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IN HIS NAME

SERIES No. 1.

FOR USE IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS YOUNG PEOPLES SOCIETIES AND FOR GENERAL WORSHIP AND CHRISTIAN WORK.

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We can surely, surely trace.—(E. P., p. 120.)

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Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D.	Jno. R. Sweeny.	C. E. Pollock.	R. M. McIntosh.
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Rev. E. A. Hoffman.	B. C. Unseld.	Fred. A. Fillmore.	H. P. Danks.
Geo. C. Stebbins.	Mrs. J. F. Knapp.	A. J. Showalter.	E. Karl.

And many others. An examination is solicited.

IN HIS NAME.

(SERIES NO. I.)

POWER.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

1. In His name what grace and fa - vor, Chil-dren of the King may have;
2. He that lov- eth me said Je - sus, Of my Fa-ther shall be loved;
3. 'Tis the dear sweet name of Je - sus, Precious passport we may claim;
4. Price-less, glo-rious, transpor- ta - tion, O'er life's tempes- tu - ous sea;

Of - fer all our vast pe - ti-tions Peace and par- don we may crave.
Grants us all our gifts we ask Him, Friend of sin-ners tried and prov'd.
Thro' the gold - en gates of heav - en, We shall en- ter in His name.
Help when need-ed rest when wea - ry, Love and mer - cy full and free.

CHORUS.

Love and fa - vor from the Fa- ther, True for-give-ness we can claim;

f

Pow'r in win-ning souls He gives us, Pow'r in praying in His name.

THIS SHALL BE THE STORY.

EMMA PITT. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We shall join the glad new song, Yon-der on the gold-en shore,
2. "Un-to Him" oh bless-ed song, What a glad tri-umph-ant strain,

With the joyous ransomed throng, We shall sing for-ev-er-more;
Pow'r and might to Him be-long, To the Lamb for sin-ners slain.

O-ver in the ci-ty fair, With the dear ones gone be-fore,
O-ver Jor-dan by and by, With the Sav-iour we shall meet,

With the host unnumbered there, We shall sing for-ev-er-more.
Of His bound-less love to sing, And our friends and kin-dred greet.

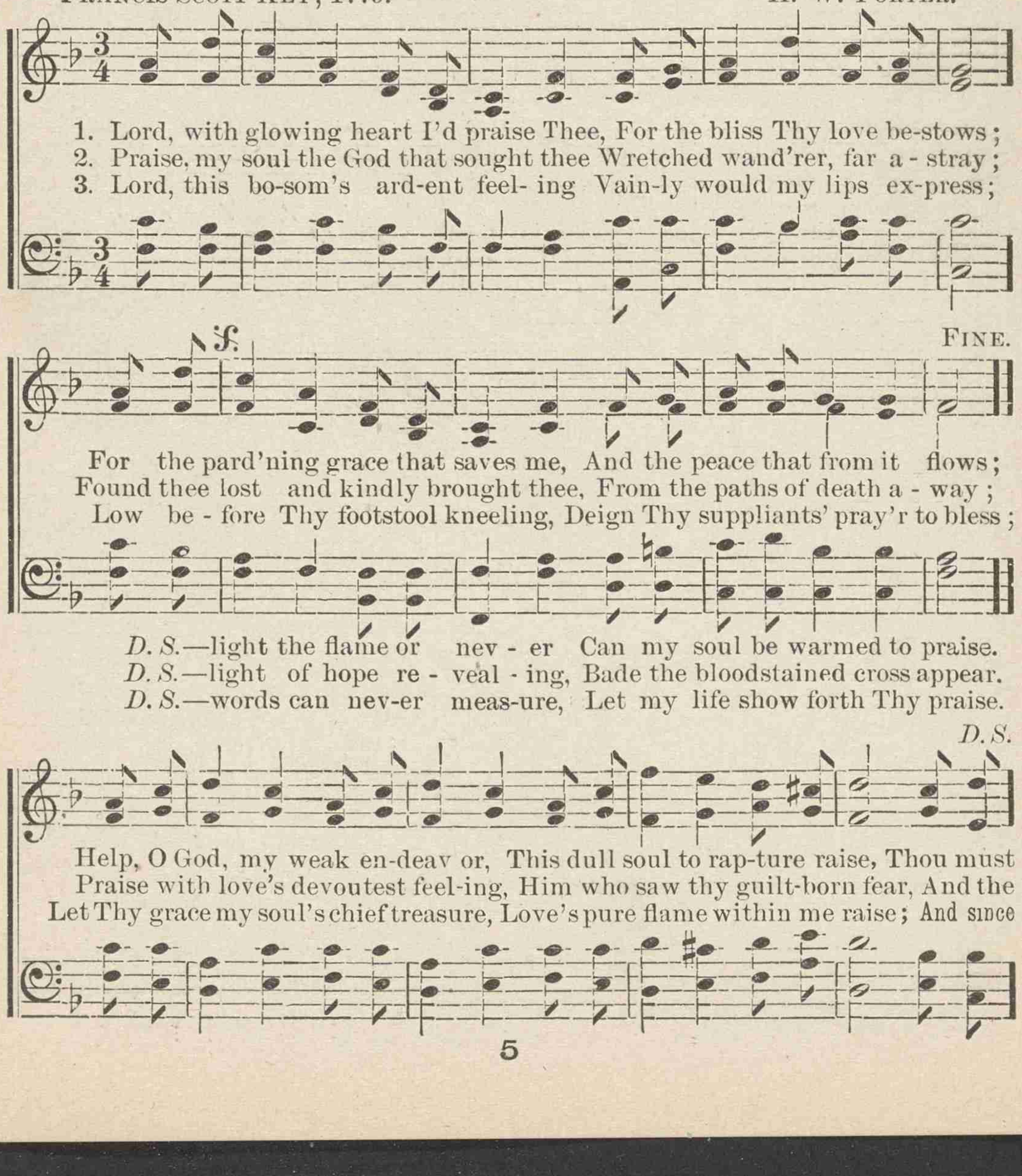
REFRAIN.

Then "Un-to Him that loved us," Then "Un-to Him that loved us,"

THIS SHALL BE THE STORY.—Concluded.

PRAISE.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1779. H. W. PORTER.



WHEN THE FRUIT IS GATHERED IN.

EMMA PITT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Let us ear-nest-ly work and la - bor While here in this life be-low,
2. Let us faith-ful-ly lift the standard While here on this bor-der land;
3. Look and live, be our mot-to ev - er, To the wand'ring here be-low;

We can tell err-ing ones of Je - sus Each passing day as they go.
By the cross, the dear cross of Calv-'ry, Then lov-ing-ly ev - er stand.
We will tell them, oh, tell them of Jesus Each passing day as we go.

CHORUS.

For the glo - rious time is com - ing, When the
The glo-rious time is com - ing,

fruit shall be gath - ered in, Then the Sav-iour will crown the
be gathered in,

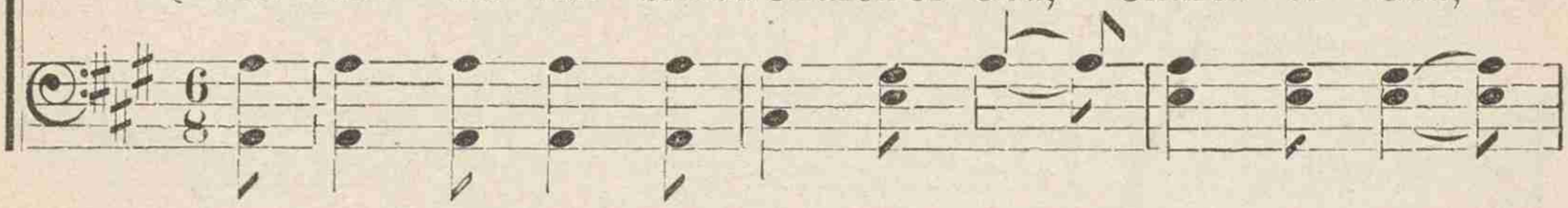
ran - somed, When the fruit is gath - ered in.
ransomed, crown the ransomed, When the fruit is gathered in.

Copyright, 1893, by D. B. Towner.

GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, filled with blood,
   And sin - ners plung'd be-neath that flood, be- neath that flood, be -
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see, re - joiced to see, re -
   And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho'
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre- cious blood, Thy pre - cious blood, Thy
   Till all the ran - somed Church of God, Church of God,



filled with blood, There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn
neath that flood, And sin - ners plunged be- neath that flood, Lose
joiced to see, The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That
vile as He, And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash
pre - cious blood, Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood, Shall
Church of God, Till all the ran - somed Church of God, Are

CHORUS.

from Im- man - uel's veins,
all their guilt - y stains.
fount-ain in His day,
all my sins a - way,
nev - er lose its pow'r,
saved to sin no more.

Oh, glo - ri - ous fount-ain!

Here will I stay, And in Thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

HIS TRUE ENDEAVOR BAND.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS, (*ad lib.*)

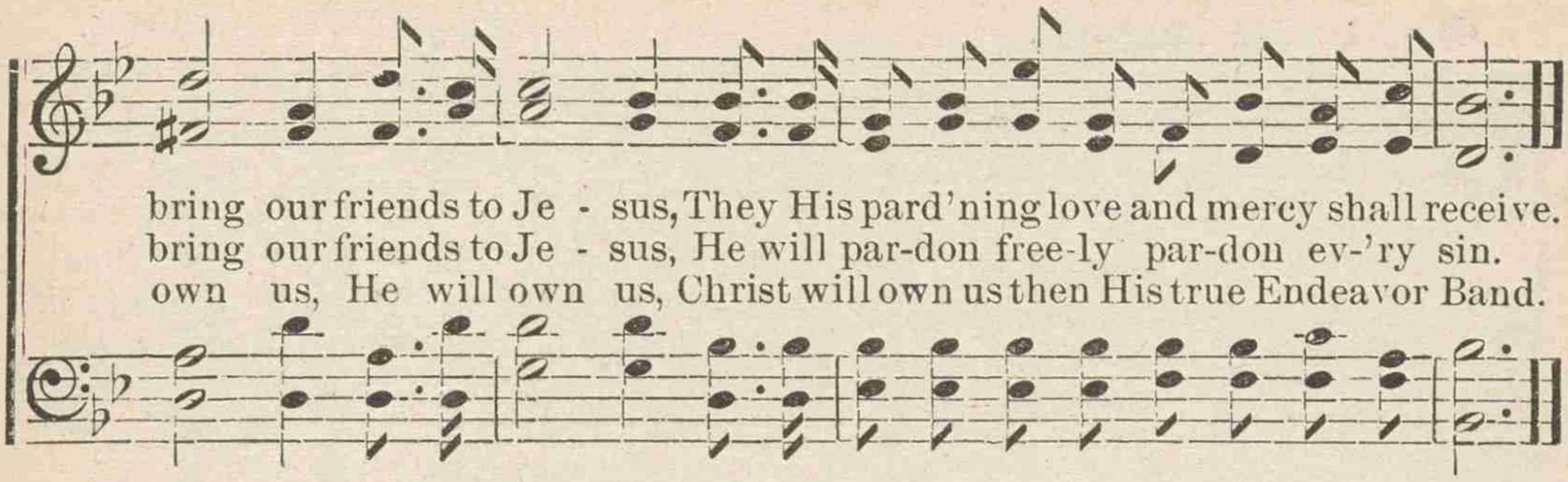
1. We will try with best endeavor more work for Christ to do, Of His mer- cy and His goodness we will tell Let us nothing know but
2. We can heal the wounded spirit with oil of Christian love, He can tru- ly make a- live the dead in sin, If we lead them on to
3. Let us cast up- on the Saviour, the bur-den of our needs, Walking step by step just holding on His hand, He can bind the brok-en

Je - sus in our zeal for winning souls, And we'll gather for His
Je - sus, He will raise them by His pow'r And the kingdom of His
heart-ed if we bring them to His arms, Christ will own us then His

kingdom large and well. We will gath - er for His king- dom,
glo - ry give with-in. Christ can heal their wounded spir - it,
true Endeav-or Band. He will own us, He will own us

O His glo - ry and His pow- er He will give, If we
He will par - don, free - ly par- don ev - 'ry sin, If we
Walk- ing step by step just hold- ing on His hand, He will

HIS TRUE ENDEAVOR BAND. Concluded.



NO MORE GOOD BYE.

EMMA PITT. W. A. OGDEN.

THEY SHALL SHINE AS THE STARS.

Rev. Frank Pollock. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

1. I have thought of the good in their la - bor of love;
2. I have thought of the treas - ures that to them are giv'n,
3. Ah! crowns of re - joic - ing in heav - en they'll wear;

Like the stars they shall shine, In their beau - ty di - vine,
For the work of their faith; And my soul sweet - ly saith,
And their crowns they a - dorn, And they have not a thorn;

In the beau - ty of God for - ev - er a - bove;
A glad wel - come they'll have to the glo - ry of heav'n.
The saved sin - ners shall gleam in their di - a - dems there.

Chorus.

They shall shine, they shall shine,
They shall shine, they shall shine,

They shall shine as the stars for - ev - er; They shall shine, ...

They shall shine,

THEY SHALL SHINE, etc.—Concluded.

JOY IN WORSHIP.

W. L. M. W. L. MASON.

WHAT GLAD NEWS.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

1. Hark! I hear . . . the joy of an - gels, And the low . . . soft
2. Je - sus wore . . . our robes so hu - man, That He might . . our

1. Hark! I hear the joy of an - gels, And the low soft ca -
2. Je - sus wore our robes so hu - man, That He might our sor -

cadence swells In - to prais - es and thanksgiv-ing, What glad
sorrows bear, Now He reigns . . in heav'n ex- alt - ed, That we

dence swells In - to praises and thanksgiv- ing,
rows bear, Now He reigns in heav'n ex-alt - ed,

f CHORUS.

news the mu- sic tells.
may His presence share.
} What glad news? come swell the cho-rus

For re-pent-ant sin-ners come Join and sing the hal- le - lu-jahs,

come Join and sing the

Je- sus welcomes wand'rers home, Je- sus welcomes wand'rers home.

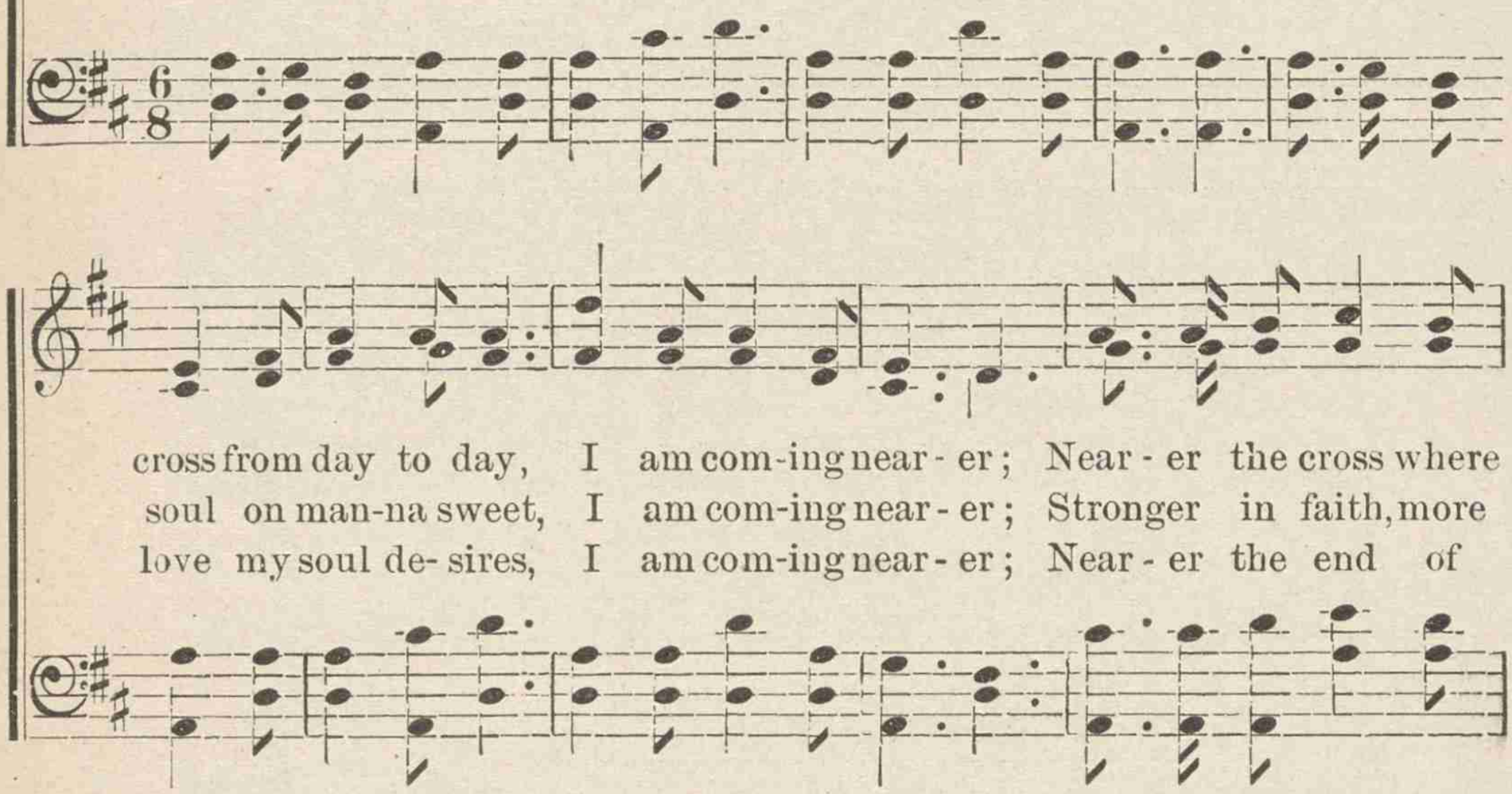
3 Come ye wandering ones to Jesus,
Leave all else and sin behind;
Joy shall fill the angel chorus,
Sinners shall sweet comfort find.

4 Jesus Saviour, King Immanuel,
Pleads before the Father's throne;
And behold there's joy in heaven,
When the Saviour claims His own.

NEARER THE CROSS.

F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near - er, Near- er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mercy seat, I am com-ing near - er, Feasting my
3. Near-er in prayer my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near - er, Deep- er the



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

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

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

THE BLOOD OF MY REDEEMER.

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

1. I will praise the Lord for His love to me, I am wash'd in the
2. I am sav'd by grace, and to Him brought near, I am wash'd in the
3. What a con-stant peace in my heart I feel, I am wash'd in the
4. I will lift my voice while on earth I stay, I am wash'd in the

blood of my Re-deem- er; In the fount that flows at the Cross so free,
blood of my Re-deem- er; I would sing so loud that the world might hear,
blood of my Re-deem- er; There's a ho - ly joy I can ne'er re - veal,
blood of my Re-deem- er, Then my soul shall sing in the realms of day,

REFRAIN.

I am wash'd in the blood of my Re-deem- er. Glo - ry, glo - ry,

glo- ry to the Lamb, I am sav'd from sin and He makes me what I am; Oh,

glo-ry, glo-ry, glo- ry to the Lamb, I am wash'd in the blood of my Redeemer.

Copyright, 1887, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

ONLY A STEP.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. Hear the sweet voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me, I am the way!" Heark-en, the lov - ing call o - bey; Come, for He loves you so.
2. On - ly the will to say, "I'll go; Down at His feet my sins I'll throw; Leav- ing the world of sin and woe, Je - sus, I come to Thee"
3. Cast - ing your heav - y bur - den down Low at the cross, the world may frown; Yet you shall wear a glo - rious crown, When He makes up His own.
4. O - pen for you the pearl - y gate; Lov'd ones for you now watch and wait. Ter - ri - ble thought! to cry too late, "Je - sus, I come to Thee."

CHORUS.

On - ly a step, on - ly a step; Come for He bled for you and died; He's the same lov - ing Sav - iour yet, Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.

Copyright, 1890, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

KEEP THE BANNER FLYING.

Dedicated to the Society of Christian Endeavor.

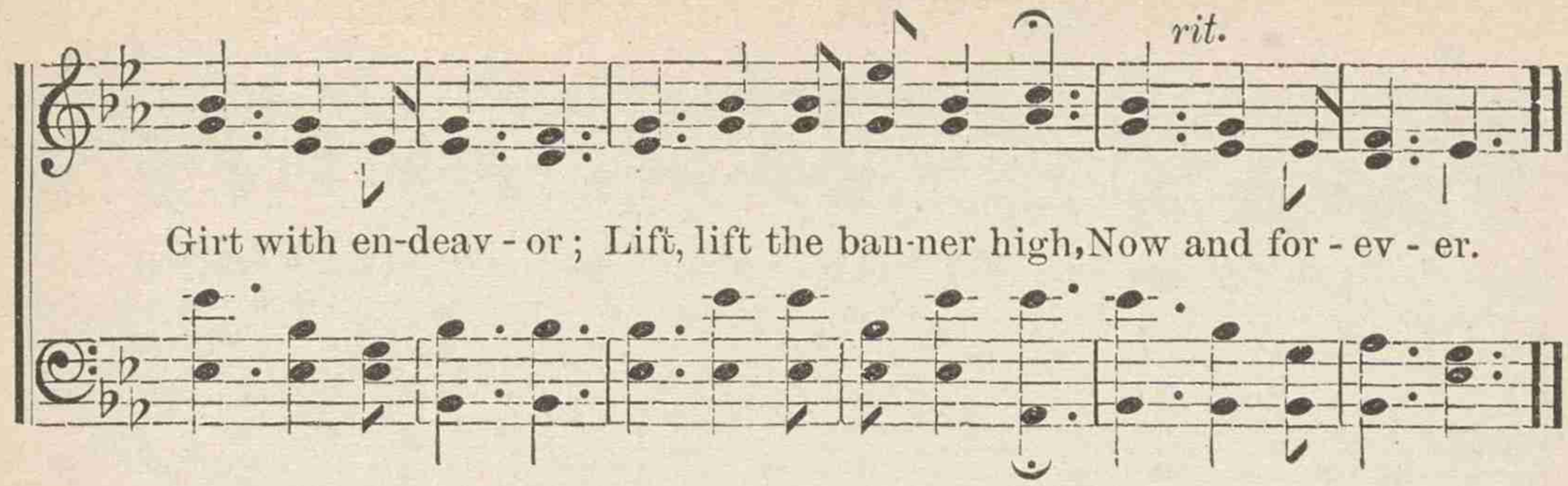
Rev. RICHARD OSBORNE. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

1. Keep the ban-ner fly - ing! This your cry should be; Ma - ny souls are dy - ing, Je - sus must they see. Un- der con-dem- na- tion, Life will soon be gone; On - ly is sal - va - tion In the sin - less One.
2. Keep the ban-ner fly - ing! When the faithful fall, Give not up to sigh - ing, Christ is all in all. Ral - ly all your forc - es; See, the Captains near; Trust to His re-sourc- es, There is naught to fear.
3. Keep the ban-ner fly - ing! Christians should a-gree, With each oth - er vy - ing, Yet in har - mo - ny; Work-ing still for Je - sus, Righting hu-man wrong; Till the an- gels greet us With their welcome song.
4. Keep the ban-ner fly - ing O - ver land and sea; By your self - de - ny - ing Comes the vic - to - ry. Bright-en toil with sing-ing, Bet-ter days will come; To the Sa-viour clinging, You shall rest at home.

CHORUS.

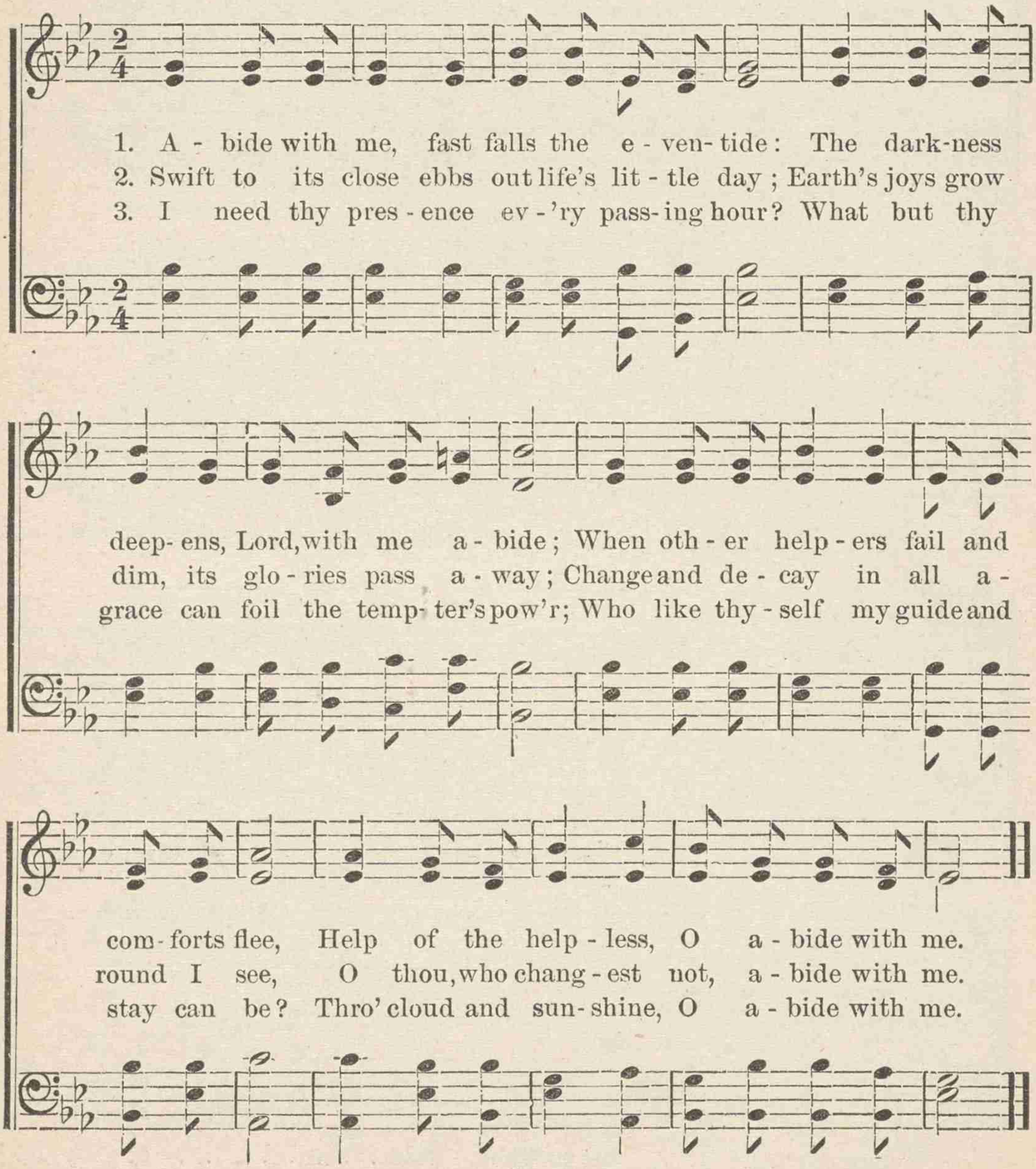
Shout, shout the bat- tle cry, Girt with en - deav - or; Lift, lift the ban-ner high, Now and for - ev - er. Shout, shout the bat- tle cry,

KEEP THE BANNER FLYING.—Concluded.



ABIDE WITH ME.

LYTE. A. S. KIEFFER, by per.



SEEKING THE LOST.

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

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind- ly en- treat-ing, Wan-der - ers on the
2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je - sus, Souls that are weak and
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer - cy, Fol-low- ing Christ from

mountain a - stray; "Come unto me," His mes-sage re-peat- ing, Words of the
hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal - va- tion, Showing the
day un- to day; Cheer- ing the faint and rais-ing the fal- len, Pointing the

CHORUS.

Mas - ter speaking to - day.
path to life ev- er - more.
lost to Je-sus the way.

