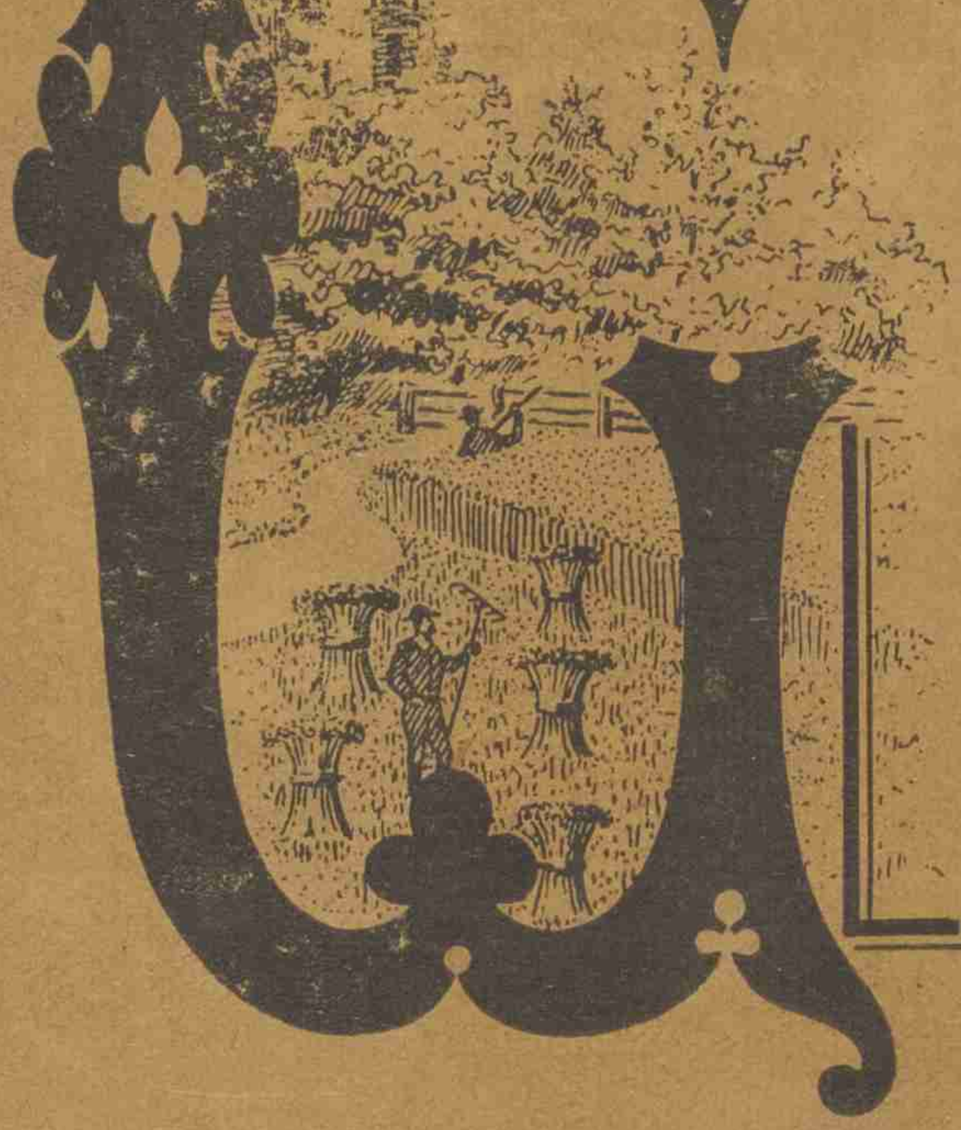
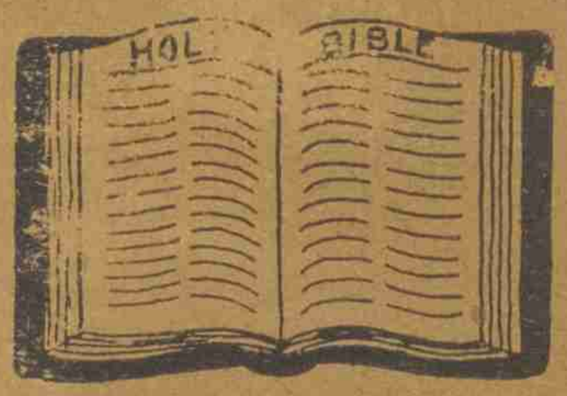
GOSPEL GLEANER





A VARIED COLLECTION OF

SACRED SONGS,

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR USE IN

Devotional and Revival Meetings, Sabbath Schools and Singing Classes--with Rudiments

BY

WM. J. HOLTZCLAW.

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Published by WM. J. HOLTZCLAW, Louisville, Ky.

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Hymn
1895
Holt

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PREFACE.

WITH humility and hope "THE GOSPEL GLEANER" is laid at the feet of JESUS, praying that the songs contained herein, may be sung into the *souls* of many thousands, and that they may contribute to inspire Christians to greater devotion, and also to awaken the unconverted.

"Unto him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

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Composed, selected and published by WM. J. HOLTZCLAW,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

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Rudiments.

The Gospel Gleaner would be incomplete without a few pages of the principles of Vocal music, so we give a few lessons in the simplest form.

Lesson I.

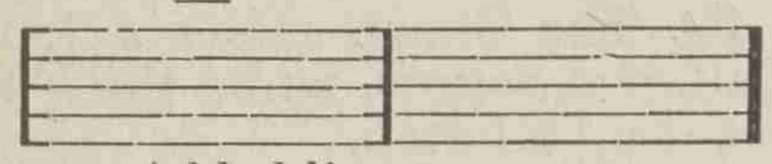
1. A Musical sound is called a tone.

2. Tones are represented by notes on the staff.

3. The staff has five lines and four spaces.

4. Added lines may be placed above or below; thus:

Bar. Double Bar.

Staff.

Added lines,

5. The principles of music are divided into four distinct parts, called, *Time*, *Melody*, *Harmony*, and *Style*.

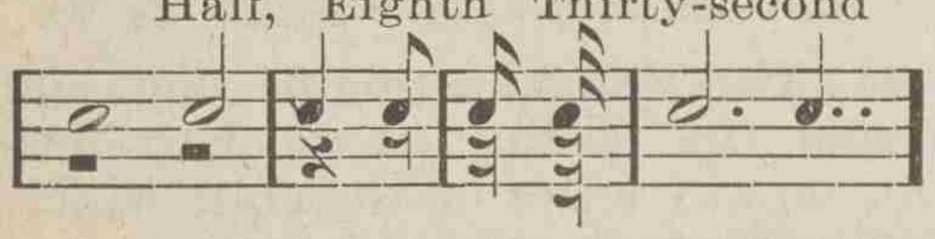
Lesson II.

TIME.

6. This department embraces length of tones, and kinds of measures.

7. Notes of different lengths represent tones of corresponding duration.

8. Rests indicate silence, and correspond in length to notes; thus:

Whole, Quarter, Sixteenth,
Half, Eighth Thirty-second

9. A whole note is sung in the time of two half notes, or four quarter notes, or eight eighth notes, etc.

10. A dot after a note adds one-half to its original length, and two dots add three-fourths; thus:

11. A Prolong, thus: signifies to lengthen the tone at pleasure.

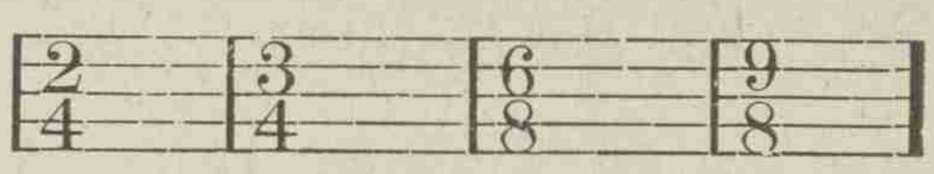
12. A *Triplet* means to sing three notes in the time of two of the same length.

Lesson III.

MEASURES.

13. A measure is the space between the bars across the staff.

14. Two large figures are placed at the beginning; the upper one indicates the number of notes to the measure, and the lower one the kind of a note to each beat; thus:



Lesson IV.

15. To accent a tone is to give it more stress of voice than another.

16. In Double measure there are two notes to each measure and the first is accented.

17. In Triple measure there are three notes to each measure and the first is accented; the other two are not, *except* when there are two notes on the first part; in this case both first and third tones are accented.

18. In Quadruple measure the first and third tones are accented, with the heavier on the first.

19. In Sextuple measure the first and fourth parts are accented, with the heavier on the first tone; or if the time is beat with two beats, both beats are accented.

20. In Tri-triple measure there are three accents, the first, fourth, and seventh, with the heavier on the first, and the lighter on the seventh.

21. A tone containing more than two accented parts of the measure, is accented but once.

22. When the regular accent of a measure is broken it is called *Syncopation*.

Lesson V.

MELODY.

23. Seven tones are used in music.

24. The pitch and succession of tones is called *Melody*.

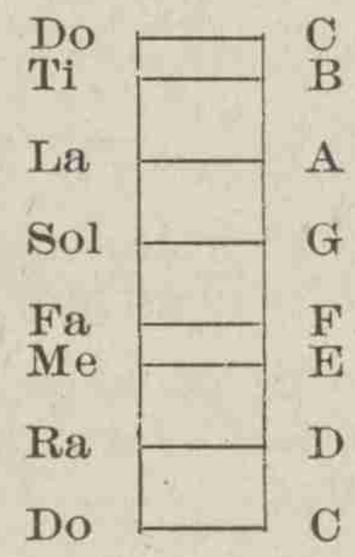
25. The *Scale* consists of a succession of seven tones.

26. These seven tones are named Do, Ra, Me, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do, and are lettered by the first seven letters of the alphabet, thus:
C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C.

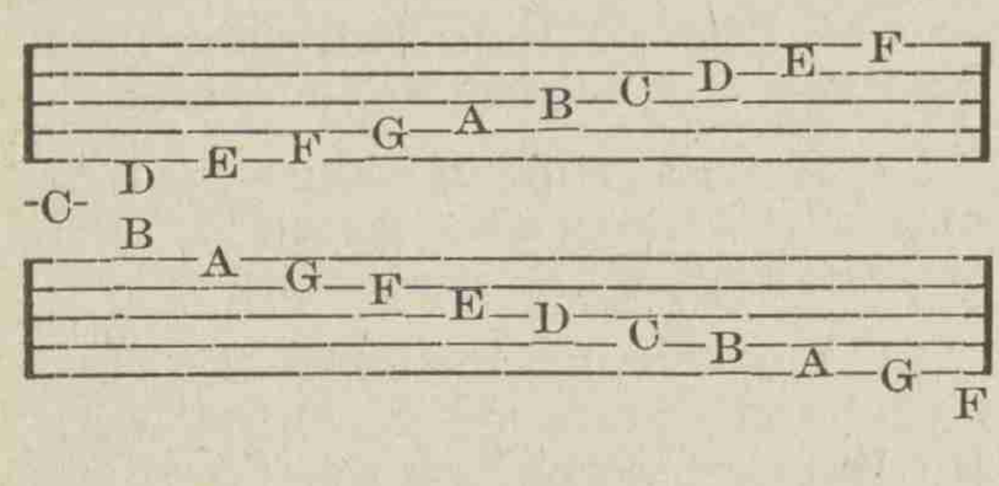
27. The sounds are at equal distances from each other.

28. The distance from one tone to another is called an interval, or step.

29. All the tones of the scale have whole steps between them except E & F, and B & C, thus:

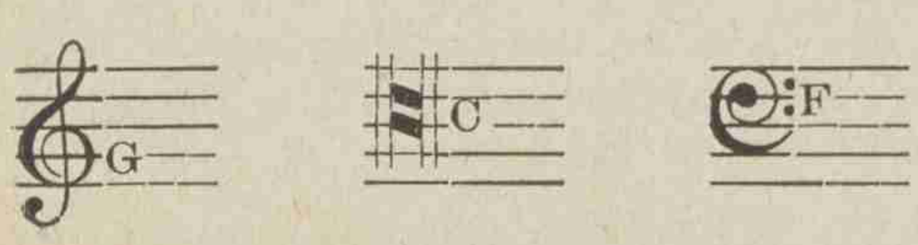


30. The degrees of the staff are named from these seven letters, thus:



31. There are three clefs in common use—the G clef, C clef, and the F clef.

32. The G clef fixes the sound of G upon the second line, the C clef fixes C on the third space, and the F clef fixes F on the fourth line, thus:



Lesson VI.

MAJOR, MINOR, and CHROMATIC SCALES.

33. The Major scale places the half intervals between Me and Fa or E and F.

34. The Minor scale places the half intervals between Ra and Me and Sol and La, or D and E and G and A.

35. Major music sounds lively.

36. Minor music sounds plaintive.

37. Minor music is usually written a third lower than the Major.

38. The Chromatic scale is made by adding a tone between each whole interval of the Major or Minor scales, and is indicated by sharps or flats, thus: (♯) (♭).

39. The Sharp raises a tone one-half of a degree, while the Flat lowers it a half step.

40. Sharps or flats are placed at the beginning of a tune to indicate the Key.

41. A Natural is used to cancel the effect of a sharp or flat, thus: (♮)

42. A Double sharp or double flats have the same effect upon the singer as sharps or flats, thus: (𝄪) (𝄫).

Lesson VII.

TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

43. The position of the letters on the staff is fixed. See Example 30.

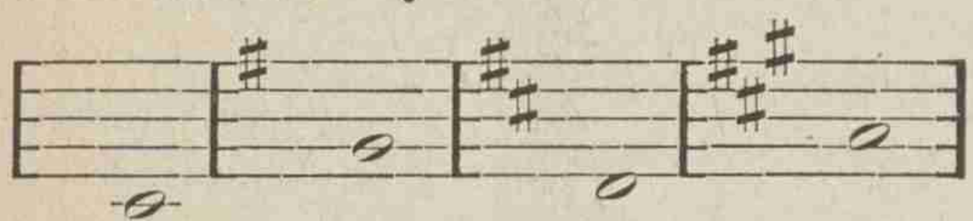
44. The Transposition of the scale means the placing of the Key-note Do, on any letter of the staff which the writer may choose.

45. The Key-note Do always takes the natural sound of the letter on which it is placed.

46. In the sharps we count by fifths in transposing, e. g. from Do to Sol, or C to G is a fifth.

47. In the flats we count by fourths, e. g. from Do to Fa, or C to F is a fourth.

TABLE OF KEYS IN SHARPS, with the Key-note located, beginning at the natural Key of "C."



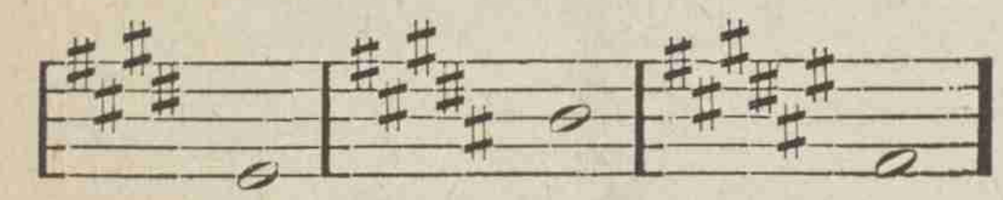
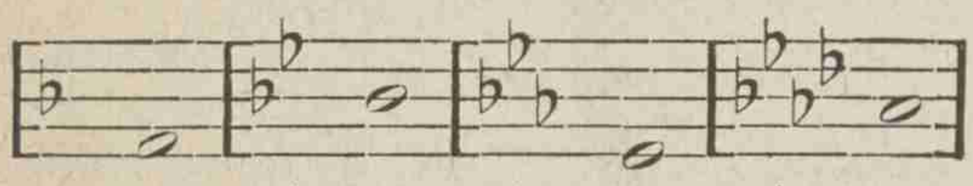
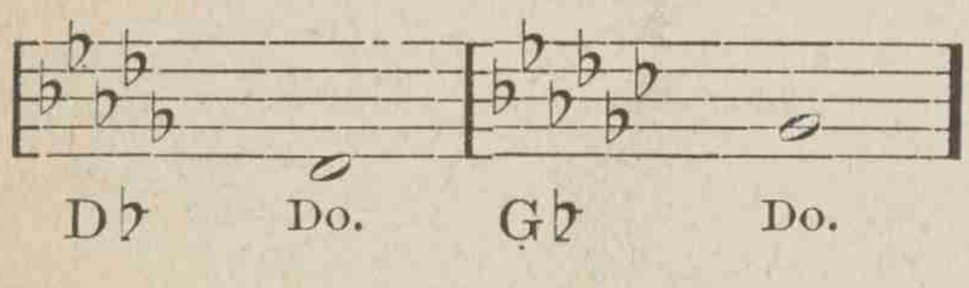
C, Do. G, Do. D, Do. A, Do.

E, Do. B, Do. F♯ Do.

TABLE OF KEYS IN FLATS, with Key-note located.



F. Do. B♭ Do. E♭ Do. A♭ Do.



D♭ Do. G♭ Do.

☞ The teacher may illustrate the transposition of the scale in the different keys on the blackboard.

LESSON VIII.

HARMONY.

48. Vocal music is divided into four parts: *Base*, low male voices; *Tenor*, high male voices; *Alto*, low female voices; *Soprano*, high female voices.

49. The proper order is Base, Tenor, Alto and Soprano.

50. Harmony consists of two or more tones that make a chord.

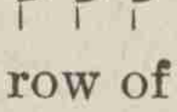
51. Chords are divided into two classes,—*Concord* and *Discord*.

LESSON IX.

STYLE.

52. Tones may be sung with *five* degrees of force, which are indicated as follows: *m*, mezzo; *f*, loud; *ff*, very loud; *p*, soft; *pp*, very soft; *mp*, moderately soft; *mf*, moderately loud; >, strong emphasis.

53. Notes are tied on the same, and slurred on different degrees of the staff.

54. Notes to be sung distinctly are marked  called *Staccato*.

55. A row of dots across the staff means to repeat. *D. C.* means to repeat from the beginning. *D. S.* means to repeat from the sign, thus: 𝄋.

56. *Rit.* means gradually slower.

57. A tone that begins and ends with the same force is called an Organ tone, thus:

58. A strain to be sung with an increase of force is marked *cres*, or .

59. A strain to be sung with a decrease in force is marked, ; and a union of the two is called a Swell, thus: .

60. Small notes placed before, or after large ones, are to be sung lightly.

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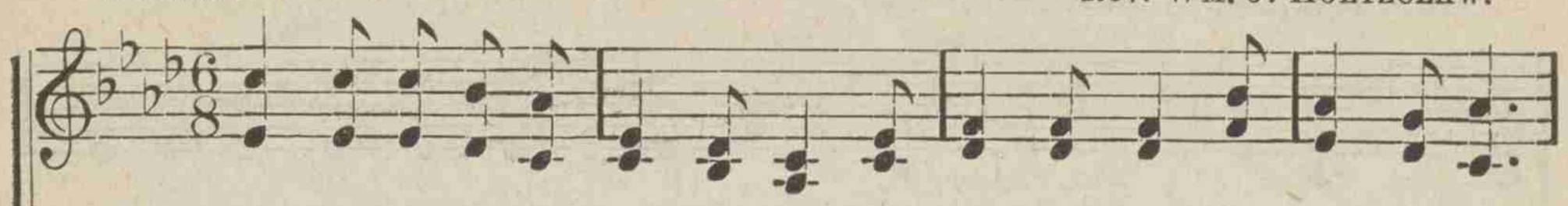
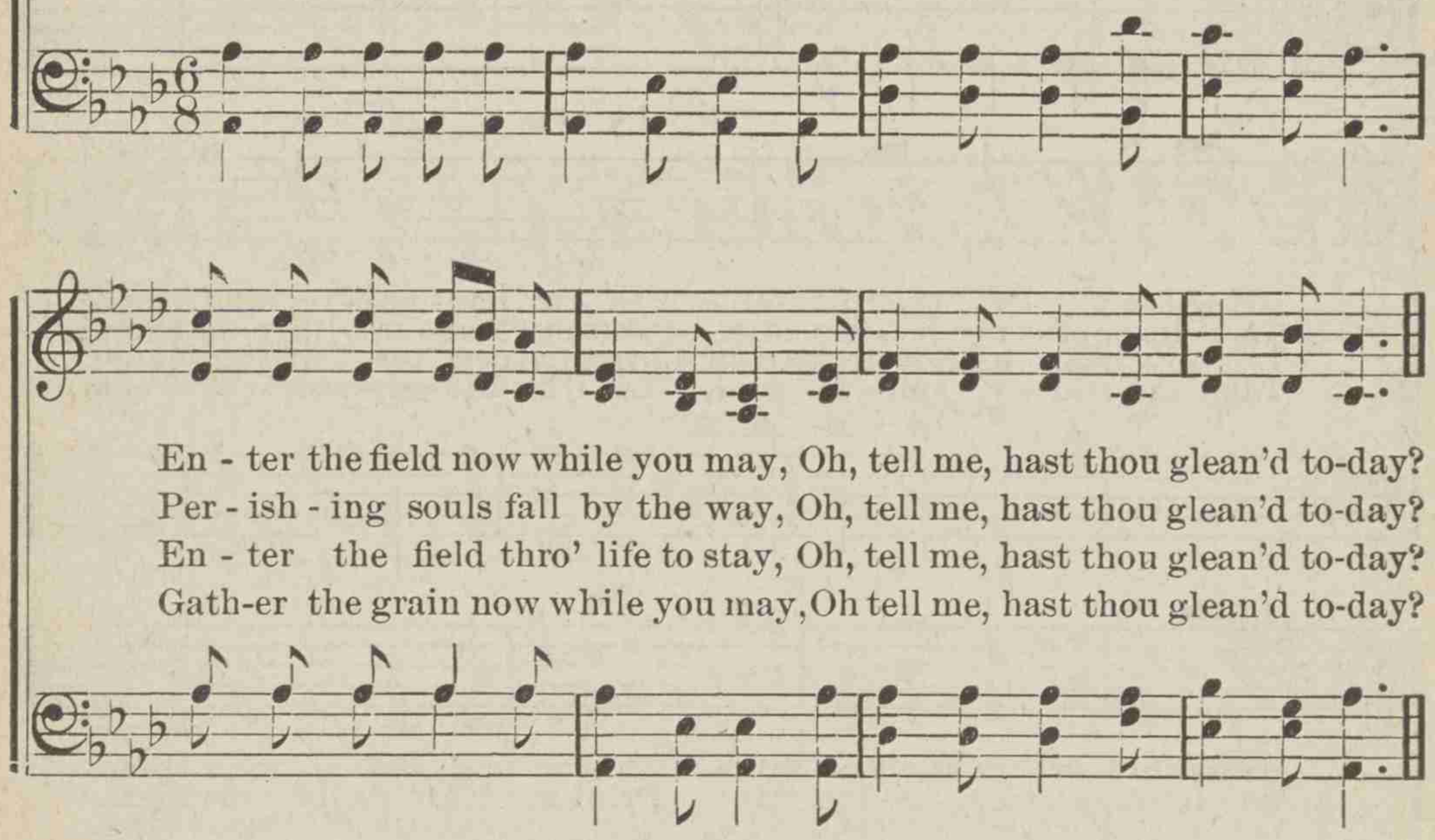
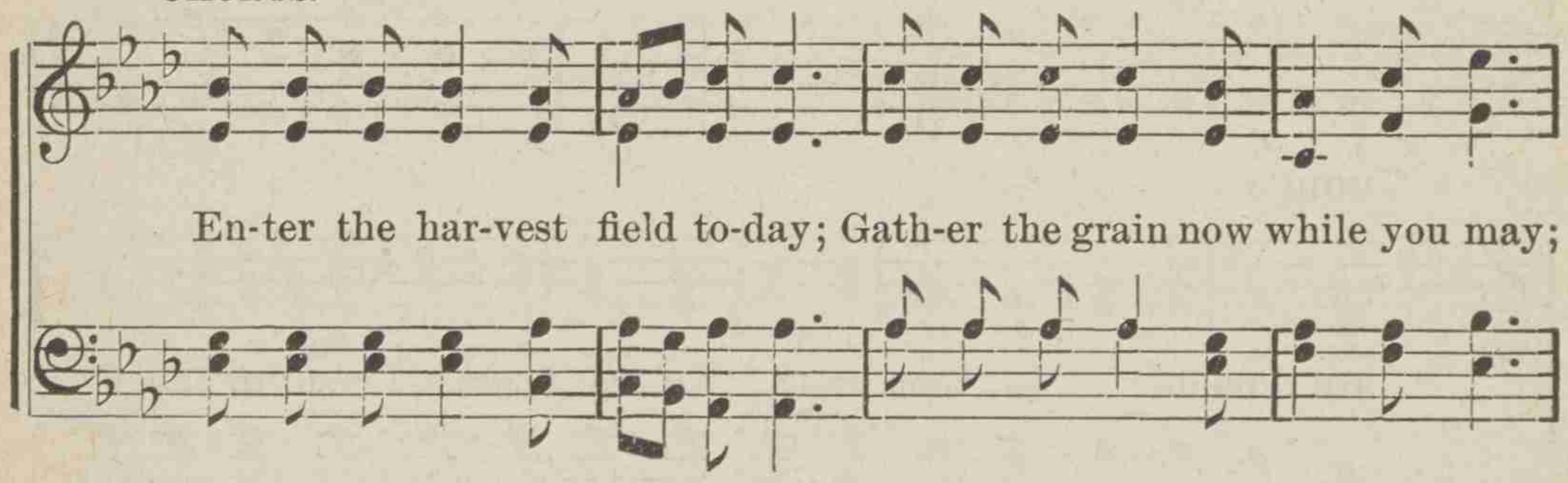
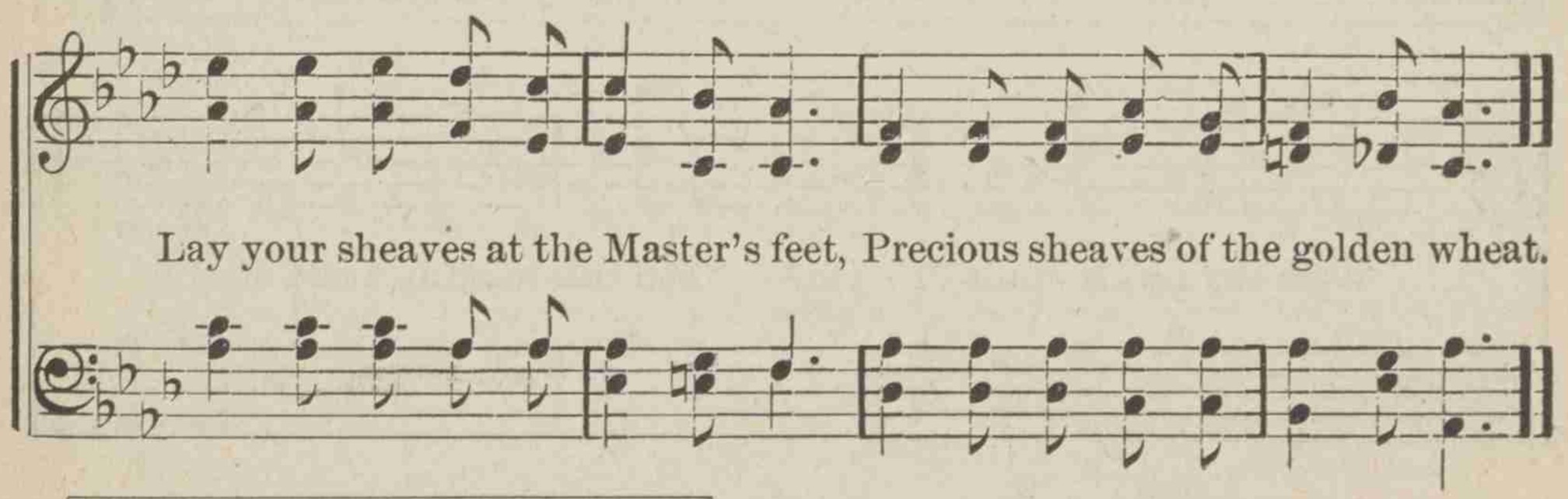
No. 1. The Gospel Gleaner.

W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. Wea-ry gleaner, the wheat is tall, The Mas-ter pleads, oh, hear His call;
2. Wea-ry gleaner, the work is great, The Mas-ter calls, He will not wait;
3. Wea-ry gleaner, the Lord will guide, The work is eas - y at His side;
4. Wea-ry gleaner, the work will end, And oth - er work-ers He will send;



En - ter the field now while you may, Oh, tell me, hast thou glean'd to-day?
Per - ish - ing souls fall by the way, Oh, tell me, hast thou glean'd to-day?
En - ter the field thro' life to stay, Oh, tell me, hast thou glean'd to-day?
Gath-er the grain now while you may, Oh tell me, hast thou glean'd to-day?

Chorus.

En-ter the har-vest field to-day; Gath-er the grain now while you may;



Lay your sheaves at the Master's feet, Precious sheaves of the golden wheat.

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No. 2. The Fullness of Blessing.

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

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

Bring thou ev - 'ry tho't of mine In - to har - mo - ny with thine;
To its depths my be - ing stir, Print my Mas-ter's likeness there;
Let my heart its Sovereign own, Christ its cen - ter—Christ a - lone;
Take me bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let thy life per-vade the whole;

Bring thou ev - 'ry tho't of mine In - to har - mo - ny with thine.
To its depths my be - ing stir, Print my Master's likeness there.
Let my heart its Sovereign own, Christ its cen-tre—Christ a - lone.
Take me bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let thy life per-vade the whole.

CHORUS.

Fill thou me! fill thou me! All my heart I yield to thee!

With thy ho - li - ness di - vine Fill this longing heart of mine!

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

No. 3. Whiter than the Snow.

Rev. ANDREW REED. Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

1. Come, my Re-deem - er, come, And deign to live with me;
2. Why should the world pre - sume, To oc - cu - py thy throne?
3. Ex - ert thy might-y pow'r, And ban - ish all my sin;
4. Rule thou in ev - 'ry thought And pas - sion of my soul,
5. Then shall my days be thine, And all my heart be love,

Come, make my heart thy home, And bid thy ri - vals flee;
Come, all thy right as - sume; I would be thine a - lone;
In this au - spi - cious hour Bring all thy grac - es in;
Till all my pow'rs are brought Be - neath thy full con - trol;
And joy and peace be mine Such as are known a - bove.

Come, my Redeemer, quick-ly come, And make my heart thy lasting home;

:S: Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whiter than snow.

Fine.

D.S.–*Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whit-er than snow.*

CHORUS.

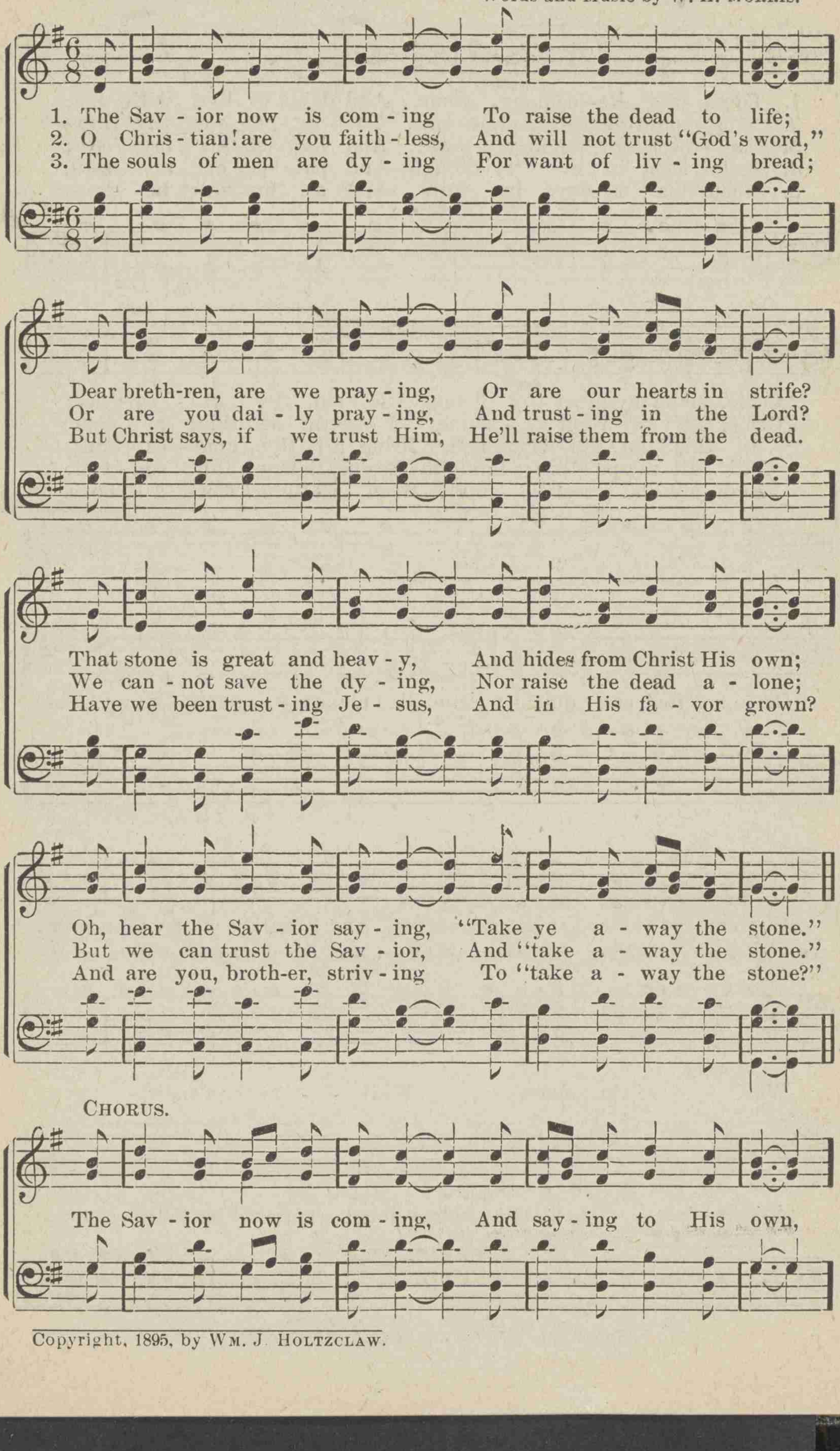
Whit - - er than snow, Whit - - er than snow,

D. S.

Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the beautiful snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, the snow.

Copyright, 1894, by the Hoffman Music Co.

No. 4. Take Ye Away the Stone.

Words and Music by W. H. Morris.

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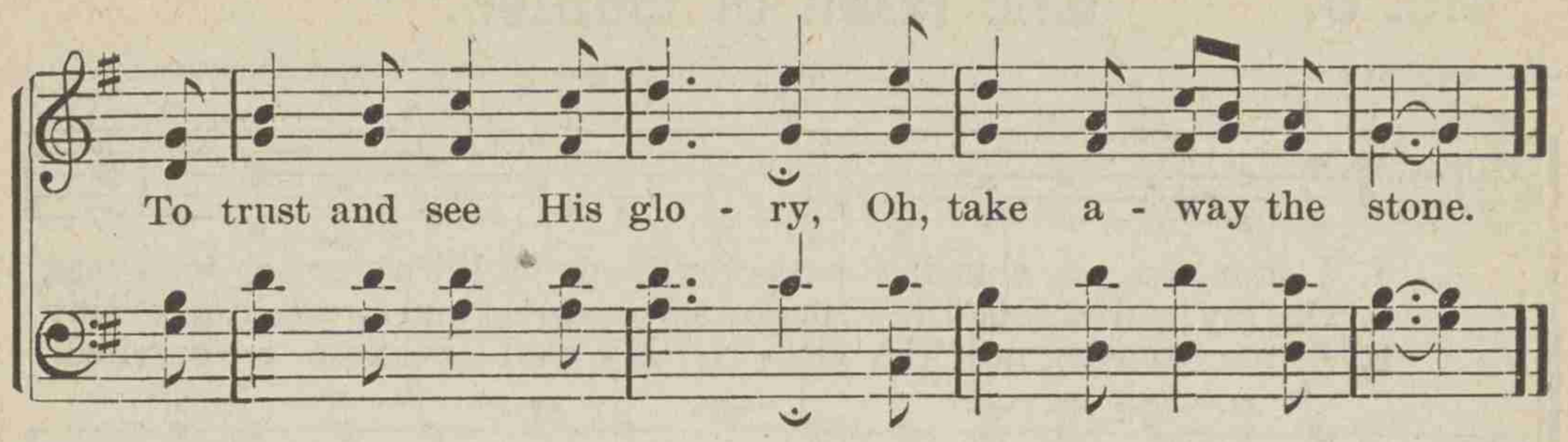
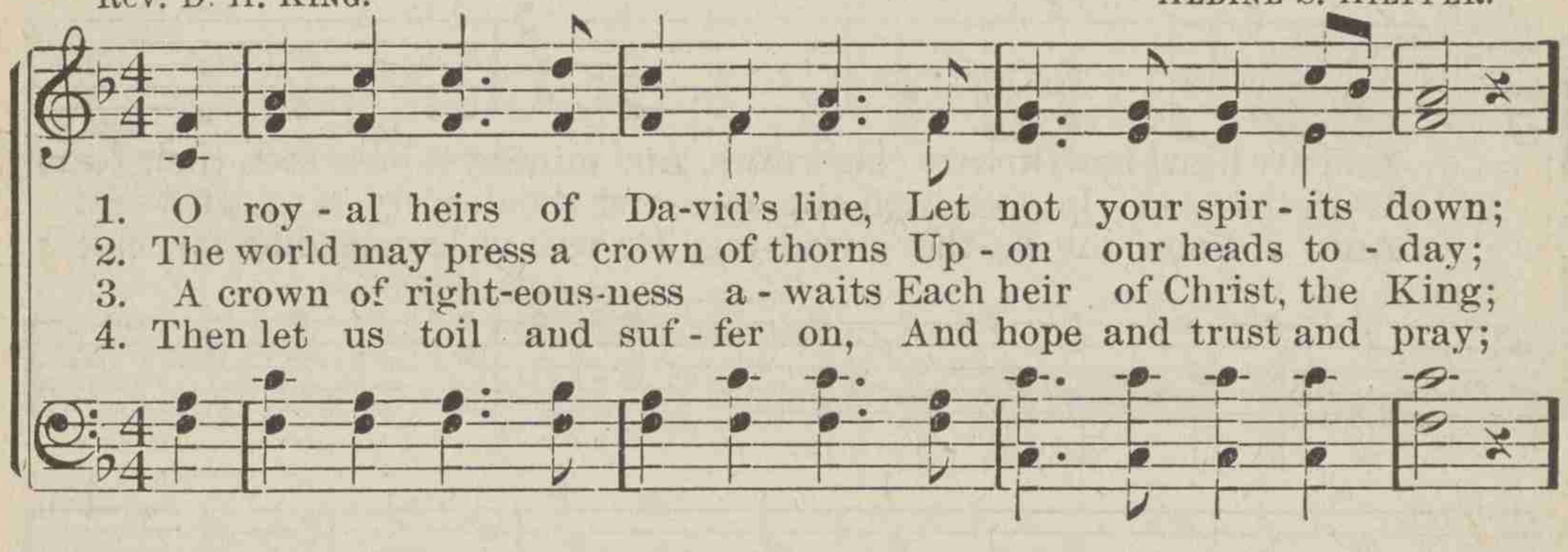
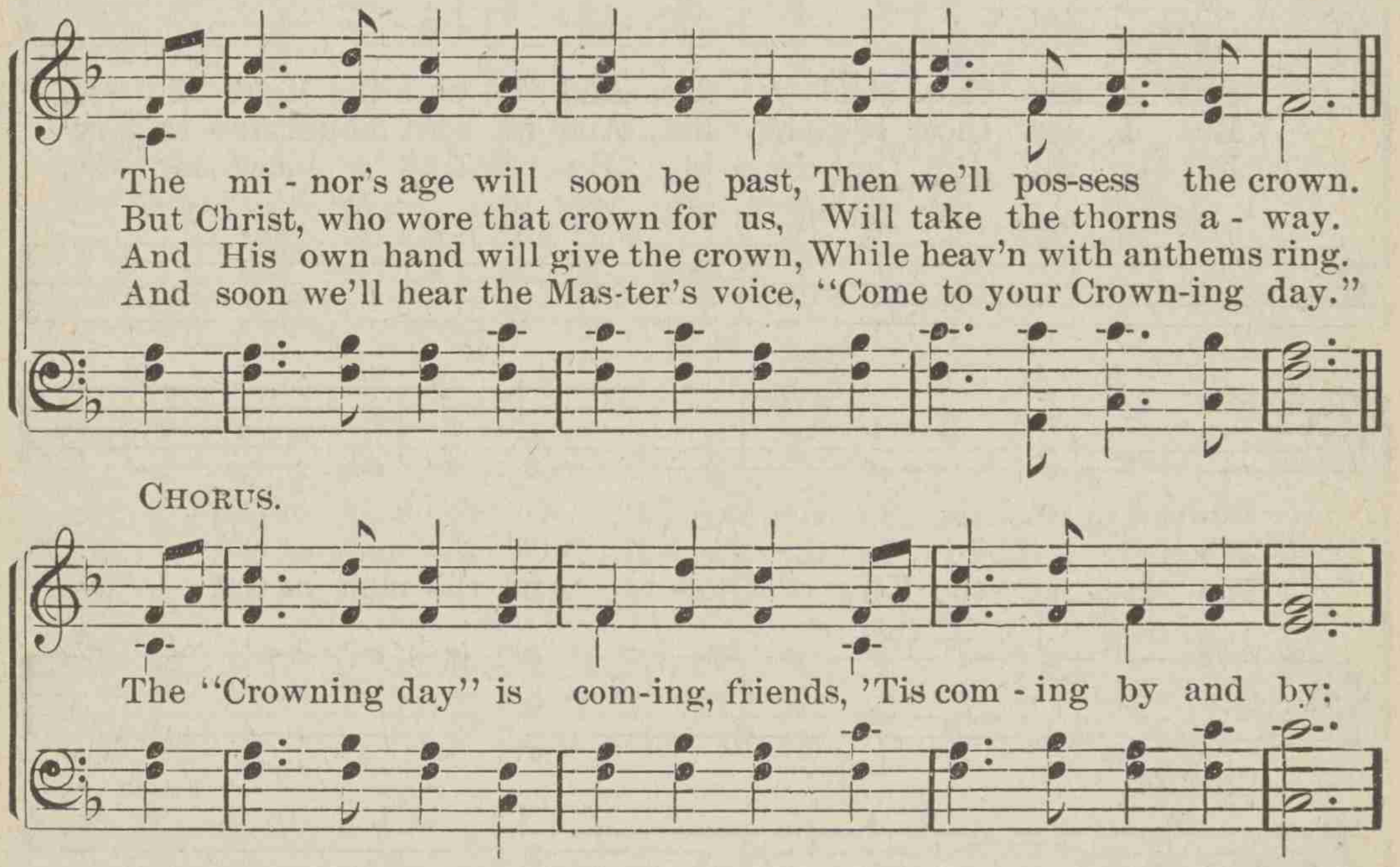
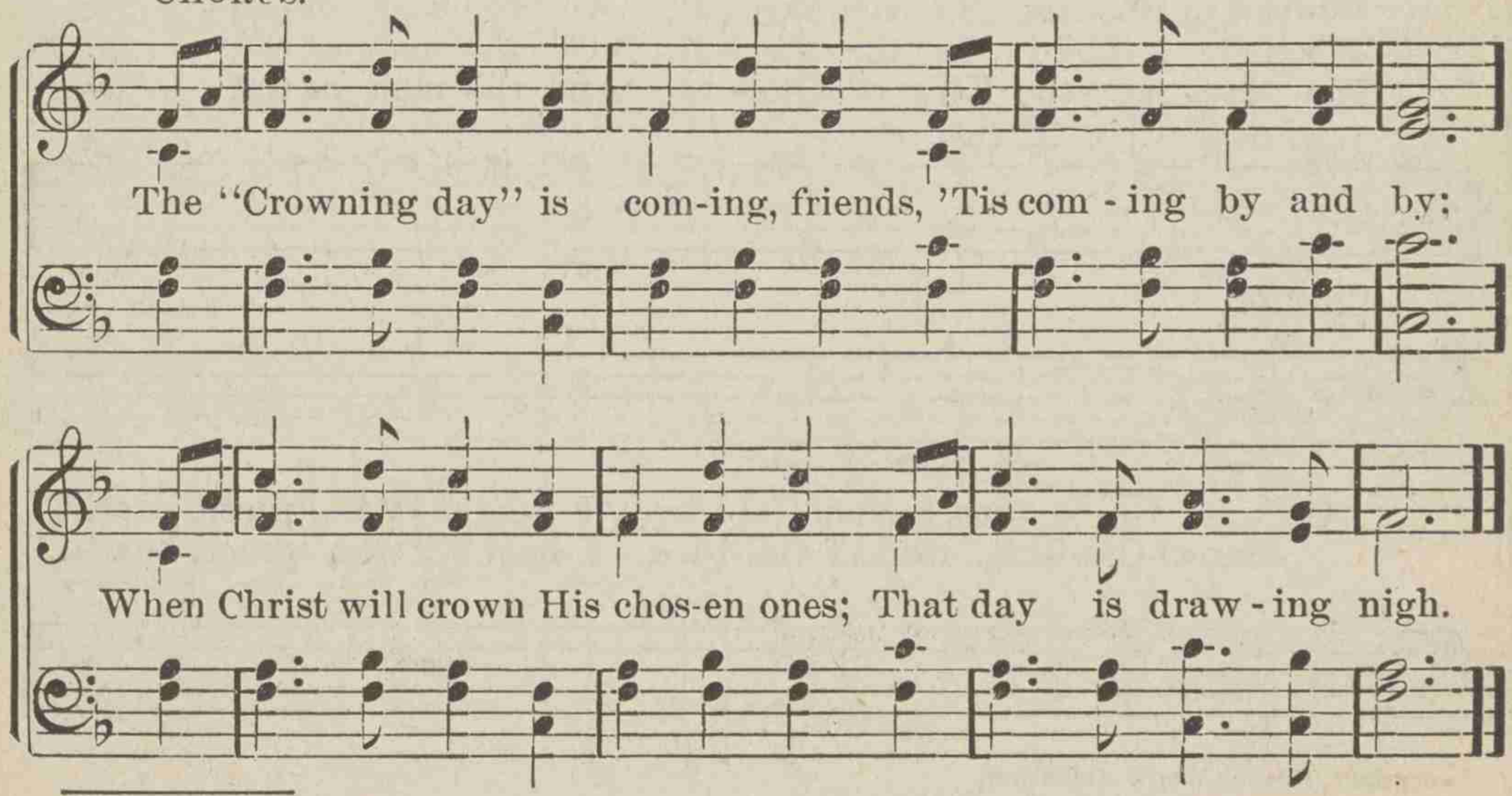
Take Ye Away the Stone.—Concluded.

No. 5. The Crowning Day.

Rev. D. H. King. Aldine S. Kieffer.





Chorus.



By permission.

No. 6. The Man of Galilee.

Selected. Chorus and Music by Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. I am on a shin-ing path-way, A-down life's short-en-ing years,
2. Oh, my soul hath had its sor-rows, With great and strong hosts of sin;
3. I am com-ing near the cit - y, My soul is now rec-on-ciled,

And my heart hath known its sorrows, And mine eyes have seen their tears;
With the dead - ly foes with-out me, And the dead-ly foes with - in;
And I know my Fa-ther's wait-ing, He will welcome home His child;

But I saw those shadows flee, And the shin-ing light I see,
But I saw those le-gions flee, And my soul found vic - to - ry
For un - wor - thy tho' I be, He will find a place for me,

While I'm trust-ing in the mer - it, Of the man of Gal - i - lee.
When I trust-ed in the mer - it, Of the man of Gal - i - lee.
For He is the King of Glo - ry, And the man of Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS.

O Je - - - sus, man of Gal-i-lee, I hear Thy voice, "peace, be still,"
Man of Gal-i-lee, man of Gal-i-lee, I hear Thy voice, "peace, be still,"

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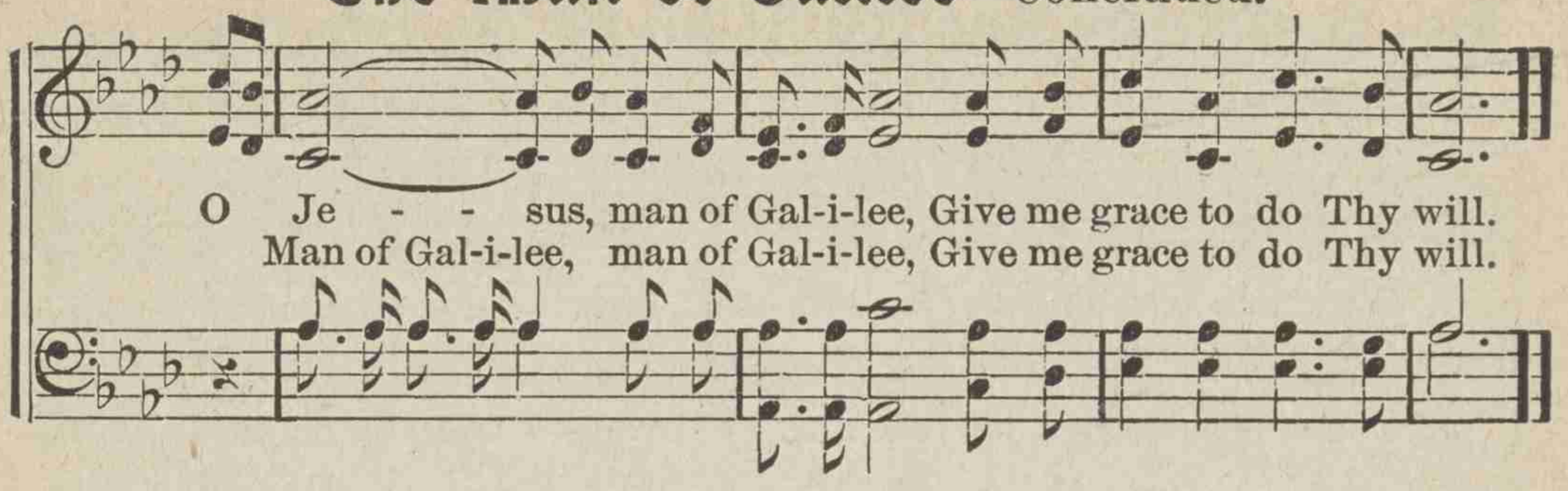
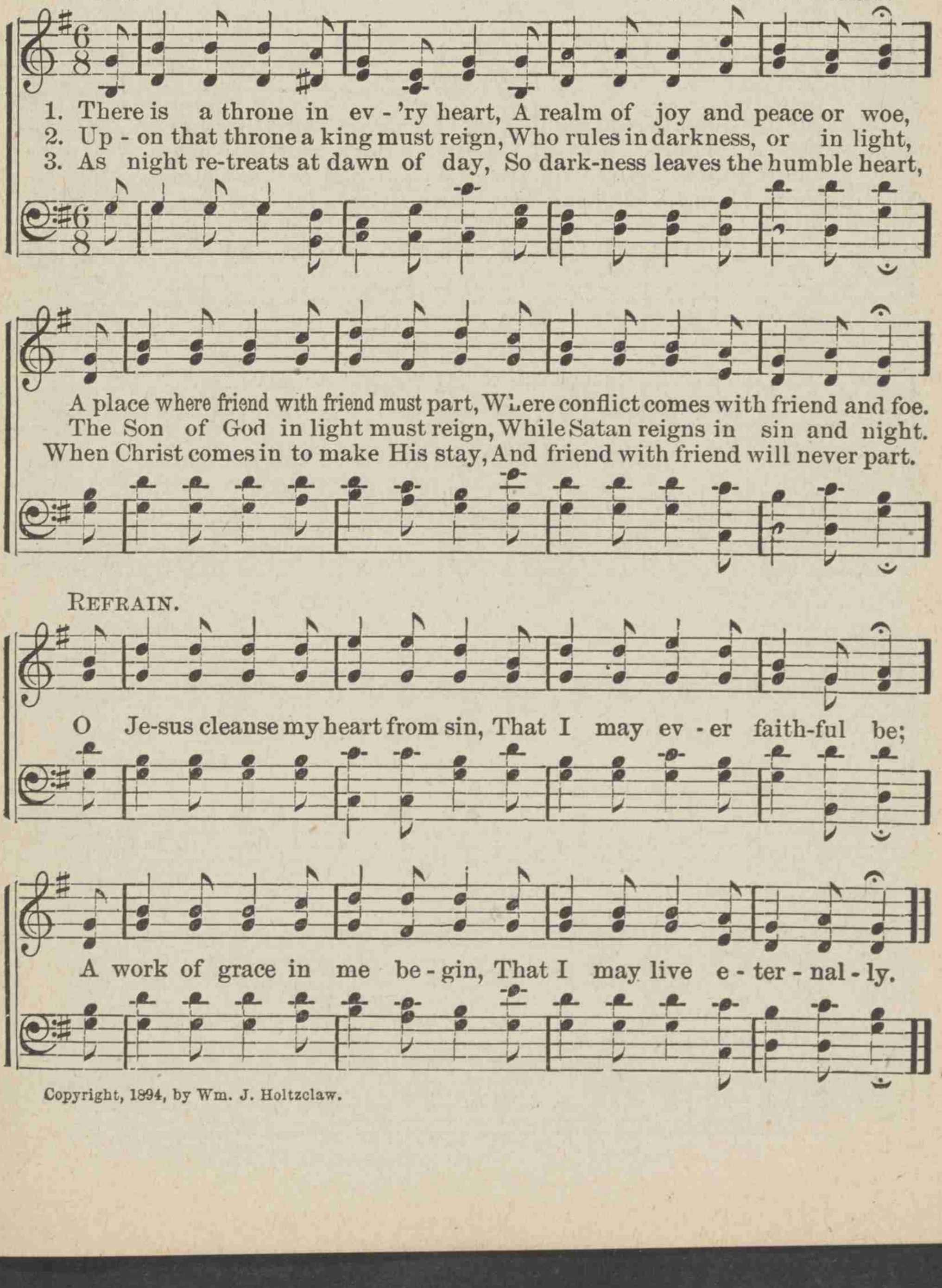
The Man of Galilee—Concluded.



No. 7. The Heart's Throne.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.—Prov. 4: 23.

W J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

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No. 8. One by One We'll All Be Gathered Home.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. We are trav'ling to a bet - ter land— One by one we'll all be
2. We are drawing nearer ev - 'ry day— One by one we'll all be
3. There we'll meet our loved ones gone be-fore— One by one we'll all be
4. Come, my brother, join the hap-py throng— One by one we'll all be

gathered home—And we'll trust the Savior's guiding hand: One by
gathered home— To what joy that fadeth not a - way: One by
gathered home—And we'll dwell with Jesus ev - er - more: One by
gathered home—Sing-ing now redemption's ho - ly song: One by

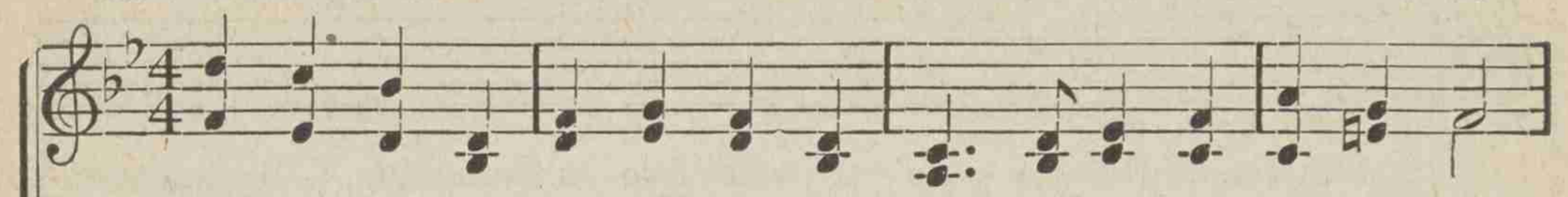
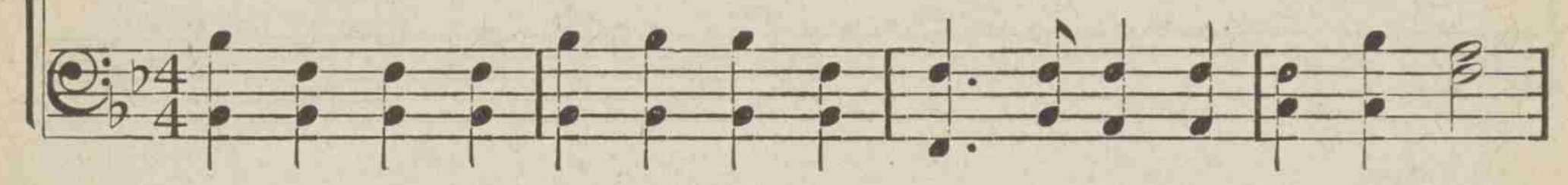
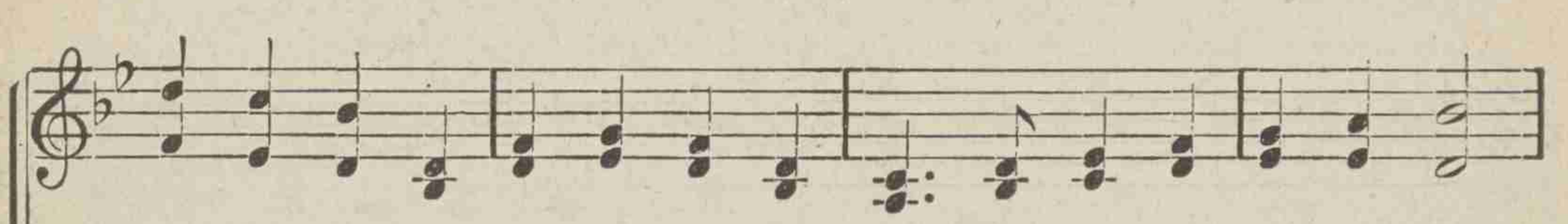
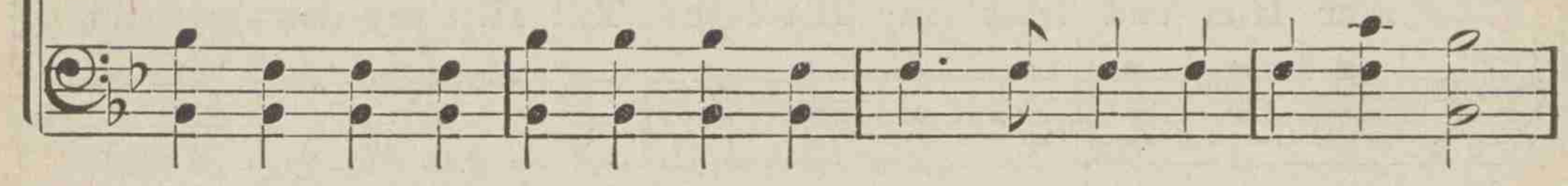
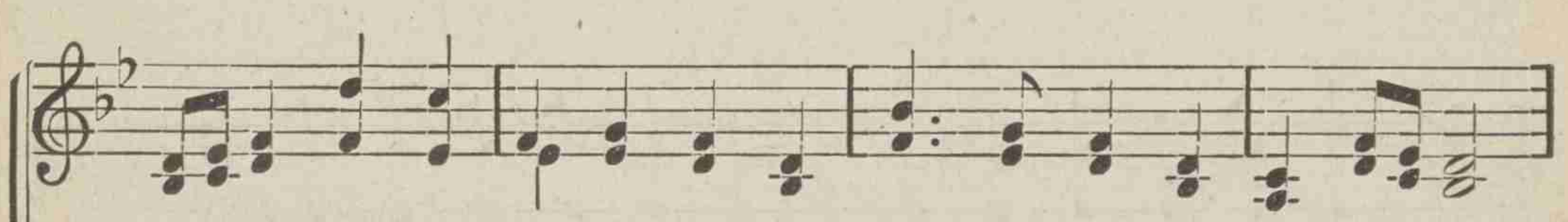
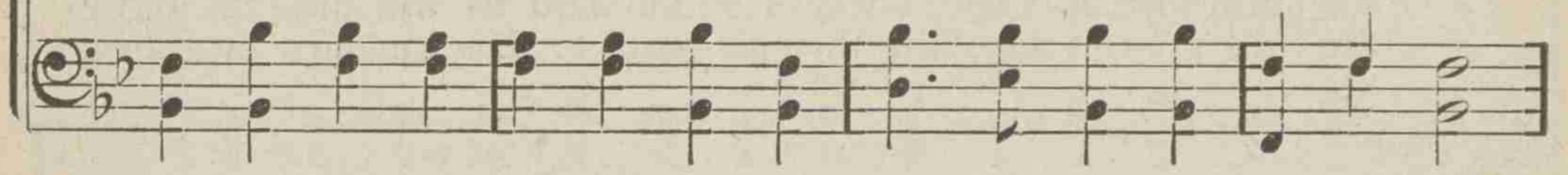
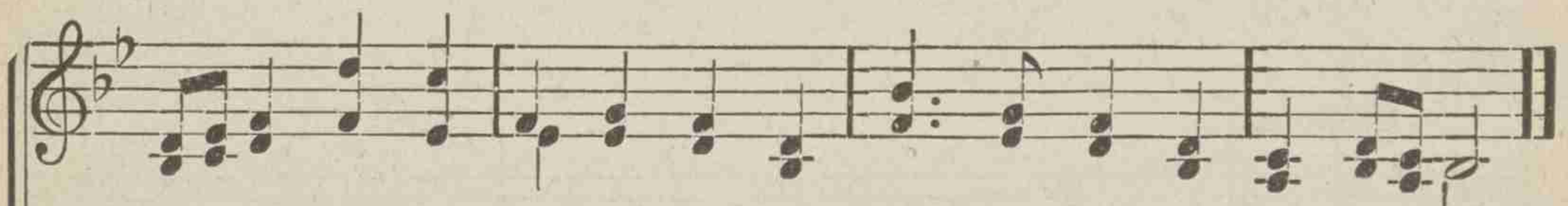
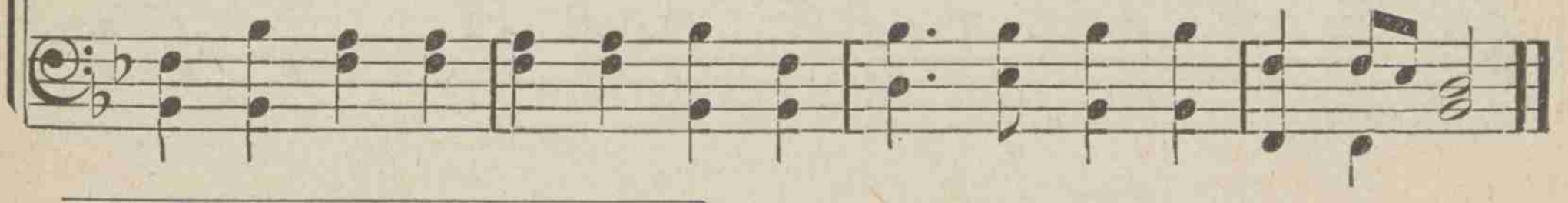
CHORUS.

one we'll all be gathered home. Gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring,
Gath'ring together, gath'ring together

One by one we'll all be gathered home; Gath - 'ring
Gath'ring to-geth-er

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

No. 9. Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

ROBERT ROBINSON. Rev. WM. J. HOLTZCLAW.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith - er by Thy help I come;
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt-or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home;
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;

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

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

Copyright, 1895, by WM. J. HOLTZCLAW.

No. 10. Be Faithful and Fear Not.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Chris-tian, the bu - gle of war-fare is sound-ing, Call - ing thee
2. "Cho-sen and called"—what un-speak-a - ble hon - or! Called to come
3. Thou must up-hold it; be faith - ful and "fear not," Look-ing to
4. Tri - ple the foes thou wilt have to en-coun-ter; Hard will they
5. Con-quer thou wilt, for thy Cap - tain is might - y, On - ly keep

forth to as - sist in the strife, Bid - ding thee brave-ly stand
out from the ranks of the world; Cho - sen for Je - sus, His
Him for sup - port in the fight; He will de-fend thee 'mid
strug - gle to lead thee a - stray; Noth-ing must make thee re -
near Him and trust in His love; Tell Him thy dan - gers and

up for thy Cap-tain, Leav-ing be-hind thee the fol-lies of life.
sol-dier and ser-vant, See, e - ven now is His ban-ner un-furled.
hour-ly temp-ta-tion, Keep-ing thee safe - ly and guid-ing thee right.
lin-quish thy col - ors; Al-ways look for-ward to win-ning the day!
He will pro-tect thee, Till thou art called to His kingdom a - bove.

CHORUS.

