May some angel from above, Guard my child from ev'ry ill; God of mer- cy, God of love, May it be Thy blessed will. *Now* to save my darling boy! Send some strong and loving hand, Ere the waves of sin de-stroy, That shall bring him safe to land."
4. Christian! listen to the voice, To the rescue, haste a-way! Let the sons of God re - joice At the vic-t'ry gained to-day. Christian! heed thy Saviour's call, Gladly His sweet will o-bey; Point the dy - ing, sink -ing soul, To the Life, the Truth, the Way.

CHORUS.

Send out the lifeboat, Throw out the line, Je- sus is calling in mer-cy divine; Thousands of time wrecks are sinking in sin, Speed thro' the tempest and gath -er them in.

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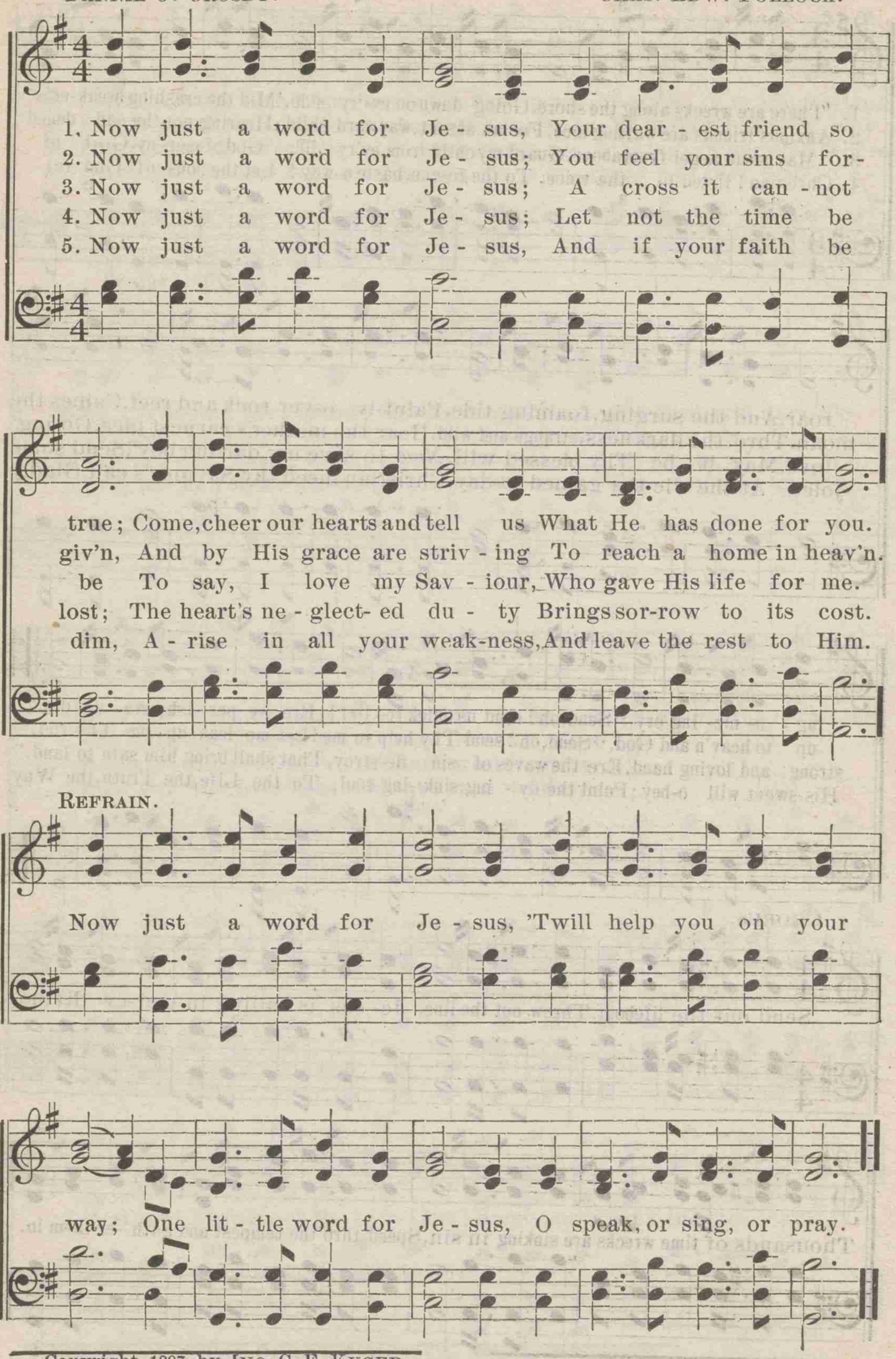
No. 119. Just a Word for Jesus.

"Wilt thou not tell."—Ezek. 24; 19.

FANNIE J. CROSBY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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No. 120. Tell What the Lord Has Done.

"Oh ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord." — Ps. 113: 1.

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

1. Tell us what the Lord has done for you; Be for Him a wit-ness
2. Did He not re-deem you by His blood, And His love with-in you
3. Think of all His wondrous love and grace, How He took the guilt- y
4. Can your lips re-fuse to speak His name? Will you not His faith-ful-
5. Tell us of His mer-cies man- i - fold, Something of His love and

faith - ful, true; Pil-grim, as you go your heav'n-ward way, Oh,
shed a - broad? Does He not each day His grace re - new? Then
sin - ner's place; Less for this dear friend you can - not do Than
ness pro- claim? Bet - ter has He loved you than you knew; Oh,
peace un - told, How He has been with you all the way, Oh,

CHORUS.

have you not a word for Christ to say? Has the Lord been good to you?
tell us what the Lord has done for you.
tell us what His love has done for you.
tell us what the Lord has done for you.
hon - or Him, con - fess Him here to - day.

Has He been a Sav- iour faith- ful, true? Has He blessed you
in the way? Then hon - or Him, con - fess Him here to - day.

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No. 121. I Want to Tell You of Jesus.

"My soul shall make her boast in the Lord."—Psa. 34: 2.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I just want to tell you of Je - sus, The Saviour who lov-eth you so, Who willingly died to re-deem you, And life ever-lasting be - stow.
2. I just want to tell you of Je - sus, For there is no oth - er so true; As a father doth pi-ty his children, So Jesus hath pi-ty for you.
3. I just want to tell you of Je - sus, And tell you how patient he is, So able and willing to par-don, And give you the peace that is His.
4. I just want to tell you of Je sus, Who knoweth your in-nermost grief, Who careth for you in all sorrow, And bringeth you blessed relief.
5. I just want to tell you of Je - sus, Whose love you can nev-er re- pay; I wish you would promise to serve Him, And I wish you would promise to-day.

CHORUS.

I just want to tell you of Je - sus, Oh, full of compassion is He, His love is a - bove ev -'ry oth - er, For He died to save sinners like me.

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No. 122. Scatter Golden Sunbeams.

"Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season."—2 Tim. 4: 2.

IDA L. REED. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Scat- ter gold-en sun-beams, All a - long your way, Cheer-ing souls a-
2. Scat- ter gold-en sun-beams, Wheresoe'er you roam; They some soul may
3. Scat- ter gold-en sun-beams, Send abroad their light; Ma- ny lives are
4. Scat- ter gold-en sun-beams, Bid each heart be glad; All a-long life's

wea - ry Ev - er day by day. Ma - ny hearts are yearn-ing
glad- den, Bring some wand'rer home. They may light life's pathway,
shad-owed, Deep in sor-row's night. You may help and cheer them,
path-way, None can long be sad. While love's light is shin - ing,

For the blessed light; Send abroad the sunbeams, Golden sunbeams bright.
With love's fadeless glow, Ma - ny griefs may ban-ish, More than you may know.
By your deeds of love, Guide their footsteps nearer To our home a-bove.
While hope's star doth glow. Scat- ter golden sunbeams, Ev'rywhere you go.

CHORUS.

Scat - ter the sunbeams, Scatter them on your way, Cheer the lone and
Scat - ter gold - en

1. wea - ry, each and ev - 'ry day, 2. Each and ev - 'ry day.

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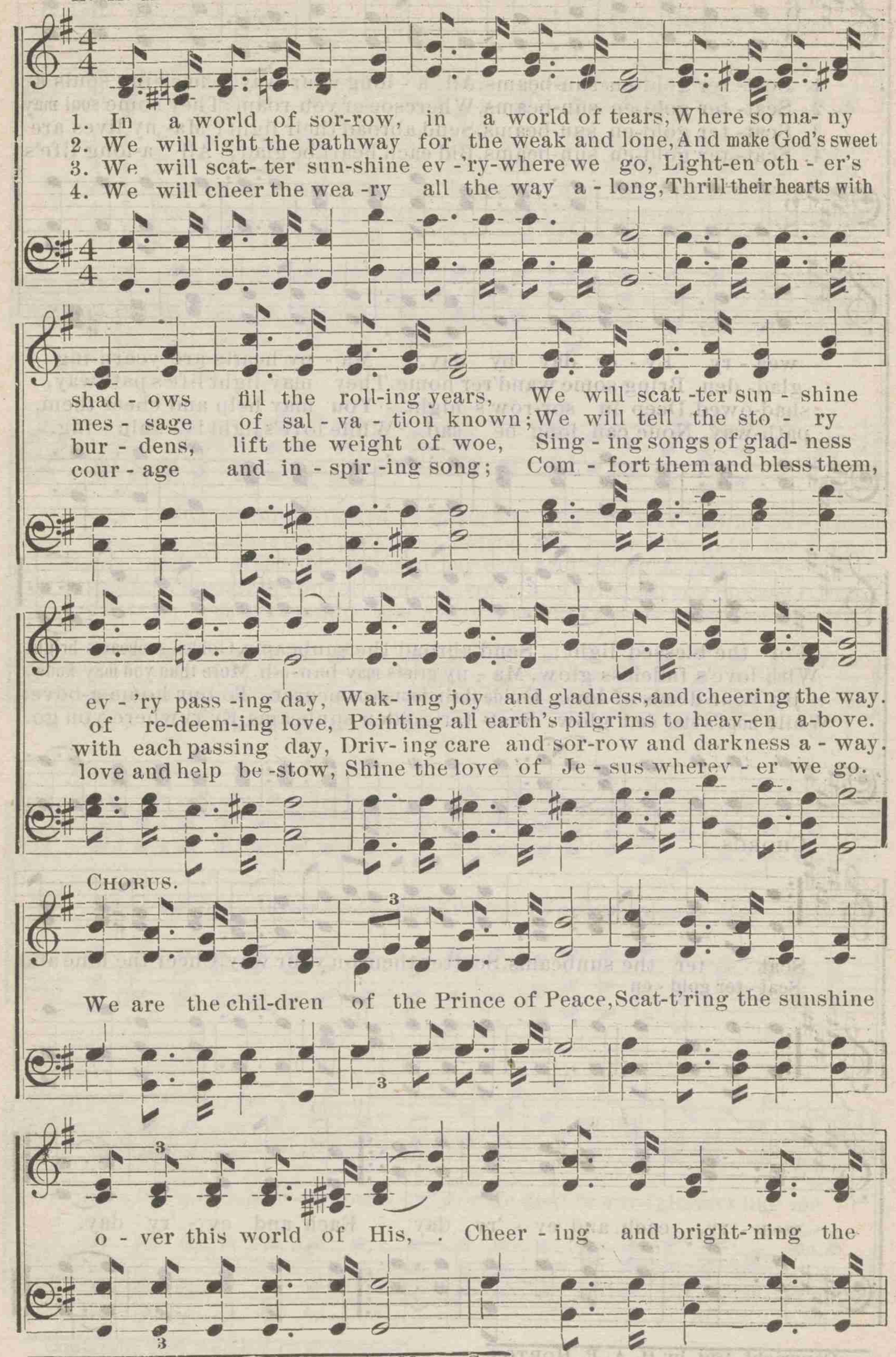
No. 123. Trying to Shine for Jesus.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16.

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

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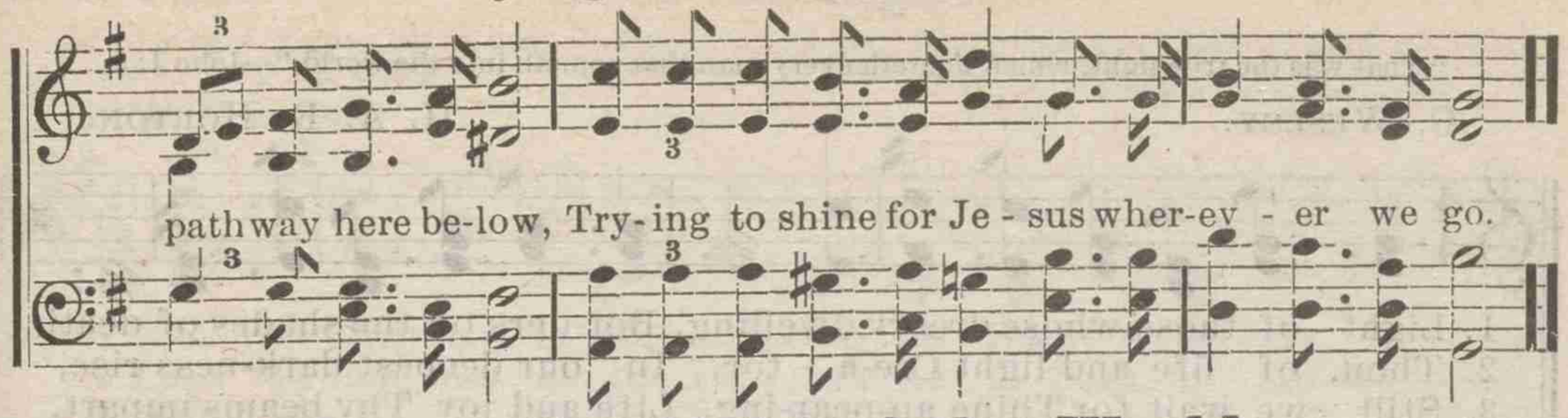
Trying to Shine for Jesus.

No. 124. Jesus, the Light of the World.

"Arise, shine, for thy Light is come."—Isa. 60: 1.

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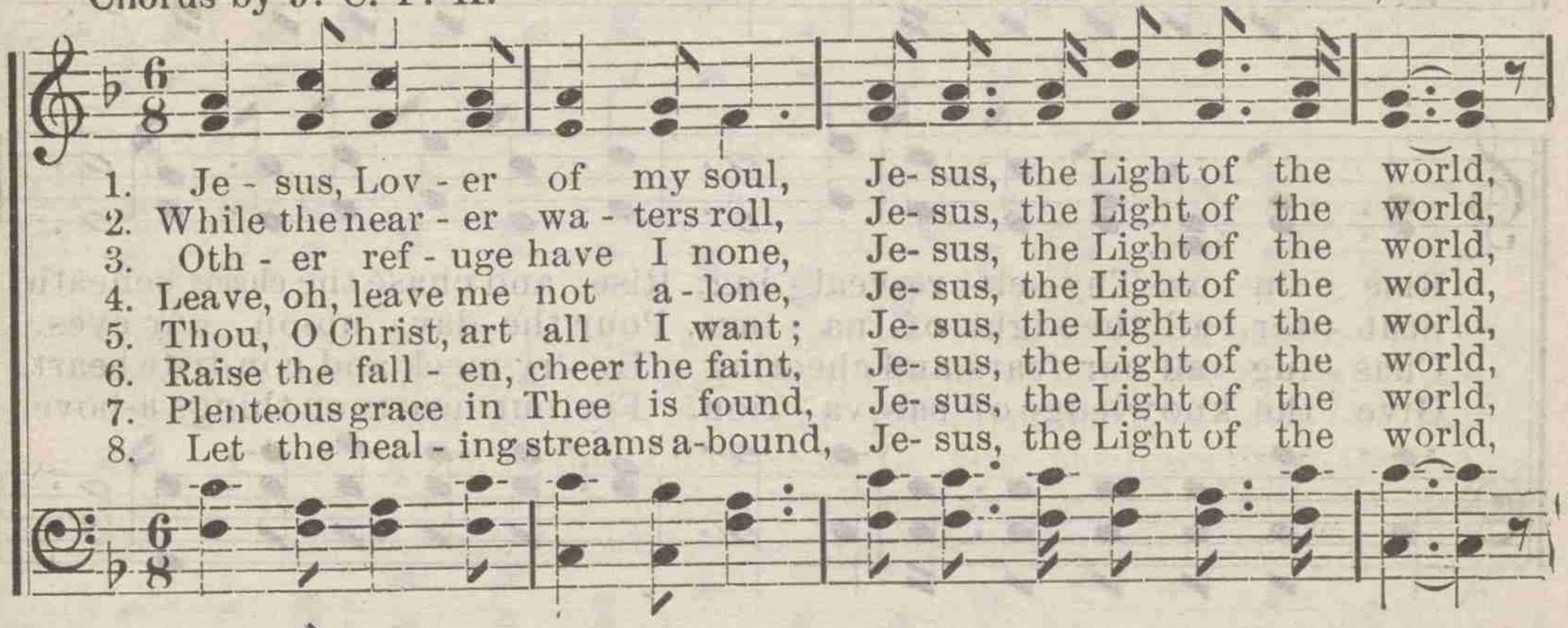
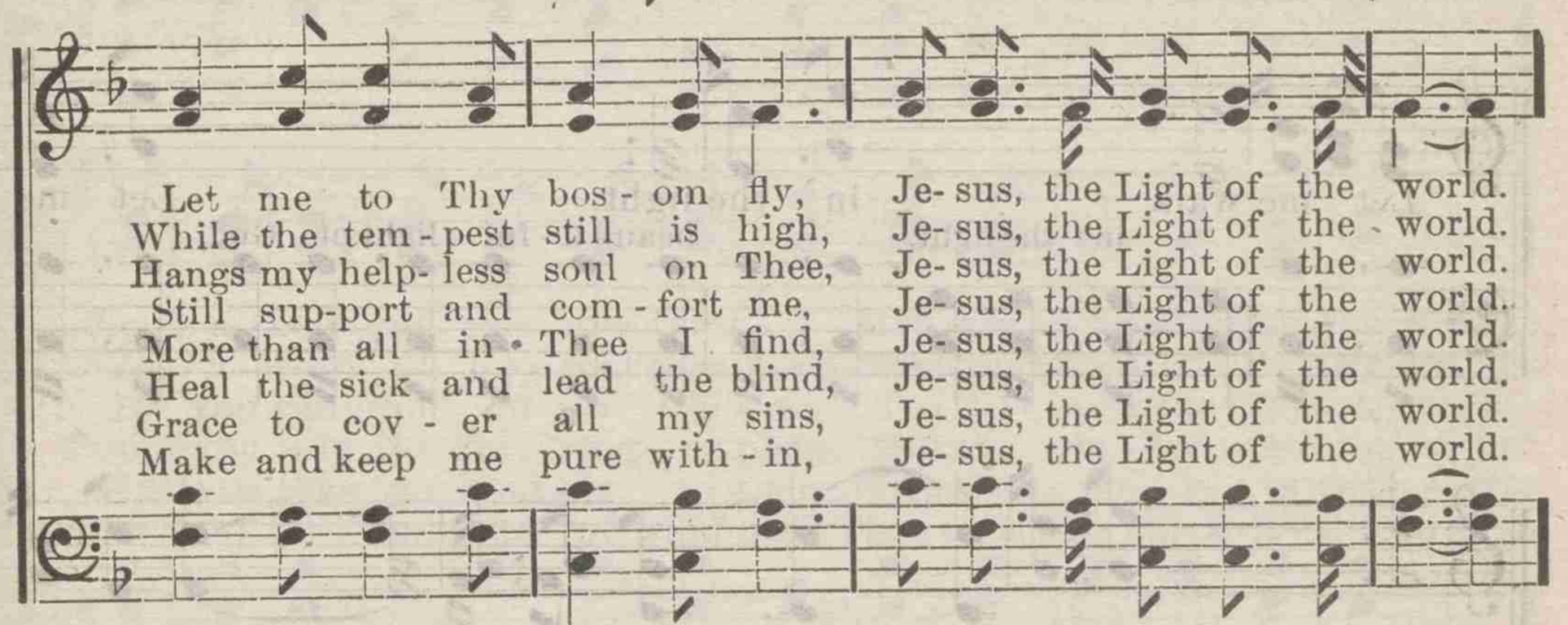
Chorus by J. C. F. K. JOHN C. F. KYGER, arr.



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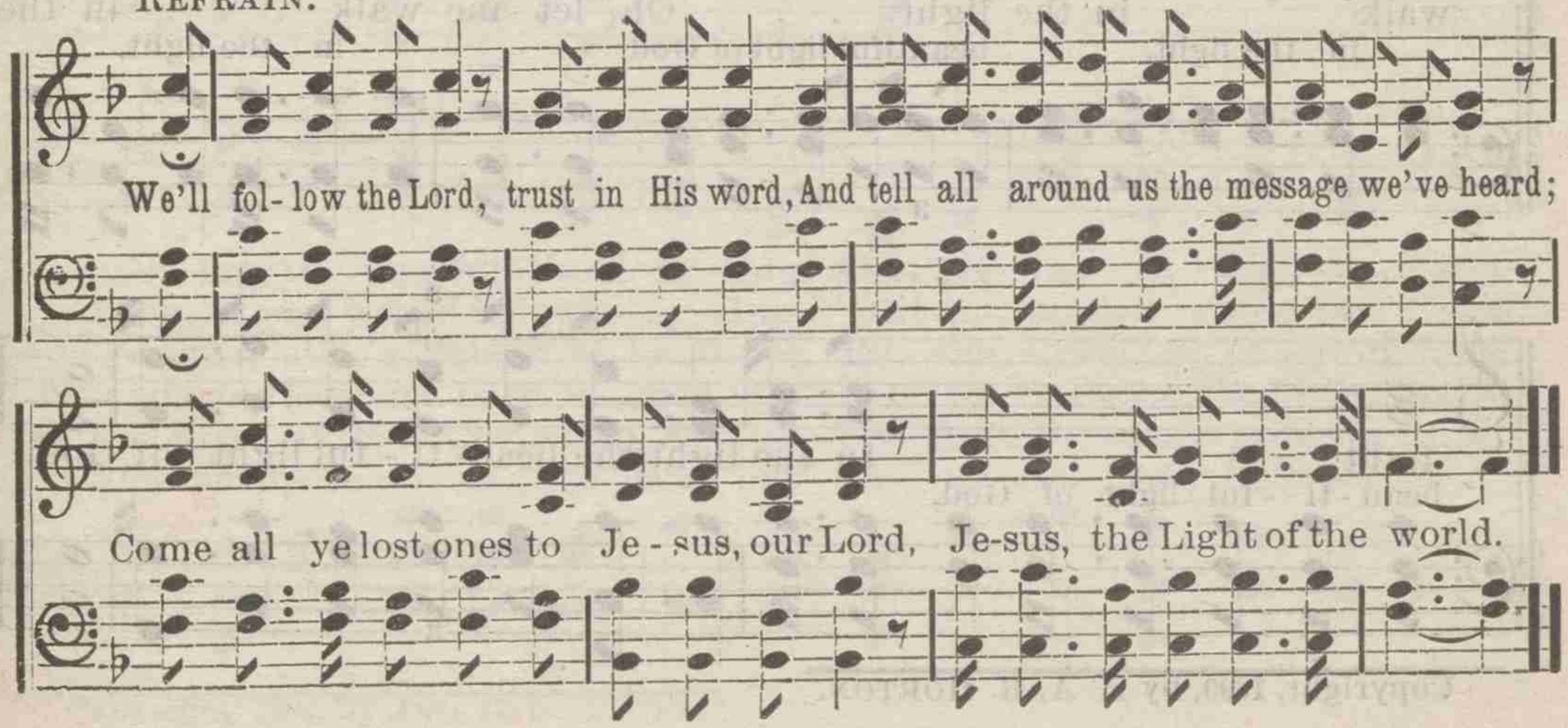
No. 125. Christ, the Light of the World.

"That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."—John 1: 9.

C. WESLEY. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling, Bor-ders on the shades of death,
2. Thou, of life and light Cre-a - tor, In our deepest dark-ness rise,
3. Still we wait for Thine ap-pear-ing, Life and joy Thy beams impart,
4. Save us, in Thy great compas-sion, O Thou Prince of peace and love!

Rise on us, Thy-self re-veal - ing, Rise and chase the clouds beneath.
Scat - ter all the night of na - ture, Pour the day up-on our eyes.
Chas - ing all our fears, and cheering Ev -'ry meek and con-trite heart.
Give the knowledge of sal- va - tion, Fix our hearts on things a-bove.

Let me walk in the light, in the light, Let me walk in the light, beau - ti - ful light of God,

walk in the light, . . Oh, let me walk . . . in the light, in the light, beautiful light of God, in the light,

light, In the light, the beau- ti - ful light of God.
beau - ti - ful light of God,

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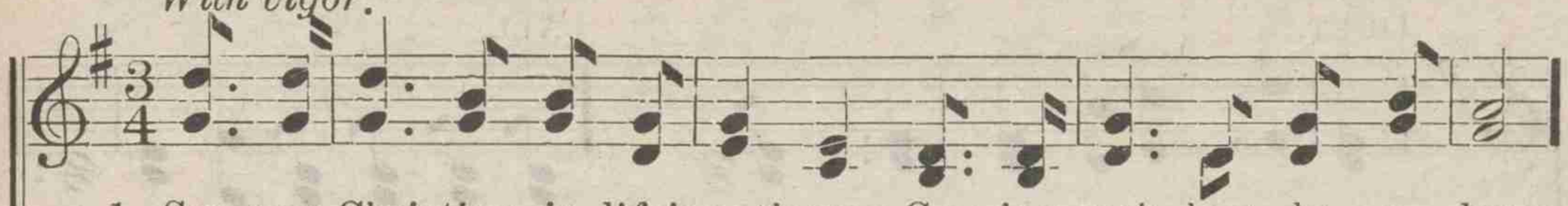
No. 126. Hold the Light.

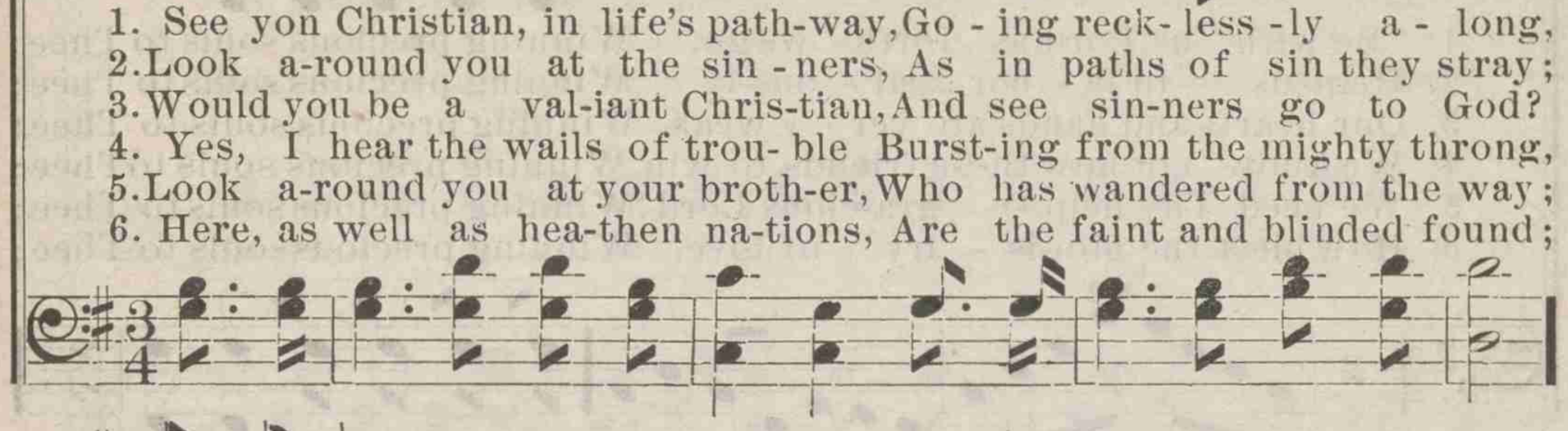
"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16.

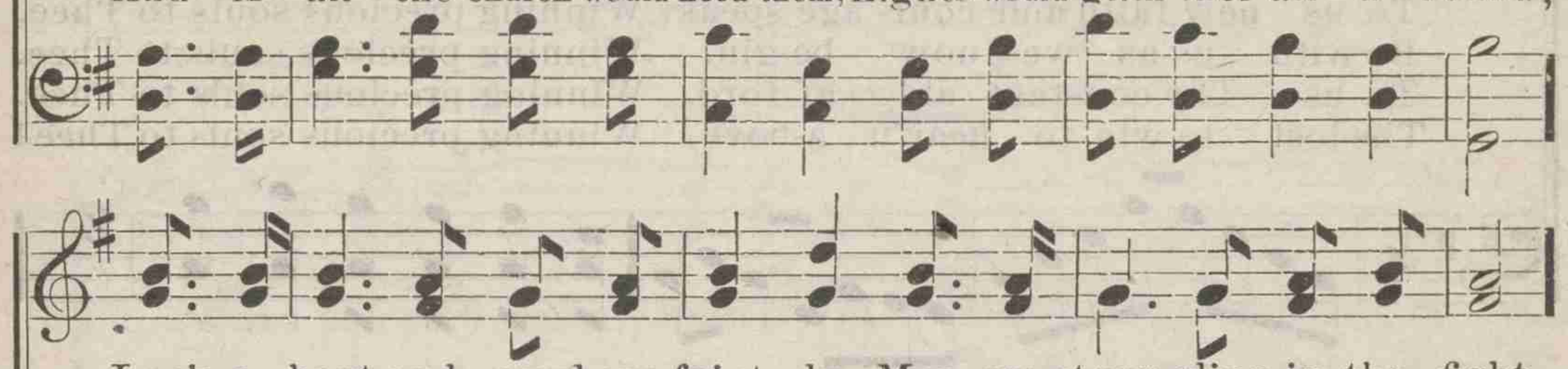
JNO. C. F. KYGER. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

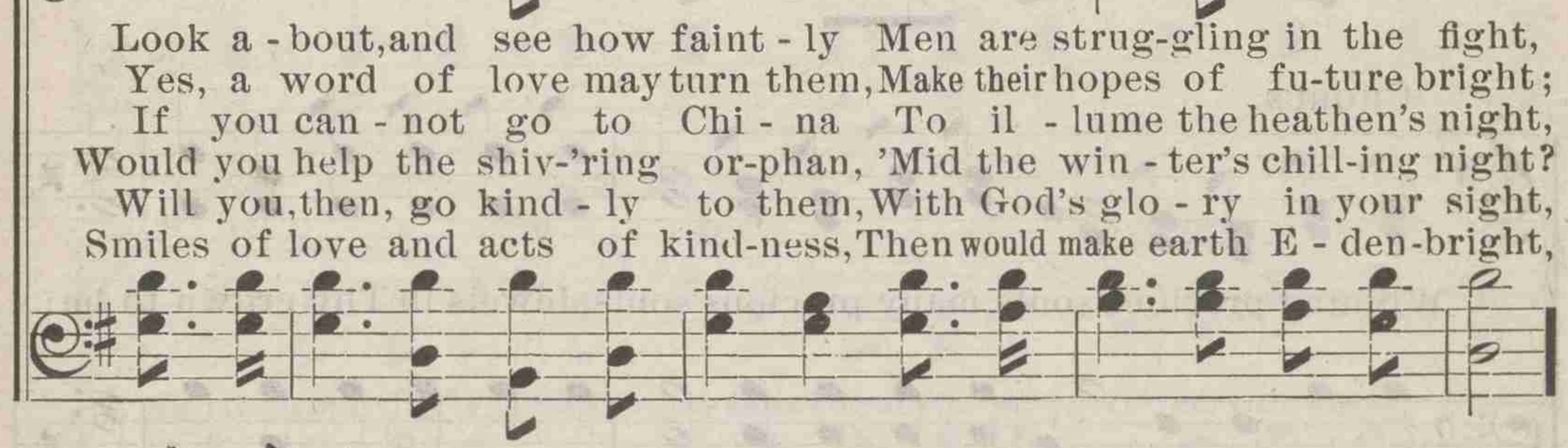
With vigor.



1. See yon Christian, in life's path-way, Go - ing reck- less -ly a - long,
2. Look a-round you at the sin - ners, As in paths of sin they stray;
3. Would you be a val-iant Chris-tian, And see sin-ners go to God?
4. Yes, I hear the wails of trou- ble Burst-ing from the mighty throng,
5. Look a-round you at your broth-er, Who has wandered from the way;
6. Here, as well as hea-then na-tions, Are the faint and blinded found;



Stop-ping not to help the dy - ing In the great and might-y throng;
Ask the God of grace to save them Ere from earth they pass a - way;
You must tell them of a Sav-iour, Bid them wash in Je - sus' blood;
And I see a child that's homeless, In the shadows deep and long;
And, perhaps, you see a sis - ter, Weak and err - ing, fail to pray;
And if all the church would heed them, Lights would glim-mer all a - round;

Look a - bout, and see how faint - ly Men are strug-gling in the fight,
Yes, a word of love may turn them, Make their hopes of fu-ture bright;
If you can - not go to Chi - na To il - lume the heathen's night,
Would you help the shiv-'ring or-phan, 'Mid the win - ter's chill-ing night?
Will you, then, go kind - ly to them, With God's glo - ry in your sight,
Smiles of love and acts of kind-ness, Then would make earth E - den-bright,



Look-ing to you, faint and dy - ing, Ask- ing you to "hold the light."
Then, if you would help the dy - ing, Oh! in pit - y "hold the light."
You may aid a friend or broth- er By the shin-ing of your light.
Friends and home are both de- nied him; Sym- pa - thiz-ing, "hold the light."
Tell them of their Chris-tian du - ty—Tell them they must "hold the light."
And there'd be no use in call - ing A - ny one to "hold the light."

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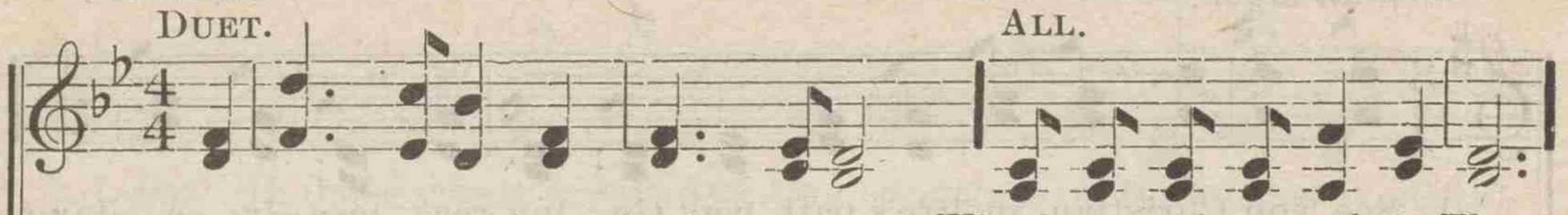
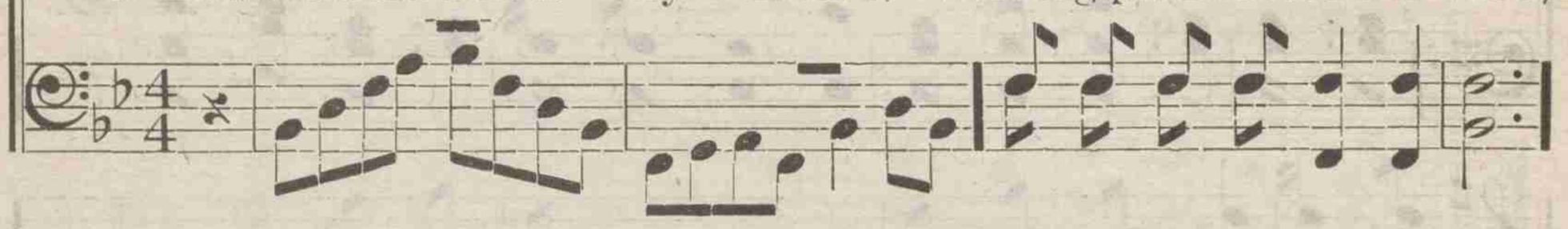
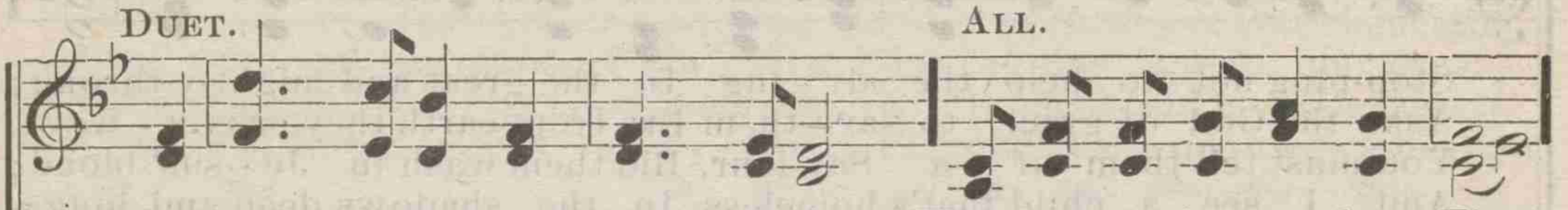
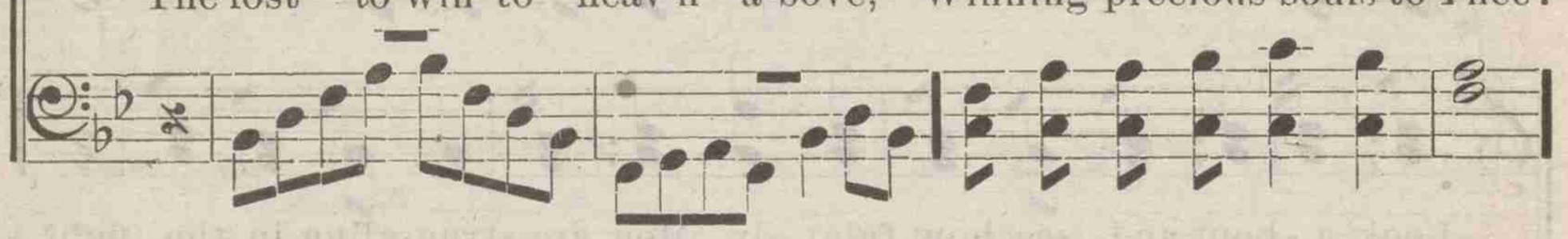
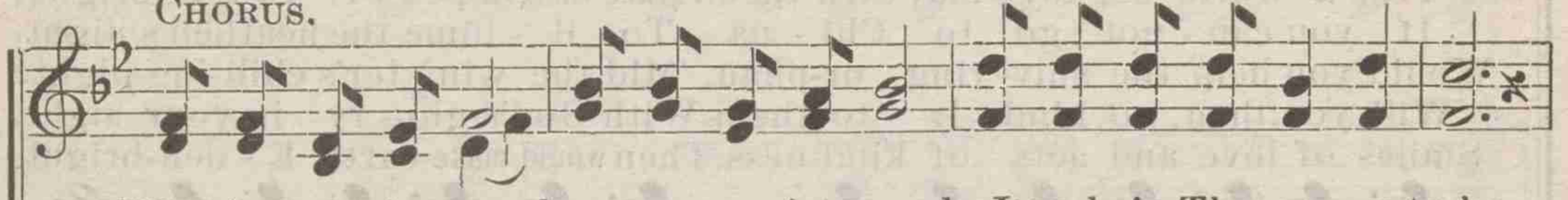
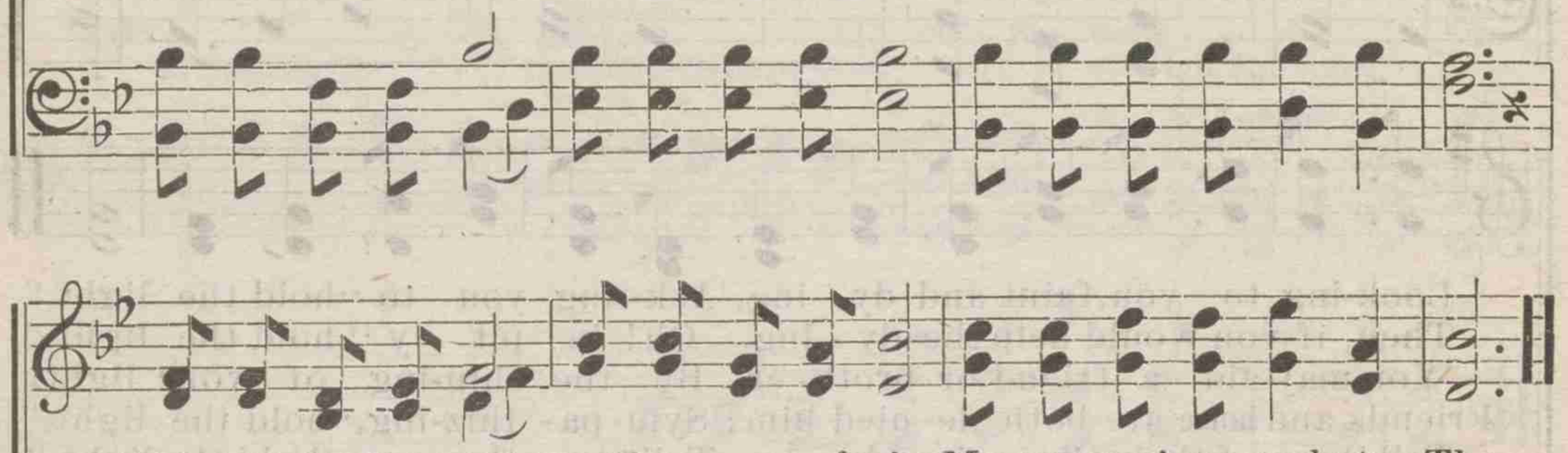
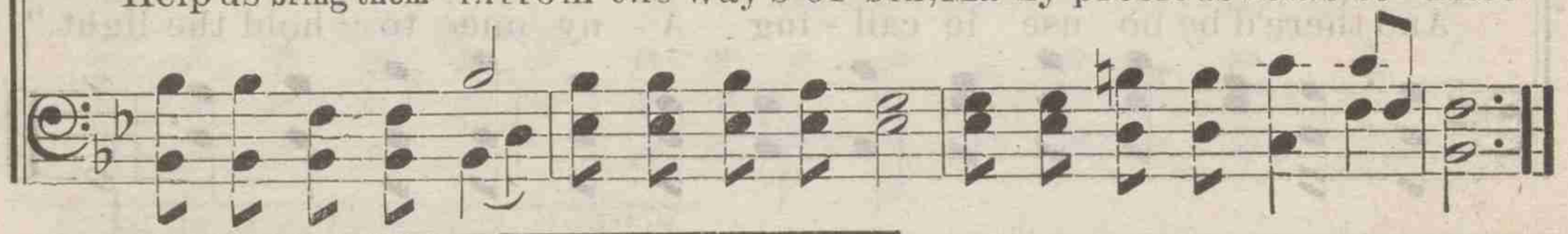
No. 127. Winning Precious Souls to Thee.

"My sheep wandered through all the mountains."— Ezek. 34: 6.

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

DUET. ALL.

1. Be with us, Lord, as forth we go, Winning precious souls to Thee;
2. Help us to la - bor zeal - ous-ly, Winning precious souls to Thee;
3. Our hearts and hands are ver - y weak, Winning precious souls to Thee;
4. We know not how these friends to win, Winning precious souls to Thee;
5. We need Thy help, O gra-cious Lord! Winning precious souls to Thee;
6. How blest the min-is - try of love, Winning precious souls to Thee;

DUET. ALL.

And make our hearts with zeal to glow, Winning precious souls to Thee.
Soul-winners may we strive to be, Winning precious souls to Thee.
To us new faith and cour- age speak, Winning precious souls to Thee.
Be with us as we now be-gin, Winning precious souls to Thee.
To us Thy constant aid af-ford, Winning precious souls to Thee.
The lost to win to heav'n a-bove, Winning precious souls to Thee!

CHORUS.

Winning precious souls, many precious souls, Jewels in Thy crown to be;

Help us bring them in from the ways of sin, Ma-ny precious souls to Thee.

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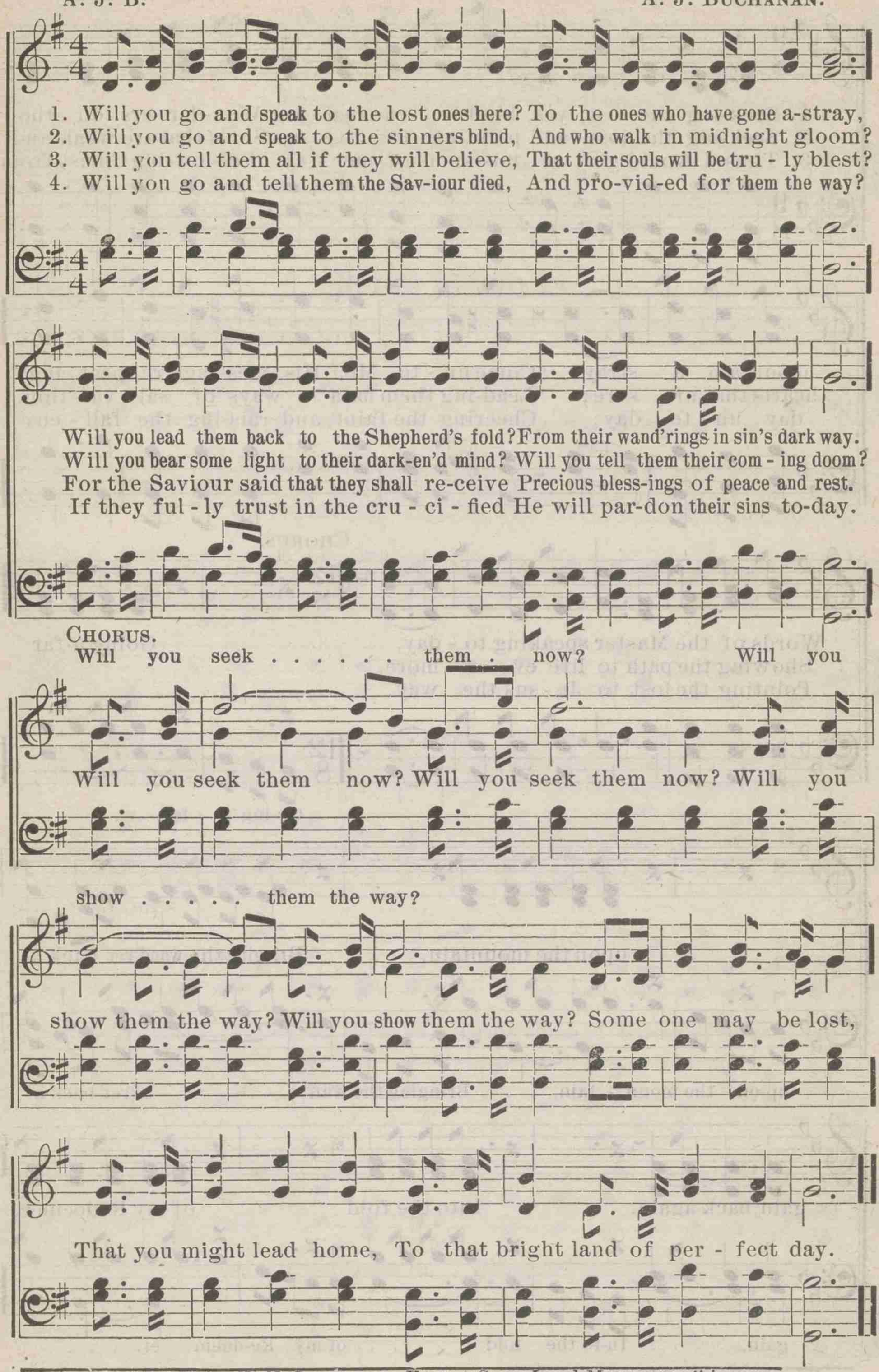
No. 128. Seeking the Lost.

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

A. J. B. A. J. Buchanan.

Copyright, 1889, by H. N. Lincoln. From "Song Land Messenger," by per.

No. 129. Seeking the Lost.

"Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost."—Luke xv: 6.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers on the mountain a-stray; "Come un-to Me," His mes-sage re-peat-ing,
2. Seek-ing the lost, and pointing to Je-sus, Souls that are weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal-va-tion,
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing Christ from day un-to day; Cheering the faint, and rais-ing the fall-en;

CHORUS.

Words of the Master speaking to-day. Going a-far
Showing the path to life ev-er-more.
Pointing the lost to Je-sus the way.

Go-ing a-far . . . . .

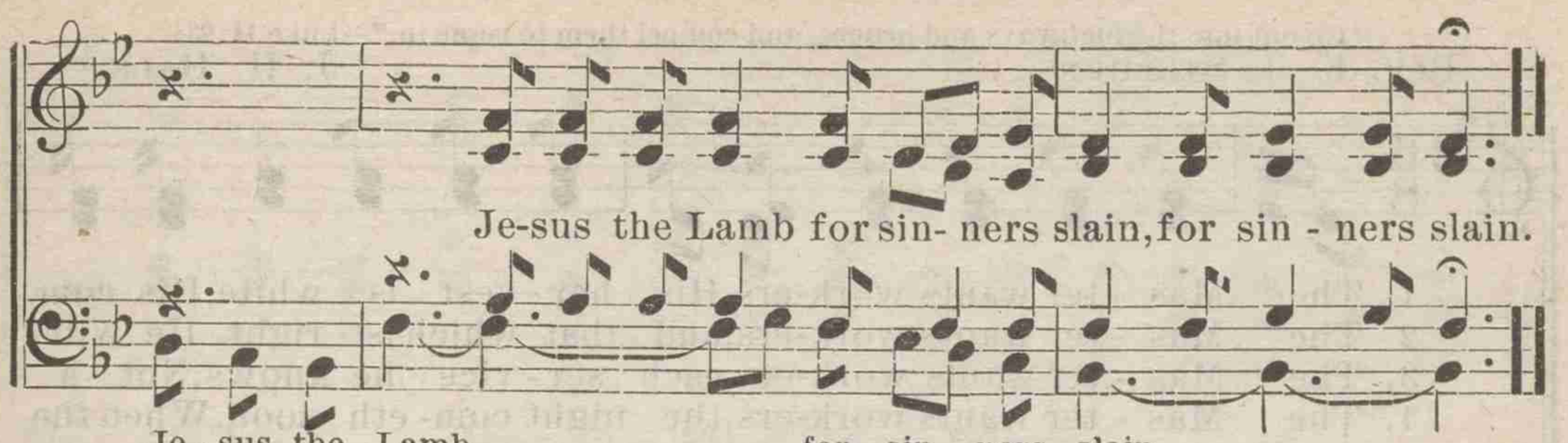
upon the mountain, Bringing the wand'rer back a-

up-on the moun-tain, . . Bringing the wan - - - d'rer back a

gain, back again, Into the fold of my Redeemer,

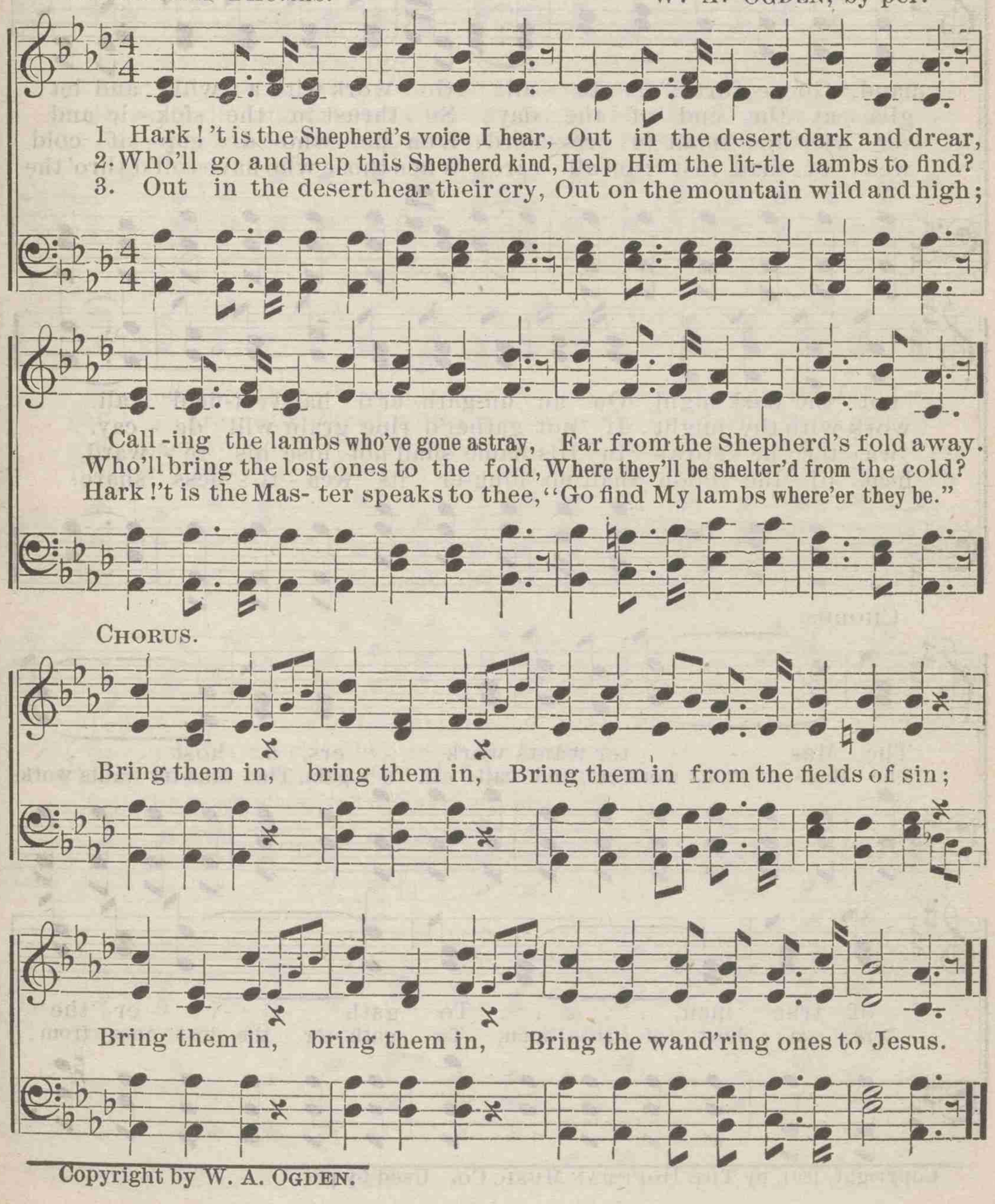
gain, ... In-to the fold . . . . . of my Re-deem-er. . . . .

By permission of W. A. OGDEN.

Seeking the Lost.

No. 130. Bring Them in.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 11.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN, by per.



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No. 131. The Master Wants Workers.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—Luke 14:23.

Rev. F. J. STEPHENS. J. H. HALL.

1. The Mas - ter wants work-ers, His har - vest is white, His com-
2. The Mas - ter wants work-ers, and that which is right, He will
3. The Mas - ter wants work-ers, each ser - vice he knows, Not a
4. The Mas - ter wants work-ers, the night com- eth soon, When the

mand, "Go ye forth," is to all: Go work with a will, and let
give at the end of the day; So thrust in the sick - le and
ser - vice too small to re - cord; E'en he who a cup of cold
wea - ry shall rest from all care; When those who have toil'd thro' the

not the dark night On an un-gath- er'd har-vest-field fall.
work with thy might: If not gather'd ripe grain will de - cay.
wa - ter be - stows "In His name" shall not lose his re - ward.
heat of the noon Shall no long-er its wea - ri - ness share.

CHORUS.

The Mas - - ter wants work - ers, a host . . . .
The Mas - ter wants work-ers, and call - eth a - gain, The Mas-ter wants work-
of true men, ... To gath - - - er the
ers, a host of true men, To gath - er the lost ones from

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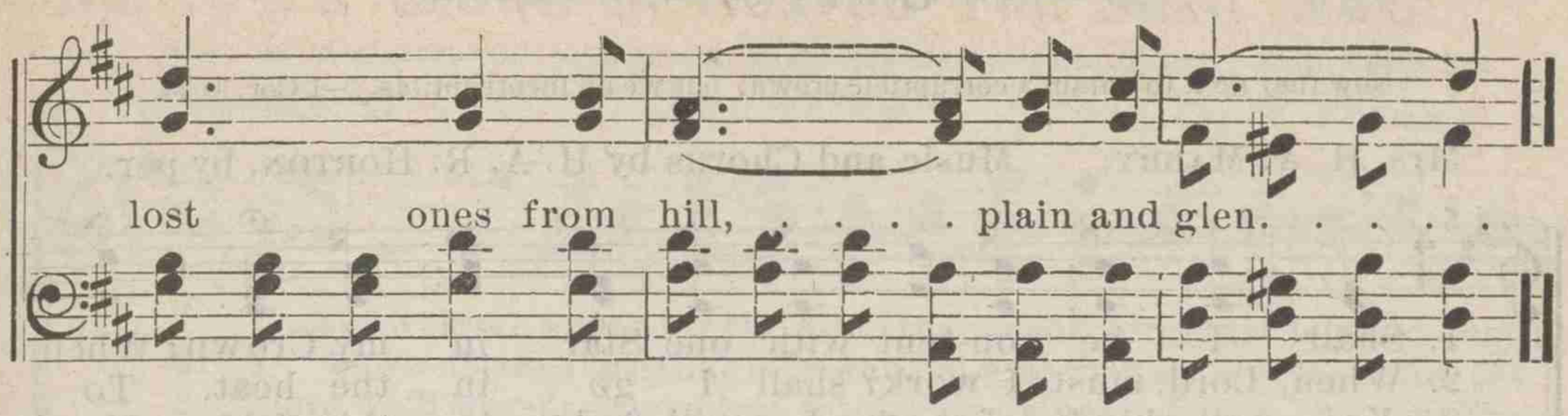
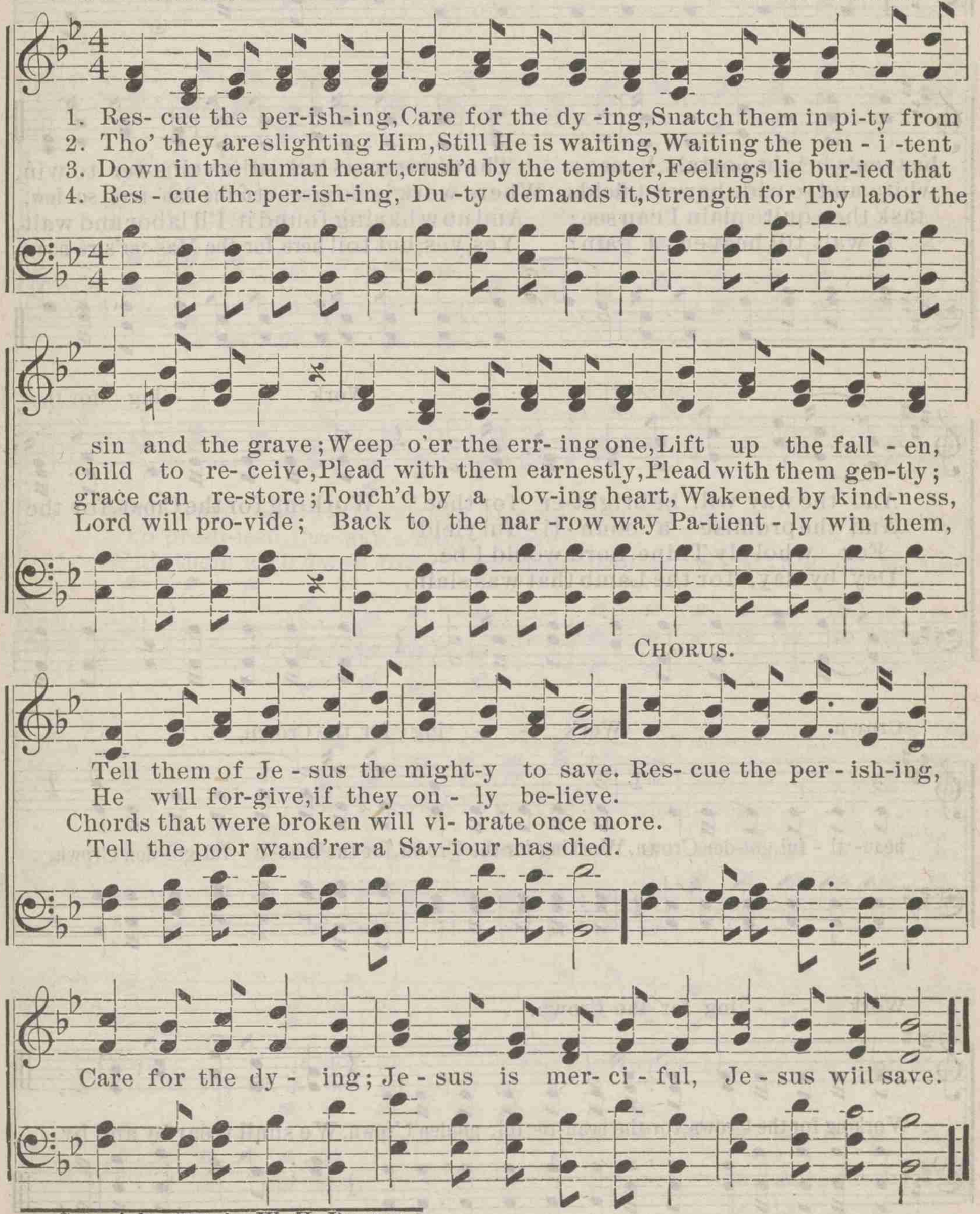
The Master Wants Workers.

No. 132. Rescue the Perishing.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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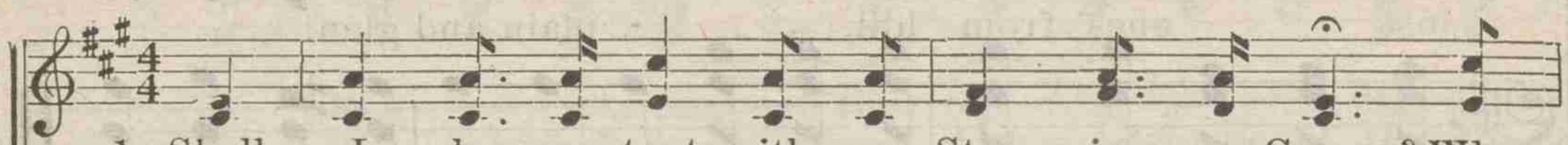
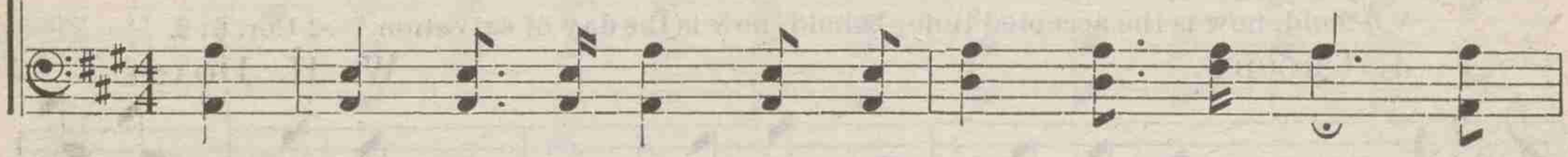
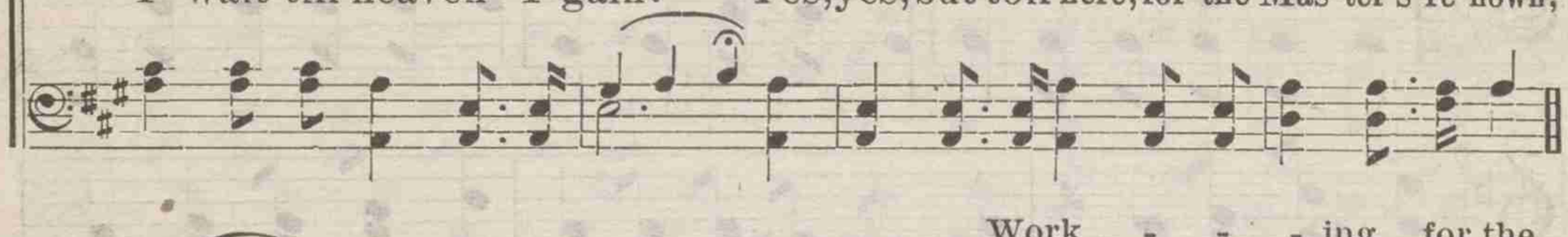
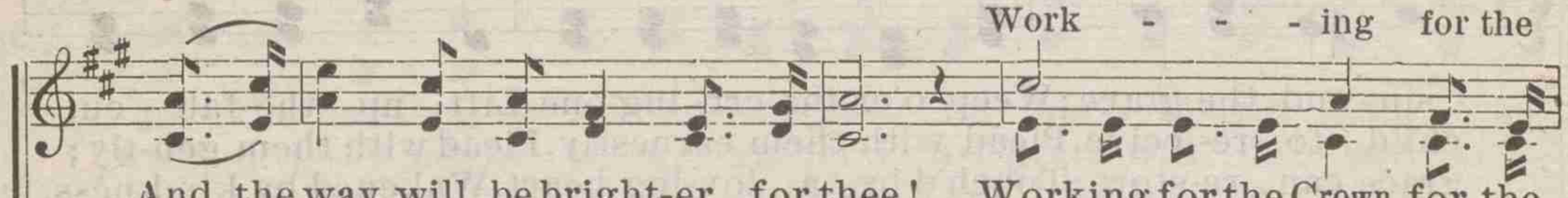
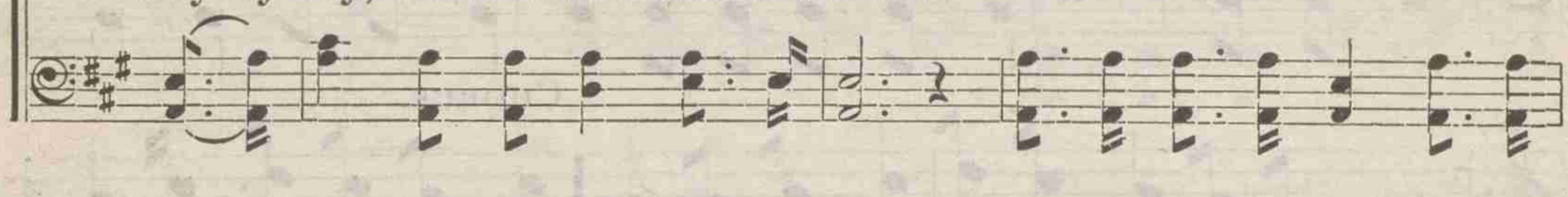
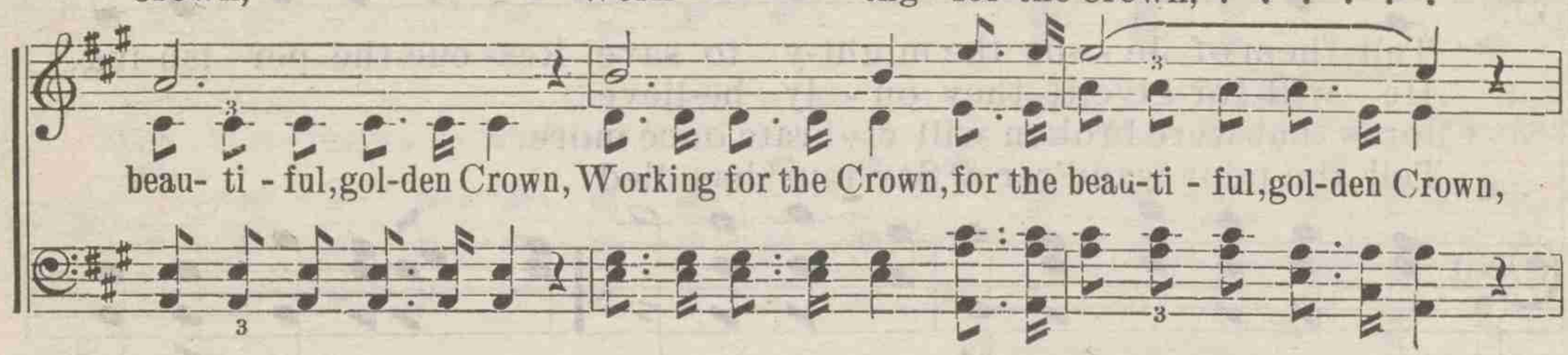
No. 133. Working for the Crown.

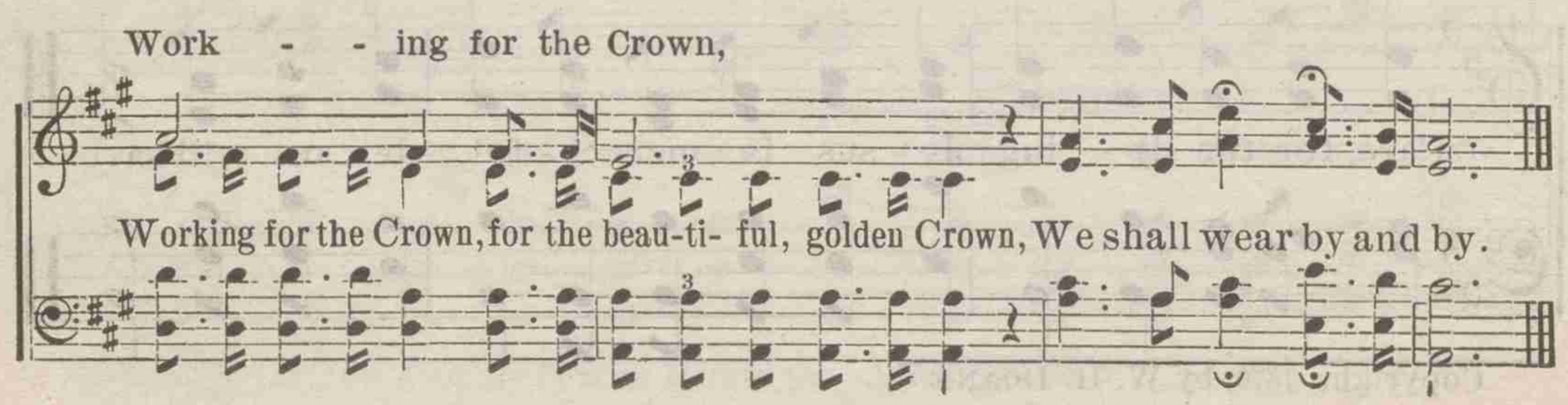
"Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible."—1 Cor. 9: 25.

Mrs. H. A. Mabry. Music and Chorus by H. A. R. Horton, by per.

1. Shall I be con-tent with one Star in my Crown? When heaven's bright portals I see;
2. When, Lord, must I work? shall I go in the heat, To white, and to wide harvest fields,
3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My task then quite plain I can see;
4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my Crown? Must I wait till heaven I gain?

The answer comes back, strive a clus-ter to win,
Where work is so great, and the lab'-rers so few,
And now having found it, I'll labor and wait,
Yes, yes, but toil here, for the Mas-ter's re-nown,

Work - - - ing for the



And the way will be bright-er for thee! Working for the Crown, for the
And the promise a boun - ti - ful yield?
For whol - ly Thine, Lord would I be.
Day by day, for the Lamb that was slain.

Crown, Work - - ing for the Crown, ...



beau- ti - ful, gol-den Crown, Working for the Crown, for the beau-ti - ful, gol-den Crown,

Work - - ing for the Crown,
Working for the Crown, for the beau-ti- ful, golden Crown, We shall wear by and by.

No. 134. A Crown in Heaven You Shall Wear.

"When the chief shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 Pet. 5:4.

R. A. GLENN. C. E. POLLOCK.

1. I know there's a home for the good that labor here, Just beyond death's val-ley dark and cold; And the ones that reach that home so bright and fair
2. I know there's a land that is beautiful and bright, Just be-yond the Jordan's tur-bid roar; And I soon shall pass be-yond all mor-tal sight,
3. There we'll nev-er grieve, but rejoic-ing fa-ces see, As we near the bright e-ter-nal shore; Where the an-gels wait with crowns for you and me,

CHORUS.

Shall wear a glitt'ring crown of gold. La-bor on, la-bor
To prom-ised Can-aan's happy shore.
With them we'll dwell for ev-er-more. Lab-or on, la-bor on, la-bor
on, For a crown in heaven you shall wear; La-bor
on, la-bor on, by and by; La-bor
on, la-bor on, la-bor on, la-bor
on, la-bor on, la-bor on, la-bor on,
on, la-bor on, For a crown in heaven you shall wear.

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No. 135. Always Pray.

"Men ought always to pray."— Luke 18: 1.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Pray when the morning light is dawning; Pray when the noon is shining bright;
2. Pray for the world in sin and darkness; Pray for the church, the blessed bride;
3. Pray for the Spirit's holy guidance; Pray for the grace of Je- sus, too;

Pray when the evening shadows darken; Pray in the dark and solemn night;
Pray for thyself in humble meekness; Pray, living near the Saviour's side;
Pray for a ho- ly zeal to la -bor; Pray for a life de- vot- ed, true;

Pray when the storm-clouds thickly gather; Pray when the sky is bright and clear;
Pray for the sick and all in sor- row; Pray for the "watchmen on the wall;"
Pray for the lov-ing lambs enfold-ed; Pray for the wand'ring ones astray;

Pray in the name of Je - sus ev - er, Ad - vocate and friend so dear.
Pray that a bright and golden mor-row Wait- eth for us, one and all.
Pray that the feet of all be guid-ed Straight in-to the nar-row way.

CHORUS.

Let us pray, always pray, While we labor on forever-more.
Let us pray, always pray, ever-more.

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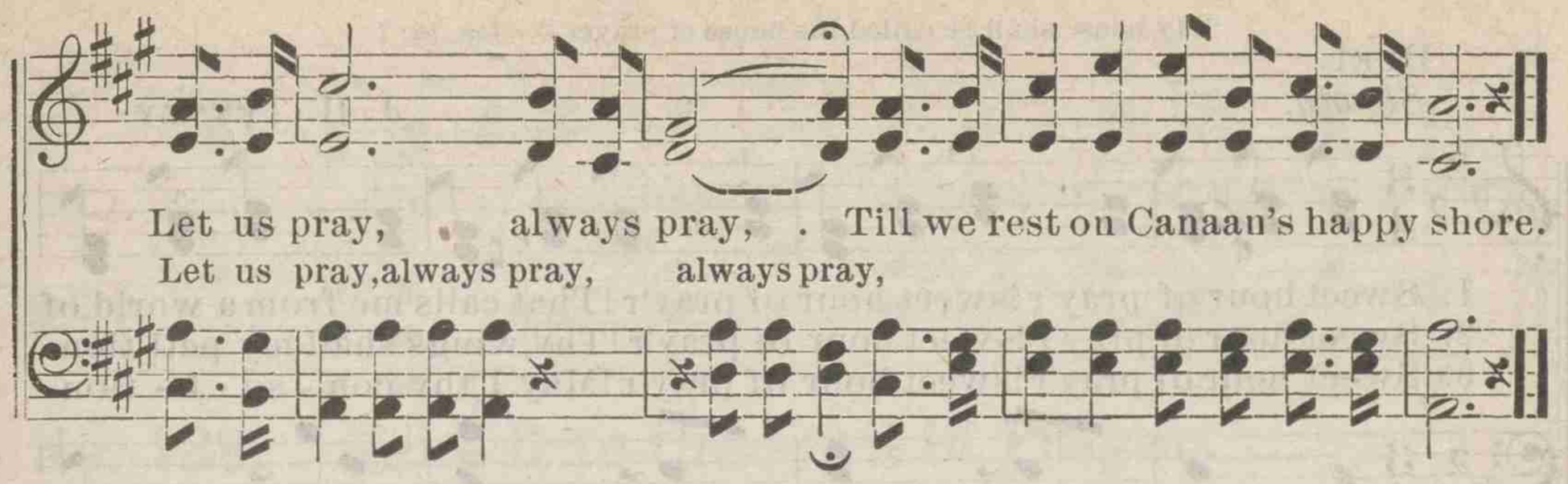
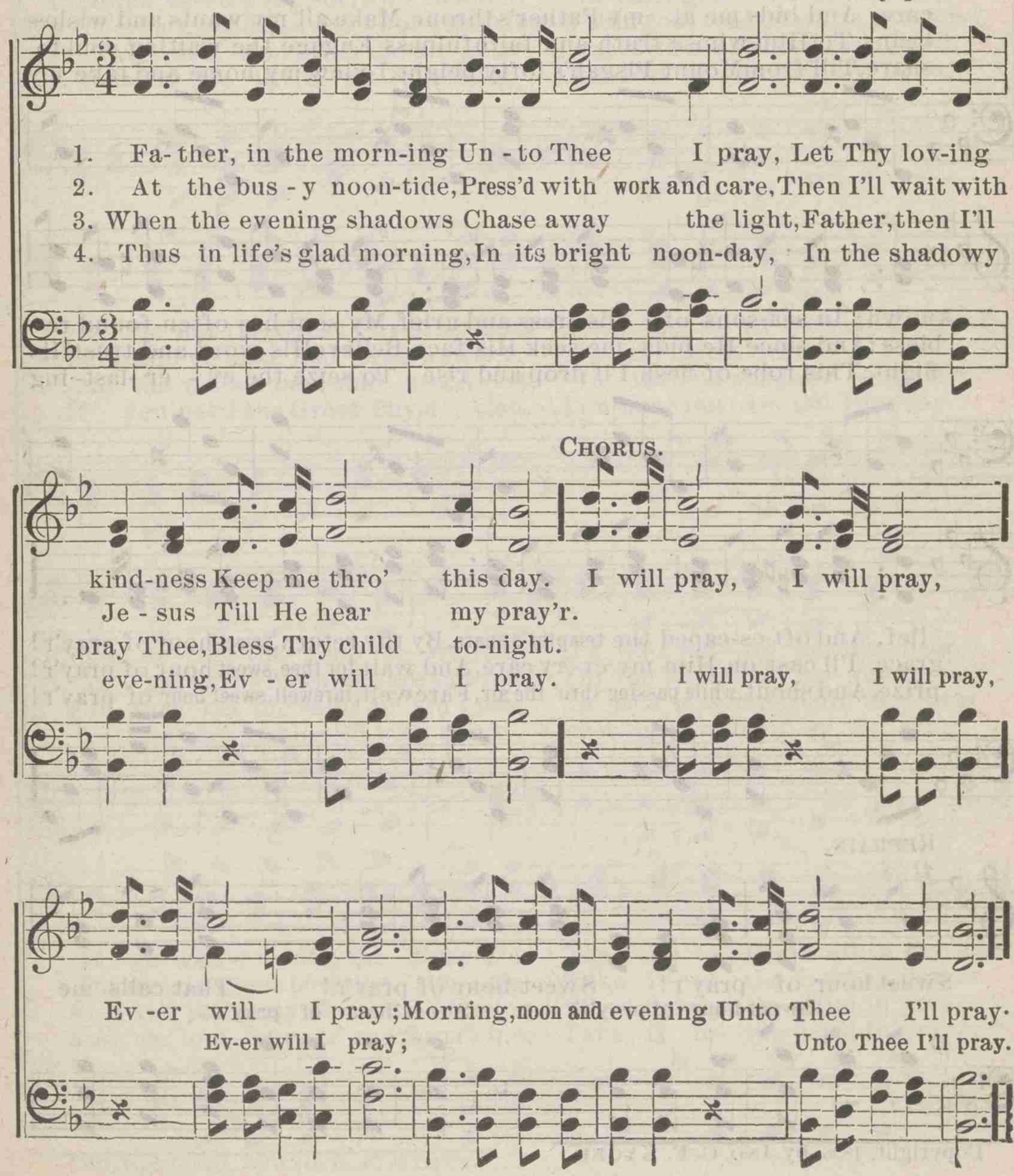
Always Pray.

No. 136. Ever Will I Pray.

"Watch and pray."—Mark 13: 33.

A. CUMMINGS. J. H. TENNEY, by per.



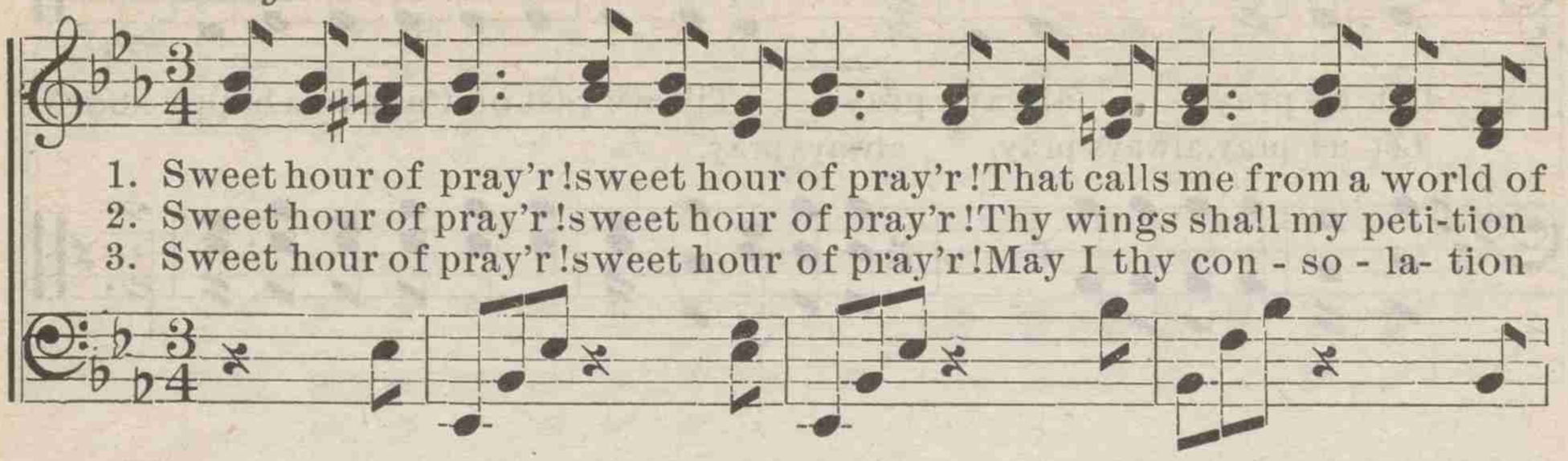
No. 137. Sweet Hour of Prayer!

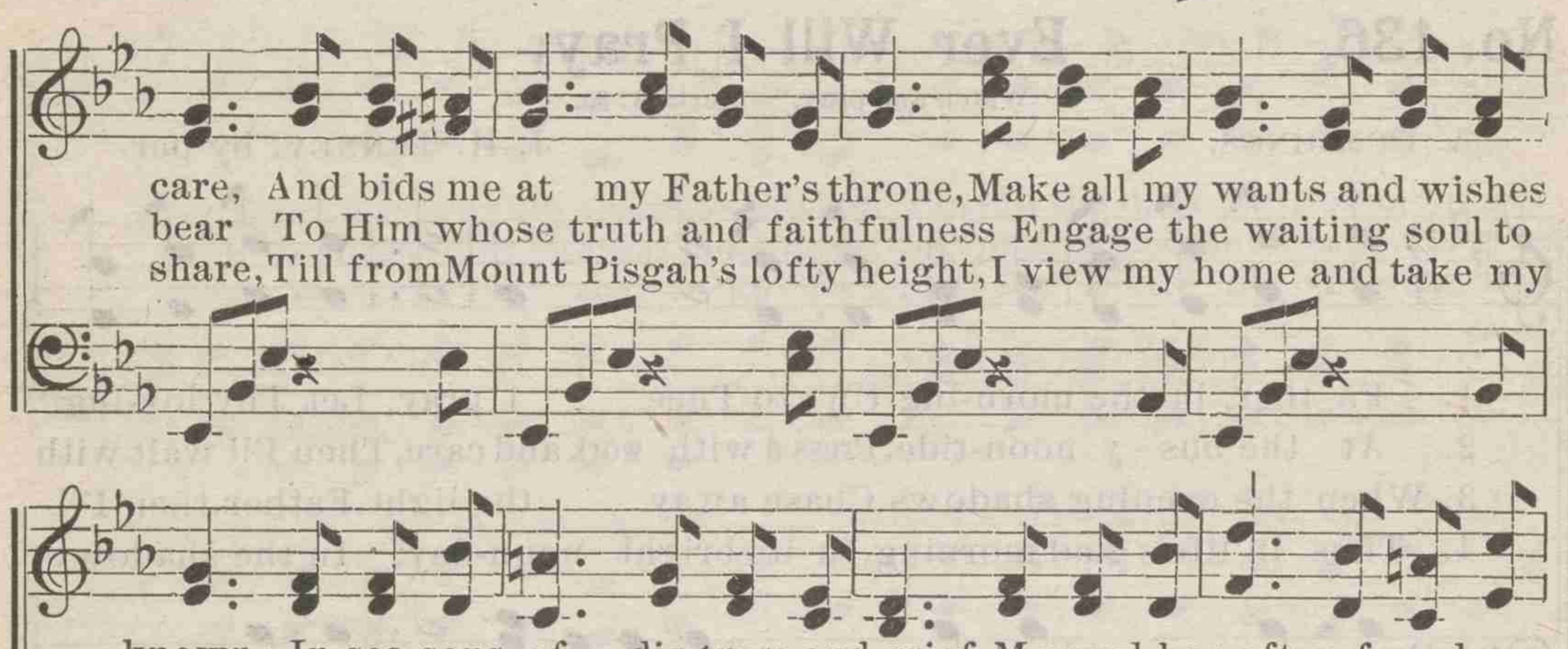
"My house shall be called the house of prayer."—Isa. 56: 7.

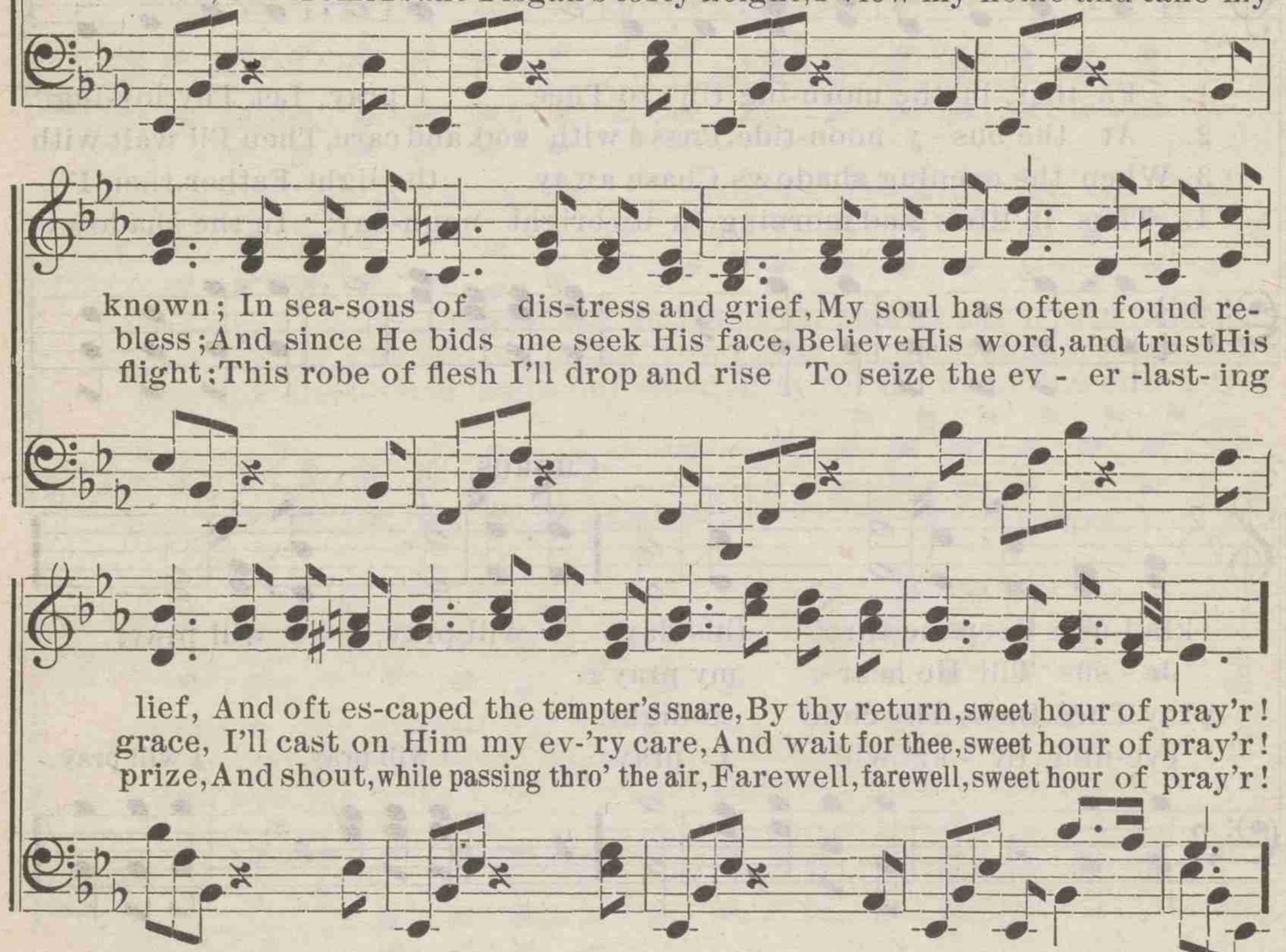
DUET.

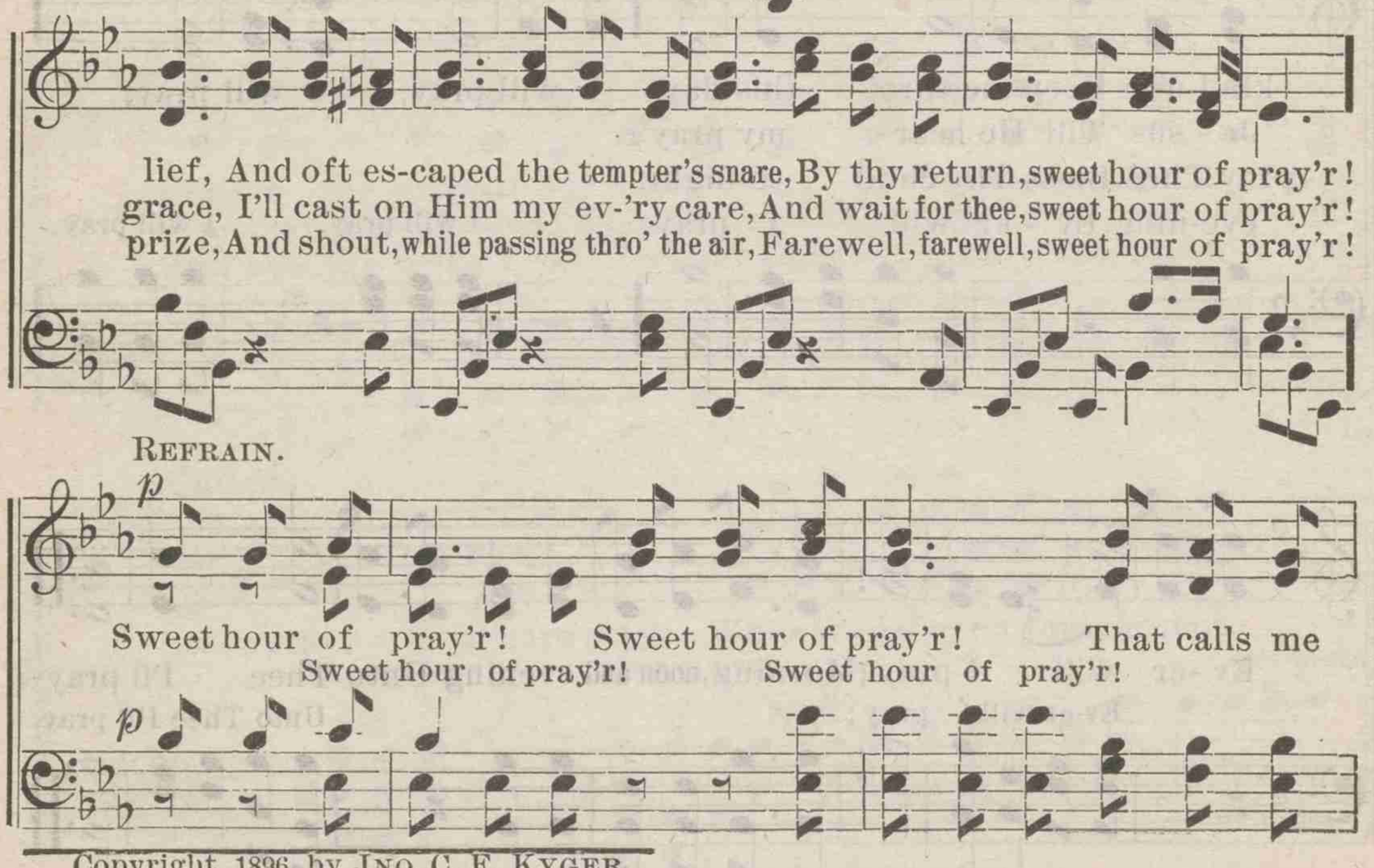
Slowly.

J. H. TENNEY.









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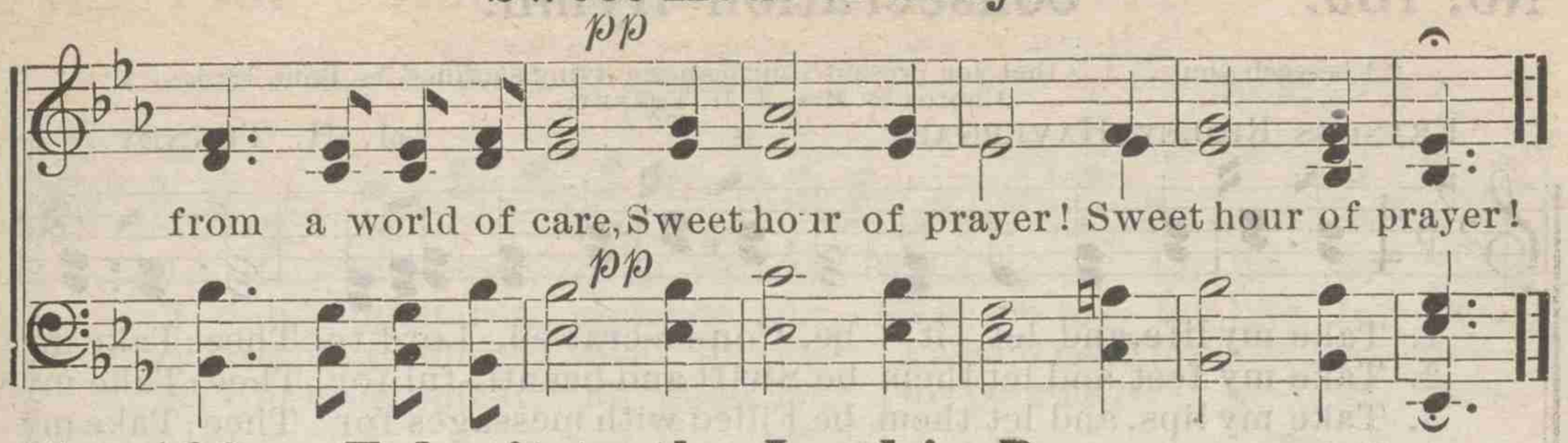
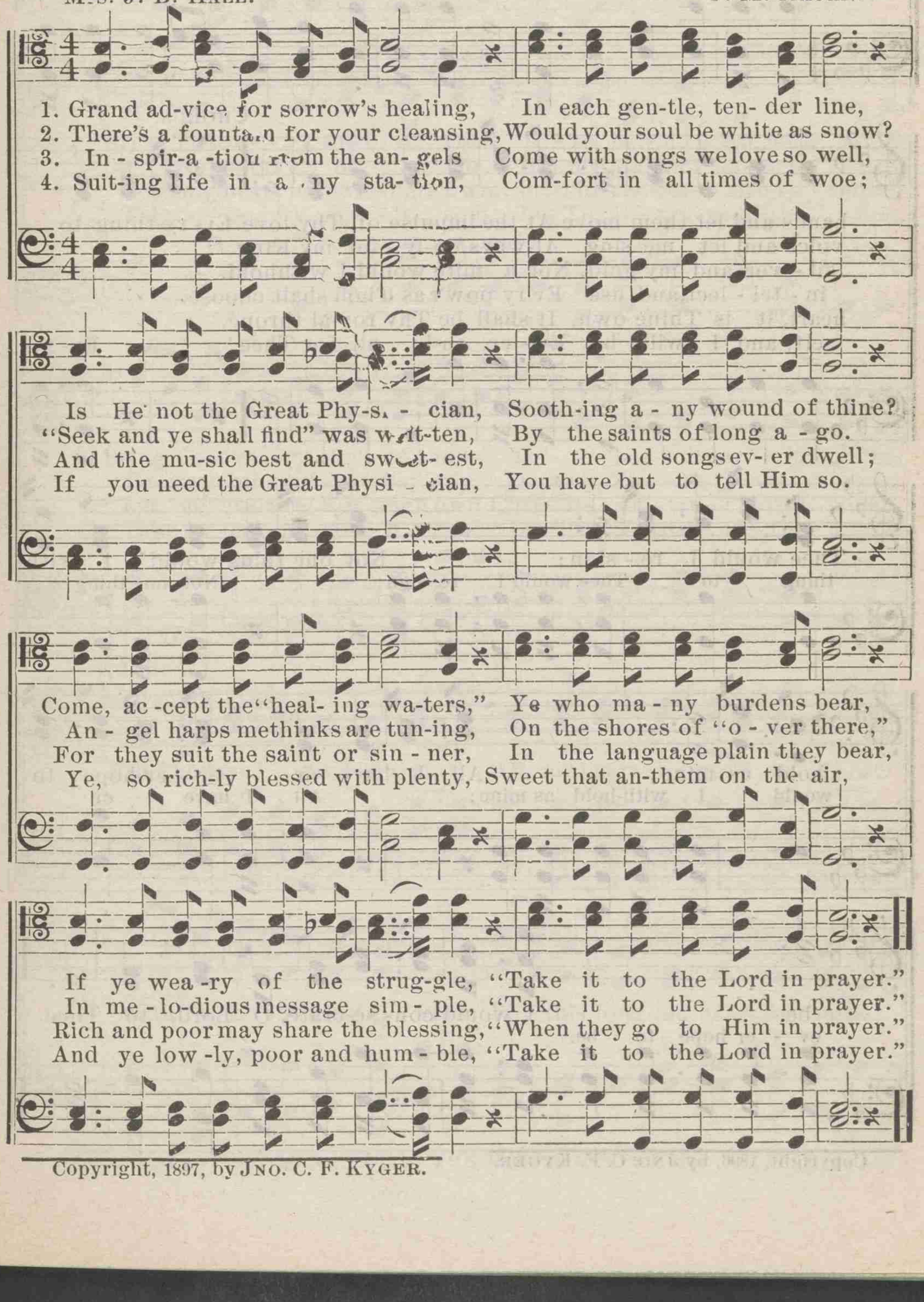
Sweet Hour of Prayer.



No. 138. Take it to the Lord in Prayer.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications."—Ps. 143: 1.

Mrs. J. B. HALL. J. M. HAGAN.

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No. 139. Consecration Hymn.

"I beseech you . . . that you present your bodies a living sacrifice."—Rom. 12: 1.

Chorus by Mrs. J. H. TENNEY.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Take my life, and let it be, Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beauti-ful for Thee; Take my
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messages for Thee; Take my
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Take my
5. Take my will and make it Thine; It shall be no long-er mine; Take my
6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store; Take my

CHORUS.

hands and let them move At the impulse of Thy love. Ev-'ry-thing to
voice and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly for my King.
sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold.
in-tel-lect, and use Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.
self, and I will be Ev-er, on-ly, all for Thee! Ev-'ry-

Thee would I re-sign; Not one thing would I with-
thing to Thee would I re-sign; Not one thing

hold as mine; All I have or ev-er hope to
would I with-hold as mine; All I have or

be, I would con-se-crate, O Lord, to Thee.
ev-er hope to be.

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No. 140. Holy Spirit, Dwell with Me.

"He shall give you another Comforter."—John 14: 16.

Chorus added by E. A. HOFFMAN. Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.

1. Ho - ly Spir-it, dwell with me, Make me ho - ly, like to Thee;
2. Lov - ing Spir-it, come to me, Make me lov - ing, like to Thee;
3. Might - y Spir-it, live in me, I would heav'nly-mind-ed be;
4. Glo-rious Spir-it, fill thou me! This poor heart I yield to Thee;

Bring Thou ev - 'ry tho't of mine In - to har-mo - ny with Thine;
To its depths my be - ing stir, Print my Master's like-ness there;
Let my heart its Sov-'reign own, Christ its cen-ter—Christ a - lone;
Take me bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let Thy life per-vade the whole;

Bring Thou ev - 'ry tho't of mine In - to har-mo - ny with Thine.
To its depths my be - ing stir, Print my Mas-ter's like-ness there.
Let my heart its Sov'reign own, Christ its cen - ter—Christ a - lone.
Take me bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let Thy life per-vade the whole.

CHORUS.

Fill Thou me! fill Thou me! All my heart I yield to Thee!

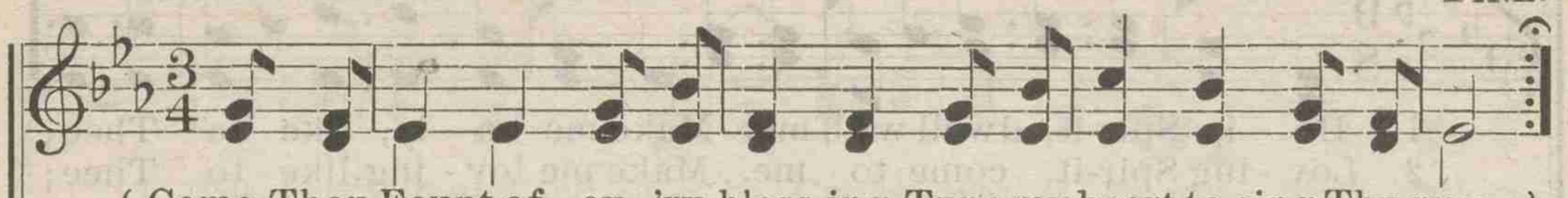
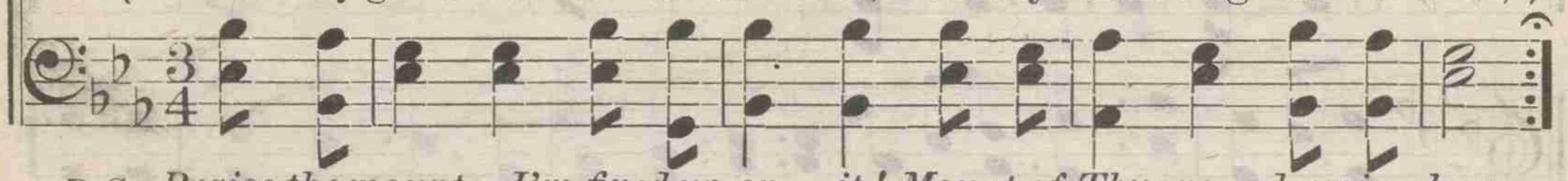
With Thy ho - li-ness di - vine Fill this long-ing heart of mine!

Chorus and arr. copyrighted, 1891, by THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

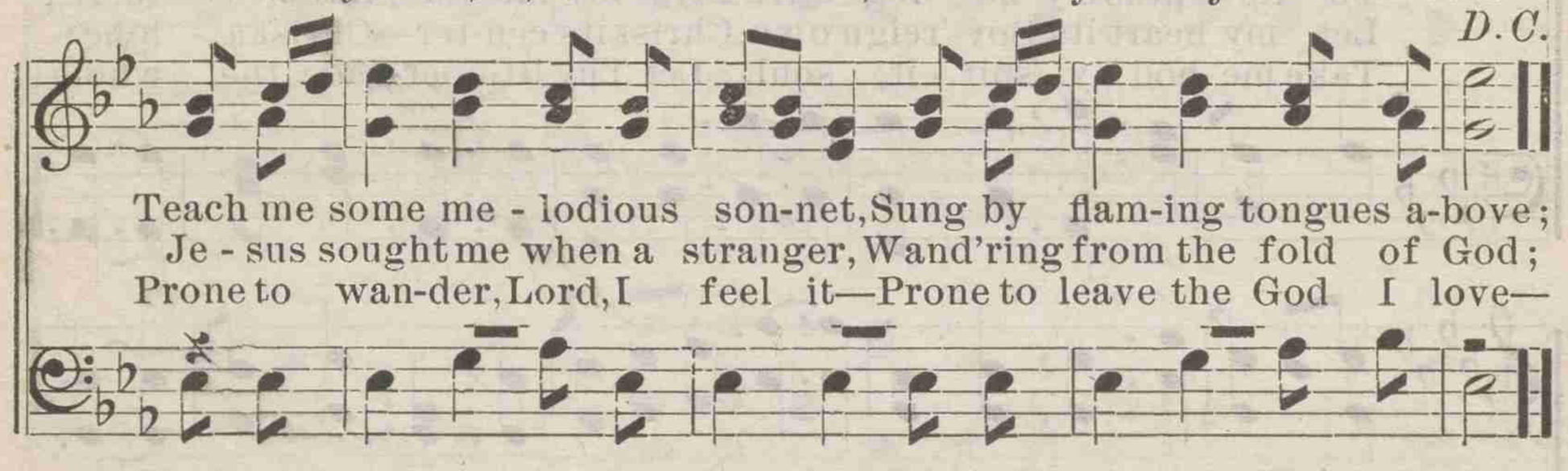
No. 141. Come, Thou Fount.

"I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove."—John: 1 32.

Rev. R. ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.

FINE.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev -'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
   Streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
2. Here I'll raise my Eb- en -ez - er, Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
   And I hope by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home.
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
   Let Thy goodness as a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;

D.C. *Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re - deeming love.*
He to res - cue me from dan- ger In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

D.C.

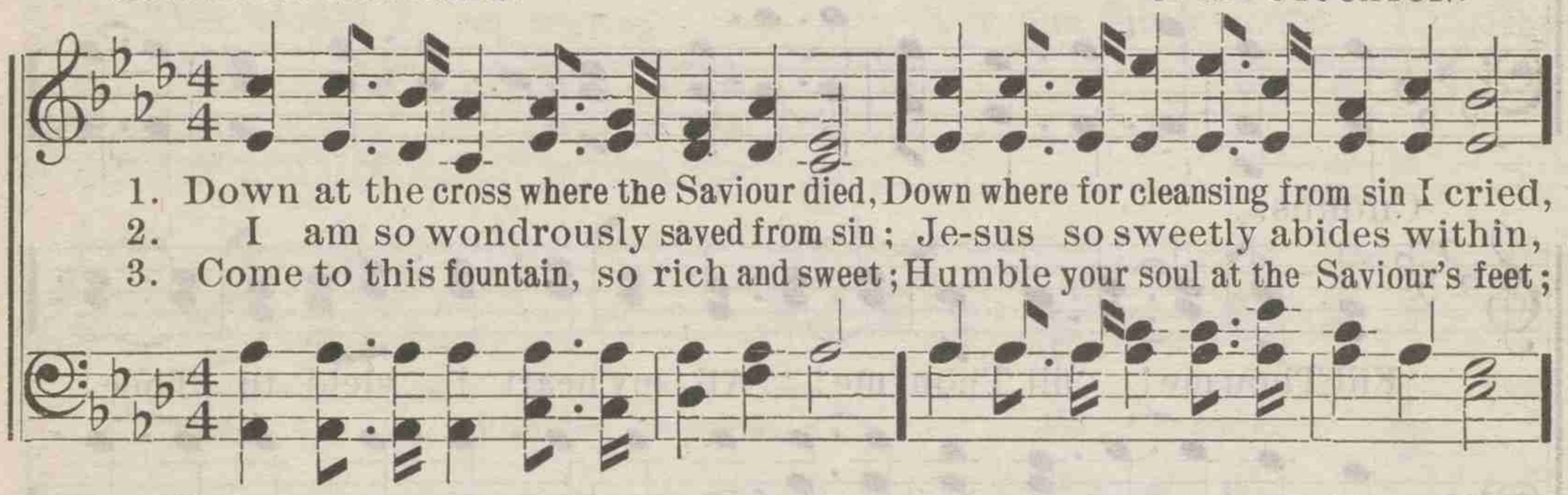


Teach me some me - lodious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love—

No. 142. Glory to His Name.

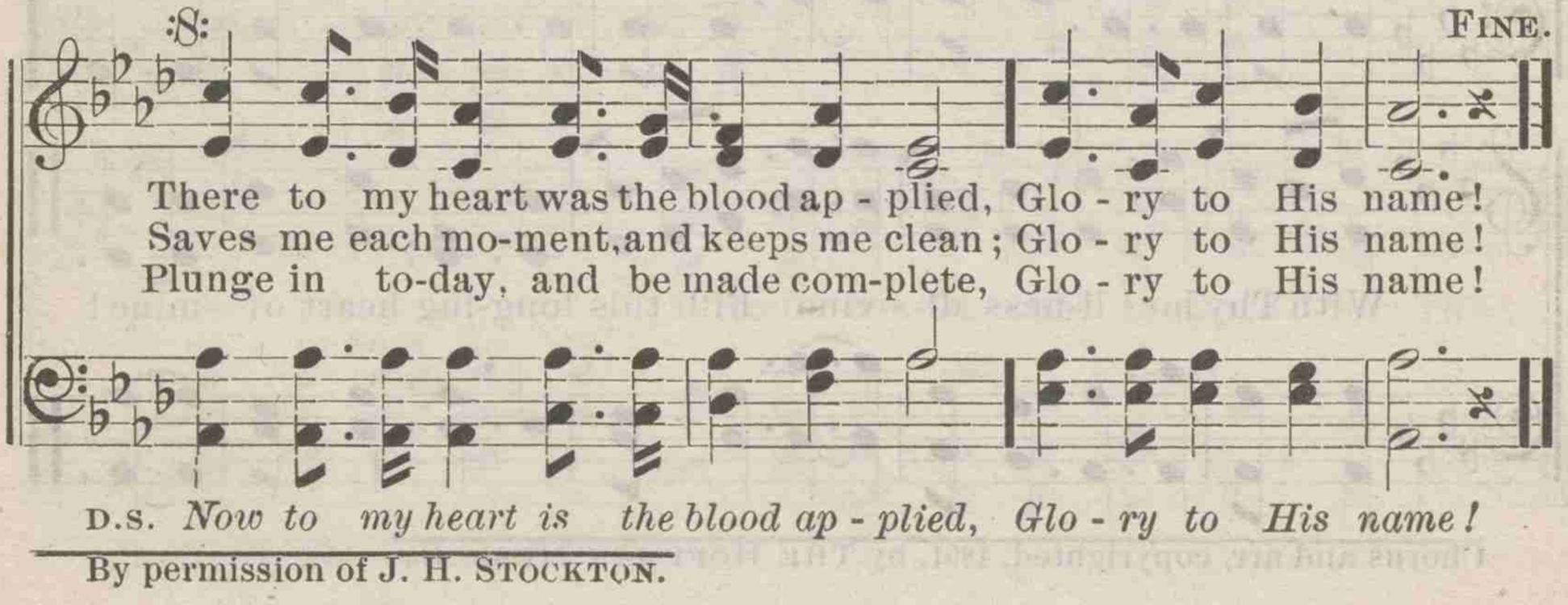
"Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins."—Matt. 1: 21.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Down at the cross where the Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin; Je-sus so sweetly abides within,
3. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Humble your soul at the Saviour's feet;

FINE.

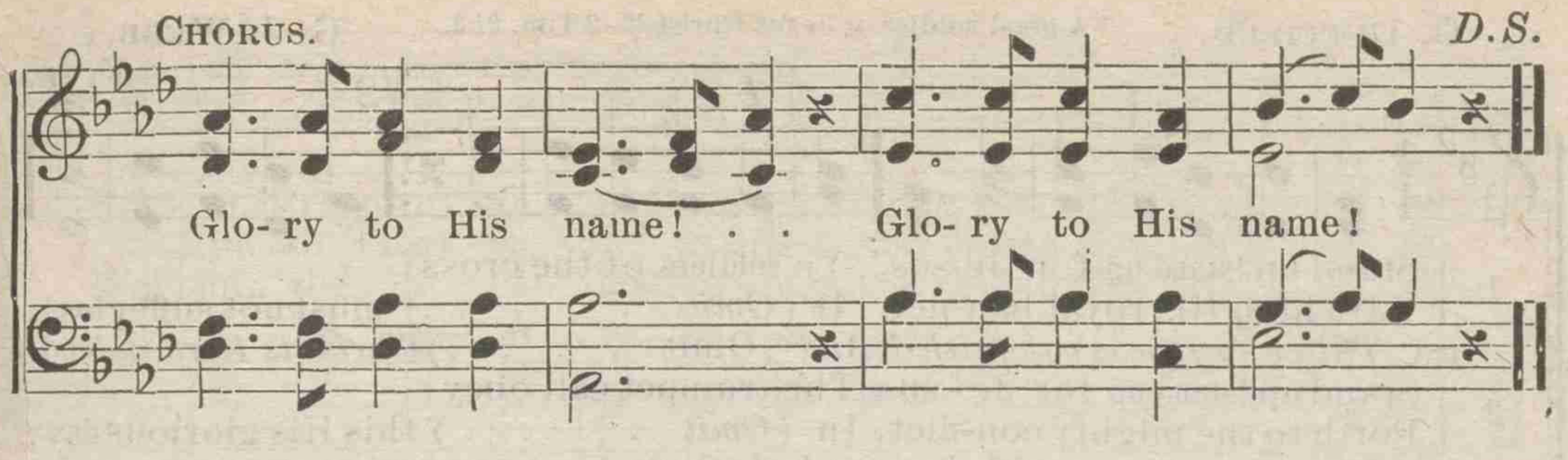


There to my heart was the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to His name!
Saves me each mo-ment, and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His name!
Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete, Glo - ry to His name!

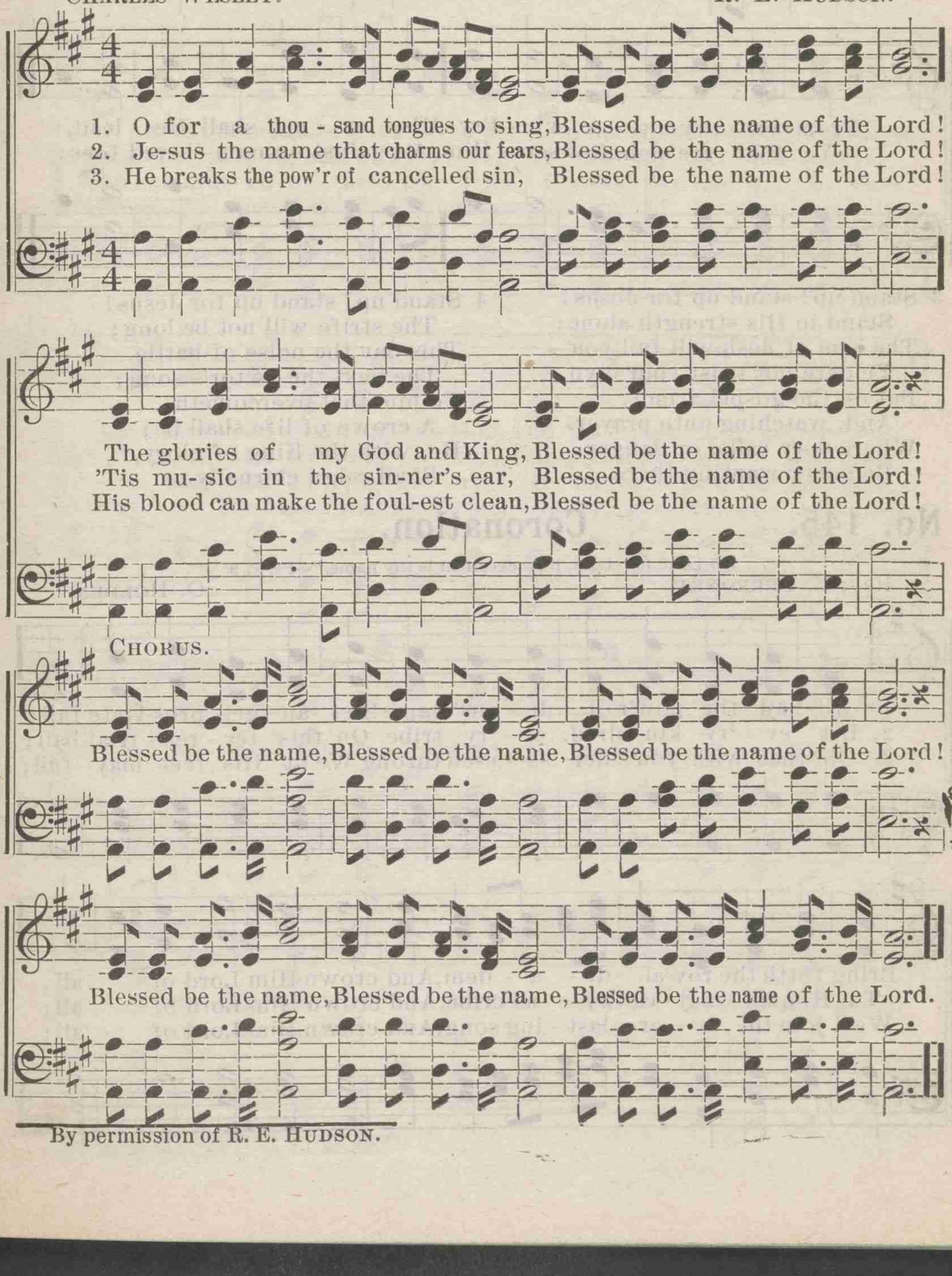
D.S. *Now to my heart is the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to His name!*

By permission of J. H. STOCKTON.

Glory to His Name.

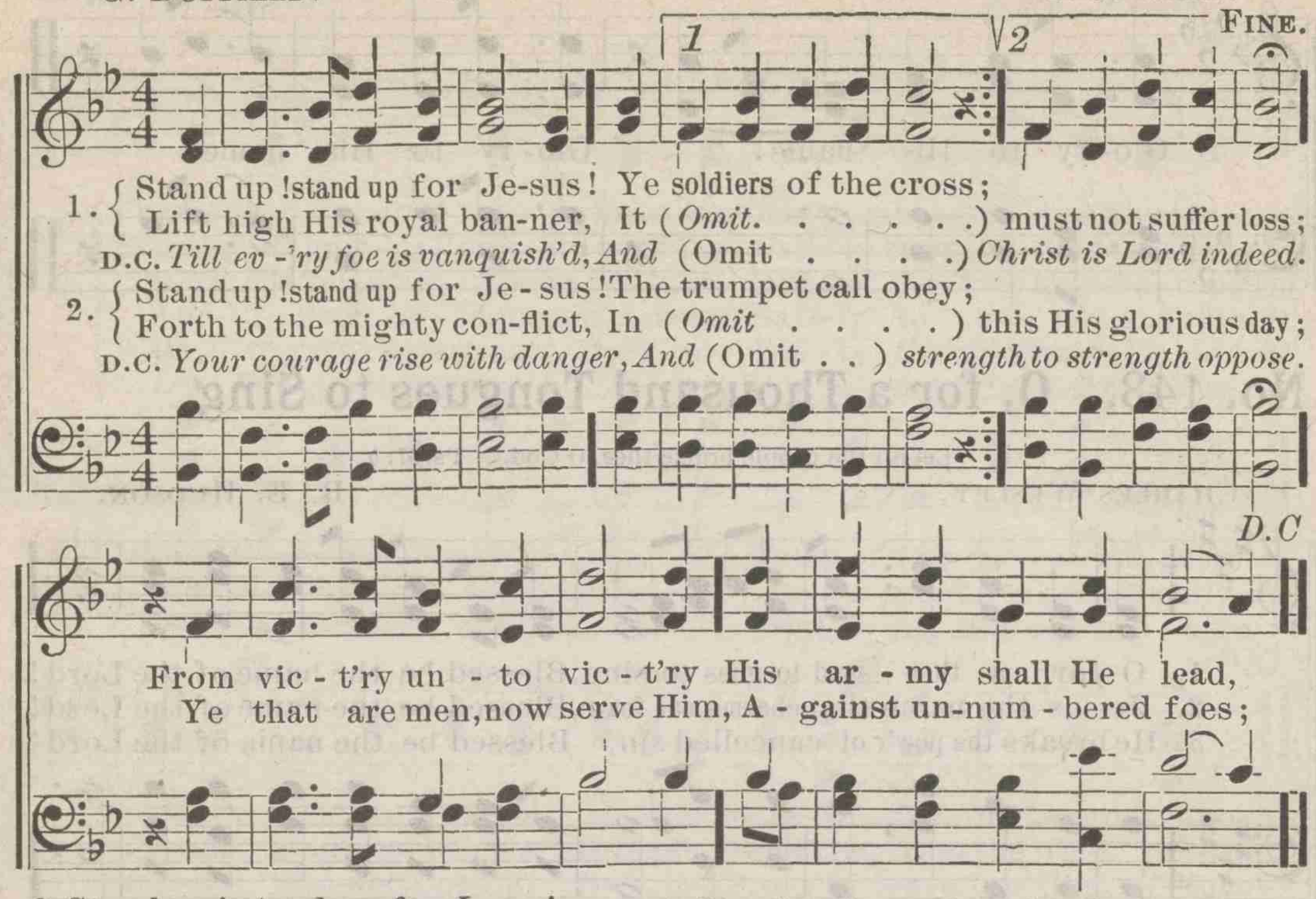
CHORUS. D.S.

No. 143. O, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Ps. 67: 5.

CHARLES WESLEY. R. E. HUDSON.

By permission of R. E. HUDSON.

No. 144. Stand up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD. "A good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3. G. J. WEBB.



1. { Stand up ! stand up for Je-sus ! Ye soldiers of the cross ;
   { Lift high His royal ban-ner, It (*Omit.* . . . . .) must not suffer loss ;
   D.C. *Till ev -'ry foe is vanquish'd, And* (Omit . . . .) *Christ is Lord indeed.*

2. { Stand up ! stand up for Je - sus ! The trumpet call obey ;
   { Forth to the mighty con-flict, In (*Omit* . . . . .) this His glorious day ;
   D.C. *Your courage rise with danger, And* (Omit . .) *strength to strength oppose.*

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un-num - bered foes ;

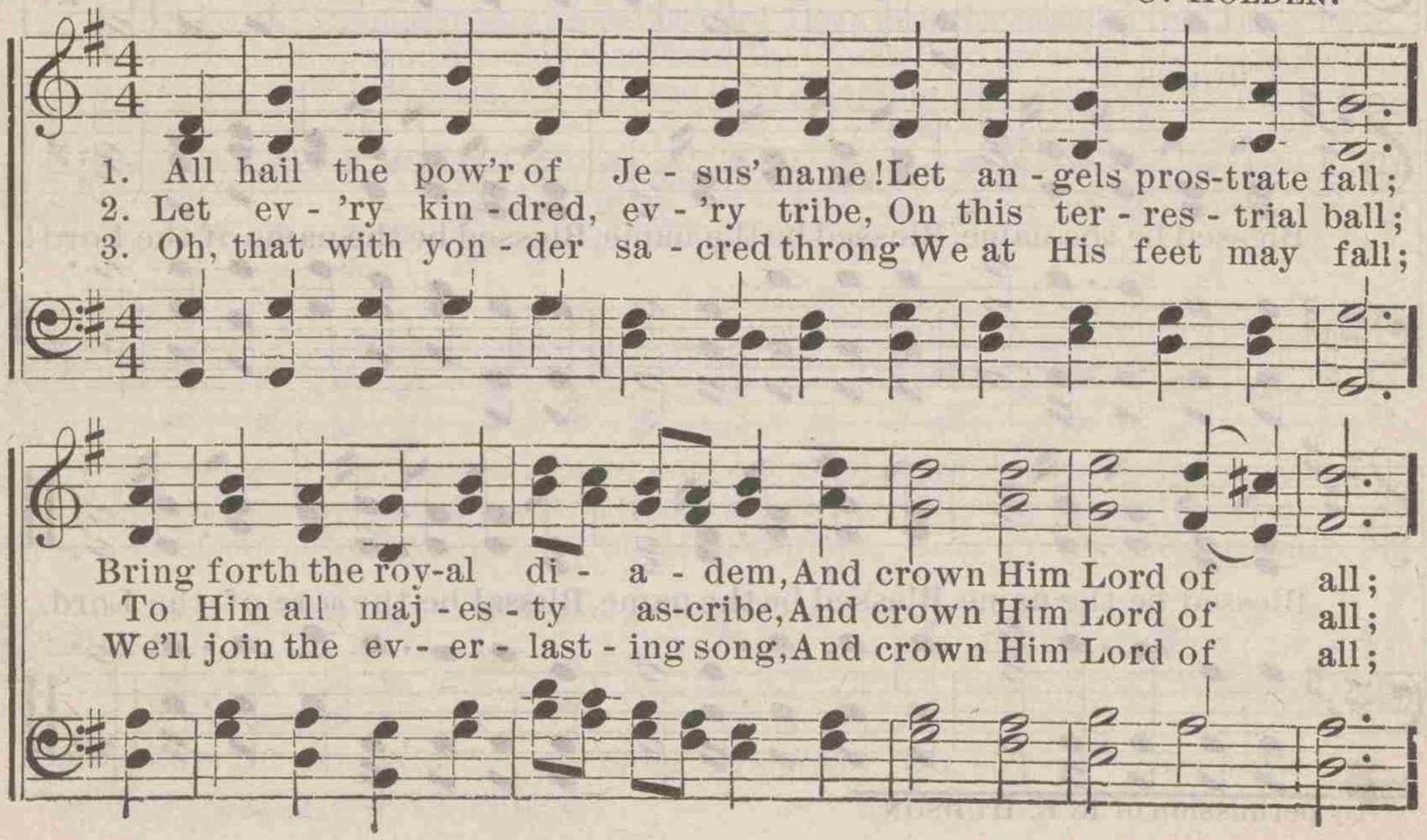
3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song ;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be ;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

No. 145. Coronation.

"O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name."—Ps. 8: 9.

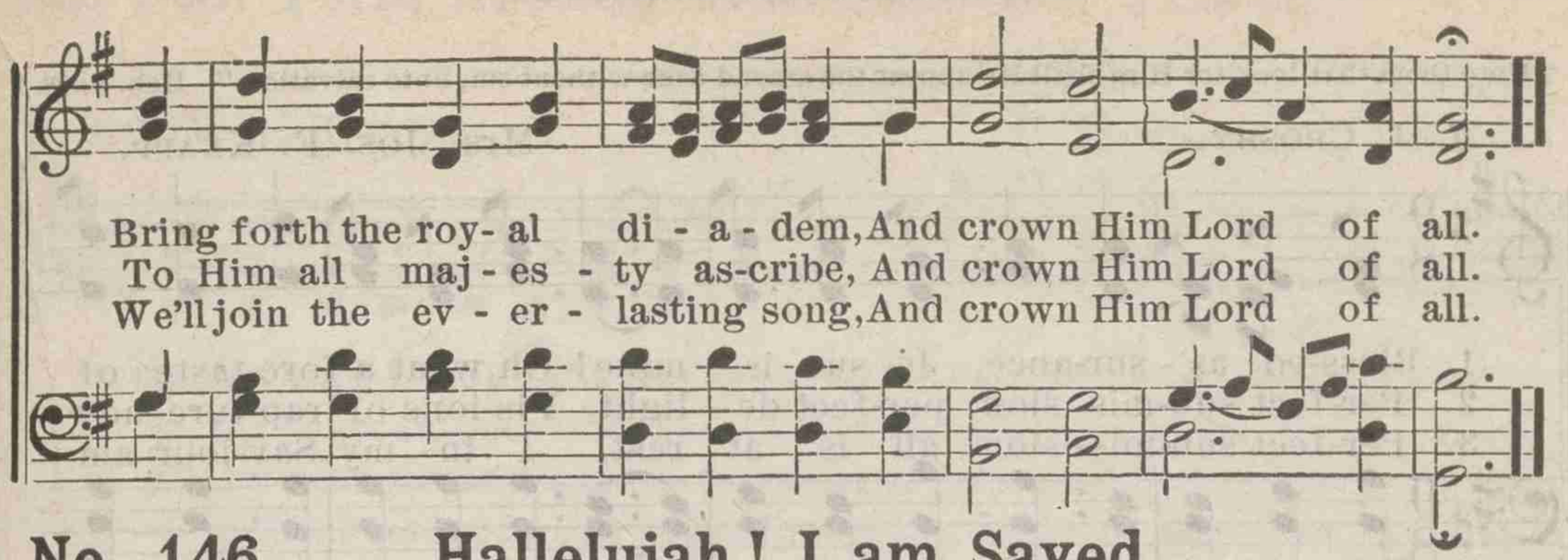
Rev. E. PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name ! Let an - gels pros-trate fall ;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball ;
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall ;

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

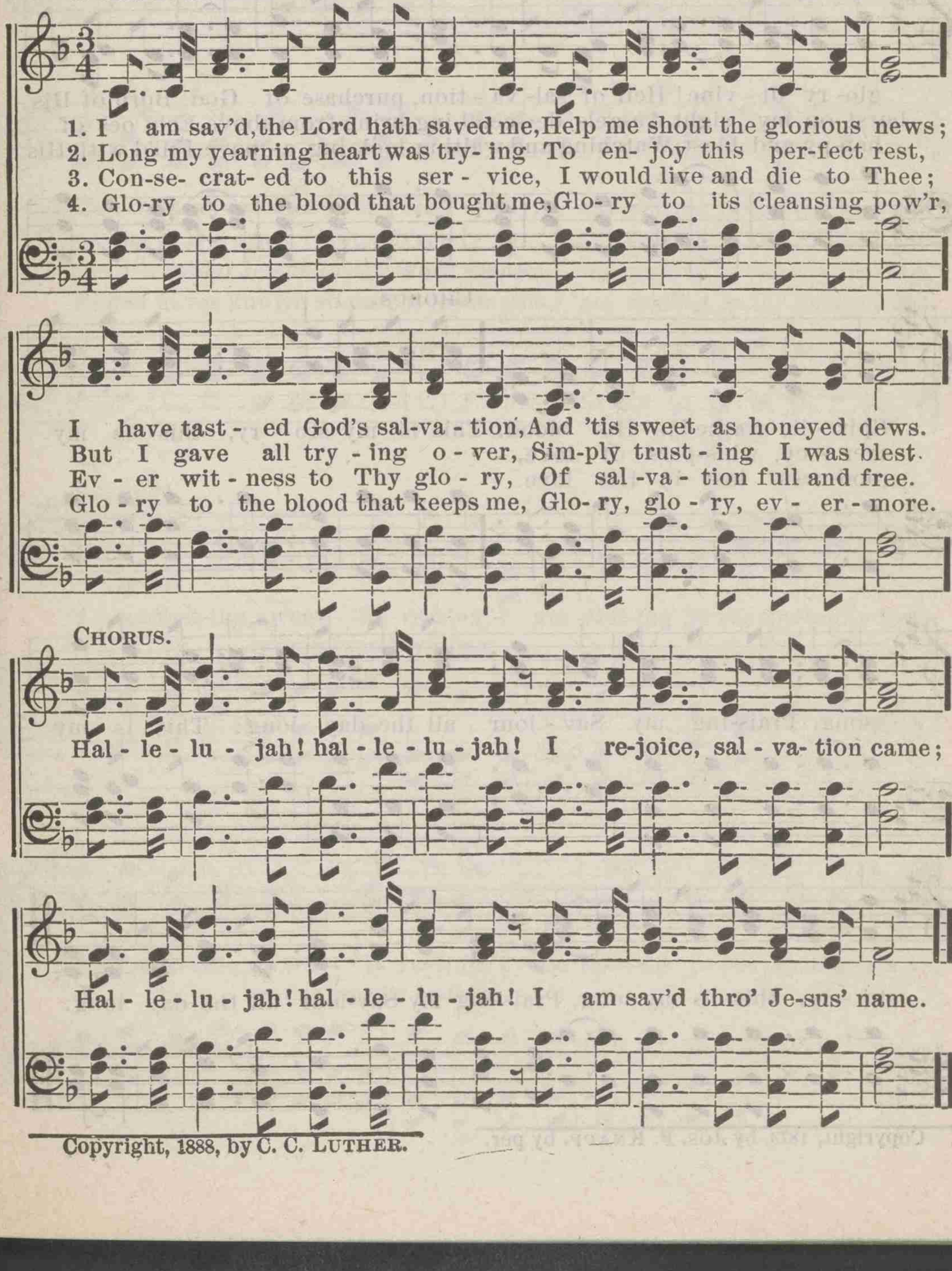
Coronation.



No. 146. Hallelujah! I am Saved.

"And again, I say, rejoice."—Phil. 4: 4.

Words rewritten. C. C. LUTHER.



Copyright, 1888, by C. C. LUTHER.

No. 147. Blessed Assurance.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin, unto salvation."—Heb. 9: 28.

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Jė- sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo- ry di - vine! Heir of sal- va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
2. Per-fect sub-mis- sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from above, Ech- oes of
3. Per-fect sub-mis- sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest, Watching and waiting, look-ing a - bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my
mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
good-ness, lost in His love.

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

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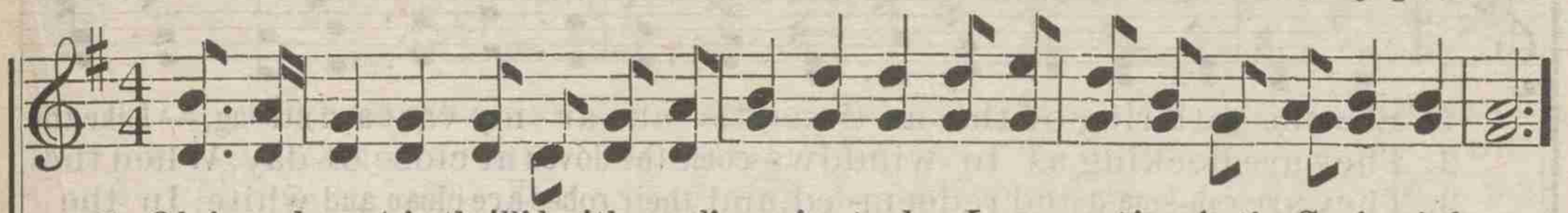
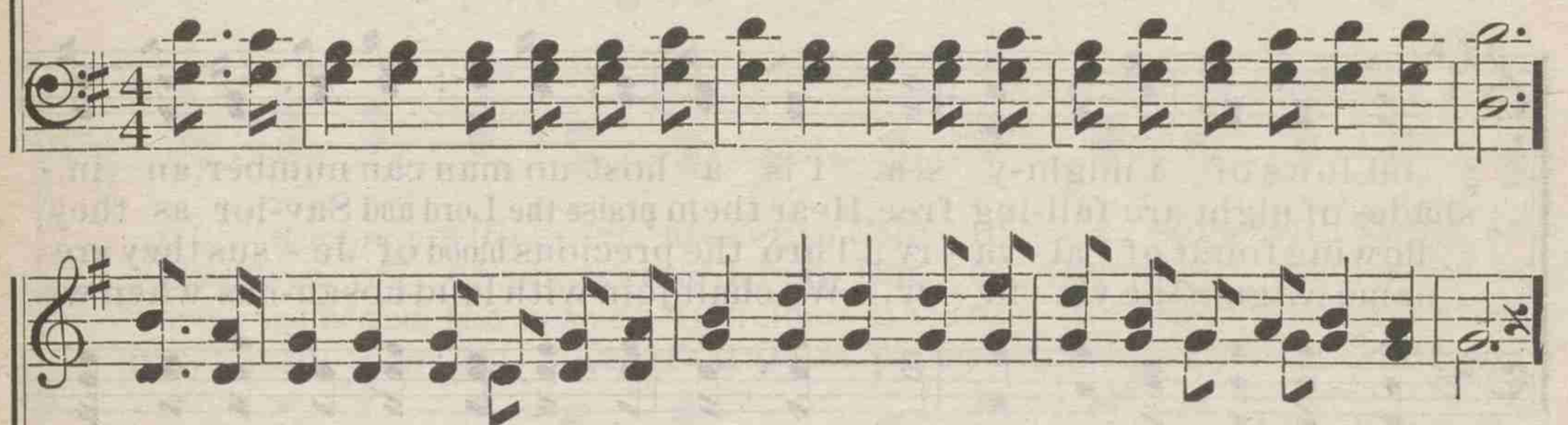
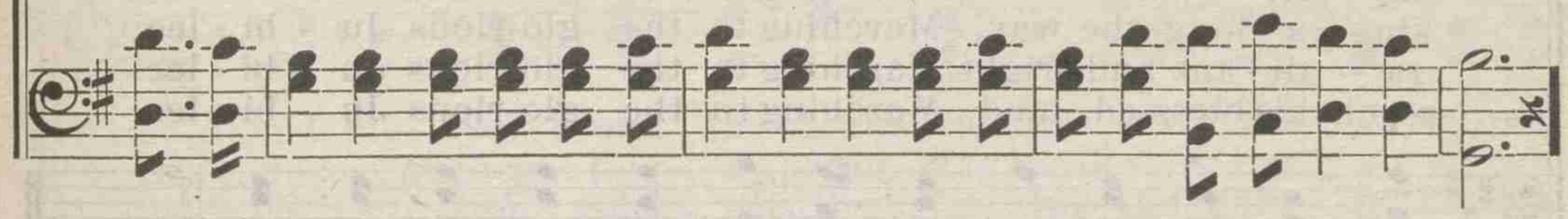
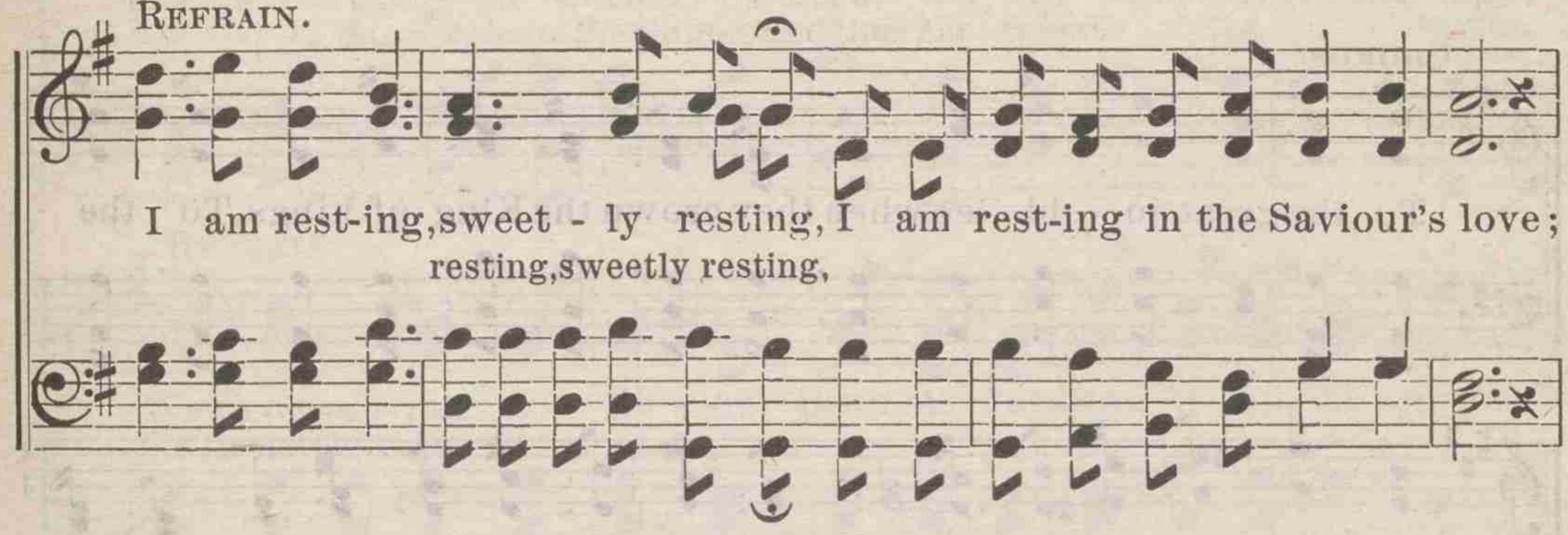
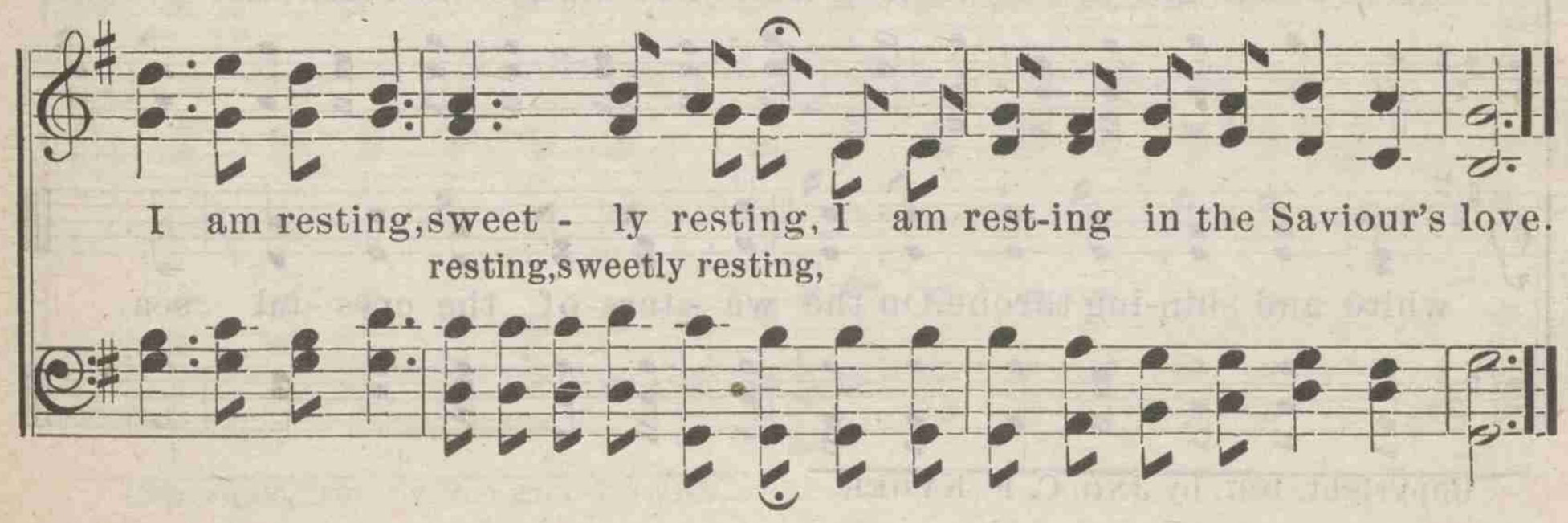
No. 148. I Am Resting in the Saviour's Love.

"We which believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 5.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. Oh! my heart is thrill'd with wond'rous joy to-day, I am resting in the Saviour's love;
2. At the fountain open'd for the soul unclean, I am resting in the Saviour's love;
3. All my doubts are vanish'd, all my fears are gone, I am resting in the Saviour's love;
4. O the bliss and rapture; O the wond'rous peace, I am resting in the Saviour's love;

Christ the Lord has taken all my sins a-way, I am resting in the Saviour's love.
Trust-ing in His grace I ventured free-ly in, I am resting in the Saviour's love.
When I trust-ed Je-sus, lo! the work was done, I am resting in the Saviour's love.
I have never known so pure a joy as this, I am resting in the Saviour's love.

REFRAIN.



I am rest-ing, sweet - ly resting, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love;
resting, sweetly resting,



I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.
resting, sweetly resting,

No. 149. The Great Jubilee.

"The number shall be as the sand of the sea."—Hosea. 1: 10.

H. L. F. H. L. FRISBIE.

1. See the gath'ring of the na-tions,'tis an ar - my vast and strong,—Like the bil-lows of a might-y sea. 'T is a host no man can number,an in -
2. They are flocking as to windows come the doves at close of day, When the shades of night are fall-ing free, Hear them praise the Lord and Sav-ior as they
3. They are ran-som'd and redeem- ed,and their robes are clean and white, In the flowing fount of Cal - va - ry; Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus they are
4. We are marching, marching daily with this glad and happy band; In His name we gain the vic - to - ry. We shall join with loud hosan-nas when we

nu - mer - a - ble throng, Marching to the glo-rious Ju - bi - lee.
sing a - long the way, Marching to the glo-rious Ju - bi - lee.
ra - di - ant and bright, Marching to the glo-rious Ju - bi - lee.
reach this bless-ed land, Marching to the glo-rious Ju - bi - lee.

CHORUS.

To the great ju - bi - lee when they crown the King of kings, To the great and might-y Ju - bi - lee, And this countless host shall stand by the white and shin-ing throne, On the wa - ters of the crys - tal sea.

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No. 150. Marching to Zion.

"Arise ye, and let us go up to Zion."—Jer. 31: 6.

ISAAC WATTS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But chil-dren of the heaven-ly King, But chil-dren of the heaven-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad.
3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the heaven-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heaven-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets.
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're march-ing thro' Im-manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high.

thus surround the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

REFRAIN.

We're march-ing to Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi-on; We're
We're marching on to Zi-on,
march-ing up-ward to Zi-on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.
Zi-on, Zi-on,

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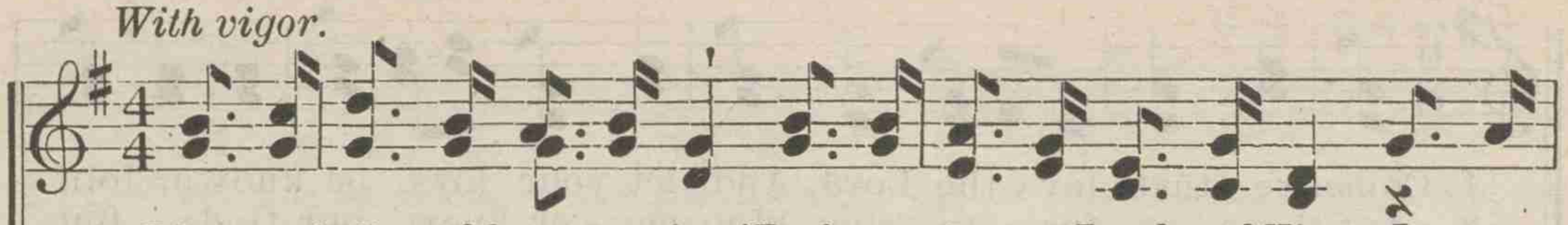
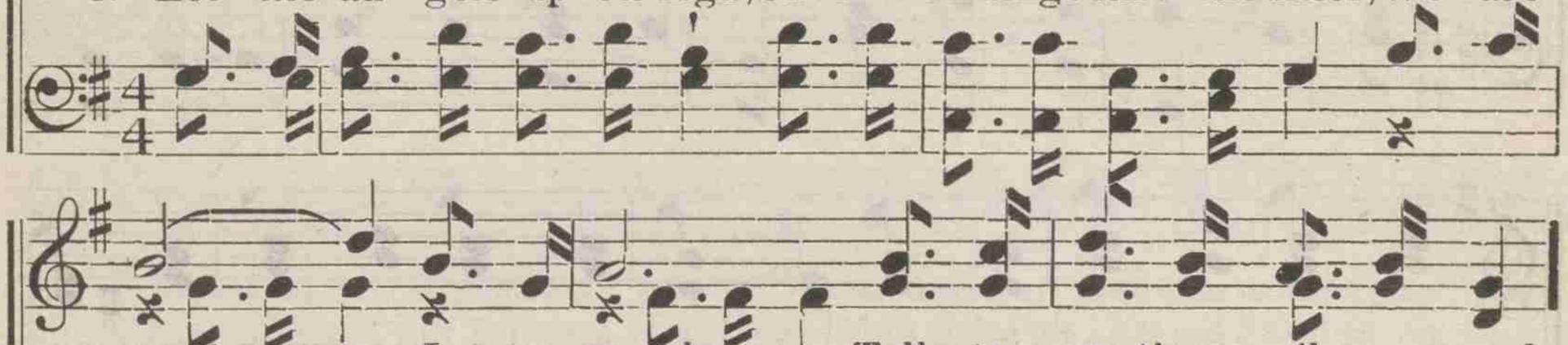
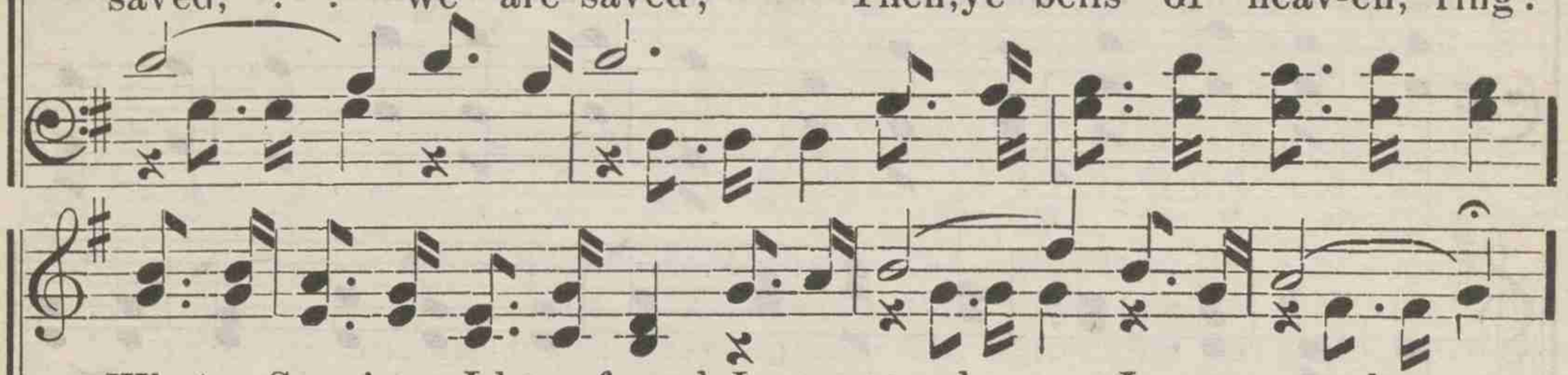
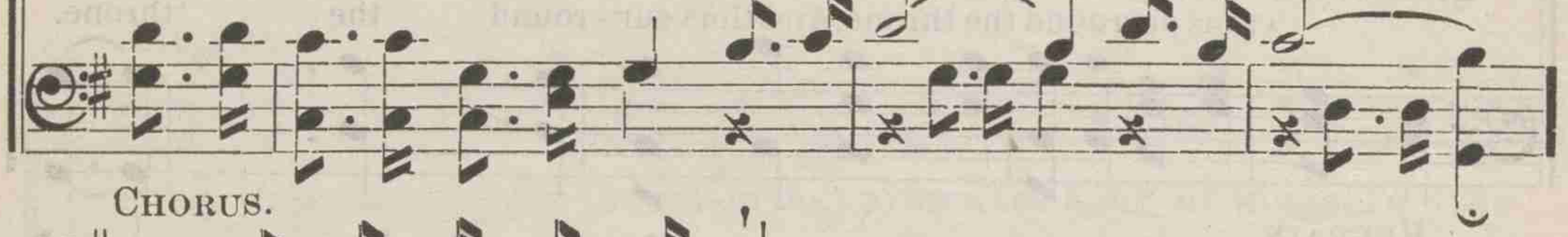
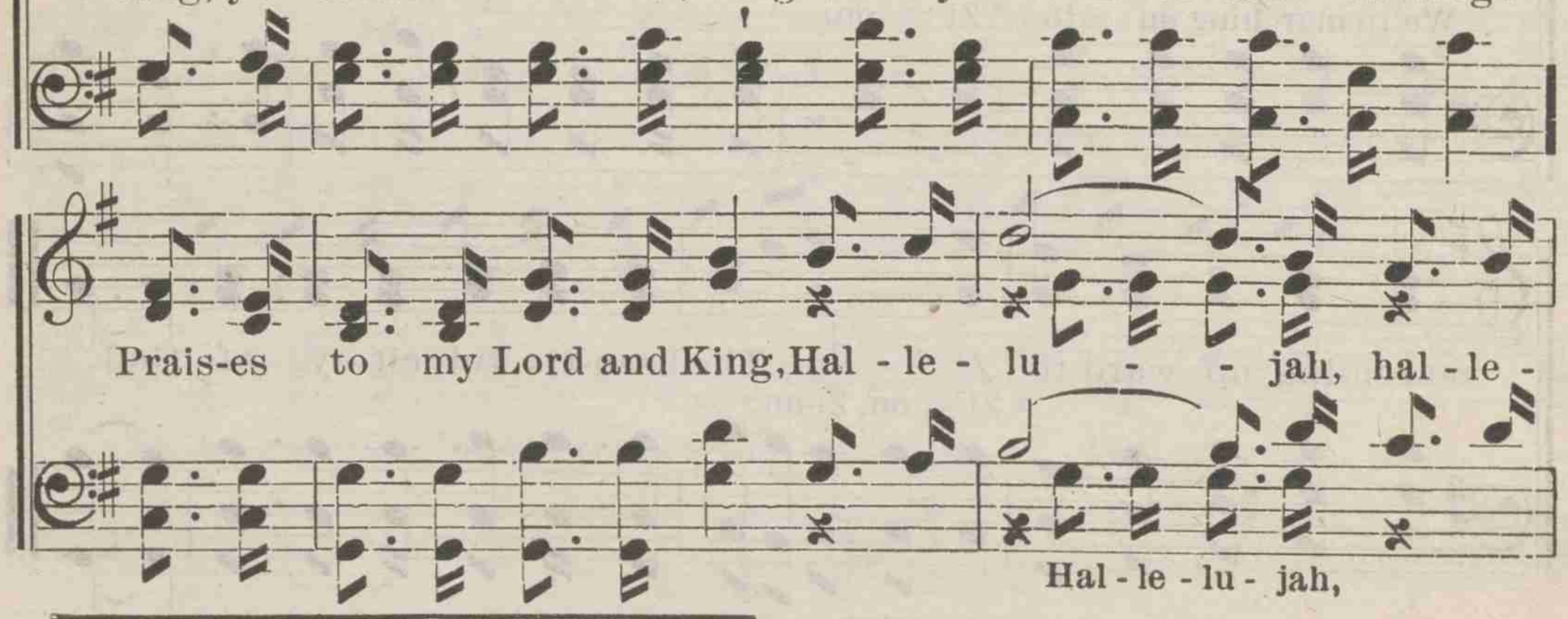
No. 151. Ye Bells of Heaven, Ring!

"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Ps. 67: 5.

JNO. C. F. KYGER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With vigor.

1. Ring, ye bells of heav-en, ring! Prais-es to my Lord and King, I am
2. Ring your warning to the lost, Tell them of the wondrous cross, Bid them
3. Now they hear His pleading voice, And they make Him now their choice; Let them
4. Let the an-gels up-on high, Shout the tidings thro' the skies, We are

saved, . . I am saved; Tell to na-tions all a-round
come, . . bid them come, Un-to Je-sus, my dear Lord,
come, . . let them come; Yes, they shout and praise His name,
saved, . . we are saved; Then, ye bells of heav-en, ring!

What a Sav-iour I have found; I am saved, . I am saved. . .
Who will save them by His blood, Bid them come, bid them come. . .
Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb! They are saved, they are saved. . .
We shall see our Lord and King, By and by, . . by and by. . . .

CHORUS.

Ring, ye bells of heav-en, ring! And ye hosts of heav-en sing!

Prais-es to my Lord and King, Hal-le-lu - - jah, hal-le-
Hal-le-lu-jah,

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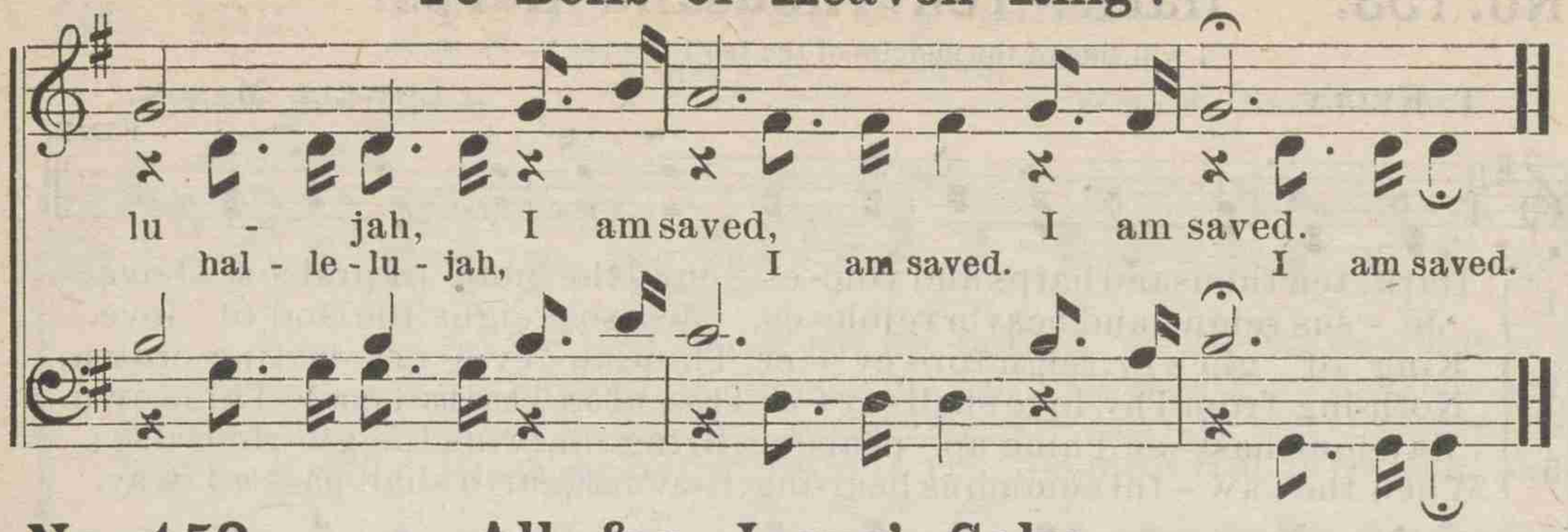
Ye Bells of Heaven Ring!

No. 152. All for Jesus' Sake.

"Whose I am and whom I serve"— Acts 27 : 23.

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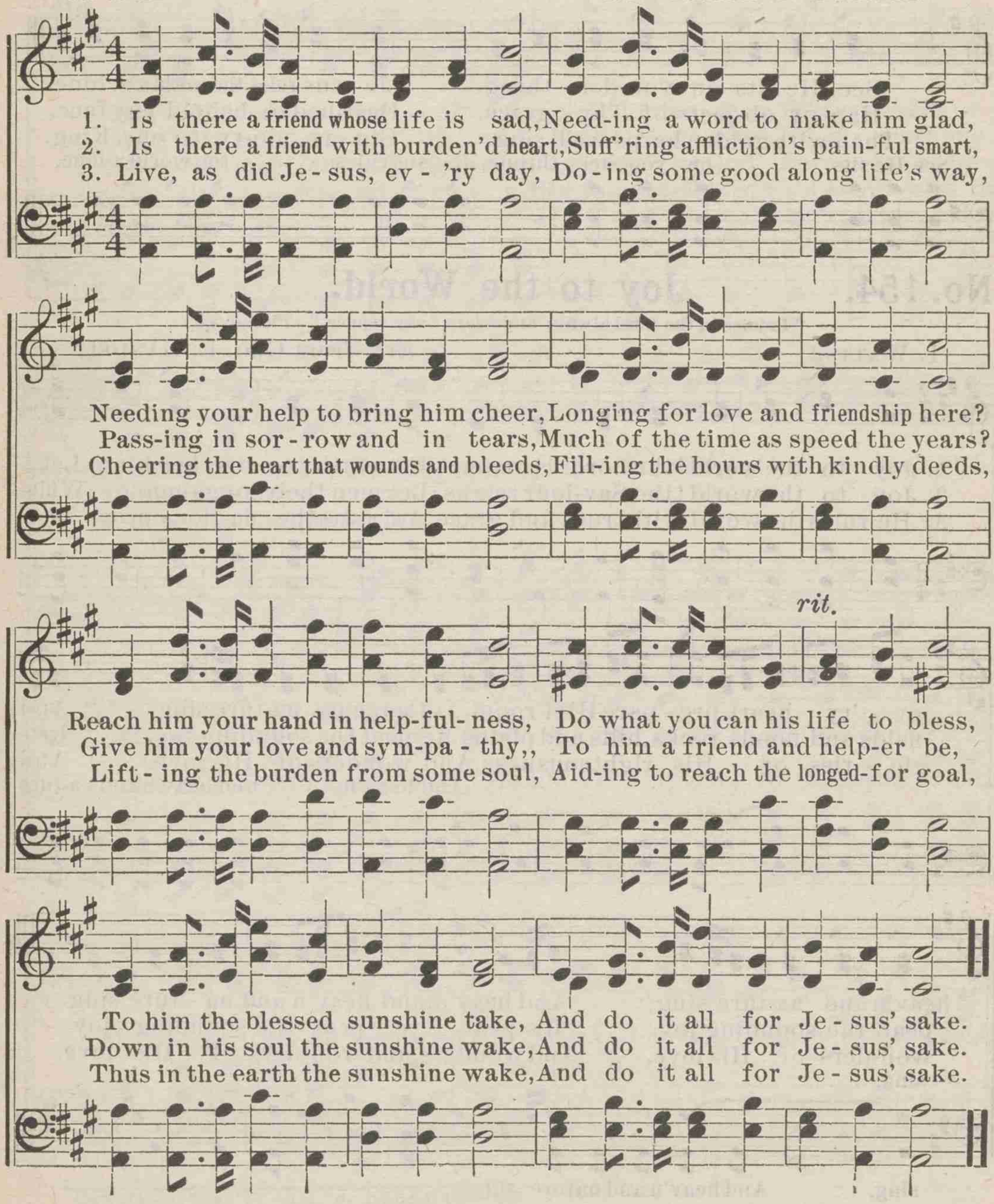
E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

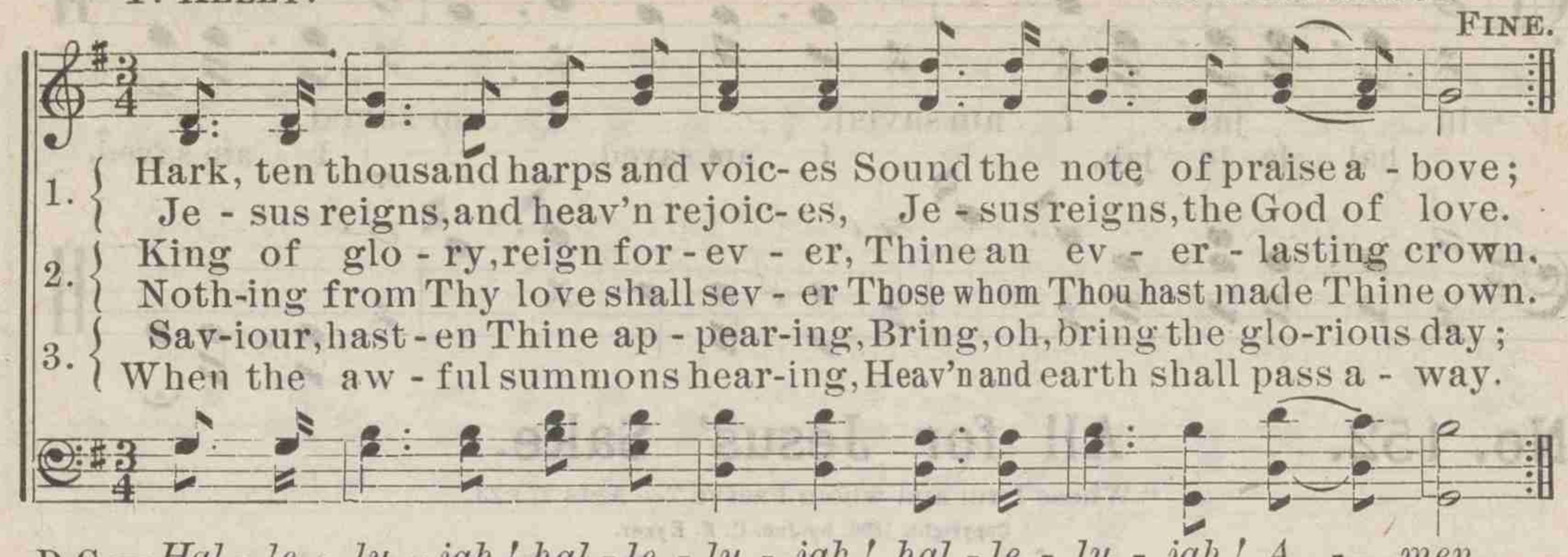


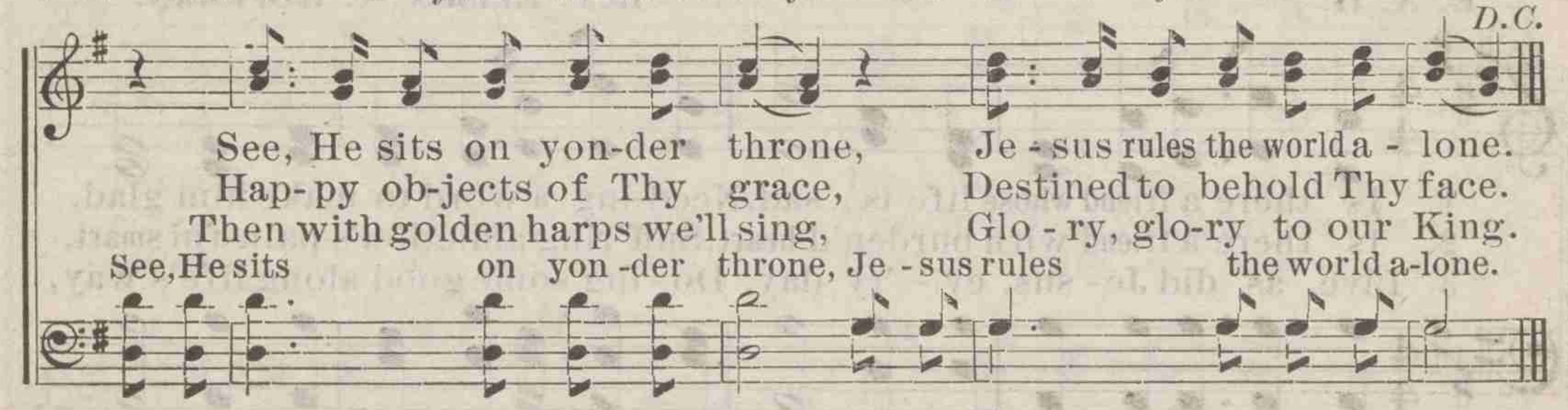
No. 153. Hark! Ten Thousand Harps.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. 50: 89.

T. KELLY. LOWELL MASON.

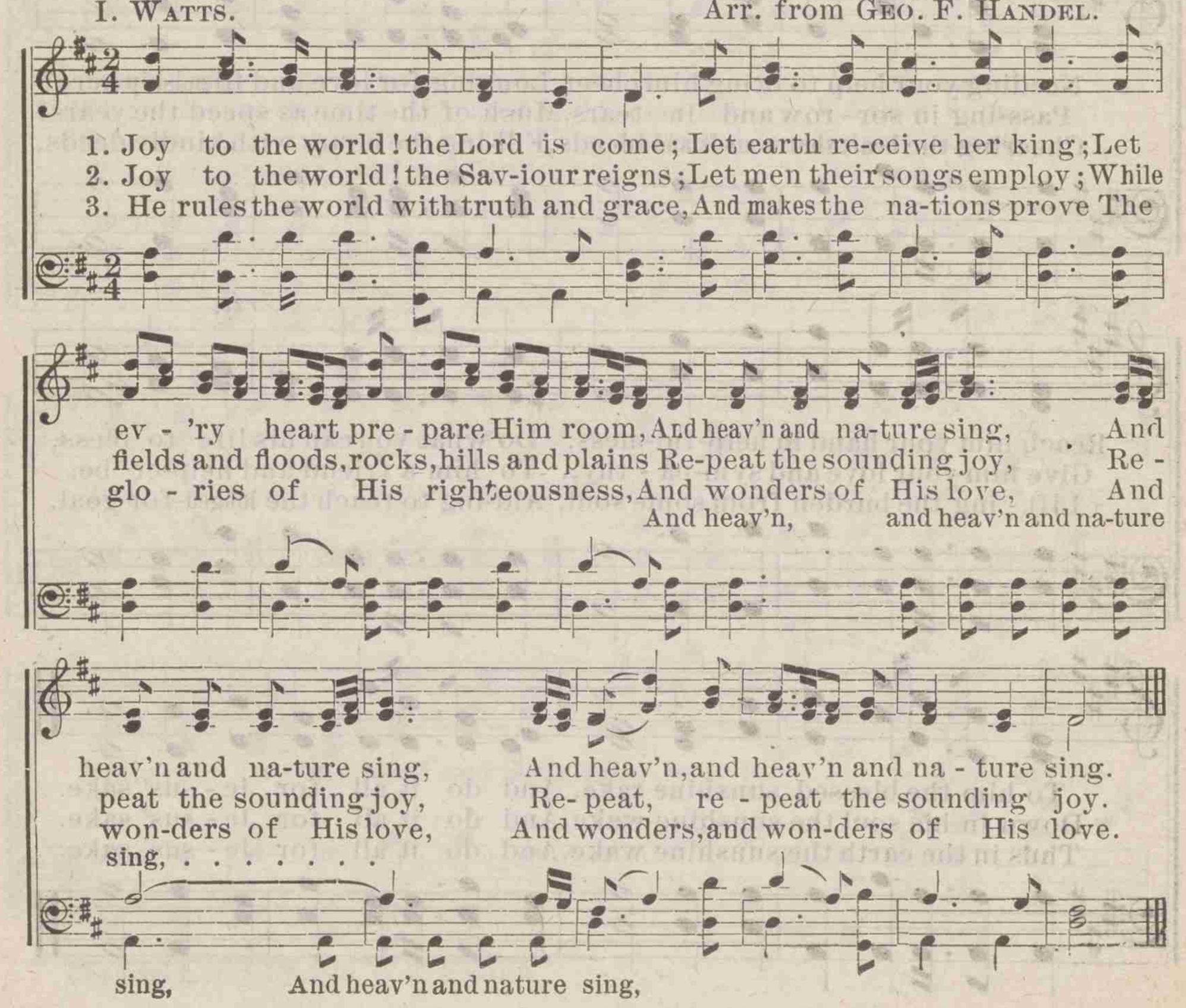
FINE.



D.C.

No. 154. Joy to the World.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say rejoice."—Phil. 4: 4.