Going a- far

Go- ing a - far . . . . . up- on the

up- on the mountain, Bringing the wand'rer back a -

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

gain, back a- gain In - to the fold

gain . . . . . In - to the fold . . . . . of my Re -

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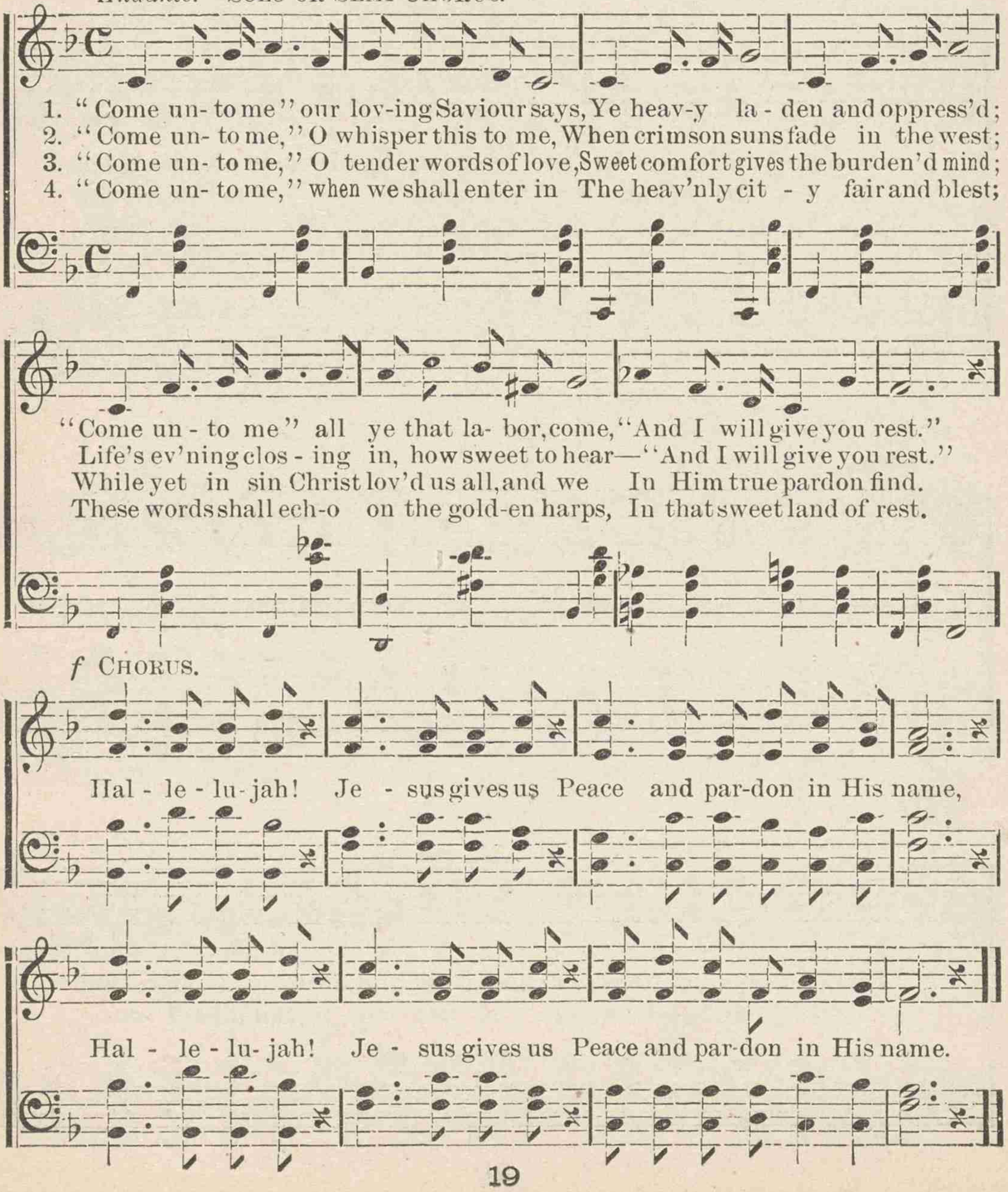
SEEKING THE LOST.—Concluded.

PEACE AND PARDON.

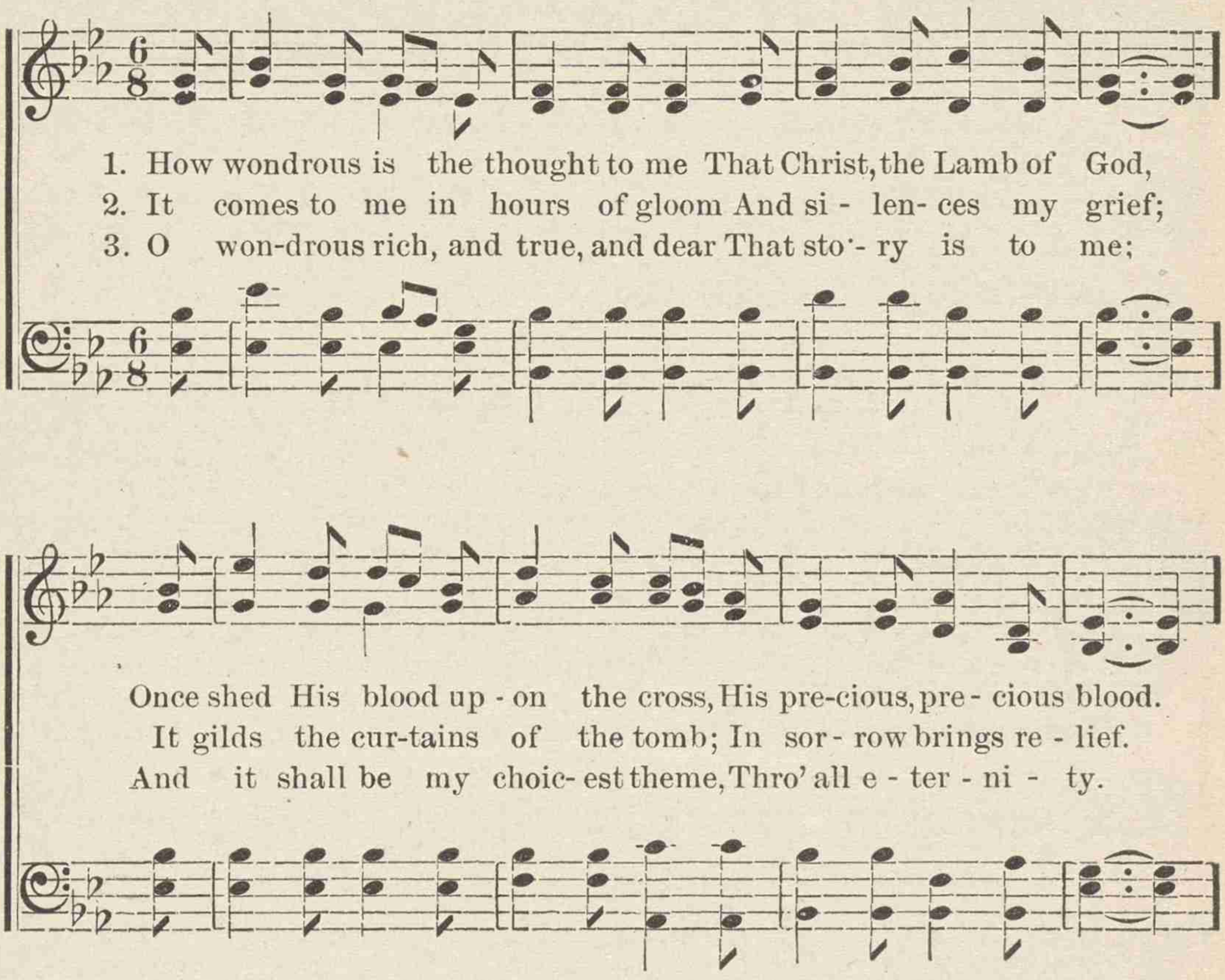
EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

Andante. SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.



NO MORE WONDROUS STORY.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. W. A. OGDEN.



USE ME, DEAR SAVIOUR.

Dr. I. L. MITCHELL. Rev. D. C. JOHN.

1. I would point some soul to the land of rest, To the fountain of peace un -
2. I would speak some word in the haunts of men, In the valley where death is
3. I would help some weak and falt'ring one, As he struggles a-gainst the

told,—To the tree of life whose healing leaves The balm of peace enfold.
sown,—In the hearts of those whose ears no song Of Christ have ever known.
foe,— I would point him to the Lamb of God, Whom life it is to know.

CHORUS.

Then use me, dear Sav - iour, In Thine own, pre-cious way, And
Use me, use me,
may my joy and com- fort be, In lead-ing sin-ners un - to Thee.

JESUS SAVED ME.

EMMA PITT. E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. Lost! but Je - sus saved me, Saved me by His love;
2. Lost! up - on the mount - ain Of life's woe and sin;
3. Lost! far o'er the des - ert, Knew not where to flee;

Lost! but now He keeps me, For my rest a - bove.
Lost! but His free par - don Safe - ly took me in.
Lost! but Je - sus loved me Kind - ly pit - ied me.

Lost! but Je - sus found me, In the des - ert wild;
Lost! but Je - sus bought me, Bought me with His blood;
Lost! but Je - sus brought me Out in - to the light;

Lost! but He re-deemed me, Owns me for His child.
Lost! but Je - sus keeps me In the nar - row road.
Lost! but still He saves me, Guards me by His might.

BE ALL THE HELP YOU CAN.

MAY CLIFTON. EMMA PITT.

1. In the world we oft find sor-row, As the days are pass - ing by,
2. Let your hearts with love be burn-ing, As the days are pass - ing by,
3. All the loved ones now we cher- ish, As the days are pass - ing by,

For we know not of the mor- row, As the days are pass - ing by;
Ev - 'ry morn and eve re- turn - ing, As the days are pass - ing by;
Soon or late they all must per - ish, As the days are pass - ing by;

Give to those who are in need, Help the hun- gry ones to feed,
Ask the Sav- iour for His grace, Bid the sin - ner seek His face,
Strew bright flow-ers in their way, As they're toil - ing day by day,

God will bless you for the deed, As the days are pass - ing by.
Beg them now their steps re- trace, As the days are pass - ing by.
Nev - er from their friendship stray, As the days are pass - ing by.

STEER FOR THE LIGHT.

EMMA PITT. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Duet, if desired, to Chorus.

1. There's a beau - ti- ful light-house 'way o - ver the main, And the
2. O'er the beau - ti- ful riv - er with wa - ters so deep, Bright
3. See there from its height waves the ban - ner of love, All
4. For that ha - ven of rest, wea - ry sail - or now steer, Or

bright beaming light you now see Is Je - sus, His love is now
an- gels are watching the shore, The light-house stands firm and the
stud- ded with stars bright and free And the ech - o comes, list! I've been
per - ish on life's stormy sea, Fix your eyes on that light and His

point - ing the way, Come, sail - or, He's wait - ing for thee.
storms nev - er sweep, For Je - sus has en - tered be - fore.
saved from the wreck By the light that's now beam-ing for thee.
voice you shall hear, "Come sail - or, I'm wait - ing for thee.

CHORUS.

Steer for the light, sailor, steer for the light, To the oar bravely bend and be bold;

STEER FOR THE LIGHT.—Concluded.

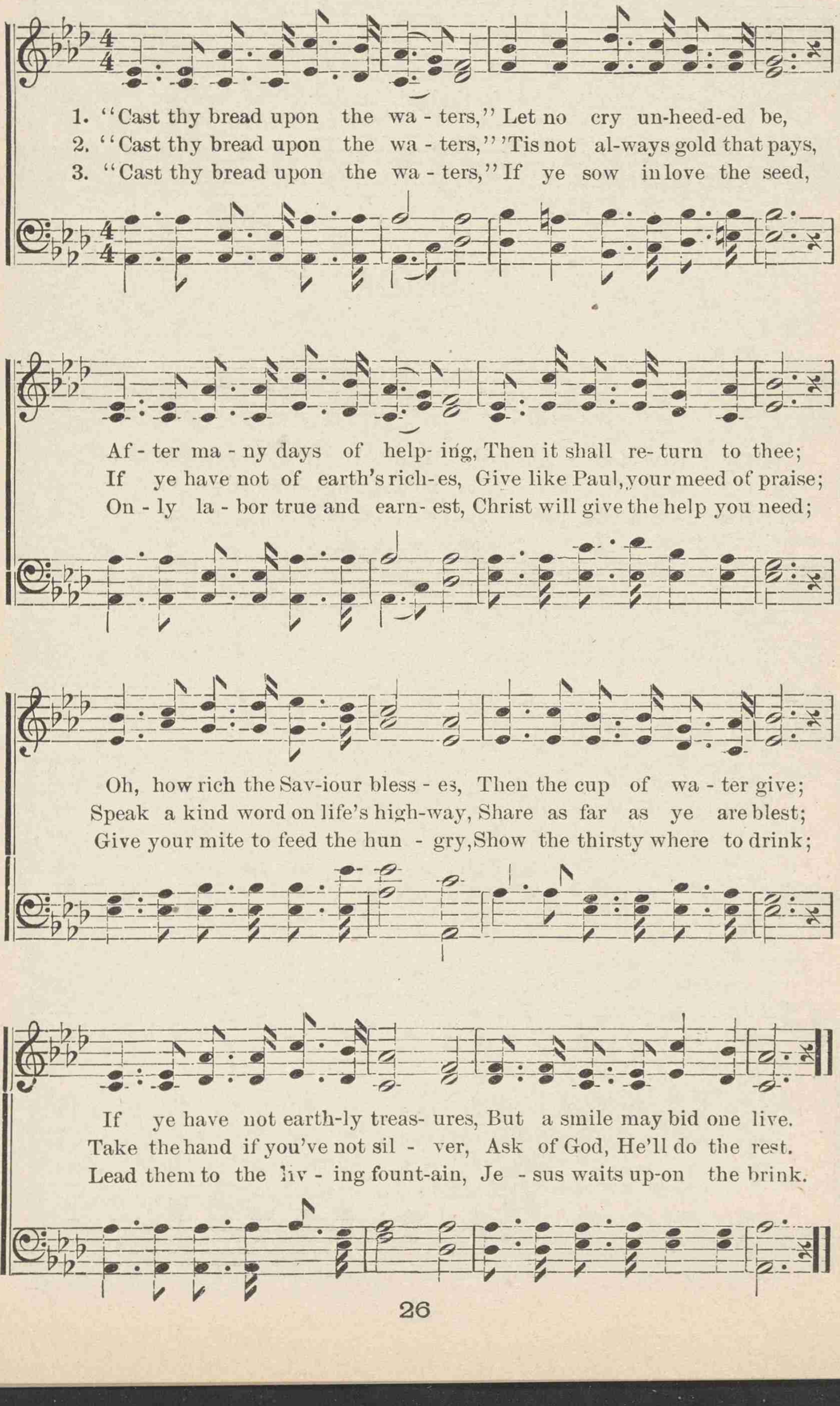
AMERICA.

M. C.

Maestoso.

CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

Mrs. D. C. DOANE. E. KARL.



WITH SHEAVES ALL BOUND.

EBEN E. REXFORD. R. A. KINSIE.

1. I know not when my Lord will say, "Thy work is end - ed,
2. I on - ly know that it will be The day of days that
3. So that the Mas - ter may not find My work un-done, His

come a - way!" It mat - ters not if I am found With
brings to me The sweet "Come home!" and glad - ly I My
sheaves I bind, And work for Him, this har - vest day, As

REFRAIN.

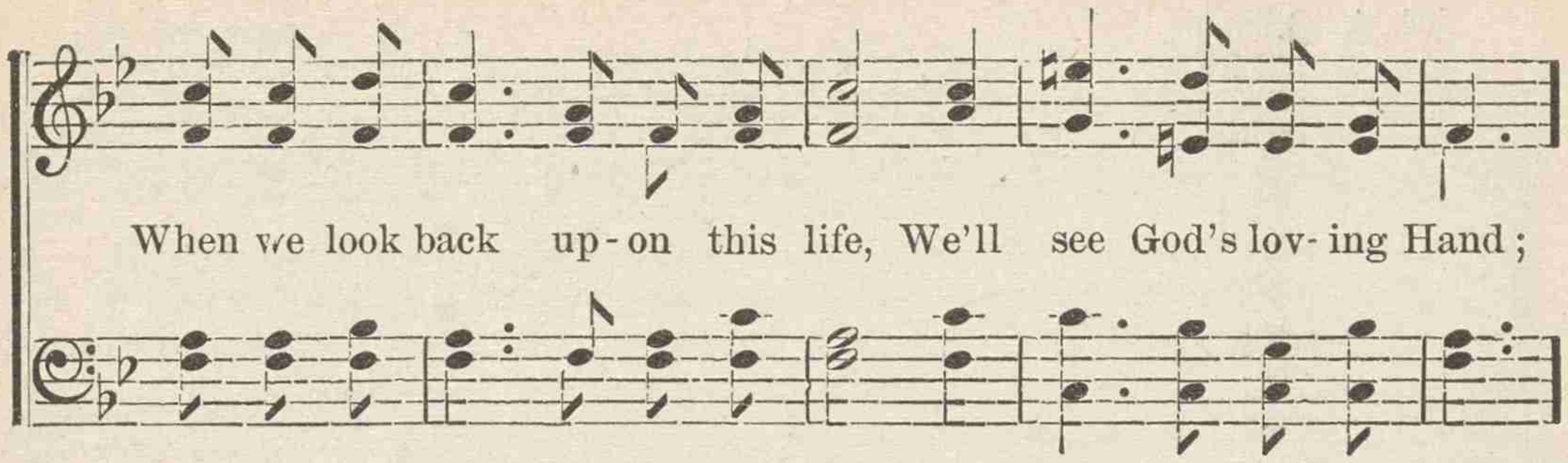
sheaves all bound, with sheaves all bound.
sheaves lay by, my sheaves lay by.
best I may, as best I may.
} When Je-sus comes may

I be found, With work all done, with sheaves all bound.

THEN WE CAN UNDERSTAND.

EMMA PITT. B. C. UNSELD.

THEN WE CAN UNDERSTAND.—Concluded.



I'LL FOLLOW.

W. S. M. W. S. MARTIN.

WE SHALL SHINE IN HIS GLORY.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. Though our life-tents be all cov - ered with dust, While thro' the valley we move, We shall be clean if in Je - sus we trust,—Shine in His
2. Though our life garments self-righteous ap-pear, In pride and fol - ly be wove; Washed in His blood we'll be spot - less and clear, Meet for His
3. Though our poor hearts be all cov - ered with sin, Soiled on the path which we rove; Down at the cross we may wash and be clean, Filled with the

REFRAIN.

glo - ry a - bove. }
Kingdom a - bove. } We shall shine . . . . in His glo - ry,
full-ness of love. }

Shine in His glo - ry a - bove, . . If we trust in Je-sus in His power to save, We shall shine in the courts of His love. . . . .

We shall shine a-bove,

His love.

I KNOW MY REDEEMER IS THERE.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

Andantino con moto.

1. Some-times in my dreamings I see Thy beau - ti- ful shad- ow-less
2. Some-times in the sun-light so fair, Thy bul-warks of Jas-per and
3. Some-times in my dreamings I see The sweet peaceful land of the

skies, I hear the sweet songs That the glo - ri- fied sing Stealing
gold, Thy man - sions so dear On my vis - ions un - fold, Stealing
blest, Fair cit - y of love, The fair cit - y of love; Stealing

p

o - ver E - ter - ni - ty's sea, Tho' dark are the shadows, Tho'
o - ver E - ter - ni - ty's sea, Dear voic - es are chanting, Dear
o - ver E - ter - ni - ty's sea, I look o'er the val- ley, O'er

rit.

dark are the shadows I know that the morning is fair, And oft in my
voic - es are chanting Be-yond in the sunlight so fair, When wea - ry of
earth's changing valley, I know that the morning is fair, I oft in my

vis-ions, Thy glo- ries un-fold, For I know my Redeem-er is there.
toil-ing I think of the day, I shall meet my Redeem-er up there.
vis- ion its beau - ty be-hold, And I know my Redeem-er is there.

THE DEAR OLD STORY.

MAY CLIFTON. E. O. EXCELL.

1. List, and hear the mu - sic steal-ing, Ech - o, ech - o, ev-'rywhere;
2. List, O sin- ner! hear the mes-sage, Je - sus died that all might live;
3. Oh, the dear—the sweet old mu- sic Fills my heart with peace and love;

Hark the strains are loud- er peal- ing, Je - sus hears and answers pray'r.
Now He longs to have you seek Him, Waits His pard'ning seal to give.
For I know in realms e - ter - nal, I shall walk with Christ a-bove.

CHORUS.

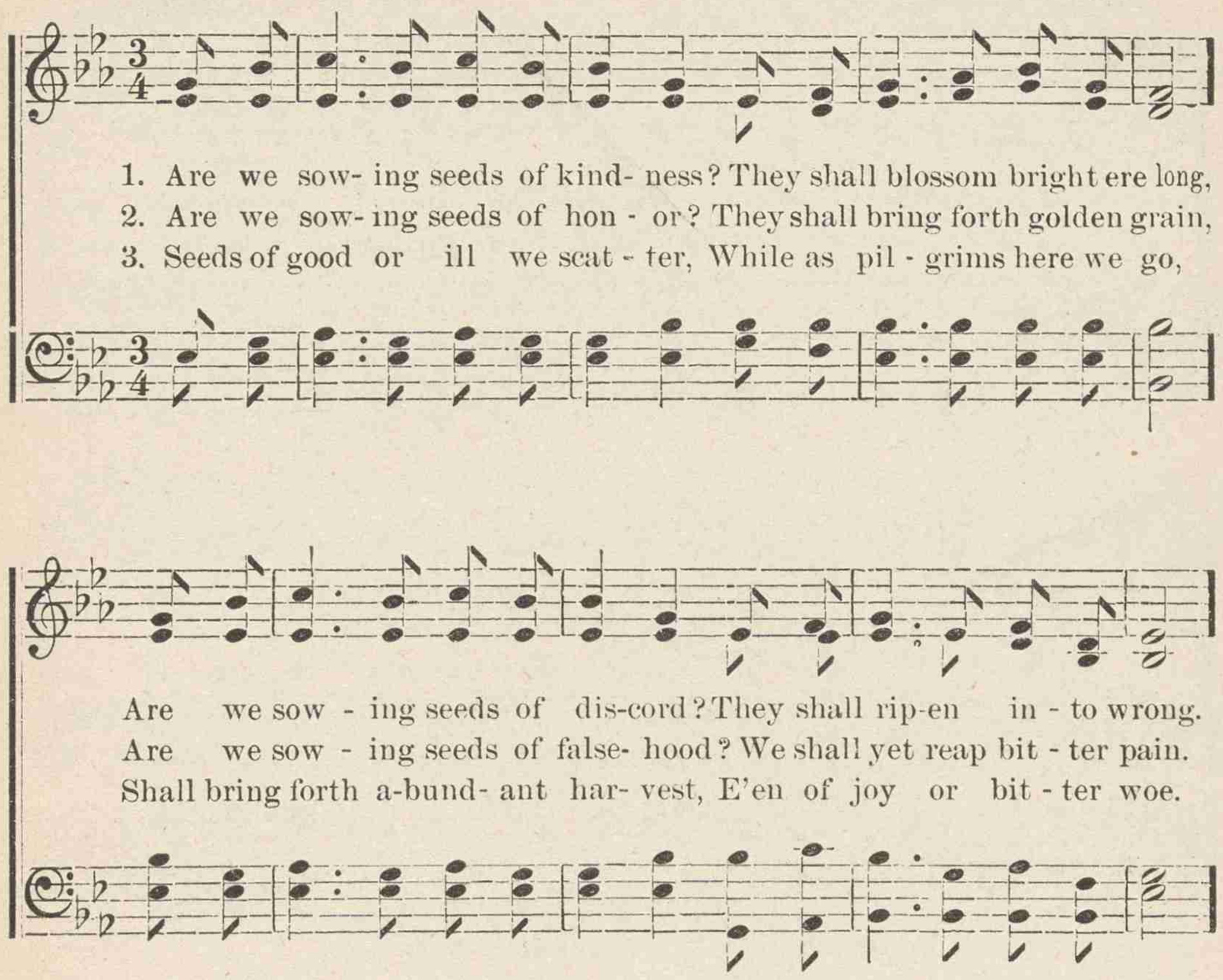
Oh, the dear, . . . the dear old sto - - - ry, Je - sus
Oh, the dear, the dear old sto- ry,

loves . . . me, e - ven me, How it fills . . my soul with
Jesus loves me, e-ven me, How it fills

glo - - - ry, Love and mer - - - cy full and free.
my soul with glo - ry, Love and mer-cy full and free.

WHATSOE'ER OUR SOWING BE.

Arranged. W. A. OGDEN, by per.



REFRAIN.

AT JESUS' FEET.

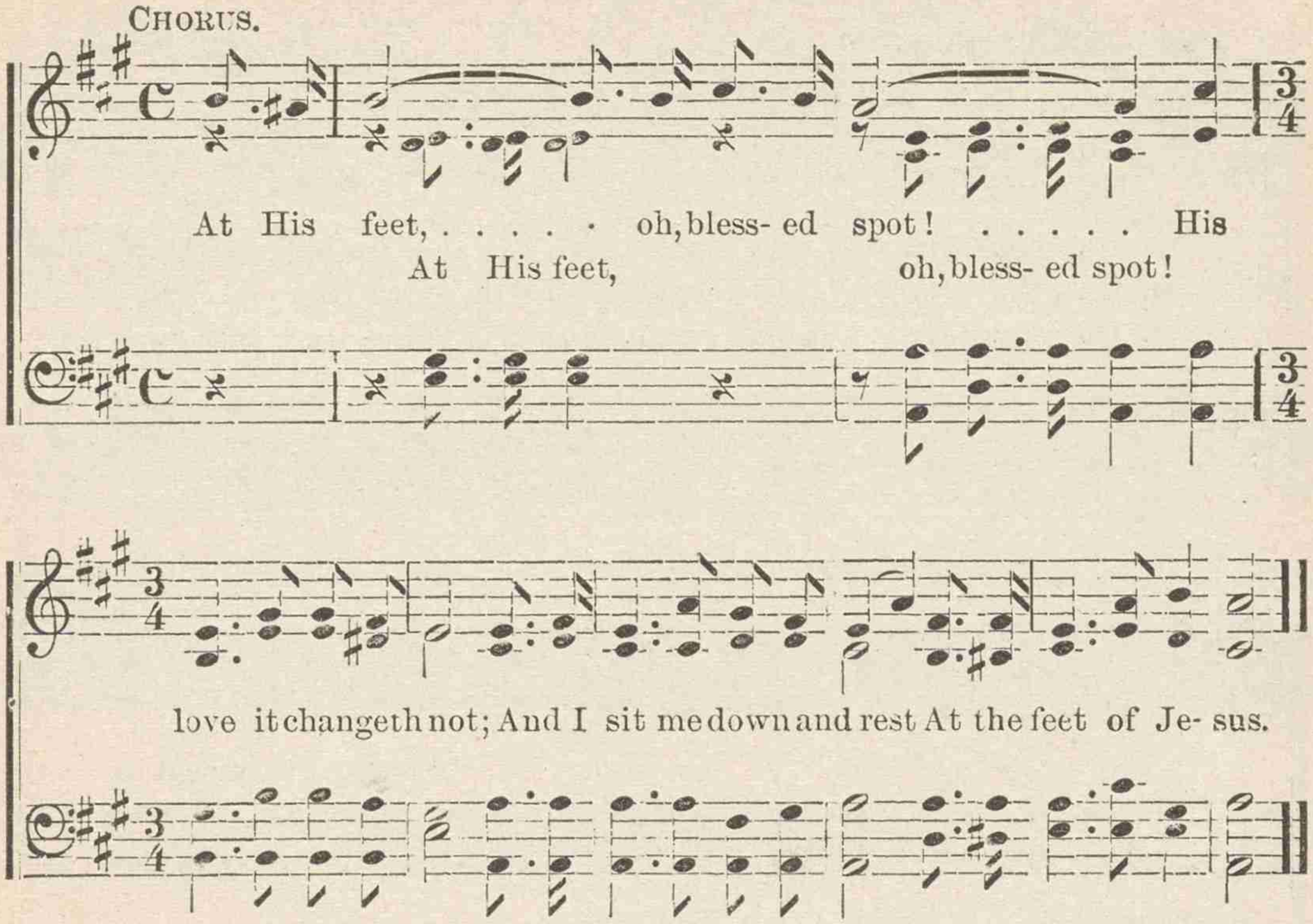
M. E. SERVOSS. FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

With feeling.