Je - sus has triumphed for thee, o - ver Sa - tan; On - ly a

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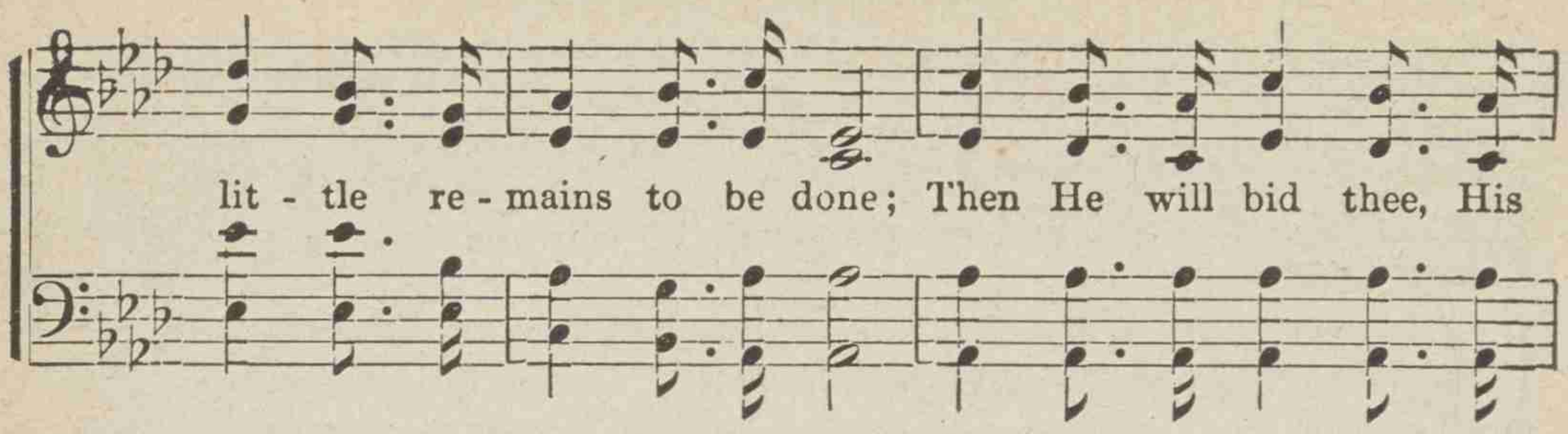
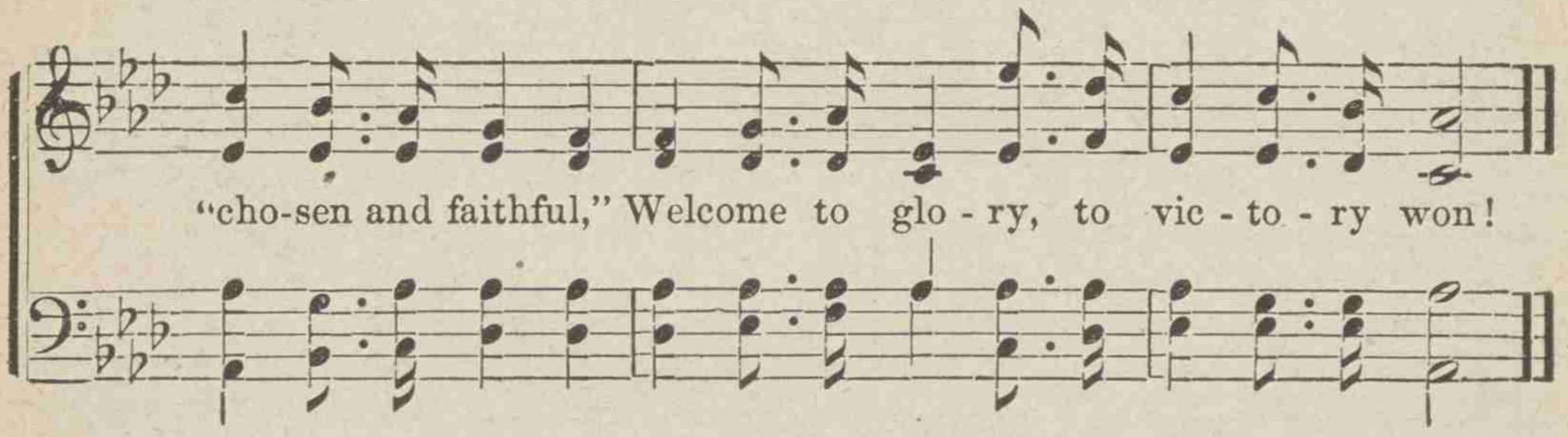
Be Faithful and Fear Not.—Concluded.



No. 11. Thy Will Be Done.

(For Funeral Occasions.)

Softly and slowly.

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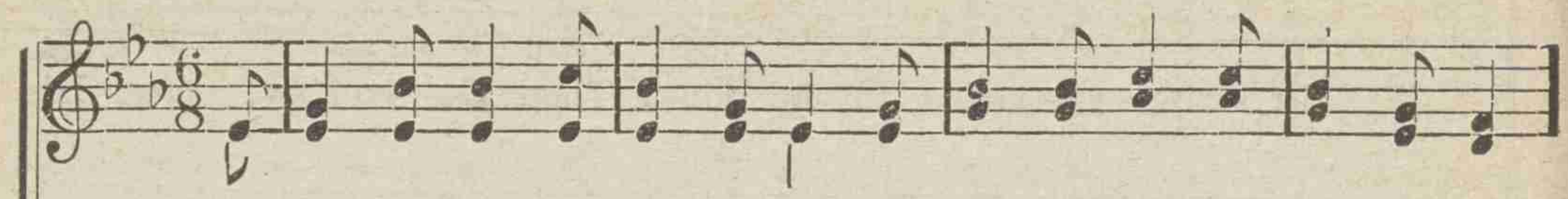
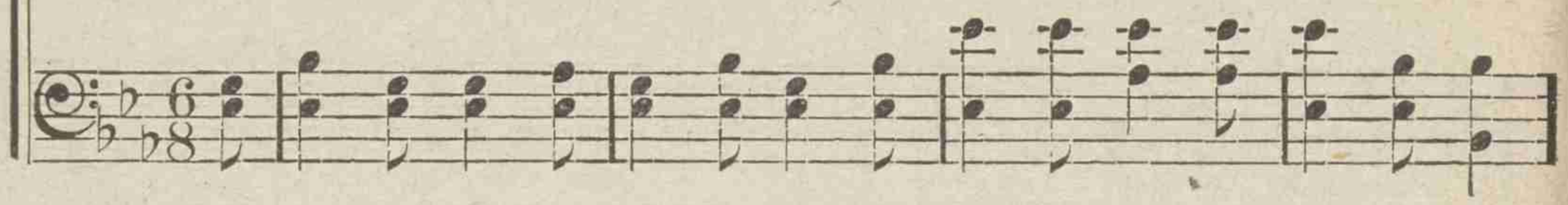
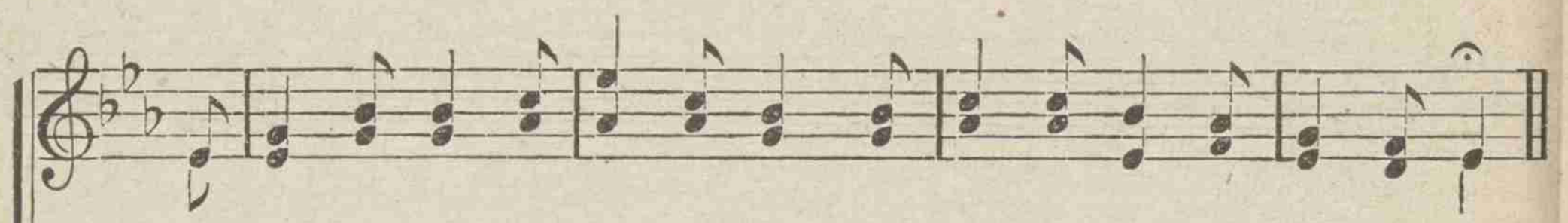
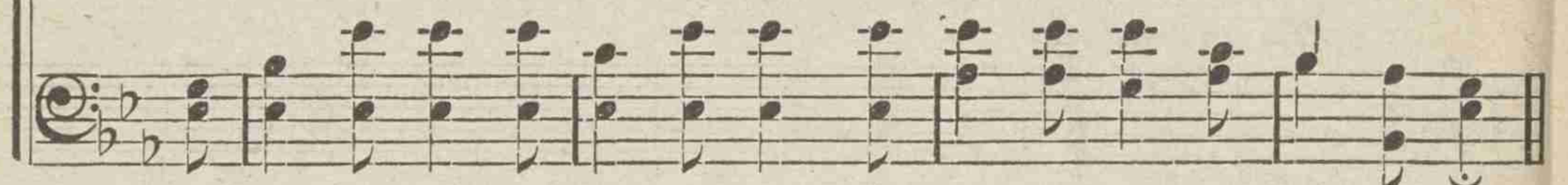
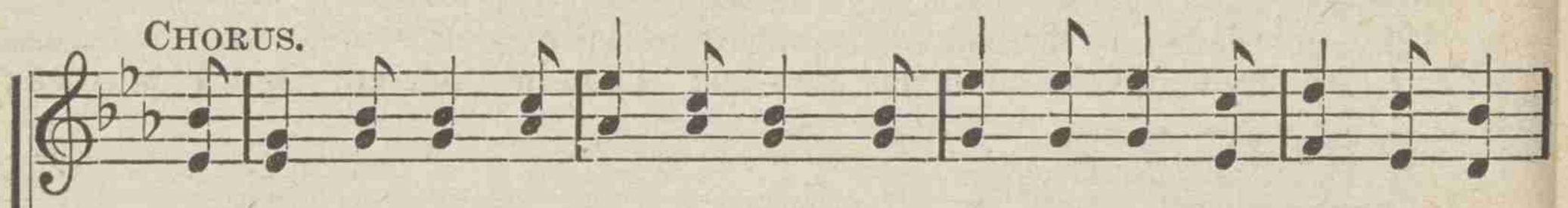
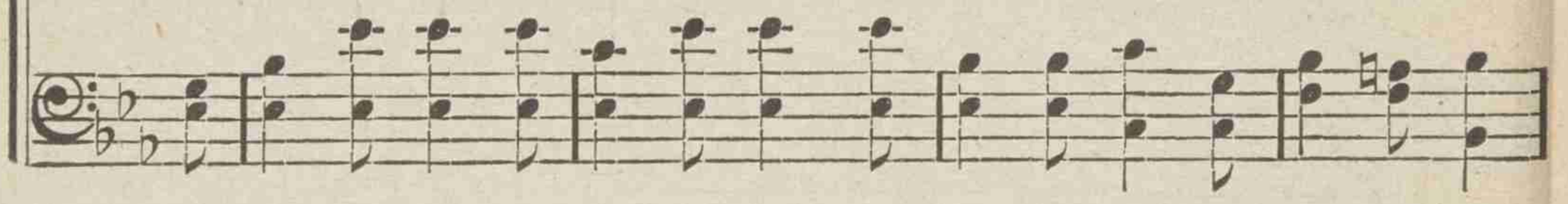
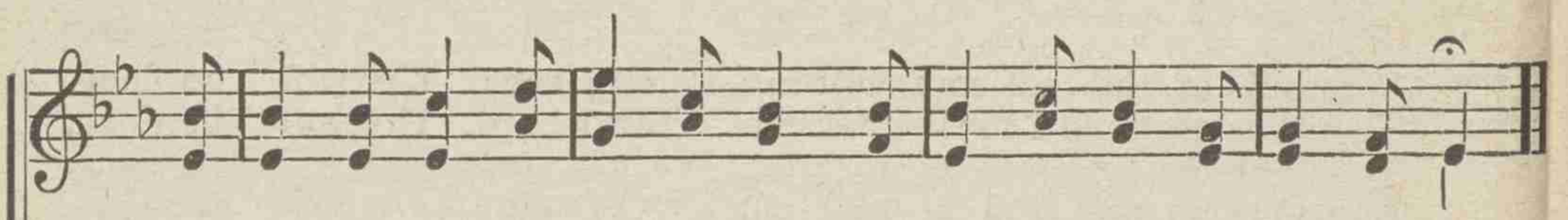
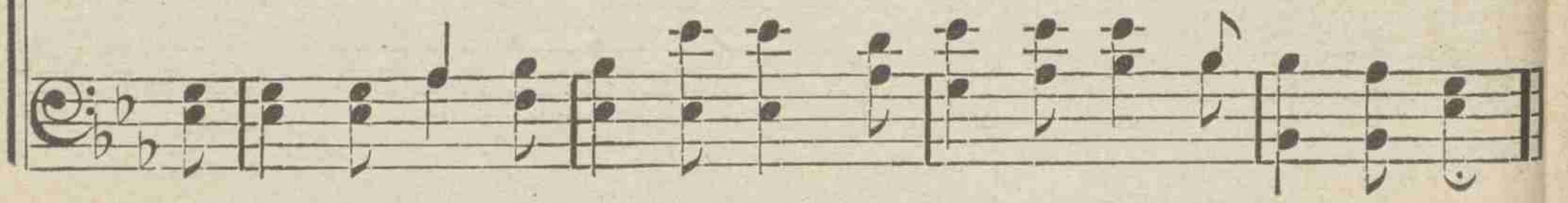
No. 12. Salvation's Call.

W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. Oh, hear the Spir-it's call to-day, Oh, hear and spurn Him not a-way;
2. Oh, hear the Bride say, "Come to-day," "Accept sal-va-tion," hear Him say;
3. Oh, hear the earn-est call to-day, From friends who plead and for you pray;
4. Oh, hear the Sav-ior's call to-day, "Come un-to me with-out de-lay,"

He knocks, He pleads to let Him in, That He may cleanse you from your sin.
So near the stream, e'en on the brink, Come, thirsty soul, come free-ly drink.
They bid you seek the Sav-ior's face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace.
And "hard-en not your heart," He pleads, And He will sat-is-fy your needs.

Chorus.

"The Spir-it and the Bride say come," The thirst-y soul may come to-day;

And "who-so-ev-er will" may come; Oh, hast-en, soul, with-out de-lay.

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No. 13. Draw Me Closer to Thee.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. T.

1. Clos - er to thee, my Father, draw me, I long for thine em-
2. Clos - er to thee, my Savior, draw me, Nor let me leave thee
3. Clos - er by thy sweet Spirit draw me, Till I am whol - ly

brace; Clos-er within thine arms en-fold me, I seek a rest - ing
more; Sigh-ing to feel thine arms a-round me, And all my wand'rings
thine; Quicken, refine, and wash and cleanse me, Till pure my soul shall

Chorus.

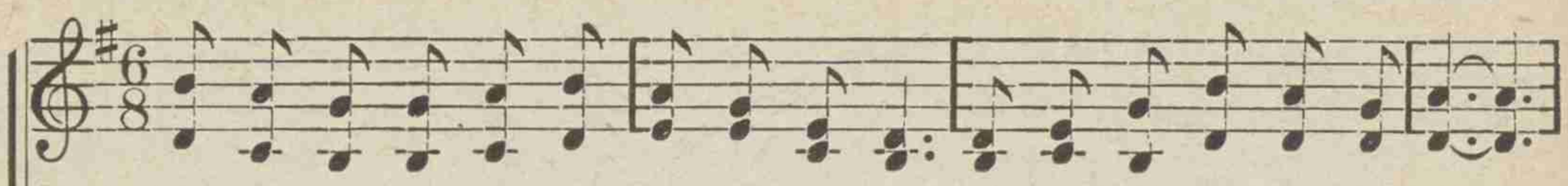
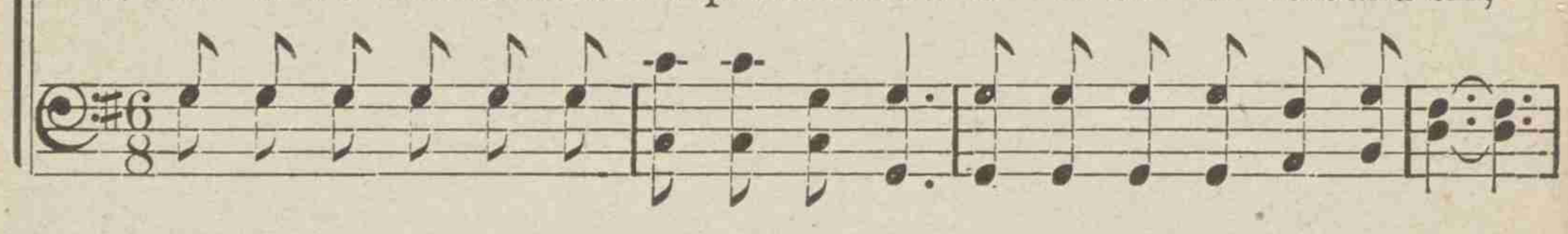
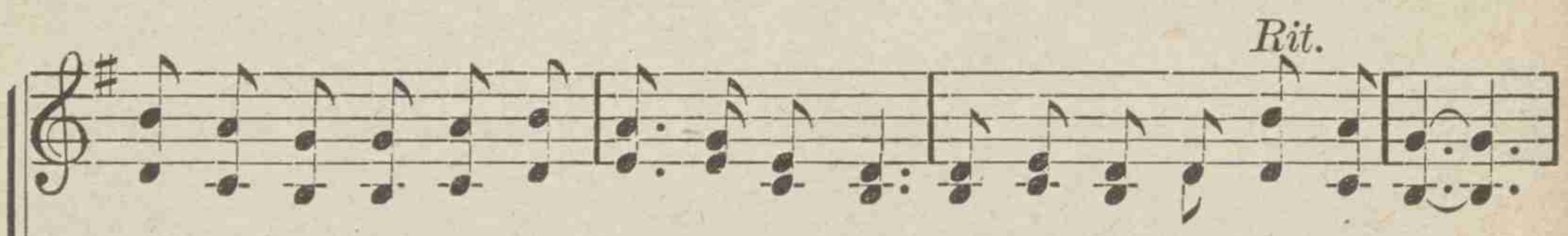
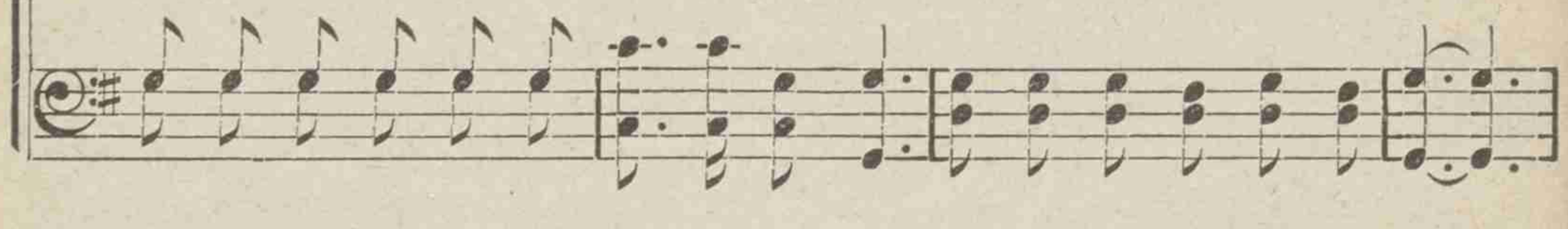
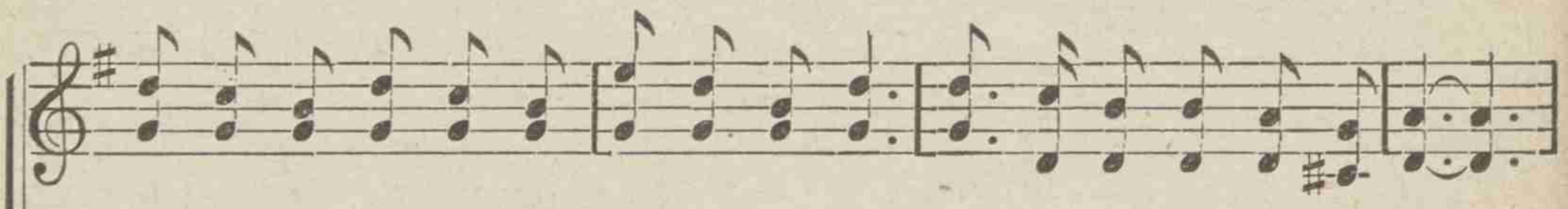
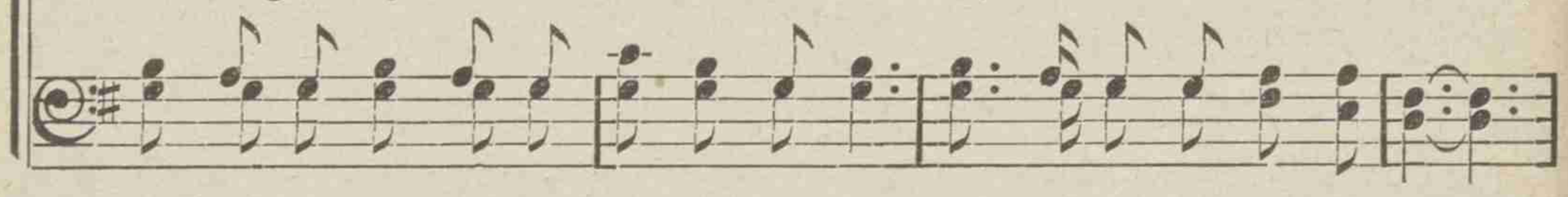
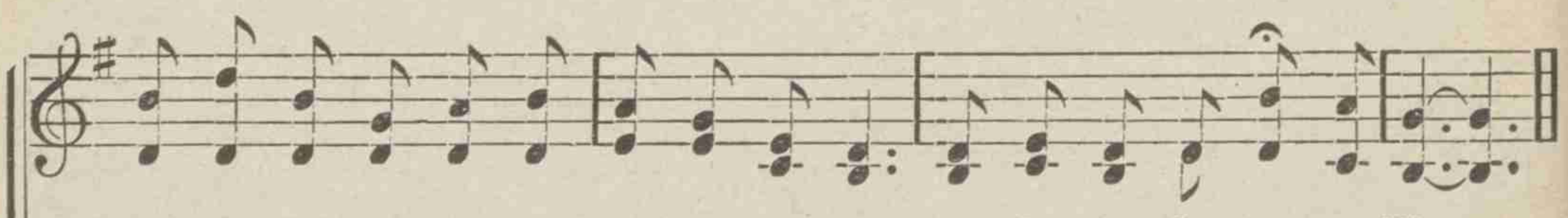
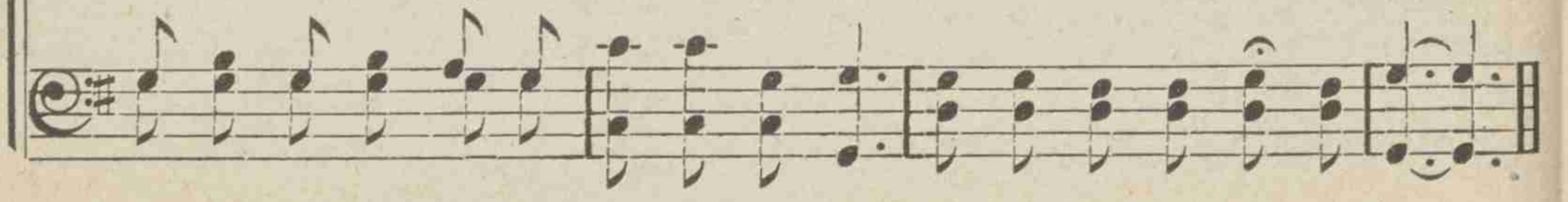
place. Clos - - er with the cords of love,
o'er.
shine. Clos - er, clos - er with the cords of love,

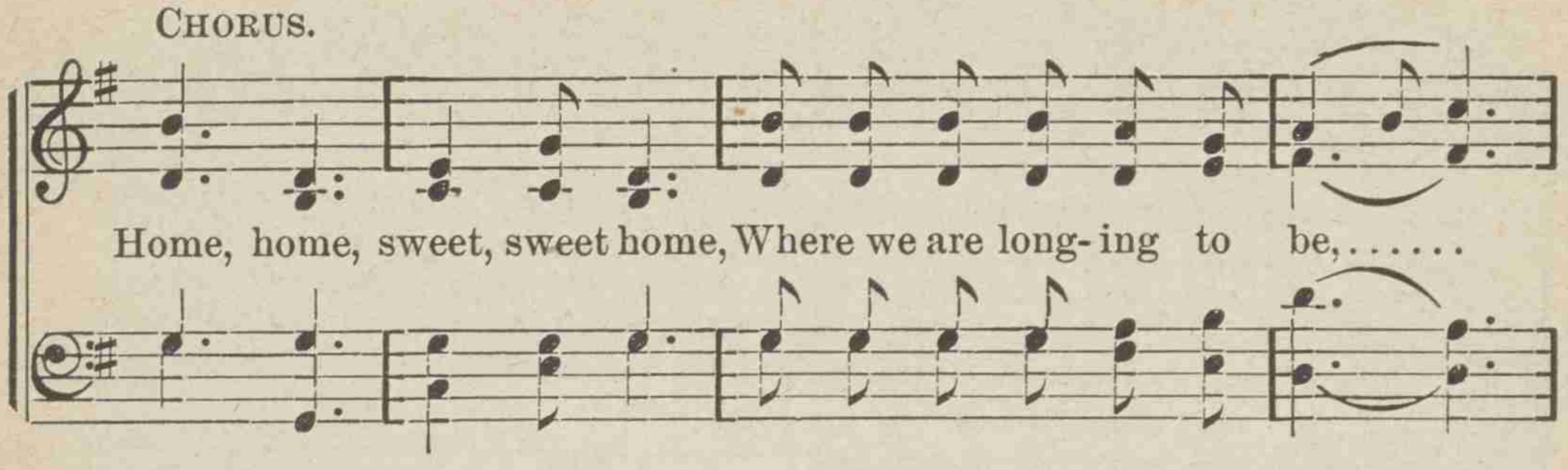
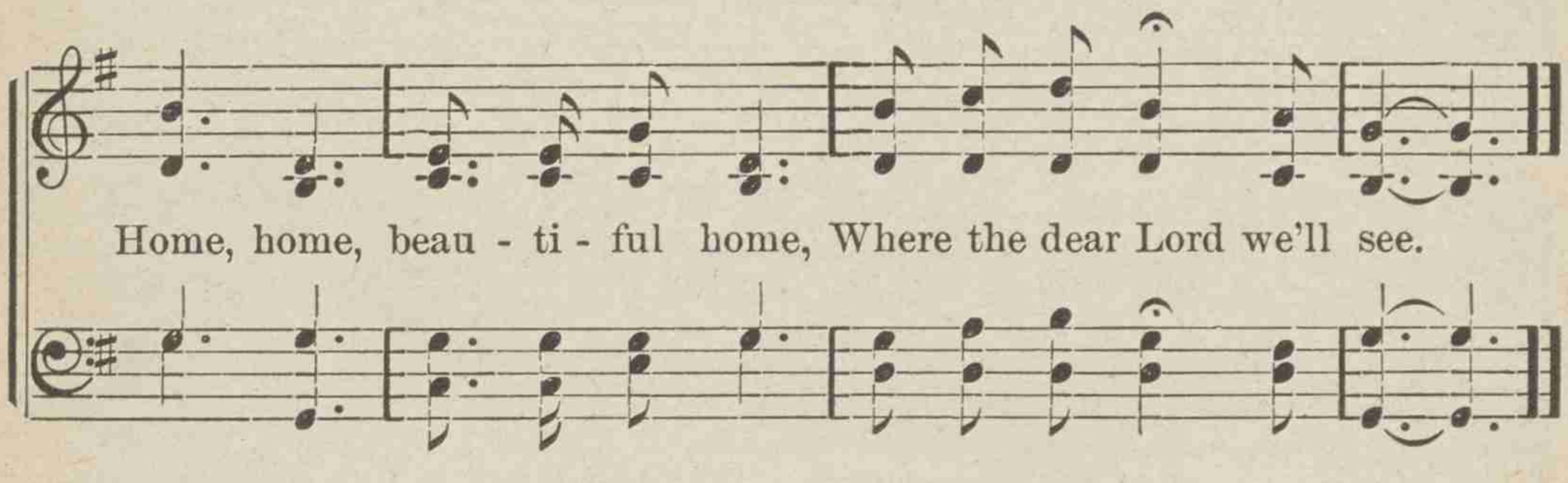
Draw me to thy-self a - bove; Clos - - er
Draw me, draw me to thyself a - bove; Closer with the cords of love,

draw me, To thy-self a - bove.
Draw me to thyself a-bove, Draw me to thy-self a - bove.

No. 14. After This, Home.

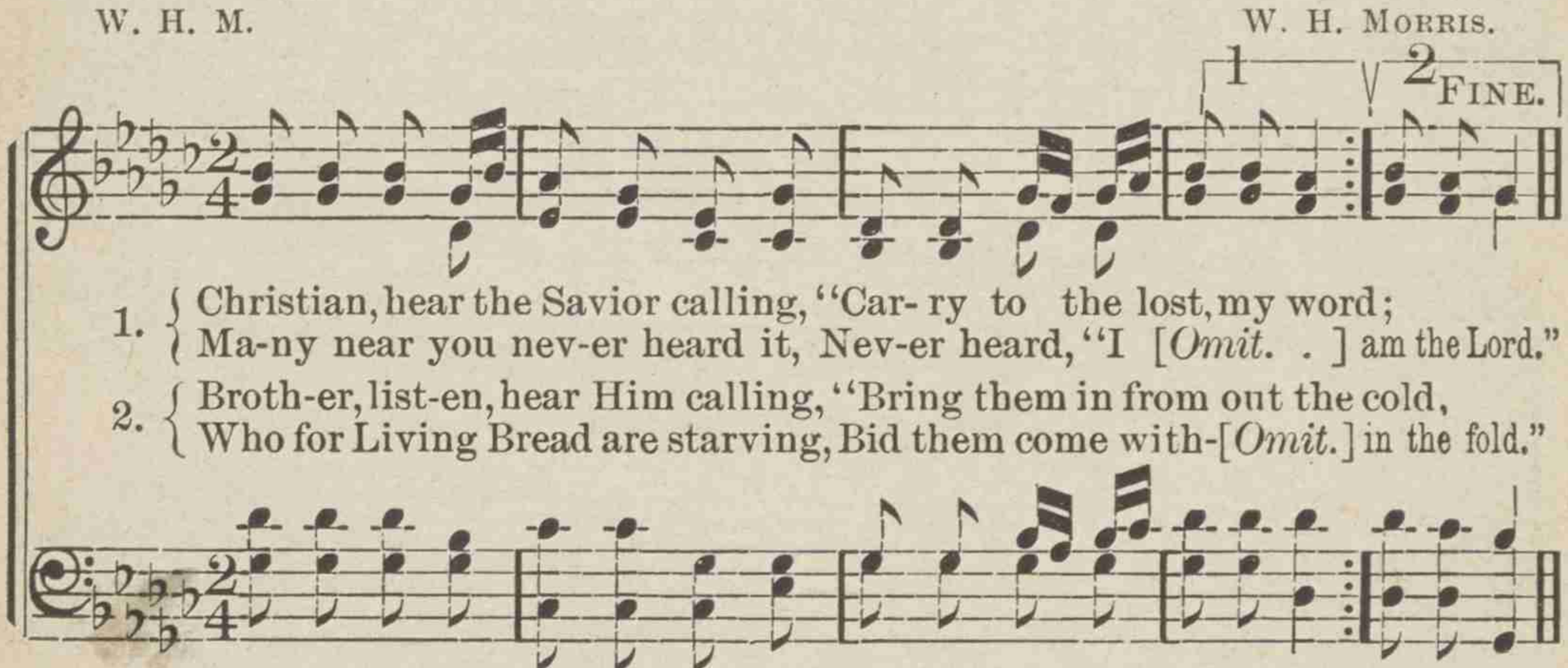
To my Wife.

W. H. M. W. H. Morris.

1. Aft - er all la - bor is done in this life, Aft - er has end - ed our day,
2. Aft - er all bat-tles are won in the strife, And Je-sus calls to us "come,"
3. Aft - er we've suffered and wept here below O - ver our er - rors and sin,

Bless-ed re-ward if we've won in the strife, Joy that will pass not a - way;
Aft - er we've finished our work in this life, Then we shall pass to that home;
Up to our beau-ti - ful home we will go, Je - sus will wel-come us in;

Aft - er the sor-rows and tri - als are o'er That we en-coun-ter be - low,
Aft - er our morning and ev'ning are past, Then will e - ter - ni - ty dawn;
Aft - er good-byes to our friends have been said, And we have felt the last kiss,

Aft - er the darkness and clouds are no more, To that dear home we will go.
Will we shout, "Glo-ry! I'm safe home at last, Safe in our beau-ti- ful home."
Aft - er the watchers shall say we are dead, We shall have entered sweet bliss.

After This, Home.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

No. 15. Jesus Calling, "Work."

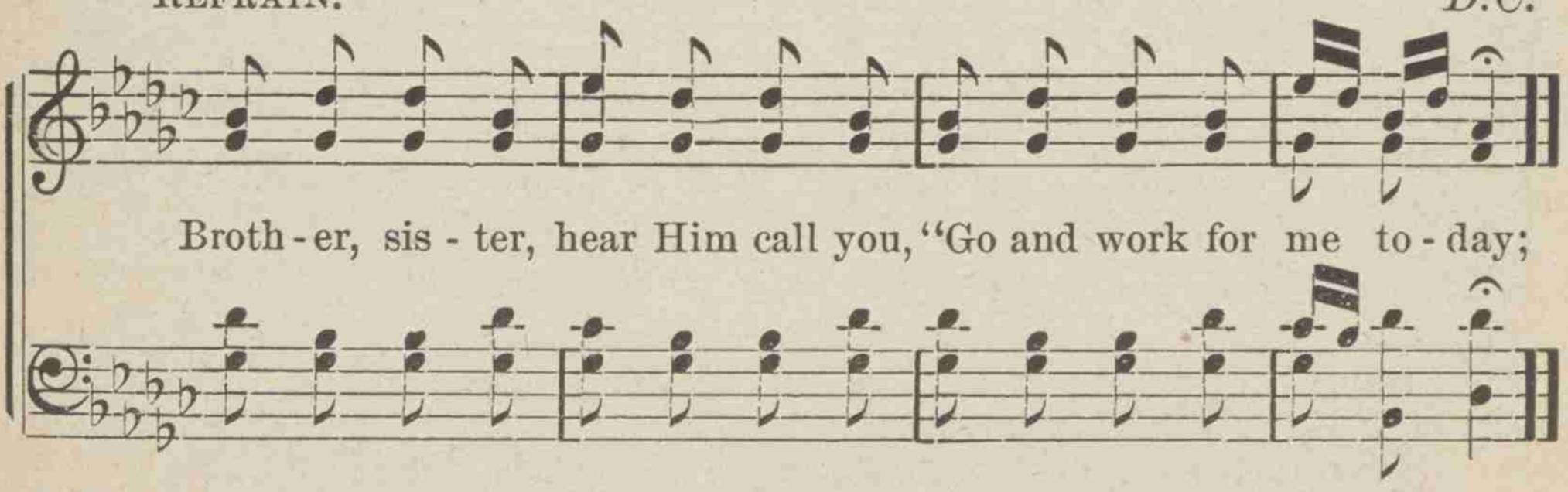
W. H. M.

W. H. MORRIS.



REFRAIN.

D.C.



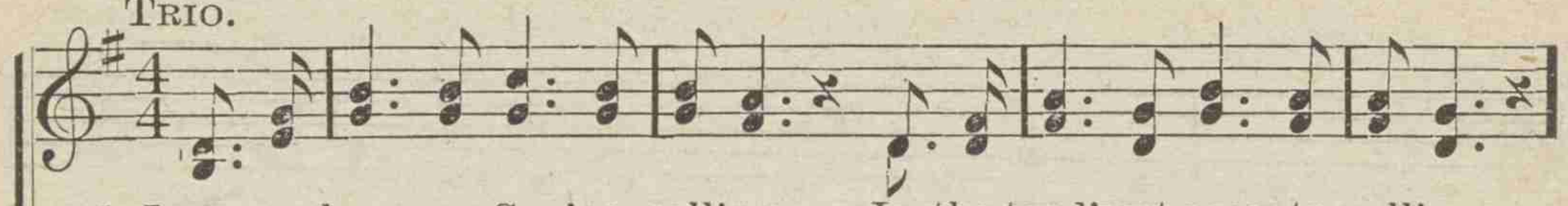
3 Sister, do you hear Him calling,
"Go and tell some one of me,
Tell them I will save the vilest,
If they put their trust in me."

4 Christians, let us heed His calling,
Work for Christ who died for all;
Let us bring our friends and loved ones,
Jesus, help us heed Thy call.

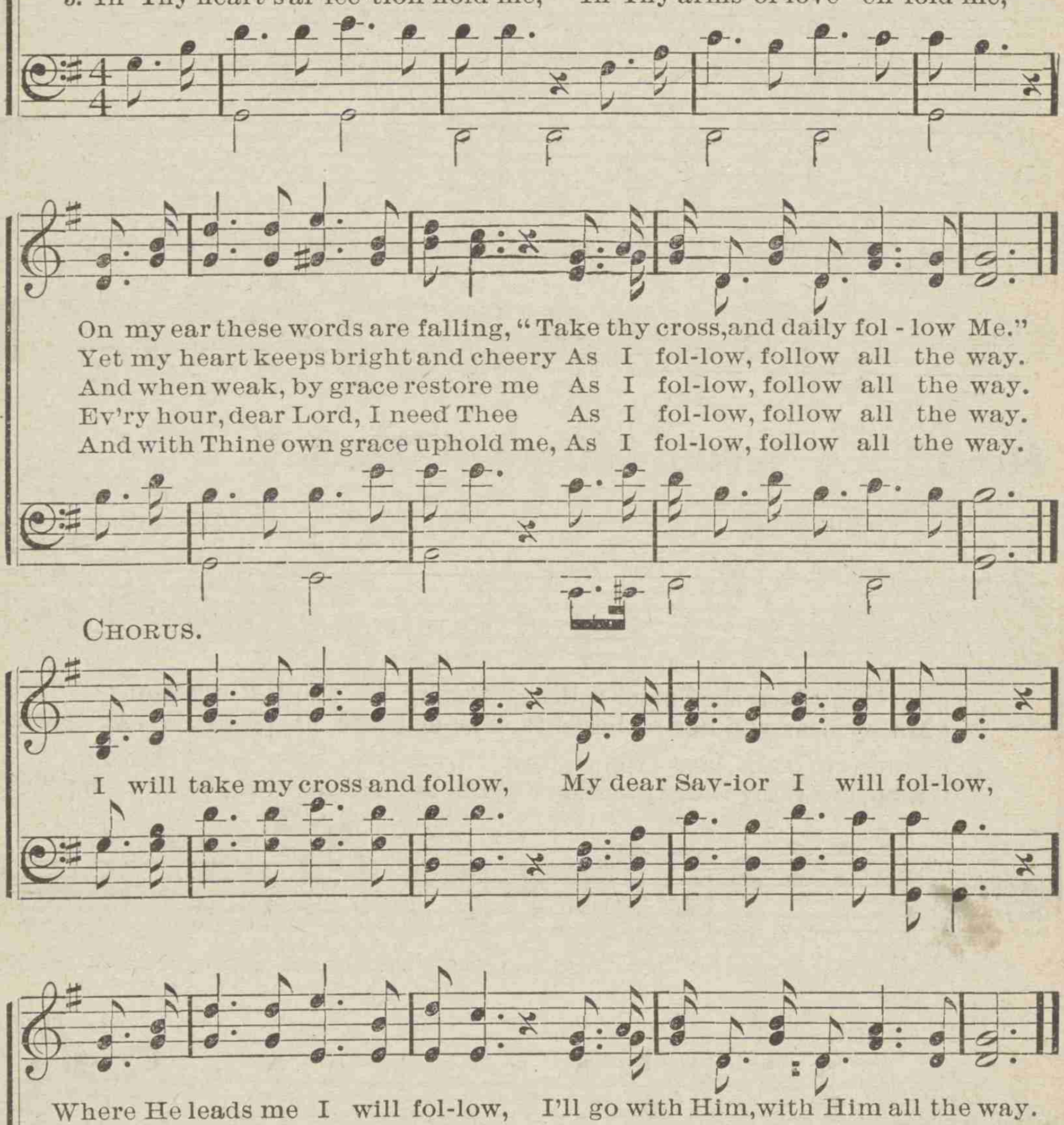
No. 16. Follow all the Way.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.

TRIO.

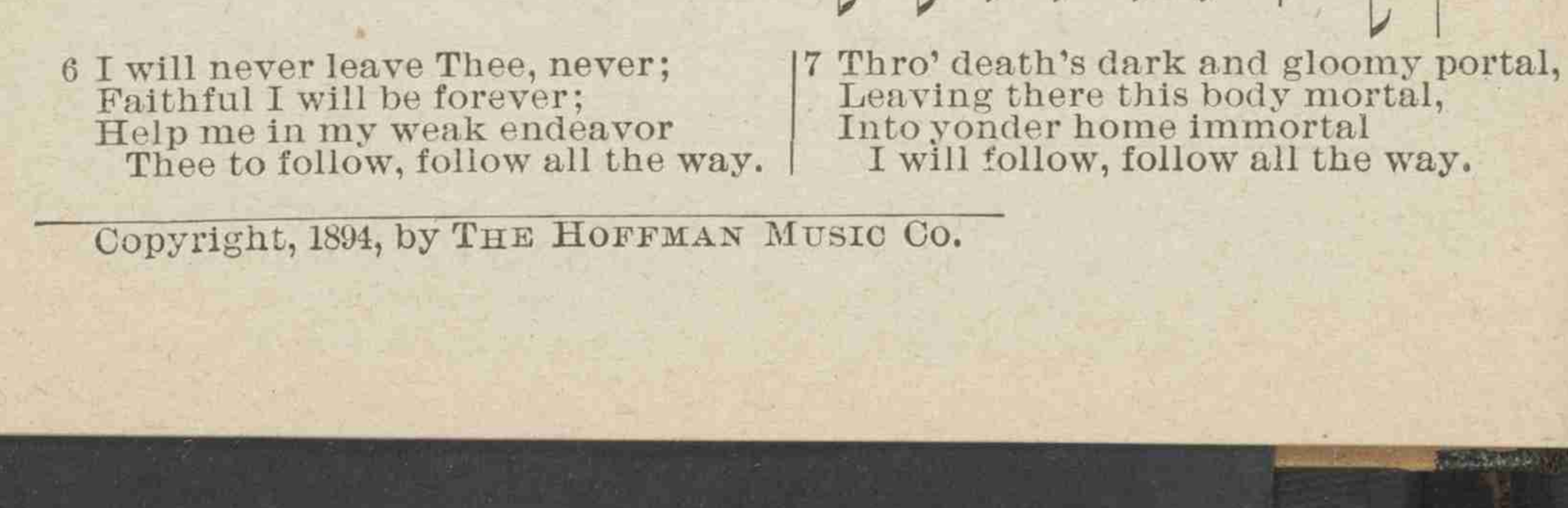


1. I can hear my Savior calling, In the tend'rest accents calling;
2. Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Tho' my feet be worn and weary.
3. Je - sus, ev - er go be-fore me, Shining heaven's sunlight o'er me,
4. Thro' the val - ley safe-ly lead me, Heav'nly man-na dai - ly feed me;
5. In Thy heart's af-fec-tion hold me, In Thy arms of love en-fold me,



On my ear these words are falling, "Take thy cross, and daily fol - low Me."
Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery As I fol-low, follow all the way.
And when weak, by grace restore me As I fol-low, follow all the way.
Ev'ry hour, dear Lord, I need Thee As I fol-low, follow all the way.
And with Thine own grace uphold me, As I fol-low, follow all the way.

CHORUS.



I will take my cross and follow, My dear Sav-ior I will fol-low,

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 I will never leave Thee, never;
Faithful I will be forever;
Help me in my weak endeavor
Thee to follow, follow all the way.

7 Thro' death's dark and gloomy portal,
Leaving there this body mortal,
Into yonder home immortal
I will follow, follow all the way.

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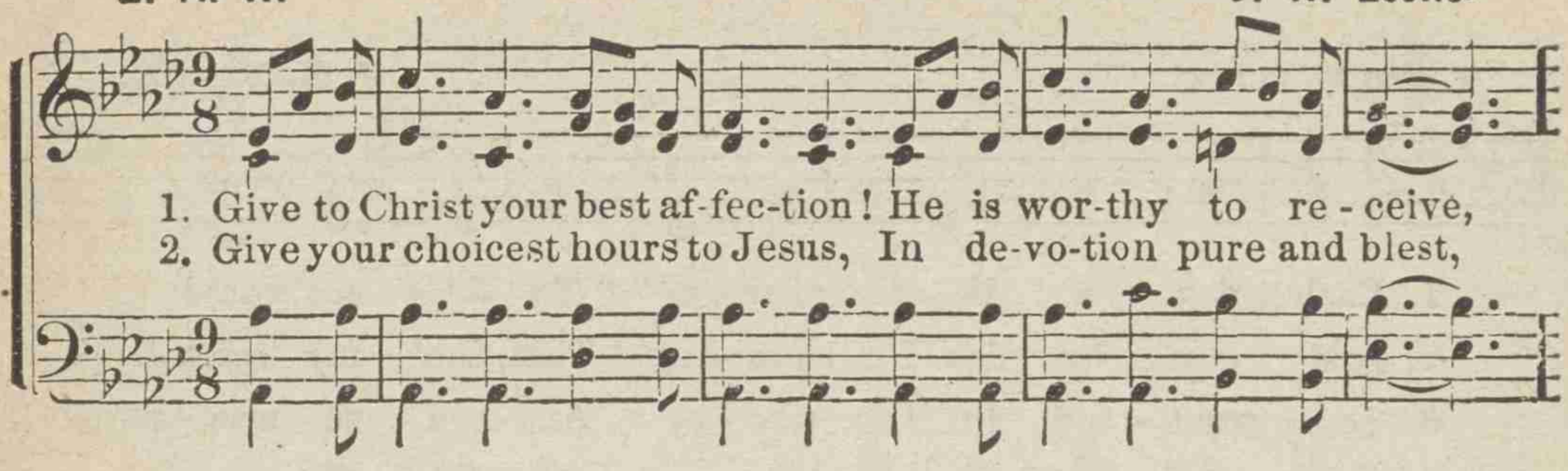
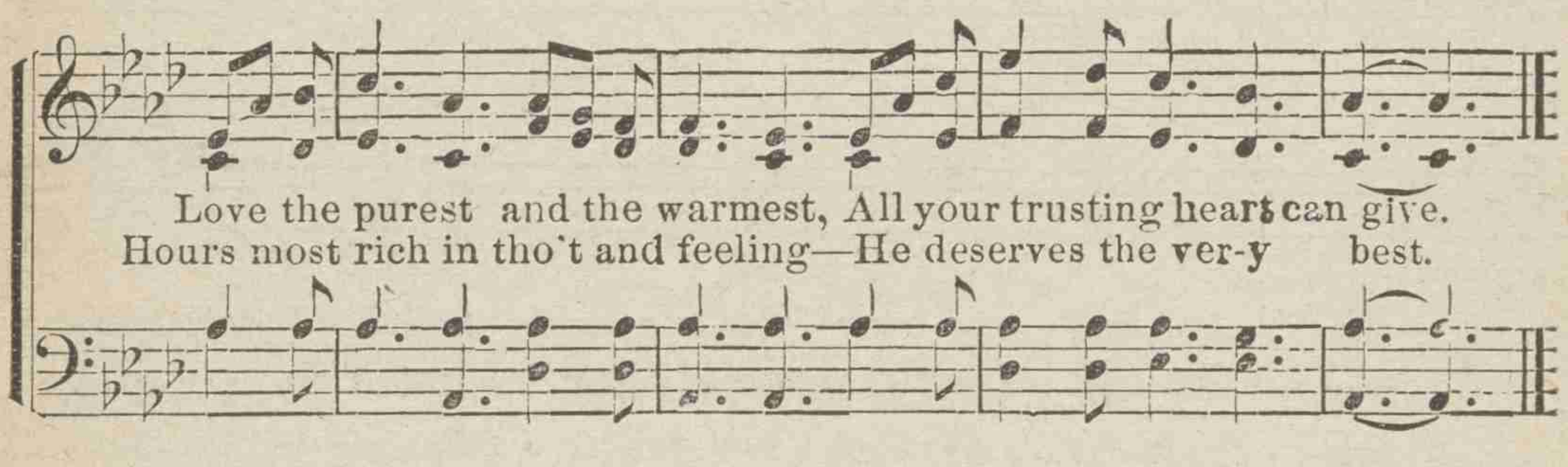
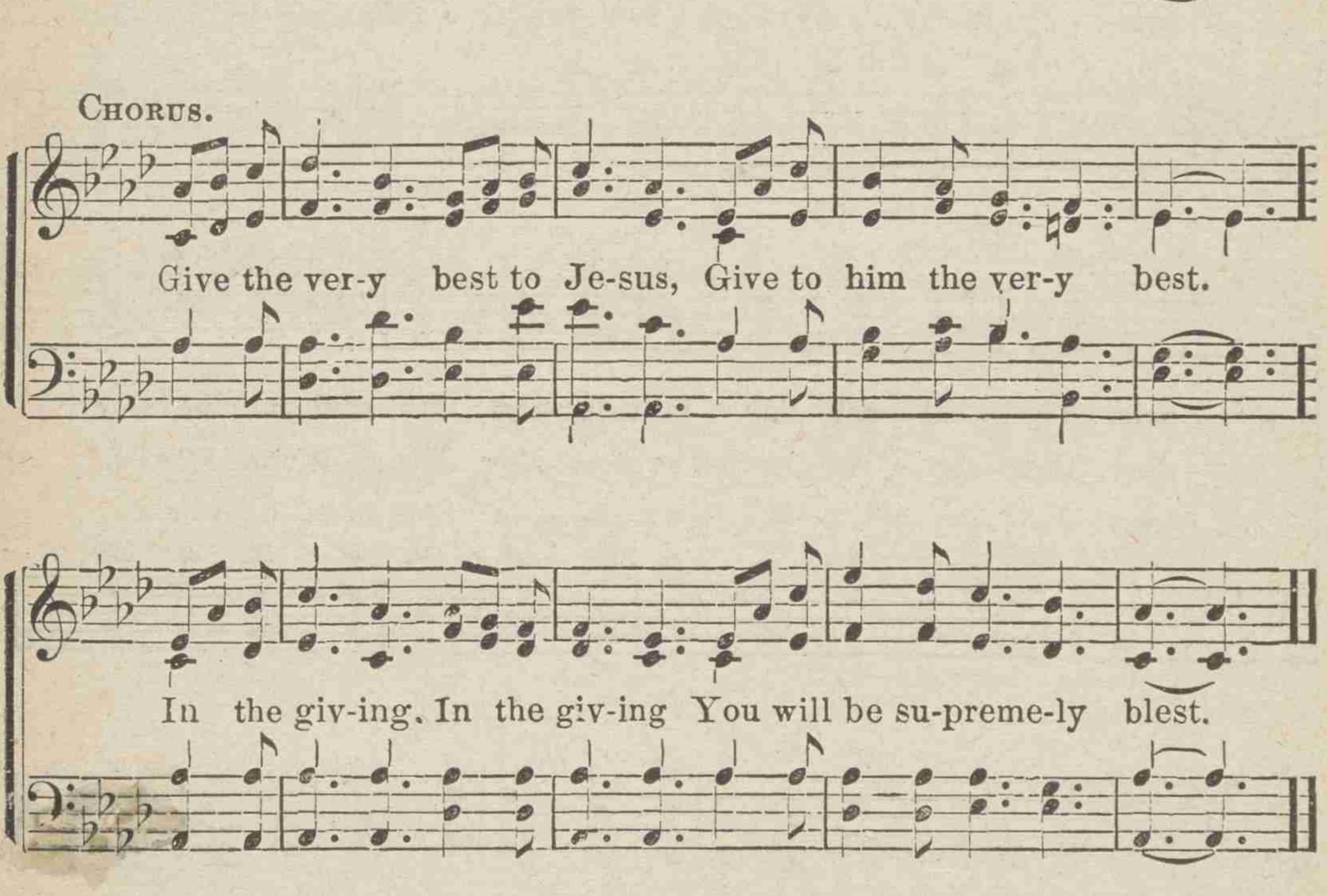
No. 17. The Very Best for Jesus.

E. A. H. J. H. Leslie.





CHORUS.



3 Give to Christ your noblest talents!
Use them in his sweet employ;
In the using you will harvest
A reward of blissful joy—REF.

4 Give your influence to the Savior!
Bring no stain upon his name
By a heart untrue and faithless,
By a life of sin and shame.—REF.

5 Give your soul, your all to Jesus,
As a willing sacrifice;
Your reward shall be a mansion
In the shining Paradise.—REFRAIN.

No. 18. Each Day a Little Nearer.

FAITH WILLIAM. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Each day a lit - tle near - er To Je - sus would I rise, And find the ser - vice ev - er A glad - ly sweet sur-
2. And day by day I'm learn - ing That, tho' my earth - ly way, Is oft thro' sha-dows winding, 'Twill lead to per - fect
3. So, trust - ing in His mer - cy And love so mea - sure- less, Each day my soul is ful-ler Of peace and joy - full-

prise; Tho' what each day is bring-ing My soul may nev - er
day, Each day I know I'm near - ing His shelt'ring, rest - ful
ness; Each day while life is giv - en Still near - er would I

guess, Yet to His cross I'm clinging, And on my way I press.
arms; My heart, this thought enfolding, Is safe from earth's alarms.
come, Till from on high my Savior Shall call me, "Child, come home."

COPYRIGHTED 1883, BY J. H. TENNEY.

No. 19. I've Had a Glimpse of Jesus.

It was in a Christian Endeavor prayer meeting at Cob Dock, Brooklyn Navy Yard, that a "sailor of the sea" arose, and in a voice full of emotion, and out of the depths of a heart that truly loved Jesus, said: "I don't want to go back to the world! I won't go back! I've had a glimpse of Him!"

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

DUET. Soprano and Tenor.

1. Back to the cold world I will not go, Back to the old paths of
2. Back on the night-shroud-ed sea to die? Back, where the break-ers of
3. Back to the boon friends of for-mer days, Still walk-ing on in their

Org.

pain and of woe, Back to the old life of sin, O no!
sin toss on high? Back, 'mid the bil-lows of doubt? Not I!
old, sin-ful ways, Back with a mes-sage of love and grace;

DUET. Soprano and Alto.

I've had a glimpse of Je - sus. I've had a look at the Cru - ci - fied,

I've had a sight of his wound-ed side, I've had a dip in the

CHORUS.

"crimson tide," I've had a glimpse of Je - sus. { Back to the cold world I
{ Back to the old life of

1. 2.

will not go, Back to the old paths of pain and of woe, }
sin, O no! I've had a (*Omit.*) } glimpse of Je-sus.

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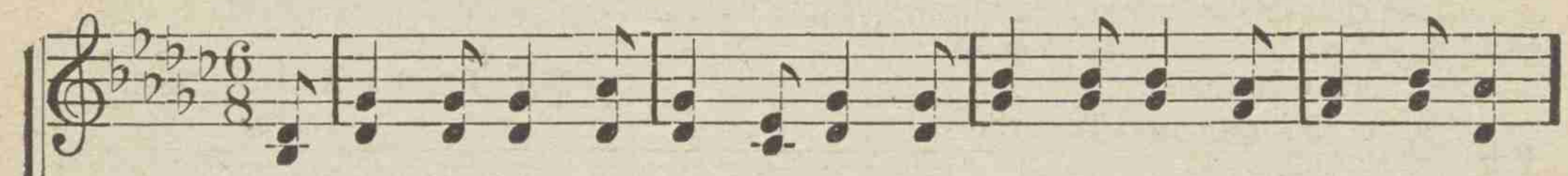
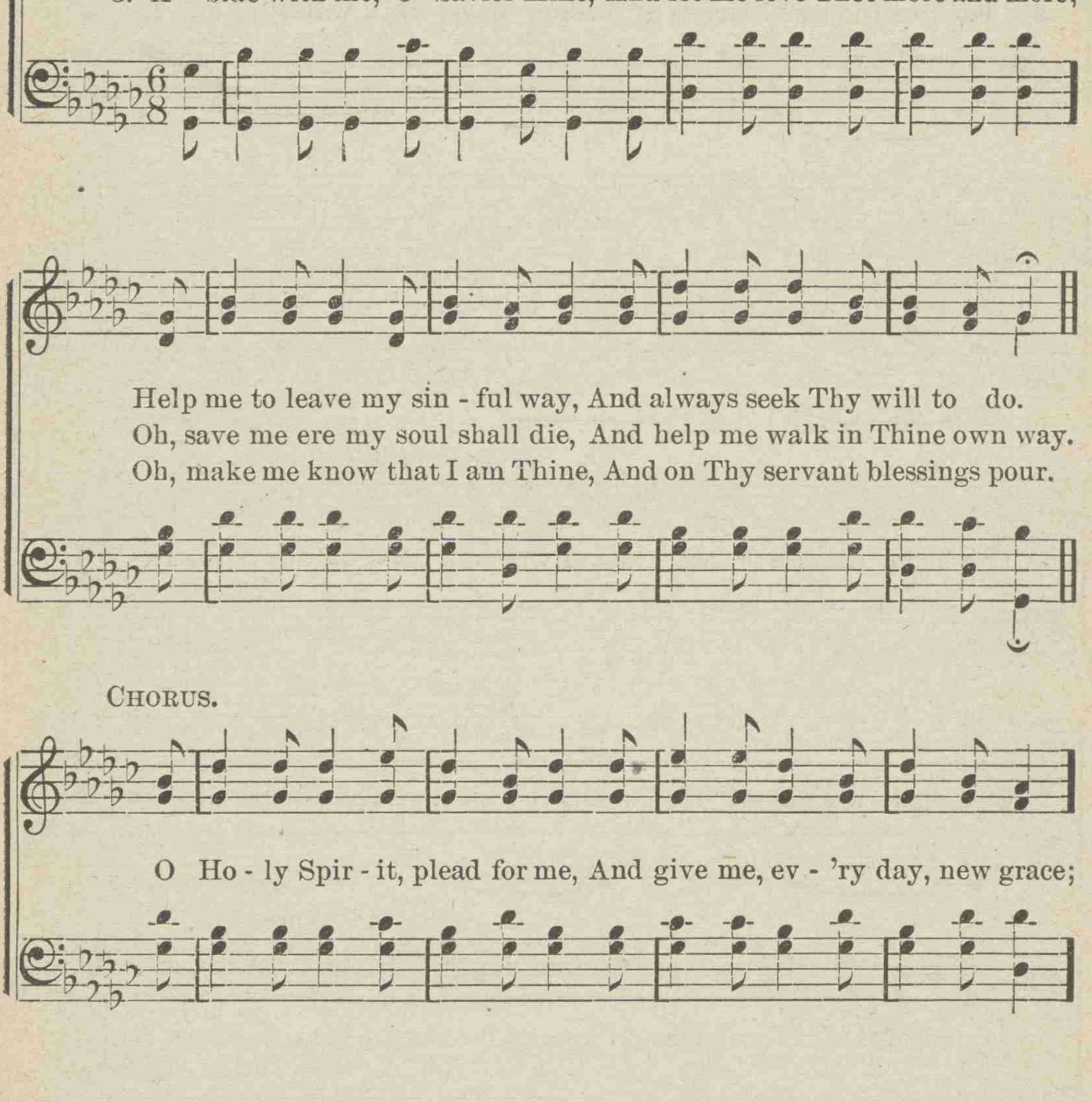
No. 20. My Prayer.

"Men ought always to pray and not to faint."—Luke 18: 1.

W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. Dear Lord, I need Thee ev-'ry day, I am so weak, and sin-ful, too;
2. I'm guilt-y, Lord, Oh, hear my cry, And give me grace for ev - 'ry day;
3. A - bide with me, O Savior mine, And let me love Thee more and more;

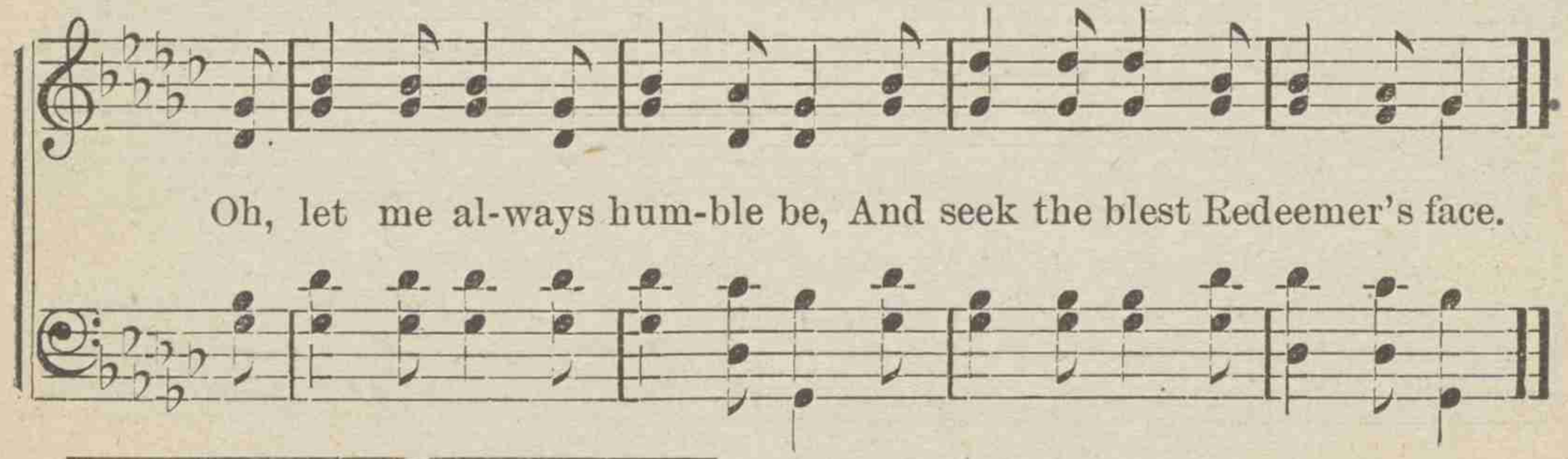


Help me to leave my sin - ful way, And always seek Thy will to do.
Oh, save me ere my soul shall die, And help me walk in Thine own way.
Oh, make me know that I am Thine, And on Thy servant blessings pour.

Chorus.

O Ho - ly Spir - it, plead for me, And give me, ev - 'ry day, new grace;

Oh, let me al-ways hum-ble be, And seek the blest Redeemer's face.



