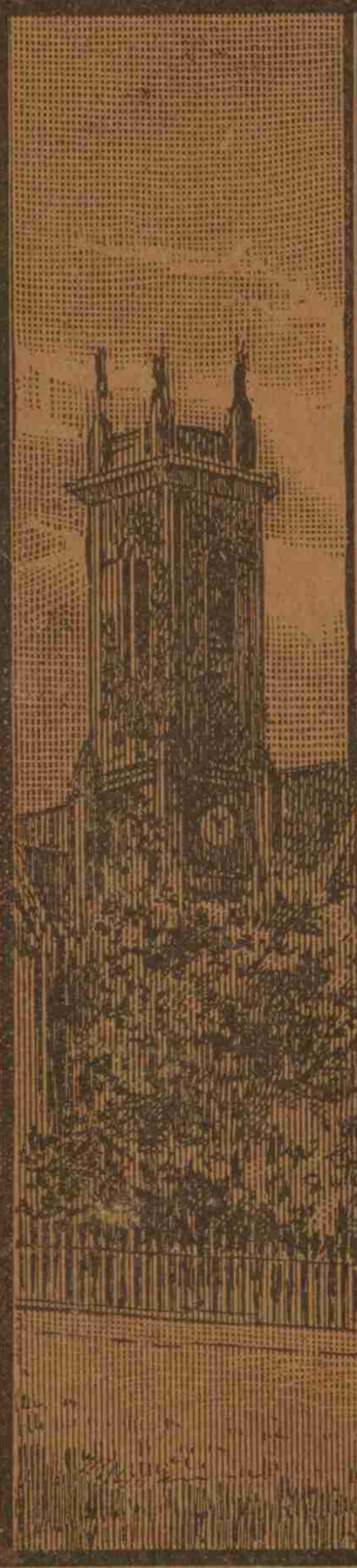
GREAT JOY



FOR PRAISE MEETINGS, REVIVALS AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

EDITED BY
W. A. BENTLEY,
A. F. BEIRLY,
AND
MRS. M. E. WILSON.

CINCINNATI:
GEO. D. NEWHALL & CO.

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No. 50 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

GREAT JOY!

A NEW AND FAVORITE COLLECTION

OF HYMNS AND MUSIC,

FOR

GOSPEL MEETINGS,

PRAYER, TEMPERANCE, AND

CAMP MEETINGS,

AND

SUNDAY SCHOOLS,

— BY —

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY, ALFRED BEIRLEY,

AND

Mrs. M. E. WILLSON.

PUBLISHED BY

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may be instrumental in
evil. We feel grate-
ve enriched our work
. W. BENTLEY,
LFRED BEIRLY,
rs. M. E. WILLSON.

PREFACE.

We send forth

GREAT JOY!

with a sincere desire that its songs may be instrumental in winning many precious souls from evil. We feel grateful to the Favorite Authors who have enriched our work by their contributions.

W. W. BENTLEY,
ALFRED BEIRLY,
Mrs. M. E. WILLSON.

New York, 1881.

GREETING

BY

FANNY CROSBY.

"GREAT JOY," our newly finished work,
We dedicate with prayer,
To earnest seekers after God,
And Christians everywhere.
"GREAT JOY" its name, "GREAT JOY" it sings,
"GREAT JOY" from every page
Is gushing forth, like crystal springs,
To comfort youth and age.

We send it broadcast o'er the land,
To tell the mighty love
Of Christ, our best, and dearest Friend
In earth, or heaven above.
We, for His glory send it forth
With this, our hearts' request,
That through its songs, poor, hopeless ones
May be redeemed and blest.

"GREAT JOY!" O may its voice resound,
And careless sleepers wake,
Till mingled tones of love and praise,
From new-born souls shall break.
We hope to see our little work
Fast spreading, far and wide,
And millions coming home to Him,
Who once for sinners died.

New York, March 1st., 1881.

GREAT JOY.

No. 1. GLAD TIDINGS.

"Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy."—LUKE 2: 10.

M. E. W. MRS. M. E. WILLSON.

Duet.

1. Free sal-vation is flow-ing, Like a river a - long,
2. Bring the poor and need - y To this flow-ing stream,
3. Glad ti - dings of sal -va-tion Are of - fered free - ly now, Ac -
4. The Sav - ior now is waiting, No long - er then de - lay, Be -

O - ver mountain and val - ley, And this is our song:
Tell them Christ is a - ble, And waiting to re - deem:
cept the in - vi - ta - tion; To Jesus hum - bly bow:
lieve, ac - cept, and trust him; *And be saved to - day:*

CHORUS.

Glad ti - dings, glad ti - dings, The pow'r of sin de -

Glad tidings, glad tidings, glad tidings, glad tidings, The pow'r, etc.

stroy; Glad tidings, glad ti-dings, Glad ti-dings of great joy.

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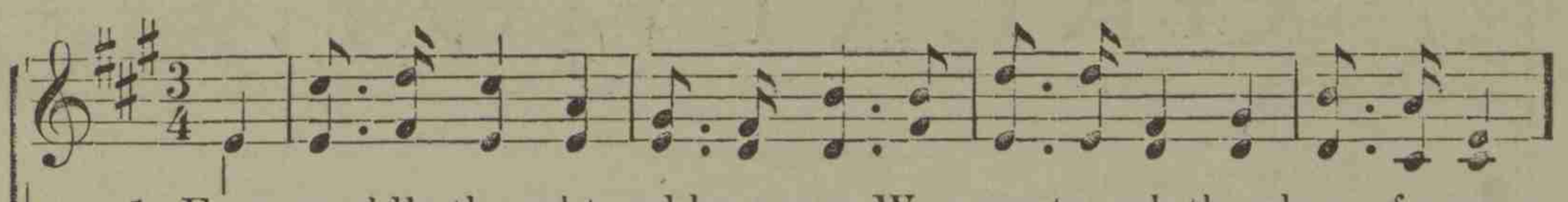
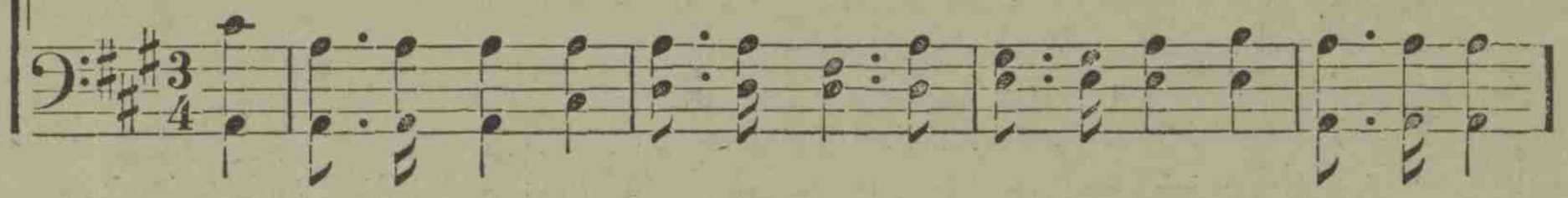
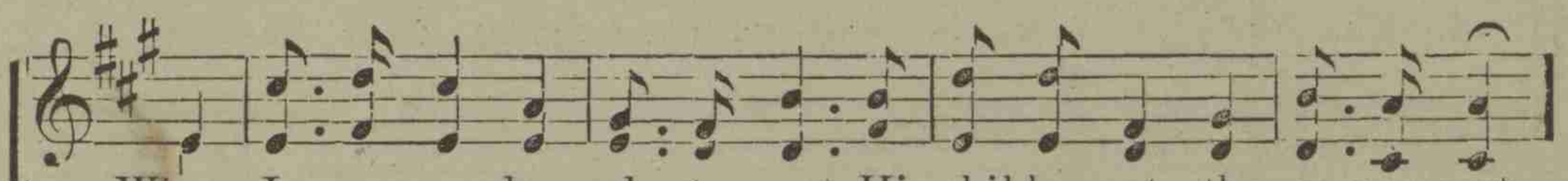
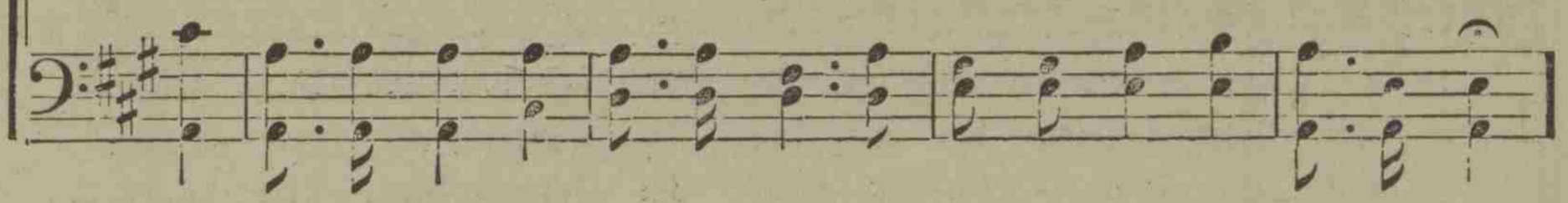
No. 2.

THE MERCY SEAT.

"For where two or three are gsthered."—MATT. 18: 20.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. From worldly thought and busy care, We come to seek the place of prayer,
2. O hallowed hour that nearer brings To mortal view, e - ter-nal things,
3. Come, burdened soul, if such there be, Who from thy sorrow would'st be free;
4. Praise God that all the cross may bear, Praise God that all a crown may wear,

Where Jes-sus con-descends to meet His children at the mer-cy-seat.
While here we hold communion sweet With Je - sus, at the mer-cy-seat.
Thy lov -ing Sav-ior now will meet, And cleanse thee at the mer-cy-seat.
Praise God for such an hour so sweet, Of blessing at the mer-cy-seat.

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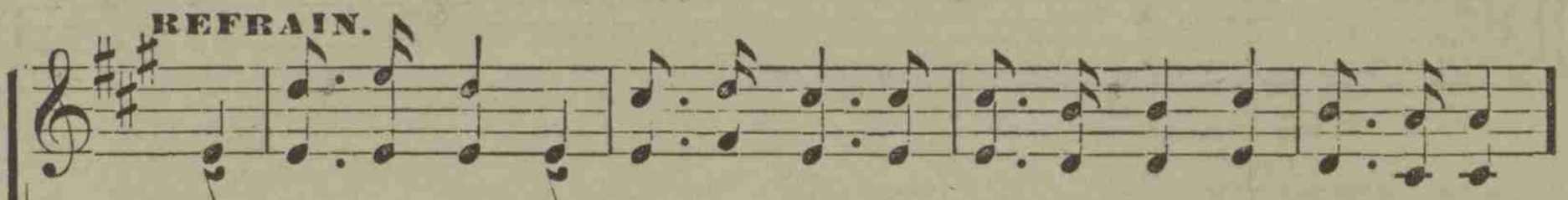
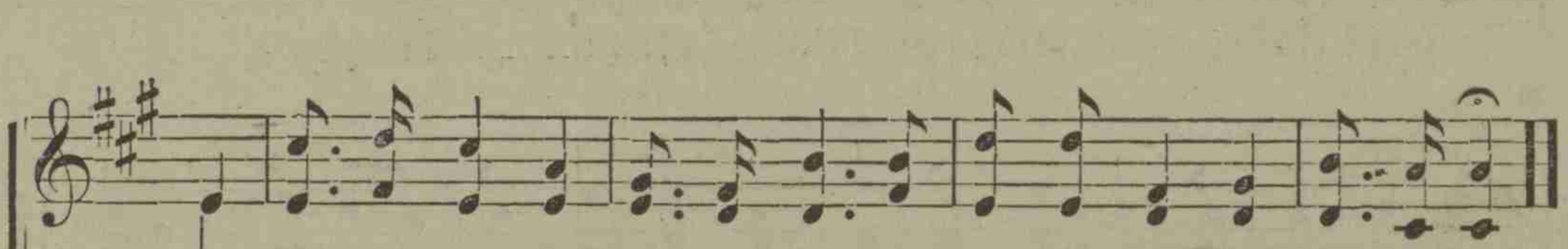
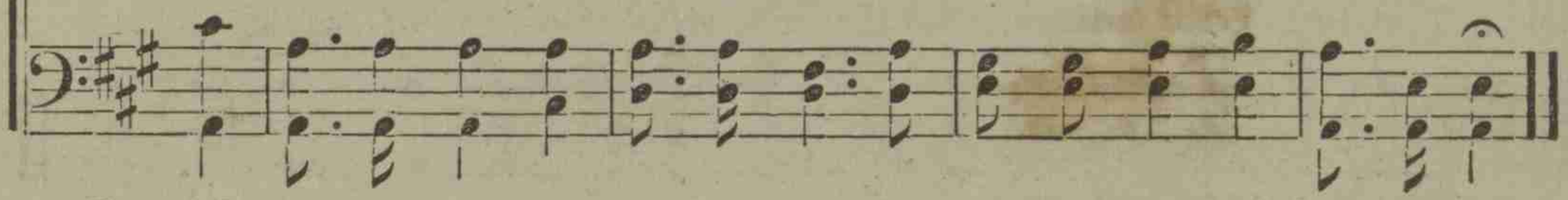
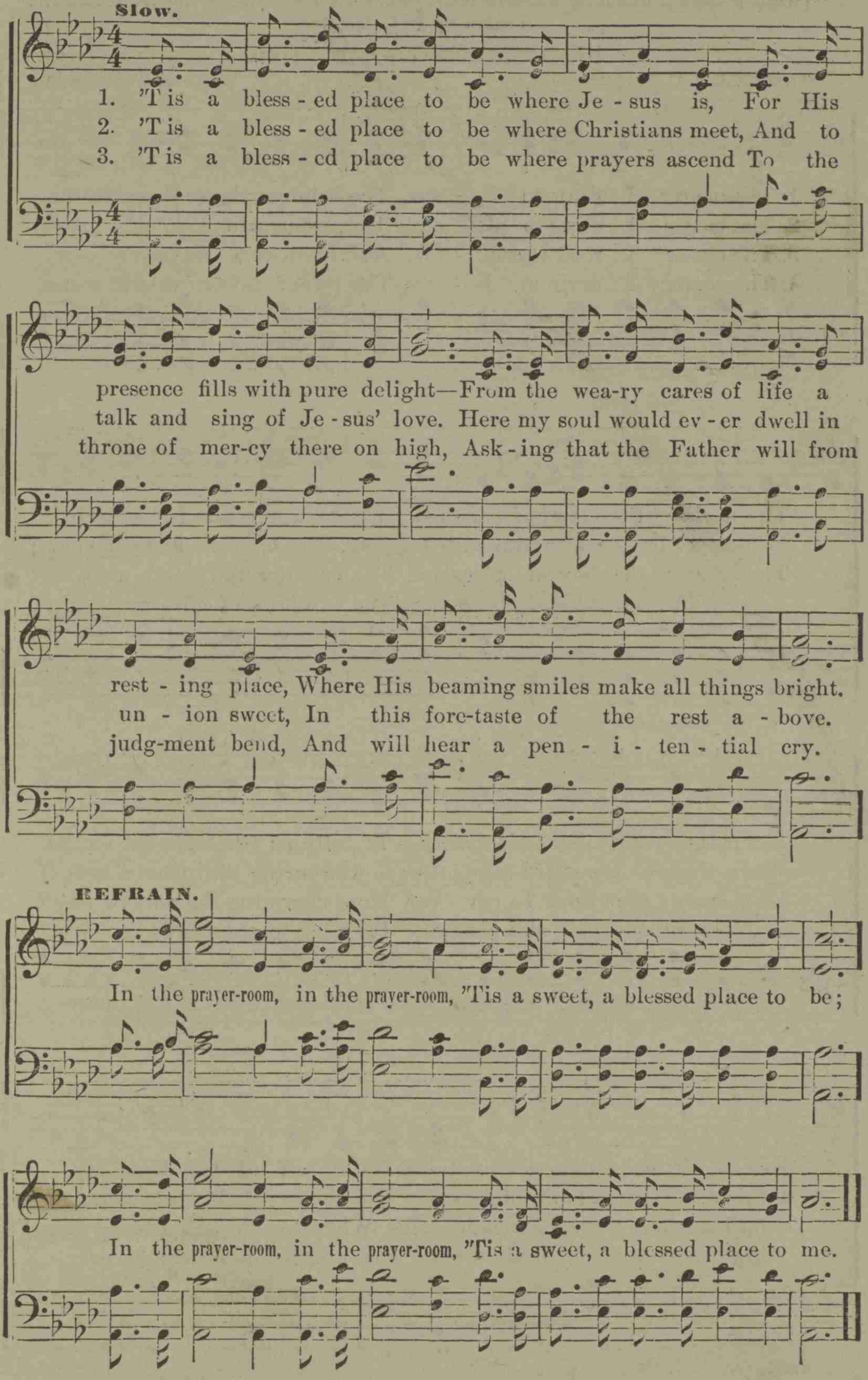

The mer - cy - seat, the mer-cy-seat, Our on - ly safe and sure retreat;

Though storms without may wildly beat, 'T is sunshine at the mer-cy-seat.

From "Joy to the World," by permission.

No. 3. IN THE PRAYER-ROOM.

J. E. H. "There I am in the midst of you."—MATT. 18: 20. J. E. HALL.

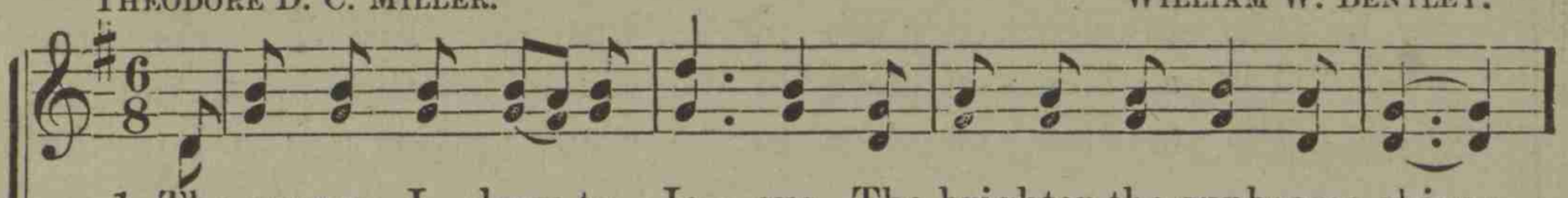


No. 4. THE NEARER I DRAW TO JESUS.

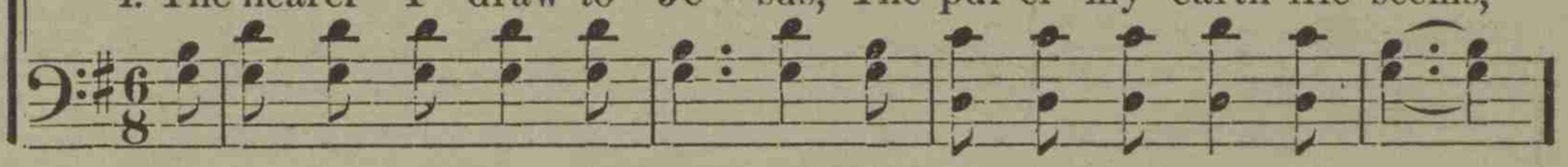
[Written from a touching incident connected with a Christian's life, as related in a sermon by D. L. Moody.]

"Jesus himself drew near."—Luke 24: 15.

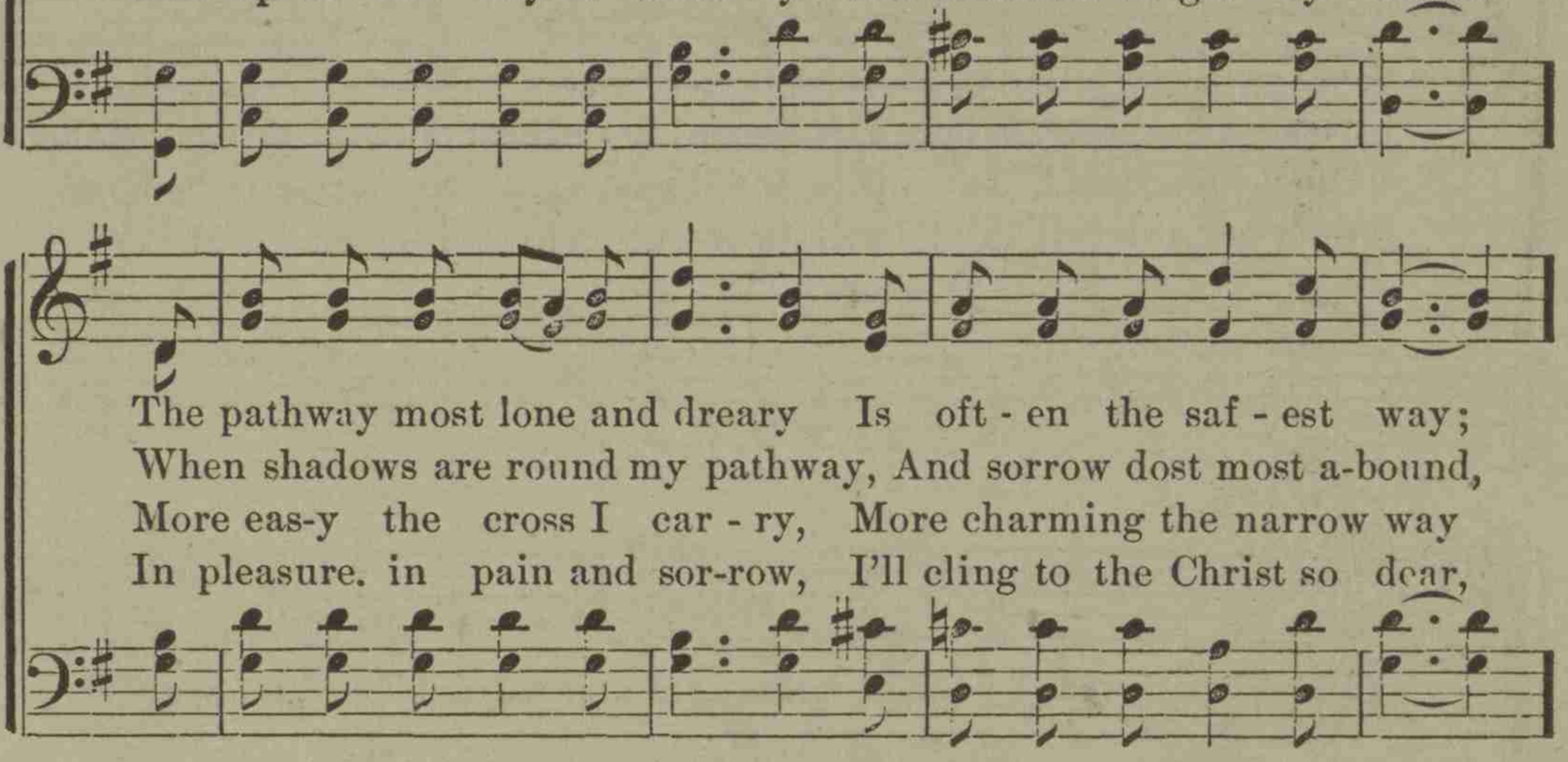
THEODORE D. C. MILLER. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.



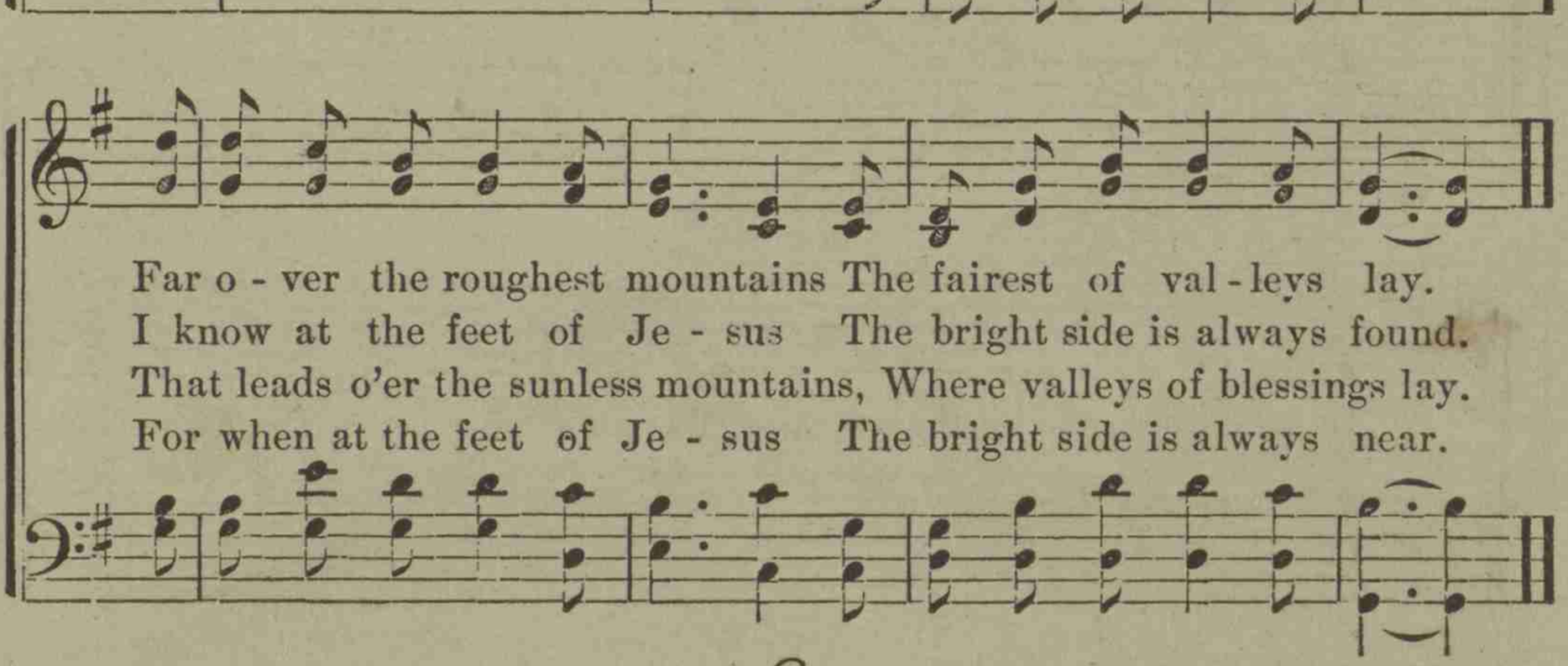
1. The nearer I draw to Je - sus, The brighter the sunbeams shine;
2. The closer I cling to Je - sus, The stronger in love I grow;
3. The closer I read my Bi - ble, And learn of a Sav-ior's love,
4. The nearer I draw to Je - sus, The pur-er my earth-life seems,



The darker the cloud of sor - row, The soon-er comes light di-vine.
When eyes have grown dim with weeping, The happiest hours I know;
The brighter the bow of prom-ise, The brighter the clouds a - bove;
And up in the sky of beau - ty The sunshine of glo - ry beams.



The pathway most lone and dreary Is oft - en the saf - est way;
When shadows are round my pathway, And sorrow dost most a-bound,
More eas-y the cross I car - ry, More charming the narrow way
In pleasure. in pain and sor-row, I'll cling to the Christ so dear,



Far o - ver the roughest mountains The fairest of val - leys lay.
I know at the feet of Je - sus The bright side is always found.
That leads o'er the sunless mountains, Where valleys of blessings lay.
For when at the feet of Je - sus The bright side is always near.

No. 5. ABIDING TRUST.

M. E. W. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mt. Zion." MATE E. WILLSON.

1. Believe on the Lord, for He hath said, My word it doth a-bide;
2. Tho' sorrows and tri - als here may come, And clouds ob-scure the view,
3. There's no other Rock on which to build, Ex - cept God's ho - ly word;

Oh, trust in Him, and thou shalt find He's ev - er
The Sun of righteous - ness still shines; It leads me
Ne'er doubt His promis - es, but know We're saved thro'

CHORUS.

near thy side.
safe - ly through. I will nev - er leave thee, my
Je - sus' blood.

child, I'll nev - er thee for - sake; Joint heirs with Christ, and

sons of God, We shall of His glo - ry par - take.

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No. 6. WONDERFUL SAVIOR.

"I am the light of the world."—John 8: 12.
"I am the way, the truth, and the life."—John 14: 6.

A. B. Alfred Beirly.

1. "I am the *Light*," says Je-sus, To the un-re-gen'-rate heart;
2. "I am the *Way*," says Je-sus, Lead-ing to yon mansions fair,
3. "I am the *Truth*," says Je-sus, Yea, what oth-er can there be?
4. "I am the *Life*," says Je-sus, To the un-ac-cept-ed child;

"He that follow'th me, be-hold, His darkness shall de-part."
"Come to me" and all this home Of peace and beau-ty share.
Might-y truth that shall en-dure Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
Turn thee from thine e-vil ways, Henceforth be rec-on-ciled.

CHORUS.

O Sav-ior, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-ior;
Thou that dwell-est in glo-ry, We would ev-er a-dore Thee,
Thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty; Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-ior.

No. 7. OH, LET ME IN.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. W. Bentley.

1. I want thy heart, I wait-ing stand, And knock, and knock with
2. These scars, these scars, I bear for thee, For thee I met death's
2. Wilt thou not hear? I then must go, And leave thee to thy

nail-scarred hand, Seek-ing ad - mis - sion there to reign. Oh
ag - o - ny, And do'st thou cleave to earth and sin, Oh
com - ing woe; Thou'lt stand without, and I with - in, And

CHORUS.

let me in, Oh, let me in. Did'st thou not know I
let me in, Oh, let me in.
plead in vain, *Oh, let me in.*

died for thee, Poor soul, up - on Mount Cal-va - ry: I'll cleanse thy

heart, thy heart of sin, Oh let me in, Oh let me in.

Rit.

No. 8. THE CROSSING-PLACE.

FLORA B. HARRIS, Tokio, Japan. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. How sweet 't will be to find the crossing-place To the Homestead o'er the river,
2. How sweet 't will be to find the crossing-place, For my feet are tired of roaming,
3. How sweet 't will be to find the crossing-place, In the dark I know 'tis near me,
4. How sweet it is to find the crossing-place, Oh! 'tis sweeter than my dreaming,

For a - long the fair and further shore I can see its glo - ry quiver.
And I bruise them on this stony shore, As I grope a - mid the gloaming.
For the voices that I loved of yore, With their tones of welcome cheer me.
With the angel of His presence here, And the home-lights brighter gleaming.

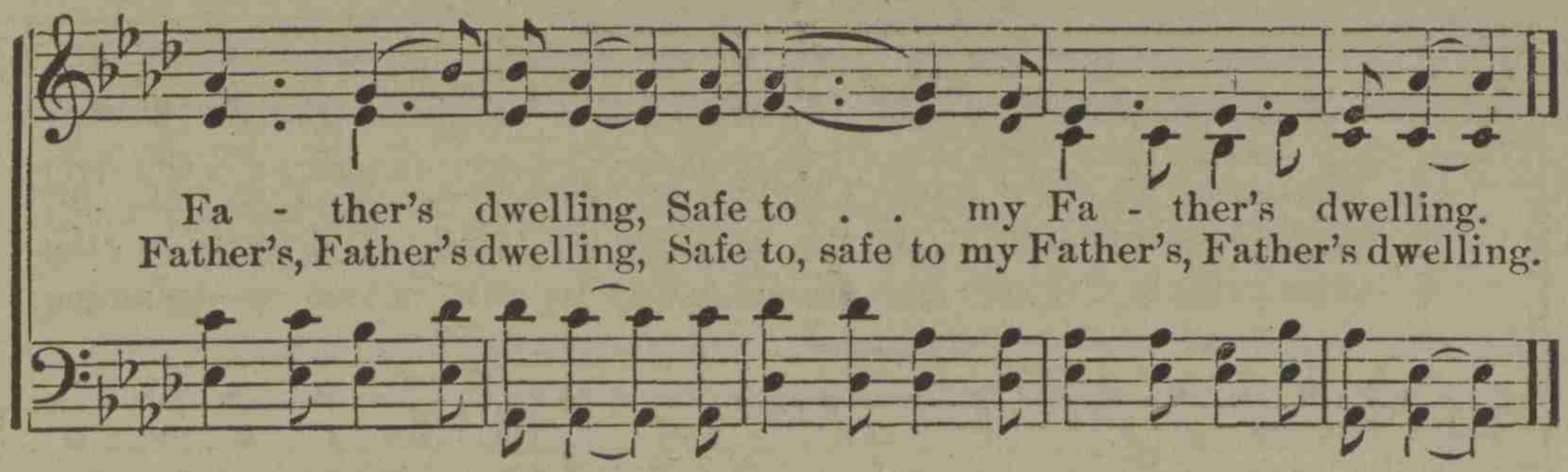
CHORUS

The cross - ing - place, the cross - ing - place, O
The crossing, crossing - place, the cross-ing, crossing - place,

joy be - yond all tell - ing, It lead - - eth
It lead - eth, lead - eth

thro' the wa - ters dark Safe to my
thro' the wa - ters, wa - ters dark Safe to, safe to my

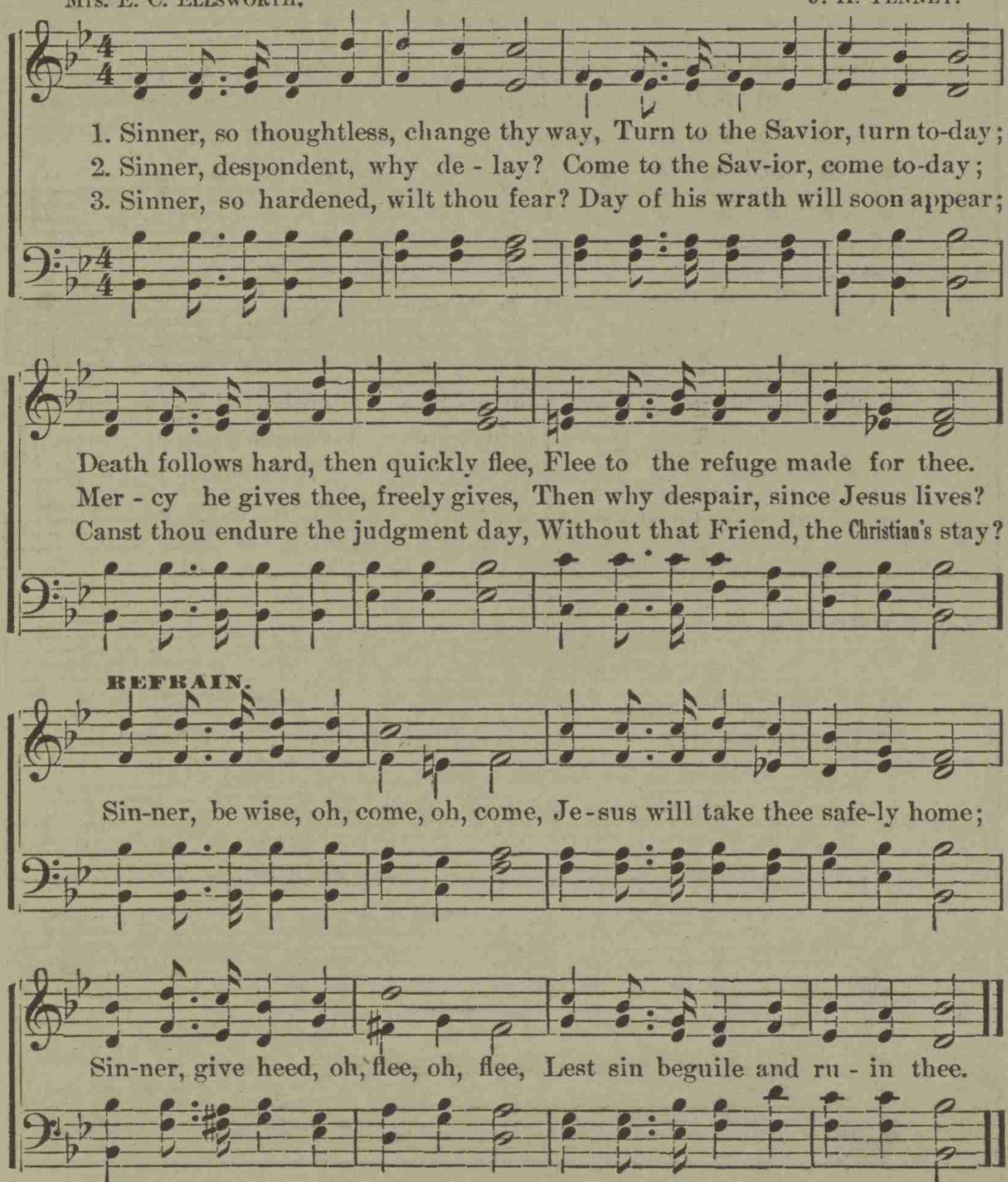
THE CROSSING-PLACE. Concluded.



No. 9. THE VOICE OF MERCY.

"According to his mercy he saved us."—Tit. 3: 5.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney.



No. 10. ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. "Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."—EPH. 3: 20. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Who - ev - er be-
2. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the message of God, And trusts in the
3. Who-ev-er re - pents and for-sakes ev - 'ry sin, And o - pens his

liev - eth on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per - fect
pow'r of the soul cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal
heart for the Lord to come in, A pres - ent and per - fect

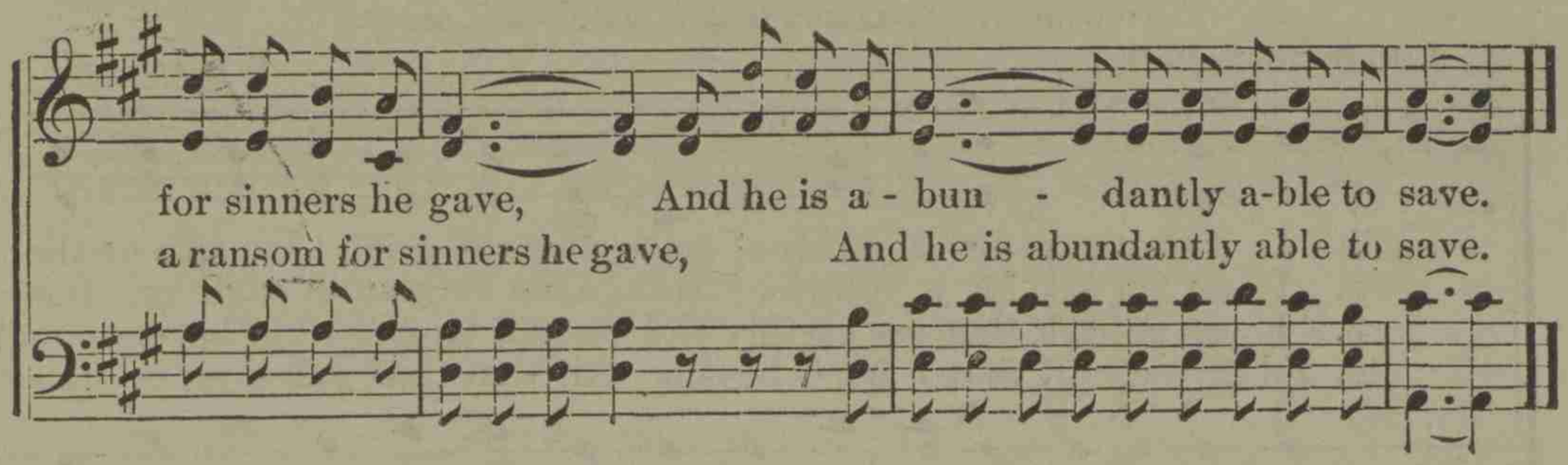
salvation shall have, For he is a - bun - dantly a - ble to save.
redemption shall have, For he is both a - ble and willing to save.
salvation shall have, For Je-sus is read - y this moment to save.

CHORUS.

My brother, the Mas - - ter is calling for thee; His grace and his
Brother, the Master is come, and is calling for thee,

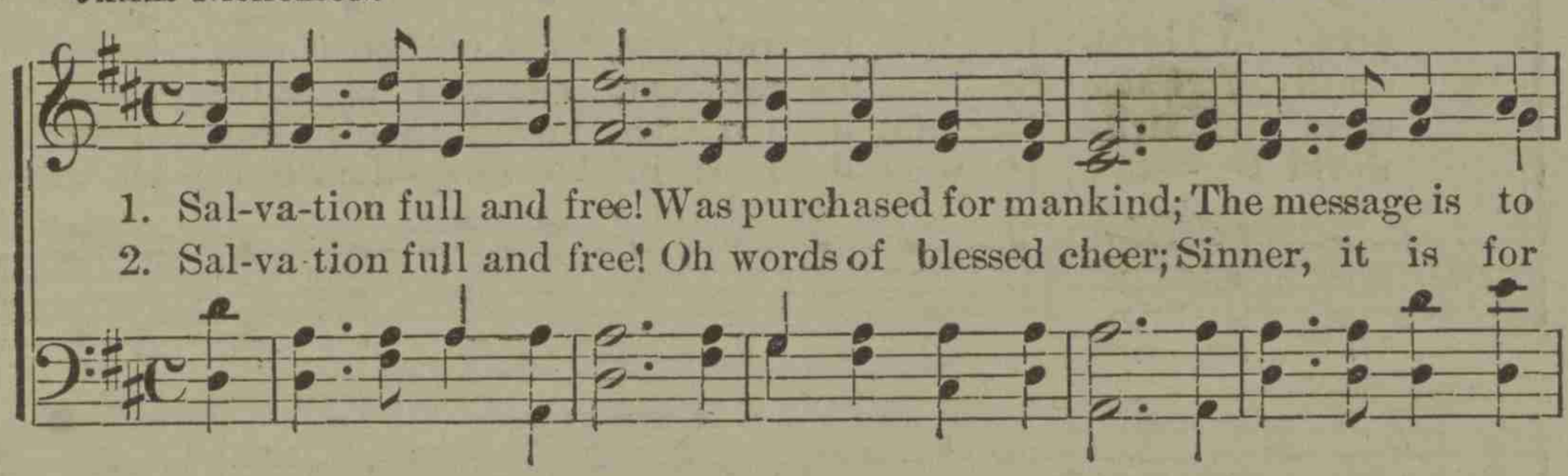
mer - cy are wondrously free; His blood as a ran - som
Brother, his grace and his mercy are wondrously free, Brother, his blood as

ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE. Concluded.



No. 11. SALVATION FULL AND FREE.

JAMES NICHOLSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.



3 Salvation full and free!
Believer, drop thy load;
For peace and purity,
Were bought with Jesus' blood.

4 Salvation full and free!
Salvation from all sin!
Is offered now to thee;
By simple faith step in.

No. 12. IS IT THERE? WRITTEN THERE?

"Written in the Lamb's Book of Life."—Rev. 21: 27.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. E. S. Lorenz.

1. I do not ask for the pride of earth, For the pride of wealth or the pride of birth; Be this, the rath-er, my one great care; In the
2. I do not ask for a glorious name, That is written high on the scroll of Fame; Be this, the rath-er, con-cern of mine, To in-
3. I do not ask that my earthly life Should be free from burdens, and cares and strife; Nor that its cur-rent have tranquil flow, If but
4. I'd give up all that I hope be-low, All that time can give, or the world be-stow; If when the Lord in his king-dom come, He will

CHORUS.

Book of Life, that my name is there.
sure it there, in that Book divine. In the Book of Life, on those pages fair,
this one thing I may sure-ly know.
know me then, and will take me home.

Do the angels see that my name is there? In the Book of Life, on those

pa-ges fair, Is it there? Is it there? written there? written there?

From "Gospel Bells." By per.

No. 13. O PRODIGAL, DON'T STAY AWAY.

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

J. E. Rankin, D. D. J. W. Bischoff.

1. O prod-i-gal, don't stay a-way! The Fa-ther is wait-ing to-
2. O prod-i-gal brother, come home! Why longer in wretchedness
3. O prod-i-gal, what will you do? Love's table is wait-ing for
4. O prod-i-gal, brother, a-rise! For par-don, look up to the

day, There's room and to spare; There is rai-ment to wear: O
roam? You're lone-ly and lost, You are driv-en and tost: O
you; For-give-ness so sweet, Sure, your com-ing will greet: O
skies; No lon-ger then stray From thy Fa-ther, a-way: O

CHORUS.

prod-igal, don't stay away. Will you come, will you come?
prod-igal brother, come home.
prod-igal, what will you do?
prod-igal, brother, a-rise. will you come? will you come?

Will you come, come home to-day? will you come? There is welcome for you,

There's a kiss, kind and true, Then, O prod-i-gal, don't stay a-way.

From "Gospel Bells." By per.

No. 14. COME AND BE BLEST.

J. E. H. J. E. HALL.

1. To the Sav - ior's wait - ing arms. To the
2. To the fount - ain bright and clear; If a-
3. To the feast so rich and free, Am - ply
4. In the rock's safe shad - ow hide; From the

sweet - ness of his charms, From thy fears and dread a - larms,
thirst, do now draw near, Come, says Je - sus, do not fear;
spread for you and me, Where our wants sup - plied may be,
storms which now be-tide, There se - cure - ly e'er a - bide;

CHORUS.

Come, come, way-worn, come. Je - sus kind-ly in - ter - cedes,
Come, come, trav - eler, come.
Come, come, dear one, come.
Come, come, lost one, come.

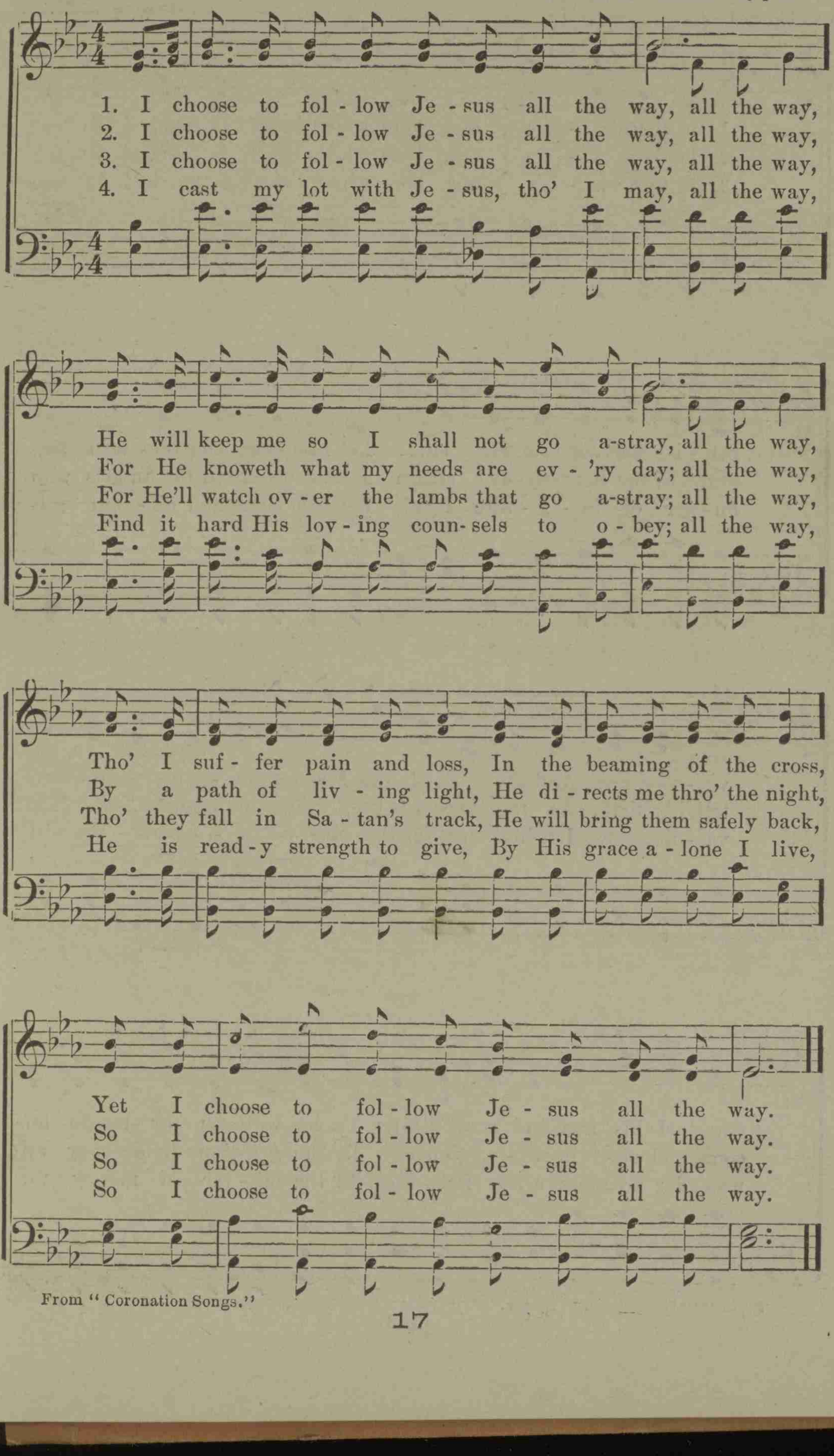
Now for you he lov - ing pleads. Tell him all your

wants and needs, Come, be blest, come, find rest.

No. 15. I CHOOSE TO FOLLOW JESUS.

"And they forsook all and followed him."—LUKE 5: 7.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. THEODORE E. PERKINS. By per.

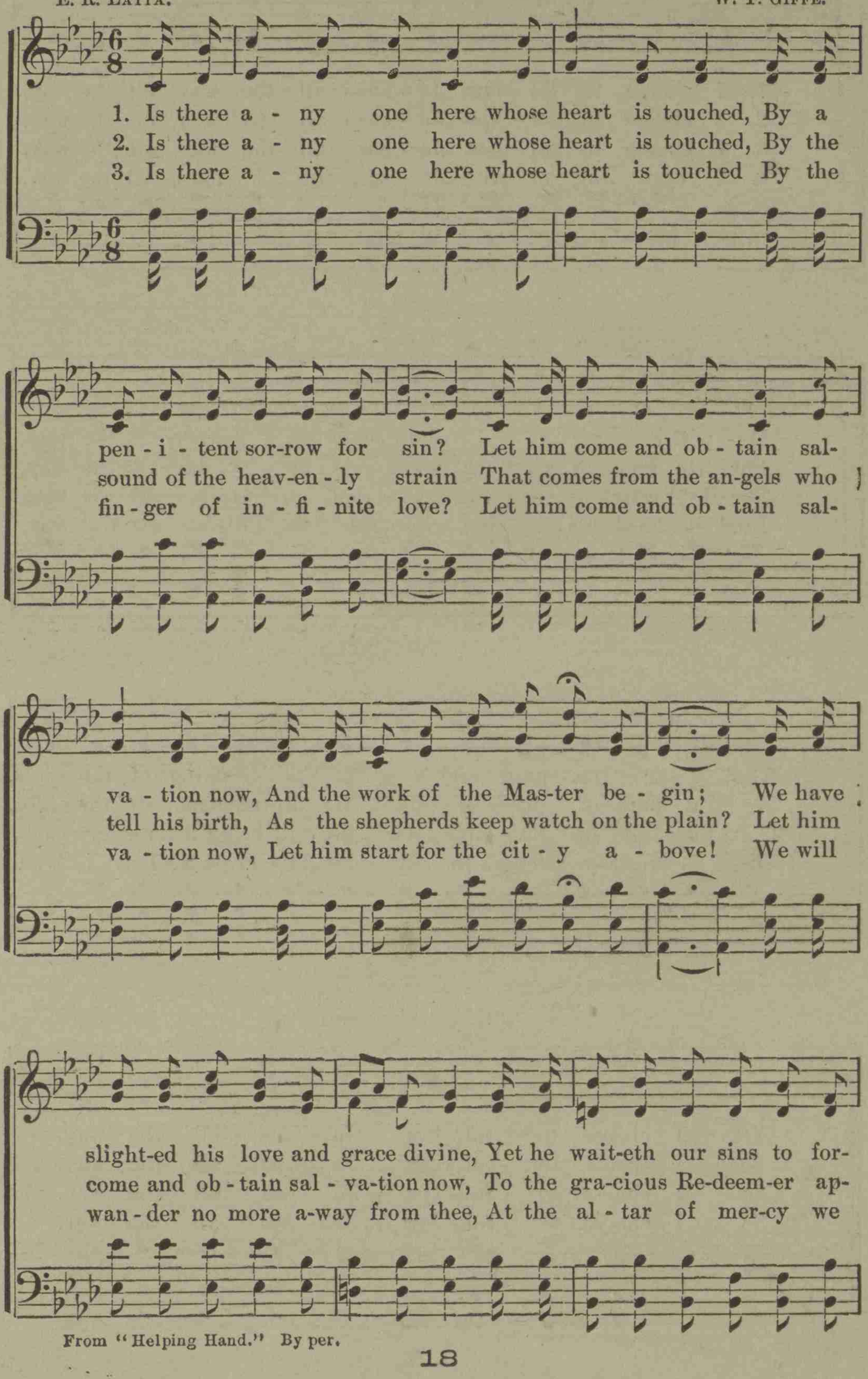


From "Coronation Songs."

No. 16. IS THERE ANY ONE HERE?

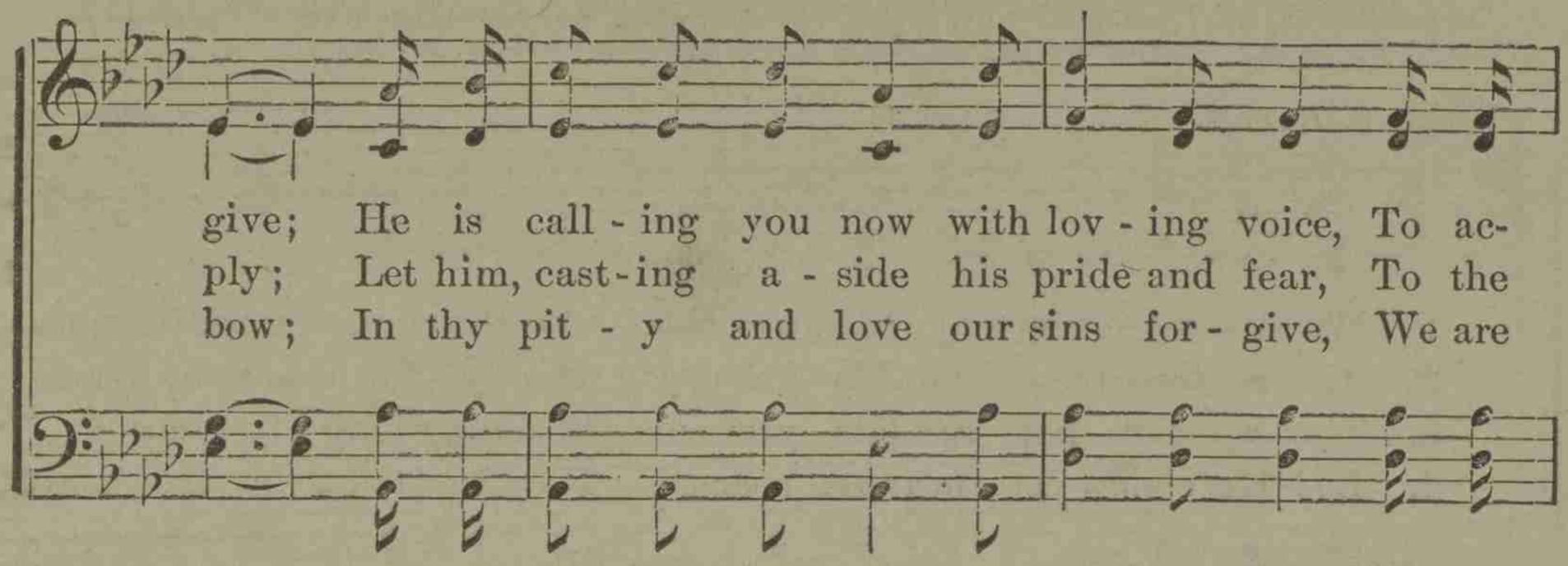
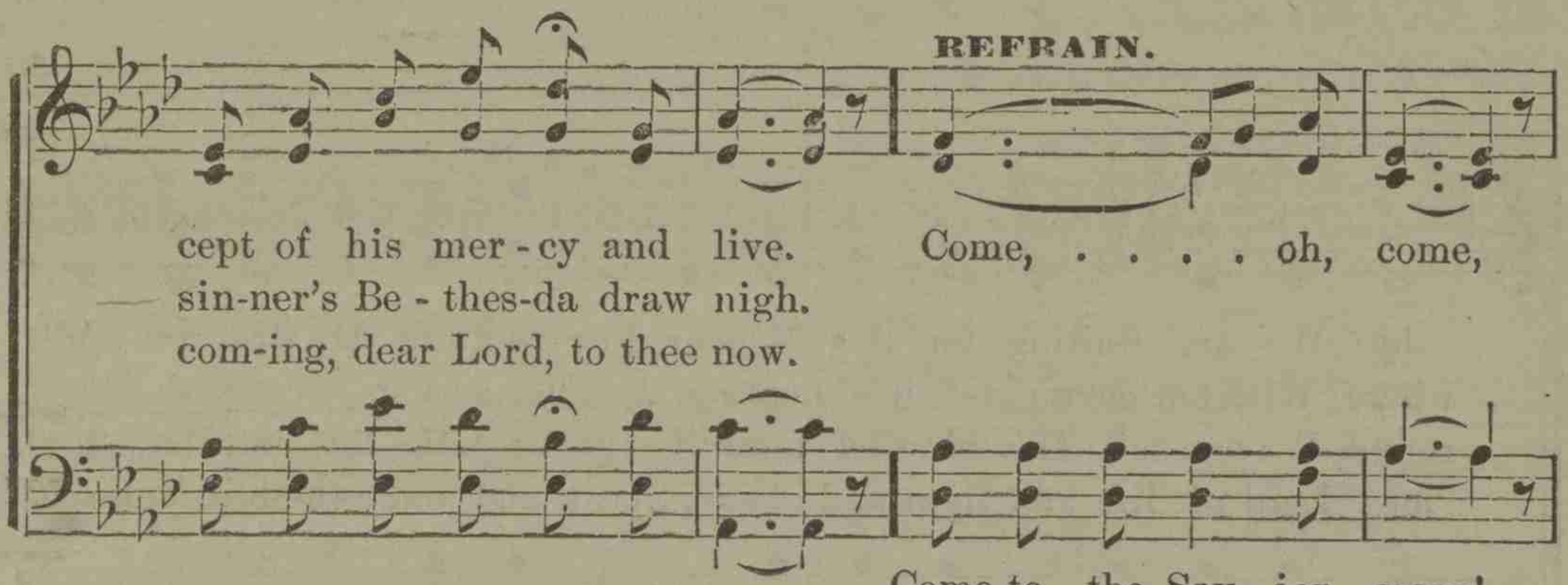
"Amend your ways and your doings, and I will cause you to dwell in this place."—Jas. 7: 3.

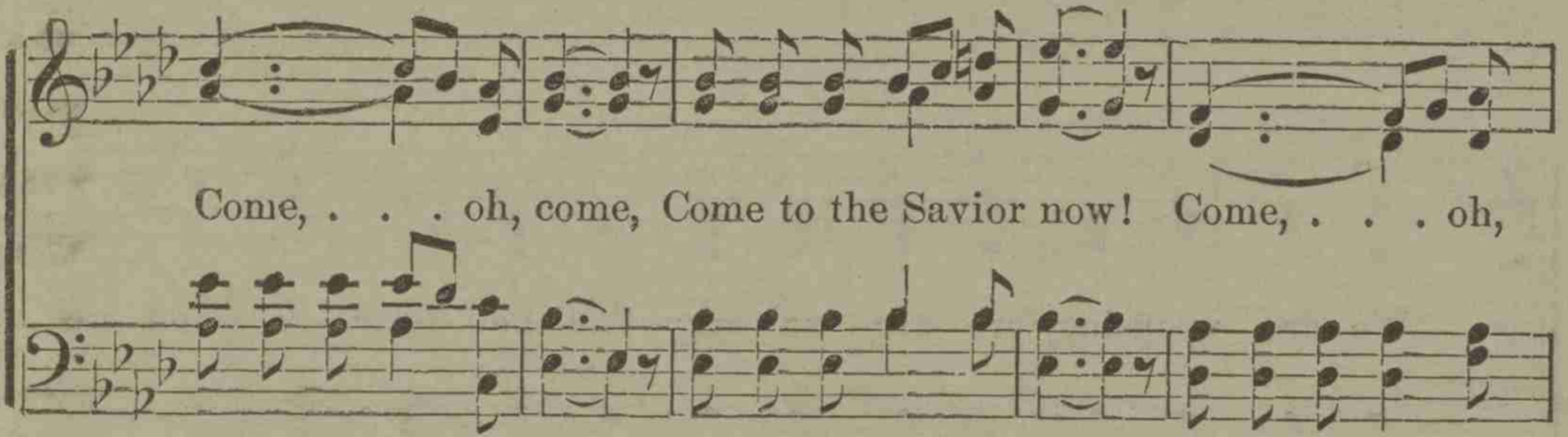
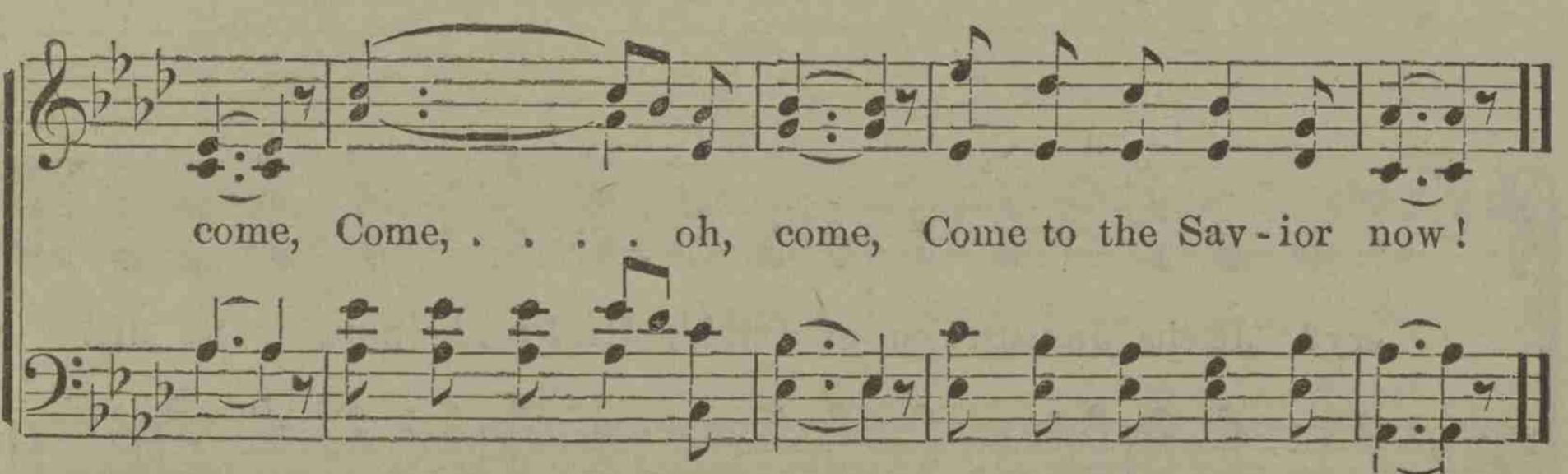
E. R. Latta. W. T. Giffe.



From "Helping Hand." By per.

IS THERE ANY ONE HERE? Concluded.





No. 17. WAITING FOR JESUS.

"And behold, two blind men sitting by the way-side, when they heard that Jesus had passed by, cried out, saying: Have mercy upon us."—MATT. 20: 30.

FLORA B. HARRIS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are sit - ting by the way-side As the mul - ti- tude goes
2. All a - long the course He journeys, Mer cy fol - lows ev - 'ry -
3. Tho' we can not see His pres-ence, Shedding king - ly grace a -
4. Lo! He comes yet near-er, near-er, Now he stands by thee and

by; We are waiting for the Mas-ter, For we know He draweth nigh.
where; With her garments full of healing, And her accents sweet with pray'r.
round, We can tell His bless-ed footfall By the mu - sic in its sound.
me; Lord of life and light and glo-ry, Speak and make the blind to see.

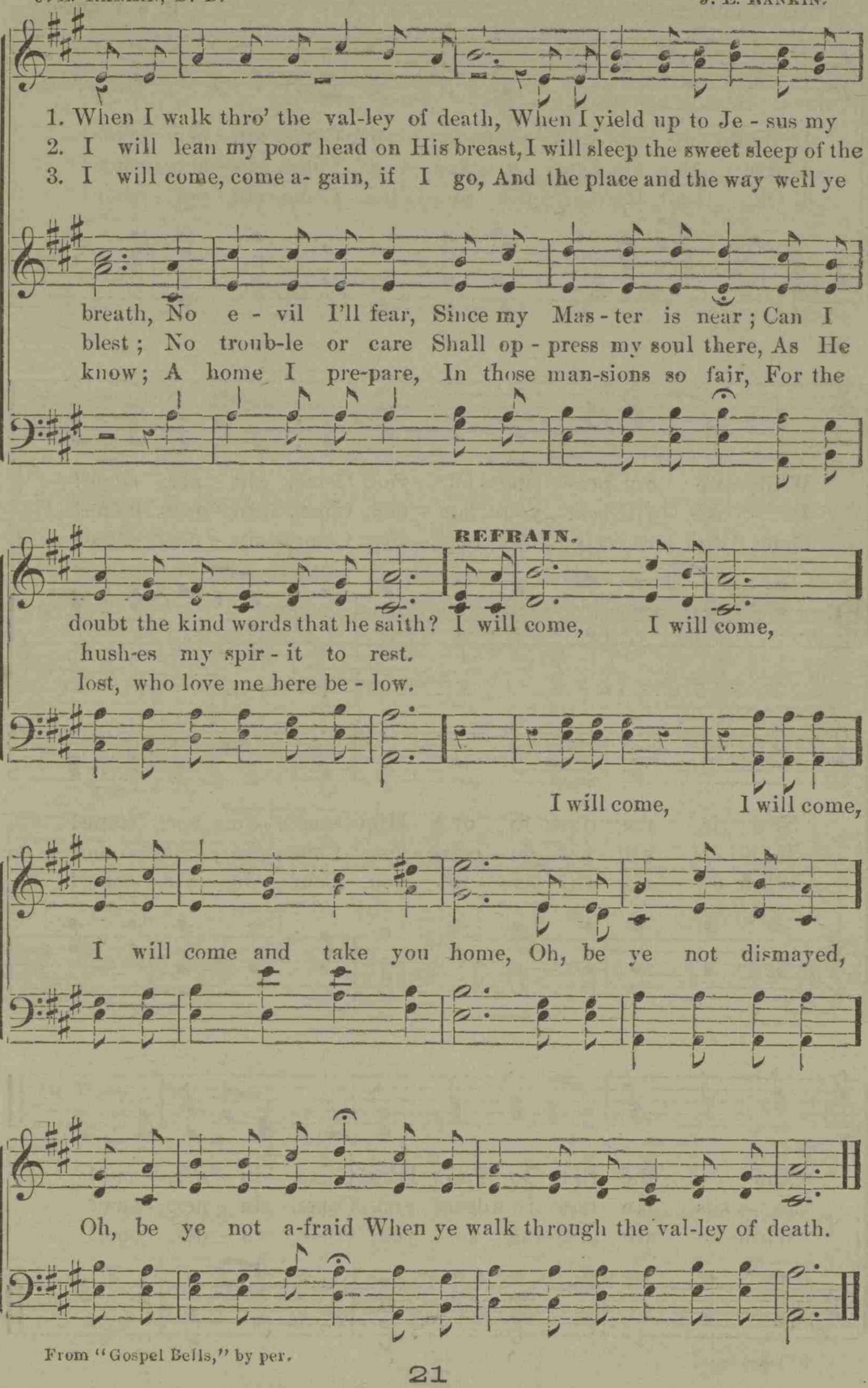
CHORUS.

We are weep-ing, we are wait-ing, Will he hear us when we
cry? Je-sus, Je - sus, Son of David, Heal us, help us, or we die.

No. 18. WHEN I WALK THRO' THE VALLEY.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."—Ps. 23: 4.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. J. E. RANKIN.

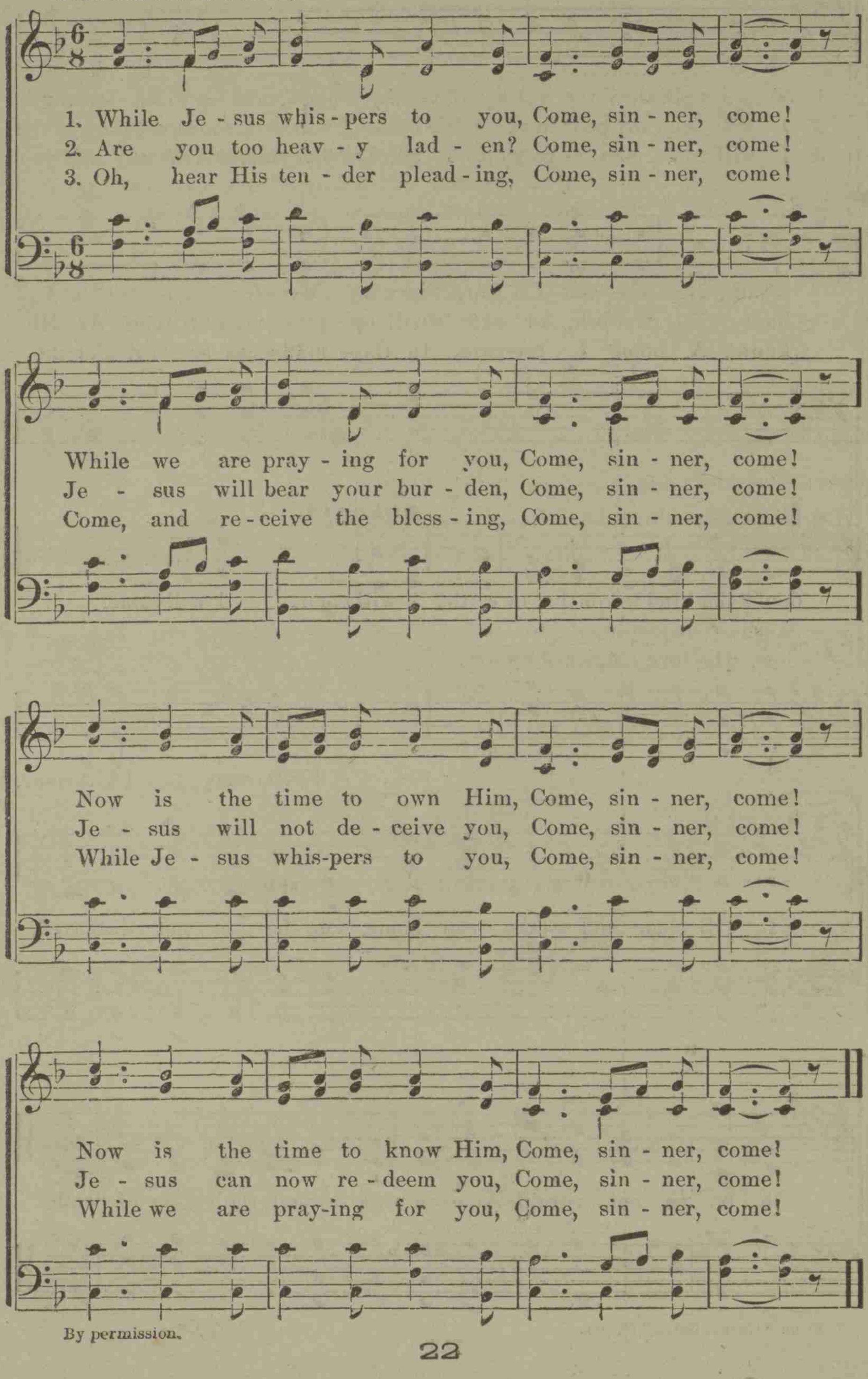


From "Gospel Bells," by per.

No. 19. COME, SINNER, COME.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden.—MATT. 11 : 28.

WILL. ELLSWORTH WITTER, H. R. PALMER.

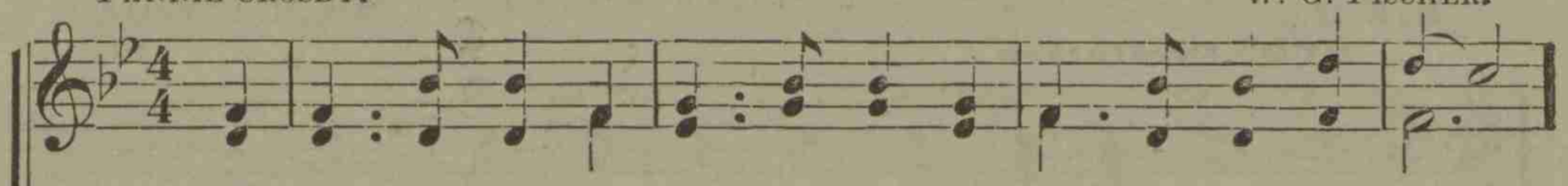


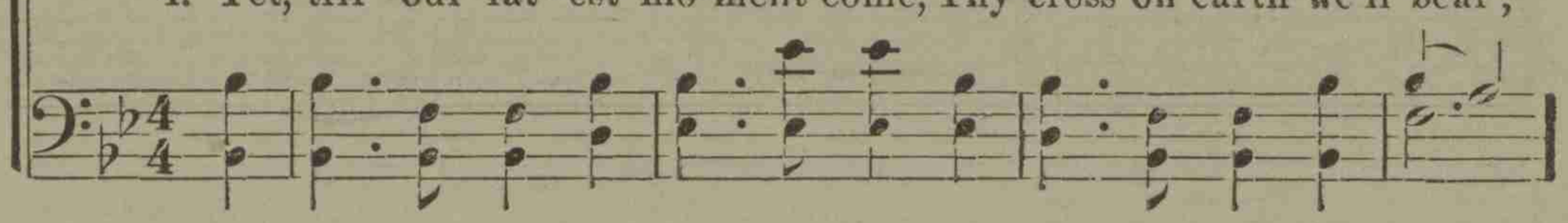
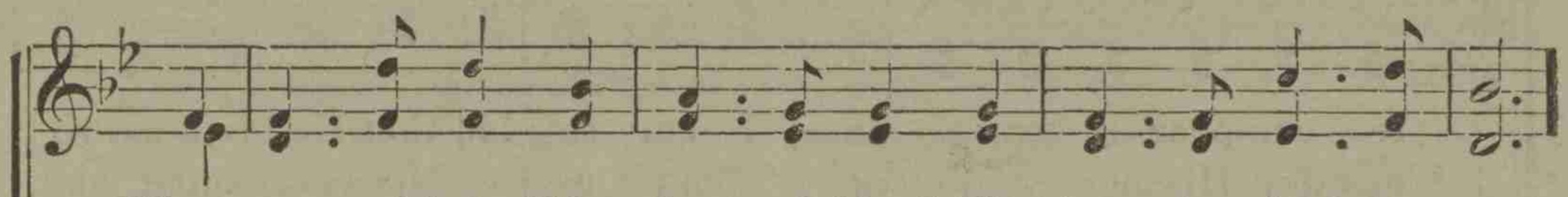
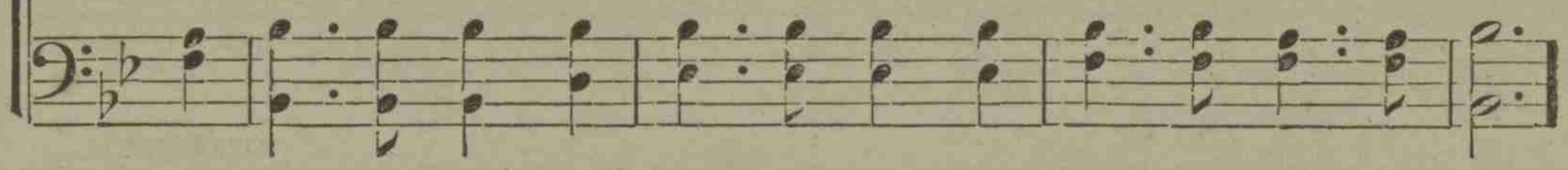
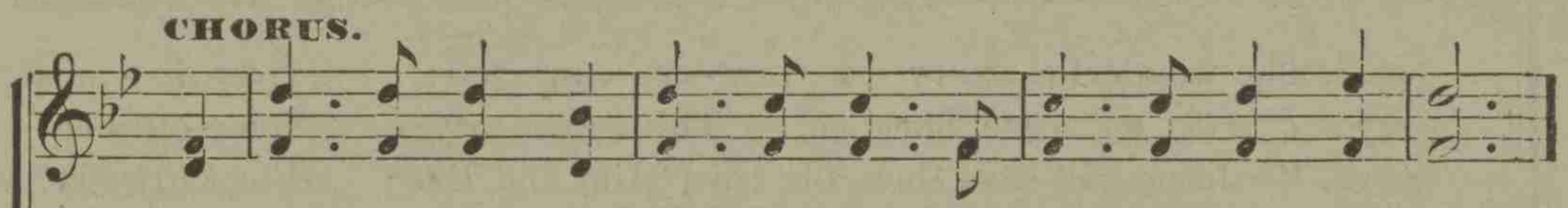
By permission.

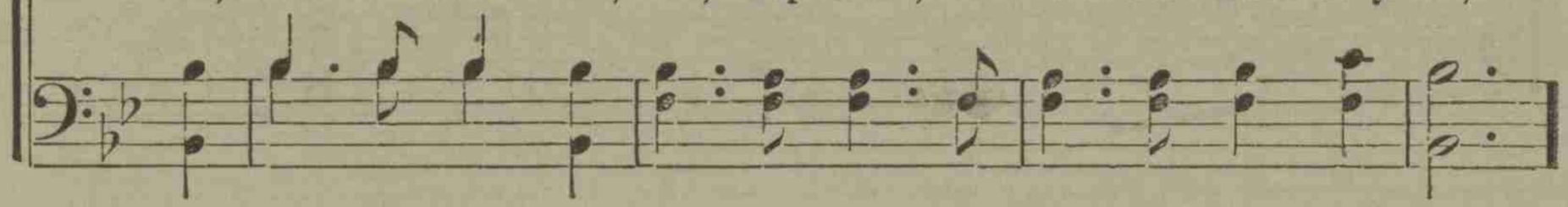
No. 20. WE'LL BEAR THE CROSS.

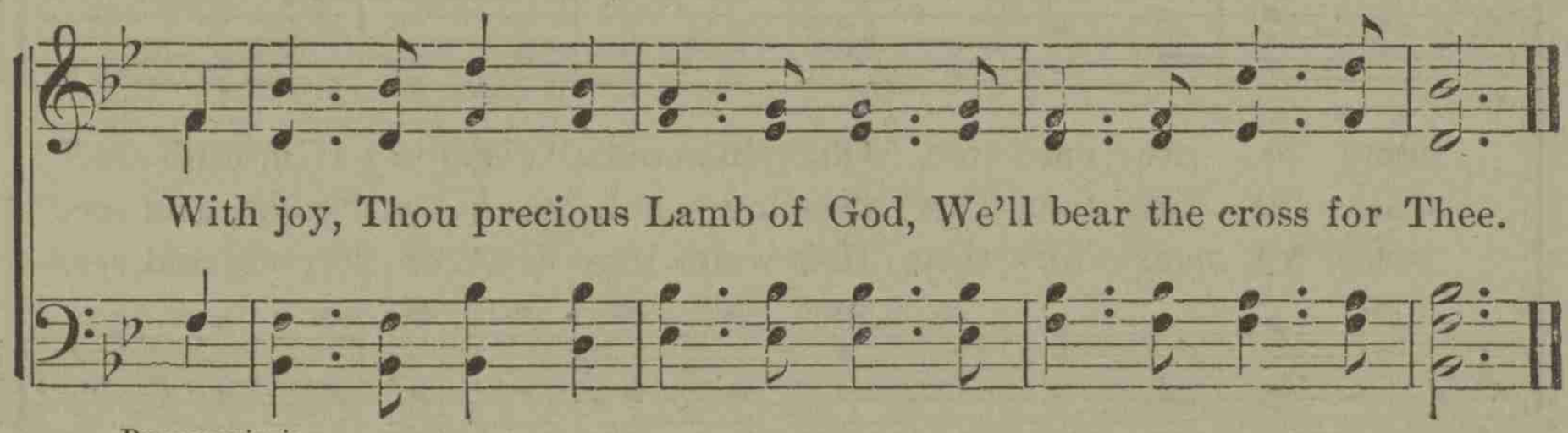
"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 14.

FANNIE CROSBY. W. G. FISCHER.



1. No love to give, no tears to weep, No cross for him to bear,
2. Shall Je - sus wear the cru - el thorns, And yet no pain be ours?
3. Dear Sav-ior, in Thy glorious name, Our ev - 'ry foe we'll face,
4. Yet, till our lat - est mo-ment come, Thy cross on earth we'll bear;

Whose an - guish lav'd in drops of blood That lone - ly midnight prayer.
Must He a path of suff - 'ring tread, And we a path of flow'rs?
We'll fight like sol - diers in the cause, And con-quer by Thy grace.
Then rise vic - to - rious thro' Thy blood, A heaven-ly crown to wear.

CHORUS.

Oh, wel - come sor - row, toil, reproach, Whate'er our cross may be;





With joy, Thou precious Lamb of God, We'll bear the cross for Thee.

By permission.

No. 21. COME, AND SEE.

JOHN 1 : 46.

M. E. W. MRS. M. E. WILLSON.

DUO. Recitative.

1. Je - sus came down from His heav - en - ly throne, Came just to res - cue poor sin-ners a - lone; I am so glad that He loves me so
2. Oh, how un-grate - ful and sin - ful I'd be, When I re-member His mer - cy to me, Then to re-ject His sweet spirit and
3. Won-der - ful, Won - der - ful Sav - ior of mine, Come, now, poor sin - ner, and let Him be thine; He will ac - cept thee, will freely for-

CHORUS.

well, The wonderful sto-ry I nev - er can tell: How Je - sus
say: *I will not* serve Thee, so go Thine own way: Some oth - er
give. Jesus will save thee, oh, trust Him and live; For Christ is
came to res - cue me, Oh, sin - ner, "come to Him and see."
time I'll call for Thee, De - lay not, soul, but "come, and see."
ver - y near to thee, He's wait - ing *now*, oh, "come, and see."

