Revival....Hymns



AS USED IN THE

Torrey-Alexander Meetings

Bertha Talbot.

Bulby.

Ida.

Bertha

[15-010]
SP-002582

REVIVAL HYMNS.

1 O That Will Be Glory!

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

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac - cord - ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a-

beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - iour, I know,

CHORUS.

Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me. . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will
glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; . . . . . .

I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me!

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I Will Rejoice.

ERNEST LEE THOMPSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Though the fig-tree shall not blos-som, Nei-ther fruit be in the vine:
2. Though no flocks are in the sheep-fold, Nei-ther cat-tle in the stalls:
3. Though my path lies thro' the val-ley Of the shad-ows, He is near,
4. Though my friends should not receive Him, Or thro' sin should prove un-true:

Though in vain the ol-ive la-bors, And the fruit-ful fields de-cline:
Though the earth is filled with fam-ine, And no rain from heav-en falls:
For His rod and staff they com-fort, And no e-vil I shall fear.
Though the wick-ed should en-tice me, And should per-se-cute me too:

CHORUS.

I will re-joice in the Lord, my Re-deem-er; Joy-ful I'll
trust Him, for He will pro-vide, Giv-ing me all that I need
for my jour-ney; I will not fear, for He walks by my side.

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5 What a Saviour!

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. What a Sav - iour Je - sus is! He is mine, and I am His;
2. What a Sav - iour! praise His name, That to earth for me He came;
3. What a Sav - iour! all the way Walk-ing with me, day by day,
4. What a Sav - iour! and I know When to that bright world I go,
5. What a Sav - iour! how He loves, Ev - 'ry hour His mer - cy proves;

He the price of sin has paid, And for me a - tone-ment made.
Not the least, but all He gave, My im - mor - tal soul to save.
Guid-ing by His ho - ly will, Guard-ing me from ev - 'ry ill.
Saved by His re-deem-ing grace, I shall see Him face to face.
List - en, for He speaks to thee: "Take thy cross, and fol - low Me!"

CHORUS.

What a Sav - iour, what a Sav - iour, What a
What a Sav - iour, what a precious Saviour, What a

Sav - iour Je-sus is! . . . . . I will praise . . Him, ev - er
Saviour Jesus is, What a Saviour Jesus is! I will praise Him,

praise Him, He is mine, ... and I am His! . . . . .
ev - er praise Him, He is mine, and I am His. He is mine, and I am His!

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6 I Do Love Jesus with All My Heart.

ERNEST G. WELLESLEY WESLEY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. "I do love Je - sus with all my heart" Be - cause of what He did for me: His life for me on the cross He gave, He
2. "I do love Je - sus with all my heart" Be - cause of what He does for me: His depth - less grace all my life en - folds, And
3. "I do love Je - sus with all my heart" Be - cause of what He is to me: My Light, my Life, my a - bid - ing Strength, My
4. Will you love Je - sus with all your heart? He bore your sins on Cal - va - ry; Re-pent, be - lieve, Him as Lord con - fess; Then

CHORUS.

died for me on Cal - va - ry.
guards in love's true lib - er - ty. I can - not but love Him who
sure De - fence, my King is He.
you shall live e - ter - nal - ly.

died for me; I can - not but love Him, so true is He; I love Him and

ev - er will His name con-fess, My Life, my Lord and my Right-eous-ness!

NOTE—In one of the very first meetings of the wonderful revival in Wales, a young lady arose and said, "I do love Jesus with all my heart." With this confession the Holy Ghost fell on the people in mighty power.

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Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While standing there my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the vale, My por - tion there will be

cres.

Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (e-nough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.

CHORUS.

Grace, fathomless as the sea, Grace, flowing from Cal-va-ry,
His grace is fath-om-less as the roll - ing sea, His grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry for me,

Grace, e-nough for e - ter - ni - ty, . . . Grace, e-nough for me!
His grace, e - nough for e - ter - ni - ty, Oh, can it be there's grace e-nough for me?

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Oh, What a Change!

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Soon will our Sa - viour from heav - en ap - pear, Sweet is the
2. Lone - li - ness changed to re - u - nion com - plete, Ab-sence ex-
3. Sun - rise will chase all the dark - ness a - way, Night will be
4. Weak-ness will change to mag - ni - fi - cent strength, Fail - ure will

hope and its pow - er to cheer; All will be changed by a glimpse of His
changed for a place at His feet, Sleep-ing ones raised in a mo-ment of
changed to the brightness of day, Tempests will change to in - ef - fa - ble
change to per - fec - tion at length, Sor-row will change to un - end-ing de-
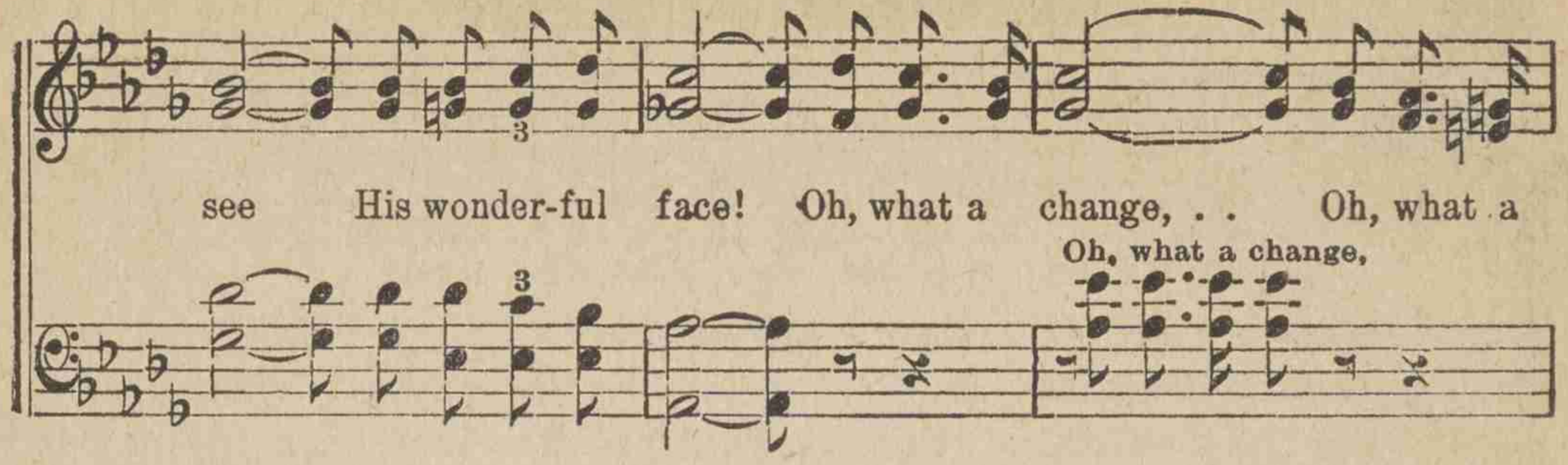
face— This is the goal at the end of our race!
time, Liv - ing ones changed to His im - age sub - lime!
calm, Weep-ing will change to a ju - bi - lant psalm!
light, Walk-ing by faith change to walk-ing by sight!

CHORUS.

Oh, what a change, ... Oh, what a change, ... When I shall
Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change,

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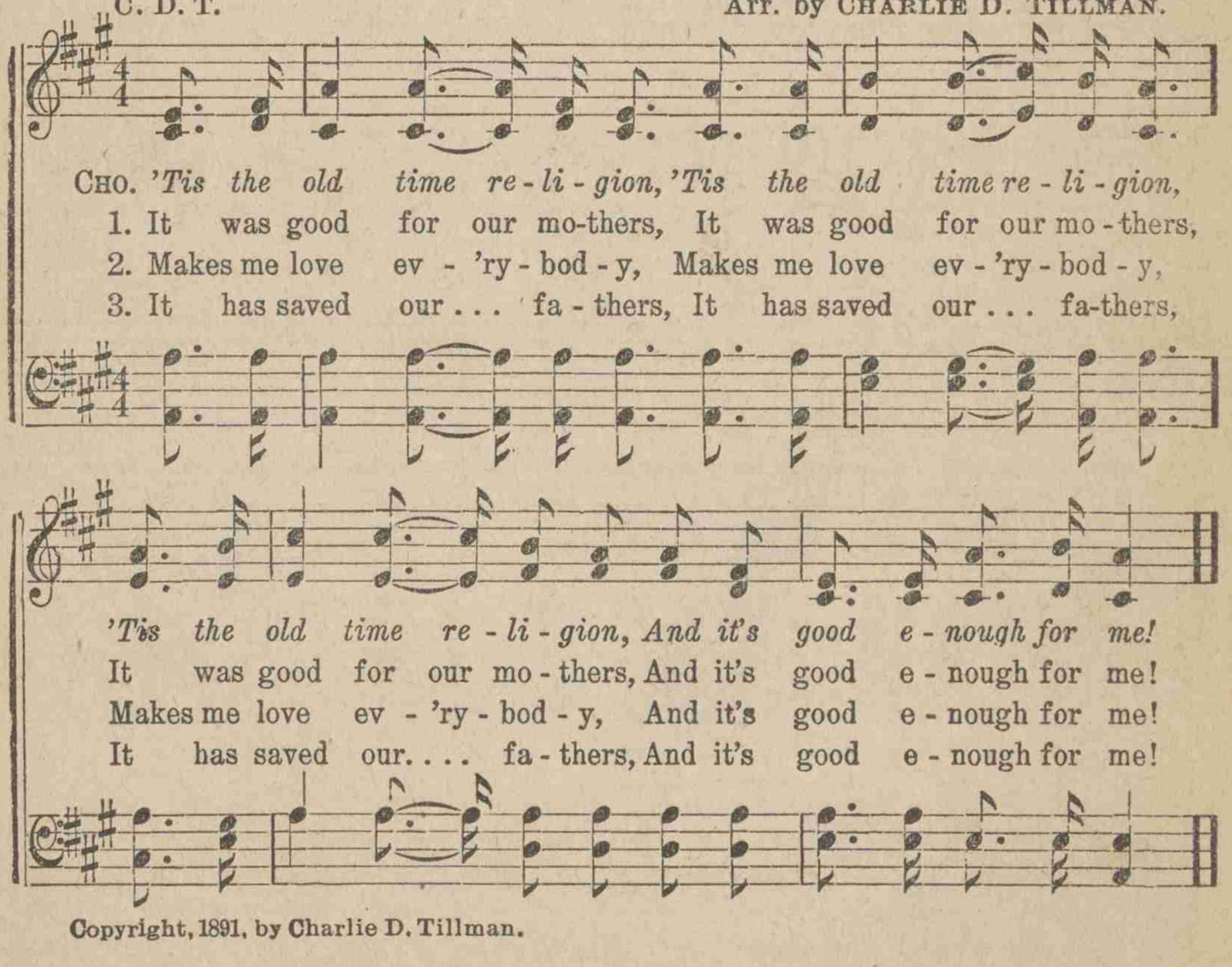
Oh, What a Change!



9 The Old Time Religion.

AS SUNG BY CHAS. M. ALEXANDER.

C. D. T. Arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

4. ‖: Makes me love the good old Bible, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

5. ‖: It will lead me to Jesus, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

6. ‖: It will do when I'm dying, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

7. ‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖
And it's good enough for me!

"Get Right with God!"

F. E. O.

FRENCH E. OLIVER.

1. Are there with-in you base pas - sions rife, Pride and vain - glo - ry,
2. Why not let Je - sus your bur - dens bear? Ye who are sink - ing
3. Are you now long - ing for per - fect peace? Would you from bond - age
4. Have you a moth - er in yon - der home? Think of her pray'rs and

ran - cor and strife? Heed, heed the call to the bet - ter life:
in - to de - spair, Lost for e - ter - ni - ty, O be - ware!
now have re - lease? Seek ye the Lord ere His plead - ings cease;
tears as you roam; Hear her still plead - ing with you to come;
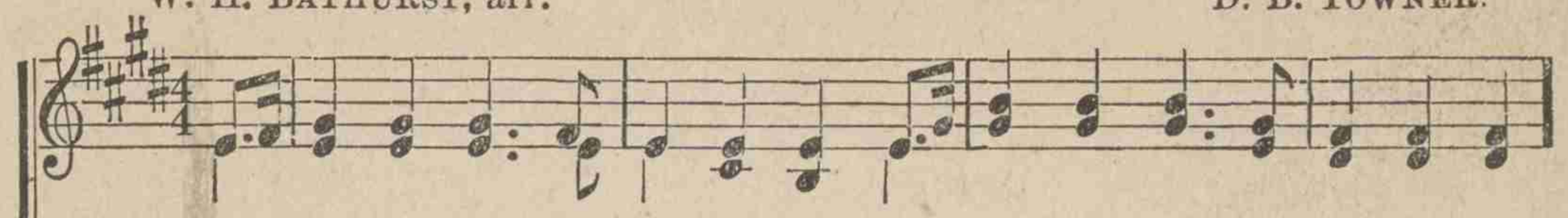
CHORUS.

"Get right, get right with God!" Je - sus of Naz - ar - eth
stand-eth here, Friend of the sin - ner, Sav - iour so dear;(so dear;)
Call ye up - on Him while He is near; "Get right, get right with God!"
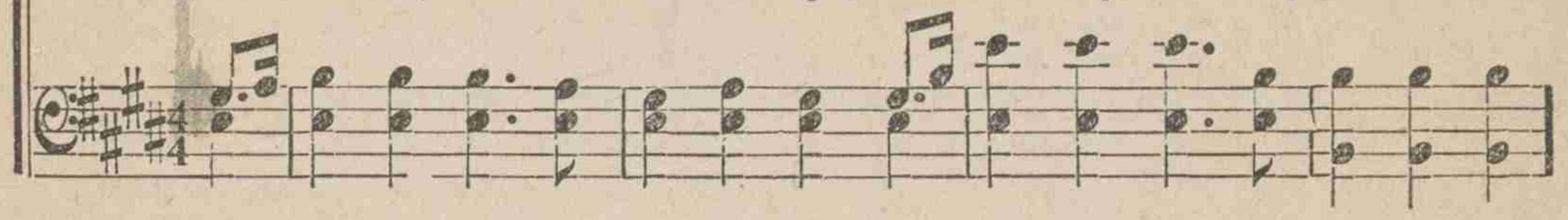
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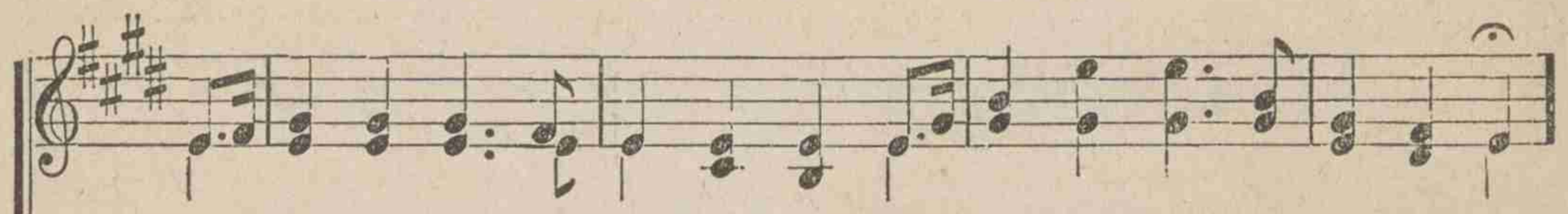
11 The Old Time Fire.

W. H. BATHURST, arr. D. B. TOWNER.
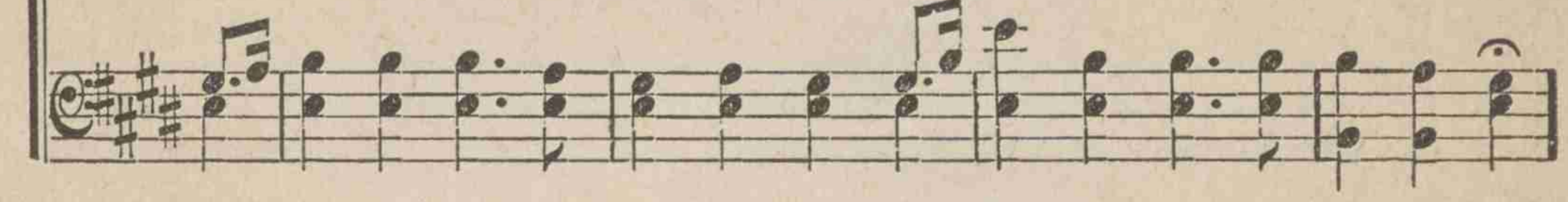


1. O for that flame of liv - ing fire, Which shone so bright in saints of old;
2. Where is that Spir-it, Lord, Who dwelt in Abram's breast, and sealed him Thine;
3. That Spir - it, who from age to age, Proclaim'd Thy love, and taught Thy ways;
4. Is not Thy grace as might-y now As when E - li- jah felt its pow'r—
5. Re - member, Lord, the ancient days; Re - new Thy work, Thy grace restore;
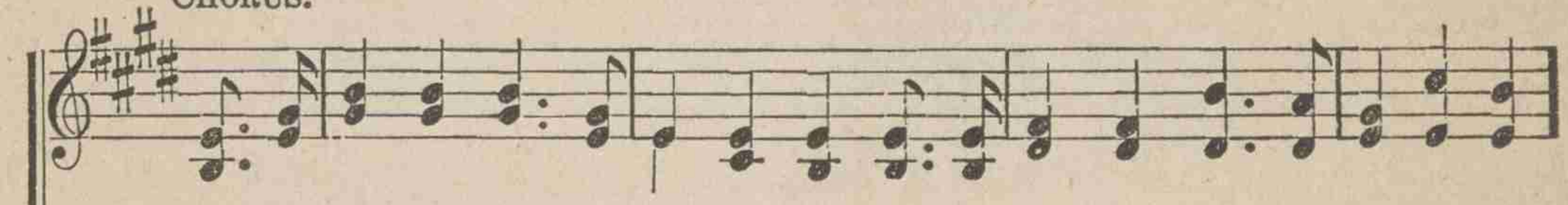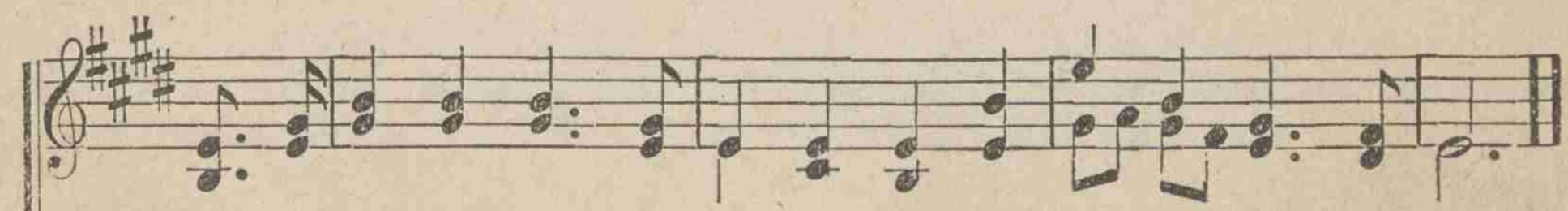




Which bade their souls to heav'n as - pire, Calm in dis - tress, in dan-ger bold!
Who made Paul's heart with sor - row melt, And glow with en - er - gy di - vine?
Bright - ened Is - ai - ah's viv - id page, And breath'd in Da - vid's hallowed lays?
When glo - ry beam'd from Mo-ses' brow, Or Job en - dured the try - ing hour?
And while to Thee our hearts we raise, On us Thy Ho - ly Spir - it pour!
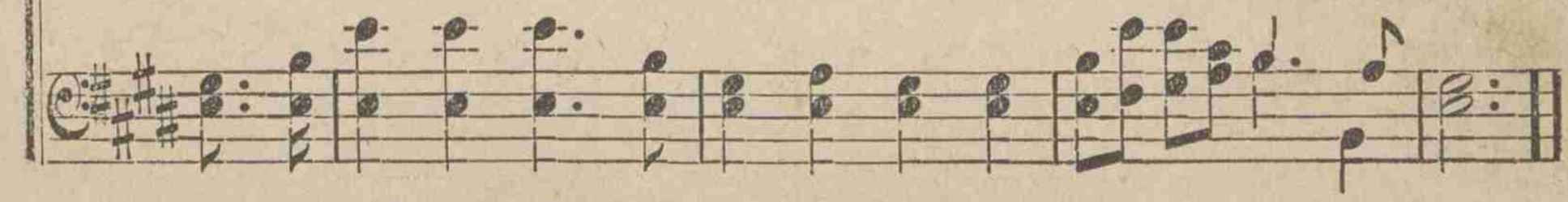


CHORUS.



Send the old time fire up-on us, Lord! Send the old time fire up - on us, Lord!



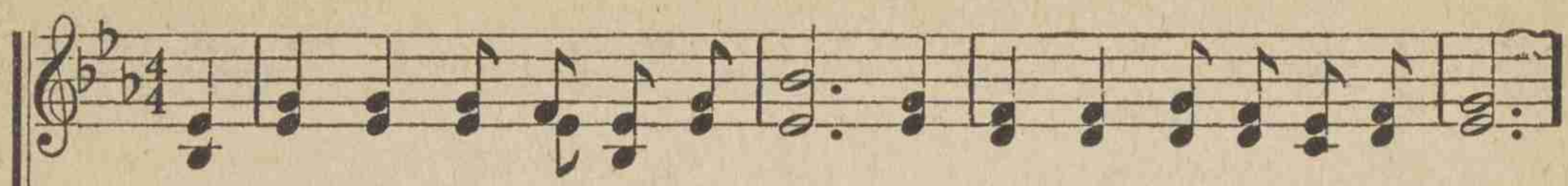
Send the old time fire up-on us, Lord, And burn up all the dross!



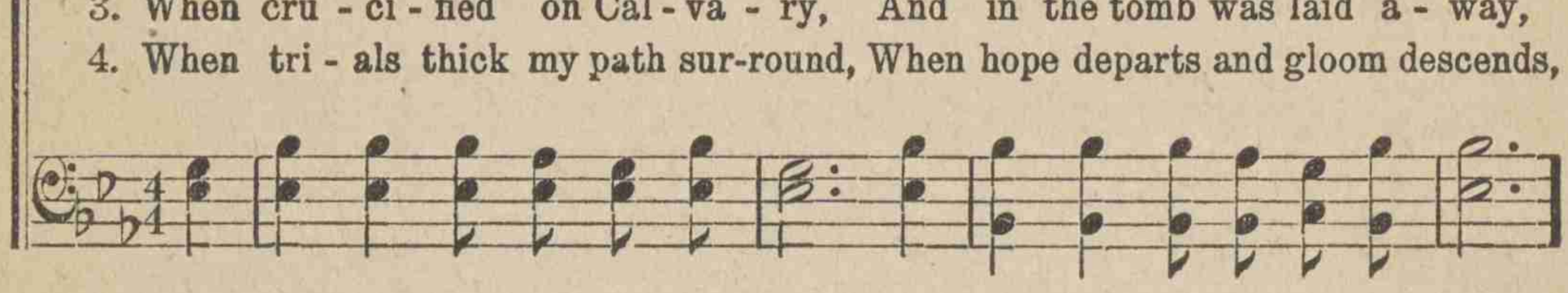
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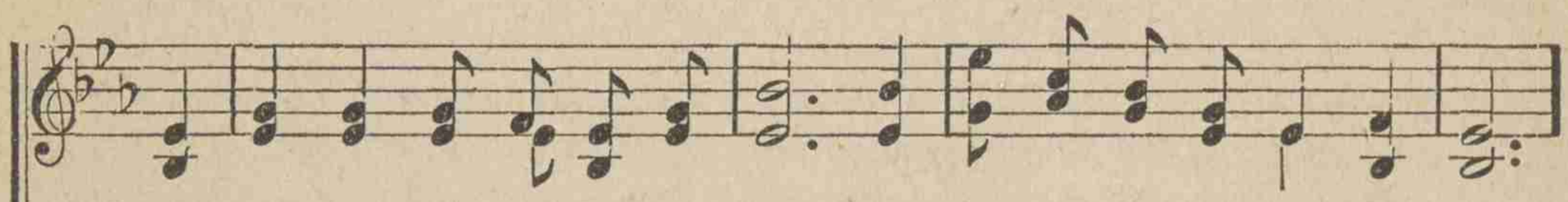
12 Christ Alone Has Power to Save.

J. B. T. J. B. TROWBRIDGE.
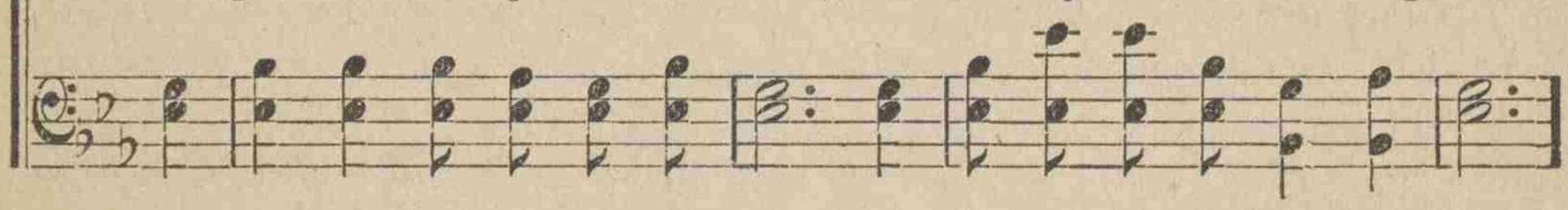


1. When toss'd on Gal - i-lee's rough wave, And fear their anxious hearts oppressed,
2. When he who sight had nev - er known, Came to the Lord with pleading voice,
3. When cru - ci - fied on Cal - va - ry, And in the tomb was laid a - way,
4. When tri - als thick my path sur-round, When hope departs and gloom descends,
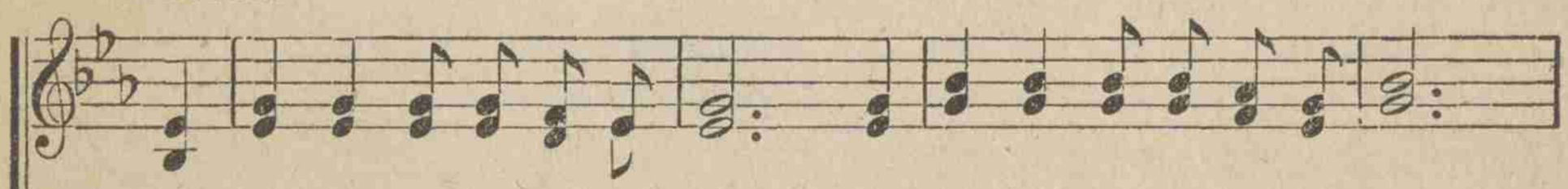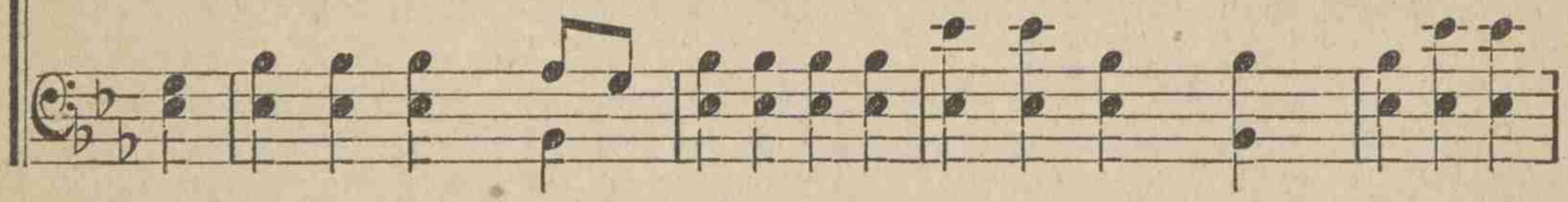




The Mas-ter's voice spoke firm and clear, And calm'd the an-gry waves to rest.
That word and touch made darkness flee, And bade the sor-row-ful re - joice.
He rose tri - umphant o'er the grave, And lives and reigns with boundless sway.
A gen - tle voice speaks from a-bove, And ev - 'ry dark fore-bod - ing ends.
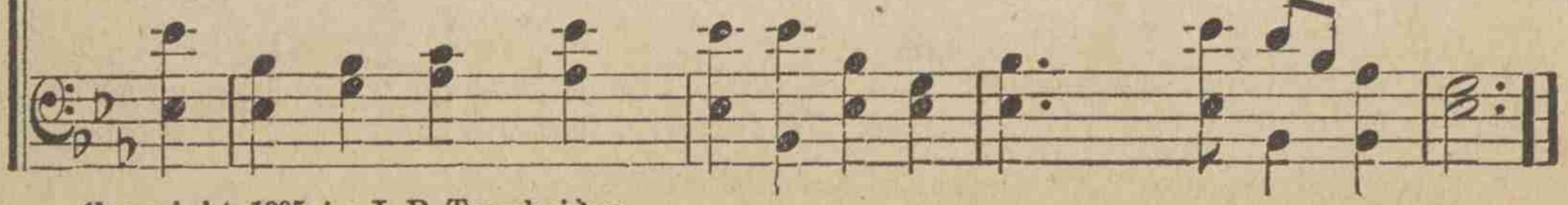


CHORUS.



It was His voice that still'd the wave, His healing touch new vision gave;
It was His voice that still'd the wave, His healing touch new vision gave;



His might has triumph'd o'er the grave, Our Christ a-lone has power to save.
His might has tri - umph'd o'er the grave, Our Christ has power to save.



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13 King of Kings.

THOMAS KELLY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious! See the Man of sor-rows now!
2. Crown the Sav-iour! an - gels crown Him; Rich the tro-phies Je - sus brings;
3. Sin - ners in de - ri - sion crowned Him, Mock-ing thus the Sav-iour's claim;
4. Hark, those bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark, those loud tri-umph - ant chords!

From the fight re-turned vic - to-rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow!
In the seat of power enthrone Him, While the vault of heav - en rings!
Saints and an - gels crowd a-round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name!
Je - sus takes the high-est sta - tion; Oh, what joy the sight af - fords!

Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns be-come the Vic - tor's brow!
Crown Him! crown Him! Crown the Sav - iour King of kings!
Crown Him! crown Him! Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame!
Crown Him! crown Him! King of kings and Lord of lords!
Crown Him! crown Him! crown Him! crown Him!

Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns become the Vic - tor's brow!
Crown Him! crown Him! Crown the Sav - iour King of kings!
Crown Him! crown Him! Spread a-broad the Vic - tor's fame!
Crown Him! crown Him! King of kings and Lord of lords!
Crown Him! crown Him!

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14

I'll Praise Him More and More!

BLANCHE CLAPPER. J. E. DELMARTER.

1. For what the Sav-iour did for me Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry,
2. Be-cause, for my lost soul, to prove The depth and sweetness of His love,
3. Be-cause He paid the debt for me, And gave my soul sweet lib - er - ty,
4. Be-cause I know that He will come To bear my wea - ry spir - it home,

With joy thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, I'll praise Him more and more!
He left His Fa - ther's house a-bove, I'll praise Him more and more!
For - ev - er His my love shall be— I'll praise Him more and more!
When here be-low I cease to roam, I'll praise Him more and more!

CHORUS.

I'll praise Him more and more! Yes, praise Him more and more!
I'll praise Him more and more! Yes, praise Him more and more!

While a - ges roll, my ran - somed soul Shall praise Him more and more!

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15 Only a Sinner.

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Naught have I got - ten but what I received; Grace hath bestowed it since I have be-lieved; Boast - ing ex-clud - ed, pride I a - base; I'm
2. Once I was fool - ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus - ing my footsteps from God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case, I
3. Tears un - a - vail - ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear - ing God's face; But
4. Suf - fer a sin - ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing his Sav-iour, to tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I em-brace—I'm

CHORUS.

on - ly a sin-ner saved by grace!
now am a sin-ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
now I'm a sin-ner saved by grace!
on - ly a sin-ner saved by grace!

On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

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16 If I May But See Him.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I jour - ney a - long 'mid the tri - als of life, Re - joic - ing wher-
2. The val - ley of shad - ow, though lone-ly and deep, Shall nev - er have
3. His pres-ence will cheer me, His staff and His rod, On Him in sweet
4. When shadows are lift - ed and mists rolled a - way, Un - hin - dered my

ev - er I go; Since Je - sus has prom-ised me peace in all strife,
ter - rors for me, For if He is with me to com - fort and keep,
trust I will lean; For - get-ting all shad - ow, I'll look on my God,
vis - ion shall be, For glo - ry un - told in the cit - y of day,

CHORUS.
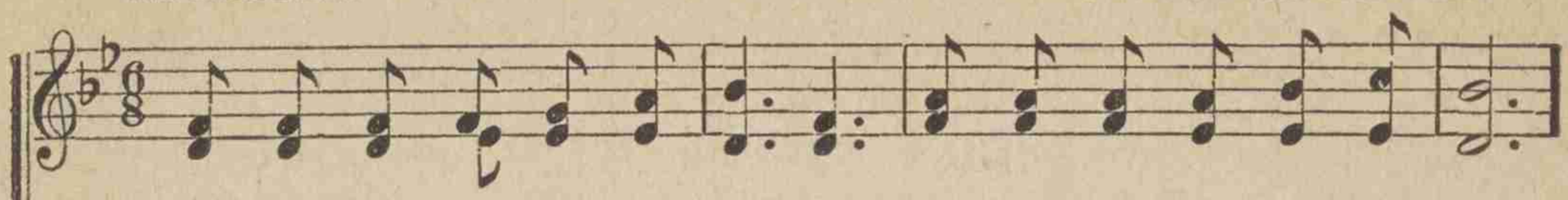
His joy is the por - tion I know.
His face will be glo - ry for me. If I may but see Him, if
And know what true glo - ry can mean.
In His shin-ing face I shall see.

I may but see Him, I care not how dark it may be; No dan - ger shall
harm me, no shad-ows a - larm me, If Je - sus my Lord I may see!
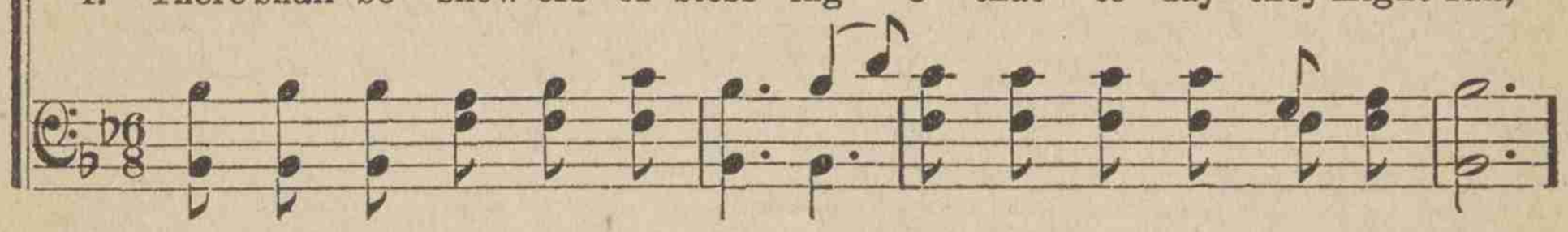
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17 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.
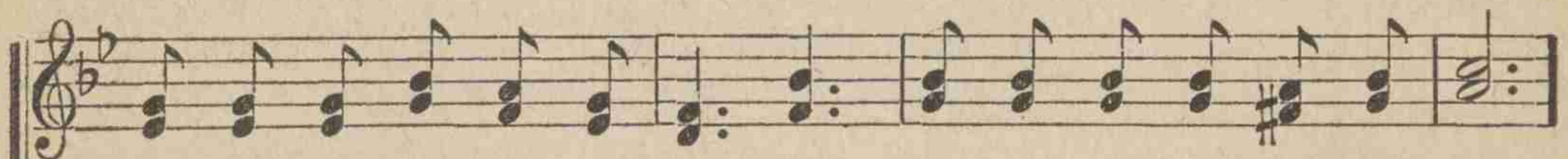
EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
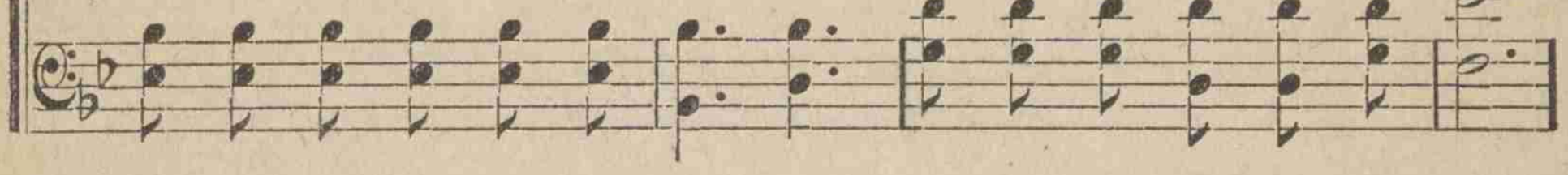


1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Precious re-viv-ing a-gain,
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Send them up-on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—O that to-day they might fall,
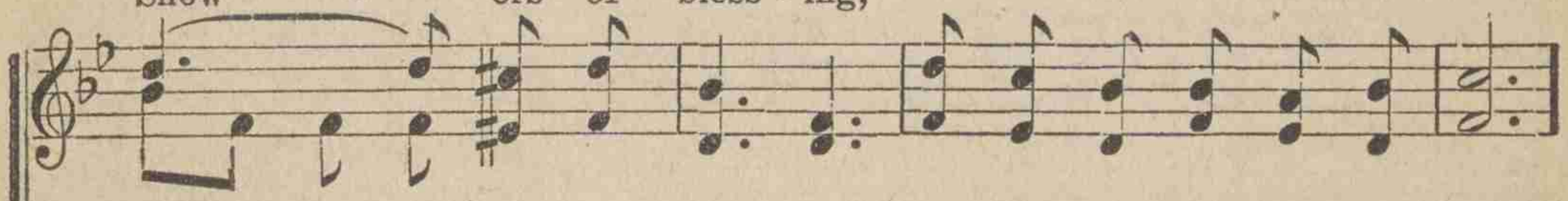


There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word!
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!
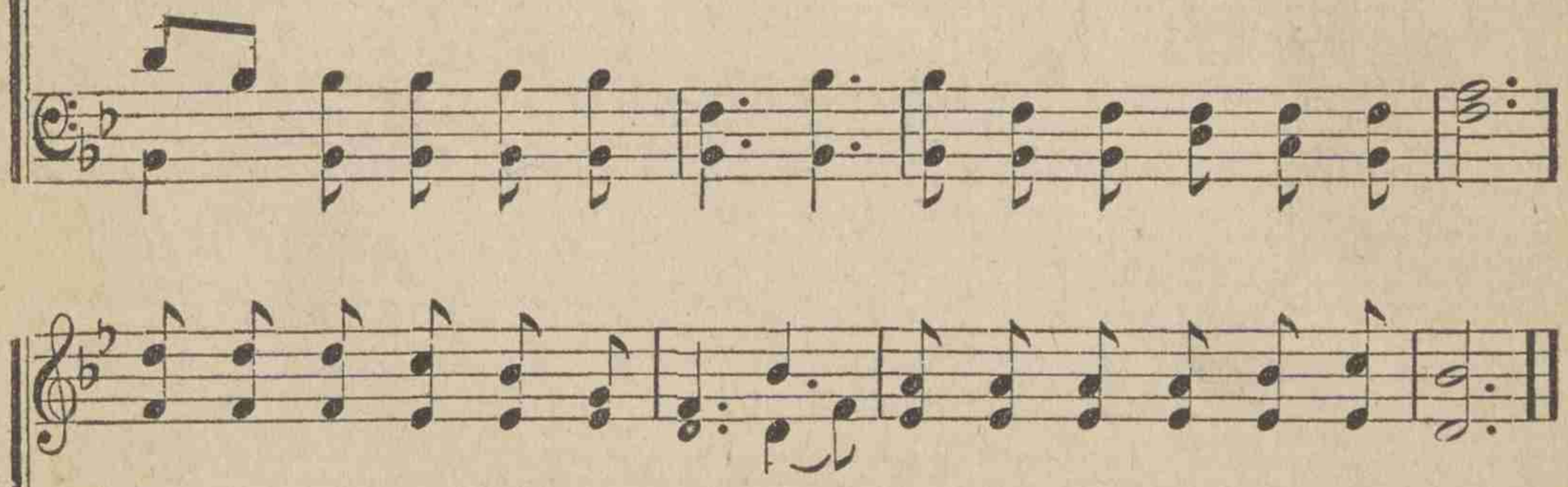




CHORUS.
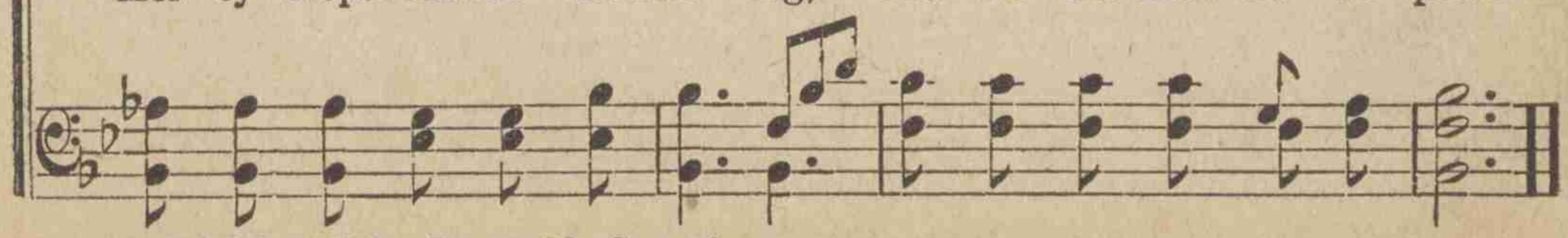
Show - ers of bless-ing,



Show - ers, show-ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;



Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



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18 No One Can Help You But Jesus.

A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.

1. No one can help you but Je - sus! Your sins may be scar - let, I know,
2. No one can help you but Je - sus! His name is your weapon and shield;
3. No one can help you but Je - sus! No heart is so ten - der and true;
4. No one can help you but Je - sus! Go seek for Him then in His Word;

But red - der the blood of your ran - som On Cal - va-ry stream'd long a - go.
Be - fore it the dark hosts of Sa - tan In ter - ror shall tremble and yield.
All judg-ment to Him is com-mit - ted, And He is your ad - vo-cate, too.
The voic - es of earth may mis-lead you, But nev - er the voice of your Lord.

CHORUS.

No one can help you but Je - sus, For no one but Je - sus knows how;

He sees all the past and the fu - ture, And just what the trouble is now.

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19 Come to Him Today.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O sin - ner, can you turn from the lov - ing plea Of the
2. The Sav - iour knocks to - day at your heart's closed door, He is
3. He longs to fill your heart with His bound - less grace, Longs to

Christ who died to save your soul from death? How can you slight His grace
wait - ing to come in and be your guest; O turn Him not a - way,
give your troub-led spir - it sweet re - lease; O sin - ner, come to - day,

and His love, when He Prayed for your for-give-ness with His dy - ing breath?
lest He come no more; Let Him in, and He will give you sweet-est rest!
seek His bless-ed face, Let Him in, and He will bring you per-fect peace.

CHORUS.

Will you come un - to Him for mer - cy? He will peace and par - don give;
O re-ceive Him as your Sav - iour, Come un - to Him and live!

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20 The Road Leads Home.

Arr. by JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O pil - grim, as you jour - ney, Do you ev - er glad - ly say,
In spite of heav - y weath - er and the rough-ness of the way,
That it real - ly does not mat - ter, All the strange and bit - ter stress,—
Heat and cold, and toil and sor - row,—Will be healed with bless-ed - ness!

3. O safe and bless - ed shel - ter, Heav'n-ly man-sions of con - tent!
There are the ho - ly kin - dred From our hearthstones ear - ly rent;
And our pre - cious, lov - ing Sav - iour, Who our sins on Cal - v'ry bore—
Who would ev - er mind the jour - ney, With such bless - ed-ness in store?

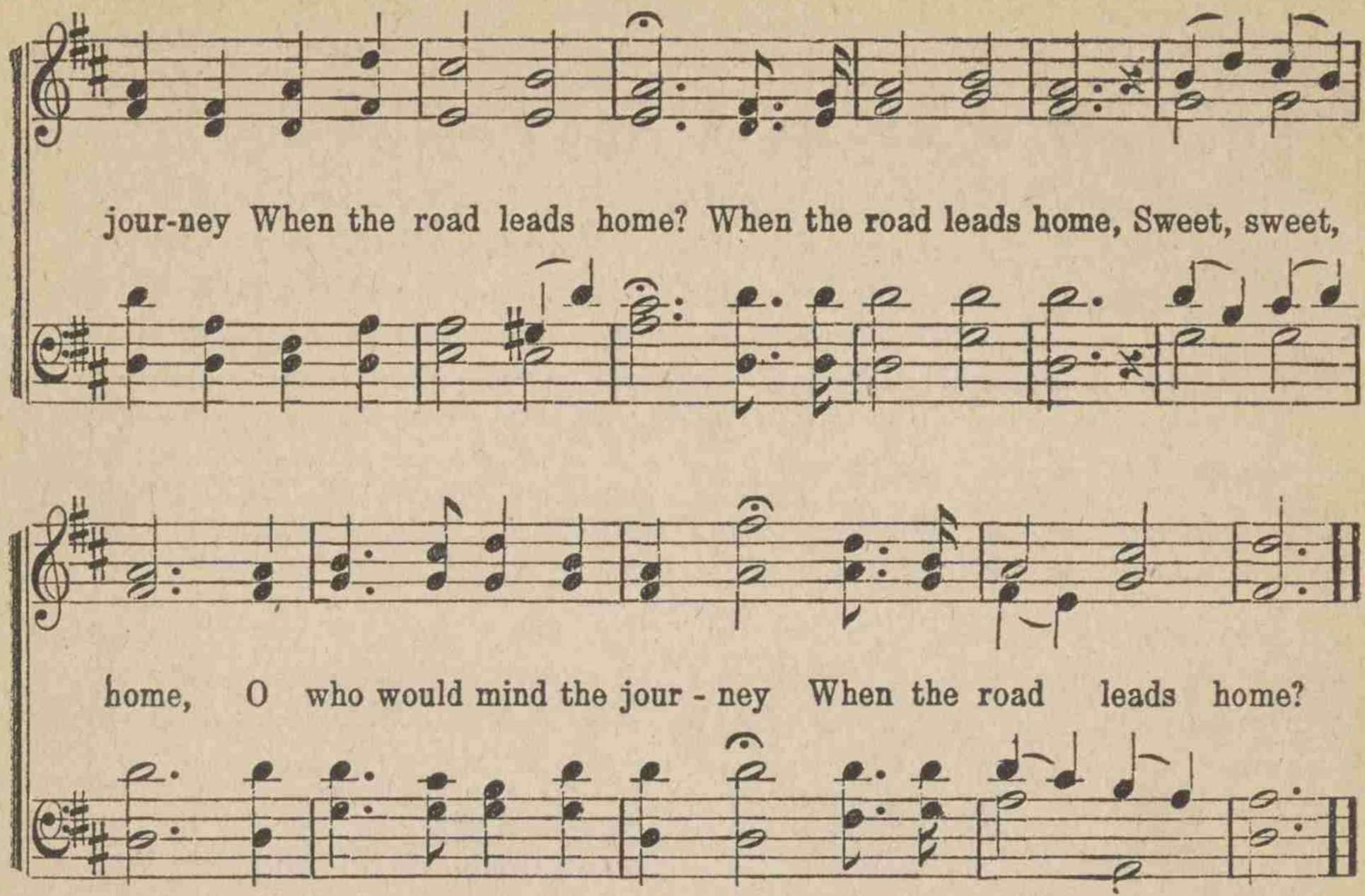
4. There's com - fort on the jour - ney, There is al - so guide and chart;
There's wis-dom for the ask - ing, And there's sol - ace for the heart;
And there is no need of turn - ing To the left or to the right,
And no fear need stir the bos - om At the com - ing of the night.

CHORUS.

For the road leads home, Sweet, sweet home! O who would mind the

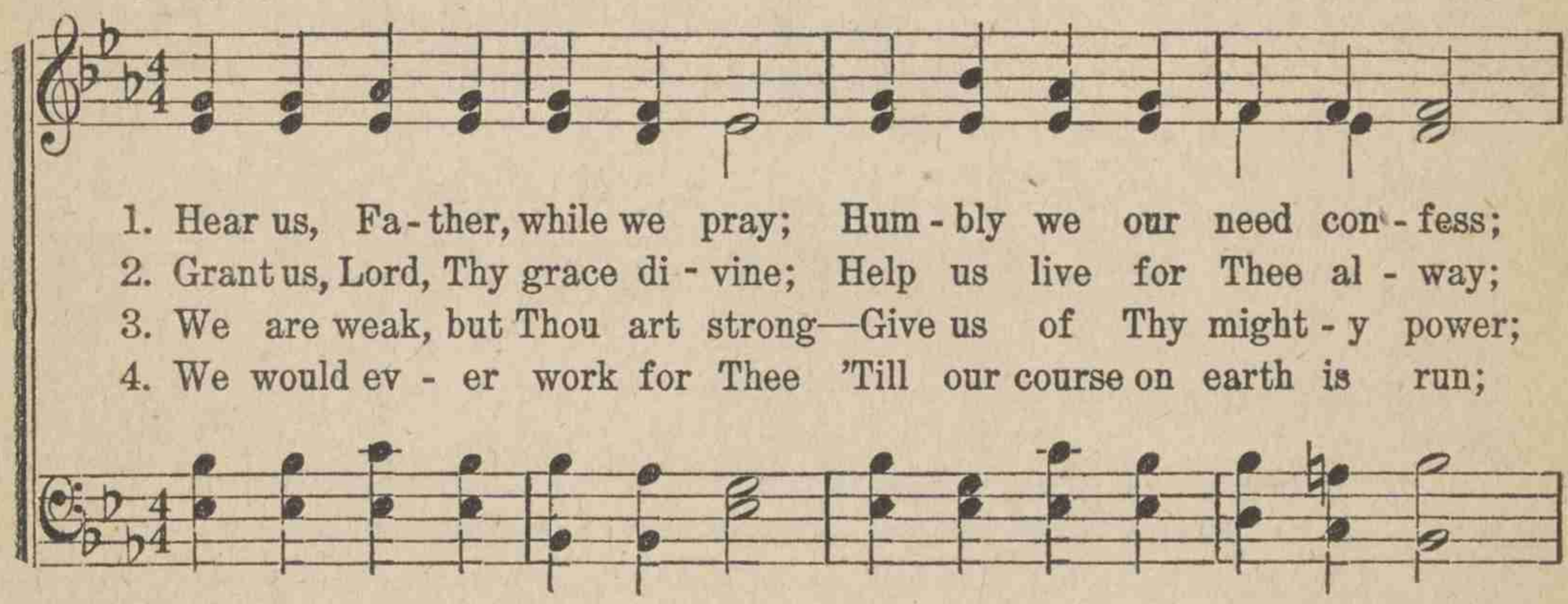
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The Road Leads Home.



21 A Prayer.
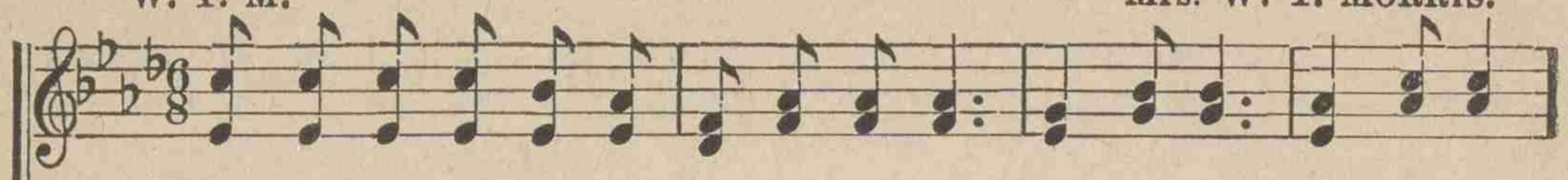
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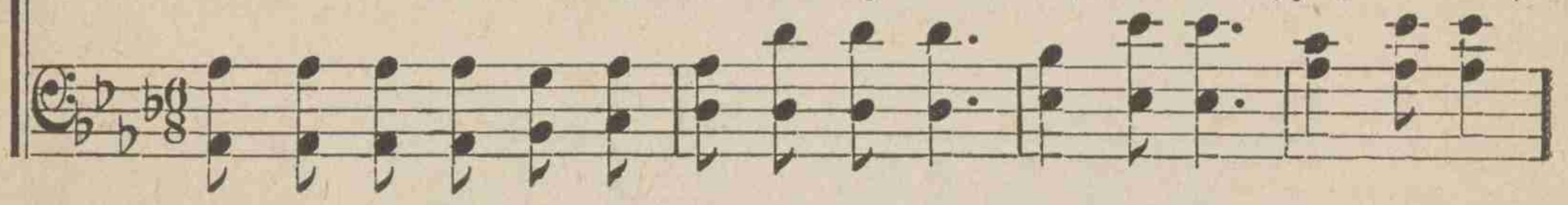


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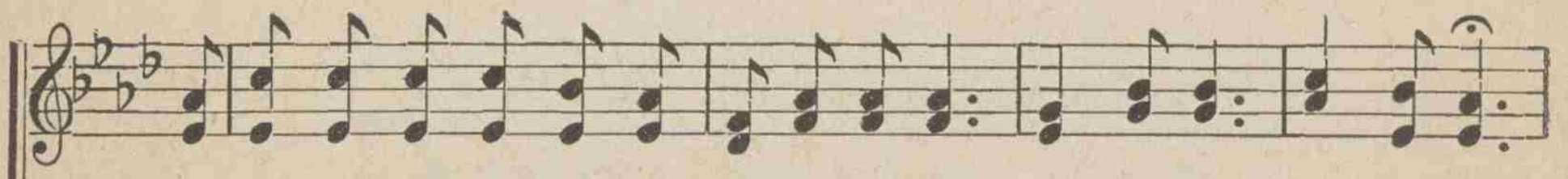
22 Yes, There's One.

W. T. M. Mrs. W. T. Morris.
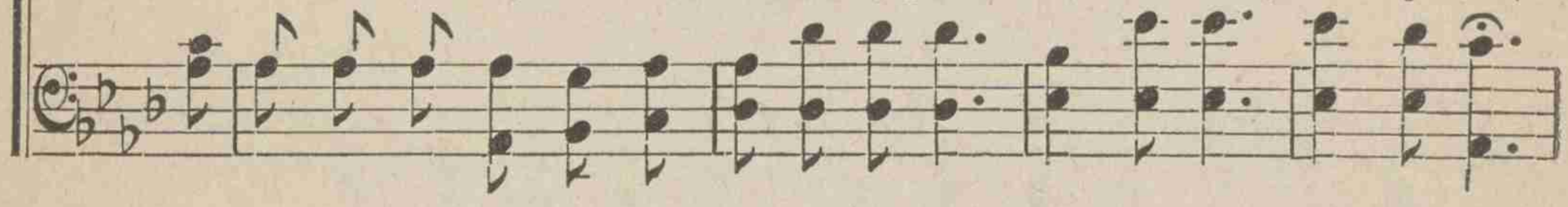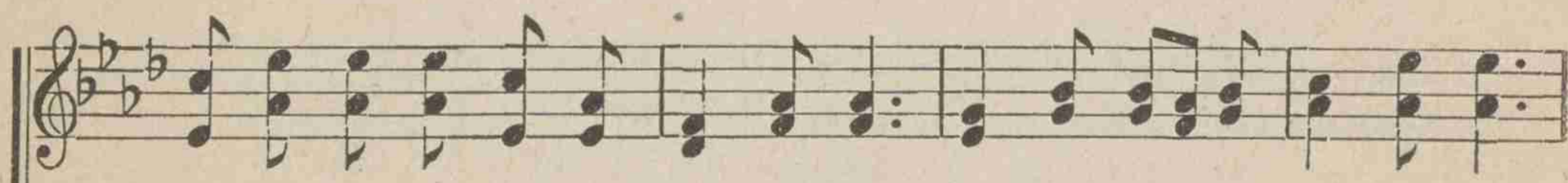


1. Is there a Friend on whom sinners may call? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
2. Is there a Sav-iour for souls that are lost? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
3. Is there a ref-uge from sor-row and sin? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
4. Is there a ha-ven of rest from all care? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
5. Is there a heav-en where we all may meet? Yes, there's one, yes, there's one;
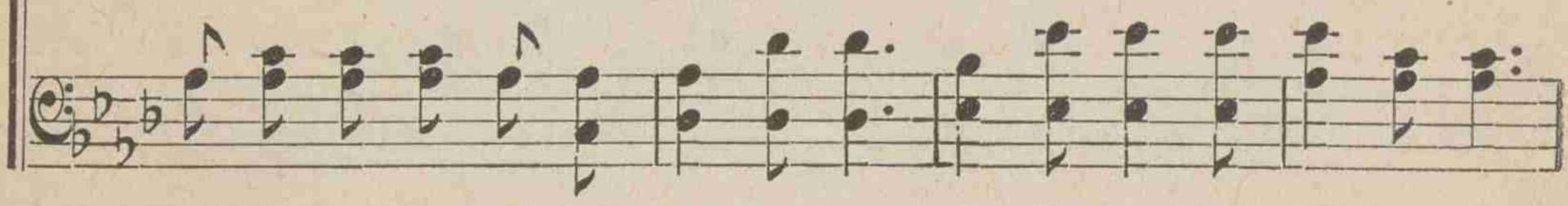




A Friend who will help you what-ev-er be-fall? Yes, there's one, on-ly one;
A Sav-iour who'll res-cue, tho' great is the cost? Yes, there's one, on-ly one;
A ref-uge for all who would en-ter in? Yes, there's one, on-ly one;
A ha-ven where Sa-tan can nev-er ensnare? Yes, there's one, on-ly one;
Where lov'd ones who've gone on be-fore we may greet? Yes, there's one, on-ly one;
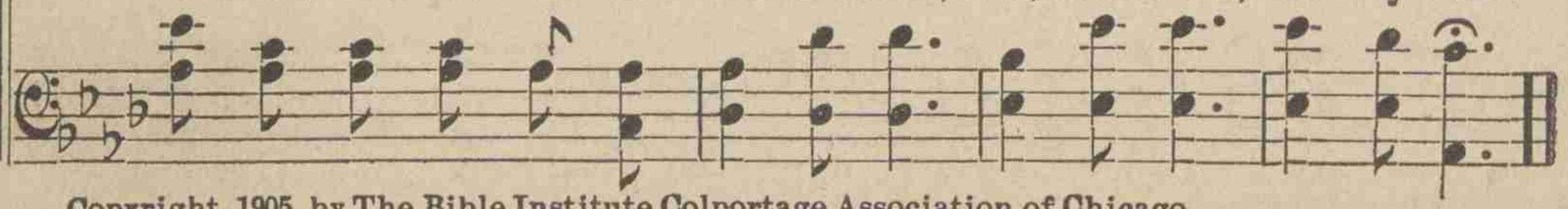




Je-sus of Naz-a-reth, cru-ci-fied, On the cross for sin-ners died;



He is a Friend when there's none be-side; Yes, there's one, on-ly one.
He is the Sav-iour, there's none be-side; Yes, there's one, on-ly one.
He is the ref-uge, there's none be-side; Yes, there's one, on-ly one.
He is the rest-ing-place, there a-bide; Yes, there's one, on-ly one.
With Him in heav-en the saved a-bide; Yes, there's one, on-ly one.



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23 Steer For Home!

JAMES ROWE. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Soul, on sin's wild o - cean go - ing Swift - ly on to doom,
2. Why, for but a sin - ful leis - ure, Miss the hap - py goal?
3. Sure de-struc - tion is be - fore thee, Rock, and swamp-ing wave!
4. Broth - er, see, the night is fall - ing! Haste, to safe - ty come!

See, the warn - ing light is glow - ing Clear - ly through the gloom!
Why, for but an earth - ly pleas - ure, Lose thy prec - ious soul?
Soon the break-ers will be o'er thee, Then no hand can save.
Je - sus plead - ing - ly is call - ing: Steer, O steer for home!

CHORUS.

Steer for home! Steer for home! Drift, O drift no more;

ad lib.

Lov - ing voic - es bid thee come; Steer for the home-ward shore!

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24 When the Comforter Came.

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

1. Re - pent - ant I wandered, a prod-i - gal child, Un - clean, a - mid
2. The fire that He kin-dled, con - suming my sin, Still burns with a
3. I long to be tell - ing the joy that was mine, The bless - ing I

sor-row and shame; But room was not left for the sins that defiled My soul
rap-tur - ous flame; It glowed with a hal-low-ing beau-ty with-in My soul
found in that Name, The peace that so flood-ed with glo-ry di-vine My soul

CHORUS.

when the Comforter came. A - ble, . . will - ing, . .
A - ble is He, and strong, willing to bless and save,
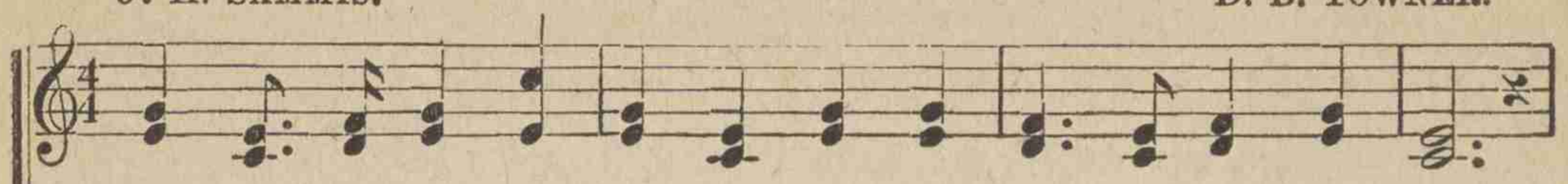
Now . . . and for-ev - er the same; . . My Sav - - iour I'll
Now and for - ev - - er, for - ev - er the same; My Saviour I'll praise

praise for the blessings He gave My soul when the Com-fort - er came.
for the blessings He gave
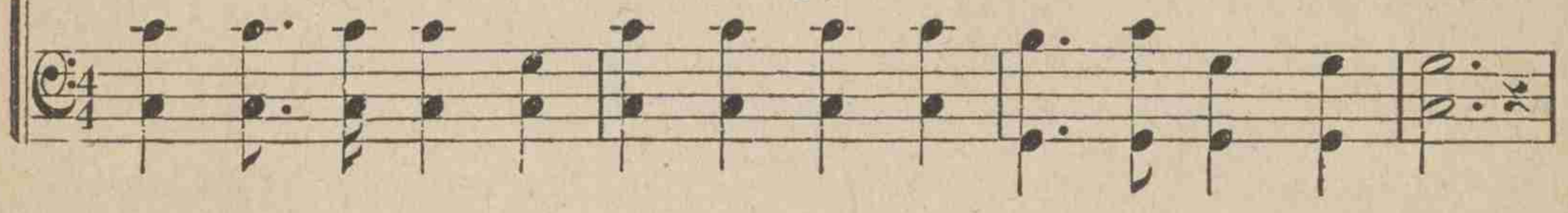
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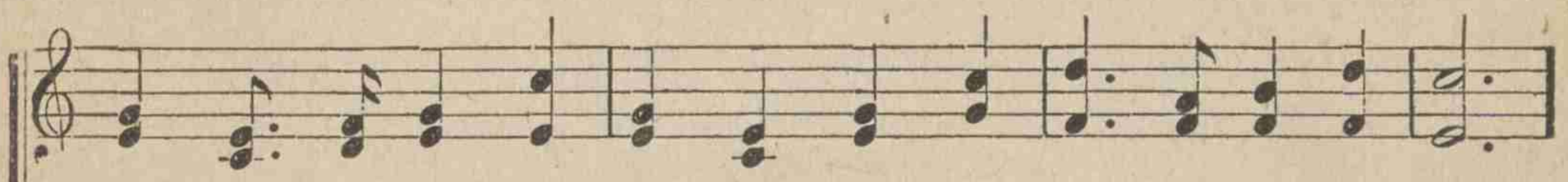
25 Let Everybody Sing!

J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.
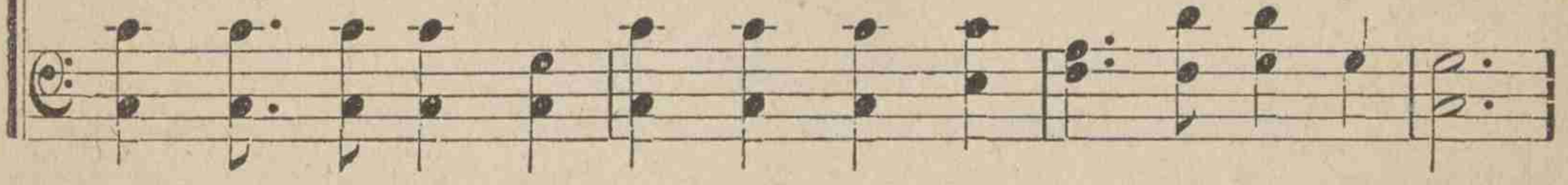


1. Now to the Lord our God up - raise, And Je - sus Christ our King,
2. Down to the cross He stooped to give To death a mor - tal sting,
3. Come to the fount your thirst to slake Where liv - ing wa - ters spring;
4. Give to the winds thy guilt - y care, And to His prom - ise cling,
5. Blest are the souls who seek and find The shel - ter of His wing;
6. Soon will He come in bliss a - gain, With all the saints to bring
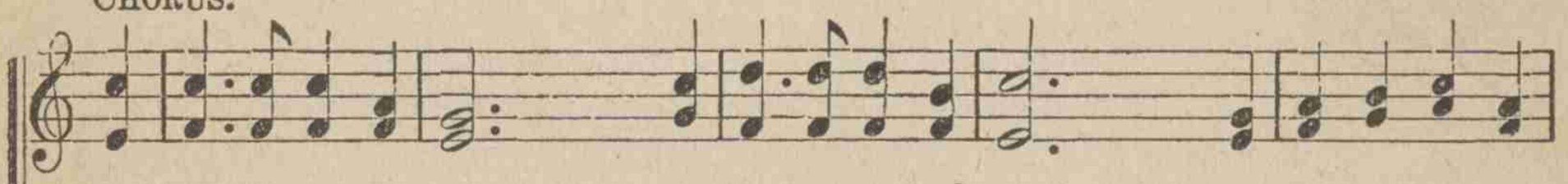




The voice of song in love and praise,—Let ev - 'ry - bod - y sing!
That all by faith a - lone may live,—Let ev - 'ry - bod - y sing!
For who - so - ev - er will may take,—Let ev - 'ry - bod - y sing!
Who giv - eth grace to do and bear,—Let ev - 'ry - bod - y sing!
For God is love; and Christ is kind,—Let ev - 'ry - bod - y sing!
The king - dom, and the crowns! O then,—Let ev - 'ry - bod - y sing!
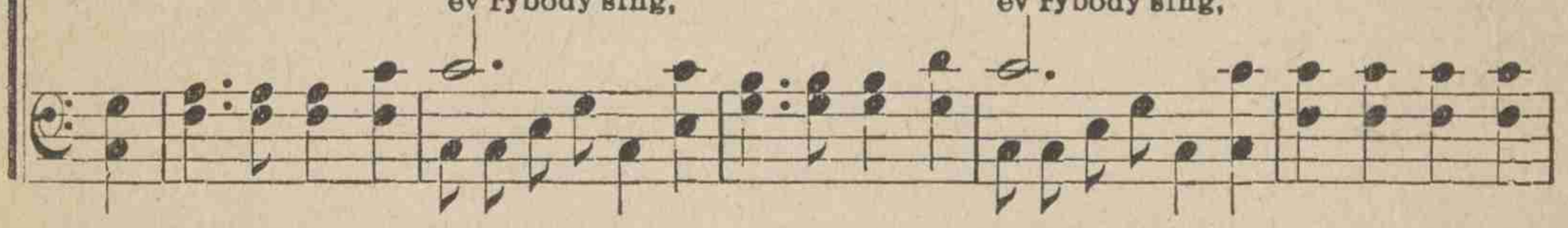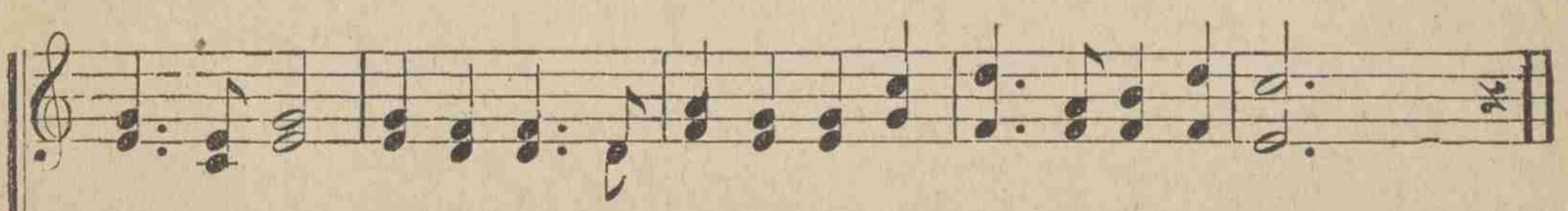


CHORUS.



Let ev-'ry-bod - y sing, Let ev-'ry-bod - y sing, The old, old sto-ry
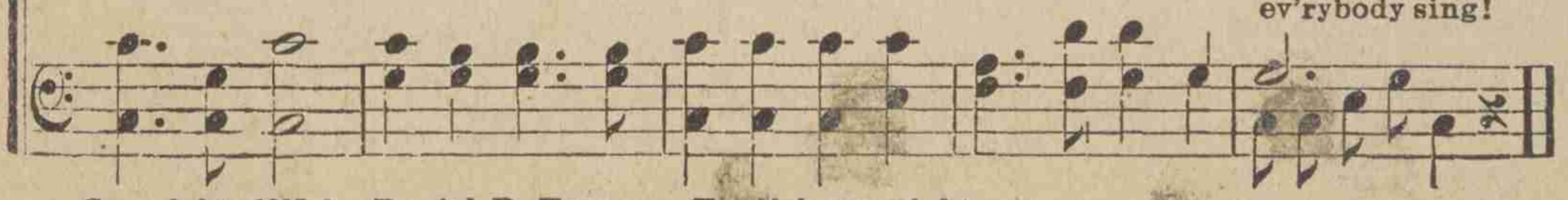
ev'rybody sing, ev'rybody sing,





ev - er new, Ev - er good, and ev - er true, Let ev - 'ry-bod - y sing!

ev'rybody sing!



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26 Lifetime is Working Time.

MRS. CARRIE E. BRECK. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Life-time is work-ing time. Spend no i - dle days; Je - sus is call-ing thee
2. Life-time is working time. Learn where du-ty lies; Grasp ev - 'ry pass-ing day
3. Life-time is work-ing time. Do thy hon-est part; Tho' in dis-cour-agements

On the har-vest ways. Work-ing with a will-ing hand, Sing a song of praise;
As a precious prize, Glad to help the sor-row-ing, Glad to sym-pa - thize;
Bear a cheerful heart. Trust-ing Je - sus as thy Friend, Ne'er from Him de-part,

CHORUS.

Work, ev - er work for Je - sus! Swift-ly the hours of
Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work!

la - bor fly, Freighted with love let each pass by! There is joy in
Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work! Work, work, work, work!

la - bor for the struggling neighbor, Work, ev - er work for Je - sus!

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27 Like Christ in Every Thing.

HELEN A. HIMES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Like Christ as one that serv - eth In deep hu - mil - i - ty;
2. Like Christ in gen - tle sweet-ness, In true no - bil - i - ty;
3. Like Christ in full de - pen - dence Up - on the Fath-er's will,
4. O Fa - ther, wilt Thou fin - ish The work in us be - gun,

As one who nev - er swerv - eth From paths of pur - i - ty.
Like Him in ho - ly meek-ness, In ten - der char - i - ty.
In His un - wea-ried pa - tience Our mis - sion to ful - fill.
Till we show forth com - plet - ed The im - age of the Son!

CHORUS.

Like Christ in ev - 'ry thing! His im - age I will bear
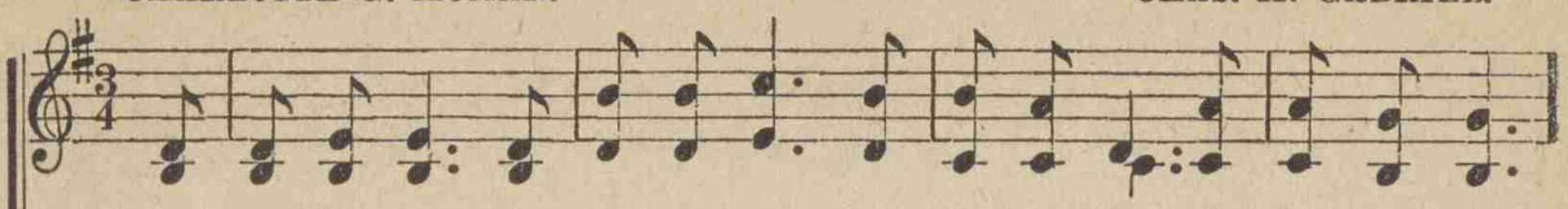
ritard.

When I shall see Him as He is, And all His glo - ry share.
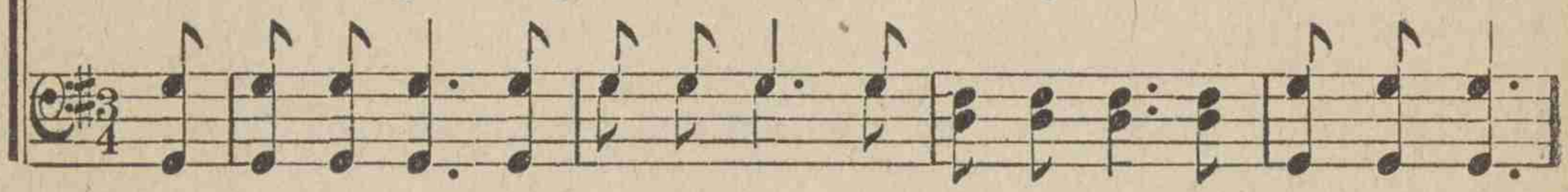
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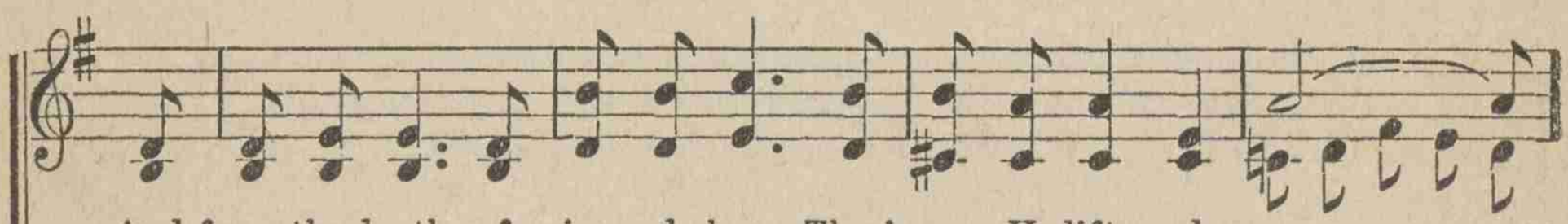
He Lifted Me.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
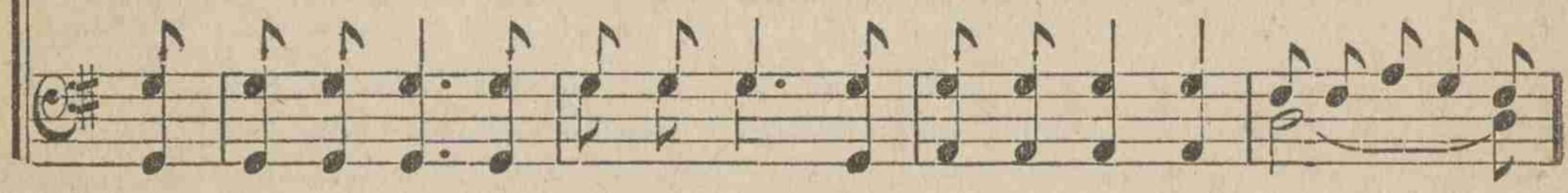


1. In lov - ing-kind - ness Je - sus came My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
2. He call'd me long be - fore I heard, Be - fore my sin - ful heart was stirr'd,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;
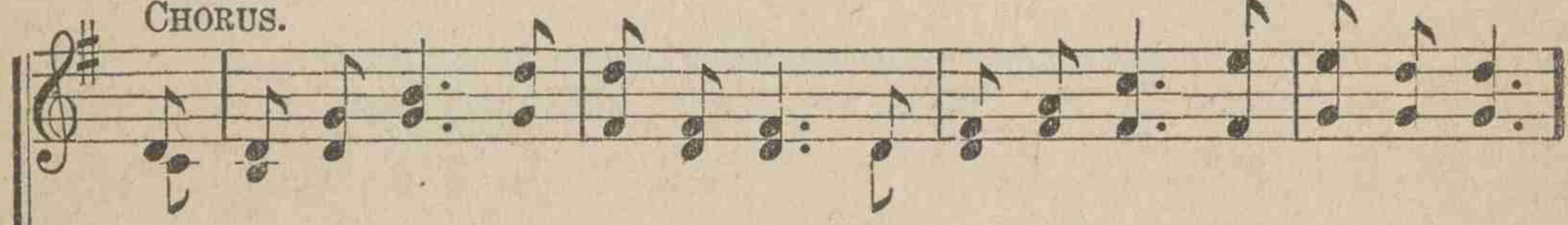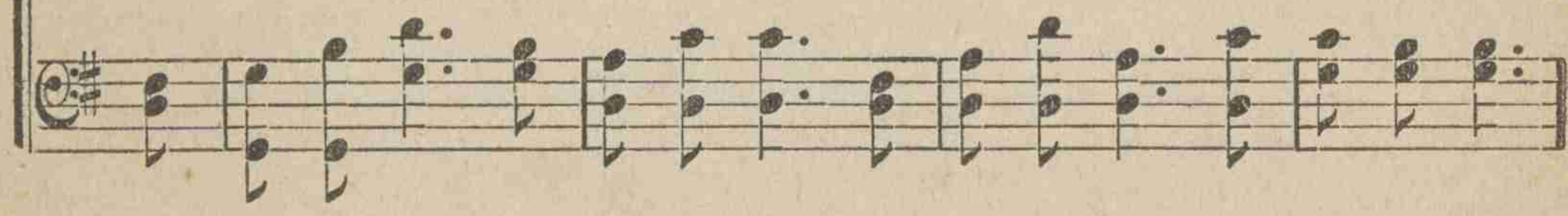




And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me.
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift - ed me.
When from my guilt and grief, for-lorn, In love He lift - ed me.
Yet how or why, I can - not tell, He should have lift - ed me. He lift-ed me.
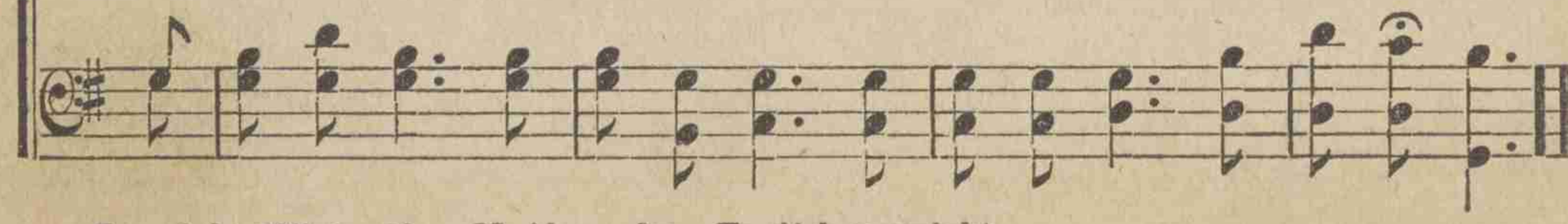


CHORUS.



From sink-ing sand He lift - ed me, With ten - der hand He lift - ed me,
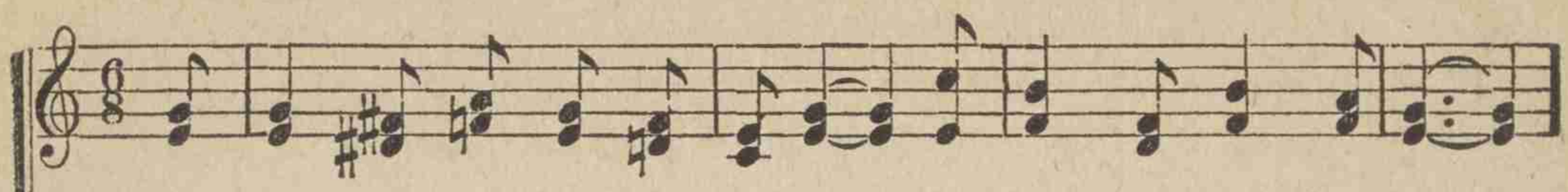


From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift - ed me!



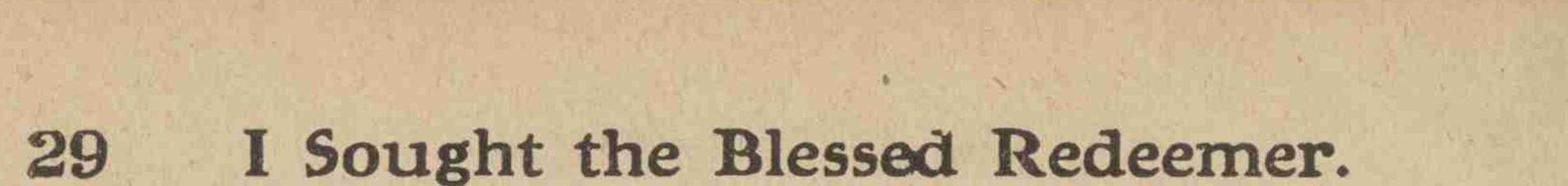
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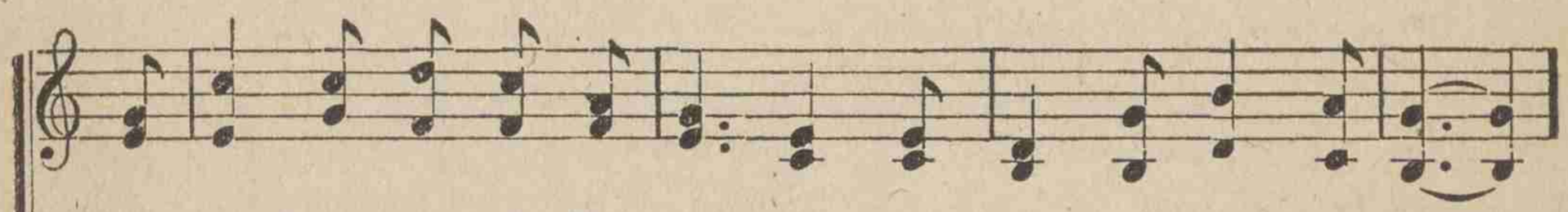
29 I Sought the Blessed Redeemer.

H. E. JONES. D. B. TOWNER.
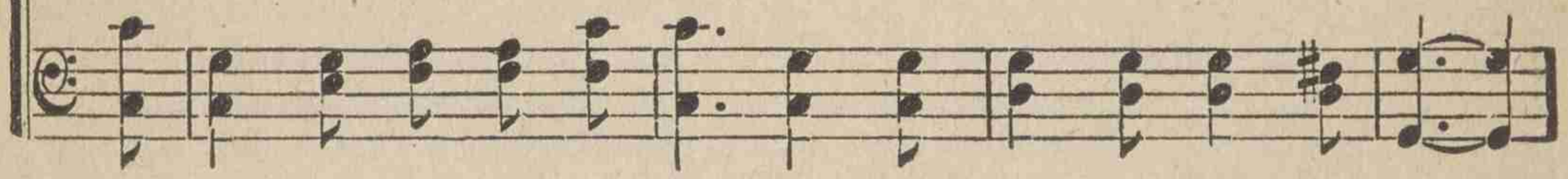


1. I sought the bless-ed Re-deem - er, Thro' crowds I pressed my way;
2. O come to Je - sus, the Sav-iour, All ye who need a cure;
3. O come to Je - sus, be - liev - ing, On Him your bur - dens roll;
4. O come to Je - sus, the Heal - er, The Life, the Truth, the Way;
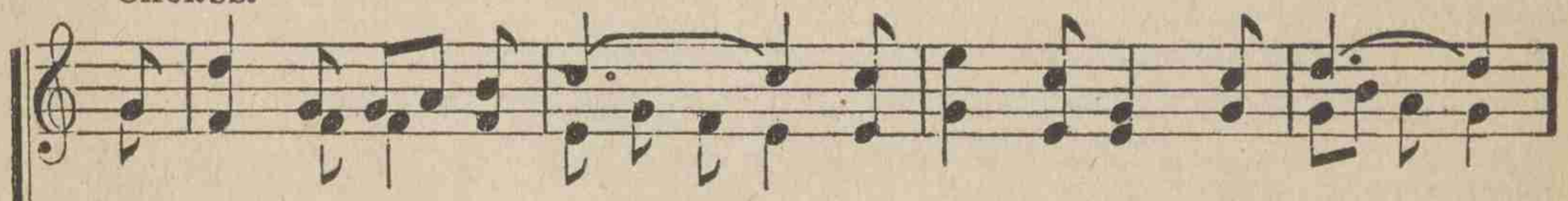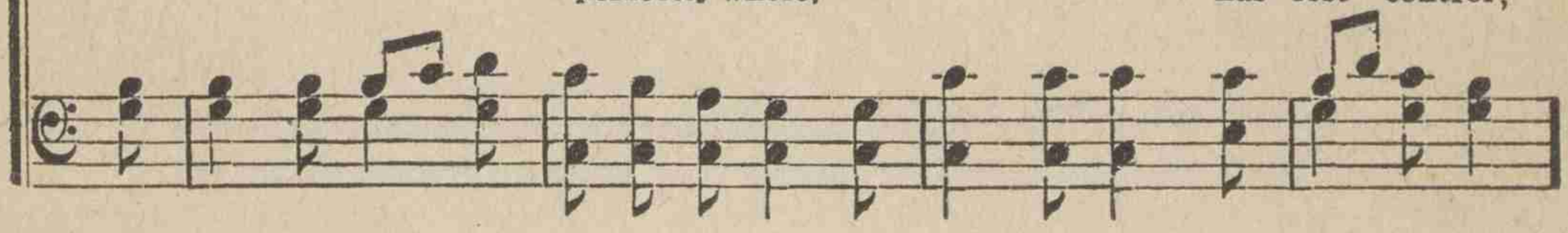




I touched the hem of His gar - ment, And I am whole to - day.
He waits this mo-ment to bless you, To save and make you pure.
The One so read - y to cleanse you, Will fill with joy your soul.
Come, touch the hem of His gar - ment, Be cleansed and saved to - day!
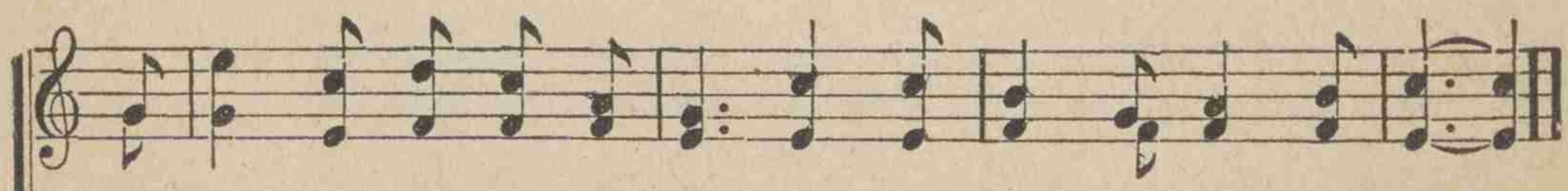


CHORUS.
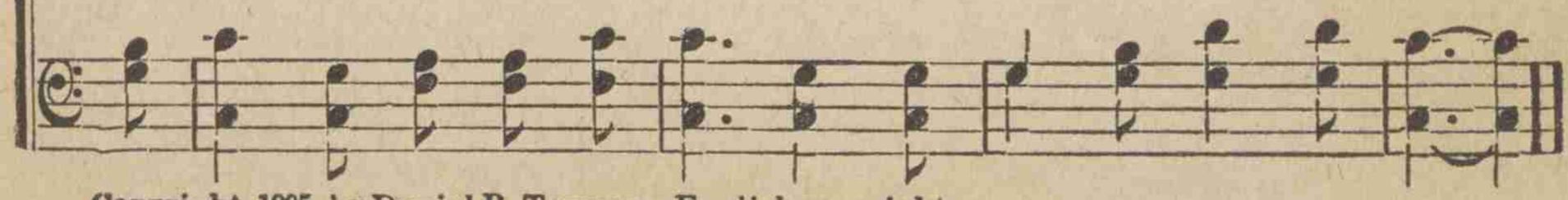


My faith has made me whole, And sin has lost con - trol.
perfectly whole, has lost control;
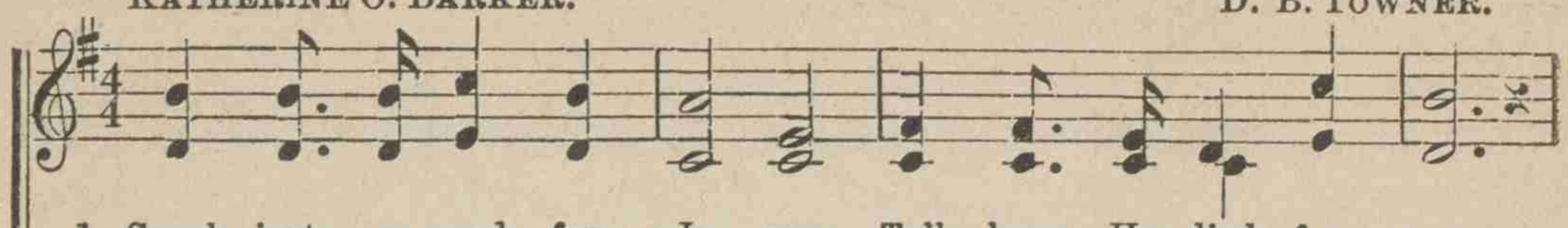




I touched the hem of His gar-ment, There's glo - ry in my soul!
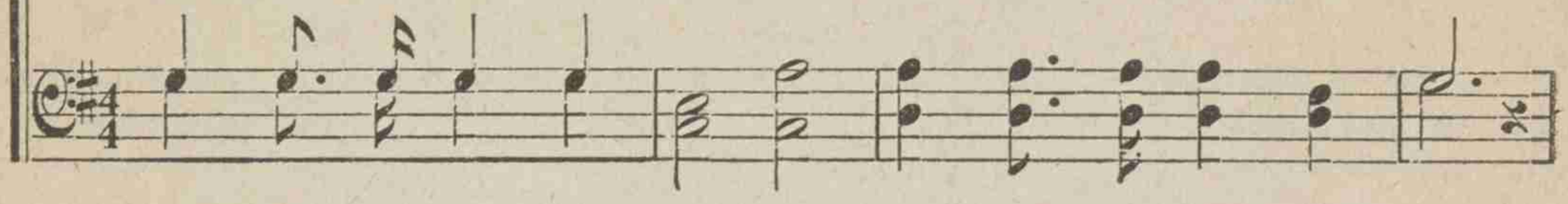


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30 Speak Just a Word!

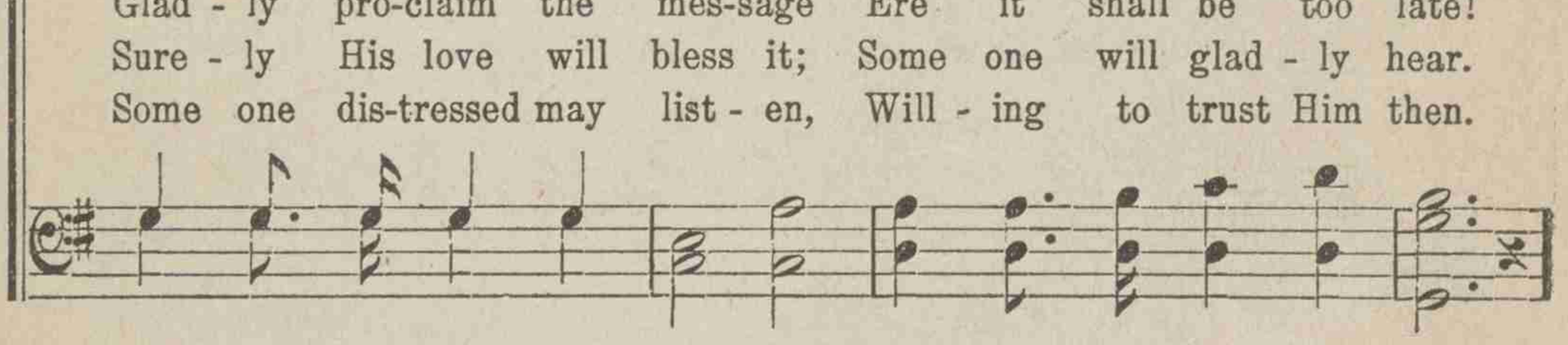
KATHERINE O. BARKER. D. B. TOWNER.