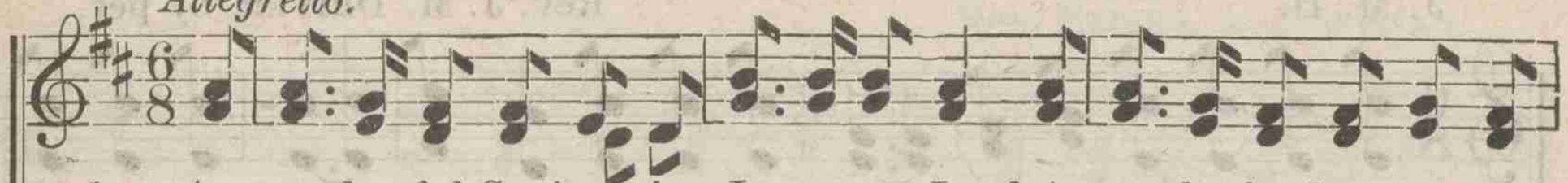
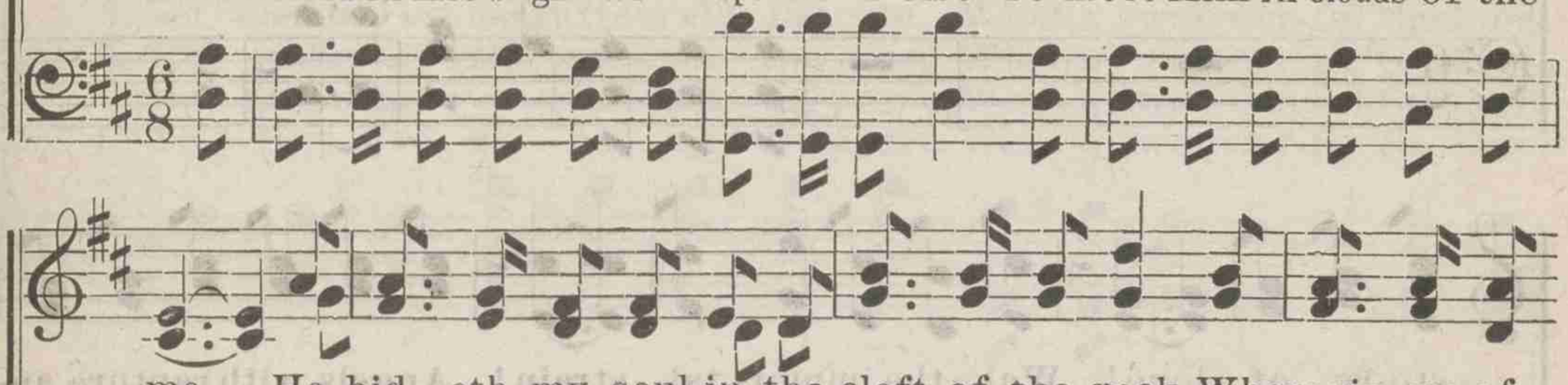
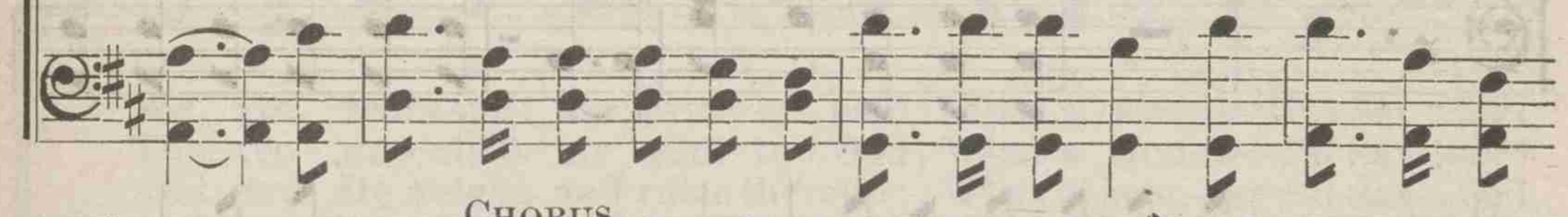
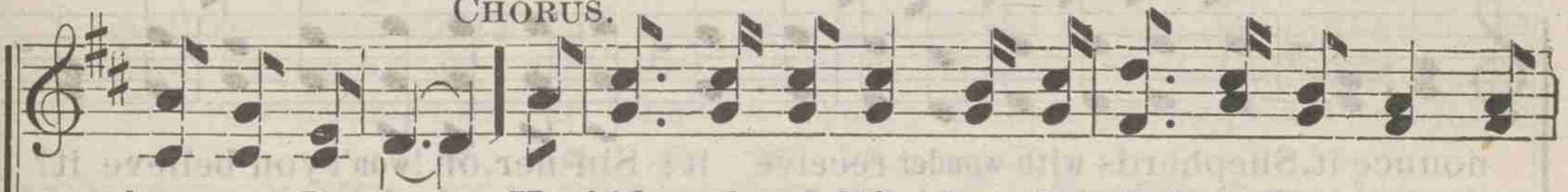
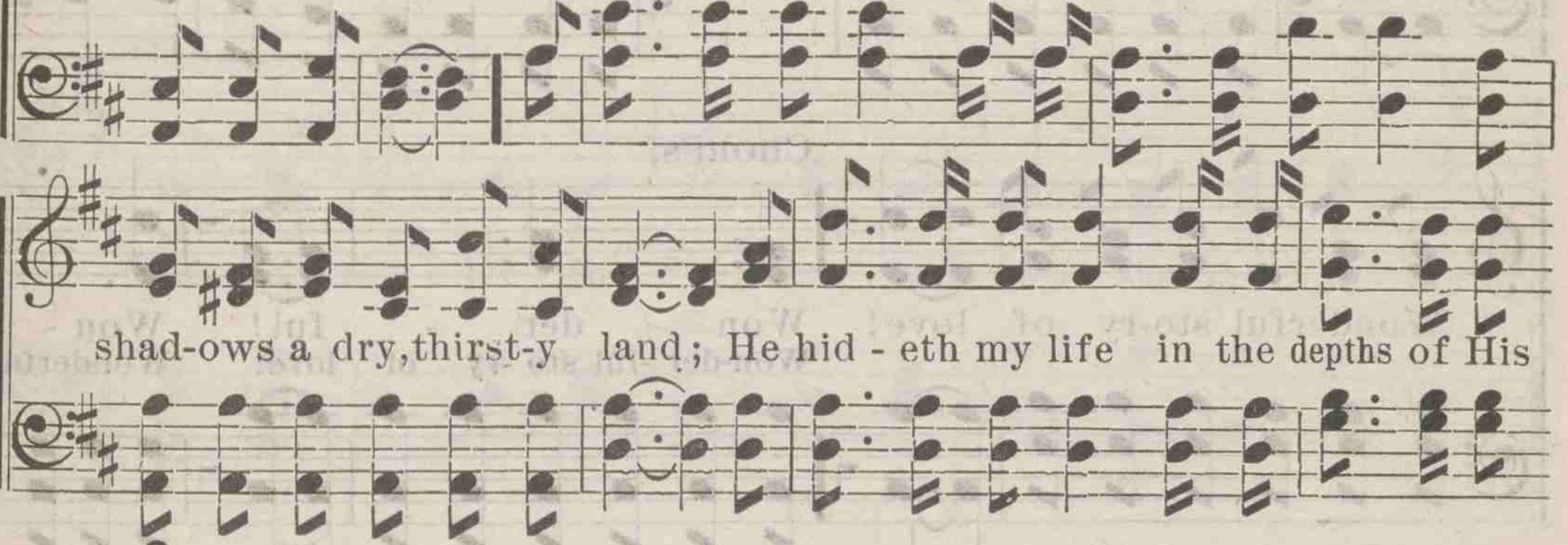
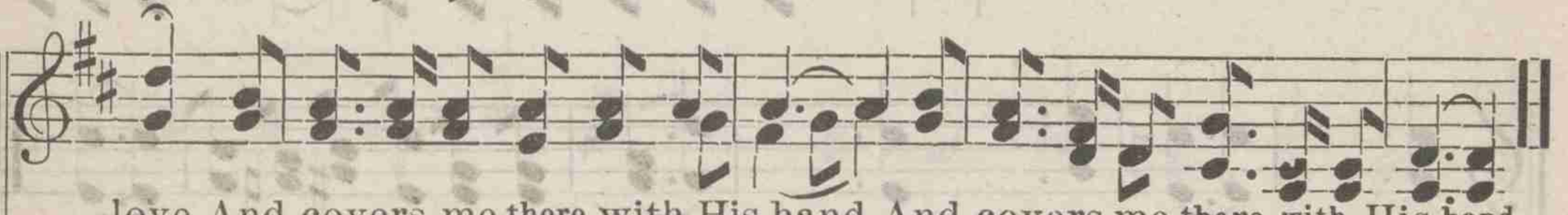
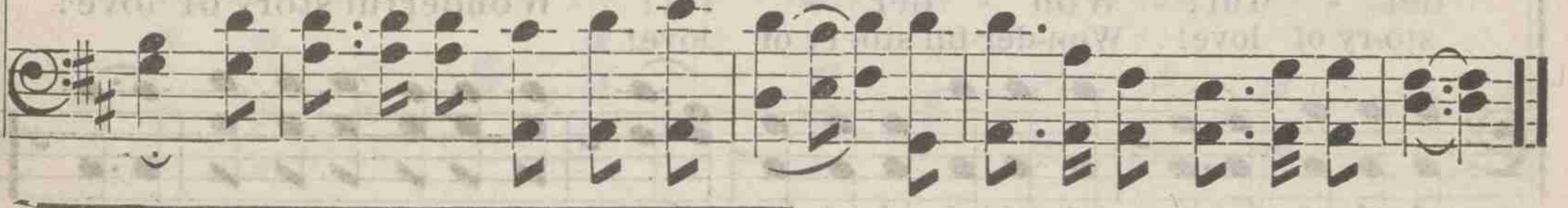
I. WATTS. Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.



No. 155. He Hideth My Soul.

"Mighty to save."— Isa. 63: 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

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

me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv-ers of
way, He hold-eth me up and I shall not be moved, He giv - eth me
vine, I sing in my rapture, oh, glo- ry to God, For such a Re -
sky, His per-fect sal - va - tion, His wonder-ful love, I'll shout with the

CHORUS.

pleas-ure I see. He hid - eth my life in the cleft of the rock, That
strength as my day.
deem-er as mine.
mil-lions on high.

shad-ows a dry, thirst-y land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His

love, And covers me there with His hand, And covers me there with His hand.

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No. 156. Wonderful Story of Love.

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

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

1. Wonderful sto-ry of love! Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful sto-ry of love! Wake the immor- tal strain! Angels with rapture an-
2. Wonderful sto-ry of love! Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful sto-ry of love! Still He doth call to - day; Calling from Cal-va-ry's
3. Wonderful sto-ry of love! Je-sus pro-vides a rest; Wonderful sto-ry of love! For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a -

nounce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sin-ner, oh! won't you believe it?
mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of cre-a - tion,
bove us, With those who've gone on before us, Singing the raptu-rous cho-rus,

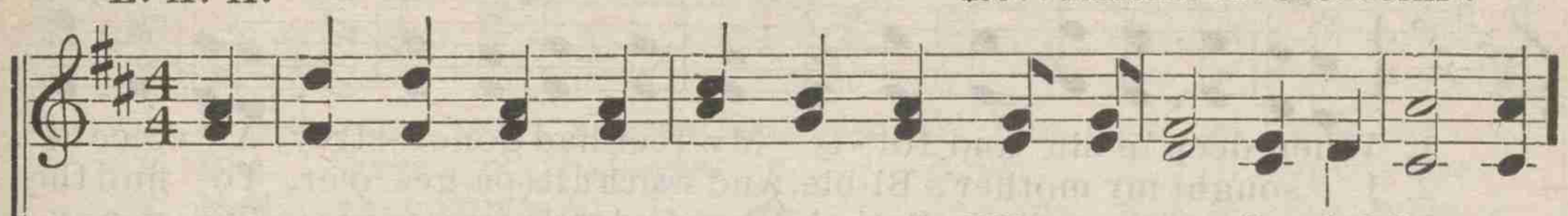
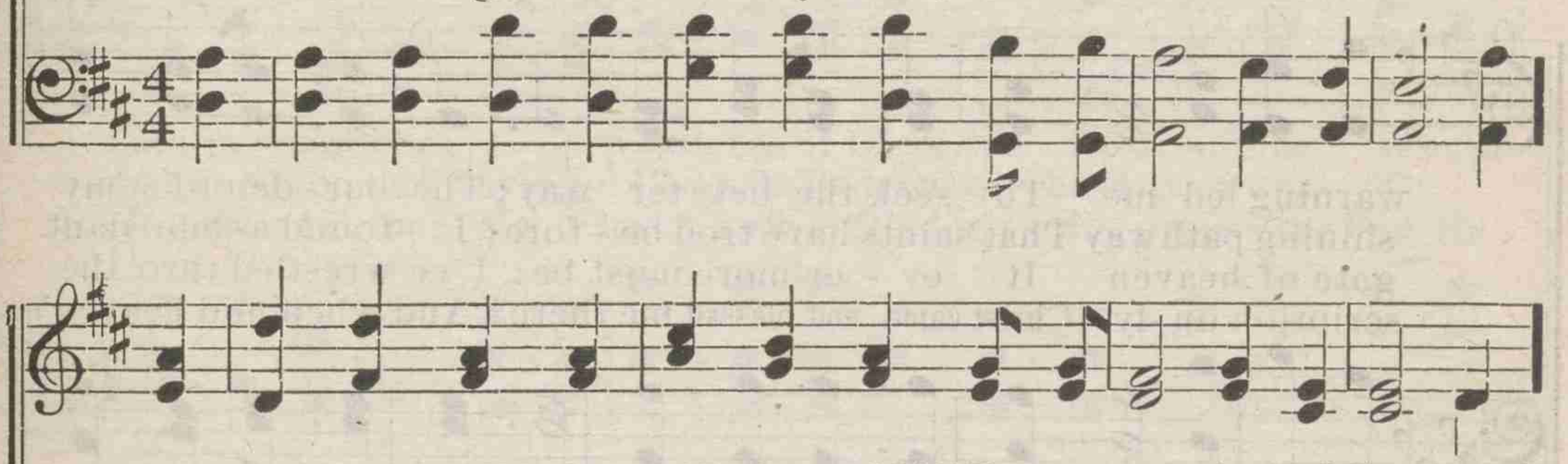
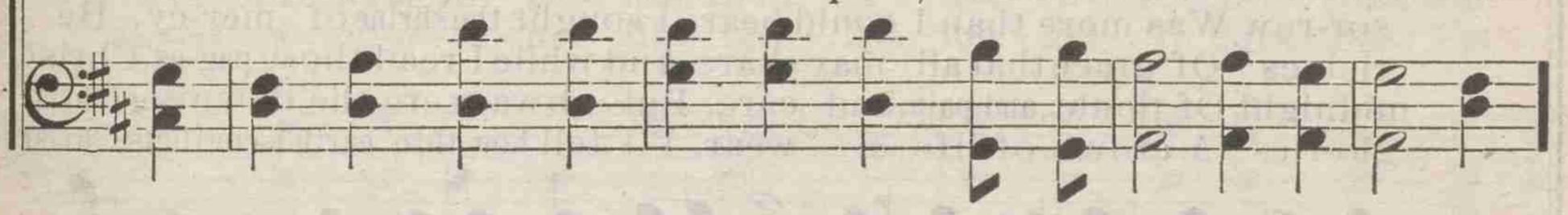
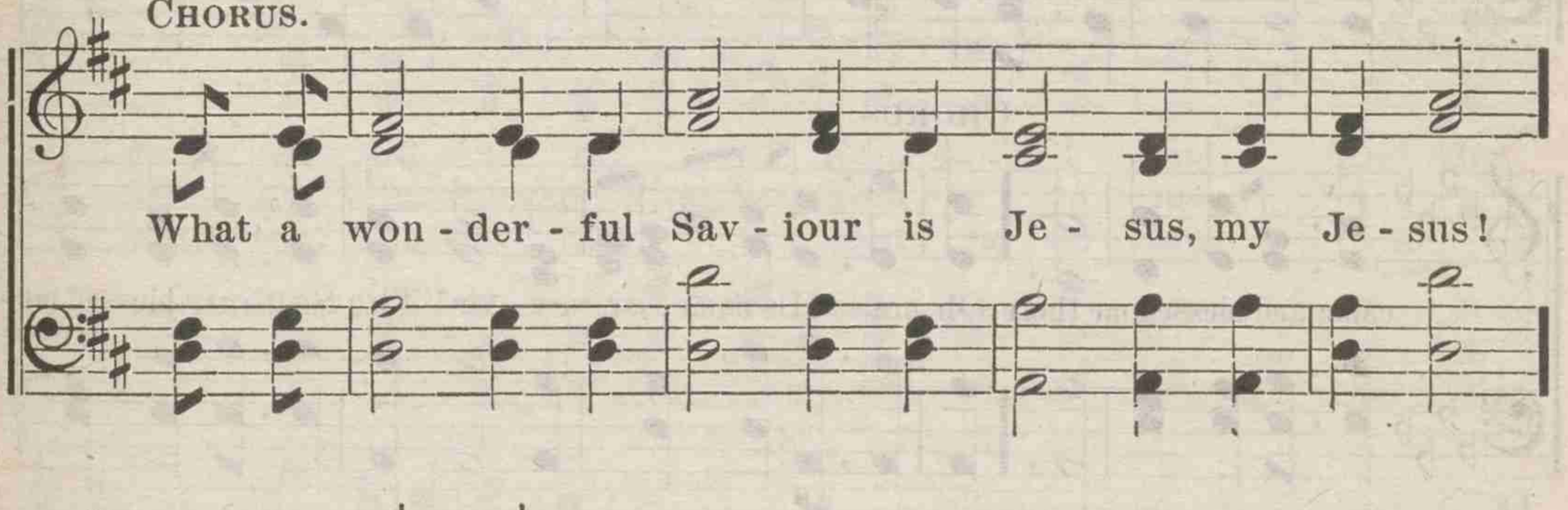
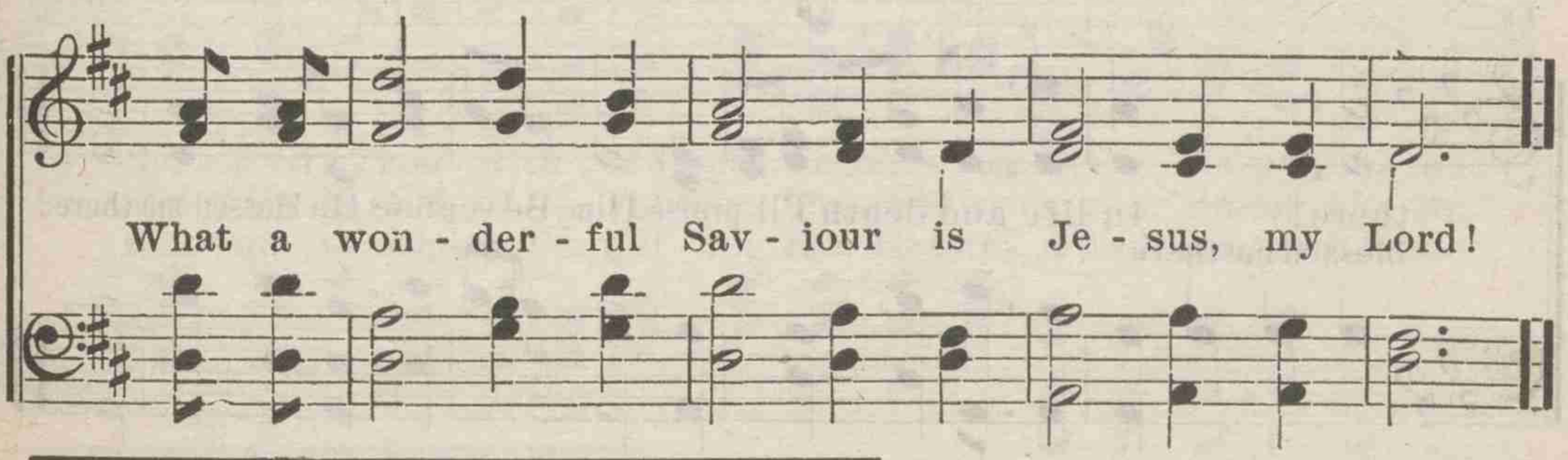
CHORUS.

Wonderful sto-ry of love! Won - der - ful! Won - der - ful sto-ry of love! Wonderful sto-ry of love! Won-der-ful sto- ry of love!

Wonderful story of love!

No. 157. What a Wonderful Saviour!

"And his name shall be called Wonderful."—Isa. 9: 6.

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

1. Christ has for sin a - tonement made, What a won-der-ful Saviour!
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Saviour!
3. He cleans'd my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Saviour!
4. He walks be - side me in the way, What a won-der-ful Saviour!
5. He gives me o - ver - com-ing pow'r, What a won-der-ful Saviour!
6. To Him I've giv - en all my heart, What a won-der-ful Saviour!

We are redeem'd! the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
That rec - on - ciled my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
And now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
And keeps me faith - ful day by day; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
And tri-umph in each try - ing hour; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
The world shall nev - er share a part; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!

Chorus.

What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Je - sus!

What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Lord!

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No. 158. He Blessed Me There.

"I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Ps. 9: 1.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. J. H. TENNEY.

1. When deep in sin and fol - ly My feet had gone a-stray, A voice of
2. I sought my mother's Bi-ble, And search'd its pa-ges o'er, To find the
3. My soul knows well it's Bethel Where God spoke peace to me; The ver - y
4. Oh, all a-long my path way What al - tars I may rear, With this in-

warning led me To seek the bet - ter way; The bur - den of my
shining path way That saints have trod be - fore; I found a- bun- dant
gate of heaven It ev - er-more must be; I've wrestled thro' the
scription on -ly "Christ came and blessed me there!" And when mid heaven's

sor-row Was more than I could bear, I sought the shrine of mer-cy, He
rich-es Of grace that all may share, And while I read those pag-es, Christ
midnight Of doubt, and pain, and care, But al-ways ere the dawning Christ
glo-ries A crown of life I wear, I'll tell how thro' earth's conflicts Christ

CHORUS.

came and blessed me there. Oh, praise His name for - ev - er! The Saviour blessed me
He
there! In life and death I'll praise Him, Be - cause He blessed me there!
blessed me there!

Copyright, 1894, by HENRY DATE.

No. 159. Saved a Sinner Like Me.

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

CHAS. I. BUTLER. C. C. LUTHER.

1. I was once far a-way from the Saviour, And as vile as a sin-ner could be; I wondered if Christ, the Re-deem-er, Would save a poor sin-ner like me. I wan-dered on in the dark-ness, Not a ray of light could I see; And the dark-ness I'm now un-to oth-ers I'm tell-ing, How He saved a poor sin-ner like me.

2. But there in that lone-ly hour, A voice sweetly whsipered to me, Saying, "Christ, the Redeem-er, hath pow-er To save a poor sin-ner like thee." I list-en'd, and lo! 'twas the Sav-iour Who was speaking so kind-ly to me; I tho't filled my heart with sad-ness, There's no hope for a sin-ner like me.

3. Fully then trust-ed I in Je-sus, And oh, what a joy came to me; My heart now is filled with His prais-es, For He saved a poor sin-ner like me. I wan-dered on in the walk-ing, For the light is shin-ing on me; And cried, "I'm the chief of sin-ners, Thou canst save a poor sin-ner like me." now un-to oth-ers I'm tell-ing, How He saved a poor sin-ner like me.

Copyright, 1888, by C. C. LUTHER.

No. 160. Washed and Redeemed.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul."—Ps. 146: 1.

C. C. L. C. C. LUTHER.

1. All glo - ry to God in the high-est. All glo - ry to Je - sus the Son; All glo - ry to God's Ho - ly Spir - it, For the won-der - ful
2. My per - fect redemption He purchas'd, My ran-som He paid in His blood; And life ev - er-last - ing He giv - eth, Praise the Lord for the
3. A man-sion in glo - ry pre-par - ing, A robe that is spot-less and white, A palm branch of vic - to - ry wav - ing, All of these by the
4. A crown of re - joic-ing un-fad - ing, A song on - ly ran-somed ones sing, With Je - sus, a prince, ev - er reign-ing, Thro' the blood I'm the

CHORUS.

things He has done. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! I am
sin-cleans-ing flood.
blood are my right.
child of a King. Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal - le-lu-jah!

wash'd and re-deem'd by the blood, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord for the sin-cleansing flood.
Hal - le - lu - jah!

Copyright, 1888, by C. C. LUTHER.

No. 161. Wondrously Redeemed.

"I will speak of thy wondrous work."—Psalm 145: 5.

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

1. I have pre-cious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has come with me to dwell, hal-le - lu - jah! By His grace and pow'r divine, He has changed this heart of mine, And He whispers, "I am thine," hal-le - lu - jah!
2. It was Christ's redemption-blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That re - stored my soul to God, hal-le - lu - jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing from His wounded side; I am saved and jus-ti - fied, hal-le - lu - jah!
3. I have found a pre-cious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose help I can de-pend, hal-le - lu - jah! Since He took my sins a-way, He has taught me how to pray, And to do His will each day, hal-le - lu - jah!

walk the nar-row way, For He washed my sins a-way, hal-le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - - - - - jah! I'm re-deemed! Oh, so won - - - - - drous - ly re - deemed!

D.S. *joic-ing night and day, As I*

FINE.

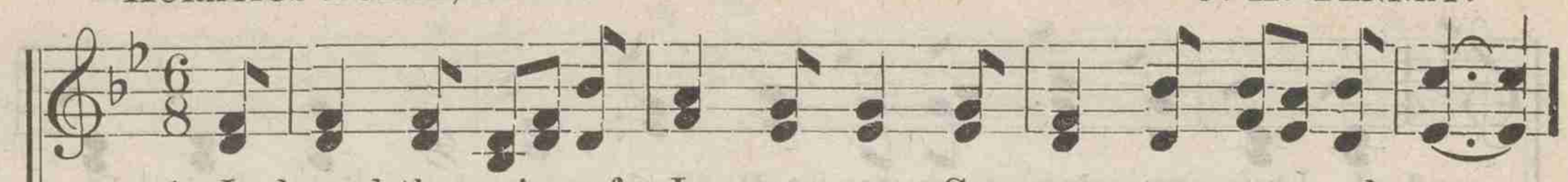
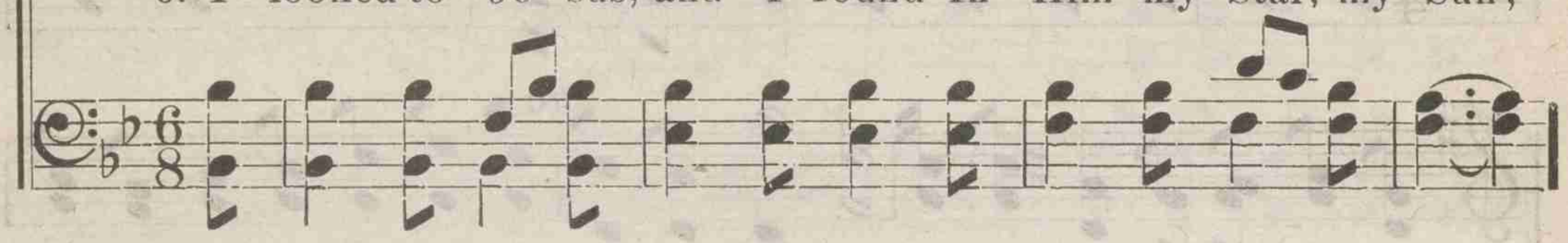
Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeemed! oh, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeem'd! Oh, so won-drous-ly redeemed, yes, oh, so won-drous - ly redeemed! I'm re -

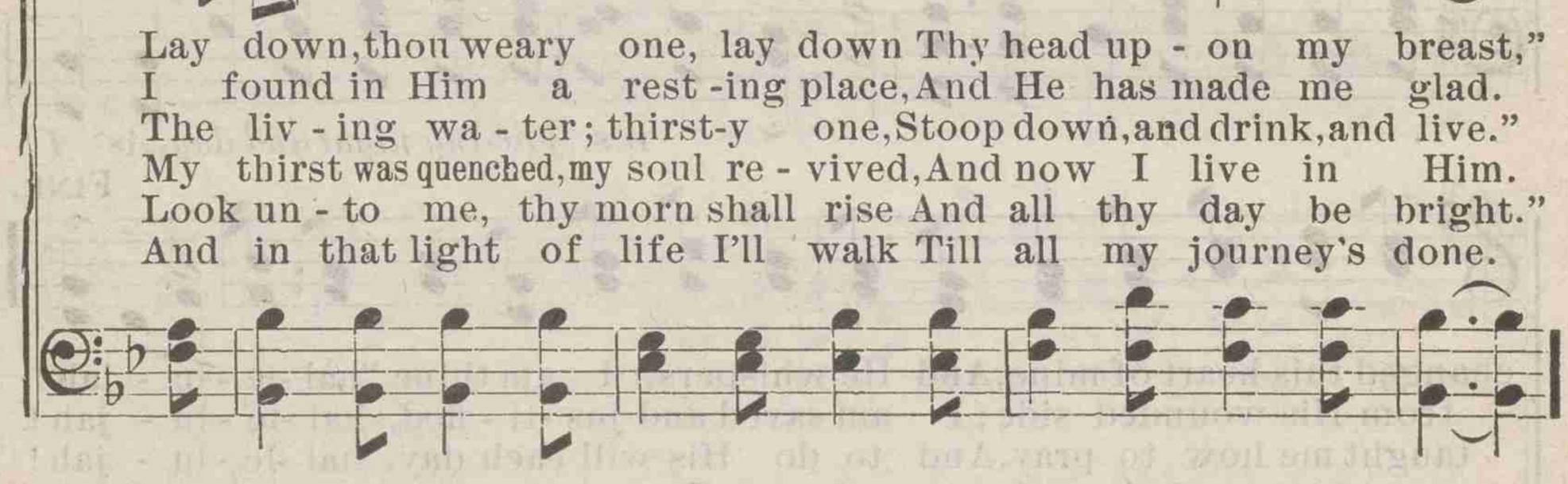
D.S.

By per. of The Hoffman Music Co.

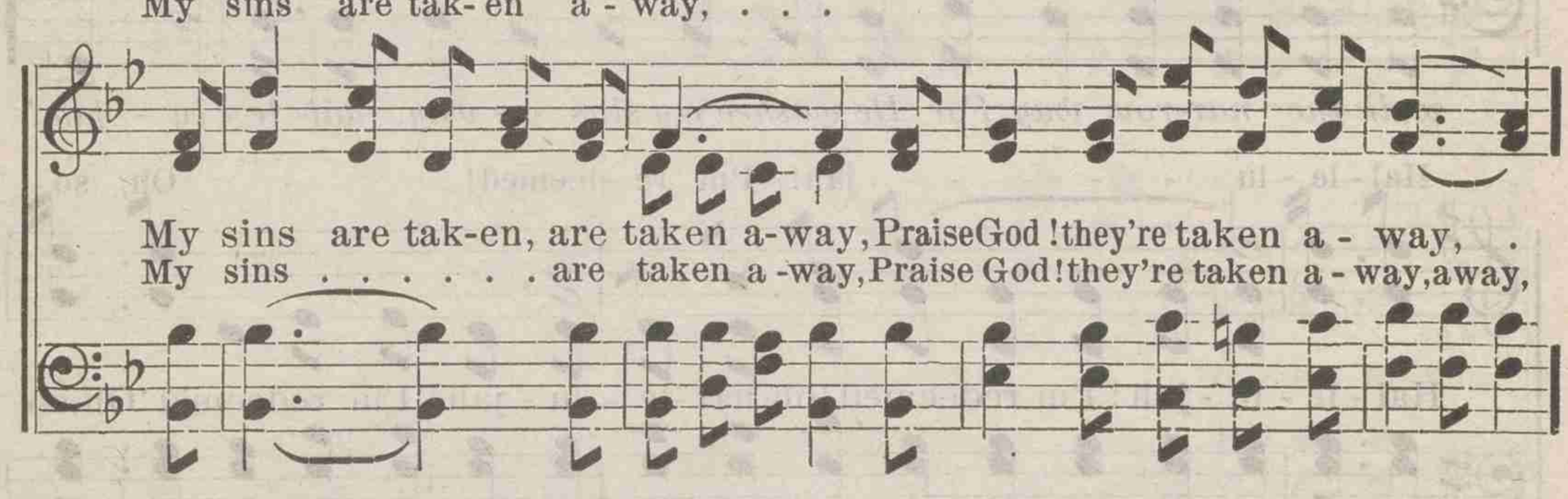
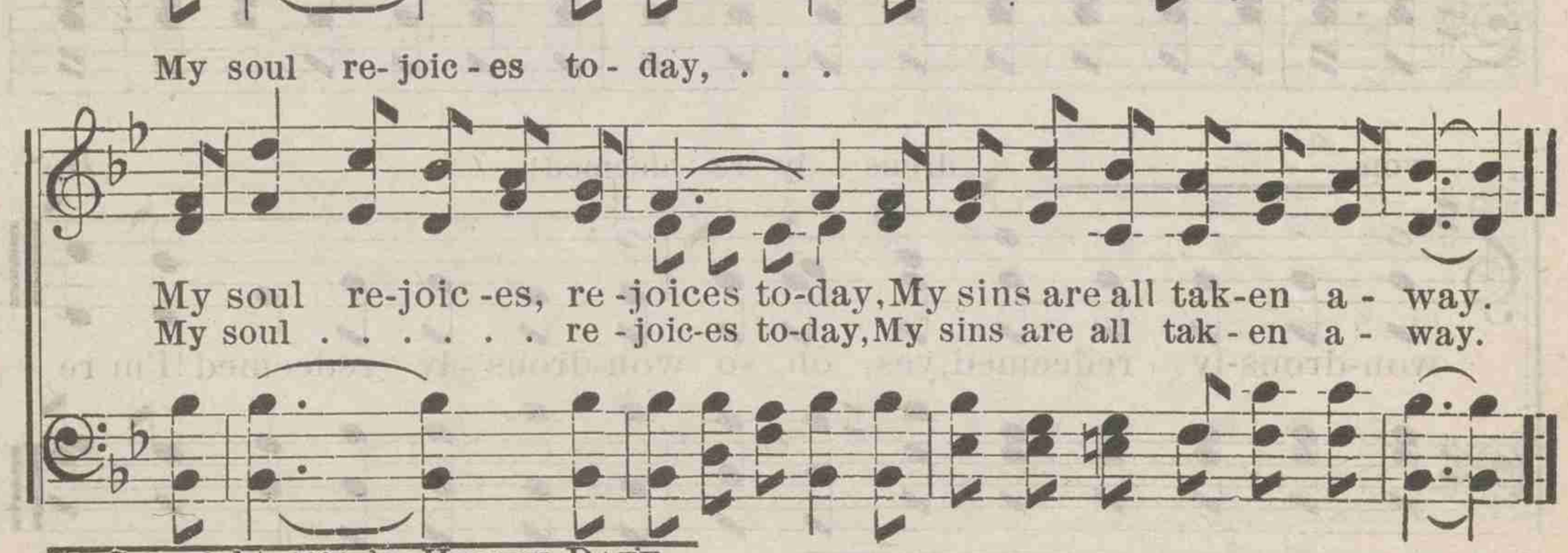
No. 162. My Sins are Taken Away.

"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40: 17.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. J. H. TENNEY.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
5. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light,
6. I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast,"
I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise And all thy day be bright."
And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my journey's done.



CHORUS.

My sins are tak- en a - way, . . .

My sins are tak-en, are taken a-way, Praise God! they're taken a - way, .
My sins . . . . . are taken a - way, Praise God! they're taken a - way, away,

My soul re- joic - es to - day, . . .

My soul re-joic - es, re - joices to-day, My sins are all tak-en a - way.
My soul . . . . . re - joic-es to-day, My sins are all tak - en a - way.

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No. 163. The Heavenly Harp.

"Are they not all ministering spirits."— Heb. 1: 14.

2d and 4th verses by
JNO. C. F. KYGER.

Music and chorus by
J. M. HAGAN.

1. There is a harp whose thrilling sound, Swells thro' the choir of heav'n above,
2. 'Tis when the sinner bows in pray'r, Gives up His sins and turns to God,
3. 'Tis when beyond this vale of tears, A saint-ed spir- it wings its way,
4. Hark! the glad shout of sacred joy, In chor- al numbers loud and long,

'Mid the blue arch the notes resound, While angels catch the song of love.
An - gel - ic hosts attune their harps, To sound the triumphs of His word.
And pure be-fore the throne appears, In robes of bright ethereal day.
The heavenly hosts their harps employ, And hal - le-lu jahs swell the song.

CHORUS.

Heav'n-ly harp . . . . whose thrilling sound, In
Heav'n-ly harp, heav'n-ly harp whose thrill-ing sound, thrill -ing sound, In

accents sweet the notes prolong, Heav'n and earth . . with joy a -
accents sweet the notes prolong, notes prolong, Heav'n and earth, heav'n and earth with joy a

bound, And an - gels chant the new-made song.
bound, with joy a - bound, And an - gels chant the new - made song.

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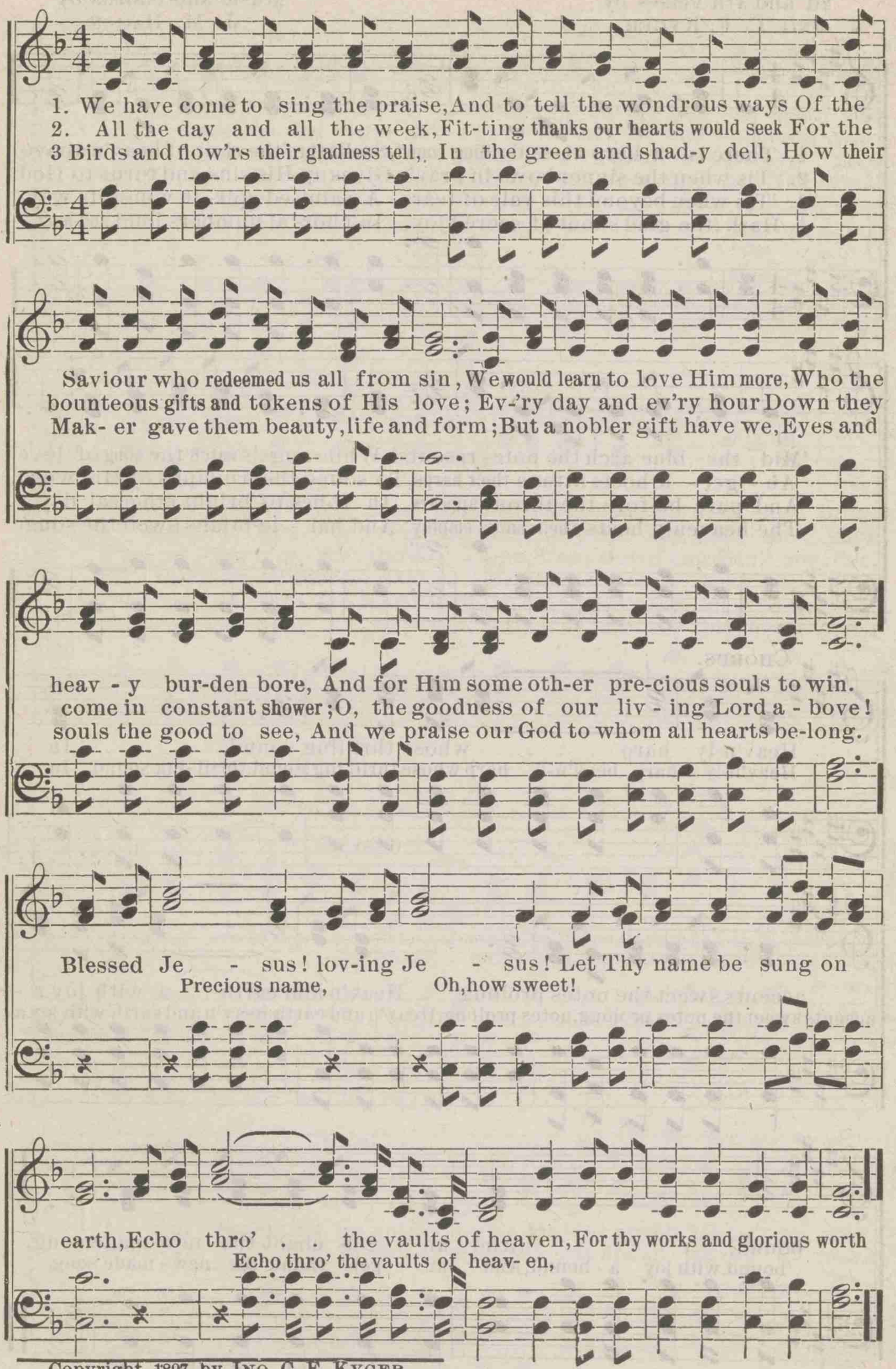
No. 164. We Have Come to Sing His Praise.

"Sing forth the honor of his name; make his name glorious."—Ps. 66: 2.

ADALINE BEERY. J. M. HAGAN.

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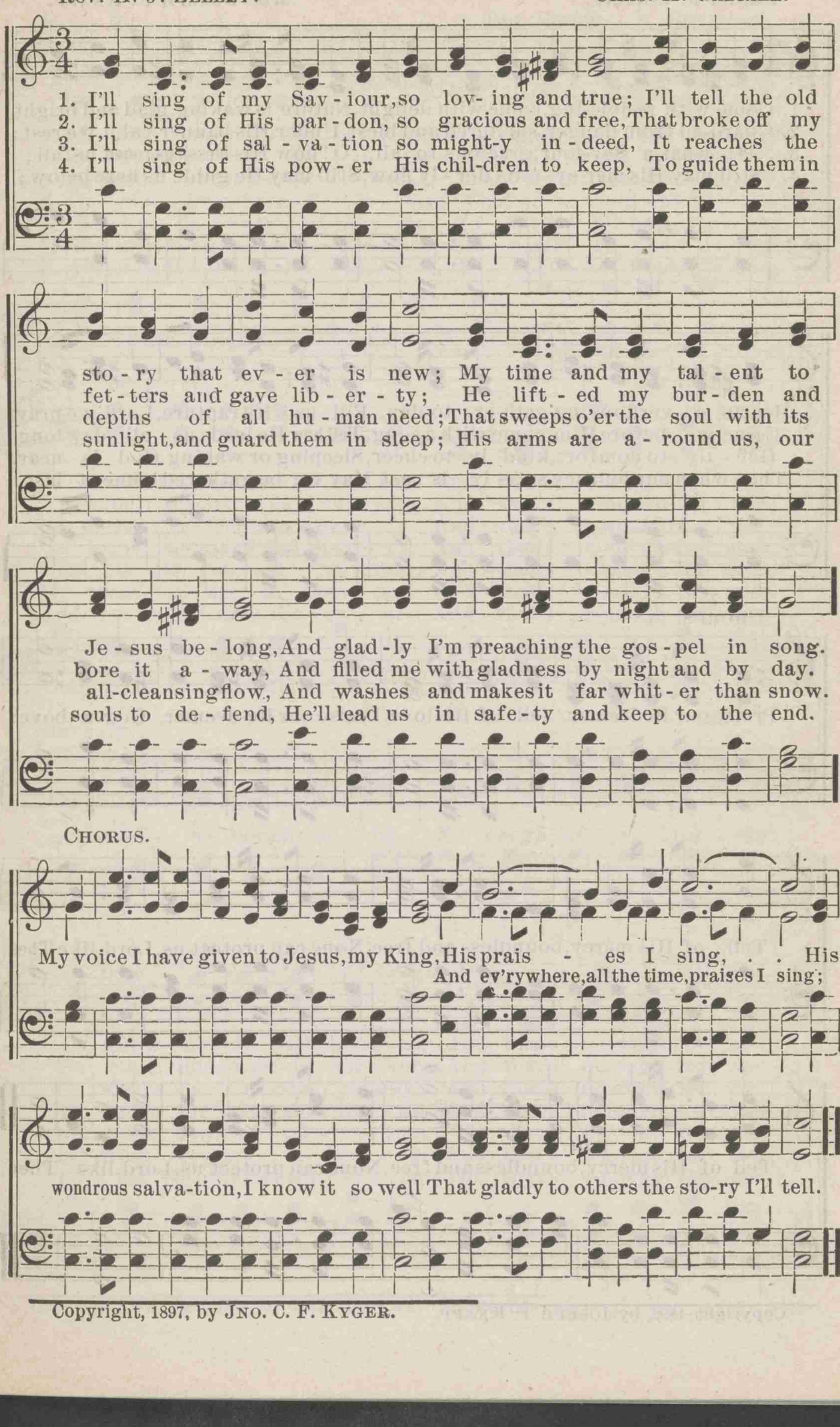
No. 165. Singing for Jesus.

"I will sing of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy."—Psa. 59: 16.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



CHORUS.

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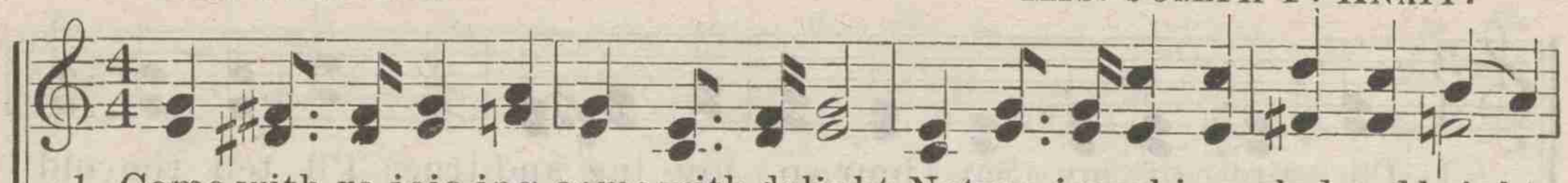
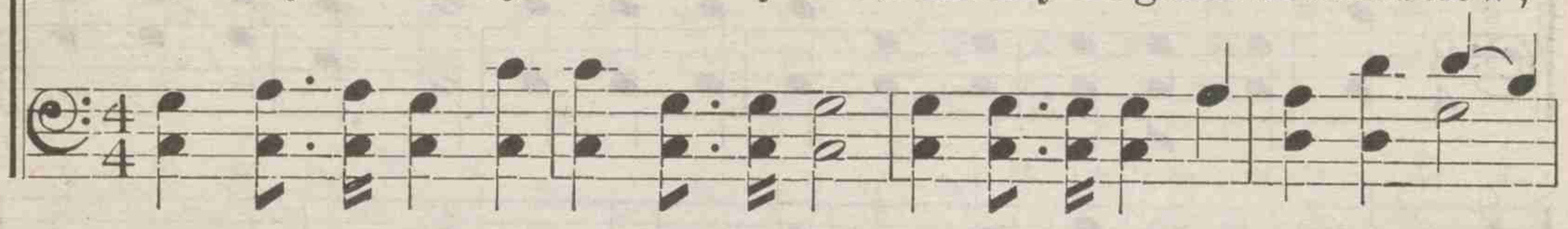
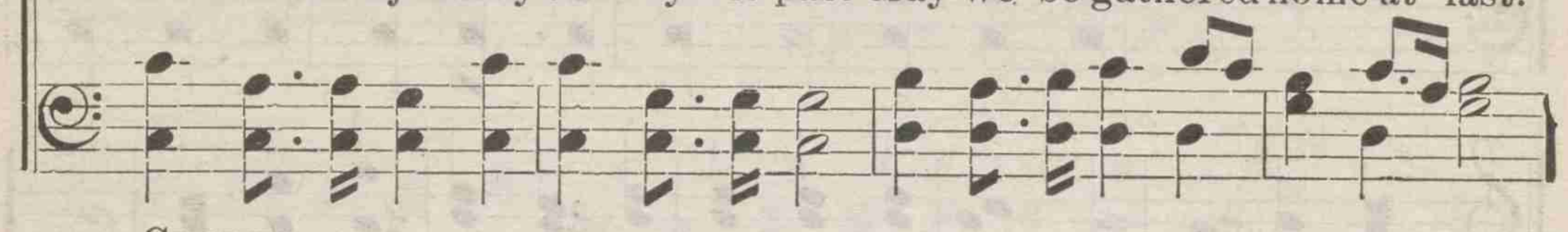
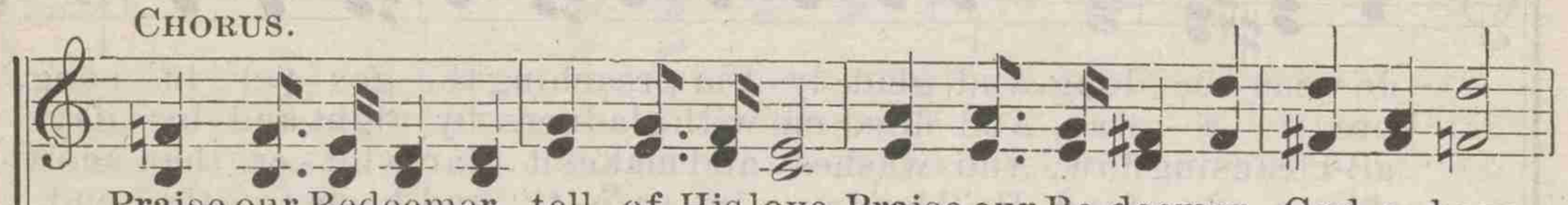
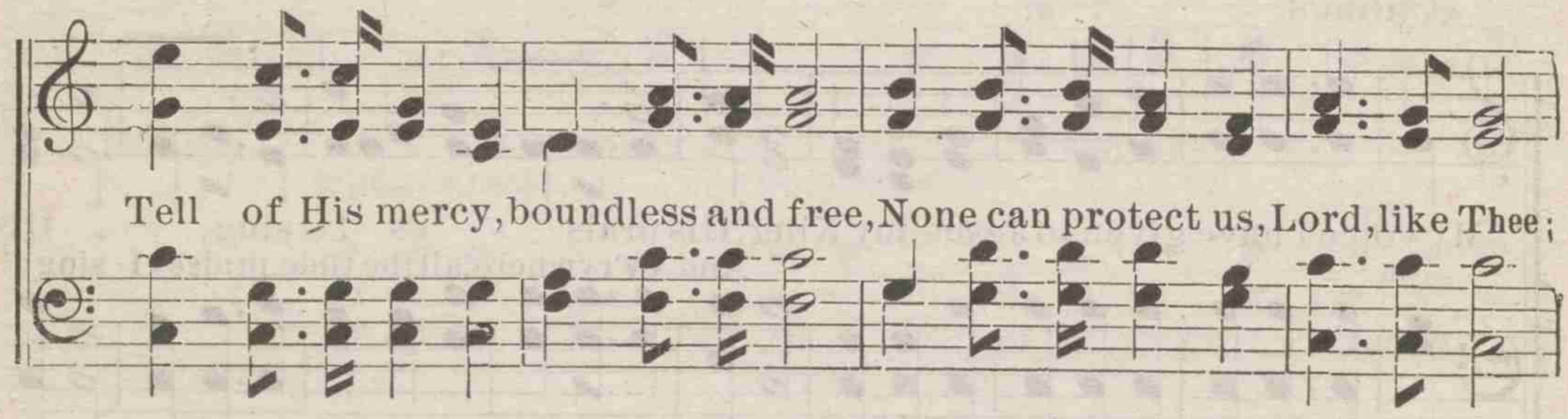
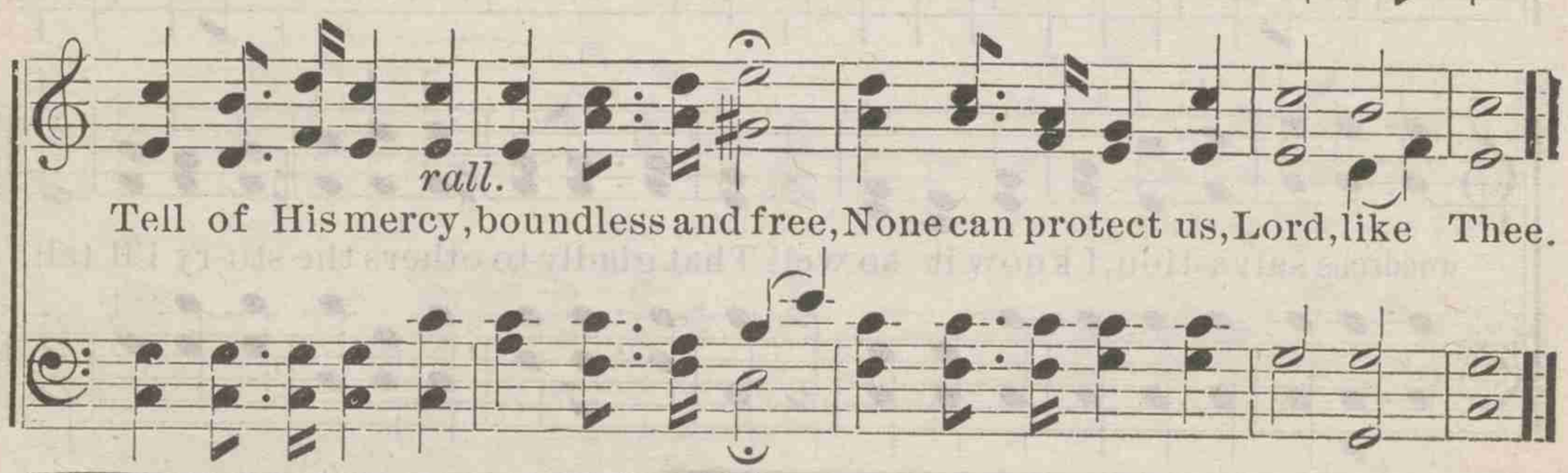
No. 166. Come With Rejoicing.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."—Psa. 144: 15.

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

1. Come with re-joic-ing, come with delight, Nature is waking, glad and bright;
2. Guard-ed from danger, sheltered and blest, Under His banner, calm, we rest;
3. O! what a Sav-iour, gracious to all, O! how His blessings round us fall;
4. Still may His mer-cy ten - der - ly flow, Still may He guide us here below;

Hearts o - verflow-ing gath-er to-day, Fill us with rapture, Lord, we pray.
Come we before Him, come with a song, Tell how He leads us all day long.
Ger - tly to comfort, kind- ly to cheer, Sleeping or waking, God is near.
Then when our journey safe- ly is past May we be gathered home at last.

CHORUS.

Praise our Redeemer, tell of His love, Praise our Re-deemer, God a - bove;



Tell of His mercy, boundless and free, None can protect us, Lord, like Thee;

rall.

Tell of His mercy, boundless and free, None can protect us, Lord, like Thee.

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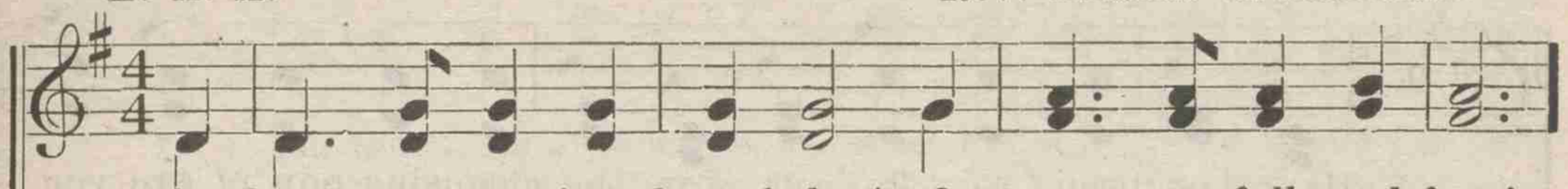
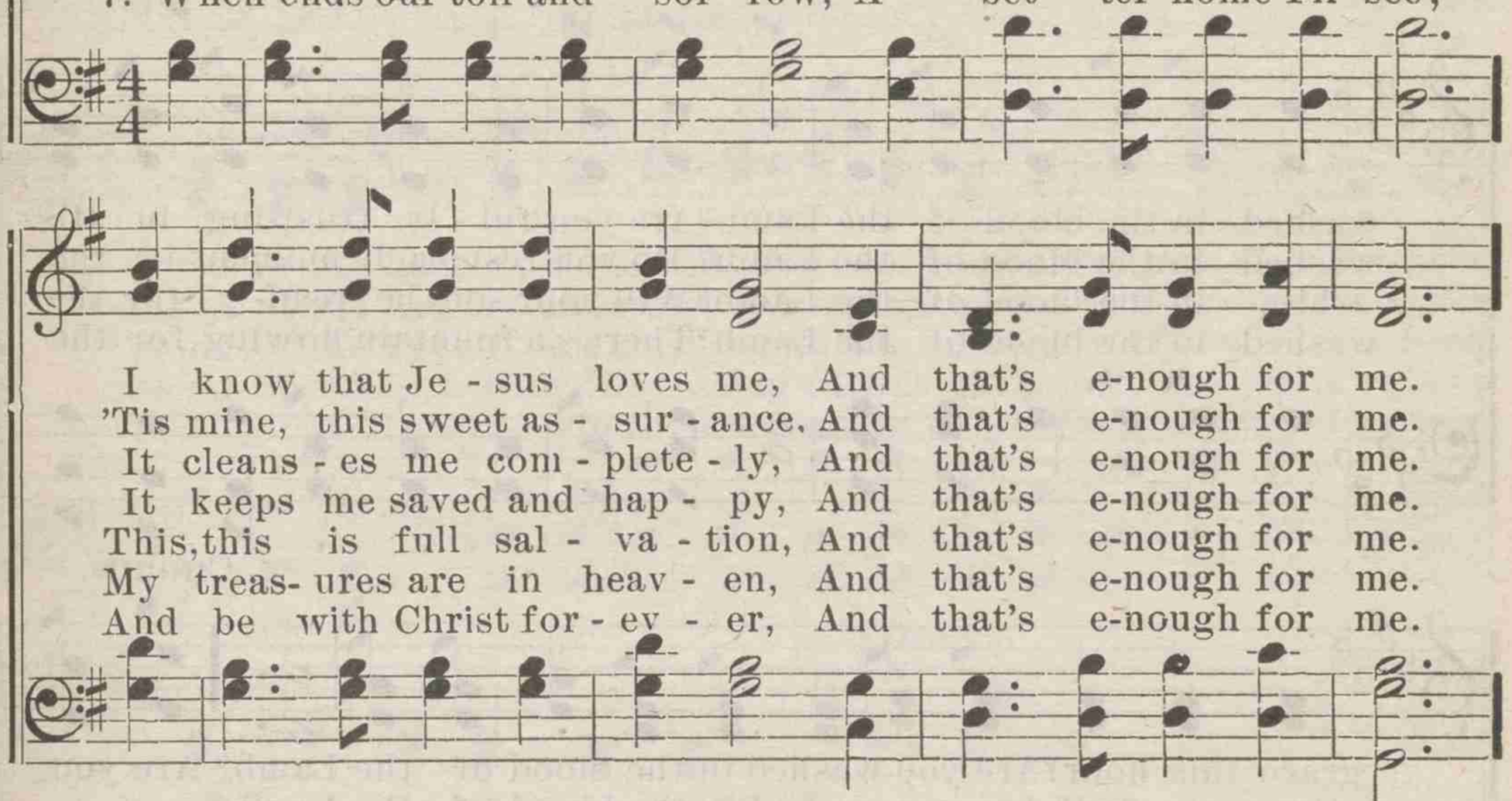
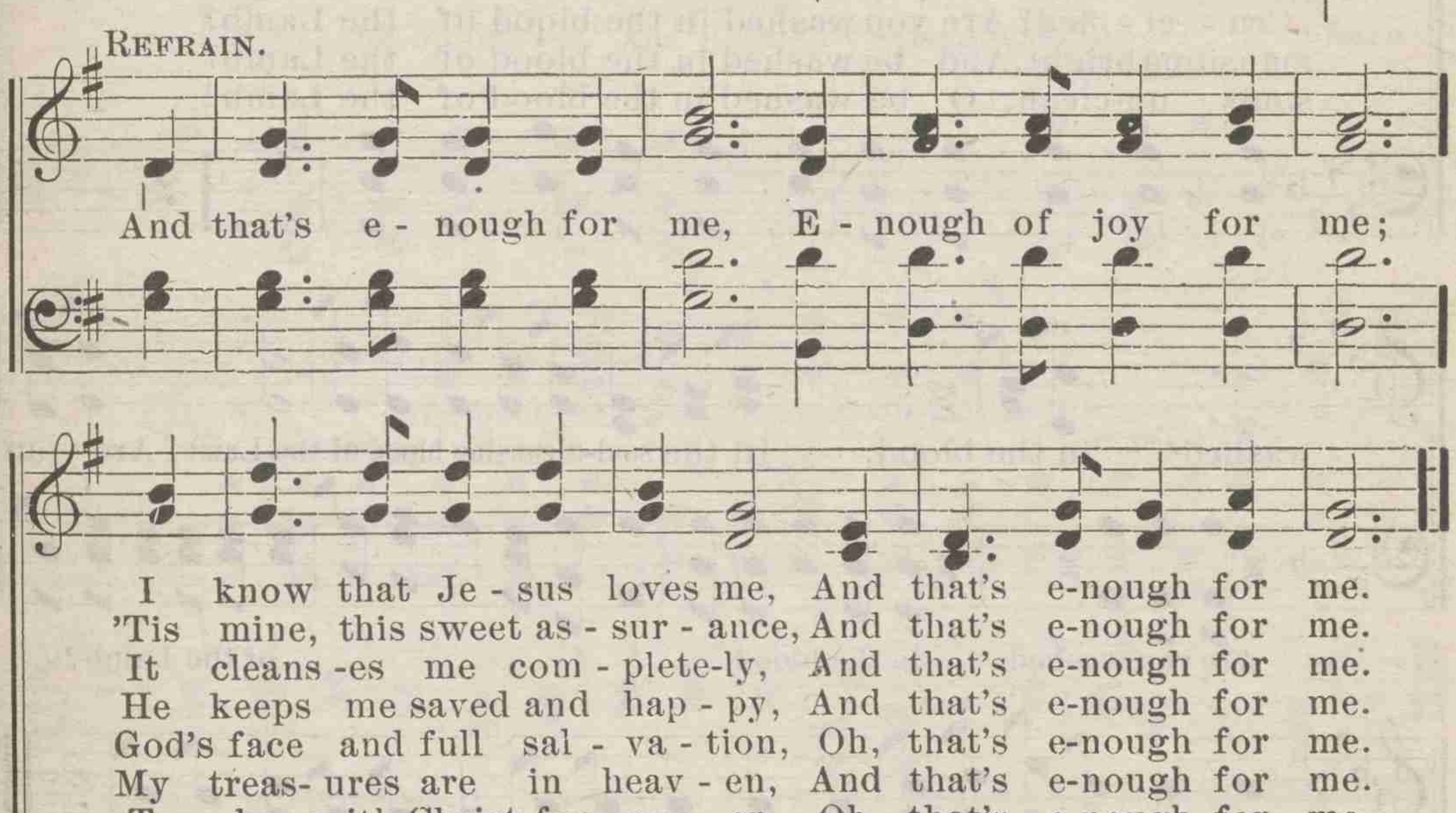
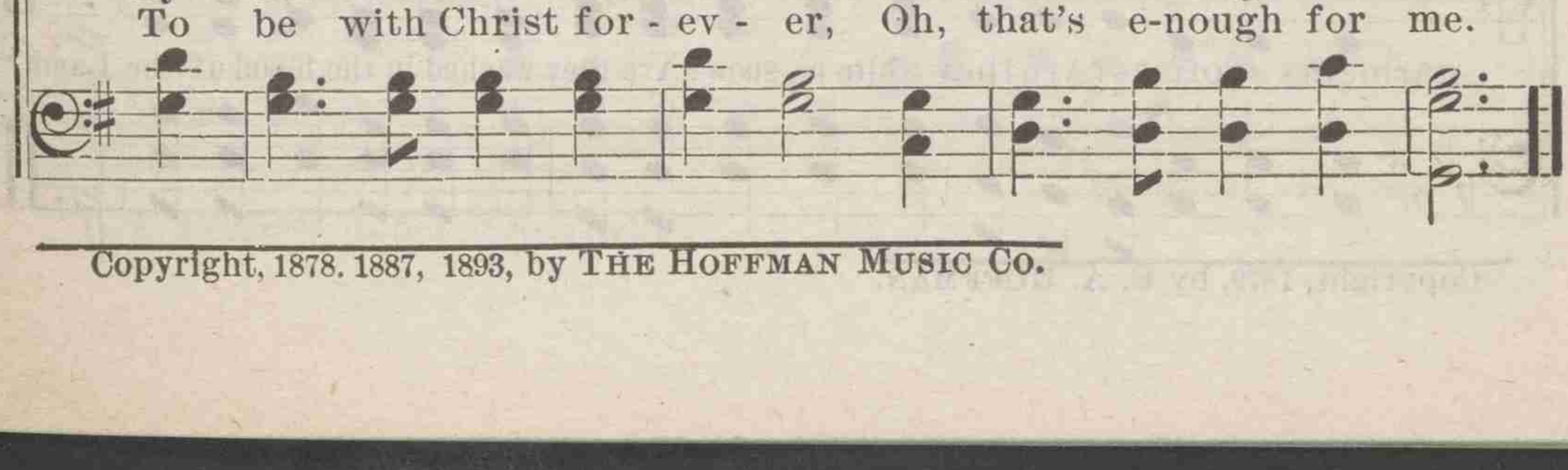
No. 167. That's Enough for Me.

"I will sing praise to the Lord." — Judges 5: 3.

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

1. O, love sur- pass-ing knowledge! O, grace so full and free!
2. O, won - der-ful sal - va - tion, That I should ran-som'd be!
3. O, blood of Christ so pre- cious, That flows from Cal - va - ry!
4. O, won - drous love of Je - sus! What love could sweeter be?
5. We live in sweet com-mun- ion, In bless - ed har - mo - ny;
6. The worldling seeks for pleas-ure, In earth - ly van - i - ty;
7. When ends our toil and sor- row, A bet - ter home I'll see;

I know that Je - sus loves me, And that's e-nough for me.
'Tis mine, this sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e-nough for me.
It cleans - es me com - plete - ly, And that's e-nough for me.
It keeps me saved and hap - py, And that's e-nough for me.
This, this is full sal - va - tion, And that's e-nough for me.
My treas- ures are in heav - en, And that's e-nough for me.
And be with Christ for - ev - er, And that's e-nough for me.



Refrain.



And that's e - nough for me, E - nough of joy for me;

I know that Je - sus loves me, And that's e-nough for me.
'Tis mine, this sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e-nough for me.
It cleans - es me com - plete-ly, And that's e-nough for me.
He keeps me saved and hap - py, And that's e-nough for me.
God's face and full sal - va - tion, Oh, that's e-nough for me.
My treas- ures are in heav - en, And that's e-nough for me.
To be with Christ for - ev - er, Oh, that's e-nough for me.

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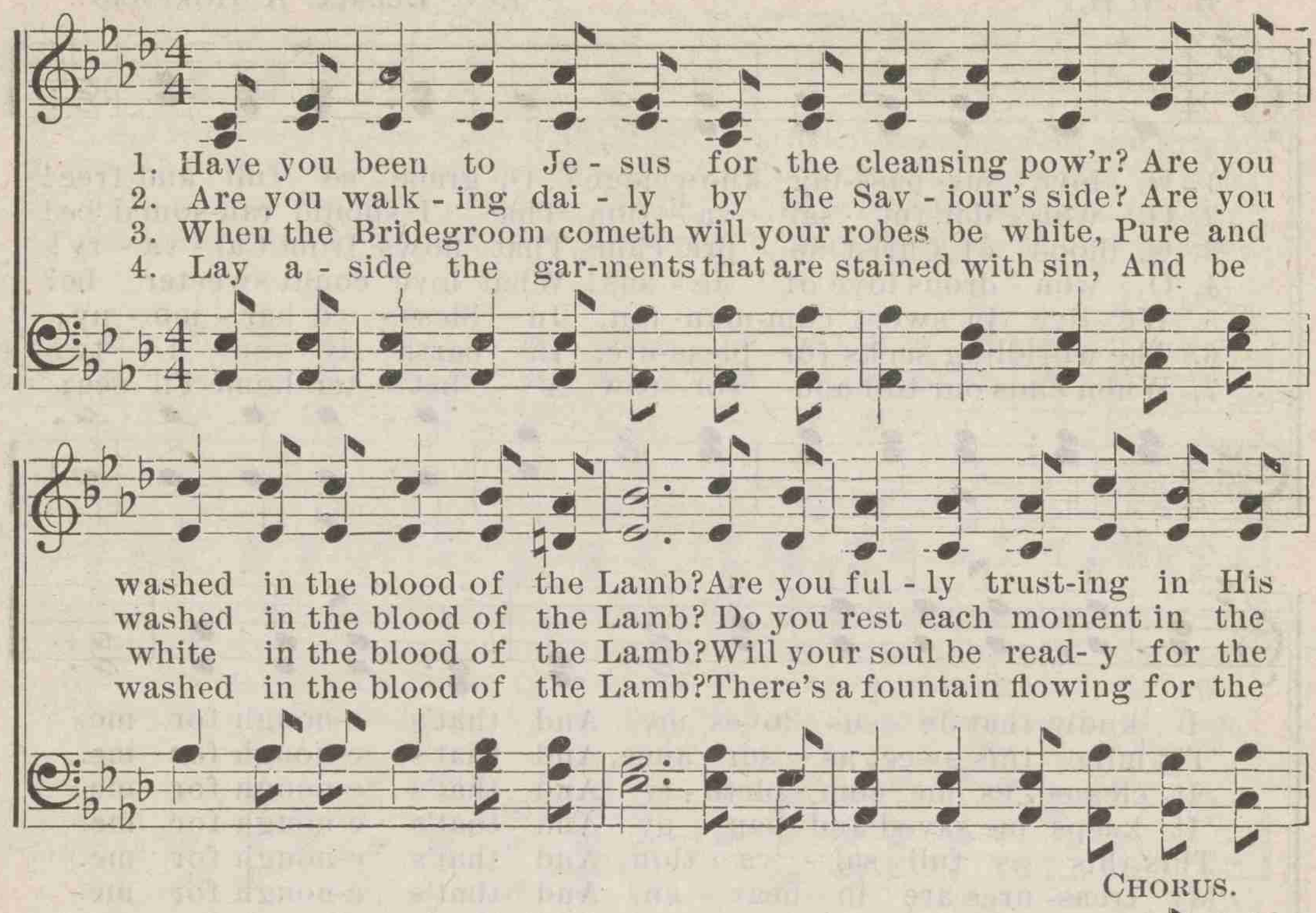
No. 168. Are you Washed in the Blood?

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

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.



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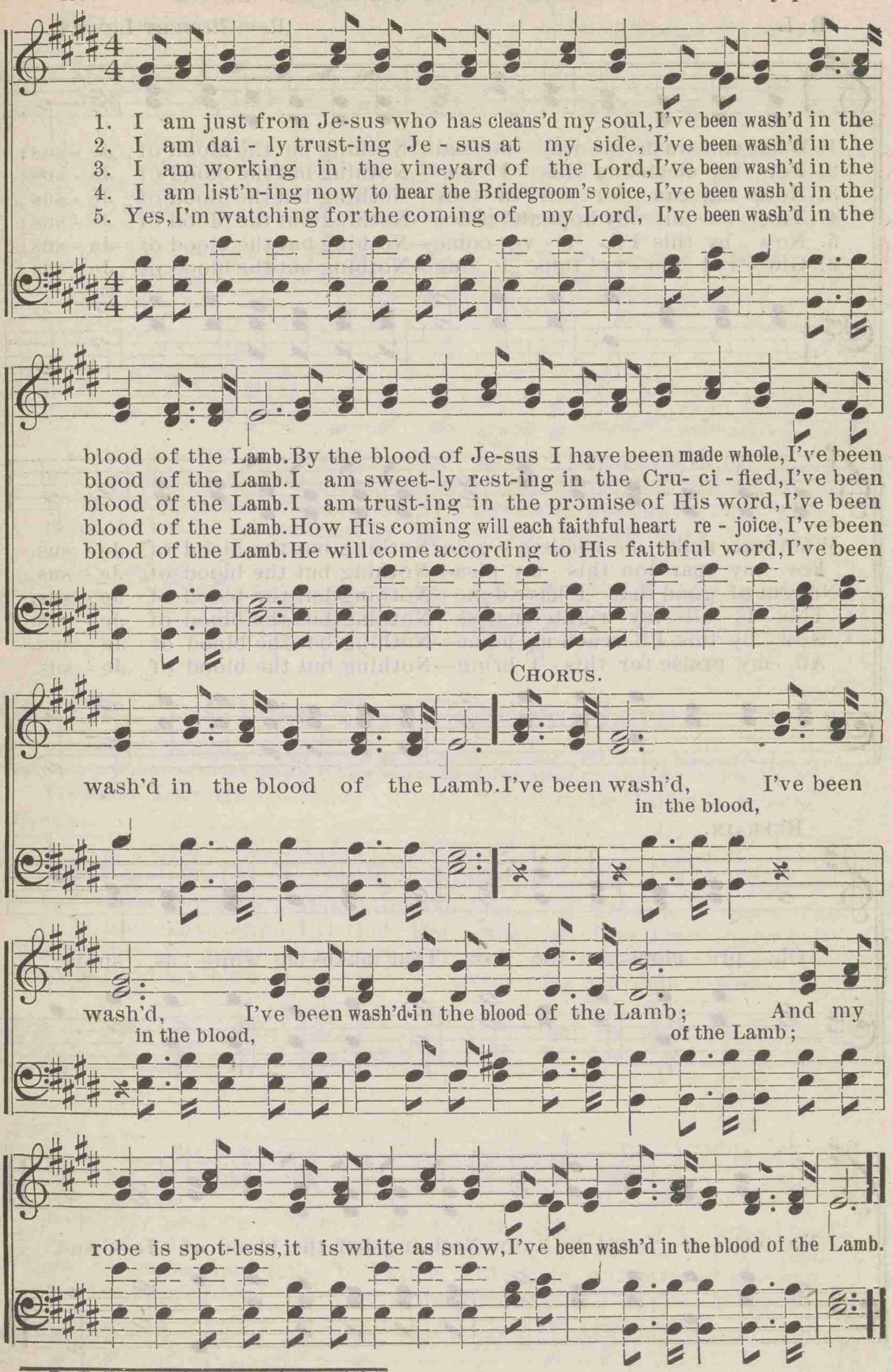
No. 169. I've Been Washed in the Blood.

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

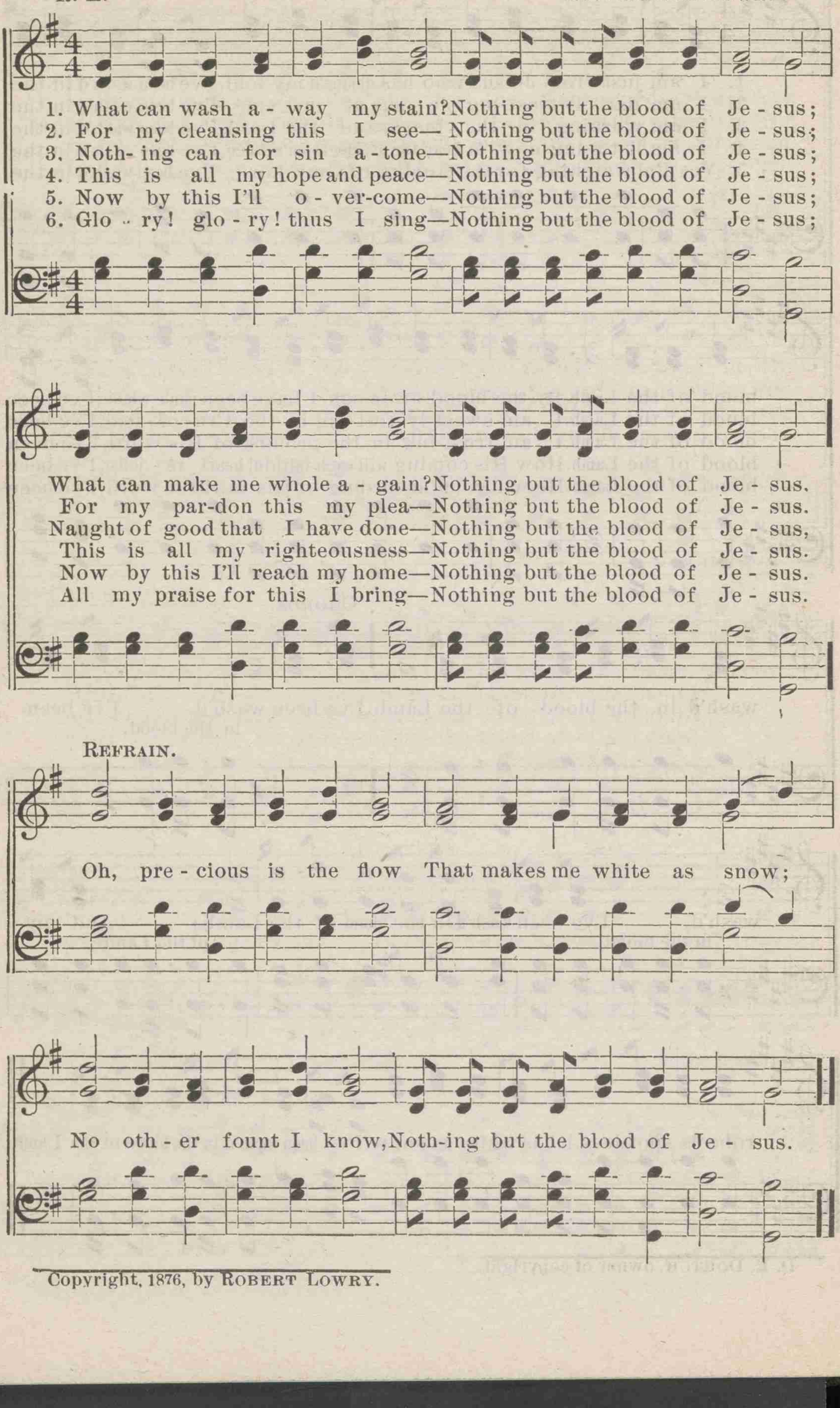
Rev. W. T. DALE. Rev. D. E. DORTCH, by per.



D. E. DORTCH, owner of copyright.

No. 170. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

"Without shedding of blood there is no remission."—Heb. 9:22.

R. L. Rev. Robert Lowry.

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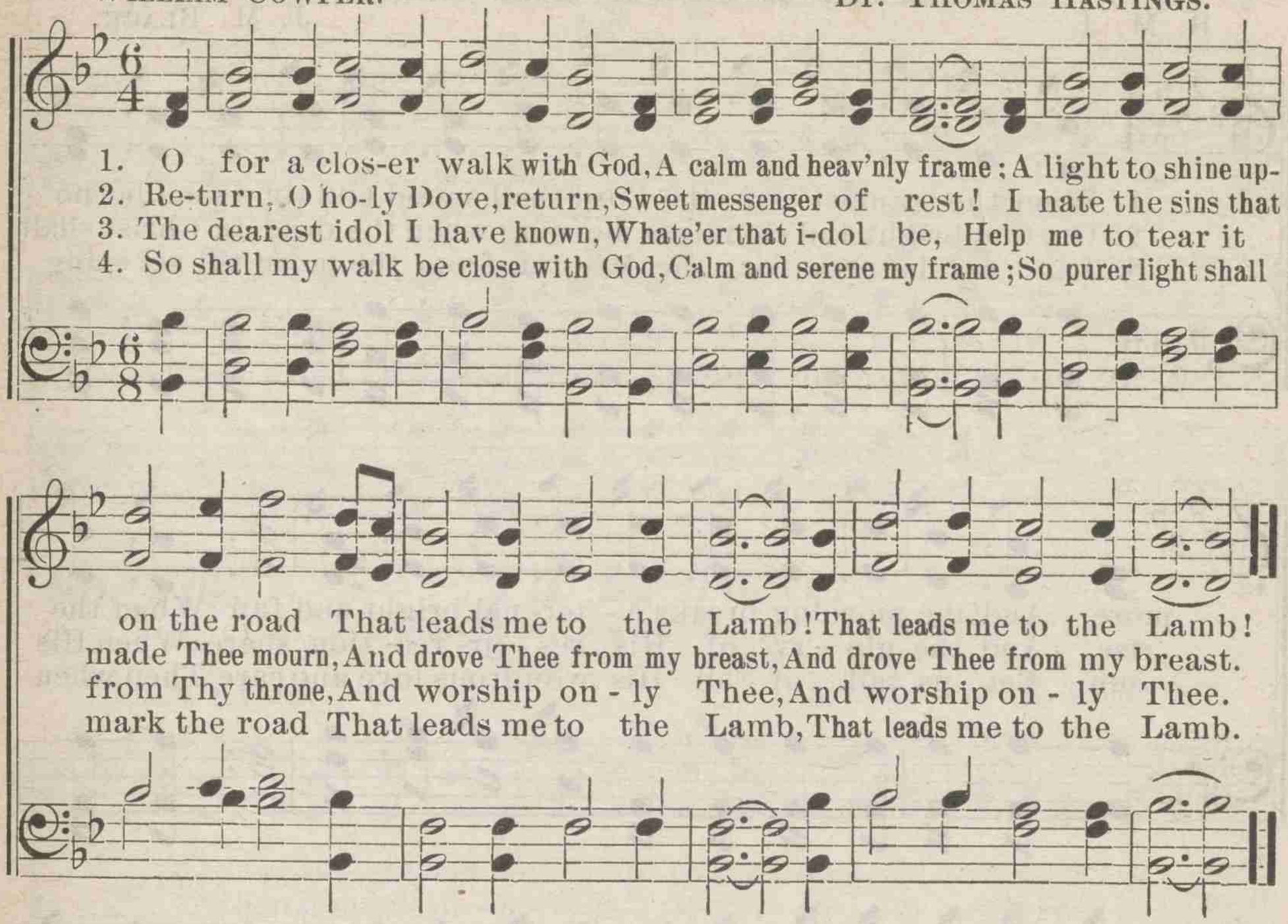
No. 171. O for a Closer Walk with God.

"Walk in the spirit."—Gal. 5: 16.

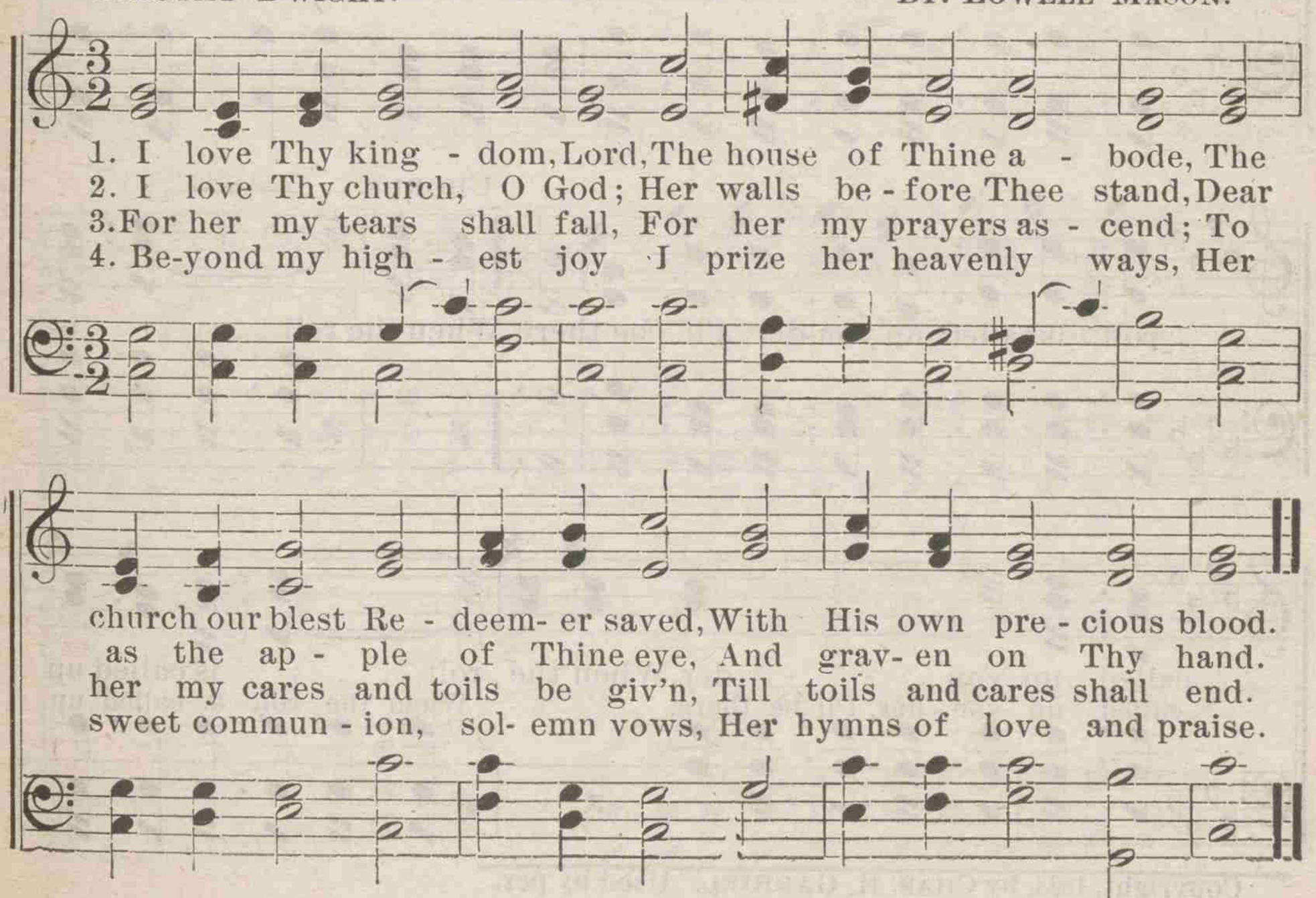
WILLIAM COWPER. Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 172. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

"If I forget Thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Psa. 137: 5, 6.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 178. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

"That where I am there, ye may be also."—John 14: 3.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks e - ter- nal, bright and fair; When the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur- rec- tion share; When His
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas-ter from the morn till set - ting sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then when

saved of earth shall gather o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
chos- en ones shall gather to their homes beyond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the

CHORUS.

roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . is
called up yon - - - der, When the roll . . . is called up
called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

Copyright, 1893, by CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Used by per.

When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

yon - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

No. 174. I'll Be There.

"A better country, that is an heavenly." — HEB. 11 : 16.

Copyright, 1898, by JNO. C. F. KYGER.

Latin Hymn. Arr. by JNO. C. F. KYGER.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me!
   When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace in Thee?
2. Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,
   Where con-gre-ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - bath's nev - er end?
3. There hap-pier bow'rs than E-den's bloom, Nor sin, nor sor - row know;
   Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes, I on - ward press to you.
4. Je - ru - sa - lem, my glorious home, My soul still pants for thee;
   Then shall my la - bors have an end When I Thy joys shall see.

REFRAIN.

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the roll is call'd in heav'n, I'll be there,

I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the roll is call'd in heav'n, I'll be there.

I'll be there, I'll be there,

No. 175. Some Mother's Child.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1: 18.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. F. MYERS.

Very slow, with feeling.

1. Be kind to the err - ing whose feet are a - stray, And lead them a- gain to the heav- en- ly way; Re-mem- ber for each, tho' by
2. Good moth - ers are weep - ing and pray - ing to - night For boys who have stray'd from the pathway of right, And while they are reck- less and
3. Be kind to the boy who is liv - ing in sin, And strive the poor wand'rer to Je - sus to win; For somewhere for one by temp-
4. O God! in Thy ten - der com - pas - sion and love, Look down from Thy throne in the heavens above, And save the dear boys, so de -

sin so de- filed, Some moth-er is pray-ing—he is some mother's child.
tho't-less and wild, Each moth-er is pray-ing un-to God for her child
ta -tion be-guil'd Some moth-er is pray-ing—he is some mother's child.
prav'd and de -fil'd, Whose mothers are praying, "Gracious Lord, save my child!"

CHORUS.

Some mother's child, some mother's child, Remember each wand'rer is some mother's child;

Some mother's child, some mother's child, Remember each wand'rer is some mother's child.

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No. 176. Some Mother's Child.

"He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—1 John 6: 37.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, by per.

SOPRANO AND ALTO. *With expression.*

1. At home or a - way, in the al - ley or street, Wherev - er I
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled, Whose hearts have grown
3. No mat - ter how deep he is sunk-en in sin, No mat - ter how
4. That head hath been pillowed on ten- der-est breast, That form hath been

chance in this wide world to meet A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is
hardened, whose spir-its are cold, Be it woman all fall-en, or man all de -
much he is shunned by his kin, No mat - ter how foul is his fountain of
wept o'er, those lips have been pressed, That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and

wild, My heart echoes soft-ly, "It is some mother's child," My heart echoes
filed, A voice whispers sadly, "It is some mother's child," A voice whis-pers
joy, Tho' guilt-y and loathesome, he is some mother's boy, Tho' guilt-y and
mild; For her sake deal gently with some mother's child, For her sake deal

REFRAIN.

soft-ly, "It is some mother's child." Some mother's child, some mother's
sad - ly, "It is some mother's child." Some mother's child, some mother's
loathesome, he is some mother's boy. Some mother's boy, some mother's
gen - tly with some mother's child. Some mother's child, some mother's

child, My heart ech - oes soft - ly, "It is some moth-er's child."
child. A voice whis-pers sad - ly, "It is some moth-er's child."
boy, Tho' guilt - y and loathesome, he is some moth-er's boy.
child, For her sake deal gen - tly with some moth-er's child.

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No. 177. Does Mother Know I'm Saved?

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—Prov. 21: 28.

EDWIN L. WATTS.

IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

Introduction and Interlude.

Lento.

tr

ben sostenuto.

1. Moth-er oft - en prayed for me in the days of long a -go, When the
2. Yes, she prayed that God would give but this one transcendent boon, That her
3. How much pain and grief I gave where her life I might have cheered, And how
4. Christ the Saviour called her home, but the "still, small Voice" remained, Ev - er

cres -

sum-mer sun was shin-ing with a bright and lustrous glow; Oh! how
boy would come to Je - sus glad - ly, will - ing - ly, and soon; But her
sor - row-ful her spir - it as the Jor - dan shore she neared; But my
plead-ing and be-seeching till an - oth - er soul was gained; Now an -

cen - - - - - do.

oft - en she was grieved, and how oft - en she was sad; For her
eye grew dim with tears, and she slept be-neath the sod, Ere she
heart was ver - y hard, with no "bro-ken spir - it" there, When the
oth - er pil - grim turns long-ing eyes to Heav - en's gate, Where a

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Does Mother Know I'm Saved?

Dim - in - u - en - do.

darl - ing boy was wand'ring, and her heart could not be glad.
gained the asked-for bless-ing of her darl - ing's peace with God.
gen - tle Sav - iour called her to her home so bright and fair.
moth - er, at the por - tals, does her darl - ing one a - wait.

CHORUS.

1,2,3. Does moth-er know I'm sav'd? Is she hap - pier in her home That my
4. Yes, moth-er knows I'm sav'd, And all heav'n is glad with joy; And a

rit. *a tempo.*

foot-steps now no long-er in the paths of dark- ness roam? In the
glo-rious welcome wait-eth for her saved and ransom'd boy; And I'll

home of love e - ter - nal, is she hap- pi - er to - day, That her
soon go home to see her on the bright e - ter - nal plain, Where we'll

darl - ing's feet no long - er on the des - ert moun-tains stray?
meet in glad re - un - ion, nev - er- more to part a - gain.

No. 178. Again We'll Never Pass This Way.

"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his home, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work."—Mark 13: 34.

P. H. BRISTOW. W. A. OGDEN.

Andante.

SOLO.

1. Do you hear the Saviour pleading, hear Him pleading?
2. Out up- on the mountains dreary, cold and drea-ry,
3. Ev-'ry day some soul is dy - ing, yes, is dy - ing,

pp QUARTET.

hear Him pleading?
cold and dreary,
yes, is dy - ing,

"Go ye forth in - to my vine - yard day by day;
There are souls that may be wait - ing just for you;
On the mountains where they lin - ger, far a - way;

pp QUARTET.

day by day;
just for you;
far a - way;

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Again We'll Never Pass This Way.

Go ye forth, I will be with you in - ter-ced-ing, (in-ter - ced-ing,)
May be wait - ing near your pathway, oh, so wea-ry; (oh, so wea-ry;)
While the Mas - ter on your-self may be re - ly - ing, (be re - ly-ing,)

pp QUARTET.

That some soul may from the dark - ness turn a-way." (turn a - way.")
Will you not go out and tell them God is true? (God is true?)
That He gets the in - vi - ta - tion while 'tis day. (while 'tis day.)

pp QUARTET.

f CHORUS. *Response. Allegro.*

We will go and God be with us, with us ev - er; We will

cres. . . . . . .

take the words of Je-sus as our stay; And to lift a fall - en broth-er

rit.

we'll endeav - or, For we know we ne'er a-gain may pass this way, (this way.)

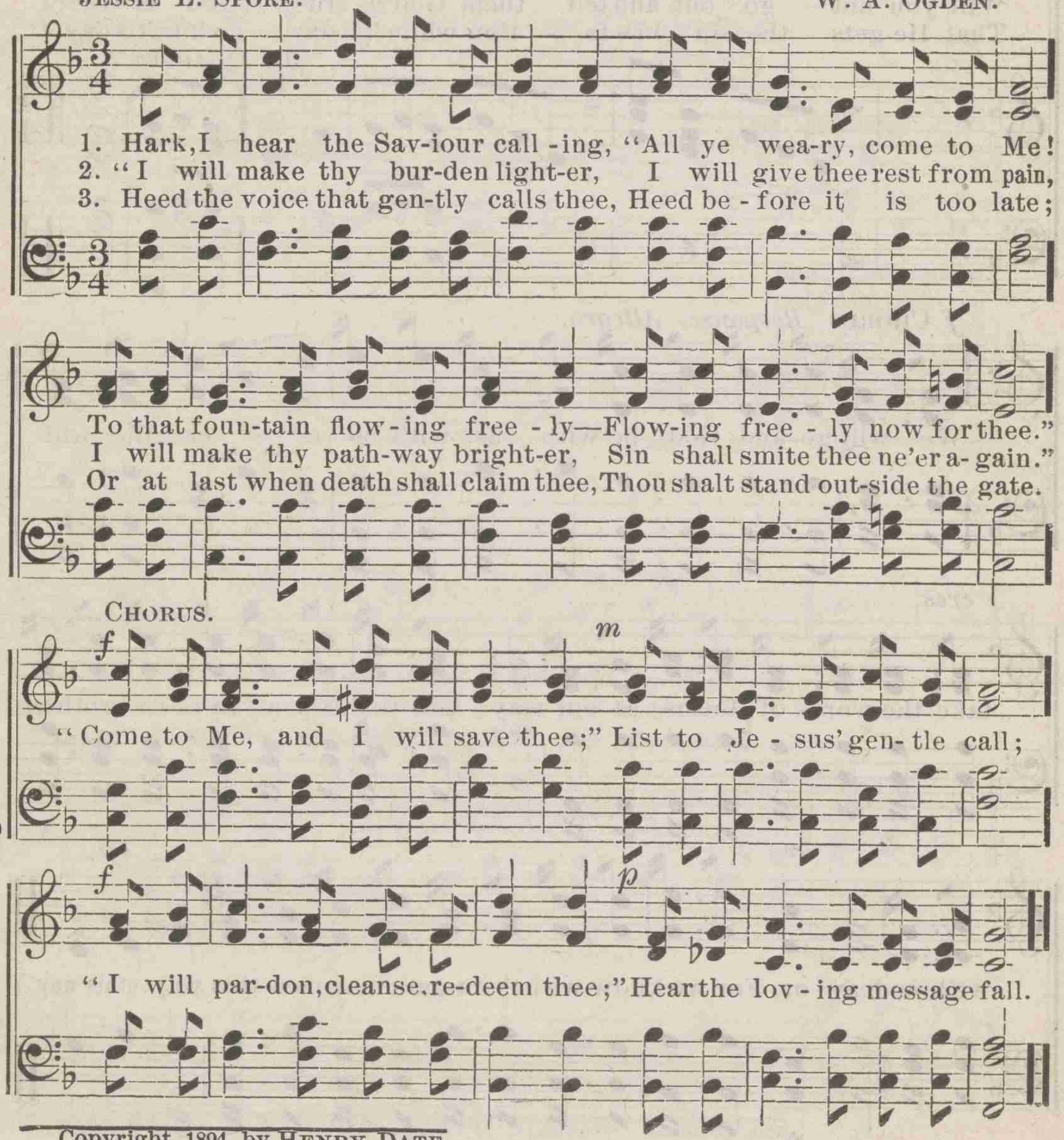
WARNING AND INVITATION

"He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him; the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day."—Jno. 12: 48.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimsod, they shall be as wool."—Isa. 1: 18.

No. 179. He Calleth Thee.

"Rise, he calleth thee."—Mark 10: 49.

JESSIE L. SPORE. W. A. OGDEN.

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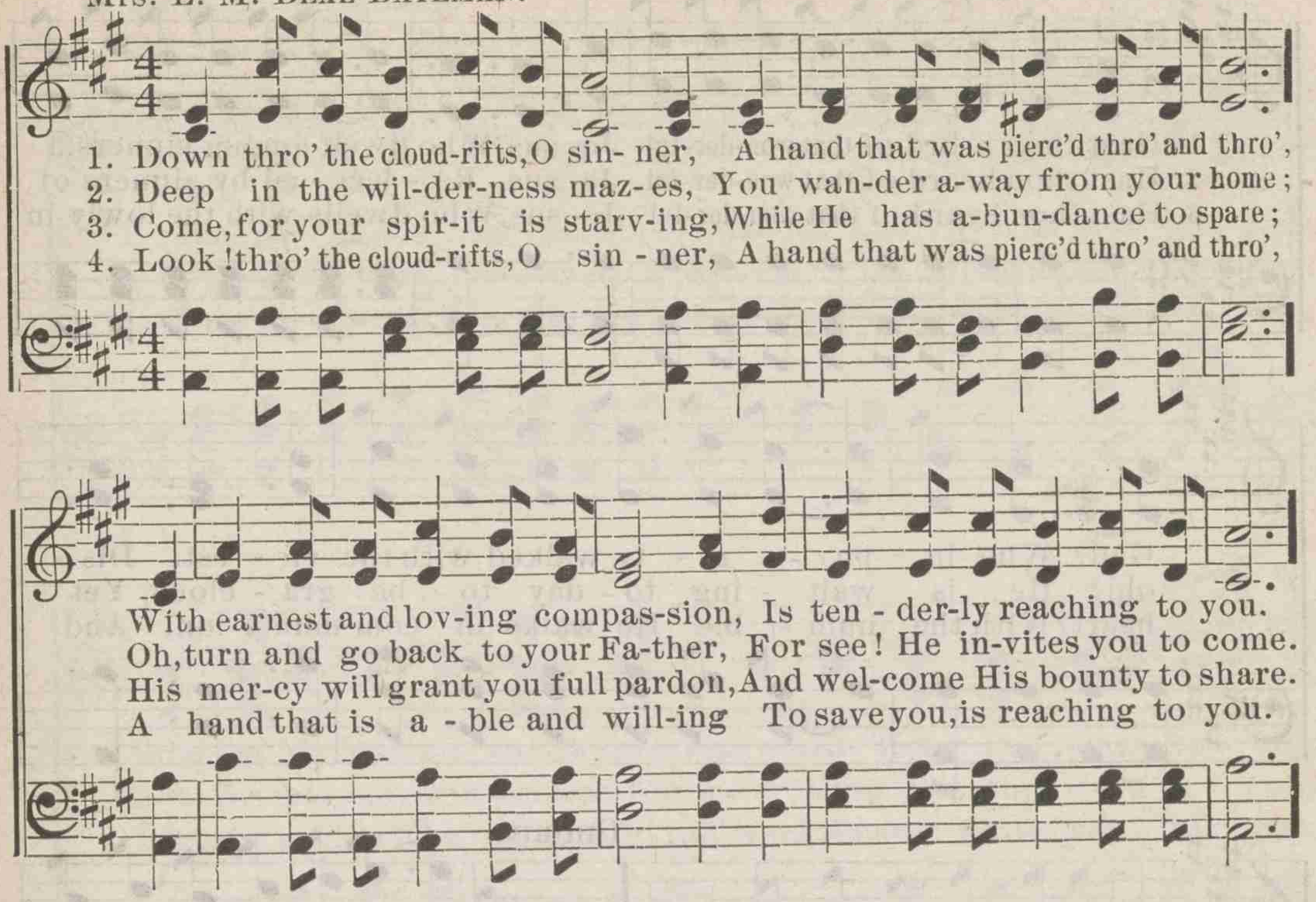
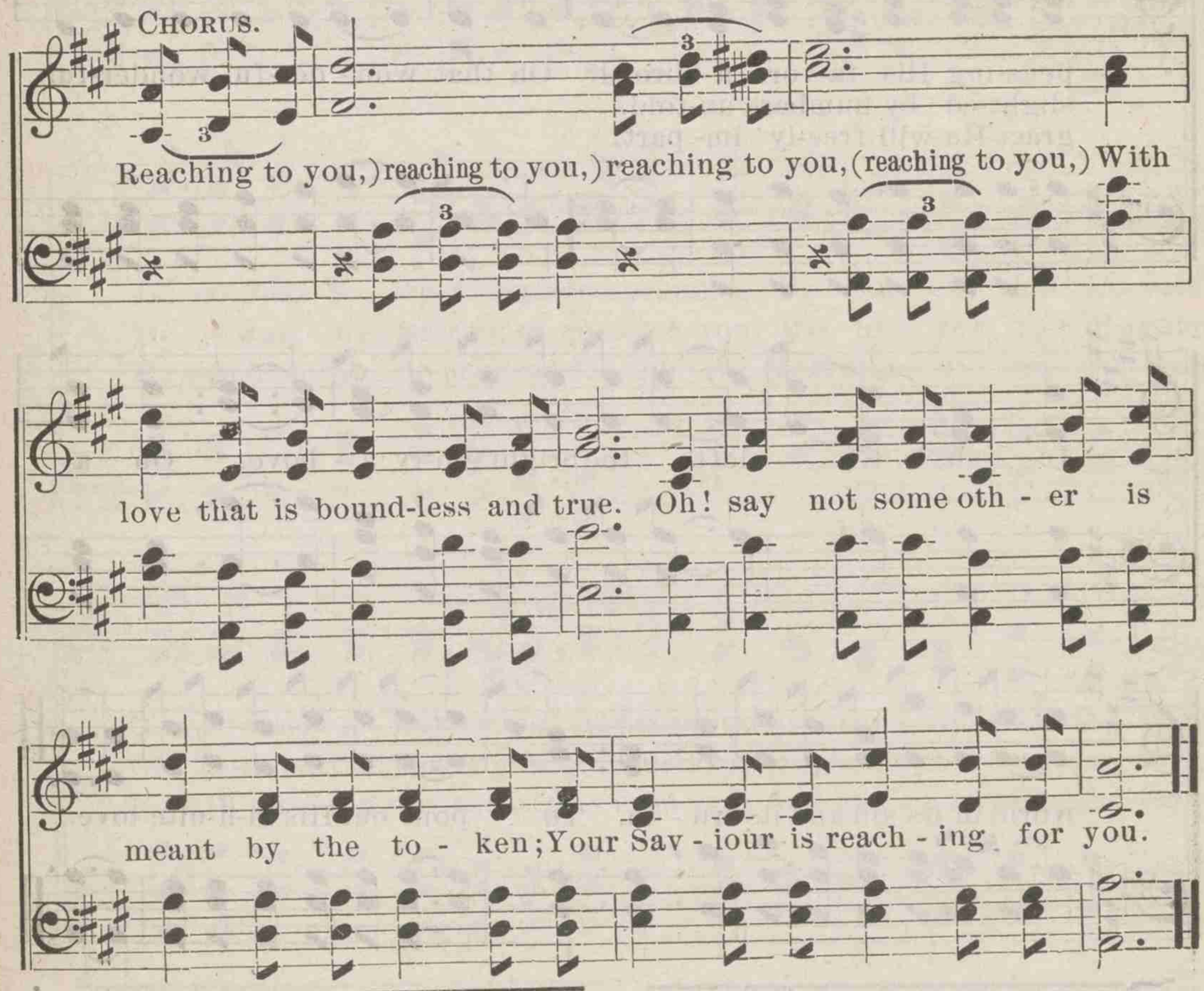
No. 180. Your Saviour is Reaching to You.

"I the Lord have called thee . . . and will hold thine hand."—Isaiah 42: 6.

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. J. M. Hagan.





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No. 181. Hast Thou Heard of Jesus.

"Behold, the half was not told."—1 Kings 10: 7.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Hast thou heard of that won-der-ful Je- sus, Who dwelt among sinners, a
2. Hast thou heard of that won-der-ful Je- sus, Re - ject - ed by sinners of
3. Hast thou heard of that won-der-ful Je- sus, Who dwells with the lowly in

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

CHORUS.

pens-ing His fa-vors a - broad? Oh that won - der-ful, wonder-ful
slight-ed by numbers un-told.
grace He will free-ly im- part.

Je - sus! He left the bright glo-ry a - bove, On a
world in its sin and its ru - in, To pour out His in-fi-nite love.

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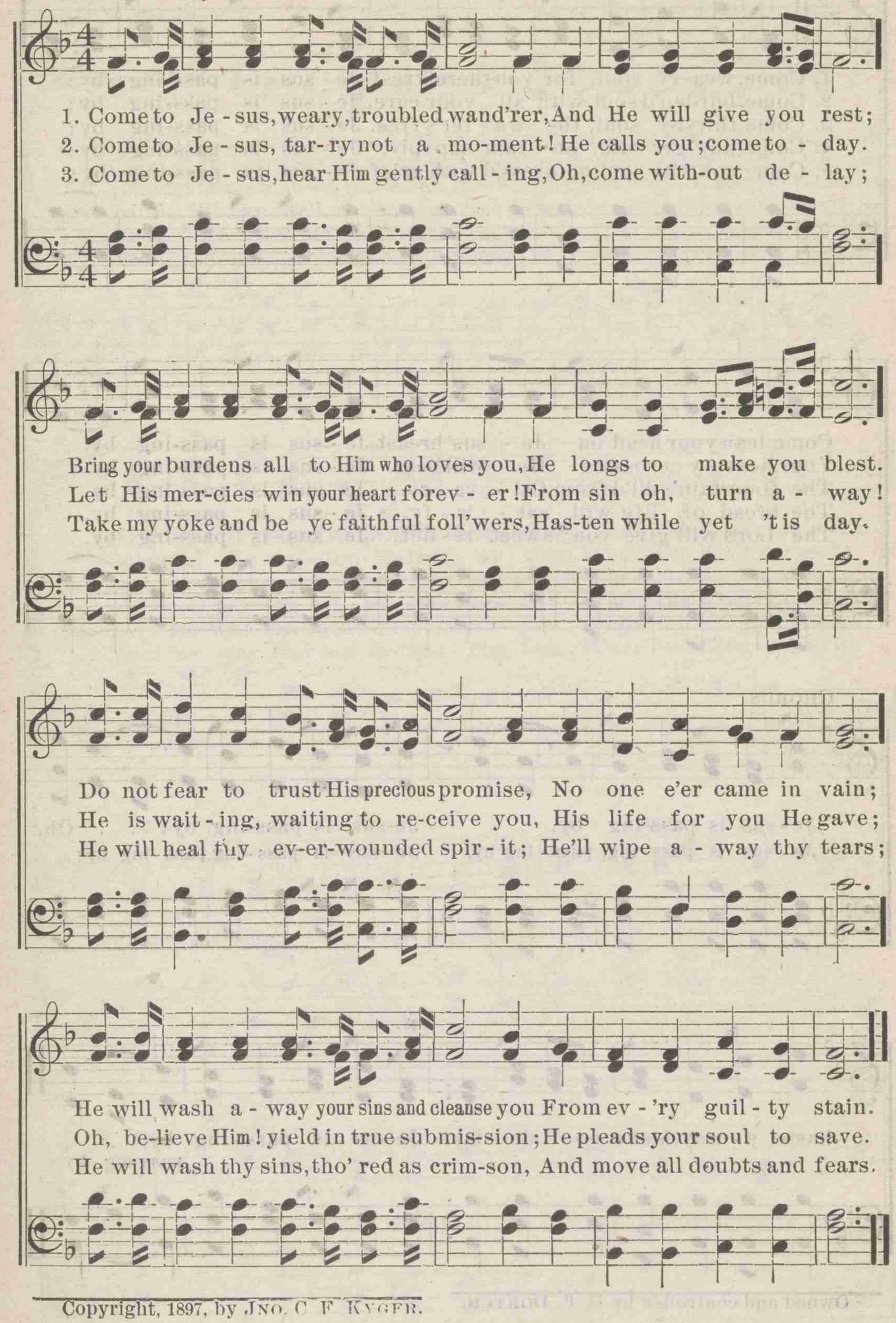
No. 182. The Precious Invitation.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice."—Heb. 3; 15.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.
3rd stanza by J. M. H.

J. M. HAGAN.

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No. 183. Jesus is Passing By.

"He was to pass that way."—Luke 19: 4.

E. HANKS. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Come, wea- ry soul, for you there's rest, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
2. Come, burden'd soul, with all your care, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
3. Come, thirst-y soul, the wa - ter's free, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
4. Come, hun-gry soul, ob - tain sup -ply, Je - sus is pass-ing by;
5. Come, contrite soul, op-press'd with grief, Je - sus is pass-ing by;

Come, lean your head on Je - sus' breast, Je - sus is pass-ing by.
Your heav - y cross-es He will bear, Je - sus is pass-ing by.
The foun-tain's fill'd from Cal - va - ry, Je - sus is pass-ing by.
The bread of life will sat - is - fy, Je - sus is pass-ing by.
The Lord will give you sweet re - lief, Je - sus is pass-ing by.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is pass-ing by, . . Je-sus is pass-ing by; . . Oh,
Je - sus is pass - ing, pass - ing by, Je - sus is pass - ing, pass - ing by;

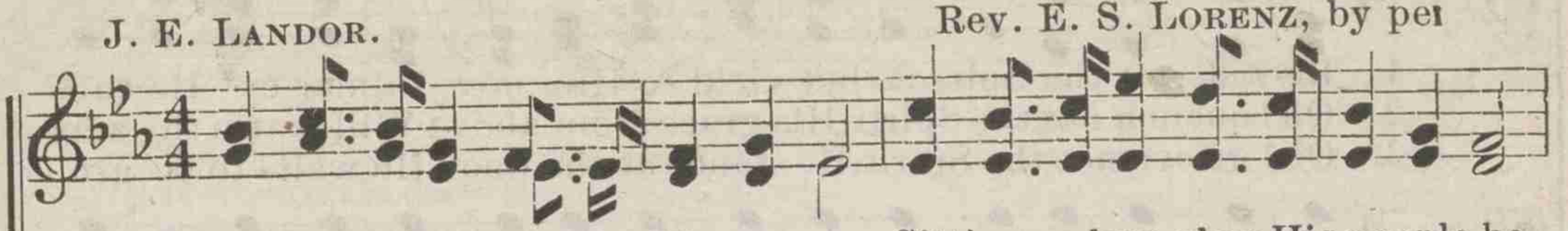
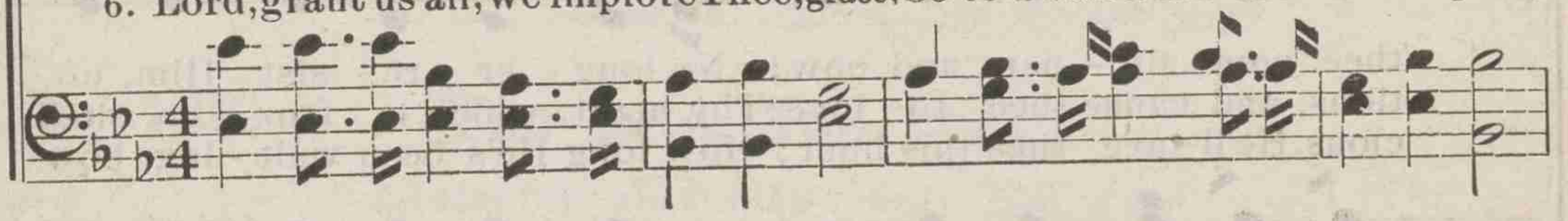
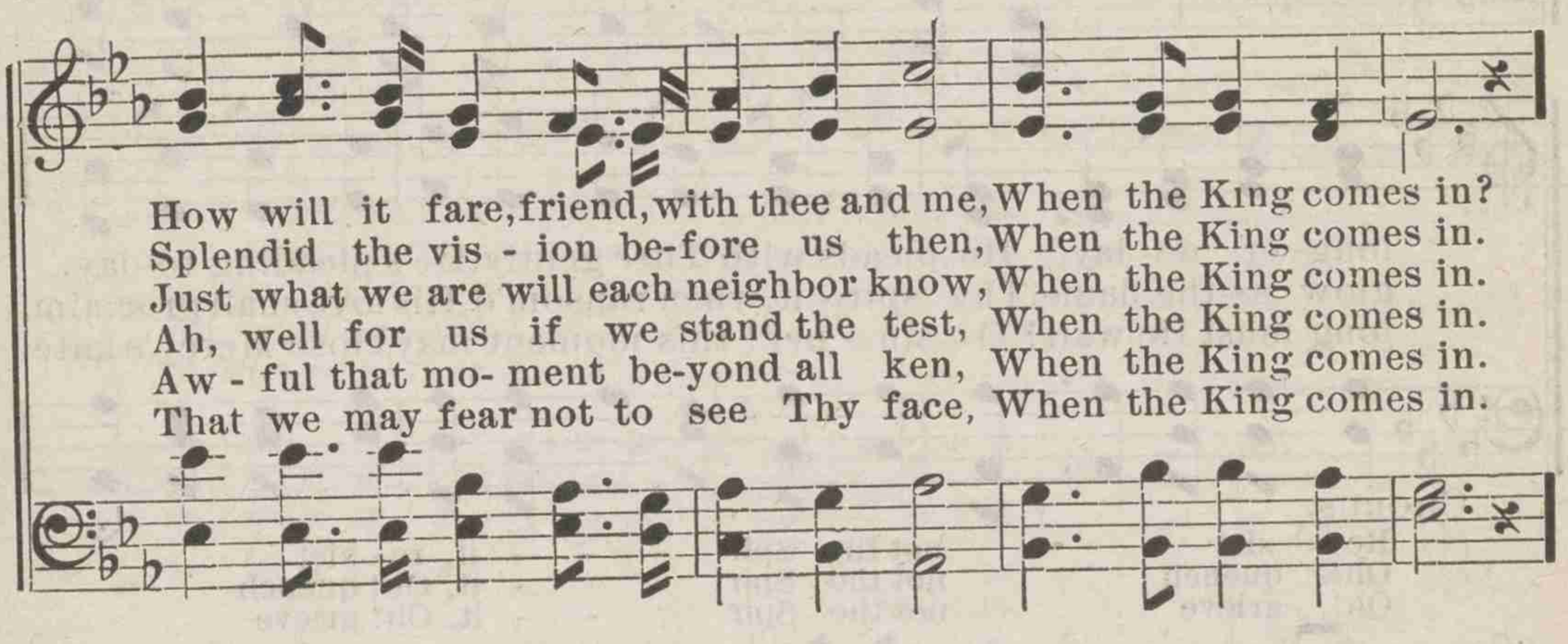
rit.

haste a - way, Make no de - lay, Je-sus is pass - ing by. . .
pass-ing by.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

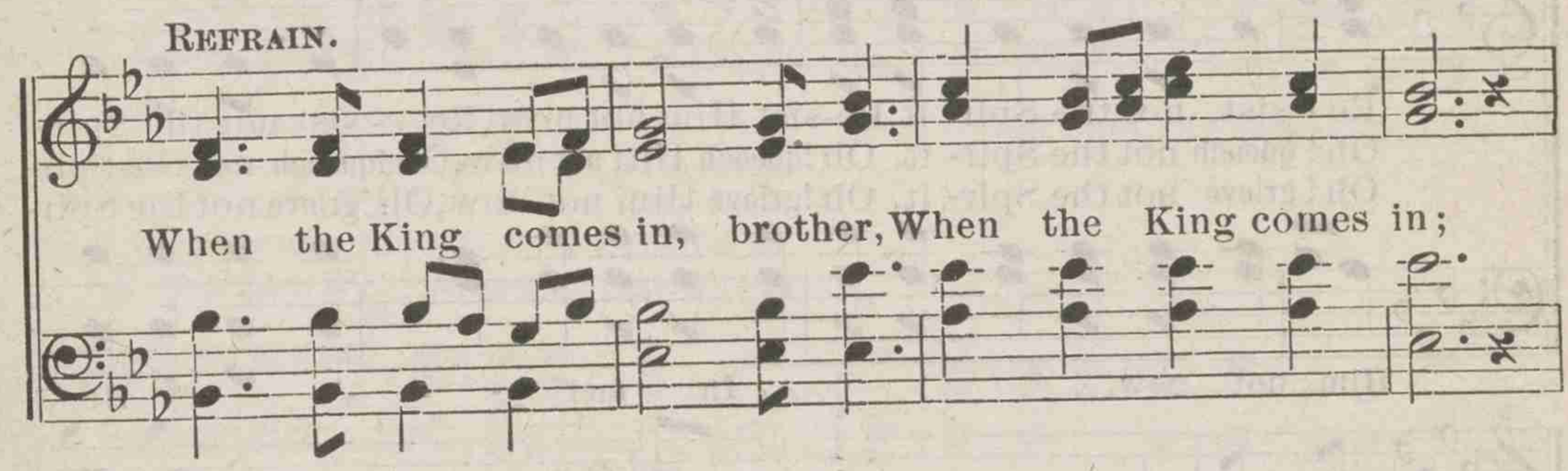
No. 184. When the King Comes in.

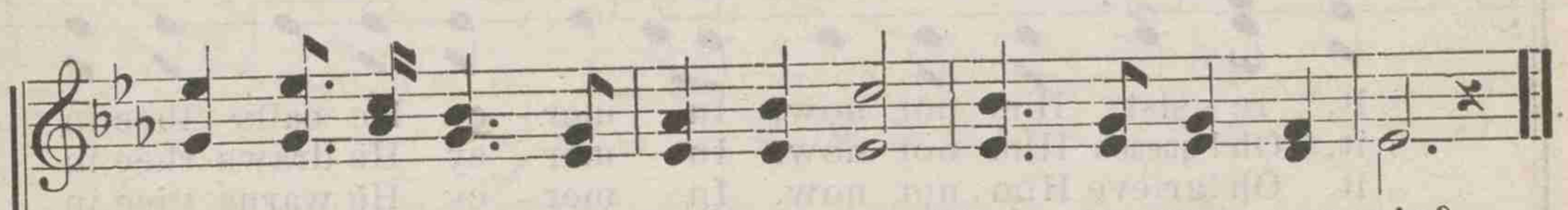
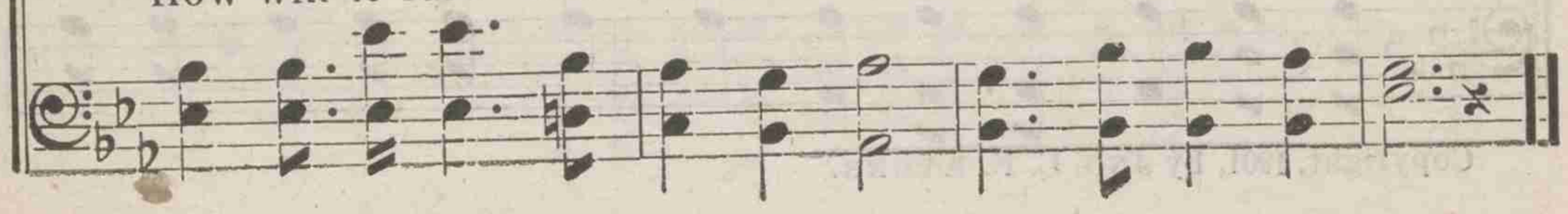
"And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment: and he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless."—Matt. 22: 11, 12.

J. E. LANDOR. Rev. E. S. LORENZ, by per

1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sitting, perhaps, where His people be,
2. Crown on the head where the thorns have een, Glorified He who once died for men,
3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both friends and foe,
4. Joyful His eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding garments dressed,
5. End-less the part-ing of kin-dred then, Bitter the cry of de-lud-ed men,
6. Lord, grant us all, we implore Thee, grace, So to await Thee each in his place,



How will it fare, friend, with thee and me, When the King comes in?
Splendid the vis - ion be-fore us then, When the King comes in.
Just what we are will each neighbor know, When the King comes in.
Ah, well for us if we stand the test, When the King comes in.
Aw - ful that mo- ment be-yond all ken, When the King comes in.
That we may fear not to see Thy face, When the King comes in.

REFRAIN.



When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes in;

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

No. 185. Three Warnings.

"My spirit shall not always strive with man."—Gen. 6: 3.

Rev. W. T. DALE. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

1. Re-sist not the Spir- it, but yield to Him now, In mer-cy He calls thee, come, sin - ner, and bow; No long - er re - sist Him, no long- er de- lay, He pleads with Thee gently, He's pleading to-day.
2. Oh! quench not the Spirit, His grace from above Will warm thy affections, and cause thee to love; Thy heart, which is froz - en, shall glow as the flame, Thy spir - it, when ransom'd, His love shall proclaim.
3. Oh! grieve not the Spirit, He stands at the door, He waits to be gracious, He'll save thee this hour; How long He's been wait - ing, how long must He wait? O sin - ner! this moment may close Mercy's gate.

CHORUS.

Re - sist not the Spir - - - it, re - sist
Oh! quench not the Spir - - - it, Oh! quench
Oh! grieve not the Spir - - it, Oh! grieve

Re - sist not the Spir- it, Re-sist Him not now, Re - sist not the Spir-
Oh! quench not the Spir- it, Oh! quench Him not now, Oh! quench not the Spir-
Oh! grieve not the Spir- it, Oh! grieve Him not now, Oh! grieve not the Spir-

Him not now, In mer - - - - cy He

it, re - sist Him not now, In mer - cy He calls thee, in
it, Oh! quench Him not now, In mer - cy He draws thee, in
it, Oh! grieve Him not now, In mer - cy He warns thee, in

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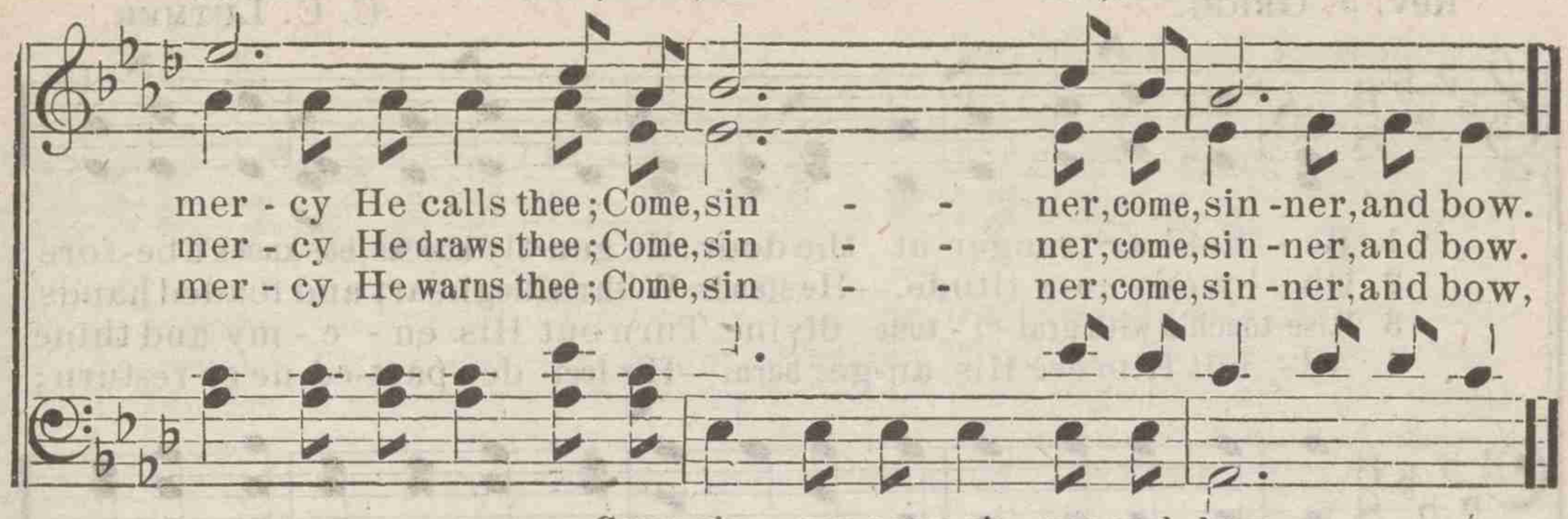
Three Warnings.

calls thee ;come,sin - - - ner,and bow.
draws thee ;come,sin - - - ner,and bow.
warns thee ;come,sin - - - ner,and bow.



mer - cy He calls thee ;Come,sin - - ner,come,sin -ner,and bow.
mer - cy He draws thee ;Come,sin - - ner,come,sin -ner,and bow.
mer - cy He warns thee ;Come,sin - - ner,come,sin -ner,and bow,

Come,sin - ner,come,sin - ner,and bow.

No. 186. Too Late, Too Late.

"Today if ye will hear his voice."—Heb. 3: 15.

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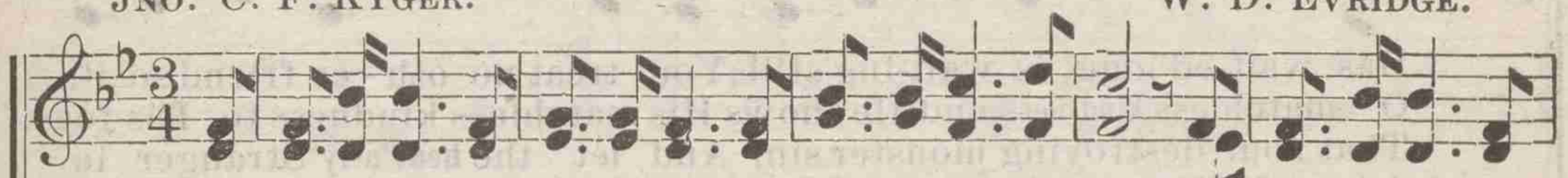
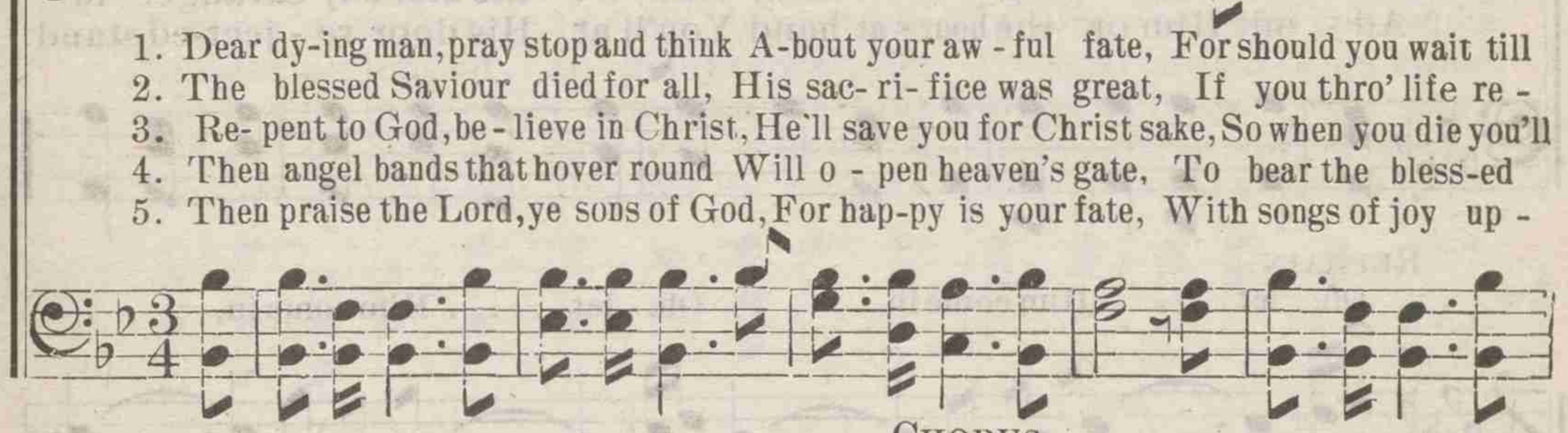
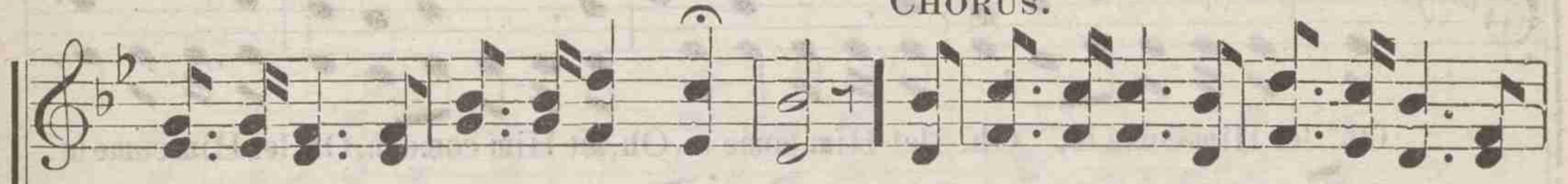
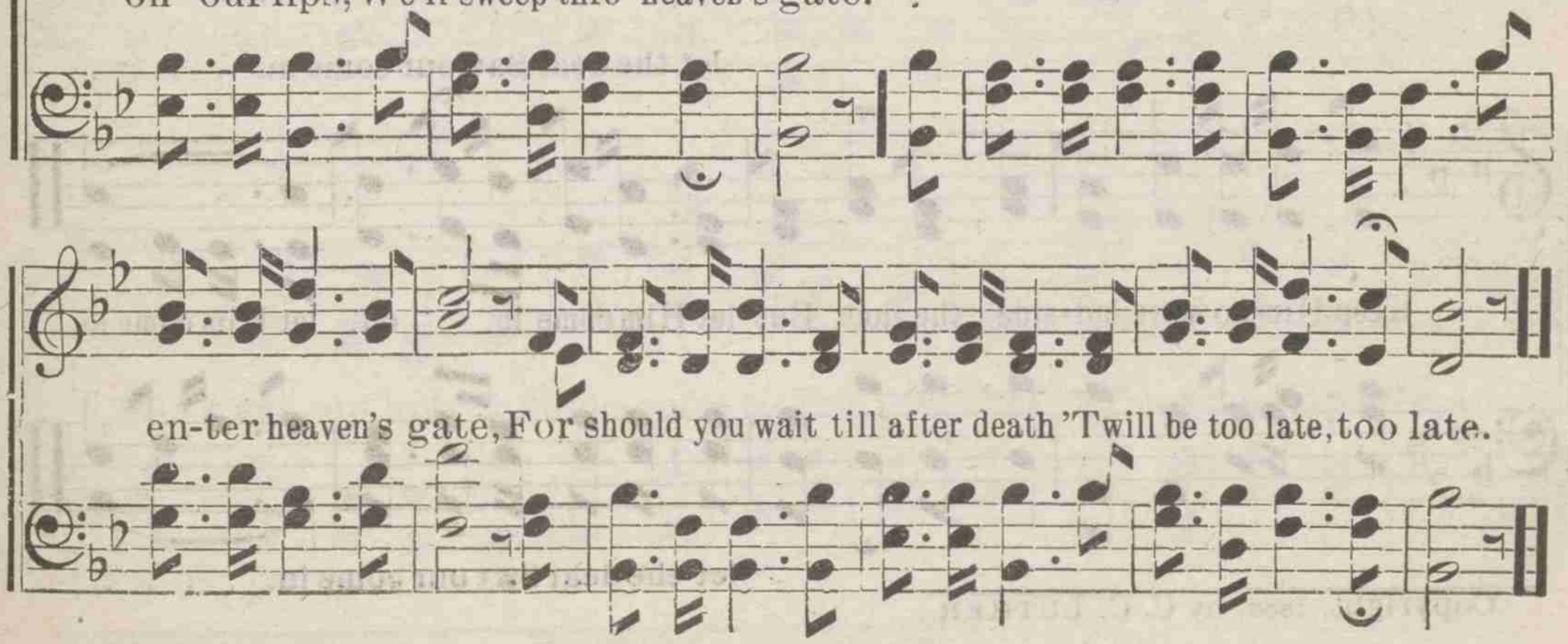
JNO. C. F. KYGER. W. D. EVRIDGE.

1. Dear dy-ing man, pray stop and think A-bout your aw - ful fate, For should you wait till
2. The blessed Saviour died for all, His sac- ri- fice was great, If you thro' life re -
3. Re- pent to God, be - lieve in Christ, He'll save you for Christ sake, So when you die you'll
4. Then angel bands that hover round Will o - pen heaven's gate, To bear the bless-ed
5. Then praise the Lord, ye sons of God, For hap-py is your fate, With songs of joy up -



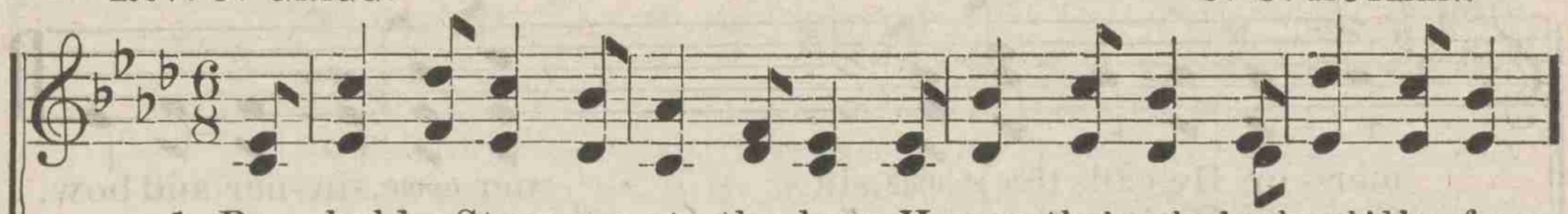
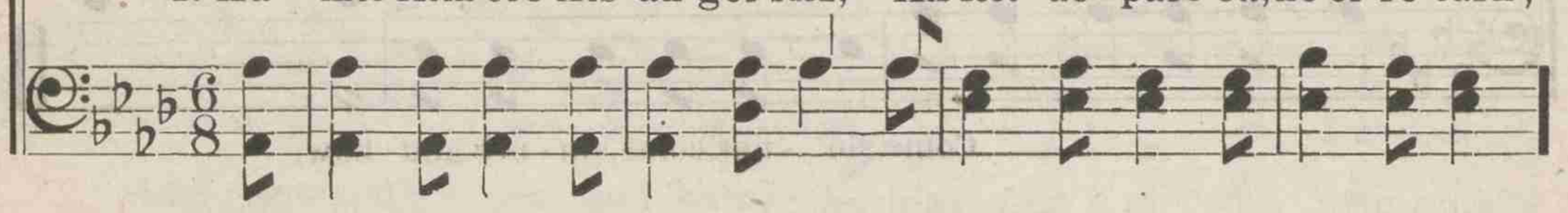
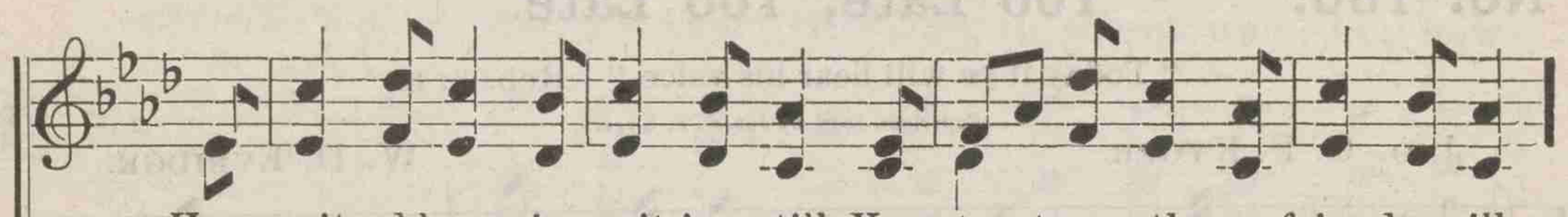
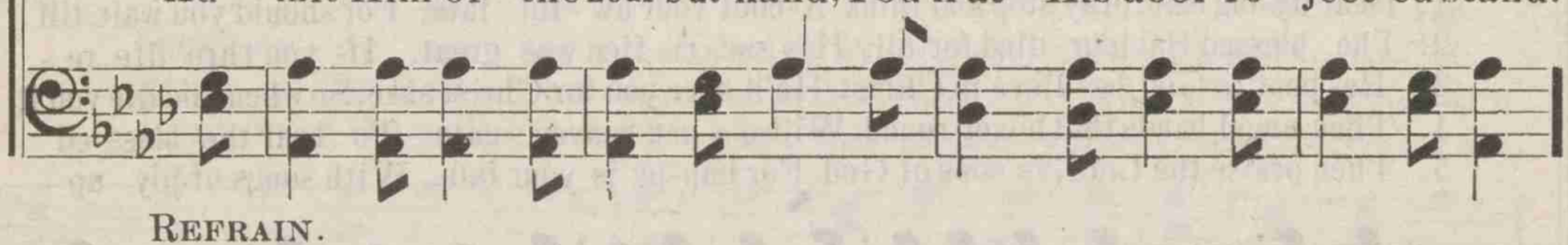
CHORUS.

af - ter death, 'Twill be too late, too late. Dear dying man, thy soul prepare To
ject this call, 'Twill be too late, too late.
hear no cry, Too late, too late, too late.
tidings home, Bless God its not too late.
on our lips, We'll sweep thro' heaven's gate.

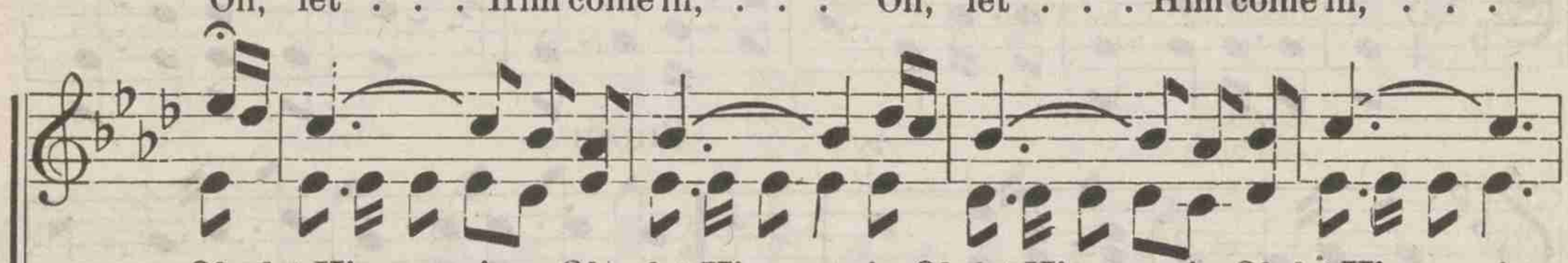


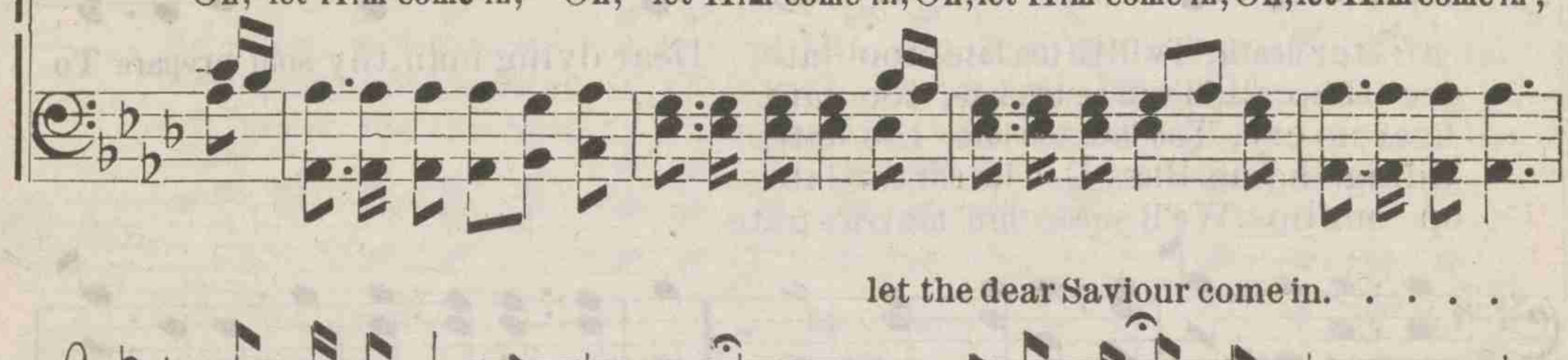
en-ter heaven's gate, For should you wait till after death 'Twill be too late, too late.

No. 187. Let Him Come in.

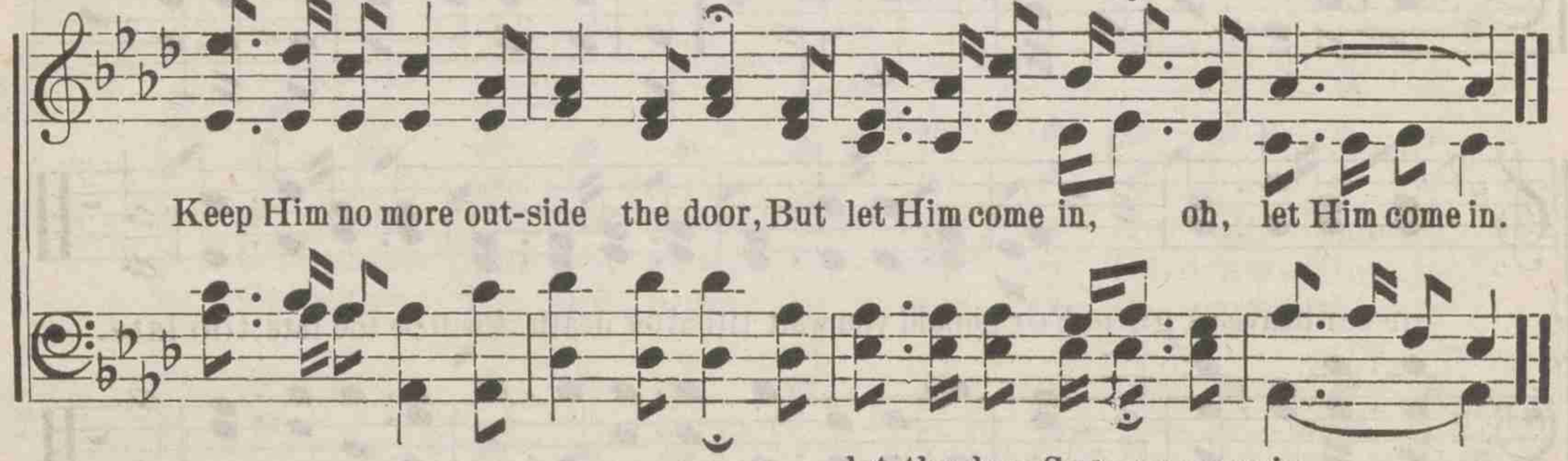
"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

Rev. J. GRIGG. C. C. LUTHER.

1. Be - hold a Stranger at the door; He gen-tly knocks, has knock'd be-fore;
2. Oh, love-ly at - titude,—He stands, With melting heart and loaded hands;
3. Rise, touch'd with grat - i - tude divine, Turn out His en - e - my and thine,
4. Ad - mit Him ere His an-ger burn,—His feet de - part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kind-ness, and He shows His matchless kindness to His foes.
That soul destroying monster sin, And let the heav'n-ly Stranger in.
Ad - mit Him or the hour's at hand, You'll at His door re - ject-ed stand.

REFRAIN.

Oh, let . . . Him come in, . . . Oh, let . . . Him come in, . . .

Oh, let Him come in, Oh, let Him come in, Oh, let Him come in, Oh, let Him come in;



let the dear Saviour come in. . . . .



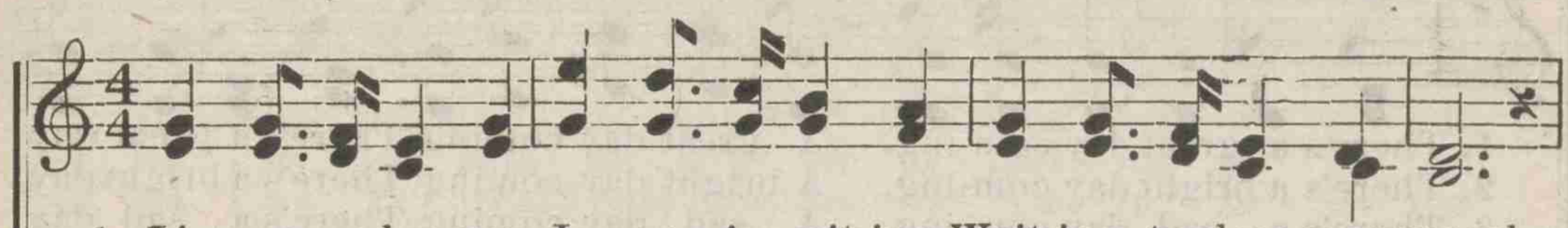
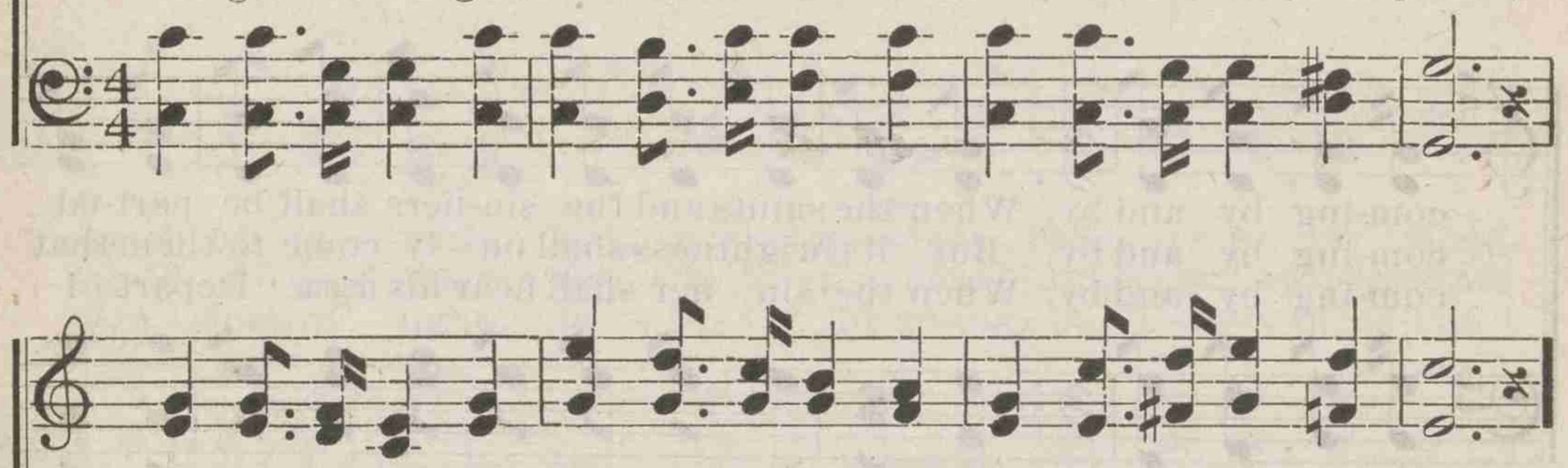
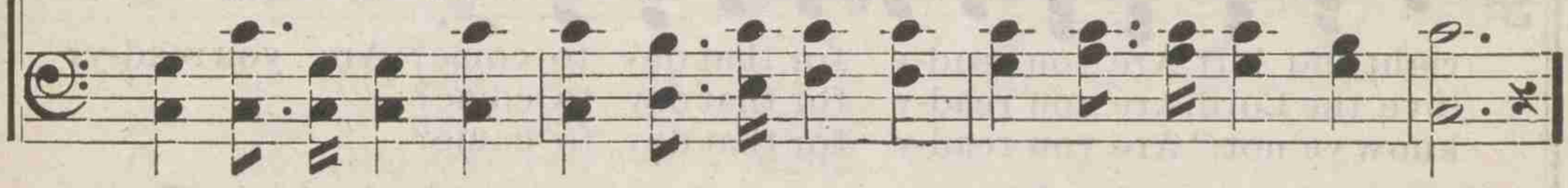
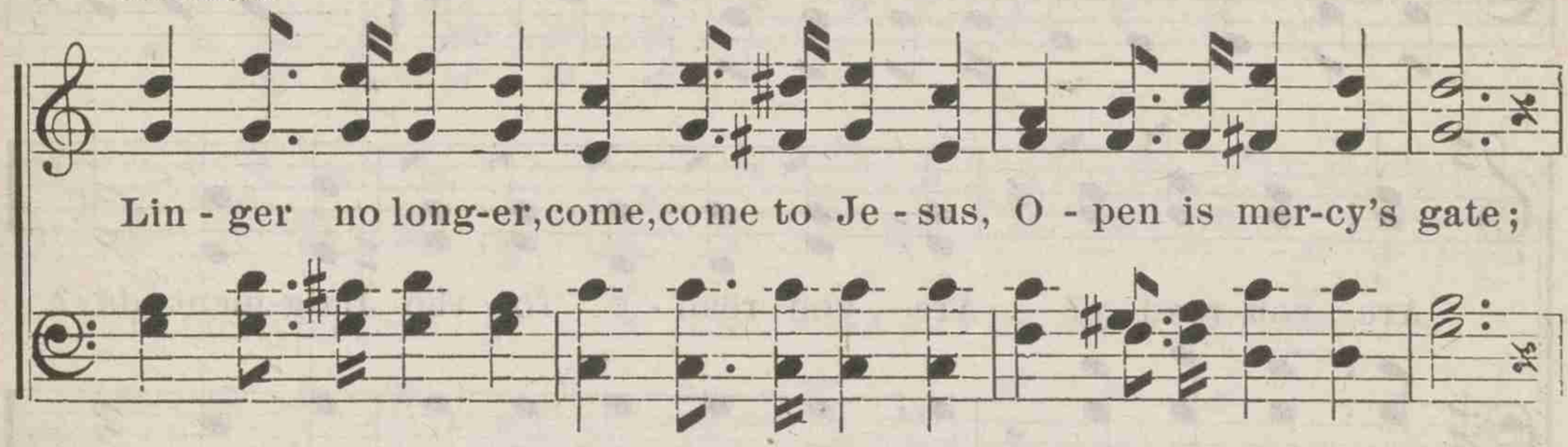
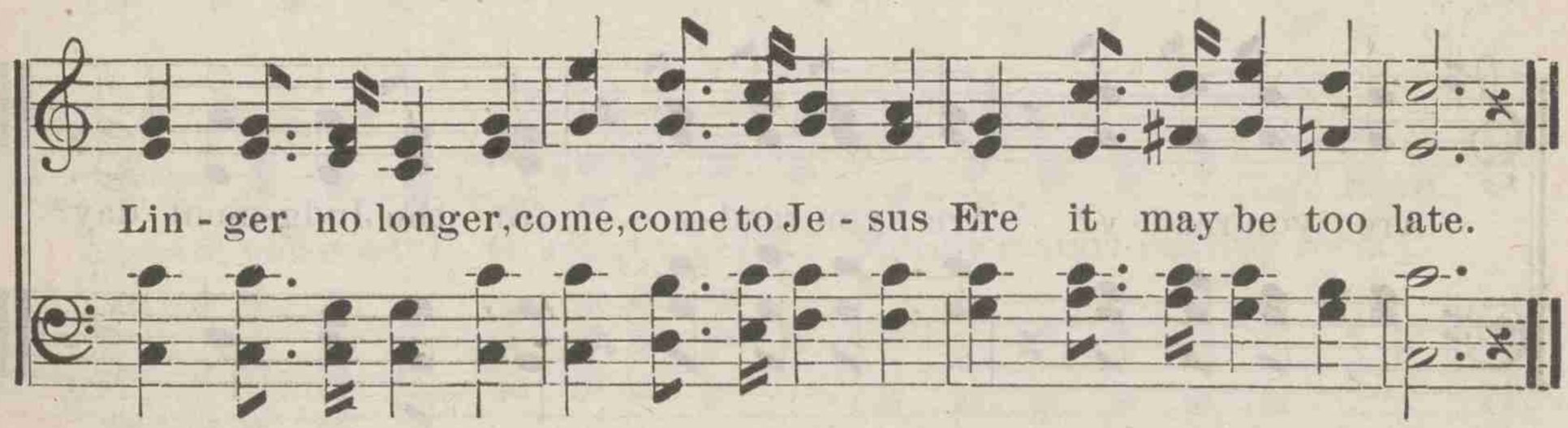
Keep Him no more out-side the door, But let Him come in, oh, let Him come in.

let the dear Saviour come in. . . . .

Copyright, 1888, by C. C. LUTHER.

No. 188. Linger no Longer.

"Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die?"—Eze. 33: 11.

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

1. Lin-ger no lon-ger, Je - sus is wait-ing, Wait-ing to cleanse your soul;
2. Lin-ger no lon-ger, an - gels are wait-ing, Wait-ing to see you come;
3. Lin-ger no lon-ger, lov'd ones are wait-ing, Wait-ing the while they pray;
4. Lin-ger no lon-ger, mer-cy is flow-ing, Flowing so rich and free;
5. Lin-ger no lon-ger, this is the mo-ment Of God's re-demptive pow'r;

Lin-ger no long-er, Je - sus is wait-ing, Wait-ing to make you whole.
Lin-ger no long-er, an - gels are wait-ing To bear the tid - ings home.
Lin-ger no long-er, lov'd ones are wait-ing For your re-turn to - day.
Lin-ger no long-er, mer - cy is flow-ing, And you may pardoned be.
Lin-ger no long-er, lin - ger no long-er, This is sal-va - tion's hour.

CHORUS.

Lin - ger no long-er, come, come to Je - sus, O - pen is mer-cy's gate;

Lin - ger no longer, come, come to Je - sus Ere it may be too late.

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No. 189. There's a Great Day Coming.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."—Heb. 9: 27.

Words and Music by W. L. THOMPSON.

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

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed,
com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that
com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I

CHORUS.

right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y?
love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the Judg-ment day?

Are you read - y? Are you read-y for the Judg-ment day?

By per. of W. L. THOMPSON & Co., East Liverpool, O.

No. 190. Say, are You Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—Matt. 24: 44.

A. S. KIEFFER. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Should the Death an - gel knock at thy cham - ber, In the still watch of to - night, Say, will your spir-it pass in - to tor - ment,
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of de - spair; Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer;
3. Ma - ny re - deem'd ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the man - sions of light; Je - sus is plead-ing, pa - tient-ly plead-ing,

Or to the land of de - light? Say, are you read - y?
Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
O let Him save you to - night.

CHORUS.

O are you read - y? If the Death an - gel should call; should call;
Say, are you ready? O are you ready? Mer-cy stands waiting for all.

No. 191. Shall I Be Saved To-Night?

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isaiah 45: 22.

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

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

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

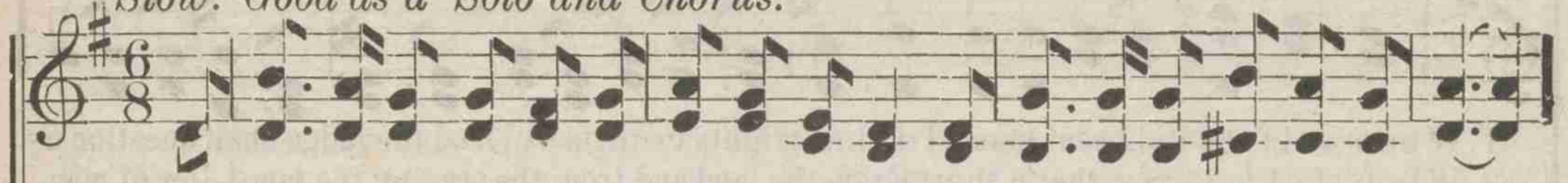
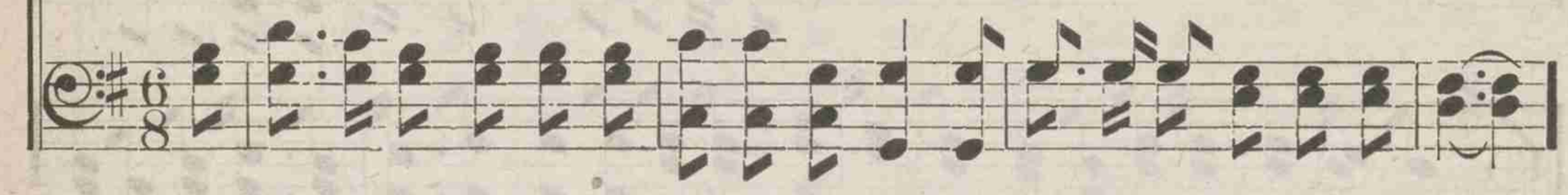
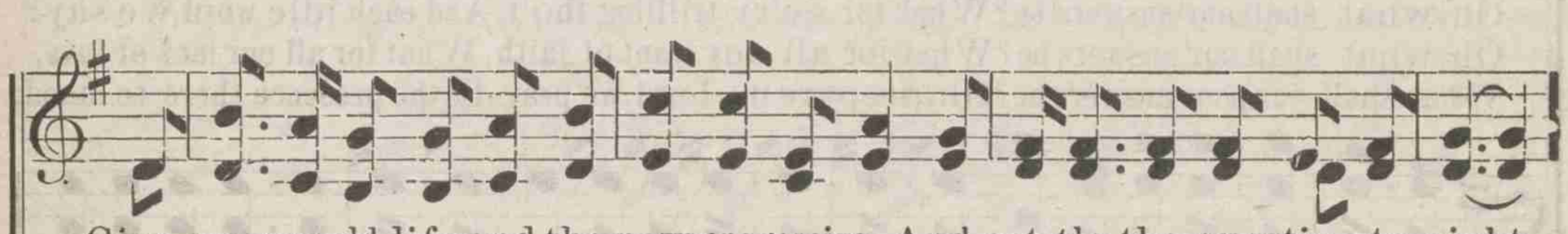
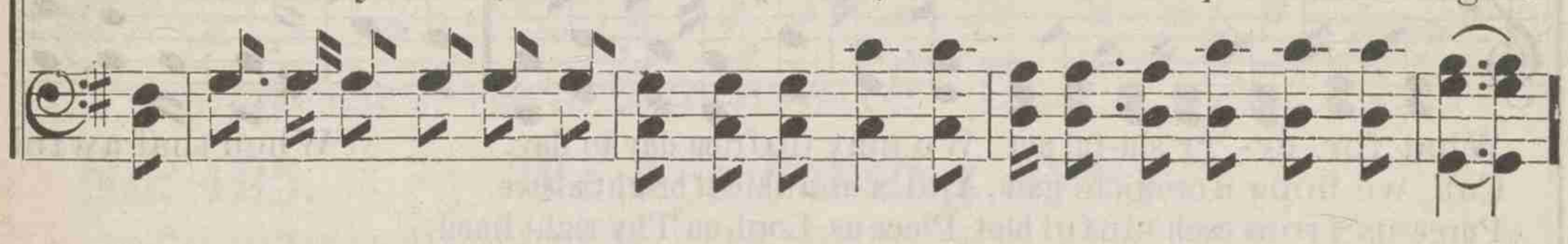
Tender- ly, sad - ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve Me from day to day?
Now He will save me by grace divine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pi - ty my sorrow, forgive my sin;

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

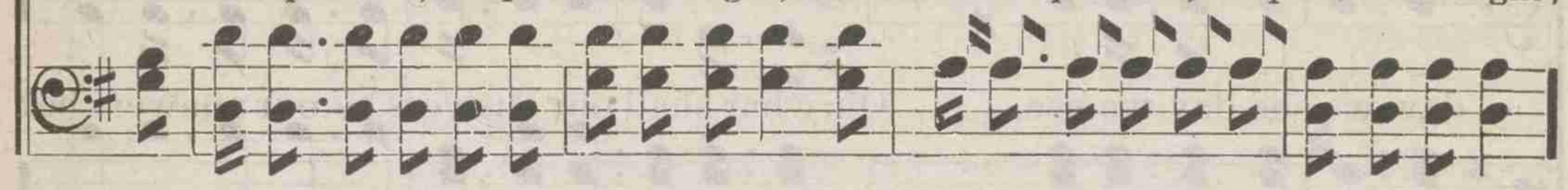
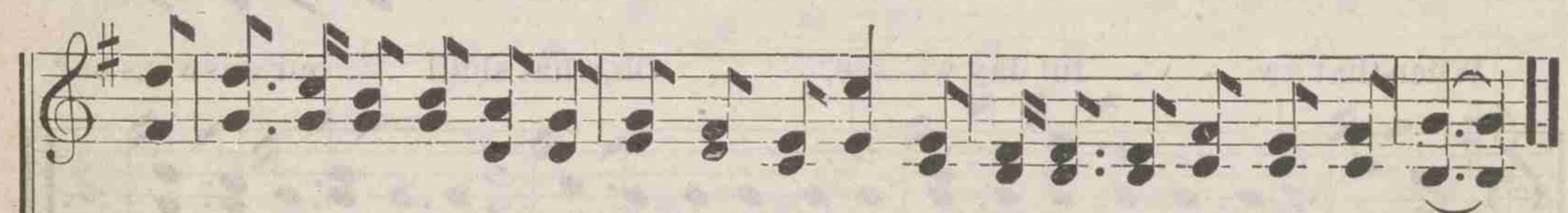
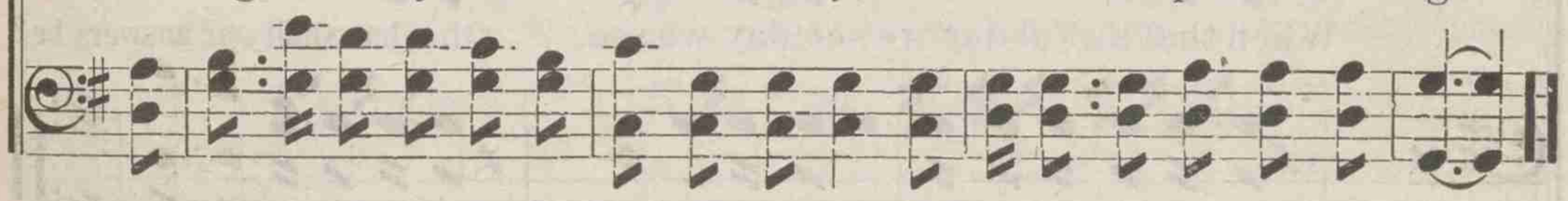
No. 192. Settle the Question To-Night.

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

E. C. AVIS. A. J. SHOWALTER.

Slow. Good as a Solo and Chorus.

1. Dear friend, you've been halting twixt wrong and the right, Why longer the matter de-lay?
2. Your life has been sin-ful, your heart is not right, You stand by God's law now condemn'd;
3. 'Twill profit you nothing if longer you fight, Re-sisting the Spir-it of grace;
4. How sad it will be if the wrong for the right, You choose as your portion to-day;

Give up your old life and the new one receive, And set-tle the question to-night.
Accept the full peace which the blood of Christ bought, And set-tle the question to-night.
Then will you not turn from the tempter away, And set-tle the question to-night.
Renounce ev'ry e-vil, ere it be too late, And set-tle the question to-night.

Faster.

REFRAIN.

Just settle the question to-night, . Just settle the question to-night; . .
Just settle the question, the question to-night, Just settle the question, the question to-night;

No long-er de-lay, but from sin turn away, And settle the question to-night.

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No. 193. What Shall Our Answers Be?

"What wilt thou say when he shall punish thee?" Jer. 13: 21.

E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. When we in the judgment stand, In that mighty company, And the judge shall question us,
2. When the Lord has gather'd there From the land and from the sea, All the fam-i-lies of men,
3. Lord, it is a solemn tho't, That we must account to Thee, In that great and awful day.

Oh, what shall our answers be? What for ev'ry triffling tho't, And each idle word we say?
Oh, what shall our answers be? What for all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love,
What shall our poor answers be? Oh, prepare us, Lord, we pray, In the presence there to stand,

CHORUS.

What for ev- 'ry sin-ful act We may do from day to day. When that awful
Can we hope a crown to gain, And a mansion bright above.
Purge us from each sinful blot, Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand.

day we see, Oh, what shall . . . our an-swers be?

day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our answers be, our answers be?

When that aw - - ful day we see, Oh, what shall . . our answers be?

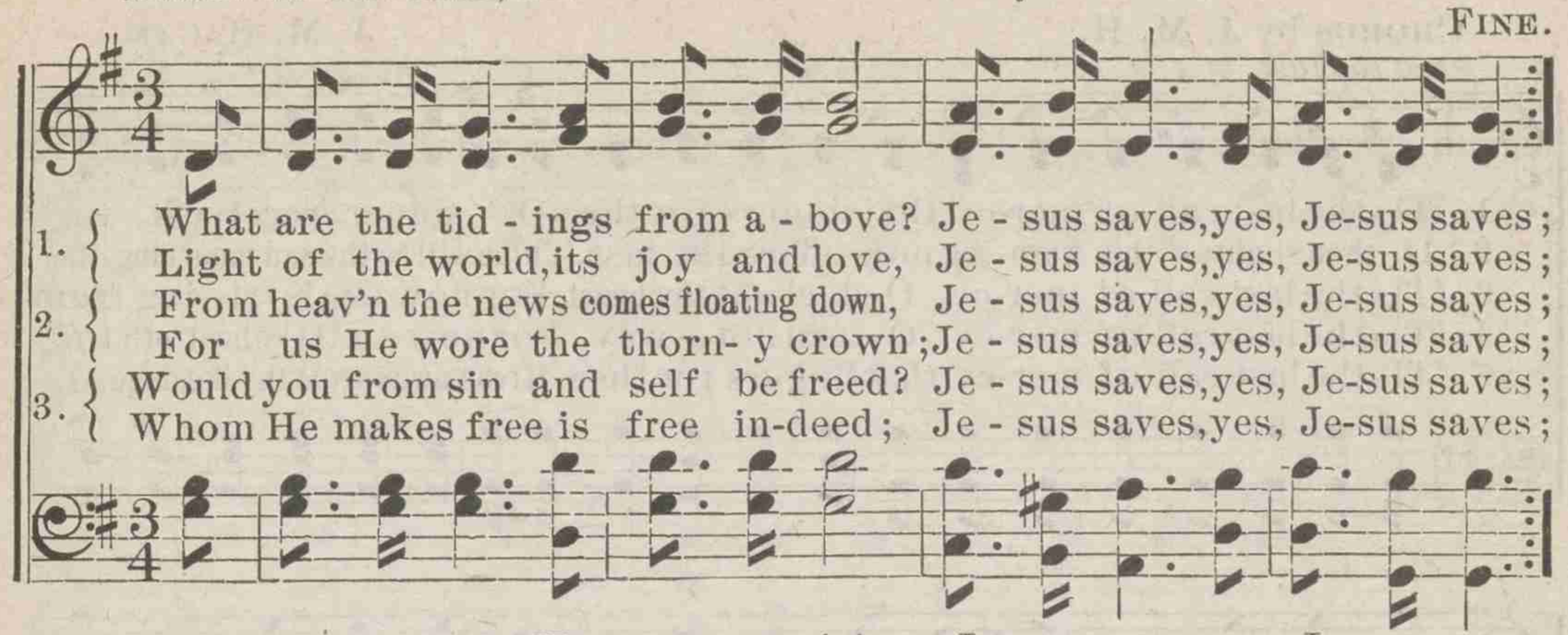
When that awful day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our answers be?

No. 194. Jesus Saves.

"The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world."—1 Jno. 4: 14.

MANDA L. CROCKER, alt. Arr. by IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

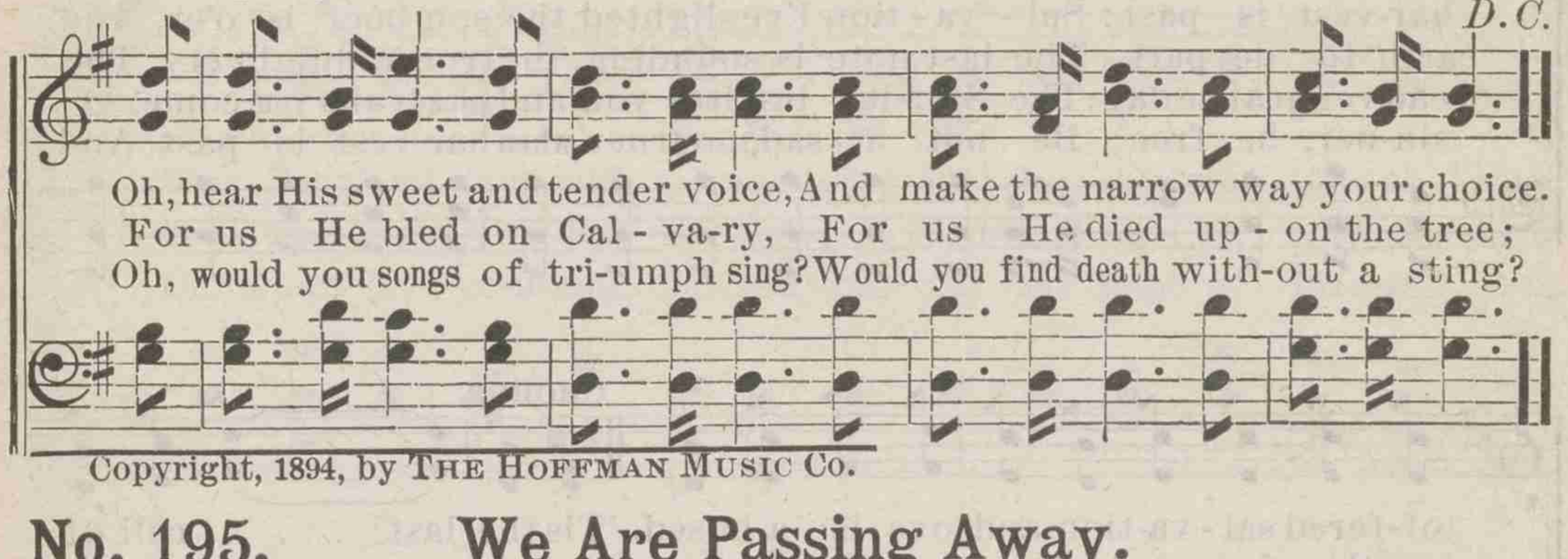
FINE.



1. What are the tid - ings from a - bove? Je - sus saves, yes, Je-sus saves;
   Light of the world, its joy and love, Je - sus saves, yes, Je-sus saves;
2. From heav'n the news comes floating down, Je - sus saves, yes, Je-sus saves;
   For us He wore the thorn- y crown; Je - sus saves, yes, Je-sus saves;
3. Would you from sin and self be freed? Je - sus saves, yes, Je-sus saves;
   Whom He makes free is free in-deed; Je - sus saves, yes, Je-sus saves;

D.C. *And you can in His grace re - joice, Je - sus saves, yes, Je - sus saves.*
He suf-fered there for you and me, Je - sus saves, yes, Je - sus saves.
Come pledge al - le-giance to our King; Je - sus saves, yes, Je - sus saves.

D.C.



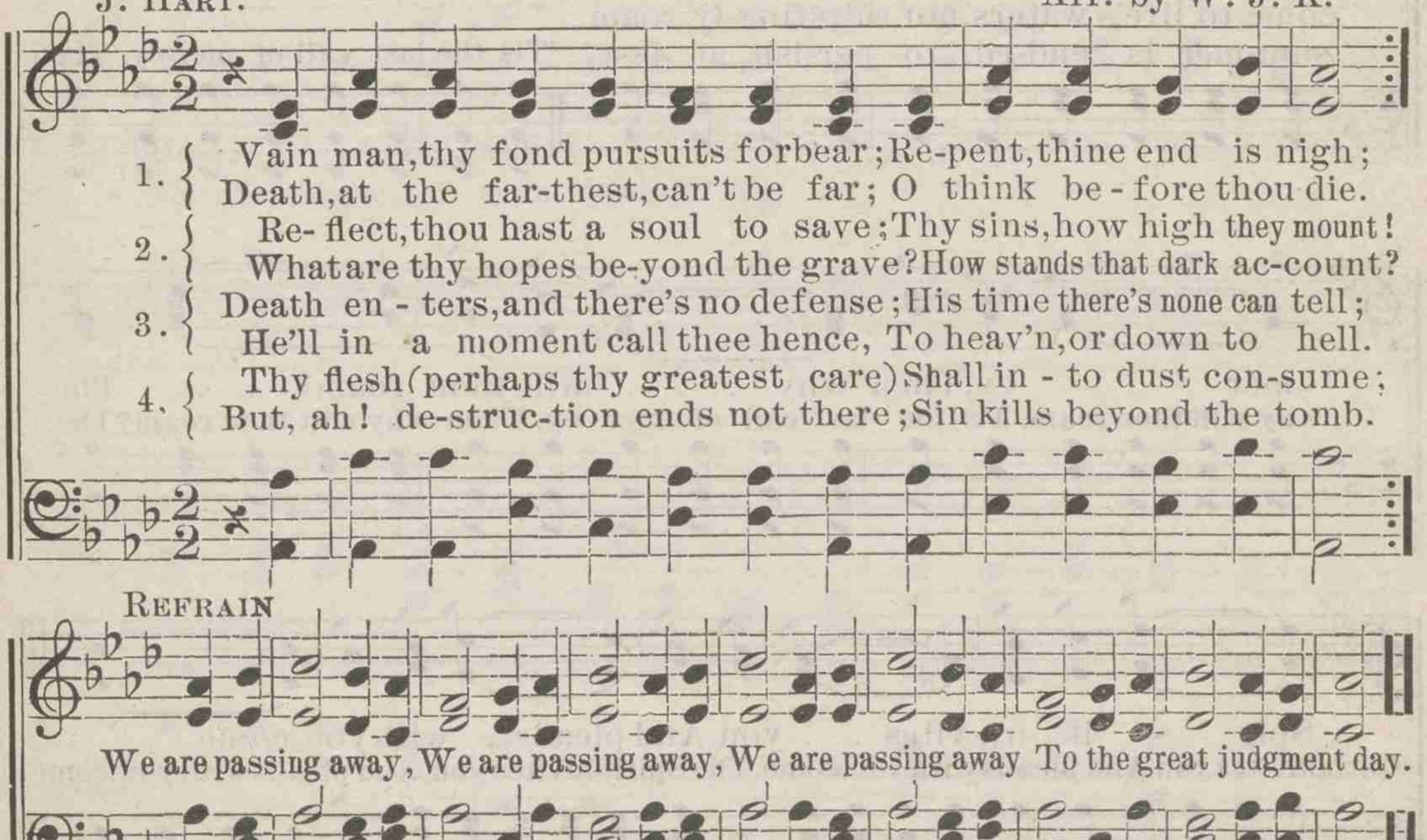
Oh, hear His sweet and tender voice, And make the narrow way your choice.
For us He bled on Cal - va-ry, For us He died up - on the tree;
Oh, would you songs of tri-umph sing? Would you find death with-out a sting?

Copyright, 1894, by THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

No. 195. We Are Passing Away.

"As for man his days are as grass, for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone."—Ps. 103: 15, 16.

J. HART. Arr. by W. J. K.



1. Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear; Re-pent, thine end is nigh;
   Death, at the far-thest, can't be far; O think be - fore thou die.
2. Re- flect, thou hast a soul to save; Thy sins, how high they mount!
   What are thy hopes be-yond the grave? How stands that dark ac-count?
3. Death en - ters, and there's no defense; His time there's none can tell;
   He'll in a moment call thee hence, To heav'n, or down to hell.
4. Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care) Shall in - to dust con-sume;
   But, ah! de-struc-tion ends not there; Sin kills beyond the tomb.

REFRAIN

We are passing away, We are passing away, We are passing away To the great judgment day.

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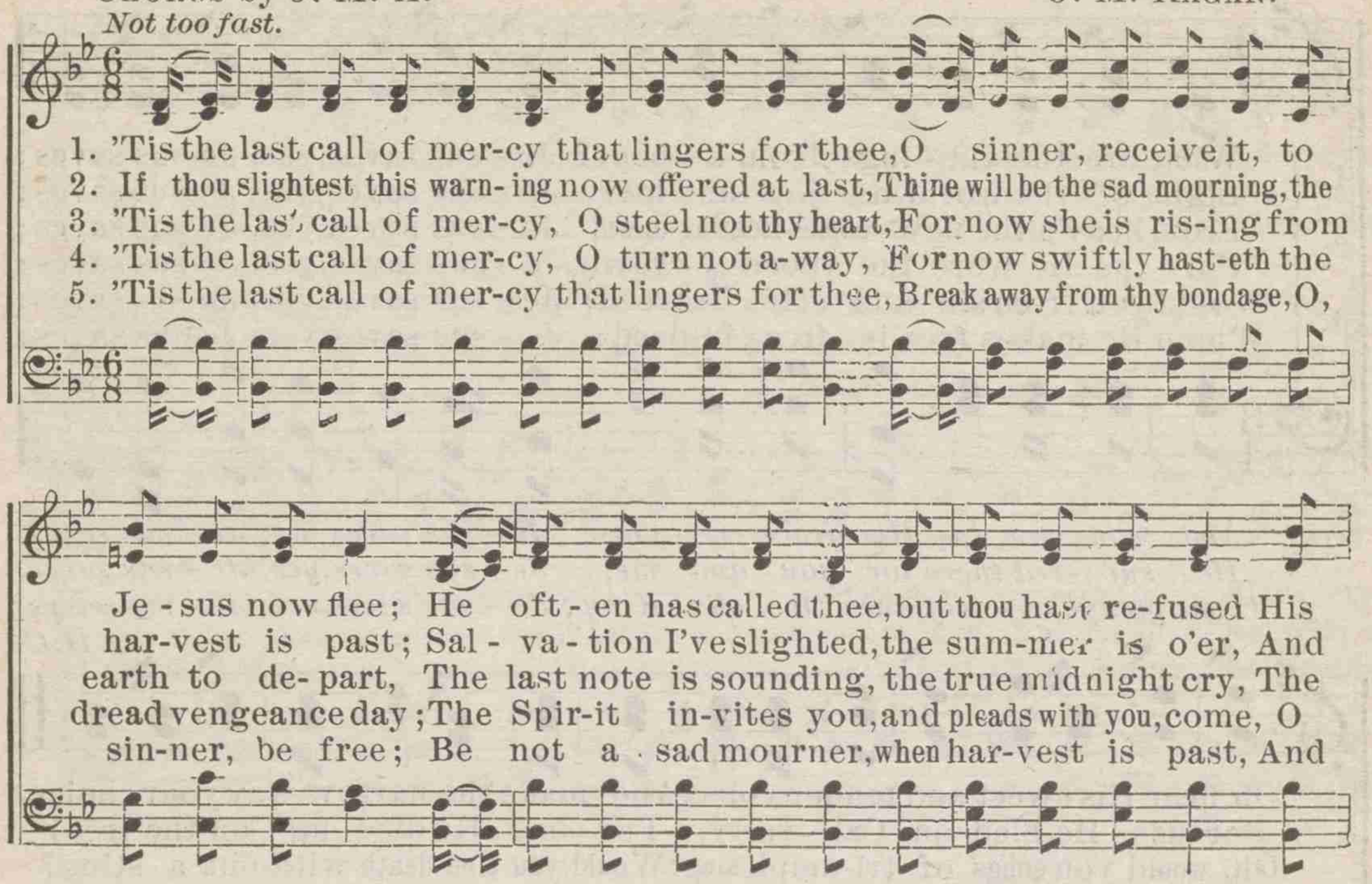
No. 196. The Last Call of Mercy.