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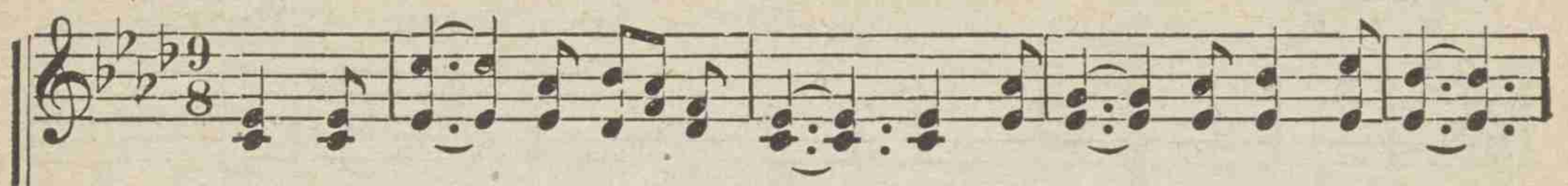
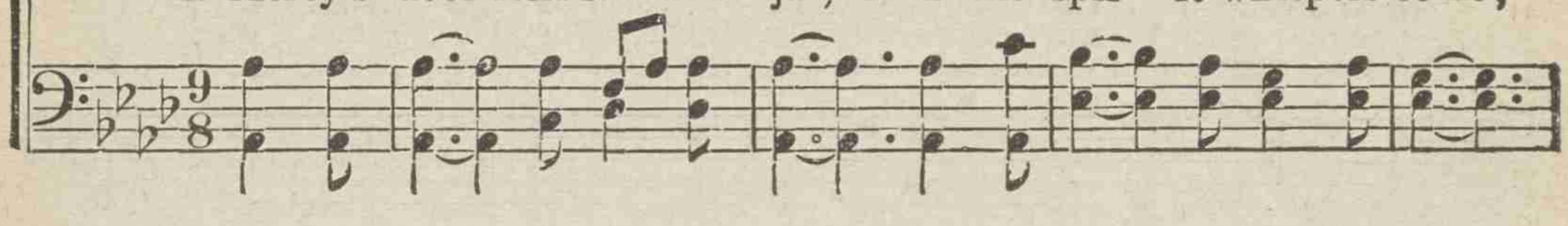
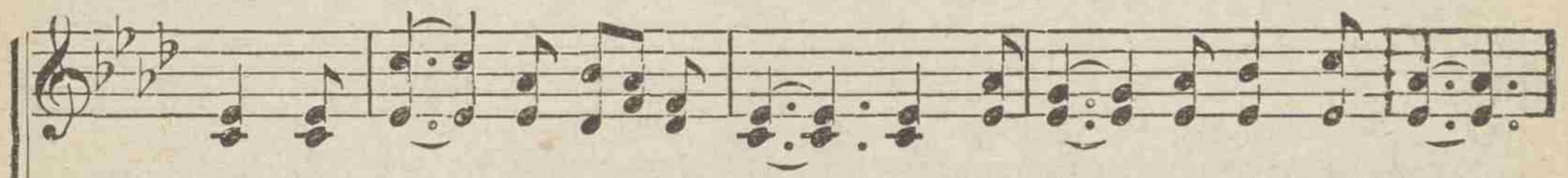
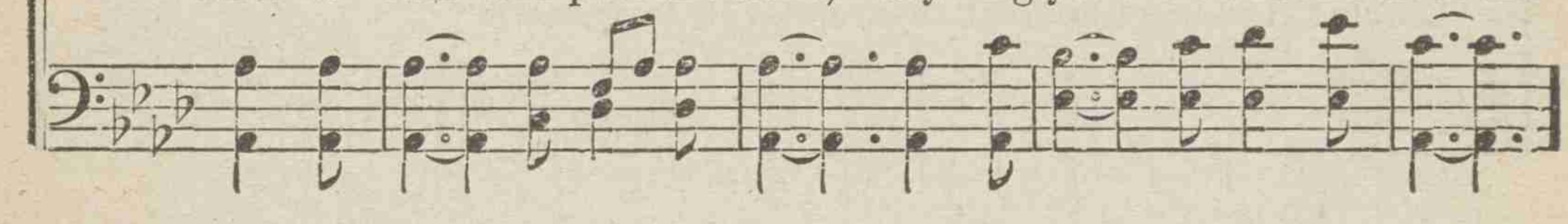
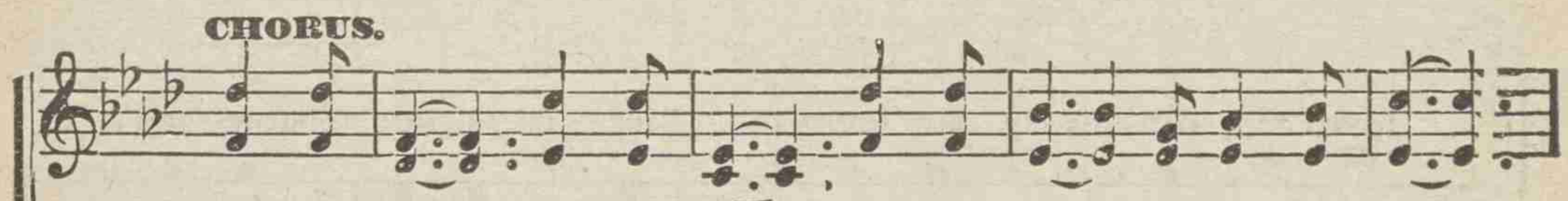
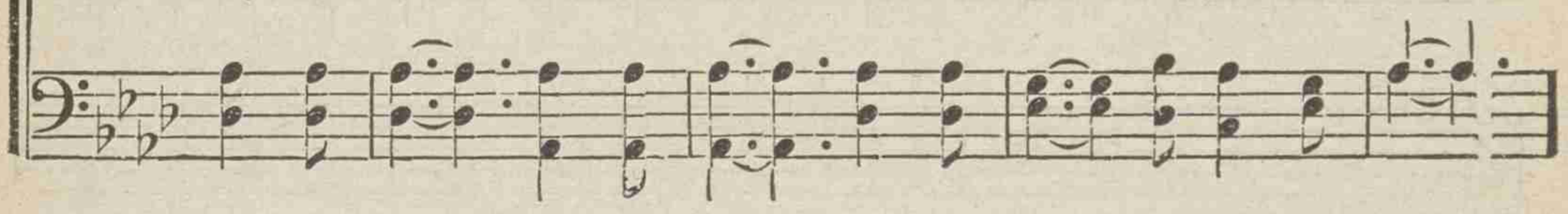
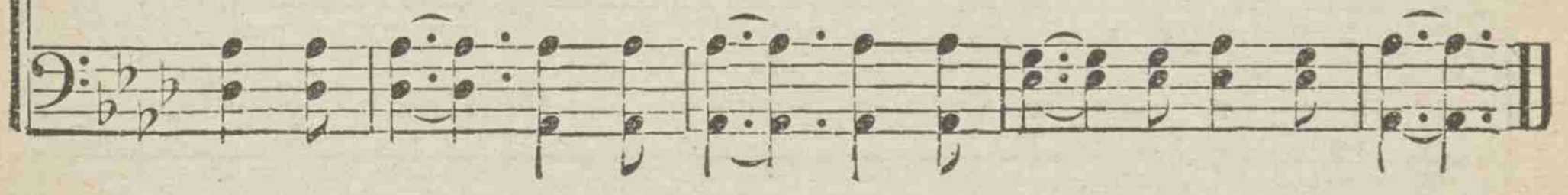
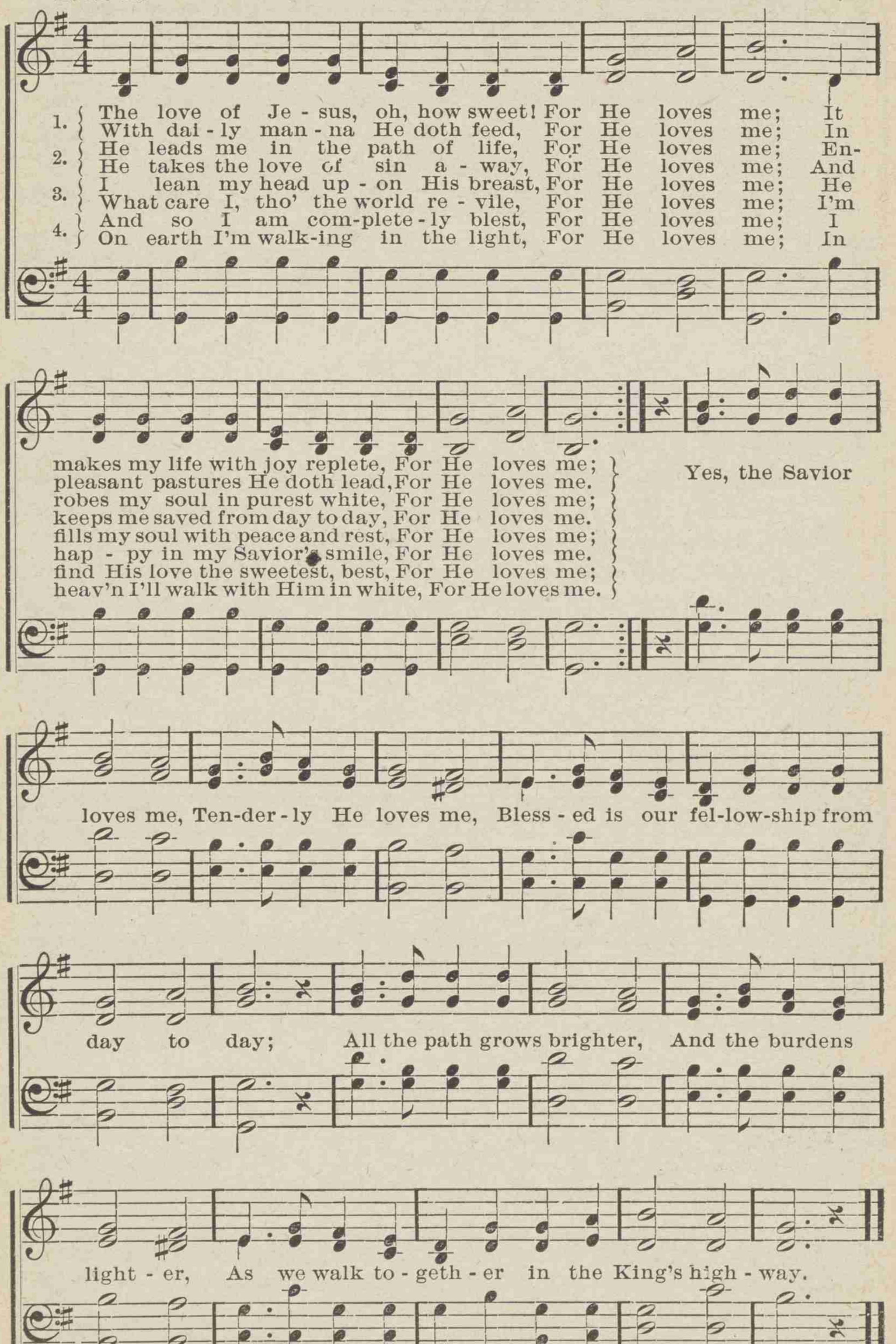
No. 21. Yet There's Room.

W. E. PENN. A. S. KIEFFER.

1. In our Fa-ther's home a - bove, There is room for ev -'ry one;
2. Can you pray to be ex-cused? Can you wait an-oth - er day?
3. Will you say, "I will not go?" Dare you an - y long-er wait?
4. Mercy's door still stands a - jar, And the spir - it whispers come;

Boundless room in his great love, For the sin - ner who will come.
While the fie - ry bil-lows roll, That may sweep your soul a - way?
While the cry is "yet there's room," And one hour may be too late?
Cries to rich and poor the same, Say - ing yet there's boundless room.

Yes, there's room, boundless room For the sin - ner who will come;



Yes, there's room, boundless room, For the sin - ner who will come.

No. 22. He Loves Me.

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

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No. 23. Building for Eternity.

W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. We are building as the days go by, We are building as the
2. We are building on the might-y rock, We are building for the
3. We are building by the Lord's command, We are building by the

mo - ments flee; We are build-ing for the home on high, We are
life to be; We are build-ing 'gainst the tempest's shock, We are
light we see; We are build-ing where the house will stand, We are

Chorus.

build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty. We are build - ing, we are
We are build-ing,

build-ing to-day, We are build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty; We are

build - ing, we are building to-day, We are building for e - ter - ni - ty.

Copyright, 1895, by Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

No. 24. Walk In the Light.

BERNARD BARTON. Rev. J. H. WELCH.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed a - way,
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear-ful shade shall wear;
4. Walk in the light! and thine shall be A path, tho' thorn-y, bright;

His Spir-it on - ly can be -stow Who reigns in light a - bove.
Be- cause that light on thee hath shone In which is per-fect day.
Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Himself is light.

CHORUS.

We'll walk..... in the light,..... In the

We'll walk in the light, in the beau - ti - ful light, In the

beau - - - - ti - ful light,..... We'll walk..... in the

wonderful light, in the light of our God; We'll walk in the light, in the

light,..... In the light..... of our God.....

beau -ti - ful light, In the wonderful light, in the light of our God.

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No. 25. Master, Use Me.

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

1. Send me forth, O bless-ed Master! where are souls in sorrow bowed, Send me forth to homes of want and homes of care, And with joy I will obey the call, and
2. There are lives that may be brightened by a word of hope and cheer, There are souls with whom life's blessings I should share; There are hearts that may be lightened of the
3. There is work within the vineyard, there is service to be done, There's a mes-sage of sal-va-tion to de-clare; Send me forth to tell the story to the
4. Oh, I would not be an i - dler in the vineyard of the Lord; With the Christ the vineyard-labor I would share; Into hearts that know not Jesus I would

D. S.—read-y to re-port for or-ders,

FINE.

in Thy blessed name I will take the bless-ed light of the gos-pel there.
burdens which they bear; Let me take the blessed hope of the gos-pel there.
homes of sin - ful men; Let me take the blessed Christ of the gos-pel there.
speak the sav-ing Word; Let me take the bless-ed joy of the gos-pel there.

Mas - ter, sum-mon me, And I'll go on an - y er-rand of love for Thee.

CHORUS.–Call me forth..... to act - ive serv - - - - ice,

Call me forth, call me forth, to act - ive serv-ice call me forth,

And my prompt re-sponse shall be, "Here am I! send me;" I am

D. S.

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No. 26. Walking and Talking With Jesus.

EBEN E. REXFORD. W. E. PENN.

1. When I read the dear old sto-ry of the cross and Cal - va-ry, With what joy my heart runs o-ver, as I think He died for me; And my soul is filled with long-ing as I read that long a-go, Persons walked and talked with Jesus as He
2. Oh, to walk and talk with Je-sus, what a rap-ture in the thought, Oh, to be like His Disciples, by the world's great teacher taught, And my heart o'erflows with gladness, as the sto-ry I re-peat, Let me walk and talk with Jesus, let me
3. I can walk and talk with Je-sus, tho' I can - not see His face, I can feel the Lord who loves me, near in ev-ery time and place; I can feel His smile up- on me, "Fol-low me," I hear Him say, Soul be glad-with those who love Him; Jesus

CHORUS.

journeyed to and fro.
learn at Je - sus' feet.
walks and talks to-day.
} Oh, to walk and talk with Jesus, 'Tis a blessed tho't to me;

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

Copyright, 1889, by W. E. Penn.

No. 27. The Word of God.

Rev. S. F. SMITH,

Spirited.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Blest word of God, our help, our stay, Our star by
2. Blest source of truth, Thy voice we hear, Thy pre-cepts
3. Far as the homes of man are known, Reign Thou, Je-

night, our sun by day, Our com-pass o'er life's path-less
love, thy laws re-vere; God's hand on ev - ery leaf we
ho - vah, God a-lone; Send forth the Spir - it with Thy

D. S. *How safe in its A - men to*

FINE. **REFRAIN.**

sea, Our guide, O God, to heaven and Thee,
trace, In ev-ery page we see His face.
word, Till all earth's mill - ions own Thee Lord.

How free the

rest, The word of God for - ev - er blest!

D. S.

par-don it re - veals! How rich the cov -'nant love it seals!

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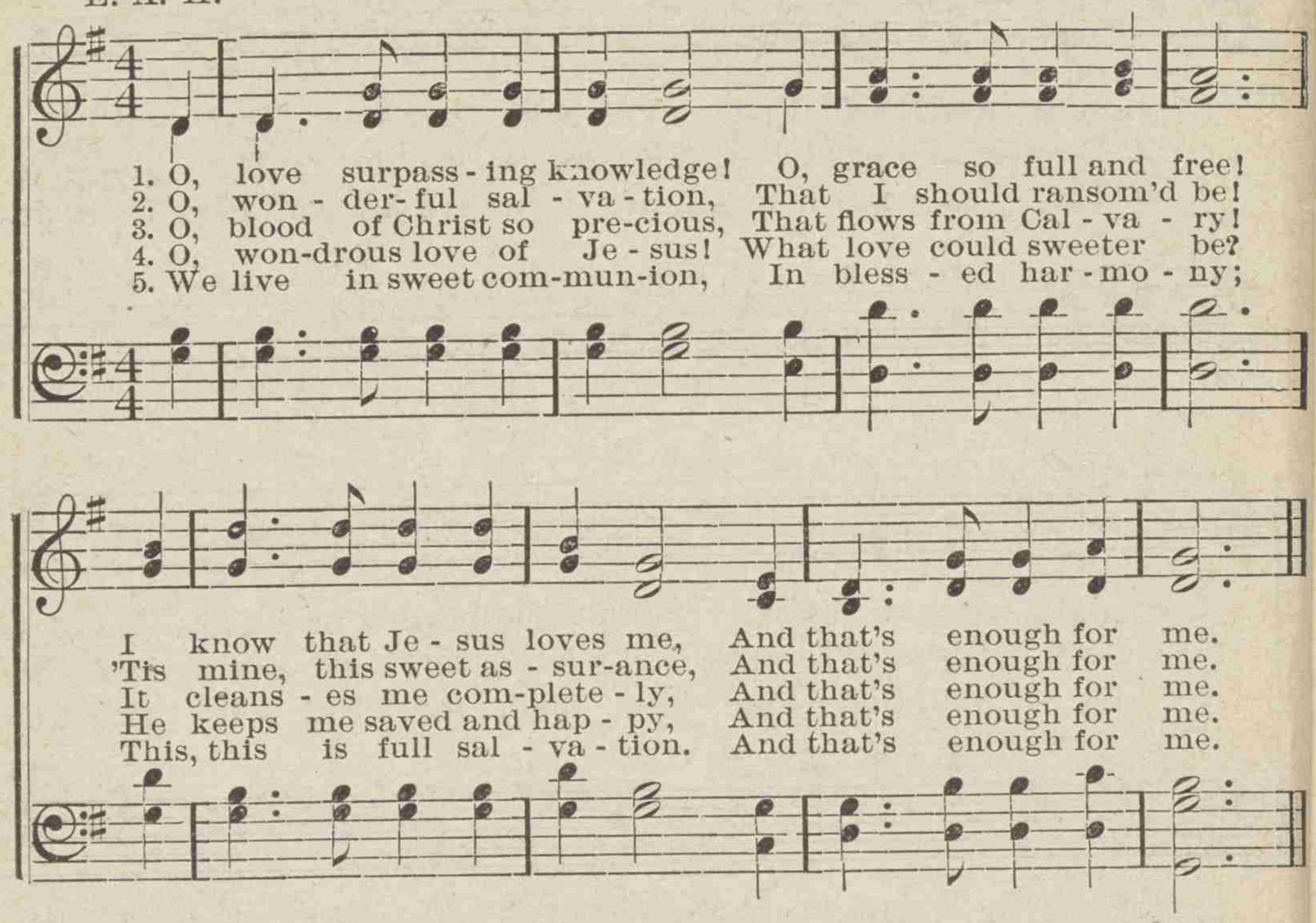
No. 28. That's Enough for Me.

"I know there are many who seek for happiness in the pleasures of the world. I go to Jesus. He assures me that He loves and saves me, and that's enough for me." The testimony of an earnest, devout Christian.

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



6 The worldling seeks for pleasure,
In earthly vanity;
My treasures are in heaven,
And that's enough for me.

CHO.—And that's enough for me,
Enough of joy for me;
My treasures are in heaven,
And that's enough for me.

7 When ends our toil and sorrow,
A better home I'll see,
And be with Christ forever,
And that's enough for me.

CHO.—And that's enough for me,
Enough of joy for me;
To be with Christ forever,
Oh, that's enough for me!

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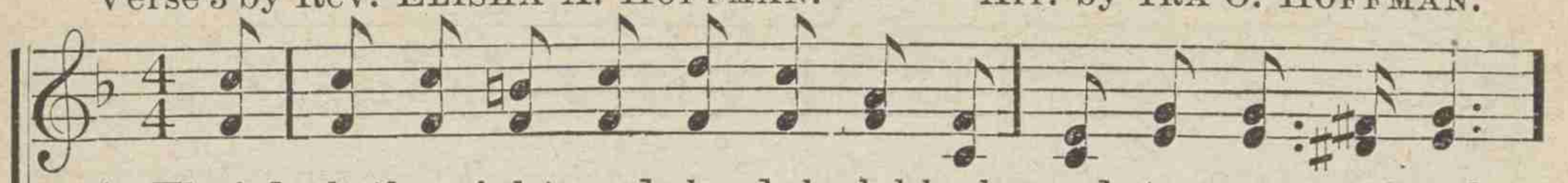
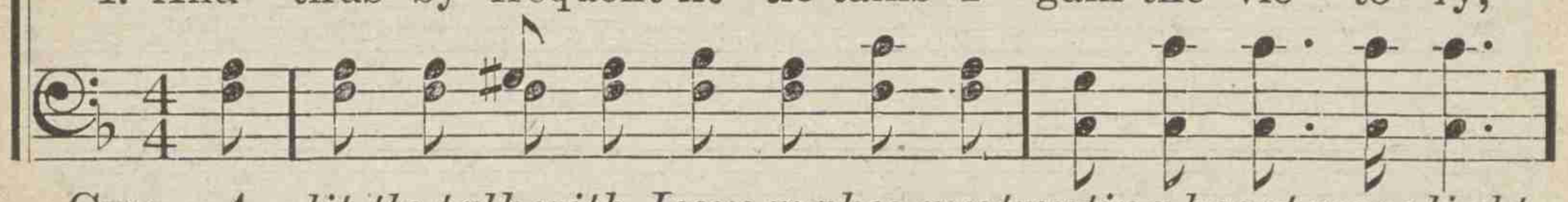
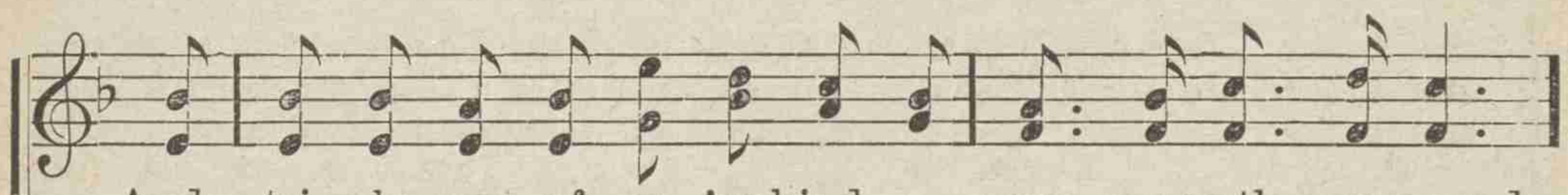
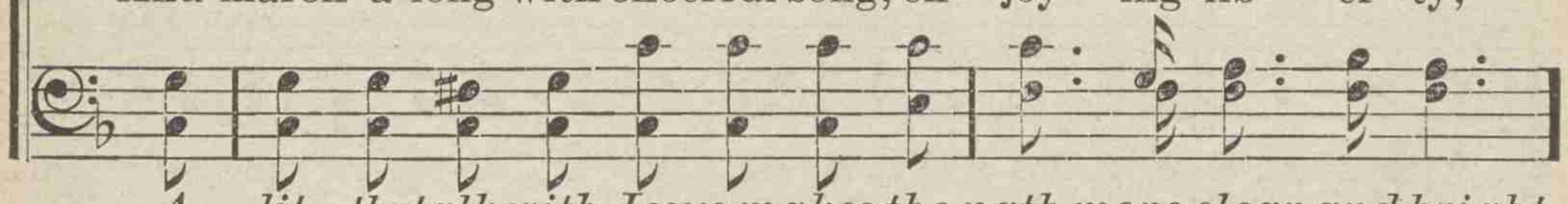
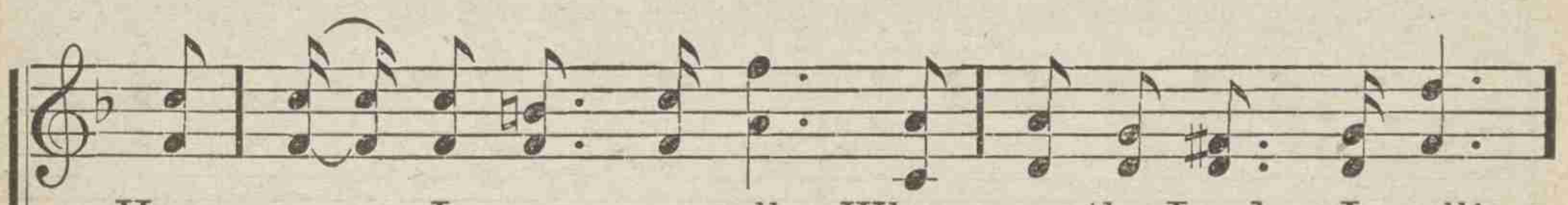
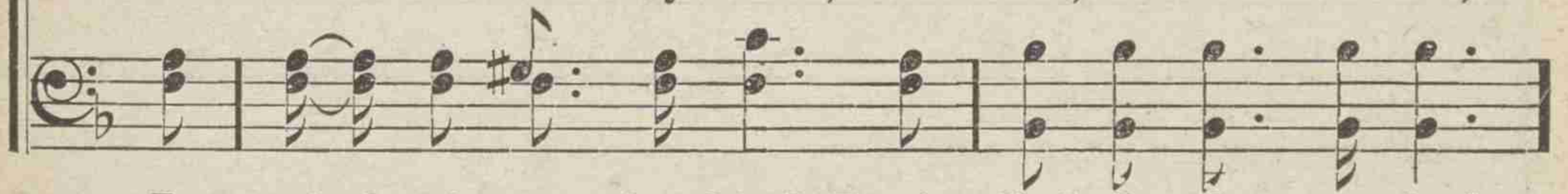
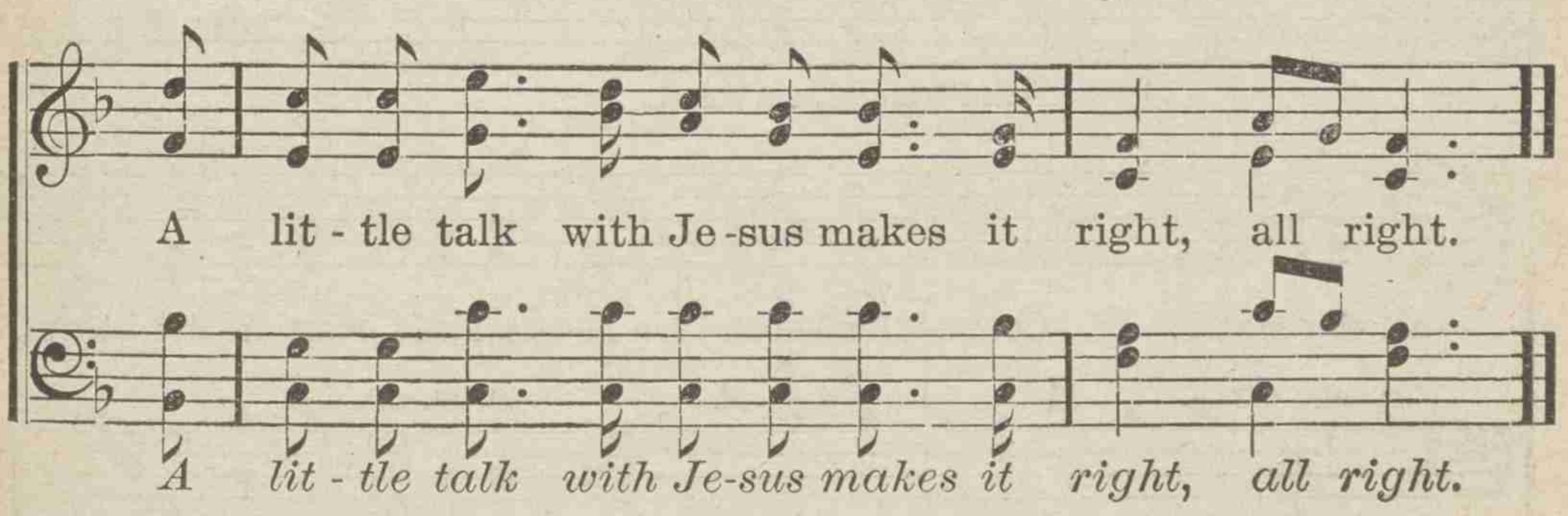
No. 29. A Little Talk With Jesus.

Verse 3 by Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Arr. by IRA O. HOFFMAN.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, and stormy o-ver-head,
2. When those who once were dearest friends begin to per - se-cute,
3. Some-times the path may lead to where hard battles must be fought,
4. And thus by frequent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry,

CHO.—*A lit-tle talk with Jesus makes my trusting heart more light,*



And tri - als sore of ev - 'ry kind a cross my path are spread,
And those who once profess'd to love have si - lent grown and mute,
Sometimes to mountains steep to climb my wear - y feet are brought,
And march a-long with cheerful song, en - joy - ing lib - er - ty;



A lit - tle talk with Jesus makes the path more clear and bright,

How soon I con - quer all When on the Lord I call!
I tell Him all my grief, He quick - ly sends re- lief,
Yet heav'ns sweet love and light Shine o'er me clear and bright,
With Je - sus as my friend, I know, un - til the end,

In tri-als of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I al - ways find

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

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

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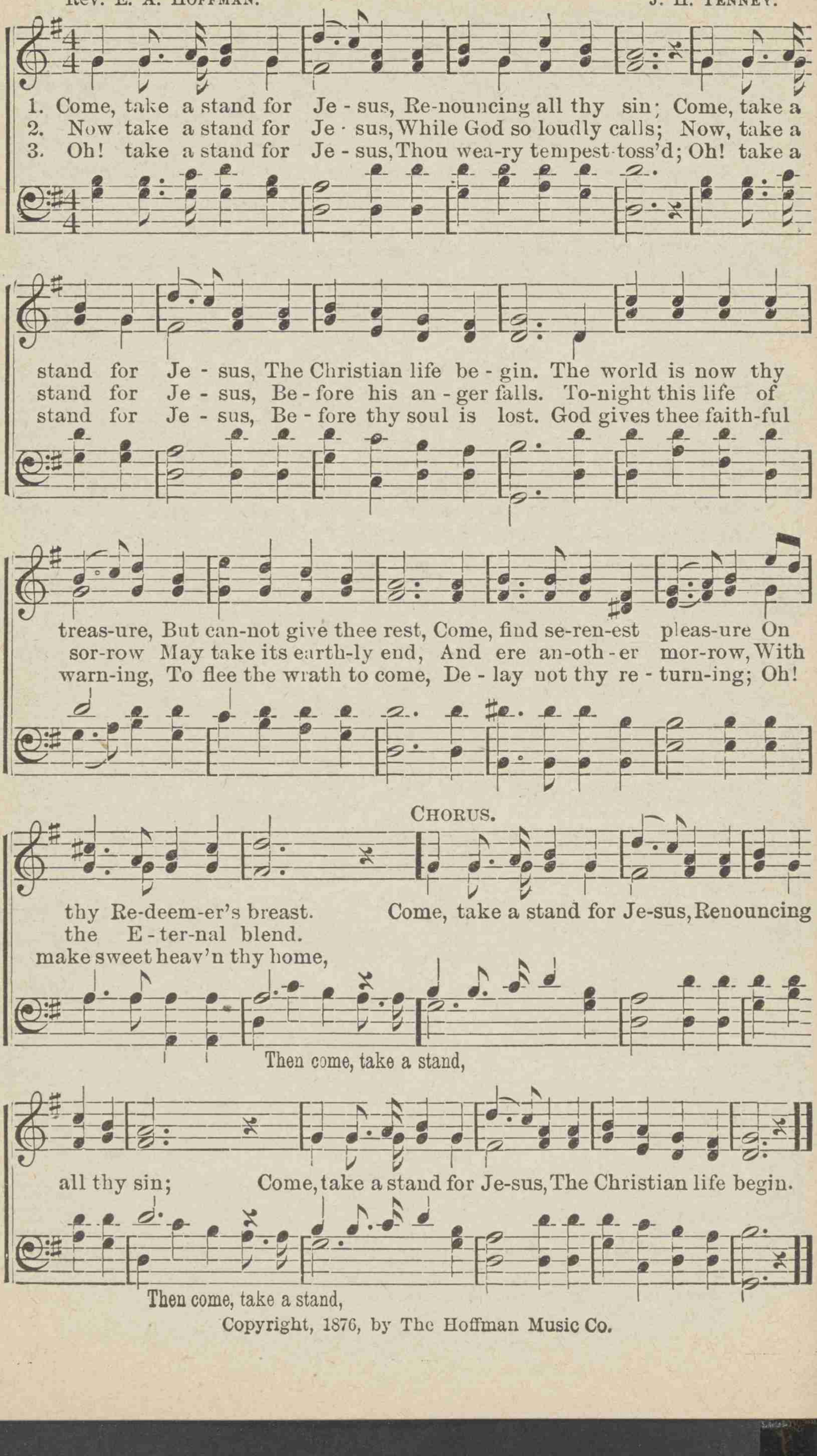
No. 30. Take a Stand for Jesus.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.



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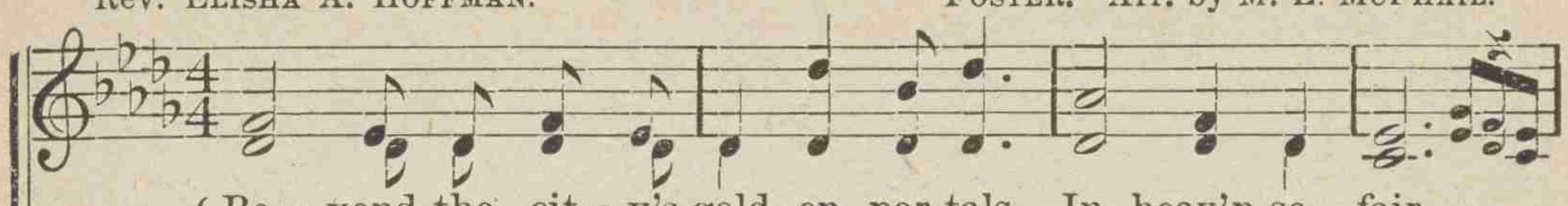
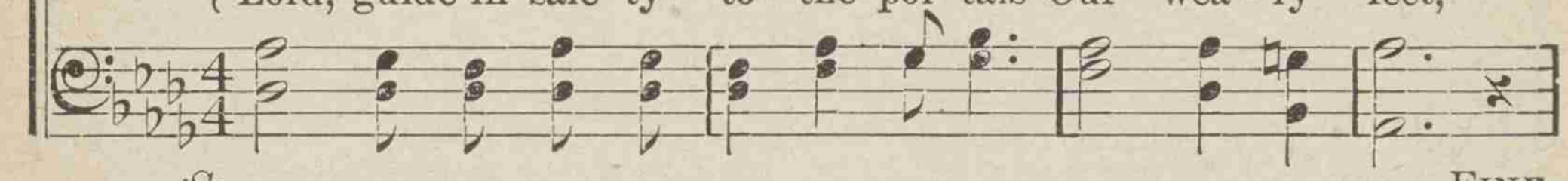
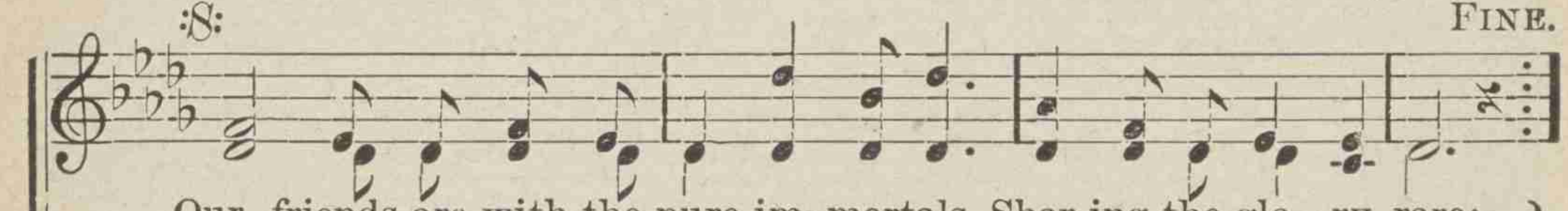
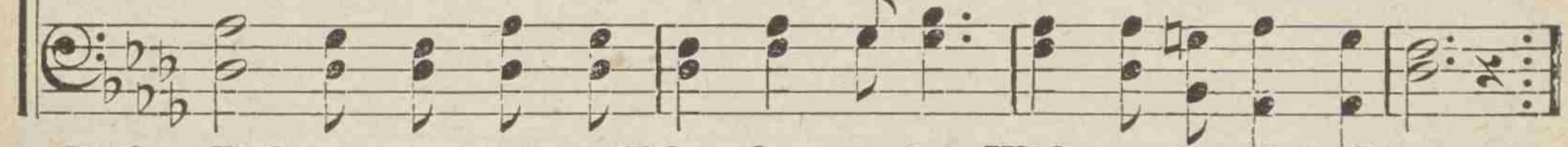
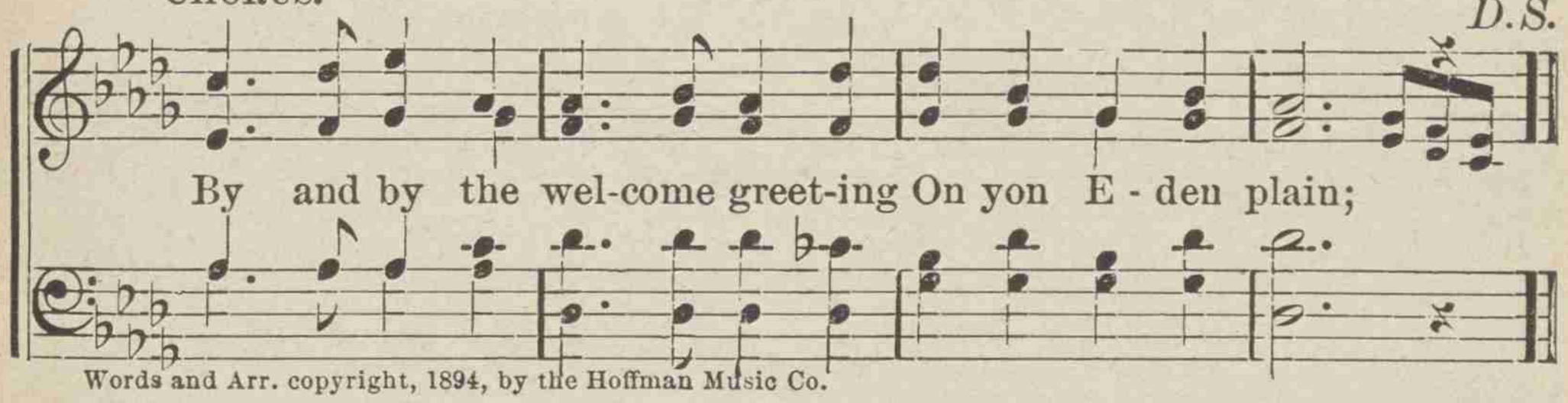
No. 31. Longing for Heaven.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. Foster. Arr. by M. L. McPhail.

1. Be - yond the cit - y's gold- en por-tals, In heav'n so fair,
   Robed in the robes of pur - est whiteness, Hap - py are they:
2. They left us at the tur - bid riv - er, Whis-pered "fare-well,"
   Now heav'n to us is grow- ing dear- er, Our friends are there;
3. Our faith goes up on ho - ly pin-ions To yon fair land,
   And soon we'll hope a gain to meet them On that bright shore,
4. Our hearts go out in ar- dent long-ing To reach the home
   Lord, guide in safe- ty to the por- tals Our wea - ry feet,



:S: Fine.

Our friends are with the pure im- mortals, Shar-ing the glo - ry rare;
Shin - ing in heav-ens glorious brightness, Blest and redeemed for aye.
Van - ished from hu- man vis - ion ev - er, With the redeemed to dwell;
Thy gates of gold are draw-ing near-er, Cit - y so bright and fair!
Where in the Sav-ior's broad do-min-ions Our loved im-mor-tals stand;
And in re-newed af-fec-tion greet them To leave them nev-er-more.
Whith - er our dear-est friends are thronging The plains of light to roam;
And bring us to the land im-mor-tal, Our loved and lost to greet.

D. S.—Toil o - ver, sweet will be the meet-ing With our dear friends a-gain.

Chorus. D.S.



By and by the wel-come greet-ing On yon E - den plain;

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We Gather with Gladness. (Tune above.)

1 With gladness here again we gather,
In Jesus' name,
And now in songs of praise together,
Grateful, His love proclaim;
How happy is the bond of union
Making us one! [ion
How comforting the sweet commun-
In God's beloved Son!

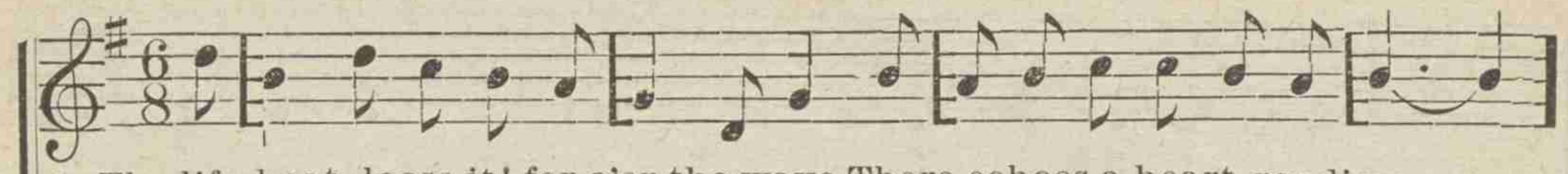
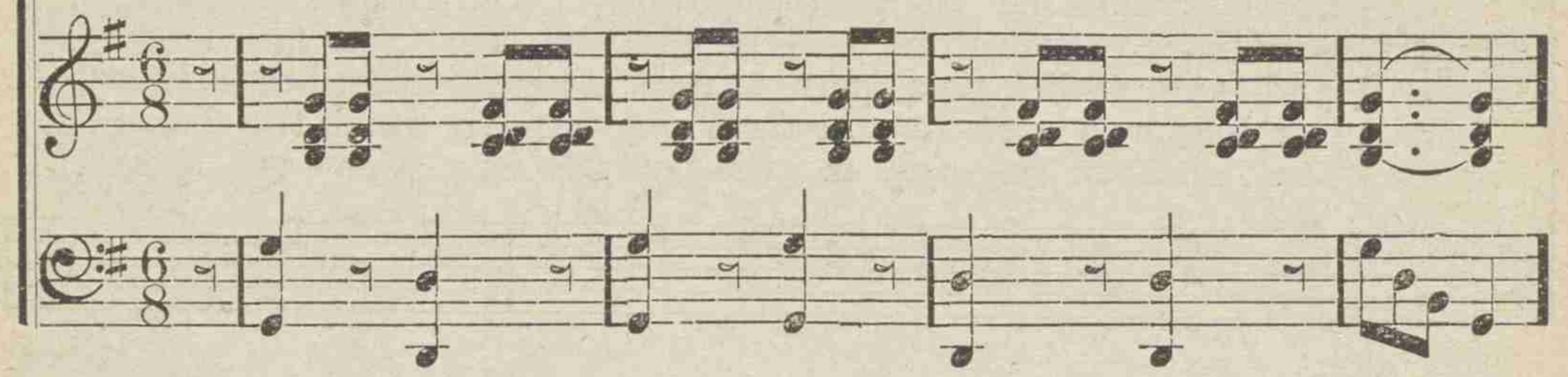
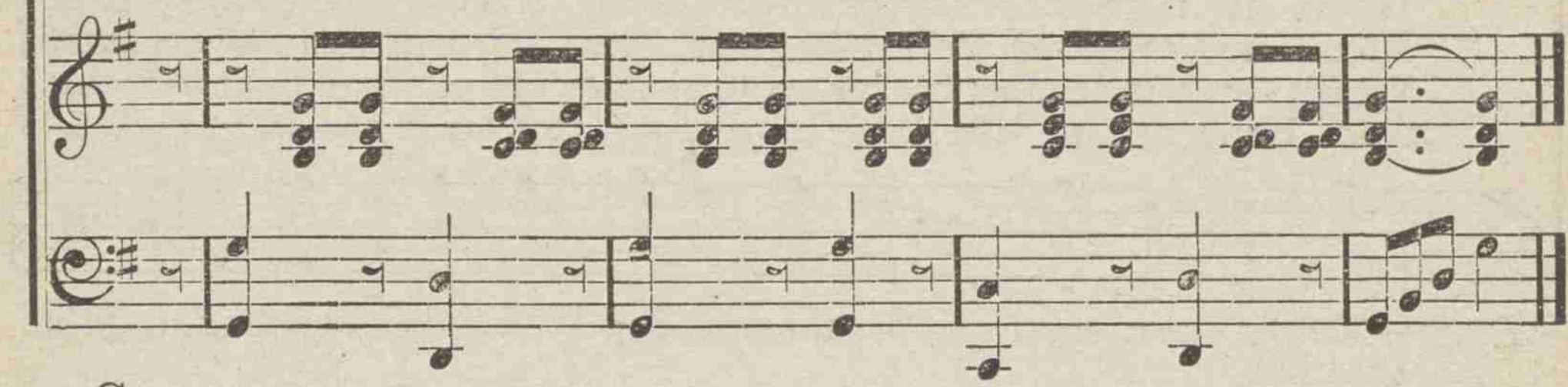
Cho.—These are hours of wondrous blessing
Spent at Jesus' feet;
Oh, these are times of rare refreshing
Crowning the mercy-seat!

2 Oh, these are blest and hallowed moments
Spent at His feet!
Oh, these are hours of rare refreshing
Crowning the mercy-seat!
Our fellowship is pure and holy,
Like that above;
God sends upon His children lowly
Streams of His quickening love.

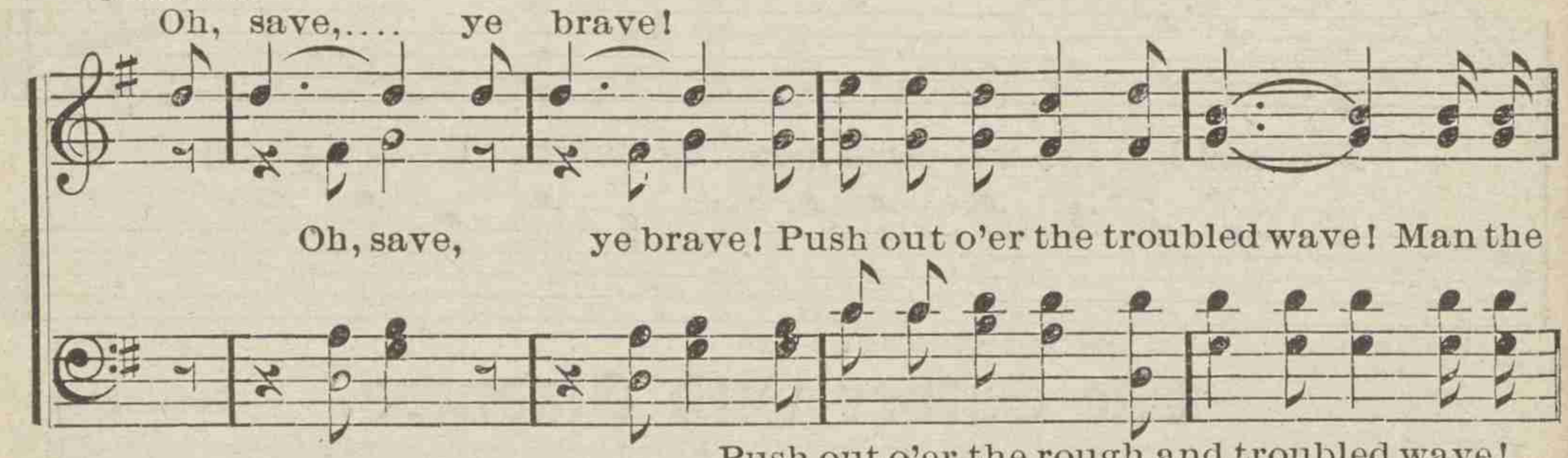
3 We need the presence of the Savior
Would we be blest;
We plead the tokens of His favor;
His love is sweetest, best;
Our hearts are thrilled with peace and gladness,
Jesus is near;
His presence scatters doubt and sadness,
Fills us with joy and cheer.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

No. 32. The Life-Boat.

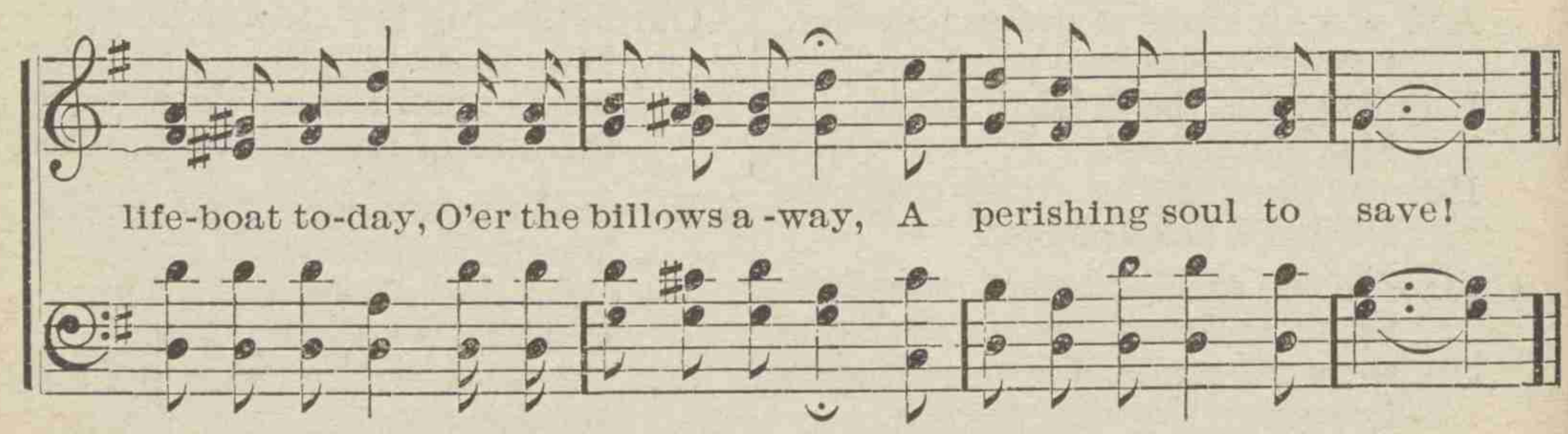
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. C. E. Prior.

1. The life-boat, loose it! for o'er the wave There echoes a heart-rending cry:
2. Heed not the tempest, fear not its roar; Quick speed o'er the billowy wave;
3. Bring out the life-boat, and gather in The souls that are drifting a-way

"Come quick to the rescue, ye souls true and brave! Oh, save ere we perish and die!"
The life-boat launch forth and push out from the shore, A perishing brother to save.
In doubt and in darkness, in guilt and in sin, And bring them to Jesus to-day.

Chorus.

Oh, save,.... ye brave!



Oh, save, ye brave! Push out o'er the troubled wave! Man the

Push out o'er the rough and troubled wave!



life-boat to-day, O'er the billows a-way, A perishing soul to save!

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No. 33. The Barren Fig-Tree.

Read Luke 13: 6-9.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. In the vineyard of the Mas - ter, There was grow- ing once a tree;
2. But the dress- er then made an - swer, Leave it, Lord, an- oth - er year;
3. In the vineyard of my Mas - ter, Oft my tree His patience tries;

Thith- er came He, oft - en hop - ing That some fruit there- on might be.
I with care will tend and keep it Till the bud and bloom ap - pear;
Seek- ing fruit He oft - en com - eth, Find-ing on - ly use - less leaves.

Fruit, not blos- som, went He seek - ing, On - ly leaves thereon He found;
Then, if ripened fruit be show - ing, It is well, my Lord will own;
Let Thy dews of grace fall on me, Till some fruits di- vine ap- pear;

To His dress- er, hear Him speak- ing, Lo! it cum- ber - eth the ground.
If but leaves are on it grow - ing, Aft- er that, Lord, cut it down.
Let Thy patience rest up - on me, Try me, Lord, an - oth - er year.

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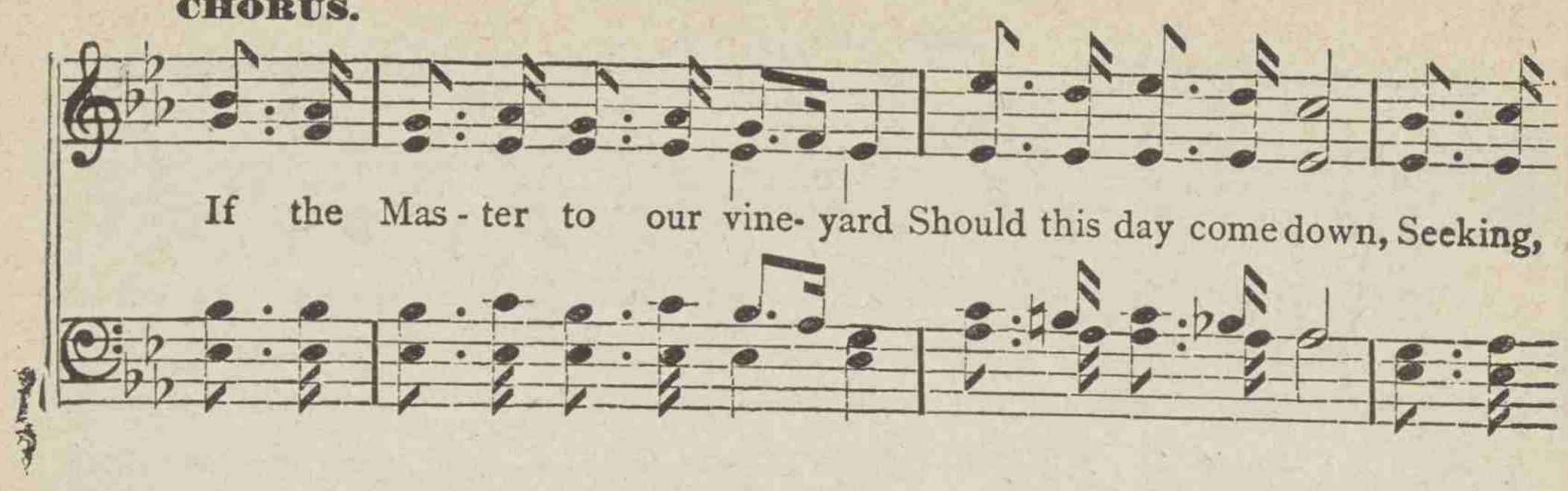
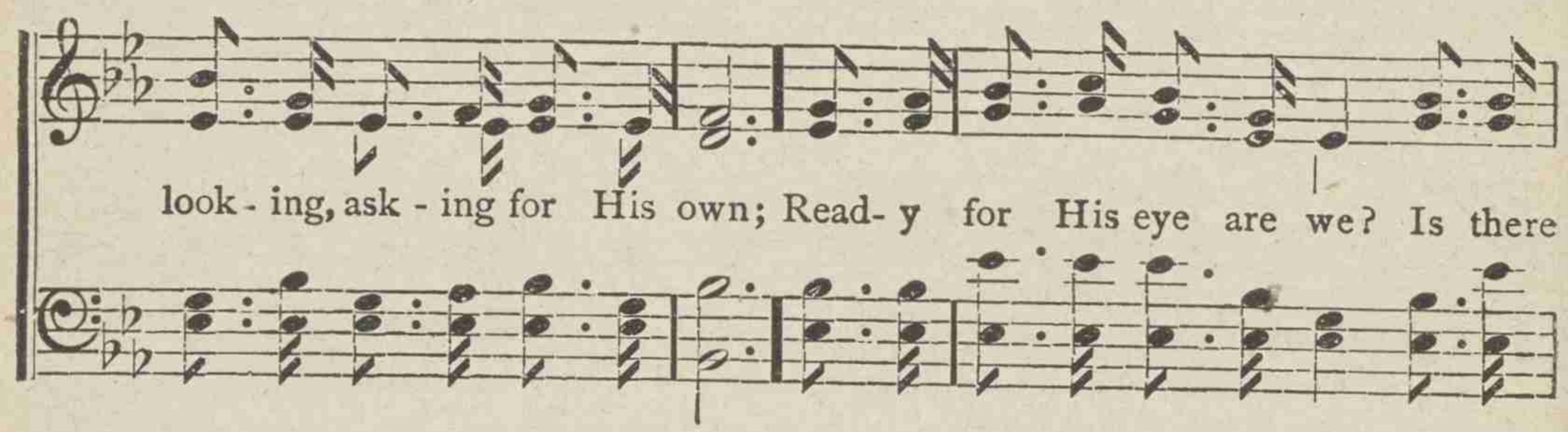
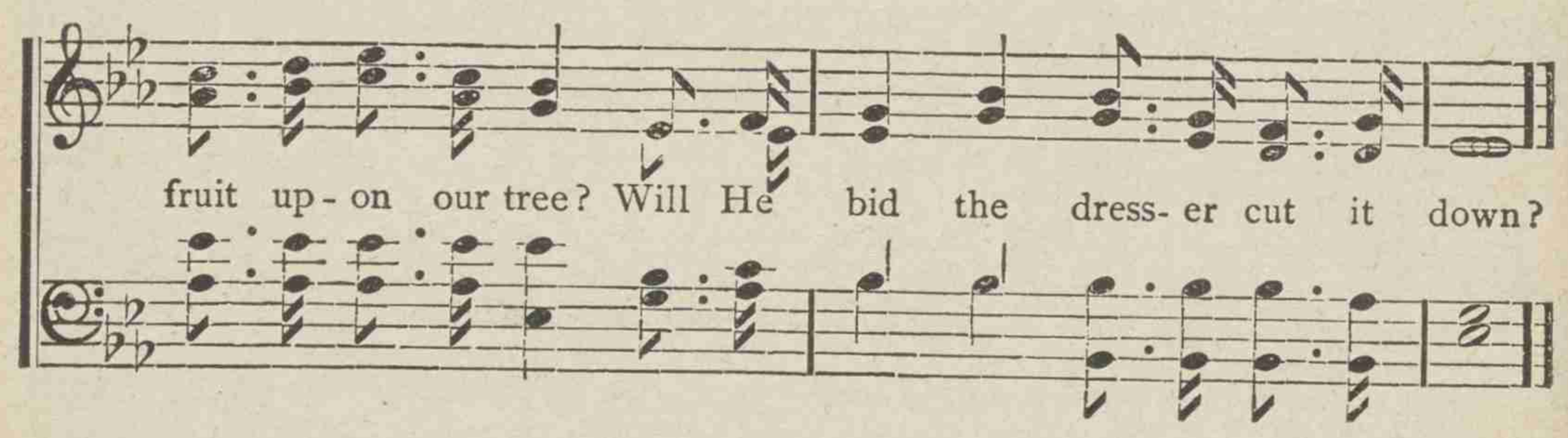
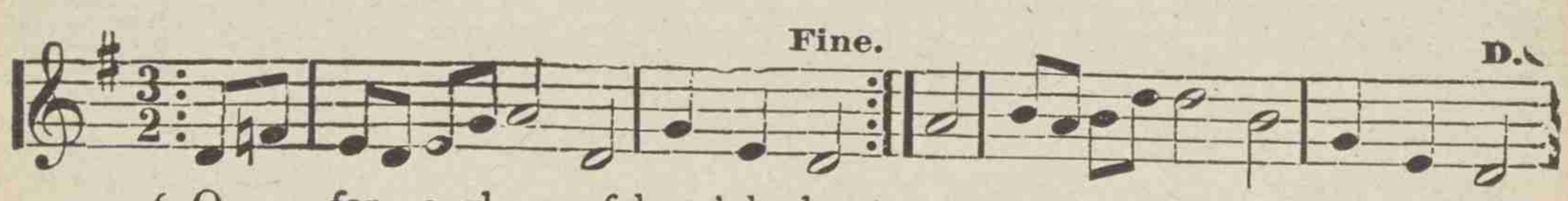
The Barren Fig-Tree.—Concluded.

CHORUS.







No. 34. The Frozen Heart.

1. { O, for a glance of heav'nly day, / To take this stubborn heart a - way, } And thaw, with beams of love di-vine,
D. C.—This heart, this froz-en heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear —
Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

No. 35. Lay Hold On the Life-Line.

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

UNISON.

1. O ye who are drifting on the swift tides of sin, Near, near is the life-boat! Will ye not en - ter in? Wild storms are around you raging,
2. See! there is a sig-nal gleaming bright from the shore; Hark! voices are call - ing 'mid the loud tempest's roar; Look! there is a life-line float-ing
3. Soul, you are in reach of safe-ty, help-ers are near; This, this should your courage strengthen—lo! God is here; While now there is hope of res - cue,

INST.

why then de-lay? Why do you not grasp the line for res-cue to-day?
close by your side, This, this is your only hope, there's no help be-side.
reach forth the hand, Lay hold on the life-line at the dear Lord's command.

CHORUS.

{ Lay hold on the life - line! Lay hold on the life - line! Christ can save the
{ Lay hold on the life - line! Lay hold on the life - line! Je - sus Christ can

1 2 *Rit.*

per-ish-ing from sink-ing 'neath the wave;
res-cue you, [*Omit.* . . . . .] yes, Je - sus Christ can save.

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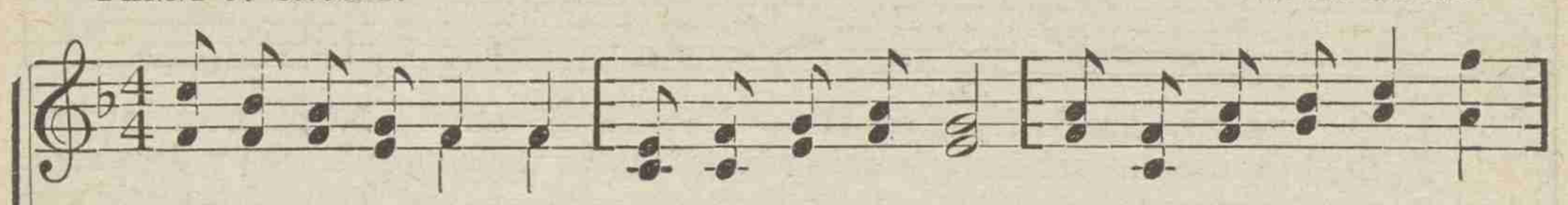
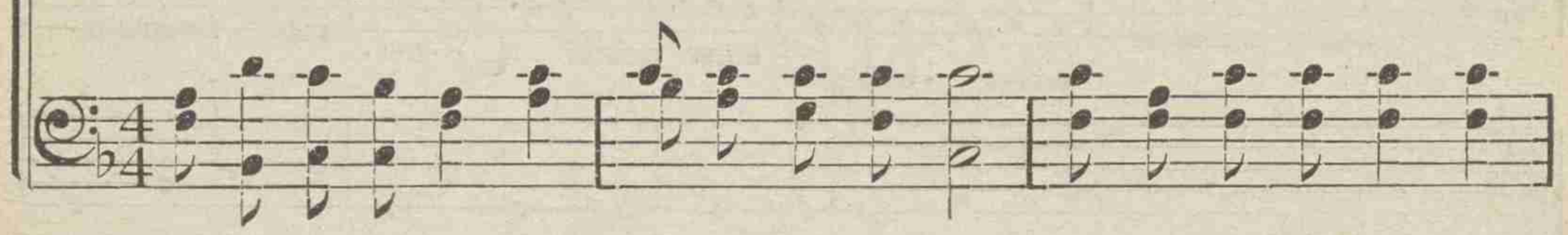
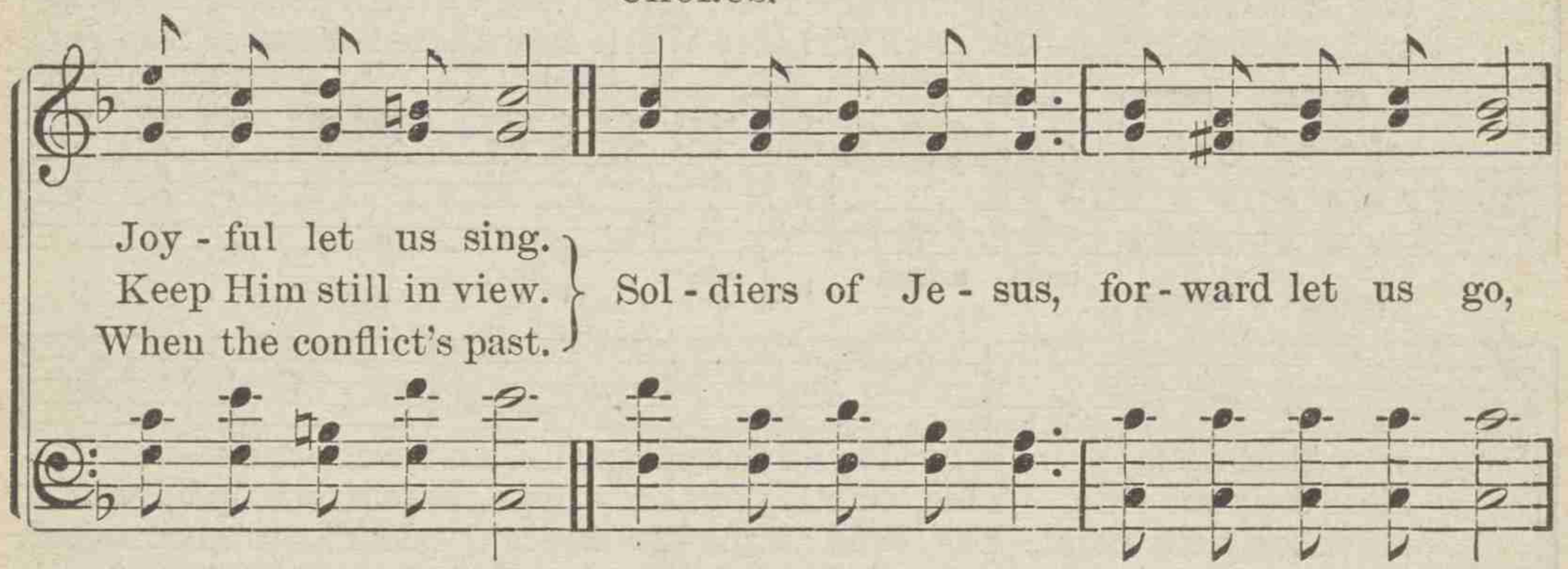
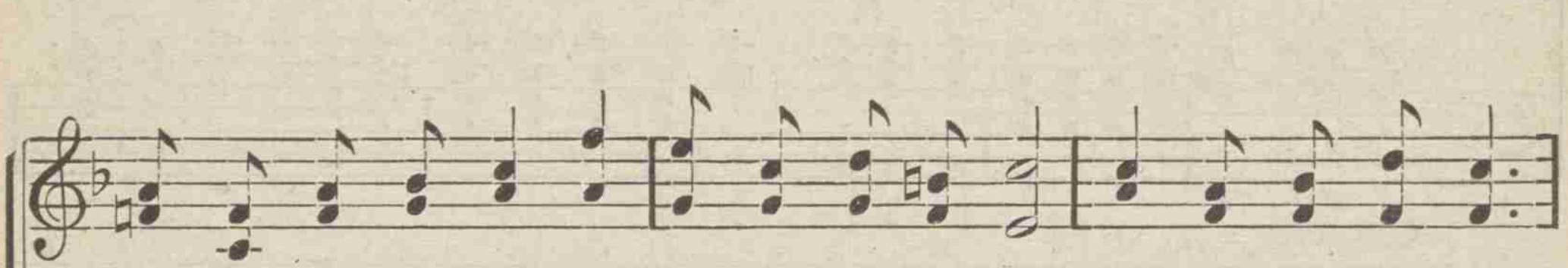
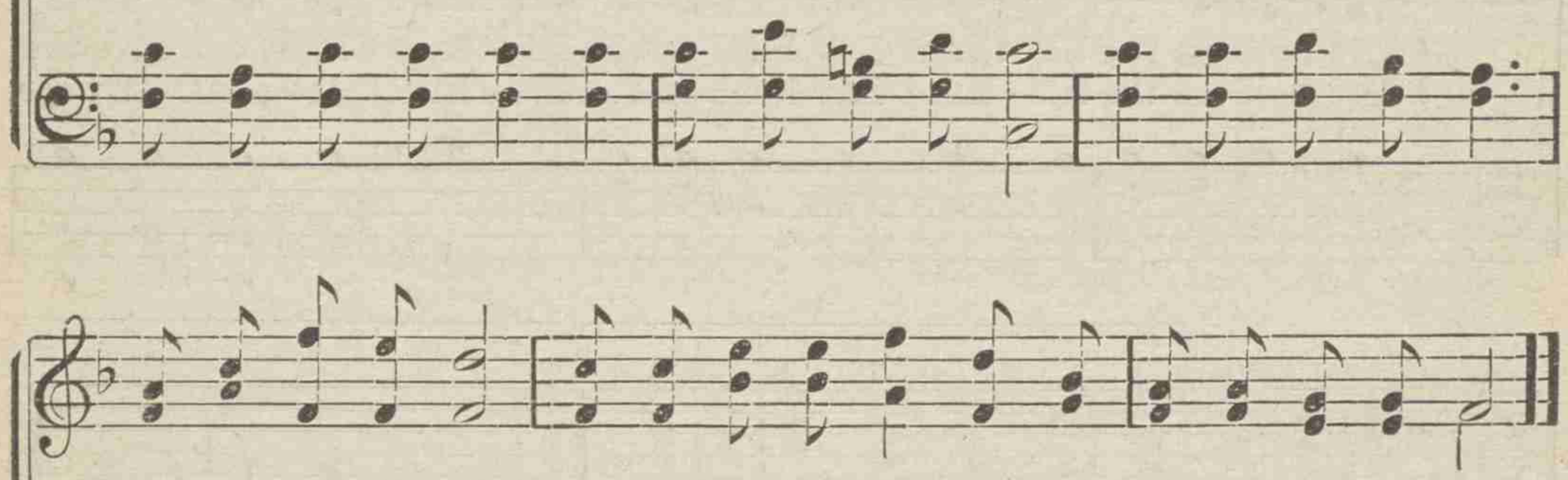
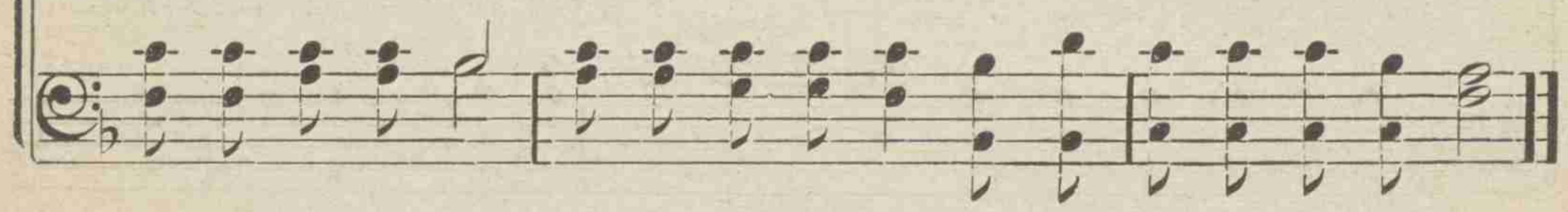
No. 36. In the Royal Army.