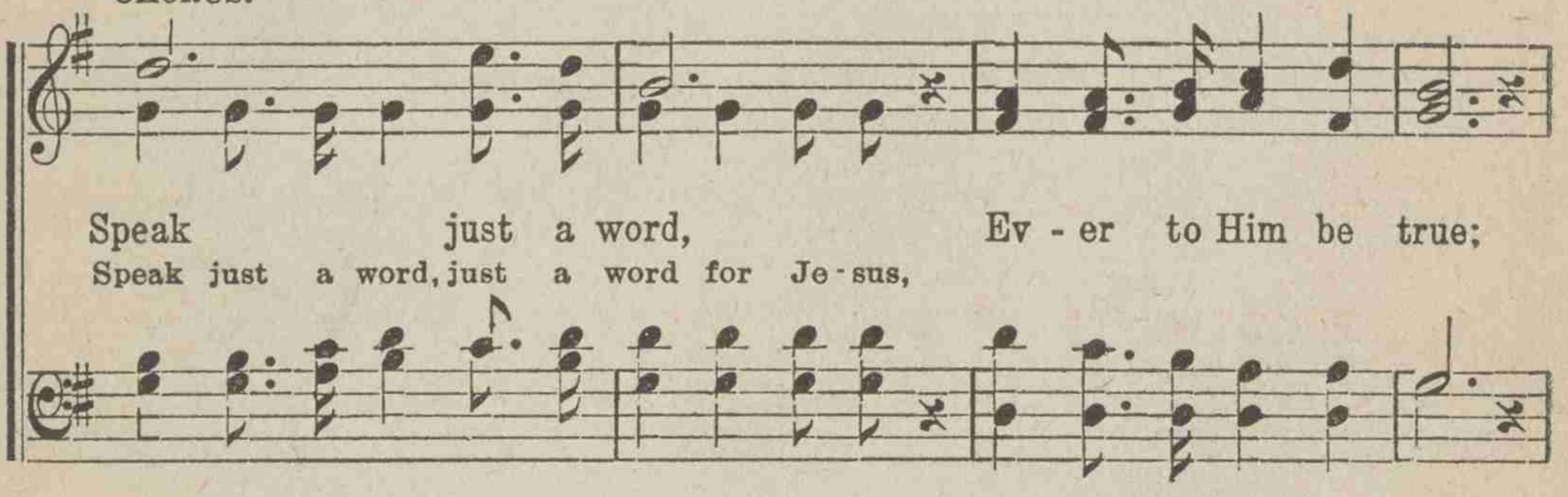
1. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell how He died for you,
2. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell how He helps you live,
3. Speak just a word for Je - sus,— Do not for oth - ers wait;
4. Speak just a word for Je - sus,—Why should you doubt or fear?
5. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell of His love for men!
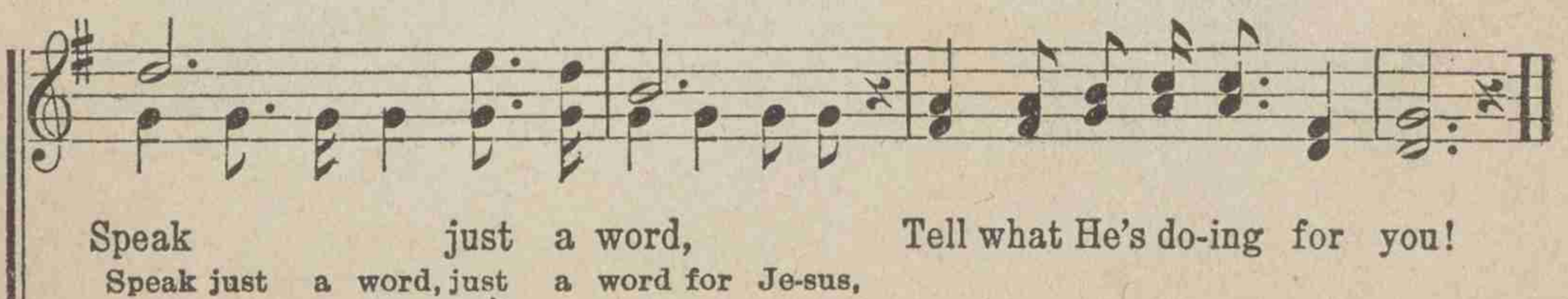


Oft - en re - peat the sto - ry, Won - der - ful, glad and true!
Tell of the strength and com - fort Which He will free - ly give!
Glad - ly pro-claim the mes-sage Ere it shall be too late!
Sure - ly His love will bless it; Some one will glad - ly hear.
Some one dis-tressed may list - en, Will - ing to trust Him then.



CHORUS.



Speak just a word, Ev - er to Him be true;
Speak just a word, just a word for Je - sus,



Speak just a word, Tell what He's do-ing for you!
Speak just a word, just a word for Je-sus,

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31 He Knows.

EMMA G. DIETRICK. EDWARD M. FULLER.

1. O ach - ing heart, with sor - row torn, Thy Lord is near, and knows;
2. O faint - ing soul, with doubts oppressed, Thy Lord is near, and knows;
3. O wea - ry head that fain would rest, Thy Lord is near, and knows;
4. O lone - ly one, live thou thy best, Thy Lord is near, and knows;

He knows it all— the feet way-worn, The wea - ry cares and woes,
He knows it all— how thou art pressed On ev - 'ry side with foes;
He knows it all, and on His breast Thou may - est now re - pose;
He knows it all, sees ev - 'ry test, Yes, ev - 'ry tear that flows;

The load of grief in anguish borne; Thy Lord is near, He knows!
He waits to be thy cherished Guest;
Drop ev - 'ry care at His be-hest;
Re-joice, faint heart, His way is best; Thy Lord is near, He knows!

REFRAIN. *rall.*

He knows, He knows, Thy Lord is near, . . . He knows!
He knows, He knows.

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32 He Died in My Place.

HELEN D. SYLVESTER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I stand be - fore the cross of Christ, The Sav - iour cru - ci - fied;
2. Un-wor - thy of such might - y love, I stand with-out a plea;
3. He took my place, my soul is free, The price has all been paid;
4. See Je - sus in the sin - ner's place! Be - hold the match-less love!

And love re - peats in whisp - er low: "'Twas in my place He died!"
But when His jus - tice marks my guilt, I cry: "He died for me!"
On Him that day up - on the tree, My guilt and sins were laid.
And now the Son of God pre - pares A place with Him a - bove.
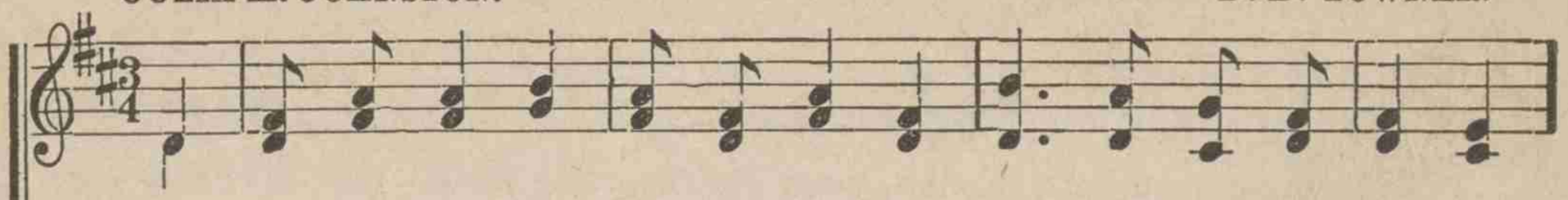
CHORUS.

My place was there up - on the cross, ... And
the cru - el cross,
mine the sin - ner's end - less loss; . . . . He took my place, the
un-end - ing loss;
Cru - ci - fied; For me He died, the Sav - iour died!
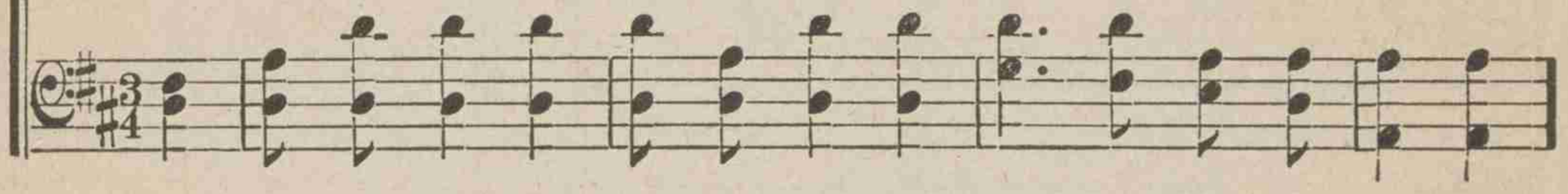
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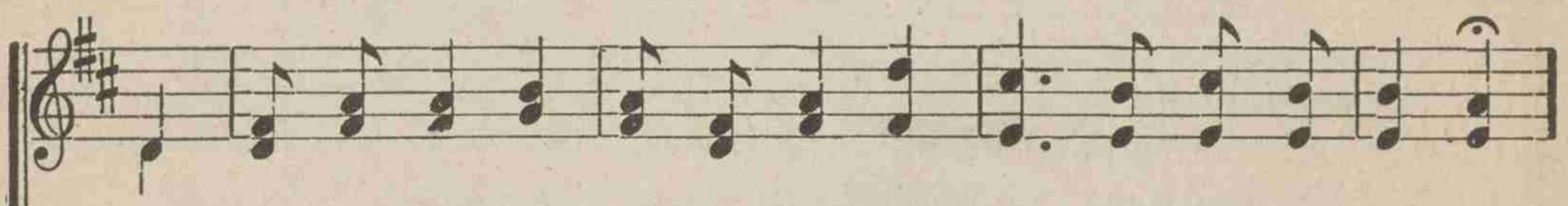
33 The Changeless Word.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.
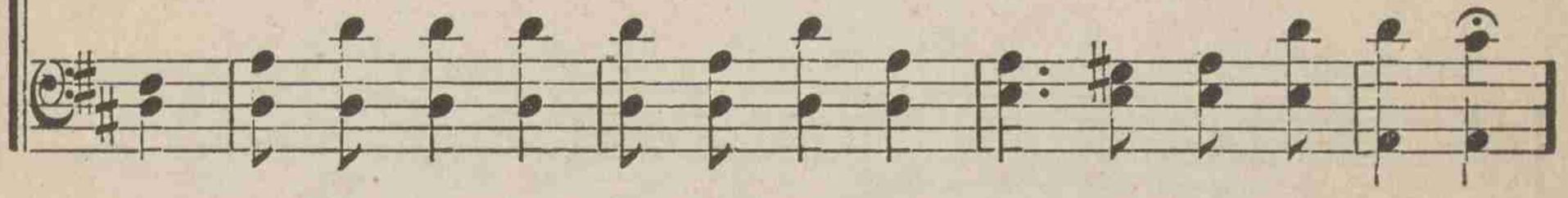


1. O change-less Word of life and light, A per - fect rule to guide me,
2. Thou Book di - vine, thy pag - es shine With heav'n's un-fad - ing glo - ry;
3. Here law and love and wis - dom stand Re-vealed thro' by - gone a - ges,
4. Untouched by time, or men's as-saults, This Word re-mains un-shak - en,
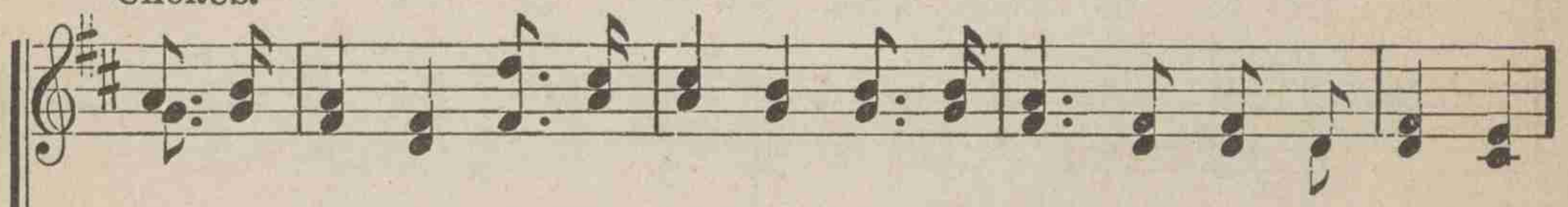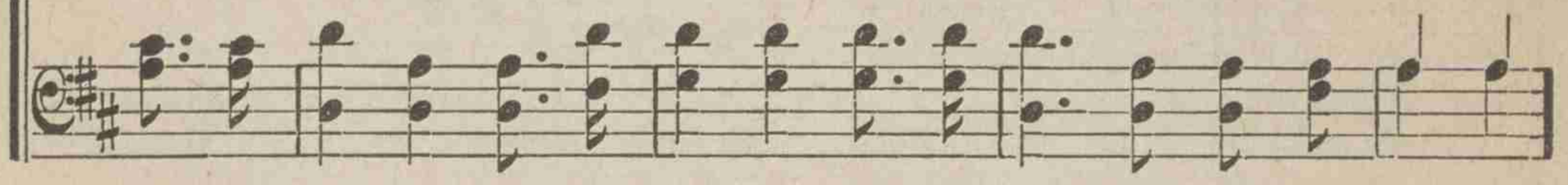




I take thy coun-sels, trust thy truth, And in my heart I hide thee.
Thou dost re - veal to mor - tals here The great re - demp-tion sto - ry.
And chil-dren read a mes-sage sweet Up - on thy sim - ple pag - es.
And those who build up - on this rock Will nev - er be for - sak - en.



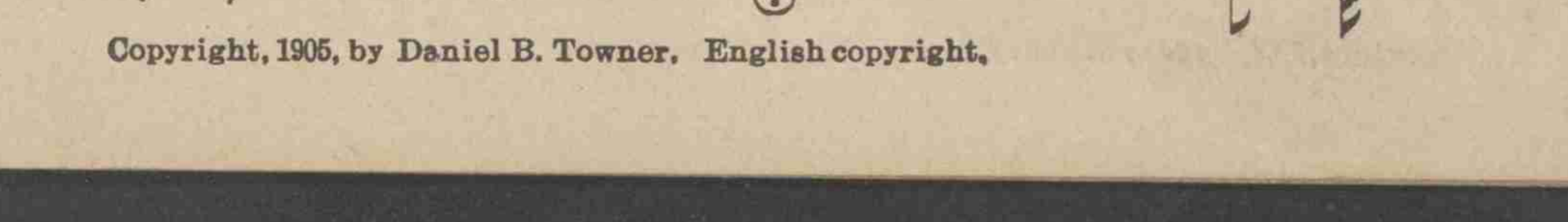
CHORUS.



Prec-ious Bi - ble, pre-cious Bi - ble, Book by in - spir - a - tion giv - en;



Pre - cious Bi - ble, pre-cious Bi - ble, Light to guide our souls to heav'n!



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34 "No More the Curse."

D. W. WHITTLE. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. "No more the curse!" O Christ, we praise Thee! Thy blood the tri-umph wins;
2. "No more of pain" and care-worn fac - es, No forms bowed with dis - ease;
3. "No more of night," the day is dawn-ing, The Lord is draw-ing near!
4. "No more the curse," no more the cry - ing, All thirst and hun - ger o'er;

The cross to which Thy love did raise Thee, Hath put a - way our sins.
O'er all the earth the Lord re - plac - es His par - a - dise of peace.
With Him shall come the longed-for morn-ing When night shall dis - ap - pear.
No more the night, no more the dy - ing, No tears or sor - row more!

CHORUS.

"There shall be no more curse, Nei - ther sor - row, nor cry - ing;
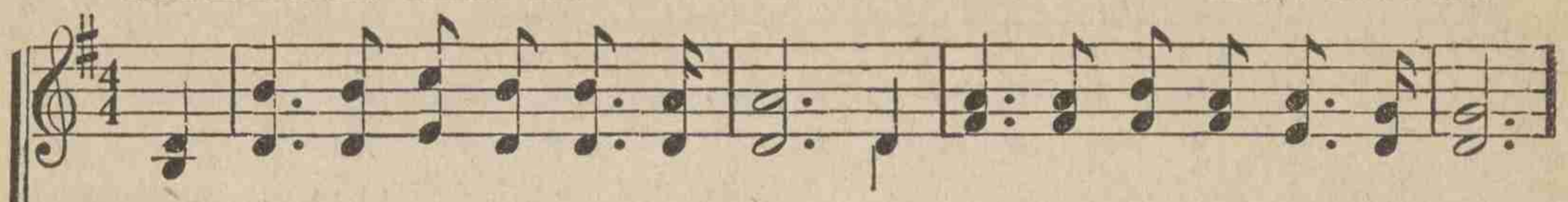
There shall be no more pain, Nei-ther dark - ness, nor dy - ing;

And God shall wipe a - way All tears from their eyes."
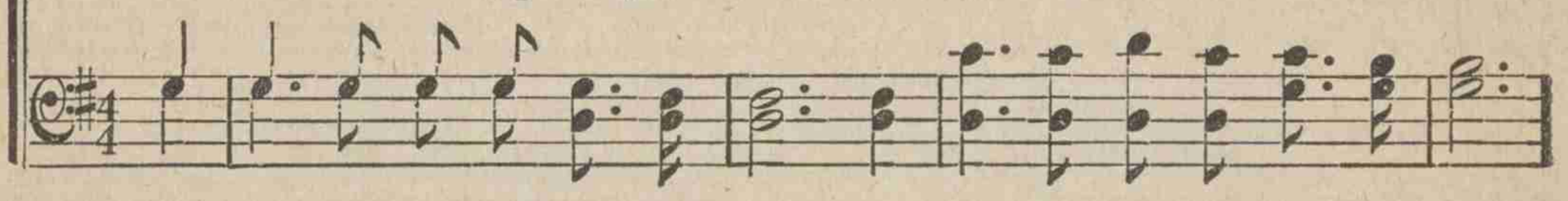
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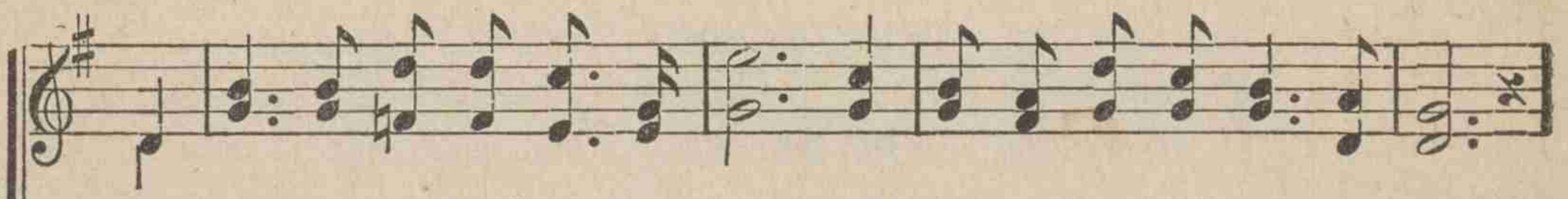
35 Some Day I Shall Know.

ANNA HUBER GARDNER. D. B. TOWNER.

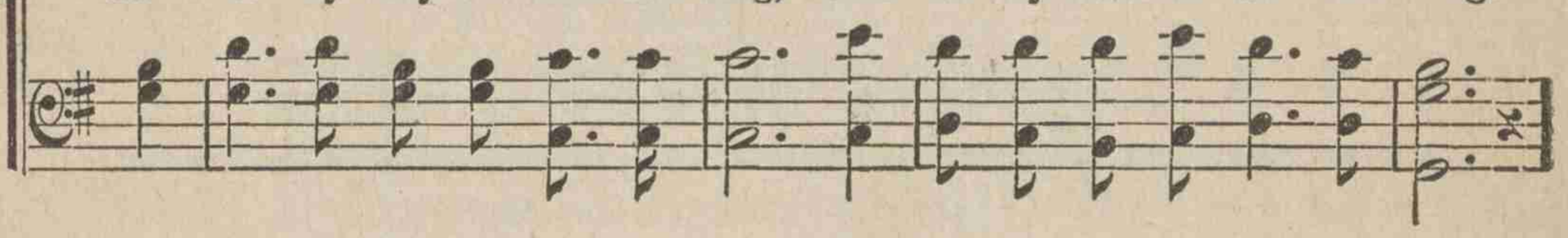


1. Just why He saved me I don't know, Nor why it was He loved me so;
2. Just why He whispered, "Come to Me," I can-not know or tell to thee;
3. Just why He tries me ev-'ry day, And lets new sor-rows cross my way,
4. O bless-ed knowledge this, that He Is ev-er near to com-fort me!
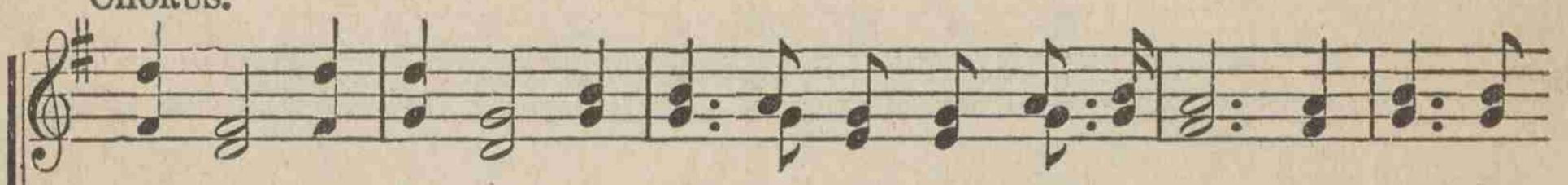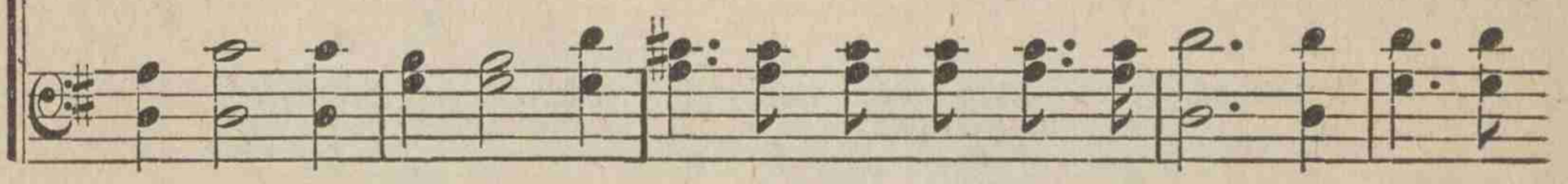




But this I know—He is my Lord, I'm trusting in His bless-ed word.
But this I know—I heard His voice, And in His love I now re-joice.
I can-not tell; but this I know—He's with me ev-'ry-where I go.
So ev-'ry day I'll trust and sing, And to my bless-ed Sav-iour cling.
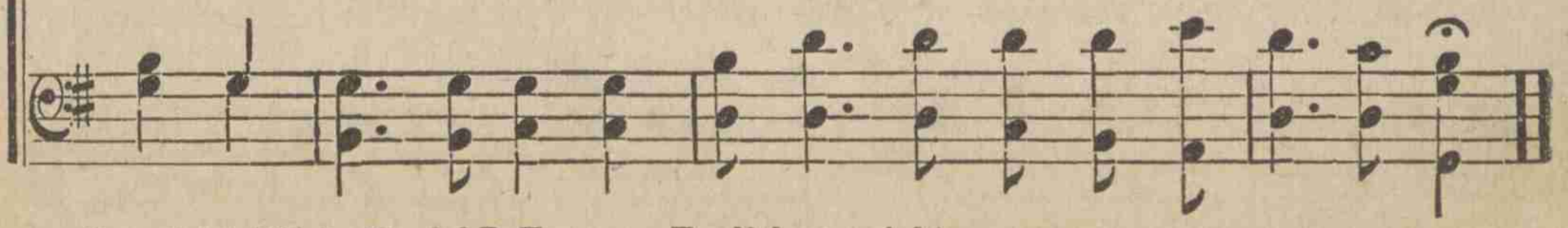


CHORUS.



Some day, yes, some day, When I have heard the an-gel call, 'Twill all be



plain, the loss, the gain; Yes, some day, some day I shall know it all.



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36 There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing There's a sad day

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom—"De-

part-ed right and left,—Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord,—Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know you not,"—Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.
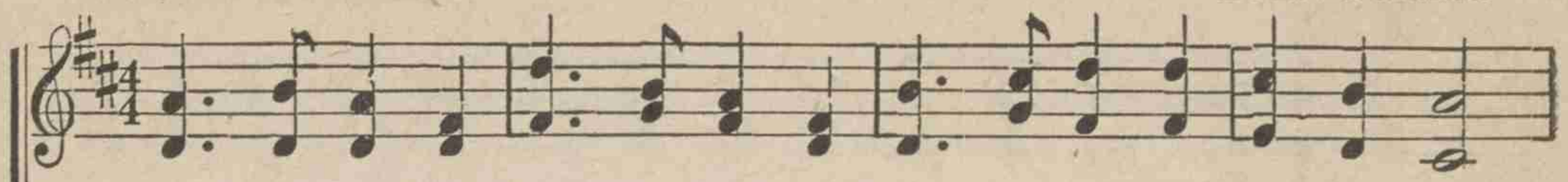
Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

judg-ment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judgment day?
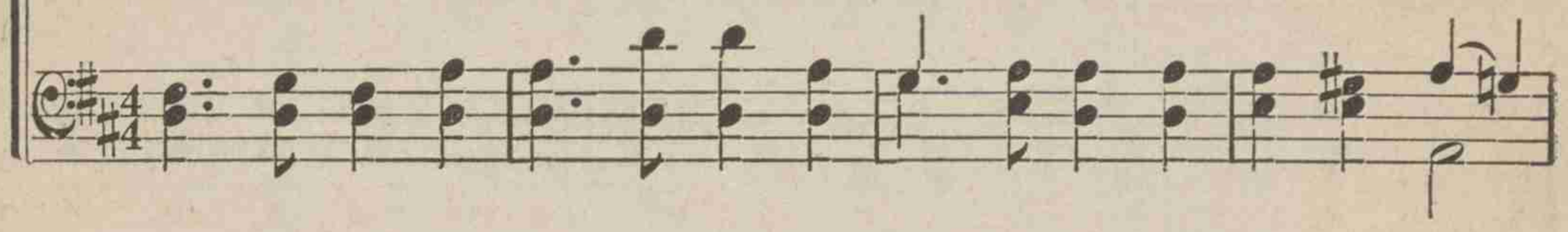
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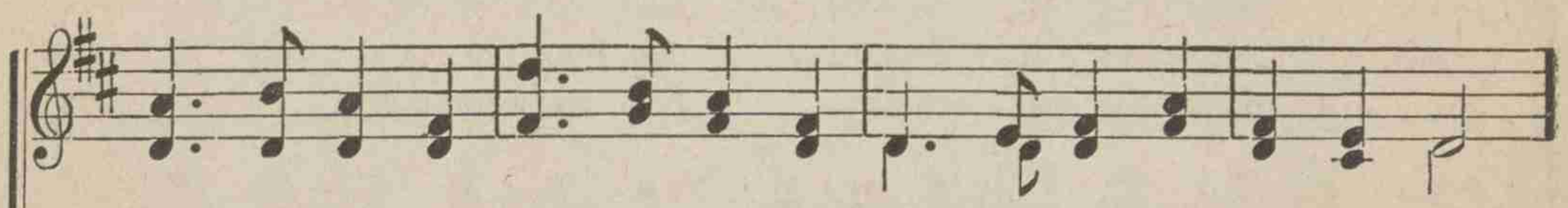
37 Full Surrender.

REBECCA S. POLLARD. D. B. TOWNER.

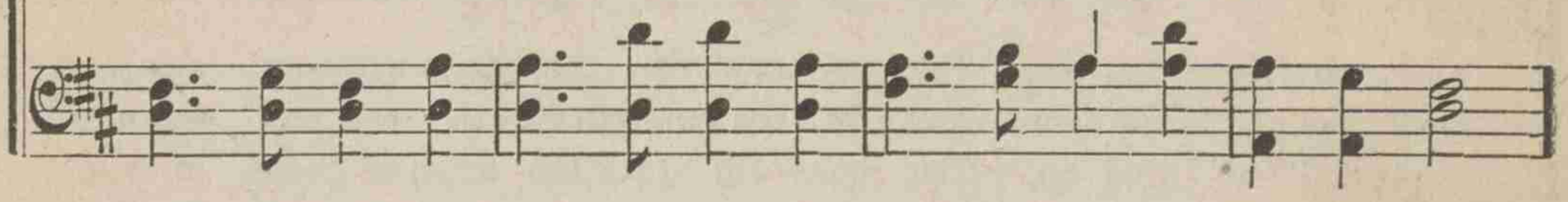


1. Sav - iour, tis a full sur-ren - der, All I leave to fol - low Thee;
2. As I come in deep con-tri - tion, At this con - se - crat - ed hour,
3. No with-holding—full con-fess - ion; Pleasures, riches, all must flee;
4. Be this theme my song and sto - ry, Now and un - til life is o'er;
5. Oh, the joy of full sal-va - tion! Oh, the peace of love di - vine!
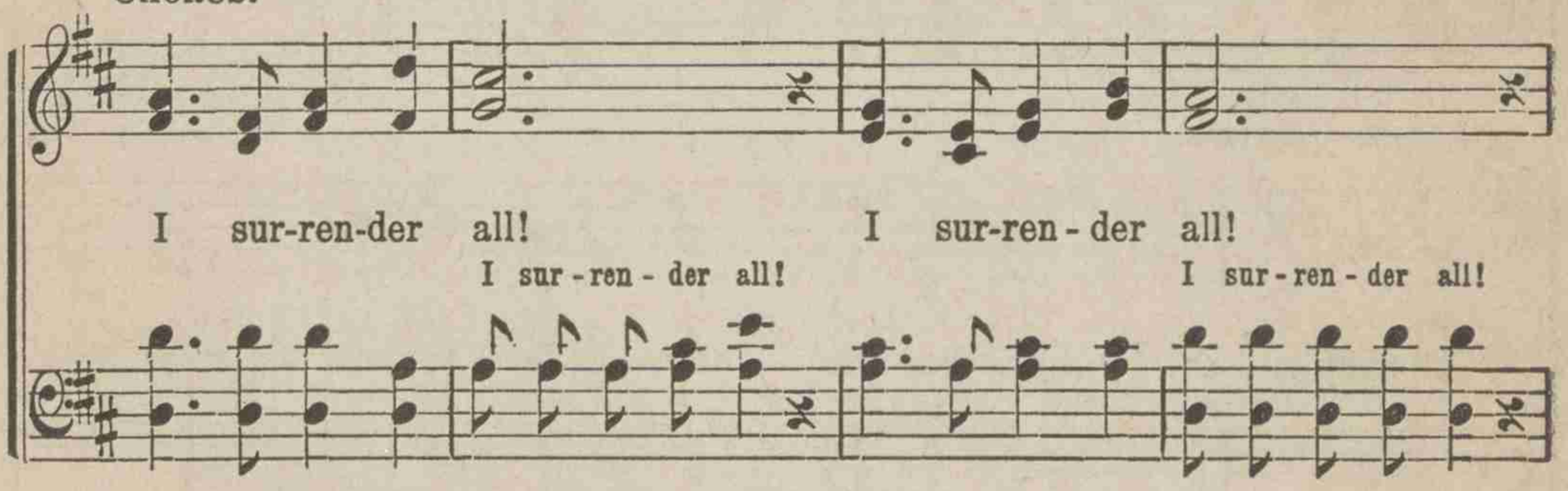




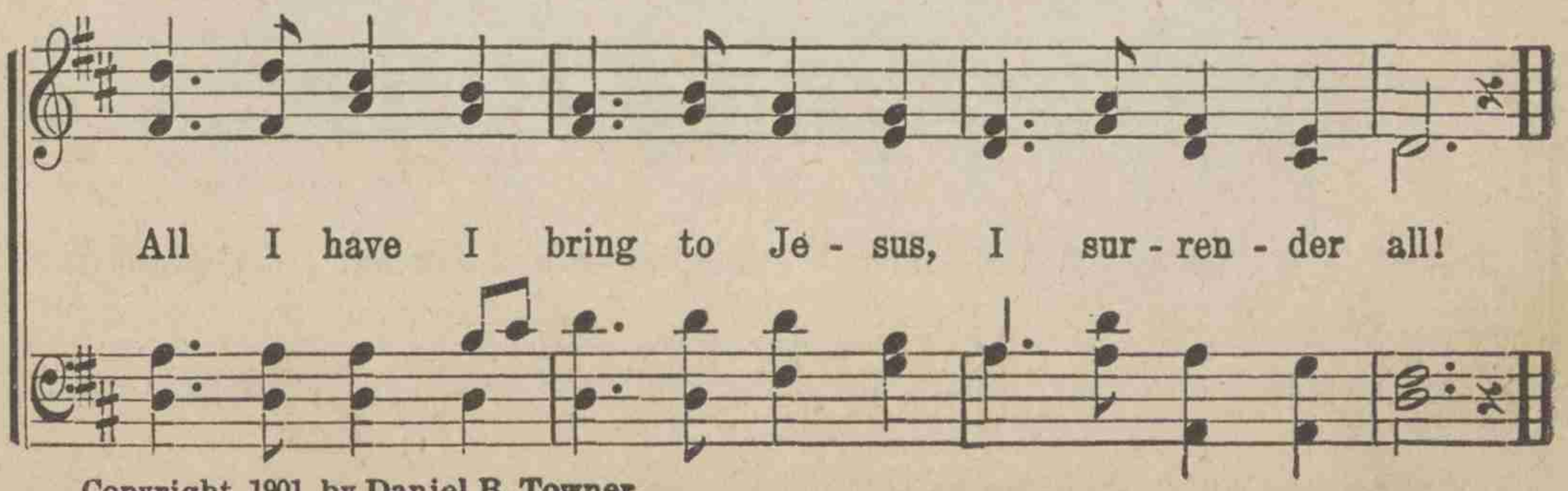
Thou my lead - er and de - fend - er From this hour shalt ev - er be.
Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe - ti - tion, Let me feel the Spir - it's power!
Ho - ly Spir - it, take pos-sess - ion! I no more, but Thou in me.
This my rapt-ure, this my glo - ry, Till I reach the shin - ing shore.
Oh, the bliss of con - se - cra - tion! I am His, and He is mine.



CHORUS.



I sur-ren-der all! I sur-ren - der all!
I sur - ren - der all! I sur - ren - der all!



All I have I bring to Je - sus, I sur - ren - der all!

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38 The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on. A - rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of

arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march - ing
leads, and vic - t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev - 'ry

on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap - pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en - dure.
land shall hon - ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

Chorus. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar-

ray, . . With ar - mor gleaming, and col - ors streaming, The right and

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The Fight is On.

Harmony.

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not

wea - ry; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban - ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!

Vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

39 Father, Lead Me Day by Day.

J. PAGE HOPPS. D. B. TOWNER.
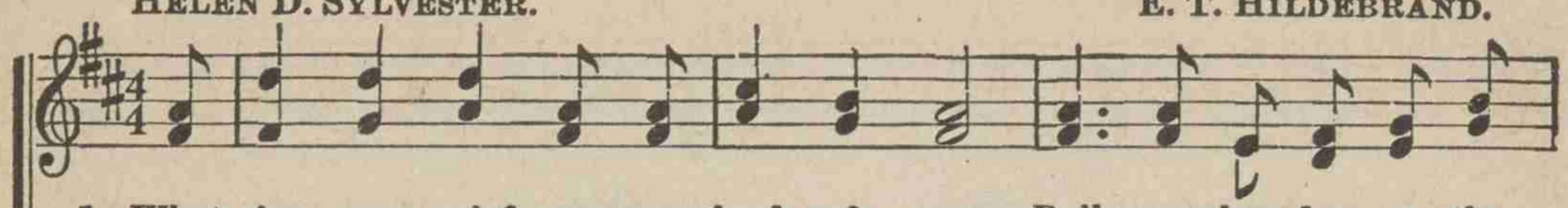
1. Fa - ther, lead me day by day, Ev - er in Thine own sweet way;
2. When in dan - ger make me brave, Make me know that Thou canst save;
3. When I'm tempt-ed to do wrong, Make me stead-fast, wise, and strong;
4. May I do the good I know, Be Thy lov - ing child be - low,

Teach me to be pure and true, Show me what I ought to do.
Keep me safe by Thy dear side, Let me in Thy love a - bide.
And when all a - lone I stand, Shield me with Thy might - y hand.
Then at last go home to Thee, Ev - er - more Thy child to be!
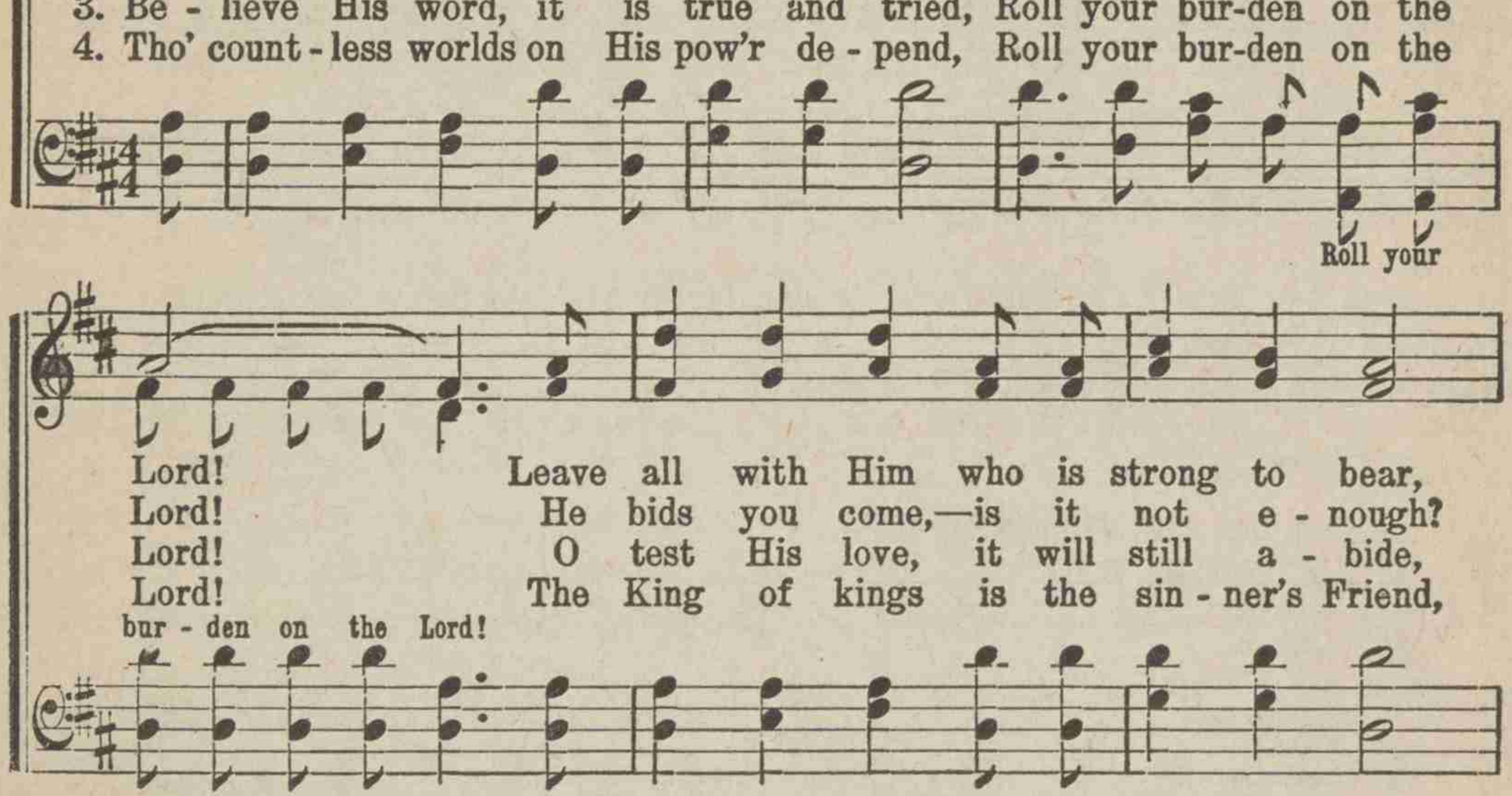
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40 Roll Your Burden on the Lord.

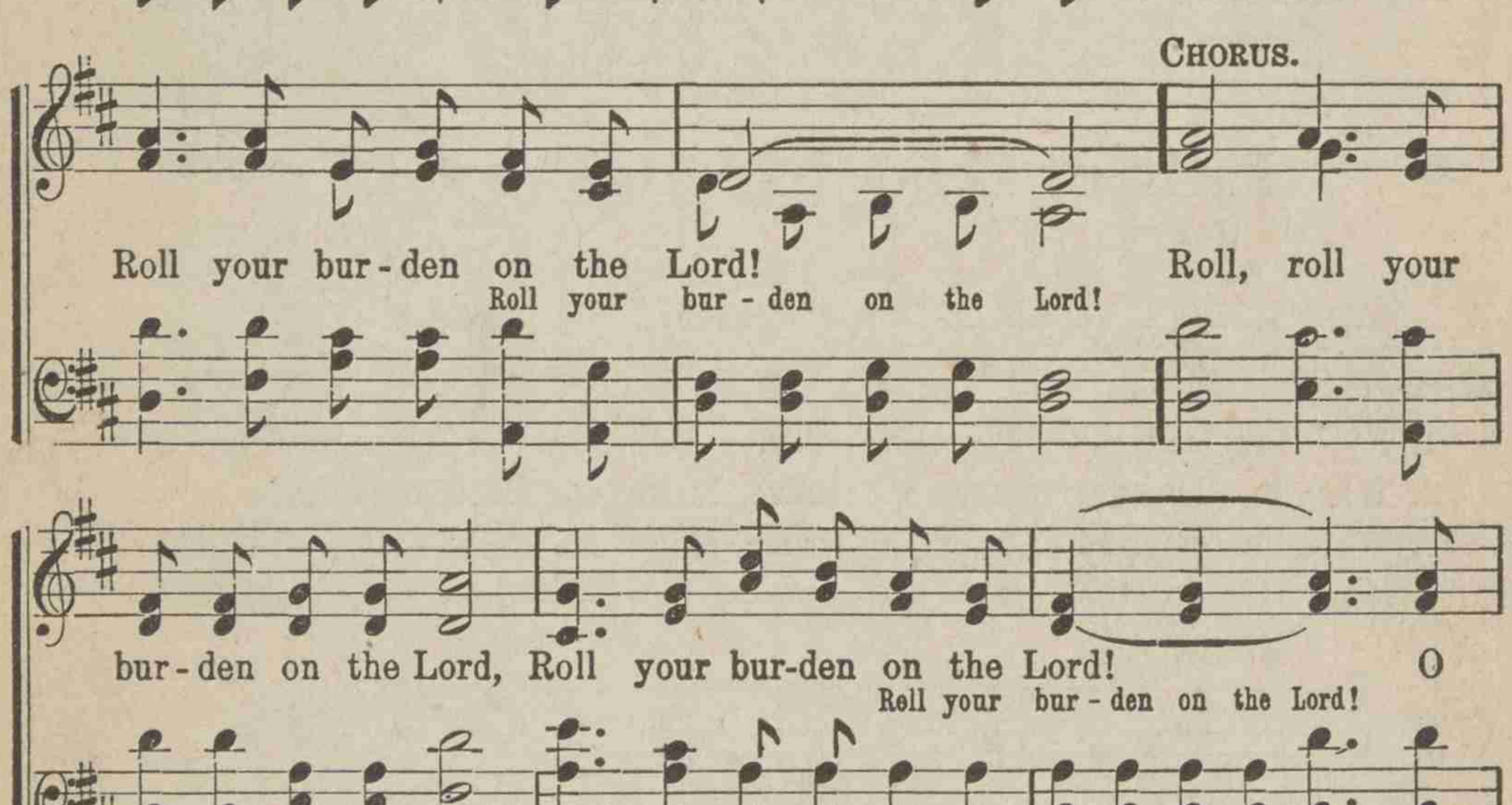
HELEN D. SYLVESTER. E. T. HILDEBRAND.

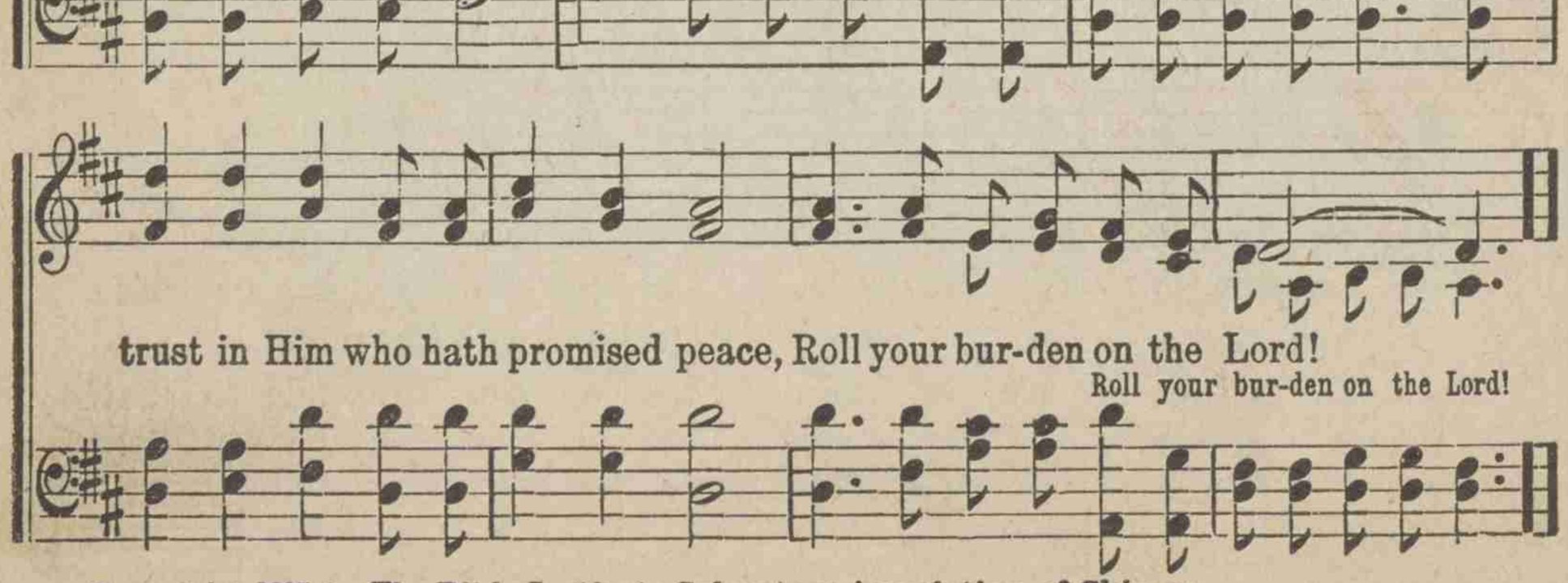


1. What-e'er your grief or your load of care, Roll your bur-den on the
2. When skies are dark and the road is rough, Roll your bur-den on the
3. Be - lieve His word, it is true and tried, Roll your bur-den on the
4. Tho' count - less worlds on His pow'r de - pend, Roll your bur-den on the



Lord! Leave all with Him who is strong to bear,
Lord! He bids you come,—is it not e - nough?
Lord! O test His love, it will still a - bide,
Lord! The King of kings is the sin - ner's Friend,
bur - den on the Lord!





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41 There is a Gate!

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is a gate! O bless the Lord, The way to E - den since the fall
2. There is a gate! O pil-grim soul, Thy wea - ry jour - ney has an end,—
3. It leads to life—that heav'nly gate, The life that nev - er knows an end;
4. But few there be that find that gate; Their own good works turn them a-side,
5. It is a strait and nar-row gate, Too strait and nar-row for thy sin;

Has not been barred by flam-ing sword, Or high im - pen - e - tra - ble wall.
No keep-er there de-mands a toll; Who holds the latchet is a friend.
It o - pens on a rich es - tate, Where hap-pi - ness and glo - ry blend.
Or else the world ex-tends a bait, Whose road is broad, whose gate is wide.
He lays a - side his ev-'ry weight, Thro' faith in Christ, who en-ters in.

CHORUS.

Knock, and it shall be o - pened un - to you!

Knock, and it shall be o - pened un - to you! Knock, and it

ad lib. *a tempo.*

shall be o - pened un - to you! Seek, and ye shall find!

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42 My Shepherd's Voice.

HELEN D. SYLVESTER. WM. L. GILPIN.

1. In the green and pleas-ant past-ures, By the wa - ters calm and still,
2. O the flock the Shepherd lead - eth He de - fend-eth from all harm;
3. There is not a guide like Je - sus, With His clear and heav'n-ly voice;

My Re - deem-er and my Shepherd Gen-tly leads me at His will. When He
With His watchful eye up - on them They are safe from all a - larm. Let us
As it ring - eth in the darkness, How my spir - it doth re - joice! When at

turns and walks in shad-ow, Still I hear His voice of love: "Lit - tle flock, o-
fol - low not a stran-ger, Who will sure-ly lead a - stray, For the Shep-herd
last the si - lent riv - er I must cross, thro' shadows dim, I shall hear my
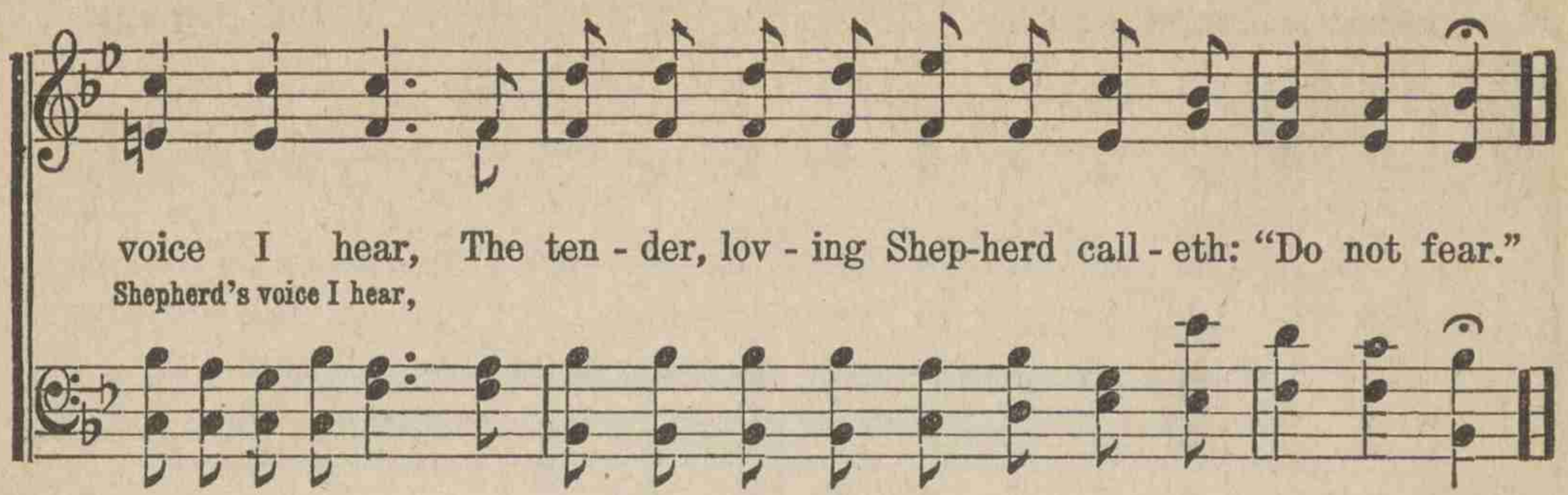
CHORUS.

bey and fol-low To the fold a - bove."
ev - er-lov-ing Knows the narrow way. My Shepherd's voice With joy I hear,
Shepherd calling, And will fol-low Him. My Shepherd's voice I hear, His voice with joy I hear,

The tender, loving Shepherd calleth: "Do not fear"; His voice I hear, His
His voice with joy I hear, My
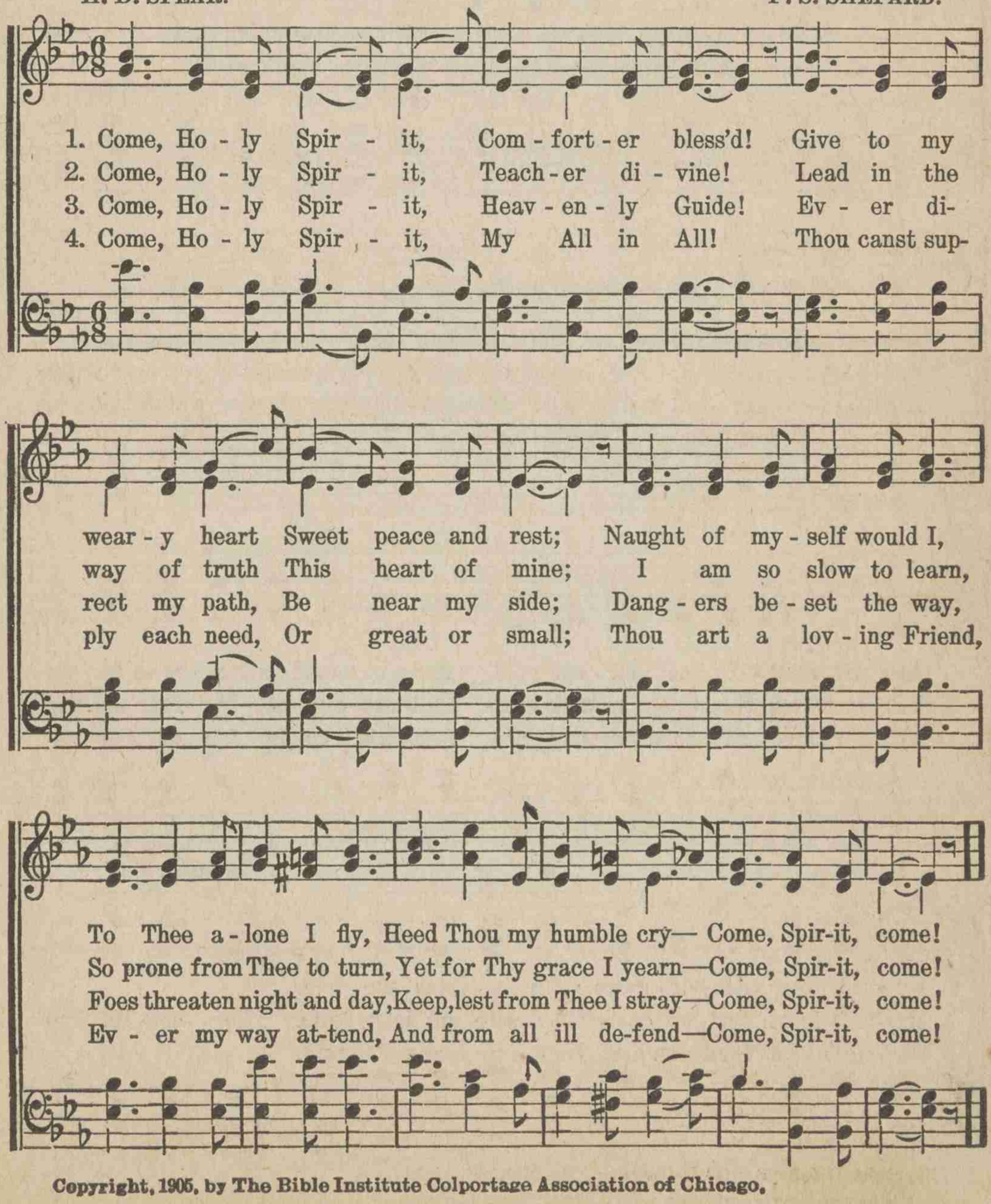
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My Shepherd's Voice.



43 Come, Holy Spirit, Come!

H. D. SPEAR. F. S. SHEPARD.



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44 The Refiner's Fire.

Arr. by JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. The Re - fin - er sat by the seven - fold fire, As He watched by the
2. So He laid our gold in the flam - ing fire, Tho' we fain would have
3. Should we think it pleased such a lov - ing heart For to cause us a

pre-cious ore, And He bent more close with a search-ing gaze, As He
said Him nay; And He watched the dross that we had not seen, And it
mo-ment's pain? 'Tis not so, but that thro' the pres - ent cross He should

heat - ed it more and more, For He knew the ore that could stand the test,
melt - ed and passed a - way, And the gold grew bright-er and yet more bright,
see an e - ter - nal gain. So He wait - ed there with a watch-ful eye,

And He want - ed the fin - est gold For to mould as a crown for the
But our eyes were so dim with tears That we saw but the fire, not the
And a love that is strong and sure; And His gold did not suf - fer a

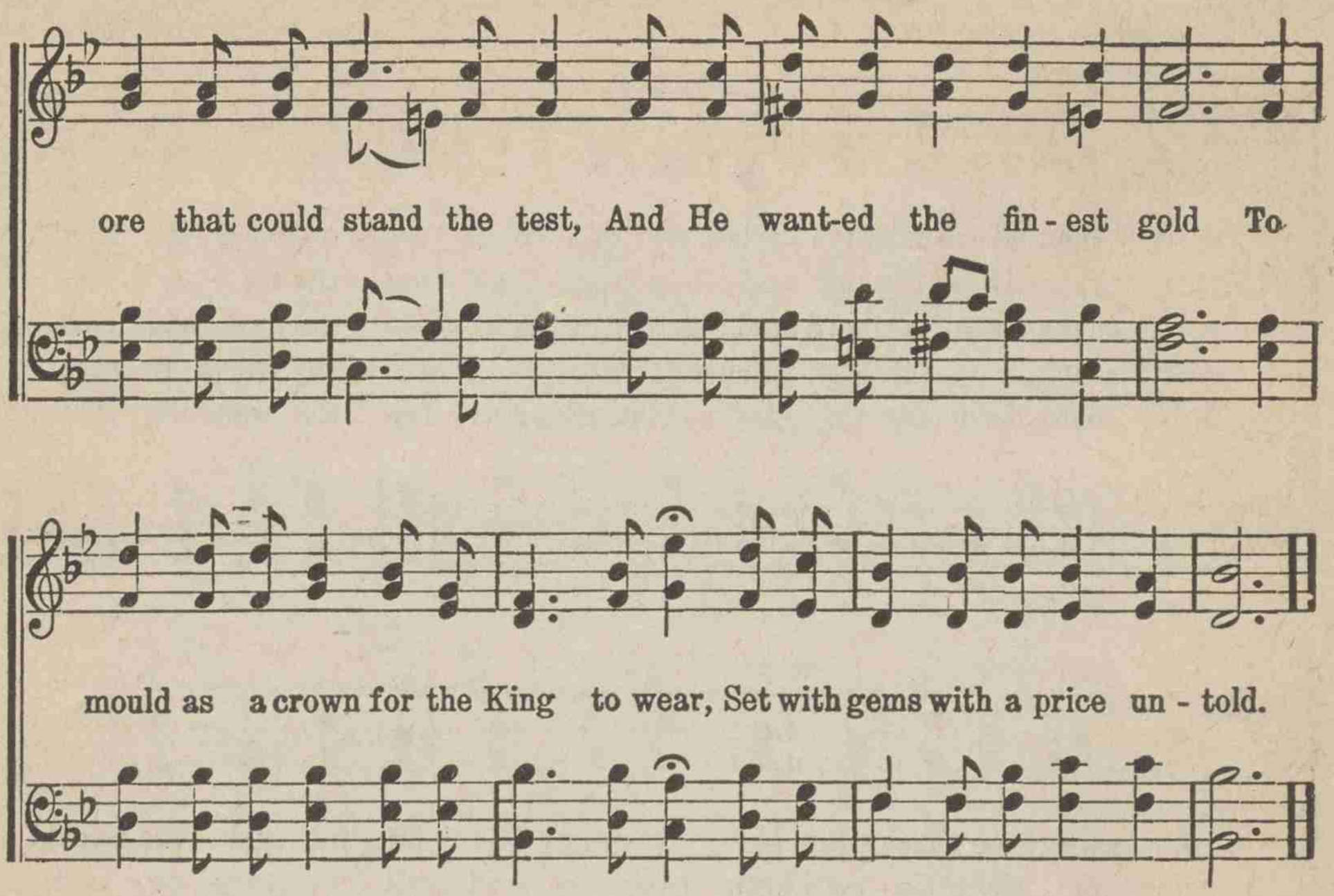
CHORUS.

King to wear, Set with gems with a price un - told.
Mas-ter's hand, And we ques-tioned with anx-ious fears. He knew He had
bit more heat Than was need - ed to make it pure.

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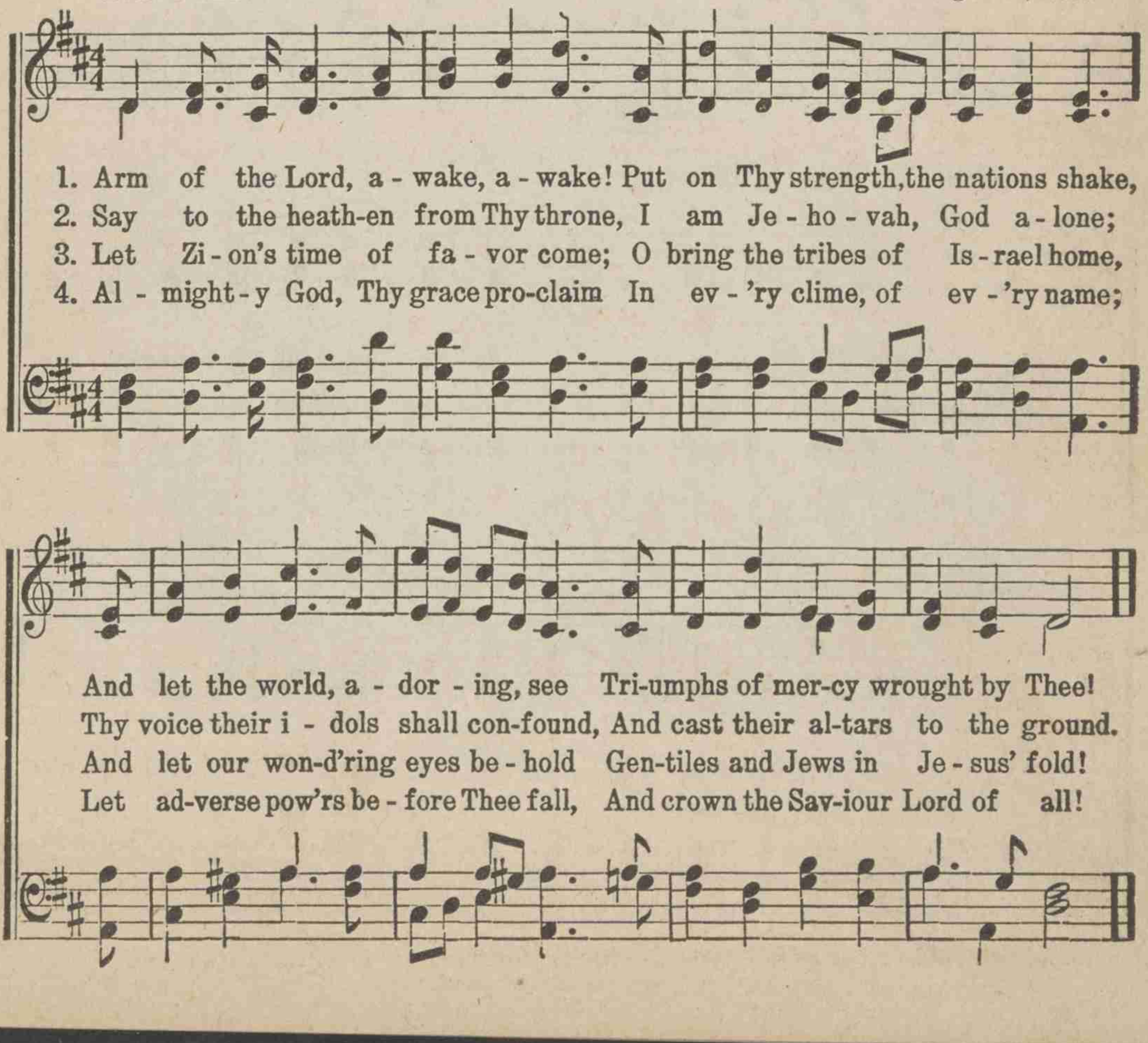
* When sung as a solo the small notes may be used.

The Refiner's Fire.
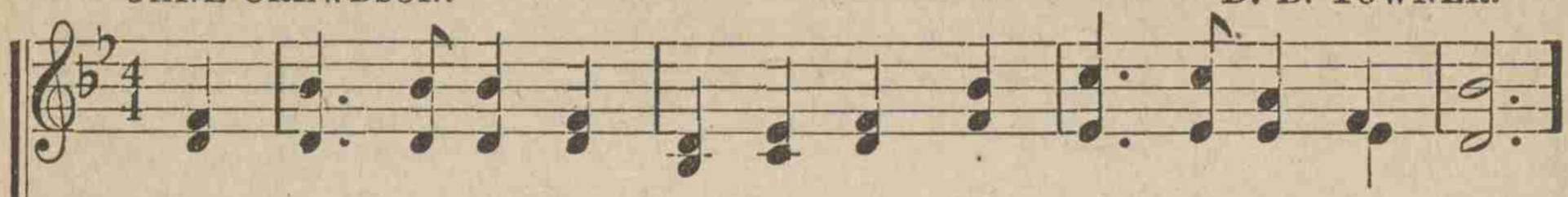


45 Arm of the Lord, Awake!

W. SHRUBSOLE. Psalmodia Evangelica, 1789.
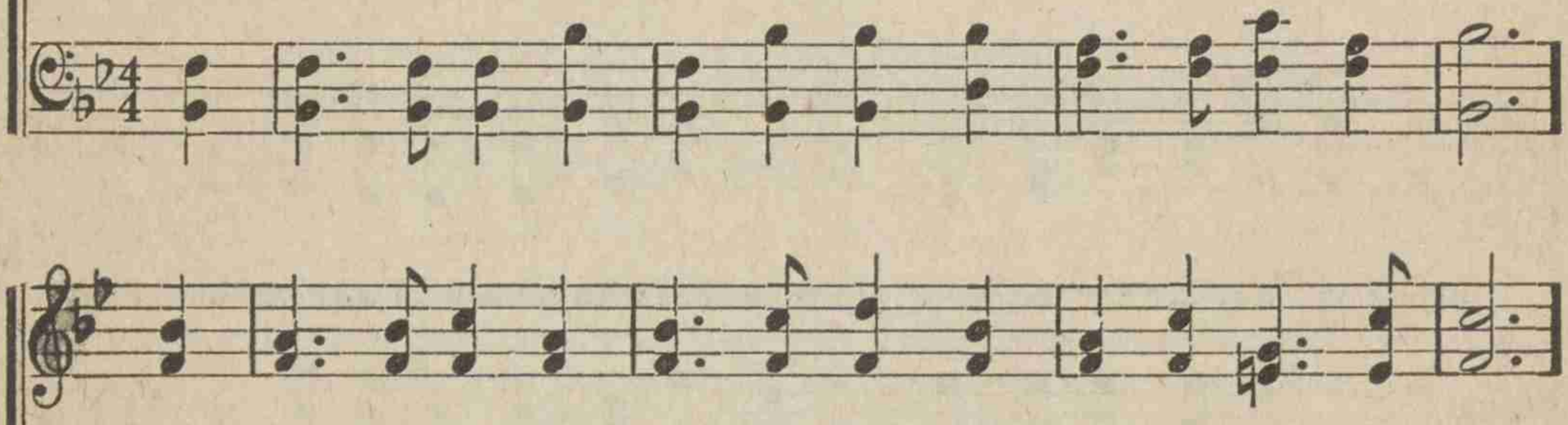


46 In Everything Give Thanks.
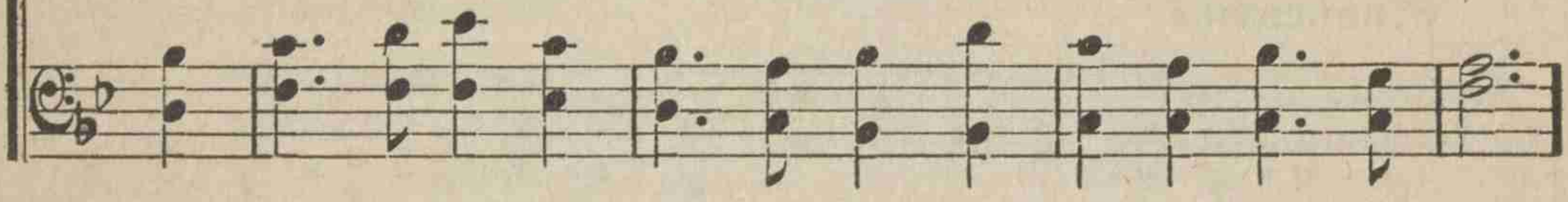
JANE CREWDSON. D. B. TOWNER.



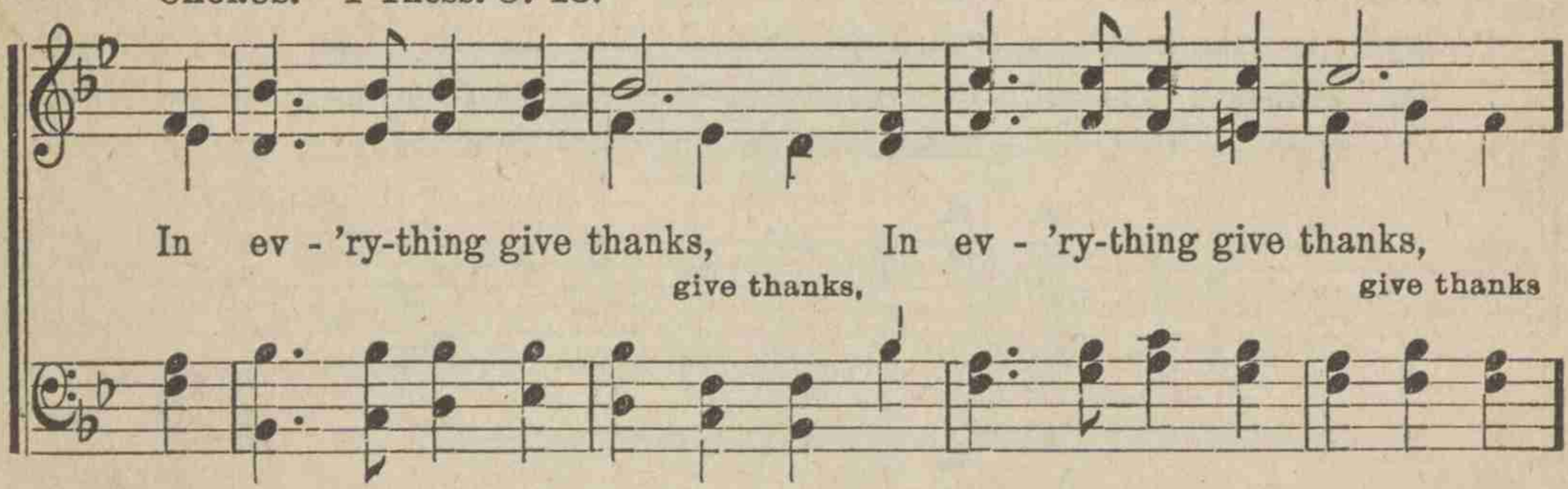
1. O Thou whose bounty fills my cup With ev - 'ry bless - ing meet,
2. I praise Thee for the des - ert road, And for the riv - er - side;
3. I thank Thee for both smile and frown, And for the gain and loss;
4. I thank Thee for Thy wing of love, Which stirred my world - ly nest,
5. I thank Thee for the glad in - crease, And for the wan - ing joy,
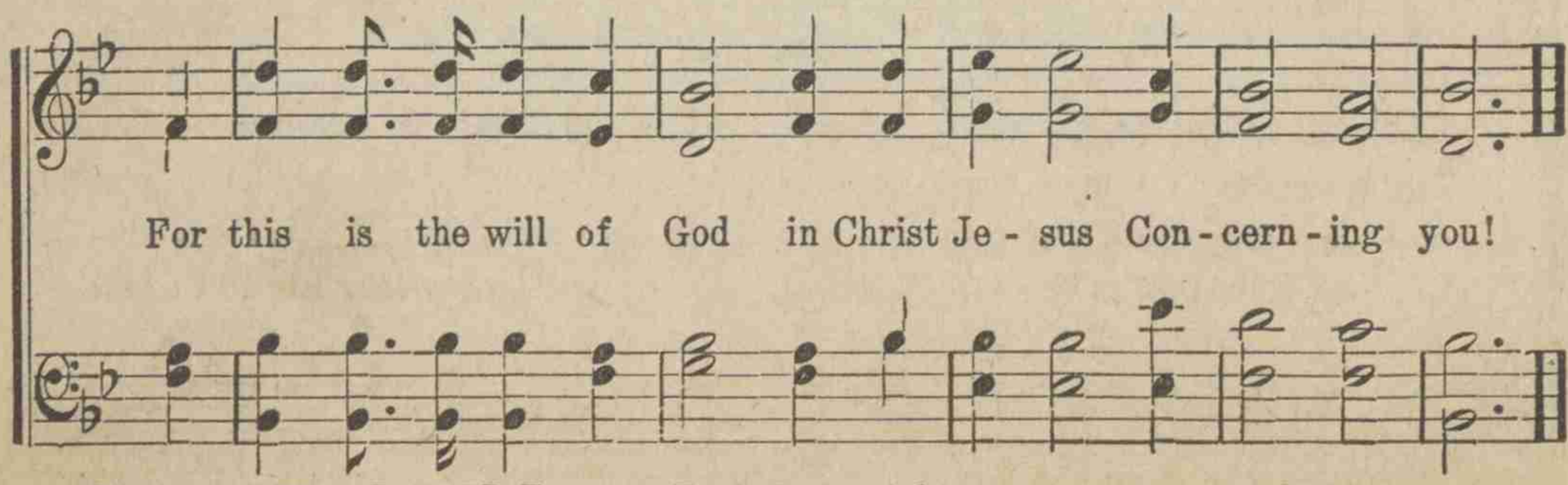


I give Thee thanks for ev - 'ry drop, The bit - ter and the sweet!
For all Thy good - ness hath be-stowed, And all Thy grace de - nied.
I praise Thee for the fu - ture crown, And for the pres - ent cross.
And for the storm - y clouds that drove The flut-t'rer to Thy breast.
And for this strange, this set - tled peace, Which noth-ing can de - stroy.



CHORUS. 1 Thess. 5: 18.



In ev - 'ry-thing give thanks, In ev - 'ry-thing give thanks,
give thanks, give thanks



For this is the will of God in Christ Je - sus Con - cern - ing you!

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47 Why Not Say Yes To-night?

EFFIE WELLS LOUCKS. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

DUET.

1. O why not say Yes to the Sav - iour to-night? He's ten - der - ly
2. For with you the Spir - it will not al - ways plead—O do not re-
3. Take Christ as your Sav - iour, then all shall be well, The mor - row let

plead - ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin - bur-den'd heart
ject Him to - night! To - mor - row may bring you the dark-ness of death,
bring what it may; His love shall pro - tect you, His Spir - it shall guide,

CHORUS.

For par - don so full and so free. . .
Un - bro - ken by heav - en - ly light. . . . so free, Why not say Yes to-
And safe - ly keep you in His way. . . . heav'nly light, Why not say Yes to the
His way.

night? . . . . Why not? Why not? While He so gen-tly, so
Saviour to-night? Say Yes! Say Yes!

Why not say Yes? Why not to-night?

ten - der - ly pleads, O ac - cept Him to - night! . . .
ac - cept Him to - night!

By permission of R, A, Walton.

48 Only Believe!

W. R. NEWELL. J. E. DELMARTER.

1. O sin-ner, come list to the voice That maketh the weary re - joice!
2. O why do you stand at the gate, And question, and falter, and wait?
3. You trust in the truth of a friend: On man's feeble promise de - pend;
4. He died as a ran-som for all; He saves who-so-ev-er will call;

God prom-is - es life to the one Who simply believes on His Son.
What Je - sus hath said, can you doubt? He says He will not cast you out.
O can you not rest on the Word Of Je-sus, the glo - ri - fied Lord?
O call on Him now, and re - ceive The blessing of those who be-lieve!

CHORUS.

Be - lieve it, be - lieve it! God's mes-sage of
Be - lieve it just now, be - lieve it just now!

mer - cy re - ceive; . . . . His prom - ise means *you*, And His
of mer - cy re - ceive;

prom - ise is *true;* O look un - to Christ and be - lieve! . . .
un - to Christ and be - lieve!

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49 The Bugle Call.

HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Rouse from your slumbers! Day is at hand; Glo - ry of morn-ing breaks
2. Long-hoped and prayed-for day of our Lord, When Sa-tan's em - pire falls
3. Souls long in bond-age sigh for re-lease; Hearts sore and troubled long
4. Shrink not from dan-ger! Be not dis - mayed! Je - sus your Lead - er brave

o - ver all the land; God's hosts are march-ing, ban - ners un - furled,
by the Spir - it's sword! God's hosts will con - quer; Power from a - bove
cry for rest and peace. God's hosts ad - vanc - ing loud - ly pro-claim
calls to you for aid. Great is the glo - ry, rich the re - ward,

CHORUS.

Clear sounds the bu - gle call a-round the world!
Strengthens the sol - diers of the Lord of love. Gird on your ar - mor!
Hope of sal-va - tion in the Sav-iour's name.
Prom - ised the sol - diers true of Christ the Lord!

Stay not behind! Now in the tree-tops whis-pers the wind. God goes be-
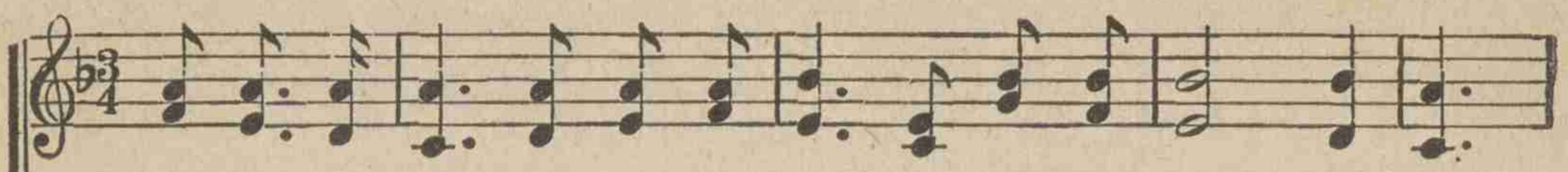
fore you; Forth to the fray! Rise at the bu-gle call, and march a - way!

march a - way!
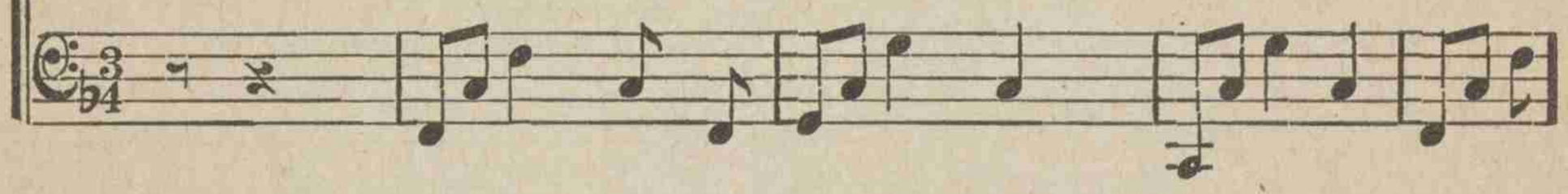
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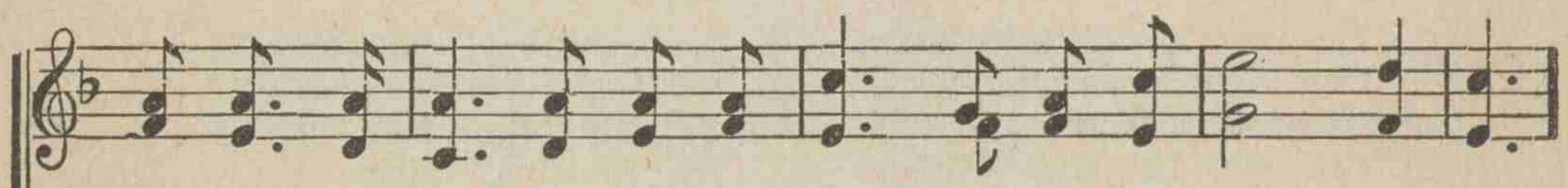
50 Go Home and Tell.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.
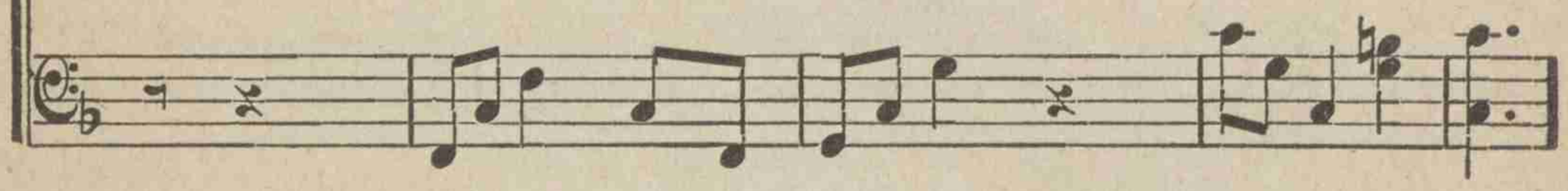


1. Go home and tell to those you love How Christ hath set you free;
2. Go home and tell them how you met With One who un - der-stood,
3. Go forth and tell to those a-round That He can meet their need,
4. Go forth and tell to those a - far That they too may be blessed,
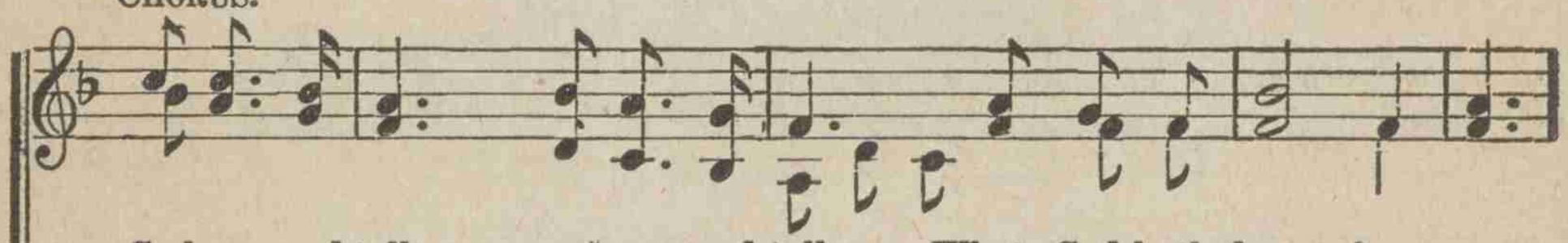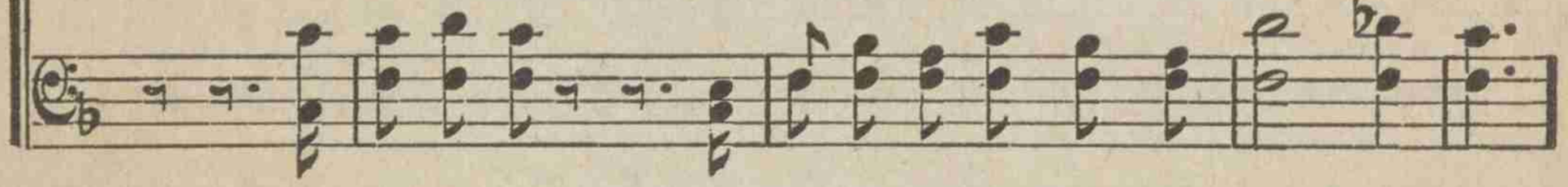




The wondrous change which grace hath wrought, Let all your neigh - bors see.
Who knew your need and saw your sin, And shed for you His blood.
That 'twas for them He came to earth, On Cal - va - ry to bleed.
Till in the ut - most bounds of earth Your Lord you have con-fessed.
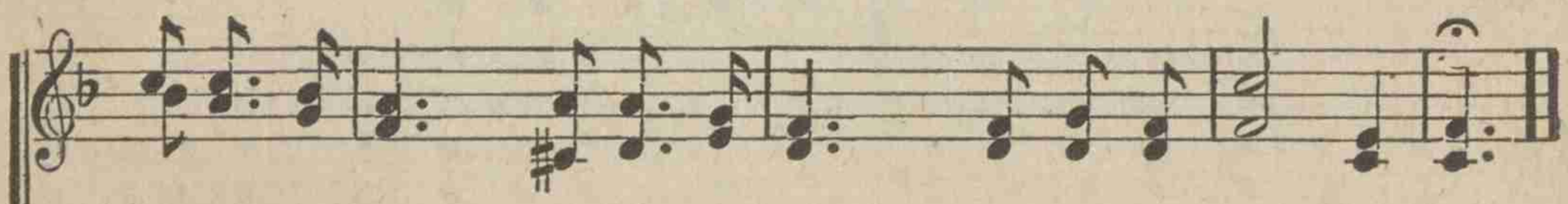


CHORUS.
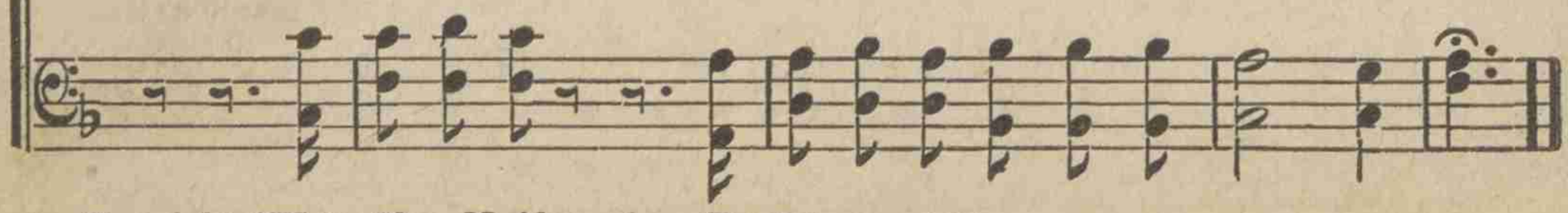


Go home and tell, go home and tell What God hath done for you;
Go home and tell, go home and tell
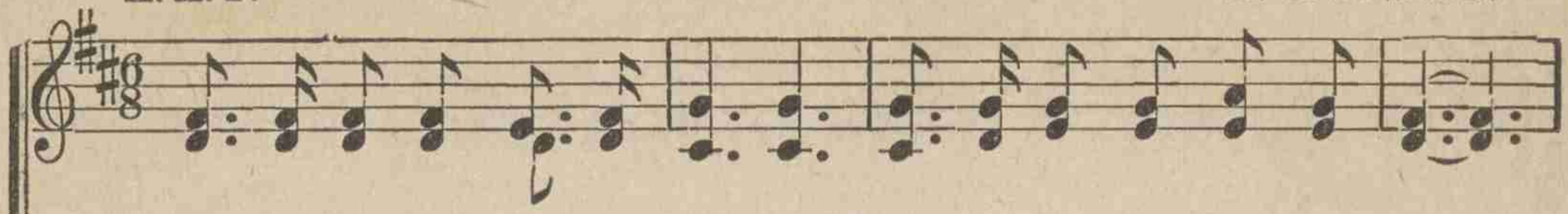




Go home and tell, go home and tell, That they may want Him too.
Go home and tell, go home and tell,



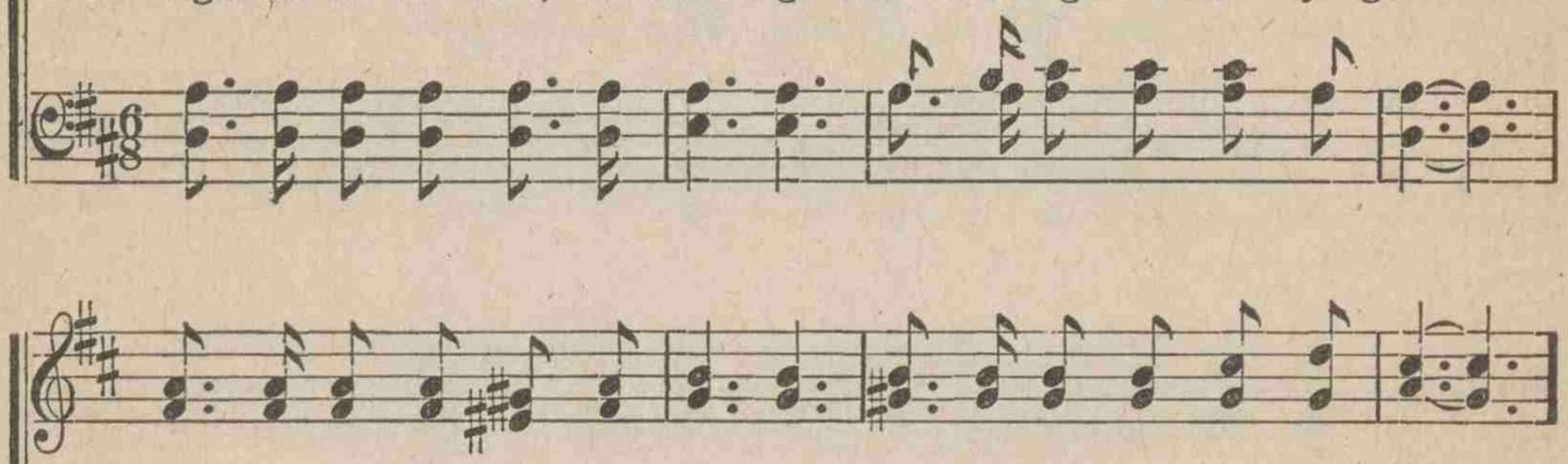
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51 Weighed in the Balance.
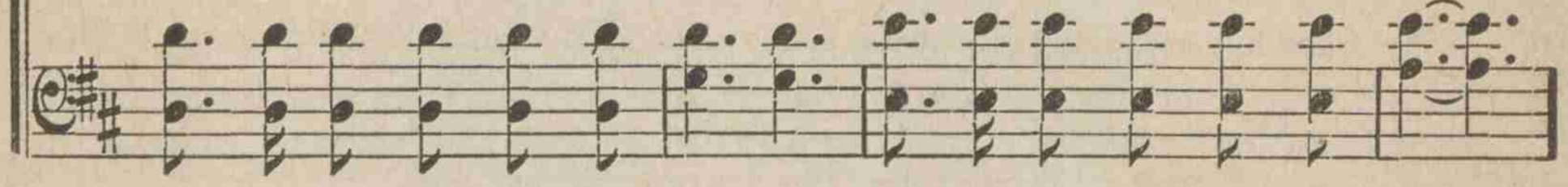
A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.



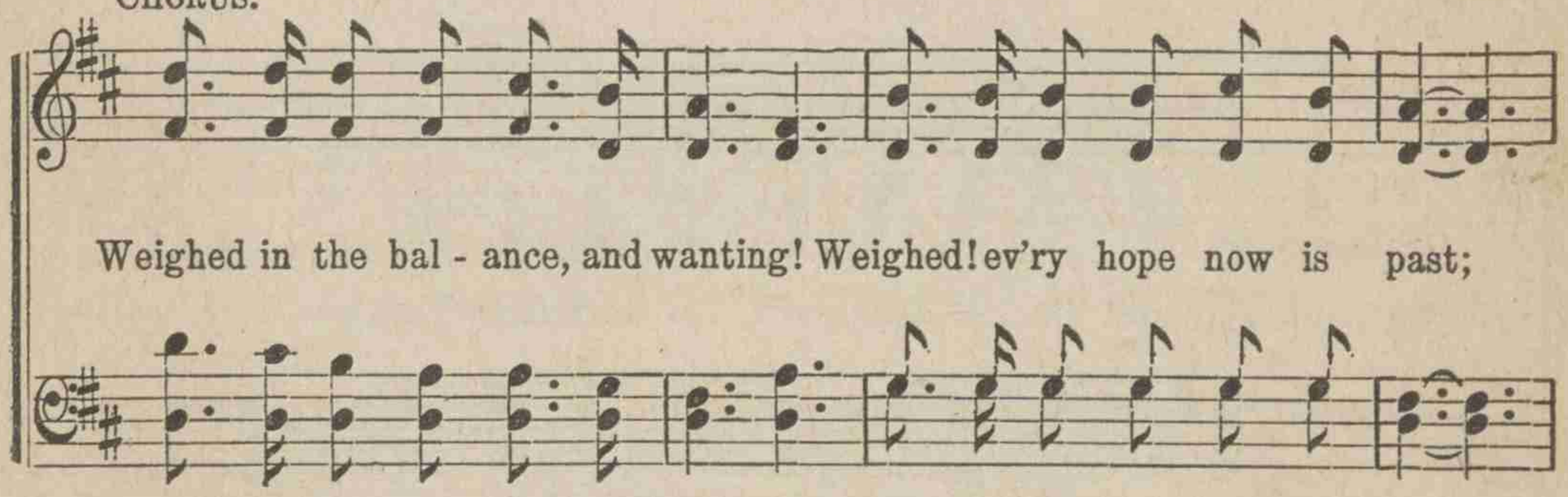
1. Weighed in the bal-ance, and want-ing! Judged by the Man cru - ci - fied;
2. Weighed in the bal-ance, and want-ing! Worth-less thy right-eous-ness all;
3. Weighed in the bal-ance, and want-ing! Can-kered thy sil - ver and gold;
4. Weighed in the bal-ance, and want-ing! Missed the bright heaven - ly goal!
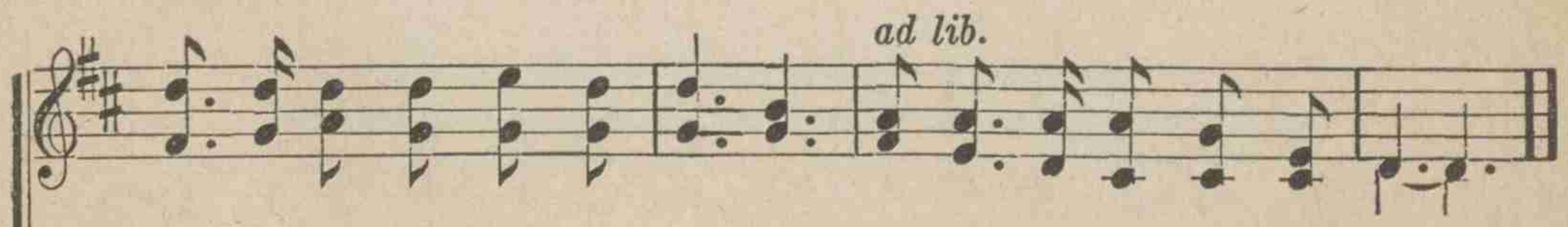


Hushed is the voice of thy boast-ing, "Finished" the king-dom of pride!
Built on the sand thy pro - fes-sions; See how they tot - ter and fall!
Wealth can pro-vide thee no ran-som; Shut is the door of the fold.
What shall the world-ly gain prof - it, Los - ing for - ev - er thy soul?