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No. 22. THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth."—John 6: 63.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Frank M. Davis.

1. Soft and low the Spir-it whis - pers, Wea-ry soul, by sin op-
2. Still small voice—its ti-ny ca - dence Speaks to thee in tones of
3. Low and sweet its gen - tle plead-ings, Lur-ing thee from sin a-

pressed, List and hear the tender message, Learn the way to peace and rest.
love; Is thy heart inclined to lis - ten? Follow on to realms a-bove.
way, Do not grieve the blessed Teacher, It will guide to per - fect day.

REFRAIN.

Ten - der Spir - it, ten - der Spir - it, Sent us

Ten-der Spir-it, ten - der Spir - it,

by the Fa - ther's love. Precious Spir - it, precious

Sent us by the Father's love, Father's love, Precious Spir-it,

Spir - it, Lead - ing to the rest a - bove.

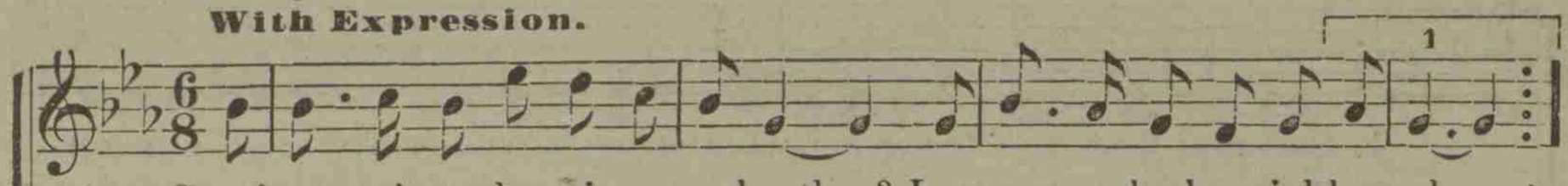
pre - cious Spir - it,

No. 23. IS YOUR LAMP BURNING, BROTHER?

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven.

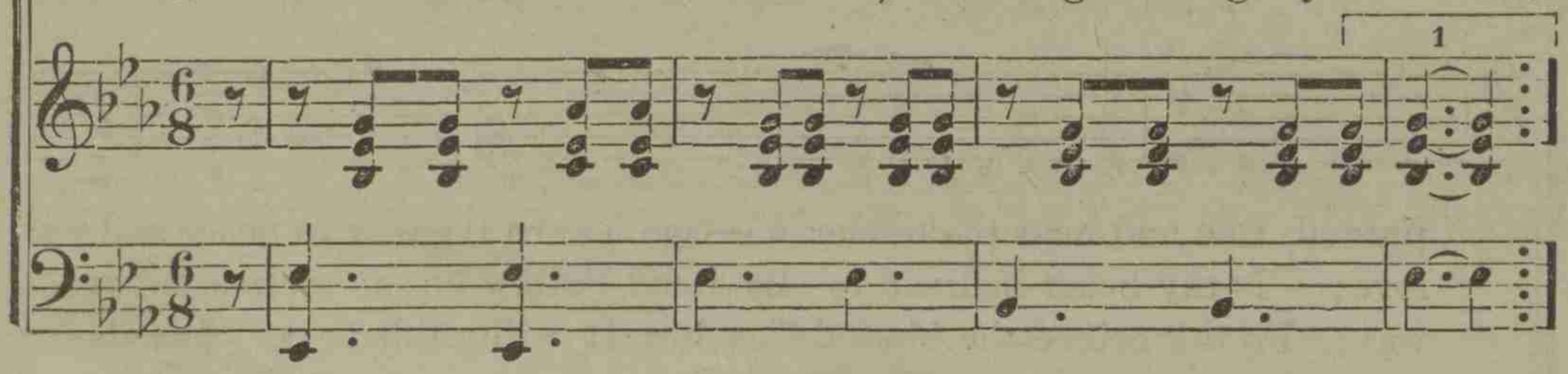
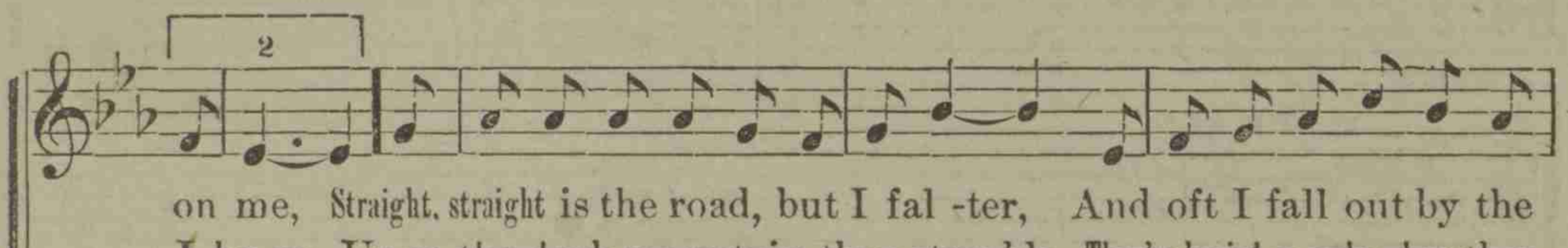
Words Arranged. W. W. BENTLEY.

With Expression.

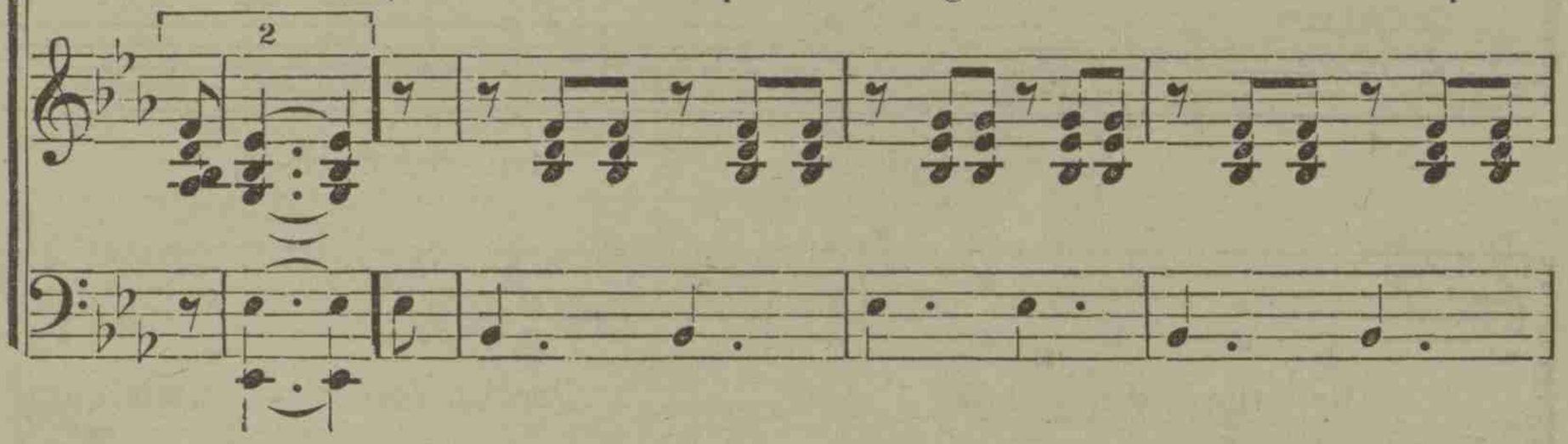


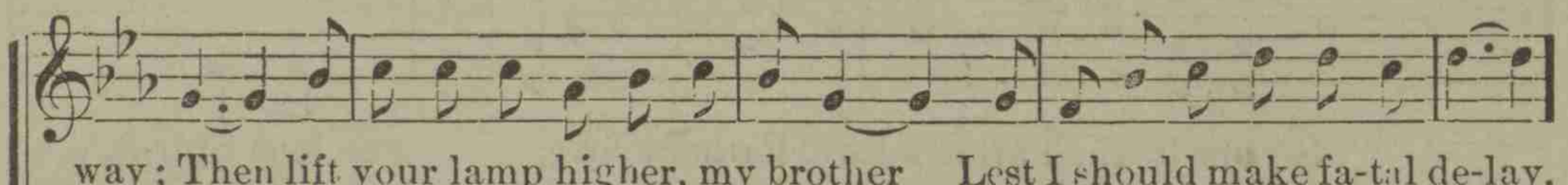
1. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you, look quickly and see,
   For if it were burning, then sure-ly Some beams would fall bright up-

2. There are many and many around you, Who follow wherever you go;
   If you tho't they would walk in the shadow, Your lamp would burn brighter,

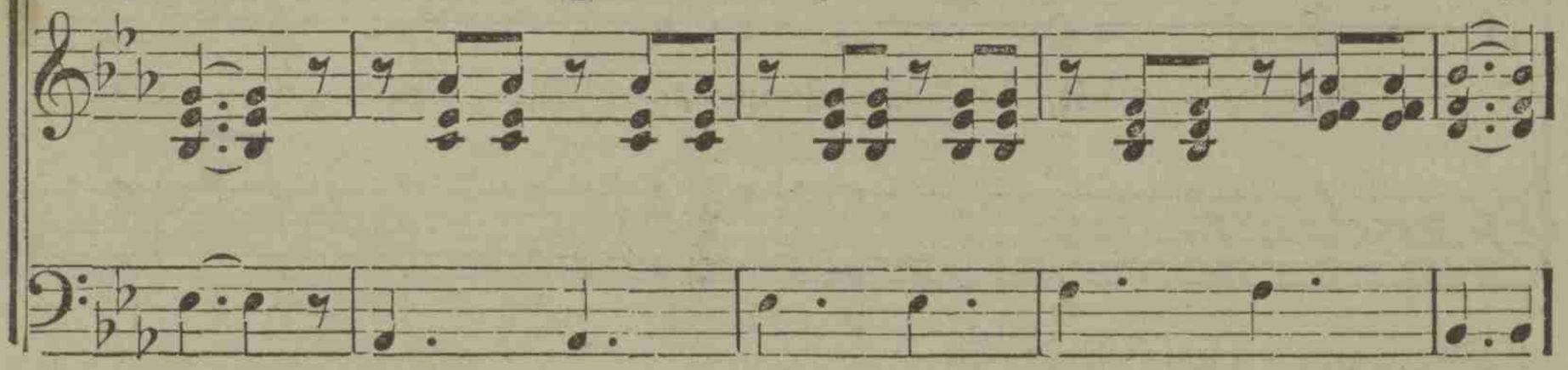
3. If once all the lamps that are lighted Should steadily blaze in a line;
   Wide o-ver the land and the o - cean, What a girdle of glory



on me, Straight, straight is the road, but I fal -ter, And oft I fall out by the
I know. Upon the dark mountain they stumble, They're buried on rocks where they
would shine; How all the dark places would brighten! How the mist would roll up and a-

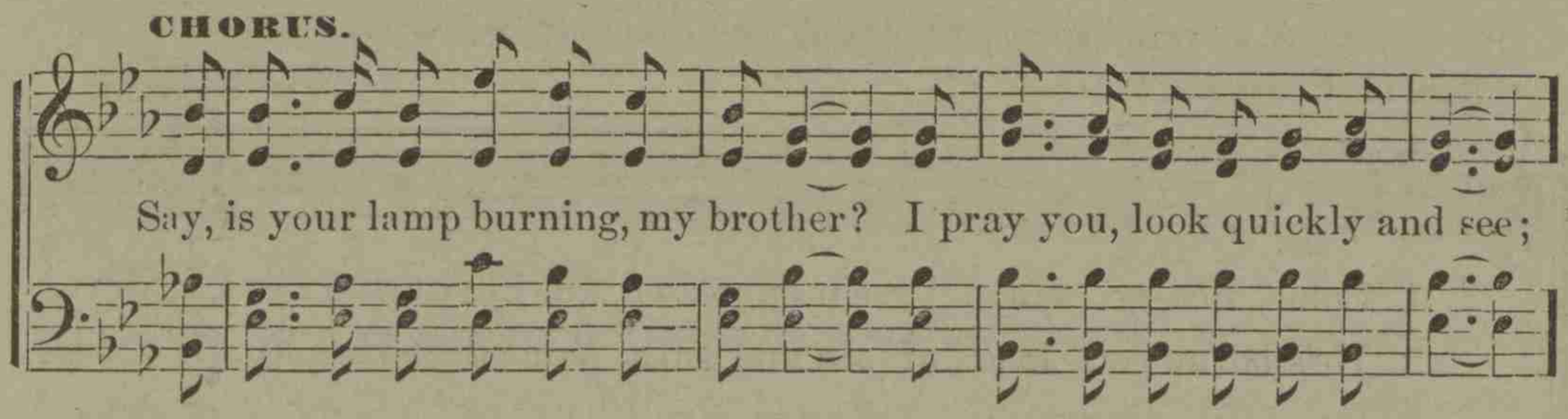




way; Then lift your lamp higher, my brother Lest I should make fa-tal de-lay.
lie, With their white pleading faces turned upward To the clouds and the pitiful sky.
way! How Earth would laugh out in her gladness, To hail the Mil-lenni-al day!

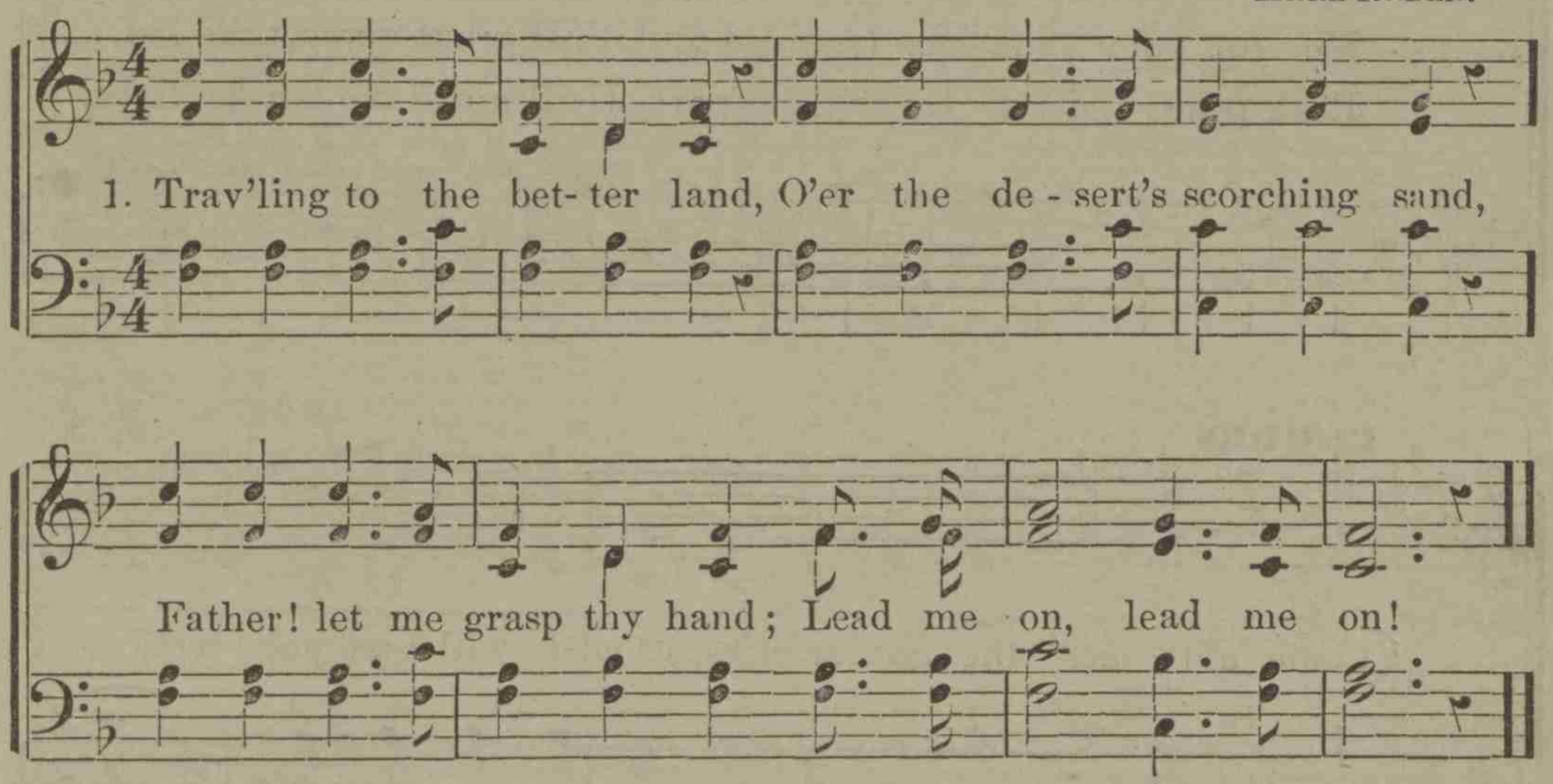


IS YOUR LAMP BURNING, BROTHER? Concluded.



No. 24. LEAD ME ON.

KARL REDEN.



2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter waters sweet;
Lead me on!

3 When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm-groves near,
And her wells as crystal clear;
Lead me on!

4 Through the water, thro' the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on!

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

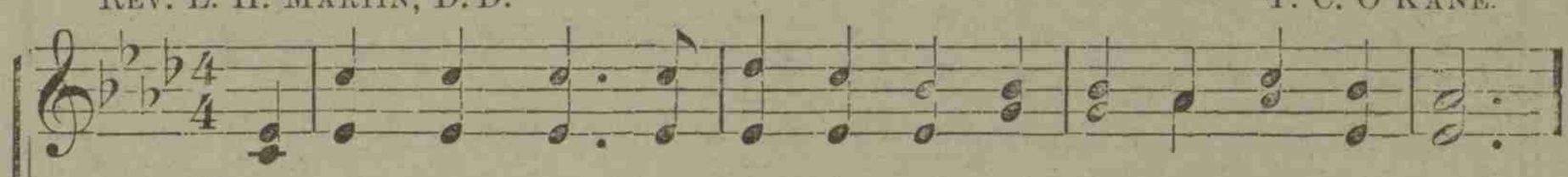
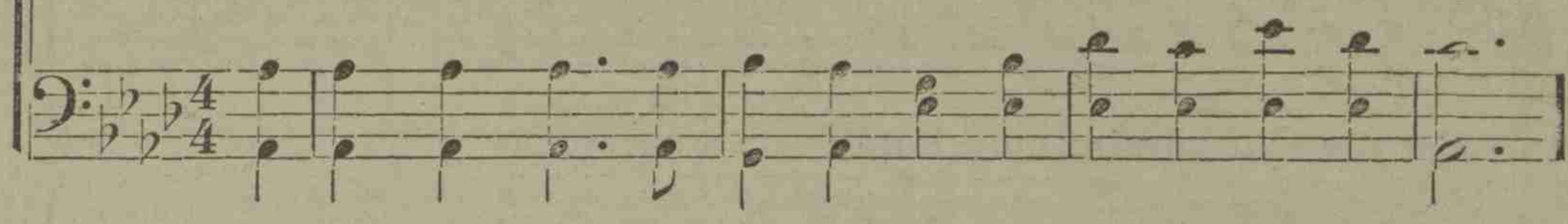
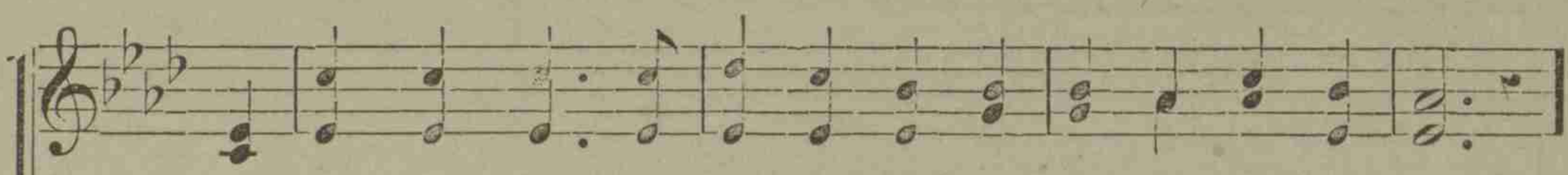
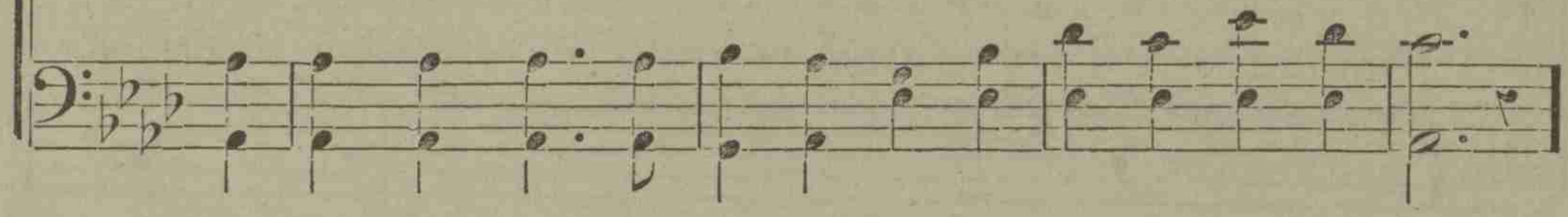
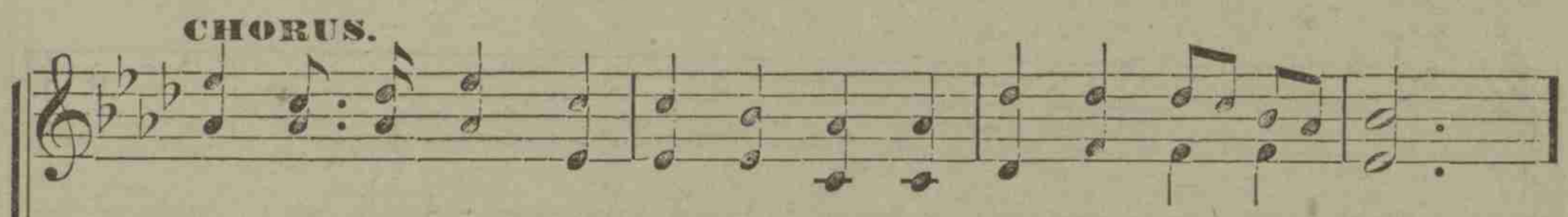
6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink;
Lead me on!

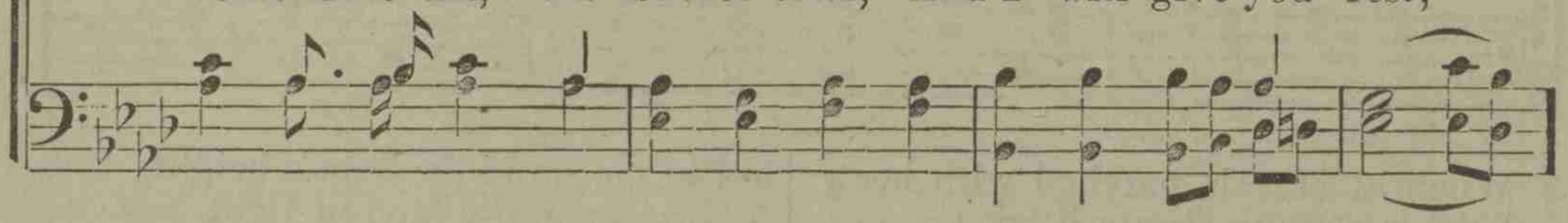
7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on! lead me on!

By permission.

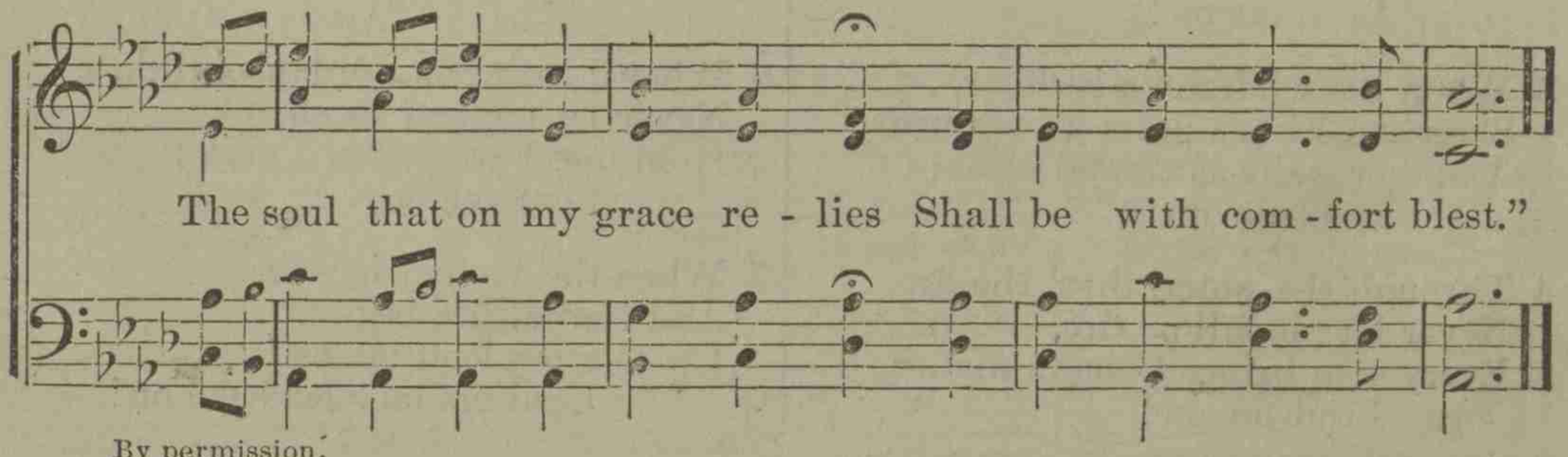
No. 25. COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

REV. L. H. MARTIN, D. D. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Come, wea-ry souls, by sin oppressed, On Christ, the Lord, believe,
2. He's borne your load of sin and guilt, Your debt He's kindly paid,
3. On Him your heav-y bur-den roll, Of ag-o-ny and grief,
4. His yoke re-ceive with humble heart, And bear it with de-light,

And He will give you peace and rest, Sal-va-tion you'll receive.
His pre-cious blood He free-ly spilt, A full a-tonement made.
He to your anx-ious troubled soul Will grant a sweet re-lief.
Rest, peace and joy He will im-part, He'll make the burden light.

CHORUS.

"Come unto me," the Savior cries, "And I will give you rest;



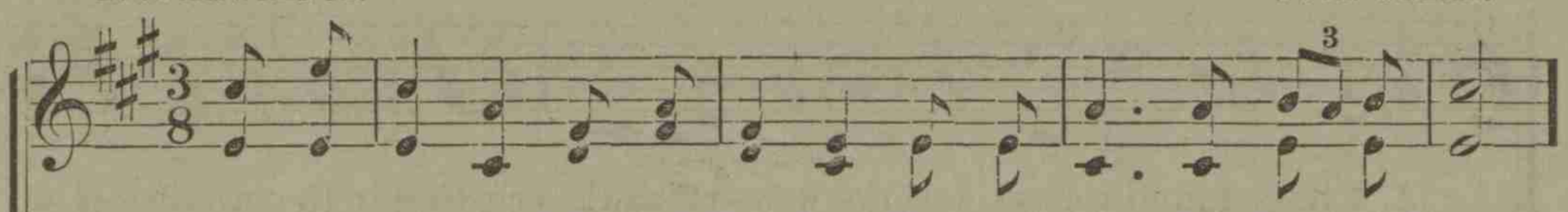
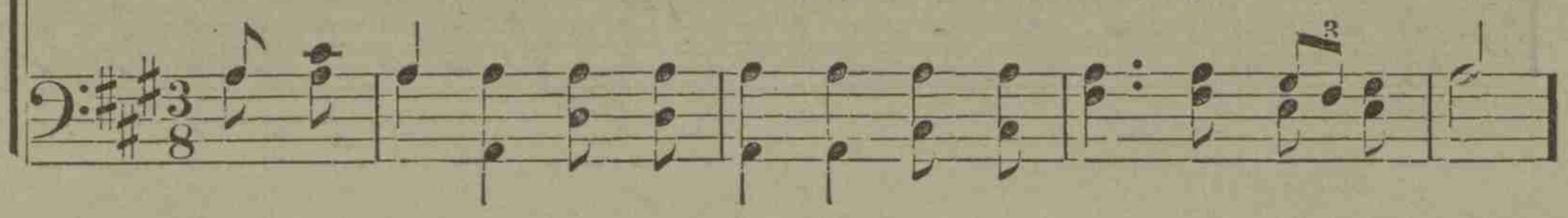
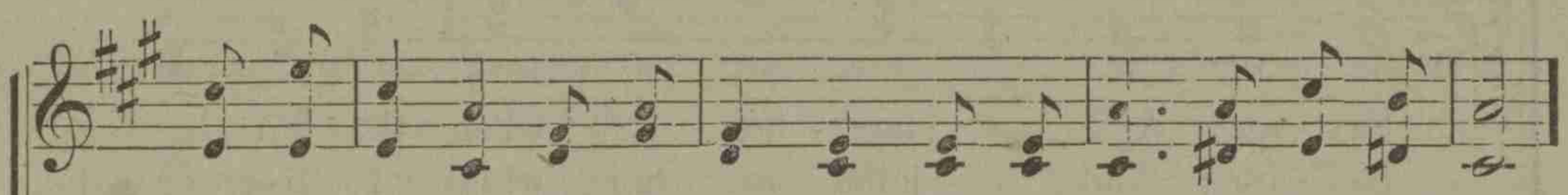
The soul that on my grace re-lies Shall be with com-fort blest."

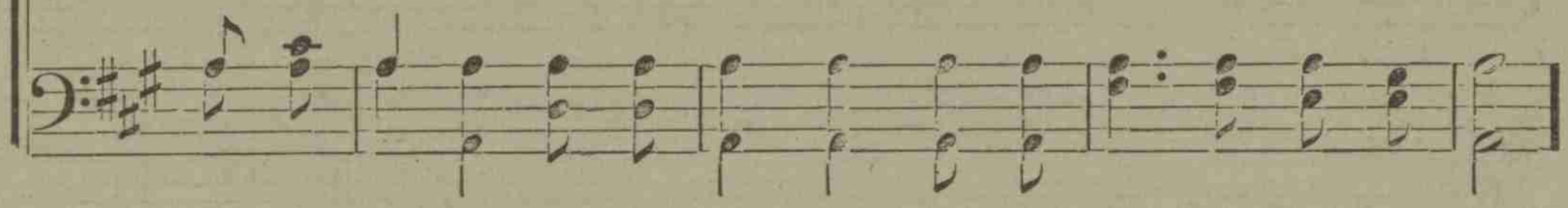


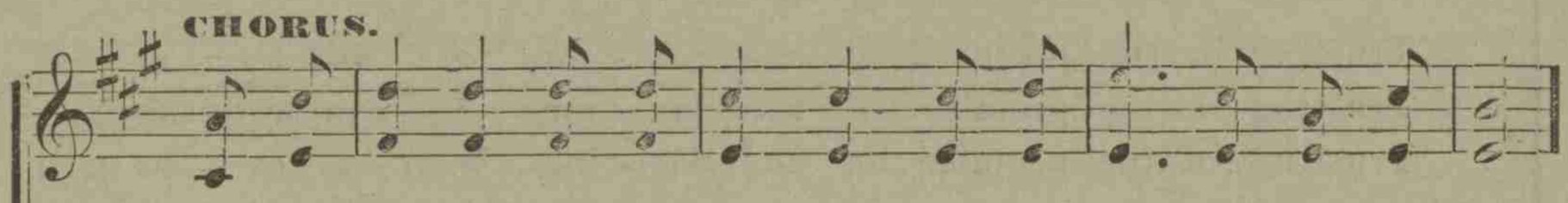
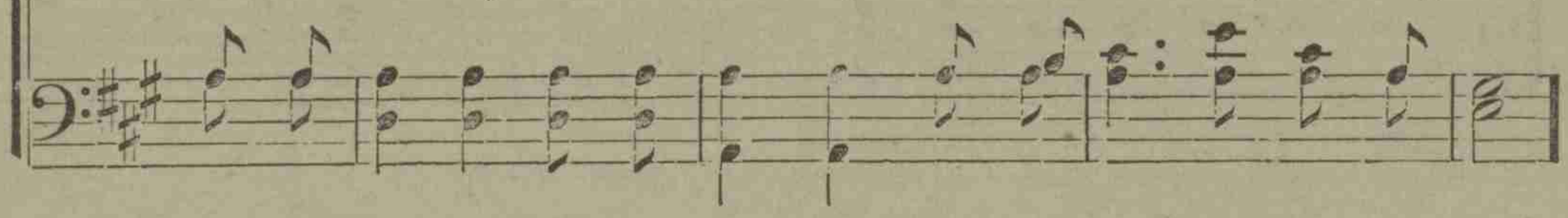
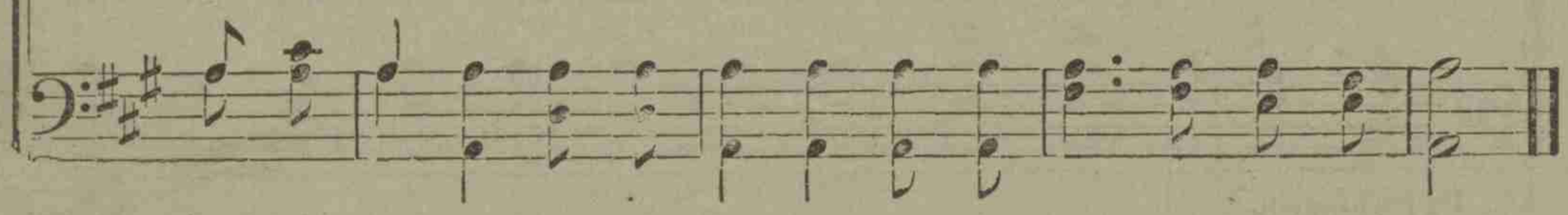
By permission.

No. 26. DRAW ME NEARER.

"Lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

T. J. LAWRENCE. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Draw me nearer, bless-ed Sav-ior, Near-er to thy throne a-bove,
2. Draw me nearer, bless-ed Sav-ior, I have wandered far from thee;
3. Draw me nearer, bless-ed Sav-ior, Thou the Ho - ly One di - vine;

May I walk with Thee for-ev - er, Till my soul is filled with love.
Thou art a - ble to de - liv - er, Draw me near-er, Lord, to Thee.
Come and bless me now, my Savior, Let Thy Spir - it blend with mine.



CHORUS.

Draw me near-er, draw me near - er, Near-er to Thy bleeding side,

May Thy Spir-it's mighty pow-er Now within my heart a - bide.

No. 27. TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE.

"He is faithful that promised."—Heb. x: 23.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. E. S. Lorenz.

1. I have found repose for my wea - ry soul, Trusting in the promise of the
2. I will sing my song as the day goes by, Trusting in the promise of the
3. Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, Trusting in the promise of the

Sav - ior; And a har - bor safe when the bil - lows roll,
Sav - ior; And re - joice in hope, while I live or die,
Sav - ior; Oh, the strength and grace on - ly God can give,

Trusting in the promise of the Sav - ior, I will fear no foe
Trusting in the promise of the Sav - ior, I can smile at grief,
Trusting in the promise of the Sav - ior, Who - so - ev - er will

in the dead-ly strife, Trusting in the prom-ise of the
and a - bide in pain, Trusting in the prom-ise of the
may be saved to - day, Trusting in the prom-ise of the

By permission.

TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE, Concluded,

Sav - ior; I will bear my lot in the toil of life,
Sav - ior; And the loss of all shall be high-est gain,
Sav - ior; And be - gin to walk in the ho - ly way,

CHORUS.

Trusting in the promise of the Sav - ior. Leaning on His
Trusting in the promise of the Sav - ior.
Trusting in the promise of the Sav - ior.

mighty arm for - ev - er, Nev-er from His lov - ing heart to

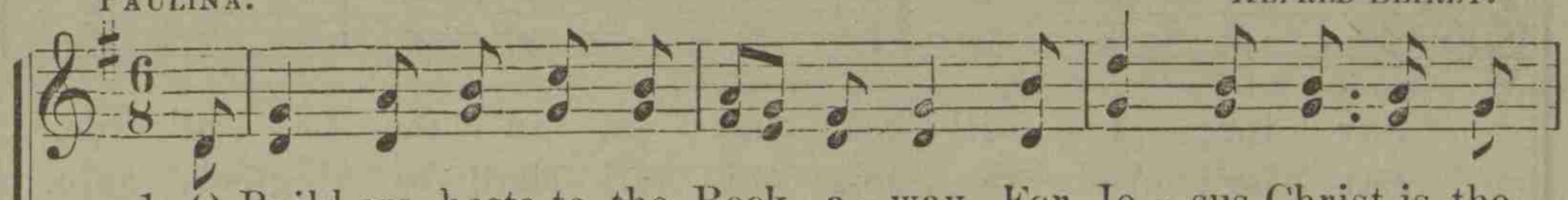
sev - er, I will rest by grace In His strong em - brace,

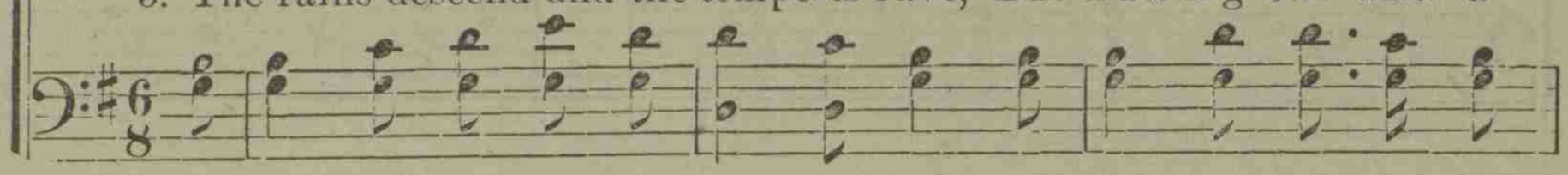
Trust -ing in the prom- ise of the Sav - ior.

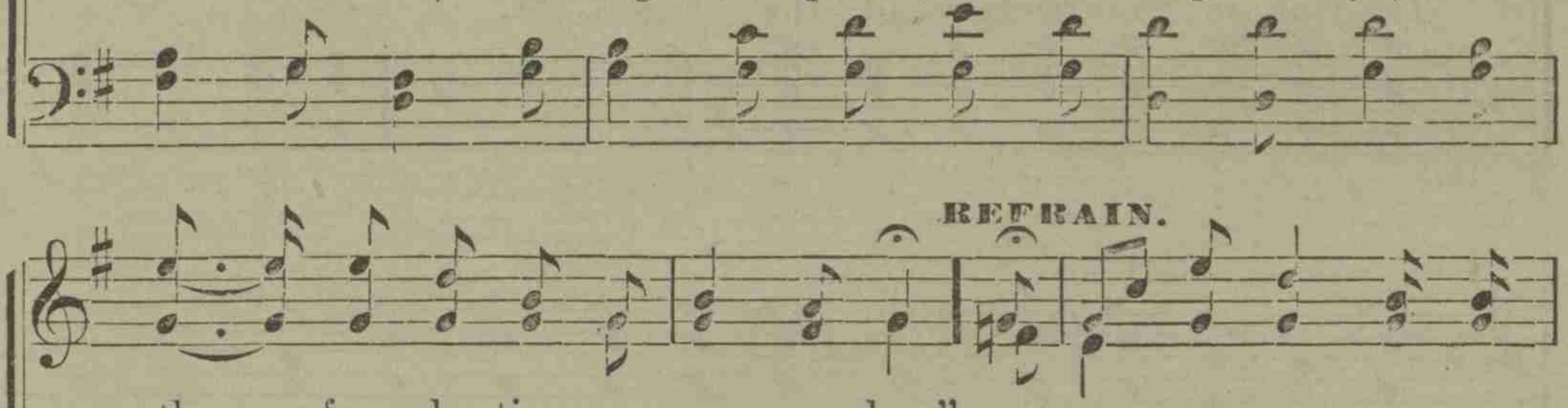
No. 28. FOR OTHER FOUNDATION.

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 3: 11.

PAULINA. ALFRED BEIRLY.

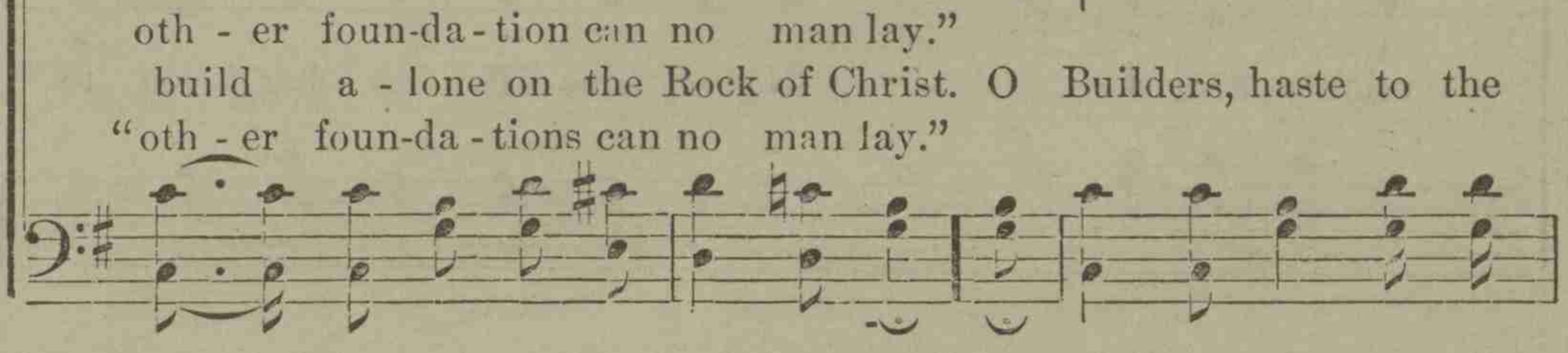


1. O Build-ers, haste to the Rock a - way, For Je - sus Christ is the
2. We builded long on the sands of sin; Our wrecks went out as the
3. The rains descend and the tempests rave, But trust-ing *One* who a-

cor - ner stone; We sing His praise as we build to - day, "For
tide came in; By snares of Sa - tan no more en - ticed, We
lone can save, We sing His praise, and we'll sing for aye, That

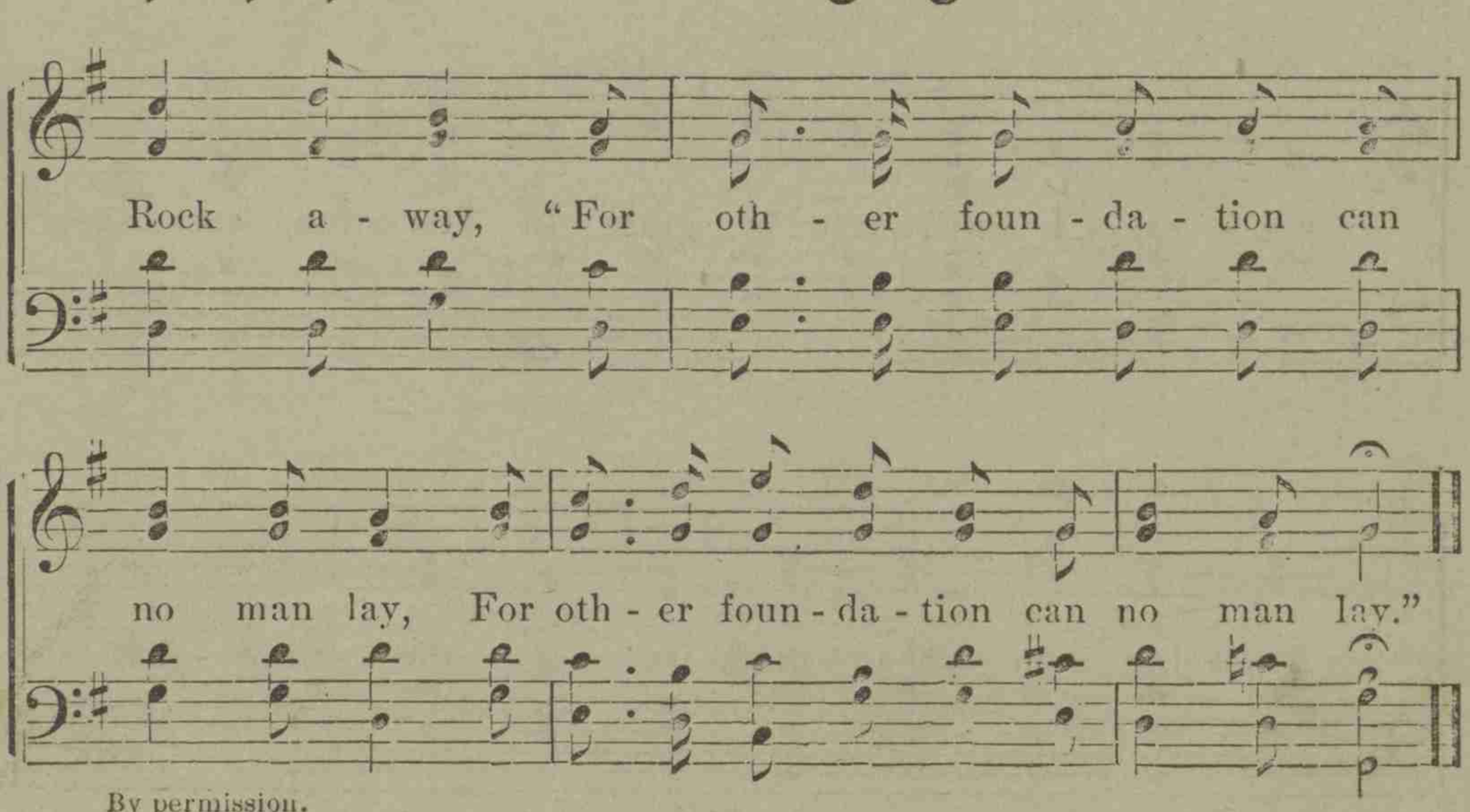


oth - er foun-da - tion can no man lay."
build a - lone on the Rock of Christ. O Builders, haste to the
"oth - er foun-da - tions can no man lay."

REFRAIN.



Rock a - way, "For oth - er foun - da - tion can

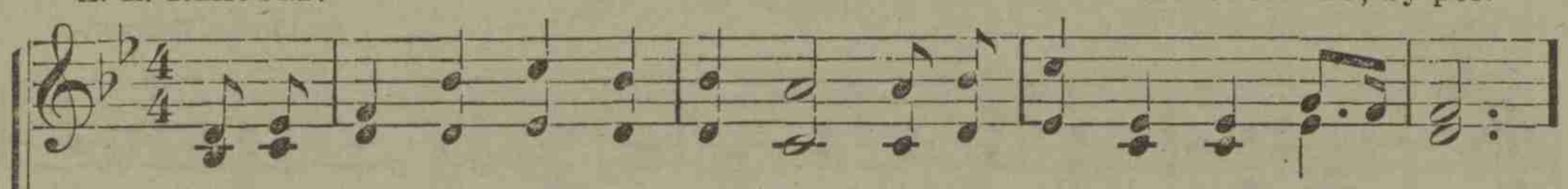


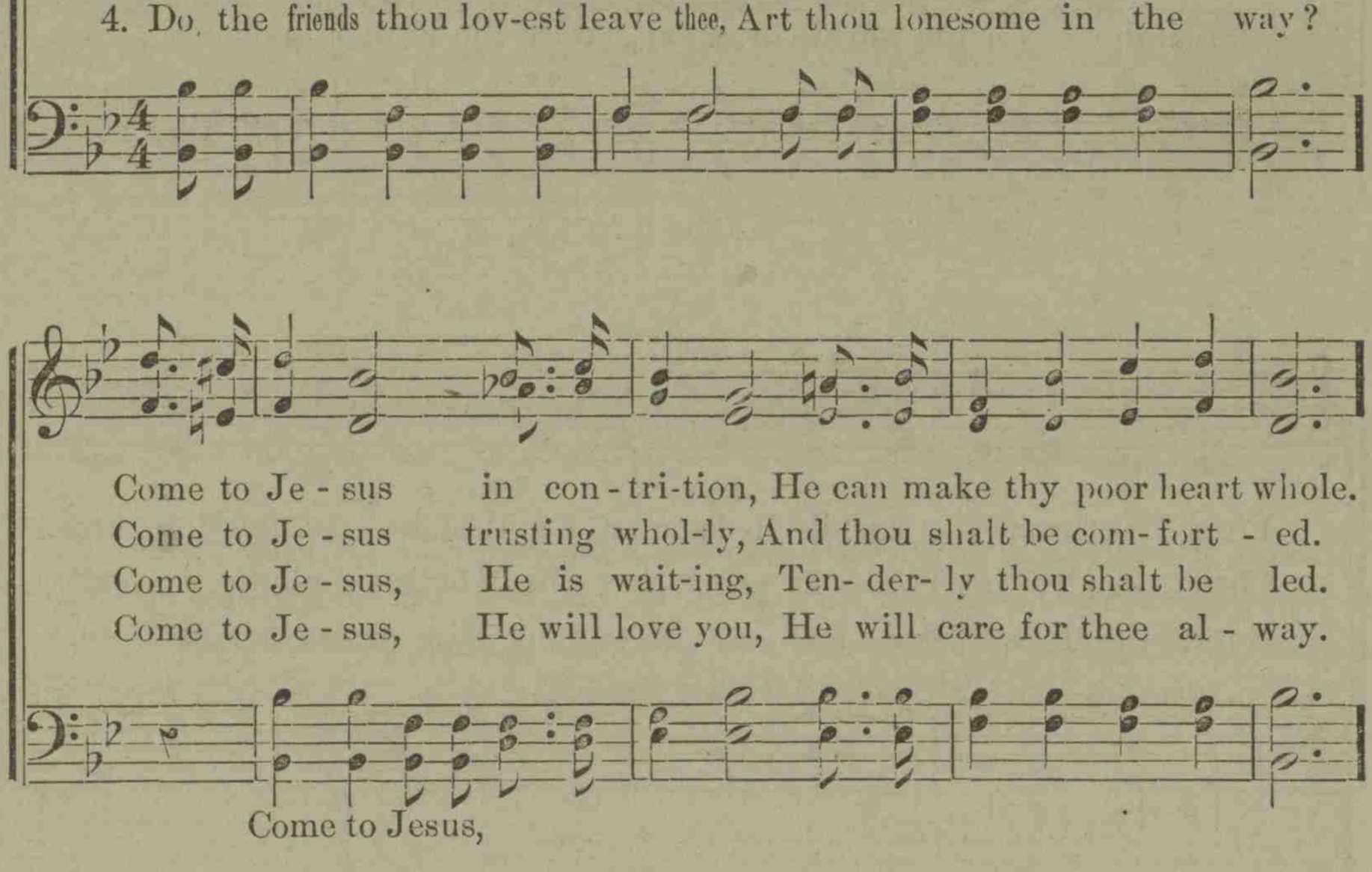
no man lay, For oth - er foun - da - tion can no man lay."

By permission.

No. 29. COME TO JESUS.

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation."—Heb. 2: 3.

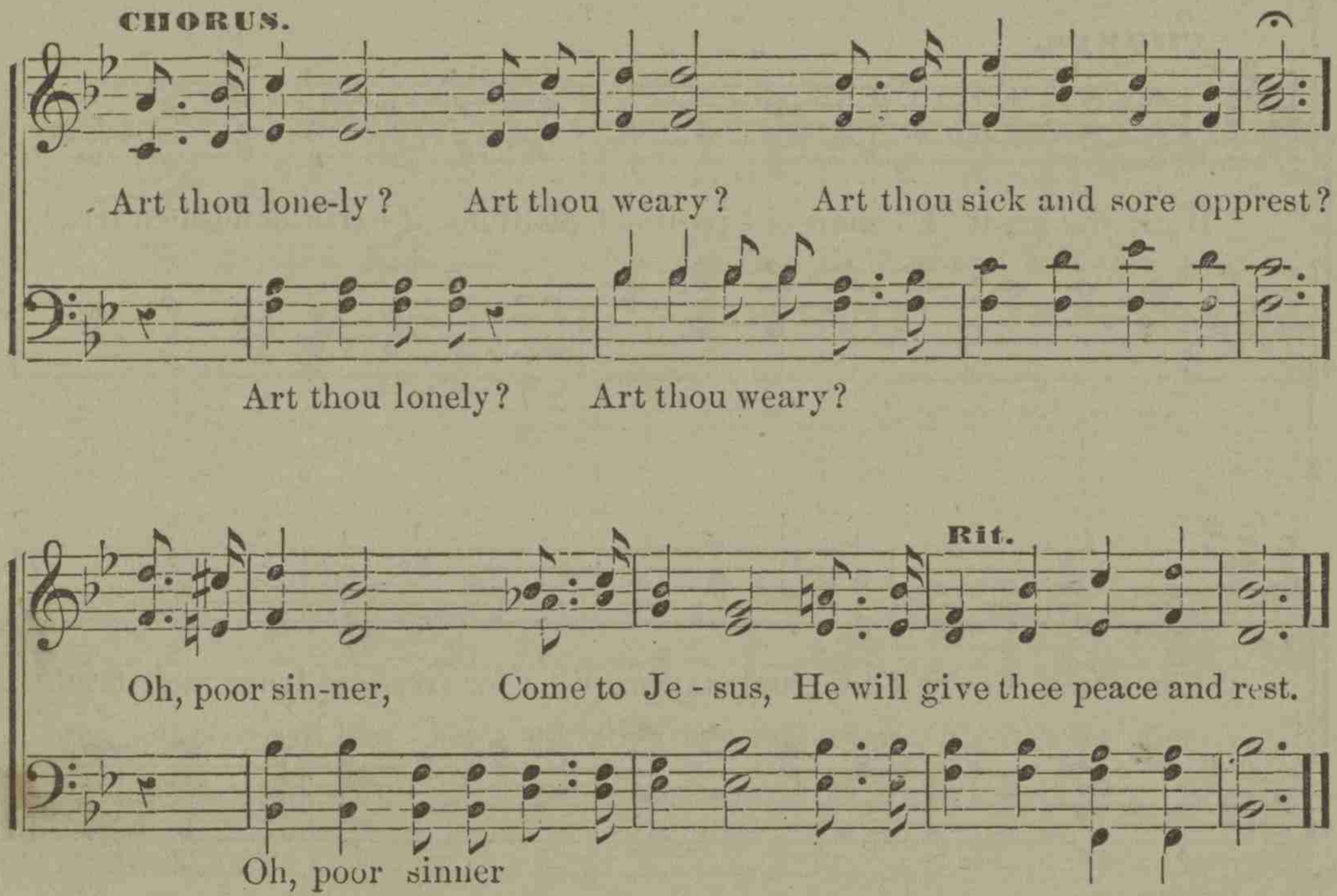
E. E. Rexford. A. J. Abbey, by per.

1. Art thou wea-ry with transgression? Art thou lonesome, sin-sick soul?
2. Do thy hopes like flow-ers with-er, Till thy soul is sick with dread?
3. Hast thou wandered from the pathway, Where thy wayward feet should tread?
4. Do the friends thou lov-est leave thee, Art thou lonesome in the way?



Come to Je - sus in con - tri-tion, He can make thy poor heart whole.
Come to Je - sus trusting whol-ly, And thou shalt be com-fort - ed.
Come to Je - sus, He is wait-ing, Ten- der- ly thou shalt be led.
Come to Je - sus, He will love you, He will care for thee al - way.

Come to Jesus,

CHORUS.



Art thou lone-ly? Art thou weary? Art thou sick and sore opprest?

Art thou lonely? Art thou weary?

Oh, poor sin-ner, Come to Je - sus, He will give thee peace and rest.

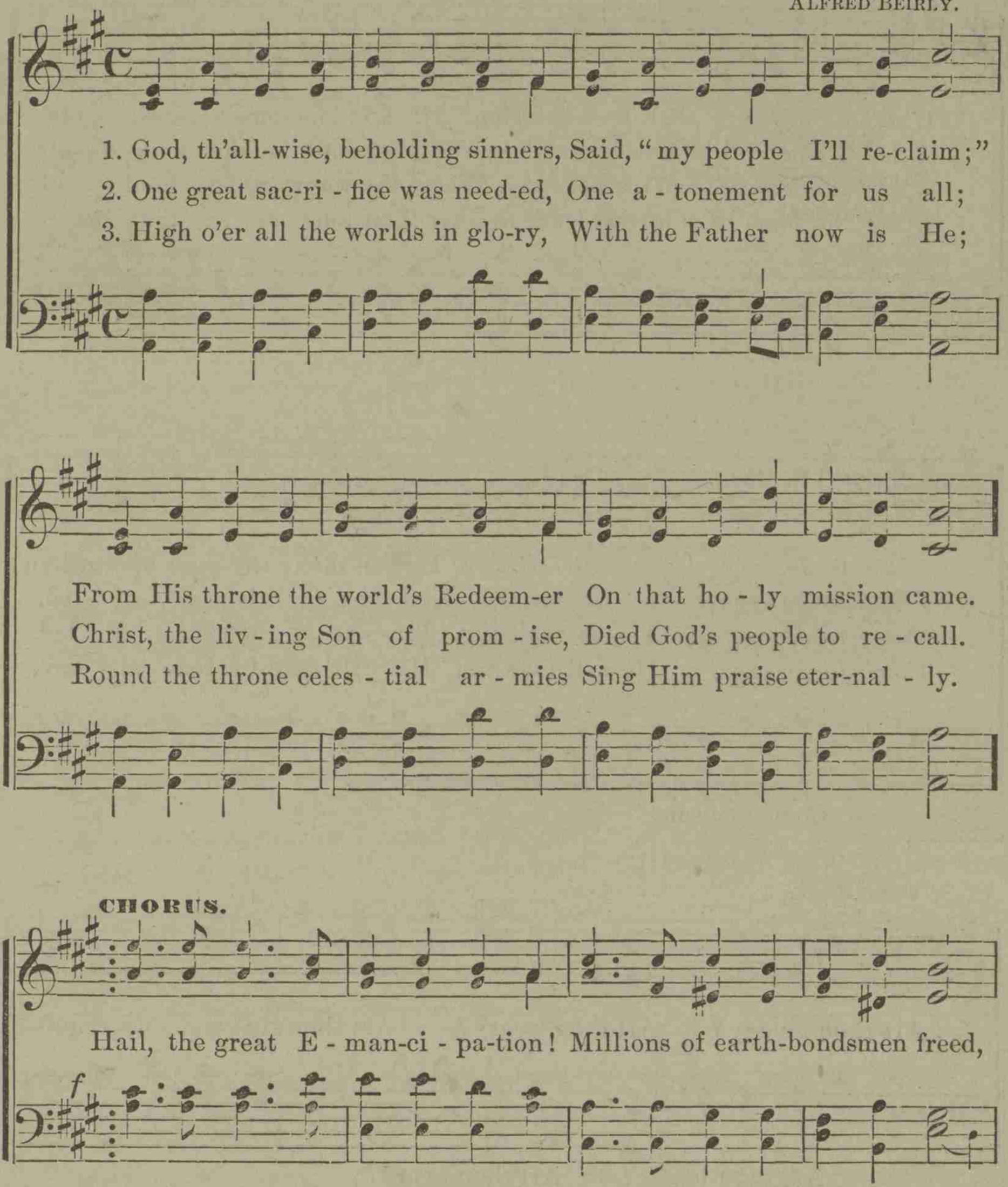
Oh, poor sinner

Rit.

No. 30. HAIL THE GREAT EMANCIPATION.

"Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—
LUKE 2: 10.

ALFRED BEIRLY.

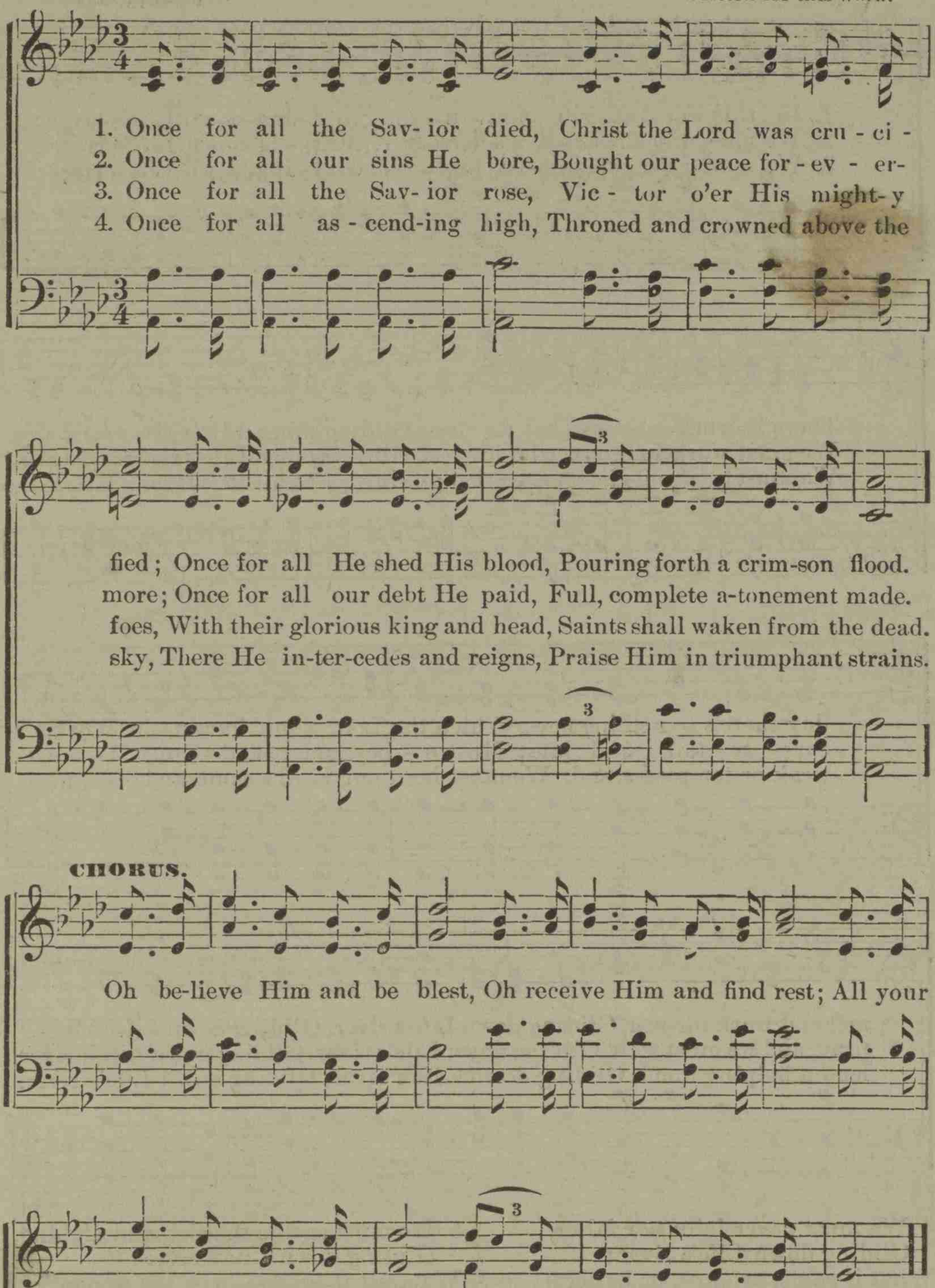


By permission.

No. 31. ONCE FOR ALL.

REV. J. H. MARTIN, D. D.

T. C. O'KANE.
Written for this work.

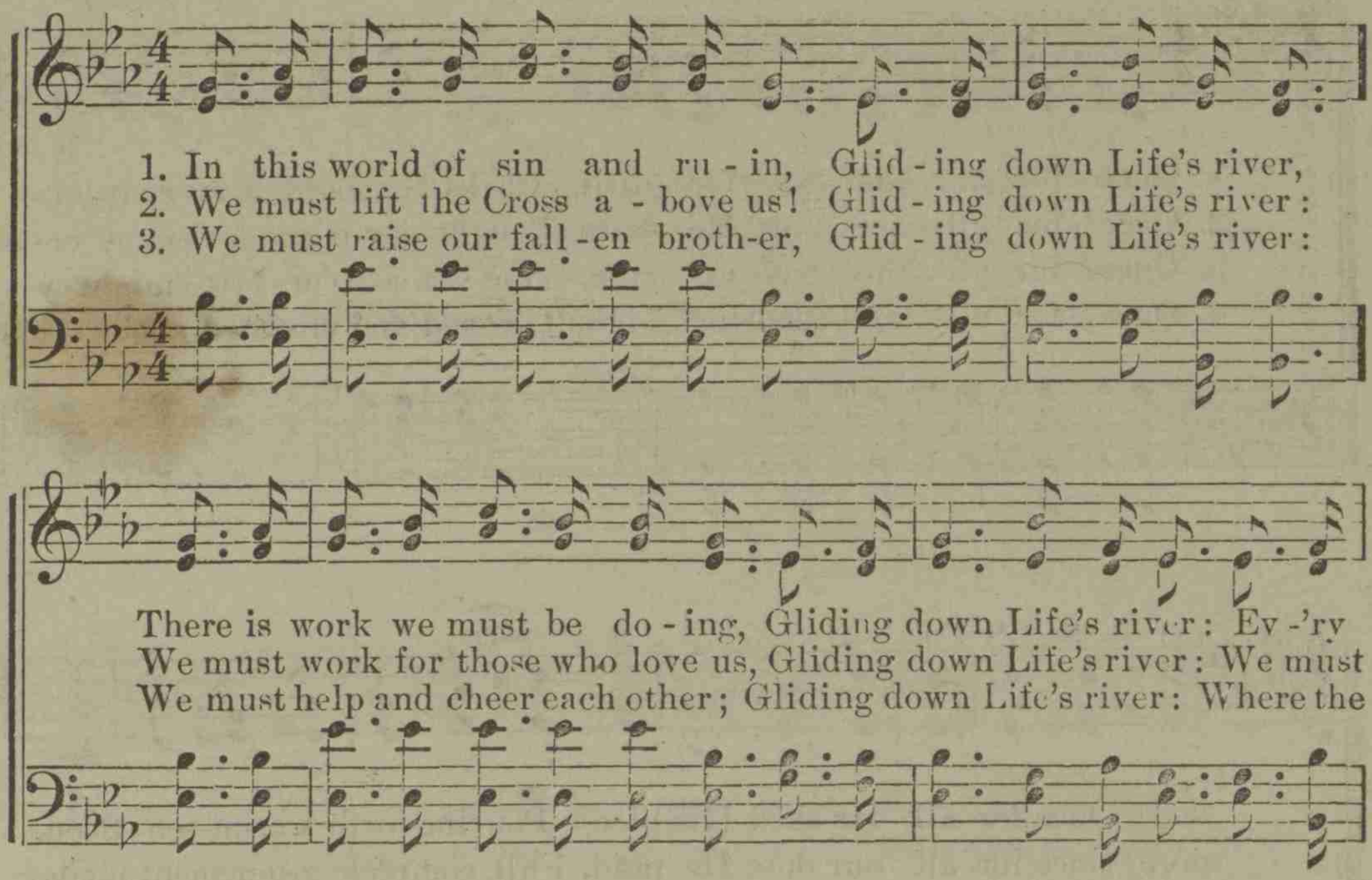


By permission.

No. 32. GLIDING DOWN LIFE'S RIVER.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day."—John 9: 4.

J. E. R. J. E. Rankin, D. D.



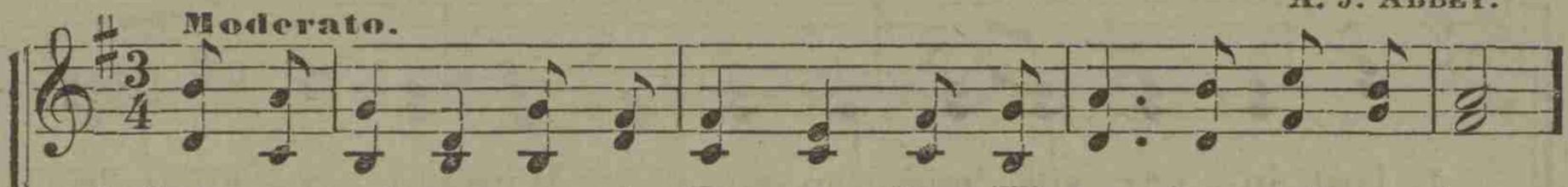
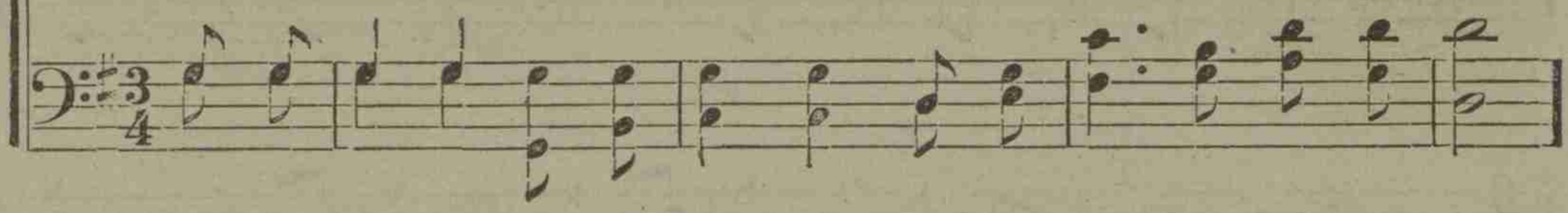
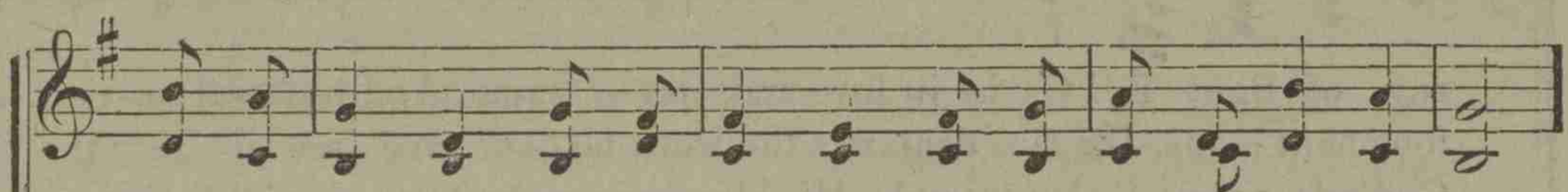
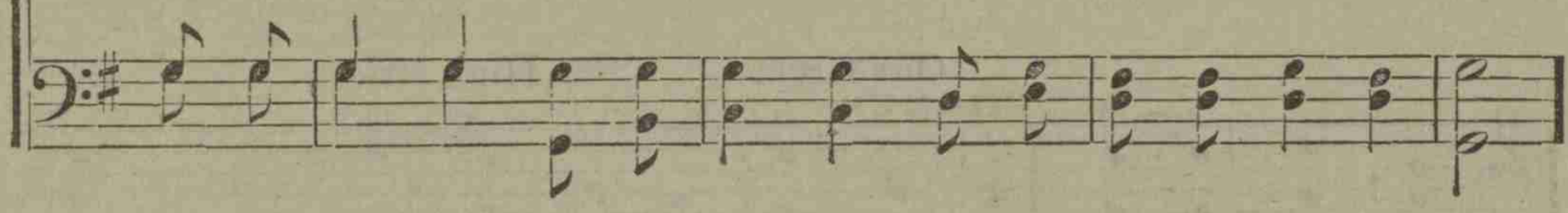
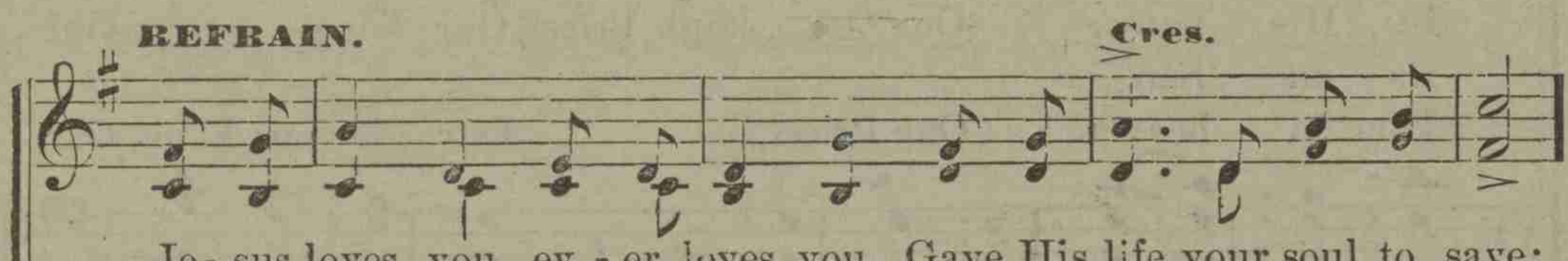
4 We must never faint nor falter,
Gliding down Life's river:
What if come, or cross, or halter,
Gliding down Life's river?
Let the world make its ado,
To our Lord we must be true;
Must be Christian through and through,
Gliding down Life's river.

5 We must soothe the sick and sighing,
Gliding down Life's river!
We must point to Christ the dying,
Gliding down Life's river!
We must keep the goal in view:
Must our Master's steps pursue;
We must do, what he would do,
Gliding down Life's river.

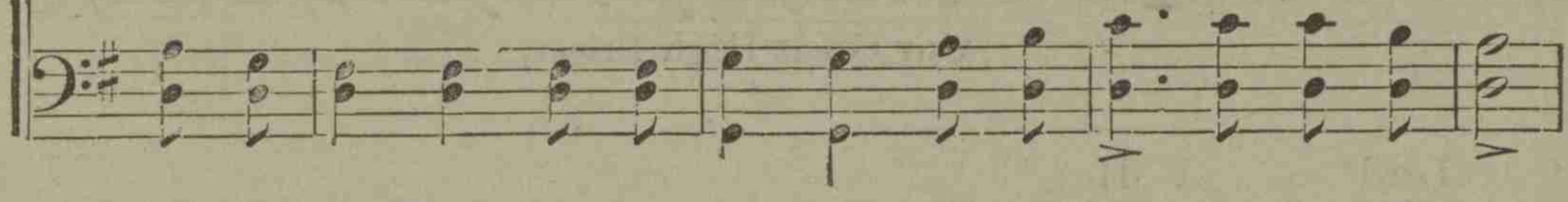
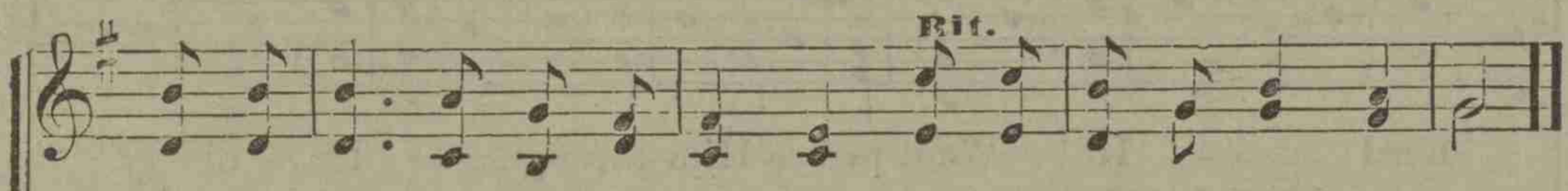
From "Gospel Bells." By per.

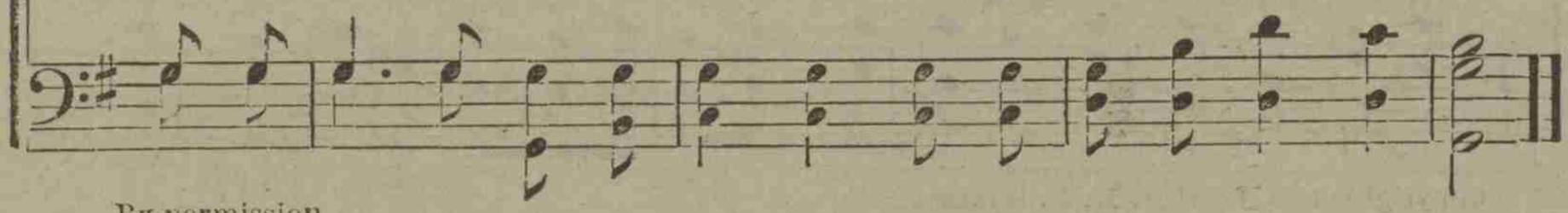
No. 33. HE'LL RECEIVE YOU.

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

A. J. Abbey.

1. Come, poor sinner, come to Je - sus, Now His pre-cious call o - bey;
2. Has - ten to Him, while He's calling, He is wait - ing, waiting still;
3. Time is fly - ing, swiftly fly - ing, Earthly scenes will soon be o'er;
4. Sin - ner, has-ten to the Sav - ior, In your youthful days, and best,

He'll re - ceive you, He will par - don, Oh, ac - cept Him while 'tis day.
List - en to His ear-nest plead-ing; Ev - 'ry prom-ise He'll ful - fill.
Sav - ior grant Thy pard'ning bless-ing, Save us on the "golden shore."
Give to Him your heart and serv - ice, And re-ceive e - ter - nal rest.



Je - sus loves you, ev - er loves you, Gave His life your soul to save;



Come in sor - row and con - tri - tion, He'll re-ceive you, and for - give.

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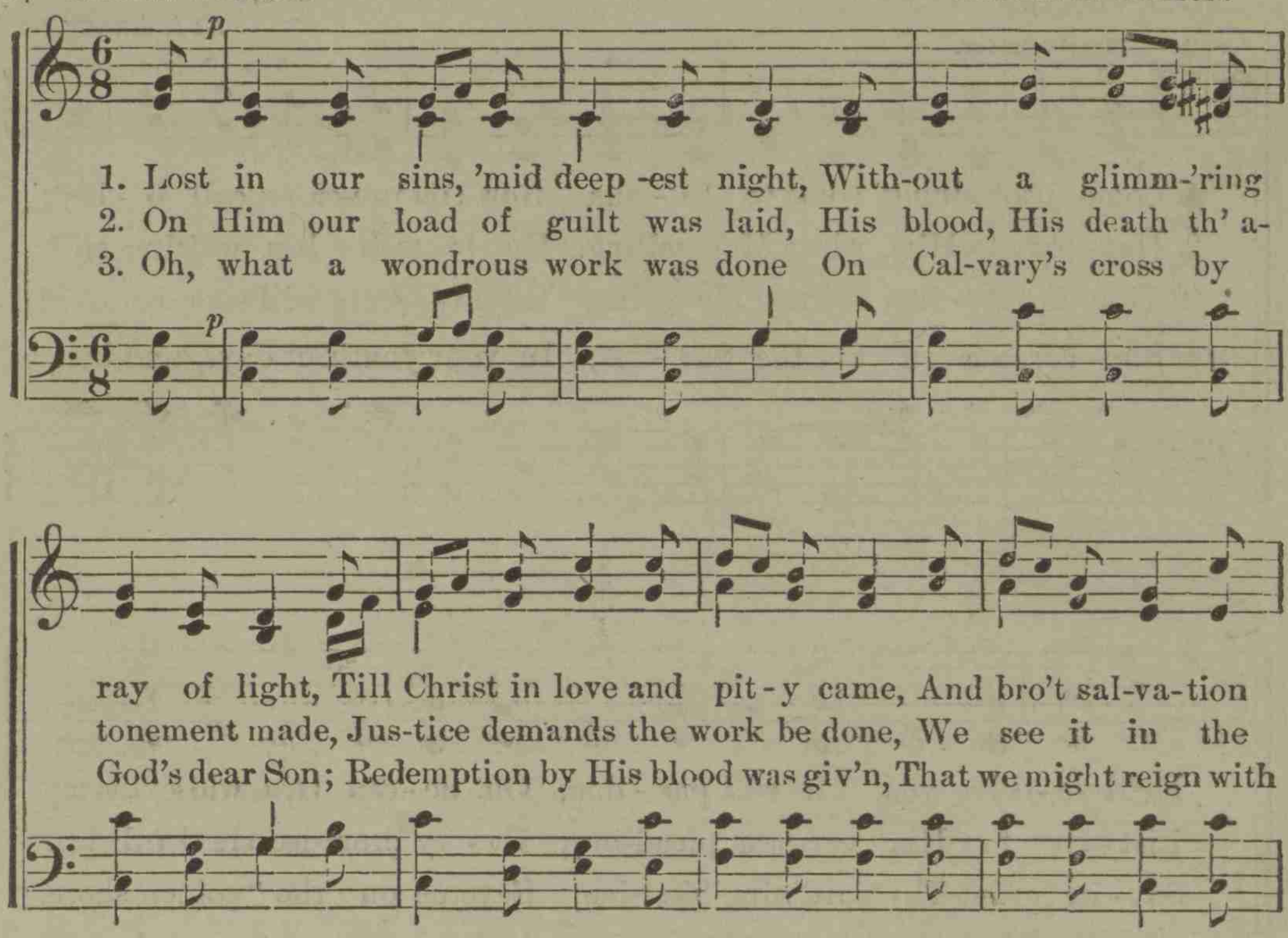
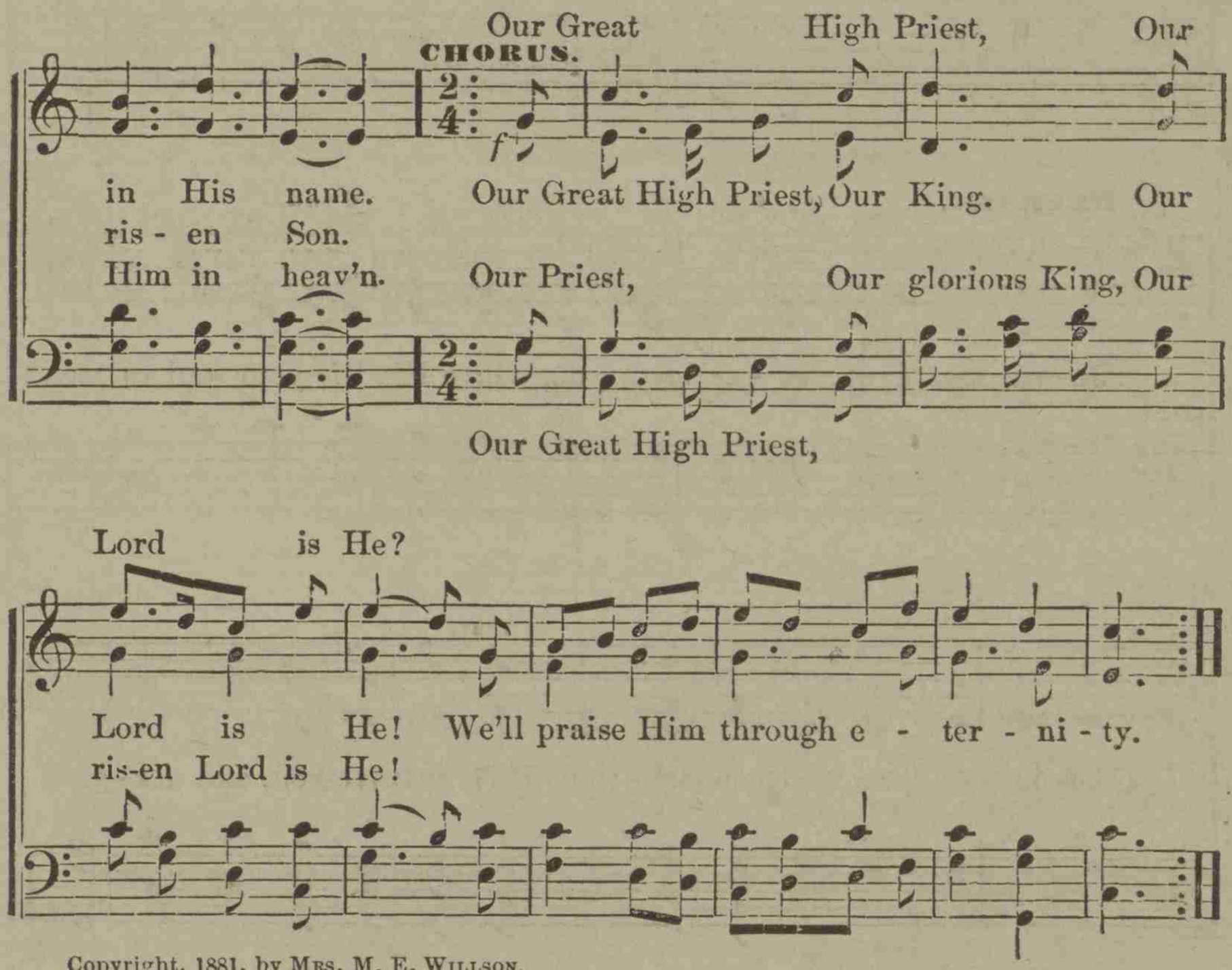
No. 34. OUR HIGH PRIEST.