"In the army."—Job. 29: 25.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. In the Roy-al ar - my, Sol-diers of the King, Marching forth to con-quest,
2. In the Roy-al ar - my, Like the tried and true, Fol-low your Commander,
3. In the Roy-al ar - my, Faith-ful to the last, Great will be our tri-umph,

CHORUS.



Joy - ful let us sing.
Keep Him still in view.
When the conflict's past.
} Sol - diers of Je - sus, for - ward let us go,

On-ward, trusting, praying, Brav-ing ev - 'ry foe; Sol - diers of Je - sus,

Lift the standard high, Onward, Christian soldiers, We'll conquer bye and bye.

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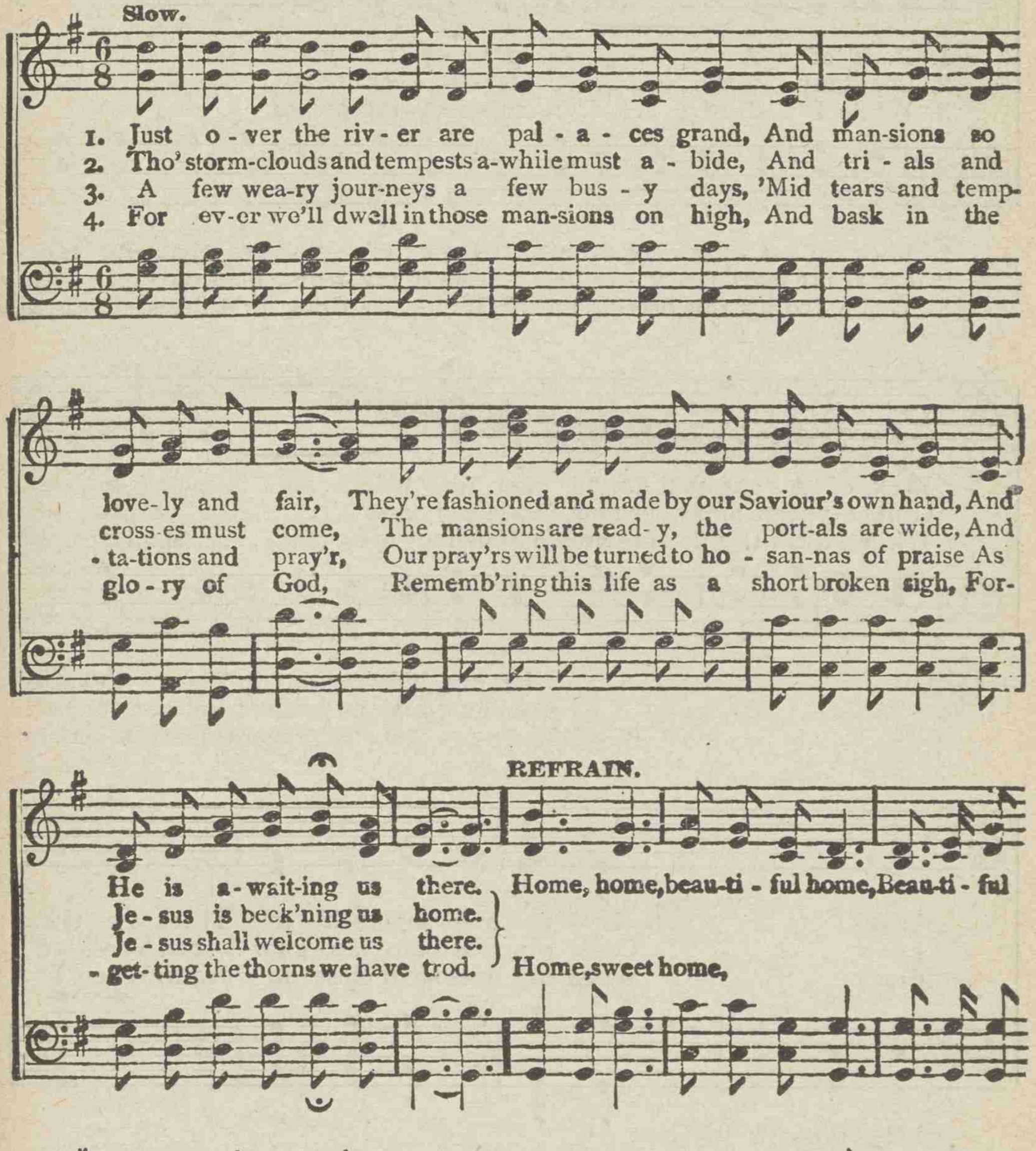
No. 37. Home.

Affectionately dedicated to my wife, Mrs. C. F. Penn.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

Mrs. F. M. Griffin. Words arr. Chorus and Music by **W. E. Penn.**



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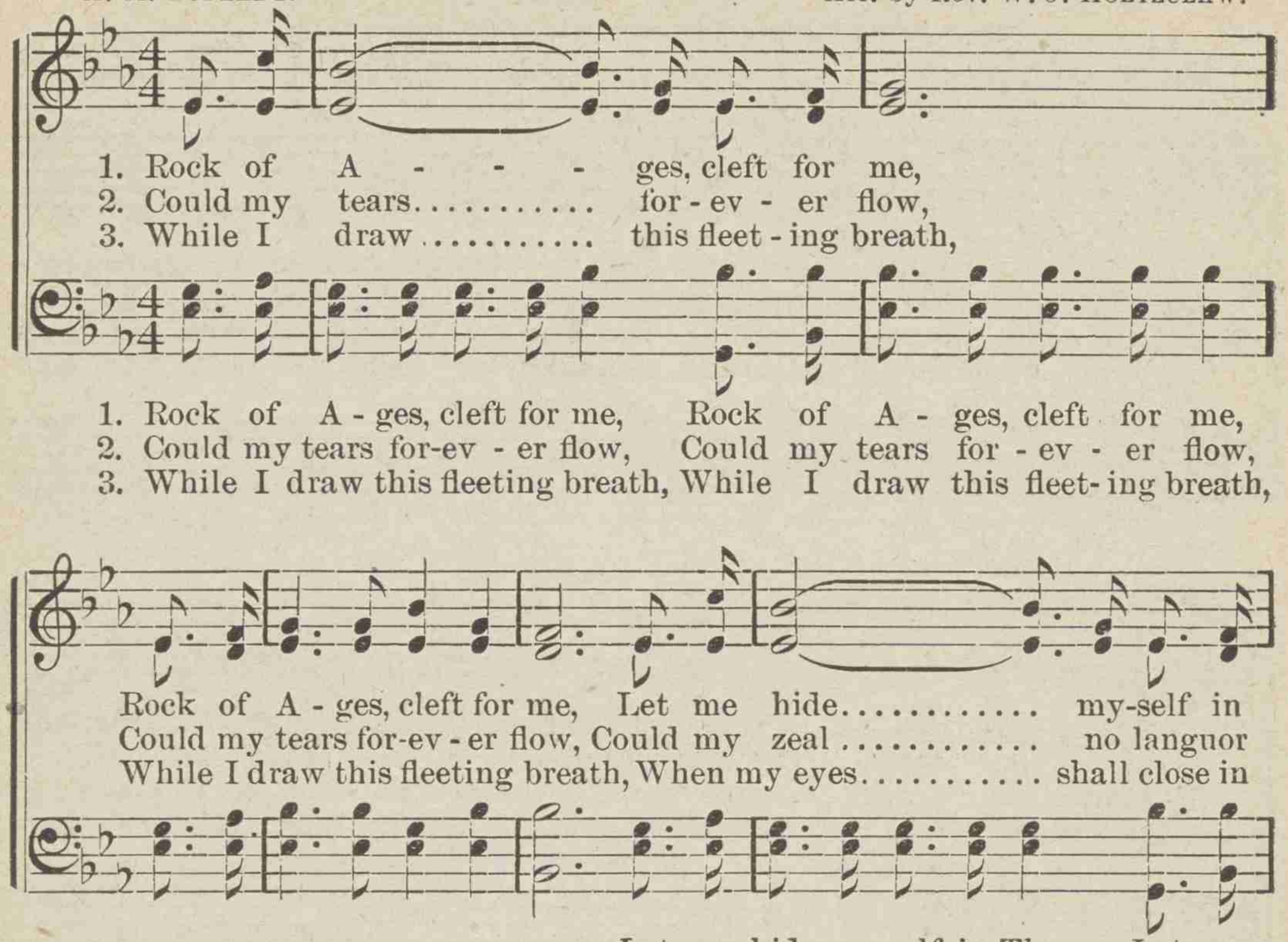
No. 38. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. Arr. by Rev. W. J. HOLTZCLAW.



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Rock of Ages.—Concluded.

Be of sin the doub-le cure (the cure), Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring (I bring); Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me (for me), Let me hide my-self in Thee.

CHORUS.

Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, cleft for me, cleft for me,

Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, cleft for me, cleft for me,

No. 39. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

I. WATTS. Rev. WM. J. HOLTZCLAW.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb,
   And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to [*Omit.*] speak His name?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
   While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' (*Omit.*) bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
   Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me [*Omit.* .] on to God?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord;
   I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported [*Omit.* .] by Thy word.

CHORUS.

I hear Him saying, "Follow me!" His orders I'll o-bey, I'll o - bey.

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No. 40. Keep Your Colors Flying.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. S. H. LIGHTNER.

Soprano and Alto in Unison.

1. Keep your col - ors fly - ing, All ye Chris-tian youth;
2. Life is all be - fore you Where to choose your way;
3. Keep your col - ors fly - ing, Nev - er think of ease;

To Christ's call re - ply-ing, Full of grace and truth. Rise in strength and
Keep Christ's colors o'er you, Watch and fight and pray. With a firm en-
Sin and self de-ny - ing, Je-sus on - ly please. Not for worldly

beau - ty, In life's morn-ing glow, An-swer to each du-ty,
deav - or Ev - ery foe de - fy; True to Je - sus ev - er,
pleas- ure, Not for world -ly fame, Not for heaps of treasure,

CHORUS.

On - ward, up - ward go.
Lift your col - ors high.
But for Je - sus' name!
} Keep your col - ors fly - ing,

Stand for God and truth; Keep your col-ors fly-ing, All ye Christian youth.

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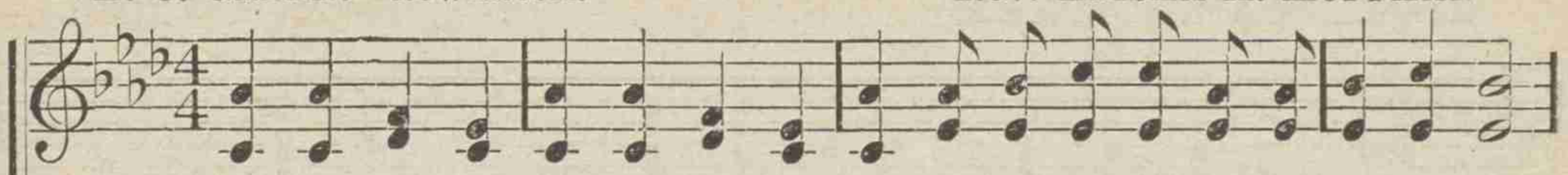
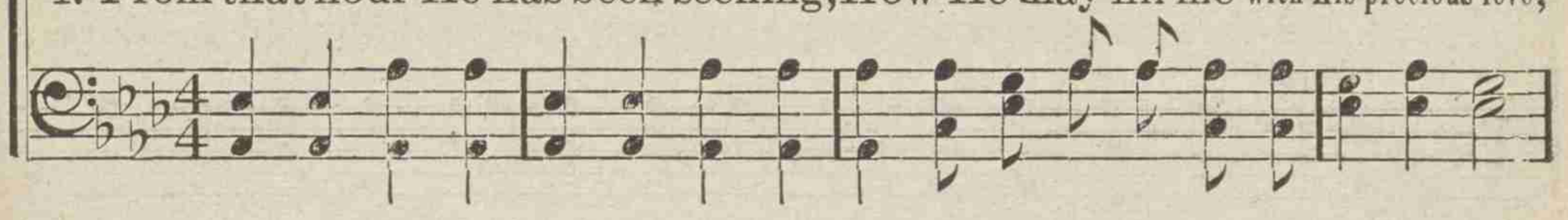
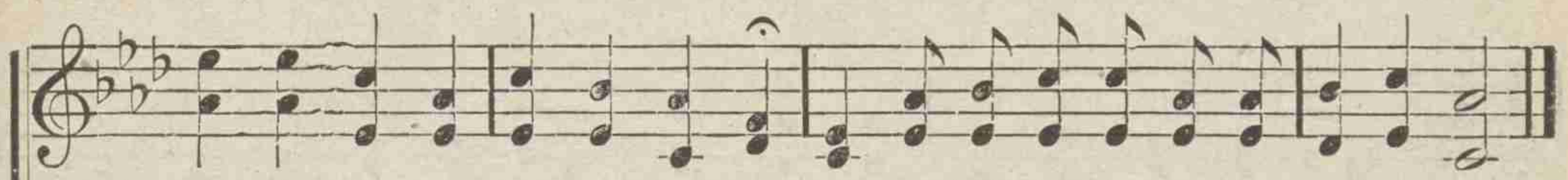
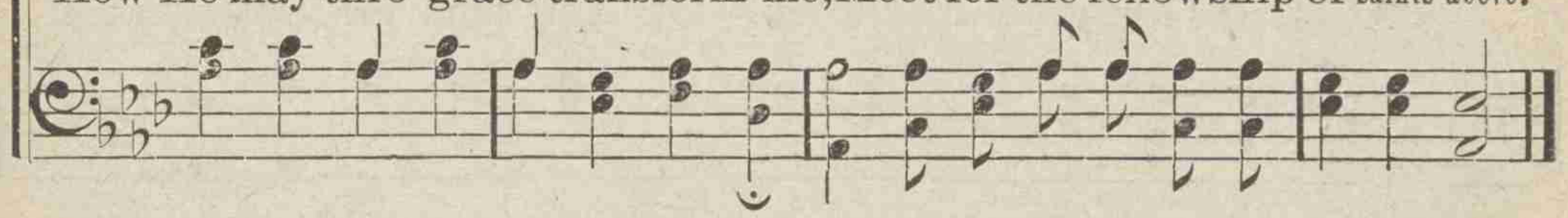
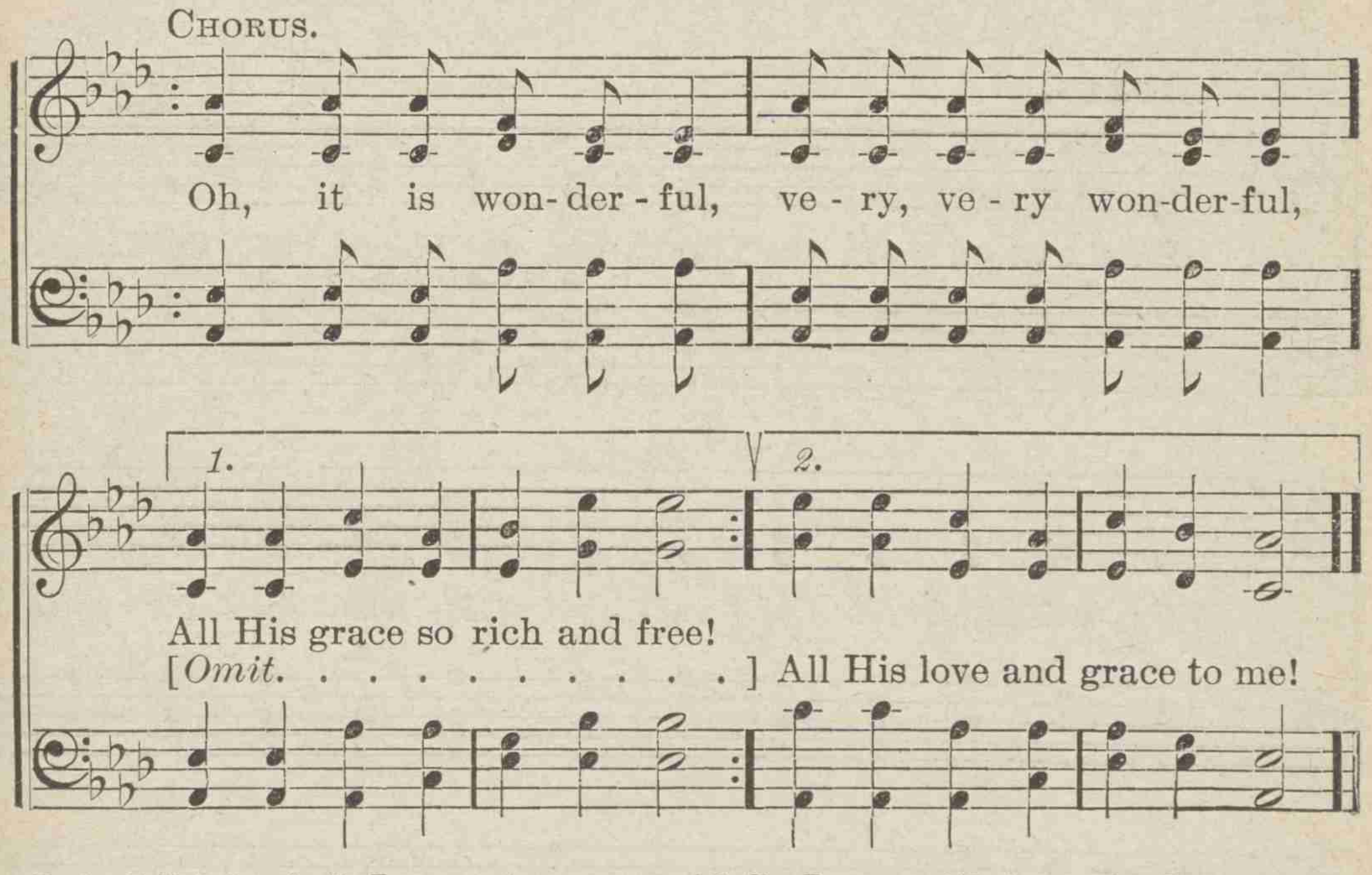
No. 41. Oh, It Is Wonderful.

E. C. GREEN. Rewritten. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

1. Can it be that Jesus bought me, And on the hallowed cross atoned for me,
2. Praise His name, He sought and found me, Saved me from wandering and brought me near;
3. It was months He had been waiting, Waiting the dawning of the precious hour;
4. From that hour He has been seeking, How He may fill me with His precious love;



Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him? Oh, what a precious, precious Friend is He?
Free - ly now His grace bestowing, Jesus is growing unto me more dear.
When I should at last be yielding, Yielding to Jesus ev'ry ransomed pow'r.
How He may thro' grace transform me, Meet for the fellowship of saints above.



CHORUS.

Oh, it is won- der - ful, ve - ry, ve - ry won-der-ful,

All His grace so rich and free!
[*Omit.* . . . . .] All His love and grace to me!

5 As I think of all, I marvel
Why in such patience He my good has sought,
And bestowed His grace upon me,
And in my spirit such a change has wrought.

6 So I cry, with love o'erflowing:
"Unto the Savior be eternal praise,"
Who redeemed me, soul and body,
Filling with gladness all my earthly days.

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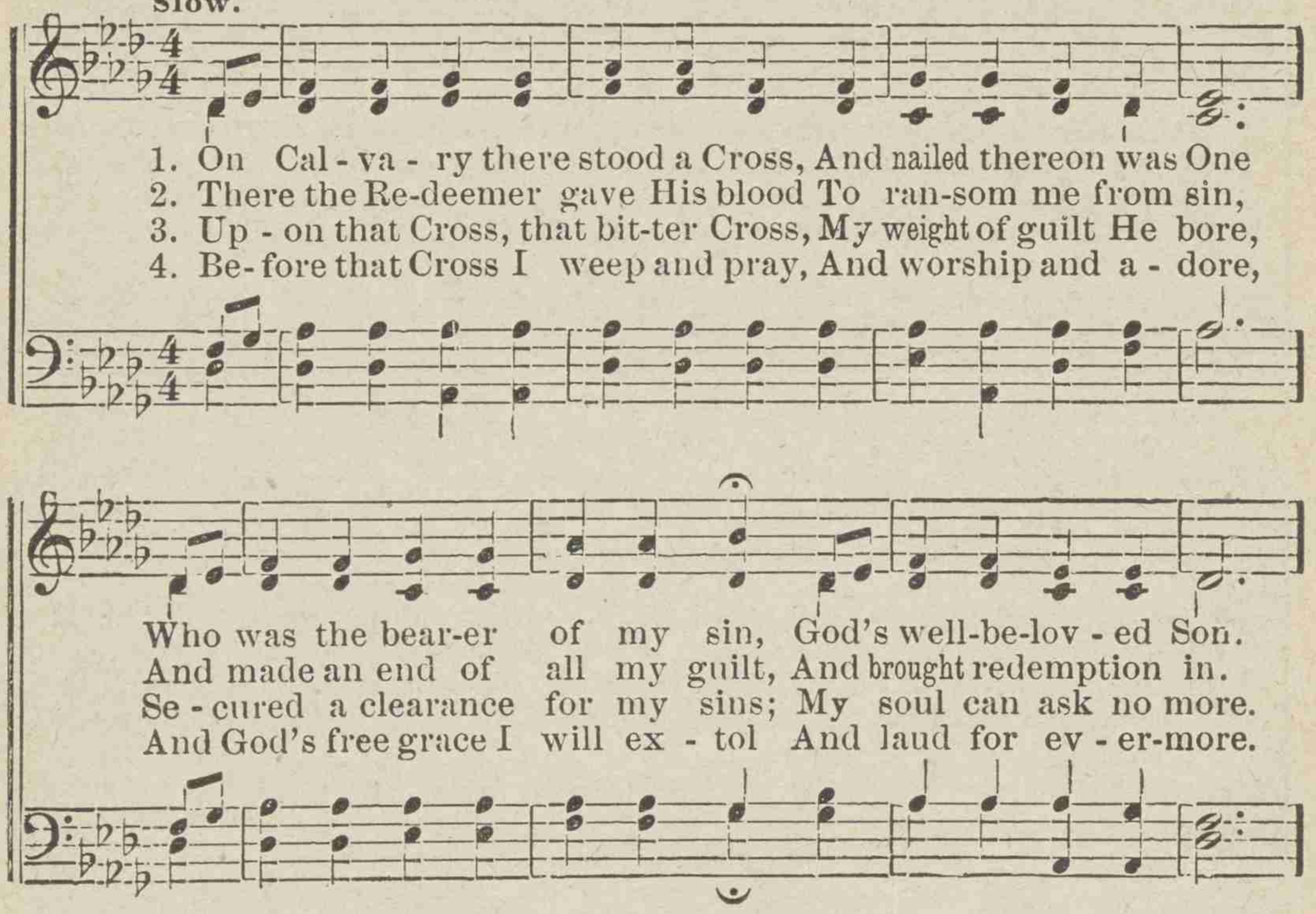
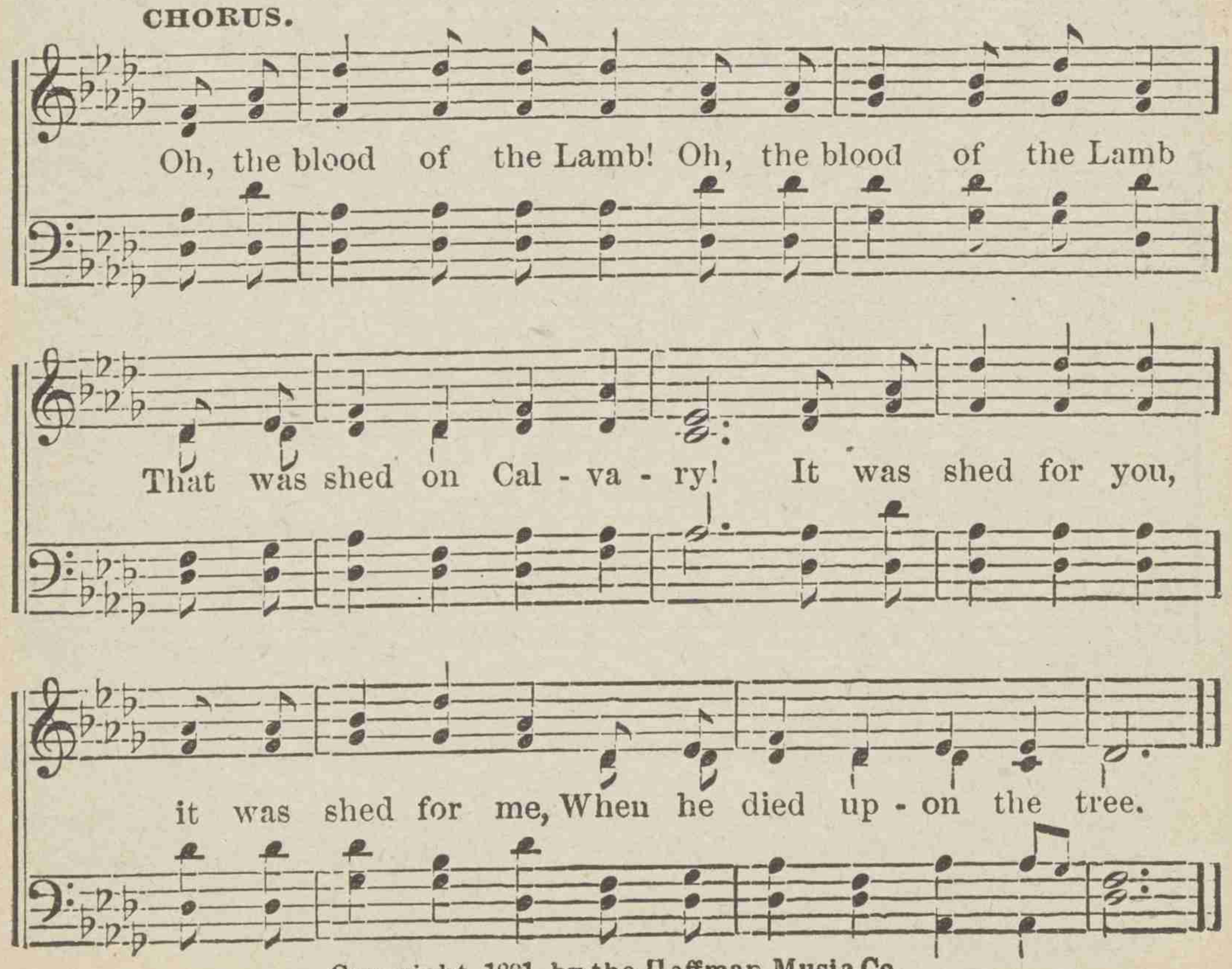
No. 42. On Calvary There Stood a Cross.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Rev. J. H. WELCH.

Slow.



CHORUS.



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No. 43. He Saved Me, Hallelejah!

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

1. I earn-est -ly prayed for de- liv-'rance from sin, And longed to be
2. My feet had been treading the pathway of sin; My robes were de-
3. And now I'm re-joic- ing in Je - sus my King, And songs of thanks-

washed from de-file-ment with-in; To Je - sus for par-don and
filed and my spir - it un-clean; I went to the Sav - iour, the
giv - ing un-ceas - ing - ly sing; I praise and a- dore Him, the

cleans -ing I came, And He saved me, hal - le - lu - jah to His
dear Son of God, And He washed me and He cleansed me in His
dear Lamb of God, Who washed me and redeemed me in His

CHORUS.

won-der- ful name!
won-der- ful blood!
won-der- ful blood!
} He washed me, hal-le-lu -jah! He cleansed me, hal-le-

lu -jah! He saved me, hal - le - lu- jah to His won-der-ful name!

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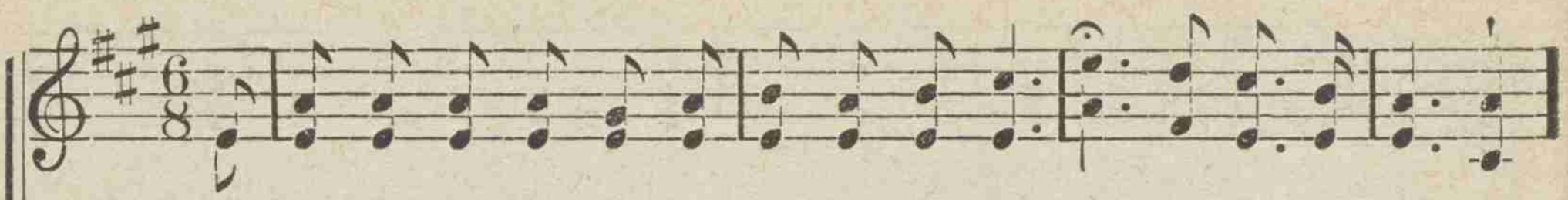
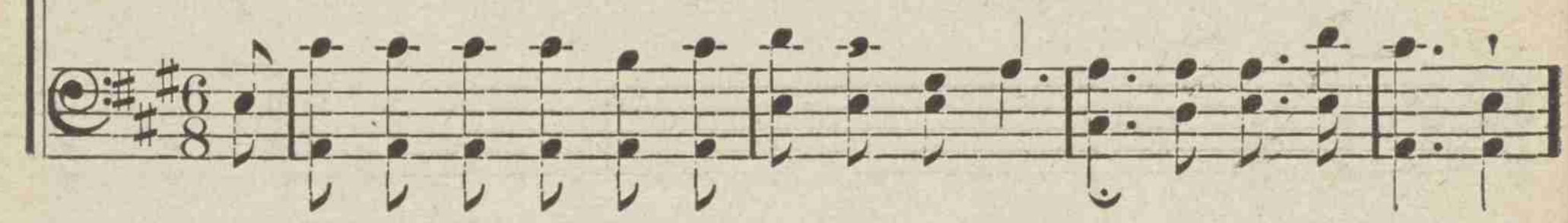
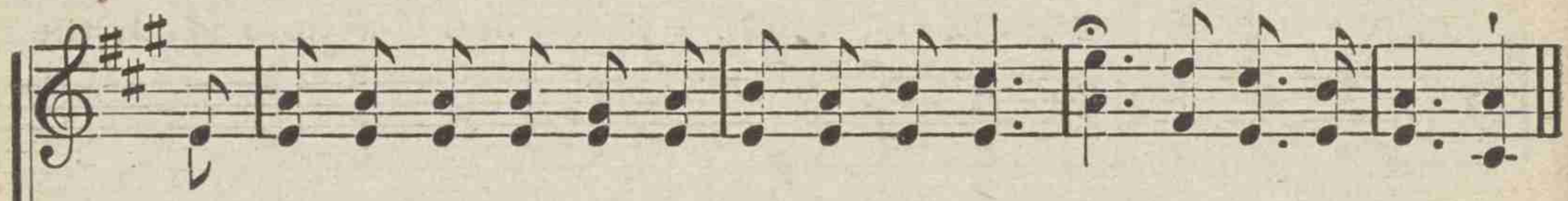
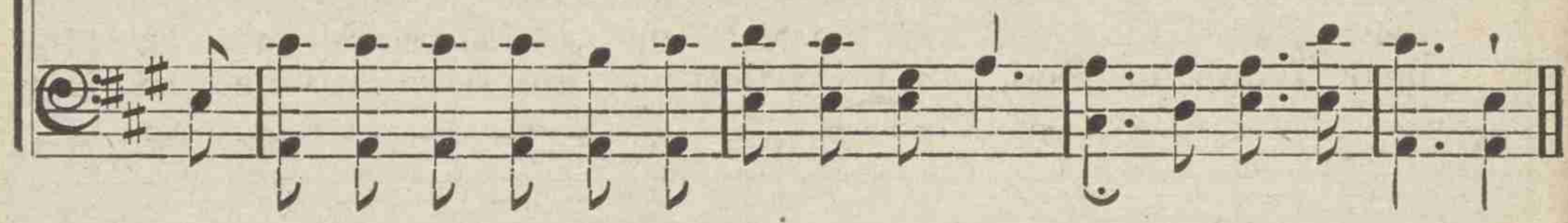
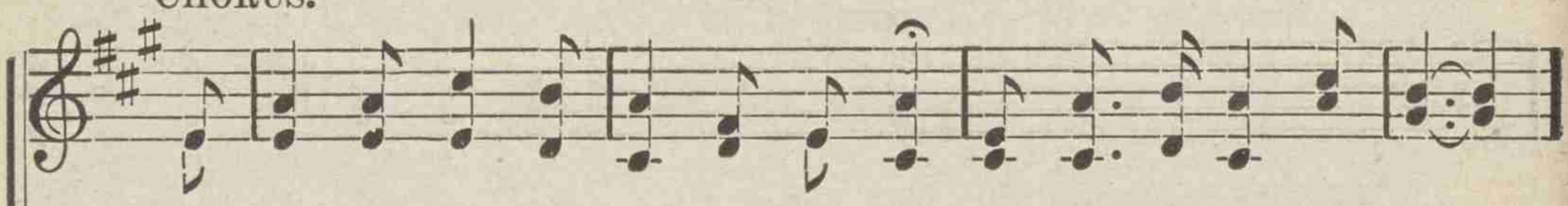
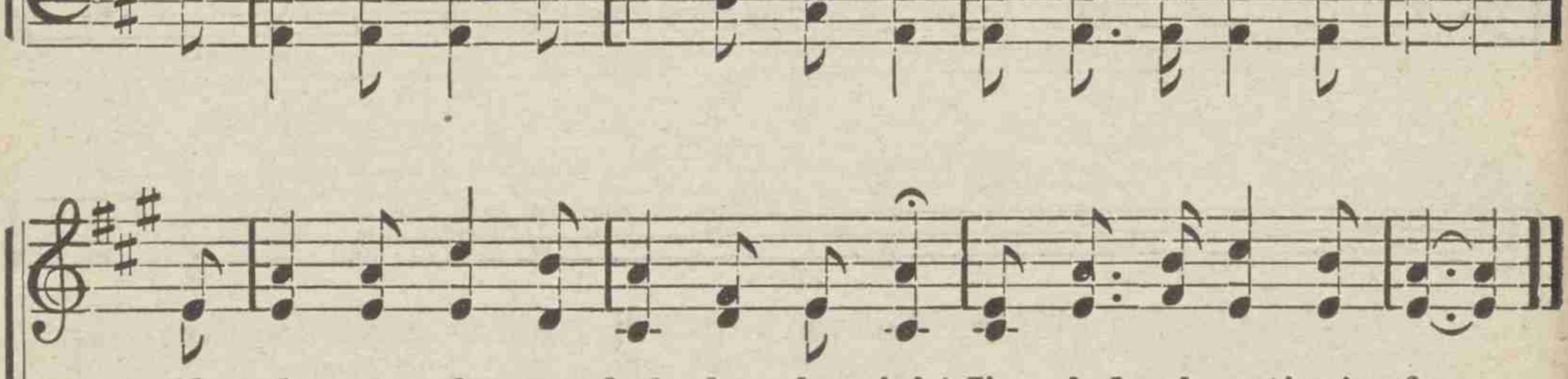
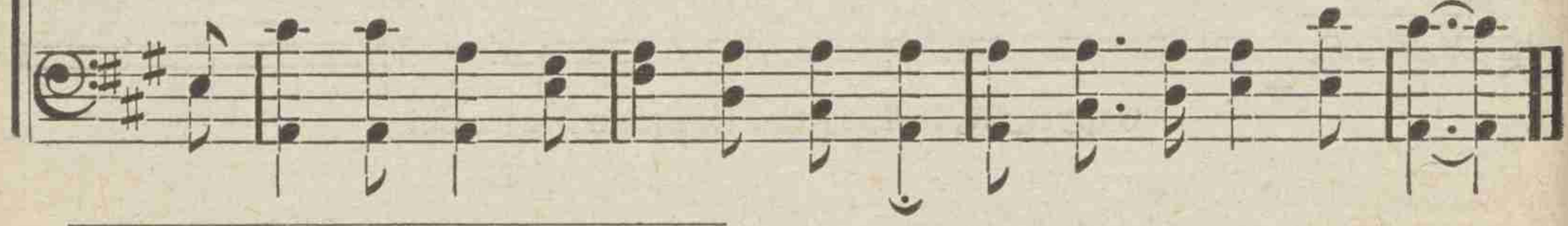
No. 44. Glory Hallelujah!

W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. I'm hap-py in Je-sus, my Sav-ior and King, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
2. I'll trust Him for-ev-er, His praises I'll sing, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
3. I'm glad I can trust Him, I'm happy each day, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
4. My Sav-ior will help me each vic-t'ry to win, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!

And now His praises for-ev-er I will sing, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
My Sav-ior will guide me in ev-er-y thing, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
The sins of my life, He will take them a-way, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
He'll take me to heav-en where there is no sin, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!

Chorus.

Oh, glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! I'm glad sal-va-tion's free;

Oh, glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! I'm glad sal-va-tion's free.

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No. 45. Hear Him Calling.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. B. EVERETT. By per.

1. Are you stay-ing, safe-ly stay-ing, In the ten-der Shepherd's
2. Are you hear-ing, glad-ly hear-ing, How he bids his fold-ed
3. Are you roam-ing, long-er roaming, In the cold, dark night of

peace-ful fold? No, I'm stray-ing, sad-ly stray-ing, On the
flock re-joice? No, I'm fear-ing, sad-ly fear-ing, I have
doubt and sin? No, I'm com-ing, quickly com-ing, O-pen

REFRAIN.

lone-ly mountains, dark and cold.
fol-lowed far the stranger's voice. On your ear his lov-ing tones are
Door, make haste to let me in.

fall-ing, For he seeks you, where-so-e'er you roam. Hear him

call-ing, sweet-ly call-ing, As he bids his wand'ring sheep come home.

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No. 46. What Would I do Without Jesus?

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. *(Can be used as a Solo and Chorus.)* CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When burdened with guilt and with sin?
2. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When sorrow op-press-es the heart?
3. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When sin and temp-ta-tion as - sail?
4. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When nearing the shad-ow-y vale?

Who else could forgive my transgressions, Or cleanse the defilement within?
Who else could relieve my dis-tress-es, Or solace and comfort impart?
Who else can se-cure my de- liv'rance, And over the tempter prevail?
No oth - er can cheer me and help me When all that is earthly shall fail.

CHORUS.

No oth - er,..... no oth - er,.....

No oth - er but Je - sus, my Sav - iour so dear, Can

me;..... He on - ly,..... He

be such a help - er to me, to me; He on - ly, this Je- sus, Our

on - ly,.....

gracious Redeem-er, My Lord and my Sav-iour shall be.

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No. 47. You Will Need a Friend.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Rev. J. H. WELCH.

1. When the woes of life o'ertake you, And its bil-lows o'er you roll,
2. When you leave the home of child-hood For the broad-er fields of life,
3. When your guilt-y heart condemns you, And your sins like mountains rise,
4. When you near the verge of Jor - dan, And you feel the touch of death,

And the waves of trib - u - la - tion, deep, O-ver-whelm your trembling soul,
And be - fore you is the con-flict sore, The con-tending and the strife,
And you can-not, for your burning tears, Lift to God your longing eyes,
In your frame the strange and mys-tic thrill, On your brow the chilling breath,

You will need a help - er true, Who can strength and succor lend;
You will need a might - y arm Your weak spir - it to de-fend;
You will need a Sav -iour kind, Who can peace and par-don send;
You will need a com -fort - er On whose love you can de-pend;

Cho. *Christ will be to you a friend, Kind and good and pure and true;*

D. S. for Chorus.

In that dark and try-ing hour You will need a faith-ful friend.
In temp - ta-tion's storm-y hour You will need a faith-ful friend.
In that gloom -y, painful hour You will need a faith-ful friend.
In that last momentous hour You will need a faith-ful friend.

On His faith-ful-ness de-pend; He will be a friend to you.

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No. 48. My Mother's Hands.

ANON. O. S. GRINNELL.

1. Such beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful hands !..... They're neith - er white nor small ;..... And you, I know, would scarce - ly think That
2. Such beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful hands !..... Though heart was weary and sad,..... Those pa - tient hands kept toil - ing on That the
3. Such beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful hands !..... They're grow - ing fee - ble now ;..... For time and pain have left their mark On
4. Be - yond this dark, shadowy land..... Where all is bright and fair,..... I know full well those dear old hands Will

they were fair at all ;..... I've looked on hands whose
child - ren might be glad ;..... I al - most weep, as
hand and heart and brow ;..... A - las ! a - las ! the
palms of vic - tory wear ;..... Where crys - tal streams through

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My Mother's Hands.—Concluded.

form and hue A sculp-tor's dream might be,..... Yet
look - ing back To childhood's dis - tant day,..... I
near - ing time, And the sad, sad day to me,..... When
end - less years, Flow o - ver gold - en sands And

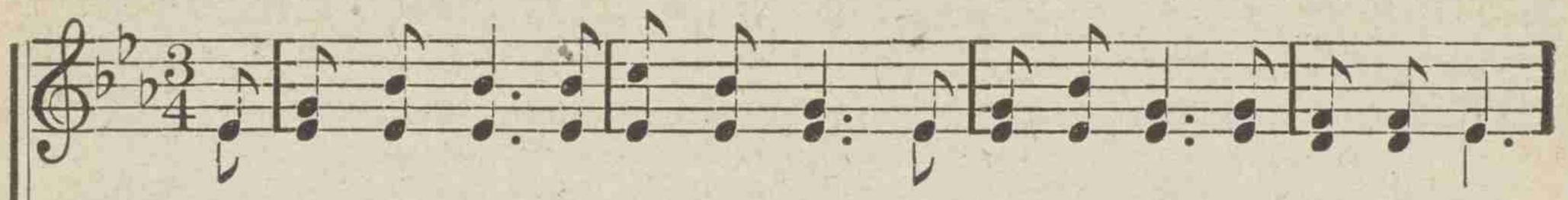
are these a - ged, wrinkled hands Most beau - ti - ful to me.
think how those hands rest - ed not, When mine were at their play.
'neath the dai - sies out of sight, Those hands will fold - ed be.
where the old are young a - gain, I'll clasp my moth - er's hands.

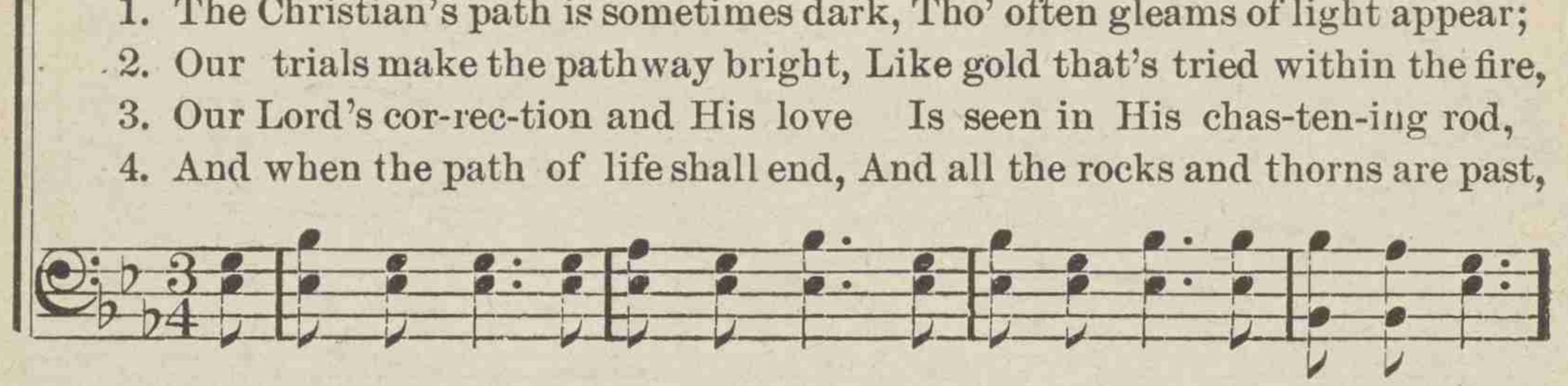
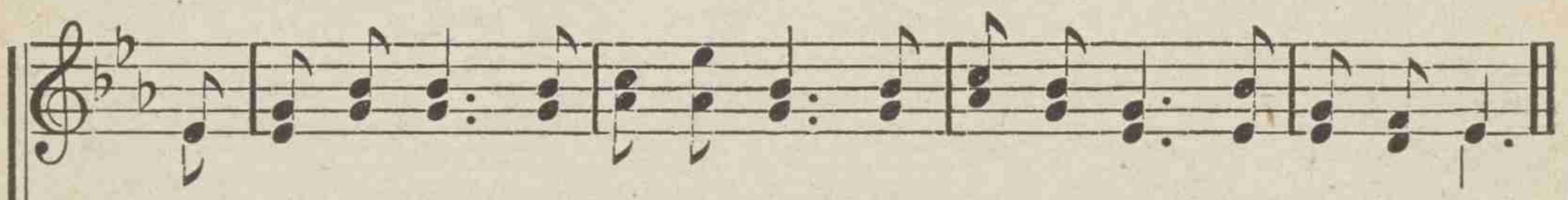
CHORUS.

But, oh! be-yond the star - ry world, In that bright, hap-py land, And

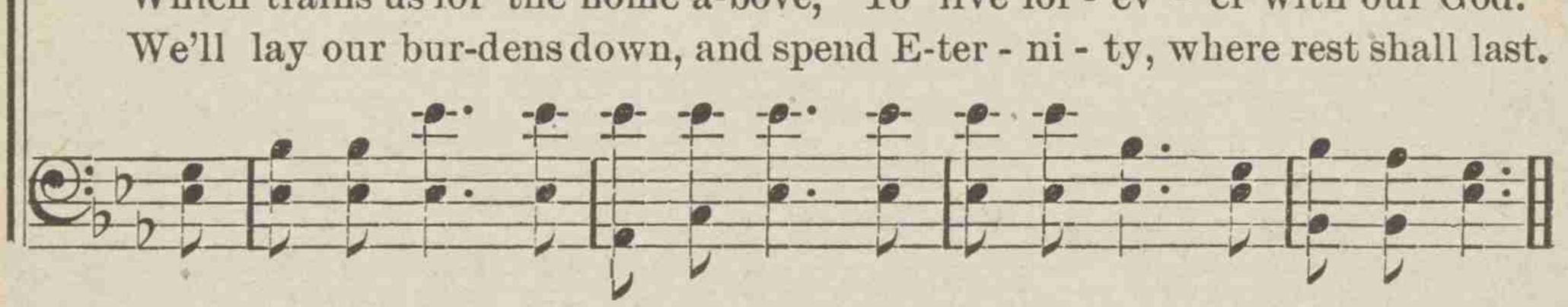
where the old are young a-gain I'll clasp my moth-er's hands!

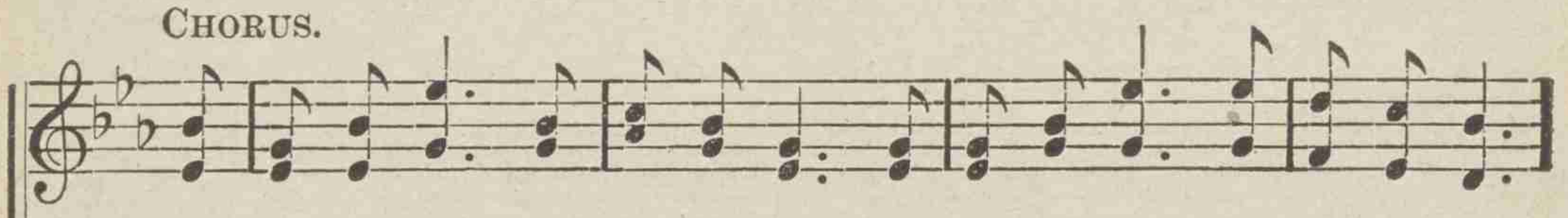
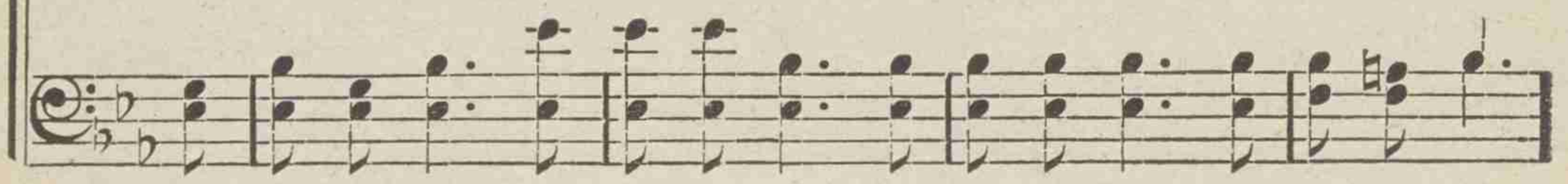
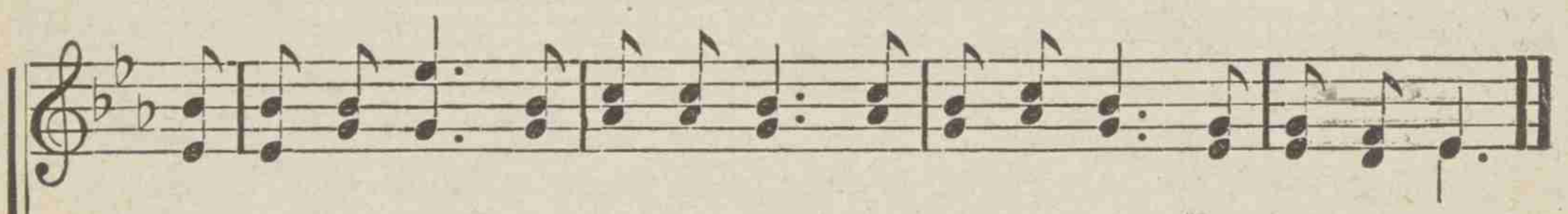
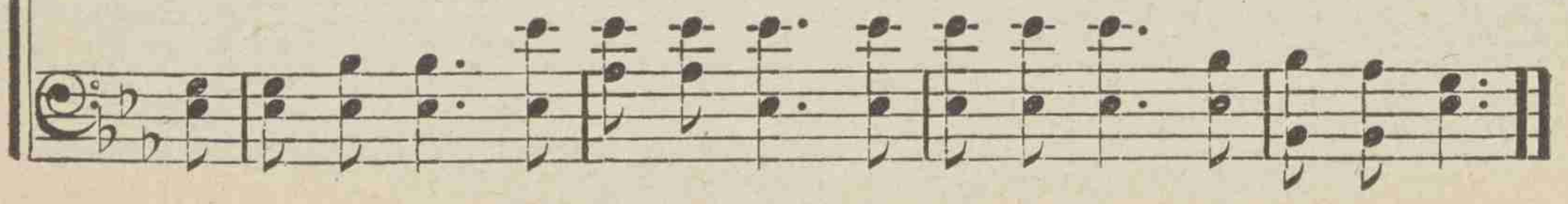
No. 49. The Christian's Path.

Rev. WILLIAM J. HOLTZCLAW. Pr. of W. H. MORRIS.

1. The Christian's path is sometimes dark, Tho' often gleams of light appear;
2. Our trials make the pathway bright, Like gold that's tried within the fire,
3. Our Lord's cor-rec-tion and His love Is seen in His chas-ten-ing rod,
4. And when the path of life shall end, And all the rocks and thorns are past,



In darkest night there is a spark Shines on that path to drive out fear.
The Christian's burdens will grow light, When striving in the con-flict dire.
Which trains us for the home a-bove, To live for - ev - er with our God.
We'll lay our bur-dens down, and spend E-ter - ni - ty, where rest shall last.



CHORUS.

Our pathway here will have an end, Our eyes will dry, and weep no more,

When we in praise our voic-es blend, In that bright land for ev - er-more.

No. 50. Oh, Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

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

1. Oh, tell me the story of Je - sus, The wonderful Saviour of men!
2. Oh, tell the sweet story of Je - sus, Whose mercy and grace are so free!
3. Oh, tell me the story of Je - sus! This Saviour, so precious to you,
4. Oh, tell me the story of Je - sus! I love the sweet message to hear;

It is such a beautiful sto - ry; Re-peat it again and a - gain.
He loves every penitent sin - ner; He tenderly loves e-ven me.
To me will be none the less dear-er, And I will believe on Him, too.
He is such a wonderful Saviour; No oth-er so precious and dear.

CHORUS.

Oh, tell me of Je - - - sus,
Tell me the beau - ti - ful sto - ry of Je - sus, The
The Saviour of men,..... And I, too, will
won-der-ful, mer-ci-ful Saviour of men; I, too, will love Him, and
love and serve Him For - ev - er. A - men!.....
I, too, will serve Him For-ev-er and ev -er, A-men and A- men!

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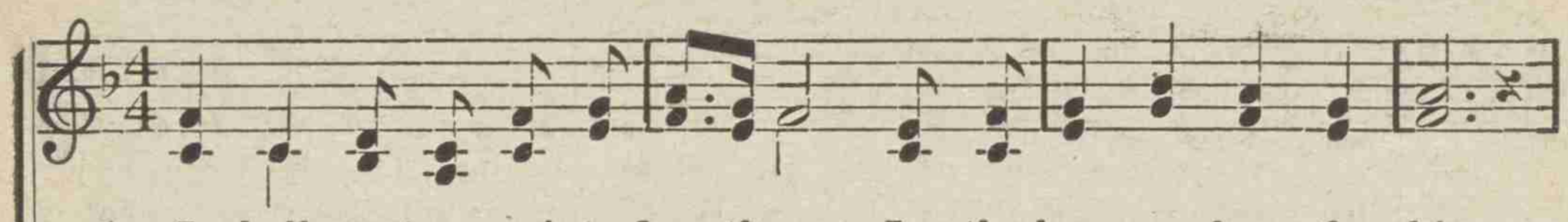
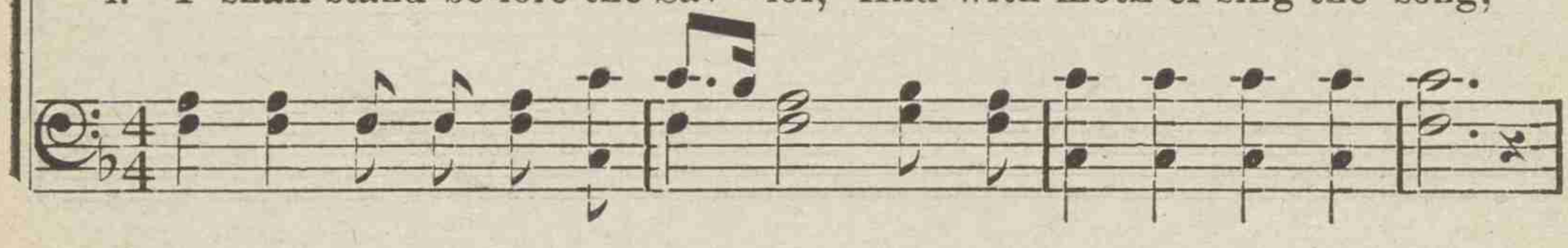
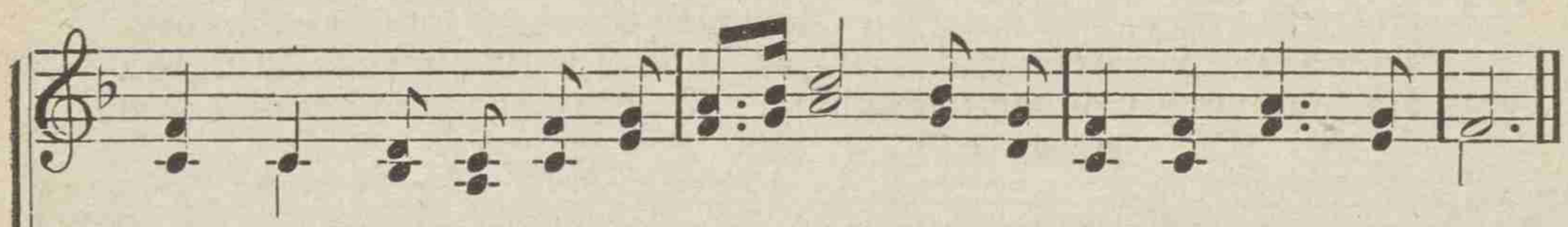
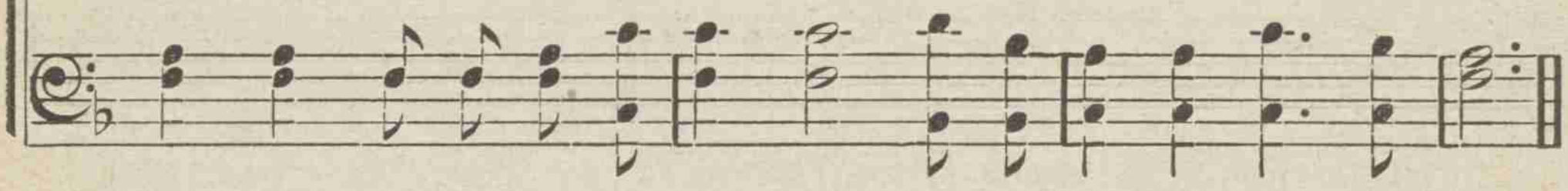
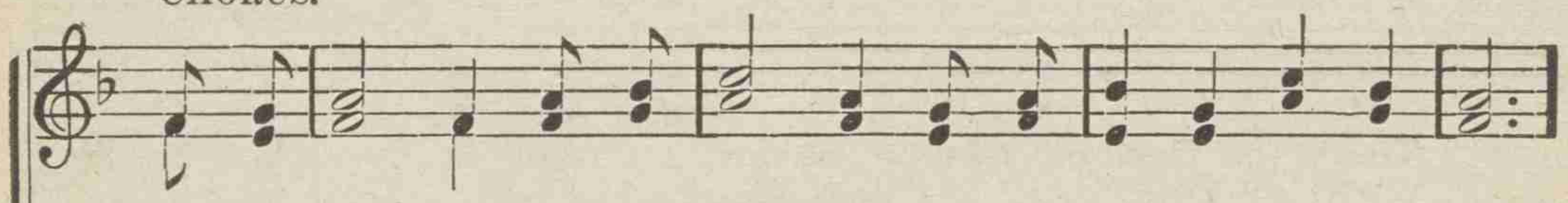
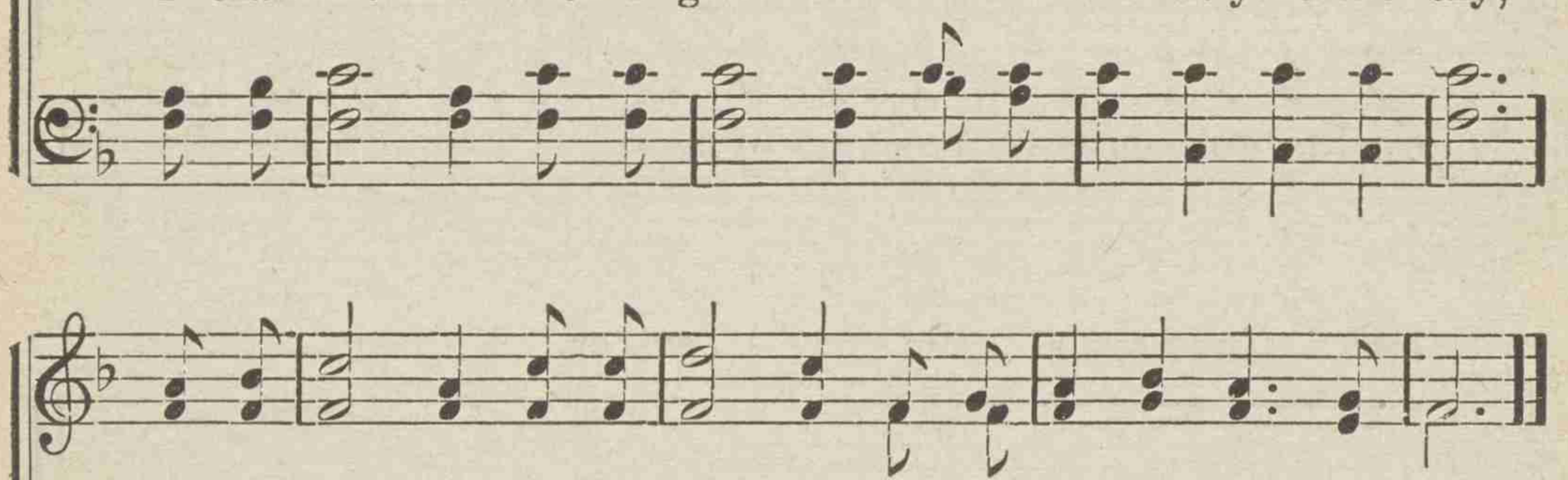
No. 51. My Sainted Mother.

Dedicated to Mrs. Lula N. Holtzclaw.

W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. I shall meet my saint-ed moth-er, In the home a - bove the skies;
2. In that land of ho - ly an - gels, She has been for ma - ny years;
3. I have strug-gled on in sor - row, Oft - en for my moth-er sigh;
4. I shall stand be-fore the Sav - ior, And with moth-er sing the song;

I shall see no tears of sor - row, Fall-ing from her lov - ing eyes.
And she wears a crown of glo - ry, Where the saints will shed no tears.
But I'll meet her in the morn-ing, Where they nev-er say "good- bye."
Sing with all the hosts of heav - en, Sing the great sal - va - tion song.



Chorus.

I shall know her when I greet her in the land be-yond the sky;

She will know me when I meet her, And we'll nev-er say "good - bye."

Copyright, 1895, by Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

No. 52. Never Say "Good-bye."

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. Arr. by Ira O. Hoffman.

1. When in re - un-ion glad and sweet, In yon fair home on high, Our
2. There sad farewells are nev-er known; There loved ones never die; Once
3. How blest our fel-low-ship will be; No sor - row, nor a sigh; And
4. There love and joy will thrill each heart, And beam from ev'ry eye, From

loved and lost a - gain we greet, We'll nev - er say "good-bye."
gath - ered round our Fa-ther's throne, We'll nev - er say "good-bye."
through the long e - ter - ni - ty We'll nev - er say "good-bye."
dear - est friends we'll nev - er part, And nev - er say "good-bye."

Chorus.

We'll nev - er say "good-bye," nev - er say "good-bye," Nev - er
say "good-bye" a - gain; O no, We'll nev - er say "good-bye,"
nev - er say "good-bye," Nev - er say "good-bye" in heav'n.

Repeat p p.

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No. 53. There Still Is Room for Thee.

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

1. The fount-ain of Christ's blood is flow - ing rich and free, With won-drous heal-ing pow'r for thee, for thee; Come to the streaming
2. The fount is o-pened wide in thy Re- deem-er's side, And grace and par-don flow in bound-less tide; The troubled wat- ers
3. There still is room for thee, and grace and par - don free, And all who will be-lieve may cleans- ed be; The blood of Christ the

flood and wash therein, And in this ver - y hour be cleansed from sin.
wait to cleanse from sin; There still is room for thee, come in, come in!
Lord has won-drous pow'r, To pur - i - fy thy heart this ver - y hour.

CHORUS.

There still is room for thee, In His love and sym-pa - thy; In the Sav-iour's warm and lov- ing heart, There still is room for thee.

Rit.