CHORUS.
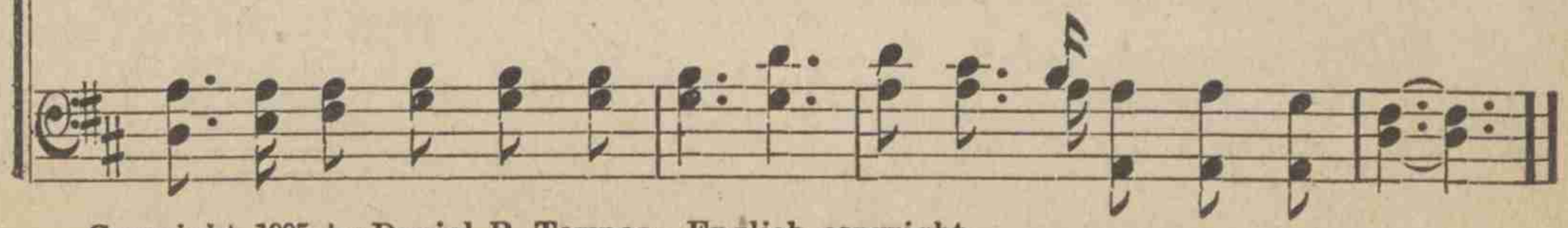


Weighed in the bal - ance, and wanting! Weighed! ev'ry hope now is past;



ad lib.
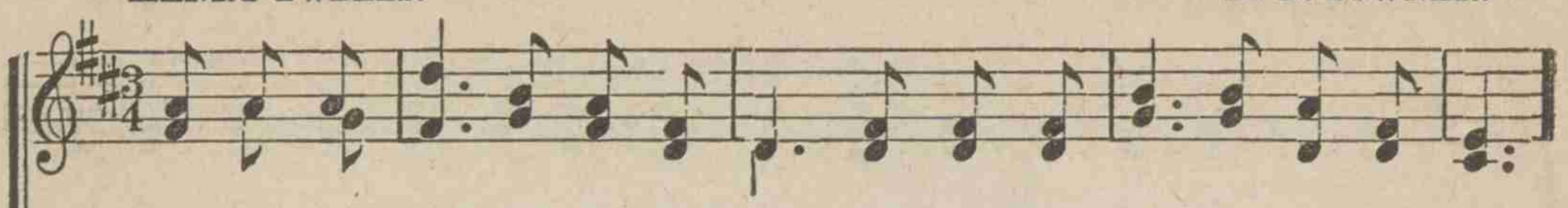
Christ, the Re-deem - er, re-ject - ed, "Wanting" the ver - dict at last!
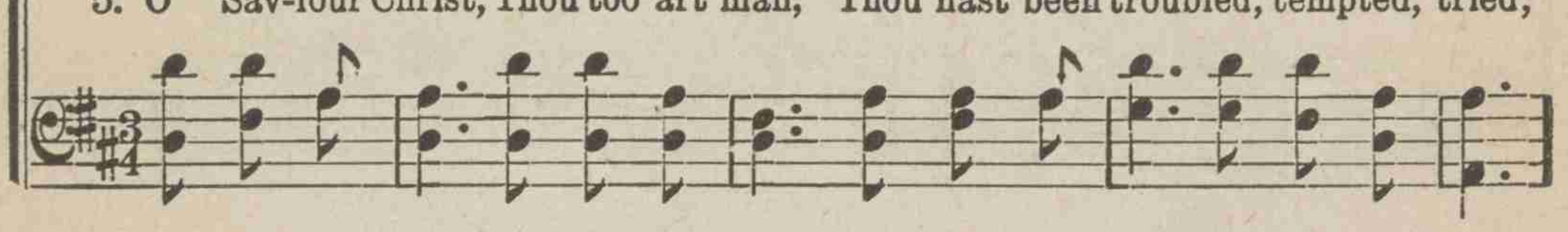


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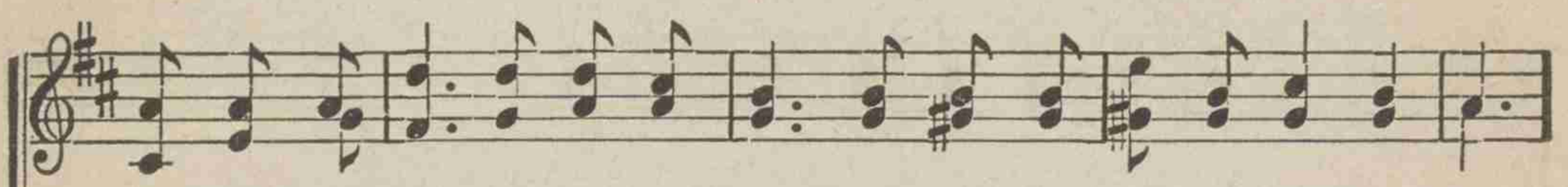
52 At Even Ere the Sun Was Set.

HENRY TWELLS. D. B. TOWNER.

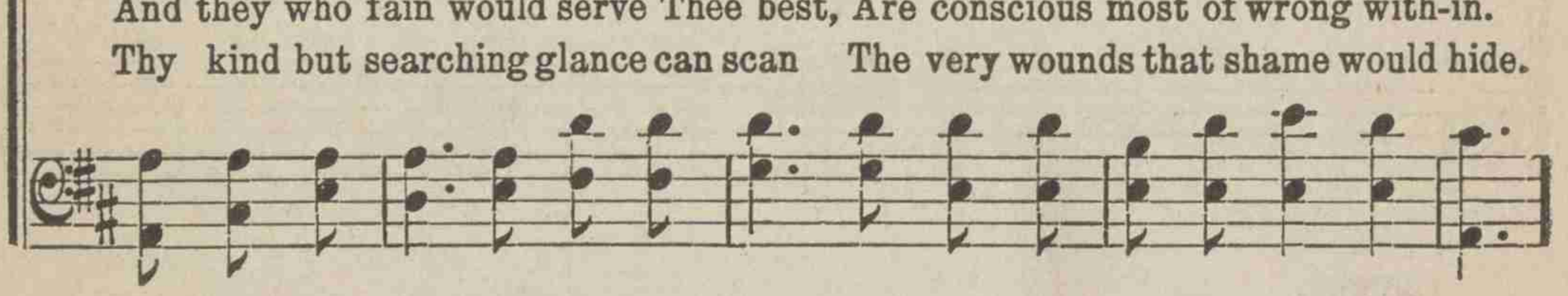


1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay.
2. Once more 'tis e - ven-tide, and we, Oppressed with var - ious ills, draw near;
3. O Sav-iour Christ, our woes dis - pel, For some are sick, and some are sad,
4. And none, O Lord, have per-fect rest, For none are whol - ly free from sin;
5. O Sav-iour Christ, Thou too art man, Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
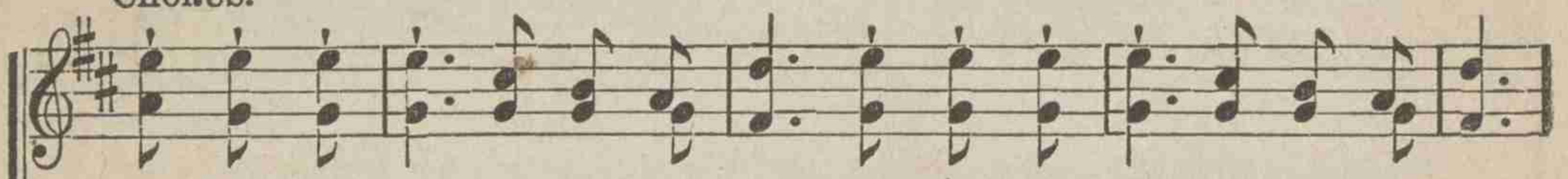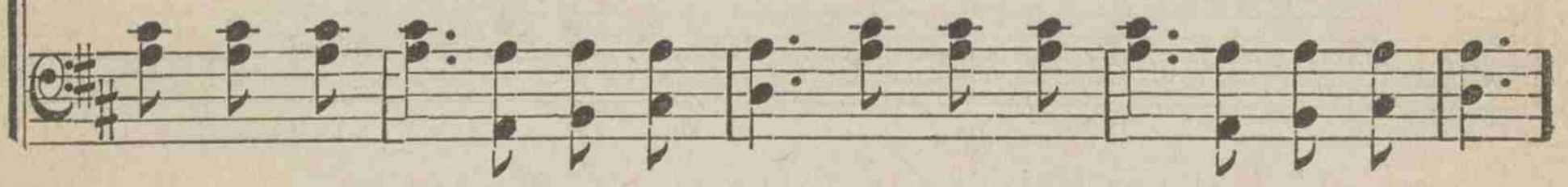




O with what di - vers pains they met, O with what joy they went a - way!
What if Thy form we can-not see,— We feel and know that Thou art here!
And some have nev - er loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had.
And they who fain would serve Thee best, Are conscious most of wrong with-in.
Thy kind but searching glance can scan The very wounds that shame would hide.
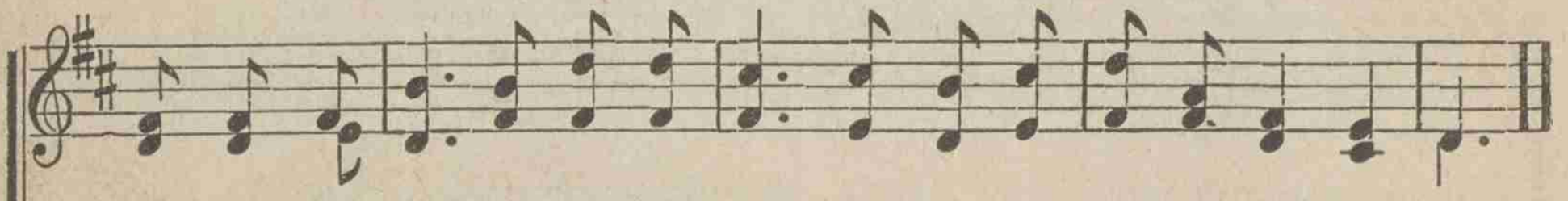


CHORUS.
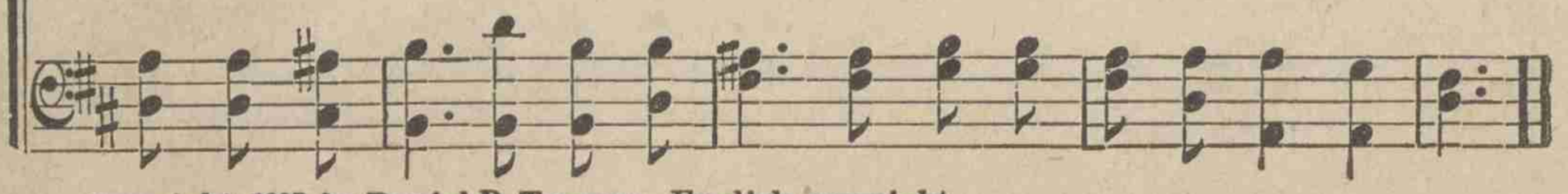


Thy touch hath still its an-cient pow'r, No word from Thee can fruit-less fall;





O in this sol - emn ev'n-ing hour, Do Thou in mer - cy heal us all!



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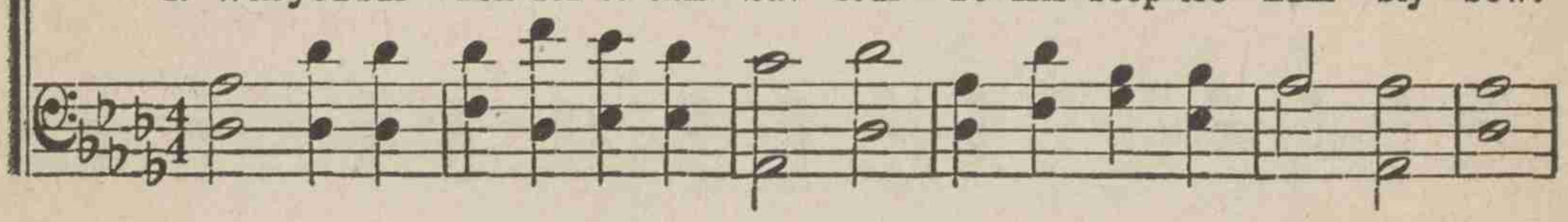
53
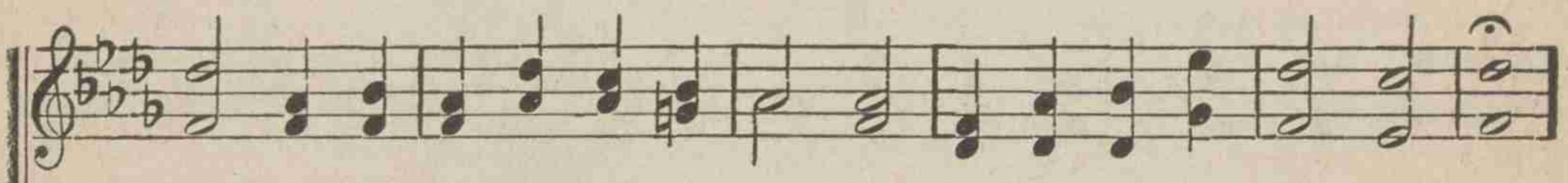
What Did He Do?

JAMES M. GRAY. (From the Welsh.) W. OWEN.
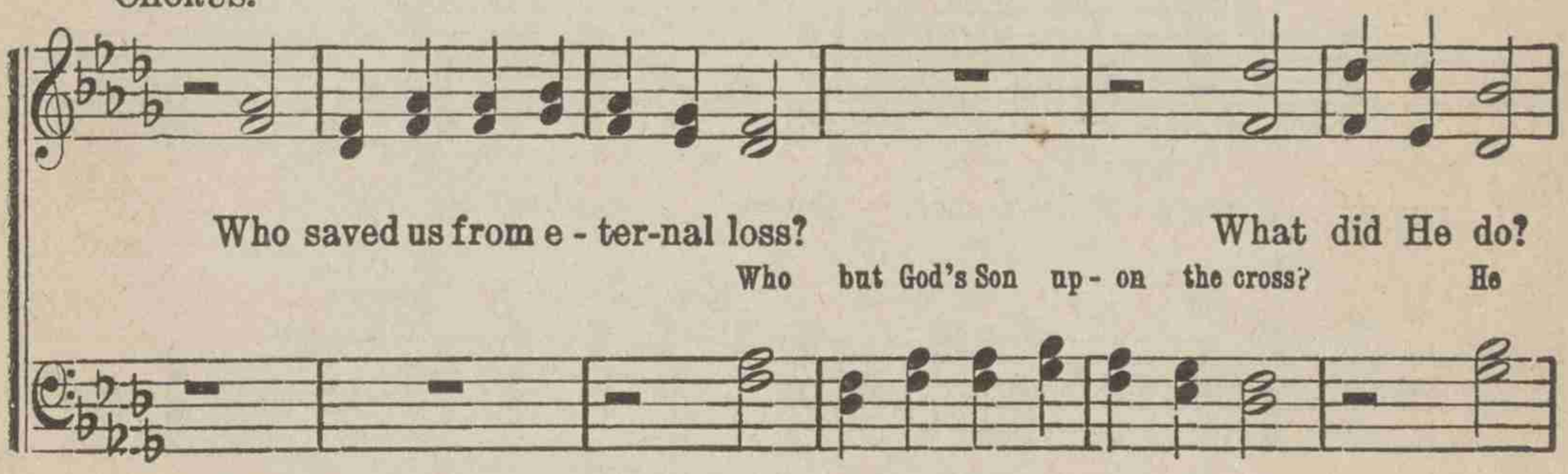


1. O list-en to our wondrous sto - ry! Counted once a - mong the lost,
2. No an-gel could our place have tak - en, High-est of the high though he;
3. And yet this wondrous tale proceed - eth, Stir-ring heart and tongue a - flame!
4. Will you sur - ren-der to this Sav - iour—To His scep-tre hum - bly bow?





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

CHORUS.



Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He
Where is He now? In heav-en in-ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!

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54 Never a Word of Excuse.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Wan-d'ring a-far from the love that bought, Stray-ing a-way from the
2. Je - sus has fin-ished the work be-gun, Per-fect re-demp-tion His
3. List! He is ten-der-ly call-ing still, Pa-tient-ly wait-ing your
4. Come to Him now, ere He turns a-way! Heark-en and fol-low, be-

love that sought, Man - y are slight-ing the Sav-iour's thought, With
death has won, Noth-ing, O noth-ing is left un-done,—You have
soul to fill; You may be blest if you on-ly will,—You have
lieve, o-bey, Look to Him, love Him, and watch and pray,—You have

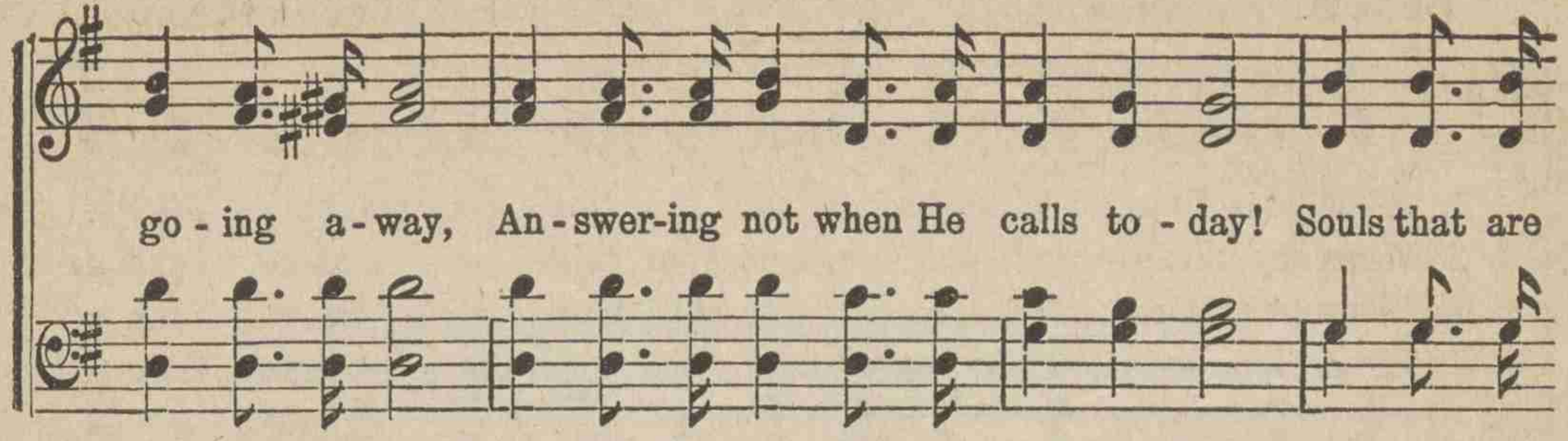
CHORUS.
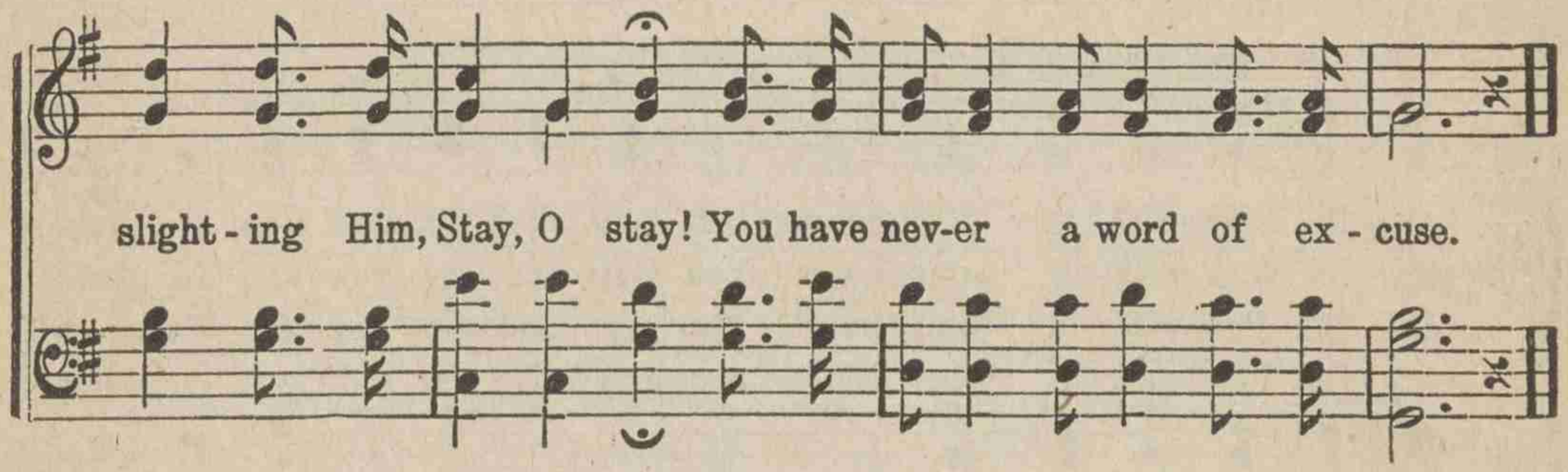
nev-er a word of ex-cuse. Nev-er a word of ex-cuse!
no word of ex-cuse!

Nev-er a word of ex-cuse! Nev-er a rea-son for
no word of ex-cuse!

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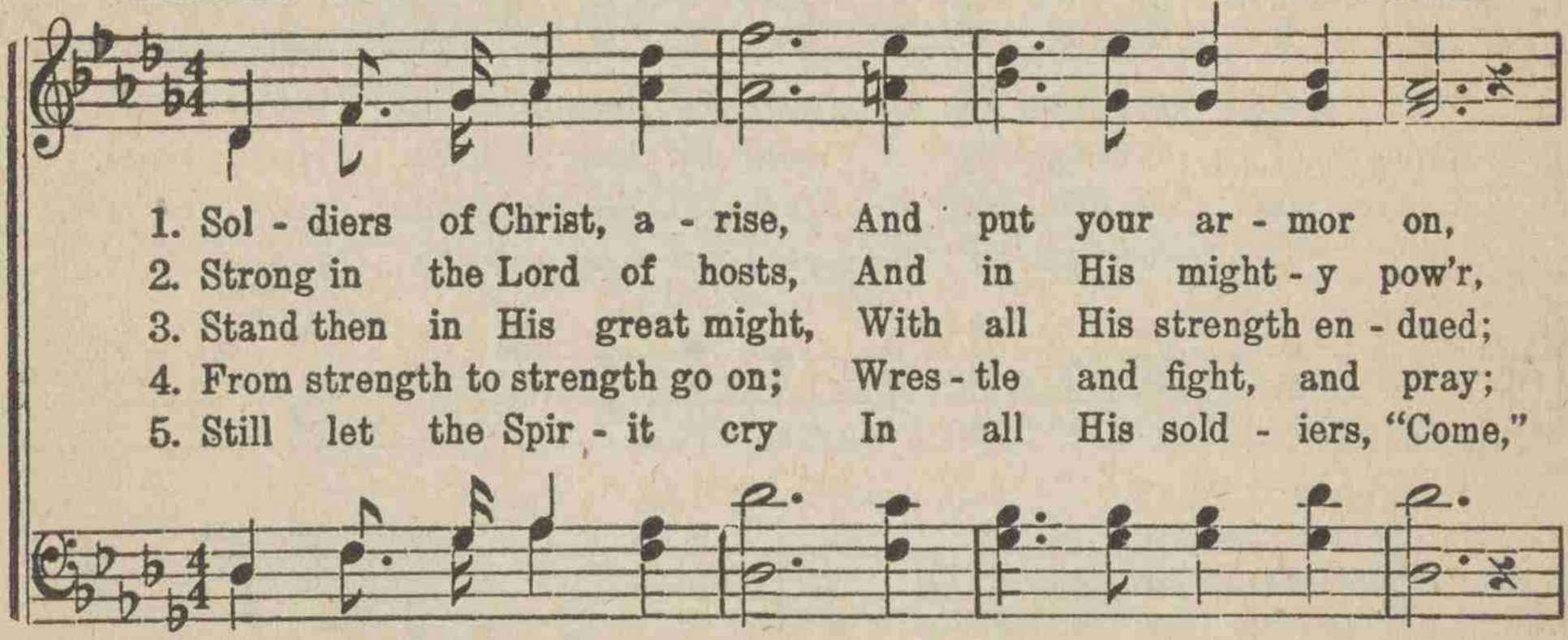
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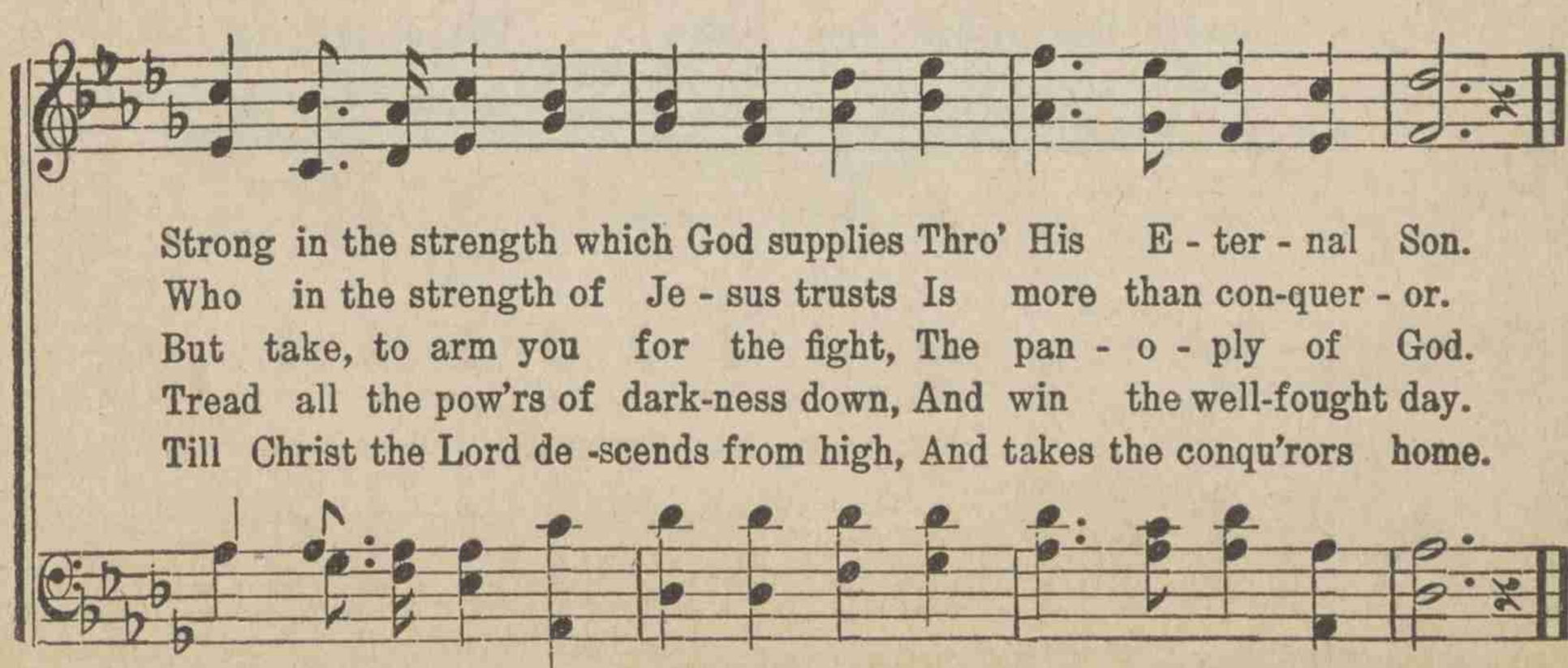




55 Soldiers of Christ, Arise!

CHARLES WESLEY. D. B. TOWNER.





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56 A Careful Look Within Your Heart.

S. D. S. SAMUEL D. SMITH.

1. When your Sav - iour greets you, and in love en - treats you, Take a
2. When by doubts o'er - tak - en, and your faith is shak-en, Take a
3. When you think the Sav - iour has with-drawn His fa - vor, Take a
4. What - so - ev - er grieves you, or in troub - le leaves you, Take a

care - ful look with - in your heart; See how much you need Him, why you
care - ful look with - in your heart; You may find the rea - son in some
care - ful look with - in your heart; You may find sin hid - den where your
care - ful look with - in your heart; Peace may reign o'er sad - ness, turn - ing

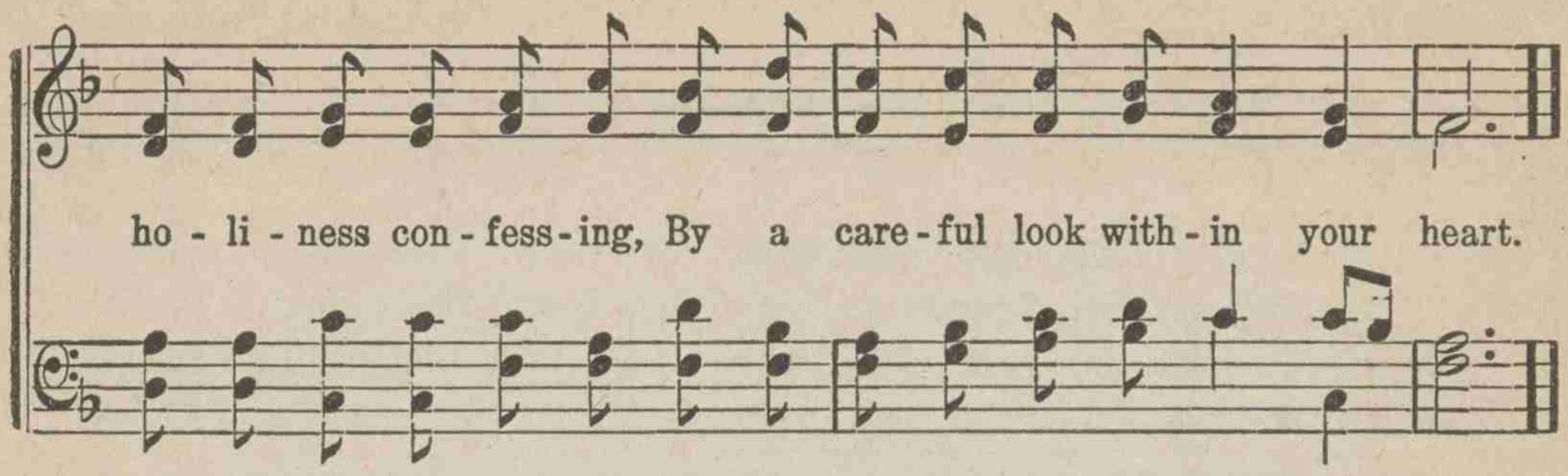
now should heed Him, By a care - ful look with - in your heart.
thought of trea - son, By a care - ful look with - in your heart.
Lord was bid - den, By a care - ful look with - in your heart.
grief to glad - ness, By a care - ful look with - in your heart.

CHORUS.

Take a care - ful look with-in your heart, . . Yes, a pray'rful look with-
with - in your heart,
in your heart; . . You may find the path of bless - ing In un-
with - in your heart;
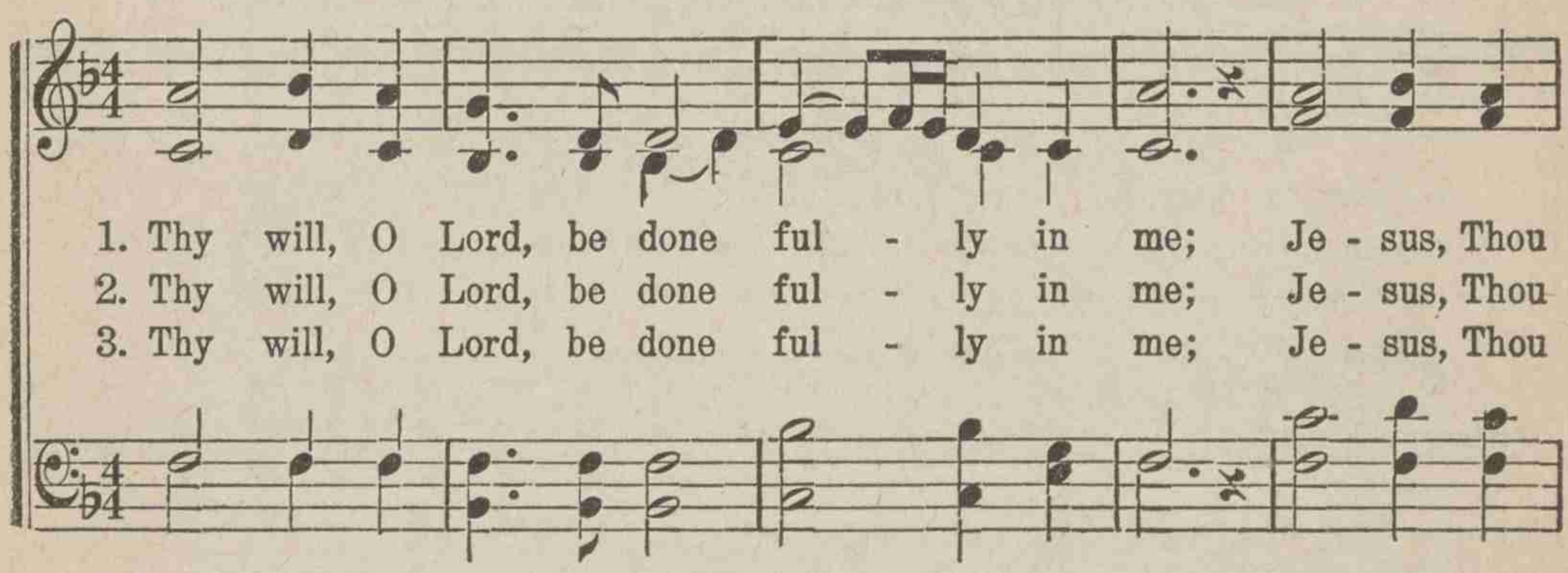
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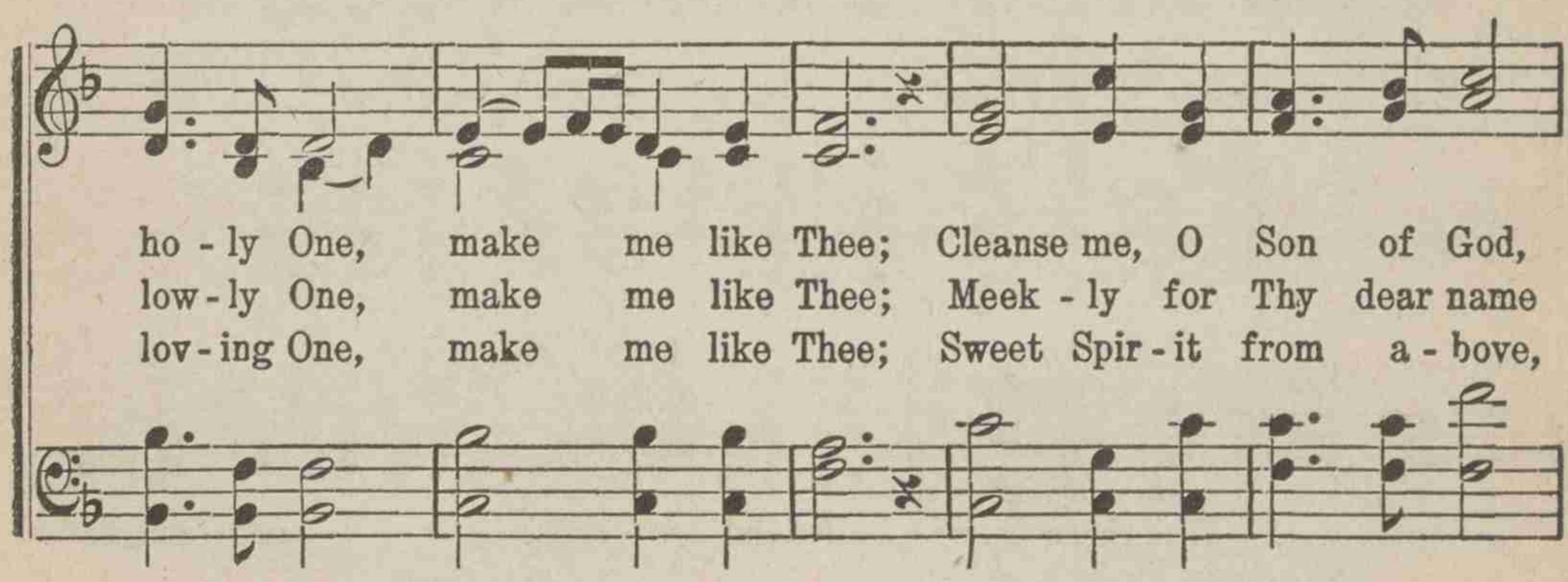
A Careful Look Within Your Heart.

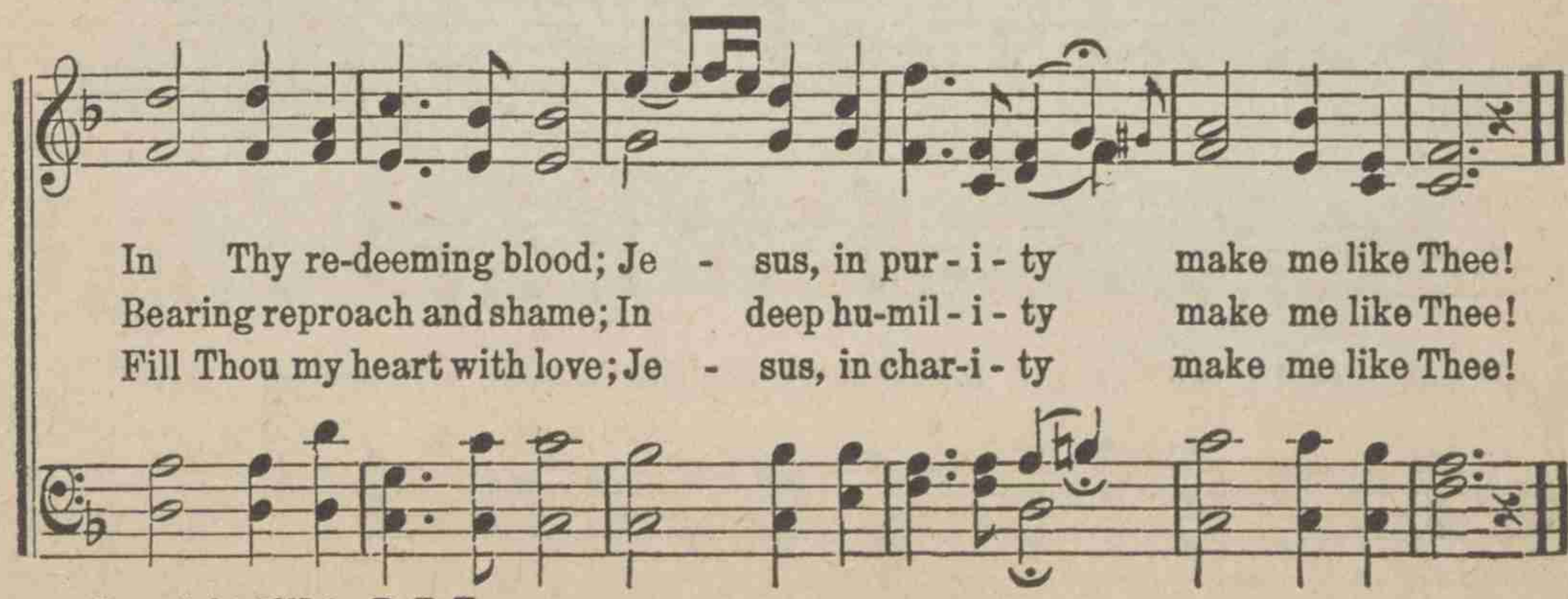


57 Make Me Like Thee.

A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.







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58 Was There Ever a Friend so True?

HARRIET FITHIAN. IRA B. WILSON.

1. I have a dear Sav - iour who loves me I know, And whose
2. This won - der - ful Friend is a help - er in - deed; He has
3. He soothes me in sor - row with songs in the night, And in-
4. His love is a fount - ain of bless - ing so pure, Ev - er

will I de - light to do. He's present to cheer me wher - ev - er I go,—
promised to lead me thro', And clos - er He comes than a broth-er in need,—
spires me with hopes a - new; He fills me with cour-age my bat-tles to fight,—
flow - ing for me, for you; His pow'r is un - fail-ing, His prom-ise is sure,—

CHORUS.

Was there ev - er a Friend so true? Was there ev - er a Friend so

true? . . Was there ev - er a Friend so true? . . I oft - en have

so true? so true?

proved Him, I ev - er will love Him; Was there ev - er a Friend so true?

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59 Christ Arose!

R. L. R. LOWRY.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the coming day—
2. Vain - ly they watch His bed—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they seal the dead–
3. Death cannot keep his prey—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the bars a - way–

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
Je - sus, my Lord!
Je - sus, my Lord!

He a - rose,

might-y tri-umph o'er His foes! He a-rose a Vic - tor from the

He a - rose!

dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign; He a-

rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!

He a - rose! He a - rose!

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60 Here Am I.

JULIA A. JOHNSTON. J. B. TROWBRIDGE.

1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, hast Thou mes - sag - es to send? Here am I,
2. Sav - iour, is there not some low - ly task to do? O send me,
3. Dost Thou need a hand to bear a shin - ing light? Use my hand,
4. Working, wait - ing, what - so - e'er Thy ho - ly will, Here am I,

Here am I! Wait - ing, list'n - ing at Thy feet I low - ly bend,
O send me! Gird me now for serv - ice, make me strong and true,
Use my hand! Dost Thou need a pa - tient watch - er in the night?
Here am I! Mas - ter, let me Thy de - sire a - lone ful - fill,

CHORUS.

Here am I— O do not pass me by!
Send me on some er - rand, Lord, for thee. Read-y for Thy serv-ice,
Let me serve Thee, Lord, at Thy com - mand.
Keep me to Thy heart for - ev - er nigh.
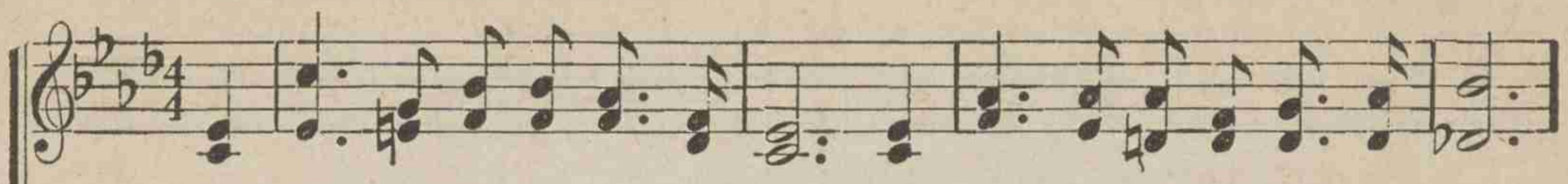
Mas - ter, here am I! Hush my heart to hear Thee call - ing from on high.

Choose Thou for me, let me still re - ply—O Mas - ter, here am I!
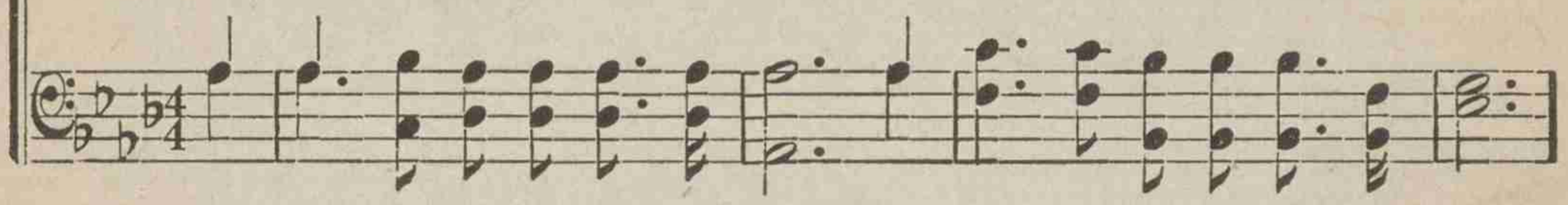
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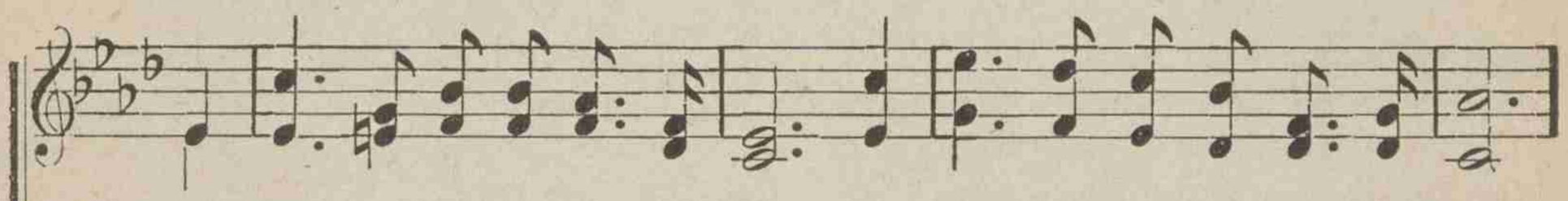
61 Come Home!

Arr. by JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

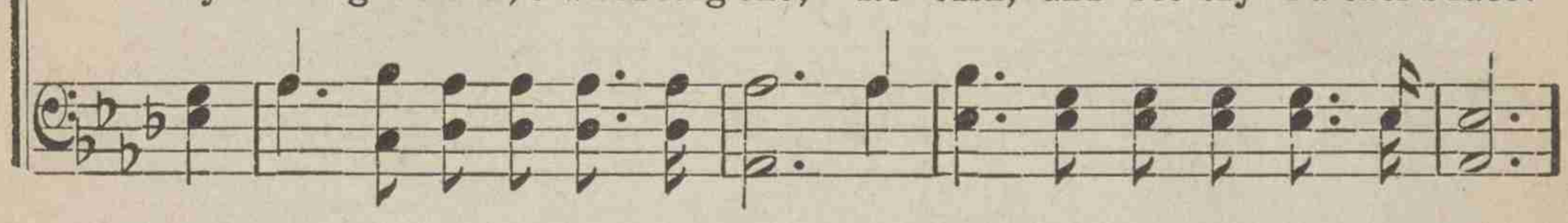


1. A - far from home, be-set by fear, O stray-ing one, by guilt op-pressed,
2. A - rise, and seek thy Father's face; The feast of love is spread for thee;
3. The homeward path take then to-day; Thou art not left to walk a - lone;
4. Why long-er wait? thou art a son, Thy Father's house should be thy place;
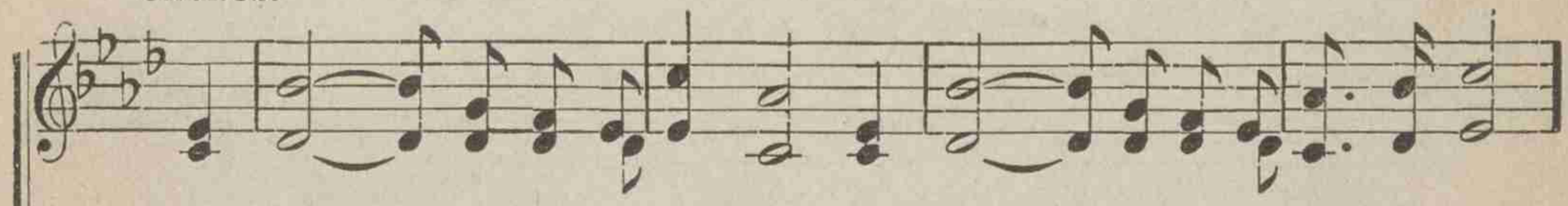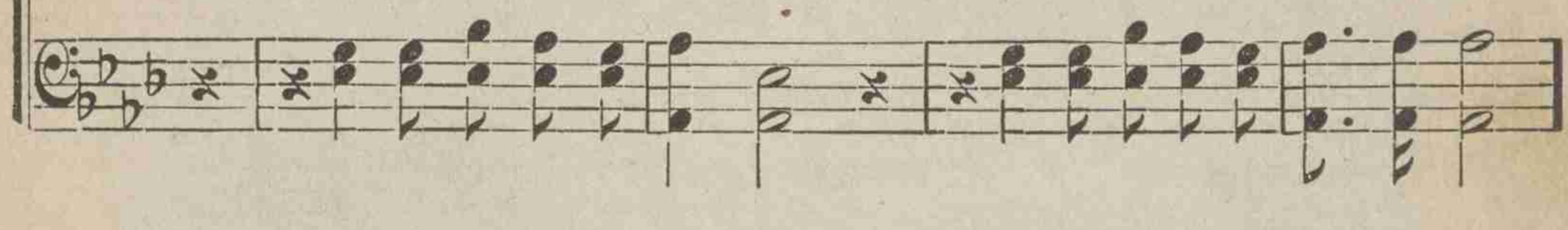




Thy Sav-iour's tender plead-ing hear, He call - eth, "Come to Me, and rest!"
His par - don free, His boundless grace, Are all for Thee; O come and see!
The Spir - it waits to show the way, He safe - ly guides and keeps His own.
Thy birthright claim, O wand'ring one; Re - turn, and see thy Fa-ther's face!
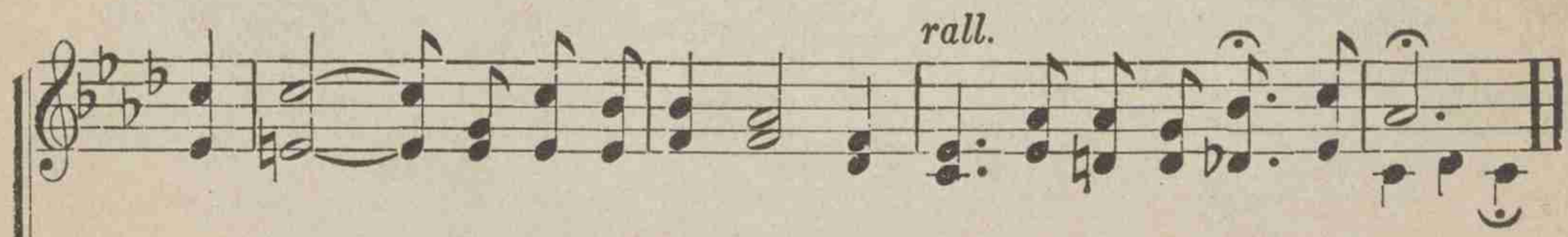


CHORUS.
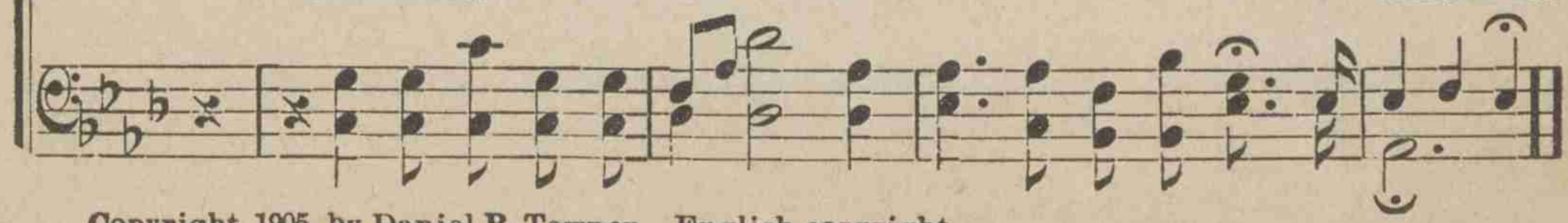


Come home! thy Saviour calls thee; Come home! no more in darkness roam;
Come home! Come home!





Come home! thy Father loves thee; Come home! O wayward child, come home!
Come home! come home!



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Be Not Deceived.

HARRIET FITHIAN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Be not de-ceived; each soul shall reap Its har - vest soon or late;
2. Sow e - vil deeds with care-less hand And one sad day be - hold
3. Sow deeds of faith and hope and love, Perchance with fall - ing tears,
4. God's law will stand for - ev - er-more, The law His love made known,—

Sow now thy seed; the field is wide, The world is thine es - tate.
Thy gar - ner filled with blight-ed hopes, And woes an hun - dred - fold.
A har - vest home of peace and joy Will crown the work of years.
From out the har - vest field of life We reap as we have sown.

CHORUS.

Be not de - ceived, be not de - ceived; God is not
Be not deceived, be not deceived;
mocked; For what - so - ev - er a man sow-eth, What - so - ev - er a man
soweth, That shall he al - so reap, That shall he al - so reap.

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63 Lean on His Arms.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll bright-en the way,
3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,

help you a - long; If you will trust His love un - fail - ing, He'll
bright-en the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where He lead - eth, His
bring ev - 'ry care! The bur - den that has seemed so heav - y, Take
leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His

CHORUS.

fill your heart with song.
gen - tle voice o - bey. Lean on His arms, trust-ing in His love;
to the Lord in pray'r.
eyes are nev - er dim. Lean up - on His arms, ful - ly trust - ing in His love;

Lean on His arms, all His mer-cies prove; Lean on His
Lean up - on His arms, and all His mer - cies prove; Lean up - on His

arms, look-ing home a - bove, Just lean on the Sav - iour's arms!
arms, ev - er

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O Let Him In!

C. D. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Be - hold the Sav-iour stand-ing at the door! With pierced hands He
2. O let Him in! your sins He will re - move, He will pre - pare for
3. O let Him in! from all your struggles cease; O let Him in, He

With pierced

knocketh o'er and o'er! . . . . . All your life He waits to fill; His to
you a feast of love; . . . . . All the darkness will de - part When you
brings thee joy and peace; . . . . Hope of glo - ry will He be, As He

hands He knocketh o'er and o'er;

work, to do, to will; O let Him in, ... O let Him in! . . . . .
let Him in your heart; O let Him in, ... O let Him in! . . . . .
lives His life in thee; O let Him in, ... O let Him in! . . . . .

O let Him in, O let the Saviour in!

CHORUS.

Let Him in, . . . O let Him in! . . . . . Life of God is He, . . .
Let Him in, O let the Saviour in; let Him in;

Let Him in, . . . O let Him in! . . . . . Life He brings to you. . . .
Let Him in, O let the Saviour in; let Him in!

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65 O Lord, Send a Revival!

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Of self I am wea - ry, My sin I ab - hor, I long to be
2. Thy church, O my Sav-iour, Thy bod - y and bride, The saints Thou hast
3. The world, in its sor - row, The world need-eth Thee; Re - vive Thy dis-
4. Thy glo - ri - ous com-ing—We long for the day! But are we pre-

ho - ly And pure to the core; O why do I la - bor On
ran-somed, For whom Thou hast died— How cold are we grow-ing In
ci - ples, Be - gin-ning in me! En - due us with boldness Thy
par - ing The ho - ly high-way? Our hand seem-eth weakened, And

husks to be fed, Or spend my poor mon-ey For what is not bread?
serv - ice and pray'r! Our love needs re - kind-ling, Our al - tars re - pair.
grace to pro-claim; O help us with pow - er To speak in Thy name!
fee - ble the knee; O send a re - viv - al, Be - gin - ning in me!

CHORUS.

O Lord, send a re - viv - al! Lord, send a re - viv - al!

O Lord, send a re - viv - al, And let it be - gin in me!

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66 Why Will Ye Die?

EDWARD HUSBAND. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A great rock stands in a wea - ry land, And its shad-ows fall on the parch - ed sand, And it calls to the trav - 'ler
2. A great well lies in a wea - ry land, And its wa - ters call o - ver life's rough strand That the great well is deep, with
3. A wide fold stands in a wea - ry land, And the sheep are called on ev - 'ry hand; And the Shep - herd no wan - d'rer
4. A rough cross stands near a cit - y wall, Where the Sav-iour died out of love for all, Where an - gels still tell the

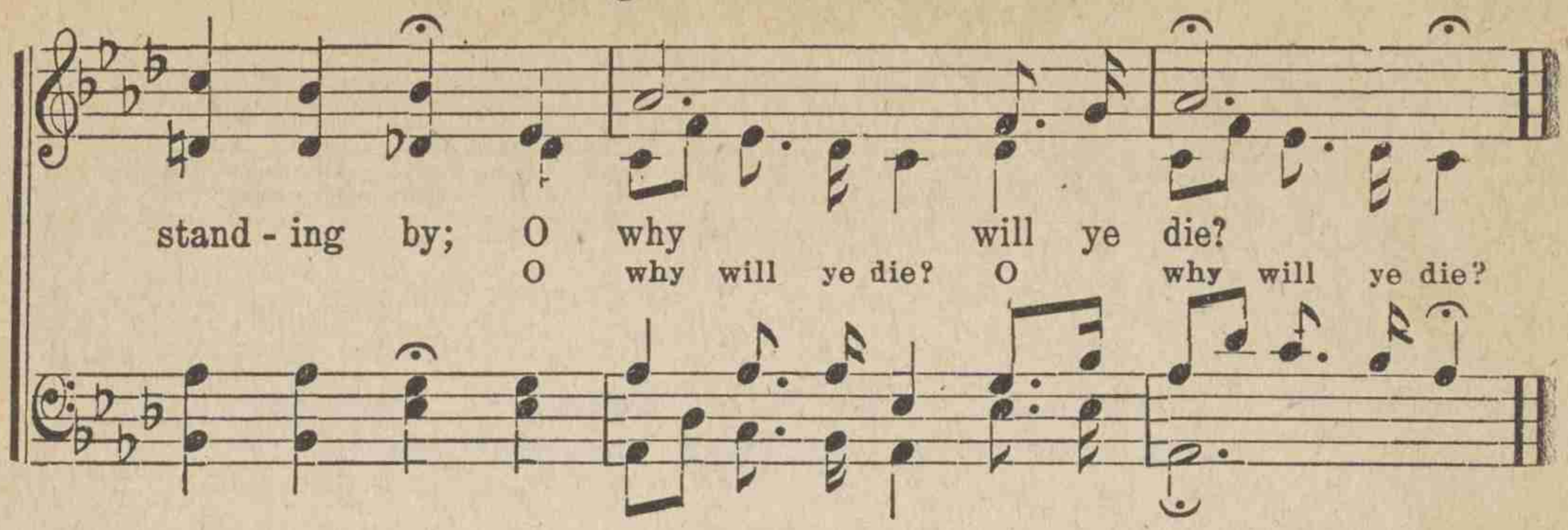
pass - ing by: "I will shel - ter thee here con - tin - ual - ly." Then
wa - ters rife, Spring-ing up in - to ev - er - last - ing life. Then
turns a - way, But He chang - es his dark - ness in - to day. Then
mes - sage blest, That the way now is plain to end - less rest. Then

why will ye die? When the shel-t'ring rock is
why will ye die? When the great deep well is
why will ye die? When the great, wide fold is
why will ye die? When the blood-stain'd cross is

why will ye die? O why will ye die?

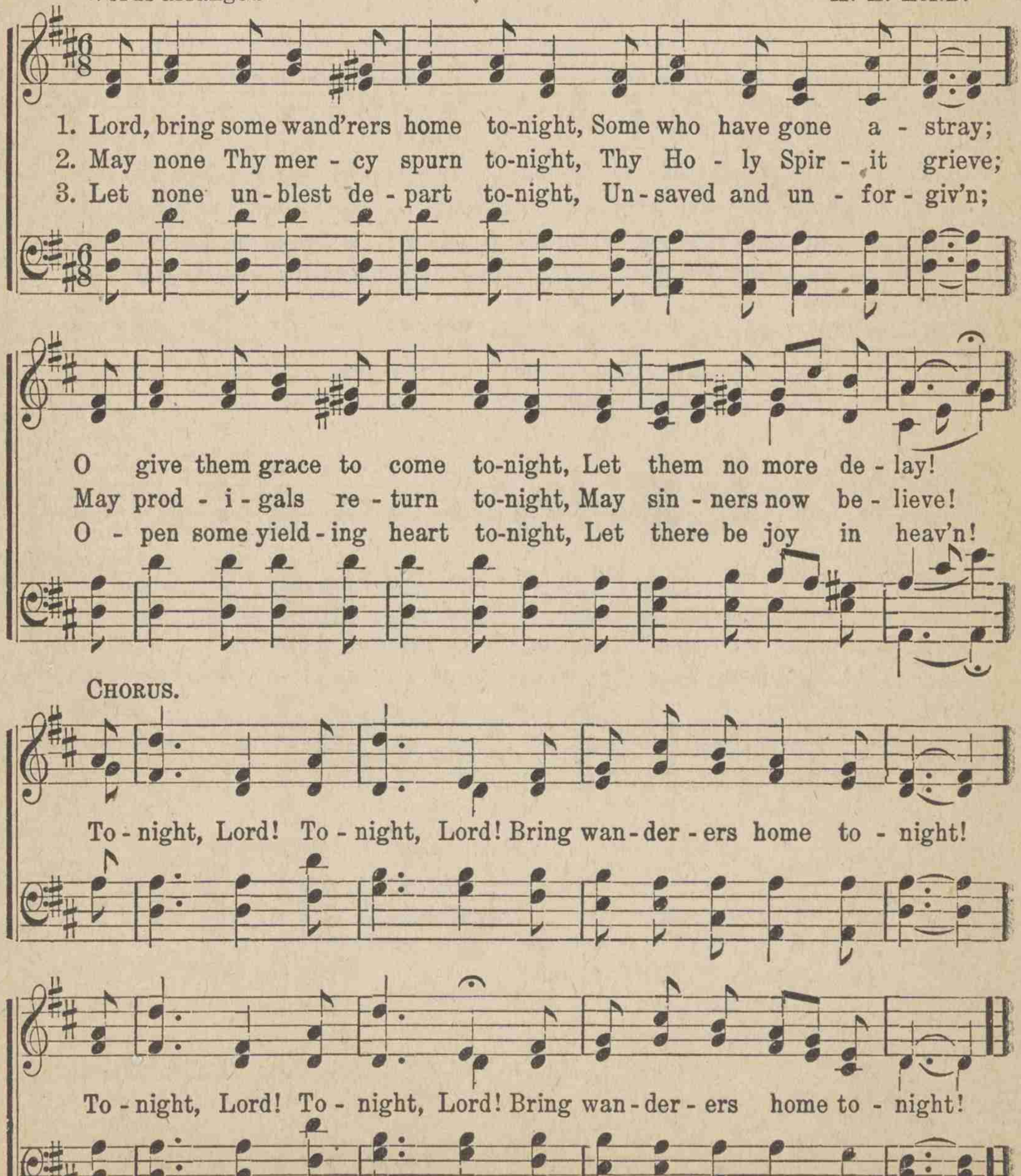
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Why Will Ye Die?



67 Tonight, Lord, Tonight!

Words arranged. A. E. LIND.



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68 Oh, What Glory!

KATE ULMER. G. S. SCHULER.

1. When life's tri - als all are o'er, I shall reach the gold - en shore,
2. Though I can - not un - der-stand All that God for me hath planned,
3. When I reach that land a - bove, In the shin - ing realms of love,
4. When I cross the swell - ing tide, With my Sav - iour to a - bide

And be - hold the won-ders of that cit - y fair; cit - y fair; Oh, what
Yet I know He ev - er send-eth what is best; what is best; So I'll
And the veil is lift - ed from my won-d'ring eyes, wond'ring eyes, What so
Where the ran-somed host for - ev - er - more shall dwell, ev - er dwell, Thro' e-
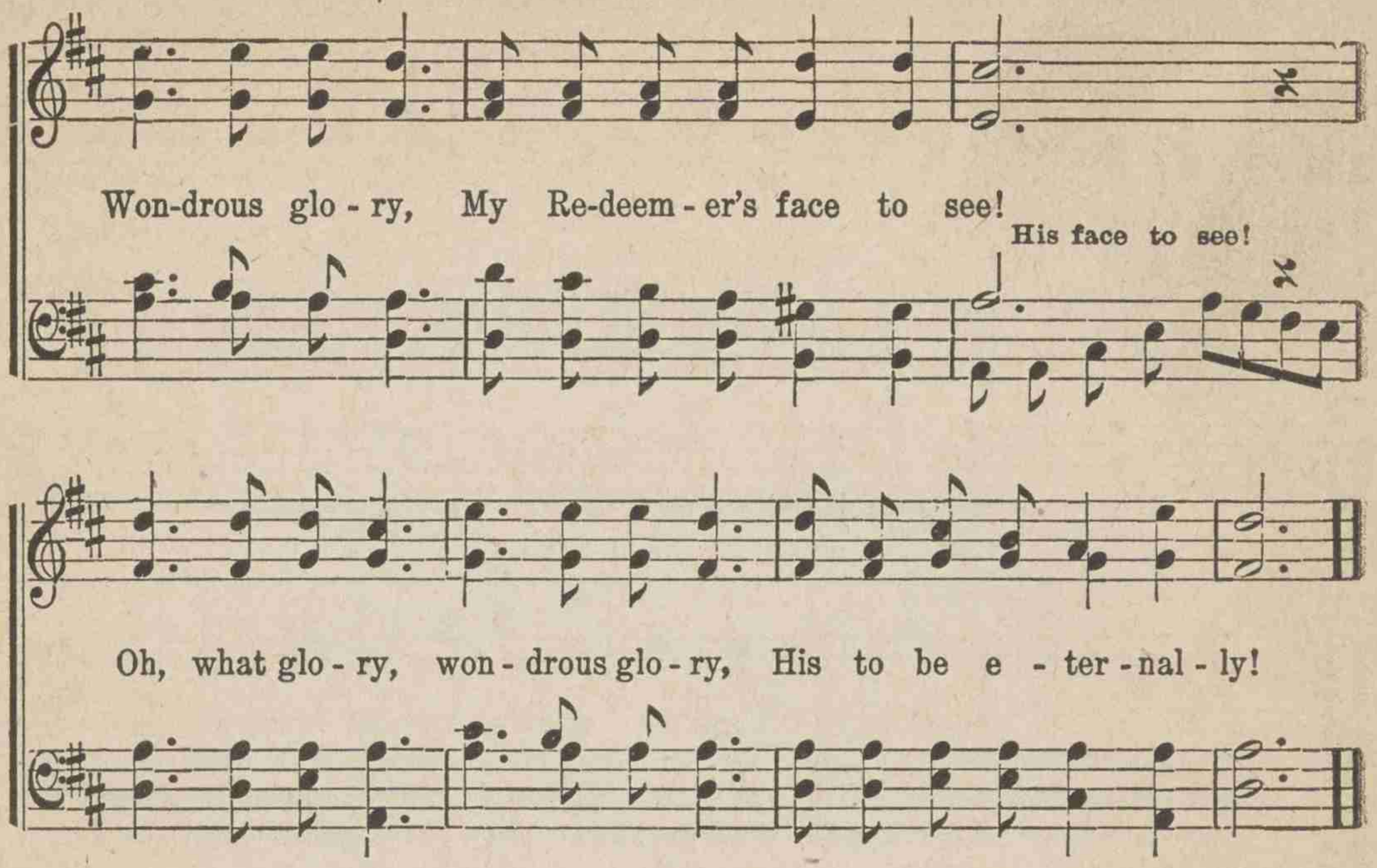
joy will then be mine When I see His face di - vine, By whose
wait and work and pray, Simp - ly trust - ing all the way, Till He
dark - ly now I see, Then will be re-vealed to me, And with
ter - ni - ty's bright days, In an end - less song of praise, Of His

grace a - lone I find an en-trance there.
calls me home to dwell a - mong the blest.
joy I'll greet each glad and new sur - prise. Oh, what glo - ry,
love and mer - cy I will ev - er tell.

CHORUS.

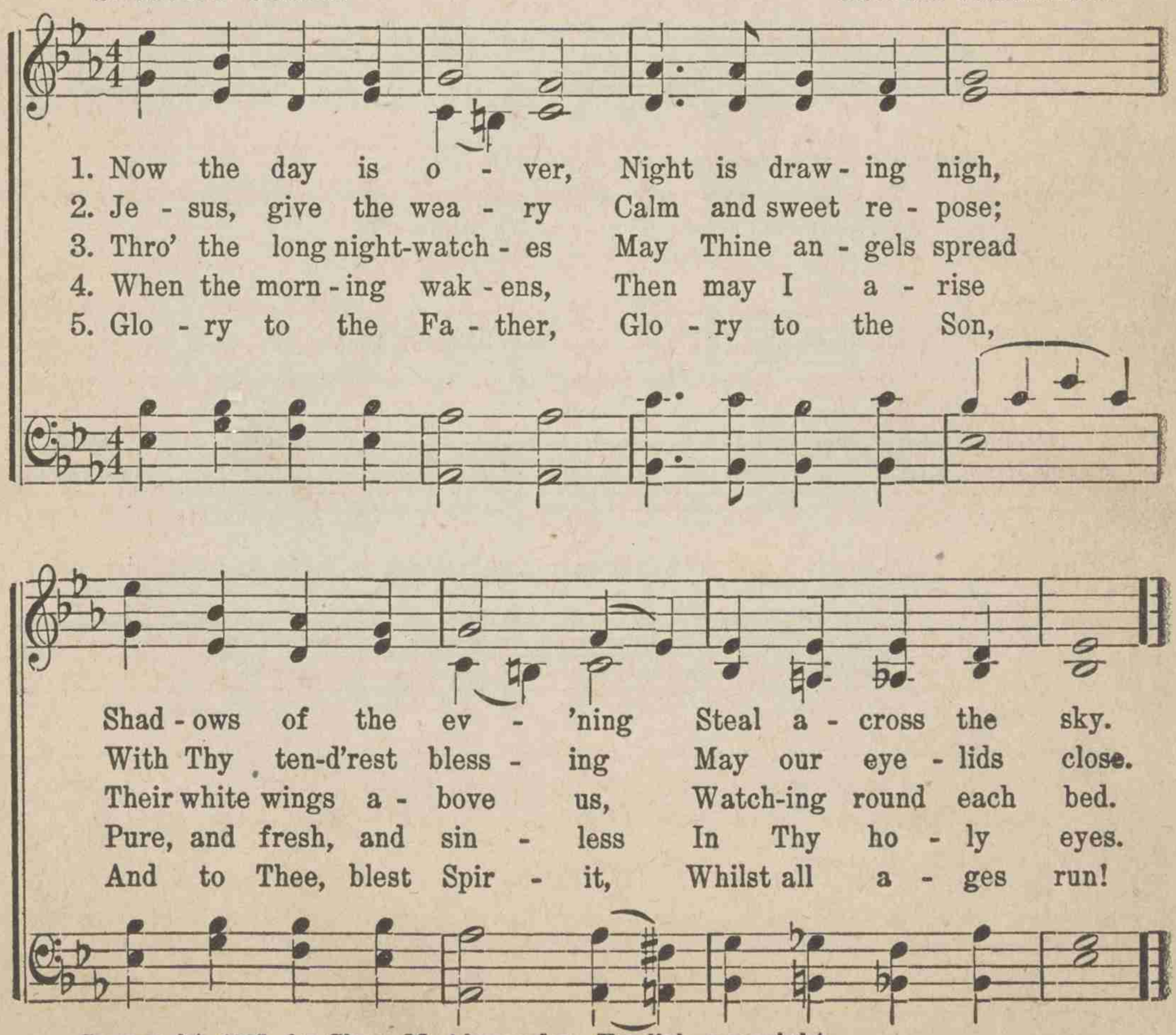
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Oh, What Glory!



69 Now the Day is Over.

S. Baring Gould. Robert Harkness.



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70 Light in the Eastern Sky.

Words arranged. D. B. TOWNER.

Moderato.

1. Light in the east-ern sky, Je-sus re-turn-ing! Light in the west-ern sky,
2. Bright be our lamps as we watch for the dawn-ing, Gird-ed our loins, that our
3. Not as at Naz-a-reth,—low-ly they found Him; He as the Judge com-eth
4. Judge of the earth, who in mer-cy un-fail-ing Offered Thy-self as a-

Je-sus is near! Soon shall the na-tions, His ad-vent dis-cern-ing,
strength may not fail; So as He shines thro' the mists of the morn-ing,
back from the sky; Borne on the whirlwind, with an-gels a-round Him,
tone-ment for sin, In that great day, by Thy love all-pre-vail-ing,

CHORUS.

Hail Him with glad-ness, or see Him with fear.
We may be read-y to cry Him: "All hail!" Lord, by Thy hands that were
Veil-ing their face from His glo-ry so nigh.
Grant us the rest of Thy heav-en to win!

nail-pierc'd and torn: Lord, by the crown that they wove of the thorns: Lord, by Thy

pas-sion in Gethsem-a-ne: Christ of all ten-der-ness, plead Thou for me!

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71 Repeat It!

JAMES ROWE. GEORGE S. SCHULER.

1. If you have learn'd the sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love,
2. Some souls have nev - er heard it, And yours the task may be
3. Tho' some have heard the sto - ry And still un-saved re - main,
4. Re - peat it to the wea - ry, And to the heart that grieves;

Each day re-peat its mu - sic sweet To those who blind - ly rove.
To tell them of this price-less love—This bless-ing rich and free.
It yet might win their souls from sin If it is told a - gain.
Re - peat, re-peat the mes-sage sweet, Till all the world be-lieves!
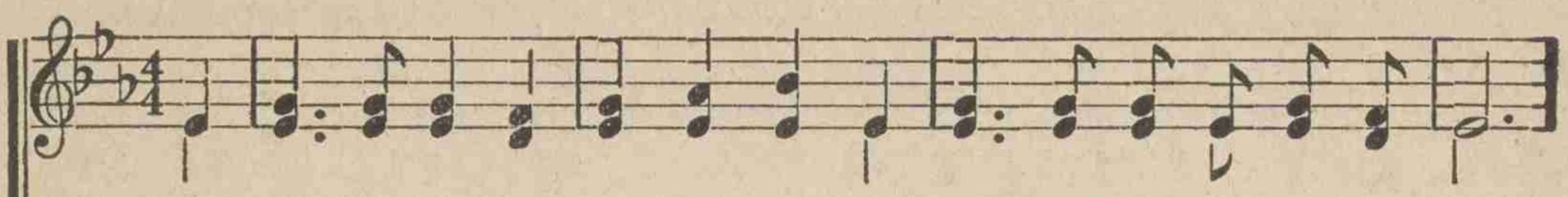
CHORUS.

Re-peat it, re - peat it, Wher-ev - er you may be,
Re - peat it o'er and o'er, re - peat it o'er and o'er,
This sto - ry of love a - bout Je - sus a-bove, Who died on Cal - va - ry!
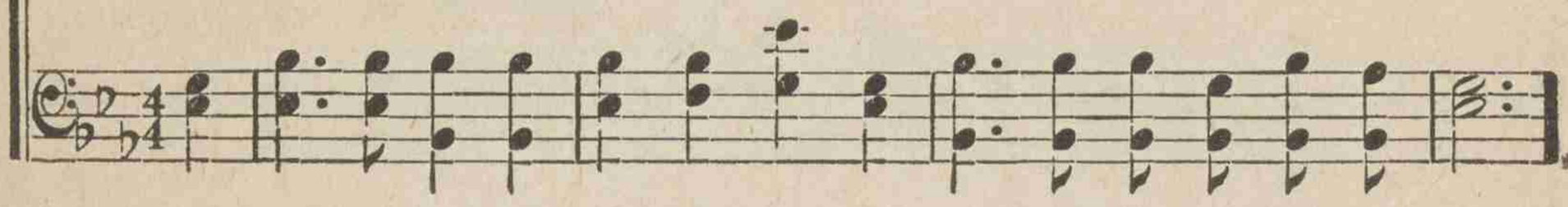
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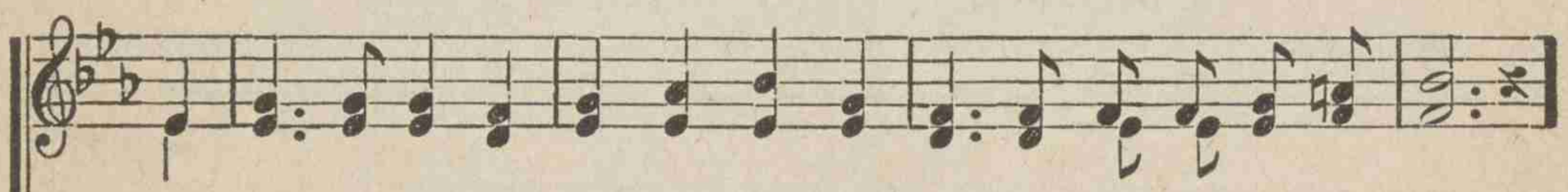
72 Cleansed by Grace Divine.

HARRIETTA WATERS. D. B. TOWNER.
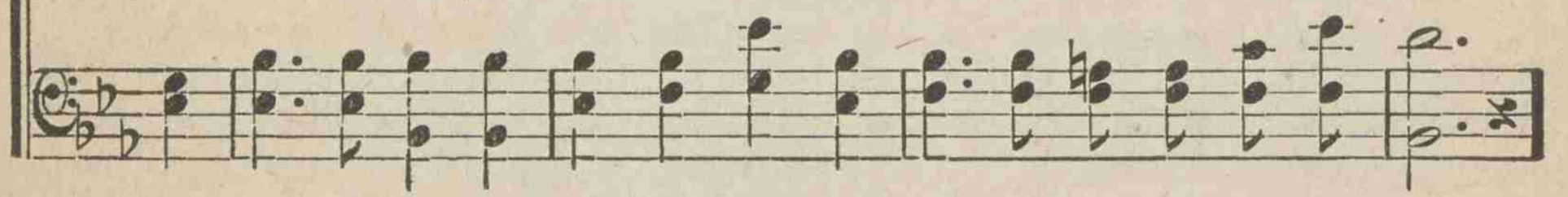


1. A - bound-ing grace I sing to - day, The grace that saves and cleanses me;
2. The Lord of love and life and light, My ran - som paid on Cal-v'ry's cross;
3. Thro' all the gen - er - a - tions past, The grace of Christ has pur - i - fied
4. The grace di-vine that cleans-eth me, Will still out-last all com-ing days,
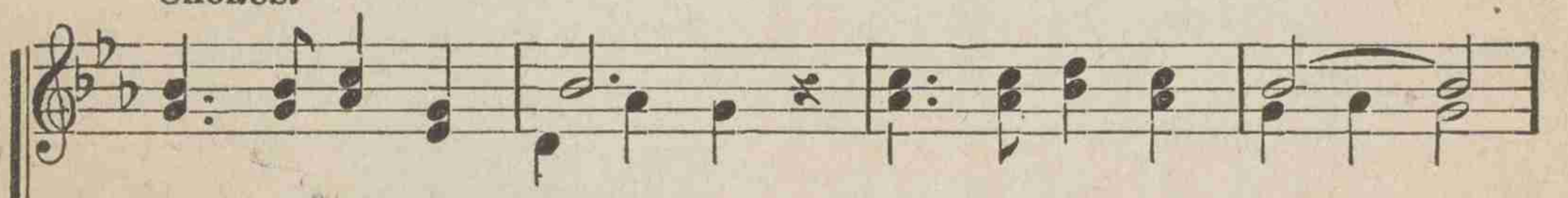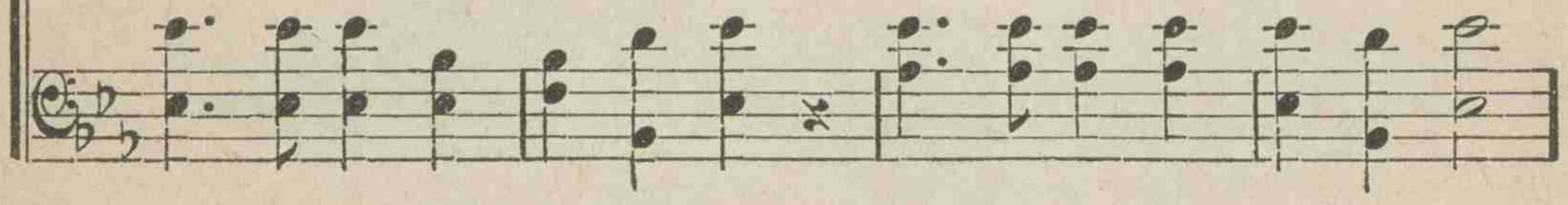




The stain of guilt it washed a - way, The par-d'ning love is full and free.
My crim - son sin He wash - es white, For Him I count all else but loss.
Re - pent-ant souls, con-tent to cast Their sin and guilt on Him who died.
And sin - ful souls, made pure and free, Shall fill the courts above with praise.
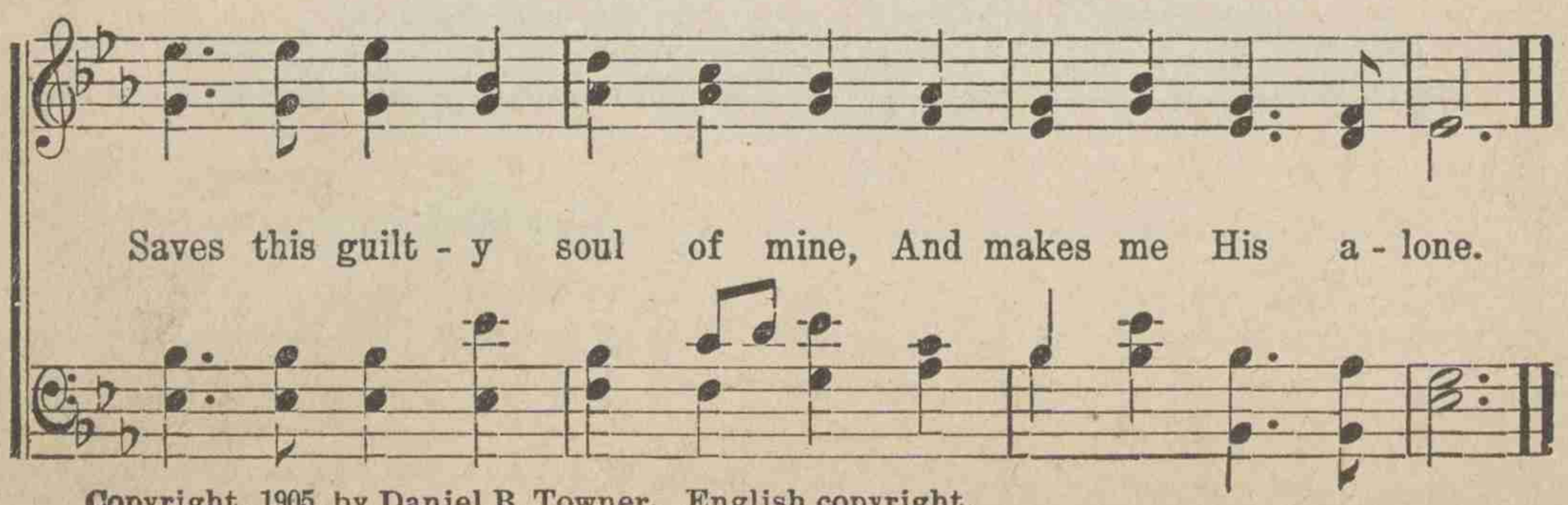


CHORUS.



Cleansed by grace di - vine! Grace, and grace a - lone,
by grace di - vine! a - lone,
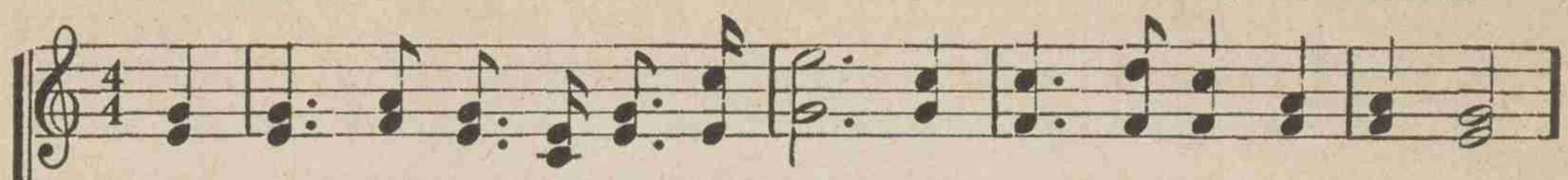


Saves this guilt - y soul of mine, And makes me His a - lone.
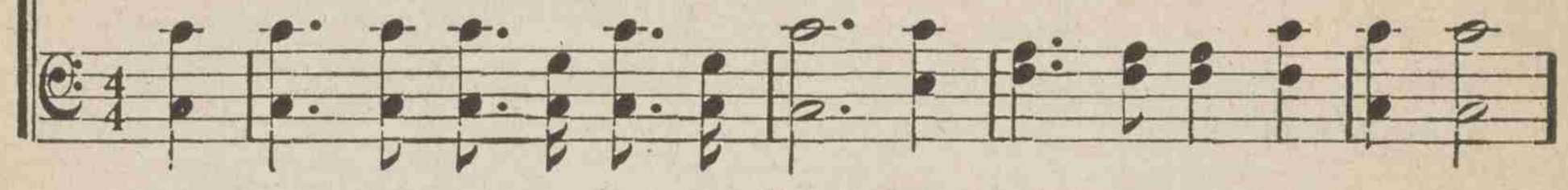


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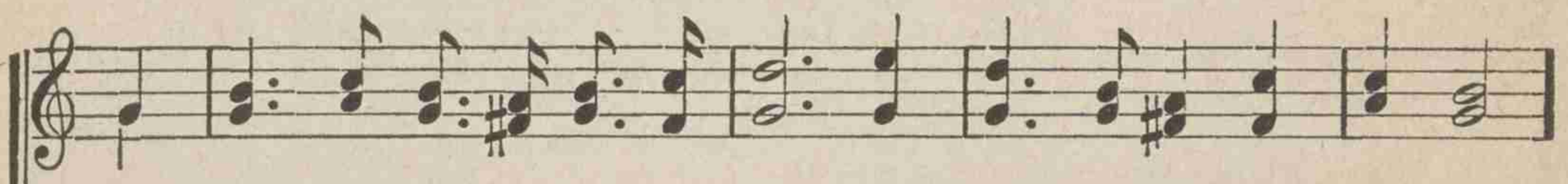
73 The Wonderful Redeemer.

C. D. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

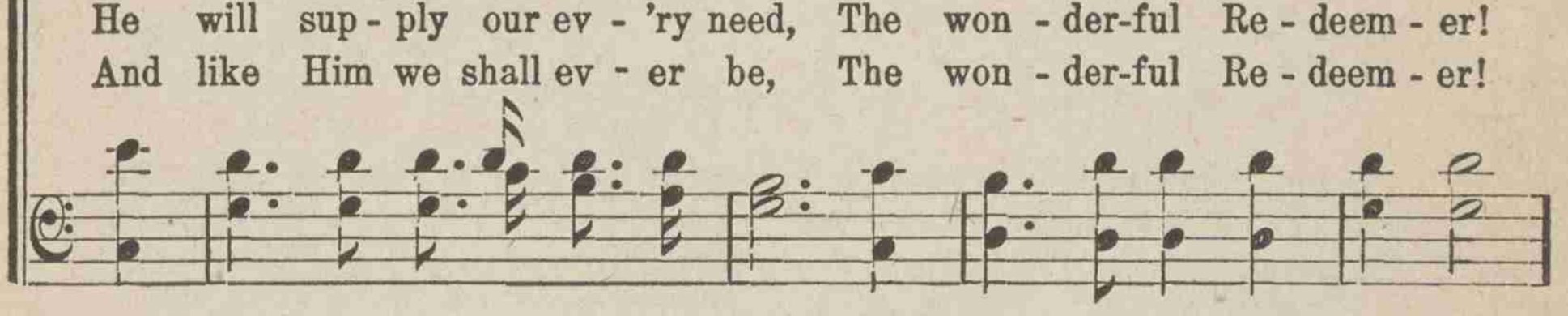


1. O mag - ni - fy His name with me, The won - der - ful Re - deem - er;
2. His blood has full a - tone-ment made, The won - der - ful Re - deem - er;
3. He lives for us to in - ter - cede, The won - der - ful Re - deem - er;
4. Soon in His glo - ry we shall see The won - der - ful Re - deem - er;

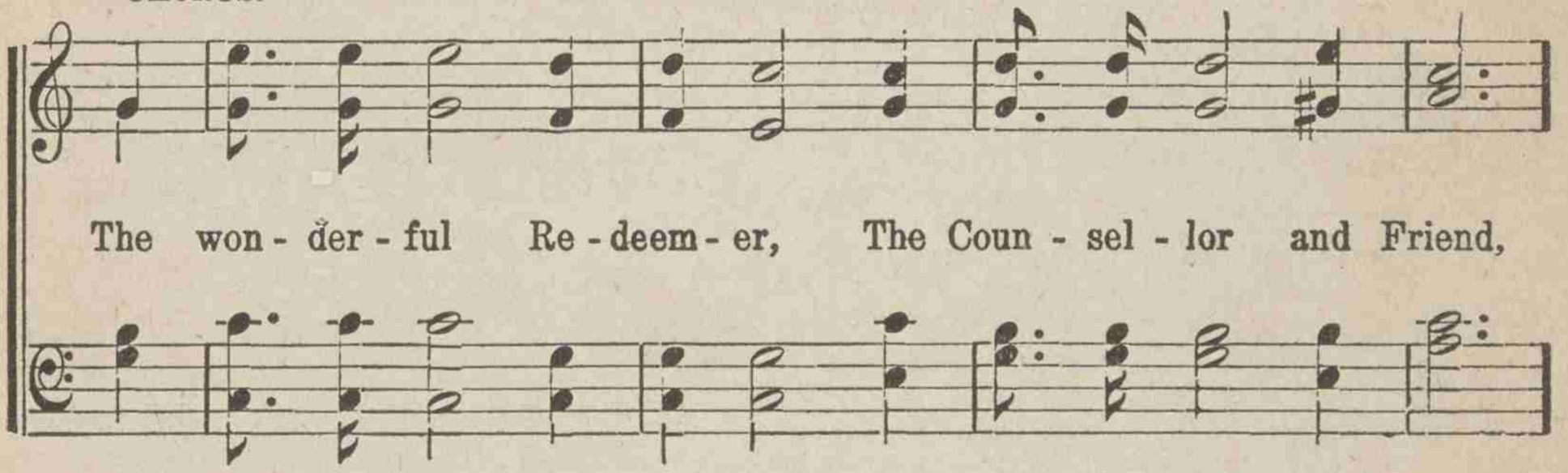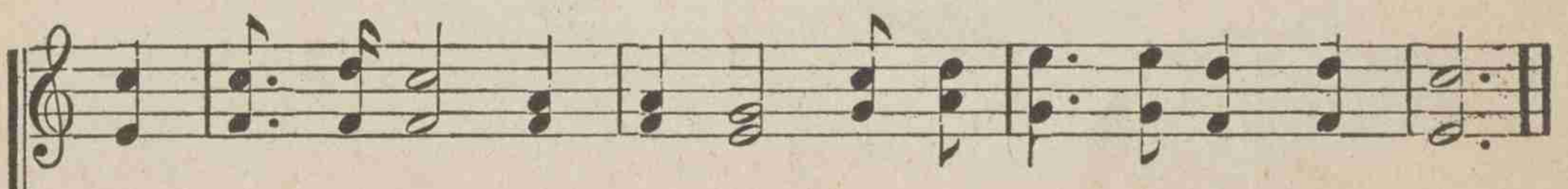




He came to set the cap - tive free, The won - der-ful Re - deem - er!
In - i - qui - ties on Him were laid, The won - der-ful Re - deem - er!
He will sup - ply our ev - 'ry need, The won - der-ful Re - deem - er!
And like Him we shall ev - er be, The won - der-ful Re - deem - er!
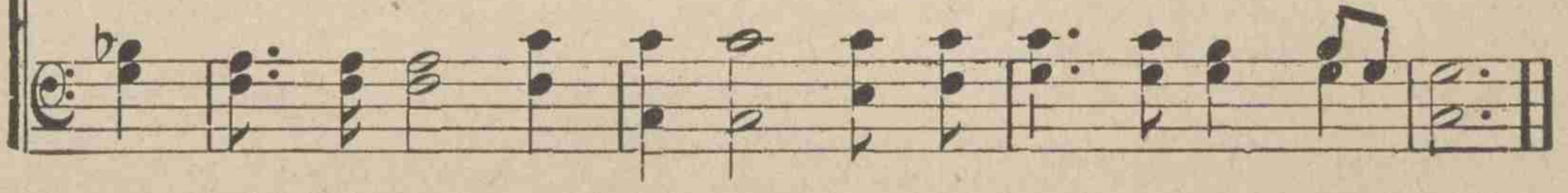


CHORUS.



The won - der - ful Re - deem - er, The Coun - sel - lor and Friend,



He saved us with His life - blood, And will keep us to the end!



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74 Saving Grace.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O gold-en day, when light shall break And dawn's bright glo-ries shall un-
2. Life's upward way, a nar-row path, Leads on to that fair dwelling-
3. I dim-ly see my journey's end, But well I know who guid-eth

fold, When He who knows the path I take, Shall
place, Where, safe from sin, and storm, and wrath, They
me; I fol-low Him, that won-drous Friend Whose

pp

ope for me the gates of gold! . . . Earth's lit-tle while will
live who trust re-deem-ing grace. . . . Sing, sing, my heart, a-
matchless love is full and free. . . . And when with Him I

rall.

soon be past, My pil-grim song will soon be o'er; The
long the way! The grace that saves will keep and guide Till
en-ter in, And all the way look back to trace, The

a tempo.

grace that saves, shall time out-last, And be my theme on yon-der shore.
breaks the glo-rious crowning day, And I shall cross to yon-der side.
conqu'ror's palm I then shall win, Thro' Christ, and His re-deem-ing grace.

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Saving Grace.

CHORUS.

Then I shall know as I am known, and stand complete be - fore the throne;

Then I shall see my Saviour's face, And all my song be "Sav-ing grace!"

75 Stay Nigh Me.

W. C. MARTIN. EDWARD M. FULLER.

1. Stay nigh me, O dear Sav - iour, In all my mor - tal strife;
2. Stay nigh me, O dear Sav - iour, My on - ly sure de - fense;
3. Stay nigh me, O dear Sav - iour! In sor - row be my peace,
4. Stay nigh me, O dear Sav - iour! In death be still my stay,

Thou on - ly canst sus - tain me, And keep me pure in life.
I seek Thy guard-ing pres - ence, And nanght shall draw me thence.
In per - ils be my suc - cor, And bid the storm to cease.
And draw me from deep wa - ters, To dwell with Thee for aye.

REFRAIN.

rall.

I trust Thee, Lord, my steps to guide, And 'neath Thy wings I safe - ly hide.

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76 The Blood of Jesus Ransomed Me.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The bless-ed peace of Christ my bo-som fills, The Fa-ther's smil-ing
2. He floods my path-way with a heav'n-ly light, He caused my blind-ed
3. He grants me grace to foil the tempter's art, He gives me strength to
4. When time on earth for me shall be no more, And I in heav'n His

face I see; With love di-vine my hap-py spir-it thrills, For
eyes to see; From thrall of Sa-tan and from sin's dark night The
meet the foe; He makes His dwell-ing-place with-in my heart, He's
face shall see, I'll sing His prais-es on that bliss-ful shore, And

CHORUS.