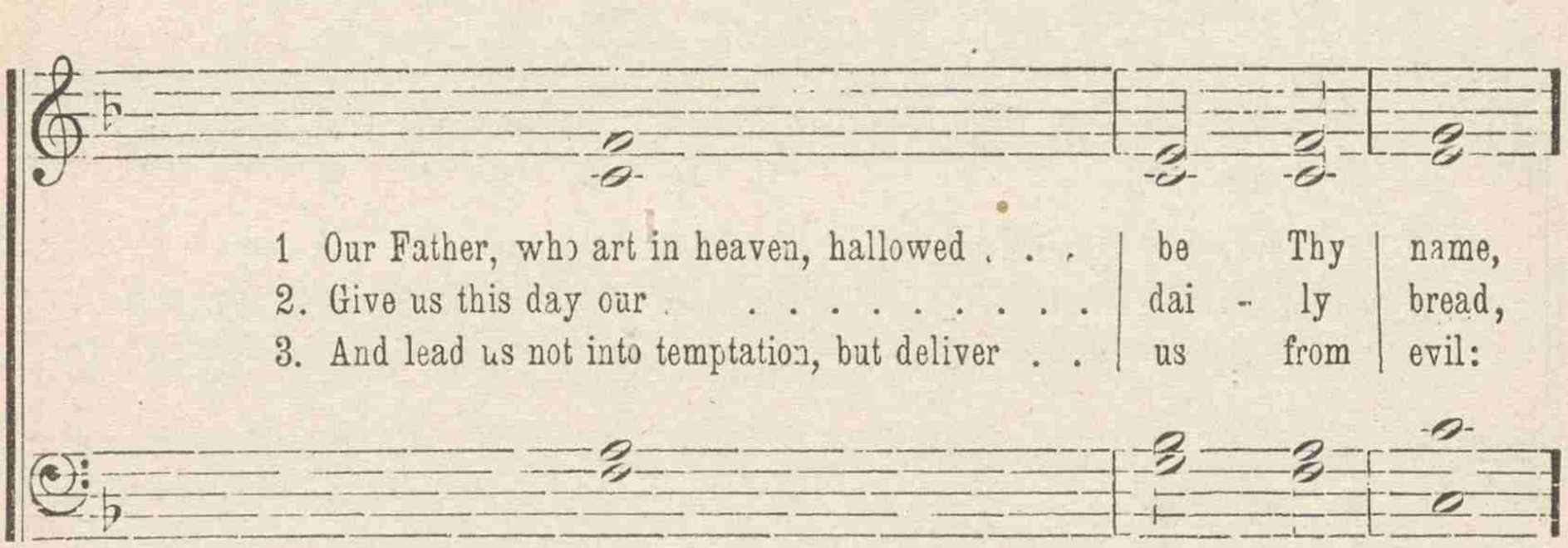
By per., from "The Helper."

AT JESUS' FEET.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



THE LORD'S PRAYER.



ON THE JERICHO ROAD.

Dr. J. J. MAXFIELD. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. On the Jer - i - cho road there is ser - vice to - day, For all who are read - y to work or to pray; A-round us are
2. On the Jer - i - cho road you will find Him to - day, Your broth - er who wan - ders from Je - sus a- way; Oh, wait not to -
3. On the Jer - i - cho road ma - ny forc - es com- bine, To sti - fle the voice of the Spir - it Di-vine; A- bout us are

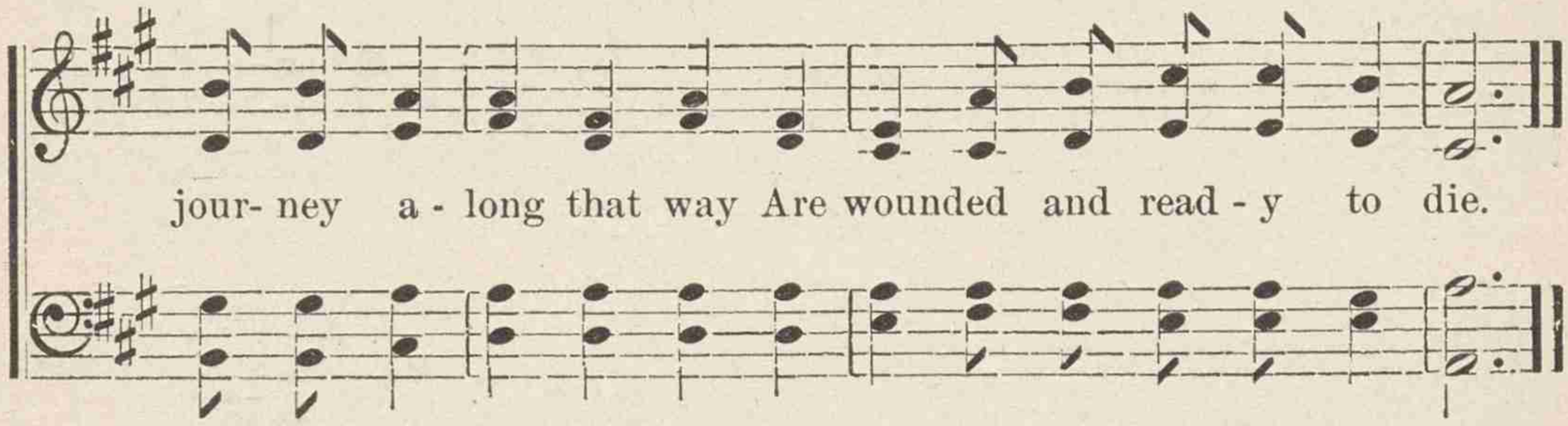
ly - ing the wound-ed and dy - ing, And few the Sa mar - i - tans
mor- row, His deep cup of sor - row In brim-ming and bit- ter, no
ly - ing the wounded and dy - ing, Go, broth-er, and pour in the

pass- ing that way.
lon - ger de - lay.
oil and the wine.

On the Jer - i - cho road, lead-ing down,

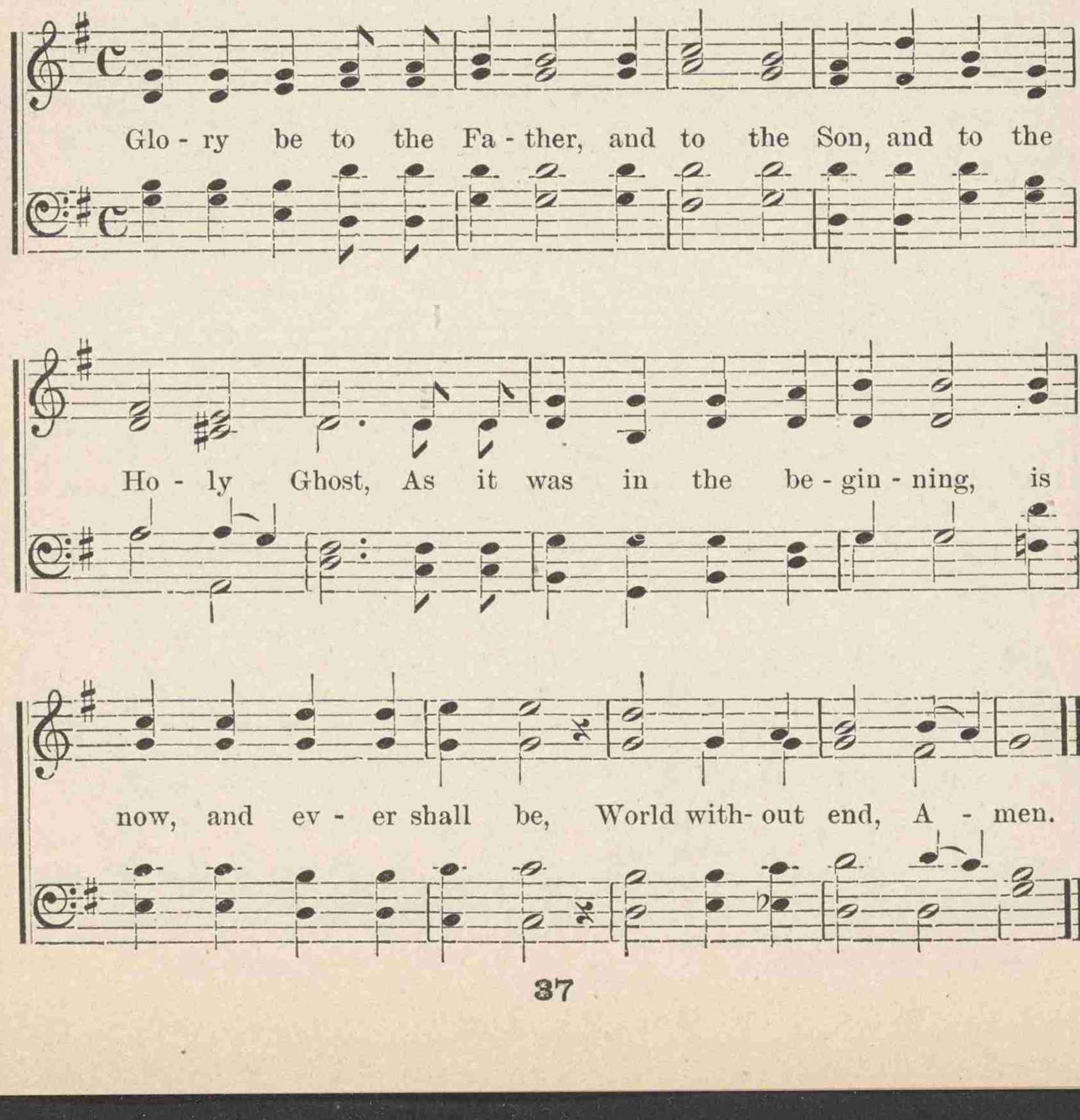
down, down, down,

ON THE JERICHO ROAD.—Concluded.



GLORIA PATRI.

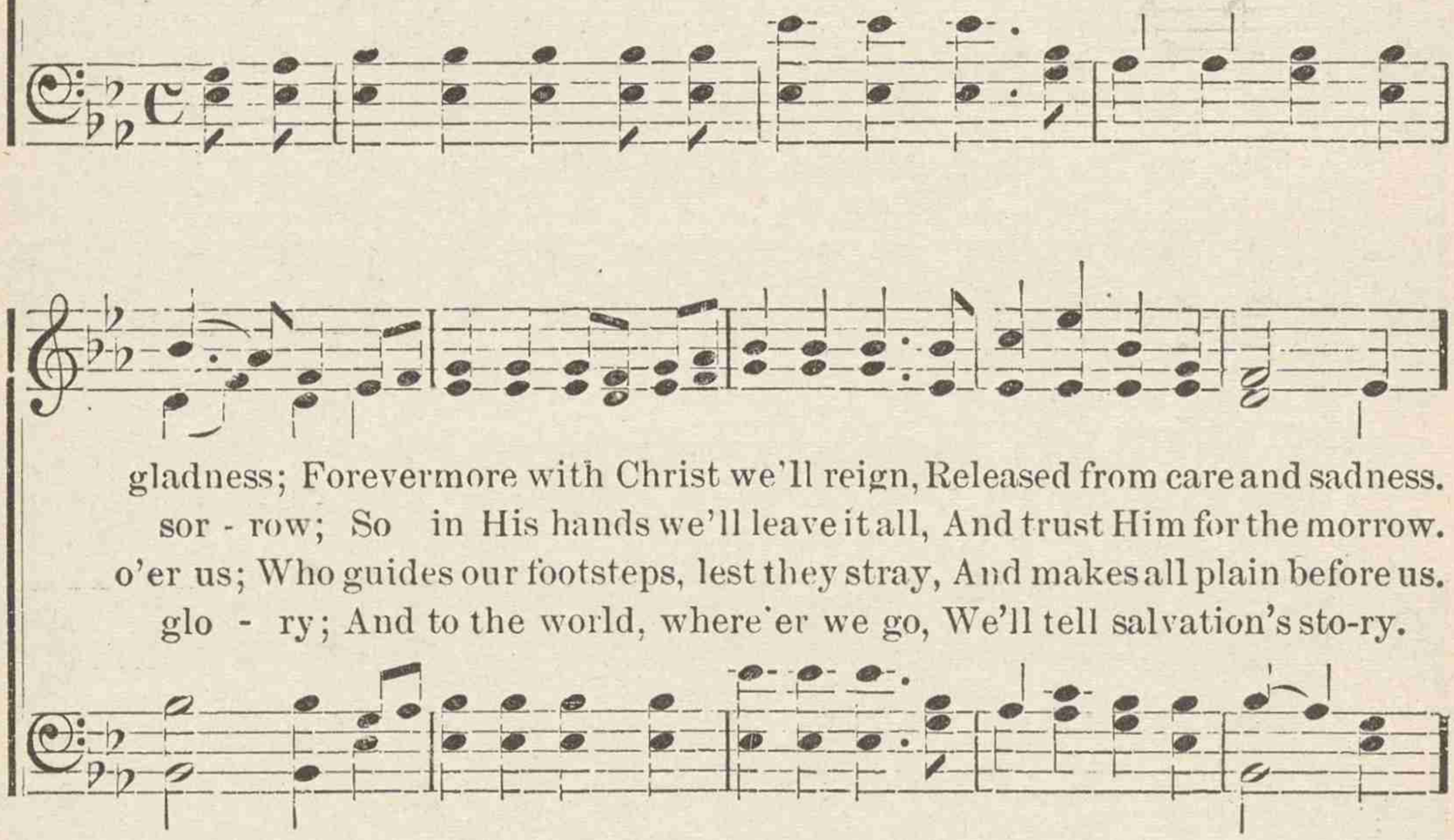
H. P. DANKS.



SINGING ON THE WAY.

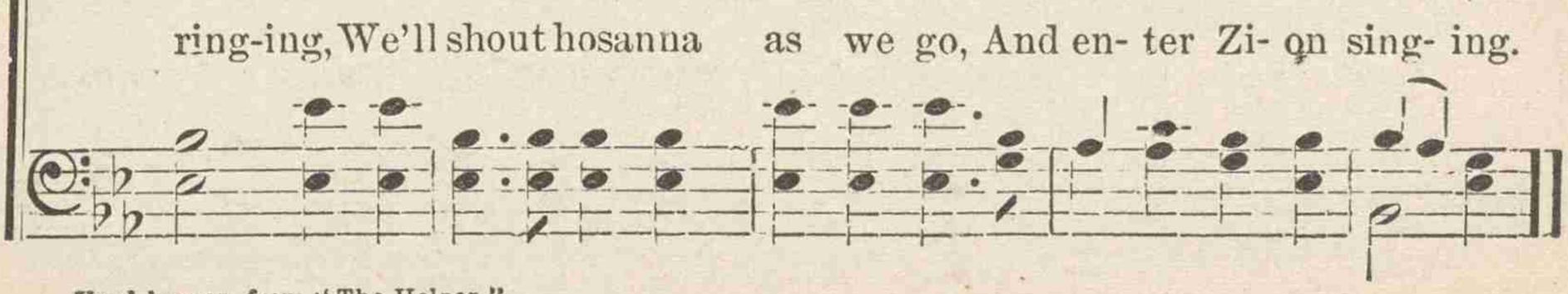
M. E. SERVOSS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We will sweet-ly sing on the gold- en shore, Where all is joy and gladness; Forevermore with Christ we'll reign, Released from care and sadness.
2. We are sure our Fa-ther knows all our need Each heartache, pain, and sor - row; So in His hands we'll leave it all, And trust Him for the morrow.
2. We will sing of Je - sus, our Sav- iour-King, Whose wondrous love is o'er us; Who guides our footsteps, lest they stray, And makes all plain before us.
4. We will sing of heaven,—our home a - bove, With all its joy and glo - ry; And to the world, where'er we go, We'll tell salvation's sto-ry.



CHORUS.

Then a - long the way, the Lord's high-way, With voic- es clear and ring-ing, We'll shout hosanna as we go, And en- ter Zi- on sing- ing.



Used by per. from "The Helper."

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GOD.

MARY A. MCKEE. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. With mansions of fairness, And beau-ty, and rareness, And streets with a
2. Its riv - ers of gladness Will ban - ish all sadness, And sor - row shall
3. But light will be giv-en, All storm-clouds be riv- en, From o - ver that
4. No sor - row or sighing, Nor an guish or dy- ing, Can shadow the

pavement of gold; Where no one grows weary,—No prospect is
van - ish a - way; The moon shall not light-en, The sun shall not
cit - y of God; We'll view then in wonder, Thro' all that may
bliss of that home; And pil-grims who rest there, For-ev - er are

dreary, And no one can ev-er grow old.
brighten, That cit-y by night or by day.
sunder, The path that in sorrow we trod.
blest there, Nor yearn in their rapture to roam.

CHORUS.

Oh, there is a cit- y, a beau- ti- ful cit- y, Whose builder and maker is God; A far - a-way
cit- y, A wonder-ful cit- y, The beau- ti- ful cit-y of God.

Used by per. from "The Helper."

THE MASTER IS WATCHING.

MARY A. MCKEE ADAM GEIBEL.

1. A storm was out . , on fair Ju-de-a's hills, ...
1. A storm was out, was out on fair Ju-de-a's hills,

The clouds were dark . . up-on the troubled sea, ...
The clouds were dark, were dark upon the troub-led sea,

The toil-ing fish - er-men with i - ron wills, ...
The toil-ing fish - er-men with wills, with i - ron wills,

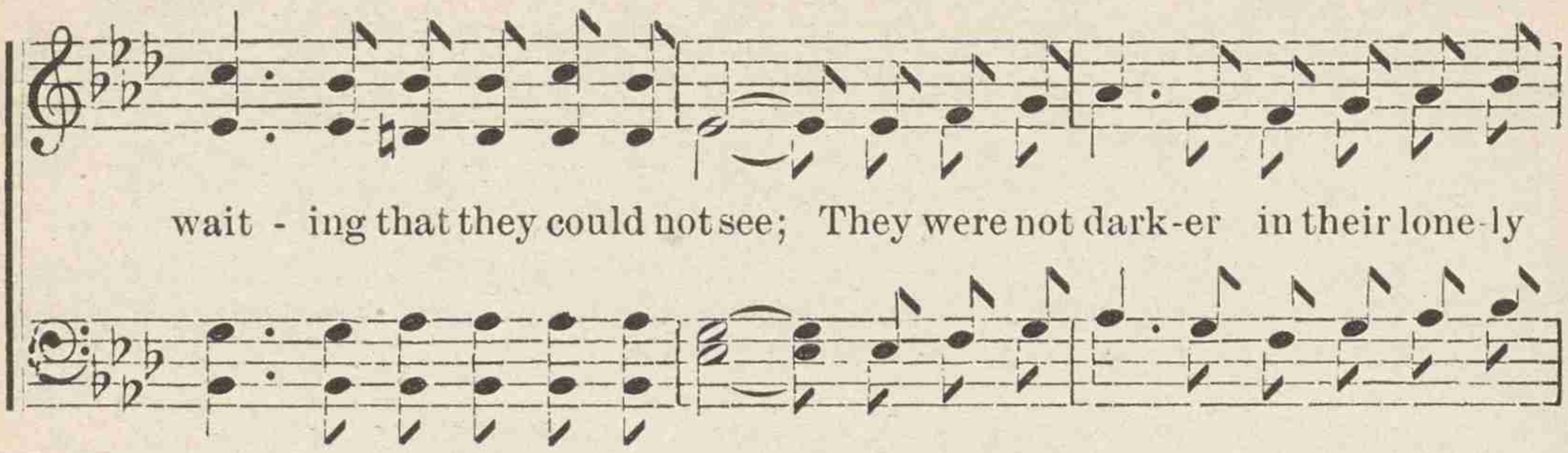
Strove with the wind - swept waves of Gal - i - lee . . . . . .
Strove with the waves of Gal - i - lee, of Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS.

Yet One was watch-ing, tho' they knew it not, And One was

Used by per. from "The Helper."

THE MASTER IS WATCHING.—Concluded.



2 Oh! blessed feet that pressed the sandy beach,
Oh! blessed hands, so willing still to save,
No toiling one can drift beyond Thy reach,
No trusting one will sink beneath the wave.

For Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

2 Oh! blessed feet that pressed the beach, the sandy beach,
Oh! blessed, blessed hands, so willing still to save,
No toiling one can drift, can drift beyond Thy reach,
No trusting one will sink, will sink beneath the wave.

3 The angry billows knew their Master first,
And bore His weight upon their foamy crest;
Is Nature keener, or is man the worst,
That they were slow to greet the Heavenly Guest?

For Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

3 The angry billows knew Him first, their Master first,
And bore His weight upon their crest, their foamy crest;
Is Nature keener, or is man, is man the worst,
That they were slow, were slow to greet the Heavenly Guest.

4 No ship can sink when He is at the helm,
No craft can founder on life's stormy tide,
No sea engulf or angry wave o'erwhelm,
When He who forms the waves is at our side.

For Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

4 No ship, no ship can sink while He is at the helm,
No craft, no craft can founder on life's stormy tide,
No sea, no sea engulf or angry wave o'erwhelm,
When He, when He who forms the waves is at our side

SOUND THE PRAISE OF JESUS.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

Con spirito.

f 1. Sound the praise of Je - sus o - ver land and sea, Sing His love tri -
2. Sound the praise of Je - sus, sound it far and wide, Tell the dis tant
3. Sound the praise of Je - sus, fill the air with song, Hon - or, pow'r and
4. Sound the praise of Je - sus in the ear - ly morn, Tell the truth to

umphant, He who res - cued me, Saved me from de-struc-tion in the
na-tions of Christ the Cruci-fied; Tell the wea-ry sin-ner Je - sus
glo - ry un - to Him be - long; Tell the care-less sin-ner, Je - sus
sinners, ye must a - gain be born; Sound it in the noon-tide, in the

storm - y hour, Sound the praise of Je - sus, sing His might - y pow'r.
came to save, That His might has conquered e'en the dread - ed grave.
waits to hear, Waits to help the weak ones, sooth-ing all their fear.
eve - ning hour, Swell the song tri - um-phant, sing His love and pow'r.

rit. FINE.

DUET.

Sound the praise of Je - sus, sound it far and wide, Tell the dis tant

p QUARTETTE.

na - tions of Christ the Cru - ci - fied. Tell the wea - ry sin - ner

SOUND THE PRAISE OF JESUS.—Concluded.

SWEET DAY OF REST.

EMMA PITT.

* * *

DUET, if desired.

HOW CAN I LIVE WITHOUT JESUS.

EMMA PITT. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

By per. from "The Quiver."

LINGERING IN THIS UNDER-SHADOW.

EMMA PITT. R. A. KINZIE.

1. If your eyes could see the glo - ry Of the ho - ly, happy throng,
2. If your breasts could thrill with music, Like the glo-ry of the skies,
3. If your ears could catch the singing Of the un - seen choirs a - bove,
4. If your hearts, oft faint and restless, Could the peace of heav- en see,

If your hearts could feel the rapture That to heav'nly hosts be- long.
How the tongue would talk of Je - sus, To the sin-ner's glad sur-prise.
How the strife and sin of liv - ing Would be conquer'd by the love.
Could be- hold the crown a - wait-ing, What a joy- ful sight 'twould be.

CHORUS.

Oh, how light would be the bur-dens, Oh, how sweet would be the toil!

Ling'ring in this un - der-shad- ow, Sow - ing on this earth-ly soil.

PRAISE THE GREAT JEHOVAH.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

f Allegro con brio.

1. Praise, praise the great Je - ho - vah, The might - y Lord of heav'n,
2. Sing, sing, ye ran-somed sin- ners, Sing grate - ful hom - age now,
3. Oh, shout, ye earth-born creat- ures, Let loft - iest notes a - rise,
4. The hosts, no man can num- ber, The rapturous, glo-rious throng,

Let an- thems, pure and ho - ly, To loft - iest strains be giv'n.
For Christ has borne your sor - rows Up - on His roy - al brow.
And join the might- y cho - rus That swells in yon- der skies.
Are sing- ing up in heav - en The grand im - mor- tal song.

REFRAIN.

Peal forth glad hal - le - lu - jahs To Christ, the might y Lord,

Let ev - 'ry voice sing prais - es That such a theme af-fords, af -

fords, Let ev - 'ry heart make mu - sic, Sweet mel-o- dy to God.

BUT YE WOULD NOT.

MRS. D. C. DOANE. L. E. FUNNELL.

1. How oft would I have gath - ered you Be-neath my wings of love,
2. My heart has yearned, but all in vain, To win you for my own,
3. I bore the heav - y cross and died, To con-quer all your sin;

And close - ly shel-tered you from harm, Your own true "Heavn'ly dove."
And oft I've wept and prayed for you, Be - fore my Fa-ther's throne.
A fount - ain pure I oped for you, Ye would not en - ter in.

CHORUS.

But ye would not, but ye would not Come un - to me and rest,

Tho' oft I would have gath-ered you, Like chil-dren, to my breast.

CARRY THE MESSAGE!

JENNIE CRANSTON. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Down o'er life's riv - er souls are drift - ing a-long, Borne by the
2. Round them the dark-ness now is gath - er - ing drear, Tor-rents are
3. Soft - ly the Mas - ter whis-pers close in each ear, "On - ly have

cur-rent of the world's gid-dy throng, Caught in the tem-pest and the
rag-ing, and no help seem-eth near, Quick to the res-cue, comrades,
faith in me, your barque I will steer, Safe - ly be-yond the break-ers

whirl - pool of wrong, They are drift - ing, are drift - ing a-long.
on with a cheer, Lest they drift from our suc - cor a-way.
ly - ing so near, Tho' you're drift - ing, you're drift-ing a-long."

CHORUS.

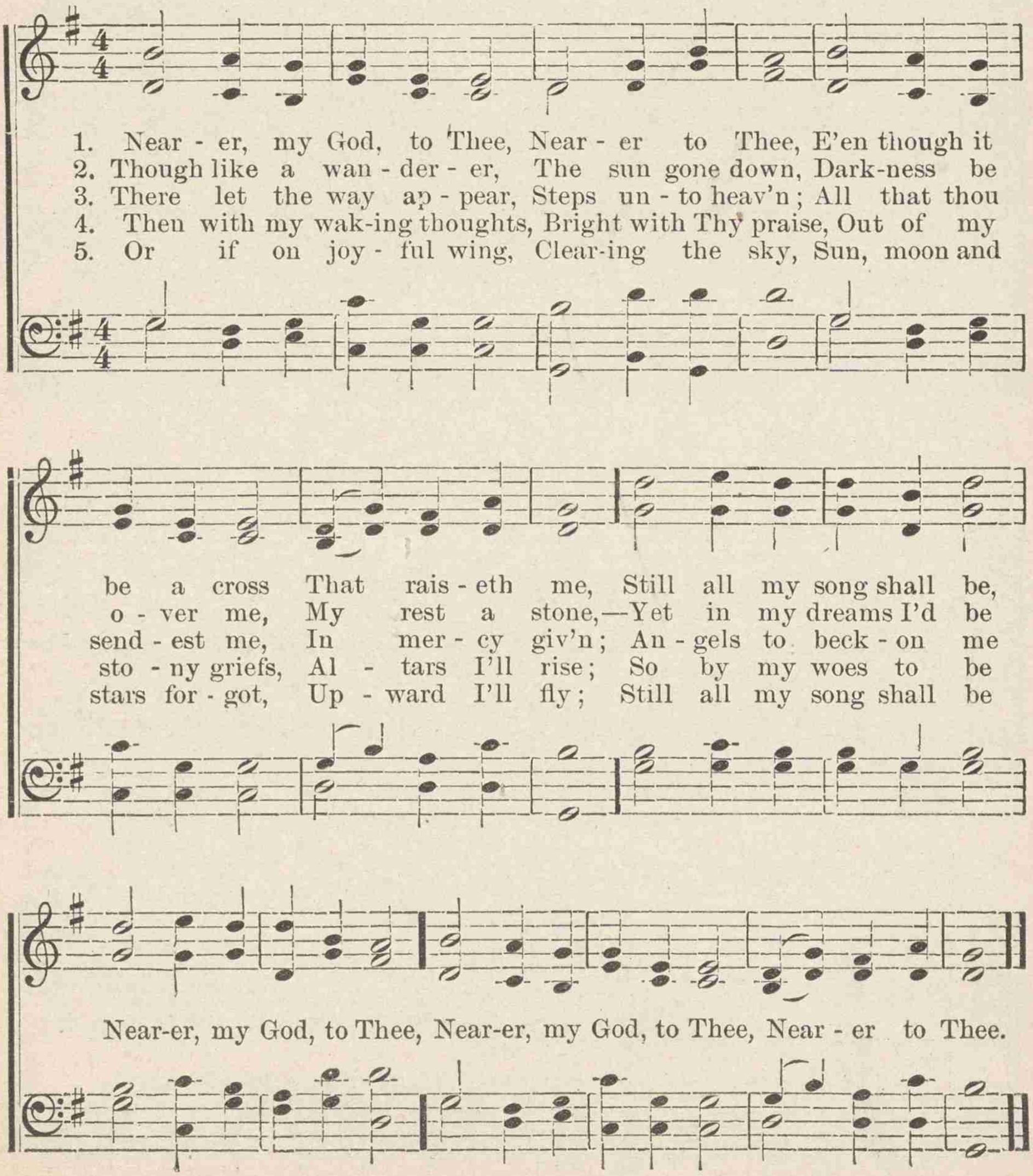
Forth to the res - cue! Now we will go! Car - ry the

mes-sage that the thought-less may know, Je - sus com-mand-eth,

CARRY THE MESSAGE!—Concluded.