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

CHORUS by J. M. H. J. M. HAGAN.

Not too fast.



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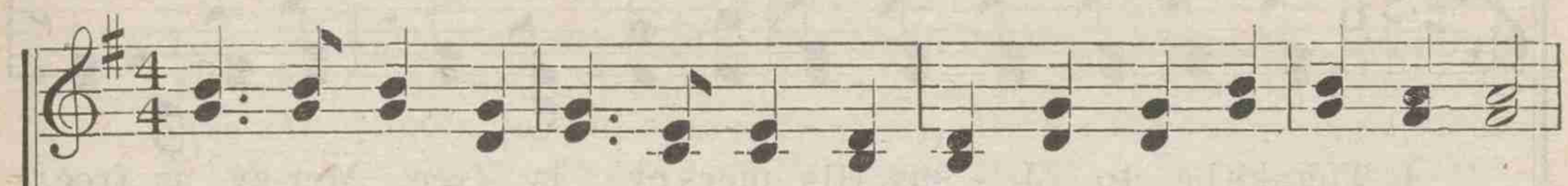
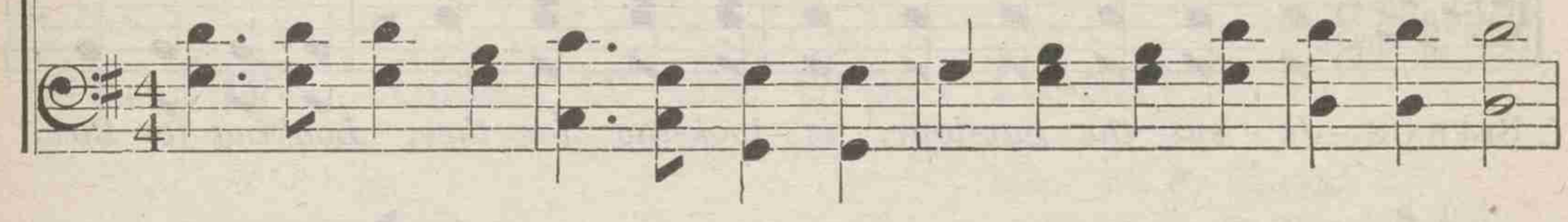
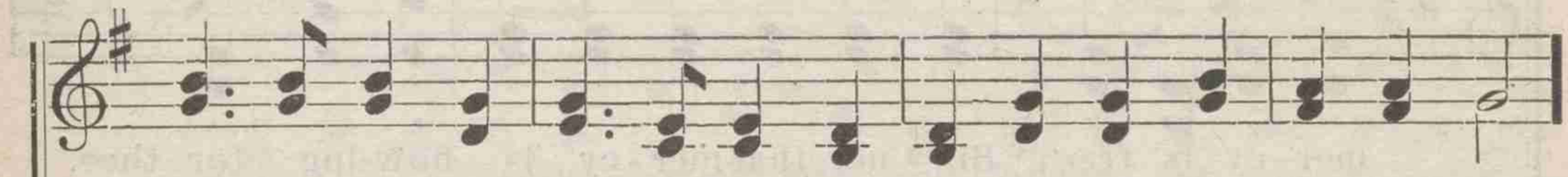
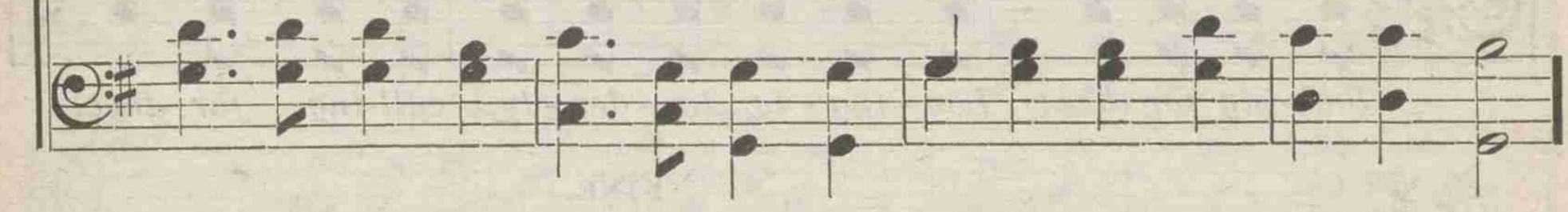
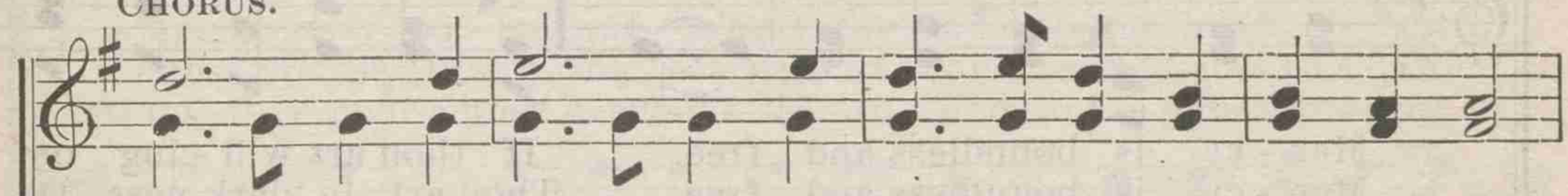
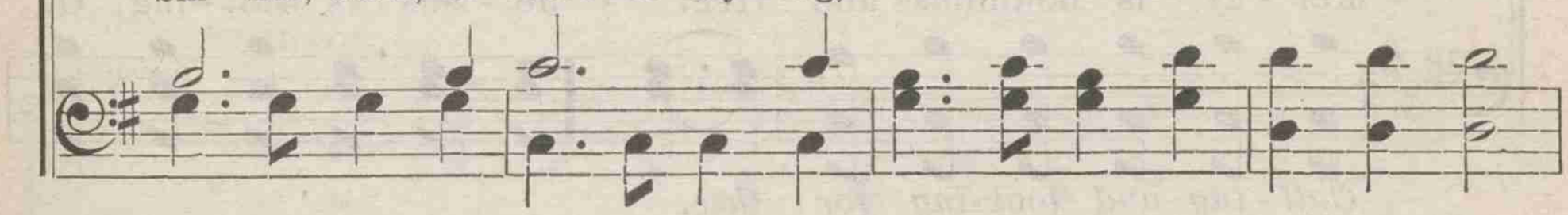
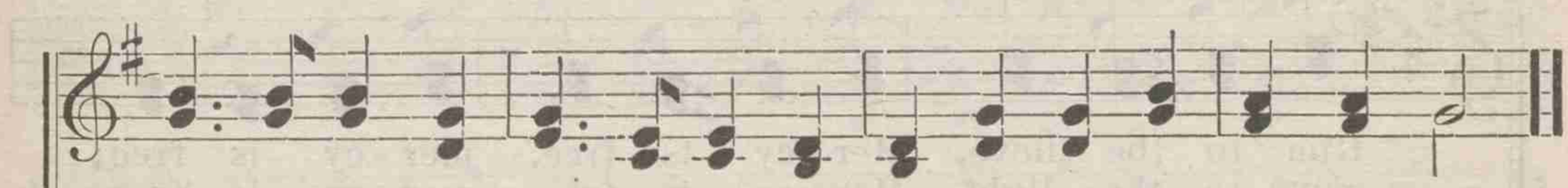
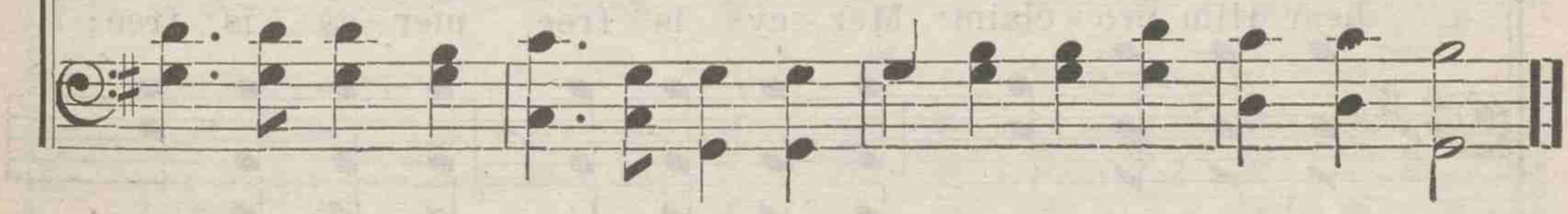
No. 197. Come Into the Fold.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come."—Rev. 22: 17.

W. C. MORRIS. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

1. Sin - ner, come, no long - er wan- der, Stray-ing from the Shepherd's fold;
2 Do not say, "I'll come to - mor-row." Oh, de - cide and come to- day;
3. Come, now, while the Spir - it's pleading, While the bride is saying, "come;"



Why your best days will you squander, Starving, shiv'ring in the cold?
Soon may come a day of sor - row; Brother, sis - ter, why de - lay?
Come and let your soul be feed - ing On the hope of Life and love.

CHORUS.

Come, oh, come! oh, come in - to the Shepherd's fold;
Sin - ner, come, no more de - lay - ing,

Come, re-pent - ing, trust-ing, praying; Stay no long-er in the cold.

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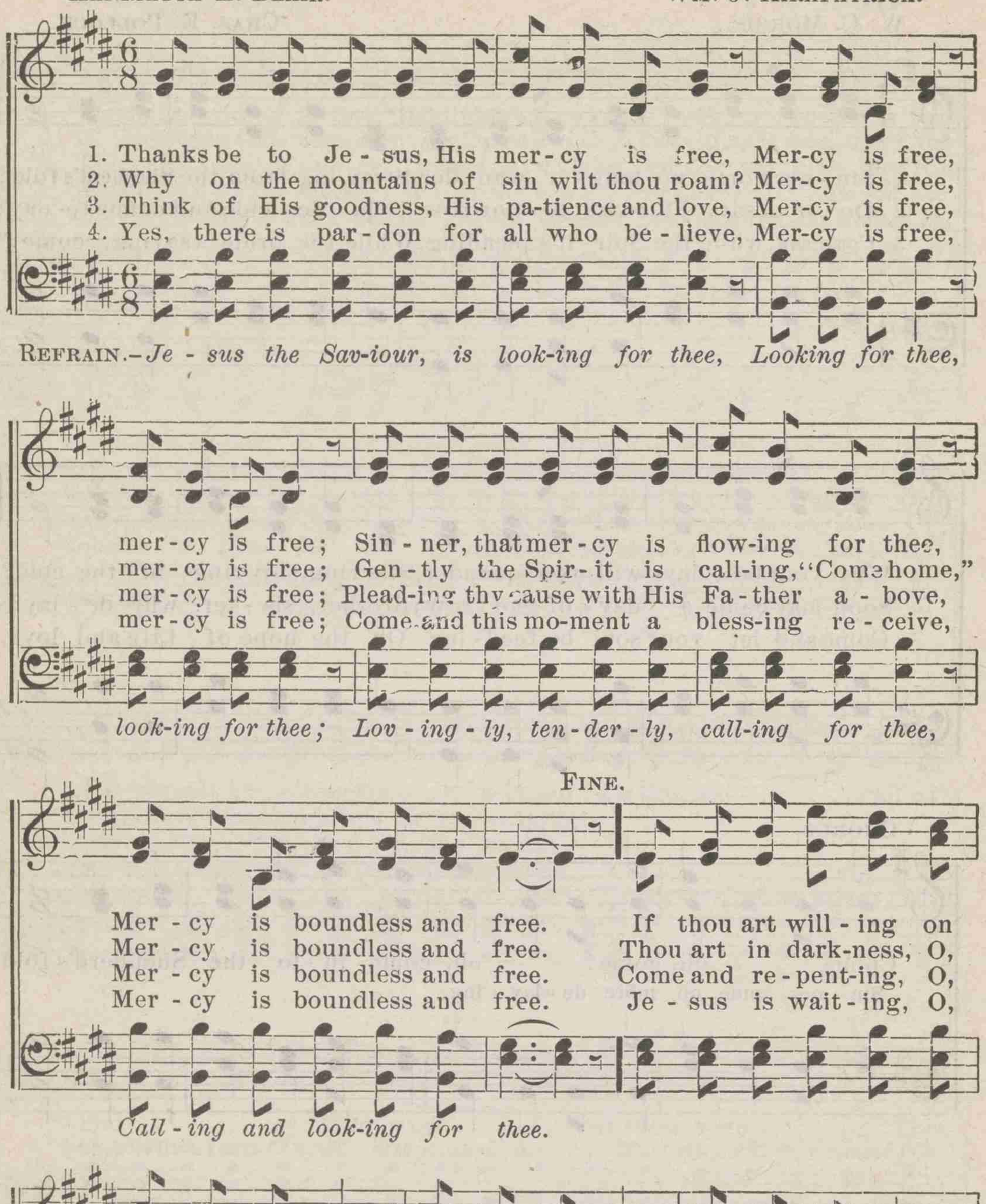
No. 198. Mercy is Boundless and Free.

"And blessed be His glorious name for ever."—Ps. 72: 19.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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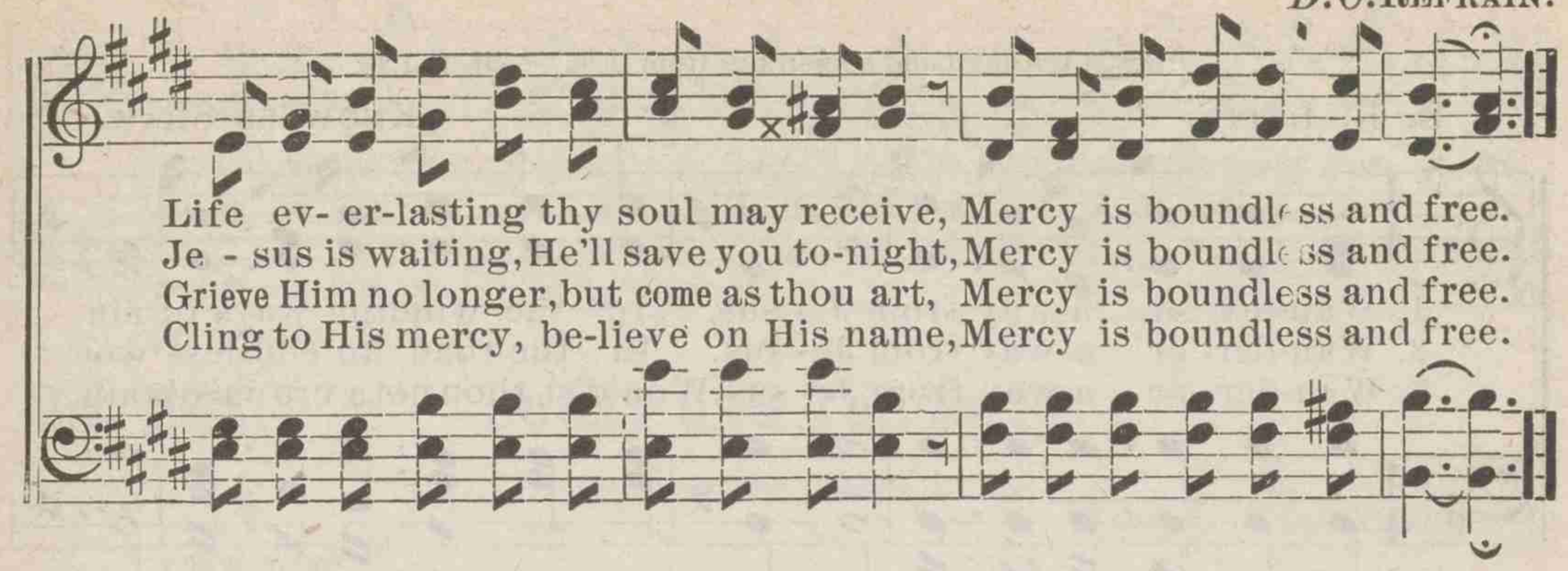
Mercy is Boundless.

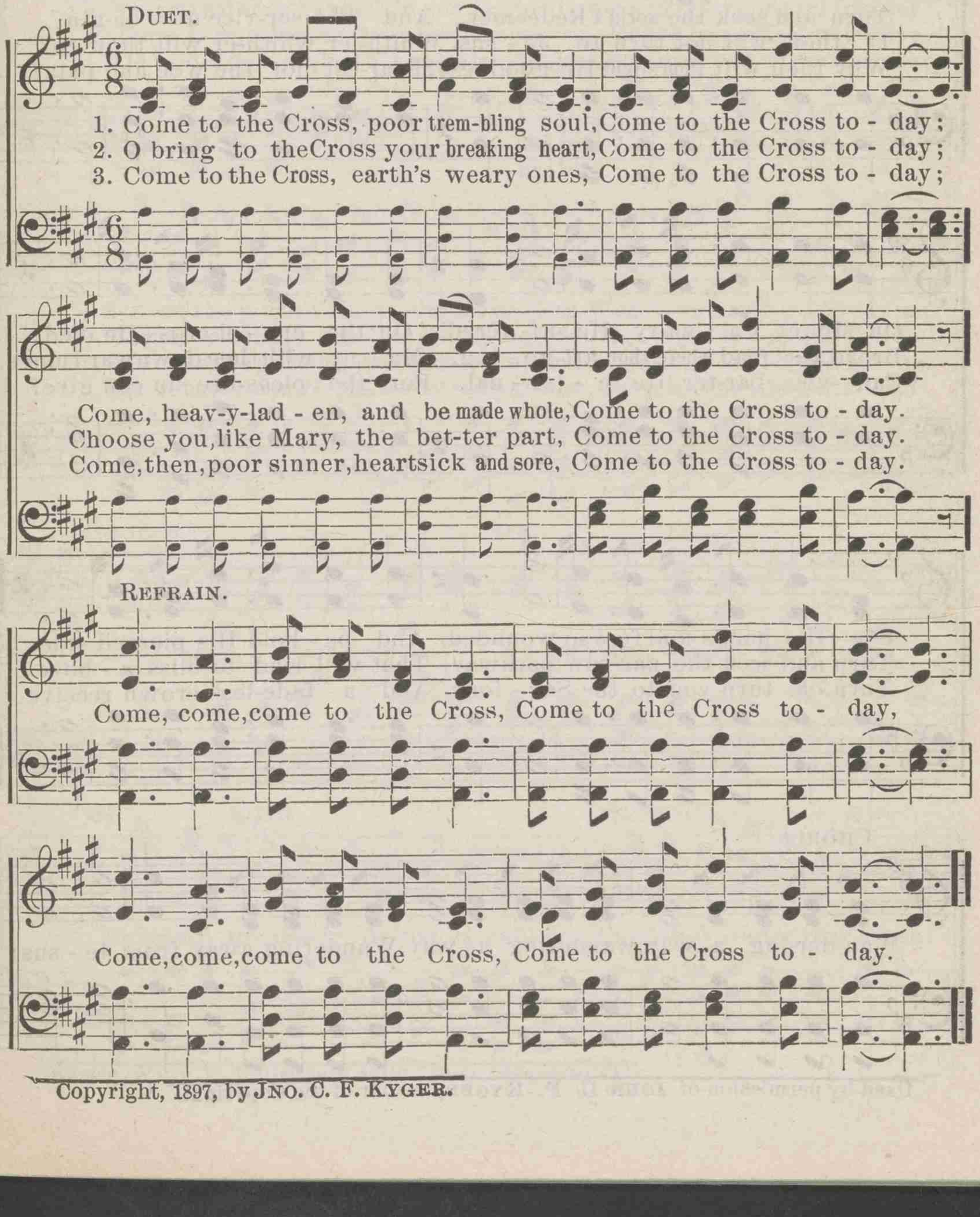
D. C. REFRAIN.

No. 199. Come to the Cross To-day!

"Draw nigh to God."— Jas. 4: 8.

W. B. BLAKE,
Arr. JNO. C. F. KYGER.

JNO. C. F. KYGER.

DUET.



REFRAIN.

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No. 200. Wandering Away.

"Resist the devil and he will flee from thee."—Jas. 4: 7.

E. R. LATTA. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Wan-der- er a-way from Je- sus, In the winding ways of sin,
2. Wan-der- er a-way from Je- sus, In the road to end-less woe
3. Wan-der- er a-way from Je- sus, Would'st thou not a crown obtain?

Turn and seek the world's Redeemer, And His ser-vice now be-gin.
If thou wilt not turn to Je - sus, Whith- er, whith-er wilt thou go?
Why then, wilt thou slight His goodness? Fear-est not the woe and pain?

On Mount Cal - va-ry He suf- fered, On the cru - el cross He died;
Broad the road where thou art go - ing, Ma - ny with thee downward move.
Can you bar-ter life e - ter - nal, For the pleas-ure sin can give?

See His hands and feet so wounded, And be - hold His pierced side.
Turn and seek the nar-row pathway, That will lead to bliss a - bove.
Turn, oh, turn you to the Sav - iour, And a fade-less crown receive

CHORUS.

Wan-der-ing a- way, wandering a - way, Wandering away from Je - sus;

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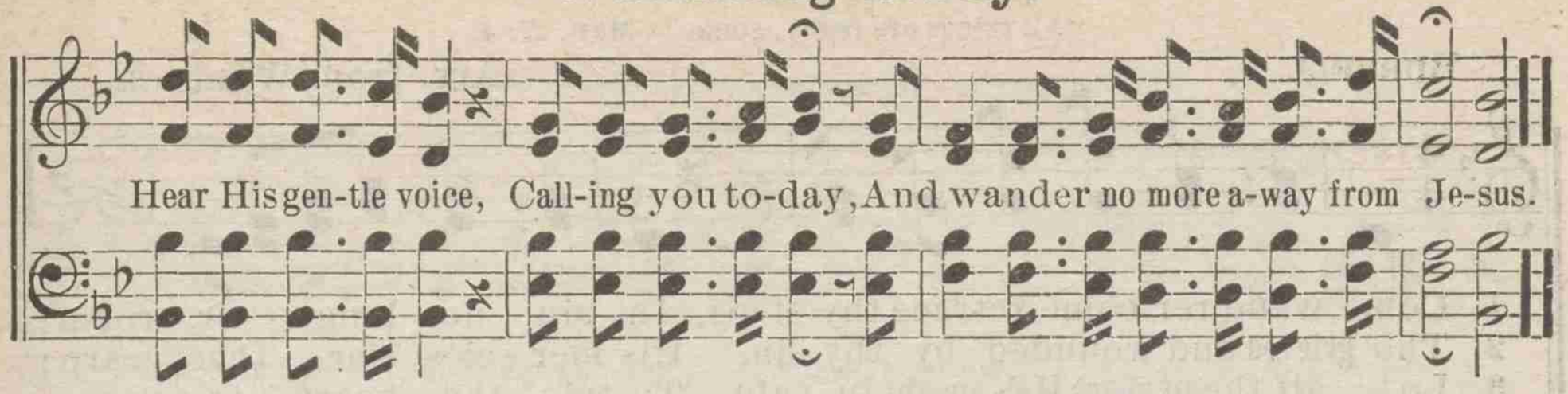
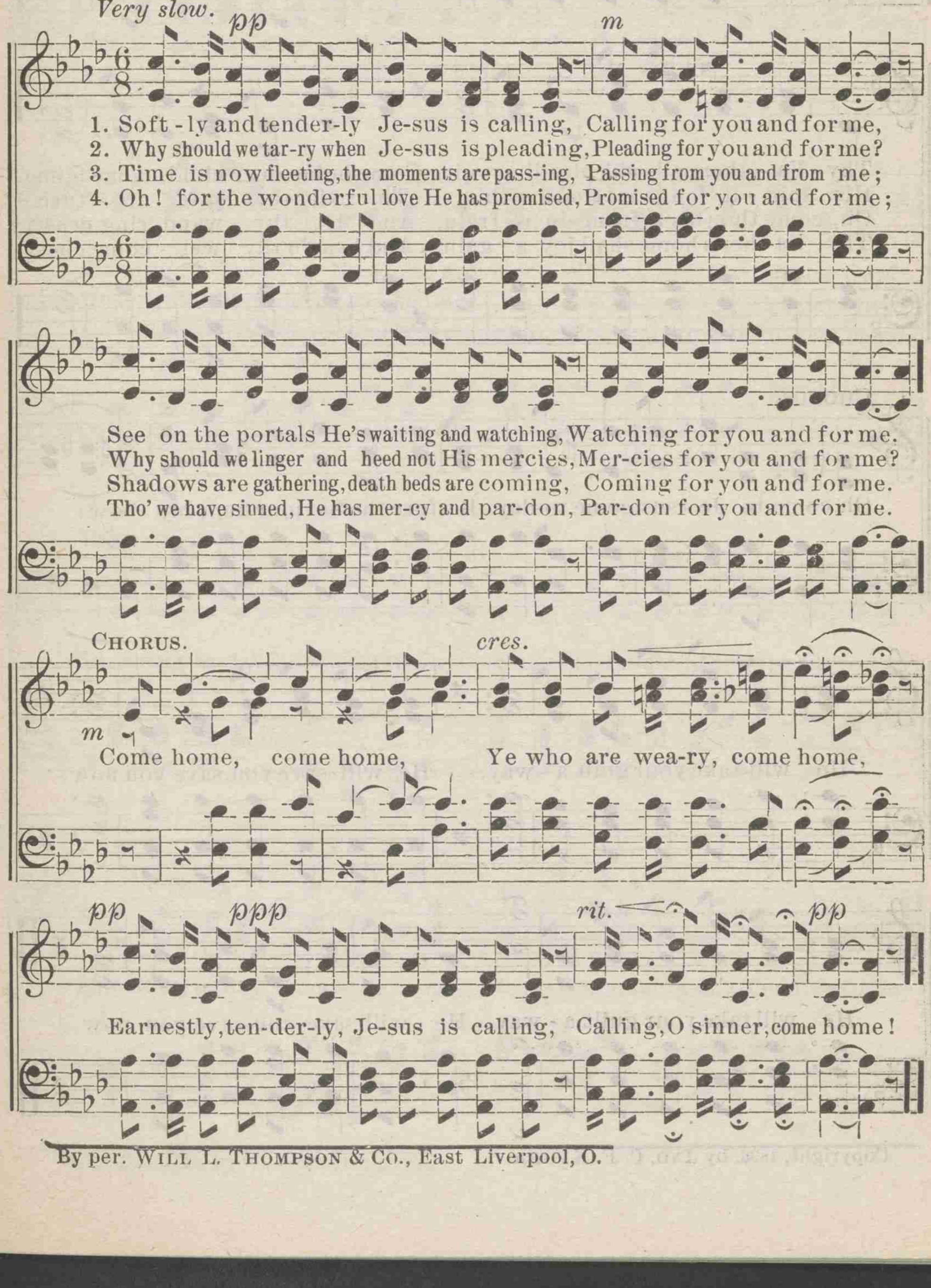
Wandering Away.



No. 201. Softly and Tenderly.

"Come unto me."—Matt. 11: 28.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

By per. WILL L. THOMPSON & Co., East Liverpool, O.

No. 202. Come, Wanderer, Come.

"All things are ready, come."—Matt. 22: 4.

BURRELL. Arr. from WALLACE.

1. Come, wand'rer, come, retrace thy steps, In sin no long - er roam;
2. Tho' grieved and wounded by thy sin, His mer - cies o'er thee yearn;
3. Lo! all these years He's sought in vain, To win thy heart to peace;
4. "The fat - ted calf" shall then be slain, And mu - sic charm thine ear;

Thy Fa - ther calls with pleading voice, Come home, dear child, come home.
His spir - it longs and groans within, To hail thy safe re - turn.
Oh, come thou back, from sin re-frain, And let thy wand-'ring cease.
Thy Fa-ther's home shall joy a - gain, And heav'n thy wel - come cheer.

CHORUS.

Oh, come to Je - sus, come to-day, Be-fore the Saviour hum-bly bow;
He will take your guilt a - way, He will save you, save you now,
He will take your guilt a - way, He will save you, save you now.

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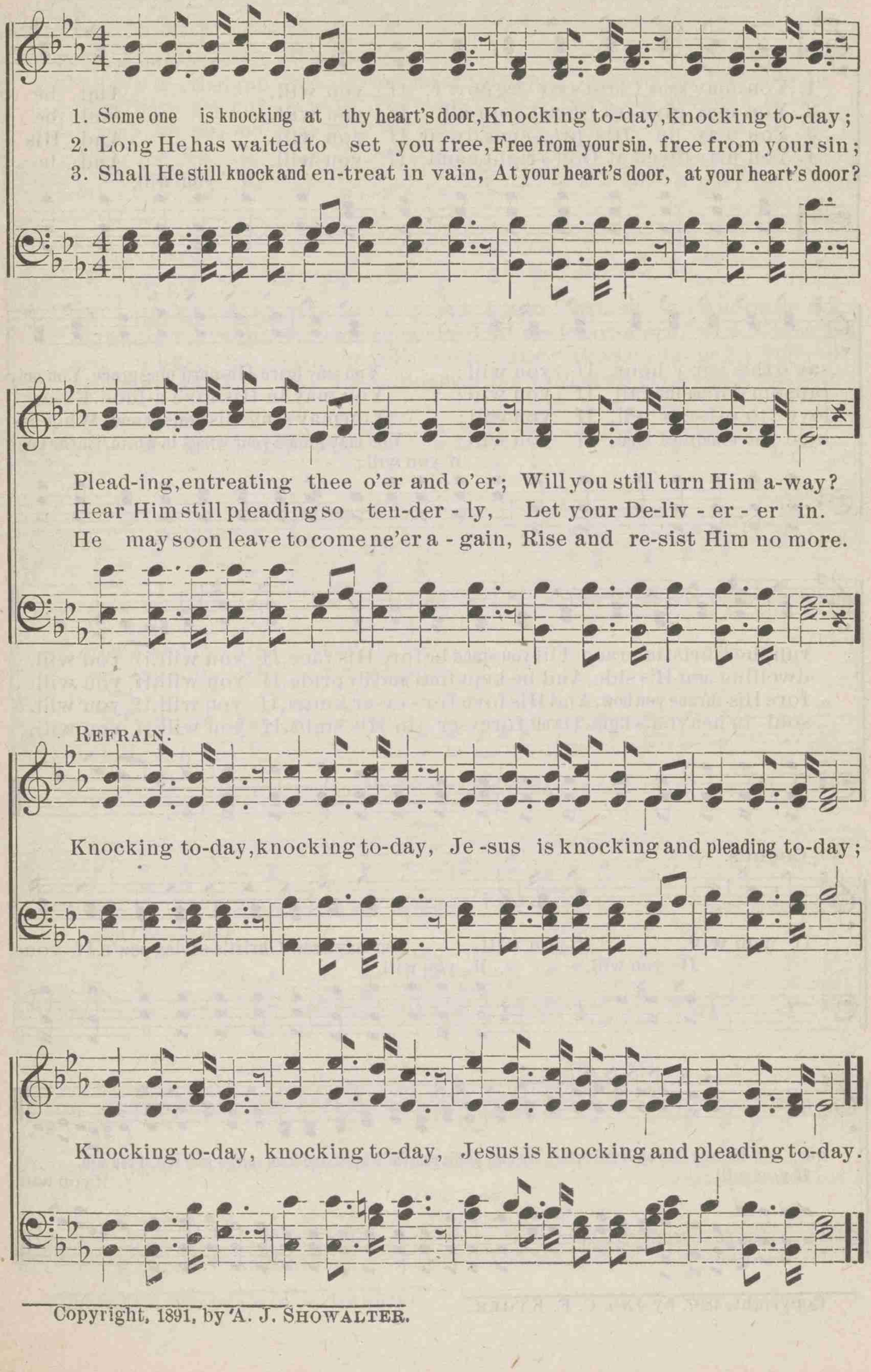
No. 203. Knocking To-Day.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

F. M. DAVIS. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 204. If You Will.

"How long halt ye between two opinions?"—1 Kings 18: 21.

Rev. J. P. KESTER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. You may know Christ's sav - ing pow'r, If you will, And be
2. You may give to Christ your all, If you will, And be
3. You may in His pres-ence dwell, If you will, And His
4. You may dwell at God's right hand, If you will, And be -

if you will,

sav'd this ver-y hour, If you will; You may learn His pard'ning grace, You may
ransom'd from the fall If you will; You may in His love a-bide, Ev-er
love to oth-ers tell, If you will; You may sing His praises now, While be-
hold the wondrous land, If you will; You may plume your wings in white, Bathe your

if you will;

run the Christian race, Till you stand before His face, If you will, if you will.
dwelling near His side, And be kept from worldly pride, If you will, if you will.
fore His throne you bow, And His love for - ev-er know, If you will, if you will.
soul in heaven's light, Dwell forev-er in His sight, If you will, if you will.

CHORUS.

If you will, if you will, You may know Christ's saving pow'r, If you

If you will, if you will,

will; You may lean on Jesus' breast, You may be His ransom'd guest, And from sorrow ever rest, if you will.

if you will; if you will.

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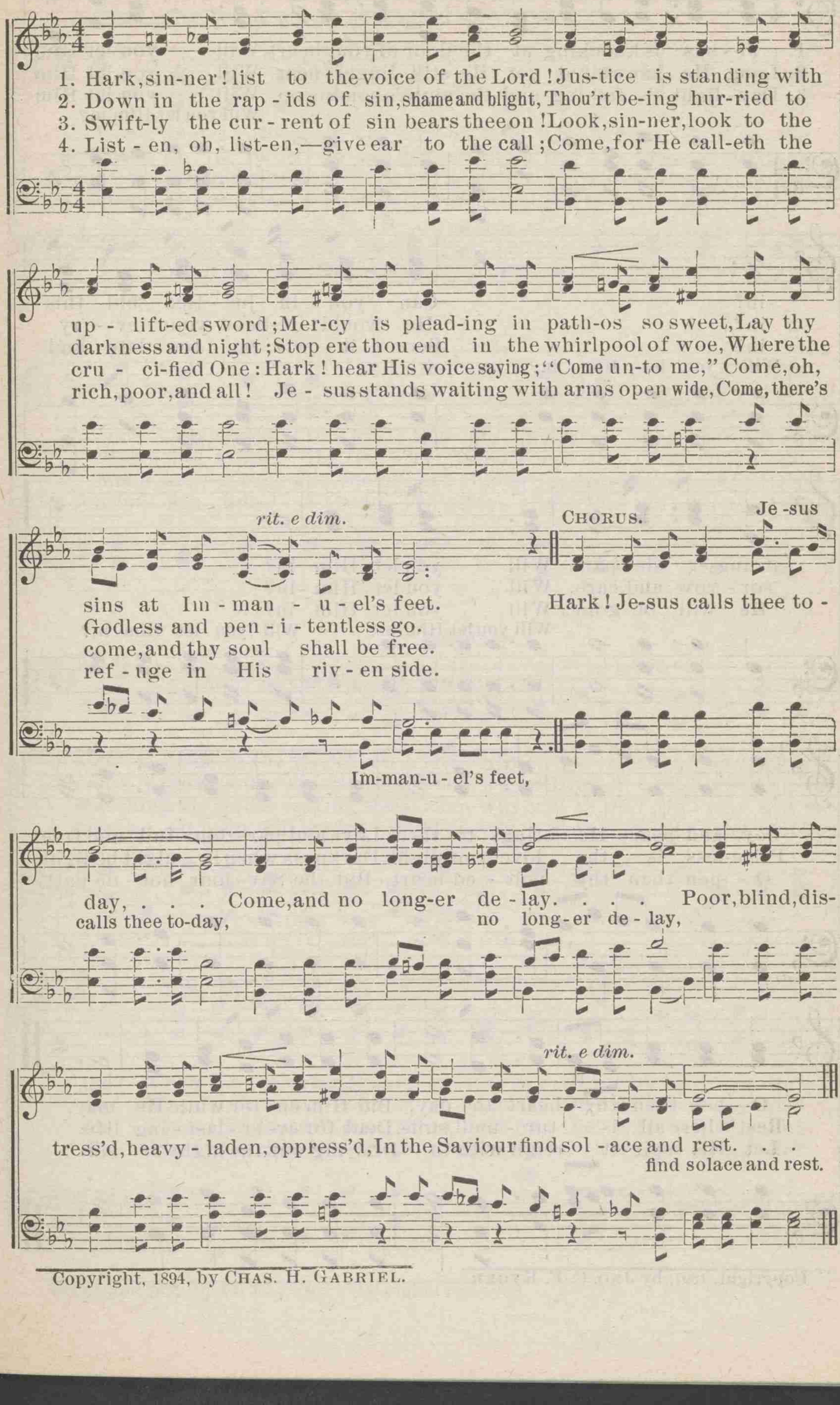
No. 205. The Warning Call.

"Come unto me."—Matt. 11: 28.

Words and music furnished by ISAAC NAYLOR.



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No. 206. Will You Let Him In?

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

FRANK M. DAVIS. J. M. HAGAN.

1. Je - sus is knocking at the door of your heart, Will you let Him
2. Long He has waited yet He still lingers near, Will you let Him
3. Day - light is fad-ing and the night's coming on, Will you let Him

Will you let Him in?

in?
in?
in?

Will you let Him in?

Can you in jus - tice bid this
He would re-lieve your ev - 'ry
Soon it will be too late and

strang-er de - part, Will you let Him in?
sor - row and care, Will you let Him in?
He will be gone, Will you let Him in?

Will you let Him in? Will you let Him in?

Joy and peace He brings to thee, Love and par - don full and free,
Price-less is the love you slight, Darkness when it might be light.
O - pen then thy bolt - ed heart, Bid the Sav - iour not de-part,

O - pen then thy heart to - day, Bid Him en - ter while He may.
Rest where all is tur - moil, strife, Death for ev- er - last - ing life.
Let His spir - it reign with-in Driv-ing out the night of sin.

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No. 207. The Sheltering Rock.

"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

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

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

1. There is a Rock in a wea- ry land, Its shad-ow falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des -ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en -
3. A great fold stands with its portals wide, The sheep a- stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Saviour died, His blood flow'd out in a

burn - ing sand, In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass To
treat - ing strain, "Ho, ev - 'ry thirst - ing sin - sick soul, Come
moun-tain side; The Shep- herd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's
crim - son tide A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And

REFRAIN.

seek a shade in the wilder-ness. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye
free - ly drink and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye
searching now for His wand'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye
free to all who will en-ter in. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye

slower.

die? When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?
die? When the liv -ing Well is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?
die? When the Shepherd's fold is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?
die? When the crimson cross is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?

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No. 208. Bethesda is Open for Thee.

"Wilt thou be made whole?"—John 5: 6.

Rev. F. Denison. Warren W. Bentley.

1. Be - thes - da is o - pen, the an - gel has come, The
2. Come, press to the wa - ters while mer - cy is here, Ac -
3. The house of Be - thes - da for sin - ners was built, The
4. Then come to the foun - tain, ye need - y and lost, Come

Spir - it is call - ing for thee; The wa - ters are trou-bled, be -
cept of a cleans-ing com-plete; O hear the en - treat- y dis -
pool is a fountain of love; The wa- ters are trou-bled for
now while the Sav - iour is nigh; This grace has been purchas'd at

hold there is room, Sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus is free.
miss - ing your fear, Lo! judg - ment and mer- cy now meet.
can - cel - ing guilt, And still for our heal- ing now move.
in - fi - nite cost, And they that re - ject it must die.

Chorus.

Sal - va-tion is free, sal - va - tion is free, Sal - va- tion thro'

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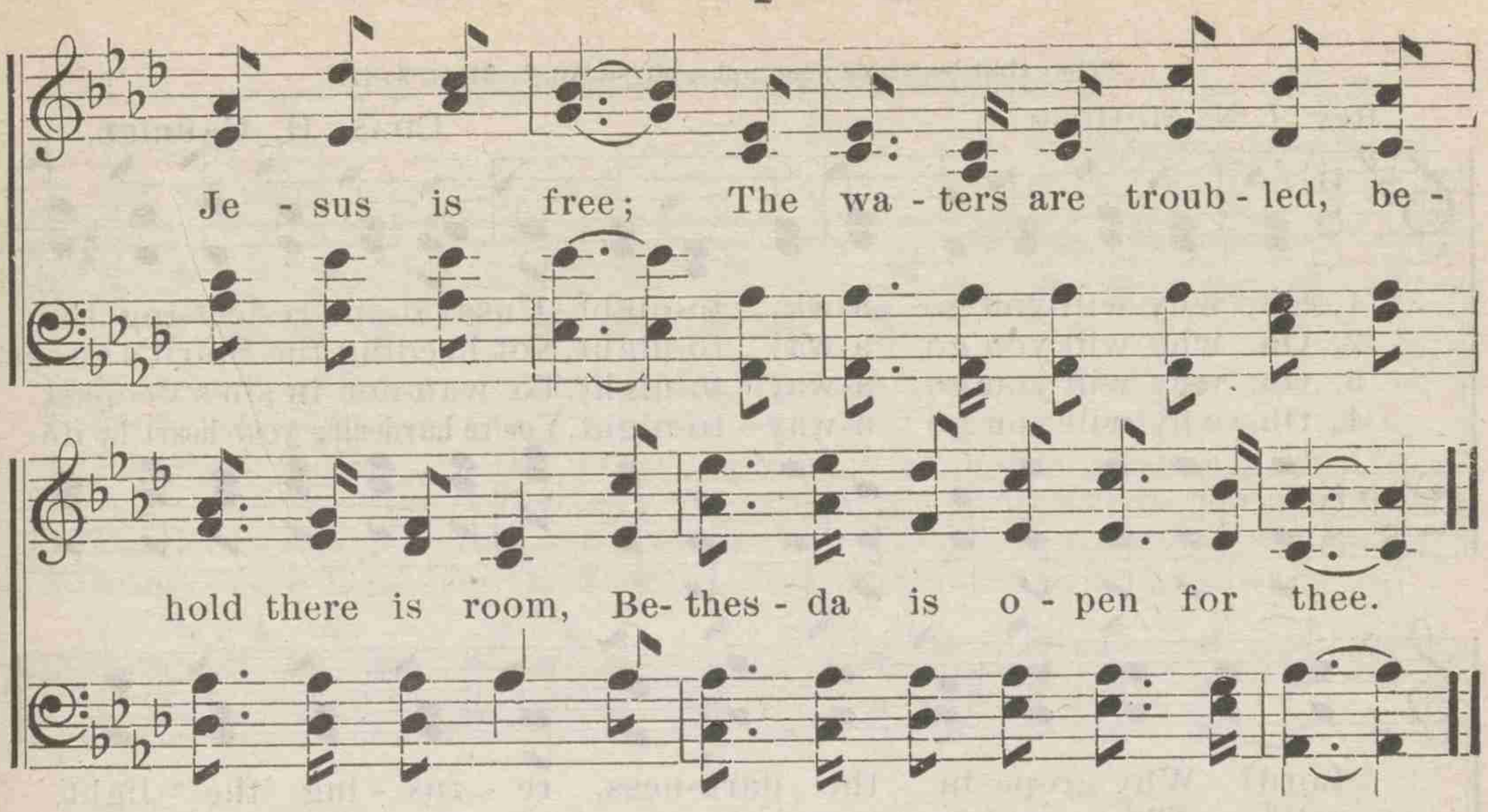
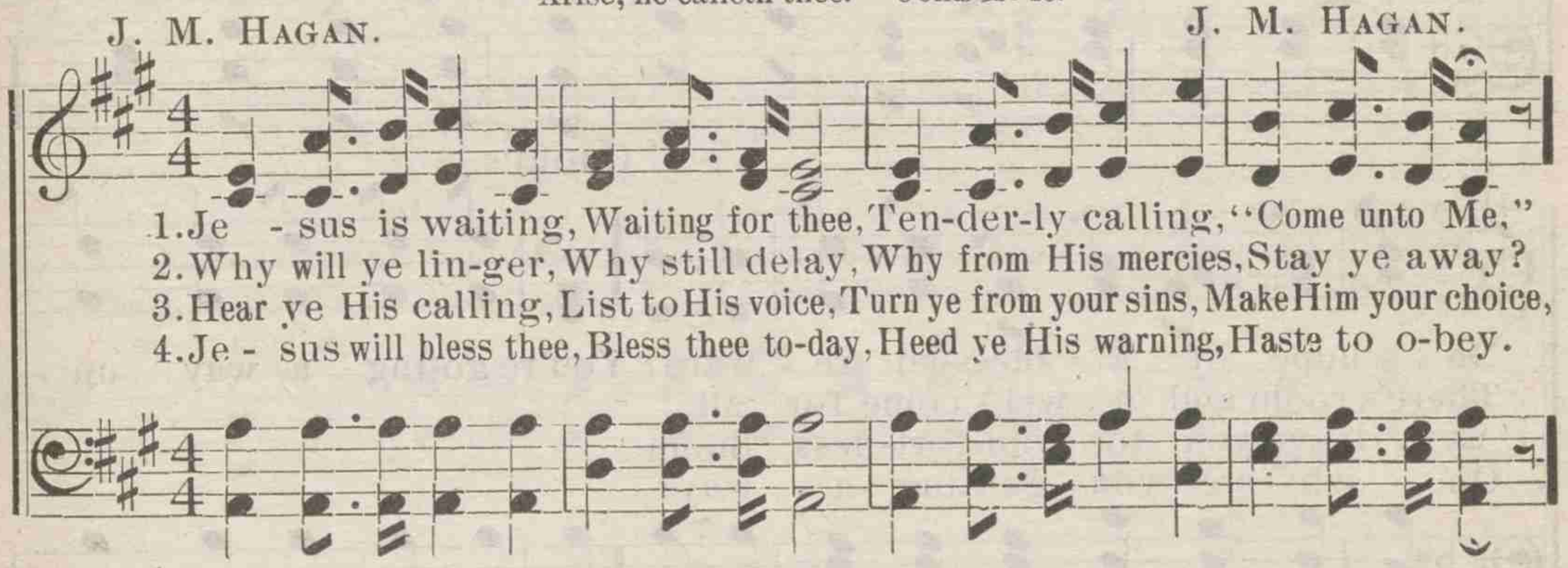
Bethesda is Open for Thee.



No. 209. Jesus is Waiting.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—John 11: 28.

J. M. HAGAN. J. M. HAGAN.



CHORUS.

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No. 210. Going Away Unsaved.

"They that be whole need not a physician."—Matt. 9: 12.

Rev. I. N. McHose. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Oh, why will you go a-way to-night, Unsav'd and re-ject-ing the Lord? Why grope in the dark-ness, re - fus - ing the light,
2. Oh, why will you go a-way to-night, Not heeding the Spirit's sweet call? This may be your last in - vi - ta - tion; then come,
3. Oh, why will you go a-way to-night, To wan-der in sin's deepest gloom? Oh, come, ere the Spir - it for - sake thee in flight,
4. Oh, why will you go a-way to-night, You're hardening your heart by de- lay! Re - fus - ing the joys of yon heav - en so bright;

Chorus.

No hope of a bless-ed re - ward? You're go-ing a- way un - saved! You're go- ing a - way un- sav'd, While par-don is free,
There's room and a wel - come for all. un-sav'd, un-sav'd,
And leave you to com-fort- less doom.
Oh, why are you go - ing a - way?

Dear sin- ner, for thee, You're go - ing a - way un - sav'd, un-sav'd.

Copyright, 1892, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 211. Turned Away from the Beautiful Gate.

"Lord, Lord, open to us. But he shall say, I know you not, depart from me."— Luke 13: 25, 27.

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

Not too fast.

1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord say-ing, "You
2. Some one will hear the an-gel's song, And wish he could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an ach- ing heart, While Je-sus pro-noun- ces the
4. Some one will linger with tear- ful eyes, While Christ and His peo- ple as -
5. Some one will go in- to dark-ness drear, Far off from the Sav -iour and
6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wail-ing no

can - not come;" With sad-ness he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state; Turn'd a-
hap - py throng; With sighing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state; Turn'd a-
word, "depart;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state; Turn'd a-
cend the skies, With weep-ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state; Turn'd a-
all that's dear; With anguish he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state; Turn'd a-
tongue can tell; With hor-ror he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state; Turn'd a-

FINE. REFRAIN.

way from the beauti - ful gate. Turn'd a-way from the beau-ti - ful

D.S.

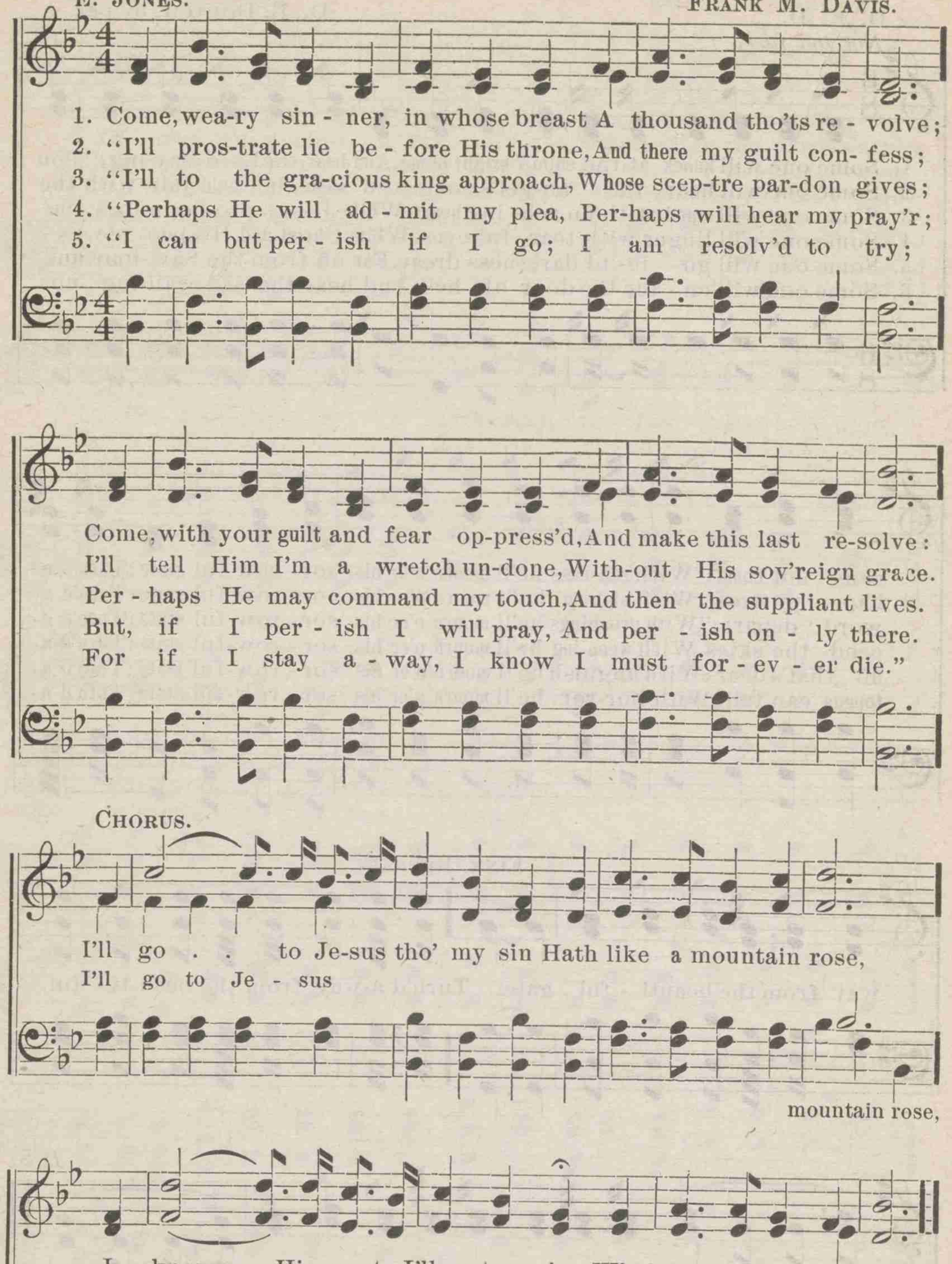
gate, . . . Turn'd a-way from the beauti - ful gate. . . .
beau-ti - ful gate, beau-ti - ful gate.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

No. 212. The Last Resolve.

"Return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy."—Isa. 55:7.

E. JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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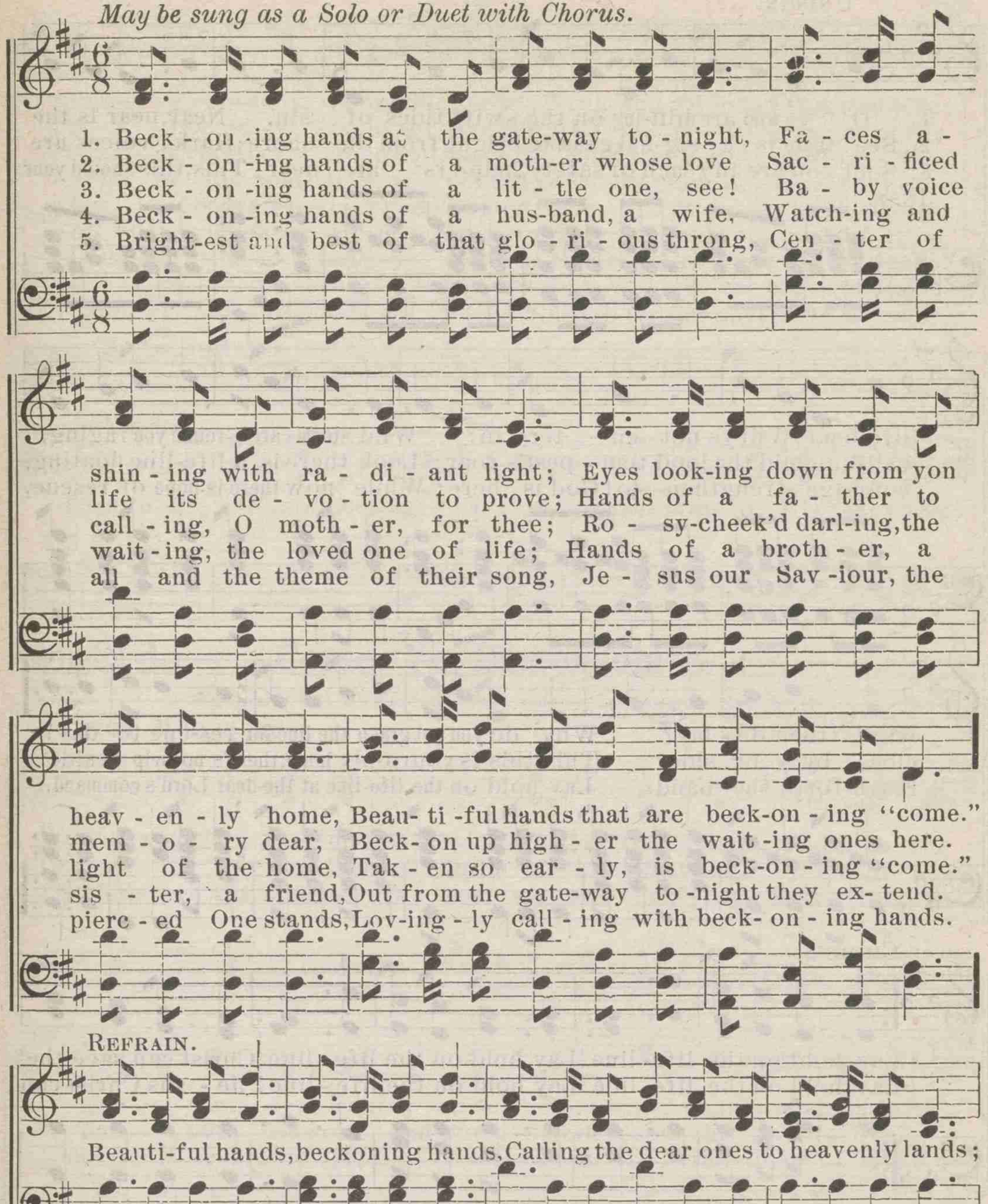
No. 213. Beautiful, Beckoning Hands.

"Beckoning unto them with the hand."—Acts. 12: 17.

C. C. L. C. C. LUTHER.

May be sung as a Solo or Duet with Chorus.



1. Beck - on -ing hands at the gate-way to - night, Fa - ces a - shin - ing with ra - di - ant light; Eyes look-ing down from yon
2. Beck - on -ing hands of a moth-er whose love Sac - ri - ficed life its de - vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to
3. Beck - on -ing hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice call - ing, O moth - er, for thee; Ro - sy-cheek'd darl-ing, the
4. Beck - on -ing hands of a hus-band, a wife, Watch-ing and wait - ing, the loved one of life; Hands of a broth - er, a
5. Bright-est and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen - ter of all and the theme of their song, Je - sus our Sav -iour, the

heav - en - ly home, Beau- ti -ful hands that are beck-on - ing "come."
mem - o - ry dear, Beck- on up high - er the wait -ing ones here.
light of the home, Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck-on - ing "come."
sis - ter, a friend, Out from the gate-way to -night they ex- tend.
pierc - ed One stands, Lov-ing - ly call - ing with beck- on - ing hands.

REFRAIN.

Beauti-ful hands, beckoning hands, Calling the dear ones to heavenly lands;

Beau -ti-ful hands, beckoning hands, Beautiful, beautiful, beckoning hands.

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No. 214. Lay Hold on the Life-Line.

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

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

Unison.

1. O ye who are drift-ing on the swift tides of sin, Near, near is the
2. See! there is a sig-nal gleaming bright from the shore; Hark! voices are
3. Soul, you are in reach of safety, help-ers are near; This, this should your

Inst.

life-boat! Will ye not en - ter in? Wild storms are a-round you raging,
call- ing 'mid the loud tem - pest's roar; Look there is a life-line floating,
cour-age strengthen—lo! God is here; While now there is hope of rescue,

why then de - lay? Why do you not grasp the line for res-cue to- day?
close by your side, This, this is your only hope, there's no help beside.
reach forth the hand, Lay hold on the life-line at the dear Lord's command.

Chorus.

{ Lay hold on the life- line! Lay hold on the life - line! Christ can save the
{ Lay hold on the life- line! Lay hold on the life - line! Je - sus Christ can

per - ish-ing from sinking 'neath the wave;
res - cue you, (*Omit.* . . . . .) yes, Je - sus Christ can save.

1 2 *rit.*

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No. 215. Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—Matt. 11: 28.

JOSEPH HART. J. INGALLS.

FINE.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
   Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love and pow'r.
2. Now, ye need - y, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
   True be - lief and true re - pentance, Ev -'ry grace that brings you nigh.
3. Let not conscience make you ling-er, Nor of fit - ness fondly dream;
   All the fit - ness He re - quireth, Is to feel your need of Him.
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav - y la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall,
   If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev-er come at all.

D.C. *Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord, has come to reign.*

CHORUS. D.C.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

No. 216. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

THOS. MOORE, alt. SAMUEL WEBBE.

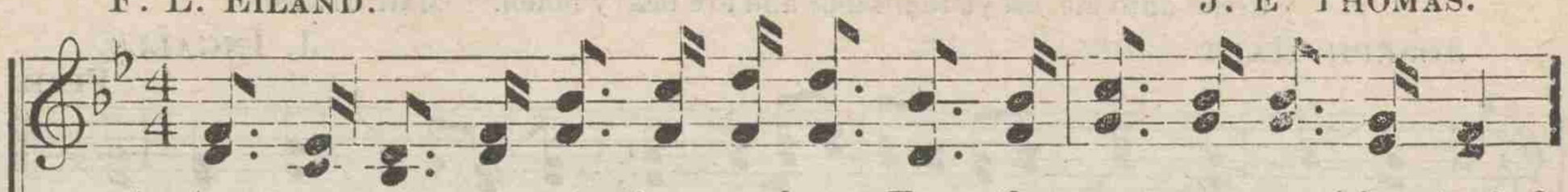
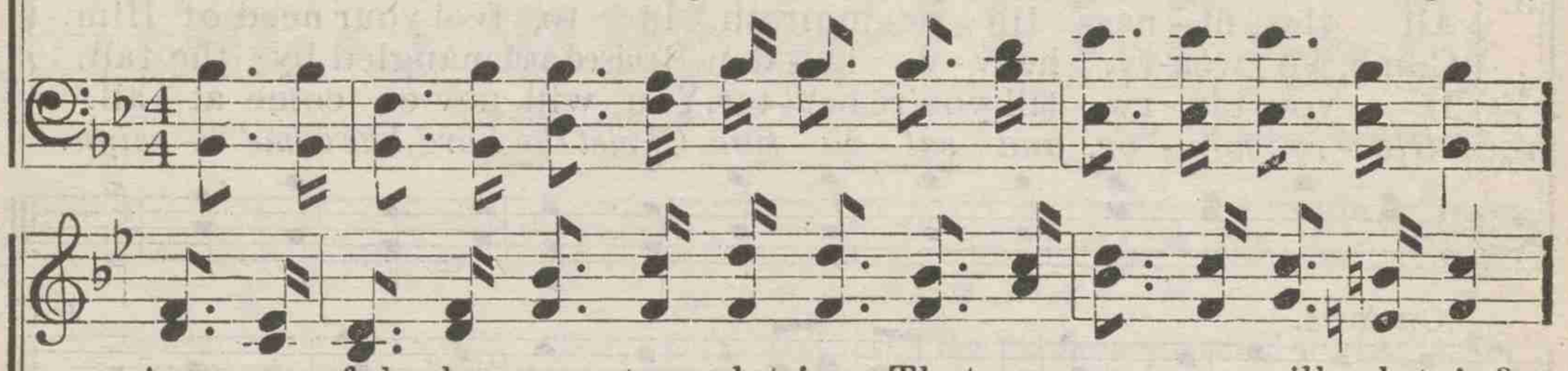
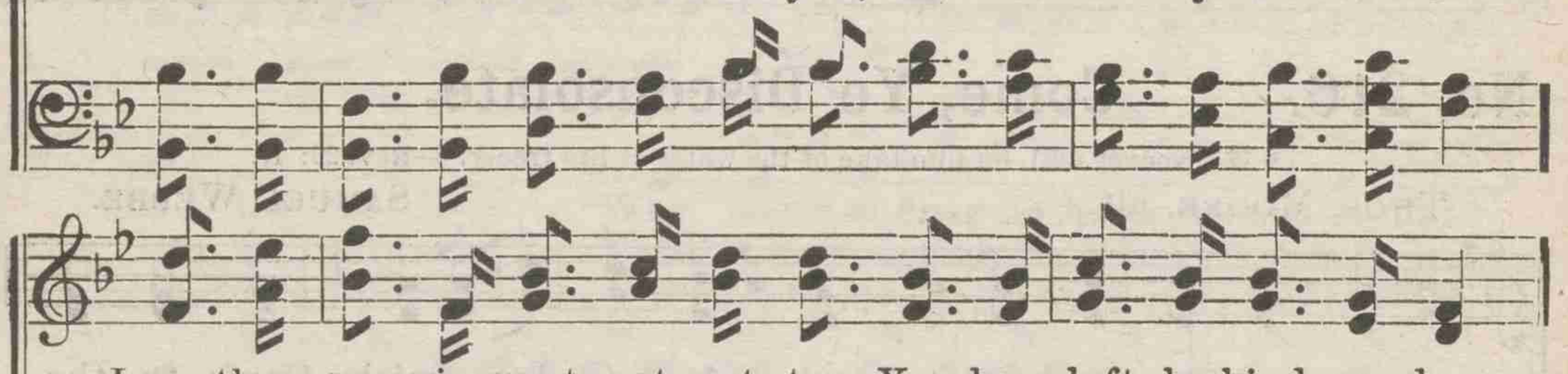
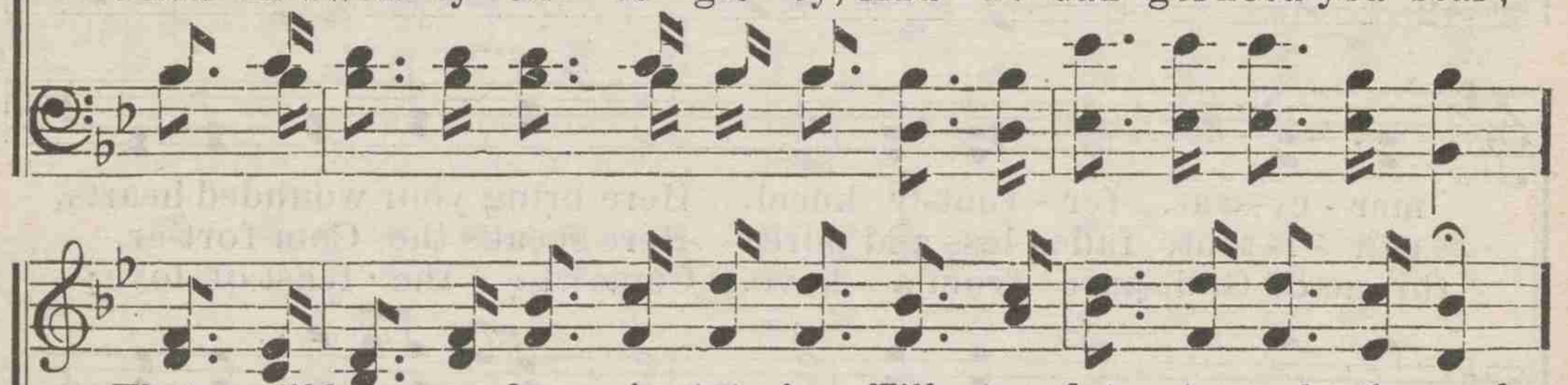
1. Come, ye dis - con - so-late! wher-e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing, Forth from the

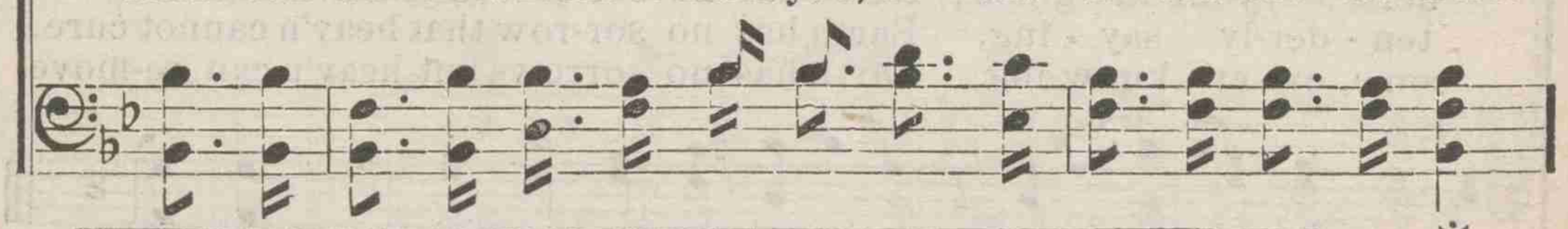
mer - cy-seat, fer - vent-ly kneel. Here bring your wounded hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove, Come to the feast of love;

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

No. 217. The Glorious Gospel Train.

"All things are ready, come."—Matt. 22: 4.

F. L. EILAND. J. E. THOMAS.

1. Are you at your sta-tion read-y, For the near approaching train?
2. Has your ti - tle been re-cord-ed, That no ques-tion can be made?
3. Are your garments nice-ly fit - ted, That ac - cept - ed you may be,
4. 'Tis the on - ly sig - nal, brother, That will make your passage sure,
5. Have you one of-fend-ed brother? Go and His for-give-ness plead;
6. Let it be no more a question, There's a book that will ex - plain;

Are you ful - ly con - tem-plat-ing That a pass you will ob-tain?
Does your prep - a - ra - tion war-rant That you shall not be de-layed?
As a guest on board for heav-en, Speed-ing for e - ter - ni - ty?
That will stop the might - y en - gine, And a seat to you se-cure;
His re - ceipt up - on your baggage, You will ev - i - dent - ly need.
If its truths do not condemn you, You are read - y for the train.

Is there some im-port - ant mat - ter You have left be-hind un-done,
When you see the head-light gleamings, As a-round the curves they climb,
Do you hold the blood-stained ban-ner Of Emman - uel in your hand,
That will give you close con-nec - tion, And a nev - er - fail - ing hand;
Gold and sil - ver will not set - tle Debts the soul you may be due;
Then 'tis swift - ly on to glo - ry, And no dan - ger need you fear;

That will keep you hes - i - tat - ing, Till too late to make the run?
Have you a - ny fears and doubtings, That you'll not get in on time?
With your claims inscribed up-on it, And a ride for heav'n demand?
That will take you safe - ly o - ver, To the glo - ry spir - it land.
See your pass reads, Meek Sub-mission, Else it will not take you through.
There can be no wrecks to harm you, Je - sus is con-duc - tor there.



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The Glorious Gospel Train.

CHORUS.

O be read-y . . . . . for the glo-rious gos - pel train,
O be read-y for the com-ing of the glo - rious gos - pel train,

Quick-ly make your prep - a - ra-tion, And your pass-port have in hand;

O be read - y . . . . . for the glo-rious gos - pel train,
O be read - y for the com - ing of the glo - rious gos - pel train,

It will take you safe - ly o - ver To the glo - ry spir - it land.

No. 218. The Gospel Railroad.

"With gladness — they shall enter into the King's palace."— Ps. 48: 15.

MRS. HALL BOOTH. UNKNOWN.

1. { The road to heav'n thro' Christ is laid, With precious blood the rails are made;
   { From earth to heav'n the line ex-tends, To life e - ter - nal where it ends.

2. { Re - pentance is the sta-tion, then, Where pas-sen-gers are ta - ken in;
   { No fee for them is then to pay, For Je - sus is Him-self the way.

3. { The Bi - ble is the en - gi- neer, It points the way to heav'n so clear;
   { Thro' tunnels dark, and drea-ry here, It does the way to glo - ry steer.

4. { God's love the fire, His truth the steam Which drives the en - gine and the train;
   { All you who would to glo - ry ride, Must come to Christ, in Him a - bide.

5. { Come, then, poor sin-ner, now's the time. At a - ny sta - tion on the line,
   { If you re-pent and turn from sin, The train will stop and take you in.

6. { And then to glo - ry we will go, With all on board as white as snow;
   { So ring the bell, and start the train, And run it through in Je-sus' name.

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

No. 219. The Fountain of Cleansing.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1.

O. S. G. Mrs. O. S. GRINNELL.

1. A foun-tain of cleansing is o- pened for sin, And all may be wash'd who will plunge freely in; 'Tis the soul-cleansing fountain that makes white as snow Ev-'ry stain sin has made in this world be-low.
2. "Oh, come to that fountain! the Spir - it now calls;" Oh, come and be wash'd! 'tis for you and for all; The Sav- iour in-vites you, oh, do not de - lay, But has - ten to Him and be saved to-day!
3. 'Tis news, glorious news, and to sad hearts a balm, That all may be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; And that pur - i - fied, sanc - ti-fied, filled with God's love, We may sing with the white-robed in heav'n above.
4. Oh, plunge in that fountain and rise pure and white, And vis - ions of bliss will then dawn on thy sight—Sweet vis - ions of glo - ry en - rapt - 'ring the soul, While the waves of sal - va - tion shall o'er thee roll.

CHORUS.

All glory to Jesus! I plunge fully in; My garments He washes and cleanses from sin; Yes, glo - ry to Je-sus! I'm ev-'ry whit whole, And the glory of heav'n now thrills my soul!

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No. 220. Christ is Waiting.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

O. S. G. By O. S. GRINNELL.

1. O sin-ner! lis-ten while you may, For Christ can wash your sins a-way; He bore them all up-on the cross, To save you from e-ter-nal loss.
2. Oh, come to Christ! do not delay, But seek His par-don while you may; Oh, come just now, and do not wait Un-til the Spir-it says, "too late."
3. Just as you are, oh, hasten now! Confess your sins, and humbly bow! His might-y grace He will im-part; His blood will cleanse your sin-ful heart.
4. Oh! can it be you will re-fuse To lis-ten to such gracious news, And shut your ears, and close your eyes, And die the death that nev-er dies?

CHORUS.

Wait-ing, wait-ing, Christ is wait-ing to save;
Wait-ing, wait-ing, Christ is wait-ing, to-day;
Wait-ing, wait-ing, Christ is waiting to save.
Wait-ing, wait-ing, Christ is wait-ing,

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No. 221. When the Harvest is Past.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."--Jer. 10 : 20.

S. F. SMITH, D.D. F. M. LAMB.

1. When the har-vest is past, and the sum-mer is gone, And sermons and
2. When the ho - ly have gone to the re-gions of peace, To dwell in the
3. Say, O sin - ner, that liv - eth at rest and se - cure, Who fear-est no

pray'rs shall be o'er; When the beams cease to break of the blest Sabbath morn,
mansions a - bove; When their har - mo - ny wakes in the ful-ness of bliss,
trou-ble to come, Can thy spir - it the swellings of sor-row en - dure,

REFRAIN.

And Je - sus in - vites thee no more; When the har-vest is past, and the
The song to the Sav-iour they love;
Or bear the im - pen - i - tent's doom?

summer is gone, No reap-er has gathered thee in, And the cold win- try

blast comes up - on thee at last, Oh where wilt thou rest from thy sin?

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No. 222. The Last Appeal.

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

Rev. J. E. GOULD. O. S. GRINNELL.

1. Lis-ten, sin- ner, will you listen, While I make one more appeal? Would with tears your eyes might glist-en! Would to God your heart might feel! You will,
2. But the grave is not the end-ing, Sin will kill beyond the tomb; Oh, what aw - ful hor-rors pend-ing In those words, the "sin-ner's doom!" God has
3. You have had the Bible warning; You have had the Spirit, too, Ev - er since life's ear - ly morn-ing, It has strove and plead with you; Ma - ny
4. But the Bi - ble you have slighted, And the Spirit turn'd away, And re - fused, tho' oft in- vit - ed To im-prove your gra-cious day. Oh! how

too, ere long be dy- ing; Soon we'll miss you from the earth; And your
traced it with His fin- ger, Je - sus said it should be so: "He who
times the tear-drop glisten'd, Ma -ny times your heart did melt; To the
hard your heart is get- ting! Oh, how sad your state to - day! Friend, your

cold form will be ly - ing 'Neath the greensward and the turf.
lives and dies a sin - ner Must en - dure e - ter - nal woe."
sto - ry you have lis - ten'd, Of the pangs your Sav - iour felt.
star of hope is set - ting; Haste to Christ with-out de - lay!

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No. 223. The Sinner and the Song.

"Look unto me and be ye saved."—Isa. 45 : 22.

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

SOLO.

ORGAN.

1. A sinner was wand'ring at e-ven-tide; His tempter was watching close
2. He stopp'd and listen'd to ev'ry sweet chord; He remembered the time he

by at his side. In his heart raged a bat - tle for
once loved the Lord. Come on! says the tempter, come

right a-gainst wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song.
on with the throng, But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song.

pp QUARTET.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos -om fly.
2. While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tempest still is high.

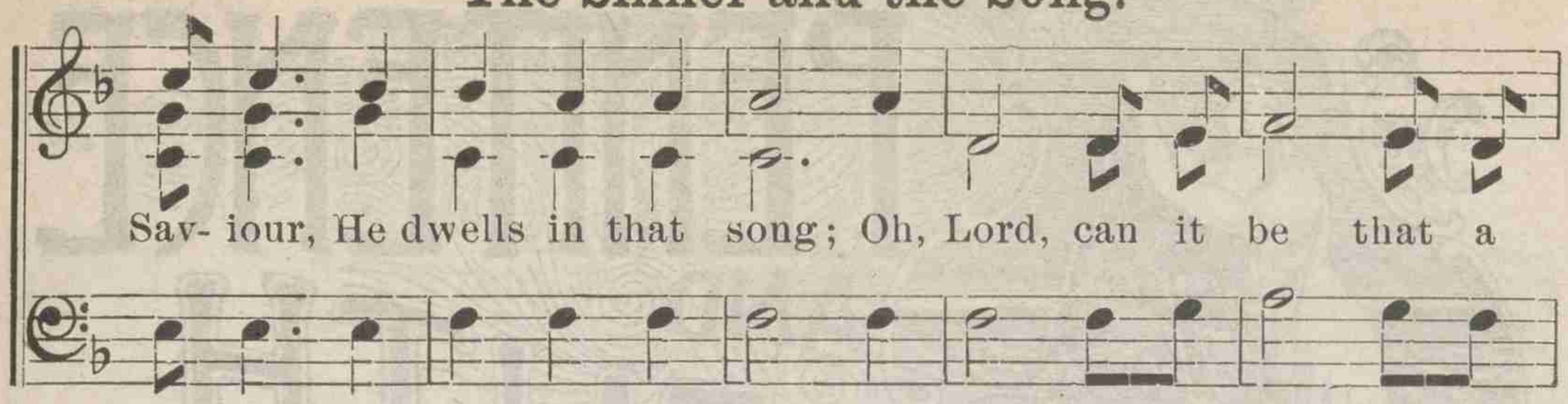
SOLO.

ORGAN.

Oh, tempter, de - part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

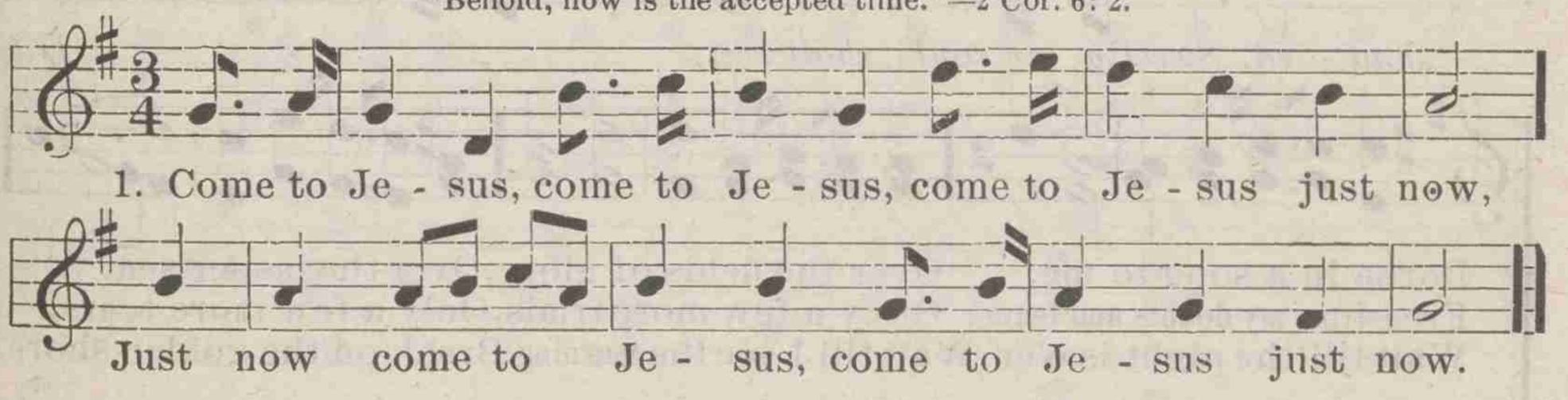
By permission of WILL L. THOMPSON & Co., East Liverpool, O.

The Sinner and the Song.



No. 224. Come to Jesus Just Now.

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



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

PENITENCE AND FAITH

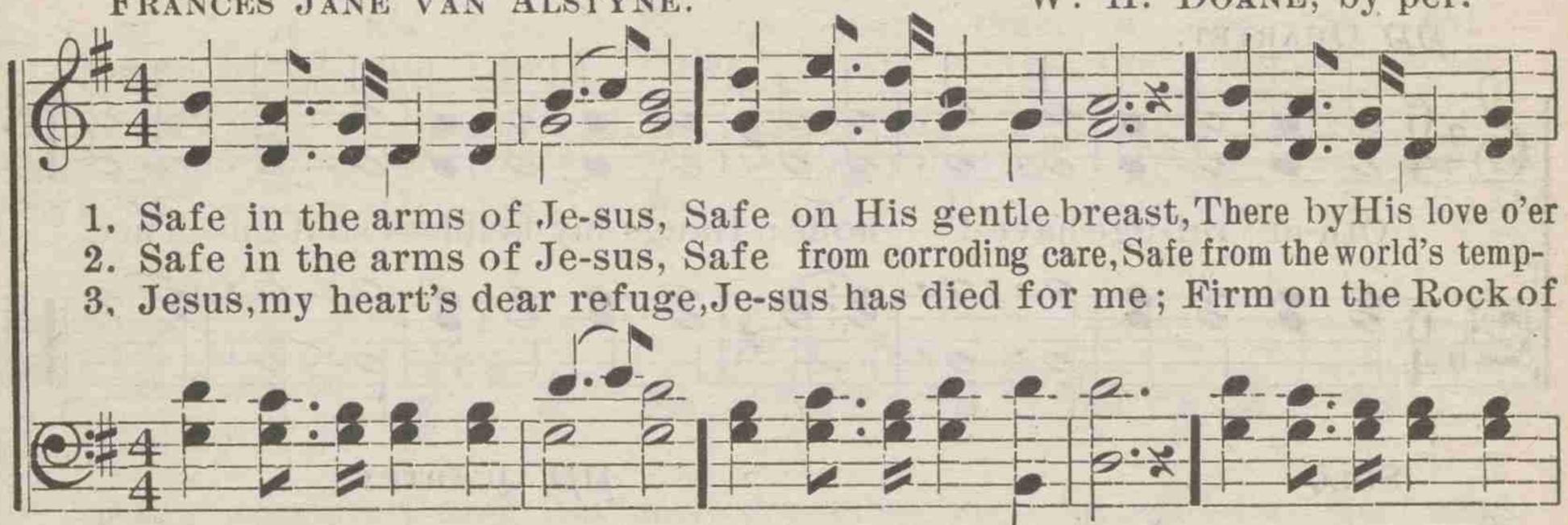
"I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven, over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."—Luke. 15: 7.

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. But without faith *it is* impossible to please *him*: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and *that* he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."—Heb. 11: 1, 6.

No. 225. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Thou art my hiding-place."—Ps. 32; 7.

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE. W. H. DOANE, by per.



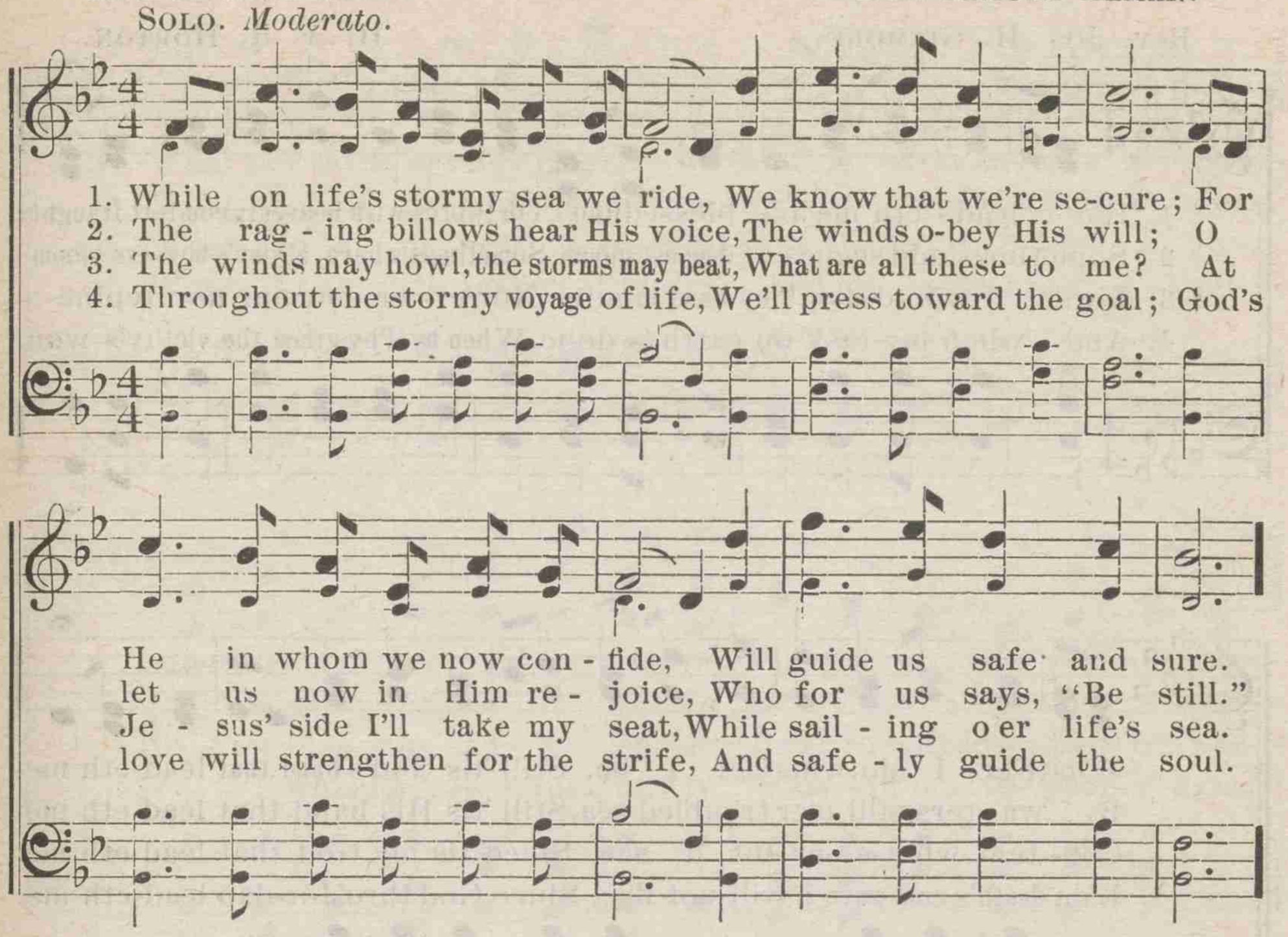
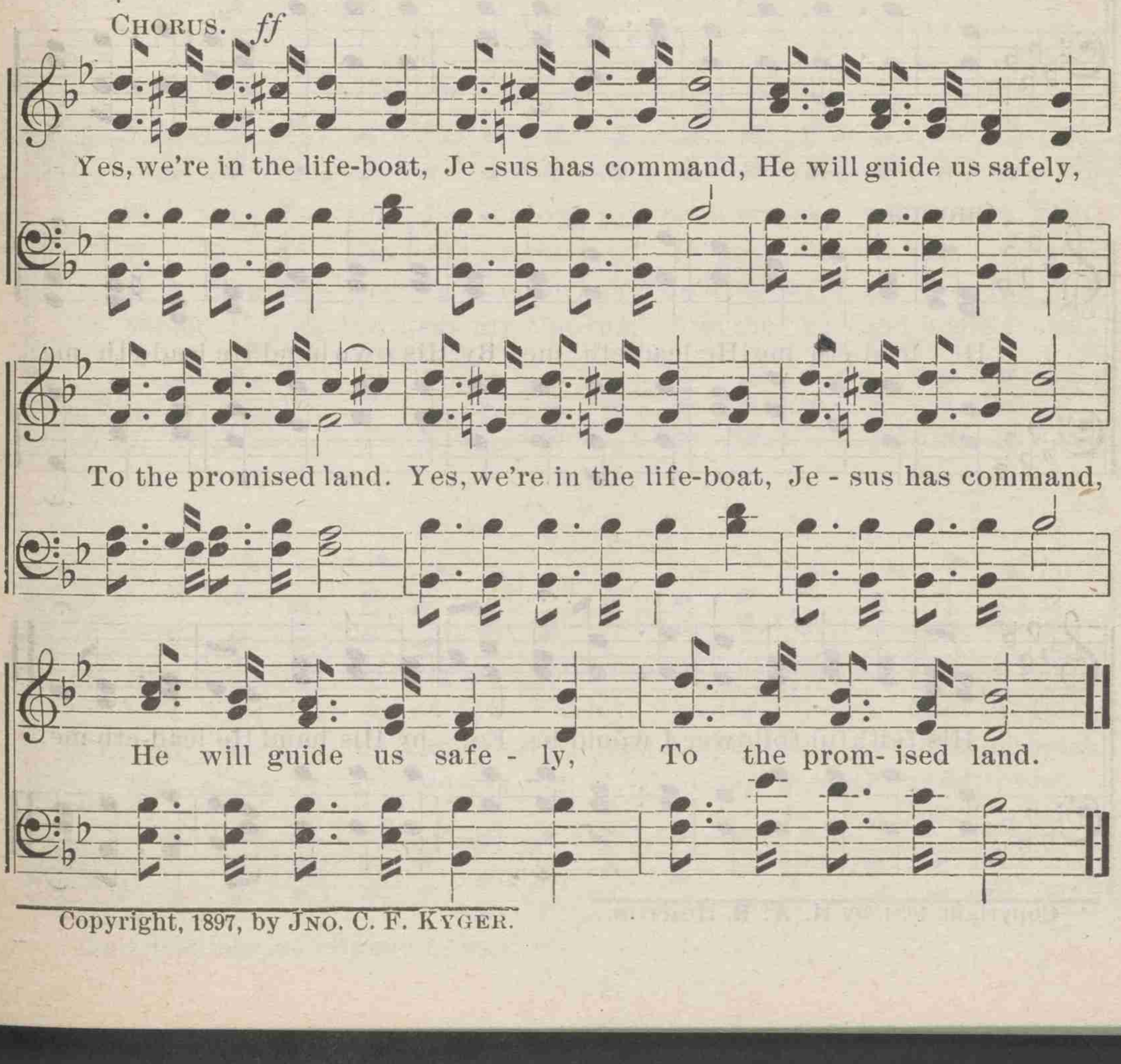
By per. of W. H. DOANE, owner of Copyright.

No. 226. In the Life Boat.

"Thou shalt be secure."—Job 11: 18.

Rev. S. ALMAN. Rev. SAMUEL ALMAN.

SOLO. *Moderato.*



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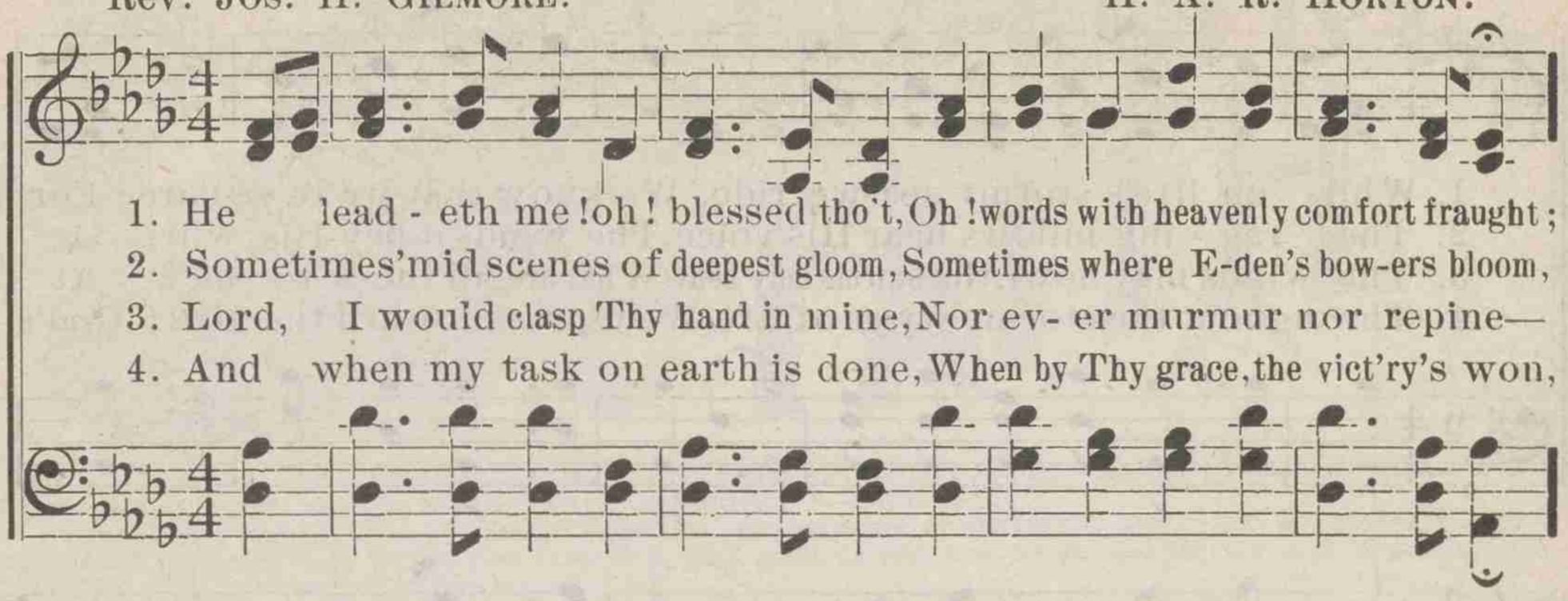
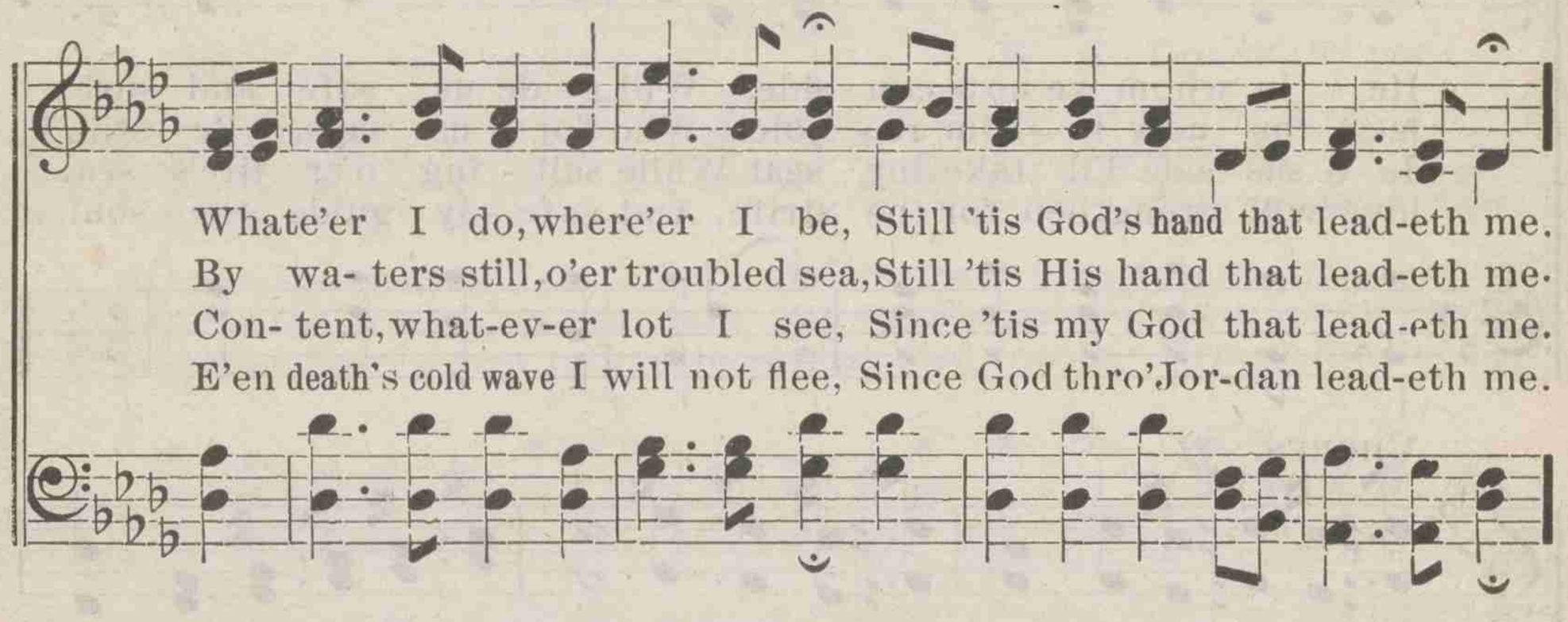
No. 227. He Leadeth Me.

"He leadeth me by the still waters."—Psalms 23: 2.

Rev. Jos. H. Gilmore. H. A. R. Horton.

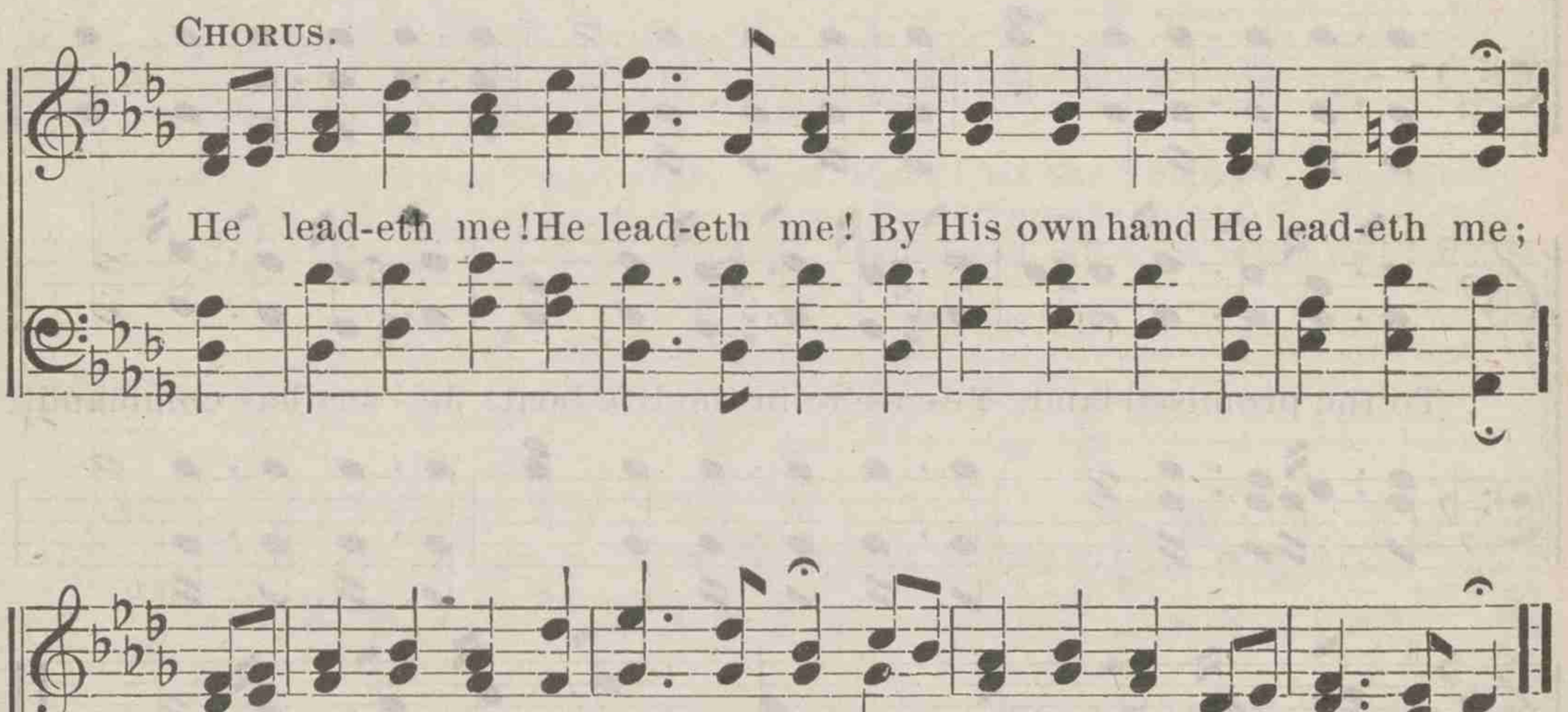


1. He lead - eth me! oh! blessed tho't, Oh! words with heavenly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev- er murmur nor repine—
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,



Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa- ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
Con- tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

Chorus.



He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me;
His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

Copyright, 1894, by H. A. R. Horton.

No. 228. Jesus Only.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—Matt. 17: 8.

HATTIE M. CONREY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a - lone—
2. What tho' all my earth-ly journey Bringeth naught but wea- ry hours,
3. What tho' all my heart is yearning For the lov'd of long a - go—
4. When I soar to realms of glo-ry, And an en-trance I a - wait,

Long-ing 'mid my cares and cross-es, For the joys that now are flown—
And, in grasp-ing for life's ros - es, Thorns I find in-stead of flow'rs—
Bit - ter les-sons sad - ly learning, From the shadowy page of woe—
If I whisper, "Je - sus on - ly!" Wide will ope the pearl-y gate;

If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," Then my sky will have a gem;
If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," I pos - sess a clus - ter rare;
If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," He'll be with me to the end;
When I join the heav'nly cho-rus, And the an - gel hosts I see,

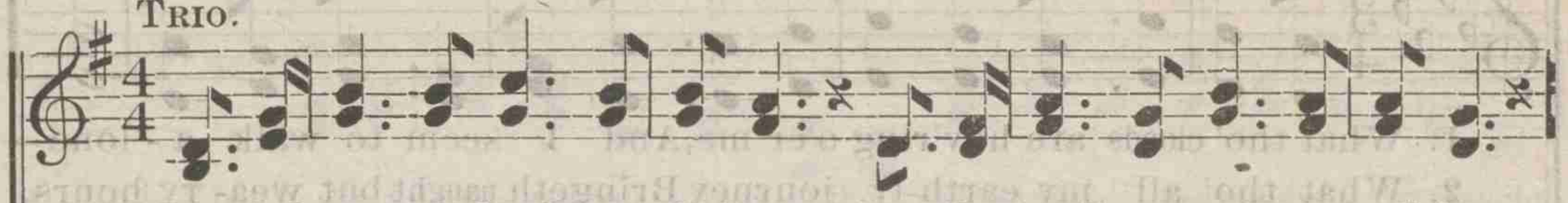
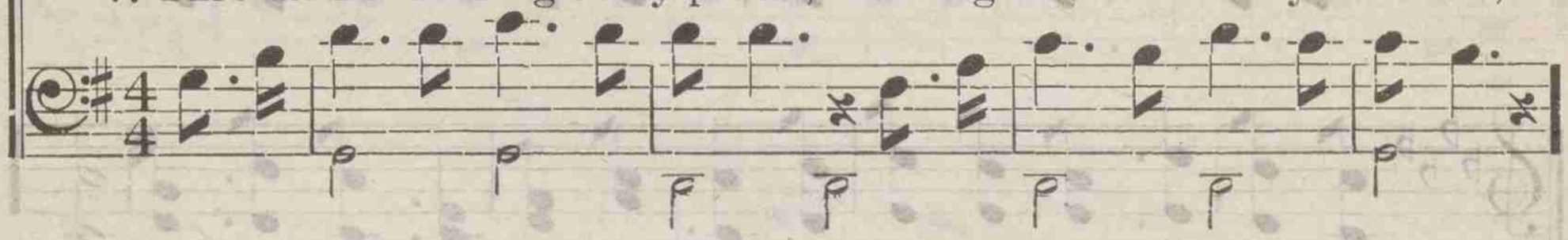
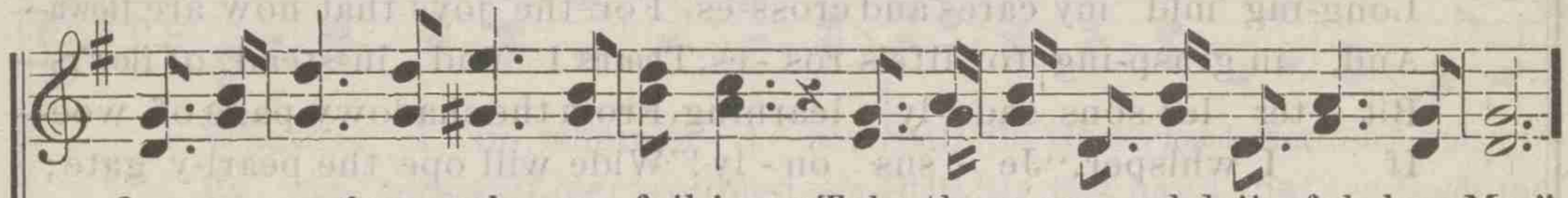
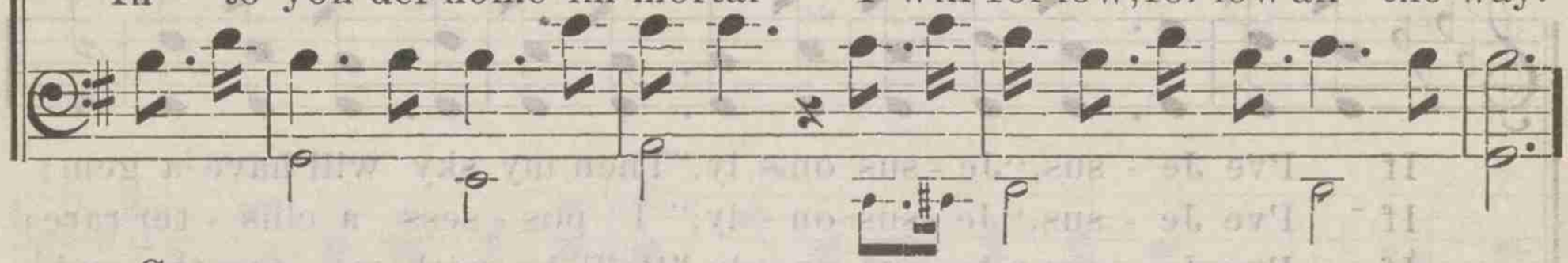
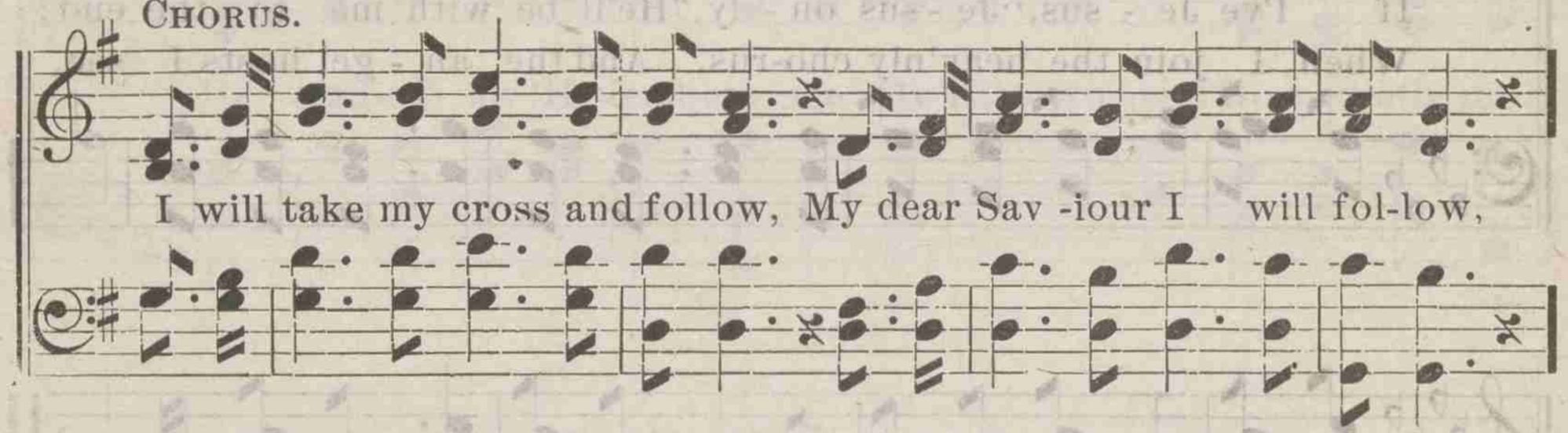
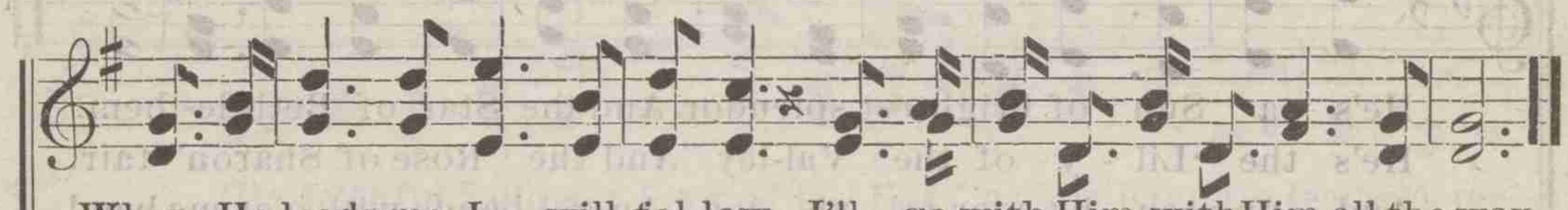
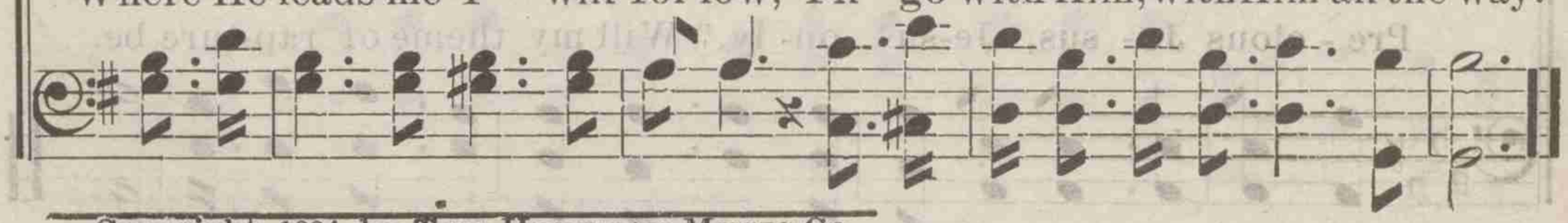
He's a Sun of brightest splendor, And the Star of Beth-le- hem.
He's the "Lil - y of the Val-ley," And the "Rose of Sharon" fair.
And, un-seen by mor-tal vis - ion, An-gel bands will o'er me bend.
Pre - cious Je- sus, "Je-sus on- ly," Will my theme of rap-ture be.

Copyright, 1872, by ROBERT LOWRY.

No. 229. Follow All the Way.

"Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called."—Eph. 4: 1.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.

TRIO.

1. I can hear my Saviour call-ing, In the tend'rest accents call-ing;
2. Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Tho' my feet be worn and weary,
3. Je - sus, ev- er go be -fore me, Shining heaven's sunlight o'er me,
4. Thro' the valley safe- ly lead me, Heav'nly man- na dai - ly feed me;
5. In Thy heart's af-fec- tion hold me, In Thy arms of love en-fold me;
6. I will nev - er leave Thee, never; Faithful I will be for-ev - er;
7. Thro' death's dark and gloomy portal, Leaving there this bod-y mor- tal,

On my ear these words are fall-ing, "Take thy cross, and daily fol- low Me."
Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.
And when weak, by grace restore me As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.
Ev - 'ry hour, dear Lord, I need Thee As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.
And with Thine own grace uphold me. As I fol-low, fol-low all the way.
Help me in my weak en-deav-or Thee to fol-low, fol-low all the way.
In - to yon-der home im-mortal I will fol-low, fol-low all the way.

CHORUS.

I will take my cross and follow, My dear Sav -iour I will fol-low,

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

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No. 230. All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

"The Lord alone did lead him."— Deut. 32: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask beside?
2. All the way my Saviour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Saviour leads me; Oh, the ful - ness of His love!

Can I doubt His ten- der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;
Per - fect rest to me is promised In my Fa- ther's house a-bove;

Heav'nly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir - it, cloth'd im-mor- tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know what-e'er be - fall me, Je- sus do- eth all things
Gush-ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I
This my song thro' end-less a - ges— Je - sus led me all the

well; For I know whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do- eth all things well.
see; Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
way; This my song thro' endless a - ges—Je-sus led me all the way.

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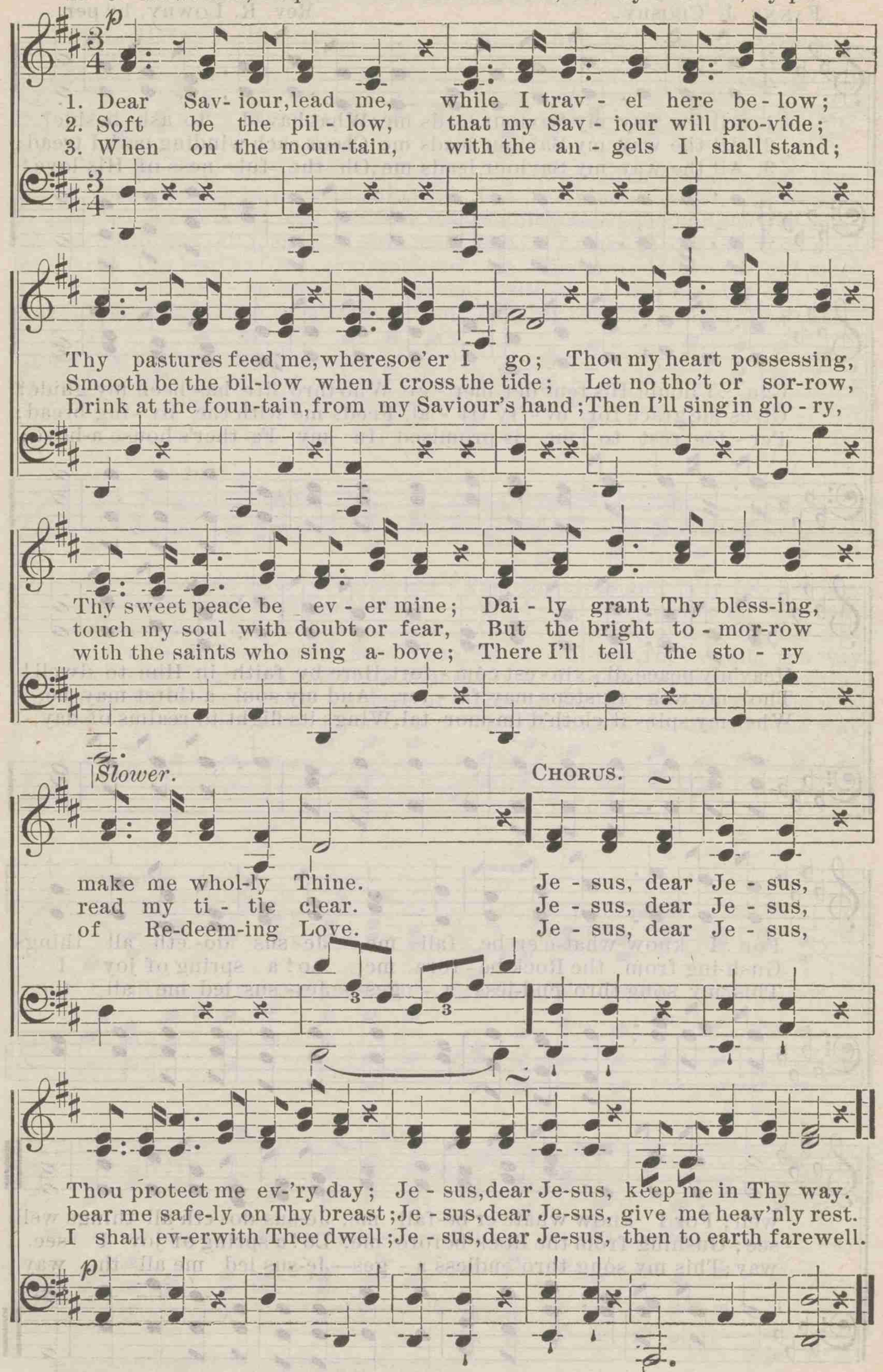
No. 231. Saviour, Lead Me.

"For thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

A. O. NEWPHER, Esq. Mrs. NORTON, arr. by J. B. E., by per.

No. 232. Lead Me, Saviour.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps. 129: 8.

F. M. D. F. M. Davis, by per.

With expression.

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul, When life's stormy bil- lows roll, I am safe when by Thy side,
3. Sav - iour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past, I am safe when Thou art To the land of end- less day,

Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way; I am safe when Thou art side, I would in Thy love a-bide.

I would in Thy love a-bide.
All my hopes on Thee re- ly.
Where all tears are wiped away.

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

Chorus.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray; . . . lest I stray,

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

rit. e dim.

No. 233. Whiter Than Snow.

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

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

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

ev - er to live in my soul, Break down ev -'ry i - dol, cast
make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith for my cleansing, I
in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee Thou

out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
ev - er I know; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
see Thy blood flow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
nev - er said'st no; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

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

By permission.

No. 234. Whiter Than the Snow.

"Cleanse me from my sin."—Ps. 51:2.

REV. ANDREW REED. MRS. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

1. Come, my Re-deem-er, come, And deign to live with me;
2. Why should the world pre-sume To oc - cu - py Thy throne?
3. Ex - ert Thy might-y pow'r, And ban - ish all my sin;
4. Rule Thou in ev - 'ry tho't And pas - sion of my soul,
5. Then shall my days be Thine, And all my heart be love,

Come, make my heart Thy home, And bid Thy riv - als flee;
Come, all Thy right as - sume; I would be Thine a - lone;
In this au-spi - cious hour, Bring all Thy grac - es in;
Till all my pow'rs are bro't Be - neath Thy full con - trol:
And joy and peace be mine Such as are known a - bove.

Come, my Redeemer, quickly come, And make my heart Thy lasting home;

Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whiter than snow.

D.S. *Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whit-er than snow.*

FINE.

CHORUS.

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

Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the beautiful snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, the snow.

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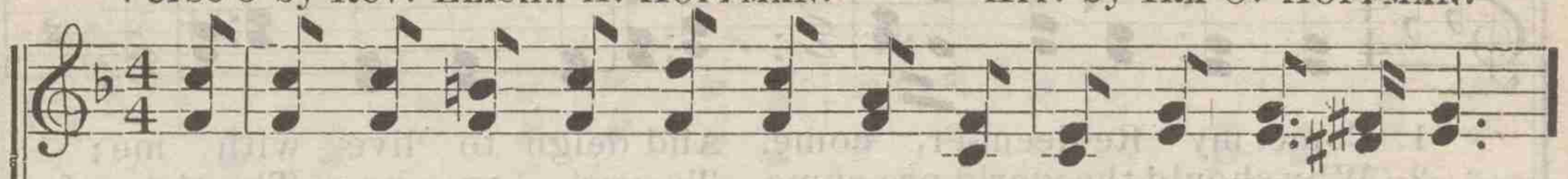
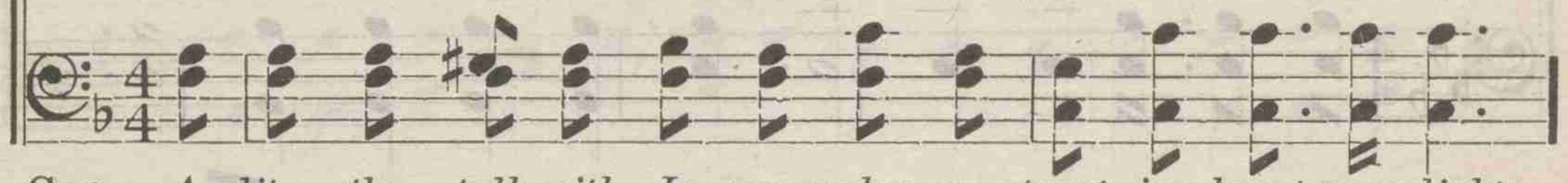
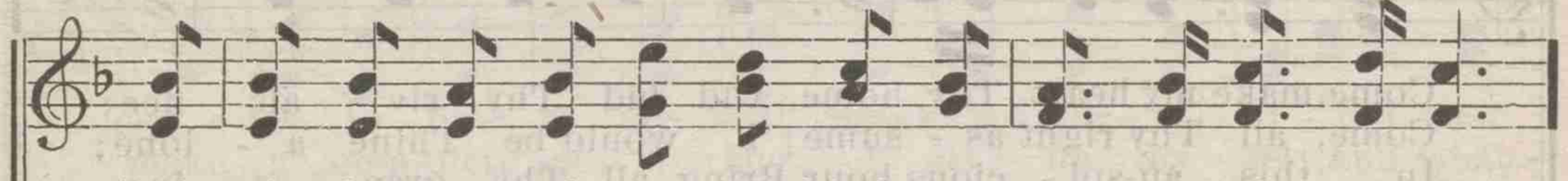
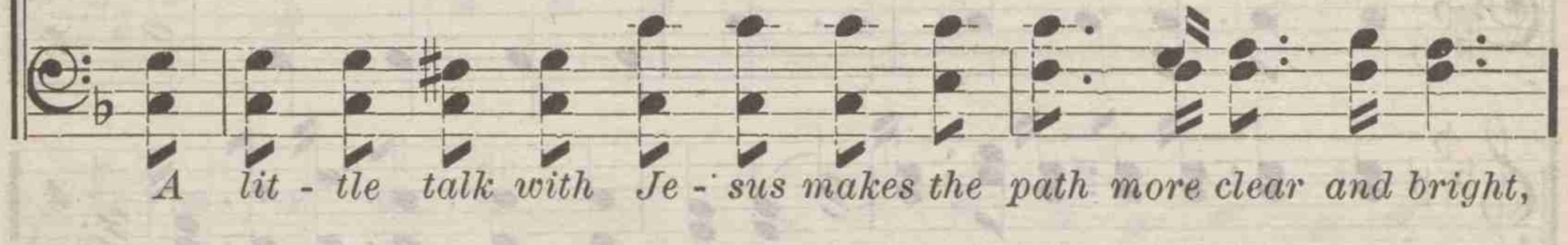
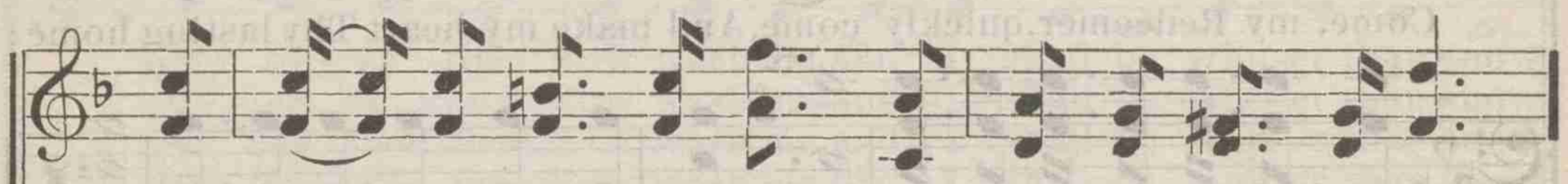
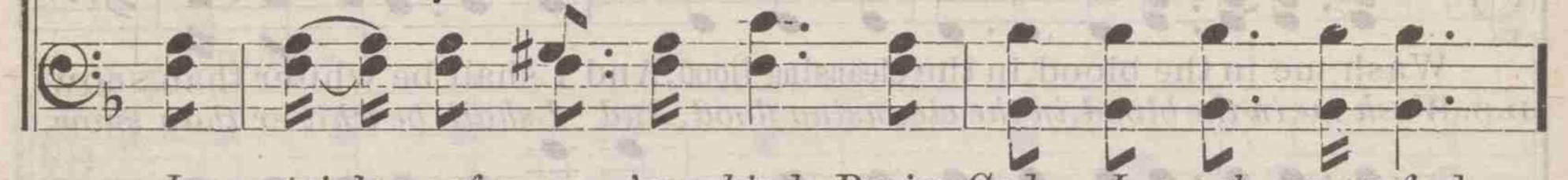
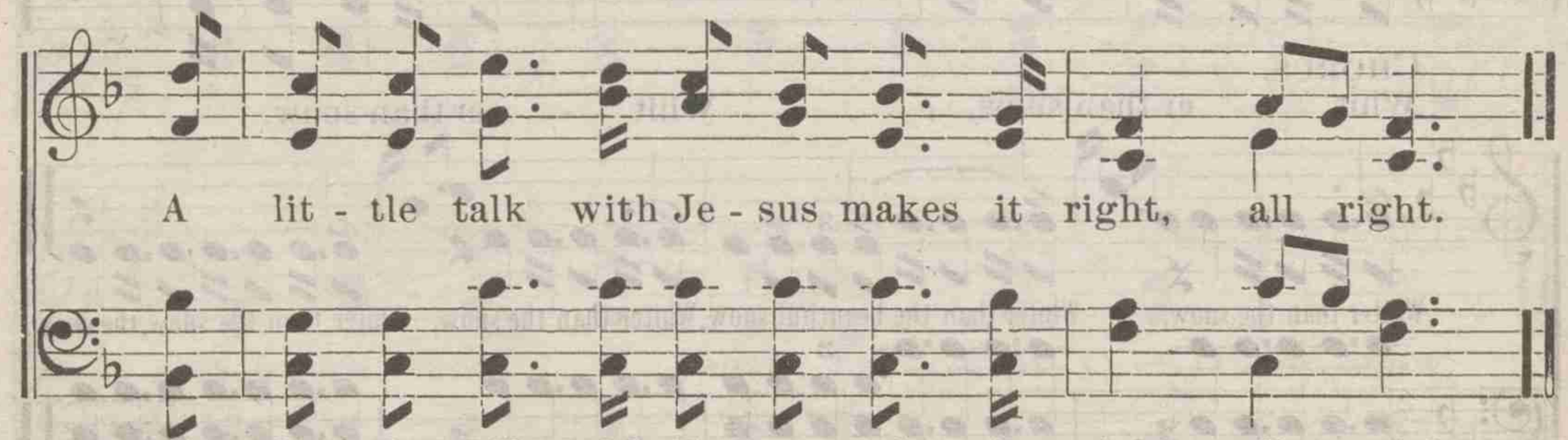
No. 235. A Little Talk With Jesus.

"Consider and hear me, O Lord my God."—Ps. 13: 3.

Verse 3 by Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, and stormy o - ver-head,
2. When those who once were dear-est friends be - gin to per- se - cute,
3. Sometimes the path may lead to where hard bat - tles must be fought,
4. And thus by fre-quent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry,

CHO.—*A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes my trust- ing heart more light,*

And tri - als sore of ev - 'ry kind a - cross my path are spread,
And those who once pro-fess'd to love have si - lent grown and mute,
Sometimes to mountains steep to climb my wea - ry feet are brought,
And march a - long with cheer-ful song, en - joy - ing lib - er - ty;

A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes the path more clear and bright,

How soon I con - quer all When on the Lord I call!
I tell Him all my grief, He quick - ly sends re- lief,
Yet heav'n's sweet love and light Shine o'er me clear and bright,
With Je - sus as my friend, I know, un - til the end,

In trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I al - ways find,

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

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

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No. 236. How Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord."—Jer. 17: 7.

C. E. P. (*To J. C. F. Kyger.*) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. How sweet to trust in Je - sus, God's well - be - lov - ed Son!
2. How sweet to trust in Je - sus, In dark-ness as in light!
3. How sweet to trust in Je - sus;—To feel our-selves se - cure,
4. How sweet to trust in Je - sus, The dy - ing sin - ner's friend!

For when we trust Him ful - ly, Re - demption's work is done.
To have Him ev - er near us, To make our path-way bright.
Tho' Sa - tan should en - deav - or In sin our souls to lure.
He loves us, oh, so free - ly; He'll love us to the end.

CHORUS.

How sweet to trust in Je - sus, Ev - 'ry day, (Ev - 'ry hour,)
ev - 'ry hour, Nev - er doubt - - ing,
ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Nev - er doubt - ing, ev - er trust - ing,

rit.

Ev - er trust - - ing, In His love and pow'r.
Nev - er doubt-ing, ev - er trust - ing,

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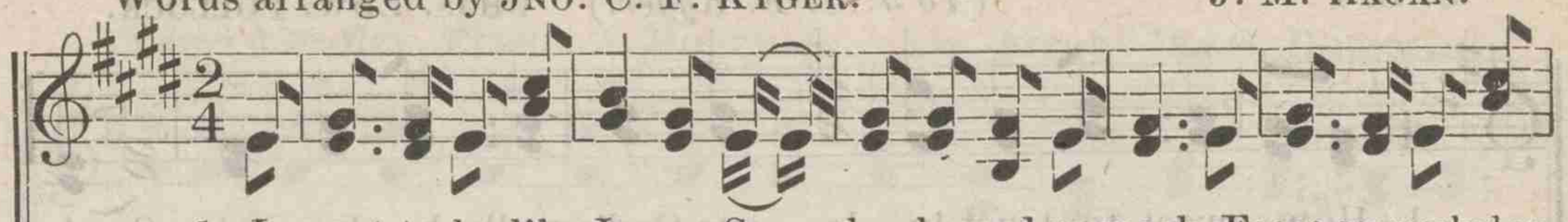
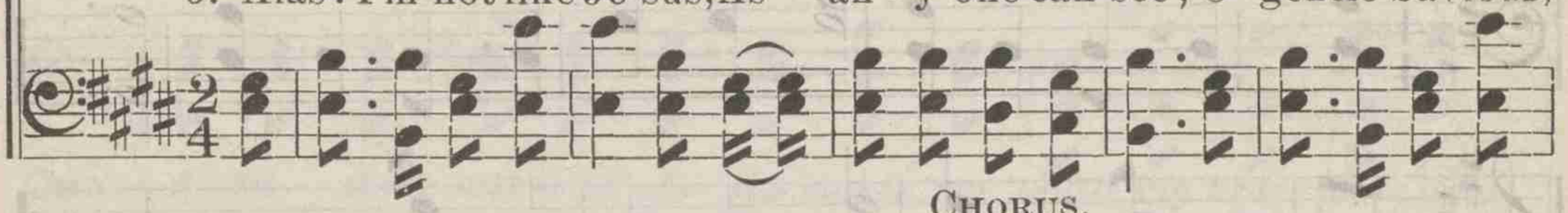
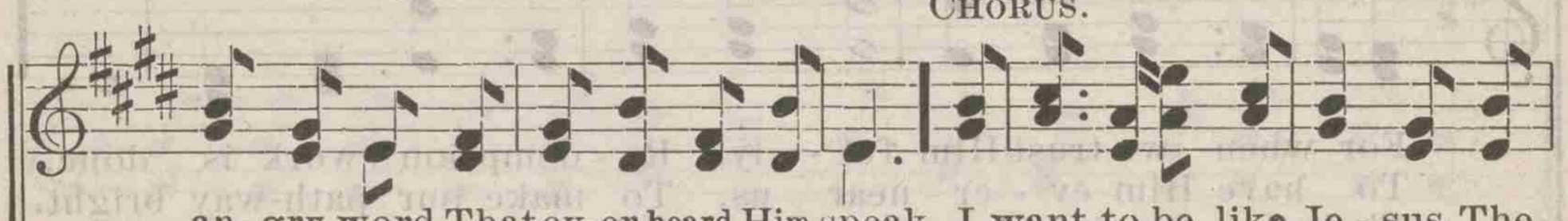
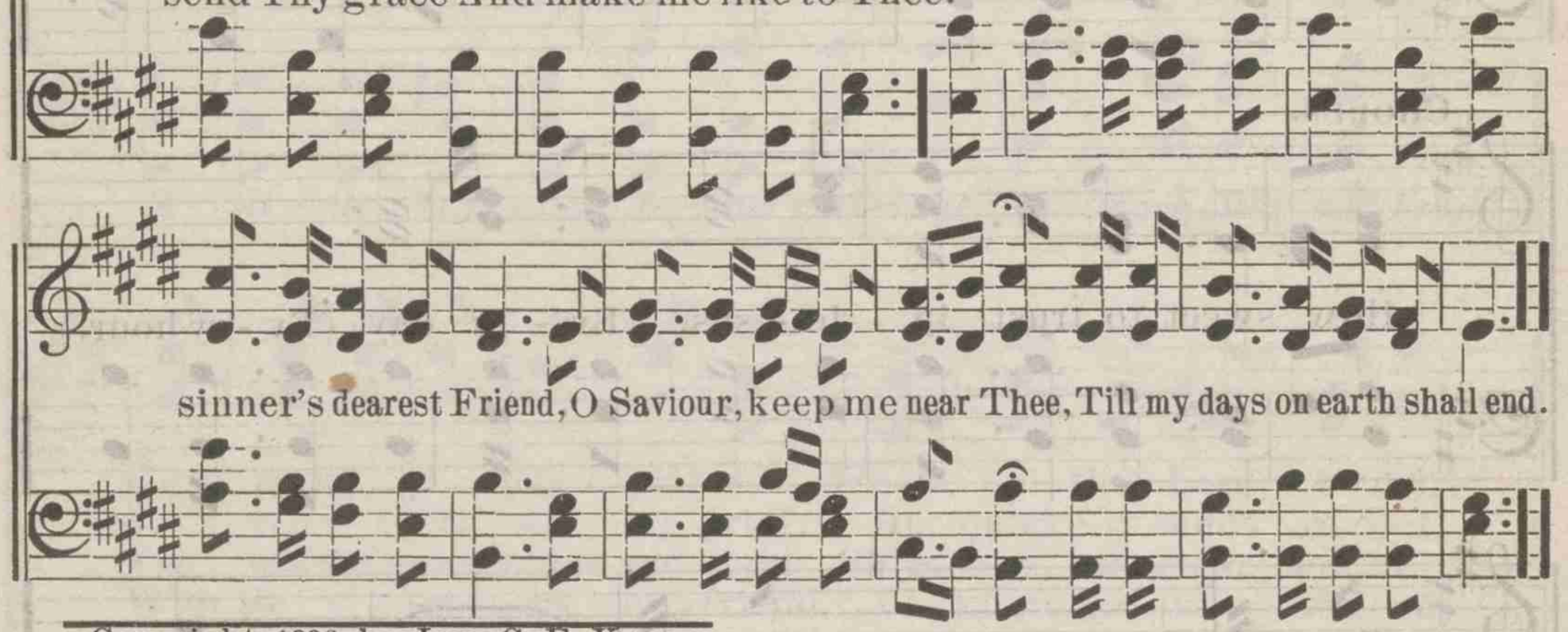
No. 237. I Want to be Like Jesus.

"Open to me the gates of righteousness."—Psa. 118: 19.

Words arranged by JNO. C. F. KYGER. J. M. HAGAN.

1. I want to be like Je-sus, So lowly and so meek; For no one marked an
2. I want to be like Je-sus, So frequently in pray'r; Alone upon the
3. I want to be like Je-sus, For I never, never find That He, tho' perse-
4. I want to be like Je-sus, En-gaged in do-ing good, To warn the wicked
5. Alas! I'm not like Je-sus, As an - y one can see; O gentle Saviour,

CHORUS.

an- gry word That ev-er heard Him speak. I want to be like Je - sus, The
mountain top, He met His Fa-ther there.
cut-ed, was To a - ny one un-kind.
sin - ner, and To give the hun-gry food.
send Thy grace And make me like to Thee.

sinner's dearest Friend, O Saviour, keep me near Thee, Till my days on earth shall end.

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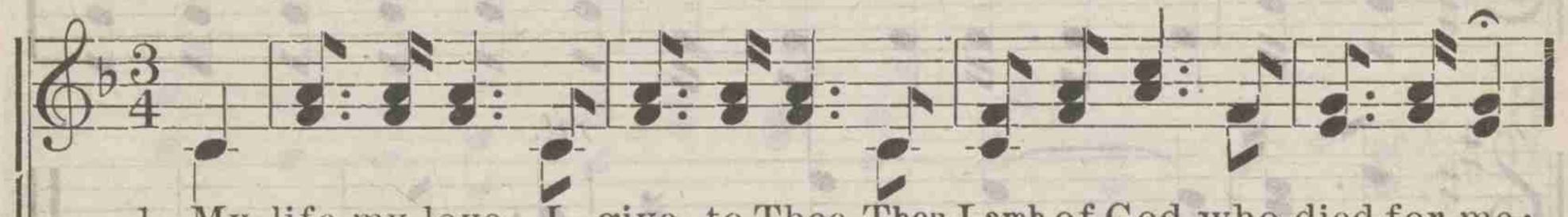
No. 238. I'll Live for Jesus.

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price."--1 Cor. 6: 19, 20.

R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va-ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHO. *I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

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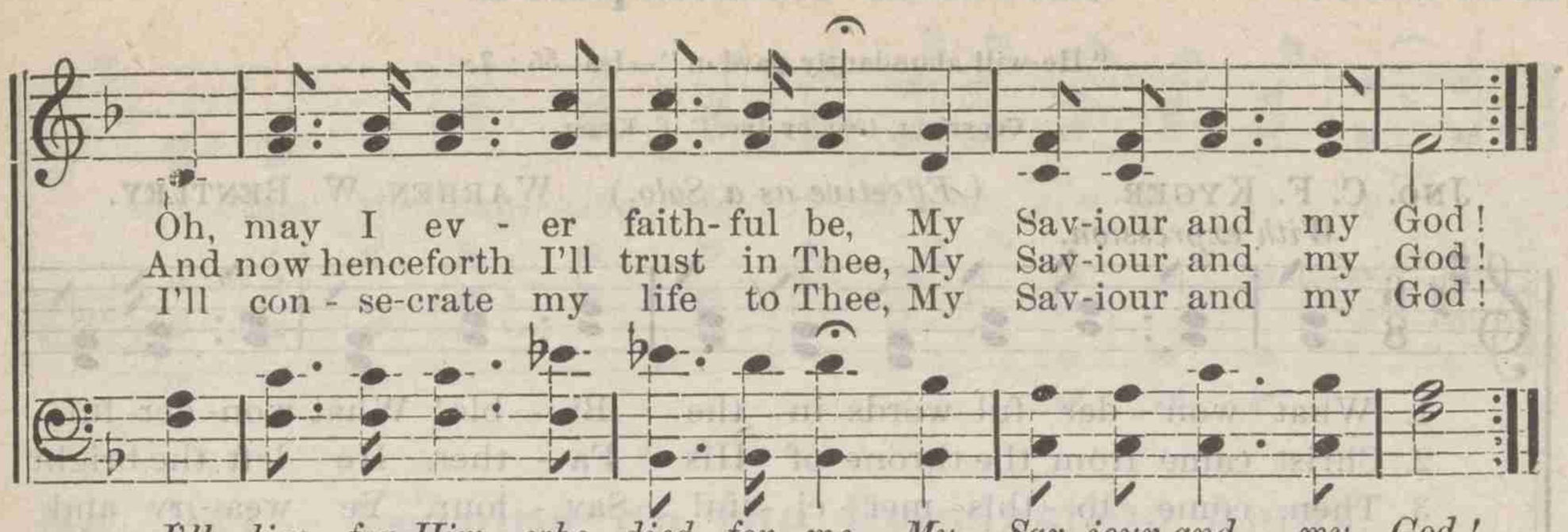
I'll Live for Jesus.

No. 239. More Like Jesus.

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

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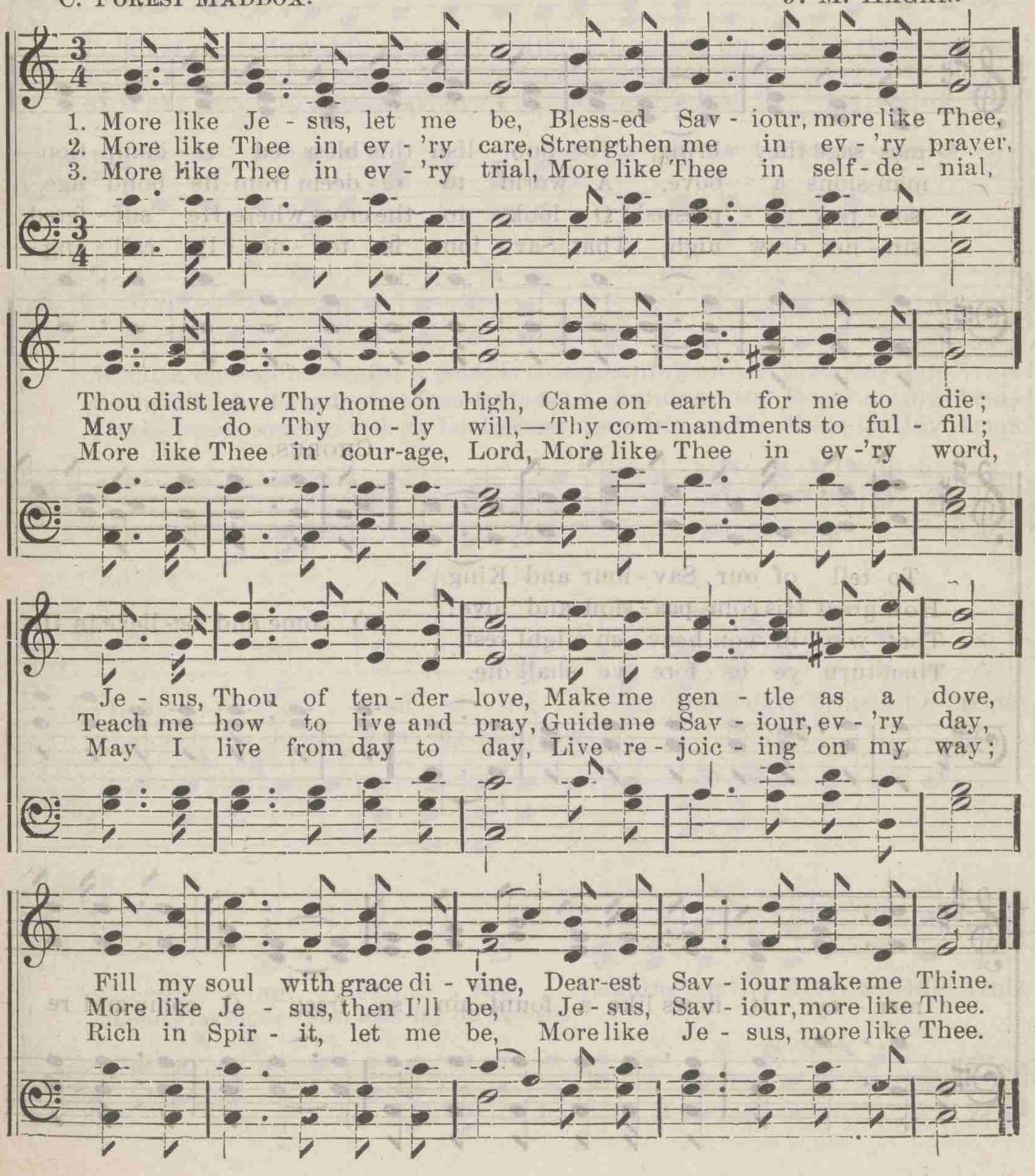
C. FOREST MADDOX. J. M. HAGAN.



No. 240. Glorious Redemption.

"He will abundantly pardon"—Isa. 55 : 7.

Copyright, 1900, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

JNO. C. F. KYGER. (*Effective as a Solo.*) WARREN W. BENTLEY.

With expression.

1. What won - der - ful words in the Bi - ble! What won- der- ful
2. Christ came from the throne of His Fa - ther, He left the bright
3. Then, come to this mer - ci - ful Sav - iour, Ye wea - ry and
4. There's no oth - er Sav- iour but Je - sus, O poor trembling

mes- sage they bring, To pub - lish this bless - ed re - demp- tion—
man-sions a - bove, A world to re - deem from its bond - age,
sor - row op - pressed; O look to the cross where He suf - fered,
sin - ner, draw nigh, That Sav - iour is ten - der - ly call - ing,—

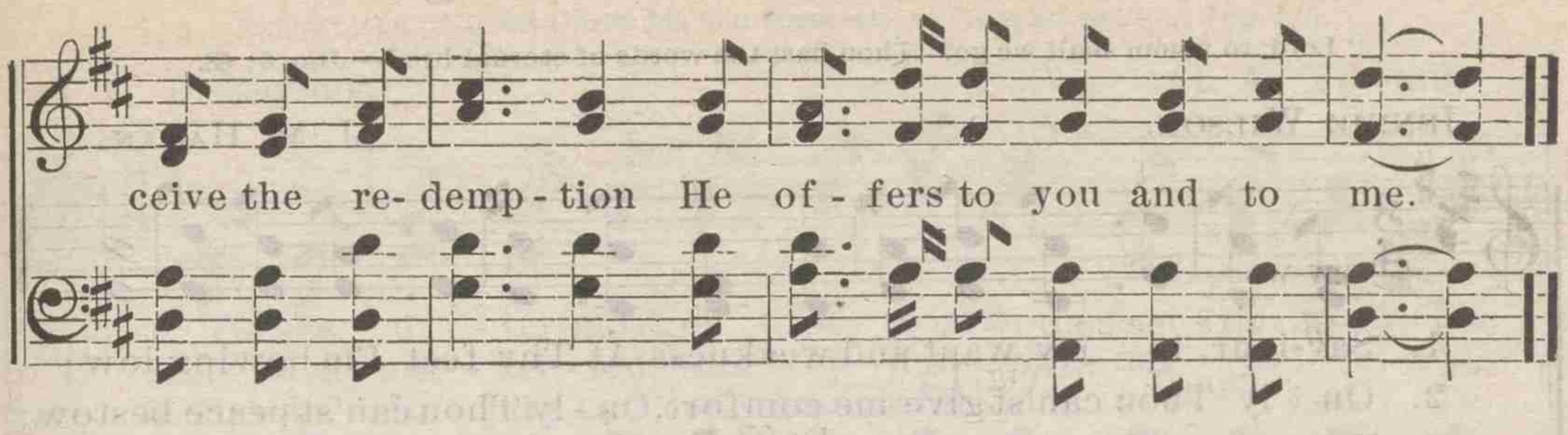
To tell of our Sav - iour and King.
How great His com- pas - sion and love!
That you in yon heav - en might rest.
Then turn ye be - fore ye shall die.

CHORUS.

O, come and be- lieve in His

mer - cy, It flows like a fount- ain so free; O come and re

Glorious Redemption.



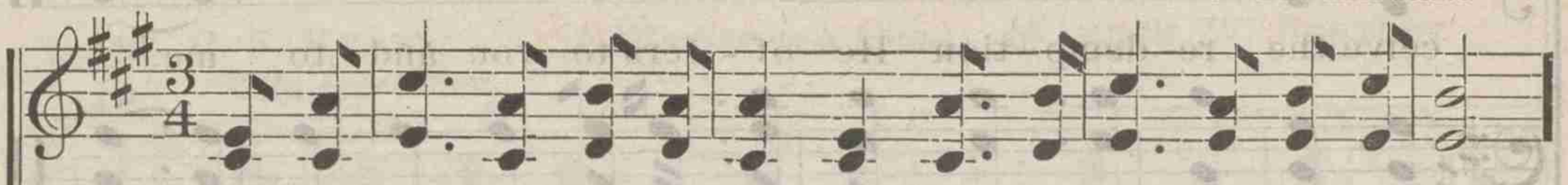
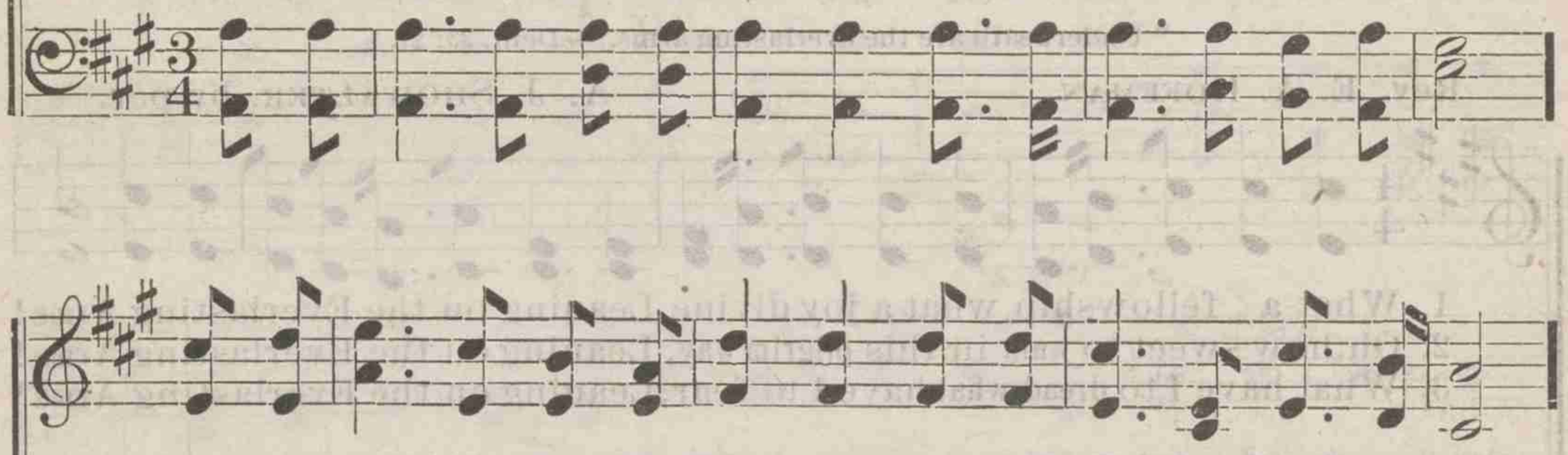
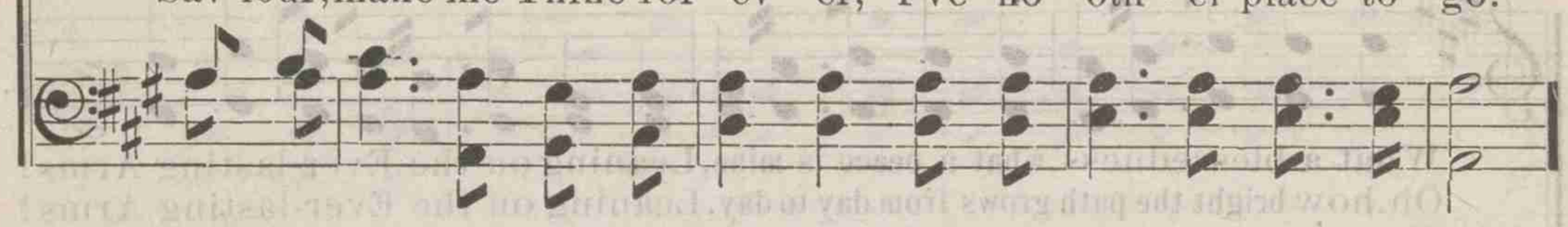
No. 241. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

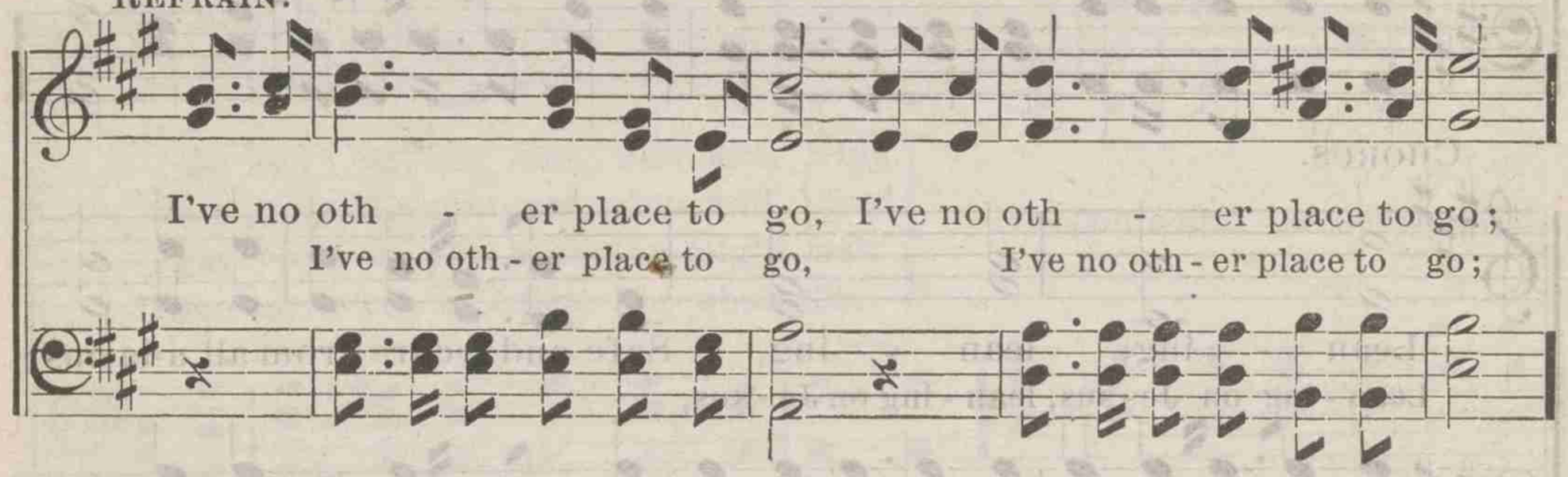
"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

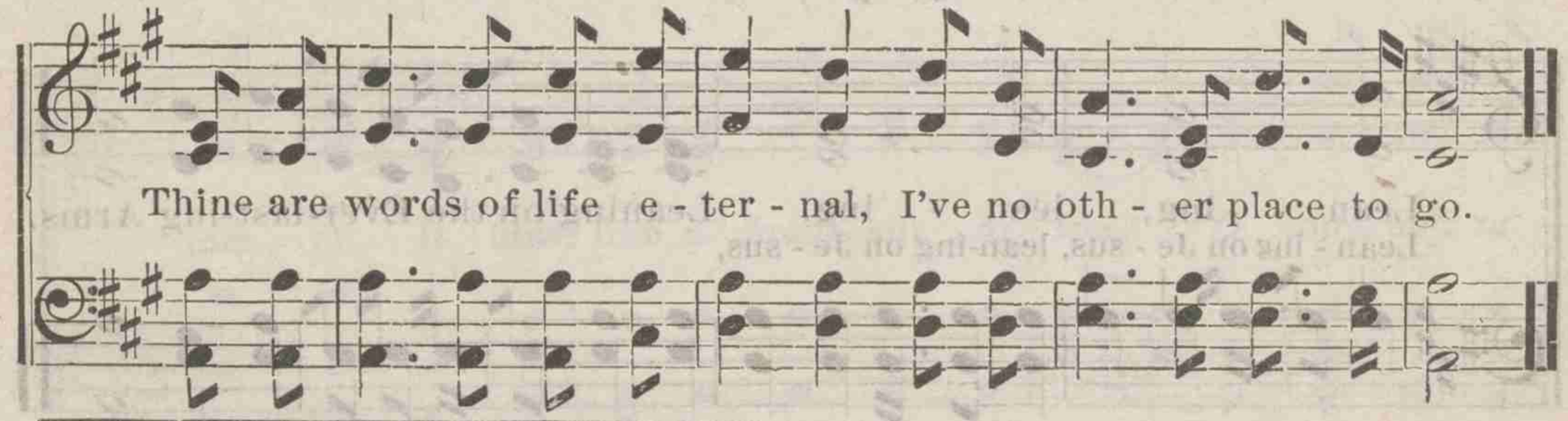
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

No. 242. I've No Other Place to go.

"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."—Jno. 6: 68.

JENNIE WILSON. J. M. HAGAN.

1. Sav-iour, in my want and weakness, At Thy feet I'm bowing low;
2. On - ly Thou can'st give me comfort, On - ly Thou can'st peace bestow;
3. Hu - man help is un - a - vail - ing, Thou art all the friend I know;
4. Let sal - va - tion's ho - ly brightness Now up - on my spir-it glow;

Turn me not a - way, O Je - sus, I've no oth - er place to go.
Un - to Thee I come for par - don, I've no oth - er place to go.
In Thy grace my soul is trust - ing, I've no oth - er place to go.
Sav-iour, make me Thine for - ev - er, I've no oth - er place to go.

REFRAIN.



I've no oth - er place to go, I've no oth - er place to go;
I've no oth - er place to go, I've no oth - er place to go;

Thine are words of life e - ter - nal, I've no oth - er place to go.

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No. 243. To the Uttermost.

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

H. L. FRISBIE. H. L. FRISBIE.

1. To the ut - ter-most, ut - ter - most won - der - ful word, The
2. It was mar - vel - lous mer - cy and won - der - ful love, This
3. Hal- le - lu - jahs and an -thems while jour - ney- ing here; In

bless - ed Re - deem-er hath died; To lift up the fall - en to
gift of a Fa - ther's free grace; A Son well be - lov - ed, the
heav- en we'll praise Him a - gain. To Fa - ther and Son be all

strengthen the weak, The Sav - iour was cru - ci - fied.
glo - ri - fied one, To ran - som a sin - ful race.
glo - ry and song, For - ev - er and ev - er a - men.

CHORUS.

To the ut-termost, uttermost, Je-sus saves, Yes, Je - sus saves;
Yes, to the ut-termost Jesus saves;
Oh, will you re-ceive it? Will you believe? To the uttermost Je - sus saves.

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No. 244. Oh! Rock of My Refuge.

"My people shall dwell in quiet resting-places."—Isa. 32: 18.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK. WARREN. W. BENTLEY.

Moderato. With feeling.

1. When love comes like sun-shine to glad - den my way, And joy makes it eas - y to trust-ful- ly pray, When peace and pros-per-i- ty walk by my side, Oh! help me, dear Sav- iour, in Thee to a - bide.
2. When dark dis - ap - point-ments rain cru - el - est blows, When those I have trusted be turned into foes, When baf-fled and beaten and temp - ted and tried, Then help me, dear Sav-iour, in Thee to a - bide.
3. When deep waves of trou - ble must o - ver me roll, Then let not despair ev- er compass my soul; If I should be tempt-ed to ques- tion Thy love, Oh! res - cue my faith; let it an- chor a - bove.
4. Oh! Christ, if Death's mes - sen - ger ev - er must come, To summon my lov'd ones, my soul to benumb, If I must behold them pass thro' the dark tide, Be with them, and help me in Thee to a - bide.

CHORUS.

Oh! Rock of my ref - uge, to Thee will I flee; Oh! Christ, my Redeem-er, I'm hid- ing in Thee, I'm hid -ing in Thee, oh, I'm

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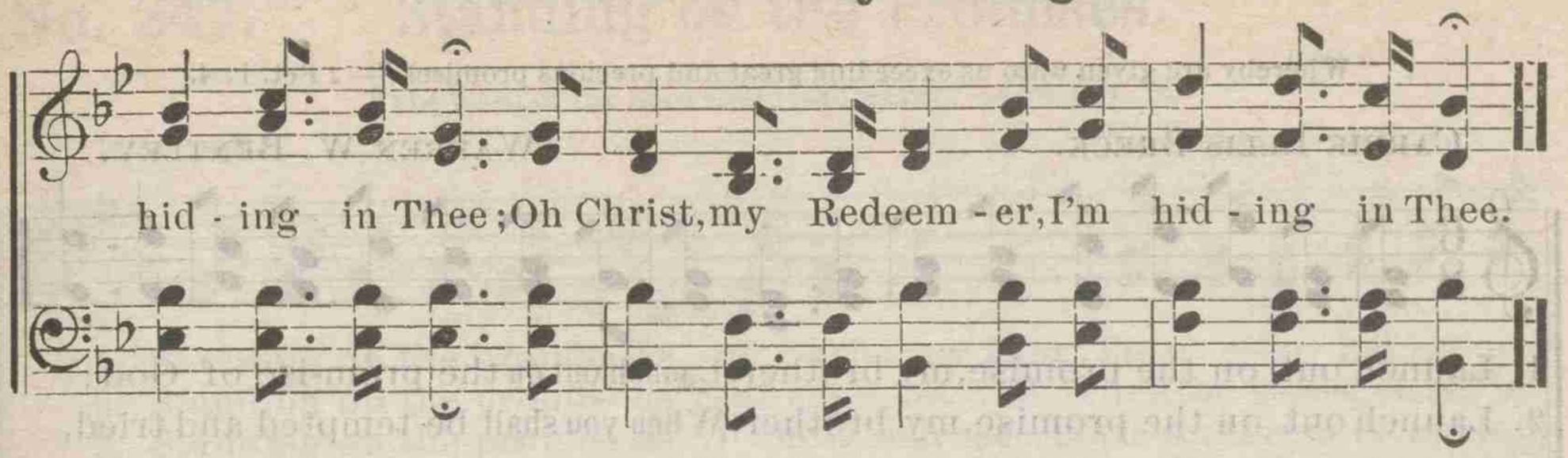
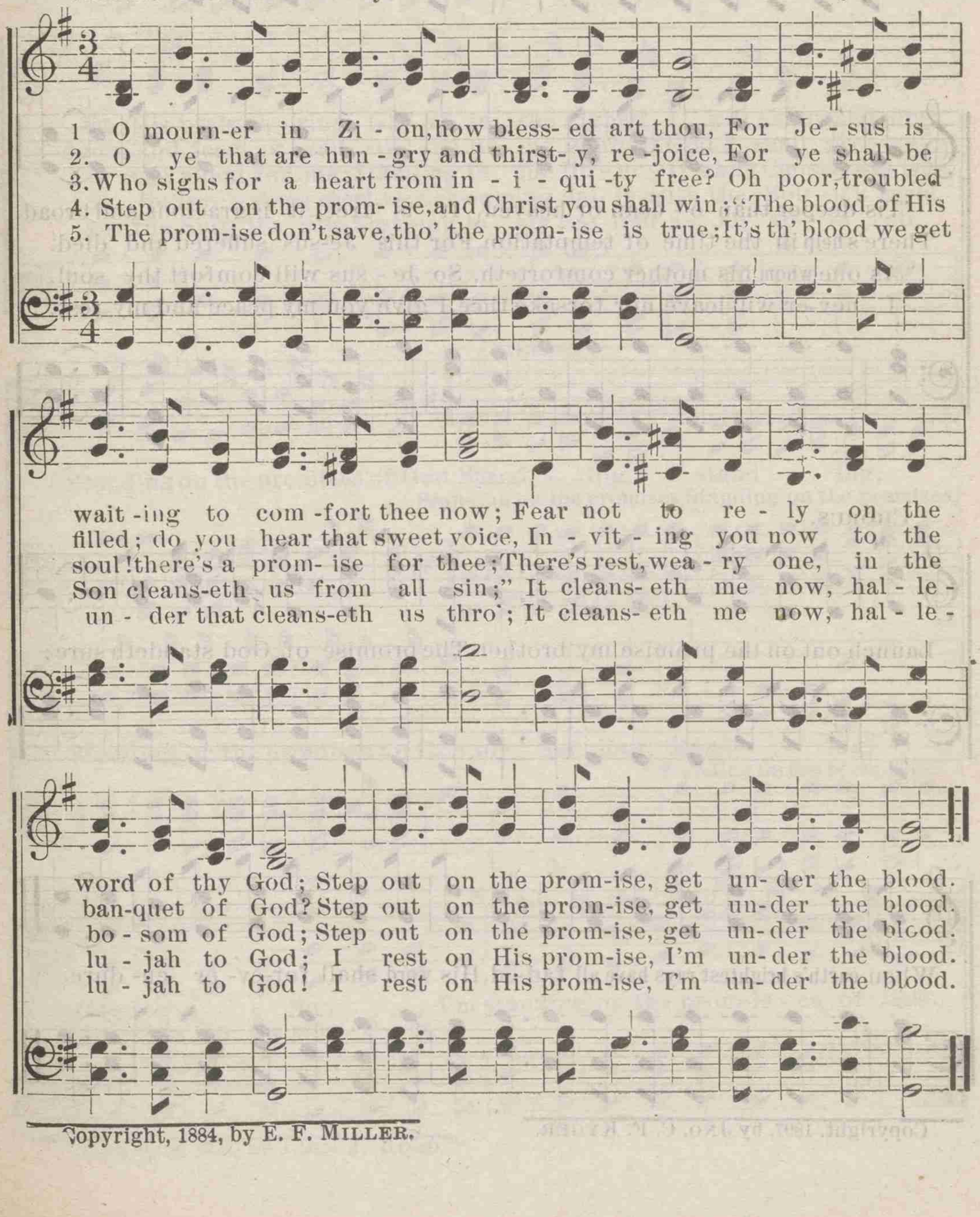
Oh! Rock of My Refuge.

No. 245. Step Out on the Promise.

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

MAGGIE PORTER. Arr. by E. F. M. E. F. MILLER, by per.



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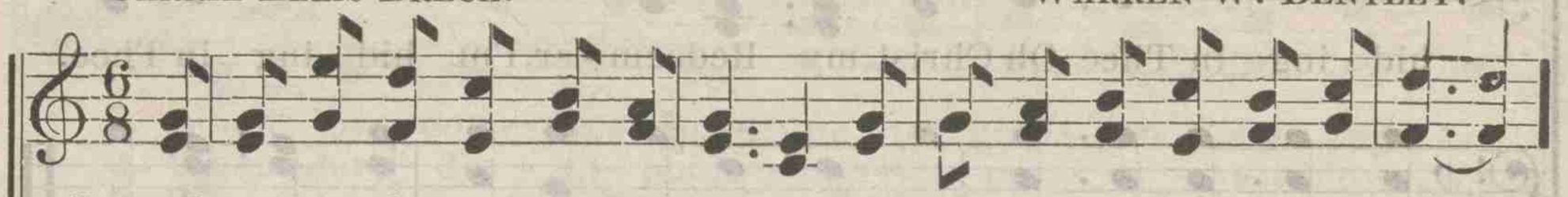
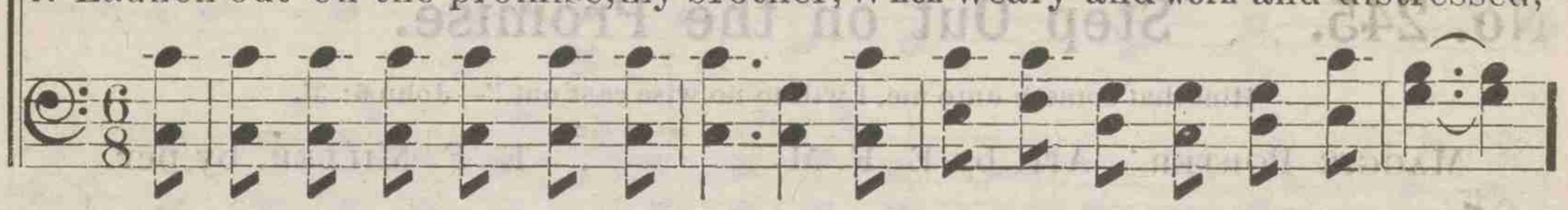
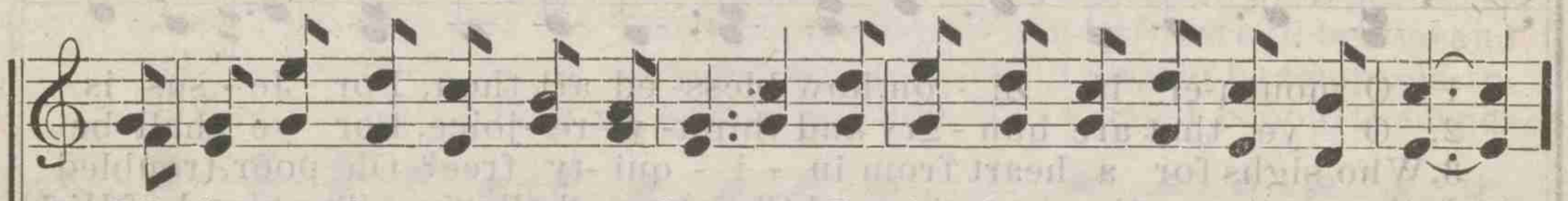
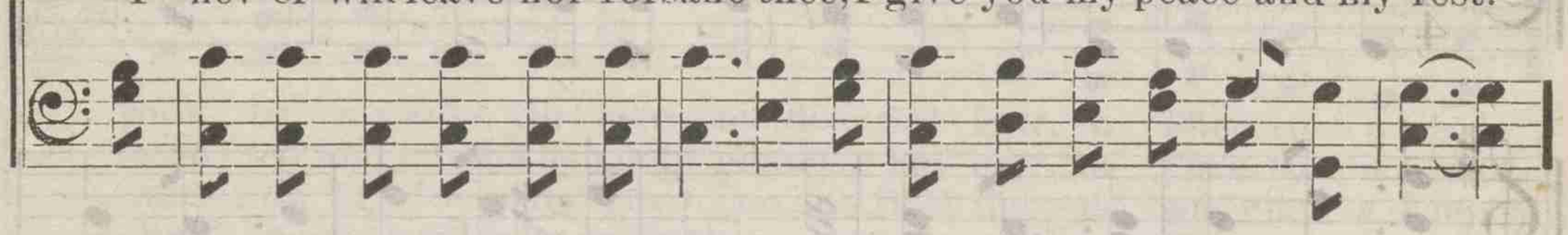
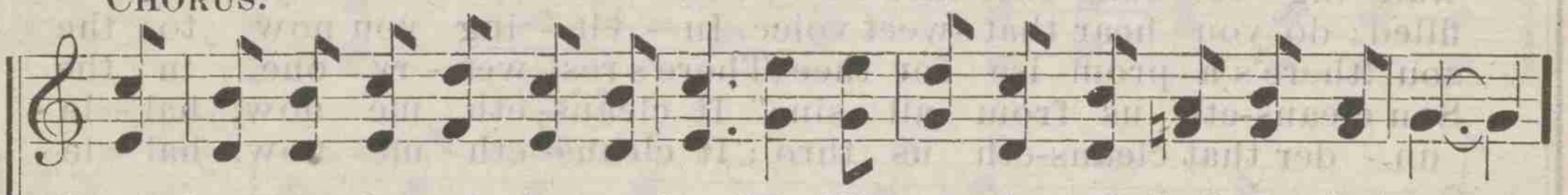
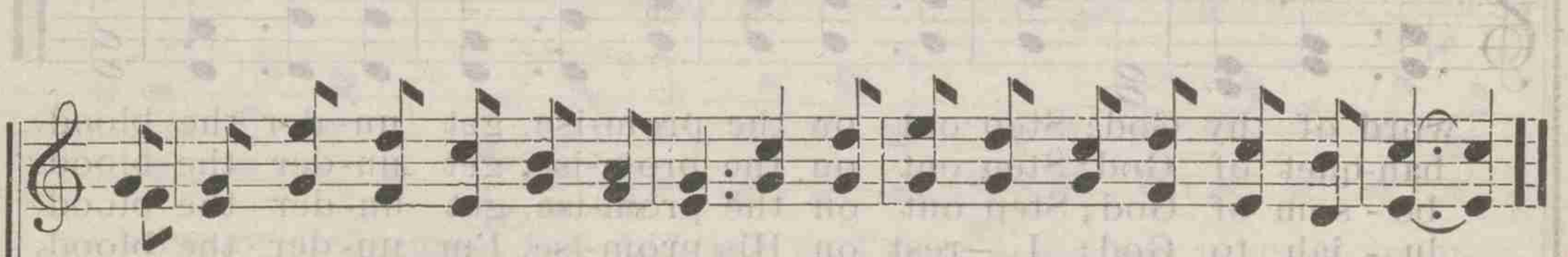
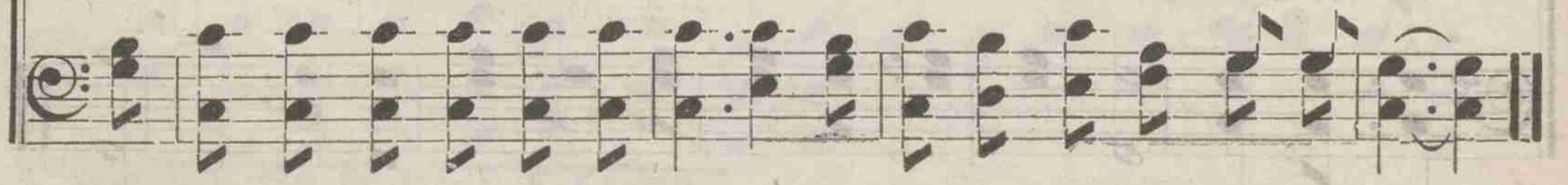
No. 246. Launch Out on the Promise, Brother.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 Pet. 1: 4.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK. WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. Launch out on the promise, my brother, Launch out on the prom-ise of God;
2. Launch out on the promise, my brother, When you shall be tempted and tried,
3. Launch out on the promise, my brother, When sorrow like sea-billows roll;
4. Launch out on the promise, my brother, When weary and worn and distressed,

'Tis deeper than o - cean or heaven, It is free, it is gracious and broad.
There's help in the time of temptation, For this Je-sus suffered and died.
As one whom his mother comforteth, So Je - sus will comfort thy soul.
I nev-er will leave nor forsake thee, I give you my peace and my rest.

CHORUS.

Launch out on the promise, my brother, The promise of God standeth sure;

When earth's brightest rays have all fad-ed, His word shall for-ev- er en- dure.

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No. 247. Standing on the Promises.

"The word of the Lord endureth forever."—1 Peter 1: 25.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the promis- es of Christ, my King, Thro' e-ter- nal a - ges
2. Standing on the promis- es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Standing on the promis- es I now can see, Perfect, present cleansing
4. Standing on the promis- es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -ter-nal-
5. Standing on the promis- es I can - not fall, List'ning ev-'ry moment

let His prais-es ring; Glo- ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv- ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
in the blood for me; Standing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free,
ly by love's strong chord, O- ver-coming dai- ly with the Spir -it's sword,
to the Spir- it's call, Rest -ing in my Sav-iour as my all in all,

CHORUS.