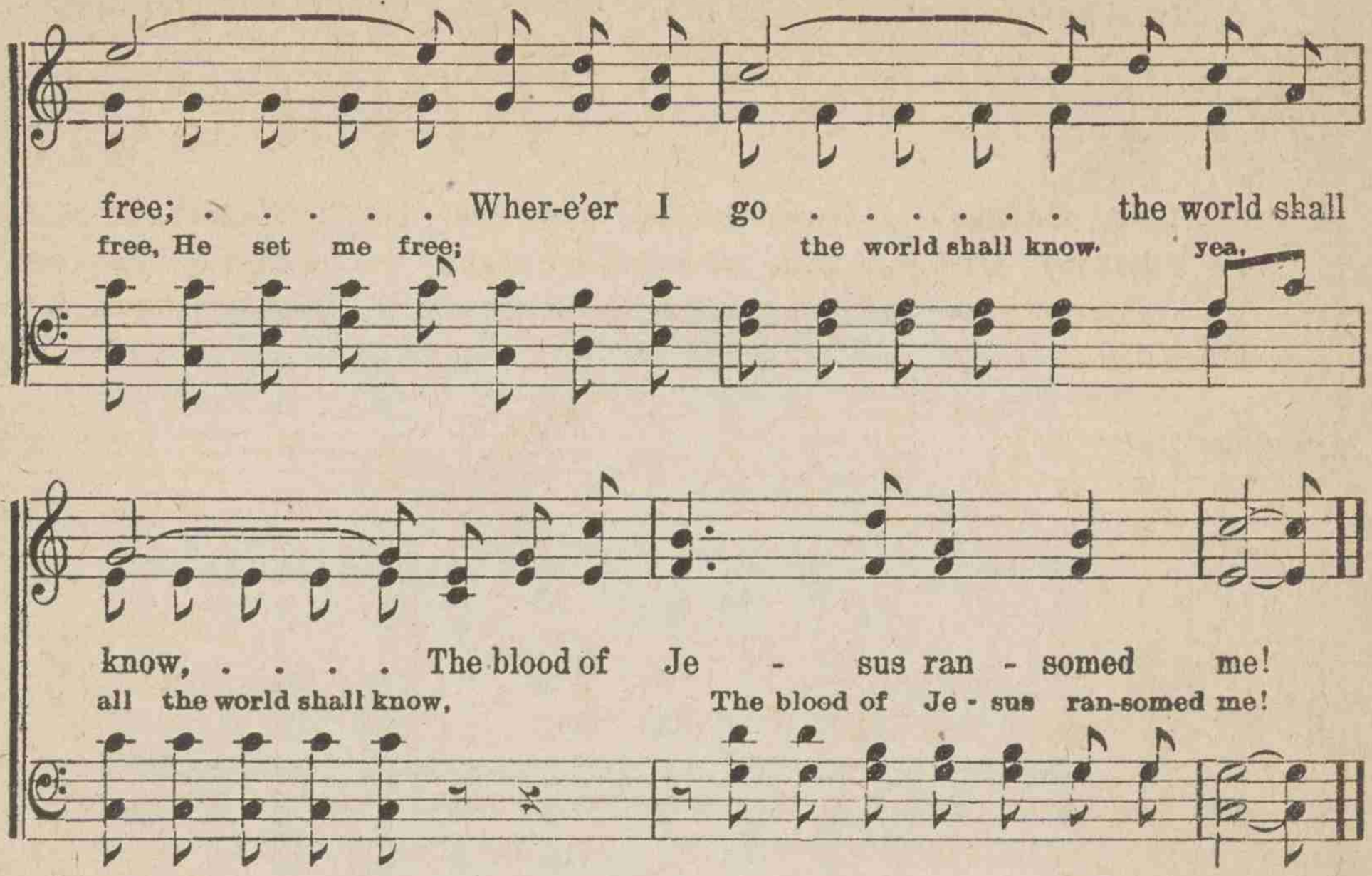
Je-sus' blood has ran-somed me. . .
blood of Je-sus ran-somed me. . . The blood of Je - -
with me wher-ev-er I go. . .
tell how Je-sus ran-somed me. . .

The blood of Je-

sus ran-somed me, ... He paid my debt . . . . and set me
sus ran-somed me, ransomed me, He paid my debt and set me

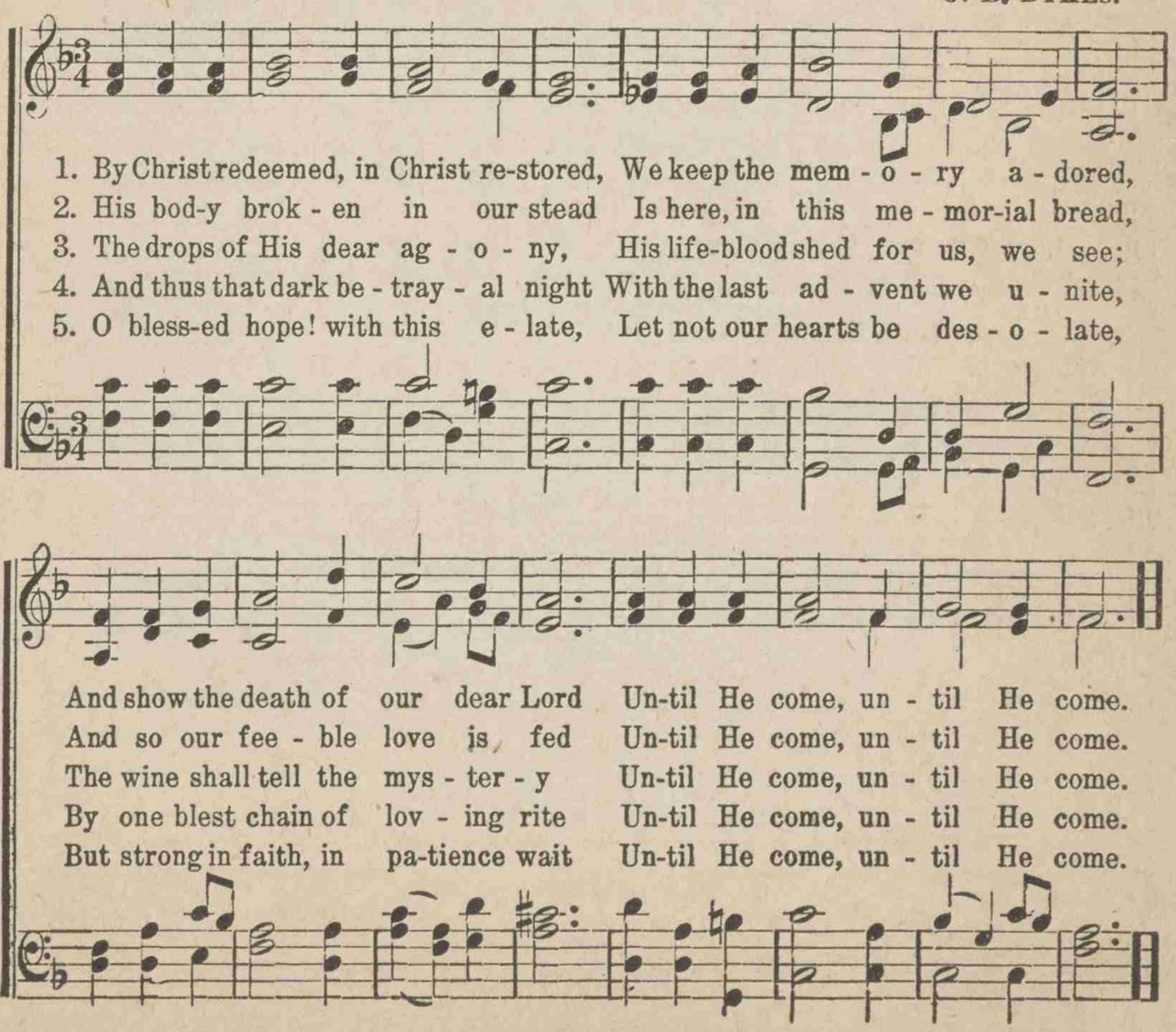
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The Blood of Jesus Ransomed Me.



77 By Christ Redeemed.

G. RAWSON. J. B. DYKES.



78 My Anchor Holds.

W. C. MARTIN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Tho' the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest-driv - en soul,
2. Might-y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
3. Troubles al - most whelm the soul, Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll,

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
Tempt-ers seek to lure a - stray, Storms ob-scure the light of day;

I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er-more en - dure!
Still I stand the tem-pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock!
I can face them and be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold!
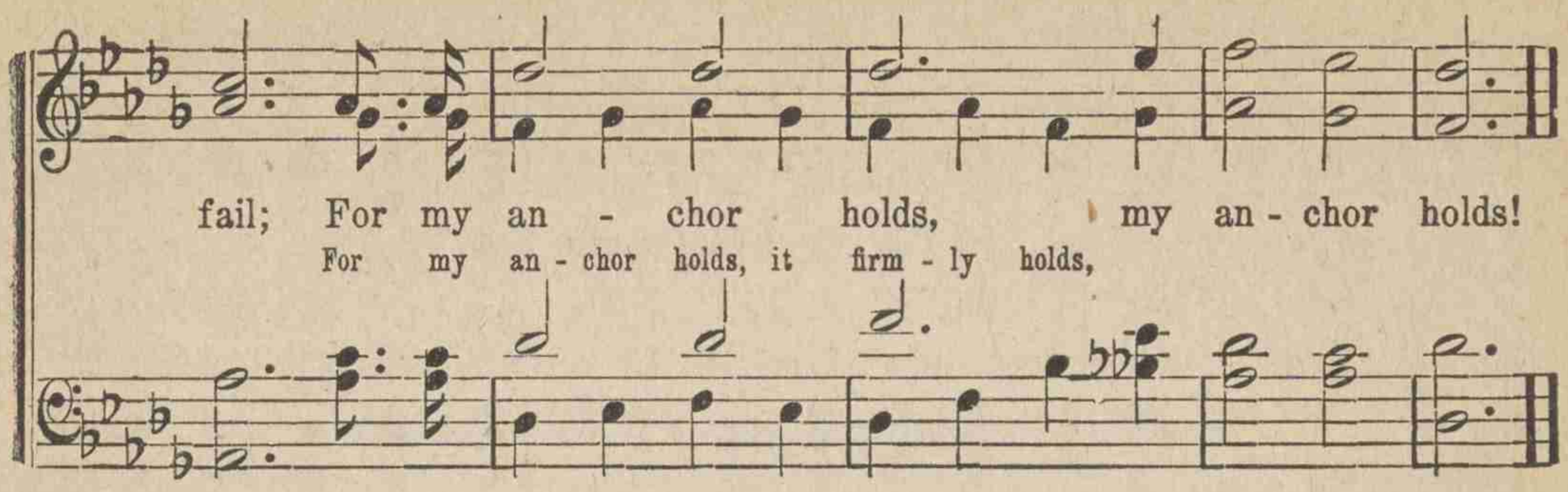
CHORUS.

And it holds, my an-chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O
And it holds, . . . my an - chor holds, Blow your wild - est

gale, On my bark so small and frail, I shall nev - er, nev - er
then, O gale,

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My Anchor Holds.



79 Christ is Thy Light.

RICHARD CADBURY. D. B. TOWNER.

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80 Wandering Far.

HARRIETTE WATERS. J. E. DELMARTER.

1. Wan - der - ing far from the Fa - ther's home, Leav - ing the light in the
2. What will you find in that coun - try far? Bit - ter the fruits of its
3. Bright is the path to e - ter - nal day, Safe is the pil - grim a-

dark to roam, Hark to the voice that is call - ing! In - to the night where there
pleasures are; Hark to the voice that is call - ing! "Come and return" is the
long the way; Hark to the voice that is call - ing! In - to the glo - ry of

shines no star, Why do you wan - der so far, so far? Hark to the
ten - der plea, "Ye that are wea - ry, re - turn to Me"; Hark to the
light and love, Fol - low the Mas - ter who waits a - bove; Hark to the

CHORUS.

voice that is call - ing!
voice that is call - ing! Call-ing, call-ing, turn not a-way! Listen, listen,
voice that is call - ing!

He calls to-day! Turn and follow, while yet you may; Je-sus is call-ing you!
calling you!

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81 He is Knocking.

HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Lo! a Strang-er at the por-tal stands, Gen-tly knock-ing with His
2. You have scorn'd the bleeding sac-ri-fice, You have spurn'd the joys of
3. Thro' His tears in dark Gethsem-a-ne, With His dy-ing eyes on
4. Bid Him cross your low-ly threshold o'er; Where He dwells is joy for-

nail-pierc'd hands; Fair and king-ly, tho' with thorn-crown'd brow, He is waiting—
par-a-dise; He who trod for you the way of pain, Still has mer-cy;
Cal-va-ry, Je-sus saw a-lone your soul's great need; Now He comes His
ev-er-more. O-pen now! He will not al-ways wait; Soon your soul will

CHORUS.

let Him en-ter now!
must He wait in vain? He is knocking, He is knocking,
wondrous love to plead.
cry: "Too late, too late!" He is knocking, knocking, He is knocking, knocking,

knocking at the por-tal of your heart! . . Life and hope with-in His
fast-closed heart!

ad lib.

hand He holds; Can you say to Him: "De-part!" Can you say to Him: "De-part!"

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82 The Glory of Conquest!

HARRIET E. JONES. IRA B. WILSON.

1. The glo - ry of con - quest! be val - iant, my broth-ers, And
2. The glo - ry of con - quest! His flag is up - lift - ed In
3. The glo - ry of con - quest! still bat - tle for Je - sus With
4. Press on, val - iant sol - diers! some beau - ti - ful morn - ing In

march with your Cap - tain al - way; Put on the whole ar - mor, press
glo - ri - ous tri - umph to wave; The young are a - ris - ing in
ban - ner of crim - son un - furled; By earn - est en - deav - or for
by - ways now drear - y and dim, The light shall be glow - ing, and

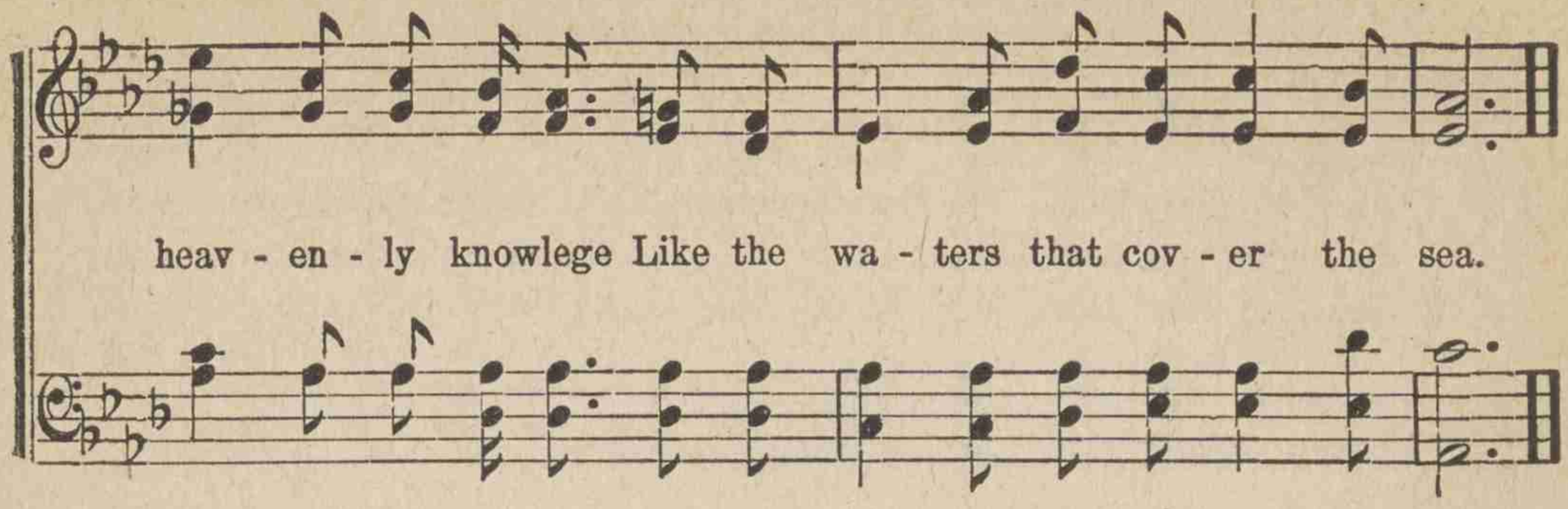
man - ful - ly for - ward, To stand in the midst of the fray.
num - bers sur - pris - ing, Their trust in the Might - y to save.
Christ, your Re - deem-er, You sure - ly shall con - quer the world.
you shall be know-ing The glo - ry of con-quest through Him!

CHORUS.

Praise God He is com-ing, is com - ing, is com - ing!— O
glad time! how glorious 'twill be! . . . . When earth shall be covered with
how glo-rious 'twill be!

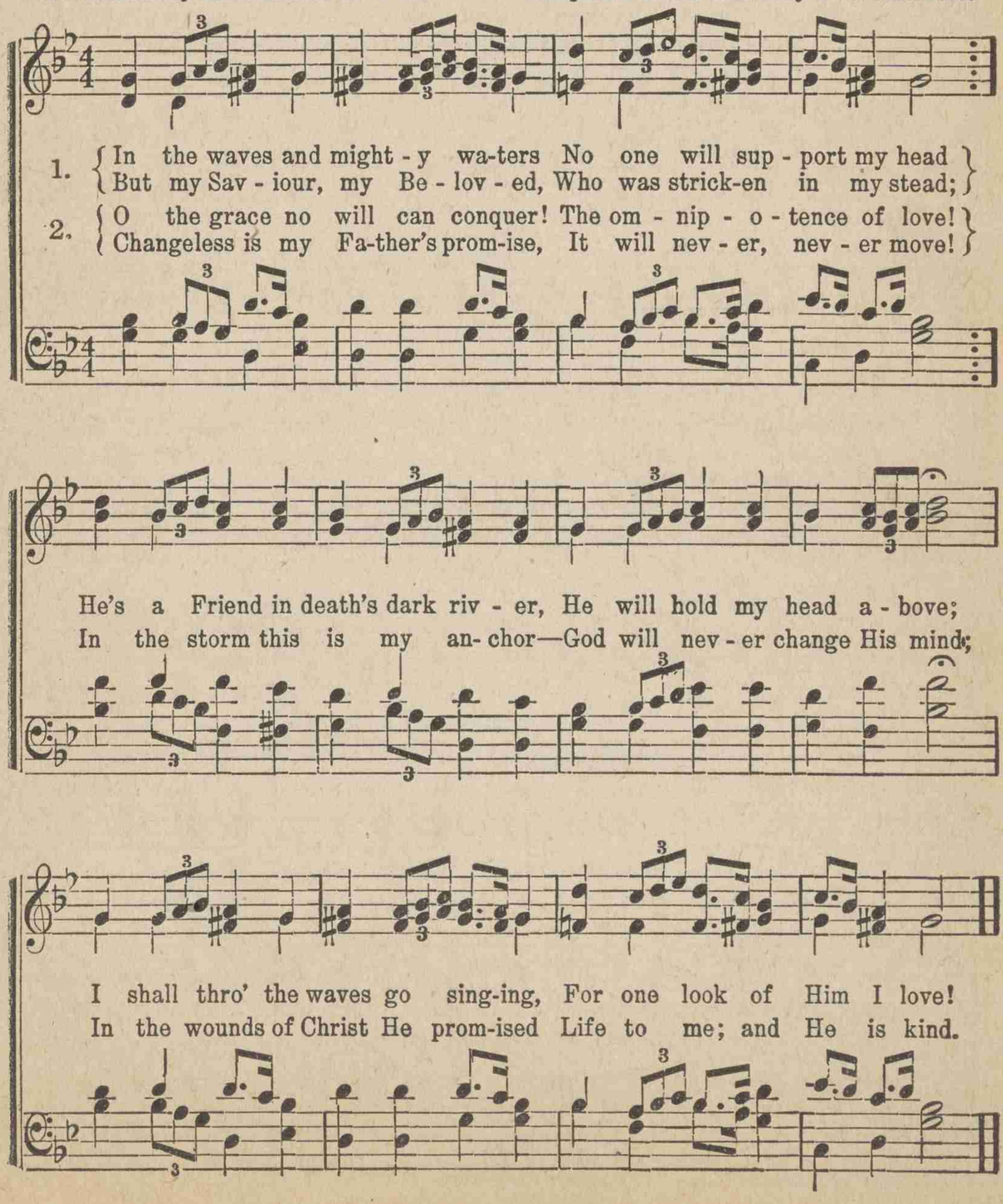
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The Glory of Conquest.



83 In the Waves.

Translated by Rev. ELVET LEWIS. Composed in the Welsh by D. WILLIAMS.



84 All is Forgiven.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Far from my home I've wan - dered O - ver the paths of sin;
2. Strong are the bonds that hold me, No one can set me free;
3. Out of my depth of weak - ness, Out of my want and woe,

Treas-ures of life I've squan-dered, No one will take me in.
Shad - ows of night en - fold me; Fa - ther, I come to Thee!
Fa - ther, to Thee in meek-ness I will a - rise and go!

RESPONSE.

God's voice is calling: "Come, O child of love"; He waits to re - ceive you
God's voice is calling: "Come, no long - er roam";Light streams o'er your path - way
God's voice is calling: "Welcome, child of mine! Come, en - ter thy king - dom;

CHORUS.

In - to His home a - bove.
Out from the door of home! All, all is for - giv - en, Je - sus has
All that I have is thine!"

made you whole; Joy, joy is in heav-en O - ver a ransom'd soul!

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85 Steadfast and True.

IRA B. WILSON. MRS. JAMES A. SUTHERLAND.

1. Hear and heed the call of Christ to - day, He has need of sol-diers
2. Though the hosts of Sa - tan may as - sail, Trust in Christ—in Him you
3. For - ward, then, O sol-diers of the King! Let your songs of tri-umph

for the fray; In the front He has a place for you; Sol - diers of Je -
shall pre - vail. He who leads you will your strength re-new; Sol - diers of Je -
glad - ly ring; Nev - er fal - ter, ev - ery du - ty do; Sol - diers of Je -

CHORUS.

sus, be steadfast and true!
sus, be steadfast and true!
sus, be steadfast and true!

Sol - diers of Je - sus, make no de - lay!

Hark, He is call - ing, call - ing to - day! For-ward then, O speed you;

Fol - low where He leads you; Sold-iers of Je - sus, be steadfast and true!

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Looking This Way.

J. W. V.
DUET and CHORUS.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn-ing,
2. Fa - ther and mo - ther, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat-man,
3. Bro-ther 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 Sa - viour, bright Morn-ing Star, Look-ing for lost ones

look - ing for me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and des - pair,
wait for the sail, Bear-ing the loved ones o - ver the tide
com - ing some - time; Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow,
beck - on - ing "Come!" Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew,
stray-ing a - far; Hear the glad mes - sage,—why will you roam?

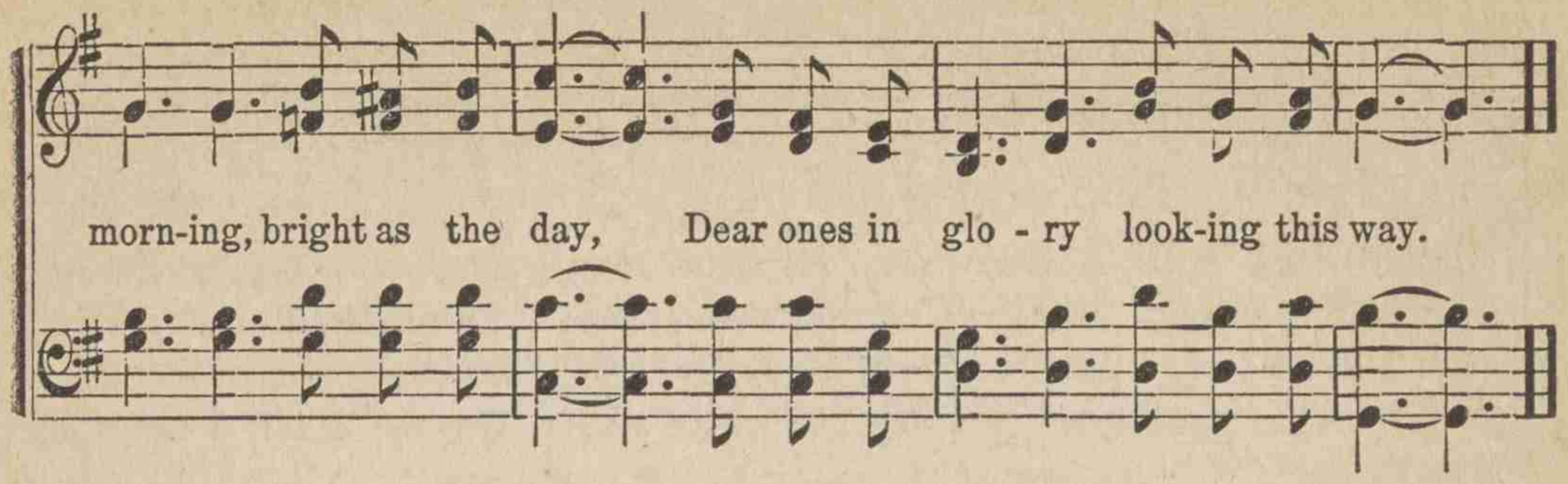
CHORUS.

Wait-ing and watch - ing pa - tient - ly there.
In - to the har - bor near to their side.
Watching for dear ones wait - ing be - low. Look-ing this way, yes,
Anx - ious - ly look - ing, mo - ther, for you.
Je - sus is call - ing: "Sin - ner, come home!"

look-ing this way, Loved ones are wait - ing, look-ing this way; Fair as the

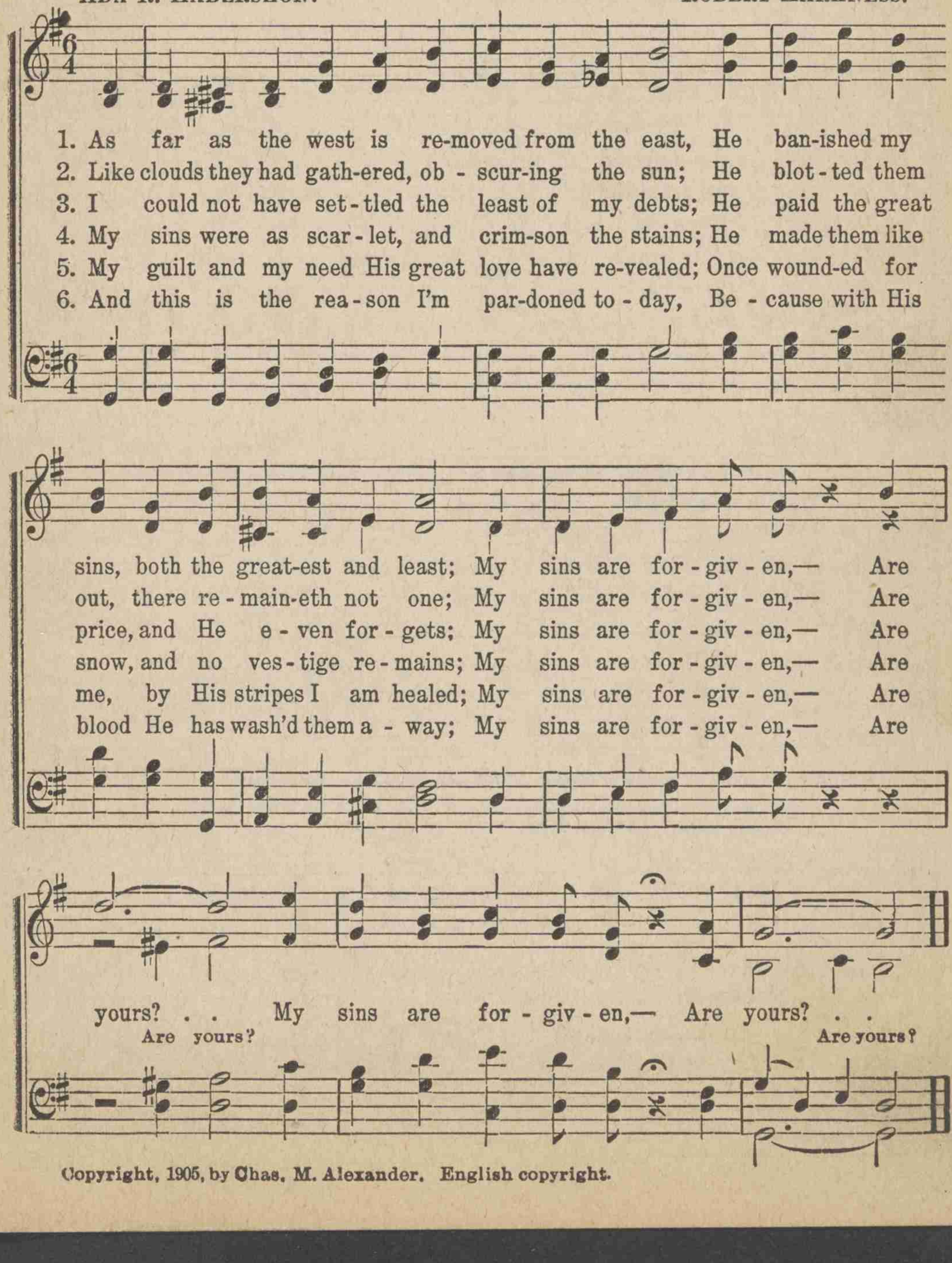
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Looking This Way.



87 My Sins Are Forgiven.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.



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88 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. PERRONET. DIADEM.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-tial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels pros - trate fall, Bring forth the roy - al dia - a - dem,
Ye ran - somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - tial ball, To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown . . . . . Him, crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him
And crown. . . . . Him, crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown. . . . . .

crown Him, crown Him,
Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
crown . . . . . Him,
. . . . . Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

89 Jesus is Living Again!

FRANK M. DYER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Un - der an east - ern sky, Up - on a cross of wood,
2. Bear - ing the world's dark stain Up - on His sin - less soul,
3. They laid His form a - way, They sealed the heav - y stone;
4. He came forth from the grave Tri - umph - ant o - ver death;
5. Un - to His pierc - éd feet He now draws all man - kind;

They lift - ed up to die Je - sus, my Sav - iour.
Sal - va - tion free to gain, Je - sus, my Sav - iour.
He 'woke at break of day— Je - sus, my Sav - iour.
All pow'r - ful now to save— Je - sus, my Sav - iour.
Shall I His love de - feat? Je - sus, my Sav - iour.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is liv - ing a - gain! O - ver the
earth sing the sweet re - frain; Tell it to all men both
near and far; Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is liv - ing a - gain!

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90 Saviour, I'm Weak and Weary!

T. O. CHISHOLM. B. T. WORDEN.

1. Sav-iour, I'm weak and wea - ry! Hea - vy has been my load, Toil-some and
2. Sav-iour, I'm weak and wea - ry! Sore has the con - flict been, Striv-ing a-
3. Sav-iour, I'm weak and wea - ry! No oth - er friend can know All of my
4. Sav-iour, I'm weak and wea - ry! Hold me up - on Thy breast, E'en as a

long the jour-ney O - ver life's rug - ged road; Oft - en have foes as-
gainst tempt-a - tion, Lab-'ring a crown to win; Sow - ing with earn - est
heart's deep an - guish, No oth - er feel as Thou; Once Thou didst suf - fer
lov - ing moth - er Sooth-ing her child to rest; Safe in Thy arms re-

sailed me, Oft-en have storms distressed; Fain I would lay my bur - den Down at Thy
long - ing, Weep-ing no fruits to see; Thirsty and faint and help-less, Sav-iour, I
sor - rows Keen-er than all my grief; On - ly Thy warm com-pas-sion Now can af-
pos - ing, Sav-iour, O let me stay Un-til this night of sor - row Ends in a

feet and rest! Fain I would lay my bur - den Down at Thy feet and rest!
come to Thee! Thirst-y and faint and help-less, Sav-iour, I come to Thee!
ford re - lief; On - ly Thy warm com-pas-sion Now can af-ford re - lief.
bliss - ful day! Un-til this night of sor - row Ends in a bliss-ful day!

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91 O Wonderful Love of My God!

W. R. NEWELL. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I sing of the love of my Fa - ther, Who chose me,— I can - not tell why; He might have condemned me, but rath - er He sent His Be - lov - ed to die.
2. I sing of the love of my Sav - iour, Who left heav-en's glo - ry to be A ran - som for sin, that God's fa - vor Might just - ly be giv - en to me. O won-der-ful, won-der-ful love of my
3. I sing of the love of the Spir - it, My Com - fort - er, Teach-er and Guide, By whose gracious pow'r I in - her - it The blessings Christ bought when He died.
4. I sing of God's love— O re - ceive it! God loves the whole world, He loves you! For you Je - sus died,— O be - lieve it! This won - der - ful love is for you.
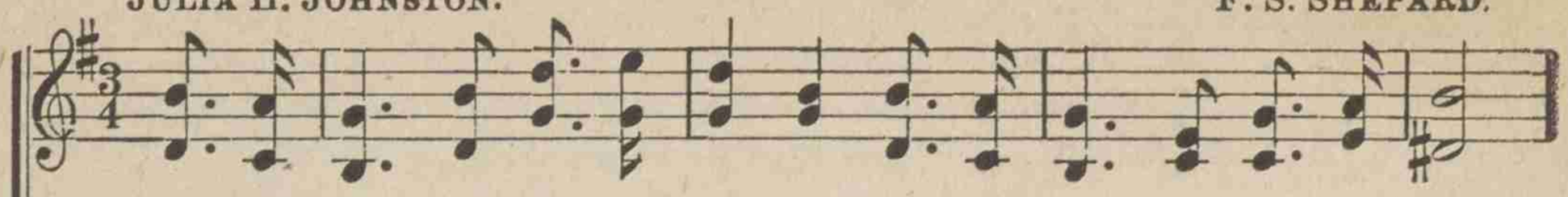
CHORUS.

God, Re - deem-ing my soul at the cost of the blood! I can-not con- ceive it, but O I be-lieve it—This won-der-ful love of my God!
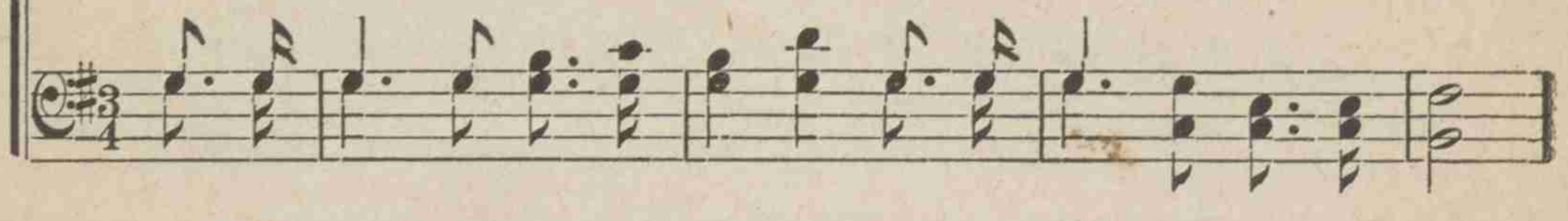
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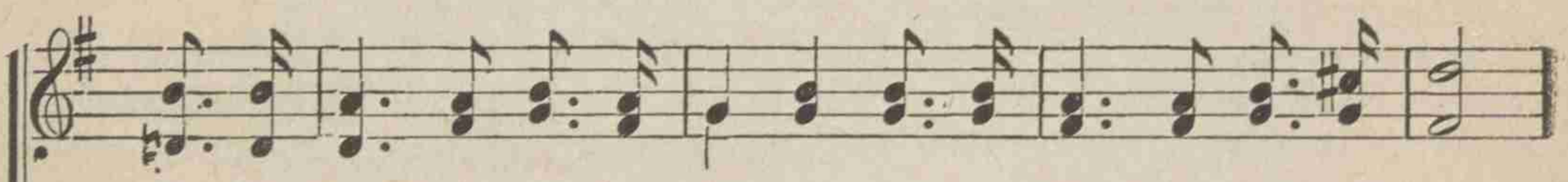
92 Breathe upon Us, Blessed Spirit!

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. F. S. SHEPARD.
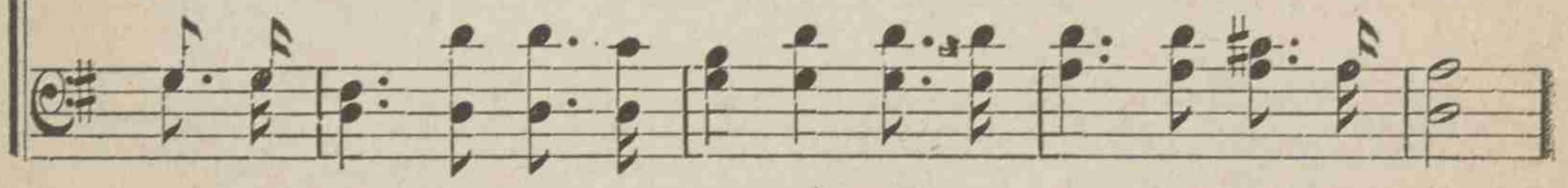


1. Breathe up-on us, bless-ed Spir - it! Let us feel Thy pres-ence near;
2. Pu - ri - fy and make us ho - ly, Show to us the things of Christ;
3. O - pen to our eyes the pag - es Of the Ho - ly Word of Life,
4. By Thy might-y in - ter - ces-sion, May we learn to pray a - right;
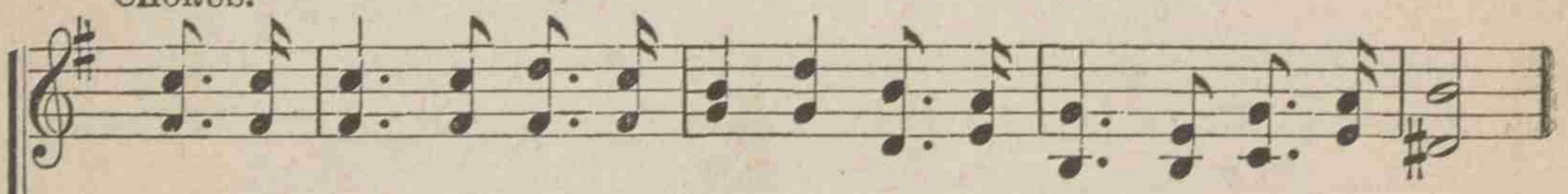




May our souls Thy peace in - her - it, Cast-ing out our faith-less fear!
Make us like Him, meek and low - ly, Thro' Thy gift of love un-priced!
Where the truth in all the a - ges, Shines thro' earth - ly sin and strife!
Guide our praise and our con - fession, Till our faith is changed to sight!
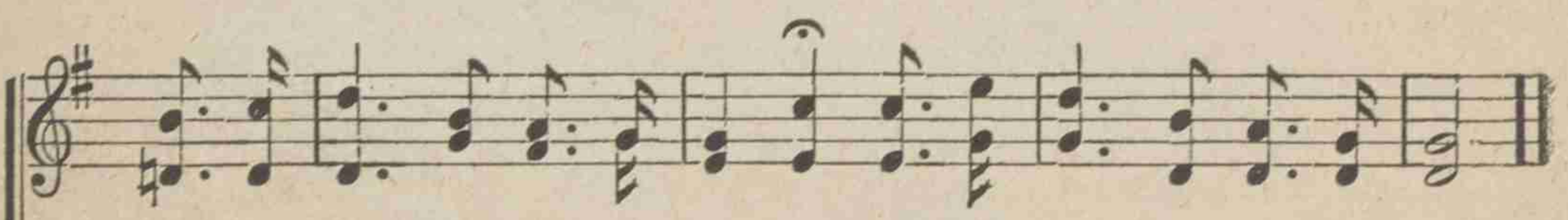


CHORUS.
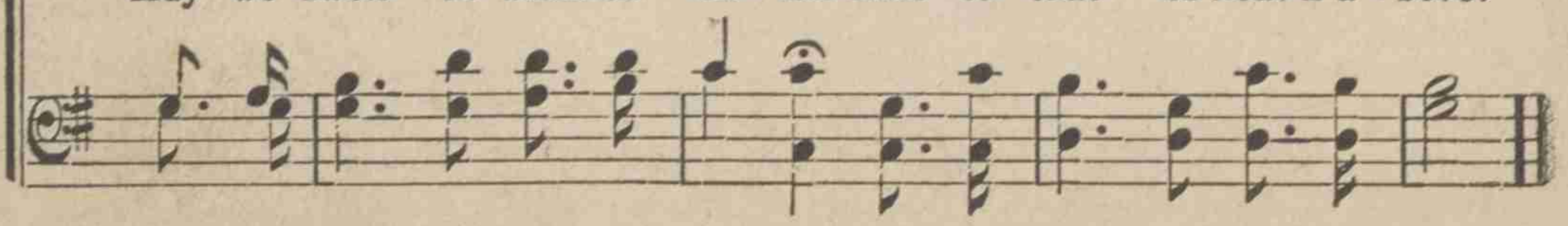


Ho - ly Ghost, in Thy com-mun - ion, In the fel - low-ship of love,





May we dwell in bless-ed un - ion Like to that of heav'n a - bove!



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93 Looking on You.

Arr. by JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I saw One hang-ing on the tree in vis - ions of my soul,
2. A gen - tle but con-demn-ing pow'r Was stored with-in that eye,
3. An-oth - er look He gave, which said: "I free - ly all for-give;
4. O sin - ner, thou must meet that gaze In judg - ment or in grace;

Who turned His lov - ing eyes on me As near His cross I stole.
And ne'er can I for - get that hour, From hence-forth till I die.
My blood is for a ran-som shed, I die that thou may'st live."
Re - pent, be-lieve and change thy ways, Ere thou be-hold His face!

CHORUS.

He's look - ing on you, look - ing on you! . . . . O
He's look - ing on you, look - ing on you!

nev-er were love and com-pas - sion so true; He's look - ing on you,
He's look-ing on you,

Ad lib.

looking on you! . . . How can you refuse Him? He's looking, looking on you!
look-ing on you!

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94 My Light and My Salvation.

HELEN D. SYLVESTER. WM. L. GILPIN.

1. My light and my sal - va - tion, O Lord of life, art Thou; Ac - cept
2. O God of my sal - va - tion, Thou art be-come my song; Un - ceas-
3. To all Thy king - ly splen-dor, To Thy re-deem-ing love, What trib-

my con - se - cra - tion, To Thee I pay my vow. Thou art the King of
ing ad - o - ra - tion And love to Thee be - long. Thro' all the hoar-y
ute shall I ren - der, My loy - al - ty to prove? O Sav-iour, high and

glo - ry, Thy love hath set me free; O sweet and blessed sto - ry, The
a - ges Thy Word has still been true; To - day its blessed pag - es My
ho - ly, In all Thy love and might, With - in my heart so low - ly, Be

CHORUS.

Sav - iour died for me! O Lord, my life and
hope and strength re-new. O Lord, my life, my life and light,
Thou my life and light!

O Lord, my life, my life and light, my

my sal - va - tion, I love Thee and a - dore; I rest on
my life and my I rest on Thee,

life and my sal - va - tion, I rest on Thee, I

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My Light and My Salvation.

Thee, The true foun-da - tion, I rest for-ev - er-more.

I rest on Thee, on Thee, The true

rest on Thee, on Thee, The true

95 Help Me to be Holy!

ADONIRAM J. GORDON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Help me to be ho - ly, O Fa-ther of light; Guilt - bur-dened and
2. Help me to be ho - ly, O Saviour di - vine; Why con - quer so
3. Help me to be ho - ly, O Spir - it di - vine; Come, sanc - ti - fy
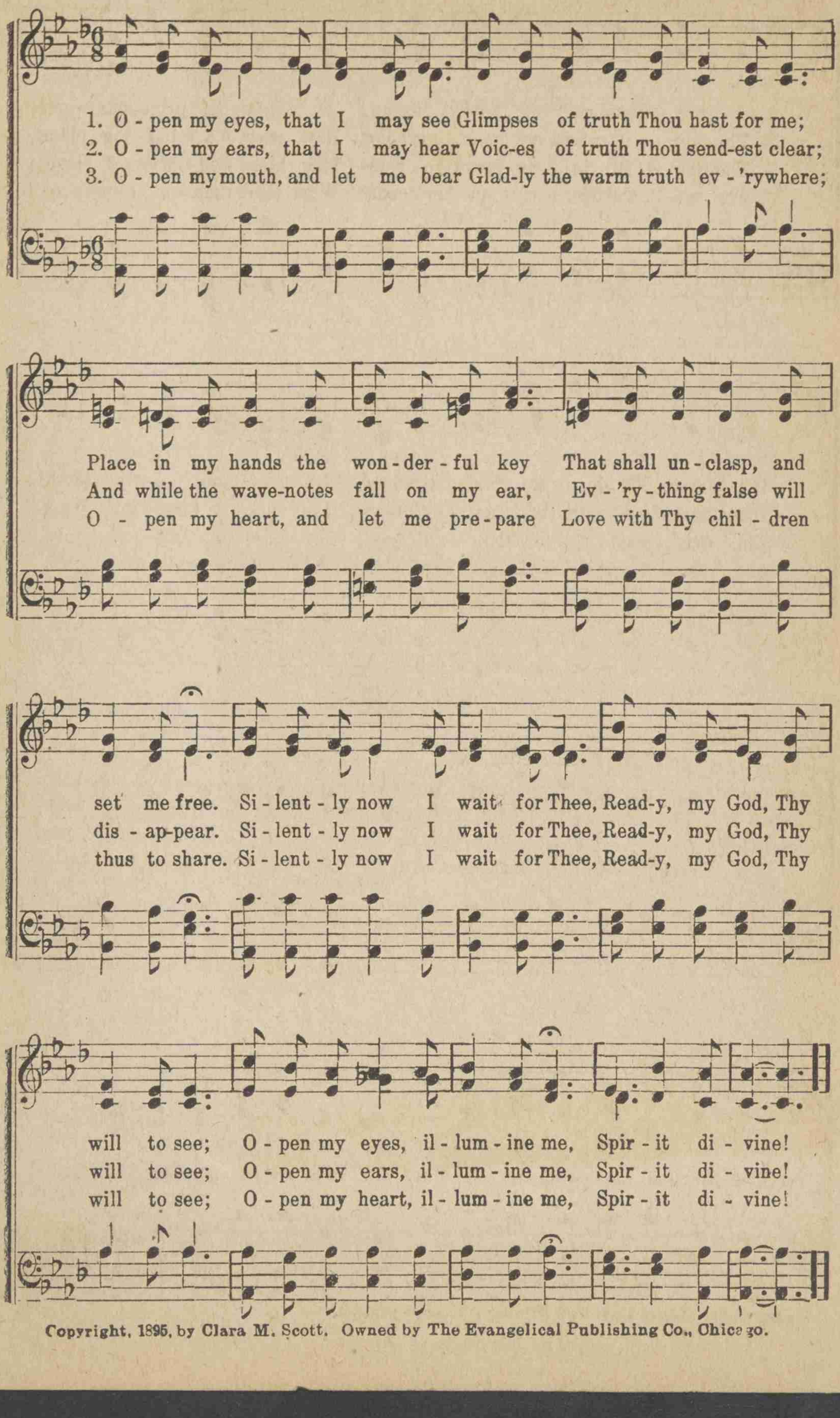
low - ly, I bow in Thy sight; How shall a stain'd conscienceDare gaze on Thy
slow-ly This na-ture of mine? Stamp deeply Thy like-ness Where Satan's hath
whol-ly This tem-ple of Thine; Now cast out each i - dol, Here set up Thy

face, E'en though in Thy pres - ence Thou grant me a place?
been; Ex - pel with Thy bright - ness My dark-ness and sin!
throne, Reign, reign with-out ri - val, Su - preme and a - lone!

Cop right, 1894, by D. B. Towner.

96 Open My Eyes, That I May See.
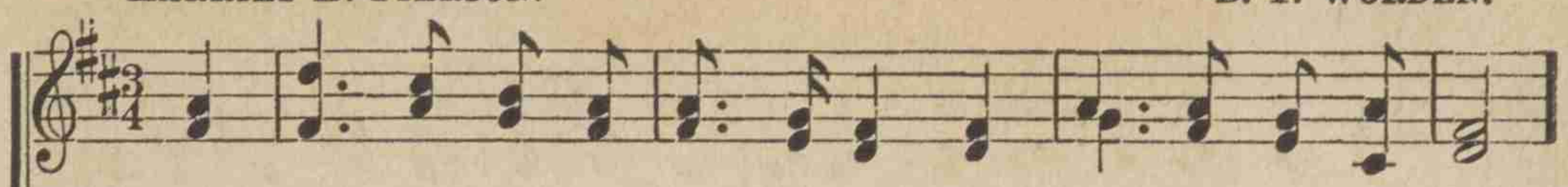
C. H. S. CHAS. H. SCOTT.
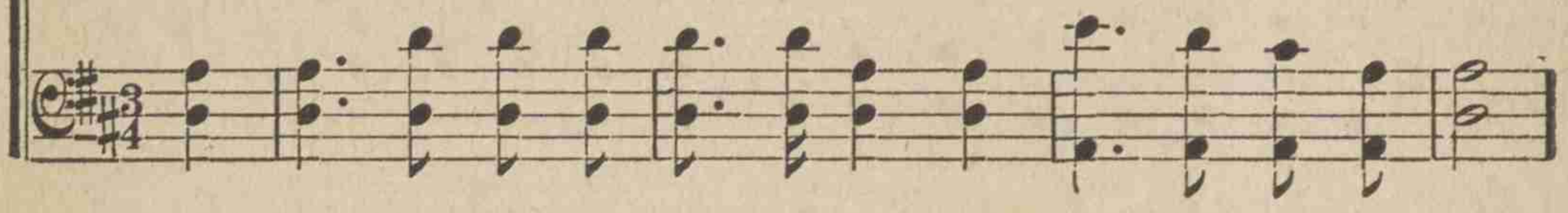


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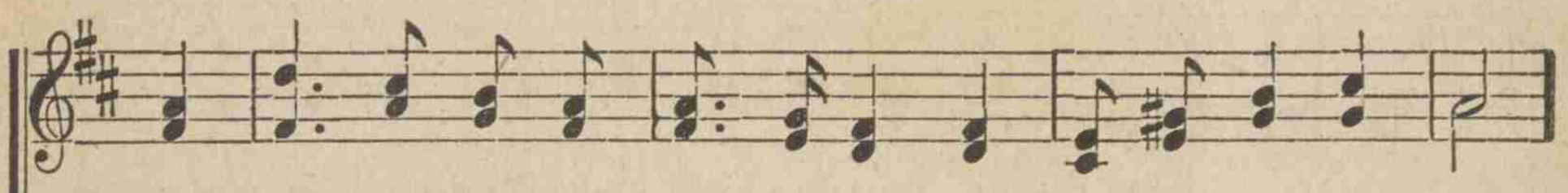
97 O Precious Seal of Love!

HARRIET H. PIERSON. B. T. WORDEN.
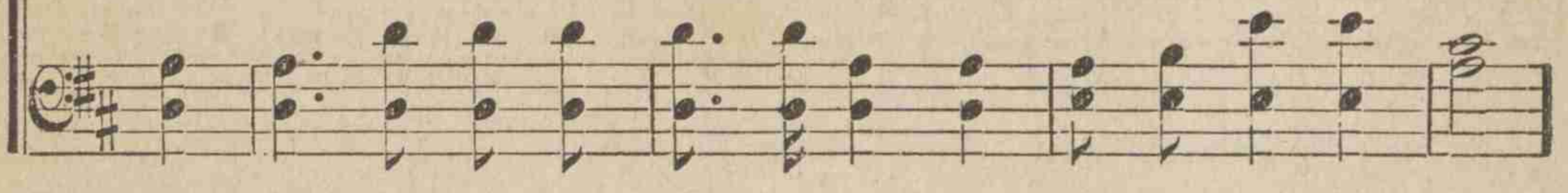


1. O pre - cious seal of love di-vine, O gift of price-less worth,
2. The Spir - it makes my long - ing heart His own a - bid - ing place,
3. The Spir - it to my heart re - veals The bless - ed Christ of love,
4. For me the Spir - it in - ter - cedes With deep un - ut - tered groans,
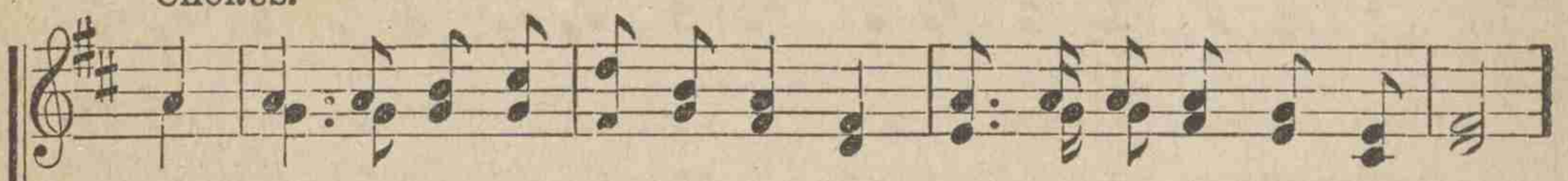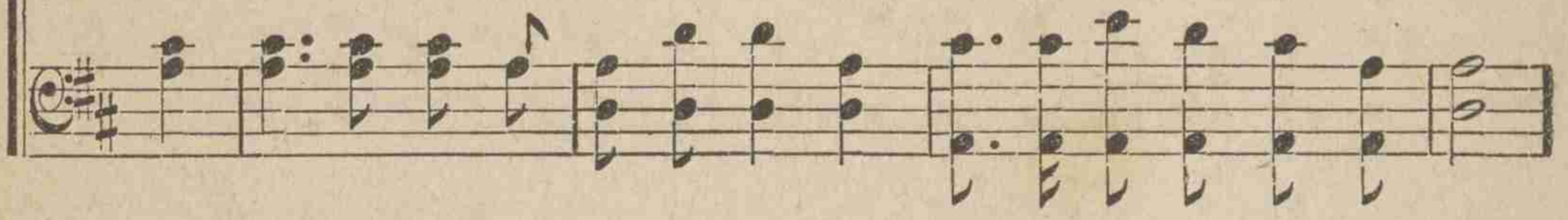




The Spir - it's cleans-ing, heal - ing flood, The new and ho - ly birth!
Transformed by His re - new - ing pow'r, His sanc - ti - fy - ing grace.
The path - way to e - ter - nal joy, The bliss of life a - bove.
And rich - est show'rs of bless-ings fall On those He calls His own.
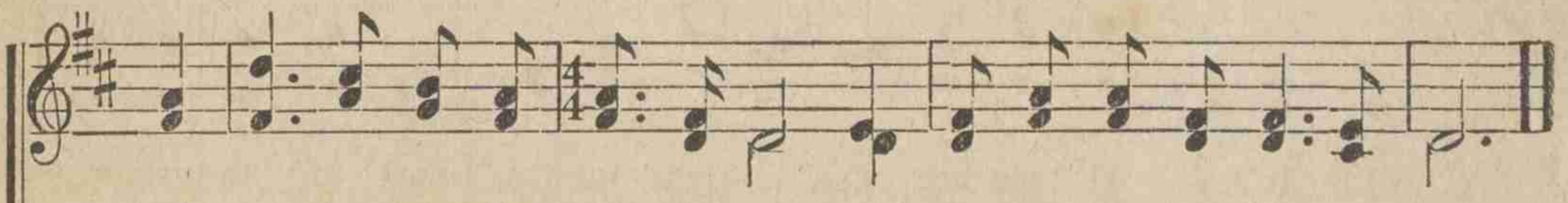


CHORUS.
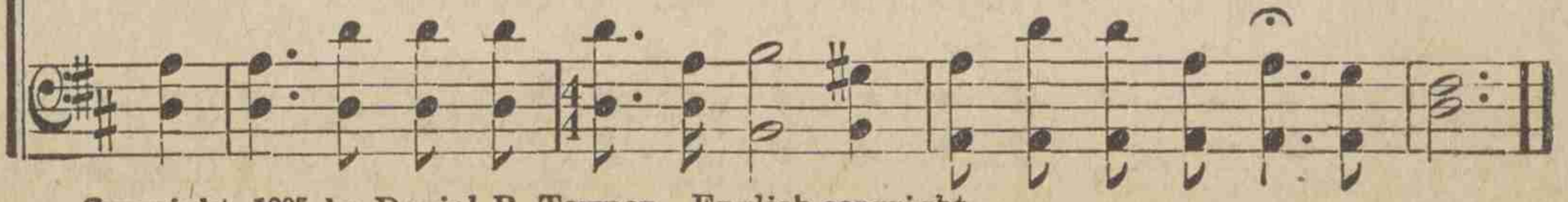


The Three in One their witness bear Of love and grace beyond compare;





The Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.



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98 Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R P. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic - t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er - com - eth God giv - eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain, Be thoughtful and ear - nest,
con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour

Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
Kind-hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
Our strength will re-new; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

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99

My Mother's Prayer.

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

1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my moth - er kind - ly say:
2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That always made my heart re-joice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for-get Those words of love, I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Sav-iour's cleansing pow'r;

"You're leav - ing now my ten-der care; Re-mem-ber, child, your mother's pray'r."
Tho' I have wander'd God knows where, Still I re-mem - ber mother's pray'r.
I see her by the old arm-chair, My moth-er dear, in hum-ble pray'r.
My sin and guilt He cancell'd there; 'Twas there He answer'd mother's pray'r.

CHORUS.

When-e'er I think of her so dear, I feel as if she still were here;
4th v. O praise the Lord for sav - ing grace! We'll meet up yon - der, face to face,

A voice comes floating on the air, Re - mind-ing me of mother's pray'r.
The home a-bove to - geth-er share, In an-swer to my mother's pray'r.

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100 The Victor's Crown.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Gird thy sword and make thine ar - mor strong, Day by day the war - fare
2. Fear thou not, tho' fiends thy cause de - ride; Fear thou not, tho' long the
3. For - ward still! the vic - t'ry must be won, Ere life's shade falls low at
4. Firm - ly stand! O fal - ter not, nor yield; Brave - ly fight till thou hast

ra - ges long; Join the cause of right a - gainst the wrong,—Thine shall
an - gels hide; God Him - self is ev - er on thy side,—Thine shall
set of sun; Rich re - ward a - waits the work well done,—Thine shall
won the field; "Faith in God" en-graved up - on thy shield,—Thine shall

CHORUS.

be the vic - tor's crown! . . . Glo - rious crown the Sav-iour's hand will hold,
be the vic-tor's crown,
Price-less crown of ev - er - last - ing gold, Heav'n-ly crown that
nev - er will grow old,— Thine shall be the vic - tor's crown!

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The Victor's Crown.

Full Unison.

Glo - rious crown the Sav - iour's hand will hold,

Price - less crown of ev - er - last - ing gold,

Harmony.

Heav'n-ly crown that nev - er will grow old— Thine shall be the vic-tor's crown!

101 O Love That Casts out Fear.

HORATIUS BONAR. D. A. NIEL.

1. O love that casts out fear, O love that casts out sin,
2. True Sun - light of the soul, Sur - round me as I go;
3. Great love of God, come in, Well - spring of heav'n - ly peace;
4. Love of the liv - ing God, Of Fa - ther and of Son,

Tar - ry no more with - out, But come and dwell with - in!
So shall my way be safe, My feet no stray - ing know.
Thou liv - ing wa - ter, come, Spring up, and nev - er cease!
Love of the Ho - ly Ghost, Fill Thou, each need - y one!

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102 We Will Stand the Storm.

ISAAC WATTS. B. T. WORDEN.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb,
2. Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
3. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord!

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy Word.

CHORUS.

We will stand the storm, We will
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver-y long,

an-chor by and by! We will stand the
safely by and by! We will stand, stand the storm, It will

storm, We will an-chor by and by!
not be ver-y long, safe-ly

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103 Onward, Upward!

HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. We are march-ing on - ward, sol - diers of the Lord, Clad in shin-ing ar - mor, with the Spir - it's sword; As our host ad-vanc - es,
2. Dan-gers may sur-round us close on ev - 'ry side; Un - der fair-est col - ors, lurk - ing foes may hide; For - ward, ev - er for - ward,
3. 'Tis the cross that leads us; lift it up on high! 'Neath its roy - al stan - dard we will fight and die. En - e - mies as - sail us,
4. Earthly crowns and scep-ters yield at last to rust; Earth-ly thrones and king-doms crum - ble in - to dust; Death - less king-doms wait us,

Sa - tan must re-treat, For our conqu'ring arm - y nev - er knows de - feat.
moves our fearless host, In the name of Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.
we are un - dismayed; All the an - gel le-gions are with us ar-rayed.
sol - diers of the Lord, Crowns of fade - less glo - ry will be our re - ward.

CHORUS.

Onward, onward, facing toward the foe! Upward, upward, stead-i - ly we go!
Christ, the Lord, our arm - y shall com-mand, March-ing to the promised land!

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104 O Wonderful, Wonderful Story!

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Miss-ing the lost, O Shepherd true, Leaving Thy home in glo - ry, Thou
2. Seek-ing the scattered, Shepherd true, O - ver the des - ert straying; Thou
3. Heal-ing the wounded, Shepherd true, Pouring in oil of glad-ness; Re-
4. Tend-ing the faithful, Shepherd true, Dai - ly Thy ta - ble spreading, They

cam - est to earth, the lost to woo; O won-der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry!
bear - est a cross none ev - er knew, Thy love all its sor-row out - weigh - ing.
stor - ing the souls sin o - ver-threw, Thou givest them comfort for sad - ness.
feed in the pastures ev - er new, No want and no en - e - my dread-ing.

CHORUS.

O won - - - der - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry,
won - der - ful sto - ry, O
Melt - ing the heart to tears! O won - - der - ful
won - der - ful sto - ry, O
won - der - ful sto - ry, Growing rich - er and rich - er with years!

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105 Is it Nothing to You?

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Is it noth-ing to you that heav-en's King Came down to this
2. Is it noth-ing to you that by and by You must trav-el
3. Is it noth-ing to you that some sweet day In the heav-en-ly

world of woe, That He suffered and bled, and rose from the dead,
death's dark vale, Where Jor-dan's waves the path-way laves,
land so fair You may join the song that the ran-somed throng

REFRAIN.

That e-ter-nal life you might know?
And all but Christ doth fail? Is it noth-ing to you that
Are for-ev-er sing-ing there?

grace is free, And that God in His love doth call? Is it nothing to you?

Is it noth-ing to you? Is it noth-ing, noth-ing to you?

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106 Surrendered to Jesus.

A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sur - ren-dered to Je - sus, for - ev - er and ev - er! He bore my trans-
2. Sur - ren-dered to Je - sus each earth-ly am - bi - tion! The world's fick - le
3. Sur - ren-dered to Je - sus! All pow - er is giv - en To Him as ex-
4. Sur - ren-dered to Je - sus, His Spir - it re-ceiv - ing, I hast - en to

gres - sions, un - asked, long a - go; In pa - tience He wait - ed, for-
glo - ry I care not to win. I choose with the right-eous to
alt - ed He sits on the throne. Then why should I fear, since my
serve Him ere night shad - ows fall— To tell men of par - don that
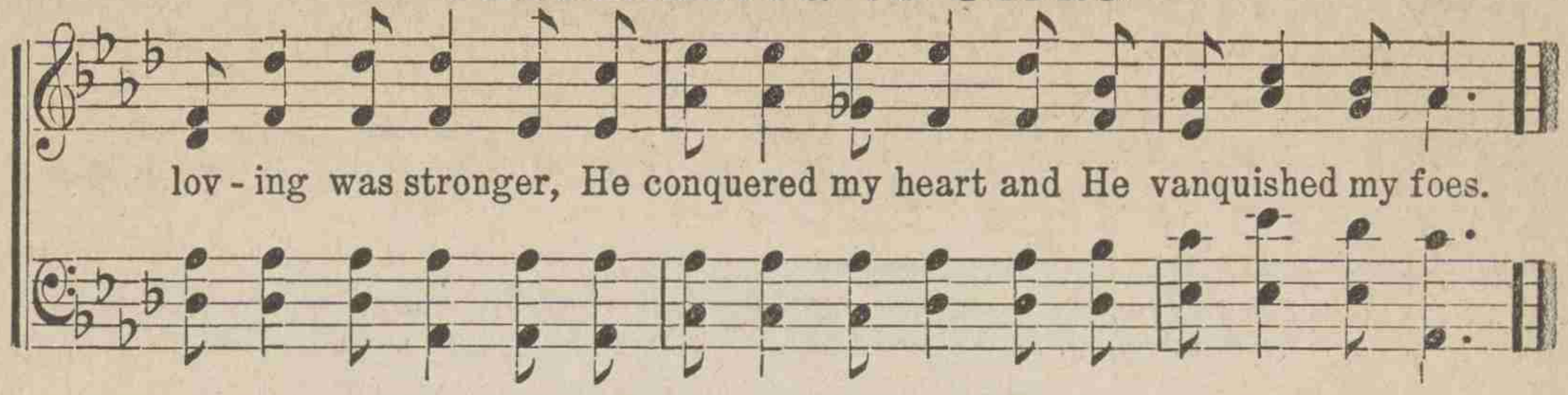
sak - ing me nev - er; His blood made my scar - let sins whit - er than snow.
suf - fer af - flic - tion, Re - fus - ing the van - ish - ing pleas-ures of sin.
Mas - ter in heav - en Has prom-ised to suc - cor and strengthen His own?
comes thro' be-liev - ing In Je - sus the Christ, the Re-deem - er of all.

CHORUS.

Sur - ren - dered to Je - sus! A reb - el no long - er, I'll
fol - low Him gladly wher - ev - er He goes; My weapons were strong, but His
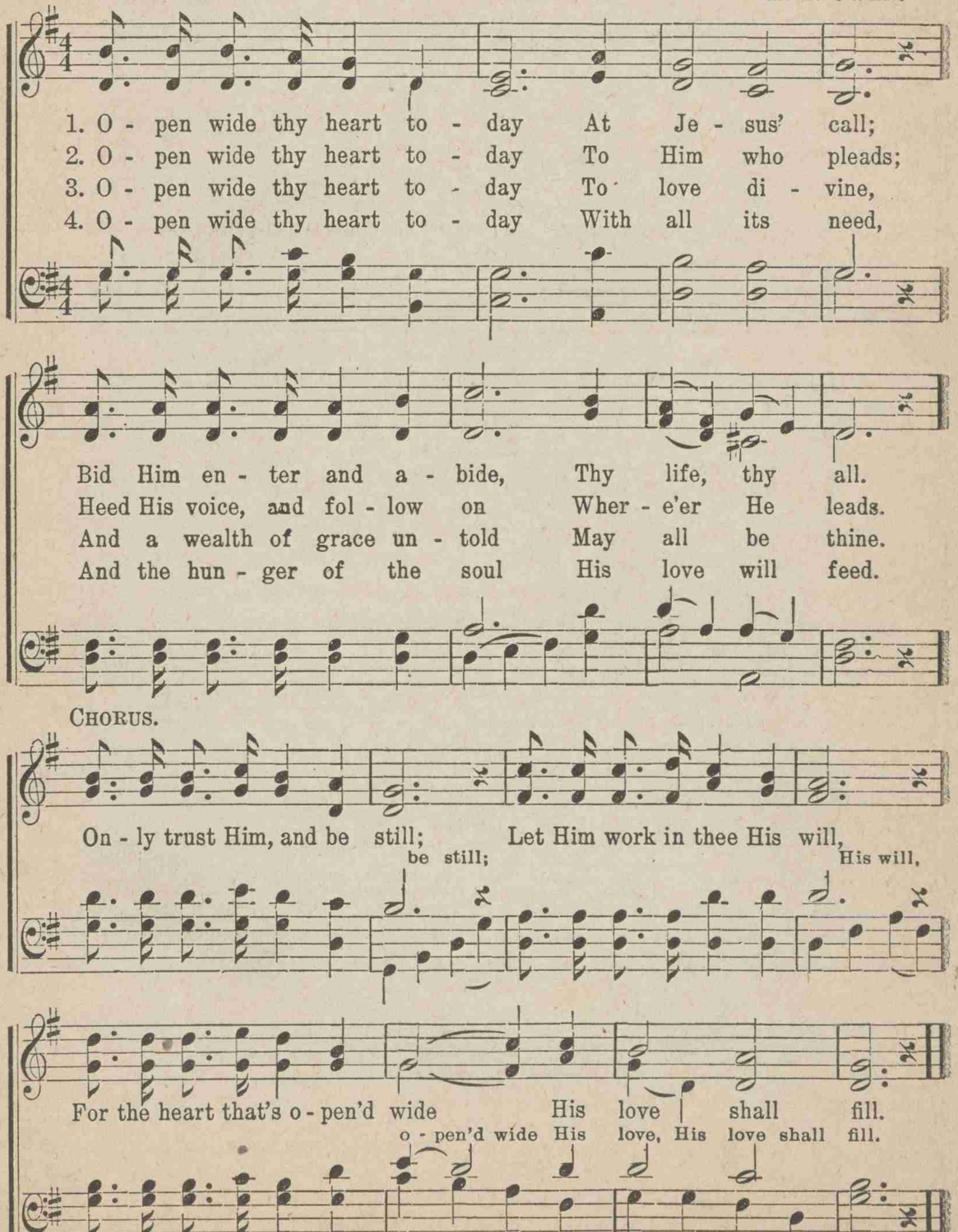
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Surrendered to Jesus.



107 Open Wide Thy Heart.

H. H. PIERSON. R. T. OWEN.



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108 His Eye Is on the Sparrow.

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

1. Why should I feel dis-cour - aged, Why should the shad-ows come,
2. "Let not your heart be troub-led," His ten - der word I hear,
3. When-ev - er I am tempt-ed, When-ev - er clouds a - rise,

Why should my heart be lone - ly, And long for heav'n and home, When
And rest-ing on His good - ness, I lose my doubt and fear; Tho'
When song gives place to sigh - ing, When hope with-in me dies, I

Je - sus is my por - tion? My con-stant Friend is He: His
by the path He lead - eth, But one step I may see: His
draw the clos - er to Him, From care He sets me free: His

eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watch-es me; . . . His
eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watch-es me; . . . His
eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watch-es me; . . . His

eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me. .
eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watch-es me. .
eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for me. .

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CHORUS. **His Eye is on the Sparrow.**

I sing be-cause I'm hap-py, ... I sing be-cause I'm free, ...
I'm hap - py, I'm free,

For His eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watches me. . .

109 Let It Be Now.

STANLEY J. HENRY. M. L. STOCKS.

1. Let it be now! The choice is be - fore us; Come, while the Sav - iour so
2. Let it be now, if life is be - gin-ning, Now on the thresh-hold of
3. Let it be now, tho' years have been squandered, Liv-ing for this world in
4. Let it be now, though life is de - clin - ing, Fee-bler the step, and fast
5. Let it be now! Come, help-less, be - liev - ing, Plead-ing His mer - its, in

ten - der - ly yearns; Let it be now, heav'n's joy-bells in cho - rus Ring out the
days yet to be; Los-ing your life, a new one you're win-ning, A life that
pleas-ure or sin; He will re - ceive you tho' far you have wandered, Grant you His
fail-ing the sight; Why should you lin-ger, hope-less, re - pin - ing? Trust Him, He'll
low - li - ness bow; Par-don and cleans-ing, new life re - ceiv-ing, O let it

REFRAIN. *Ad lib*

ti - dings—a lost one re - turns!
will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
Spir - it—a new life with - in. Let it be now, O let it be now!
grant you at e - ven - tide light.
be now! Yes, let it be now!

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110 All the Way Home.

HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. No more I fear the long - est night, Nor dread the dark - est day,
2. Tho' rough and steep the path has grown, He cheers me with His smile;
3. Thro' all the dan - gers of the way My heart is un - dis-mayed;
4. Grown wea - ry with the toil-some way I lean up - on His breast,

For One is al - ways near my side A - long the home-ward way.
His ten-der words of com - fort sweet The lone - ly hours be - guile.
I touch His hand, I hear His voice, And I am not a - fraid.
And in the si - lence calm and sweet, With - in His love I rest.

CHORUS.

All the way home, All the way home, My Sav-iour walks be-side me

All the way home. All the way home, All the way home,
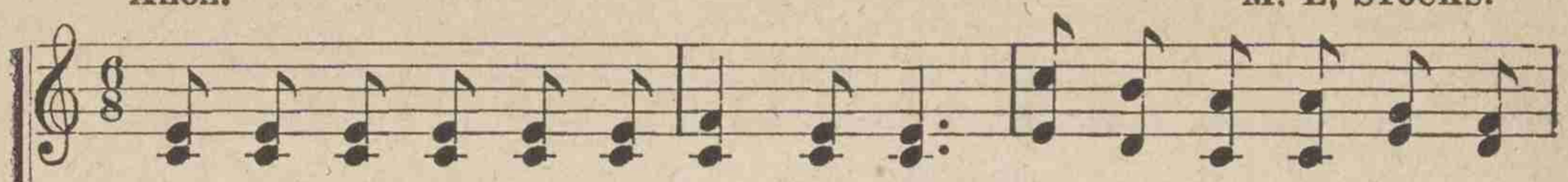
ad lib.

My Sav - iour walks be - side me All the way home!
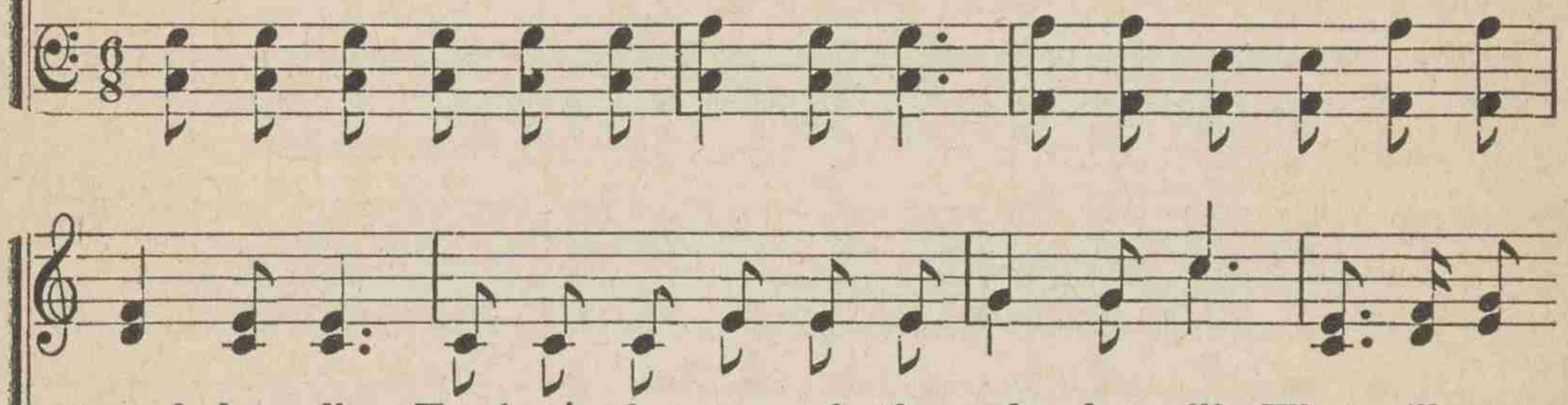
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111 What Will You Do With Jesus?
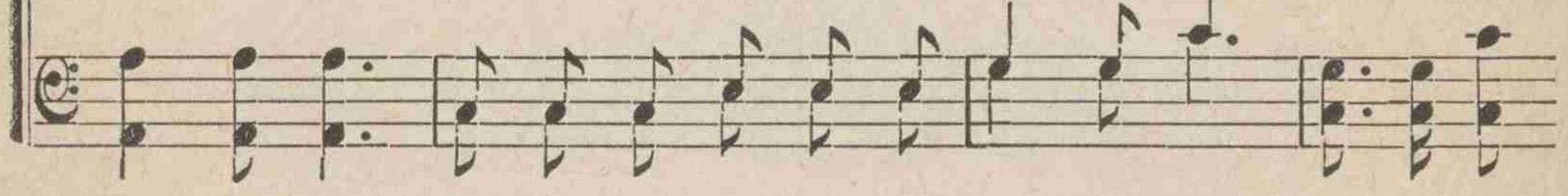
Anon. M. L. STOCKS.
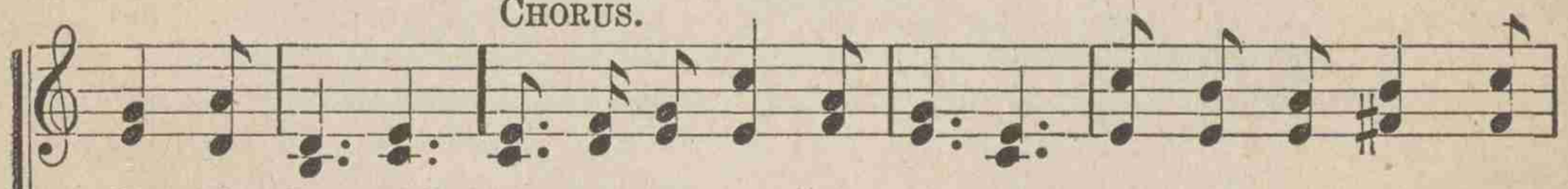


1. Je - sus is stand - ing in Pi - late's Hall, Friend-less, for - sak-en, be-
2. Je - sus is stand - ing on tri - al still, You can be false to Him
3. Will you e - vade Him as Pi - late tried, Or will you choose Him what-
4. Will you like Pe - ter your Lord de - ny? Or will you scorn from His
5. "Je - sus, I give Thee my heart to - day; Je - sus, I'll fol - low Thee



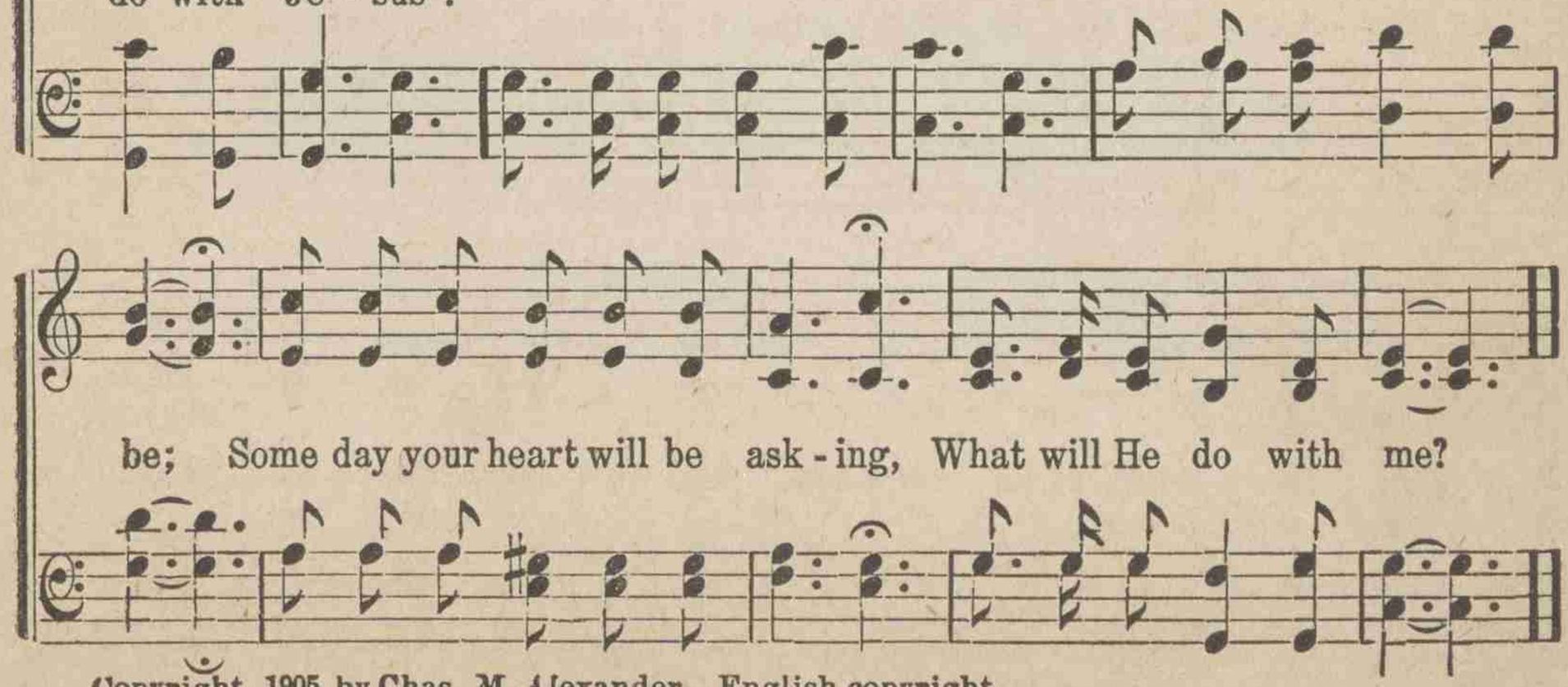
trayed by all; Hearken! what mean-eth the sud - den call? What will you
if you will, You can be faith-ful through good or ill,— What will you
e'er be - tide? Vain - ly you strug - gle from Him to hide,—What will you
foes to fly, Dar - ing for Je - sus to live or die? What will you
all the way, Glad - ly o - bey-ing Thee"; will you say: "This will I



CHORUS.



do with Je - sus?
do with Je - sus?
do with Je - sus? What will you do with Je - sus? Neu - tral you can - not
do with Je - sus?
do with Je - sus"?



be; Some day your heart will be ask - ing, What will He do with me?

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112 The Meeting in the Air.

A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.

1. How it thrills our hearts with rapt-ure As we feel the hour is nigh,
2. Oft the wea - ry miles di - vide us From the friends we cher-ish so,
3. O the hope of His ap - pear - ing—How it lights the drear-y way,

When the voice of the arch - an - gel Shall re - sound through-out the sky,
And the look from eyes that love us—How we miss wher-e'er we go!
How it girds our souls with cour-age For the "lit - tle while" we stay!

And the dead in Christ, up-springing, With the liv - ing saints shall be
And some-times the grave has hid - den One whose face was ver - y dear—
For it can - not be much long-er Till the Bridegroom calls us home;

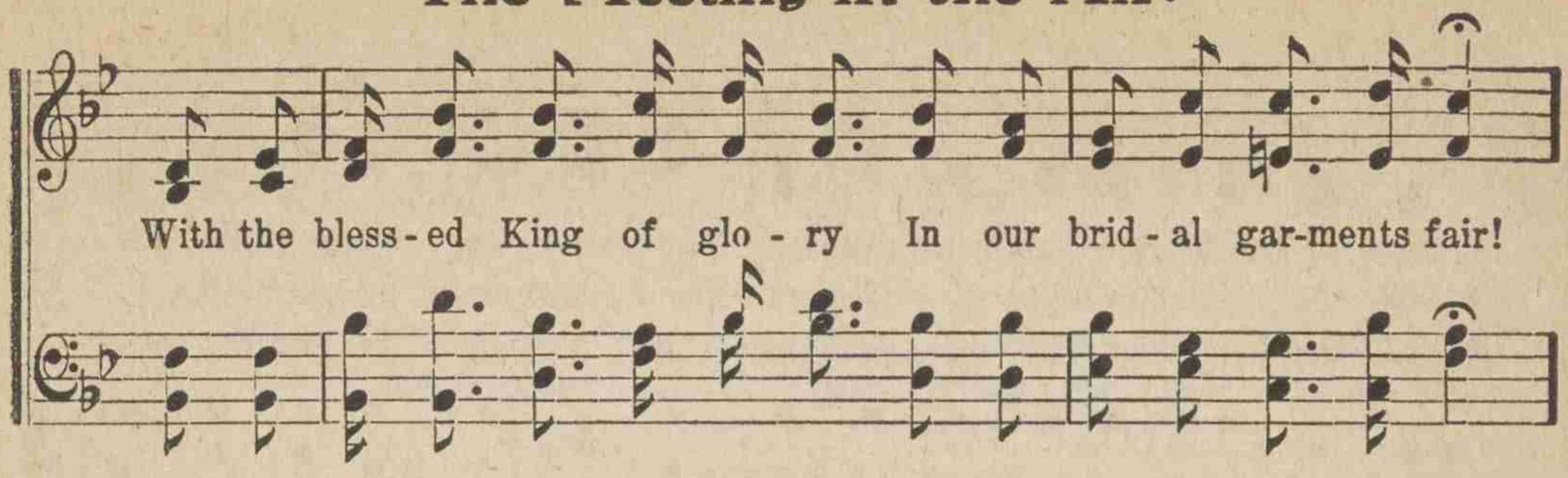
Caught a - way from all earth's shad-ows To a glad e - ter - ni - ty!
O what joy once more to meet them When the Mas - ter shall ap - pear!
Sure - ly, sure - ly He comes quick-ly! E - ven so, Lord Je - sus, come!

CHORUS.

O the meet-ing in the air! O the meet - ing in the air,

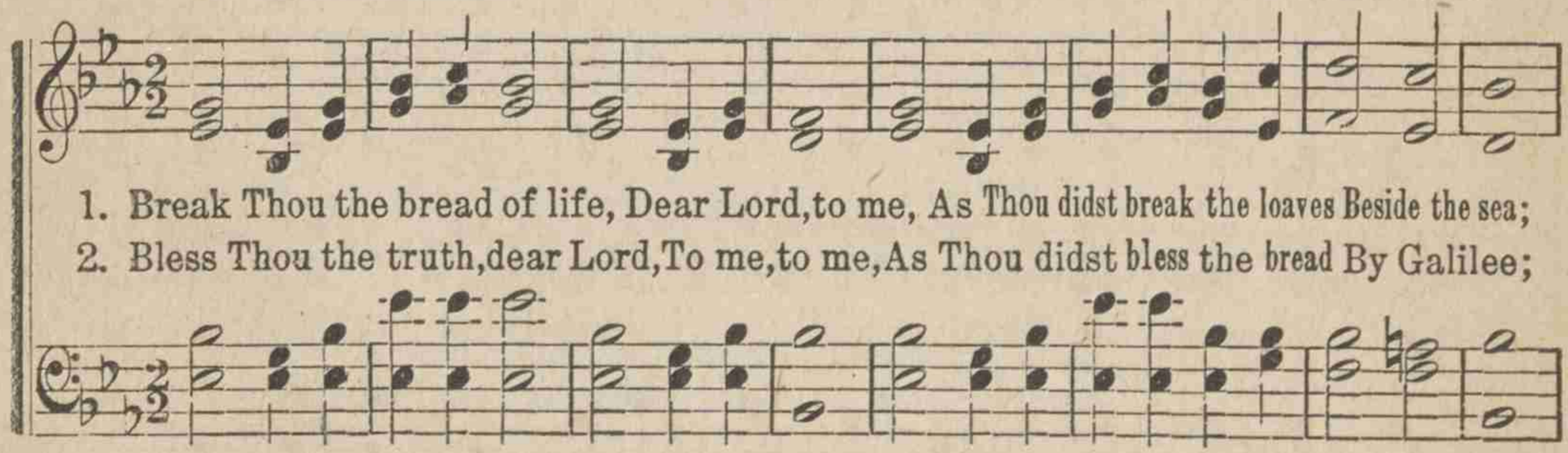
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The Meeting in the Air.



113 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY A. LATHBURY. W. F. SHERWIN.



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114 Anywhere with Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Anywhere with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, Any - where He leads me in this world be - low; An - ywhere without Him dear - est joys would fade, An - ywhere with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
2. Anywhere with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Other friends may fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver drear - est ways, An - ywhere with Je - sus is a house of praise.
3. Anywhere with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the darkling shad-ows round a - bout me creep, Know-ing I shall wak - en nev - er more to roam; An - ywhere with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

An - y - where, an - y-where! Fear I can - not know;
An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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115 Resting in His Love.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Rest-ing in His love at His bless-ed feet, All my heart goes forth in joyous
2. Rest-ing in His love by the wa-ters still, Sweet communion with my Lord I
3. Rest-ing in His love, kept in perfect peace, Till the home of homes with joy I

song; Trust-ing Him for pow'r ev - 'ry day and hour, By His grace di-vine He
hold; E'en the dark-est way bright-er grows each day, As new visions of His
see; Where the an-gels sing prais-es to their King, In the light of God e-

CHORUS.

makes me strong.
might un-fold. Rest-ing in His love that ran-som'd me, Trust-ing
ter - nal - ly.

that ransomed me,

in His grace so full and free, I shall see my Lord some day,
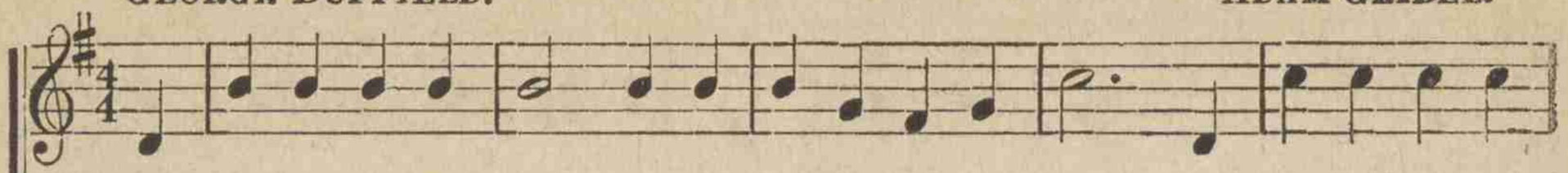
so full and free,

Where His glo - ry shines for aye, Rest-ing in His love for - ev - er - more!

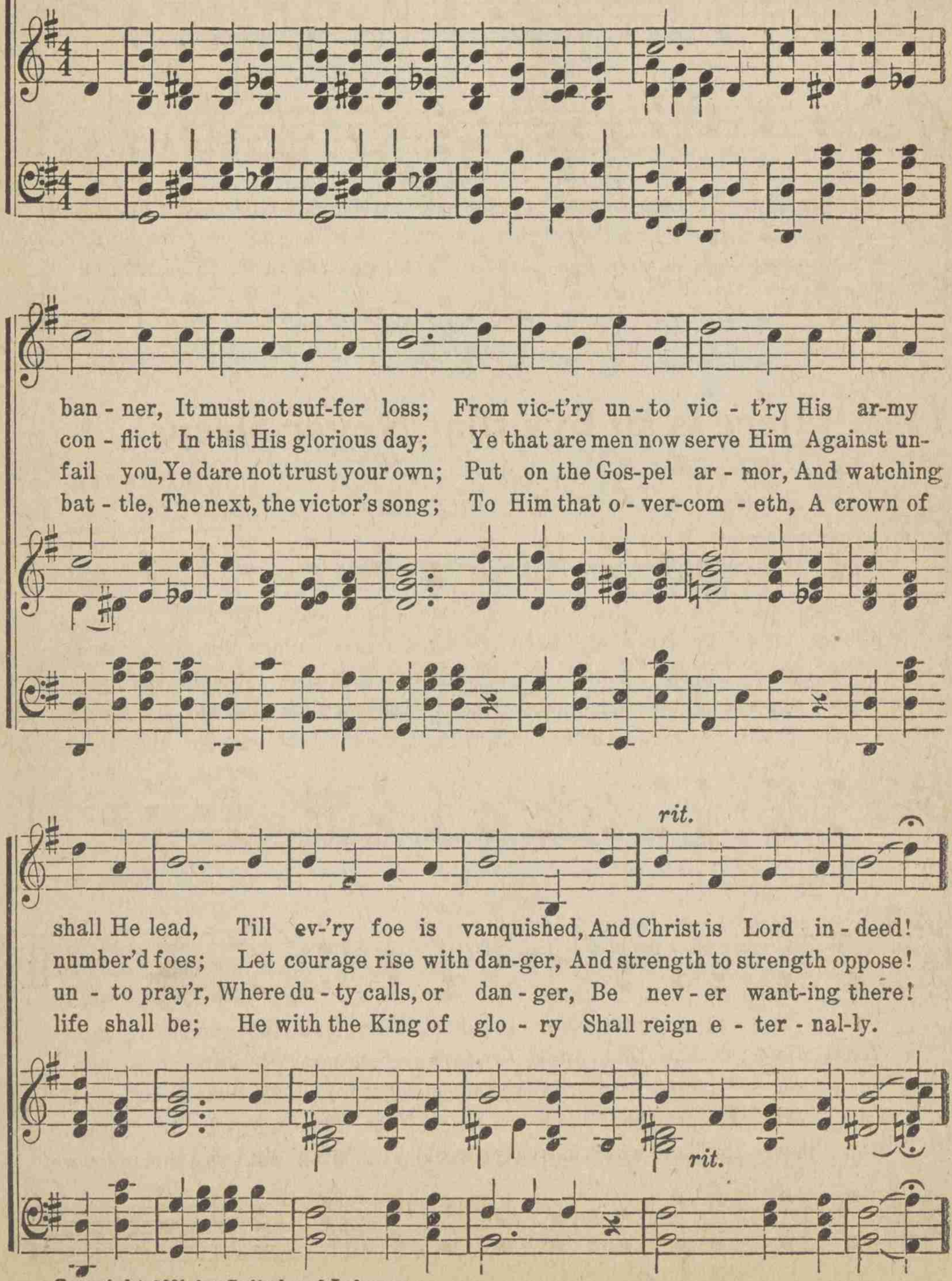
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116 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus!

GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al ban - ner, It must not suf-fer loss; From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar-my
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the might-y con - flict In this His glorious day; Ye that are men now serve Him Against un-
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the Gos-pel ar - mor, And watching
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the victor's song; To Him that o - ver-com - eth, A crown of



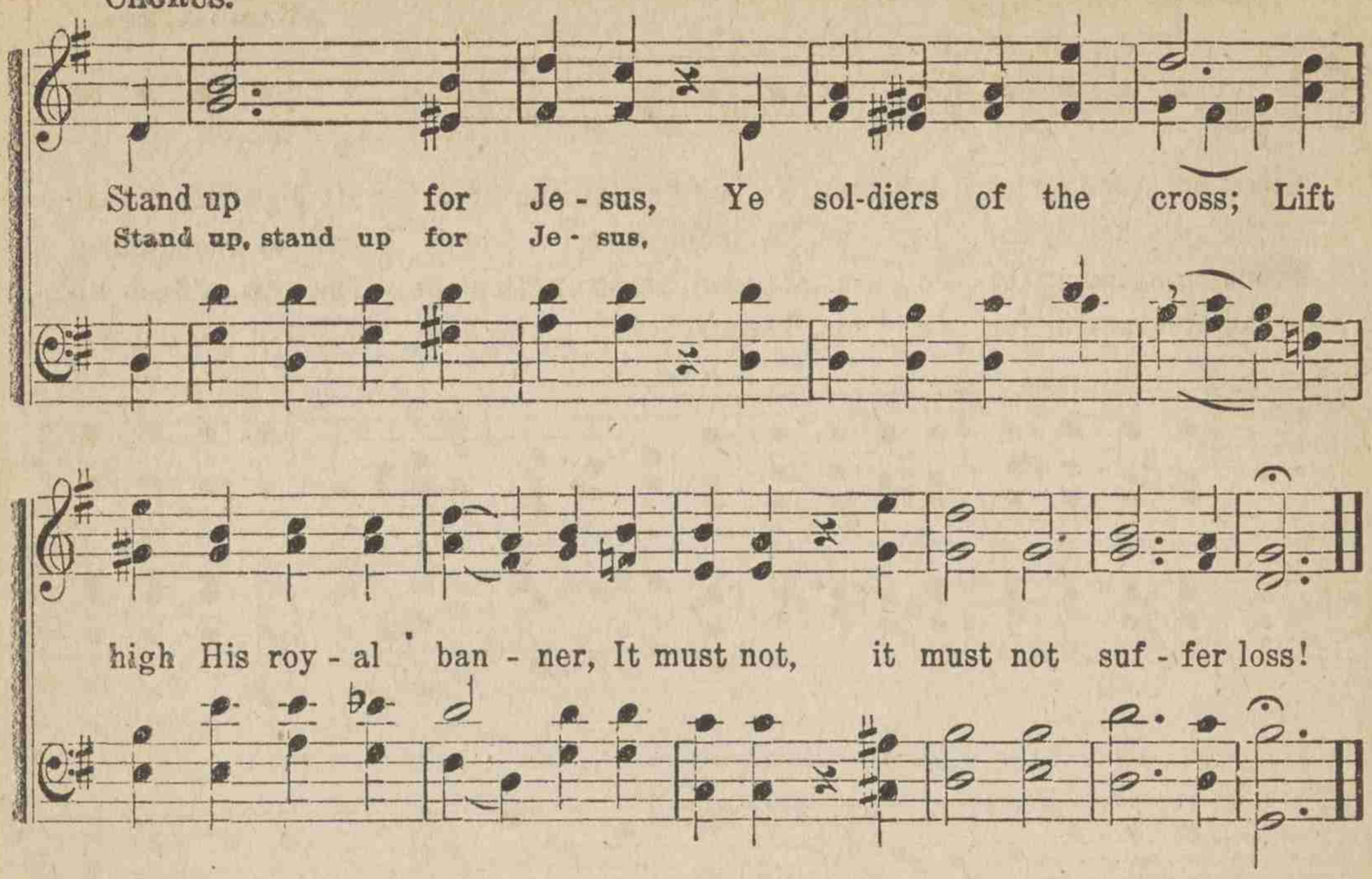
shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed!
number'd foes; Let courage rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose!
un - to pray'r, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there!
life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal-ly.

rit.