BETHANY.

ADAMS. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



DOWN AT THE CROSS.

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

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMN.

C. G. CLARK. To the Y. P. C. E. Societies of the U. S. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Allegretto.

1. Our state for Christ we sing; Our hearts to Him we bring, And
2. Our state for Christ we sing; A - way earth's fol - lies fling, And
3. Our state for Christ we sing; Christ, Prophet, Priest and King, Whom
4. Our state for Christ we sing; Our all to Him we bring, With

trust His word; With His dear cross in view, Each Christian grace re-
seek His love; Ours be a heav'nly prize, Un-seen by mor- tal
saints a - dore; Each day some du - ty done, Some Christian work be-
one ac - cord; Sinners, from sin set free, His wond'rous grace shall

new, And make en - deav - or true, For Christ, our Lord.
eyes, In man - sions in the skies, With Him a - bove.
gun, Some soul to Je - sus won, We ask no more.
see, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Wor - ship the Lord.

CHORUS.

Our state for Christ, Our hearts we bring,
Our state for Christ we glad- ly sing, Our hearts to Him, to Him we bring

And make en - deav- or firm and true, For Christ, our Lord and King.

By per of Fillmore Bros.

One by One We'll All be Gathered Home.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. We are trav'ling to a bet - ter land—One by one we'll all be
2. We are draw-ing near - er ev - 'ry day—One by one we'll all be
3. There we'll meet our lov'd ones gone be- fore—One by one we'll all be
4. Come, my broth-er, join the hap-py throng—One by one we'll all be

gath - er'd home,—And we'll trust the Sav - iour's guid- ing hand:
gath - er'd home— To that joy that fad - eth not a - way:
gath - er'd home,—And we'll dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more:
gath - er'd home—Sing - ing now re- demp - tion's ho - ly song:

CHORUS.

One by one we'll all be gath - er'd home. Gath - - 'ring,
Gath-'ring to- geth- er,

gath - - 'ring, One by one we'll all be gath-er'd home; Gath -
gather'd to-geth- er, Gath'ring to-

'ring gath - 'ring, One by one we'll all be gather'd home.
geth - er gath'ring to- geth - er,

SEEDS OF PROMISE.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE, by per.

1. Oh, scat - ter seeds of lov - ing deeds A- long the fer - tile field,
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea- ry years, The seed will sure- ly live;
3. The har- vest-home of God will come, And aft - er toil and care;

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit- ful har- vest yield.
Tho' great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.
With joy un- told your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

CHORUS.

Then day by day . . . . a-long your way . . . . The seeds of
The day by day a-long your way

prom - - ise cast; . . . That ripen'd grain . . . from hill and
The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripen'd grain

plain . . . Be gather'd home . . at last. . . . .
from hill and plain Be gather'd home at last, be gather'd home at last.

Be gather'd home at last. . . . .

CHRIST OUR HOPE.

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

1. We our vows to God have spo-ken; By the pledge our faith is sealed,
2. We are His by sign and fa - vor; We are His by word of might,
3. Help us, O our heav - enly Fa ther, Now to keep our vows to Thee;

Un - to Christ our lives are giv - en, And to Him our pow'rs we yield.
And 'twill be one sole en- deav - or E'er to stand for God and right.
And in con - flict may we ev - er True and faithful foll'wers be.

CHORUS.

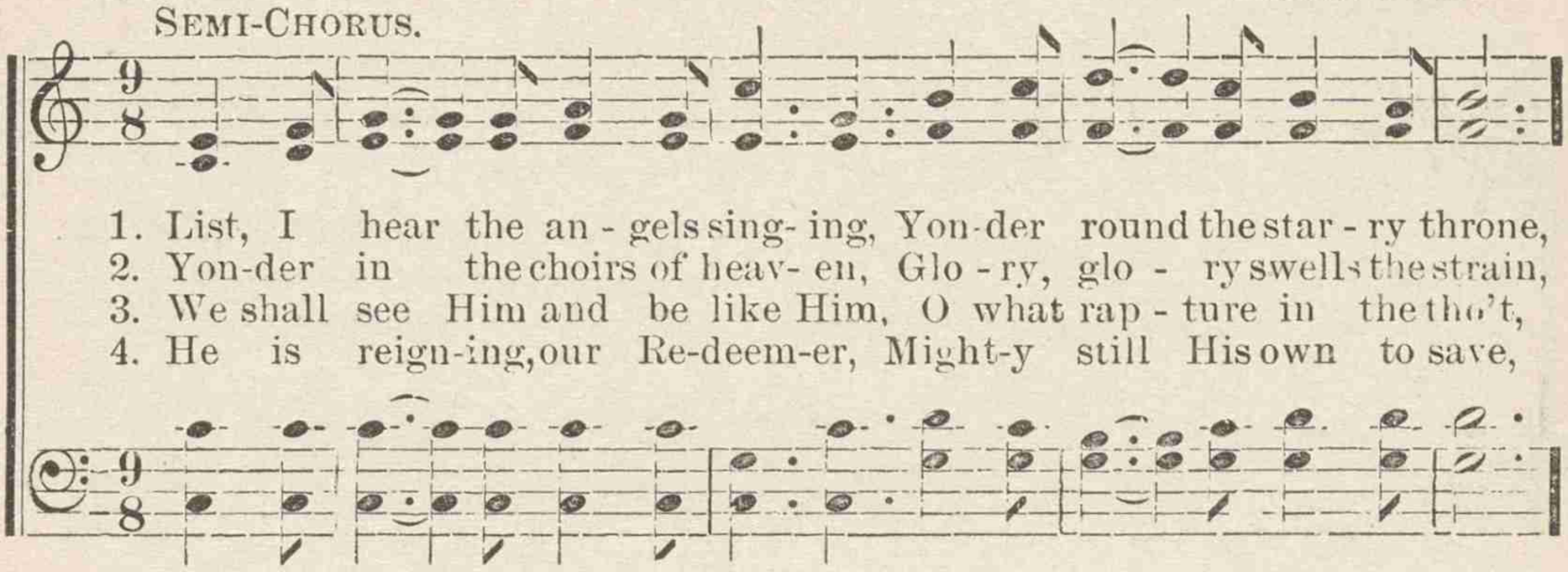
Bless - ed is the con - so - la- tion, Christ the hope of our sal- va-tion,

Reign- eth King o'er ev - 'ry na- tion! And to Him our vows we pay.

CHRIST IS REIGNING.

E. P. EMMA PITT.

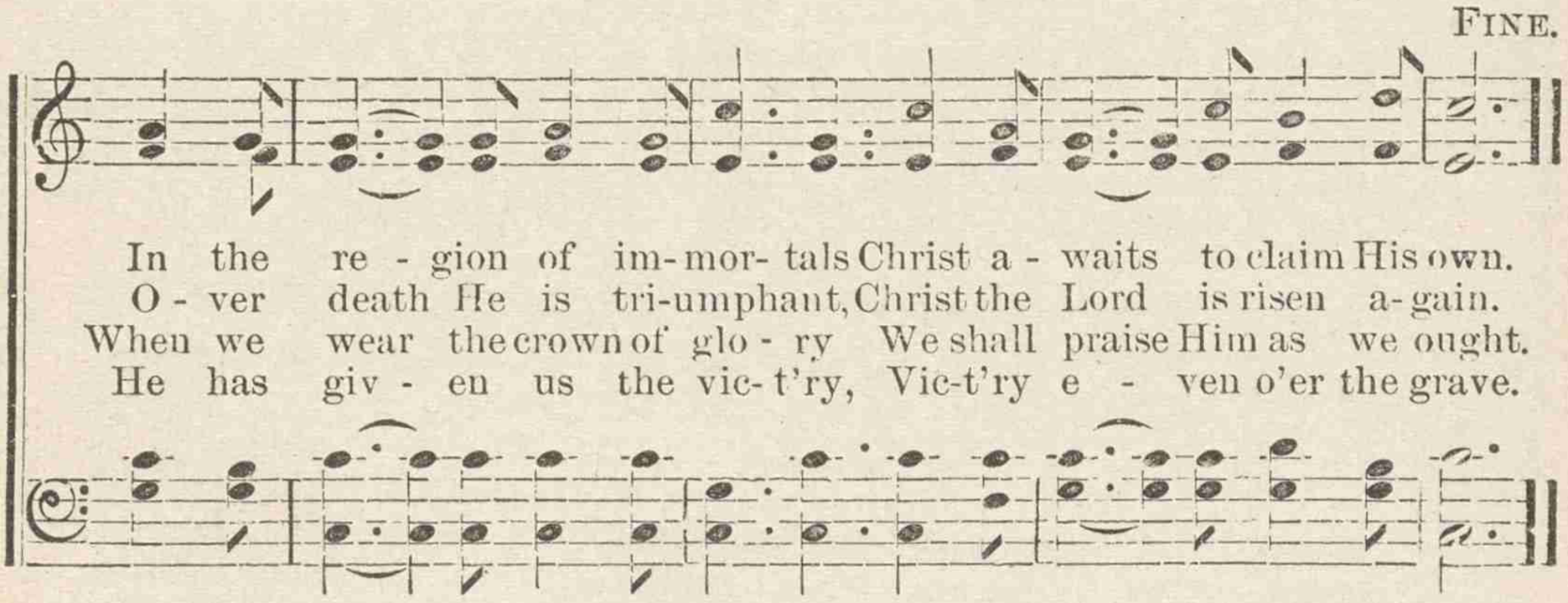
SEMI-CHORUS.



1. List, I hear the an - gels sing- ing, Yon-der round the star - ry throne,
2. Yon-der in the choirs of heav- en, Glo - ry, glo - ry swells the strain,
3. We shall see Him and be like Him, O what rap - ture in the tho't,
4. He is reign-ing, our Re-deem-er, Might-y still His own to save,

D. C.—List, I hear the an - gels sing-ing, Yon-der round the star - ry throne,

FINE.



In the re - gion of im-mor- tals Christ a - waits to claim His own.
O - ver death He is tri-umphant, Christ the Lord is risen a-gain.
When we wear the crown of glo - ry We shall praise Him as we ought.
He has giv - en us the vic- t'ry, Vic-t'ry e - ven o'er the grave.

In the re - gion of im-mor- tals Christ a - waits to claim His own.

CHORUS.

Christ is reign- ing, Christ is reign ing, Hear the mu - sic round the throne,

He is com - ing, He is com - ing, He will come to claim His own.

SONG OF LOVE.

QUARTET. H. W. PORTER.

Andante. (*Gently.*)

p

1. Sweet is the song of love, In - fi- nite ma - jes - ty prov- ing,
2. Gift from the soul of love, No earth-ly pri - ces compell- ing,
3. Price-less the gift of love, To ev - 'ry one that be-liev- eth

of love

Our Redeemer has come, Sign of an in - fi - nite lov - ing,
Song of homage and truth, Beau- ty and sac - ri - fice tell - ing,
Our Redeemer has come, Life ev - er - last- ing He giv - eth,

has come

Sweet - ly the self-same strain May . . . rise from lips that fal-ter
Bright - ly the same sweet light Still . . . shines for our Redeeming
Sweet . . . . is the song of Faith Tho' . . . oft from lips that fal- ter

Sweet-ly the self- same, self-same strain May rise from lips, from lips that falter,
Brightly the same, the same sweet light Still shines for our, for our Redeem-ing
Sweet is the song of, song of Faith, Tho' oft from lips, from lips that fal- ter,

cres. sempre.

Weak - est of hands may bring The choicest of gifts to the al - tar.
Star of a death-less love With hope in its wonder- ful beam - ing.
Weak - est of hearts may bring The purest of gifts to the al - tar.

HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS.

Words Arranged. W. A. O.

Allegro.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev-er's ears,
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, It calms the troubled breast,
3. It breaks the pow'r of in - bred sin, In sets the prisoner free,

It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fears.
'Tis man - na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
His blood can make the foul-est clean, His blood a-vail'd for me.

REFRAIN.

How sweet the name of Je - sus, How dear it is to me;

Sing out my heart in warm-est praise, He pur-chas'd life for me.

BE READY WHEN HE COMES.

A. P. Cobb. J. H. Fillmore. By per.

1. Are you read- y for your Lord, should He come, should He come?
2. Oh, there'll be re - joic - ing when He comes, when He comes!
3. See, the saints en - ter in when He comes, when He comes!

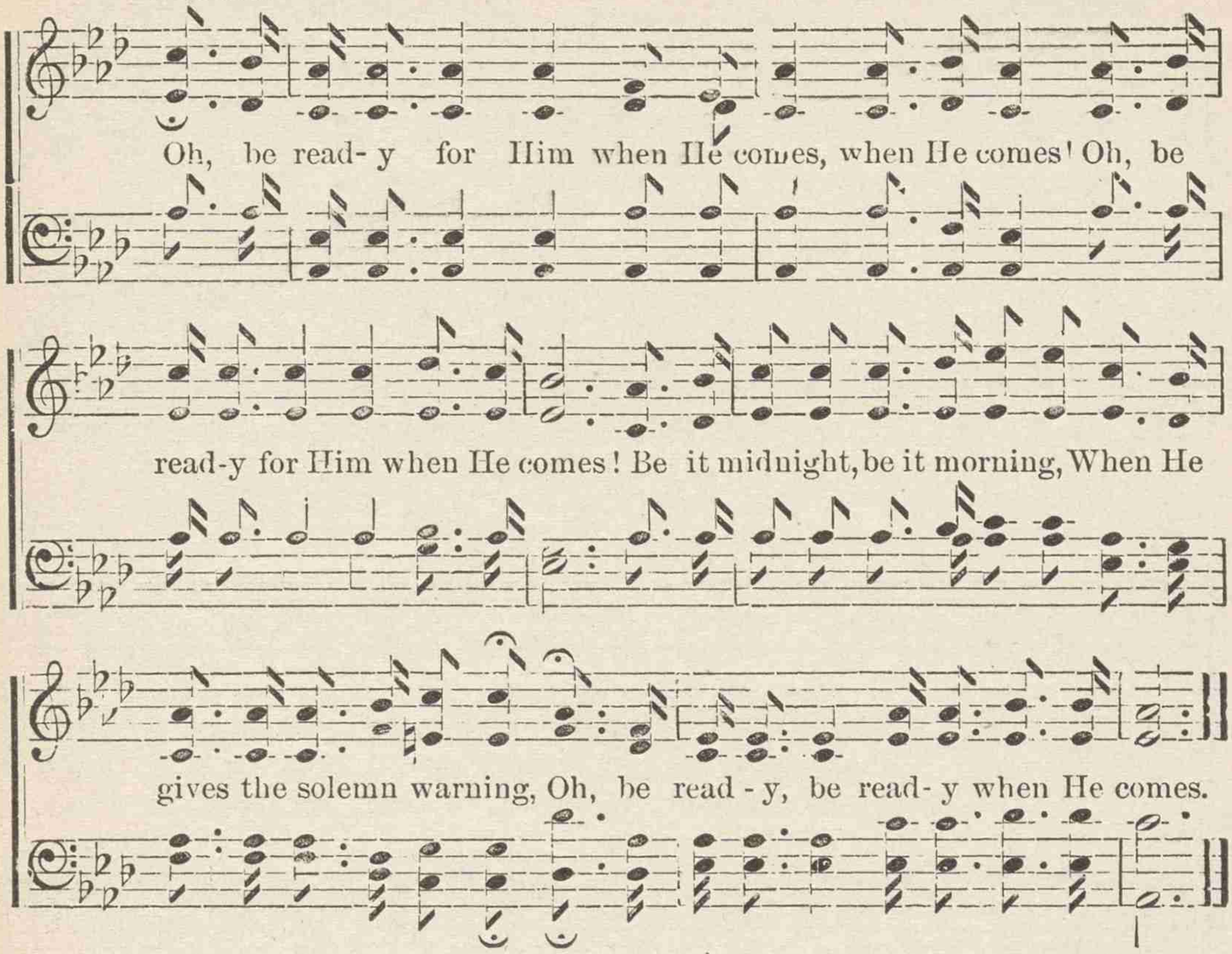
Are you read- y for His sum - mons home? (summons home?)
If we hear Him say-ing, "Children, come, ("Children, come,)
To the wedding when the Bride - groom comes, (when He comes;)

Does your anx- ious spir - it burn, His ap- pear - ing to dis cern?
Come, ye bless - ed, en - ter in, I have cleansed you from all sin!"
Bright- ly burn - ing is each light, And in rai- ment spotless white,

Are you read - y if your Lord should come?
Oh, there'll be re - joi- ing when He comes!
See, the saints en - ter in when He comes!

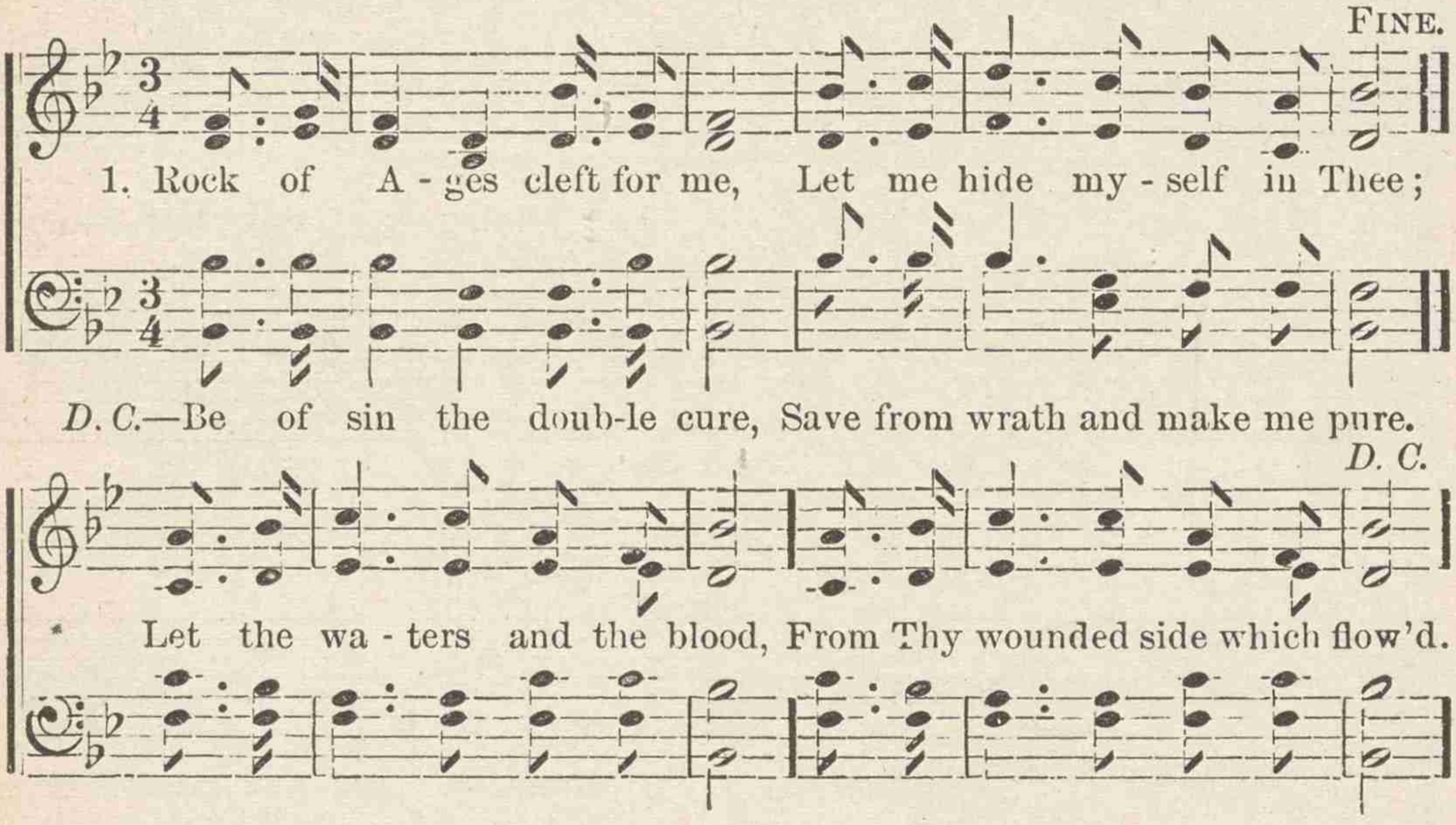
BE READY WHEN HE COMES.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.



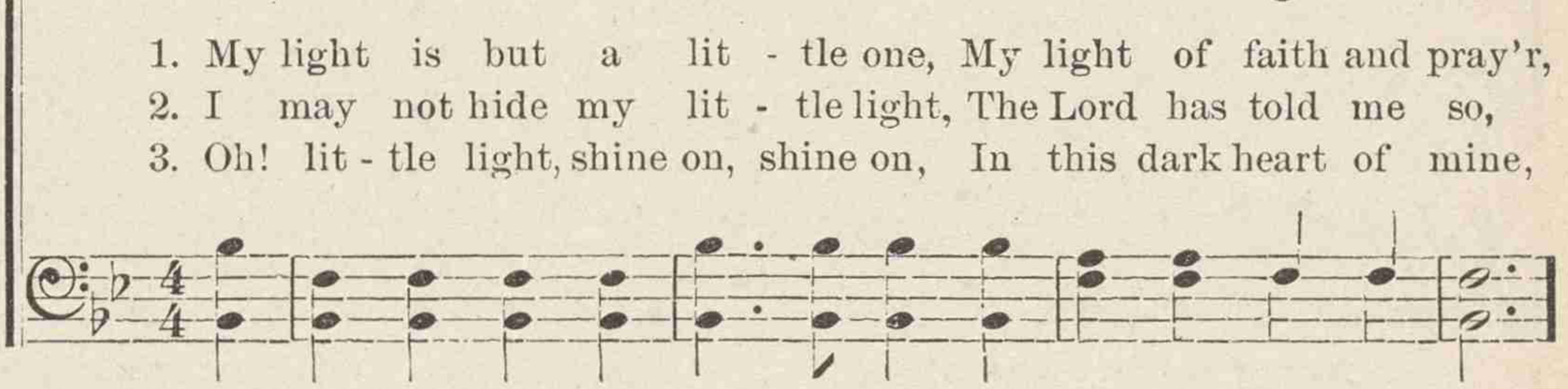
2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

SHINE ON.

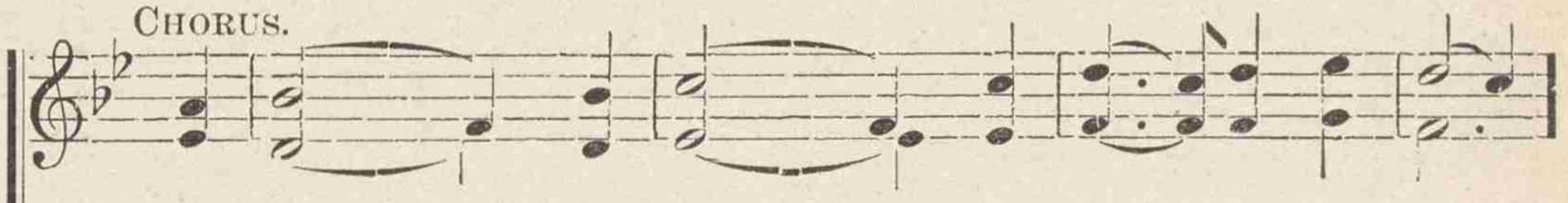
M. V. M. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. My light is but a lit - tle one, My light of faith and pray'r,
2. I may not hide my lit - tle light, The Lord has told me so,
3. Oh! lit - tle light, shine on, shine on, In this dark heart of mine,

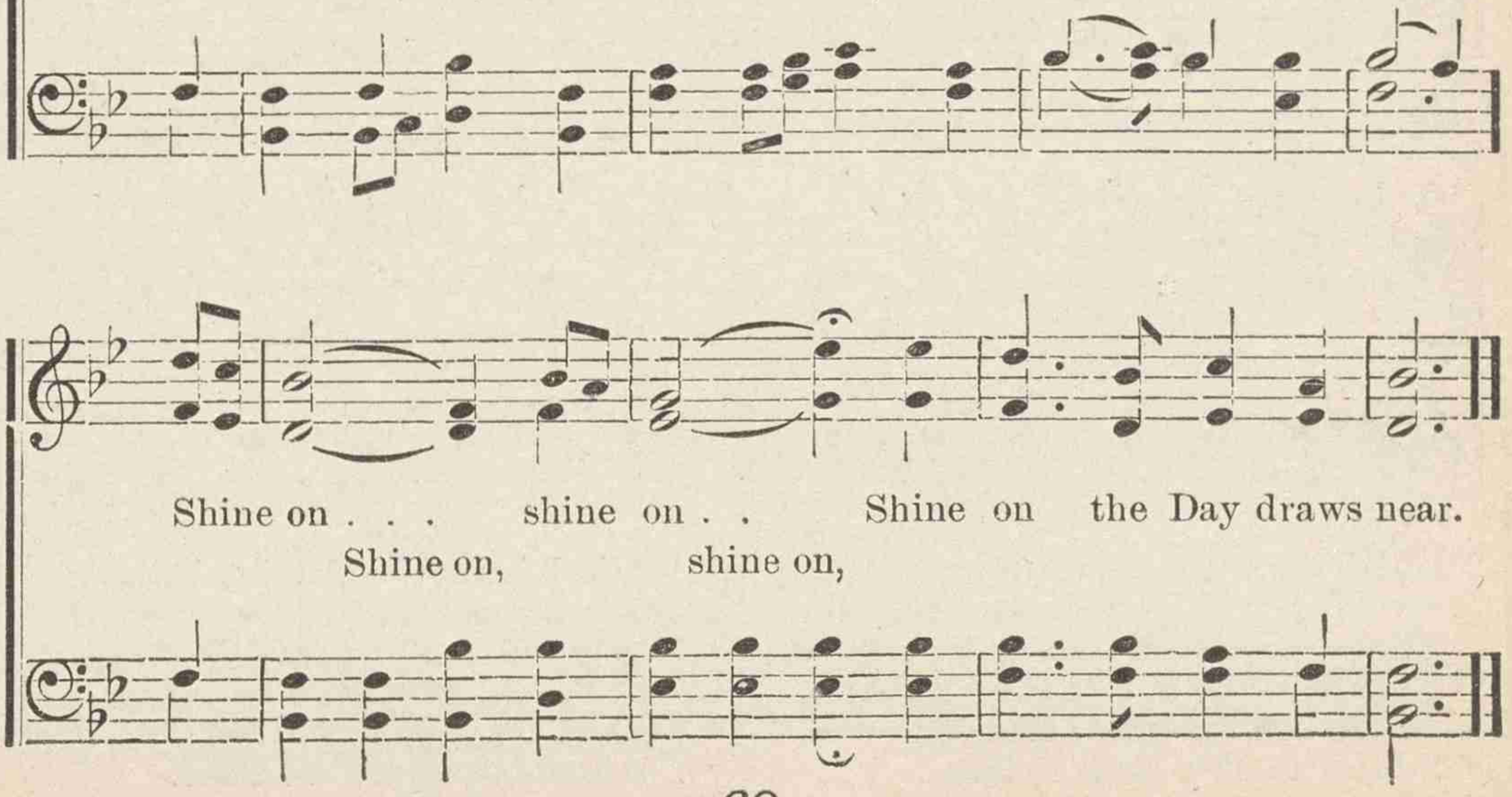


But lo! it glows like God's great Sun, For it was light- ed there.
'Tis giv - en me to keep in sight, That all may see it glow.
Un - til some oth - er soul be drawn, To seek the light di - vine.