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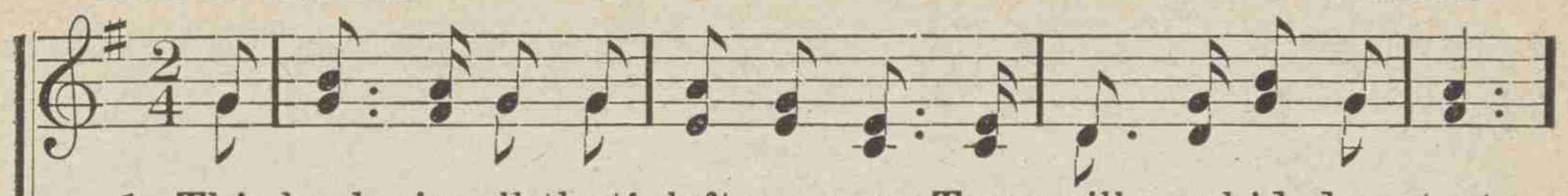
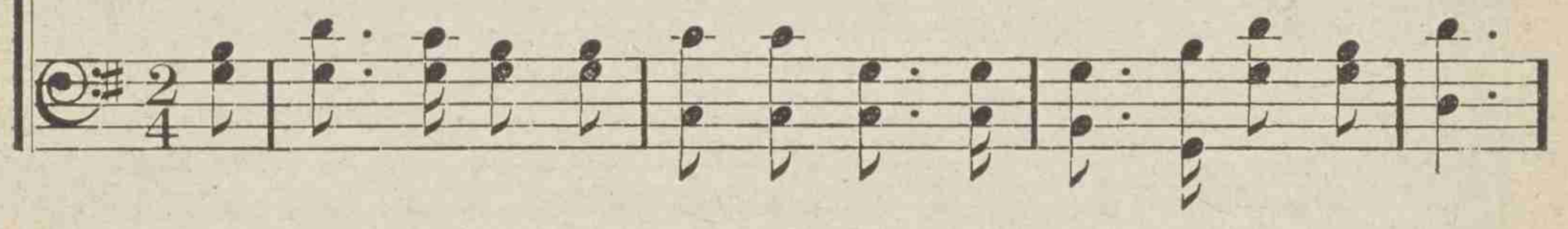
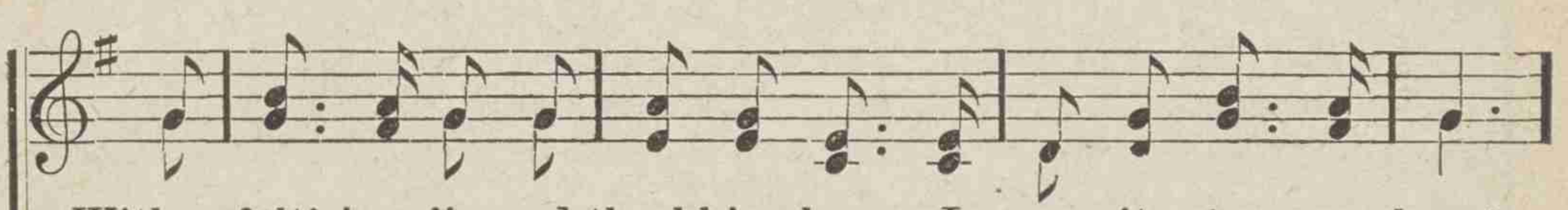
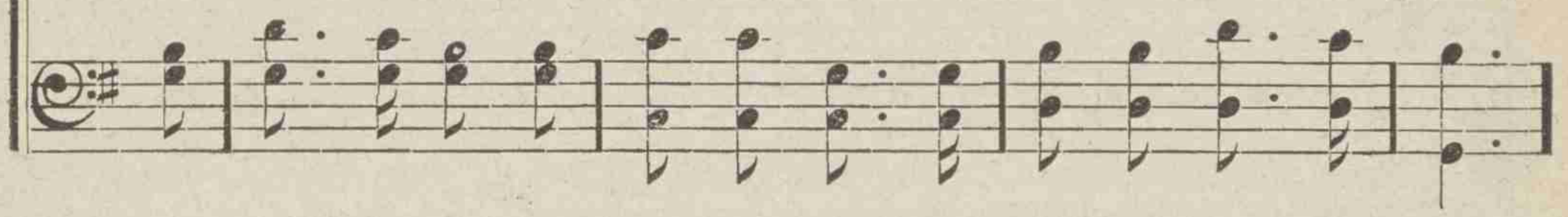
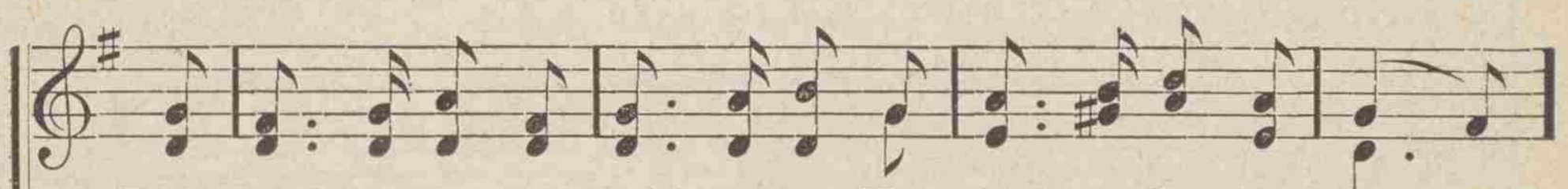
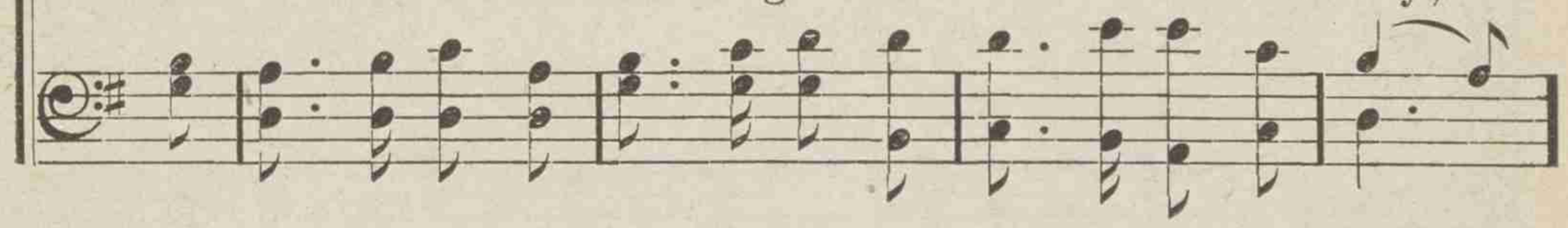
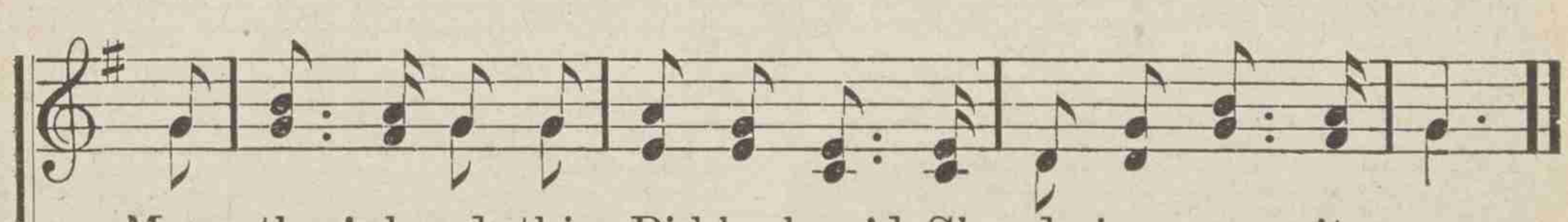
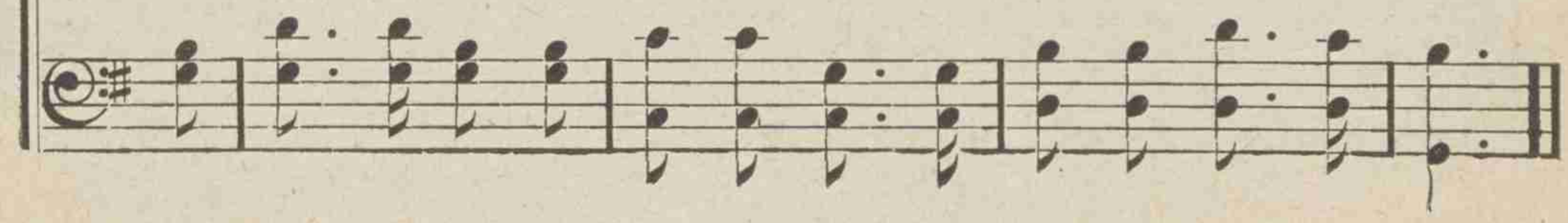
No. 54. My Mother's Bible.

GEO. P. MORRIS. HENRY RUSSELL.

1. This book is all that's left me now; Tears will unbid-den start;
2. Ah! well do I remember those Whose names these records bear,
3. My fa - ther read this ho - ly book To broth-ers, sis-ters dear;
4. Thou tru-est friend man ev-er knew, Thy con - stancy I've tried!

With falt'ring lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my heart;
Who round the hearthstone used to close Af - ter the ev -'ning pray'r.
How calm was my poor mother's look, Who lear'd God's word to hear!
Where all were false, I found thee true, My coun-sel - lor and guide;

For ma - ny gen - e - ra-tions past Here is our fam-'ly tree;
And speak of what these pa-ges said, In tones my heart would thrill;
Her an - gel face, I see it yet! What thronging mem'ries come!
The mines of earth no treasure give That could this volume buy;



My mother's hands this Bi-ble clasp'd, She, dy-ing, gave it me.
Tho' they are with the si-lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still.
A - gain that lit - tle group is met With-in the halls of home.
In teach- ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

No. 55. Tell Me of Jesus.

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

1. Tell me of Je - sus, won-der - ful Sav-iour, Bear-er of sin on
2. Tell me of Je - sus, pre-cious Re-deem-er Who can a-lone from
3. Tell me of Je - sus, lov - ing and ten-der, No oth - er mes-sage

Cal - va - ry's tree; Suff'ring for sin-ners, dy - ing to save them
sin make us free, Bur - ied no long-er, ris - en and liv - ing,
sweet - er can be; Tell how He died to seal my re-demption,

CHORUS.

He be-came a sac - ri-fice for you and me. He died for you,
He is a - ble now to save both you and me.
How He suffered on the Cross for you and me. He died for you,

He died for me, Jesus Christ atoned for all on Cal - va - ry,
He died for me,

On Cal-va-ry, On Cal-va-ry, Jesus suffered on the Cross for you and me.
On Calvary, On Calvary,

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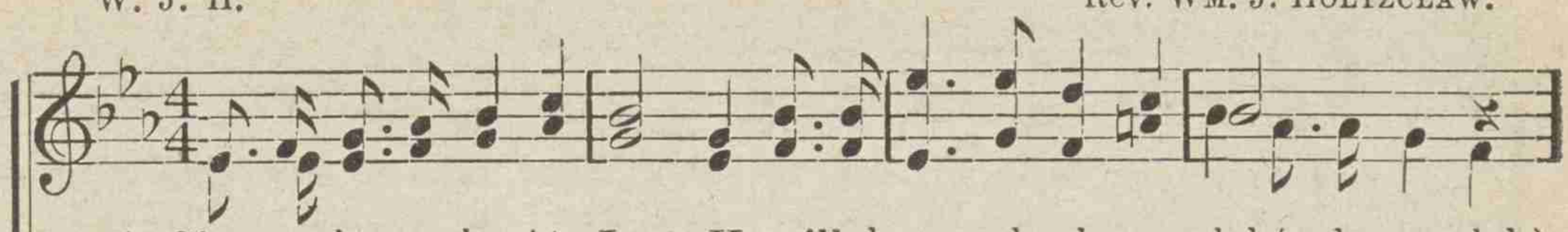
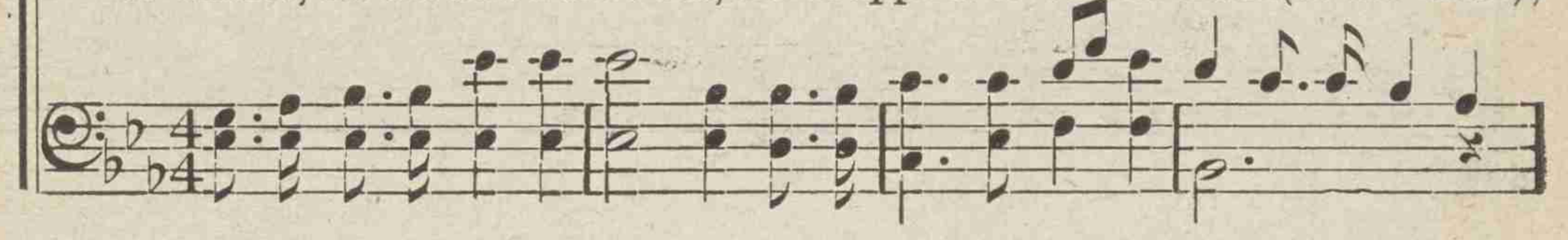
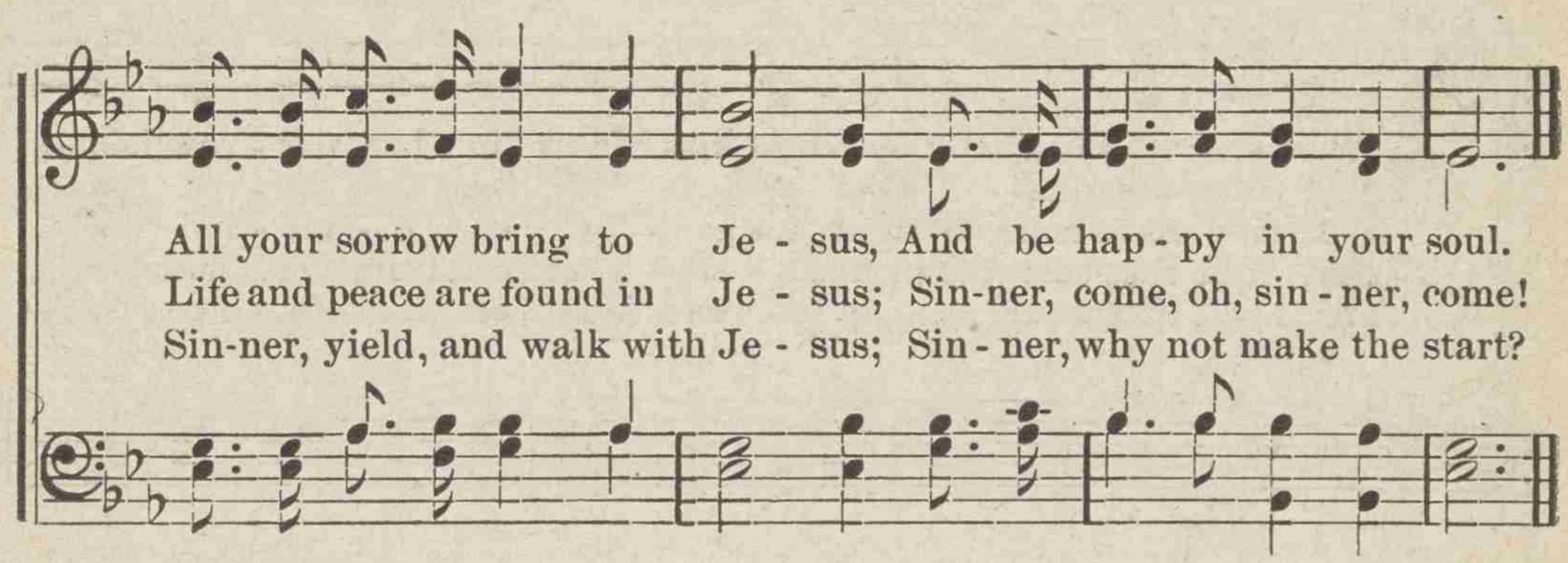
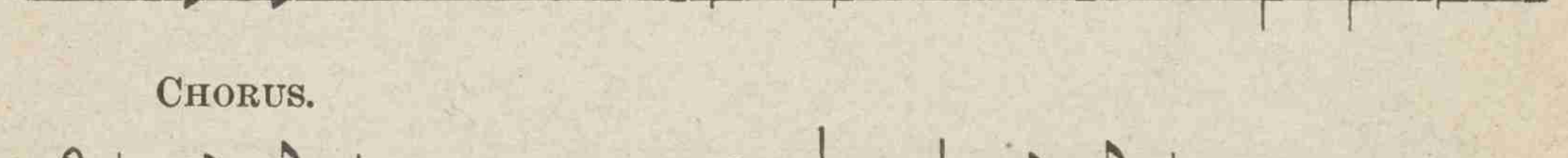
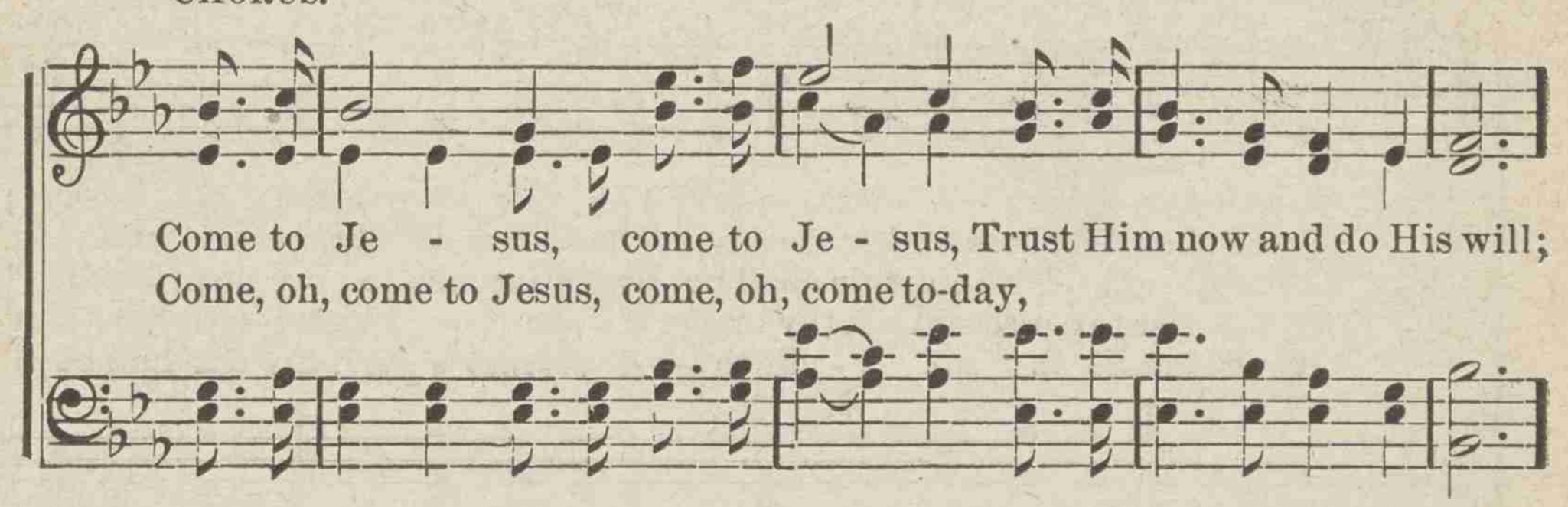
No. 56. Sinner, Come to Jesus.

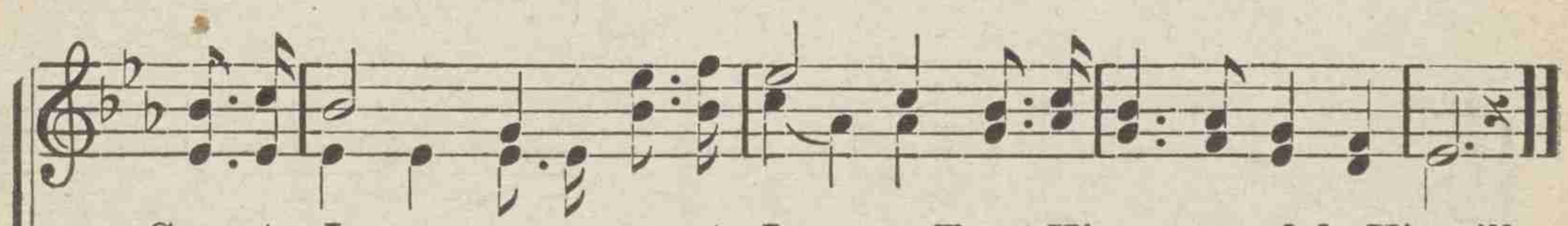
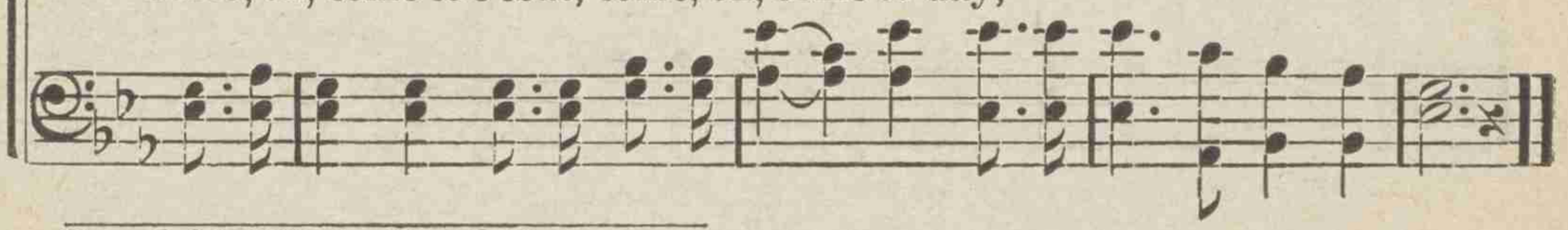
"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come."

W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, He will cleanse and make you whole (make you whole);
2. Sinner, hear the voice of Je - sus Calling now, oh, sinner, come (sinner, come);
3. Sinner, see the blood of Je-sus, Faith applies it to the heart (to the heart);

All your sorrow bring to Je - sus, And be hap - py in your soul.
Life and peace are found in Je - sus; Sin-ner, come, oh, sin - ner, come!
Sin-ner, yield, and walk with Je - sus; Sin - ner, why not make the start?



Chorus.



Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Trust Him now and do His will;
Come, oh, come to Jesus, come, oh, come to-day,

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Trust Him now and do His will.
Come, oh, come to Jesus, come, oh, come to-day,

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No. 57. A Mother's Gift of a Bible.

CHAS. H. TIDD.

1. Re mem-ber, love, who gave thee this, When oth - er days shall come,—
2. Thy mother sought a pledge of love, The ho - liest for her son;
3. "I bid thee keep the gift, that when The part-ing hour shall come,
4. "And should the scoffer in his pride Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
5. "A mother's bless - ing on her son Goes with this ho - ly thing;

When she who had thy ear-liest kiss Sleeps in her nar - row home:
And from the gifts of God a - bove She chose this ho - ly one:
We may have hope to meet a - gain In an e - ter - nal home.
And bid thee cast the pledge a - side That thou from youth hast borne,
The heart that would en - joy the one Must to the oth - er cling;

CHORUS.

Remember, it was a moth-er gave The gift to one she'd die to save;
Remember, she chose for her dear boy The source of light, and life, and joy;
Remember, thy faith in this shall be Sweet incense to my mem - o - ry;"
I bid thee to pause and ask thy breast If he or I have loved thee best;"
Remember, it is no i - dle toy—*A mother's gift*, my dar-ling boy!"

Oh! make its pure and ho - ly truth The coun-sel of thy youth.

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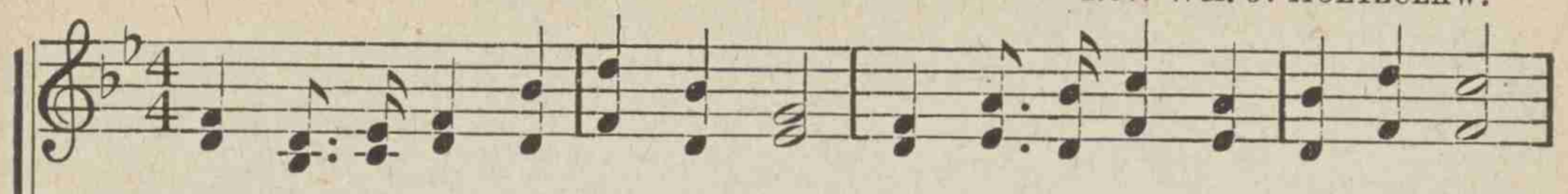
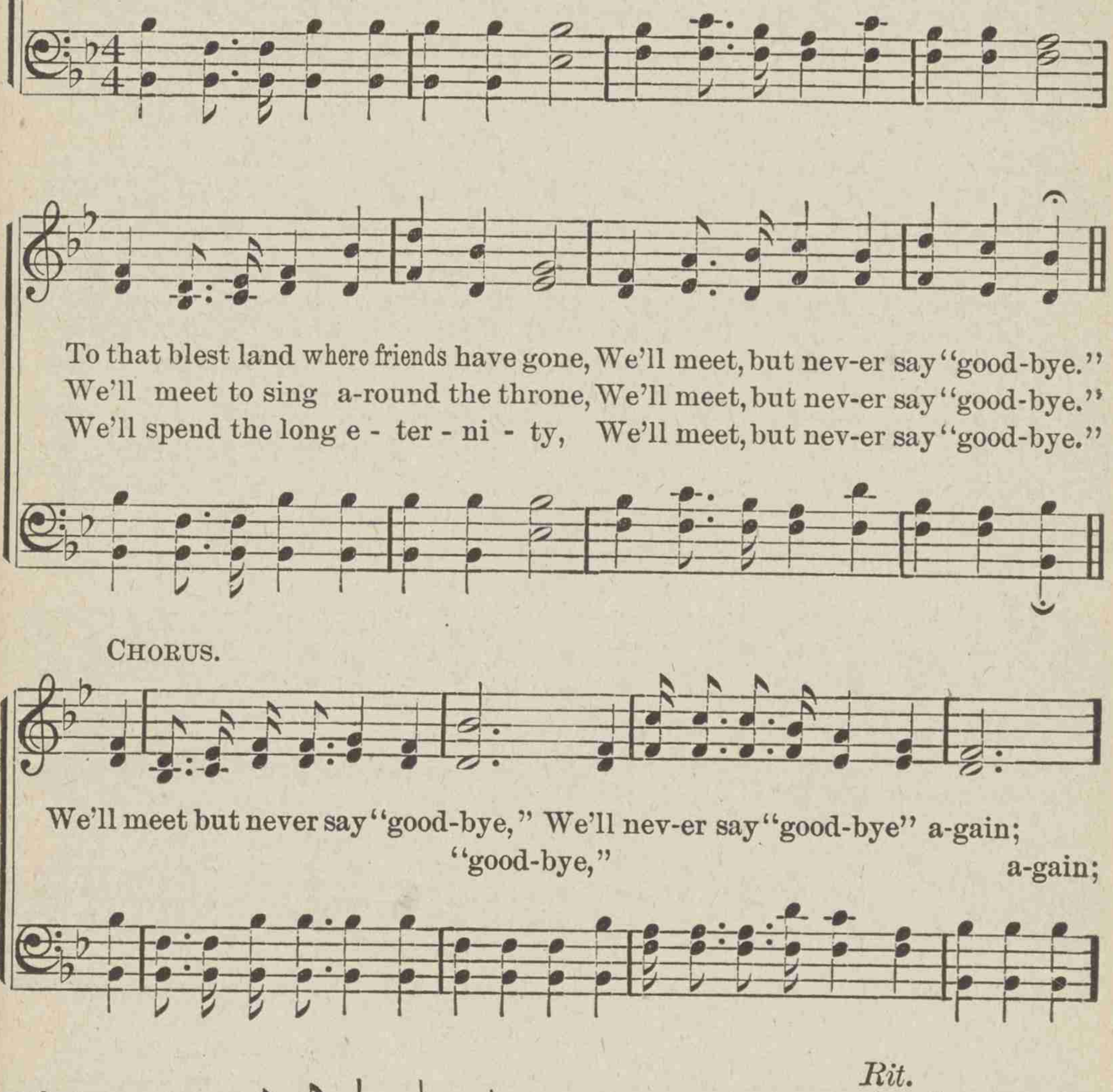
No. 58. We'll Never Say "Good-Bye" Again.

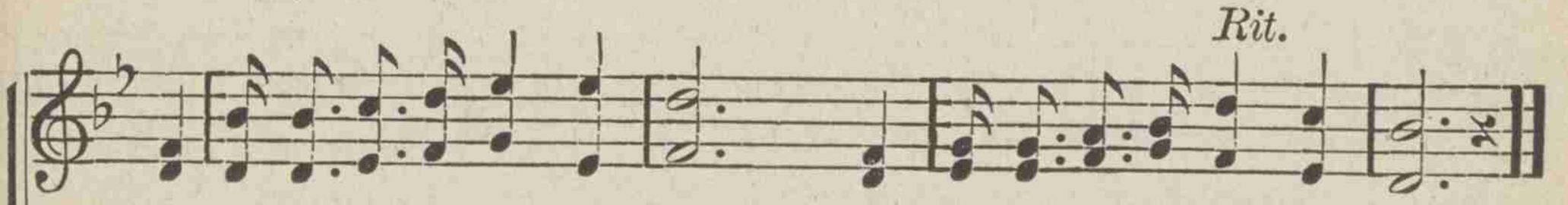
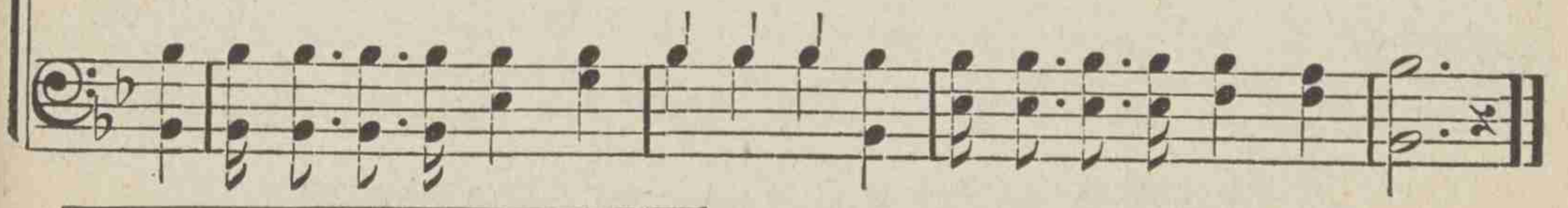
W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. We'll meet around the great white throne, And see the land beyond the sky;
2. In that fair land no tears are known, And there the loved ones never die;
3. How glad the meeting there will be, With all the blood-washed throng on high;



To that blest land where friends have gone, We'll meet, but nev-er say "good-bye."
We'll meet to sing a-round the throne, We'll meet, but nev-er say "good-bye."
We'll spend the long e - ter - ni - ty, We'll meet, but nev-er say "good-bye."

Chorus.

We'll meet but never say "good-bye," We'll nev-er say "good-bye" a-gain;
"good-bye," a-gain;

Rit.

We'll meet but never say "good-bye," We'll nev-er say "good-bye" a-gain.
"good-bye,"

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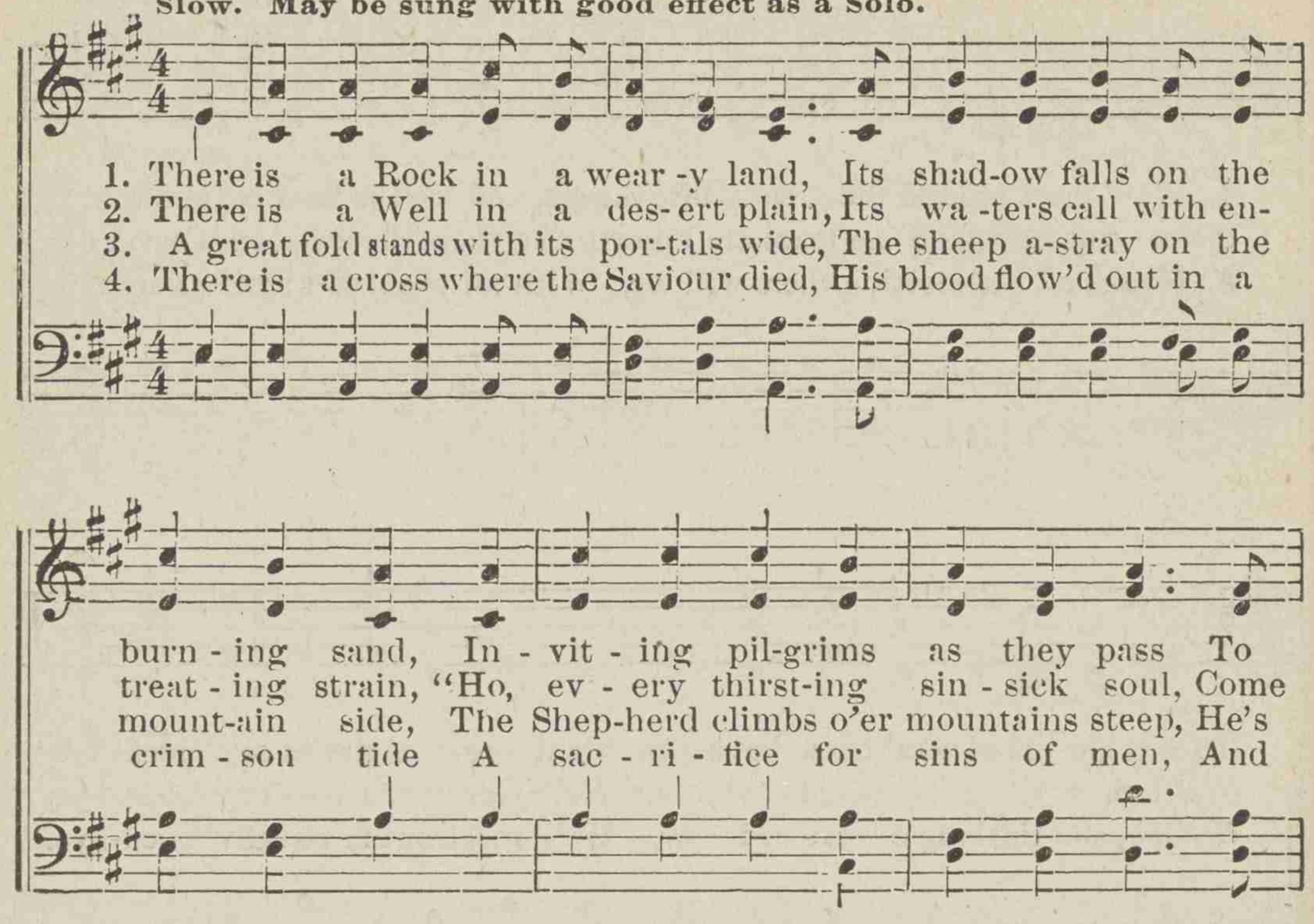
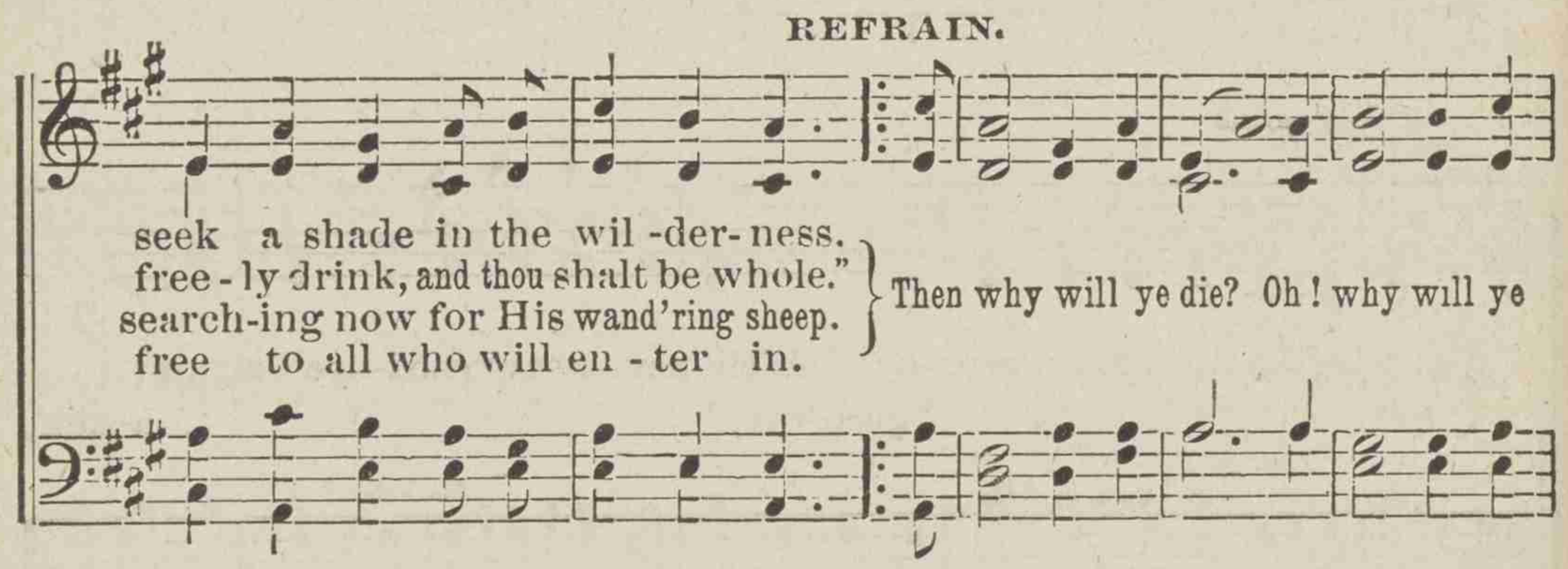
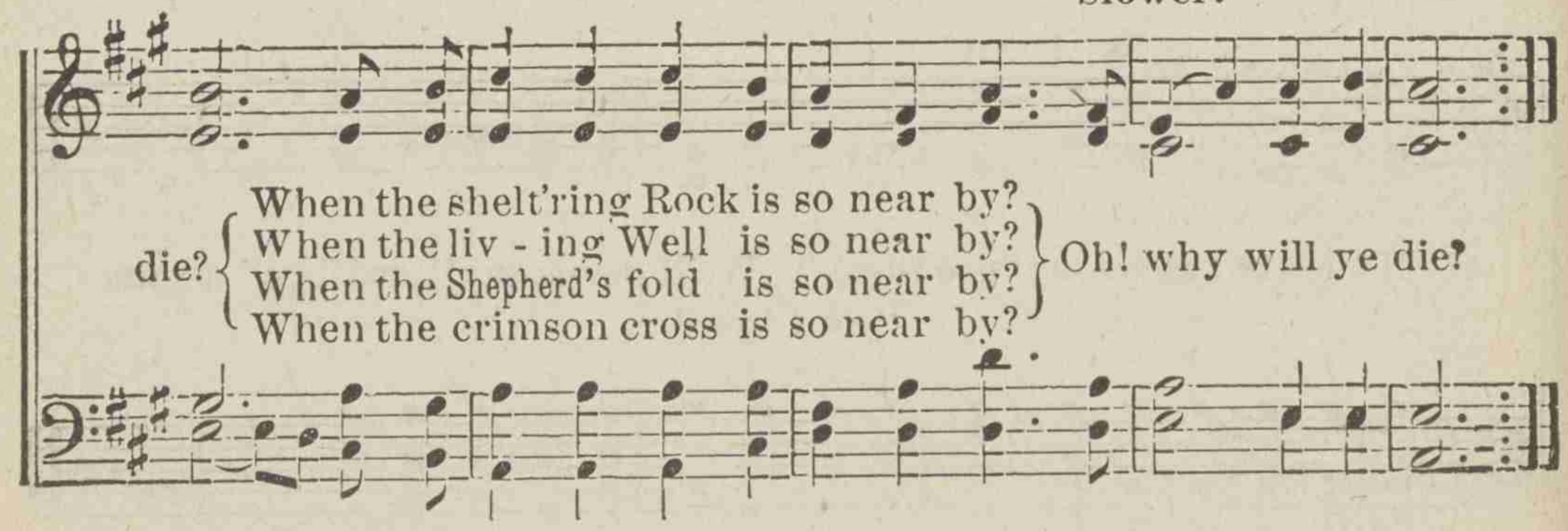
No. 59. The Sheltering Rock.

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

Slow. May be sung with good effect as a Solo.



REFRAIN.

Slower.



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No. 60. Can You Forget Your Mother?

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

1. Who could for-get a mother's face, So beaming with di -vin-est grace,
2. A moth-er's prayers! they haunt thee still, With visions sweet thy memory fill
3. Who could for-get her ten-der tears When, burdened with a thousand fears,

Her look of gen- tle-ness and love Sweet as God's smile from heaven a-bove?
Of her pure spir-it, warm with love Pleading with God in heaven a-bove;
She trembled for thy tempted soul, Lest it should yield to sin's control?

Her eyes so bright are sealed in death; Mute are the lips and hushed the breath;
Those pleadings were for thee, her boy, The i - dol of her heart and joy;
She shed those burning tears for thee; She prayed that God thy strength would be;

CHO.– *Return, oh, wan-der-er, re-turn! No more God's gift of par-don spurn;*

But, at the heavenly Father's throne, She waits for thee, the wandering one.
And now, at yonder glittering throne, She waits for thee, the wandering one.
And now, before yon golden throne, She waits for thee, her wandering one.

Thy mother's faith ac-cept to-day, And walk with Christ the narrow way.

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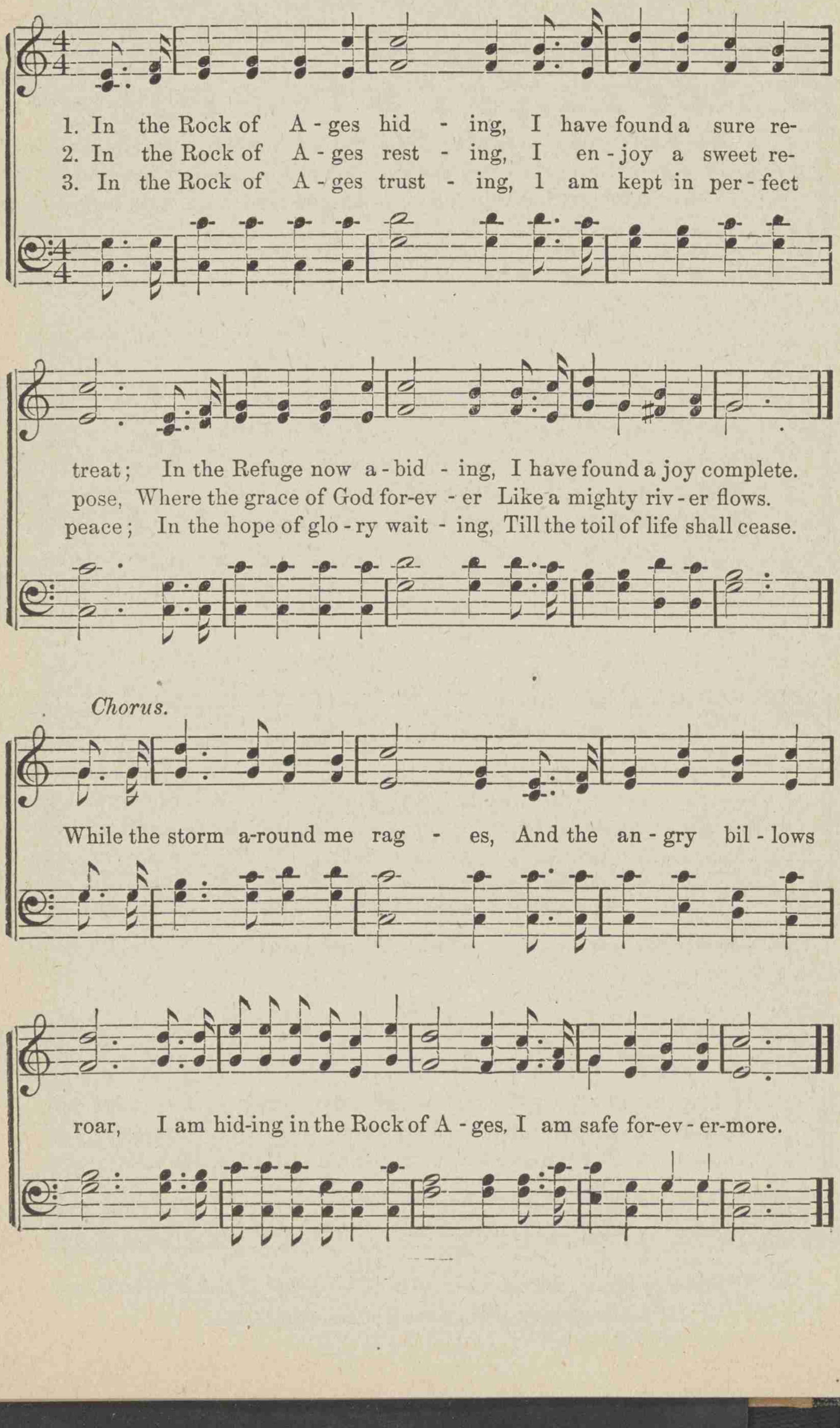
No. 61. Hiding in the Rock.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



No. 62. Are You Washed in the Blood?

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

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sa - vior's side? Are you
3. When the Bridegroom com-eth, will your robes be white, pure and
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in his
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the
washed in the blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow-ing for the

CHORUS.

grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you
Cru - ci-fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
soul un-clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

washed in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

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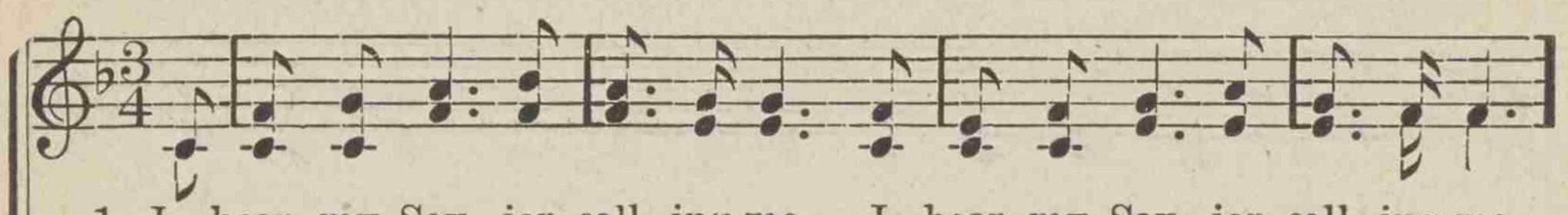
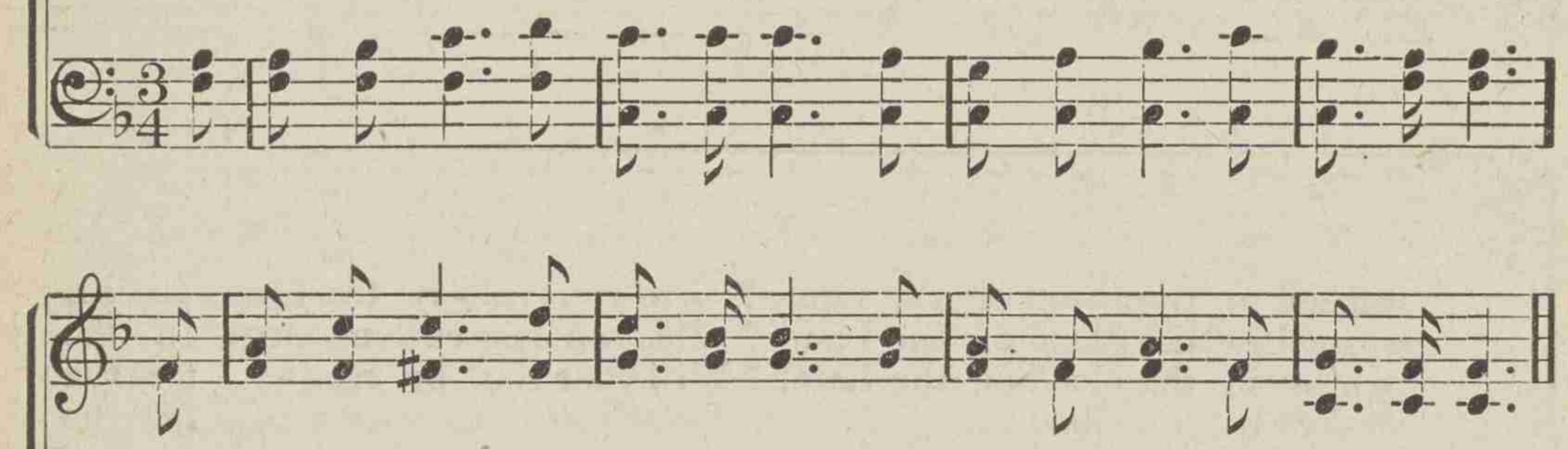
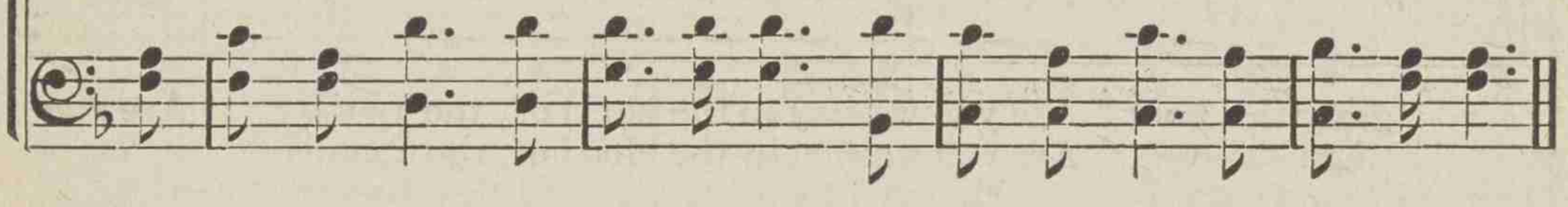
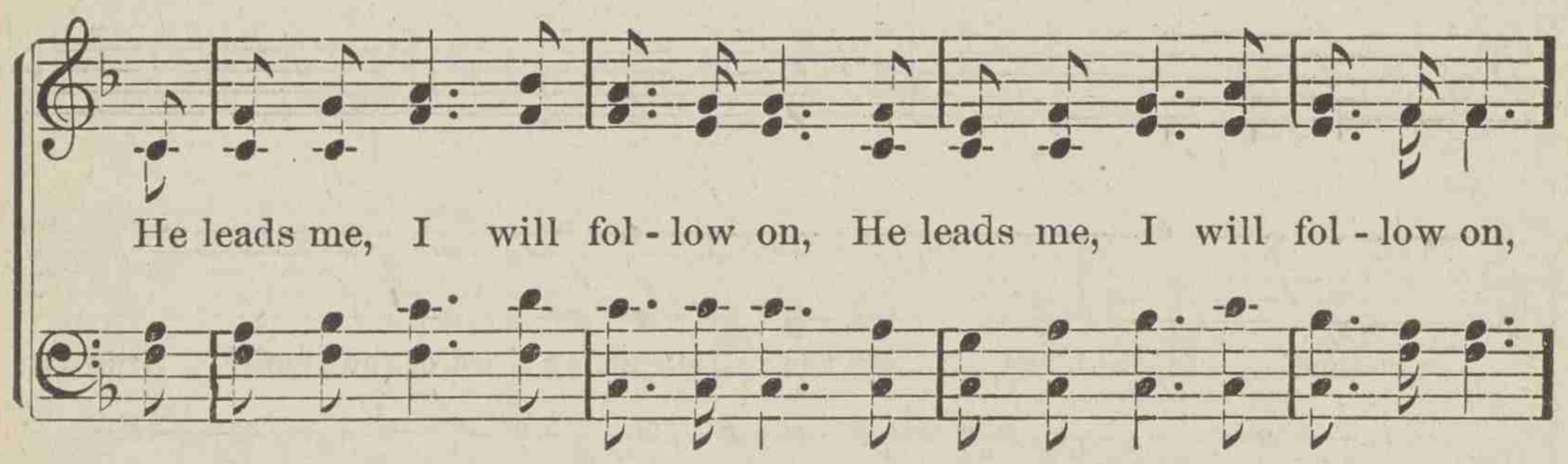
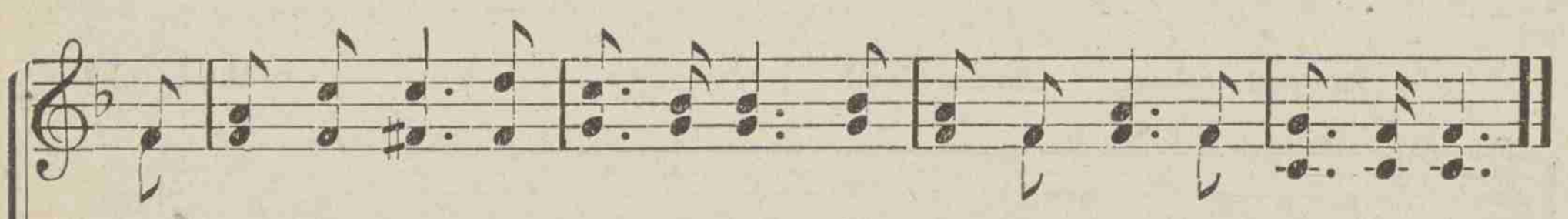
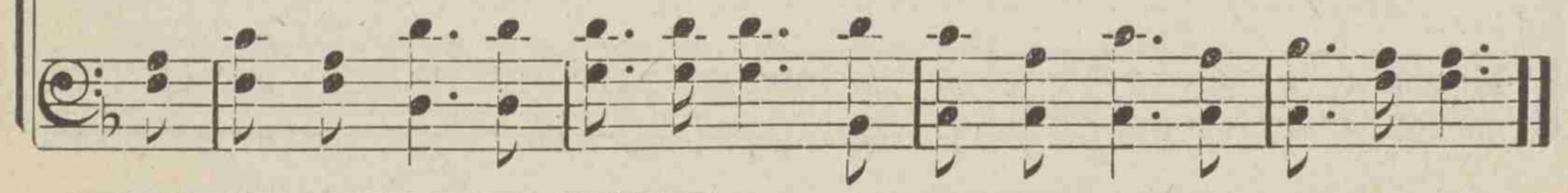
No. 63. I'll Follow On.

W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. I hear my Sav - ior call - ing me, I hear my Sav - ior call - ing me,
2. He gives me strength to do His will, He gives me strength to do His will,
3. I'll fol - low in the con-flict dire, I'll fol - low in the con-flict dire,
4. The shield of faith I'll wear till death, The shield of faith I'll wear till death,
5. I'll stand with Him in judgment day, I'll stand with Him in judgment day,

I hear my Sav - ior call - ing me; I'll fol - low, fol - low all the way.
He gives me strength to do His will, And leads me, leads me all the way.
I'll fol - low in the con-flict dire, I'll fol - low, fol - low all the way.
The shield of faith I'll wear till death, And fol - low, fol - low all the way.
I'll stand with Him in judgment day, And live with Him for - ev - er-more.

Chorus.



He leads me, I will fol - low on, He leads me, I will fol - low on,

He leads me, I will fol - low on, I'll fol - low, fol - low all the way.

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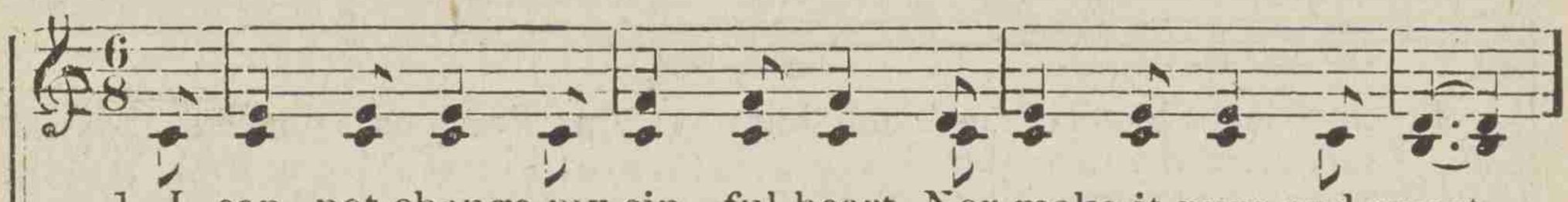
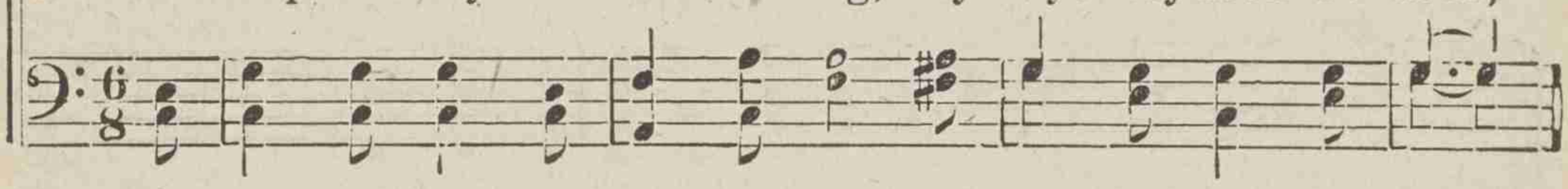
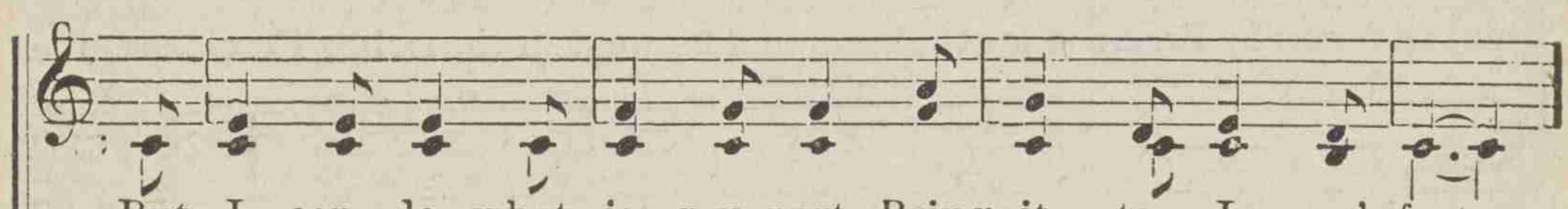
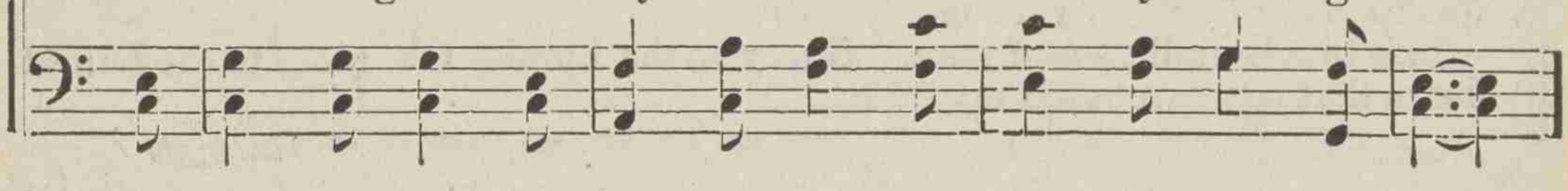
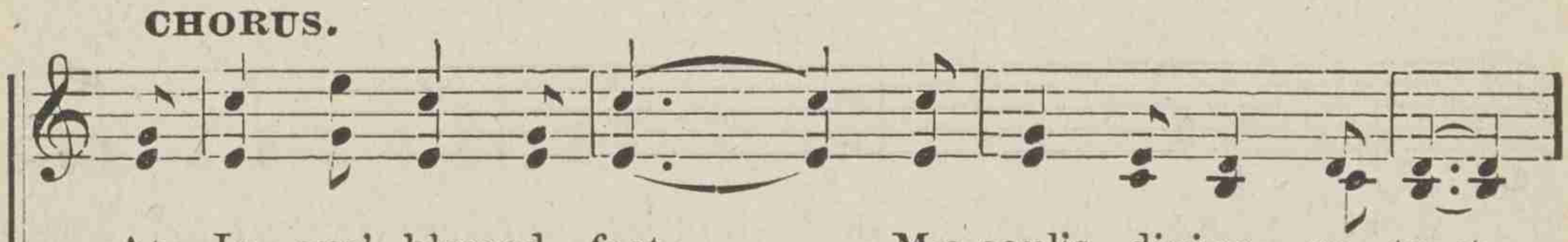
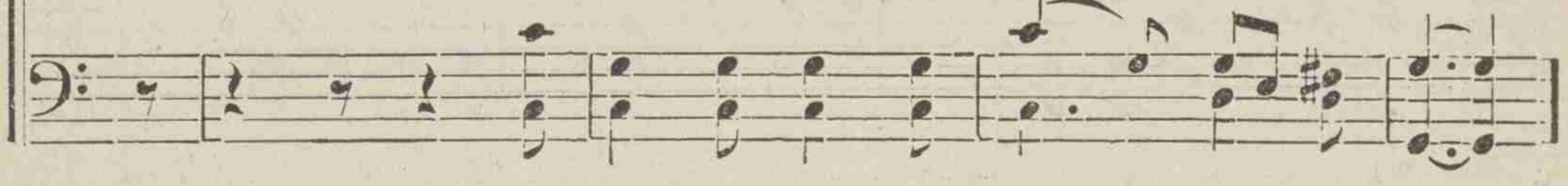
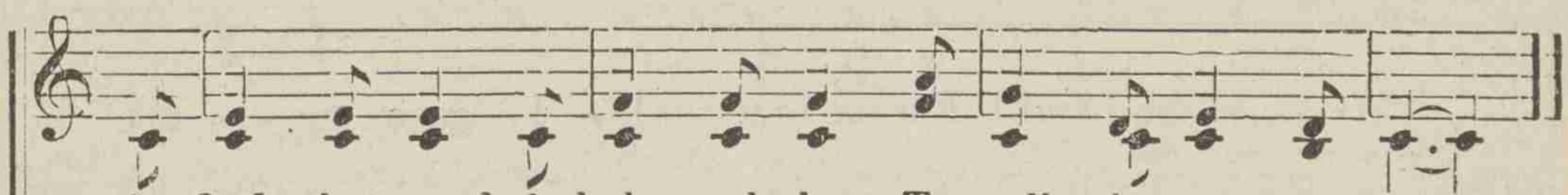
No. 64. I Cannot Change My Heart.

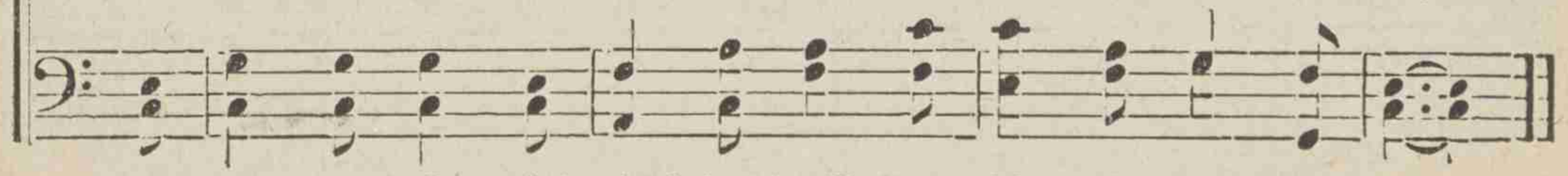
MARY F. BIGELOW. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. I can - not change my sin - ful heart, Nor make it pure and sweet,
2. I can - not e - ven half repent, Of deeds that have been wrong,
3. I can - not keep this new-found way In my own hu - man strength,
4. I can - not bring my life to Christ By my de - sires a - lone,
5. Perhaps I may not serve Him long, My days may soon be done;



But I can do what is my part, Bring it to Je - sus' feet.
But I can turn a - bout and leave The path I've travelled long.
But I can trust in Him whose power Will conquer sin at length.
But I can tell my wish to God, And bind it to His throne.
But I can give each day to Him With ev - ery ris - ing morn.

CHORUS.

At Je - sus' blessed feet, ... My soul's divine re - treat,
At His dear feet, My soul's ..... blest re - treat,



I find the needed help each day To walk the narrow way.

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No. 65. The Precious Lamb.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER. P. P. BLISS.

1. Precious is the blood of the Lamb that was slain; Precious is the heart that was
2. Precious is the Love that is migh-ty to save; Precious is the Light that il-
3. Precious are the pleadings of Je - sus for me; Precious are the lips that have

broken in twain; Precious are the hands that were nailed to the tree; Precious are the
lumines the grave; Precious is the Truth that is changless and sure; Precious is the
spoken me free; Precious are the tears that he wept in the strife; Precious is the

Chorus.

feet that were wounded for me.
Life that is endless and pure. Glo-ry to the Lamb! Oh, glory to the Lamb!
death that has purchased my life.

For the precious blood he shed on the tree; Glo-ry to the Lamb! Oh,
For the precious, precious blood he shed upon the tree,

glo - ry to the Lamb! For the precious life he gave un - to me.

No. 66. Only a Poor Man's Baby.

(*Effective as a Solo.*)

[The child of a poor family died, near Muncie, Indiana, and the father made a rough box for the little one, and it was hauled to the cemetery on a hand-sled drawn by the two little brothers, while the sorrowing parents walked behind.—*Associated Press Dispatch.*]

Miss Mabel Ervin,
Author of "This Grand Countrie."

Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

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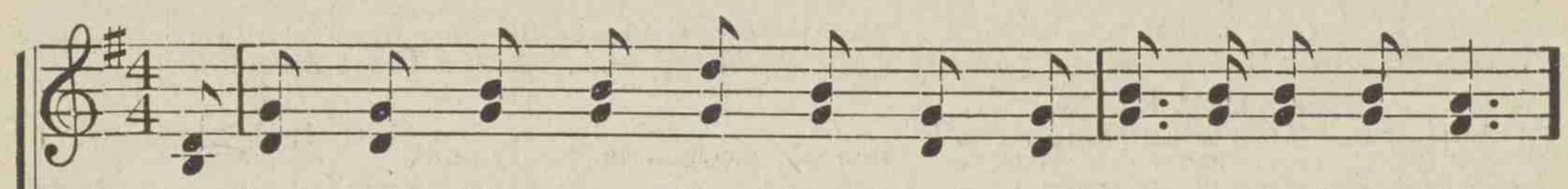
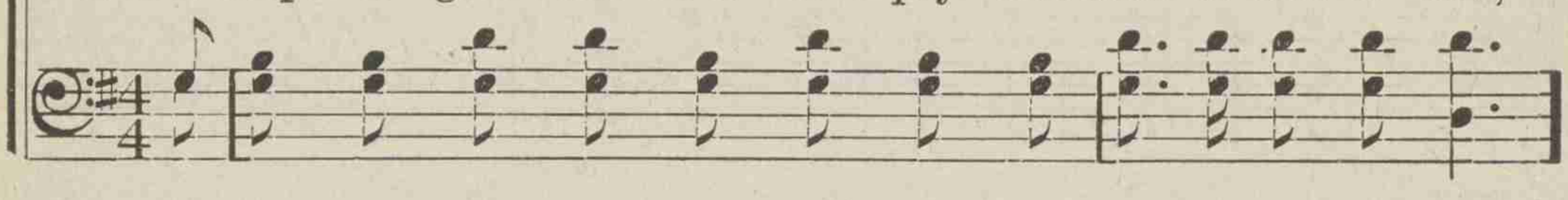
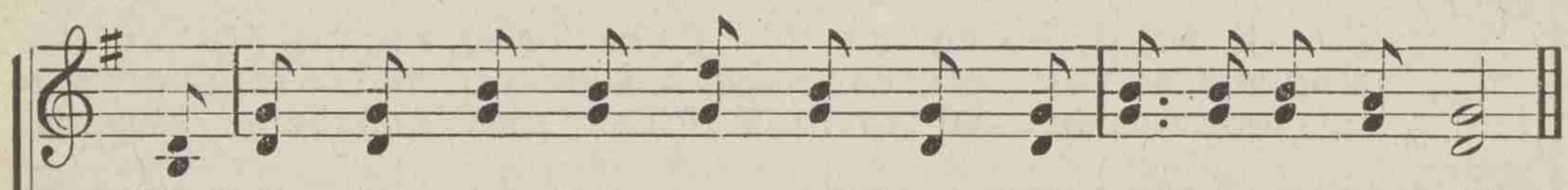
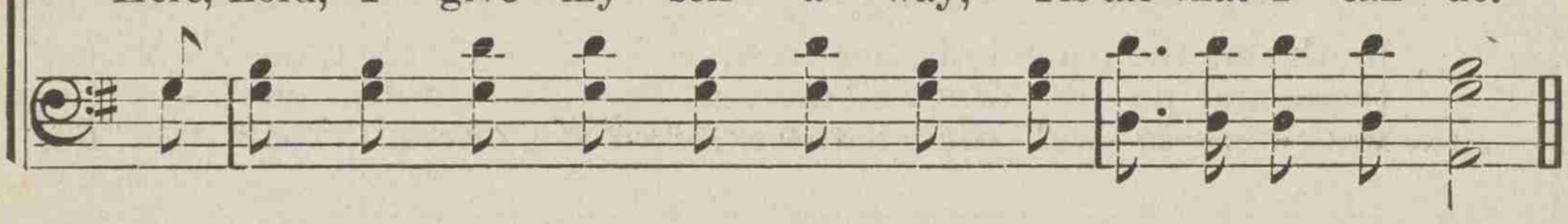
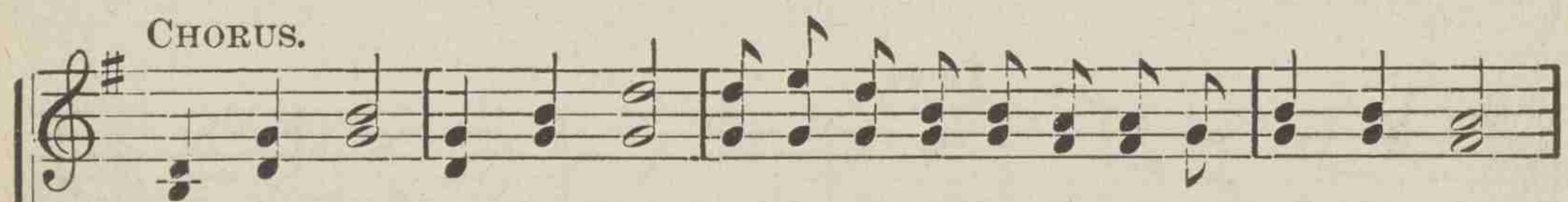
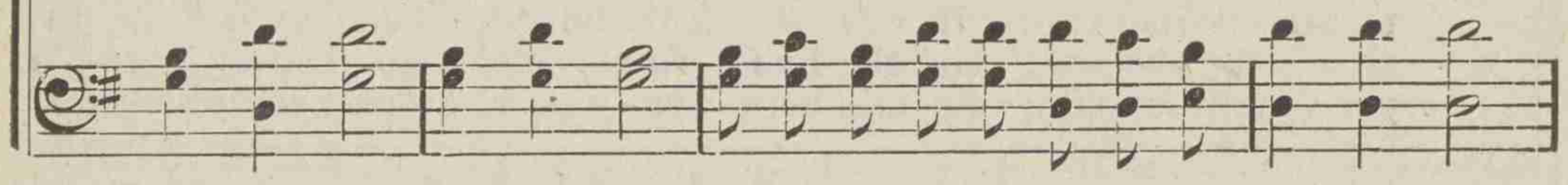
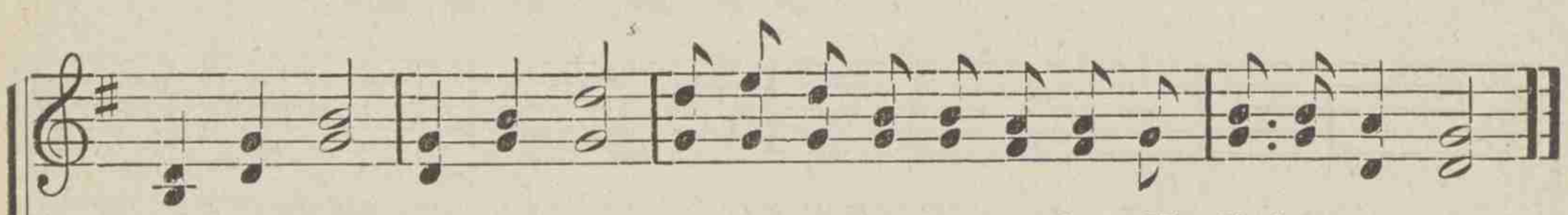
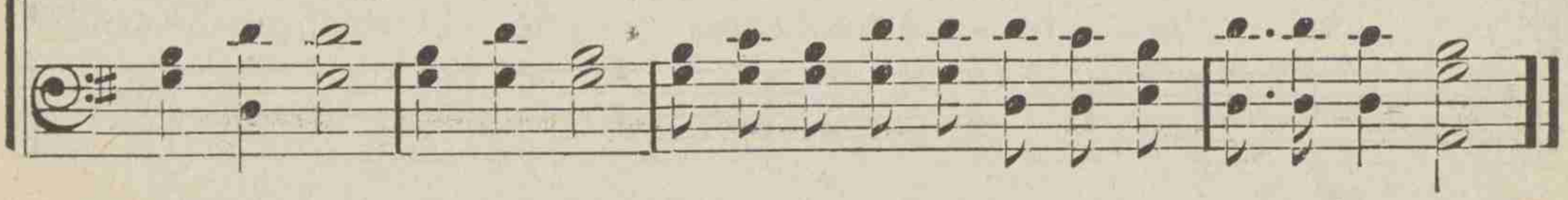
No. 67. He Died to Save Me.

WATTS. Arr. Rev. WM. J. HOLTZCLAW.

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

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er died, For man, the creature's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.



CHORUS.

Je - sus died, Je - sus died, Je-sus died to set me free, He died for me;

Je - sus died, Je-sus died, Je-sus died to set me free, He died to save me.

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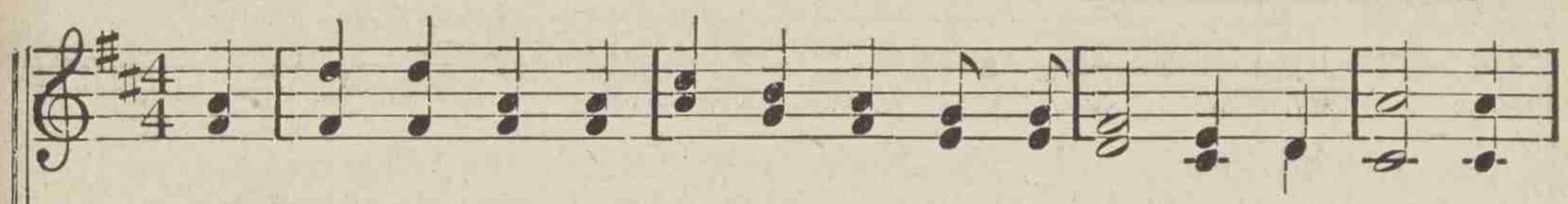
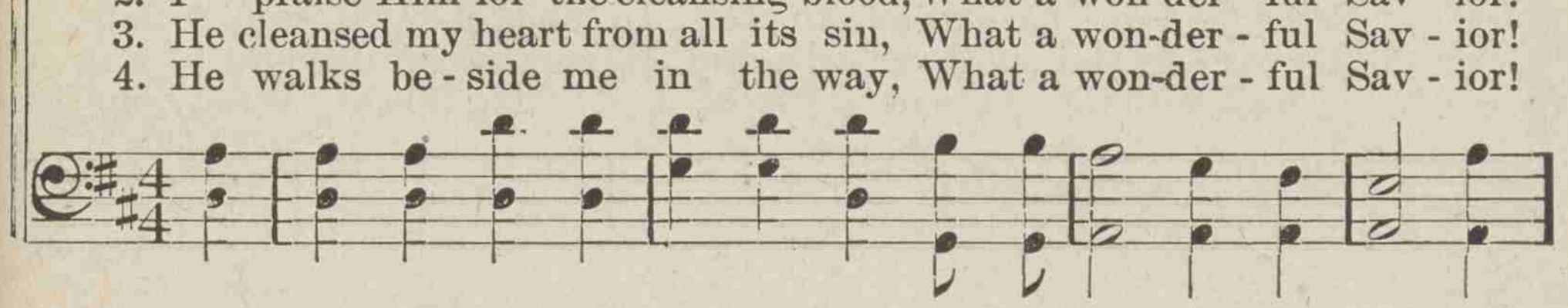
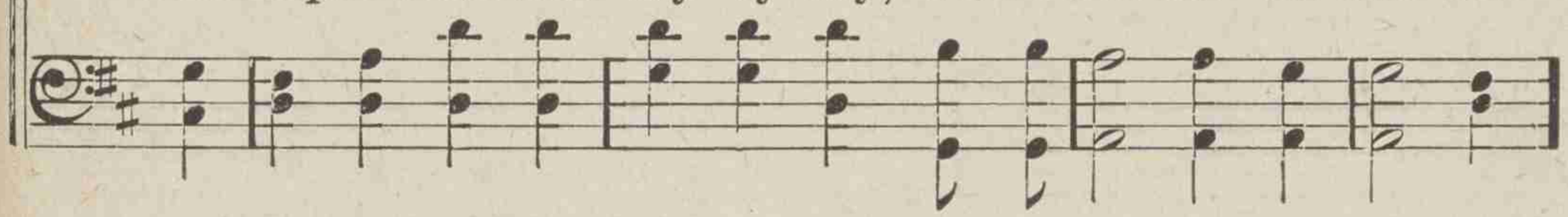
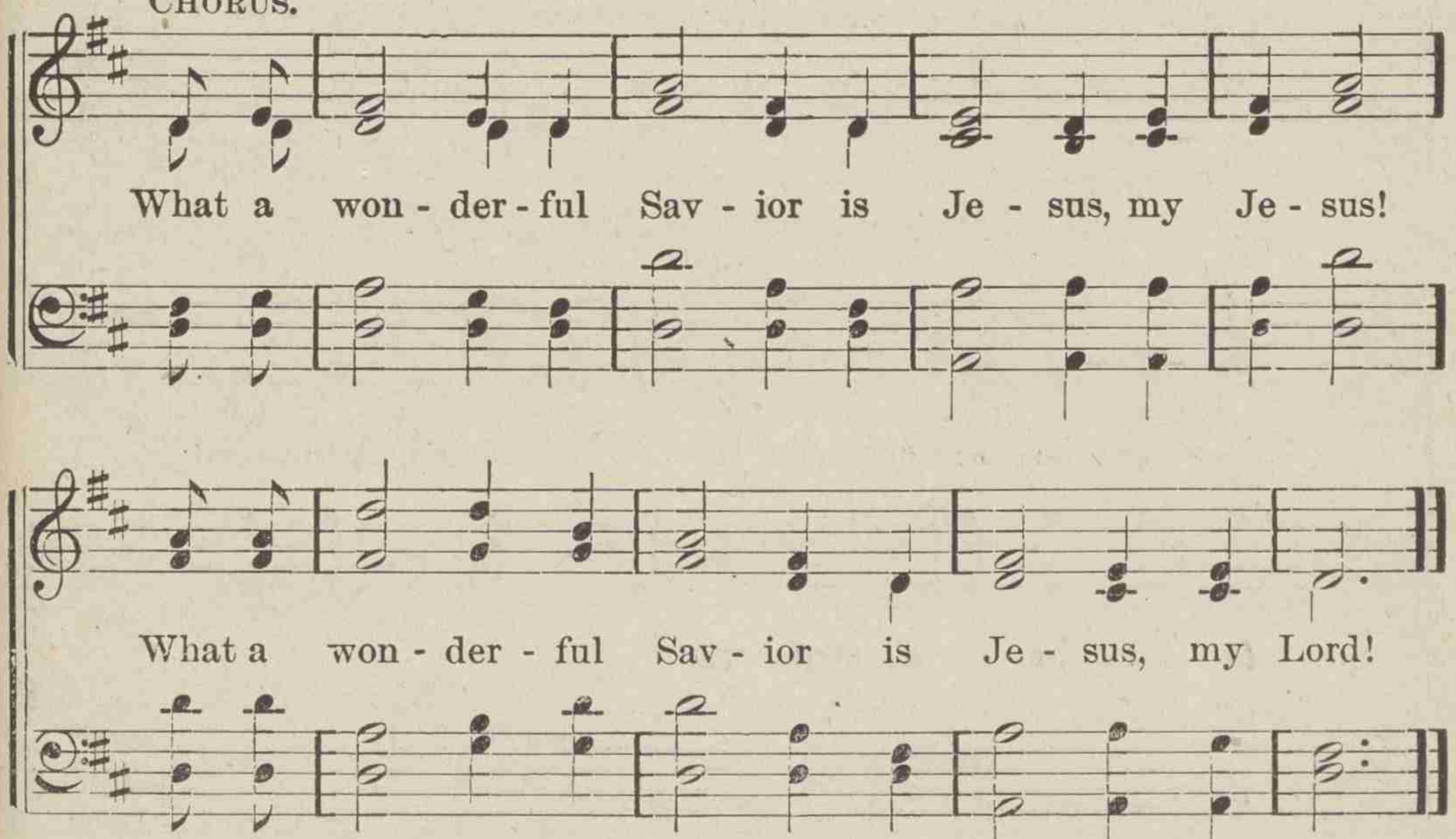
No. 68. What a Wonderful Savior!

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

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

1. Christ has for sin a-tonement made, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!
4. He walks be - side me in the way, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!

We are redeemed! the price is paid! What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!
That rec - on-ciled my soul to God; What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!
And now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!
And keeps me faith-ful day by day; What a won-der - ful Sav - ior!

CHORUS.

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

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

5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Savior!
And triumph in each trying hour;
What a wonderful Savior!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Savior!
The world shall never share a part;
What a wonderful Savior!

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No. 69. Hallelujah! He Redeemed Me.

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

1. The Lord is all in all to me, O help me tell the sto - ry!
   For by his blood he ransomed me, And I will give him glo - ry.
2. I am re-deemed, O wondrous grace! The Lord is my sal-va - tion;
   Come, join with me his name to praise In songs of ac-cla - ma - tion.
3. My ma - ny stains are washed a-way, My sins are all for-giv - en;
   I walk with Christ the narrow way, And find in him my heav - en.

Hal - le - lu - jah! he re - deemed me, O give him all the
Hal-le-lu-jah! He redeemed me,

glo - ry! He shed his blood on Cal - va - ry, Hal-le-

D.S. shed his blood on Cal - va - ry, Hal-le
Fine.

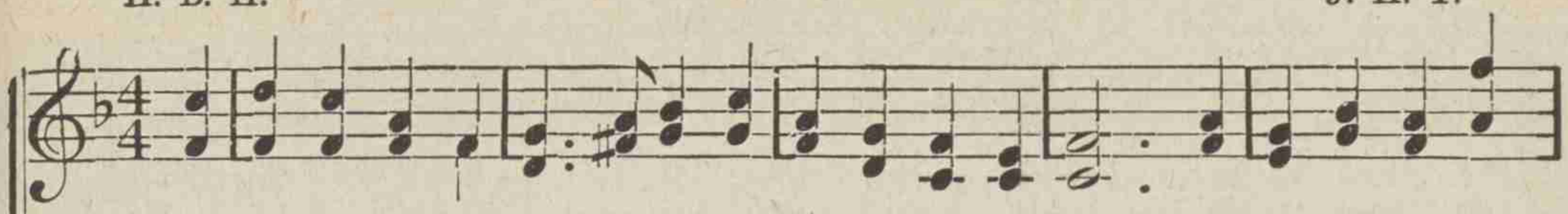
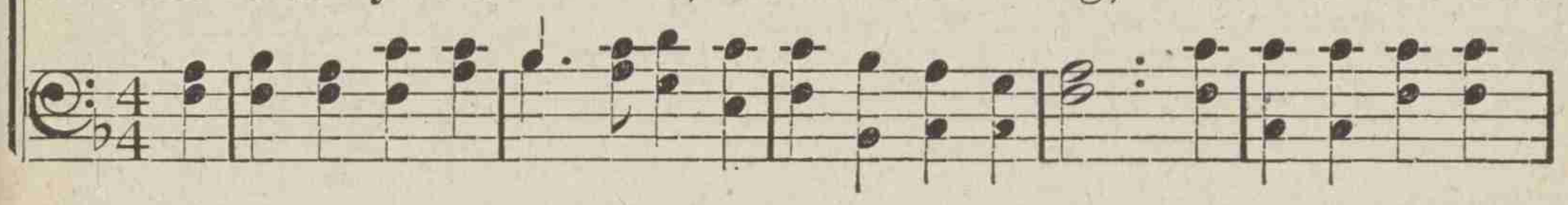
lu - jah! he re - deemed me. Re-deemed, Re-deemed, Re-

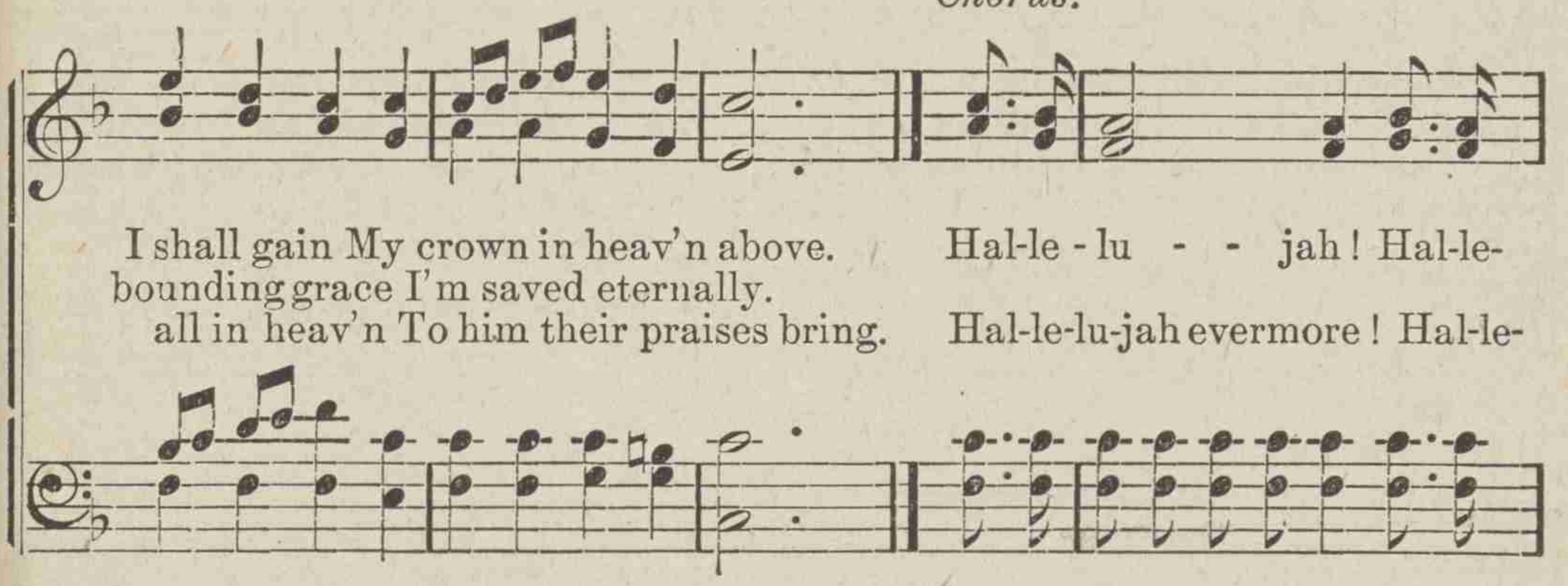
lu - jah! he re - deemed me.

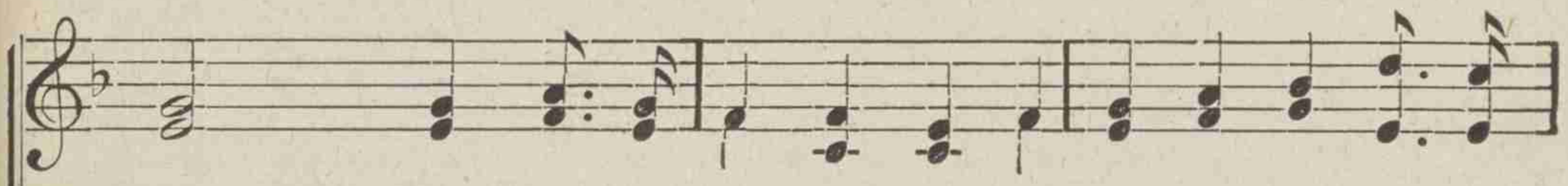
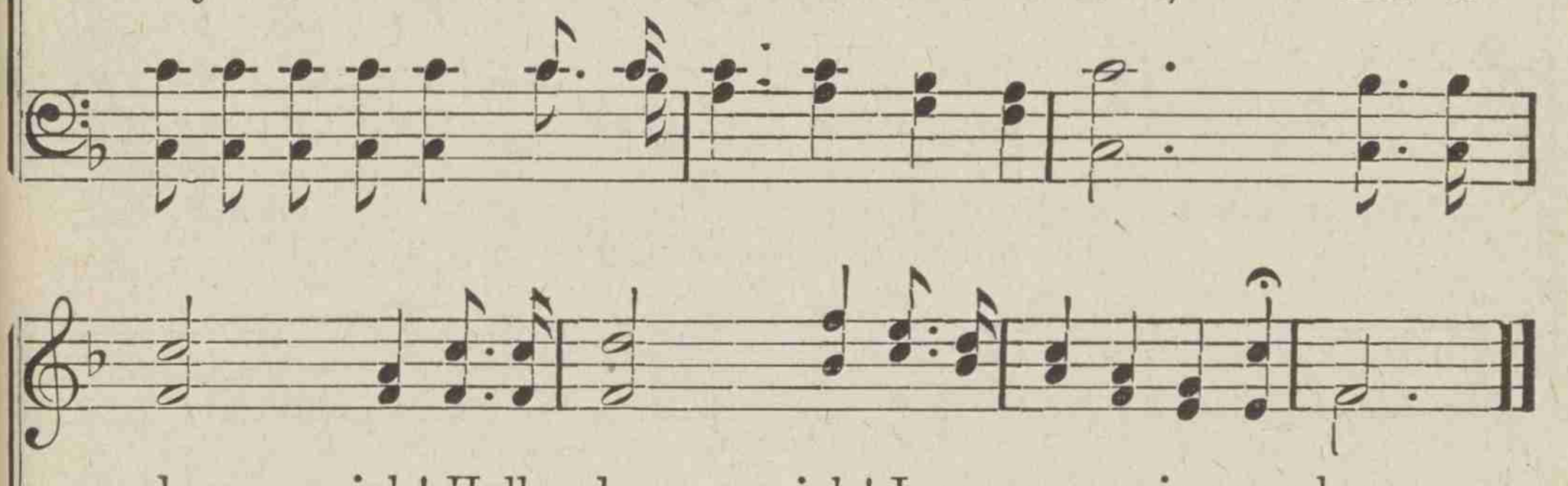
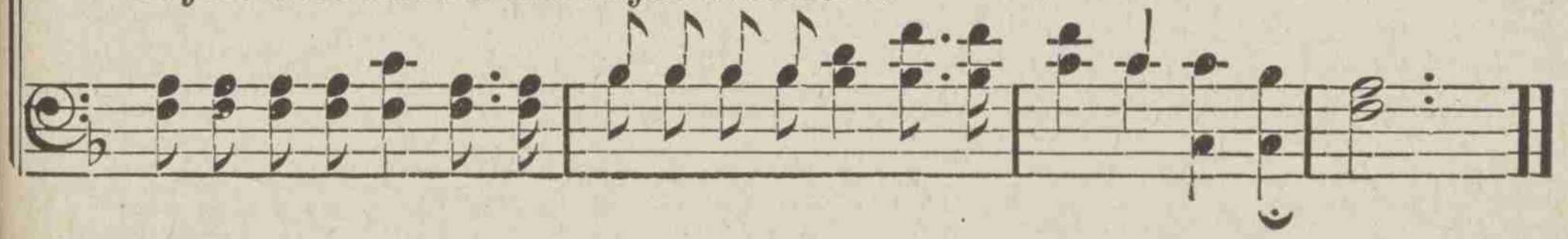
deemed, Redeemed, Re-deemed, Redeemed, Re-deemed! He

D.S.

No. 70. My Redeemer Lives.

H. B. H. J. H. T.

1. "I know that my Redeemer lives," I feel his kindling love; I'll bear the cross till
2. "I know that my Redeemer lives" To intercede for me; And by his rich, a-
3. "I know that my Redeemer lives," The Universal King; Let all on earth and

Chorus.



I shall gain My crown in heav'n above. Hal-le - lu - - jah! Hal-le-
bounding grace I'm saved eternally.
all in heav'n To him their praises bring. Hal-le-lu-jah evermore! Hal-le-

lu - - jah! Je - sus stands and bids me, bids me come, Hal-le -
lu-jah ev - er-more! Je - sus stands and bids me come, Hal - le -

lu - - jah! Halle - lu - - jah! I am on my journey home.
lu-jah evermore! Halle-lu-jah evermore!

No. 71. The Blood of Calvary.

"We have redemption through his blood."—Col. 1: 14.

W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. Man in the fall God's im-age lost; He fell, he sank to deep de-spair;
2. With Bi-ble terms we must com-ply, Re-pent, believe, and be bap-tized;
3. 'Tis not a mor-al life that wins, Nor loud-ly boast-ing of our part;
4. Oh, praise the Lord, His word proclaim, To ev-'ry land, to ev-'ry home;

Christ died, and paid the aw-ful cost, By which we gain a home so fair.
And walk with Him, His words imply, And live with Him be-yond the skies.
But deep the work of grace be-gins, And com-forts ev-'ry Chris-tian heart.
And join the cho-rus and ex-claim, "The King of kings to earth has come."

Chorus.

O Sav-ior, wash..... me in the blood,.....
Wash me in the blood, oh, wash me in the blood,
The pre-cious blood of Cal-va-ry;.....
The pre-cious blood, the blood of Cal-va-ry; O Sav-ior,
The pre-cious blood of Cal-va-ry;
wash..... me in the blood,.....The precious blood of Calvary.
Wash me in the blood, oh, wash me in the blood,

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No. 72. His Keeping Power.

ANNIE RUDDICK. T. B. WEAVER.

1. Sav-ior, fold me in thy arms, Keep me safe from earth's a-
2. Keep me hum - ble at thy feet, Always for thy use made
3. Knowest thou my pains and fears; Lord, thou se - est all my
4. Sav-ior, al - ways be my guide, While on life's un-ev-en

larms; Keep me washed in Je-sus blood— Keep me in the crimson
meet; May I, Sav - ior, find in thee, Re-fuge, fa - vor, lib-er-
tears; Lov-ing Sav - ior, meek and mild, Thou dost guide thy loving
tide; Guide me to the streets of gold, Safe-ly housed within thy

Chorus.

flood.
ty.
child.
fold.

Sweet-ly saved! all hail to the Lamb! all glo-ry and

praise to Je-sus be giv'n, praise to Jesus be giv'n!

No. 73. Coming to Jesus.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. J. H. TENNEY.

Moderato.

1. This world, blessed Sav - ior, is nothing but dross, And long we have lived without owning thy cross; Now feeling the need of thy sheltering arm, We come unto thee to be shielded from harm.
2. We long have been try - ing the pleasures of sin; Our hearts in their hard-ness would not let thee in; But now we have found that earth's beauties decay, And leave us in sor - row at each fleet-ing day.
3. Tho' wea-ry and foot - sore, we're journeying on, Assured that the time of our rest will soon dawn; Then over the riv - er of death we will go, And leave all our sor - rows and troubles be - low.

Chorus. Faster.

We're coming to thee, we're coming to thee,
Coming to thee, coming to thee, Dear Savior, re-
Coming to thee, com-
ceive us, we're coming to thee, Coming to thee, Oh, receive
we're coming to thee,

Coming to Jesus.—Concluded.

ing to thee, Yes, we're com-ing to thee.

us, we're coming to thee, Yes, we're coming, we're coming, we're coming to thee.

No. 74. Come to the Cross.

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

1. O come to the cross, near the spear-wounded side Where many have wash'd in the
2. O come and be robed in a garment of white, And walk with the Lord as a
3. O come to the feast by the Father prepared, Where thousands of souls in his

sin-cleansing tide! O plunge 'neath the waves, and the bright crimson flow Shall cleanse every
child of the light, Reflecting the glory that shines from his face, And doing his
bounty have shared; O come to the feast, it is costly yet free; There's room, and a

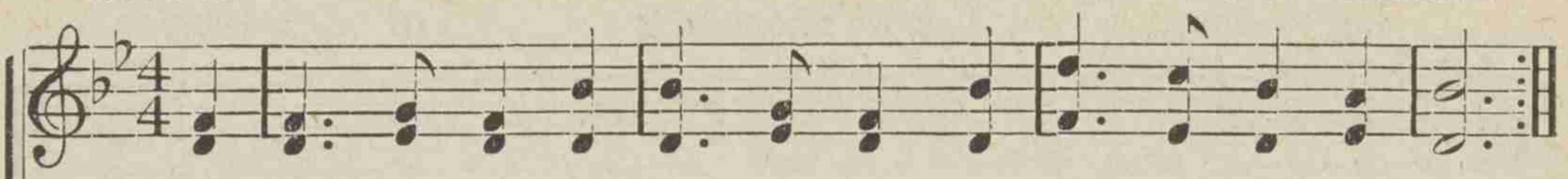
D. S. save thee, He'll

Fine. *Chorus.* *D.S.*

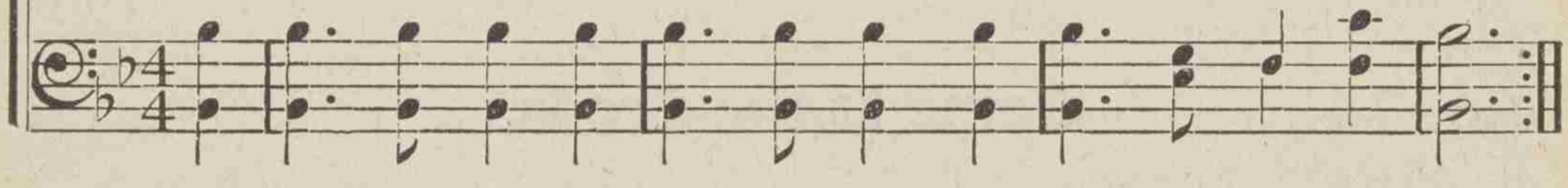
stain, make thee whiter than the snow!
will in the strength of his grace. O come, then, to Christ! O come, come to-day! He'll
robe, and a welcome for thee.

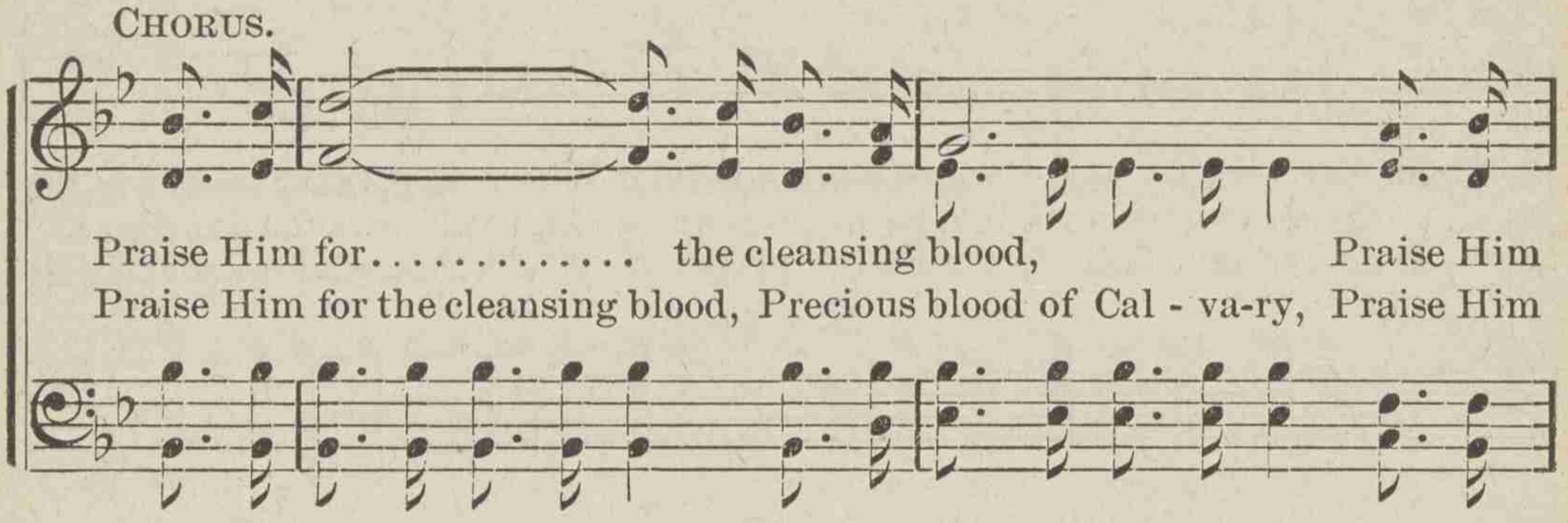
wash all thy stains of sin away.

No. 75. There Is a Fountain.

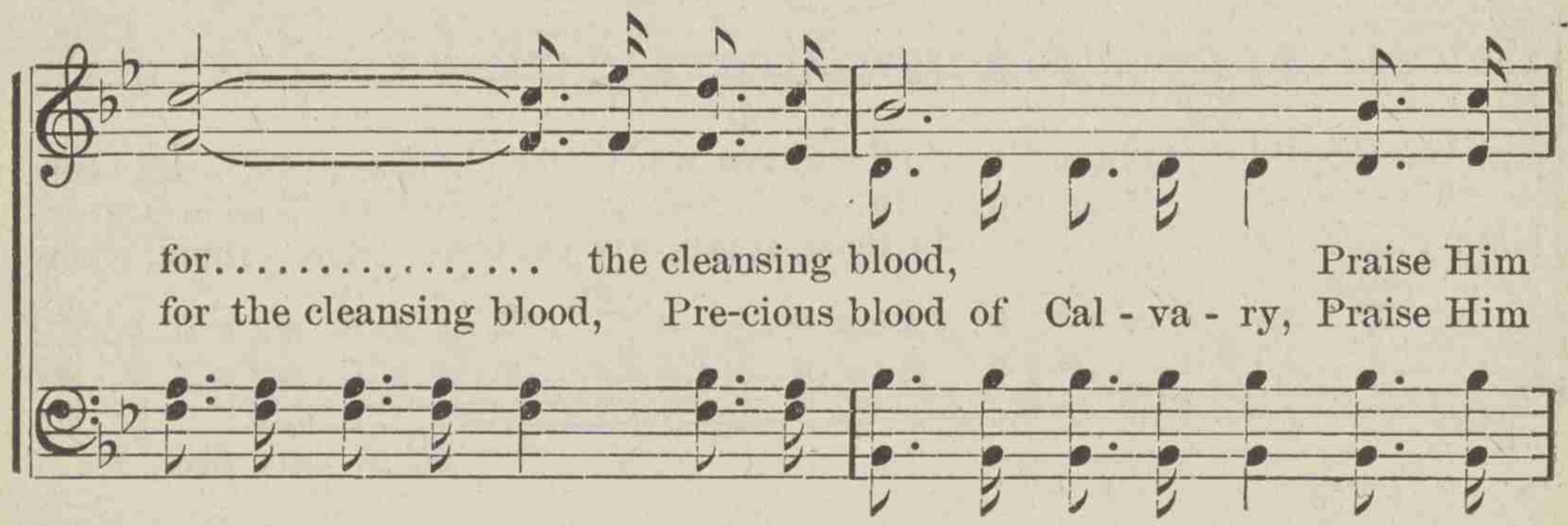
COWPER. Rev. WM. J. HOLTZCLAW.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im-manuel's veins,
   And sin - ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
   And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

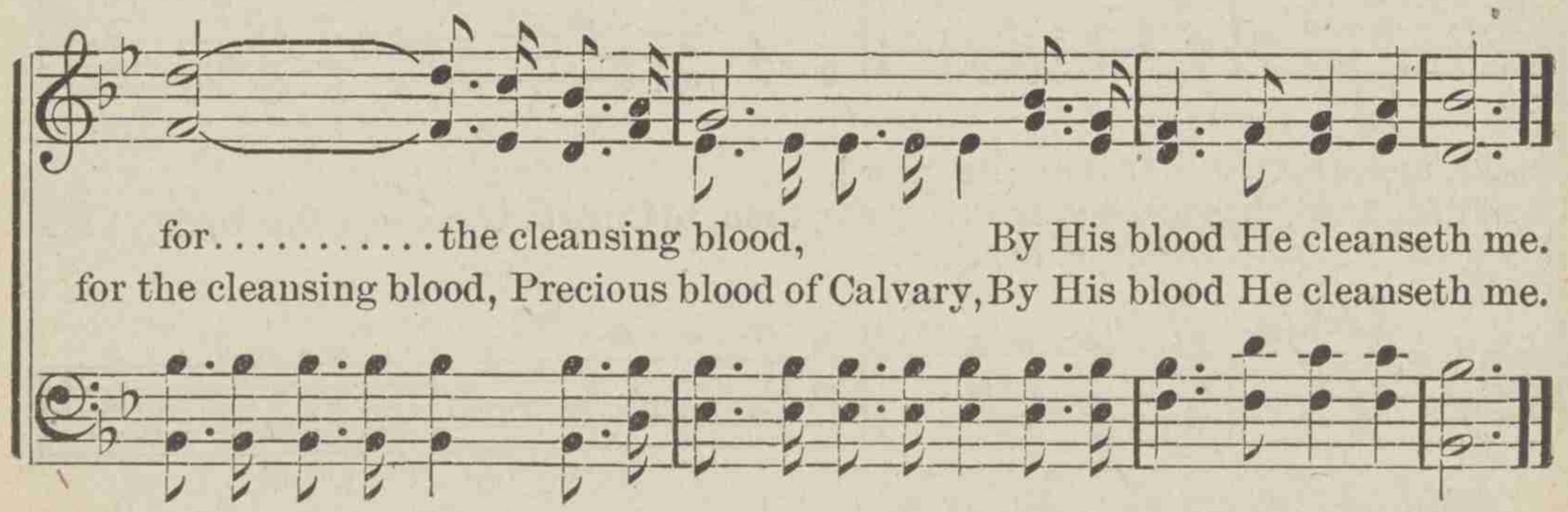
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb! Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
   Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.

CHORUS.



Praise Him for..... the cleansing blood, Praise Him
Praise Him for the cleansing blood, Precious blood of Cal - va-ry, Praise Him



for..... the cleansing blood, Praise Him
for the cleansing blood, Pre-cious blood of Cal - va - ry, Praise Him



for.....the cleansing blood, By His blood He cleanseth me.
for the cleansing blood, Precious blood of Calvary, By His blood He cleanseth me.

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No. 76. There Is Joy in Heaven.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER. J. H. T.

No. 77. When We All Get Home.

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

1. We will sing the praise of Je-sus When we all get home, We will
2. All our tri - als will be o - ver, When we reach our home, All our
3. We will see our pre - cious Sa-vior When we all get home; We will

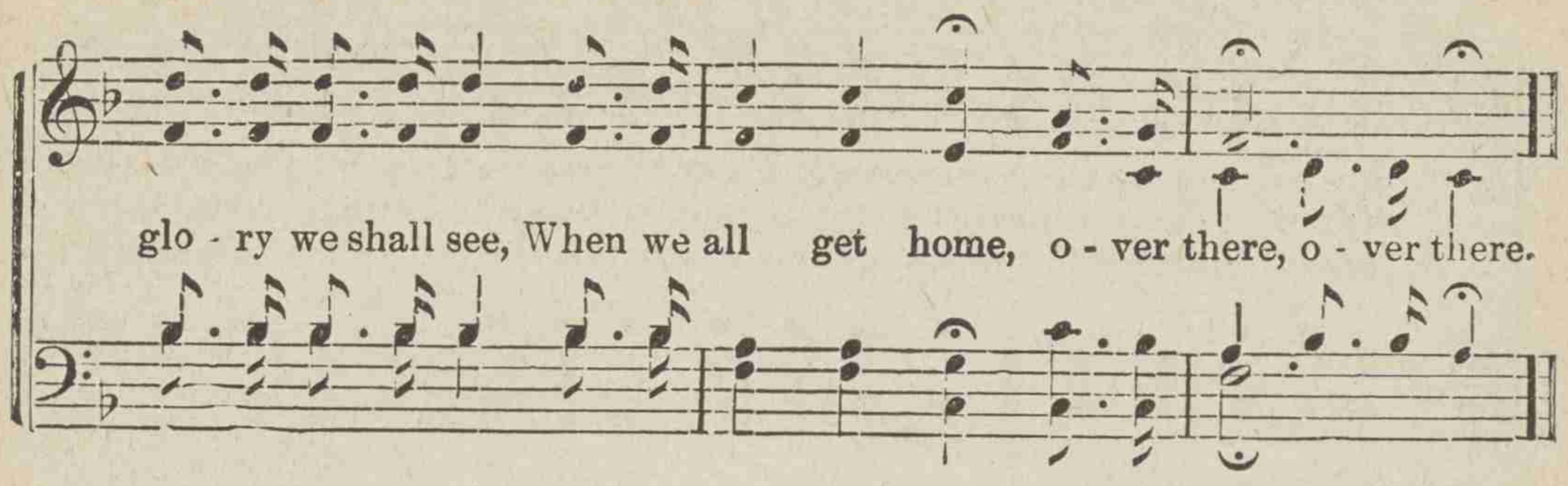
sing the praise of Jesus When we all get home, With millions round the throne, With the
tri - als will be over, When we reach our home; How happy we will be, From all
see our precious Savior When we all get home; His glo-ry we shall see, And thro'

myriads of his own, We will make his glo-ry known When we all get home.
sin and sor-row free Thro' a long e - ter - ni-ty, In our heavenly home.
all e - ter - ni-ty, O how hap - py we shall be In our heavenly home.

CHORUS.

When we all get home o - ver there, o - ver there, When we
all get home o - ver there, o-ver there, O how hap-py we will be, When his

When We All Get Home.—Concluded.



No. 78. Come to Jesus.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. T.

1. Come to Je-sus! he will save you, Tho' your sins as crimson glow;
   If you give your hearts to Je - sus, ...
2. Come to Je-sus! do not tar - ry; En-ter in at mercy's gate;
   O de - lay not till the mor - row, ...
3. Come to Je-sus, dy-ing sin - ner! Oth-er Sav-ior there is none;
   He will share with you his glory, ...

Chorus.

He will make them white as snow.
Lest thy coming be too late.
When your pilgrimage is done.

Come to Je - sus! Come to Je - sus!
Come, come to-day! Come, come to-day!

Come to Jesus! come to-day,
. . . . . .
Come to Jesus! come, yes, come, come to-day!

Come to Jesus! come, come to-day!

Repeat pp

No. 79. Come, Sinner, Come.

W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. Sinner, come to the Savior, and trust Him to save; 'Twas for you wretched sin - ner, His life Je - sus gave; He in-vites you to come, He will kind - ly re-ceive, There is life for a look if you on - ly be - lieve.
2. Sinner, come, one and all, to the Lamb that was slain, Sinner, come to His arms and be cleans'd from all stain; There's a life you must live and a cross you must bear, There's a race to be run and a crown you should wear.
3. Sinner, come while you may, come, and drink of His love; Sinner, start with your friends to that bright home a-bove; Lov-ing friends now are there in that ha - ven of rest, Some you promised to meet in the land of the blest.

Chorus.

{ Sinner come, sinner come, Je-sus calls you to-day, Mercy stands pleading
{ Sinner come, sinner come, Je-sus calls you to-day, He will save all who

1. now, do not then stay a - way;
(Omit.)..... come, He in - vites you to - day.

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No. 80. The Child of a King.

KATTIE BUELL, Alt. JOHN SUMMER, arr.

DUET.

1. My father is rich, not in houses and lands, But he
2. My father's own son, the Savior from sin, Once
3. I once was an outcast, a stranger on earth, A
4. A tent or a cottage—O why should I care? They are

hold-eth the wealth of the world in his hands! The
wan-der'd o'er earth as the poor-est of men; But
sin-ner by choice, and an "a-lien" by birth; But
build-ing a pa-lace for me o-ver there; Though

ru-bies and dia-monds, the sil-ver and gold Of the
now he is reign-ing for-ev-er on high, And will
I've been a-dopt-ed, my name's writ-ten down As an
ex-iled from home, yet still I may sing: All

Chorus.

earth are all his; he has rich-es un-told.
give us a home in the sweet by and by. I'm the child of a King, The
heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.
glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King!

child of a King; With Jesus, my Sa-vior, I'm the child of a King.

No. 81. Why Not Trust in Him Now?

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. The Savior hath called thee and shown thee his love; He died for poor sinners like thee; He left his bright home in the mansions a - bove, The
2. His blood he hath shed to redeem thee from sin; A fount has been opened for thee; He tells thee of heav - en, and bids thee come in, The
3. He'll clothe thee with vesture that's whiter than snow; In pastures of verdure will lead, Where wa - ters of life in a-bun-dance do flow, Thy

cap-tive from bond - age to free.
beauties of E - den to see.
soul in its rap - ture to feed.

Chorus.

O. why not trust in him, [trust in him] now? O, why not trust in him, [trust in him] now? He loves thee, and bids thee on him to re - ly; O! why not trust in him now?

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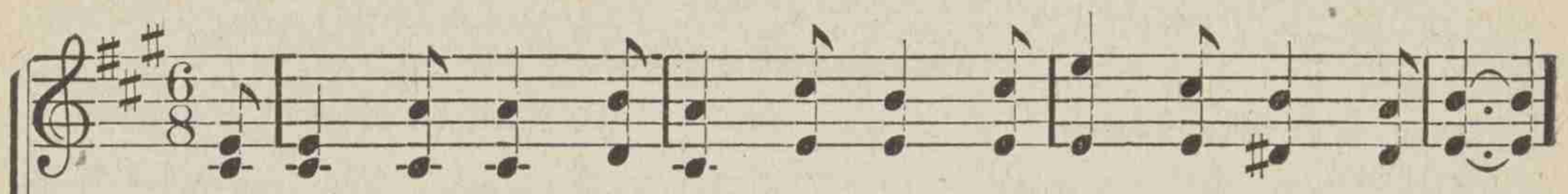
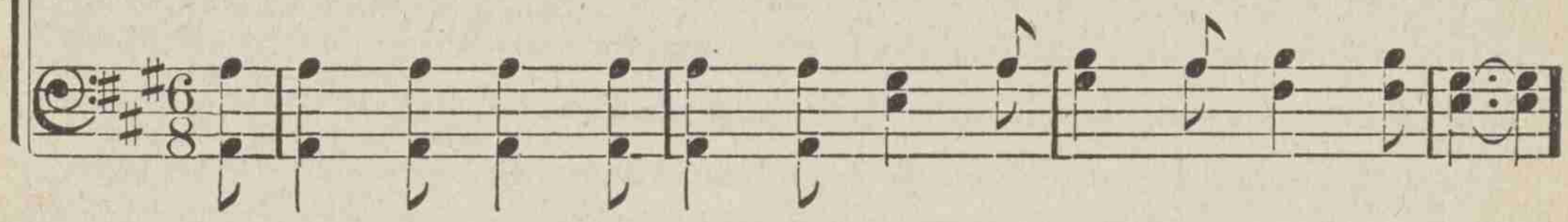
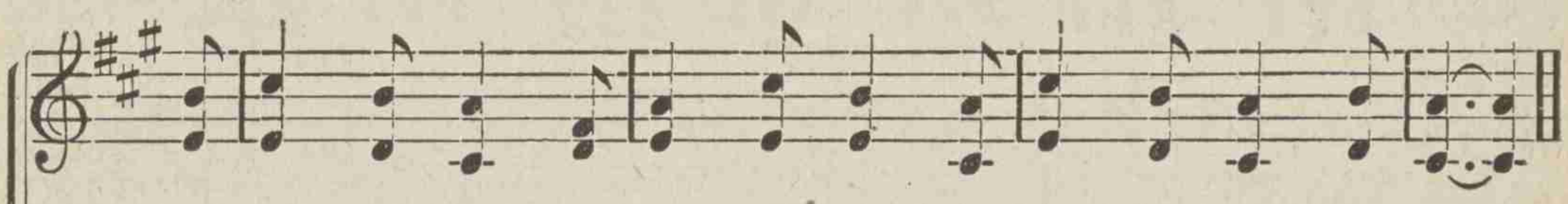
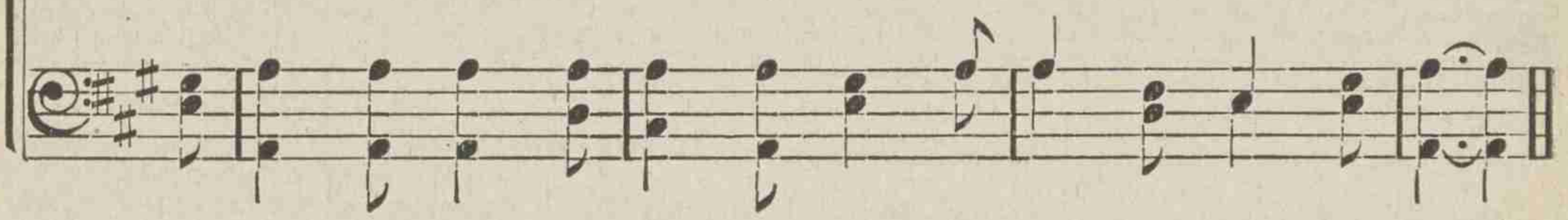
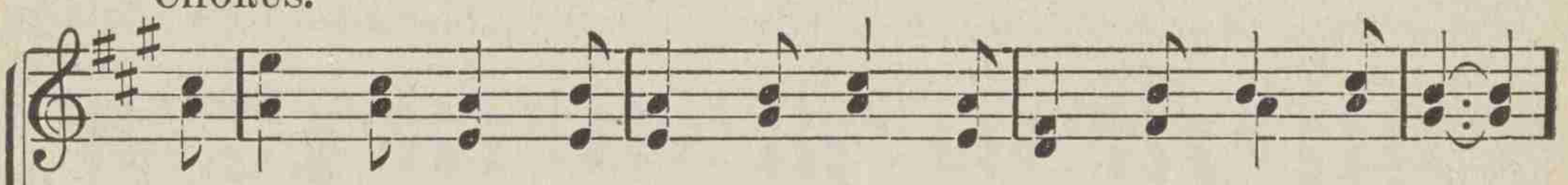
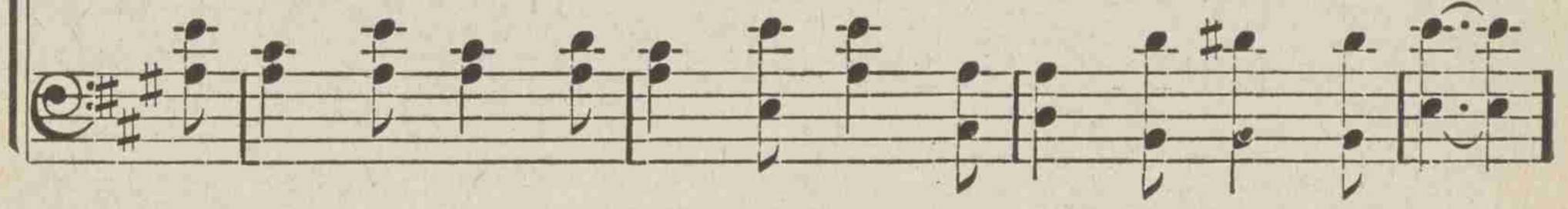
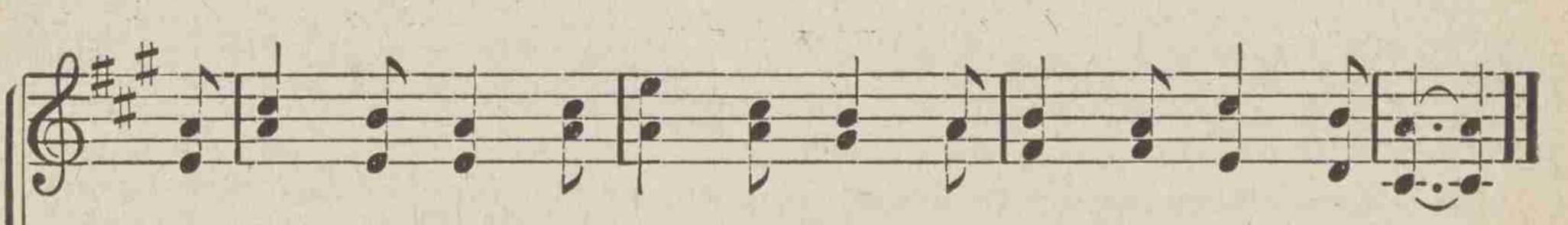
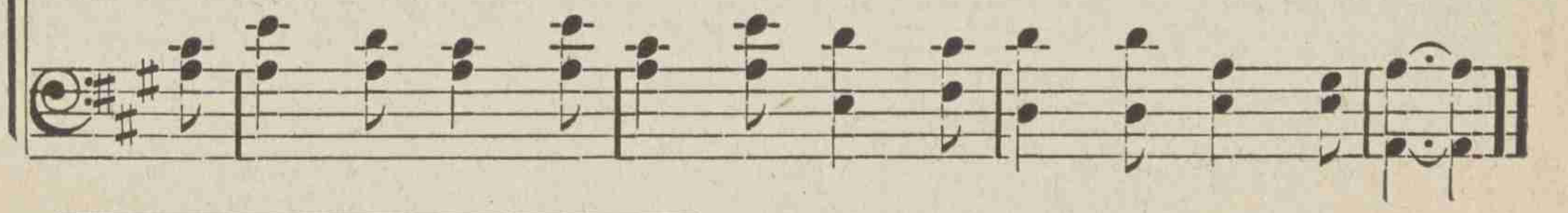
No. 82. The Gospel Feast.

W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. The Mas - ter bids all men to come, And feast to - day with Him;
2. The feast is free to all who come, And feast to - day with Him;
3. The sin - sick soul to - day may come, And feast to - day with Him;

The rich and poor a - like may come, And feast to - day with Him.
And ev - 'ry hun - gry soul may come, And feast to - day with Him.
And who - so - ev - er will may come, And feast to - day with Him.

Chorus.

The Mas - ter's feast is spread to - day, Oh, come and feast with Him;

The hun - gry soul may come to - day, Oh, come and feast with Him.

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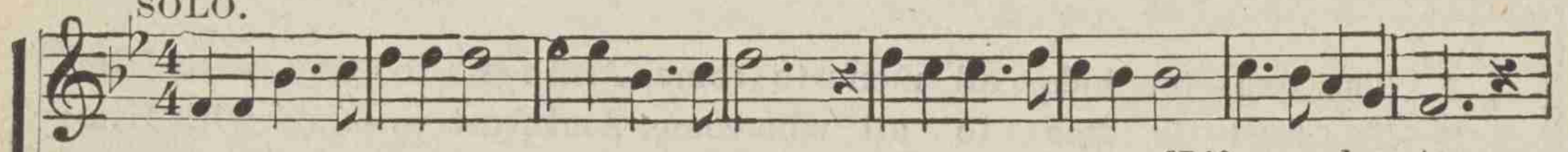
No. 83. Save the Boy.

"*A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.*"—**Prov. 10: 1.**

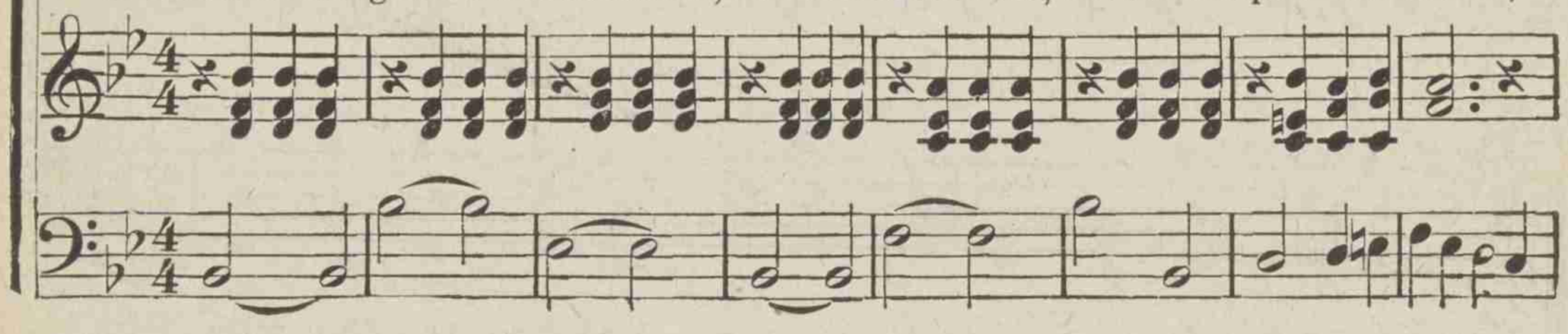
(TEMPERANCE SONG.)

MRS. S. C. ELLSWORTH. W. WARREN BENTLEY, by per.

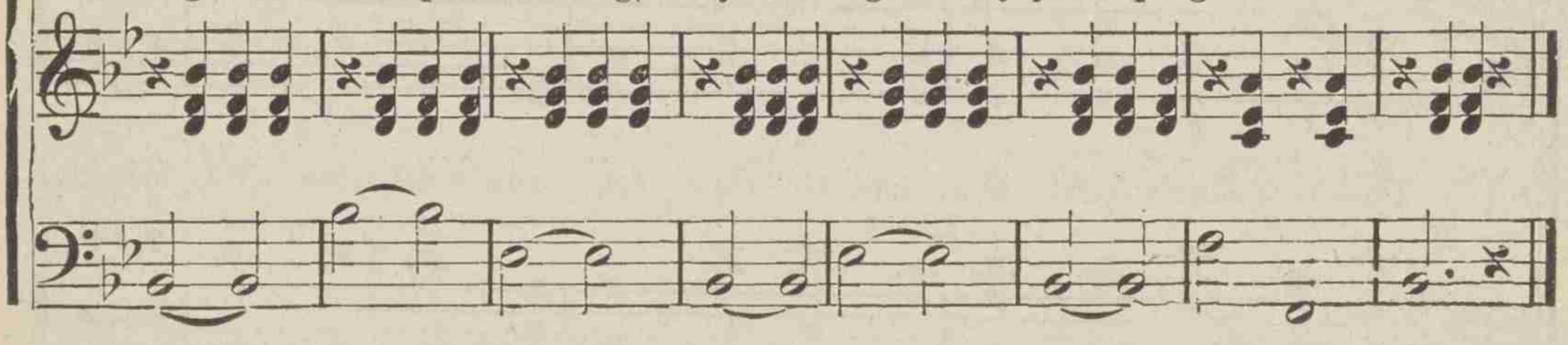
SOLO.

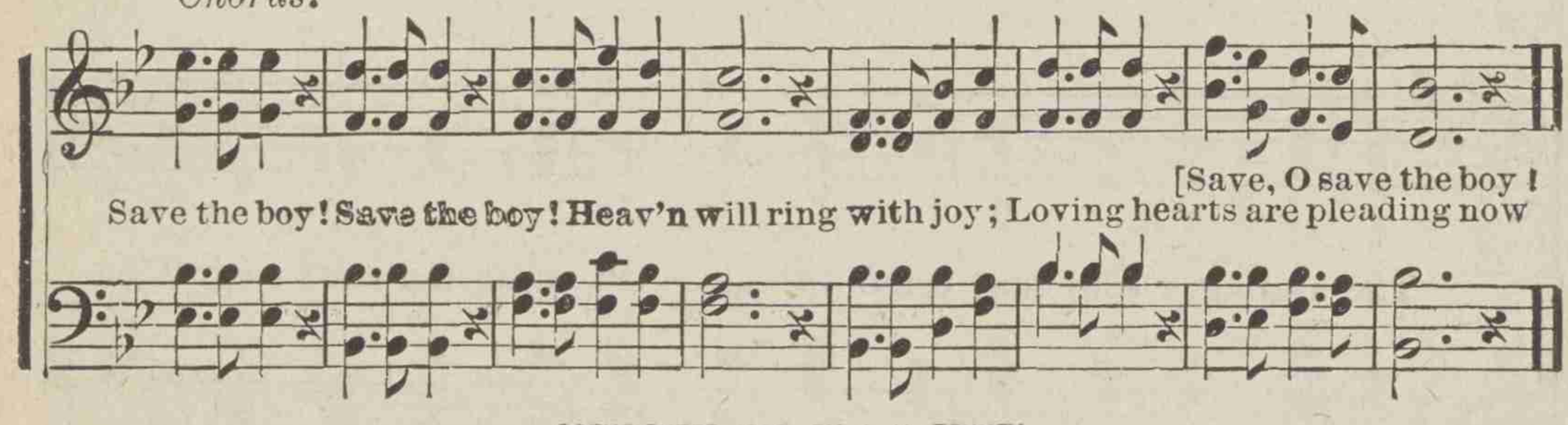


[Life was dear to me;

1. Once he was so light and fair, Glad, and light and free Fill'd my soul with peace and joy
[stood, Till that dreadful hour.
2. Once he was so brave and true, Shunn'd the tempter's pow'r; Once for right he firmly
[Hold him to my side;
3. Once he was my only hope, Source of joy and pride, Then I thought that love might clasp,
[Looks with patient eye,
4. Tell him though he's wandered far, Love can never die, Lives in hope of his return,

[my darling boy.

But he took the fatal glass, 'Twas a fleeting joy, Drank, and lo, the hand of death, Grasp'd
[My poor wandering boy!
Bright and sparkling was the cup, Seem'd without alloy, Fair the hand that captive led,
[oh save my boy.
But today my boy forsakes Home with all its joy, Far in sin he's wandering now, Save,
[For the wandering boy.
Loving hearts have pleaded long, Pray'd for light and joy, Keeping still a welcome there



Chorus.

[Save, O save the boy!