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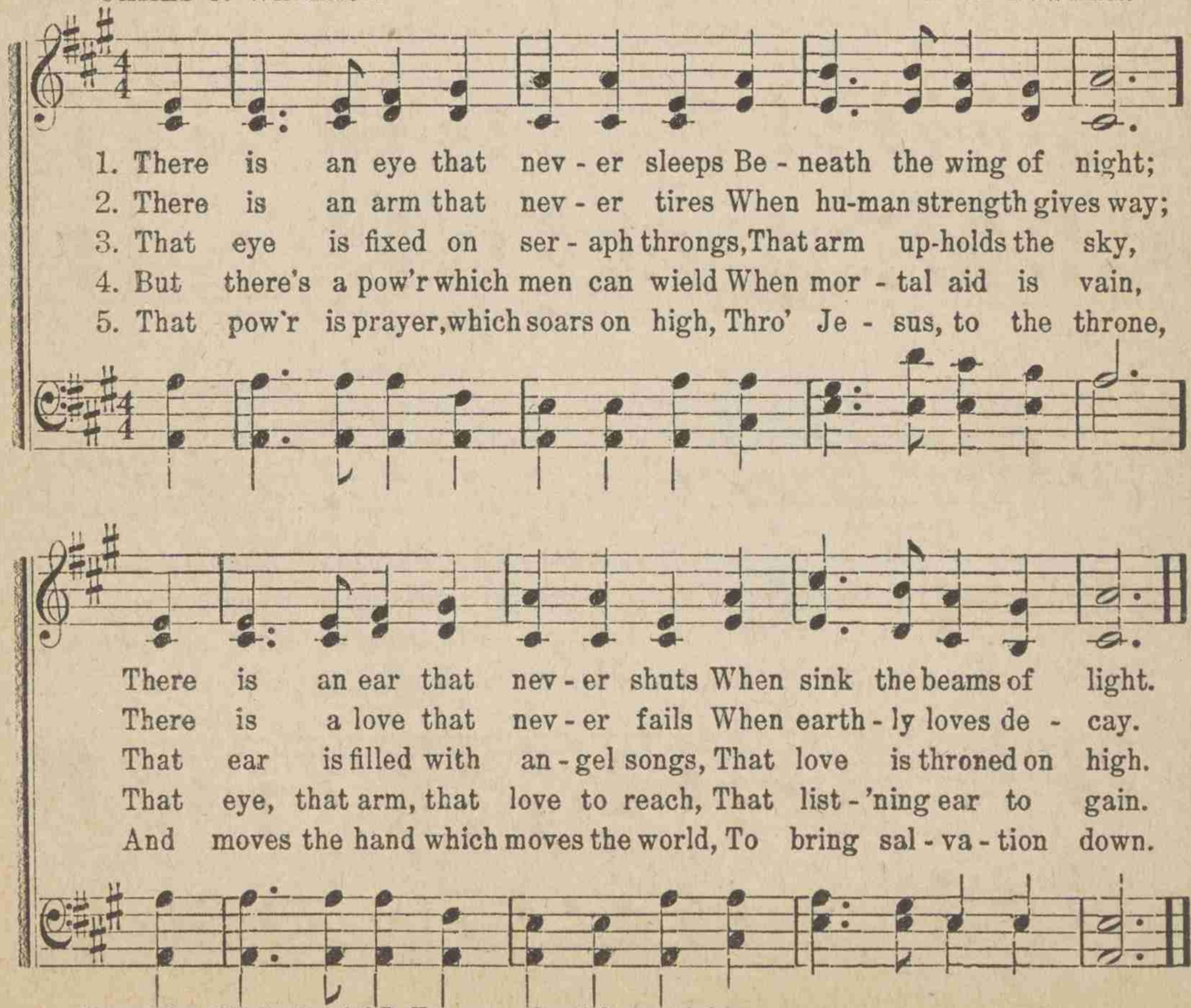
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus!

CHORUS.



117 There is an Eye that Never Sleeps.

JAMES C. WALLACE. D. B. TOWNER.



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118 The Worth of a Soul.

ERNEST LEE THOMPSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Im - man - u - el came as a child to the earth, His cra - dle a
2. If out of the fir - ma-ment ev - e - ry star Had gone as a
3. Re-deemed with-out mon -ey—how great was the cost To ran - som the
4. O won - der-ful, won - der-ful sto - ry so true—Poor sin - bur-dened

man - ger and low - ly His birth; The wor - ship of an - gels, the
ran - som, 'twere cheap-er by far Than that which He gave for a
guilt - y, to res - cue the lost! What val - ue, what worth could my
soul, Je - sus died to save you! The price, prec-ious price, has been

wealth of the sky, He left, glad - ly left, for a lost world to die.
poor fall - en race, To pur - chase for sin - ners sal - va - tion by grace.
God ev - er see To pay such a price for a sin - ner like me!
paid for your soul, And now He is ask - ing: "Wilt thou be made whole?"

CHORUS.

O the price the Father paid! O the sac - ri-fice He made!
O the price the Father paid! O the sac - ri - fice He made!

Who can tell the match-less worth Of the poor-est soul on earth?
matchless worth of the poor - est soul on earth?

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119 Wonderful Peace.

W. D. CORNELL, alt. 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-
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
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing sweet-ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
4. And me-thinks 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
5. Ah, soul! are you here with-out com - fort and rest, March-ing down the rough path-way of time? Make Je - sus your Friend ere the

ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.
ran - somed will sing In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be:
shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime!

CHORUS.

Peace! peace! won-der-ful peace, Coming down from the Fa-ther a - bove, Sweep o - ver my spir-it for - ev - er, I pray, In fath-om-less bil-lows of love!

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120 Have Faith in God.

M. A. S. MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

1. Do you ev - er feel down-heart-ed or dis - cour-aged? Do you
2. Dark-est night will al - ways come be - fore the dawn-ing, Sil - ver
3. God is might-y! He is a - ble to de - liv - er; Faith can

ev - er think your work is all in vain? Do the burdens thrust up - on you
lin-ings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your jour-ney He has promised
vic - tor be in ev - 'ry try - ing hour; Fear, and care, and sin, and sor - row

make you trem-ble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vic - t'ry gain? . .
vic - t'ry gain?

to be with you, Naught has come to you but what His love al - lowed. . .
His love al - lowed.

be de - feat - ed By our faith in God's al-might-y, conqu'ring pow'r. . .
conqu'ring pow'r.
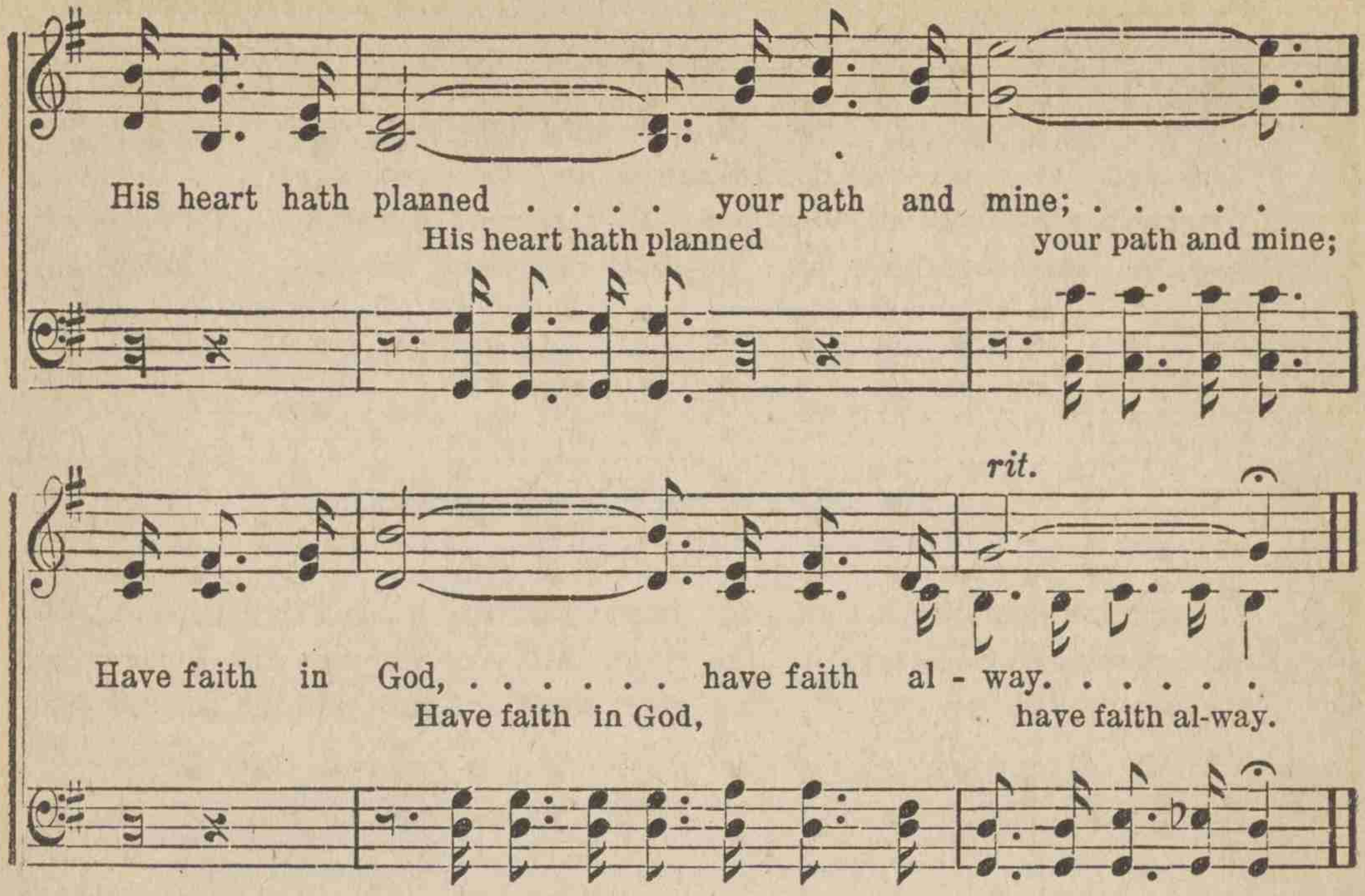
CHORUS.

Have faith in God, ... the sun will shine, ...
Have faith in God, the sun will shine,

Tho' dark the cloud . . . . . may be to - day; . . . . .
Tho' dark the cloud may be to-day;

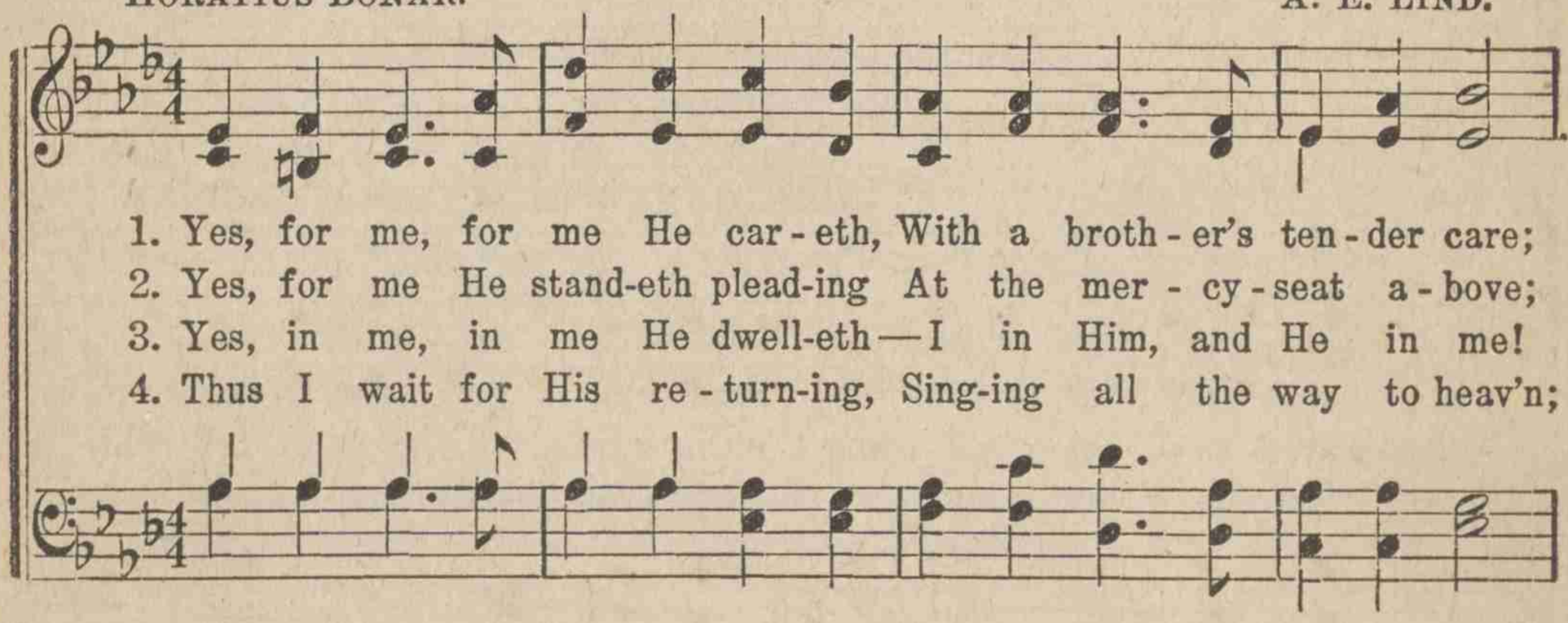
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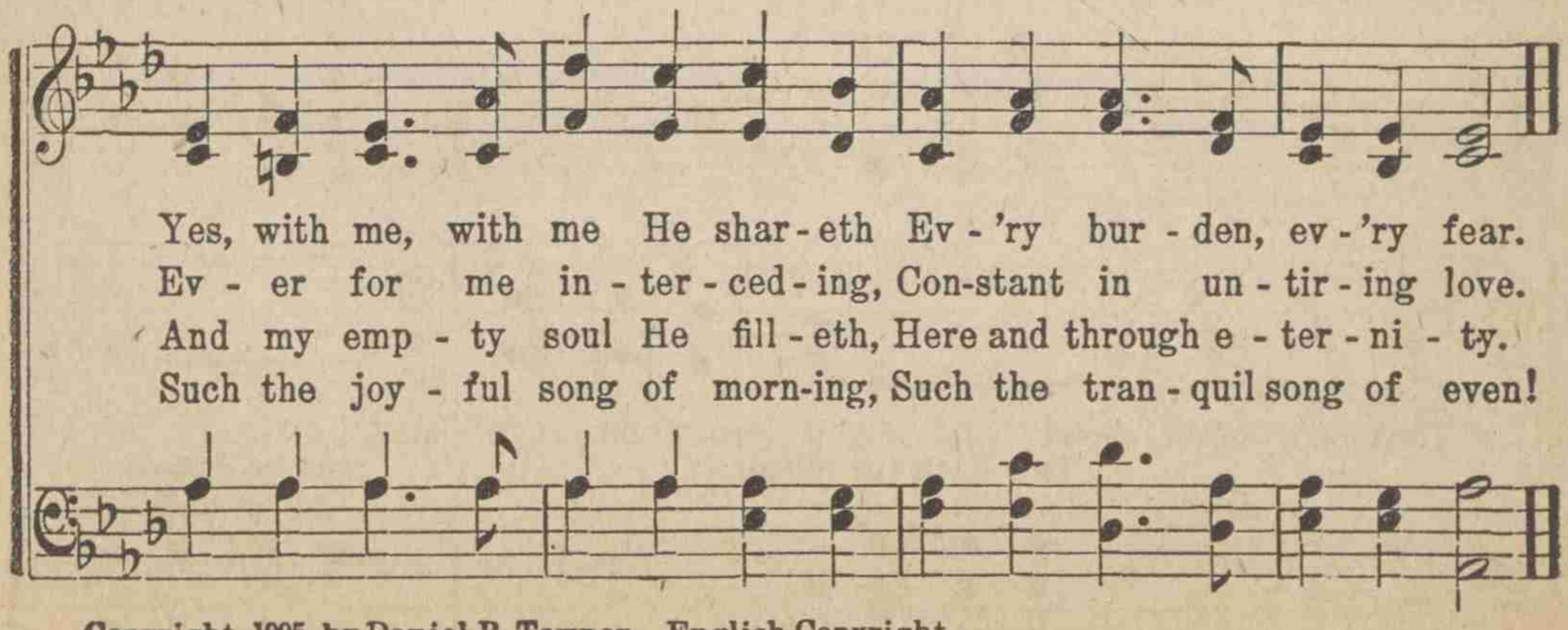
Have Faith in God.



121 Yes, for Me He Careth.

HORATIUS BONAR. A. E. LIND.





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122 The Old Ship Zion.

M. J. CARTWRIGHT. D. B. TOWNER.

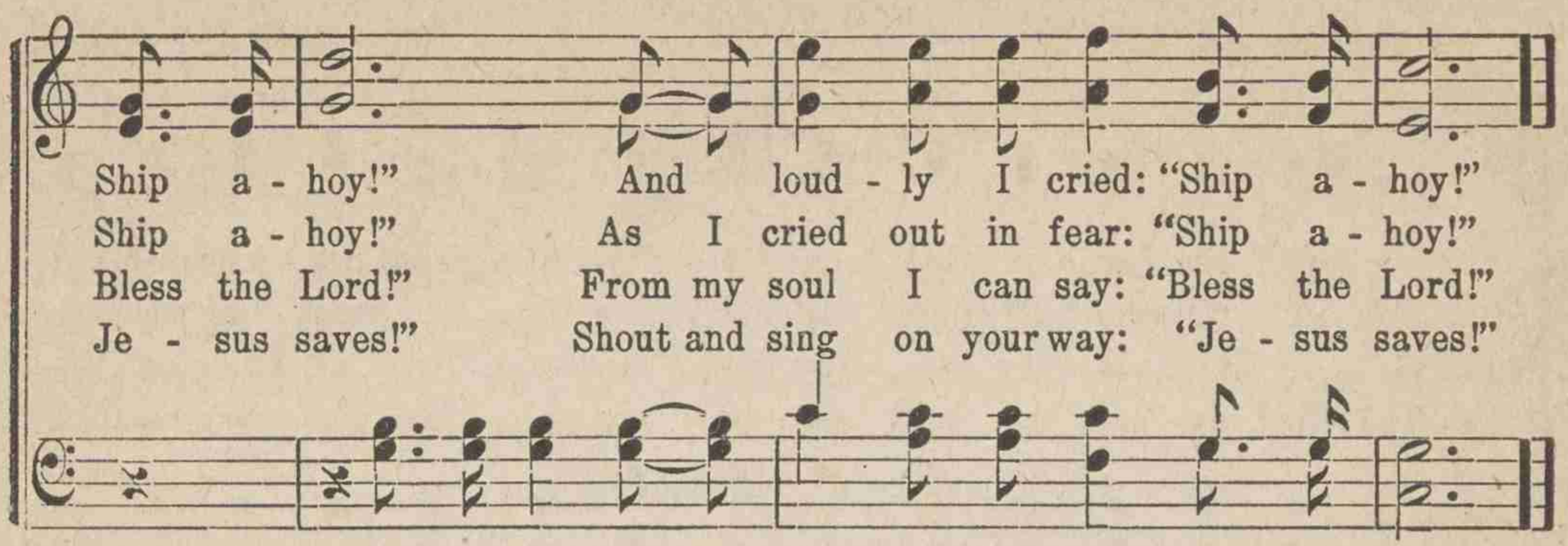
1. I was drift ing a - way on life's pit - i - less sea, And the an - gry waves threat - ened my ru - in to be, When a-
2. 'Twas the "old ship of Zi - on," thus sail - ing a - long, All a- board her seemed joy - ous, I heard their sweet song; And the
3. The good Cap - tain com-mand - ed a boat to be low'red, And with ten - der com - pas - sion He took me on board; And I'm
4. O soul, sink - ing down 'neath sin's mer - ci - less wave, The strong arm of our Cap - tain is might - y to save; Then

way at my side, there I dim - ly des - cried A
Cap - tain's kind ear, ev - er read - y to hear, Caught my
hap - py to - day, all my sins washed a - way In the
trust Him to - day, no long - er de - lay, Board the

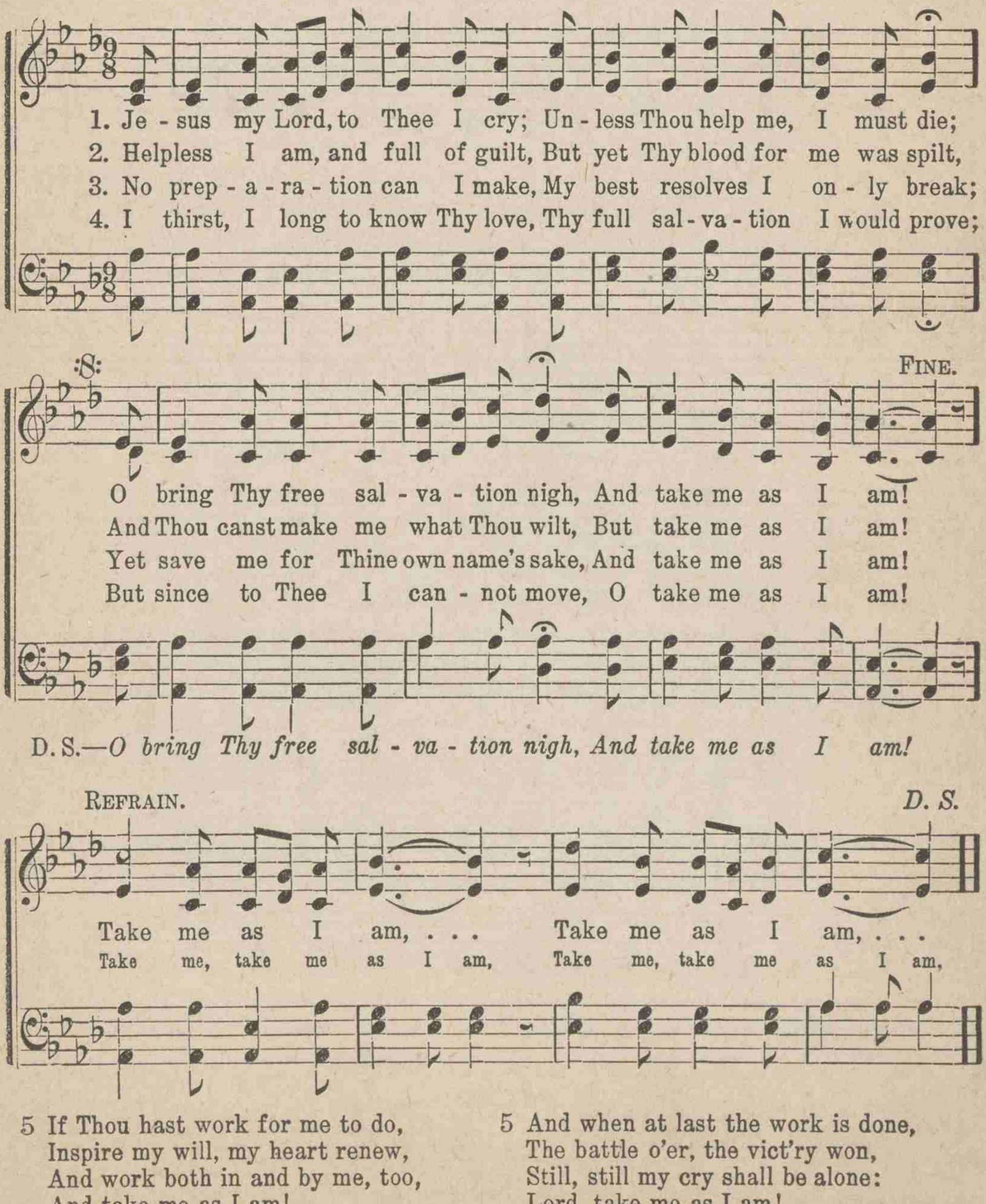
state - ly old ves - sel, and loud - ly I cried: "Ship a - hoy!
wail of dis-tress, as I cried out in fear: "Ship a - hoy!
blood of my Sav - iour, and now I can say: "Bless the Lord!
old ship of Zi - on, and shout on your way: "Je - sus saves!

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The Old Ship Zion.



123 Take Me As I Am!



5 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
And take me as I am!

5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone:
Lord, take me as I am!

124 He Suffered for You.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Be - hold the Lamb of God on Cal - v'ry's tree, The Sav - iour cru - ci-
2. For us the crown of thorns the Sav - iour wore, The mock - ing and the
3. O Je - sus, in Thy pain, Thy brok - en heart, In all Thine ag - o-
4. The shad - ow of the cross is on my way, The Sav-iour's plead-ing

fied for you and me! His ag - o - ny and shame, His dy - ing cry,
scorn in si - lence bore; His pierc - ed hands reach out to bring us near;
ny, my sins had part; In Thy re - deem - ing love, Thy vic - t'ry won,
voice I hear to - day; I see His wound - ed hands, His riv - en side,

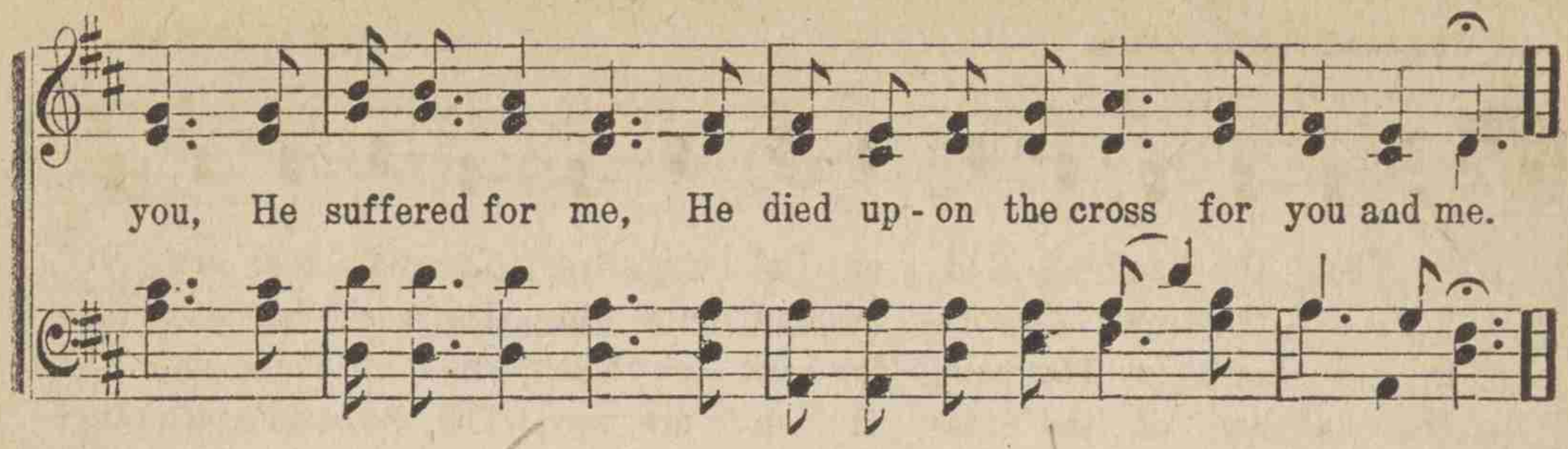
CHORUS.

Can an - y heart for - get? Shall you? Shall I?
O let His per-fect love cast out all fear! He suffered for you, He
Thou giv - est me a share, O bless - ed Son!
And cry, Lord, I be - lieve! In Thee I hide!

suffered for me, Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry; He suffered for
the cross of Cal - va - ry;

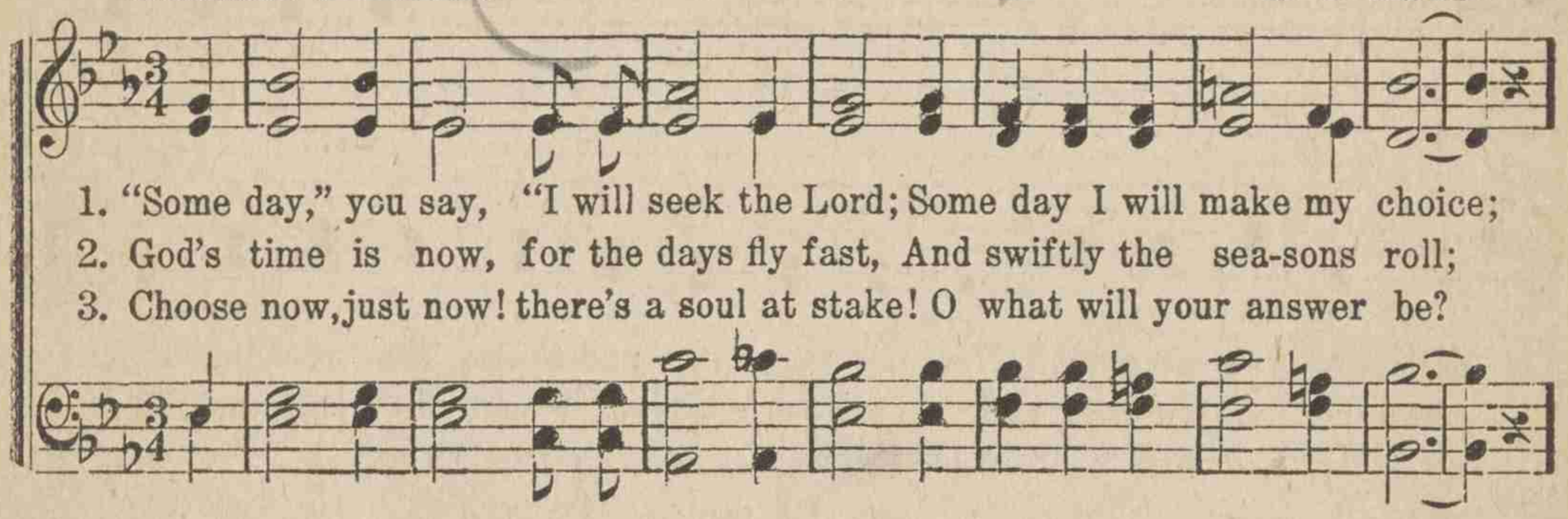
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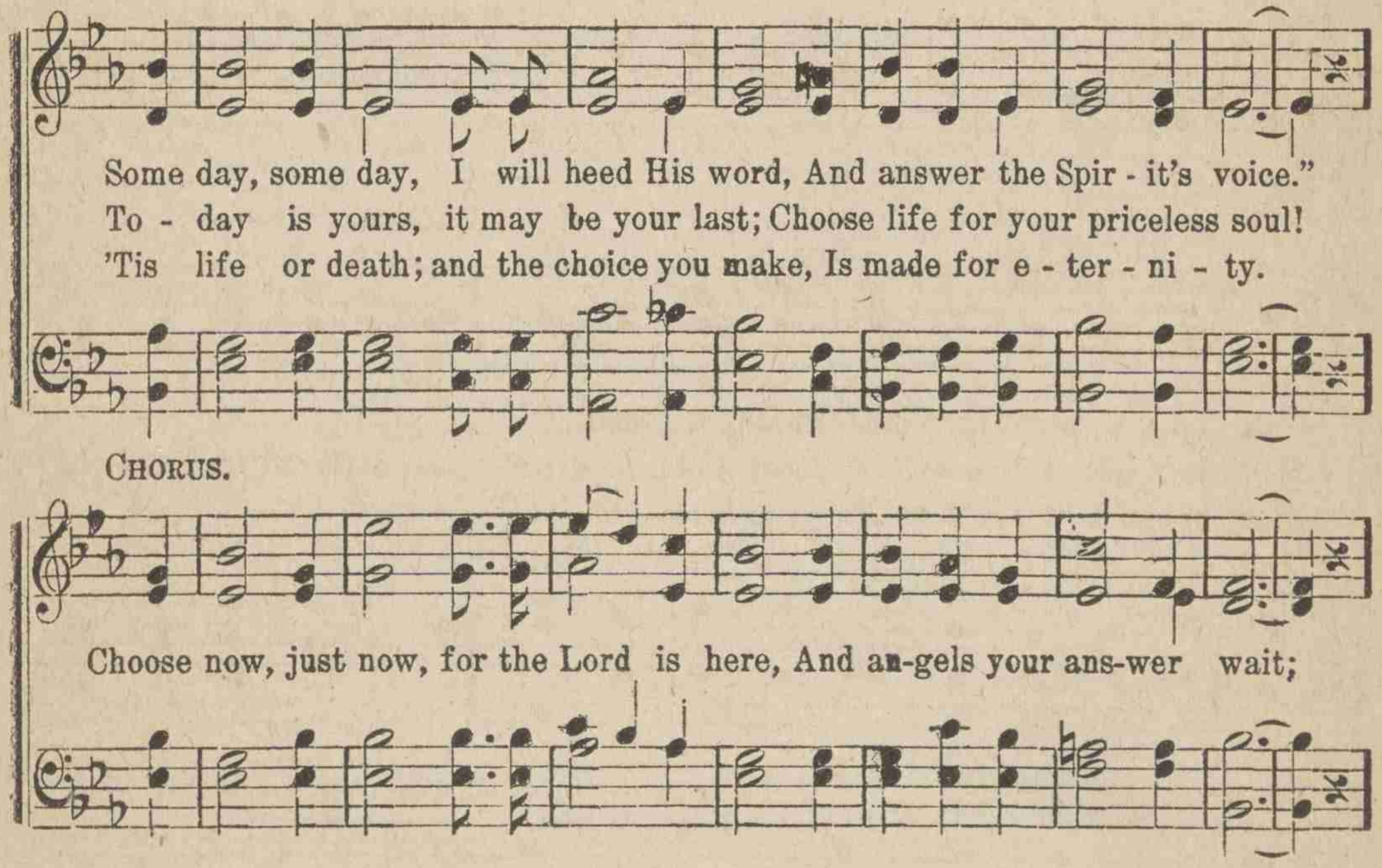
He Suffered for You.



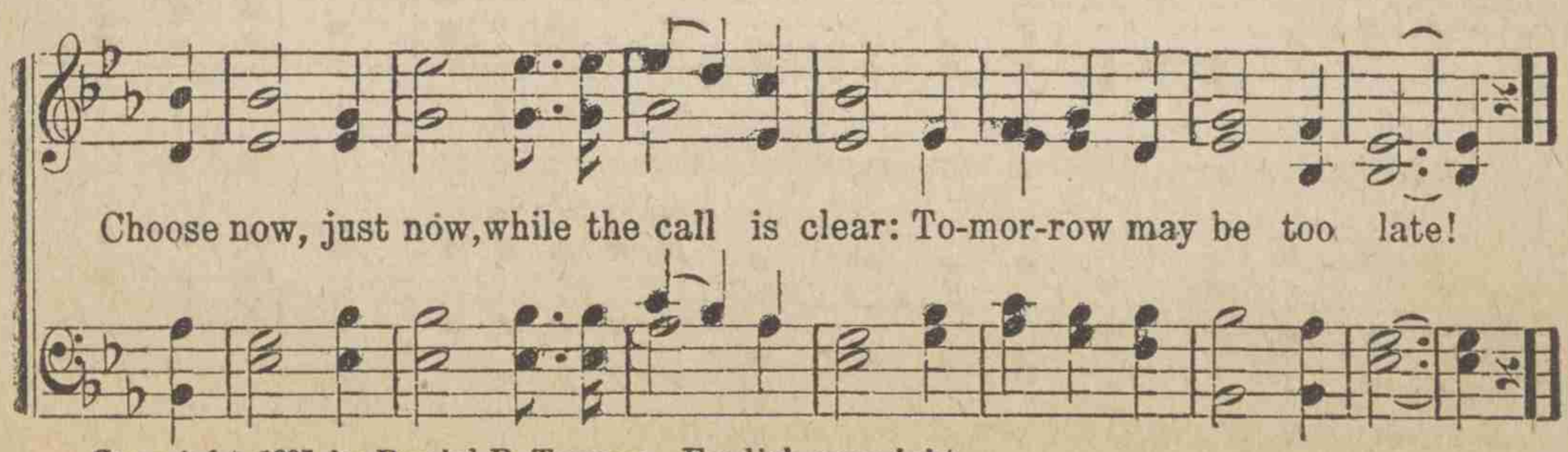
125 Choose Now.

HARRIET FITHIAN. R. T. OWEN.





CHORUS.



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126 Is He Yours?

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

Solo, or Unison.

1. A Sav - iour who died our sal - va - tion to win, A Sav - iour who
2. A Shep-herd who giv - eth His life for the sheep, A Shep-herd both
3. A Pi - lot who know-eth the dan - gers at hand, A Pi - lot who
4. A Shel - ter from tem-pest, from wind and from storm, A Shel - ter from

knows how to save us from sin,— Yes, He is the Sav - iour, the
might - y to save and to keep,— Yes, this is the Shep-herd, the
bring - eth all ves - sels to land,— Yes, this is the Pi - lot, the
judg - ment, a Shel - ter from harm,— Yes, this is the Shel - ter, the

rall. *a tempo.*

Sav - iour we need, And He is a Sav - iour in - deed! . .
Shep-herd we need, And He is a Shep-herd in - deed! . .
Pi - lot we need, And He is a Pi - lot in - deed! . .
Shel - ter we need, And He is a Shel - ter in - deed! . .

CHORUS.

Is He yours? . . Is He yours? . . Is this Saviour, who loves you, yours?

Is He yours? Is He yours?

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127 Only in Thee.

T. O. CHISHOLM. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. On - ly in Thee, O Sav - iour mine, Dwelleth my soul in peace di - vine,
2. On - ly in Thee a ra-diance bright Shines like a bea - con in the night,
3. On - ly in Thee, when days are drear, When neith-er sun nor stars ap - pear,
4. On - ly in Thee, dear Sav-iour, slain, Los - ing Thy life my own to gain,

Peace that the world, tho' all com - bine, Nev - er can take from me;
Guid - ing my pil - grim bark a - right O - ver life's track - less sea;
Still I can trust and feel no fear, Sing when I can - not see;
Trust-ing, I'm cleansed from ev - 'ry stain, Thou art my on - ly plea;

Pleas-ures of earth, so seem - ing - ly sweet, Fail at the last my long-ings to
On - ly in Thee, when troubles mo - lest, When with temp-ta - tion I am op-
On - ly in Thee, what - ev - er be - tide, All of my need is free - ly sup-
On - ly in Thee my heart will de - light, Till in that land where com-eth no

meet; On - ly in Thee my bliss is com - plete, On - ly, dear Lord, in Thee!
pressed, There is a sweet pa - vil - ion of rest, On - ly, dear Lord, in Thee!
plied, There is no hope or help - er be - side, On - ly, dear Lord, in Thee!
night, Faith will be lost in heav - en - ly sight, On - ly, dear Lord, in Thee!

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128 I Would Not Have Thee Come.

A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I would not have Thee come, dear Lord, Un - til, in glo - ri - ous at-
2. I would not have Thee come, dear Lord, Be - cause my path is dark and
3. I would not have Thee come, dear Lord, And leave be - hind, un-done and

tire, In lin - en garments, fine and white, Thy bride fulfills Thy heart's de-
drear, Be - cause the way seems ver-y long, And filled with many a grief and
lost, Some grop - ing soul my hand might lead To join the ris - en, raptured
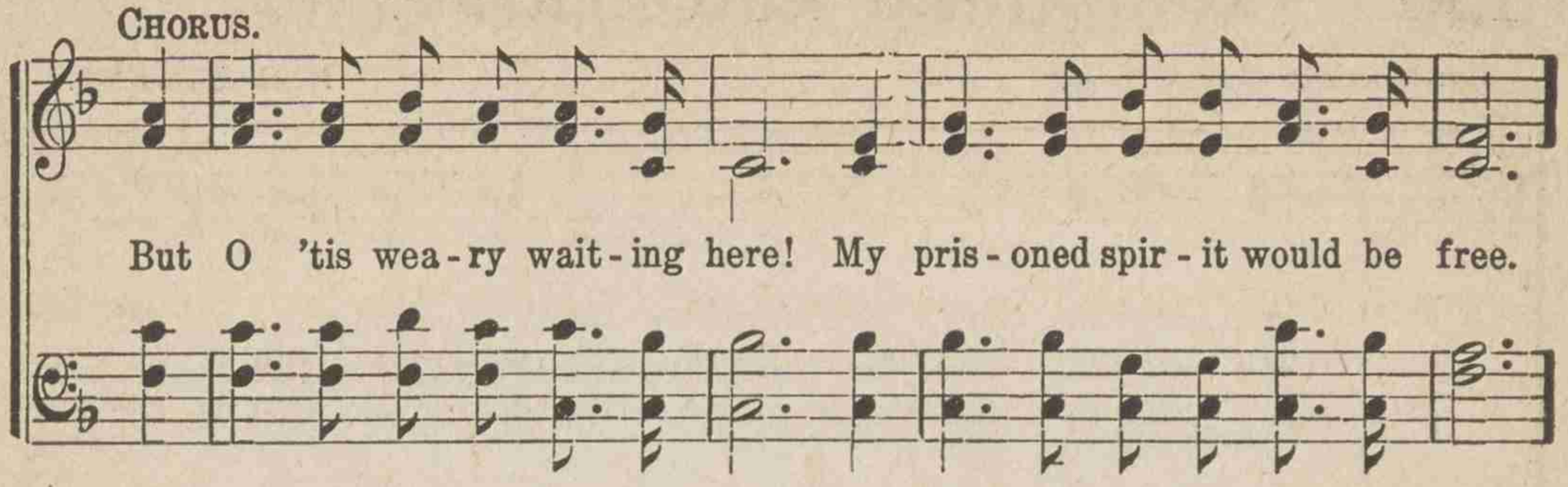
sire. Ah, well I know Thou wilt not come Un - til the solemn marriage
fear; No, not because I fain would cast This mor - tal frame for aye a-
host; No, not till grace di-vine has sought To win the hearts of wand'ring
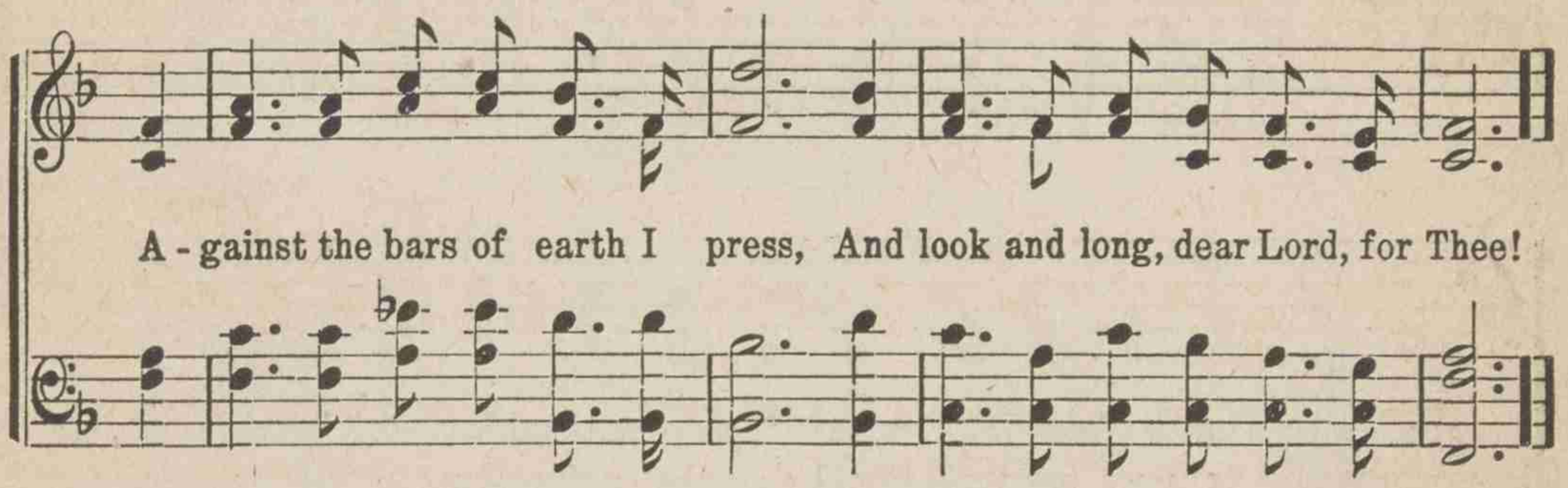
call Has sounded where-so-e'er she roams, And reach'd the latest one of all!
side, And soar-ing past the realm of death In lib - er - ty and life a - bide.
men In ev - 'ry way and ev - 'ry clime— I would not have Thee come till then!

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I Would Not Have Thee Come.
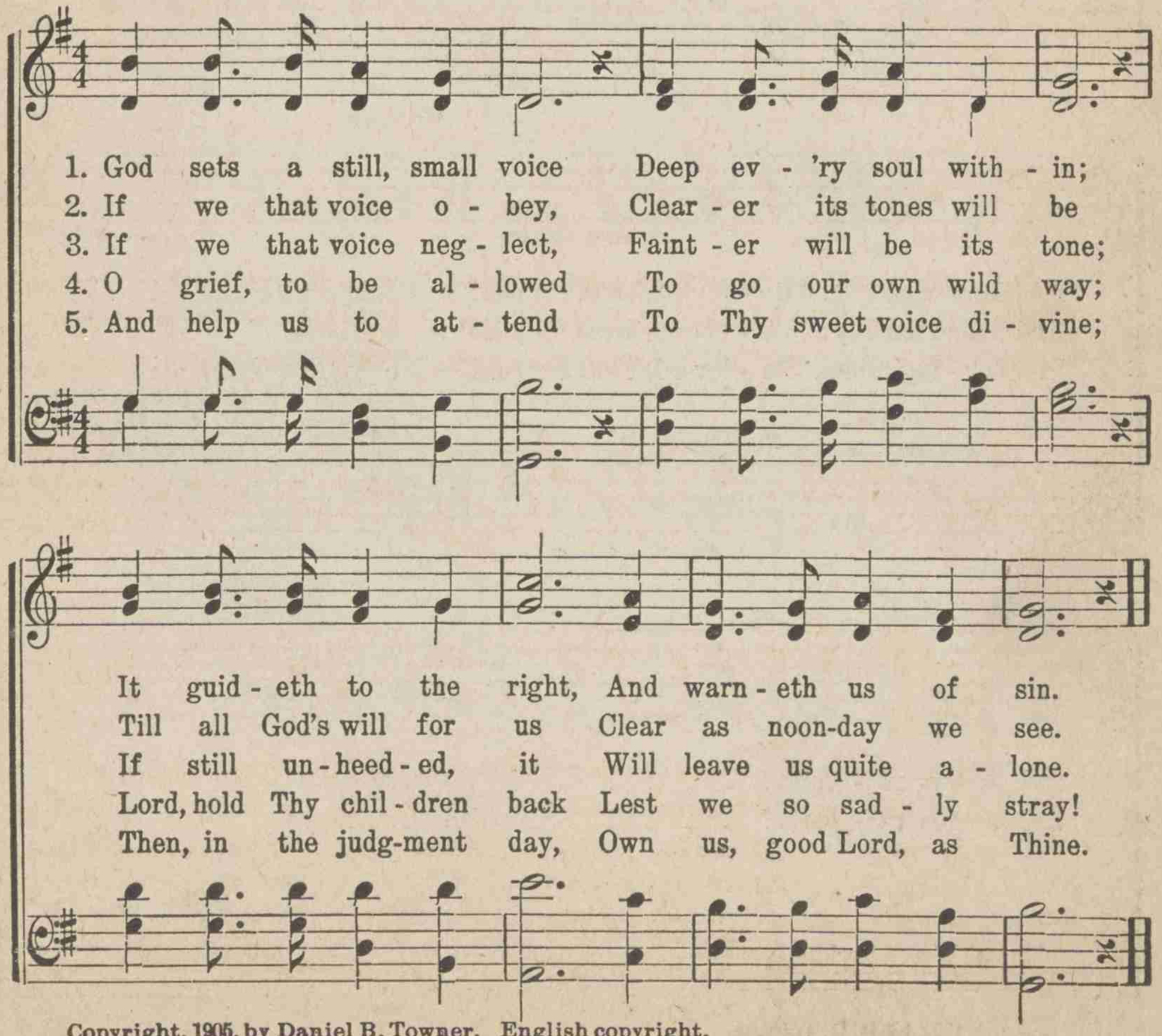
CHORUS.





129 God Sets a Still Small Voice.

ESTHER WIGLESWORTH. D. B. TOWNER.



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130 Would You Believe?

CAROLINE SAWYER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. If you could see Christ stand-ing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head
2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake
3. He whis-pers to your heart; turn not a-way, For He's be-side

and pierced hands could view, Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light,
words on-ly pure and true, Could see the nail-prints in His ten-der feet,
you in your nar-row pew! If you will list-en you will hear Him say,

CHORUS.

And hear Him say: "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you!"—Would you believe, . . .
And hear Him say: "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you!"— *Last verse.*
In lov-ing tones: "Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you!"—Will you be-lieve, ...

Last verse. Would you be-lieve,
Will you be-lieve,

and Je-sus re-ceive, ... If He were stand-ing
and Je-sus re-ceive? . . . . . For He is stand-ing

and Je-sus re-ceive,
and Je-sus re-ceive?

If He were standing
For He is standing

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Would You Believe?

here? . . . . . Would you be - lieve, ... and Je - sus re-
here. . . . . Will you be - lieve, ... and Je - sus re-
here, were stand - ing here? Would you be - lieve,
here, is stand - ing here. Will you be - lieve,

ceive, ... If He were stand - ing . . . here?
ceive? . . . . . For He is stand - ing . . . here.
and Je - sus re-ceive, If He were stand - ing, if He were stand - ing here?
and Je - sus re-ceive? For He is stand - ing, for He is stand - ing here.

131 There's a Wideness In God's Mercy.
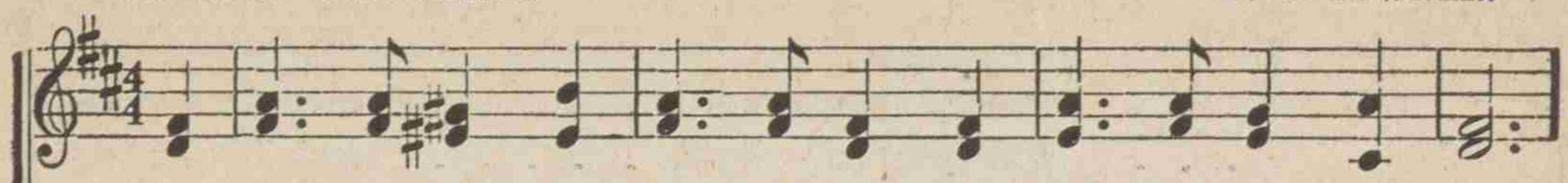
FREDERICK W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wideness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. There is plen - ti - ful re - demption In the blood that has been shed;
4. For the love of God is broad-er Than the measure of man's mind;
5. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;
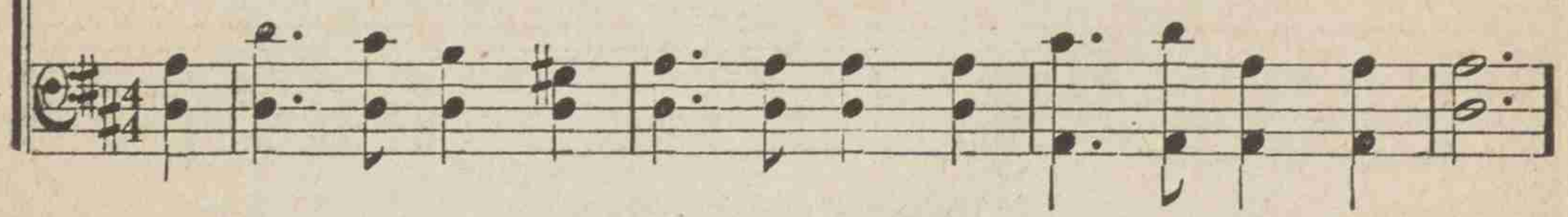
There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour, There is heal - ing in His blood.
There is joy for all the mem-bers In the sor - rows of the Head.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweetness of the Lord.
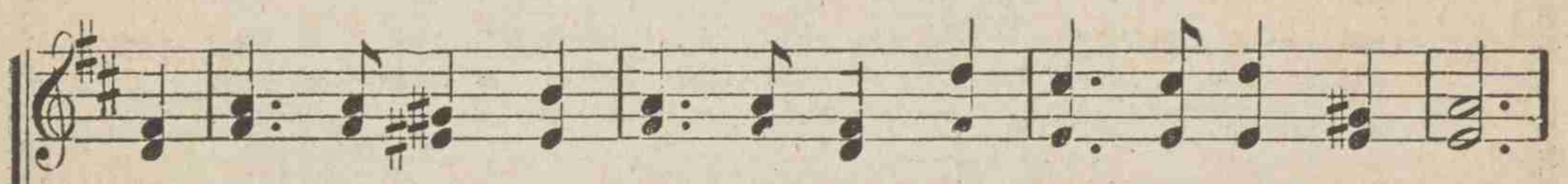
132 O Word of God.

LOUIS A. WATERMAN. D. B. TOWNER.
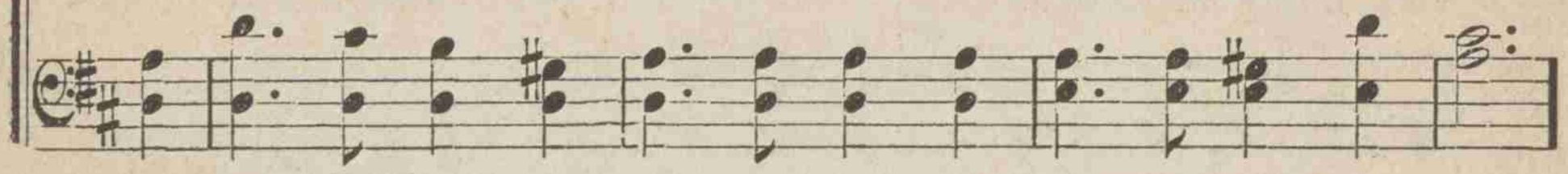


1. O Word of God, how mar - vel - ous Thy wis - dom and thy pow'r!
2. With sound of thy sweet prom - is - es Our long - ing hearts beat time;
3. Thy warn - ings sound, how sol - emn - ly, A - larms deep-toned and dark;
4. Thy pi - lot - ing how sure, how safe, Un - til, all break-ers passed,
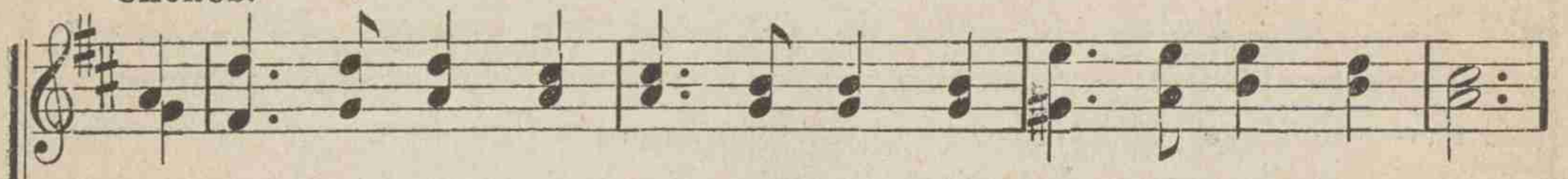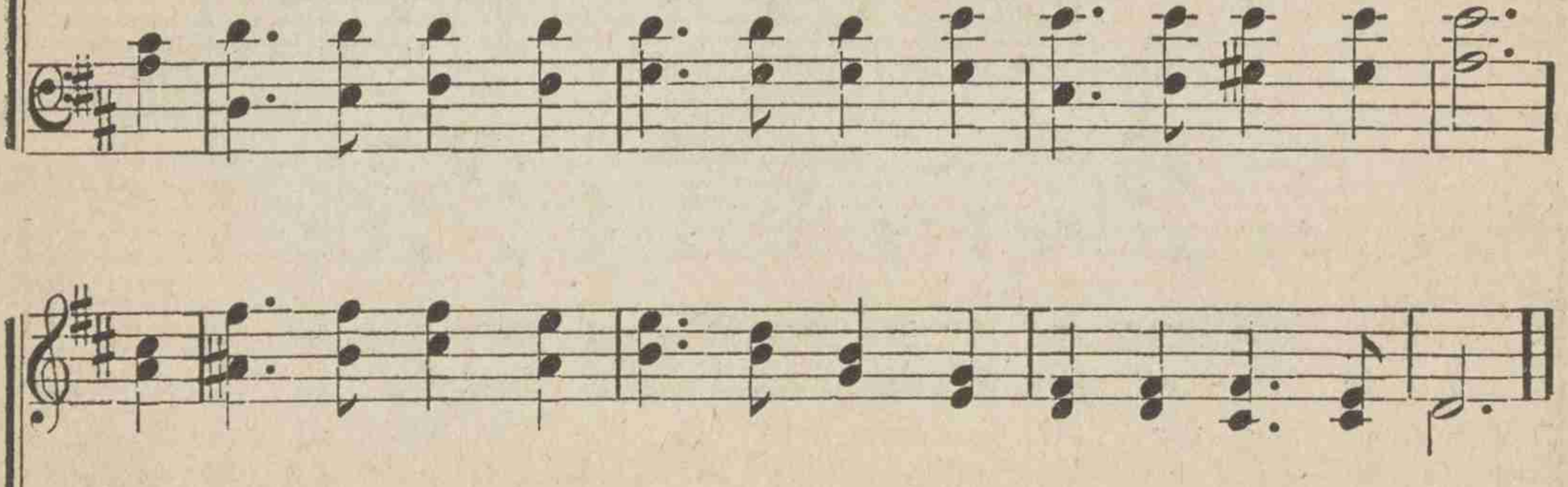




How man - i - fold thy might - i - ness To meet our need each hour!
Thy mes - sag - es waft mel - o - dy, Like bells at ev - 'ning chime!
Like fog - bells on the rock - y coast That guide the storm-tossed bark!
We tri - umph o'er each hur - ri - cane, And an - chor, home at last!
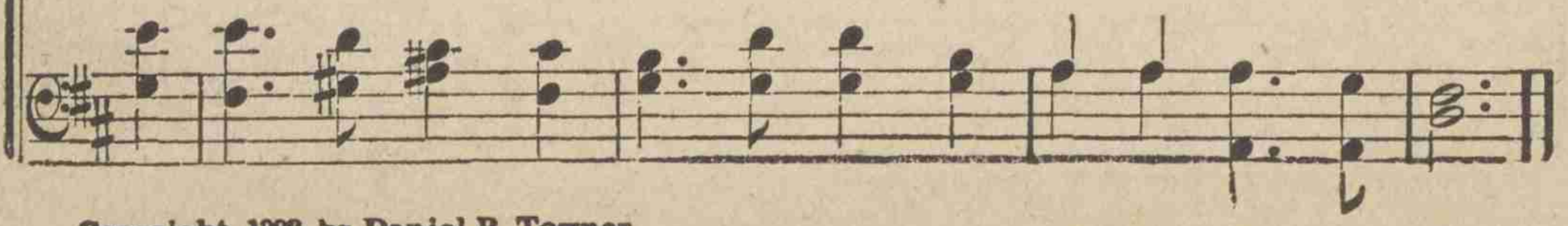


CHORUS.



O Word of God, how won - drous - ly Does thy sweet voice re - sound;



What gra - cious lov - ing - kind - ness - es In ev - 'ry tone a - bound!
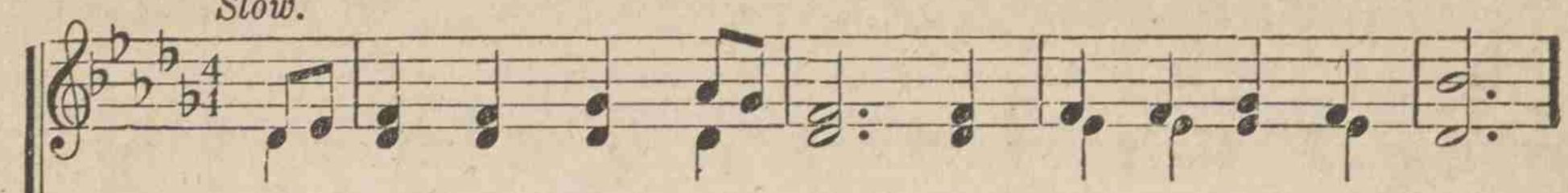


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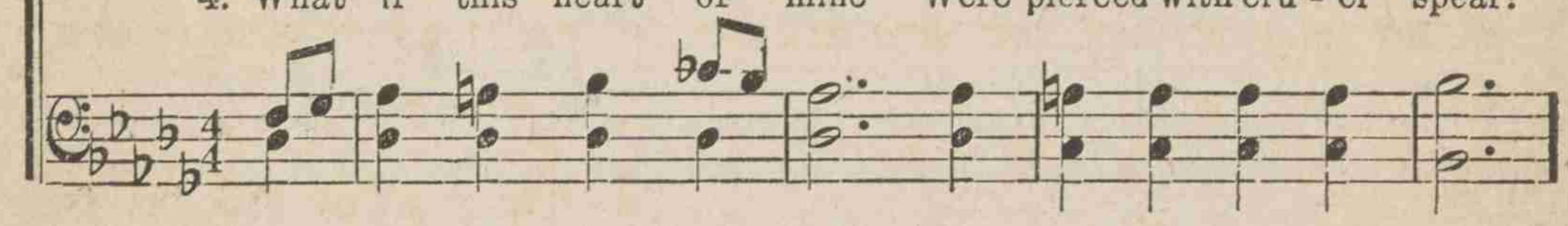
133 What If?
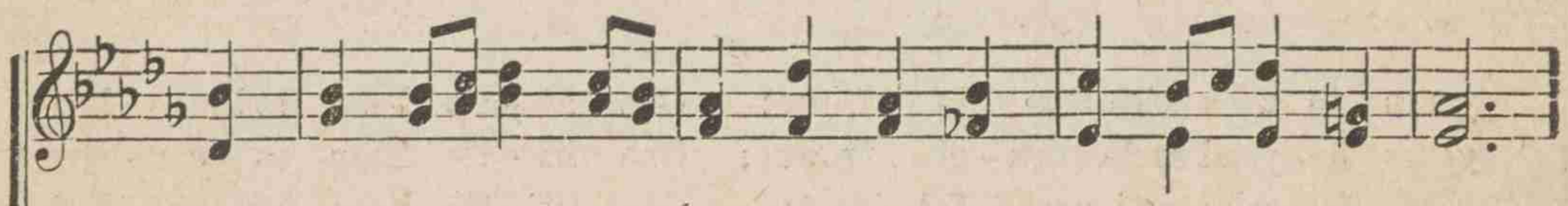
F. E. O. FRENCH E. OLIVER.

Slow.
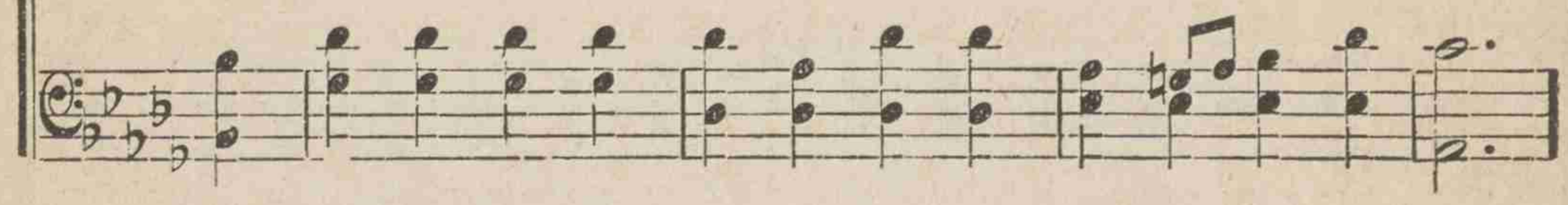


1. What if my heart should feel The load my Sav-iour's felt
2. What if my lips should touch The cup my Sav-iour's met
3. What if my hands and feet Were nailed to Cal-v'ry's cross,
4. What if this heart of mine Were pierced with cru-el spear?
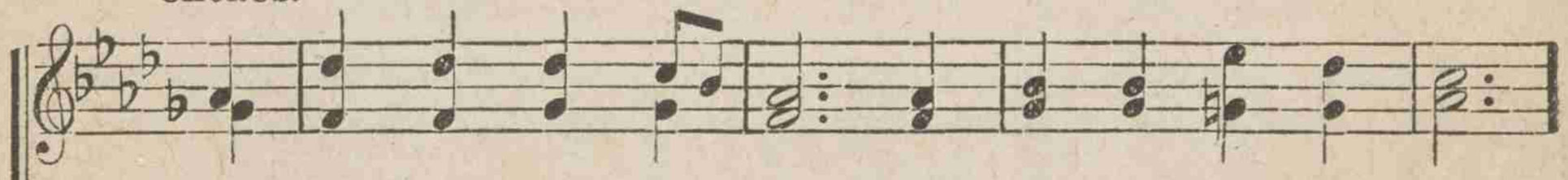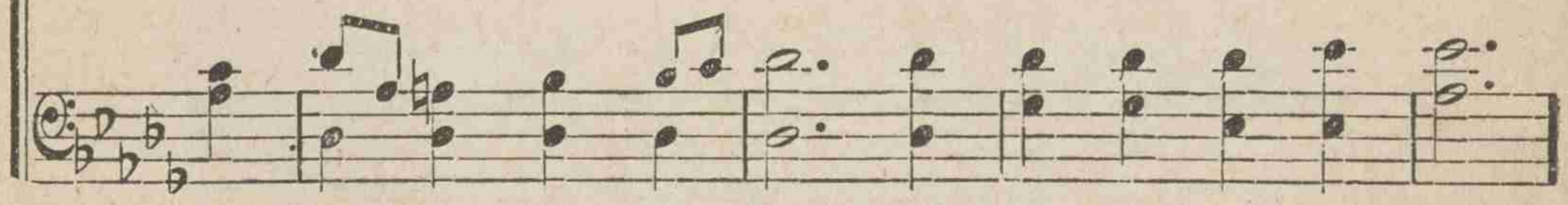




When for my sins He prayed, and wept, And bled, as there He knelt?
When in His ag-o-ny of soul He wres-tled with my debt?
That for my sins could not a-tone, Nor take a-way my dross?
Yea, death it-self would sure-ly fail To make my rec-ord clear.
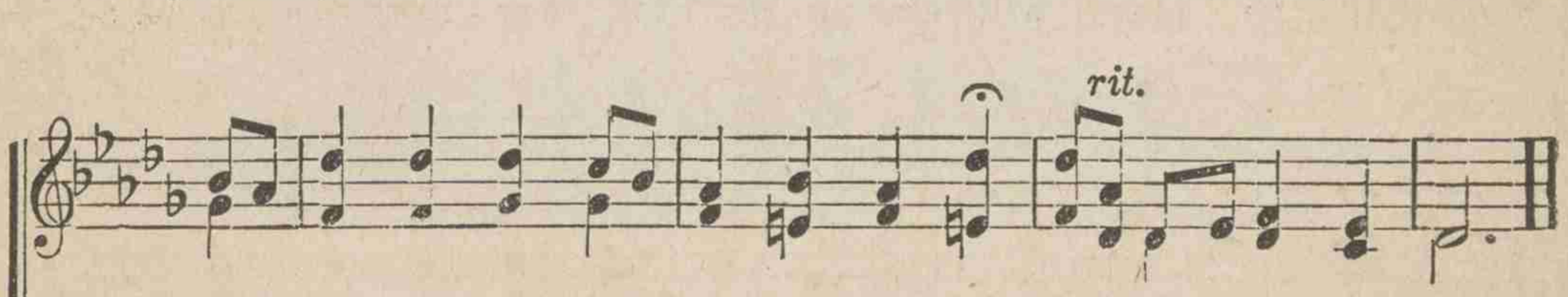


CHORUS.
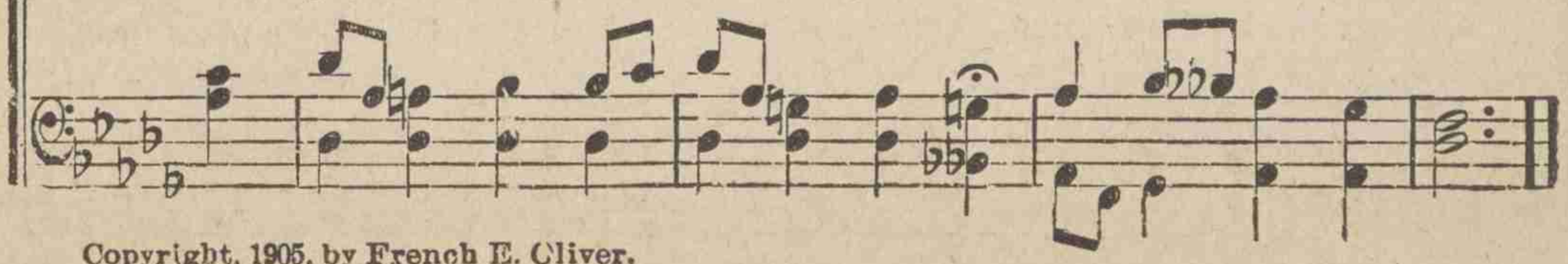


None but the sin-less Man, The ap-ple of God's eye,





Could pay re-demp-tion's fear-ful price, And so He had to die!



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134 One Little Hour.

Words arr. D. B. TOWNER.

1. One lit - tle hour for watch-ing with the Mas - ter, E - ter - nal
2. One lit - tle hour to suf - fer scorn and loss - es, E - ter - nal
3. One lit - tle hour for wea - ry toils and tri - als, E - ter - nal

years to walk with Him in white; One lit - tle hour to brave - ly
years be - yond earth's cru - el frowns; One lit - tle hour to car - ry
years for calm and peace - ful rest; One lit - tle hour for pa - tient

meet dis - as - ter, E - ter - nal years to reign with Him in light!
heav - y cross - es, E - ter - nal years to wear un - fad - ing crowns!
self - de - ni - als, E - ter - nal years of life where life is blest!

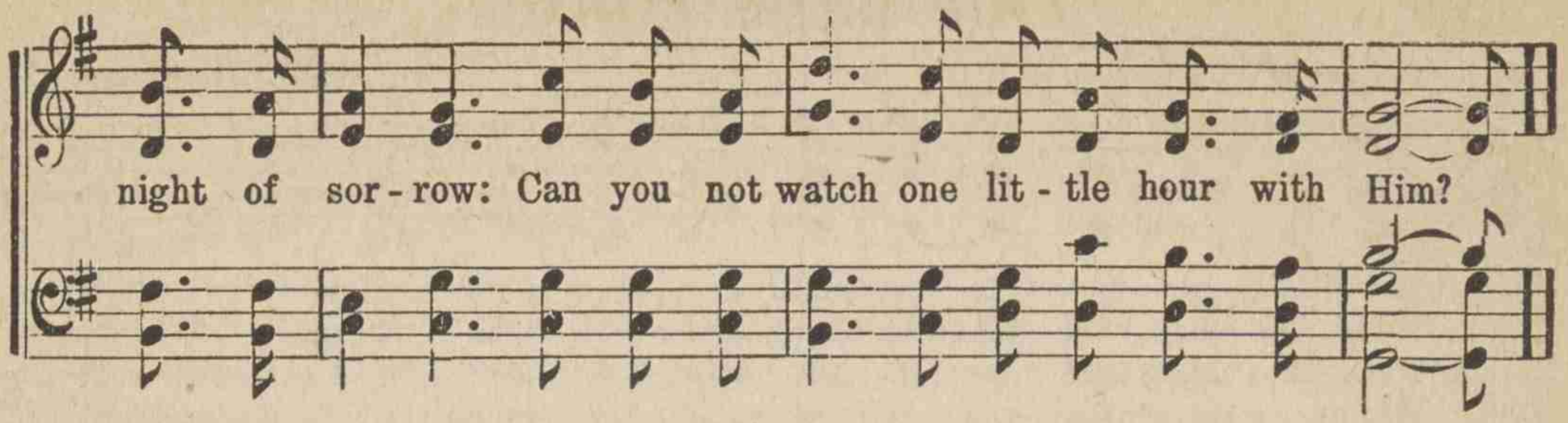
CHORUS.

Then soul, be brave and watch un - til the mor - row, A - wake, a-

rise, your lamp of pur - pose trim! Your Sav - iour speaks a - cross the

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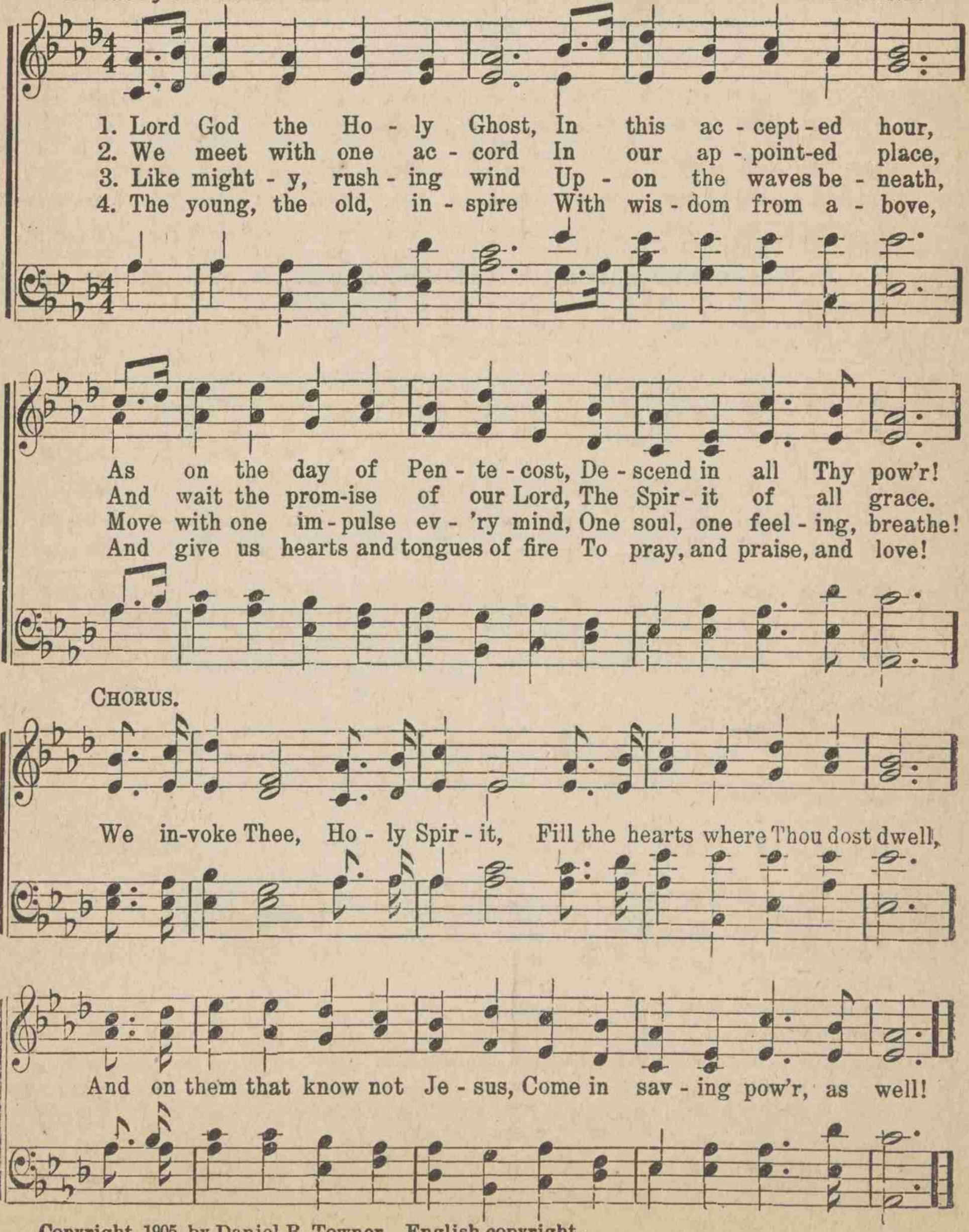
One Little Hour.



135 We Invoke Thee, Holy Spirit!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.
Chorus by JAMES M. GRAY.

A. E. LIND.



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136

The Old Fireside.

JULIA A. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There's a pic - ture fair and bright, hang - ing still on mem-'ry's wall:
2. While I look, the pic-tures change, and I see my moth-er's face;
3. O the bless - ed days of old, when I felt my moth-er's hand,
4. When I long for voic - es hushed, and the touch of van-ished hands,

There I see my fa - ther take the Book di - vine; Dear home
In her hand the Bi - ble, worn and stained with tears; But the
With its ten - der touch of love up - on my head, While the
In the dark - ness when death's an - gel spreads his wing, Let me

fac - es gath - er round, as the shad - ows soft - ly fall, And a
light is shin - ing still, and with - in the hal-lowed place There is
old, old sto - ry sweet, which a child can un - der-stand, From the
turn to moth-er's Book, with its com - forts and com-mands, For the

CHORUS.

light from out the pag - es seems to shine.
comfort for earth's griefs and doubts and fears. Dear old Book,
pag - es of the Book di - vine she read.
peace and hope its bless - ed pag - es bring!

Dear old Book,

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The Old Fireside.

pre-cious Book, On thy pag - es soiled and worn I love to

pre - cious Book,

look! O thou balm for hearts that ache, For my

pre - cious Book!

rall.

saint-ed mother's sake, Thou art dear - er day by day, thou bless-ed Book!

137 Evening Hymn.

Mrs. E. M. Bohne. O. A. Miller.

1. Wea - ry and worn I long for rest, Close Thou my eyes in sleep;
2. Give me that in - ner con-scious-ness Of Thine ex-ceed - ing peace,
3. Then in the morn - ing gird a - new My soul with strength di - vine;
4. Choose Thou the path in life for me, And lead me by Thy hand;

O let me lie up - on Thy breast, My rest in Thee com-plete!
And from all sor - row, grief and pain Shall come a sweet re - lease.
The word of Thy sal - va - tion be As - sur - ance I am Thine!
May ev - 'ry im - pulse of my soul Re - spond to Thy com-mand!

Copyright, 1899, by O. A. Miller.

138 Working, Watching, Praying.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. Go forth, go forth for Je - sus now! Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! The
2. Go forth, go forth to all the world! O stay not! De - lay not! But
3. Go forth, let heart and hands be strong! Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! O

Go forth! Go forth!

Lord Him-self will teach you how To watch and pray; 'Tis not for thee thy
let love's ban-ner be unfurl'd, And grace be told; O let re-deem-ing
stay the might-y pow'r of wrong Wher-e'er ye may! Equipped with love and

field to choose, No work He gives must thou re-fuse; Be work - ing! Be
love be sung, A song of joy on ev-'ry tongue! Be work - ing! Be
strength di-vine, The vic - to - ry is sure - ly thine; Be work - ing! Be

CHORUS.

watching! Be pray - ing! Go forth to work, to watch and pray! 'Tis Je - sus who

Go forth!

calls thee; The har-vest waits for thee to-day, Go bring some sheaves for God!

Go forth!

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139 The Sunset Gate.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I am trav'ling tow'rd life's sun - set gate, I'm a pil - grim go - ing home;
2. There is tran-quil rest when day is done, I shall lay me down in peace;
3. By the side of those most near and dear, I shall drop life's toil and care;
4. I shall rise a - gain at morn-ing dawn, I shall put on glo - ry then;

For the glow of e - ven - tide I wait, I'm a pil - grim go - ing home.
When the end is reached at set of sun, I shall lay me down in peace.
When the Mas-ter's ten - der voice I hear, I shall drop life's toil and care.
With the shad-owy veil of death undrawn, I shall put on glo - ry then.

REFRAIN.

Ev'ning bells . . . I seem to hear As the sun - set gate draws near!
Ev'ning bells I seem, I seem to hear, draws near;
Ev'ning bells . . . . I seem to hear As the sun - set gate draws near!
Ev'n-ing bells I seem,

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140 O Heavenly Love!

FRANCIS XAVIER. Arr. by JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O Thou, my Je - sus, Thou didst me Up - on the cross em - brace;
2. O why, Thou blessed Je - sus Christ, Should I not love Thee well?
3. My God, I love Thee, not be - cause I hope for heav'n there - by;

For me didst bear the nails and spear, And man - i - fold dis - grace,
Not with the hope of win - ning heav'n, Nor of es - cap - ing hell;
Nor yet that they who love Thee not Must burn e - ter - nal - ly;

And griefs and torments num - ber - less, And sweat of ag - o - ny,—
Not with the thought of gain - ing aught, Nor seek - ing a re - ward;
But all be-cause Thou lov - est me, A sin - ner dead in sin,

E'en death it - self—and all for one Who was Thine en - e - my!
But as Thy - self hast lov - ed me, O ev - er - lov - ing Lord!
And hast Thy Spir - it giv - en me, And wrought Thy love with - in.

CHORUS.

O heav'nly love! . . . . . as fragrance sweet, ... That

O heav'nly love! as fragrance sweet,

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O Heavenly Love!

one might pour up - on Thy feet; My ran-somed soul . . . . .

My ransomed soul

ritard.

an of - fer - ing . . . . . To Thee, my Lord, O let me bring!

an of - fer - ing

141 My Offering.

ANNA HUBER GARDNER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Je - sus, my King, To Thee I bring My life, my love, my all;
2. O Sav - iour mine, Thy love di - vine Is bound-less, full and free;
3. Help me each day To watch and pray, And trust Thee more and more;

Ac - cept the gift, Sin's bur - dens lift, While at Thy feet I fall.
For Thou didst come From heav'n, Thy home, To save me, e - ven me!
To do Thy will, Thy law ful - fill, And ev - er Thee a - dore.

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42 Jesus is Coming Again.

JAMES M. GRAY. J. B. TROWBRIDGE.

1. The Sav - iour who loves me And suf - fered the loss Of heav - en - ly
2. The an - gels, re - joic - ing And sing - ing His praise To Beth - le - hem
3. The saints will be with Him, O heav - en - ly bliss! How tear-ful the
4. O hearts that are wea - ry, And sin - ful, and sad, We car - ry the

glo - ry To die on the cross, The Babe of the man-ger, Tho' born without
shepherds Of ear - li - er days, Will come in the glo - ry, At - tend - ing His
part-ing From fa - ces we miss! But clouds are de-scend-ing, And we who re-
ti - dings That make us so glad; We pub - lish the Sav-iour O'er mountain and

CHORUS.

stain, This Je - sus is com-ing, Is com-ing a-gain!
train, When Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Is com-ing a-gain! Je-sus is com-ing, is
main, Are caught up to meet them With Je-sus a-gain!
plain; The Lord who redeemed us Is com-ing a-gain!

com-ing, is com-ing! Je - sus is com-ing a - gain! My heart is so
hap-py, my soul is so glad, For Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!

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143 Fight the Good Fight.

HARRIETTE WATERS. A. E. LIND.

1. Bu - gle calls are ring - ing out, "For-ward" is the bat - tle shout, See where
2. Sound the charge against the foe, Lay the hosts of er - ror low; In His
3. Fight the fight of faith and love, Look-ing un - to Him a - bove; Loy - al

CHORUS. *Adapted and arr.*

floats the con-qu'ring sign, On-ward in the war di - vine!
Name, vic - tor - ious King, Let the song of tri-umph ring. And when the battle's
sol - diers do and dare, Your Commander's joy to share.

o - ver, We shall wear a crown, We shall wear a crown, We shall wear a crown! And

when the bat - tle's o - ver, We shall wear a crown, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem!

FINE.

D.S.–*when the bat-tle's o - ver, We shall wear a crown, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem!*

Wear a crown, wear a crown, A - way o - ver Jor - dan! And
Wear a crown, wear a crown,

D. S.

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144 Saved by the Blood!

S. J. HENDERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, Ran - somed from sin and a new work be - gun, Sing praise to the Fa - ther, and
2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, The an - gels re- joic - ing be - cause it is done; A child of the Fa - ther, joint-
3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The Fa - ther, He spoke, and His will it was done; Great price of my par - don, His
4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! All hail to the Fa - ther, all hail to His Son, All hail to the Spir - it, the

praise to the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
heir with the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
own pre-cious Son; Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
great Three in One! Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!

CHORUS.

Saved! . . saved! . . my sins are all pardoned, My guilt is all gone;
Glo - ry, I'm saved! glo - ry, I'm saved!

Saved! . . saved! . . I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci-fied One!
Glo - ry, I'm saved! glo - ry, I'm saved!

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145 Coming Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Like a wayward child I wandered From my Father's house a - way,
2. I have wandered in the darkness, And my path was lone and drear,
3. O the rapt-ure that a - waits me When I reach my Fa - ther's door!
4. I will ask Him to for - give me For the wrong that I have done,

But I hear His voice en - treat-ing, And I'm com-ing home to - day.
But my Fa-ther did not leave me, He was watching ev - er near.
Once with-in its blest en - clos-ure, I am safe for - ev - er - more.
To re - ceive, accept, and bless me, Thro' His well - be - lov - ed Son.

REFRAIN.

Com-ing . . home, Coming . . home, For I can no long-er roam;
Com-ing, coming, Com-ing, coming, no long-er roam;
I am sad and broken-hearted, And I'm coming, coming home!
I'm coming home!

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146 Tell Mother I'll Be There.

C. M. F. CHARLES M. FILLMORE.

1. When I was but a lit - tle child, how well I re - col - lect How
2. Though I was oft - en way-ward, she was al-ways kind and good, So
3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal, and left the old roof-tree, She
4. One day a mes-sage came to me, it bade me quick-ly come If

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

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

Sav-iour, tell my moth-er I'll be there!

CHORUS.

Tell moth-er I'll be there in

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Tell Mother I'll Be There.

an-swer to her pray'r, This mes-sage, bless-ed Sav-iour, to her bear! Tell

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

147 Crossing the Bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON, arr. B. T. WORDEN.

1. Sun - set and ev'n - ing star, And one clear call for me! And
2. Twi - light and ev'n - ing bell, And aft - er that the dark! And
3. For tho' from time and place The flood may bear me far, I

may there be no moan - ing bar When I put out to sea, And
may there be no sad fare - well When I at last em - bark, And
hope to see my Pi - lot's face When I have crossed the bar, I

may there be no moan - ing bar When I put out to sea.
may there be no sad fare-well When I at last em - bark.
hope to see my Pi - lot's face When I have crossed the bar.

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148 I Believe.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. I am saved from my sin, and to joy en - ter in,—With the heart I be - lieve on the Sav - iour; I have won - der - ful peace, from my bur - dens release,—I be - lieve on the Son of God.
2. 'Tis by faith I can say Je - sus saves me to - day,—With the heart I be - lieve on the Sav - iour; Waves of love o'er me roll, all is well with my soul,—I be - lieve on the Son of God.
3. There is com - fort and rest on His shel - ter - ing breast,—With the heart I be - lieve on the Sav - iour; I will praise Him in song, tell His love all day long,—I be - lieve on the Son of God.

CHORUS.

I be-lieve, I be-lieve, With the heart I believe on the Sav - iour;
I believe, I believe, With the heart I be - lieve Jesus saves,
I be-lieve, I be-lieve, I be-lieve on the Son of God!
I believe, I be-lieve, I be - lieve on the Son, the Son of God!

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149 Saved and Kept.

C. D. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Saved and kept by the pow - er di - vine, Saved to the ut - ter-most,
2. Saved and kept ev - 'ry step of the way; Christ is a Sav-iour who
3. Saved and kept, nev - er doubt-ing His word, Filled with the peace and the
4. Saved and kept till I look on His face, Kept by Him un - to the

Je - sus is mine! He's re - demp - tion, and right-eous-ness too,
saves ev - 'ry day, Saves from bond - age of sin and of strife,
joy of my Lord; Saved! no an - gel its mean-ing can know;
end of the race, How my glad heart for - ev - er shall sing

CHORUS.

Trust-ing in Him all my life is made new.
Keeps in the sphere of His glo - ri - ous life.
Kept by His grace dail - y whit - er than snow! Saved and kept, O the
Prais - es to Je - sus, my Sav - iour and King!

glo - ri - ous word! Saved and kept by a won-der - ful Lord! He who was dead,
and is ris - en from the grave, Lives, and is a - ble to keep and to save.

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150 Lift Your Neighbor's Burden.

HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Do not be dis-cour-aged tho' the way is drear, Some one close be-side you needs a ray of cheer; Speak a word of com-fort and the day seems bright;
2. Sit not id - ly weep-ing, tho' your heart is sad; Oth - er hearts are ach-ing— strive to make them glad; Scat-ter rays of sun-shine, bet - ter far than gold;
3. Do not mourn in se - cret o - ver pain and loss; See your neighbor bending 'neath a heav-ier cross! Hast-en to re - lieve him; O, do not de - lay!

CHORUS.

Lift your neighbor's bur-den, and your own grows light. Lift your neighbor's bur - den, Leave Him not a - lone; Lift your neighbor's burden, Christ will
You will reap a har-vest ma - ny hun - dred-fold.
Help to lift his bur-den, yours will roll a - way.

Lift his burden, lift your neighbor's burden.

Full Unison.

bear your own; Lift your neighbor's bur - den, Leave him not a-

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Lift Your Neighbor's Burden.

Harmony.

lone; Lift your neighbor's bur-den, Christ will bear your own!

151 I Cannot See, But I Can Trust.

Words arranged. A. E. LIND.

1. I can - not see, with my small hu - man sight, Why God should
2. I know not why my path should be at times So strait - ly
3. I oft - en won - der, as with trem-bling hand I cast the
4. I can - not know why sud - den - ly the storm Should rage so
5. I may not draw a - side the mys - tic veil That hides the

lead this way or that for me; I on - ly know He
hedged, so strange - ly barred be - fore; I on - ly know God
seed a - long the furrowed ground, If ri - pened fruit for
fierce - ly 'round me in its wrath; But this I know, God
un - known fu - ture from my sight; Nor know if for me

saith, "Child, fol-low me"; But I can trust, But I can trust!
could keep wide the door, And I can trust, And I can trust!
God will there be found; But I can trust, But I can trust!
watch - es all my path, And I can trust, And I can trust!
waits the dark or light; But I can trust, But I can trust!

rit.

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152 All Is Well!

J. R. JAMES ROWE.

1. The Saviour's hand is clasping mine, And all is well! I'm blessed with
2. I hear my Saviour's whisper sweet, And all is well! He shields my
3. My Saviour's lov - ing smile I see, And all is well! My hope, my

is well, all is well!

fel - low - ship di - vine, And all is well! I'm free at last from
soul when foes I meet, And all is well! No more be - neath a
joy, my life is He, And all is well! As in the sun-shine

is well, all is well!

sin's con-trol, And mov - ing on-ward tow'rd the goal; My Saviour's love makes
load I bend; My sigh - ing days have had an end, For I have found a
of His face, The nar - row homeward path I trace, I sing of His re -

CHORUS.

glad my soul, And all is well!
perfect Friend, And all is well! All is well! all is
deeming grace, And all is well!

is well, all is well! All is well!

ad lib.

well! My precious Guide is at my side, And all is well!

all is well! is well, all is well!

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153 Lift Up Your Heads!

HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Lift up your heads, O e - ter - nal gates! Lift up, ye doors, for the
2. Un - to the cap-tive pro-claim re-lease, Un - to the war - rior the
3. Bless-ed Re - deem - er de - sired so long! Wel-come Him now with a

King who a - waits, Clothed in His beau - ty and armed with might,
ti - dings of peace; High o - ver all will His ban - ner wave,
ju - bi - lant song; He is our ran - som from death and sin;

CHORUS.

Crowned with sal - va - tion and glo - ry and light! Lift your
Strong to de - liv - er and might-y to save!
Lift up your heads, let the King en - ter in! Lift up your heads, make

heads, e - ter - nal gates! Christ
room for the King; O lift up your heads, make room for the King! Je - sus will
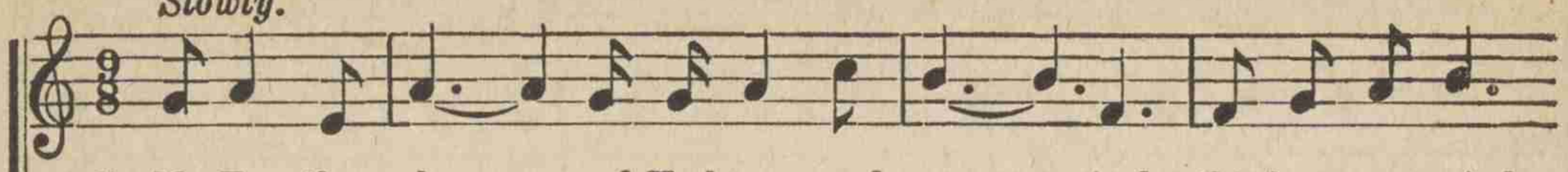
the King of glo - ry will en - ter in!
en - ter, Je - sus will en - ter, Je - sus will come and en - ter in!