CHORUS.



Shine on . . . . shine on . . . . Shine on bright and clear,
Shine on, shine on,



Shine on . . . shine on . . Shine on the Day draws near.
Shine on, shine on,

COME, LET US SING.

MARGARET M. MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Come, let us sing to the Lord of His good-ness, For He hath
2. Come, let us speak of His ten - der com pass - ion, Come, let us
3. Come, let us pray for the show - ers of bless - ing, Which in His

kept us by pow - er di - vine; Come let us sing of His
tell of His won - der - ful love; How He hath suf - fered and
mer - cy He sends from the throne; Fill - ing our hearts with His

grace and His mer - cy, And un - to Him may our hearts e'er in-cline.
died to redeem us, Mak - ing us heirs of His king-dom a-bove.
dear lov - ing kindness; Thus by His grace, we His chil - dren are known.

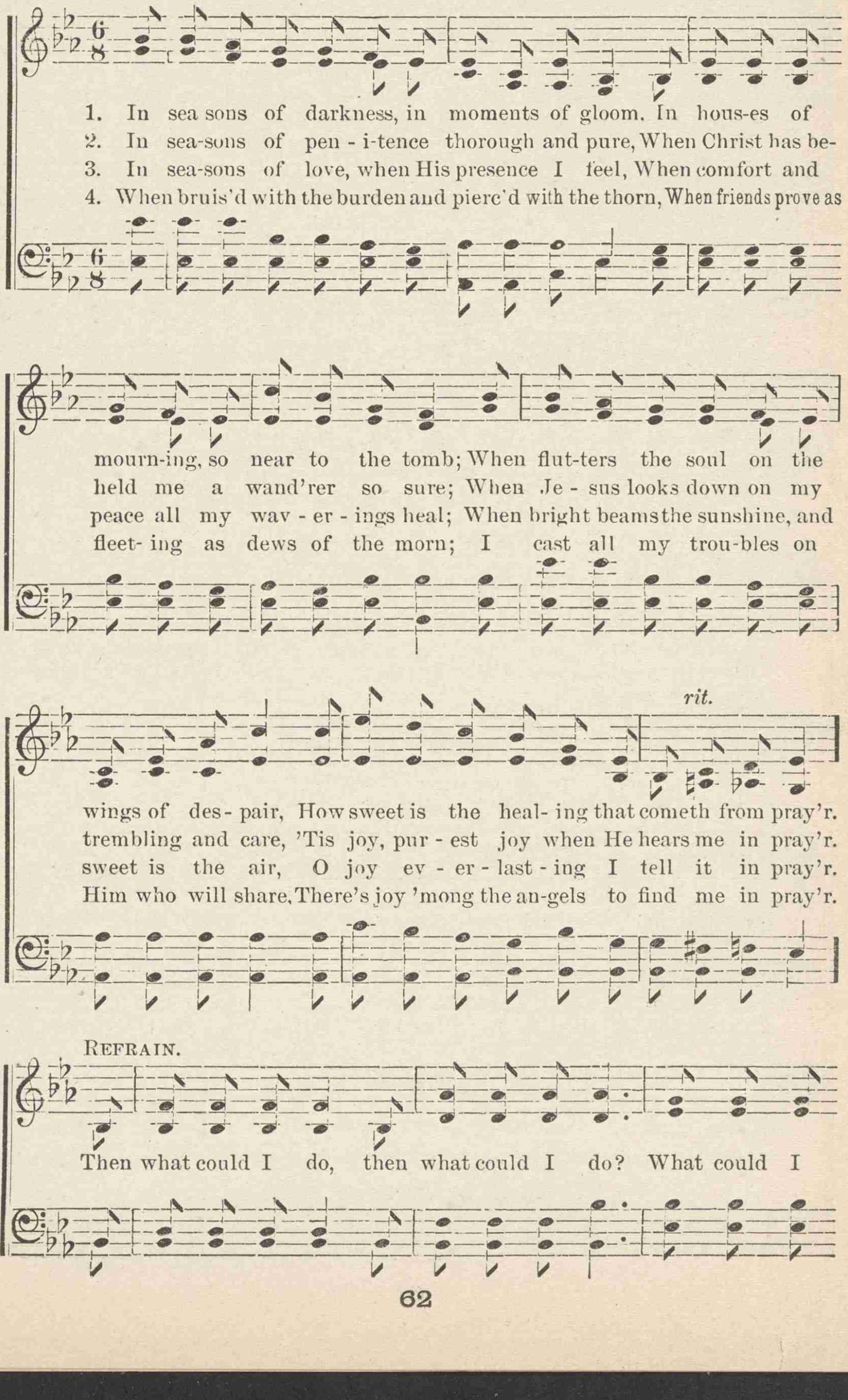
REFRAIN.

Come let us sing, come let us sing; Un - to the Lord, let our prais-es be-gin,

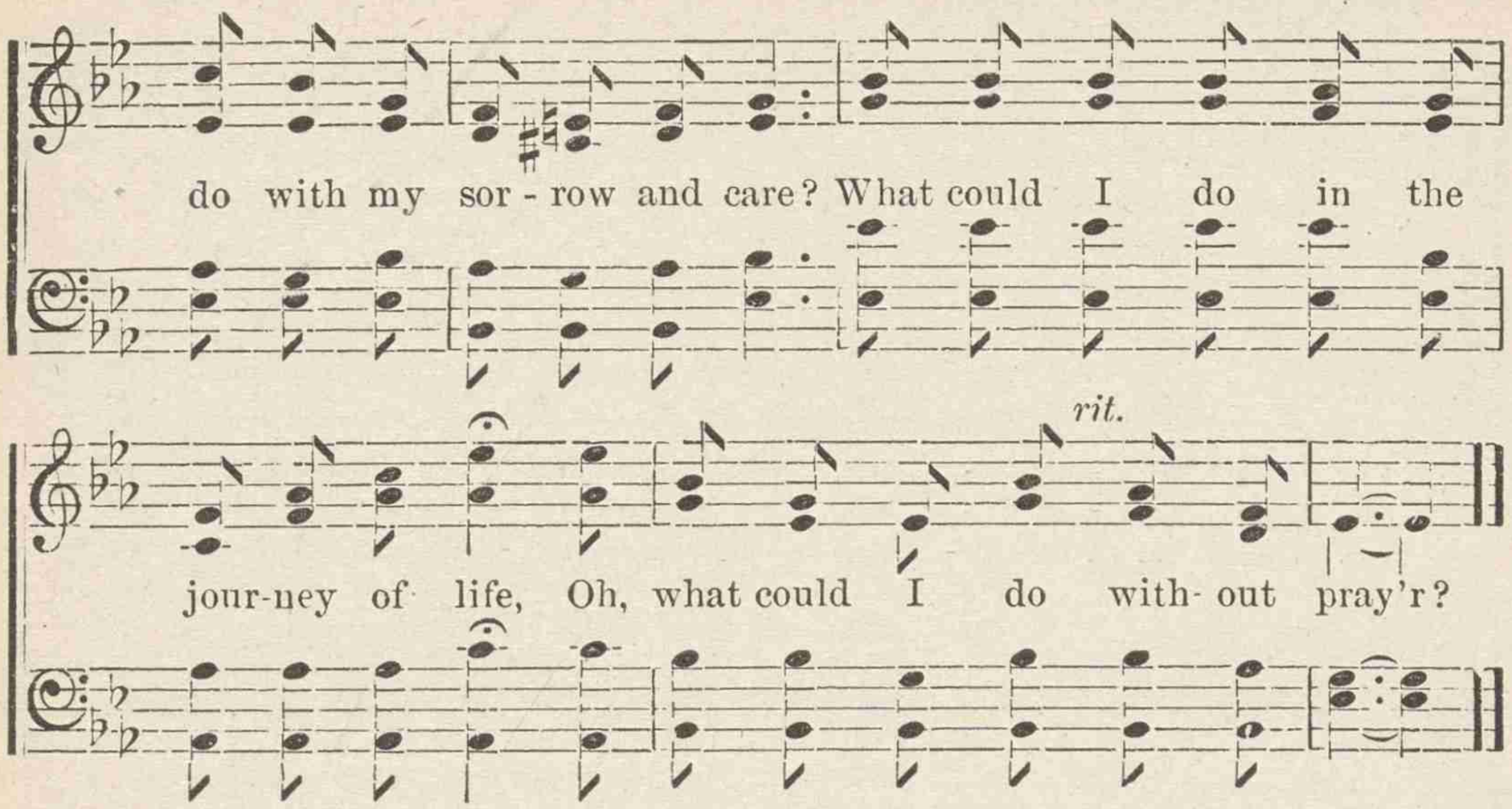
Come let us sing, come let us sing; For He hath saved us from death and from sin.

WHAT COULD I DO?

EMMA PITT. R. A. KINZIE.



WHAT COULD I DO? Concluded.



BEYOND.

PLEYEL.

HAIL MESSIAH, HOPE OF ISRAEL.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

Tempo di Marcia.

HAIL MESSIAH, HOPE OF ISRAEL.—Concluded.

Daystar hath a - ris - en, An-cient, ancient King of Days.
Ju-dah be Thou with us Till this life, this life shall end.
In our hearts be moving Like a sweet, a sweet re - frain.

CHORUS.

Light of Ju-dah, Star of Promise, Make our hearts Thy shrine,

Now our eyes have seen salva - tion, Welcome, wel-come light di - vine.

OH, SAVE ME BY THY LOVE.

* * *

ROSSINI.

1. Dear Sav-iour look in pit - y now, From Thy blest throne a-bove,
2. 'Tis Thee a-lone can par- don sin, And ev- 'ry doubt re - move,
3. Dear Sav iour keep me close to Thee, Till I shall rest a - bove,

And draw my trembling heart to Thee, Oh, save me by Thy love.
'Tis Thee a-lone hast pow'r and might, Oh, save me by Thy love.
When free from sin I'll ev - er be, Oh, save me by Thy love.

SONGS OF THE ANGELS.

EMMA PITT. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

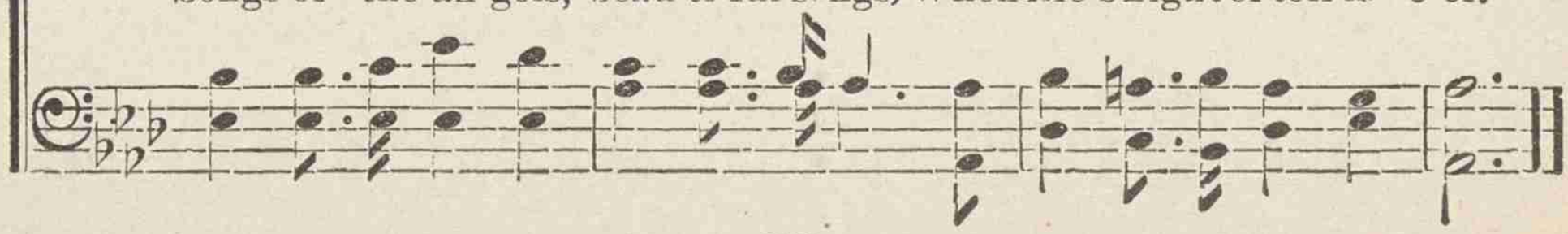
1. I list to the mu-sic of heaven, That rings thro' the countless throngs;
2. I catch the sweet theme of the chorus, 'Tis Je - sus the Lord of lords;
3. I join in the cho-rus of an - gels, Ho - san-nas to Je- sus sing;
4. All hon- or and glo- ry and pow - er, To Him who on yonder throne;

I wonder at strains so ex - ul- tant, That thrills from the angel songs.
I wonder no more at the rap- ture, The name, the pure joy af- fords.
While here on the earth but a pil-grim, Pure trophies of love I bring.
Now sit-teth in ma - jes - ty wait - ing, To welcome the wand'rers home.

CHORUS.

Songs of the an-gels, beau-ti-ful songs, We'll sing them on yonder shore;

Songs of the an-gels, beau-ti-ful songs, When life's night of toil is o'er.



THE LAND JUST ACROSS THE RIVER.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all these wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
4. Filled with de-light, my raptured soul Would here no long-er stay;

To Can-aan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
When shall I see my Fath-er's face, And in His bo-som rest?
Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.

CHORUS.

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-by and by
cross on the ev-er green shore, ... Sing the song of ever-green shore.
Mos-es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-ermore.

THE GLORY-SONG.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

1. What theme a- mid the shin-ing throng. In heav'n is ring-ing o'er us,
2. We love to join the mu- sic now, That sings of Je - sus on - ly,
3. He sits enthrou'd, ex alt - ed Prince! In yonder glorious dwell ing,

O, 'tis the might-y glo - ry-song, We'll join the roy- al cho - rus.
We love to think of Christ enthron'd, Tho' once so poor and lone - ly.
Oh, may we strike those harps of gold, That now His praise are swelling.

SEMI-CHORUS OF GIRLS.

This is the sweet and pure re - frain, This is the bless - ed

sto - - ry, Christ died for us, but rose a - gain, To

Him be all the glo - ry, To Him be all the glo - ry.

THE GLORY-SONG.—Concluded.

FULL CHORUS.

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na is the song we sing,

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho- san - na to our ris - en King.

JESUS, MY ALL.

Arr. from "Robin Adair."

1. Lord, at Thy mer - cy-seat, Humbly I fall; Plead-ing Thy
2. Tears of re - pent - ant grief Si - lent- ly fall; Help Thou my
3. Hark! how the words of love Ten-der - ly fall; E'en to the

prom - ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let Thy work be- gin,
un - be- lief, Hear Thou my call; Oh, how I pine for Thee!
realms a- bove, Heard is my call; Now ev - 'ry doubt has flown,

Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev-'ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope, my plea: Je- sus has died for me; Je - sus, my all.
Brok- en my heart of stone, Lord, I am Thine a-lone, Je - sus, my all.

THERE IS JOY TO-DAY.

EMMA PITT. ADAM GEIBEL.

With spirit.

1. There is joy on the harps of heav-en, Where the bless-ed an-gels sing,
2. There is joy on the harps of heav-en, And there's joy on earth to-day,

And there no brok-en ca-dence Can damp the gold-en string. We will
For Christ our dear Re-deem-er Is rob'd in grand ar-ray. Now a-

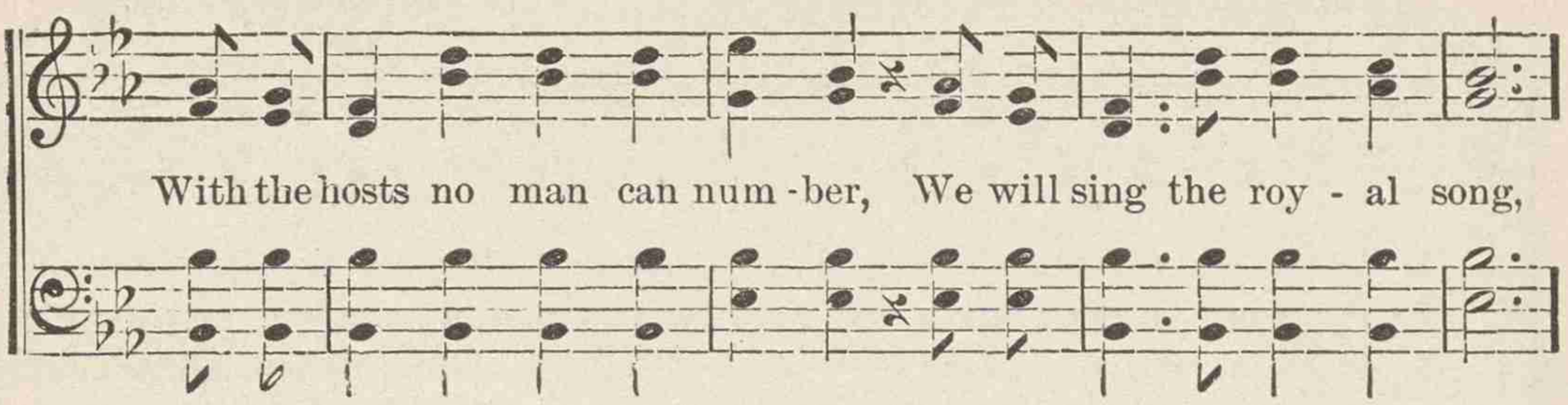
list till we catch the ech-o From the vault-ed heav-ens high,
bove in the king-ly man-sion, Surround-ing the great white throne,

Then we'll join the hal-le-lu-jahs Be-yond the star-ry sky.
There He dwells with voice of sing-ing, He giv-eth to His own.

CHORUS.

Christ vic-to-rious, Christ vic-to-rious, We will sing with the hosts,

THERE IS JOY TO-DAY.—Concluded.

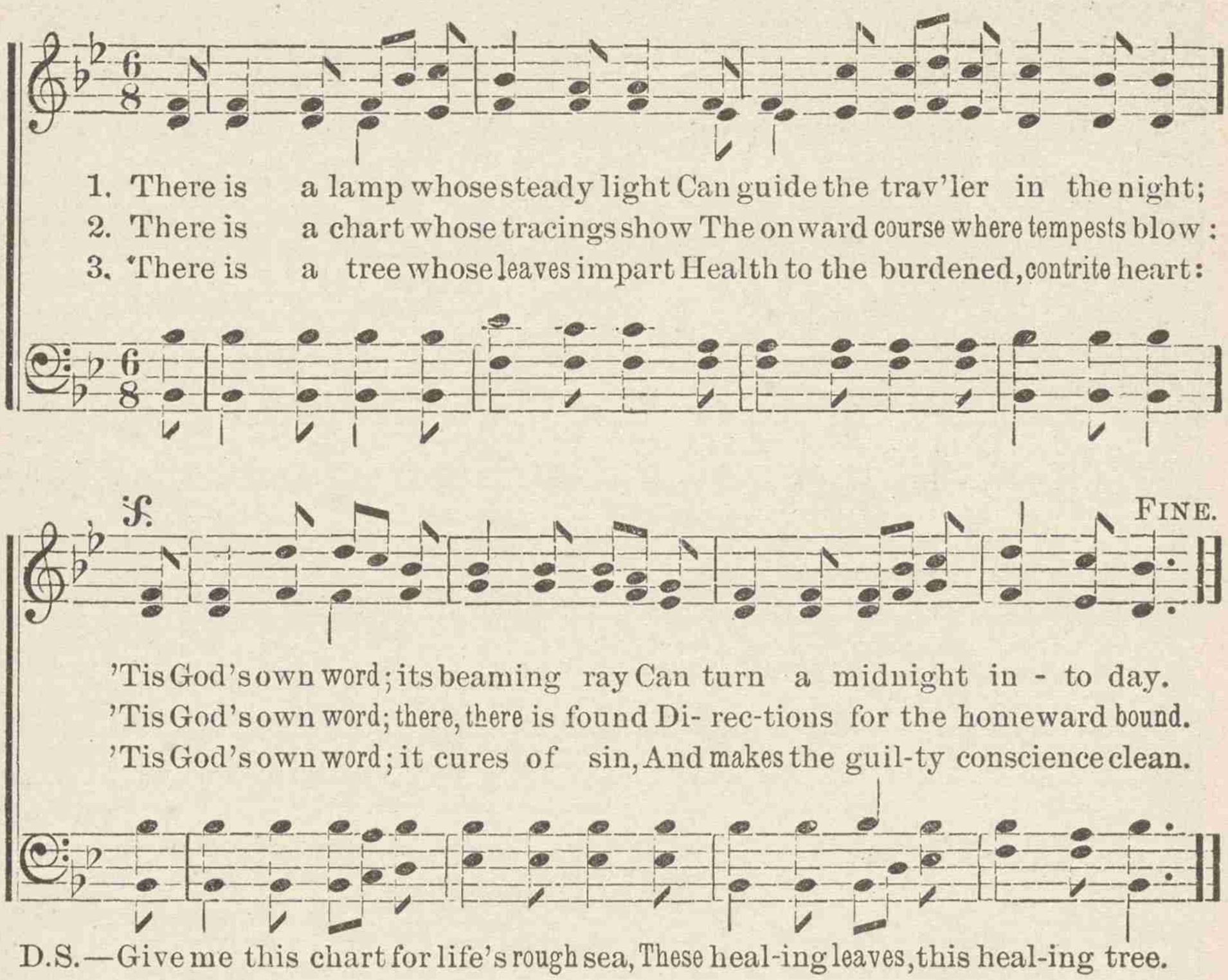


PEACE.

EMMA PITT.

THE BIBLE.

H. J. BETTS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



CHORUS.

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OUR KING EMMANUEL.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

Tempo di Marcia.

1. Hail thou blessed King Emmanuel. Hail immor-tal Saviour Thou,
2. Our Emmanuel, thrice-crowned Jesus. Royal Prince, great Saviour Thou,
3. One Emmanuel, King Emman-uel, God with us thro' sil and woe,

Hail thou, Saviour Thou,

CHORUS.—High in Heaven the hosts surround Thee, Seraphs and archangels sing,

FINE.

Bruis-ed for the world's redemption, Royal homage crowns Thee now.
Grand, triumphant is Thy vic - t'ry Gems adorn Thy lovely brow.
Lov-ing, ev- er-present Sav - iour, Long as ceaseless surges flow.

With the ransom'd none can number, We would crown Emmanuel King.

MALES.

What weak offering can we give Thee? What faint incense can we bring?
Fair- est, chiefest of ten-thous- and, All to-geth-er love- ly One.
With us in life's greatest dan- gers, O Thou condescending One.

ALL. D.C.

Take our hearts, our lives, our worship. Own us Thine, Thou mighty King.
Take our hearts, all full and grateful, For the conquest Thou hast won.
With us in earth's sweetest pleasures, Always till our crown is won.

SWEET PEACE, THE GIFT OF GOD'S LOVE.

P. H. ROBLIN. P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A glad and a joy-ous re-frain, (re-frain,) I sing it a-gain and a-
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No oth-er foun-da-tion is
3. When Je-sus as Lord I had crown'd, (had crown'd,) My heart with this peace did a-bound, (a-bound,) In Him the rich bless-ing I
4. In Je-sus for peace I a-bide, (a-bide,) And as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's nothing but peace doth be-

CHORUS.

gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

Peace, peace, sweet peace!

Won-der-ful gift from a-bove! (a-bove!) Oh, won-der-ful,

won-der-ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

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GATHERING HOME.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Up to the bountiful Giv- er of life, Gath-er-ing home! gathering home!
2. Up to the city where falleth no night, Gathering home! gathering home!
3. Up to the beautiful mansions above, Gathering home! gathering home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
Safe in the arms of His in - fi- nite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS.

Gather- ing home! . . . Gath-er-ing home! . . . . . Nev-er to
gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

sor - row more, nev - er to roam, Gath-er- ing home! . . . . . .
gath- er- ing home!

Gath-er- ing home! . . . . . God's children are gath-er- ing home.
Gath- er - ing home!

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REDEEMING LOVE.

EMMA PITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Vivace.

1. There is com- ing a beau - ti - ful sum- mer, With nev - er a cloud or a care, In the far a - way mansions of heav - en,
2. We will work ev - 'ry day in the vine- yard, Christ sees that the lab- 'rers are few, Praise ye then to the Lord of the har - vest,
3. O the sheaves we are gath-'ring for Je - sus, The souls we are seek- ing to win, They shall shine in our crown of re - joic - ing,

That Je - sus has gone to pre - pare. We'll bask in the
That more may be ear - nest and true; We'll sow prec- ious
When reap - ers have garn - ered them in; We'll meet by the

fair, gold-en sun - light, Of pure and un - chang - ing love,
seed in the spring- time, And God's bless- ed sun shine and rain
fair crys-tal riv - er, All toil - ing and bur-dens laid down,

REDEEMING LOVE.—Concluded.

If sow-ing good seed for the har - vest, We'll reap in the garners a - bove.
For harvest will bring forth the increase, Rich sheaves of the bright golden grain.
The souls we have led to the Sav - iour, Shall sparkle as gems in His crown.

CHORUS.

O the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful sun - light, . . . 'Tis
beau - ti - ful sun- light,

beam-ing from heav-en a - bove, . . . The beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
a-bove,

sun - light, . . . Of Je- sus' re-deem - ing love, . . . The
beau - ti - ful sun-light, of love,

beau - ti - ful sun - light, Of Je- sus' re - deeming love . . .
beauti- ful, beauti-ful sunlight, sunlight,

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

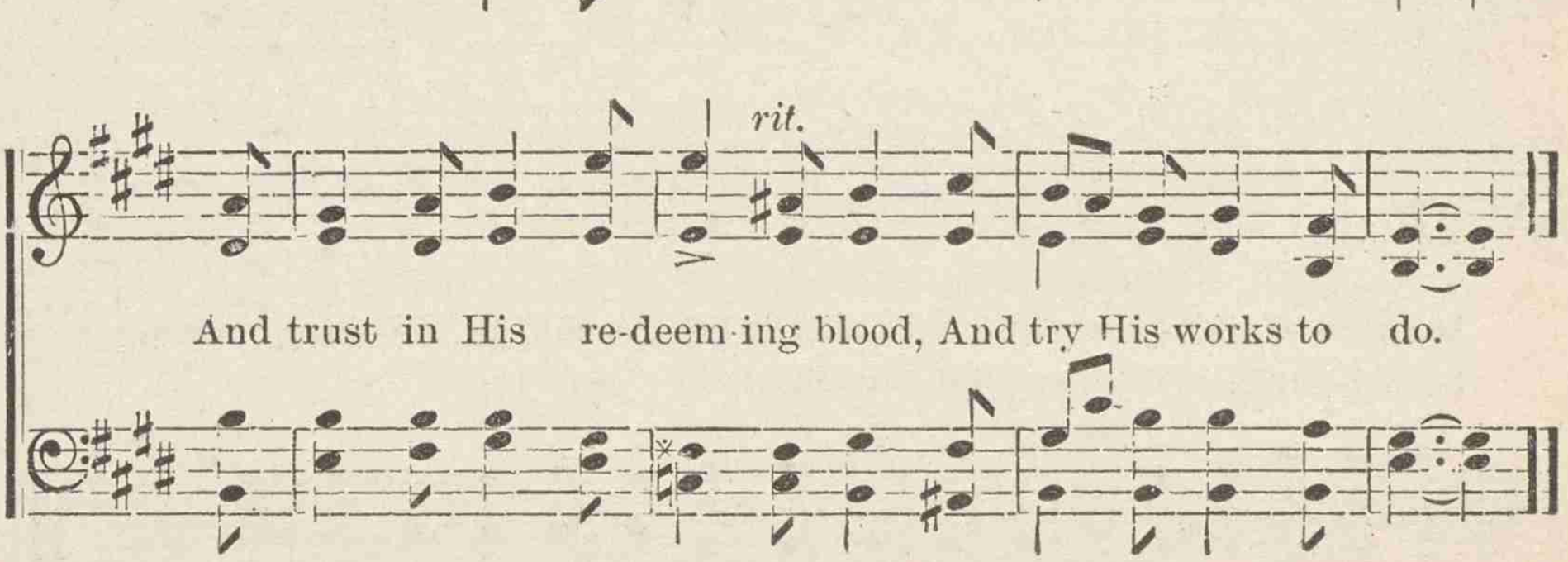
CECIL F. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall;
2. We may not know we can - not tell What pains He had to bear,
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good;
4. There was no oth - er good e-nough, To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His prec-ious blood.
He on - ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS.