"The Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus."—Heb. 3 : 1.

MATE E. WILLSON. MRS. M. E. WILLSON.





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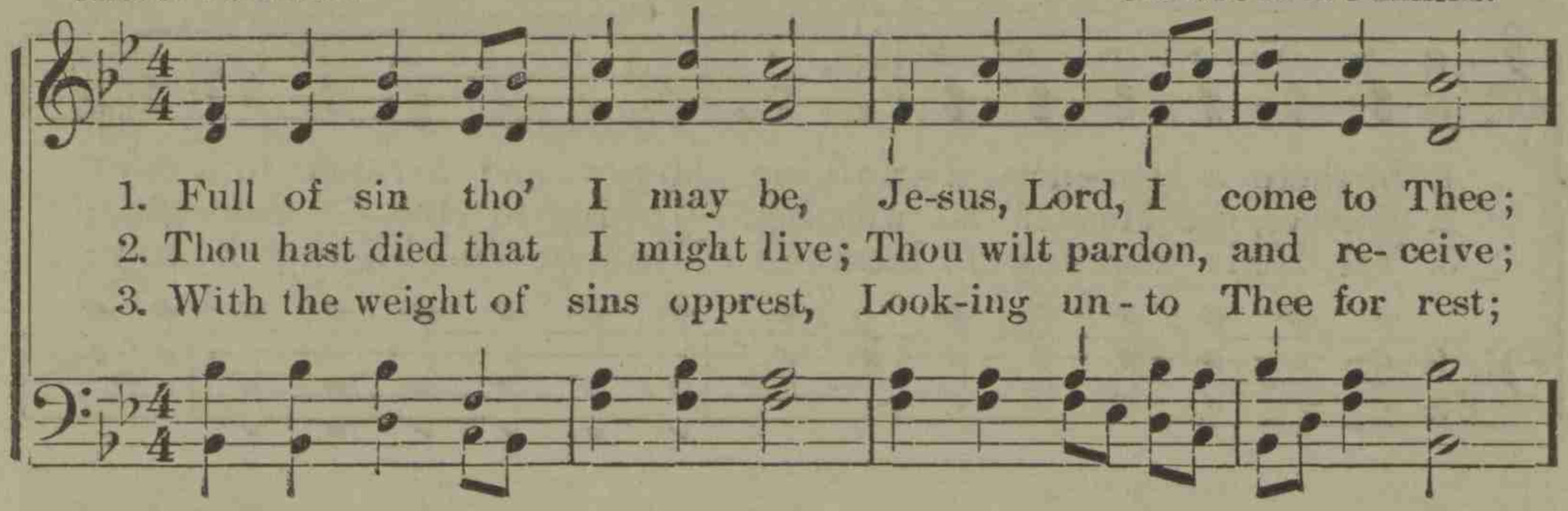
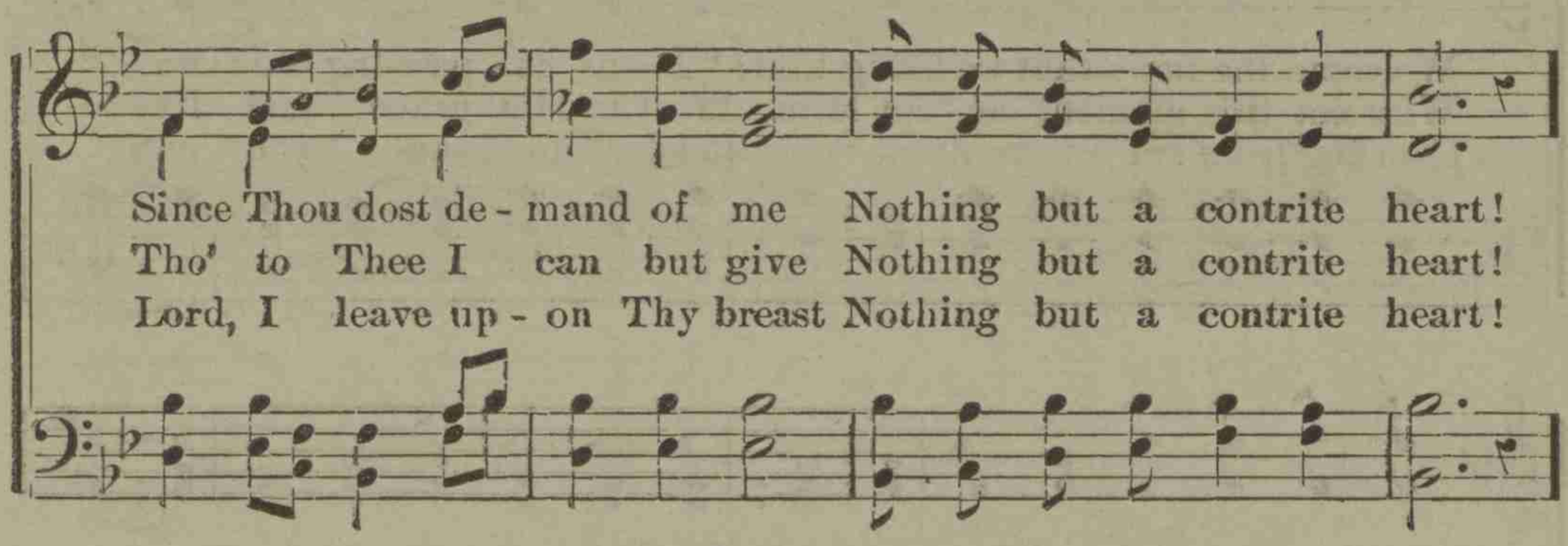
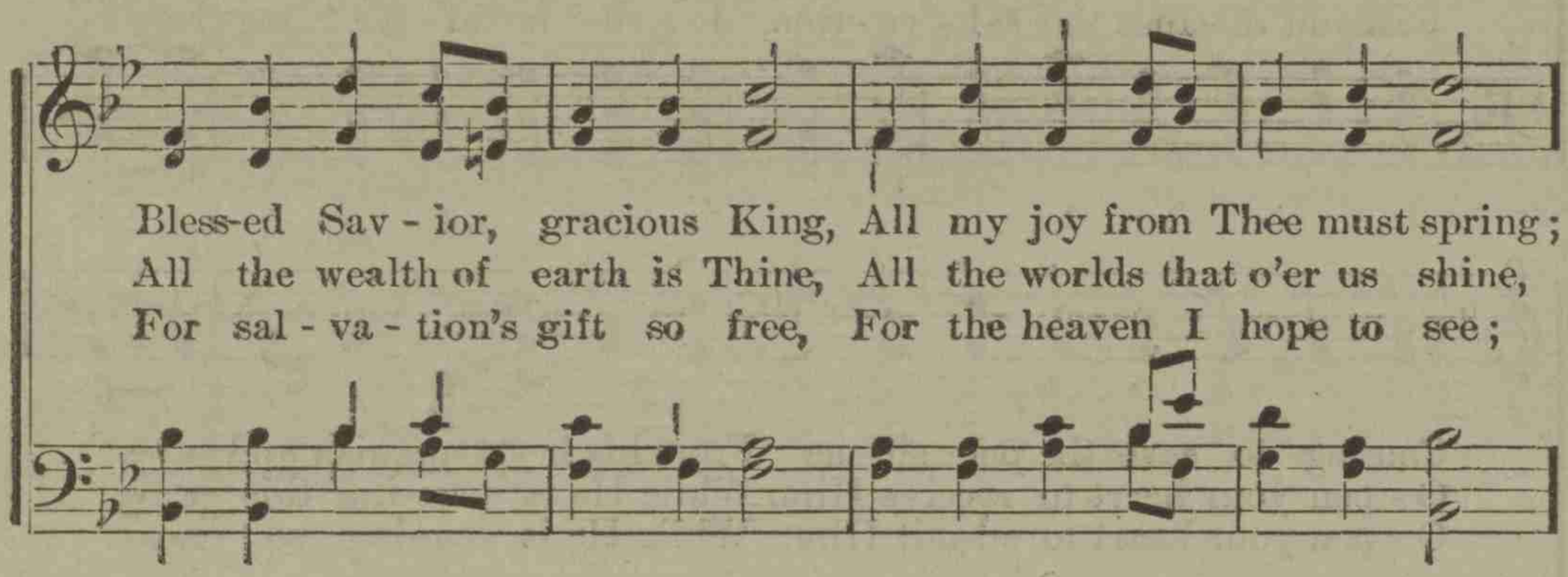
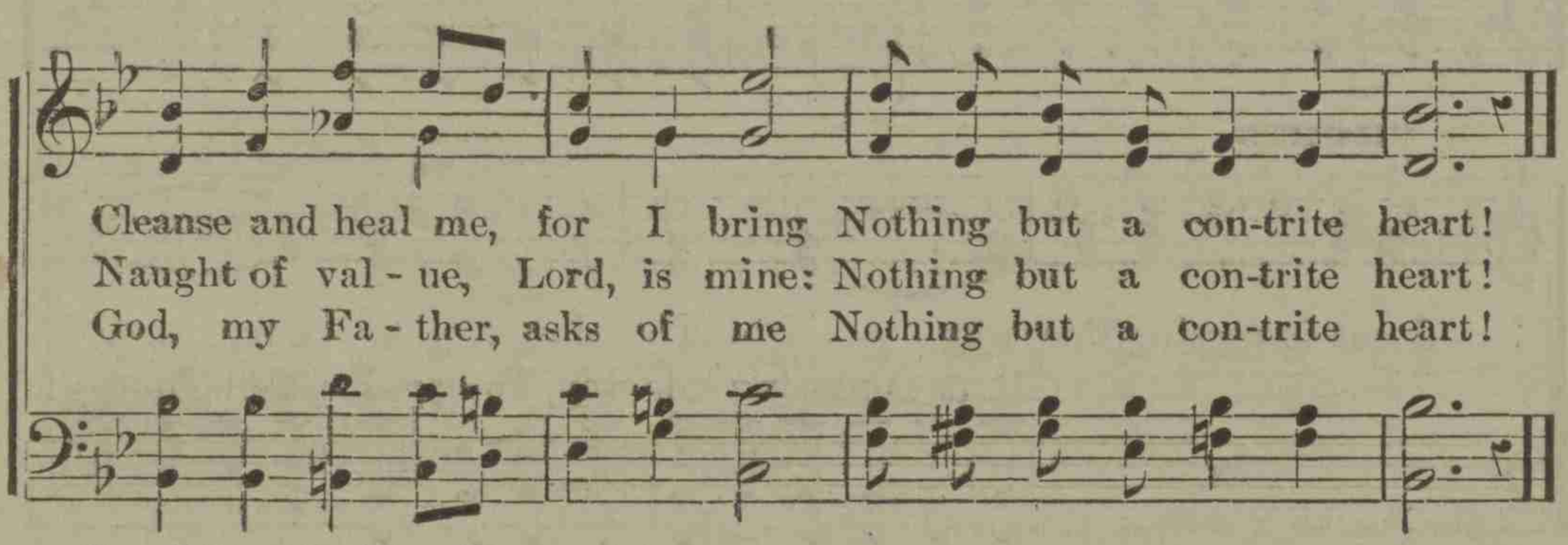
No. 35. NOTHING BUT A CONTRITE HEART.

MISS J. POLLARD. THEODORE E. PERKINS.







From "Coronation Songs," by permission.

No. 36. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

E. A. H. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Is there a sin-ner a-wait-ing Mer-cy and par-don to-day?
2. Brother, the Mas-ter is wait-ing, Waiting to free-ly for-give;
3. Yes, He is com-ing to bless you While in con-tri-tion you bow;

Welcome the news that we bring him: "Je-sus is pass-ing this way!"
Why not this moment ac-cept Him, Trust in His grace and live?
Com-ing from sin to re-deem you, Read-y to save you now;

Coming in love and in mer-cy, Pardon and peace to be-stow,
He is so ten-der and precious, He is so near you to-day,
Can you re-fuse the sal-va-tion, Je-sus is of-fer-ing here?

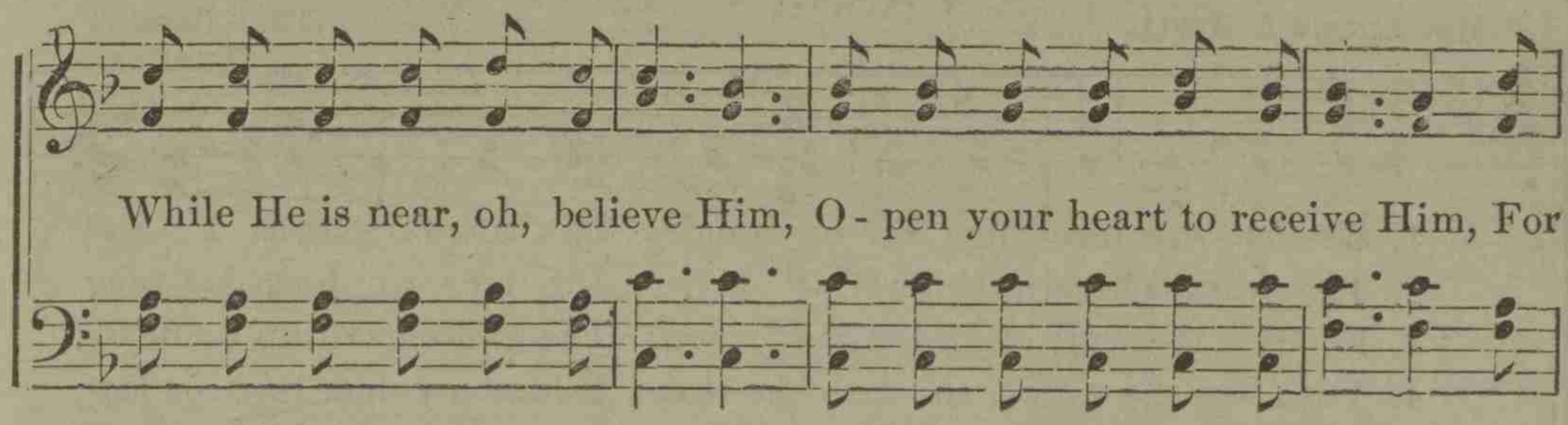
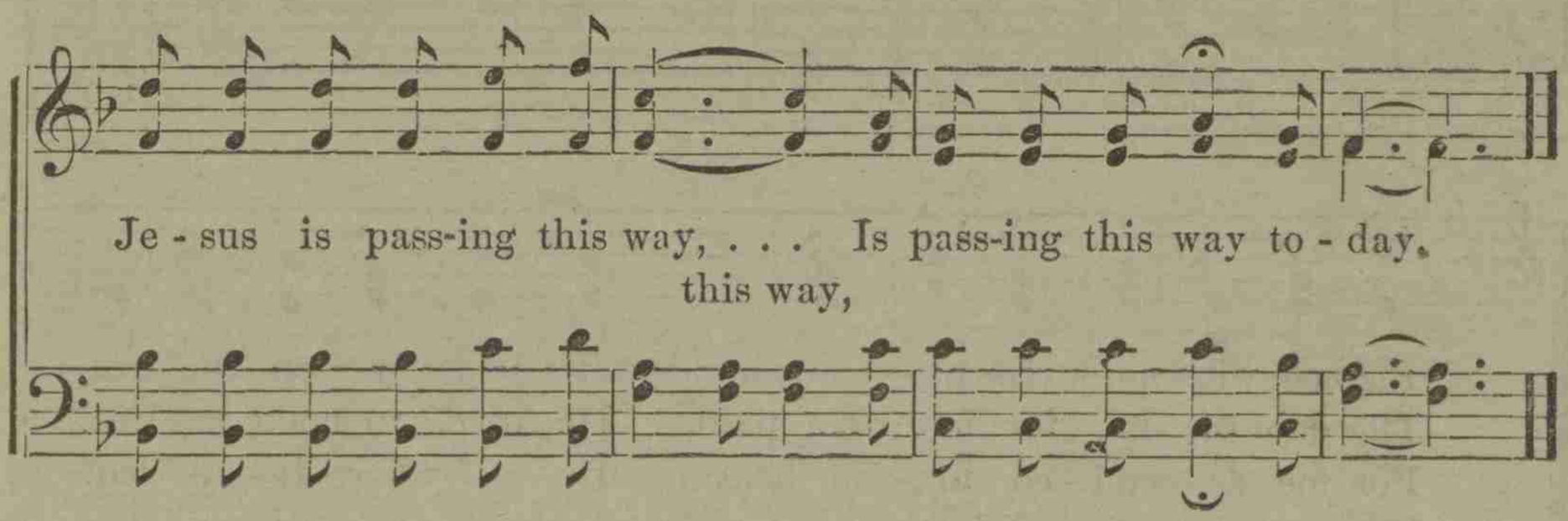
Coming to save the poor sin-ner From his heart-anguish and woe.
O-pen your heart to receive Him, While He is pass-ing this way.
O-pen your heart to ad-mit Him, While He is com-ing so near.

CHORUS.

Jesus is passing this way, . . To-day, . . to-day, . . .
Jesus is passing this way, To-day, is passing to-day!

From "Spiritual Songs." By per.

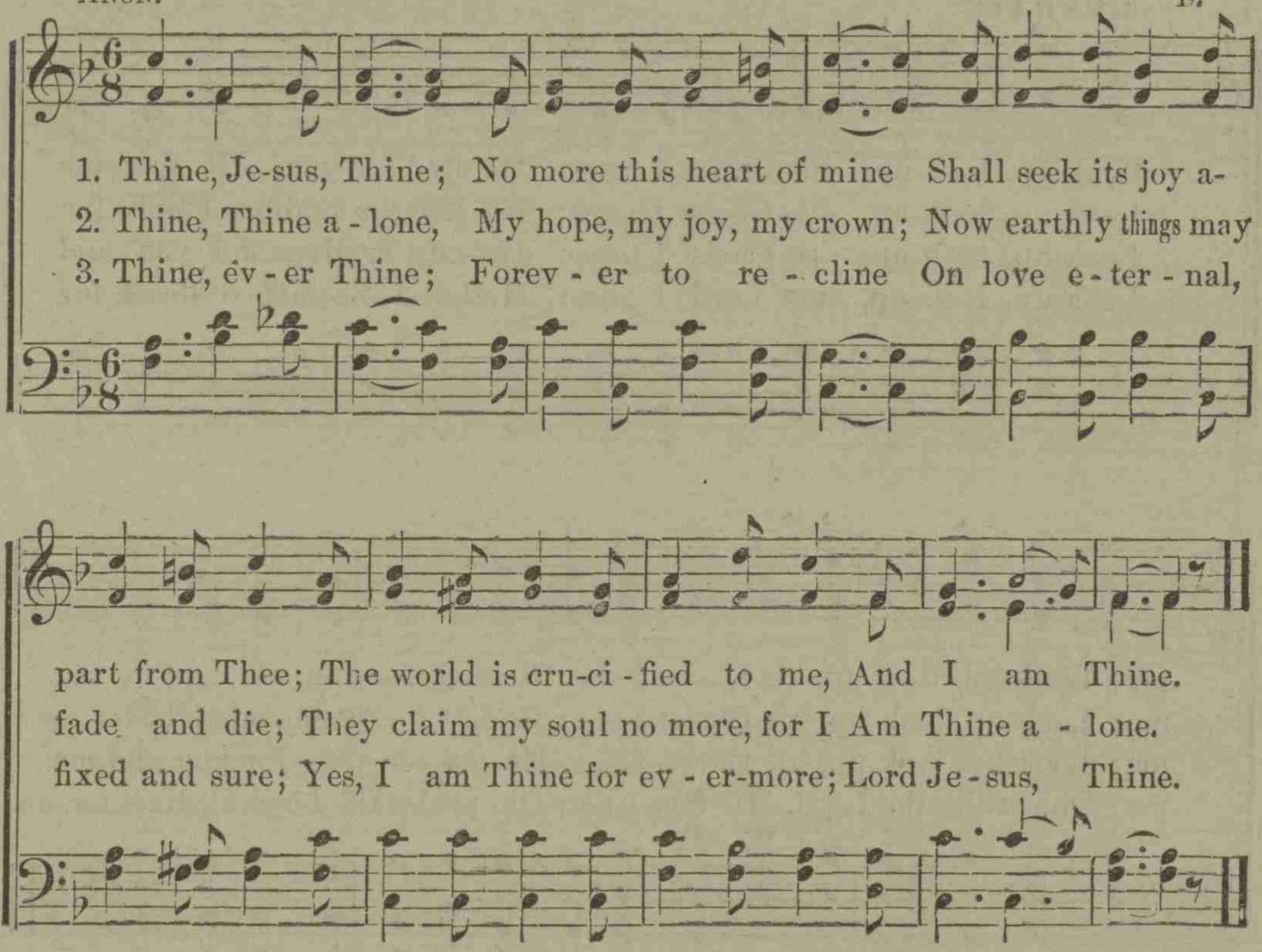
JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY. Concluded.



No. 37. I AM THINE.

"Lo, we have left all, and have followed Thee."—MARK 10: 28.

ANON. B.



No. 38. LOOK UP.

MRS. JENNIE F. SNELL. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. Be - fore my face my Sav-ior stands, His sorro'ing eyes I see;
2. The grave wherein the Sav-ior lay, No ter - ror hath for me;
3. For me the vail and rock were riven; The grave gave up its dead;
4. Vain was the watch, the seal, the stone, Where my dear Sav-ior lay;

Pierced with nails His pre - cious hands, His bod - y on the tree.
The debt of sin for me He paid, He died to make me free.
For me as - cend - ed in - to heaven,—I go where Je - sus led.
He burst the gates of death a - lone, And rose to end-less day.

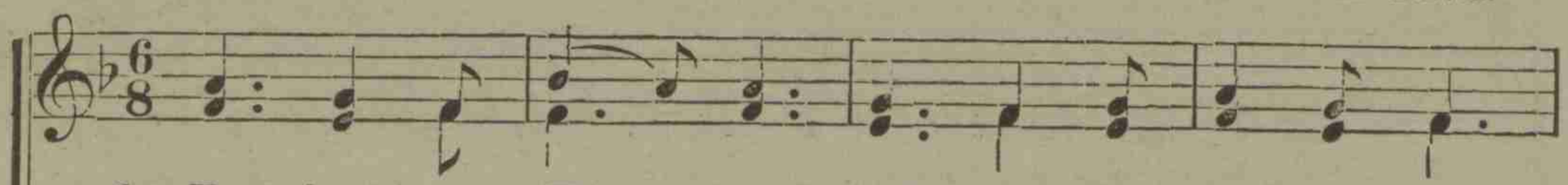
REFRAIN.

Look up, look up, 'tis Christ I see: He died for you, He died for
Look up, look up, 'tis Christ I see; He left the realms of light for
Look up, look up, 'tis Christ I see; He ev - er lives for you and
Look up, look up, my Lord I see; He burst the gates of death for

me; Look up, look up, 'tis Christ I see; He died for you, He died for me.
me; Look up, look up, 'tis Christ I see; He left the realms of light for me.
me; Look up, look up, 'tis Christ I see; He ev - er lives for you and me.
me; Oh, praise the Lord, His face I see; Oh, praise the Lord, He lives for me.

No. 39. WILT THOU RECEIVE ME?

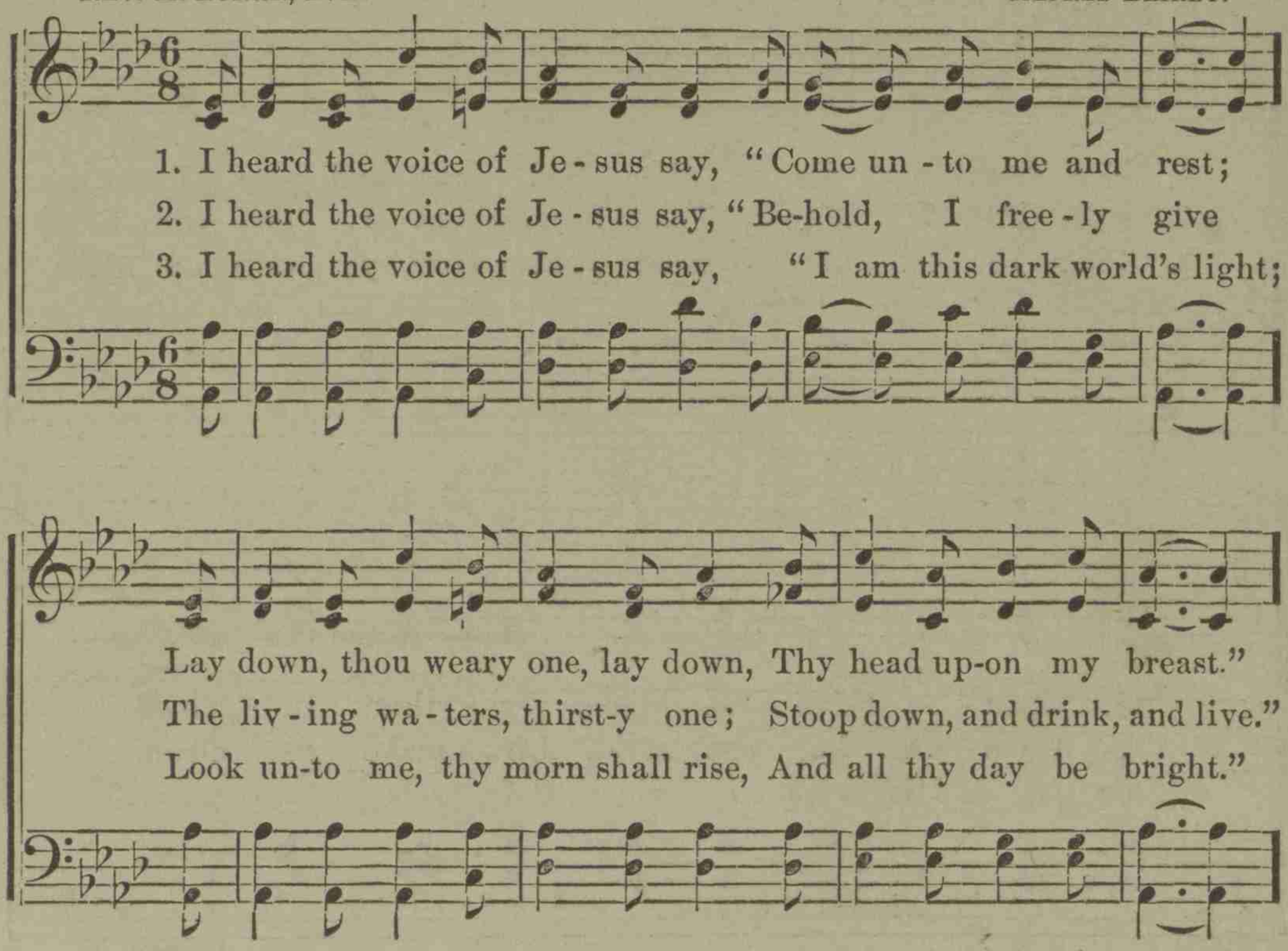
"But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him."—Luke 15: 20.

W. W. Smith. Frank M. Davis.

By permission.

No. 40. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS.

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

REV. H. BONAR, D. D. ALFRED BEIRLY.

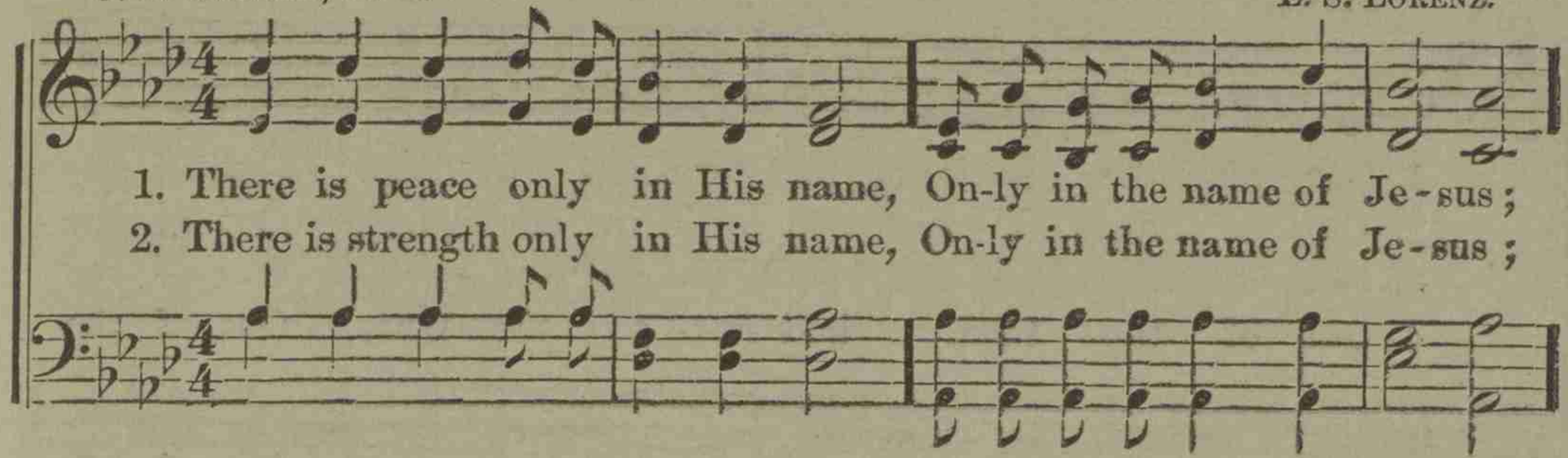


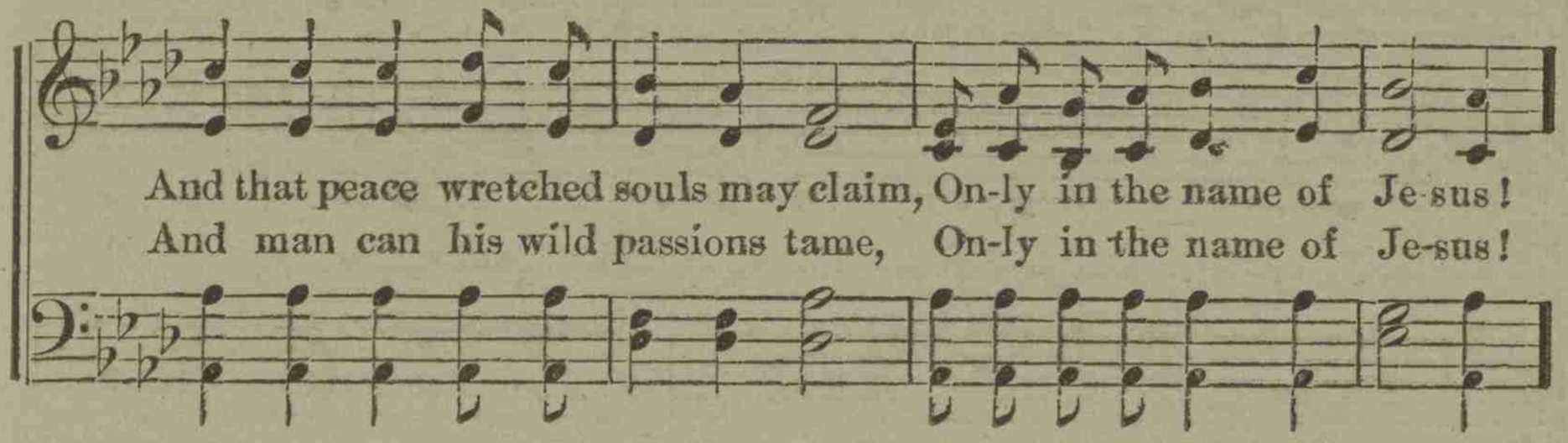
By permission.

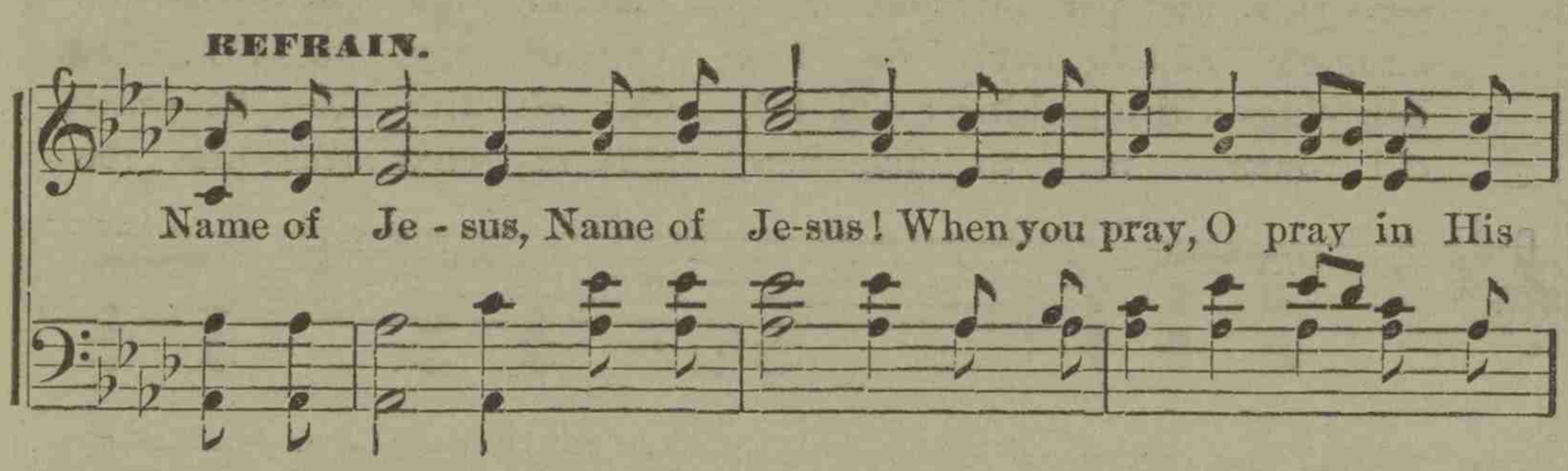
No. 41. ONLY IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

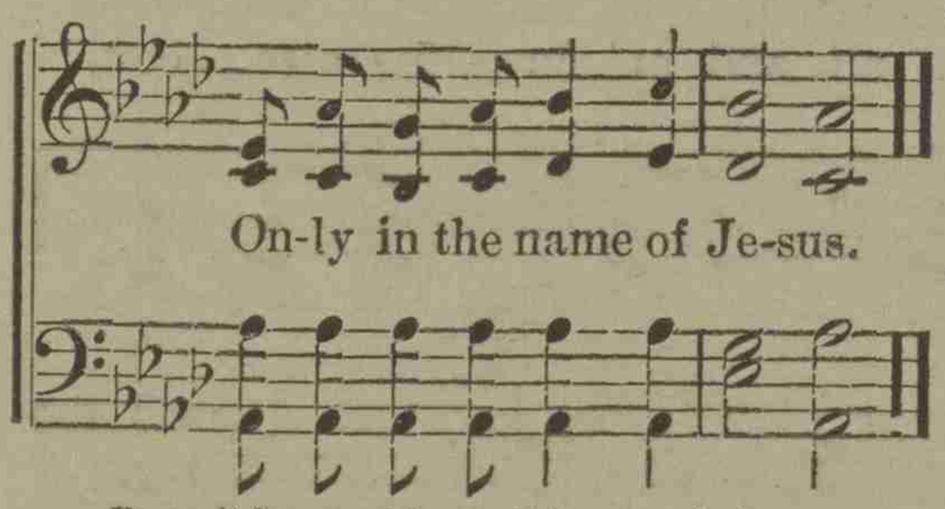
"If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it."—Jno. 44 : 14.

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









3 Tell to God what your sins have been,
Only in the name of Jesus:
He can make you all pure within,
Only in the name of Jesus.
Chorus.—Name of Jesus, etc.

4 Tell to God what your weakness is,
Only in the name of Jesus.
He is strong, and to help is His,
Only in the name of Jesus.
Chorus.—Name of Jesus, etc.

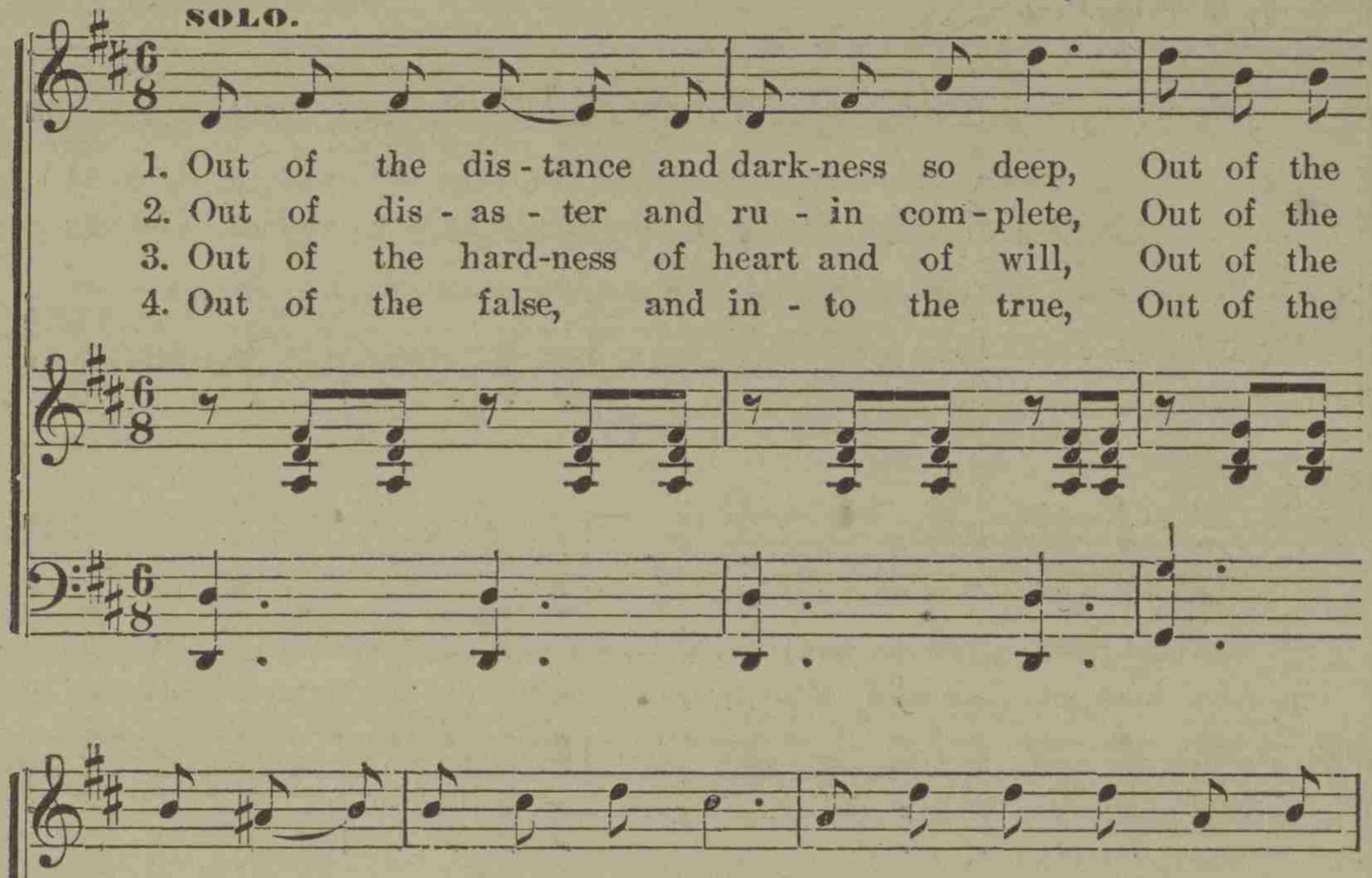
From "Songs of Grace," by permission.

No. 42. OUT AND INTO.

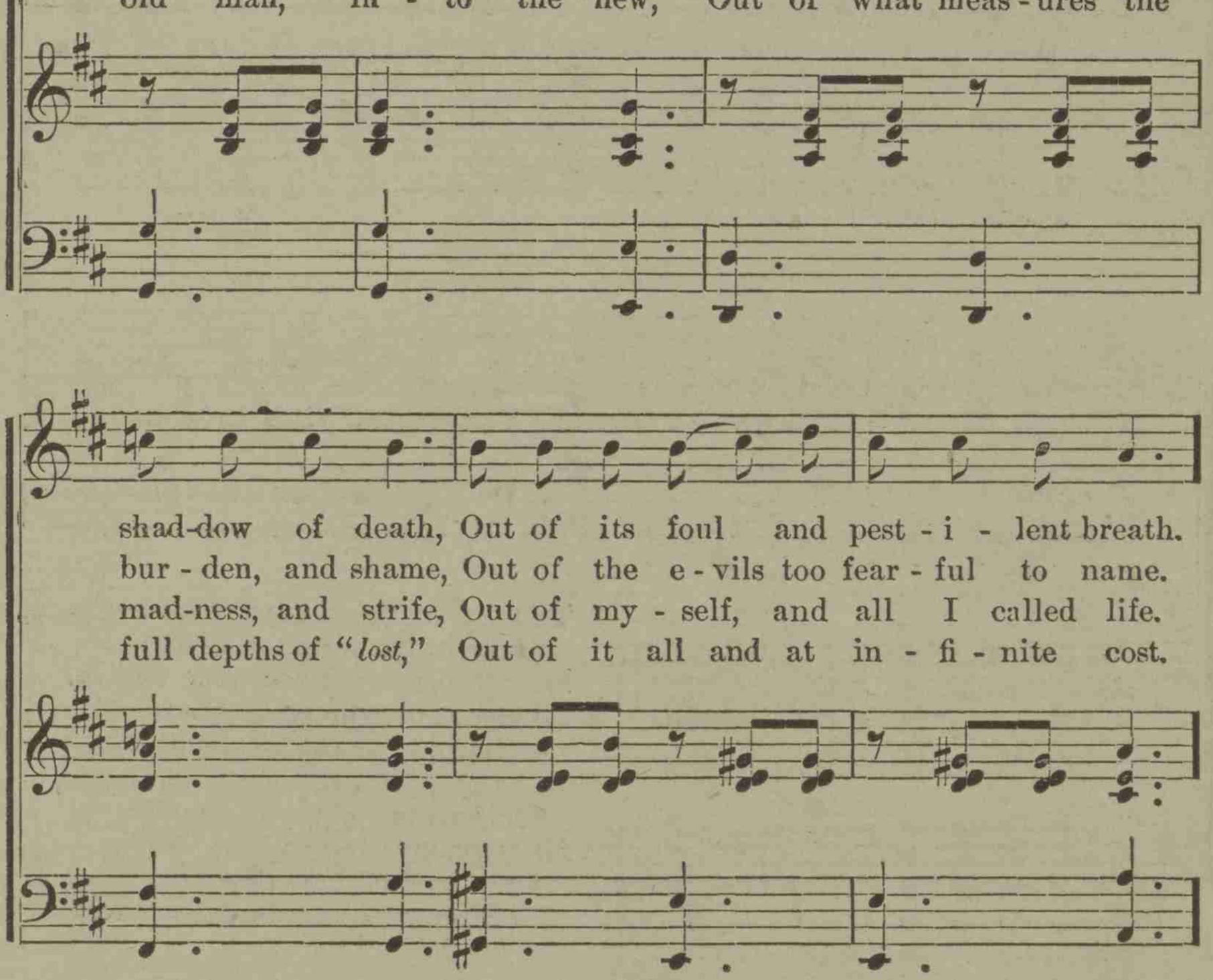
M. TAYLOR. P. P. BLISS. Arr. by M. E. WILLSON.

SOLO.

1. Out of the dis - tance and dark-ness so deep, Out of the
2. Out of dis - as - ter and ru - in com - plete, Out of the
3. Out of the hard-ness of heart and of will, Out of the
4. Out of the false, and in - to the true, Out of the



set - tled and per - il - ous sleep; Out of the re - gion and
strug-gle and drear-y de - feat; Out of my sor - row, and
long - ings which nothing could fill, Out of the bit - ter - ness,
old man, in - to the new, Out of what meas - ures the



shad-dow of death, Out of its foul and pest - i - lent breath.
bur - den, and shame, Out of the e - vils too fear - ful to name.
mad-ness, and strife, Out of my - self, and all I called life.
full depths of "*lost*," Out of it all and at in - fi - nite cost.

OUT AND INTO Concluded.

CHORUS.

Won-der - ful love, that has wrought all for me! Won-der - ful
Won-der - ful ho - li - ness, bringing to light, Won-der - ful

Won-der - ful low - li - ness, drain-ing my cup, Won-der - ful
Won-der - ful per - son, whom I shall be - hold, Won-der - ful

work that has thus set me free! Won-der - ful ground, up - on
grace, put-ting all out of sight, Won-der - ful wis - dom, de-

pur - pose that ne'er gave me up, Won-der - ful pa - tience, that
sto - ry, then, all to be told, Won-der - ful all the dread

which I have come! Wonder-ful ten-der-ness, wel - com-ing home.
vis - ing the way, Wonder-ful pow-er, that noth - ing could stay.

wait - ed so long, Wonder-ful glo - ry, to which I be - long.
way that He trod, Wonder-ful end, He has brought me to God,

Rit.

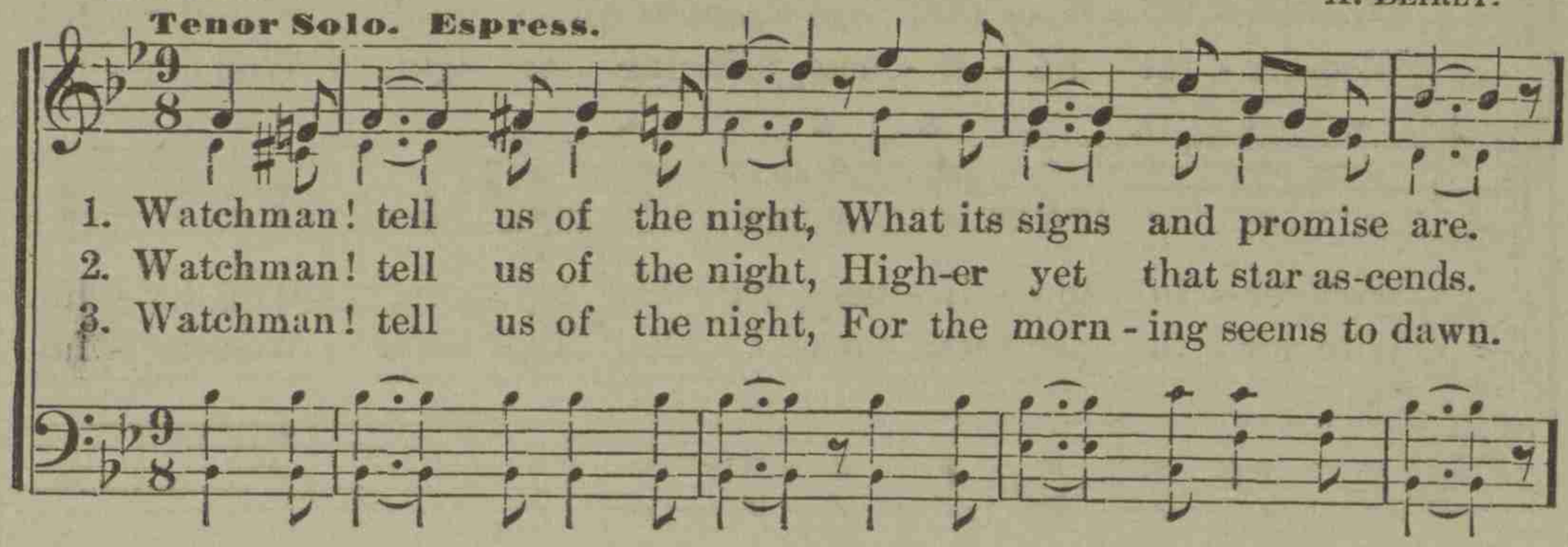
By permission of Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York.

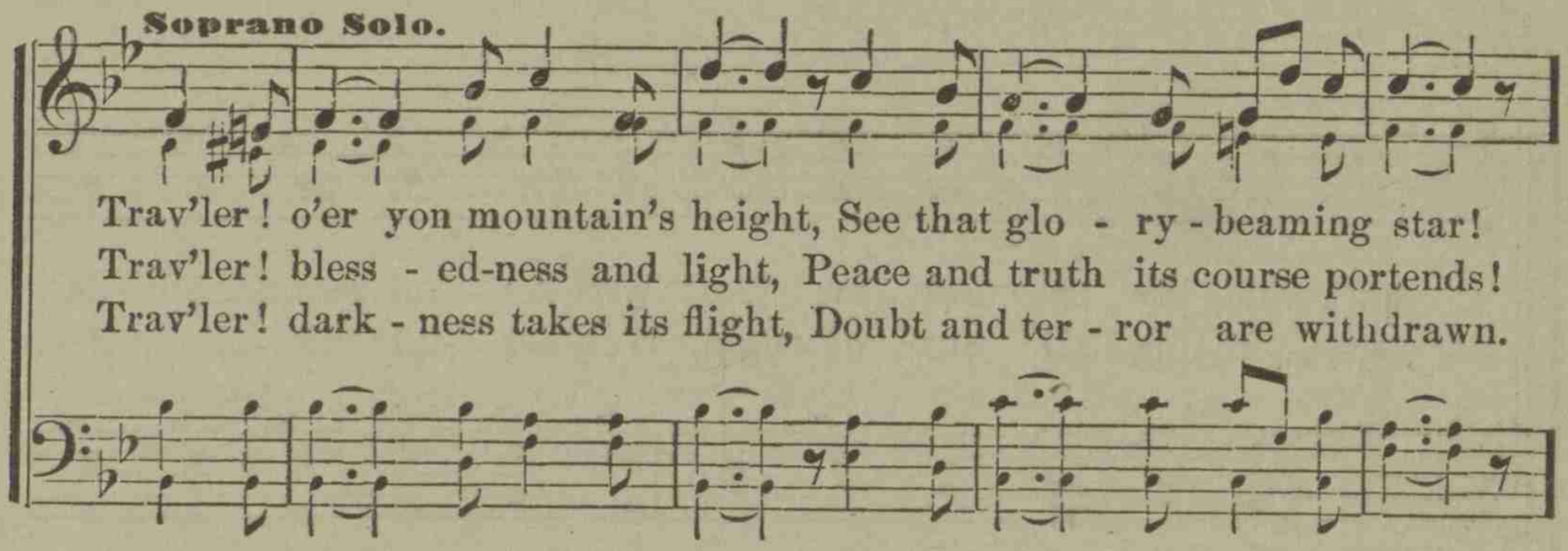
No. 43. WATCHMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

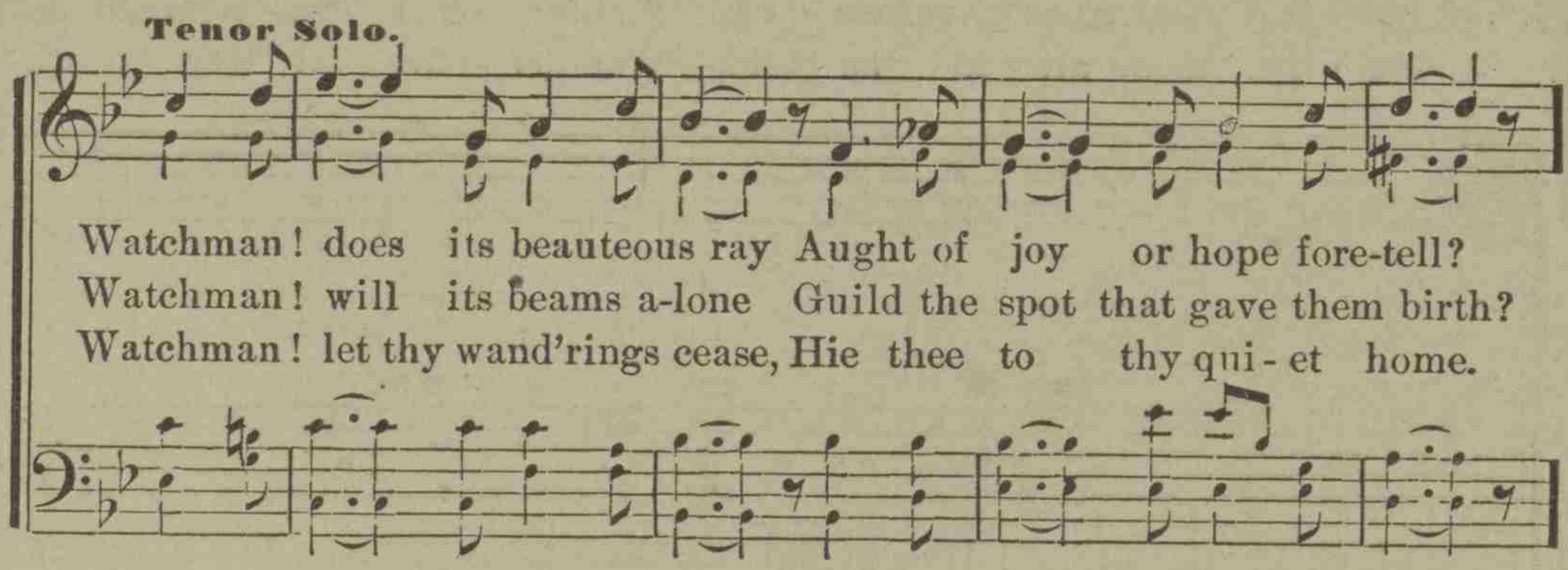
[This composition may be sung as a full Quartet, if desired; in so doing, the Soprano takes the upper part, or principal melody, and the other voices their respective parts.]

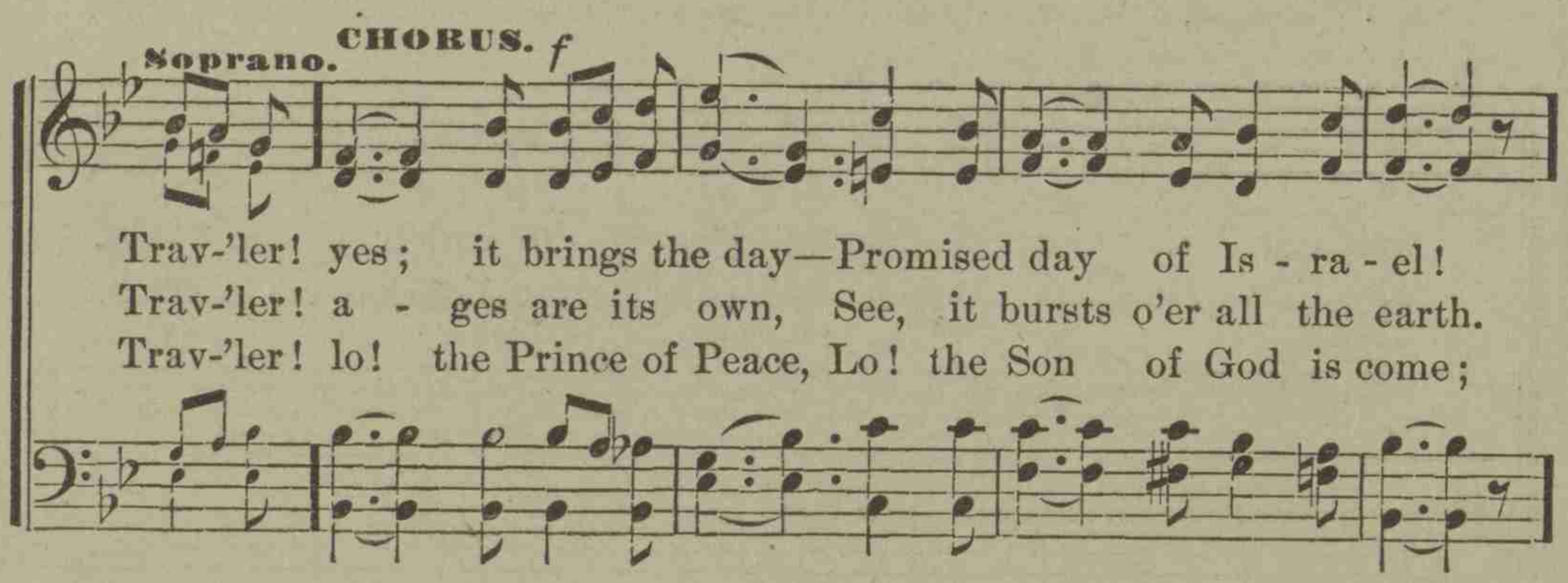
"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.—Isa. 9: 2.

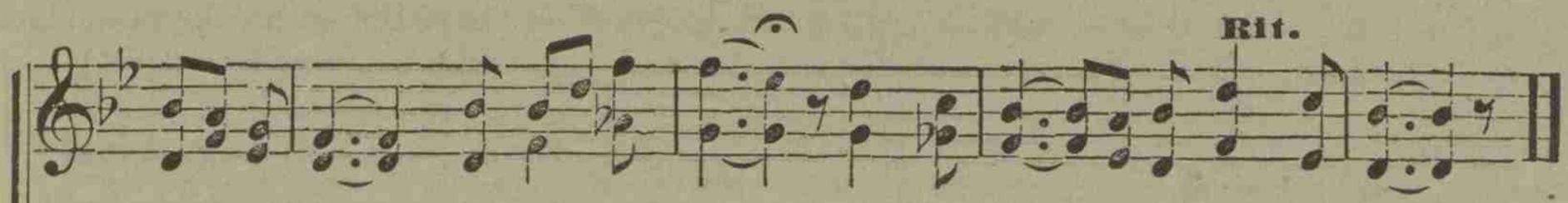
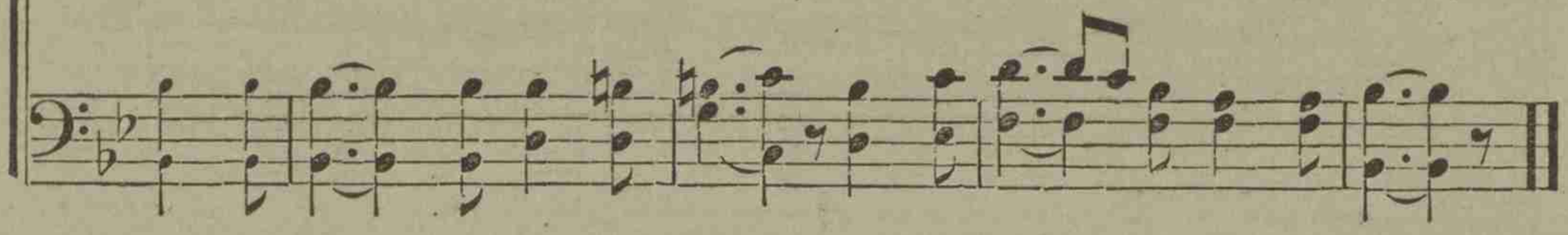
BOWRING. A. BEIRLY.



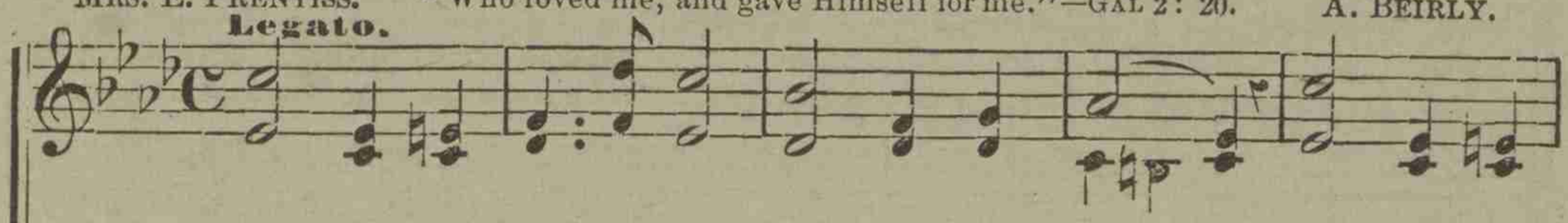




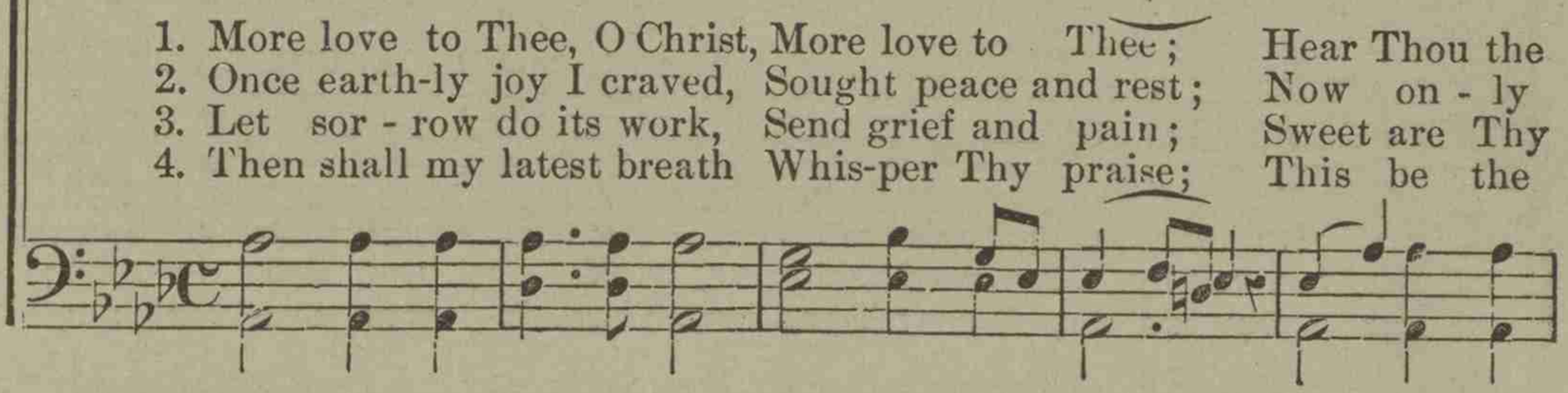


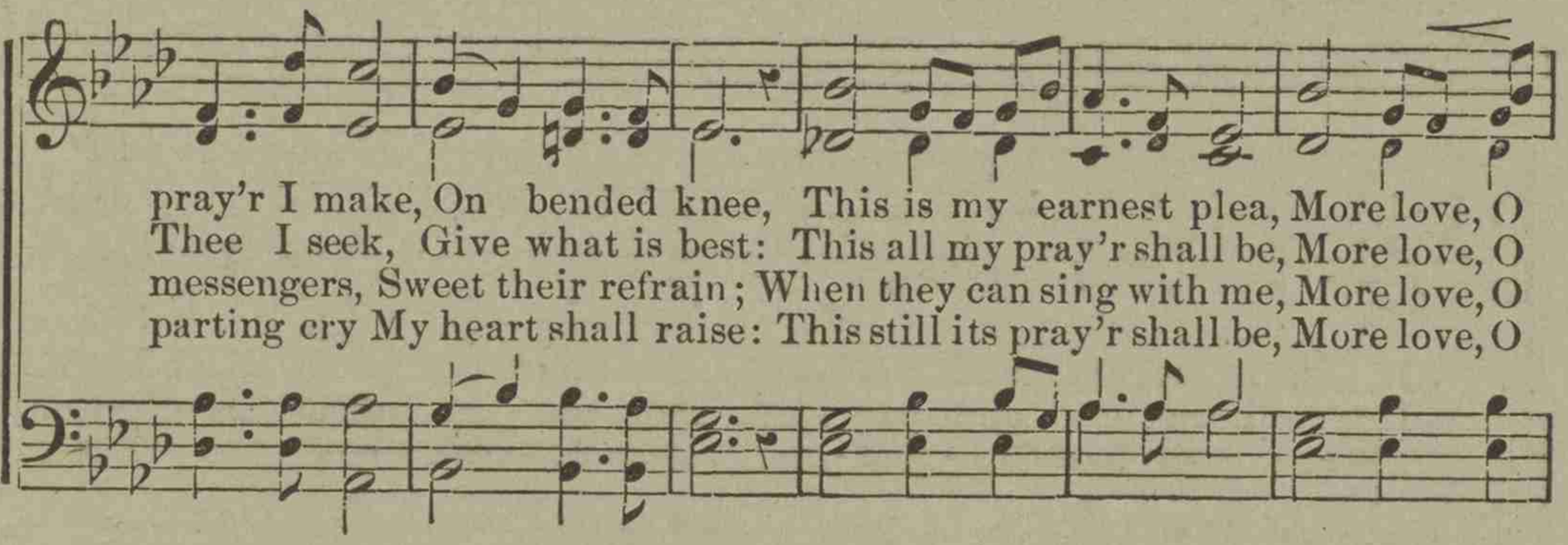
WATCHMAN! TELL US. Concluded.

Trav'ler! yes, it brings the day—Promised day of Is - ra - el.
Trav'ler! a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

No. 44. MORE LOVE TO THEE.

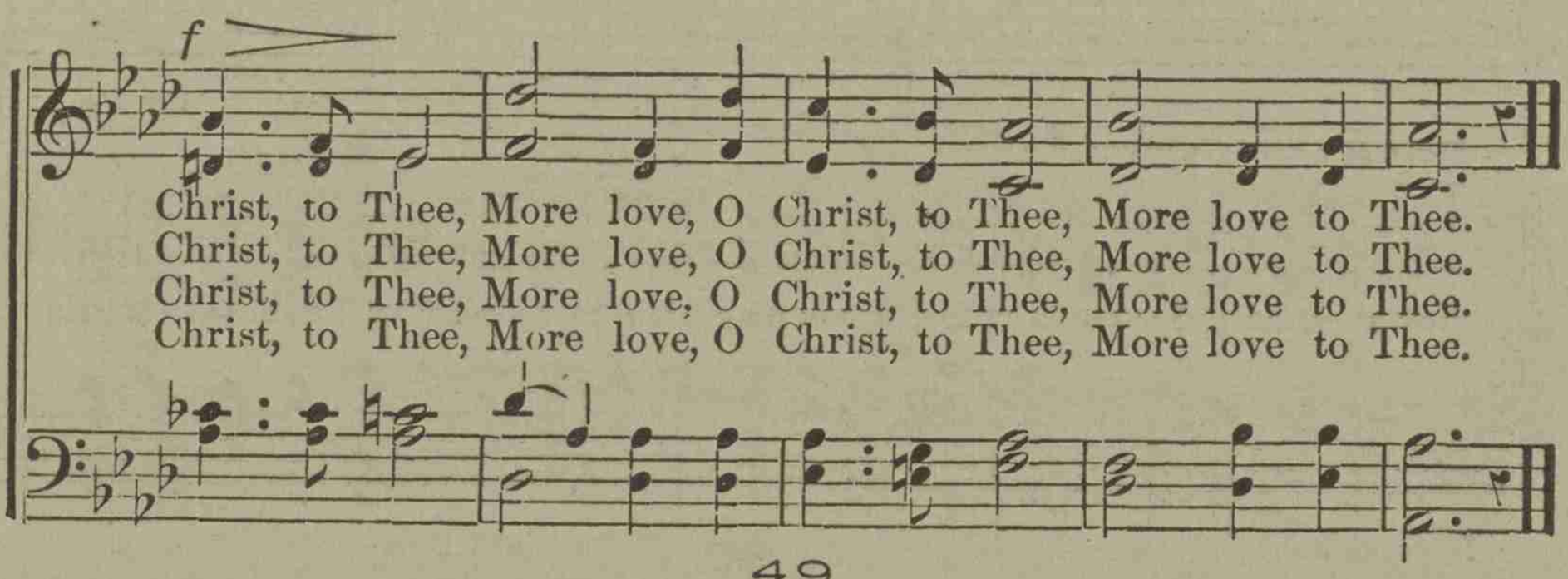
MRS. E. PRENTISS. "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—GAL 2: 20. A. BEIRLY.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now on - ly
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my latest breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the



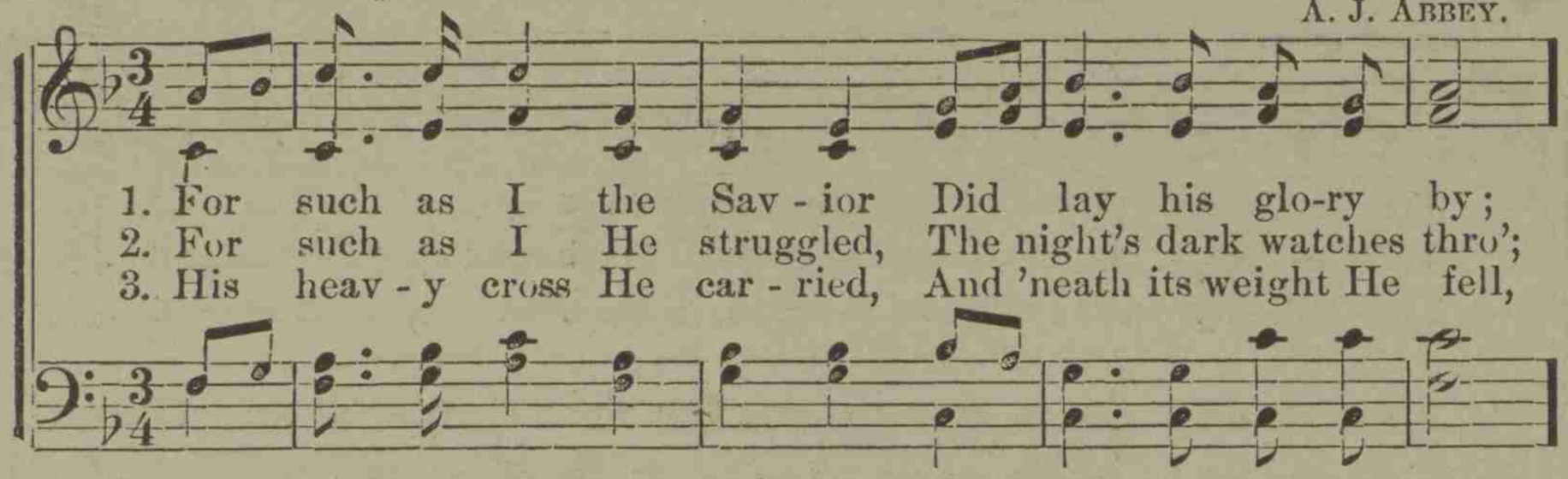


pray'r I make, On bended knee, This is my earnest plea, More love, O
Thee I seek, Give what is best: This all my pray'r shall be, More love, O
messengers, Sweet their refrain; When they can sing with me, More love, O
parting cry My heart shall raise: This still its pray'r shall be, More love, O

Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee.
Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee.
Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee.
Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee.

No. 45. FOR SUCH AS I.

"Though He was rich, yet for our sake He became poor."—2 Cor. 8 : 9.

A. J. Abbey.



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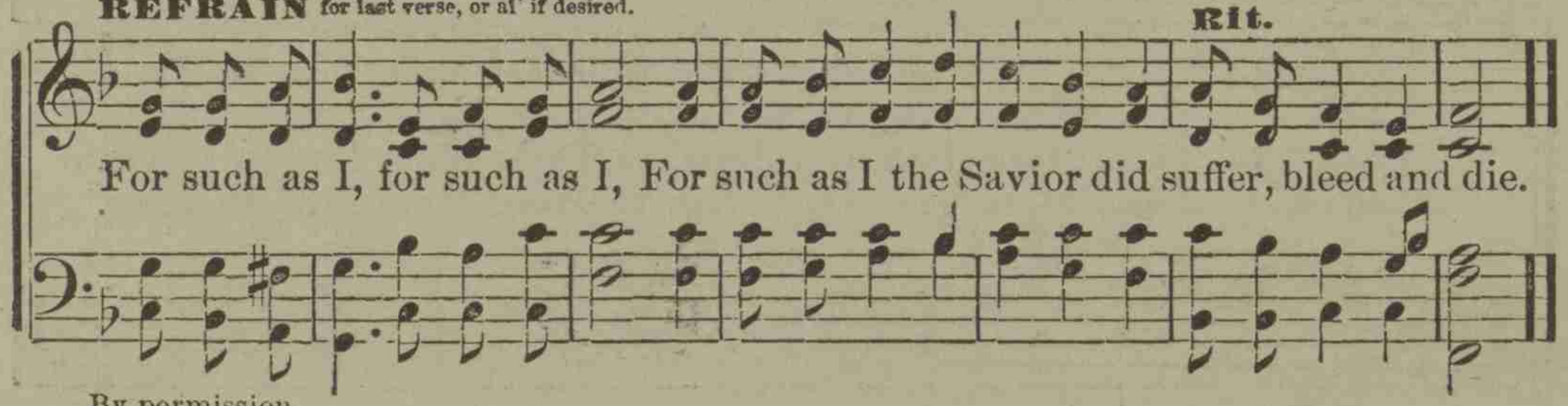
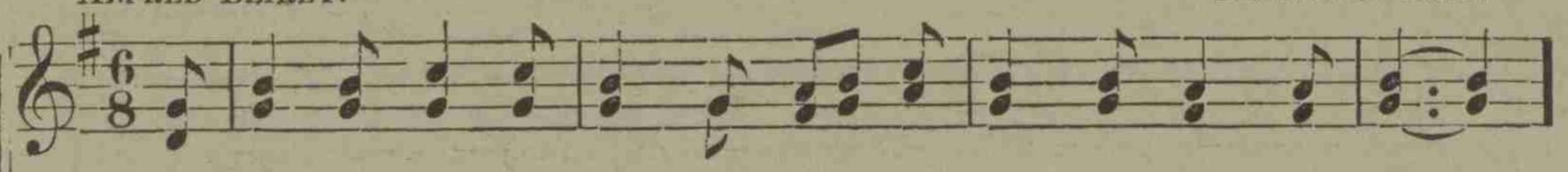
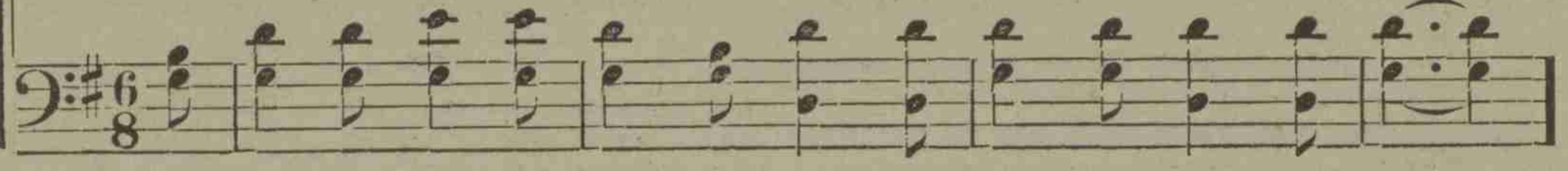
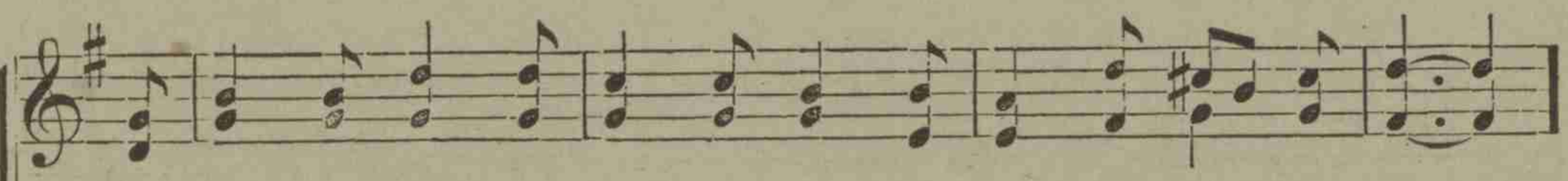
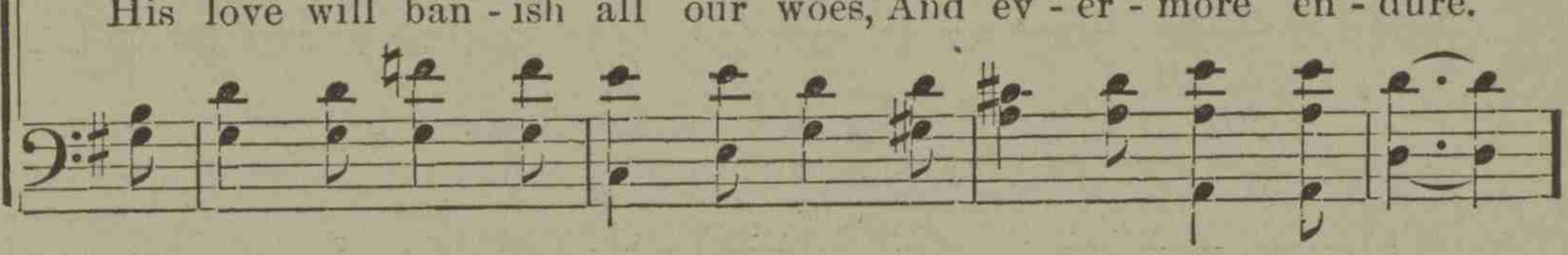
Rit.

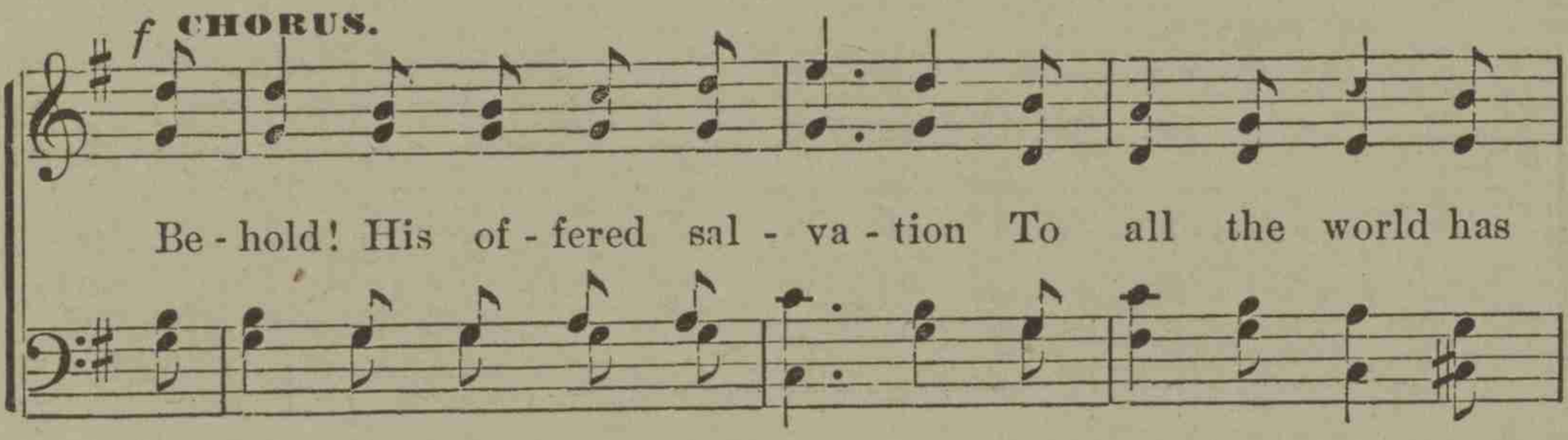


By permission.

No. 46. BEHOLD HIS OFFERED SALVATION!