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

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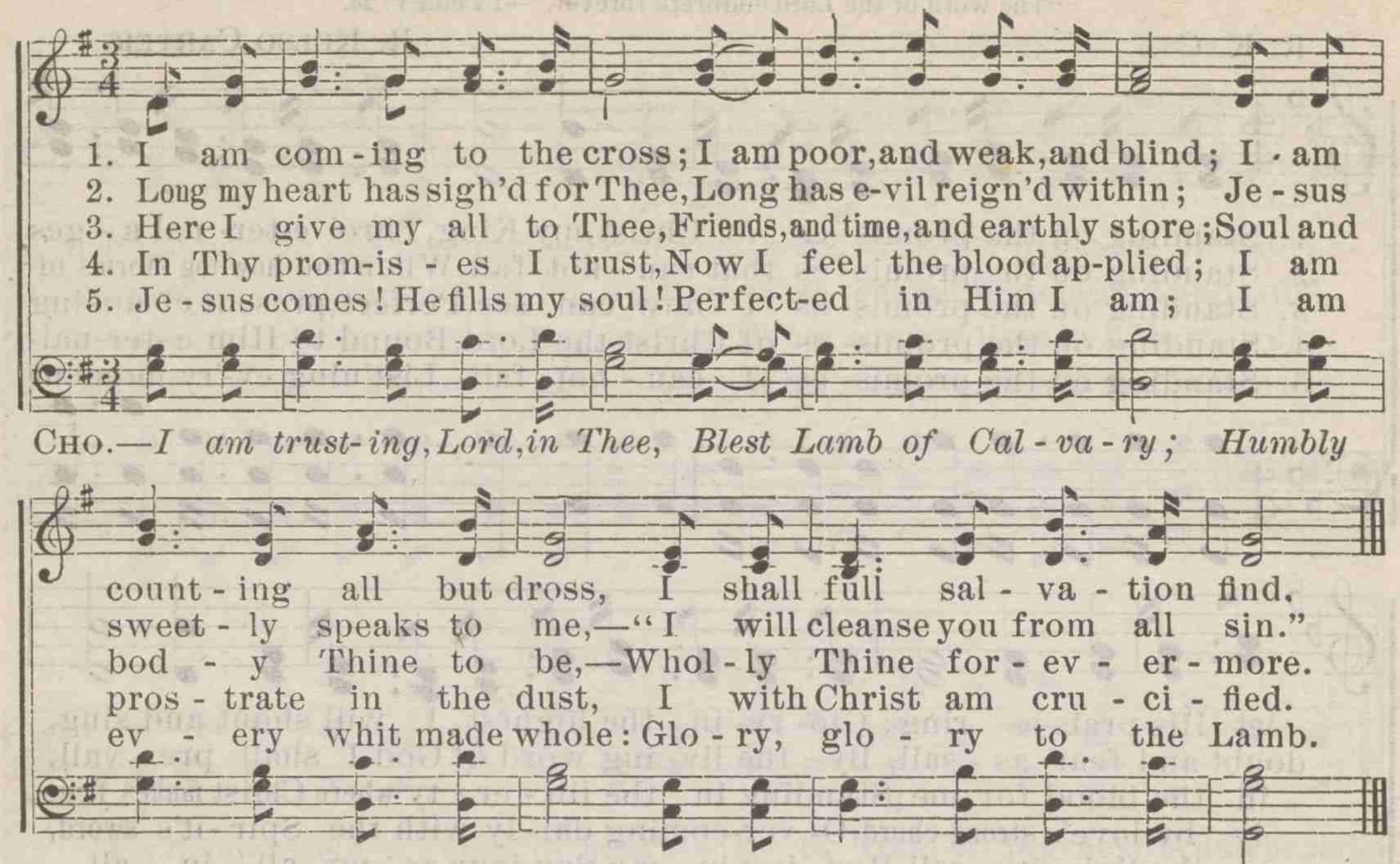
No. 248. I Am Coming to the Cross.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—John 12; 21.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. Wm. G. Fischer.



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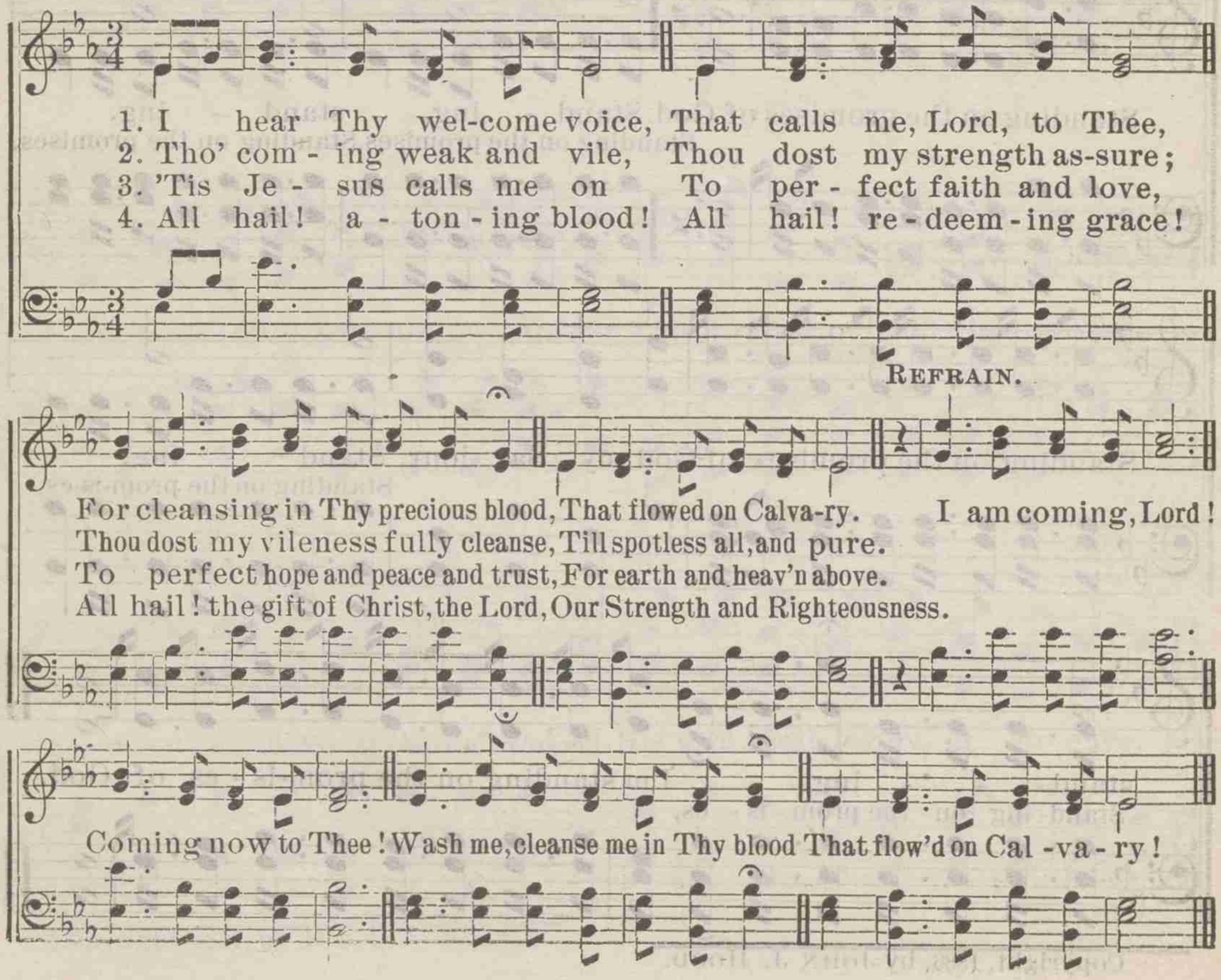
No. 249. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

"Come unto me."Matt.— 11: 28.

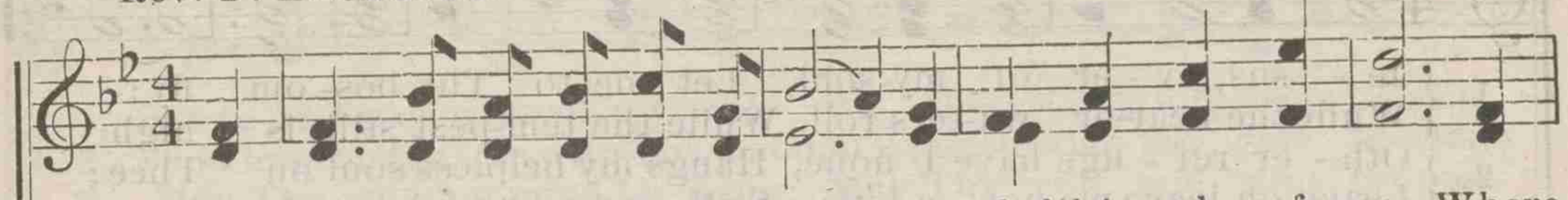
Louis Hartsough. L. Hartsough.



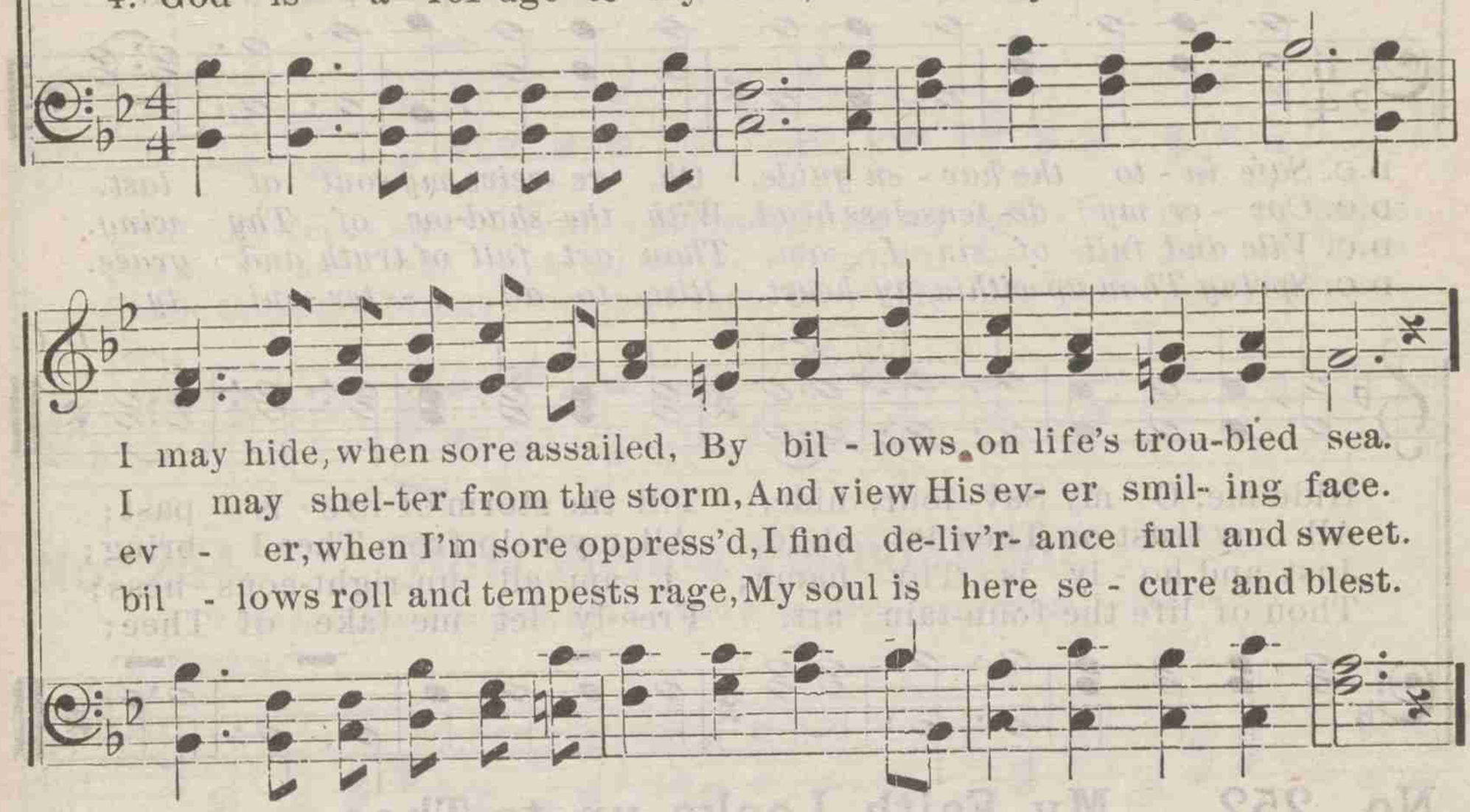
No. 250. God is a Refuge.

"A very present help in trouble."— Ps. 46: 1.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

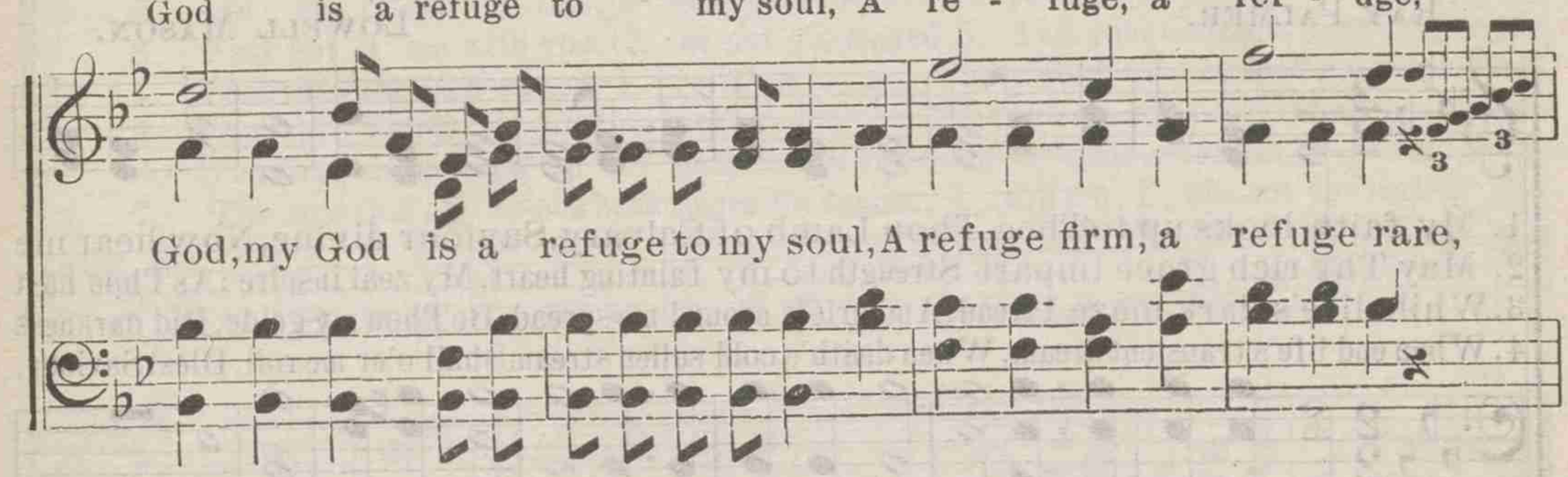
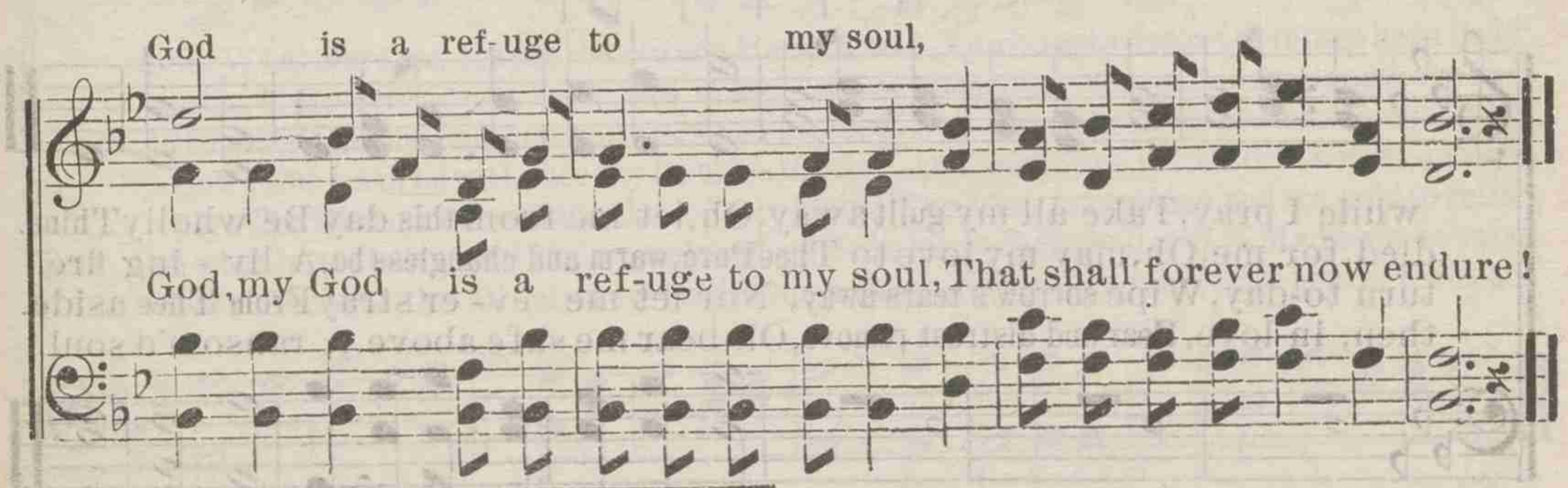


1. God is a ref-uge to my soul, A shelt'ring place for me, Where
2. God is a ref-uge to my soul, A pres-ent hid-ing place, Where
3. God is a ref-uge to my soul, A calm and sure re-treat; There
4. God is a ref-uge to my soul, Where I may sweet-ly rest; Tho'



I may hide, when sore assailed, By bil-lows on life's trou-bled sea.
I may shel-ter from the storm, And view His ev-er smil-ing face.
ev-er, when I'm sore oppress'd, I find de-liv'r-ance full and sweet.
bil-lows roll and tempests rage, My soul is here se-cure and blest.

CHORUS.

God is a refuge to my soul, A re-fuge, a ref-uge,

God, my God is a refuge to my soul, A refuge firm, a refuge rare,

God is a ref-uge to my soul,

God, my God is a ref-uge to my soul, That shall forever now endure!

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No. 251. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

"Whose I am and whom I serve."—Acts 27: 23.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos- om fly;
While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fall- en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov-er all my sin;
Let the heal-ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within.

D.C. *Safe in - to the hav - en guide, Oh, re -ceive my soul at last.*
D.C. *Cov - er my de- fenseless head, With the shad-ow of Thy wing.*
D.C. *Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.*
D.C. *Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.*

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav- iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is staid, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un-right-eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee;

No. 252. My Faith Looks up to Thee,

"The Lord will bless his people with peace."—Ps. 29: 11.

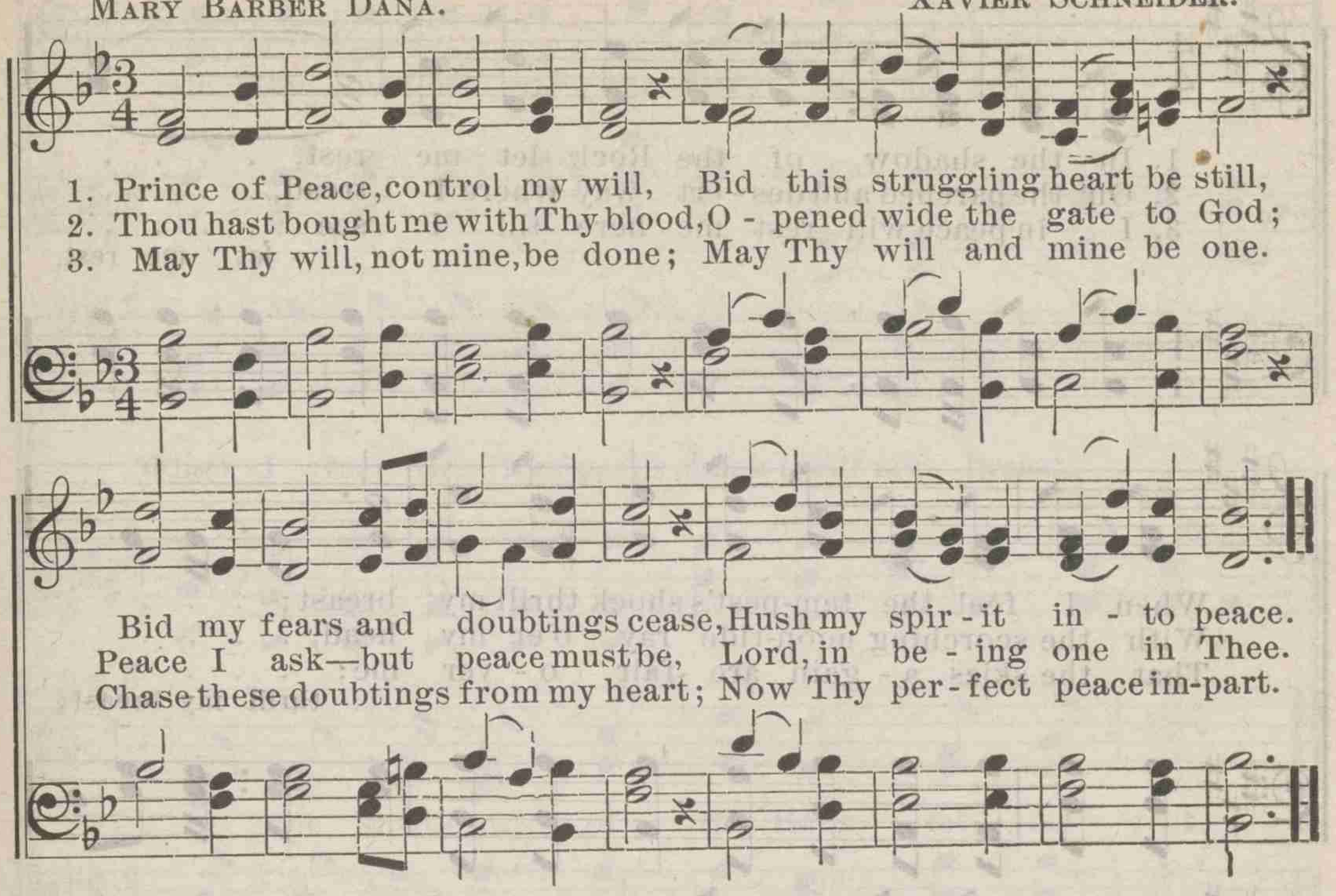
RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine, Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt away, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine.
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire: As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changless 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 tears away, Nor let me ev- er stray From Thee aside.
4. When end life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour, then, in love, Fear and distrust remove, Oh, bear me safe above, A ransom'd soul.

No. 253. Hush my Spirit into Peace.

"The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace."—Num. 6: 26.

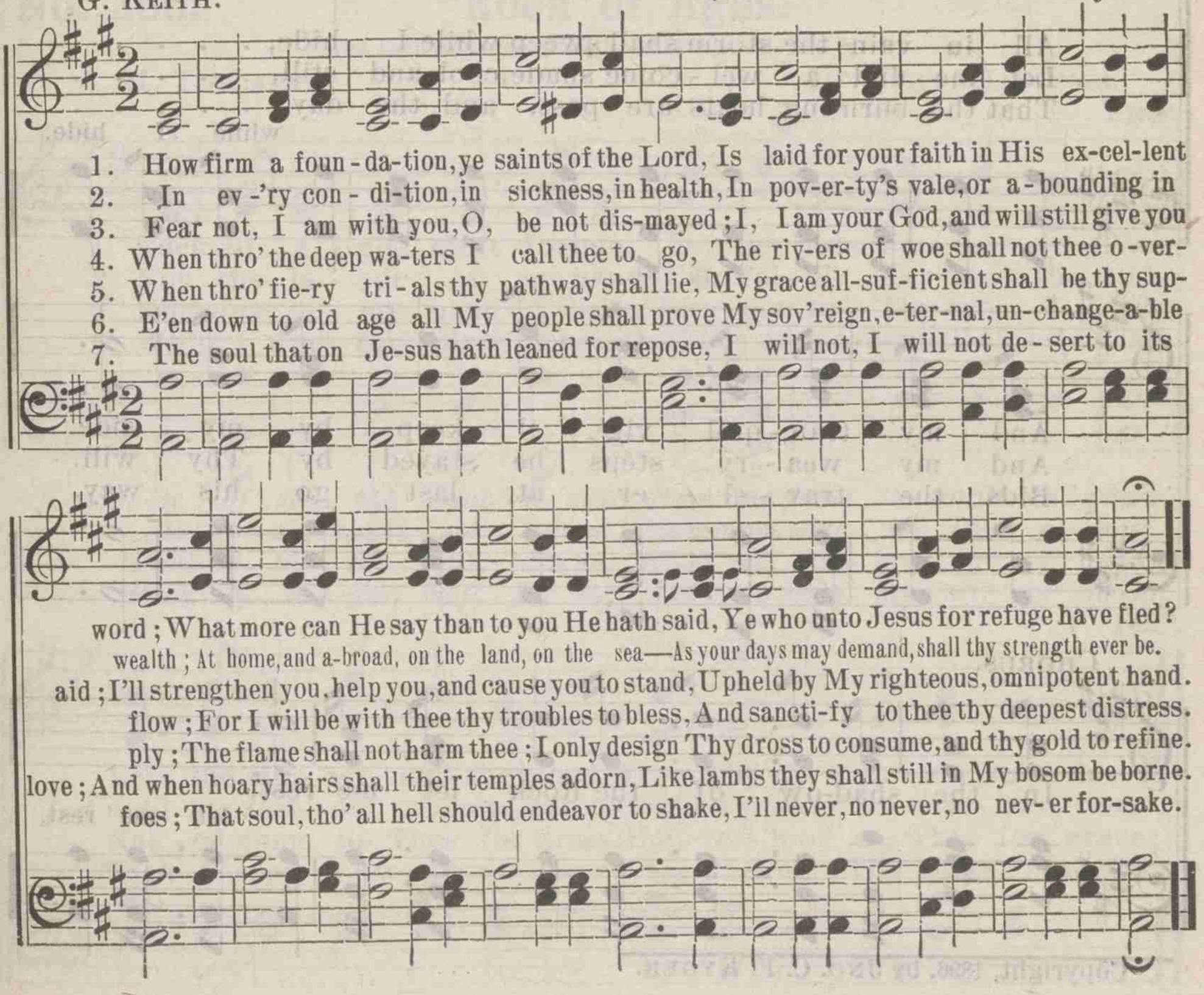
MARY BARBER DANA. XAVIER SCHNEIDER.



No. 254. How Firm a Foundation.

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

G. KEITH. Old Melody.



No. 255. Let Me Rest.

"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. 32: 2.

Dr. BONAR. J. M. HAGAN.

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

let me rest,

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

thrill my breast;

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

while I hide,

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

CHORUS.

In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest,

let me rest,

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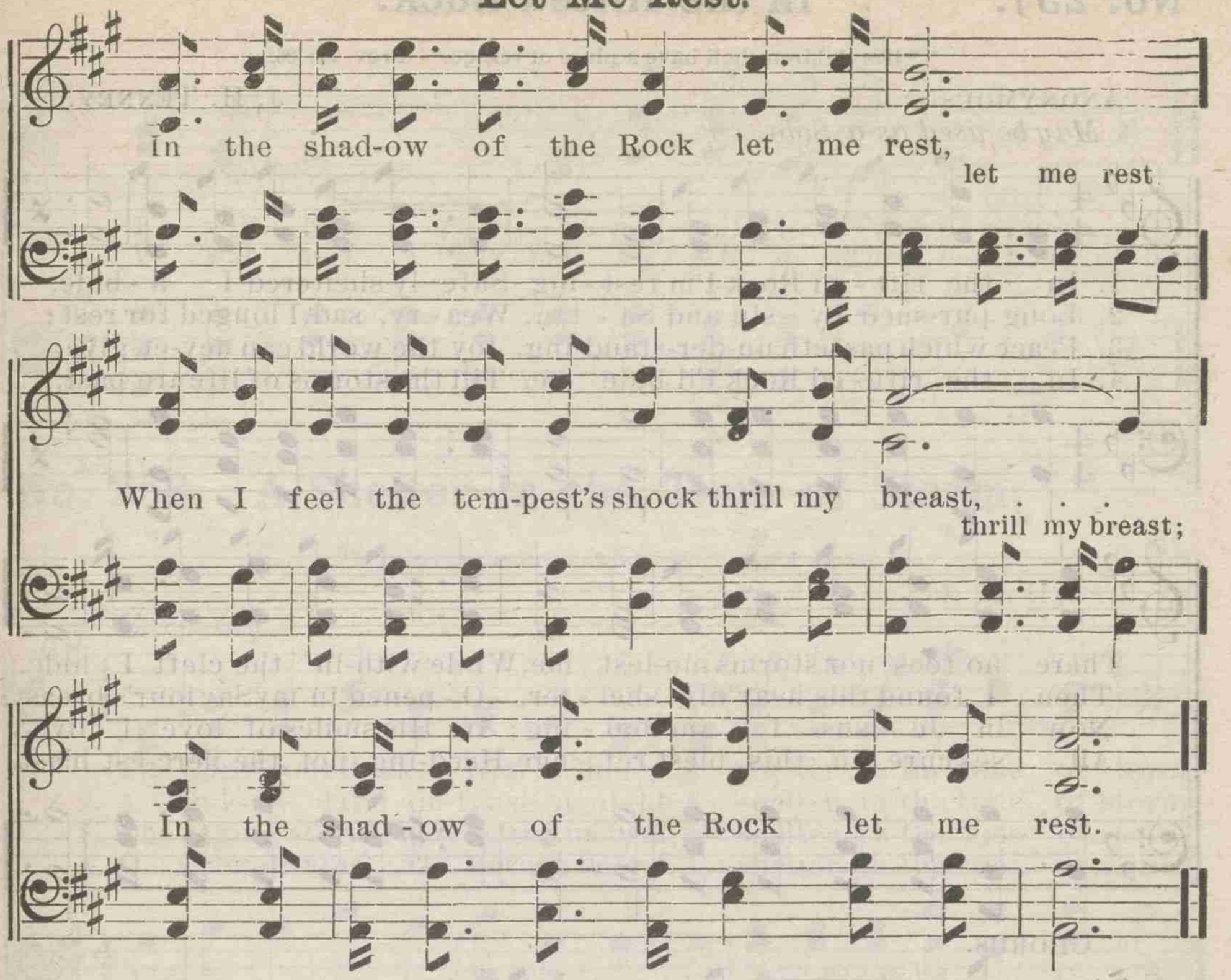
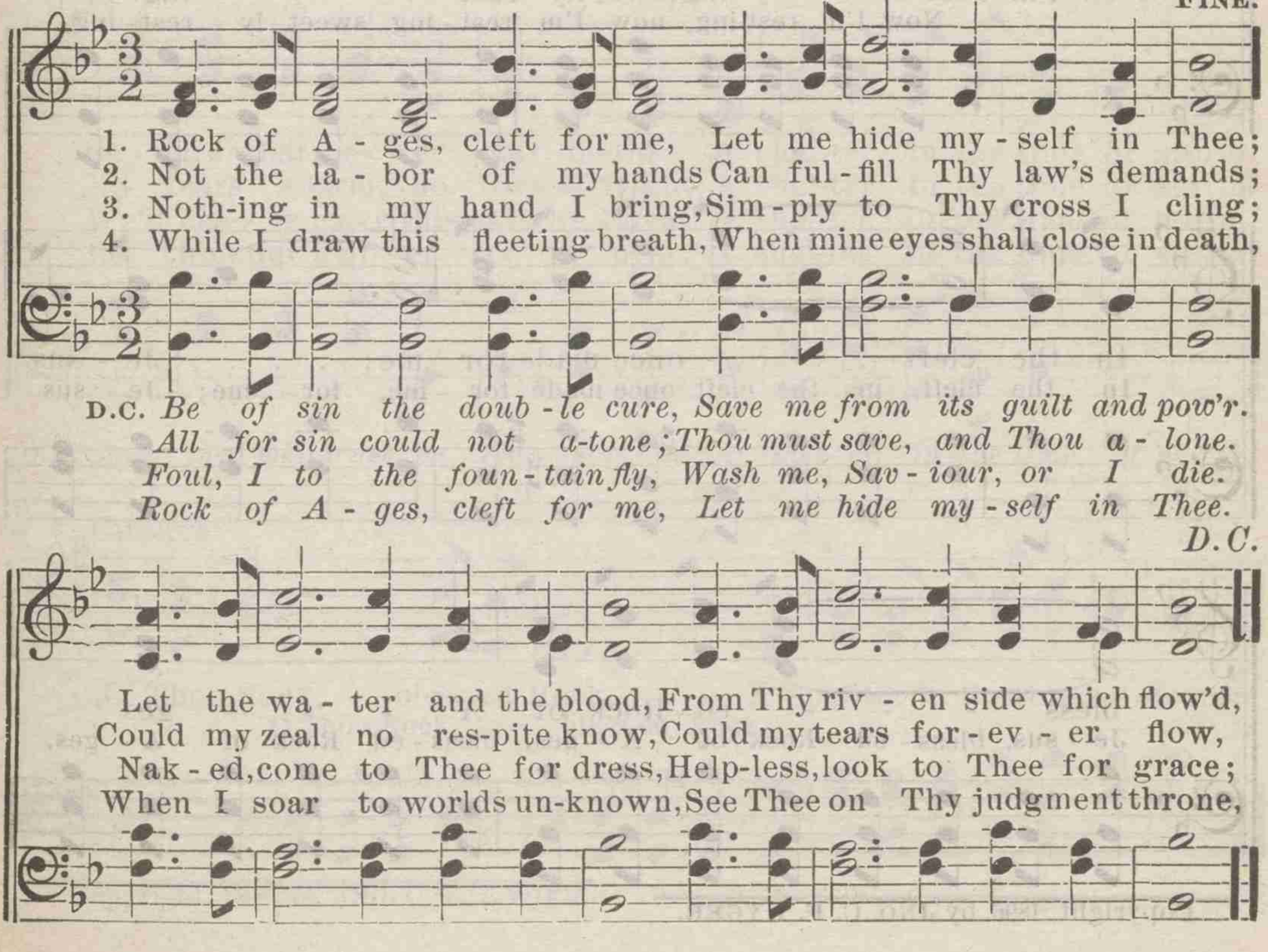
Let Me Rest.

No. 256. Rock of Ages.

"The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages."—Isa. 26: 4.

A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thos. Hastings.



No. 257. In the Rifted Rock.

"His children shall have a place of refuge."—Prov. 14: 26.

ANONYMOUS. J. H. TENNEY.

May be used as a Solo.

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

There no foes nor storms mo-lest me, While with-in the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'nly shel - ter, O - pened in my Saviour's breast.
Now in Je - sus I am find - ing; In His smiles of love I live.
All se - cure in this blest ref - uge, Heed-ing not the fierc-est blast.

CHORUS.

Now I'm rest - - - ing, sweetly rest - - - - ing,
Now I'm rest-ing, now I'm rest - ing, sweet - ly rest - ing,

In the cleft . . . . once made for me; . . . Je - sus
In the cleft, in the cleft once made for me, for me; Je - sus

bless - - - - ed Rock of A - - - - ges
Je - sus, bless - ed Rock of A - ges, bless - ed Rock of A - ges,

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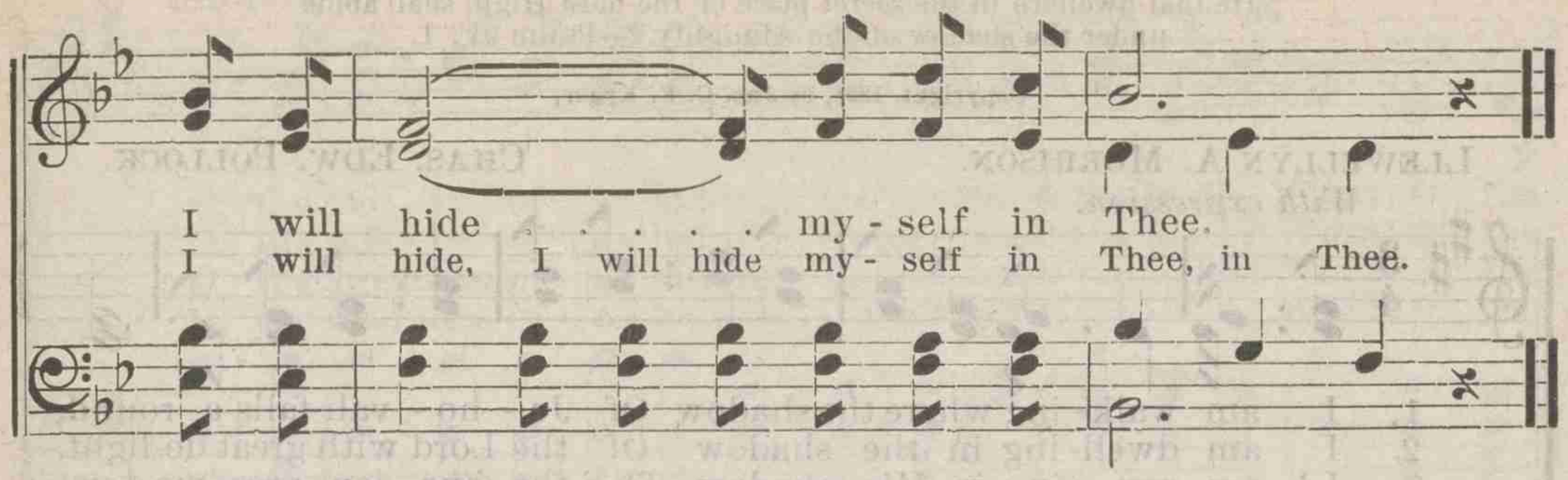
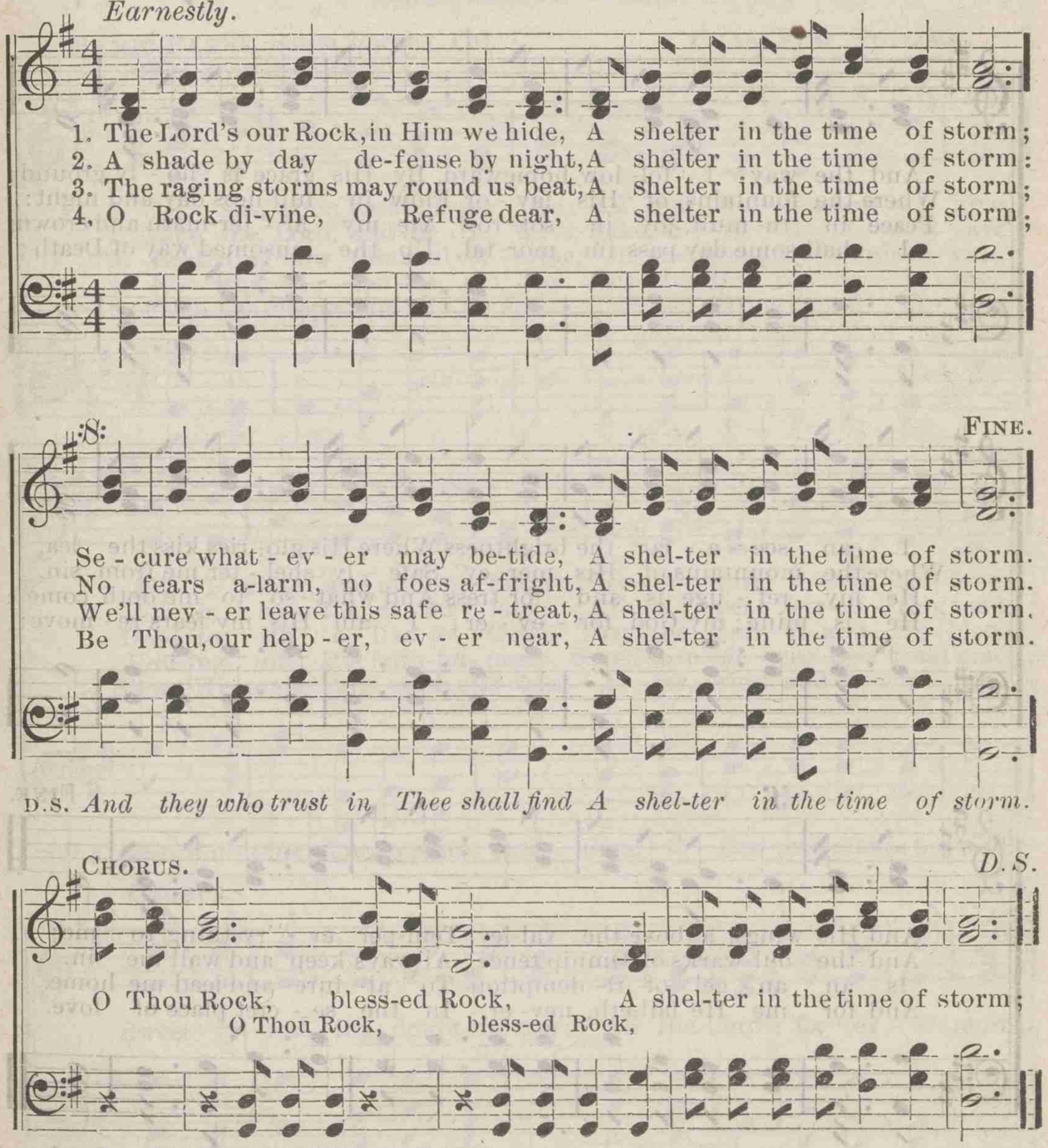
In the Rifted Rock.

No. 258. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

J. M. HAGAN.

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No. 259. In His Shadow.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."—Psalm 91 : 1.

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LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression.

1. I am walk- ing where the shadow Of Je - ho - vah falls a- round,
2. I am dwell- ing in the shadow Of the Lord with great de-light,—
3. I am rest - ing in His shadow Tho' the bur- dens press me down:
4. From the shad - ow in the por- tal Where I walk with Him by faith,

And the way I fol- low homeward, By His grace is ho - ly ground;
Where the fountains of His fav - or Flow in full-ness day and night:
Peace in tu- mult, joy in sor- row, Are my af - ter-math and crown;
I shall some day pass im - mor- tal, Up the ransomed way of Death;

I can see a - far the brightness Where His glo- ries kiss the lea,
Where the mountains of His mer- cy Safe - ly shel - ter me from sin,
He my ref - uge is and for-tress And what - so to me doth come
He is mine; my God for - ev - er; I am His, my fears re - move;

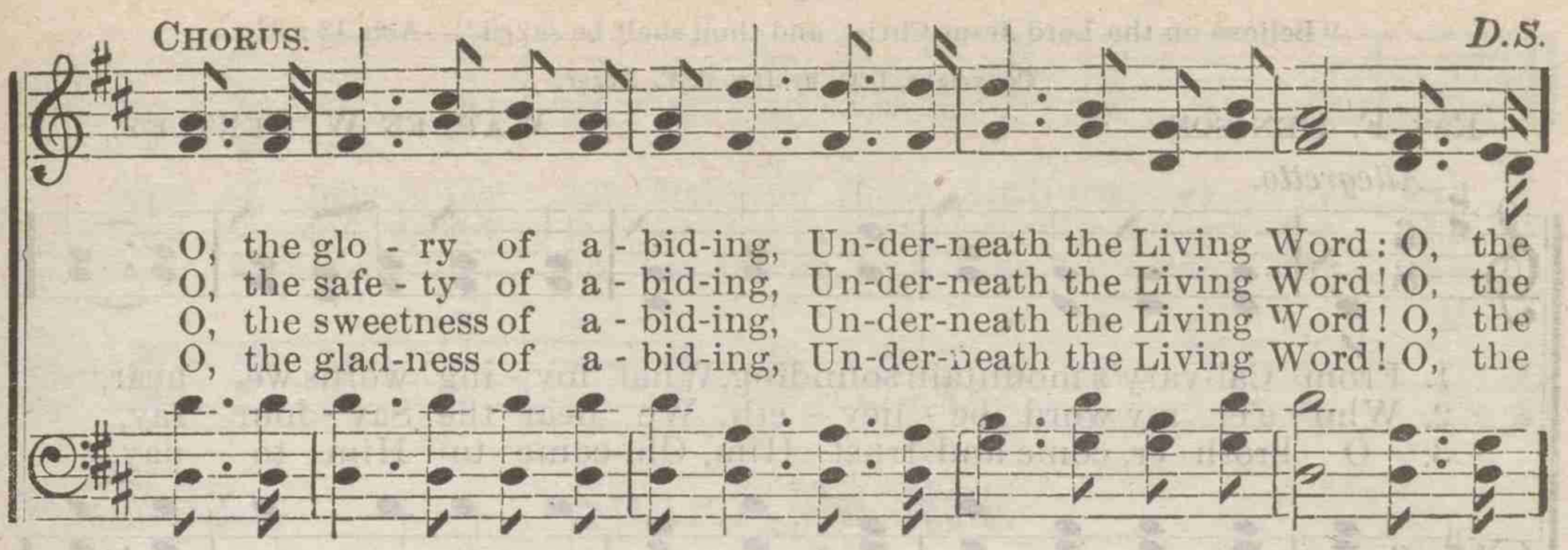
f

FINE.

And His wings, a- bove the val-ley, Tem-per ev - 'ry-thing to me;
And the bul-warks of Omnip'tence Al-ways keep and wall me in.
Is an an - gel of re- demption To al - lure and lead me home.
And for me He fail-eth, nev- er, In the se - cret place of love.

D S.—bless-ed-ness of hid-ing In the shad- ow of the Lord.

In His Shadow.

CHORUS. D.S.

No. 260. Sweetly Resting.

"Without faith, it is impossible to please Him."—Heb. 11: 6.

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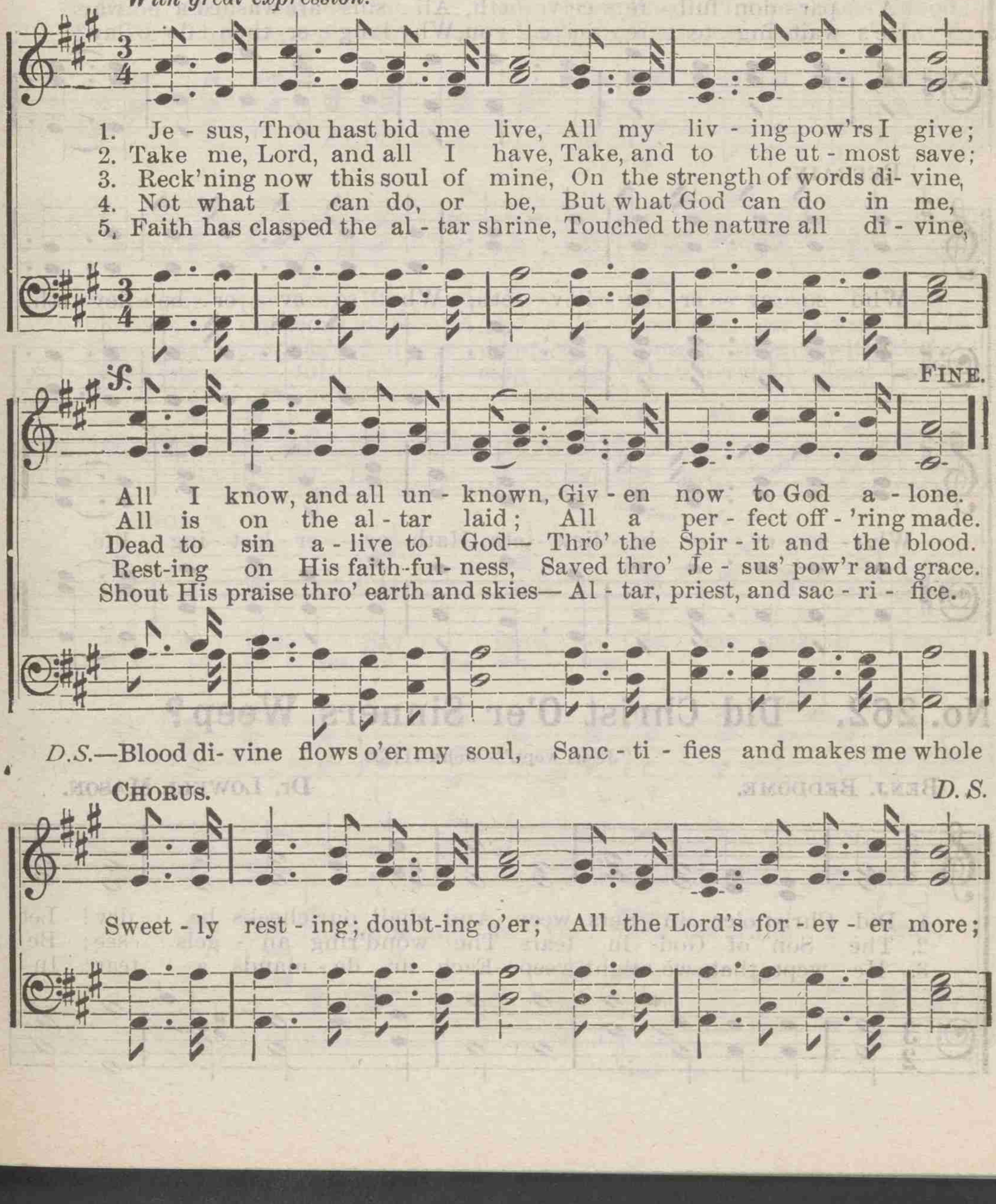
MAMIE PAYNE, Santa Baraba, Cal. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With great expression.

CHORUS. D. S.

No. 261. Whosoever Believeth.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 13 : 31.

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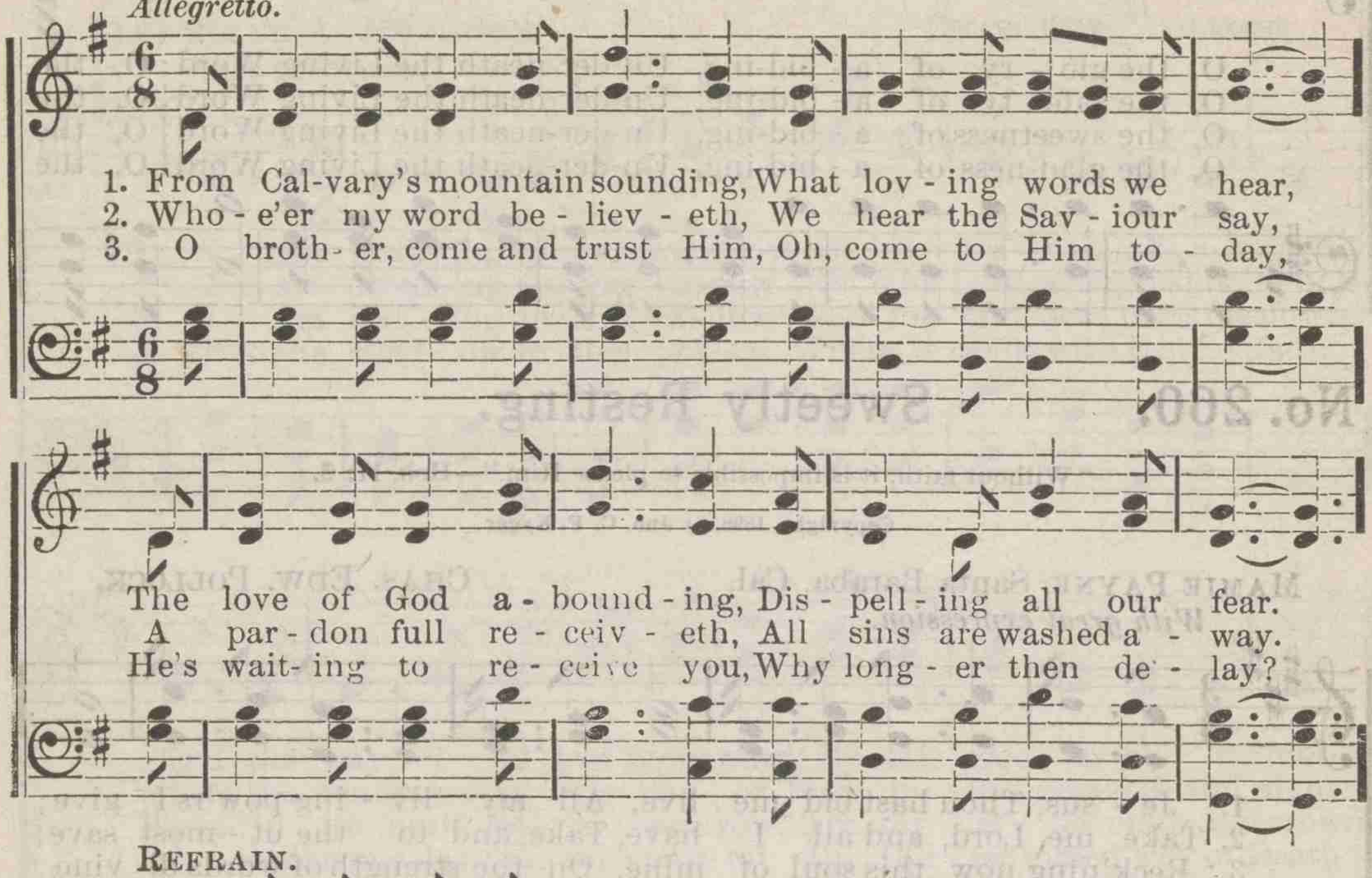
Rev. F. DENISON. WARREN W. BENTLEY.

Allegretto.



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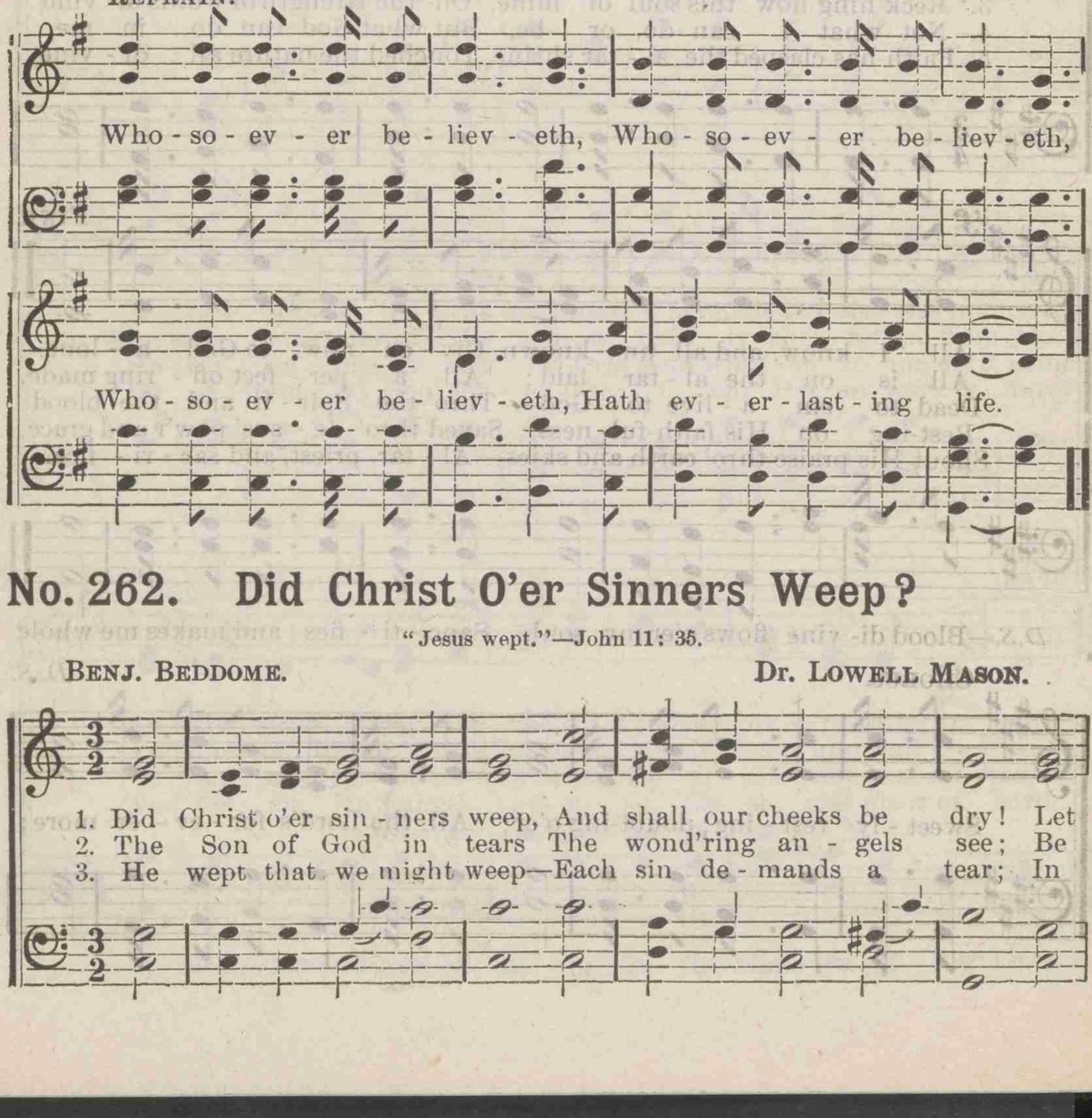
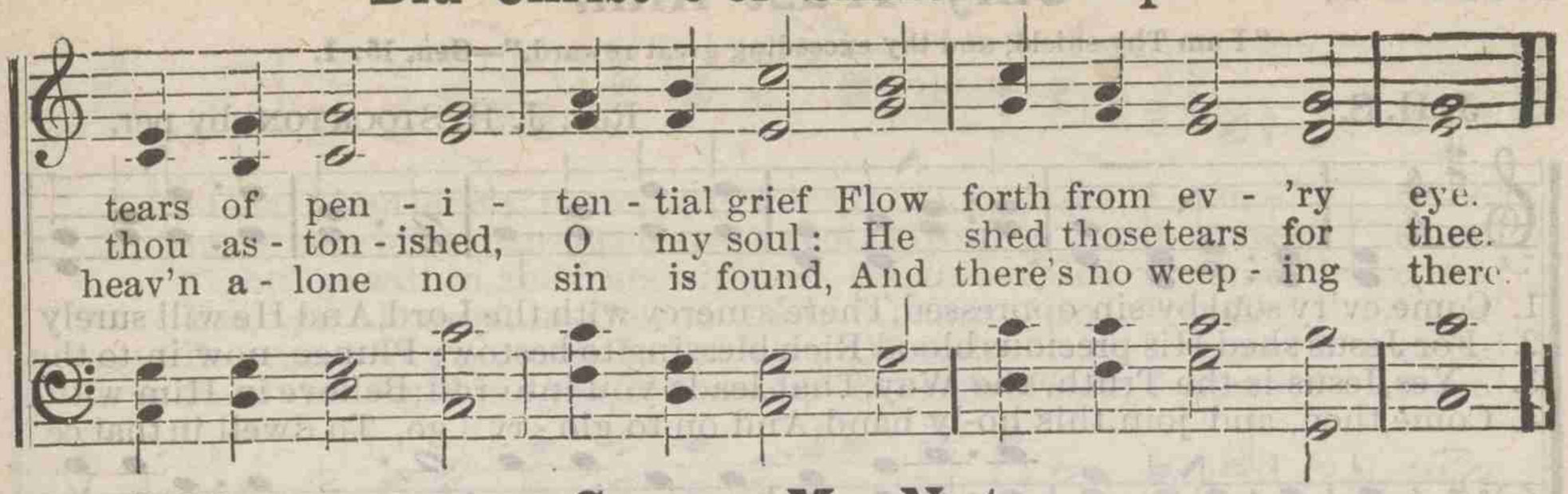


No. 262. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

"Jesus wept."—John 11: 35.

BENJ. BEDDOME. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

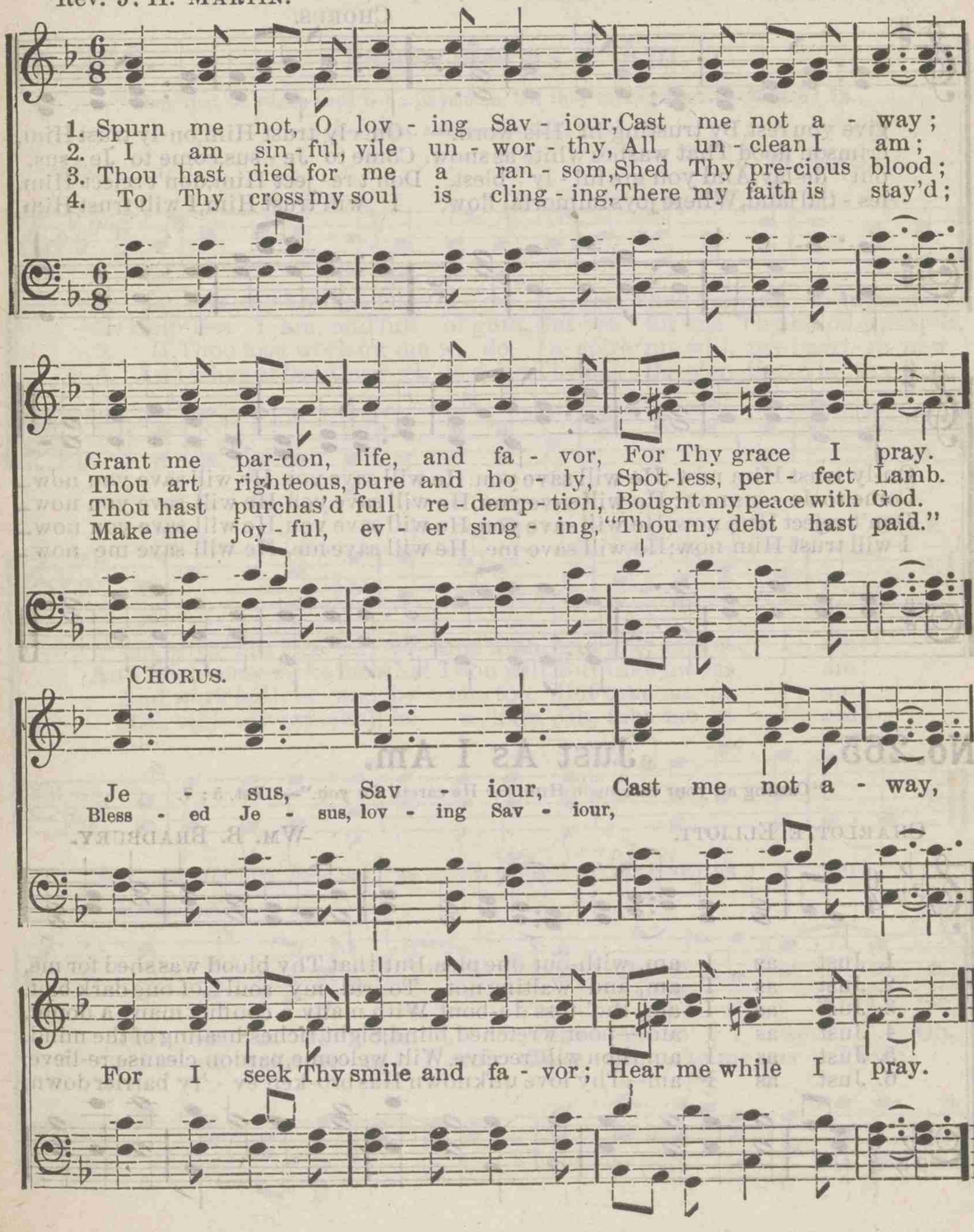
Did Christ o'er Sinners Weep.



No. 263. Spurn Me Not.

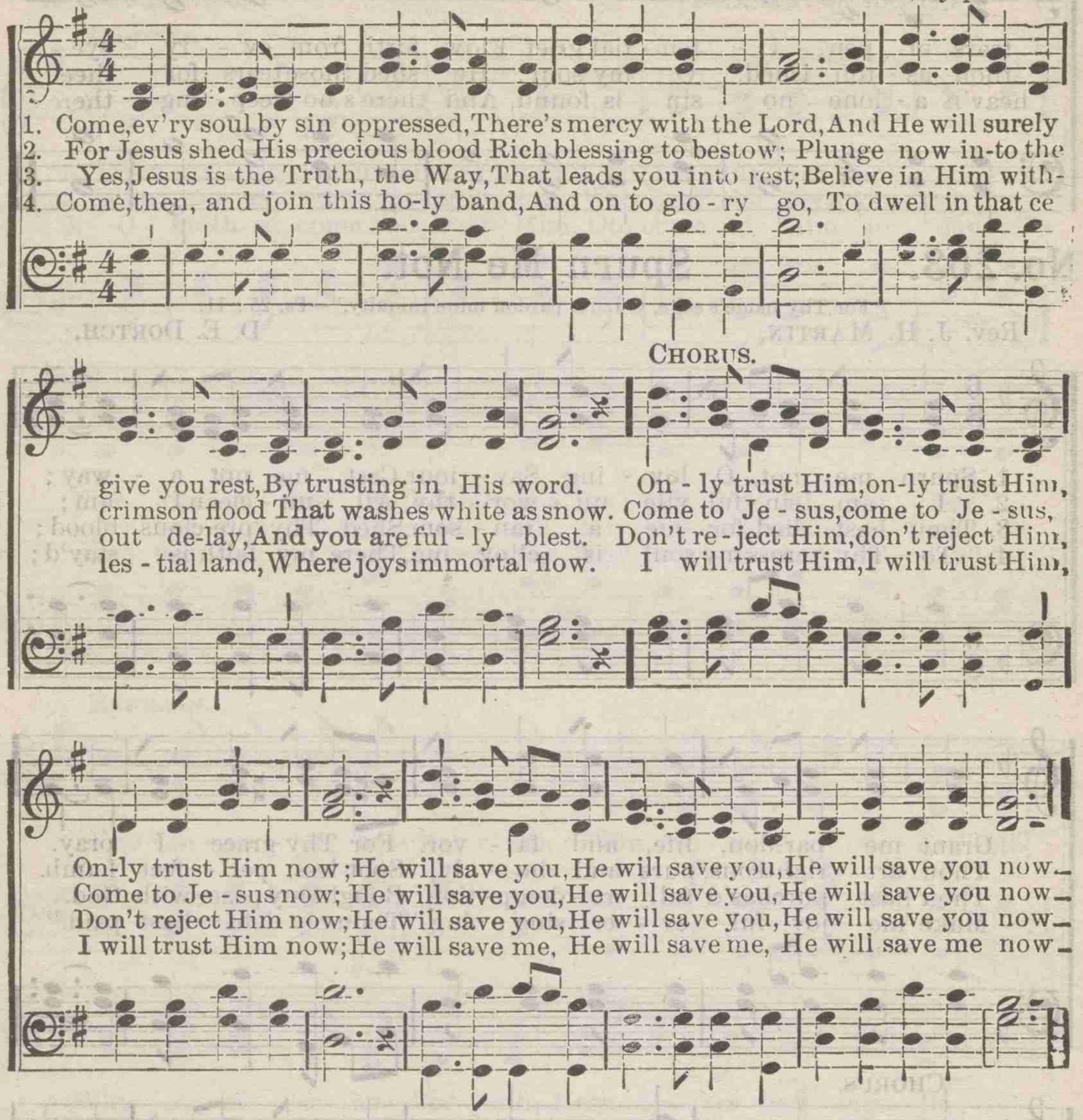
"For Thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity."—Ps. 25 : 11.

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



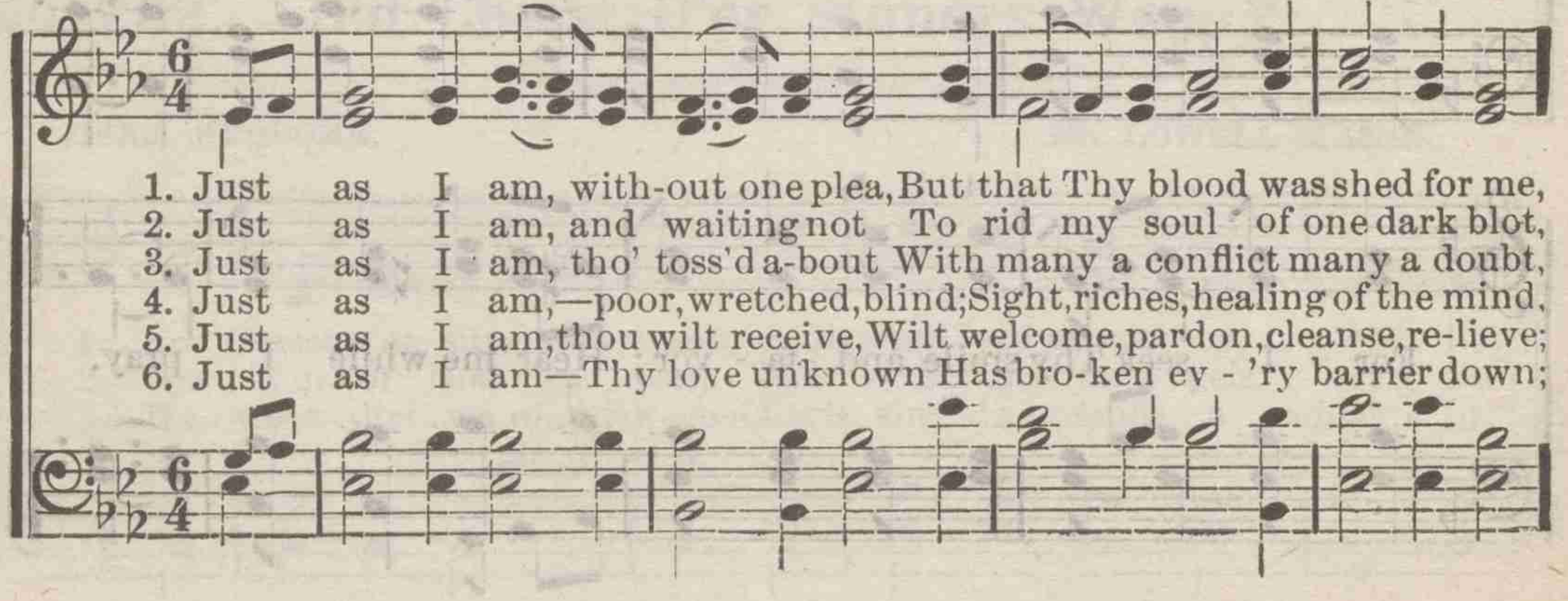
No. 264. Only Trust Him.

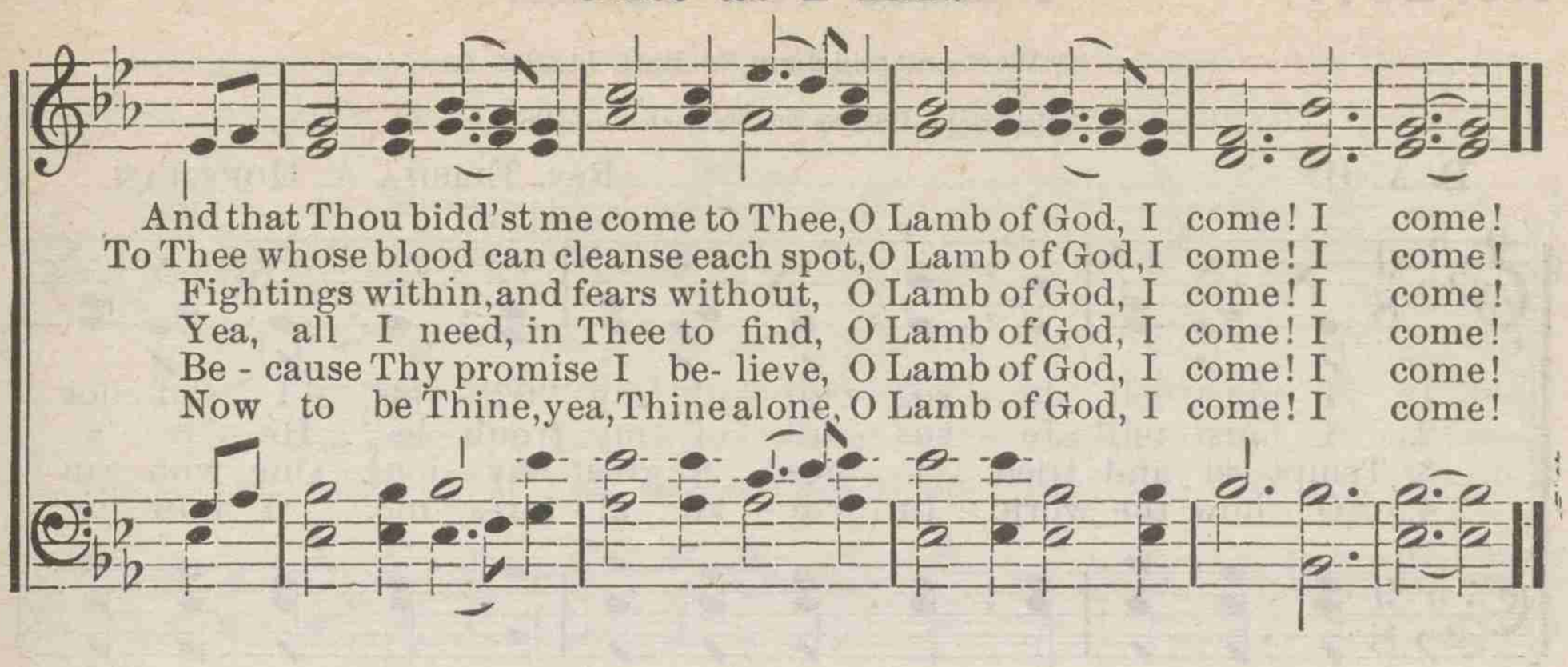
"I am Thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."—Gen. 15: 1.

J. H. S. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

No. 265. Just As I Am.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 Pet. 5: 7.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



Just as I Am.

No. 266. Take Me as I Am.

"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—Matt. 9: 12.

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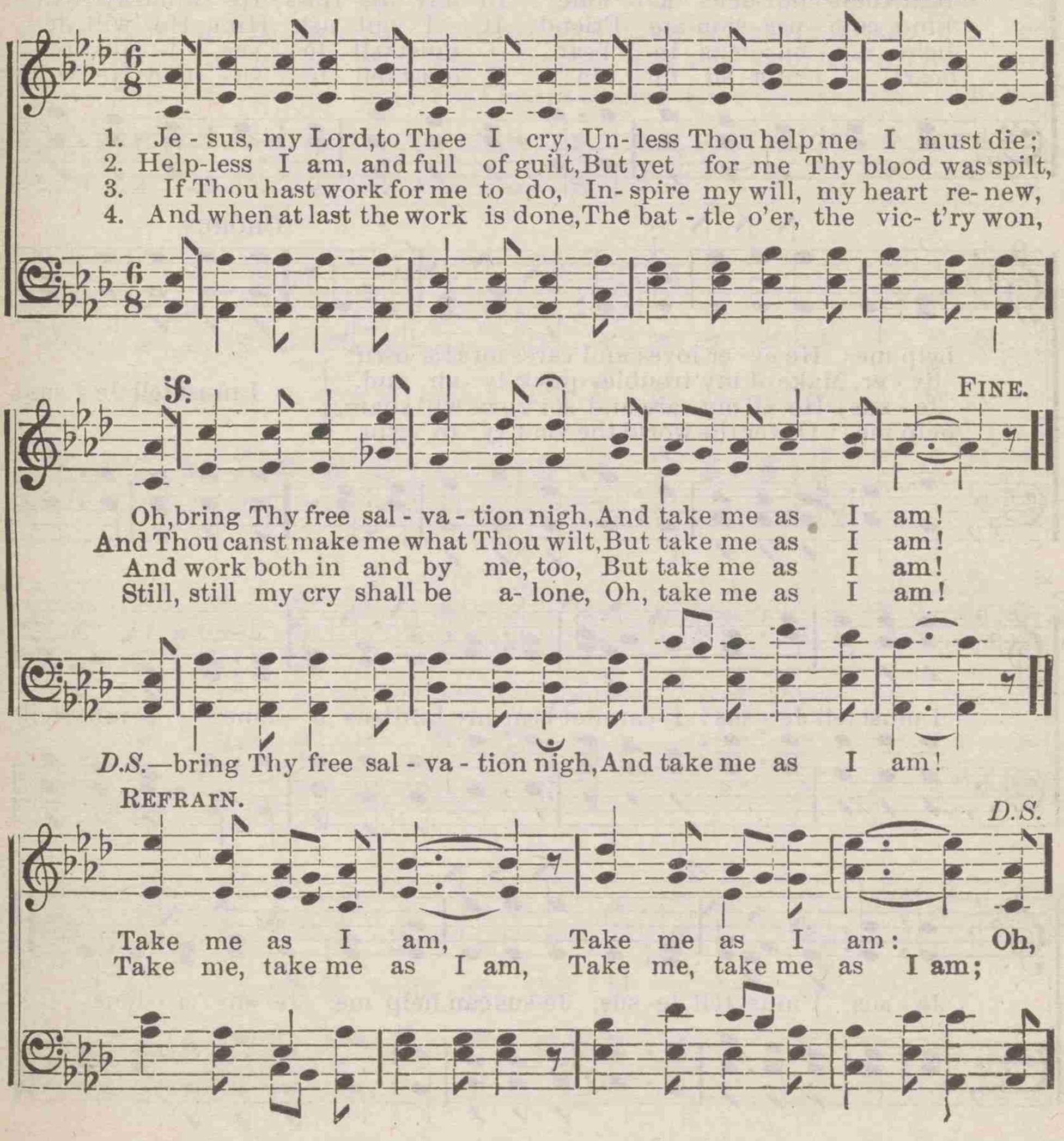
Anon. J. M. HAGAN.

FINE.

D.S.

REFRAIN.

No. 267. I Must Tell Jesus.

"Went and told Jesus."—Matt. 14: 12.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

I must tell Je - sus!

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

No. 268. Tell It to Jesus.

"Saying unto Him, Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."—John 11: 32.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. Rev. E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y-heart - ed? Tell it to Je- sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbid - den? Tell it to Je- sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je- sus,
3. Are you troubled at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je- sus,

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 269. The Manna of Thy Word.

"This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat."—Exodus 16 : 15.

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

1. Israel's hosts had perished, When for Canaan bound, But for plenteous
2. All Je- hovah's people, Now for Glo-ry bound, Must in soul be
3. God, His an-cient people, Day by day, did feed: And so now His

man - na, That they dai - ly found, God in mer - cy fed them,
fam- ished, But for man - na found, Not like that sup - ply - ing
ser - vants, Dai - ly man - na need! And if they will ask Him,

That they should not die, And my spirit's hunger, Will He not sup-ply.
Is - ra - el of old, Which could not the spirit, In its need up-hold!
And His word believe, They that spirit man-na, Dai - iy shall re- ceive!

CHORUS.

Feed me Lord, I hun - ger! Thou my cry hast heard!

Feed me on the man - na, Man - na of Thy word!

No. 270. Wonderful Words of Jesus.

"Never man spake like this man."—John 7 : 46.

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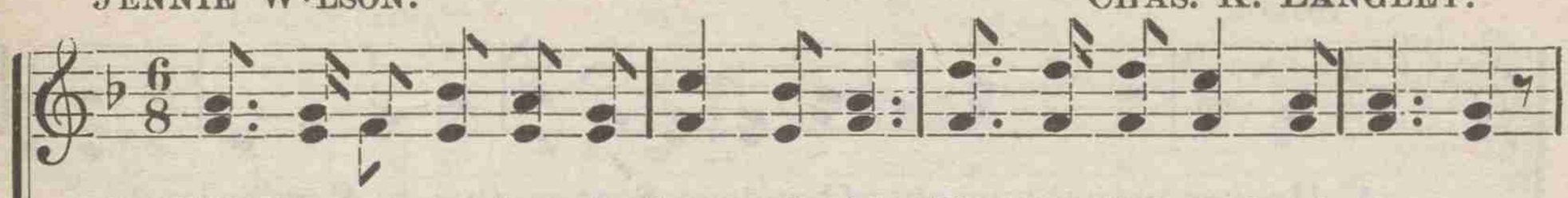
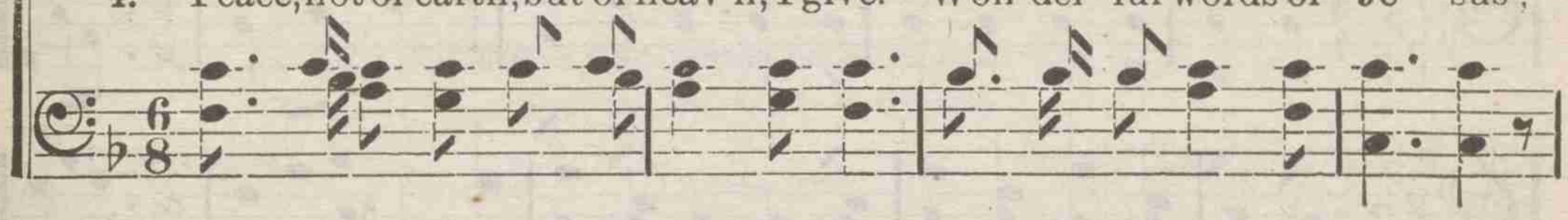
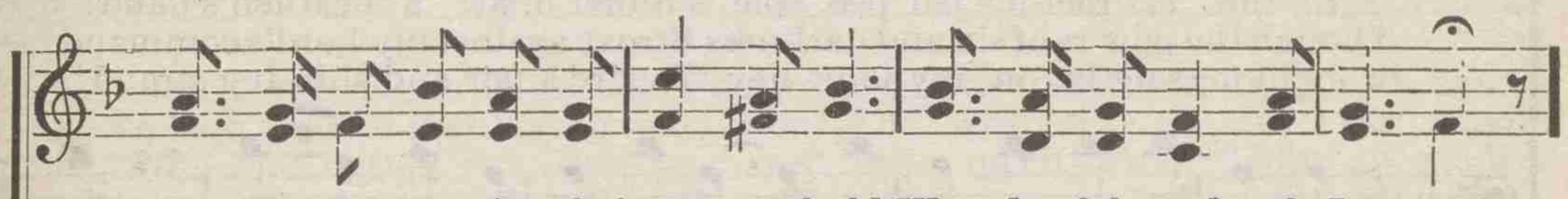
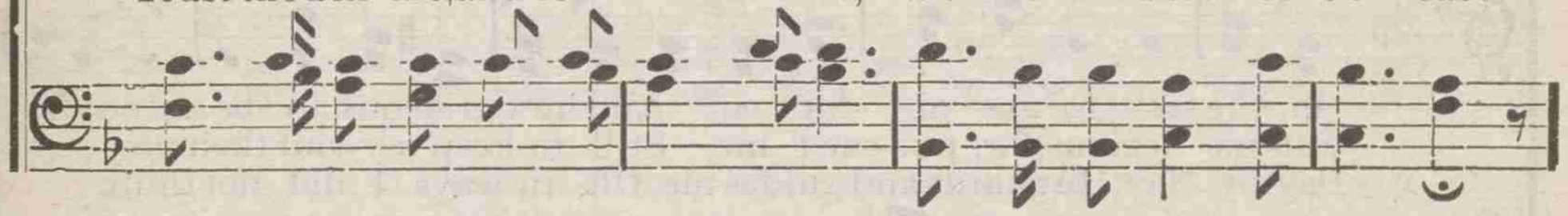
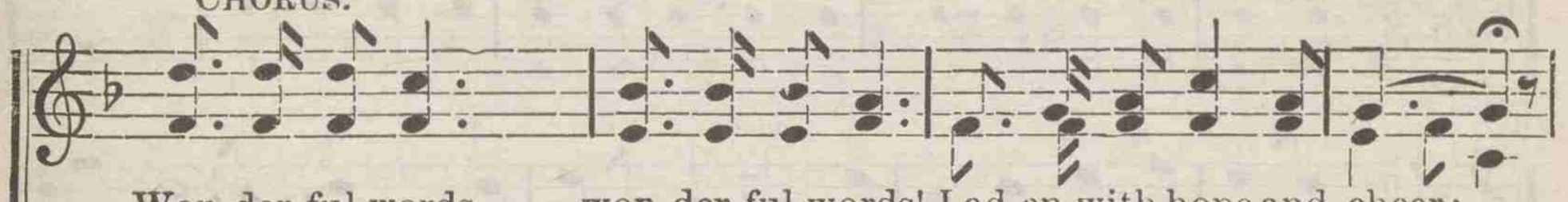
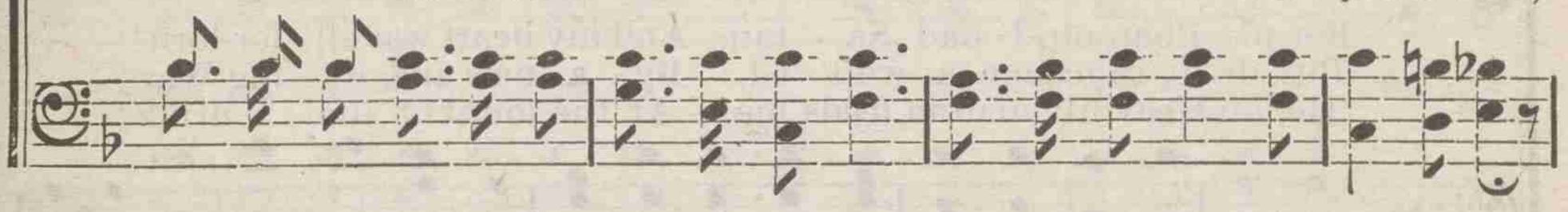
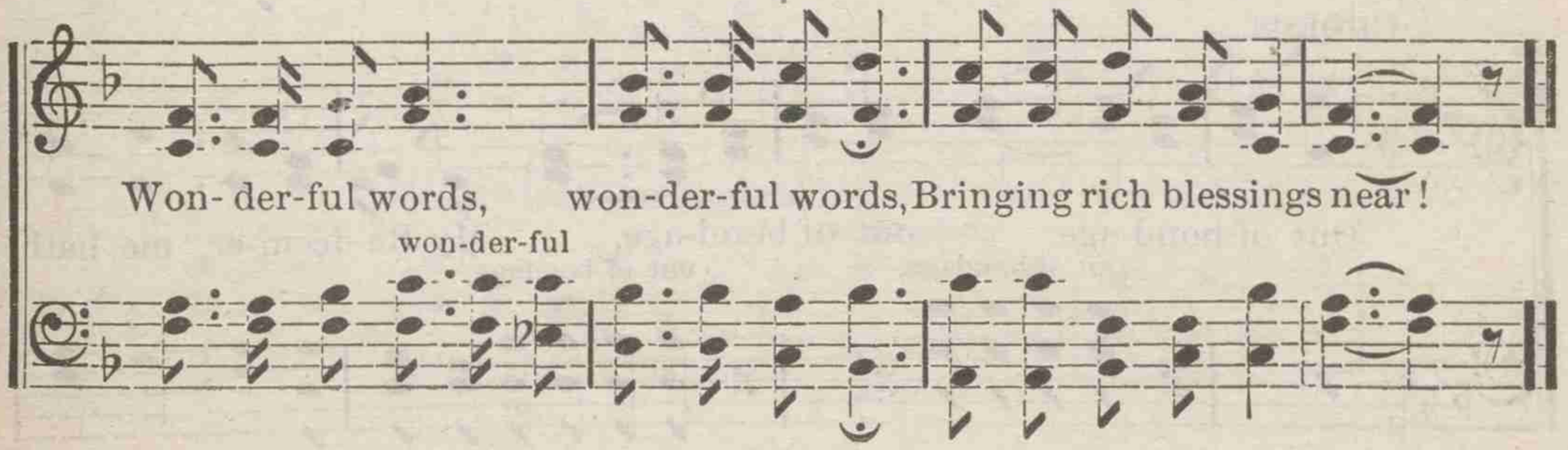
JENNIE WILSON. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Still they resound, as in days of old, Won-der-ful words of Je - sus;
2. "Come, heavy lad- en, and toil-oppressed!" Won-der- ful words of Je - sus;
3. "Be ye not troubled, be not a-fraid!" Won-der- ful words of Je - sus;
4. "Peace, not of earth, but of heav'n, I give!" Won-der- ful words of Je - sus;

Pre-cious the meaning their ac-cents hold, Won-der-ful words of Je - sus!
"Cast down thy burdens, in me, find rest," Won-der-ful words of Je - sus!
Hope for the sail-or, when storm delayed, Won-der-ful words of Je - sus!
"Trust thou in me, and for - ev - er live," Won-der-ful words of Je - sus!

CHORUS.

Won-der-ful words, won-der-ful words! Lad-en with hope and cheer;
wonderful with hope and cheer;

Won- der-ful words, won-der-ful words, Bringing rich blessings near!
won-der-ful

No. 271. Out of Bondage.

"For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace."—Rom. 6 : 14.

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E. R. LATTA. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

SOLO. *ad lib.*

1. He has brought me out of bondage, Sore as that in Egypt's land,
2. He has brought me out of bondage, As He brought the Israel band;
3. He has brought me out of bondage, From the scorching desert sand;

By the Is - rael-it - ish peo - ple Suffer'd, at a heathen's hand!
Though the pow'rs of sin and darkness Strove against my Lord's command!
Brought me safe-ly, on my jour- ney, Tow'rd a fair and shin-ing strand!

Oh, the tasks to me al - lot - ed, And how grievous to be borne;
Satan's legions, far, pur-sued me, Still to keep my soul their prey;
Day by day, He guards and guides me, Oft, in ways I did not think;

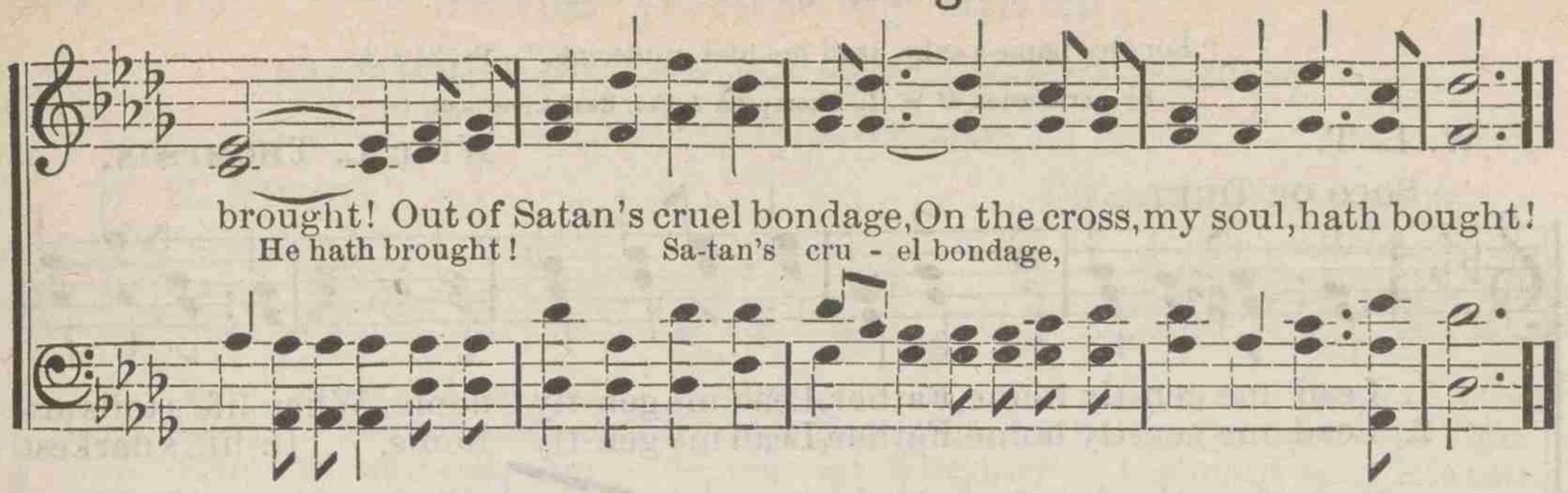
For my Pharaoh, I had Sa - tan, And my heart was all for-lorn!
But, de-liv'rance, me a- wait - ed, By a new and liv - ing Way!
He, on Heav'nly manna, feeds me,— At the fount of life, I drink!

CHORUS.

Out of bond-age, out of bond-age, My Re-deem-er, me, hath

Out of bondage, out of bondage,

Out of Bondage.



No. 272. Lead Us, and We'll Follow On.

"For Thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Psa. 31: 3.

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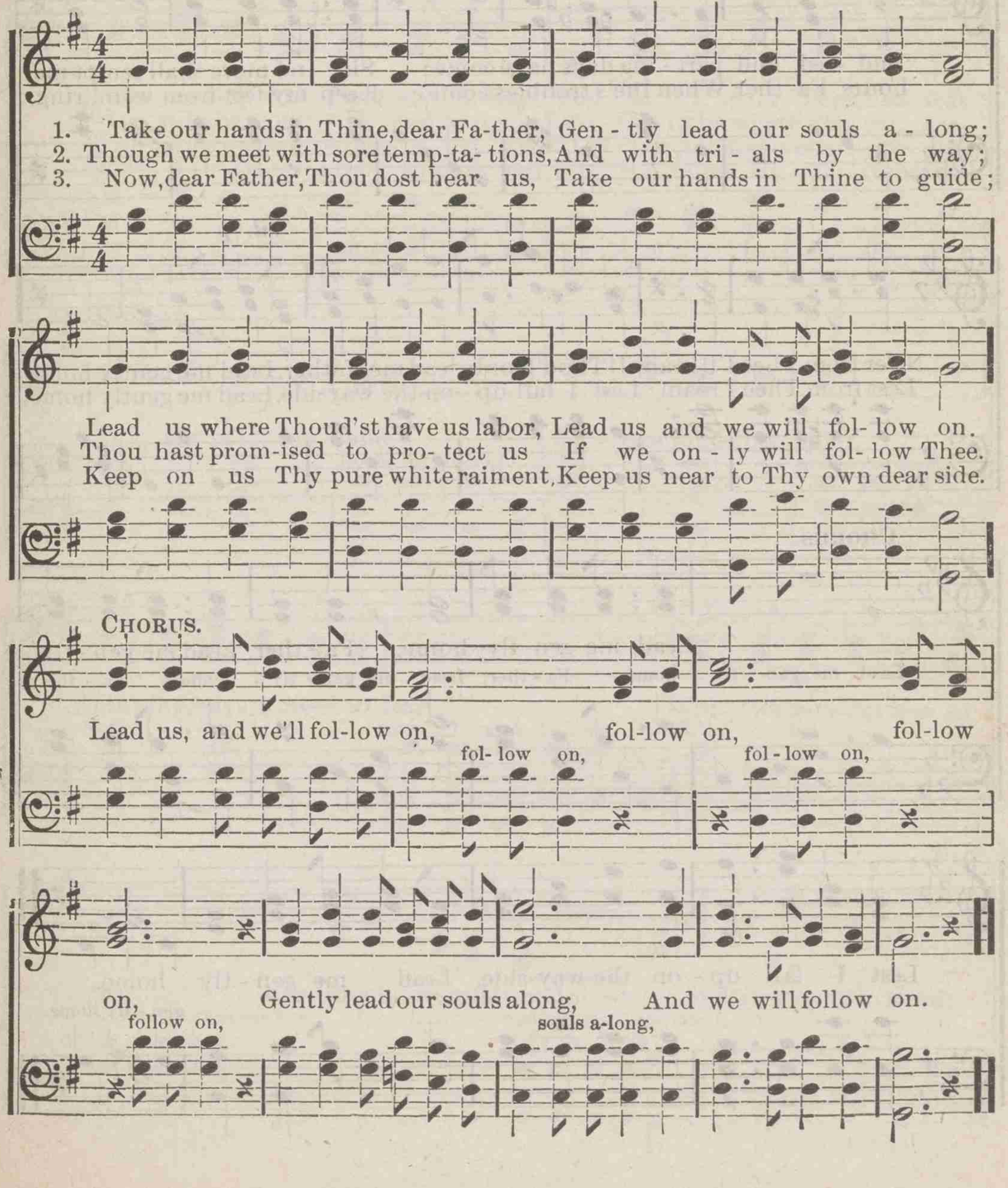
R. A. GLENN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



No. 273 Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

"For thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31 : 3.

By permission of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's darkest

end - ed, and part - ing days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me,
hours, Fa- ther, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring,

rit. p

Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Lest from Thee I roam: Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

CHORUS.

Lead me gen- tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly,

Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,

Lest I fall up - on the way-side, Lead me gen - tly home.

gen - tly home.

No. 274. Jesus Holds My Hand.

"No man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand."—Jno. 10 : 29.

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W. H. MORRIS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Je - sus called me as I wandered In the des - ert, dark and drear;
2. Then I paused, and heard His pleading; Heard Him say, "come un- to Me,"
3. Still I wait- ed, un - de- cid - ed Wheth-er I should heed His call,
4. Then, I took Him as my pil - ot, Glad- ly grasped Him by the hand;

Bade me stop and list - en to Him, Said 'tis I, you need not fear?
"I will be your guide and lead you" To the light where you can see.
Till He whispered sweet- ly to me, "Take my hand, you shall not fall."
Now, I walk no more in darkness, For the Lord is in command.

CHORUS.

Je - sus holds my hand, Je - sus holds my hand,
Je - sus holds my hand, Je - sus holds my hand,

Noth- ing, have I need to fear, With the Sav-iour thus so
Noth - ing, have I need to fear, With the

near, For to comfort, guide, and cheer, Walking hand in hand.
Saviour thus so near, For to comfort, guide, and cheer,

No. 275. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore."—Psa. 16: 11.

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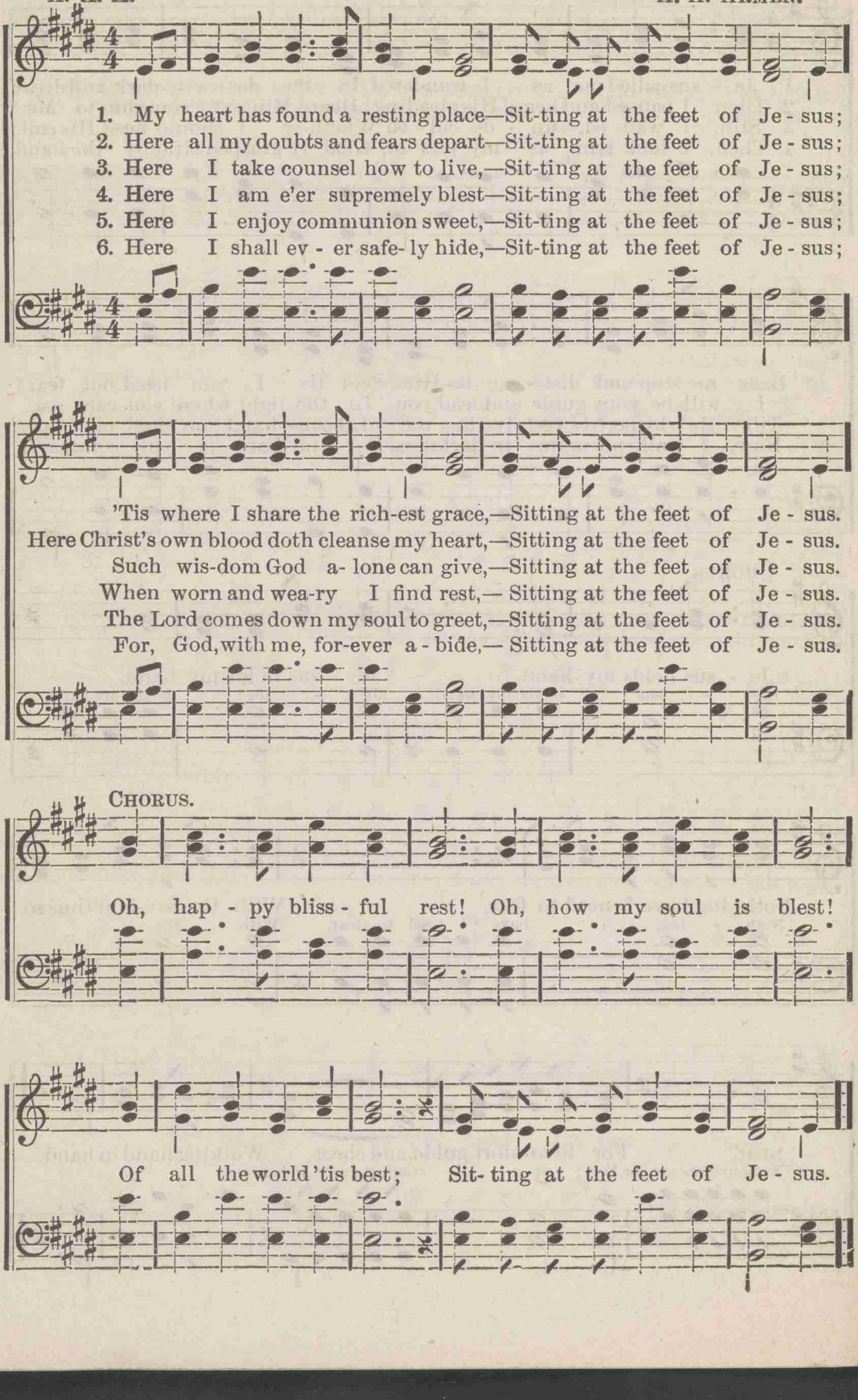
A. A. A. A. A. ARMEN.



1. My heart has found a resting place—Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;
2. Here all my doubts and fears depart—Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;
3. Here I take counsel how to live,—Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;
4. Here I am e'er supremely blest—Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;
5. Here I enjoy communion sweet,—Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;
6. Here I shall ev - er safe- ly hide,—Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;

'Tis where I share the rich-est grace,—Sitting at the feet of Je - sus.
Here Christ's own blood doth cleanse my heart,—Sitting at the feet of Je - sus.
Such wis-dom God a- lone can give,—Sitting at the feet of Je - sus.
When worn and wea-ry I find rest,— Sitting at the feet of Je - sus.
The Lord comes down my soul to greet,—Sitting at the feet of Je - sus.
For, God, with me, for-ever a - bide,— Sitting at the feet of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Oh, hap - py bliss - ful rest! Oh, how my soul is blest!
Of all the world 'tis best; Sit- ting at the feet of Je - sus.

No. 276. On the Bosom of Jesus.

"Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples whom Jesus loved."—John 13: 23.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With great expression.

1. On the bos - om of Je - sus my Sav - iour, A - way from all sor - row and care, I spend a sweet hour of com-mun - ion,
2. On the bos - om of Je - sus my Sav - iour, Bless - ed place for His child to be! Learning more of His ten - der com- pas - sion,
3. On the bos - om of Je - sus my Sav - iour, As His child I am priv'leged to be; For He par-doned my man - y trans-gres- sions,
4. On the bos - om of Je - sus! what rapt - ure, We feel as we lean on His breast! And tell Him our joys and our sor - rows,

CHORUS.

When no one but Je - sus is near.
For poor, guilty sin-ners like me.
And made me so hap- py and free.
And there be-come hap- py and blest.

On Je - sus' dear breast I am lean - ing, Like John, the dis-ci - ple of old; Learning more of the pre - cious Re- deem - er, The half of which ne'er has been told.

No. 277. There Is Pardon.

"Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—2: Peter 3: 9.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

1. O the grace of God, that could save my soul When I wan-dered far a - way—When I cared no more for His blest con- trol, And His
2. O! what boundless love brought a Sav- iour down, When no oth - er arm could save—When He left His throne and a glo-rious crown, For a
3. O'er the sin - sick soul—o'er the faint and blind, Je - sus pity - ing heart doth yearn; There are none so lost but His love will find, And in -
4. God has par-doned you—pardoned long a - go! O the truth to - day be - lieve! Will you let your soul all His bless-ing know, And His

Chorus.

voice would not o - bey! thorn-crown and a grave. vite them to re - turn. dy - ing love re - ceive?

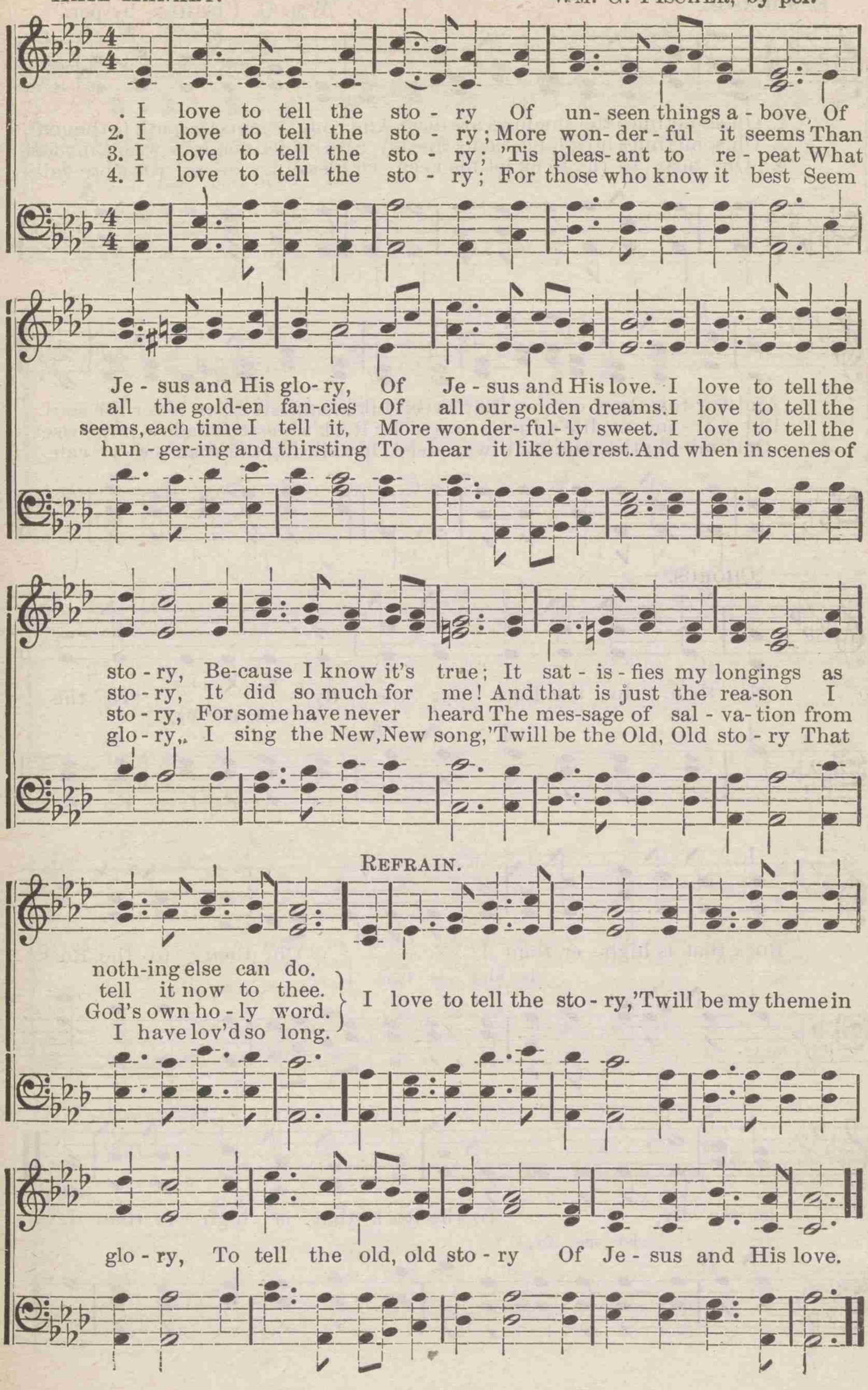
There is par - don, par- don from the Lord, There is pardon, par-don,

Who hath made His love a - bound, Hal- le - lu- jah! praise Him! love a-bound,

praise the Lord of love, For a sin - ner lost— is found.

No. 278. I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will tell thee."—Num. 23 : 3.

KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

No. 279. The Rock That is Higher Than I.

"His children shall have a place of refuge."—Prov. 14 : 26.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I;

let me fly, Oh, then, to the Rock is high - er than I,

let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

let me fly,

No. 280. Help Thou Me.

"Consider and hear me, O Lord my God."—Ps. 13 : 3.

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IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Out from the depths to Thee I cry; Sav - iour, help Thou me;
2 No wor - thy gift have I to bring, Bless - ed Lord, to Thee,
3. Oh, hear me, and my soul shall live, Sav - iour, help Thou me;

Lost and un-done, what hope have I, Ex - cept, O Lord, in Thee?
But to Thy prom - is - es I cling, And trust a - lone in Thee;
My count - less tres - pass - es for - give, And seal me un - to Thee;

Thou see - st all my soul's dis-tress, Thou knowest all my help - less-ness,
Thou wilt not cast my soul a - way, Thou wilt my fainting spir - it stay;
Blest spir - it, all my life o'erflow, Thy boundless grace on me be-stow;

FINE.

Draw near, I pray, to heal and bless; Sav - iour, draw Thou me.
Thy pow'r compas - sion - ate display; Sav - iour, help Thou me.
Thy full sal - va - tion let me know; Sav - iour, help Thou me.

D.S.—Draw near, I pray, to heal and bless; Sav - iour, help Thou me.

CHORUS. D.S.

Help..... Thou me,..... Sav - iour, help Thou me.....
Sav-iour help, oh help Thou me, Bless - ed Sav - iour, help Thou me.

No. 281. At the Cross.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45 : 22.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

I. WATTS. R. E. HUDSON, by per.

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

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

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith rolled a-way,

I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

No. 282. Nearer the Cross.

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

By permission of Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

Mrs. F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er,
2. Near-er the Chris-tian's mer - cy seat, I am com - ing near - er,
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com - ing near - er,

Near - er the cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er;
Feast-ing my soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er;
Deep - er the love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er;

Near - er the cross where Je - sus died, Near - er the fount- ain's
Strong- er in faith, more clear I see Je - sus, who gave Him -
Near - er the end of toil and care, Near - er the joy I

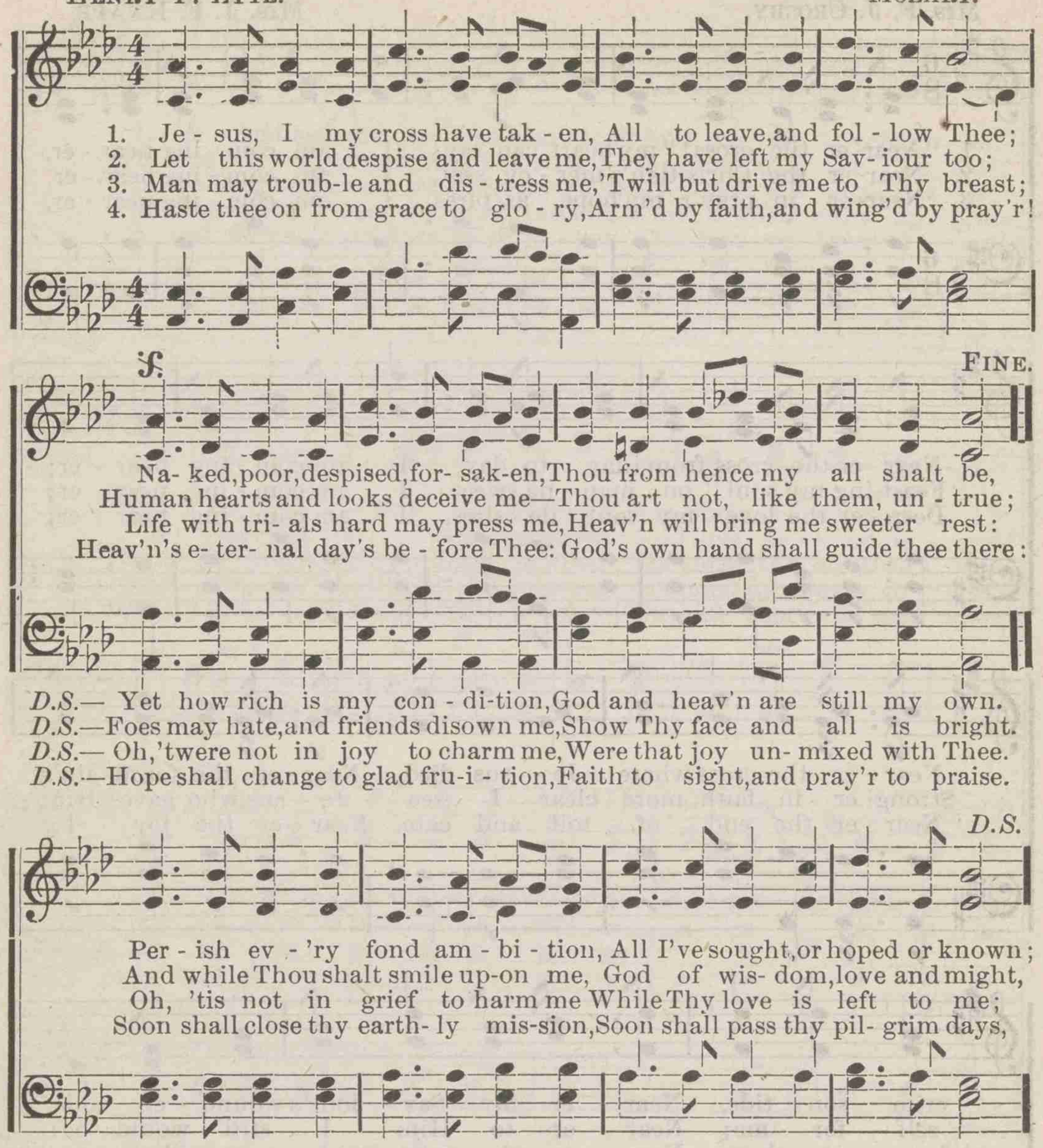
crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - iour's wound - ed side,
self for me; Near - er to Him I still would be:
long to share, Near - er the crown I soon shall wear,

I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

No. 283. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

"Behold we have forsaken all, and followed Thee."—Matt. 19 : 27.

HENRY F. LYTE. MOZART.

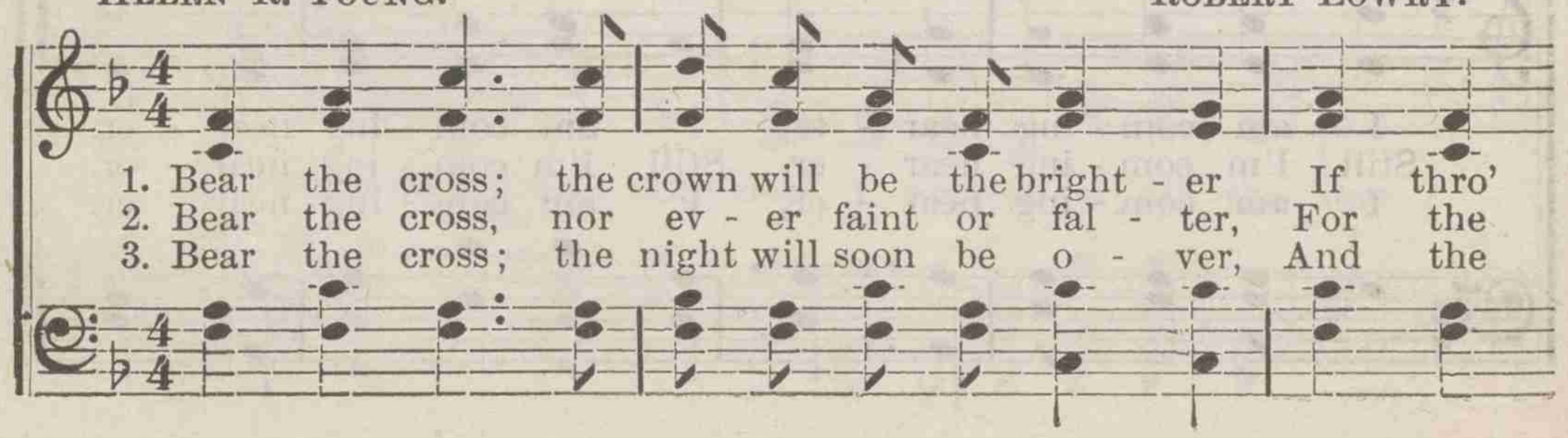


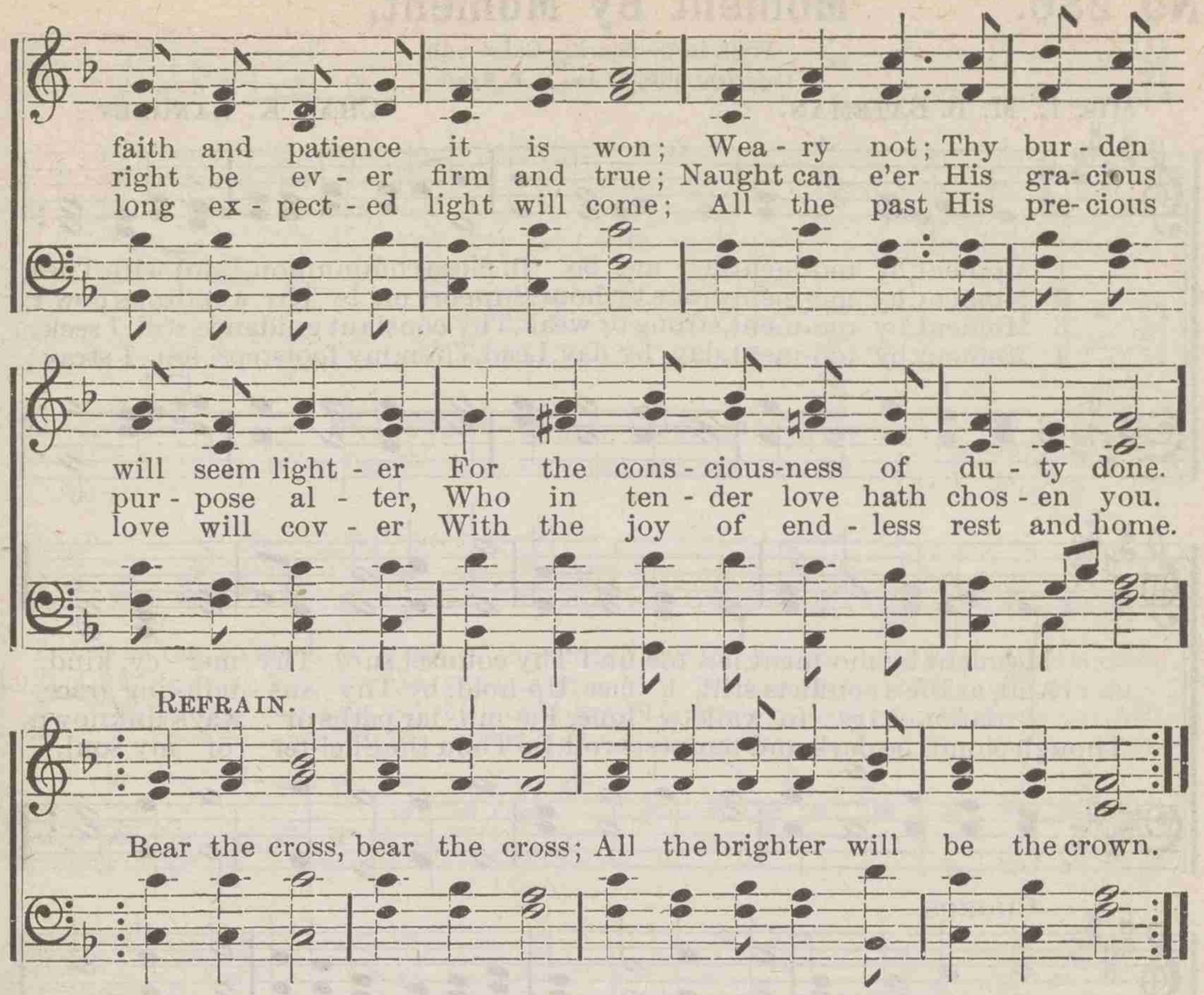
No. 284. Bear the Cross.

"On Him they laid a cross."—Luke 23 : 26.

Copyright, 1888, by Robert Lowry.

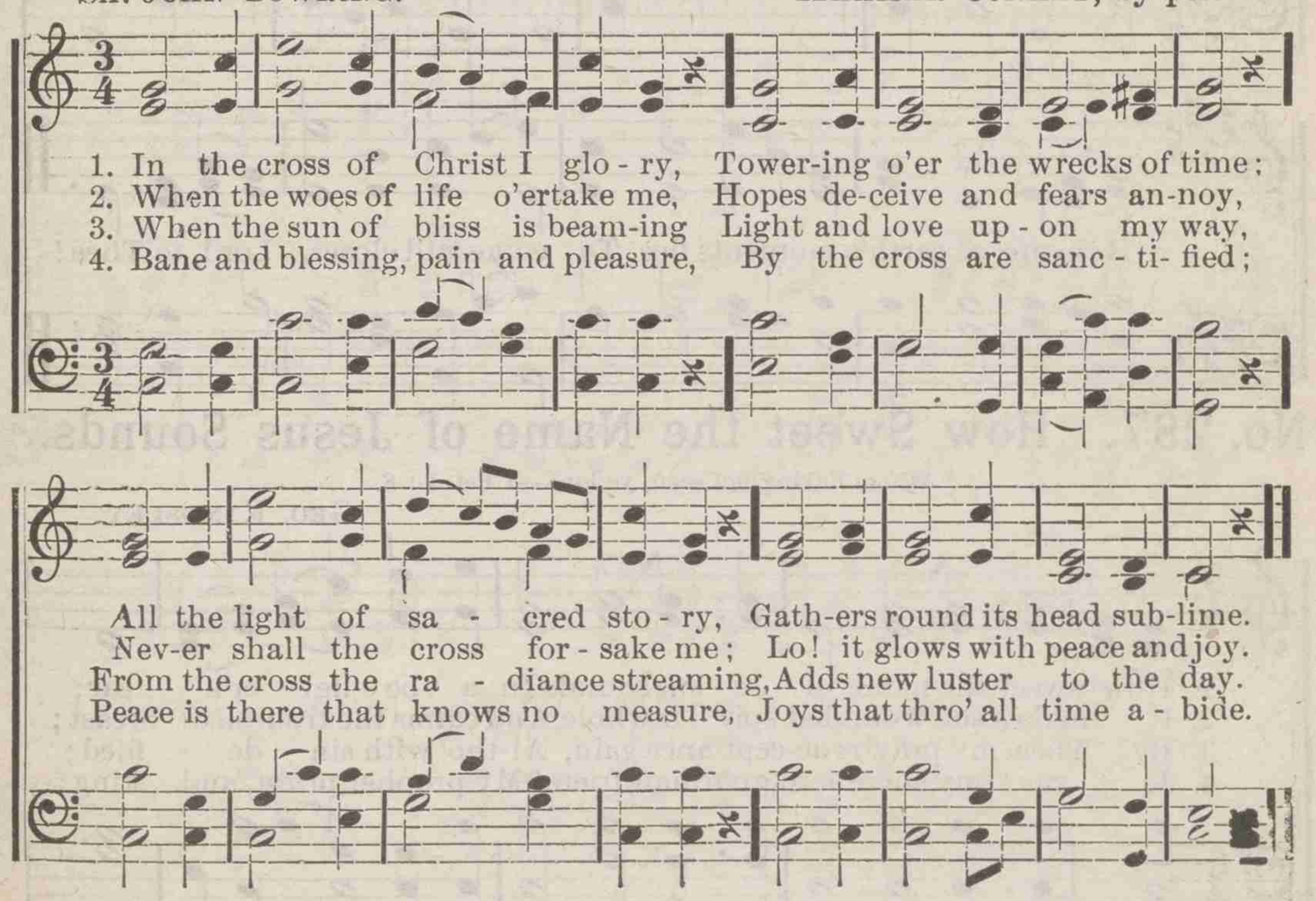
HELEN R. YOUNG. ROBERT LOWRY.



Bear the Cross.

No. 285. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross."—Gal. 6 : 14.

Sir. JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY, by per.



No. 286. Moment By Moment.

"Walk in the Spirit.—Gal. 5 : 16.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Mrs. L. M. B. BATEMAN. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Moment, by mo-ment, let me be In close communion, Lord with Thee;
2. Moment, by mo-ment, hour, by hour, Support me by Thy wondrous pow'r;
3. Moment, by mo-ment, strong or weak, Thy constant guidance, still, I seek;
4. Moment, by mo-ment, day by day, Lead, Thou, my footsteps, lest I stray;

Mo-ment by mo-ment, let me find Thy counsel, sure, Thy mer - cy, kind.
And, as life's conflicts, still, I face, Up-hold, by Thy sus - tain- ing grace.
I dare not try to walk a - lone, Fa- mil- iar paths or ways unknown.
Though clouds be dark and tempests roll, Be Thou the Shel-ter of my soul.

CHORUS.

Day by day and hour by hour, Each moment, let me feel Thy pow'r;

Help me, as earth's moments flee, To come still closer, Lord, to Thee!

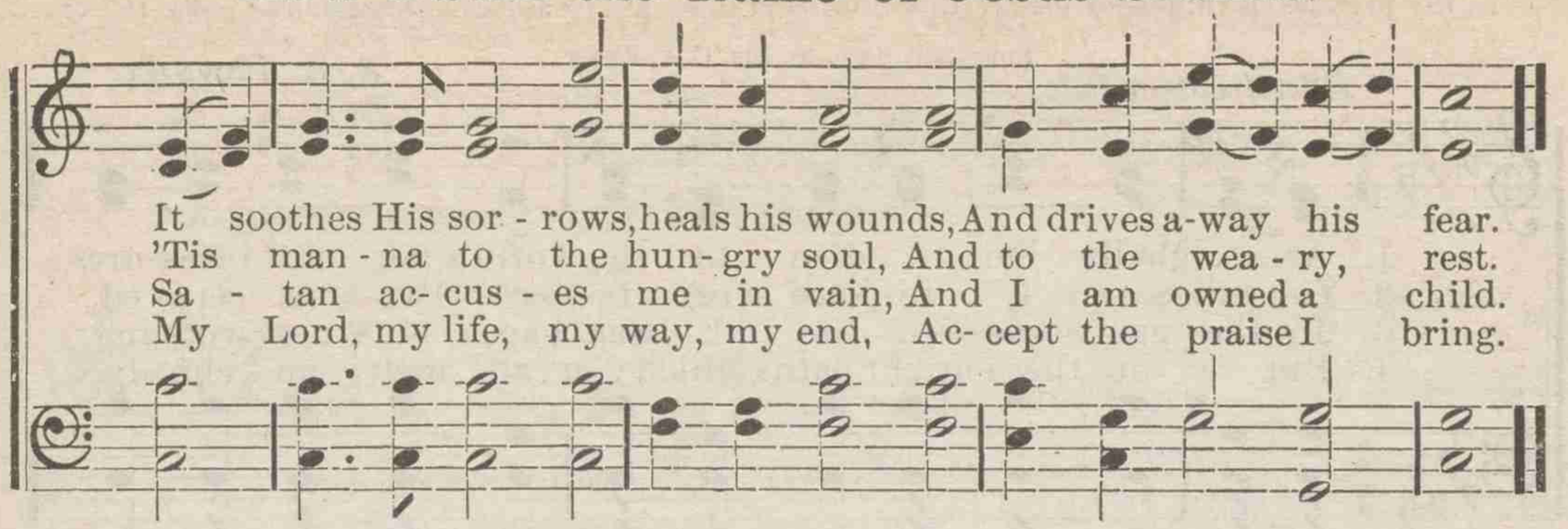
No. 287. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

"Whom having not seen, ye love.—1 Pet. 1 : 8.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear;
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the trou-bled breast;
3. By Thee my pray'rs ac-cept-ance gain, Al-tho' with sin de - filed;
4. Je - sus, my shep-herd, guardian, friend, My prophet, priest, and king;

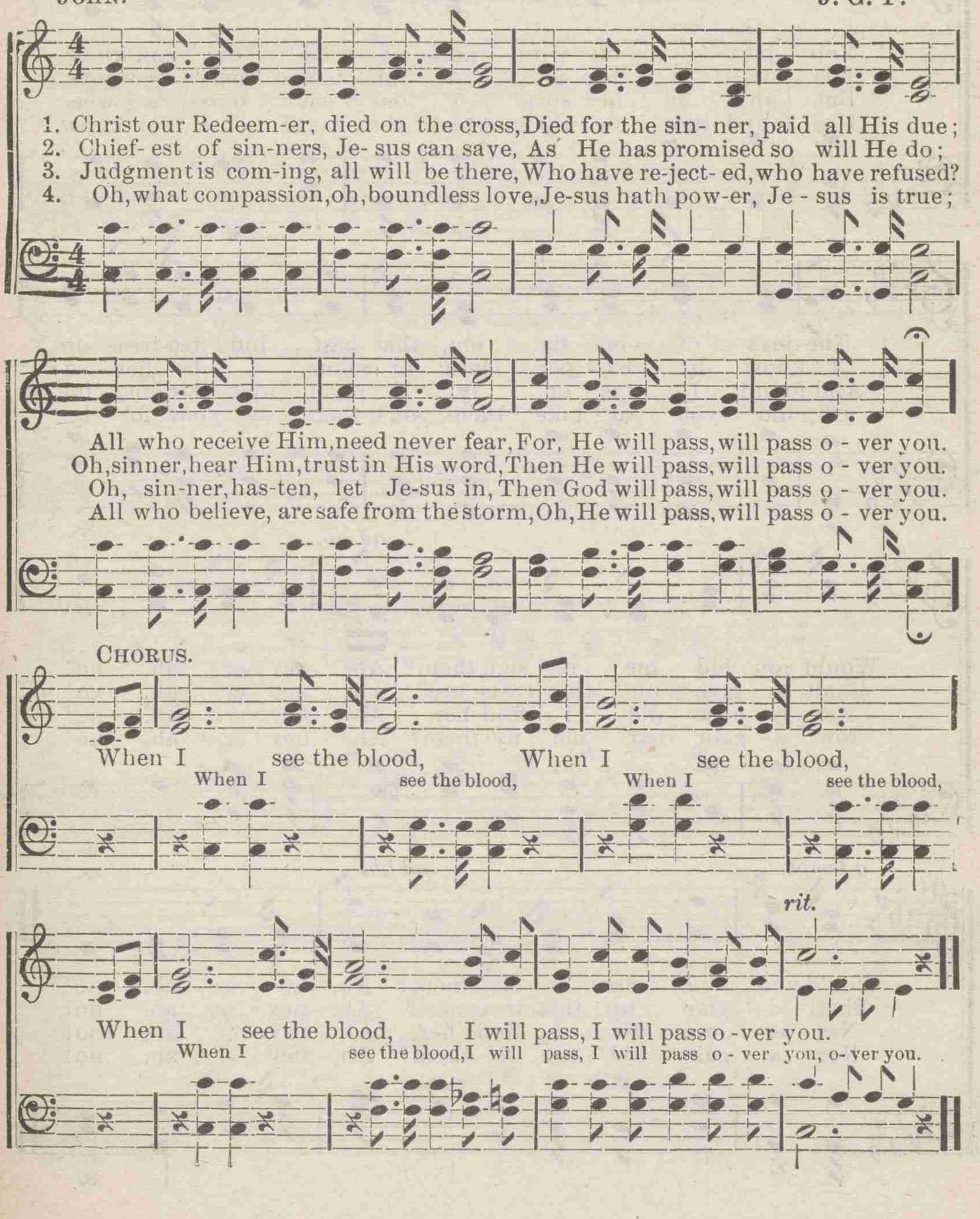
How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.



No. 288. When I See the Blood.

When I see the blood I will pass over you."—Ex. 12 : 13.

JOHN. J. G. F.



No. 289. Pleasures in Christ.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forever more."—Ps. 16 : 11.

Copyright, 1886, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

J. H. TENNEY.

Effective as a Solo.

1. As I gladly bid a - dieu to the world's fan - cied pleas-ures,
2. You will sure - ly re- joice when I say I've re - ceiv - ed,
3. In the gay scenes of life I was hap - pi - ness woo- ing,
4. But in these bright paths which you call mel - an - cho - ly,

You pit - y my weak - ness; A - las! did you know
The on - ly true pleas - ure at - tained here be - low,
But ah! in her stead I en - coun - tered a woe,
I've found those de - lights which the world does not know,

The joys of re - lig - ion, that best hid - den treas- ure,
I know by ex - per - ience in whom I be - liev - ed;
And found I was on - ly a phan - tom pur- sue - ing
Oh, did you par - take them, you'd then see your fol - ly;

ad lib.

Would you bid me re - sign them? Ah, nev - er, ah, no!
Shall I give up this treas- ure? Ah, nev - er, ah, no!
Nev - er once did I find her. Ah, nev - er, ah, no!
Nor a - gain bid me fly them! Ah, nev - er, ah, no!

a tempo. *ad lib.*

Would you bid me re - sign them? Ah, nev - er, ah, no!
Shall I give up this treas- ure? Ah, nev - er, ah, no!
Nev - er once did I find her, Ah, nev - er, ah, no!
Nor a - gain bid me fly them? Ah, nev - er, ah, no!

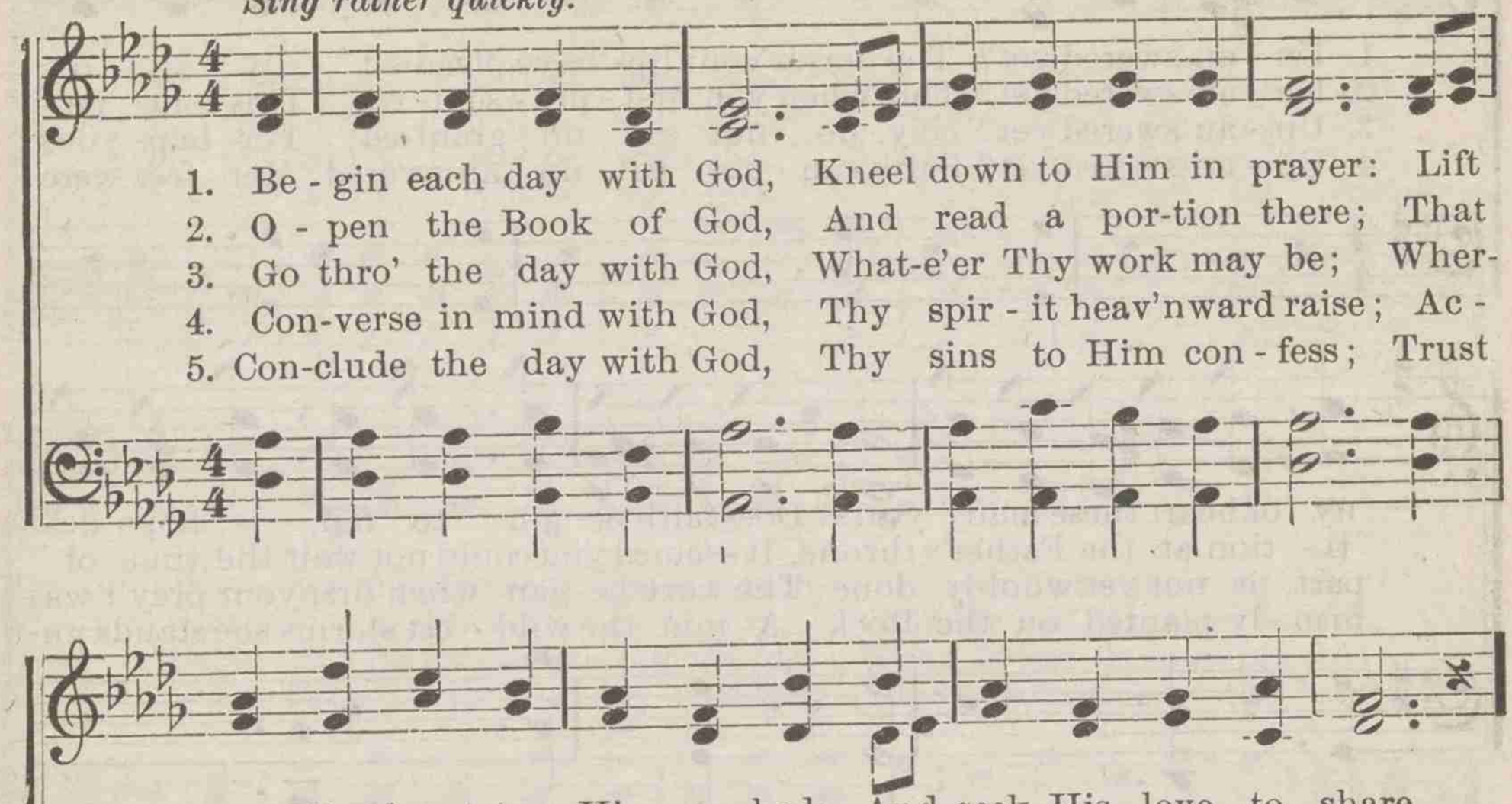
No. 290. Precious Saviour, Near Thy Side.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley and the shadow."—Psa. 23 : 4.

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Words of Chorus by J. F. C. KYGER. J. H. TENNEY.

Sing rather quickly.



No. 291. Sometime, Somewhere.

"Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."—Psa. 37 : 4.

Copyright, 1894, by Charlie D. Tillman.

Anon. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Un - an-swered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead-ed In ag - o - ny of heart these many years? Does faith be- gin to fail, is hope de -
2. Un - an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent- ed This one pe - ti - tion at the Father's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
3. Un - an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant-ed; Per- haps your part is not yet whol-ly done; The work be- gan when first your pray'r was
4. Un - an-swered yet? Faith can - not be un - an-swered; Her feet were firm - ly planted on the Rock; A- mid the wild - est storms she stands un -

part - ing, And think you all in vain those fall-ing tears? Say not the
ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
ut - tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun. If you will
daunt- ed, Nor quails be- fore the loud-est thun-der shock. She knows Om-

Father hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your desire sometime, some-
passed since then, do not despair; The Lord will answer you sometime, some-
keep the in-cense burning there, His glo - ry you shall see, sometime, some-
nip-otence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be done, sometime, some-

rit. . . . . . *ad lib.*

where, You shall have your de - sire, some-time, some- where.
where, The Lord will an - swer you some-time, some- where.
where, His glo - ry you shall see, some-time, some- where.
where, and cries, "It shall be done," some-time, some- where.

No. 292. Certainly I Will Be With Thee.

"For He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. 13 : 5.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. "Cer-tainly, I will be with thee," Each step of the homeward way;
2. "Cer-tainly, I will be with thee," It helps me to do His will;
3. "Cer-tainly, I will be with thee," It brightens the dark-est sky;
4. "Cer-tainly, I will be with thee," My Sav-iour, my tru - est friend,—

Won - der- ful pledge of sal- va- tion,— It comforts me, ev-'ry day!
Eas - i - er, life's ev - 'ry du- ty, For He will His word ful-fill.
Beau - ti - ful sun-beams appear-ing, When Je-sus is standing by.
Ten - der - ly lift- ing my bur-dens, And keeping me, to the end!

REFRAIN.

"Cer - tain - ly, I will be with thee;".....
Cer - tain - ly, I will be with thee;"

"Cer - tain - ly," God hath said;..... Trust - ful - ly,
"Cer - tain - ly, God hath said;

then, will I fol - low..... Wher- ev- er I may be led.
Trust - ful - ly, then will I fol - low,

No. 293. The Penitent's Plea.

"Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."—Jno. 6 : 68.

H. H. B. Commandant Booth, by per.

DUET.

1. { Sav- iour, hear me, while be - fore Thy feet I the rec- ord of my
   { Canst Thou still in mer - cy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled
2. { Back with all the guilt my spir - it bears, Past the haunting mem- o-
   { Sav- iour, to Thy cross I press my way, And a bro- ken heart be-
3. { Yet why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seek-ing soul should
   { By the love and pit - y Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for

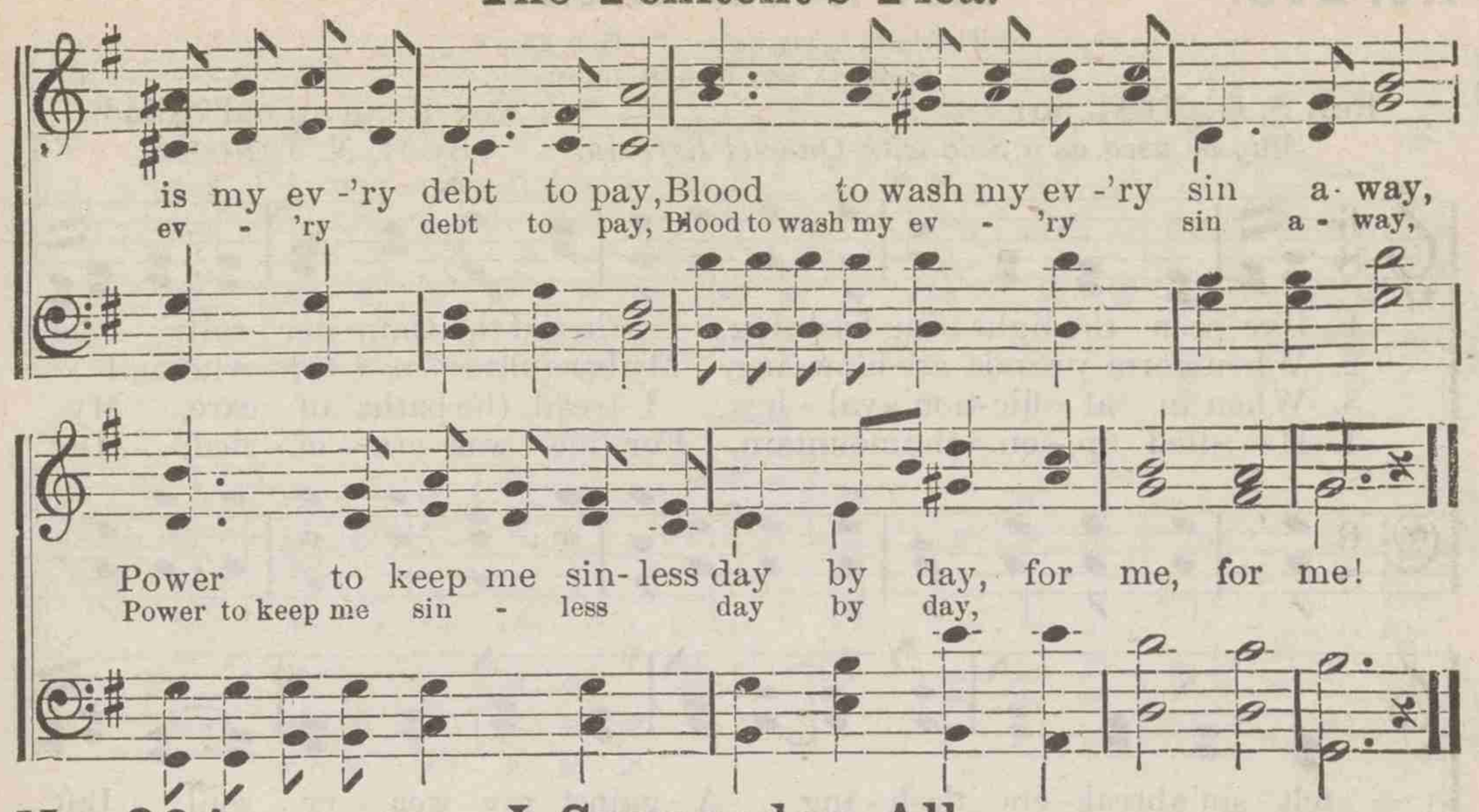
sins re - peat, Stain'd with guilt, my - self ab - hor - - ring,
spir - it free? (*Omit.*)
ries of years, Self and shame and fear de - spis - ing,
fore it lay; (*Omit.*)
be de - nied? To that heart its sins con - fess - ing,
me a - tone, (*Omit.*)

Fill'd with grief, my soul out-pour - ing, Raise my sinking heart, and
Foes and taunting fiends sur-pris - ing, Ere I leave, oh, let me
Canst Thou fail to give a bless - ing? Bold - ly will I kneel be-

CHORUS.

bid me be Thy child once more! (once more!) Grace there
hear Thee say, It shall be thine! (be thine!)
fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.
plead-ing soul. Grace there is my

The Penitent's Plea.



No. 294. I Surrender All.

"But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.—Josh. 24 : 15.

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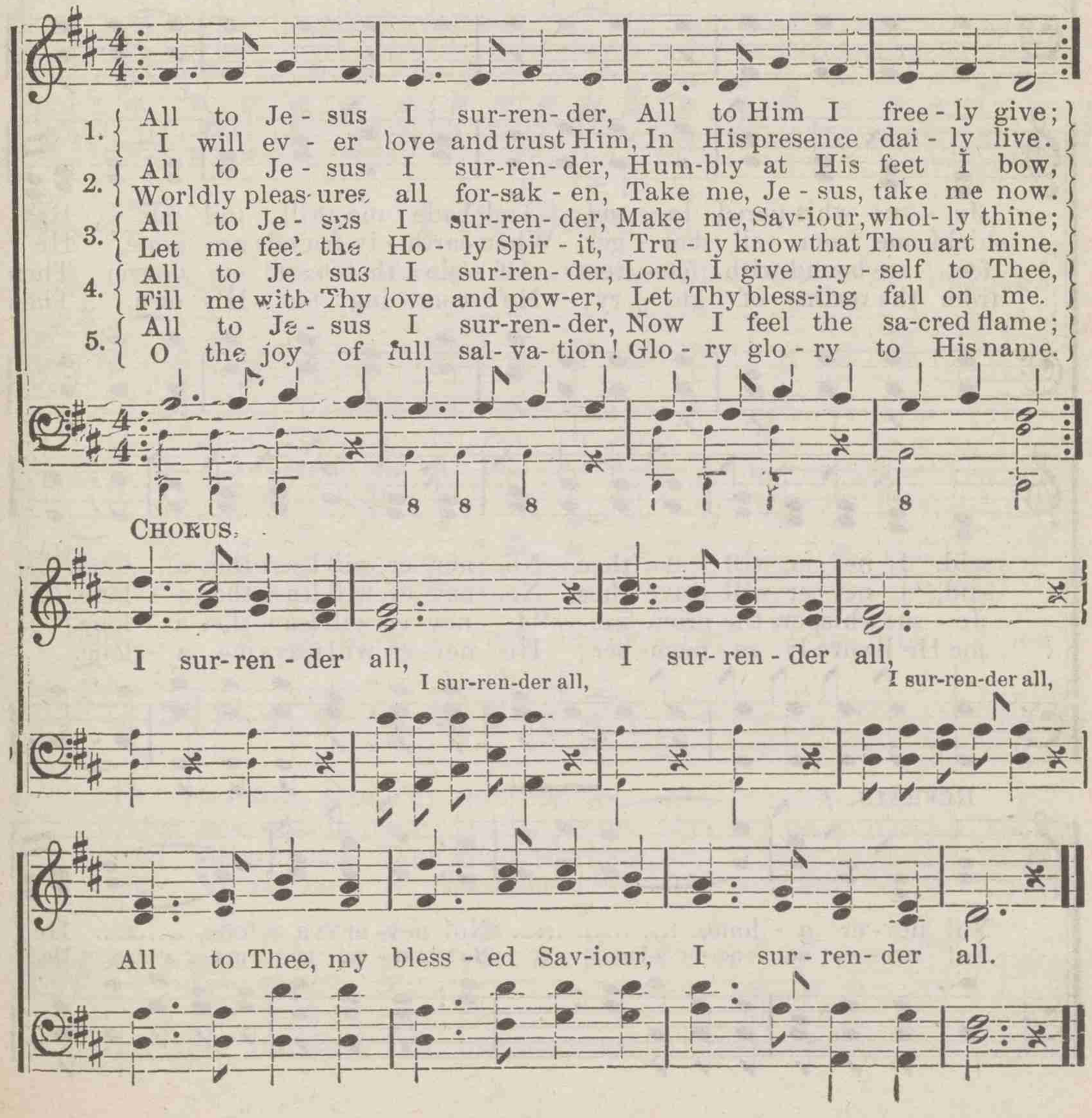
J. W. VAN DE VENTER. DUET. W. S. WEEDEN.

No. 295. No! Never Alone!

"The Lord is my helper."—Heb. 13 : 6.

Copyright, 1895, by H. N. Lincoln.

Rev. S. G. NEAL, arr. Arr. from an old ballad.

May be used as a Solo with Quartet Refrain. By H. N. LINCOLN.

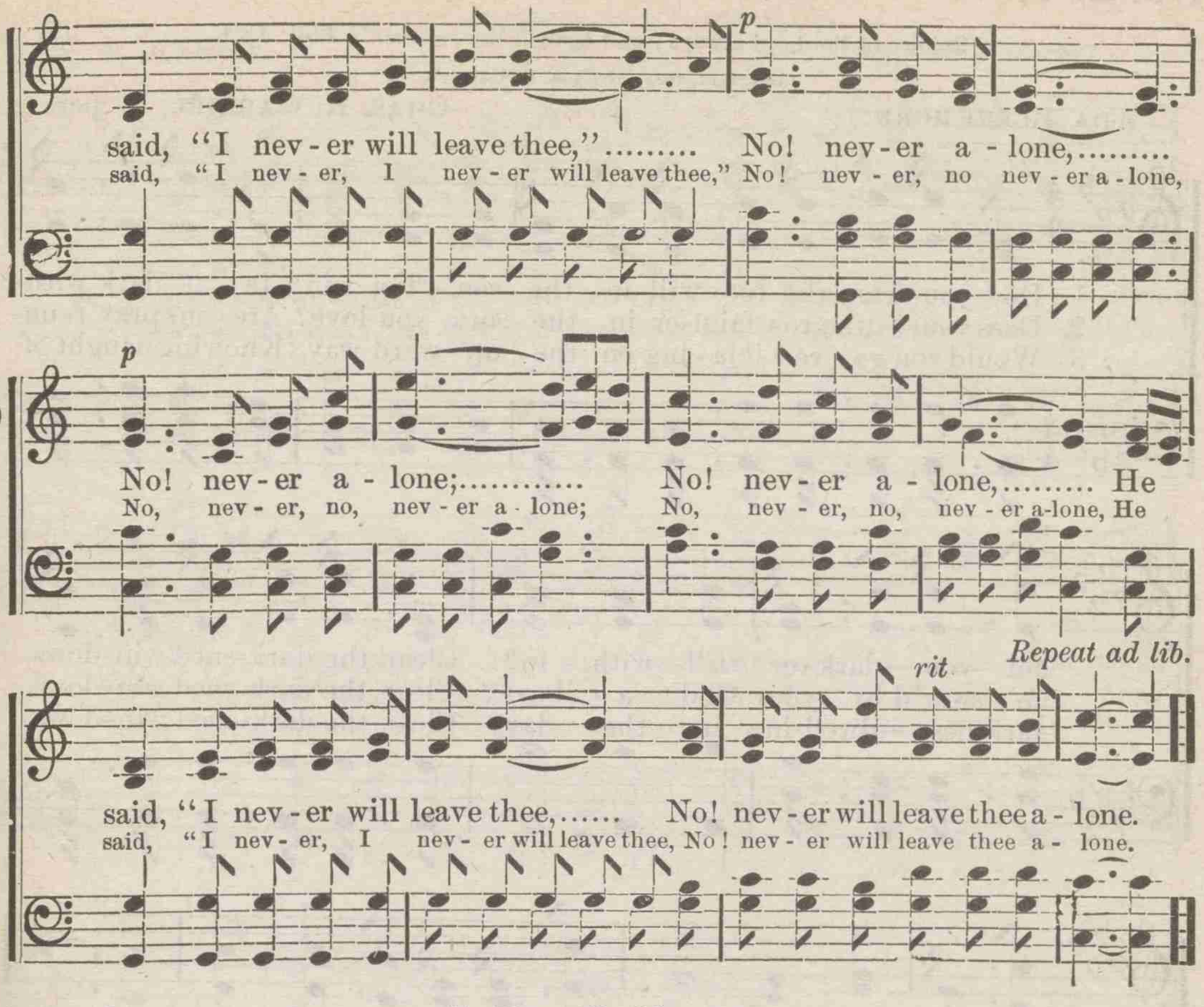
1. I've seen the light-ning flash-ing, I've heard the thun- der roll; I've felt sin's break- ers dash - ing A - gainst my wea - ry soul. But
2. When storm-y winds are blow- ing, My barque to o - ver - whelm, I feel se - cure in know- ing My Sav - iour's at the helm. He'll
3. When in af - flic-tion's val - ley, I tread the paths of care, My Sav- iour helps me car - ry The cross so hard to bear. My
4. He died up - on the mountain, For me was cru - ci - fied, He o - pened there the fount- ain From out His bleed - ing side. Soon

Je - sus whis-pered to me, And bade me still toil on, He
shield me from all dan - ger, When earth - ly friends are gone, He
feet are bound with fet - ters Of sin that cast me down; Then
from the realms of glo - ry He's com - ing for His own, Then

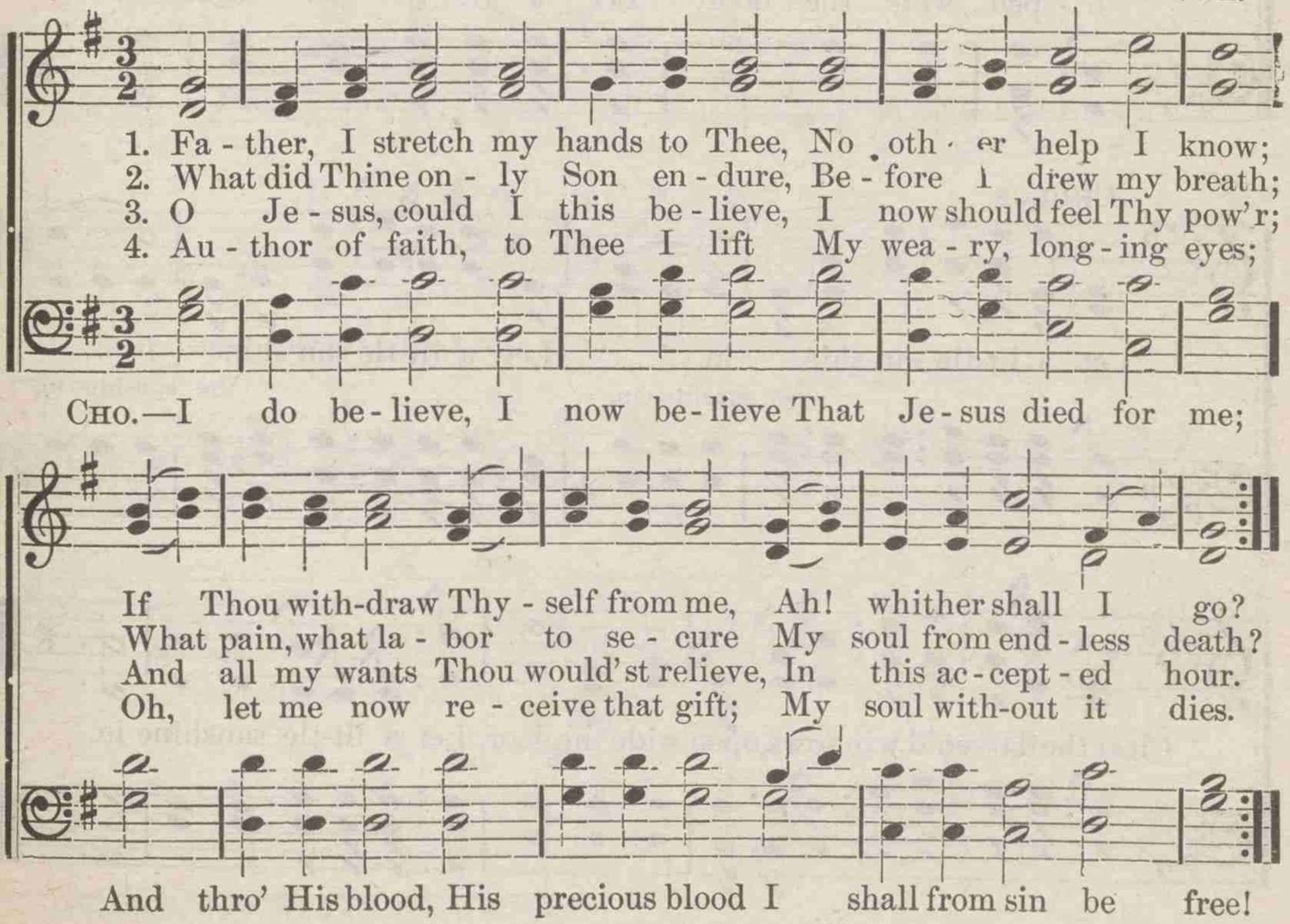
said, "I nev- er will leave thee, No, nev- er will leave thee a - lone."
said, "I nev- er will leave thee, No, nev- er will leave thee a - lone."
Je - sus whispers the prom- ise, "I nev- er will leave thee a - lone."
me He'll sure-ly re - mem- ber; He nev- er will leave me a - lone.

REFRAIN. *f*

No! nev- er a - lone,..... No! nev- er a - lone,..... He
No! nev - er, no nev-er a-lone: No! nev - er, no nev-er a-lone, He

No! Never Alone.

No. 296. I Do Believe.

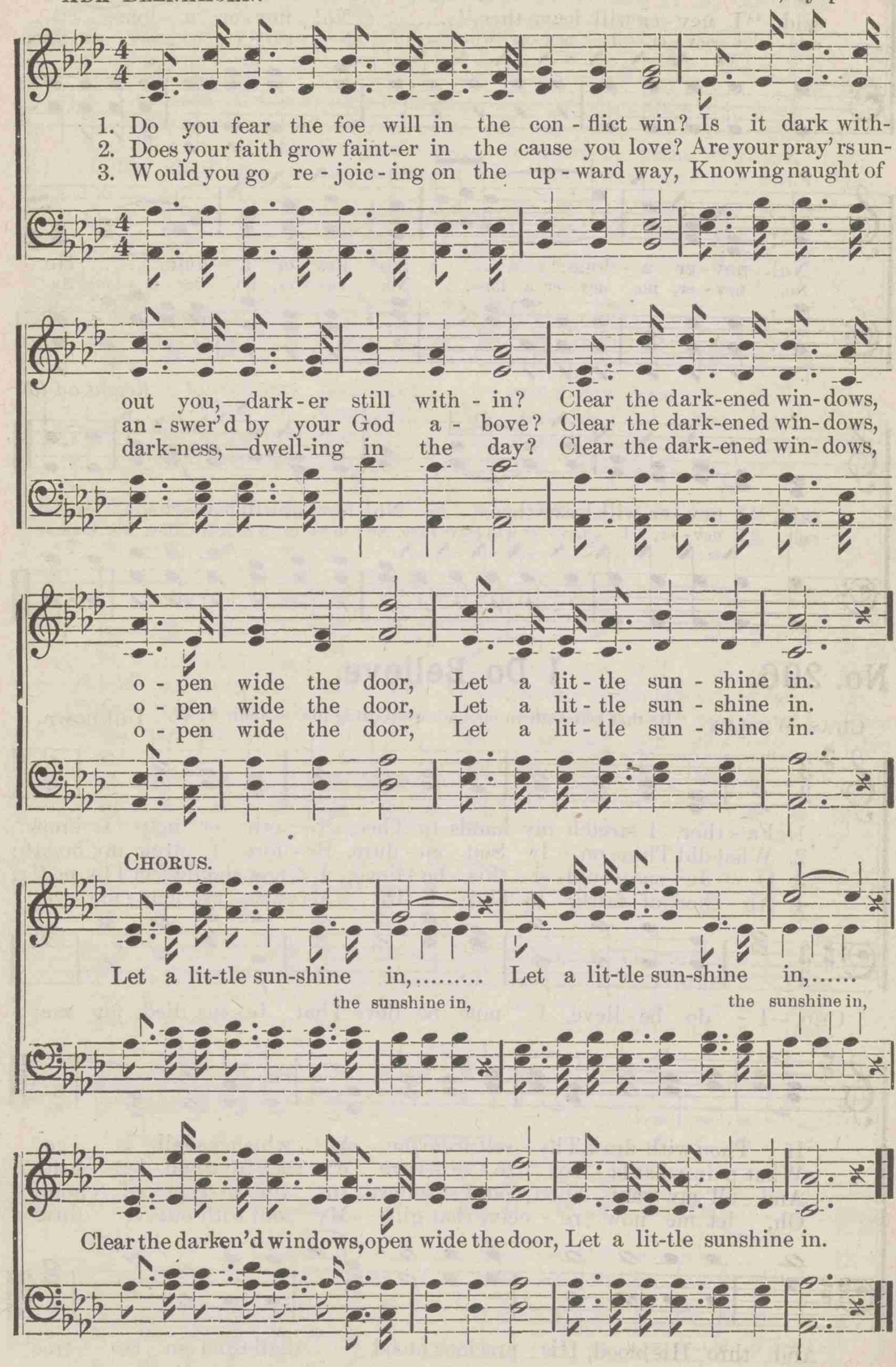
CHAS. WESLEY. "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—John 6 : 47. Unknown.



No. 297. Let the Sunshine In.

"Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say rejoice."—Phil. 4: 4.

Copyright, 1895, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

No. 298. Sunshine in the Soul.

"In me ye might have peace."—John 16: 33.

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

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

Than glows in a-ny earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus, list-en-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For blessings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

REFRAIN.

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

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

Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sunshine in the soul.

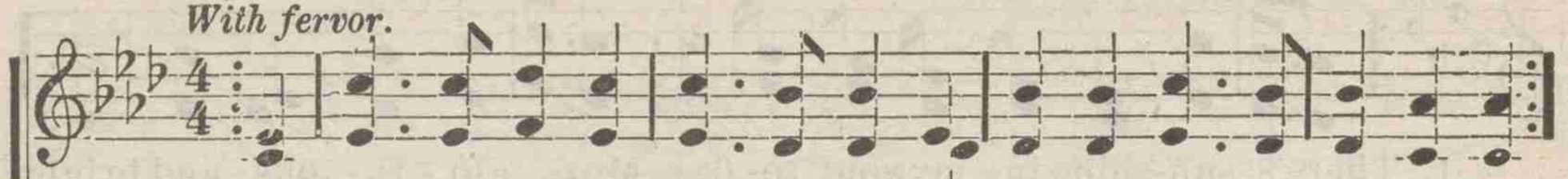
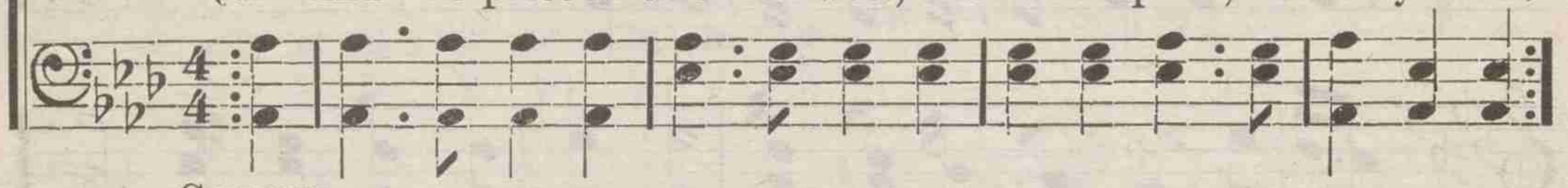
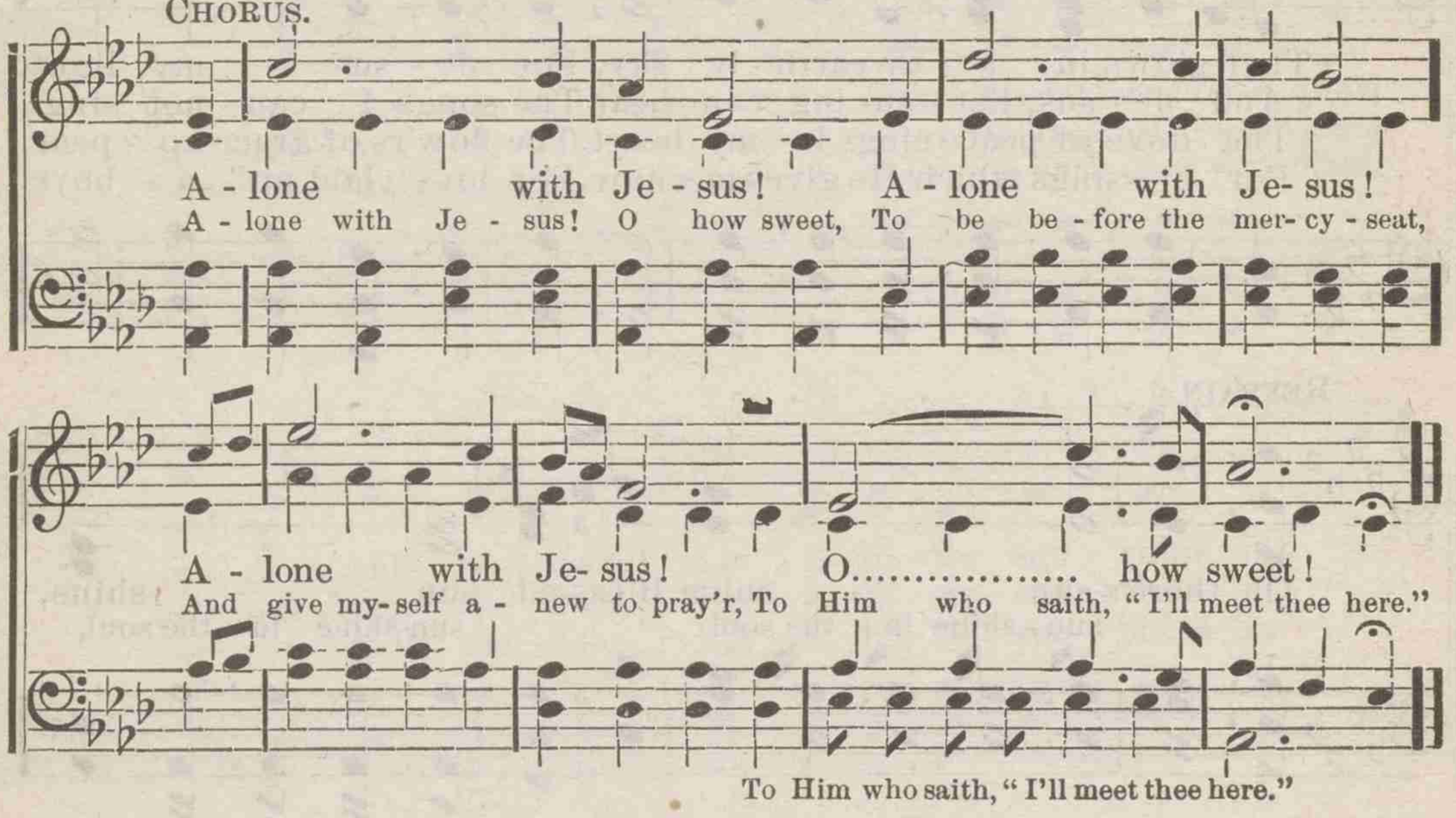
Copyright, 1887, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

No. 299. Alone With Jesus.

"In Thy presence is fullness of joy."—Ps. 16: 11.

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Anon. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With fervor.

1. A - lone with Je- sus! O how sweet To be be- fore the mercy-seat,
   And give myself anew to pray'r To Him who saith, "I'll meet thee here."
2. A - lone with Je- sus! O how blest, The soul that doth in Je-sus rest;
   And know that He is al - ways near, And ever waits His saints to hear.
3. A - lone with Jesus! ev'ry day, To wait, give thanks, and praise and pray;
   I find no place on earth so sweet, As that dear place, the mercy-seat.

CHORUS.

No. 300. Nearer to Thee.

"Thou art my hiding-place."—Psa. 32: 7.

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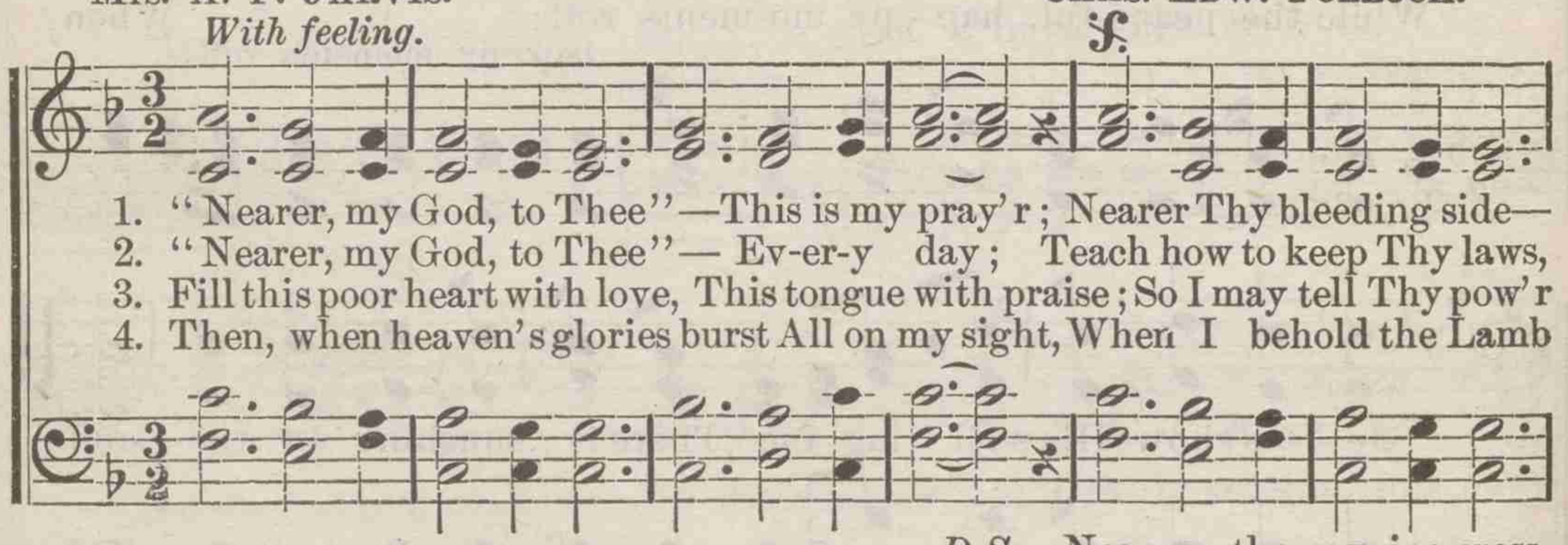
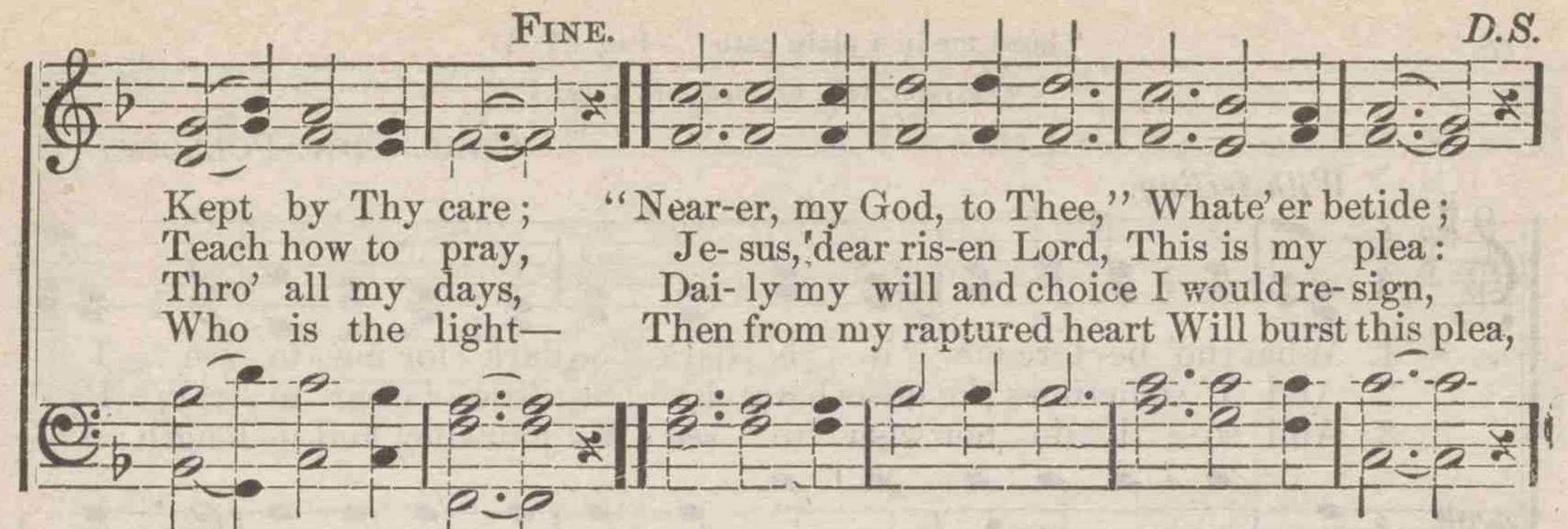
MRS. A. P. JARVIS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With feeling.

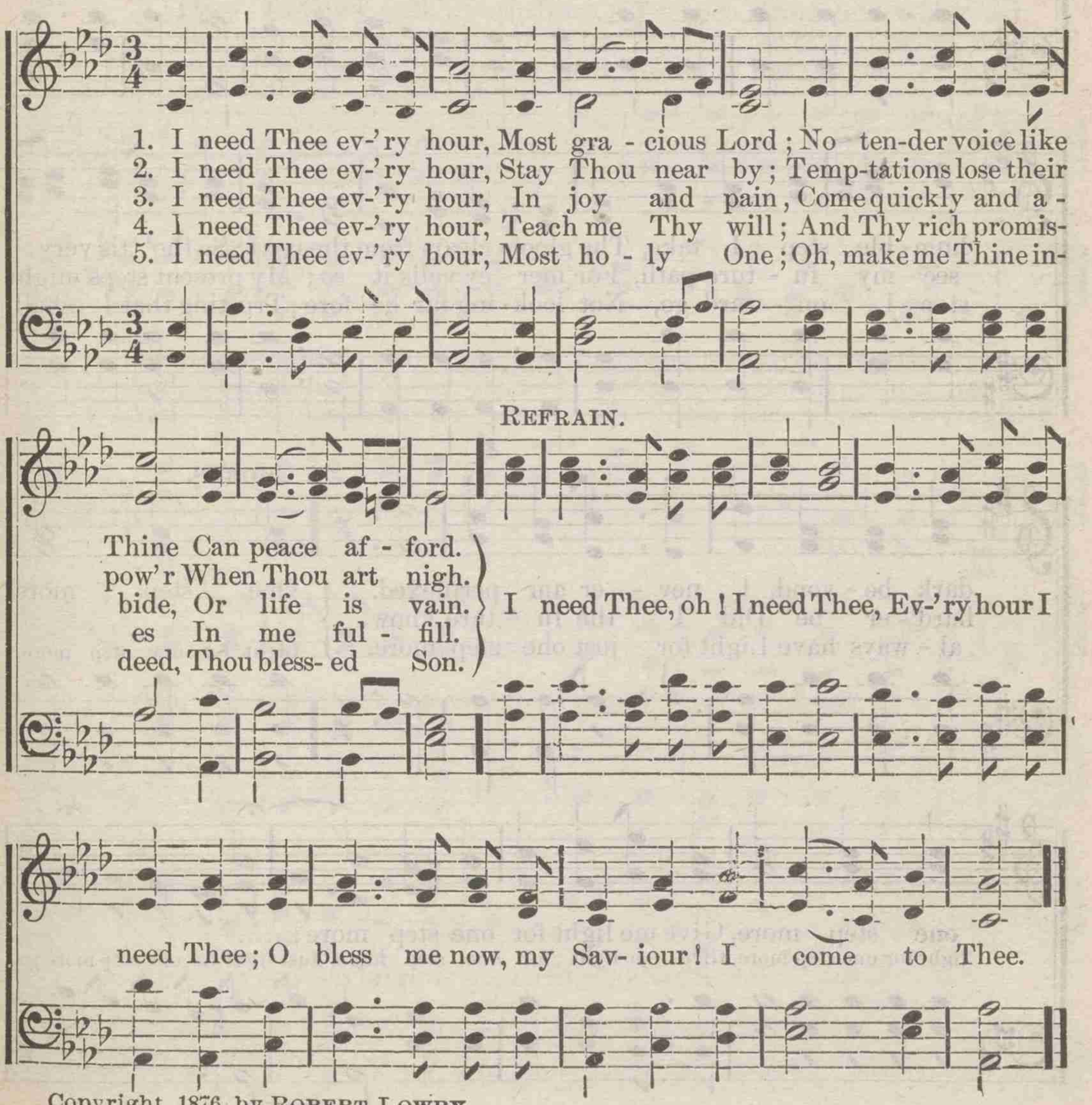


1. "Nearer, my God, to Thee"—This is my pray'r; Nearer Thy bleeding side—
2. "Nearer, my God, to Thee"— Ev-er-y day; Teach how to keep Thy laws,
3. Fill this poor heart with love, This tongue with praise; So I may tell Thy pow'r
4. Then, when heaven's glories burst All on my sight, When I behold the Lamb

D.S.—Near- er the sav- ing cross
D.S.—Draw me, by love di-vine,
D.S.—Till all my life is lost,
D.S.—"Nearer, my God to Thee,

Nearer to Thee.