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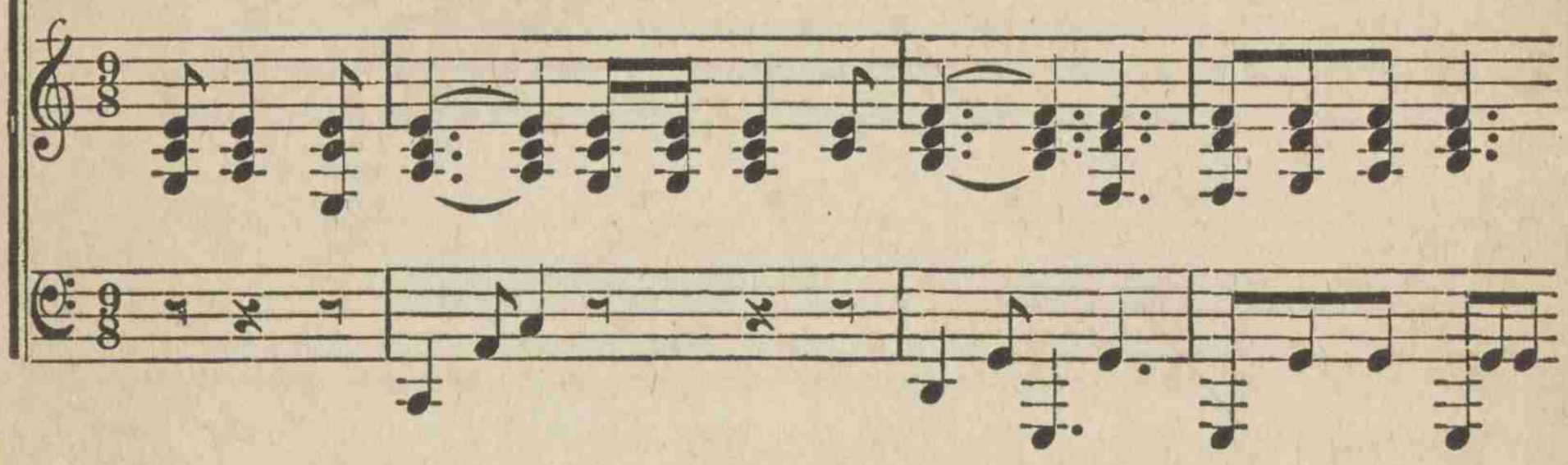
154 My Father's Love.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.
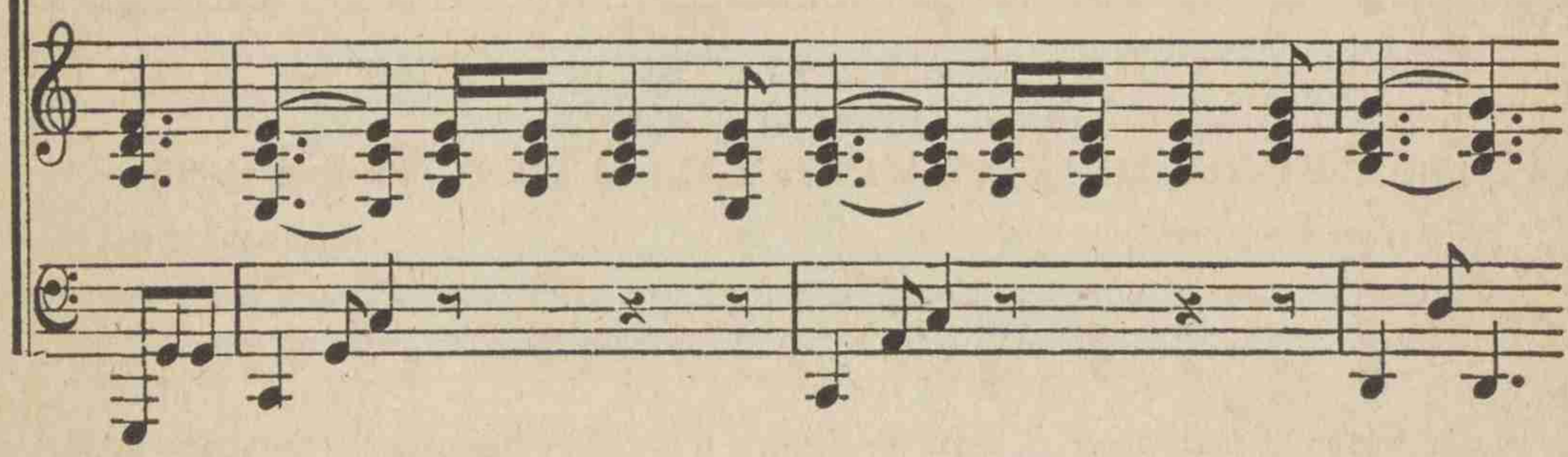
Slowly.
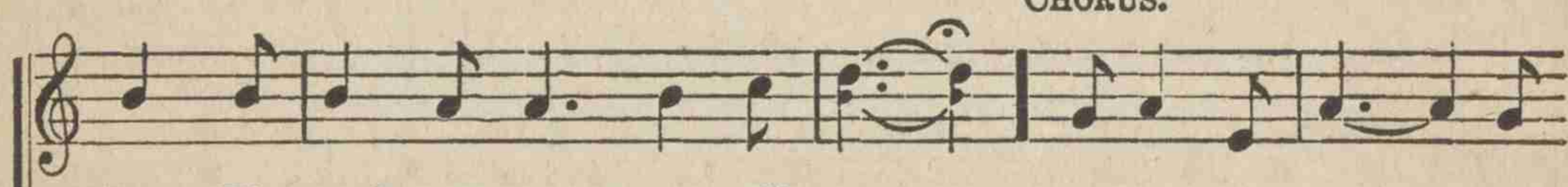


1. My Fa - ther loves, and He knows and cares, And this keeps my mind
2. My Fa - ther knows when my way is dark, And storm-clouds are o-
3. My Fa - ther cares when I'm left a - lone, As loved ones are called
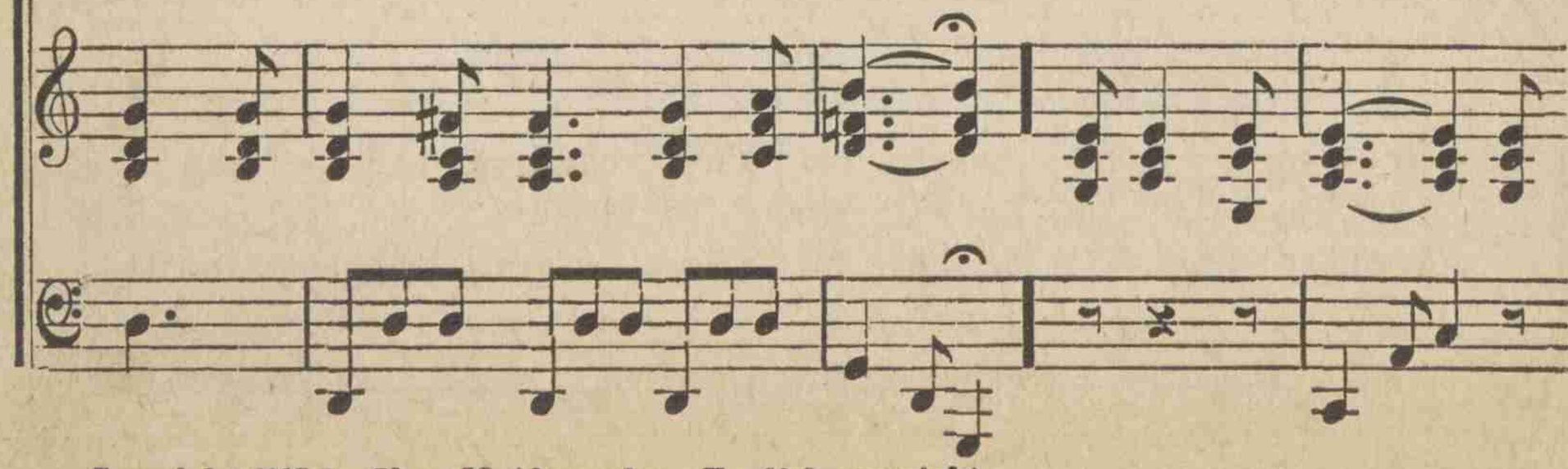


in peace; I may safe - ly rest, He will do what's best,
ver - head; He will choose my way, Lead me day by day,
a - way; When each dear one goes, Still my Fa - ther knows,—



CHORUS.



For His good - ness nev - er will cease.
For He knows each step which I tread. My Fa - ther's love— such
He will let me join them some day.



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My Father's Love.

ten - der love, He feels for His child to - day; He can soothe my

sor - row, Give a bright to-mor - row,— I'll trust my Fa - ther's love!

rall.

155 Bread of Heaven, On Thee We Feed.

JOSIAH CONDER. GEORGE HEWS.

1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed;
2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood sup-plies This blest cup of sac - ri - fice;
3. Day by day, with strength supplied Thro' the life of Him who died,

Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing Bread!
Lord, Thy wounds our heal - ing give, To Thy cross we look and live!
Lord of life, O let us be Root - ed, graft - ed, built in Thee!

156 Christ Jesus Hath the Power.

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to for - give,
2. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to re - new,
3. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to con - sole,
4. Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow - er to de - stroy,

The pow'r to quick-en whom He will, And make the sin - ner live.
The pow'r to cleanse your hearts from sin, And make you whol - ly true.
The pow'r to car - ry all your care,—On Him your bur - dens roll!
The pow'r to bruise your en - e - my Who would your soul an - noy.

Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, O tell it far and near!
Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r For - ev - er - more to keep;
Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r To wipe the tear a - way;
Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, When on your dy - ing bed,
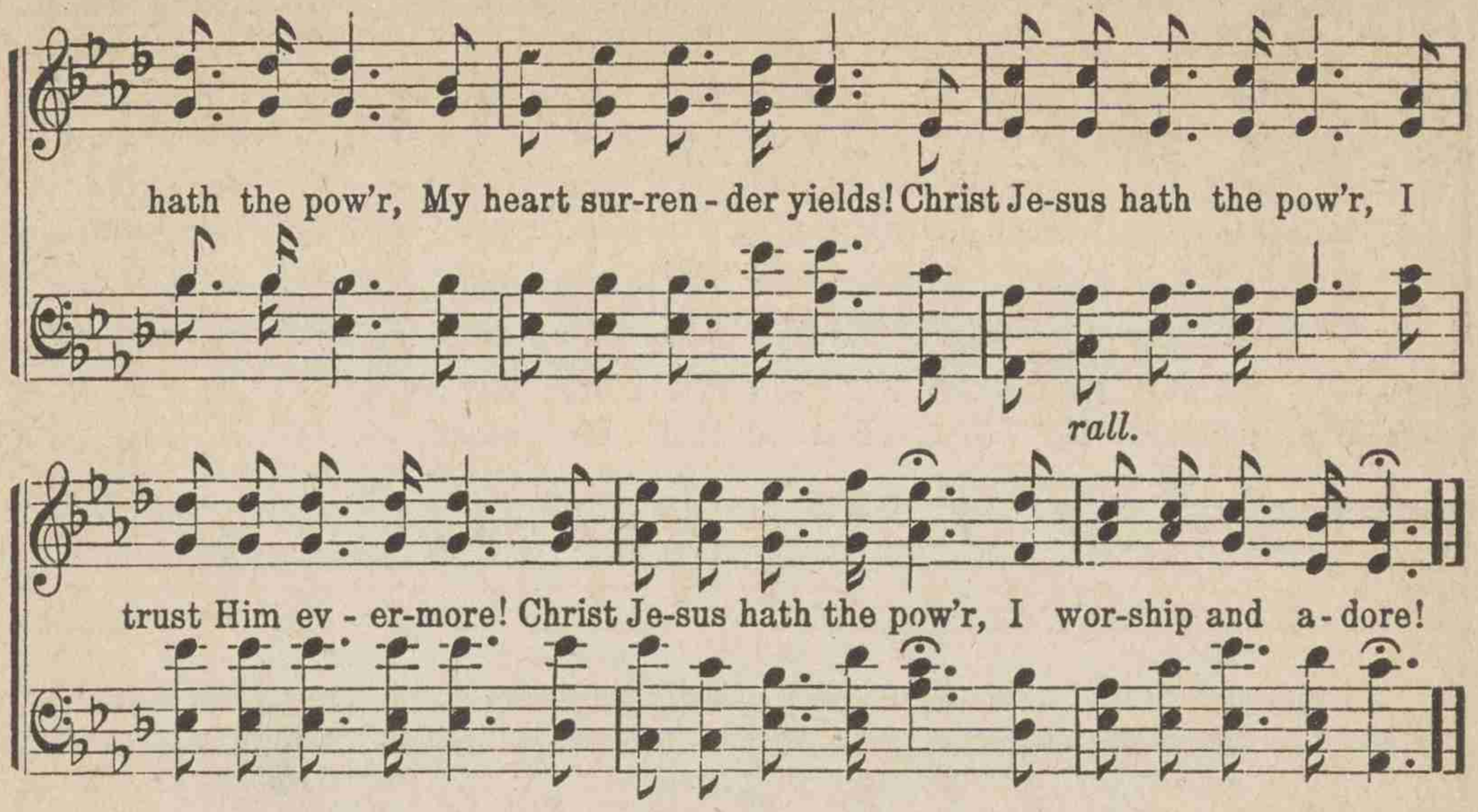
O bring to Him your guilt - y heart, And grace shall ban - ish fear!
O none can pluck you from His hand, Or rob Him of His sheep!
O place in Him your con - fi - dence! O trust Him, and o - bey!
To give your soul the vic - to - ry, The pow'r to raise the dead!

CHORUS.

Christ Je - sus hath the pow'r, The pow'r of God He wields! Christ Je - sus

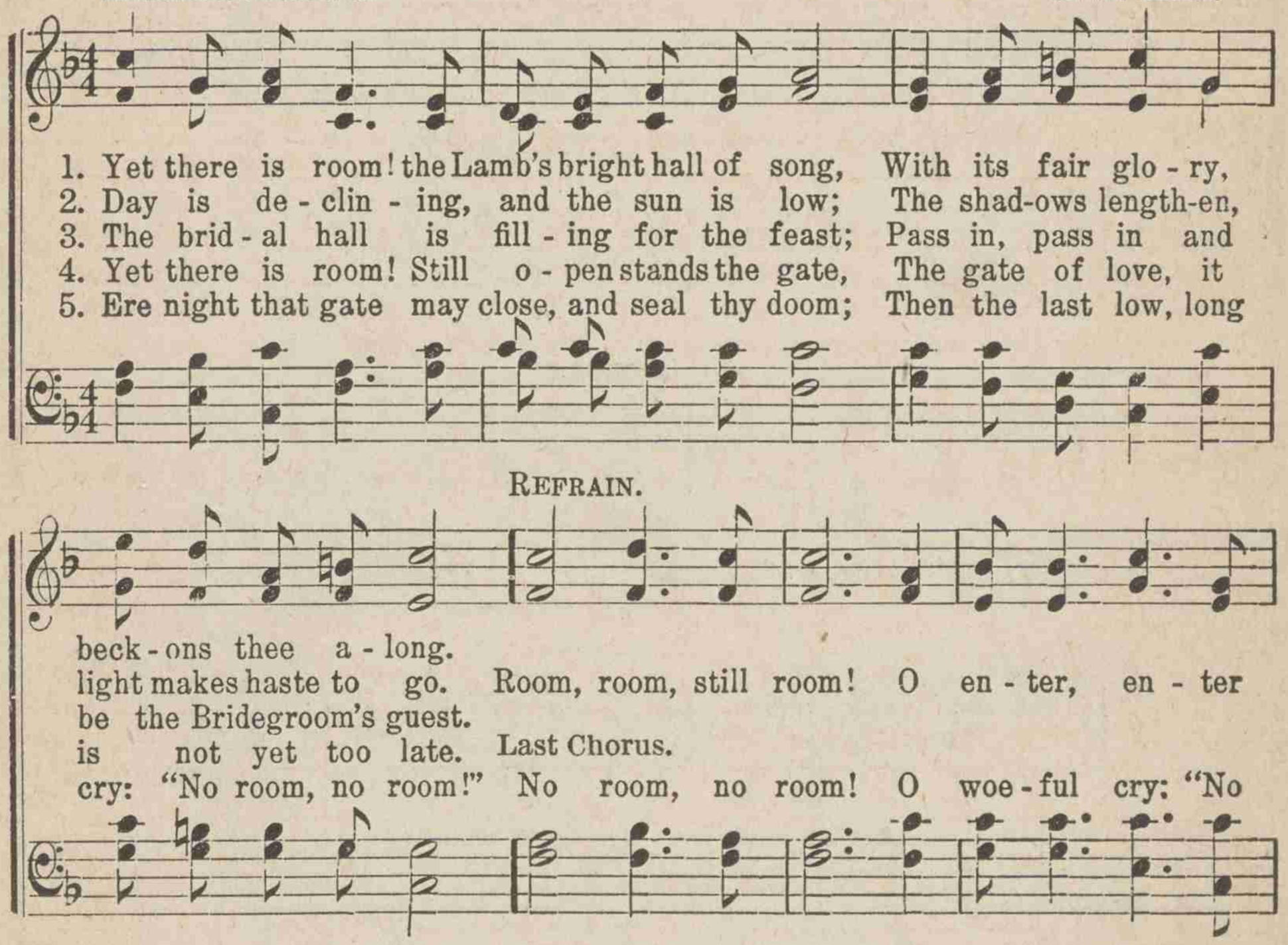
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Christ Jesus Hath the Power.



157 Yet There is Room!
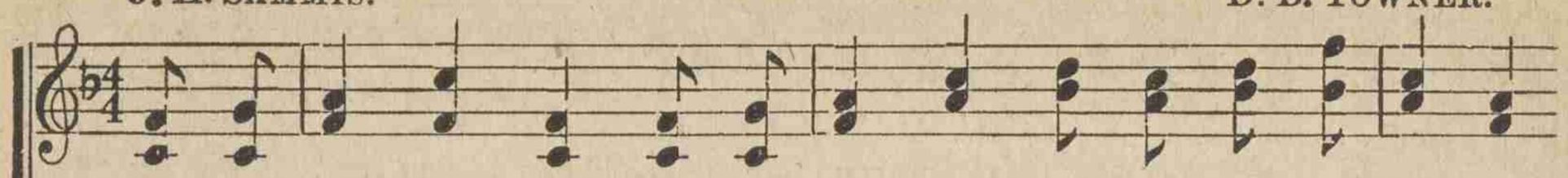
HORATIUS BONAR. E. A. LIND.



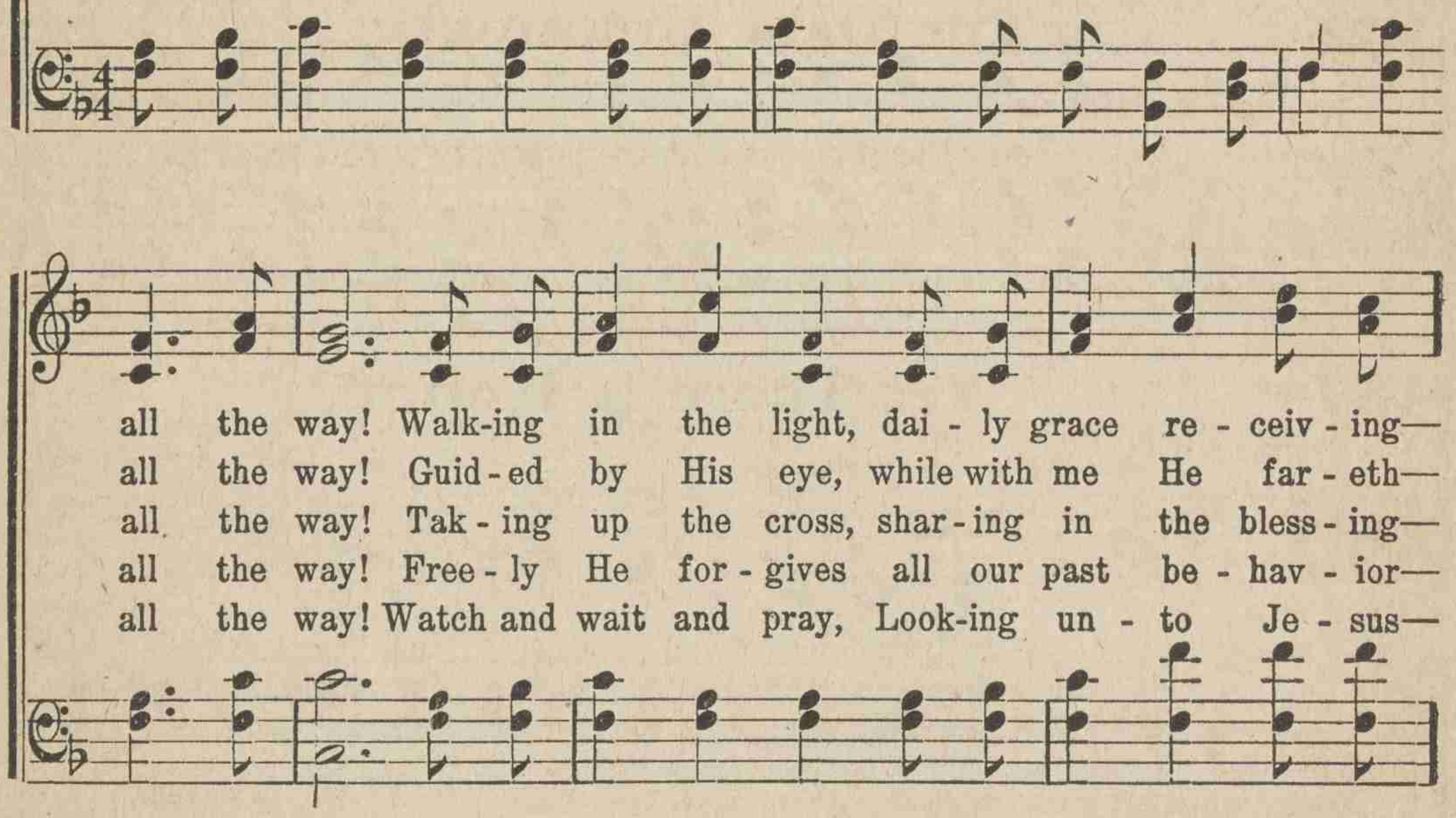
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158 Glory All the Way!

J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.
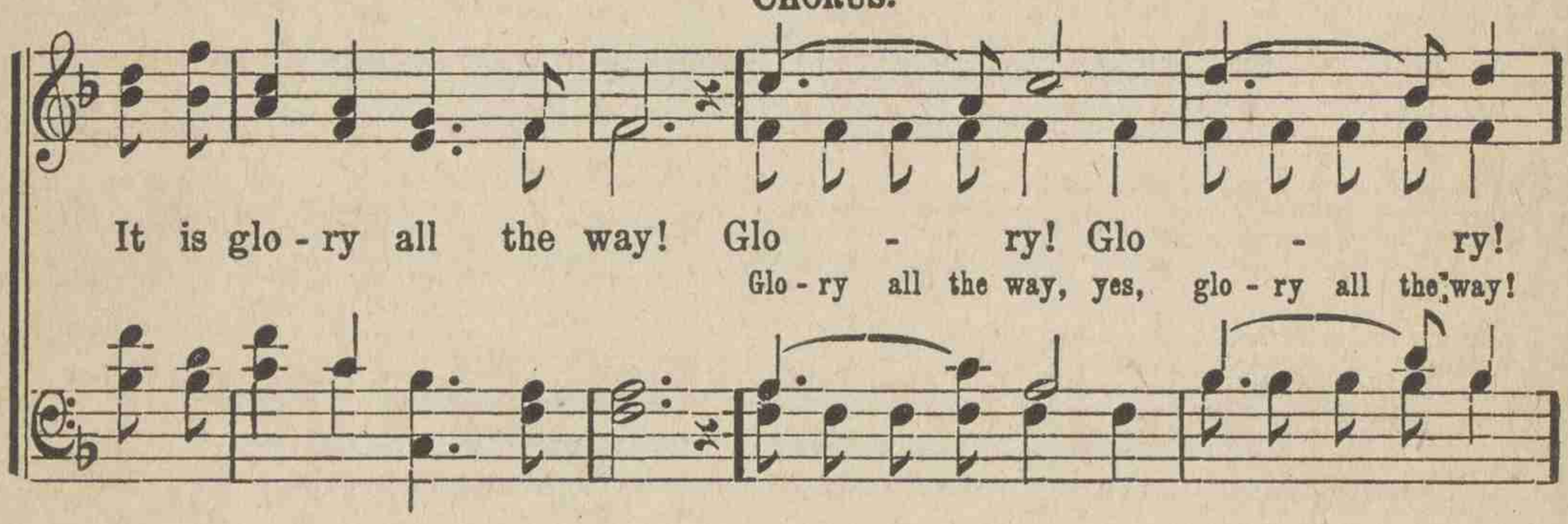


1. Saved by grace a - lone, God's own Word be - liev - ing—It is glo - ry
2. Not a care have I since my Sav - iour car - eth—It is glo - ry
3. Sev-ered from the world, His dear name con - fess - ing—It is glo - ry
4. Sin - ner, put your trust in this lov - ing Sav - iour—It is glo - ry
5. Work-ing day by day, mind - ed that He sees us—It is glo - ry
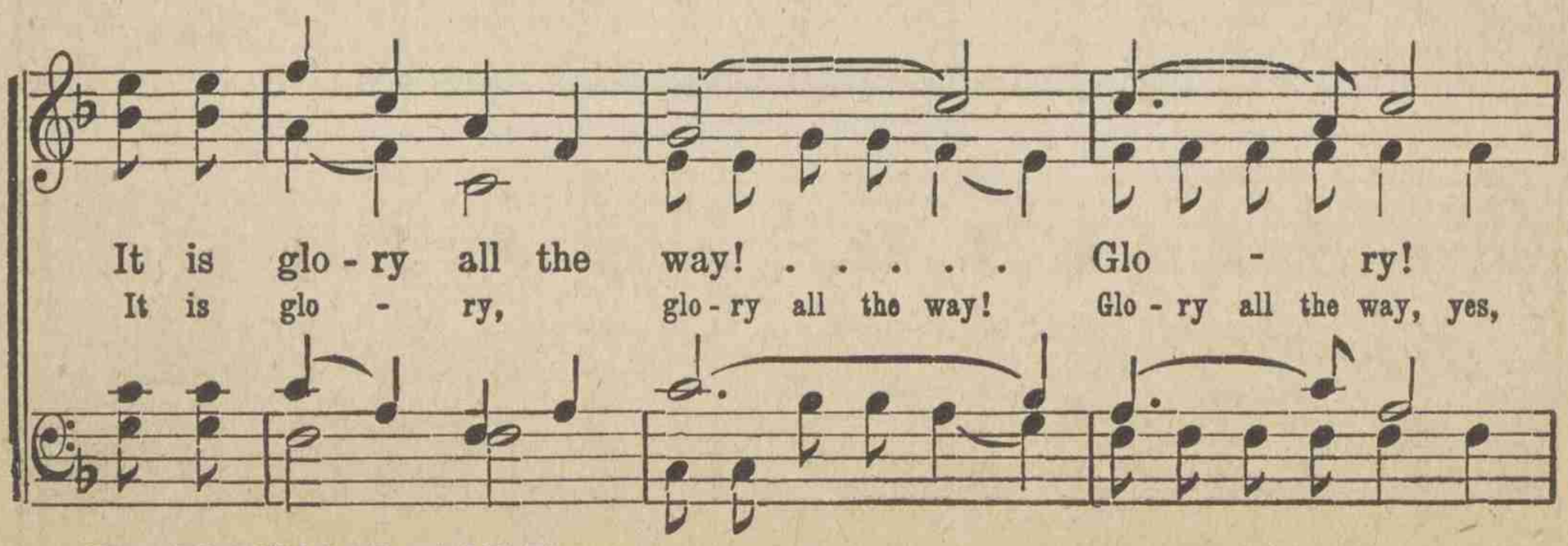


all the way! Walk-ing in the light, dai - ly grace re - ceiv - ing—
all the way! Guid - ed by His eye, while with me He far - eth—
all the way! Tak - ing up the cross, shar - ing in the bless - ing—
all the way! Free - ly He for - gives all our past be - hav - ior—
all the way! Watch and wait and pray, Look-ing un - to Je - sus—

CHORUS.



It is glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry! Glo - ry!
Glo - ry all the way, yes, glo - ry all the way!



It is glo - ry all the way! . . . . . Glo - ry!
It is glo - ry, glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry all the way, yes,

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Glory All the Way.

Glo - - - ry! It is glo - ry all the way! . . . . .
glo - ry all the way, It is glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry all the way!

159 The Debt Unknown.

ROBERT MCCHEYNE. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When this pass - ing world is done, When has sunk yon glow - ing sun,
2. When I stand be - fore the throne, Dressed in beau - ty not my own,
3. When I hear the wick - ed call On the rocks and hills to fall,
4. When the praise of heav'n I hear, Loud as thun - der to the ear,

When we stand with Christ in glo - ry, Look - ing o'er life's fin - ished sto - ry,
When I see Thee as Thou art, Love Thee with un - sin - ning heart,
When I see them start and shrink On the fier - y del - uge brink,
Loud as ma - ny wa - ters' noise, Sweet as harps' me - lo - dious voice,

CHORUS.
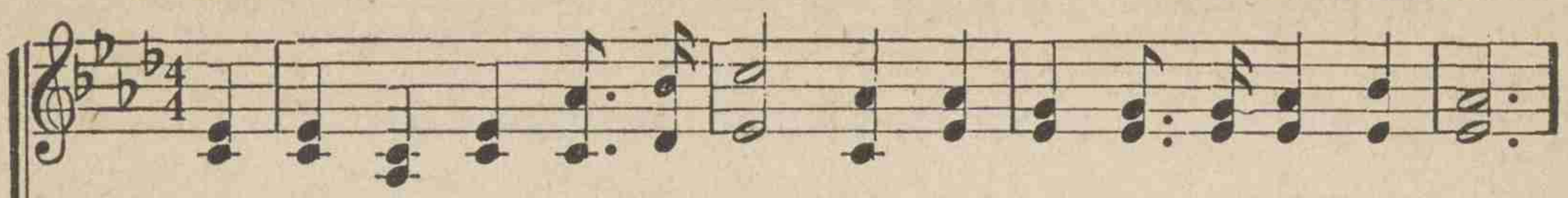
Then, dear Lord, shall I ful - ly know, Not till then, how much I owe;

Then, dear Lord, shall I ful - ly know, Not till then, how much I owe!
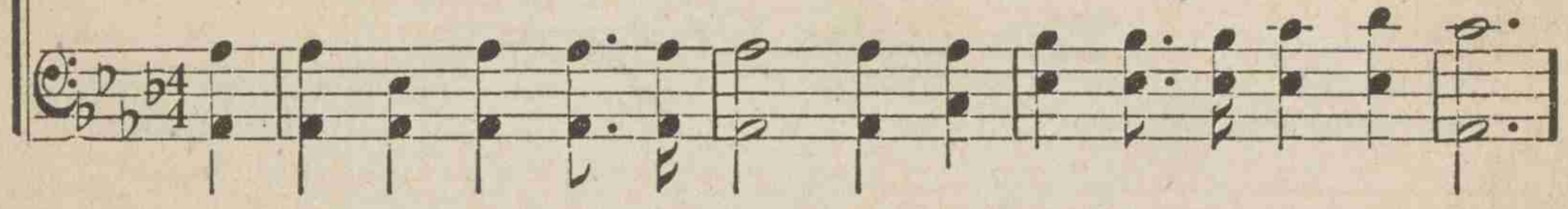
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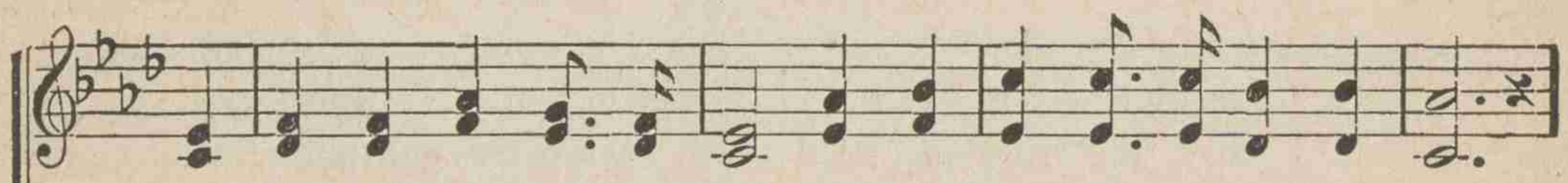
160 My Saviour's Love.

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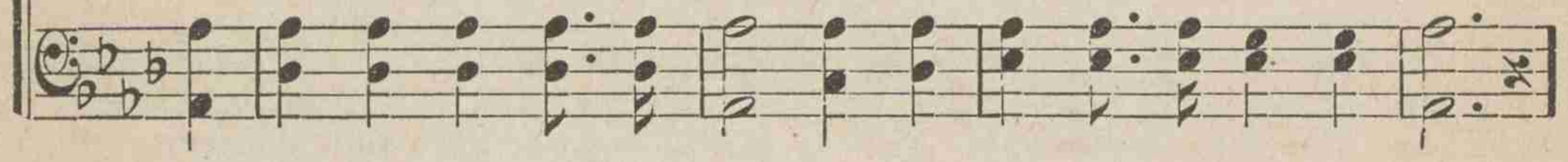


1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He pray'd–"Not my will, but Thine";
3. In pit-y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ran-somed in glo-ry His face I at last shall see,
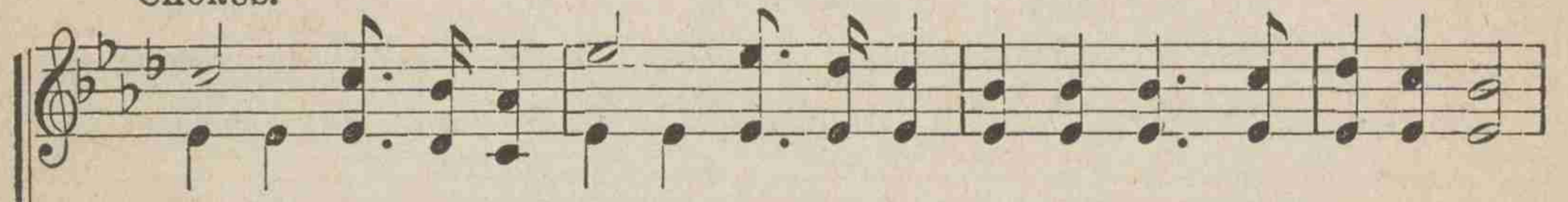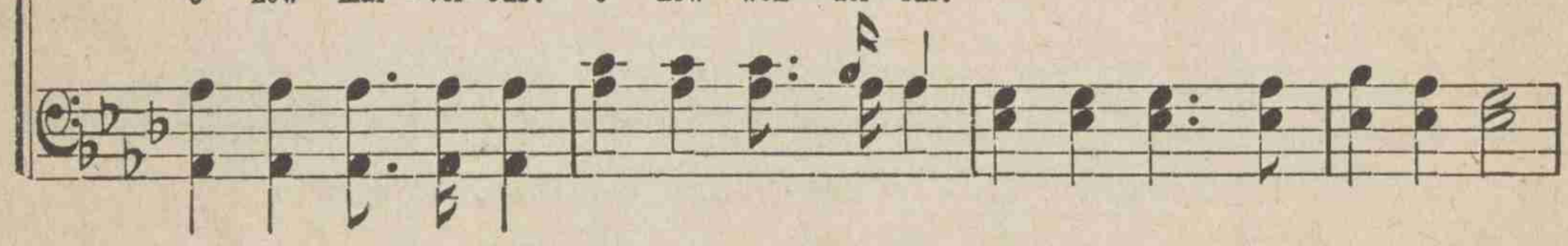




And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemn'd, un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort Him in the sor-rows He bore for my soul that night.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a-ges To sing of His love for me.



CHORUS.



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:
O how mar-vel-ous! O how won-der-ful!



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-iour's love for me!
O how mar-vel-ous! O how won-der-ful

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161 Step by Step.

JENNIE WILSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I need not ask what time will bring While to my Sav - iour's
2. I need not fear tho' dark the way, For Je - sus close to
3. Oft on my path falls gold - en light, And bloom - ing flow - ers
4. I shall not have to go a - lone From earth in - to the

hand I cling; A song of trust my soul can sing, For
me doth stay; Un - til the dawn of per - fect day Still
greet my sight; My Sav - iour's love makes all scenes bright, And
realms un - known; My Lord doth ne'er for - sake His own, And
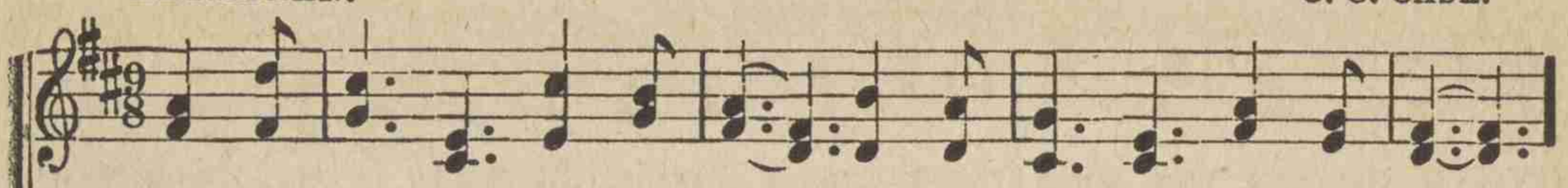
CHORUS.

step by step He will lead me. Step by step to the
glo - ry land, My Sav - iour guides with a lov - ing hand; I
go to dwell with the bloodwash'd band, And step by step He will lead me.
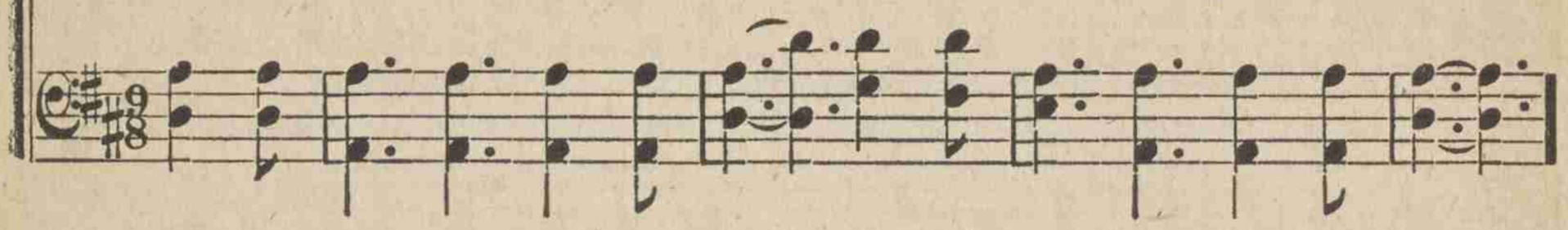
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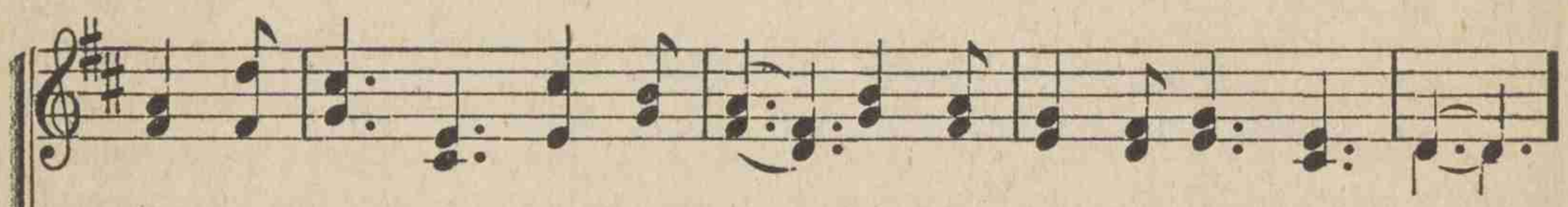
162 Why Not Now?

EL NATHAN. C. C. CASE.
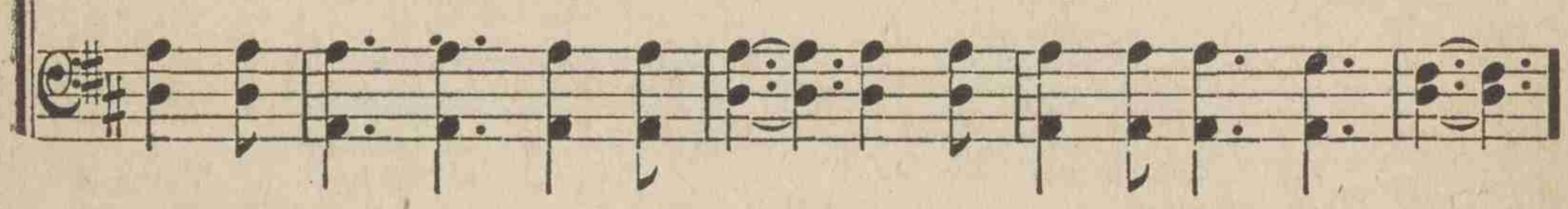


1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way: Do not risk an - oth - er day,
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes-sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;

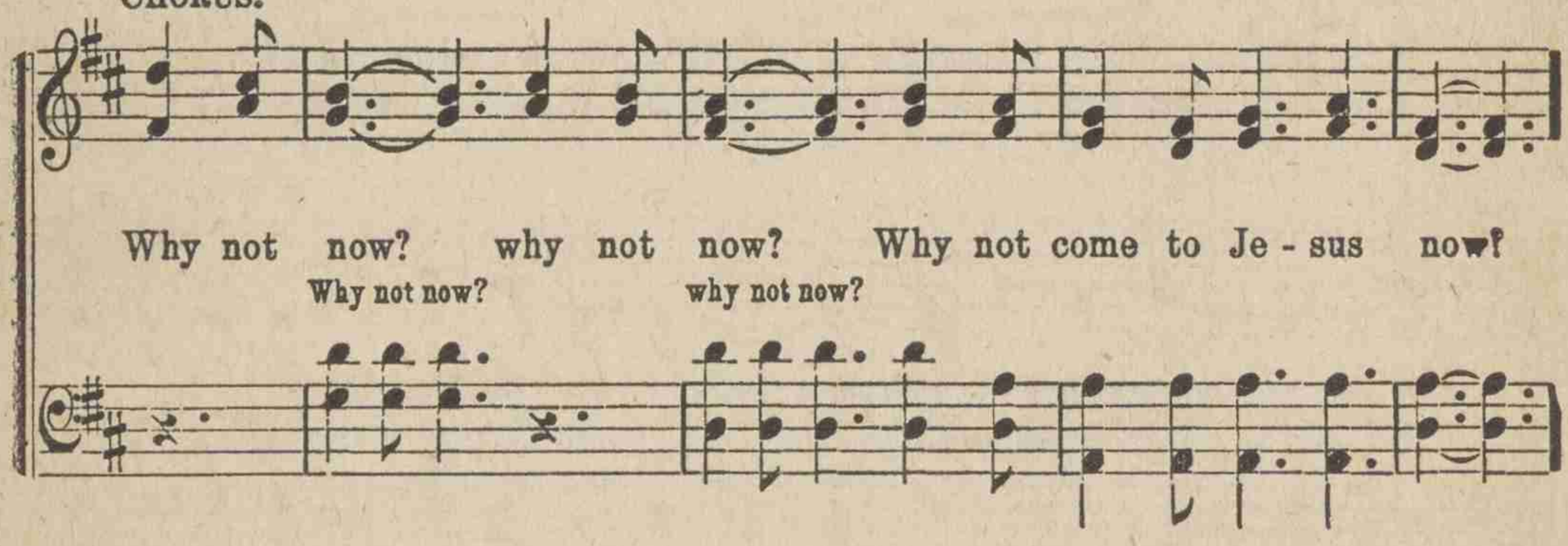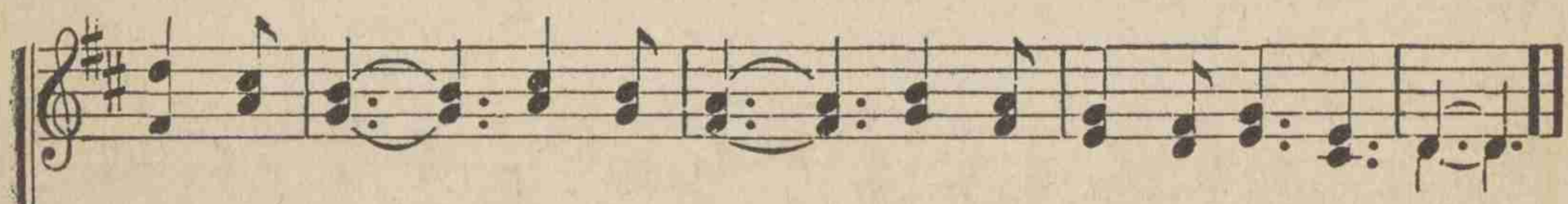




While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



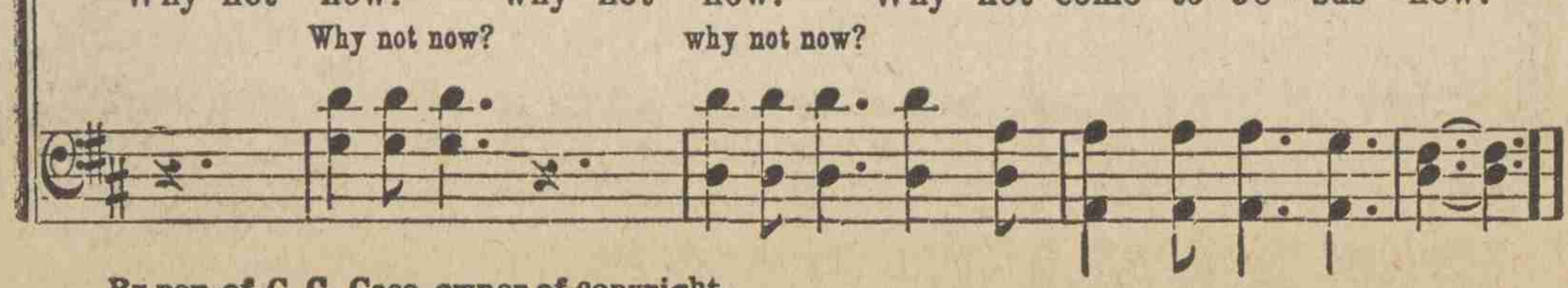
CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



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163 O Blessed Day!

J. BURTIS WHITE. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O bless-ed day, when from the tomb The Son of man in tri - umph rose!
2. O bless-ed day, when on the way With His dis - ci - ples Je - sus walked!
3. O bless-ed day, in Beth - a - ny, When Christ as-cend - ed to His home!
4. Thrice blessed day, when Je - sus comes To take His ran-som'd chil - dren home;

Where darkness reign'd now shines the light Of hope e - ter - nal, pure and bright.
Their sad-dened hearts with-in them burned As to the Scriptures Je - sus turned.
Re - demp-tion's won-drous work is done, And lo, the Com-fort - er has come!
Ye saints of God, a - rise and sing Ho-san - nas to your Sav - iour King!

CHORUS.

O bless - ed day, when I shall see The ris - en
O bless-ed day, when I shall see

Christ, who died for me, And on that bright
The risen Christ, who died for me, And on that bright

and peaceful shore Rest in His love for - ev - er - more!
that peace-ful shore

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164 The Cleansing Blood.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLER. OSCAR A. MILLER.

1. When they cru - ci - fied my Sav - iour On the cross of Cal - va - ry,
2. Now I plead the blood of Je - sus, And He's with me all the way;
3. He will robe me with white rai-ment When my pil - grim-age is past,

There a bless-ed fount was o-pened For my cleansing, full and free, And my
I am hap - py and re - joic - ing In His fa - vor ev - 'ry day; In the
And pre - sent me pure and spot-less With the sanc - ti - fied at last; I will

sins were all for - giv - en Just by faith in His shed blood—They are wash'd away for-
bur - den and the tri - al There is none so kind as He; My Re - deemer is my
sing His praise and glo - ry Un - to all e - ter - ni - ty, Tell-ing ev - ermore the

CHORUS.

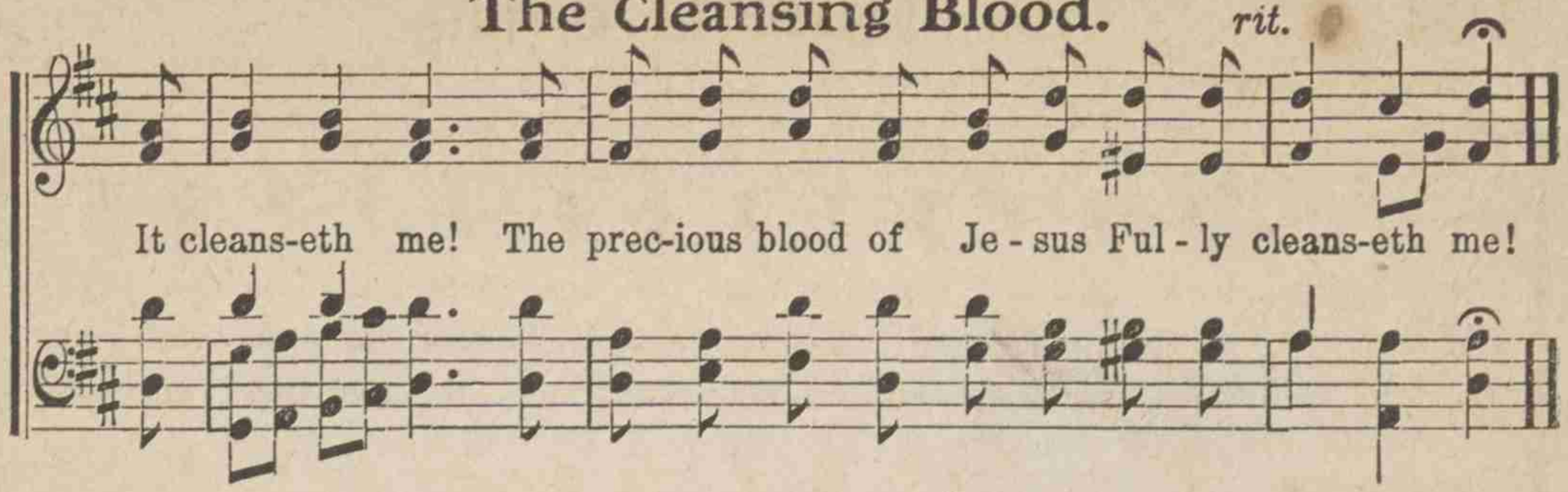
ev - er By the crim - son flood! It cleanseth me! It cleanseth me! The
kinsman, And His blood saves me!
sto - ry How His blood saved me.

O yes,

precious blood of Je - sus Ful-ly cleans-eth me! It cleanseth me!
Yes, the precious blood of Je - sus ful-ly cleans - eth, cleans-eth me!

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The Cleansing Blood.



165 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. FREDERICK C. MAKER.

166 Beneath His Wings.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. Psalm 91. IRA B. WILSON.

1. There is a safe and se - cret place Be - neath the wings di - vine,
2. The least and fee - blest there may bide, Un - in-jured and un-awed;
3. He feeds in pas - tures large and fair, Of love and truth di - vine;
4. A hand al - might - y to de - fend, An ear for ev - 'ry call,

Re-served for all the heirs of grace; O be that re - fuge mine!
While thousands fall on ev - 'ry side, He rests se-cure in God.
O child of God, O glo - ry's heir, How rich a lot is thine!
An hon - ored life, a peace - ful end, And heav'n to crown it all!

CHORUS.

He that dwell - eth in the se-cret place, In the secret place of the Most
He that dwell - eth in the secret place,

High, Shall a - bide in the shadow, In the shadow of His wings.
Most High, Shall a - bide

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167 Will There Be Any Stars?

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

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. O what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-iour I stand,
win-ner of souls, That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day
feet to lay down! It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,

CHORUS.

Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y
Should there be an-y stars in my crown.

stars in my crown, When at ev'ning the sun goeth down? . . . When I wake with the
goeth down?

blest in the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . . .
an-y stars in my crown?

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168 Trust the Saviour!

JAMES ROWE. J. E. DELMARTER.

1. Trust the Sav - iour with your sor - row, Break - ing heart; Strength and comfort
2. Let the lov - ing Sav - iour guide you, Soul a - stray; He will walk a-
3. Let the dear Re-deem - er heal you, Wound-ed soul; He a - lone can

for the mor - row He'll im - part; None so will - ing - ly will share it,
long be - side you All the way; And if foes should o - ver - take you,
tru - ly seal you, Make you whole; For to Him a - lone is giv - en

None so glad - ly help to bear it; Trust the Sav - iour with your
He vic - to - ri - ous will make you; Let the lov - ing Sav - iour
Pow'r to heal the spir - it riv - en; Let the dear Re - deem - er

CHORUS.

sor - row, Break-ing heart!
guide you, Soul a - stray! Trust the Sav-iour, ful - ly trust Him; He will
heal you, Wounded soul!

prove a Friend in - deed; You no oth - er friend will find Half as

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Trust the Saviour!

faith-ful, true and kind; O the Sav-iour is the Friend you need!

169 The Lord's my Shepherd.

Psalm 23. D. B. TOWNER.

1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain, And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill;
4. A ta-ble Thou hast fur-nished me In pres-ence of my foes;

In past-ures green; He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
With-in the paths of righteousness, E'en for His own name's sake.
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.
My head Thou dost with oil a-noint, And my cup o-ver-flows.

CHORUS.

Good-ness and mer-cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol-low me;
Good-ness and mer-cy Shall fol-low me;
And in God's house for-ev-er-more My dwell-ing-place shall be.
And in God's house . . .

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170 Hark to the Sound of Voices!

COLIN STERNE. H. ERNEST NICHOL, arr.

1. Hark to the sound of voic - es! Hark to the tramp of feet!
2. Out of the mist of er - ror, Out of the realms of night,
3. On then, ye gal-lant sol - diers, On to your home a - bove!

1. Hark, hark to the sound of voic - es! Hark, hark to the tramp of feet!
2. Out, out of the mist of er - ror, Out, out of the realms of night,
3. On, on then, ye gal-lant sol - diers, On, on to your home a-bove!

Is it a might - y ar - my Tread-ing the bus - y street?
Out of the pride of learn - ing, Seek - ing the home of light;
Yours is the truth and glo - ry, Yours is the pow'r and love;

Is it a might - y, might-y ar - my Tread - ing the bus - y street?
Out of the pride, the pride of learn-ing, Seek - ing the home of light;
Yours is the truth, the truth and glo - ry, Yours is the pow'r and love;

Near - er it comes and near - er, Sing - ing a glad re - frain;
Out of the strife for pow - er, Out of the greed of gold,
Here are ye trained for he - roes, Yon - der ye serve the King;
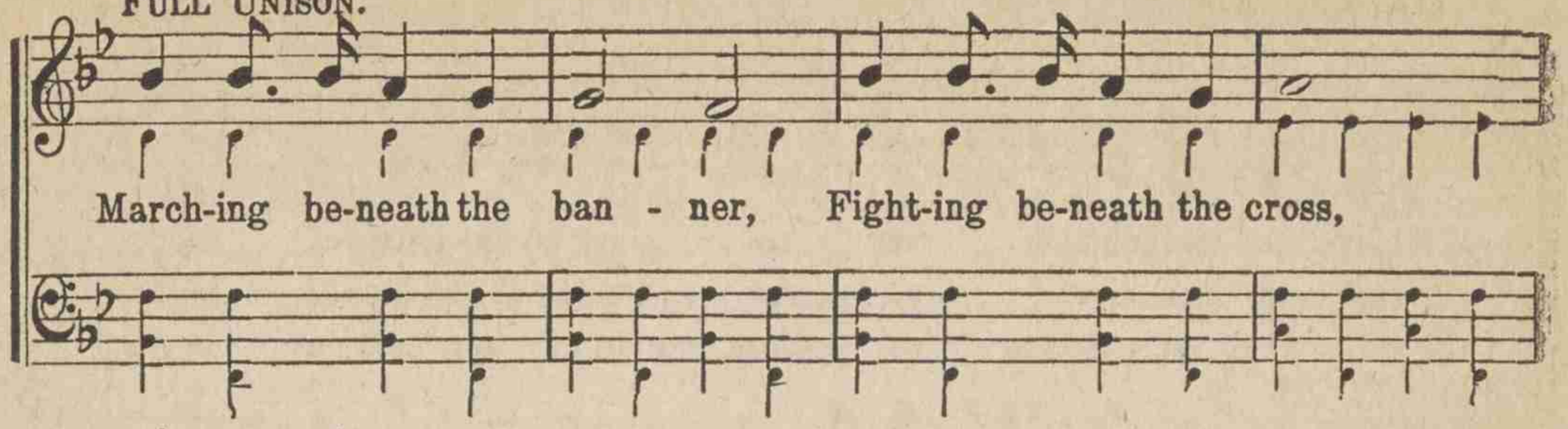
a glad re - frain;
the greed of gold,
ye serve the King;
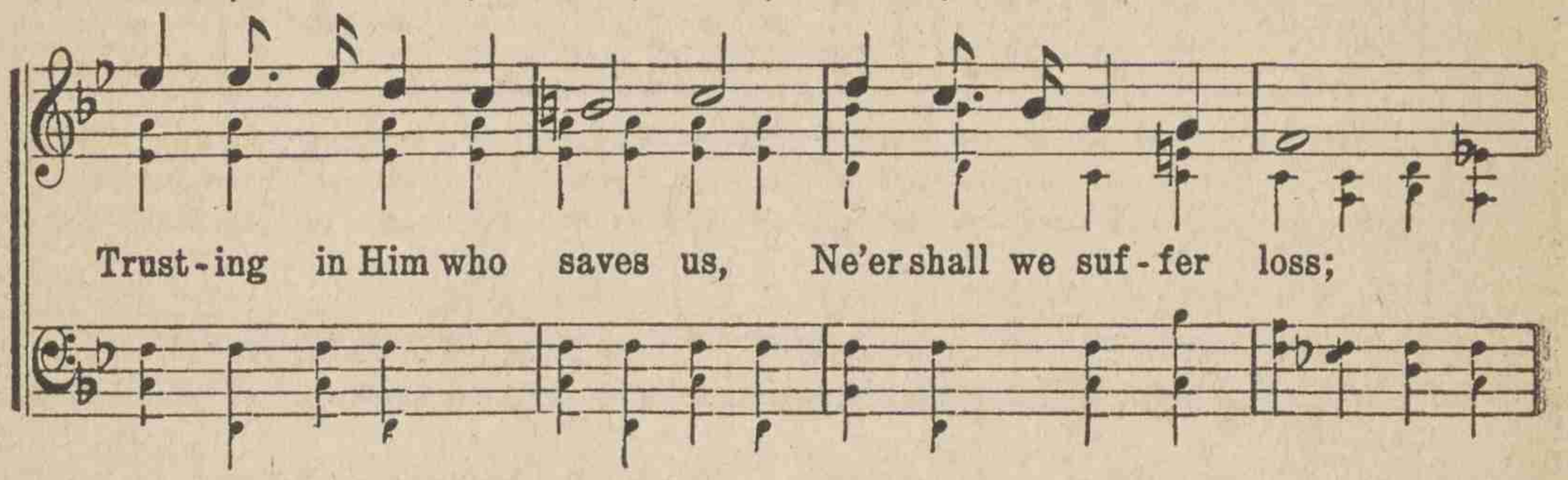
List what they say as they haste a - way, To the sound of the mar-tial strain:—
Onward they roam to their heav'nly home, And the treasure that grows not old.
March to the light 'neath the banner white, With the song that ye have to sing.
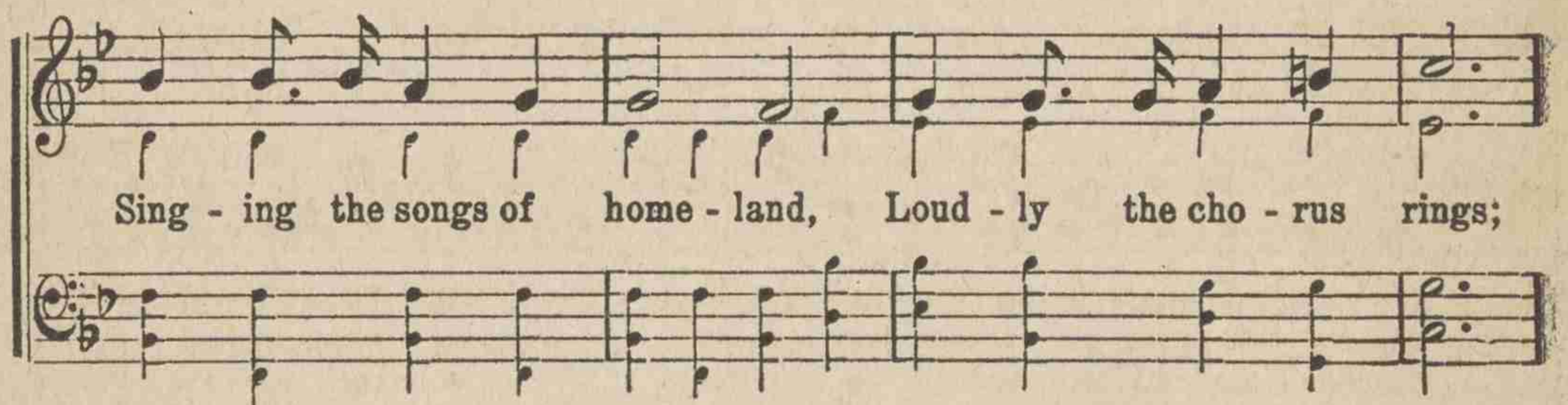
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Hark to the Sound of Voices!
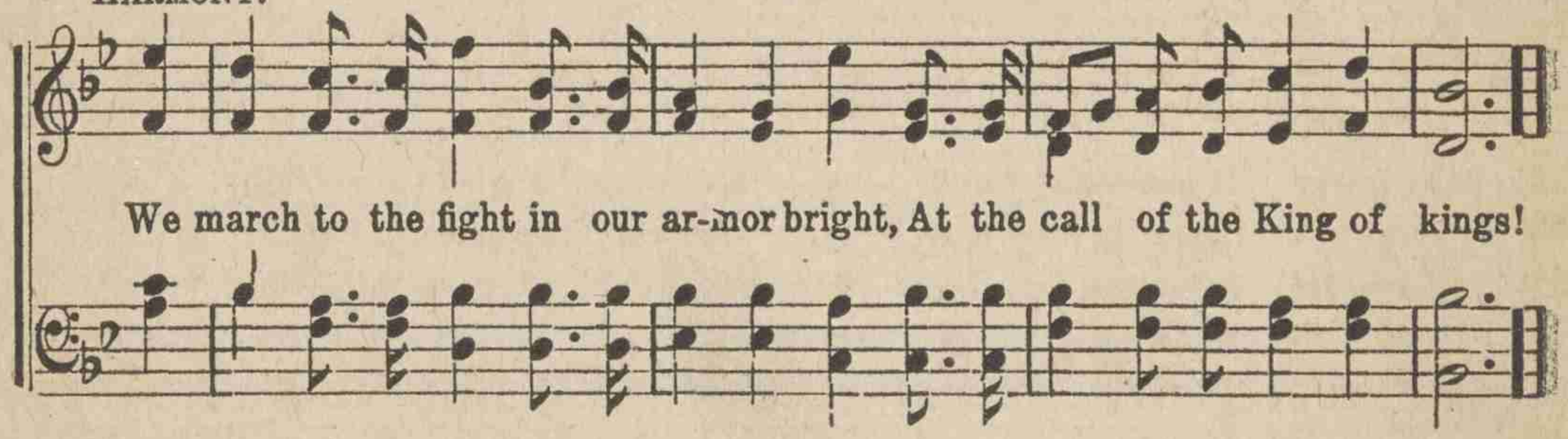
FULL UNISON.





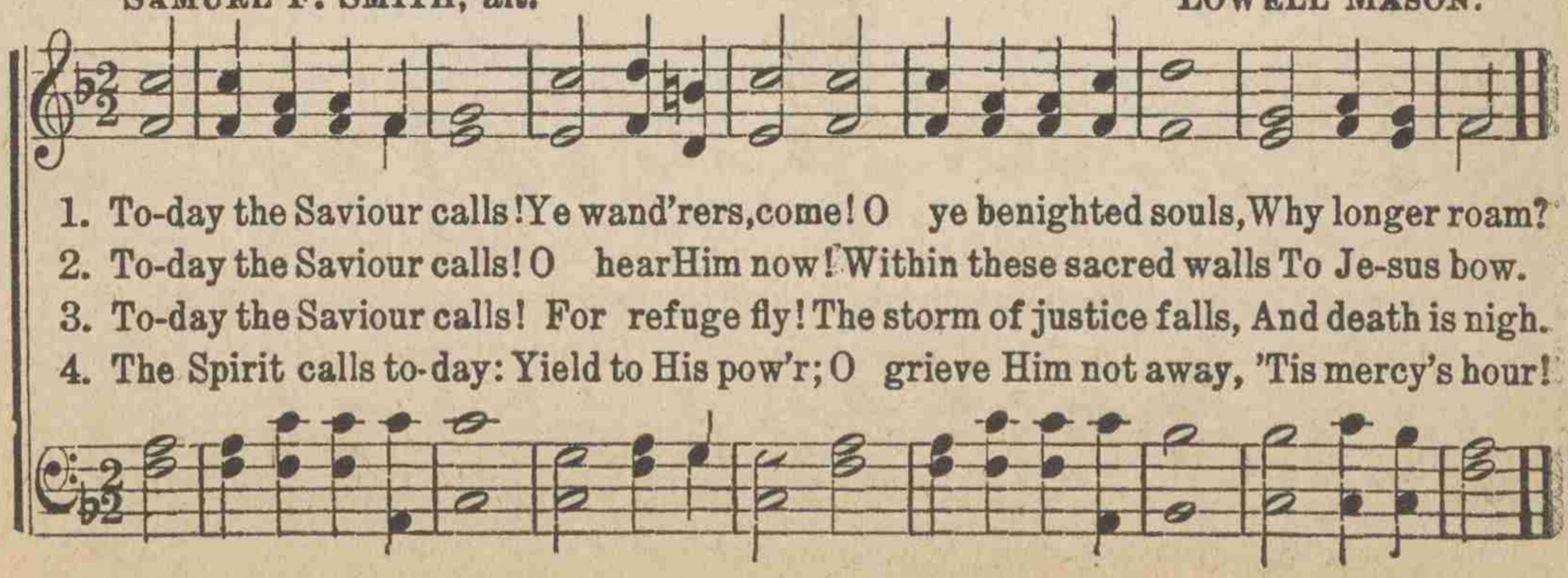


HARMONY.



171 To-day!

SAMUEL F. SMITH, alt. LOWELL MASON.



172 Take Your Brother by the Hand.

HARRIET FITHIAN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. All a - round you men are dy - ing, while the pre - cious mo-ments fly;
2. There's a broth - er close be-side you, tempt-ed, wea - ry, sore - dis-tressed;
3. Show the love of Christ, the Sav-iour, when He died up - on the tree,—

You will meet them when God calls you to His judg-ment by and by;
There are man - y all a-round you vain - ly seek - ing peace and rest;
Died for sin - ners lost and hope-less, dir - est need their on - ly plea;

Are you reach-ing out to help them with a broth-er's hand of love?
See the im - age of the Mas - ter in each dark and troub-led face;
With one hand held fast by Je - sus, with the oth - er reach-ing down,
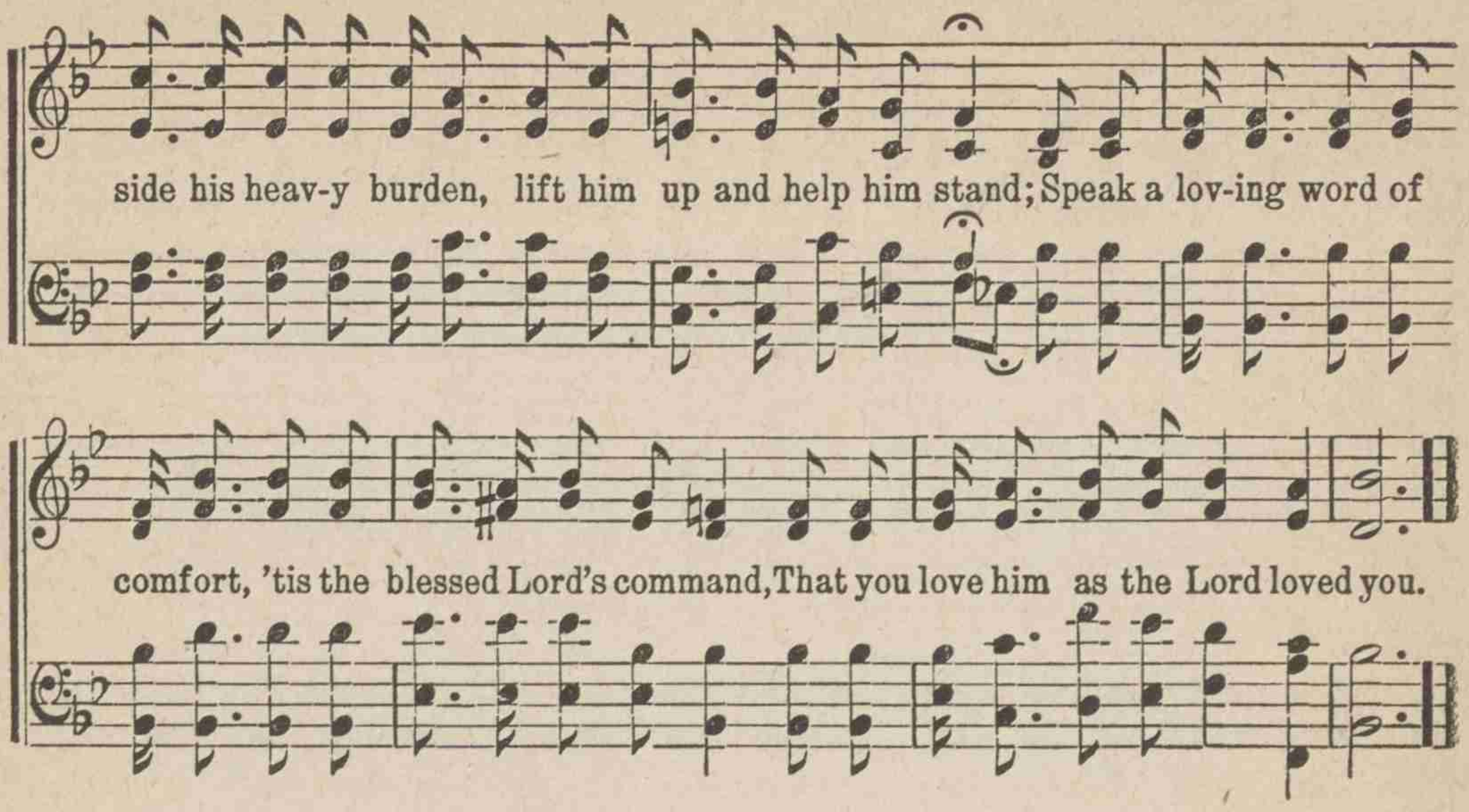
Are you striv - ing now to lead them to the bless - ed home a - bove?
Point the way to joy e - ter - nal thro' the Lord's a - bound - ing grace.
You can save your fall - en broth-er, help him win the vic - tor's crown.

CHORUS.

Do not stand a - loof in pit - y; take your brother by the hand, Roll a-
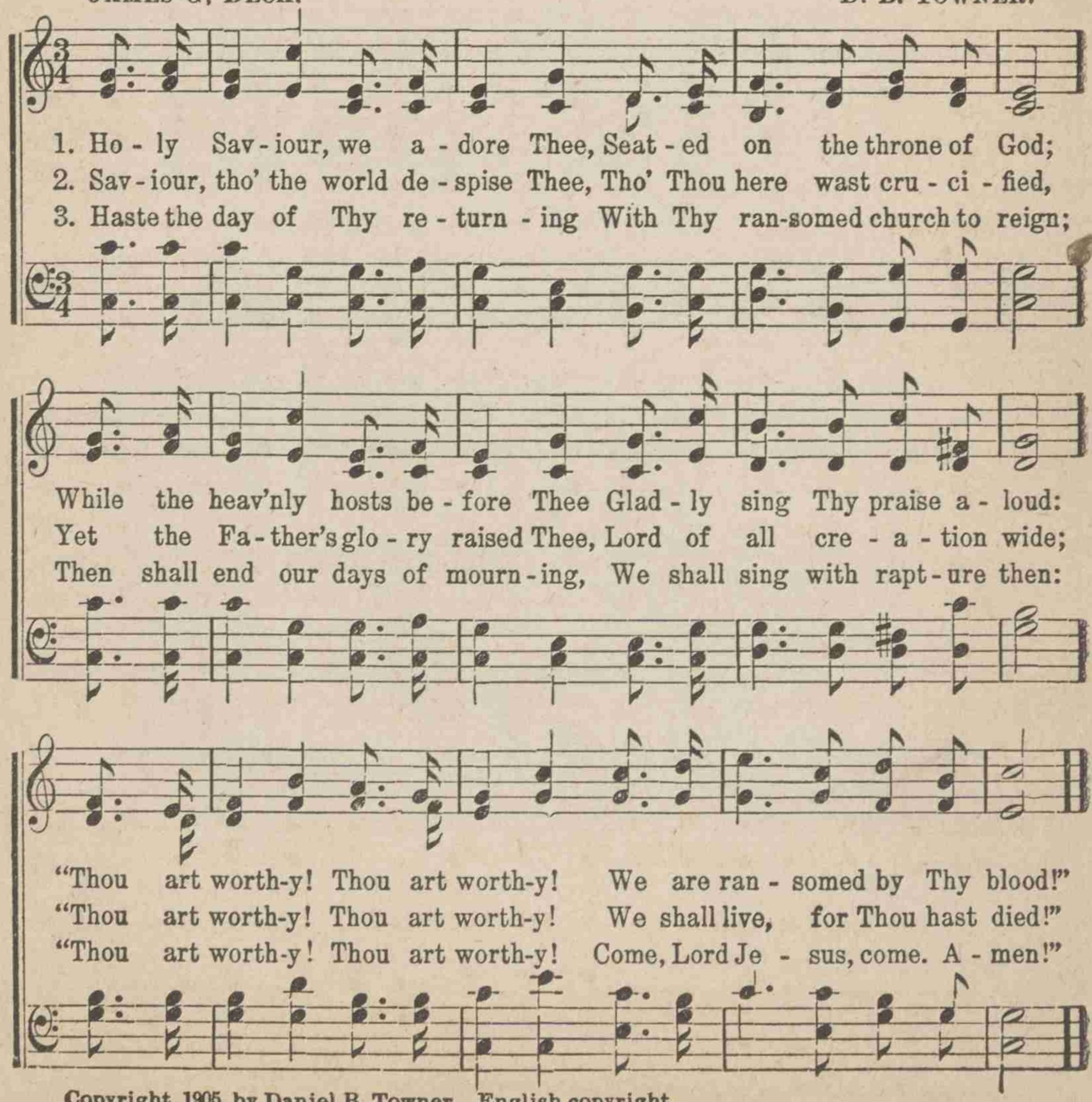
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Take Your Brother by the Hand.



173 Thou Art Worthy.

JAMES G. DECK. D. B. TOWNER.



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174 Nor Silver Nor Gold.

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, No rich - es of earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross
2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The guilt on my conscience too heav - y had grown; The blood of the cross
3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The ho - ly com-mand-ment for - bade me draw near; The blood of the cross
4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath ob - tained my re-demp-tion, The way in - to heav - en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross

is my on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - iour now
is my on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - iour could
is my on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - iour re-
is my on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - iour re-

CHORUS.

mak - eth me whole. I am re - deemed, . . . but not with
on - ly a - tone.
mov - eth my fear.
demp - tion hath wrought. I am redeemed, I am re-

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Nor Silver Nor Gold!

sil - ver, I am bought, . . . but not with
deemed, but not with sil - ver, I am bought, I am

gold; Bought with a price—. . . . . the blood of
bought, but not with gold; Bought with a price— the

Je - sus, Pre - cious price of love un - told!
pre - cious blood of Je - sus,

175 Softly Now the Light of Day.

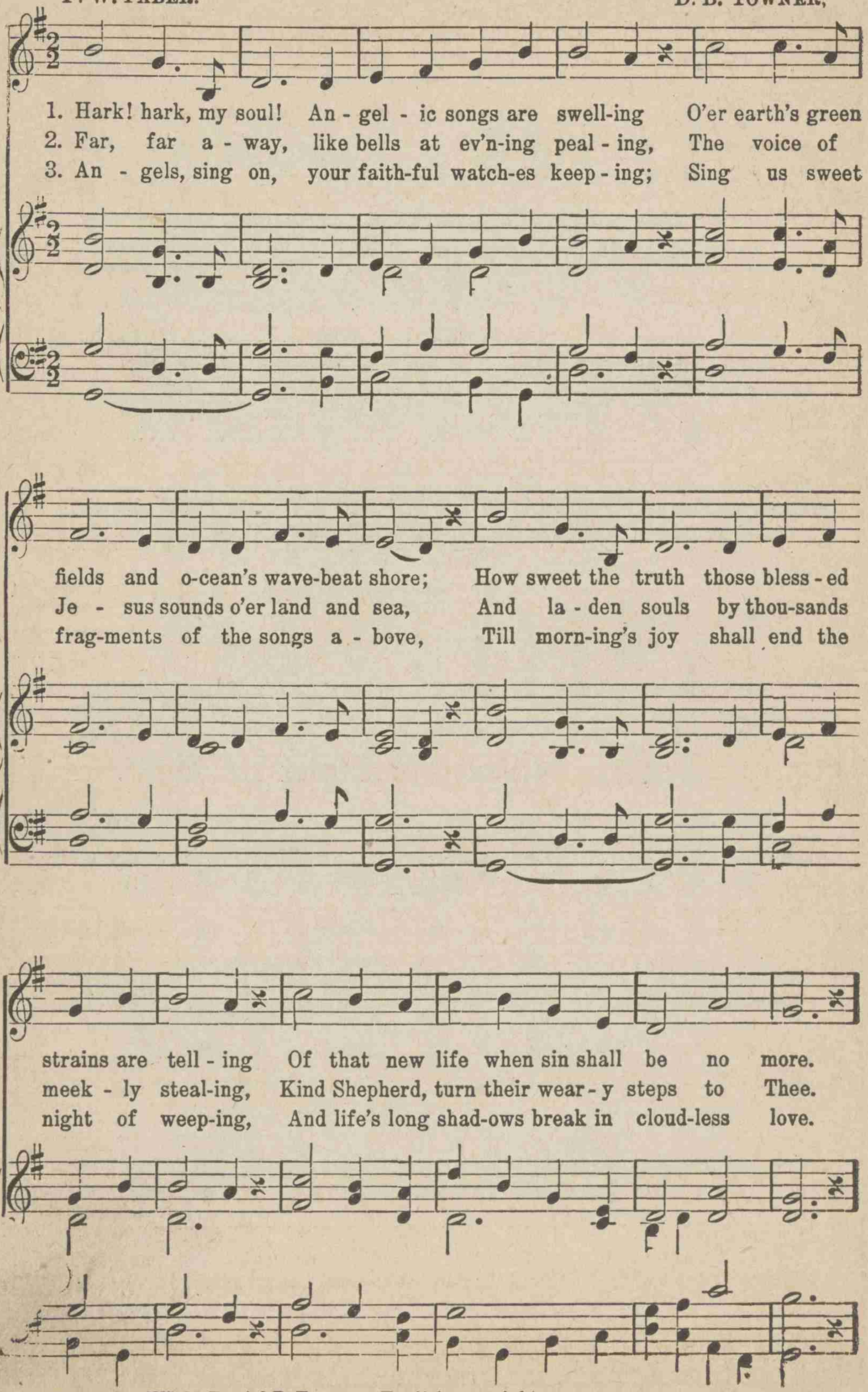
GEO. W. DOANE. CARL M. VON WEBER.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Thou whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es-capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com-mune with Thee!
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin!
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee!

176 Hark! Hark, My Soul!

F. W. FABER. D. B. TOWNER,



1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green
2. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev'n-ing peal - ing, The voice of
3. An - gels, sing on, your faith-ful watch-es keep - ing; Sing us sweet

fields and o-cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thou-sands
frag-ments of the songs a - bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall end the

strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
meek - ly steal-ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wear - y steps to Thee.
night of weep-ing, And life's long shad-ows break in cloud-less love.

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Hark! Hark, My Soul!

Solo.

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the

Ladies' Voices. 1st and 2nd Soprano.

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the

1st and 2nd Alto.

Men's Voices.

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the

ad lib. . . . . . .

pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

177 Blessed Assurance.

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

1. Bless- ed as - sur- ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of
2. Per- fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap- ture now
3. Per- fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight! An - gels, de- scend- ing, bring from a - bove
hap - py and blest, Watch- ing and wait - ing, look- ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
Fill'd with His good- ness, lost in His love.
} This is my sto - ry,

this is my song, Praising my Sav- iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long!

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178 I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE R. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No tender voice like
2. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their
3. I need Thee ev'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev'ry hour; Teach me Thy will, And Thy rich promis-
5. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain.
es In me ful - fill.
deed, Thou bless- ed Son!

I need Thee, O I need thee! Ev-'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee!

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179 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der- er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un- to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waking tho' ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs
5. Or if on joy- ful wing Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

D.S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

FINE.

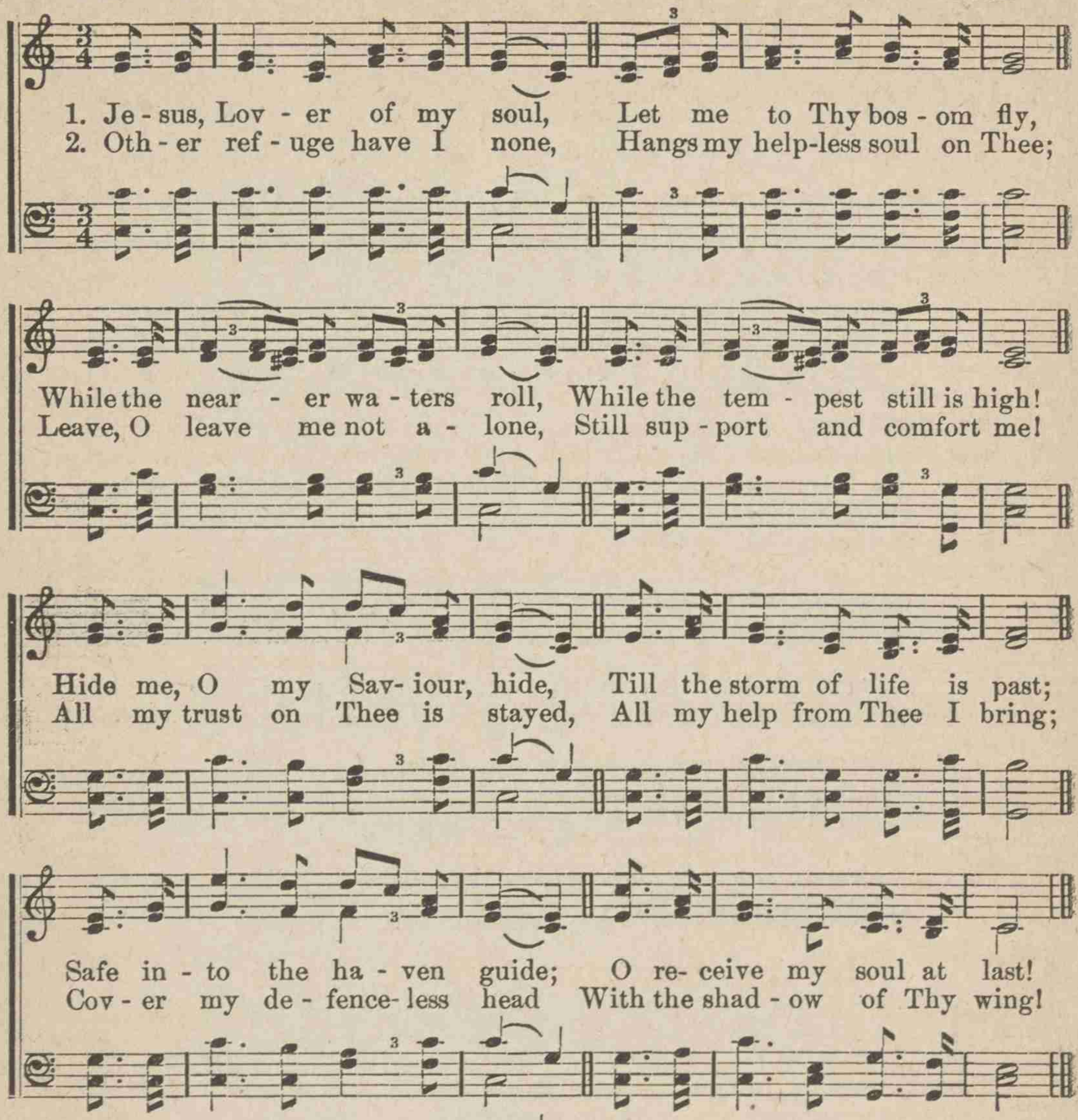
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,
In mer- cy giv'n; An- gels to beck-on me Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee.

D.S.

180 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHAS. WESLEY. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.
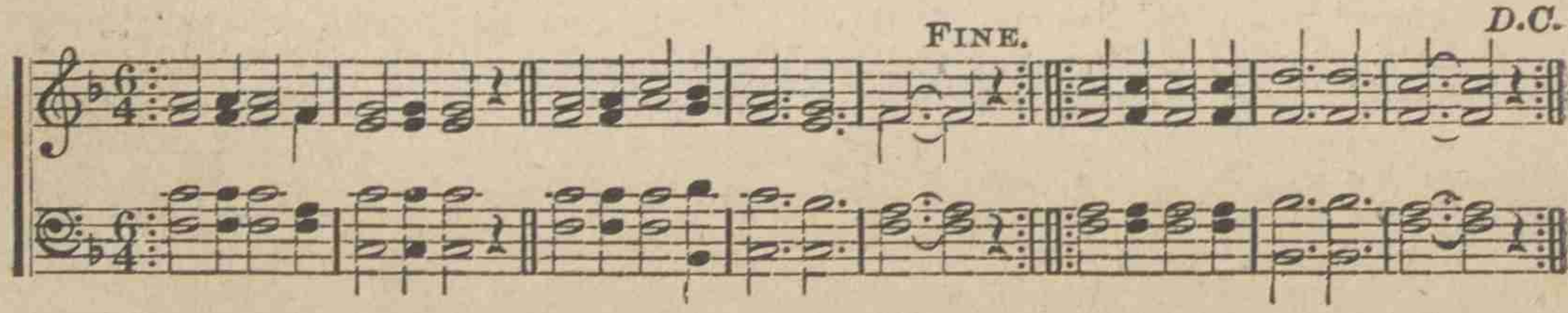


3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find!
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

181 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

(MARTYN.)

S. B. MARSH.



182 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In mansions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."
crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."

By permission.

183 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me!

Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

Fine.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea!
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

D.C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
D.C.—Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee!"

D.C.

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them: "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

184 Ariel.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. Ad. LOWELL MASON.

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. I'd sing the char-ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Well, the de - light-ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,

Which in my Sav-iour shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And
Of sin and wrath di- vine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In
Ex - alt - ed on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweet-est praise I
And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A

vie with Gabriel while he sings, In notes almost di-vine, In notes almost di-vine!
which all-perfect heav'nly dress My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ever shine.
would to ev - er-lasting days Make all His glories shine, Make all His glories known.
blest e - ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

185 Azmon.

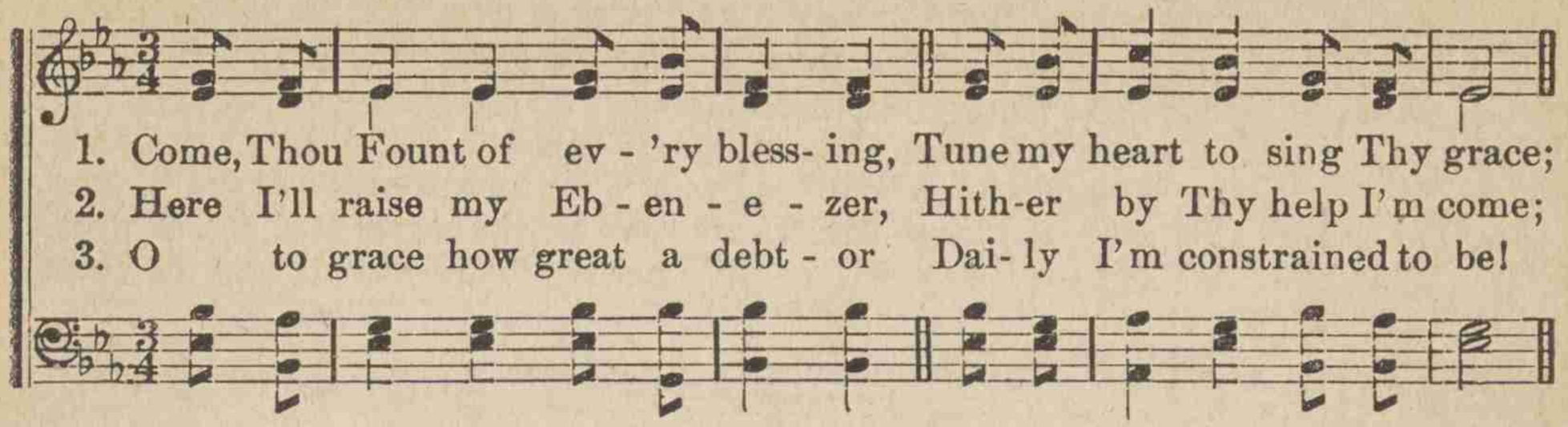
WILLIAM H. BATHURST. CARL GLASER.

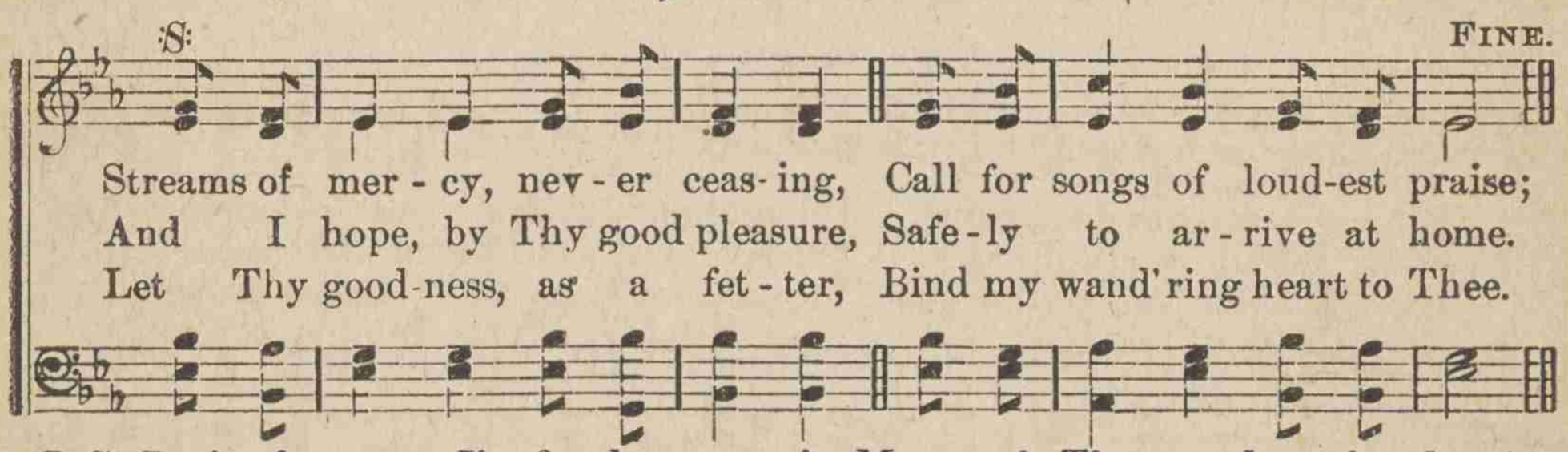
1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by ev - 'ry foe;
2. That will not mur - mur or com-plain Be-neath the chastening rod,
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage with- out;
4. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, what-e'er may come,

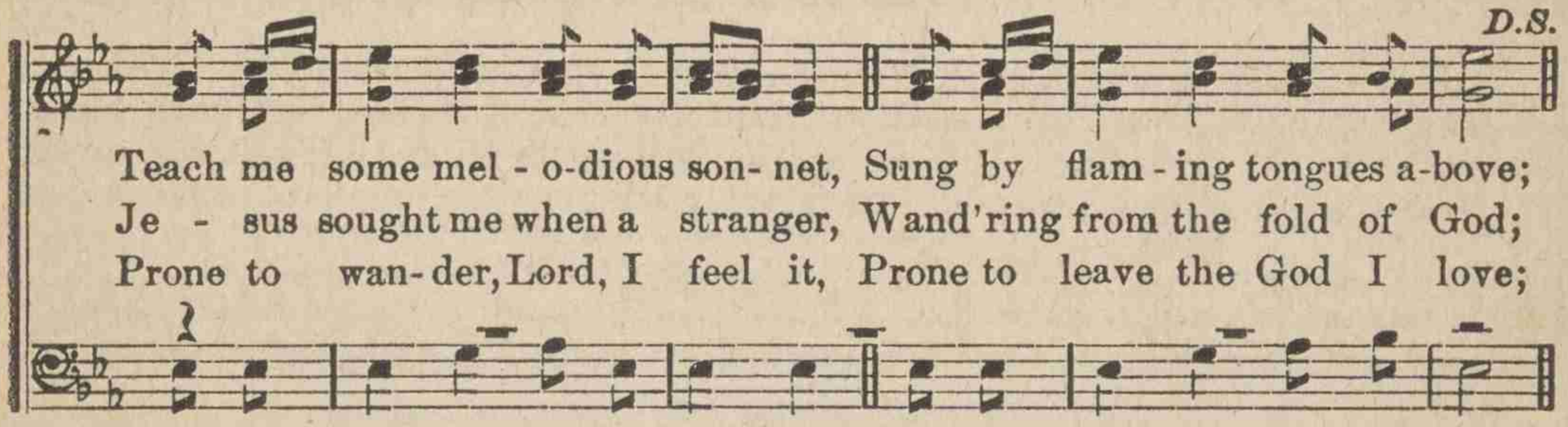
That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe!
But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God.
That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt.
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home!