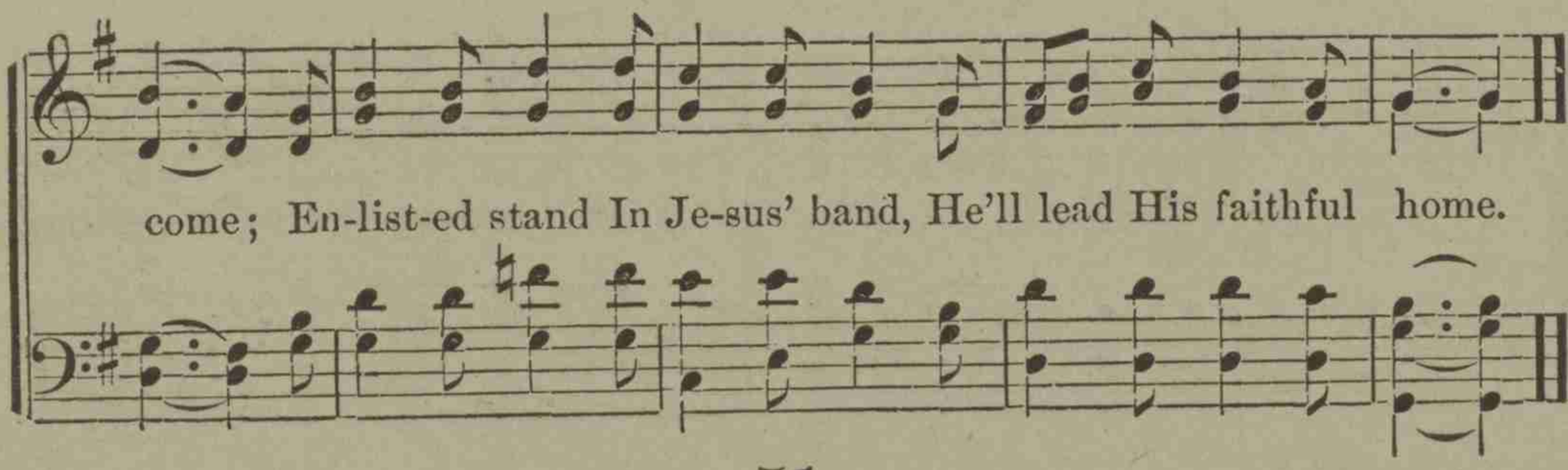
"Repent ye, and believe the Gospel."—Mark 1: 15.

ALFRED BEIRLY. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. "Repent ye," 'Tis the Sav-ior's voice That speaks to you to - day;
2. A - bid - ing rest they seek in vain, Who scorn the Sa - vior's call;
3. "Repent ye," while His voice you hear, And ev - er faith-ful prove;
4. He conquers all our fears and foes, Re-mains an an - chor sure;

Let ev - 'ry burdened heart re - joice, And has - ten to o - bey.
In Him a - lone who once was slain, A - bid - eth rest for all.
He will re - ceive, and keep you near The fountain of his love.
His love will ban - ish all our woes, And ev - er - more en - dure.

f **CHORUS.**



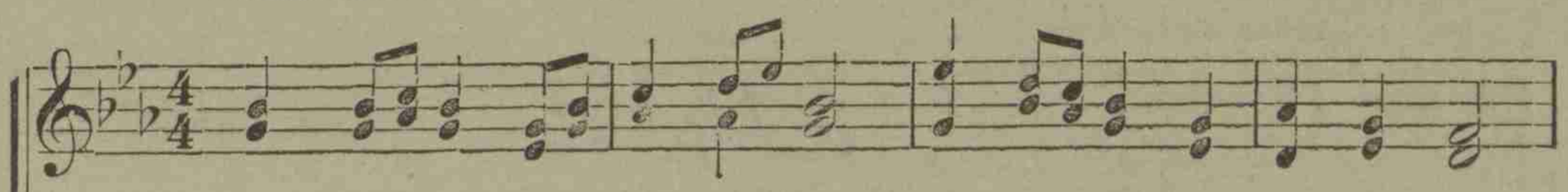
Be - hold! His of - fered sal - va - tion To all the world has

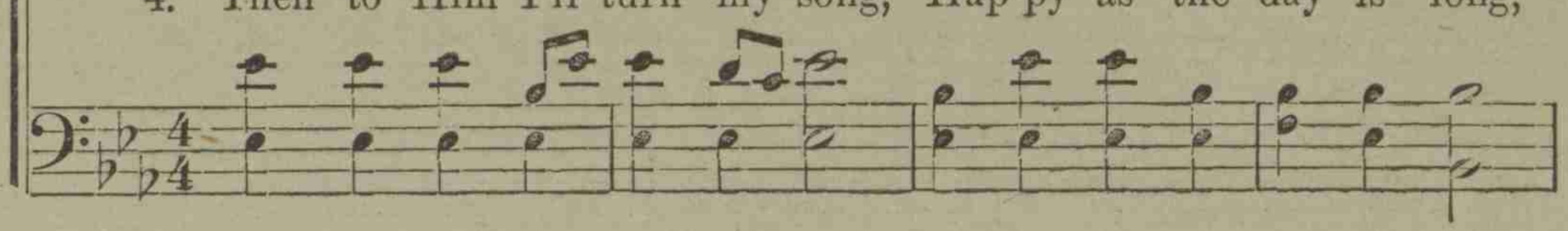
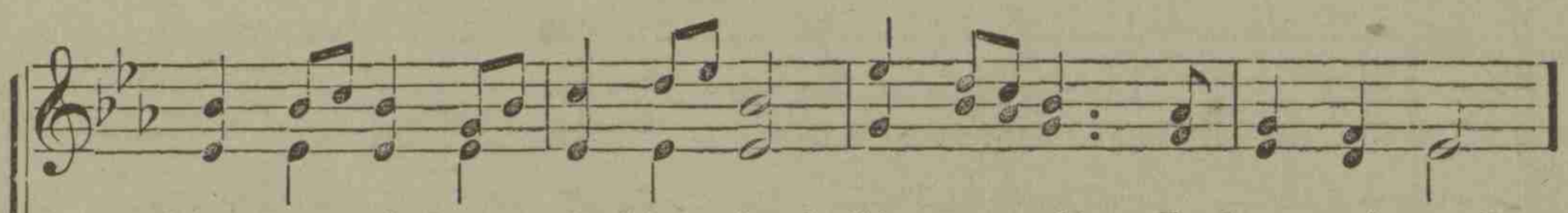
come; En-list-ed stand In Je-sus' band, He'll lead His faithful home.



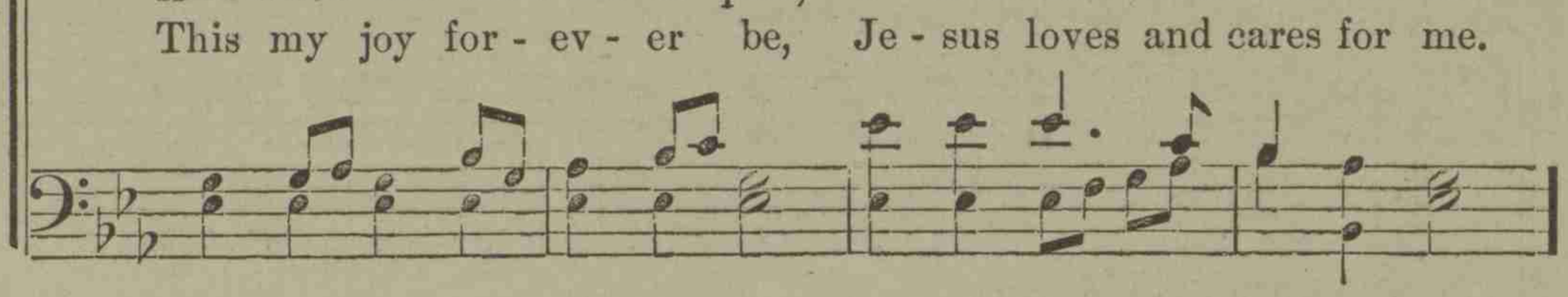
No. 47. JESUS CARES FOR ME.

S. C. HALL. SOPHIA. C. HALL.

"A man can receive nothing except it be given him from Heaven."—JOHN 3: 2.

1. Poor and need-y tho' I be, Je-sus loves and cares for me,
2. He will hear me when I pray, He is with me night and day,
3. Tho' I la-bor here a-while, He will bless me with His smile,
4. Then to Him I'll turn my song, Hap-py as the day is long,



Gives me shel-ter, clothing, food, Gives me all I have of good.
When I sleep, and when I wake, Of His bless-ings I par-take.
And when this short life is past, I shall rest with Him at last.
This my joy for-ev-er be, Je-sus loves and cares for me.



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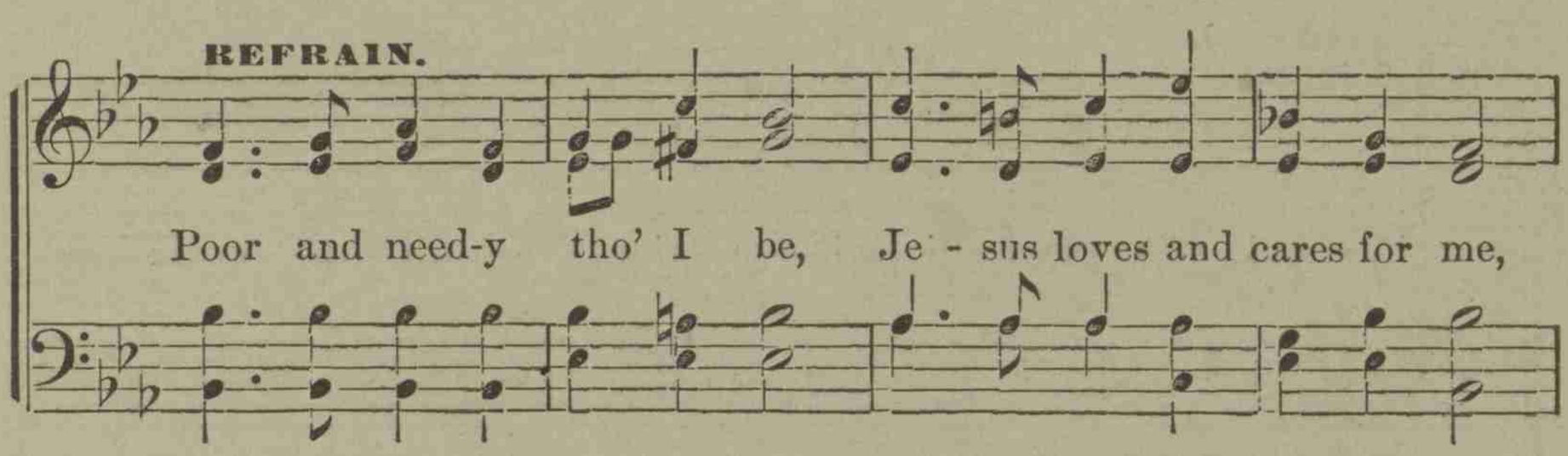
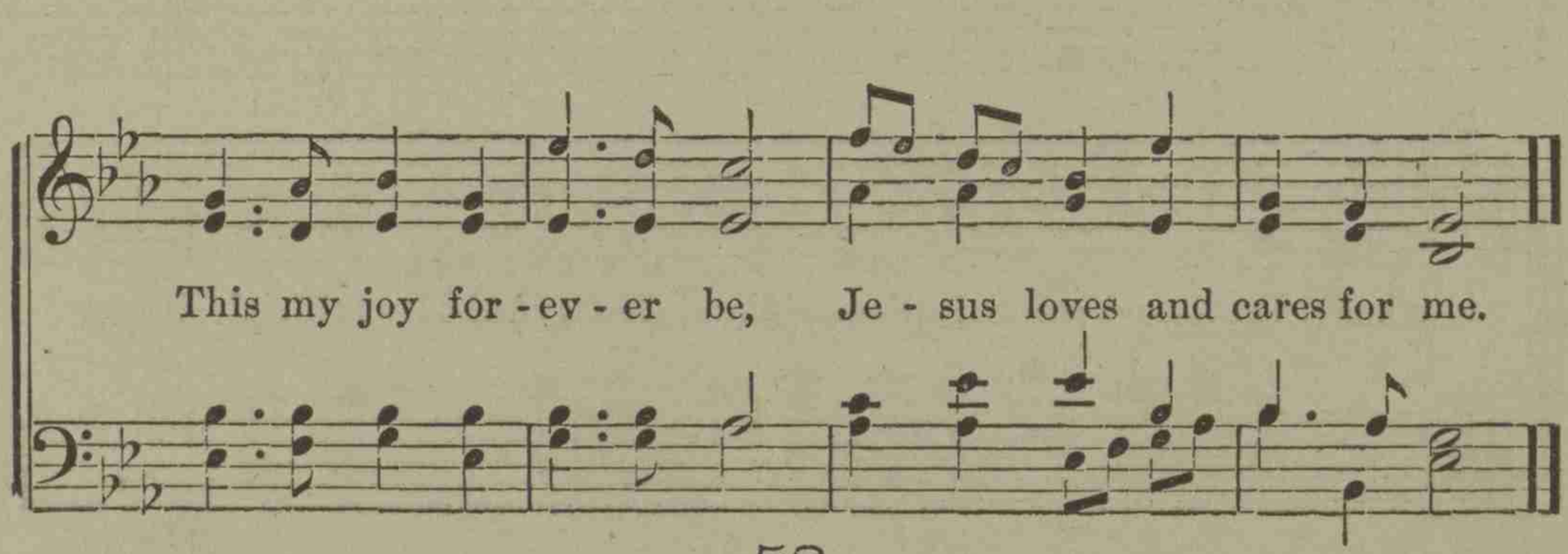


Poor and need-y tho' I be, Je-sus loves and cares for me,



This my joy for-ev-er be, Je-sus loves and cares for me.

No. 48. WHO'LL BEAR THE GOSPEL BANNER?

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate."—Luke 13: 24.

Beirly. A. Beirly.

With feeling.

1. Who'll bear the glorious ban-ner of the Lord, The en-sign of mer-
2. Who'll bear the beauteous banner of the King, And march with His peo-
3. Who'll bear the mighty ban-ner of the *Free*, In con-quest of sin

cy and free-dom; For the gift of a life with the sancti-fied In
ple to vic-t'ry; There in triumph to dwell with the saints above, Thro'
and de-struction; In the bat-tle for right who shall firmly stand, Till

CHORUS.

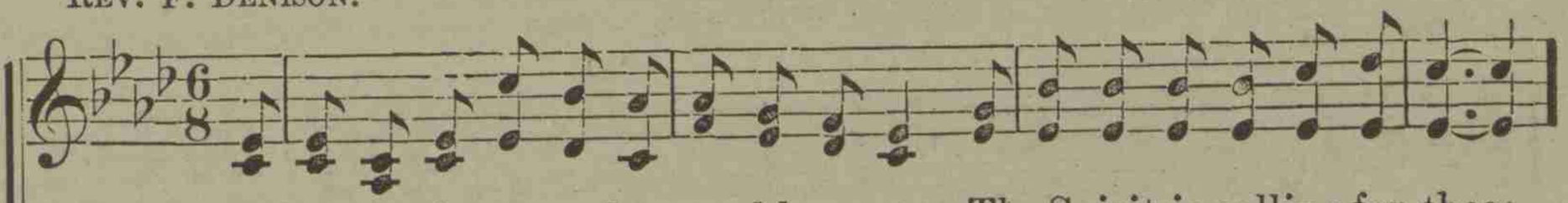
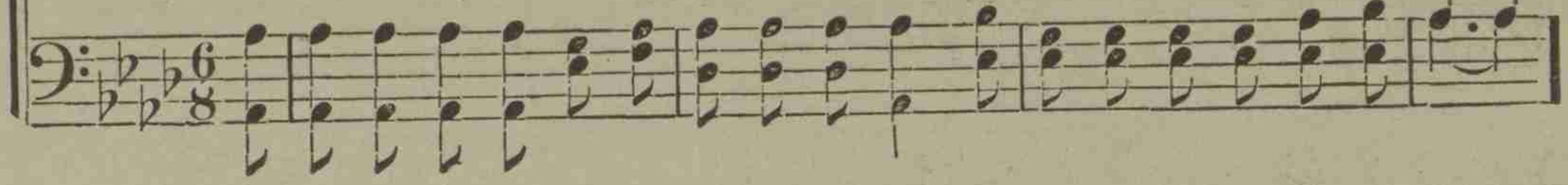
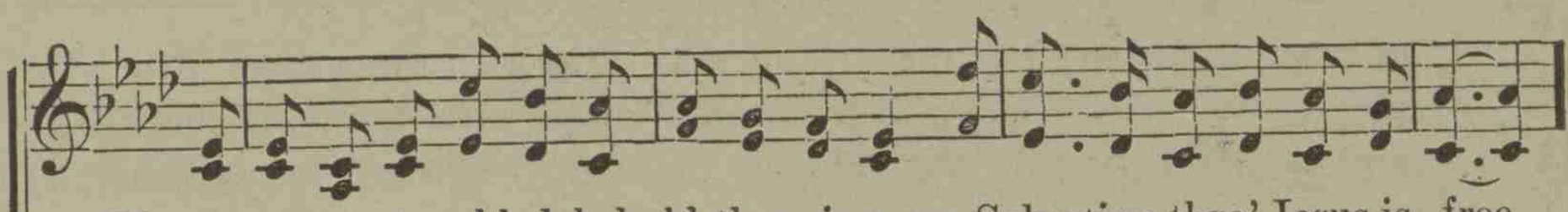
God's unend-ing home?
an e-ter-ni-ty? Ev-'ry sol-dier true Has a work to do;
that great fight is won?

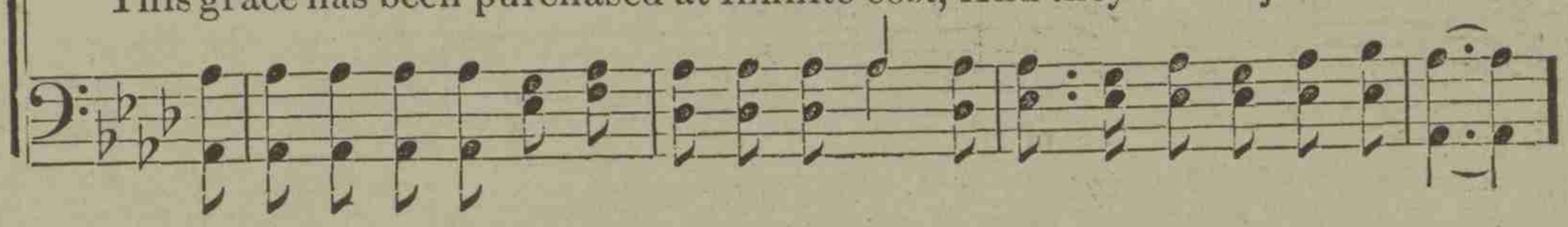
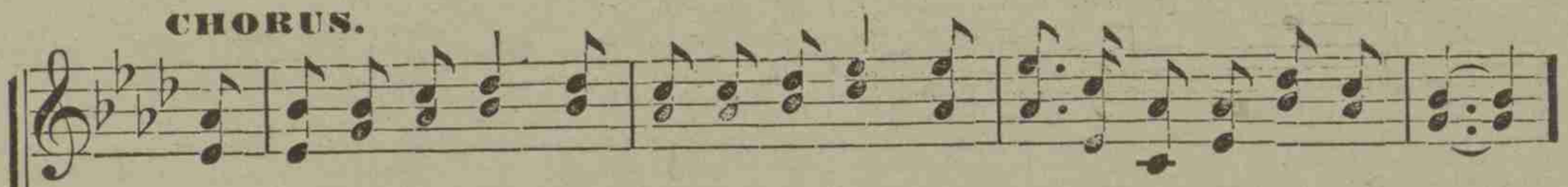
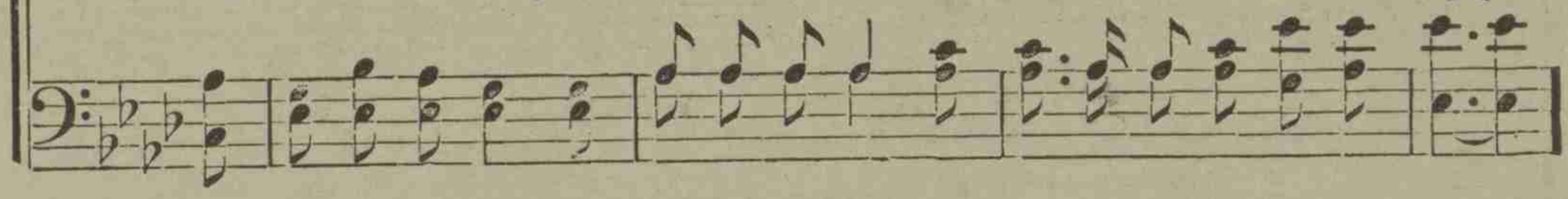
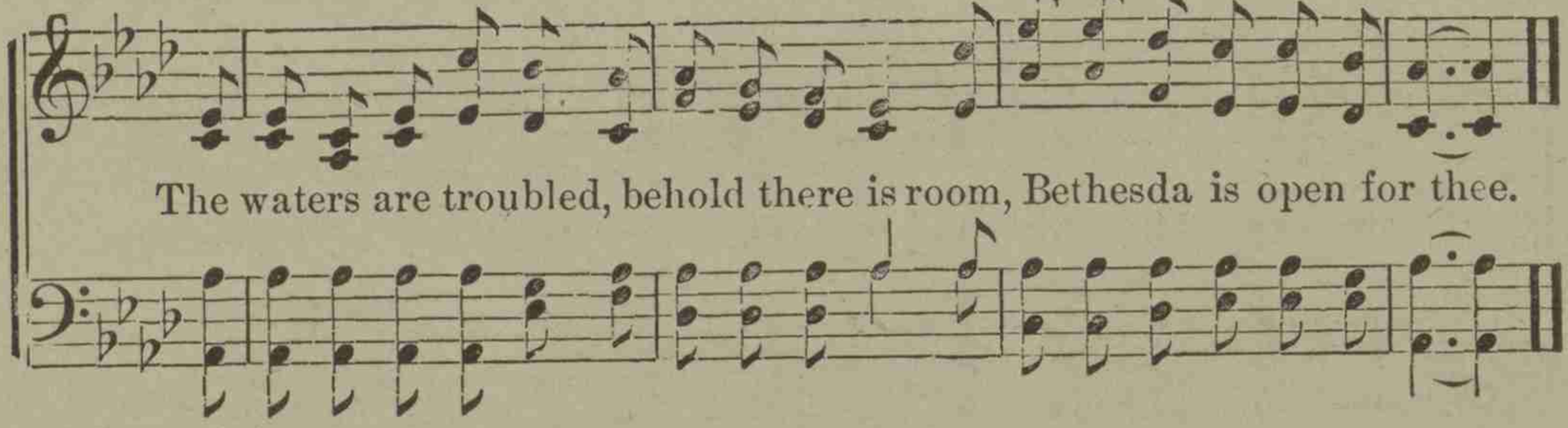
While we on-ward march to conquest, *Keeping Je-sus in view*, As the

foe we pur-sue, Till we en-ter the home of the blest.

No. 49. BETHESDA IS OPEN FOR THEE.

"Wilt thou be made whole?"—John 5: 6.

Rev. F. Denison. W. Warren Bentley.

1. Be-thes-da is open, the angel has come, The Spirit is calling for thee;
2. Come, press to the waters while mercy is here, Accept of a cleansing complete;
3. The house of Bethesda for sinners was built, The pool is a fountain of love;
4. Then come to the Fountain, ye needy and lost, Come now while the Savior is nigh;



The waters are troubled, behold there is room, Salvation thro' Jesus is free.
Oh, hear the entreaty dismissing your fear, Lo! judgment and mercy now meet.
The waters are troubled for canceling guilt; And still for our healing now move.
This grace has been purchased at infinite cost, And they that reject it must die.

CHORUS.

Sal-va-tion is free, sal-va-tion is free, Salvation thro' Je-sus is free;

The waters are troubled, behold there is room, Bethesda is open for thee.

By permission.

No. 50. HE CLEANSES ME.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven."—MATT. 5: 3.

WM. CODVILLE. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. How my spir - it yearns to rest, Bless - ed Sav - ior, on thy breast;
2. As the Hebrews sought a home, Journeyed thro' the des-ert lone,
3. Yes, my soul shall rest in Thee, From all sin and sor-row free;

Gaze with rapt - ure on thy face, Dwell with-in thy fond embrace.
Pressed with joy thro' Jor-dan's tide, En - tered Ca-naan to a - bide.
Oh! I feel the blood ap-plied, Now He hides me in His side.

CHORUS.

Pre-cious Je - - sus, take me in, Cleanse me

Pre - cious Je - sus, take me in, take me in,

now . . . from ev - 'ry sin, Precious Je - - sus,

Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin, ev - 'ry sin, Precious Je-sus,

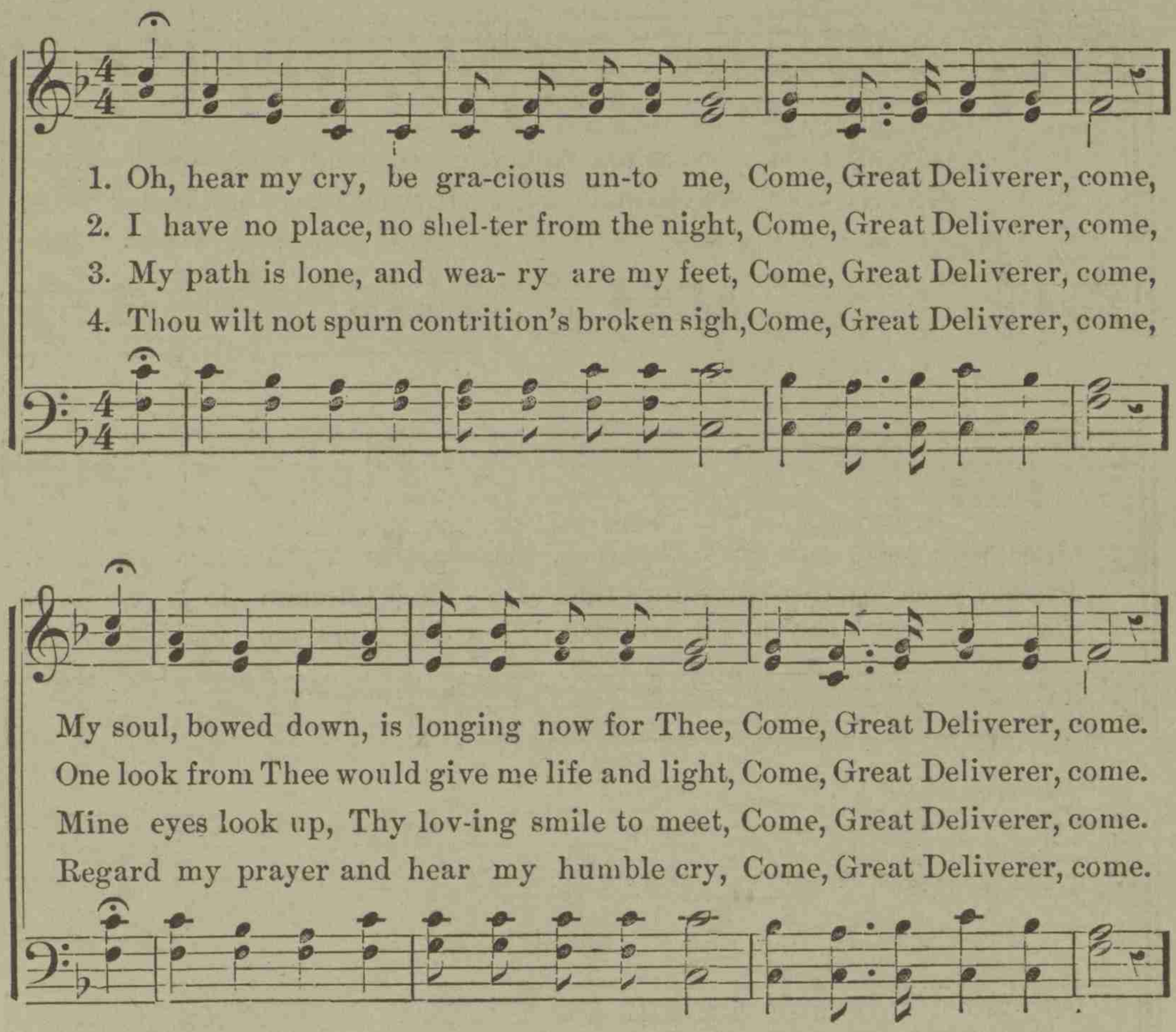
take me in, Cleanse me now from ev - 'ry sin.

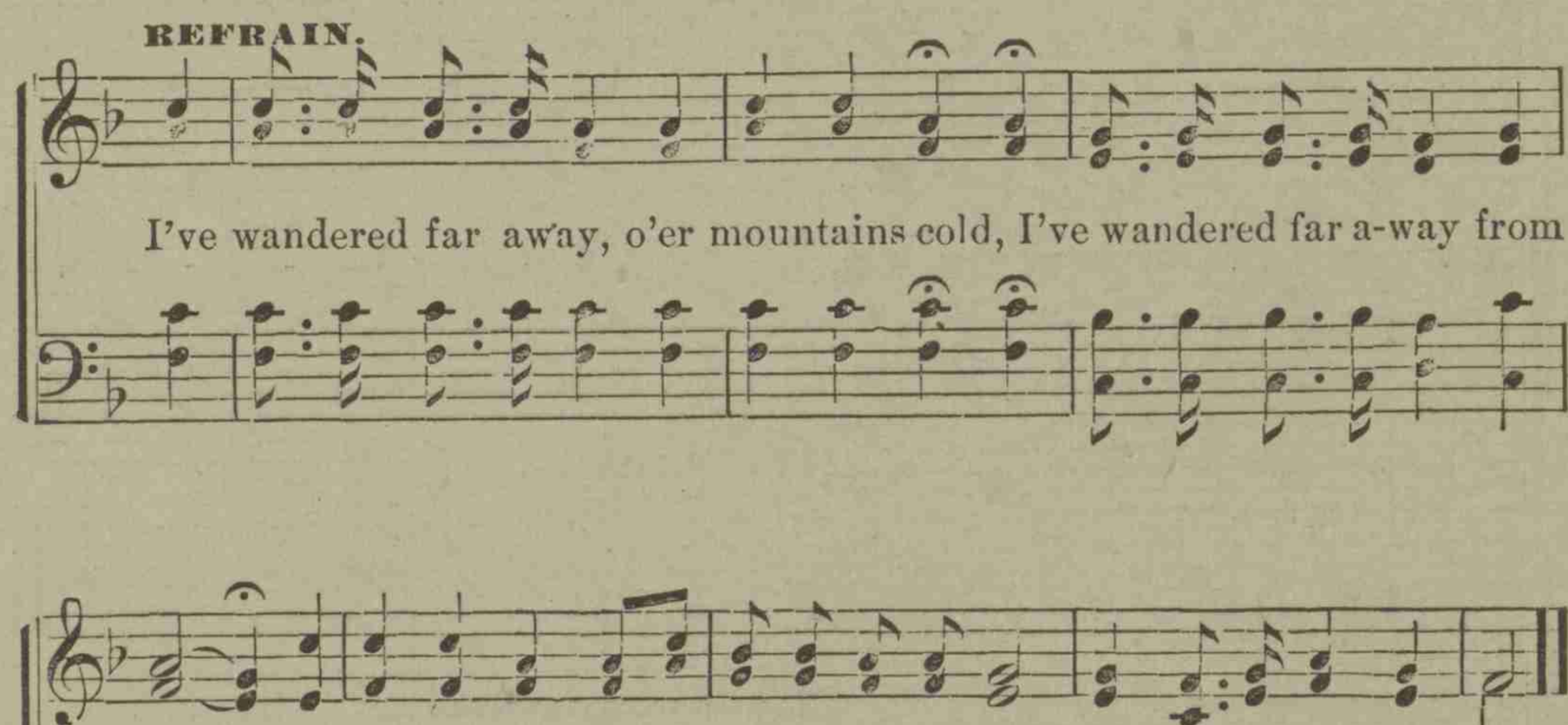
take me in, take me in, Cleanse me now from ev - 'ry sin.

By permission of PHILLIPS & HUNT, New York.

No. 51. COME, GREAT DELIVERER, COME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. T. J. SHANKS.





No. 52. TARRY NO LONGER.

"Every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 40.

A. B. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. Go to the Savior when thou art wea-ry, Go when thy life is with
2. Go to the Savior, seek-ing re-mis-sion, Go when thy need of re-
3. Go to the Savior humbly con-fess-ing, Go when thy heart in con-

sor-row oppressed; He will dis-pel thy burden so drear-y, Un-to His
lief thou dost feel; He will ac-cept thy humble pe-ti-tion, Un-to His
trition bows low; He will receive thee with the rich blessing, Un-to His

Tarry no lon-ger, Do not de-

REFRAIN.

loved He hath promised a rest.
loved He a par-don will seal. Oh, tar-ry not; No,
loved He doth ev-er be-stow!

lay, ... Tar-ry no

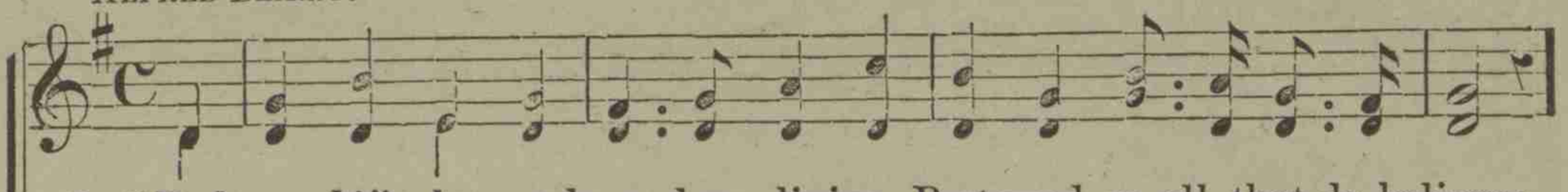
Tarry not; Jes-us is waiting, Seek Him to-day; Oh,

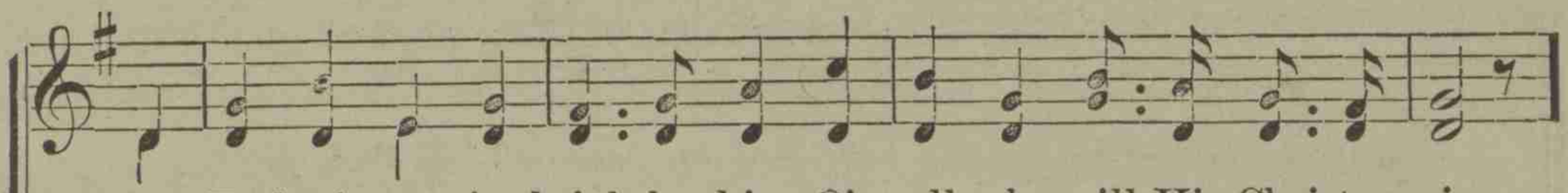
lon-ger, Do not de-lay, . .

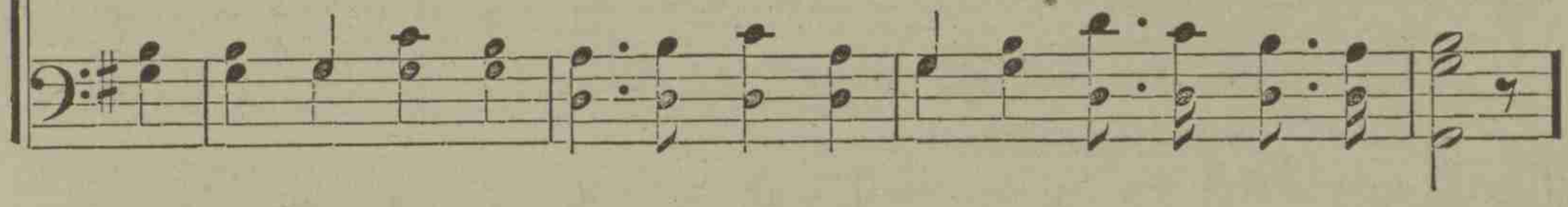
come to Him; Yes, come to Him; Jesus is waiting, Seek Him to-day.

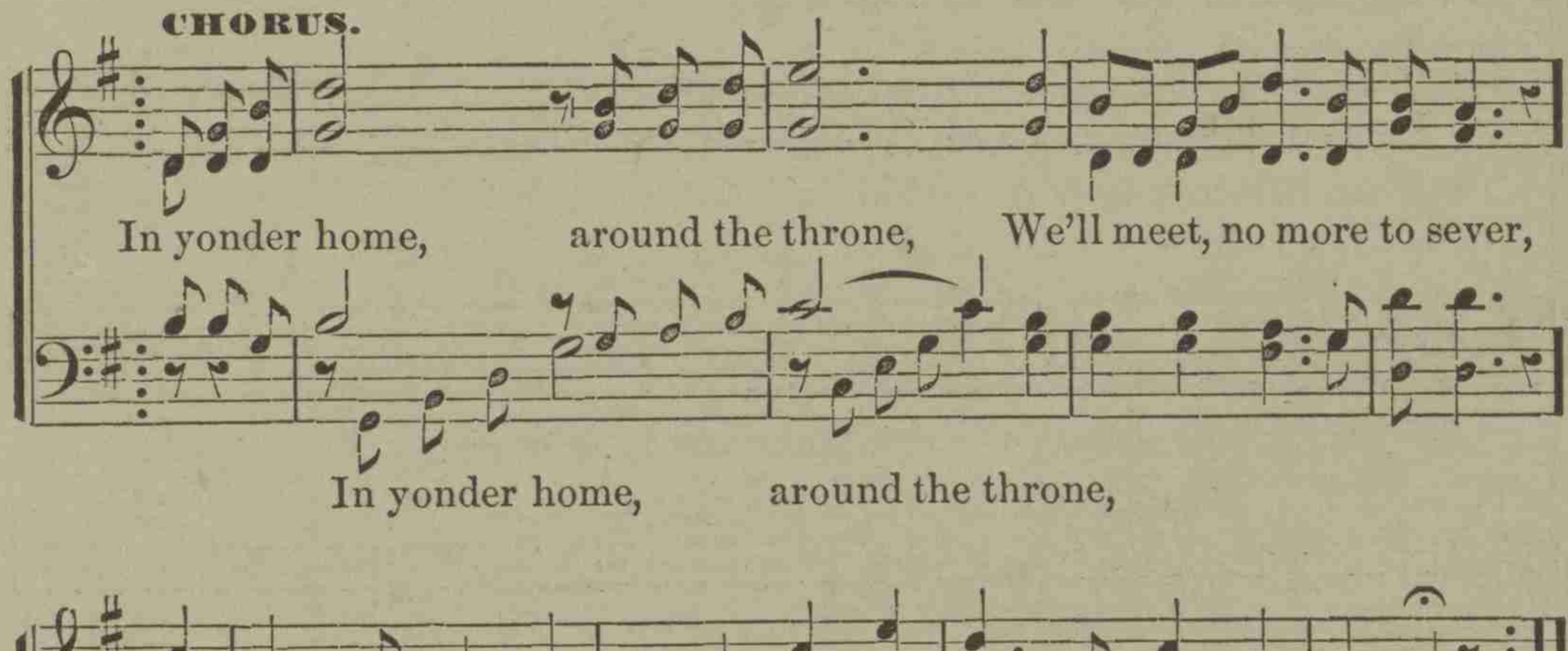
No. 53. REDEEMED.

"My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto Thee, and my soul, which Thou hast redeemed."—
PSALM 71: 23.

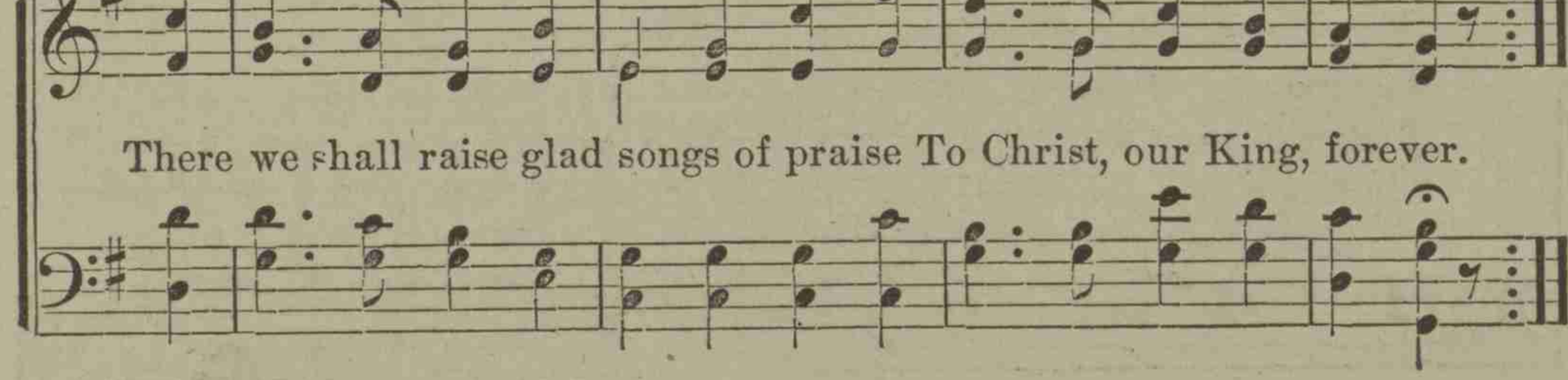
ALFRED BEIRLY. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. "Redeemed!" oh, wondrous love divine, Bestowed on all that do believe;
2. "Redeemed!" we seek no path unknown To One himself the only way;
3. "Redeemed!" our hopes are fixed alone On heav'n and happiness secure;
4. "Redeemed!" then but a few more tears, And we from pain shall ever rest;



Our Father's mercies brightly shine O'er all who will His Christ receive.
But fol - low in His footsteps shown, That lead us on to end-less day.
With Him who did for all a - tone, Of sin no more we need en - dure.
Receive us, Thou, who quells our fears, To live forev-er with the blest.

CHORUS.



In yonder home, around the throne, We'll meet, no more to sever,
In yonder home, around the throne,



There we shall raise glad songs of praise To Christ, our King, forever.

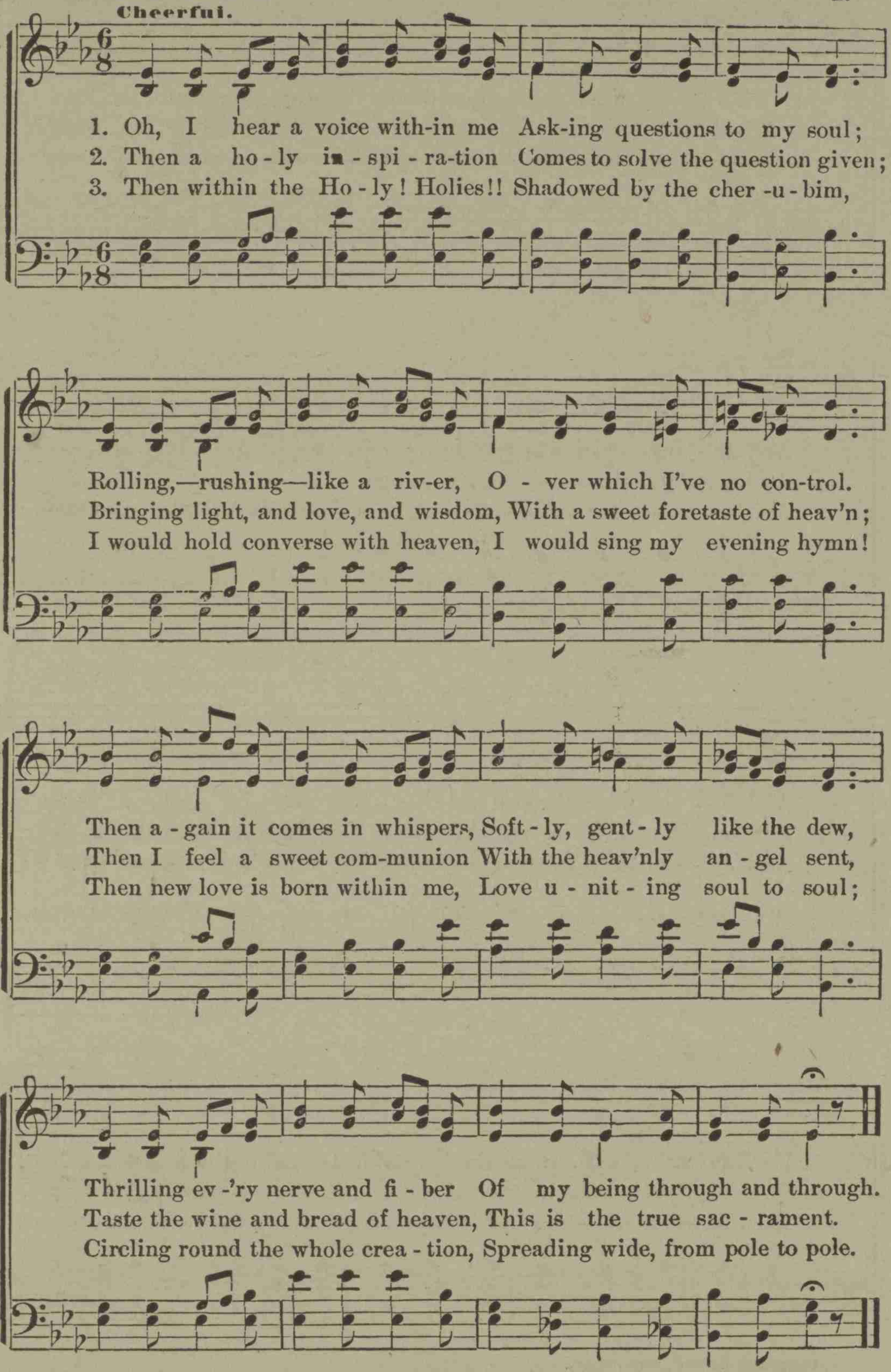
By permission of J. CHURCH & Co.

No. 54. THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT.

"I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you."—JOHN 14: 18.

MRS. THOMAS R. DAVIS. B.

Cheerful.

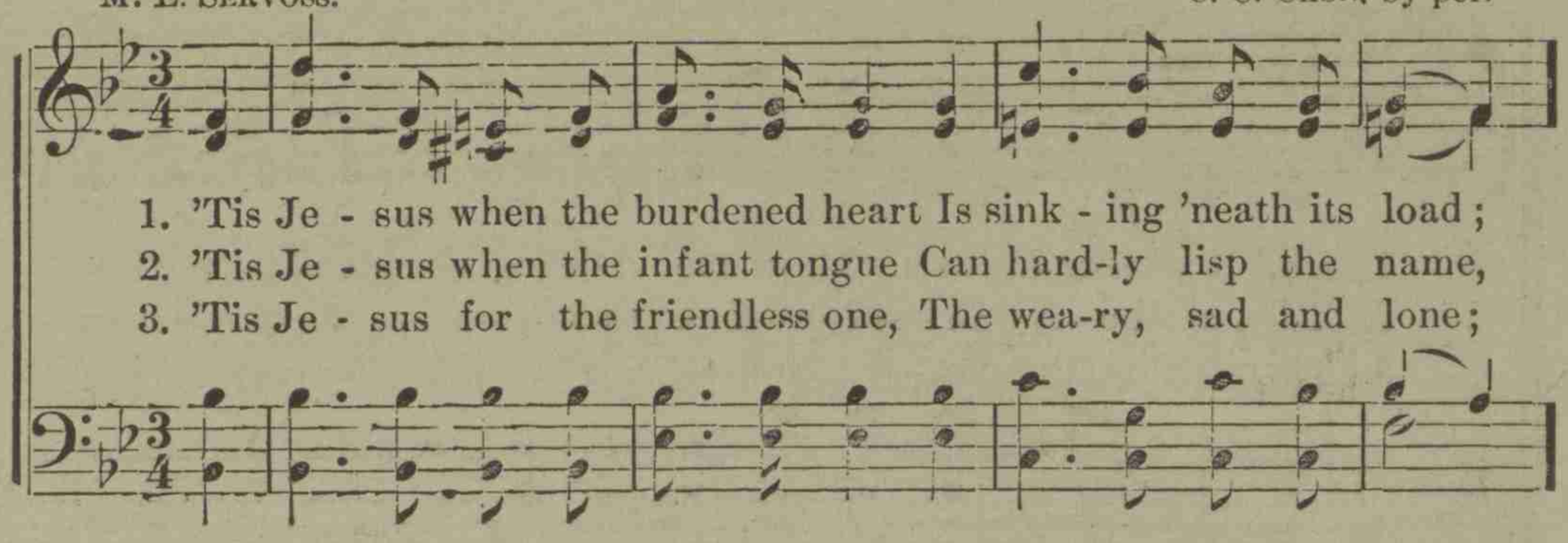


No. 55. JESUS, ALL THE WAY.

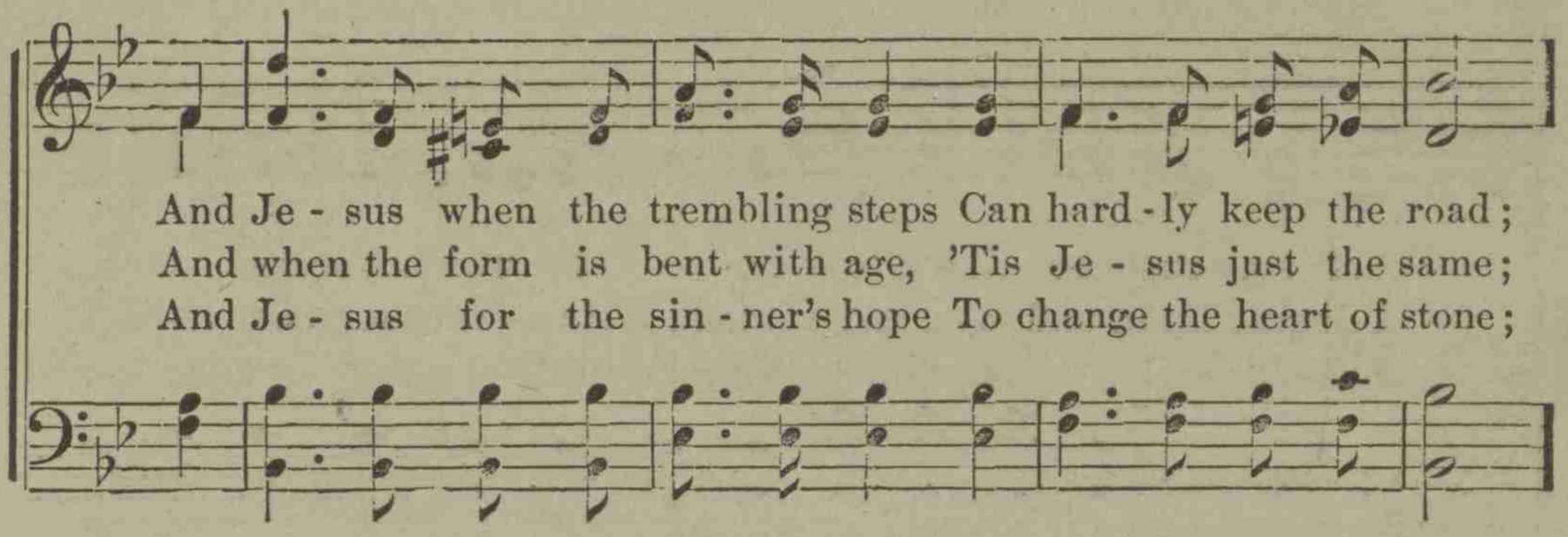
"Lo, I am with you alway."—MATT. 28: 20.

M. E. SERVOSS. C. C. CASE, by per.

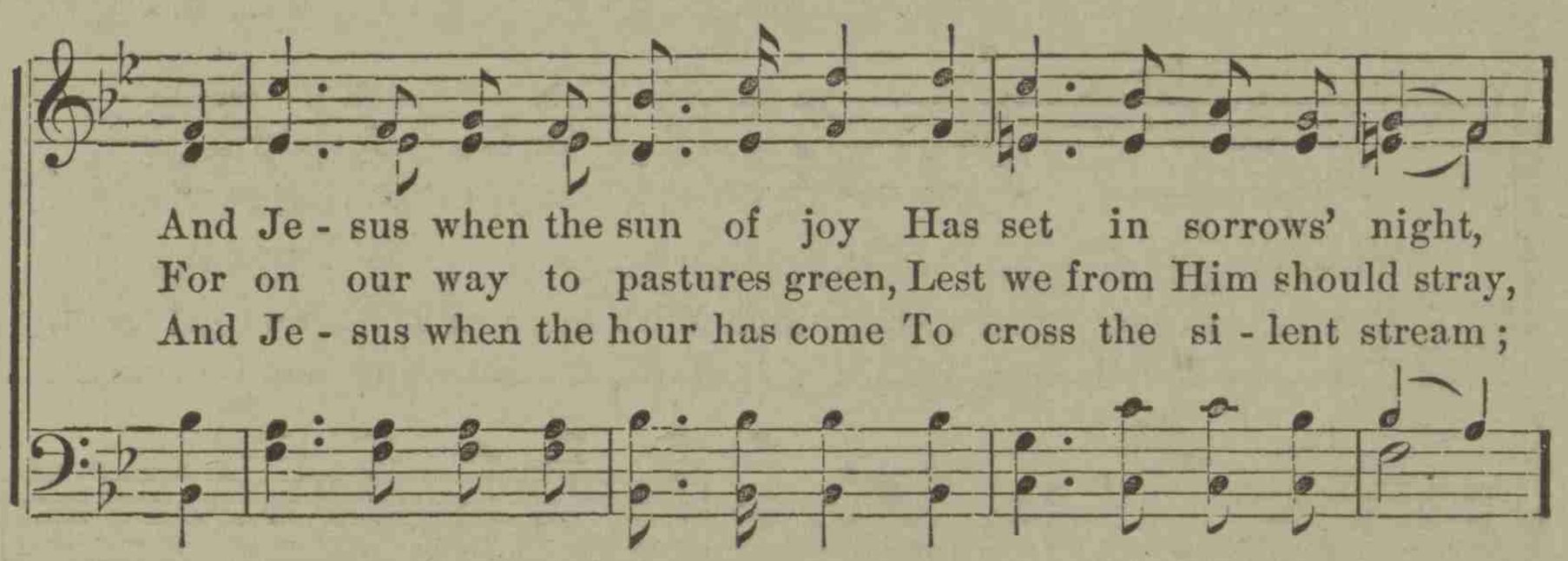
1. 'Tis Je - sus when the burdened heart Is sink - ing 'neath its load;
2. 'Tis Je - sus when the infant tongue Can hard-ly lisp the name,
3. 'Tis Je - sus for the friendless one, The wea-ry, sad and lone;



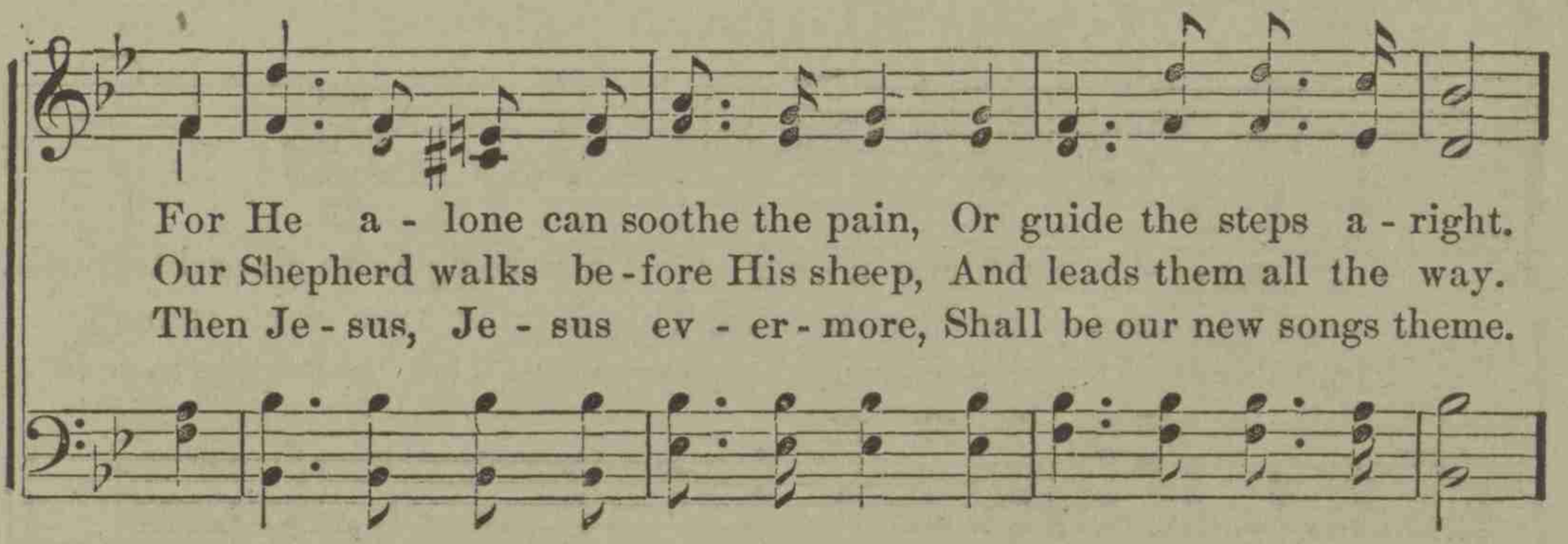
And Je - sus when the trembling steps Can hard - ly keep the road;
And when the form is bent with age, 'Tis Je - sus just the same;
And Je - sus for the sin - ner's hope To change the heart of stone;



And Je - sus when the sun of joy Has set in sorrows' night,
For on our way to pastures green, Lest we from Him should stray,
And Je - sus when the hour has come To cross the si - lent stream;



For He a - lone can soothe the pain, Or guide the steps a - right.
Our Shepherd walks be - fore His sheep, And leads them all the way.
Then Je - sus, Je - sus ev - er - more, Shall be our new songs theme.



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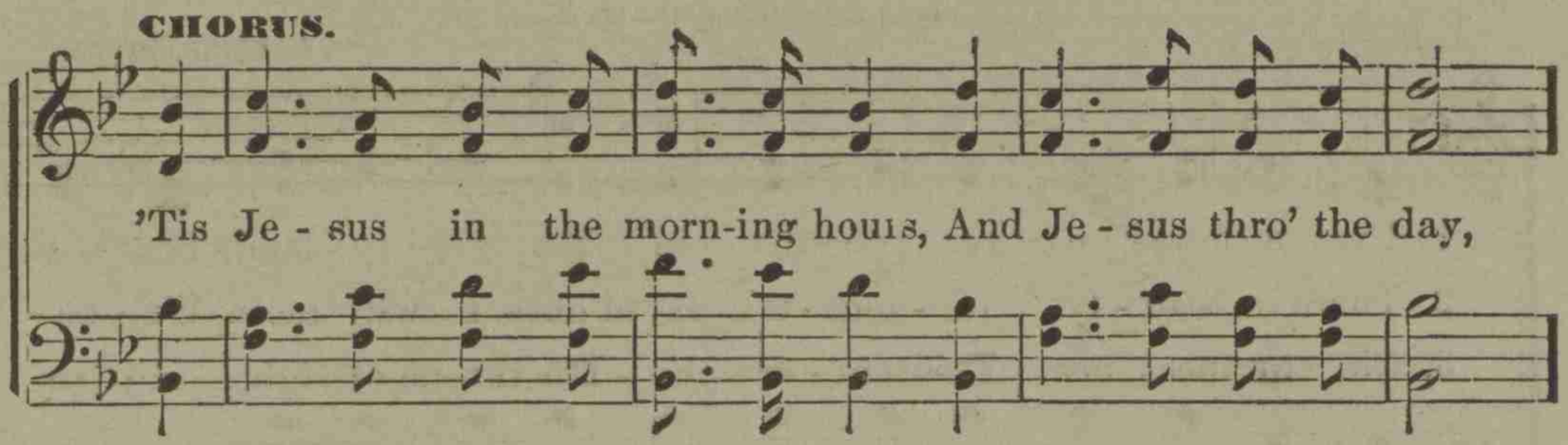
JESUS, ALL THE WAY. Concluded.

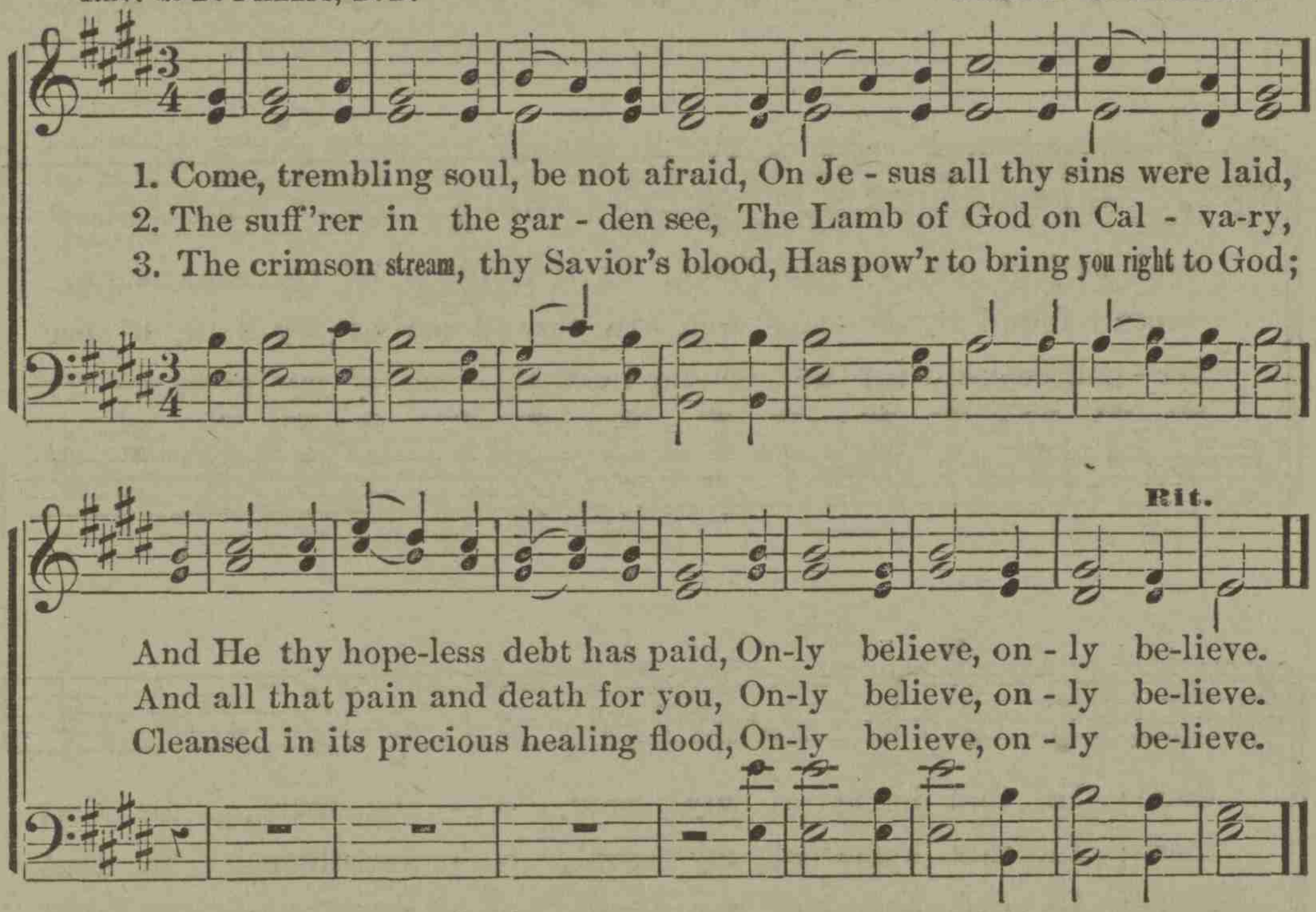
CHORUS.



No. 56. ONLY BELIEVE.

"Be not afraid, only believe."—MARK 5: 36.

REV. S. D. PHELPS, D. D. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.



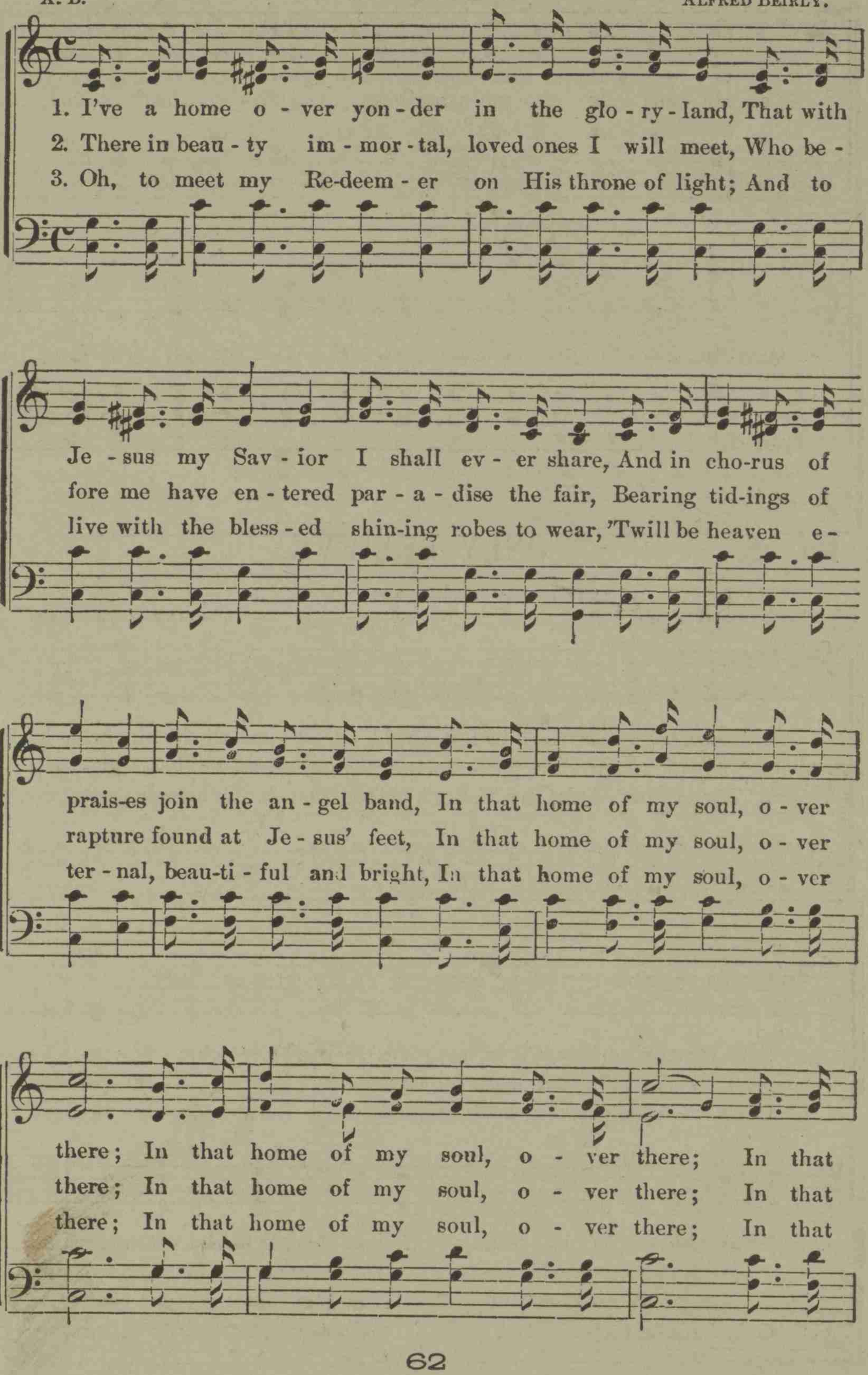
4 In wondrous love he calls to-day,
Cast now thy guilty doubts away,
Free pardon take without delay,
Only believe, only believe.

5 For Thee, O Christ, all things I leave,
To Thee, my Savior, now I cleave,
And I, as Thou dost me receive,
Only believe, only believe.

No. 57. THE HEAVENLY HOME.

"And if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—JOHN 14: 3.

A. B. ALFRED BEIRLY.



THE HEAVENLY HOME. Concluded.

home of my soul, o - er there; And in cho-rus of prais - es
home of my soul, o - er there; Bear - ing tid - ings of rapt-ure
home of my soul, o - er there; 'Twill be heav- en e - ter - nal,

join the an - gel band, In that home of my soul, o - ver there.
found at Je - sus' feet, In that home of my soul, o - ver there.
beau - ti - ful and bright, In that home of my soul, o - ver there.

CHORUS.

Blessed home, O - ver there, Ev - er
Bless-ed home, O - ver there, Ev - er

free from all sor - row and care; . . . Happy home,
free from all sor - row, all sorrow and care; Happy home,

O - ver there, That my Sav-ior hath gone to pre - pare.
O - ver there,

No. 58. LOST FOR WANT OF A WORD.

* * *

HARRY SANDERS,

1. "Lost for want of a word!" Fal - len 'mong thieves and dy - ing; Priests and Le-vites pass - ing The place where he is ly-ing; He is too faint to call: Too far off to be heard, There are those be-side life's high-way, Lost for want of a word: Lost! Lost! Lost, for want of a word.

2. "Lost for want of a word!" All in the black night stray-ing, Among the maz-es of thought; The false light e'er be-traying, Oh, that a hu - man voice, The murk - y darkness had stirred, For the lost and ruined for-ev - er! Lost for want of a word.

3. "Lost for want of a word!" A word that you might have spoken. Who knows what eyes may be dim, Or what hearts may be ach- ing and broken? Go, scatter beside all waters, Nor sick - en at hope de - ferred; Let ne'er a soul by thy dumbness Be lost for want of a word.

By permission.

No. 59. THE POTTER AND THE CLAY.

"But now, O Lord, Thou art our Father."

MRS. THOMAS R. DAVIS. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. As clay in the hands of the potter, Am I in thy hands, oh my God; If on life's highway I falter, And faint 'neath thy chast'ning rod;
2. If temptations thro' weakness and blindness, Cast shadows a-long on my way; May thy Spirit within in its wisdom Prevent me from going astray;

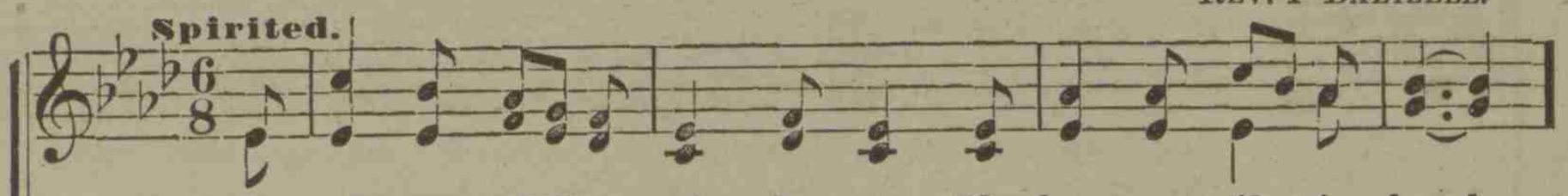
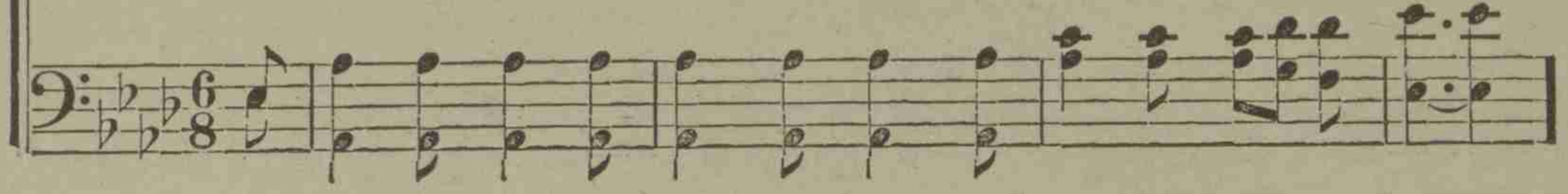
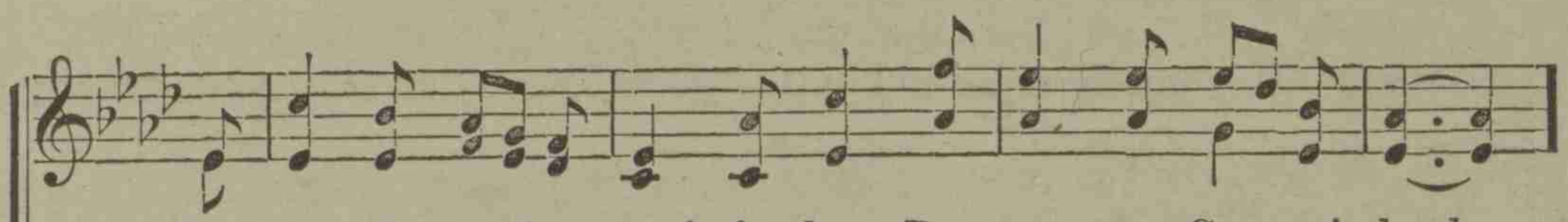
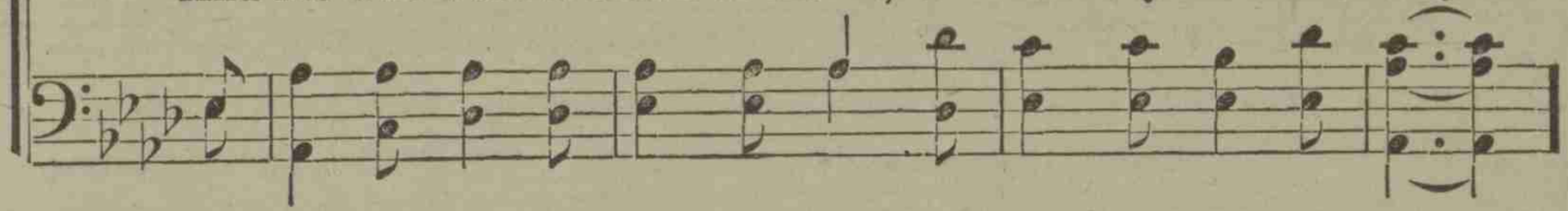
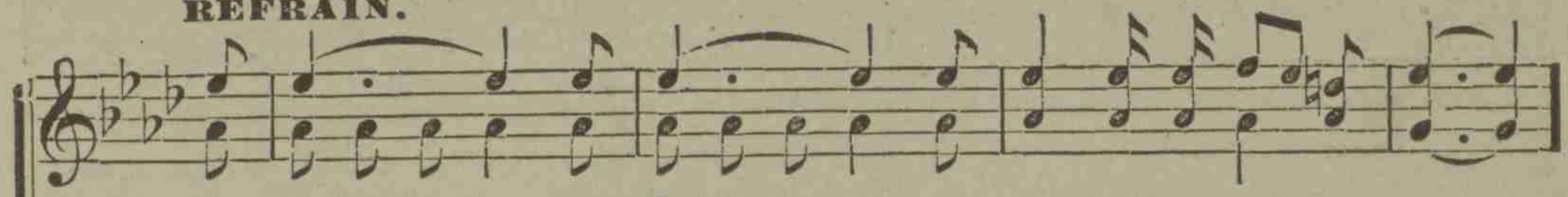
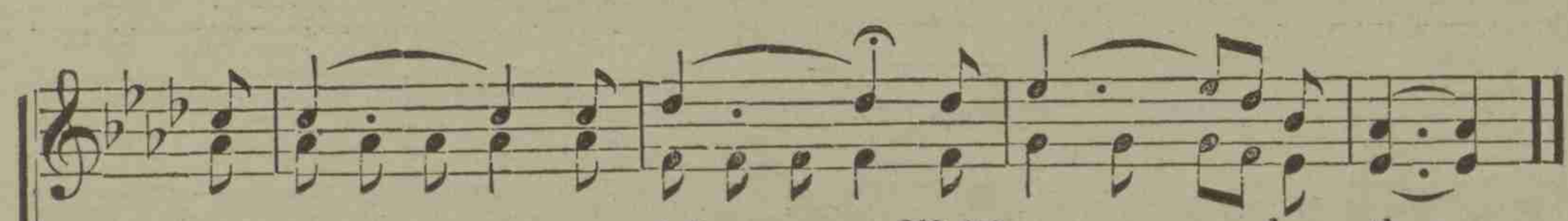
May thy pres . . ence, O Fa-ther, go with me;
May thy pres - ence, O Father, go with me;

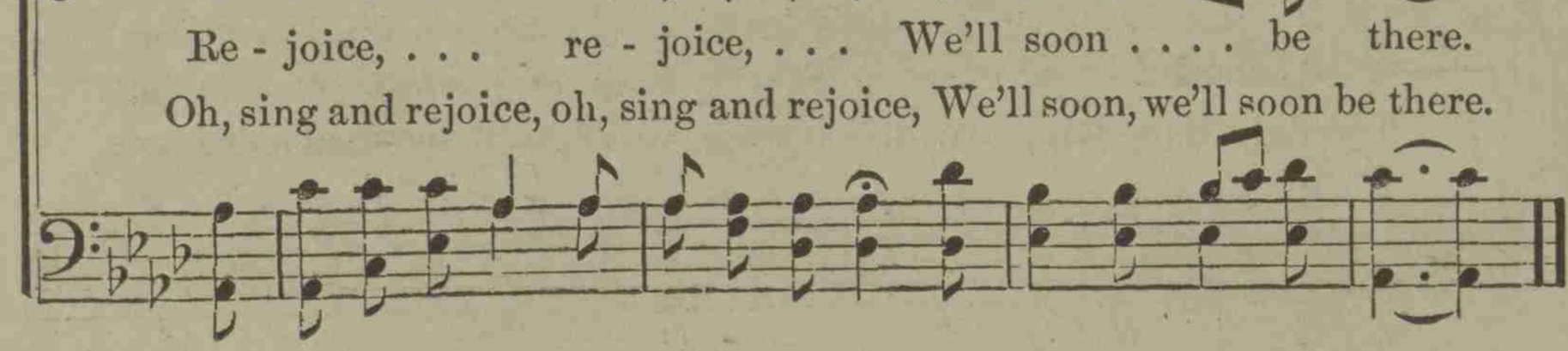
Mold - ing the vessel a - right . . Till mete, Till mete for the mete . . .
a - right,

heavenly Kingdom, In the beau - ti-ful man-sions of light.

No. 60. SING AND REJOICE.

"Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven."—MATT. 5: 12.

REV. I BALTZELL.

1. Ye val-iant soldiers of the cross, Ye hap-py pil-grim band,
2. Your Jesus once, "without the camp," Bought liberty for you;
3. Our bugle ne'er shall sound re-treat, While Je-sus leads us on;
4. Your weary feet shall walk the street All paved with gold, on high;

Tho' in this world you suf-fer loss, Press on to Canaan's land.
Then bravely fight for truth and right, And keep your crown in view.
We will not lay our weapons by Un-til we wear tbe crown.
And He who wore a crown of thorns, Will crown you in the sky.

REFRAIN.

Re-joice, . . . re-joice, . . .
Oh, sing and rejoice, oh, sing and rejoice, We'll soon have a crown to wear;

Re-joice, . . . re-joice, . . . We'll soon . . . . be there.
Oh, sing and rejoice, oh, sing and rejoice, We'll soon, we'll soon be there.