No. 301. I Need Thee Every Hour.

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

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

Copyright, 1876, by ROBERT LOWRY.

No. 302. Light for One Step More.

"Lead me in a plain path."—Psa. 27 : 11.

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With feeling.

1. What tho' be- fore me it is dark, Too dark for me to see, I ask but light for one step more,' Tis quite enough for me; Each lit - tle
2. And if sometimes the mists hang close, So close I fear to stray, Pa - tient I wait a lit - tle while, And soon it clears a- way; I would not
3. And so I do not wish to see My jour- ney and its length: As - sured that thro' my Father's love, Each step will bring its strenght, Thus step by

hum- ble step I take, The gloom clears from the next; So tho' 'tis very
see my fu - ture path, For mer - cy veils it so; My present steps might
step I on - ward go, Not look- ing far be- fore; Trusting that I shall

dark be - yond, I nev - er am perplexed.
hard - er be Did I the fu - ture know.
al - ways have Light for just one step more.

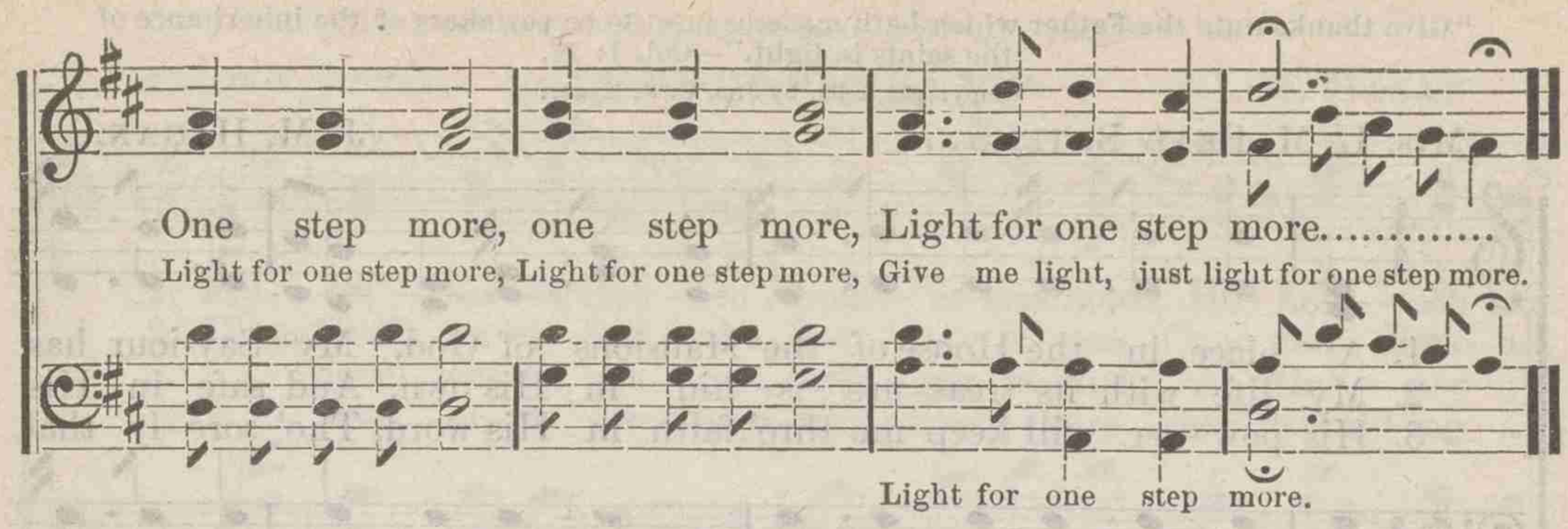
CHORUS.

One step more

Light for one step more,

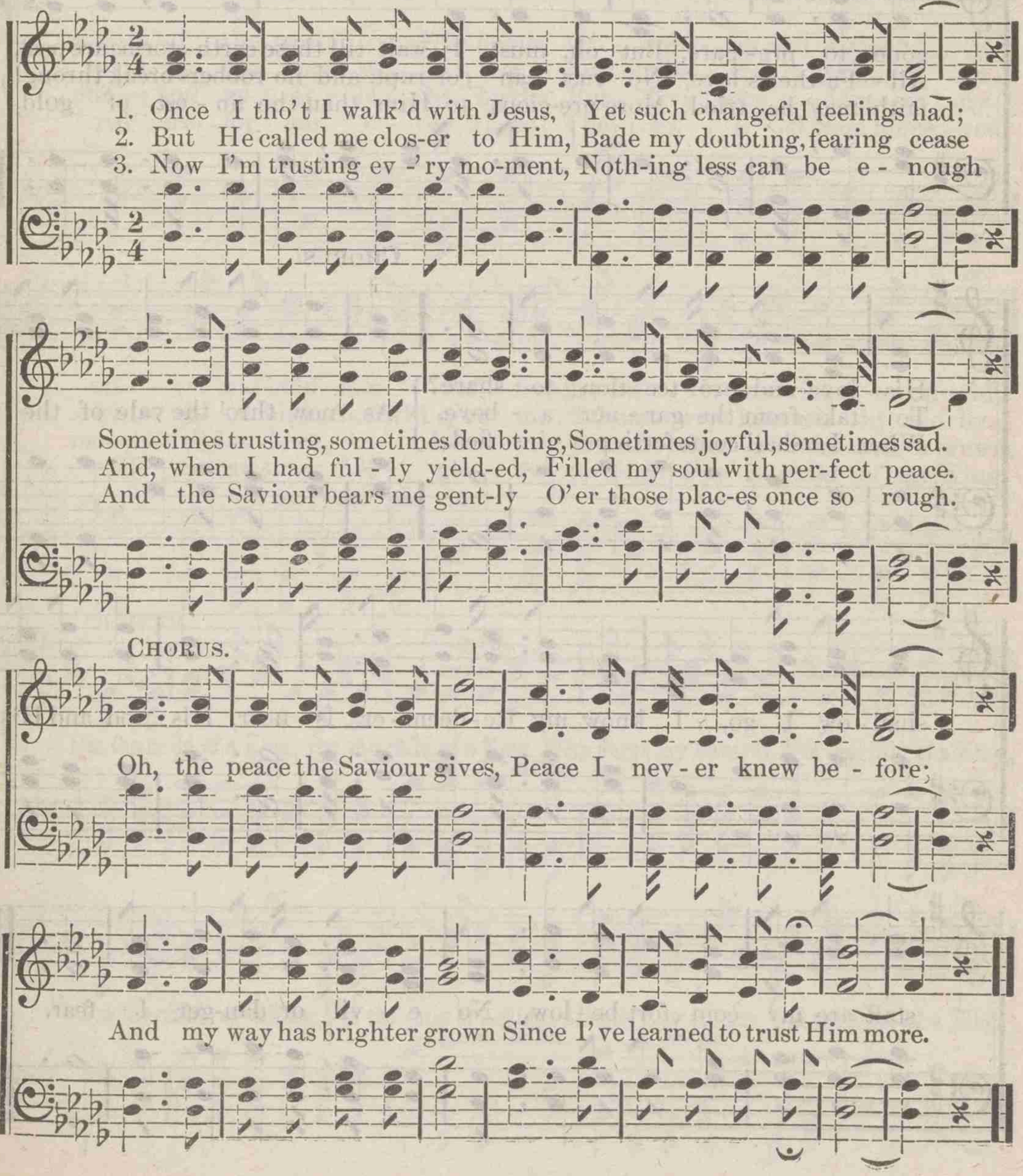
one step more, Give me light for one step more;.....

light for one step more, Give me light for one step more, Just light for one step more;

Light for One Step More.

No. 303. Since I've Learned to Trust Him More.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."—Psa. 23 : 2.

Copyright, 1884, by W. E. Penn.

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.

No. 304. My Inheritance.

"Give thanks unto the Father which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."—Col. 1: 12.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. J. M. Hagan.

1. A place in the House of the Mansions of God, My Sav-iour has
2. My life with its treas-ure is hid in His own, And safe in His
3. His pow-er will keep me thro' faith in His word, Tho' sore-ly that

gone to pre-pare, But oh, must I wait till these earth-storms are past,
All-Fa-ther's love, No rust can cor-rupt, and no robbers break through,
faith may be tried, More pre-cious to Him than the fin-est of gold,

Chorus.

His love and pro-tec-tion to share?
To take from the gar-ner a-bove.
When I shall come forth pur-i-fied.

As now thro' the vale of the

shad-ow I go, I know my Re-deem-er is near, His rod and His

staff are my com-fort be-low, No e-vil or dan-ger I fear.

No. 305. Child of a King.

"Each one resembled the children of a King."—Judges 8 : 18.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger. J. M. HAGAN.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the wealth of the world in His hands, Of rub - ies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un-told.
2. 'Twas God's on - ly Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wan - dered on earth as the poor - est of men; But now He is reigning for ev - er on high, And will give me a home with him-self by and by.
3. I once was an out - cast, stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice and an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt- ed, my name's writ-ten down, An heir to a man - sion, a robe and a crown.
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care, They're build-ing a pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex - il - ed from home, yet still I may sing: All glo - ry to God; I'm a child of the King.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King, I'm the child of a King, With Jesus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King,
I'm the child of a King, I'm the child of a King, All glory to Je- sus, I'm the child of a King.

No. 306. Faith Alone Can Save You.

"To him give all the prophets witness, that, through his name whosoever believeth in him shall have remission of sins."—Acts 10: 43.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

IDA S. TAYLOR. SOLO, SOP. OR TENOR. CHORUS OR QUARTET. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Leave the world of sin and dross, Faith a-lone can save you! There is healing at the cross, Faith a-lone can save you! On the arm of Christ, re - ly, He will help you if you try, He will ev-'ry need supply; Faith a-lone can save you!
2. Lay a-side your weight of sin, Faith a-lone can save you! Now the heav'nly race be-gin, Faith a-lone can save you! Life and time are fly - ing fast, Soon your chances may be past, Death must come to all at last; Faith a-lone can save you!
3. Come, while Jesus speaks to you, Faith a-lone can save you! Trust His mercy strong and true, Faith a-lone can save you! Je-sus knows your ev'ry need, Hear His voice in pit - y, plead, Come, His invitation heed; Faith a-lone can save you?

CHORUS.

Faith a-lone, faith a - lone, Melts at last the heart of stone; Come and
Faith a-lone, Faith a-lone, the heart of stone;
now sal - va - tion find, . . . Sav-ing grace for all man-kind!
come and find,

No. 307. Sowing the Tares.

"Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal. 6: 7.

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Words by a "Convict." CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Sow-ing the tares, when it might have been wheat, Sow-ing of mal - ice,
2. Sow-ing the tares, how dark the black sin, Ming-ling a curse with
3. Sow-ing the tares that bring sor-row down, Robs of its jew - els
4. Sow-ing the tares un- der cov-er of night, Which might have been wheat, all

spite and de - ceit, We might have sown roses a - mid life's sad cares, While
life's sweetest hymn; And heed-ing no anguish, no pit - eous pray'rs, While
life's fair- est crown; And turn-ing to sil- ver the once gold-en hairs, Grown
gold- en and bright; O heart; turn to God with re - pentance and pray'r, And

CHORUS.

we were so cru- el - ly sowing the tares. Sow - ing, sow - ing,
we were so cru- el - ly sowing the tares.
whit-er and whiter, as we sowed the tares.
plead His forgiveness for sowing the tares. Sow-ing the tares, sow-ing the tares,

We hum- bly re - pent for sow- ing the tares, sow - - - ing,
sow - ing the tares,

sow - - - ing, We plead God's for - give-ness for sow-ing the tares.
sow - ing the tares,

No. 308. When Jesus was Sent.

"For God sent not His Son in the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved."—John 3: 17.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

J. C. MIDYETT. Music and Chorus by R. S. COWARD.

Not too fast. (Good as a SOLO.)

1. The whole world was in darkness when Jesus was sent, An a-tone-ment for sin- ners to make, And a par - don to give that the guilt-y might live,
2. He proclaimed the glad tidings whereever He went, And He bade those who followed Him prove, To the nations of earth His great power and worth,—
3. So, all christians are bound by the laws of their king, To go forth with the message He gave, 'Till each mor- tal that pines in his sor-row and sin,
4. 'Twas for this He redeemed us, for this He be-stows, All the blessings and grace we ob - tain, And this work shall go on 'till the vict'ry is won,—

CHORUS.

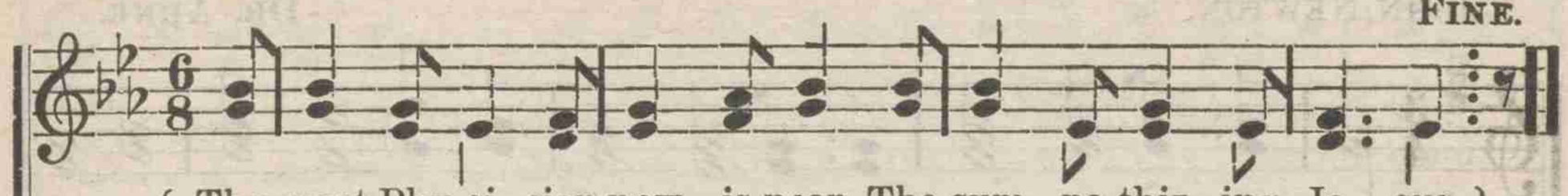
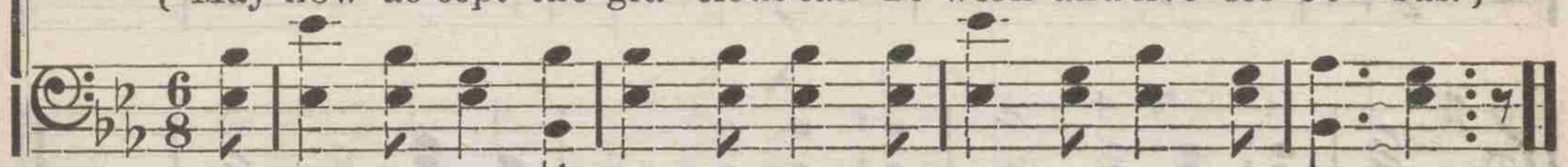
And a place in His kingdom might take.
Of His death, res-ur-rec-tion, and love.
Shall have heard of the mighty to save.
'Till the day of His com-ing a- gain.

} Haste my brother, go pub-lish, in notes loud and long, That the "meek and lowly Je- sus was sent,"—That He came just to *seek* and to *save* fallen man, And is calling, to sin-ners "re-pent."

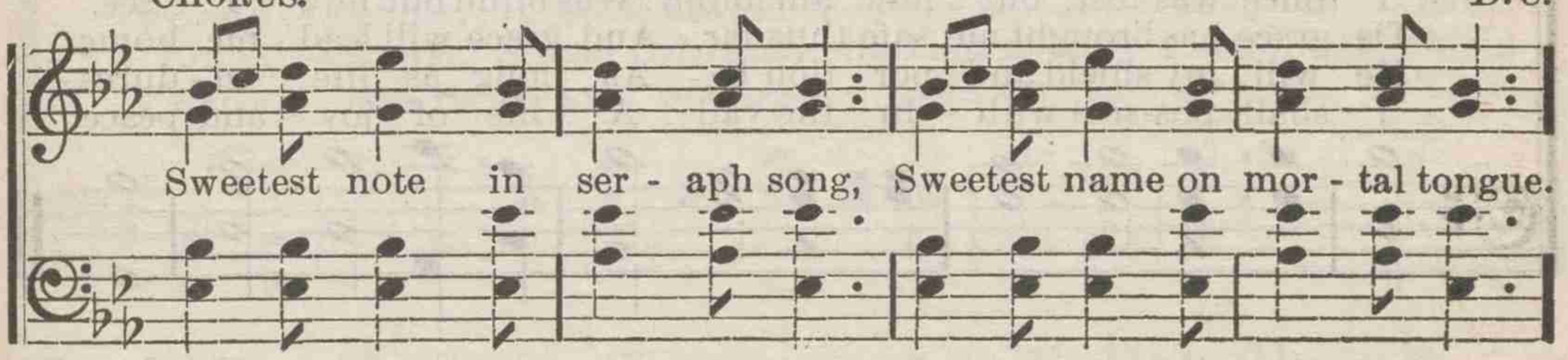
No. 309. The Great Physician.

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

WILLIAM HUNTER. Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

1. The great Phy-si- cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus,
   He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, O hear the voice of Je - sus,
   Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
3. His name dispels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus:
   O how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Je - sus.
4. The chil-dren too, both great and small, Who love the name of Je - sus,
   May now ac-cept the gra - cious call To work and live for Je - sus.

D.C.—Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

CHORUS. *D.C.*

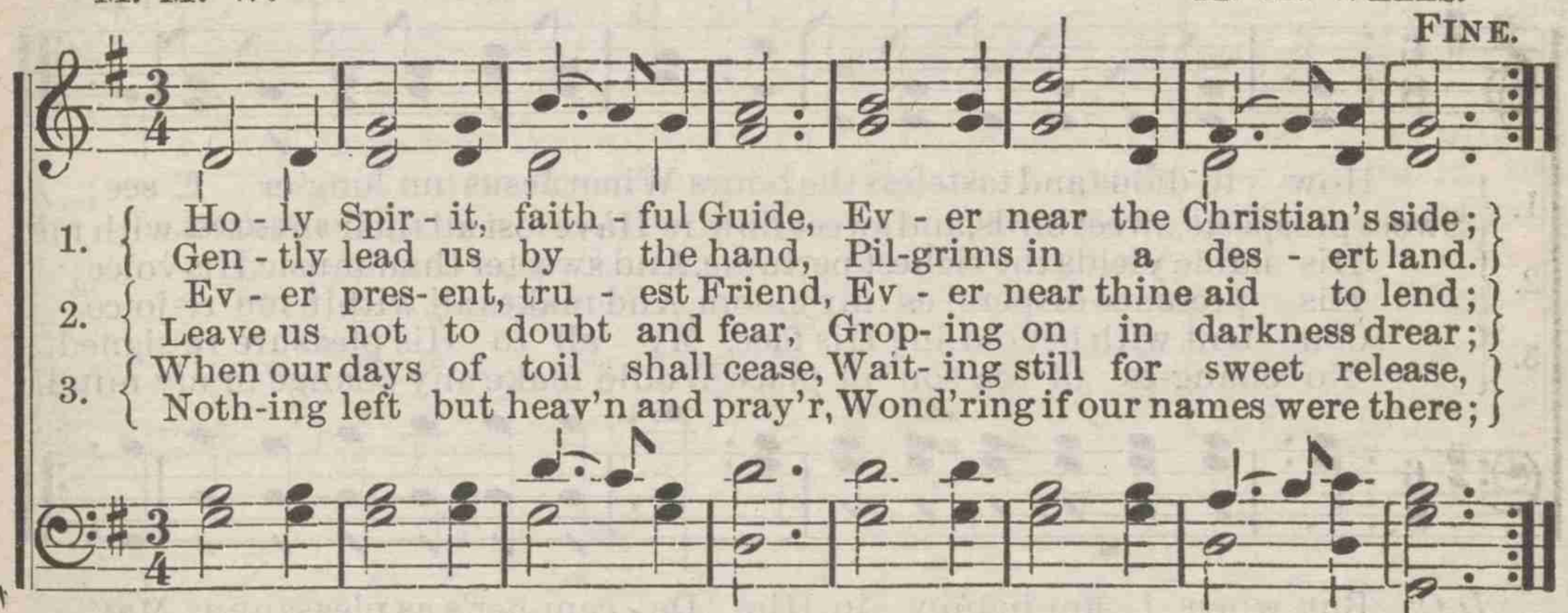


Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue.

No. 310. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

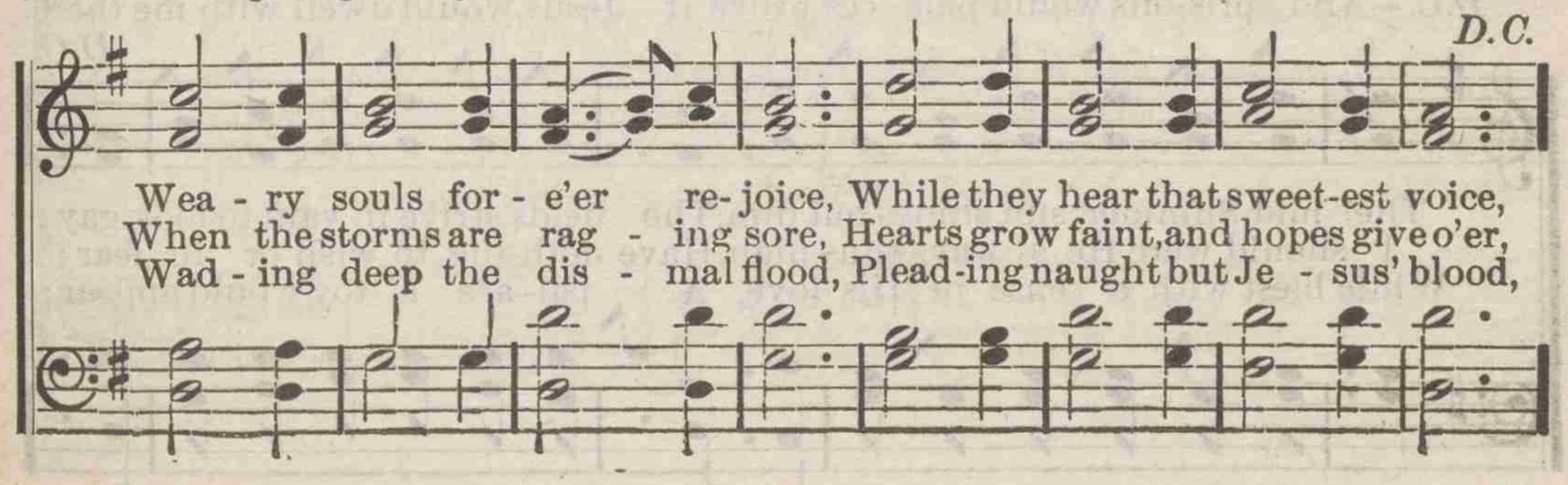
"Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth."—John 16 : 13.

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

FINE.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
   Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land.
2. Ev - er pres- ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend;
   Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop- ing on in darkness drear;
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait- ing still for sweet release,
   Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there;

D.C.—Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.

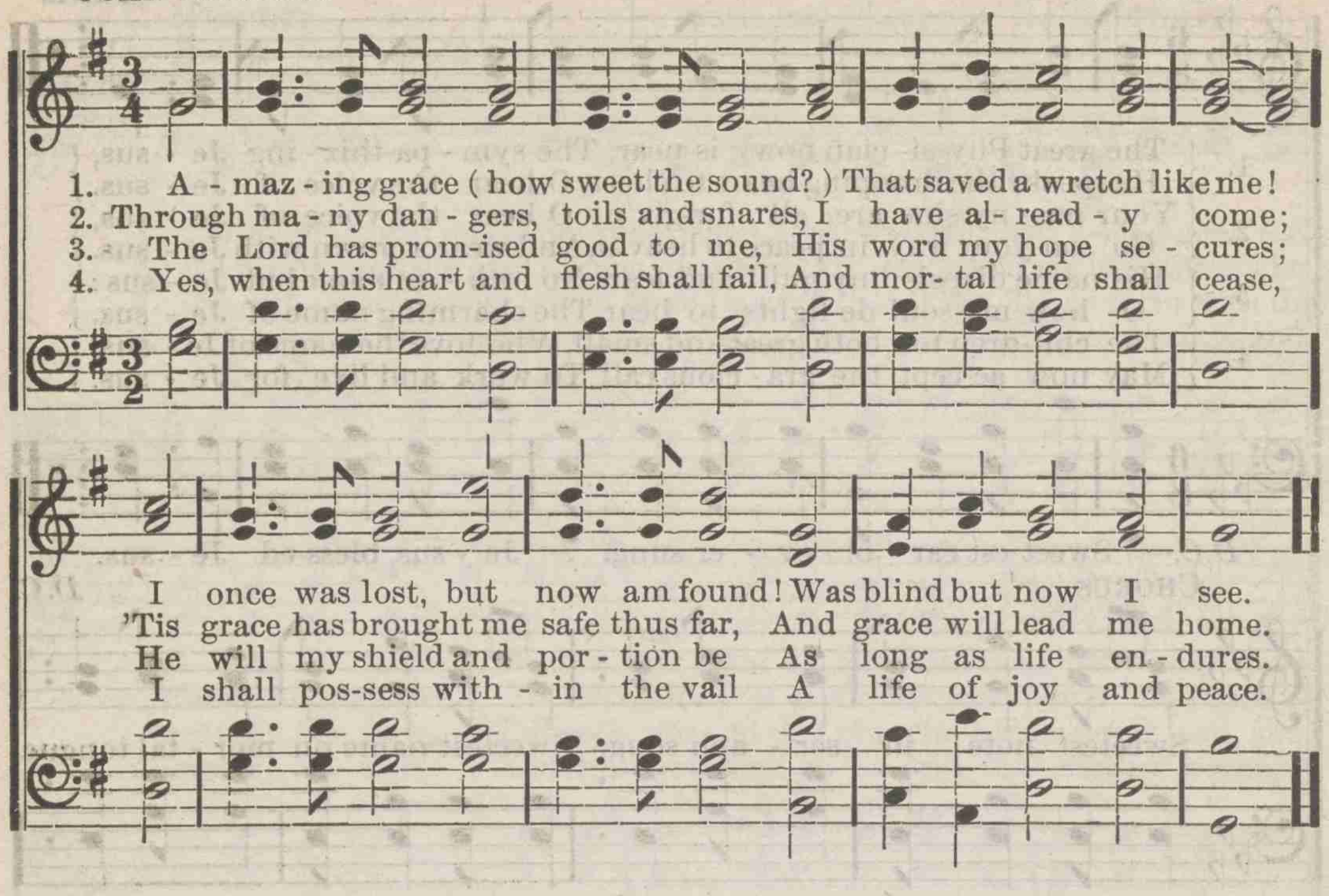


Wea - ry souls for - e'er re- joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

No. 311. Amazing Grace.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son."—John 3 : 16.

JOHN NEWTON. DR. ARNE.

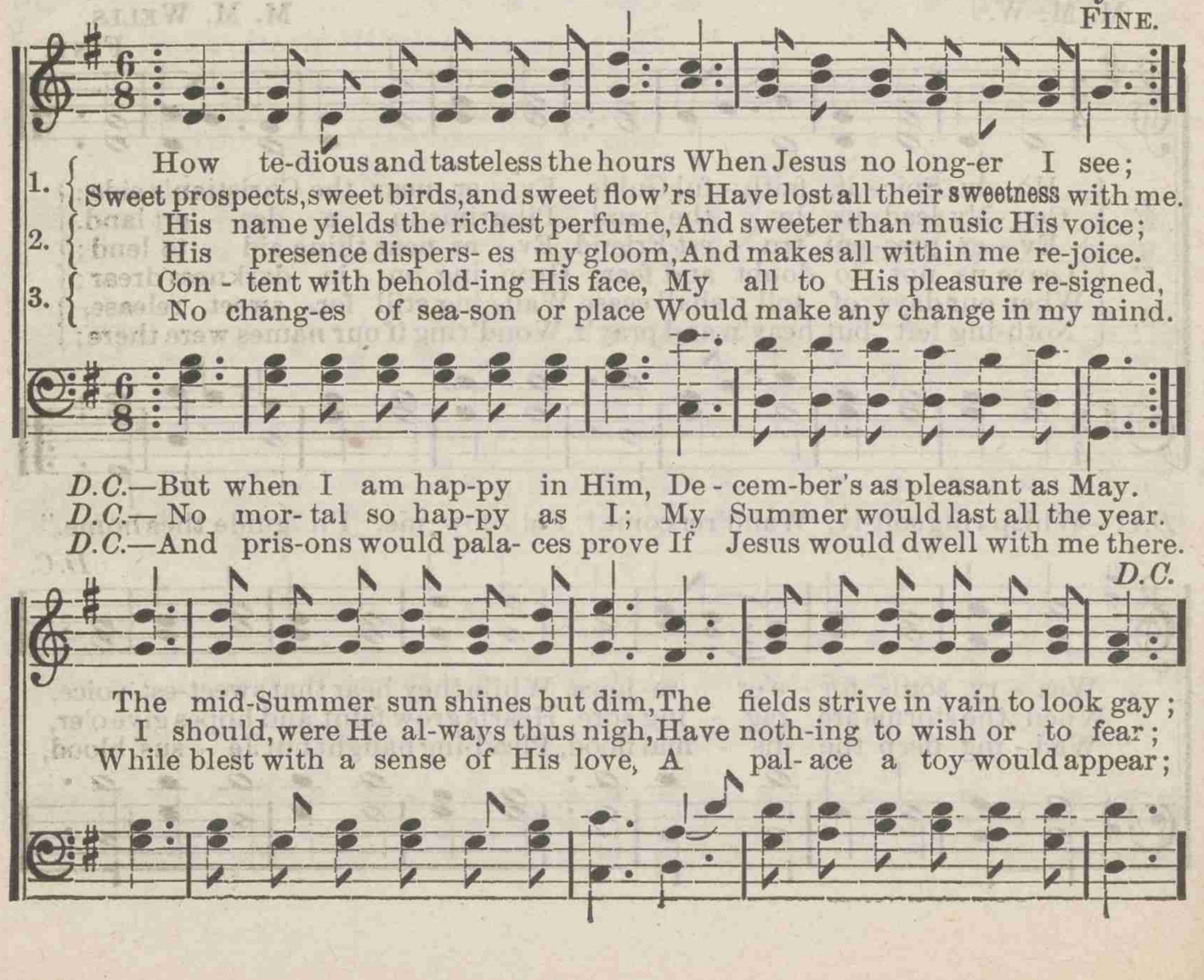


No. 312. How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 Pet. 5 : 7.

German Melody.

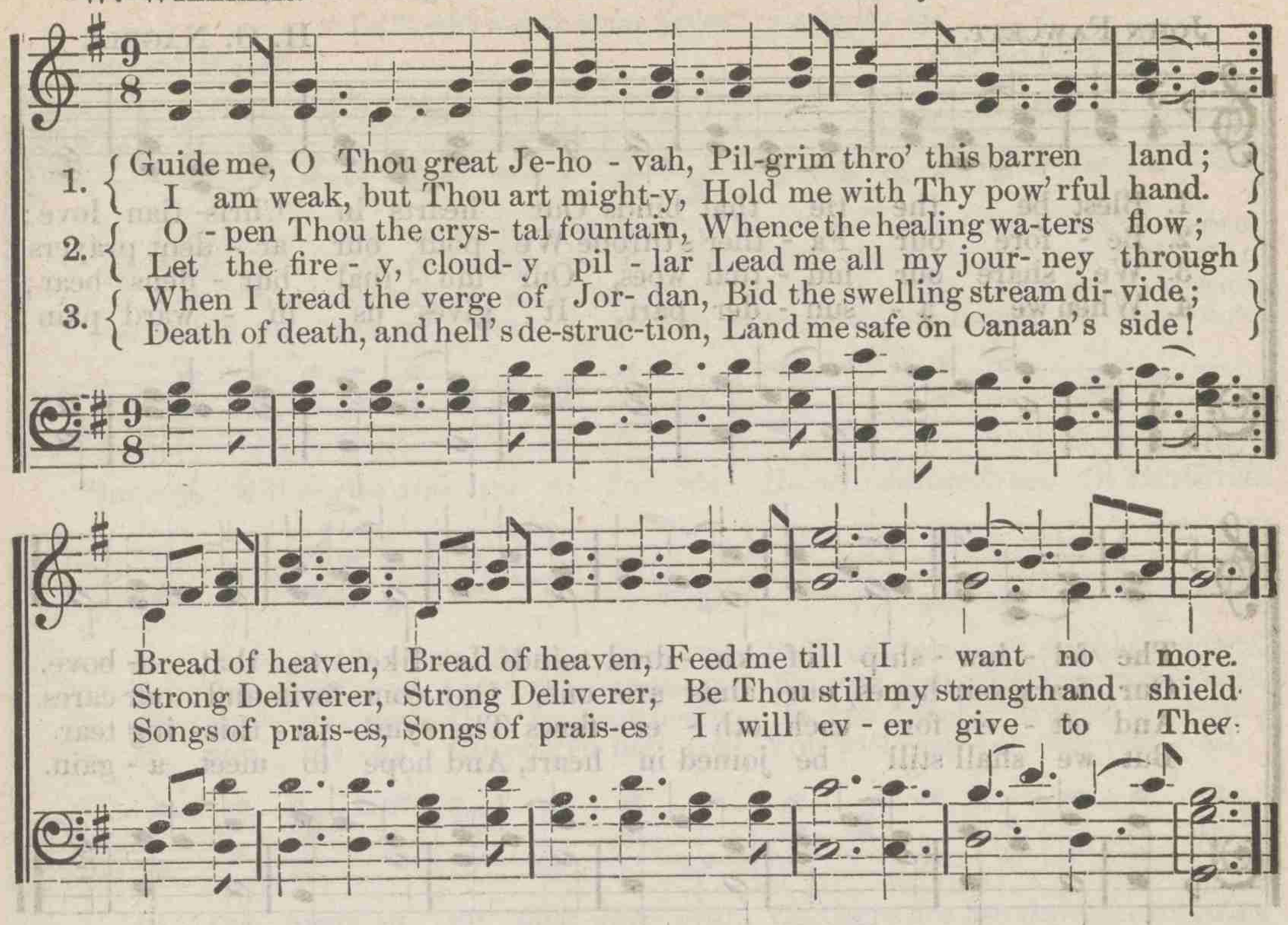
FINE.



No. 313. Guide Me.

"For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Psa. 31 : 3.

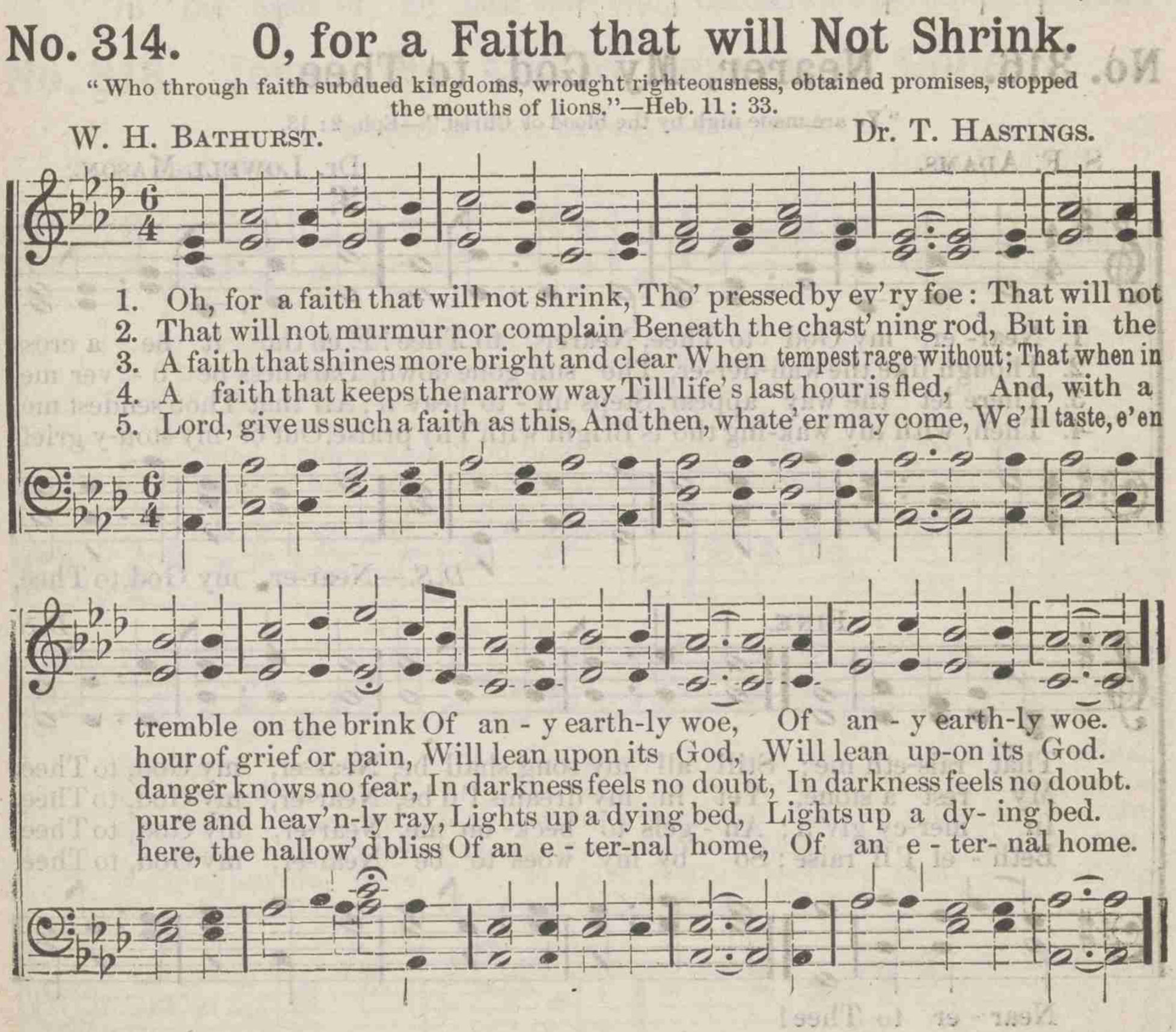
W. WILLIAMS. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



No. 314. O, for a Faith that will Not Shrink.

"Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions."—Heb. 11 : 33.

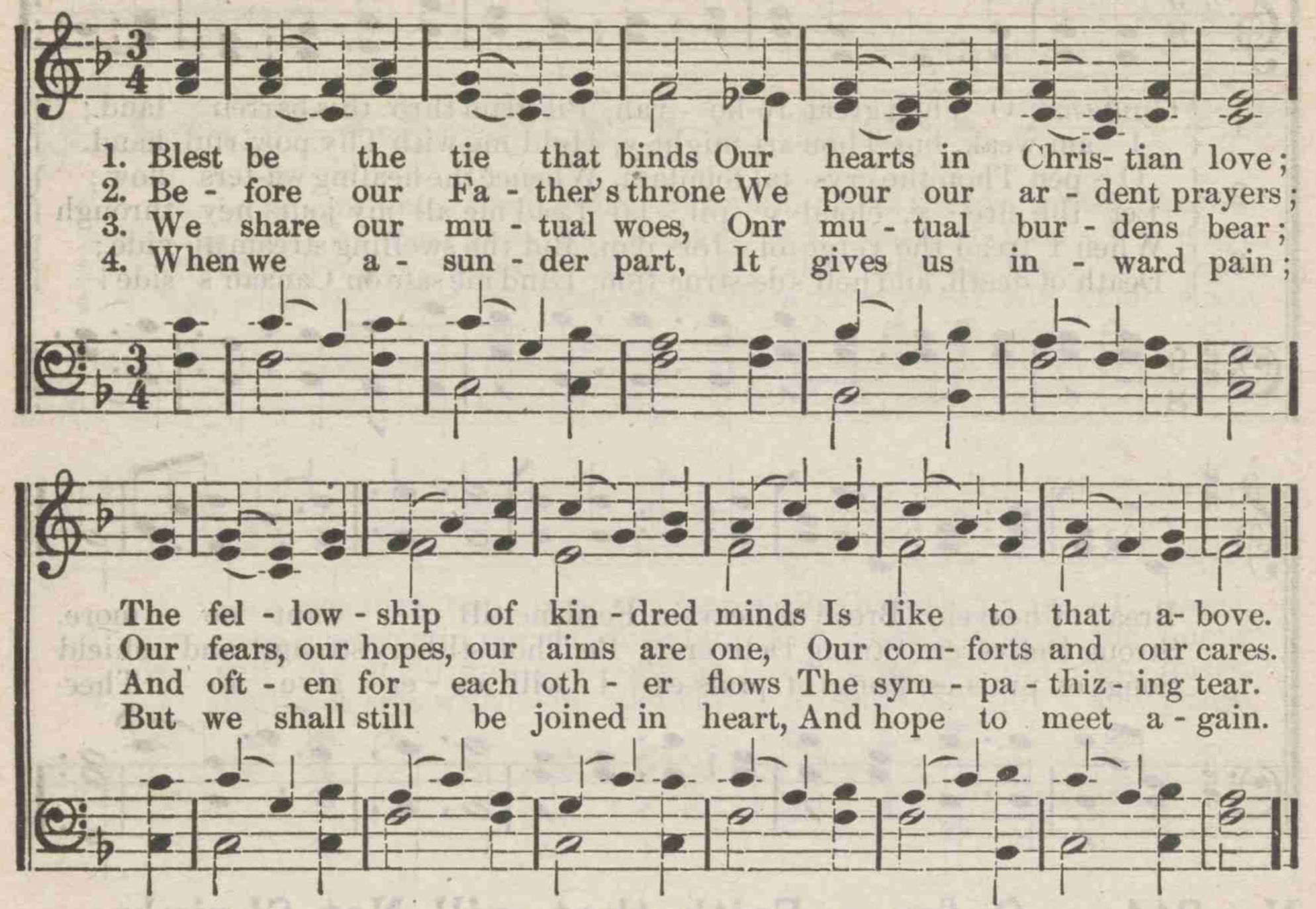
W. H. BATHURST. Dr. T. HASTINGS.



No. 315. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—Psa. 133 : 1.

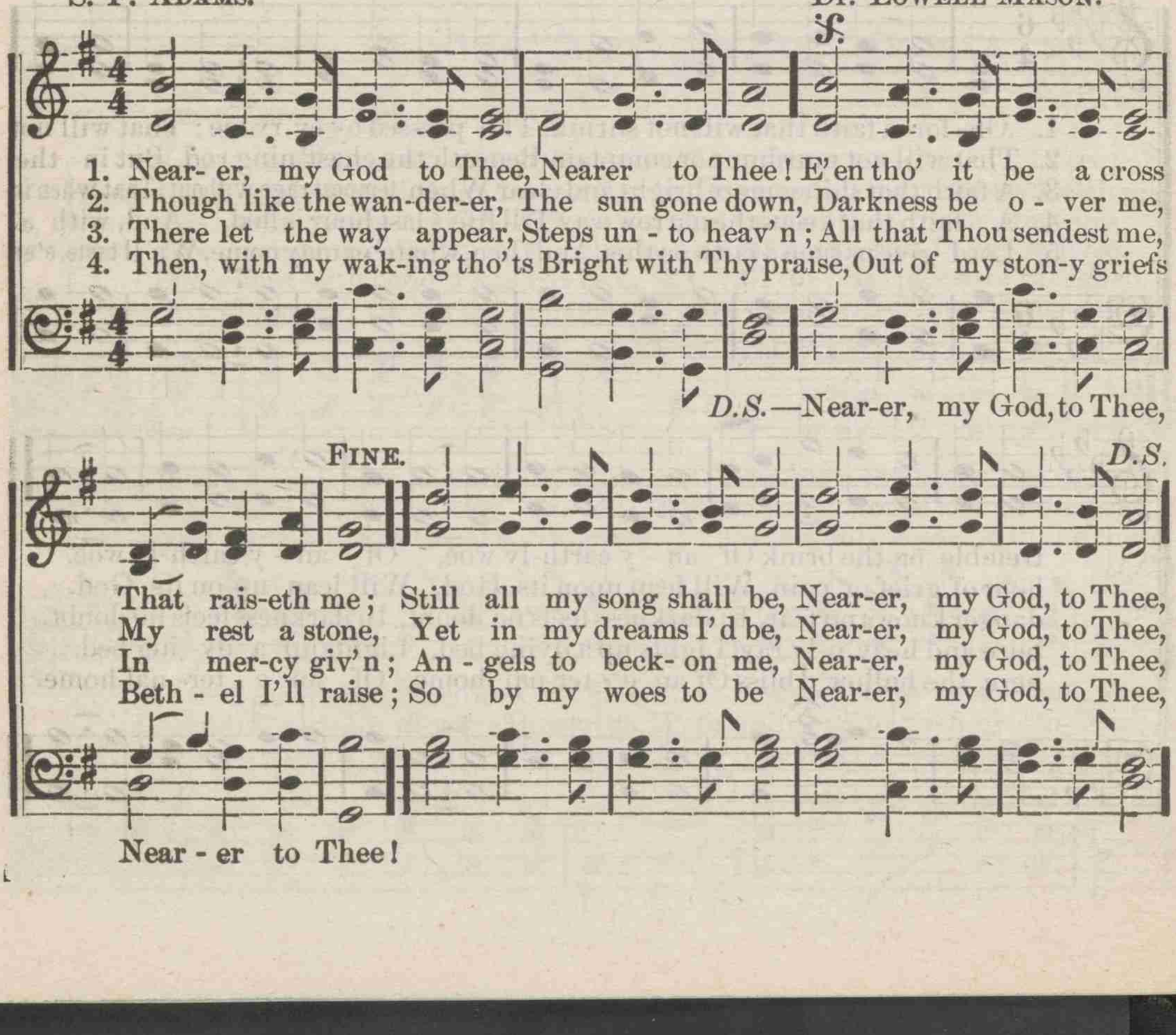
JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.



No. 316. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

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

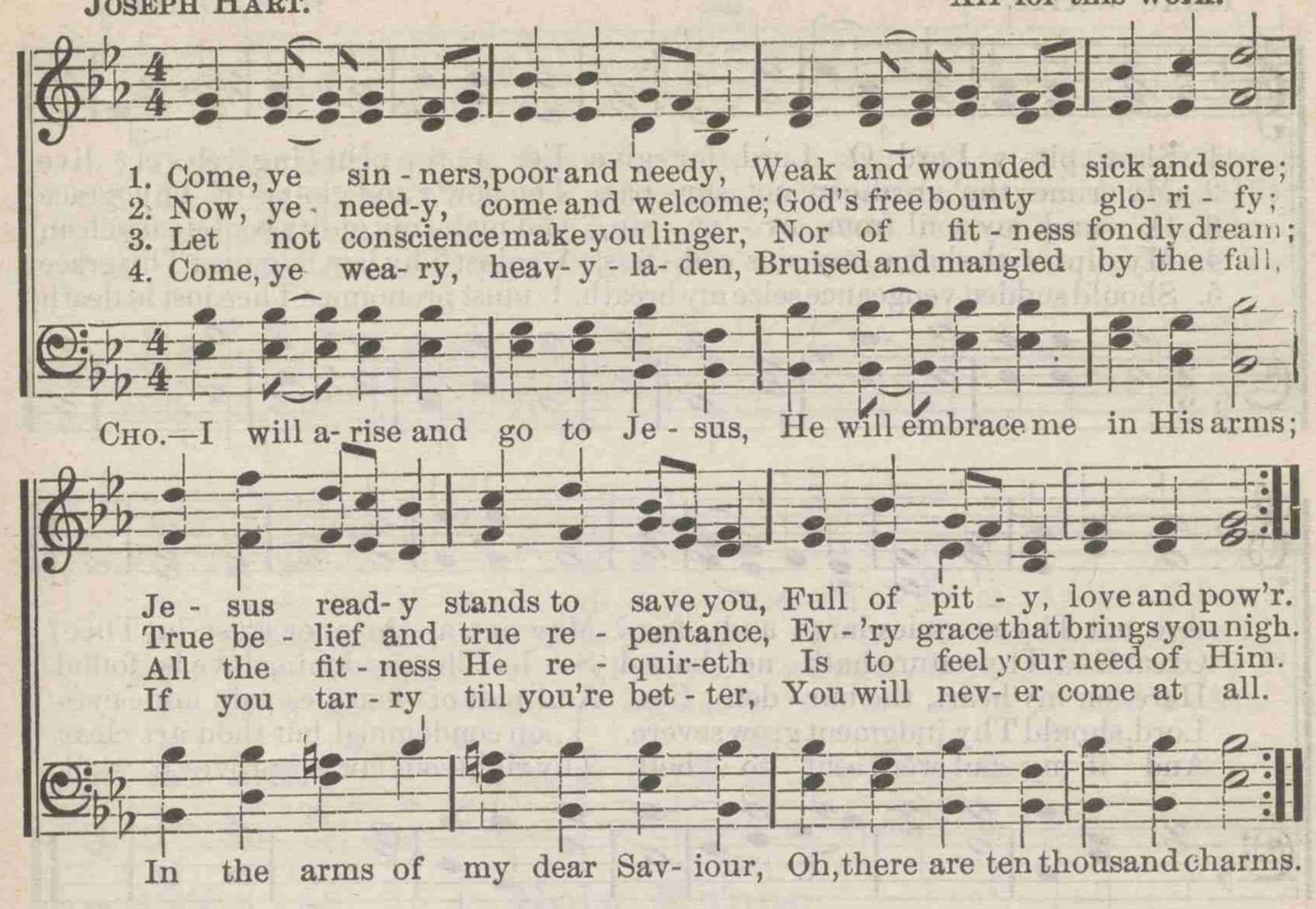
S. F. ADAMS. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 317. I Will Arise.

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

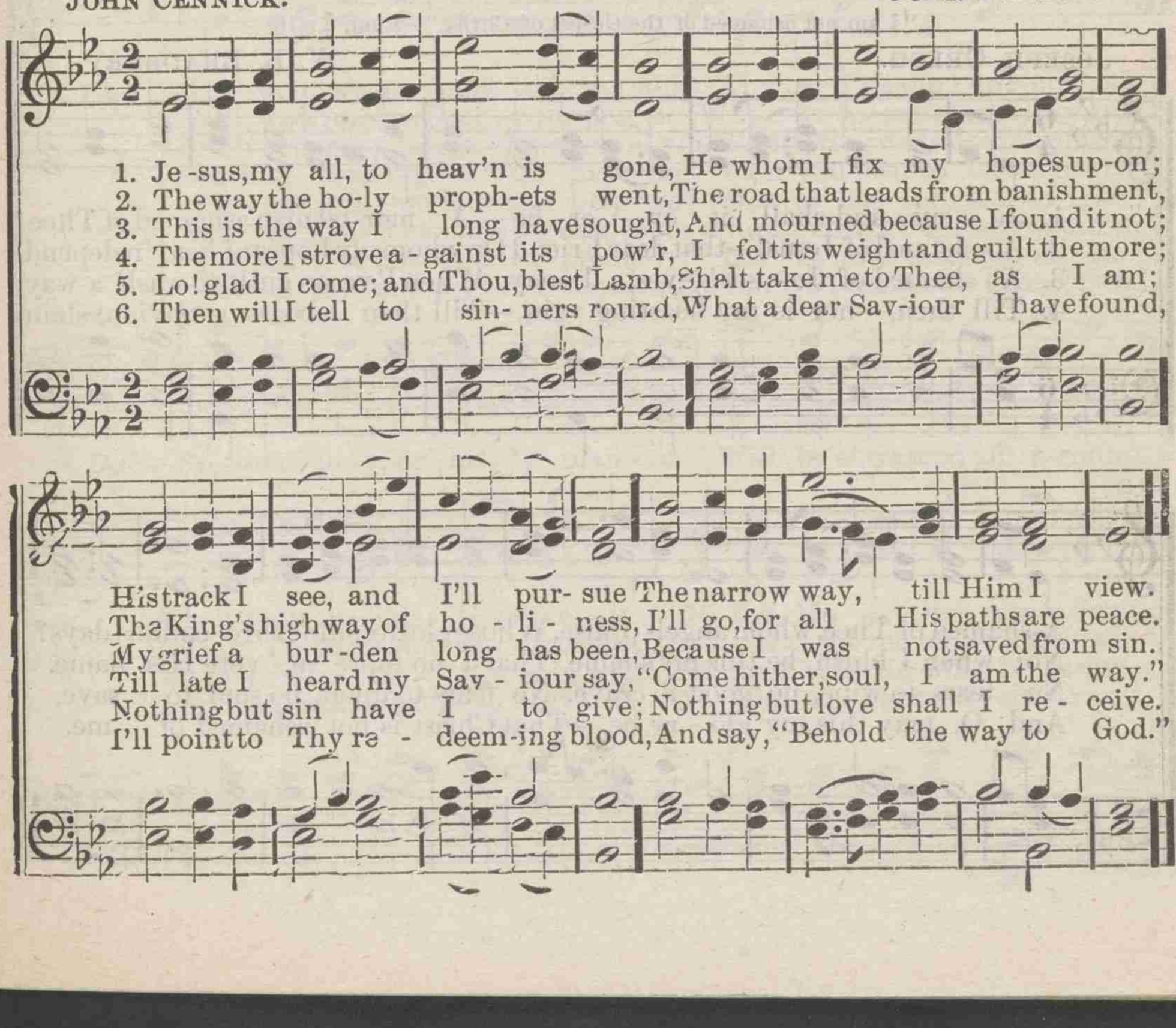
JOSEPH HART. Arr for this work.



No. 318. Jesus, My All, to Heaven is Gone.

"The Lord alone did lead him."—Deut 32 : 12.

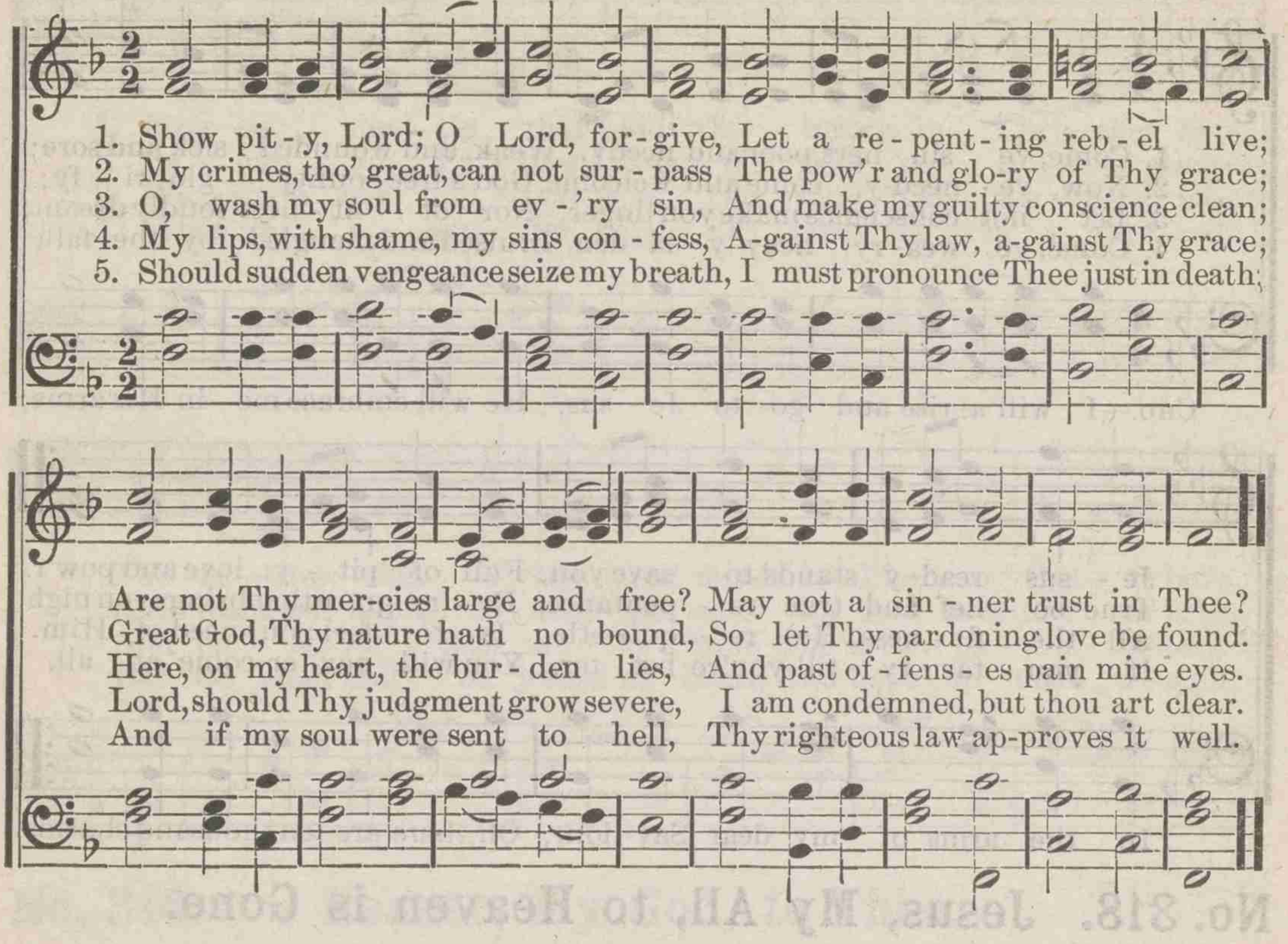
JOHN CENNICK. JOHN HATTON.



No. 319. Show Pity, Lord!

"Open to me the gates of righteousness."—Psa. 118 : 19.

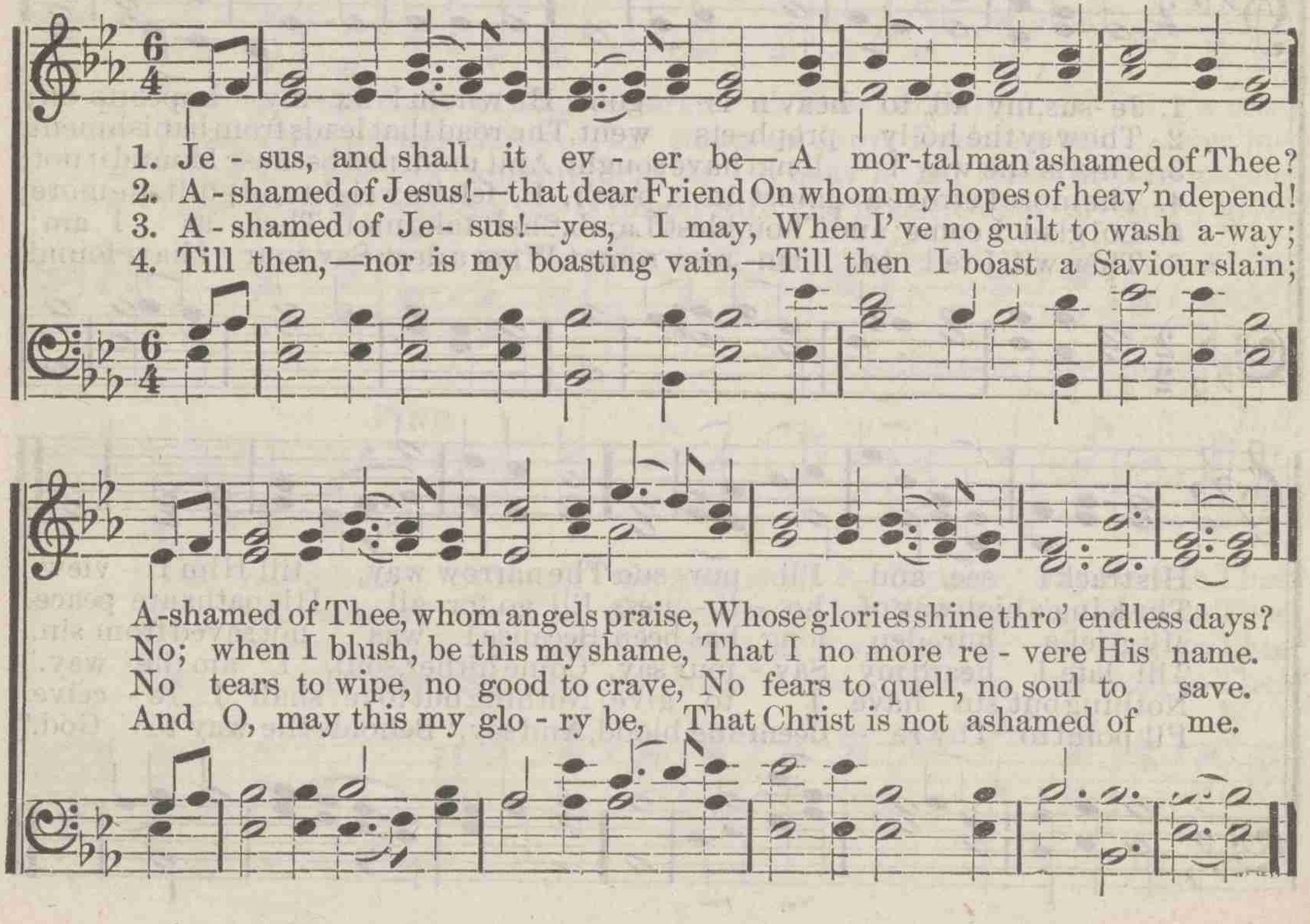
ISAAC WATTS. H. K. OLIVER.



No. 320. Ashamed of Jesus.

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."—Rom. 1 : 16.

JOSEPH GREGG. W. B. BRADBURY.



No. 321. Come, Thou Almighty King.

"Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God."—Isaiah 9 : 6.

CHARLES WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou almight-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father! all
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r attend: Come, and Thy
3. Come, holy Com- fort- er! Thy sacred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be, Hence ev-er-more! His sov'reign

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic- to - ri- ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days!
peo - ple bless And give Thy word suc-cess: Spir-it of ho - li- ness! On us de- scend.
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de- part, Spir-it of pow'r!
ma - jes - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 322. Holy Manna.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications."—Ps. 143 : 1.

FINE.

1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor-ship, And a - dore the Lord our God;
   Will you pray with all your pow-er While we try to preach the word?
2. Breth-ren, see poor sin - ners round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe;
   Death is com-ing, hell is mov- ing, Can you bear to let them go?
3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mos- es' sis- ter aid- ed Him;
   Will you help the trembling mourners Who are struggling hard with sin?
4. Let us love our God su- preme-ly, Let us love each oth-er, too;
   Let us love and pray for sinners Till our God makes all things new.

D.C.—Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be showered all a-round.

D.C.

All is vain un- less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;
See our Fa-thers and our moth-ers, And our child-ren sink- ing down.
Tell them all a- bout the Sav - iour, Tell them that He will be found,
Then He'll call us home to heav - en, At His ta - ble we'll sit down;

No. 323. Sweet Peace.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace."—Gal. 5 : 22.

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JOHN C. F. KYGER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With great expression.

1. There comes a sweet strain, With a glad-some re - frain, 'Tis the song of sweet peace to my soul; While such joy I re-tain, I will sing it a - gain, As the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
2. By Christ peace was made, And the debt was all paid, As He hung on the tree of the cross, My sins on Him laid, I shall not be a - fraid, As for Him I count all things but loss.
3. Sweet peace did a-bound, When my Sav - iour I found; Let me sing it a - gain and a - gain, As Je - sus I crown'd, How joy - ous the sound, As I sang out the peace-ful re - frain.
4. No ill can be - tide, While in peace I a - bide; Let me dwell at my dear Mas-ter's feet; He will stay near my side, And my feet ev - er guide, Till in heav - en my Mas - ter I'll meet.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, won - derful peace, What bil-low - y depths of His love, Sweep o - ver my spirit great oceans of peace—Sweet peace the gift of God's love.

p rit. e dim.

No. 324. Wonderful Peace.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."—John 14 : 27.

By per. of D. B. Towner, owner of copyright.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL, alt. Rev. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to- night, Rolls a mel - o - dy sweet- er than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un - ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won- der - ful peace, Bur- ied deep in the heart of my soul; So se- cure that no pow - er can mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
3. I am rest - ing to - night on this won- der - ful peace, Rest-ing sweet - ly in Je - sus' con- trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood- ing my soul.
4. And methinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the ransomed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king- dom will be.
5. Ah! soul, are you here with-out com-fort or rest, March-ing down the rough path-way of time! Make Je - sus your friend ere the shad- ows grow dark; Oh, ac- cept of this peace so sub - lime.

REFRAIN.

Peace! Peace! Won-der-ful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove; Sweep o - ver my spirit for - ev-er, I pray, In fath-omless billows of love.

No. 325. Daylight is Dawning.

"Watchman, what of the night."—Isa. 21: 11.

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Selected. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Christian, a - wake! the daylight breaks o' er thee, All the dark shad- ows
2. Toss'd on the dark, proud waves of the o - cean, Calmly composed, un -
3. Christian, be - hold! the home-land is near - ing, And the wild tem - pest
4. Cheer up, O pil - grim! daylight breaks o' er thee, Bright as the sun in

hast- en a - way; Ting'd are the dis - tant clouds that hang o' er thee,
daunt- ed still be; 'Midst the fierce tem-pest's an - gry com-mo - tion,
soon will be o' er; List- en, the heav'n-ly hosts are now cheer - ing!
mid-sum-mer day; An- gel- ic throngs in realms of bright glo - ry,

CHORUS.

Christian, be- hold the com-ing of day.
Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, lin-gers with thee.
See how the ransomed are thronging the shore.
Beck-on thy hap - py spir- it a - way.
} Glo - ry to Je - sus!

daylight is dawn- ing, Pilgrim, look up! behold the bright shore; Soon you'll cast

an- chor in the bright har-bor, Glo-ry to God, you'll sorrow no more.

No. 326. A Rift in the Clouds.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. 6: 19.

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

1. There's a rift in the clouds, there's a light break-ing thro', Catch a glimpse, weary eyes, of the fair peaceful blue; Tho' the raindrops may fall, there is sunshine a-bove, As im-mor-tal and sure as God's in-fi-nite love.
2. There's a rift in the clouds, there's a heav-en be-yond, And the songs of the blest to our longing respond; There are partings on earth, but re-un-ions up there, And the glo-ry, and joy, trusting soul, you shall share.
3. There's a rift in the clouds, for our Sav-iour's on high, And His face bends toward us from His throne in the sky; We can leave ev'ry care to the hands that have bled, And some day, for His own, He will come as He said.

CHORUS.

Look above! look above! See the sunlight of love, Thro' the rift, see the fair peaceful blue; Since our God is the light, He will scatter the night, He will bring the sweet morning to you.

No. 327. Coming Back Again.

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

G. TABOR THOMPSON. Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Words of Chorus by JNO. C. F. KYGER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Thou art com - ing, bless- ed Je- sus, Back to this old earth a- gain,
2. Tho'ts like these bring in - spir - a- tion, To the worn and homesick soul,
3. Bless - ed hope ! Thine, blessed Saviour, We would have Thee come to-night
4. Hast - en, then, Thy bless - ed com- ing, Ush- er in the day of peace,

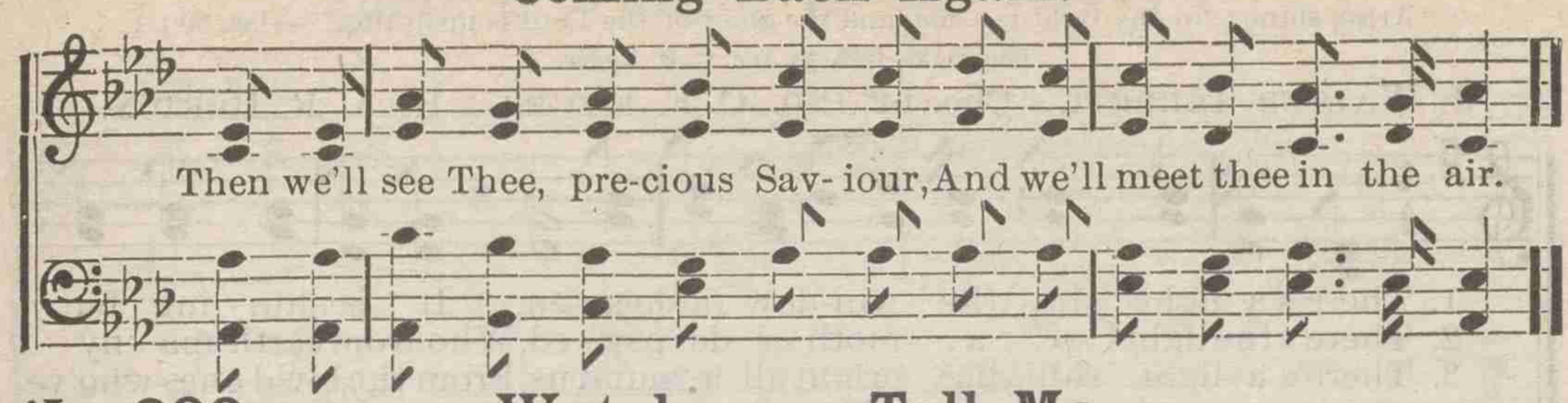
Not a home- less one to wan- der, But the King of kings to reign.
So we pon - der while we've look-ing Past the darkness to the goal.
For we know that at Thy com- ing Crooked things will be made right.
For cre - a - tion groans and travails, Yearning for a quick re- lease.

Saints with Thee in re - gal splen- dor, Jew and Gentile, ne'er to part;
Cru - el waves would sweep and swamp us As we sail o'er life's rough sea;
Earth a - gain will bloom like E - den, Birds for - get their mi - nor key;
Then we'll see and be like Je - sus, Thus the saints will all be blessed;

Reign-ing with Thee in Thy king-dom, Ev - 'ry sub-ject pure in heart.
We should sim- ply sink and per - ish, But for hope of meet-ing Thee.
Sav - age beasts will play with chil-dren, All Thy creatures glad and free.
So we pray and so we're wait- ing For this deep un-fath- om'd rest.

CHORUS.

Thou art com- ing, bless - ed Je - sus, From Thy home so bright and fair;

Coming Back Again.

No. 328. Watchman, Tell Me.

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."—Titus 2 : 13.

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Rev. SIDNEY S. BREWER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

No. 329. There's a Light in the Window.

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is upon thee."—Isa. 60 : 1.

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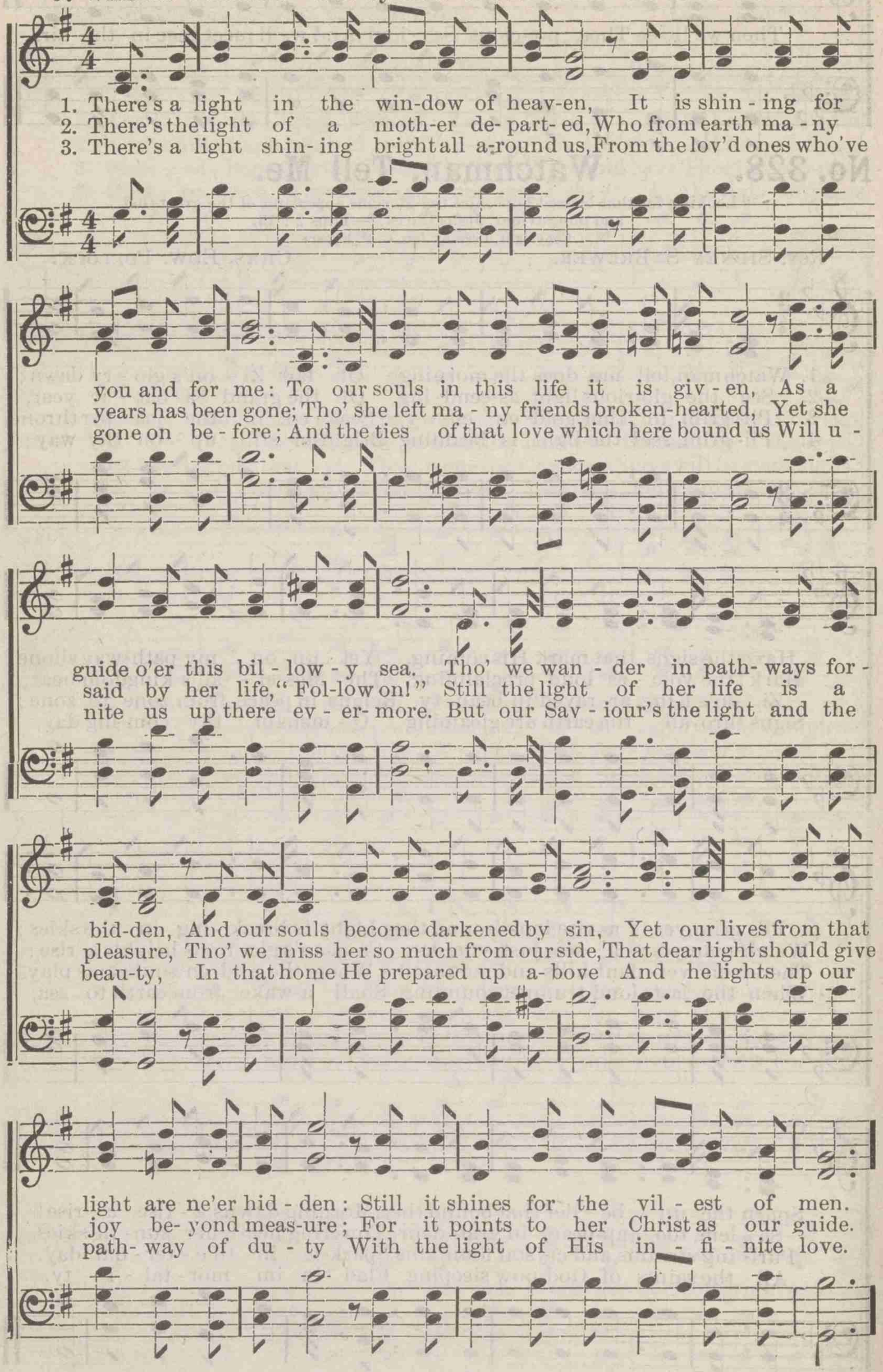
J. WALTER TORBETT. Cho. by JNO. C. F. KYGER. H. A. R. HORTON.



There is a Light in the Window.

CHORUS.

Let us walk, in the light that
In the light,
The beau- ti - ful light, in the

shines forth so bright, 'Tis shin- ing for you and for
light that shines, The light that shines so bright,

me, It will leads us to God. It will
And for me, It will lead us to God,

lead us to God. O'er the path so oft - en trod, 'Till the
It will lead us to God,

high lands, 'Till the high lands,'Till the high lands of heav'n we see.
lands, high lands, lands, high lands,

No. 330. Is My Name written There?

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10 : 20.

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder. Frank M. Davis, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Neither silver nor gold ; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
3. Oh! that beauti- ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glori- fied

heav-en, I would en- ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
Sav-iour! is suf - fi-cient for me; For Thy promise is writ- ten, In bright
be- ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e-vil thing cometh, To de-

pa- ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name written there?
let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Yes, my name' written there.

Chorus.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

Chorus for 2d & 3d Verses.

Yes, my name's, etc.

In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?

2d & 3d V.—Yes, my name's, etc.

No. 331. God Be With You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—ROMANS. 16 : 20.

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

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide up-hold you, With His sheep se- cure - ly fold you, God be with you
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain,'Neath His wings protect-ing hide you, Dai - ly man- na still pro- vide you, God be with you
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con- found you, Put His arms un - fail- ing round you, God be with you
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you

CHORUS.

till we meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... till we meet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

Till we meet at Je - sus feet, Till we meet,.....
Till we meet at Je - sus feet, Till we meet, till we meet,

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

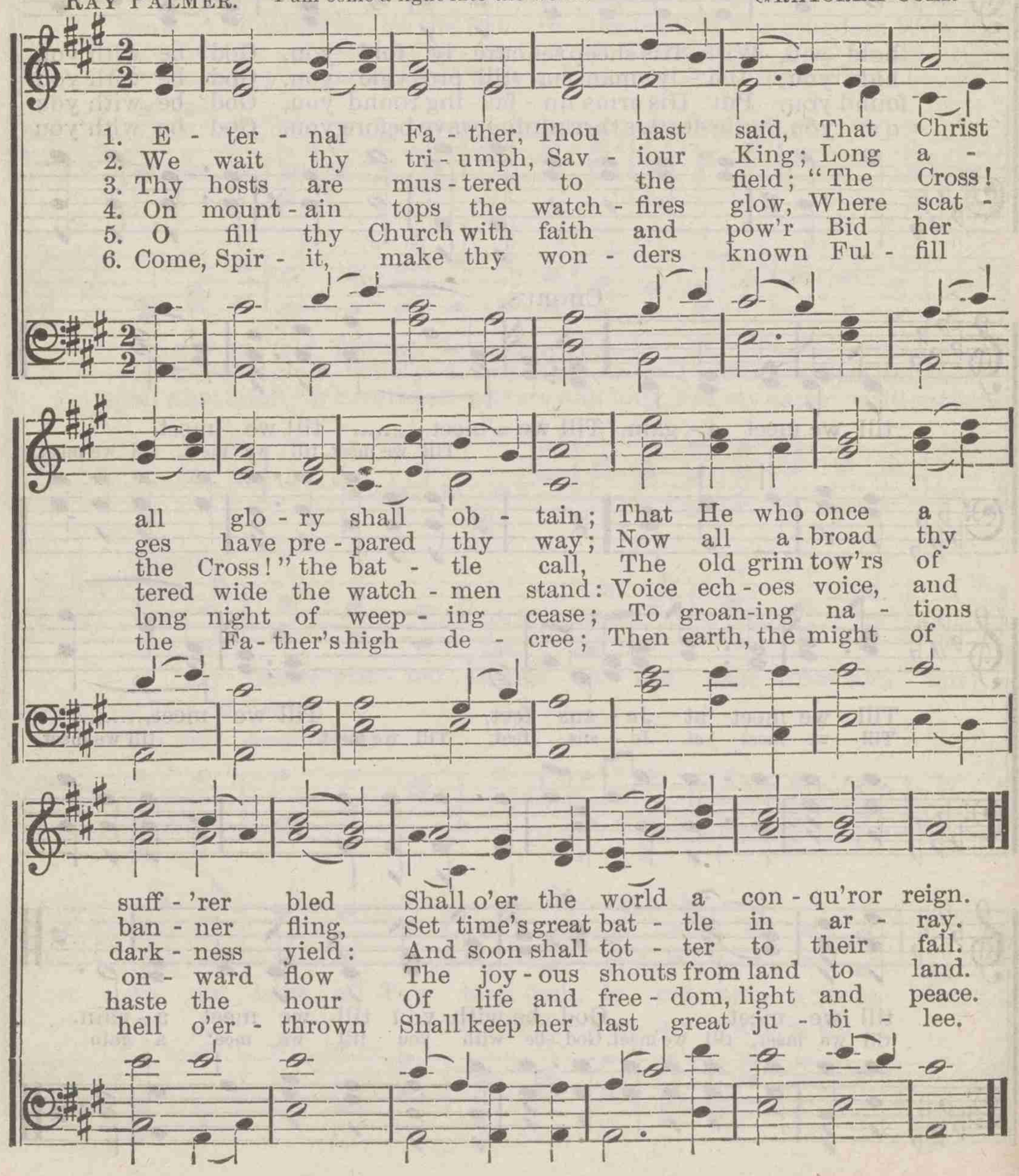
MISSIONARY HYMNS

"Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes."—Isa. 54 : 2.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Matt. 28 : 19.

No. 332. The Battle Hymn of Missions.

RAY PALMER. "I am come a light into the world."—John 14 : 46. GRATOREX-COLI.



No. 333. Over Sea and Land.

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

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J. M. H.,
Dec. 25, 1897.

J. M. HAGAN,
Dec. 25, 1897.

1. Wonder-ful sto-ry of Je-sus, our Lord, Wonderful message from God's holy word;
2. Je-sus wants lab'rers to work with a will, Gives them rich blessings, each cup He will fill;
3. Tidings of joy from the Fa-ther a-bove, Of His salvation and home of pure love;

"Go preach my gospel" the Lord's command, Send the glad tidings o'er sea and land.
Bear them to others with willing hand, Send the glad tidings o'er sea and land.
If you love Jesus do not idle stand, Send the glad tidings o'er sea and land.

CHORUS.

The roll-ing sea, and o-ver the land,
O- ver the sea, ... and o-ver the land, ...

Go preach my gospel, 'tis God's command; The rolling sea,
O-ver the sea, ... and o- ver the

rit. e dim.

and over the land, Speed the glad tidings o'er sea and land. . . . .
o'er sea and land.
land, ...

No. 334. Tell It Out.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19 : 11.

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FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With vigor.

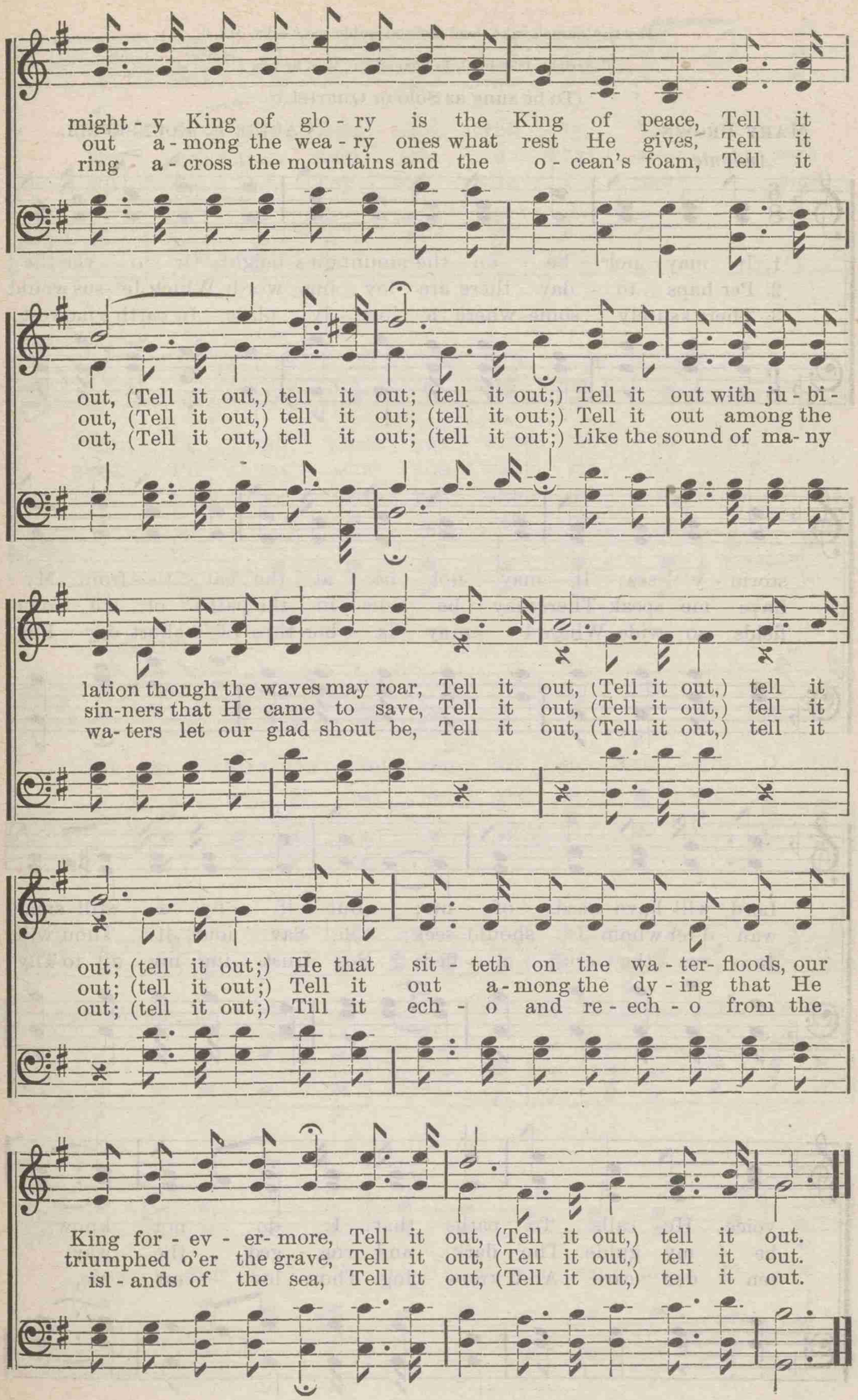
1. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Lord is King, Tell it
2. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Sav-iour reigns, Tell it
3. Tell it out a-mong the heathen, Je-sus reigns a-bove, Tell it

out, (Tell it out,) tell it out; (tell it out;) Tell it out a-mong the
out, (Tell it out,) tell it out; (tell it out;) Tell it out a-mong the
out, (Tell it out,) tell it out; (tell it out;) Tell it out a-mong the

nations, bid them shout and sing, Tell it out, (Tell it out,) tell it
heathen, bid them burst their chains, Tell it out, (Tell it out,) tell it
nations, that His name is love, Tell it out, (Tell it out,) tell it

out; Tell it out with ad-o-ra-tion that He shall in-crease,
out; Tell it out a-mong the weep-ing ones that Je-sus lives,
out; Tell it out a-mong the highways and the lanes at home,

Tell it out, (Tell it out,) tell it out; (tell it out; That the
Tell it out, (Tell it out,) tell it out; (tell it out; Tell it
Tell it out, (Tell it out,) tell it out; (tell it out; Let it

Tell It Out.

might - y King of glo - ry is the King of peace, Tell it
out a - mong the wea - ry ones what rest He gives, Tell it
ring a - cross the mountains and the o - cean's foam, Tell it
out, (Tell it out,) tell it out; (tell it out;) Tell it out with ju - bi -
out, (Tell it out,) tell it out; (tell it out;) Tell it out among the
out, (Tell it out,) tell it out; (tell it out;) Like the sound of ma- ny
lation though the waves may roar, Tell it out, (Tell it out,) tell it
sin-ners that He came to save, Tell it out, (Tell it out,) tell it
wa- ters let our glad shout be, Tell it out, (Tell it out,) tell it
out; (tell it out;) He that sit - teth on the wa - ter- floods, our
out; (tell it out;) Tell it out a - mong the dy - ing that He
out; (tell it out;) Till it ech - o and re - ech - o from the
King for - ev - er- more, Tell it out, (Tell it out,) tell it out.
triumphed o'er the grave, Tell it out, (Tell it out,) tell it out.
isl - ands of the sea, Tell it out, (Tell it out,) tell it out.

No. 335. Over Mountain, or Plain, or Sea.

"For thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31 : 3.

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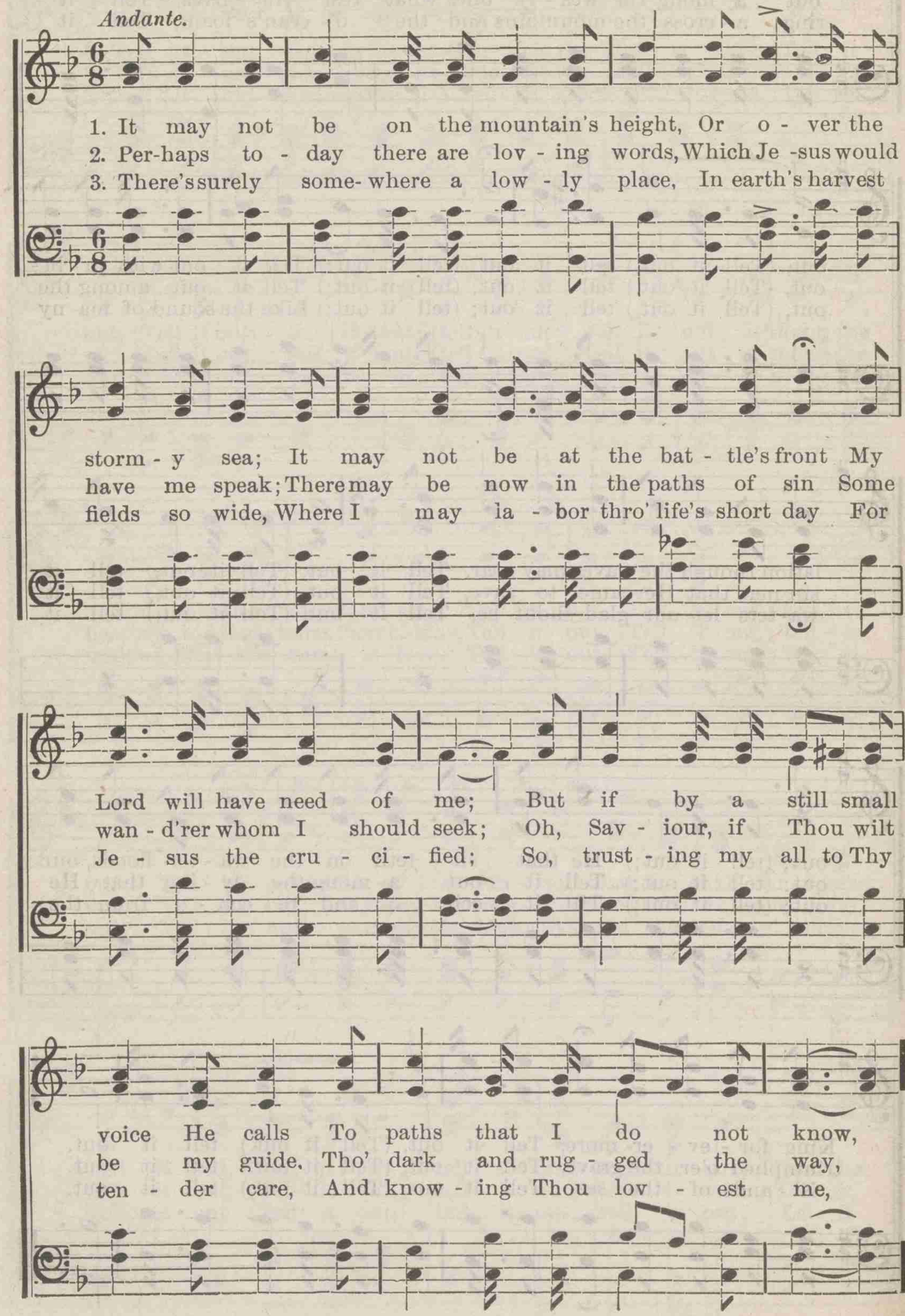
(To be sung as Solo or Quartet.)

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.



Over Mountain, or Plain, or Sea.

I'll an - swer, "Dear Lord, with my hand in
My voice..... shall ech - o Thy mes - - sage
I'll do..... Thy will with a heart sin

Thine, I'll go where you want me to go."
sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O - ver

mount-ain, or plain or sea; I'll say what you want me to

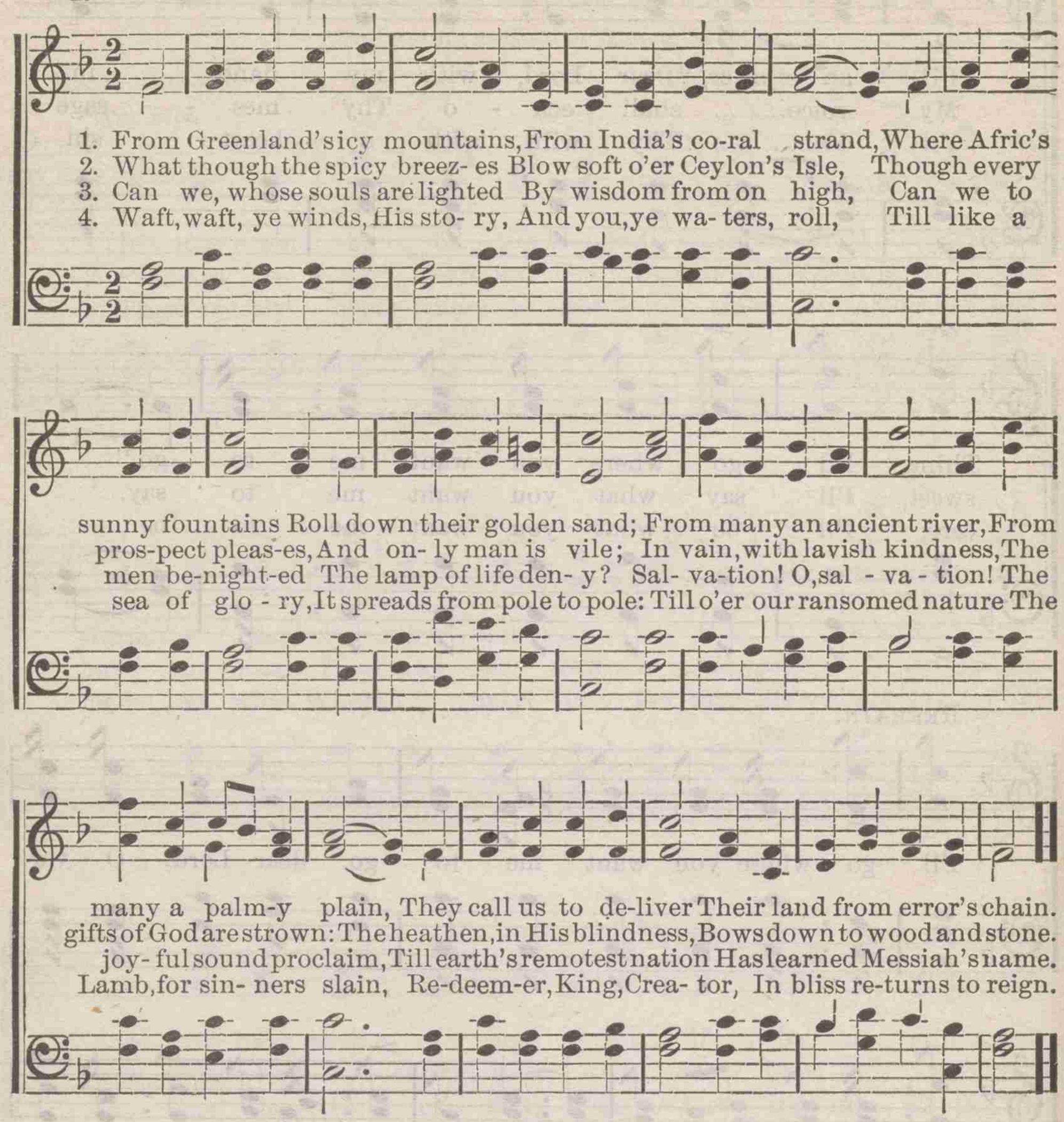
say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

No. 336. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

"Come over.....and help us."—Acts 16: 9.

REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.

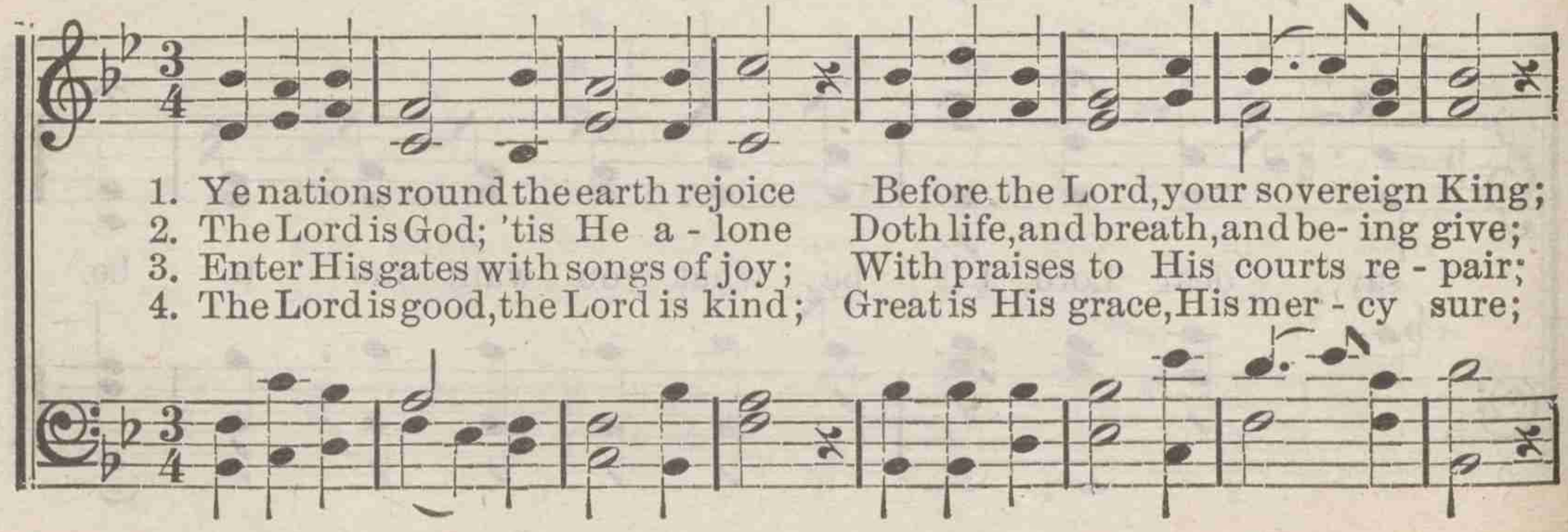
1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's co-ral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river, From
2. What though the spicy breez- es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle, Though every pros-pect pleas-es, And on- ly man is vile; In vain, with lavish kindness, The
3. Can we, whose souls are lighted By wisdom from on high, Can we to men be-night-ed The lamp of life den- y? Sal- va-tion! O, sal - va - tion! The
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto- ry, And you, ye wa- ters, roll, Till like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed nature The

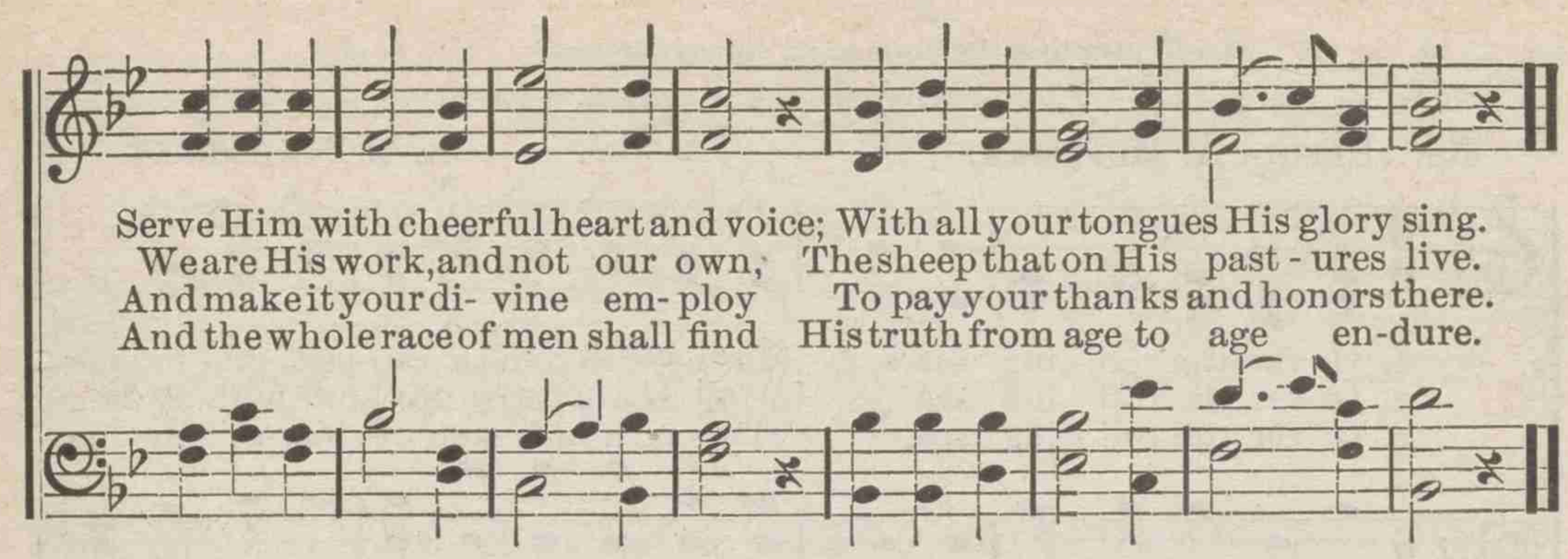


many a palm-y plain, They call us to de-liver Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strown: The heathen, in His blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.
joy- ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb, for sin- ners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Crea- tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

No. 337. Ye Nations Round the Earth.

"All nations shall come and worship before thee."—Rev. 15: 4.

ISAAC WATTS. German.

1. Ye nations round the earth rejoice Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
2. The Lord is God; 'tis He a - lone Doth life, and breath, and be- ing give;
3. Enter His gates with songs of joy; With praises to His courts re - pair;
4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind; Great is His grace, His mer - cy sure;

Ye Nations 'Round the Earth.

No. 338. Yes, My Native Land, I Love Thee!

"They that be wise shall shine as the firmament."—Dan. 12 : 3.

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Rev. S. F. SMITH. J. H. TENNEY.

No. 339. Over the Rolling Sea.

"I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."—Ps. 2 : 8.

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Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. O- ver the roll - ing sea, Ma- ny the voic-es ap-peal-ing to me;
2. O- ver the roll - ing sea, Millions are perishing, Lord, without Thee;
3. O- ver the roll - ing sea, There is a mis-sion of mer-cy for me;

Groping in the darkness they, And to us for light they pray;
We are blessed with Gos- pel light, While they grope in heathen night,
Souls by years of sin de-praved By my ef - forts may be saved,

f *pp*

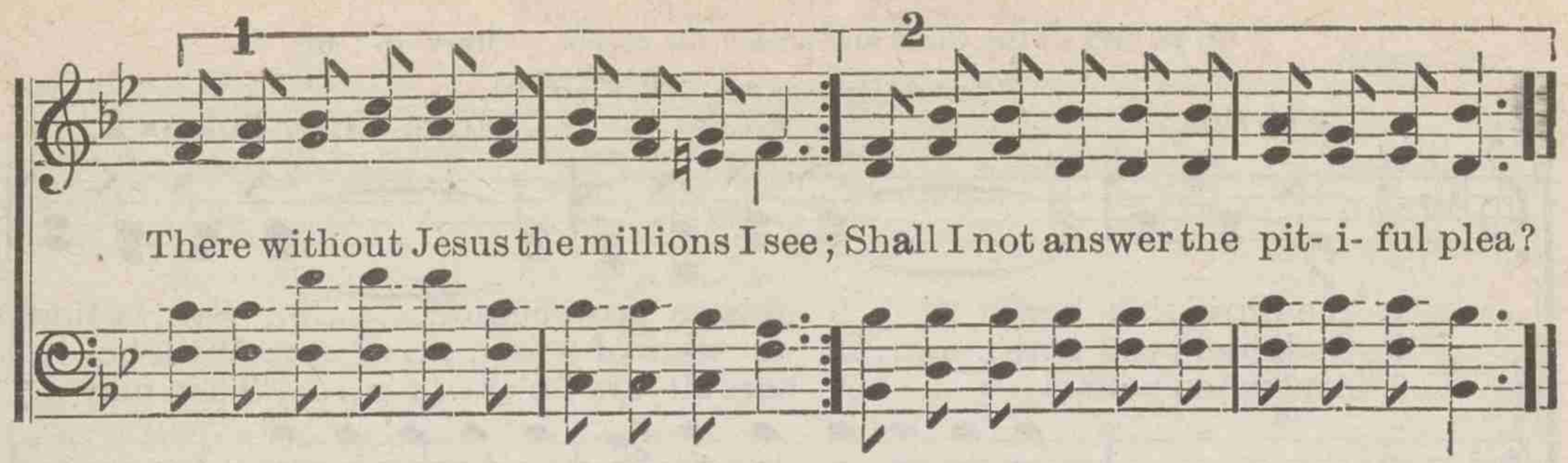
O, their cry rings pit- eous-ly O'er the waves of the deep, roll-ing sea,
And we send not, O the shame! Help to them in the Saviour's dear name,
If I help to send the light To the people now shadowed in night.

pp rit.

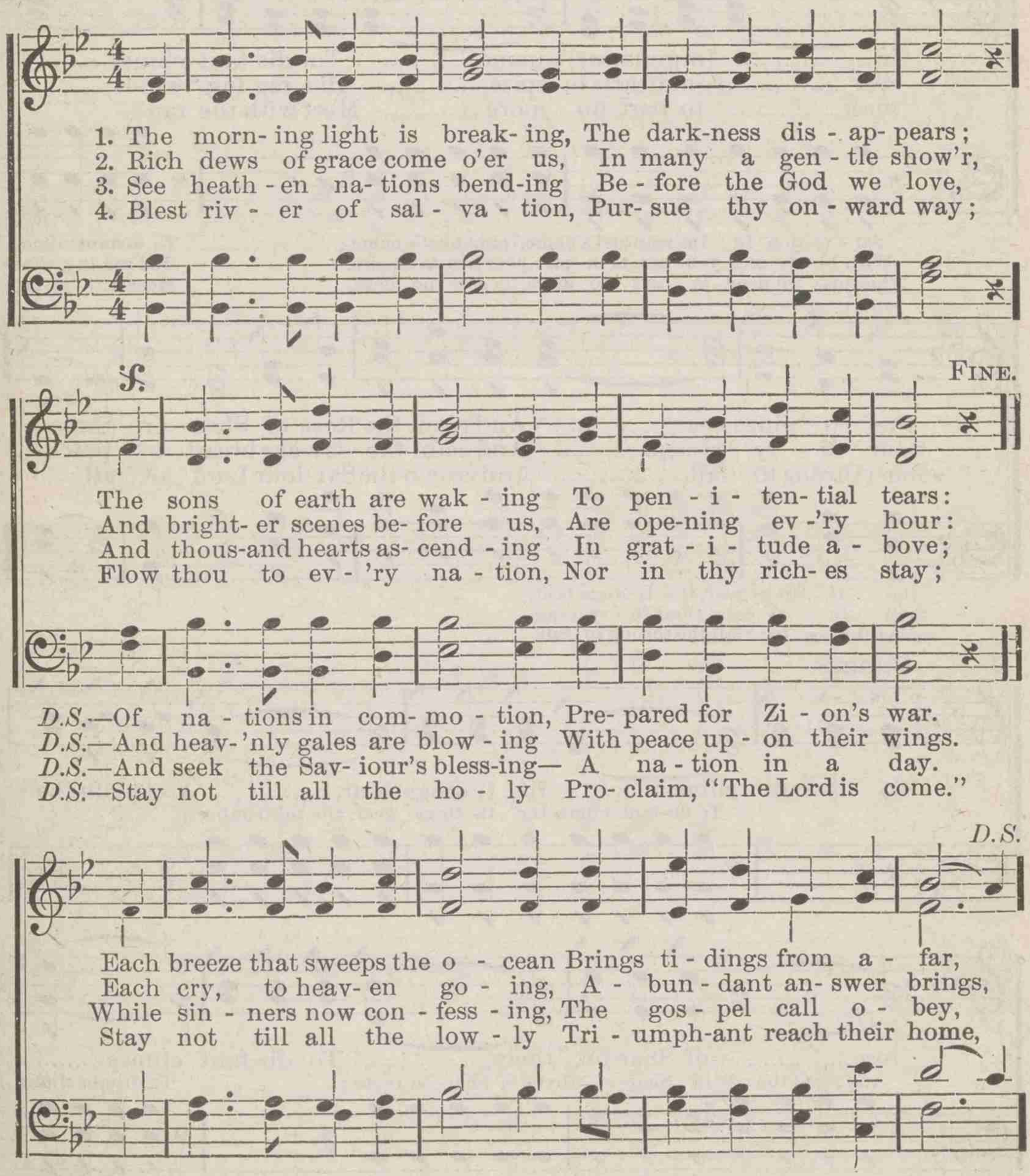
O - ver the roll - ing sea, O- ver the roll - ing sea!

CHORUS.

{O - ver the sea,..... Call - ing to me,.....}
{O - ver the sea,..... Plead - ing with me,.....}
{O - ver the sea, Call- ing to me,}
{O - ver the sea, Pleading with me,}

Over the Rolling Sea.

No. 340. The Morning Light is Breaking.

"The poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. 29 : 19.

S. F. SMITH. G. J. WEBB.

No. 341. The Rose of Sharon.

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

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Spirited. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Ye Chris-tian her - alds, go pro - claim..... Sal- va-tion
2. God shield you with..... a wall of fire,..... With ho- ly
3. And when your la - - bors all are o'er,.....Then may we

1. Ye Christian her- alds go pro-claim, yes, go proclaim,
2. God shield you with a wall of fire, a wall of fire,
3. And when your la-bors all are o'er, yes, all are o'er,

in..... Immmanuel's name..... ... To dis-tant climes.....
zeal .....your hearts in- spire, ... Bid rag-ing winds.....
meet..... to part no more,..... Meet with the ran -

Sal - va-tion in Im-man-uel's name, Immanuel's name;
With ho - ly zeal your hearts in-spire, your hearts inspire,
Then may we meet to part no more, to part no more,

To distant climes
Bid rag-ing winds
Meet with the ran-

the ti - dings bear, ... And plant the Rose of Shar - on there.
their fu - ry cease,..... And calm the sav-age breast to peace.
somed throng to fall,..... And crown the Sav-iour Lord of all.

the ti - dings bear, the ti-dings bear,
their fu - ry cease, their fu - ry cease,
somed throng to fall, the throng to fall,

CHORUS.

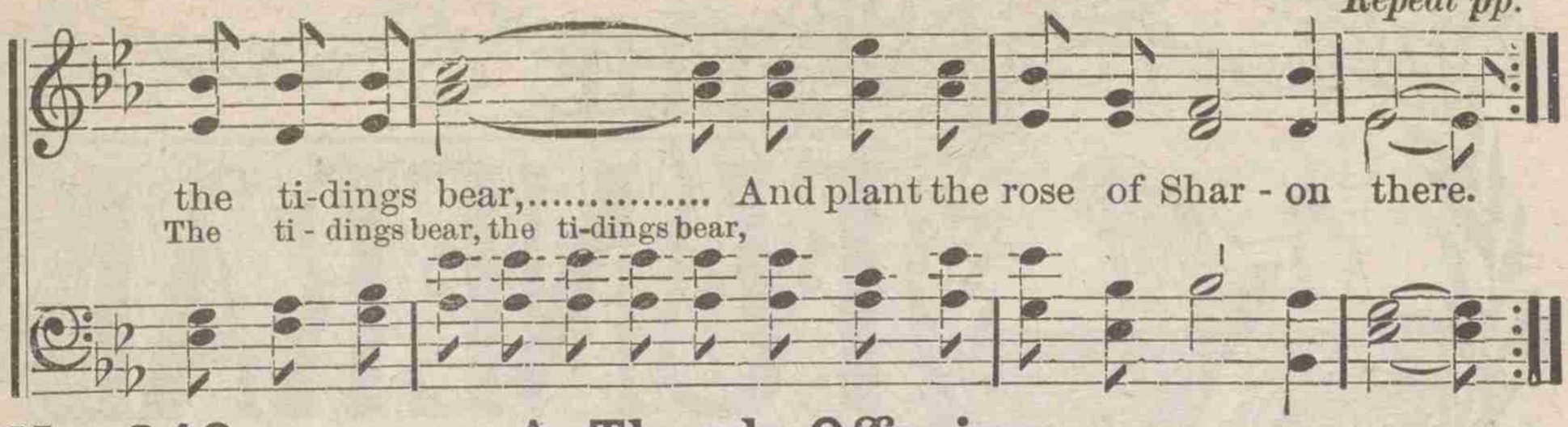
To dis-tant climes..... the ti-dings bear,..... And plant the

To dis-tant climes the ti- dings bear, the tid-ings bear,

rose..... of Shar-on there,..... To dis-tant climes.....

And plant the rose of Shar- on there, of Shar- on there; To distant climes

The Rose of Sharon.

Repeat pp.

No. 342. A Thank-Offering.

"For thou shall find it after many days."—Eccl. 11 : 1.

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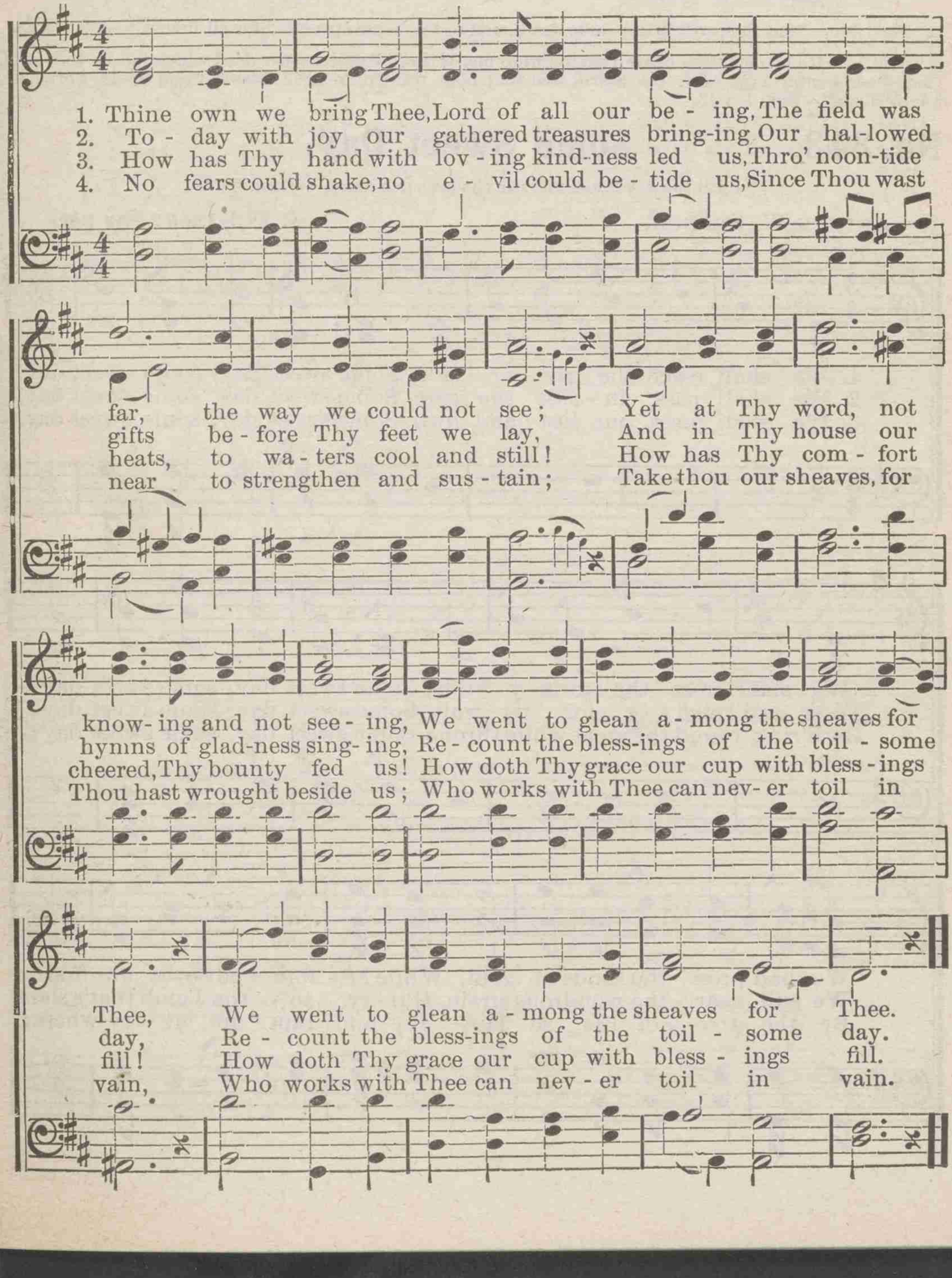
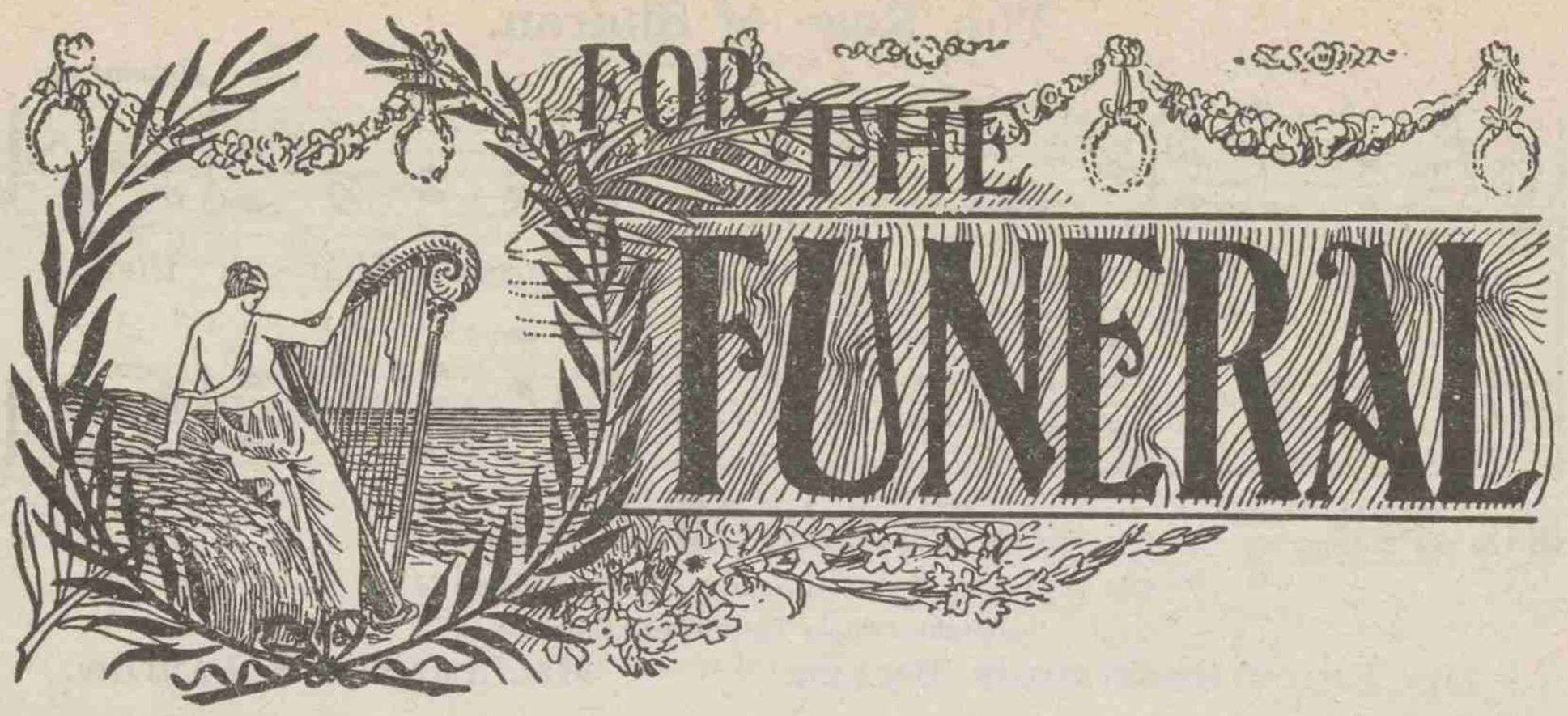
Mrs. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. Mrs. AMANDA S. BARLOW.





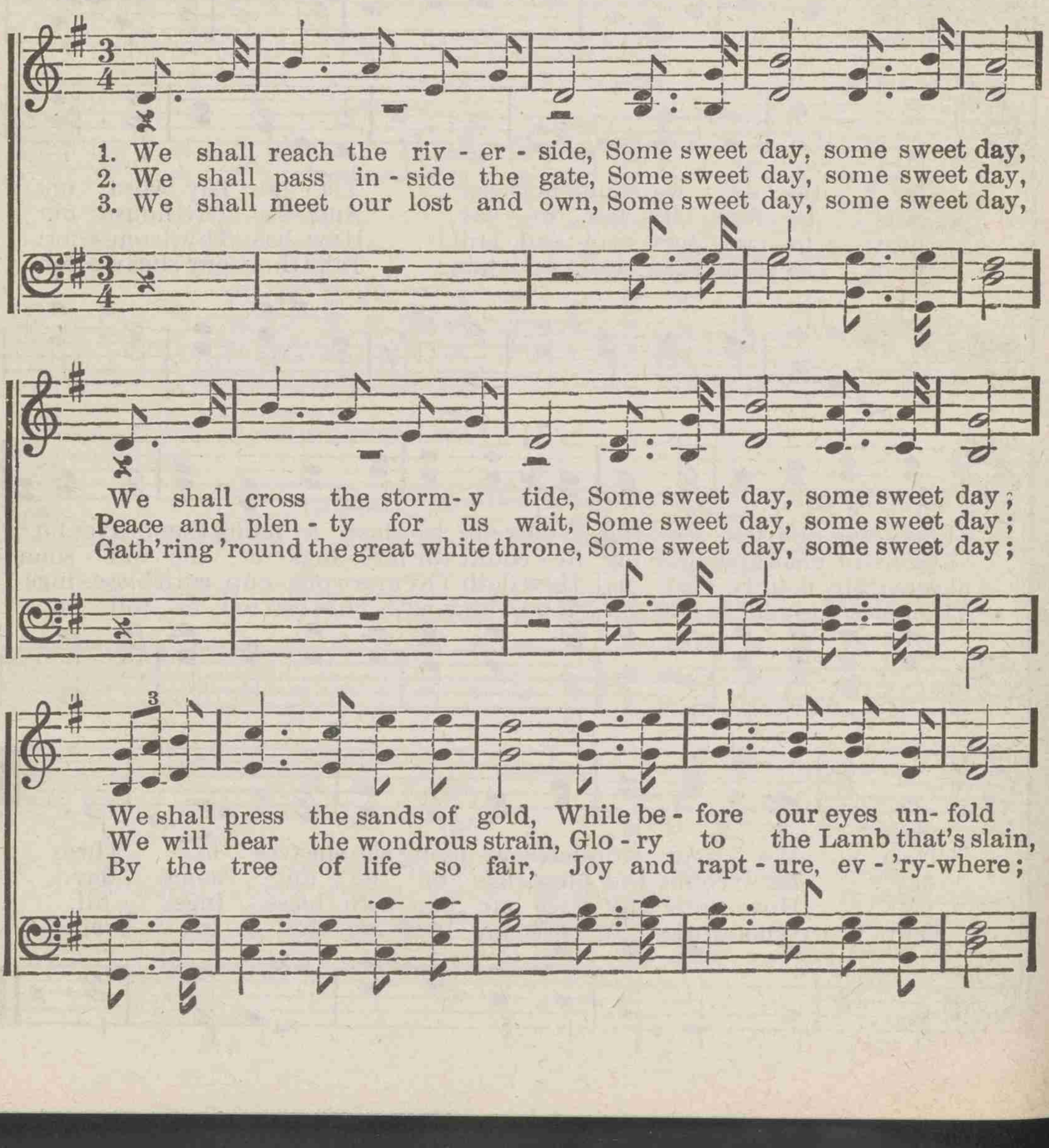
"For I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living."—Job 30 : 23.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—Rev. 14 : 13.

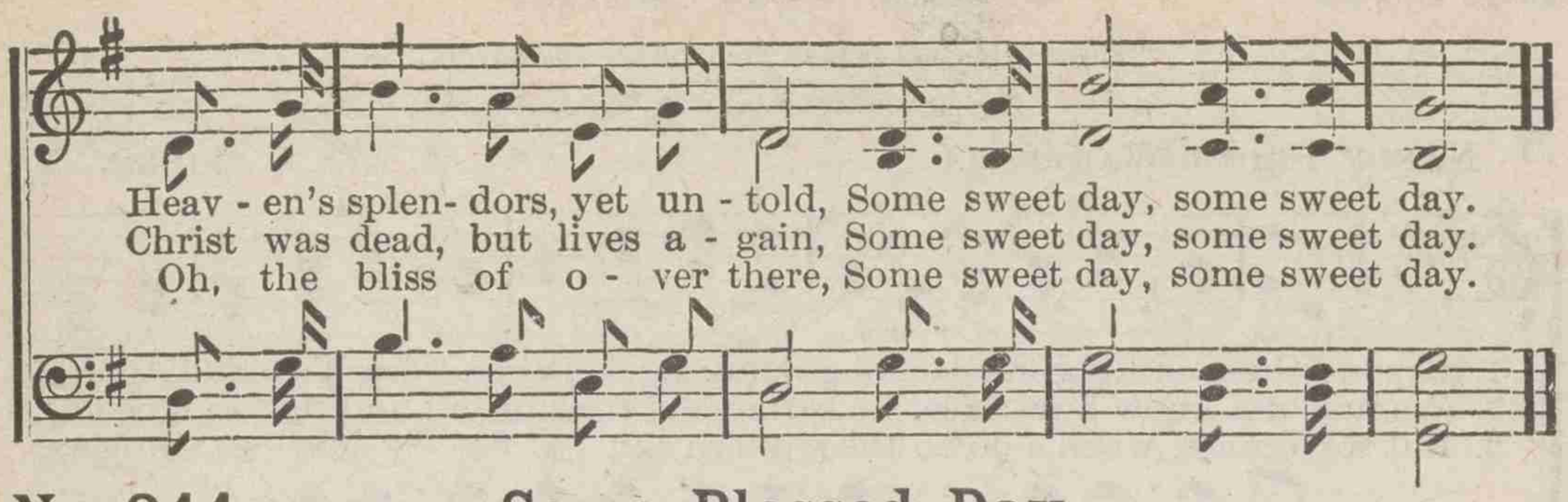
No. 343. Some Sweet Day.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—Cant. 2 : 17.

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



Some Sweet Day.



No. 344. Some Blessed Day.

"Then I shall know."—1 Cor. 13 : 12.

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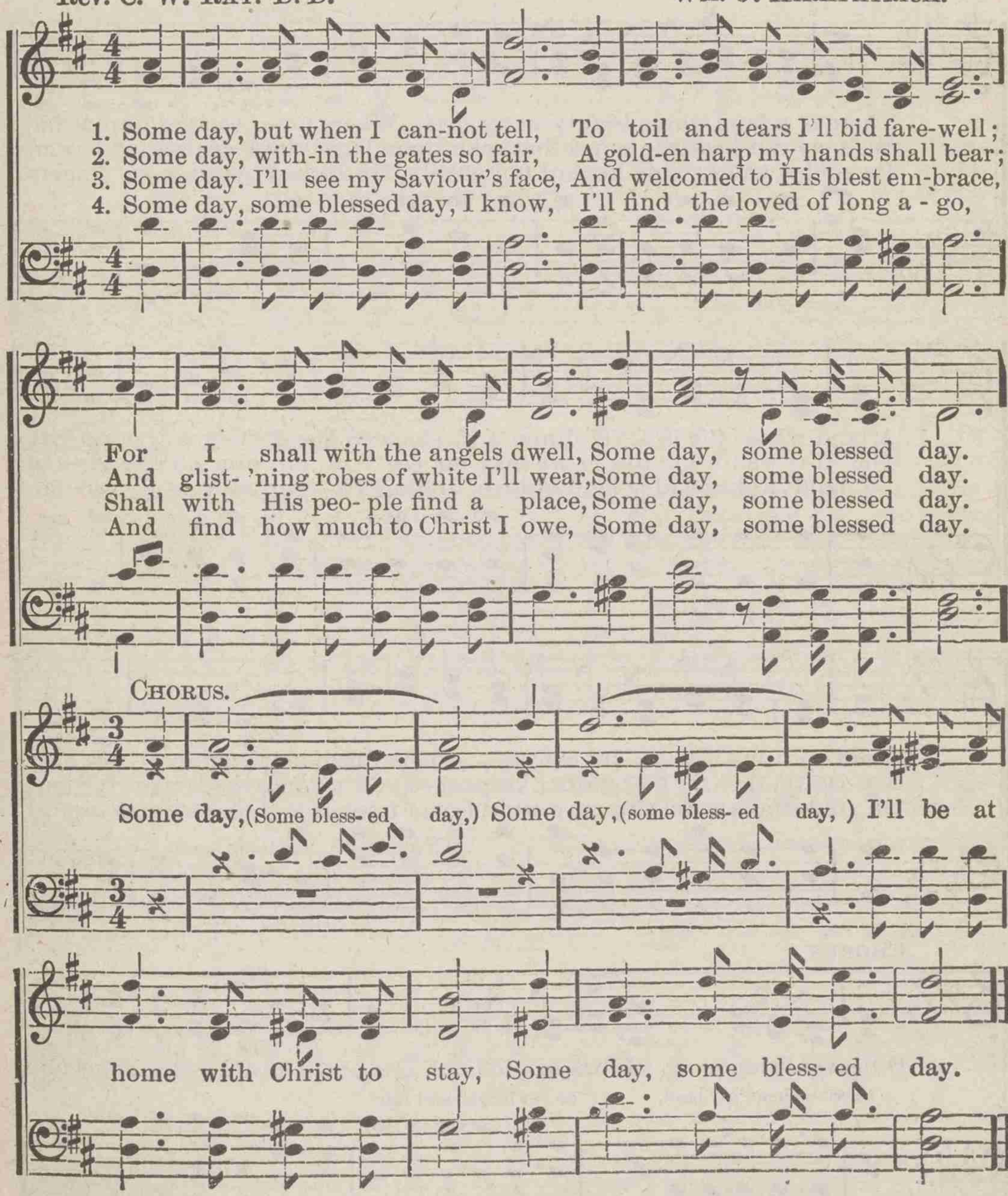
Rev. C. W. Ray. D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



No. 345. O Heavenly Land.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33 : 17.

Copyright, 1896, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

NANCY PRIEST WAKEFIELD. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies, Beyond death's cloudy portal,
2. We may not know how sweet its balmy air, How bright and fair its flow-ers;
3. But sometimes, when a-down the western sky A fier - y sun - set lin-gers,

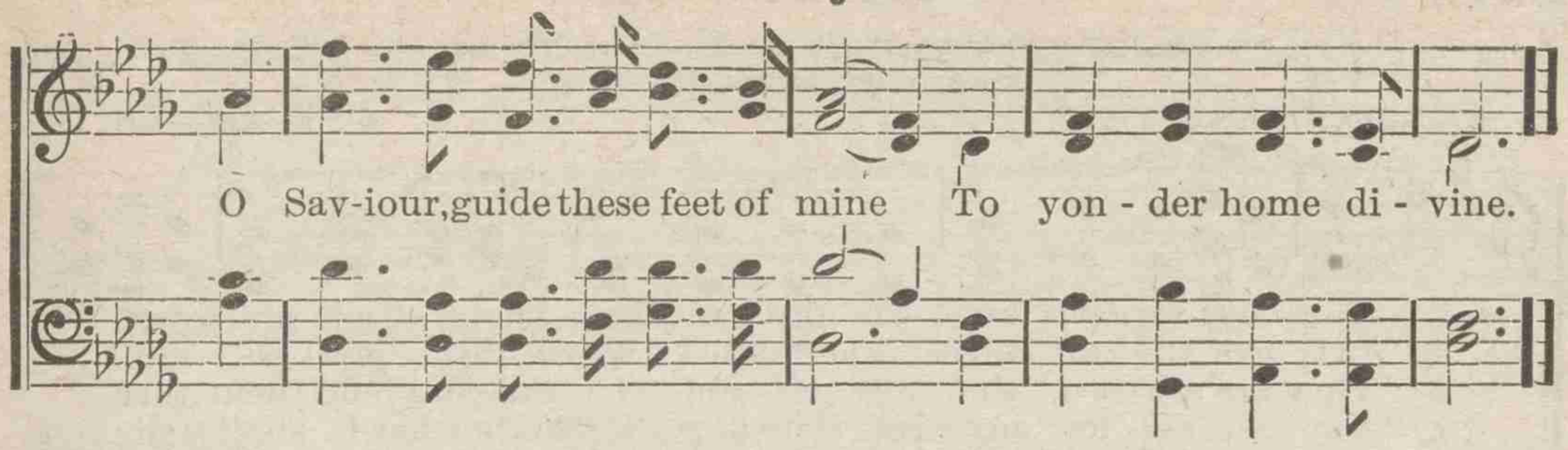
There is a land where beauty never dies—Where love becomes immor-tal.
We may not hear the songs that echo there Thro' those enchanted bowers.
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly, Un-locked by un-seen fingers.

A land whose life is never dimm'd by shade, Whose fields are ever ver-nal;
The ci-ty's shin-ing tow'rs we may not see With our dim earthly vis-ion,
O land unknown! O land of love di-vine! Fa - ther, all wise, e - ter-nal,

Where noth-ing beau-ti - ful can ev - er fade, But blooms for aye e - ter-nal.
For Death, the si - lent warder, keeps the key That opes the gates e - lys-ian.
Oh, guide these wand'ring, way-worn feet of mine Into those pastures vernal!

CHORUS.

O heavenly land, So bright and fair! O land where saints and angels are,
Bless -ed heav'nly land, ev - er bright and fair!

O Heavenly Land.

No. 346. Beyond the Sunset.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—Cant. 2 : 17.

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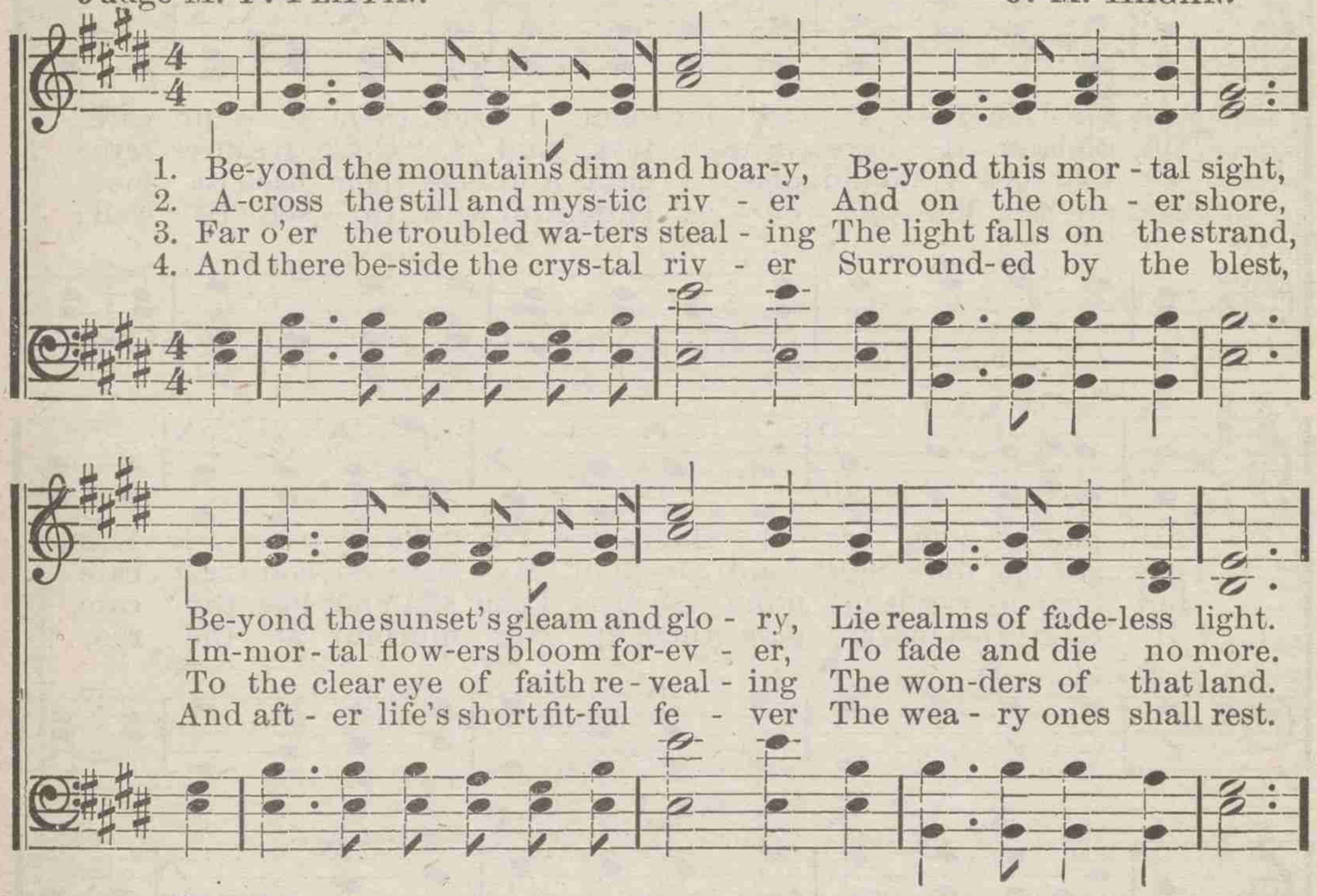
Judge M. F. FLIPPIN. J. M. HAGAN.



No. 347. My Jewels.

"This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."—Luke 15 : 24.

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DORRIS DALE. D. E. DORTCH.

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;

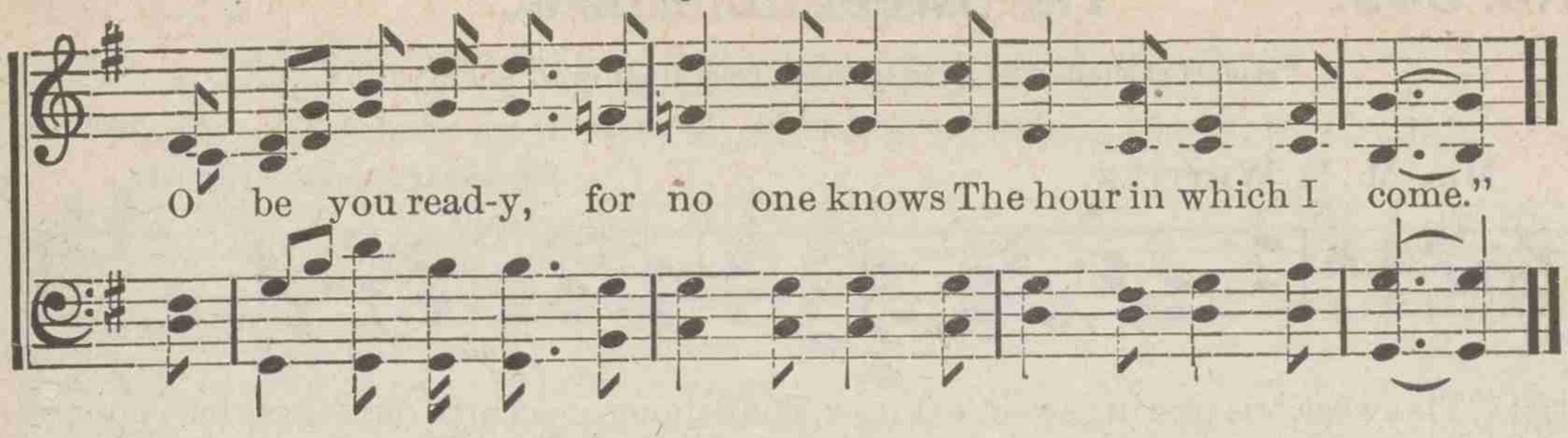
It may be long ere I shall come To take my treas-ures home,
They are my life's most fond de- light, My earn-est, con-stant care,
But hear my words, my prom - ise true, Thou shalt not lose thy care,
If thou canst meekly give them up, Nor murmur at the rod,

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 lat- er I'll call for them;

My Jewels.

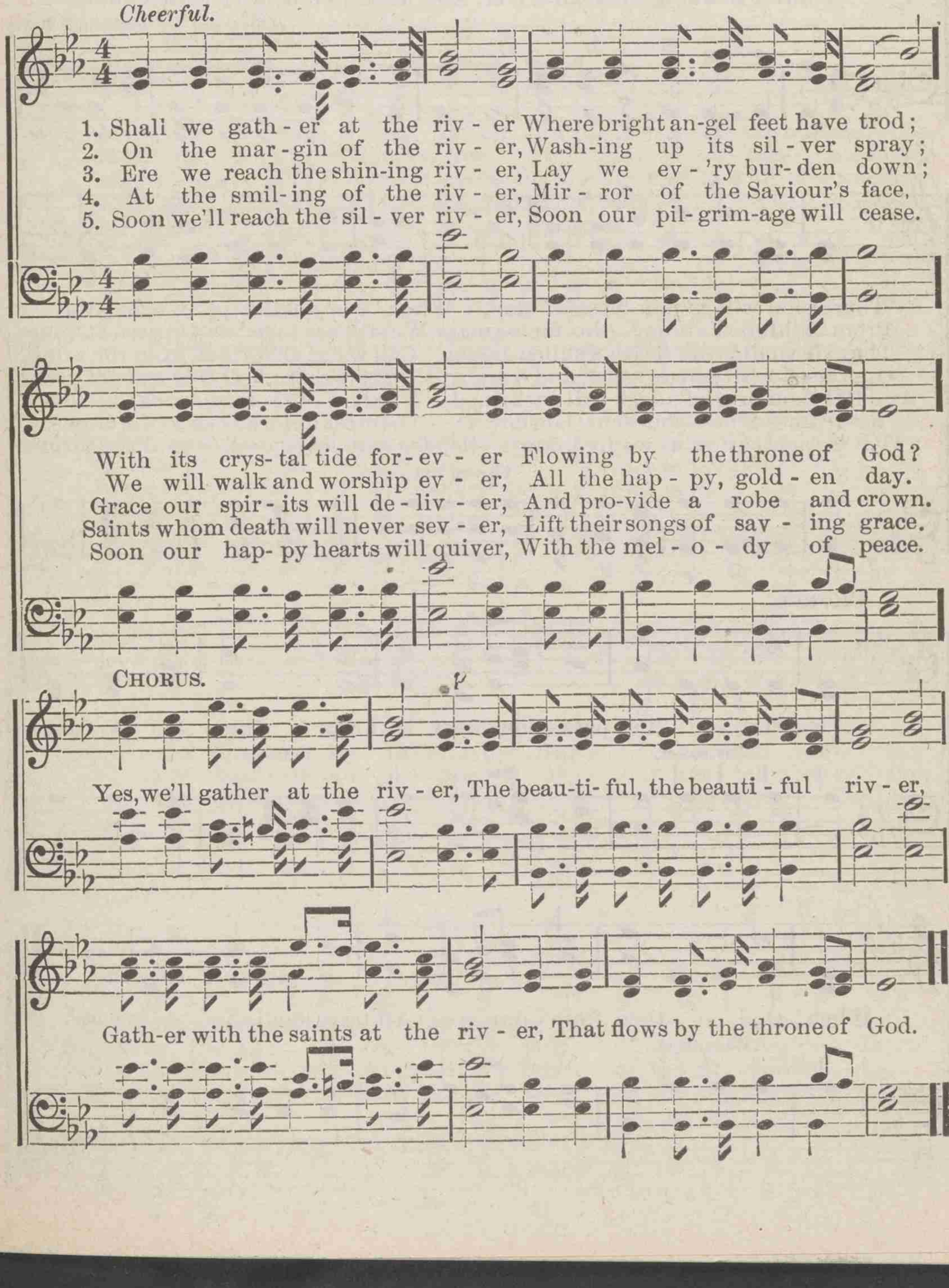


No. 348. Beautiful River.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. 22 : 1.

R. LOWRY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

Cheerful.



No. 349. 'Tis Sweet to Know.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. 21 : 4.

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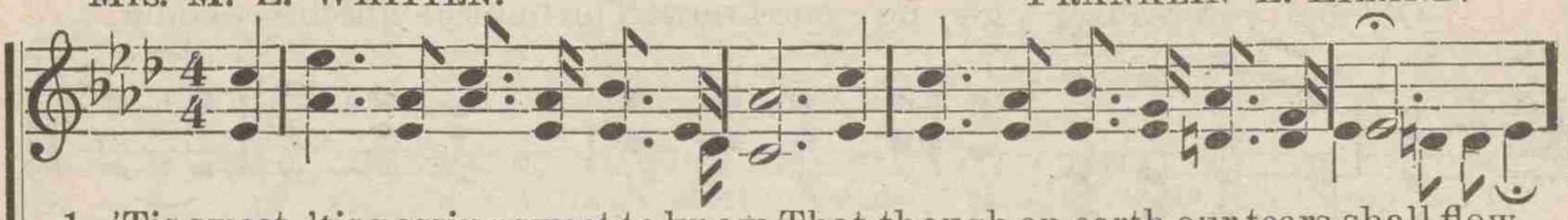
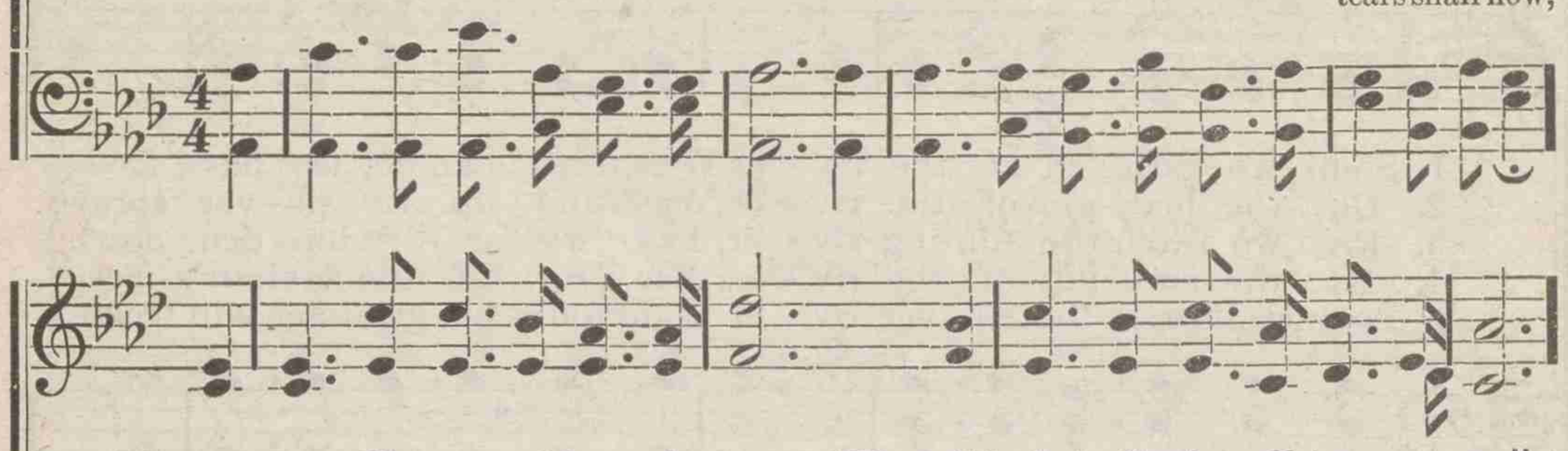
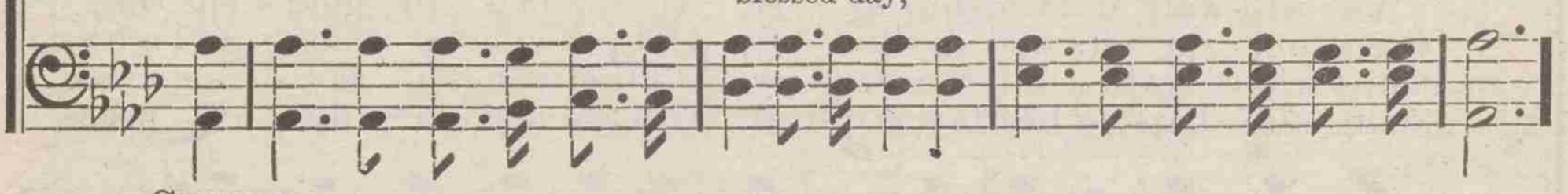
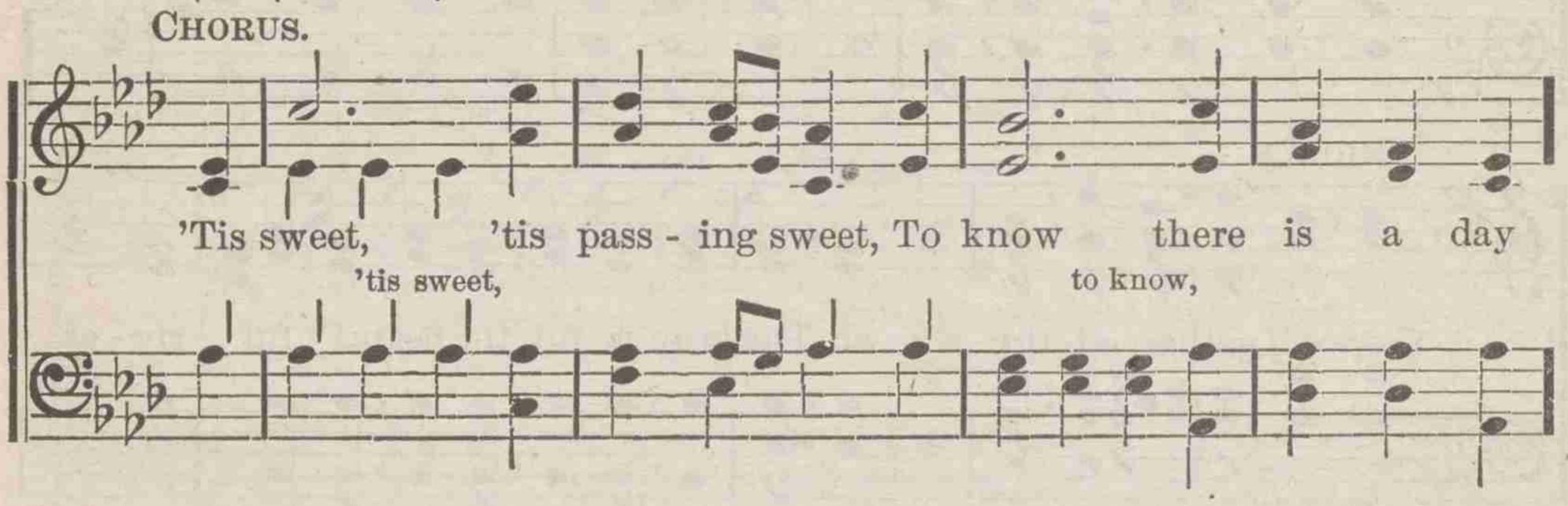
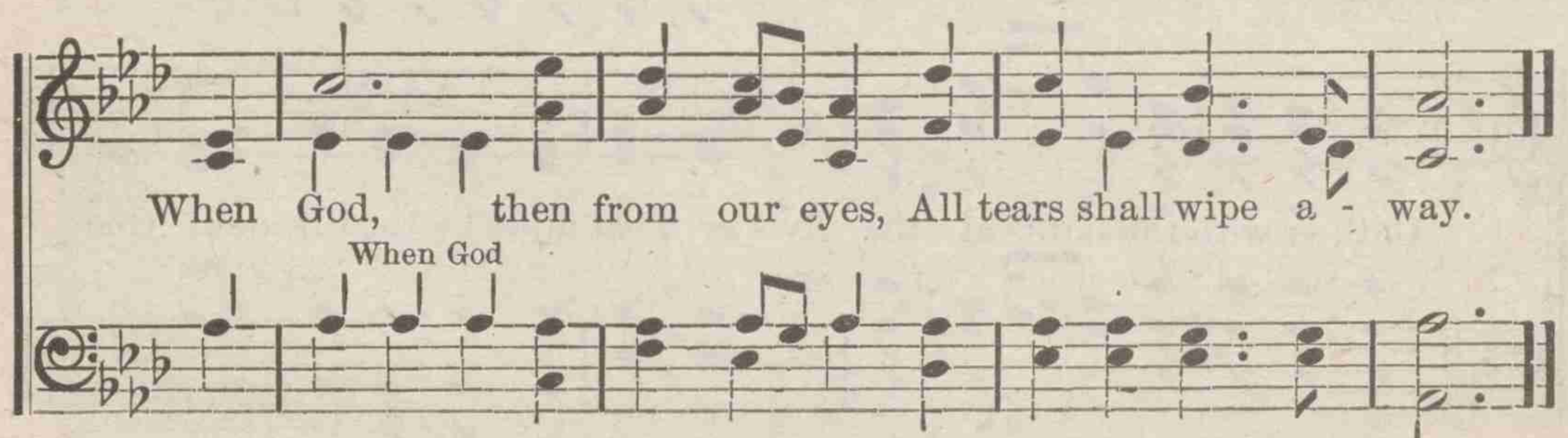
Mrs. M. E. WHITTEN. FRANKLIN L. EILAND.

1. 'Tis sweet, 'tis passing sweet to know, That though on earth our tears shall flow,
2. 'Tis sweet to know though we may stray, Like a lone wand'rer far away,
3. 'Tis sweet while sorrow's tryst we keep, To know our dead in Jesus sleep,
4. As oft we climb the steeps of care, With bleeding feet-thorn-pierced and bare ;
5. Tho' doubts should round our hearts entwine, 'Tis sweet to hear the Voice Divine,
6. Tho' rough the path our feet may tread, 'Tis oft with richest blessing spread—
7. 'Tis sweet to know when all is o'er, And we shall touch the mystic shore,

tears shall flow,

There soon will come a bless-ed day, When "God shall wipe all tears away."
From childhood's home—tho' far we roam, We still are loved and missed at home.
That He shall break death's sullen gloom, Call them victorious from the tomb.
Oppressed with sorrow, grief, and fear, 'Tis sweet to feel God's angel near.
And feel though grief's dark pall enshrined, "The bow of promise spans the cloud."
Rest comes at last—burdens laid down— The cross but leads us to the crown.
That we shall know as we are known—Rejoice with loved ones 'round the throne.

blessed day,

CHORUS.



'Tis sweet, 'tis pass - ing sweet, To know there is a day

'tis sweet, to know,

When God, then from our eyes, All tears shall wipe a - way.

When God

No. 350. The Unclouded Day.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."—Rev. 21 : 4.

By permission of The Echo Music Co.

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. ALWOOD. Harmony by J. F. KINSEY.

May be sung as a Solo.

1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they tell me of a
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that land far a - way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom
3. O they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they tell that mine eyes shall be-hold Where He sits on the throne that is whit-er than snow,
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His children there, And His smile drives their sor- rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain,

O they tell me of an unclouded day; O the land of cloud-less day,
Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day; O the land of cloud-less day,
In the cit - y that is made of gold; O that land mine eyes shall see,
In that love- ly land of un-cloud-ed day; O that land of love - ly smiles,

O the land of an un - cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of a
O the land of an un - cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of my
O that land of an un - cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of the
O the smiles of His love-beam-ing eye; O the King in His

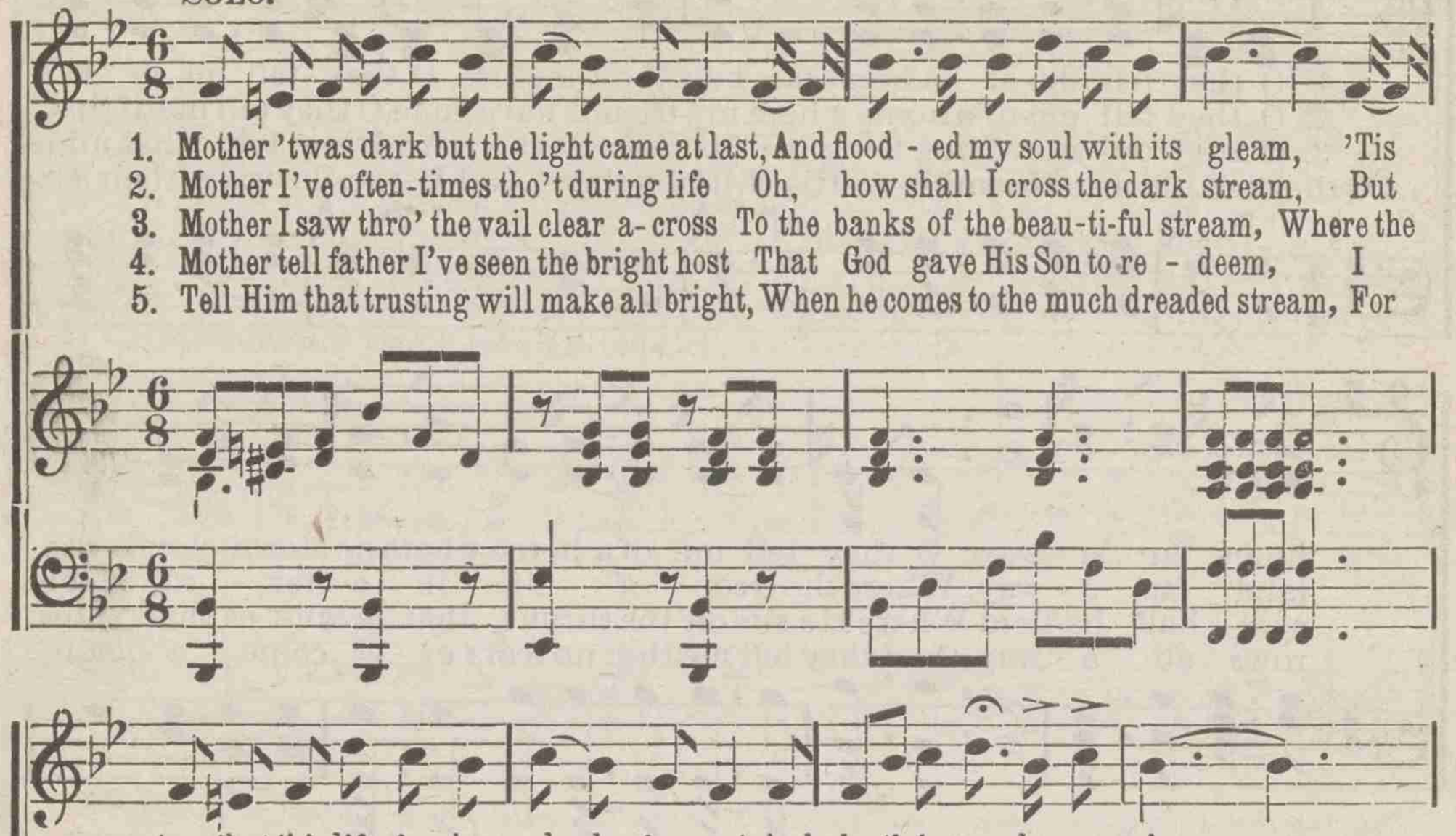
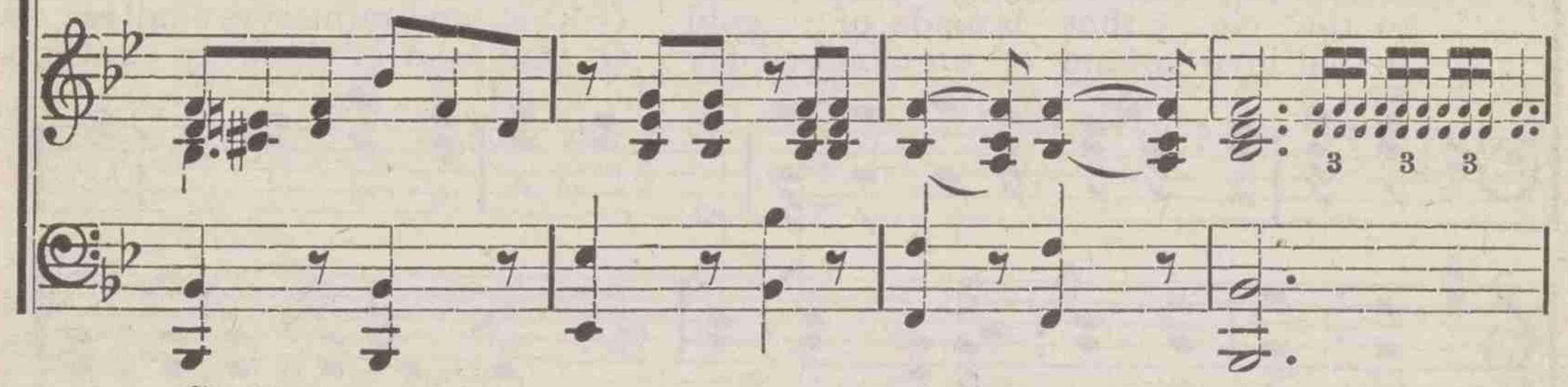
home where no storm clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.
friends by the tree of life, In the land of the un - cloud-ed day.
King and His snow-white throne, In the land of the un - cloud-ed day.
beau - ty in - vites me there, To the land of the un - cloud-ed day.

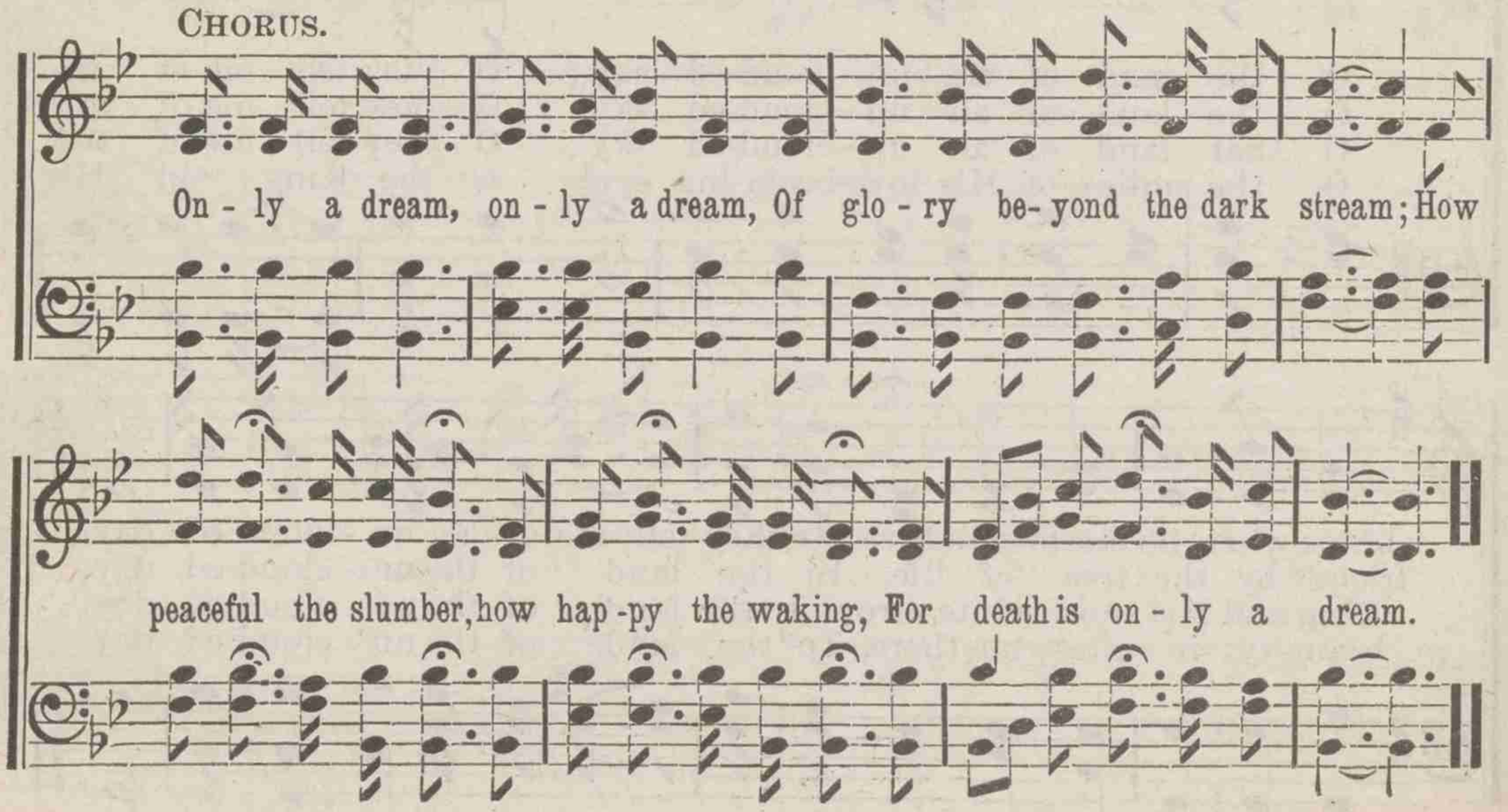
No. 351. Death is Only a Dream.

"The maid is not dead, but sleepeth."—Matt. 9 : 24.

Used by per. H. A. R. Horton.

Rev. H. B. PENDAR. Music and Chorus by A. J. BUCHANAN.

SOLO.

CHORUS.



No. 352. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33 : 17.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

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

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

CHORUS.

We will res in the fair and hap - py land, Just a -
by and by,
cross on the ev - er- green shore,..... Sing the song of
ev - er - green shore,
Mos - es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er-more.

No. 353. Over Jordan We Shall Meet.

"Ye shall pass over this Jordan."—Joshua 1 : 11.

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

1. O - ver Jor- dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by, In that
2. All our sor- rows shall be past, By and by, by and by, We shall
3. We shall join the heav'nly choir, By and by, by and by, We shall
4. There we'll join the ransom'd throng, By and by, by and by, Chanting

hap - py land so sweet, By and by; We shall gath- er on the shore,
reach our home at last, By and by; With the ransom'd we shall stand,
strike the gold-en lyre, By and by; In our home so bright and fair
love's re-demp-tion song, By and by. There we'll meet be- fore the throne,

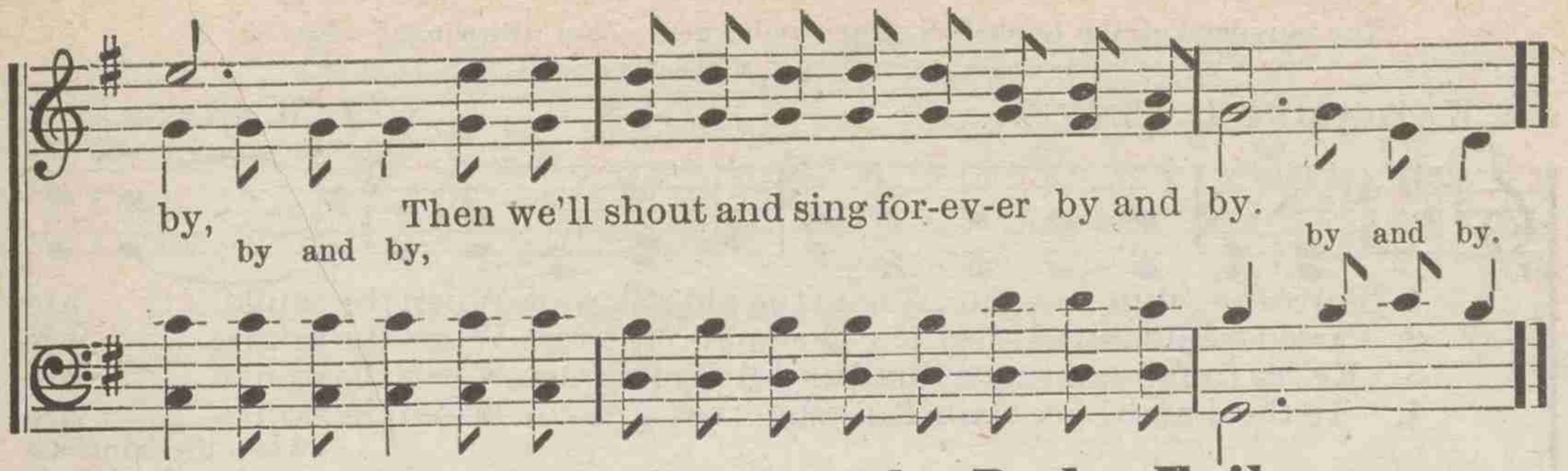
With our kindred gone be- fore, And the Saviour's name adore, By and by.
There a ho - ly, hap - py band, Crown'd with glory in that land, By and by.
Where the hap-py an- gels are, We shall praise for-ev- er there, By and by.
There we'll lay our trophies down, And receive a shining crown, By and by.

CHORUS.

By and by, by and by, O - ver Jor-dan we shall
By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by,

gath - er, by and by, By and by, by and
by and by, By and by,

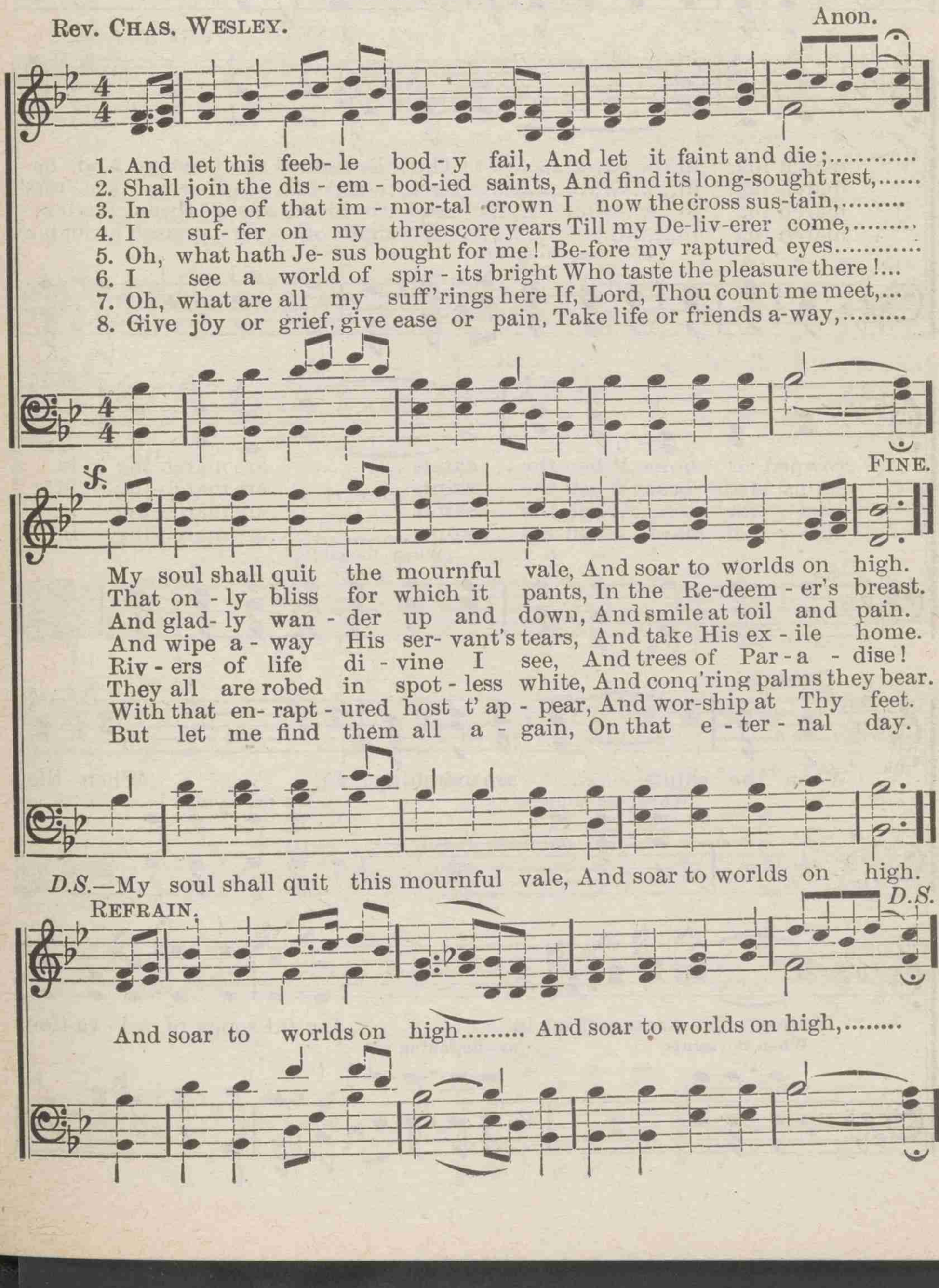
Over Jordan We Shall Meet.



No. 354. And let this Feeble Body Fail.

"A better country, that is a heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY. Anon.



D.S.—My soul shall quit this mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

No. 355. When the Saints are Marching in.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs."—Isa. 35 : 10.

Copyright, 1896, by J. M. Black, by per.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.

1. Thro' the shin-ing gate, Where the an-gels wait, When the saints..... are
2. Parted friends shall meet On the gold - en street, When the saints..... are
3. Ev-'ry tongue and race Shall ex-tol God's grace, When the saints..... are
4. To the Lamb once slain, But who lives a - gain, When the saints..... are

When the saints are

march-ing in,..... The Redeemed shall come And be
march-ing in,..... Spot - less robes shall wear Vic - tors'
march-ing in,..... And the blood-washed throng Shall re -
march-ing in,..... We shall of - fer praise Through e -

are marching in,

crowned at home, When the saints..... are march-ing in.
palms shall bear, When the saints..... are march-ing in.
peat the song, When the saints..... are march-ing in.
ter - nal days, When the saints..... are march-ing in.

When the saints

CHORUS.

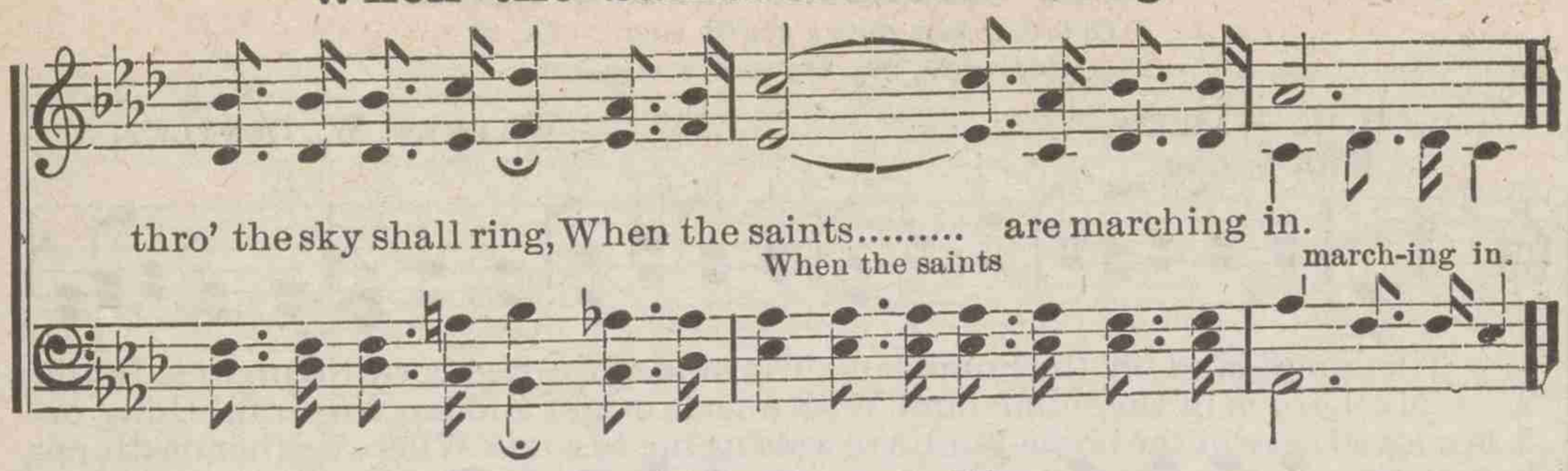
When the saints..... are marching in, When the

When the saints are march-ing in,

saints..... are marching in Joy-ful songs of sal - va-tion

When the saints are marching in,

When the Saints are Marching in.