Oh dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;



rit.

And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

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SOWING THE SEED.

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

1. Sow-ing the seed, pre - par-ing for the har-vest While the gold - en
2. Sow-ing the seed! shall tares or weeds among them Spring to life and
3. Sow-ing the seed! O bless ed oc - cu - pa - tion! If we sow in

sun is high: What do we scat - ter, care - ful - ly re-mem - ber,
choke the grain? Scat - ter the seed 'mid ear-nest cul - ti - va - tion;
faith and love, Je - sus will give a roy - al com-pen-sa - tion

CHORUS.

We must gath - er by and by.
Hon-est work for hon-est gain.
At the "har-vest home" a-bove.

Sow - ing, sow - ing,
Sowing the seed, sowing the seed,

Sow - ing, we are sow - ing for our reap-ing by and by;

Sow-ing to - day, Sow-ing to - day, Reap - ing by and by.

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GATHERING BRANDS.

H. W. PORTER.

Moderato.

SOLO. Gath-ering brands from the burning, Plucking them out of the fire,
QUARTET. Fighting the might- y bat - tle, With hearts that are true and bold,
CHORUS. For who-so works for the Master, And who-so fights His fight,

rit. *a tempo.*

Lift-ing the sheep that have wander'd, Out the dust and the mire;
Fighting it not for glo - ry, Fighting it not for gold,
An - gels crown with a star wreath, Glowing with gemes most bright, They

cres.

Bring- ing home sheaves from the har - vest, To lay at the
But out of love for His neigh - bor, And out of
wear them for - ev - er and ev - er, The saints in that

dim. *cres.* *f*

Mas - ter's feet, Lord, all the hosts of an - gels, Must
love for the Lord, I know that the hands of an - gels, Will
land of bliss, I know that heav-en's best jew - els, Are

GATHERING BRANDS.—Concluded.

pp *rit.*

smile on a life so sweet, Must smile on a life so sweet.
crown Him with His re-ward, Will crown Him with His re - ward.
kept for a soul like this, Are kept for a soul like this.

CHORUS.

Gath - - er - ing brands,
Gath- er - ing brands, brands from the burn- ing, Plucking them

out of the fire . . . . . Lift - - ing the
of the fire, Lift- ing the sheep,

rit.

sheep,
sheep that have wandered, Out of the dust and mire.

CHRIST. MY ALL.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. In the hour when guilt as-sails me, On His gra - cious name I call,
2. In the night when sor-row clouds me, And the burn- ing tear-drops fall,
3. In the day when this im-mor - tal Shall fling off its mor- tal thrall,

Then I find the heav'nly full- ness, Christ, my righteousness, my all.
Then I sing the song of pa-tience, Christ, my Broth-er and my all.
Then my song of res - ur - rec - tion Shall be Christ, my all in all.

CHORUS.

All my song when standing yon-der, Shall be Christ, my joy, my all,

This shall ev - er be my an- them, "Christ my glo - ry, Christ my all;"

rit.

This shall ev - er be my an- them, "Christ my glo- ry, Christ my all."

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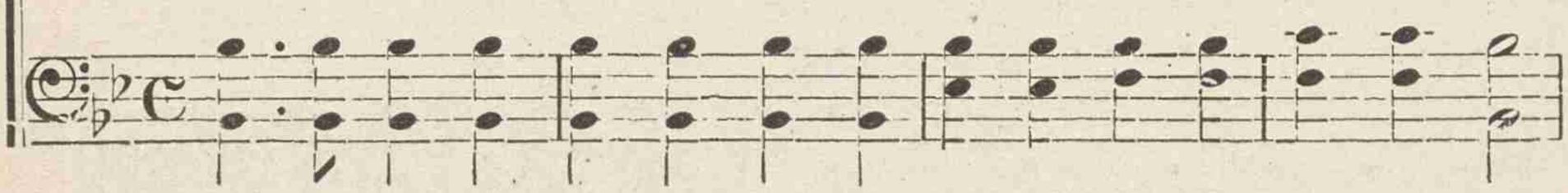
NEW LIFE.

Majestic. H. P. DANKS.

f SEMI CHORUS.

1. List a thou- sand birds are sing- ing, 'Cross the hills and meads a - way,
2. Life is on the breath of morn- ing, Life is in the o - pen sky,
3. Peace is in the cream- y lil - ies, Why may we not al - so say,
4. May we learn the sim- ple les - son, They that toil not, neith - er spin,



And a thousand leaves are bursting, From their darkness in- to day.
Peace is in the heart's glad throbbing, Peace is in the wind's low sigh.
Peace hath its con-tent- ed bid- ing, In our hearts a calm to - day.
This, to be con-tent with liv- ing, If our hearts are pure with-in.

FULL CHORUS.

ff

All the bells shall tell the sto-ry, In this sacred theme a - greed, . .

"Praise to God! To God the glo - ry! Christ the Lord is risen in - deed."

CALL THEM IN.

ANNA SHIPTON. JAMES L. ORR.

1. "Call them in!"-- the poor, the wretched, Sinstain'd wand'rers from the fold:
2. "Call them in!"— the Jew, the Gen - tile, Bid the strangers to the feast;
3. "Call them in!"— the bro-ken hearted, Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;

Peace and par - don free - ly of -fer: Can you weigh their worth with gold?
"Call them in!"— the rich, the no - ble, From the high-est to the least.
Speak love's mes - sage, low and ten-der, "'Twas for sinners Je - sus came."

"Call them in!"—the weak, the wea-ry, La-den with the doom of sin;
Forth the Fa- ther runs to meet them, He hath all their sor - rows seen;
See! the shad-ows lengthen round us, Soon the day-dawn will be - gin;

Bid them come and rest in Je - sus; He is wait- ing, "call them in!"
Robe and ring, and roy - al san- dals Wait the lost ones; "call them in!"
Can you leave them lost and lone - ly? Christ is com- ing; "call them in!"

REFRAIN.

Call them in, ... 'tis Je - sus bids you, Life e -
Call them in

CALL THEM IN.—Concluded.

ter - nal is the call, All the low - ly all the

ORGAN.

need - y be in - vit - eth, In His love is room for all.

CORONATION.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an- gels pros trate fall;
2. O that with yon- der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last- ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

CROWN HIM.

Rev. THOS. KELLY. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo- rious, See the "Man of sorrows" now;
2. Crown the Sav- iour, an-gels, crown Him; Rich the trophies Je- sus brings;
3. Sin - ners in de - ris-ion crown'd Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
4. Hark! the bursts of ac - cla-ma-tion! Hark! these loud triumphant chords;

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

REFRAIN.

Crown Him, crown Him, angels crown Him, Crown the Saviour "King of kings;"

Crown Him, crown Him, an-gels crown Him, Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

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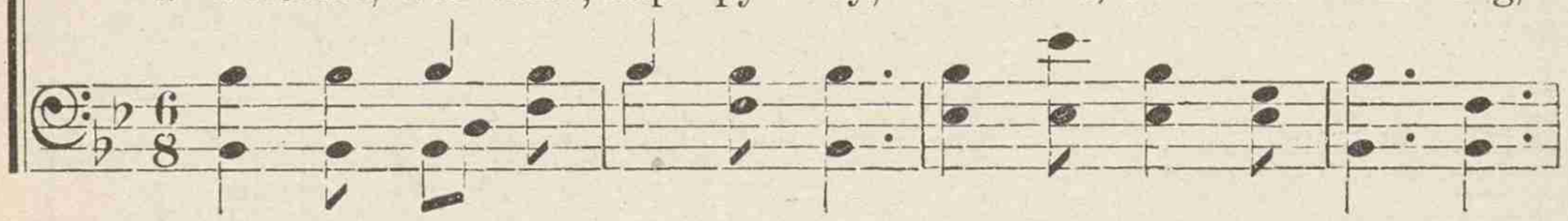
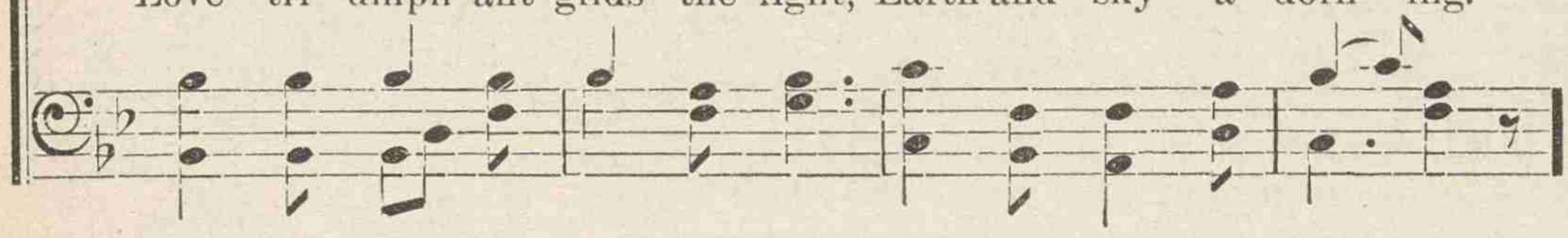
WELCOME SABBATH DAY.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

1. We would sing of Je - sus' love, In the ear - ly morn - ing,
2. See the clouds of sil - ver grey, With new light are part - ed,
3. We will sing of Je - sus' love, And the hope He gave us,
4. Welcome, wel- come, hap - py day, Wel-come, Sab - bath morn - ing,



With our songs of praise and joy, All the earth a - dorn - ing.
'Tis the day of all the week, For the wea - ry- heart - ed.
How He bore our sins so great, Died that He might save us.
Love tri - umph- ant gilds the light, Earth and sky a - dorn - ing.



Might - y song, won-drous theme, Je - sus Lord of glo - ry,

Might - y song, O won-drous theme,

Of His might - y love we sing. 'Tis the old, old, sto - ry.

HOW LOVELY.

EMMA PITT. H. P. DANKS.

1. How love - ly Thy tem - ple, oh Zi - on! How beau- ti - ful
2. How love - ly Thy tem - ple, oh Zi - on! No gran-deur can
3. How love - ly Thy tem - ple, oh Zi - on! How glo- rious Thine
4. How beau - ti - ful, Cit - y of glo - ry! When meet-ings be -

al - so Thy gates, Where God is the strength and the glo - ry,
ev - er com- pare, Where glo - ry - fied spir - its shall praise Thee,
al - tars, oh Lord, How bless- ed are those who dwell with Thee,
low are all o'er, How might-y in tri- umph we'll wan-der,

REFRAIN.

Where wor - ship con- tin - ual - ly waits.
No crown like the one we shall wear.
To praise Thee with one true ac - cord.
By streams on the beau - ti - ful shore.

} Peace! peace!

p

crescendo.

peace be a- round Thee, O, Zi - on so love - ly and fair.

ff

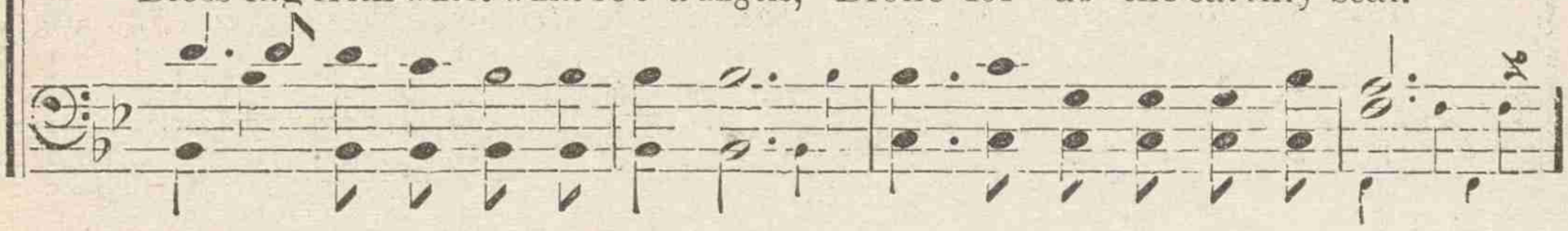
Joy, bright joy, shall crown Thee, O, Zi - on so love - ly and fair.

ANGELS BROKE THE SEAL.

C. DANA HOWE. W. TOWNSEND.

1. Bright- ly o'er the brow of morn- ing, Breaks a wondrous ho- ly light,
2. We will praise our ri- sen Sav - iour, As we towards His temple throng,
3. Bid the bless-ed light of heav - en, O'er our pathway ev - er shine,
4. So shall we, redeemed and ris- en, In our Father's pres- ence kneel,

All our earthly sky a- dorn- ing, Sweeps a- way the shades of night.
Bringing forth Spring's brightest blossoms, Lift - ing high our no-blest song.
Till around the throne assembled, We shall reign with Christ divine.
Bless-ing Him whose white rob'd angels, Broke for us the earthly seal.



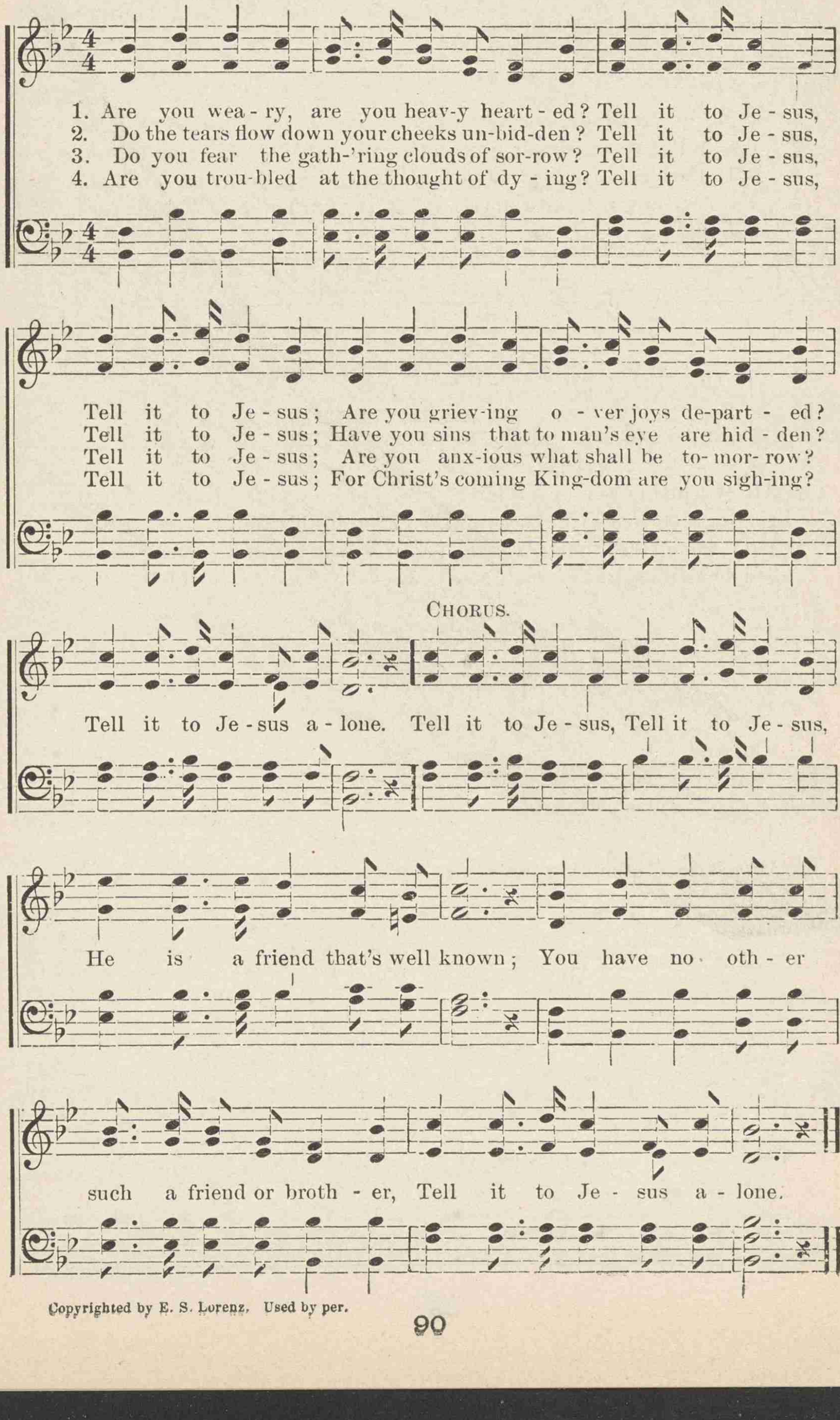
CHORUS.

An- gels clothed in shining rai- ment, Broke the seal and pierced the tomb,

Roll a-way the stone for- ev - er, All our hearts with joy il - lume.

TELL IT TO JESUS.

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



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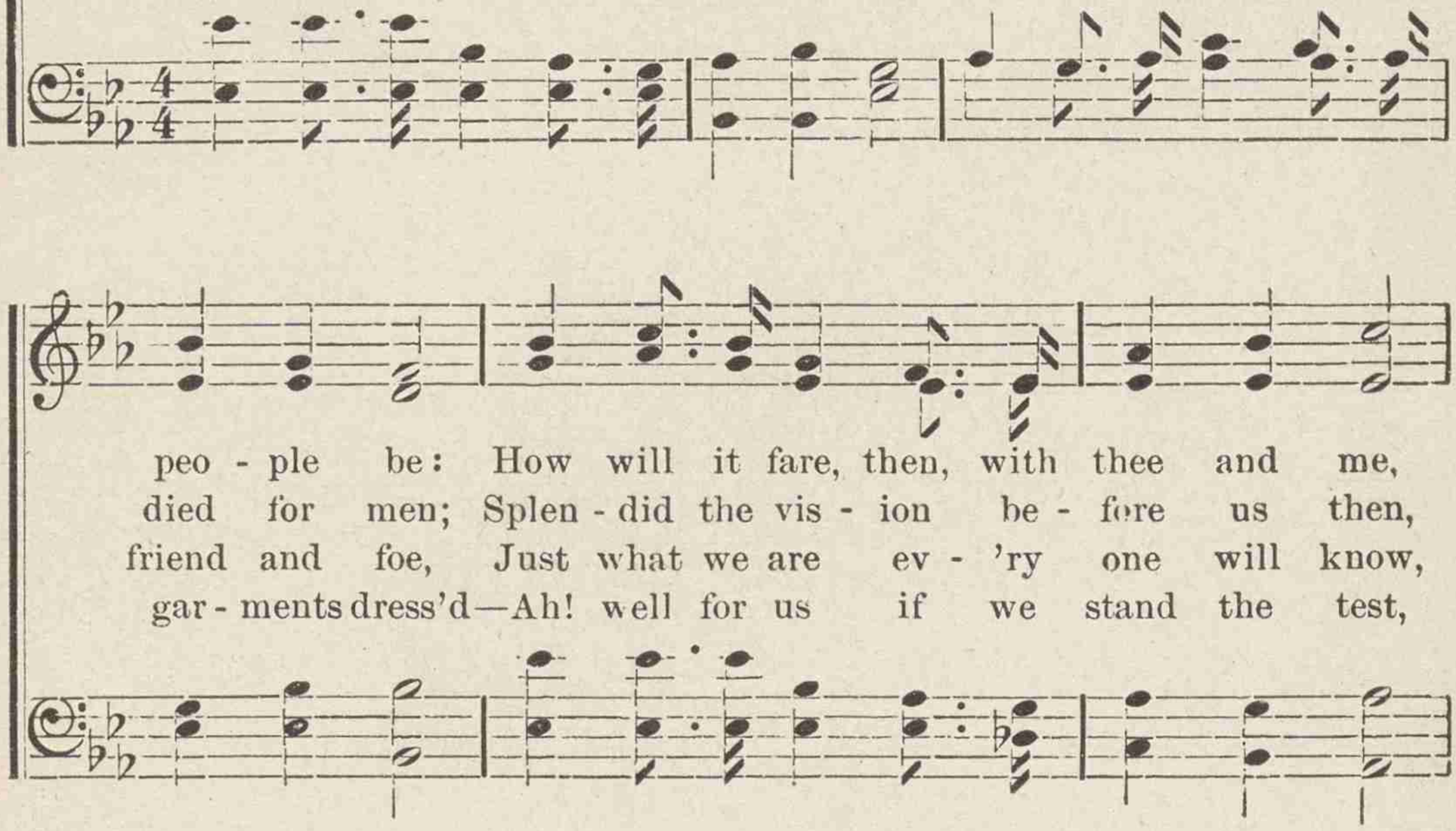
WHEN THE KING COMES IN

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

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



REFRAIN.

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

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BESIDE THE SEA.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

SOLO. 1.*Jesus tells a blessed sto - ry, On the shores of Gal- i - lee,
ANS. 2. Seed are lost with careless sow - ing, Lost a - mid the thorns to die,
CHO. 3. Scatter round the dai- ly path-way, Sow the seed in fer-tile soil,

As He looked be - side the wa- ters, To the fields close by the sea,
Souls will per - ish 'mid life's pleasures Ere the har - vest day draws nigh,
Thou shalt gath-er seeds so gold- en, For the striv- ing, pa- tient toil,

Look! be - hold, went forth a sow - er, Seed un-
O how pre - - cious is the teach - ing, From the
Je - sus saw the fields were read - y, Seed for

to the ground to sow, Some were cast up - on the
Sav - - iour's lips to hear, Sow the seed in ear - ly.
har - - vest to re - ceive, Look a - mid, the wea ry-

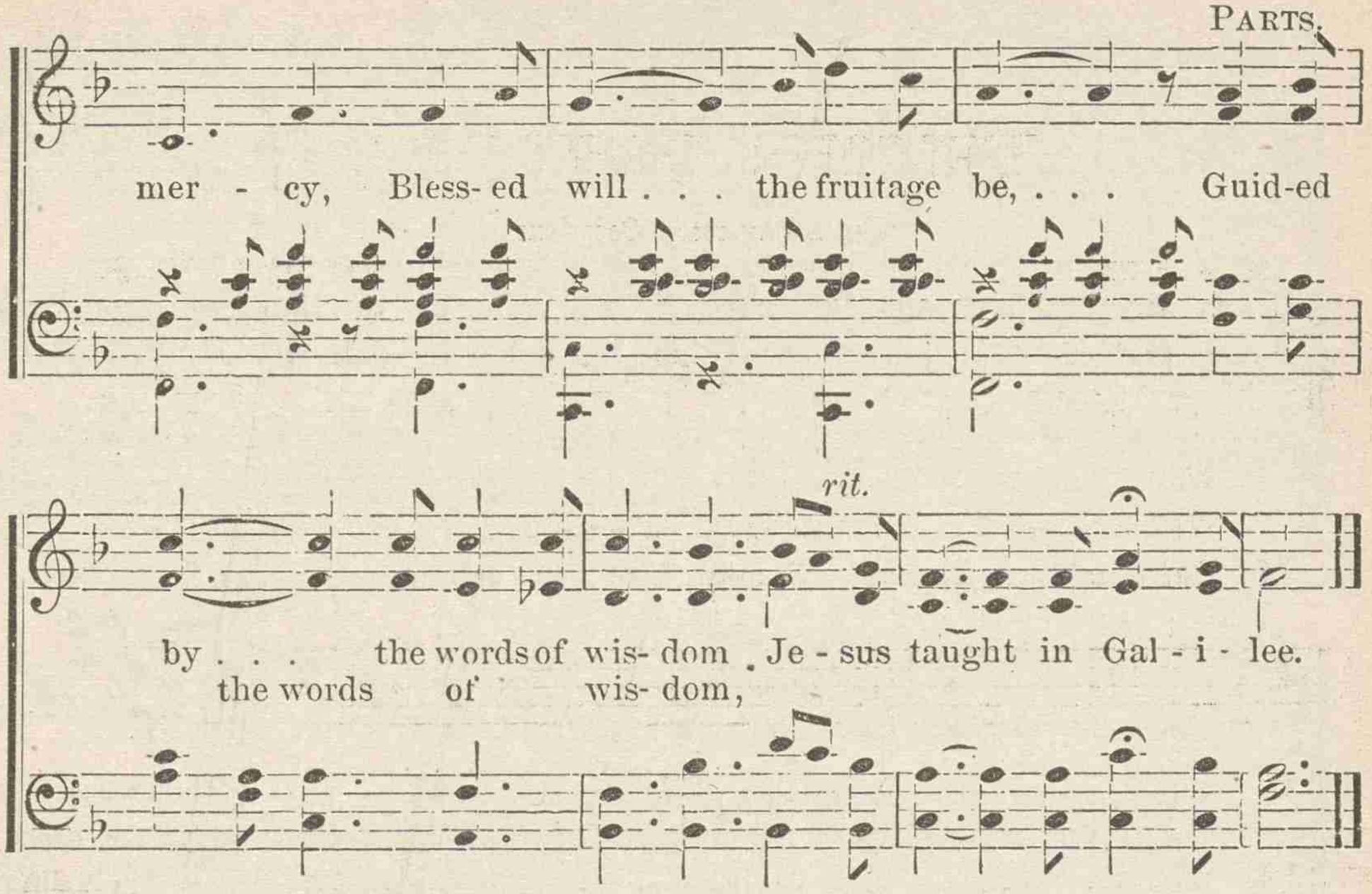
rit UNISON.

way- side. Some up on the rocks below.
morn-ing. Withhold not when evening's near. Sow-ing forth the seed of
heart- ed, Bid them in His word believe.

* First eight lines may be sung by School if preferred.

BESIDE THE SEA. Concluded.

PARTS.



COME, WE WHO LOVE THE LORD.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WATTS. HANDEL.

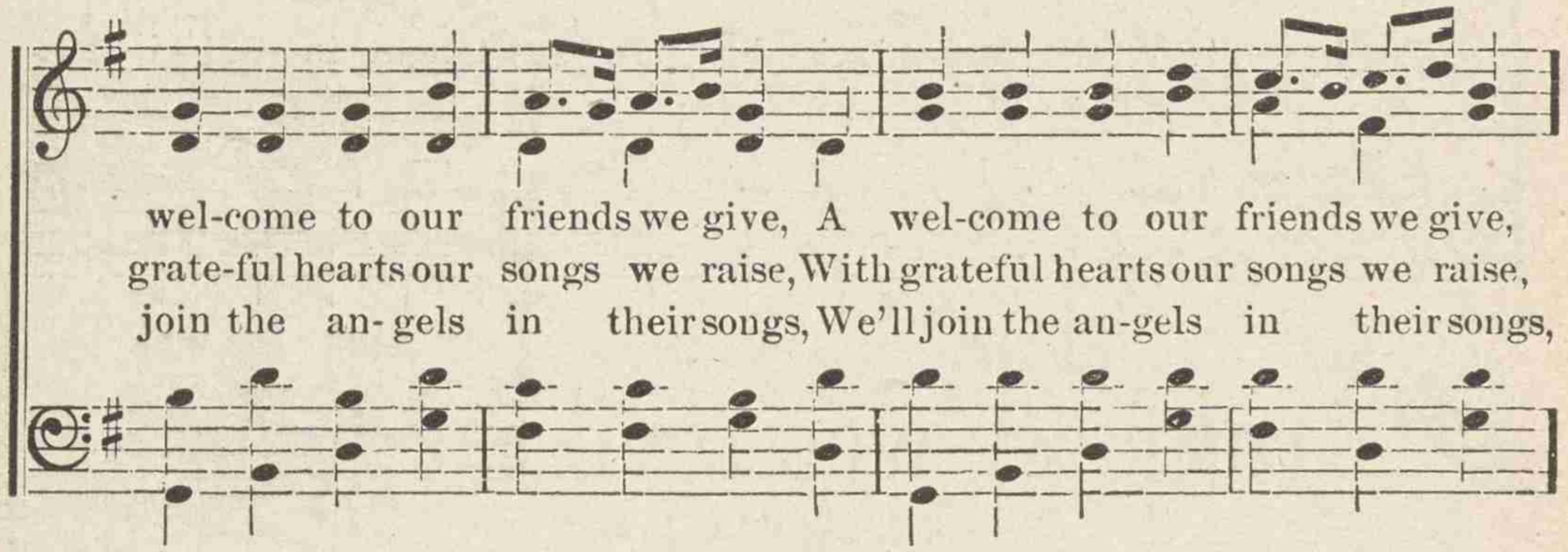
WELCOME HAPPY DAY.