Save the boy! Save the boy! Heav'n will ring with joy; Loving hearts are pleading now

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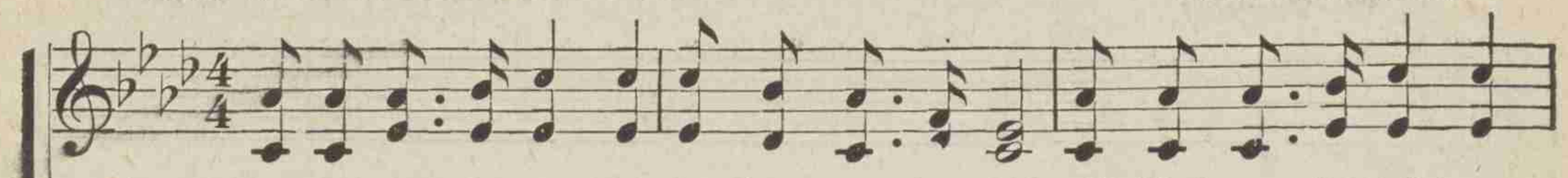
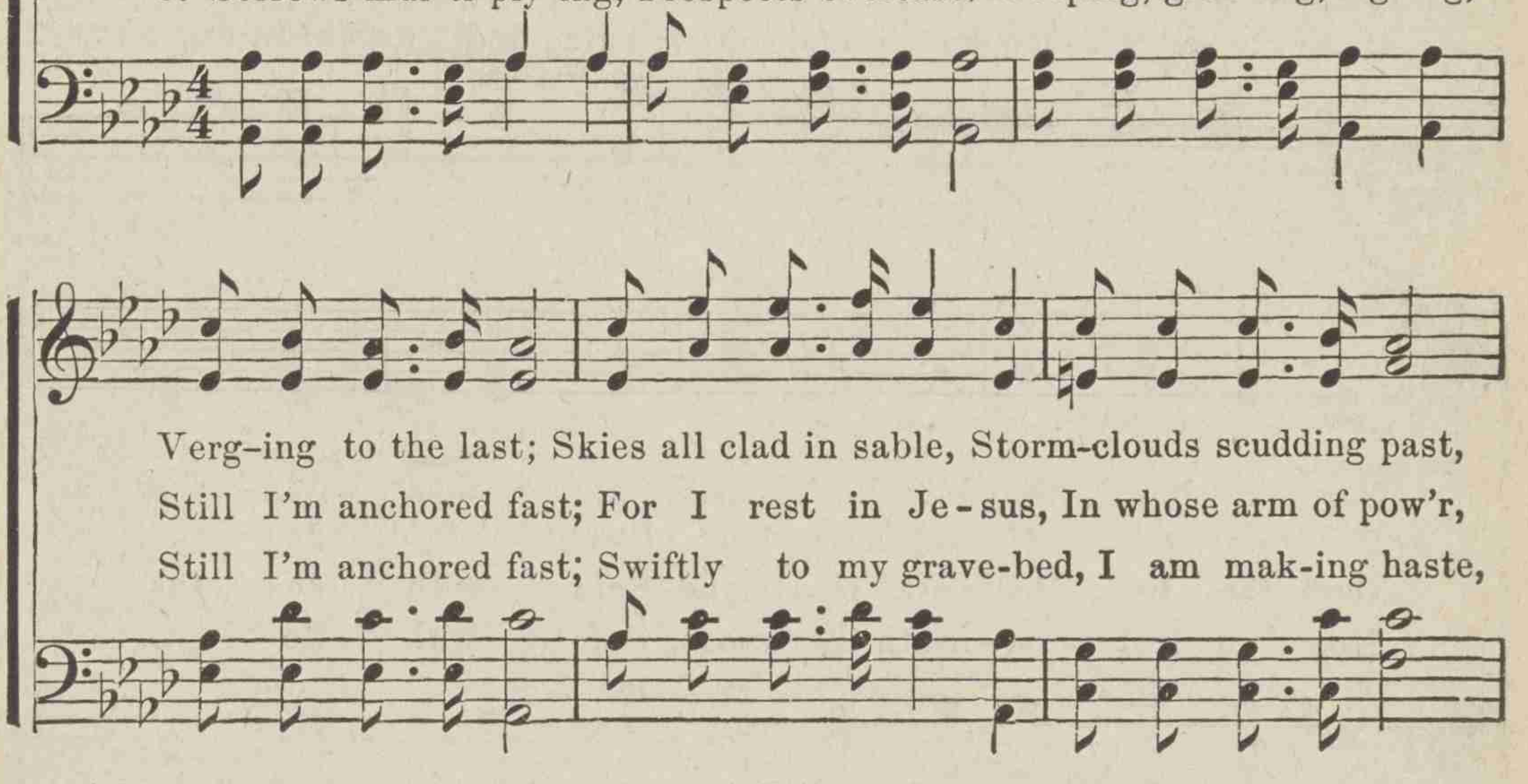
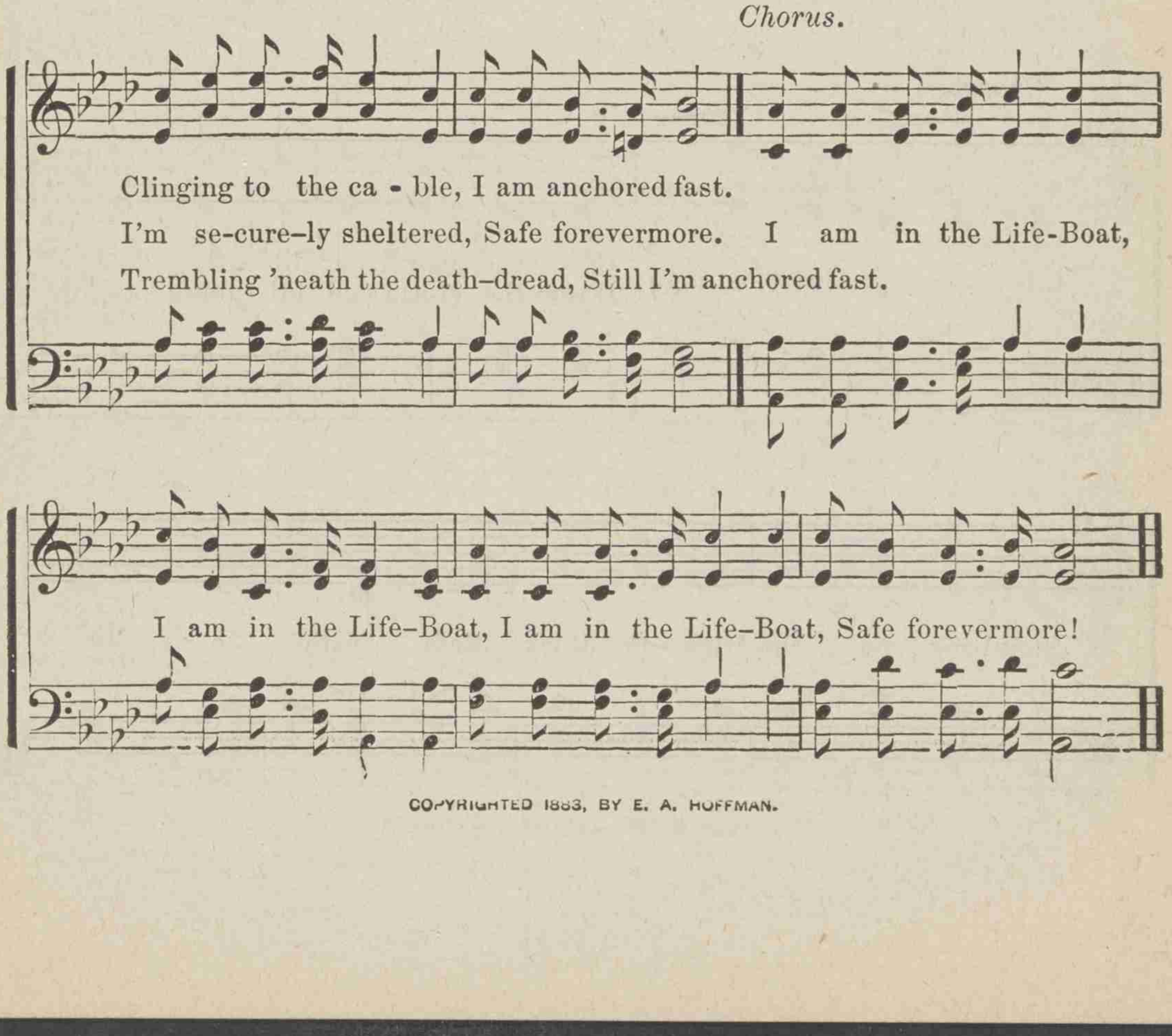
No. 84. In the Life-Boat.

Rev. Wm. P. Breed, D. D. alt. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Tossing on the bil-low, Rocking in the blast, Sick'ningon the pil-low,
2. Gone each earthly treasure, Cut away each mast, Vanished earthly pleasure.
3. Sorrows mul-ti-ply-ing, Prospects overcast, Weeping, groaning, sighing,



Verg-ing to the last; Skies all clad in sable, Storm-clouds scudding past,
Still I'm anchored fast; For I rest in Je-sus, In whose arm of pow'r,
Still I'm anchored fast; Swiftly to my grave-bed, I am mak-ing haste,

Chorus.



Clinging to the ca - ble, I am anchored fast.
I'm se-cure-ly sheltered, Safe forevermore. I am in the Life-Boat,
Trembling 'neath the death-dread, Still I'm anchored fast.

I am in the Life-Boat, I am in the Life-Boat, Safe forevermore!

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No. 85. Standing on the Mighty Rock.

Psalms 40: 2.

A. W. FRENCH. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Standing on the Migh - ty Rock, Migh - ty Rock, Migh-ty Rock,
2. Let the wa - ters mad - ly sweep, mad - ly sweep, mad - ly sweep,
3. Some may seek the shift - ing sand, Shift - ing sand, shift-ing sand,
4. We have suf - fered pain and loss, Pain and loss, pain and loss,

Far a bove the bil - low's shock, Safe with Je - sus.
Care we not if we may keep Close to Je - sus.
Ours the bet - ter part to stand, Safe with Je - sus.
Now we rest be - neath the cross, Safe with Je - sus.

Chorus.

And we cry: Christ is nigh; {He will guard our lit - tle flock,
{From the storm and bil - low's shock,

Stand-ing on the Migh - ty Rock, Safe with Je - sus.

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No. 86. Wondrously Redeemed.

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

1. I have precious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has
2. It was Christ's redemption blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That re -
3. I have found a precious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! Oh, whose

come with me to dwell, hal - le - lu - jah! By His grace and pow'r divine, He has
stored my soul to God, hal - le - lu - jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing
help I can depend, hal - le - lu - jah! Since He took my sins a-way, He has

D. S.—joicing night and day, As I

chang'd this heart of mine, And He whispers, "I am thine," hal - le - lu - jah!
from His wound-ed side; I am sav'd and jus- ti- fied, hal - le - lu - jah!
taught me how to pray, And to do His will each day, hal - le - lu - jah!

walk the narrow way, For He wash'd my sins away, hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - - - jah! I'm re-deemed! Oh, so

Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeemed! oh, hal-le-lu - jah! I'm redeemed! Oh, so

won - - - - - drously re-deemed! D. S.

wondrously redeemed. yes, oh, so wondrous - ly redeemed! I'm re -

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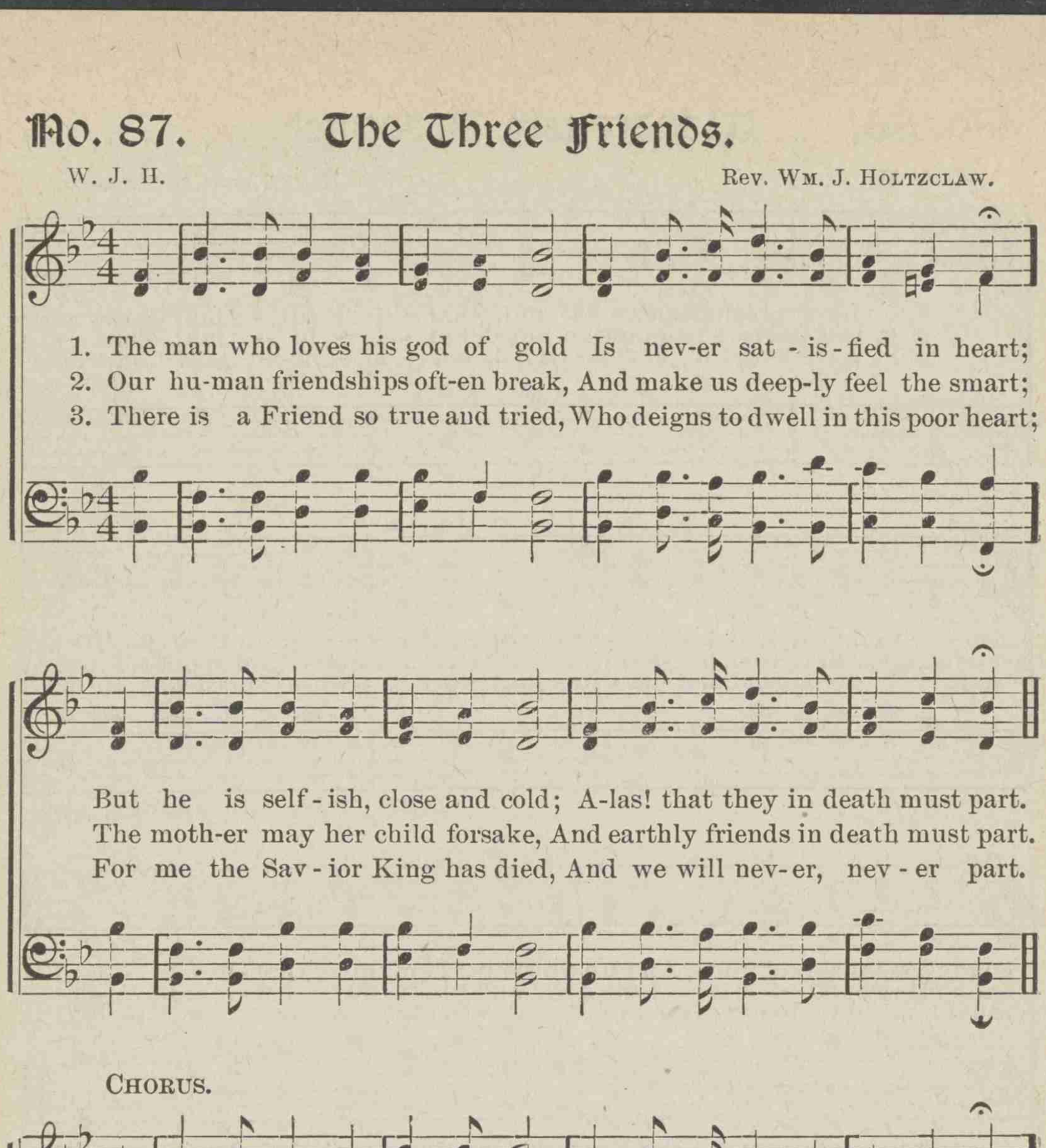
No. 87. The Three Friends.

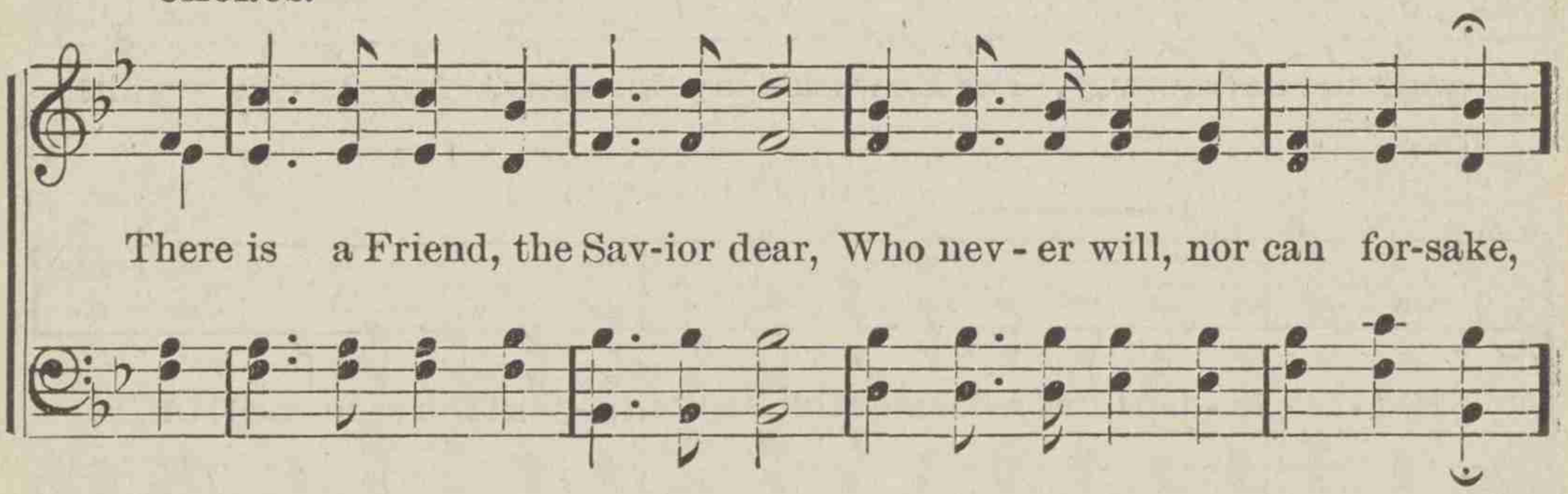
W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

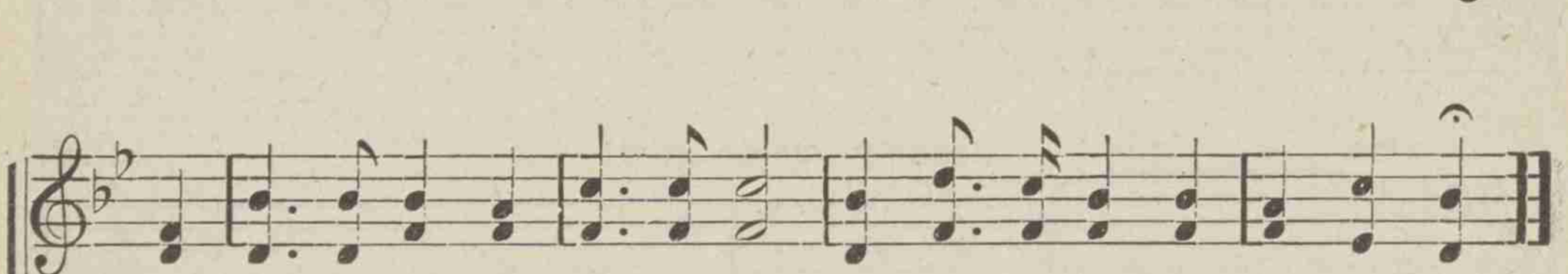
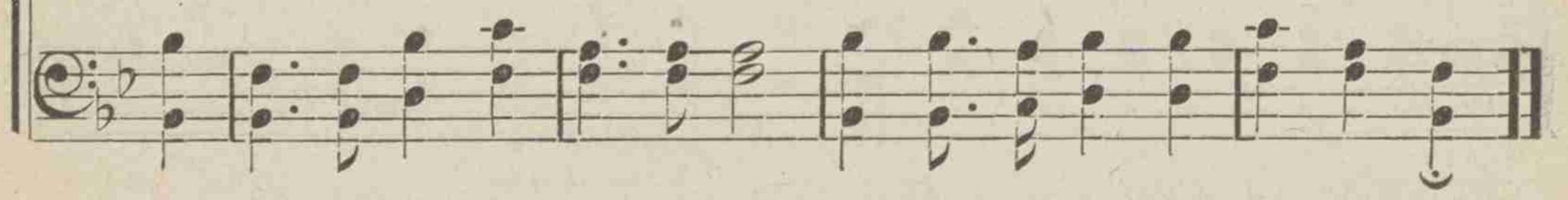
1. The man who loves his god of gold Is nev-er sat - is - fied in heart;
2. Our hu-man friendships oft-en break, And make us deep-ly feel the smart;
3. There is a Friend so true and tried, Who deigns to dwell in this poor heart;



But he is self - ish, close and cold; A-las! that they in death must part.
The moth-er may her child forsake, And earthly friends in death must part.
For me the Sav - ior King has died, And we will nev-er, nev - er part.

Chorus.



There is a Friend, the Sav-ior dear, Who nev - er will, nor can for-sake,

In ev - 'ry troub-le He is near; In death my spir-it He will take.

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No. 88. Safe in Jesus.

"Abide in Me."—John 14: 4.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER. J. H. T.

1. At the feet of Je - sus ly-ing, Once I prayed in anguish
2. On his lov - ing breast re-clin-ing, I shall fail and fall no
3. With the fin - al con-flict near-ing, I am free from all a-

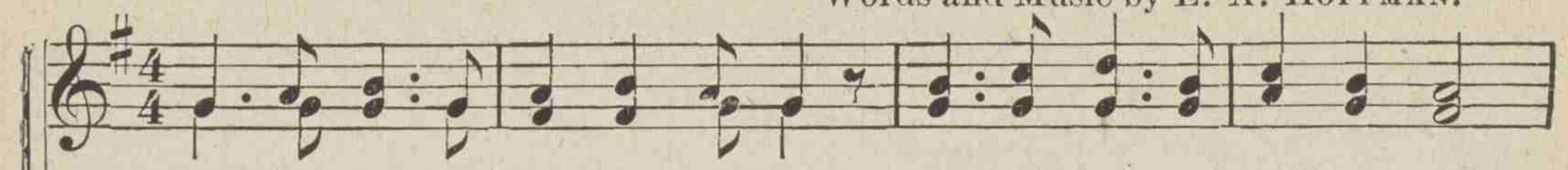
sore; Now his own right hand sustains me, With his strength I faint no more.
more; Lo, he whispers, "I am with thee, Till thy days of toil are o'er."
larm; Lo, the conqu'ror stands beside me; He will keep my soul from harm.

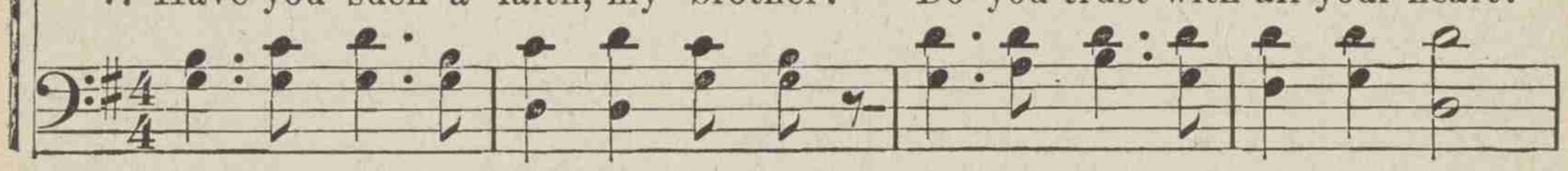
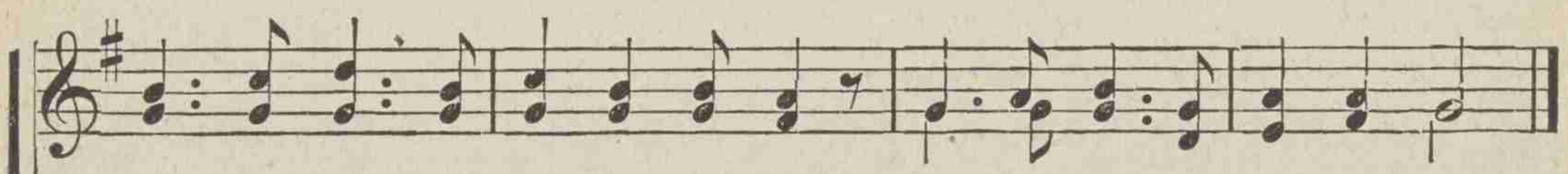
Chorus.

Safe in Je-sus now a - bid-ing, I can smile at all my

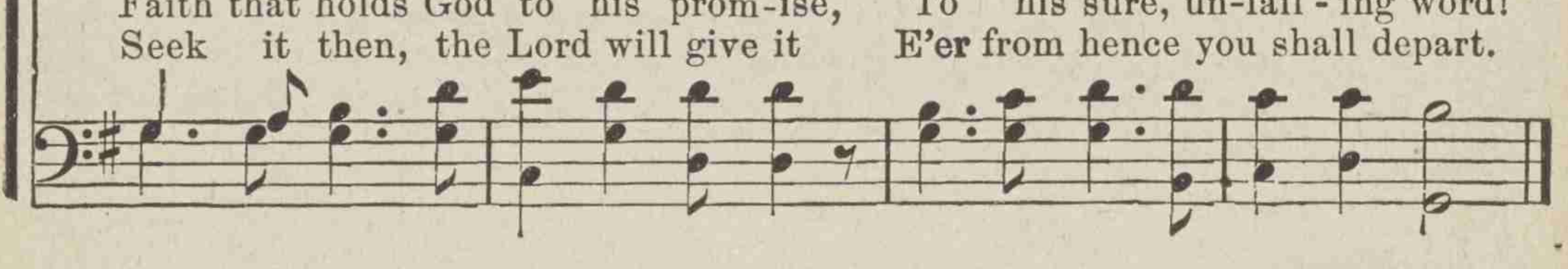
foes; Safe in Je-sus, safe in Je-sus, O how sweet is my re - pose!

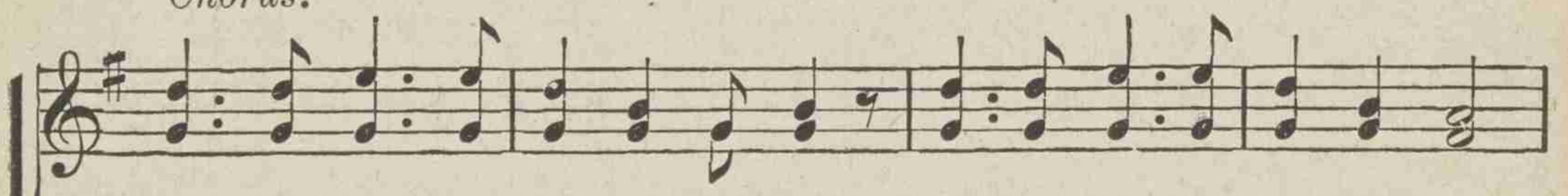
No. 89. Have More Faith in Jesus.

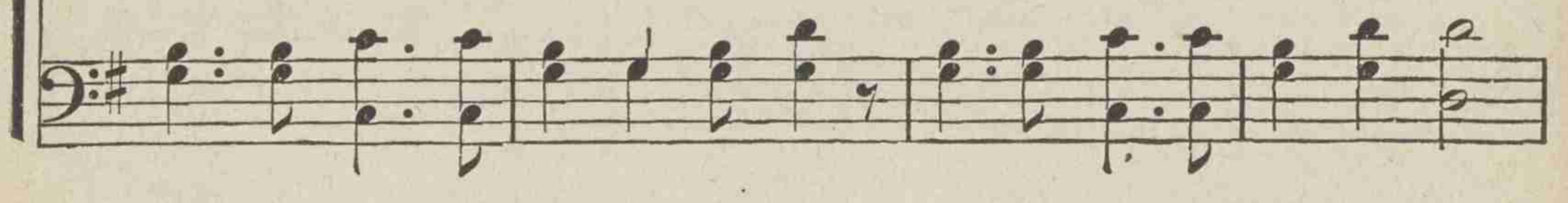
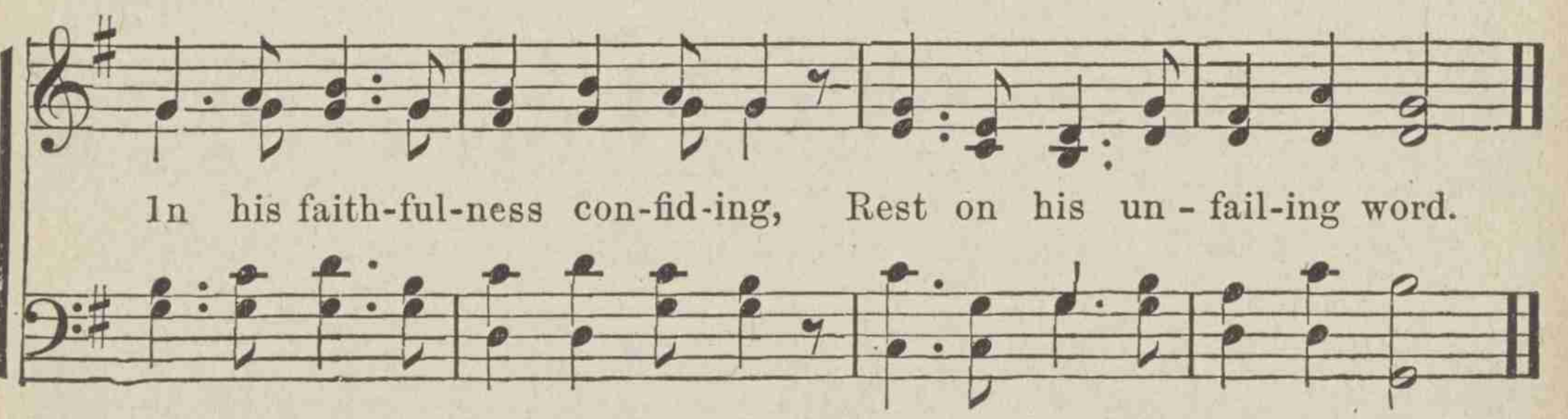
Words and Music by E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Full and per-fect faith in Je - sus, O how wondrous is its pow'r!
2. Faith subdues the earth-ly kingdoms In these hearts of sense and sin,
3. Faith re-moves the many mountains Of our fear and un - be - lief,
4. Faith lays hold on God's strong promise, Touches Christ, the Father's Son,
5. Faith can stop the mouth of li - ons, Quench the vi-o-lence of fire,
6. O for more such faith in Je-sus, Migh-ty faith in Christ, the Lord,
7. Have you such a faith, my brother? Do you trust with all your heart?



Such a faith can save and keep us Ev - 'ry moment, ev - 'ry hour.
Cleanses us from all de - file-ment Brings the heavenly Kingdom in.
And un-seals the liv - ing fountains, Of God's grace for our re - lief.
Then the bless - ed Ho - ly Spi - rit Brings the heavenly blessing down.
Make us strong to work or suf - fer, And our hearts with zeal inspire.
Faith that holds God to his prom-ise, To his sure, un-fail - ing word!
Seek it then, the Lord will give it E'er from hence you shall depart.



Chorus.

Have more faith in Christ, my brother, Have more faith in Christ, your Lord;



In his faith-ful-ness con-fid-ing, Rest on his un - fail-ing word.

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No. 90. The Hand to Which I Cling.

MARY D. BRINE, alt. JAMES MC GRANAHAN.

1. There's not a moment of each day That I do not need to cling To the
2. I'm blind, too blind tochoosemy way Through this strange, bewildering land, So I
3. And though it be through storm or shine, I am told to fol-low on, Yet it

Migh-ty Hand which leadeth me, To the palace of my great King. My
dare not e'en for one brief moment, Let go of the Father's hand. And
matters not, since I may tread Where my Savior's dear feet have gone. And

1

stumbling feet press the living path Which leads to the great white throne, But
well—ah! well do I know it, Lord— I ne'er can reach a - -
day and night as the moments pass, I may not see my guide, Yet
know, by faith in my trusting heart, That He is close at my - -
closer still to His hand I cling, By faith, by praise, and pray'r, Till
at His feet I shall lay me down, For - ev - er at rest from - -

Chorus.

2

lone.
side. Then to his kind hand cling-ing, I dai - ly fol - low,
care.

sing-ing, Because my soul he's bring - ing Up to the great white throne.

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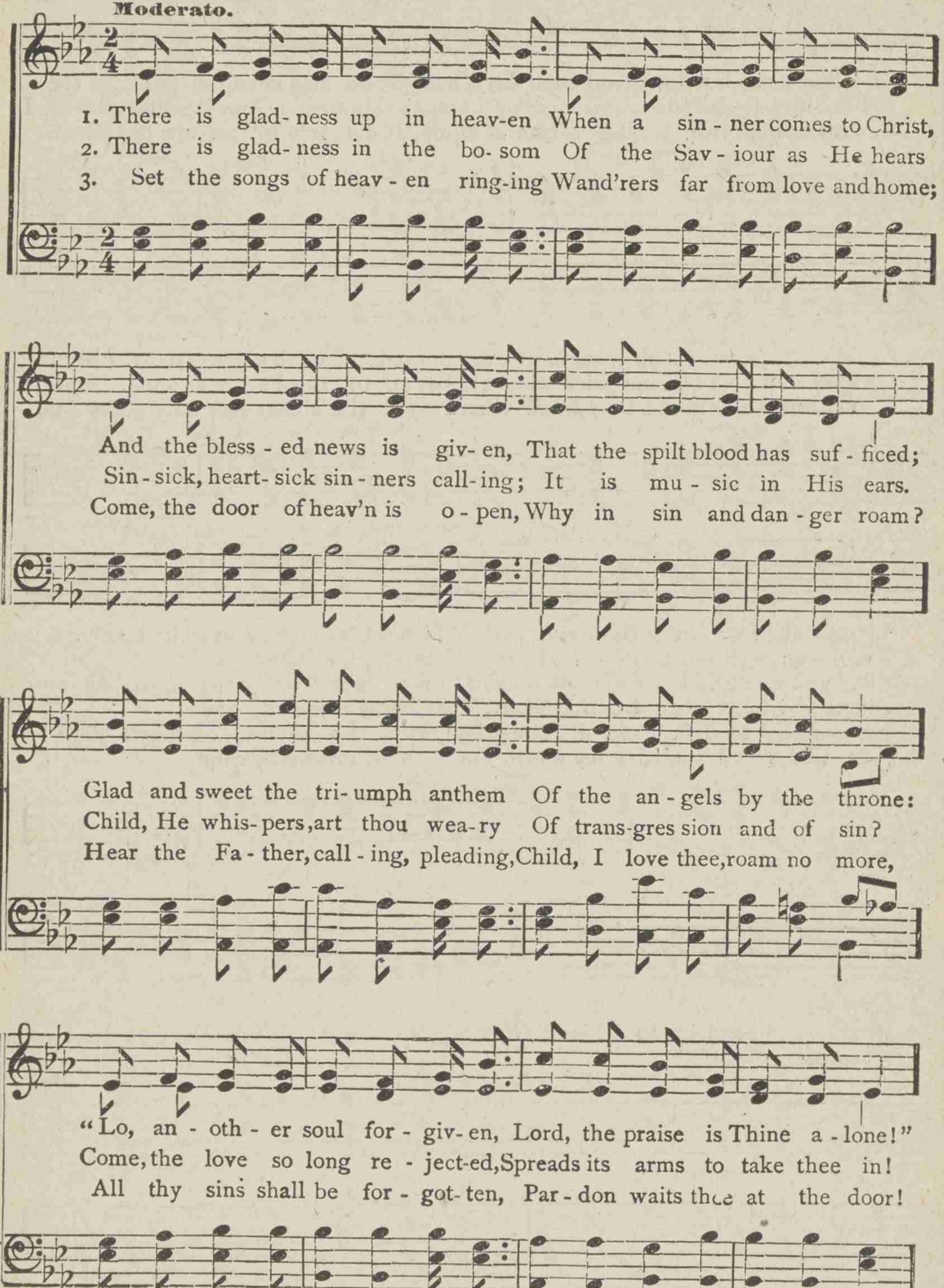
No. 91. Joy in Heaven.

Luke 15: 7.

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

Moderato.



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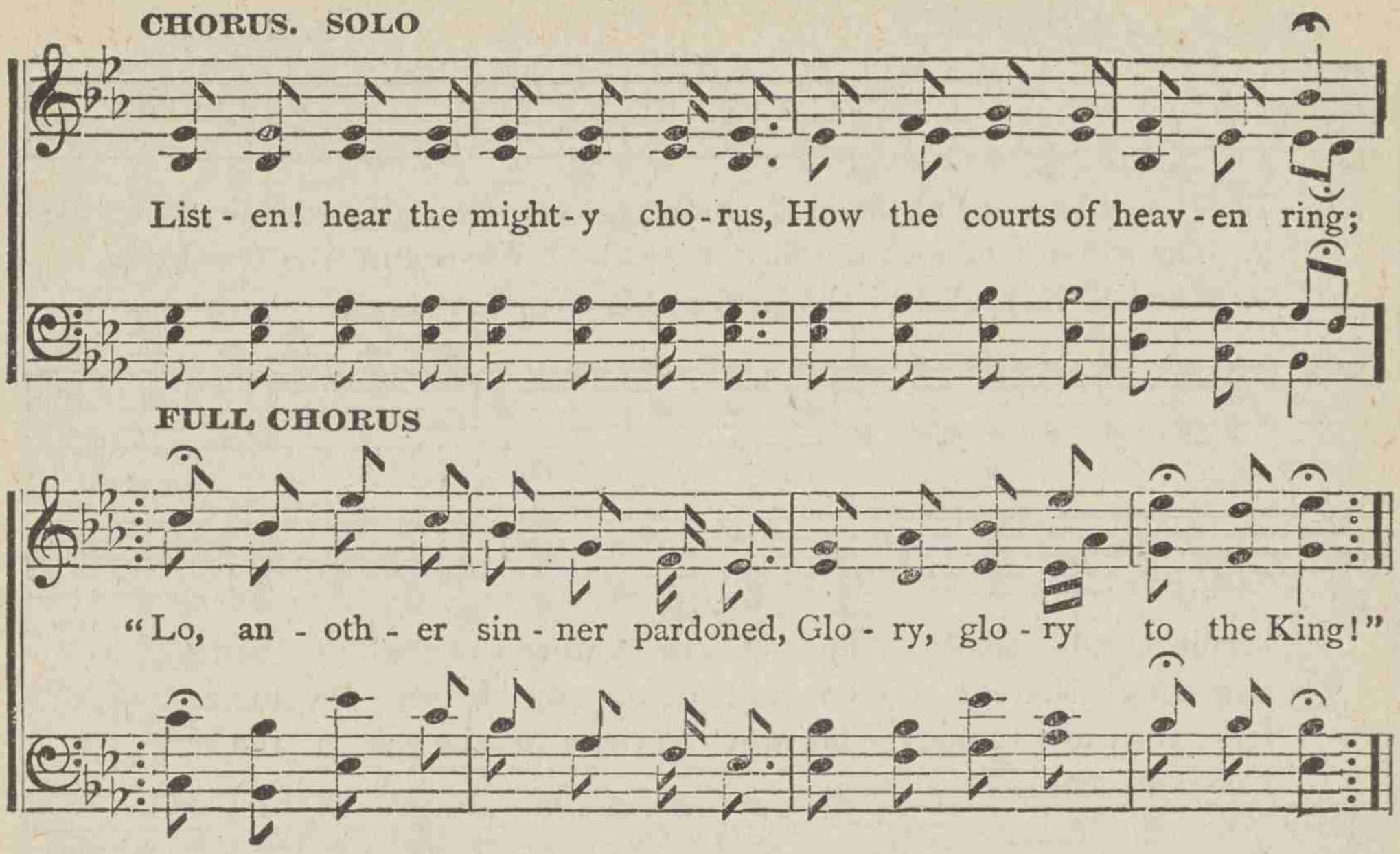
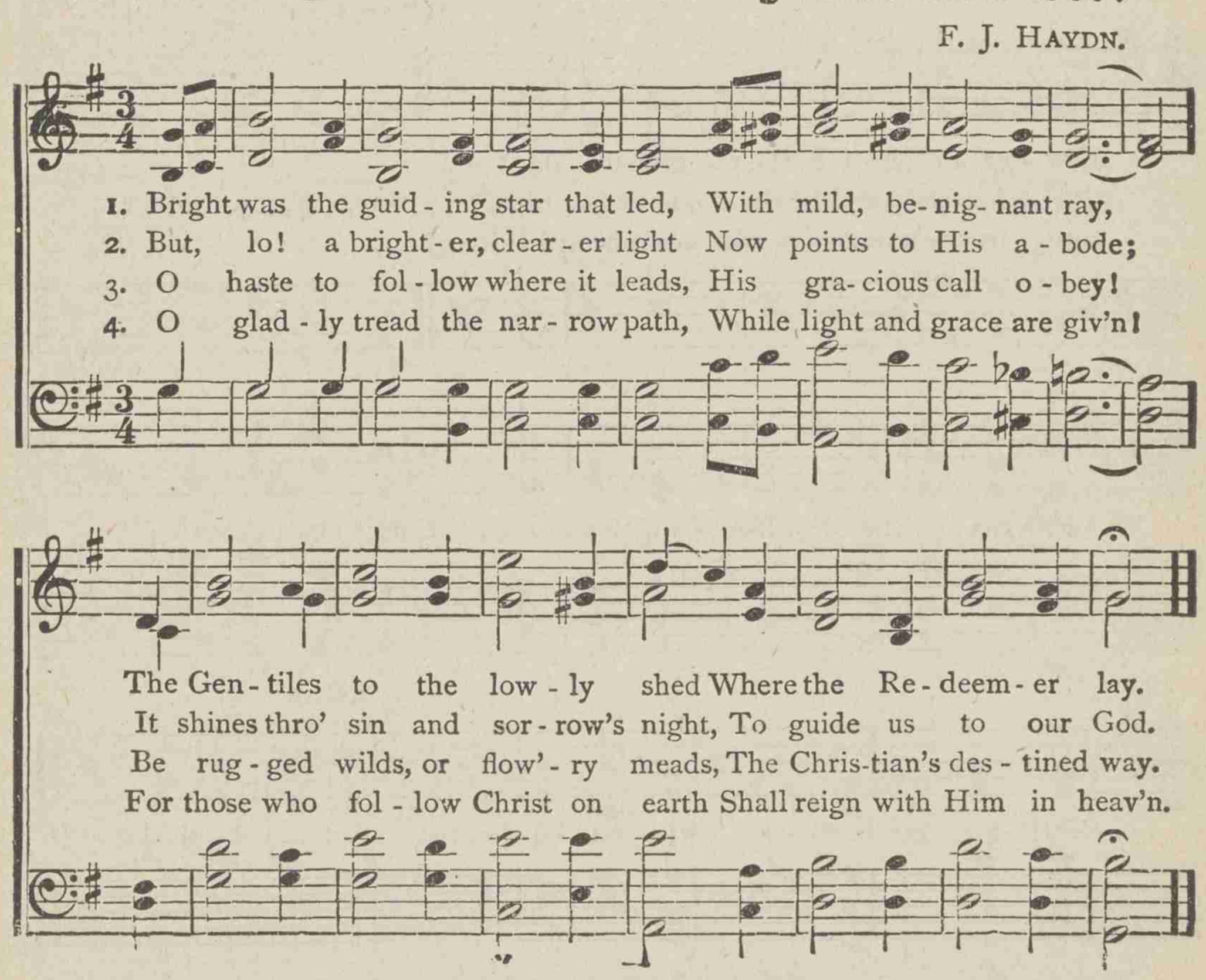
Joy in Heaven.—Concluded.

No. 92. Bright Was the Guiding Star that Led.

F. J. HAYDN.



No. 93. Who Will Be There?

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

1. Who will be one of the mul - ti-tude great, Sweeping with joy thro' the bright pear-ly gate? Who of our number will still go a-stray,
2. Who will ascend with the Savior to be, Washed in the blood that is flow - ing so free? Who will be rea - dy to en - ter the rest
3. Who will be sealed by the Lord as his own, Saved and re-joic - ing be- fore the great throne? Who will be there to take part in the song,

Chorus.

Nev - er to en - ter the re - gions of day?
Christ has prepared in the home of the blest? Say, Oh, my brother,
Sung by the thousands who heavenward throng?

will you be there? Robes white and fair, Christ shall prepare;

Rit. p

Tell me, my brother, will you be there? will you be there?

p

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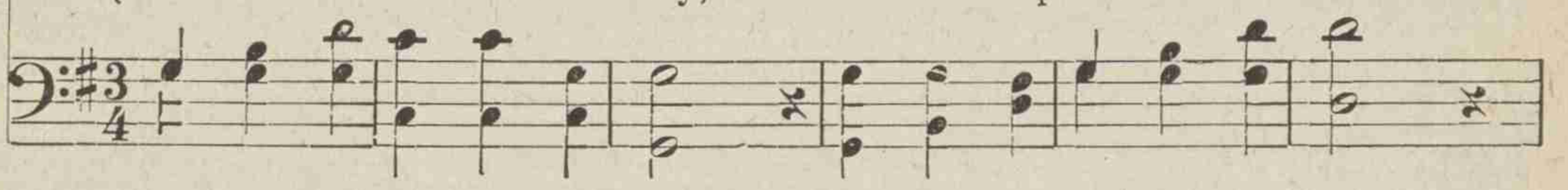
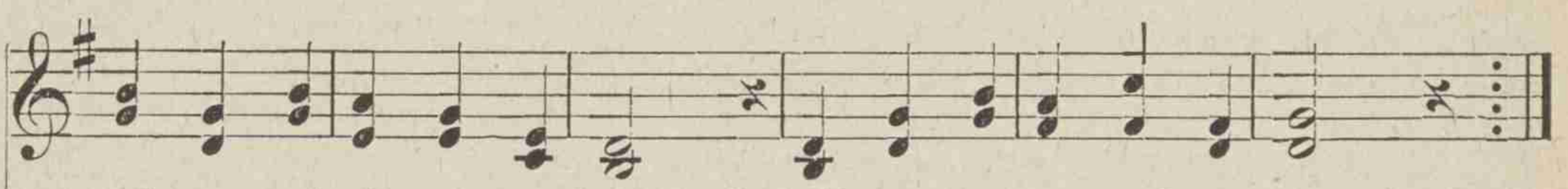
No. 94. Wandering Sinner, Return.

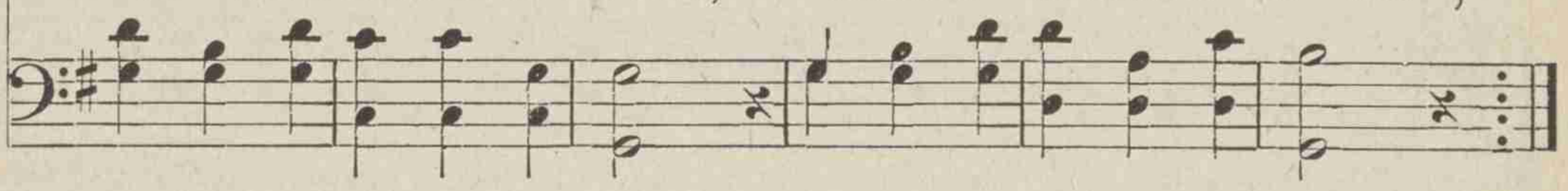
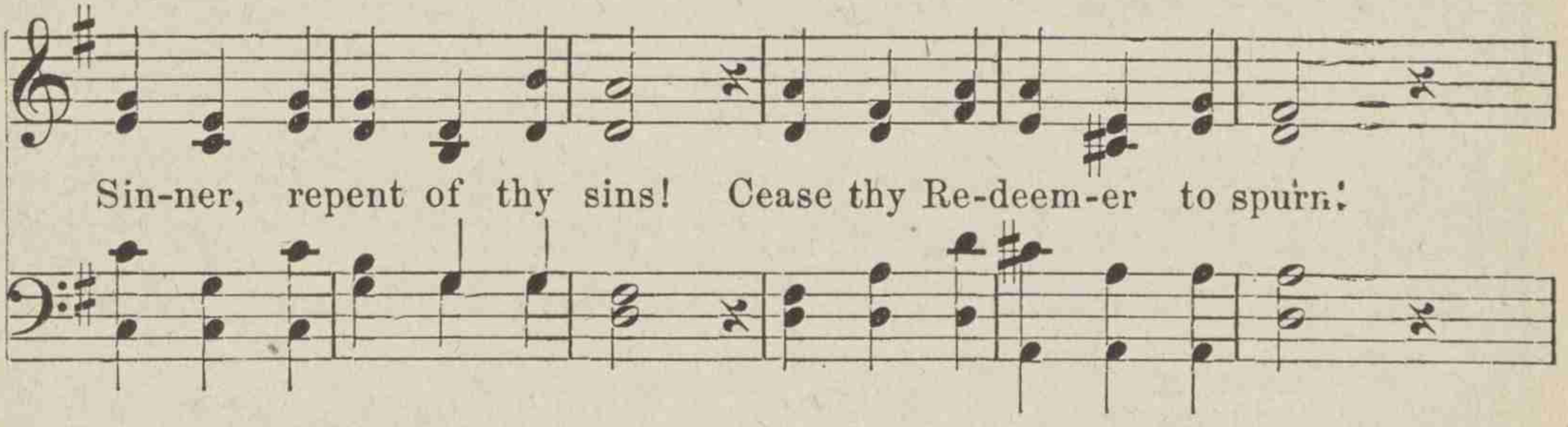
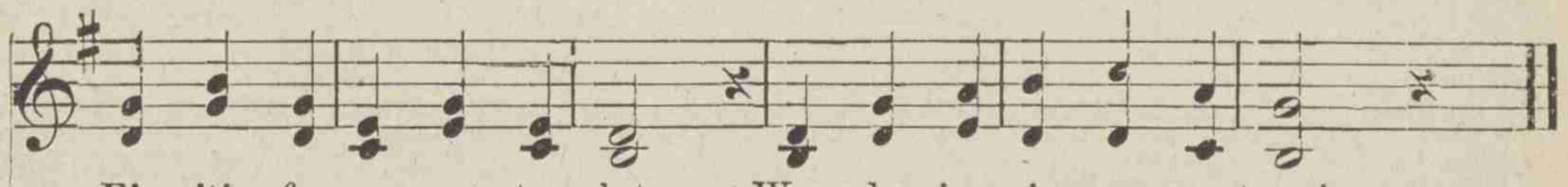
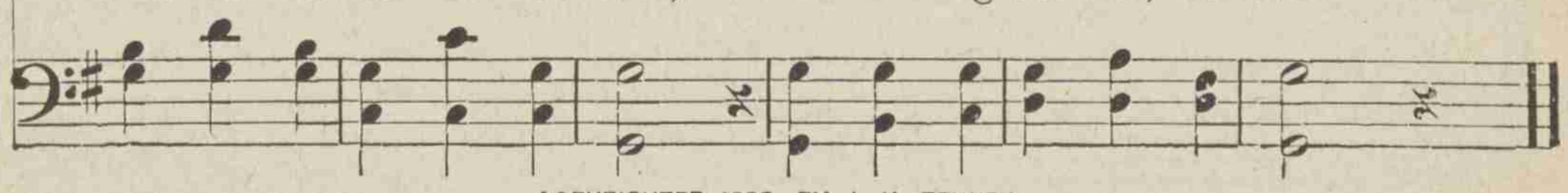
E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Sin–ner, oh, why wilt thou go Still on thy ru - in - ous way?
   Why wilt thou hunger and thirst? Why in the des–ert re-main?

2. Sin–ner, oh, wander no more! List to the wel-com-ing sound!
   Sa – tan would lure thee to death, Glad - ly thy soul would destroy!

3. Sin–ner, thy wretchedness see! Oh, thou art whol-ly un-done!
   He will not turn thee a - way, If thou respond to his call!

Je – sus hath ransomed thy soul, Je - sus entreats thee to stay!
Turn, like the Prodi - gal Son, Come to thy Sa–vior a - gain!

On - ly through in-fi - nite love, Par–don and peace may be found!
Je – sus would woo thee to life, Woo thee to life and to joy!

Look to thy mer-ci-ful Lord, Trust in God's cru-ci-fied Son!
Je - sus who suffered for thee, Suffered to ransom us all!

Chorus.

Sin-ner, repent of thy sins! Cease thy Re-deem-er to spurn!

E'er 'tis for–ev – er too late, Wan–der–ing sin–ner, re-turn!

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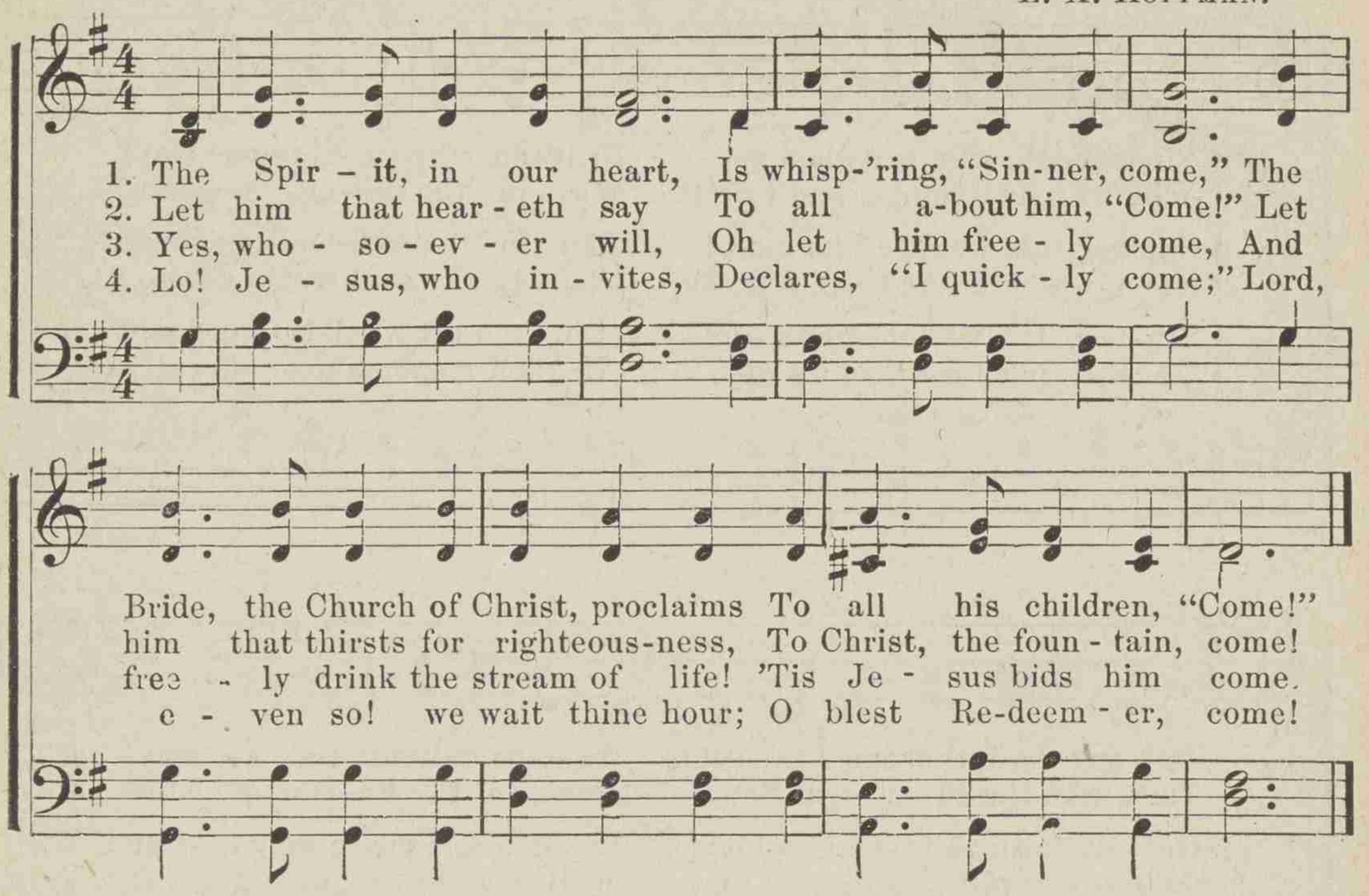
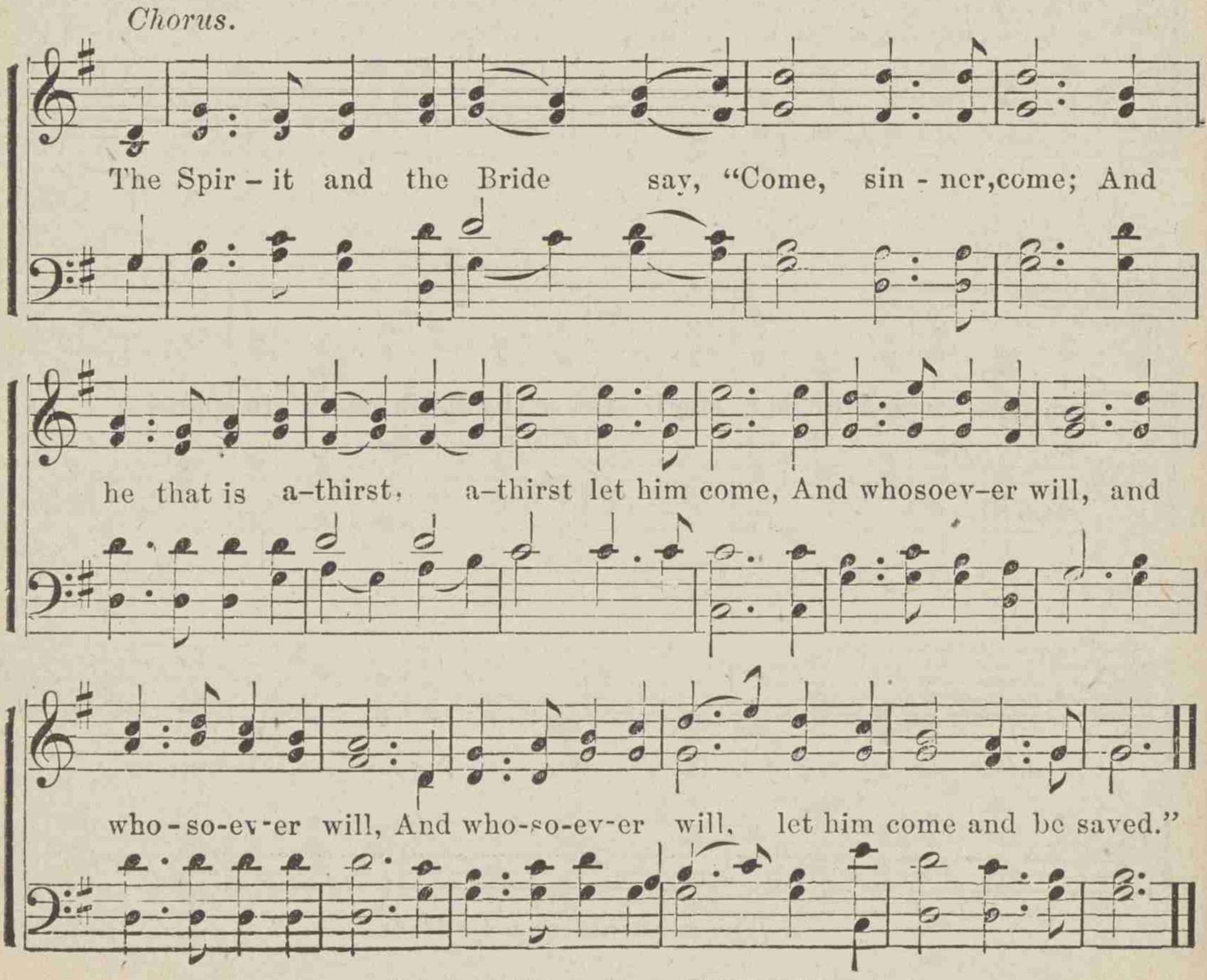
No. 95. Whosoever Will, Let Him Come and Be Saved.

E. A. HOFFMAN.



Chorus.



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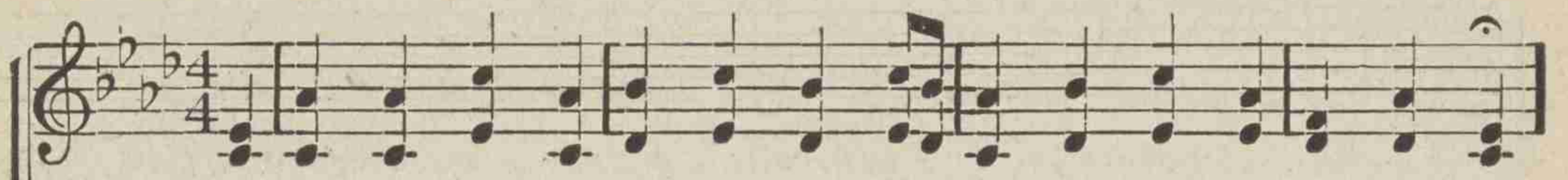
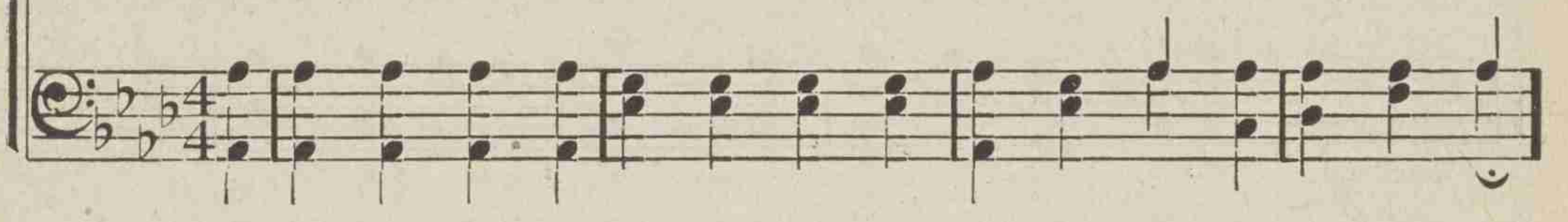
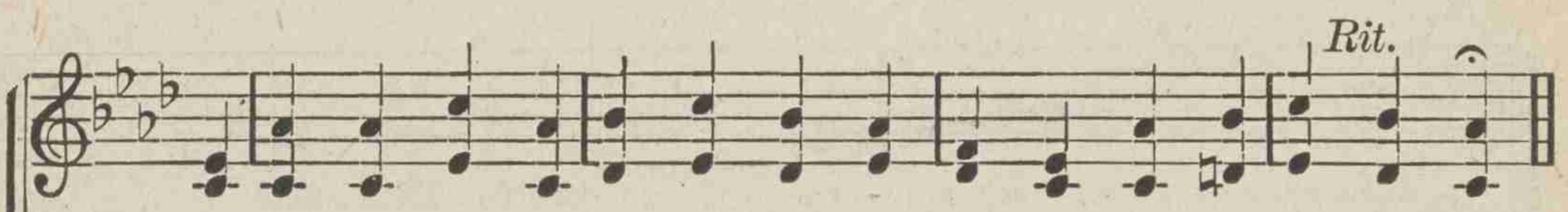
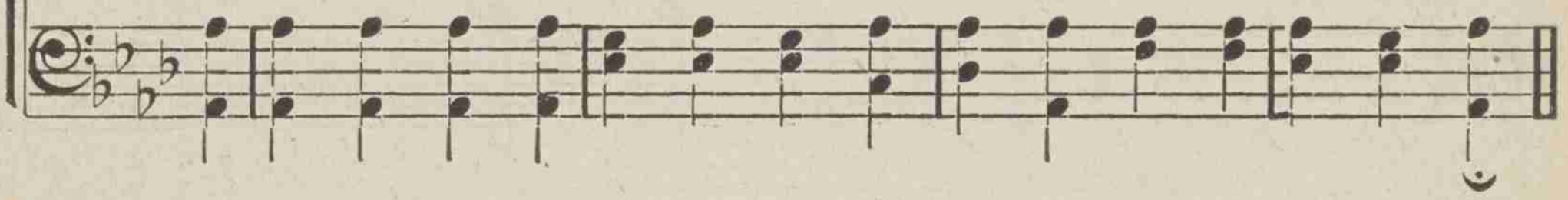
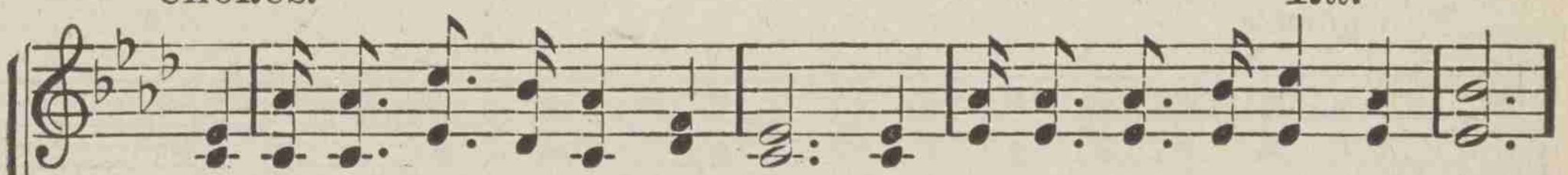
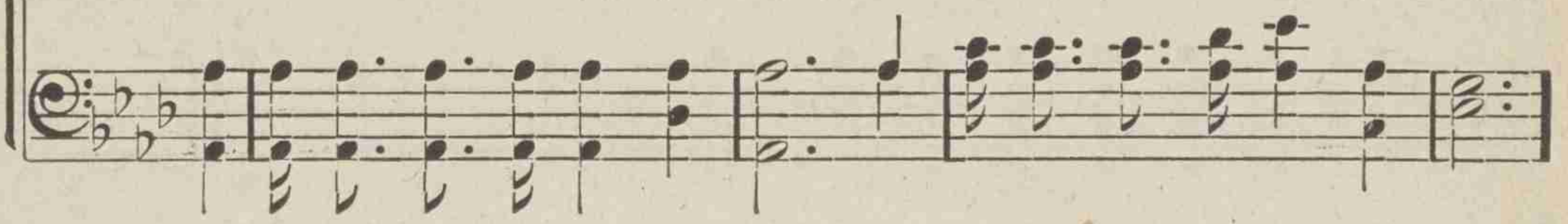
No. 96. 'Tis Sad to Say "Good-Bye."

W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. 'Tis sad to part from those we love, In this low ground beneath the sky,
2. When friend with friend in death must part, We think of yon fair world on high,
3. But soon we'll meet a-gain, a-bove, We'll meet where loved ones never die;

Al-though they go to live a-bove, 'Tis sad to say the words "good-bye."
The home that knows no broken heart,—But still 'tis sad to say "good-bye."
How blest that fel-low-ship and love, Where none will ev-er say "good-bye."

Chorus.

'Tis ev-er sad to say "good-bye," 'Tis ev-er sad to say "good-bye;"

We're go-ing home, no more to die, We'll nev-er say, "good-bye" a-gain.

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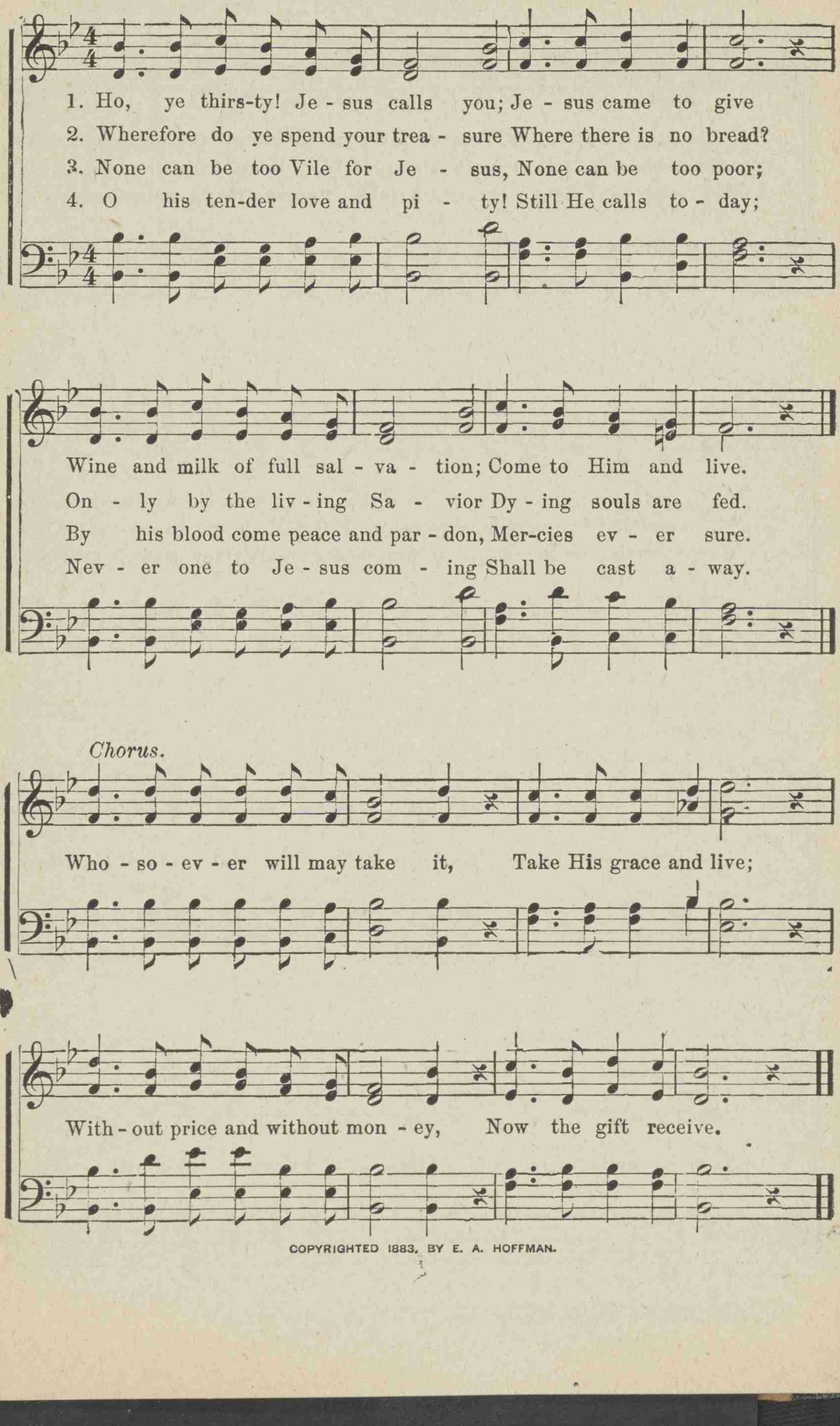
No. 97. Come to Him.