No. 356. Oh I Long to go Home.

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

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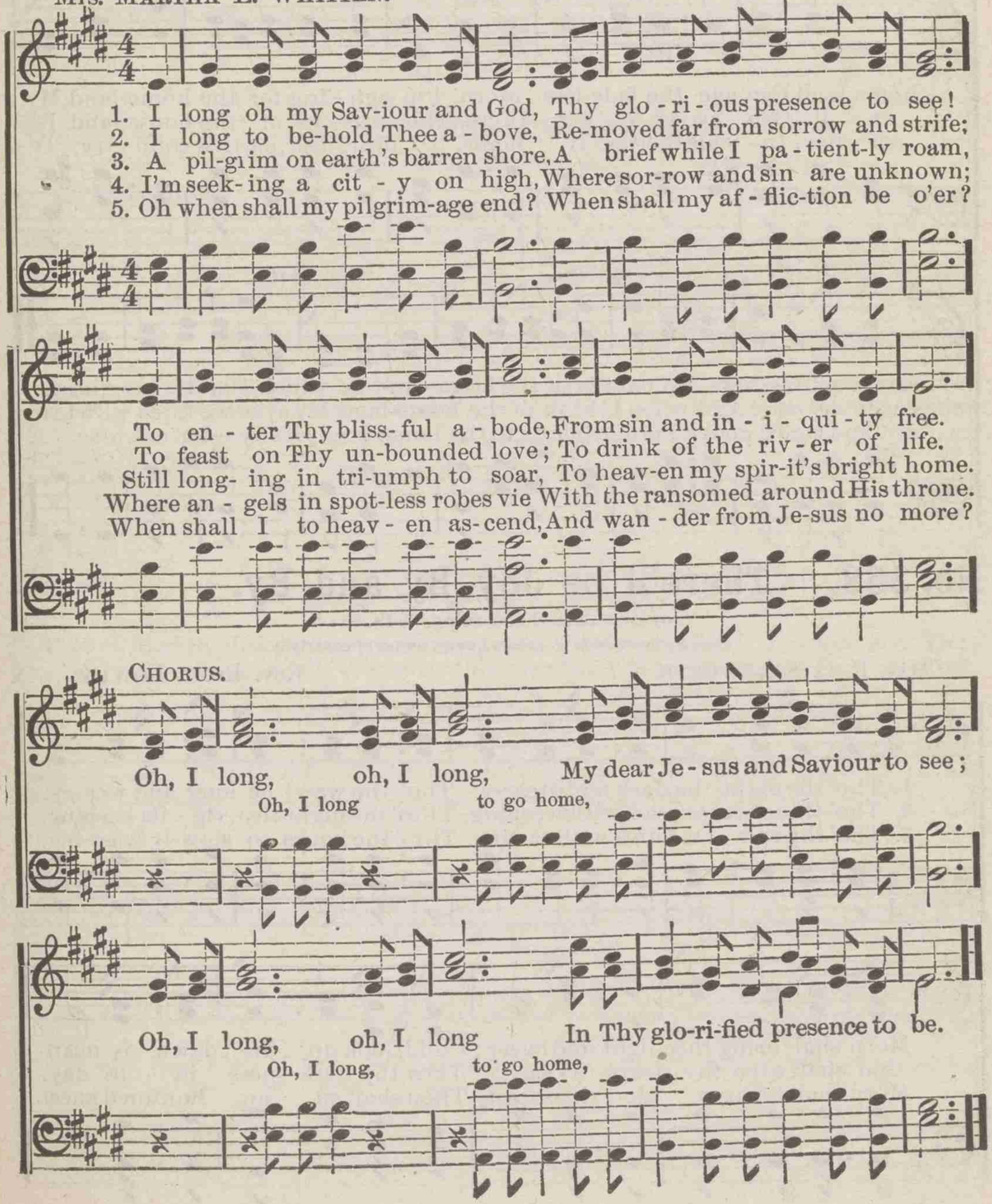
Mrs. Martha E. Whitten. Jas. M. Hagan.



No. 357. The Blessed Home-land.

"To bring them unto a goodly land."—Ex. 3: 8.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Rev. H. R. HAWEIS. WARREN W. BENTLEY.

– *With feeling.*

1. The home-land oh! the home-land, The land of the free-born, No night is in the
2. My Lord is in the home-land, With angels bright and fair, No sinful thing or
3. For loved ones in the home-land, Are waiting me to come, Where neither death nor

home-land, Can age the fade-less morn, I'm sigh - ing for the home-land, My
ev - il Can ev - er en - ter there, The mus - ic of the home-land, Is
sor - row, In - vade their ho-ly home, O! dear, dear, na-tive coun - try, O

rit.

heart is aching here, No pain is in the home-land, To which I'm drawing near.
ringing in my ears, And when I think of the home-land, My eyes are filled with tears.
rest and peace above, Lord, bring us to the home-land, Of thy e-ter-nal love.

No. 358. There'll be Joy, By and By.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30 : 5.

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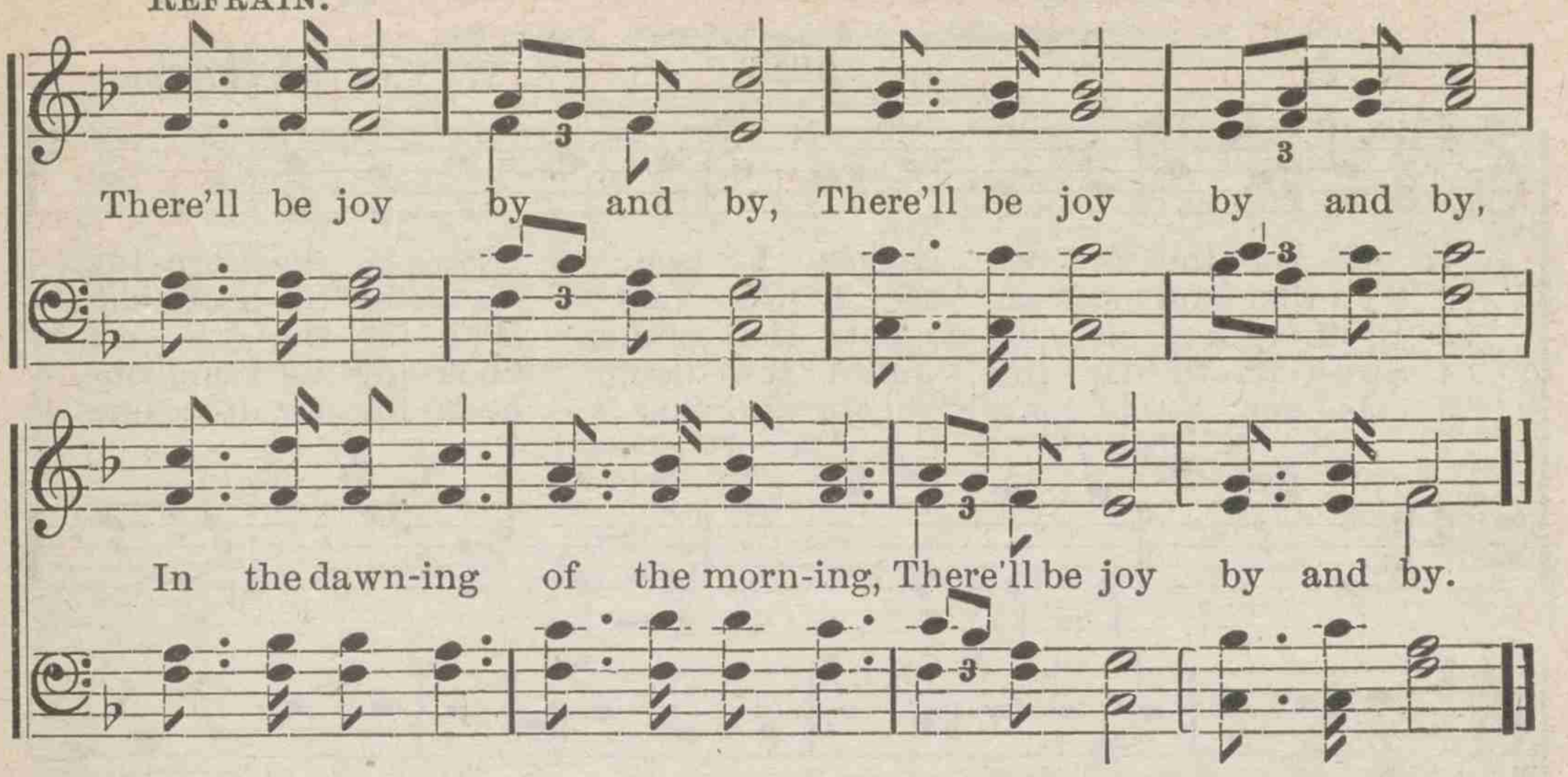
Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. Rev. ROBT. LOWRY.

1. Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Tho' the way be long and wea-ry,
2. Tho' thine eyes are sad with weeping, Thro' the night thy vig - ils keeping,
3. Tho' thy spir - it faints with fasting, Thro' the hours so slow-ly wast-ing,

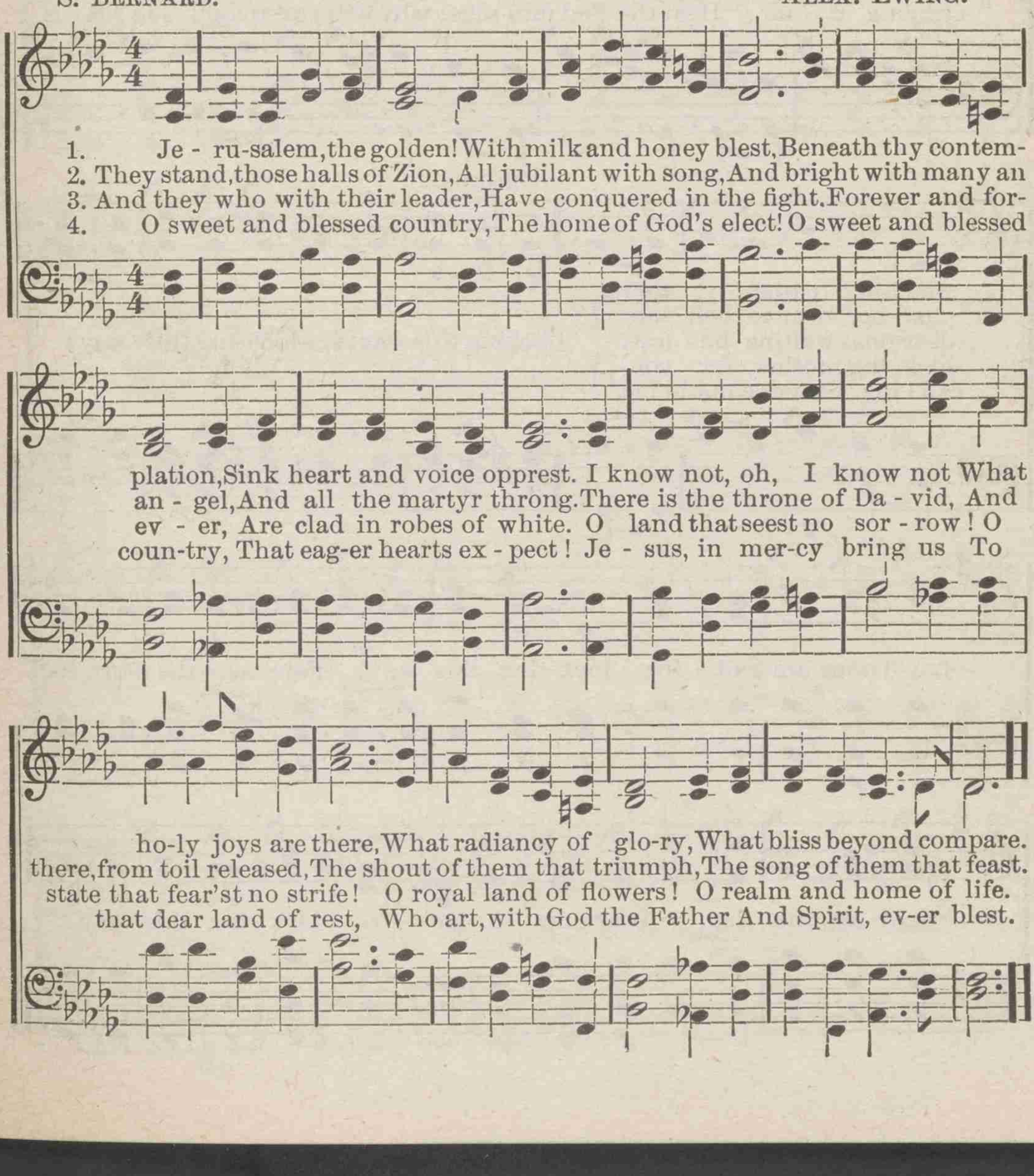
Morn shall bring thee light and cheer; Child, look up, the dawn is near.
God shall wipe thy tears a - way, Turn thy dark - ness in - to day.
Morn shall bring a glo - rious feast, Thou shalt sit an hon-ored guest.

There'll be Joy, By and By.

REFRAIN.

No. 359. Jerusalem, the Golden.

"The holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God, out of heaven."—Rev. 21 : 2.

S. BERNARD. ALEX. EWING.



No. 360. Looking This Way.

"Which things the angels desire to look into."—1 Peter 1 : 12.

Copyright, 1895, by J. W. Van DeVenter. Used by per.

J. W. V. DUET. J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

1. O - ver the riv - er fac - es I see, Fair as the morn- ing,
2. Fa-ther and moth-er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat - man,
3. Broth- er and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
4. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look- ing for some one,—
5. Je - sus the Sav-iour, bright Morning Star, Look- ing for lost ones

look-ing for me; Free from their sor-row, grief and de - spair, Waiting and
wait for the sail, Bear-ing the lov'd ones o - ver the tide In - to the
coming some-time; Safe with the an - gels, whit-er than snow, Watching for
beck-on - ing come; Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anx-ious-ly
straying a - far; Hear the glad mes-sage; why will you roam? Je-sus is

CHORUS.

watching patient-ly there.
har- bor, near to their side.
dear ones waiting be - low.
look- ing, mother, for you.
call - ing, "Sinner, come home."

Looking this way, yes, look-ing this way;

Lov'd ones are wait - ing, look - ing this way; Fair as the morn-ing,

bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look - ing this way.

No. 361. Shall We Find Them at the Portals?

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—2 Cor 5 : 8.

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J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression.

1. Will they meet us, cheer and greet us, Those we love who've gone be - fore?
2. Hearts are brok-en, for some tok- en, That they live, and love us yet,
3. And we oft - en, as days soft- en, And comes out the eve-'ning star,
4. Past yon por- tals, our im-mor-tals, Those who walk with Him in white;

Shall we find them at the por - tals, Find our beau - ti - fied im -
And we ask, "Can those who've left us, Of love's look and tone be -
Look- ing west-ward, sit and won- der, Wheth-er, when so far a -
Do they, 'mid their bliss, re - call us? Know they what e - vents be -

CHORUS.

mor-tals, When we reach that radiant shore?
reft us, Tho' in heav'n, can they for-get?"
sun-der, They still think how dear they are?
fall us? Will our com-ing wake de-light?

They will meet us, cheer, and greet us, Those we've lov'd who've gone be-fore; We shall find them at the

They will meet us, cheer, and greet us,

por-tals, Find our beau-ti -fied im-mortals, When we reach that radiant shore?

No. 362. Victory is Thine.

"To him who alone doeth great wonders."—Psa. 136 : 4.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sweet is the time when tuneful notes are swelling, Glad is the day that
2. Sweet is the praise that nature gai - ly voic - es, Glad is the time that
3. Hail, Christain, hail! for thee the Lord is ris - en! Loud let His praise from

brightens in the feast; Grand are the hymns the res - ur- rec-tion tell- ing,
brings the wear-y rest; Grand are the notes when ev- 'ry heart re-joic - es,
ev - 'ry Spir - it roll; No more shall sin and death thy life im-pris- on,

CHORUS.

Blest are the hearts that join the heavenly feast.
Blest are the souls to na-ture's God addressed.
Wake ev - 'ry tongue, His wonders to ex - tol.
} Now un - to Thee our

glorious ris- en King, Let all the world its grateful homage bring. Author of

light, we praise Thee and adore; Vict- 'ry is Thine, both now and evermore.

No. 363. He Arose.

"He is not there; for He is risen, as He said, Come, see the place where the Lord lay."—Matt. 38: 6.

From "Sunlight," by per. of Geo. C. Hugg.

G. C. H. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slowly.

1. Low - ly en - tombed He lay, My bless - ed Sav - iour;
2. Vain - ly they watch Him, now, My bless - ed Sav - iour;
3. Burst - ing the seal, He rose, My bless - ed Sav - iour;

Wait - ing the prom - ised day, My pre - cious Lord.
Sure - ly He'll keep His vow, My pre - cious Lord.
Scatter - ing His arm - ed foes, My pre - cious Lord.

CHORUS. *faster.*

Up from the tomb He arose! And in triumph, vanquish'd all His foes;

He a-rose! all His foes;

He a - rose a victor o'er the realms of night; And He reigns forever with His

saints in light, He a-rose, He a- rose, Victor o- ver all His foes.

He a - rose, He a - rose,

FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, *even* unto the end of the world.—Matt. 28: 20.

But if I tarry long, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.—1. Tim. 3: 15.

No. 364. The Gospel of Baptism.

(For Baptism.)

"Thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness."—Matt. 3: 15.

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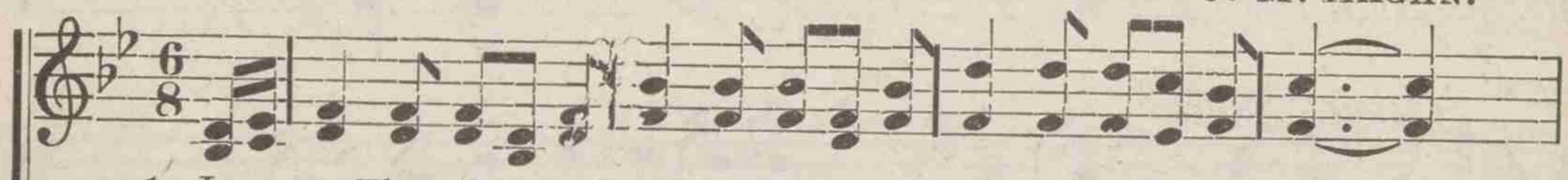
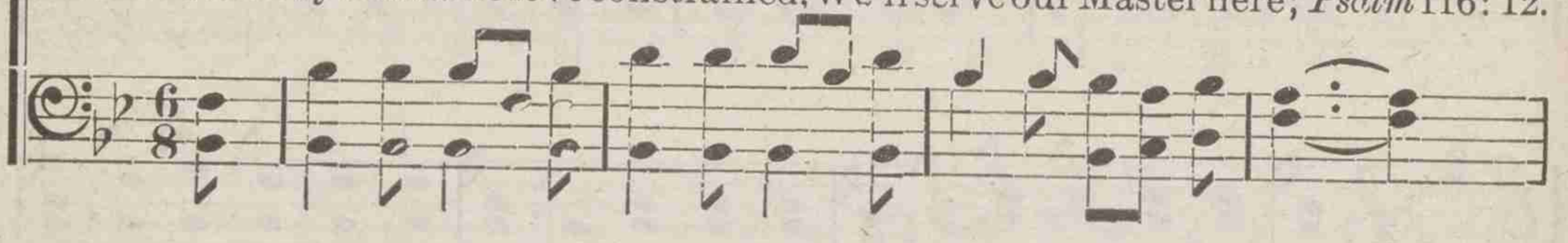
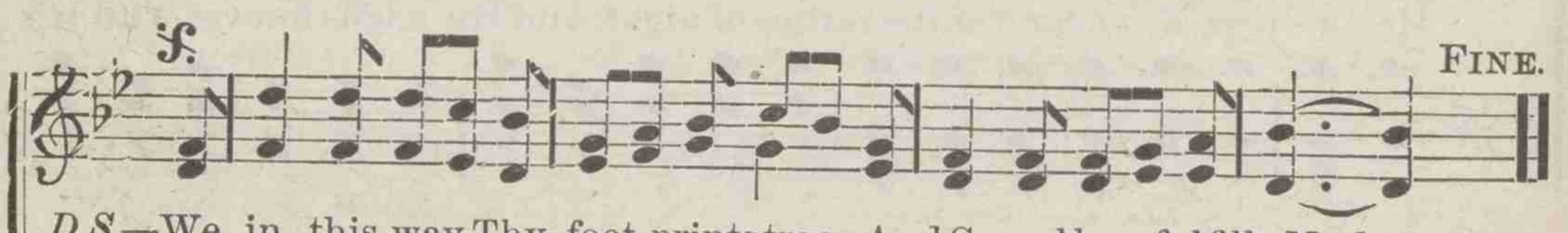
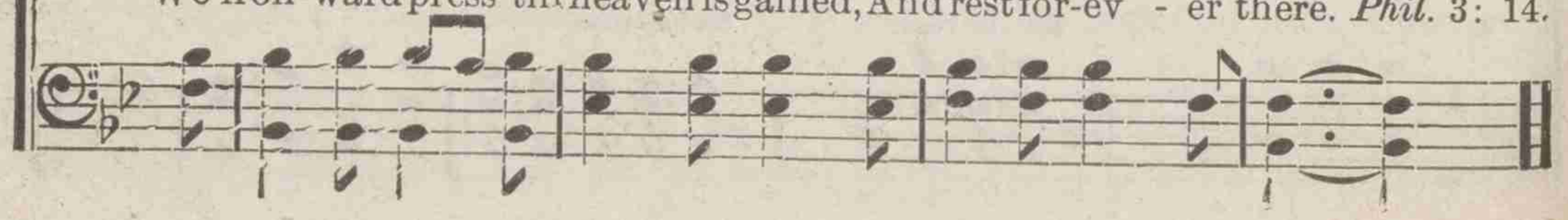
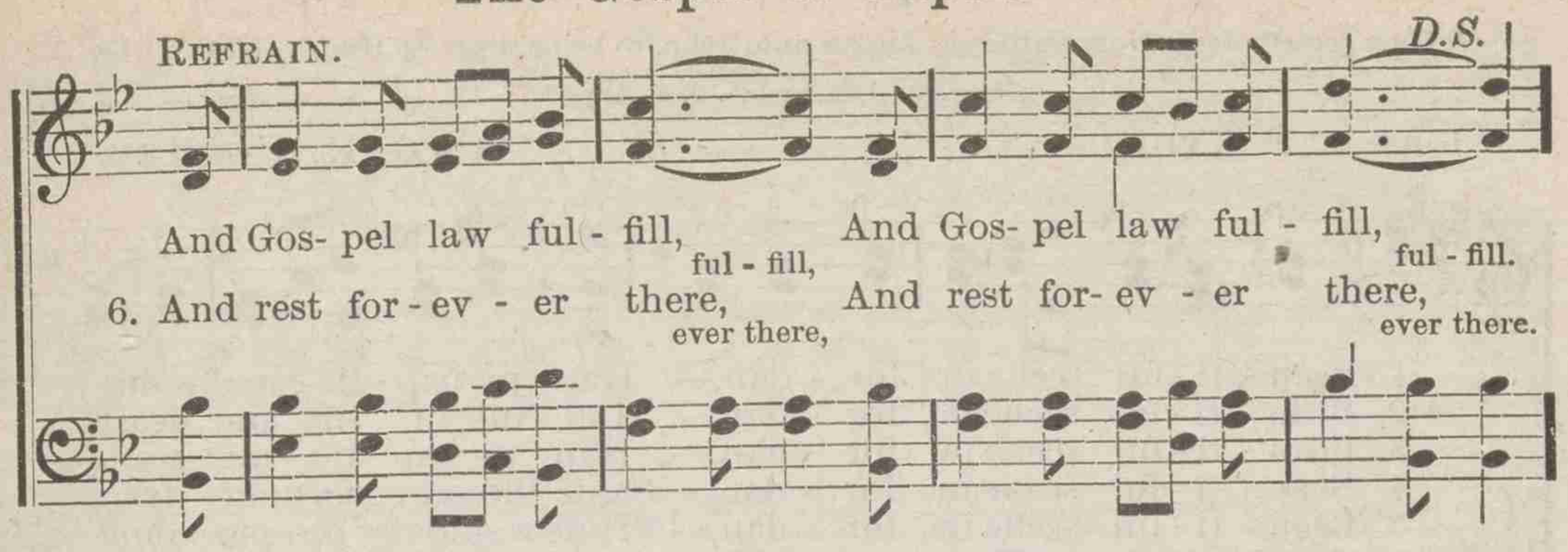
Rev. L. E. HALL. J. M. HAGAN.

1. Je - sus, Thou fount of truth and grace, We come to do "thy will," *John* 7: 11.
2. Condemned by law and slain by sin, With Je- sus cru - ci-fied; *Rom.* 7: 9–11.
3. We will not dare to dis - obey, Or slight His plain command—*Luke* 6: 46.
4. Since in - to Jor - dan He did go, And out of wa - ter came; *Matt.* 3:16.
5. From love of Him who died to save, We come to be bap-tized; *John* 4: 19.
6. And then by this same love constrained, We'll serve our Master here; *Psalm* 116: 12.

FINE.

D.S.—We in this way Thy foot-prints trace, And Gospel law fulfill. *Mark* 16: 15, 16.
Bur-ied with Him, we rise with Him, By Him are jus - ti - fied. *Rom.* 6: 4, 6.
Re-fuse to be bap - tized, and say, "'Tis hard to un-der-stand." *John* 15: 4.
How eas - y 'tis for us to know And do what He has done.—*Mark* 1: 9, 10.
And ris-ing from the wa - tery grave, Have new life sym-bol-ized. *Coll.* 2: 12.
We'll on-ward press 'till heaven is gained, And rest for-ev - er there. *Phil.* 3: 14.



No. 365. "Come, Follow Me."

(For Baptism.)

"Follow thou me."—John 21 : 22.

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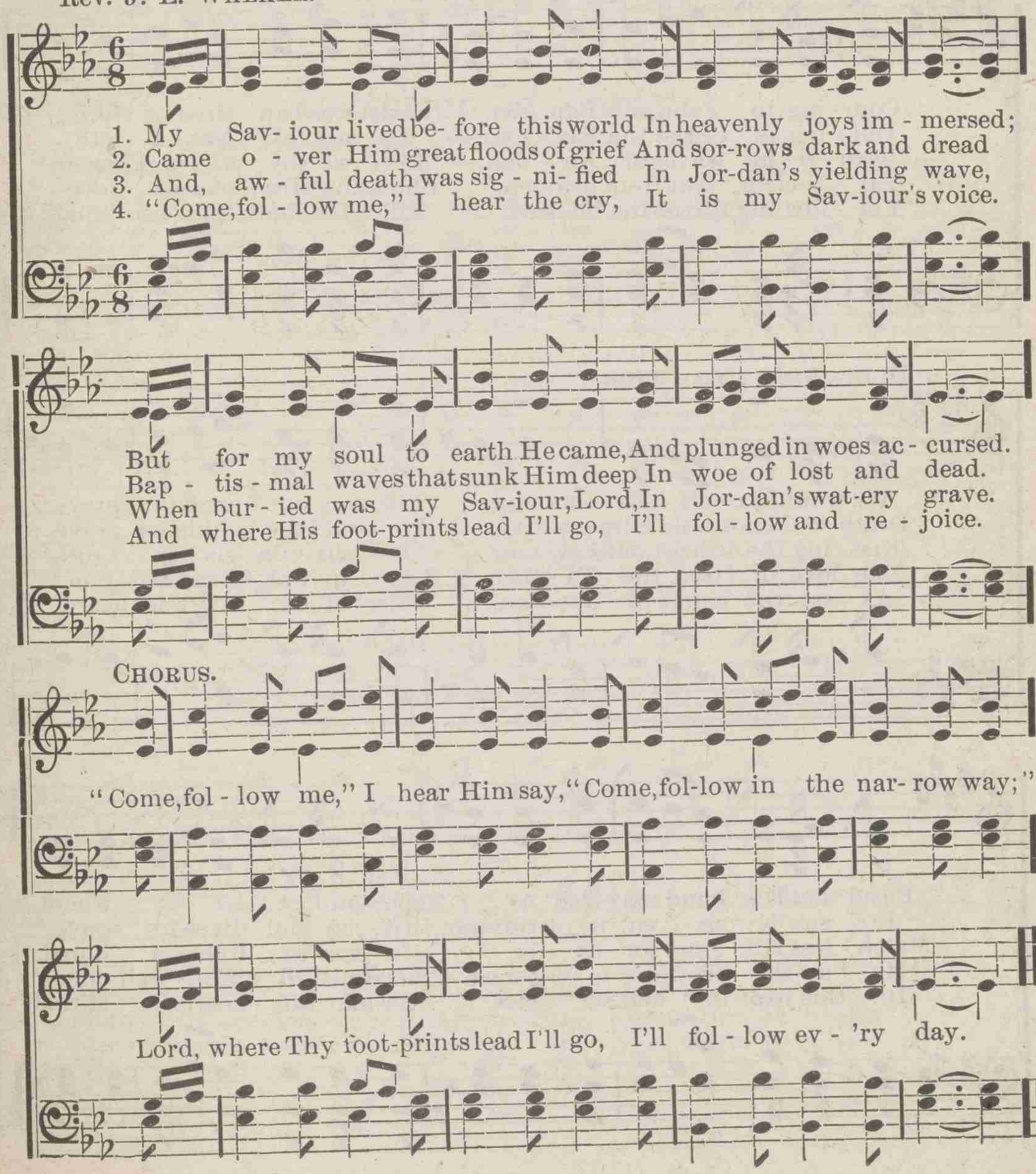
Rev. J. L. WALKER. D. P. AIRHART.



No. 366. The Baptism of Jesus.

"Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of Him."—Matt. 3: 13.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

JOHN C. F. KYGER. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Beau - ti - ful scene in Jor - dan,— Hap - py bap - tis - mal scene;
2. Beau - ti - ful scene in Jor - dan,— Tell - ing of life and death,
3. Beau - ti - ful scene in Jor - dan,— Hap - py bap - tis - mal scene—
4. Beau - ti - ful scene in Jor - dan,— Came there in form of dove,
5. Beau - ti - ful scene in Jor - dan,— Thus would thy peo-ple come,

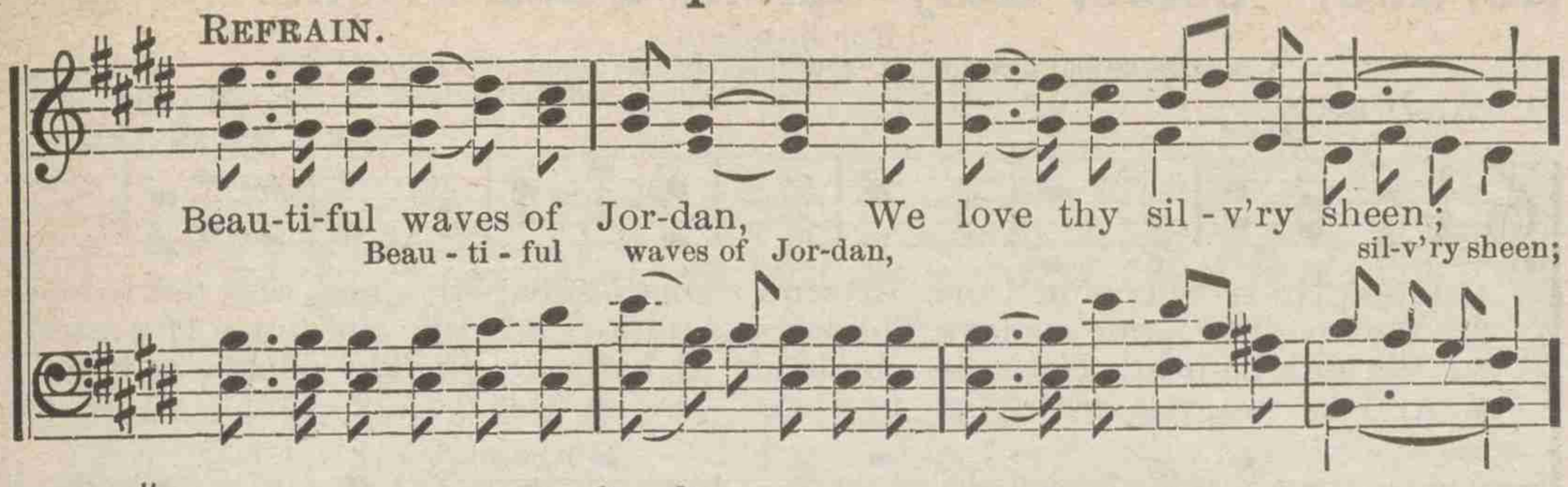
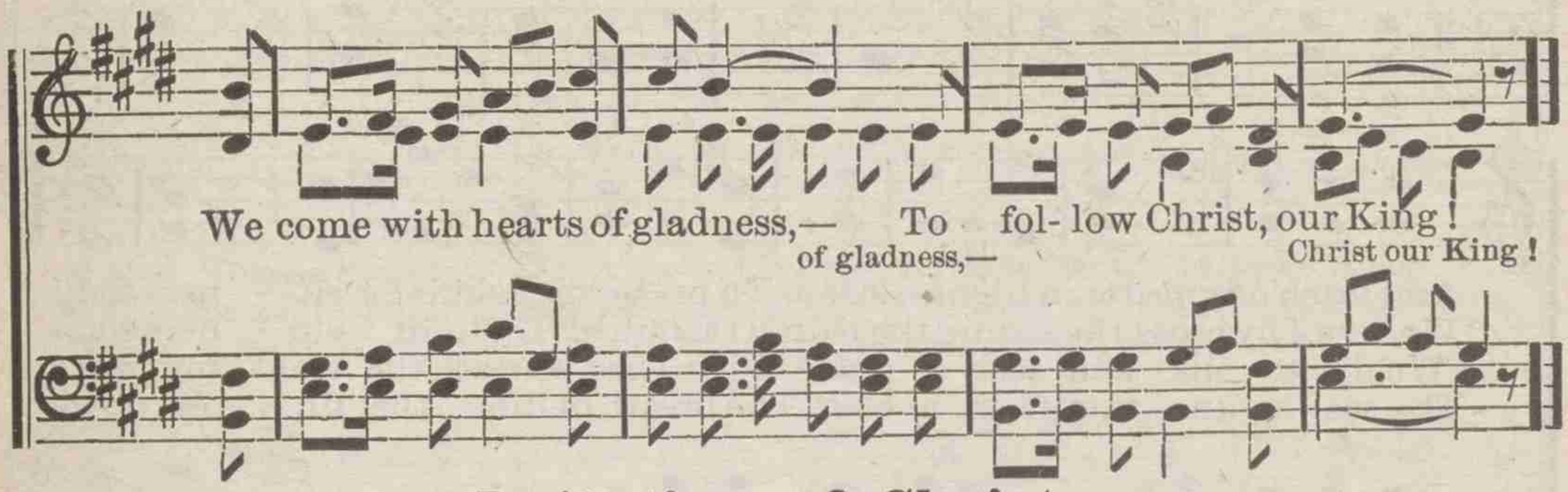
Com - ing to John, the Bap - tist, Christ was bap - tized of him;
Tell - ing of Christ the Sav - iour,— Je - sus of Naz - a - reth,
Beau - ti - ful waves of Jor - dan,— Love we thy sil - very sheen,
Par - a-clete, sent from heav-en, Show-ing His blessed love—
Fol - low-ing Christ the bless-ed, Till He shall lead us home,

DUET, ALTO AND TENOR.

We would ex - alt this ser - vice, Lift - ing our hearts in prayer,
Death could not hold Him cap-tive, Nor could the bouldered grave,
Kiss - ing the Christ, our Sav - iour,— Je - sus our ris - en Lord,
The love of God, the Fa - ther, Love to our Christ, His Son,
As on the banks of Jor - dan, Voice of our God was heard,

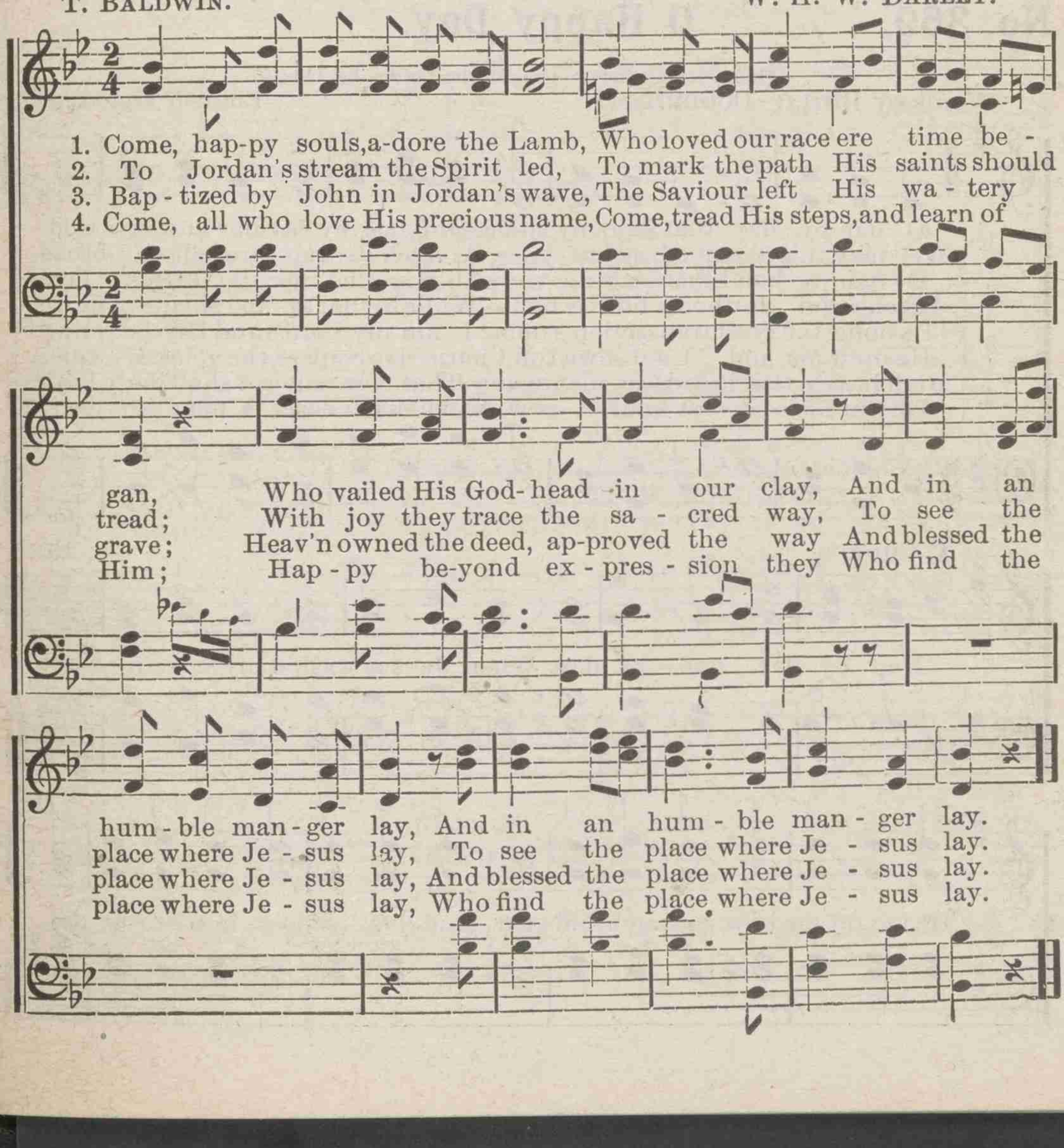
Plead that His hand may lead us, Here and ev - er - y - where.
Je - sus is ris - en in triumph, Ris - en and lives to save.
Match - less His grace for - ev - er,— Je - sus ex - tolled, a - dored.
He, as the heav-ens o - pened, Proclaimed, in voice, "well-done."
In this bap - tis - mal ser - vice, Oh may our hearts be stirred!

The Baptism of Jesus.

REFRAIN.



No. 367. Imitation of Christ.

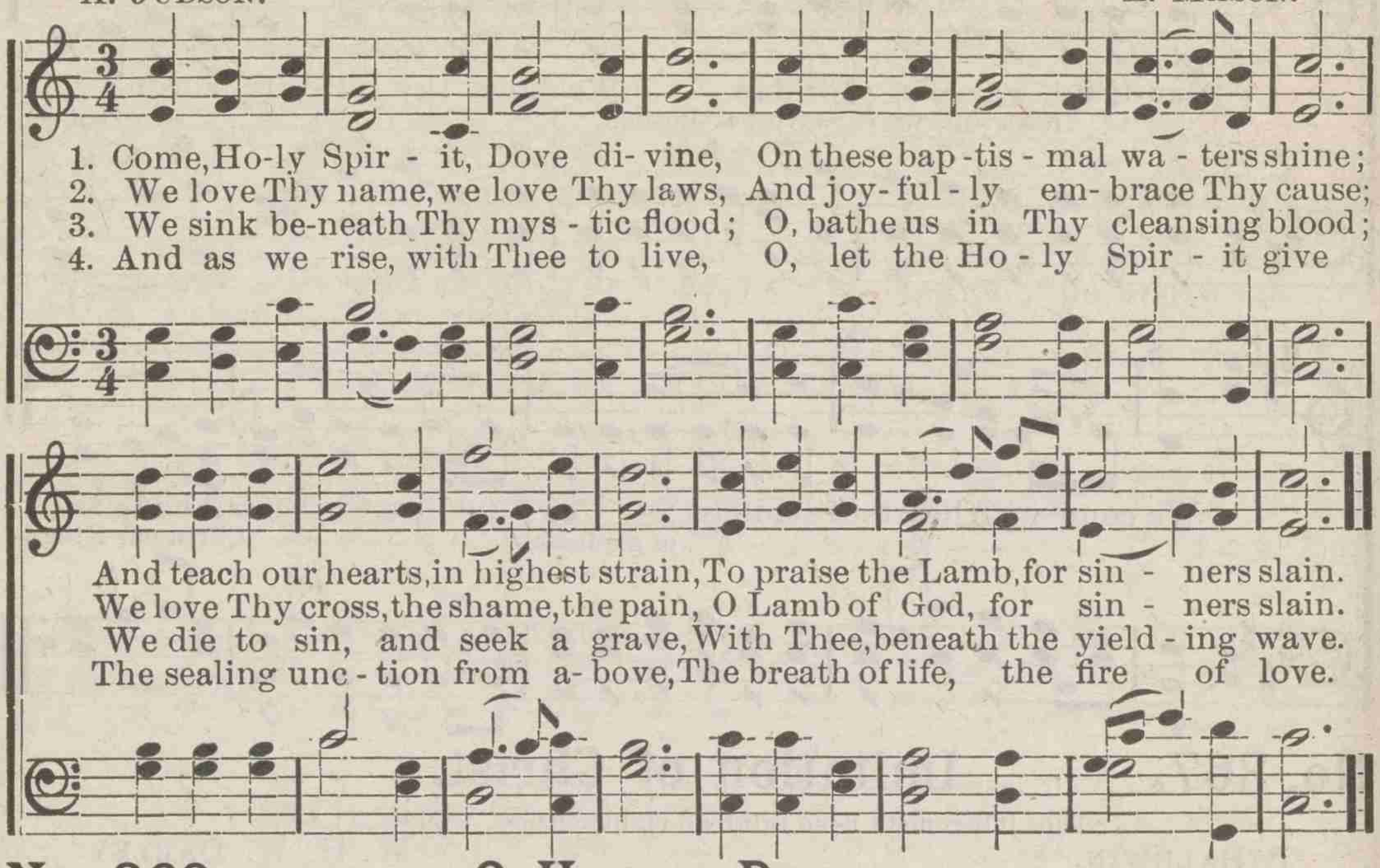
"Thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness."—Matt. 3 : 15.

T. BALDWIN. W. H. W. DARLEY.

No. 368. Come, Holy Spirit, Dove Divine.

(For Baptism.)

"I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove."—John 1 : 32.

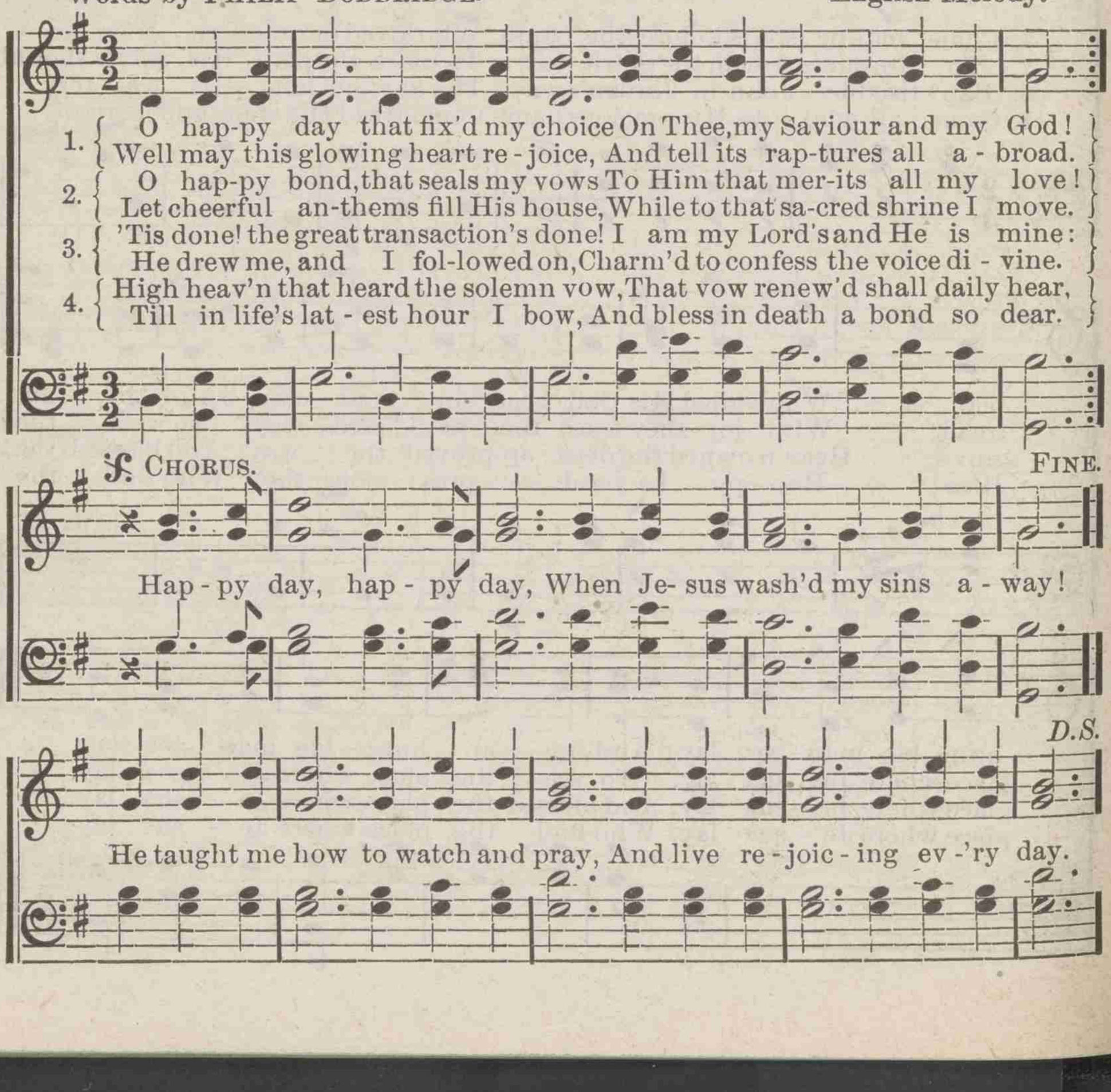
A. JUDSON. L. MASON.



No. 369. O Happy Day.

"Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord.—Ps. 146 : 5.

Words by PHILIP DODDRIDGE. English Melody.



No. 370. Once More We Meet.

(For the Lord's Supper.)

"And he took the cup and gave thanks.—Luke 22 : 17.

Rev. L. E. HALL. GEO. WEBB.

1. Once more we meet dear Saviour, Once more Thy table spread :
   Oh may we feel Thy presence, May ev-'ry [*Omit.*] ..... soul be fed,
2. For us Thy bod-y brok-en, For us the broken bread,
   For us the crimson tok-en, For us Thy [*Omit.*] ..... blood was shed,
3. We eat and live for-ev-er, And thus this truth declare,
   That nothing here shall sever, The chord that [*Omit.*] ..... binds us there.

D.C.— Remind us of Thy sor-row, The thorns that [*Omit.*] ..... pierc'd Thy brow.
D.C.—Thou did'st (for our of-fenc-es) The cru-el [*Omit.*] ..... cross en-dure.
D.C.— Do Thou receive our spir-its; Be still our [*Omit.*] ..... all in all.

D.C.

And may the ev-'ning shad-ows, Which gath-er 'round us now,
To pur-chase our sal-va-tion, And peace for us se-cure,
And when in life's last mo-ments, Death-shades a-round us fall,

No. 371. The Supper.

(For the Lord's Supper.)

"For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you.
That the Lord Jesus, the *same* night in which he was betrayed, took bread."—1 Cor. 11 : 23

I. WATTS. J. E. GOULD.

1. 'Twas on that dark, that dole-ful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
2. Be-fore the mournful scene began, He took the bread, and bless'd and brake ;
3. "This is my bod-y, broke for sin ; Re-ceive and eat the liv-ing food;"
4. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end, In mem'ry of your dy-ing Friend:

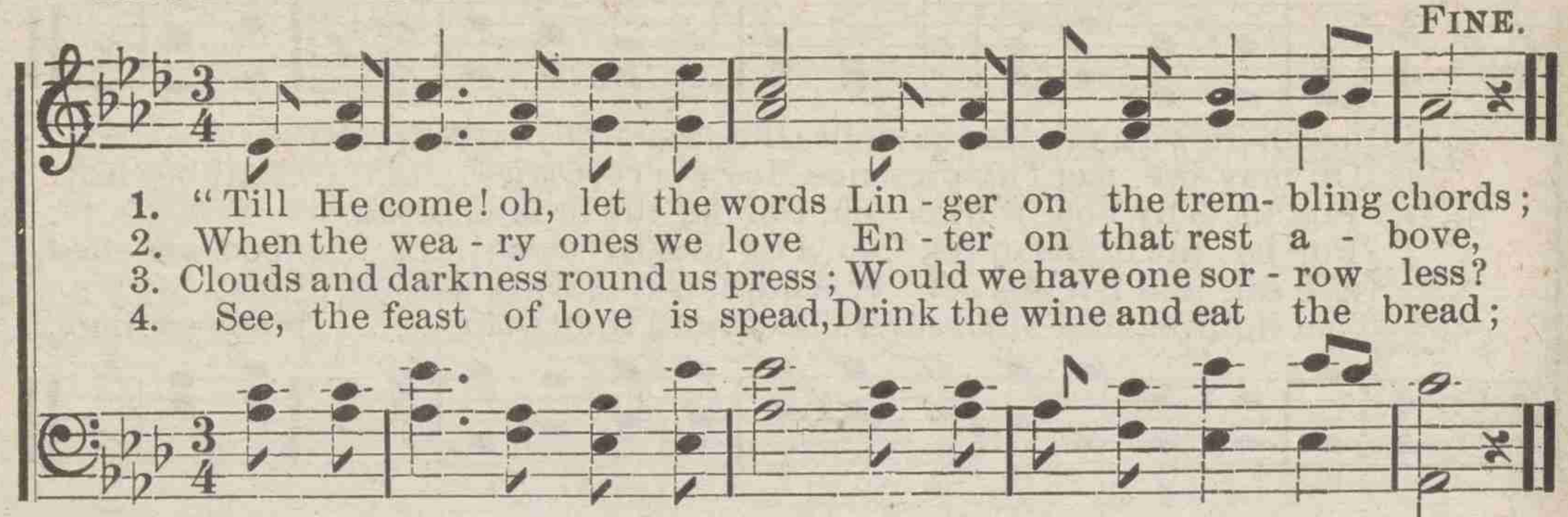
Against the Son of God's de-light, And friends betrayed Him to His foes.
What love thro' all His ac-tions ran ! What wondrous words of grace He spake!
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine; "Tis the new covenant in my blood."
Meet at my ta-ble, and re-cord The love of your de-part-ed Lord."

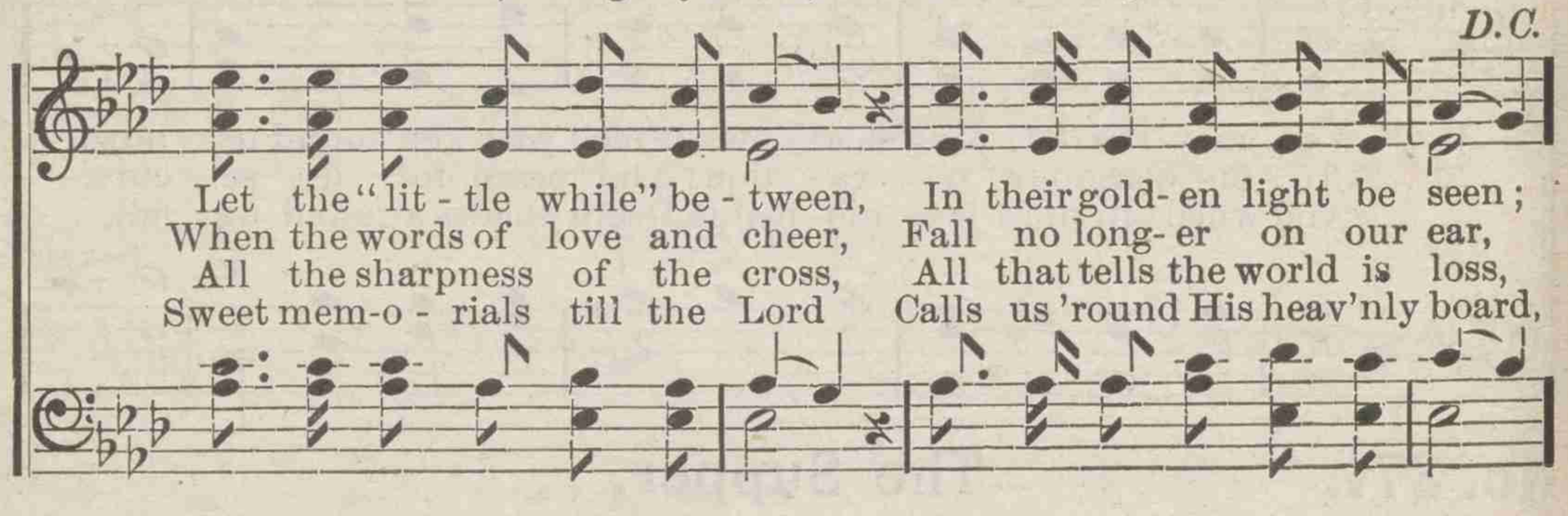
No. 372. Till He Come.

(For Lord's Supper.)

"For yet a little while and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10 : 37.

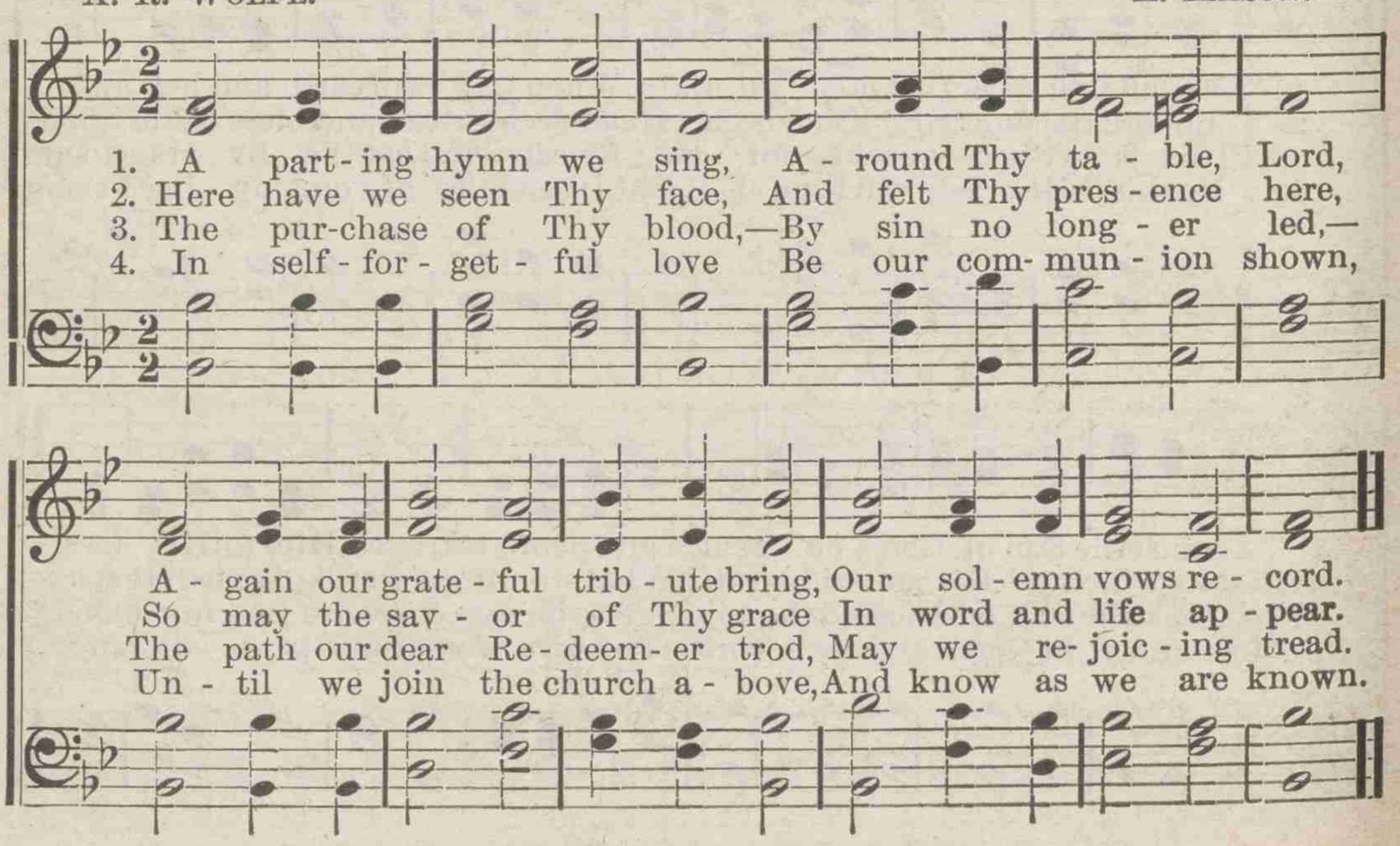
Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

D.C.—Let us think how heav'n and home Lie beyond that "Till He come!"
D.C.—Hush! be ev - 'ry mur-mur dumb, It is on - ly "Till He come!"
D.C.—Death and darkness, and the tomb, Pain us on - ly "Till He come!"
D.C.—Some from earth, from glory some, Sev- ered on - ly "Till He come!"

D.C.

No. 373. Parting Hymn.

(For Lord's Supper.)

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—John 14 : 3.

A. R. WOLFE. L. MASON.

No. 374. Following Jesus.

Written expressly for "Bells of Heaven."

(On joining the Church.)

"I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."—Luke 9 : 57.

Dr. R. C. BUCKNER. Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger. Arr. JNO. C. F. KYGER.

TRIO.

1. I had heard my Saviour's warning, And it filled my soul with yearning;
2. I will turn from sin and sor-row, Seek re- lief from sin and sor- row,
3. I'll go with Him to the Jor-dan, With Him down in-to the Jor-dan,
4. I'll a - rise and still go with Him, I'll a - rise and still go with Him,
5. I will eat the sa-cred Sup-per Till He comes I will re-mem- ber
6. I will go down to Beth-sai-da, With Him down un-to Beth-sai-da,
7. I'll go to the house of mourning, With Him to the house of mourning;
8. When He calls from earth to judgment, Saints and sinners up to judgment;

Then I heard Him gent-ly calling, "Come, poor soul, and follow, follow me."
Waiting not un- til to- mor-row, For He calls me, bids me turn to-day.
And be bur- ied in its wa-ters, Hav-ing died to, turned from ev-'ry sin.
And de-clare the resurrection, And will walk with, walk with Him al- way.
How He gave His broken bod- y, Pierced and bleeding, bleeding for my soul.
And will help the maimed and sick ones To the glo-ry, glo-ry of His name.
I will seek the broken-hearted, And will cheer them, help them on the way.
I will glad - ly heed the summons, Having followed, followed all the way.

CHORUS.

Je- sus leads and I will fol- low, Je - sus leads and I will fol-low,

Je- sus leads me, and I'll fol-low, And be faithful, faithful all the way.

No. 375. I Will Gladly Follow Thee.

(On Joining Church.)

"Leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps."—1 Peter 2 : 21.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

M. S. K. M. S. KERBY.

1. Lord, I hear Thy gen - tle voice, I will glad - ly fol - low Thee,
2. Lord, I feel Thy pow'r to save, I will glad - ly fol - low Thee,
3. I will work and watch and pray, I will glad - ly fol - low Thee,
4. Then up - on the gold - en shore, I will glad - ly fol - low Thee,

Now I make Thy way my choice, I will glad - ly fol - low Thee.
Down in - to the sa - cred wave, I will glad - ly fol - low Thee.
Till I reach the realms of day, I will glad - ly fol - low Thee.
Praise Thy name for - ev - er - more, I will glad - ly fol - low Thee.

CHORUS.

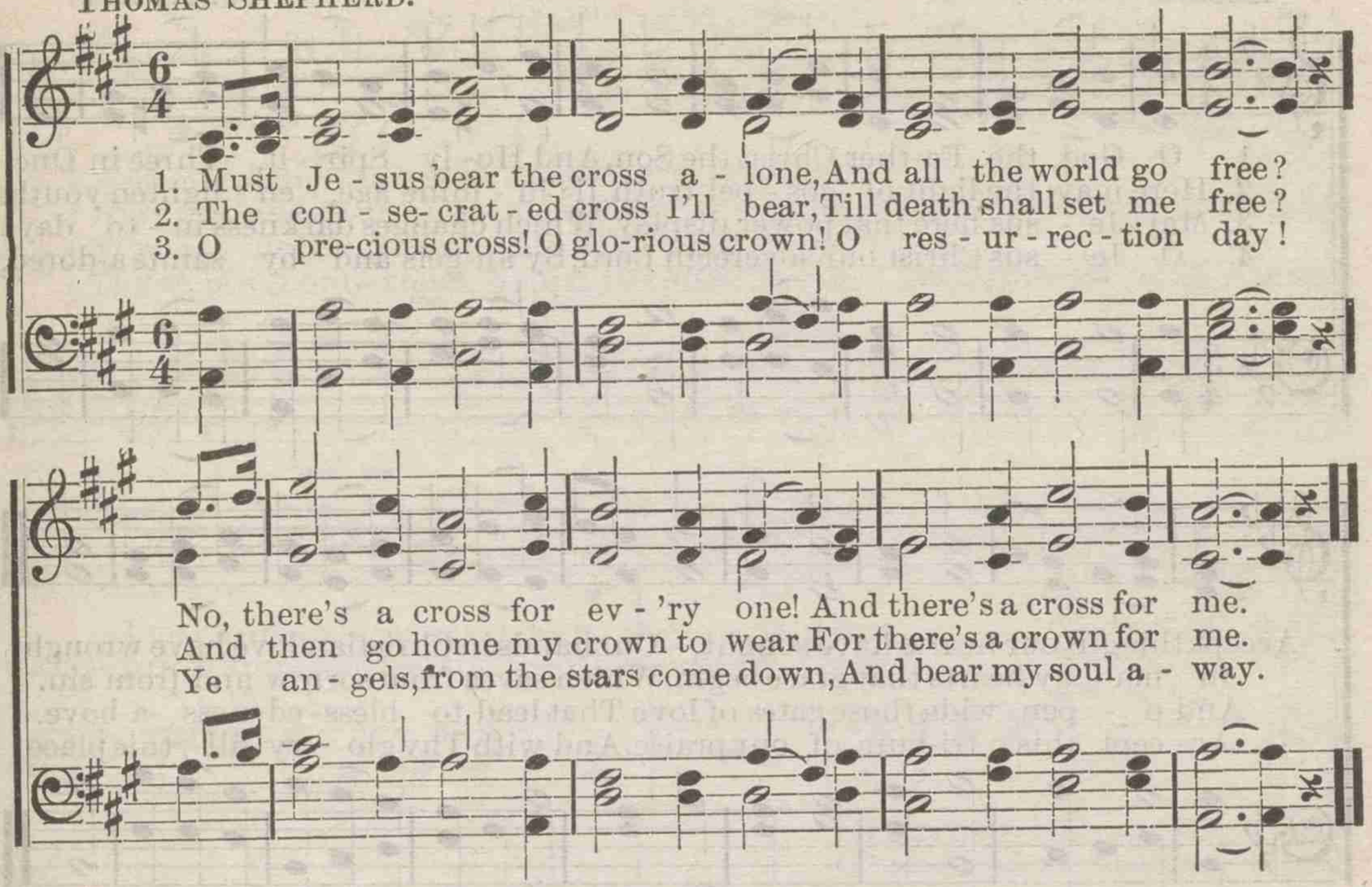
Fol - low Thee, fol - low Thee,
Fol - low Thee, fol - low Thee,
I will glad - ly fol - low Thee, Fol - low Thee,
Fol - low Thee,
fol - low Thee, I will glad - ly fol - low Thee.
fol - low Thee,

No. 376. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.

(On Joining Church.)

"He that winneth souls is wise."—Prov. 11 : 30.

THOMAS SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.

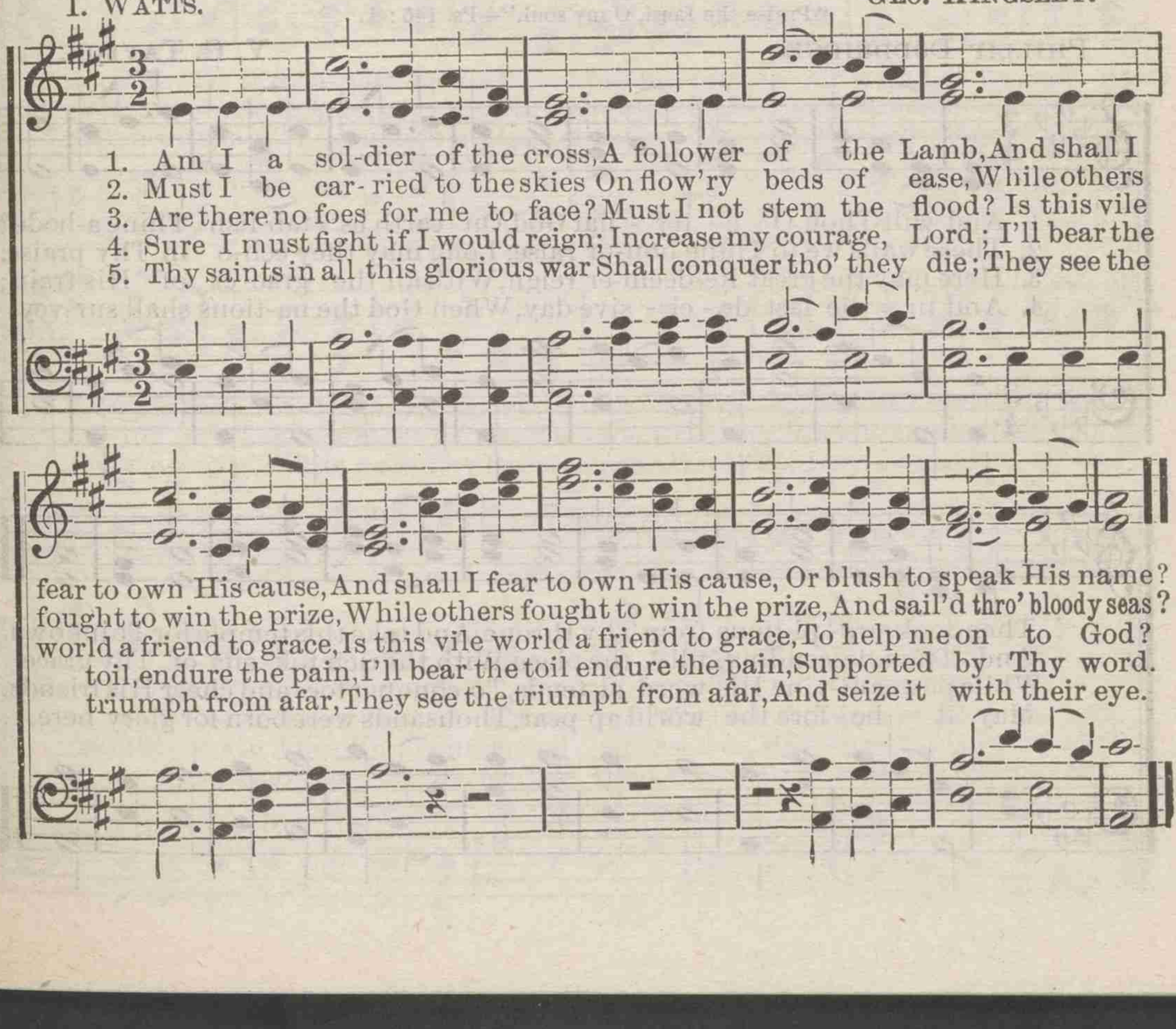


No. 377. Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

(On Joining Church.)

"A good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2 : 3.

I. WATTS. GEO. KINGSLEY.

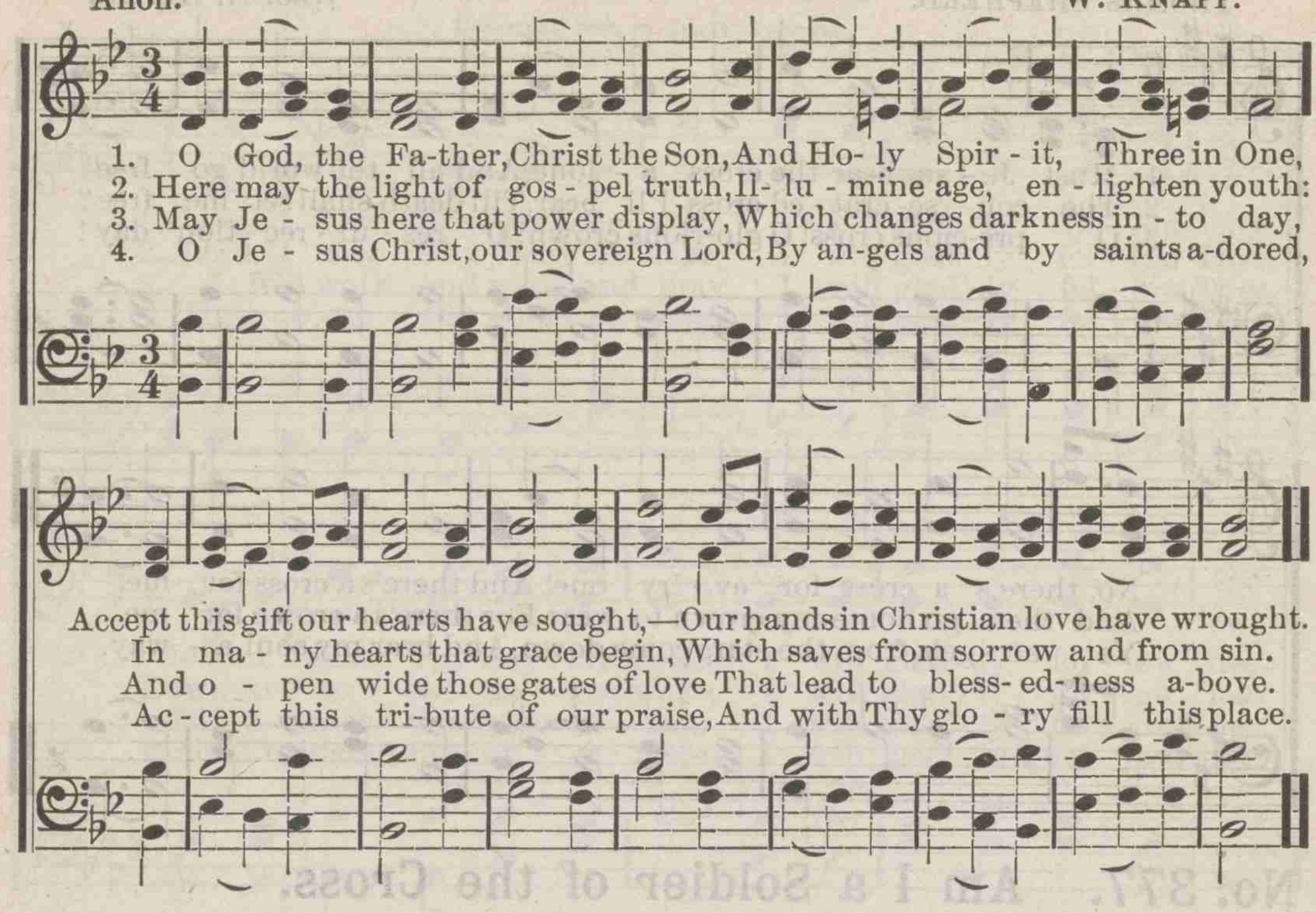


No. 378. O God, the Father.

(Church Dedication.)

"I will praise Thy name, O Lord."—Ps. 54: 6.

Anon. W. KNAPP.

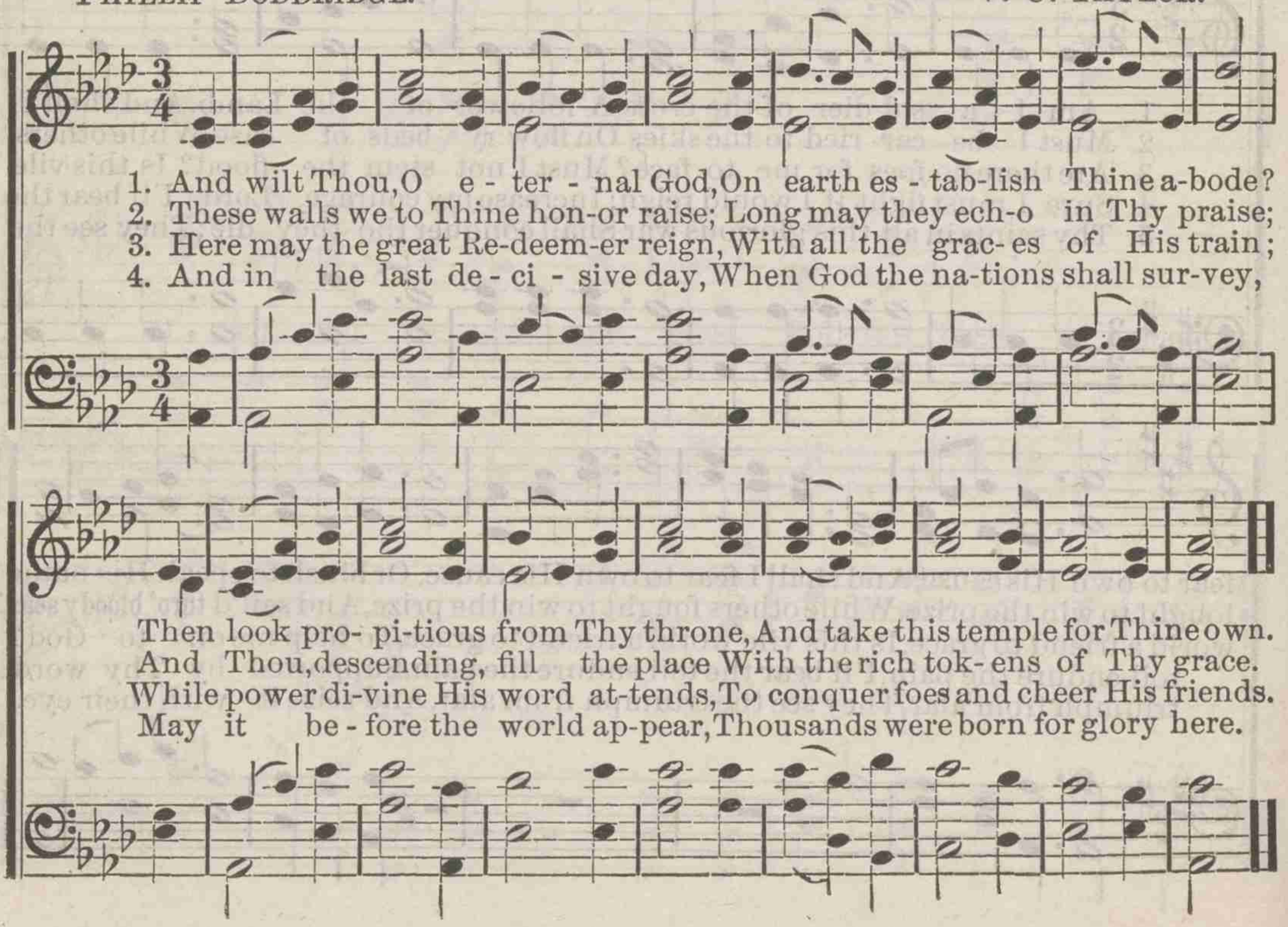


No. 379. And Wilt Thou, O Eternal God?

(Church Dedication.)

"Praise the Lord, O my soul."—Ps. 146 : 1.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. V. C. TAYLOR.

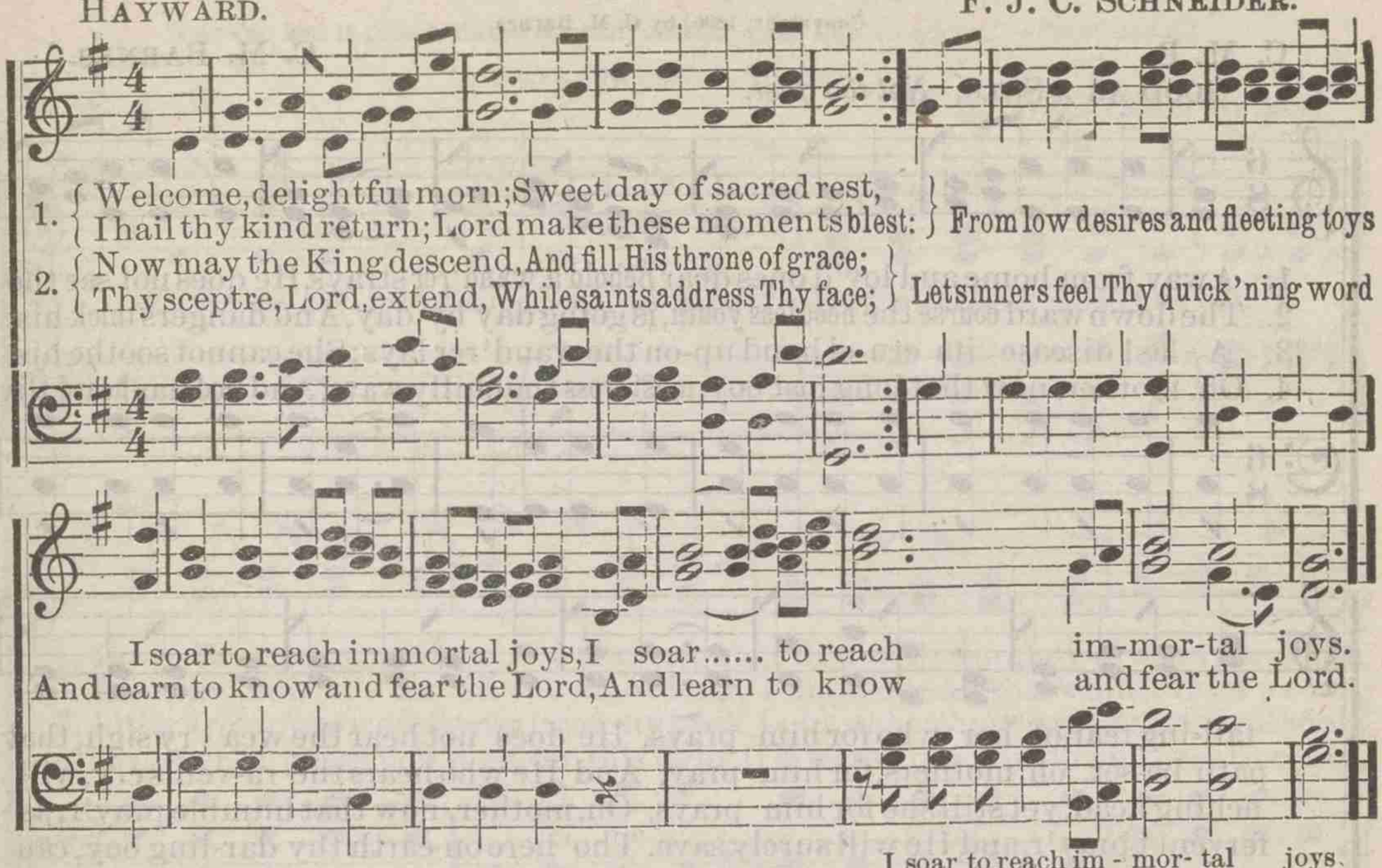


No. 380. The Lord's Day.

(Lord's Day.)

"I will sing praises unto my God.—Ps. 146 : 2.

HAYWARD. F. J. C. SCHNEIDER.



No. 381. Sabbath Morning.

(Lord's Day.)

"The rest of the holy Sabbath."—Ex. 16 : 23.

JOHN NEWTON. LOWELL MASON.

No. 382. Where is My Boy To-Night?

(For Temperance Meetings.)

"Come; for all things are now ready."—Luke 14: 17.

Copyright, 1896, by C. M. Barnes.

C. M. B. C. M. BARNES.

GOOD AS A SOLO. *Not too fast.*

1. Away from home and lov'd ones dear Behold a wand'rer strays, He does not see the fall-ing tear, of her who for him prays, He does not hear the wea - ry sigh, that
2. The downward course the heedless youth, is going day by day, And dangers thick his path be-set, oh, mothers, for him pray, And He who hears the ra-ven's cry, will
3. A - las! disease its cru-el hand up-on the wand'rer lays; She cannot soothe his aching head, yet still she for him prays, Oh, mother, now that humble pray'r, as -
4. Oh, mother, now that long lost boy, must cross the chilly wave; And God has heard thy fervent t pray'r, and He will surely save. Tho' here on earth thy dar-ling boy, can

heaves a mother's breast, He does not see her face grow pale, by sorrow and un-rest.
lead your wand'rer home, And tho' you see him here no more, you'll meet in heavn's bright dome.
cends the throne of God; Tho' you must suffer here below, and feel the chastening rod.
come to you no more, But thro' thy pray'rs, he found a home, on Canaan's peaceful shore.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

Oh! where is my boy to - night, Oh! where is my boy to - night,
to-night, to-night,

Rit - e - dim.

A - way from home and loved ones dear, Oh! where is my boy to - night?

No. 383. Down in the Licensed Saloon.

An answer to "Where is my Wandering Boy To-Night?"

(For Temperance Meetings.)

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—Prov. 23 : 32

Copyright, 1892, by W. A. Williams.

W. A. W. W. A. WILLIAMS, by per.

p *rit.* . . . . . .

Where is my wand'ring boy to-night? Down in the licensed sa - loon.

mf

1. Down in a room all co - sy and bright, Fill'd with the glare of many a light,
2. Learning new vi - ces all the night long, Tempted to all that's sinful and wrong,
3. Little arms once were thrown round my neck, Look at him now, my poor heart will break!
4. Broth-er, I guess you'd en-ter this fight, If it were your boy down there to-night,

mf

Beau-ti-ful mu - sic the ear to de-light, Down in the licensed sa - loon.
Lis-ten- ing to the har-lot's foul song, Down in the licensed sa - loon.
Think of that boy to - night a sad wreck, Down in the licensed sa - loon.
Ruin'd and wreck'd by the drink ap-pe-tite, Down in the licensed sa - loon.

CHORUS.

There is my wand'ring boy to-night, There is my wand'ring boy to-night,

cres.

Down, down, down, down, Down in the li - censed sa - loon.
(*Last time.*) Down with the li - censed sa - loon.

No. 384. Oh, Come With Exultation.

(For Thanksgiving Services.)

"And they sing the song."—Rev. 15 : 3.

E. E. HEWITT. Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger. J. M. HAGAN.

1. Praise the Lord! oh, come, with ex - ul - ta - tion, Praise the Lord! His
2. Praise the Lord! our cheer-ful strains are ring - ing, For our homes, with
3. Praise the Lord! up - lift - ing glad ho- san - nas, For the pure, the

might- y won- ders tell; He hath made and blessed us as a na - tion,
peace and plen- ty crowned, Art and Sci- ence precious trib- utes bring-ing,
no - ble men of old, May we spot- less keep our Country's ban - ner,

Let our great - ful an-thems swell, By His call brave hearts were stirred,
Loud and long our songs re- sound, Knowledge like a bea - con bright,
Bring-ing hon - or more than gold, King e - ter - nal King a - bove,

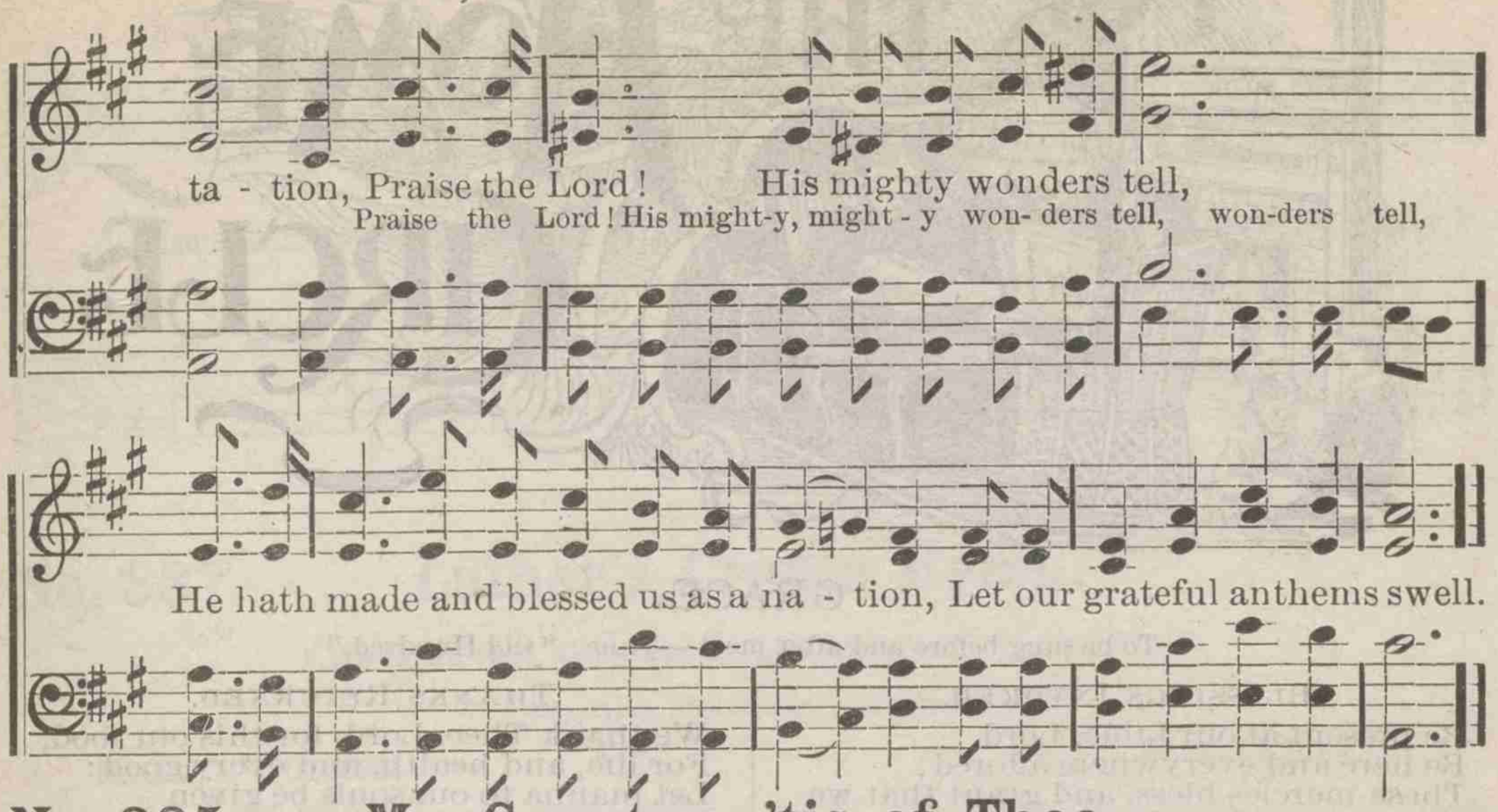
And the voice our fa- thers heard, Bade the Star of Free-dom rise,
Holds a - loft her guid- ing light, Like the sun-beam's gen - tle glow,
Bless the land we dear - ly love, While Thy goodness o - ver-rules,

CHORUS.

Glo-rious in these west- ern skies.
Shin- ing now for high and low.
Bless our flag, our homes, our schools.
} Praise the Lord! oh, come with exul-

Praise the Lord!

Oh, Come With Exultation.

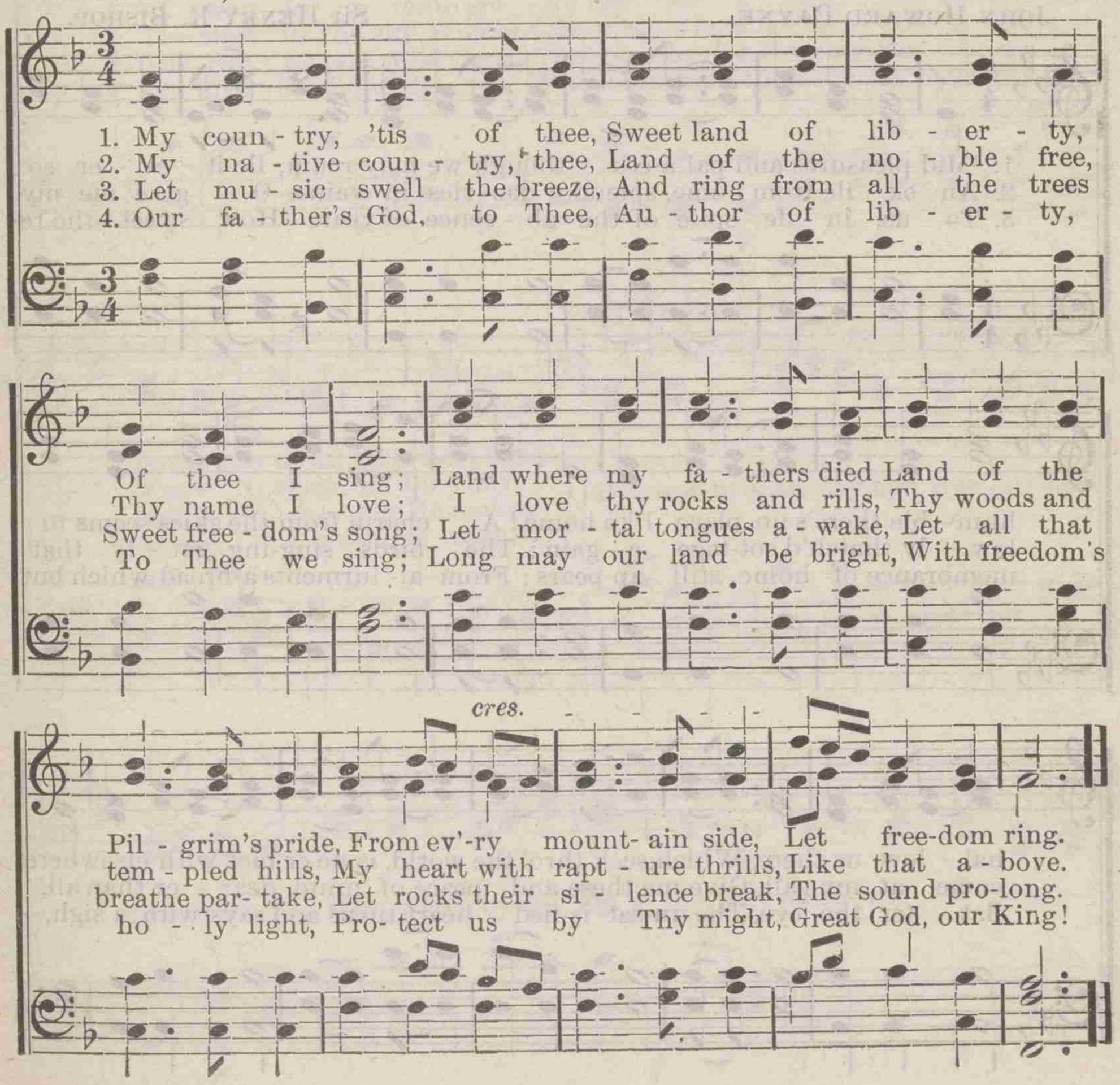


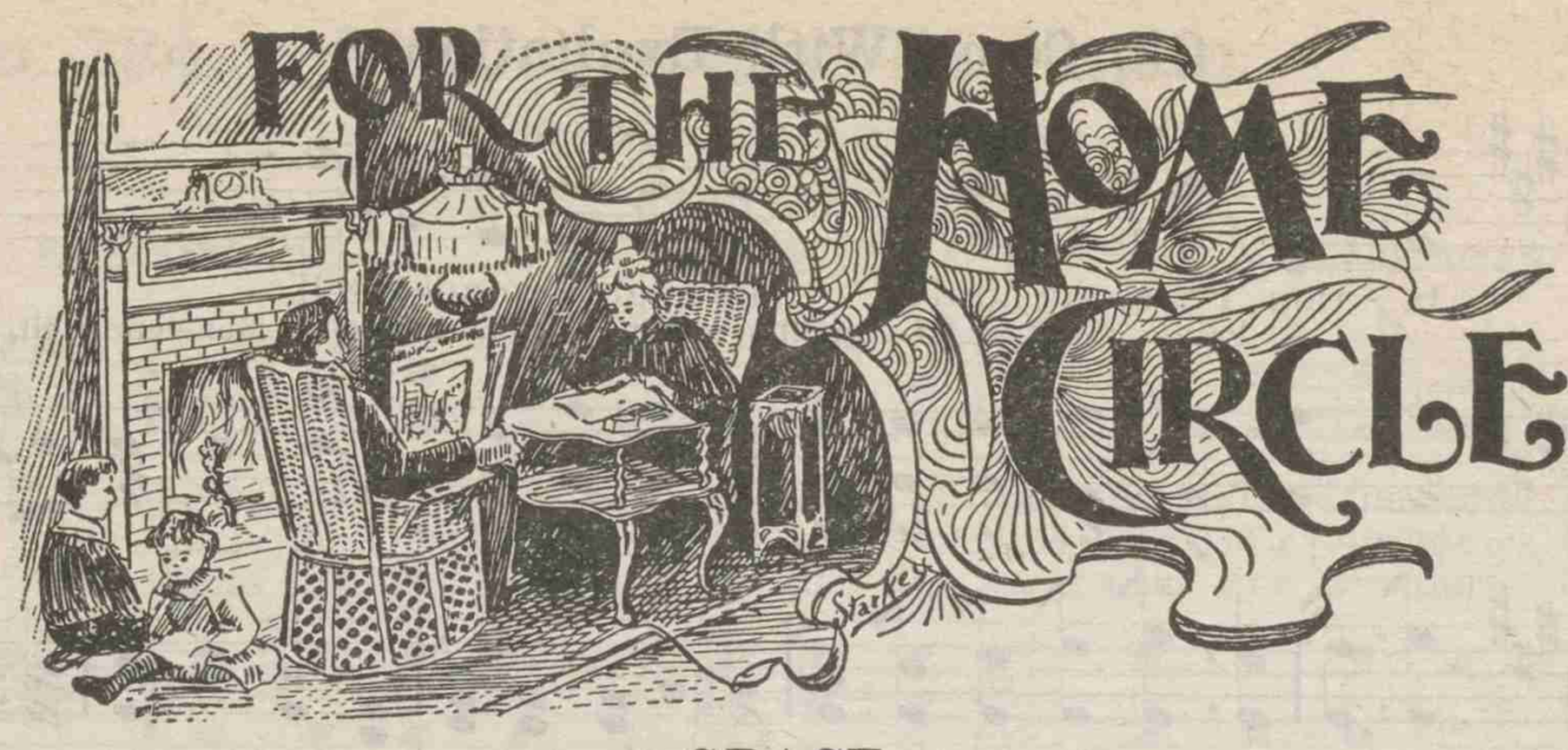
No. 385. My Country, 'tis of Thee.

(For Patriotic Occasions.)

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."—Psa. 144: 15.

S. F. Smith, D. D. H. Carey.





GRACE.

To be sung before and after meat.—Tune: "Old Hundred."

BLESSINGS INVOKED.

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

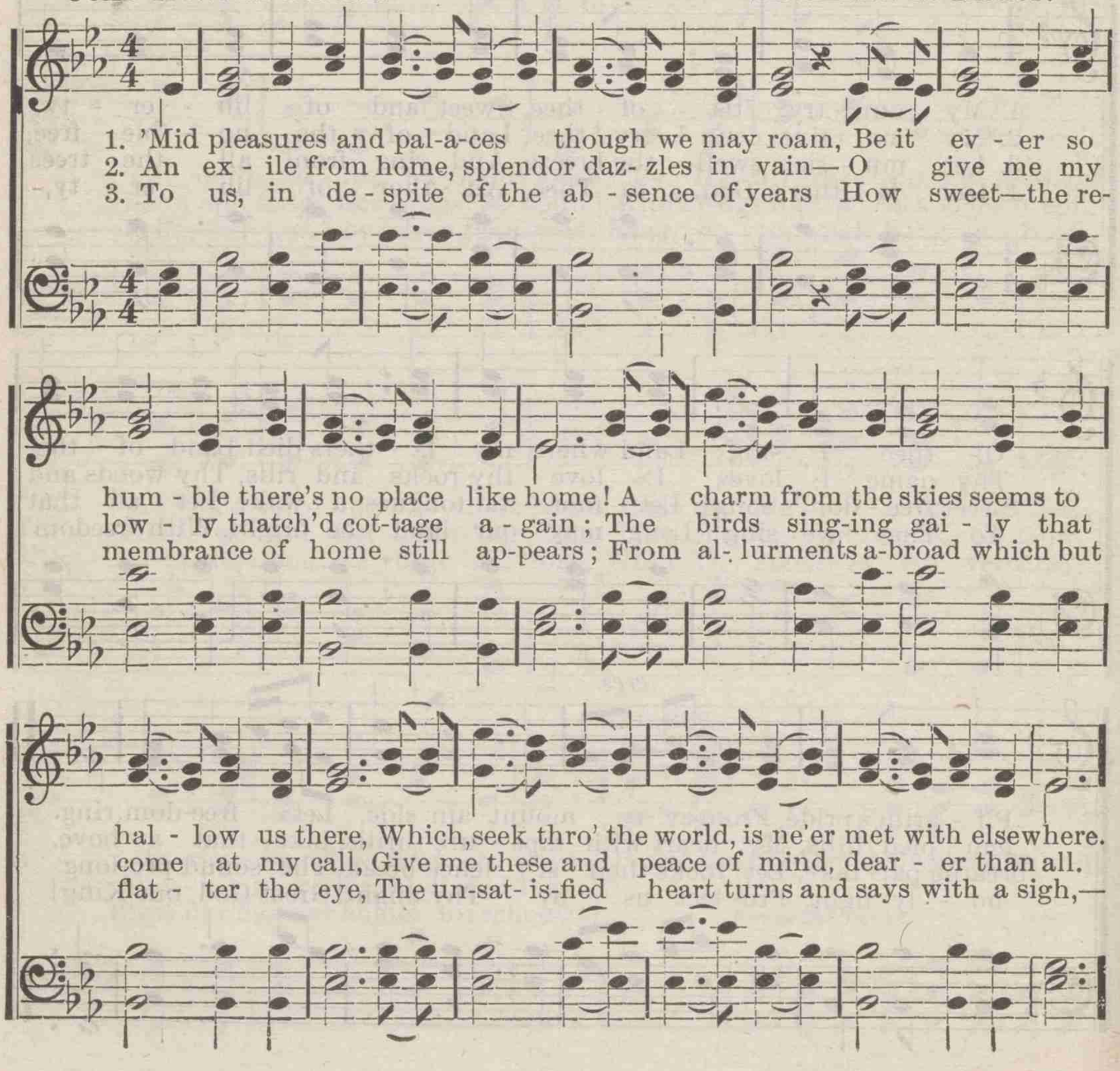
THANKS RETURNED.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life, and health, and every good:
Let manna to our souls be given—
The bread of Life sent down from heaven.

No. 386. Home, Sweet Home.

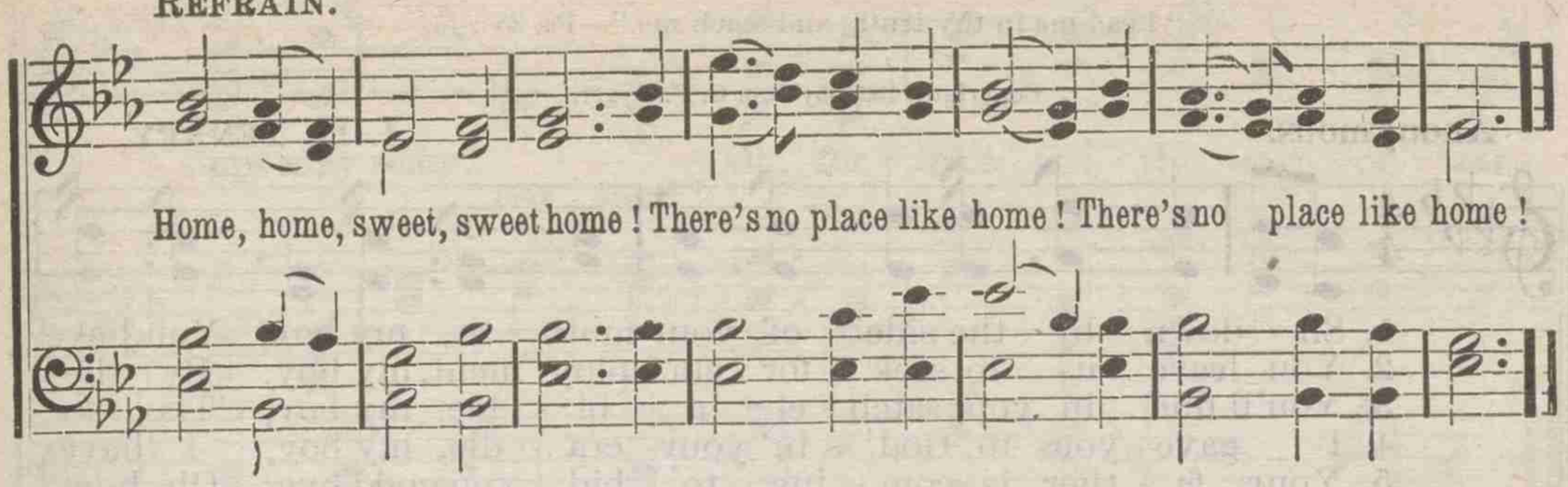
"My house shall be called the house of prayer."—Isa. 56: 7.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. Sir HENRY R. BISHOP.



Home, Sweet Home.

REFRAIN.



No. 387. Luther's Cradle Hymn.

"We thank thee, and praise thy glorious name."—1 Chr. 29 : 13.

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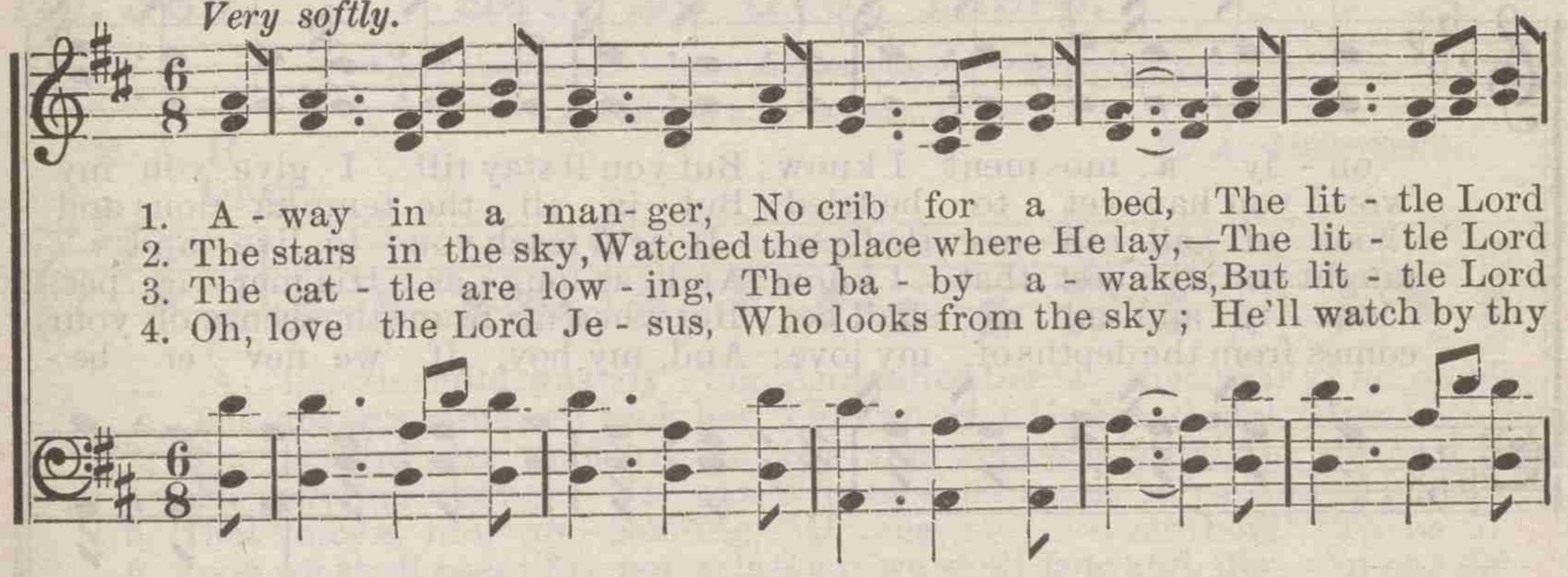
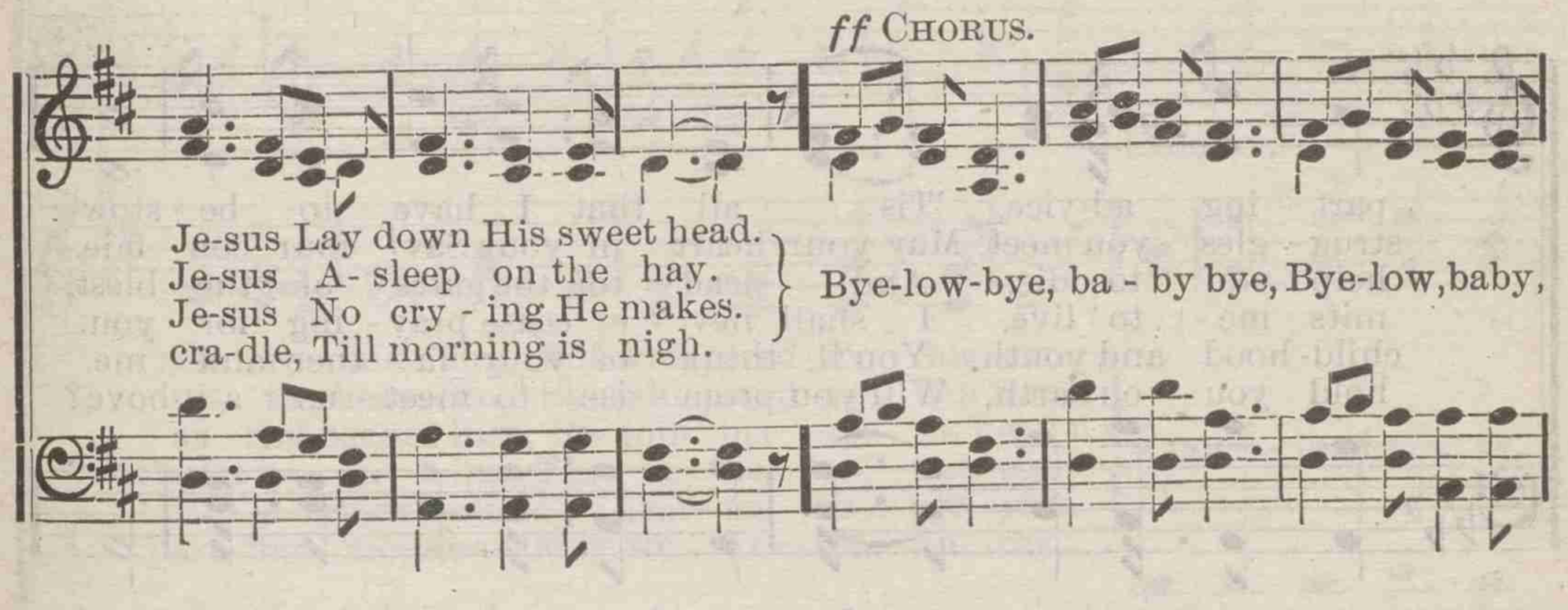
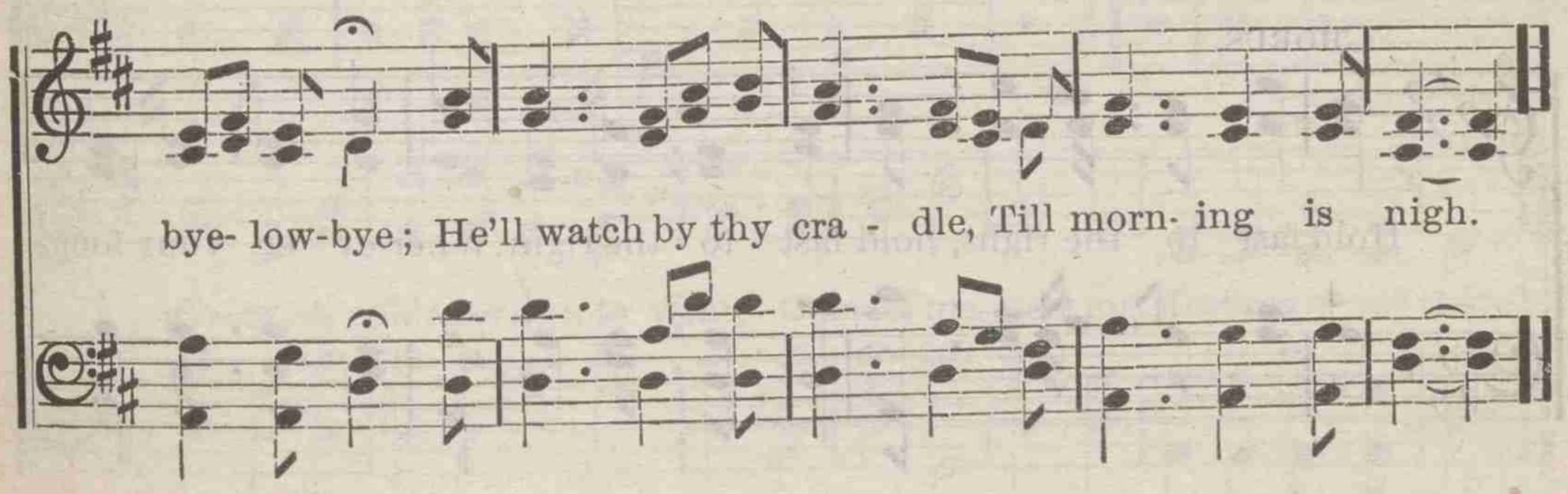
MARTIN LUTHER — J. H. TENNEY.

Very softly.



ff CHORUS.



No. 388. The Mother's Good-bye.

"Lead me in thy truth, and teach me."—Ps. 25 : 5.

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Anonymous. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Sit down by the side of your moth - er, my boy, You have
2. You leave us to seek for em - ploy- ment, my boy, By the
3. You'll find in your satch - el a bi - ble, my boy, 'Tis a
4. I gave you to God, in your cra - dle, my boy, I have
5. Your fa - ther is com - ing to bid you good bye, Oh, how
6. I want you to feel ev - 'ry word I have said, For it

on - ly a mo- ment I know; But you'll stay till I give you my
world you have yet to be tried; But in all the temp-ta - tions and
book of all oth - ers the best; It will teach you to live and
taught you the best that I know; And as long as His mer - cy per -
lone - ly and sad we shall be; But when far from the scenes of your
comes from the depths of my love; And, my boy, if we nev - er be -

part - ing ad-vice, 'Tis all that I have to be - stow.
strug - gles you meet, May your heart in your Sav - iour con - fide.
help you to die, And lead to the gates of the blest.
mits me to live, I shall nev - er cease pray - ing for you.
child-hood and youth, You'll think of your fa - ther and me.
hold you on earth, Will you prom - ise to meet us a - bove?

CHORUS.

Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the right, Wher-ev - er your foot -

The Mother's Good-bye.

steps may roam, Oh, for - sake not the way of sal -

may roam,

va - tion, my boy, That you learn'd from your moth-er at home.

No. 389. Meet Me Over There.

"And I saw a new heaven and new earth."—Rev. 21 : 1.

Copyright, by E. A. Hoffman, by per.

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.

DUET.

1. A lit - tle child was dy - ing, And called her fa - ther near; And, on his
2. The an - gels came and took her, The an - gels God had sent; They bore her
3. The fa - ther was no Chris-tian, His sins were un - for-giv'n; He could not,
4. He gave his heart to Je - sus, Who took its stains a - way, And now in
5. That voice is now ap - peal-ing, "O meet me o - ver there!" To us it
6. Soon we shall pass life's por - tals, Soon we shall fade and die; In our de -

CHORUS.

arm re - clin - ing, She whispered in his ear:
up to heav - en, She whispered as she went:
as she begged him, Re - join her up in heav'n.
Christ be - liev - ing, The fa - ther, too, can say:
is a sum-mons For heav - en to pre - pare.
part - ing mo-ments May we ex - ult - ant cry;

I'm go - ing home to

glo - ry, A golden crown to wear, O meet me, meet me, Meet me o - ver there!

No. 390. A Dream Of Home.

"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee."—Mark 5: 19.

T. J. S.

Copyright, 1891, by A J. Showalter.

Rev. T. J. SWANZEY.

Effective as a Solo.

1. I sat a-lone at midnight hour, And watch'd the starlit sky, And dreamed I heard my mother say: "I wish my boy was nigh. I know not where he is to-night, He cross'd the troubled main; But this I know, if life holds out, He'll wander back a-gain.'
2. "He's gone tho' now, far, far a - way, Per-haps in des - erts wild; God, to Thee, I pray to-night To keep my distant child, No fath-er there to guide him now, No brother with his cheer, No mother there to soothe his brow, No sister with her tear."
3. "I fan - cy now I see his face, As fair as when a child; he's a full-grown man to-day, And true, and brave, but mild. A let-ter here says: "Mother, dear, No lon- ger I will roam;" So now I stand and watch the gate, I know he's coming home."
4. A - las! dear friends, 'twas but a dream, My mother's here no more; left this world of sin and pain For Canaan's happy shore. Lord, send some messen- ger of love To guide my way ward feet, That I may meet my mother there, Who's wait-ing at the gate.

REFRAIN.

"He's coming home, O joyful tho't! My boy no more will roam; A let-ter here, says: "Mother, dear, I'm coming, com - ing home.'"

4th verse.

I' going home, 'twill not be long Ere I shall cease to roam; And then I'll join re-demption's song With mother dear, at home.

No. 391. The Bird With a Broken Wing.

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."—James 4 : 7.

Copyright, 1894, by Henry Date.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. J. H. TENNEY.

mp Effective as a Solo.

1. I walked in the woodland meadows, Where sweet the thrushes sing,
2. I found a young life bro-ken By sin's se-duc-tive art,
3. But the bird with a bro-ken pin-ion, Kept an-oth-er from the snare,

And found on a bed of moss-es, A bird with a bro-ken wing.
And touched with a Christ-like pi-ty, I took him to my heart;
And the life that sin had strick-en, Raised an-oth-er from de-spair;

I healed its wing, and each morn-ing It sang its old sweet strain,
He lived with a no-bler pur-pose, And struggled not in vain,
Each loss has its own compen-sa-tion, There's heal-ing for each pain,

But the bird with the bro-ken pin-ion, Nev-er soared as high a-gain;
But the life that sin had stricken, Nev-er soared as high a-gain;
But the bird with the bro-ken pin-ion, Nev-er soared as high a-gain;

m *pp*

But the bird with the broken pin-ion, Never soared as high a-gain.
But the life that sin had stricken, Never soared as high a-gain.
But the bird with the broken pin-ion, Never soared as high a-gain.

No. 392. My Mother at the Gate.

"Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord."—2 Peter 1: 2.

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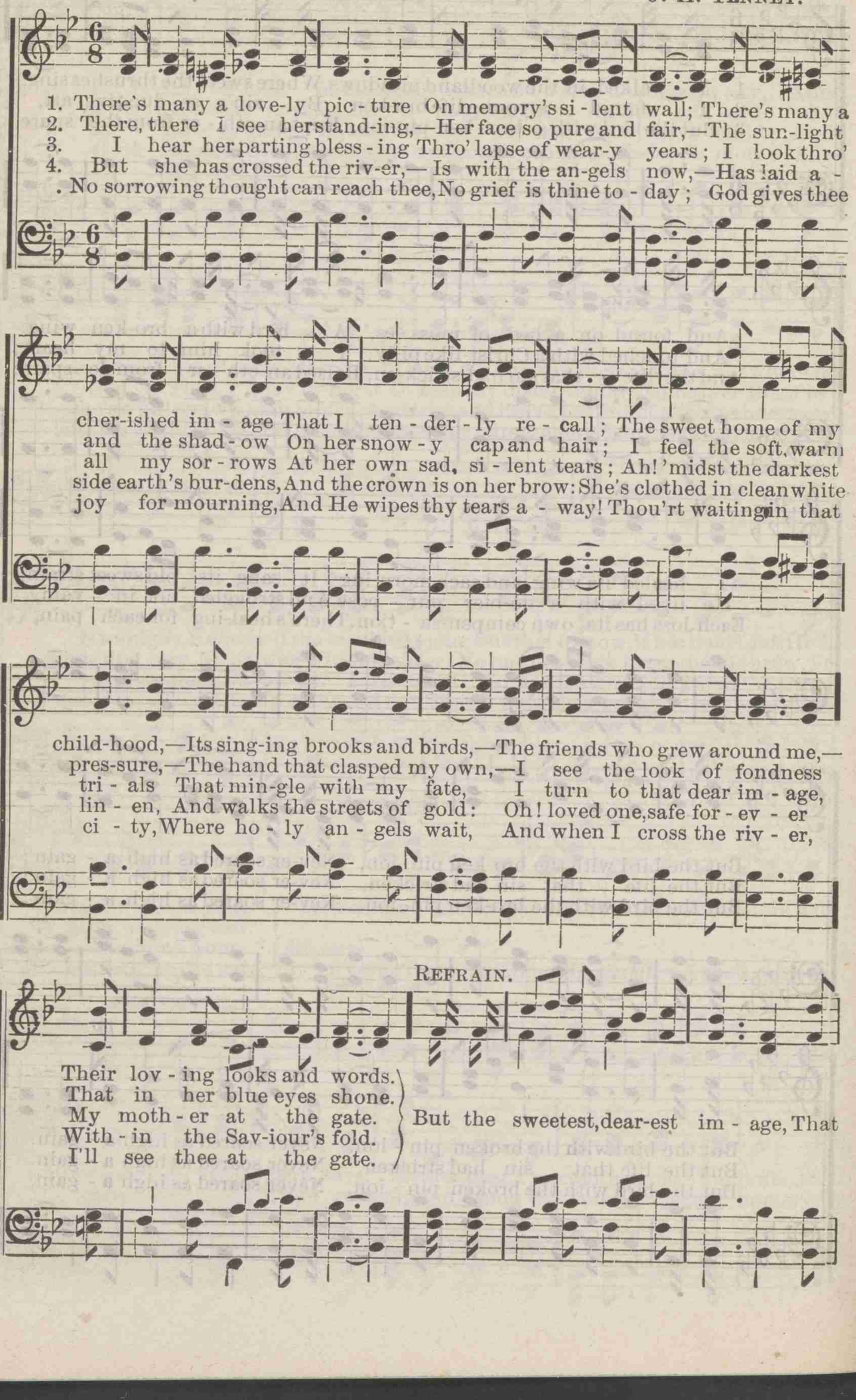
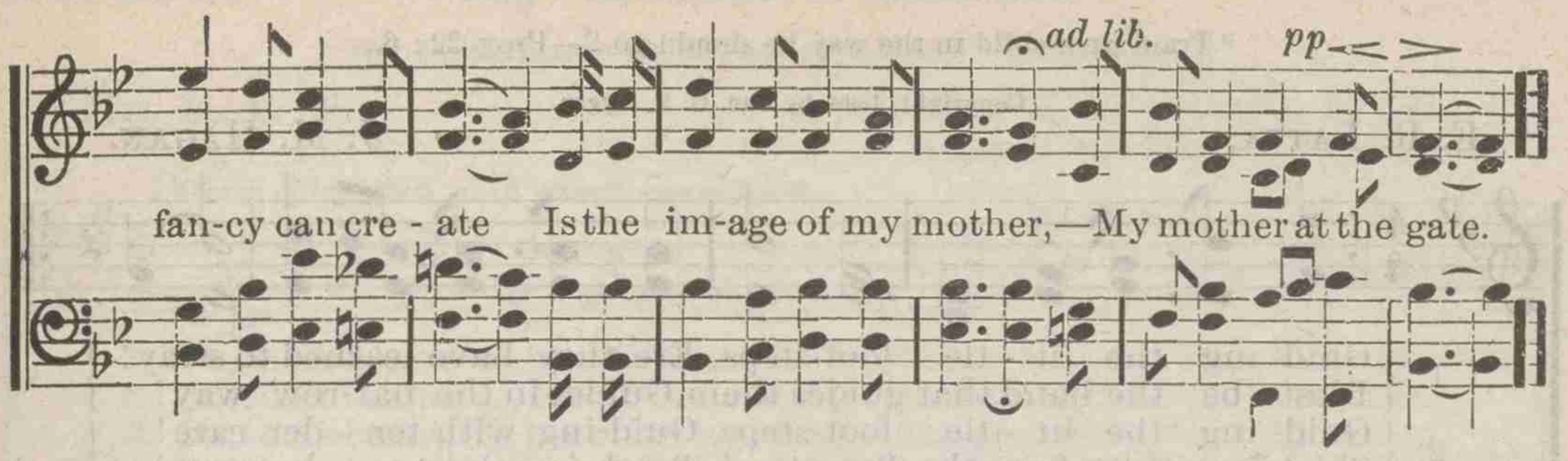
MATILDA C. EDWARDS. J. H. TENNEY.



REFRAIN.

My Mother at the Gate.



No. 393. The Dearest Spot.

"My house shall be called the house of prayer."—Isa. 56 : 7.

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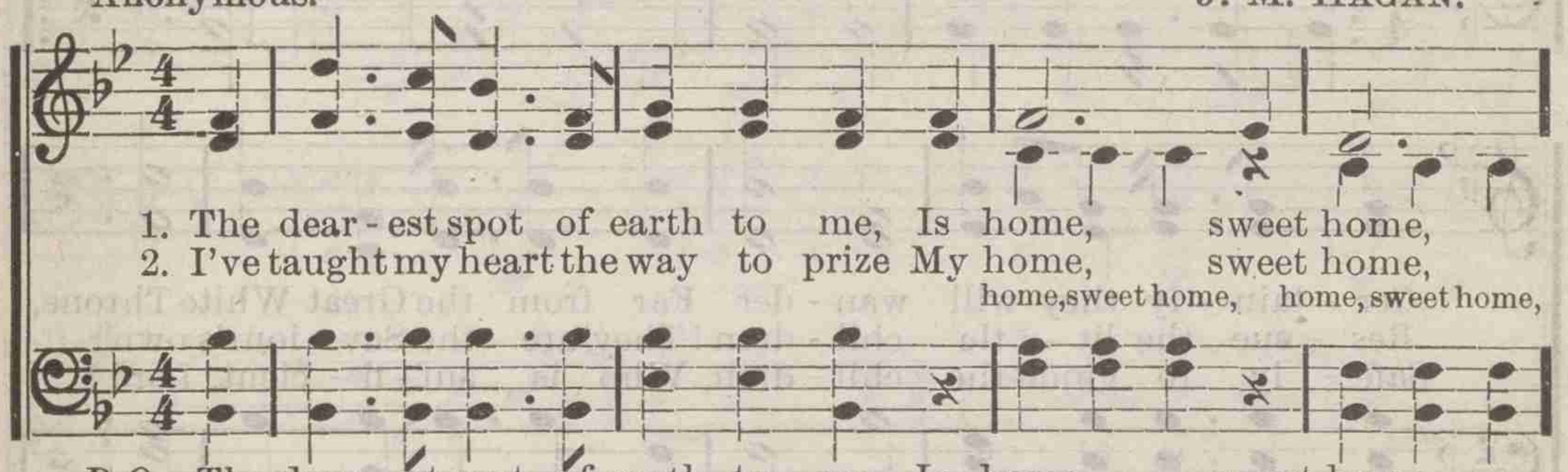
Anonymous. J. M. HAGAN.



No. 394. The Little Foot-Steps.

"Train up a child in the way he should go."—Prov. 22 : 6.

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

1. Guid- ing the lit - tle foot-steps, Ere they have learned to stray!
   Blest be the hand that guides them, Guides in the nar-row way!
2. Guid- ing the lit - tle foot-steps, Guid-ing with ten - der care!
   Shielding them from the Tempt-er! Teach-ing them to be-ware!
3. Guid- ing the lit - tle foot-steps, Guid-ing with gen - tle hand!
   Show-ing the way that lead - eth Un - to the "Bet - ter Land!"

Cer - tain - ly they will wan - der Far from the Great White Throne,
Res - cue the lit - tle chil - dren! They are the Sav - iour's own!
Safe - ly to guide the chil - dren, Who is suf - fi - cient, Lord?

Far from the Fount of Heal - ing, If they are let a - lone!
Cer - tain - ly they will wan - der, If they are let a - lone!
Oh, what a bless - ed mis - sion! Oh, what a great re - ward!

CHORUS.

Guid - - ing the foot - steps, Guid - ing the children's band,
Guid - ing the lit - tle foot - steps,

Safe from the snares and pit - falls, Un - to the "Bet- ter Land."

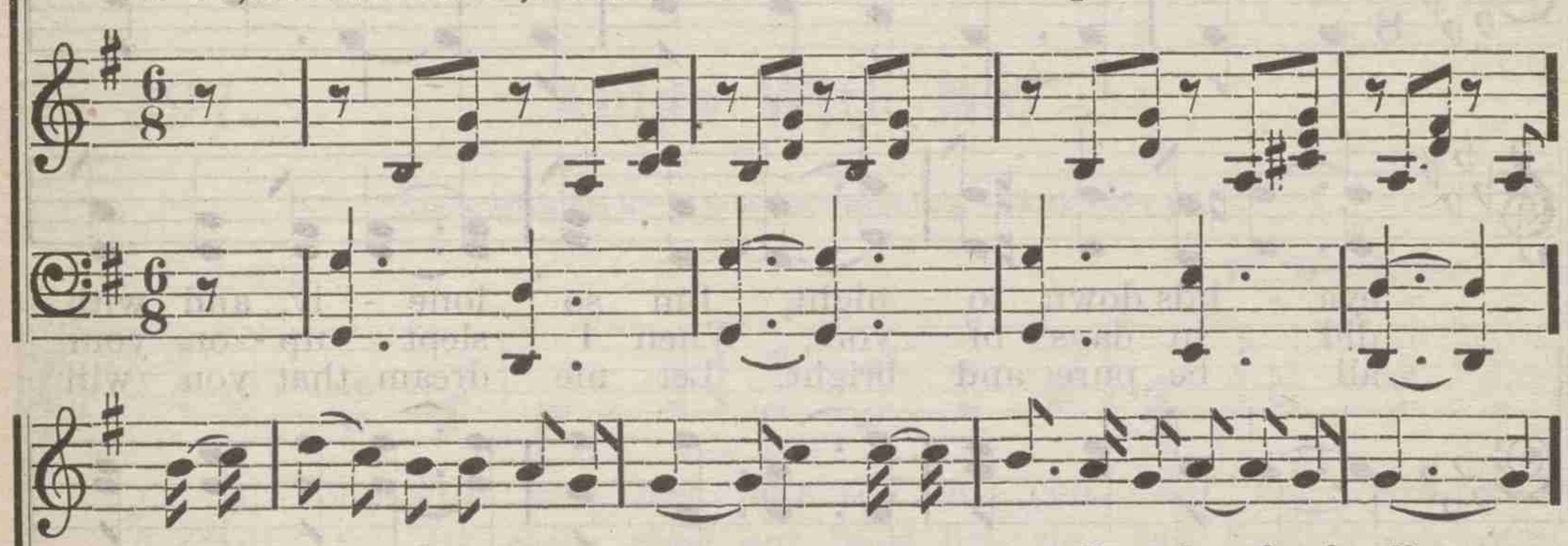
No. 395. My Mother's Hands.

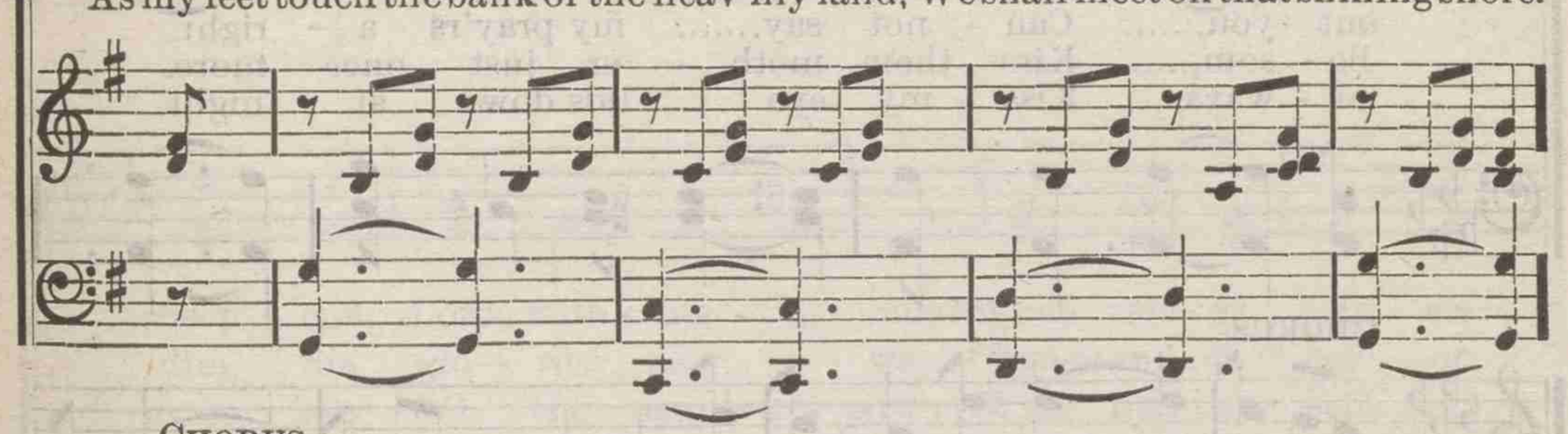
"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—Prov. 21 : 28.

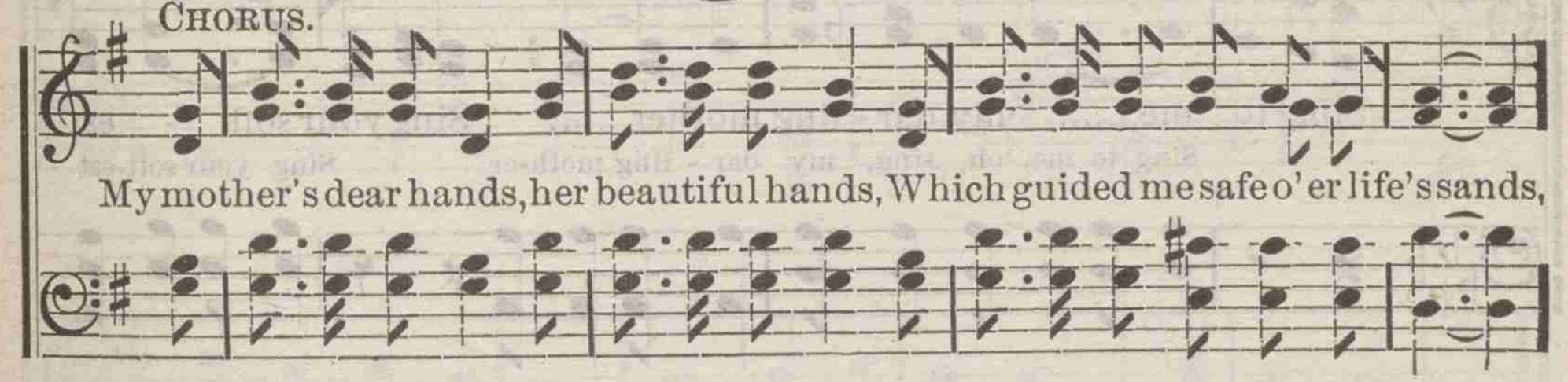
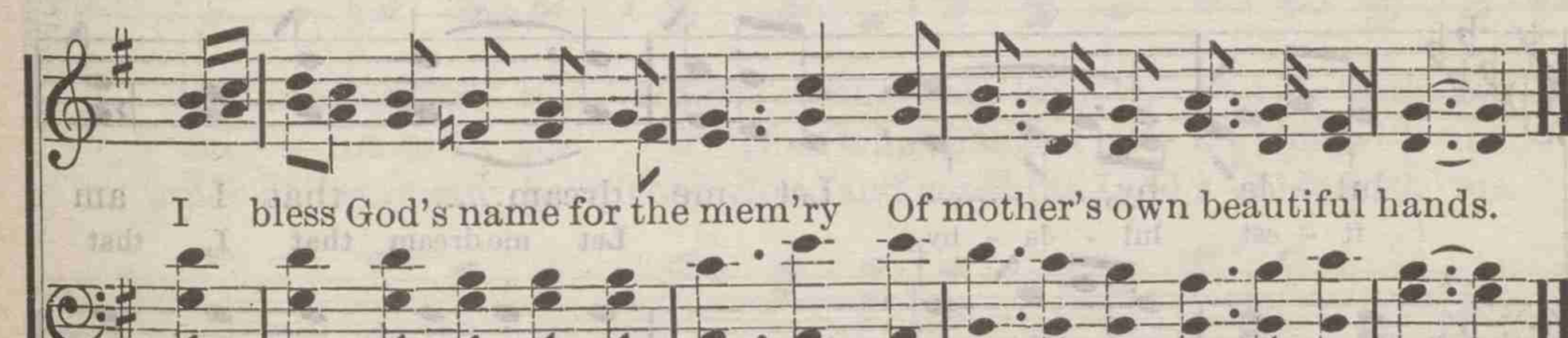
Mrs. M. E. W.

Mrs. M. E. WILSON, by per.
Sister of the late P. P. BLISS.

SOLO. *Slow and with great expression.*

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

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



CHORUS.

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

I bless God's name for the mem'ry Of mother's own beautiful hands.

No. 396. Kiss My Eyelids, Mother.

"Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."—1 Cor. 13: 12.

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Anon. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Kiss me, moth - er, kiss me gent - ly,..... Kiss my
2. Kiss my eye - lids, lov - ing moth- er,..... As you
3. Let my dreams be all a - bout you,.... Let them

eye - lids down to - night, I'm so lone - ly, and with -
did in days of yore, When I slept up - on your
all be pure and bright, Let me dream that you will

out you,..... Can - not say,..... my pray'rs a - right.
bo - som,..... Kiss them, moth - er, just once more.
al - ways,..... Kiss my eye - lids down at night.

CHORUS.

Sing to me,..... my dar - ling mother,..... Sing your soft - est
Sing to me, oh, sing, my dar - ling moth-er Sing your soft-est

lul - la - by,..... Let me dream..... that I am
ft - est lul - la - by, Let me dream that I, that

Kiss My Eyelids, Mother.

Repeat Chorus pp.

sit - ting, Once a - gain..... up - on your knee.....
I am sit - ting, Once a - gain up - on your knee, your knee.

No. 397. Abide With Me.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—Luke 24 : 29.

H. F. LYTE. W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay on all a - round I see;
3. I need Thy pres - ence, ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who, like thy - self, my guide and stay can be?

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O, a - bide with me.
O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me.
Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me.

No. 398. Good-Bye, Papa and Mamma.

"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."—Luke 23 : 43.

Copyright, 1894, by E. A. Hoffman.

Words rewritten by E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

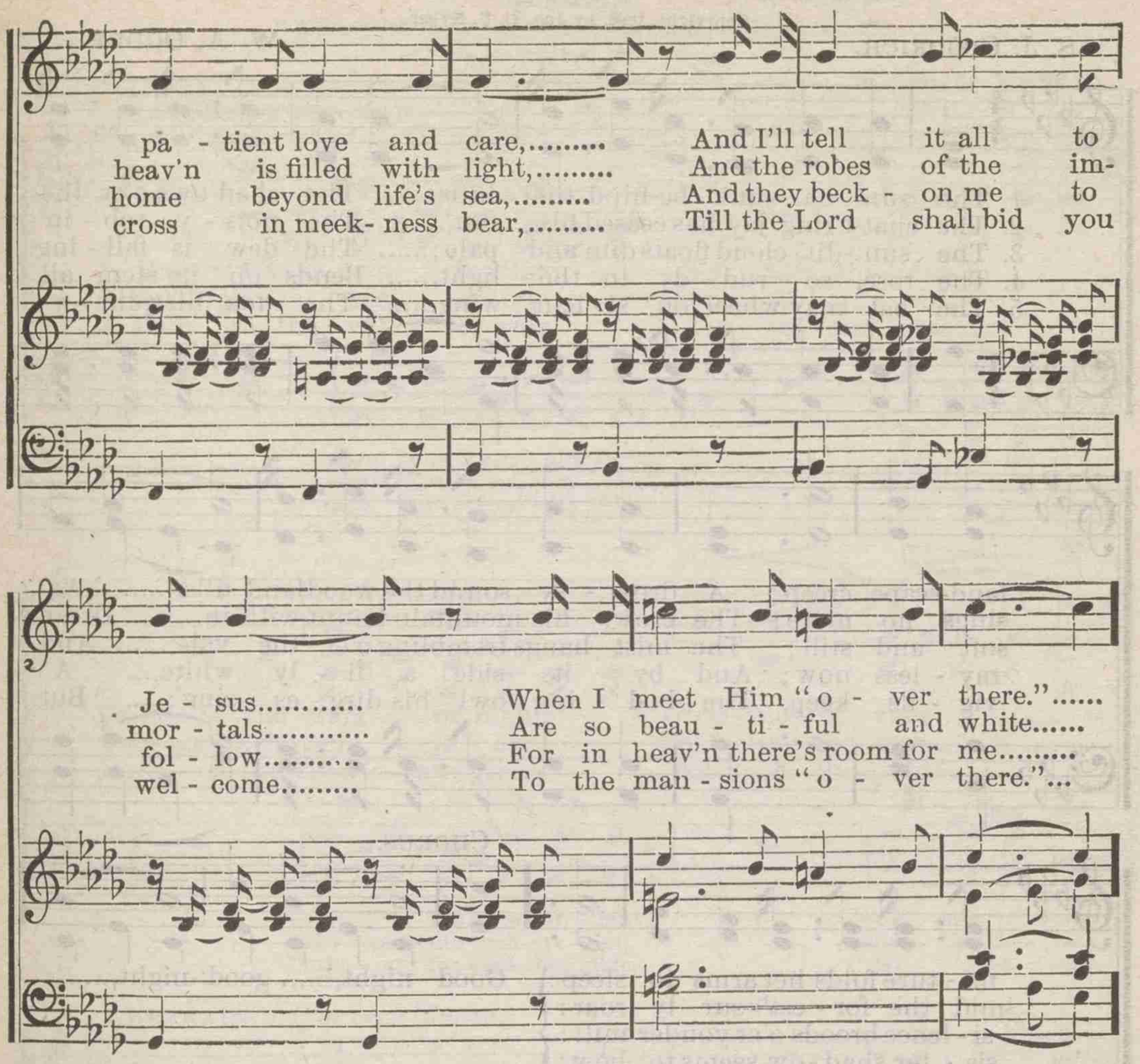
ORGAN.

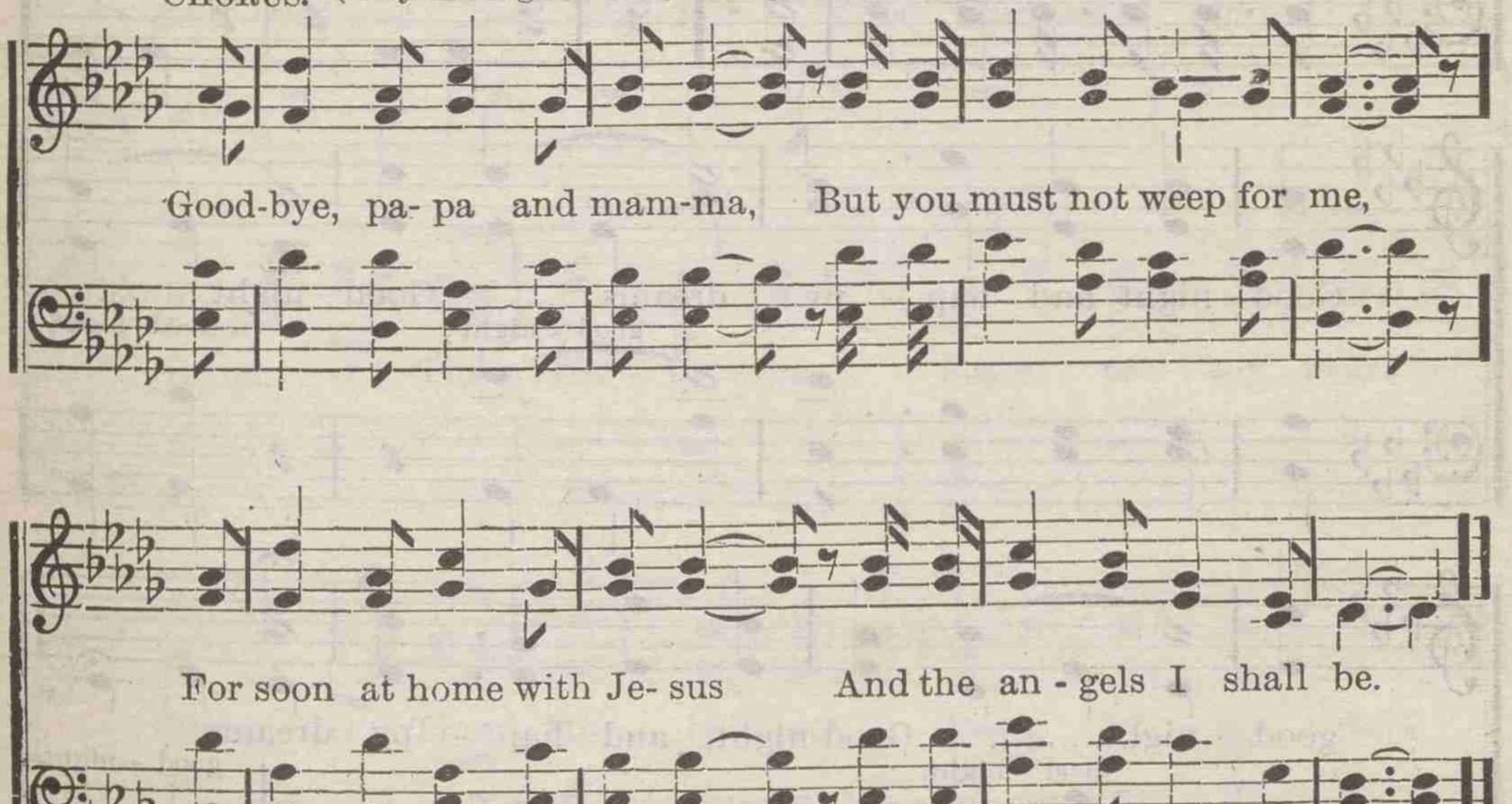
SOLO.

1. You must be tired, dear mam-ma,..... You have been all night a -
2. I know that I am dy - ing,..... And I'm al - most glad to
3. I see the shin - ing an - gels ;..... They are close be- side me
4. Good-bye, pa - pa and mam-ma ;..... You have both been kind to

wake ; Your care has been so con- stant, You are wear-ied for my
go, Save for your bit- ter weeping, And the grief that wounds you
now ; I feel their ten-der kiss-es On my burning cheek and
me, And I'll tell it all to Je- sus When His ho - ly face I

sake ; I thank thee, dear - est mam-ma,..... For thy
so ; I'll not be lone - ly yon- der,..... All.....
brow ; They whis - per, oh, so sweet-ly !..... Of the
see ; Good-bye! to Christ be faith- ful,..... And the

Good-Bye, Papa and Mamma.

CHORUS. (May be sung as a Solo, accompanist using first four lines of verse.)



No. 399. Good-Night, and Happy Dreams.

"For the shadows of the evening are stretched out."—Jer. 6 : 4.

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S. J. GOODRICH. W. A. OGDEN.

1. The sun has sunk be-hind the hills,..... The shad-ows o'er the land-scape creep; A drow - sy sound the woodland fills,..... As
2. The chat-t'ring jay has ceased his din,..... The nois - y rob - in sings no more; The crow, his mountain haunt with-in,..... Dreams
3. The sun - lit cloud floats dim and pale;..... The dew is fall - ing soft and still; The mist hangs trembling o'er the vale,..... And
4. The rose, so rud - dy in the light,..... Bends on its stem all ray - less now; And by its side a li - ly white,... A
5. The bat may wheel on si - lent wing,..... The fox his guilt - y vig - ils keep, The bod - ing owl his dirg - es sing:...., But

CHORUS.

na - ture folds her arms to sleep: Good - night,..... good - night,.....
'mid the for - est's sur - ly roar:
si - lence broods o'er yonder mill:
sis - ter shad - ow, seems to bow:
love and in - nocence will sleep:

Good-night, good-night,

Good - night and hap - py dreams; ..... Good - night,.....

good - night; Good - night,

good - night,..... Good-night, and hap - py dreams.

good - night, good - night.

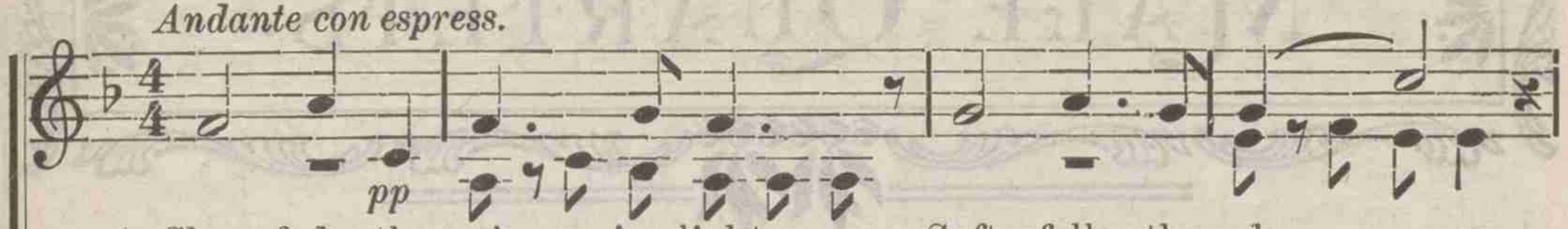
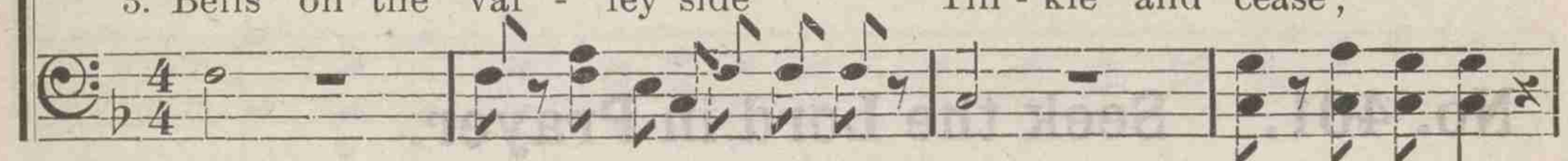
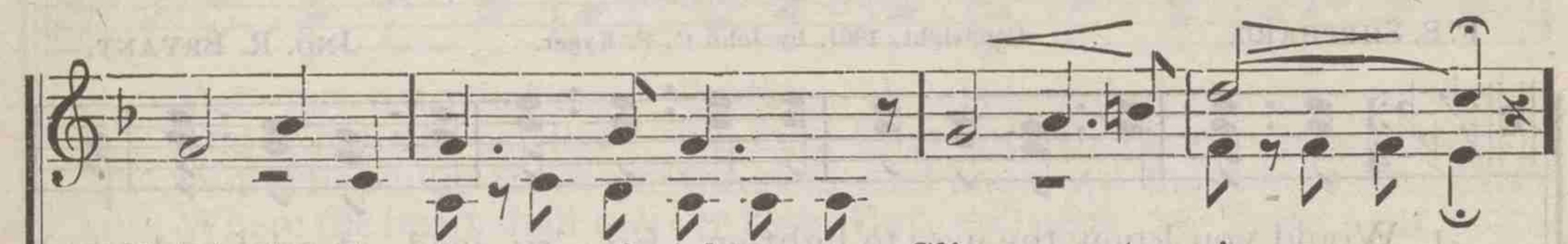
No. 400. Vesper Song.

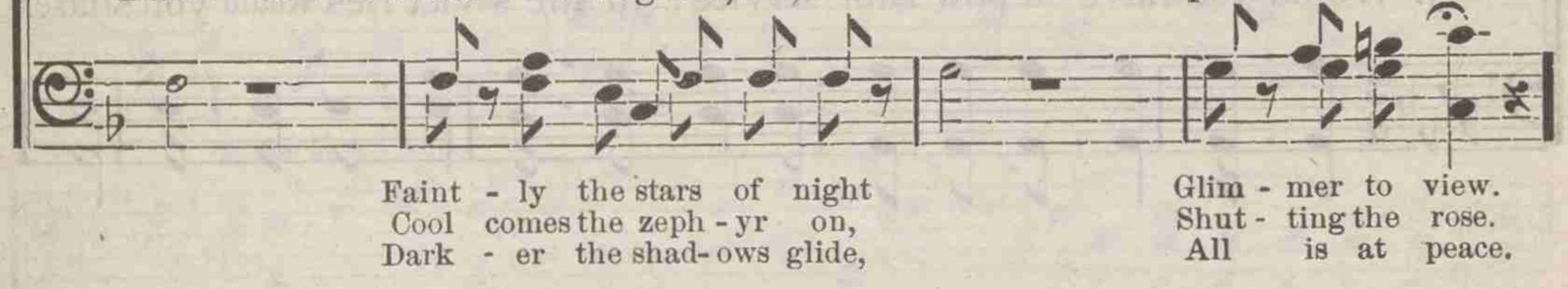
QUARTET.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—Luke 24 : 29.

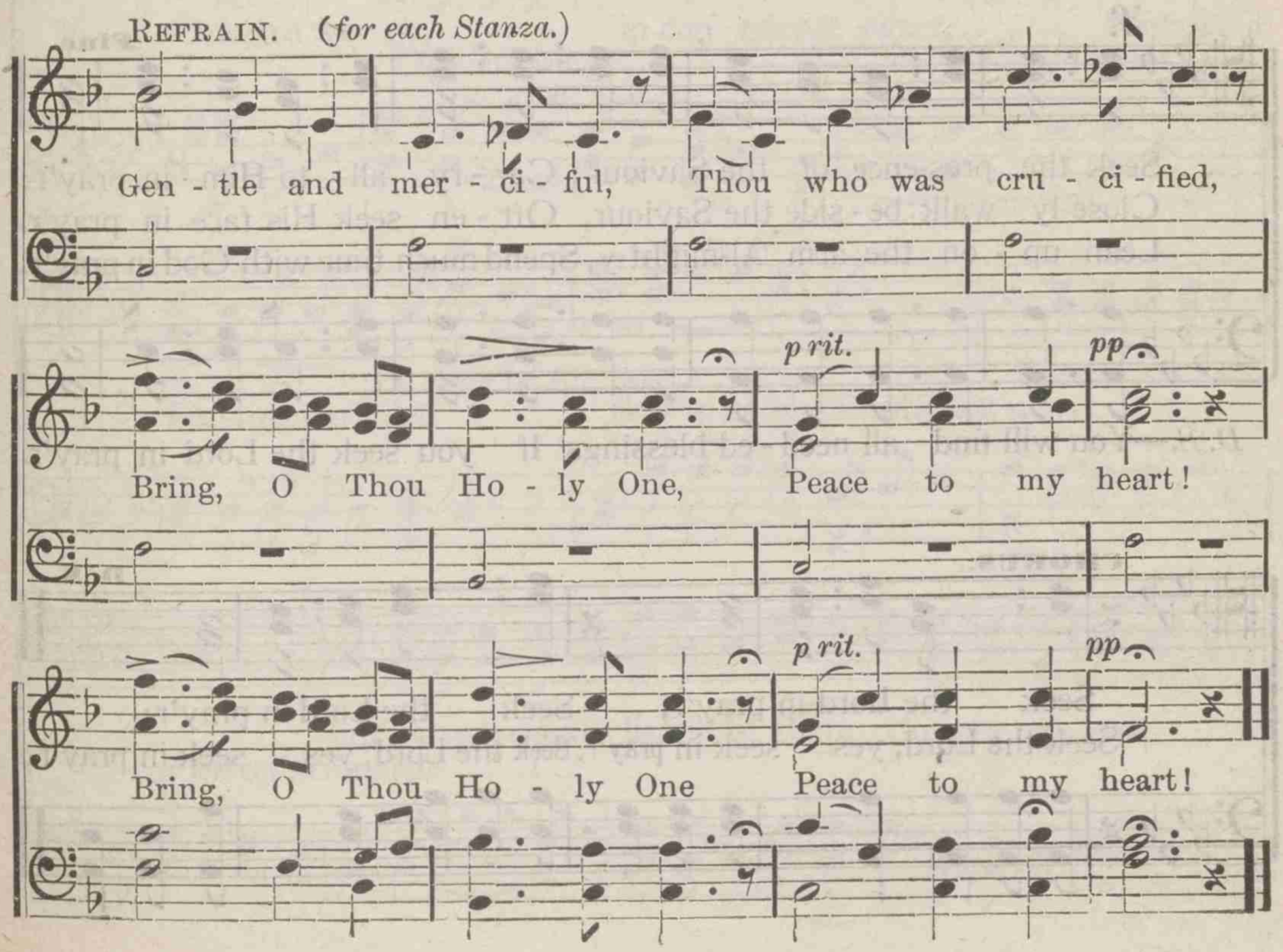
From the "School Bell." By per.

E. ORAM LYTE.

Andante con espress.

1. Slow fades the ev'n - ing light, Soft falls the dew;
2. Earth, like a wea - ry one, Sinks to re - pose;
3. Bells on the val - ley side Tin - kle and cease;

Slow fades the ev -'ning light, Soft falls the dew;
Earth, like a wea - ry one, Sinks to re- pose;
Bells on the val - ley side Tin - kle and cease;

Faint - ly the stars of night Glim - mer to view.....
Cool comes the zeph - yr on, Shut - ting the rose.....
Dark - er the shad - ows glide, All is at peace.....



Faint - ly the stars of night Glim - mer to view.
Cool comes the zeph - yr on, Shut - ting the rose.
Dark - er the shad- ows glide, All is at peace.

REFRAIN. (*for each Stanza.*)

Gen - tle and mer - ci - ful, Thou who was cru - ci - fied,
Bring, O Thou Ho - ly One, Peace to my heart!

Bring, O Thou Ho - ly One Peace to my heart!

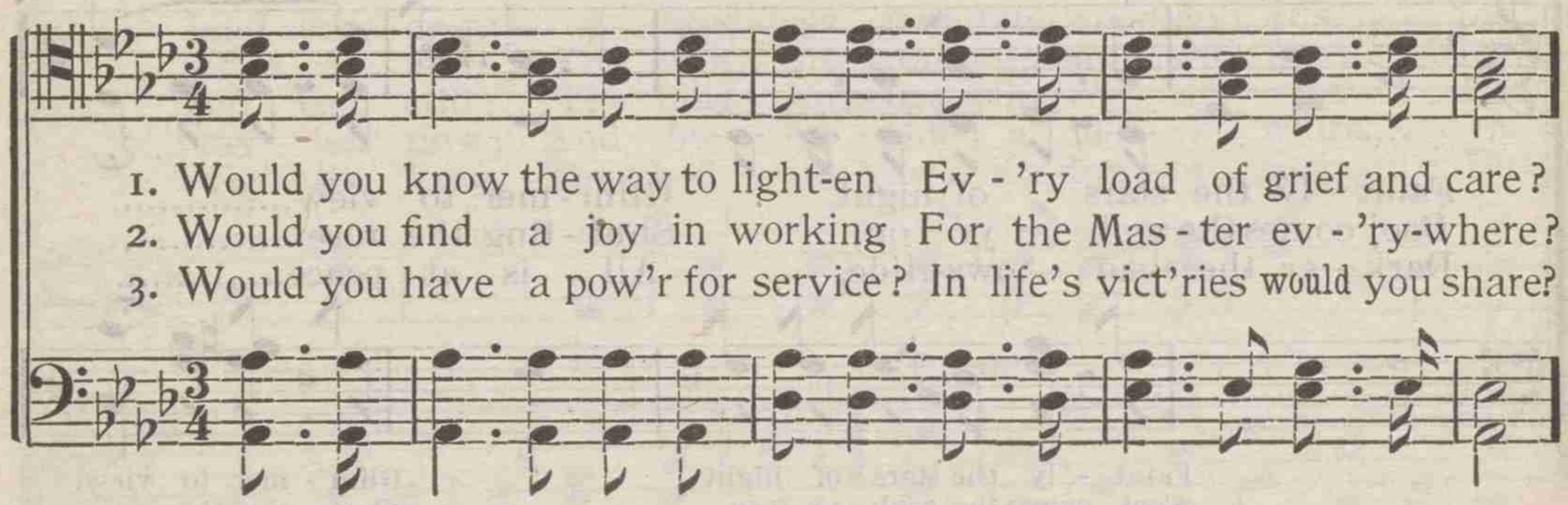
MALE QUARTETS.

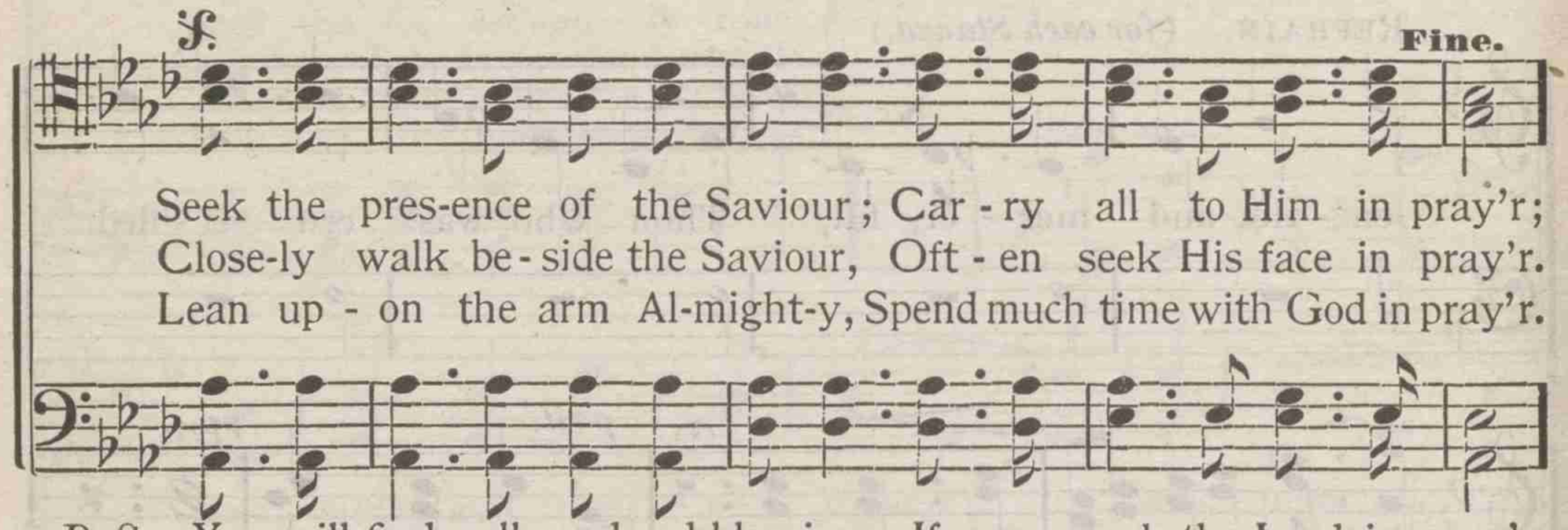
No. 401. Seek the Lord in Prayer.

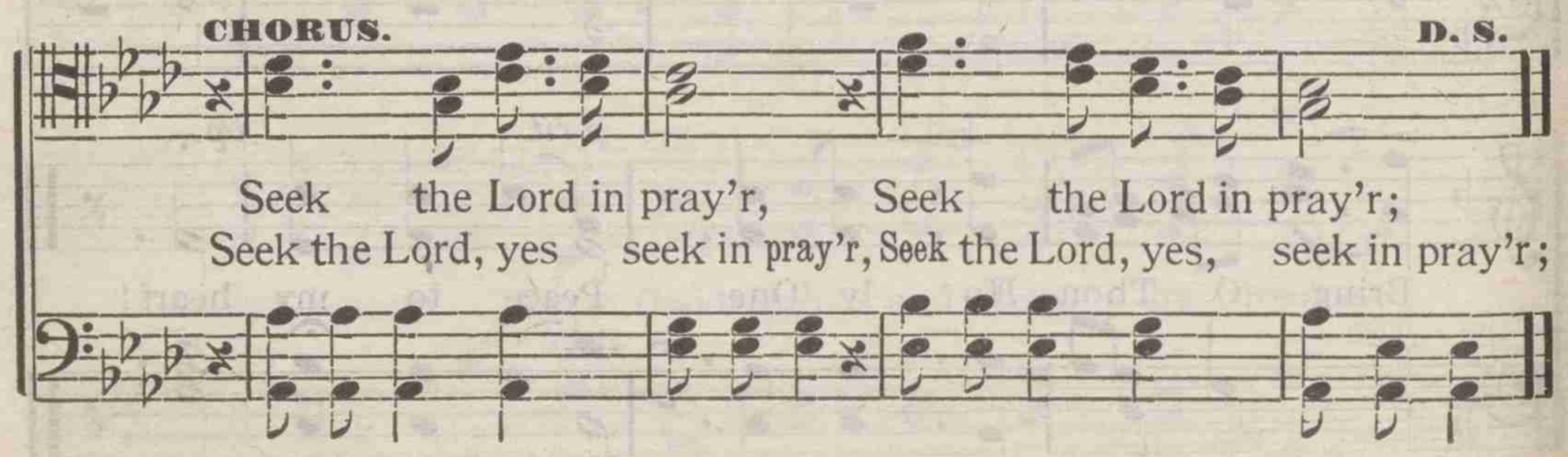
"If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it."—JOHN 14: 14.

MALE QUARTET.

F. S. SHEPHARD. Copyright, 1901, by John C. F. Kyger. JNO. R. BRYANT.







No. 402. Jesus Will be With Us There.

"And the Lord shall guide thee continually."—Isa. 58: 11.

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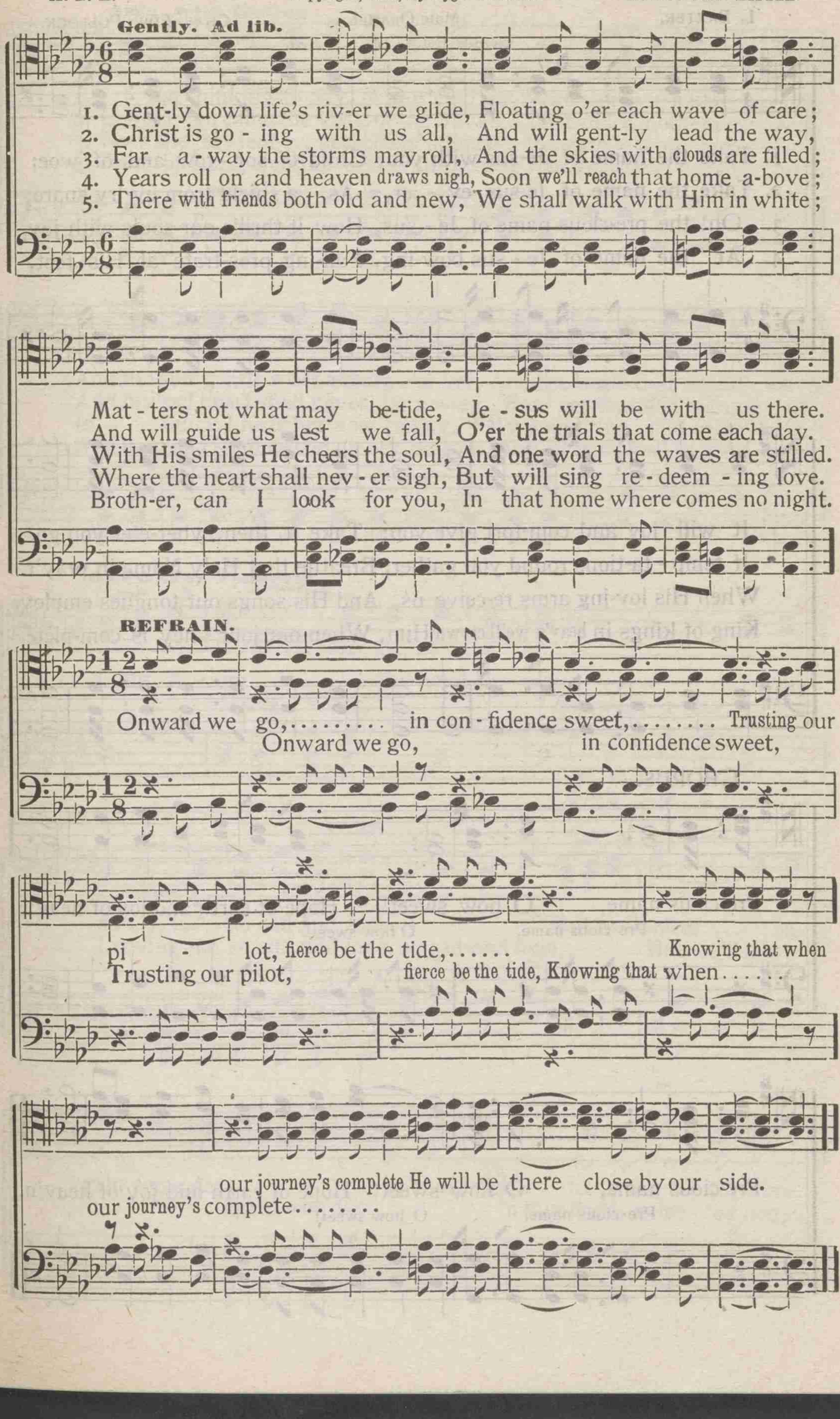

No. 403. Precious Name.

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4: 12.

L. BAXTER. Male Quartet. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

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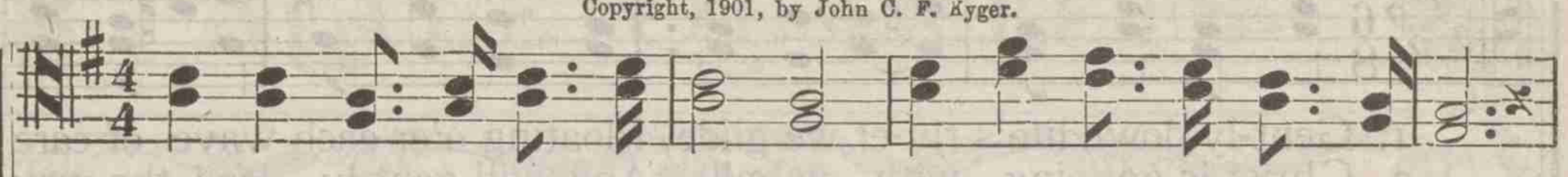
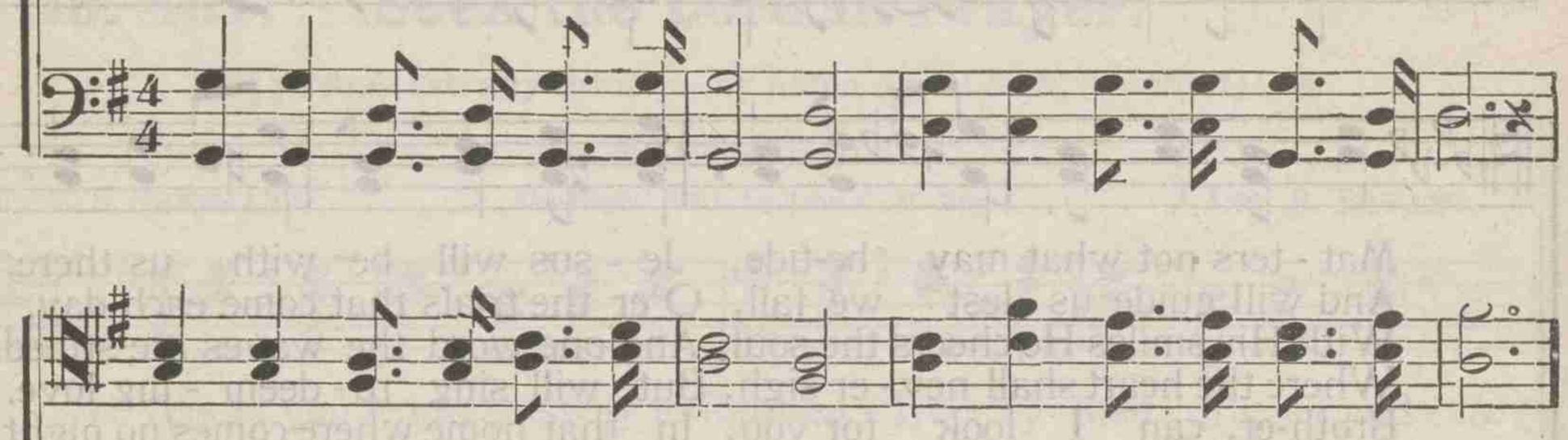
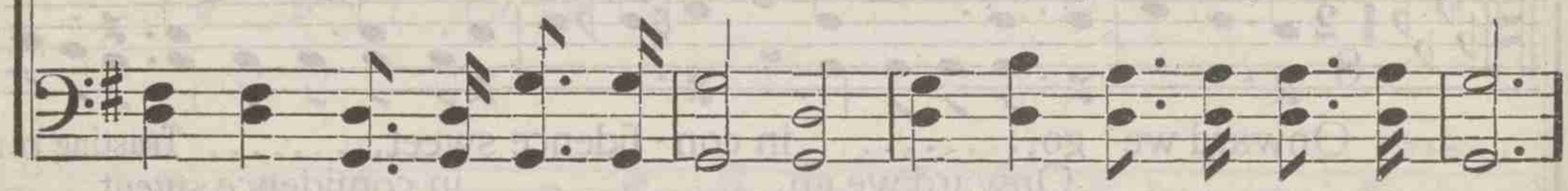
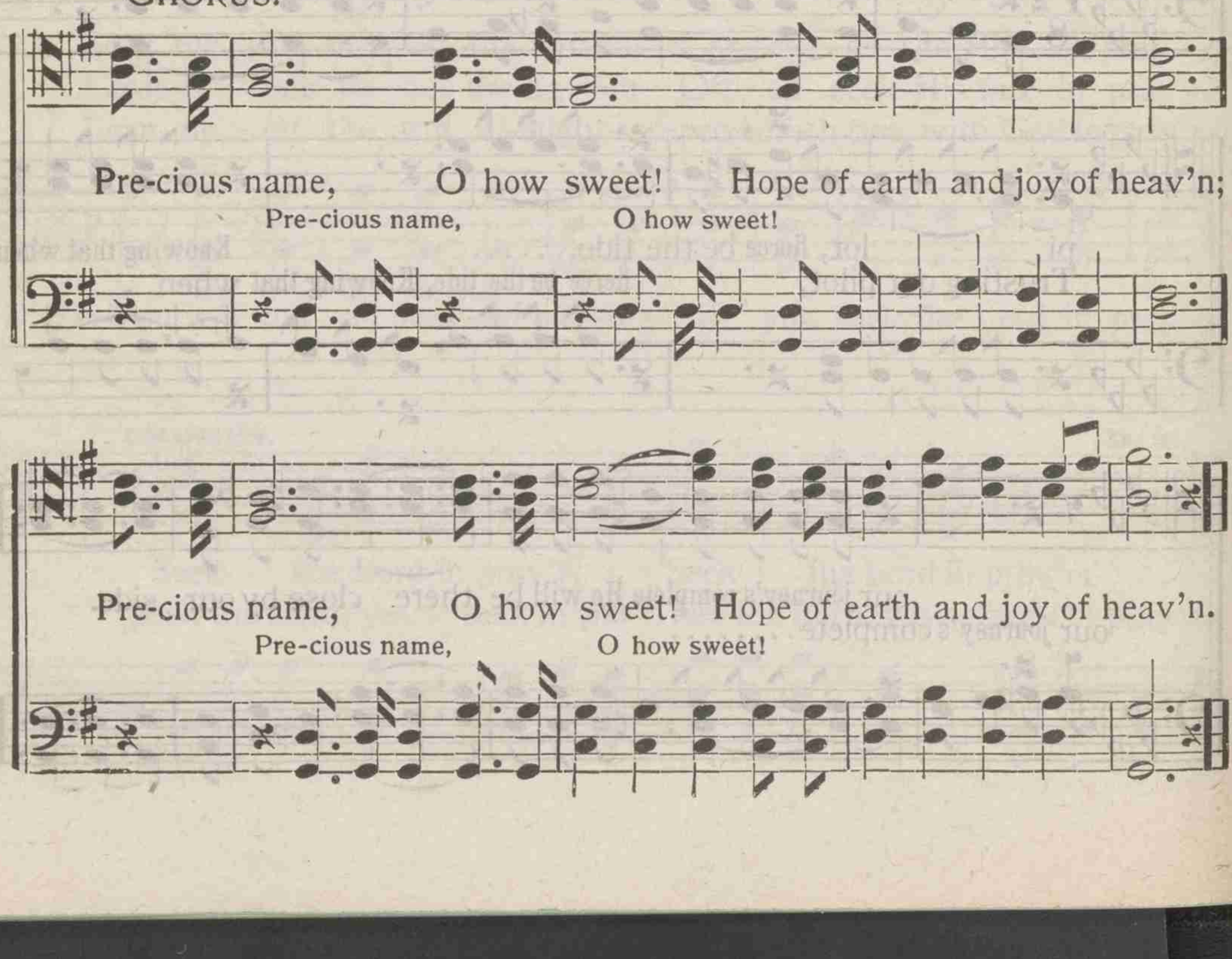


1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je-sus ev - er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. Oh! the pre-cious name of Je - sus, How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow-ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,



It will joy and com-fort give you; Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta-tions round you gather, Breathe that Holy Name in pray'r.
When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ.
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.



Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!

Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!

No. 404. I Am Thinking of Mother.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed."—PROV. 21 : 28.

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Slow, with feeling.

1. I am thinking to-day of my moth-er, Who sleeps in a lonely grave;
2. Long a - go came the voice of the Saviour, That called mother dear away;
3. Now she si - lent-ly, peacefully slumbers Beneath a white grave stone,
4. Praise the Lord, we shall meet in the morning When death shall no longer prey,

And the soft gentle winds moaning o'er her, And the boughs that silently wave.
And my sad heart shall never, no nev-er, For - get that sad autumn day.
In fancy I hear her now calling, "My wand'ring child come home."
And my head shall be laid on her bo-som, And all tears shall be wiped a-way.

REFRAIN. Tenderly.

Long a - go.... ..... she went a - way, Leaving me..... so sad and lone, But we'll meet.... a- gain some day, In that bright, ce - les - tial home.
Long a - go, she went a-way, Leaving me so sad and lone, so sad and lone, But we'll meet again some day, In that bright, ce-les - tial home.

No. 405. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."—Jno. 3: 16.

CHAS. WESLEY. Male Quartet. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

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

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

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

cres. *dim.*

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O, re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
False, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 406. Higher Ground.

"In all thy ways acknowledge him and he will direct thy path."—PROV. 3: 6.

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1. Each day my faith in Christ grows stronger, As I think of the
2. While I trav-el thro' the vale of sor - row, Or in full-ness of
3. Now my soul mounts up to Him in glad-ness, As I think how my
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, guide me to that cit - y, Where the sun it shall

bright gold - en crown, And my on - ly plea to Him as pi - lot,
joy my soul a-bounds; Let this be my ear-nest pray'r to - mor - row,
Lord to earth came down, To redeem my soul from all its bond-age,
nev - er go down; Where the sun it shall free from care and troubling,

CHORUS. Spirited.

Lord plant my feet on high-er ground.
Let me walk with Thee on high-er ground. Higher ground..... yes,
That my feet might reach still high-er ground.
Where there'll be no need of high-er ground. Higher, still higher,

high-er ground, Lord plant my feet on higher ground, Higher
higher, still higher,

ground,.... yes, higher ground, Lord plant my feet on higher ground.
Higher, still higher, higher ground,

Anthems

No. 407. Trust Ye in the Mighty God.

"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man."—Ps. 118: 8.

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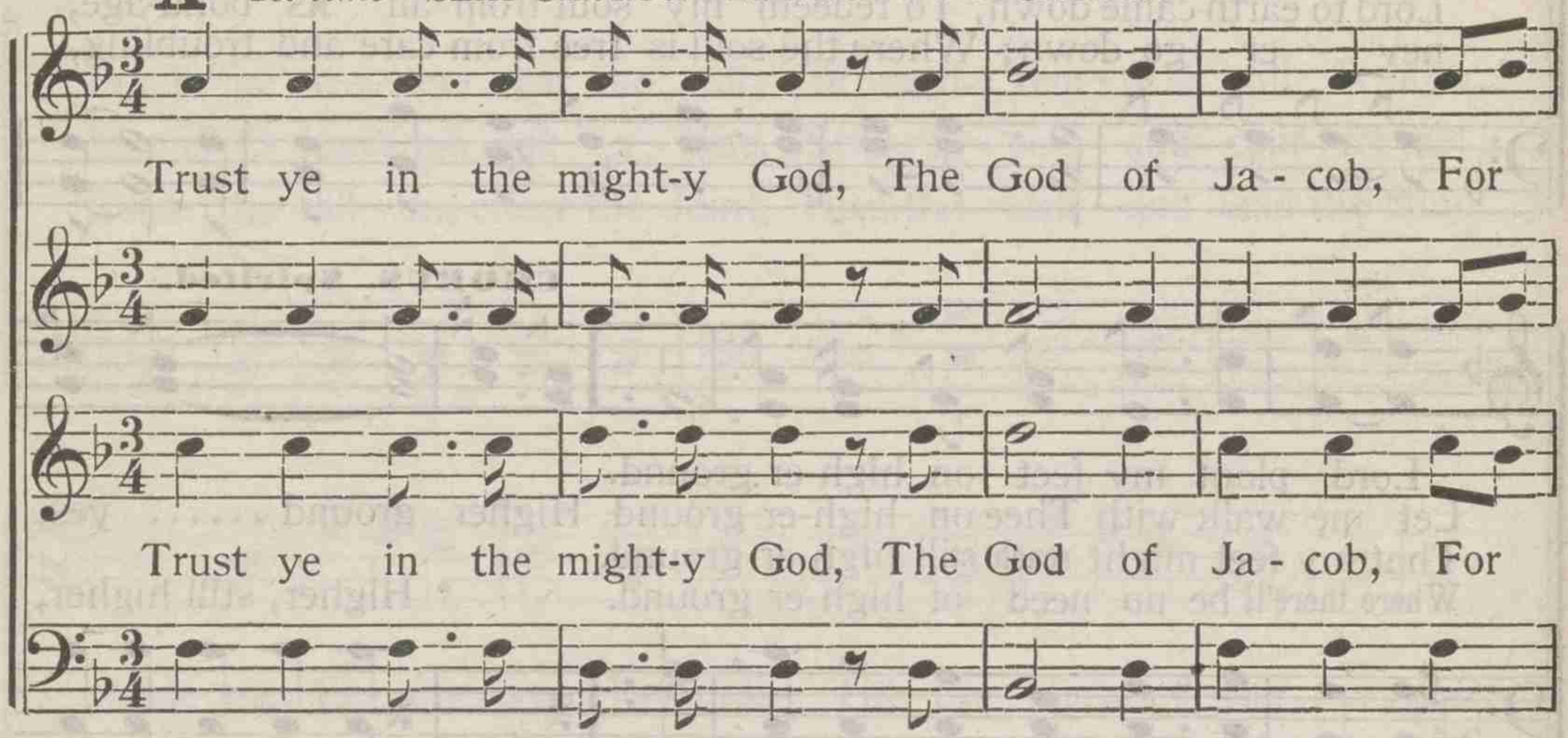
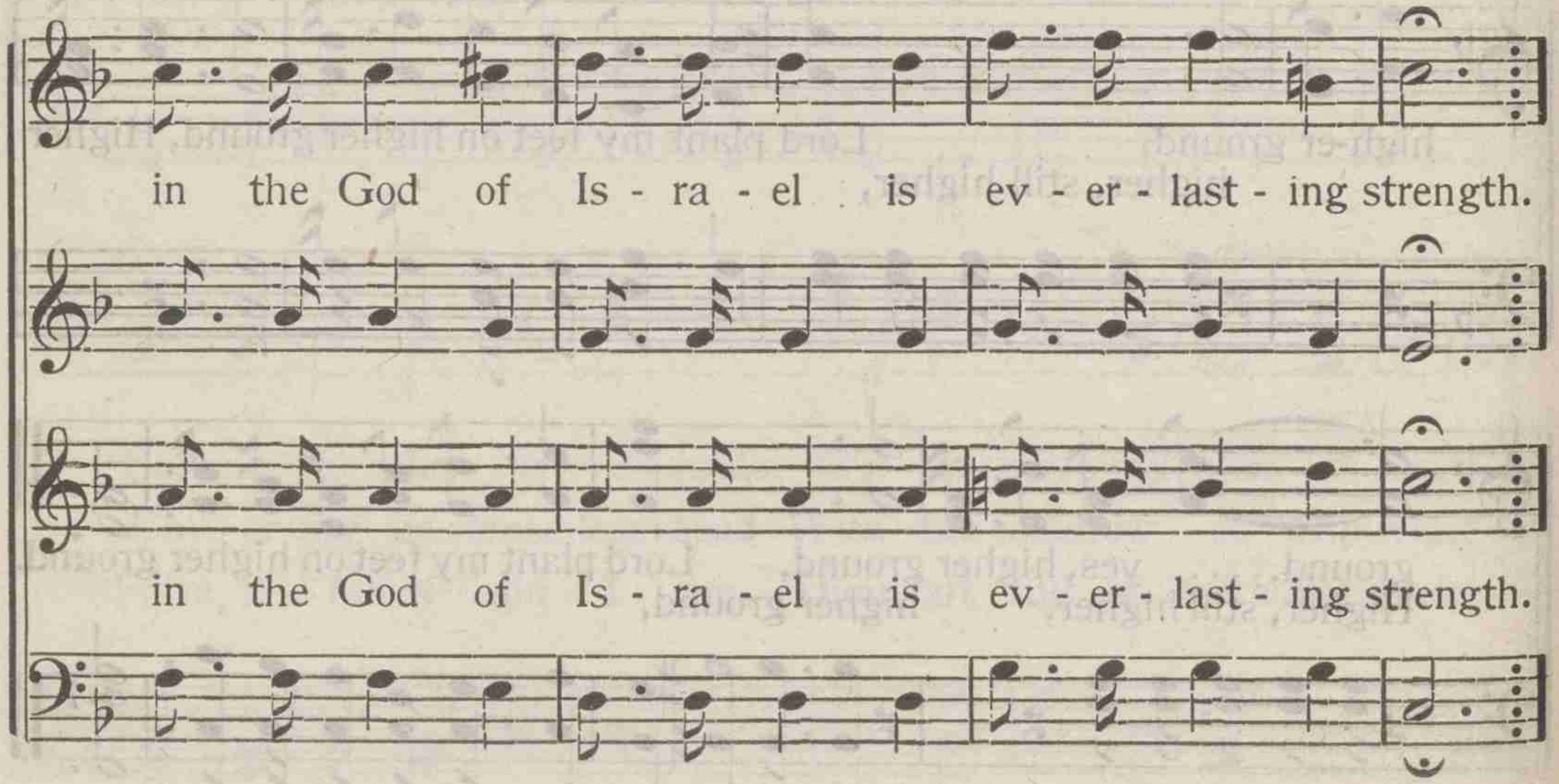
H. R. PALMER.

A 1*st time*—SEMI-CHORUS. 2*d time*—FULL CHORUS.

Trust Ye in the Mighty God. Continued.

B

f *m*

God is our ref - uge and strength, God is our strength, is our

f *m*

God is our ref - uge and strength,

f

God is our

strength and our ref - uge, our ref - uge, God is our ref - uge and

God is our strength, is our strength and our ref - uge, our ref - uge,

m

ref - uge and strength, God is our strength, is our strength and our

f *m*

God is our ref - uge and strength, God is our

C

strength, is our ref - uge, God is our ref-uge, our refuge and strength.

God is our ref - uge, God is our ref - uge, our refuge and strength.

ref - uge, our ref-uge, God is our ref-uge, our refuge and strength.

strength, is our strength and our refuge, our ref - uge, our refuge and strength.

Trust Ye in the Mighty God. Continued.

D

A ver - y pres - ent help in time, in time.....

A ver - y pres - ent

help in troub - le, A ver - y pres - ent help in time, in

of troub - le, A

E

time of troub-le, There-fore will we nev - er,

ver - y pres-ent help in troub-le,

nev - - - er fear, There-fore will we nev - er

There-fore will we nev - er fear,

There-fore will we nev - er, nev - - - er fear.

fear, There-fore will we nev - er fear.

Trust Ye in the Mighty God. Concluded.

F

God is our strength, God is our strength,
God is our strength, God is our

G

God is our strength, Our strength and our ref - uge. God is our
strength, God is our

ref - uge and strength, Therefore will we nev - er, nev - er,
strength, our strength,

nev - - - er fear,
There-fore will we nev - er, There-fore will we nev - er fear,

H **Slower.**

There-fore will nev - er fear. A - - - men.

No. 408. I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."—Ps. 121.

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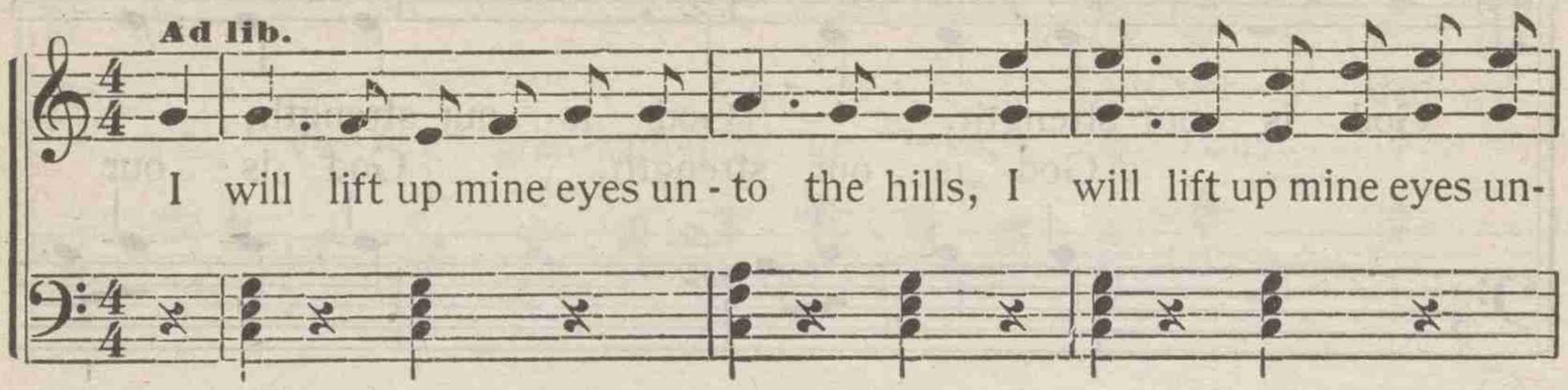
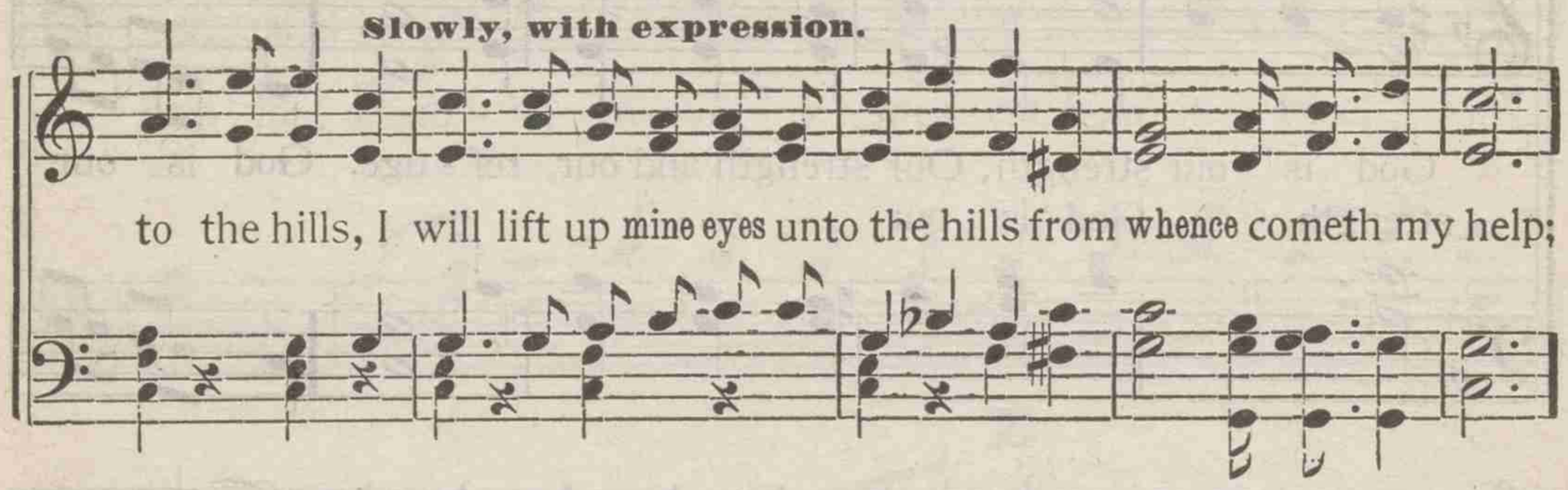
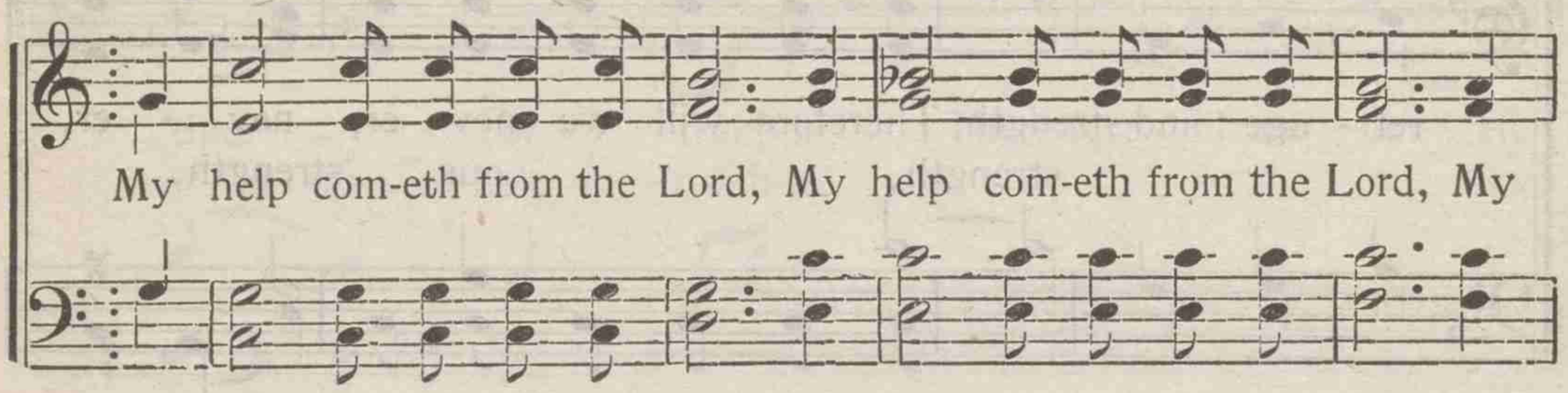
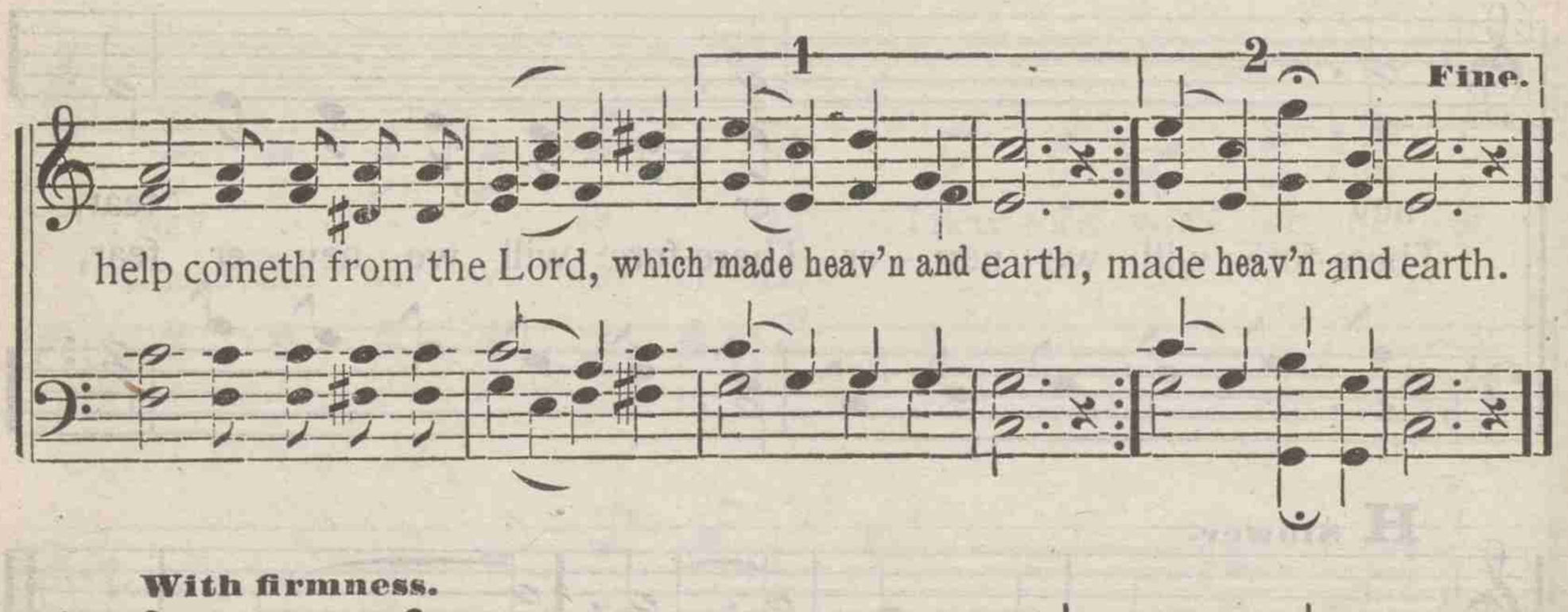
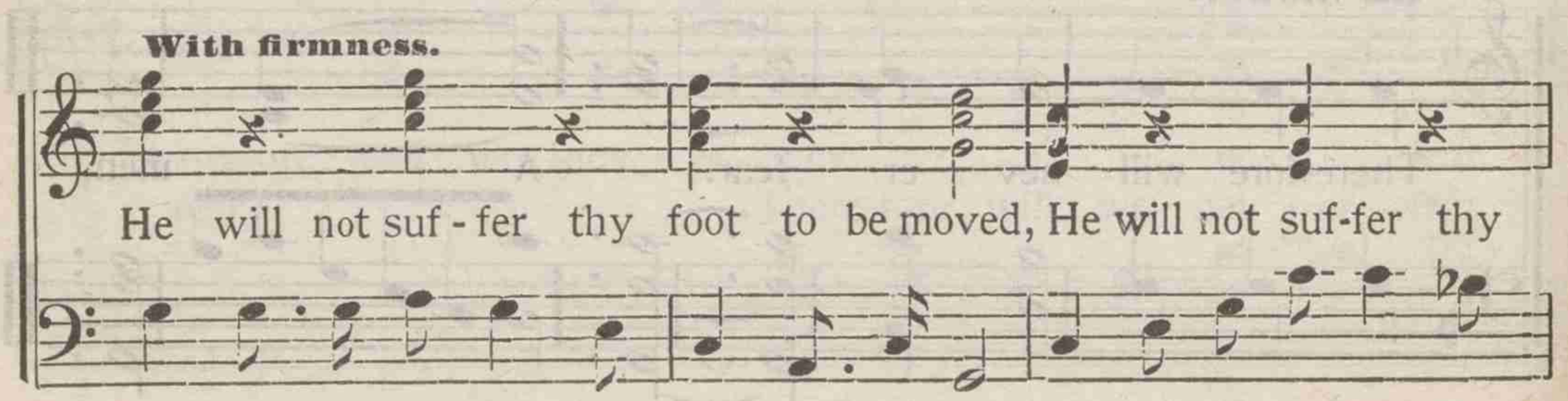
A. BUNYAN LITTLE.







I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes. Concluded.

f

foot to be moved, He that keep eth thee will not slum - ber, Be-

p **Tenderly.** *m*

hold, He that keepeth Is - rael, Be - hold, He that keepeth Is - rael,

Be-hold, He that keep-eth Is - rael shall neither slumber nor sleep, The

Allegro.

Lord is thy keeper, The Lord is thy shade, The Lord is thy keeper on thy right hand,

D. C.

The sun shall not smite thee by night nor by day, The Lord shall preserve thy soul.

No. 409. Hail, All Hail!

ANTHEM.

"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—LUKE 2: 10.

J. P. L. Copyright, 1902, by John C. F. Kyger. J. P. LANE.

mf **Moderato. Maestoso.** **Cres.** *ff*

Hail, hail, all hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name; Ye saints on earth

Dim. *mf*

His wondrous pow'r proclaim; Hail, hail, all hail, Almight-y King di-

p **Cres.** *f* **Dim.** *f*

vine, Thy love shall rule, Thy glo-ry shine, Thy glo-ry shine.

Allegretto. **Duet. Lower sop.** **Semi-chorus.**

Ladies' Voices.

He's the Cre-a-tor of all things, Sing, ye mor-tals, sing;

Lower alto.

Duet. **Semi-chorus.**

He's the Re-deem-er all-glo-rious, Sing, ye ransomed, sing.

Hail, All Hail! Continued.

Full Chorus.

Thron'd in the heavens a - bove, Faithful His goodness to prove, Sing of His

won - der - ful love, Sing, O yes, sing of His love, Sing of His

Chorus. Male Voices.

won-der-ful love, Sing, sing of His love. For He is King of

glo - ry, En - thron'd..... in heav'n a-bove;
En-thron'd in heav'n a - bove, He's enthron'd in heav'n a-bove;

O tell..... the matchless sto - ry,
O tell the matchless sto - ry, Tell the matchless sto - ry,

Hail, All Hail! Concluded.

Je - sus is King, Je - sus is King.
Je-sus is King, Je - sus is King.

mf **Grand Chorus. Mixed voices. A tempo.** **Cres.**

Hail, hail, all hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Ye saints of

ff **Dim.** *mf*

earth His wondrous pow'r pro-claim; Hail, hail, all hail Al-

Grande. *f*

might-y King di - vine, Thy love shall rule, Thy glo - ry shine,

Accel - e - - cres.

. . . Thy glo - ry shine; All hail, all hail, all hail, all hail.

No. 410. How Beautiful Upon the Mountain.

ANTHEM.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."—Isa. 52: 7.

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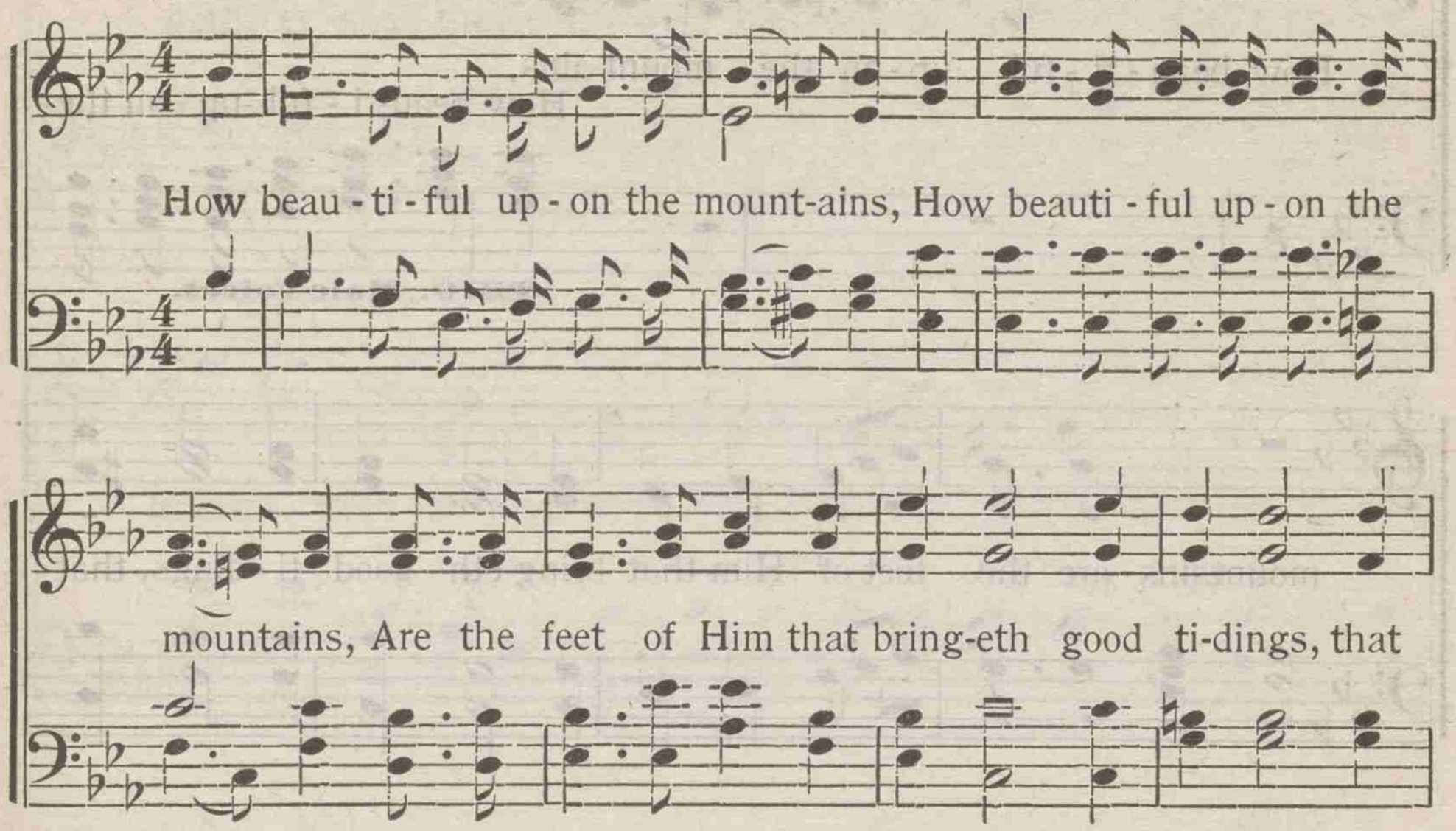
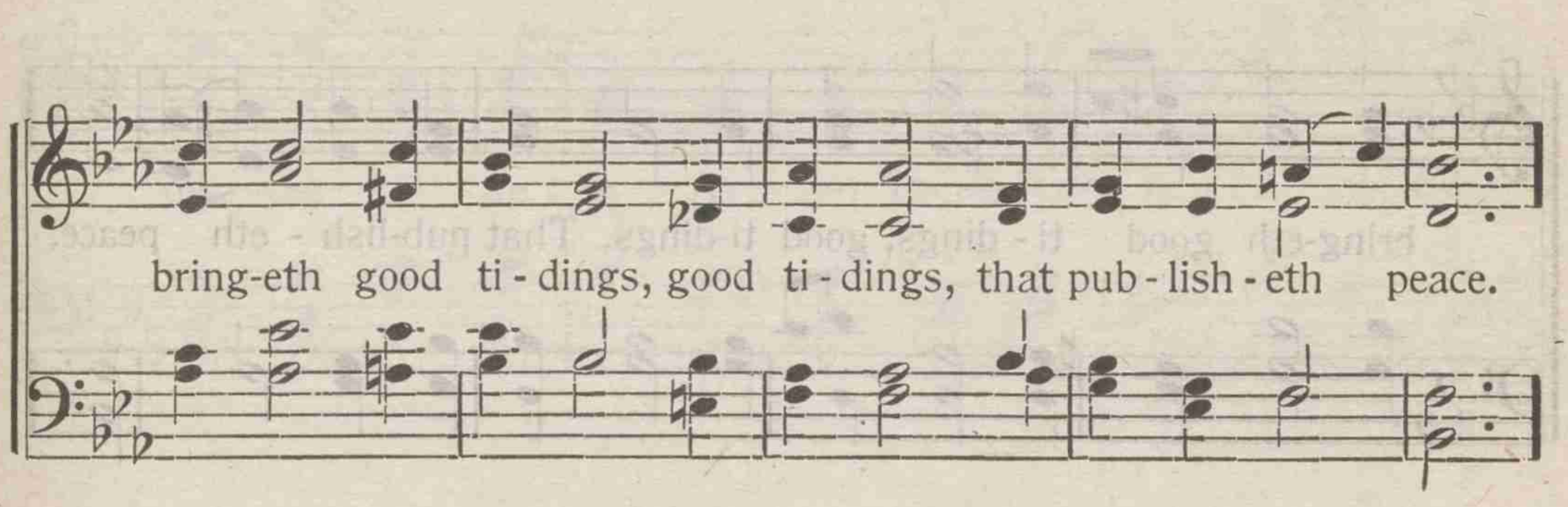
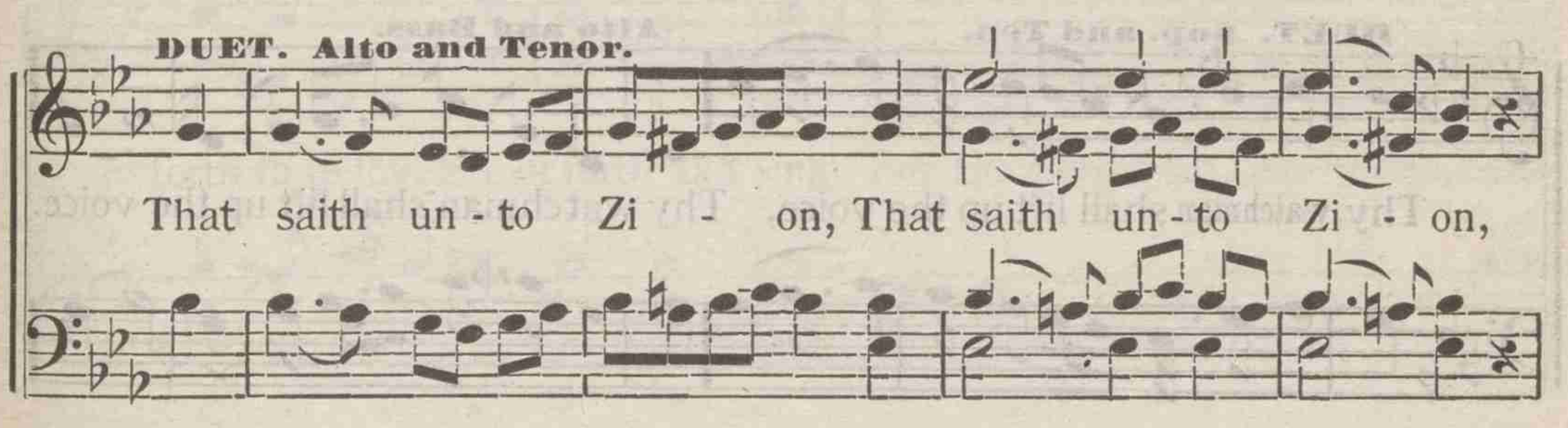
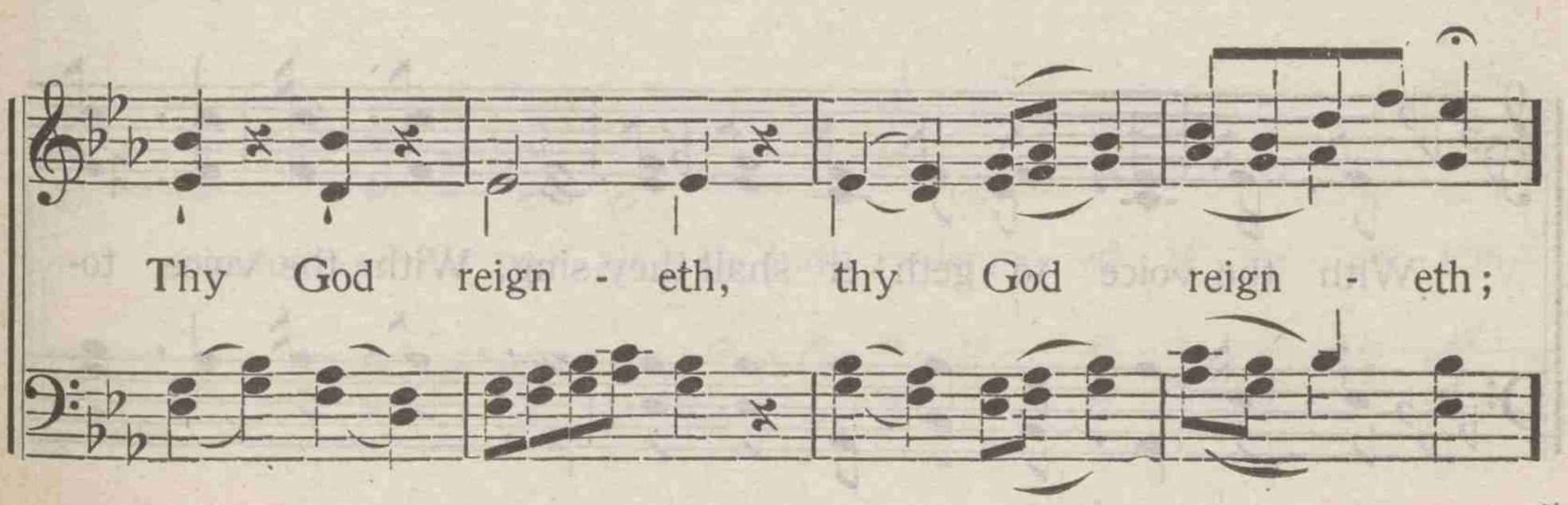




DUET. Alto and Tenor.

How Beautiful Upon. Continued.

TRIO. Female voices.

How beau - ti - ful up - on the mount-ains,

How beau-ti - ful up - on the

TRIO. Male voices.

mountains are the feet of Him that bring-eth good ti - dings, that

bring-eth good ti - dings, good ti-dings, That pub-lish - eth peace.

DUET. Sop. and Ten.

Alto and Bass.

Thy watchman shall lift up the voice, Thy watchman shall lift up the voice.

With the voice to - geth - er shall they sing, With the voice to-

How Beautiful Upon. Concluded.

geth - er shall they sing, with the voice to - geth - er shall they sing.

Full Chorus. Faster

ff

Break forth in - to joy, Break forth in-to joy, Sing to - geth - er ye waste

f *ff*

plac - es of Je - ru - sa - lem, Break forth in - to joy, Break

Fine. Slower.

forth in-to joy, Break forth and sing. For the Lord hath com-fort-ed, hath

D. S.

com-fort - ed his peo - ple, He hath re-deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem.

MISCELLANEOUS

No. 411. We'll Never Say Good-Bye.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."—Rev. 21 : 4.

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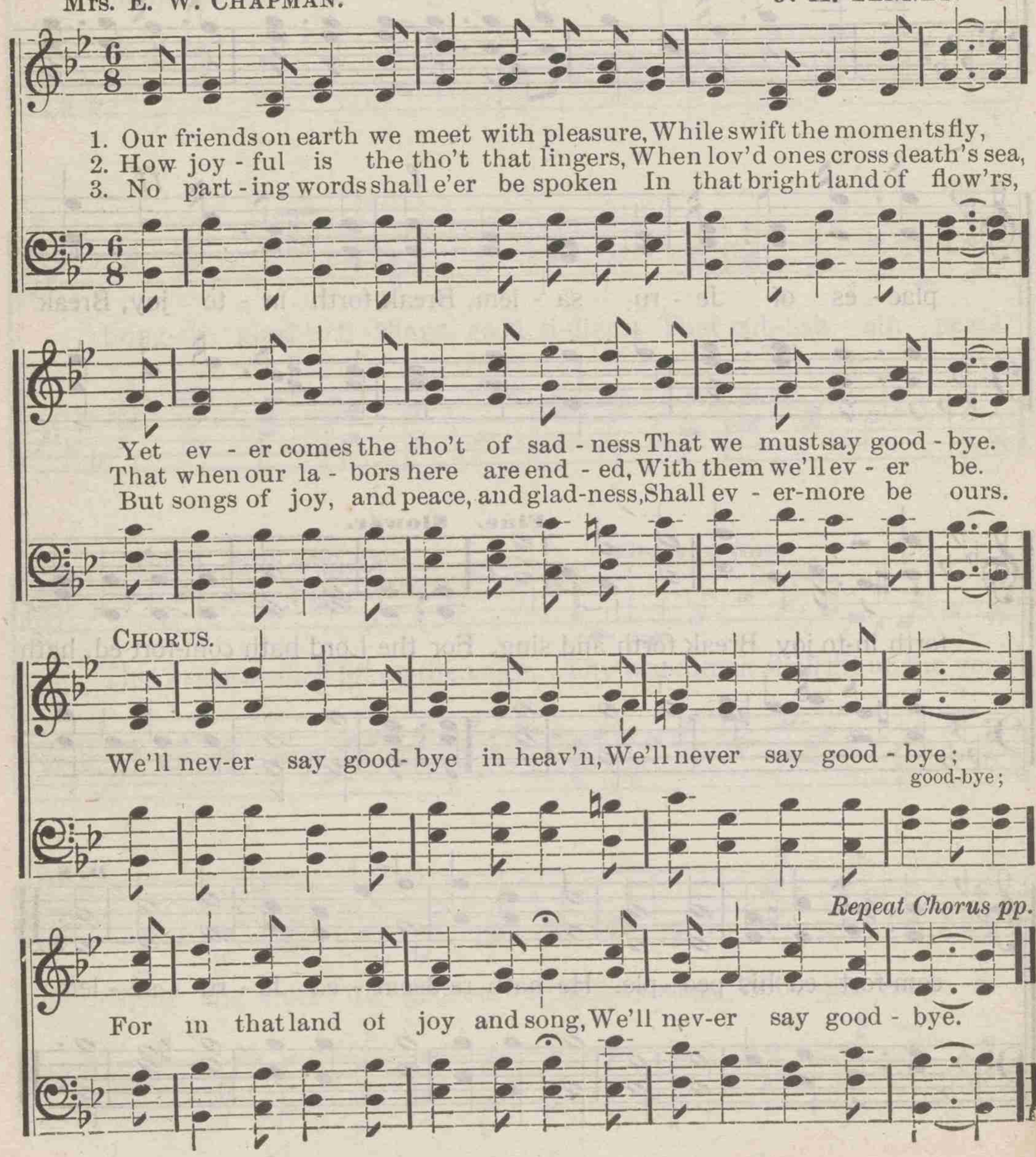
Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

No. 412. I Have no Mother Now.

"When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."—Psa. 27 : 10.

SOLO OR DUET.

Anon. KNOWLES SHAW, by per.

With tender expression.

1. I hear the soft wind sigh-ing Thro' ev - 'ry bush and tree, Where mother dear is ly - ing, A - way from love and me. Tears from mine eyes are
2. I see the pale moon shining On mother's white grave-stone, The rose-bush round it twin- ing, Is here, like me, a - lone. And too, like me, 'tis
3. My heart is ev - er lone- ly, My spir - it ev - er sad, 'Twas her dear pres-ence on - ly, That kept my spir - it glad. From morning un - til

start-ing, And sor- row shades my brow, Ah, wea- ry was our part- ing, I
weep-ing, The dewdrops on the bough, Long time has she been sleep-ing, I
e - ven, Care rests up- on my brow, She's gone from earth to heav-en, I

CHORUS.

f *pp*

have no moth-er now. I have no moth-er now, I have no moth-er
have no moth-er now. I have no moth-er now, I have no moth-er
have no moth-er now. I have no moth-er now, I have no moth-er

dim.

now; Ah, wea - ry was our part - ing, I have no moth-er now.
now; Long time has she been sleep- ing, I have no moth-er now.
now; She's gone from earth to heav - en, I have no moth-er now.

No. 413. The Haven of Rest.

"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94 : 22.

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

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing,
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And faith tak-ing hold of the word, My fet-ters fell off, and I
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the OLD STO - RY so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so -
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, He pa - tient - ly waits To save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an-chor your soul in the

D.S.—The tem-pest may sweep o'er the

FINE.

make me your choice; And I en-tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an-chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm,—Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
ha - ven of rest, And say "My be - lov - ed is mine!"
wild storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

No. 414. The Resurrection.

"For the hour cometh, in which all that are in the tombs shall hear his voice, and shall come forth."—John 5: 28.

By per. of A. S. Kieffer.

Anon. G. R. STREET.

1. In the res- ur - rection morning We will see the Sav-iour coming, And the
2. We feel the ad-vent glo- ry While the vision seems to tar- ry, We will
3. By faith we can dis- cov- er That our warfare'll soon be ov-er, And we'll
4. We will tell the pleasing story When we meet our friends in glory, And we'll

CHORUS.

sons of God a-shouting in the kingdom of the Lord. We shall rise, we shall
comfort one anoth-er with the words of Holy Writ.
shortly hail each other on fair heaven's happy shore.
keep ourselves already for to hail the heav'nly King. Hal- le- lu-jah!

When the trump of God shall sound, When the

rise! In the res-ur-rection morning we shall rise!

Praise the Lord, Hal- le - lu - jah, Praise the Lord, we shall rise!

trump of God shall sound, It shall wake the sleep-ing na-tions, when the trump of God shall sound,

We shall rise, we shall rise! In the resurrection morning we shall rise!

Hal- le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord,

The dead in Christ shall rise, dead in Christ shall rise,

No. 415. Till Jesus Saves.

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

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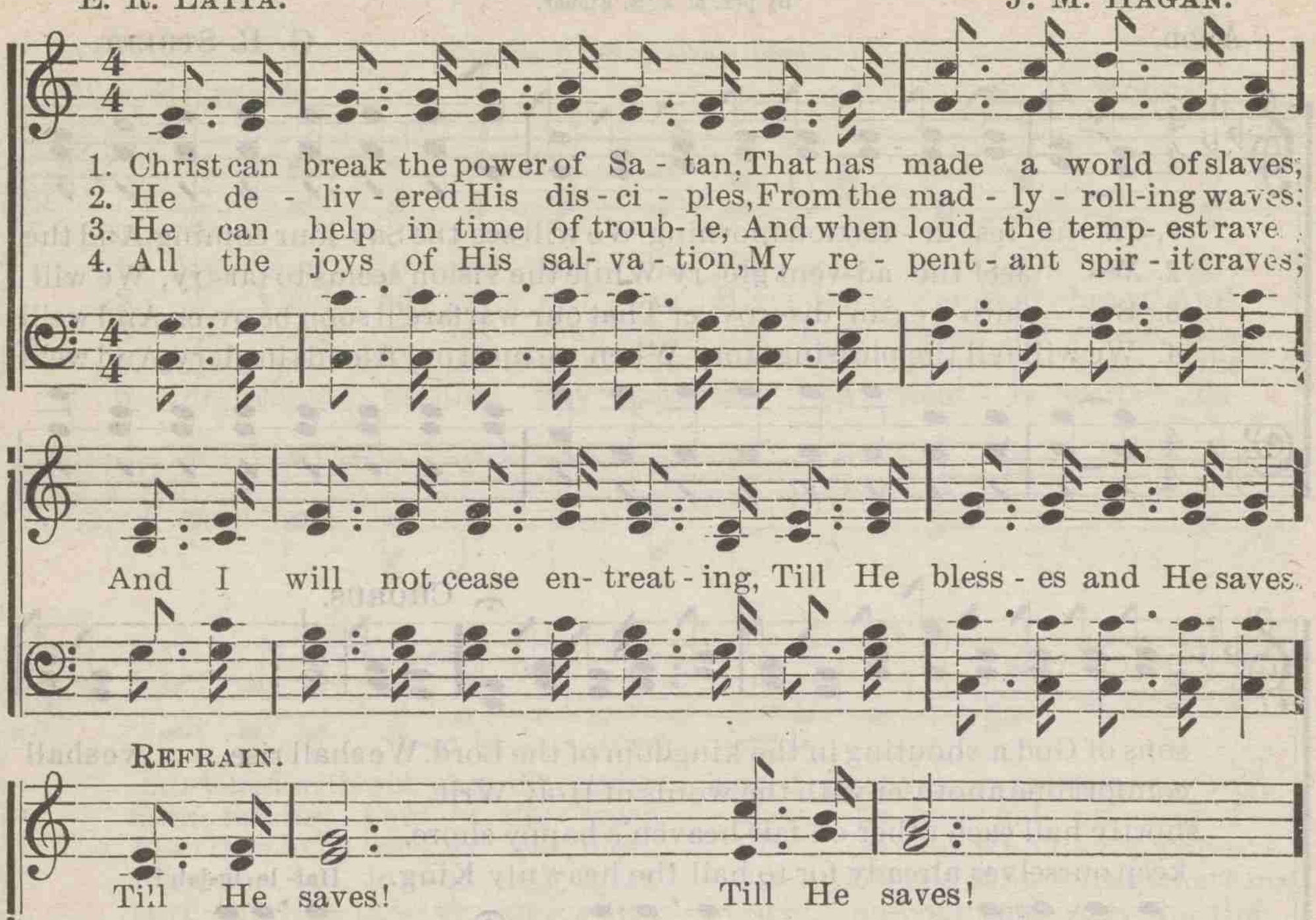
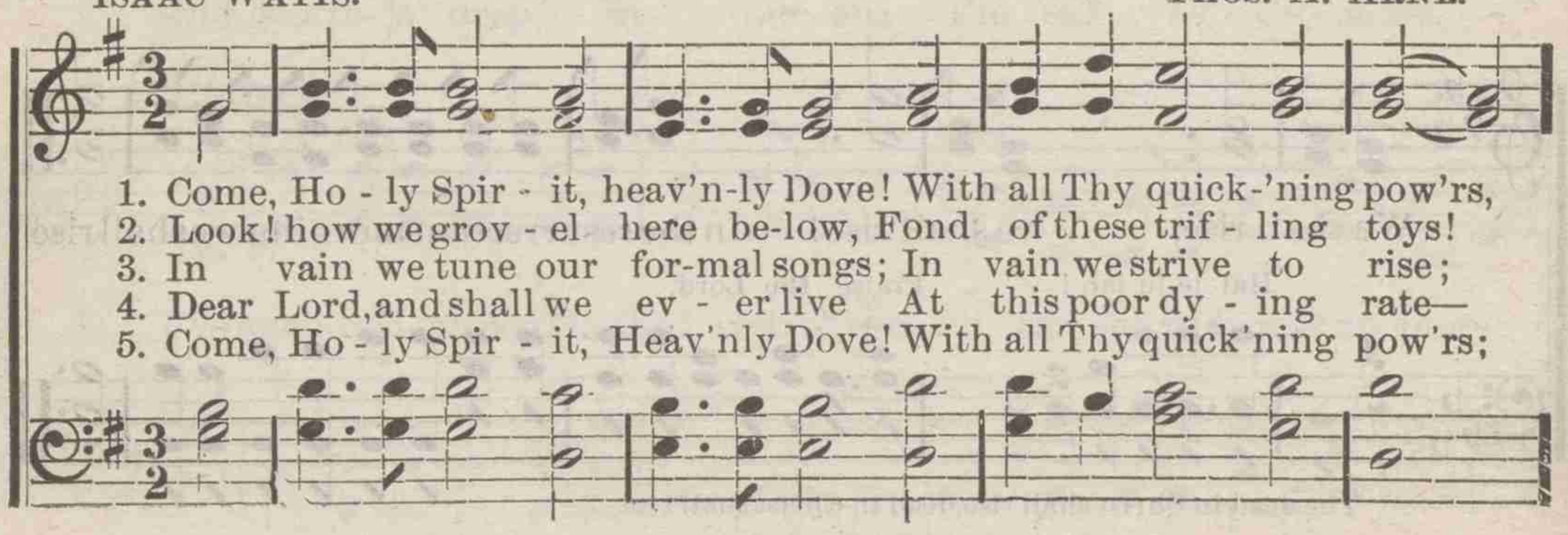
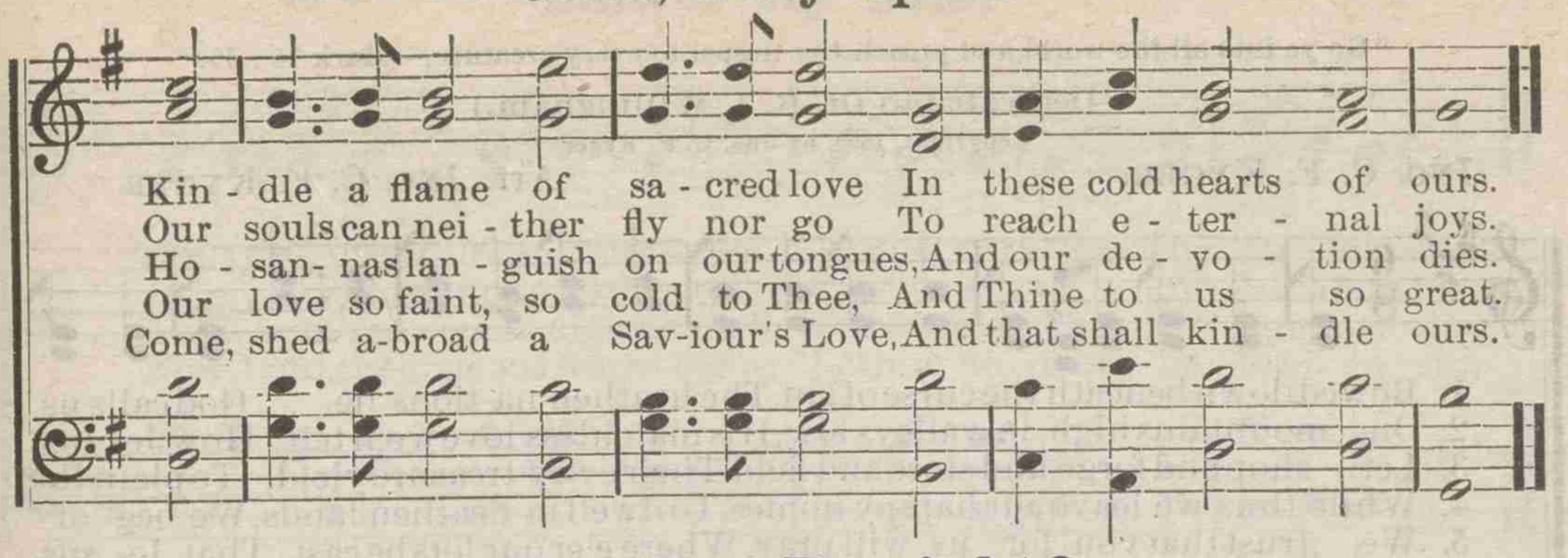
E. R. LATTA. J. M. HAGAN.



No. 416. Come, Holy Spirit.

"I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove."—John 1: 32.

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. A. ARNE.

Come, Holy Spirit.



No. 417. Why Not To-night?

"Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6 : 2.

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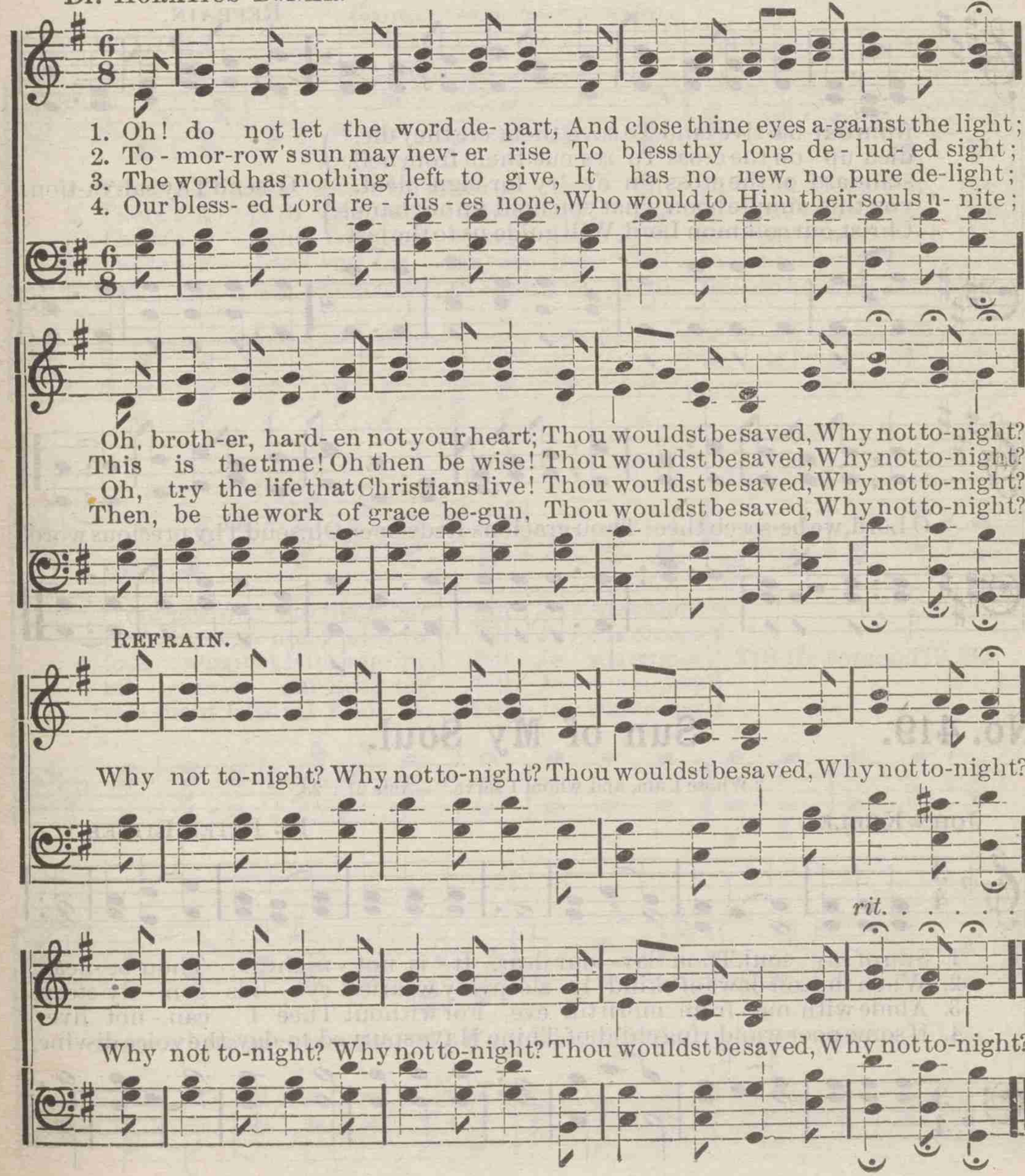
(Effective as a Solo.)

Dr. HORATIUS BONAR. WARREN W. BENTLEY.

No. 418. The New Missionary's Farewell.

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

(Dedicated to Dr. R. J. Willingham.)

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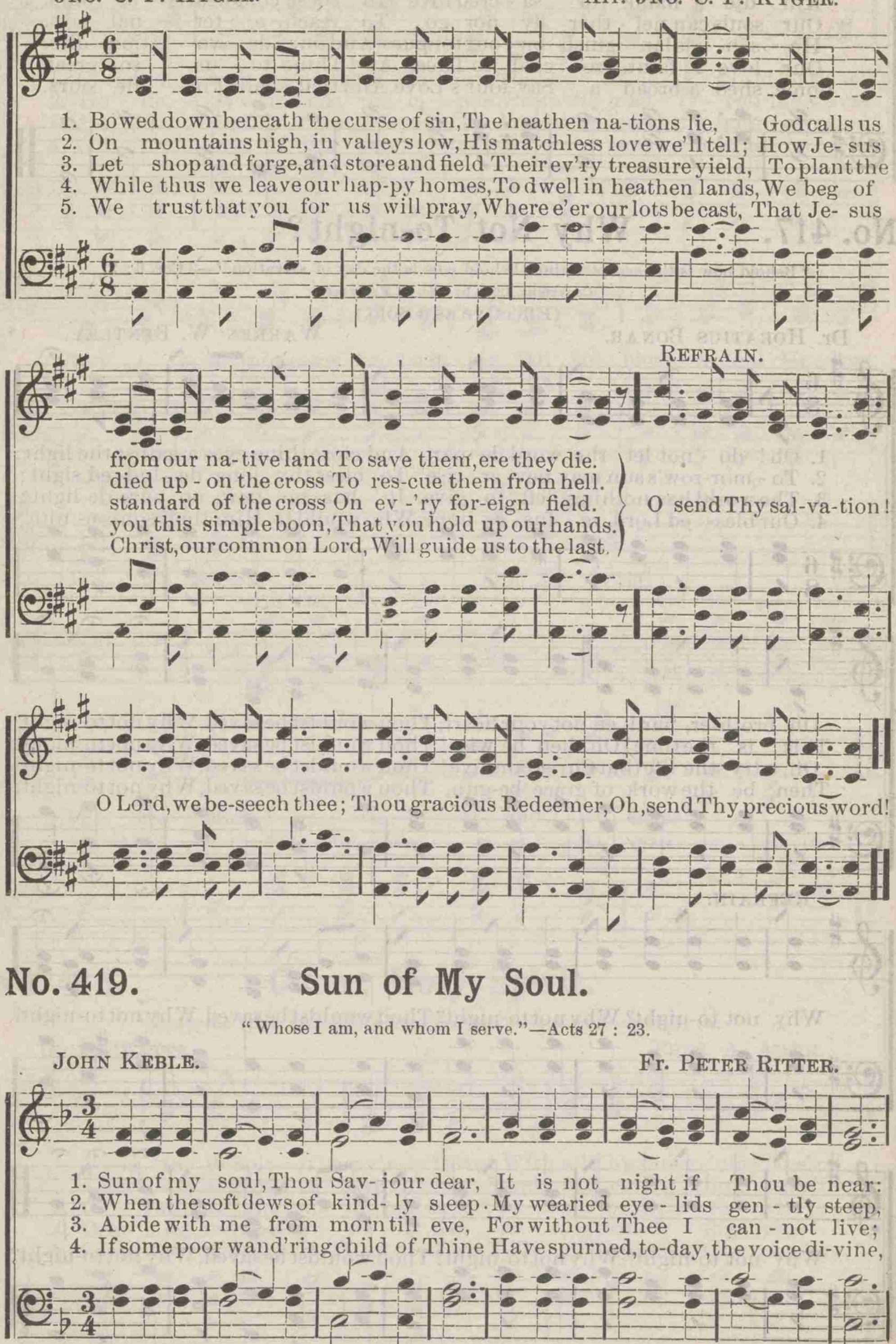
JNO. C. F. KYGER. Arr. JNO. C. F. KYGER.

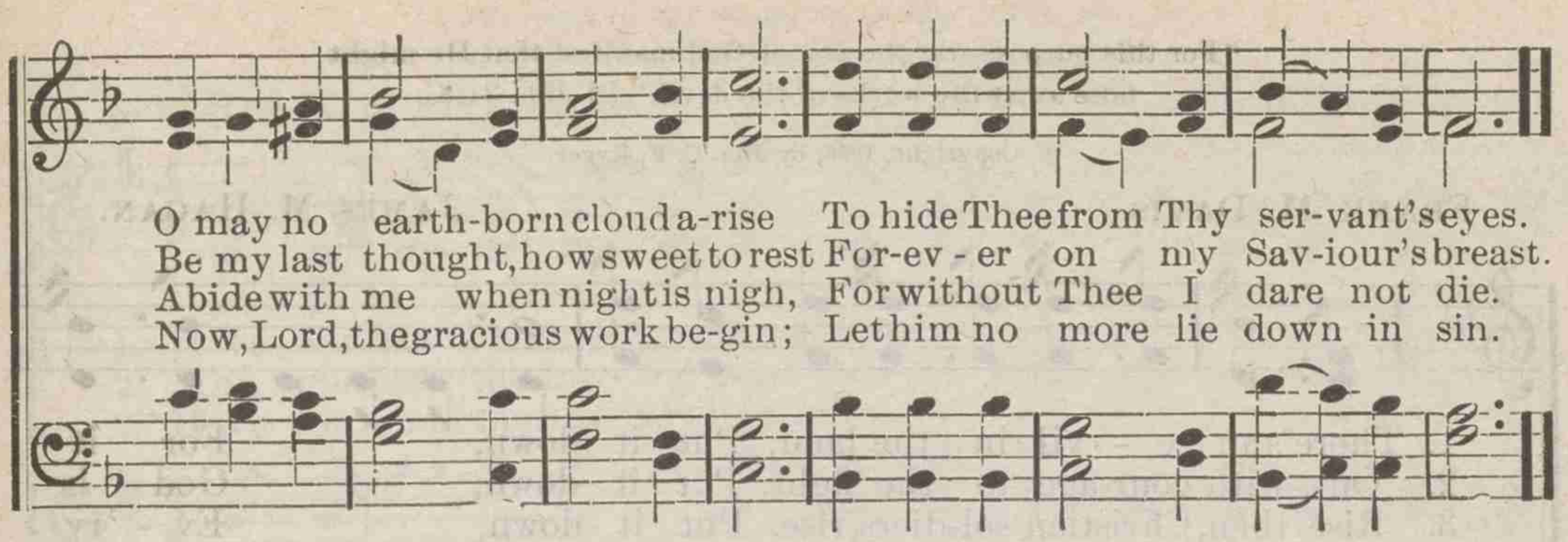


No. 419. Sun of My Soul.

"Whose I am, and whom I serve."—Acts 27 : 23.

JOHN KEBLE. Fr. PETER RITTER.

Sun of My Soul.



No. 420. Till Jesus Comes.

"I will come again and receive you unto myself."—John 14: 3.

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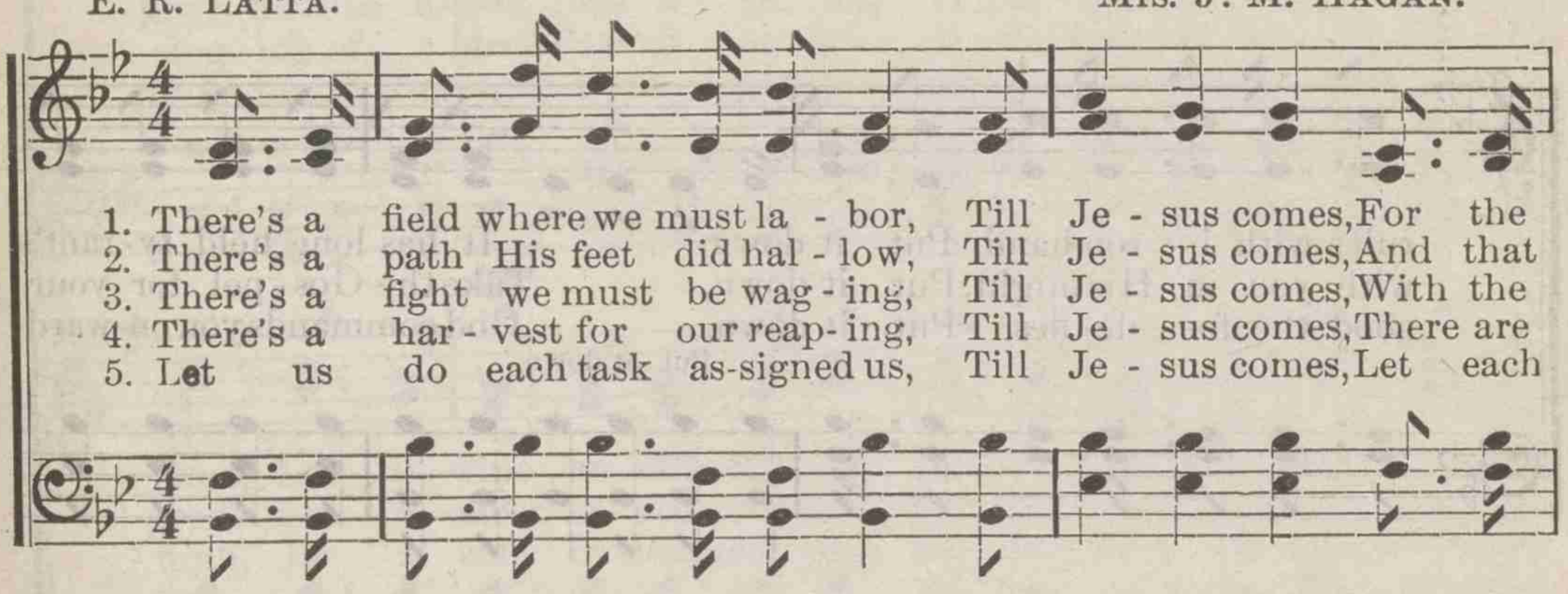
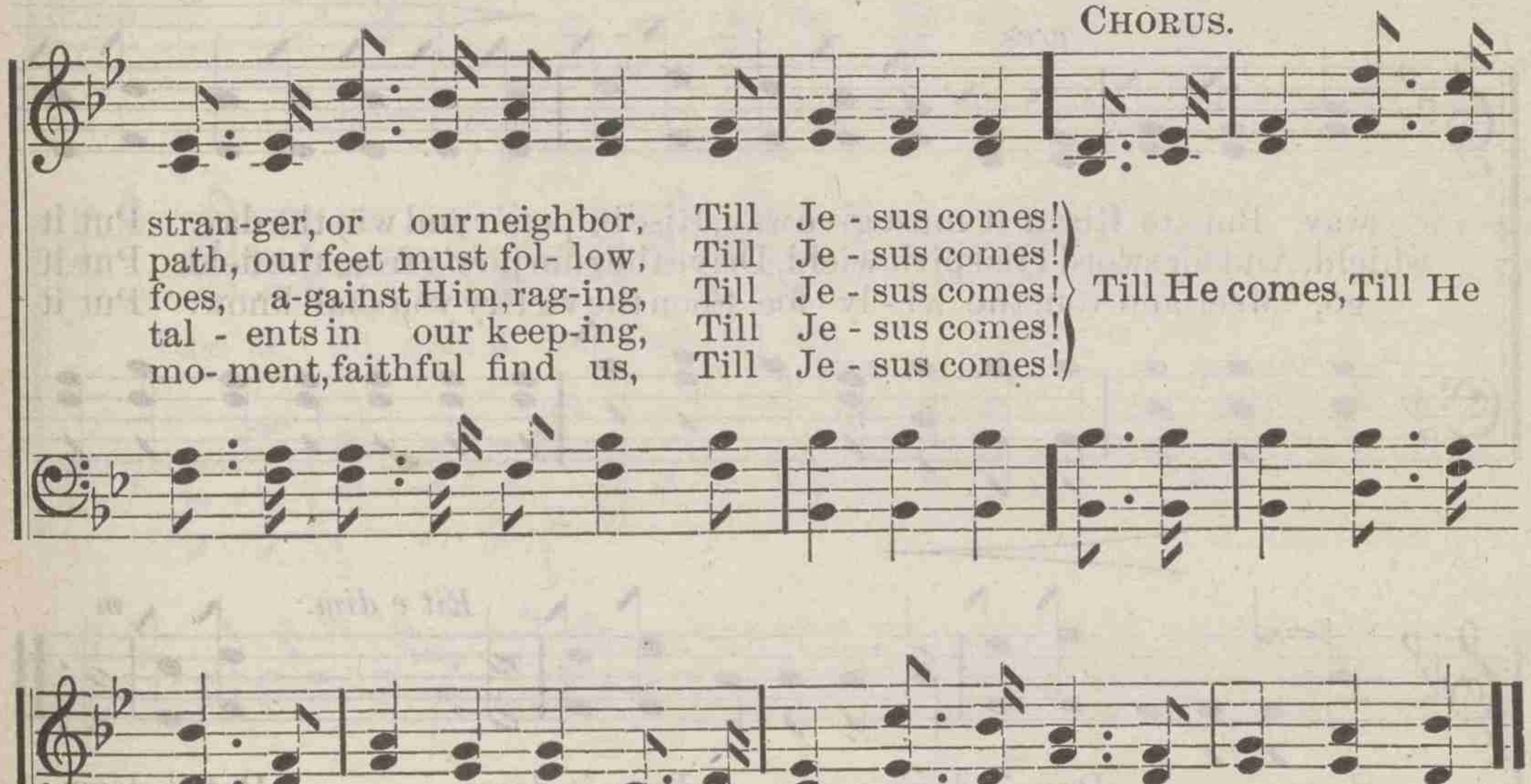
E. R. LATTA. Mrs. J. M. HAGAN.

CHORUS.

No. 421. Put It Down.

"For this purpose was the Son of God manifest that He might take away the works of the devil."—1 Jno. 3: 8.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

FRANK M. DAVIS. JAMES M. HAGAN.

1. There's an e - vil in the land, Put it down, For it
2. On with cour-age to the fight, Put it down, God is
3. Rise then, Christian sol-diers, rise, Put it down, Ev - 'ry

Put it down,

rules with i - ron hand, Put it down, It has long held ty-rant's
with you in His might, Put it down, Take the Gos-pel for your
good the foe de-fies, Put it down, God commands you on-ward

Put it down,

cres.

sway, But to Right it must give way, Rise in pow'r and win the day. Put it
shield, And for sword His spirit wield, Drive the rum pow'r from the field. Put it
go, Meet and rout the wi - ly foe, Soon the vict'ry you shall know. Put it

Rit e dim.

down, Put it down, Put it down, Put it down.

Put it down, Put it down, Put it down,

No. 422. Pass It On.

"I will speak of thy wondrous works."—Psa. 145 : 5.

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Rev. HENRY BURTON, A. M. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Have you had a kind-ness shown? Pass it on, pass it on! 'Twas not giv'n for thee a-lone, Pass it on, pass it on! Let it trav-el down the
2. Did you hear the lov-ing word? Pass it on, pass it on! Like the sing-ing of a bird? Pass it on, pass it on! Let its mu-sic live and
3. Have you found the heav'nly light? Pass it on, pass it on! Souls are grop-ing in the night, Daylight gone, daylight gone! Hold your lighted lamp on

years, Let it wipe an-oth-er's tears; Till in heav'n the deed ap pears,
grow, Let it cheer an-oth-er's woe; You have reaped what oth-ers sow,
high, Be a star in some one's sky, He may live who else would die,

D.S.—Christ, you live a-gain, Live for Him, with Him you reign,

FINE. CHORUS.

Pass it on, pass it on! Pass it on, pass it on! Cheerful word or loving deed, Pass it on,

Pass it on! pass it on!

Pass it on, pass it on,

D.S.

Live for self, you live in vain; Live for

No. 423. Happy Voices.

"Write ye this song for you and teach it the children of Israel." — Deut. 31: 13.

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F. L. E F. L. EILAND.

1. Let the happy voic - es of the chil-dren dear, Sing the praise of Je - sus,
2. Learning of His goodness, seek-ing to o - bey All His blest commandments,
3. And when singing's o - ver in this low-er land, They can meet up yonder,

with a heart of cheer, For His lov-ing kindness, and His ten - der care,
now and ev- 'ry day; Will - ing too, and read - y, ev - er to forgive,
with that spir- it band; Then with an - gel voi - ces they shall there u-nite,

CHORUS.

O - ver and around us, here and ev - 'ry where. Beau - - - ti - ful
Af - ter His ex-am - ple, meek-ly here to live.
Prais-ing Je - sus ev - er, ev - er with delight. Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

songs, We hear them now, Songs of the chil-dren dear,
songs, We hear them, hear them now, Sweet songs of the chil-dren, chil-dren dear,

Prais - - - ing the name of Je - sus all, All with a heart of cheer.
Dear children, praising the name of Je - sus all,

No. 424. A Happy Band are We.

"Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness."—Ps. 30 : 4.

Copyright, 1894, by Geo. Beaverson.

J. W. Van de Venter. Geo. Beaverson.

1. Wake the strain, the glad re-frain, A hap - py band are we! Hal - le-lu - jah!
2. Hear the bu - gle notes re-sound, The Sav-iour sends the call; Ev -'ry-bod - y

praise the Lord! We'll sound the jubi-lee!
hear His voice; He asks to save you all;

Send a shout up-on the breeze, Pro-
Trust in Him for saving pow'r, For

D.S. *Wake the strain, the glad refrain, A*

Fine.

claim it far and wide—Sing a-loud the precious name of Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
keep-ing grace di-vine; Je -sus waits to welcome you—O sin-ner, fall in line.

hap - py band are we! Hal-le-lu- jah! Praise the Lord! We'll sound the jubilee!

Refrain.

Read-y! stead -y! always brave and true, Marching onward all the journey thro';

Forward! upward! thro' the heat and cold; Glo-ry! glo - ry! we are soldiers bold!

D.S.

No. 425. Oh, Prodigal, Return!

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

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

E. R. Latta.

J. M. Hagan.

Feelingly.

1. Oh, prod - i - gal, re-turn, Thy Fa - ther's love to learn—Thy Father's love and mer - cy still to share! Why wilt thou longer stay, 'Mid hun - ger and dis - may, And pov - er - ty of soul so hard to bear?
2. Oh, prod - i - gal, re-turn, From wea - ri-some so-journ With- in a land of strangers un - to thee! And ere thou drawest nigh, Thy Fa-ther's watchful eye Thy well-known form approaching glad will see!
3. Oh, prod - i - gal, re-turn, Tho' pen - ni - less and worn! There's plen - ty at the homestead, and to spare! The fat-test of the fold, Thy vis - ion shall be-hold, That or - ders have been giv - en to pre-pare!
4. Oh, prod - i - gal, re-turn, Thy sins and fol - lies mourn; And welcome and for-giv - en thou shalt be! While distant are thy feet, The Lord will come to meet, And all thy doubts and an-guish take from thee!

Chorus.

Oh, prod-i - gal, return; Forsake thy lot, so ill! Oh, prod-i- gal, re-turn, Thy Fa-ther loves thee still! Oh, prod-i-gal, return, Thy Father loves thee still!

slow. . . . . slower.

No. 426. Be Saved To-Day!

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 10.

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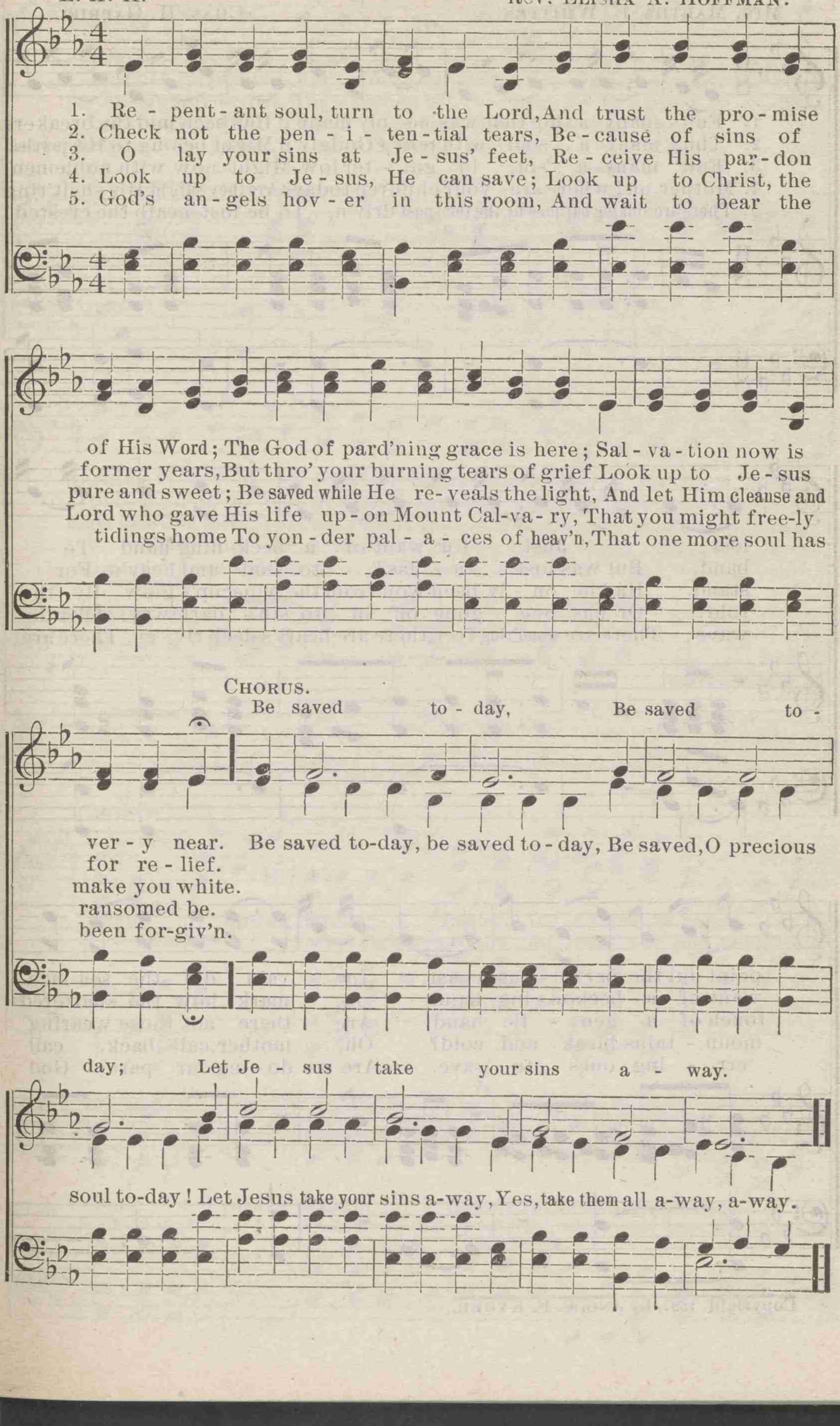
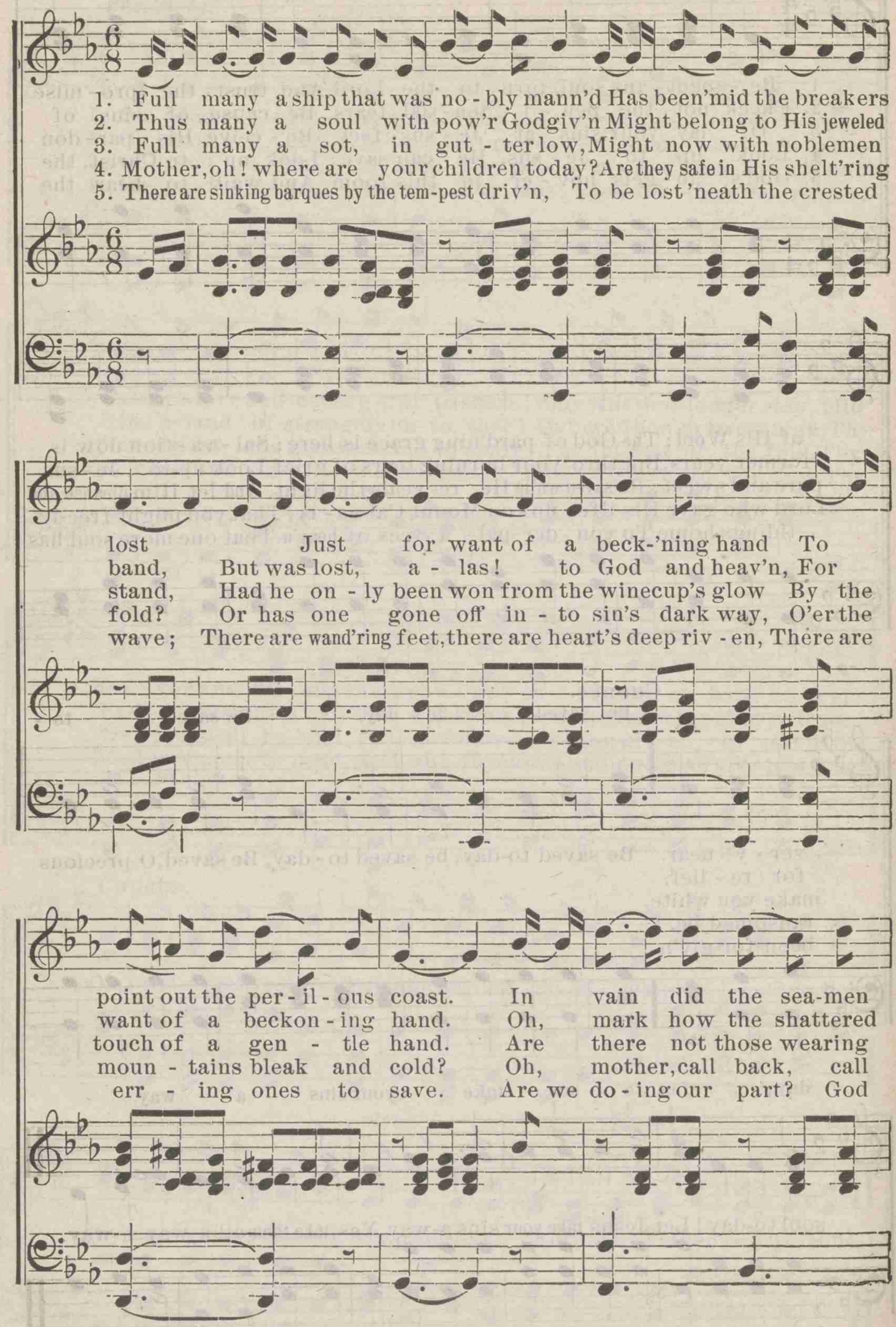
E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



No. 427. For Want of a Beckoning Hand.

"Beckoning unto them with the hand."— Acts 12: 17.

MRS. MARTHA E. WHITTEN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Full many a ship that was no - bly mann'd Has been 'mid the breakers lost
2. Thus many a soul with pow'r God giv'n Might belong to His jeweled band,
3. Full many a sot, in gut - ter low, Might now with noblemen stand,
4. Mother, oh! where are your children today? Are they safe in His shelt'ring fold?
5. There are sinking barques by the tem-pest driv'n, To be lost 'neath the crested wave;

Just for want of a beck-'ning hand To point out the per - il - ous coast.
But was lost, a - las! to God and heav'n, For want of a beckon - ing hand.
Had he on - ly been won from the wine cup's glow By the touch of a gen - tle hand.
Or has one gone off in - to sin's dark way, O'er the moun - tains bleak and cold?
There are wand'ring feet, there are heart's deep riv - en, There are err - ing ones to save.

In vain did the sea-men mark how the shattered
Oh, there not those wearing
Are mother, call back, call
Oh, we do - ing our part? God

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For Want of a Beckoning Hand.

strive and try Their no - ble barque to save; . . No
barques lie strewn Far out on the wave-wash'd strand; . Sad
woman's fair brow Un - named in the fam-i - ly band, . . Who
back your child! Call it back to your nest - ling band! . . Lest
help us to think, And faithful to du - ty stand, . . Lest

warning voice told of breakers high, And they sank to a wa-ter- y grave.
tok-en of those who perish'd alone, For want of a beckon-ing hand.
might have been saved from sin's overthrow, But for want of a beckon-ing hand.
it be lost 'mid the tor-rents wild, For want of your beckoning hand.
some should perish on ru - in's brink For want of a beckon-ing hand.

CHORUS.

Beck - on-ing hands, . . Beauti - ful, beckoning hands, . .
Beckon-ing hands, beckoning hands, Beauti - ful, beauti - ful, beckon-ing hands,

Beck - on-ing hands, . . Beauti-ful, beckoning hands. . .
Beck-on-ing hands, beckoning hands, beauti - ful, beauti - ful, beckon - ing hands.

No. 428. The Gospel Railroad.

"How long halt ye between two opinions?"—1 Kings 18: 21.

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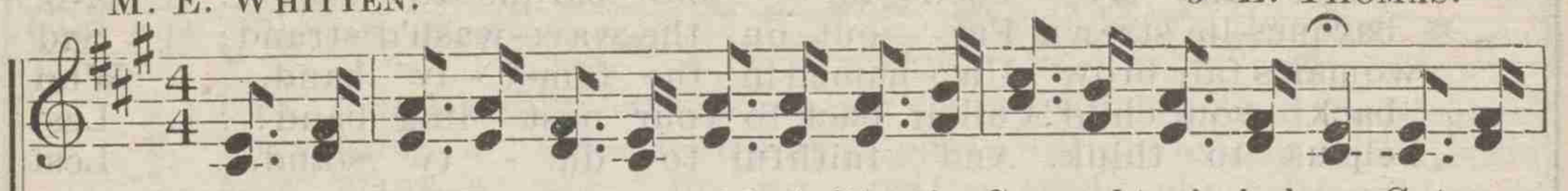
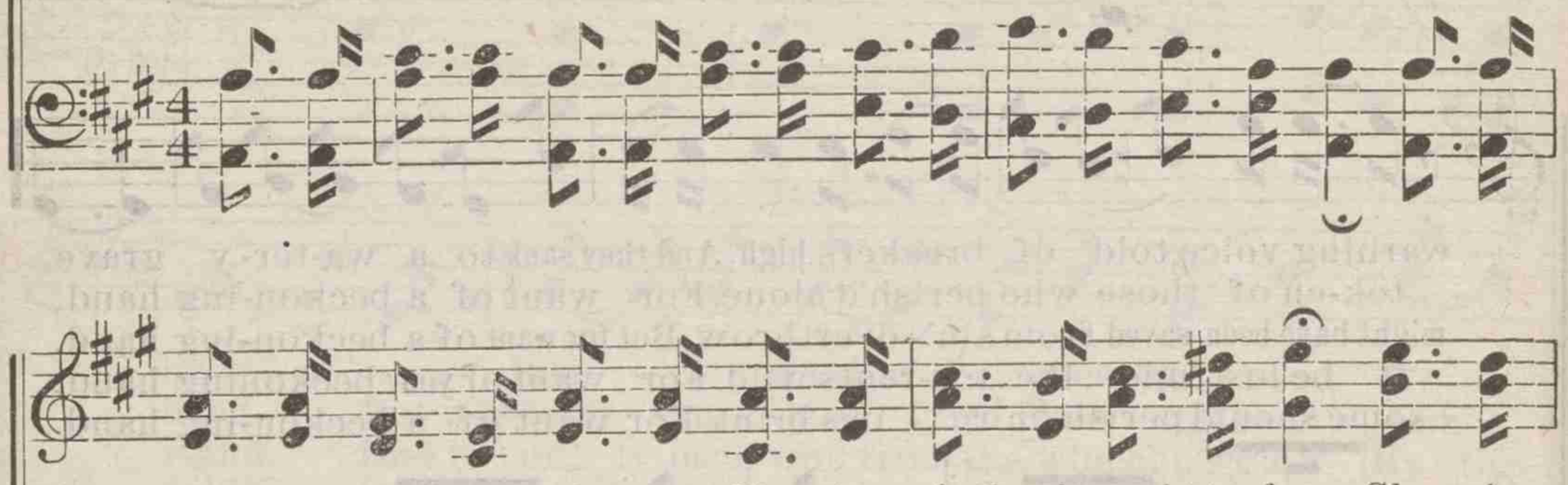
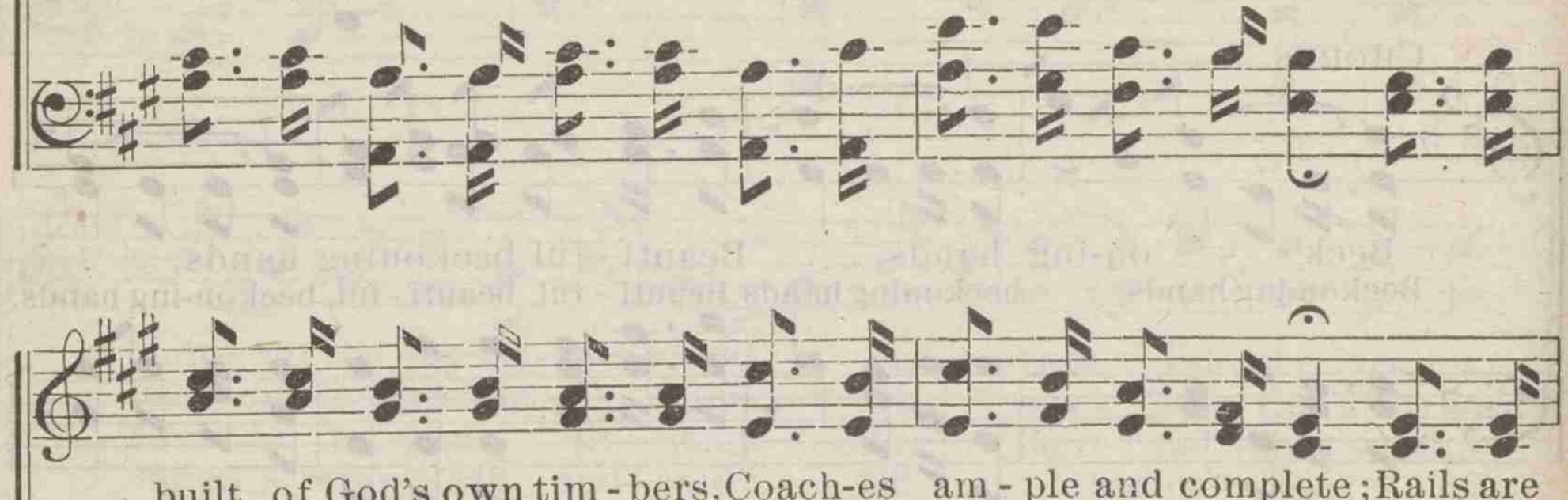
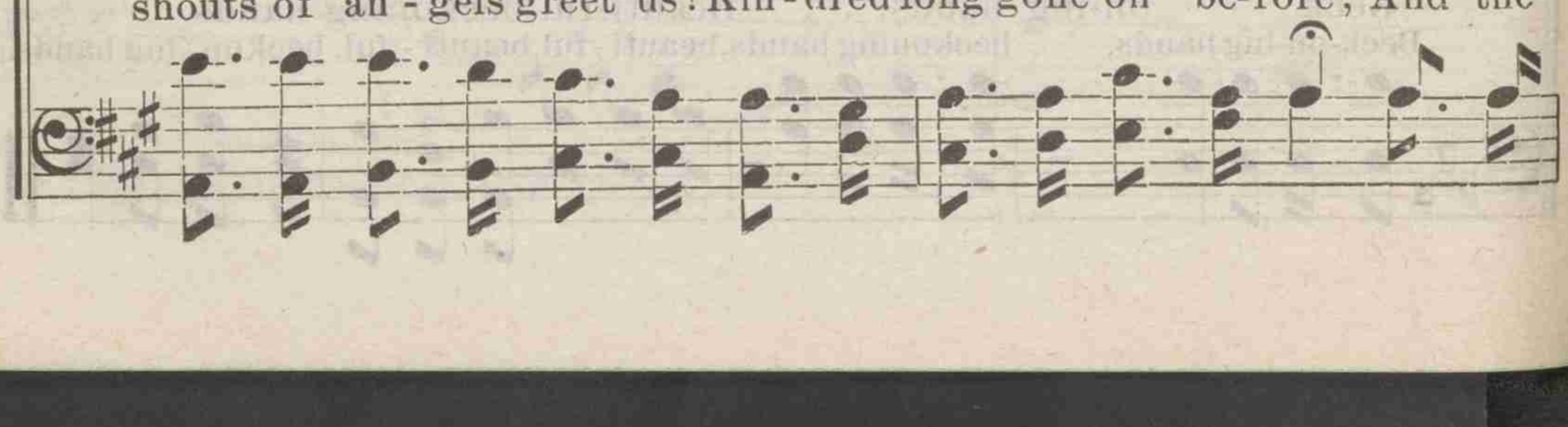
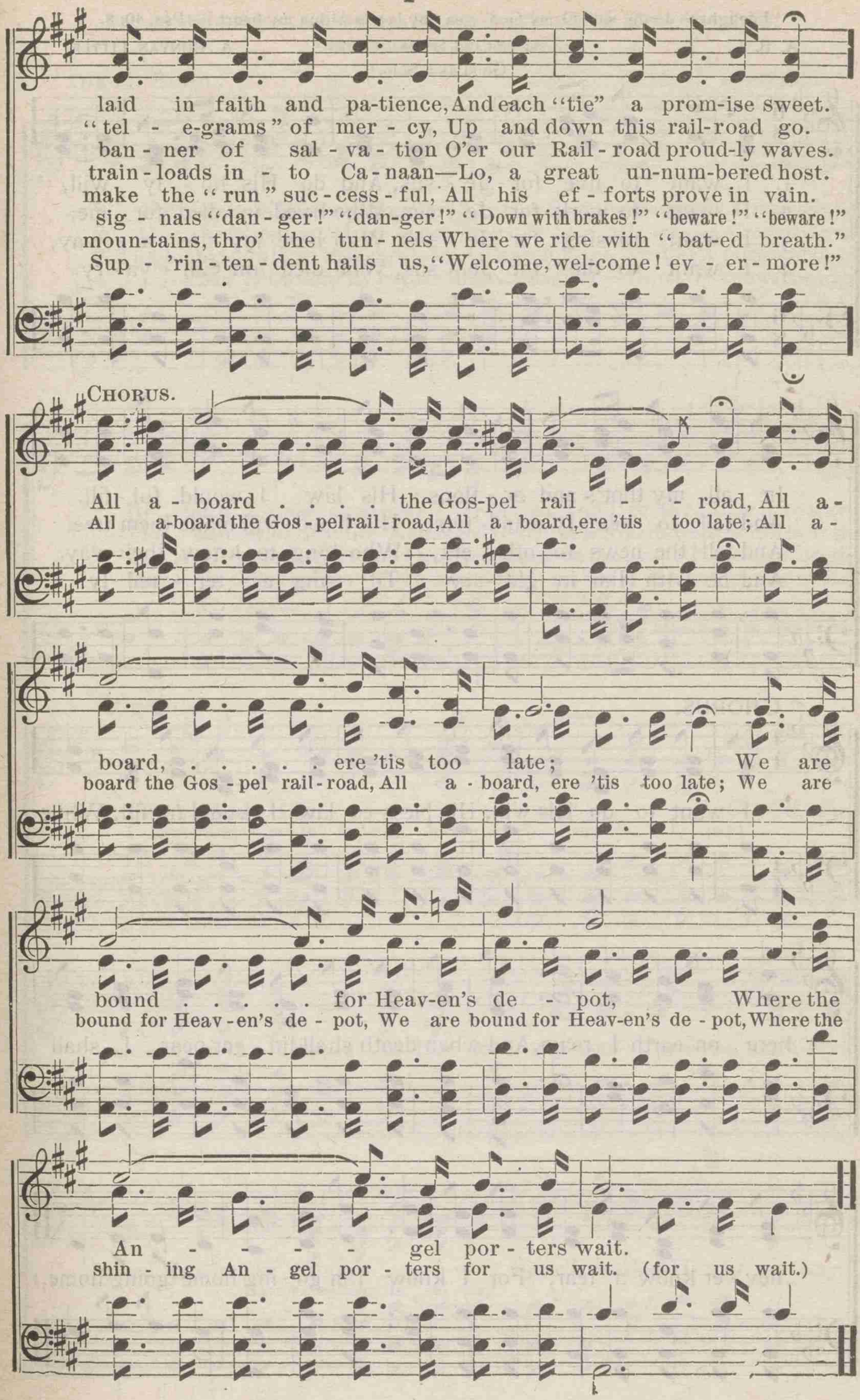
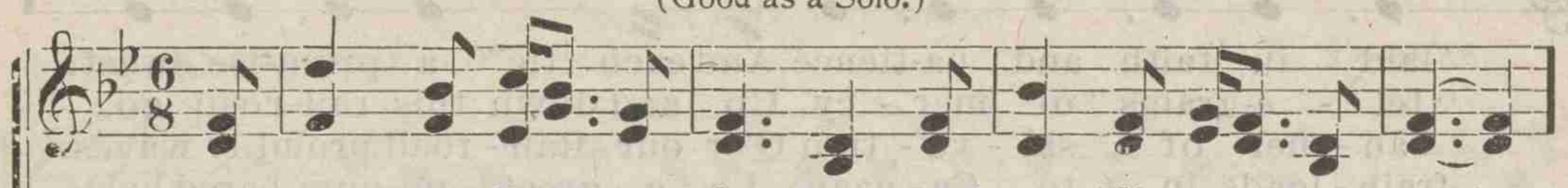
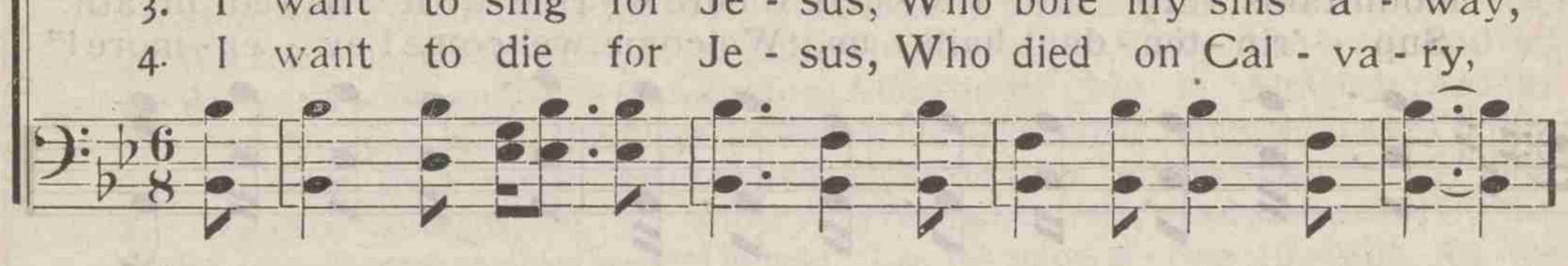
M. E. WHITTEN. J E. THOMAS.

1. Heard you not that railroad whistle? Lo, the Gos-pel train is here. Get a -
2. Storm-toss'd sin ner o'er life's bil-lows, Come on board this train to-day; There are
3. We're equipped in th' gos-pel ar-mor For the conflict's by the way, And our
4. We've a brave and true Conductor; And the Bi - ble is our Guide; And the
5. See the Gos-pel "Headlight" streaming Far a-down our fore-most track, To dis-
6. Lo, our En-gin-eer "keeps sighting Down the track" with ea - gle eye, If per-
7. We are "sweeping on to glo-ry," O'er each culvert, 'round each curve; Up the
8. Soon we'll reach the heaven-ly "De-pot;" Lo, its spires a - rise in sight As we

board, ye earthworn pil-grims, She is safe, there's nought to fear. She is
sta - tions rich in bless - ing Scat-tered all a - long the way. Get your
food is heav'n-ly man - na God dis - pens - es-day by day. Oh, the
Ho - ly Ghost sup-plies us With our "moving power" be-side. All the
close the "o - pen switches" Sa - tan leaves to hurl us back. He may
chance some threat'ning dan - ger Half con-cealed may near us lie. Down the
grade of con - se - cra - tion, Where our train must nev - er swerve. We are
"slow up" at the "sta-tion," At our jour-ney's end a - light. Oh, the

built of God's own tim - bers, Coach-es am - ple and complete; Rails are
tick - et, God's for - giv - ness; Je - sus paid the "fare" you know, And His
rich - ness of His mer - cy; How it sat - is - fies and saves! While the
Brake-men are God's ser-vants, Standing firm at du - ty's post, Carrying
plan "wrecks" and "di - sas - ters," To "de - rail" or "ditch" our train, But we'll
track are "dark obstructions," Tri-als, trou-bles, pain, and care; Hark! He
speed-ing o'er the brid - ges, Where a "break" means certain death; O'er the
shouts of an - gels greet us! Kin - dred long gone on be-fore; And the

The Gospel Railroad.

No. 429. I Want to Do His Will.

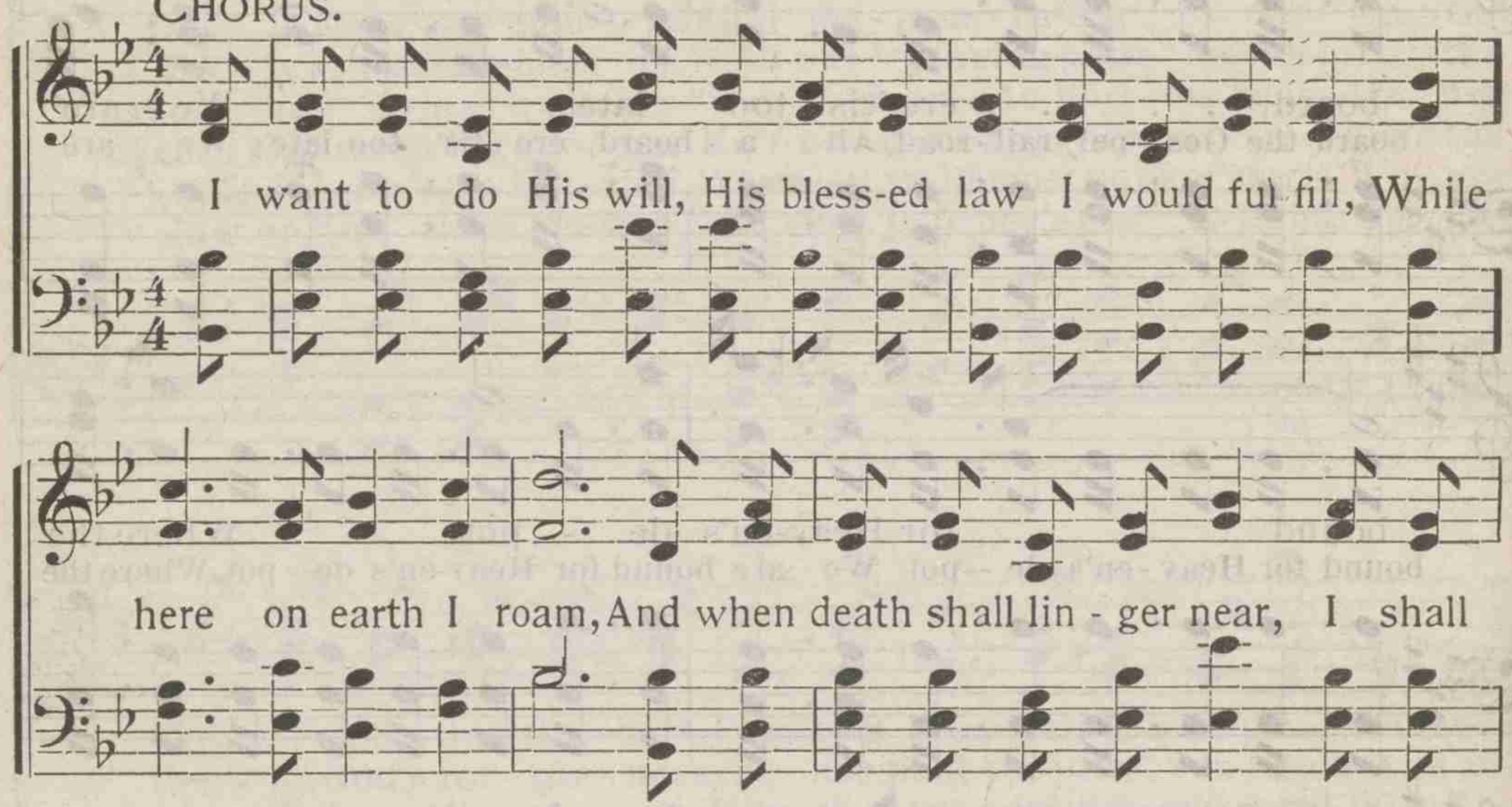
"I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart."—Psa. 40; 8.

A. B. L. Copyright, 1902, by John C. F. Kyger. A. BUNYAN LITTLE.

(Good as a Solo.)



1. I want to live for Je - sus, And do His ho - ly will,
2. I want to work for Je - sus, Who lived and died for me;
3. I want to sing for Je - sus, Who bore my sins a - way,
4. I want to die for Je - sus, Who died on Cal - va - ry,

In all my thot's and ac - tions, His law I would ful - fill.
And tell to wea - ry wand-'rers, His blood will make them free.
And tell the news to oth - ers, Who long to know their way.
And be with Him in glo - ry To sing e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.

I want to do His will, His bless-ed law I would ful fill, While here on earth I roam, And when death shall lin - ger near, I shall nev - er know a fear, For I know I'm go - ing home (going home.)

No. 430. I've Asked Him in to Stay.

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come into him."—Rev. 3 : 21.

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IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My heart is fill' d with joy, for Christ my Saviour Has wash' d its sins away;
2. O sweet delight of en- ter-taining Je - sus An ev - er present Guest!
3. The doubt and gloom that once were dark around me, Are lost in faith and light!
4. I know not where my path of life may lead me—He on- ly knows the way;

By faith I know the past is all for-giv-en, And I' ve asked Him in to stay.
The sadness of my life is changed to gladness And its restlessness to rest.
Be - yond the darken' d tomb I see the shining Of the heav' nly mansion bright.
But this I know, He will forsake me nev - er, For I' ve asked Him in to stay.

CHORUS.

I have asked Him in to stay! Oh, the peace my spir - it knows As His love my soul o'er-flows, since I've asked Him in to stay,

I have asked Him in to stay, he's a - bid - ing day by day!
Have asked Him in to stay.

1

2

Since I've asked Him in to stay.

No. 431. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

"Let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober."—1 Thes. 5 : 6.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1876, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. W. H. DOANE.

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

CHORUS.

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

brother? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He find you and

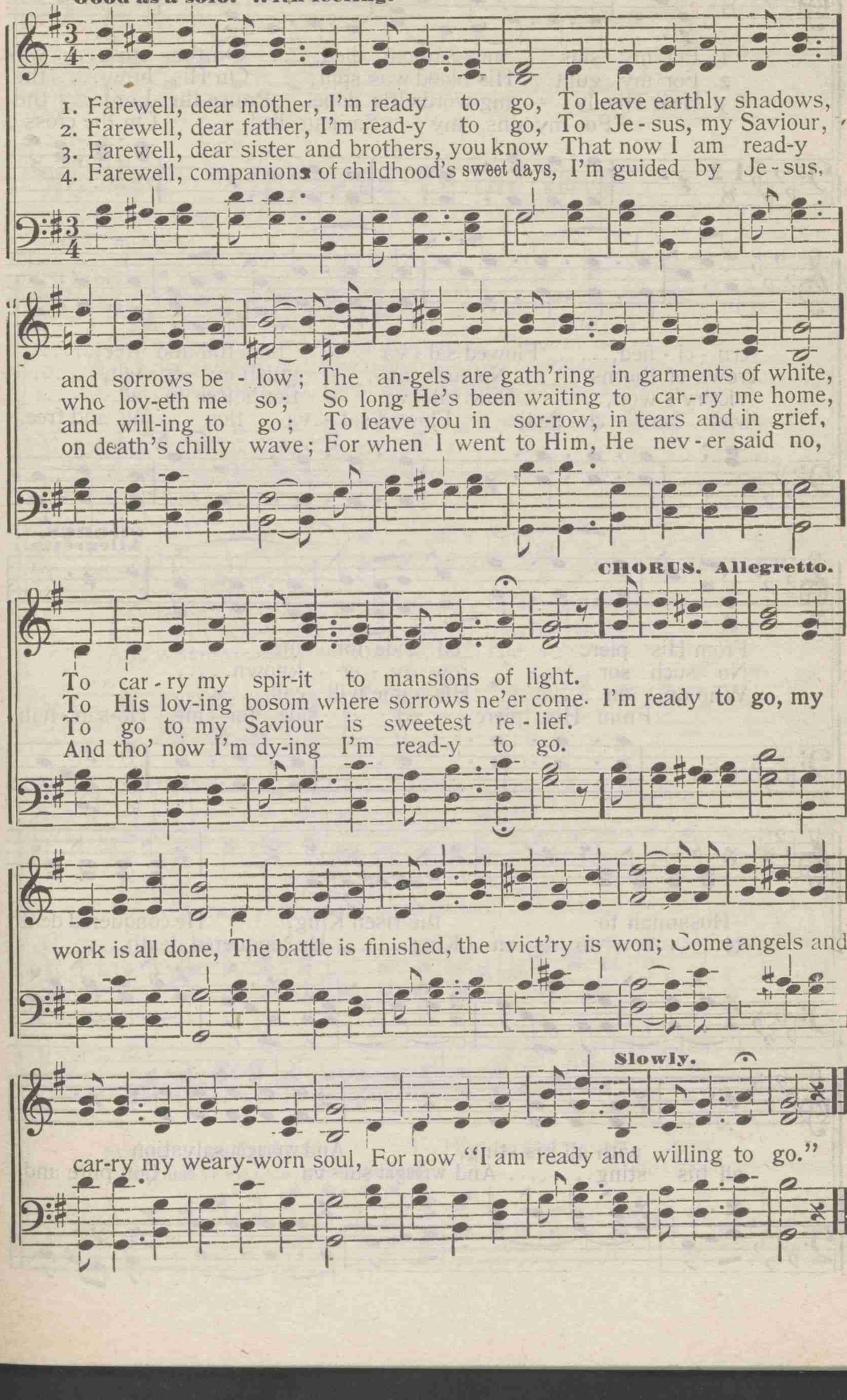
me still watch-ing, Wait-ing, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?

No. 432. I'm Ready and Willing to Go.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—REV. 14: 13.

To the memory of Miss Jewell Luther, who died Oct. 25, 1900. Her dying words were, "I'm ready and willing to go."

A. B. L. Copyright, 1902, by Jno. C. F. Kyger. REV. A. B. LITTLE.

Good as a solo. With feeling.

No. 433. Hosannah to the Risen King.

"Come see the place where the Lord lay."—MATT. 28: 6.

A. B. L. Copyright, 1902, by John C. F. Kyger. A. BUNYAN LITTLE.

1. For my sins.... my Saviour died,.... On the cross.... was
2. For my guilt... His blood was spilt,... On His brow.... the
3. Hear His dy - ing words 'tis done,...Praise the Lord.... the

For my sins my Saviour died, On the cross

cru - ci - fied,..... Flowed sal - va - tion full and free,.....
crown of thorns,.... No such an - guish ev - er felt, ...
vict'ry's won,..... Now sal - va - tion's free to all,.....
was cru - ci - fied, Flowed sal - va - tion full and free,

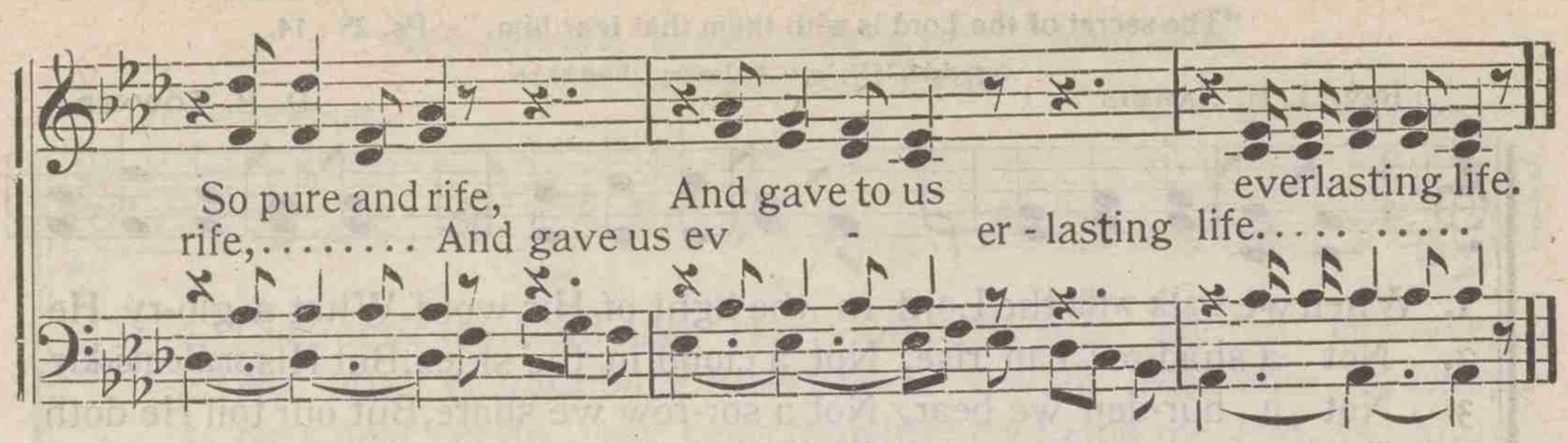
CHORUS.
Allegretto.

From His pierc - ed side for me.....
No such sor - row ev - er known. ....
Who up - on..... His name will call. .....
From His pierc - ed side for me. Ho-san - nah

Hosannah to the risen King, He conquered death
to..... to ris - en King,..... He conquered death,.....

with all his sting, And wrought salvation
all his sting..... And wrought sal - va - tion pure and

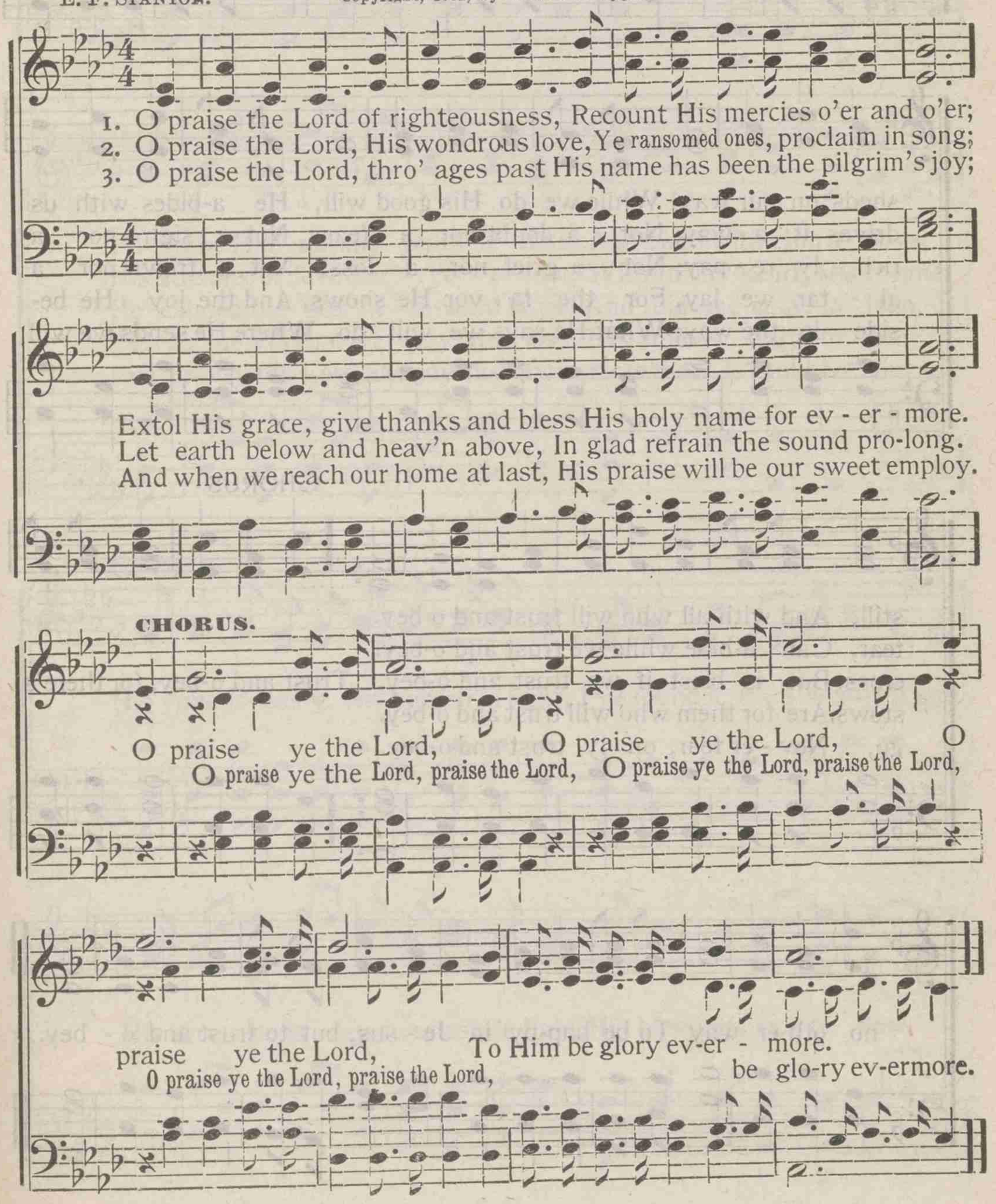
Hosannah to the Risen King. Concluded.



No. 434. O Praise Ye the Lord.

"I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation."—Ps. 118: 21.

E. F. STANTON. Copyright, 1902, by John C. F. Kyger. HOWARD E. SMITH.



No. 435 Trust and Obey.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—Ps. 25 : 14.

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

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus, but to trust and o-bey.

No. 436. His Yoke is Easy.

"My yoke is easy, and my burden is light."—Matt. 11: 30.

Copyright, 1893, by Warner & Warren.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.

1. I've found my Lord and He is mine, He won me by His love;
2. No oth - er Lord but Christ I know, I walk with Him a - lone;
3. He's dear - er to my heart than life, He found me lost in sin;
4. My flesh re - coiled be - fore the cross, And Sa - tan whispered there,
5. I've tried the road of sin and found Its pros-pects all de - ceive;

I'll serve Him all my years of time, And dwell with Him a - bove.
His streams of love for - ev - er flow, With-in my heart, His throne.
He calmed the sea of in-ward strife, And bid me come to Him.
"Thy gain will not re - pay the loss, His yoke is hard to bear."
I've proved the Lord and joys a-bound, More than I could be - lieve.

CHORUS.

His yoke is eas-y, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so:

His serv - ice is my sweetest de-light, His blessings ev - er flow.

No. 437. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. 3: 20

C. H. M. Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

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

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

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
5 v. Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, my

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

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

No. 438. Come to the Feast.

"Come; for all things are now ready."—Luke 14: 17.

Copyright, 1895, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Used by per.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. W. A. OGDEN.

1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye wea-ry, come, And thou shalt be rich-ly fed.
2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen wide; A place of hon - or is re-serv'd For you at the Mas-ter's side.
3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome thee; De - lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev-er be.
4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev-r'y care and worldly strife; Come, feast upon the love of God, And drink ev-er-last - ing life.

CHORUS.

Hear . . . . . the in - vi - ta - - - - tion, Come,
Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will,"
"who - so - ev - er will;" . . . . . Praise
Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise
God . . . . . for full sal-va - tion For "who-so-ev-er will."
God for full sal-va - tion For "who-so-ev - er will,"

No. 439. Rejoice, Rejoice and Be Glad.

"Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God and the power of his Christ."—REV. 12; 10.

REV. B. O. RINGO. Copyright, 1902, by John C. F. Kyger. A. BUNYAN LITTLE.

1. And now our salvation quite fully is come, The strength of our God and the pow'r of His Son, For Satan's cast down, that old serpent of old; Accused he our breth-ren so fierce-ly, so bold. The kingdom of God to us freely is giv'n, And happy we'll sing in the portals of heav'n; Yes, blessed Re-
2. The law of the Lord was in righteousness sent, That we might be wise and ev - er content; But Satan retained thro' the law and thro' pow'r, And wrought our destruction from that very hour. But Thou, blessed Saviour, with love most sincere, Hath bought our redemption, no longer we fear; For Thou in Thy deemer we now hear Thy voice, And over Thy vict'ry we'll with Thee rejoice.
3. Rejoice and be glad for his pow'rs are cast down, Our Saviour has triumphed with greatest renown; No more shall we mourn and no more shall we weep, For our great sal - va - tion is full and complete. We o-vercame him by the blood of the Lamb, That flowed from His side and His dear bleeding hands; So now we'll re- might hath so conquered our foe, That sin and temptation no longer we'll know. joice, and we'll praise Him above, Who sheddeth abroad in our heart's perfect love.

Rejoice, Rejoice and Be Glad. Concluded.

CHORUS. Allegro.

Re - joice,.... re - joice.... Rejoice and be glad for the vict'ry is won,
Rejoice and be glad, rejoice and be glad,

Re - joice,.... re - joice,.... Rejoice and be glad for the kingdom is come.
Rejoice and be glad, rejoice and be glad,

No. 440. Blessed, Blessed Saviour.

"Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased."—PSA. 4: 7.

O. R. SHELDON. Copyright, 1902, by John C. F. Kyger. REV. E. S. UFFORD.

1. Christ my ransom died for me, Blessed, blessed Sav-iour, On the cross of
2. There He bowed His righteous head, Blessed, blessed Sav-iour, In the guilt-y
3. Christ my Saviour rose for me, Blessed, blessed Sav-iour, That I might His
4. Now He calls in words of love, Blessed, blessed Sav-iour, "Follow me to
5. Christ my Saviour loveth me, Blessed, blessed Sav-iour, How can I but

CHORUS.

Cal - va - ry, Blessed, blessed Sav-iour.
sinner's stead, Blessed, blessed Sav-iour. Now my days of joy begin, He has
fol-lower be, Blessed, blessed Sav-iour.
heav'n above," Blessed, blessed Saviour.
hap - py be? Blessed, blessed Sav-iour.

washed away my sin, Now the light of peace shines in, Blessed, blessed Saviour.

No. 441. Saved by His Blood.

"In whom we have redemption through His blood."—Col. 1: 14.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

Mrs. M. E. BLISS-WILLSON. WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. The Sav-iour called so lov - ing - ly, I am saved by His blood;
2. His lov - ing words came to my ear, I am saved by His blood;
3. He that be - liev - eth, hear the word, I am saved by His blood;

I heard His voice from Cal - va - ry, I am saved by His blood.
"Come un - to Me," and do not fear, I am saved by His blood.
Hath life in Je - sus Christ our Lord, I am saved by His blood.

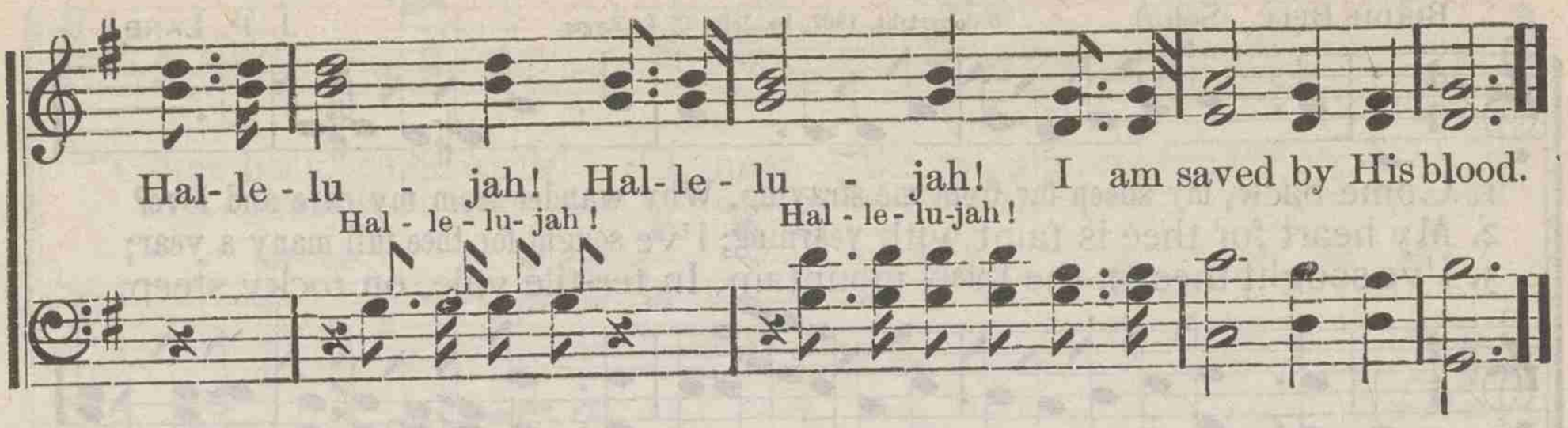
I wondered if it was for me, A wretch so full of mis - e - ry,
And I had naught to bring to Him, On - ly my vile-ness, guilt and sin;
On Him thy load of sor - row roll, Be- fore Him lay thy sin- sick soul,

To be from sin and sor - row free, I am saved by His blood.
But as I came, He let me in, I am saved by His blood.
And He will quick- ly make thee whole, And will save by His blood.

REFRAIN.

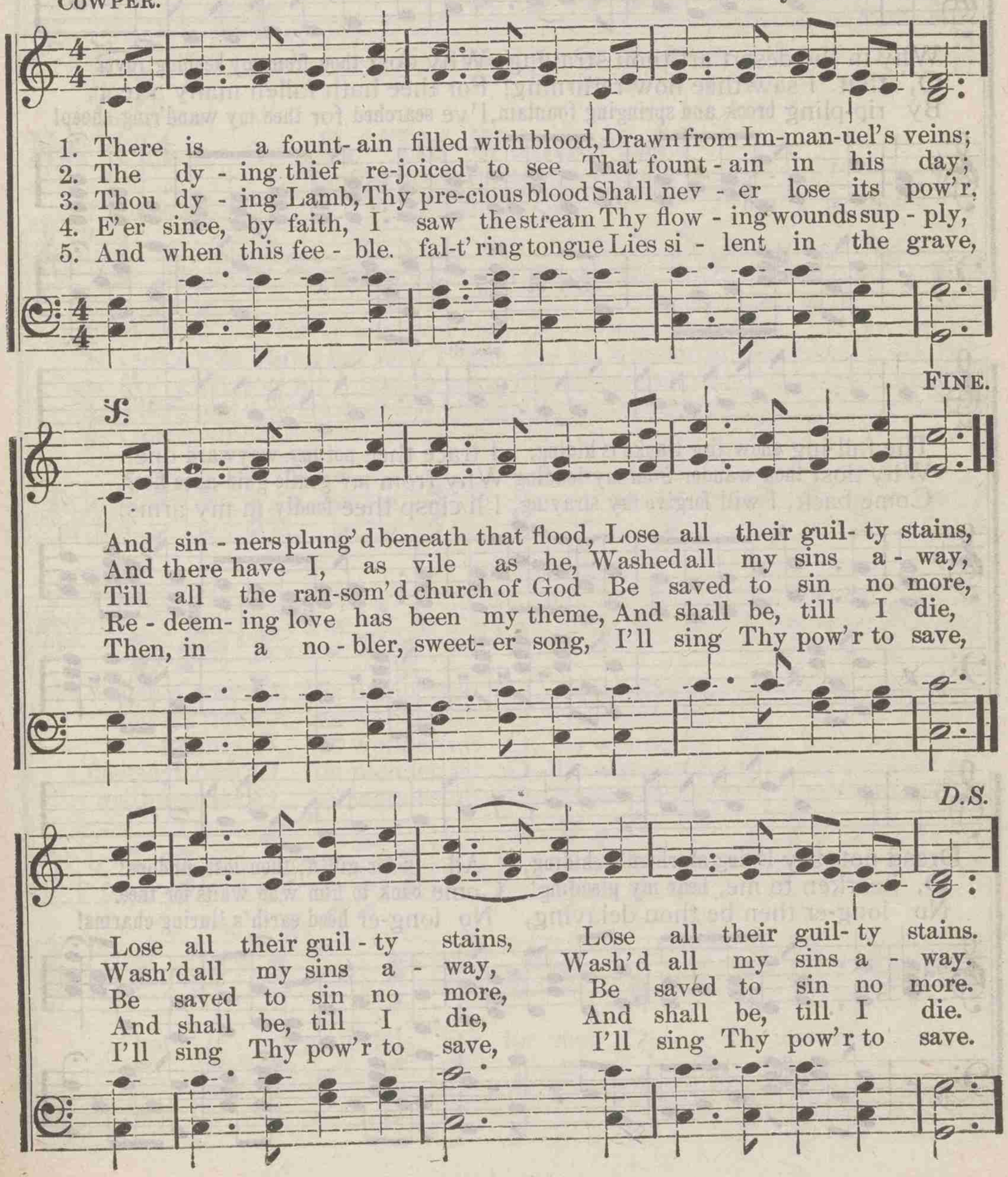
Hal- le - lu - jah! Hal- le - lu - jah! I am saved by His blood;

Hal - le - lu- jah! Hal - le- lu - jah!

Saved by His Blood.

No. 442. There is a Fountain Filled with Blood.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1.

COWPER. Arr. by L. MASON.

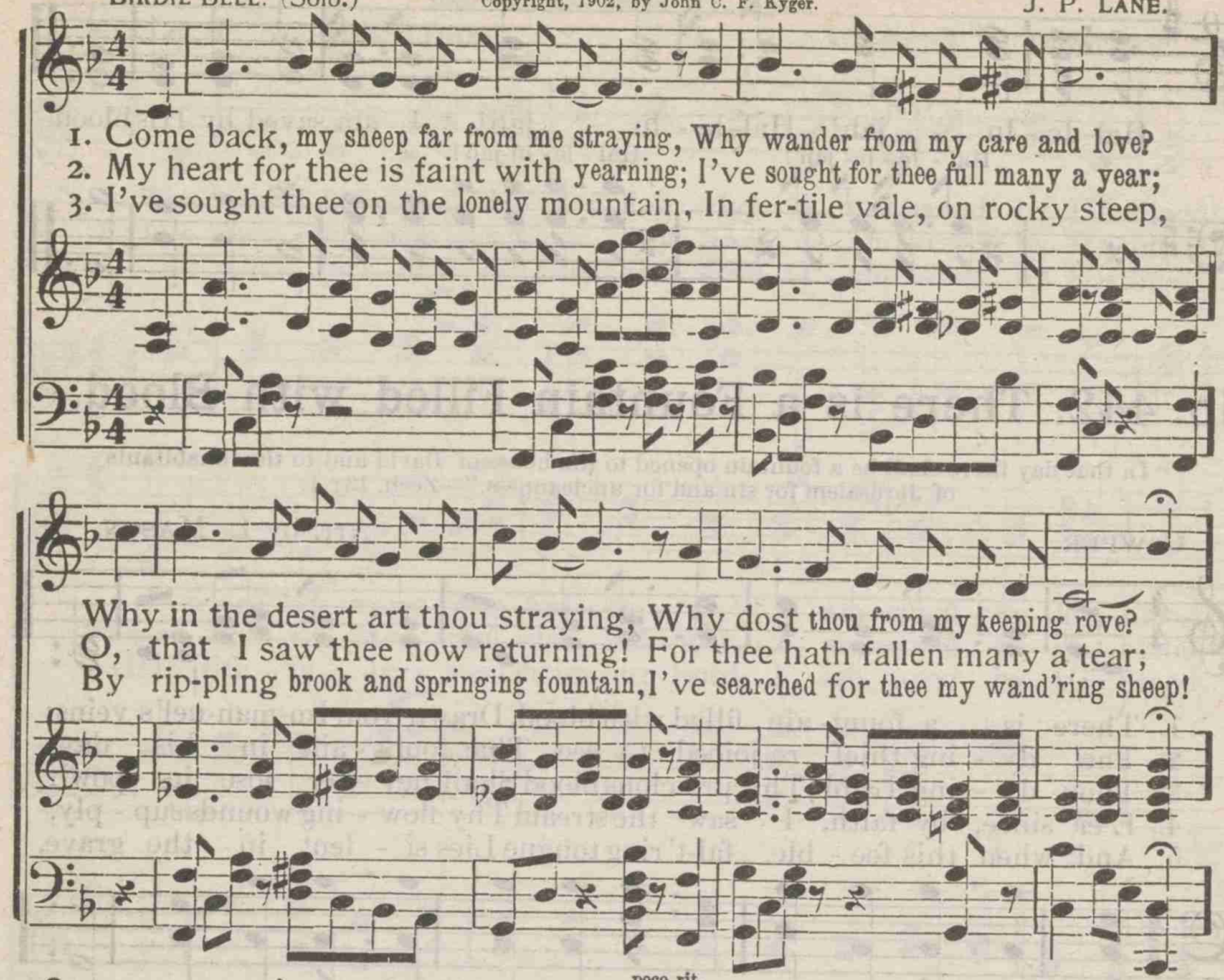


No. 443. The Shepherd's Call.

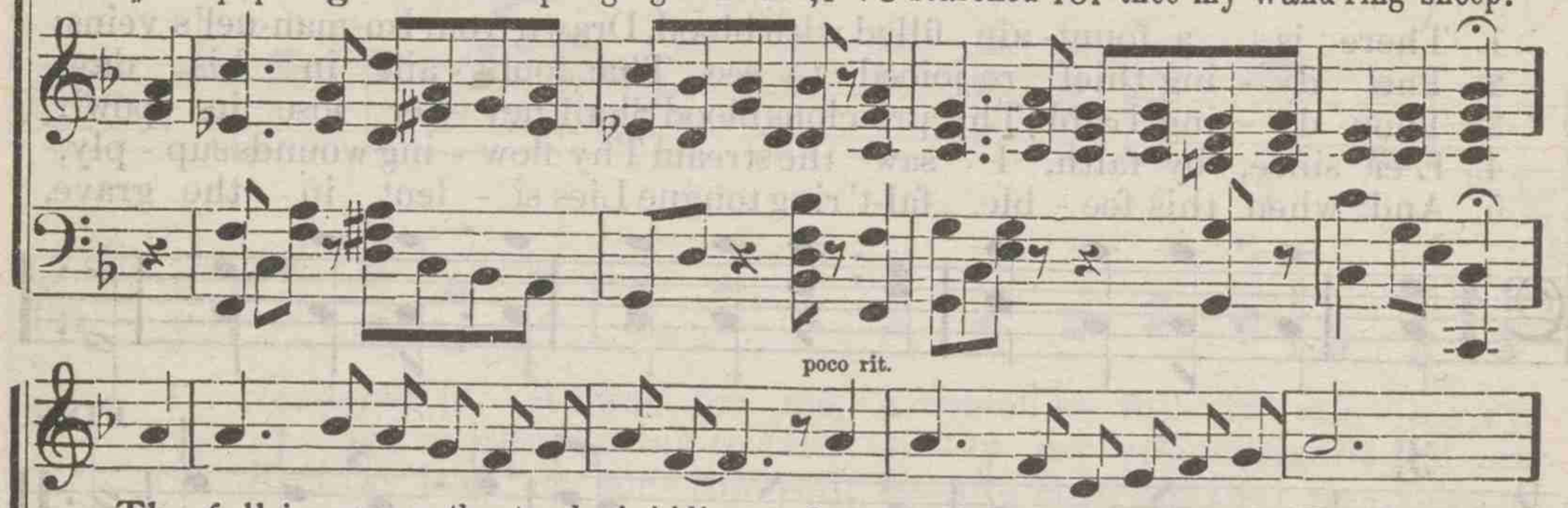
"I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."—John 10: 11.

BIRDIE BELL. (Solo.) Copyright, 1902, by John C. F. Kyger. J. P. LANE.

1. Come back, my sheep far from me straying, Why wander from my care and love?
2. My heart for thee is faint with yearning; I've sought for thee full many a year;
3. I've sought thee on the lonely mountain, In fer-tile vale, on rocky steep,

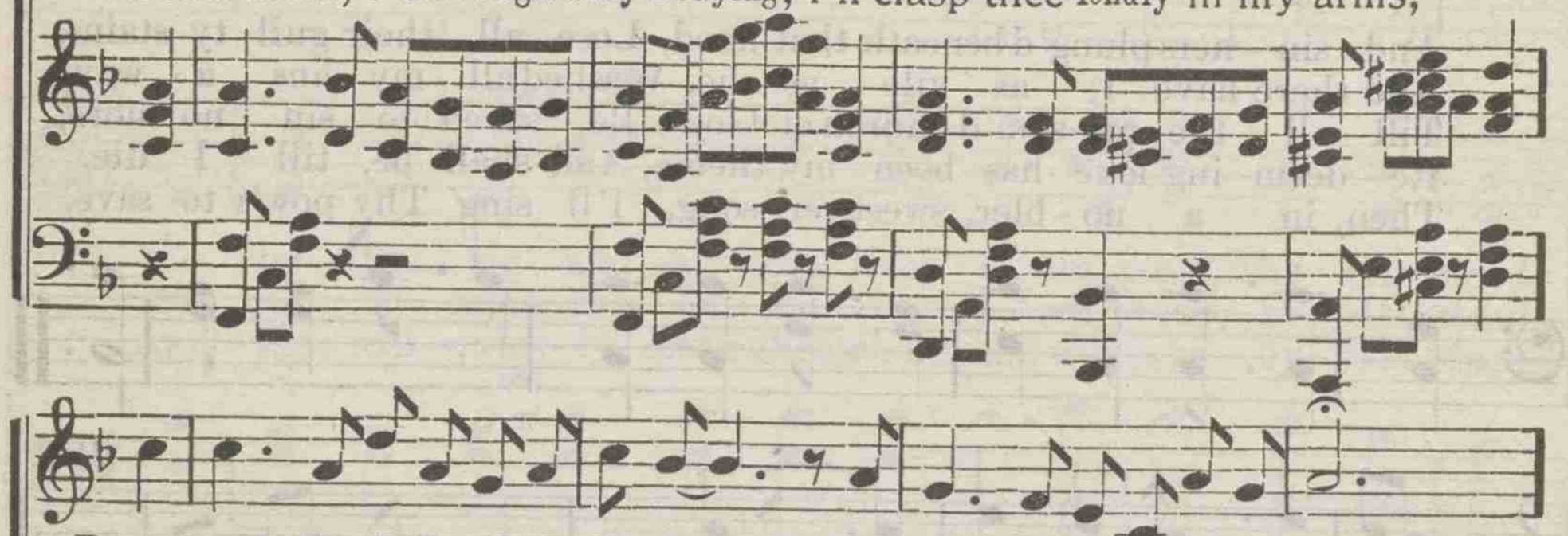


Why in the desert art thou straying, Why dost thou from my keeping rove?
O, that I saw thee now returning! For thee hath fallen many a tear;
By rip-pling brook and springing fountain, I've searched for thee my wand'ring sheep!

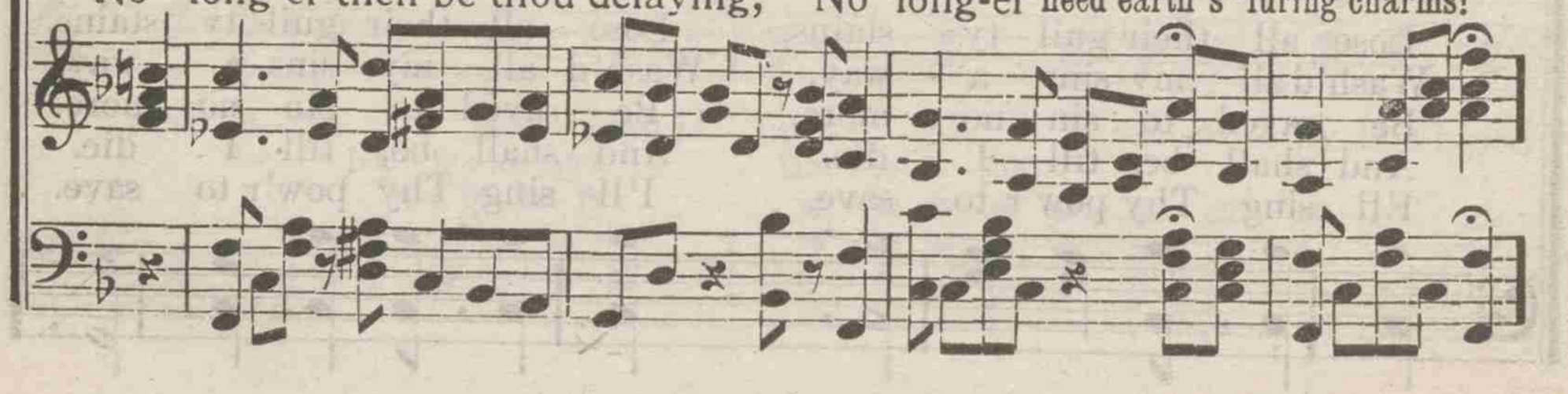


poco rit.

The fall-ing snow thy tracks is hiding, I trace thee not my wayward one!
Why dost thou wander from my leading Why from my gentle guid-ance flee?
Come back, I will forgive thy straying, I'll clasp thee fondly in my arms;

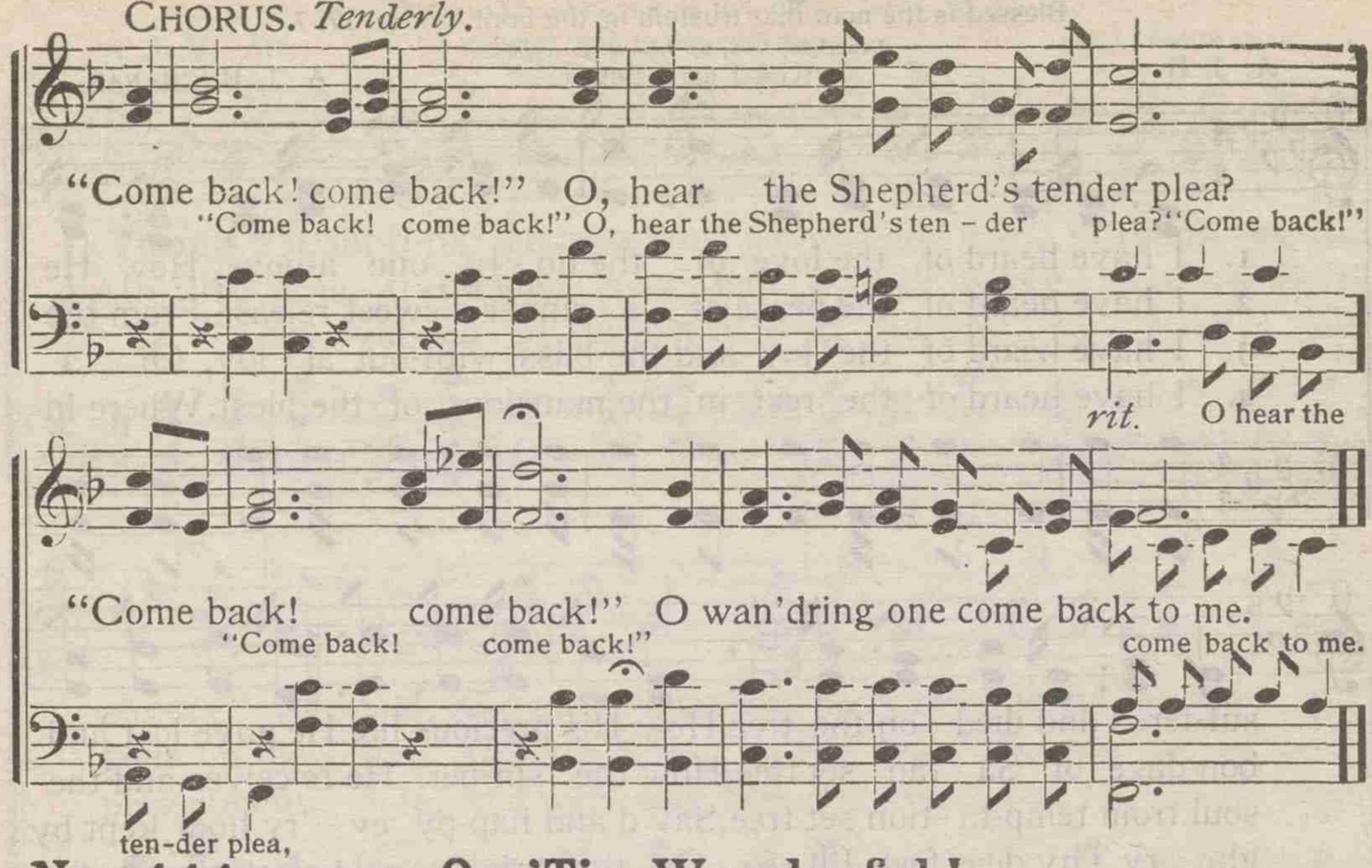


Dread not thy loving sherherd's chiding, All is for-giv'n, thou lost, undone!
O, hearken to me, hear my pleading! Come back to him who waits for thee.
No long-er then be thou delaying, No long-er heed earth's 'luring charms!



The Shepherd's Call. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Tenderly.*



No. 444. O, 'Tis Wonderful!

"For God so loved the world."—John 3: 16.

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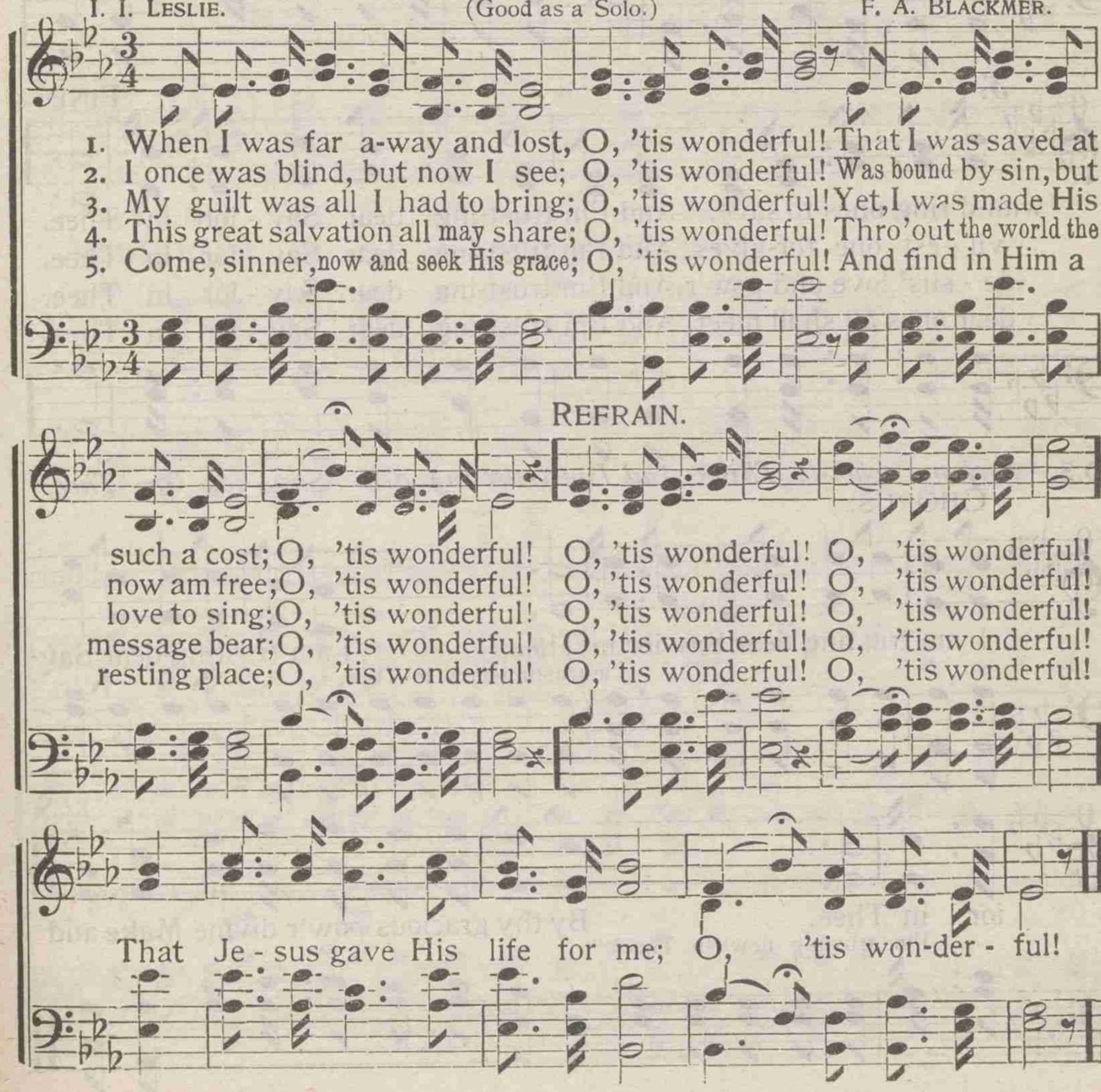
I. I. LESLIE. (Good as a Solo.) F. A. BLACKMER.

No. 445. I'm Trusting Dear Savior in Thee.

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord."—Jer. 17: 7.

Copyright, 1902, by John C. F. yger.

A. J. B (Good as a Solo.) A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. I have heard of the love of the ho - ly one a-bove, How He suf-fered and died on the tree, How His precious life He gave lost and
2. I have heard of the peace of a sinner's sweet release, From the bon-dage of Sa - tan set free, How the sin-ner He re-ceives and the
3. I have heard of the joy and the bliss with-out al - loy, Of a soul from temp-ta - tion set free, Sav'd and hap-py ev - 'ry hour kept by
4. I have heard of the rest in the mansions of the blest, Where in glo - ry Thy dear face I'll see, Of the bright gold-en street where the

wan-d'ring ones to save, And I'm trust-ing dear Sav - ior in Thee.
vil - est one for-gives, And I'm trust-ing dear Sav - ior in Thee.
Je - sus' love and pow'r, And I'm trust-ing dear Sav - ior in Thee.
dear ones all shall meet, And I'm trust-ing dear Sav - ior in Thee.

FINE.

D.S.—*keep me whol-ly Thine, And I'm trust-ing dear Sav - ior in Thee.*

CHORUS.

I am trusting dear Sav-ior in Thee, I am trusting dear Sav-
I'm trusting now in Thee,
ior in Thee, By thy gracious pow'r divine Make and
I'm trusting now in Thee,

D.S.

No. 446. The Beautiful Land.

"Thine eyes shall behole the land," -Isa. 33: 17.

A. J. B. Arr. Copyright, 1902, by John C. F. Kyger. A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. There's a beaut-ti-ful land free from sor-row and pain, In the Bi - ble the sto - ry is told, And the friends who there meet nev-er to part a-
2. In that beau - ti - ful land, how hap - py well be, With loved ones who've gone on be - fore. And the King in His beau - ty and glo - ry we'll see,
3. O say will you go to that beau - ti - ful land To dwell in its pleasures un - told, And we'll sing with the ransomed and glo - ri - fied band,

CHORUS.

gain, And there they shall nev-er grow old,
And sing of His love ev - er - more. O that beau-ti - ful
In the cit - y all shin-ing with gold.

land, free from sorrow and pain, Where no storms ever come with their frown, All the streets we are told, are paved with pure gold, And the sun it shall never go down.

No. 447 Are You Spotless?

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7: 14.

L. E. J. Copyright, 1902, by John C. F. Kyger. L. E. JONES.

1. Are you rob'd in righteousness that Christ provides His own? Are your gar-ments spot-less in the blood? Hath the Mas-ter cleans'd you and re-
2. Have you been for cleans-ing to the fount of Cal - va - ry? Are your gar-ments spot-less in the blood? Have the chains of sin been brok-en,
3. Have you at the foun-tain had the stain of sin re-moved? Are your gar-ments spot-less in the blood? Foes that once be - set you, hath the

CHORUS.

ceived you for His own? Are you spotless in the blood?
giv - ing lib - er - ty? Are you spotless in the blood? Are you spot-less?
Master's voice reprov'd? Are you spotless in the blood?

Are you spot-less?

are you clean? Where the crystal waters flow are you wash'd as white as snow?

are you clean?

Are you spot-less? are you clean? Are you spotless in the blood?

Are you spotless? are you clean? Jesus' blood.

No. 448 A Light from the Window I See!

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon Thee."—Isa. 60:1.

From a sermon by John C. F. Kyger, Waco, Tex.

Copyright, 1902, by John C. F. Kyger.

A. B. L. *Ad lib.* (Good as a solo.) A. B. LITTLE.

1. Tho' long be the pathway and wea-ry my feet, A light from the win-dow I see; 'Twill guide me a - long o'er the mount-ain so
2. Dear fa - thers and mothers be pa-tient and wait, Just look to the window and see, For soon we shall pass thro' the beau - ti - ful
3. Praise God for the loved ones in yonder fair clime, That look from the window for me, I long for the day that is com - ing some-
4. That light has been shining for a - ges un - told, Praise God, its been shin-ing for me. It points me to Je - sus more pre-cious than

steep A light from the window I see.
gate, Where glo-ry a - wait-eth for thee. A light from the window I
time, When I with my lov'd ones shall be.
gold; Praise God for the light that I see.

CHORUS.

see 'Tis lead-ing and guiding me on, To yonder fair country, where
we shall be free, And dwell with our loved ones at home.

our loved ones at home

No. 449. I'm Anchored to the Promises of God

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 Peter 1 : 4.

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F. S. SHEPERD. R. S. COWARD.

1. My barque drifts no more on the troub-led 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 tempest 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 safely will I weather ev'ry gale, For the word of God is sure,And forever,will endure,And against it naught of evil can prevail.

No. 450. Go Proclaim the Story.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."—John 14: 15.

Commandment.—"Go ye therefore, and teach *all* nations."—Matt. 28: 19.

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Mrs. Harriet E. Jones. R. S. Coward.

Lively.

1. Have you been to Je - sus with your ev - 'ry sin, Did He sweet-ly give you
2. Does the path grow brighter in the nar- row way, Is the bless-ed Je - sus
3. Have you the as - sur - ance that when work shall end, That you'll enter heav-en

wondrous peace within,
with you ev - 'ry day,
close be- side your friend,

Did you learn to love Him while a sup-pliant there?
Do you oft - en with Him have a lit - tle talk?
Dwell with Him for-ev - er in the home of song?

Refrain.

Would you have your brother breathe a suppliant's pray'r? Go proclaim the Sto - ry,
While your heart is burn- ing as you on-ward walk? Go proclaim the Sto - ry,
Stand in shin-ing rai-ment with the blood-wash'd throng? Go proclaim the Sto - ry,

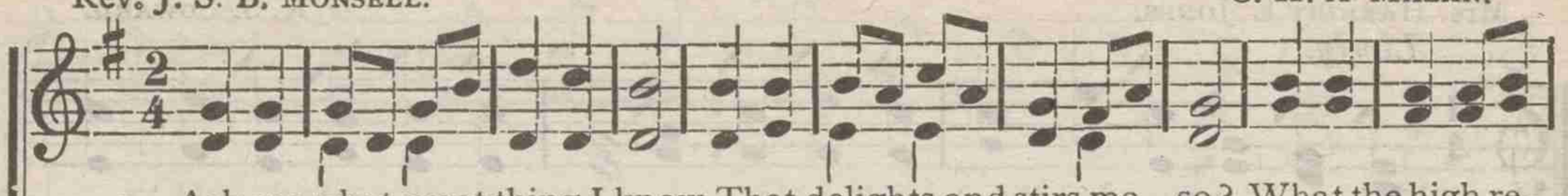
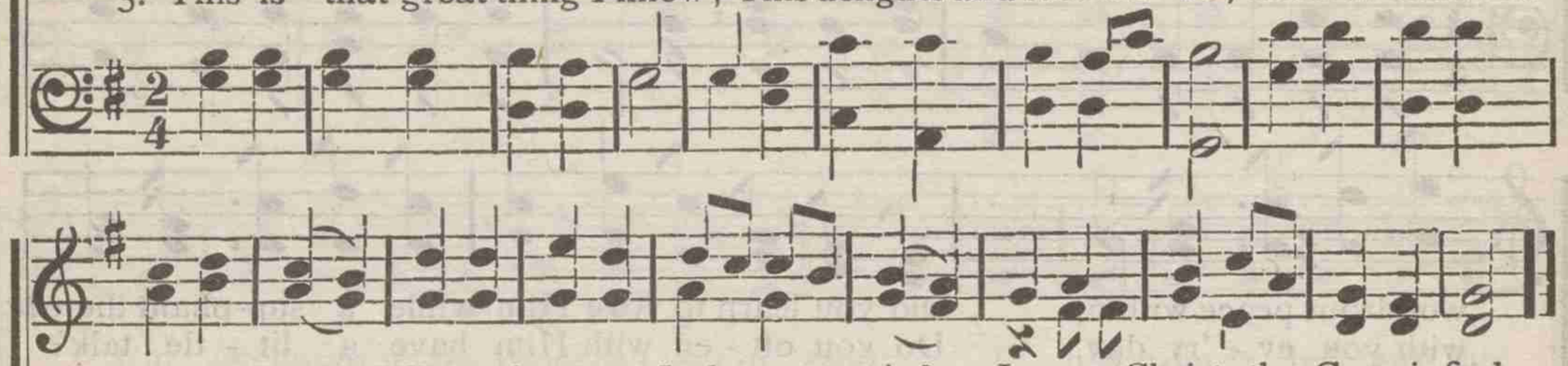
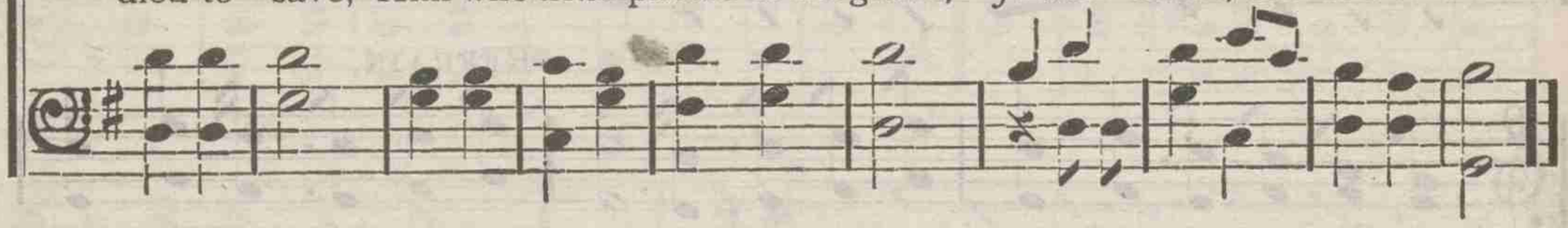
Tell it ev - 'ry - where, Tell how blessed Je - sus al- ways answers pray'r,
In the path-ways dim, Bidding all the wea- ry, come and walk with Him,
High His ban - ner wave, Lead-ing souls to heav-en, Thro' the strong to save,

Go proclaim the story, Tell it ev'rywhere, Tell how blessed Jesus always answers pray'r.
Go proclaim the story, In the pathways dim, Bidding all the weary, come and walk with Him.
Go proclaim the story, High His banner wave, Leading souls to heaven, Thro' the strong to save.

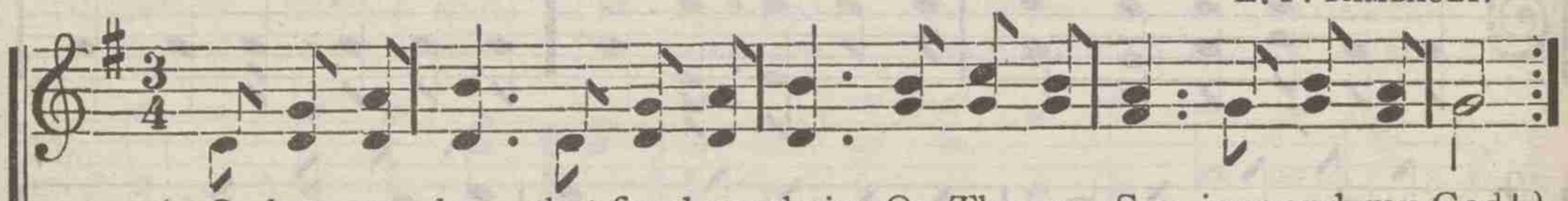
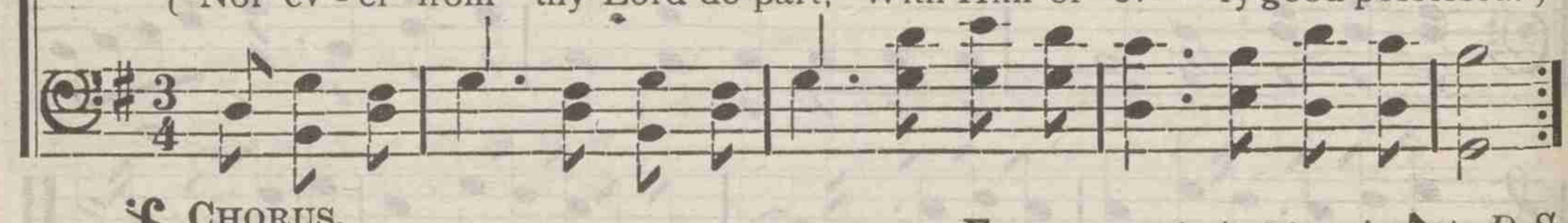
No. 451. Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

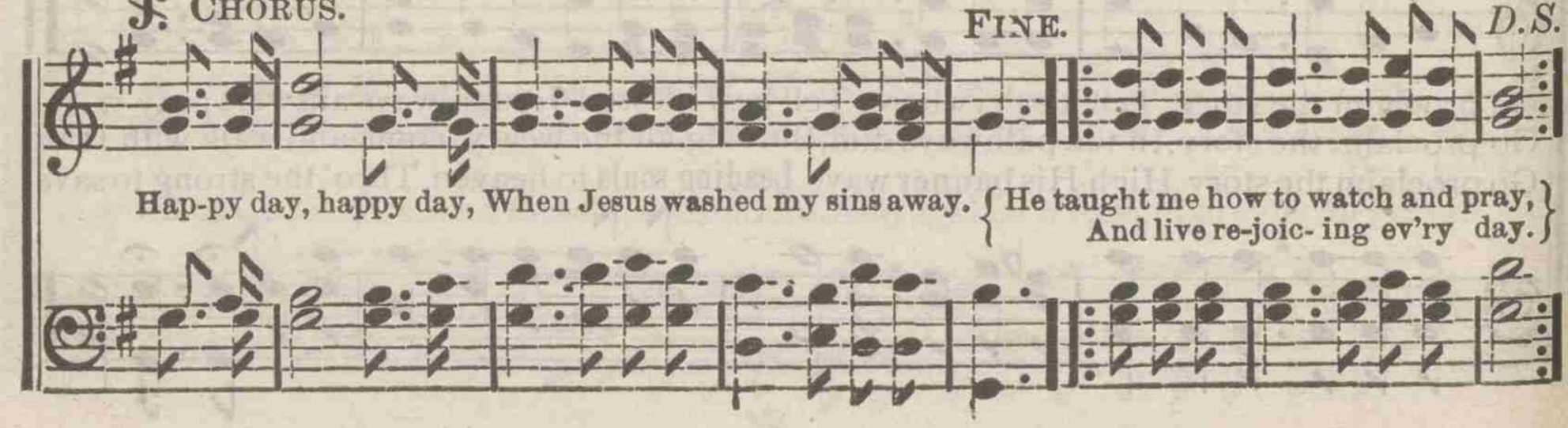
(HERNDON.)

"Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings."—Ephe. 1: 3.

Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL. C. H. A MALAN.

1. Ask me what great thing I know That delights and stirs me so? What the high re-
2. What is faith's foundation strong? What awakes my lips to song? He who bore my
3. Who de-feats my fiercest foes? Who consoles my saddest woes? Who revives my
4. Who is life in life to me? Who the death of death will be? Who will place me
5. This is that great thing I know; This delights and stirs me so; Faith in Him who

ward I win? Whose the name I glo - ry in? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci- fied.
sin-ful load, Purchased for me peace with God, Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci- fied.
fainting heart, Healing all its hid - den smart? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci- fied.
on His right With the countless hosts of light? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci- fied.
died to save, Him who triumphed o'er the grave, Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci- fied.

No. 452. O, Happy Day.

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."—2 Cor. 9: 15.

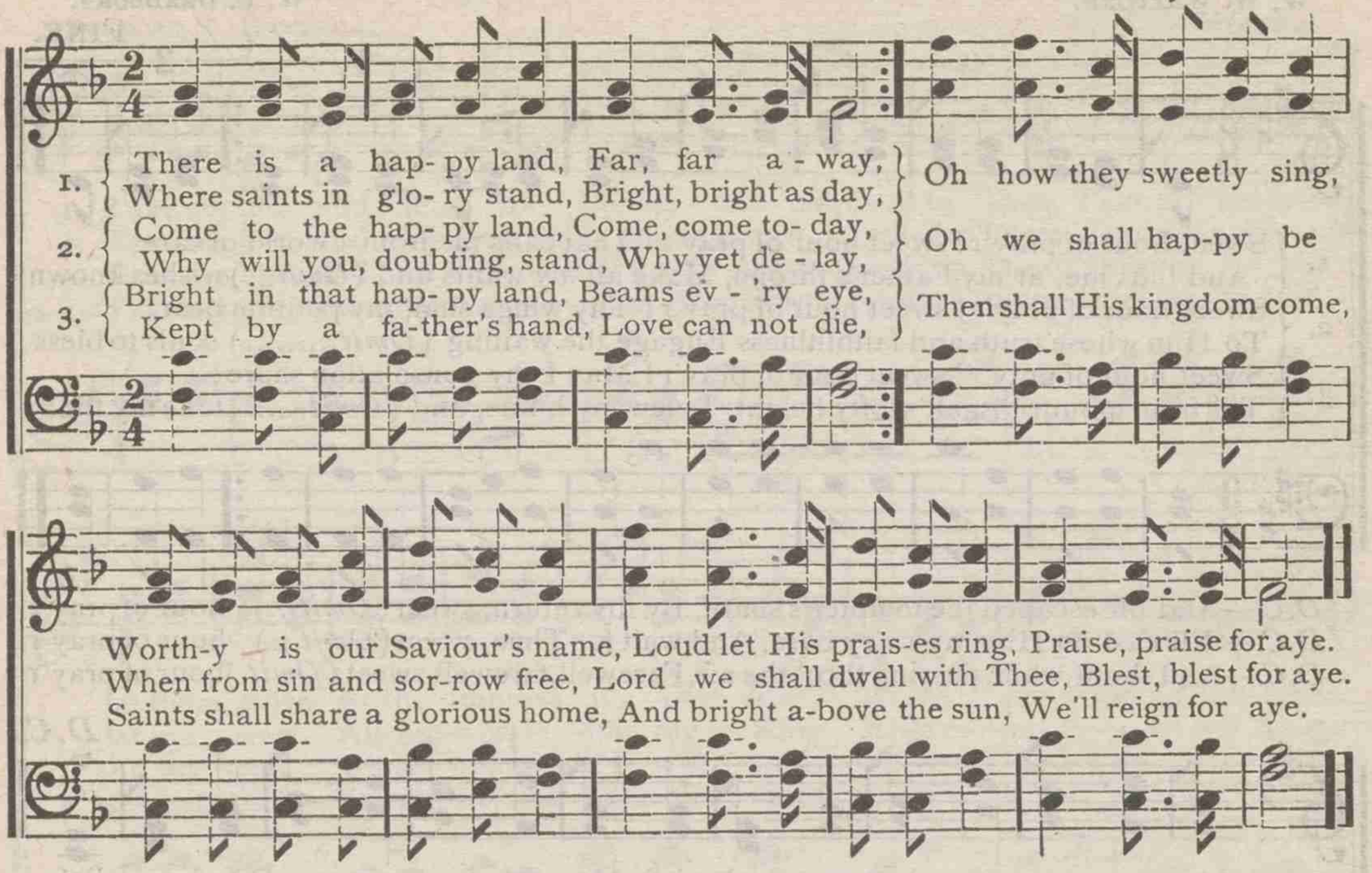
E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. O, hap- py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav- iour and my God!
   Well may this glow - ing heart re- joice, And tell its rap - tures all a- broad.
2. O hap- py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
   Let cheerful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done; the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and He is mine;
   He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di- vine.
4. Now rest, my long - di - vid- ed heart! Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - ter rest;
   Nor ev - er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed.

CHORUS.

FINE. D.S.

Hap-py day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away. { He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic- ing ev'ry day. }

No. 453. There is a Happy Land.

"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together."—Psa. 34 : 3.

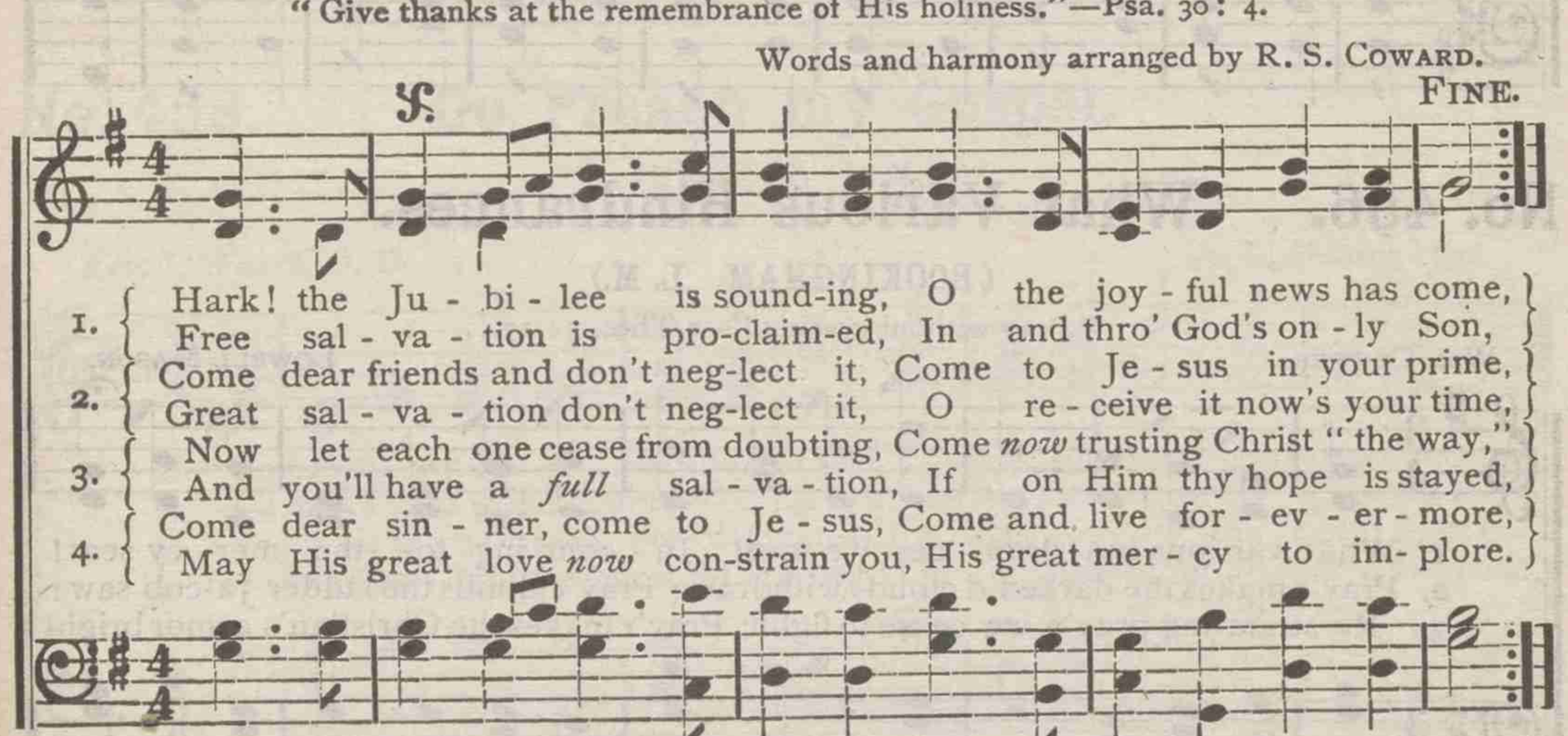
Har. by R. S. C.