186 Come, Thou Fount.

R. ROBINSON. J. J. ROSSEAU.

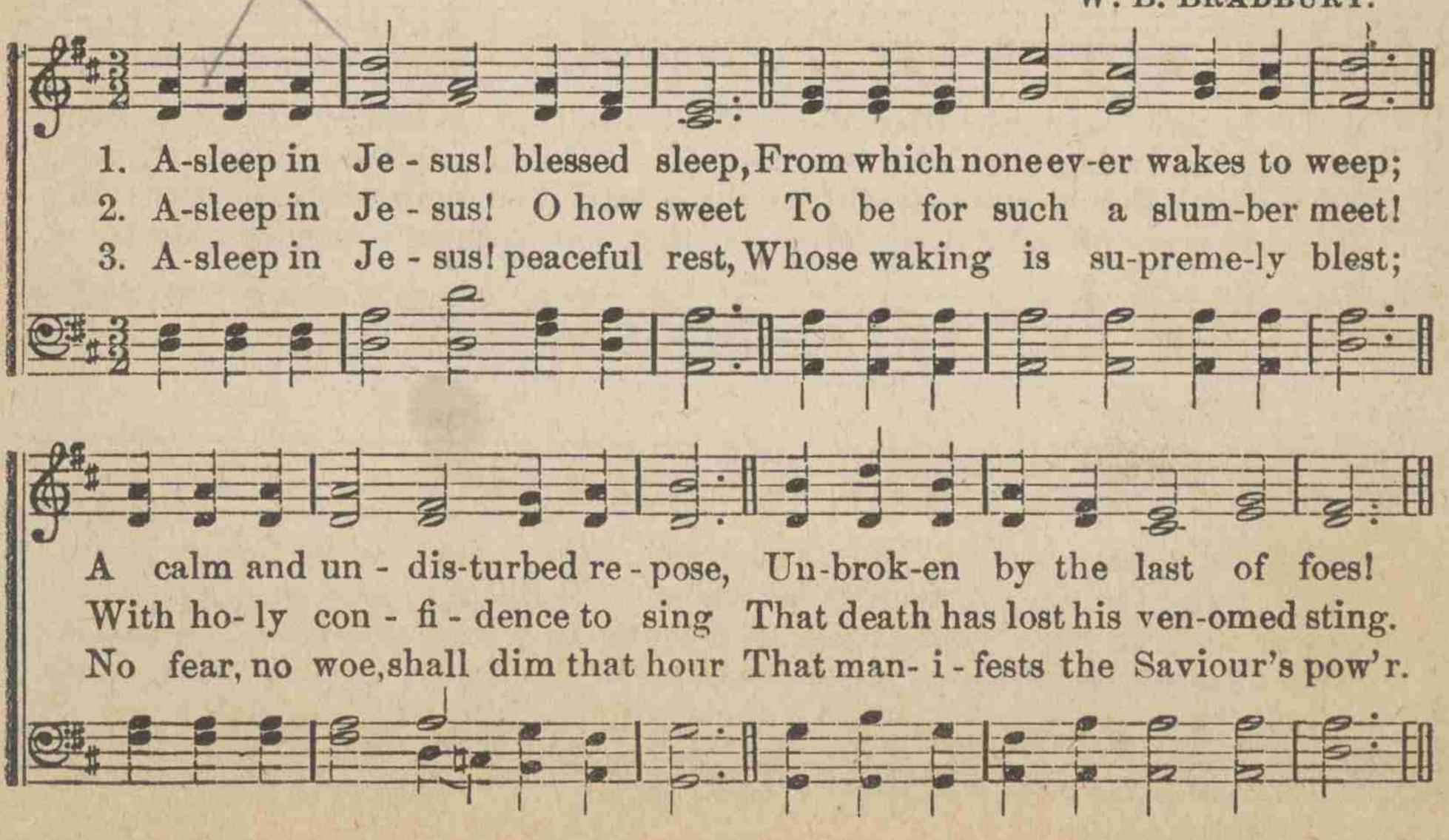






187 Asleep in Jesus.

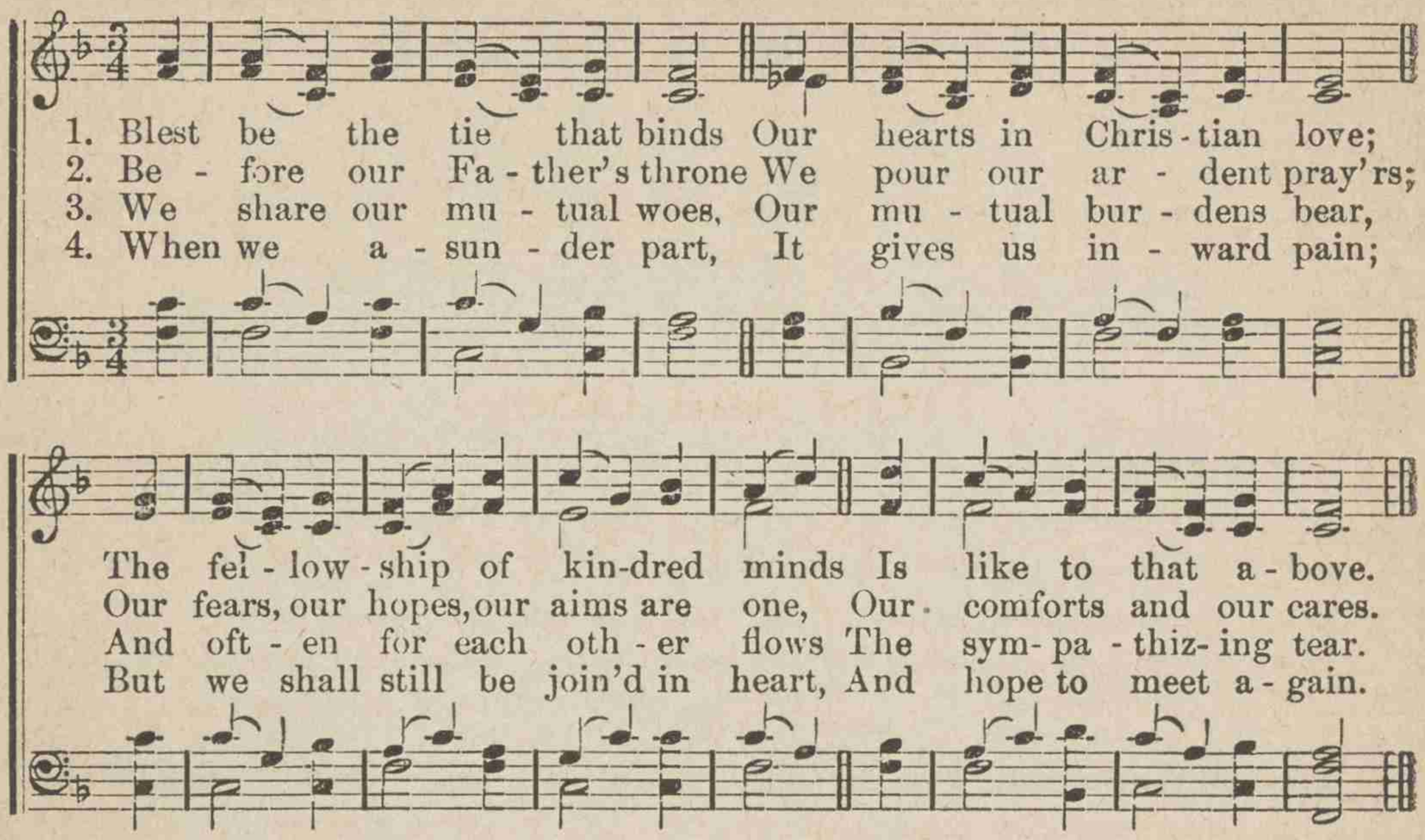
W. B. BRADBURY.



188 Blest Be the Tie that Binds.

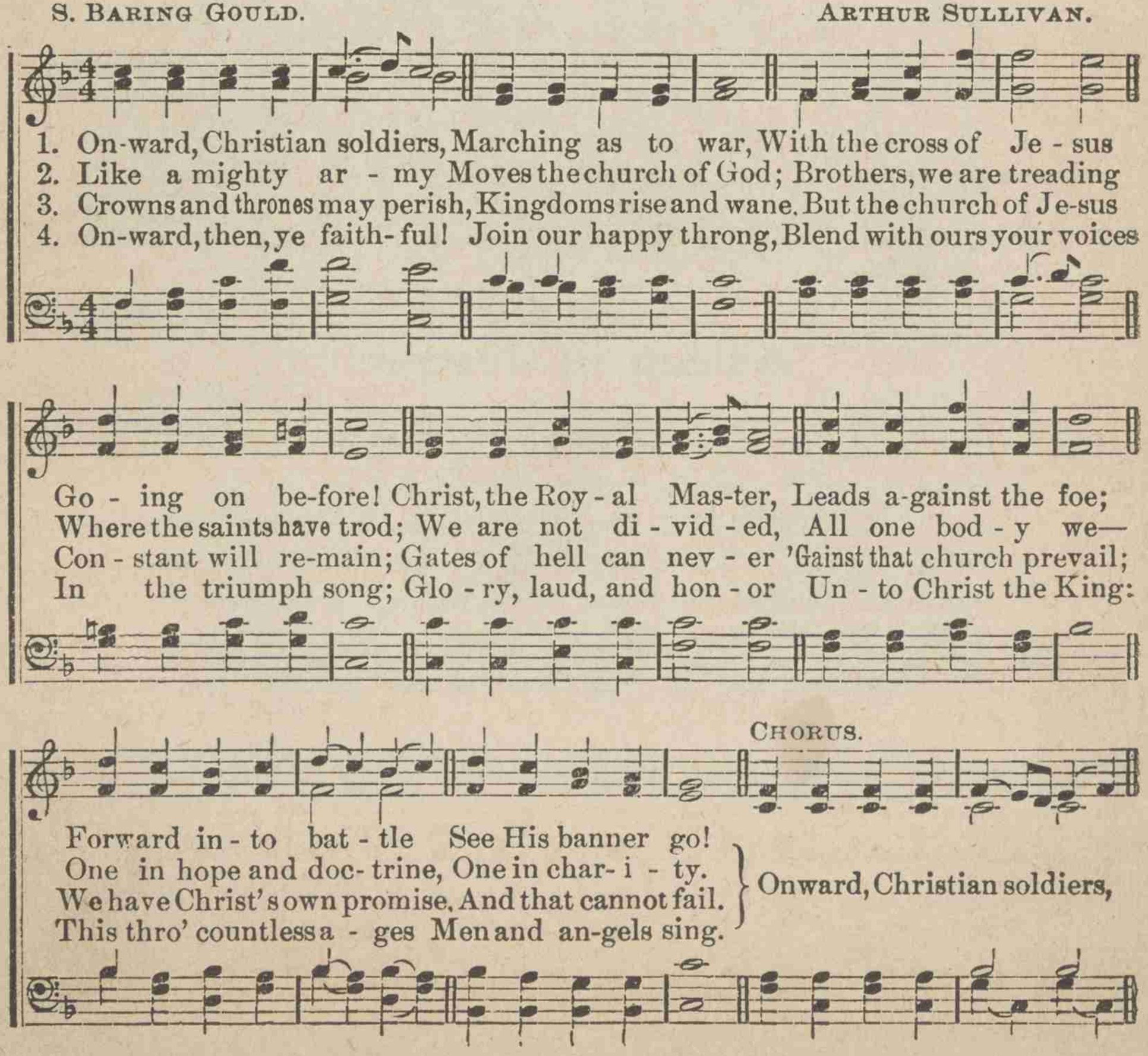
(DENNIS. S. M.)

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.

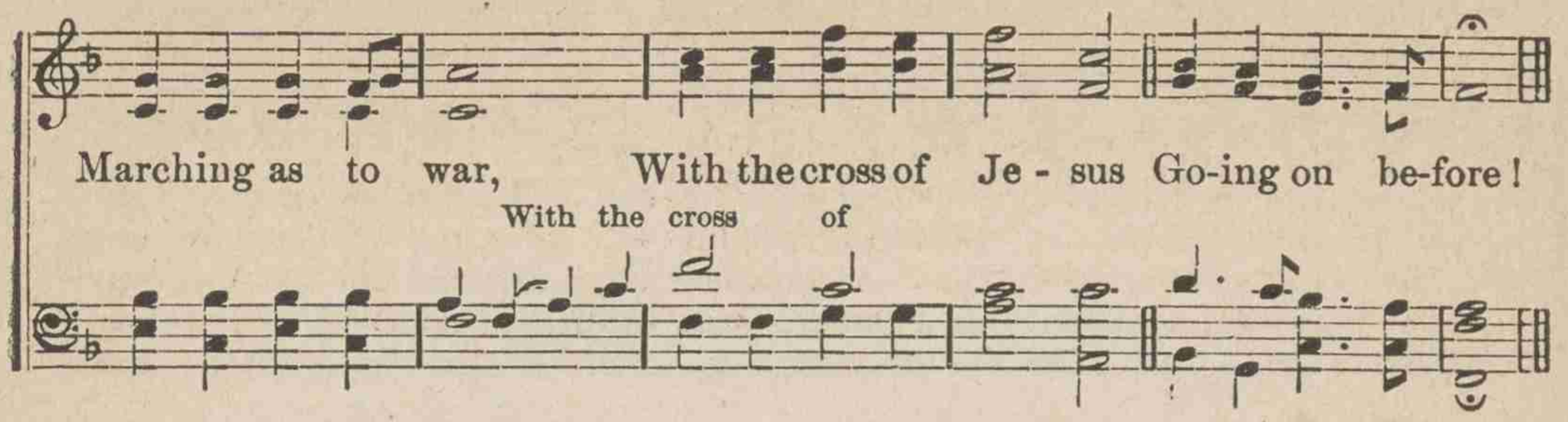


189 Onward, Christian Soldiers!

S. BARING GOULD. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

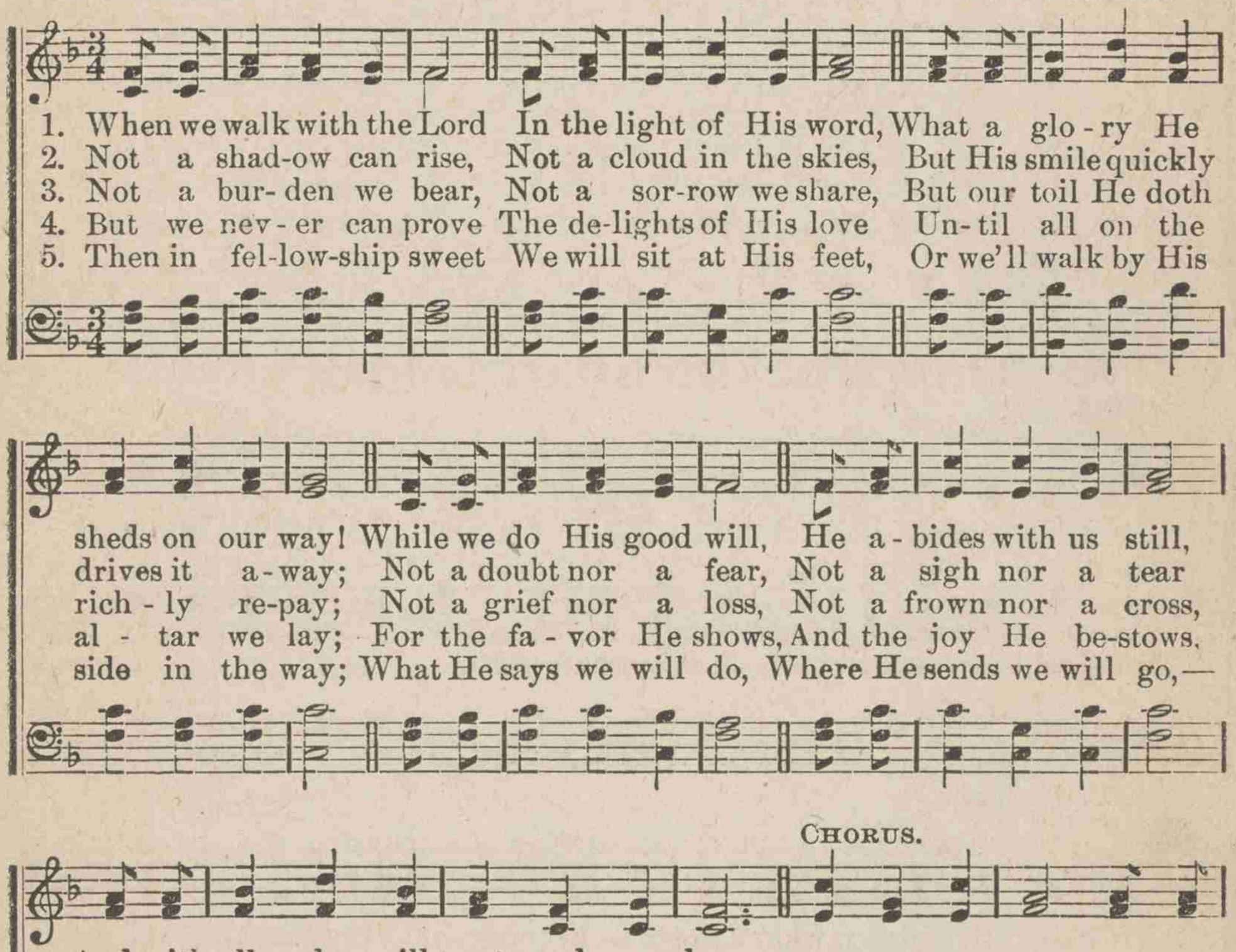


Onward, Christian Soldiers!



190 Trust and Obey.

J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



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191 No, Not One!

JOHNSON OATMAN. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow and with feeling.

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

FINE.

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

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

CHORUS. *D.S.*

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

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192 The Mercy-Seat.

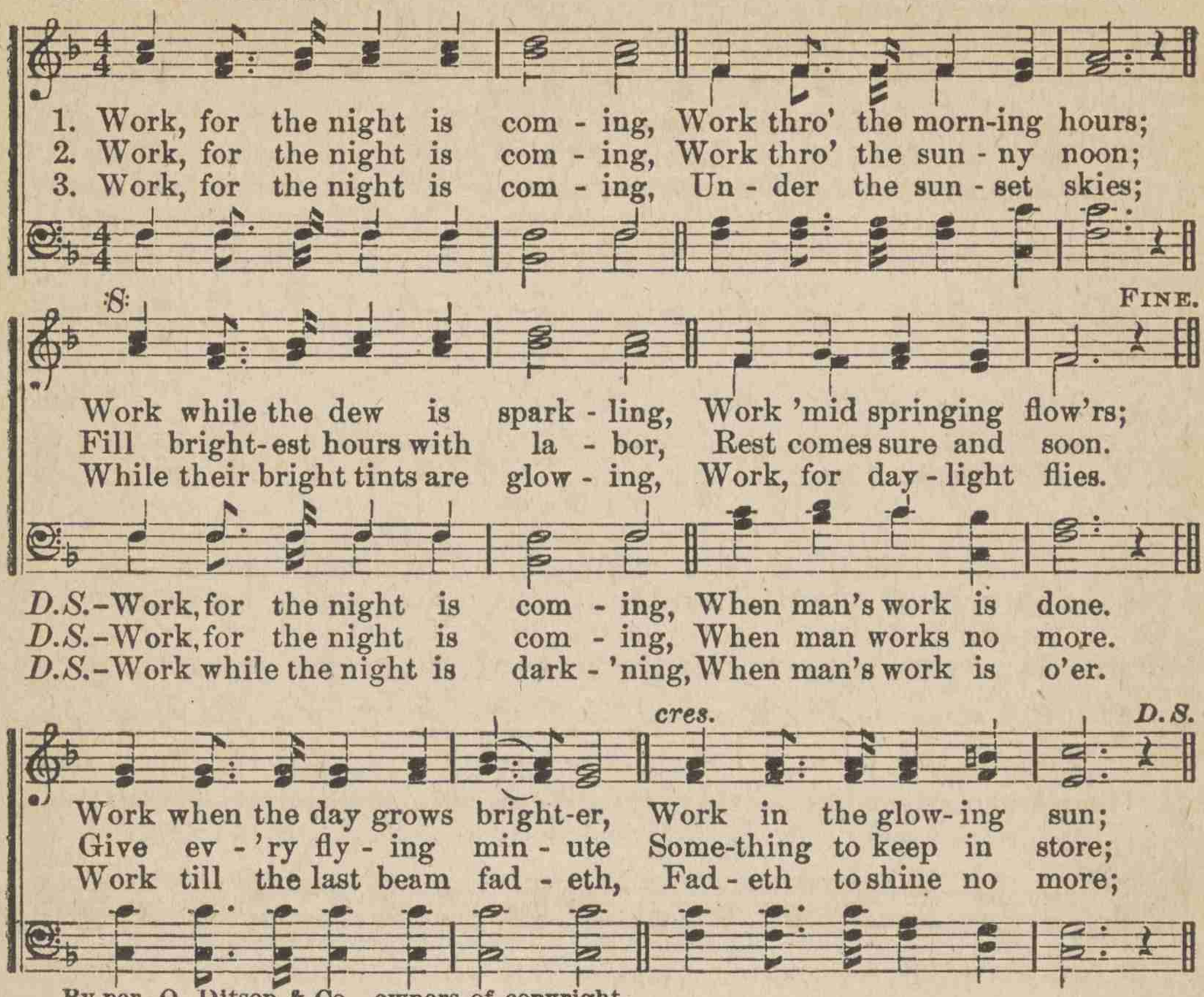
HUGH STOWELL. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
3. There is a spot where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea-gle's wings we soar, And time and sense seem all no more,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat,—'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
A place than all be-side more sweet,—It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer-cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.

193 Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER. LOWELL MASON.



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194 Take My Life, and Let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

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

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

195 Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis- tant scene; one step e- nough for me.
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Should'st lead me on; I lov'd to choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on; I lov'd the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride rul'd my will; remember not past years.
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have lov'd long since and lost a - while.

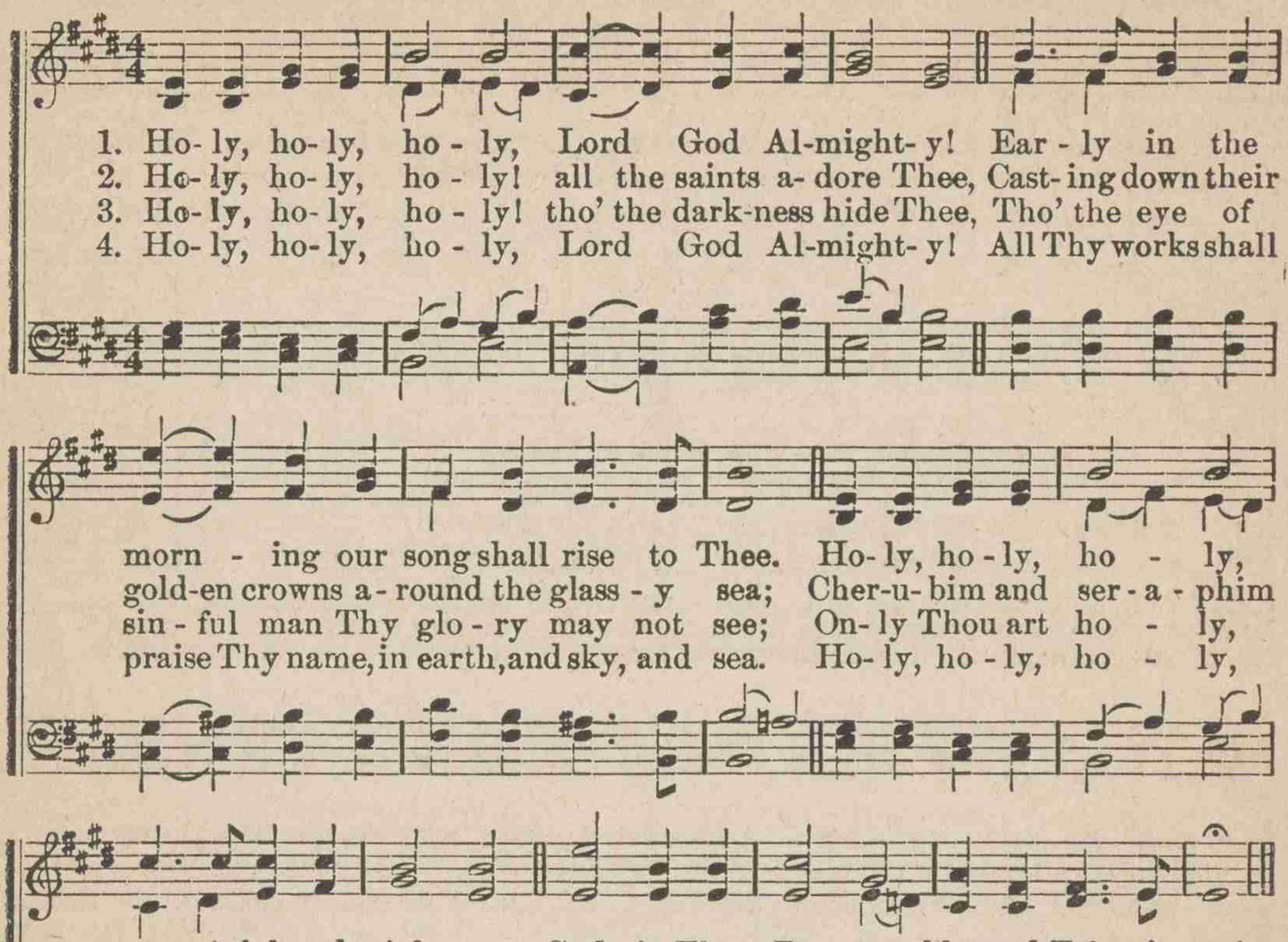
196 Abide with Me.

HENRY FRANCIS 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 fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
2. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me!
3. 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 in all around I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!

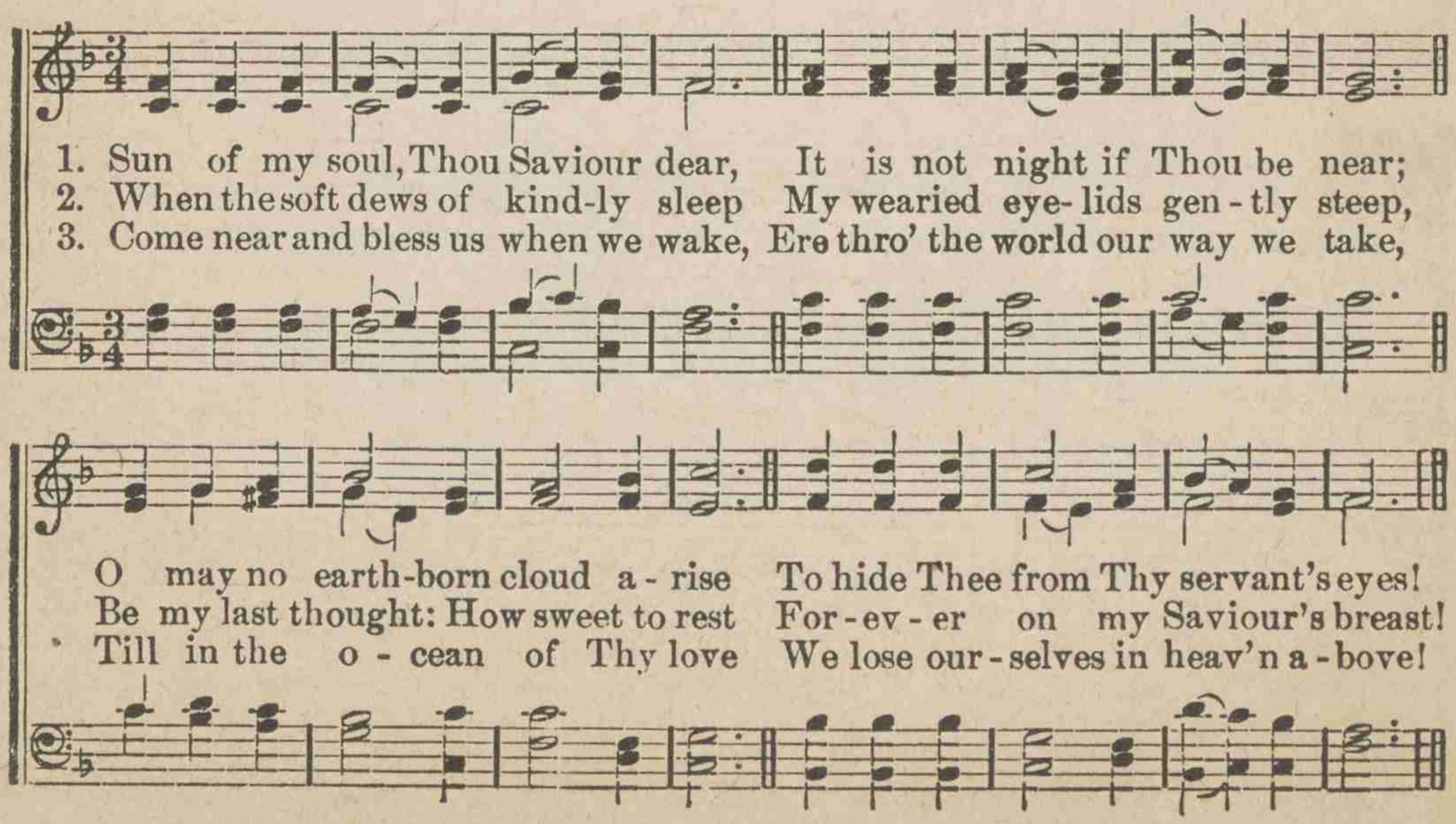
197 Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.



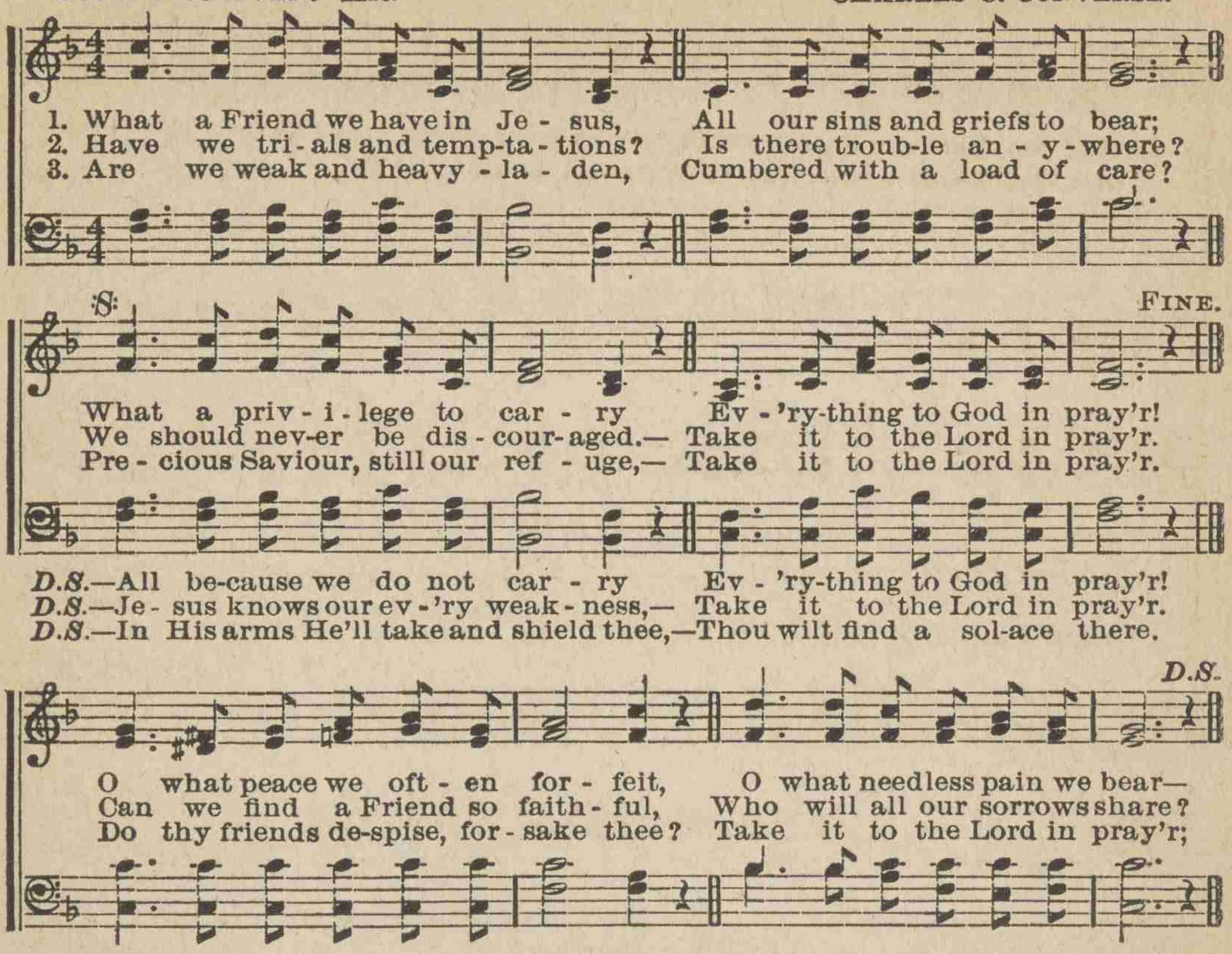
198 Sun of My Soul.

J. KEBLE. P. RITTER.



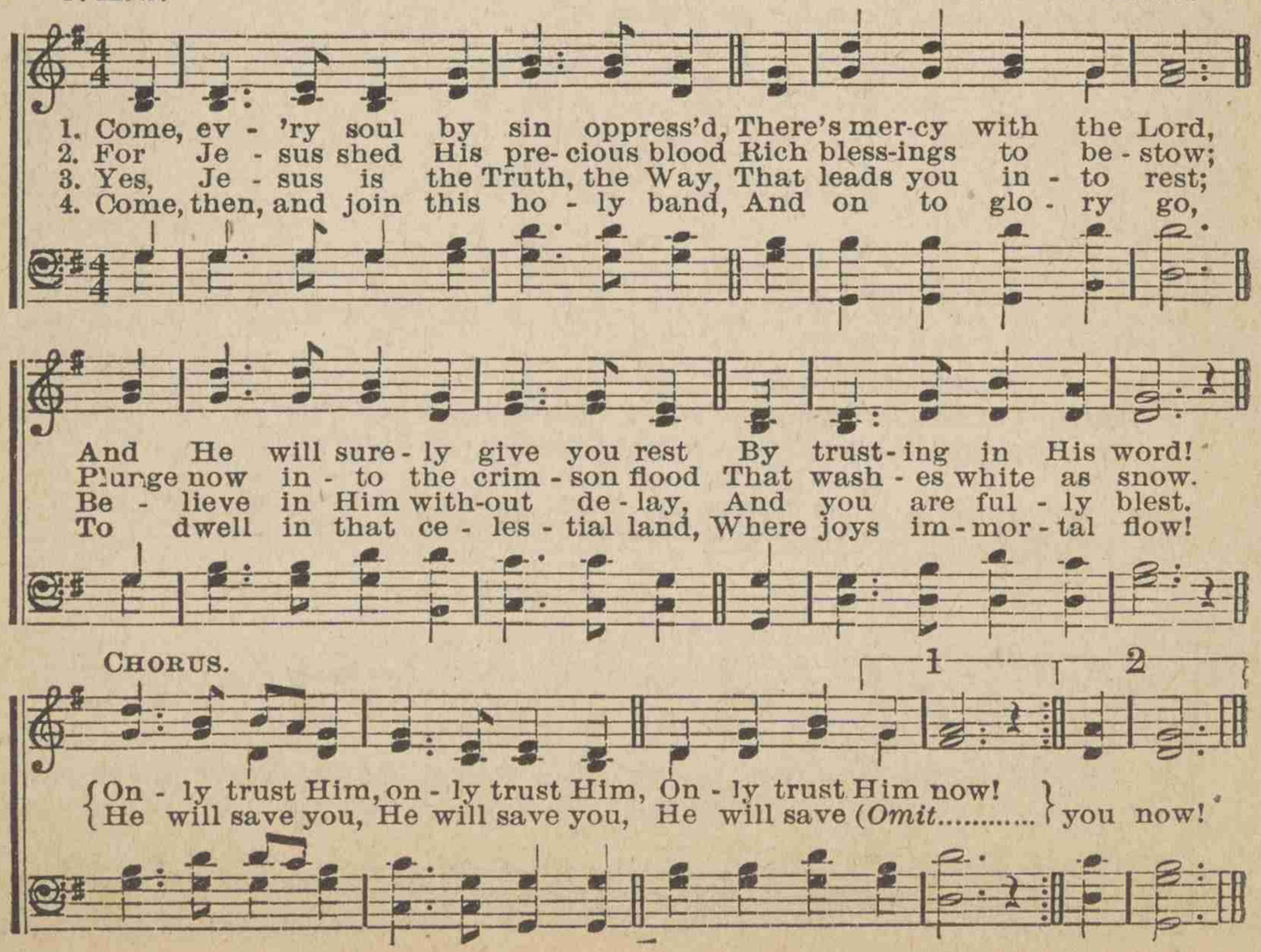
199 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.



200 Only Trust Him.

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



201 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

SAMUEL STENNETT. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, He flew to my re-lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me

ra-diant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.
tri-umph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

202 The Shining Shore.

G. F. ROOT.

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

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

FINE.

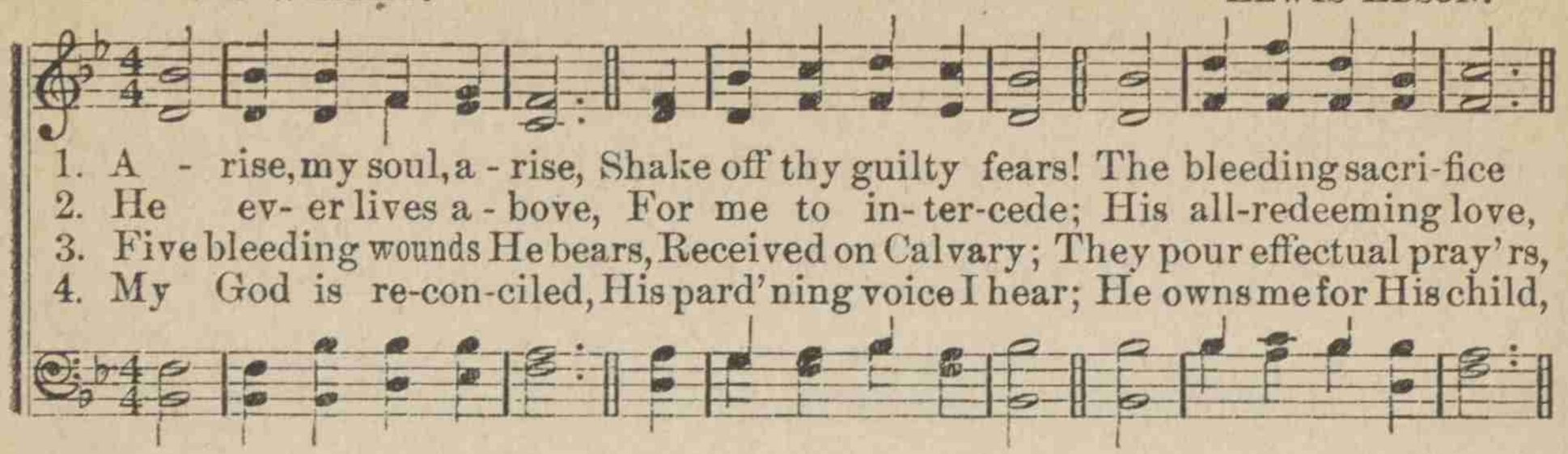
D.S.—just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.

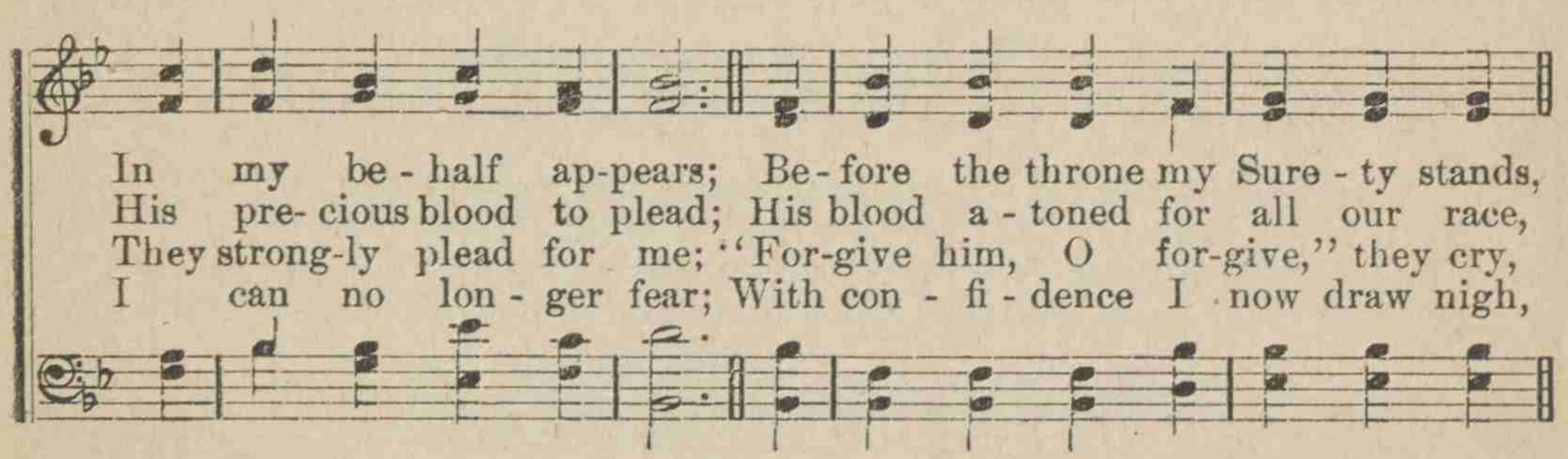
CHORUS. *D.S.*

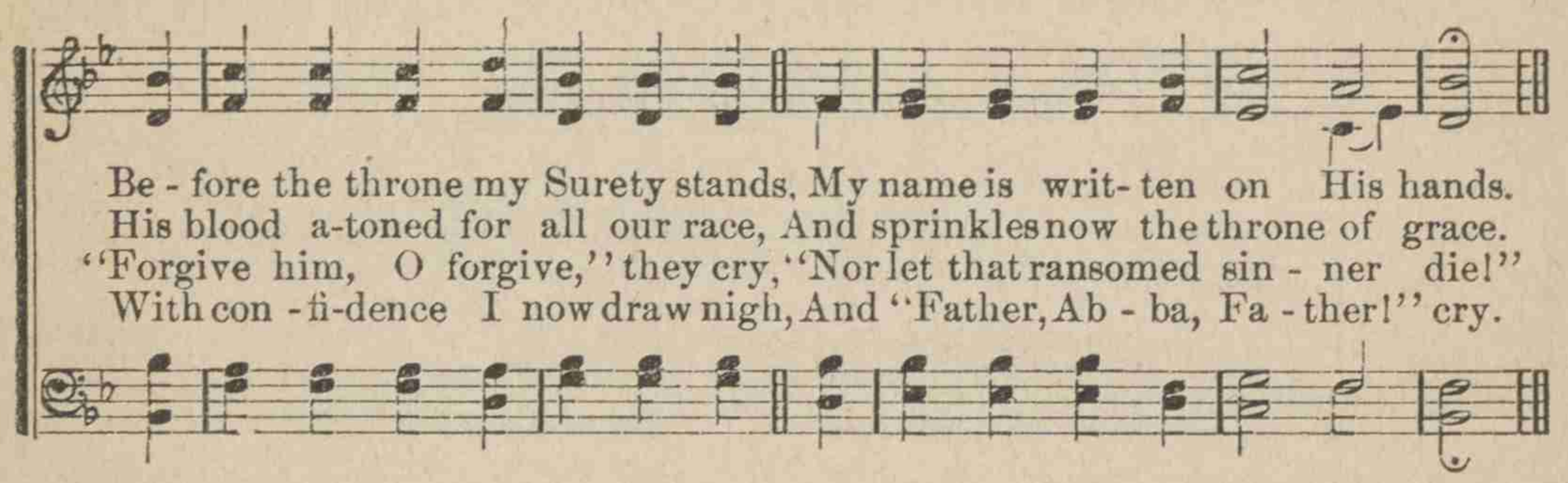
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o-ver, And

203 Arise, My Soul, Arise!

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.
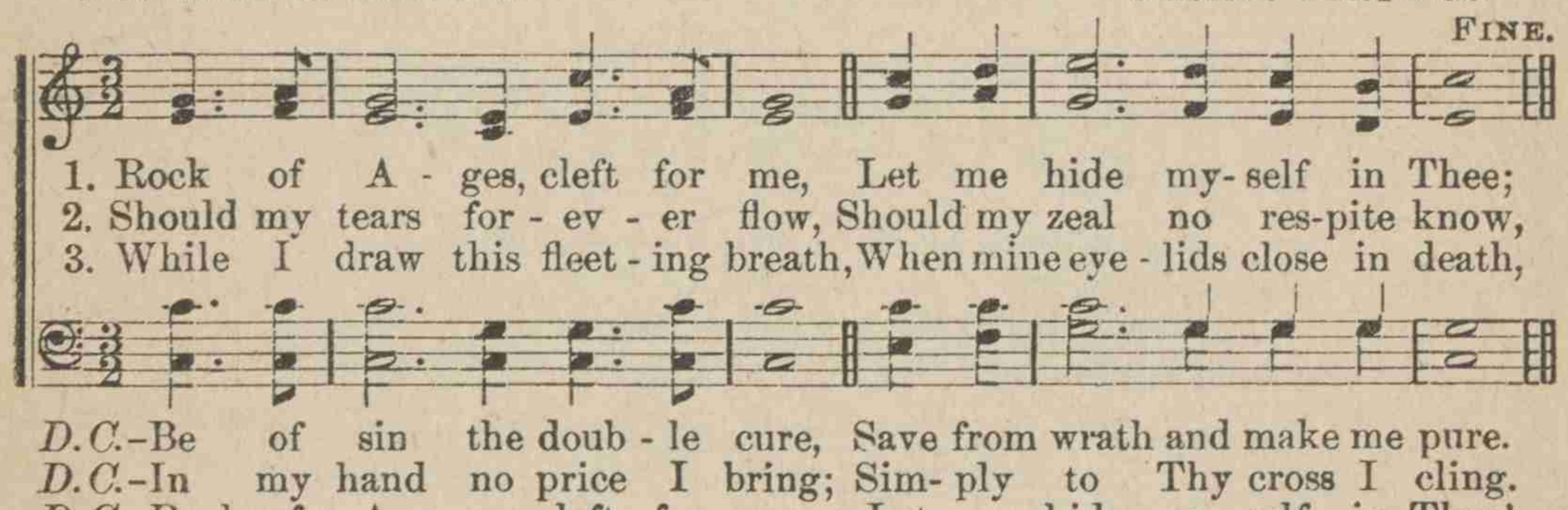


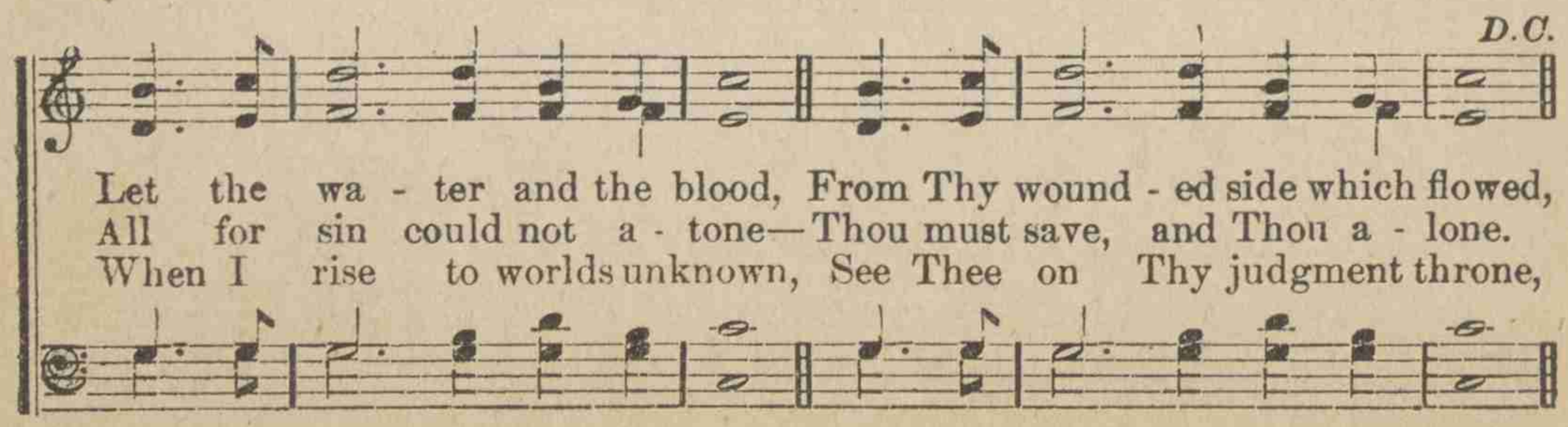




204 Rock of Ages.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. THOMAS HASTINGS.





205 All to Christ I Owe.

MRS. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say: "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. For nothing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim; Je-sus died my
3. When from my dying bed My ransomed soul shall rise, "Je-sus died my
4. And when before the throne I stand, in Him complete, "Je-sus died my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in Me thine All in All."
soul to save, And bless-ed be His name!
soul to save," Shall rend the vaulted skies.
soul to save," My lips shall still re-peat.

Je-sus paid it all,

All to Him I owe! Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

206 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?
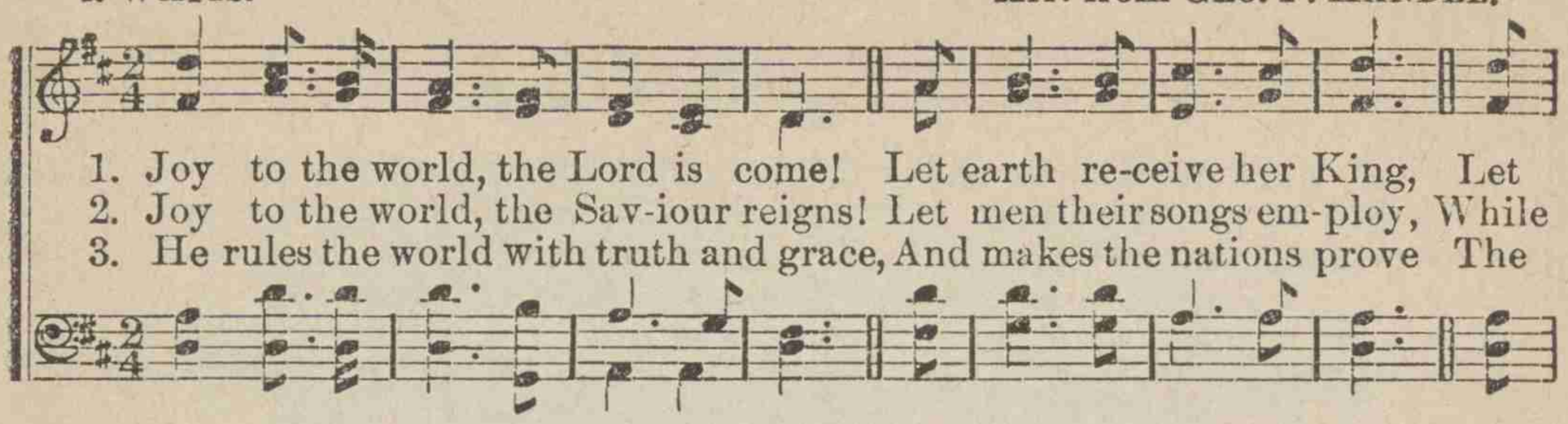
THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con-se-crat-ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
3. Up-on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je-sus' pierc-èd feet,
4. O pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res-ur-rec-tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me!
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me!
With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And His dear name re-peat.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way!

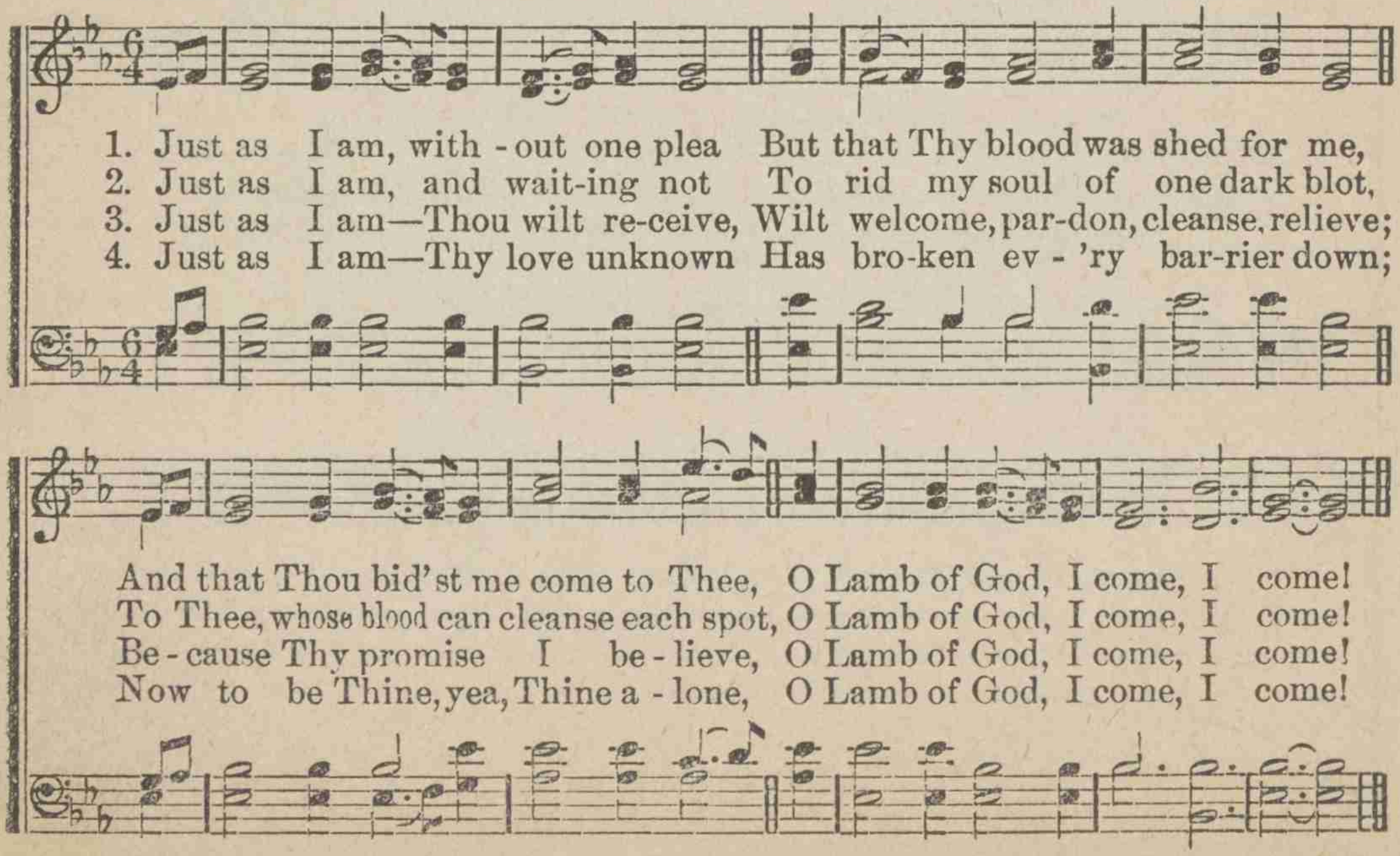
207 Joy to the World.

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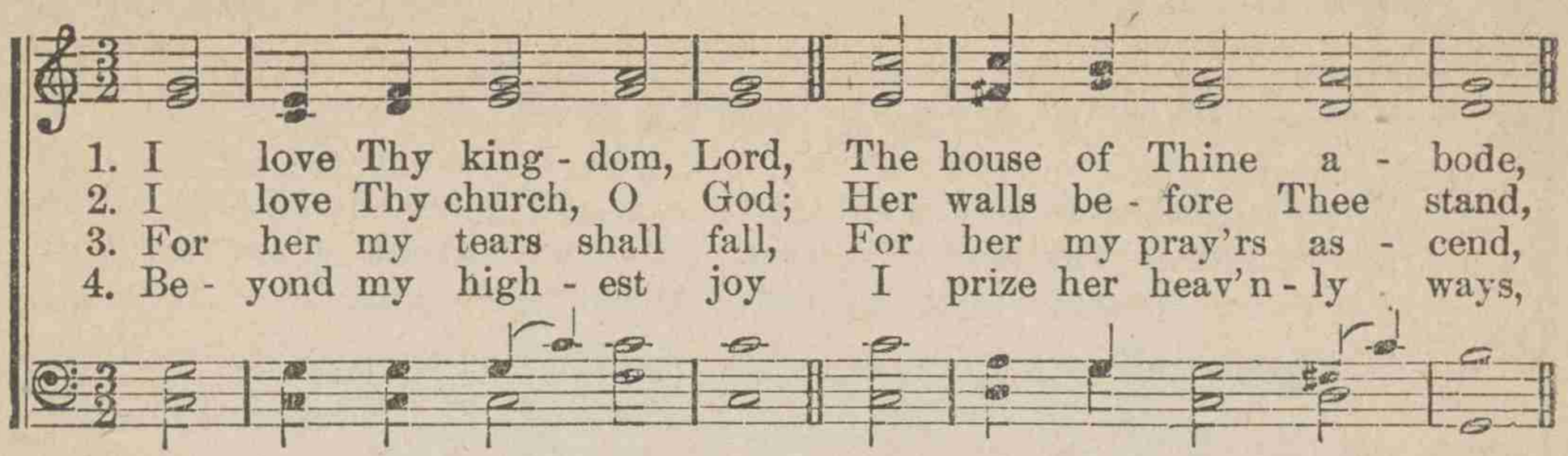


208 Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



209 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. LOWELL MASON.



210 O Come and Dwell. S. M.

1 O come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love!

3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to Thy will and word,
Well pleasing in Thy sight.

211 A Charge to Keep. S. M.

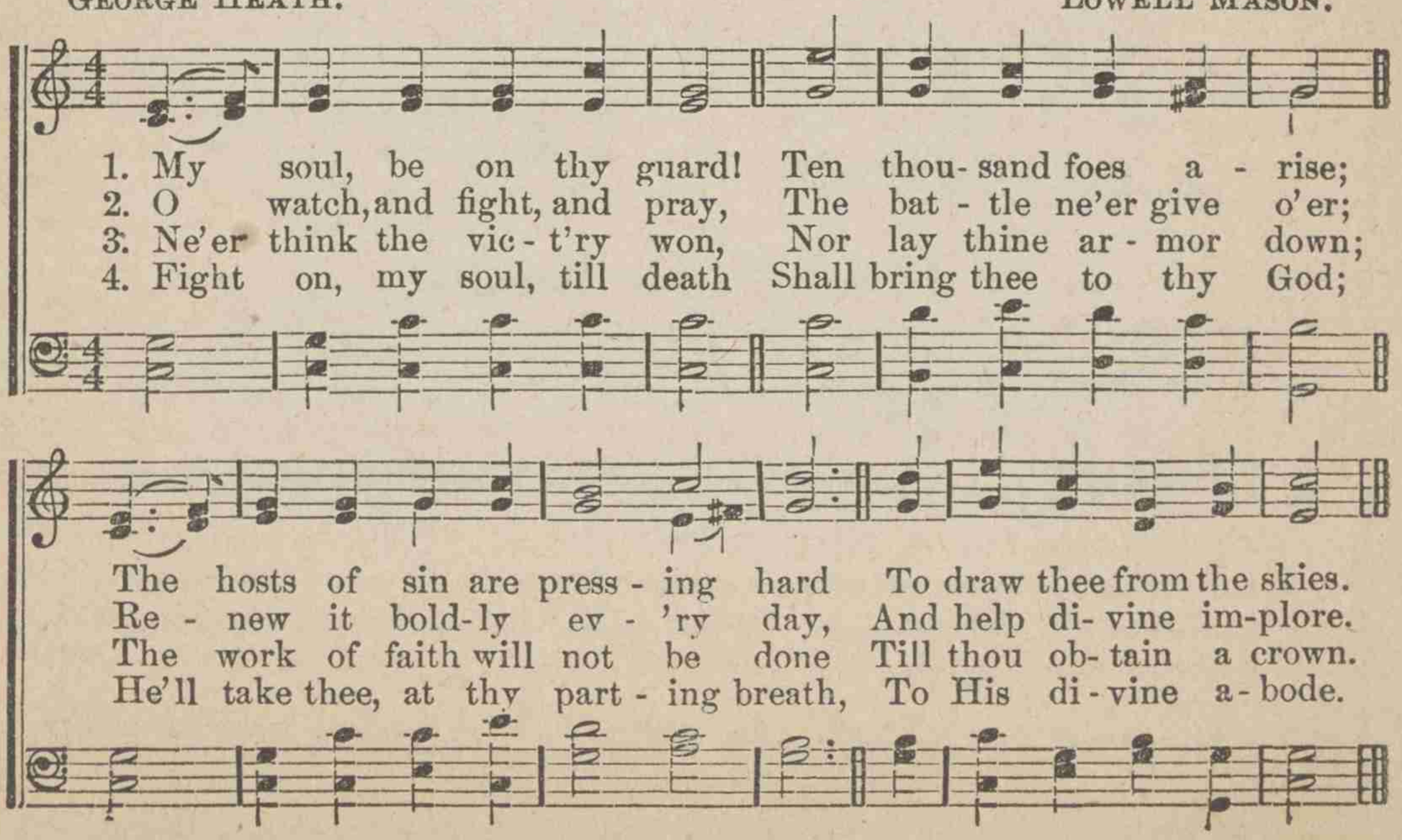
1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

212 My Soul, Be on Thy Guard!

GEORGE HEATH. LOWELL MASON.



213 Building for Eternity.

N. B. S. N. B. SARGENT, arr.

1. We are building in sor-row or joy A temple the world may not see,
2. Ev-'ry tho't that we've ev - er had, Its own lit-tle place has fill'd;
3. Ev-'ry word that so light - ly falls, Giving some heart joy or pain,
4. Are you building for God a - lone, Are you building in faith and love,

Which time cannot mar nor de-stroy: We build for e - ter - ni - ty.
Ev-'ry deed we have done, good or bad, Is a stone in the temple we build.
Will shine in our tem - ple walls, Or ev - er its beau - ty stain.
A tem-ple the Fa-ther will own, In the cit - y of light a - bove?

CHORUS.

We are build-ing ev - 'ry day..... A tem-ple the world may not see;
We are build - ing, build-ing ev -'ry day

Build- ing, build-ing ev - 'ry day, Building for e - ter - ni - ty!

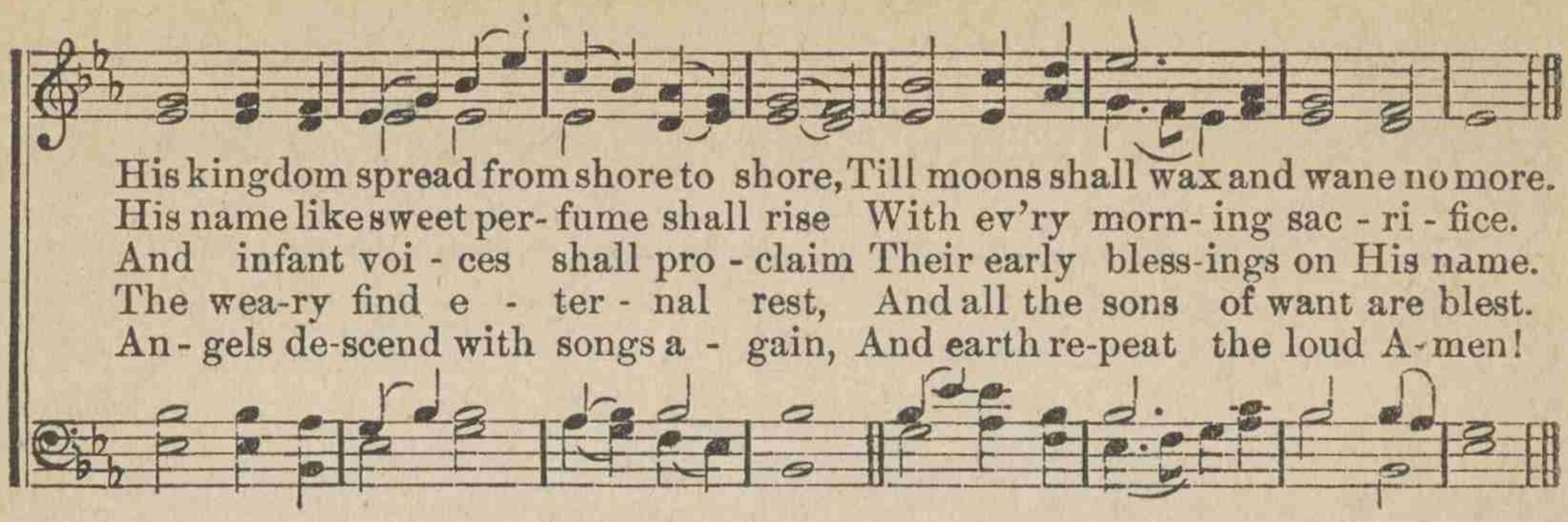
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214 Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.

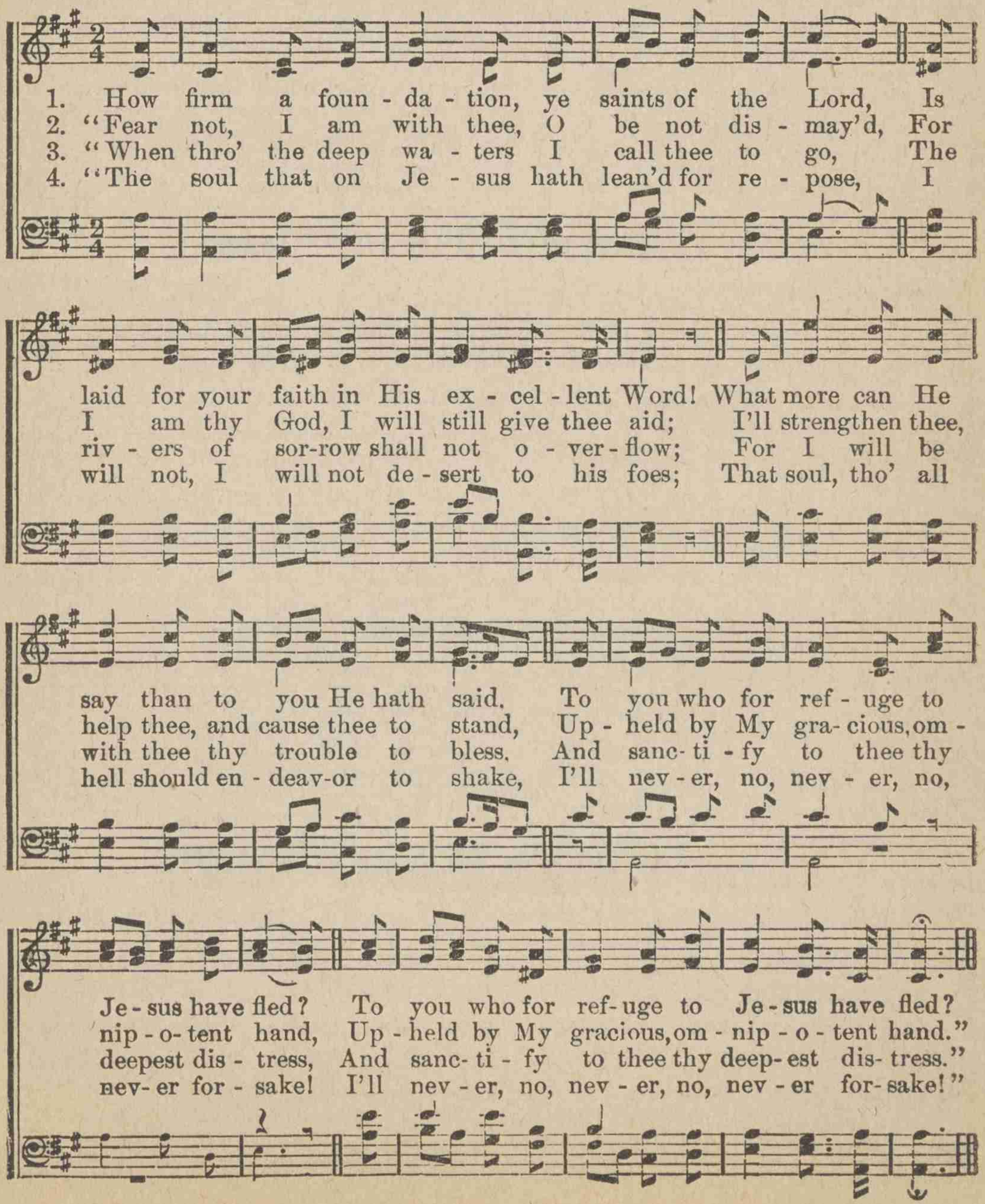
1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces - sive journeys run;
2. To Him shall end-less pray'r be made, And endless prais-es crown His head;
3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
4. Blessings a-bound where'er He reigns, The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
5. Let ev -'ry creat- ure rise and bring Pe- cul-iar hon- ors to our King,

Jesus Shall Reign.



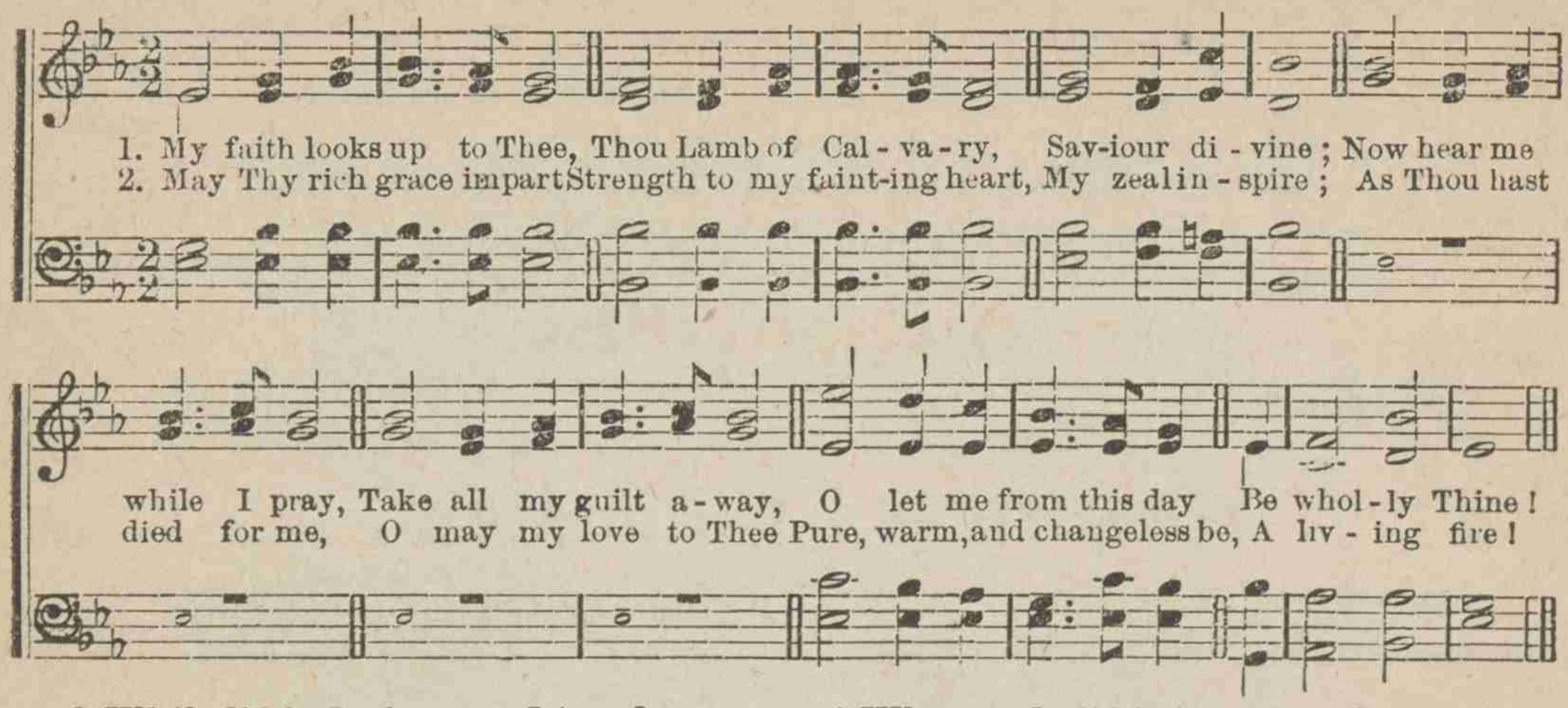
215 How Firm a Foundation.

G. KEITH. M. PORTOGALLO.



216 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.

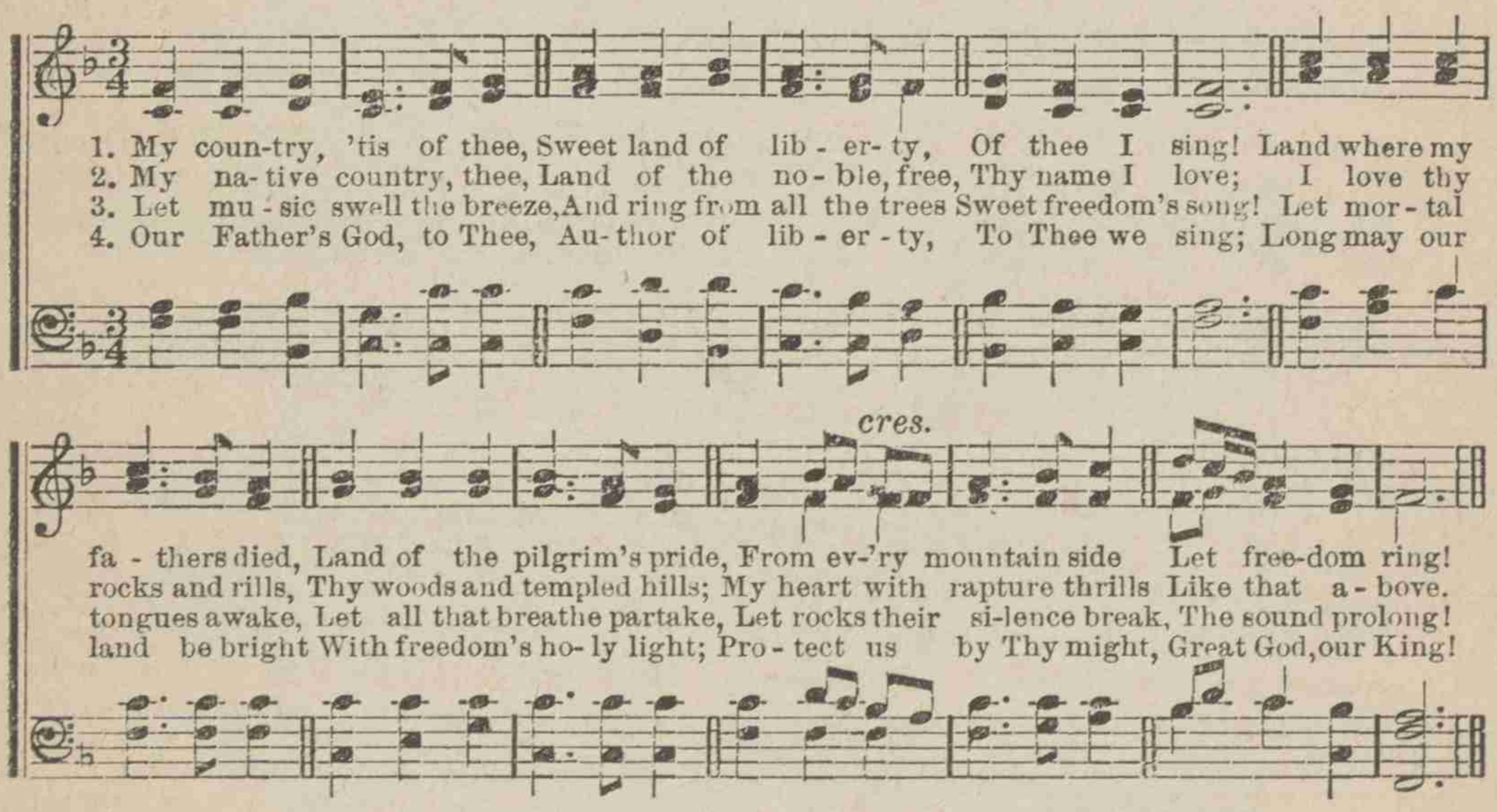


3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!
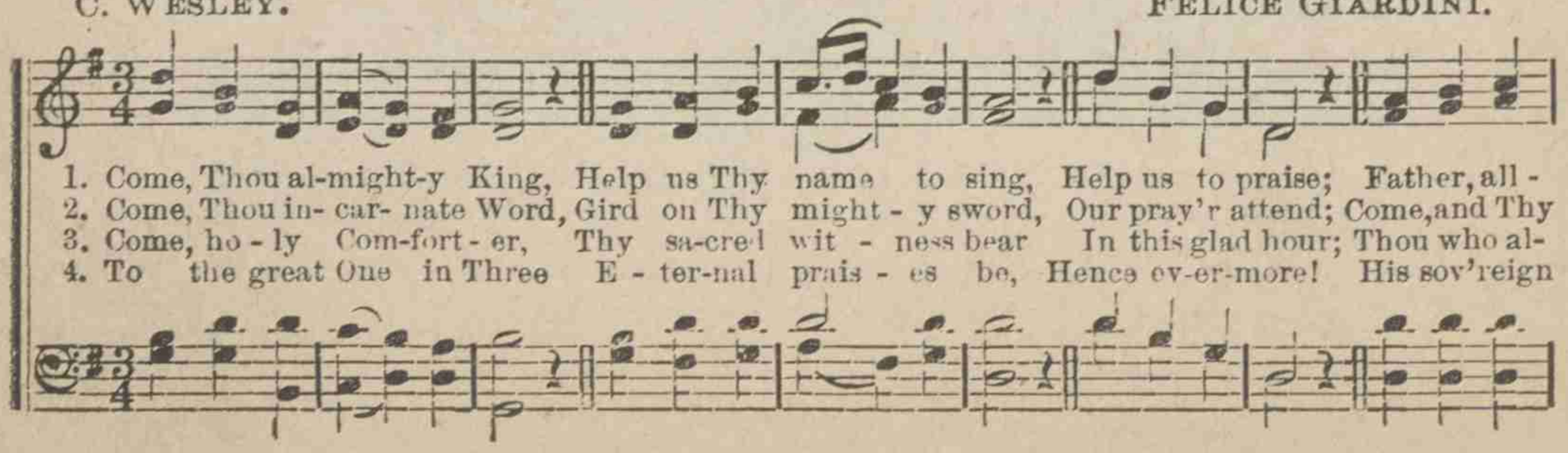
217 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.



218 Come, Thou Almighty King.

C. WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.



Come, Thou Almighty King.

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!
maj - es-ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter-ni - ty Love and a - dore!

219 O Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

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

FINE.

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

D.S.

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

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am the Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

220 Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus, who died and is now gone above.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glory; Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men; Re - vive us a - gain!

2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

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

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

221 Rescue the Perishing.

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

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feelings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them earn-est-ly, Plead with them gen - tly;
grace can re - store; Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak-en'd by kind-ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve.
Chords that were bro - ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan - d'rer a Sav - iour has died.
} Res-cue the per - ish-ing,

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save!

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222 I'll Live for Him.
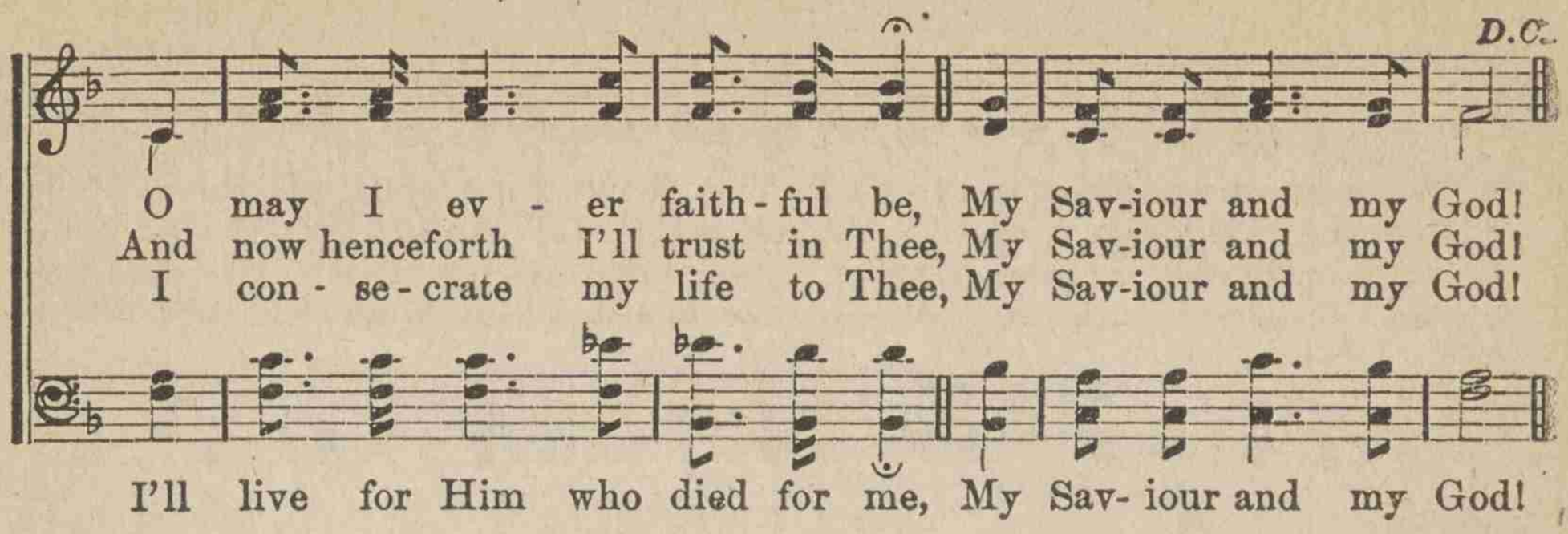
R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O 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!

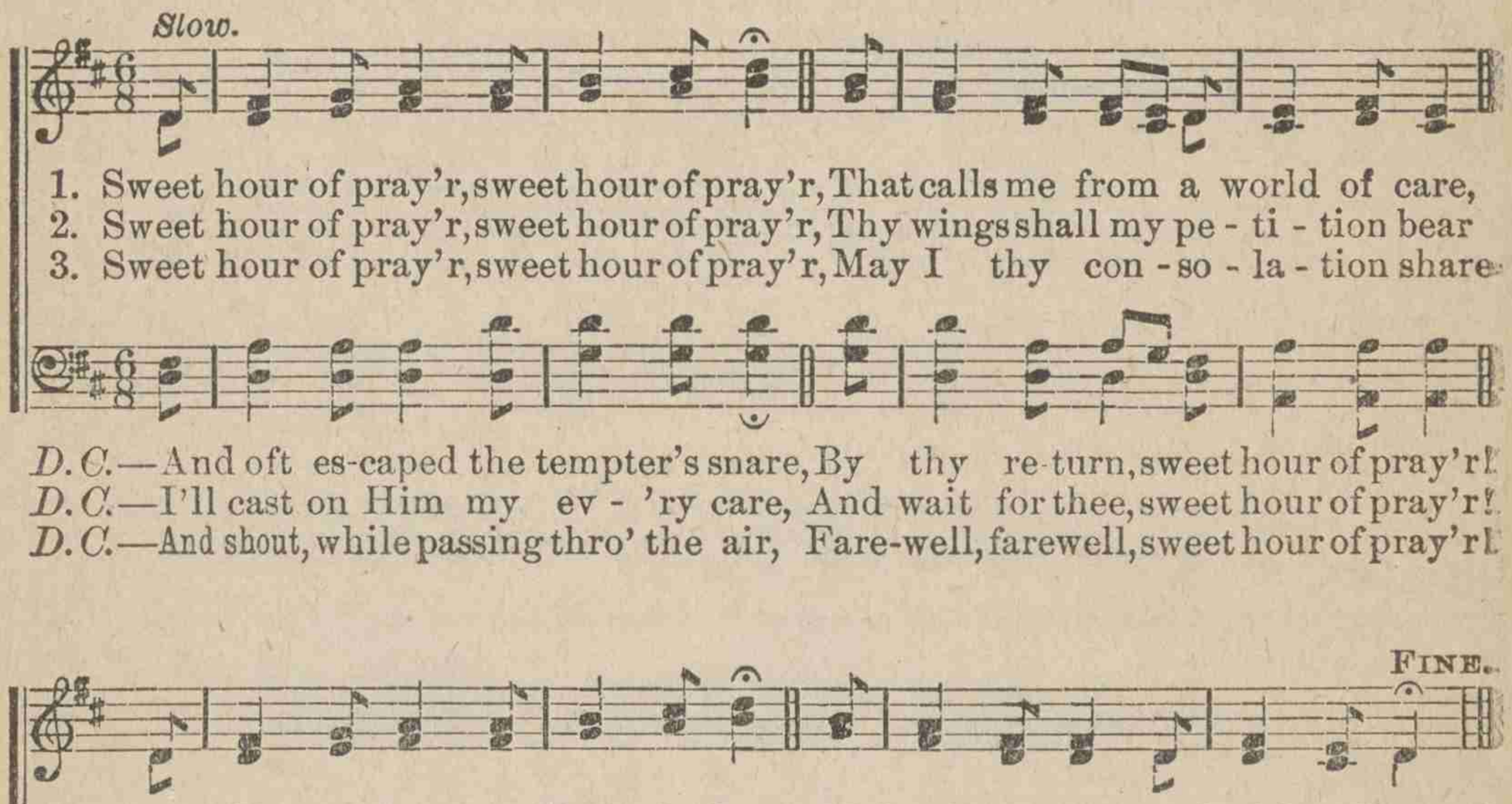
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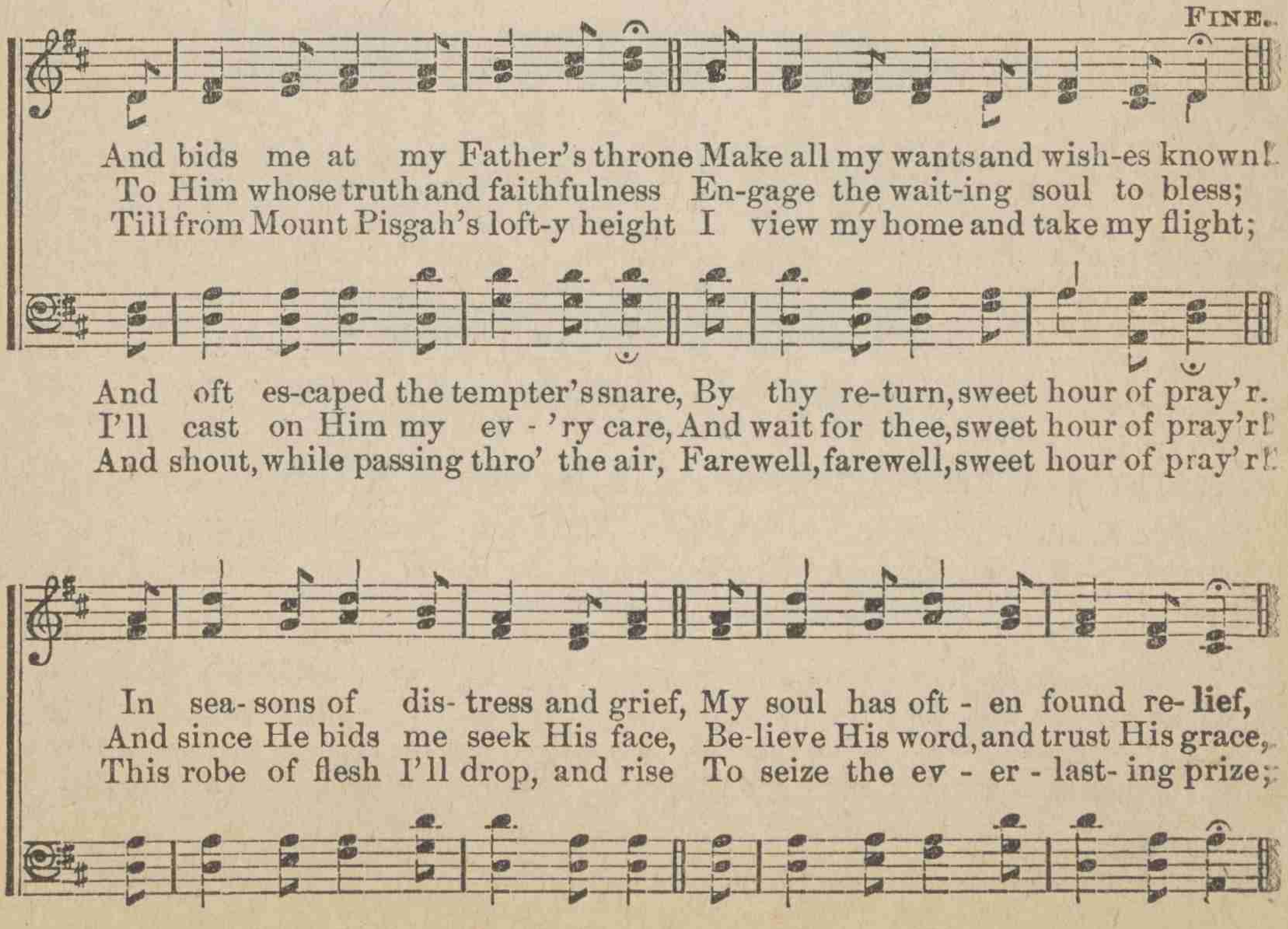
I'll Live for Him.



223 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

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





224 Where is My Boy To-Night?

R. L. R. LOWRY.

With tenderness.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night, The boy of my tenderest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No
3. O, could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When
4. Go for my wandering boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But

boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and pray'r?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O, where is my boy to - night? O, where is my boy to - night? My
heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows; O, where is my boy to - night?