No. 61. SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

W. WARREN BENTLEY.

1. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, Oh! what words I hear Him say,
2. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mortal be more blest?
3. Bless me, oh, my Sav-ior bless me, As I sit low at Thy feet,

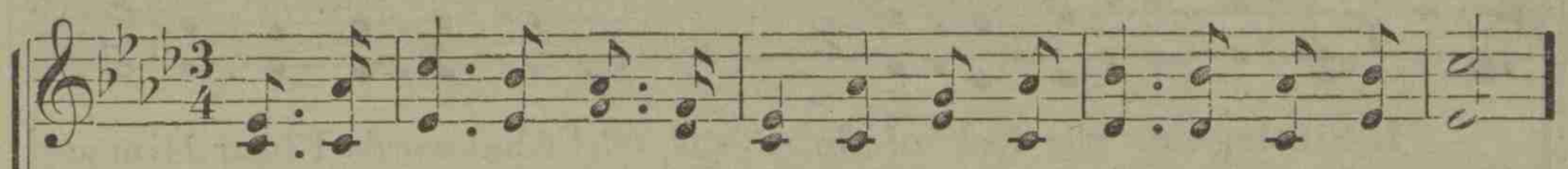
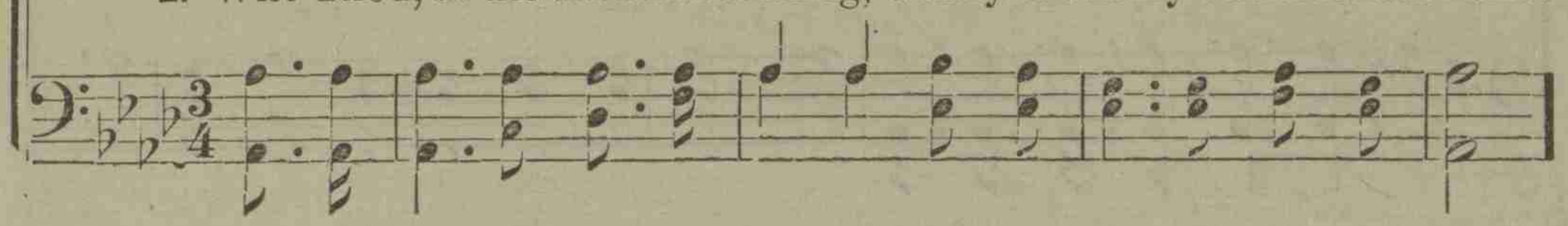
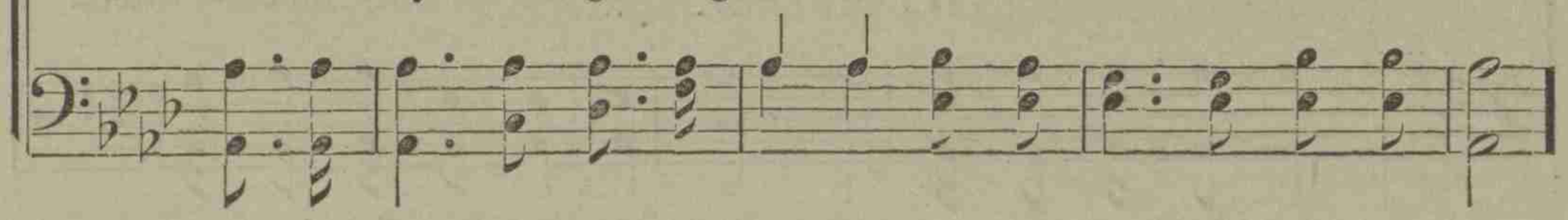
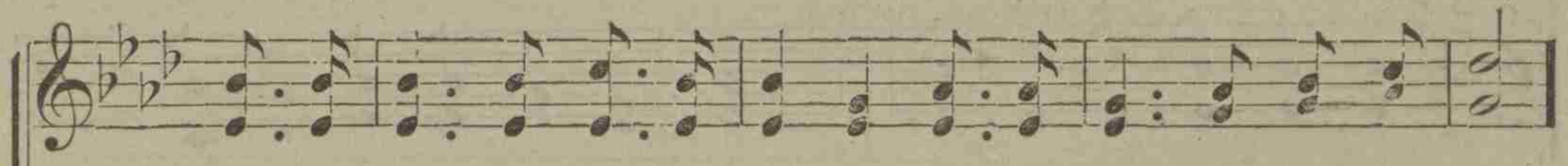
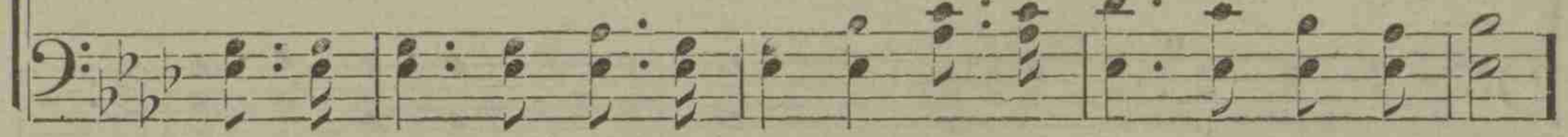
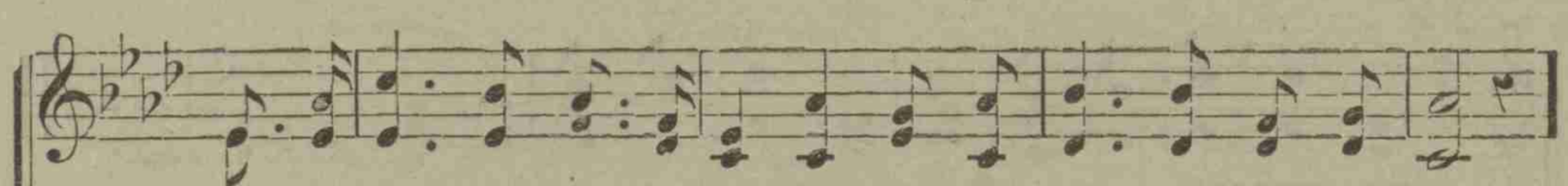
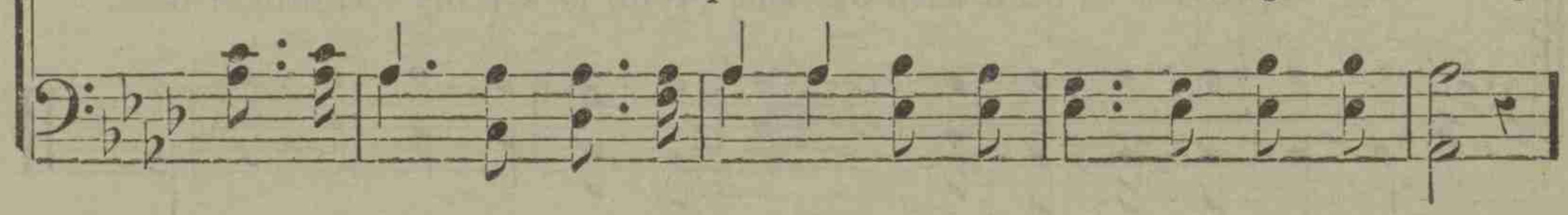
Happy place! so near, so pre - cious, May it find me there each day.
There I lay my sins and sor - rows, And when weary find sweet rest.
Oh, look down in love up - on me, Let me see Thy face so sweet.

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up-on the past,
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where I love to weep and pray,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as He is;

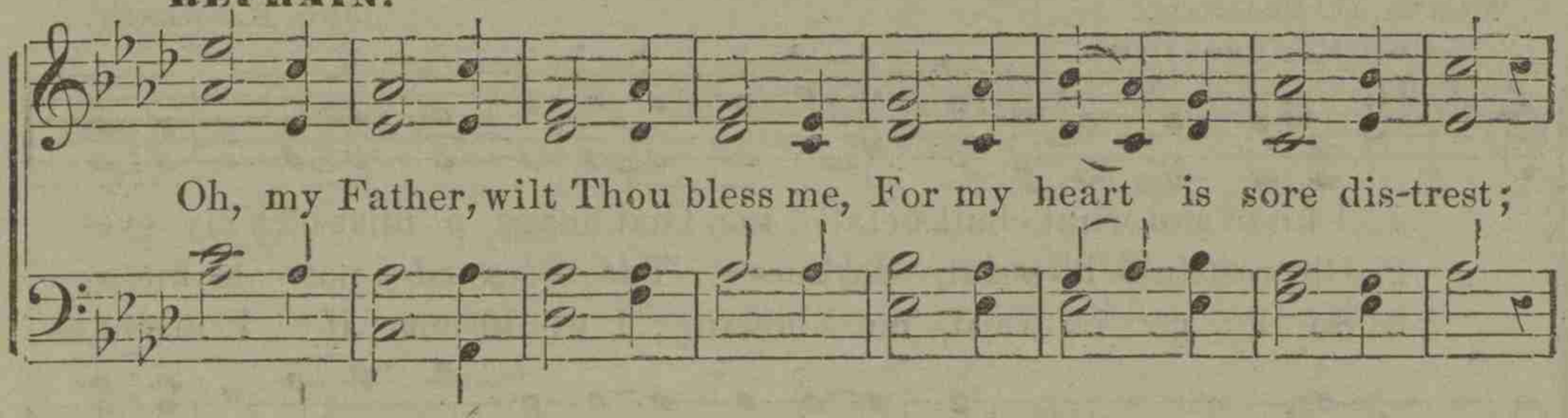
For His love has been so pre-cious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from His full-ness gath-er Grace and comfort day by day.
May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my righteousness.

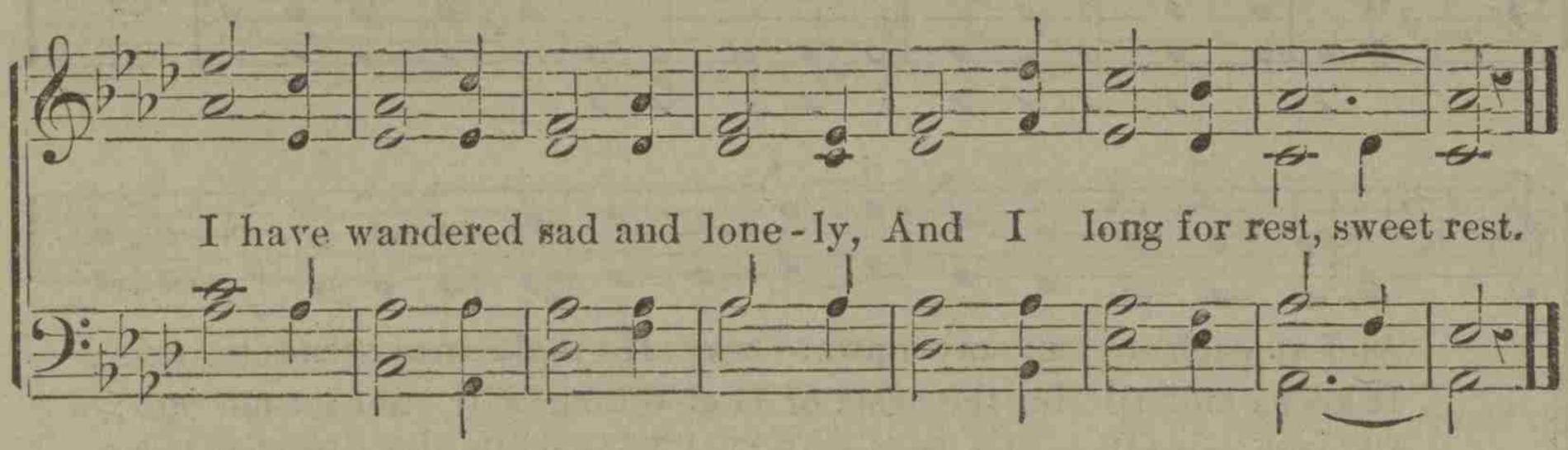
No. 62. WILT THOU BLESS ME?

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven."—MATT. 5: 3.

ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. Oh, my Father, wilt Thou bless me, For my heart is sore dis-trest;
2. Wilt Thou, in the darkness leaning, Gently touch my outstretched hand?

I have wandered sad and lonely, And I long for rest, sweet rest;
Send a ray of light to guide me To the beauteous fa-ther-land!

There is naught on earth to comfort One so weak and wea-ry grown:
And from out the val-ley lead me, When the night is drear and long;

Naught that shall prove strong and steadfast, And I can not walk a-lone.
Teach me how to love and praise Thee With a new and gladsome song.

WILT THOU BLESS ME? Concluded.

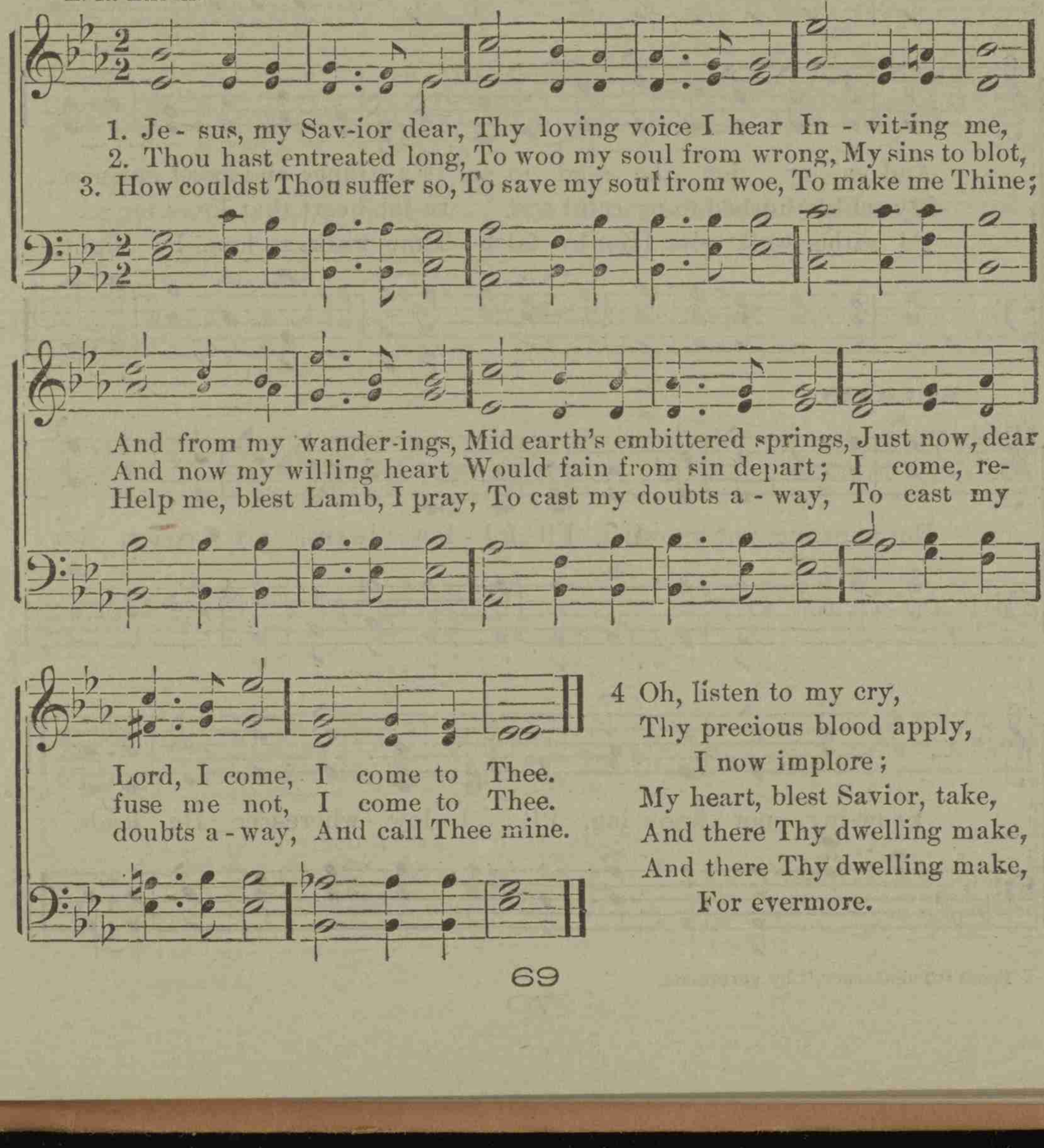
REFRAIN.





No. 63. JESUS, MY SAVIOR DEAR. 6s & 4s.

E. R. LATTA. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.



4 Oh, listen to my cry,
Thy precious blood apply,
I now implore;
My heart, blest Savior, take,
And there Thy dwelling make,
And there Thy dwelling make,
For evermore.

No. 64. NOT KNOWING.

"Behold, I go bound to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me."—Acts 20: 22.

Miss M. G. Brainard. Jno. R. Sweney.

Con Espressione.

1. I know not what shall befall me, God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
2. Oh, rest-ful, bliss-ful, darkness, 'T is bless-ed not to know,—
3. So I go on-ward, not knowing; I would not if I might,—

And at each step in my onward way He makes new scenes to arise,
It keeps me still in the arms of God, Which will not let me go;
I'd rath-er walk in the dark with God Than walk alone in the light,—

And ev'- ry joy he sends to me Is a strange and sweet surprise.
My soul is hushed to peaceful rest In the heart that loves me so.
I'd rather walk with Him by faith Than walk a- lone by sight.

REFRAIN.

Not knowing, not knowing, I'll fol - low Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Not know-ing, not know-ing, I'll fol - low where-e'er He leads.

From "The Garner," by permission.

No. 65. ONLY REMEMBERED BY WHAT I HAVE DONE.

DR. BONAR. WM. W. BENTLEY.

1. Up and a-way, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its
2. Shall I be missed if an-oth-er succeed me, Reaping the fields I in
3. On - ly the truth that in life I have spoken, On - ly the seed that on
4. Oh, when the Savior shall make up His jewels, When the bright crowns of re-

home in the sun, Thus would I pass from the earth and its toiling, On-ly re-
springtime have sown? No, for the sower may pass from his labors, On- ly re-
earth I have sown; These shall pass onward when I am forgotten, Fruits of the
joic - ing are won, Then will His faithful and weary dis-ci-ples, All be re-

membered by what I have done.
membered by what he has done. On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered,
har - vest and what I have done.
membered for what they have done.

CHORUS.

On - ly re-membered by what I have done, On - ly remembered,

On - ly re-membered, On- ly remembered by what I have done.

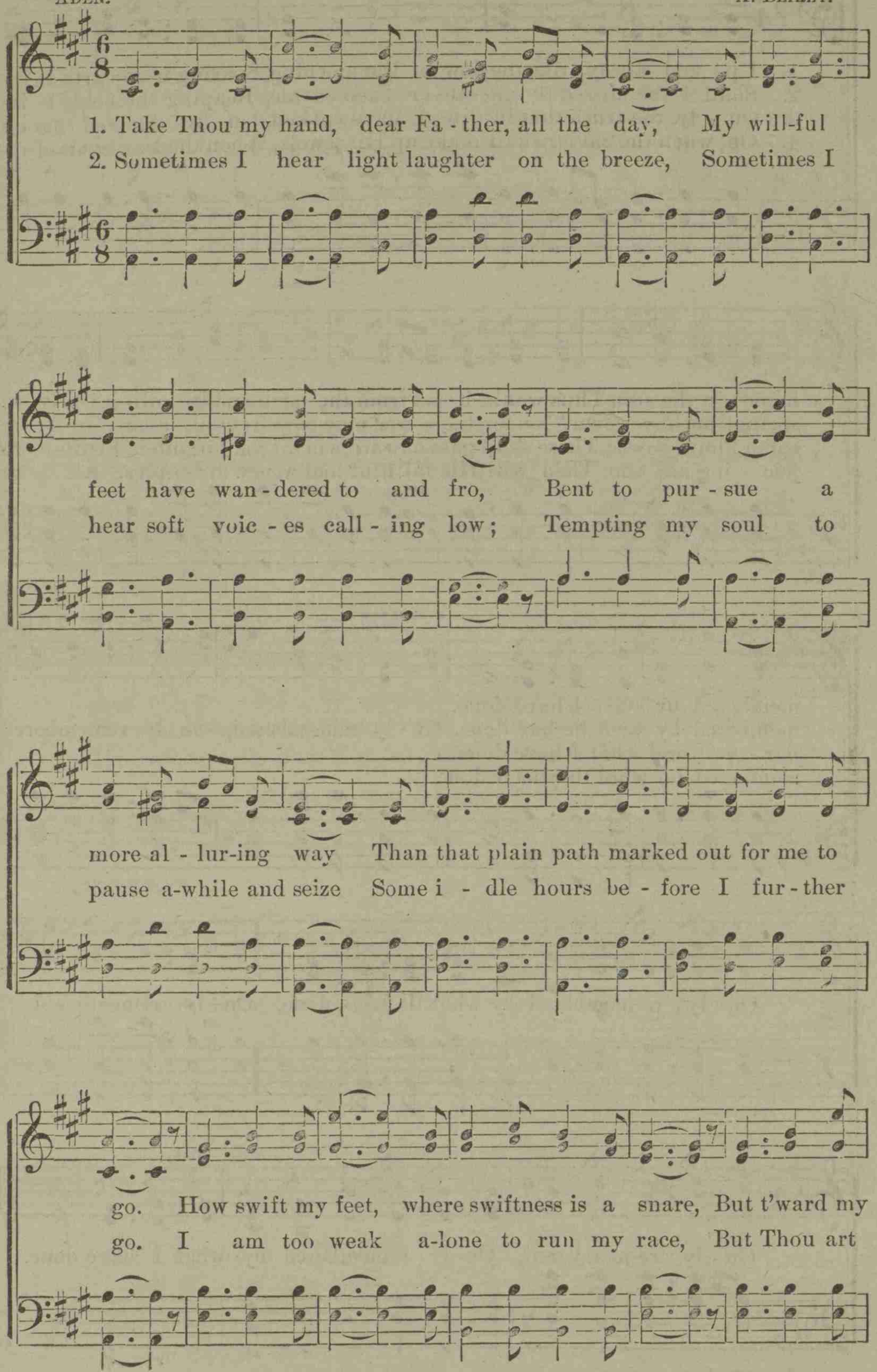
Rit.

By permission.

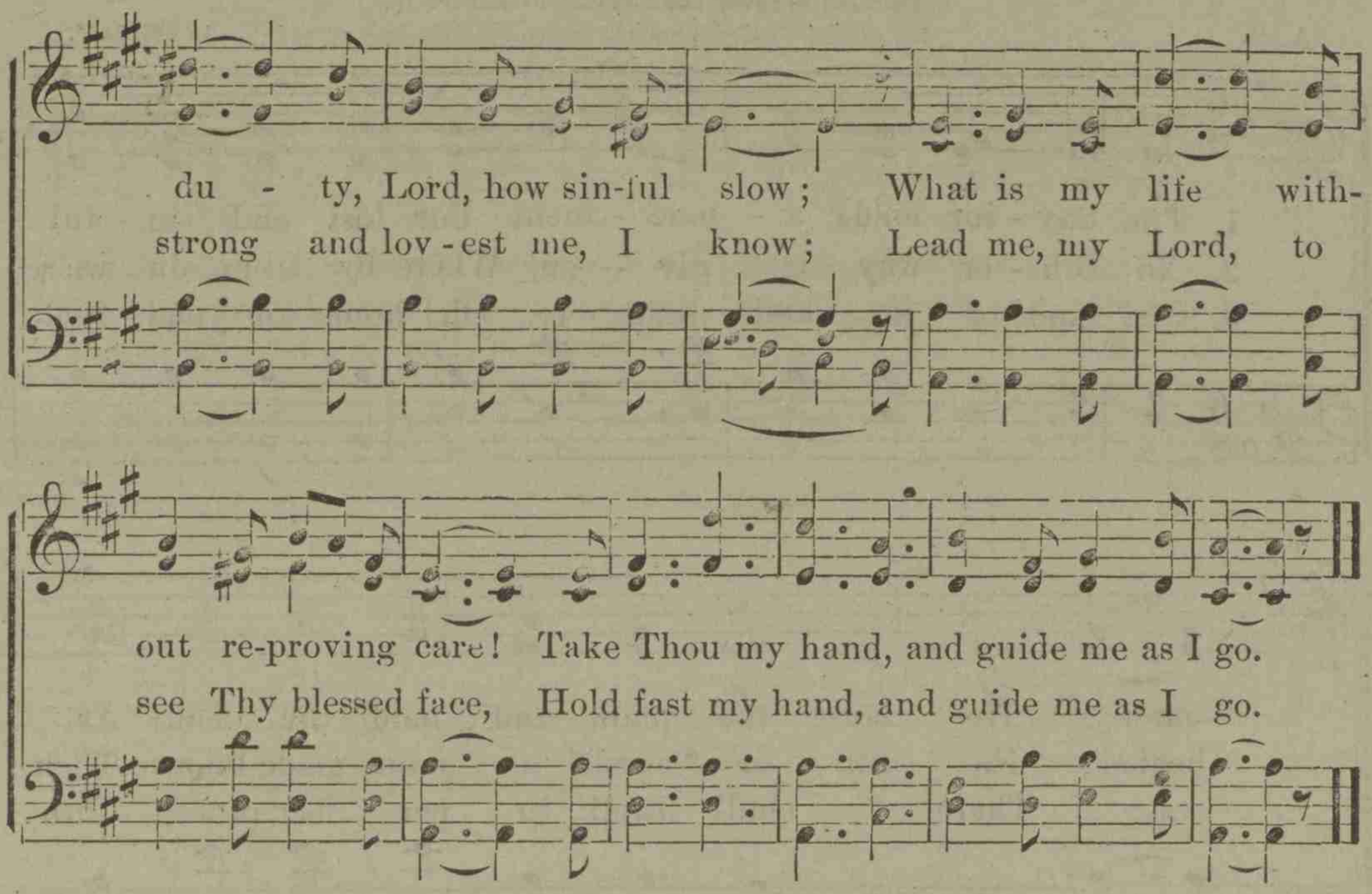
No. 66. TAKE THOU MY HAND.

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

ADEN. A. BEIRLY.



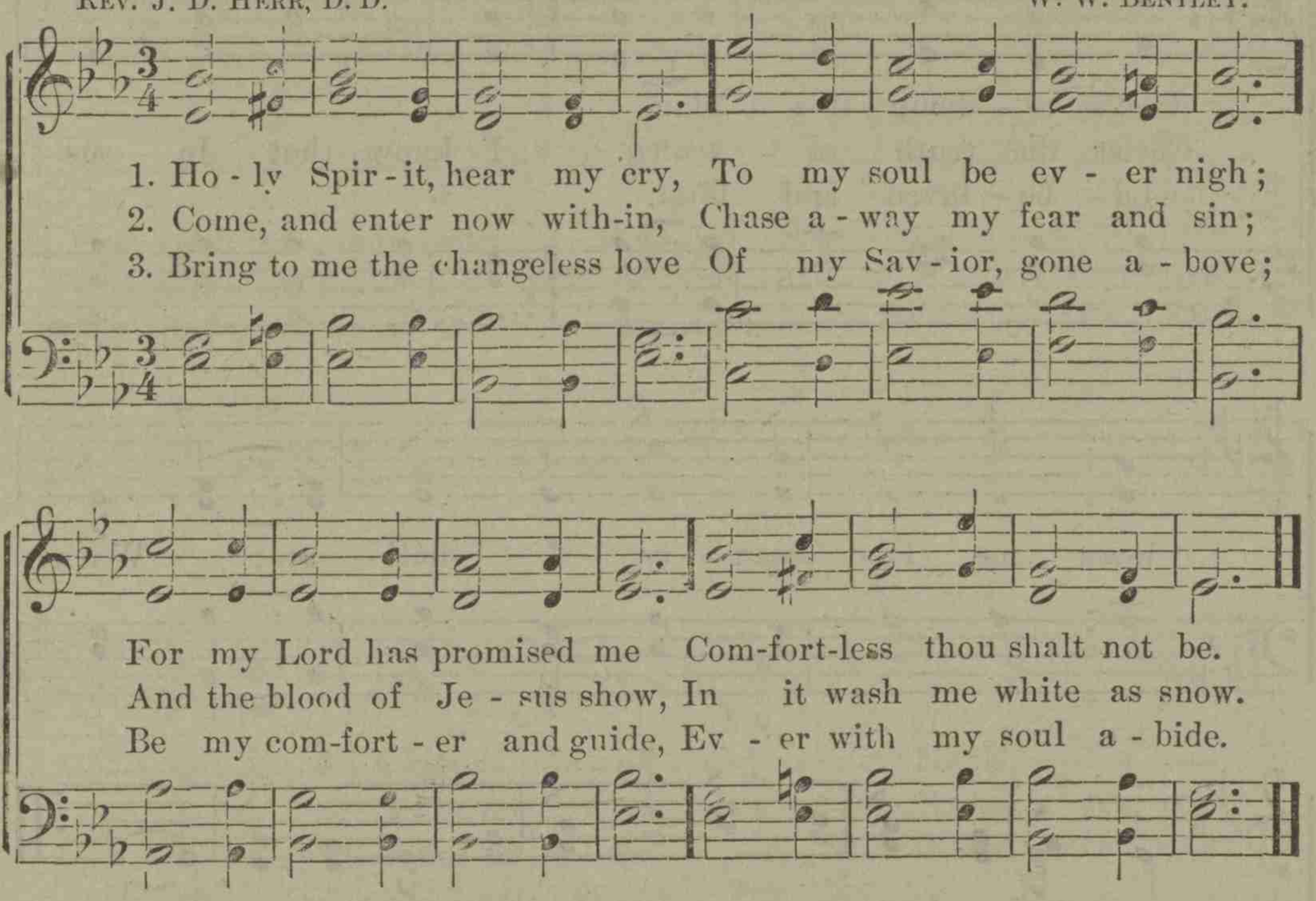
TAKE THOU MY HAND. Concluded.



No. 67. OUR COMFORTER AND GUIDE.

"I will not leave you comfortless."—John 14: 18.

Rev. J. D. Herr, D. D. W. W. Bentley.



4 Make me love God's holy law,
From its sacred pages draw
Lessons Thou wouldst have me learn,
Of my Lord, for whom I yearn.

5 Help me always to express
The high calling I profess;
And in Christ complete appear,
When my race is ended here.

No. 68. I KNOW THAT JESUS LOVES ME.

"For God so loved the world."—John 3: 16.

A. B. A. Beirly.

1. The Sav - ior made a - tone - ment For lost and sin - ful
2. No oth - er way is giv - en, Where-by from sin we're
3. Oh! land of joy and beau - ty, Oh! home of end - less

man; He bore the pain, and paid the debt, As
healed; No oth - er "word" to man made known, Then
rest; There I shall dwell in per - fect peace, With

REFRAIN.

God's re - demp - tive plan.
Christ the truth re - vealed. I know that Je - sus
God's be - loved and blest.

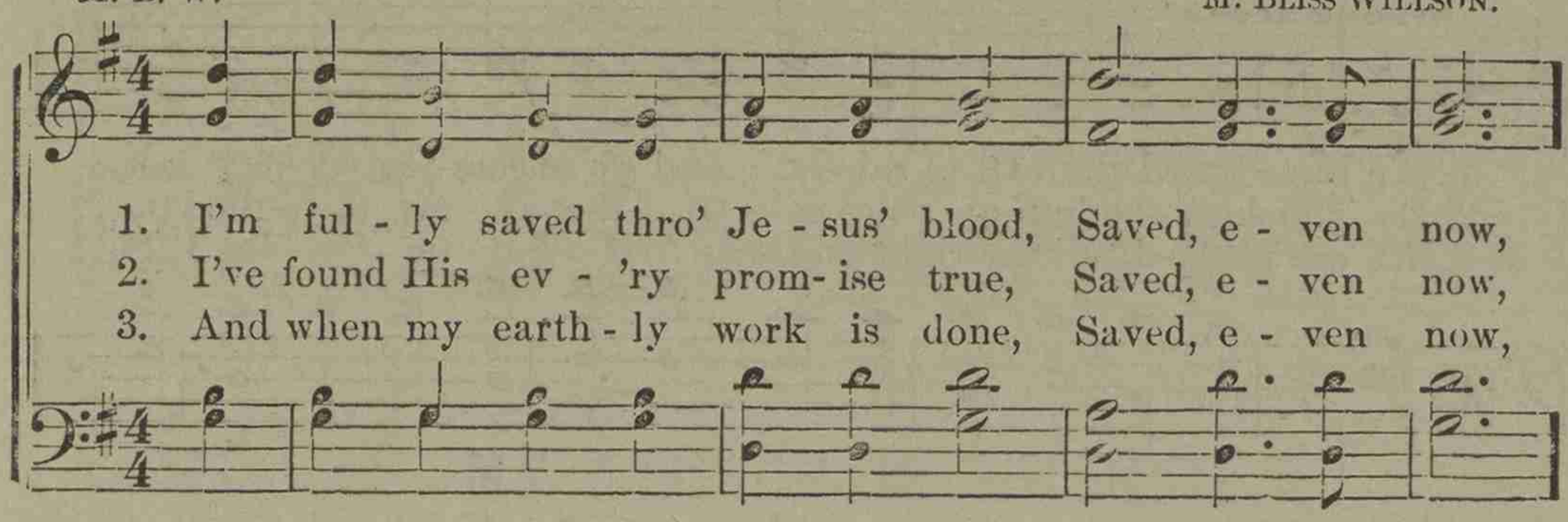
loves me, His beau - ty I shall see; When

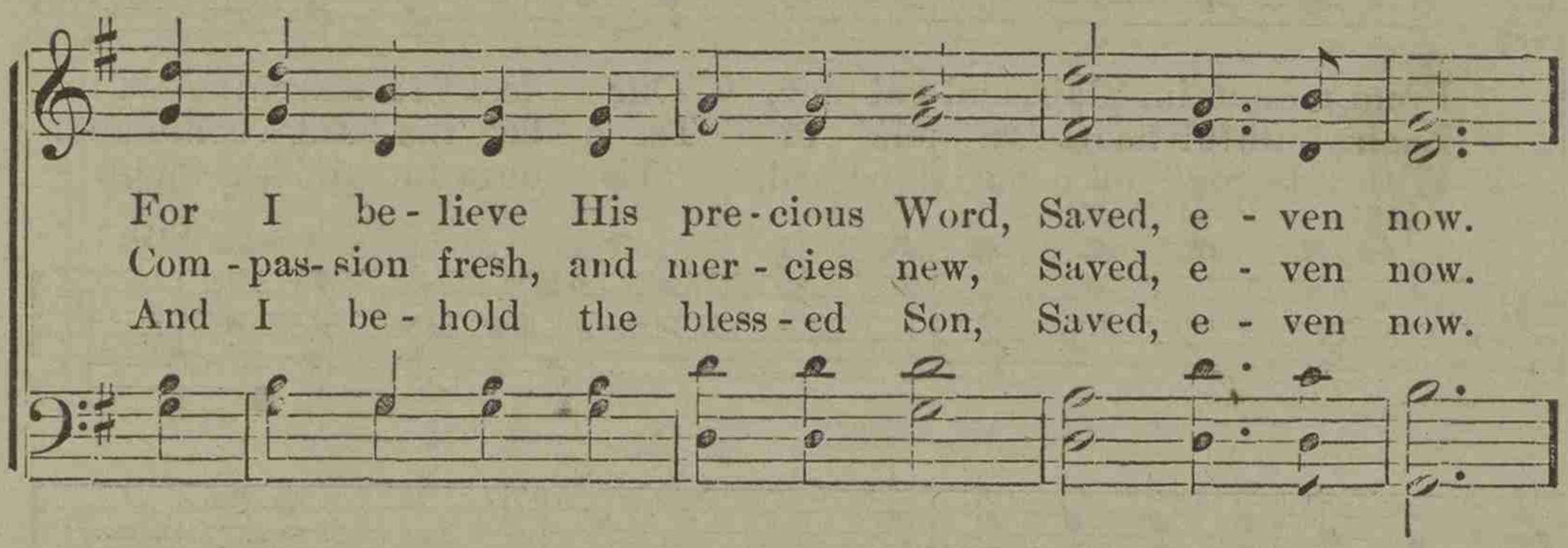
to the earth He comes a-gain, As King of kings to reign.

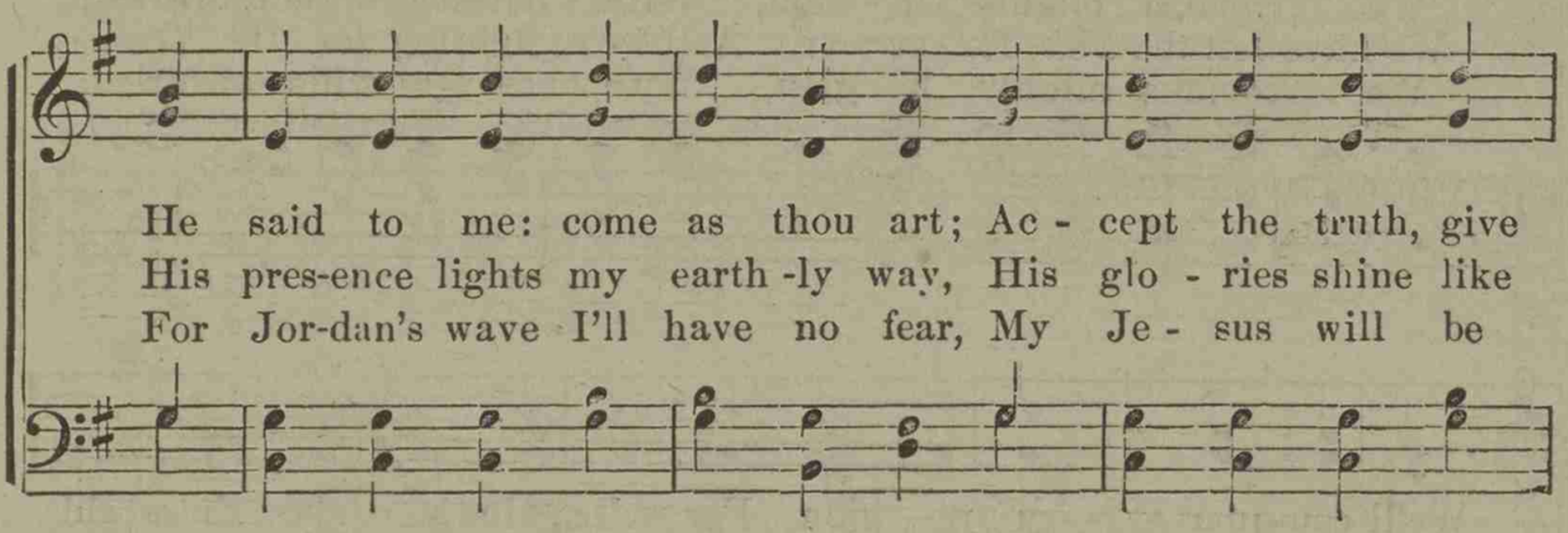
No. 69. SAVED, EVEN NOW.

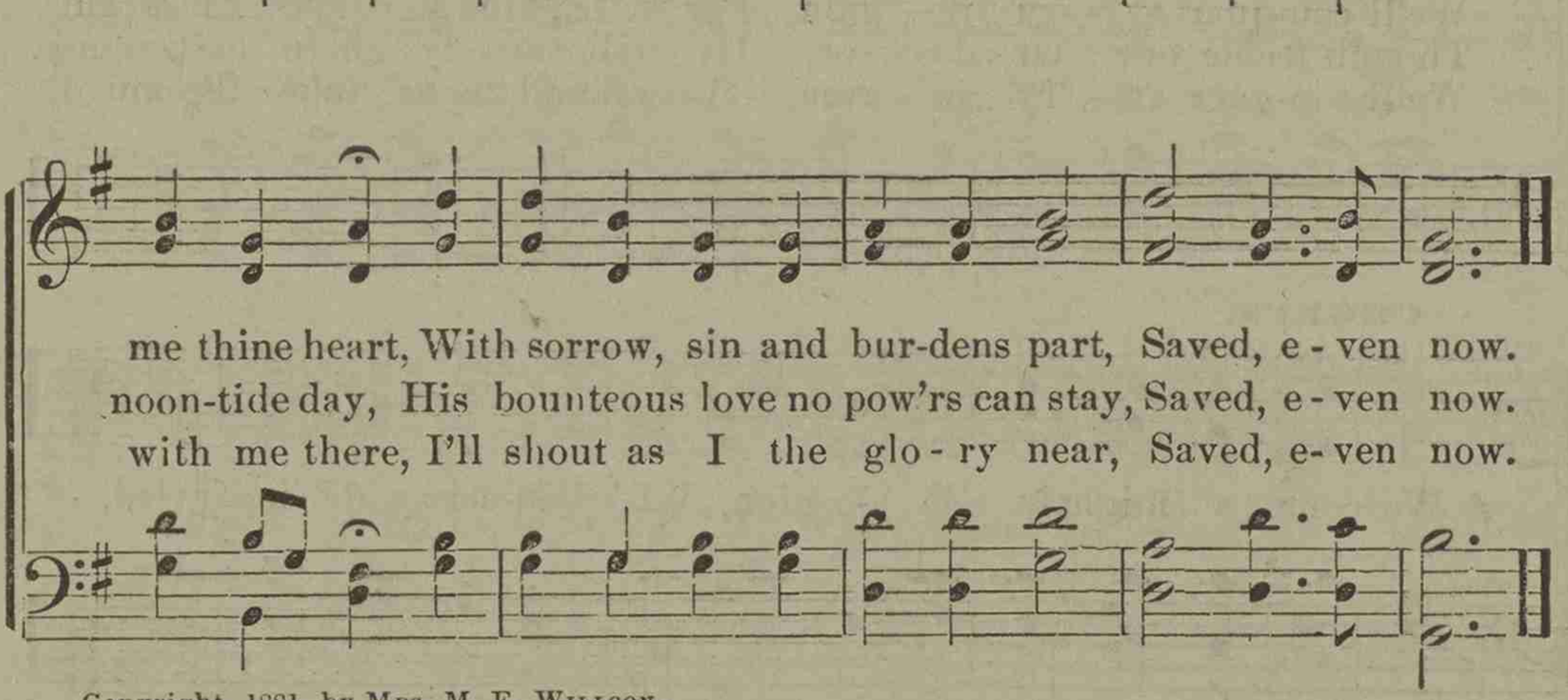
"For by grace are ye saved through faith."—Eph. 2: 8.

M. B. W. M. Bliss Willson.









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No. 70. WE COME, A MIGHTY LEGION.

Mrs. J. M. Dana. Alfred Beirly.

Strong accent.

1. We have heard the call to ral - ly, And we're com-ing ev - 'ry one,
2. Do you hear the hap-py voic - es Of the ar - my thro' the land?
3. We are pledged to keep right onward, And bat - tle for the Right!

From mountain, plain and val - ley, Our feet are marching on.
Each youthful heart re - joic - es To o - bey the King's command.
With "Je-sus" on our stand-ard, 'Tis ours to win the fight.

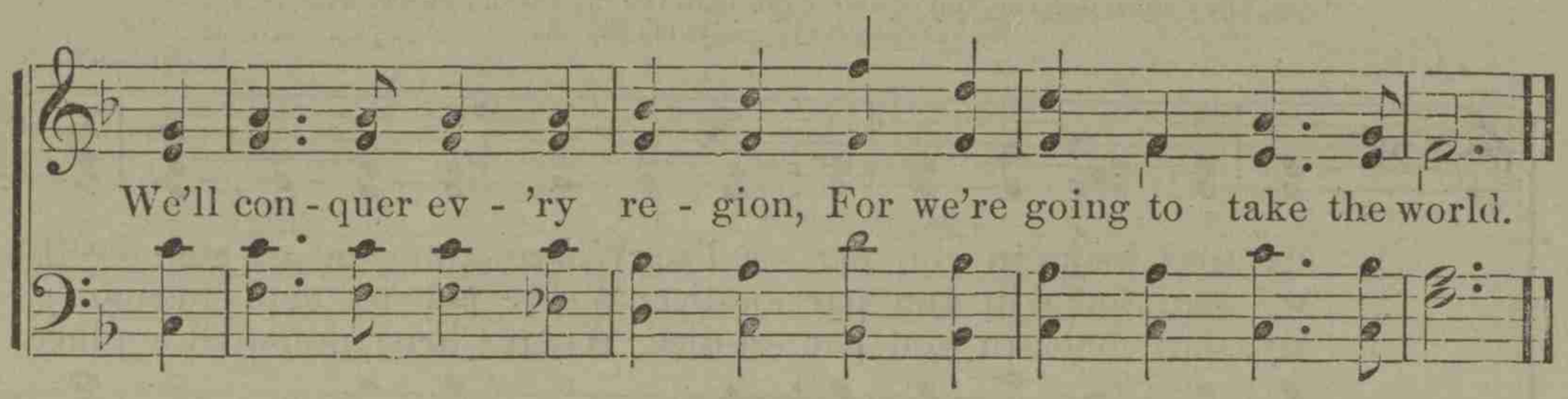
We come, a mighty le - gion, With ban-ners wide un-furled,
We have left the *False* for - ev - er, And we're fighting for the *True*—
We come, a mighty le - gion, With ban-ners wide un-furled,

We'll con-quer ev - 'ry re - gion, For we're going to take the world.
Though feeble our en - deav - or, He will sure - ly help us through.
We'll con-quer ev - 'ry re - gion, For we're going to take the world.

CHORUS.

f We come, a might-y le - gion, With ban-ners wide un-furled,

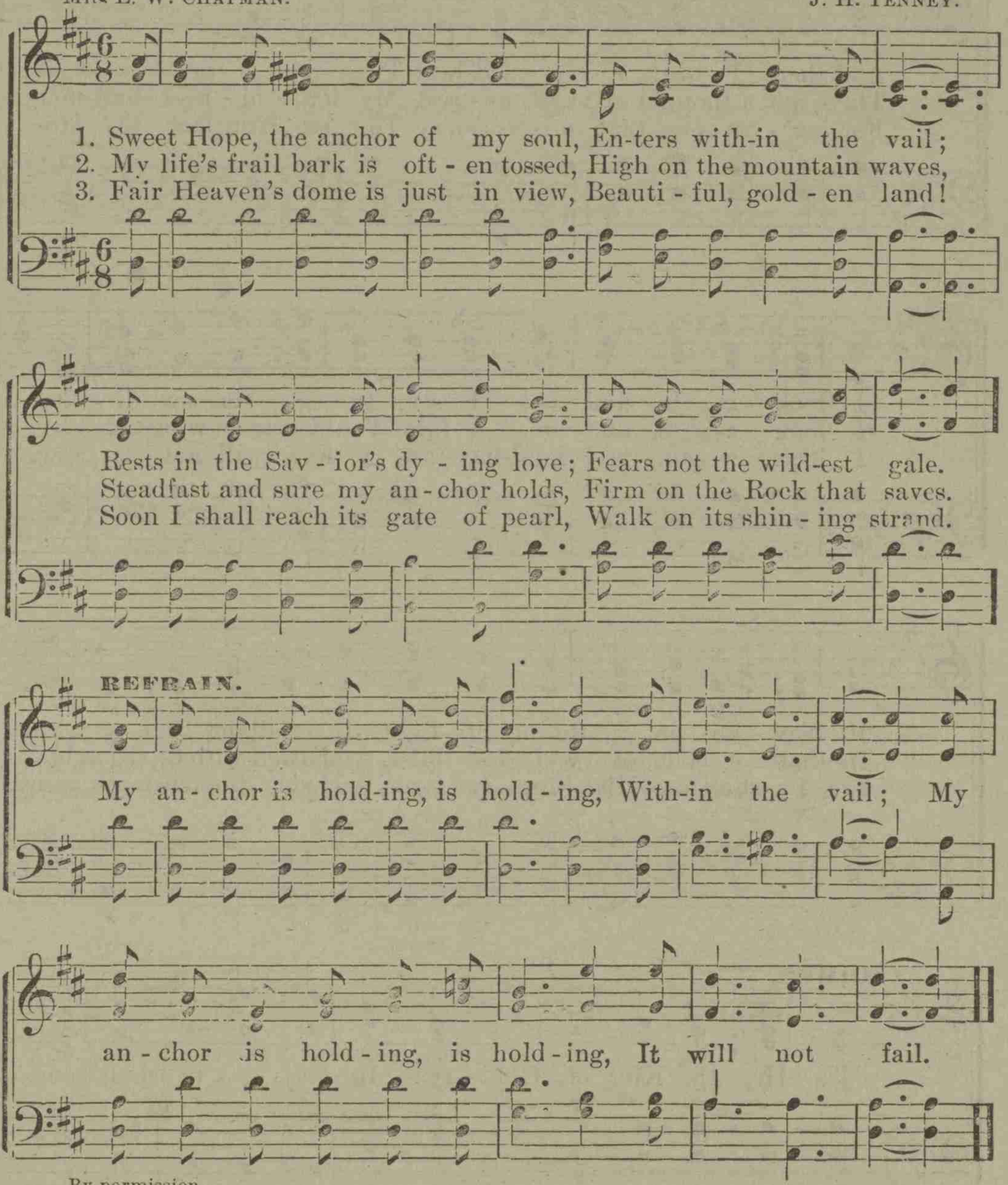
WE COME, A MIGHTY LEGION. Concluded.



No. 71. MY ANCHOR IS HOLDING.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul."—Heb. 6: 19.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



By permission.

No. 72. WAITING FOR HIS COMING.

"And they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."—MATT. 24 : 30.

A. B. A. BEIRLY.

1. My soul looks in yon par - a-dise, Where saints and an-gels dwell;
2. My soul looks in yon par - a-dise, Where ma - ny man-sions are;
3. My soul looks in yon par - a-dise, Where Christ prepared a place

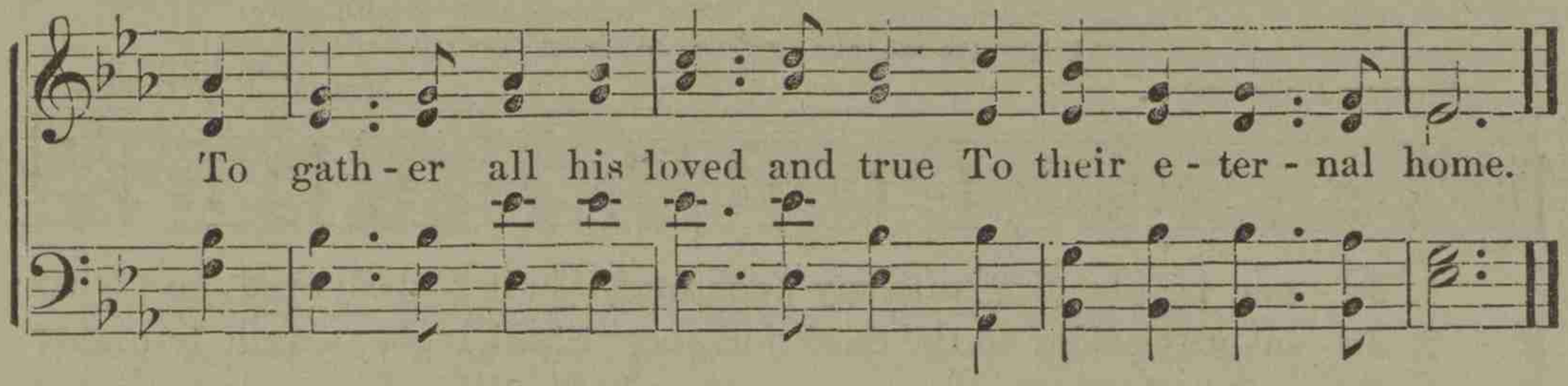
And there I hear a ransomed host Their songs of prais - es swell;
There not a thought of vague un- rest My hap - pi - ness shall mar;
For ev' - ry one that o -ver-comes, To see Him face to face;

I look a-gain, and lo! I see, In ec - sta - sy di - vine,
I look a-gain, and oh, I fain Would soar on wings of love,
I look a-gain, and hold-ing fast, I feel 'twill not be long,

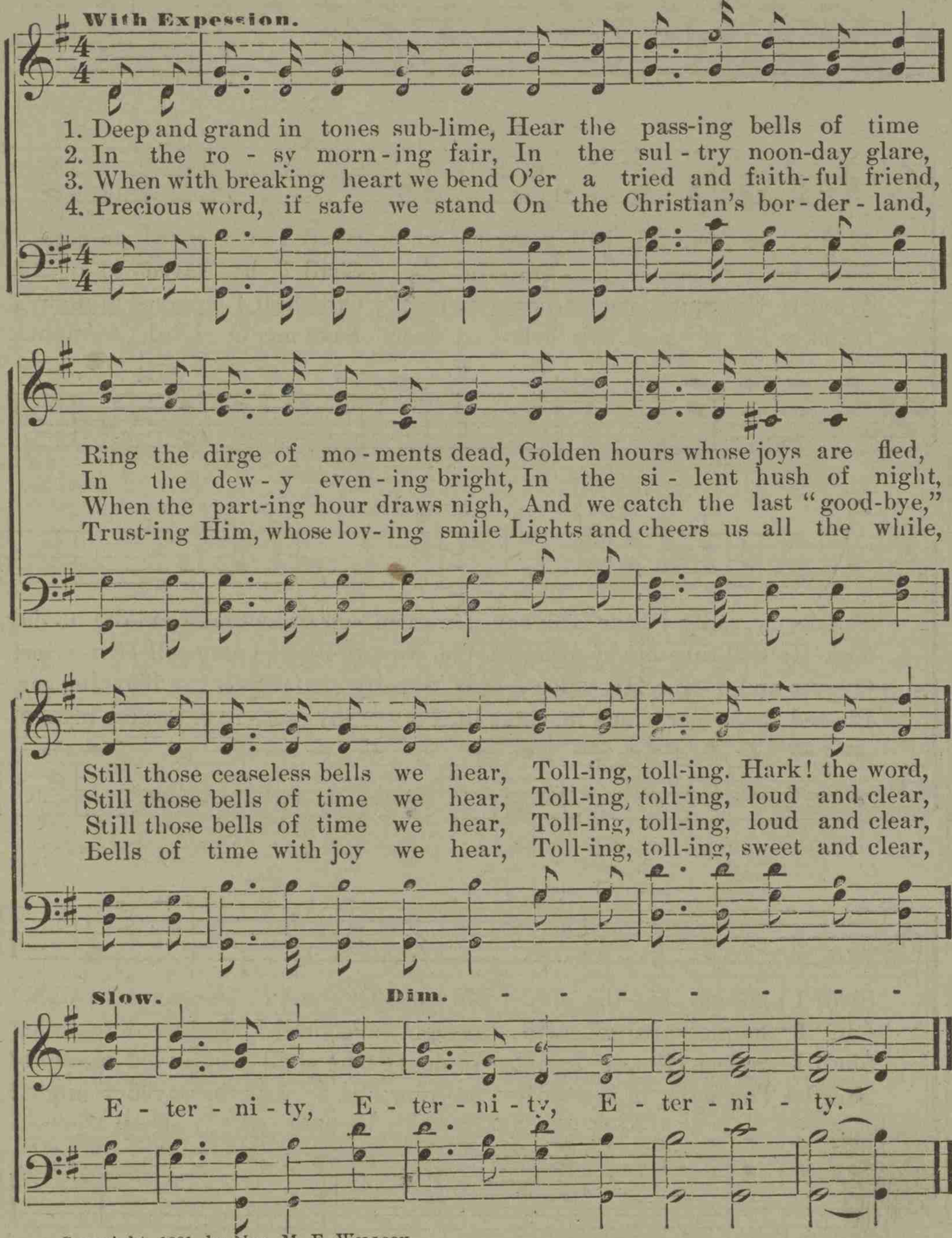
My Sav - ior on a throne of light, In radiant beau-ty shine.
To that a -bode of end - less bliss, And dwell with Christ a- bove.
Ere I shall see His king - ly form, And sing the tri-umph song.

CHORUS. *f*

'Tis He, the King of Glo - ry! In maj - es - ty shall come,

WAITING FOR HIS COMING. Concluded.

No. 73. ETERNITY.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. M. E. WILLSON.



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No. 74. SHALL I BE SAVED TO-NIGHT?

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

Fanny J. Crosby. Mrs. M. E. Willson.

1. Je - sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
2. Je - sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to-night?
3. Je - sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?

If I be-lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
How can my heart so un - grate-ful be, Shall I be saved to-night?
What if His Spirit should now de-part? Oh! shall I be saved to-night?
Quickly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me, O Lord, to-night.

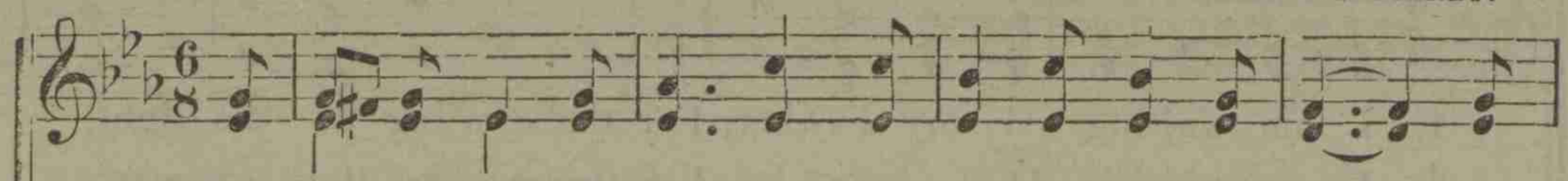
Ten-der-ly, sadly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day,
Now He will save me by grace divine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine.
O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my listening ear,
Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit - y my sor - row, forgive my sin,

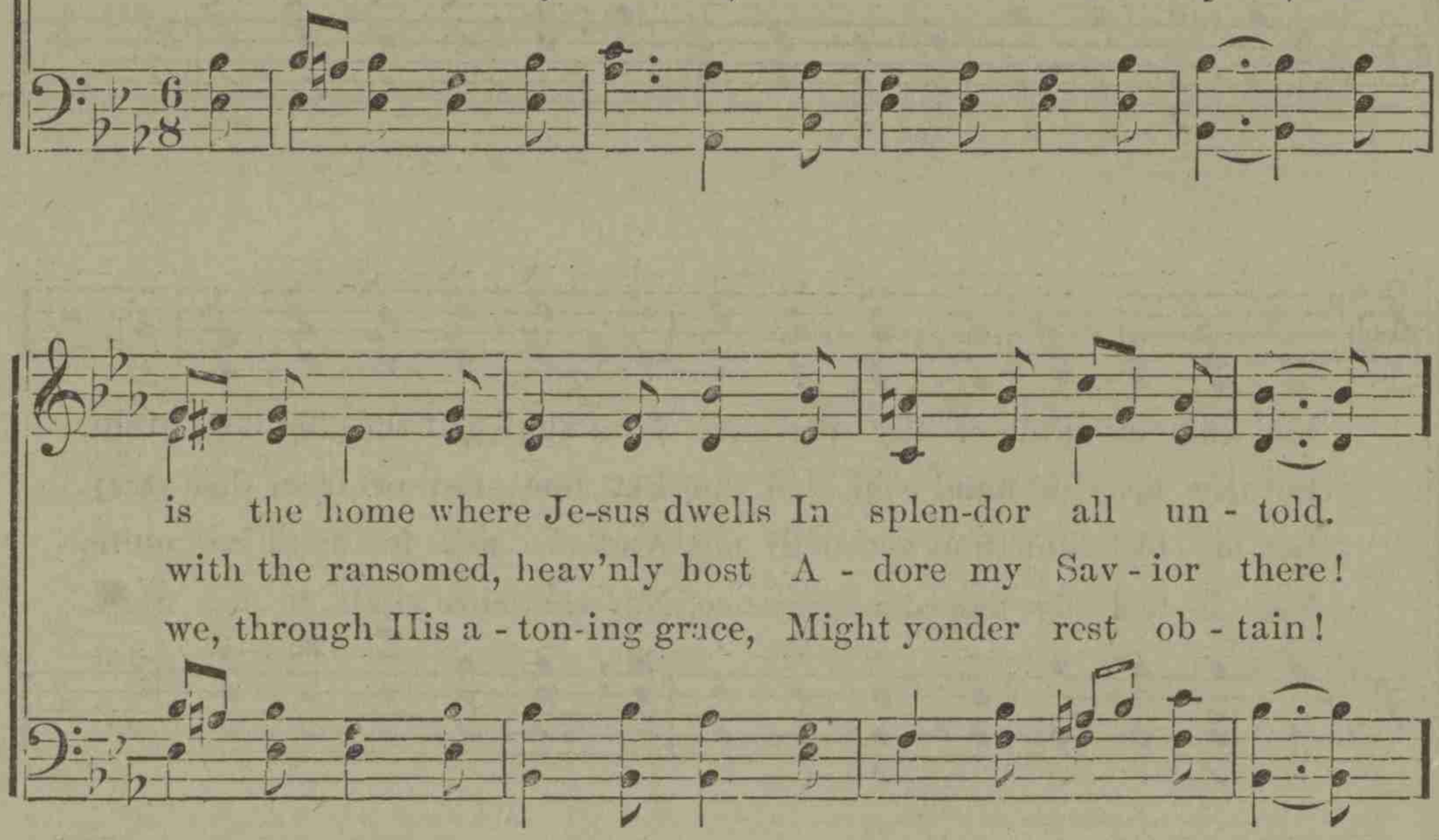
Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to-night?
Can I the pleasures of earth re-sign, Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Shall I re-ject Him, a friend so dear? Oh! shall I be saved to-night?
Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to-night!

Copyright, 1881, by Mrs. M. E. Willson.

No. 75. MY SOUL IS SINGING OF JESUS.

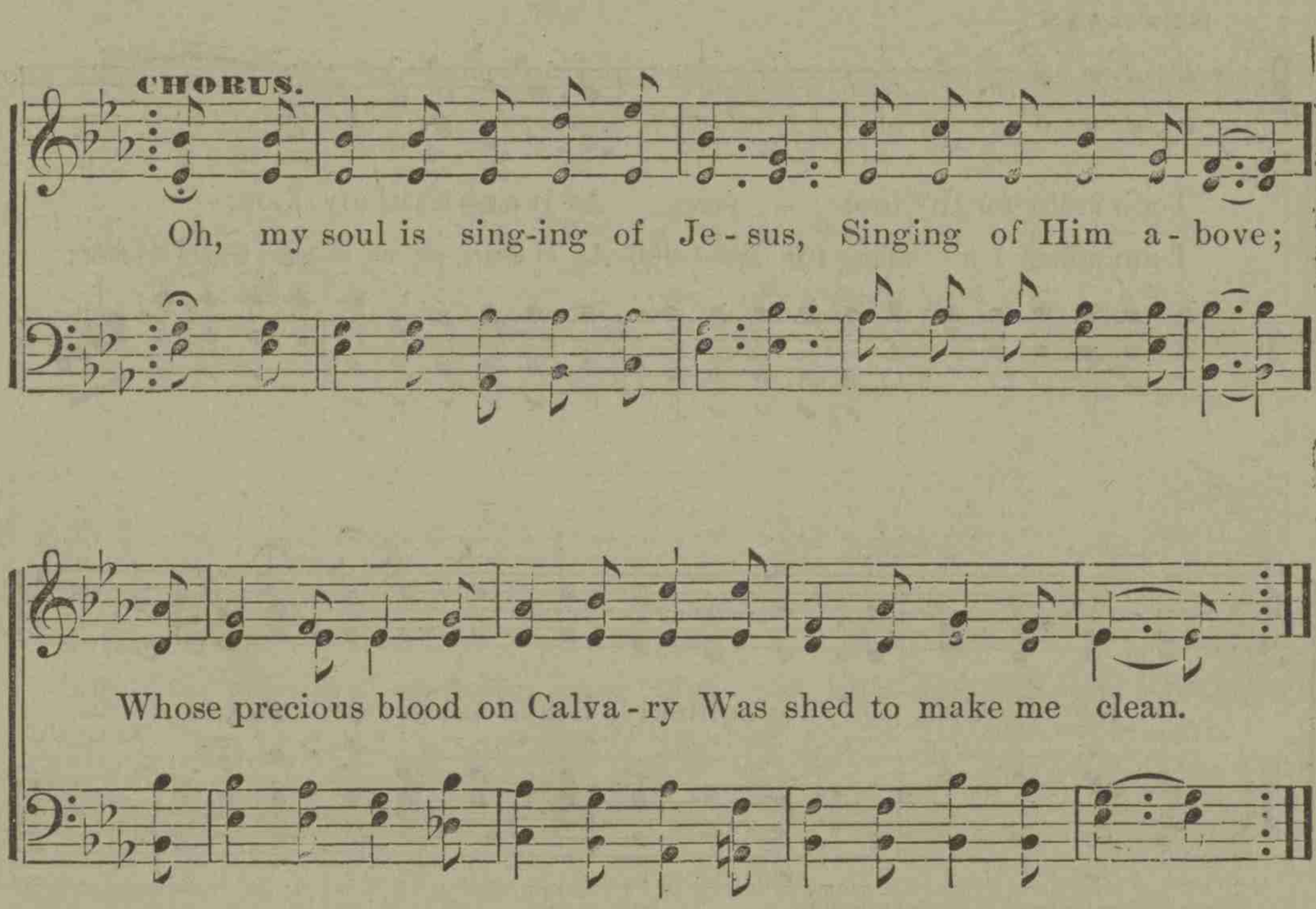
"In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14: 2.

A. B. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. There is a home of beau-ty, So ra-diant to be-hold, It is the home where Je-sus dwells In splen-dor all un-told.
2. I fain would soar in rapt-ure, To mansions ev-er fair; And with the ransomed, heav'nly host A-dore my Sav-ior there!
3. The "meek and lowly Sav-ior," 'T was He who bore the pain; And we, through His a-ton-ing grace, Might yonder rest ob-tain!



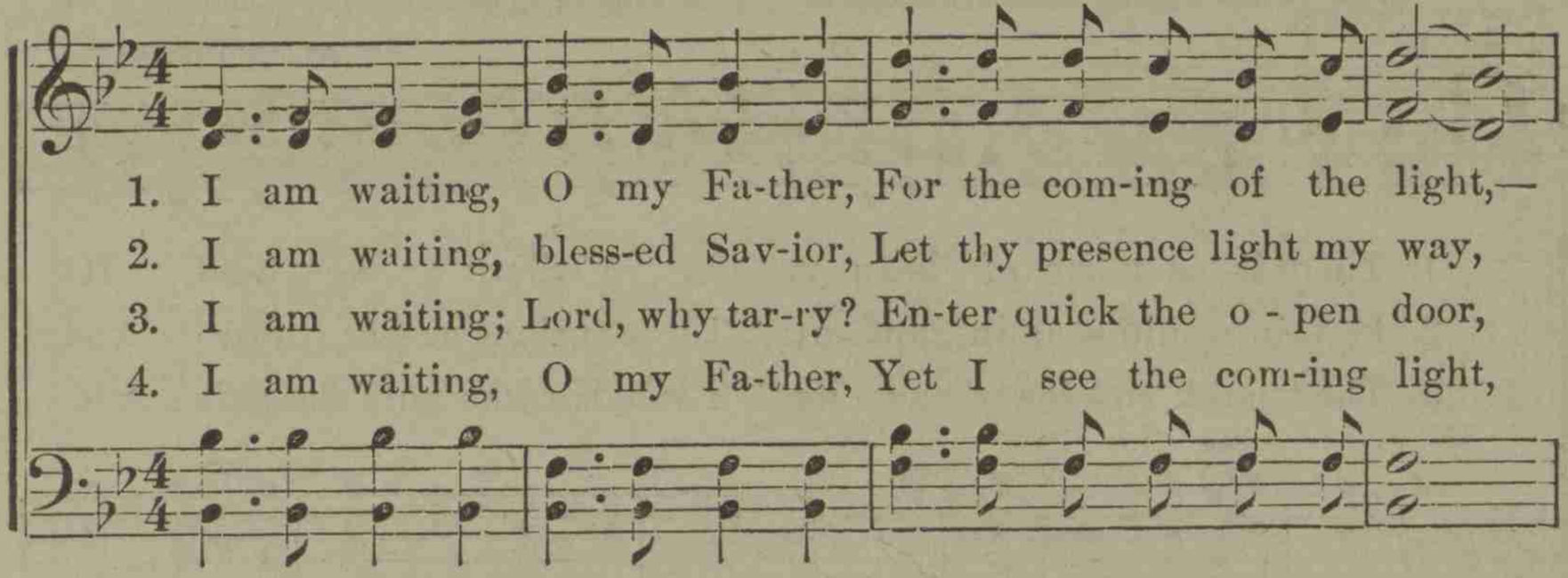
CHORUS.

Oh, my soul is sing-ing of Je-sus, Singing of Him a-bove;
Whose precious blood on Calva-ry Was shed to make me clean.

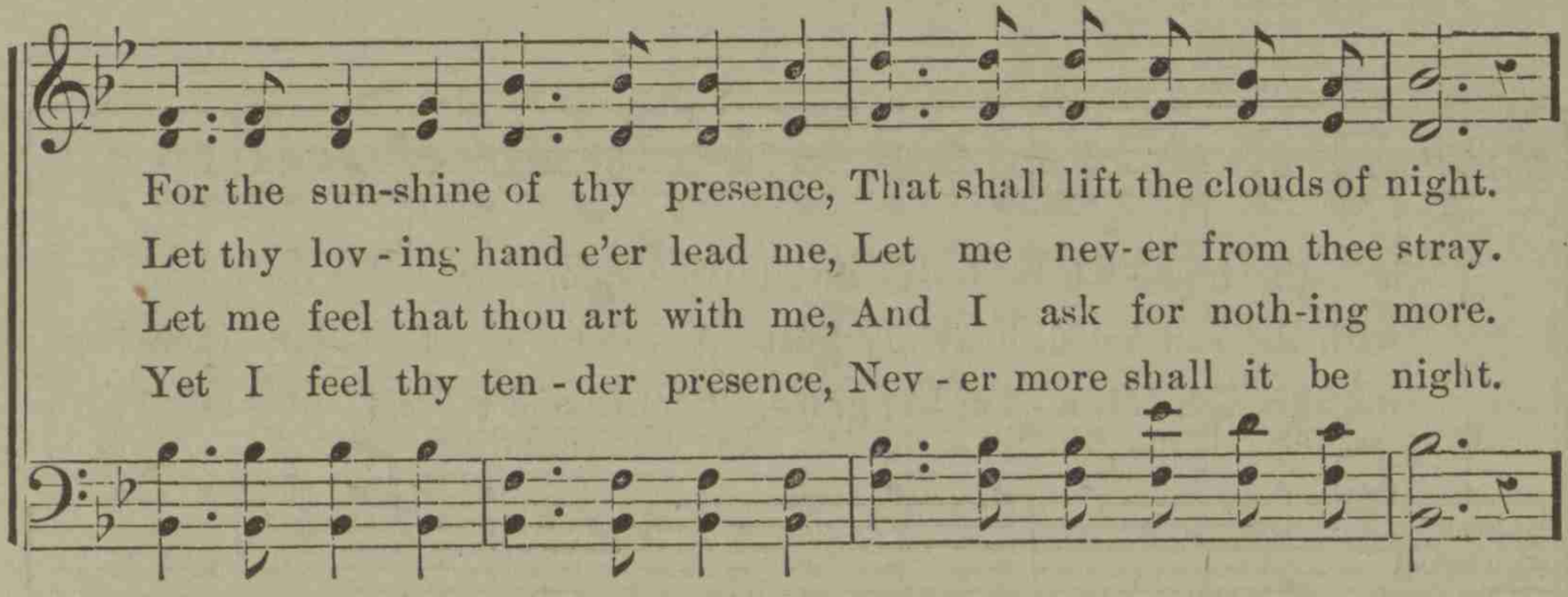


No. 76. WAITING FOR THE LIGHT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

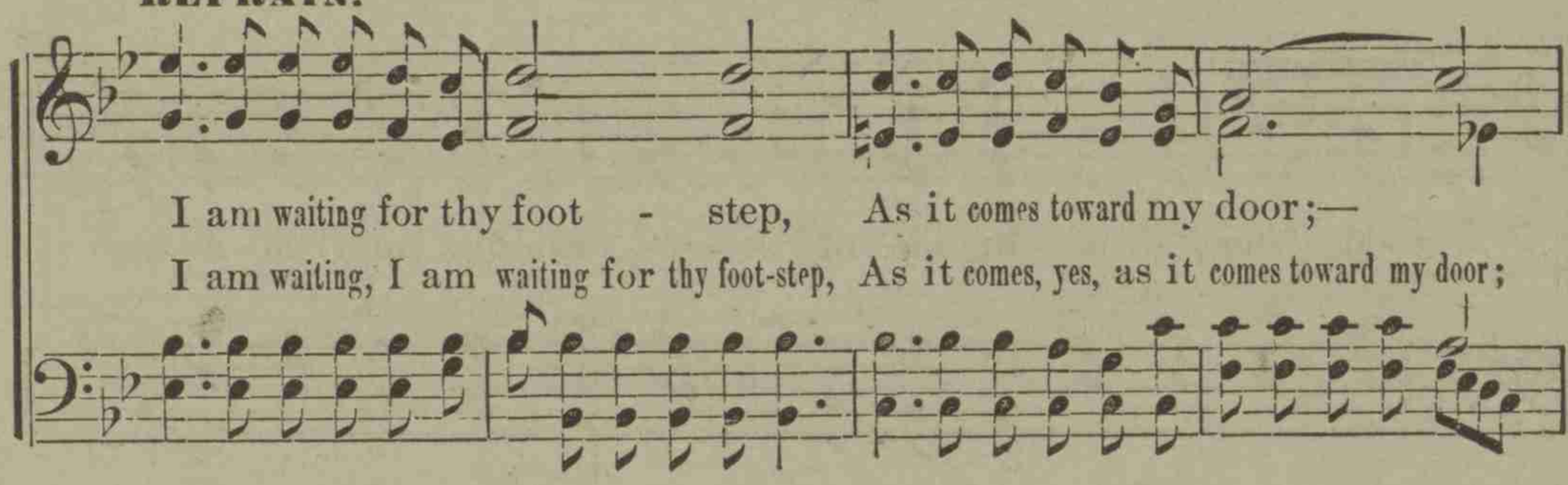


1. I am waiting, O my Fa-ther, For the com-ing of the light,—
2. I am waiting, bless-ed Sav-ior, Let thy presence light my way,
3. I am waiting; Lord, why tar-ry? En-ter quick the o - pen door,
4. I am waiting, O my Fa-ther, Yet I see the com-ing light,

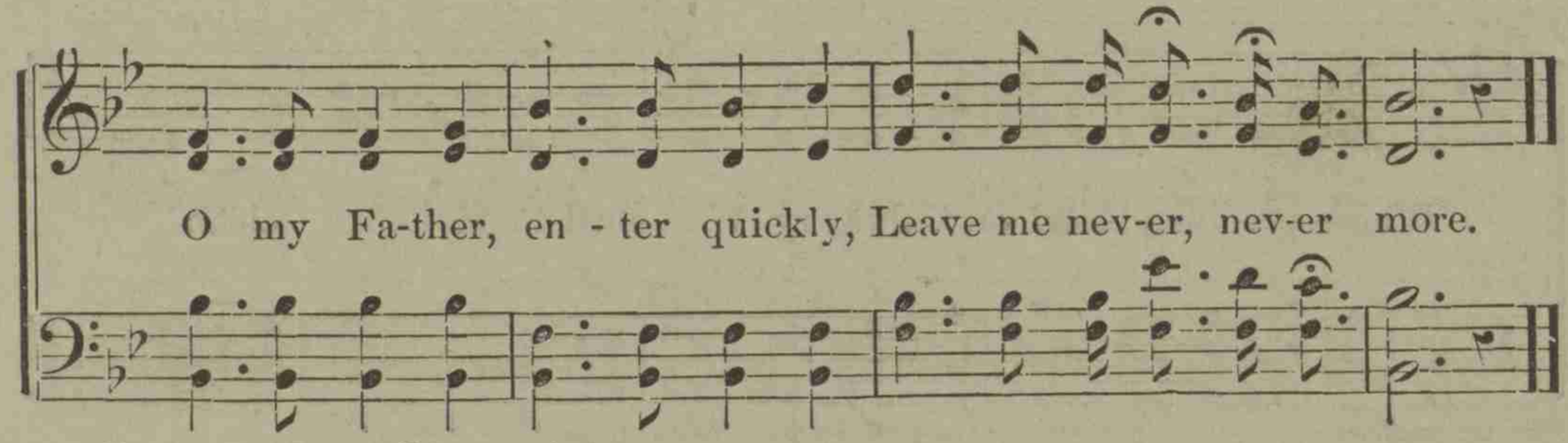


For the sun-shine of thy presence, That shall lift the clouds of night.
Let thy lov - ing hand e'er lead me, Let me nev-er from thee stray.
Let me feel that thou art with me, And I ask for noth-ing more.
Yet I feel thy ten - der presence, Nev - er more shall it be night.

REFRAIN.



I am waiting for thy foot - step, As it comes toward my door;—
I am waiting, I am waiting for thy foot-step, As it comes, yes, as it comes toward my door;

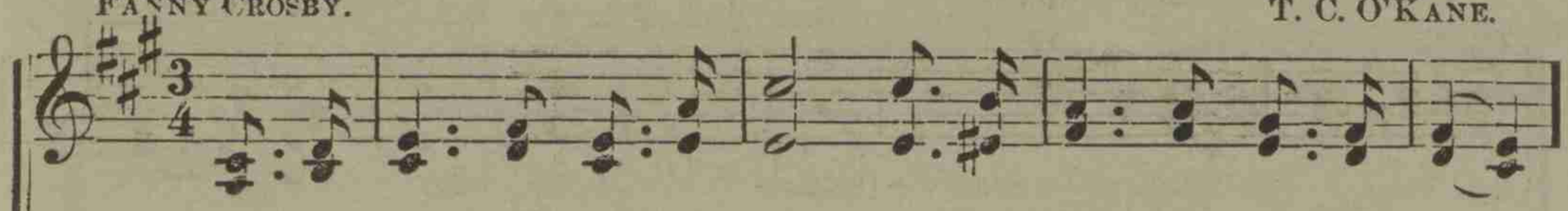
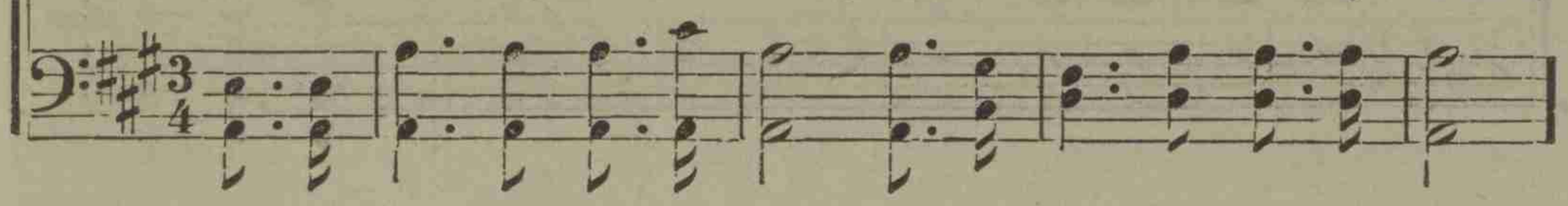
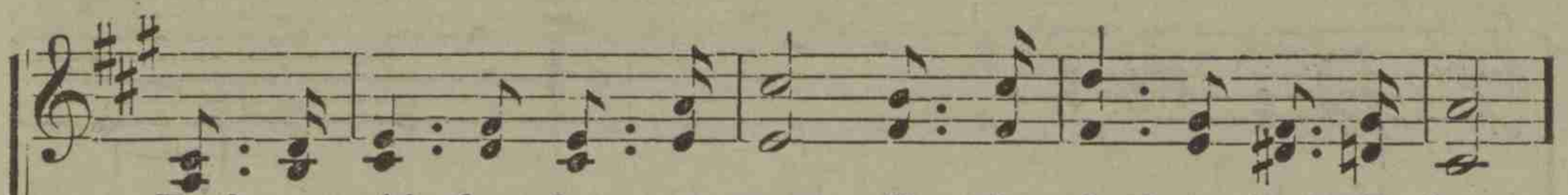


O my Fa-ther, en - ter quickly, Leave me nev-er, nev-er more.

From "The Garner," by permission.

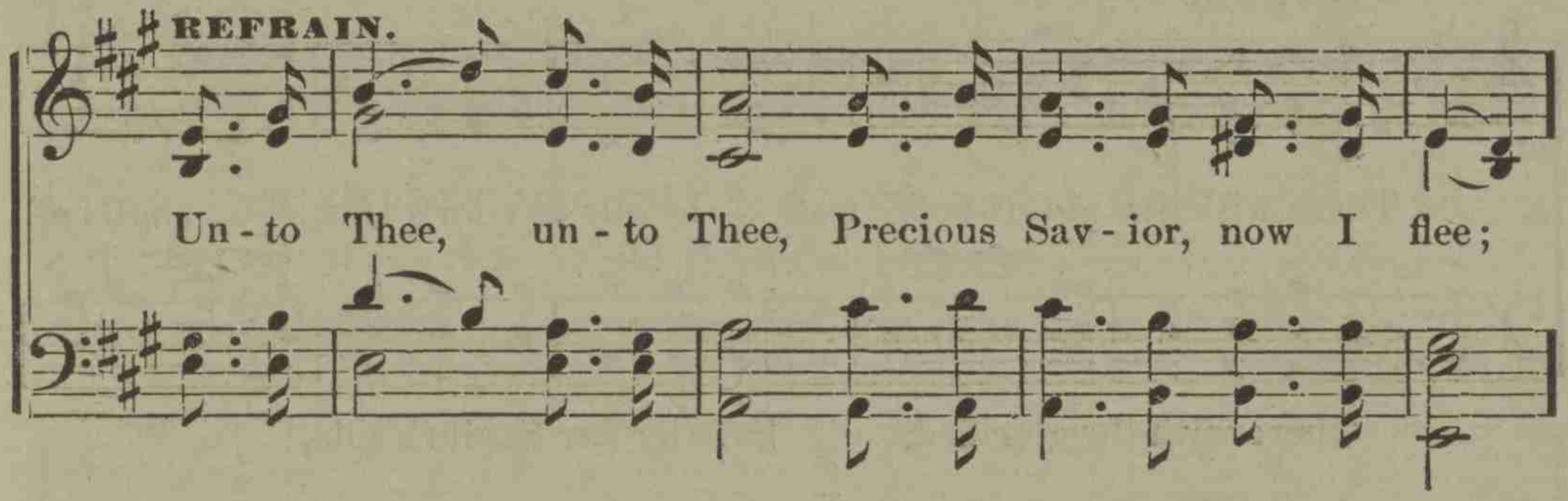
No. 77. CLEFT FOR ME.

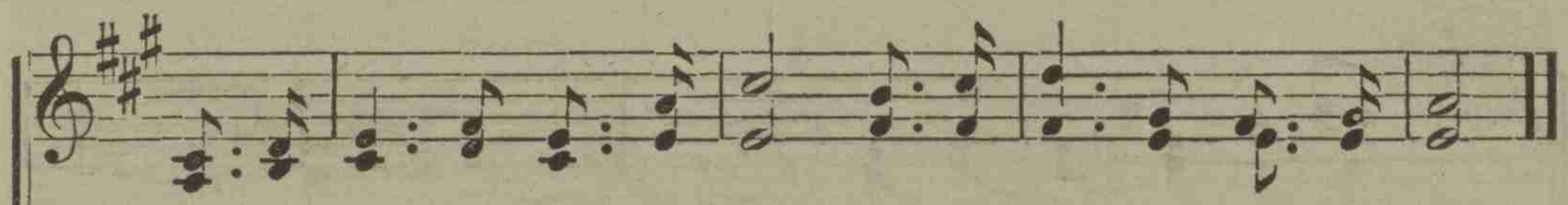
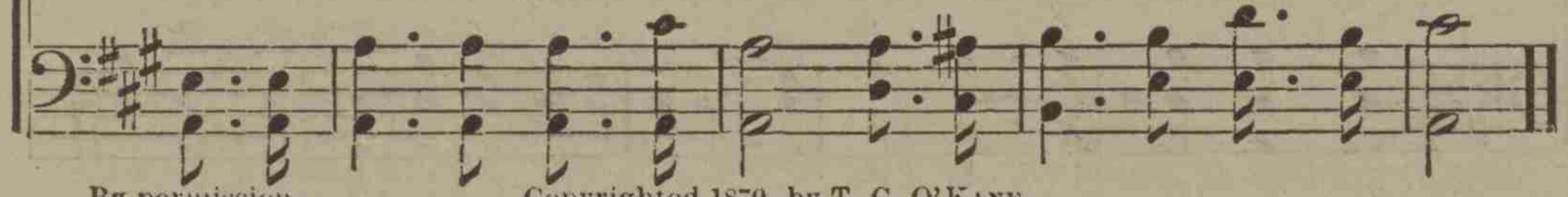
"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

FANNY CROSBY. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Might-y Rock, whose towering form Looks a-bove the frowning storm;
2. Of the springs that from thee burst Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. Might-y Rock, the pilgrim's home, Ref-uge from the bil-low's foam;
4. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chil-ly breath,



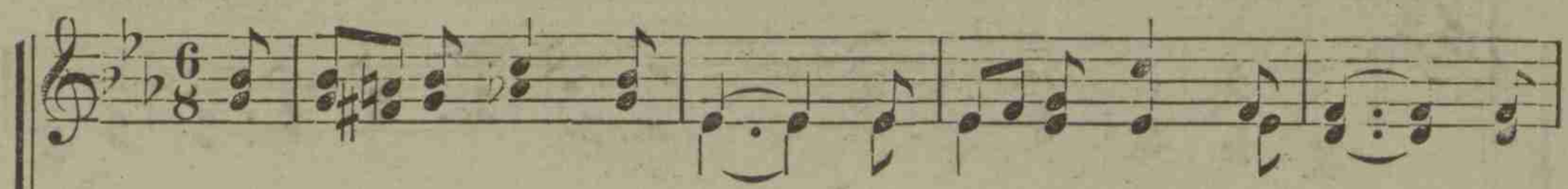
Rock a-mid the des-ert waste, To thy shad-ow now I haste.
Wea-ry, faint-ing toil-oppressed, In thy shad-ow let me rest.
Rock, by countless mil-lions blest, In thy shad-ow let me rest.
Rock, where all my hopes a-bide, In thy shad-ow let me hide.