No. 454. Hark! The Jubilee.

"Give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness."—Psa. 30 : 4.

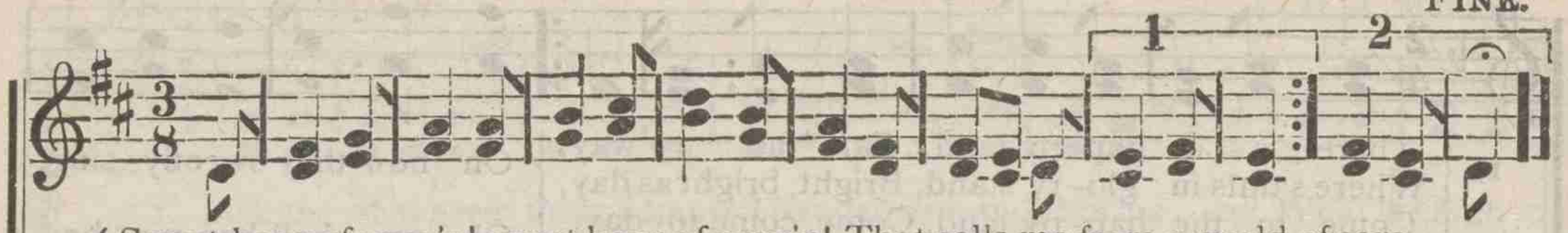
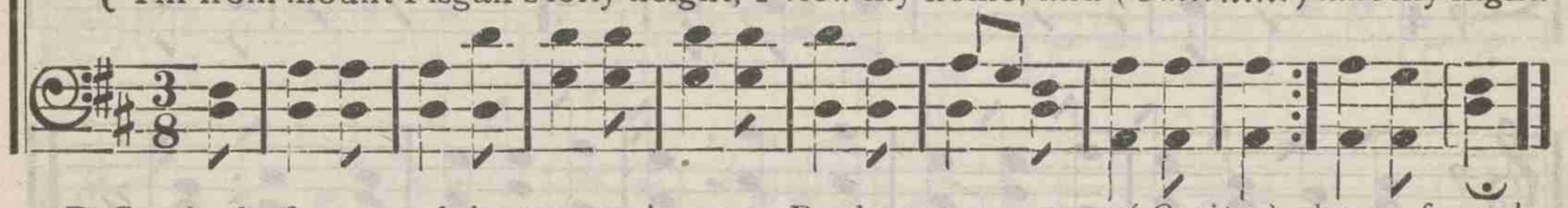
Words and harmony arranged by R. S. Coward.

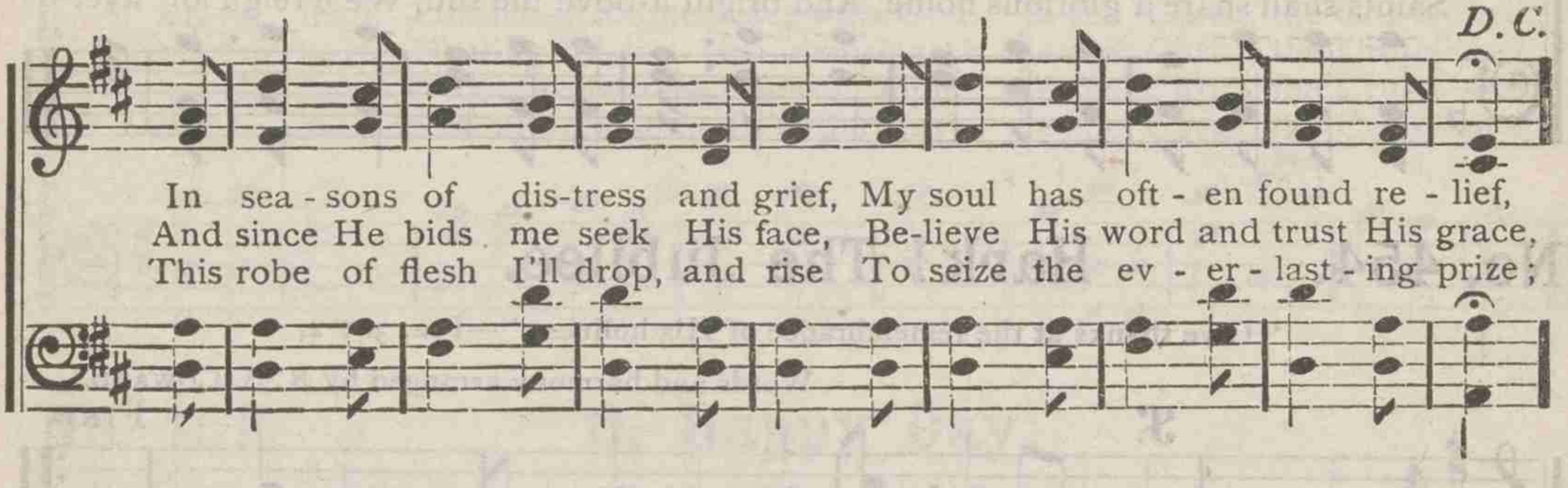


No. 455. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

"I will therefore that men pray everywhere."—1 Tim. 2: 8.

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

FINE.

1. { Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
   { And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (*Omit...*) wishes known;
2. { Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my petition bear,
   { To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting (*Omit.....*) souls to bless;
3. { Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy consolation share;
   { Till from mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home, and (*Omit.....*) take my flight:

D.C.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet (*Omit...*) hour of pray'r.
D.C.— I'll cast on Him my ev'ry care, And wait for Thee, sweet (*Omit...*) hour of pray'r.
D.C.—And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet (*Omit.*) hour of pray'r.

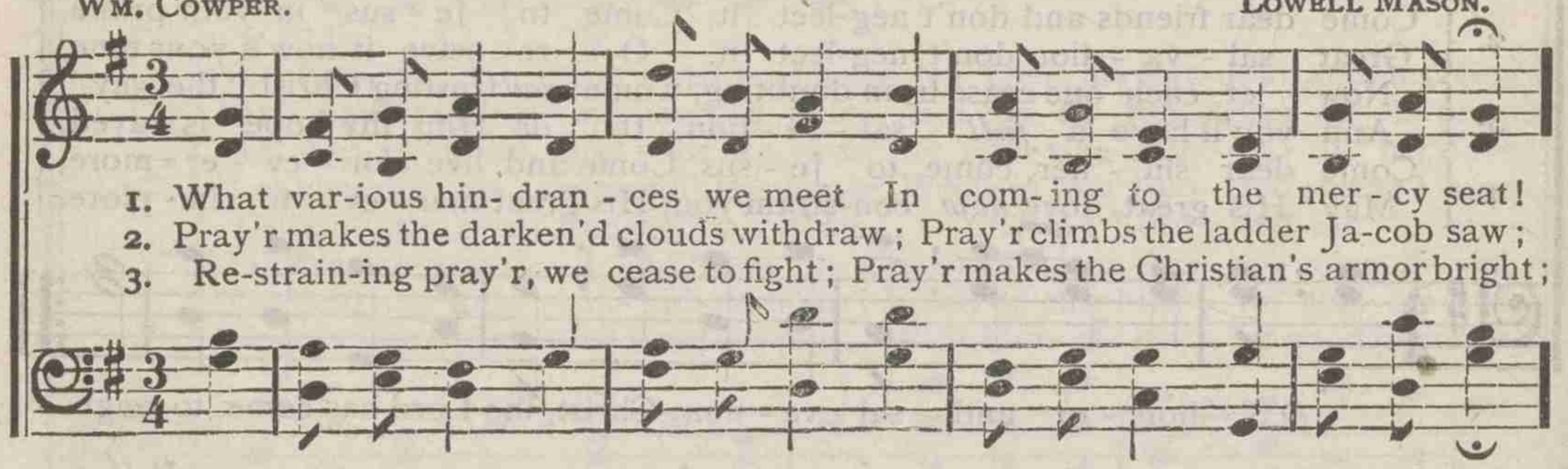
D.C.

In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

No. 456. What Various Hindrances.

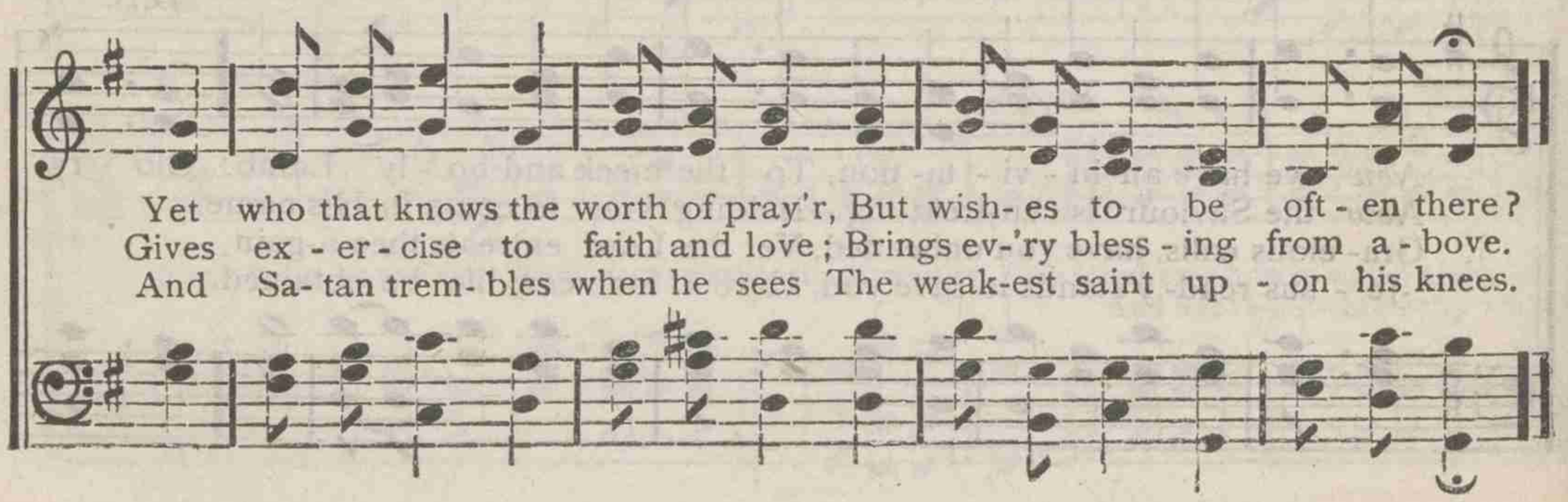
(ROCKINGHAM. L. M.)

"Pray without ceasing."—1 Thes. 5: 17.

WM. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.



1. What var-ious hin- dran - ces we meet In com- ing to the mer - cy seat!
2. Pray'r makes the darken'd clouds withdraw; Pray'r climbs the ladder Ja-cob saw;
3. Re-strain-ing pray'r, we cease to fight; Pray'r makes the Christian's armor bright;



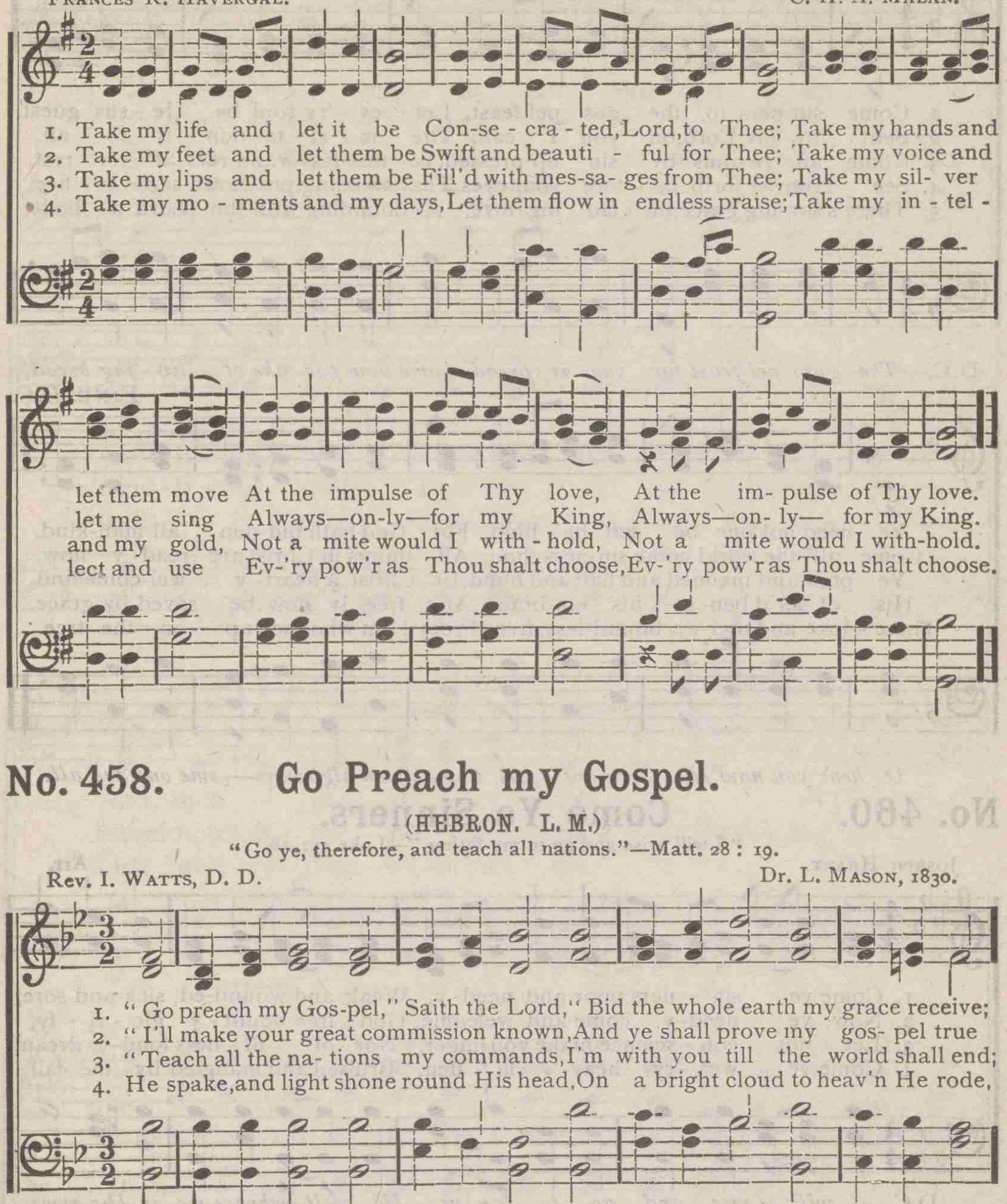
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r, But wish- es to be oft - en there?
Gives ex - er - cise to faith and love; Brings ev-'ry bless - ing from a - bove.
And Sa- tan trem- bles when he sees The weak-est saint up - on his knees.

No. 457. Take my Life and let it Be.

(HERNDON. 7s.)

"Who then offereth willingly to consecrate himself this unto the Lord."—1. Chr. 29: 5.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. C. H. A. MALAN.

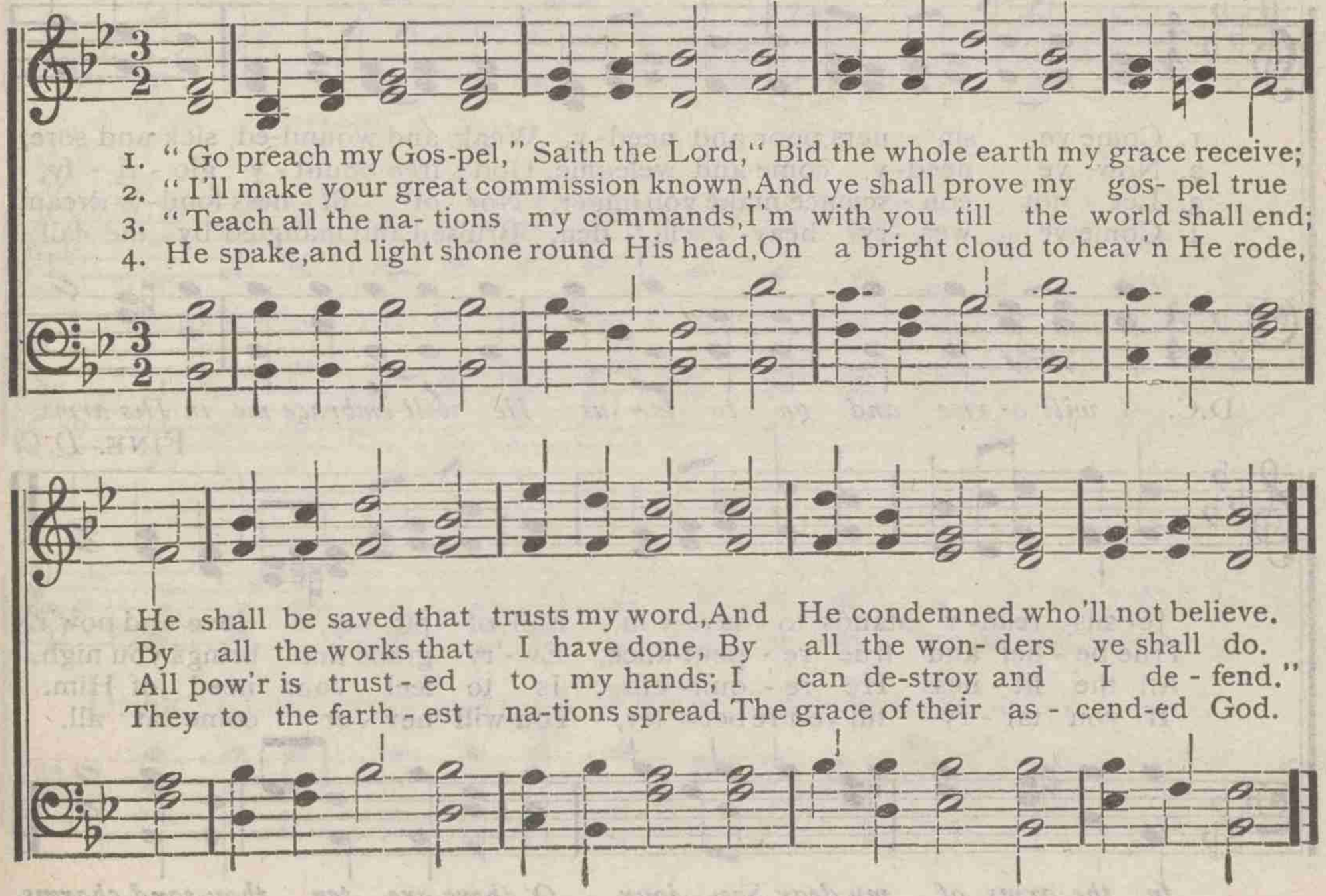


No. 458. Go Preach my Gospel.

(HEBRON. L. M.)

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations."—Matt. 28 : 19.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. Dr. L. MASON, 1830.

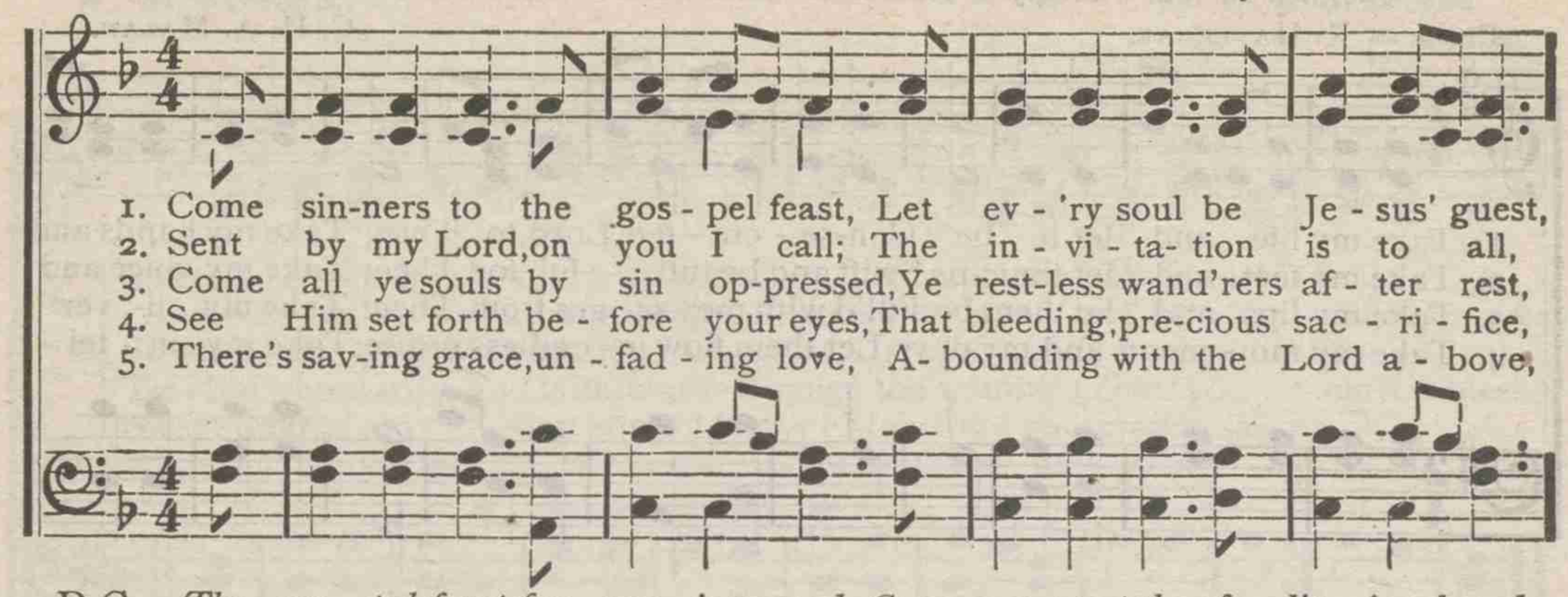


No. 459. The Gospel Feast.

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

Arr. Copyright, 1902, by R. S. Coward.

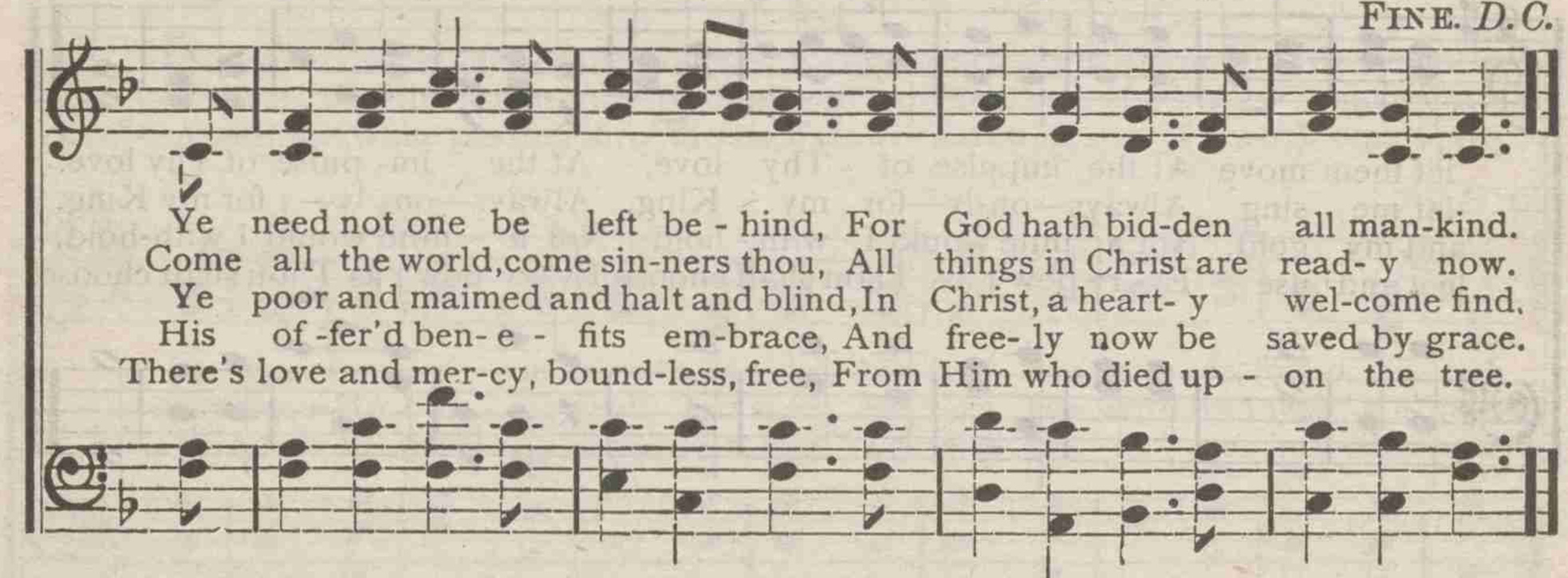
C. WESLEY. Arr. by R. S. COWARD.



1. Come sin-ners to the gos - pel feast, Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus' guest,
2. Sent by my Lord,on you I call; The in - vi - ta- tion is to all,
3. Come all ye souls by sin op-pressed,Ye rest-less wand'rers af - ter rest,
4. See Him set forth be - fore your eyes,That bleeding,pre-cious sac - ri - fice,
5. There's sav-ing grace,un - fad - ing love, A- bounding with the Lord a - bove,

D.C.—*The gos - pel feast for you is spread, Come now pae-take of liv - ing bread,*

FINE. *D.C.*



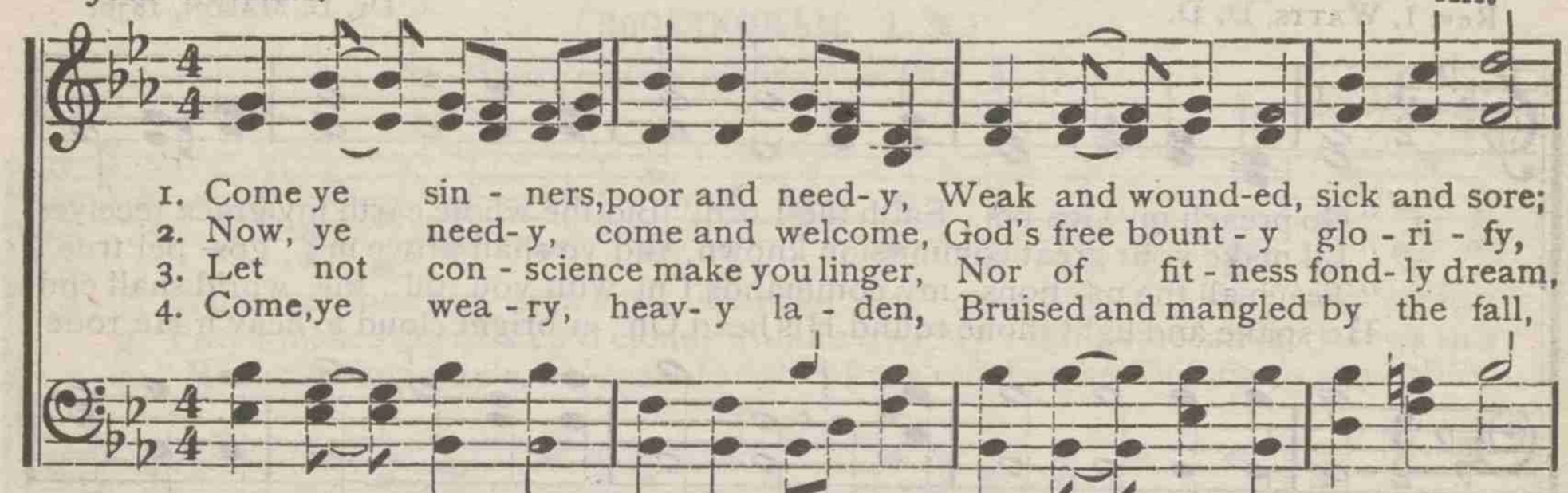
Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid-den all man-kind.
Come all the world,come sin-ners thou, All things in Christ are read- y now.
Ye poor and maimed and halt and blind,In Christ, a heart- y wel-come find.
His of -fer'd ben- e - fits em-brace, And free- ly now be saved by grace.
There's love and mer-cy, bound-less, free, From Him who died up - on the tree.

O, hear you now His ser-vants' call, Come from highways—come one aud all.

No. 460. Come Ye Sinners.

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

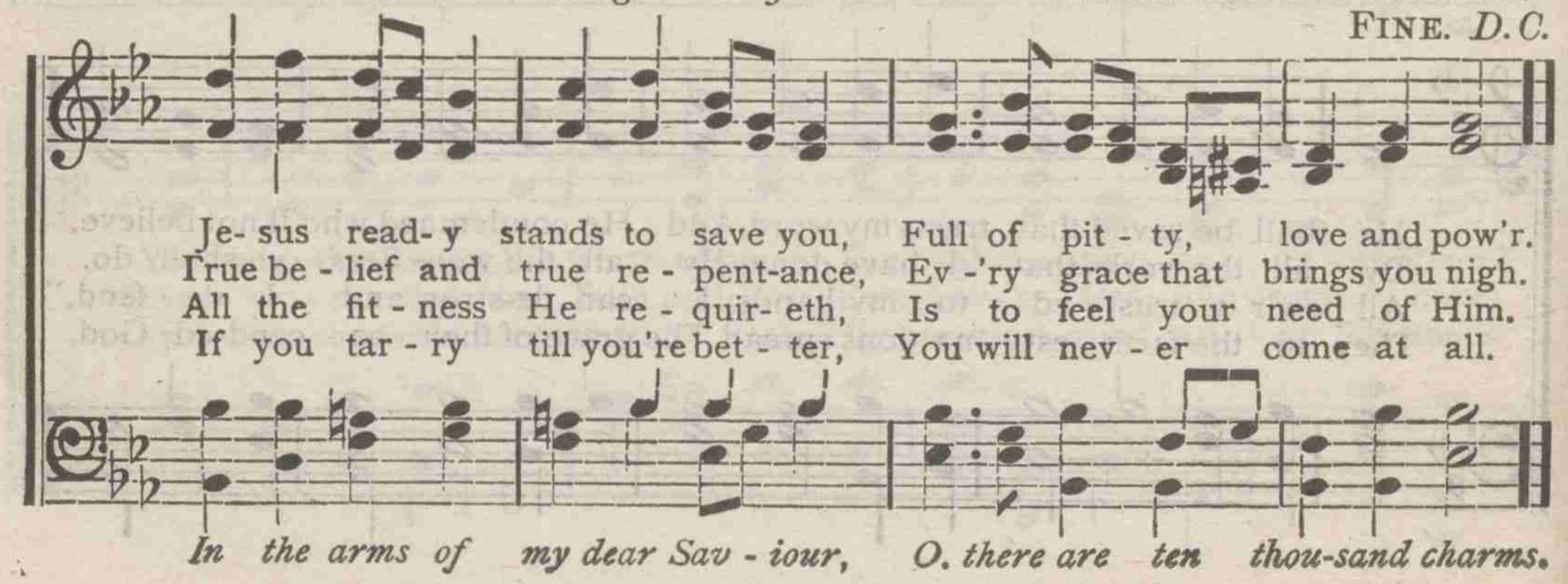
JOSEPH HEART. Arr.



1. Come ye sin - ners,poor and need- y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need- y, come and welcome, God's free bount - y glo - ri - fy,
3. Let not con - science make you linger, Nor of fit - ness fond- ly dream,
4. Come,ye wea - ry, heav- y la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall,

D.C.—*I will a- rise and go to Je - sus He will embrace me in His arms.*

FINE. *D.C.*



Je- sus read- y stands to save you, Full of pit - ty, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev -'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit - ness He re - quir- eth, Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.

In the arms of my dear Sav - iour, O. there are ten thou-sand charms.

No. 461. The Wells of Salvation.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."—Isa. 55: 1.

E. S. U. Copyright, 1902, by John C. F. Kyger. Rev. E. S. Ufford.

1. O wea - ry one in sin and fear, There is a
2. Such mer - cy, O how rare to see, With - in these
3. Re - joice and come, de - lay no more, Sal - va - tion's

beau - ti - ful well, Where you may drink its wa - ter clear,
beau - ti - ful wells; Tho' lost in sin, here's par - don free,
well is nigh; Kneel down and draw its bound-less store,

CHORUS.

And then of the sto - ry tell.
Sweet notes of the gos - pel bells. Then come to th
Lest wea - ry with thirst you die.

beau - ti - ful wa - ter of life, Come to the wells of sal - va - tion,

Drink and live, draw and give, With joy from the wells of sal - va - tion.

No. 462. My Mother's Bible.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed."—Prov. 21 : 28.

Copyright, 1893, by C. D. Tillman. Used by permission.

M. B. WILLIAMS. C. D. TILLMAN.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' it's worn and fad - ed now, Which re -
2. There she read of Je- sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How He
3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the

calls the hap-py days of long a - go, When I stood at mother's knee,
suf-fer'd, bled and died upon the tree, Of His heav-y load of care;
dear old book each day has been my guide: And I seek to do His will,

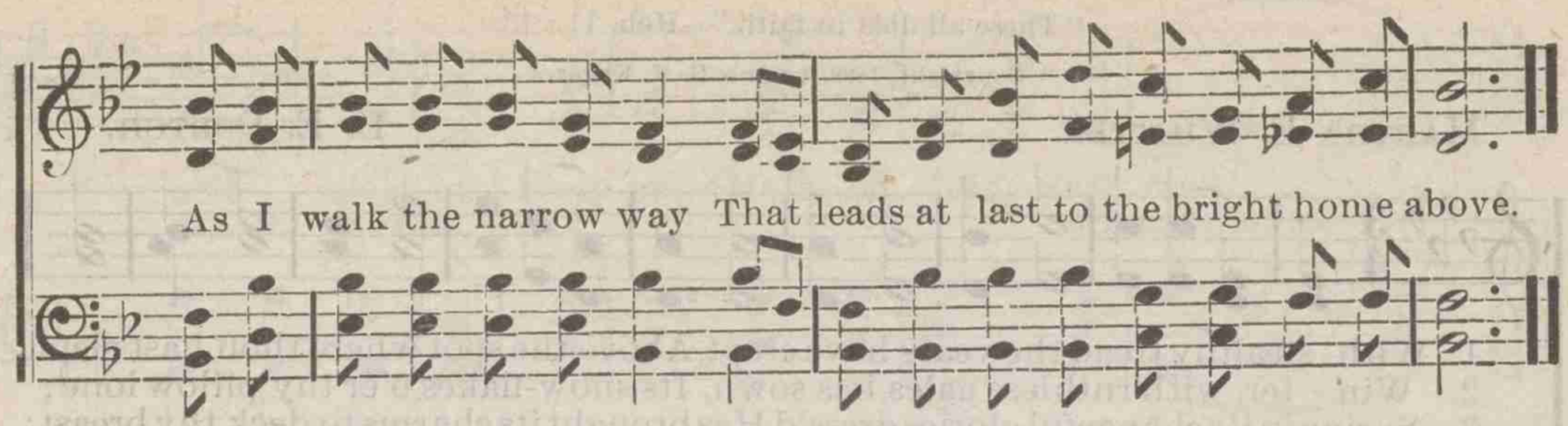
With her hand upon my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
Then she dried my flowing tear With her kisses as she said it was for me.
As my mother taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words a-bide.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed book,..... pre-cious book,..... On thy dear old tear-stain'd
Bless-ed book, precious book,

leaves I love to look;..... Thou art sweet - er day by day,
love to look;

My Mother's Bible.

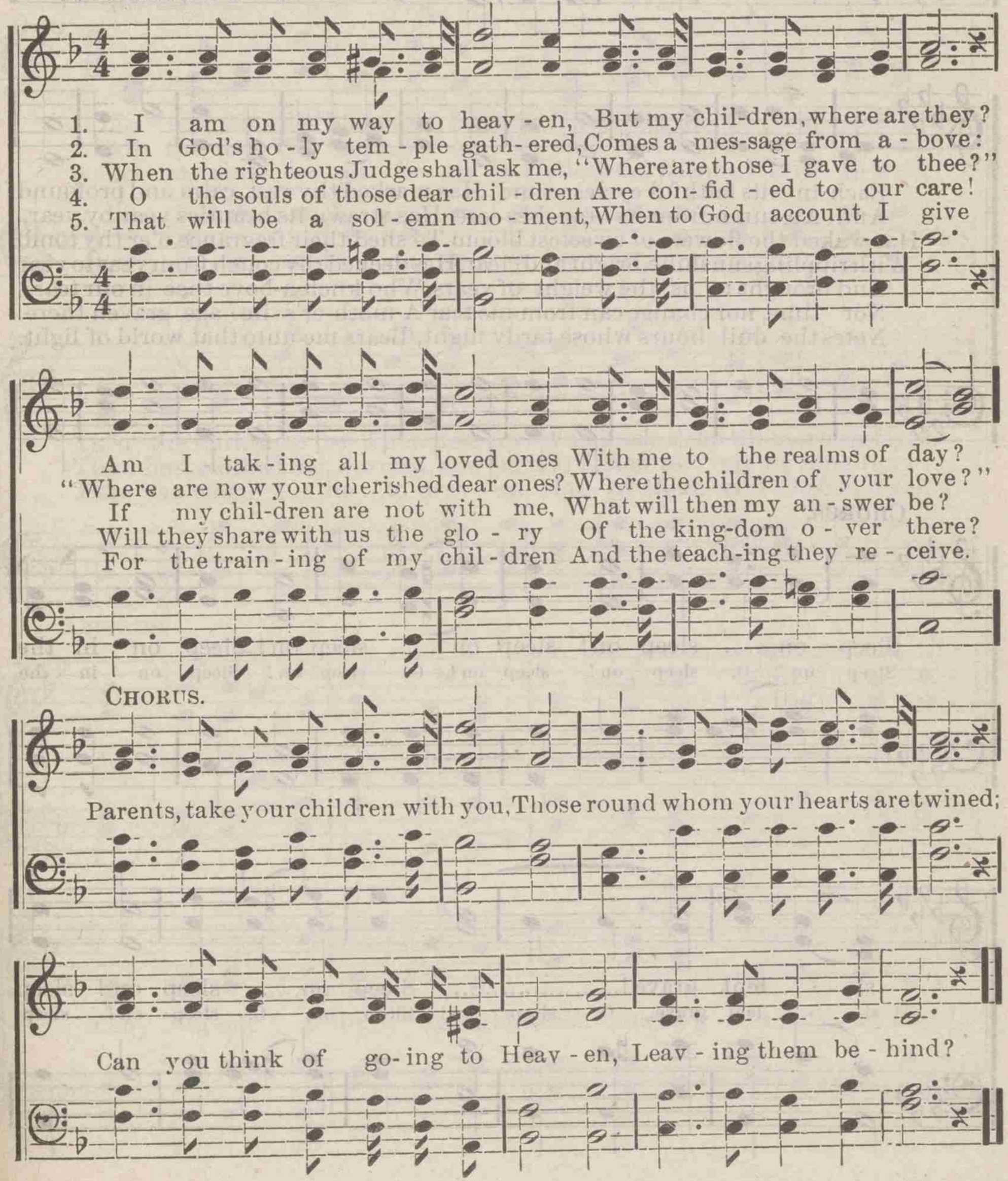


No. 463. Take Your Children.

"But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—Josh. 24: 15.

Copyright, 1894, by The Hoffman Music Co.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.



No. 464. My Mother's Grave.

"These all died in faith."—Heb. 11 : 13.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

MARTHA E. WHITTEN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. With stealthy tread the years have crept, Above the spot where thou hast slept,
2. Win - ter, with ruthless gales, has sown, Its snow-flakes o'er thy pillow lone;
3. Spring in its changeful glories dress'd Has brought its charms to deck thy breast;
4. Bright Summer with her goldenglow, Her wild bird's song, her zephyrs low;
5. Though seasons thus with careless tread, Have worn their emblems o'er thy head;
6. Though o'er earth's path's my feet may go, And earthly griefs my heart o'erflow,
7. Even now my heart by cares oppress'd Is fondly longing for the heav'nly rest;

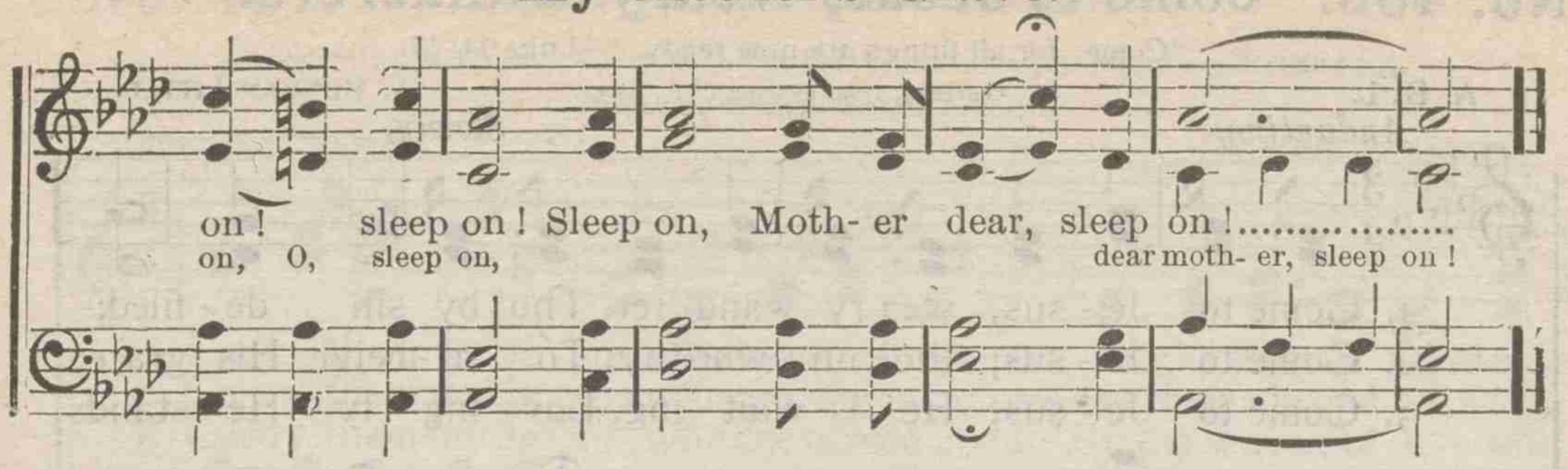
Each in its faithful cycles round, Has marked thy rest, calm and profound.
And Au-tumn from its branches sere Has strewn its beauties year by year.
Has waked the flowers of sweetest bloom To shed their fragrance o'er thy tomb.
With rippling sunshine, bright and clear, Has decked thy couch from year to year.
And brought to us the weight of years, Who knelt a-bove thee in our tears.
Nor time, nor change can from me tear A moth-er's im- age graven there.
Notes the dull hours whose tardy flight, Bears me unto that world of light.

CHORUS.

Sleep on,..... sleep on! sleep on!..... sleep on! Sleep on in the
Sleep on! O, sleep on! sleep on! O, sleep on! Sleep on in the

si - lent grave!..... Sleep on,..... sleep on! sleep
si - lent grave, O, sleep on! Sleep on, O, sleep on! sleep

My Mother's Grave.



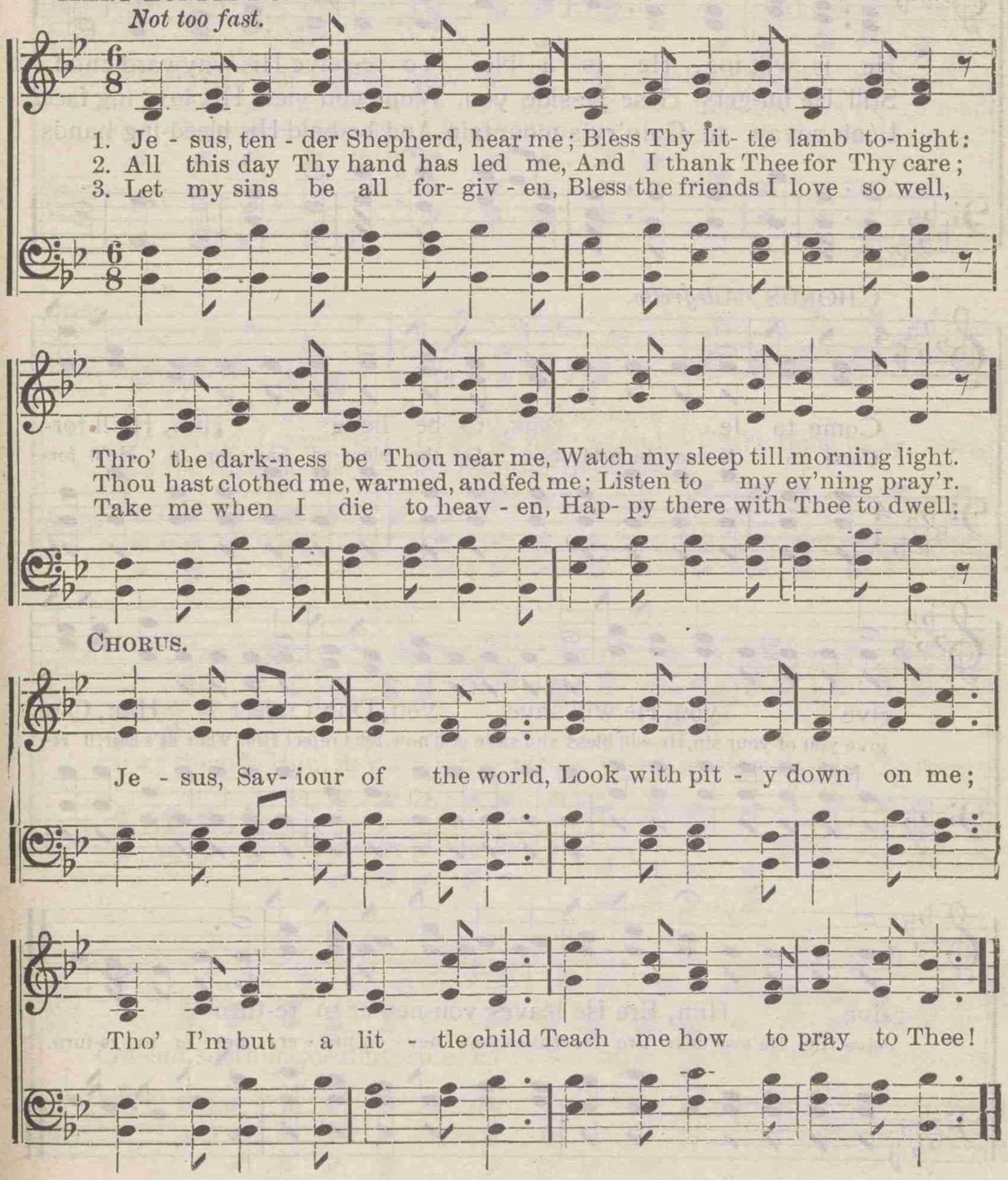
No. 465. The Child's Evening Hymn.

"He hath his love upon me."—Psa. 91 : 4.

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. C. F. Kyger.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN. J. M. HAGAN.

Not too fast.



No. 466. Come to Jesus, Weary Wanderers.

"Come; for all things are now ready."—Luke 14: 17.

A. B. L. Copyright, 1902, by John C. F. Kyger. A. BUNYAN LITTLE.

Andantino. *Slowly.*

1. Come to Je - sus, wea-ry wand-'rer, Tho' by sin de - filed;
2. Come to Je - sus, tho' un - wor-thy, To re - ceive His grace;
3. Come to Je - sus, He is wait - ing, Lov - ing - ly He stands;

Slowly.

He is will-ing, He is a - ble, To re-ceive His wayward child.
Still He lin-gers close be-side you, Wont you view His lov - ing face?
Look a-way to Calv'ry's mountain, And be-hold His bleed-ing hands.

CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

Come to Je - sus, O be - lieve Him, He'll for-
Come to Je-sus hum-bly bow, Let the bless-ed Sav - ior in, He'll for-

give you, He will save you, Don't reject Him, O re-
give you of your sin, He will bless and save you now, Don't reject Him, While He's near; O re-

ceive Him, Ere He leaves you nev-er to re-turn
ceive Him, He's so dear, Ere He leaves you, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er to re-turn.

No. 467. Carry Them to Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—I Peter 5: 7.

Copyright, 1900, by John C. F. Kyger.

Rev. F. L. Snyder. Howard E. Smith.

1. Car-ry them to Je - sus who have weary grown Of the heav-y bur-dens
2. Car-ry them to Je - sus who are wounded sore By their sin and fol - ly,
3. Car-ry them to Je - sus who are tossed about By the waves of e - vil

they have borne a-lone; Now a lit - tle sunshine, then a bit-ter storm,
and can walk no more; Ev - 'ry lac - er - a - tion sin has ev - er made
and the winds of doubt; Vain-ly they are seek-ing in the world for rest;

CHORUS.

At the feet of Je-sus lay each bending form.
He can heal completely; trust, be not a-fraid.
Car-ry them to Je-sus, lay them on His breast.
} Carry them to Je - sus,

car-ry them to Him; He will heal their sickness, He will save from sin; He, the balm of

Gil-ead, soothing, healing, sure, Ev'ry wound or trouble He will ful-ly cure.

No. 468. Come to Sabbath School.

"Gather the people together, men, women, and children, that they may learn."—Deut. 31: 12.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER. Copyright, 1901, by John C. F. Kyger. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. How pleasant 'tis, when Sabbath comes, To leave our work behind,
2. The Sabbath School is meant for all, The a - ged and the youth,
3. Let nothing tri - fling keep us back, But, with a smil-ing face,

And gath-er in the house of God, In Sab-bath School combined.
For each to learn, and talk, and sing Of Je - sus and His truth.
Each Sab-bath may we all be found, In our ac-cus-tomed place.

CHORUS.

Come to the Sab - bath School, Pa - rents, you, chil - dren, too;
Come to the Sab - bath School, There's room for one and all.

No. 469. A Safe Retreat.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."—Psa. 91: 1.

Moderato. T. J. GRIGGS.

1. Dear Fa - ther! to Thy mer - cy seat My soul for shel - ter flies;
2. My cheer-ful hope can nev - er die, If Thou, My God, art near;
3. Oh! nev - er let my soul re-move From this di-vine re - treat;

A Safe Retreat. Concluded.

'Tis here I find a safe re-treat When storms and tempests rise.
Thy grace can raise my comforts high, And ban-ish ev - 'ry fear.
Still let me trust Thy pow'r and love, And dwell be-neath Thy feet.

No. 470. Children's Day Greeting.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Ecclesiastes. 12: 1.

MATTIE HERRICK GRACE. Arr. C. E. P. Copyright, 1901, by John C. F. Kyger. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Lively.

1. Re - mem-ber thy Cre - a - tor In the hap - py days of youth,
2. The ro-seate day is dawning; May it bright-er grow and fair;
3. As ten - der twig is bend - ed, So the sap-ling will in-cline;
4. If the fount-ain head be pure, The wa-ters will be sweet;
5. May ev - 'ry hand be sow - ing As the hap - py years go by,
6. Cast your bread upon the wa - ter, It will sure - ly come a - gain
7. Let ev - 'ry brain be bus - y, While ev-'ry heart shall pray:

When the way to Him is eas - y, And you love the good, the truth.
May clouds ne'er hide your path-way, Or Sa-tan's trap en - snare.
The strong and stur - dy oak - tree Will sup-port the cling-ing vine.
If we sow no tares or bri - ars, The reap - ing will be wheat.
Think-ing ev - er of the har-vest, For the reap-ing by and by.
When the girls are help-ful wo-men, And the boys are use - ful men.
"O Fa-ther, keep the dear ones Till an - oth-er Children's Day."

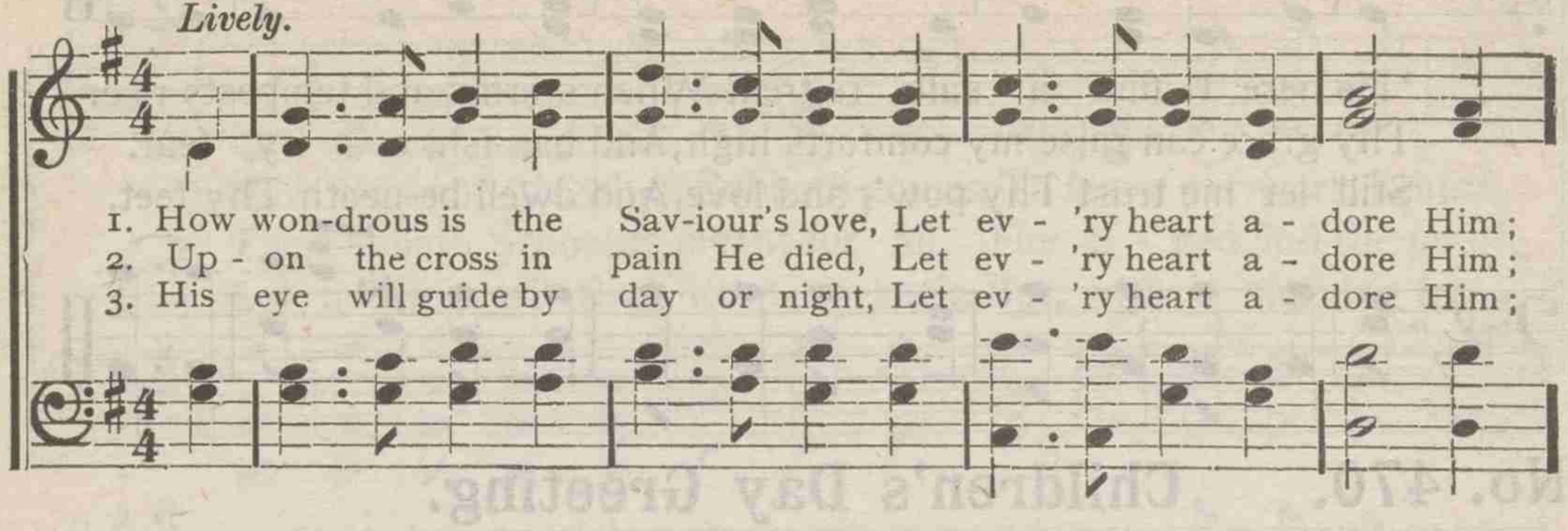
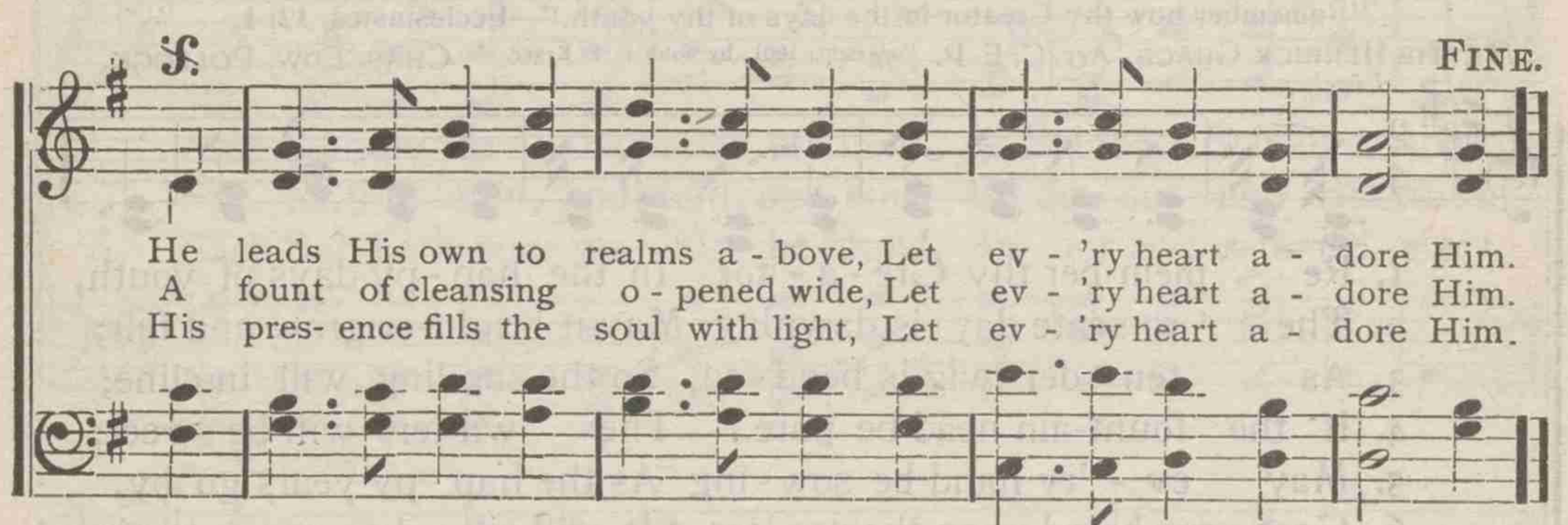
CHORUS.

Ho- { sanna, ho-san-na, Let all the children sing! Ho- } na, Hosanna to our King!
{ sanna, ho-san- (*Omit.*) }

No. 471. Let Every Heart Adore Him.

"Let them praise the name of the Lord."—Psa. 148: 13.

L. E. JONES. R. S. COWARD.

Lively.



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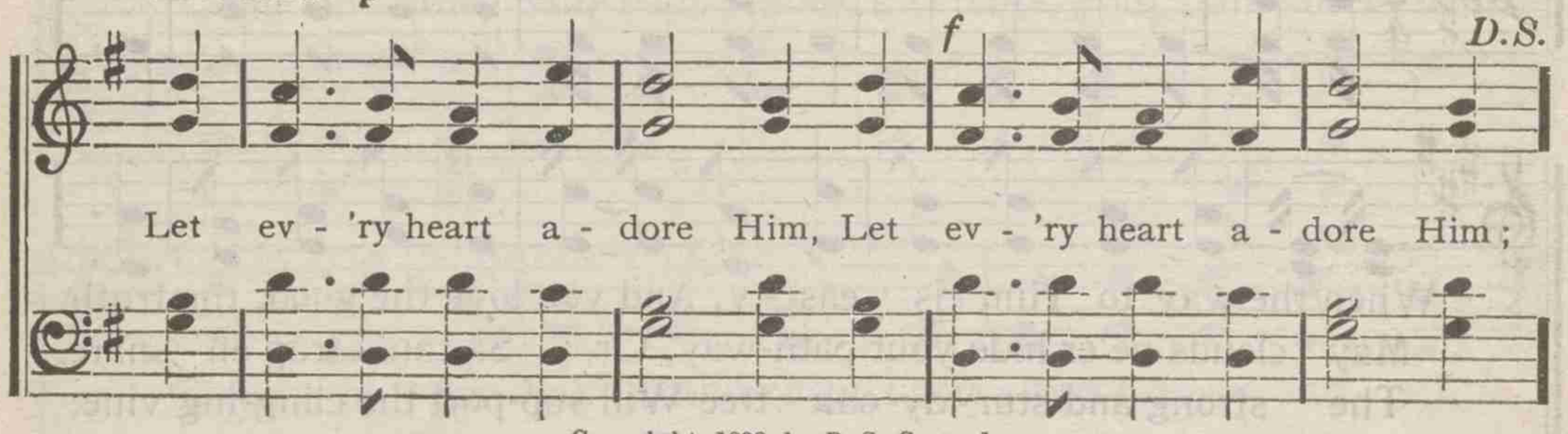
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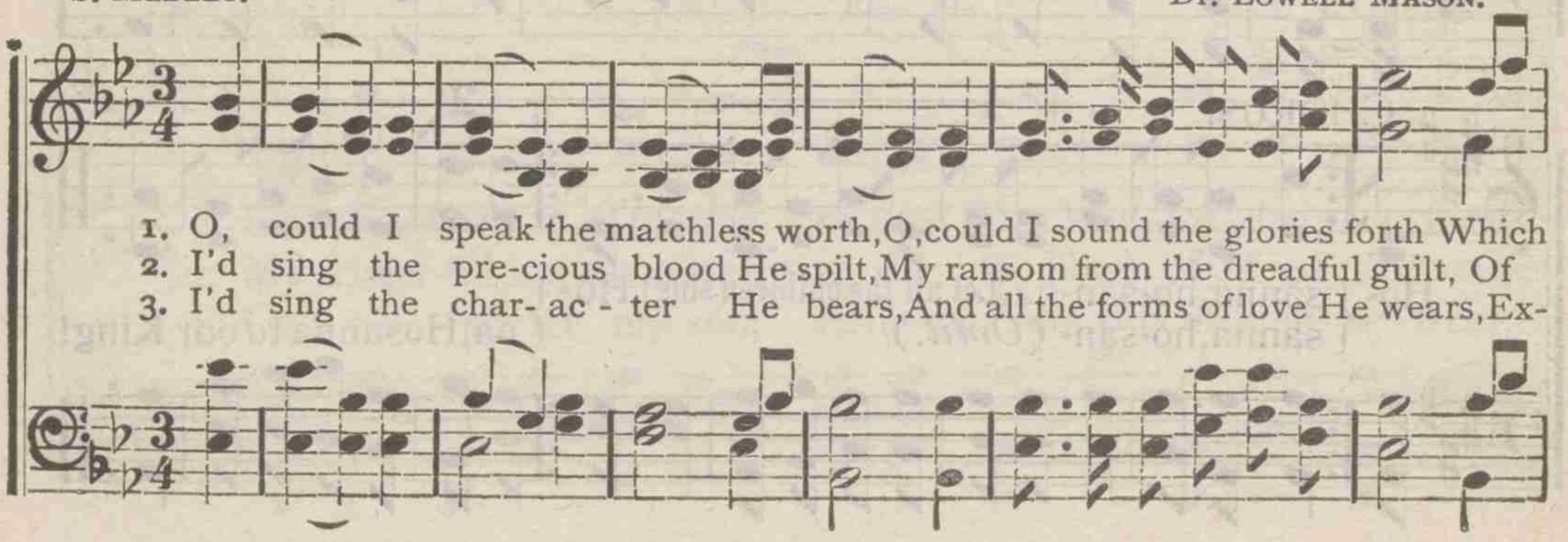
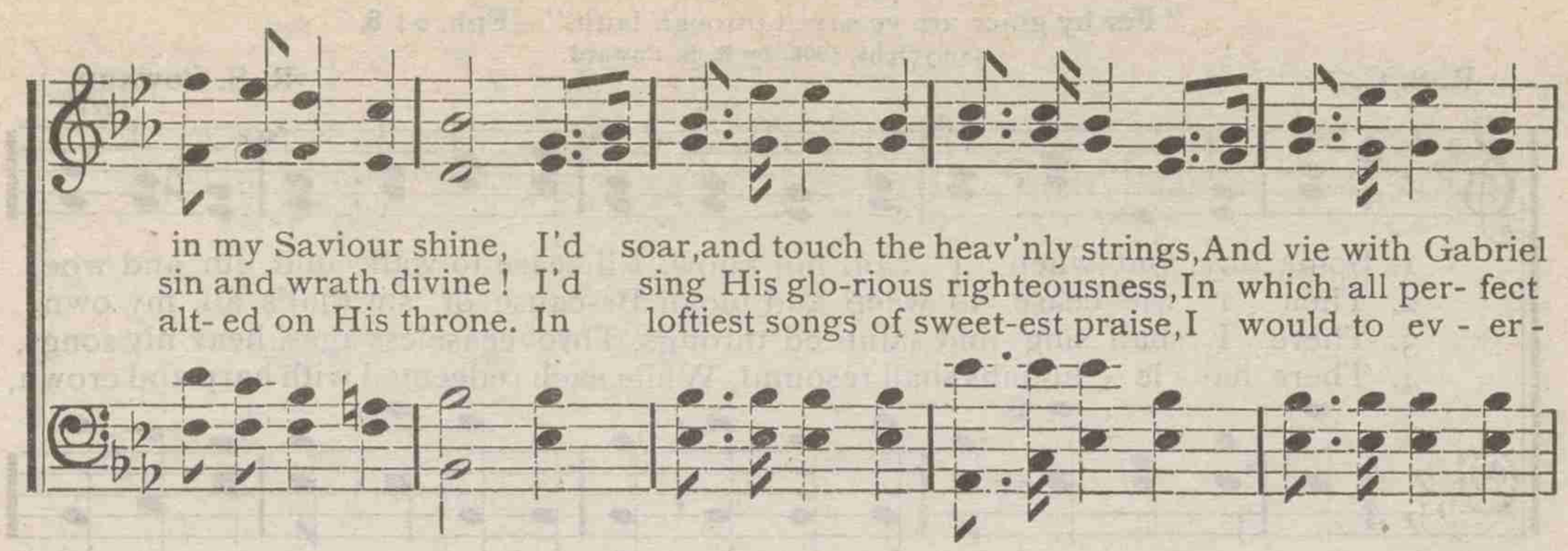
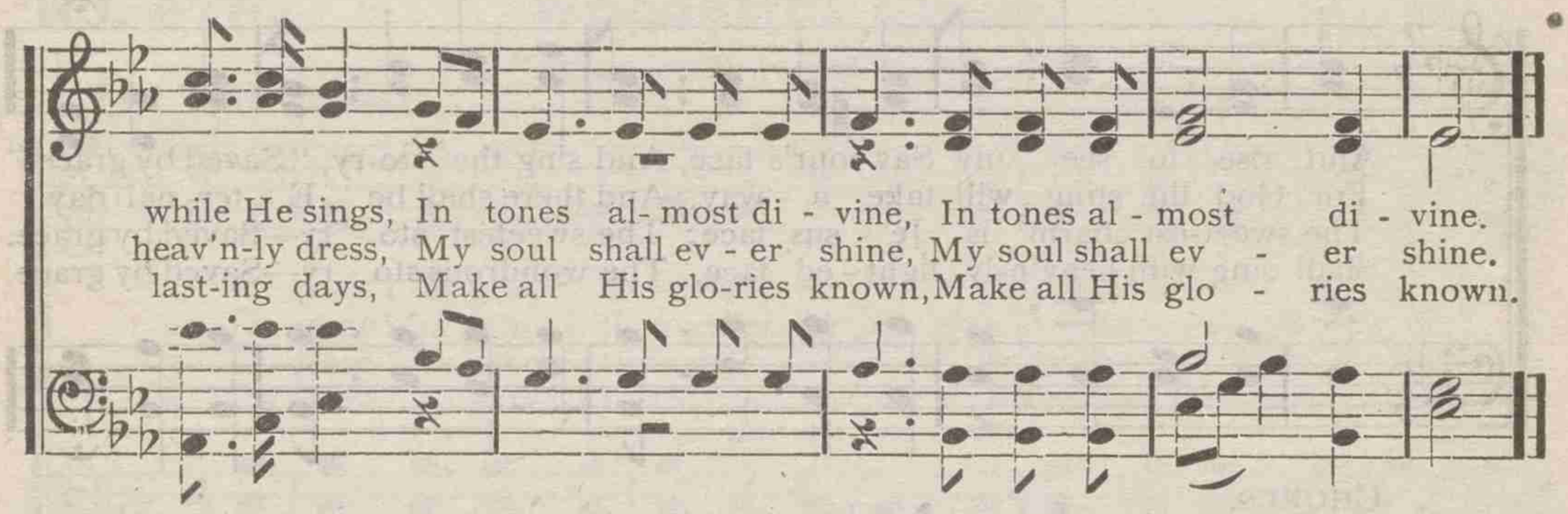
No. 472. O, Could I Speak.

(ARIEL.) C. P. M.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord."—Psa. 89: 1.

S. MEDLEY. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



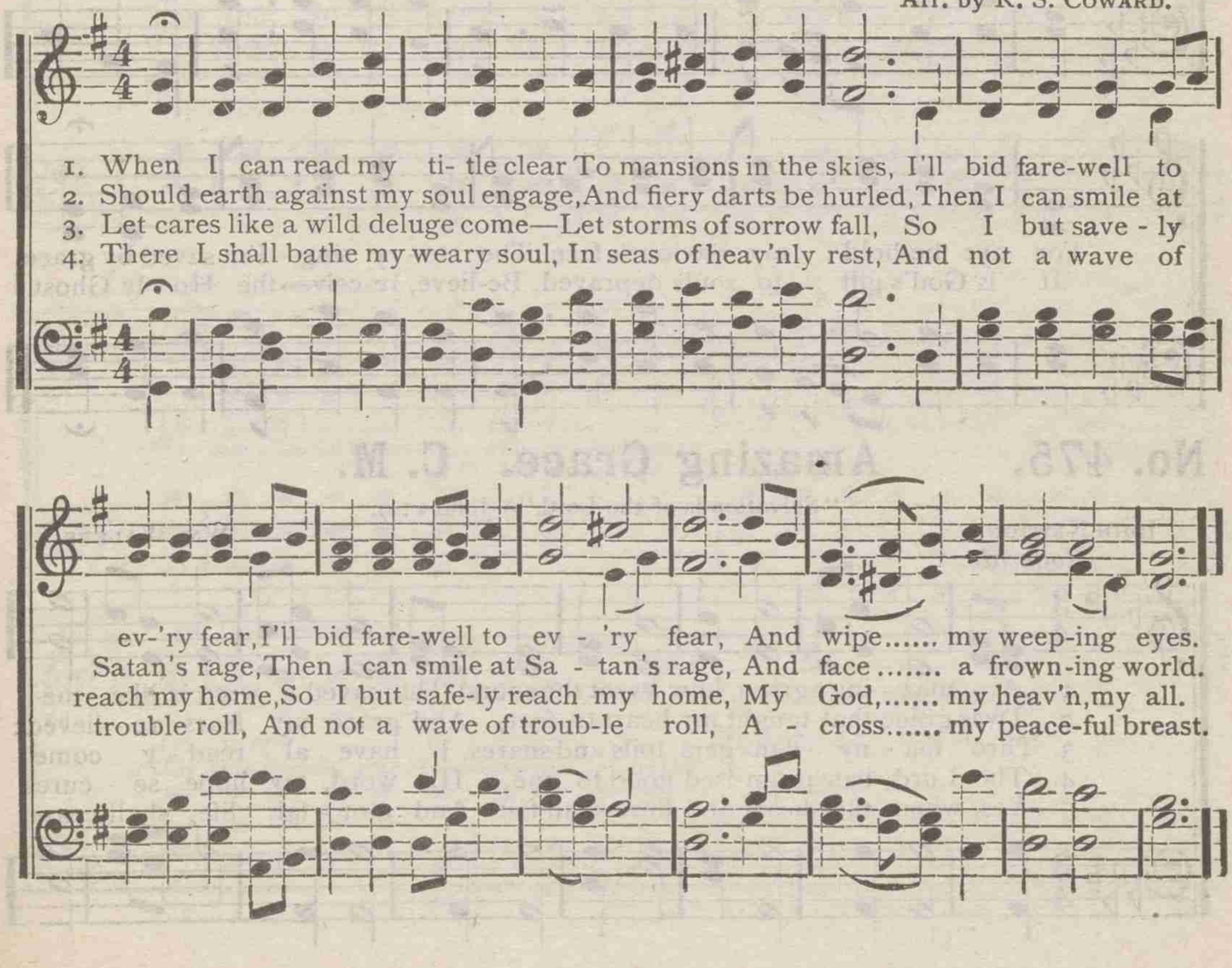
O, Could I Speak.—Concluded.



No. 473. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

(NINETY-FIFTH.)

I will greatly rejoice in the Lord."—Isa. 61: 10.

Arr. by R. S. COWARD.



No. 474. Story of Grace.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith."—Eph. 2: 8.

Copyright, 1902, by R. S. Coward.

R. S. C. R. S. COWARD.

1. Some day, but when, I can- not know, I'll cease to walk 'mid sin and woe,
2. Then I will cease to weep and moan Be-cause of sin that's all my own,
3. There I shall sing 'mid saint- ed throngs, Thro' ceaseless ages, heav'nly songs,
4. There hal - le - lu-jahs shall resound, While each redeemed with harp and crown,

And rise to see my Sav-iour's face, And sing the sto-ry, "Saved by grace."
For God the sting will take a - way, And there shall be E - ter- nal day.
The sweet-est charm is Je - sus' face; The sweetest sto - ry—Saved by grace.
Shall sing with heav'n-ly light - ed face, The wondrous sto - ry—Saved by grace.

CHORUS.

1–3.—O what a glo - rious day 'twill be; From sin and sor - row ev - er free;
4.—For 'tis by grace thro' faith I'm saved, 'Tis not of works, lest I should boast,

For aye be-hold my Saviour's face, The sto - ry sing—I'm saved by grace.
It is God's gift to souls depraved, Be-lieve, re-ceive the Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 475. Amazing Grace. C. M.

"Salvation is of the Lord."—John 2: 9.

JOHN NEWTON. WM. WALKER.

Moderato.

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan- gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word, my hope se - cures,
5. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail And mor - tal life shall cease,

Amazing Grace.—Concluded.

I once was lost, but now am found: Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap- pear, The hour I first be-lieved.
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por- tion be, As long as life en-dures.
I shall pos - sess with - in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

No. 476. Wonderful Grace.

"By grace are ye saved."—Eph. 2: 8.

Rev. W. H. BURRELL. Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder- ful grace! This great sal-va - tion brings;
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder- ful grace! Which saves the soul from sin;
3. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder- ful grace! Its streams are full and free;
4. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder- ful grace! Which bears the soul a - bove;

The soul de - liv - ered of its load, In sweet - est rap - ture sings.
The pow'r of ris - ing e - vil slays, And reigns supreme with - in.
Are flow - ing now for all the race; They e - ven flow for me.
The light which gleams from Je- sus' face Is rap - ture, peace, and love.

CHORUS.

'Tis grace!..... 'tis grace!..... Wonder-ful, wonderful grace!.....
'Tis won-der- ful grace! 'tis won-der- ful grace! wonder-ful grace!

'Tis grace!..... 'tis grace!..... Flow-ing still free - ly for me.
'Tis won-der- ful grace! 'tis won-der- ful grace!

No. 477. The Glory, Radiant Glory.

"I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Ps. 9: 11.

Anon. Copyright, 1902, by John C. F. Kyger. E. B. FOWLER.

With vigor.

1. Sing, my soul, O sing with rapture Of God's wondrous love to thee,
2. O the bliss of this sal-va-tion, Full sal - va - tion from all sin,
3. I am saved, I have the witness Of the Spir - it, full and free;
4. We are one, O blessed un-ion, Heav'nly fel - lowship di - vine;
5. Soon with-in the gold-en cit-y, Where my loved ones wait for me,

How He broke the chains of darkness, And from death hath set me free.
Pardoned, cleansed and saved forever, Jesus Christ enthroned within.
All is peace and joy and gladness, Je-sus Christ abides with me.
Day by day we walk to-geth - er, I am His and He is mine.
There the King in His own beauty, Face to face I soon shall see.

O the glo - - - ry, radiant glo - ry, Shining
O the glo-ry, radiant glory, O the glory, radiant glory, Shining

in .....my soul to-day,..... All of dark - ness, doubts and
in my soul to-day, yes, shining in my soul to-day, All of darkness, doubts and sadness, All of

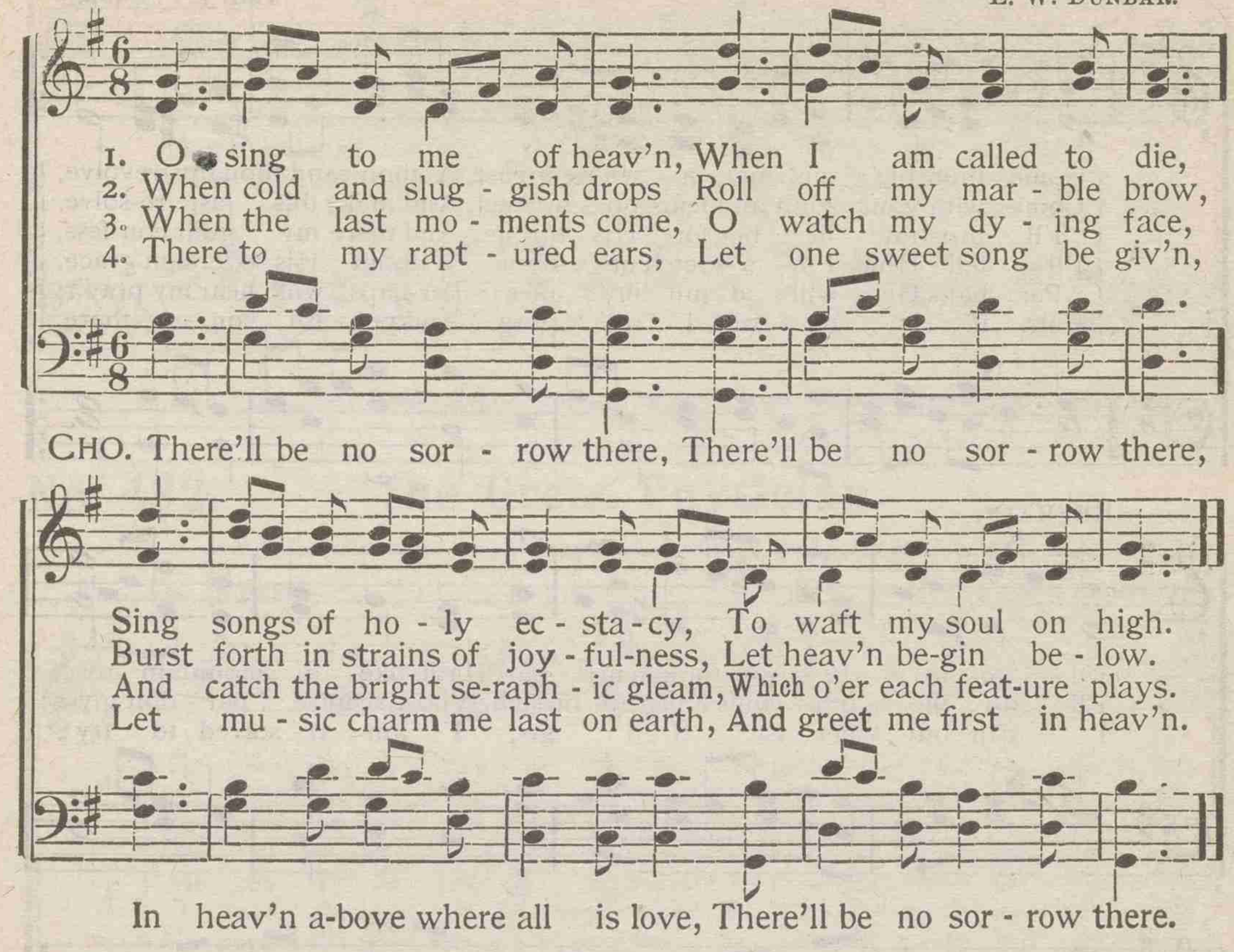
sad - ness, Are for - ev - er passed a - way.....
darkness, doubts and sadness, Are forever passed away, are forever passed away.

are passed a-way.....

No. 478. No Sorrow There.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. 21 : 4.

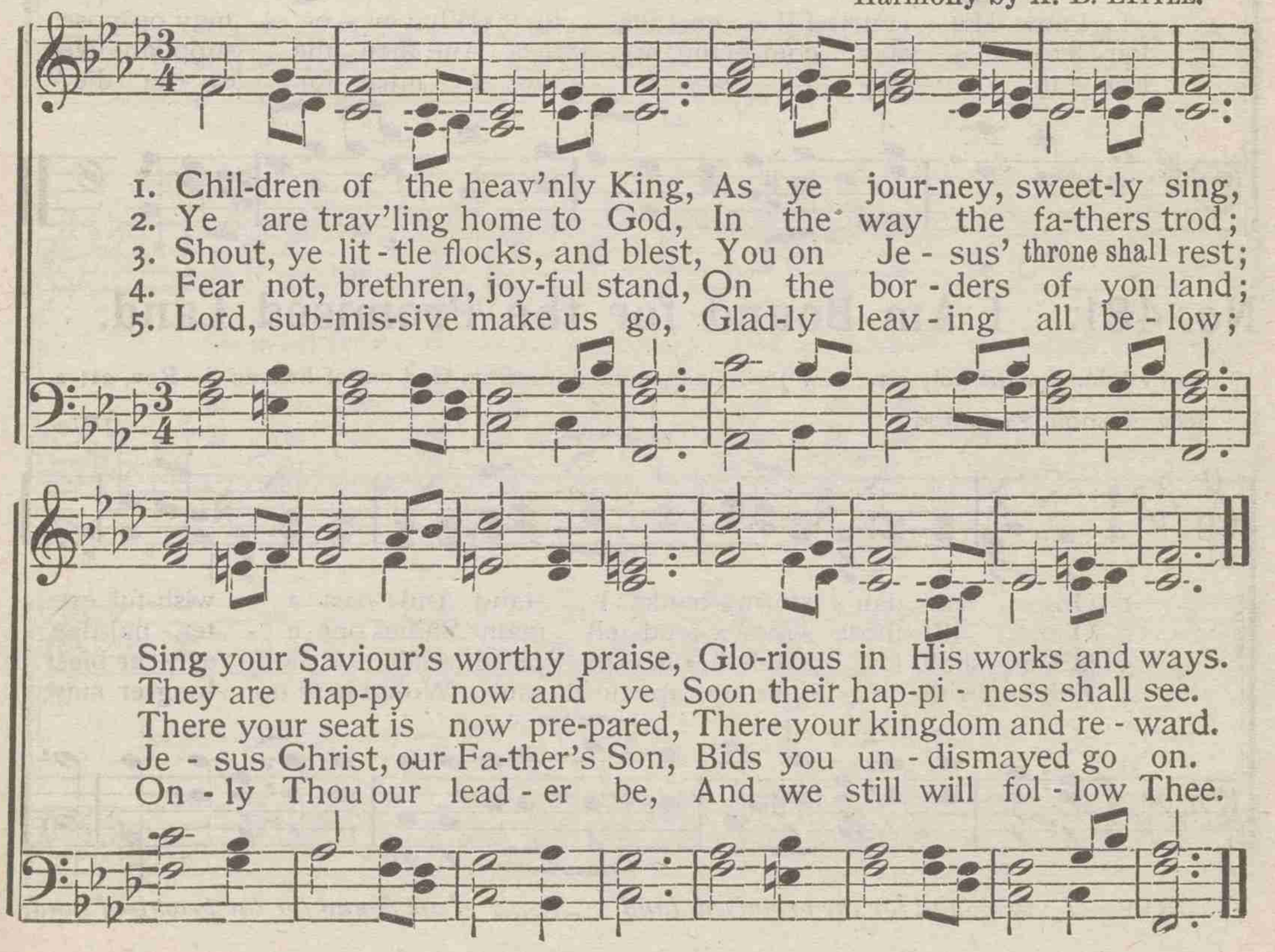
E. W. Dunbar.



No. 479. Children of the Heavenly King.

"Sing forth the honor of his name; make his name glorious."—Ps. 66 : 2.

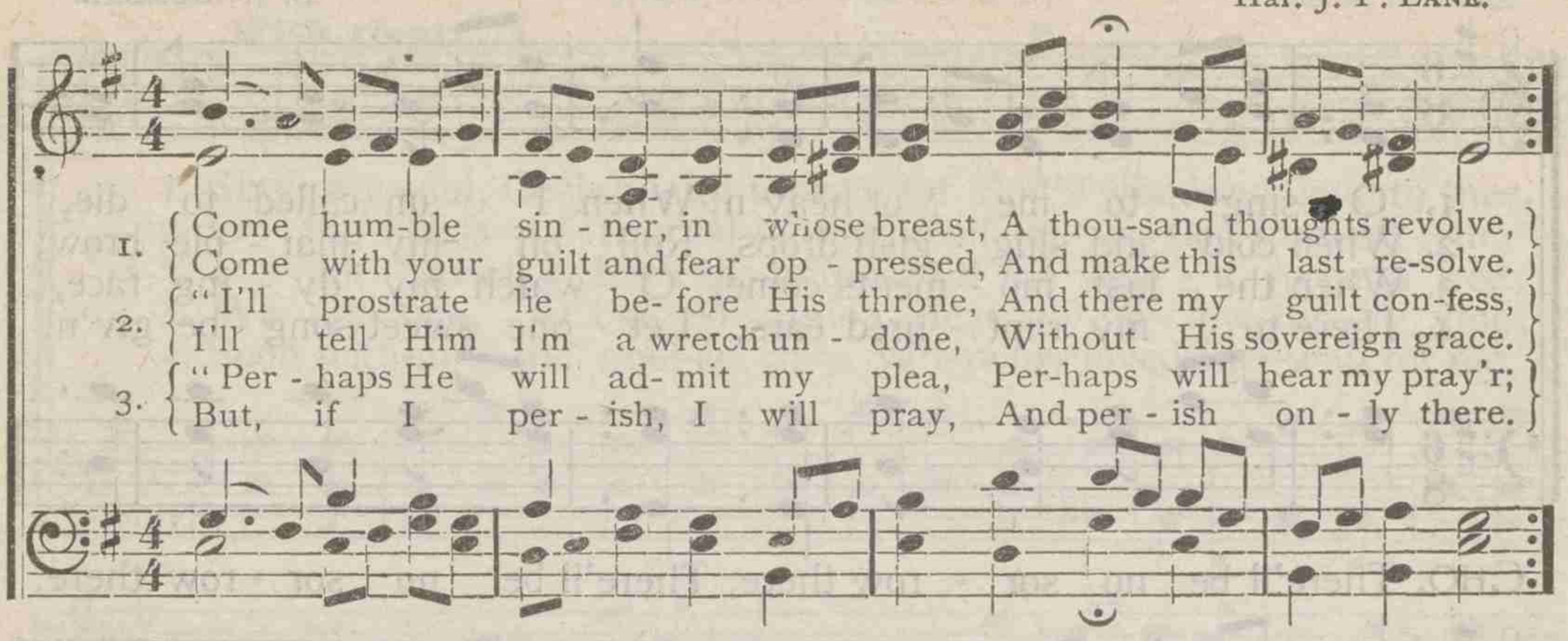
Harmony by A. B. Little.



No. 480. Come Humble Sinner.

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

Har. J. P. LANE.



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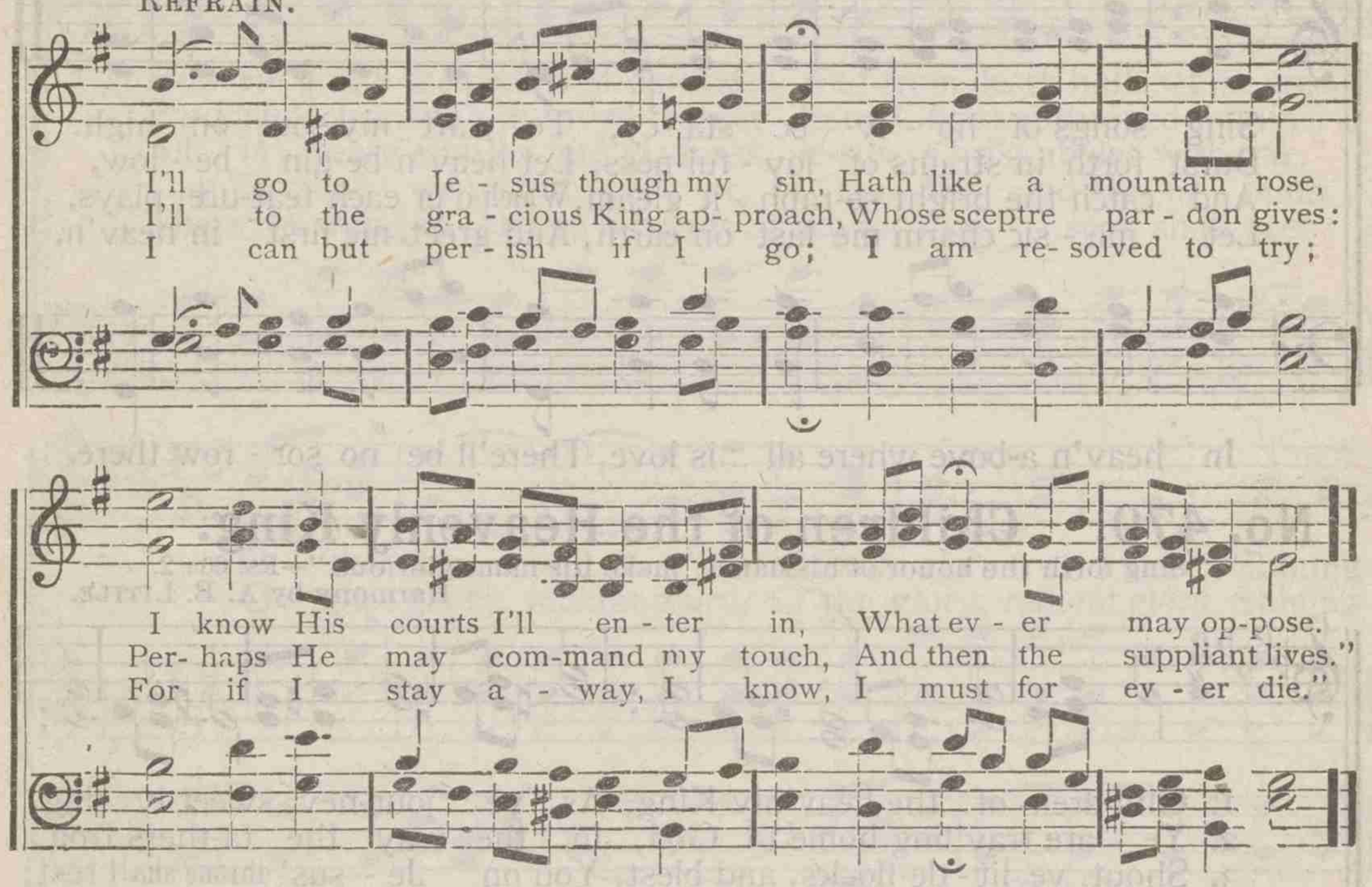
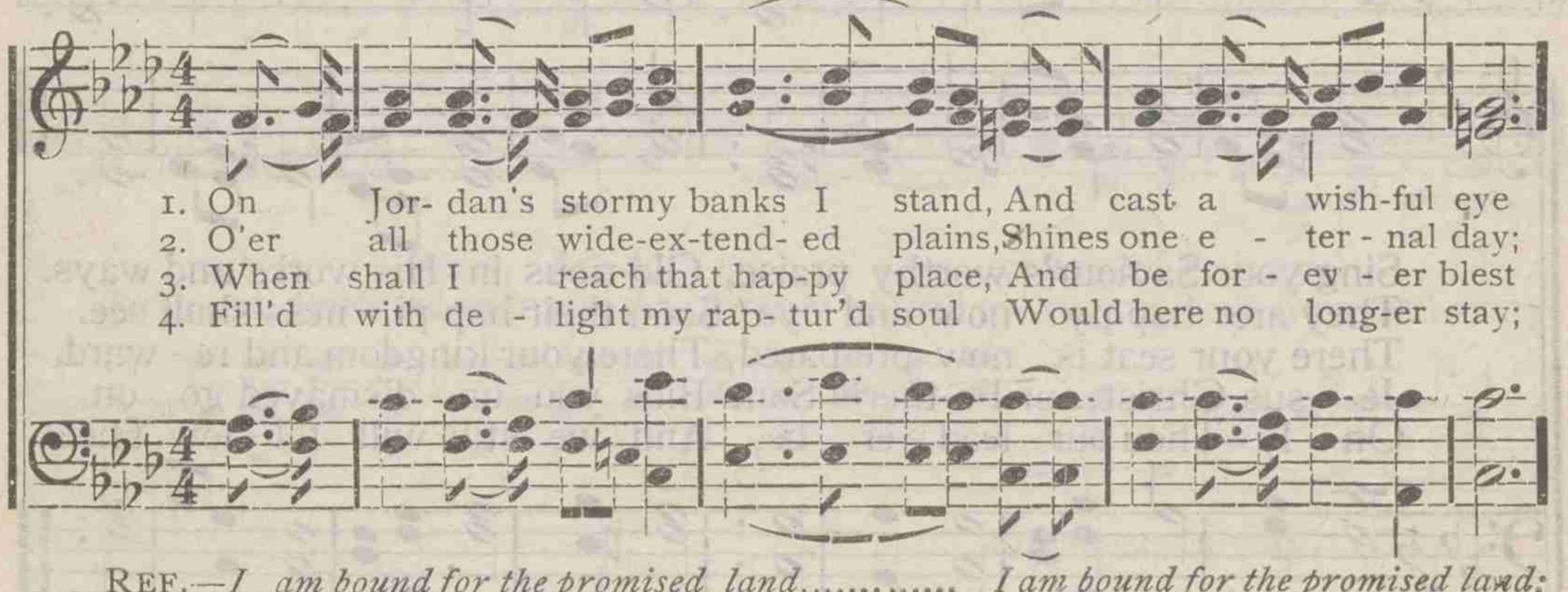


No. 481. I Am Bound for the Promised Land.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, come down from God out of heaven."—Rev. 21: 2.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. Arr.

REF.—*I am bound for the promised land,..... I am bound for the promised land;*

I Am Bound for the Promised Land.—Concluded.

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

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

No. 482. The Great Physician.

"Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am he."—John 4: 26.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

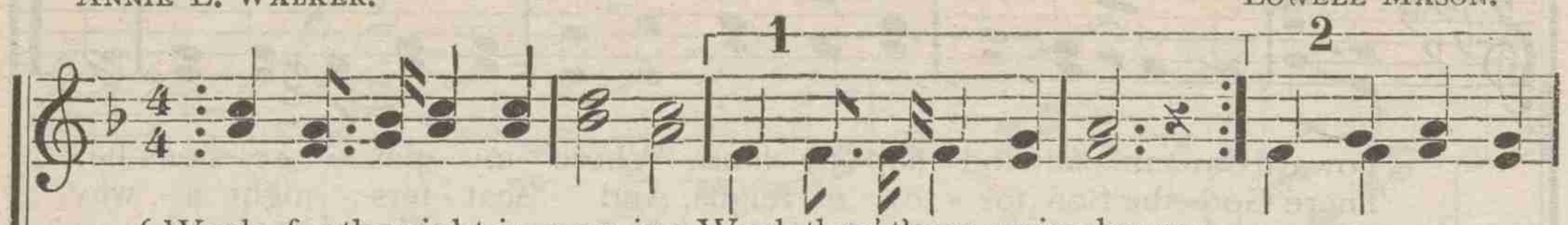
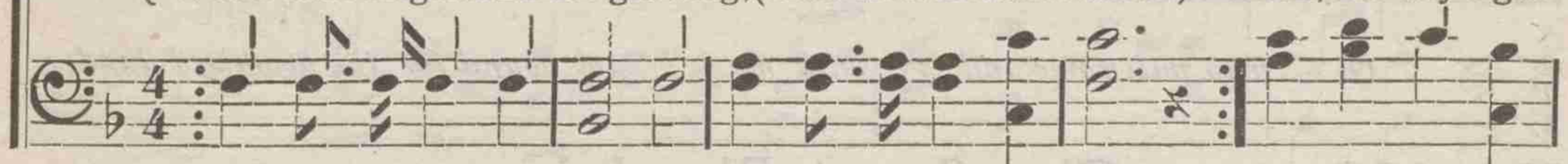
1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;
   He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus,
   Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be- lieve in Je - sus,
   I love the bless- ed Sav-iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus,
   Oh! how my soul de- lights to hear The charming name of Je - sus.
5. The chil - dren, too both great and small Who love the name of Je - sus,
   May now ac- cept the gra - cious call To work and live for Je - sus.

Chorus.

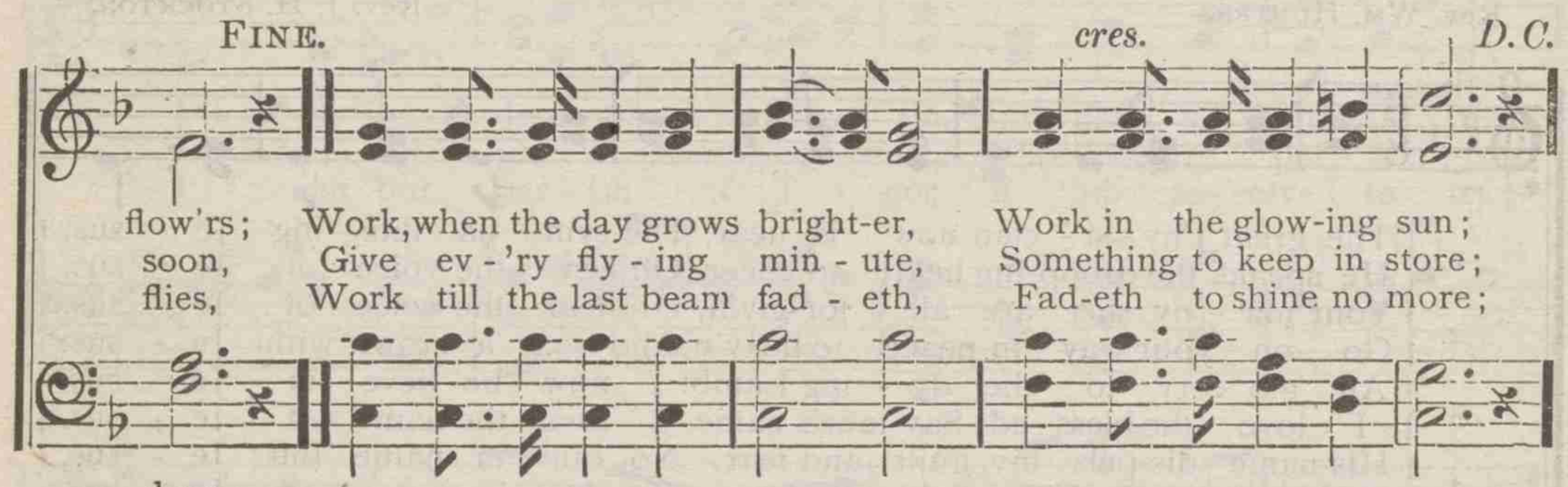
Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue,
Sweet- est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

No. 483. Work, for the Night is Coming.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Ecc. 9: 10.

ANNIE L. WALKER. LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
   { Work, while the dew is sparkling, (*Omit* .....) Work, 'mid springing
2. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sunny noon;
   { Fill brightest hours with la-bor, (*Omit*.....) Rest comes sure and
3. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies;
   { While their bright tints are glowing, (*Omit*.....) Work, for day-light

D.C.—Work, for the night is com-ing, (*Omit*.....) When man's work is
D.C.—Work, for the night is com-ing, (*Omit*.....) When man works no
D.C.—Work while the night is dark'ning, (*Omit*.....) When man's work is

FINE. *cres.* *D.C.*



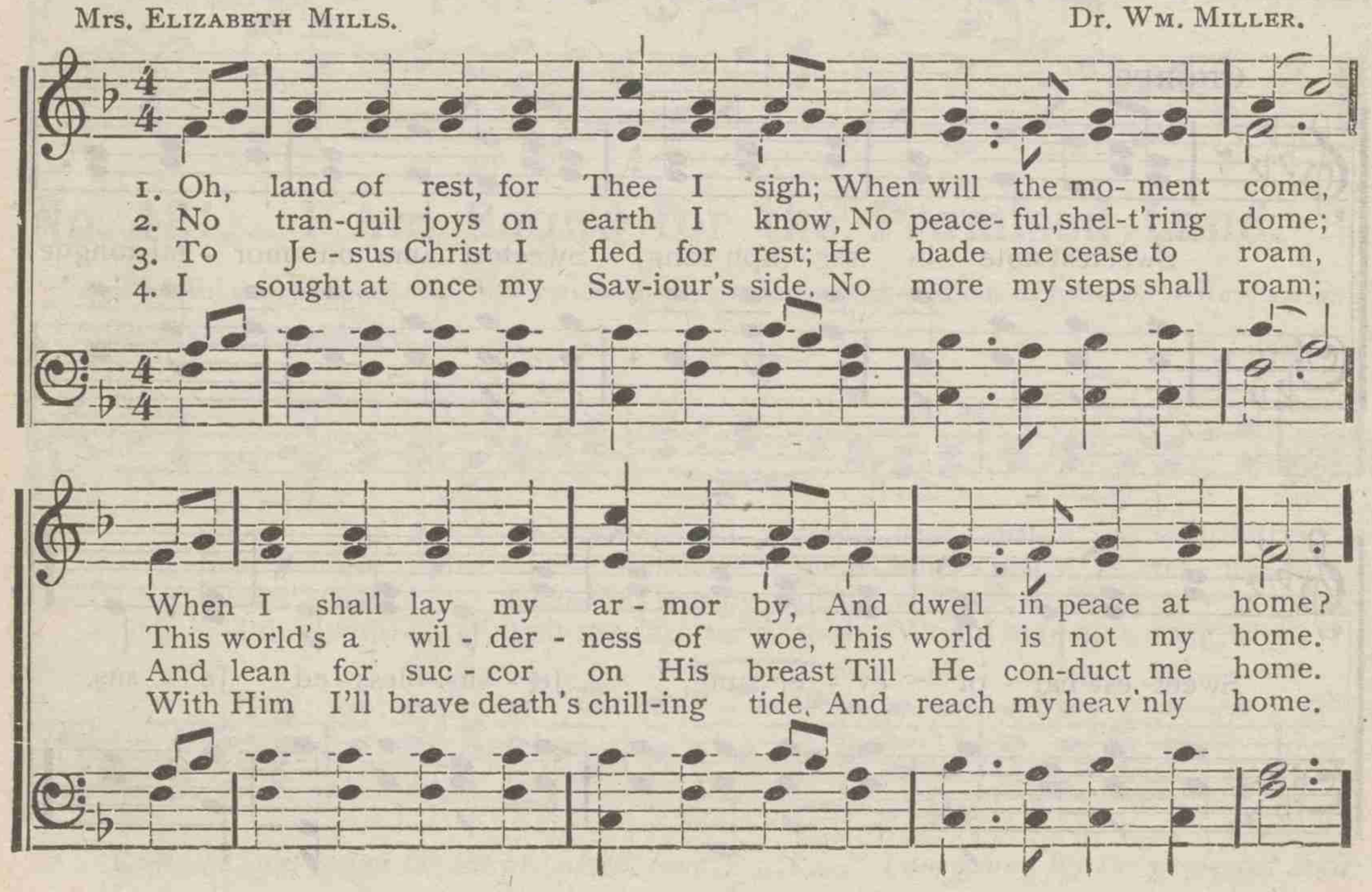
flow'rs; Work, when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
soon, Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute, Something to keep in store;
flies, Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to shine no more;

done.
more.
o'er.

No. 484. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

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

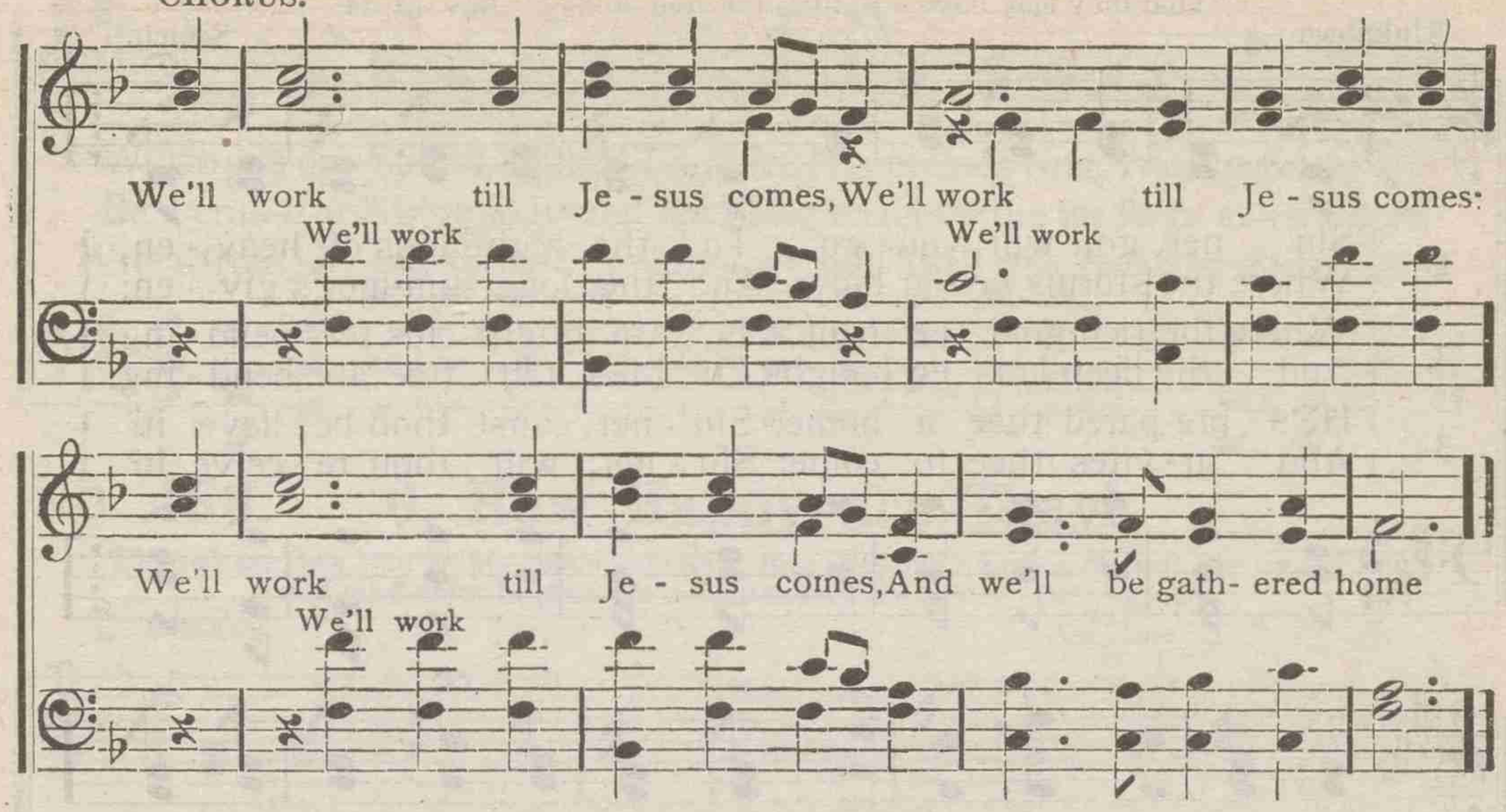
Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS. Dr. WM. MILLER.



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

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

We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

No. 485. I Belong to Jesus.

"For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus."—Gal. 3 : 26.

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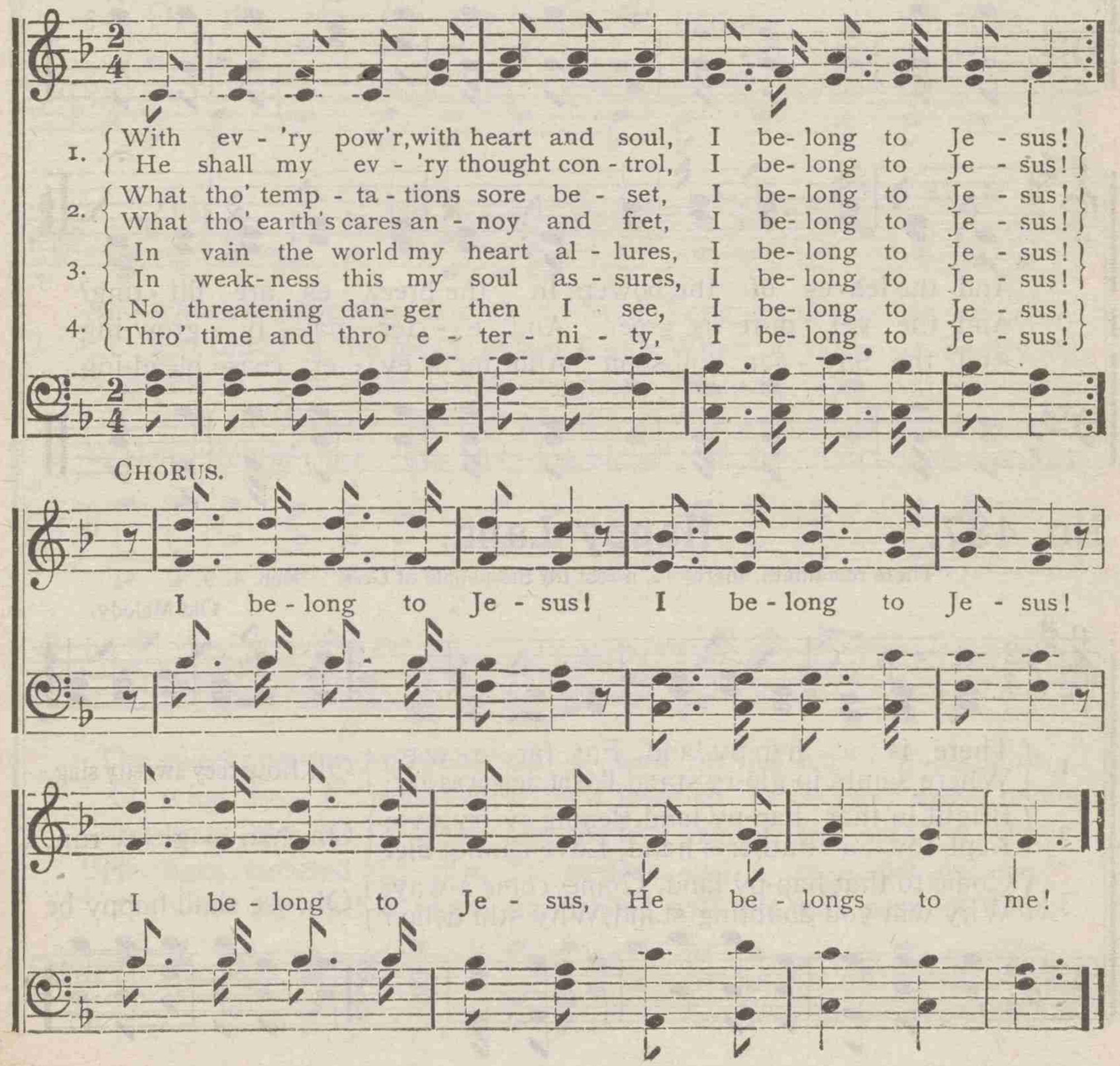
E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.



No. 486. Sinner, Go, Will You Go?

"That they may have a right to the tree of life."—Rev. 22: 14.

Unknown. Scotch.

1. Sin - ner, go, will you go To the high-lands of heav - en,
Where the storms nev-er blow And the long sum-mer's giv - en;

2. Where the rich gold - en fruit Is in bright clus ters pend - ing,
And the deep lad - en boughs Of life's fair tree are bend - ing;

3. He's pre-pared thee a home; Sin - ner, canst thou be - lieve it?
And in - vites thee to come; Sin - ner, wilt thou re - ceive it?

Where the bright blooming flowers Are their o - dors e - mit - ting,
And where life's crys - tal stream Is un - ceas - ing - ly flow - ing,
Oh, come, sin - ner, come, For the tide is re - ced - ing,
And the leaves of the bowers In the breez - es are flit - ting?
And the ver - dure is green And e - ter - nal - ly grow-ing.
And the Sav - ior will soon And for - ev - er, cease plead-ing.

No. 487. Happy Land.

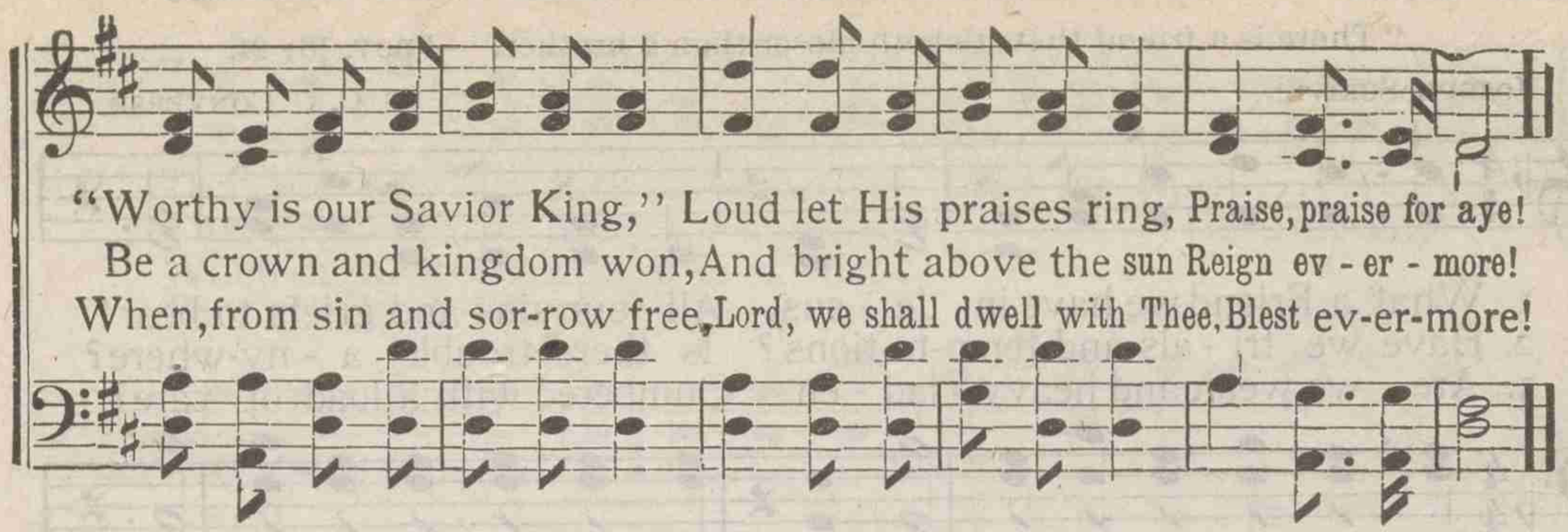
"There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

Old Melody.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way,
Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day;
Oh, how they sweetly sing,

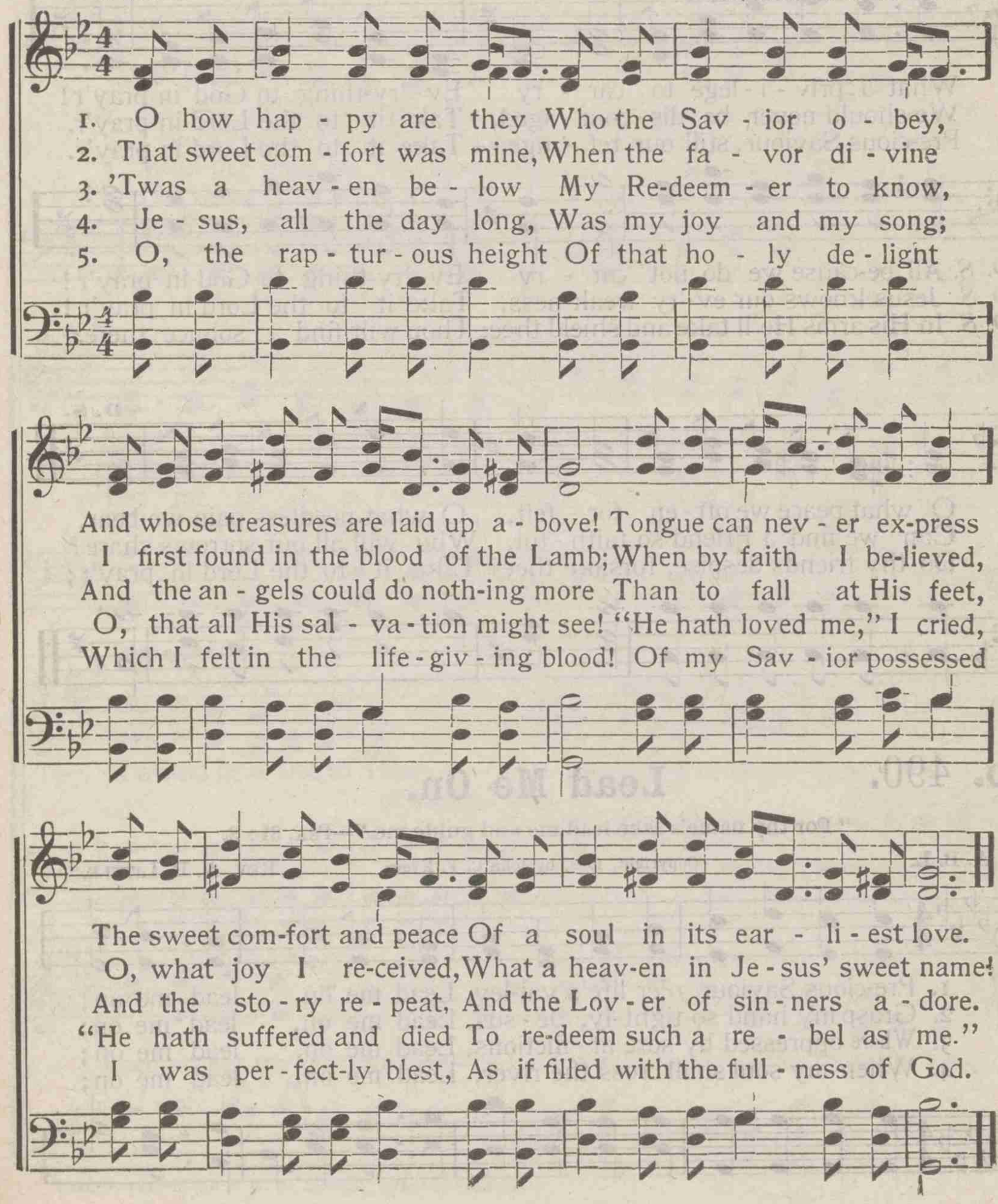
2. Bright in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye;
Kept by a Father's hand, Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glo-ry run,

3. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way;
Why will you doubting stand, Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be

Happy Land. Concluded.

No. 488. O, How Happy are They!

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. 22: 14.

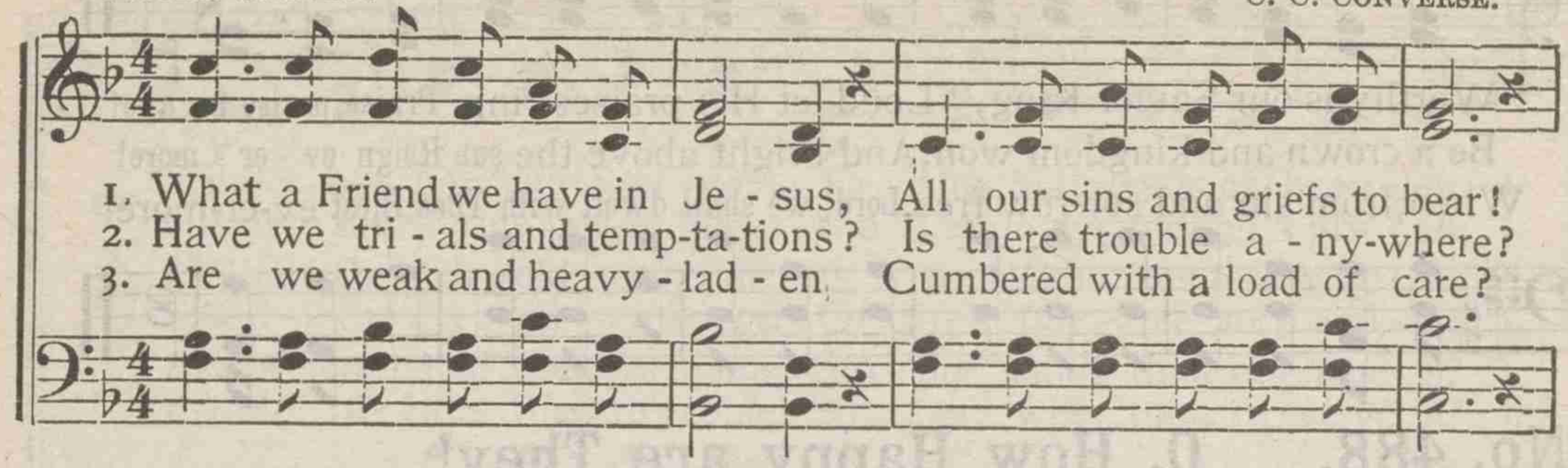
C. WESLEY. Arr. JNO. C. F. KYGER.

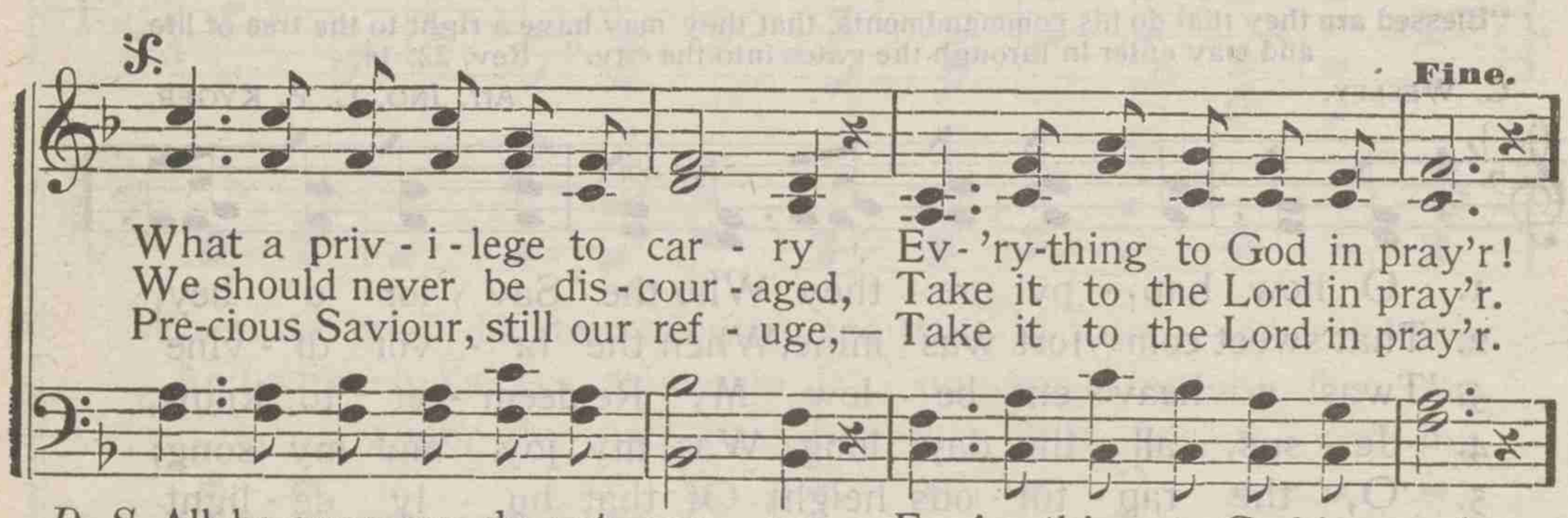


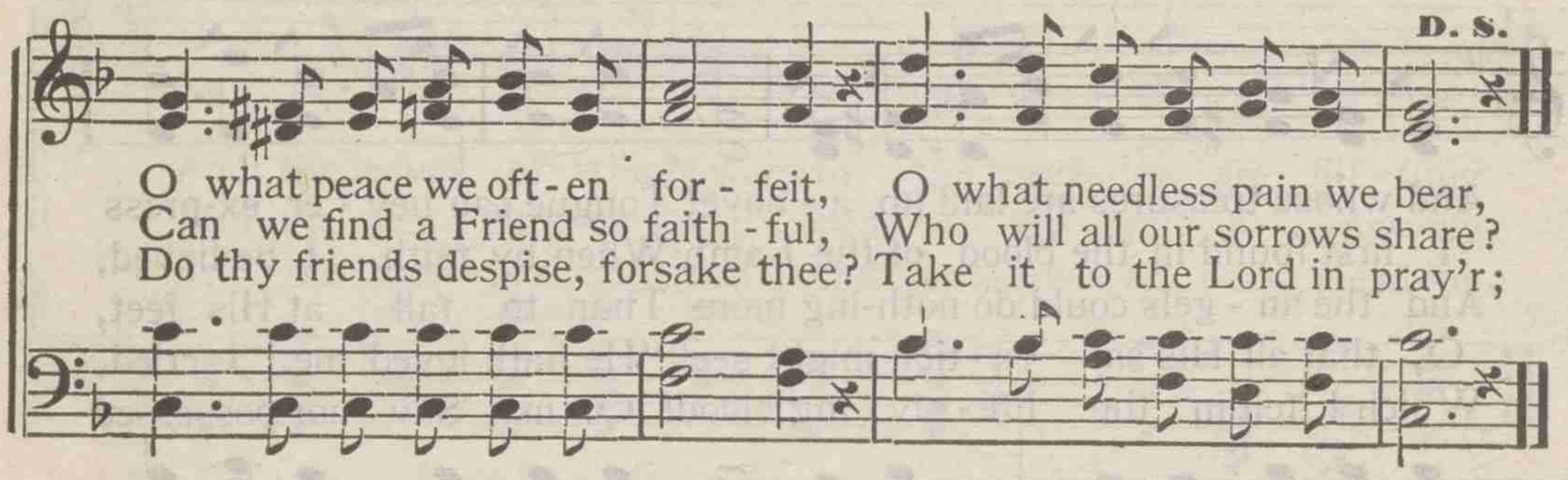
No. 489. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.



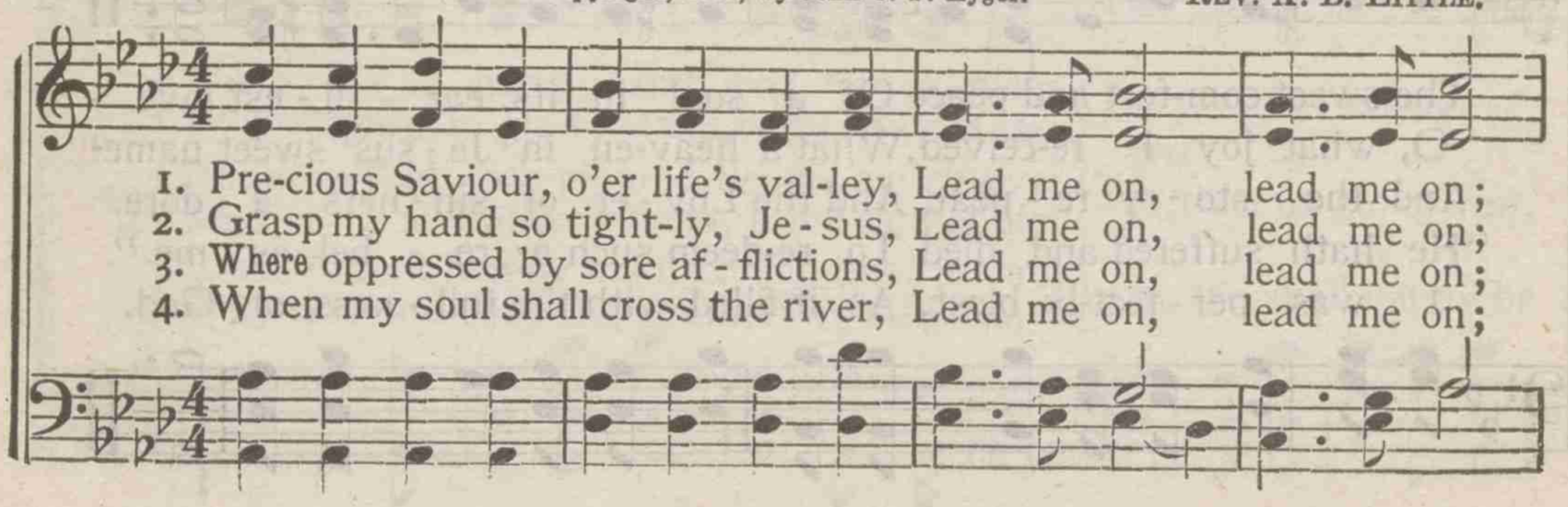




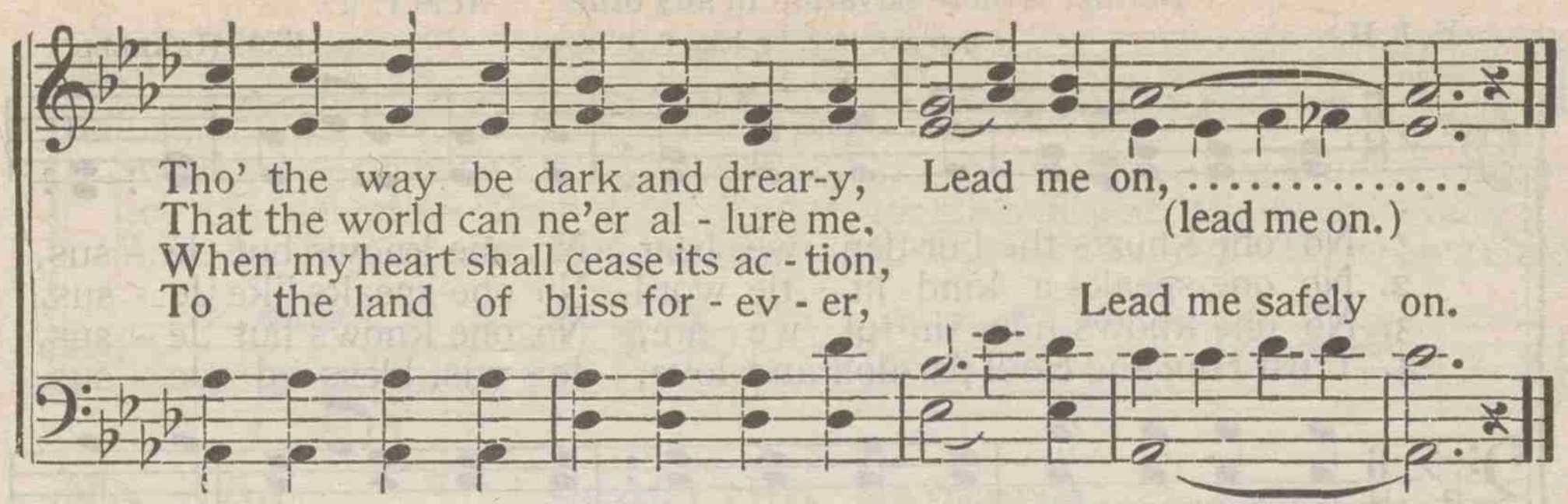
No. 490. Lead Me On.

"For thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—PSA. 31: 3.

A. B. L. Copyright, 1902, by John C. F. Kyger. REV. A. B. LITTLE.



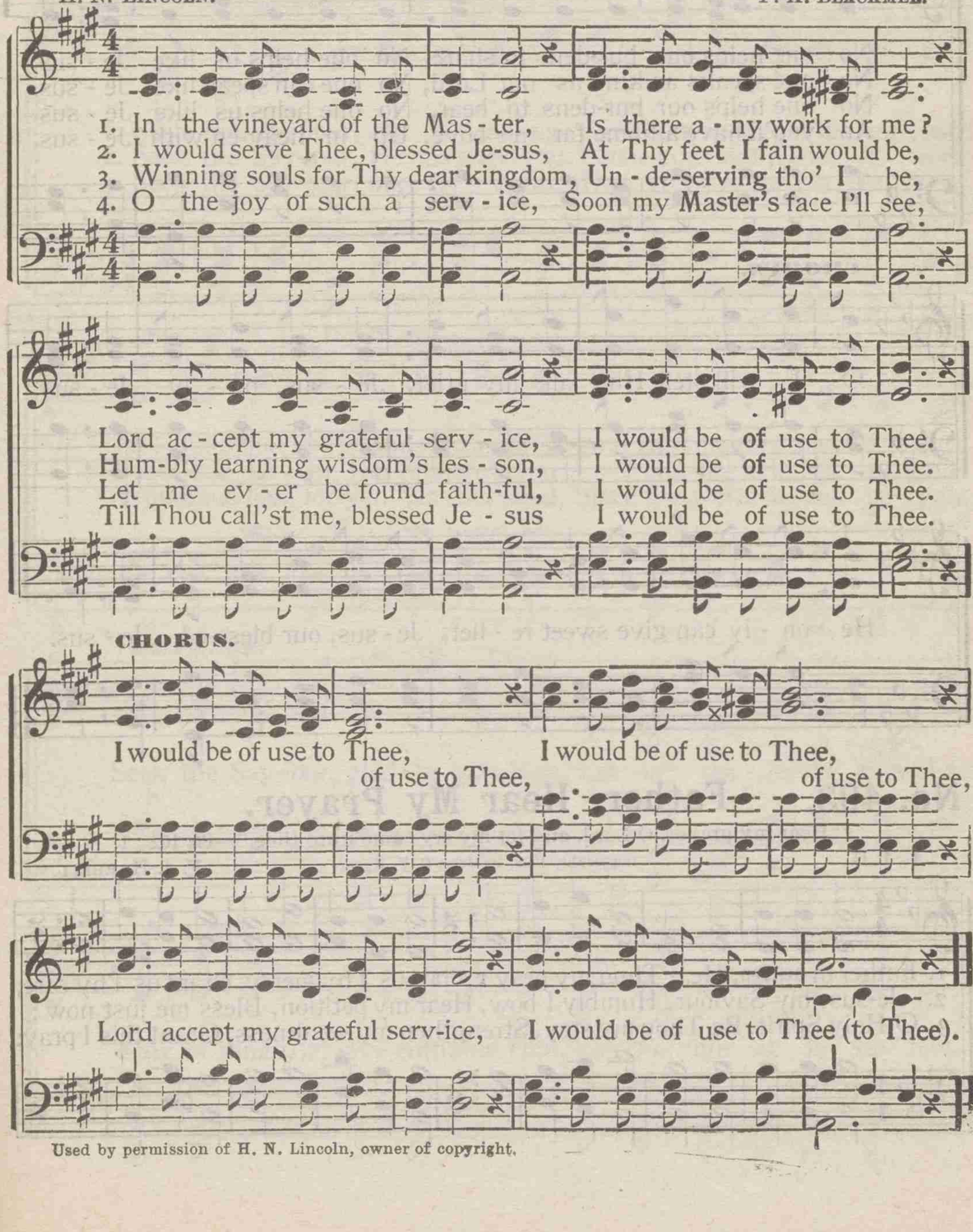
Lead Me On. Concluded.



No. 491. I Would be of Use to Thee.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—ACTS 9: 6.

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



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No. 492. No One But Jesus.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—ACTS 4: 12.

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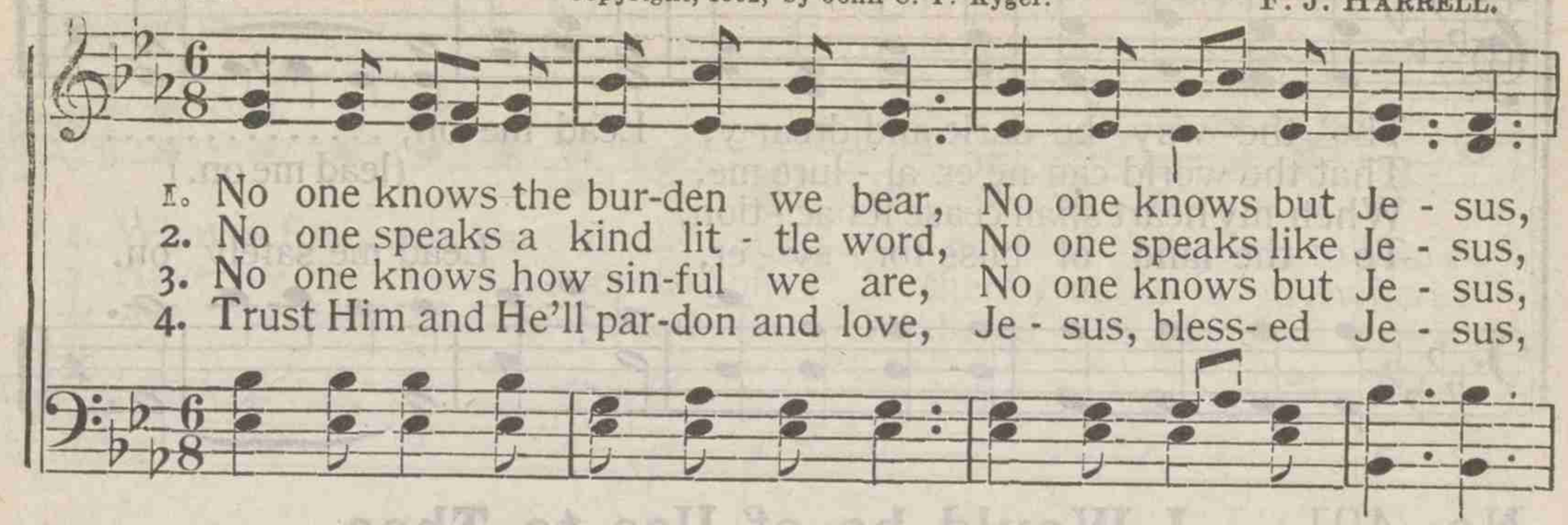
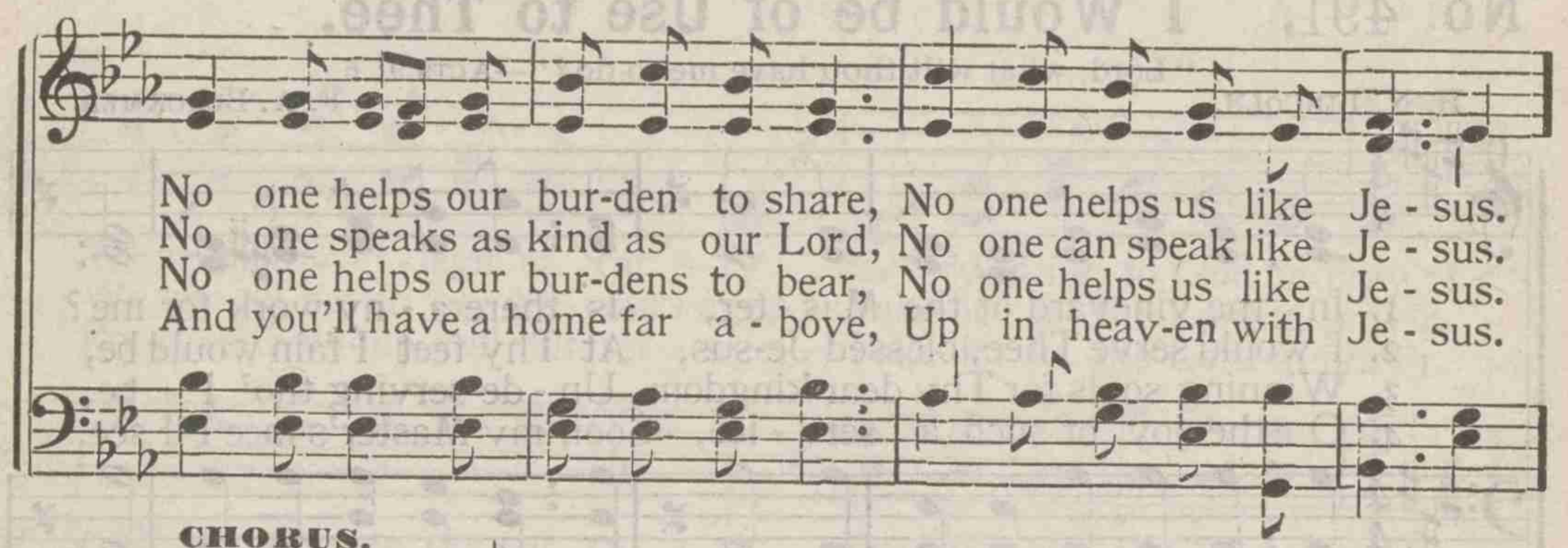
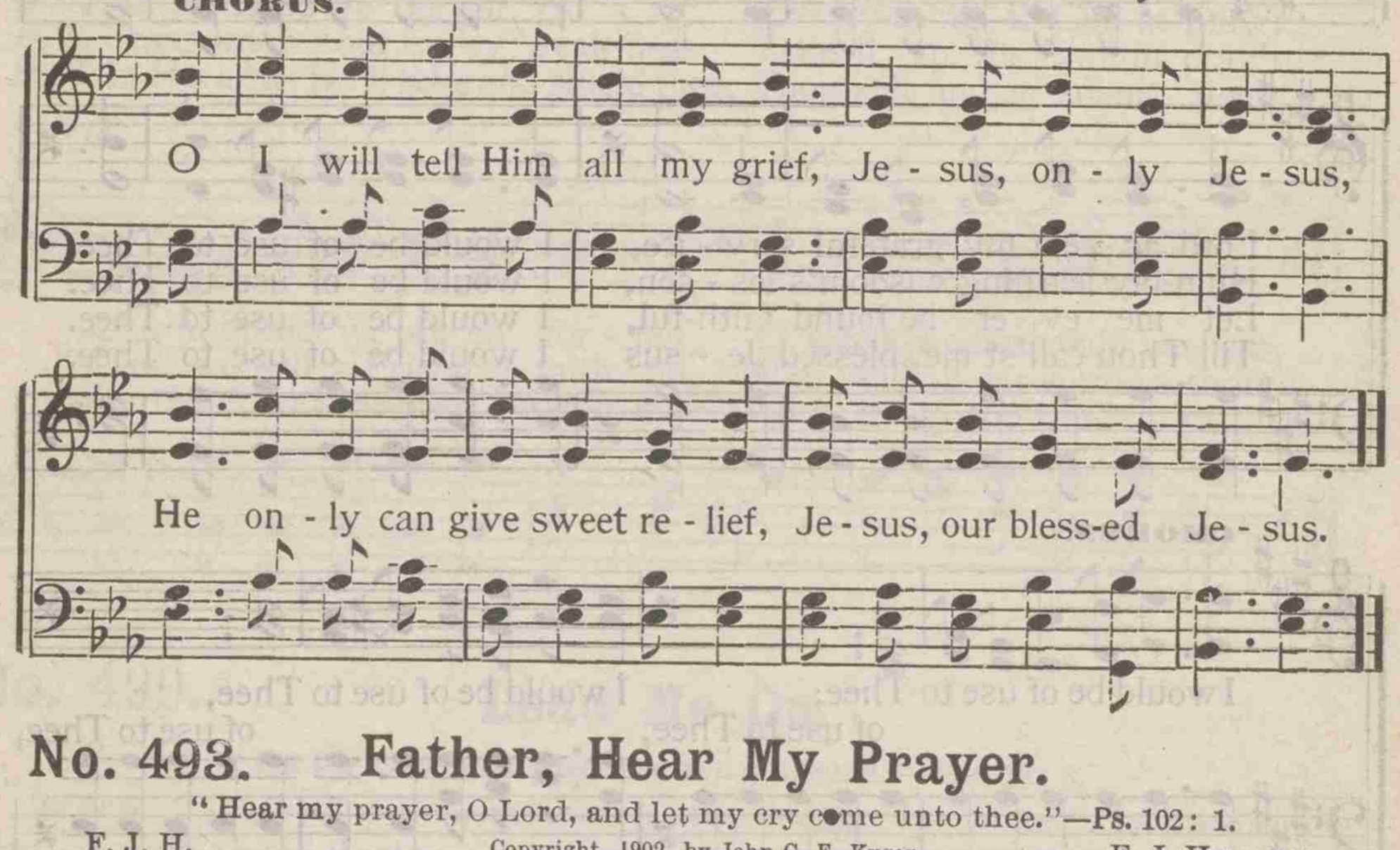
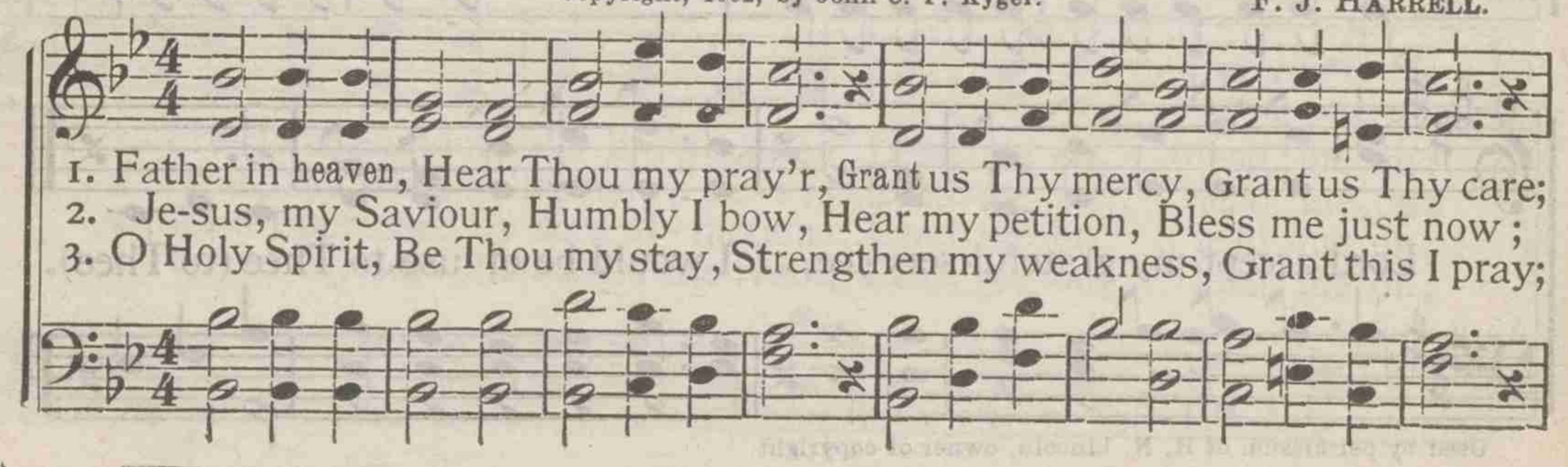




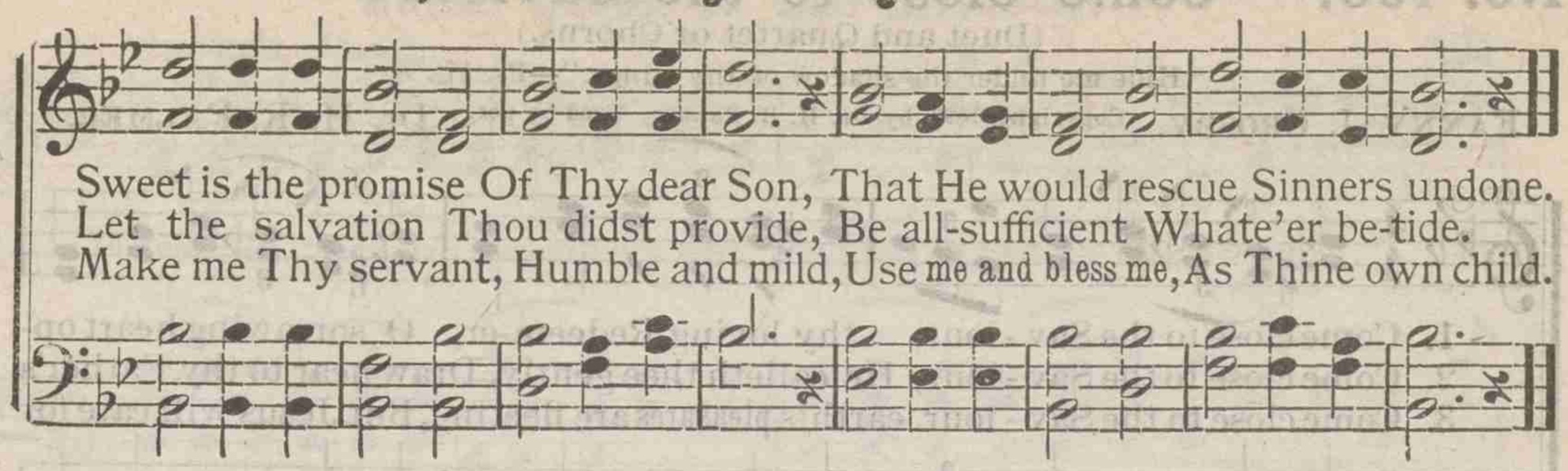
CHORUS.

No. 493. Father, Hear My Prayer.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee."—Ps. 102: 1.

F. J. H. Copyright, 1902, by John C. F. Kyger. F. J. HARRELL.



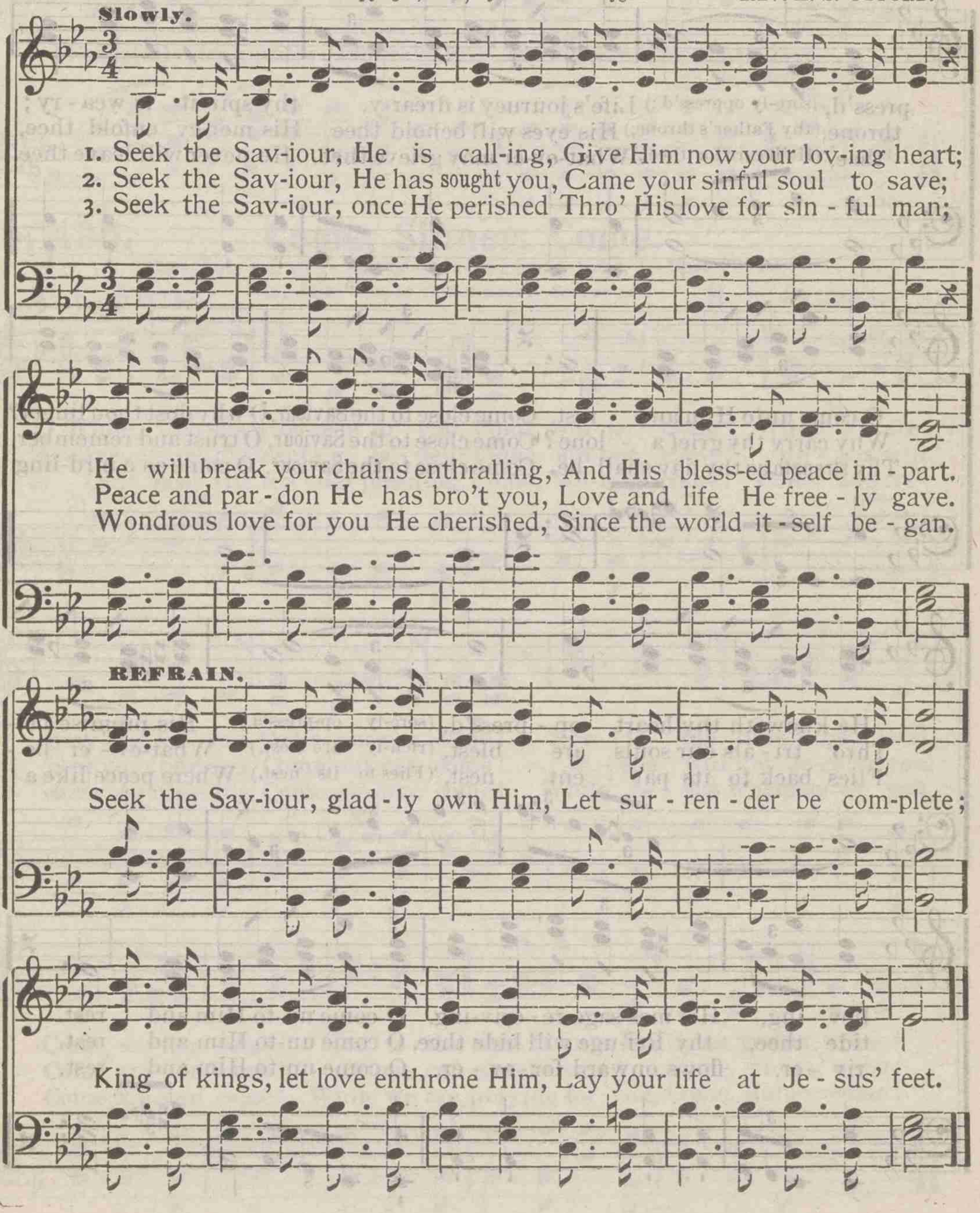
Father, Hear My Prayer. Concluded.



No. 494. Seek the Saviour.

"And ye shall seek me, and find me when ye shall search for me with your whole heart."—JER. 29 : 13.

MRS. F. A. BRECK. Copyright, 1902, by John C. F Kyger. REV. E. S. UFFORD.



No. 495. Come Close to the Saviour.

(Duet and Quartet or Chorus.)

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 17 : 8.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1890, by Dr. H. R. Palmer. Used by per. Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. Come close to the Sav - iour, thy loving Redeem-er, O sorrowing heart op-
2. Come close to the Sav - iour, He calleth thee gently, Draw near to thy Father's
3. Come close to the Sav - iour, earth's pleasures are fleeting, But Jesus will care for

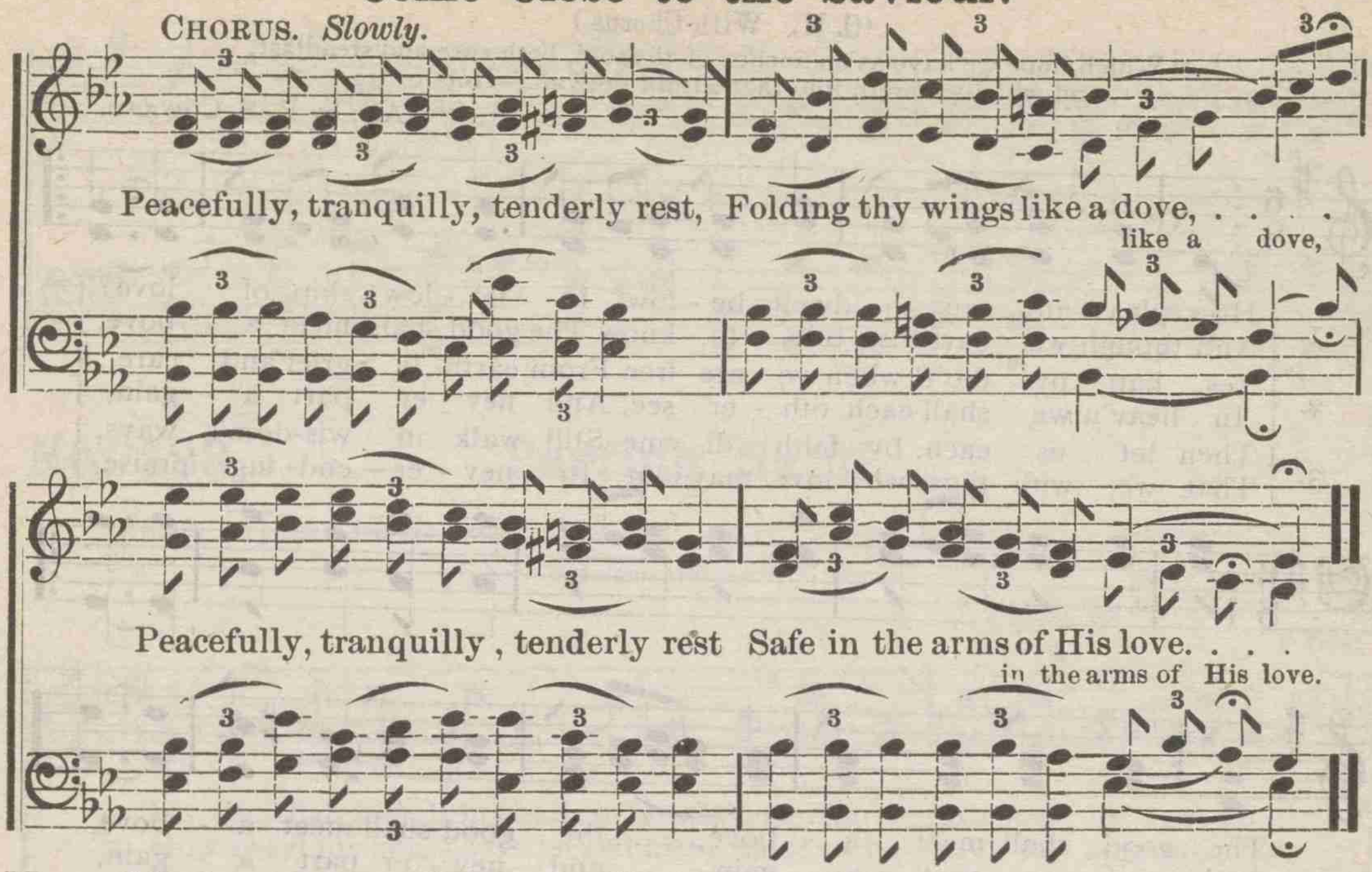
press'd, (sore-ly oppress'd;) Life's journey is drear-y, thy spir-it is wea - ry;
throne, (thy Father's throne;) His eyes will behold thee, His mer-cy enfold thee,
thee, (He'll care for thee;) What-ev-er may grieve thee, He never will leave thee,

O come unto Him and rest. Come close to the Saviour, O why dost thou linger?
Why carry thy grief a - lone? Come close to the Saviour, O trust and remember,
Thy strength as thy day shall be. Come close to the Saviour, O come as a bird-ling

He knoweth thy heart op - press'd, (sore-ly op-press'd.) His promise be -
Thro' tri - als our souls are blest, (rich-ly are blest.) What-ev - er be -
Flies back to its par - ent nest, (Flies to its nest.) Where peace like a

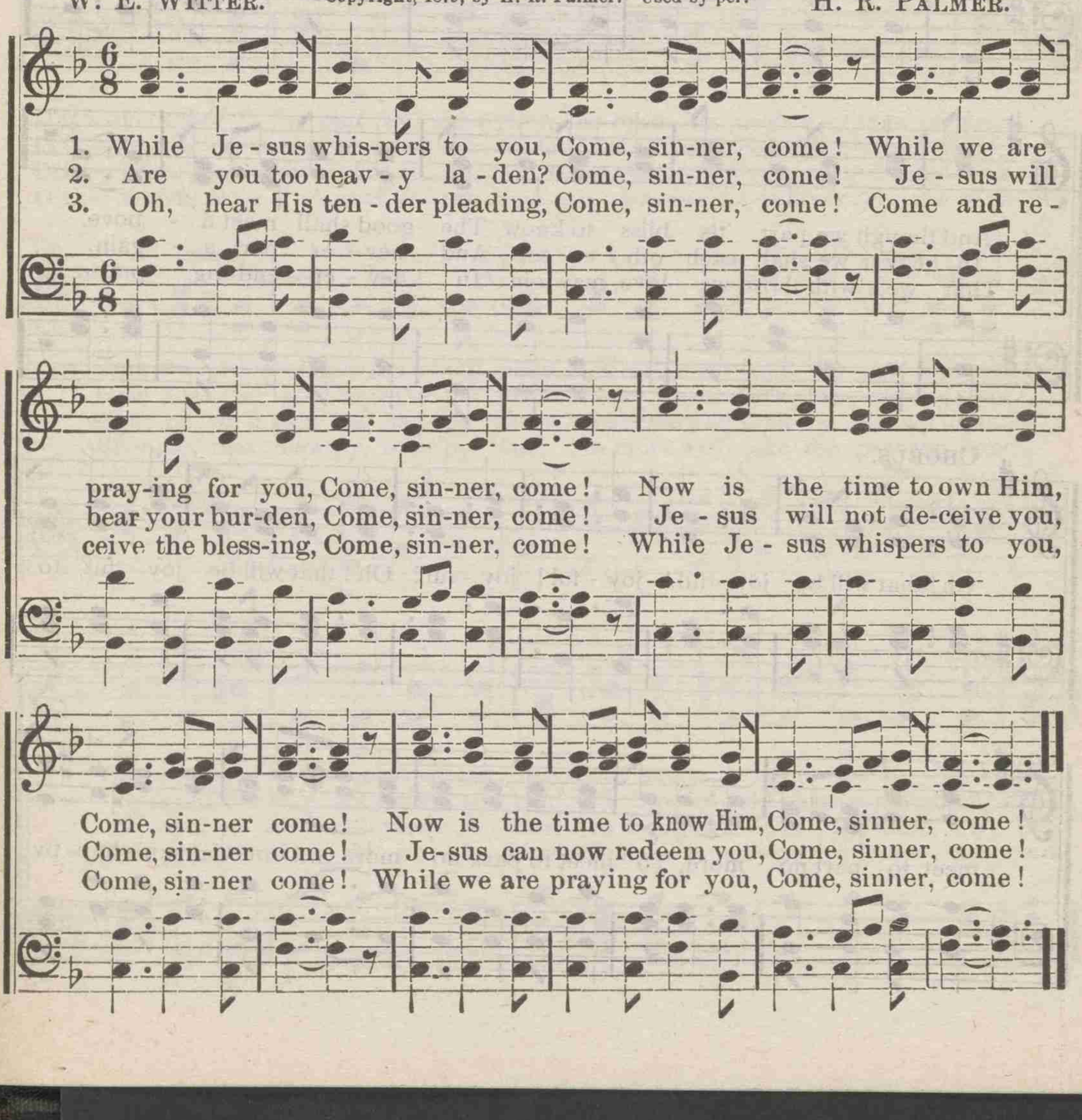
liev - ing, His mes-sage re - ceiv-ing, O come un-to Him and rest.
tide thee, thy Ref-uge will hide thee, O come un-to Him and rest.
riv - er, flows onward for - ev - er, O come un-to Him and rest.

Come Close to the Saviour.

CHORUS. *Slowly.*

No. 496. Come, Sinner, Come.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—Matt. 11 : 28.

W. E. WITTER. Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer. Used by per. H. R. PALMER.



No. 497. Parting Hymn.

(C. M. With Chorus.)

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail.—Heb. 6: 19.

Arr. by R. S. COWARD.

1. How pleas- ant thus to dwell be - fow In fel - low - ship of love?
   And though we part 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove,

2. Yes, hap - py tho't! when we are free From earth- ly grief and care,
   In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain,

3. Then let us each, by faith di- vine, Still walk in wis-dom's ways,
   That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er—end- ing praise,

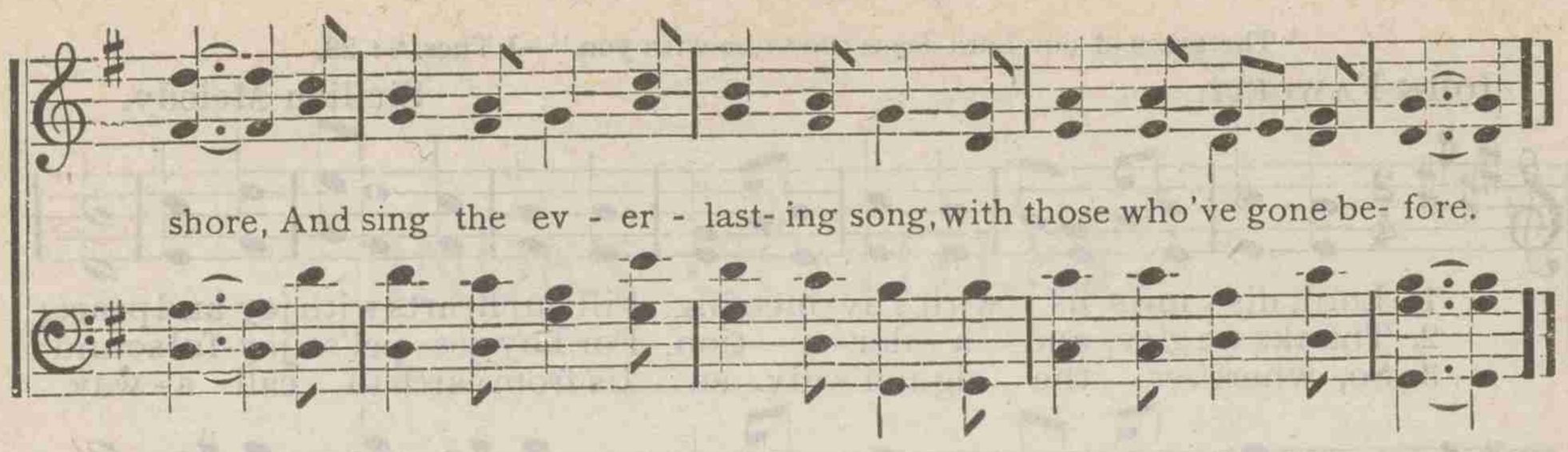
The good shall meet a - bove,.....the good shall meet a - bove,
And nev - er part a - gain,.....and nev - er part a - gain,
In nev - er—end - ing praise,..... in nev - er—end - ing praise,

And though we part 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.
In heav'n we shall each oth - er see And nev - er part a - gain.
That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er—end-ing praise.

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 Canaan's hap- py

Parting Hymn.—Concluded.



No. 498. Parting Hand.

"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—Ephe. 6: 10.

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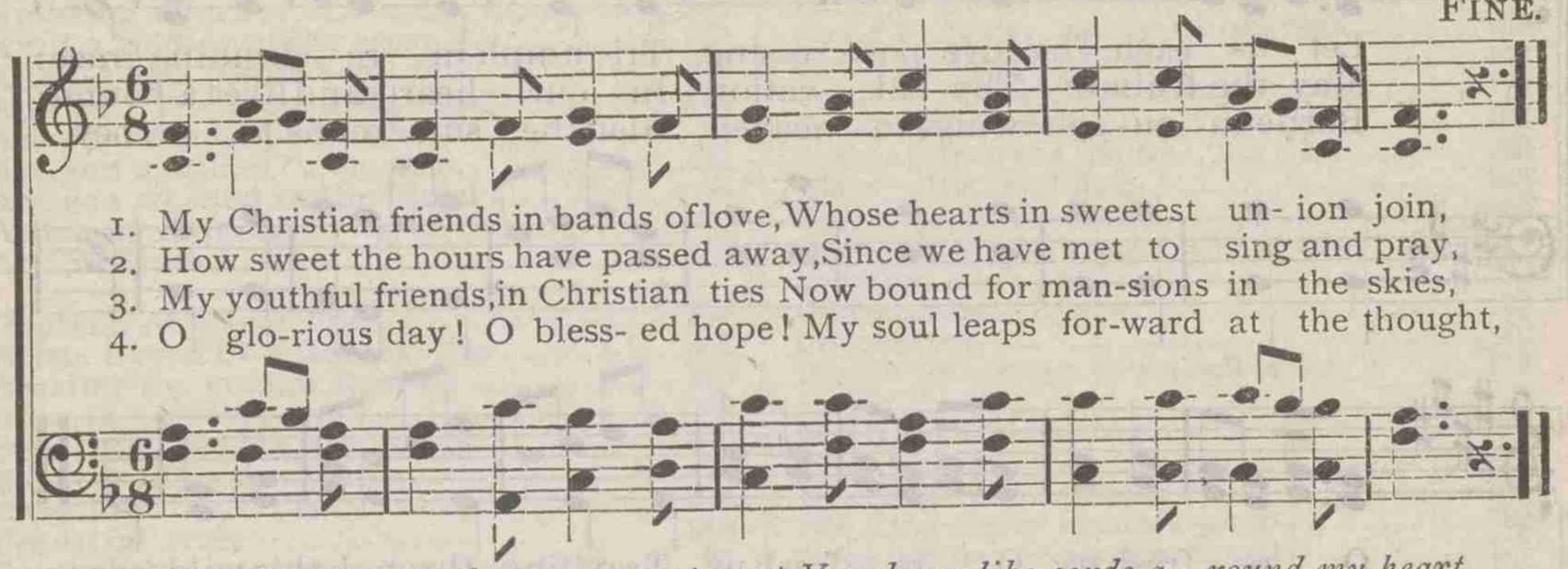
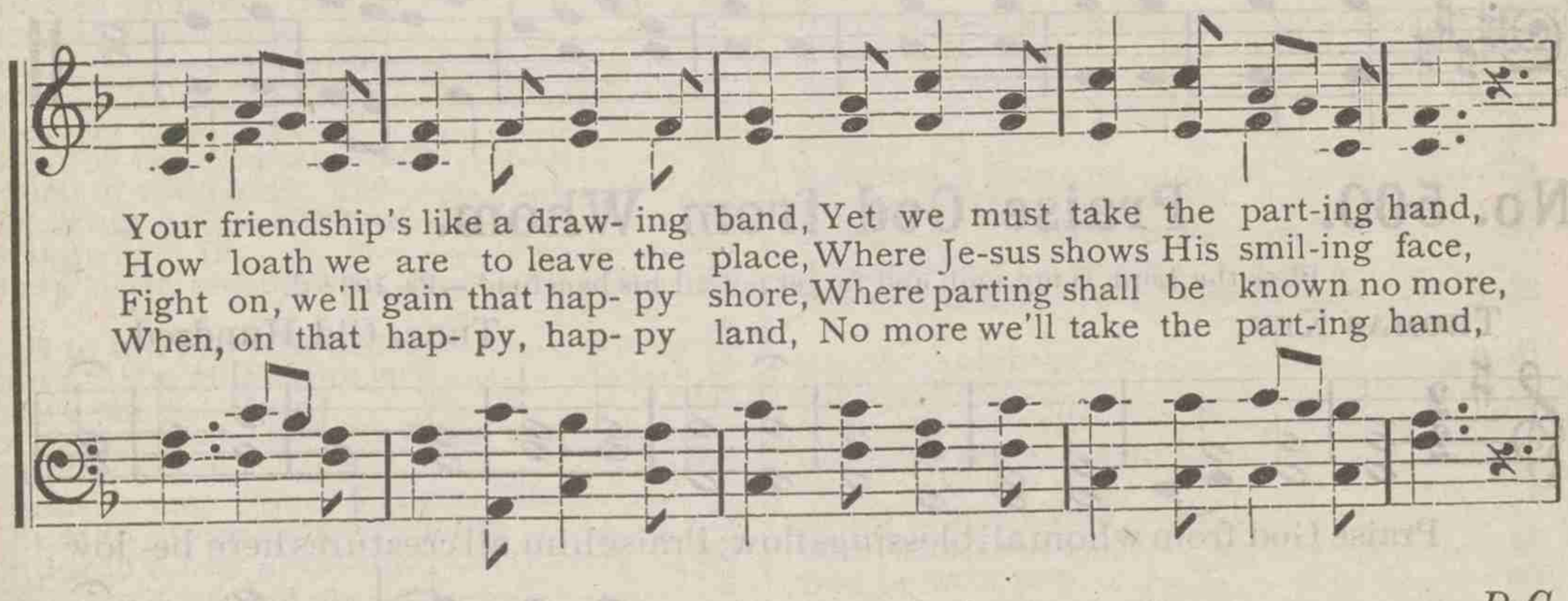


D.C.—*Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like cords a - round my heart.*
D.C.—*But du - ty makes me un - der- stand, That we must take the part-ing hand.*
D.C.—*There singing with that ho - ly band, Where none shall take the part-ing hand.*
D.C.—*And there we'll all with Je - sus dwell, So, lov- ing Chris-tians fare-you well.*



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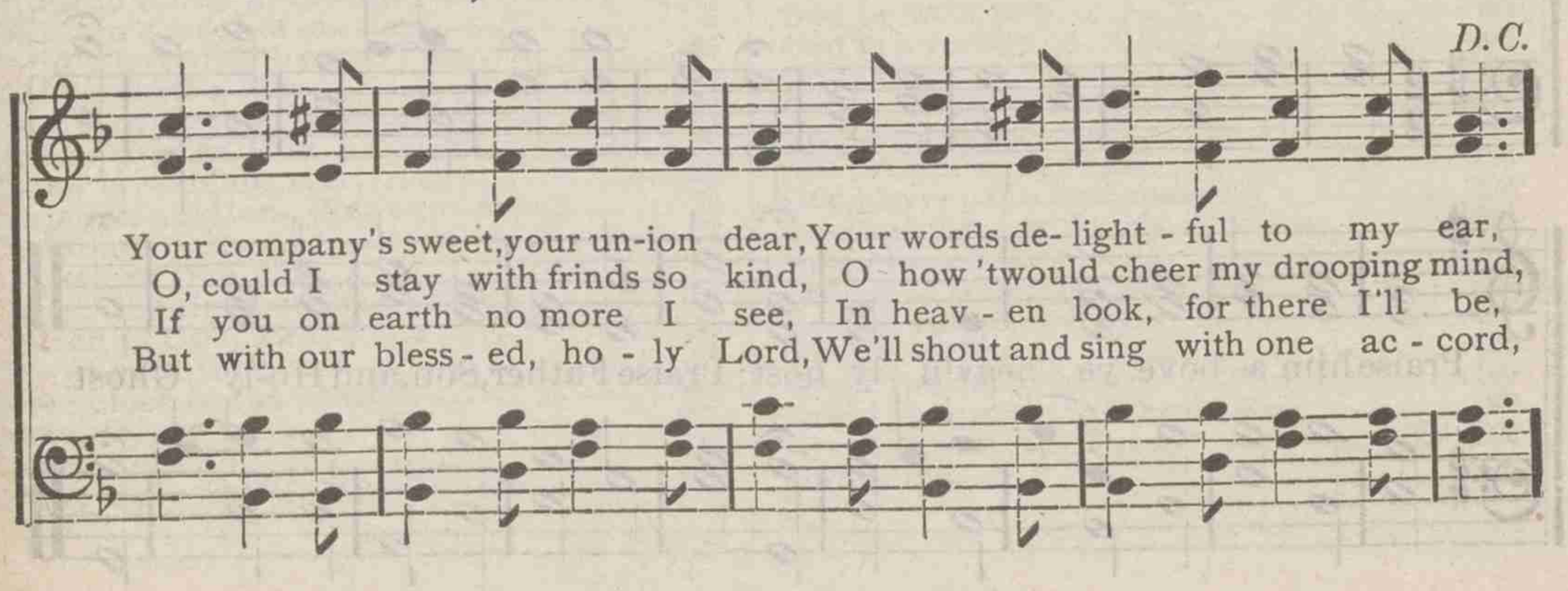
No. 499. Lord, Dismiss Us.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—1 Thes. 5 : 28.

JOHN FAWCETT. Sicilian Melody.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and a - dor - a - tion, For Thy gos- pel's joy-ful sound;
3. So, where'-er the sig-nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,

Let us each, Thy love pos - sessing, Tri- umph in re - deeming grace:
May the fruits of Thy sal - vation In our hearts and lives a-bound;
Borne on an- gels' wings to heaven, Glad the sum-mons to o - bey,

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav'ling through this wilderness.
May Thy presence, May Thy presence, With us ev - er - more be found.
May we ev - er, May we ev - er, Reign with Christ in end-less day.

No. 500. Praise God from Whom.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—Ps. 103 : 2.

THOMAS KEN. Tune, Old Hundred.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be- low;

Praise him a- bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

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