For Anniversary Occasions.

EMMA PITT. Arr. by H. W. P.

Vivace.

1. Welcome, welcome hap- py day, Wel-come to our fes - tive lay, A
2. Welcome, welcome let us sing, Wel-come to our heav'nly King, With
3. Hal - le - lu - jah we will sing, Hal - le - lu - jah to our King, We'll

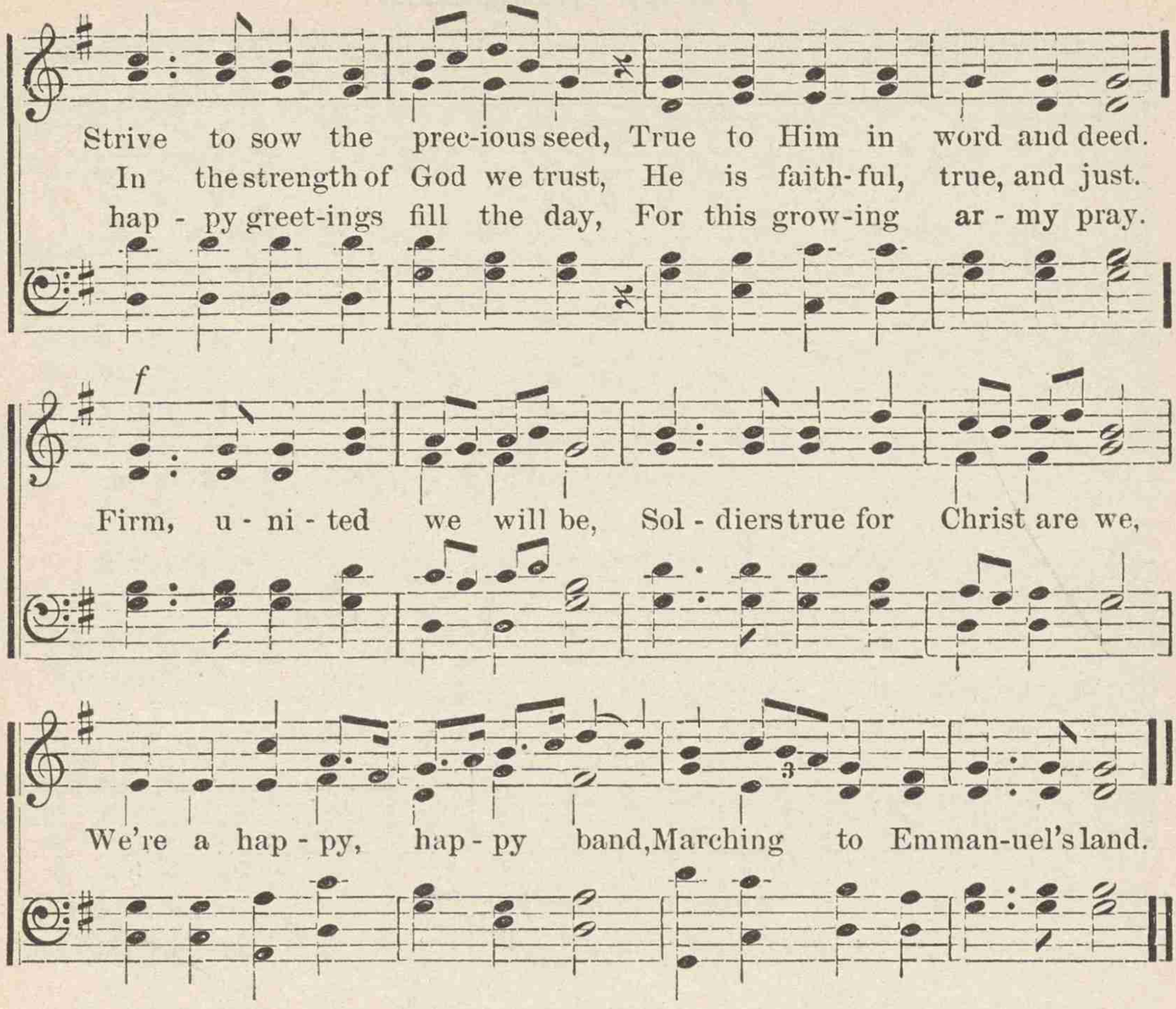


wel-come to our friends we give, A wel-come to our friends we give,
grate-ful hearts our songs we raise, With grateful hearts our songs we raise,
join the an- gels in their songs, We'll join the an-gels in their songs,

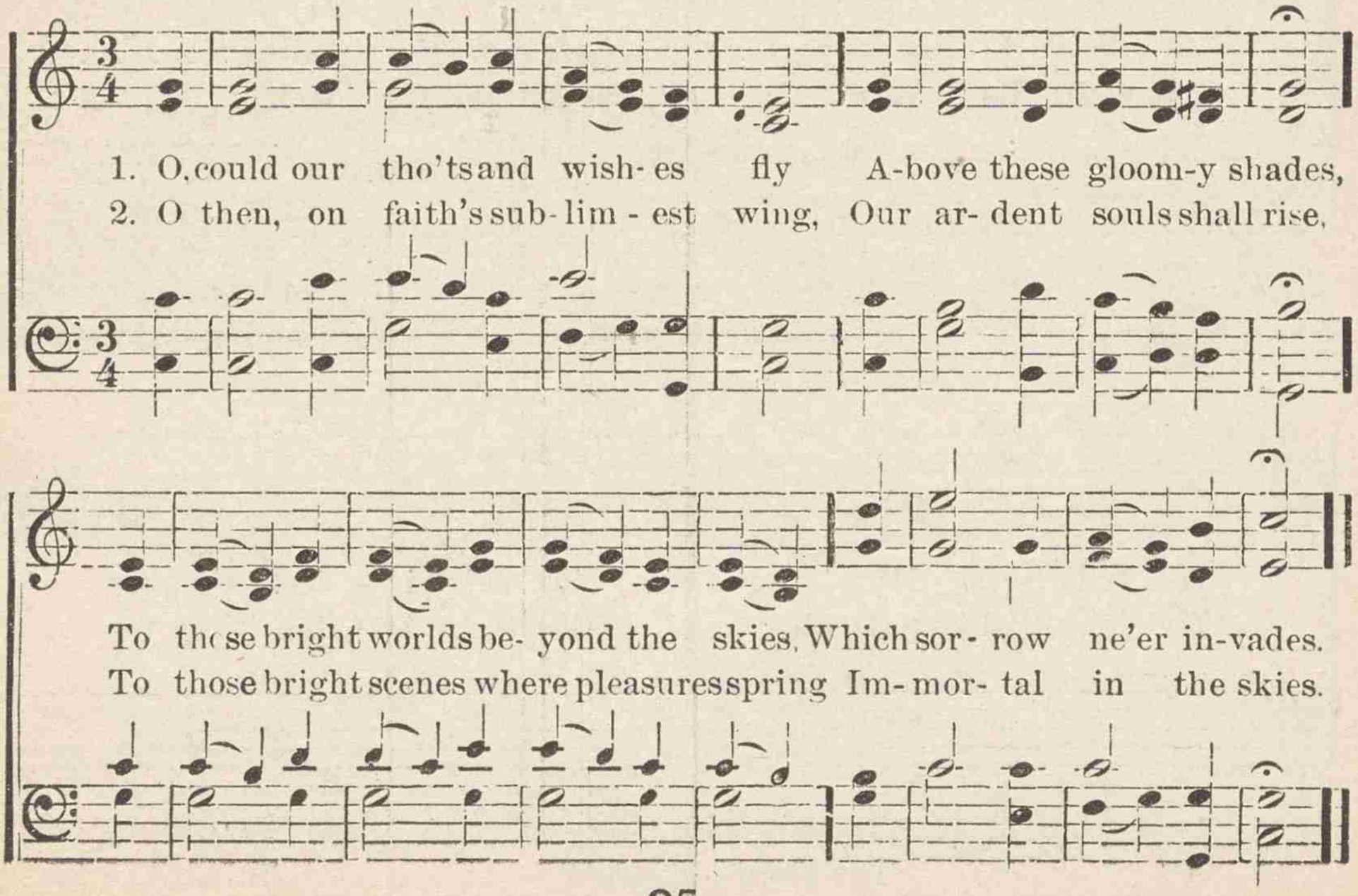
We sing a mer - ry, mer - ry lay, On this joy- ful, joy- ful day.
Glad prais- es to His name we sing, Glo- ry to the might-y King.
Oh, may our joy- ful an-thems rise, Till the mu - sic reach the skies.

The cause of Christ we dearly love, Faith- ful work- ers we would prove,
We' re earn-est work-ers in the field, To the foe we would not yield,
With heart and voice we say good cheer, Hope to meet an - oth - er year, Let

WELCOME HAPPY DAY.—Concluded.



COVENTRY. C. M.



FAIR GALILEE.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

1. O when I read . . . . . the sto - ry sweet, ...
2. What lov- ing work . . . . . did Je - sus do, ...

1. O when I read the sto - ry sweet.
2. What loving work did Je- sus do,

Of Him who taught . . . . . be - side the sea, ...
In fer - tile fields . . . . . close by the sea, ...

Of Him who taught be-side the sea,
In fer-tile fields close by the sea,

O how I long . . . . . once more by faith; . . . . .
Put forth His hand, ... and heal'd the sick, ...

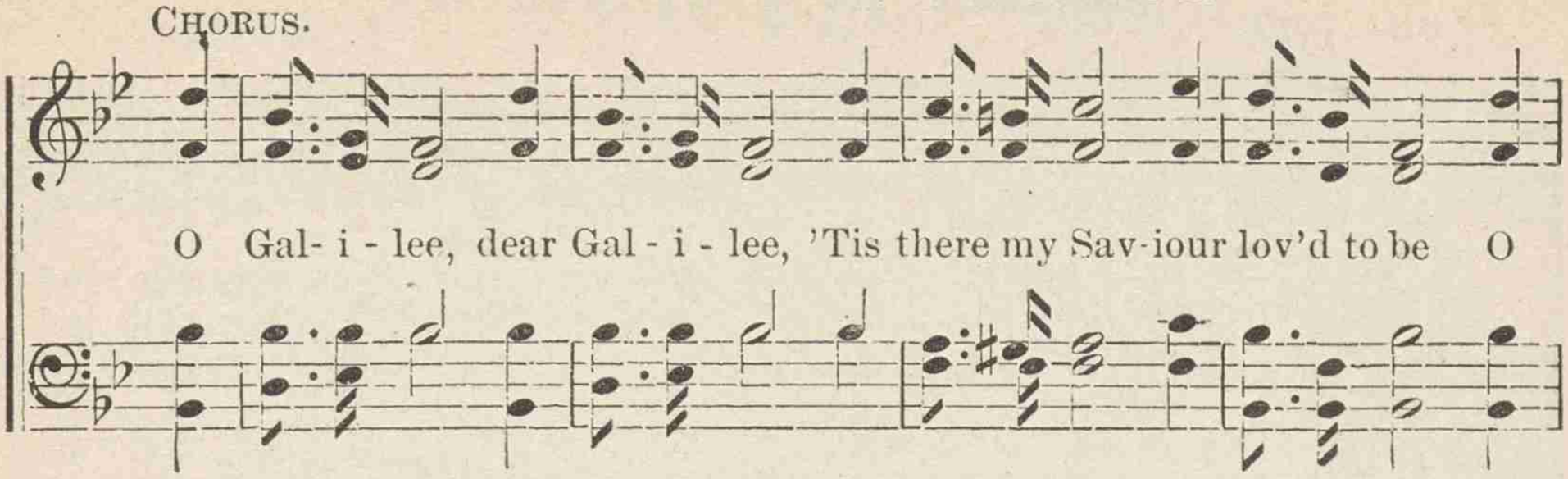
O how I long once more by faith;
Put forth His hand, and heal'd the sick,

To walk with Him . . . . . in Gal - i - lee.
The gos - pel preach'd . . . . in Gal - i - lee.

To walk with Him in Gal- i - lee.
The gos-pel preach'd in Gal- i - lee.

FAIR GALILEE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



3 'Twas there He saw the ope'ning heav'ns,
The Father's voice heard by the sea
The Spirit came like to a dove,
And hov'red o'er sweet Galilee.

4 We all may preach same gospel now,
And Christ can calm our stormy sea,
For still He is the same dear Friend,
The loving Christ of Galilee.

NEARER, YET NEARER.

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.

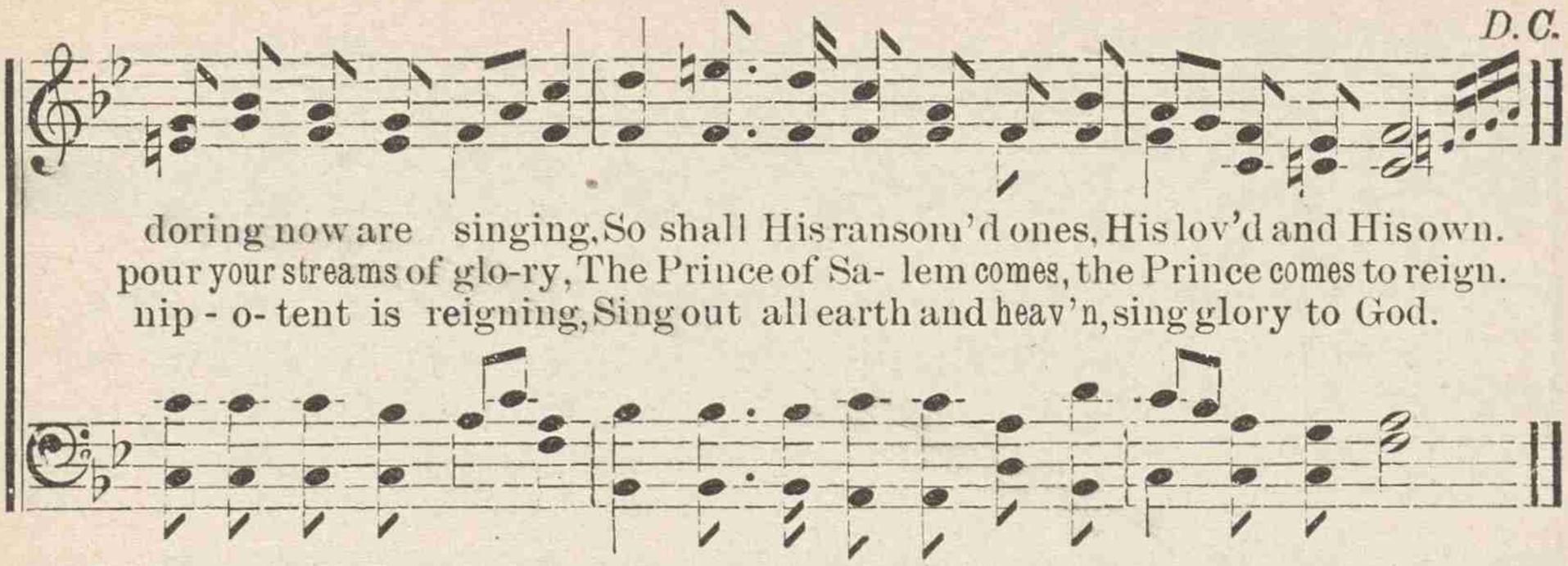
GREAT IS OUR KING.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

With force.

Sing all the verses, then use Da Capo for ending.

GREAT IS OUR KING.—Concluded.

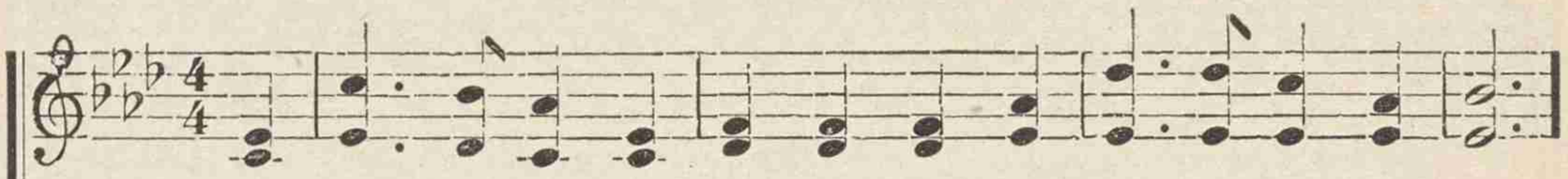


HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

H. W. PORTER.

FOR CHRIST ALONE.

EMMA PITT. W. A. OGDEN.



1. We are an earn- est work- ing band, And loy - al we would be,
2. Be this our work and this a - lone, His name to glo - ri - fy;
3. Be this our dear and lov - ing care, To lead the wand'ring feet;
4. We'll glad - ly work till Je - sus comes, For His dear cause a - lone,

His love to share, His mer - cy feel, For He has made us free.
The need - y seek the poor re - lieve, For this we'll dai - ly try.
So they at last may rest with Him, By crys - tal wa - ters sweet,
We want some sheaves for reap-ing time, When we are gather'd home.

CHORUS.

For Christ a - lone our watchword be, He's coming by and by,

We'll strive and pray, work ev-'ry day, For His coming by and by.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression.

1. In a wea - ry land I wan - der, And with falt'ring steps I walk.
2. Here my toils are un - a - bat - ing And rude cares a-bout me mock,
3. In those pas-tures fair and ver - nal, With my Shepherd's chosen flock,
4. By those wa-ters gent - ly flow - ing, I will fear no tempest shock,
5. So with pa-tient faith I wan - der, And with lov-ing trust I walk;

For my rest is o - ver yon-der, In the shad-ow of the Rock.
But my rest is yon-der wait-ing, In the shad-ow of the Rock.
I will feast on joys e - ter - nal, In the shad-ow of the Rock.
And no want or grief be know-ing, In the shad-ow of the Rock.
For my rest is o - ver yon-der, In the shad-ow of the Rock.

CHORUS.

I am hid - ing in the Rock In the bless - ed, bless - ed Rock,

I am hid - ing in the Rock, In the shad-ow of the Rock.

I am hid-ing, in the Rock,

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Far out on the waves of life's o - cean, There's ma - ny a ves - sel to - day;
2. So ma - ny the har - bor are seek - ing, All bur-dened with sin and dis-trest;
3. O keep ev - er keep the light burn - ing, Nor ere let its beau - ty grow dim;

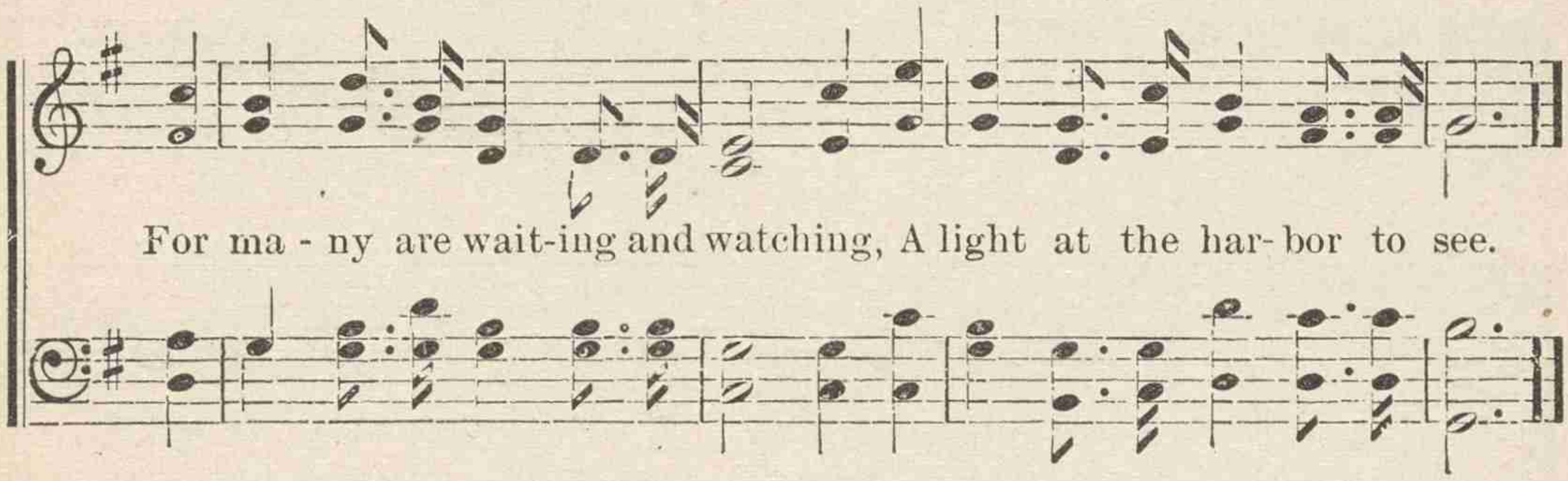
Some strive with the winds and the tem - pest,
They need but a gleam o'er the bil - lows,
For Je - sus has giv - en the gos - pel

While oth - ers are drift - ing a - way; The night shades of sin are a - round them, They're nearing a treacher - ous shore
A guide to the ha - ven of rest; So ma - ny that drift in the sha - dow Might an - chor at home in the bay,
To light up the path-way to Him; To those who are out on the o - cean, Its rays are more precious than gold;

Where cer - tain de - struc - tion a - waits them, Where ma - ny have stran-ded be - fore.
If on - ly your light shone the bright - er, Out o - ver the o - cean to - day.
Then hold up the light at the har - bor, Its glo - ry can nev - er be told.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



BLEST BE THE TIE.

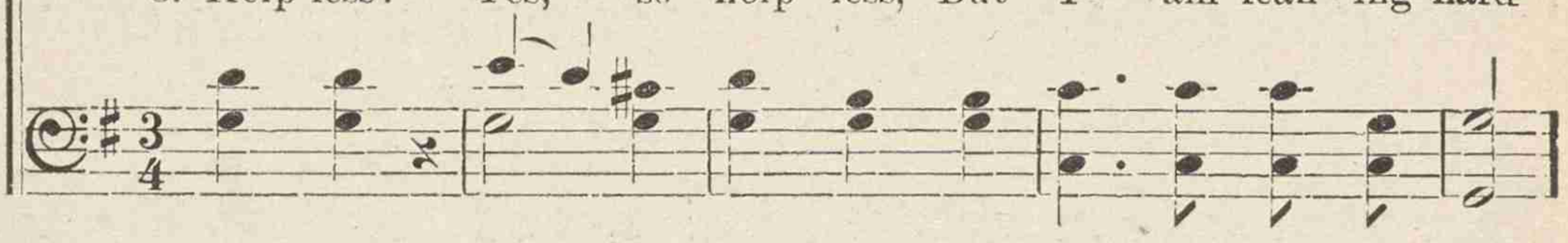
JOHN FAWCETT. GEO. NAEGELI.

LONELY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression.

1. Lone - ly?— No, not lone - ly, While Je - sus stand-eth by,
2. Tir - ed?— No, not tir - ed, While lean - ing on His breast;
3. Help-less?— Yes, so help - less, But I am lean - ing hard



His pres - ence fills my cham - ber, I feel that He is nigh.
My soul has sweet pos - sess - ion Of His e - ter - nal rest.
Up - on the arm of Je - sus, And He is keep - ing guard.

Friend-less?— No, not friend-less, For Je - sus is my Friend,
Sad - dened?— Ah, yes, sad dened, By earth's deep sin and woe,
Hap - py?— Yes, so hap - py, With joy too deep for words,

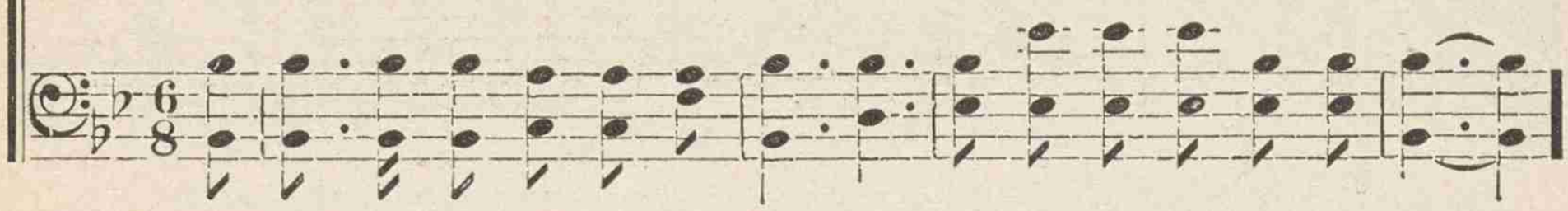
I change but He re-main - eth True, lov - ing to the end.
How can I count as noth - ing What grieved my Sav-iour so.
A prec - ious, sure pos - sess - ion, A joy that is my Lord's.

EARNESTLY WORK AND PRAY.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

Moderato.

1. The Lord of the harvest is call - ing Earnest- ly call-ing to - day,
2. The hearts that are far from the Sav - iour Out in the highway of sin,
3. Some seed that in love you may scat- ter Out in the broad o- pen field,
5. The Lord of the harvest will gath- er Fruits of our work by and by,



Come work to- day in my vine- yard, Why tar-ry ye lon- ger a - way.
May come by kind tender plead-ing, By striving to gath-er them in.
God's blessed sunshine will nourish, They tru-ly will fruit-ful-ly yield.
The seed, if faith-ful- ly plant - ed, They nev-er will per-ish and die.

CHORUS.

Work! earn - est- ly work and pray, Earn-est - ly work and pray, There is

rit.

need in the field for la - b'rers, O en - ter the vineyard to - day.

WHAT A CROWNING.

EMMA PITT. W. A. OGDEN.

1. When the ransomed hosts of Je - sus All have cross'd the swelling flood,
2. When the sheaves shall all be gather'd And the grain be garnered in,
3. When the jew- els all are count-ed That shall beam on ev - 'ry brow,

And are safe - ly an-chored by the crys - tal sea, ...
When the saints shall cast their tro- phies at His feet, ...
When the souls we've won for Christ are gathered home, ...

crys- tal sea,
at His feet,
gathered home,

When they've reach'd the shore in safe - ty Where no storms can ev - er come,
Then be - fore the ho - ly an - gels He will claim us as His own,
In the crown of their re - joic- ing They shall glit- ter as a star,

What a glo - rious might - y crown - ing there will be!
And the wel - come, wel - come plau - dit He'll re - peat;
Ev - er - more in that a - bid - ing world to come.

WHAT A CROWNING.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

What a crown - - ing, What a crown - - ing, When we
What a roy- al, roy- al crowning Of the ransomed by and by,

lay our burdens down To receive the starry crown, What a crown - ing,
mighty glorious crowning,

What a crown - - ing, What a crowning of the ransomed that will be!
O - ver on the shining shore,

ANGELS GUARD THEE!

mf

1. An - gels o'er thee, guard are keeping, Thou who lov'st the Sav-iour true;
2. An - gels o'er thee, guard are keeping, Peace, sweet peace is hov'ring near;

cres. *dim.* *dim.*

Je - sus loves his faith-ful peo-ple, An - gels guard his chos - en few.
In the night or ear - ly morn-ing Peace, sweet peace is hov- 'ring near.

SOFTLY AND TENDERLY JESUS IS CALLING.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. *pp* *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing for
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Pleading for
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo-ments are pass - ing, Passing from
4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has prom-is'd, Promis'd for

you and for me; See on the portals He's waiting and watching,
you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
you and from me; Shad-ows are gathering, death beds are coming,
you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd He has mercy and pardon,

CHORUS.

Watching for you and for me. Come home, . . Come home; . .
Mer-cies for you and for me?
Com-ing for you and for me. Come home, Come home,
Par- don for you and for me.

cres. *pp* *ppp*

Ye who are wea-ry, come home, . . Earn- est- ly, ten- der- ly,

rit. *pp*

Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner come home!

By per. W. L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

GO AFTER THE SHEEP THAT ARE LOST.