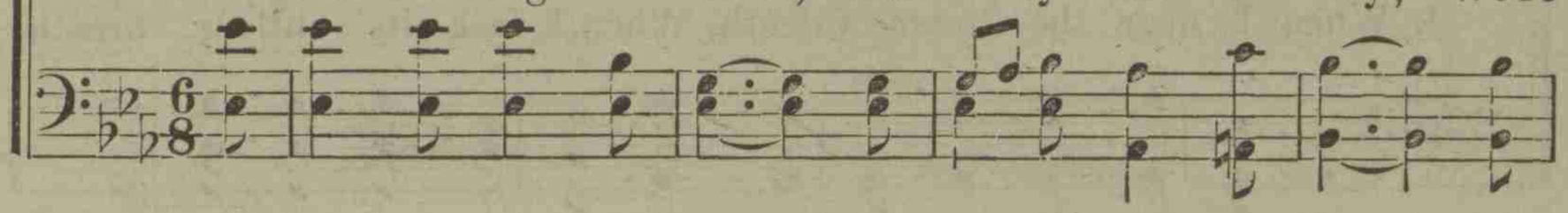
REFRAIN.



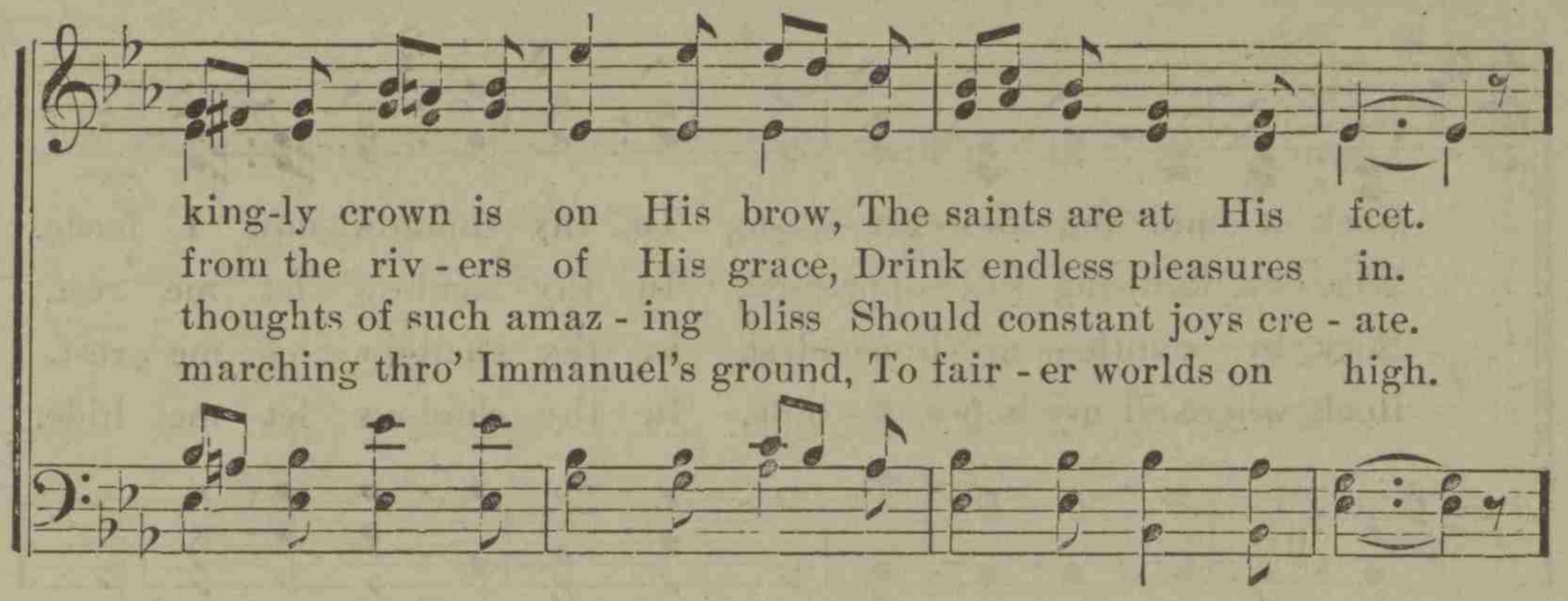
Un-to Thee, un-to Thee, Precious Sav-ior, now I flee;

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

By permission. Copyrighted 1879, by T. C. O'KANE.

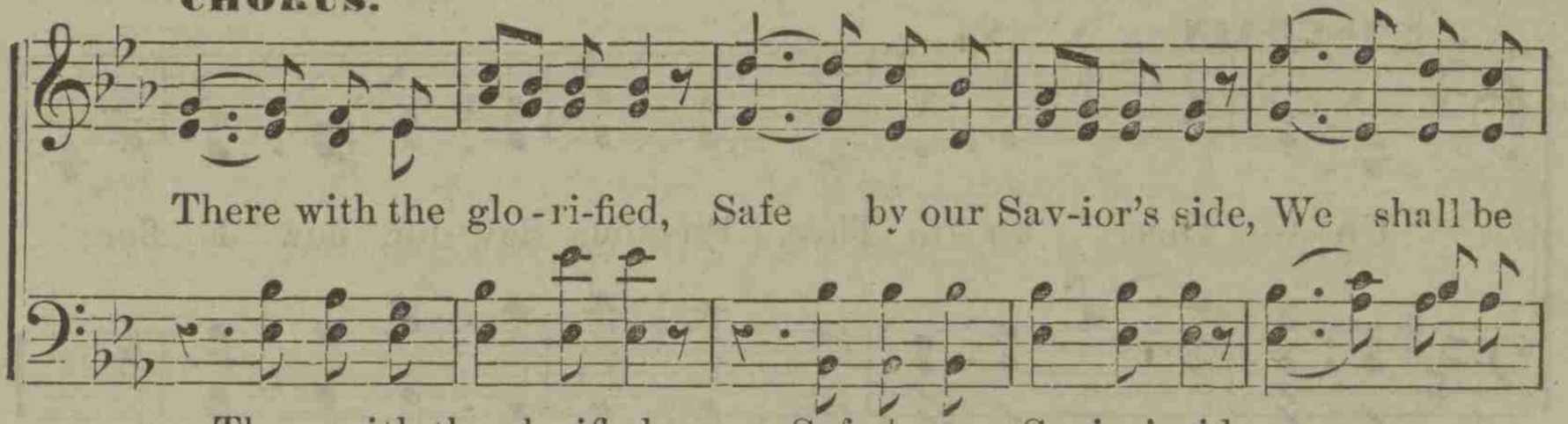
No. 78. SATISFIED BY AND BY.

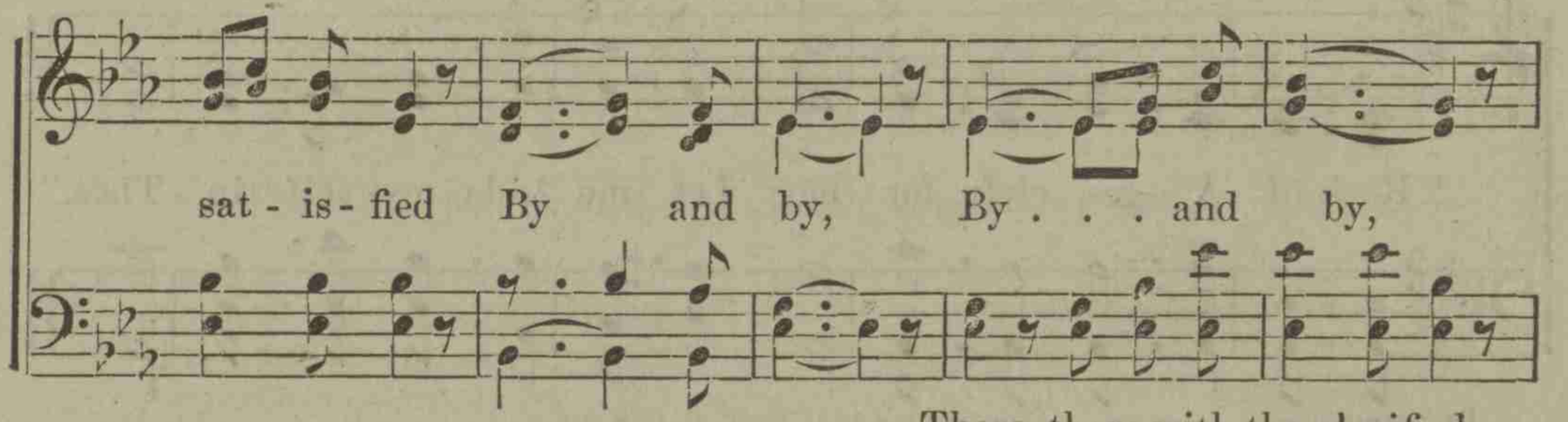
Theme of Chorus from WEBSTER. T C. O'KANE.

1. Enthroned is Je - sus now Up - on His heavenly seat, The
2. There we shall see His face, And nev-er, nev - er sin; There,
3. Yes, and be - fore we rise To that im-mor - tal state, The
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev -'ry tear be dry; We're



king-ly crown is on His brow, The saints are at His feet.
from the riv - ers of His grace, Drink endless pleasures in.
thoughts of such amaz - ing bliss Should constant joys cre - ate.
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.



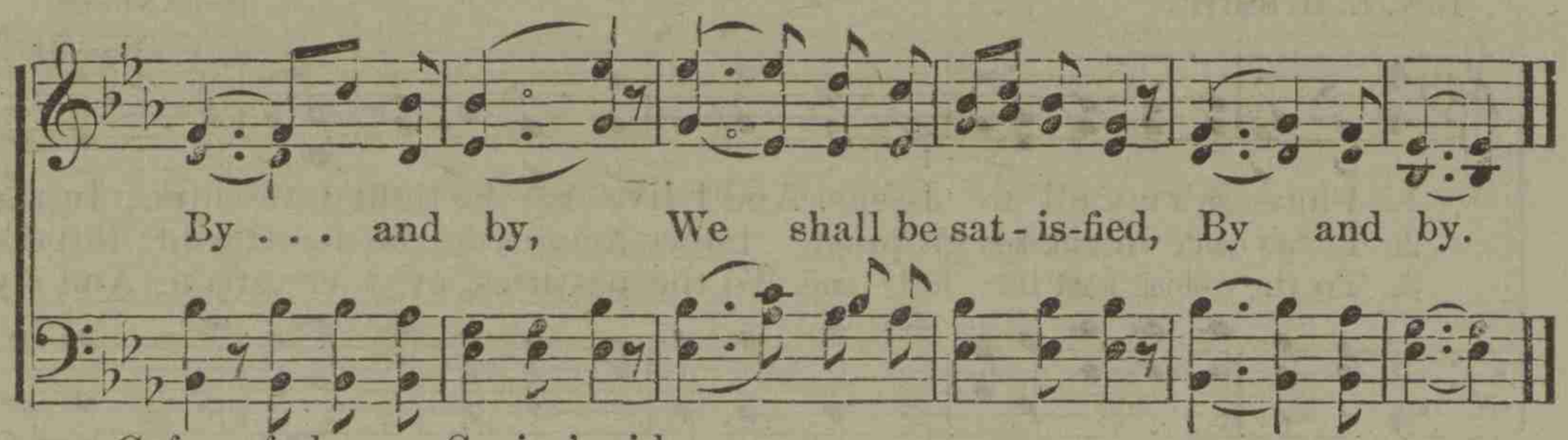
CHORUS.

There with the glo - ri-fied, Safe by our Sav-ior's side, We shall be
There with the glorified, Safe by our Savior's side,



sat - is - fied By and by, By . . . and by,
There, there with the glorified,

By permission.

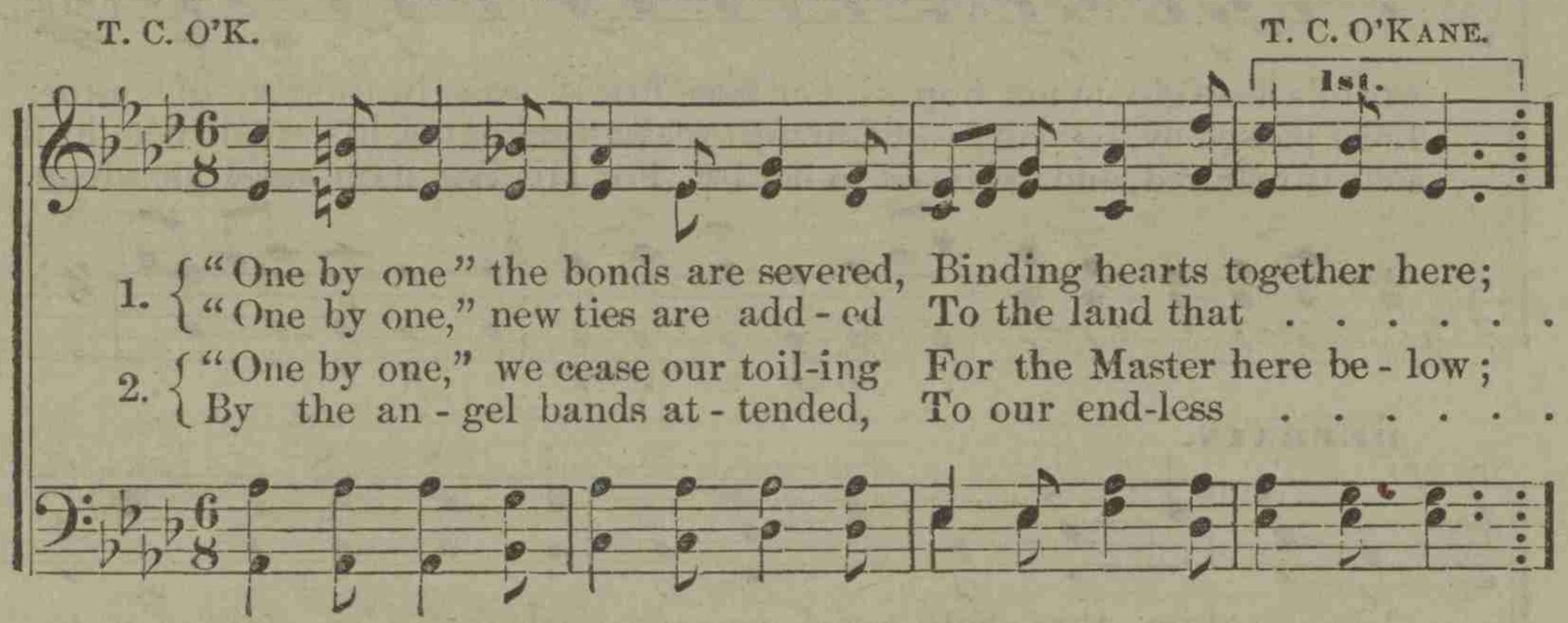
SATISFIED BY AND BY. Concluded.

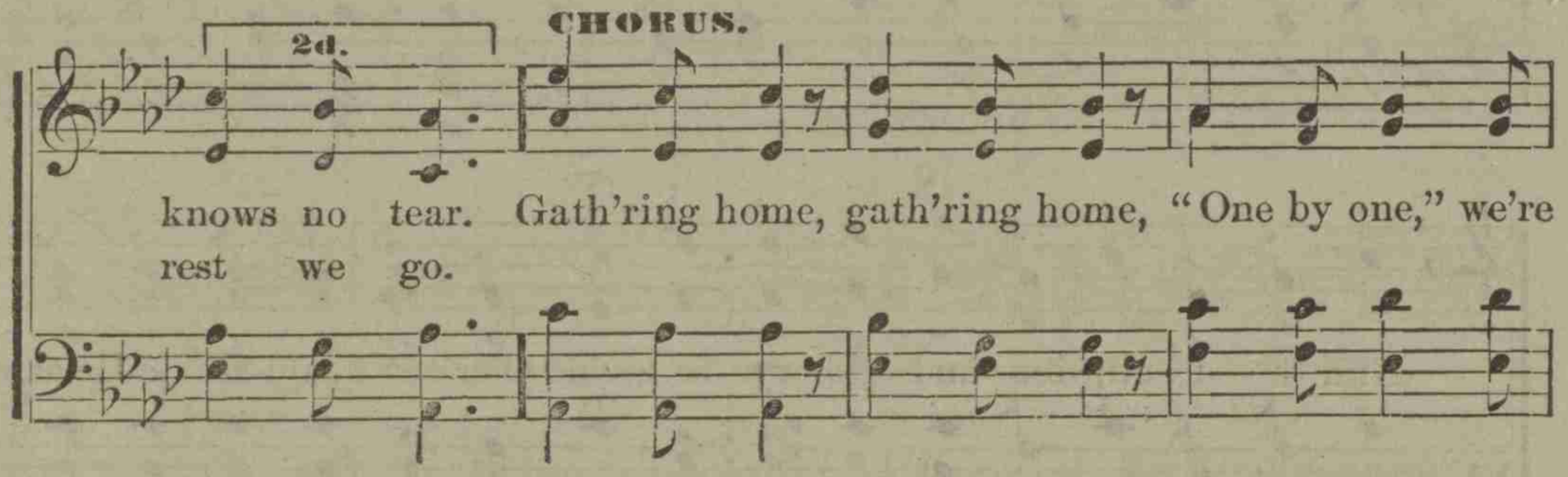


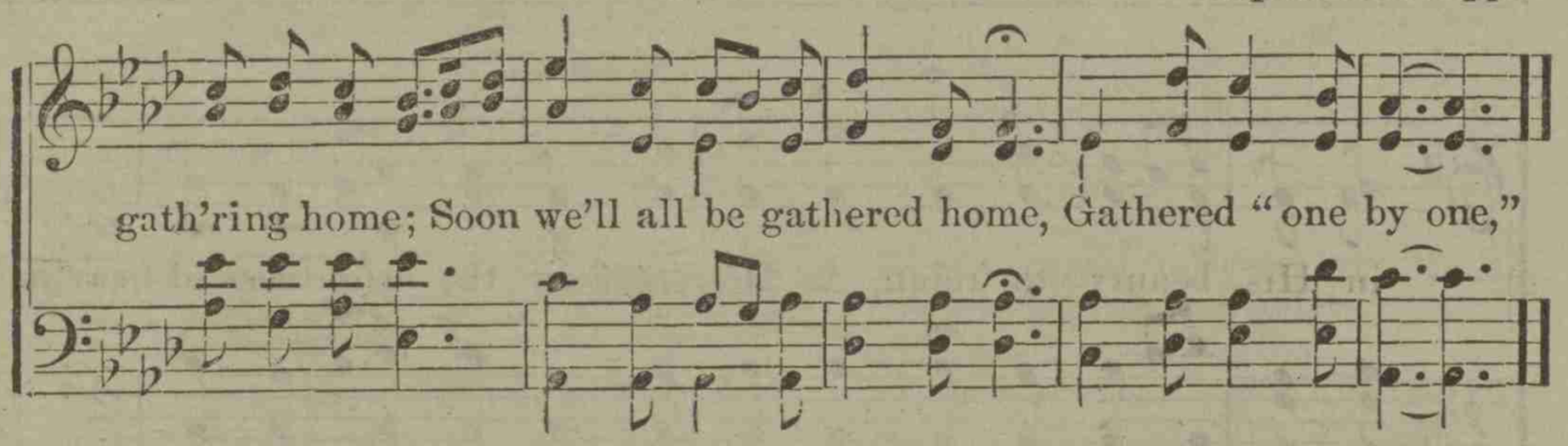
No. 79. GATHERING ONE BY ONE.

T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'KANE.





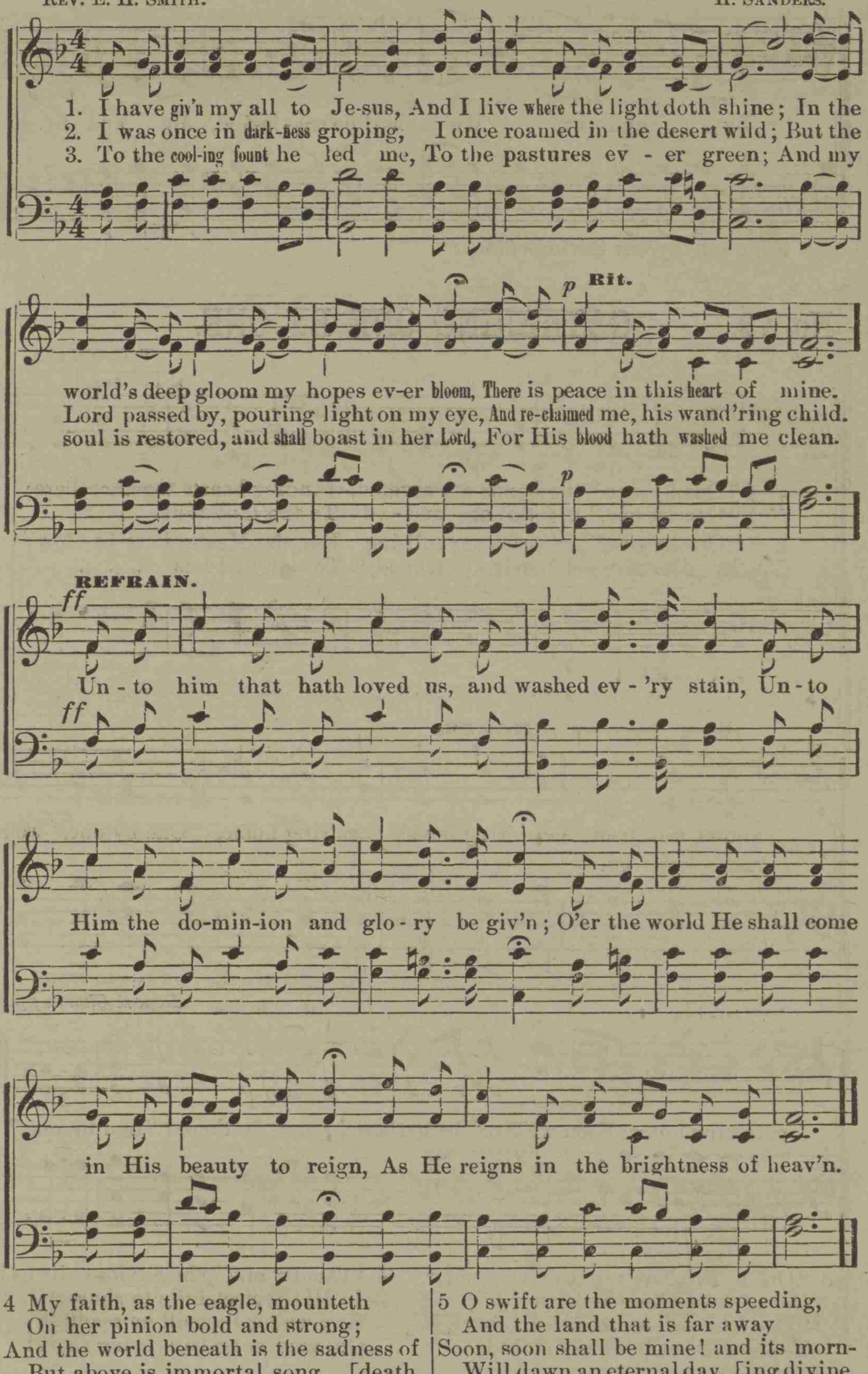
Repeat Chorus pp.

3 "One by one," we're gath'ring yonder,
Out of ev'ry clime and land,
"One by one," we're crossing over,
To the distant heavenly strand.

4 "One by one," the Savior calls us
In His perfect bliss to share;
May we for the call be ready—
Oh, may none be missing there!

By permission.

No. 80. UNTO HIM THAT HATH LOVED US.

REV. E. H. SMITH. H. SANDERS.



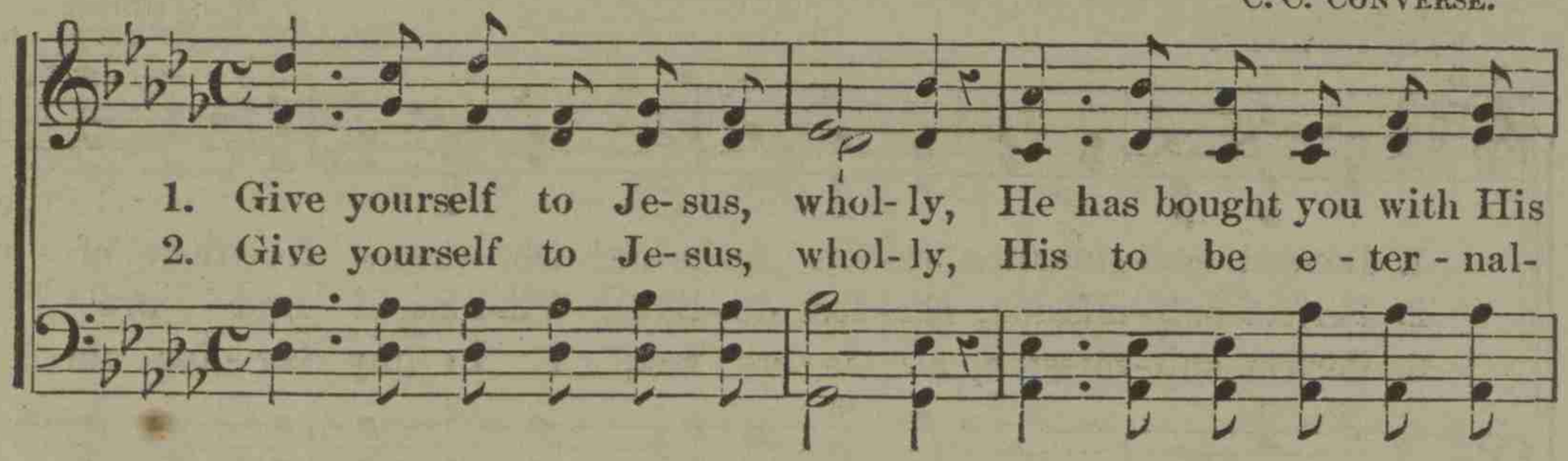
4 My faith, as the eagle, mounteth
On her pinion bold and strong;
And the world beneath is the sadness of death,
But above is immortal song.

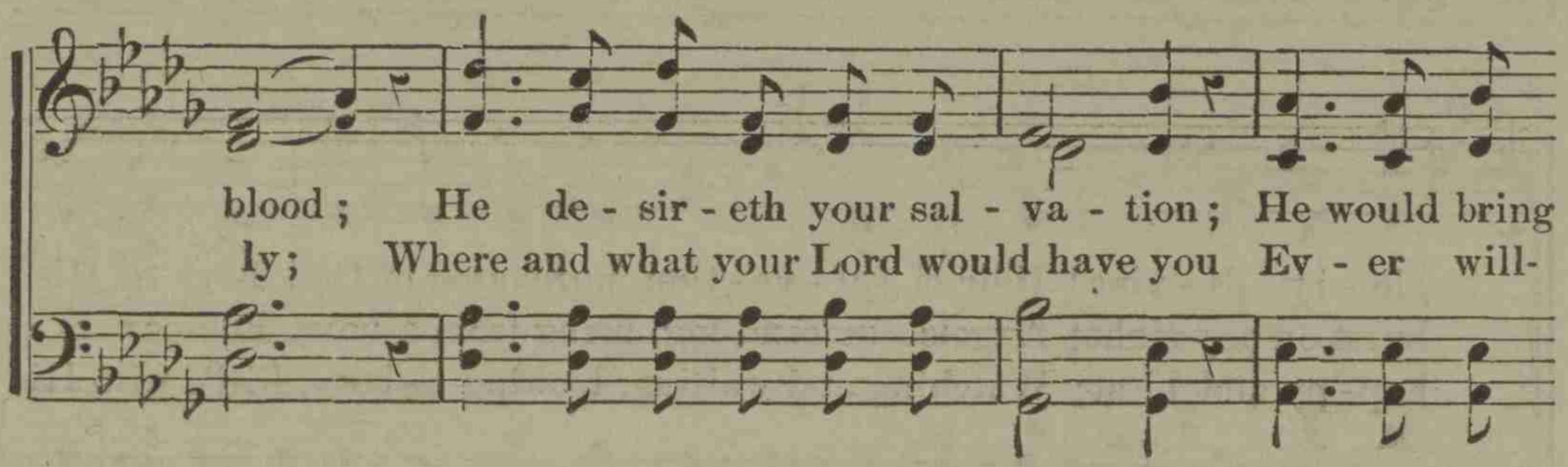
5 O swift are the moments speeding,
And the land that is far away
Soon, soon shall be mine! and its morning divine,
Will dawn an eternal day.

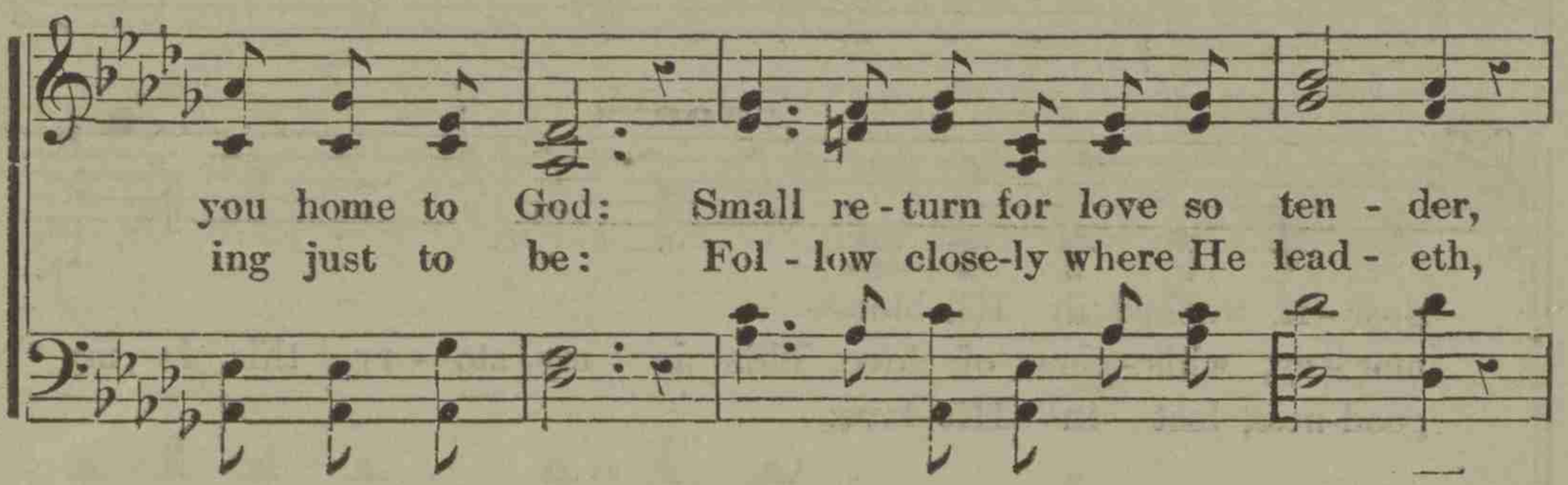
By permission.

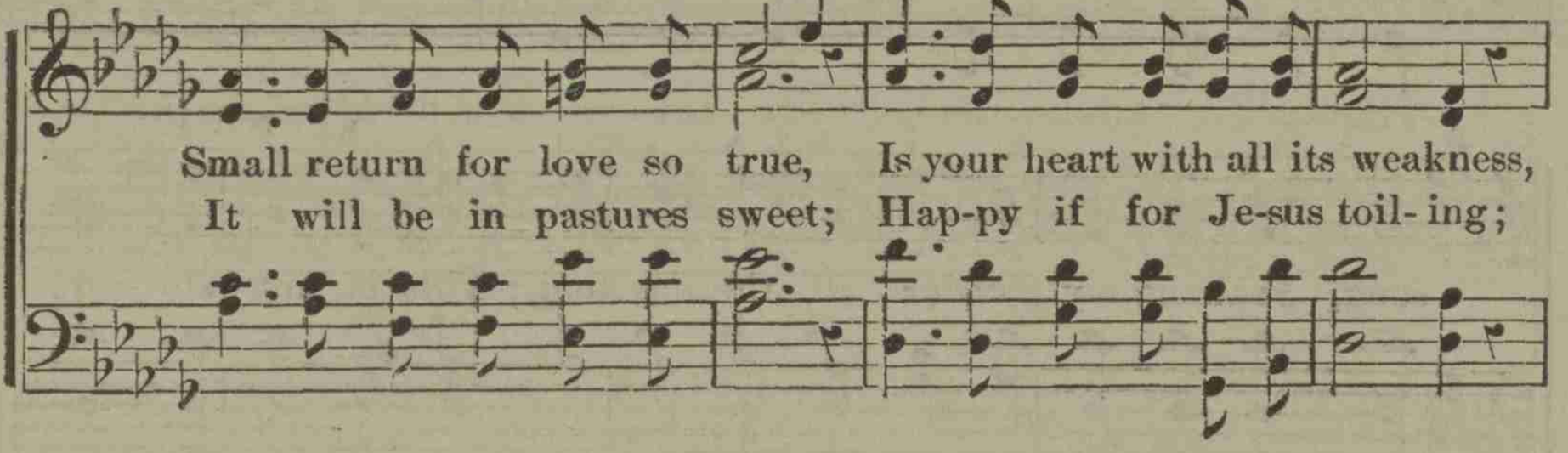
No. 81. GIVE YOURSELF TO JESUS, WHOLLY.

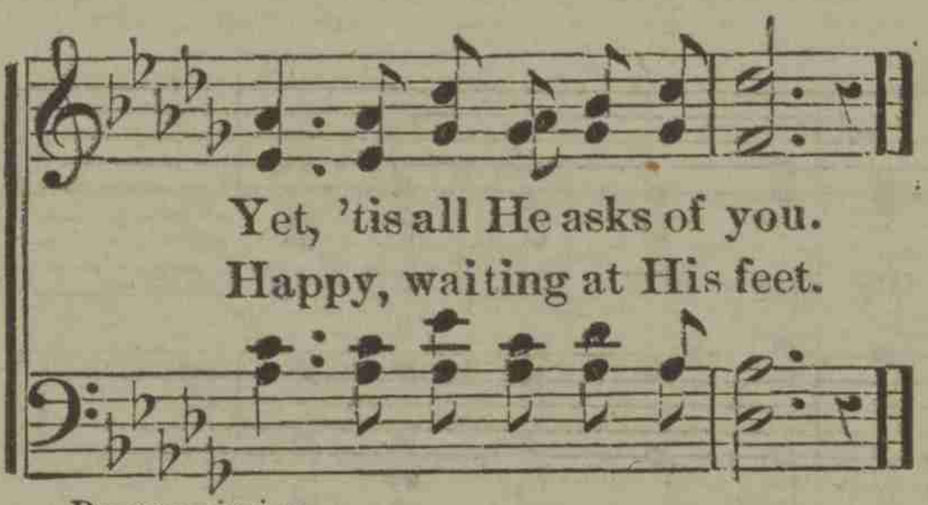
C. C. CONVERSE.











By permission.

3 Give yourself to Jesus, wholly,
On His bosom lean and rest;
In His love secure abiding;
In that love completely blest:
All your hearts to Him uplifted,
All your will in His control;
Be your life one glad communion
With the Savior of your soul.

No. 82. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNY CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchased of God, Born of His
2. Perfect sub - mission, per - fect de - light, Vis-ions of rapt - ure burst on my sight; Angels descend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of
3. Perfect sub - mission, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap - py and blest; Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.

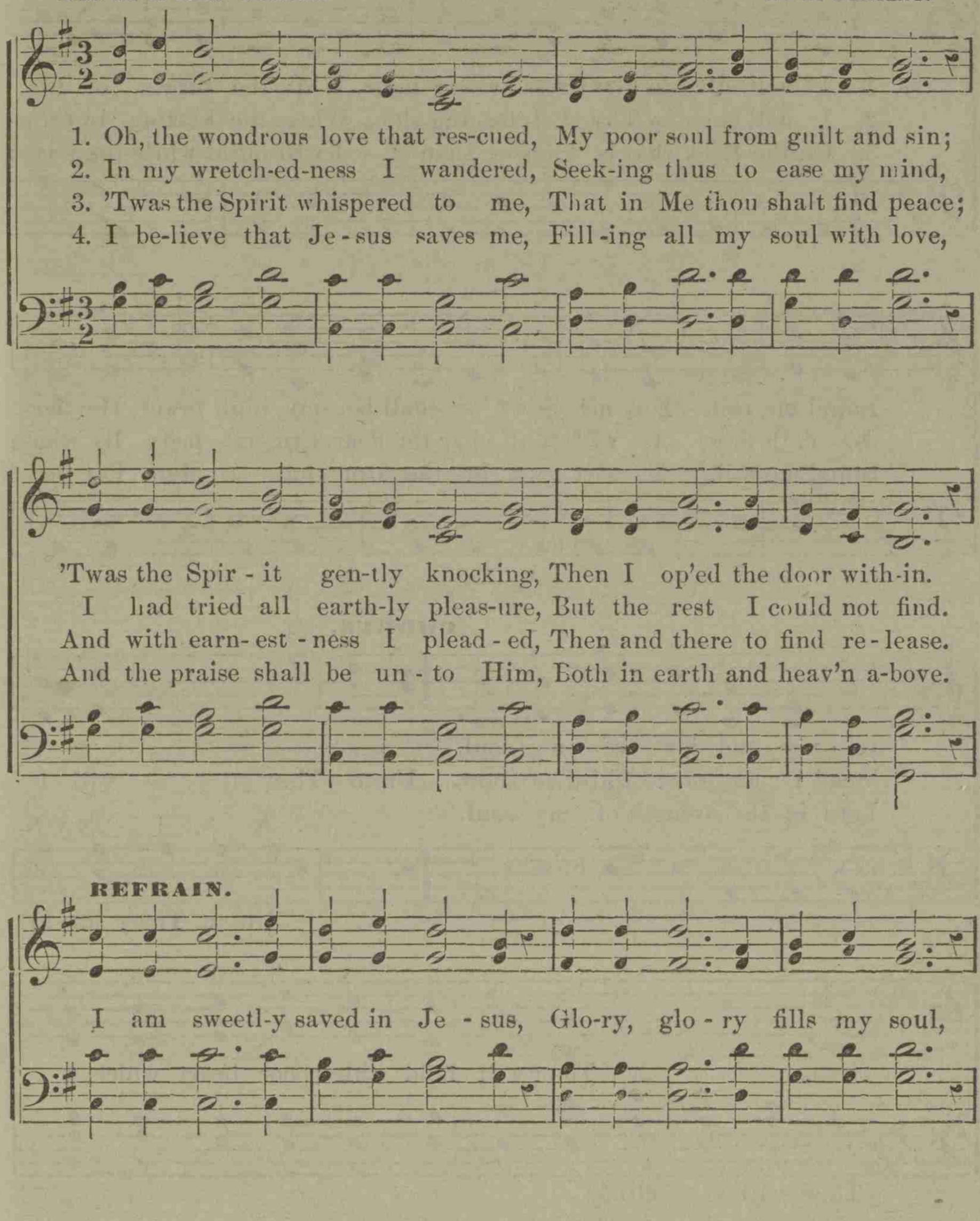
Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.
song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry,
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

From "Notes of Joy." By per.

No. 83. I AM SWEETLY SAVED IN JESUS.

"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—Gal 2: 20.

Mrs. M. E. Bliss Willson. W. W. Bentley.



REFRAIN.

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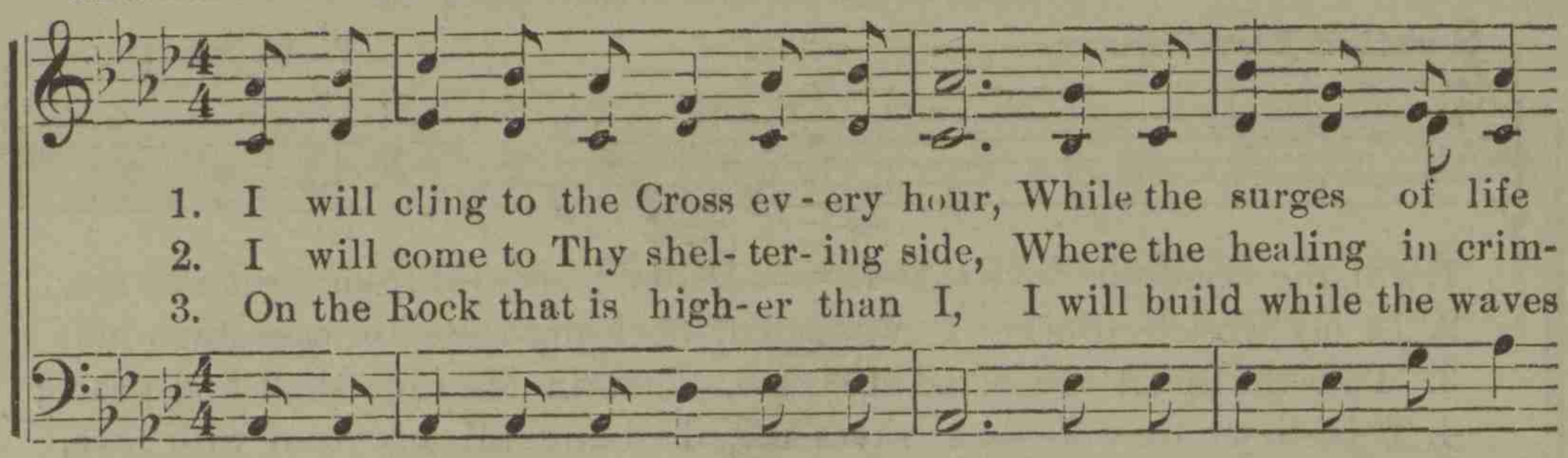
No. 84. UNTO THEE WILL I CLING.

REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS. D. B. TOWNER.



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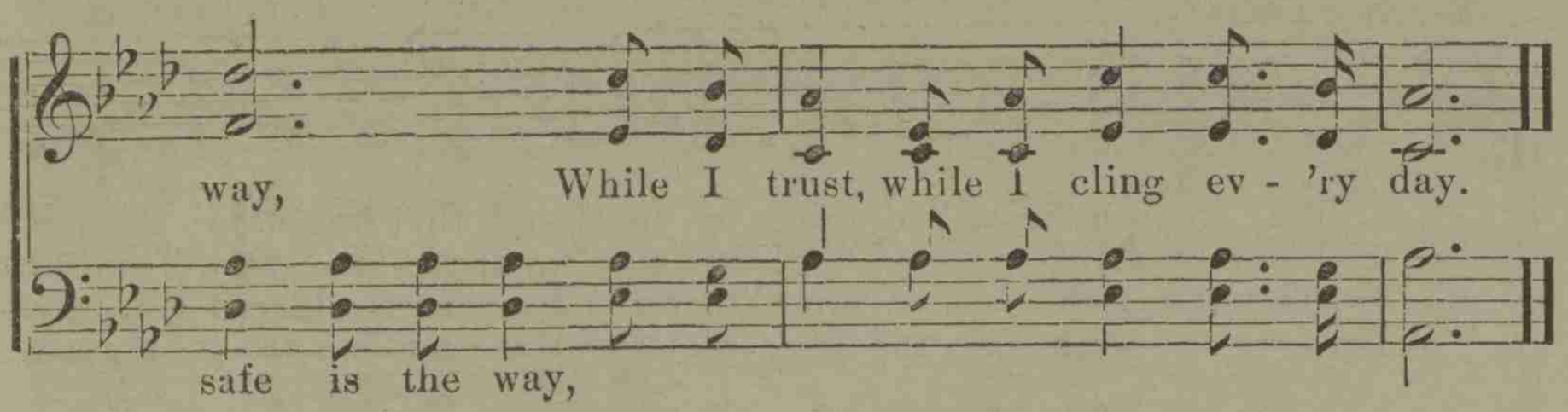
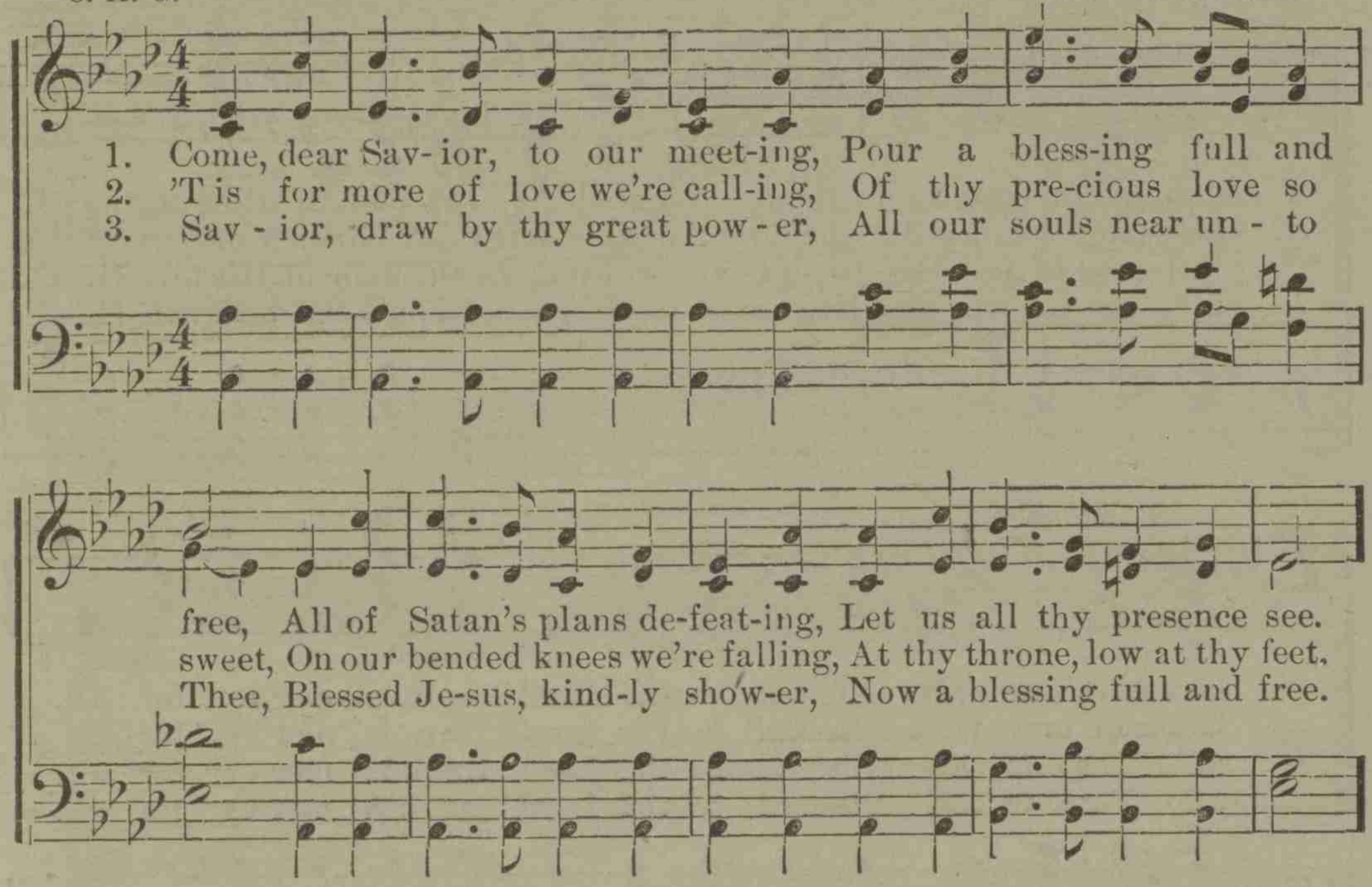
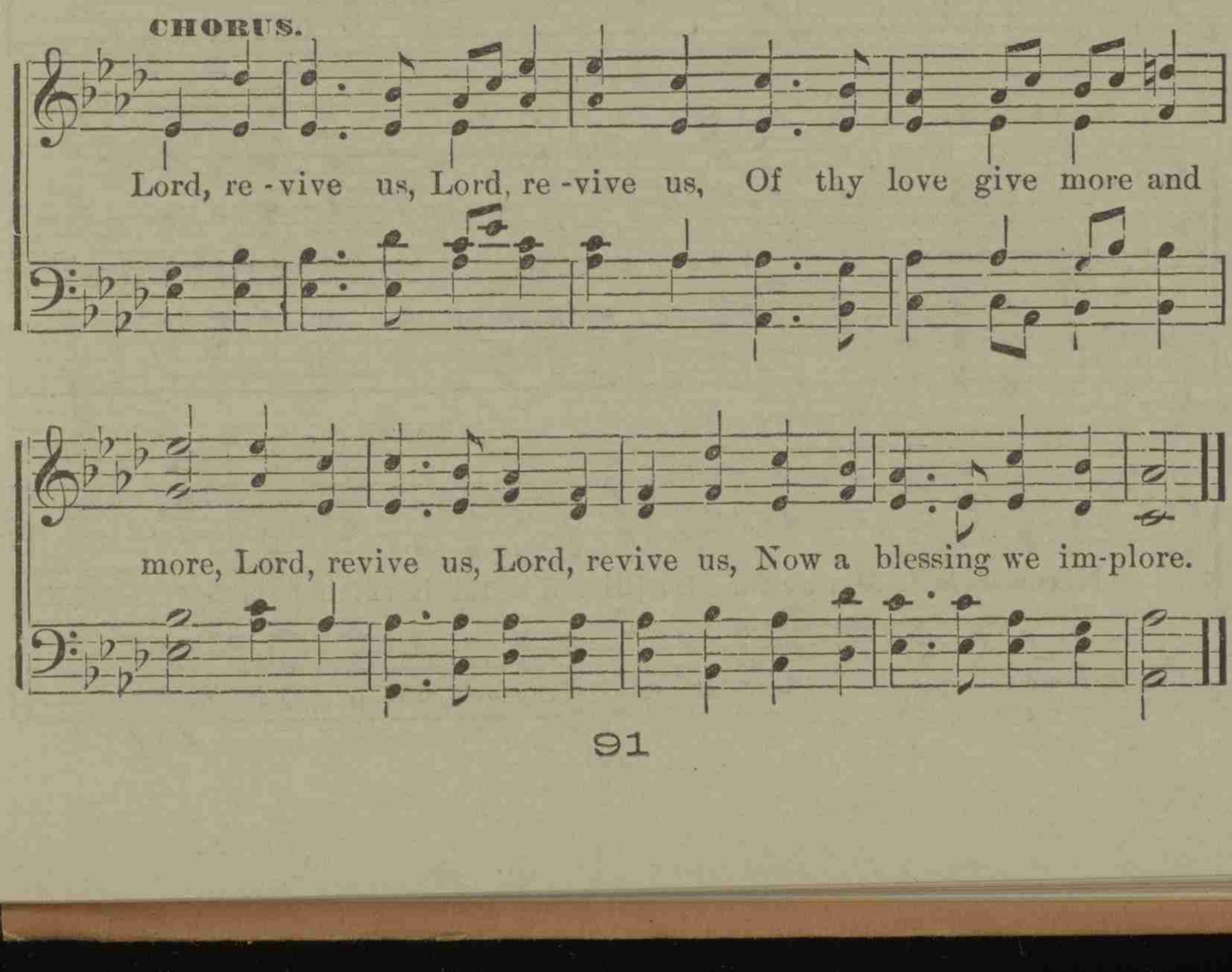
UNTO THEE WILL I CLING. Concluded.



No. 85. LORD, REVIVE US.

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





No. 86. MERCY FOR ALL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. G. P. BENJAMIN.

1. We are bought with a price by the Lamb that was slain; He has conquered the grave,—he liveth a-gain! At the foot of the cross he will an-swer our call: Blessed be the Lord! there is mer-cy for all.
2. We may drink if we will of the fount-ain so free, That is flow-ing to-day for you and for me; With our bur-den of sin at its brink we may fall: Blessed be the Lord! there is mer-cy for all.
3. Oh, the rich-es of grace that in Je-sus a-bound With the full-ness of joy His peo-ple are crown'd; At the door of His love He will an-swer our call: Blessed be the Lord! there is mer-cy for all.
4. If we walk in the path that our Mas-ter has trod,—If we die un-to sin, but live un-to God, When we pass the dark vale He will an-swer our call: Blessed be the Lord! there is mer-cy for all.

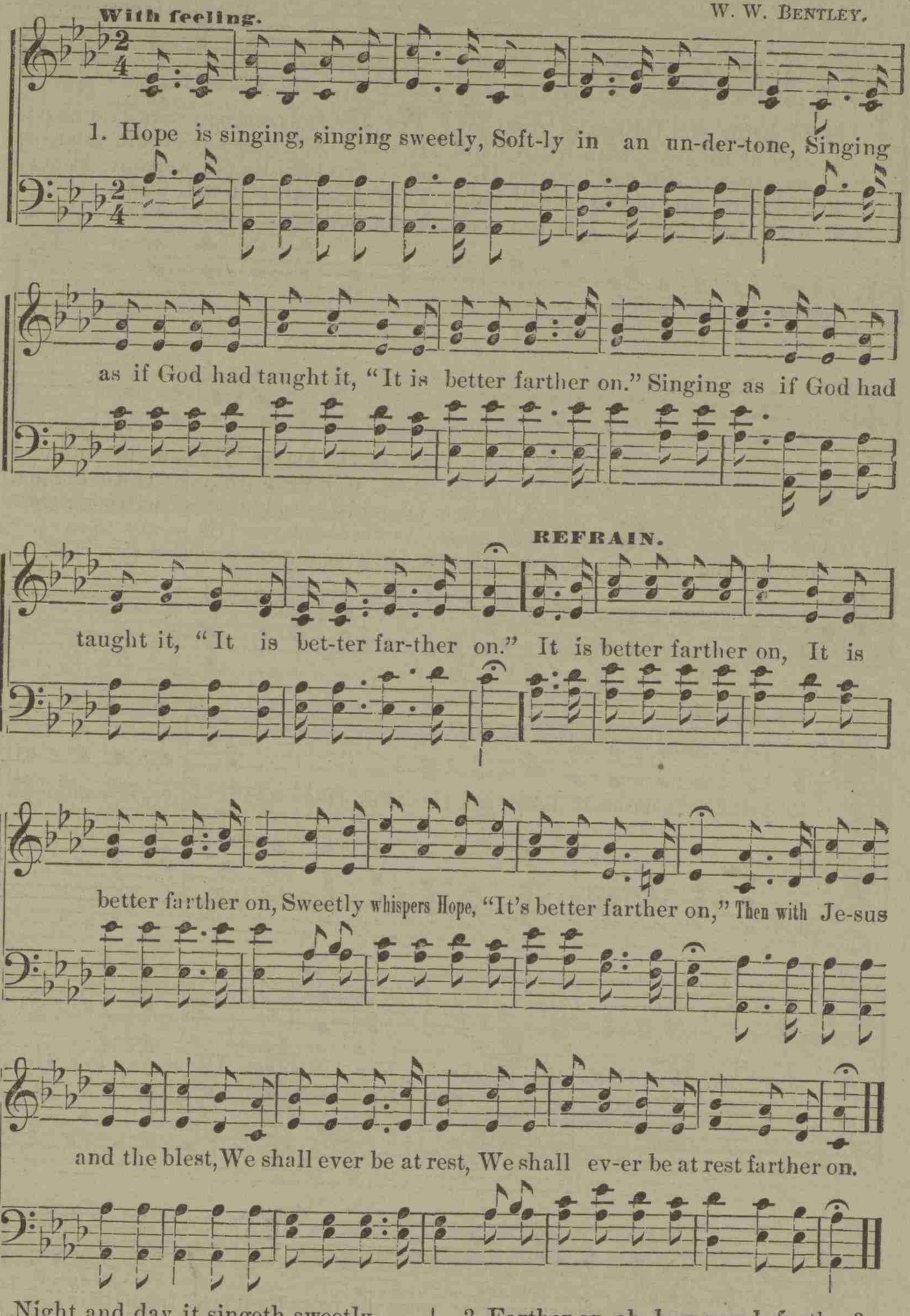
REFRAIN.

Mer-cy for all! Mer-cy for all! Blessed be the Lord! there is mercy for all!

Mercy for all! Mer-cy for all! Blessed be the Lord! there is mercy for all!

No. 8 . IT IS BETTER FARTHER ON.

W. W. BENTLEY.



2 Night and day it singeth sweetly,
Singeth, while I sit alone;
Singeth, so the heart may hear it,
"It is better farther on,"
Singeth, so the heart may hear it,
"It is better farther on."

3 Farther on, oh, how much farther?
Count the mile stones one by one?
No! no counting, only trusting,
"It is better farther on,"
No! no counting, only trusting,
"It is better farther on."

No. 88. REJOICE, HIS NAME IS JESUS.

REV. L. H. REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. "I bring you tidings of great joy," For Je - sus comes to save His own;
2. Just at the door, with lifted hand, He stands and knocks—would enter in;
3. No other friend can bless as He, You've greeted others—welcome Him;
4. Besetting sins to Christ will yield, Thro' Him all self will find a grave;
5. And Puri - ty is His free gift, Thus saving to the ut - ter - most;

Yes, Jesus comes, tho' Lord of all, For you He leaves His heav'nly home.
Who welcomes Christ with heart and soul, Will prove that Jesus saves from sin.
What foes you've had—you tho't them friends, Jesus, true Friend, will save from sin.
And all this deadly strife will cease, As Jesus proves His power to save.
And by the Ho - ly Spir-it's Power, He gives to us our Pen-te - cost.

REFRAIN.

Re-joice, His name is Jesus, for He saves, He saves; Re-joice, His name is

Je - sus, for He saves, He saves, For He saves, He saves, For He

saves, He saves, For He saves His peo - ple from their sins, from their sins.

By permission.

No. 89. FULLY PERSUADED.

* * *

WILLIAM JOHNSON, by per.

1. I'm ful - ly per - suad - ed to Je - sus to flee, Ac-
2. I'm ful - ly per - suad - ed my Sav - ior to know, Ac-
3. I'm ful - ly per - suad - ed to leave ev - 'ry sin, Live

cept of His mer - cy now of - fered to me; No
cept Him, and love Him while dwell - ing be - low; He
whol - ly to Je - sus— just now I be - gin; I

lon - ger His of - fers of kind-ness re - fuse, I'm
loves me, He keeps me, He lives in my heart, And
bathe in the fount - ain which flows from His side, And

REFRAIN.

ful - ly persuad - ed, His pathway to choose.
trusting His promise we nev - er can part. O Je-sus, my Savior, now
soon in His kingdom shall ev-er a - bide.

help me de - cide, To love Thee, and serve Thee, whatev - er be - tide.

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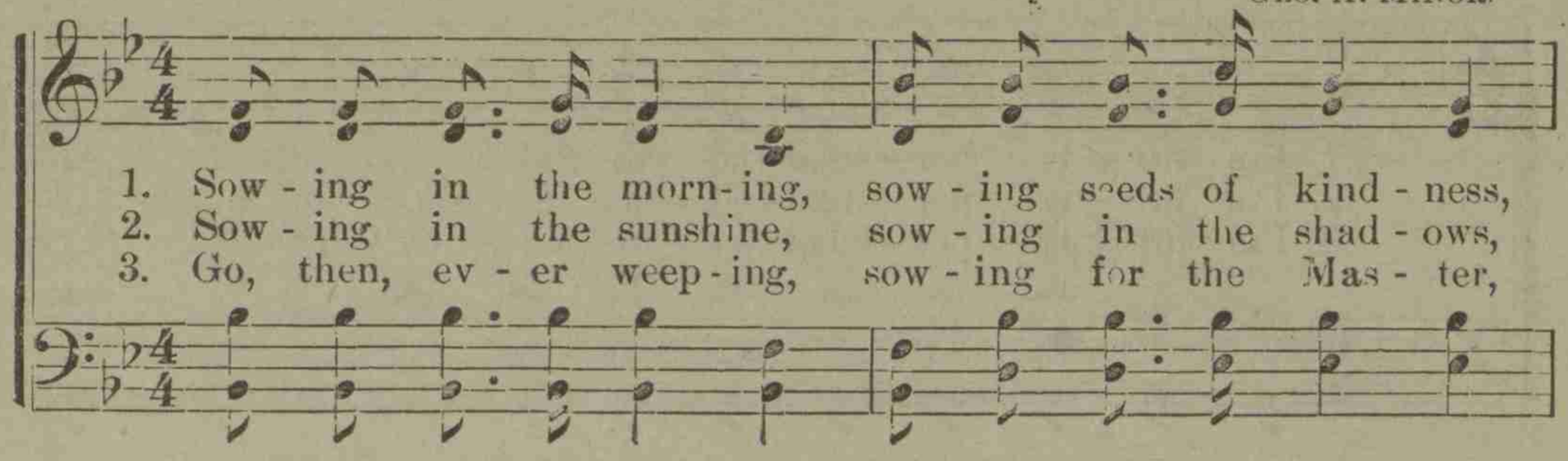
No. 90. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—MATT. 13: 39.

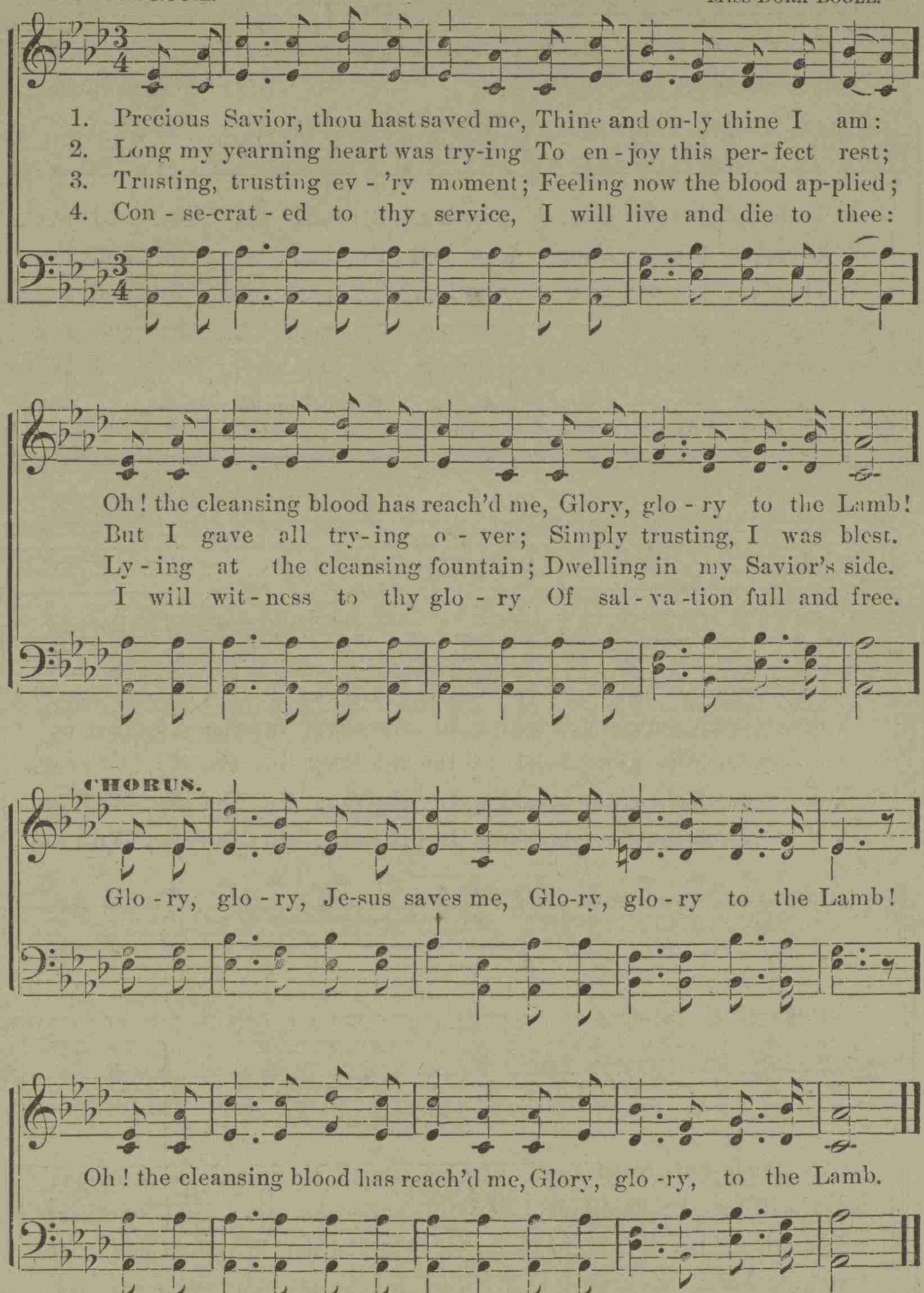
GEO. A. MINOR.



From FILLMORE'S "Songs of Glory," by per.

No. 91. FULL SALVATION.

LOUISE M. ROUSE. MISS DORA BOOLE.



5 Yes, I will stand up for Jesus;
He has sweetly saved my soul,
Cleansed me from inbred corruption,
Sanctified, and made me whole.

6 Glory to the blood that bought me,
Glory to its cleansing power!
Glory to the blood that keeps me!
Glory, glory, evermore!

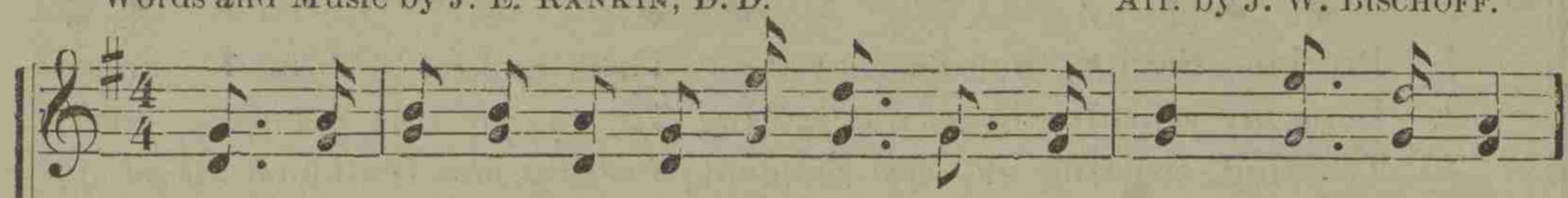
By permission.

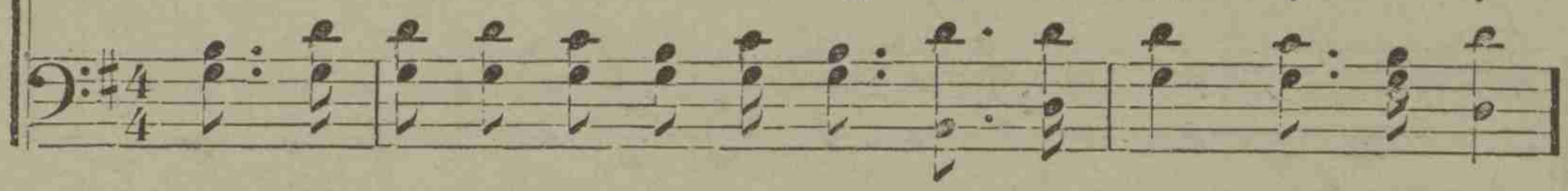
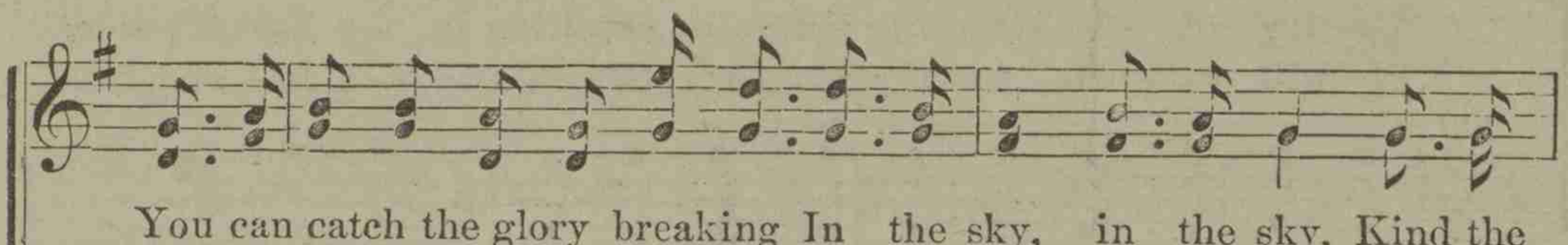
No. 92. THERE'S A BETTER TIME A COMING.

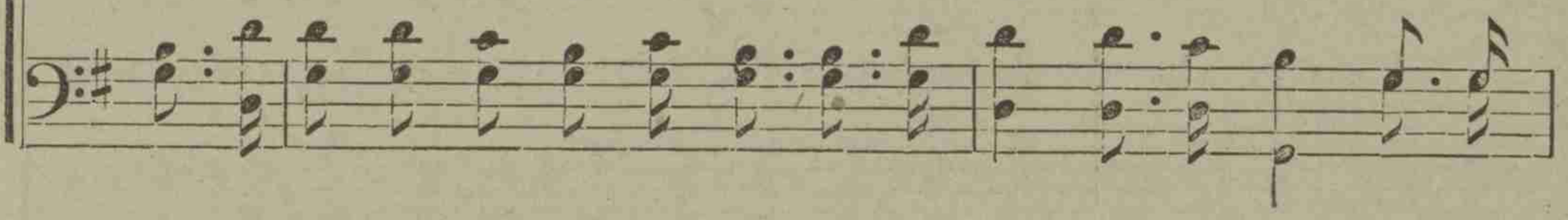
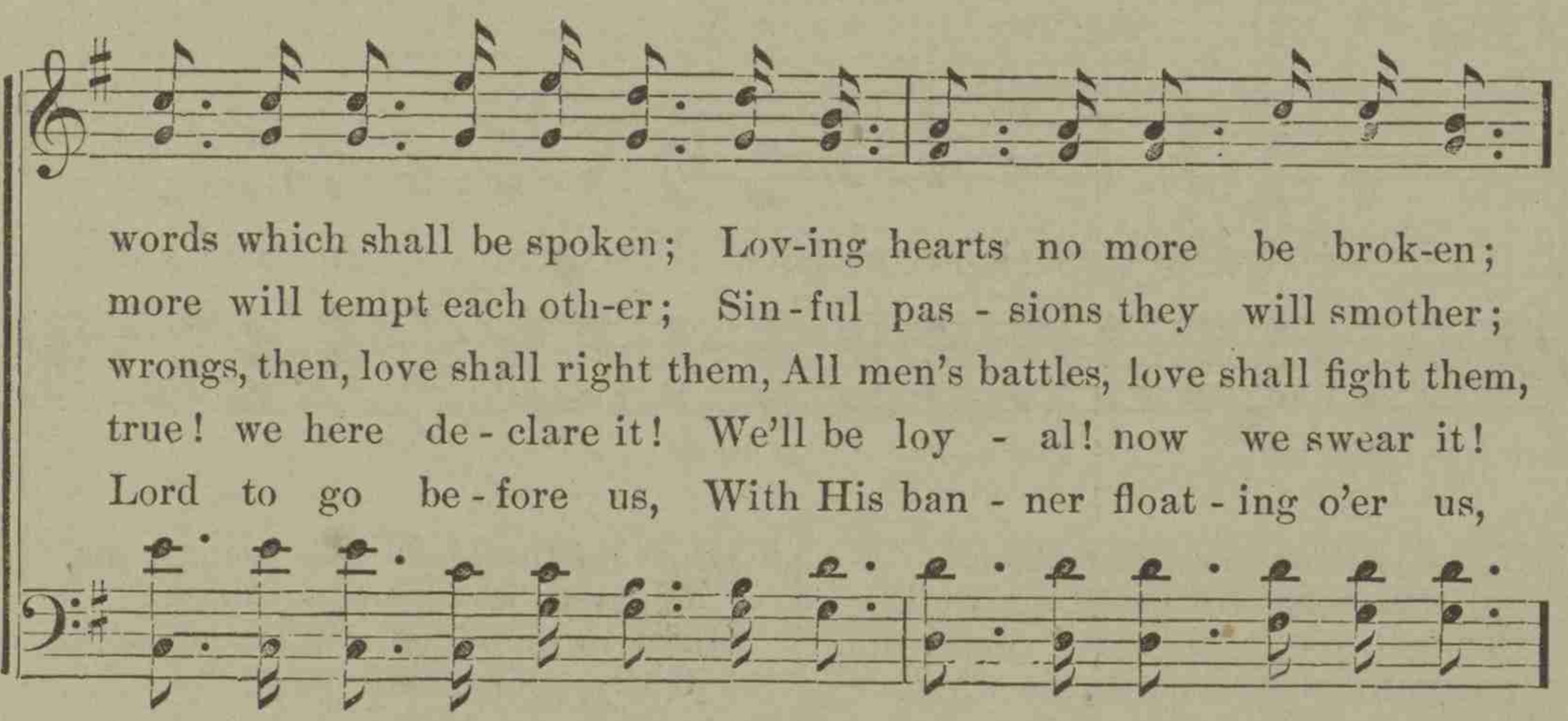
[This piece may be sung effectively as Solo and Chorus.]

'In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence."—Prov. 14: 26.

Words and Music by J. E. Rankin, D. D. Arr. by J. W. Bischoff.

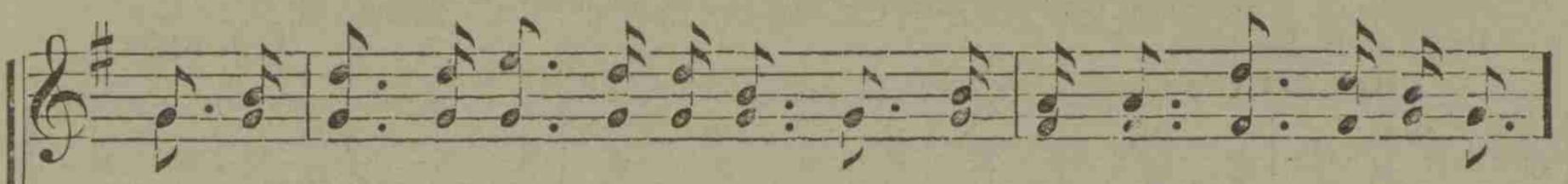
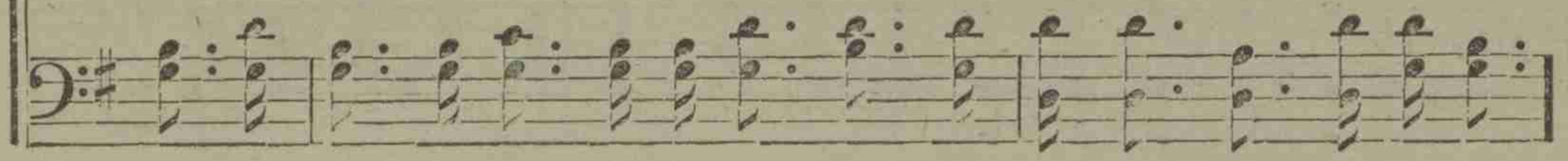


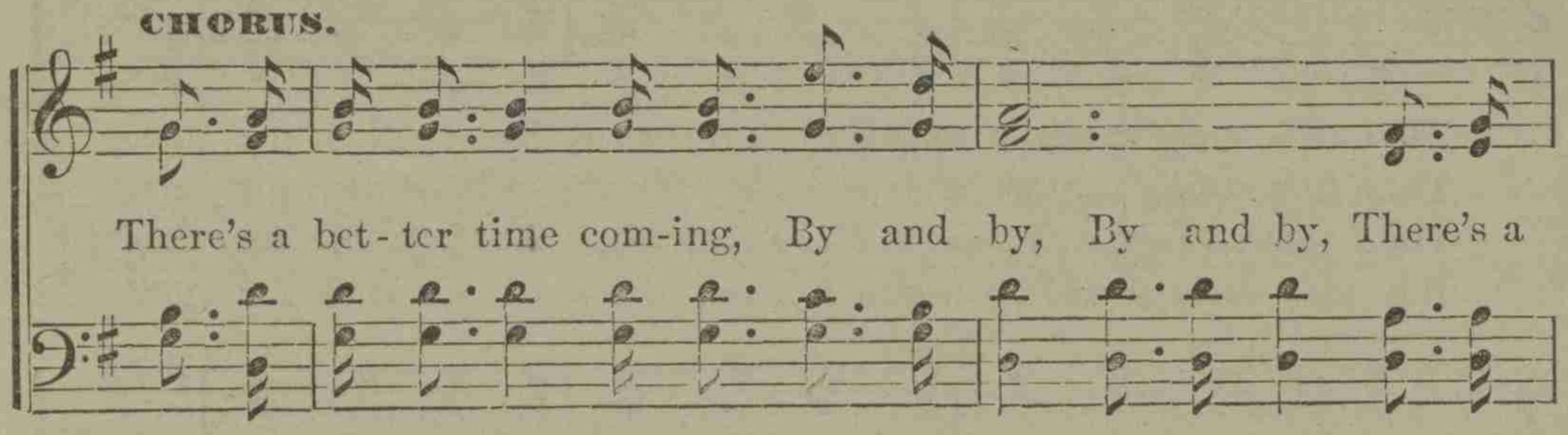
1. There's a bet-ter time a-com-ing, By and by, by and by;
2. There's a bet-ter time a-com-ing, By and by, by and by;
3. There's a bet-ter time a-com-ing, By and by, by and by;
4. There's a bet-ter time a-com-ing, By and by, by and by;
5. There's a bet-ter time a-com-ing, By and by, by and by!



You can catch the glory breaking In the sky, in the sky, Kind the
You can catch the glory breaking In the sky, in the sky, Men no
You can catch the glory breaking In the sky, in the sky, All men's
You can catch the glory breaking In the sky, in the sky, We'll be
You can catch the glory breaking In the sky, in the sky, With the



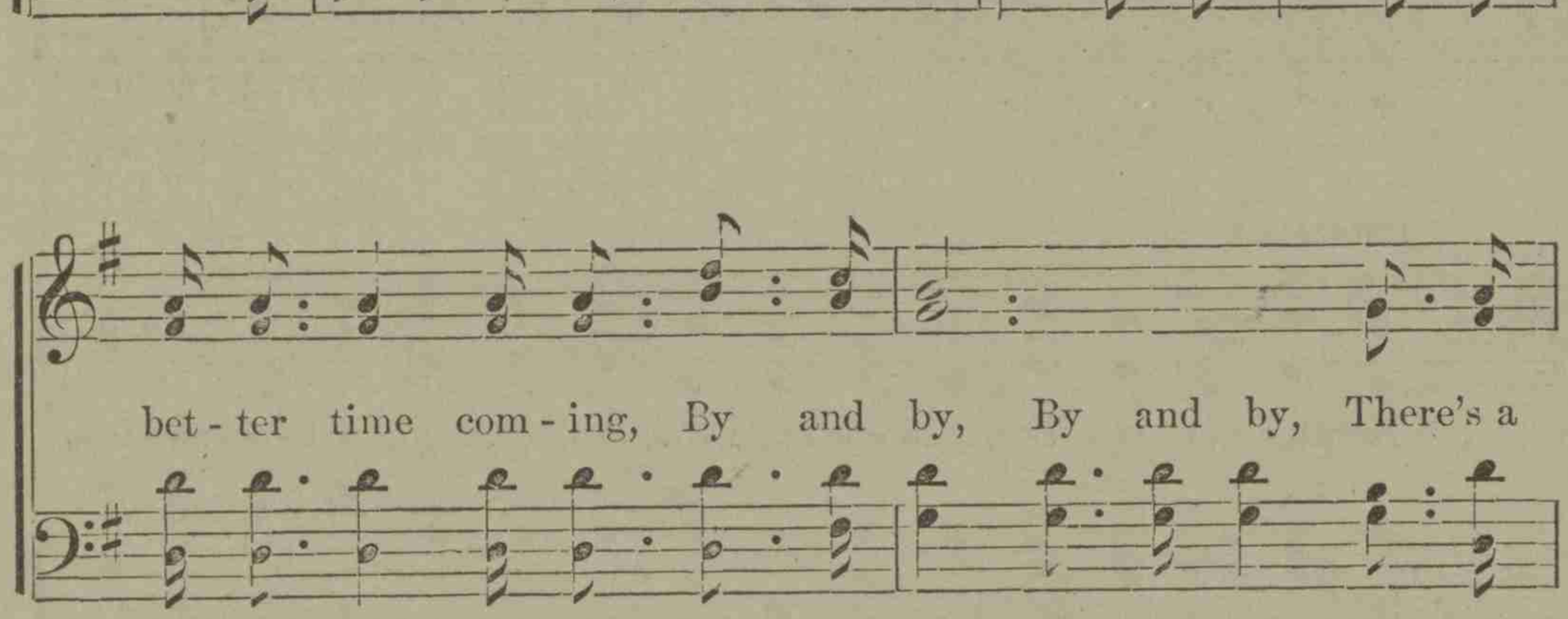
words which shall be spoken; Lov-ing hearts no more be brok-en;
more will tempt each oth-er; Sin-ful pas-sions they will smother;
wrongs, then, love shall right them, All men's battles, love shall fight them,
true! we here de-clare it! We'll be loy-al! now we swear it!
Lord to go be-fore us, With His ban-ner float-ing o'er us,

From "Gospel Bells." By per.