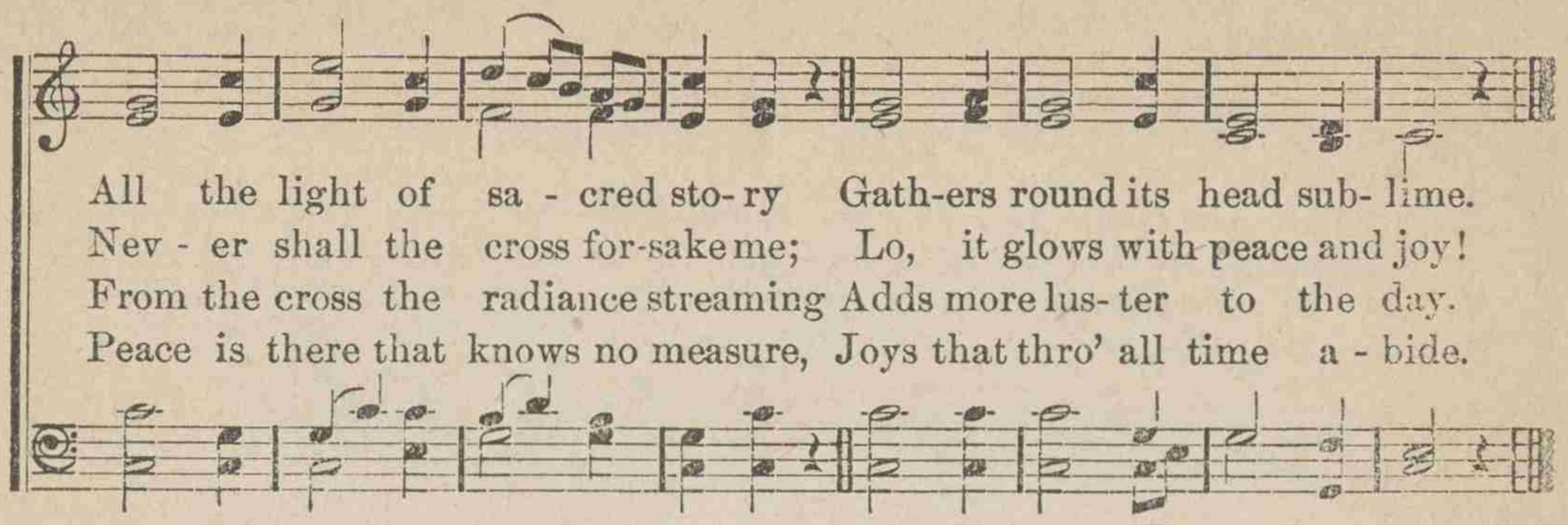
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225 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

J. BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.
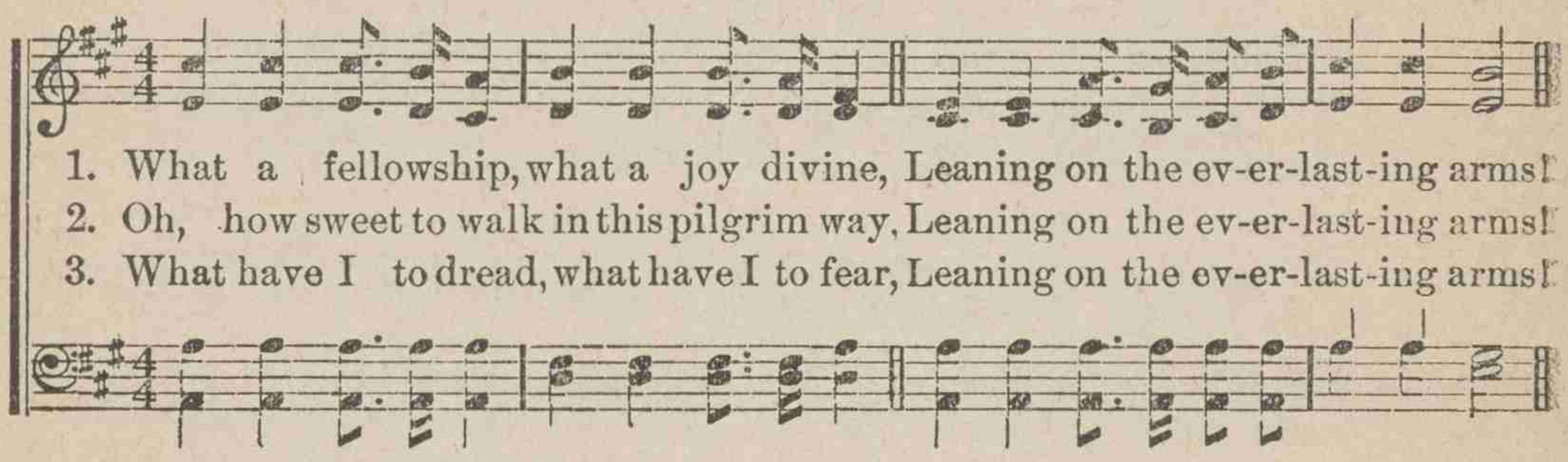
1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive and fears an- noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

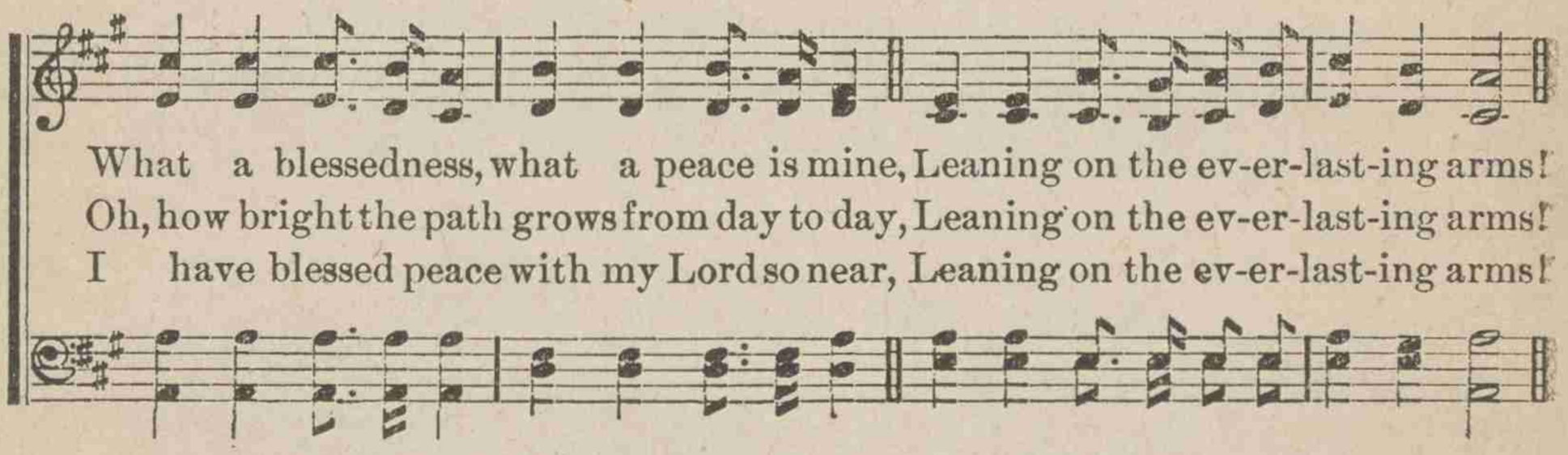
In the Cross of Christ I Glory.
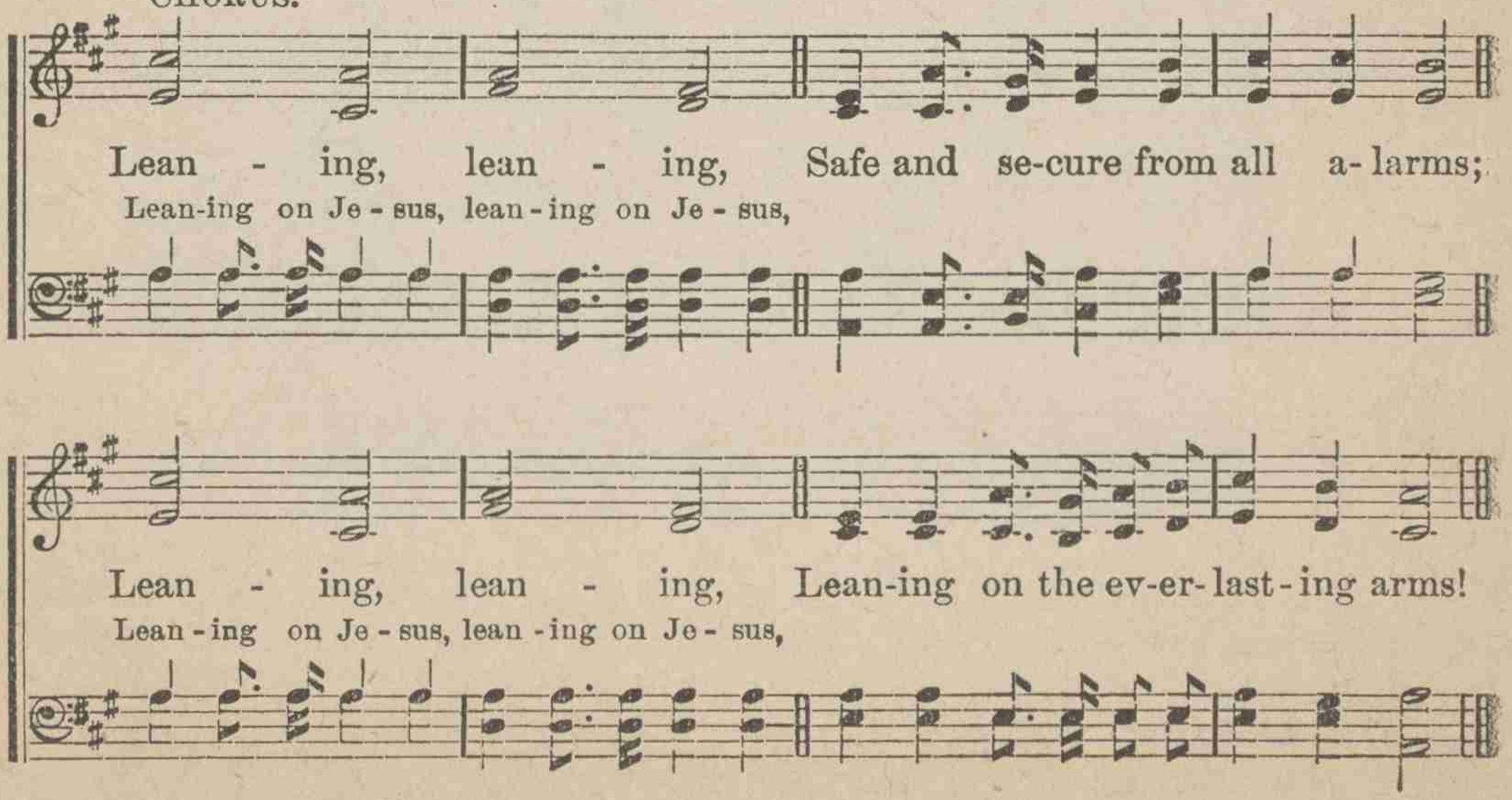


226 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.
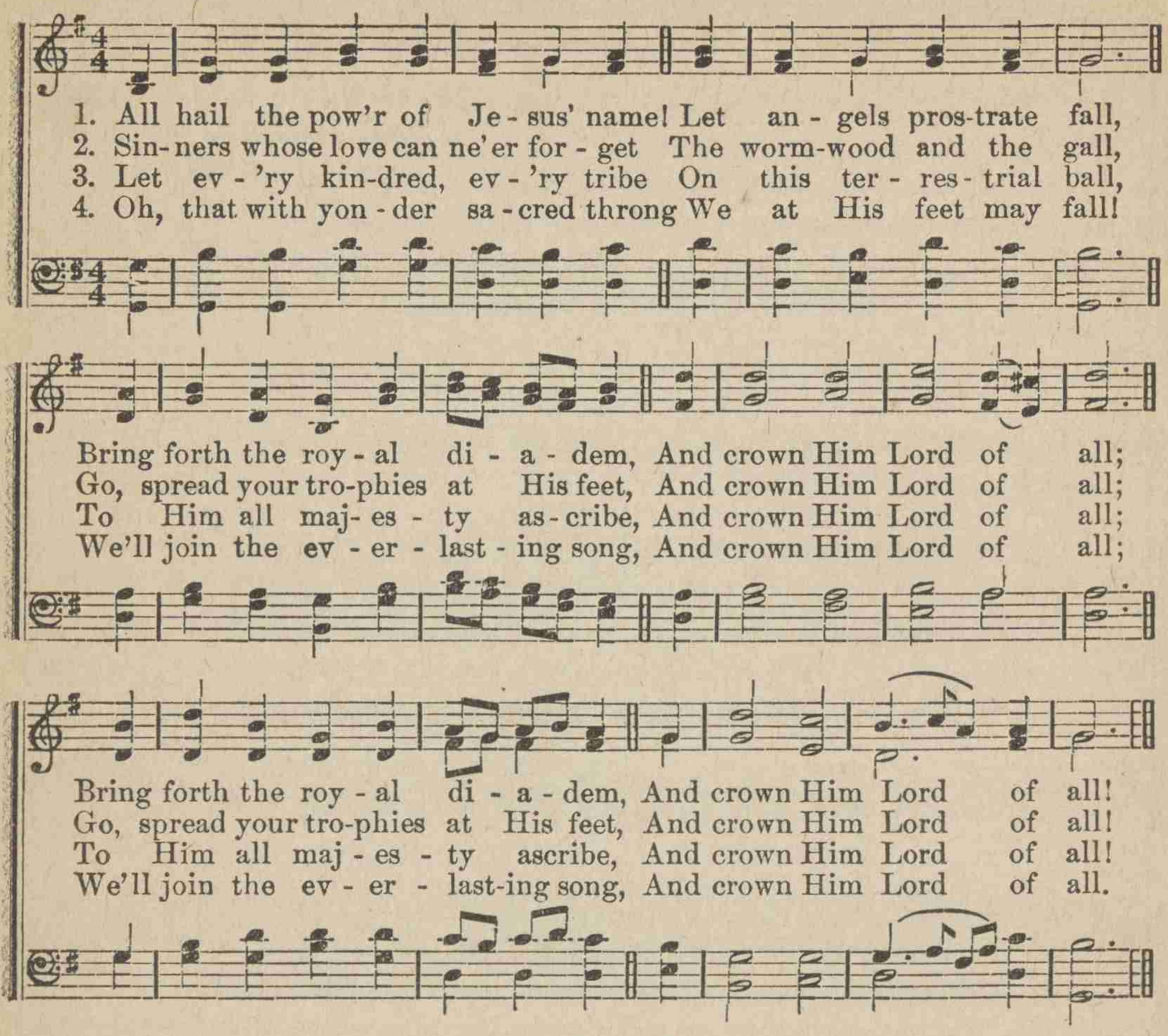




CHORUS.



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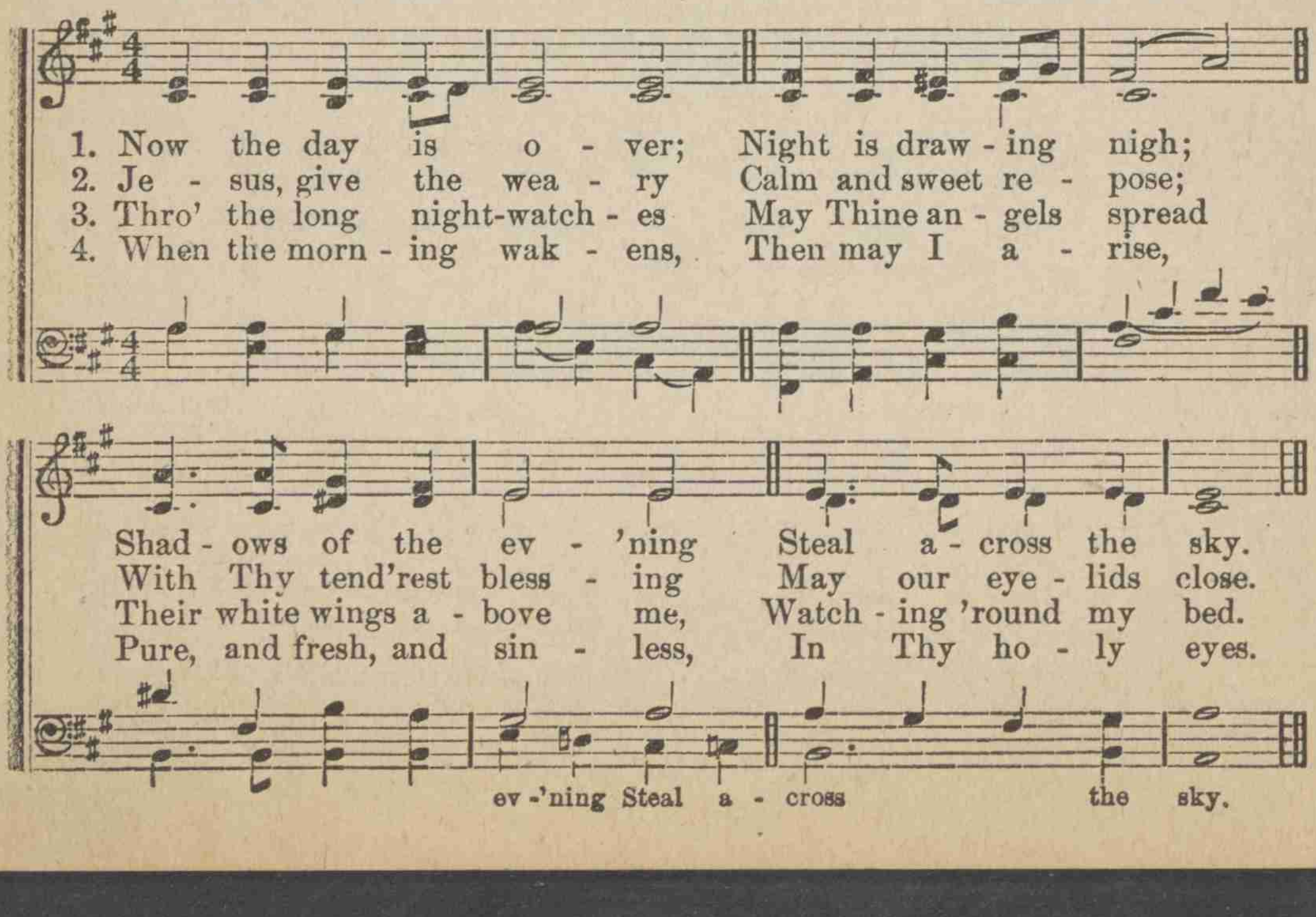
227 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

EDW. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



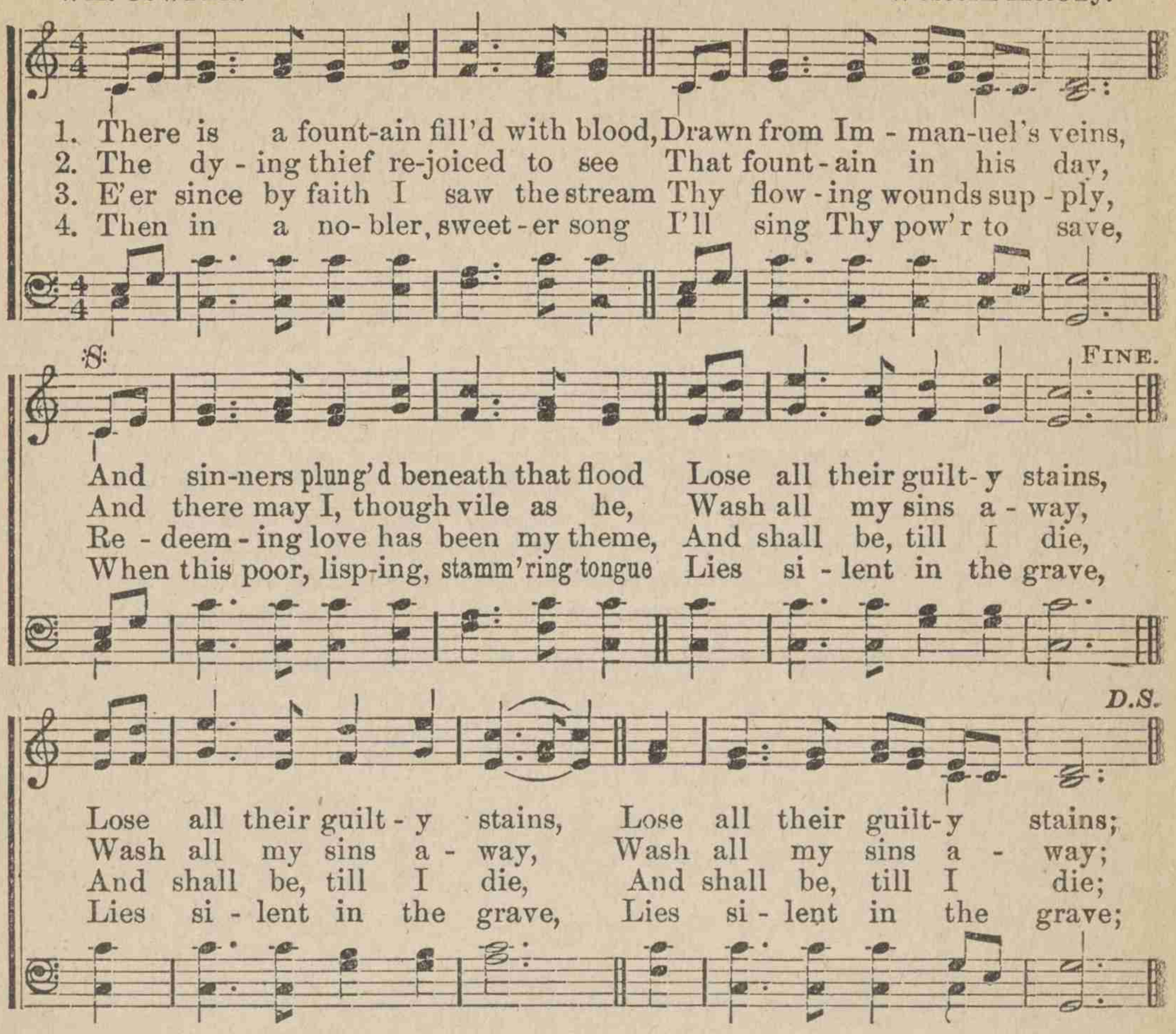
228 Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.
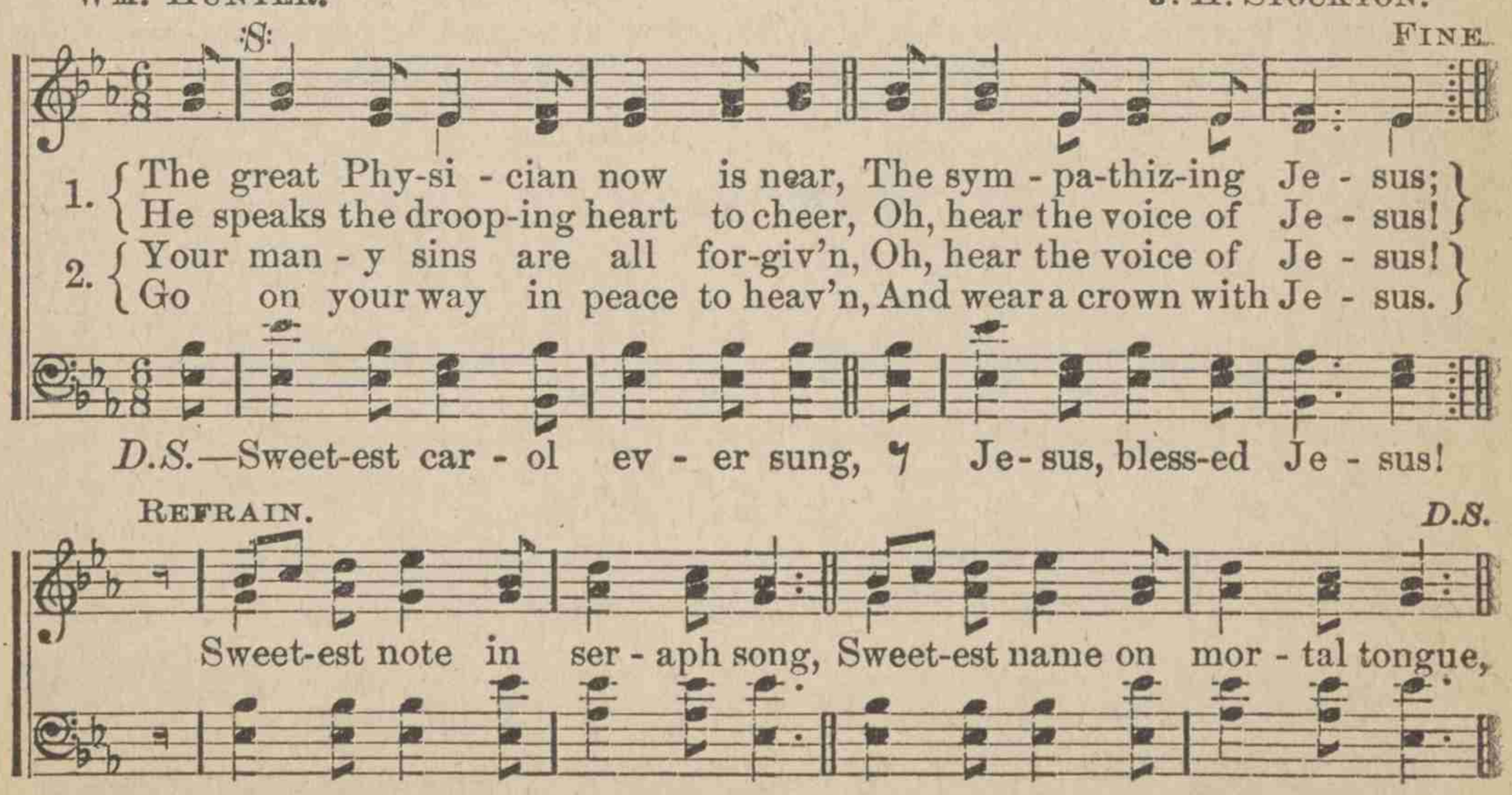


229 There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. Western Melody.



230 The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER. J. H. STOCKTON.
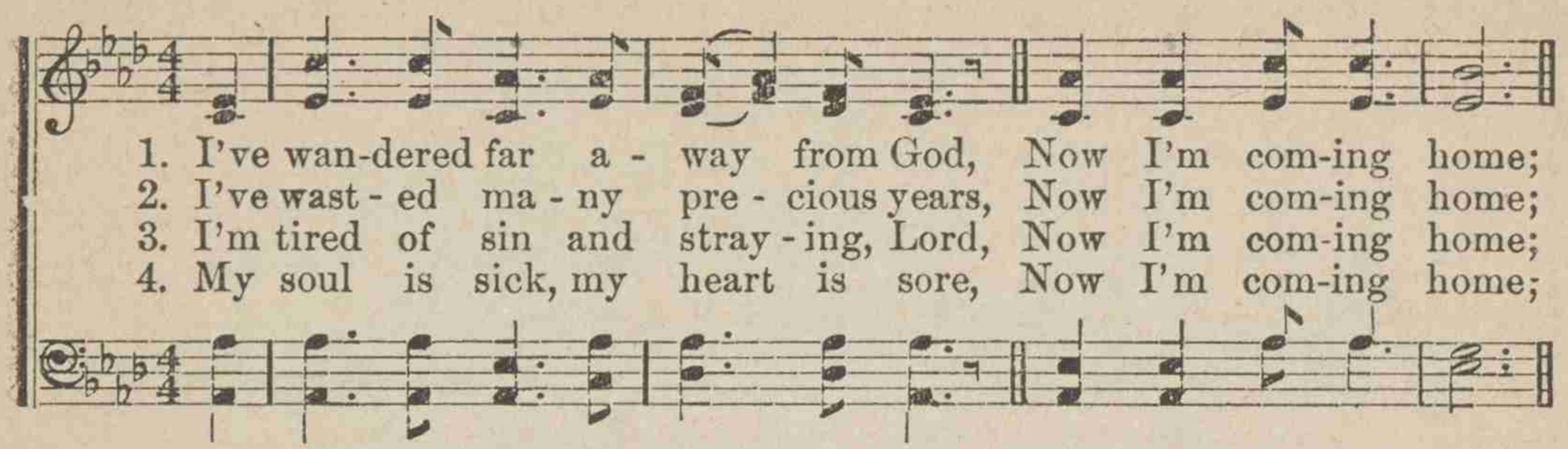


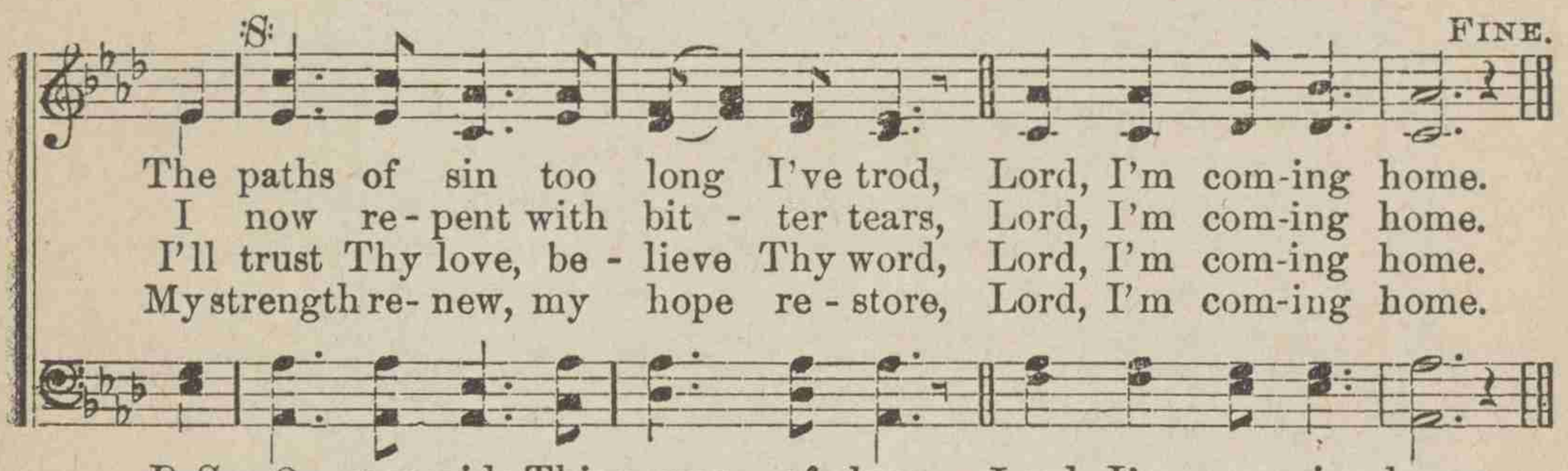
3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

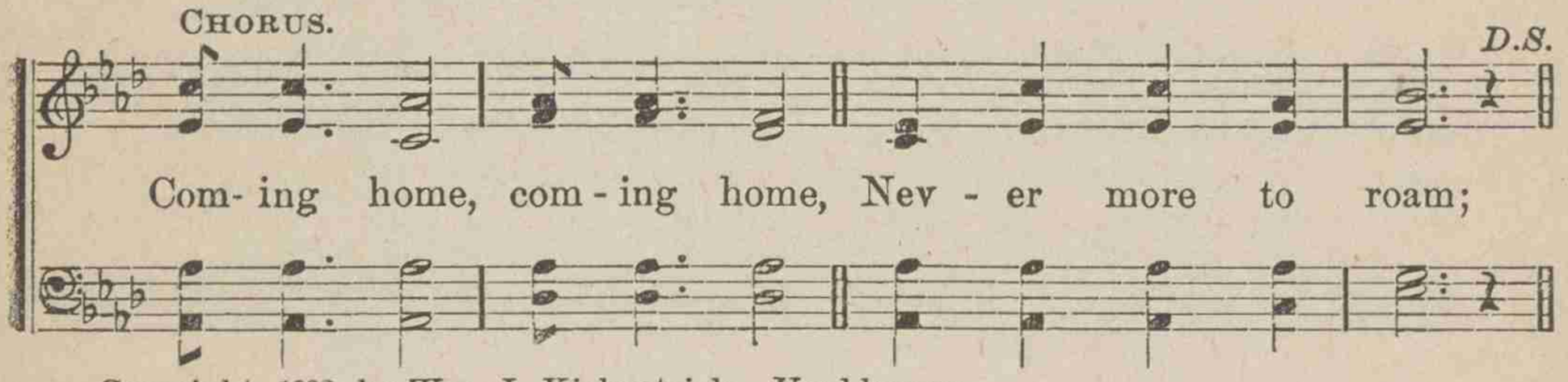
4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

231 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

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







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5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.
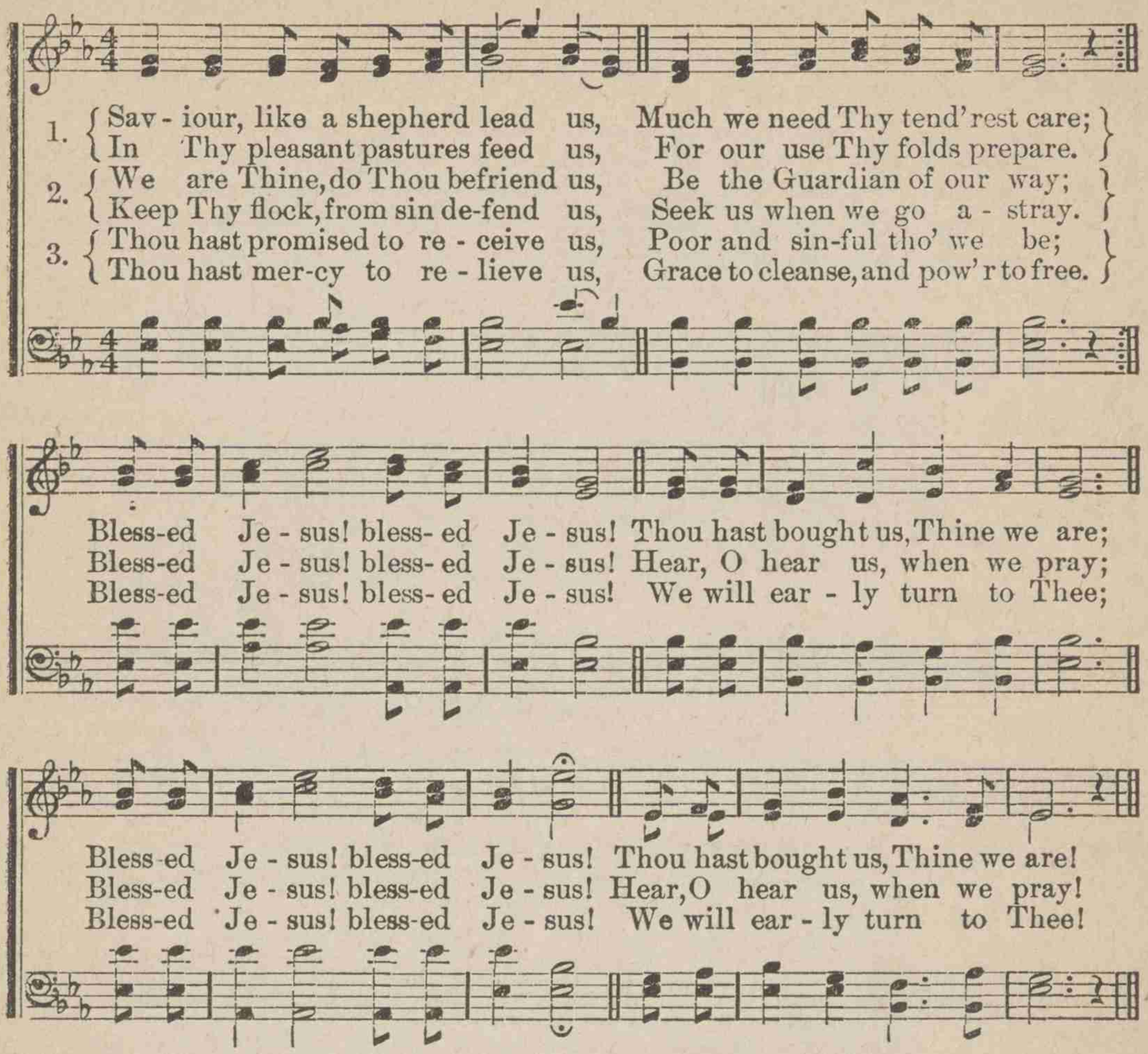
6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

232 Doxology.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

233 Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B. BRADBURY.



234 There were Ninety and Nine. Key A♭.

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

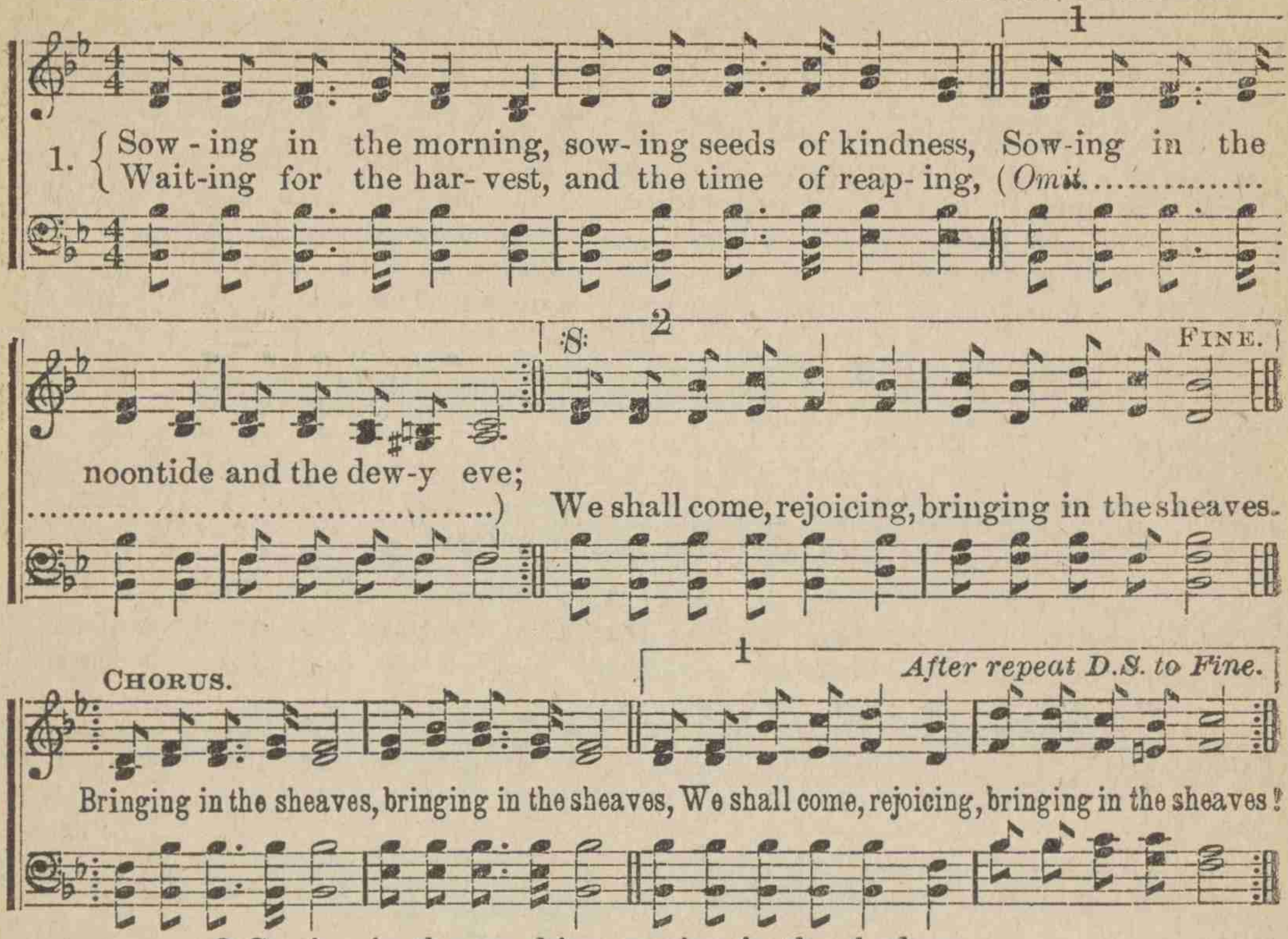
3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all through the mountains thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of heaven:
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne:
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

235 Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.

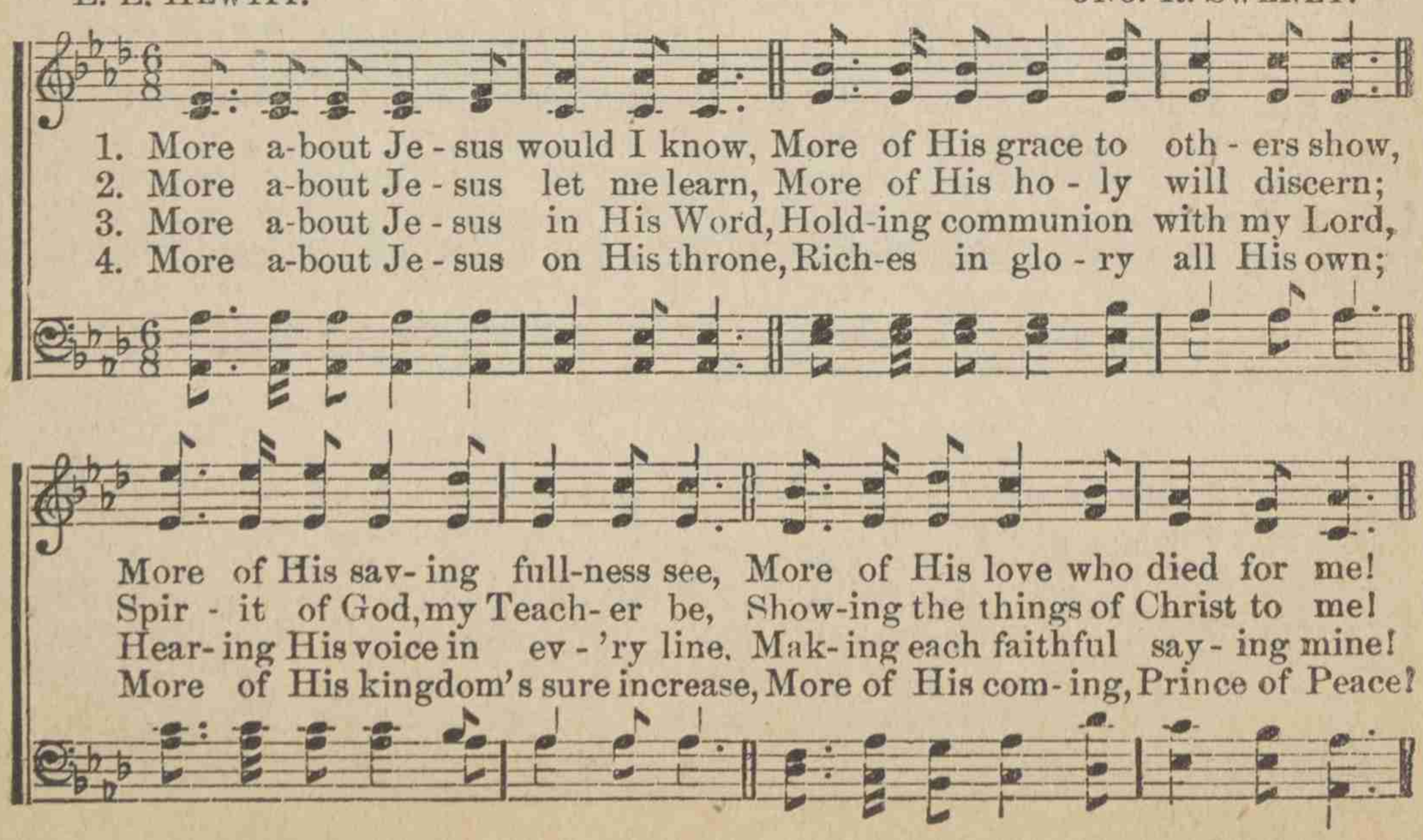


2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

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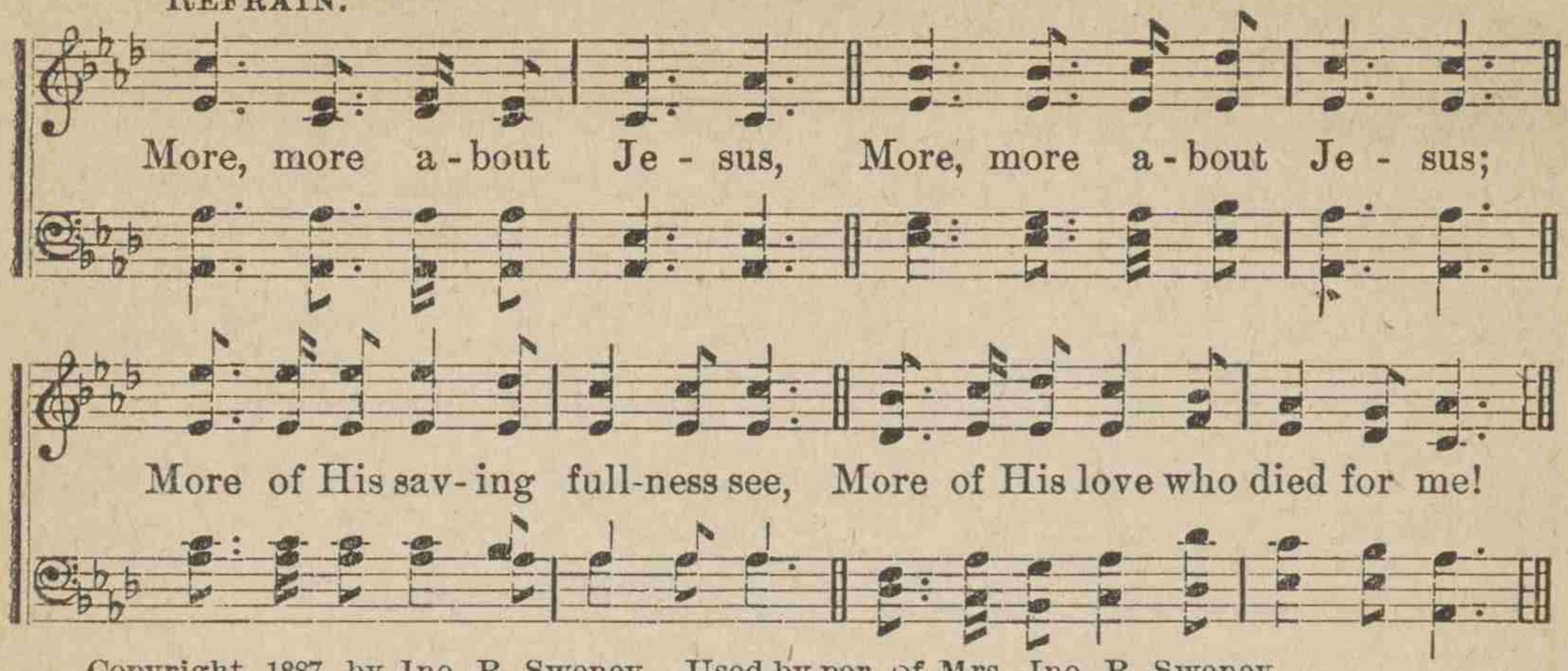
236 More About Jesus.

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



More About Jesus.

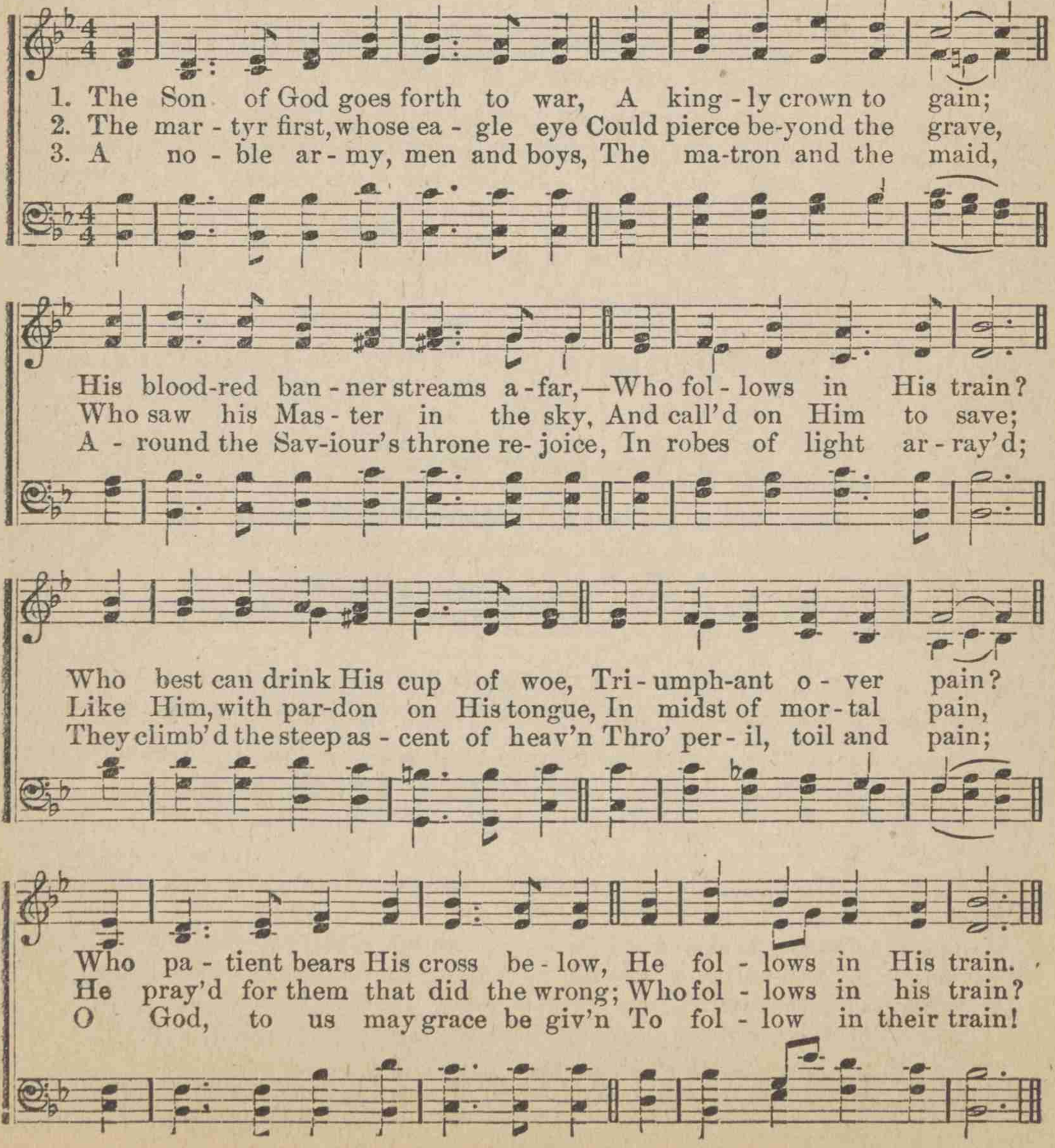
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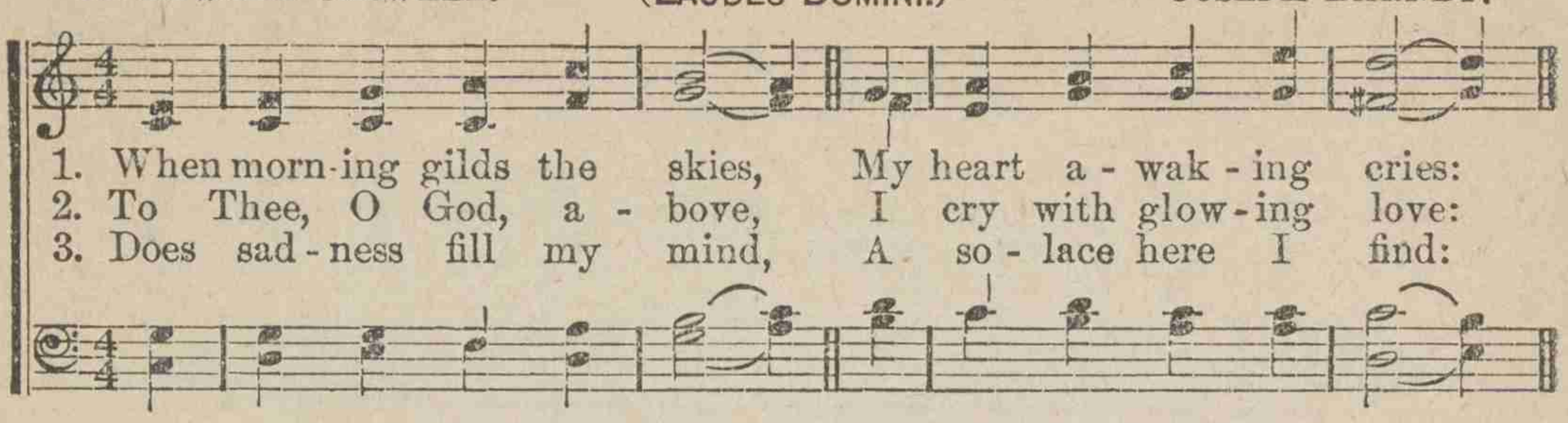
237 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

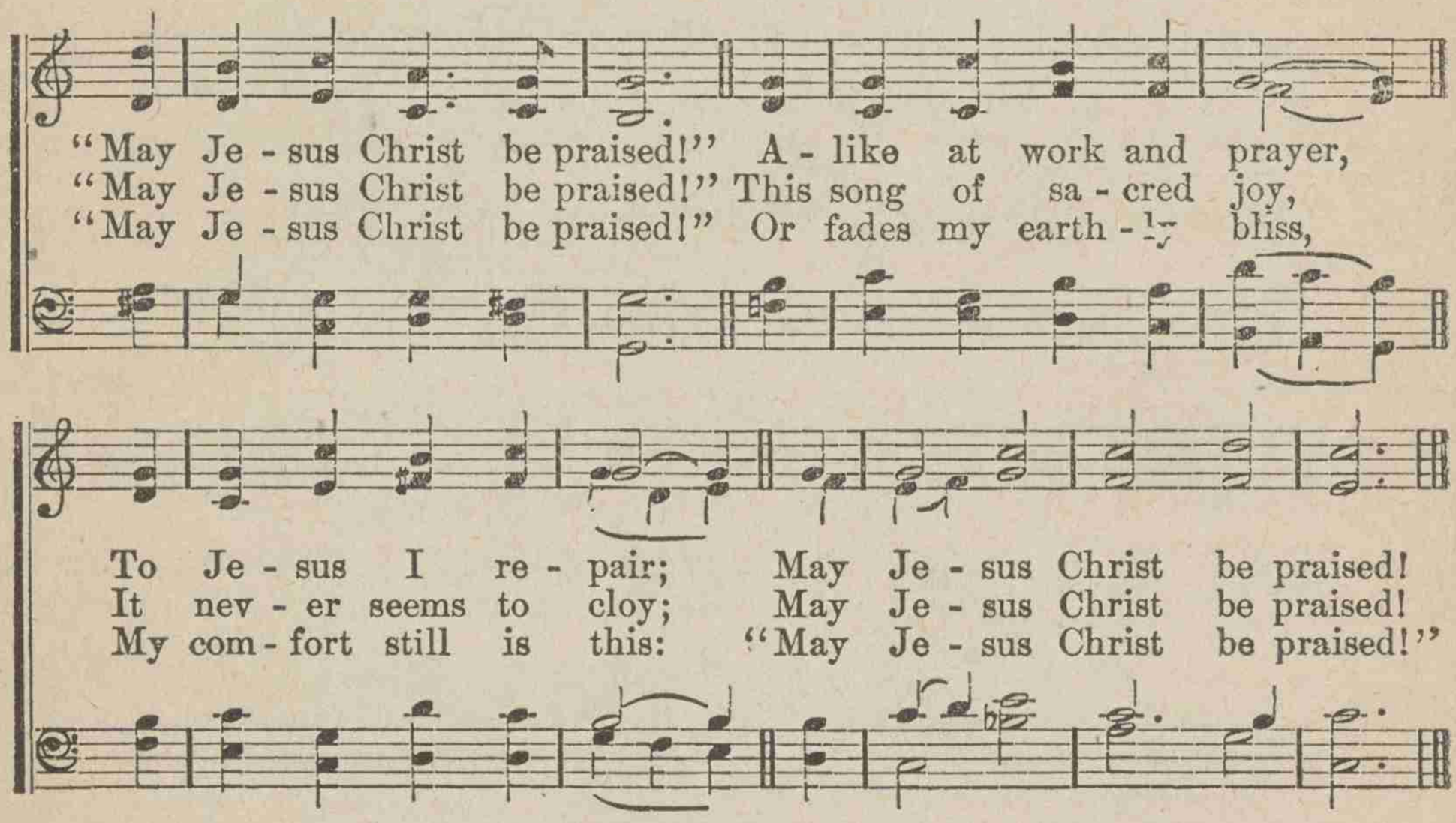
REGINALD HEBER. H. S. CUTLER.



238 When Morning Gilds the Skies.

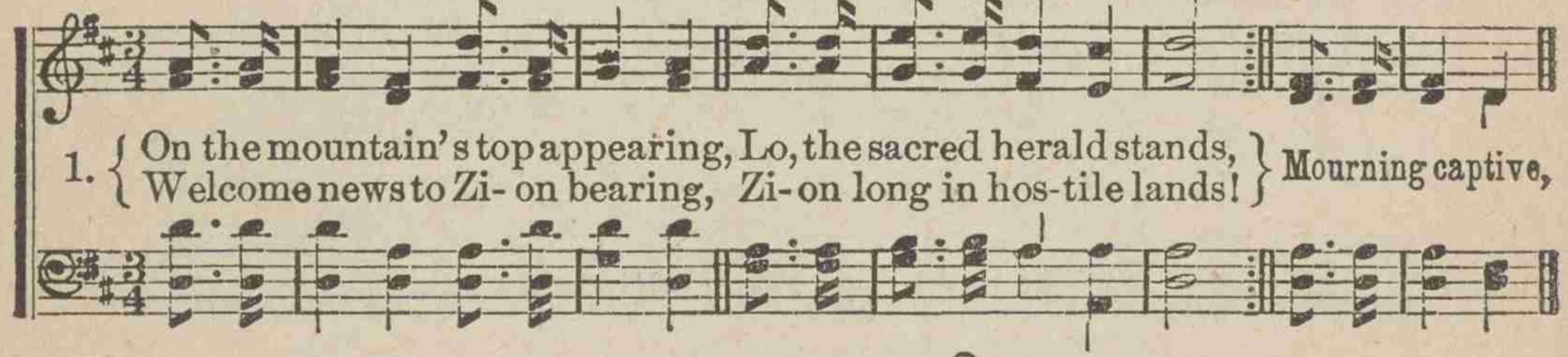
Tr. EDWARD CASWELL. (LAUDES DOMINI.) JOSEPH BARNBY.





239 On the Mountain's Top Appearing.

T. KELLY. (ZION.) T. HASTINGS.
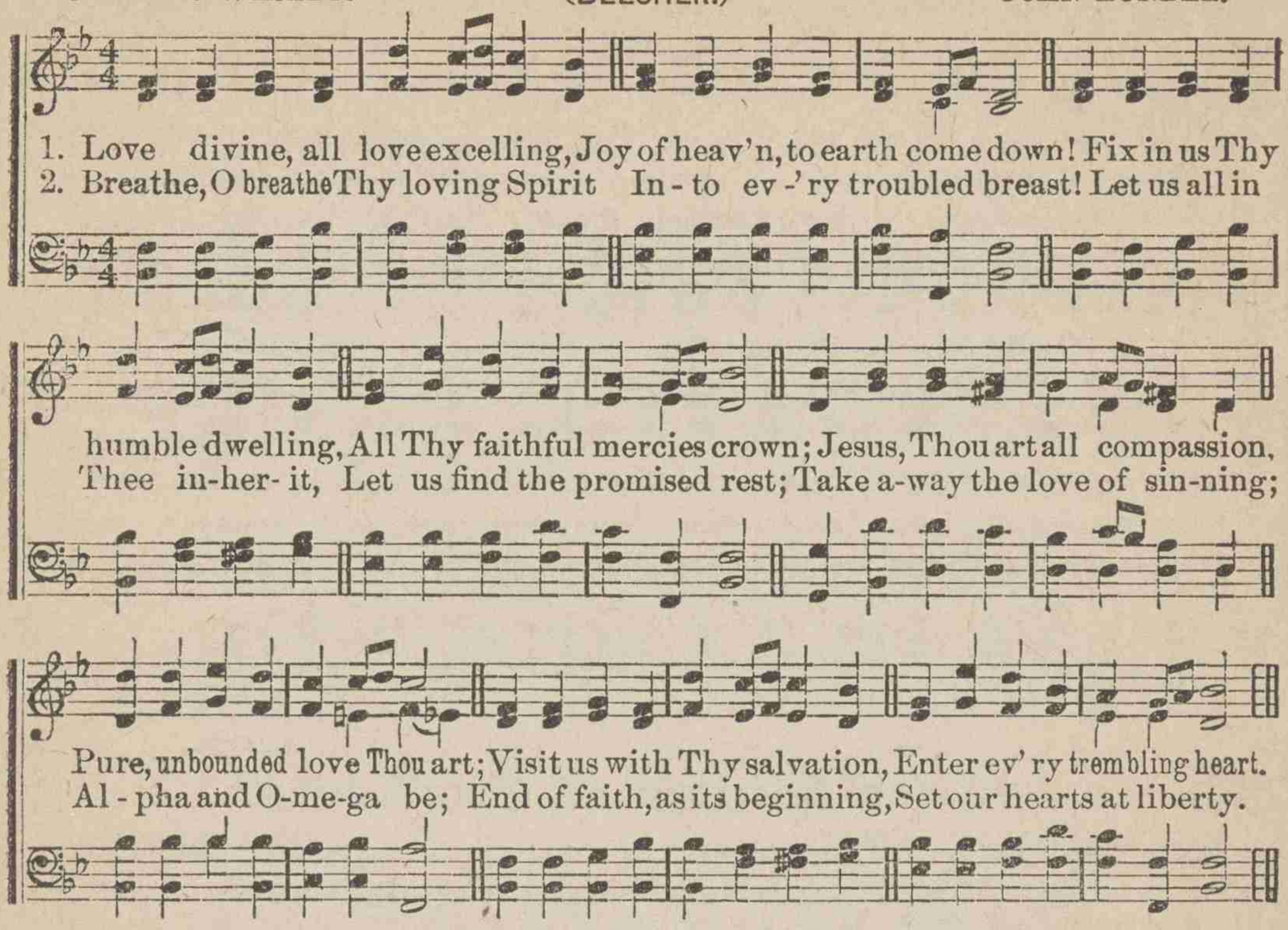


2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well-beloved!

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears, thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now be past;
God, thy Saviour, will defend thee
Victory is thine at last.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

240 Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY. (BEECHER.) JOHN ZUNDEL.

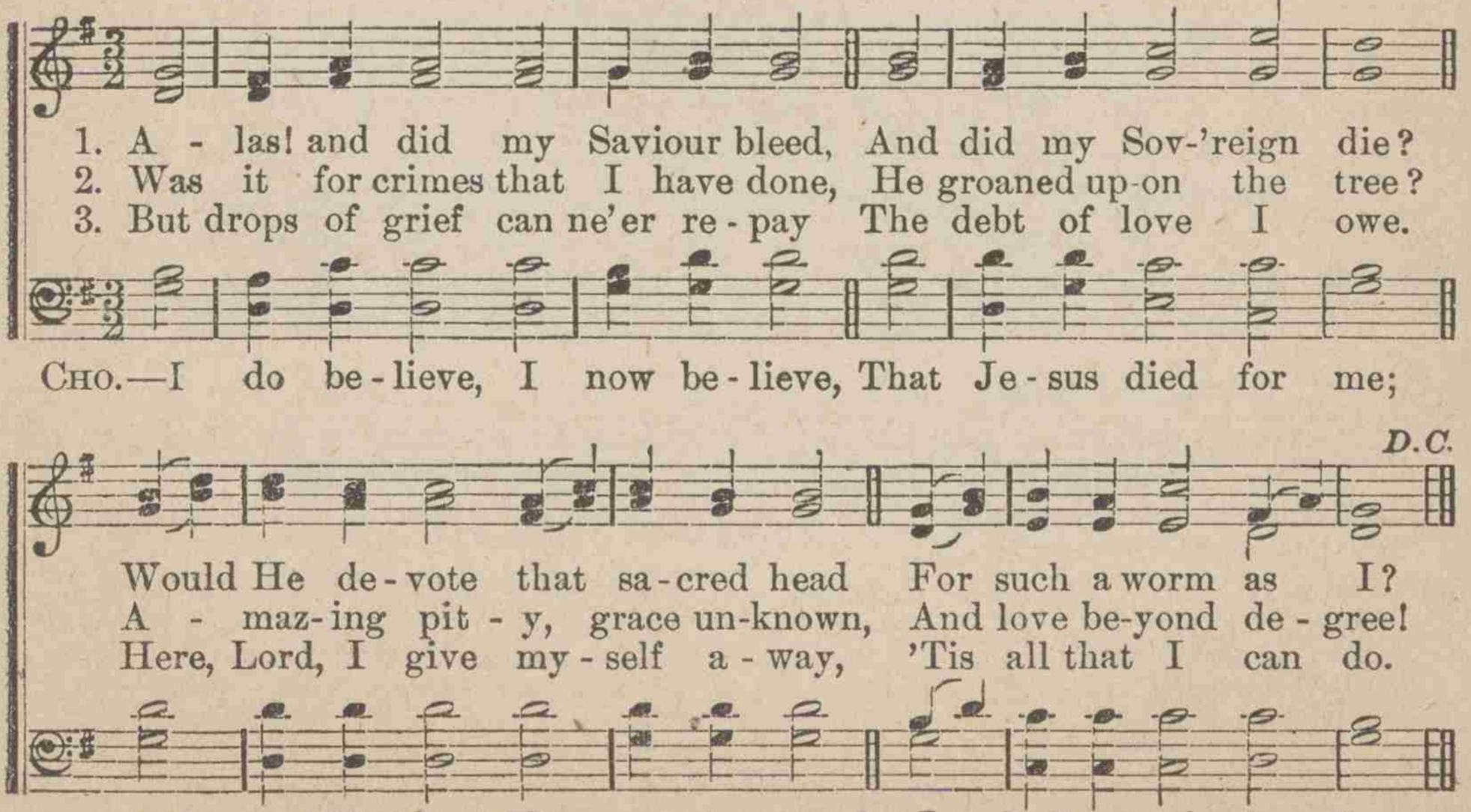


3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

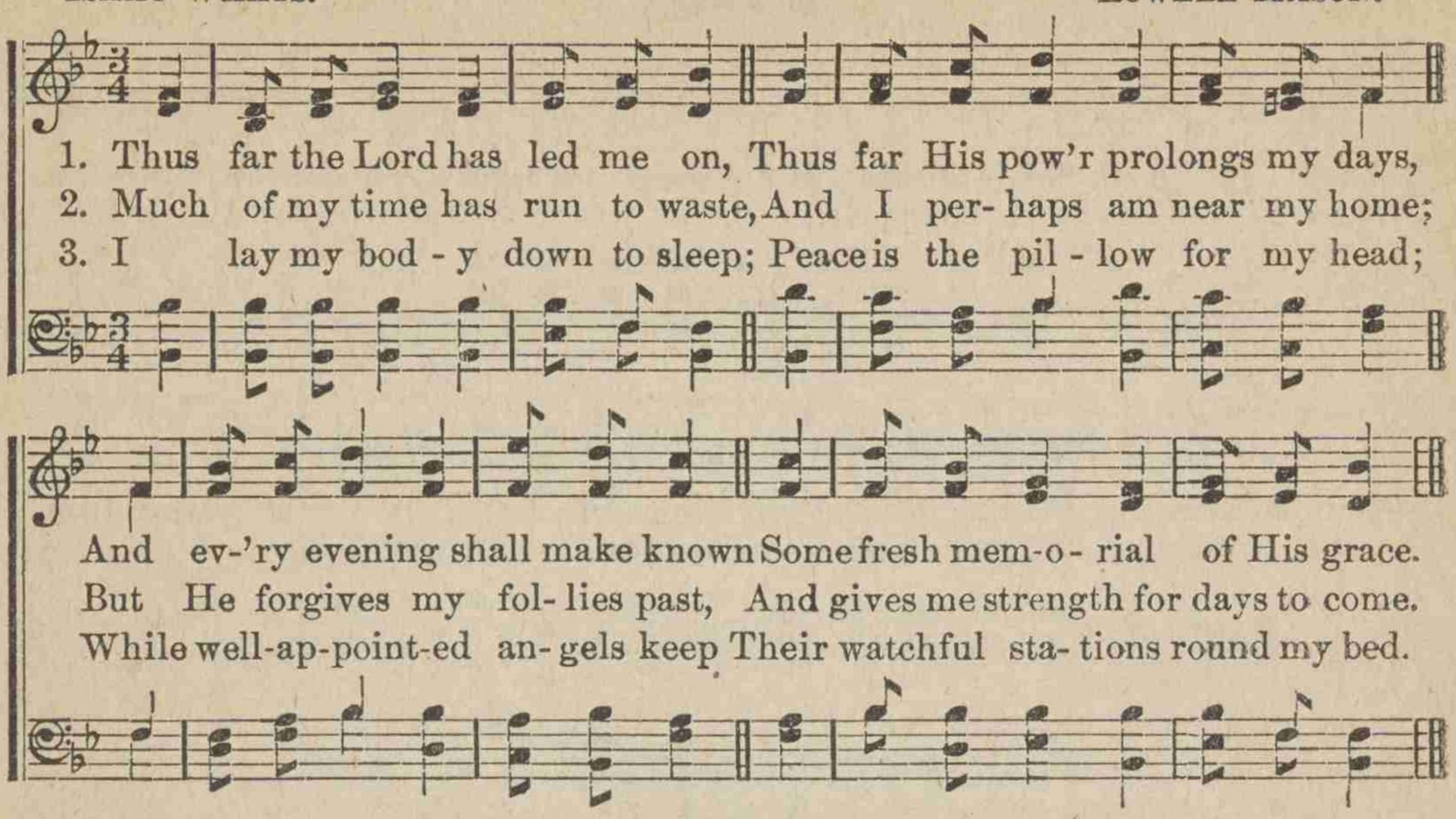
241 I Do Believe.

ISAAC WAATS. Anon.



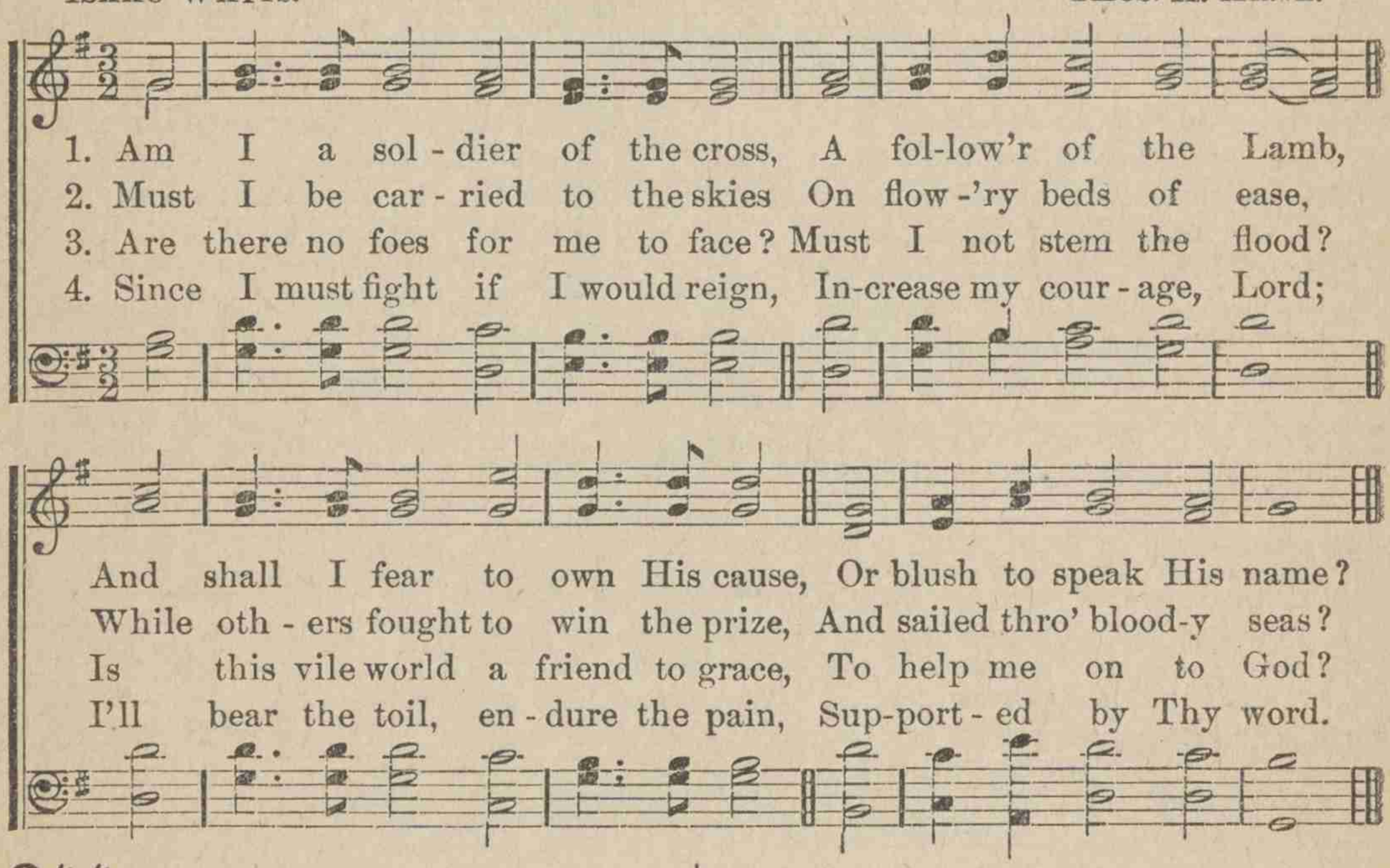
242 Thus Far the Lord Has Led Me On.

ISAAC WAATS. LOWELL MASON.



243 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. A. ARNE.



244 Come, Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers!
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
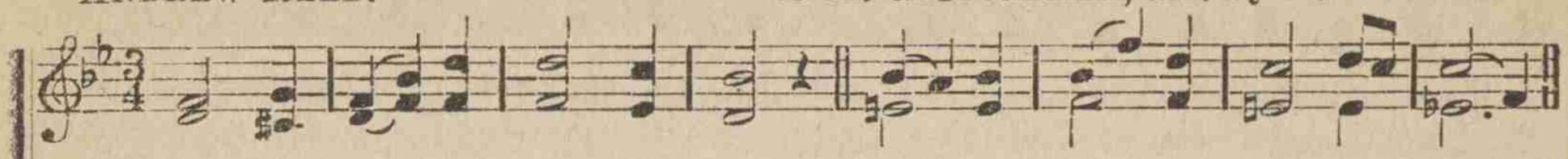
4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers!
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours!

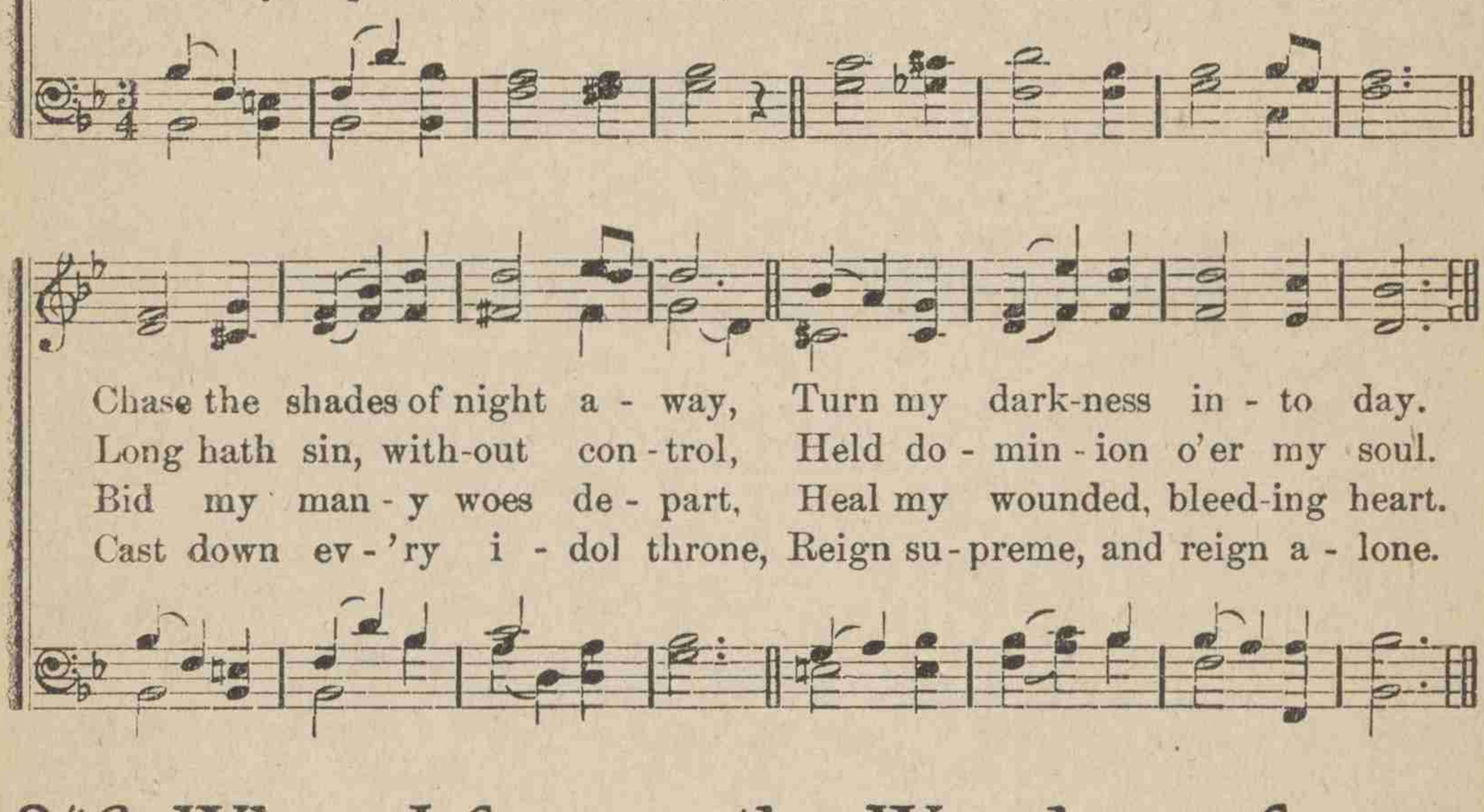
245 Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

(LAST HOPE.)

ANDREW REED. L. M. GOTTSCHALK, arr. by H. P. MAIN.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di-vine Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di-vine Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all - di-vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

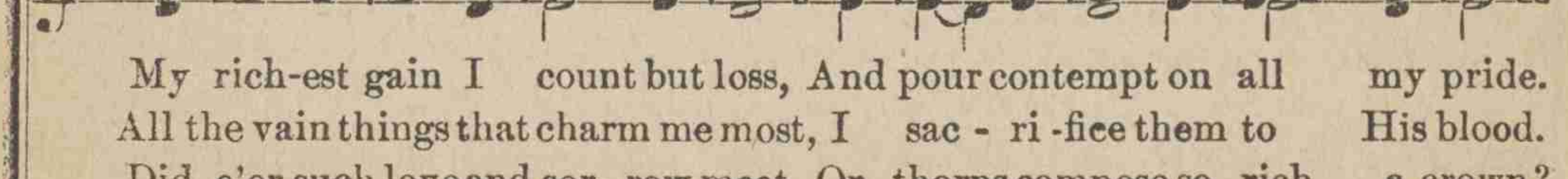


Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleed-ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme, and reign a - lone.



246 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. E. MILLER.

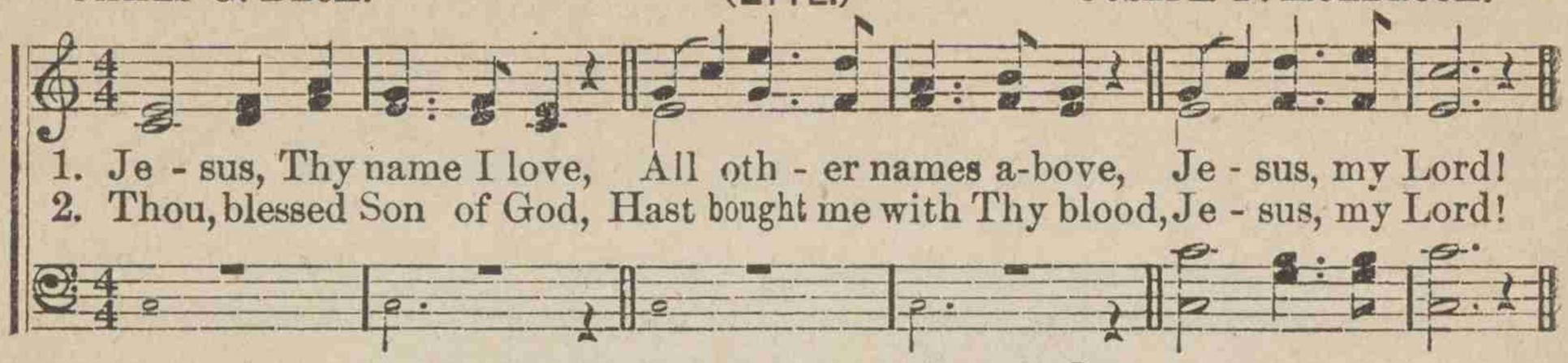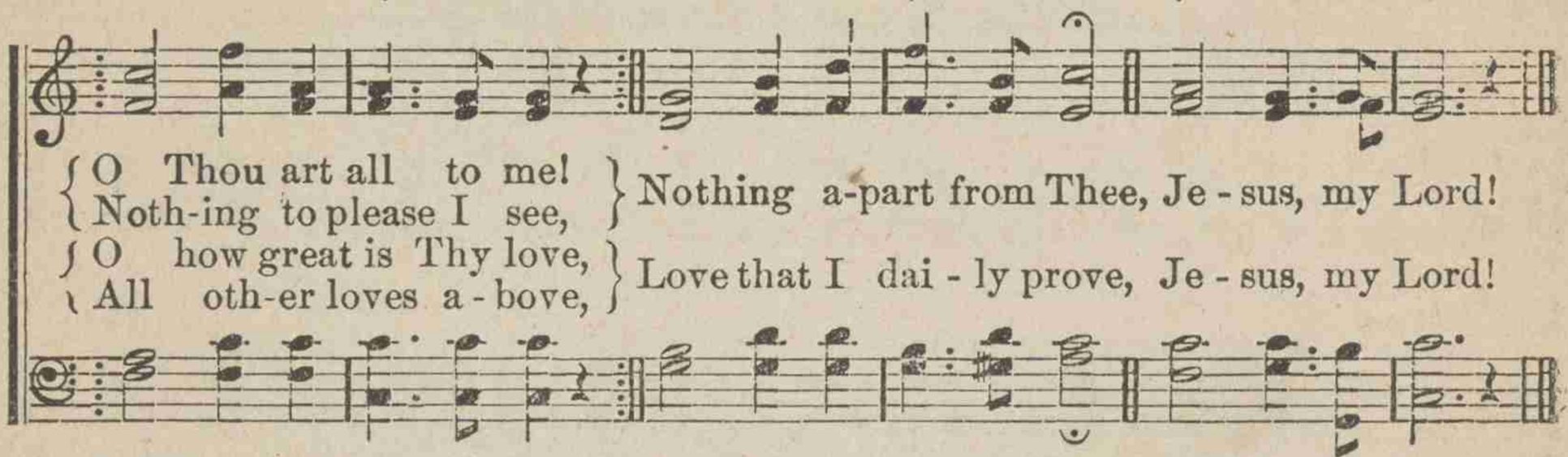


1. When I sur- vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God;
3. See! from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down!
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were an off-'ring far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor- row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De- mands my soul, my life, my all!

247 Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

JAMES G. DECK. (LYTE.) JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



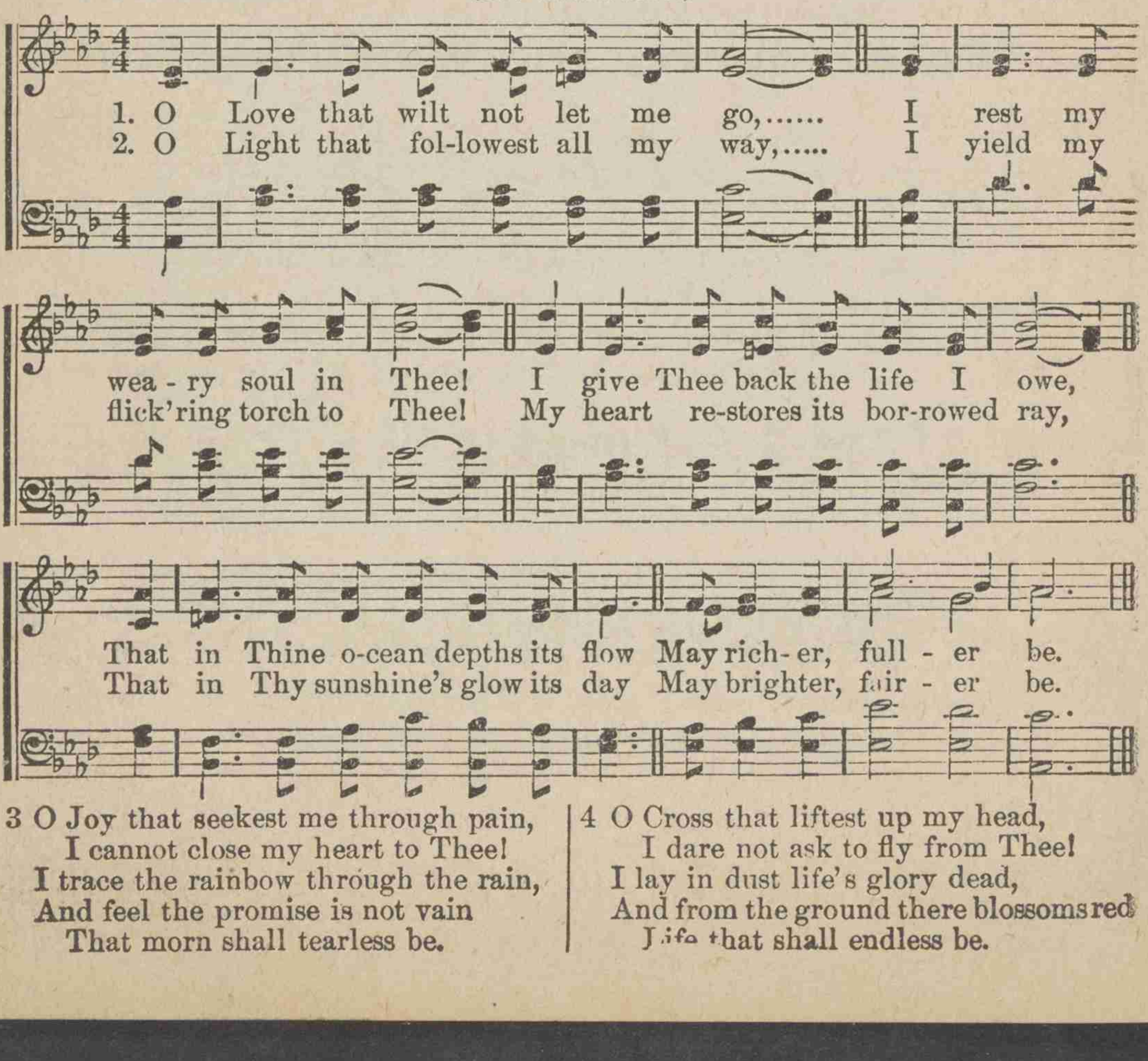


3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear,
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord?

4 Soon Thou wilt come again;
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

248 O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON. (ST. MARGARET.) ALBERT L. PEACE.



3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee!
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee!
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

249 Power from God.

C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, arr.

1. They were in an up - per cham-ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n descended With the sound of rush- ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old-time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa - thers who were true;

When the Ho - ly Ghost de- scend- ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.
Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
This is prom-ised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it too.

CHORUS.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now;

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap-tize ev -'ry one!

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250 Lost! Lost! Undone!

J. S. JOHN SAUNDERS.

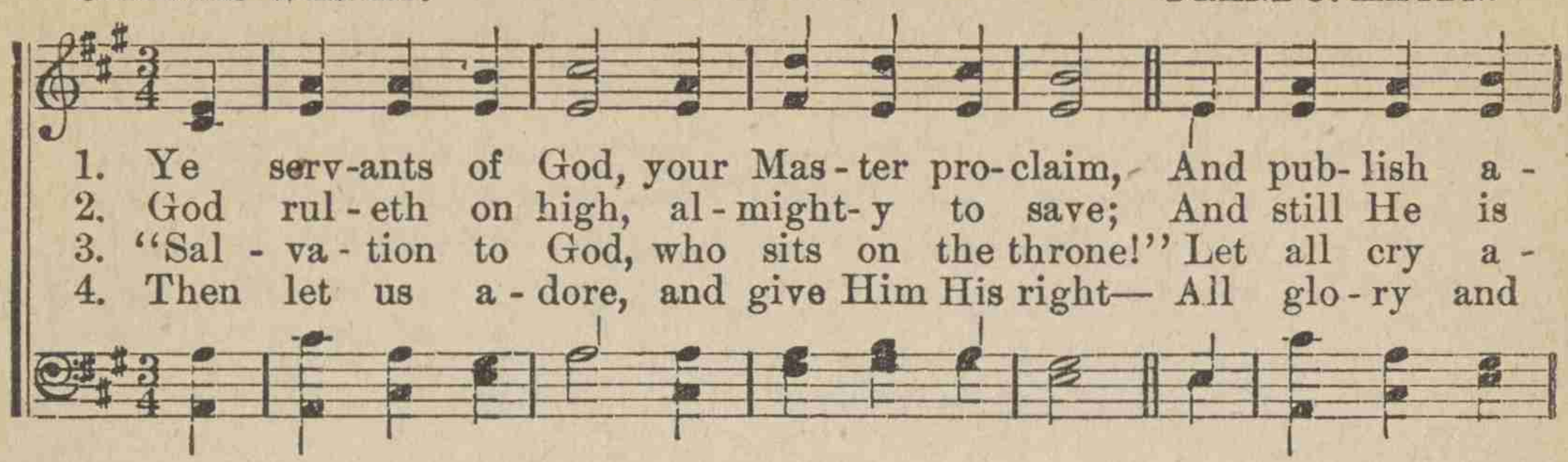
1. Lost! lost! lost! un - done, But for Thee, Thou ho - ly One;
2. Rest! rest have I none While a - part from God's dear Son;
3. Help! help! help I need; Let Thy blood then for me plead;

Ev - er - last - ing gloom Was my aw - ful doom.
There's no rest for me Till I rest in Thee.
Though my faith is weak, Thy face will I seek.

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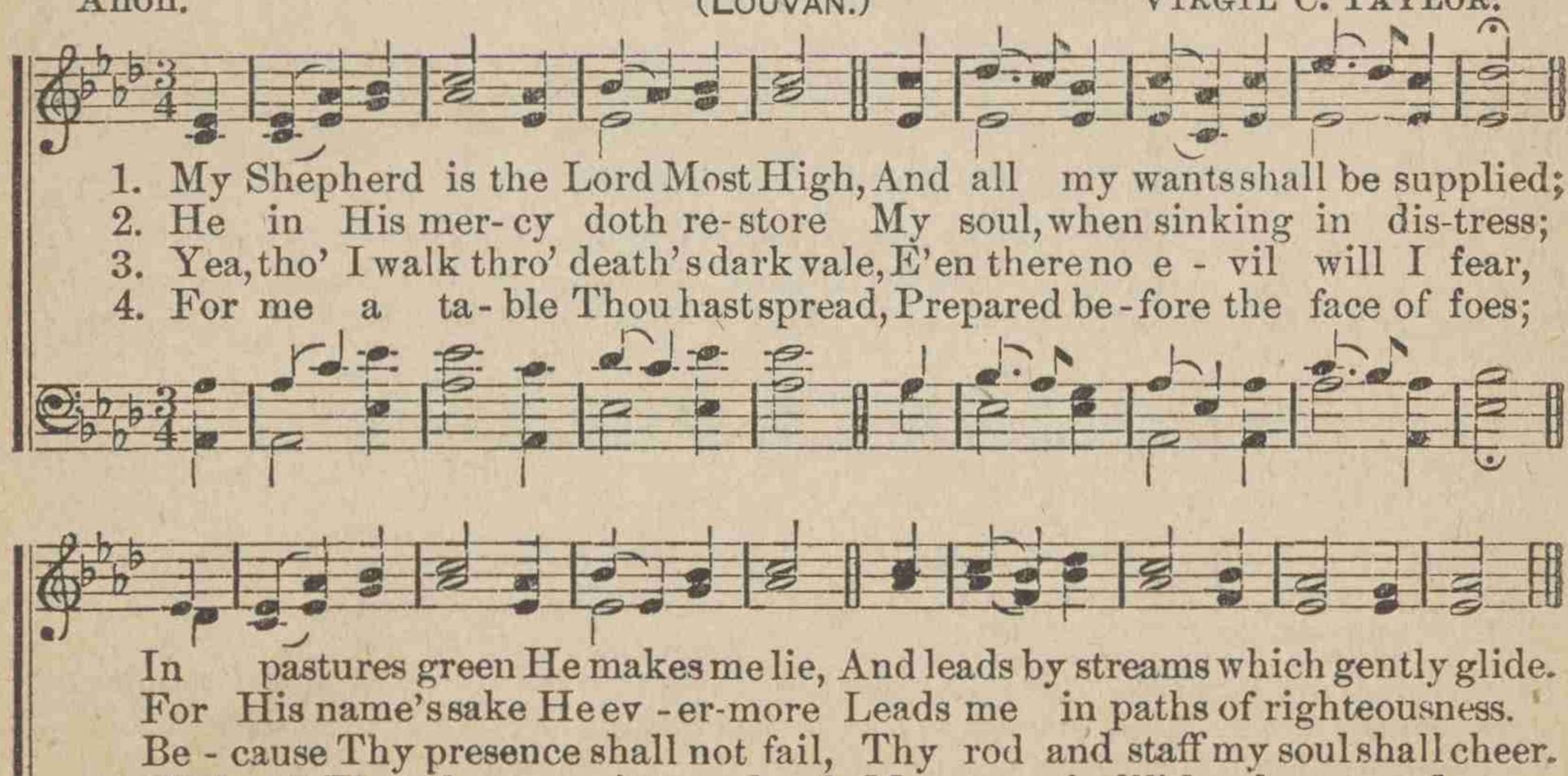
251 Ye Servants of God.

CHARLES WESLEY. (LYONS.) FRANZ J. HAYDN.



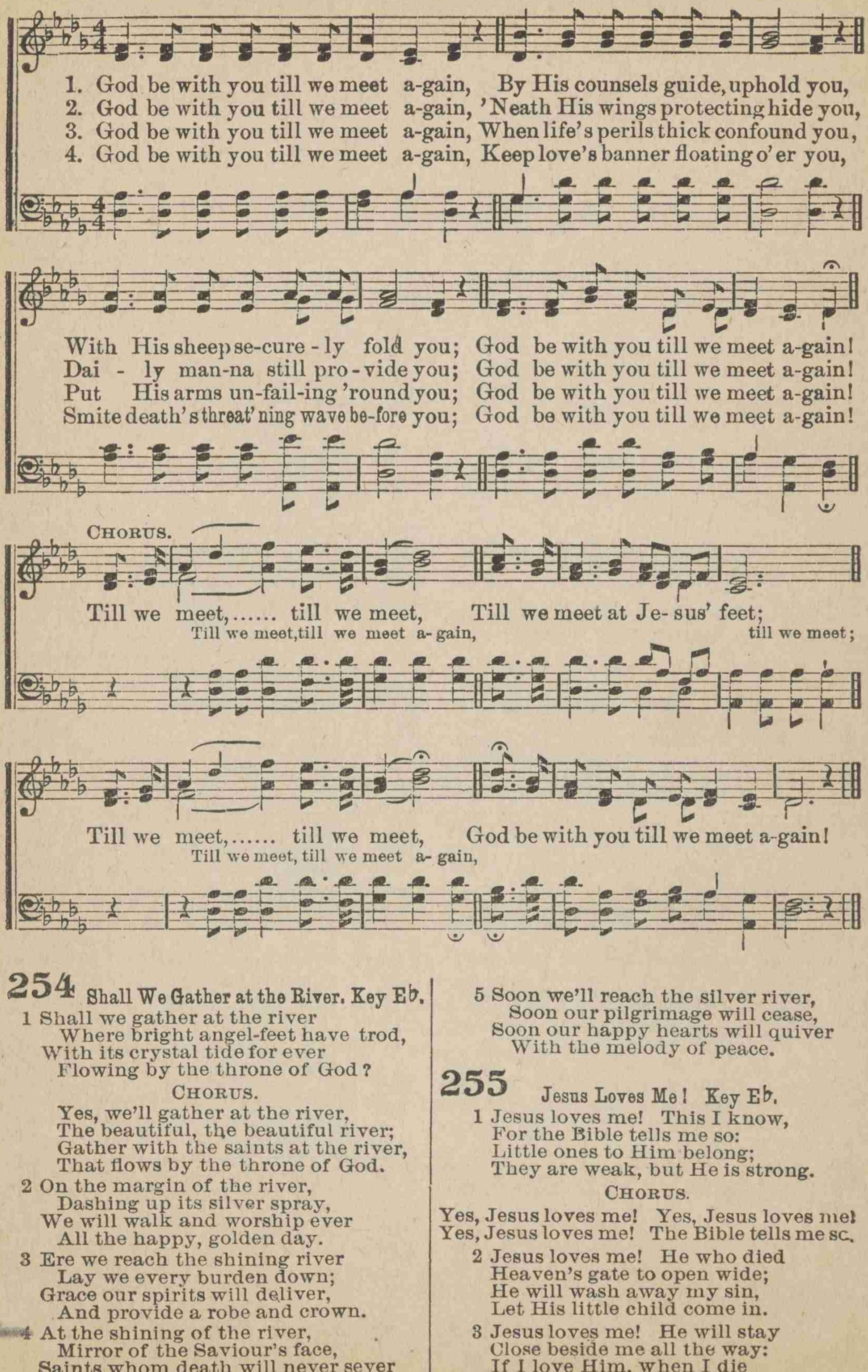
252 My Shepherd is the Lord.

Anon. (LOUVAN.) VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.



253 God Be with You!

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.



254 Shall We Gather at the River. Key E♭.

1 Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel-feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Dashing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the shining of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Raise their song of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

255 Jesus Loves Me! Key E♭.

1 Jesus loves me! This I know,
For the Bible tells me so:
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way:
If I love Him, when I die
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Titles in SMALL CAPS; first lines in Roman.

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103 Onward, Upward
116 Stand Up, Stand Up
143 Fight the Good Fight
170 Hark to the Sound
189 Onward, Christian Soldiers
212 My Soul, Be on Thy
237 The Son of God Goes

WARNING

23 Steer for Home
36 There's a Great Day
51 Weighed in Balance
54 Never a Word of Excuse
62 Be Not Deceived
66 Why Will Ye Die
80 Wandering Far
81 He Is Knocking
93 Looking on You
111 What Will You Do
125 Choose Now
157 Yet There Is Room
171 Today the Saviour
212 My Soul, Be on Thy
213 Building for Eternity

WORK

26 Lifetime Is Working
60 Here Am I
138 Working, Watching,
167 Will There Be Any
193 Work, for the Night
221 Rescue the Perishing
235 Bringing in the
See also 106, 150, 172, 211

q.v.	R.e
	e-c
a.c.	ε-2
L.σ	L.σ
B.σ	m.σ
n.H	2.σ
H.B.	7h.m
m.2	q.ε.
J.R.	σ1σ2.σ7.
a.s.	
s.m	

mon

32.

134.

8

Eue

234

108

163.

124.

132

Quartette

Mr. Clymore said to ask
the choir if they would furnish
coffee & cake for the L. G. choir
next Tues. evening & our choir
also, after services.
if so please let me know.
will see more about it after
services.

please send book back as
myrtle's solo is in it.

Bertha

Myrtle

1912
1887
2.5

1912
1887
2.5

1912
1887

16
18
31.
42
47 why will say yes to-night
61 come Home