EMMA PITT. J. F. KINSEY.

Tenderly.

1. Out in the des - ert my poor sheep have wandered, No stranger will heed to their cry . . A - way o'er the mount-ains the dark bar - ren mountains, They sure - ly will per - ish and die.
2. Out in the des - ert my poor sheep are wounded, No shel - ter have they from the storm, No kind hand to lead them no kind hand to guide them, No fold there to keep them from harm.
3. Out in the des - ert my poor sheep are need- y, With hun- ger and thirst they will cry, A - lone in the val - ley— the dark drear-y val - ley, They sure - ly will per - ish and die.
4. Out in the des - ert are souls weak and wear-y, They hear not or heed not the cry, The sick and the suff' - ring—the sad and the lone - ly, They sure - ly will per - ish and die.

CHORUS.

Oh bring . . back the stray-ing, Out in the mountain of sin, . . .
Oh bring back, oh bring back the straying, Out in the mountain the mountain of sin.

rit.

Oh, lead them to Je - sus, None perish who en-ter in. . . .
Oh, ten-der-ly lead them to Je - sus, en-ter in.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

EMMA PITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. It comes in the breath of morn-ing, It comes in the fra - grant flow'r; In the full, rich glow of the noon - tide In the
2. It comes in the glow - ing sun-shine, It comes when the clouds draw near And gleams in the tint of the rain - bow Till the
3. It speaks to the hearts so wea - ry, And soothes like a heal - ing balm. In hours that are ting'd with life's sor - rows, It brings
4. It col - ors life's fad - ing sun - set, With beau- ti - ful, ro - sy hue; And chants the sweet song of heav - en As it

CHORUS.

hush of the twi - light hour.
shad- ows all dis - ap - pear.
rest - ful and ho - ly calm.
lov - ing - ly comes to woo.

'Tis the still small voice of the

Spir - it, As it lov - ing - ly comes to woo; . . . And it it comes to woo;

whis-pers the words of the Sav-iour, Whis-pers, so gent - ly whis-pers,

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THE STILL SMALL VOICE.—Concluded.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

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

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

SOME SWEET, FAIR DAY.

EMMA PITT. EMMA PITT.

With expression.

1. Some day the heav'nly gates will swing Their golden por- tals o - pen wide,
2. Some day He'll take me by the hand And show me all the won-ders rare;
3. Some day I'll see that glo-rious crown, That rests on my Emmanuel's brow;
4. Some day I'll hear that glo-rious song, That but in dreams I now re-peat;

Some day with Je - sus I shall sing, And sit in glo - ry by His side.
I'll walk with Him the gold - en streets In that sweet cit- y o - ver there.
And view the New Je- ru -sa - lem, Where ma-ny friends are rest-ing now.
The song of Mo - ses and the Lamb, Some day I'll sit at Je - sus' feet.

REFRAIN.

Some day, some sweet fair day, When ev - 'ry tear is wiped a-way,

rit.

On heav- 'nly harps His praise I'll sing, Some sweet, fair day. . . .
Some sweet, fair day, some day.

GATHER IN.

Mrs. D. C. Doane. W. Townsend.

Allegro.

1. Gath-er in the gold-en treas-ures, Stand not i - dle, sleep not now,
2. Reach the hand to help the stray-ing, Thousands walk the e-vil way,
3. Speak for Christ or souls shall per-ish, Work for Je - sus is not vain,
4. Gath-er for the night is com-ing, Com-ing, com-ing on a - pace,

Win the souls for Christ, your Master, Stars to deck His king-ly brow.
List the Saviour's voice is call-ing, "Work while it is called to - day.
See the fields are white for har-vest, Proudly waves the golden grain.
We shall hear the Saviour's wel-come, We shall see Him face to face.

CHORUS.

Gath er at the ear - ly dawn-ing,
Gath - er while the day is bright, Gath - er in the
gold - en treas - ure, Gath - er in, 'twill soon be night.

MARCHING WITH SONGS.

Mrs. D. C. Doane. H. W. Porter.

1. Marching with songs of love we go, Trusting in Je - sus, Him to know,
2. On - ward He leads in pas - tures fair, Leads us where He is wait - ing there,

Striv - ing some fruit - ful seed to sow; We ev - er go, we go;
Be - side the crys - tal streams that flow—We ev - er go, we go;

rit.

go,

* Onward our mot - to, God is true, Keeping the cross still in our view;
Marching with mu - sic, oh, how sweet! Nearing the shore where we shall meet;

Pleading that He our strength will re-new; Onward we go, we go;
Rest-ing with Je - sus for - ev - er-more; Ev - er we go, we go;

Chorus.

March - - ing ev - er on - - ward,

March - ing ev - er on - ward, Marching on - ward, ev - er on - ward;

MARCHING WITH SONGS.—Concluded.

Un-der His ban - ner each day; March - -

Un-der His ban - ner each day, His banner each day; March-ing ev-er

ing, ev-er on - - ward, Trying to keep in His way.

onward, marching onward, ever onward; Trying to keep ever in His way, His way.

PEACE, IT IS I.

J. M. NEAL. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Fierce was the bil - low wild, Dark was the night: Oars la-bored
2. Ridge of the mount-ain wave Low - er thy crest; Wail of Eu -
3. Je - sus de - liv - er - er Come un - to me; Soothe Thou my

heav - i - ly, Foam gleam-eth white! Mar - i - ners trem - bled;
ro - cly-don, Be thou at rest! Per - il there none be,
voy - ag - ing O - ver life's sea, Thou, when the storm of death

it

Per - il was nigh; Then said the Sav-iour dear, "Peace, it is I."
Sor - row must fly; When saith the light of light, "Peace, it is I."
Roars, sweeping by, Whis-per, O truth of truth, "Peace, it is I."

BRIGHT GOLDEN SHEAVES.

EMMA PITT. H. W. PORTER.

Unison. *f.*

1. We'll sow the seed in ear - ly morn - ing, Now is the
2. We'll work while life's sweet flow'rs are spring - ing, And sow a -
3. We'll sow the seed, till ten - der twi - light, Shall rest be -

D. S.—come the bless- ed har - vest, Shall we have

Parts. *Unison.*

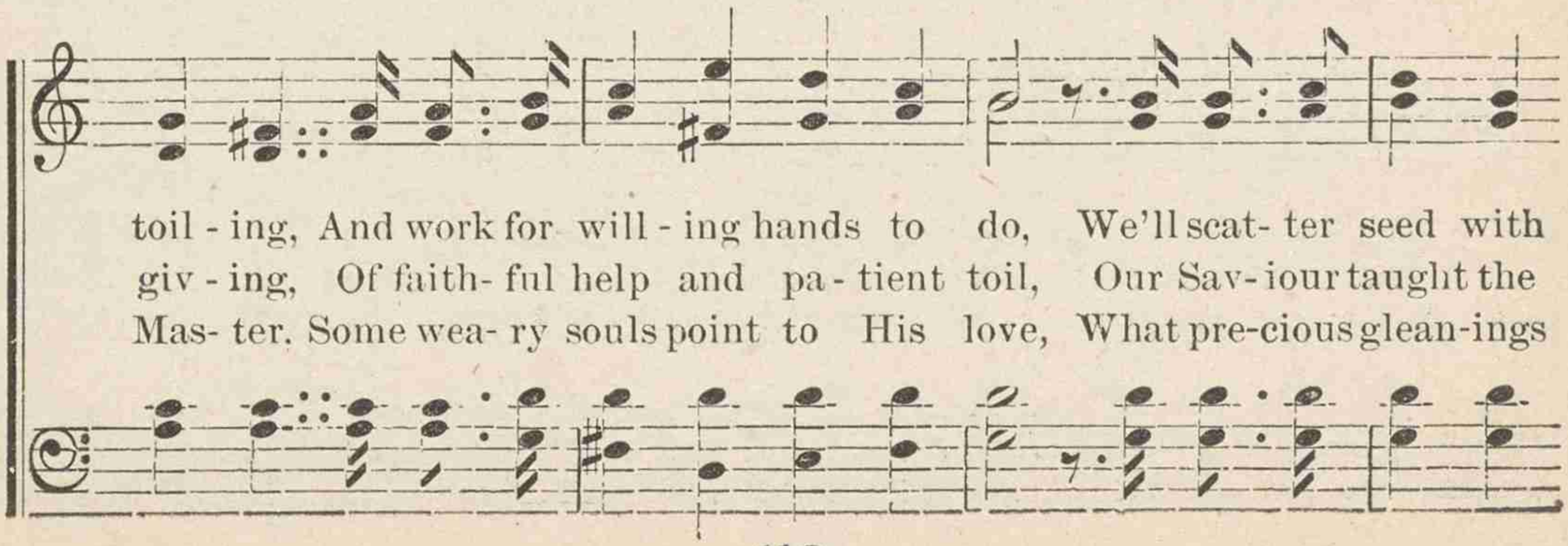
time 'tis not too soon, While life is young with but the dawn - ing,
long the wayside fair, With deeds of love and words of com - fort,
hind the set-ting sun, Till ro - sy hues shall blush to crim - son,

noth-ing then but leaves? We'll sow the seed that we may gath - er

Parts.

Ere its bright morning yields to noon. There is re - ward for pa-tient
Some souls we'll find to cher - ish there. Life will be sweet- er for the
Till night draws on when work is done. Some lov - ing hearts win for the

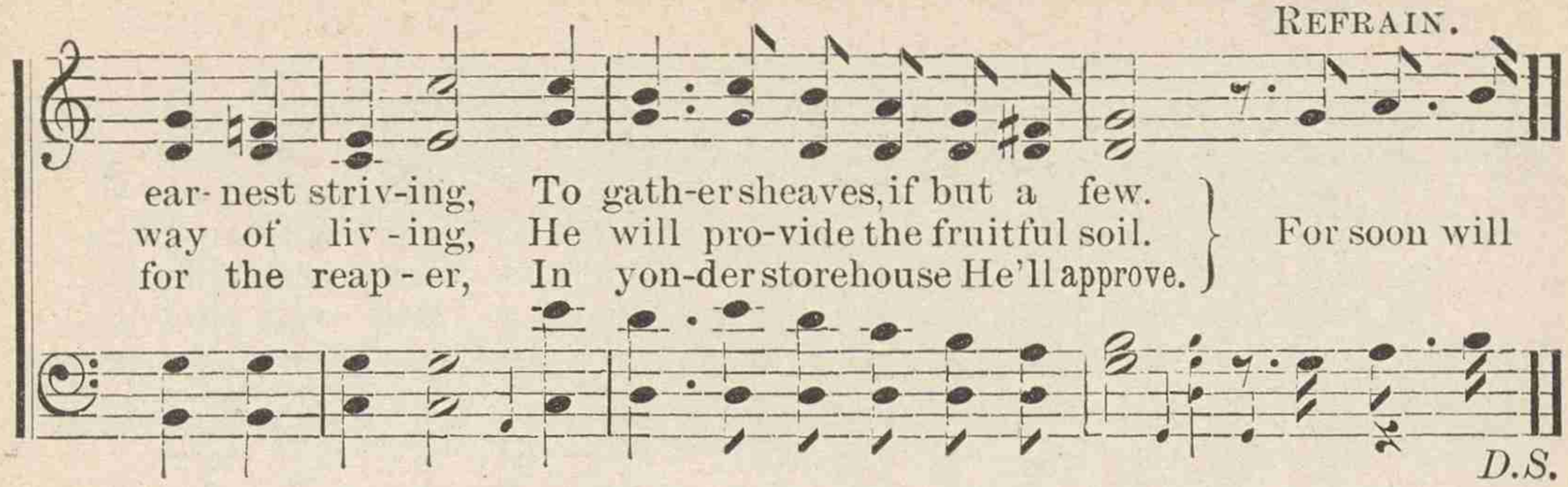
Bright gold - en sheaves, bright golden sheaves.



toil - ing, And work for will - ing hands to do, We'll scat- ter seed with
giv - ing, Of faith- ful help and pa - tient toil, Our Sav - iour taught the
Mas- ter. Some wea- ry souls point to His love, What pre-cious glean-ings

BRIGHT GOLDEN SHEAVES.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.



SING REDEEMING LOVE.

EMMA PITT. H. P. DANKS.

SOUND IT OUT WITH SINGING

EMMA PITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Are you peace-ful in your heart? Sound it out with sing-ing!
2. Are you keep-ing day by day:—Sound it out with sing-ing!
3. Does your heart for sin-ners yearn—Sound it out with sing-ing!

Have you made for heav'n a start? Sound it out with sing-ing!
In the straight and nar-row way? Sound it out with sing-ing!
That they may to Je-sus turn? Sound it out with sing-ing!

To the Lord sweet in-cense bring, Let your lips with mu-sic ring!
Are you striv-ing to be good? Is His word your dai-ly food?
Where the ran-som'd ones be-long, Yon-der with the white rob'd throng,

If the Sav-iour is your King, Sound it out!. . . . .
If you love Him as you should, Sound it out!. . . . .
If you hope to join their song, Sound it out!. . . . .
sound it out!

CHORUS.

Tell the news, tell the news! Let it still be ring-ing,
tell the news, tell the news,

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SOUND IT OUT WITH SINGING.—Concluded.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

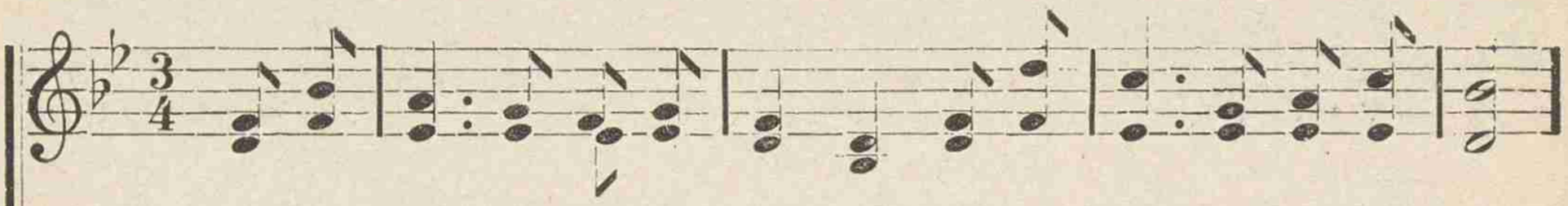
Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D. Dr. L. Mason, 1831.

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.

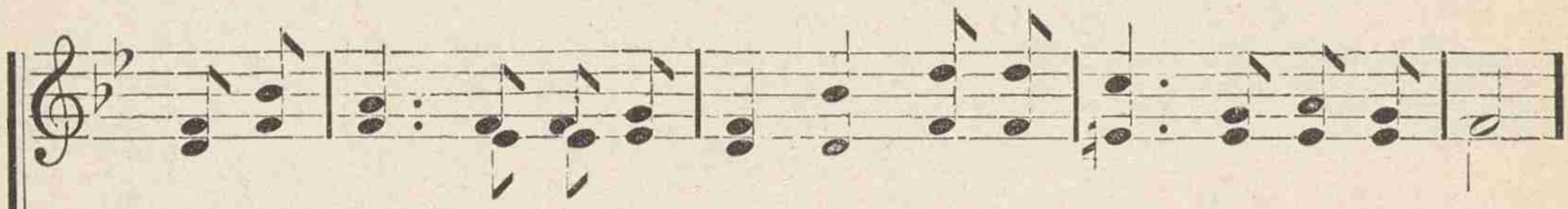
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

IN HIS NAME.

EMMA PITT. W. A. OGDEN.



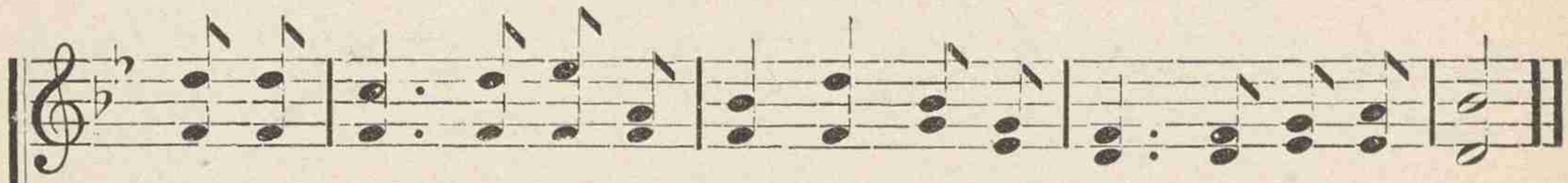
1. In His name what wond'rous power, He can give us by His grace,
2. If in Je - sus we are trust - ing Migh-ty conquests we can win,
3. On the bless - ed Sav-iour rest - ing Strength from Him we will re - ceive,
4. Ho - ly spir - it, come with pow - er So will we His love pro-claim,



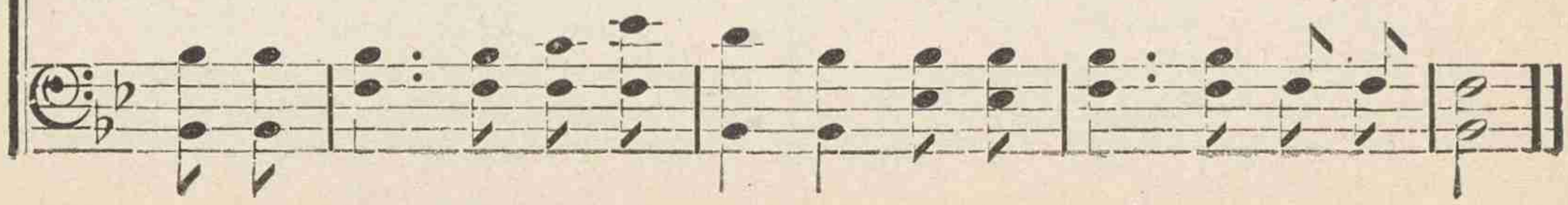
For the work - ings of the spir - it, We can sure - ly, sure - ly trace.
He will help us in temp - ta - tion, Give us vic - t'ry o - ver sin.
We will gain by faith and pa-tience, If we in His name be-lieve.
Power to win lost souls for Je - sus, He will give us "In His name."

REFRAIN.

In His name we can do won - ders, Help the poor, the lost re - claim;



Lead the wan - der - er to Je - sus, In His name, His precious name.



WORK FOR THE MASTER.

EMMA PITT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is work to do for the Mas - ter, Why stand ye here i - dle to-day? There are wea - ry ones in the des - ert, O
2. There is work to do for the Mas - ter, O bend ye at once to the task; He will show the path you must fol - low, If
3. There is work to do for the Mas - ter, There are wea - ry hearts you may cheer; Helpless faint - ing ones on the road - side, His

CHORUS.

haste ye to save them I pray.
on - ly ye ear - nest - ly ask.
child in the dark - ness of fear.

Speak a word (ev - 'ry day) for Je - sus, En - deav - or the lost to win, For still He is care - ful - ly watch - ing His child in the des - ert of sin.

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KEEP YOUR COVENANT WITH JESUS.

MARTHA C. OLIVER. W. H. DOANE, by per.

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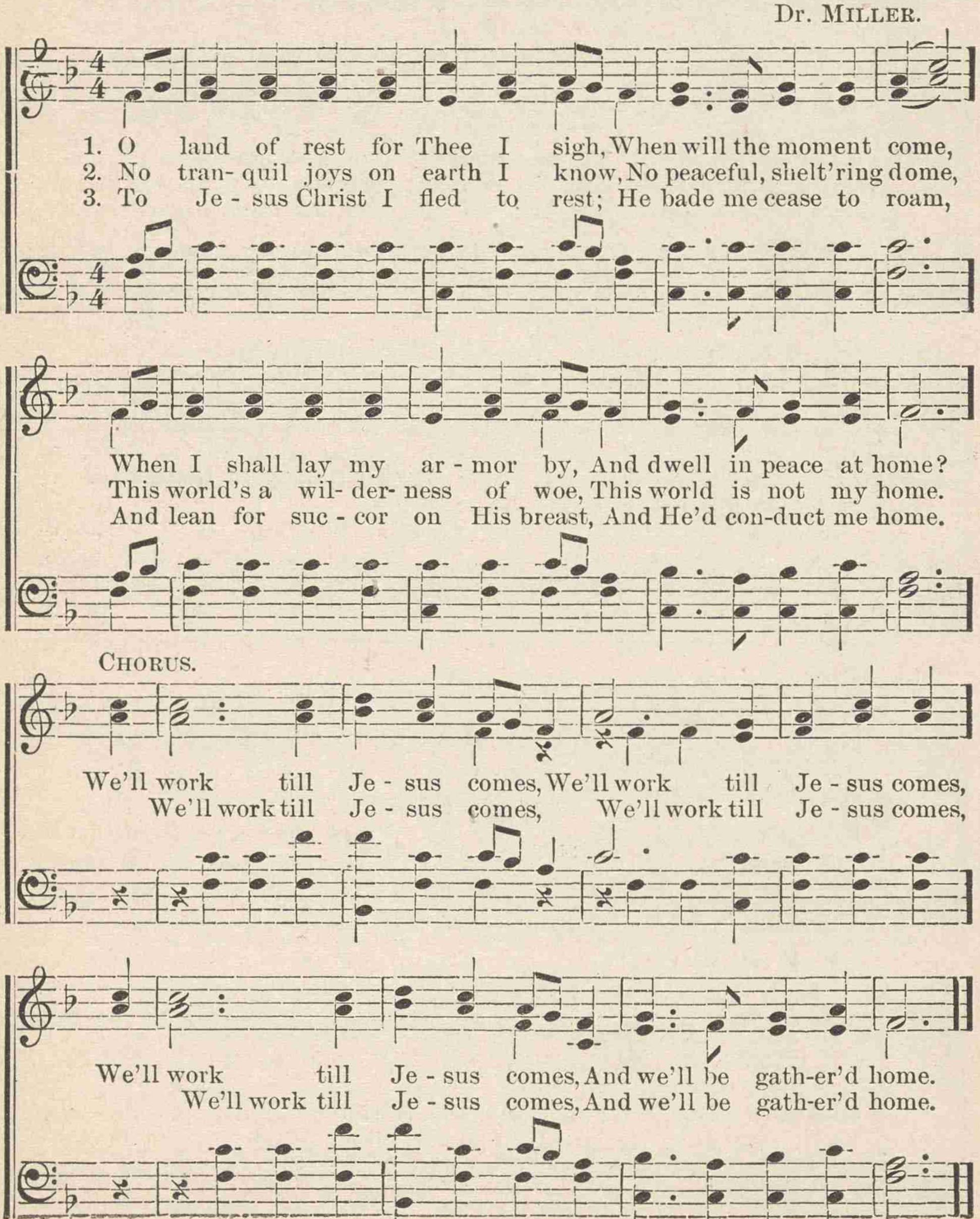
KEEP YOUR COVENANT, etc.—Concluded.

WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

Dr. MILLER.



RICHES UNTOLD.

EMMA PITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Rich-es un- told we may find at the throne, Pardon and peace we can
2. Rich-es un- told—they are priceless di-vine, Pur- er than gold from the
3. Rich-es un- told now a - wait us a- bove, Kept for us there in the

claim as our own; Ref - uge and rest we ob - tain there a - lone
world's greatest mine; Brighter than sun-light our spir - its shall shine,
store-house of love, End-less, in - fi - nite, the meas- ure will prove,

CHORUS.

Sit- ting at the feet of Je - sus.
Sit- ting at the feet of Je - sus.
Sit- ting at the feet of Je - sus.
Sit- ting at the feet of
at the

Je - - sus, Sitting at the feet of Je - - sus,
bless-ed feet of Je - sus, at the blessed feet of Je - sus

Rich-es un- told, ex haustless are mine, Sitting at the feet of Je - sus.

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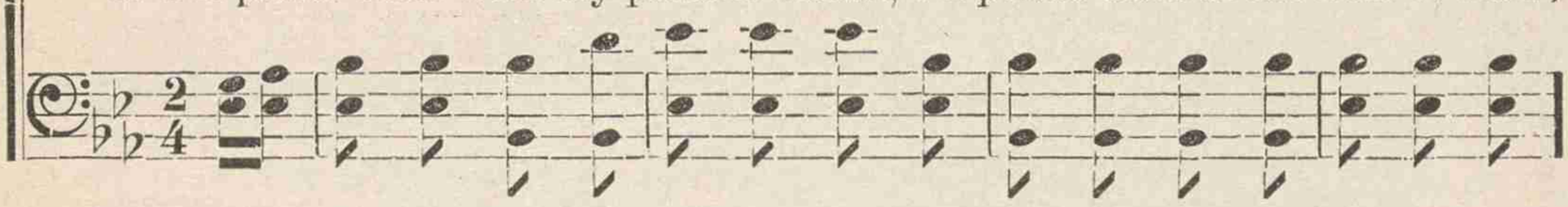
THIS NOTE SHALL SWELL.

(Yorkshire Doxology.)

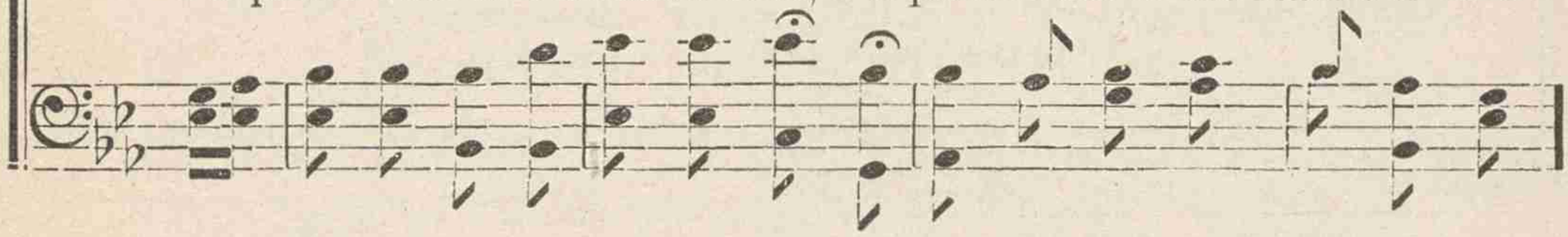
Words and Melody by
ISAAC NAYLOR.

Harmonized by
CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. I'll praise Thee, Saviour, Prince of Peace, In songs of praise that ne'er shall cease ;
2. I'll praise Thee for the crimson flood—For cleansing in Thy precious blood
3. I'll praise Thee for Sal-va-tion's might, That turns my darkness in-to light,
4. I'll praise Thee when 'tis dark and drear, 'Mid sorrows frowns I will not fear ;
5. I'll praise Thee in a loft-y strain, I'll praise Thee in a sweet re-frain ;
6. I'll praise Thee with my present breath, I'll praise Thee in the hour of death ;



Till time, and life, and tho't endure, I'll praise Thee, Saviour, ev-er-more.
I'll praise Thee for the Spirit's pow'r That fills and keeps me hour by hour.
That scatters all my gloom and sin, I'll praise Thee, O my Saviour, King!
In darkest nights I'll raise my song, And roll the glo-rious song a-long.
I'll praise Thee more than tongue can tell. For Thou art doing all things well.
I'll praise Thee as I mount a-bove, I'll praise Thee in the realms of love!



CHORUS.

And a-bove the rest this note shall swell, this note shall swell, this note shall swell ;

And above the rest this note shall swell,—My Jesus hath done all things well.

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CHRIST, OUR BURDEN-BEARER.

EMMA PITT. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. To the wea - ry wound-ed spir - its On the shores of Gal - i - lee,
2. Ma - ny chains have since been loosen'd; Ma - ny captives been set free,
3. Each dis- ci - ple has a mis-sion, Ye who are from sin set free,

There the might- y Sav - iour gave them Pre-cious promise full and free.
And He's still the ten - der Sav-iour, Preach'd in dear, dear Gal-i - lee.
Tell the ten - der love and mer - cy Of the Christ of Gal - i - lee.

REFRAIN.

Christ, our pre - - cious bur - den-bear - er, In the
Christ, our pre - cious bur - den- bear - er, In the

days gone by He came, Bore our sins and car - ried
days gone by He came, Jesus came, Bore our sins and car - ried

sor - rows, Christ, our pre - cious bur-den-bear- er.
car - ried sor-rows,

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