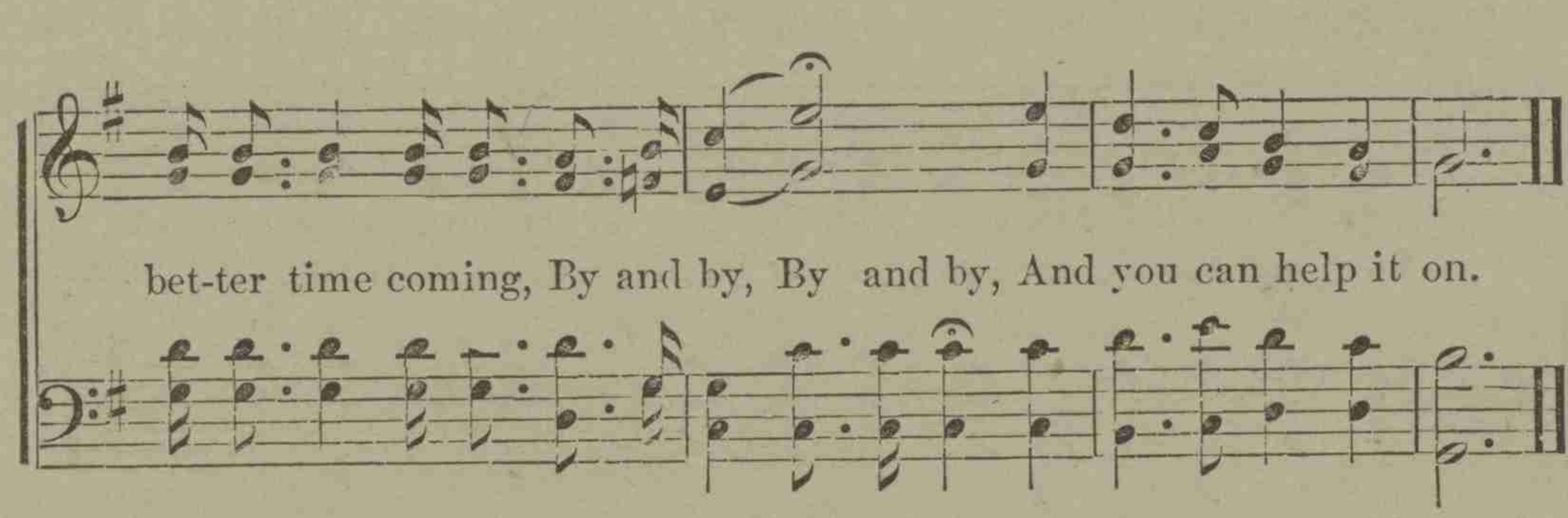
THERE'S A BETTER TIME A COMING Concluded.

And the Cross shall be the token, Of the bet - ter time a - coming.
Brother, then, be true to brother, In the bet - ter time a - coming.
All men's foes, we'll win despite them, In the bet - ter time a - coming.
What is need-ful do or dare it, For the bet - ter time a - coming.
Loud we shout, we shout the chorus, Of the bet - ter time a - coming.

CHORUS.



There's a bet - ter time com-ing, By and by, By and by, There's a



bet - ter time com - ing, By and by, By and by, There's a



bet-ter time coming, By and by, By and by, And you can help it on.

No. 93. JESUS DIED FOR ME.

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."—Heb. 9: 28.

Rev. A. B. Emmons. A. J. Abbey.

Devotional.

1. Of all the tho'ts that cheer my soul, Can a - ny sweet - er be?
2. Of all the love that I can know, Can a - ny strong - er be?
3. What refuge for the sin - ful heart, Can a - ny saf - er be?
4. So when I feel the weight of sin, Naught else can comfort me,

Than this sweet thought, so full of joy, Christ Je - sus died for me.
Than that strong love, which best is seen In this, Christ died for me.
Than that safe place, be-neath His Cross, Since Je- sus died for me.
But this sweet truth, on which I lean, Christ Je - sus died for me.

CHORUS.

He died for me, Yes, died for me, From sin's dark pow'r to set me free:

No thought to me can sweeter be, Than this sweet thought Christ died for me.

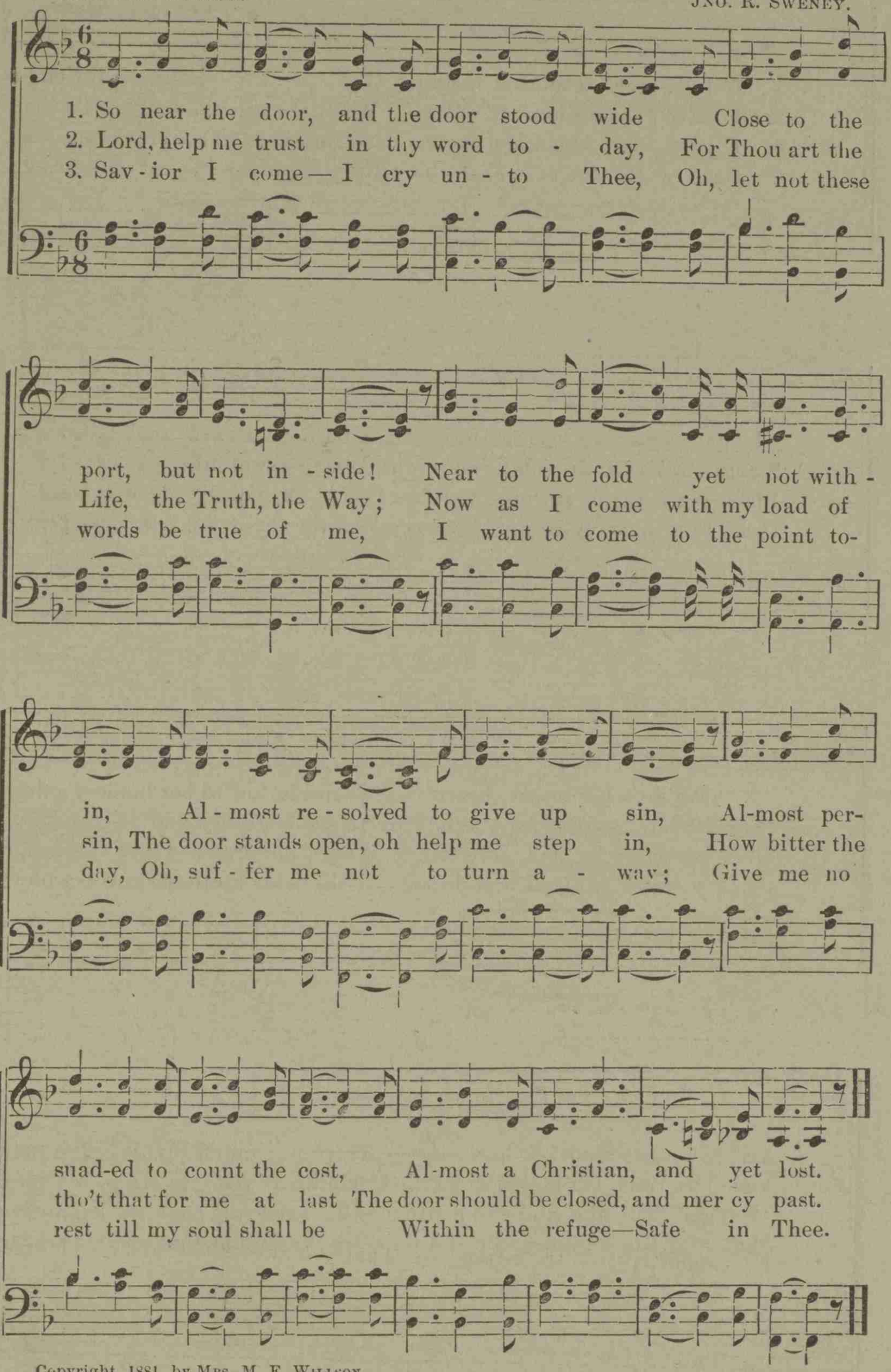
Rit.

By permission.

No. 94. ALMOST.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts 27: 28.

Mrs. O. F. Walton. Jno. R. Sweney.



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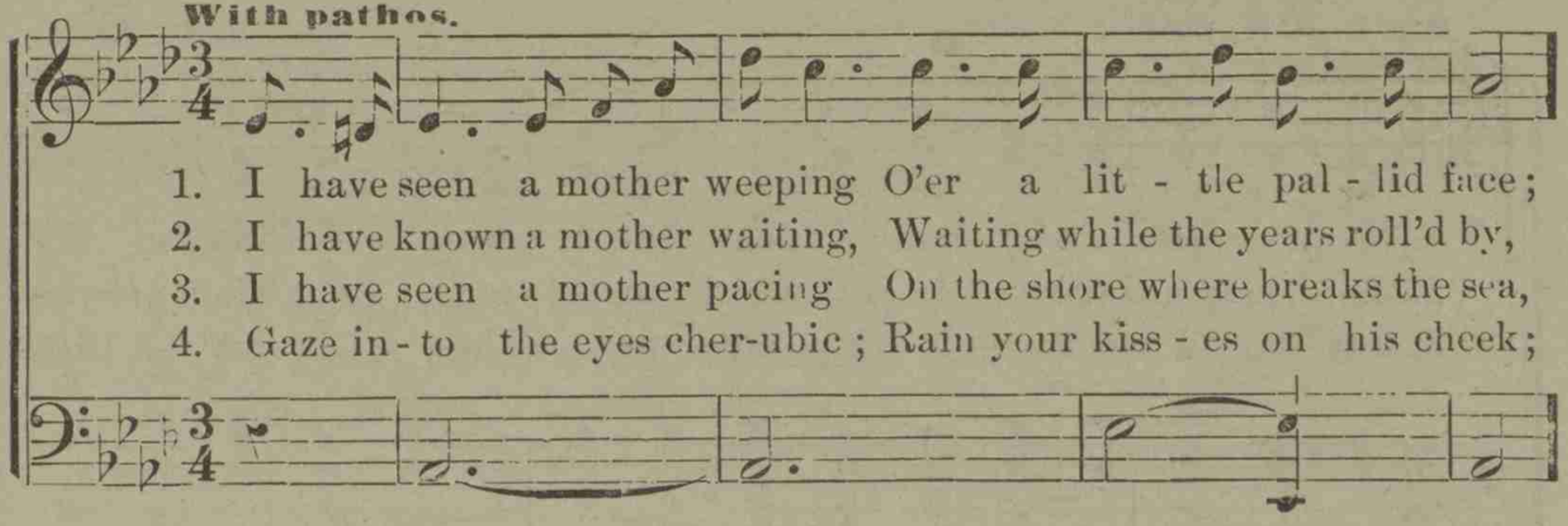
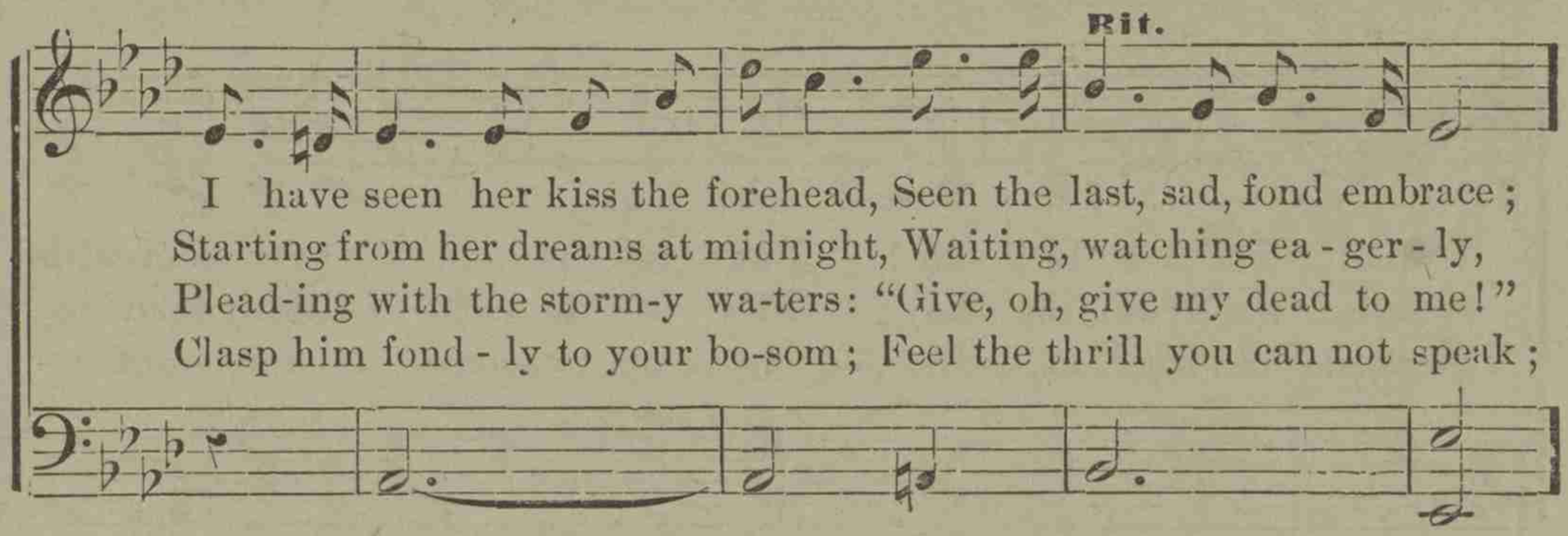
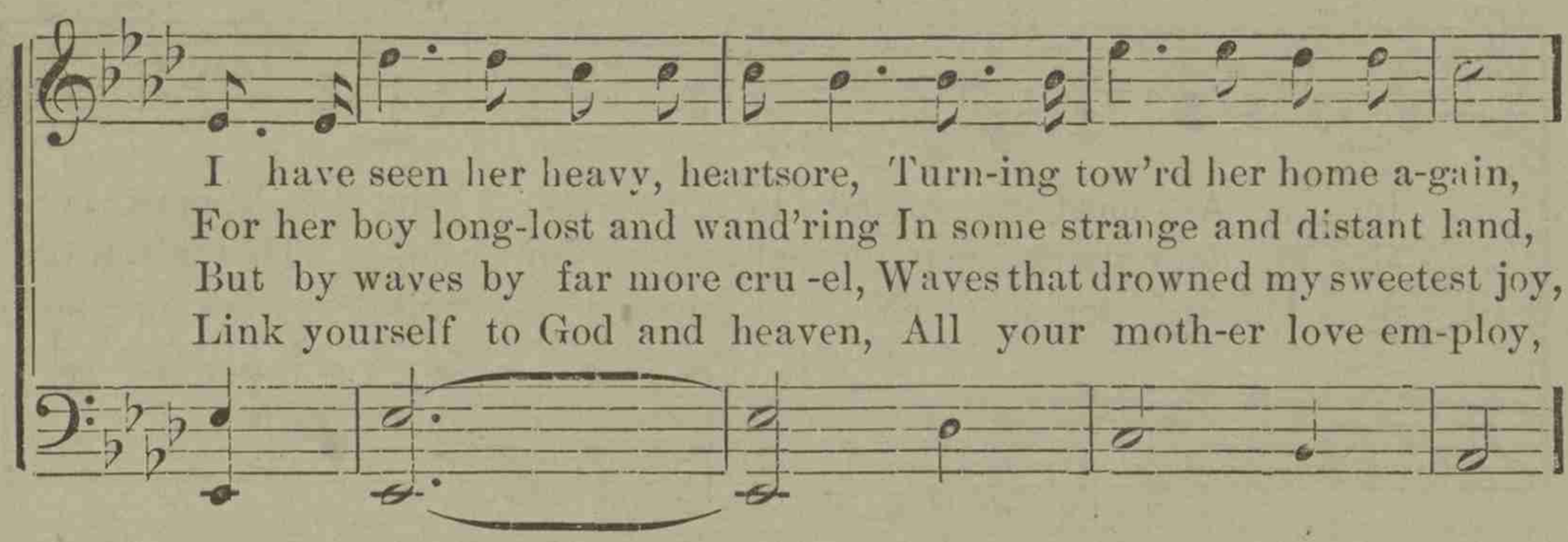
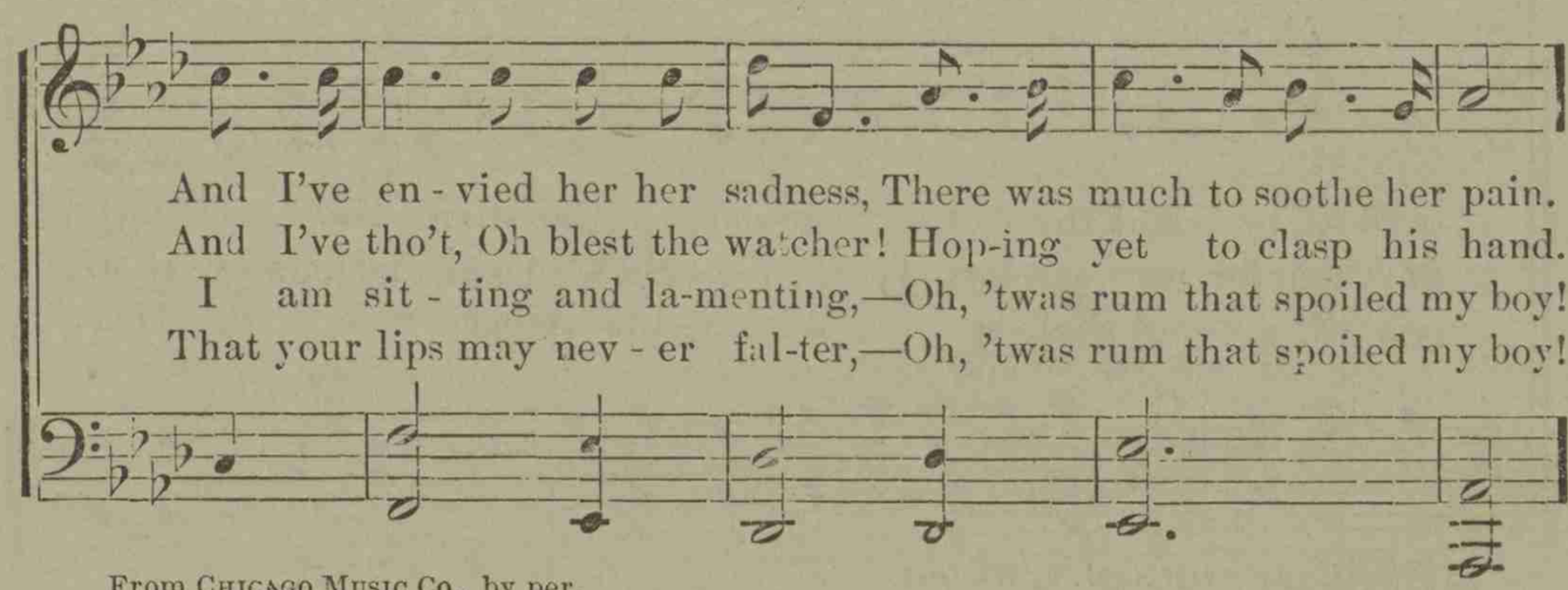
No. 95. T'WAS RUM THAT SPOILED MY BOY.

REV. L. F. COLE. T. MARTIN TOWNE.

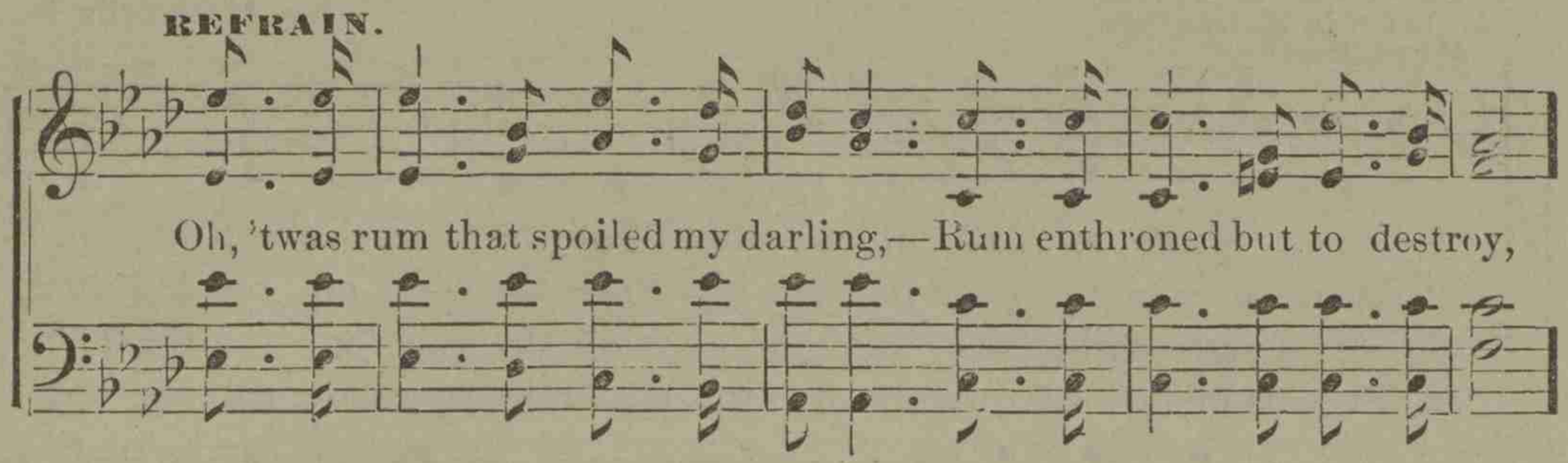
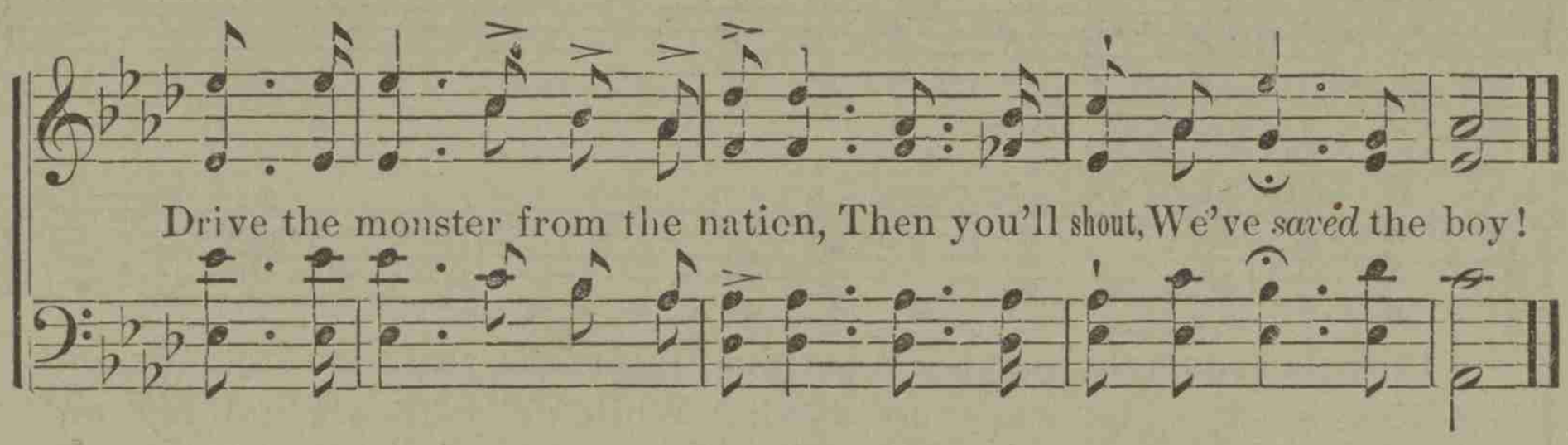




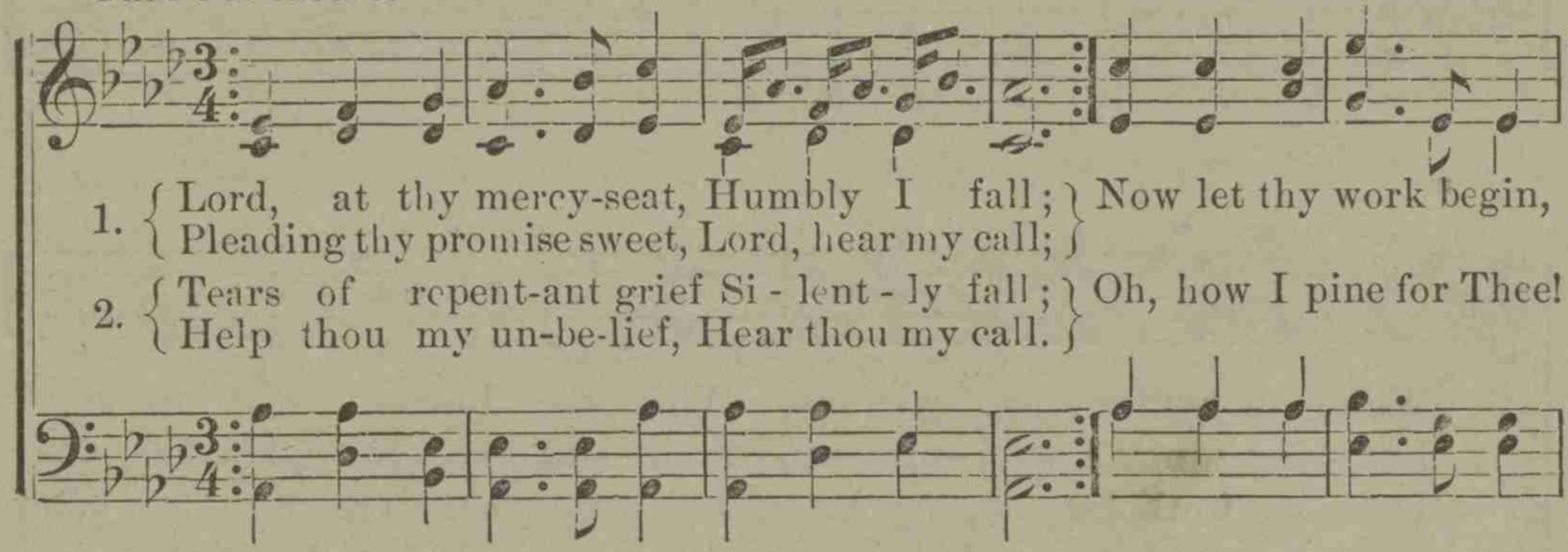
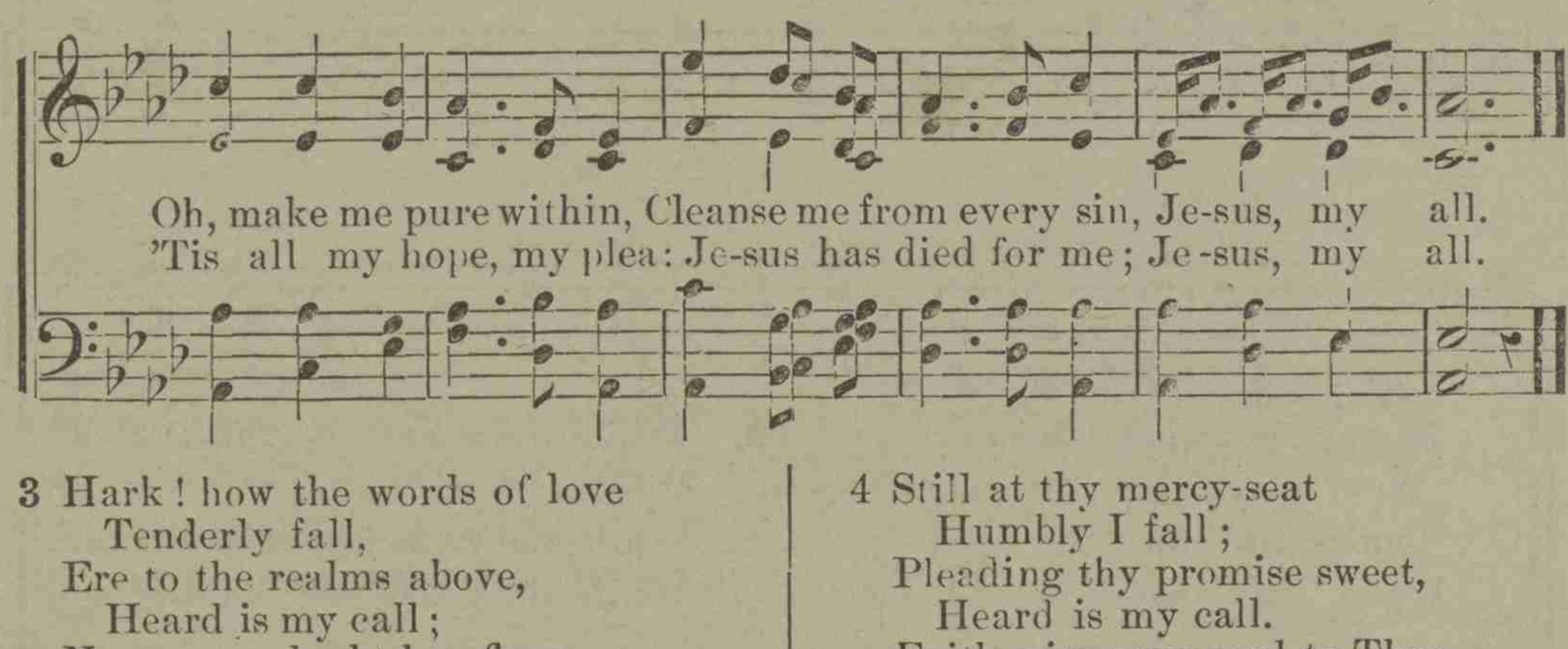


From CHICAGO MUSIC CO., by per.

'TWAS RUM THAT SPOILED MY BOY. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



No. 96. JESUS MY ALL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. THEODORE E. PERKINS.



3 Hark! how the words of love
Tenderly fall,
Ere to the realms above,
Heard is my call;
Now every doubt has flown,
Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am thine alone,
Jesus, my all.

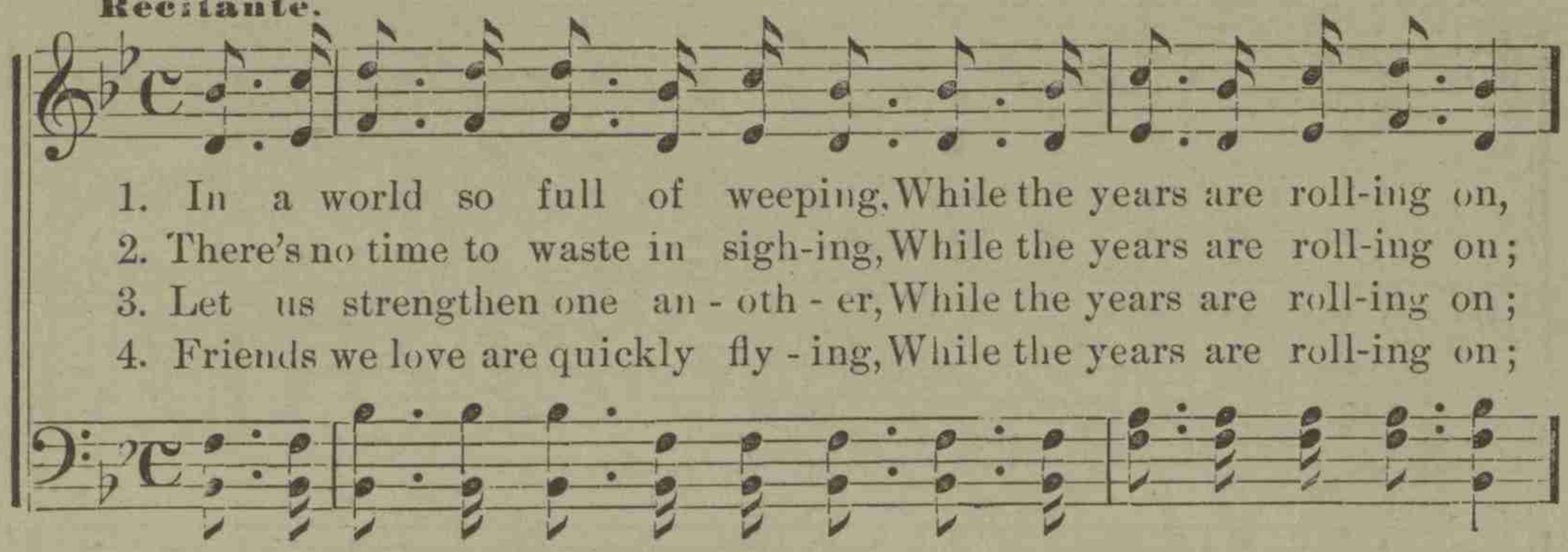
4 Still at thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading thy promise sweet,
Heard is my call.
Faith wings my soul to Thee,
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

By permission.

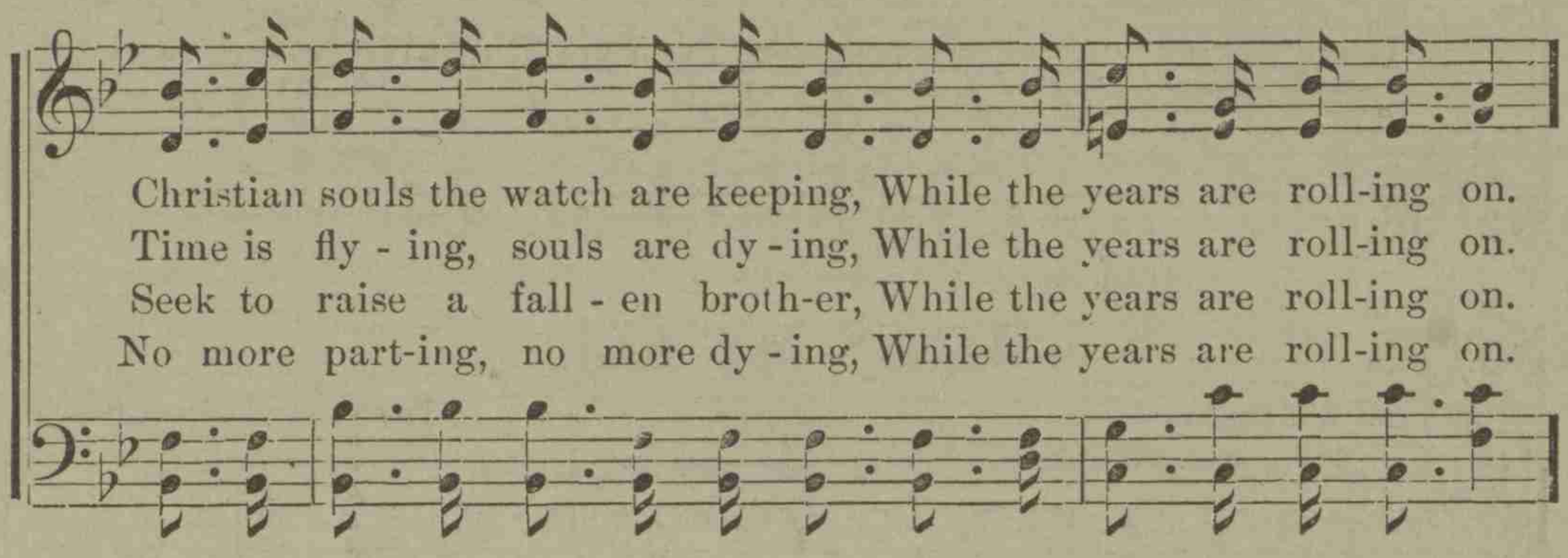
No. 97. WHILE THE YEARS ARE ROLLING ON.

HARRIET B. McKEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

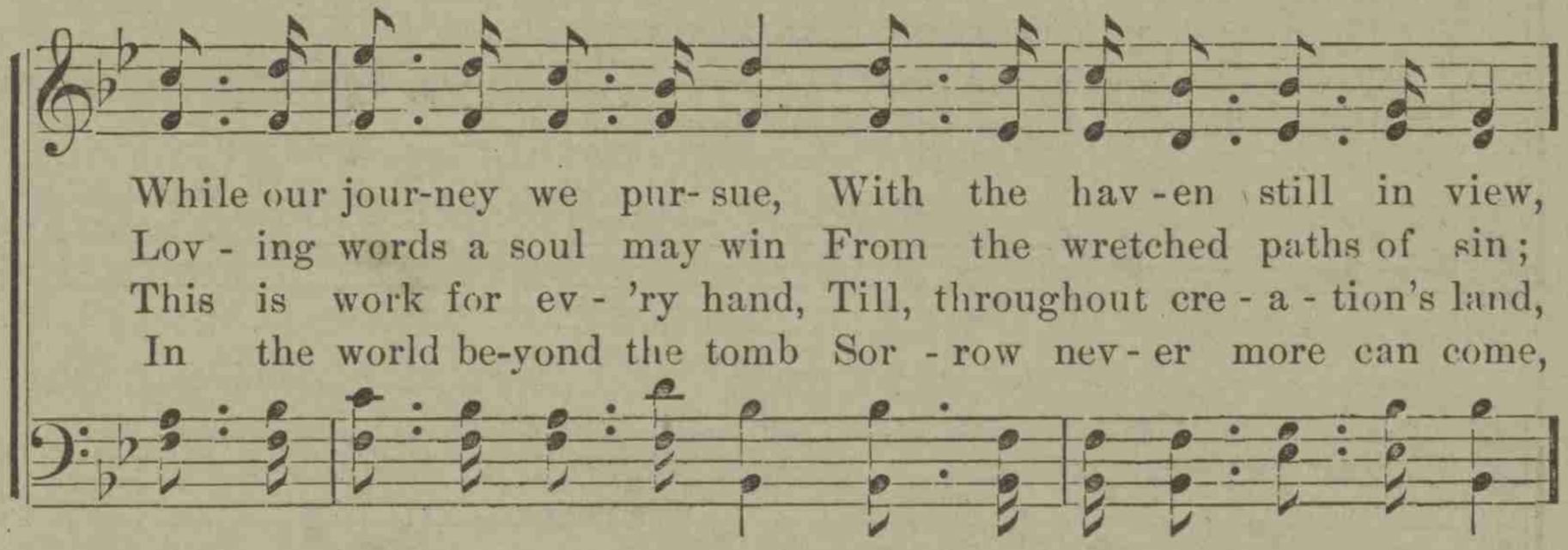
Recitante.



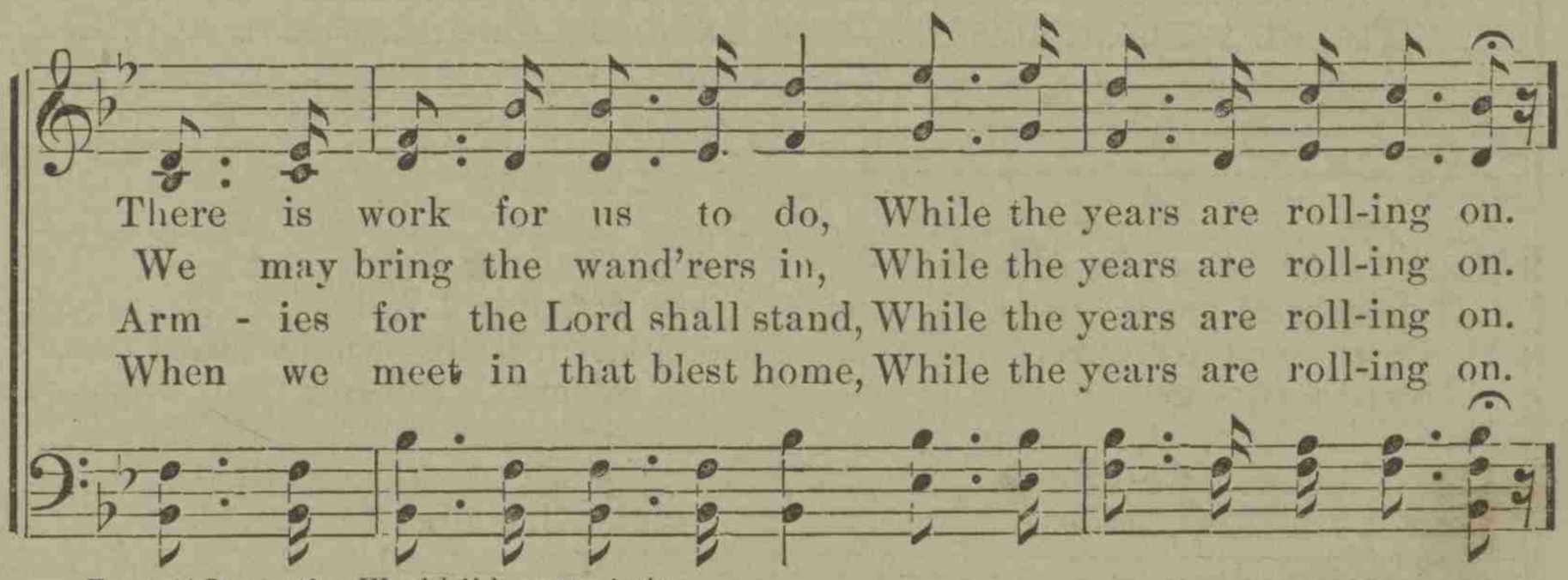
1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are roll-ing on,
2. There's no time to waste in sigh-ing, While the years are roll-ing on;
3. Let us strengthen one an - oth - er, While the years are roll-ing on;
4. Friends we love are quickly fly - ing, While the years are roll-ing on;



Christian souls the watch are keeping, While the years are roll-ing on.
Time is fly - ing, souls are dy - ing, While the years are roll-ing on.
Seek to raise a fall - en broth-er, While the years are roll-ing on.
No more part-ing, no more dy - ing, While the years are roll-ing on.



While our jour-ney we pur- sue, With the hav - en still in view,
Lov - ing words a soul may win From the wretched paths of sin;
This is work for ev - 'ry hand, Till, throughout cre - a - tion's land,
In the world be-yond the tomb Sor - row nev - er more can come,



There is work for us to do, While the years are roll-ing on.
We may bring the wand'rers in, While the years are roll-ing on.
Arm - ies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are roll-ing on.
When we meet in that blest home, While the years are roll-ing on.

From "Joy to the World," by permission.

WHILE THE YEARS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Are roll-ing on, are roll-ing on, are roll-ing on, are roll-ing on,

Oh, the good we may be do-ing, While the years are roll-ing on.

No. 98. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

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

THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.

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

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,
pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
throne of God, boundless in love; Come to the feast of love,

here tell your an-guish, Earth has no sorrows that heav'n can not heal.
in mer-cy say-ing, Earth has no sorrows that heav'n can not cure.
come, ev-er know-ing Earth has no sorrows but heav'n can re-move.

No. 99. NEGLECT HIM NO MORE.

REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Neg - lect not the grace of thy Mas - ter and King, For Je - sus now of - fers sal - va - tion; You need but your sin and
2. The in - fi - nite love of thy Sav - ior hath brought The gar-ments of white for thy wear-ing; And mansions of beauty in
3. How shall you es - cape if you turn from His love, Or come to the Mount of His glo - ry? The way of the cross leads to
4. Neg - lect Him no more, for Christ is your Friend, Oh, how can you treat Him so cru - el? And how wilt thou mourn when thy
5. Then come to the hands which were wounded for thee, And sit at His feet for His bless-ing; Re - demp-tion is purchased, sal -

sor - row to bring, And He will ac - cept the ob - la - tion.
sac - ri - fice bought, He now for thy home is pre - par - ing.
mansions a - bove, The cross is our beau - ti - ful sto - ry.
jour-ney shall end, If lost be thy heav - en - ly jew - el!
va - tion is free, Then come, thy dear Sav - ior con - fess - ing.

dan - - ger

CHORUS.

There's dan - ger to - day in stay - ing a - way, Too dan - - ger

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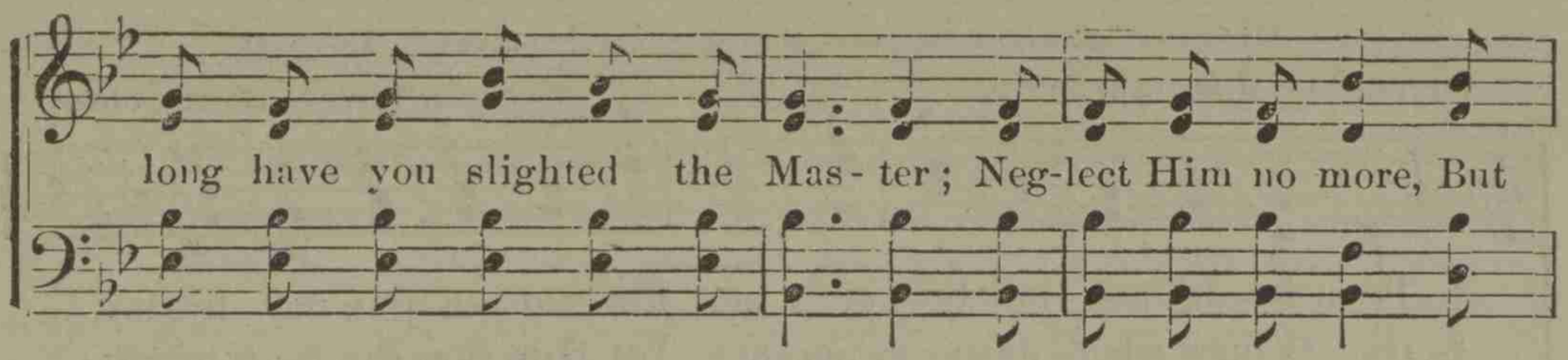
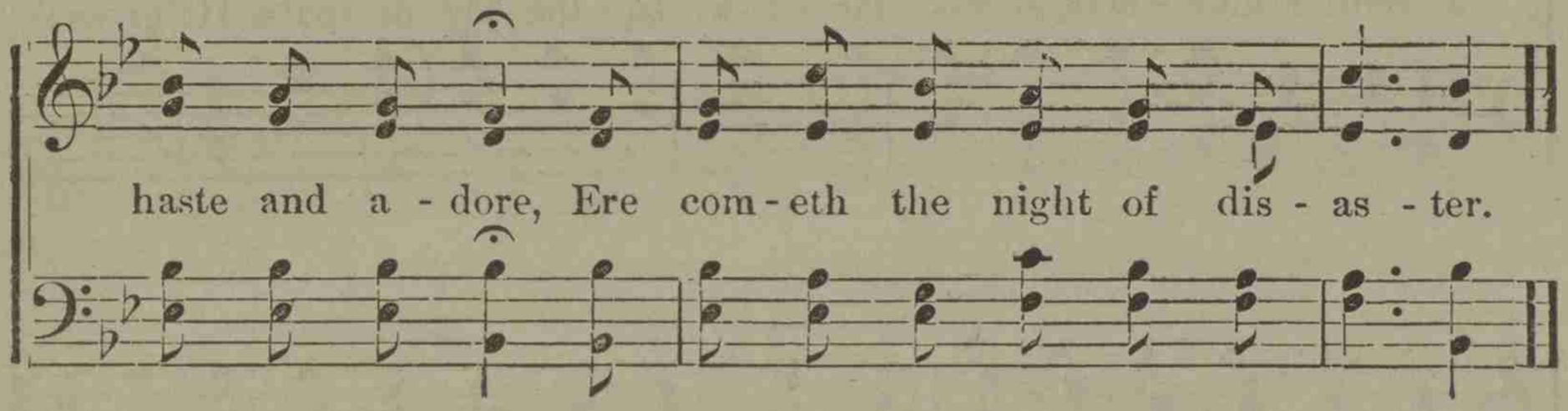
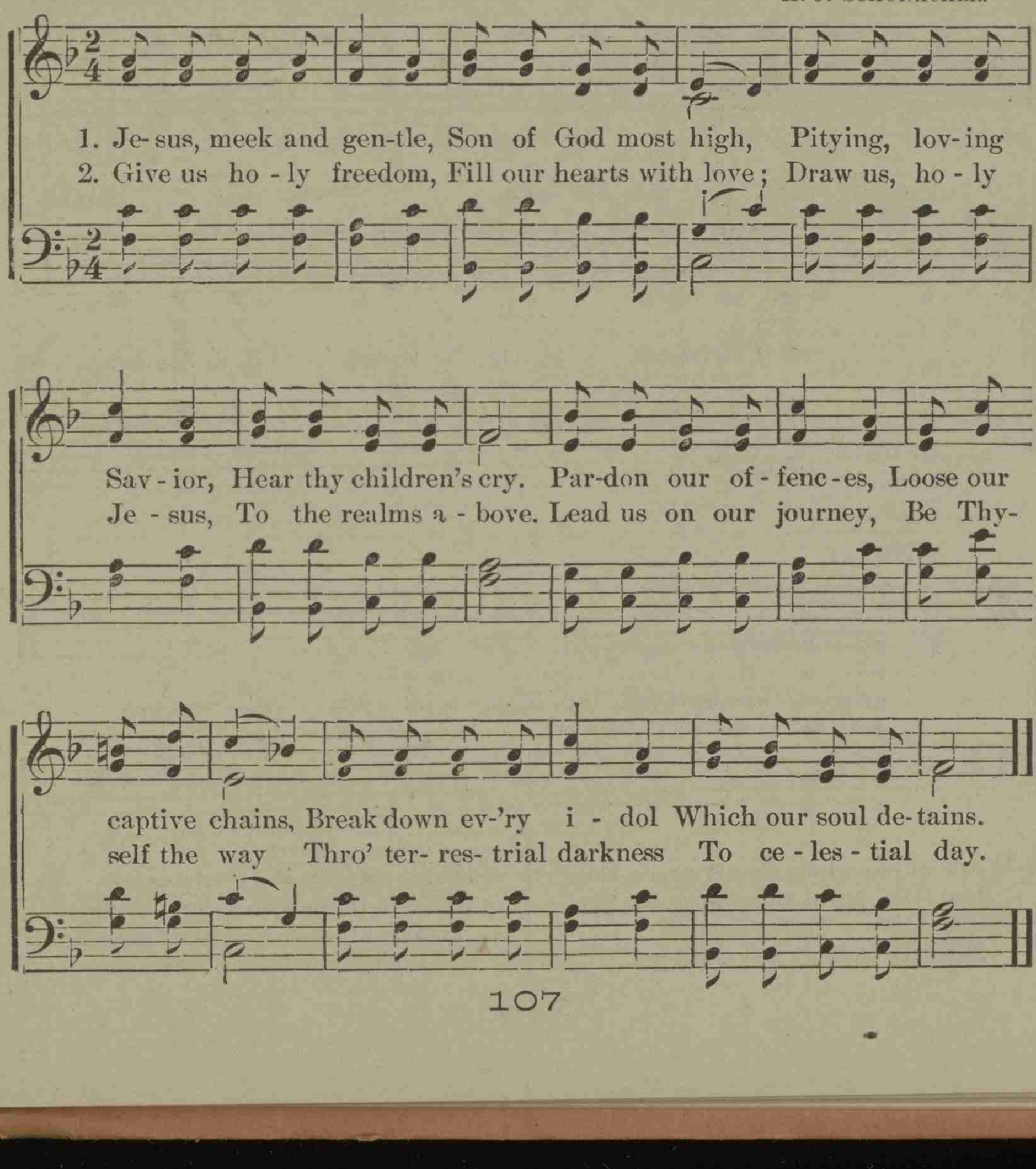
NEGLECT HIM NO MORE. Concluded.





No. 100. JESUS, MEEK AND GENTLE.

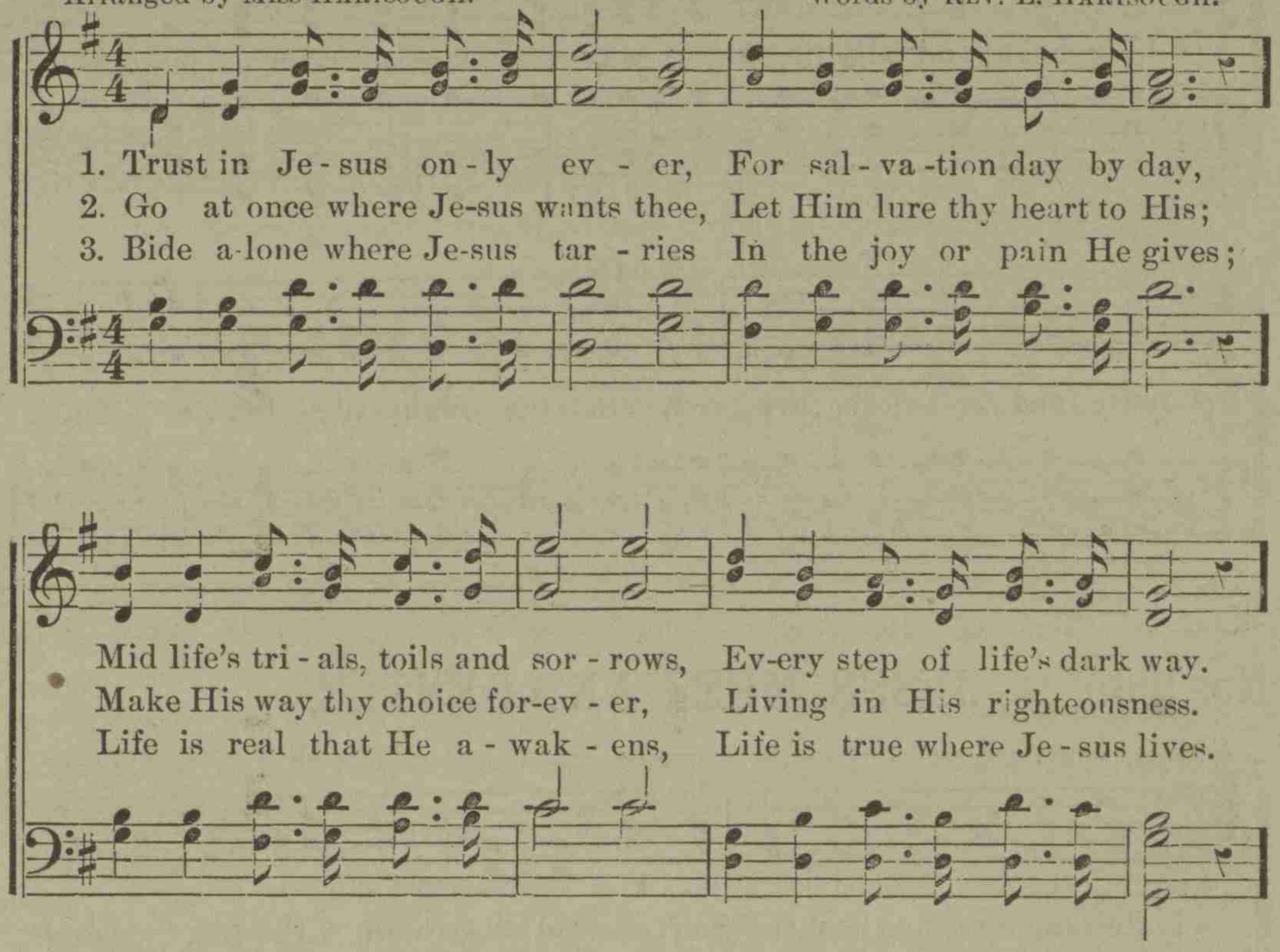
H. J. SCHONACKER.

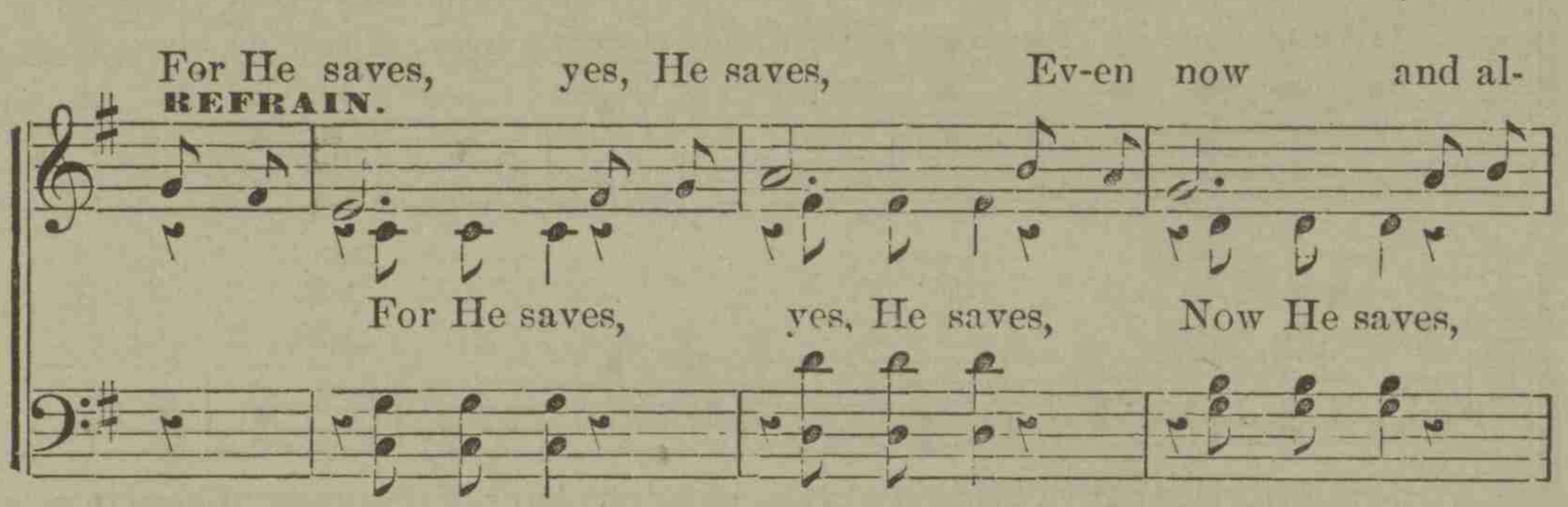


No. 101. HE SAVES.

Whosoever calls upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts 2: 21.

Arranged by Miss Hartsough. Words by Rev. L. Hartsough.



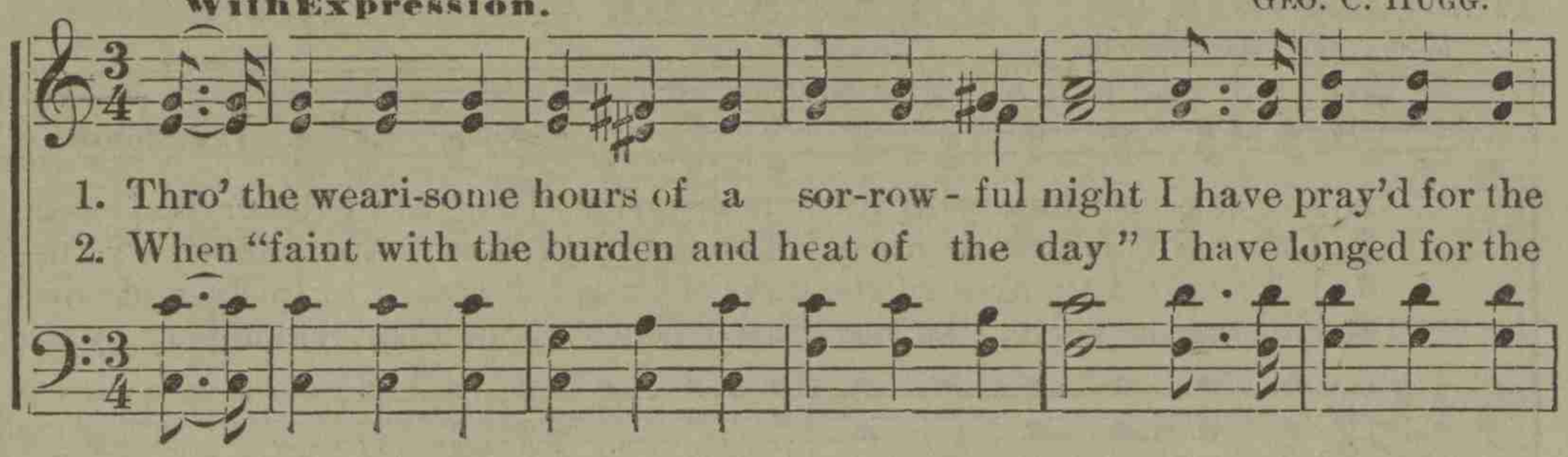


4 Work alone where Jesus needs thee,
Let Him point the where for thee;
He can give a better portion,
He with clearer eye doth see.

5 Suffer gladly if He chooses
Thus to lead thee here or there,
Losing all with Christ is gaining
Glories earth can never share.

No. 102. HE KNOWETH THE WAY I TAKE.

With Expression. GEO. C. HUGG.



3 The road may be tangled, and thorny, and rough—
So rough that all others forsake
And leave me discouraged; but, ah, 'tis enough!
"He knoweth the way that I take."
"He knoweth!" though lonely, the way is His own,
And I take it with Him—not alone, not alone.

4 And so, as I journey through darkness and light
"Till the valley's dark shades o'ertake,
And the city of rest lifts its towers on my sight,
"He knoweth the way that I take."
"He knoweth the way!" and the way is His own,
And I take it with Him—not alone, not alone.

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No. 103. IN SIGHT OF THE CRYSTAL SEA.

"Son, remember."—Luke 15: 25.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. J. W. Bischoff.

Rather slow.

1. I sat a-lone with life's mem-o-ries In sight of the crystal sea;
2. I thought me then of my childhood days, The prayer at my mother's knee:
3. I thought, I thought of the days of God, I'd wasted in fol-ly and sin—
4. I heard a voice, like the voice of God: "Remember, remember, my son!

And I saw the thrones of the star-crown'd ones, With never a crown for me.
Of the counsels grave that my father gave—The wrath I was warned to flee;
Of the times I'd mock'd when the Sav-ior knock'd, And I would not let Him in.
Re-mem-ber thy ways in the for-mer days, The crown that thou might'st have won!"

f

And then the voice of the Judge said "Come," Of the Judge on the great white throne;
I said, "Is it then too late, too late? Shut without, must I stand for aye?"
I thought, I thought of the vows I'd made, When I lay at death's dark door—
I thought, I thought and my thoughts ran on, Like the tide of a sun-less sea—

And I saw the star-crowned take their seats, But none could I call my own.
And the Judge, will He say, "I know you not," How-e'er I may knock and pray?
"Would He spare my life, I'd give up the strife, And serve Him for evermore."
"Am I living or dead?" to myself I said, "An end is there ne'er to be?"

5 It seemed as though I woke from a dream,
How sweet was the light of day!
Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells
From towers that were far away.
I then became as a little child,
And I wept, and wept afresh;
For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,
And given a heart of flesh.

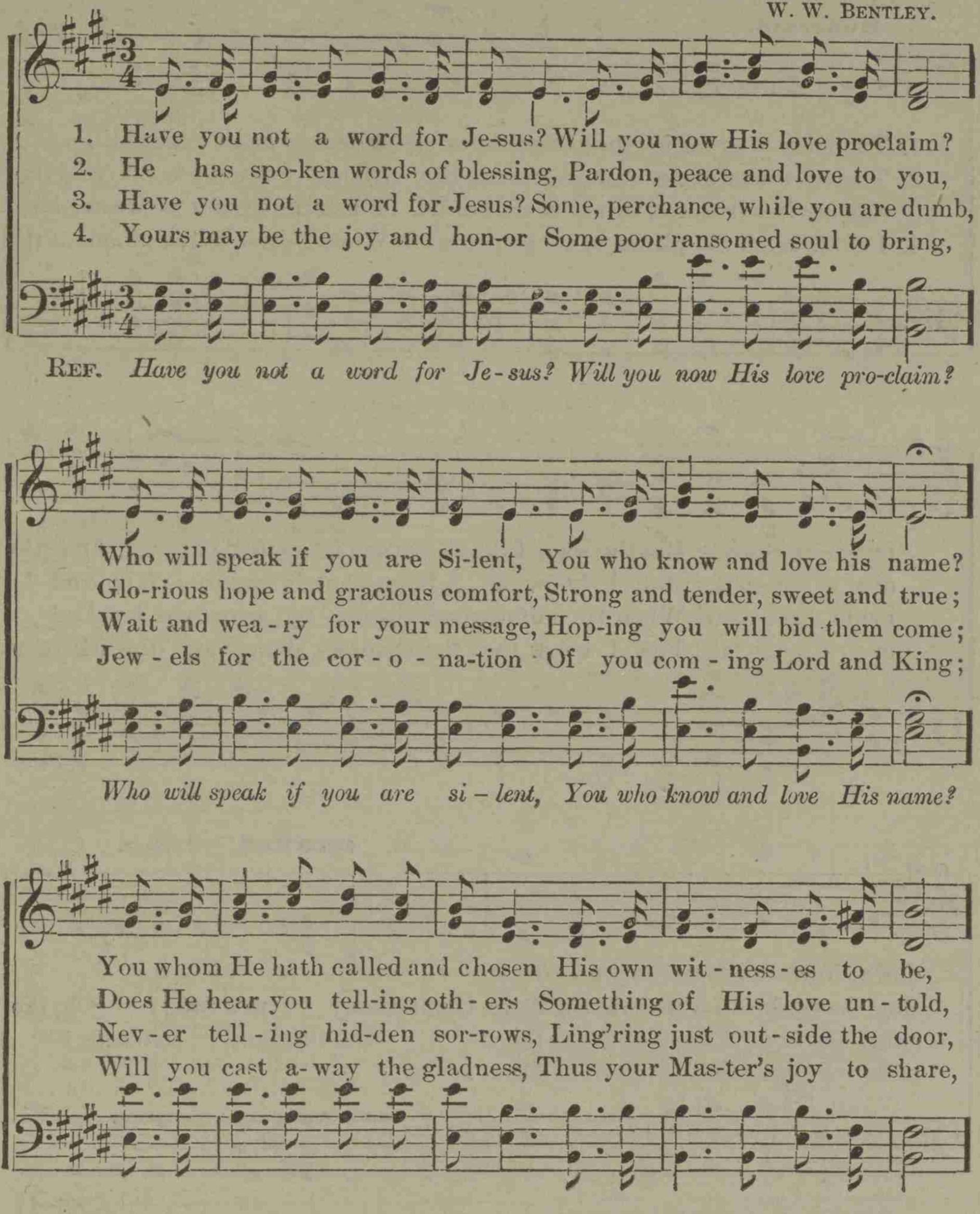
6 Still oft I sit with life's memories,
And think of the crystal sea; [ones,
And I see the thrones of the star-crowned
I know there's a crown for me.
And when the voice of the Judge says "Come,"
Of the Judge on the great white throne,
I know mid the thrones of the star-crowned ones
There's one I shall call my own.

From "Temperance Hymnal," by permission.

No. 104. HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS?

"My praise shall be continually of Thee."—Ps. 71: 6.

W. W. BENTLEY.



No. 105. THE NEW SONG.

FLORA L. BEST. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing When my heart was as blithe as a
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the
3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the grac-ious Master hath
4. I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall When I come to the gloom of the

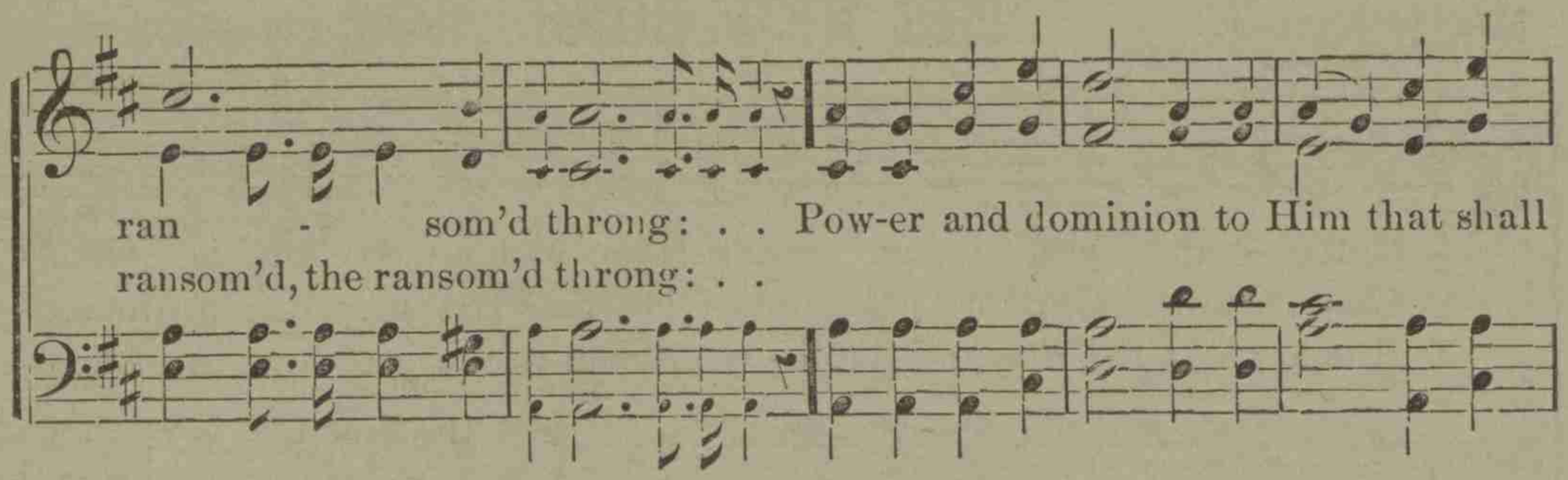
bird in Spring; But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the
din of strife; But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I
made me glad? When He points where the ma - ny mansions be, And
ev - en - fall, For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim, Have a

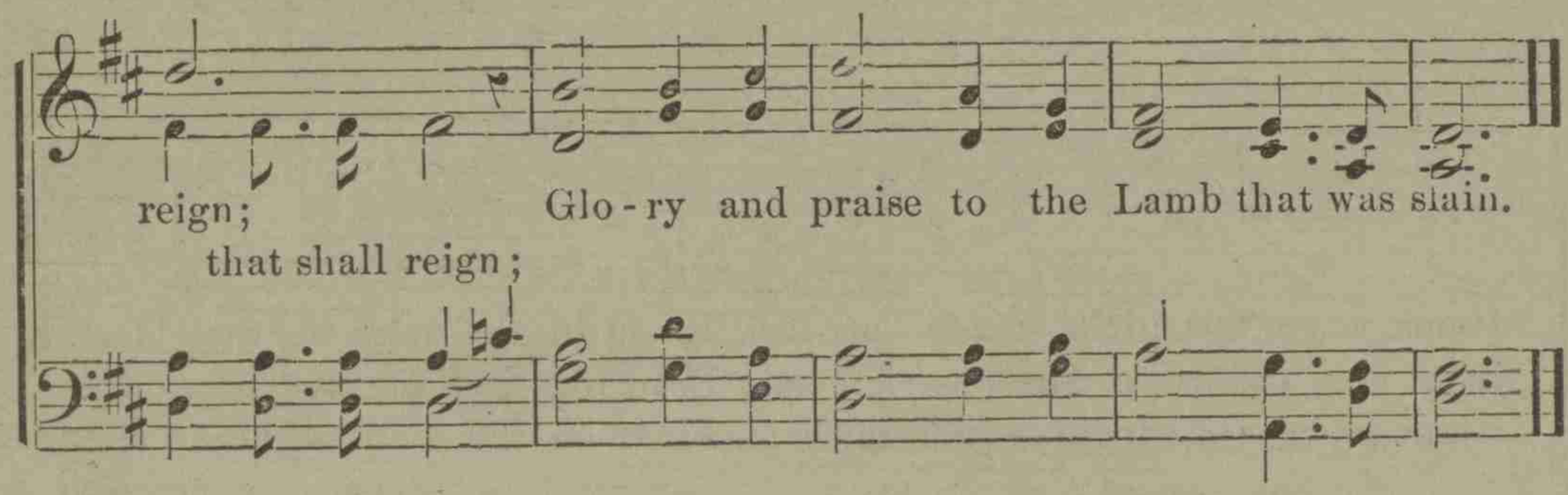
dawn shines out in the darkness drear.
sing the psalm they are singing there. Oh, the new, new song! Oh, the
sweet - ly says, There is one for thee? Oh, the new, new song!
path of light that will lead to Him.

CHORUS. Vivace.

new, new song, I can sing it now With the
Oh, the new, new song I can sing, just now With the

From "Joy to the World," by per.

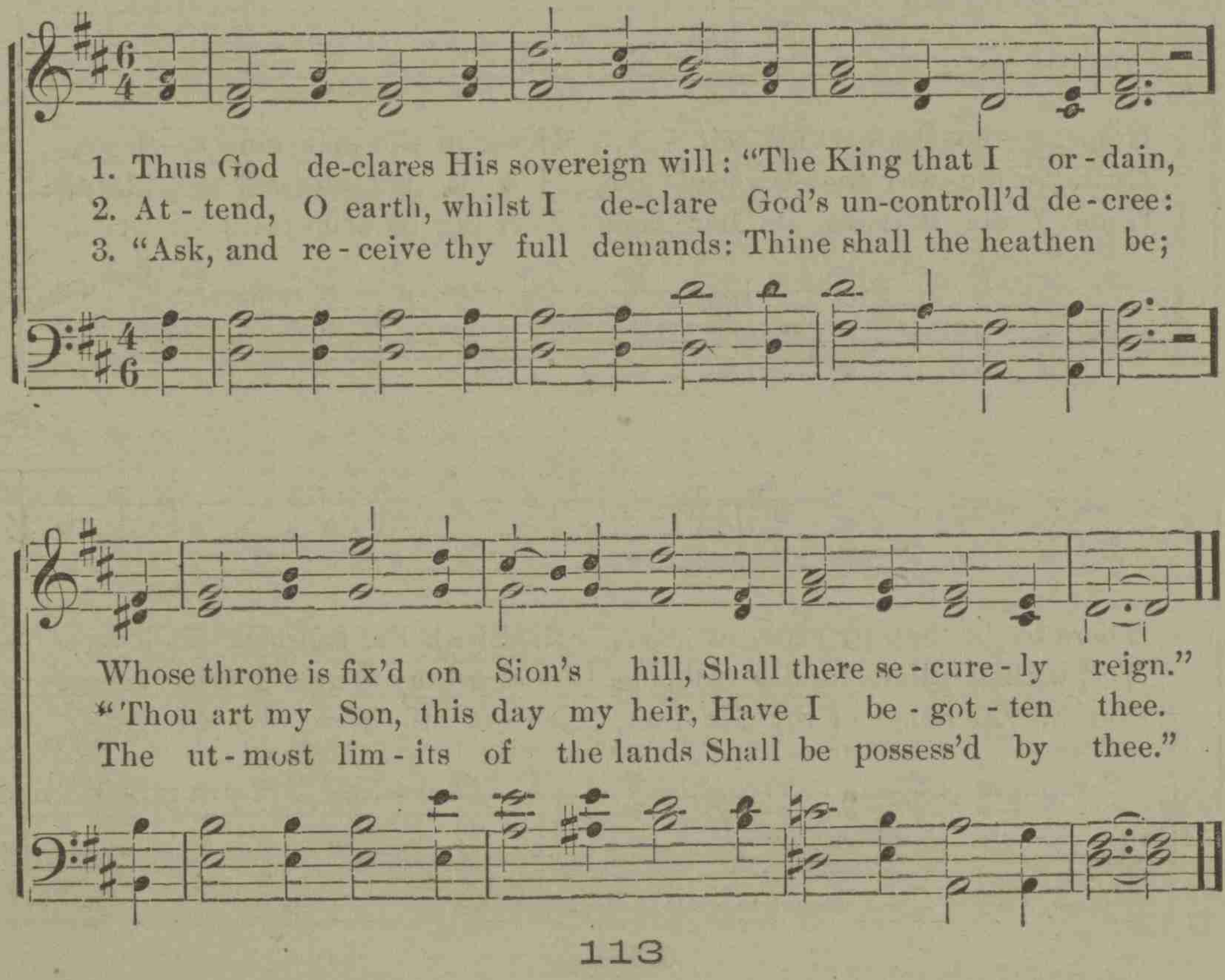




No. 106. THUS GOD DECLARES HIS SOVEREIGN WILL.

"Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee."—PSALM 2.

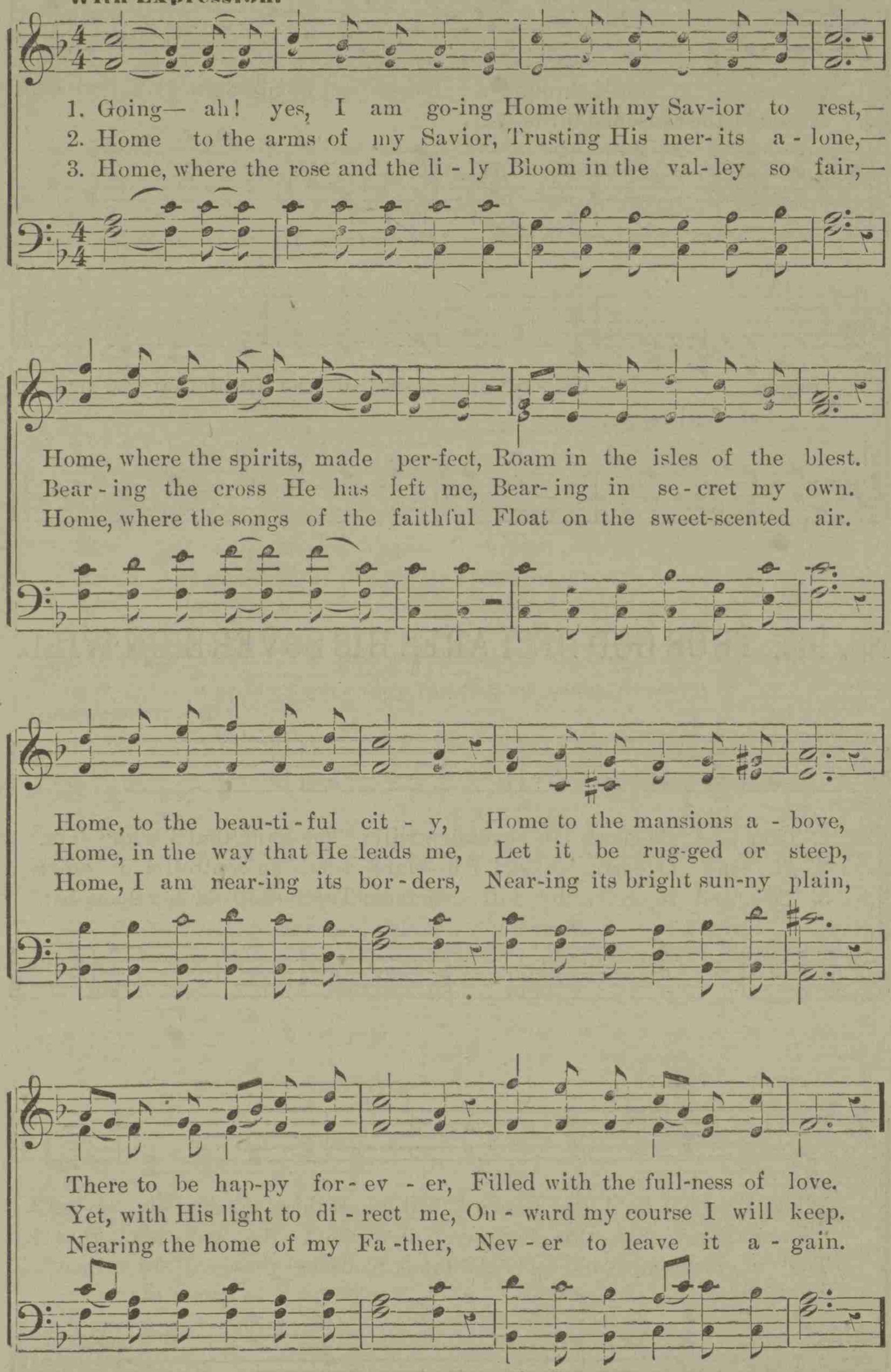
H. J. SCHONACKER.



No. 107. HOME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. M. BLISS WILLSON.

With Expression.



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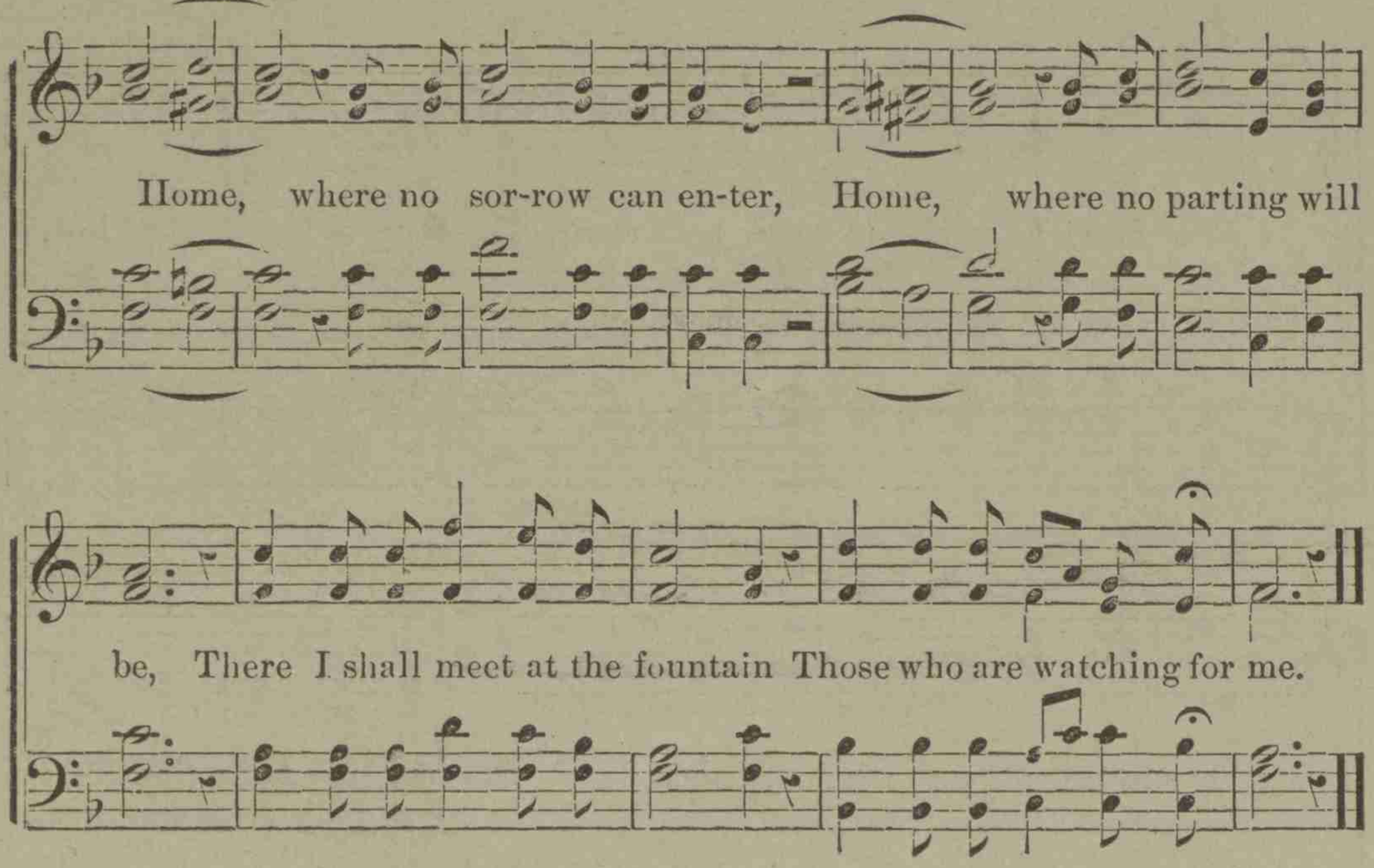
HOME. Concluded.

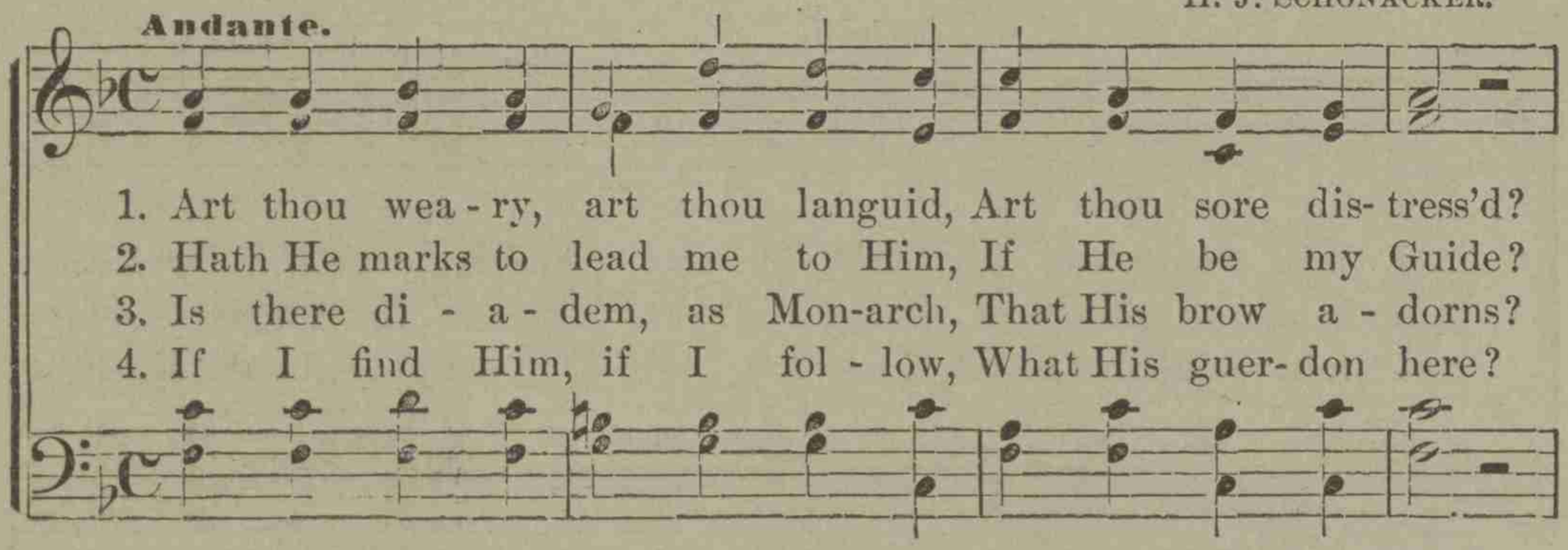
REFRAIN.

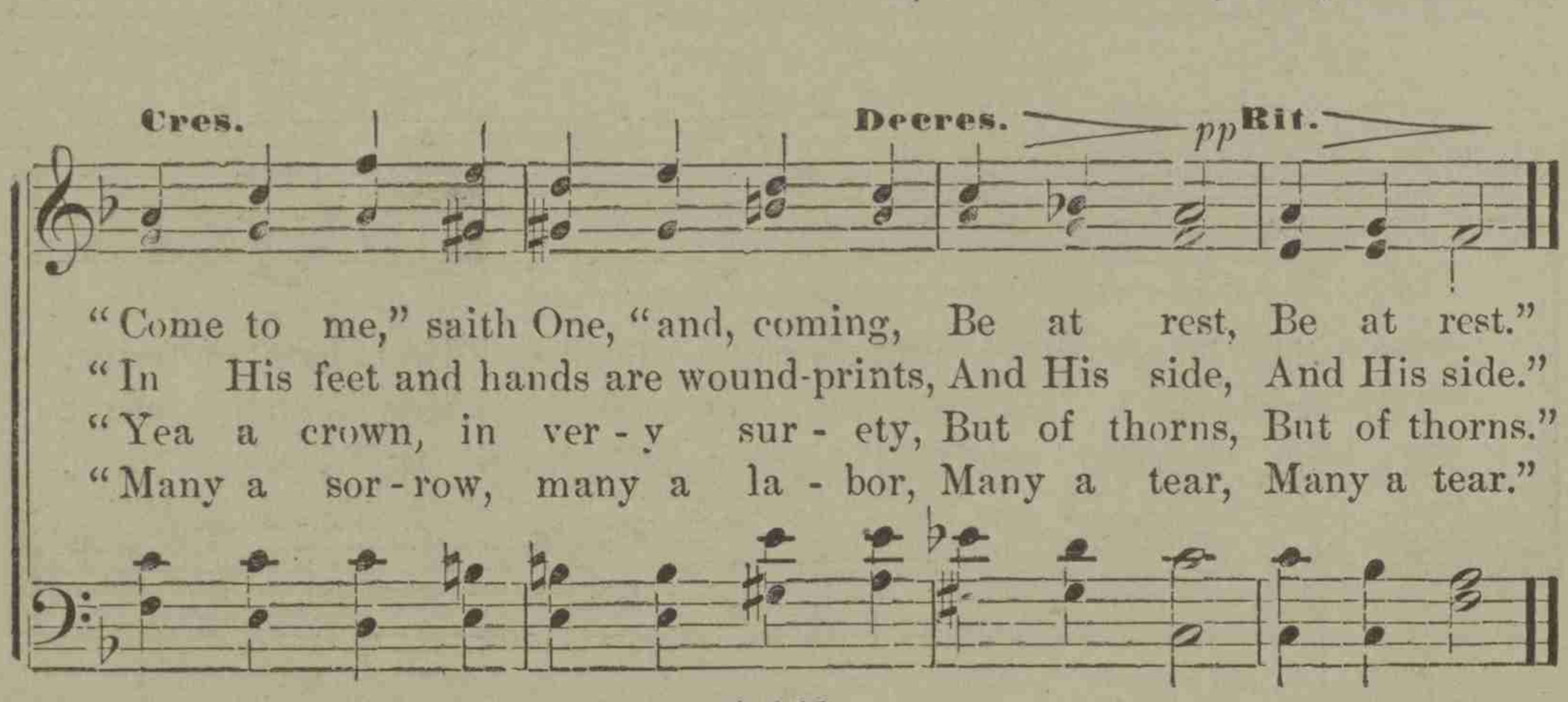


No. 108. ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID?

"If any man serve me, let him follow me."

H. J. SCHONACKER.





No. 109. BREAK THIS HEART OF MINE.

"God maketh my heart soft."—Job 23: 16.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. W. W. Bentley.

1. Be-fore I strive to save poor souls, Be-fore I seek the lost,
2. If I can rise from thy dear feet, A vic-tor o-ver sin,
3. In view of death and judg-ment near, In view of souls as-tray;

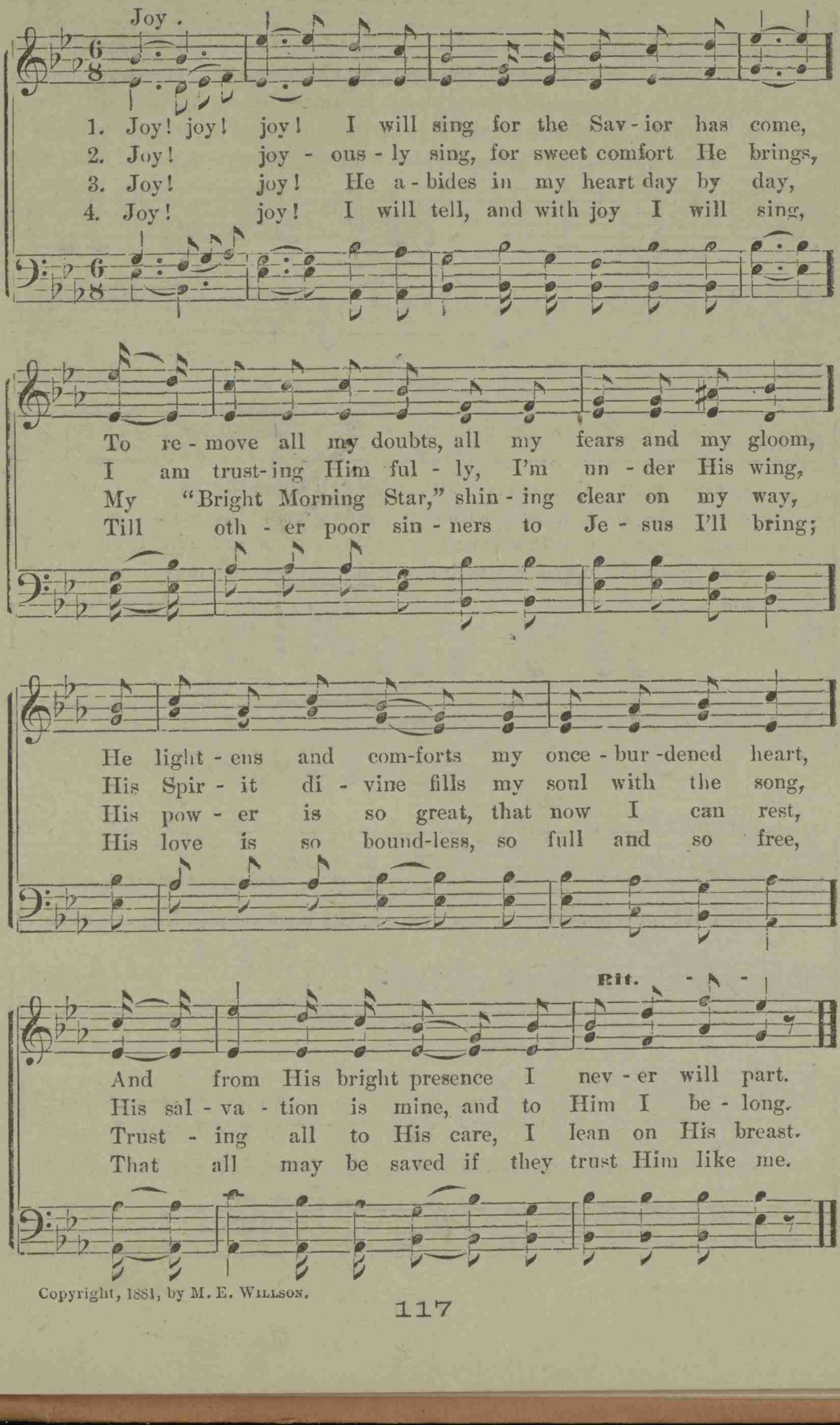
Oh, cleanse me with thy blood, dear Lord, That my re-demp-tion cost;
Then may I do my mis-sion work, And lead poor wand'rers in,—
Oh! gird me, Je-sus, for the fight, And lead me in the way.

I fain would lose my-self in thee, And know no will but Thine,
In from the paths of doubt and gilt, In-to thy courts di-vine;
I fain would bat-tle with the hosts That tempt the lambs of Thine;

My pride is great, my will is strong; Oh, break this heart of mine.
Dear Lord that I may not de-lay, Oh, break this heart of mine.
My pride is great, my will is strong; Oh, break this heart of mine.

No. 110. JOY! JOY!

"Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."—Eph. 5 : 19.

M. E. B. W. M. E. Bliss Willson.

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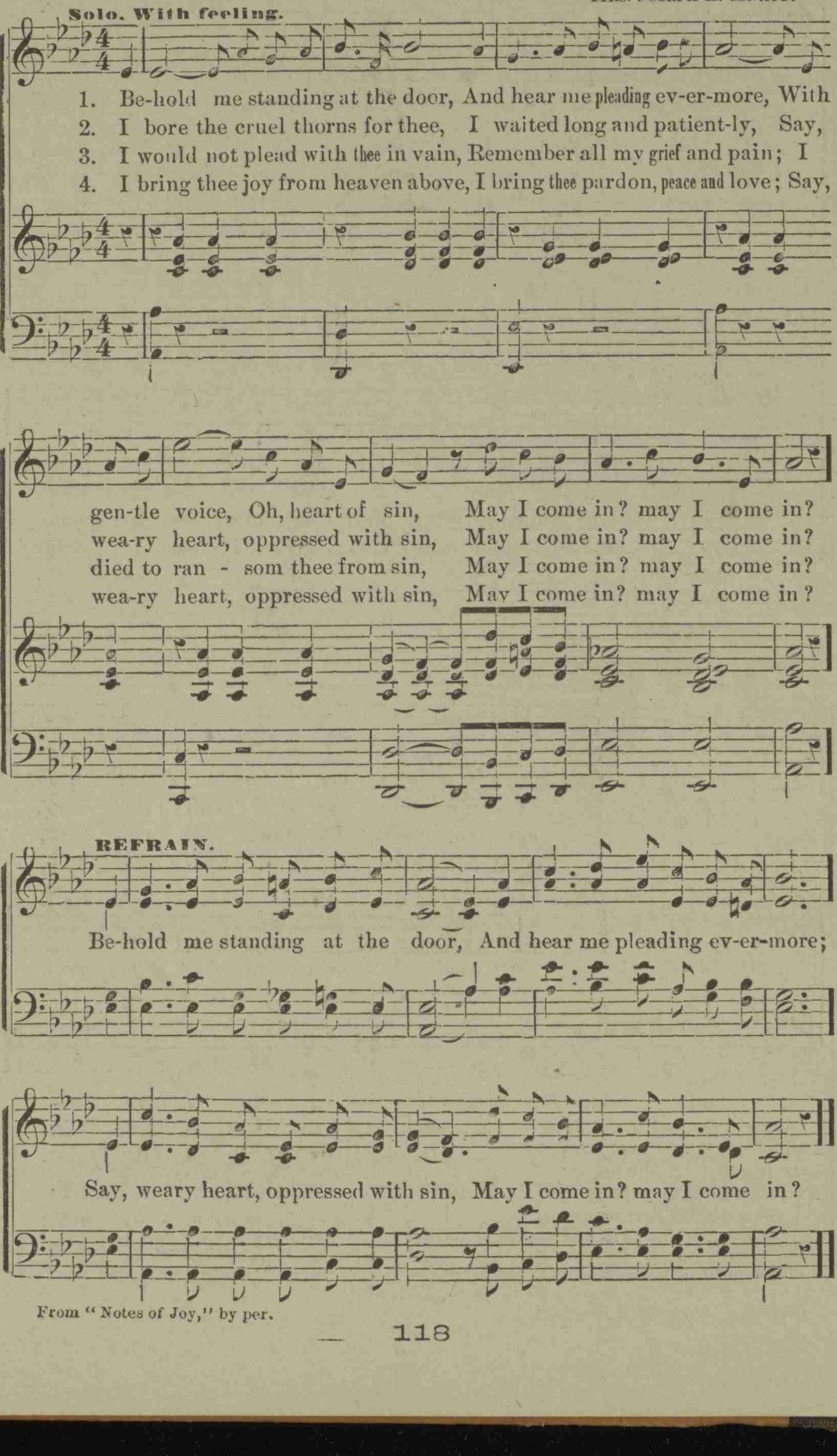
No. 111. BEHOLD ME STANDING AT THE DOOR.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

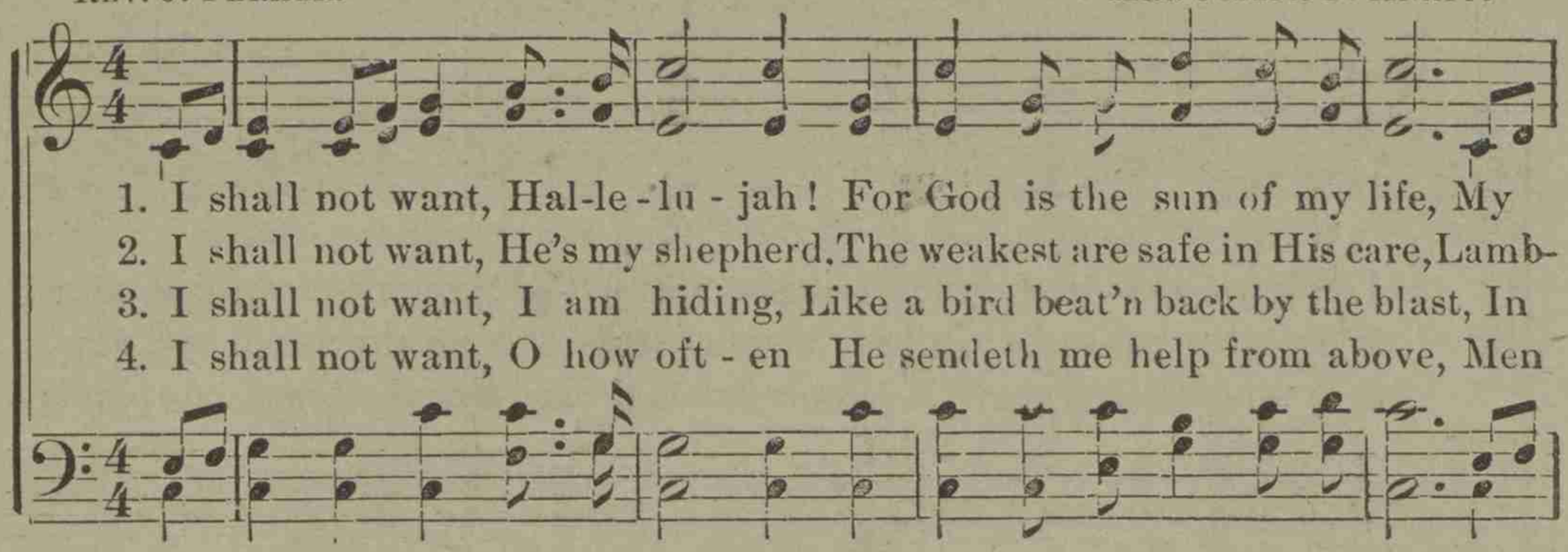
Mrs. Joseph E. Knapp.

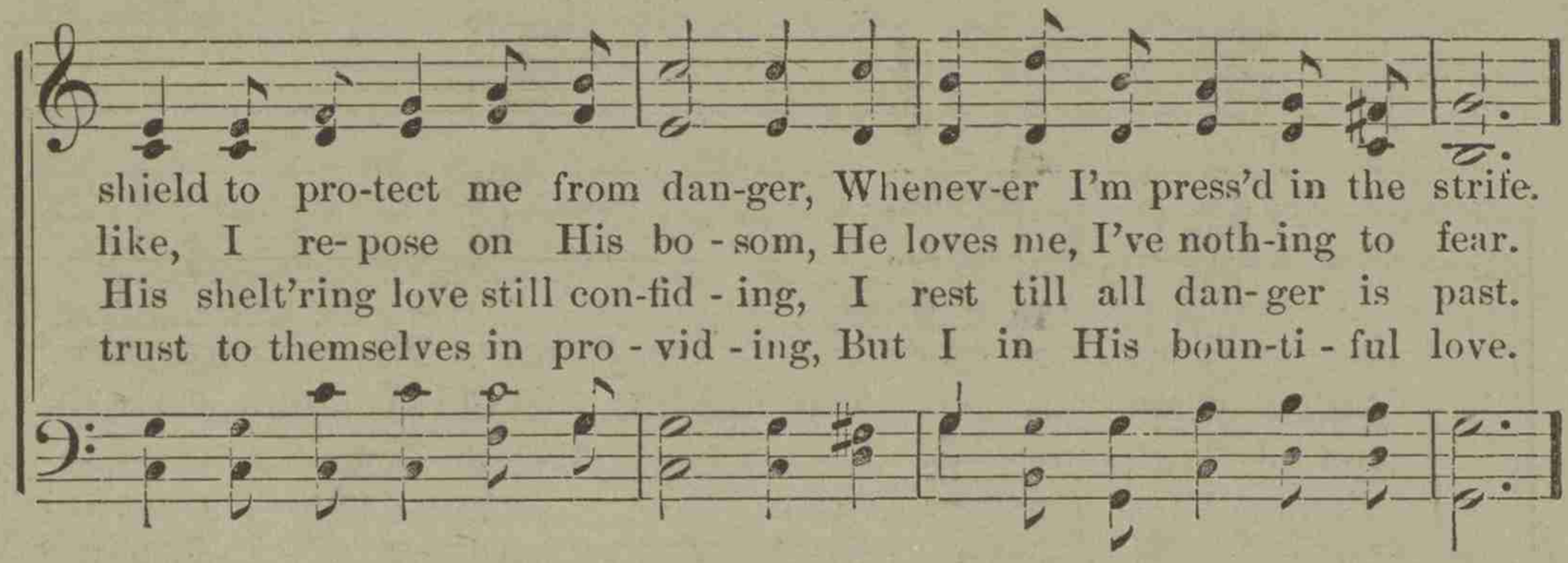
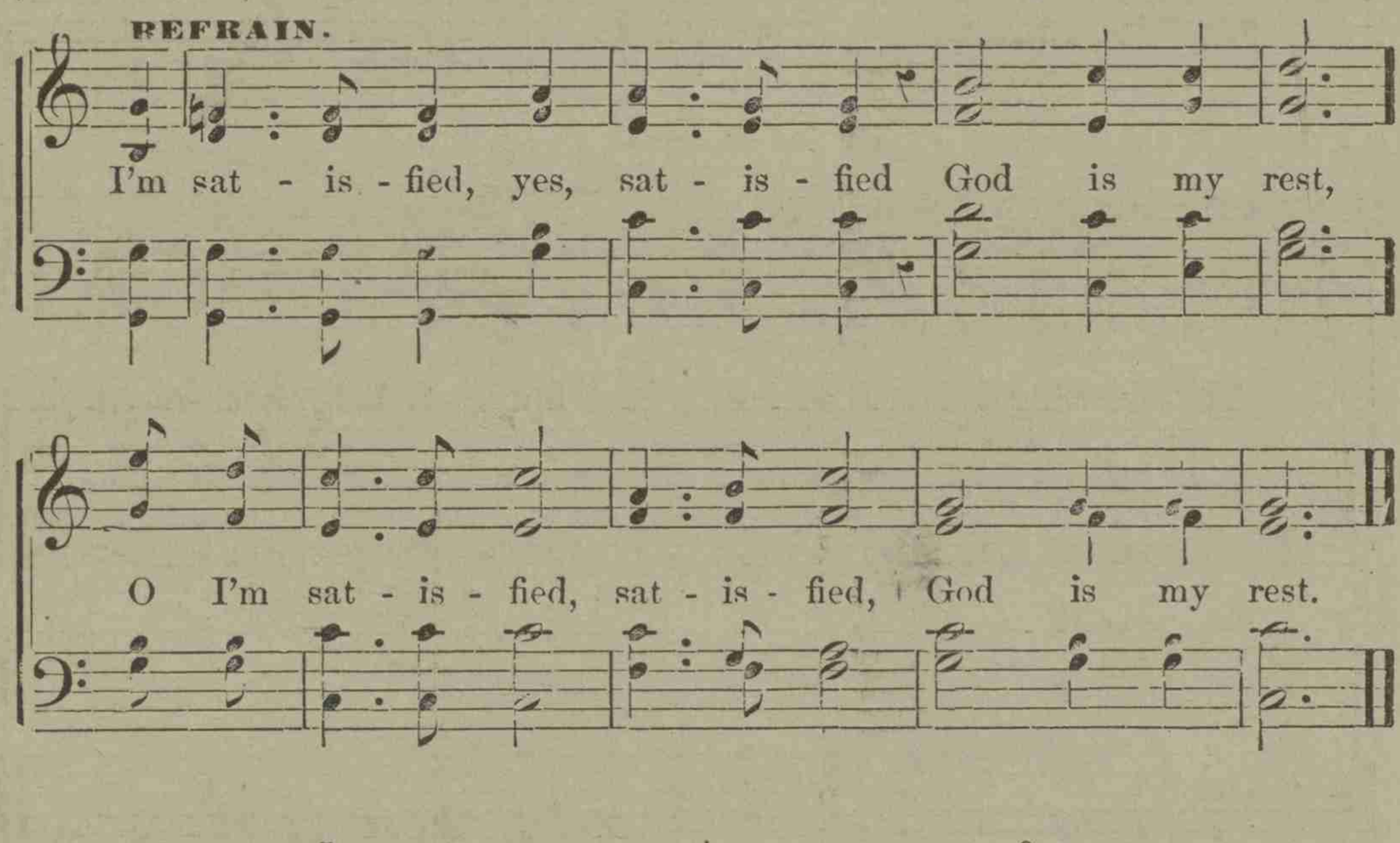


From "Notes of Joy," by per.

No. 112. SATISFIED.

REV. J. PARKER. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.





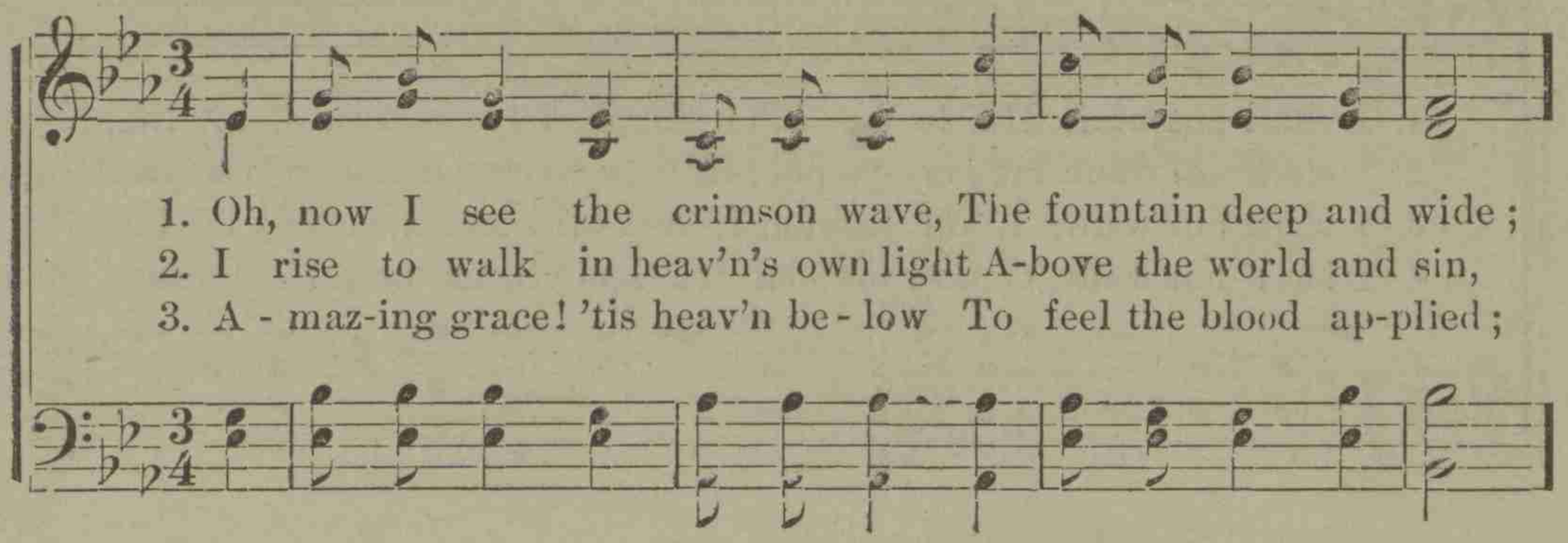
5	6
I shall not want, every murmur Is hushed by the sound of His voice, And though I may pass thro' the furnace, I lean on His arm and rejoice. CHO.—I'm satisfied, etc.	I shall not want, in the valley, Where shadows of death gather round, The morning of heaven will greet me, And gladness and glory abound. CHO.—I'm satisfied, etc.

By permission.

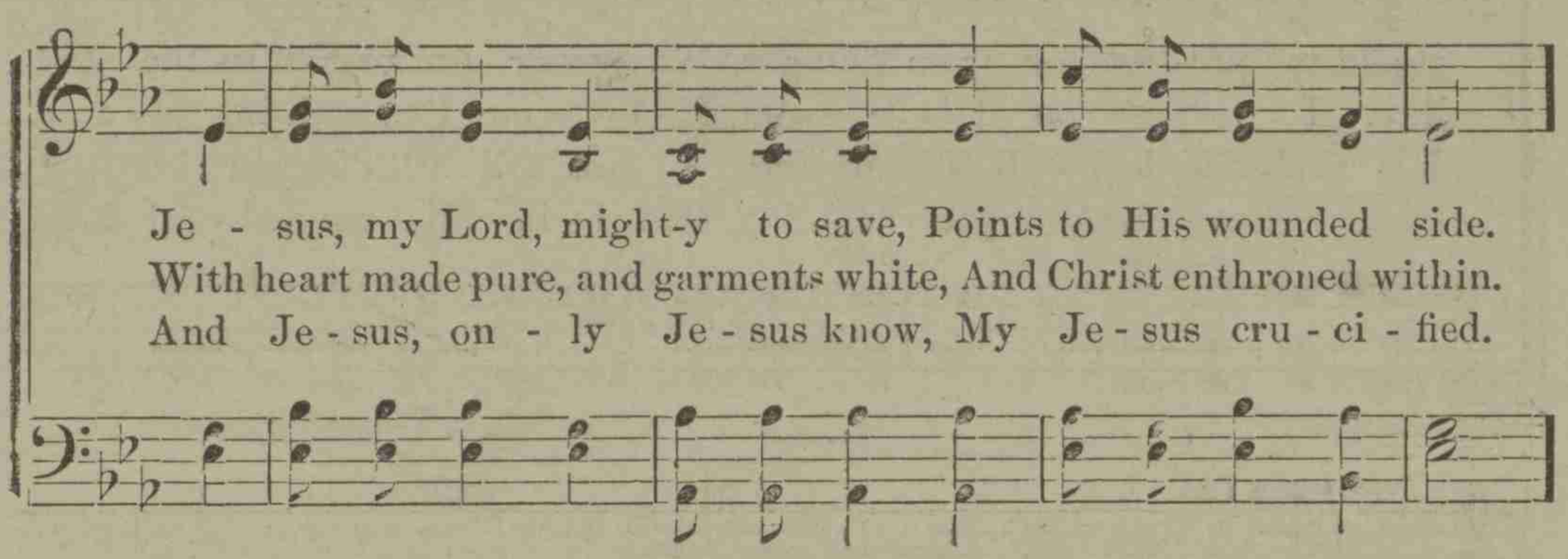
No. 113. THE CLEANSING WAVE.

"And washed us from our sins in his own blood."—Rev. 13: 5.

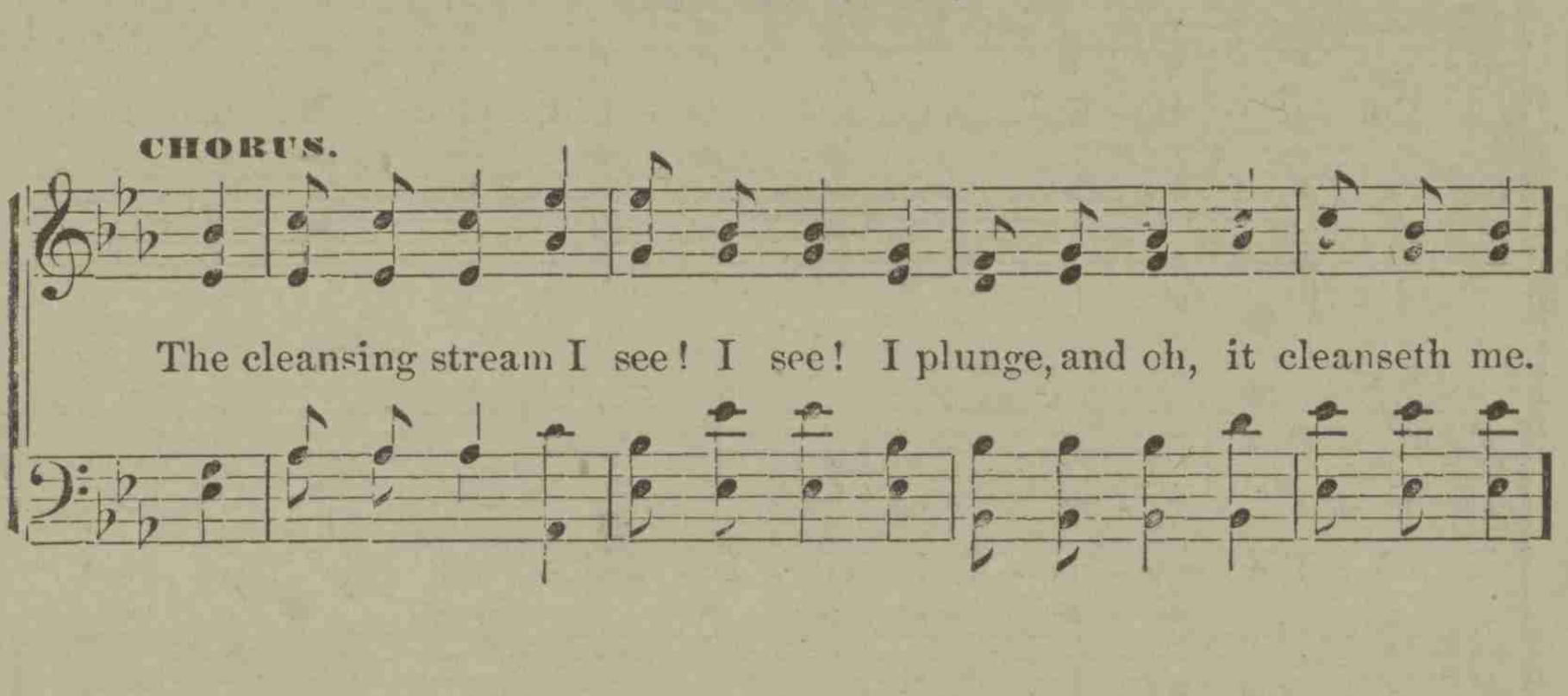
Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.



1. Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide;
2. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light A-bove the world and sin,
3. A - maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be - low To feel the blood ap-plied;

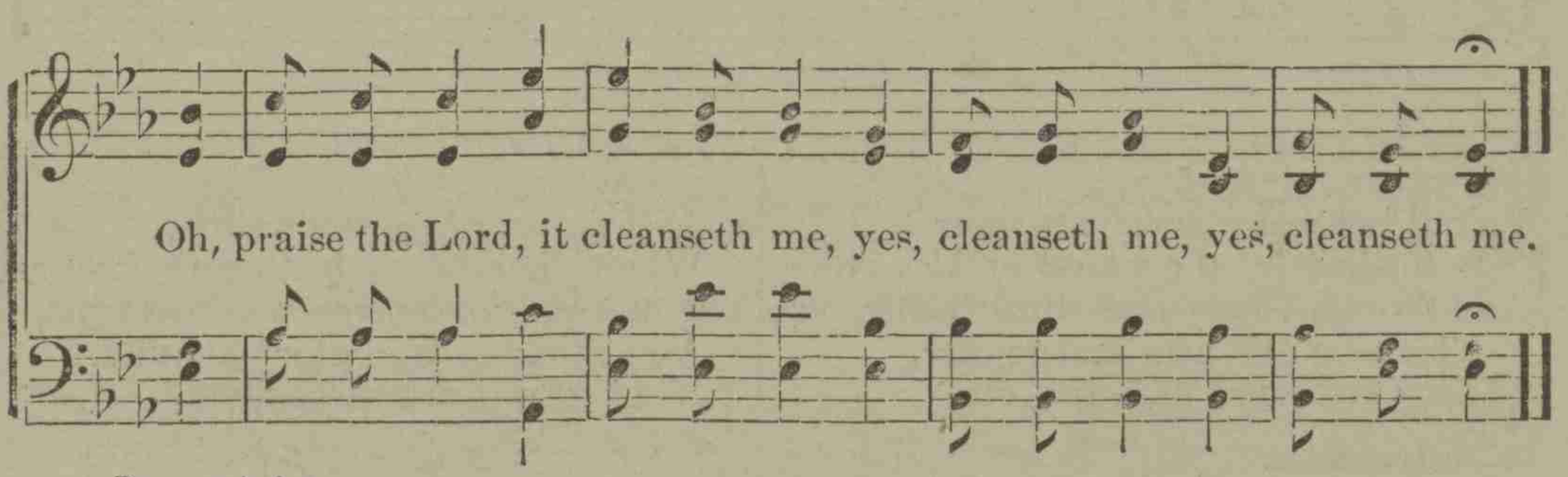


Je - sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wounded side.
With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthroned within.
And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.



CHORUS.

The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me.



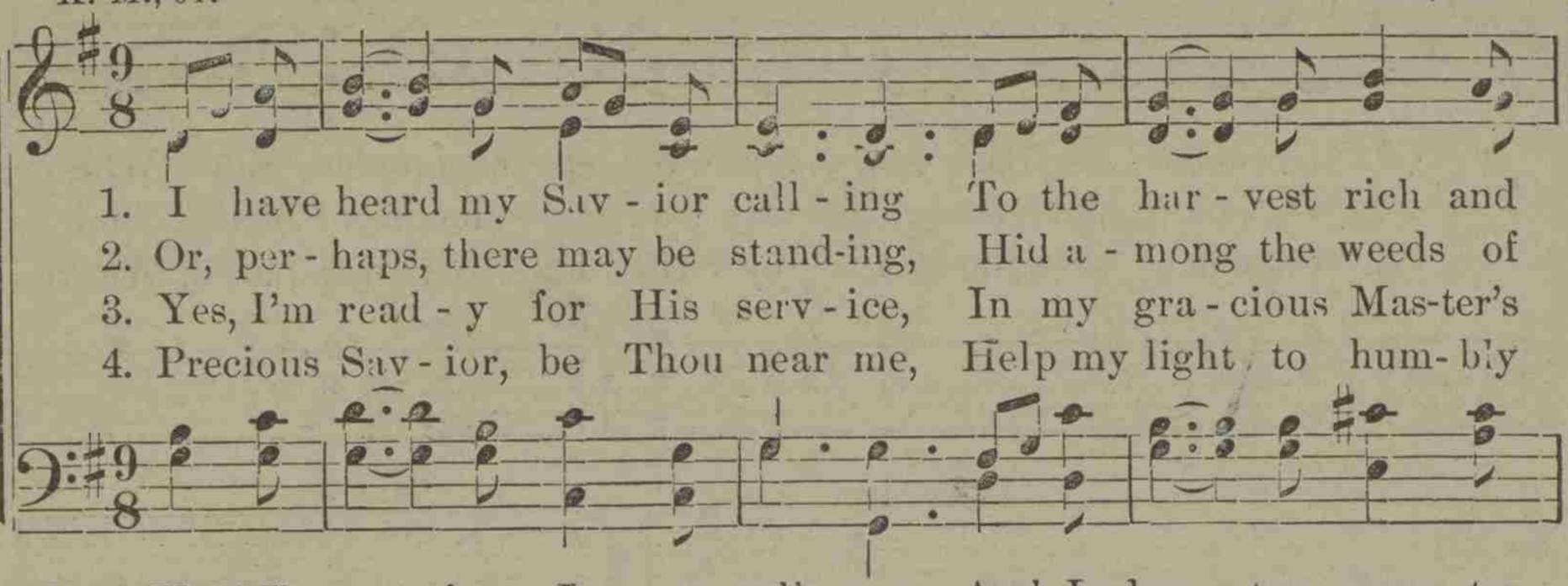
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

By permission.

No. 114. SEND ME.

"Here am I, send me."—Isaiah 6 : 8.

K. M., Jr. Rev. K. Mackenzie, Jr.



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No. 115. COME TO THE CROSS.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. P. P. BLISS.

1. O come to the cross, near the spear-wounded side Where ma - ny have wash'd in the sin - cleans - ing tide! O plunge 'neath the waves, and the bright crimson flow Shall cleanse ev-ery stain, make thee whiter than the snow!

2. O come and be robed in a gar - ment of white, And walk with the Lord as a child of the light, Re - flect - ing the glo - ry that shines from His face, And do - ing His will in the strength of His grace. O come, then, to Christ! O

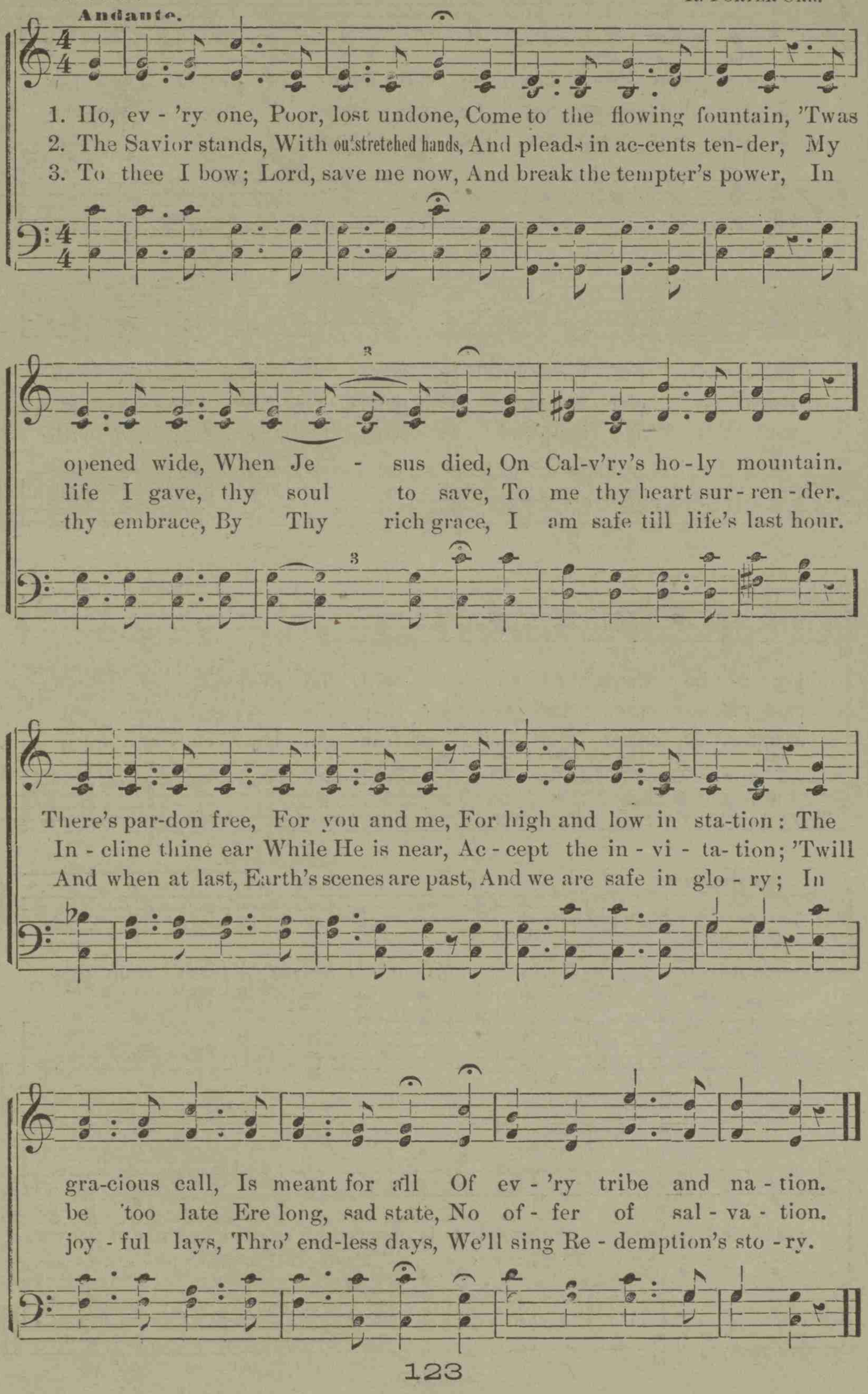
3. O come to the feast by the Fa - ther pre-pared, Where thou-sands of souls in His boun - ty have shared, O come to the feast, it is cost - ly yet free; There's room, and a robe, and a wel - come for thee.

REFRAIN.

come, come to-day! He'll save thee, He'll wash all thy stains of sin a - way.

No. 116. HO! EVERY ONE.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters * * Isa. 55 : 1.

R. P. Orr. R. Porter Orr.

No. 117. SWEET MOMENTS OF PRAYER.

FRANK M. DAVIS. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Oh, how sweet are the mo - ments of prayer When the
2. Oh, how sweet are the mo - ments of prayer When the
3. Oh, how sweet are the mo - ments of prayer To the

heart to the Lord low - ly bends, Oh, what com-fort and
soul is o'er bur-dened with griefs, On the Sav - ior to
soul that is tempt-ed to stray, Gain-ing strength to with-

joy to be there, To commune with the dear - est of friends.
cast all our care, And re - ceive there the sweet-est re - lief.
stand ev-'ry snare That would lead from the heav - en - ly way.

REFRAIN.

Moments of prayer, Sweet mo-ments of prayer, A - way from this

world and its care, How the spirit is cheered by sweet moments of prayer.

By permission.

FAMILIAR HYMNS.

No. 1.

Tune—MARTYN.
Key F.

1. Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide—
O receive my soul at last!

2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! 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. Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

—o—

No. 2.

Tune—"I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE."
Key C.

1. I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

2. My Father's house of light,—
My glory circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

3. I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4. And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

No. 3.

Tune—THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.
Key E♭.

1. The great physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2. Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

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

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

5. And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

—o—

No. 4.

Tune—BETHANY.
Key G.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

2. Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone:
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3. There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

No. 5.

Tune—ARLINGTON.
Key G.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross,—
A follower of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

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

3. Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

—o—

No. 6.

Tune—ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED? Key B♭.

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

—o—

No. 7.

Tune—BALERMA.
Key B♭.

1. Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2. My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3. Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat!
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

—o—

No. 8.

Tune—CORONATION.
Key G.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

2. Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it, fall
Before his face, who tunes their choir,
And crown him—Lord of all.

3. Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall:
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.

4. Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

—o—

No. 9.

Tune—THE MISTAKES OF MY LIFE.
Key G.

1. The mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I'll knock at the open door.

CHO.—I know I am weak and sinful,
It comes to me more and more;
But when the dear Savior shall bid me come in,
I'll enter the open door.

2. I am lowest of those who love Him,
I am weakest of those who pray;
But I come as He has bidden,
And He will not say me nay.

3. My mistakes His free grace will cover,
My sins He will wash away,
And the feet that shrink and falter
Shall walk thro' the gates of day.

4. The mistakes of my life have been many,
And my spirit is sick with sin,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But the Savior will let me in.

—o—

No. 10.

Tune—TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS.
Key F.

1. To-day the Savior calls:
Ye wand'rers come;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2. To-day the Savior calls:
Oh, listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3. To-day the Savior calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4. The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 11. Tune—ROCK OF AGES. Key B♭.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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 the 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.

—o—

No. 12. Tune—OVER THERE. Key A♯.

1. Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2. Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

3. My Savior is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.

—o—

No. 13. Tune—WELTON. L. M. Key B♭.

1. Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee b
Were kindled by his grace.

2. Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Savior bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

3. Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy long-sought rest:
The Savior's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

No. 14. Tune—PRECIOUS PROMISE. Key G.

1. Precious promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

REF.—I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven
I will guide thee with Mine eye.

2. When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly;
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

3. When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by;
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4. When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die;
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

—o—

No. 15. Tune—BALERMA. Key B♭.

1. Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side:
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Savior died!

2. My dying Savior, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3. Wash me, and make me thus thine
Wash me, and mine thou art; [own;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4. The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

—o—

No. 16. Tune—WE'LL STAND THE STORM. Key G.

1. When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

CHO.—We will stand the storm,
We will anchor by and by.

2. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

3. There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

No. 17.

Tune—WHITER THAN SNOW.
Key Ab.

1. Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe; [snow.
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2. Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain; [stain;
Apply thine own blood and extract every
To have this blest cleansing, I all things forego; [snow.
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than

3. The blessing by faith I receive from above, [love;
O, glory! my soul is made perfect in
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know [snow.
The blood is applied—I am whiter than

—o—

No. 18.

Tune—WHAT A FRIEND IN JESUS.
Key F.

1. What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2. Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3. Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

—o—

No. 19.

Tune—OLIVET.
Key Eb.

1. My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Savior divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart,
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to thee,
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And grief 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.

—o—

No. 20.

Tune—CLEANSING WAVE.
Key Eb.

1. O, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

CHO.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and O, it cleanseth me;
O, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me

2. I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood;
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3. I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

—o—

No. 21.

Tune—FOUNTAIN.
Key C.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

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

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

No. 22. Tune—NINETY AND NINE. Key Ab.

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

2. "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me:
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

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

4. But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

—o—

No. 23. Tune—WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE? Key C.

1. Sowing the seed by the day-light fair,
Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night,
‖:Oh, what shall the harvest be?:‖

CHO.—Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity.
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest, harvest be.

2. Sowing the seed by the way-side high,
Sowing the seed on the rock to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil,
‖:Oh, what shall the harvest be?:‖

3. Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the teardrops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home,
‖:Oh, what shall the harvest be?:‖

No. 24. Tune—REST FOR THE WEARY. Key G.

1. In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
Where the Savior's gone before me
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHO.—On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.

2. Pain or sickness ne'er can enter;
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center
I, a crown of life shall wear.

3. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open to you,
You shall find an entrance through.

—o—

No. 25. Tune—HE LEADETH ME. Key D.

1. He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought;
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me, He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

—o—

No. 26. Tune—WHITE AS SNOW. Key C.

1. What! "lay my sins on Jesus?"
God's well-beloved Son?
No! 'tis a truth most precious,
That God e'en *that* has done.

CHO.—Hallelujah, Jesus saves me,
He makes me "white as snow."
Hallelujah, Jesus saves me,
He makes me "white as snow."

2. Yes, 'tis a truth most precious,
To all who do believe,
God laid our sins on Jesus,
Who did the load receive.

3. What! "bring our guilt to Jesus?"
To wash away our stains;
The act is passed that freed us,
And naught to do remains.

No. 27. Tune—COME THOU FOUNT. Key D.

1. Come thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise,
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2. Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wandring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh take and seal it—
Seal it for thy courts above.

—o—

No. 28. Tune—O, HAPPY DAY. Key G.

1. O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

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

3. Now rest, my long-divided heart:
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

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

—o—

No. 29. Tune—LENNOX. Key B♭.

1. Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2. The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one:
He can not turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

3. My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

—o—

No. 30. Tune—CONSECRATION. Key A♯.

1. Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

REFRAIN.

Take myself and let me be
Ever only all for thee.

2. Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my will and make it thine,
Let it be no longer mine.

3. Take my heart, it is thine own,
Let it be thy royal throne.
Take my love, my Lord of power,
At thy feet its treasures store.

—o—

No. 31. Tune — TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY. Key C.

1. Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHO.—Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2. Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in;
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon,
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3. Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save;
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

No. 32. Tune—DISMISSION. Key F.

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3. So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

—o—

No. 33. Tune—UNDER THE BLOOD. Key B♭.

1. I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love;
And over its waves to my spirit
Come peace, like a heavenly dove.

CHO.—The cross now covers my sins,
The past is under the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God.

2. I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

3. He laid his hand on me and heal'd me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched but the hem of his garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

—o—

No. 34. Tune—O, TO BE NOTHING. Key C.

1. O, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at his feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet,
Emptied that he might fill me
As forth to his service I go;
Broken, that so unhindered,
His life through me might flow.

2. O, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by his hand;
A messenger at his gateway,
Only waiting for his command;
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at his will,
Willing, should he not require me
In silence to wait on him still.

3. O, to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be:
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world might my Savior see,
Rather be nothing, nothing,—
To him let their voices be raised;
He is the Fountain of blessing,
He only is most to be praised.

—o—

No. 35. Tune—RETREAT. L. M. Key C.

1. Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

CHO.—Oh, let the dear Savior come in,
He'll cleanse thy heart from sin!
Oh, keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Savior come in.

2. Oh, lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart, and loaded hands.
Oh, matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3. But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

—o—

No. 36. Tune—KNOCKING. Key E♭.

1. Knocking, knocking, who is there?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before,
Ah! my soul, for such a wonder,
Wilt thou not undo the door?

2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3. Knocking, knocking—what, still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Savior, waiting there.

No. 37.

Tune—CHRISTMAS.
Key E♭.

1. In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2. When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified:
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys, that through all time abide.

—o—

No. 38.

Tune—THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.
Key B♭.

1. In some way or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way,
And yet, in His *own* way,
The Lord will provide.

CHO.—It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way,
And yet, in His *own* way,
The Lord will provide.

2. At some time or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time,
And yet, in His *own* time,
The Lord will provide.

3. Despond, then, no longer;
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
The Lord will provide.

4. March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
The Lord will provide.

—o—

No. 39.

Tune—TRUSTING.
Key G.

1. I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3. Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, Thine to be,—
Wholly thine for evermore.

4. In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5. Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

—o—

No. 40.

Tune—HOLY SPIRIT.
Key G.

1. Holy Spirit, faithful guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls for e'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2. Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

—o—

No. 41.

Tune—COME TO JESUS.
Key F.

1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now,
Just now, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now

2. He will save you, etc.

3. He is able, etc.

4. He is willing, etc

5. He is waiting, etc.

6. He will hear you, etc.

7. He will cleanse you, etc.

8. He'll renew you, etc.

9. He'll forgive you, etc.

10. If you trust Him, etc.

11. He will save you, etc.

No. 42. Tune—BOYLSTON. S. M. Key C.

1. Revive thy work, O Lord!
Thy mighty arm make bare; [dead,
Speak, with the voice that wakes the
And make Thy people hear.

2. Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

3. Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Exalt Thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love,
For Thee and Thine inflame.

4. Revive Thy work, O Lord!
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

—o—

No. 43. Tune—FOR YOU I AM PRAYING. Key Ab.

1. I have a Savior, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Savior, tho' earth's friends be few;
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh, that my Savior were your Savior too.

CHO.—For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you.

2. I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too.

3. I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness, [one too!
Dear friend, could I see you receiving

4. I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew,
My Savior alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

5. When Jesus has found you, tell others the story, [too;
That my loving Savior is your Savior
Then pray that your Savior may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you.

No. 44. Tune—MERIBAH. C. P. M. Key Eb.

1. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To bring Thy ransom'd people home
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought-
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3. Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day:
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear!
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4. Let me among Thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions
With shouts of sovereign grace. [ring

—o—

No. 45. Tune—JESUS PAID IT ALL. Key Eb.

1. I hear the Savior say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2. Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3. For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4. When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

5. And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

No. 46.

Tune—SOLID ROCK.
Key A♯.

1. My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHO.—On Christ, the solid rock, I stand:
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2. When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3. His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4. When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in Him be found;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

—o—

No. 47.

Tune—BETHANY.
Key G.

1. Savior! Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2. At the blest mercy seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee!

3. Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wand'rer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4. All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

No. 48.

Tune—I LEFT ALL WITH JESUS.
Key G.

1. I left all with Jesus
Long ago;
All my sins I brought Him,
And my woe.
When by faith I saw Him
On the tree,
Heard His small, still whisper,
'Tis for thee,'
‖: From my heart the burden
Rolled away—happy day! :‖

2. I leave it all with Jesus,
For he knows
How to steal the bitter
From life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop
With his smile,
Make the desert garden
Bloom awhile;
‖: When my weakness leaneth
On His might, all seems light. :‖

3. I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him,
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast;
‖: Love esteems it heaven
To abide at His side. :‖

4. Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus,
Drooping soul!
Tell not *half* thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On his hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command.

—o—

No. 49.

Tune—FADE EACH EARTHLY JOY.
Key A♭.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine!

2. Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

3. Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4. Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Savior's breast,
Jesus is mine!

—o—

No. 50.

Tune—SAVIOR LEAD US.
Key B♭.

1. Savior, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare.
‖: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.:‖

2. We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3. Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be,
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4. Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

—o—

No. 51.

Tune—WEBB. 7s & 6s.
Key B♭.

1. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

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

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

—o—

No. 52.

Tune—SIMPLY TRUSTING.
Key A♭.

1. Simply trusting every day,
Trusting thro' a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHO.—Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting Him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2. Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I can not fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3. Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for Him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4. Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth is past;
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

—o—

No. 53.

Tune—SWEET HOME.
Key E♭.

1. O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, and sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That on earth, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2. "Looking off unto Jesus," my eyes can not see,
The troubles and dangers that throng around me:
They can not be blinded with sorrowful tears,
They can not be shadowed with unbelief-ful fears.

3. "Looking off unto Jesus," I go not astray;
My eyes are on Him, and He shows me the way;
The path may seem dark, as He leads me along,
But following Jesus, I can not go wrong.

4. "Looking off unto Jesus," my heart can not fear,
Its trembling is still when I see Jesus near;
I know that His power my safeguard will be,
"For why are ye troubled?" he saith unto me.

No. 54. Tune—TURN TO THE LORD. Key G.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power,
‖: He is able, He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.:‖

2. Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
‖: Without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.:‖

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

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

—o—

No. 55. Tune—RETREAT. L. M. Key E♭.

1. From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

—o—

No. 56. Tune—"REVIVE US AGAIN." Key G.

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

CHO.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen,
Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again.

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

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

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

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

—o—

No. 57. Tune—JUDGMENT HYMN. Key D.

1. The judgment day is coming, coming,
The judgment day is coming; [coming,
O that great day!

CHO.—Let us take the wings of the morning,
And fly away to Jesus; [ing,
Let us take the wings of the morning,
And sound the jubilee.

2. I heard the trumpet sounding, sounding, sounding,
I heard the trumpet sounding,
On that great day.

3. I saw the Judge descending, descending, descending,
I saw the Judge descending,
On that great day.

4. I saw the dead arising, arising, arising,
I saw the dead arising,
On that great day.

5. I heard the thunder rolling, rolling,
I heard the thunder rolling, [rolling,
On that great day.

6. I saw the lightning blazing, blazing,
I saw the lightning blazing, [blazing,
On that great day.

7. I heard the wicked wailing, wailing,
I heard the wicked wailing, [wailing,
On that great day.

CHO.—For they took not the wings of the morning,
Nor flew away to Jesus; [morning,
For they took not the wings of the
Nor sang the jubilee.

8. I heard the righteous shouting, shouting, shouting,
I heard the righteous shouting,
On that great day.

CHO.—For they took the wings of the
And flew away to Jesus; [morning,
For they took the wings of the morning,
And sang the jubilee.

No. 58. Tune—HEBRON. L. M. Key B♭.

1. While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2. While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4. In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.

5. Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come. sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

—o—

No. 59. Tune—LABAN. S. M. Key D.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2. I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3. For her my tears sha'l fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5. Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

—o—

No. 60. Tune—NOTHING BUT LEAVES. Key E♭.

1. Nothing but leaves, the spirit grieves
O'er years of wasted life!
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept.
And reap from years of strife—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

2. Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain;
We sow our seeds: lo! tares and weeds—
Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—
Then reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3. Nothing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves
No vail to hide the past,
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and misspent day,
We sadly find at last—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

4. Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah, who shall at the Savior's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat
Lay down for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

—o—

No. 61. Tune—HENDON. 7s. Key G.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer,
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2. Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3. With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4. Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

—o—

No. 62. Tune—HAMBURG. L. M. Key F.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately shone·
'Tis midnight; in the garden now
The suff'ring Savior prays alone.

2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Savior wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3. 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt,
The Man of Sorrow weeps in blood;
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

4. 'Tis midnight; and, from ether-plains
Is born the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

No. 63. Tune—WATCHING AND WAITING. Key D.

1. When my final farewell to the world
I have said,
And gladly lie down to my rest;
When softly the watchers shall say, "He
is dead,"
And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
And when, with my glorified vision at
last
The walls of "That City" I see,
‖:Will any one then at the beautiful
gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?:‖

CHO.—‖: Be waiting and watching,
Be waiting and watching for me?:‖

2. There are little ones glancing about
in my path,
In want of a friend and a guide;
There are dear little eyes looking up
into mine,
Whose tears might be easily dried.
But Jesus may beckon the children
away [glee—
In the midst of their grief and their
‖:Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?:‖

3. There are old and forsaken who linger
awhile
In homes which their dearest have
left; [love
And a few gentle words or an action of
May cheer their sad spirits bereft,
But the Reaper is near to the long stand-
ing corn
The weary will soon be set free—
‖:Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?:‖

4. Oh, should I be brought there by the
bountiful grace
Of Him who delights to forgive,
Though I bless not the weary about in
my path,
Pray only for self while I live,—
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sin-
ful neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be, [gate,
‖:Should no one I love, at the beautiful
Be waiting and watching for me!:‖

—o—

No. 64. Tune—WATCHMAN. 8s & 7s. Key G.

1. Watchman, tell me does the morning
Of fair Zion's glory dawn;
Have the signs that mark his coming,
Yet upon my pathway shone?
Pilgrim, yes, arise, look round thee,
Light is breaking in the skies;
Spurn the unbelief that bound thee,
Morning dawns, arise, arise!

2. See the glorious light ascending
Of the grand Sabbatic year,
Hark! the voices loud proclaiming
The Messiah's kingdom near;
Watchman! yes; I see just yonder,
Canaan's glorious heights arise;
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Tow'ring 'neath her sunlit skies.

—o—

No. 65. Tune—ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT. Key B♭.

1. One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,
Than I have been before.

CHO.—Nearer my home, nearer my home,
Nearer my home to-day, to-day,
Than I have been before.

2. Nearer my Father's house
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3. Nearer the bound of life
Where the burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.

4. Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

—o—

No. 66. Tune—IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT WATCHES. Key F.

1. In the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom's door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating,
'Tis my heart of sin;
'Tis thy Savior knocks, and crieth,
"Rise, and let me in!"

2. Death comes down with reckless foot-
To the hall and hut; [steps,
Think you death will tarry knocking,
When the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth;
But the door is fast;
Grieved, away thy Savior goeth,
Death breaks in at last.

3. Then 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin;
Nay! alas, thou guilty creature!
Hast thou, then, forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
Now He knows thee not.

No. 67. Tune—EXPOSTULATION. 11s. Key A♯.

1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2. How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better, your chains melt away;
Come guilty, come wretched, come just as you are,
All helpless and dying to Jesus repair.

3. The contrite in heart He will freely receive.
Oh! why will you not the glad message believe?
If sin be your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He makes welcome; He bids you come home.

—o—

No. 68. Tune—CALLING US AWAY. Key B♭.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise,
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

CHO.—Many are the friends who are waiting to-day
Happy on the golden strand,
Many are the voices calling us away,
To join their glorious band:
‖: Calling us away, calling us away,
Calling to the better land. :‖

2. Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts and fears.

3. I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

—o—

No. 69. Tune—JESUS DIED FOR ME. Key E♭.

1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHO.—Jesus died for you,
Jesus died for me,
Yes, Jesus died for all mankind,
Bless God salvation's free.

2. Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

—o—

No. 70. Tune—ST. MARTINS. C. M. Key G.

1. All that I *was*, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own:
All that I *am* I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

2. The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine and only Thine.

3. The darkness of my former state,
The bondage,—all was mine,
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty,—is Thine.

4. Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
And taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now in Thee I live.

5. All that I am e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be—
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

—o—

No. 71. Tune—O, HOW HAPPY.

1. O, how happy are they
Who their Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2. That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3. 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know:
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

No. 72. Tune—GARDEN HYMN. Key E.

1. The Lord into His garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes,
‖: The lilies grow and thrive; :‖
Refreshing show'rs of grace divine
From Jesus flow to every vine,
‖: Which makes the dead revive. :‖

2. This makes the dry and barren ground
In springs of water to abound,
‖: And fruitful soil become; :‖
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all His foes,
‖: And makes His people one. :‖

3. The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
‖: My soul a witness is. :‖
Come, taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me;
‖: Who comes to Christ may live. :‖

4. The worst of sinners here may find
A Savior pitiful and kind,
‖: Who will them all relieve; :‖
None are too late if they repent;
Out of one sinner legions went,
‖: Jesus did him receive. :‖

5. We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,
‖: From Jesus' throne on high :‖
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
‖: And yet we still are dry. ;‖

6. But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
‖: We'll drink a full supply; :‖
Jesus will lead His armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
‖: That never will run dry. :‖

7. There we shall reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
‖: When all the saints get home; :‖
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
‖: For Jesus bids us come. :‖

8. Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
‖: And claim my mansion there :‖
Now here's my heart and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
‖: Where we shall part no more. :‖

—o—

No. 73. Tune—WELTON. L. M. Key B♭.

1. Blest hour! when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased His people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

2. Blest hour! for where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find His earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3. Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest,
Amid the hours of worldly care;
The hour that yields the Spirit rest,
That sacred hour—the hour of prayer.

4. And when my hours of prayer are past,
And this frail tenement decays,
Then may I spend in heaven at last
A never-ending hour of praise.

—o—

No. 74. Tune—LABAN. S. M. Key D.

1. O Lord, Thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live,
By thy restoring power.

2. Oh, let Thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their sacred vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3. Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4. Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
Oh, come and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

—o—

No. 75. Tune—CROSS AND CROWN. Key B♭.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,—
For there's a crown for me!

4. O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels! from the stars flash down,
And bear my soul away.

No. 76. Tune—CORONATION. Key G.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumph's of His grace.

2. My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.

3. Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music to the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4. He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

—o—

No. 77. Tune—HENDON. 7s. Key G.

1. Jesus is gone up on high;
But His promise still is here,
"I will all your wants supply;
I will send the Comforter."

2. Let us now His promise plead,
Let us to His throne draw nigh;
Jesus knows His people's need;
Jesus hears His people's cry.

3. Send us, Lord, the Comforter,
Pledge and witness of Thy love,
Dwelling with Thy people here,
Leading them to joys above.

4. Till we reach the promised rest,
Till Thy face unveil'd we see,
Of this blessed hope possess'd,
Teach us, Lord, to live in Thee.

—o—

No. 78. Tune—"WILL YOU GO?" Key G.

1. We're traveling home to heaven above;
Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Savior's dying love;
Will you go? Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests of God;
And millions more are on the road;
Will you go? Will you go?

2. We're going to walk the planes of light;
Will you go? Will you go?
Far, far from curse and death and night;
Will you go? Will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
Will you go? Will you go?

3. The way to heaven is straight and plain;
Will you go? Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again:
Will you go? Will you go?
The Savior cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see."
Will you go? Will you go?

—o—

No. 79. Tune—UXBRIDGE. L. M. Key F.

1. Jesus, assembled in Thy name,
This promise at Thy hand we claim;
We do believe, oh let us see [Thee,
Great signs and wonders wrought by

2. Command, and these dead souls shall live,
These blind at once their sight receive;
Speak, and these deaf shall hear Thy voice,
These dumb in loudest songs rejoice.

3. Now let Thy mighty power be known;
Now break or melt these hearts of stone:
We *do* believe, shall we not see [Thee?
New signs and wonders wrought by

4. Claim now the souls whom Thou hast bought; [sought;
Fetch home the wanderers Thou hast
See, Lord, we bring our wants to Thee;
Let this the hour of mercy be.

—o—

No. 80. Tune—SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. Key D.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
‖: And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
‖: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share:
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize; [air,
‖: And shout, while passing through the
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

No. 81. Tune—"LIFE IN A LOOK." Key G.

1. There is life in a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinners, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

REF.—Look! look! look and live!
There is life in a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

2. Oh, why was He there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3. It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4. Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remained no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world he appeared,
And completed the work he begun.

5. Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting he gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

—o—

No. 82. Tune—HEBRON. L. M. Key B♭.

1. While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2. While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4. In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.

5. Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

No. 83. Tune—SUN OF MY SOUL. Key F.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.

3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4. If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5. Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6. Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

—o—

No. 84. Tune—"MIGHTY LOVE." Key C.

1. Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me;
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in His hand.

CHO.—Oh, sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Mighty to save.

2. Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of His face.

3. Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that his blood can not cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus, the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 85. Tune—"OH! TO BE READY." Key B♭.

"Oh! to be ready, ready,"
Ready to work or to rest,
Just as the Master wishes,
Just as he thinks for the best;
Oh, to be ready, ready,
Ready to go or to stay,
Just as the Master chooses,
Just as He opens the way.

CHO.—Oh, to be ready, ready,
Ready and watching in prayer,
Ready for Christ's appearing,
Ready His glory to share.

2. Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready God's word to obey;
Shunning the path of danger,
Seeking the one narrow way.
Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to suffer His will,
Whom the Lord loves He chastens,
Chastens for good, not for ill.

3. Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to go at His call,
Over the cold, dark river,
Flowing so near to us all.
Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready my dear ones to meet,
Shouting the Savior's praises,
Casting their crowns at His feet.

—o—

No. 86. Tune—TAKE ME AS I AM. Key A♭.

1. Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry,
Unless thou help me I must die;
Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh
And take me as I am!

REF.—Take me as I am,
Take me as I am;
Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.

2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
And thou can'st make me what thou wilt,
But take me as I am!

3. No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am!

4. I thirst, I long to know thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove;
But since to thee I can not move,
Oh, take me as I am!

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

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

No. 87. Tune—"DENNIS." Key F.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2. The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

—o—

No. 88. Tune—"ARLINGTON." Key E♭.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill his word.

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3. When, free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4. Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glow.

—o—

No. 89. Tune—WOODWORTH. L. M. Key E♭.

1. Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me to come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2. Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3. Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5. Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 90.

Tune—"OH! HOW HE LOVES."
Key D.

1. One there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how He loves!

2. 'Tis eternal love to know Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think, oh, think how much we owe Him,
Oh, how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought us:
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,
Oh, how He loves!

3. Blessed Jesus! would you know Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Give yourself entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow,
Oh, how He loves!

4. All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you,
Oh, how He loves!

—o—

No. 91.

Tune—DELIVERANCE WILL COME.
Key F.

1. I saw a way-worn trav'ler,
In tatter'd garments clad,
And struggling up the mountain,
It seemed that he was sad;
His back was laden heavy,
His strength was almost gone,
Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come!

CHO.—Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall wear.

2. The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow:
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home;
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come!

3. The songsters in the arbor
That stood beside the way
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay:
His watchword being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come!

4. I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5. While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God,
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

6. I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

—o—

No. 92.

Tune—NOT KNOWING.
Music on page 74.

1. For perhaps the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think:
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink.

2. It may be He keeps waiting
Till the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble,
With the thanks they can not speak.

3. O restful, blissful ignorance!
'Tis blessed not to know,
It stills me in those mighty arms
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom which loves me so!

4. My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back,
With the whispered word, "He knows."

INDEX.

[Titles in SMALL CAPITALS; First Lines in Roman.]

*Hymns marked thus * words only are printed.*

A	No.
ABIDING TRUST	5
ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE	10
Art thou weary with transgression..	29
As clay in the hands of the potter...	59
ALMOST	94
ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID?	108
Am I a soldier of the cross?*	5
Alas! and did my Savior bleed?*...	6
All hail the power of Jesus' name*..	8
Arise, my soul, arise*	29
Alas! and did my Savior bleed?*...	69
All that I was, my sin, my guilt*.....	70
B	
Believe on the Lord	5
Before my face	38
BEHOLD HIS OFFERED SALVATION	46
BETHESDA IS OPEN FOR THEE	49
BLESSED ASSURANCE	82
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES	90
BREAK THIS HEART OF MINE	109
Before I strive to save poor souls...	109
BEHOLD ME STANDING AT THE DOOR..	111
Behold a stranger at the door*	35
Blest hour, when God himself draws near*	73
C	
COME AND BE BLEST	14
COME, SINNER, COME	19
COME AND SEE	21
COME UNTO ME	25
Come, weary souls	25
COME TO JESUS	29
Come, poor sinners	33
COME, GREAT DELIVERER, COME	51
Come, trembling soul	56
CLEFT FOR ME	77
Come, dear Savior	85
COME YE DISCONSOLATE	98
COME TO THE CROSS	116
Come, thou fount of every blessing*.	17
Come to Jesus*	41
Come ye sinners, poor and needy*...	54
Come my soul, thy suit prepare*	61

D	No.
DRAW ME NEARER	26
Deep and grand in tones sublime.....	73
Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole*	17
Did Christ o'er sinners weep?*	87
E	
ETERNITY	73
Enthroned is Jesus now	78
F	
Free salvation is flowing	1
From worldly thought and busy care.	2
FOR OTHER FOUNDATION	28
Full of sin though I may be	35
Far from my Father	39
FOR SUCH AS I	45
FULLY PERSUADED	89
FULL SALVATION	91
Forever here my rest shall be*	15
Fade, fade each earthly joy*	49
From everp stormy wind that blows*	55
For perhaps the dreaded future*	92
G	
GLAD TIDINGS	1
God, the All-wise, beholding sinners	30
GLIDING DOWN LIFE'S RIVER	32
Go to the Savior	52
GATHERING ONE BY ONE	79
GIVE YOURSELF TO JESUS, WHOLLY...	81
Going; ah, yes, I am going	107
Give me the wings of faith to rise*...	68
H	
HE'LL RECEIVE YOU	33
How sweet t'will be to find	8
HAIL THE GREAT EMANCIPATION	30
HE CLEANSES ME	50
How my spirit yearns	50
Holy Spirit, hear my cry	67
Hope is singing	87
HE SAVES	101
HE KNOWETH THE WAY I TAKE	102
HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS?	104

	No.
HOME	107
HO! EVERY ONE	116
He leadeth me*	25
Holy Spirit, faithful guide*	40
How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight*	88

I

IN THE PRAYER-ROOM	3
I am the light	6
I want thy heart	7
IS IT THERE? WRITTEN THERE?	12
I do not ask for the pride of earth	12
I CHOOSE TO FOLLOW JESUS	15
IS THERE ANY ONE HERE	16
IS YOUR LAMP BURNING, BROTHER	23
I have found repose	27
In this world of sin and ruin	31
Is there a sinner awaiting?	36
I AM THINE	37
I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS	40
I've a home over yonder	57
I KNOW THAT JESUS LOVES ME*	68
I know not what shall befall me	68
I'm fully saved thro' Jesus' blood	68
I am waiting, O, my Father	76
I have giv'n my all to Jesus	80
I AM SWEETLY SAVED IN JESUS	83
I will cling to the cross	84
IT IS BETTER FARTHER ON	87
I bring you tidings	88
I'm fully persuaded	89
I have seen a mother weeping	95
In a world so full of weeping	97
IN SIGHT OF THE CRYSTAL SEA	103
I sat alone with life's memories	103
I shall not want	112
I have heard my Savior calling	113
I gave my life for thee*	2
In the Christian's home in glory*	24
I stand all bewildered*	33
In the cross of Christ I glory*	31
In some way or other*	38
I am coming to the cross*	39
I have a Savior*	43
I hear the Savior say*	45
I left all with Jesus*	48
I love thy kingdom, Lord*	59
In the silent midnight watches*	66
I saw a way-worn trav'ler*	91

J

Jesus came down	21
JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY	36
JESUS CARES FOR ME	47
JESUS ALL THE WAY	55
JESUS MY SAVIOR DEAR	63
Jesus is pleading	74
JESUS DIED FOR ME	93
JESUS MY ALL	86
JESUS, MEEK AND GENTLE	100
JOY! JOY!	110
Jesus, lover of my soul*	1
Jesus is gone up on high*	77
Jesus, assembled in thy name*	79
Jesus, my Lord*	86
Just as I am*	89

K

Knocking, knocking, who is there?*	36

L

LEAD ME ON	24
Lost in our sins	34
LOOK UP	38
LOST FOR WANT OF A WORD	58
LORD REVIVE US	85
Lord at thy mercy-seat	96
Lord dismiss us	32

M

MORE LOVE TO THEE	44
MY ANCHOR IS HOLDING	71
My soul looks in yon paradise	72
MY SOUL IS SINGING OF JESUS	75
Mighty rock whose towering form	99
MERCY FOR ALL	85
My faith looks up to thee*	19
My hope is built on nothing less*	46
Must Jesus bear the cross alone*	75

N

No love to give	
NOTHING BUT A CONTRITE HEART	35
NOT KNOWING	64
NEGLECT HIM NO MORE	99
Neglect not the grace	90
Nearer, my God, to Thee*	4
Nothing but leaves*	60

O

OH, LET ME IN	7
O, PRODIGAL, DON'T STAY AWAY	13
O, builders, haste to the rock	28
ONCE FOR ALL	31
OUR HIGH PRIEST	34
ONLY IN THE NAME OF JESUS	41
OUT AND INTO	42
Out of the distance	42
Oh, hear my cry	51
Oh, I hear a voice within me	54
ONLY BELIEVE	56
Oh, my Father, wilt Thou bless me?	62
ONLY REMEMBERED BY WHAT I HAVE DONE	65
OUR COMFORTER AND GUIDE	67
One by one the bonds are severed	70
Oh, the wondrous love	83
Of all the tho'ts	93
Oh, now I see the crimson wave	113
O, come to the cross	115
Oh, how sweet are the moments	117
Oh, think of the home over there*	12
O, now I see the crimson wave*	20
O, happy day*	28
O, to be nothing, nothing*	34
O, eyes that are weary*	53
One sweetly solemn thought*	65
Oh, turn ye*	67
O, happy are they*	71
O Lord, Thy work revive*	84
O, for a thousand tongues to sing*	76
Oh, bliss of the purified*	84
Oh, to be ready*	85
One there is above all others*	90

P

	No.
Poor and needy	47
Precious Savior	91
Precious promise God hath given*	14

R

Repent ye	46
Redeemed	53
Redeemed, oh wondrous love divine.	53
Rejoice! His Name is Jesus	88
Rock of ages	11
Return, O wanderer, return*	13
Revive Thy work, O Lord	42

S

Sinner so thoughtless	9
Salvation Full and Free!	11
Soft and low the Spirit whispers	22
Say, is your lamp burning?	23
Sing and Rejoice	60
Sitting at the Feet of Jesus	61
Saved Even Now	69
Sweet hope, the anchor of my soul	71
Shall I Be Saved To-night?	74
Satisfied By And By	78
Sowing in the morning	90
So near the door	94
Satisfied	112
Send Me 113. See	114
Sweet Moments of Prayer	117
Sowing the seed by the daylight fair*	23
Savior, thy dying love*	47
Savior, like a shepherd lead us*	50
Stand up, stand up for Jesus*	51
Simply trusting every day*	52
Sweet hour of prayer*	80
Sun of my soul*	83

T

The Mercy Seat	2
'Tis a blessed place to be	3
The Nearer I Draw to Jesus	4
The Crossing Place	8
The Voice of Mercy	9
To the Savior's waiting arms	14
The Still Small Voice	22
Trav'ling to the better land	24
Trusting in the Promise	27
Thine, Jesus, thine	37
There is peace only in His name	41
Tarry No Longer	52
The Voice of the Spirit	54
'Tis Jesus when the burdened heart.	55
The Heavenly Home	57
The Potter and the Clay	59
The Savior made atonement	68
Take Thou My Hand	66
There is a home of beauty	75
There's a Better Time a Coming	92
'Twas Rum That Spoiled My Boy	96
Trust in Jesus only, ever	101
Thro' the wearisome hours	102
The New Song	105
There are songs of joy	105
Thus God Declares His Sovereign Will	106
The Cleansing Wave 114. See	113
The great physician*	3
The mistakes of my life*	9
To-day the Savior calls*	10
There is a fountain filled with blood*	21
There were ninety and nine*	22
Take my life and let it be*	30
Tell me the old, old story*	31
The judgment day is coming*	57
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow*	62
The Lord into his garden comes*	72
There is life in a look*	81

U

Unto Him That Hath Loved Us	80
Unto Thee Will I Cling	84

W

Wonderful Savior	6
Whoever receiveth	10
Waiting for Jesus	17
We are sitting by the wayside	17
When I Walk Through the Valley	18
While Jesus whispers to you	19
We'll Bear the Cross	20
Wilt Thou Receive Me?	39
Watchman, Tell Us of the Night	43
Who'ld Bear the Gospel Banner?	48
Wilt Thou Bless Me?	62
We Come a Mighty Legion	70
We have heard the call to rally	70
Waiting for His Coming	72
Waiting for the Light	76
We are bought with a price	86
While the Years are Rolling On	87
When I can read my title clear*	16
What a friend we have in Jesus*	18
What! lay my sins on Jesus*	36
When thou my righteous Judge*	44
We praise Thee, O God*	56
While life prolongs its precious light*	58
When my final farewell*	63
Watchman, tell me of the morning*	64
We're traveling home to heaven above*	78
While life prolongs its precious light*	82

Y

Ye valiant soldiers of the cross	60

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