ENGLISH. W. JOHNSON.

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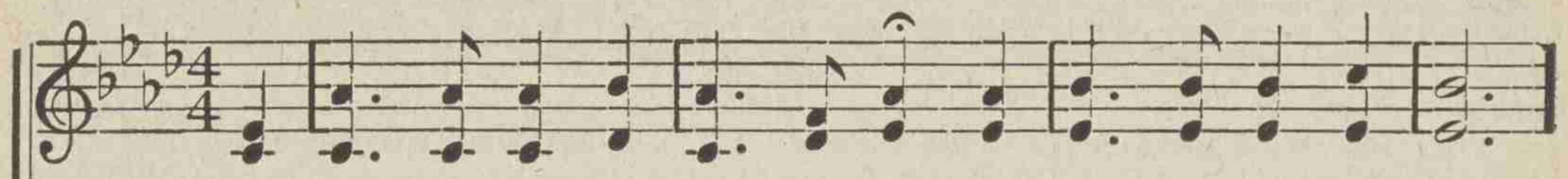
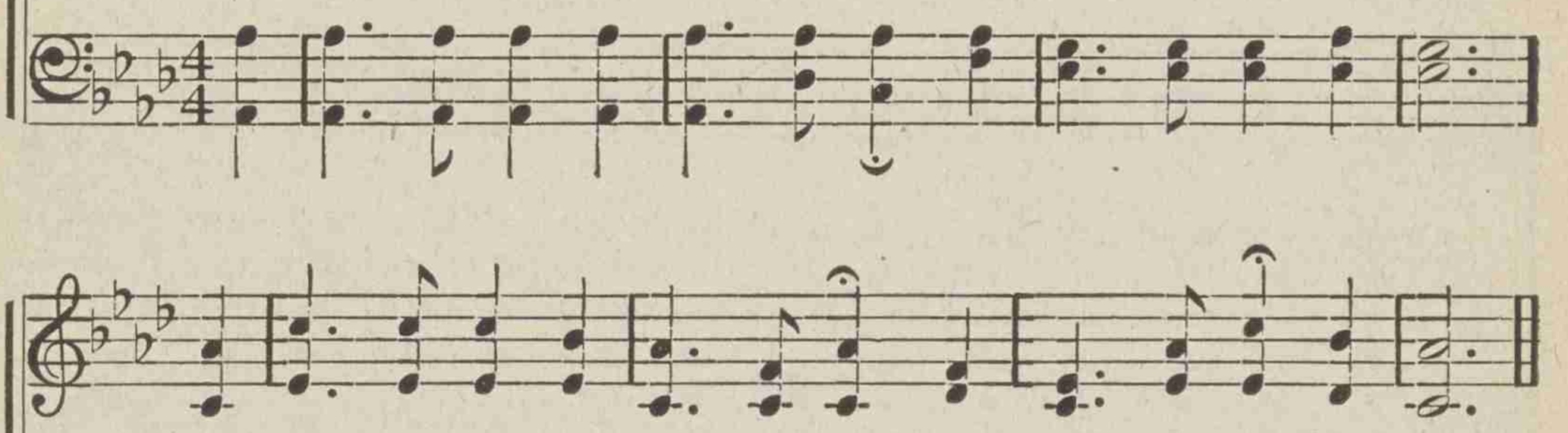
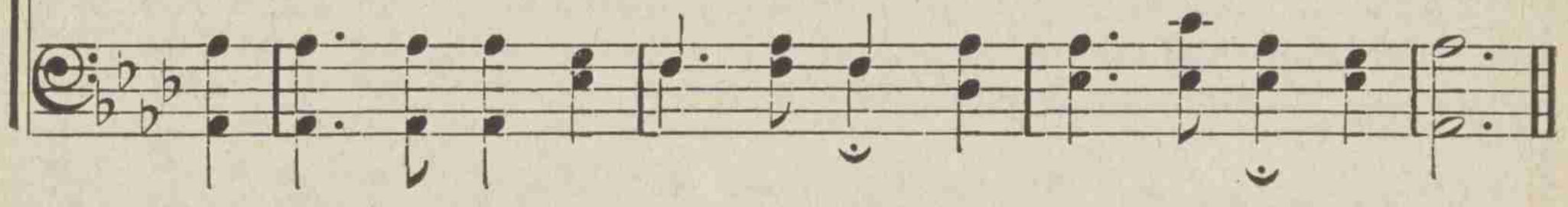
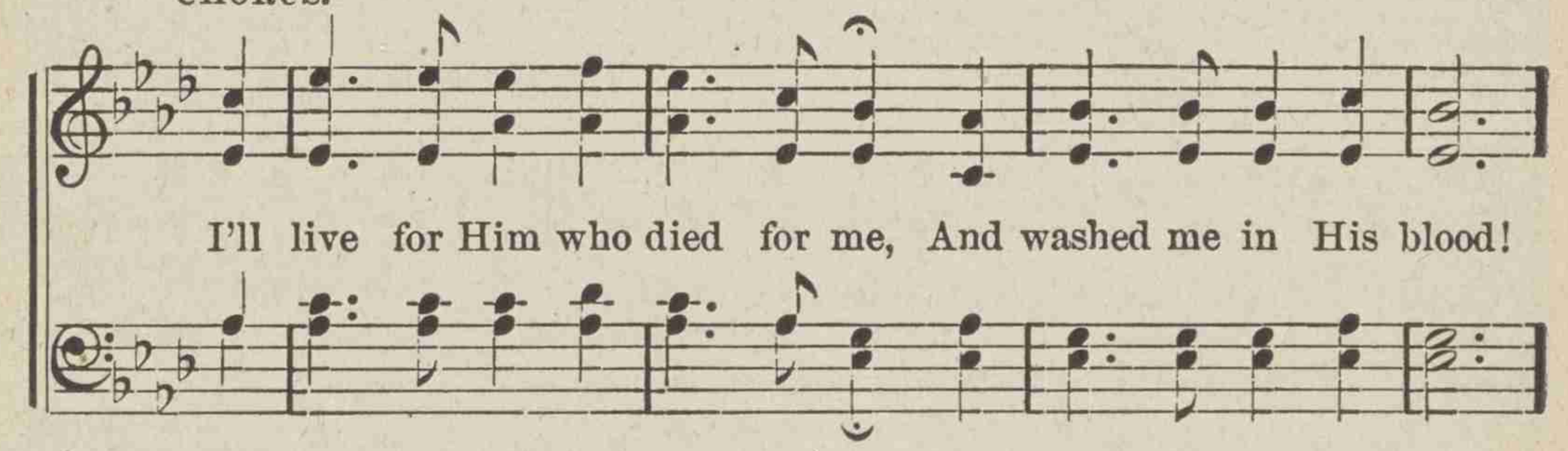
No. 98. The Bread and Wine.

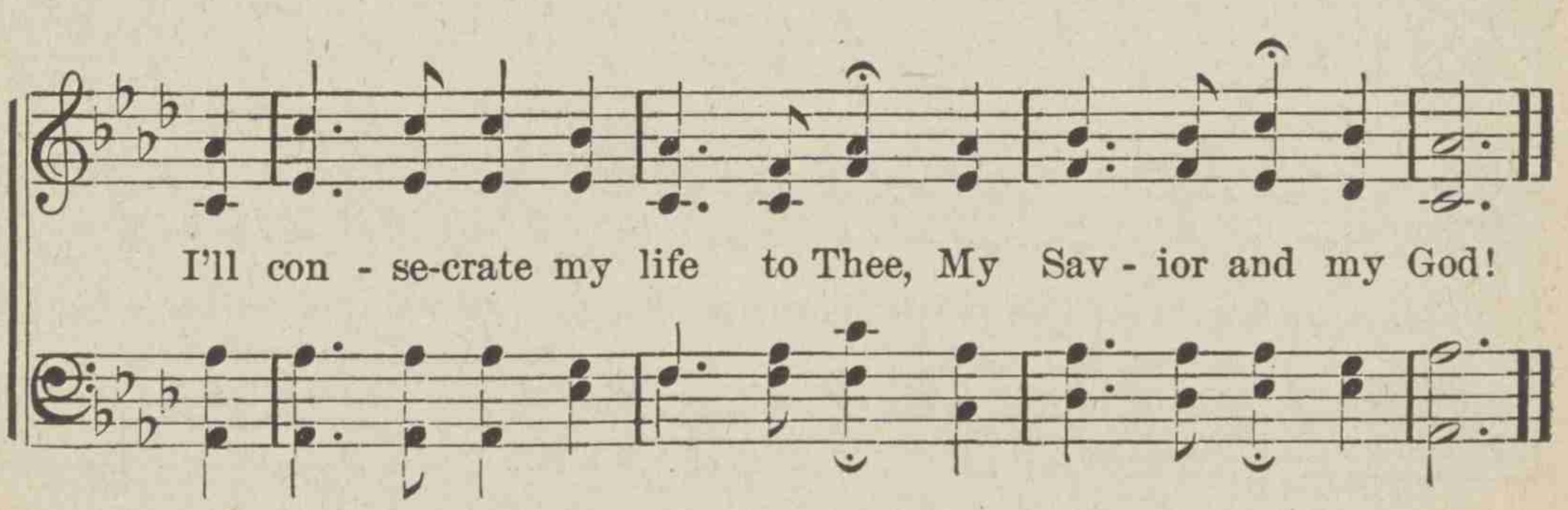
(For Communion Service.)

Words by
Rev. W. L. PICKARD, D. D.

Chorus and Music by
Rev. WM. J. HOLTZCLAW.

1. This bread and wine are not our Lord, But mon - u-ments of love,
2. They tell of His a - ton - ing death, My soul from sin to free;
3. His side was pierced, His blood was shed, In ag - o - ny He died;
4. Thro' all earth's a - ges may she eat And drink His dy - ing love,

Pre-served for - ev - er in His word, While Je - sus reigns a - bove.
Oh, let me sing it with each breath, He shed His blood for me.
The cross He made His dy - ing bed, To make the Church His bride.
Till, sit - ting at His pierc - èd feet, She crowns Him Lord a - bove.

CHORUS.



I'll live for Him who died for me, And washed me in His blood!



I'll con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

Copyright, 1895, by WM. J. HOLTZCLAW.

No. 99. The Land Is Drawing Near.

FAITH MILMAN. REV. L. WHITE.

1. There's a land beyond the riv-er, Of its beauties we are told, All its walls are made of jas - per, And its streets of shin - ing gold; There the
2. 'Tis the land of light and glo-ry,'The the bright immortal shore, Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, In the sweet for - ev - er more; There the
3. There a crown of life is giv - en, To each sol-dier of the cross, Who has lived for God and heav - en, Who has count-ed earth but dross, And a good of ev-ery na - tion, Shall be gath-ered home at last, Robed in
anthems loud are swelling, And the crys-tal wa - ters lave, And the robe of shin-ing splen-dor, And a palm of vic - tor - y; And the

CHORUS.

garments of salvation When the storms of life are past. Rejoice! rejoice!
saints are ev-er praising Christ the ghty one to save. Rejoice! rejoice! the
saved will reign with Jesus thro' a long e-ter-ni-ty.
land is draw-ing near; The pearly gates are lifting, And the throne will soon appear.

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No. 100. There's a Great Day Coming.

Words and Music by W. L. THOMPSON.

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

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

CHORUS.

right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y?
love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the Judg-ment day?

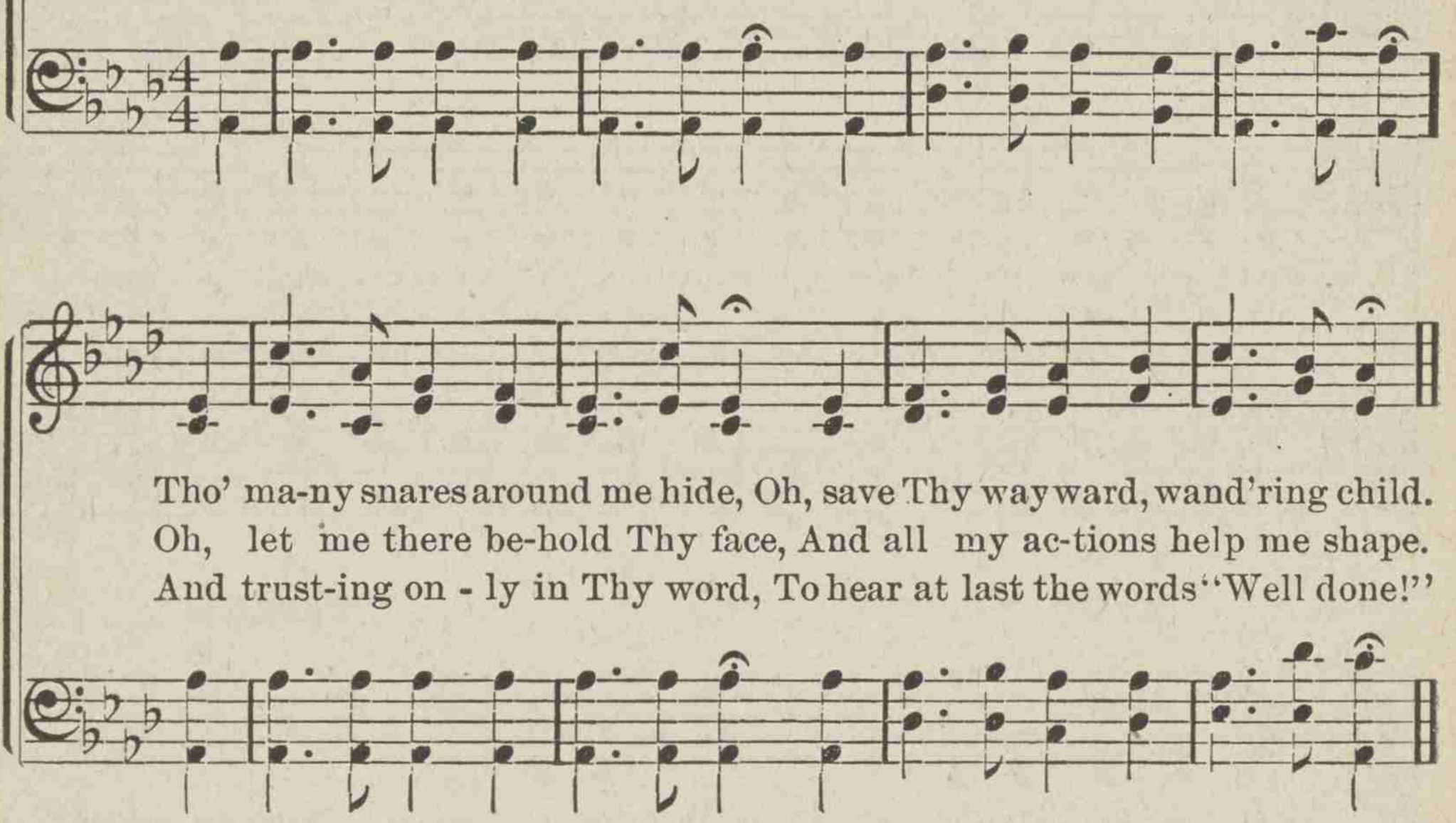
Are you read-y? Are you read-y For the Judg-ment day?

By permission of W. L. THOMPSON & Co., East Liverpool, O.

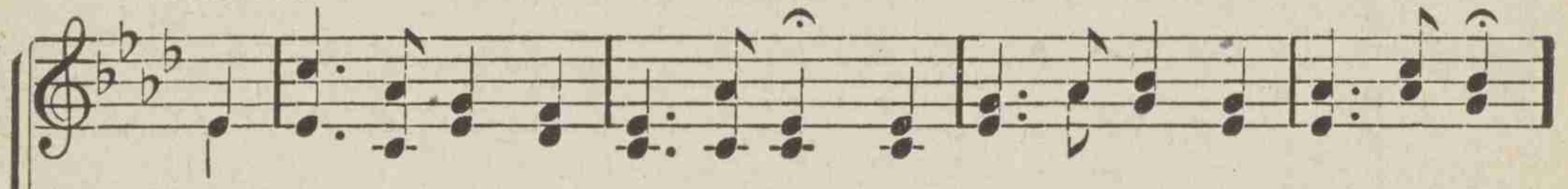
No. 101. Guide Me.

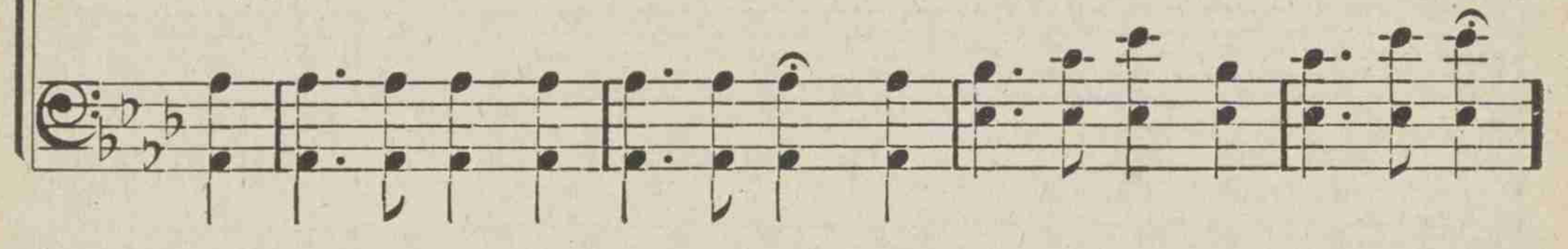
Words and Music by
Mrs. Lula Nevins Holtzclaw.

1. Dear Lord, I pray that Thou wilt guide Me safely thro' earth's dreary wild,
2. In all tempt-a-tions, give me grace, And make a way for my es-cape;
3. Help me to run with patience, Lord, The race that I have just be-gun,

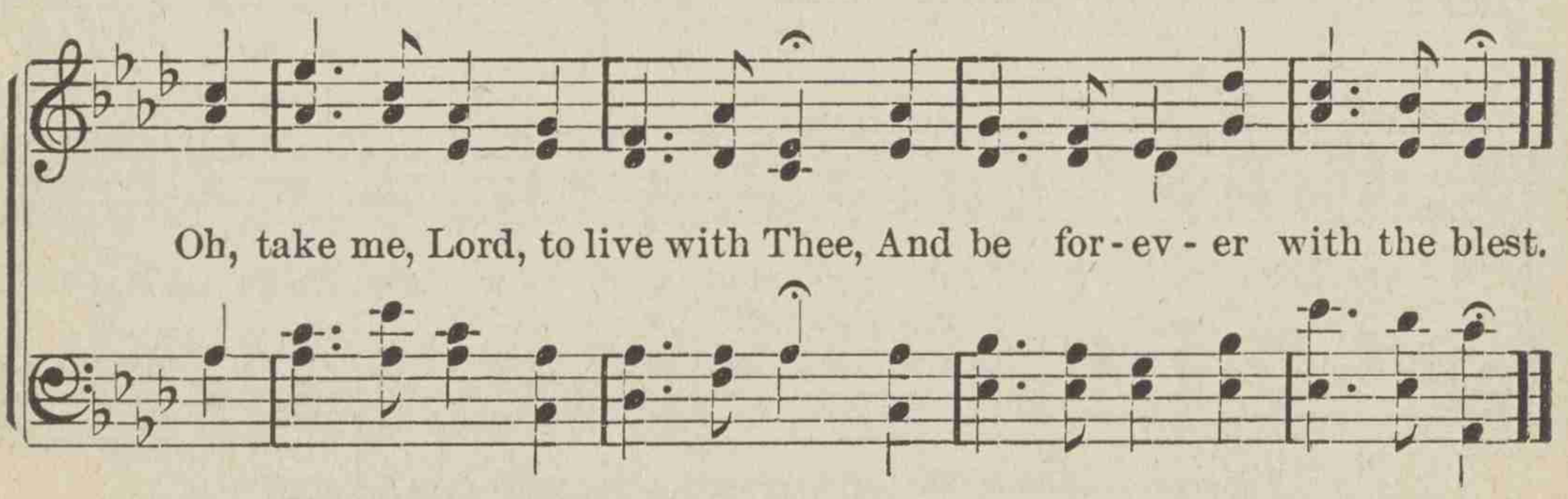


Tho' ma-ny snares around me hide, Oh, save Thy way ward, wand'ring child.
Oh, let me there be-hold Thy face, And all my ac-tions help me shape.
And trust-ing on - ly in Thy word, To hear at last the words "Well done!"

Chorus.

Oh, guide me safe-ly o'er life's sea, And help me anch-or in sweet rest;



Oh, take me, Lord, to live with Thee, And be for - ev - er with the blest.



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No. 102. For You and for Me.

Words and Music by WILL. L. THOMPSON.

Very slow.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je-sus is call-ing, — Call-ing for you and for
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is pleading,—Pleading for you and for
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are passing,—Passing from you and from
4. O for the won-der - ful love he has promised,–Promised for you and for

me. See on the por-tals He's wait-ing and watch-ing,—
me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer-cies,—
me. Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, deathbeds are com - ing,—
me. Tho' we have sinn'd He has mer - cy and par - don,—

REFRAIN.

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

cres. *rit.* *p* *pp*

Ye who are wea-ry, come home; Ear - nest-ly, ten-der - ly,

ritard. *pp*

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

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No. 103. Forward, March!

L. B. M. L. B. MITCHELL.

1. There is work for Christian hearts and hands to do, For the fields are white
2. In the migh-ty con-flict in this sin-ful world, Be the glo-rious ban-
3. For there is no task he call-eth you to do, But he'll give you strength
4. Christ-ian broth-er, put ye all the arm-or on! Let your prin-ci-ples

and la-bor-ers are few; Pray ye to the Lord of harvest, that he may Send forth
ner of the cross un-furled; Let the men of God their place and station take, Let the
and grace to help you through; With a willing heart and hand go bravely forth, Tho' the
and pur-pos-es be known! Linger not, your life is pass-ing fast a-way! O, pre-

CHORUS.

ser-vants to pro-claim the heavenly way. Forward, march!..... fall in-to
ransomed of the Lord a-wake, a-wake!
world es-teem your work is lit-tle worth.
pare to live in God's e-ter-nal day! Forward, march!

line! ..... Your Captain's or - - ders are di-vine! Trust his
fall in-to line! Your Captain's orders are divine, are divine!

love..... and mighty power, And he'll make you more than conqueror.
Trust his love and mighty power,

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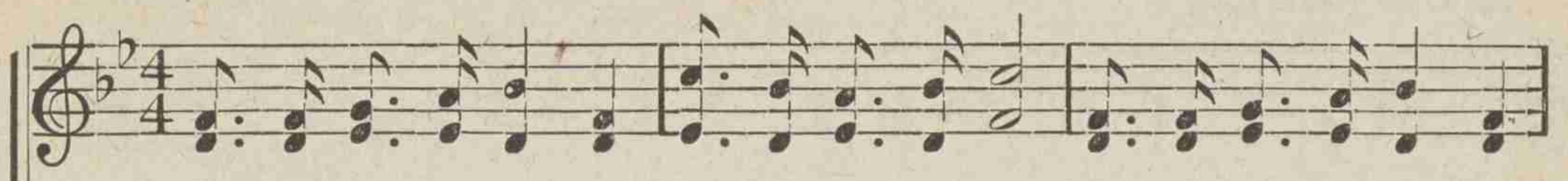
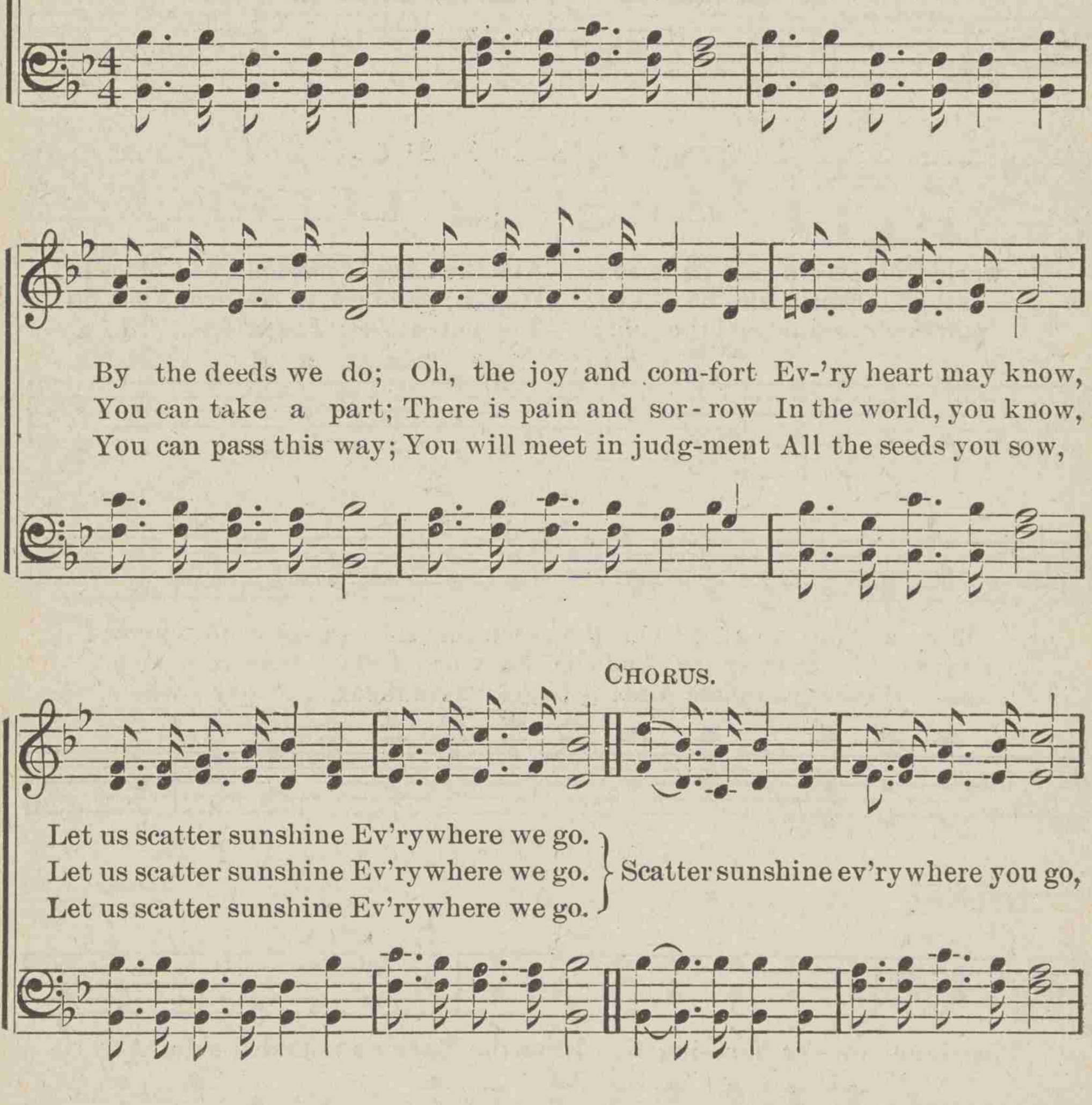
No. 104. Scatter Sunshine Everywhere You Go.

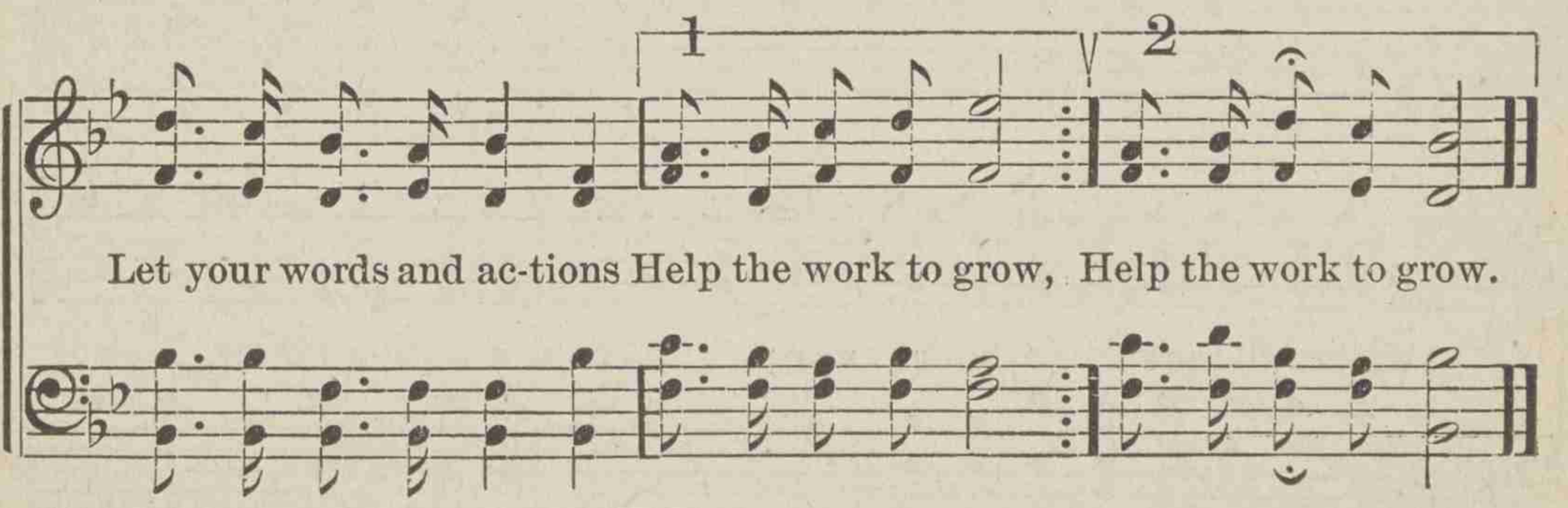
W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. Let us scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where we go, Make the world the brighter
2. Lit - tle deeds of kindness Help to cheer a heart, En - ter now the serv-ice,
3. Life will soon have end-ed Do your work to-day, On - ly once, my brother,



By the deeds we do; Oh, the joy and com-fort Ev-'ry heart may know,
You can take a part; There is pain and sor - row In the world, you know,
You can pass this way; You will meet in judg-ment All the seeds you sow,

Chorus.

Let us scatter sunshine Ev'rywhere we go.
Let us scatter sunshine Ev'rywhere we go.
Let us scatter sunshine Ev'rywhere we go.
} Scatter sunshine ev'rywhere you go,



Let your words and ac-tions Help the work to grow, Help the work to grow.

Copyright, 1895, by Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

No. 105. Ever-Flowing Tide.

REV. L. WHITE. O. S. GRINNELL.

1. From the cross there flows a stream, Full of vir-tue to redeem All the world from its sin and its woe;
2. Peace and par-don, light and love Fall in mercy, from a-bove, Up - on all who repent and be - lieve;
3. There is pow - er in the blood, In the healing, cleansing flood, To re - move ev'ry stain from the soul;

And the news of pardon free Comes to day a - gain, to thee; Oh, then seek this sal - va - tion to know!
Hasten, wand'rer, to re-turn, And no more God's mer-cy spurn, And the Sa-vior of sin - ners re - ceive.
Lay but all at Je-sus' feet, In a sac - ri - fice complete, And the blood makes thee per-fect-ly whole.

CHORUS.

There's an ev - er flow-ing tide From the Savior's wounded side, And it washes all the stains of sin a - way; It is flowing now for me, It is

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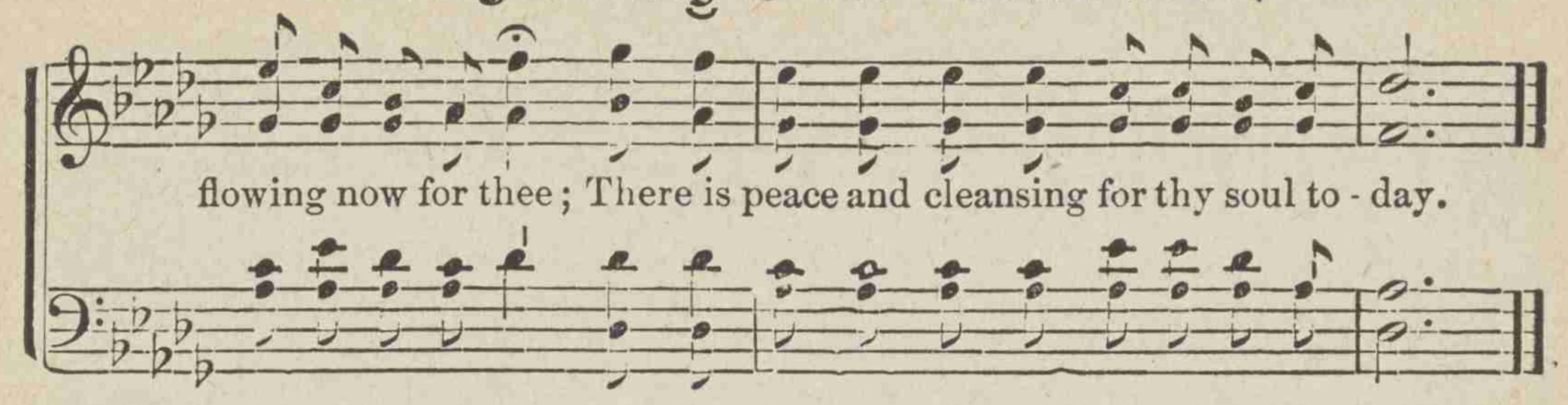
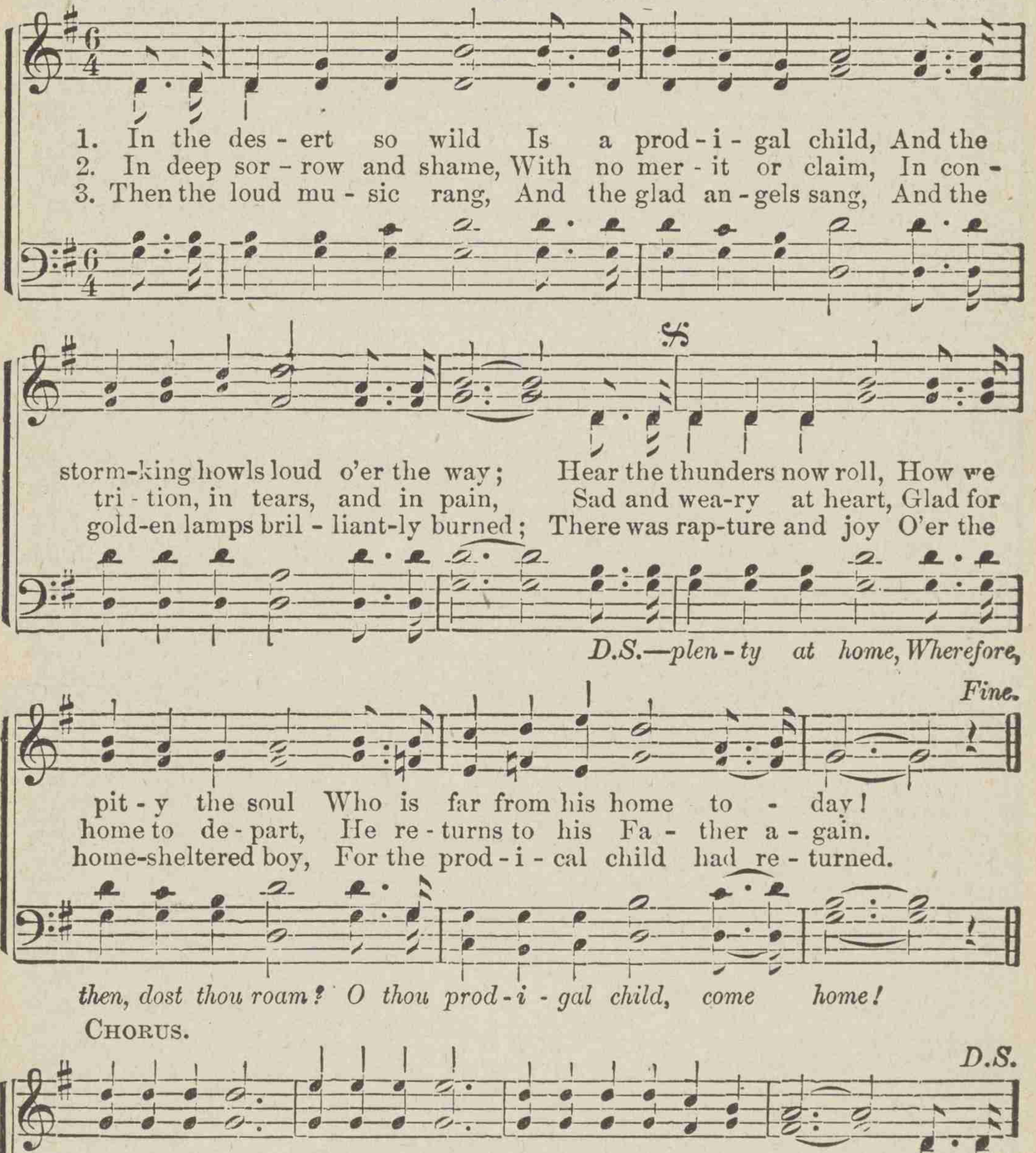
Ever-Flowing Tide.—Concluded.



No. 106. The Prodigal.

L. WHITE.



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No. 107. I Am Going Through With Jesus.

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

1. I am go-ing thro' with Je-sus, And he'll save me all the day; He has
2. I am con-se-cra-ted ful-ly, I am trust-ing in his might, And my
3. I am walk-ing close to Je-sus, For I hold his hand in mine, And I

promised to pro-tect me From the dan-gers on the way; If the
soul is sweet-ly rest-ing, For 'tis filled with ho-ly light; Yes, I've
hear the voice that whis-pers, "Fol-low close-ly all the time;" I will

way is rough and thorn-y, If the clouds are dark a-bove, My Re-
giv-en all to Je-sus, All my time and earth-ly store, And the
go, though all for-sake him, While he leads me on the way, Ev-er

deem-er then is with me, And I feel his ten-der love.
blood has sealed the off-'ring— I am his for-ev-er more.
watch-ing, ev-er pray-ing, And he'll save me day by day.

CHORUS.

I am go-ing through with Je-sus, For he'll
I am go-ing thro' with Je-sus, Yes, I'm going thro' with Jesus, For he'll

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I Am Going Through With Jesus.—Concluded.

save me all the day, And my heart is filled with

save me all the day, Yes, he'll save me all the day, And my heart is filled with glory, Yes, my

glo - ry; He has washed my sin a - way, all a - way.

heart is filled with glo-ry;

No. 108. Resting By And By.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT. A. B. IRVING.

1. { On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
   { To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos-ses - sions lie. }
2. { O'er all those wide ex-tend - ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day;
   { There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat-ters night a - way. }
3. { Filled with delight, my rap - tured soul Would here no long - er stay;
   { Tho' Jordan's waves a-round me roll, I'd fear-less launch a - way. }

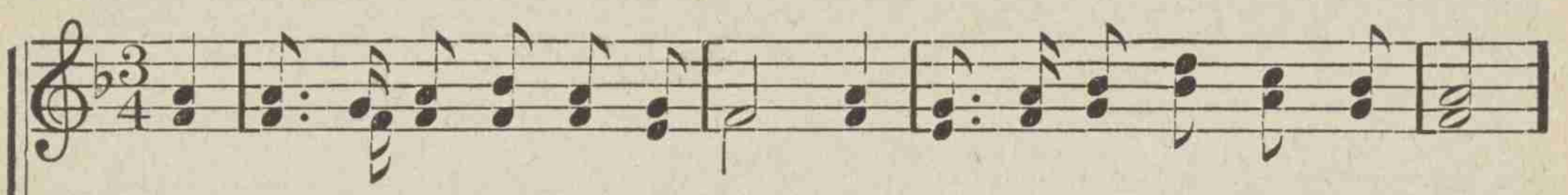
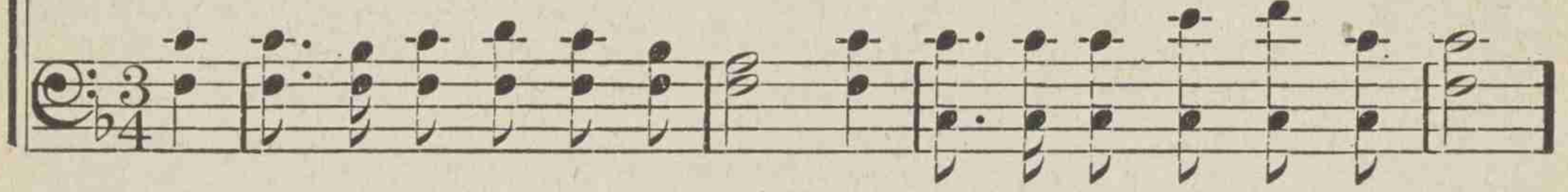
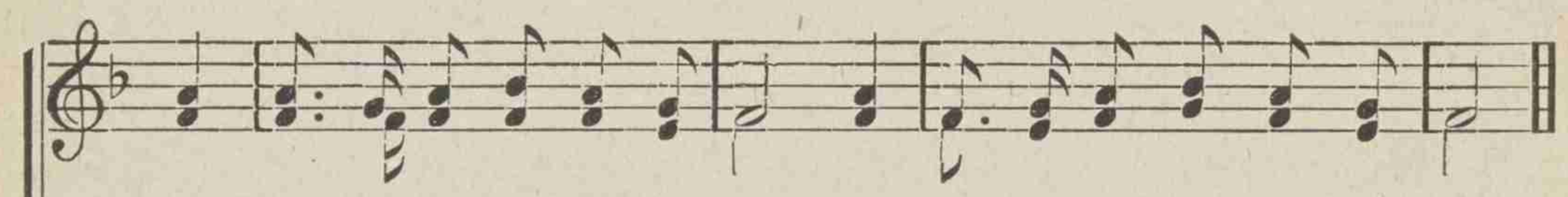
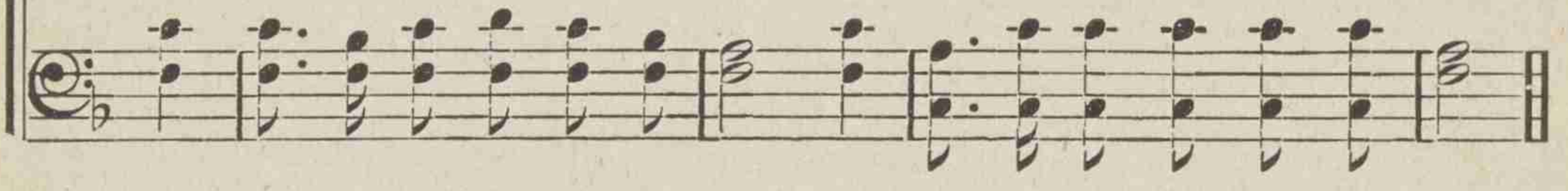
CHORUS.

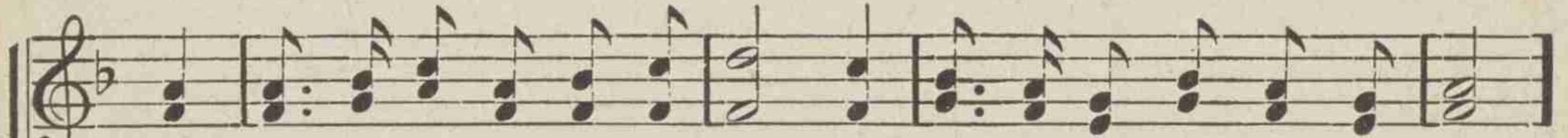
Oh, there is rest-ing by and by! Sweet rest! sweet rest!

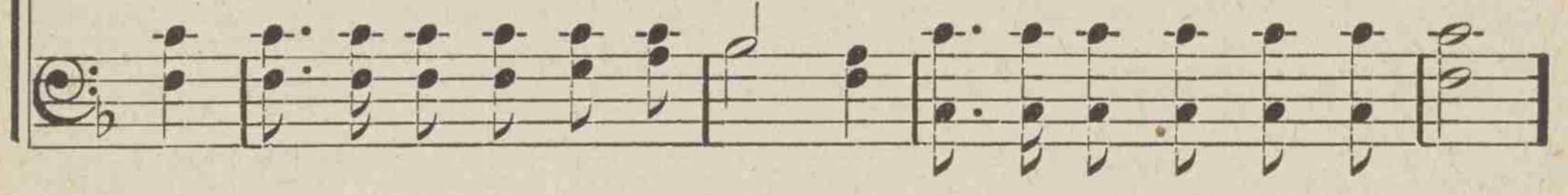
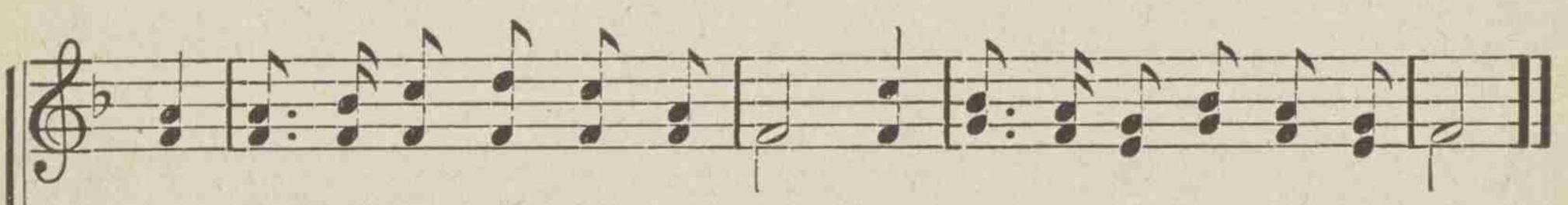
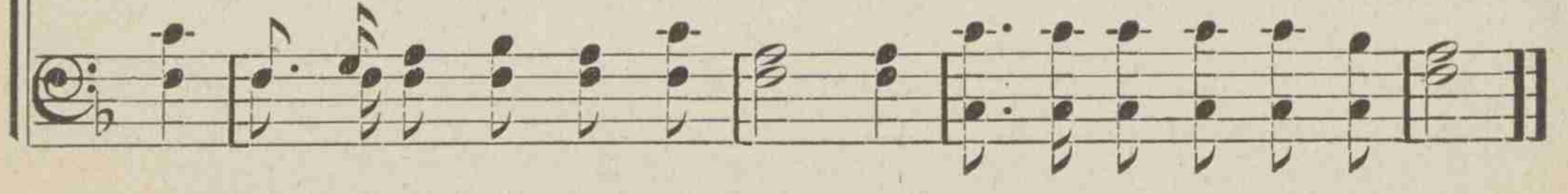
Oh, there is rest - ing by and by! Rest-ing by and by!

No. 109. Consider the Lilies.

"Consider the lilies of the field how they grow."—Matt. 6: 28.

W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. The lil - ies look not to the soil From whence they came, but un-to God;
2. To learn this rule of faith and love, God's child must trust Him day and night;
3. First seek His kingdom here be-low, And all your needs will be sup-plied;

They do not spin, nor do they toil, They look a-bove, not to the clod.
And seek the sunshine from a-bove, Re-ceive His grace, re-flect His light.
And scat - ter sunshine as you go, And praise Him who was cru-ci - fied.

Chorus.



Oh, see the lil - ies how they grow, God cares for them, He cares for you;

Oh, speak His praise, His glo-ry show, And let us trust Him as we go.

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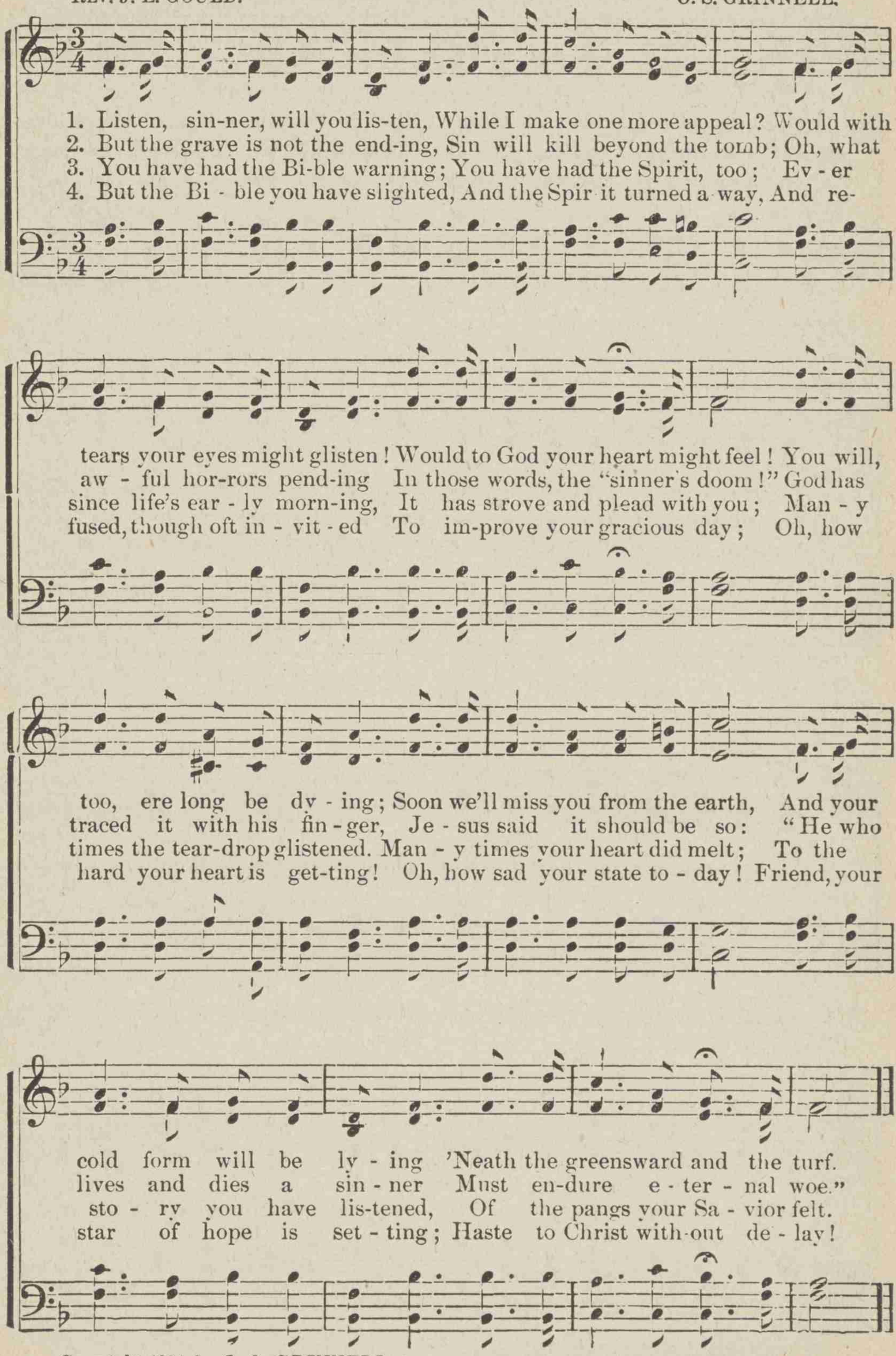
No. 110. The Last Appeal.

REV. J. E. GOULD. O. S. GRINNELL.



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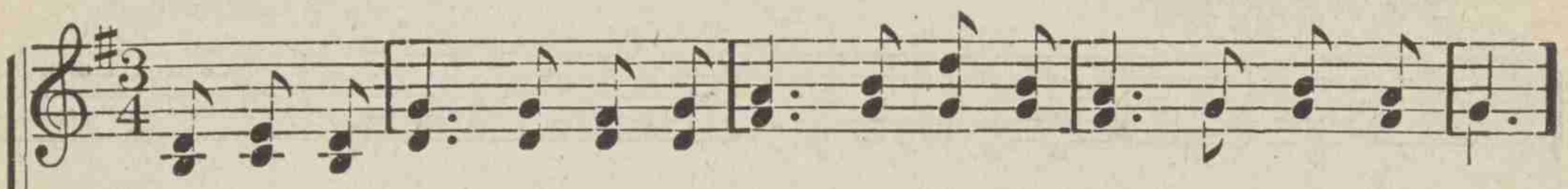
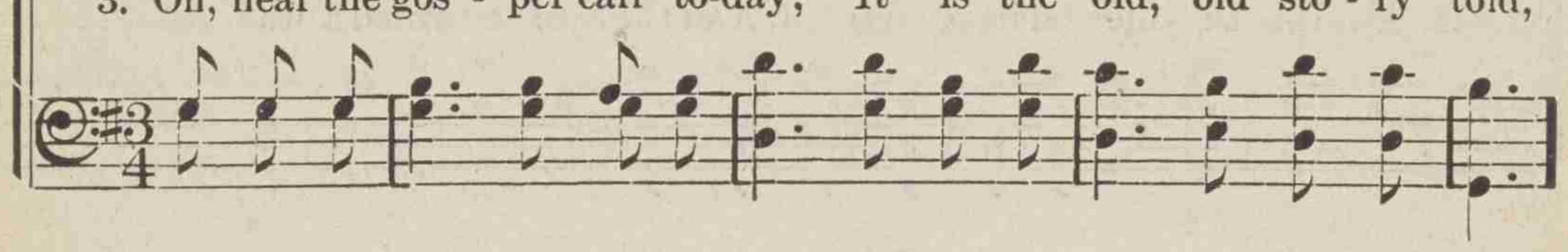
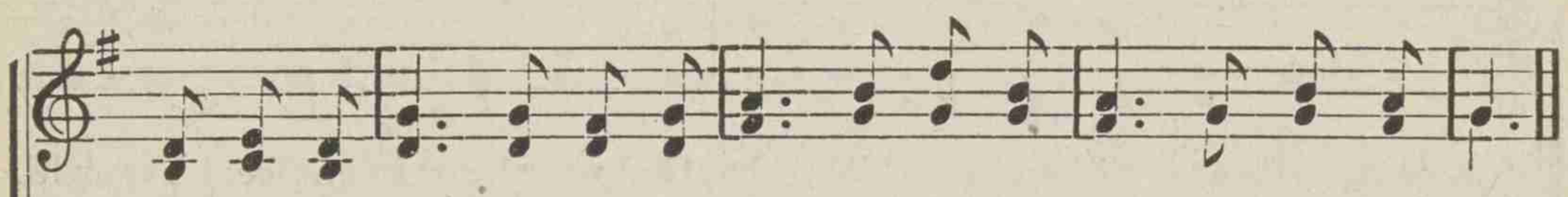
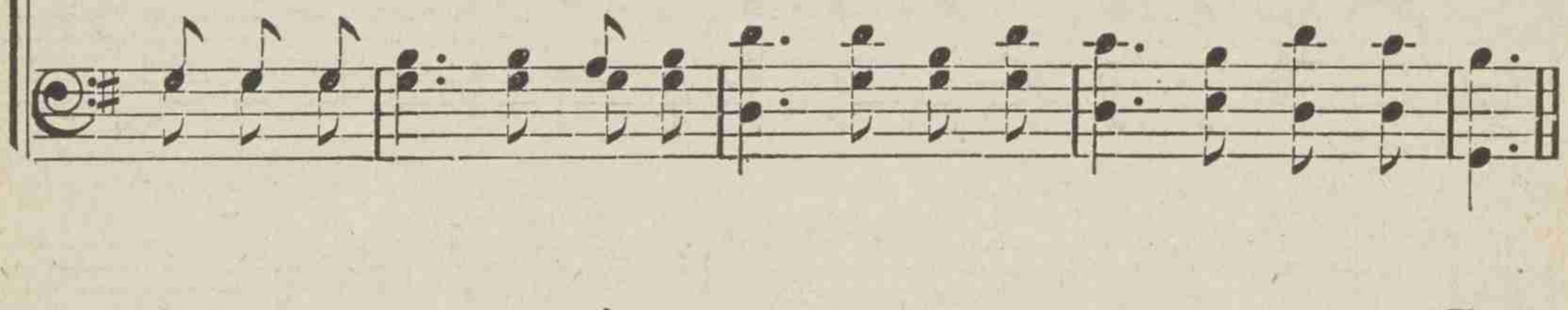
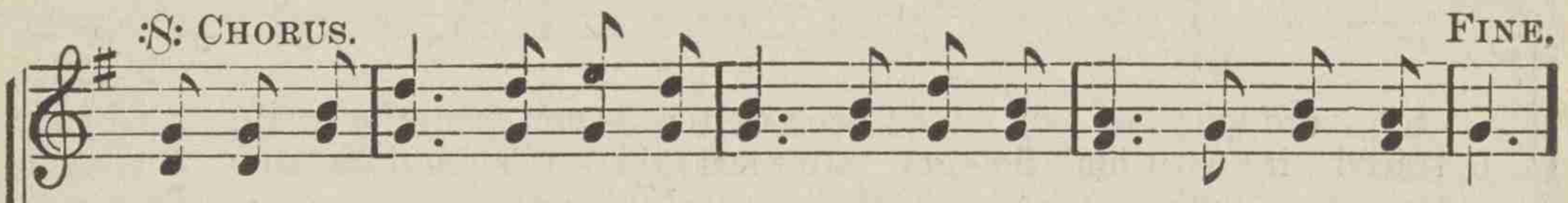
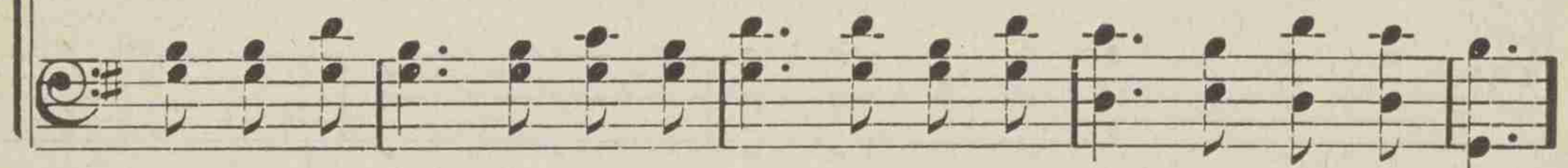
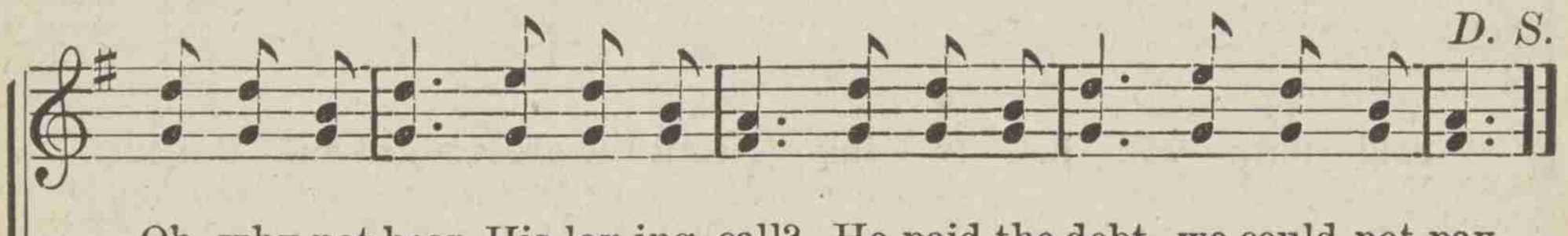
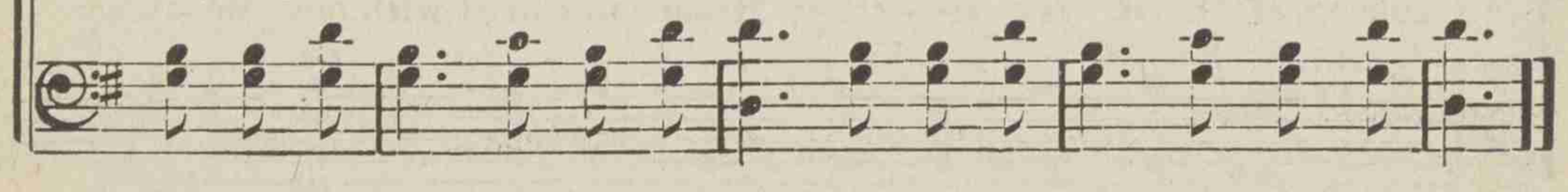
No. 111. The Gospel Call.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. 3: 15.

W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. Oh, hear the gos - pel call to-day; It is the mes - sage of God's love;
2. Oh, hear the gos - pel call to-day; It tells how Je - sus died to save;
3. Oh, hear the gos - pel call to-day; It is the "old, old sto - ry" told,

Oh, heed it now, with-out de - lay, And gain a home of peace a - bove.
Yes, all the debt we owe, to pay, And all the road to heav-en pave.
Of death, and hell, and judgment day, One God, one Shepherd and His fold.

Oh, hear the call, oh, hear the call, The Ho - ly Spir - it pleads to - day!

D.S.-Oh, hear the call, oh, hear the call, The Ho - ly Spir - it pleads to - day!

Oh, why not hear His lov-ing call? He paid the debt we could not pay.

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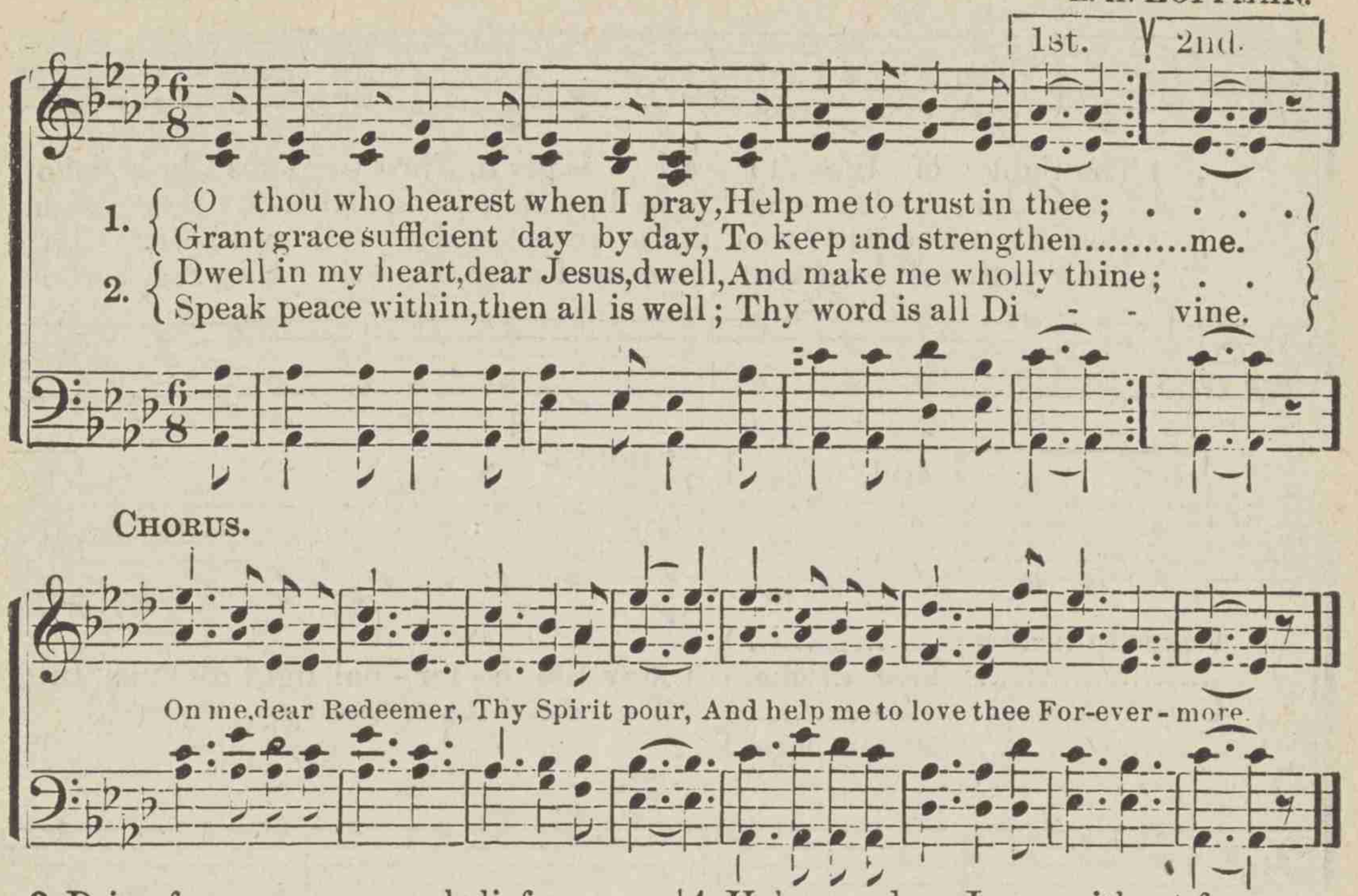
No. 112. On Me Thy Spirit Pour.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

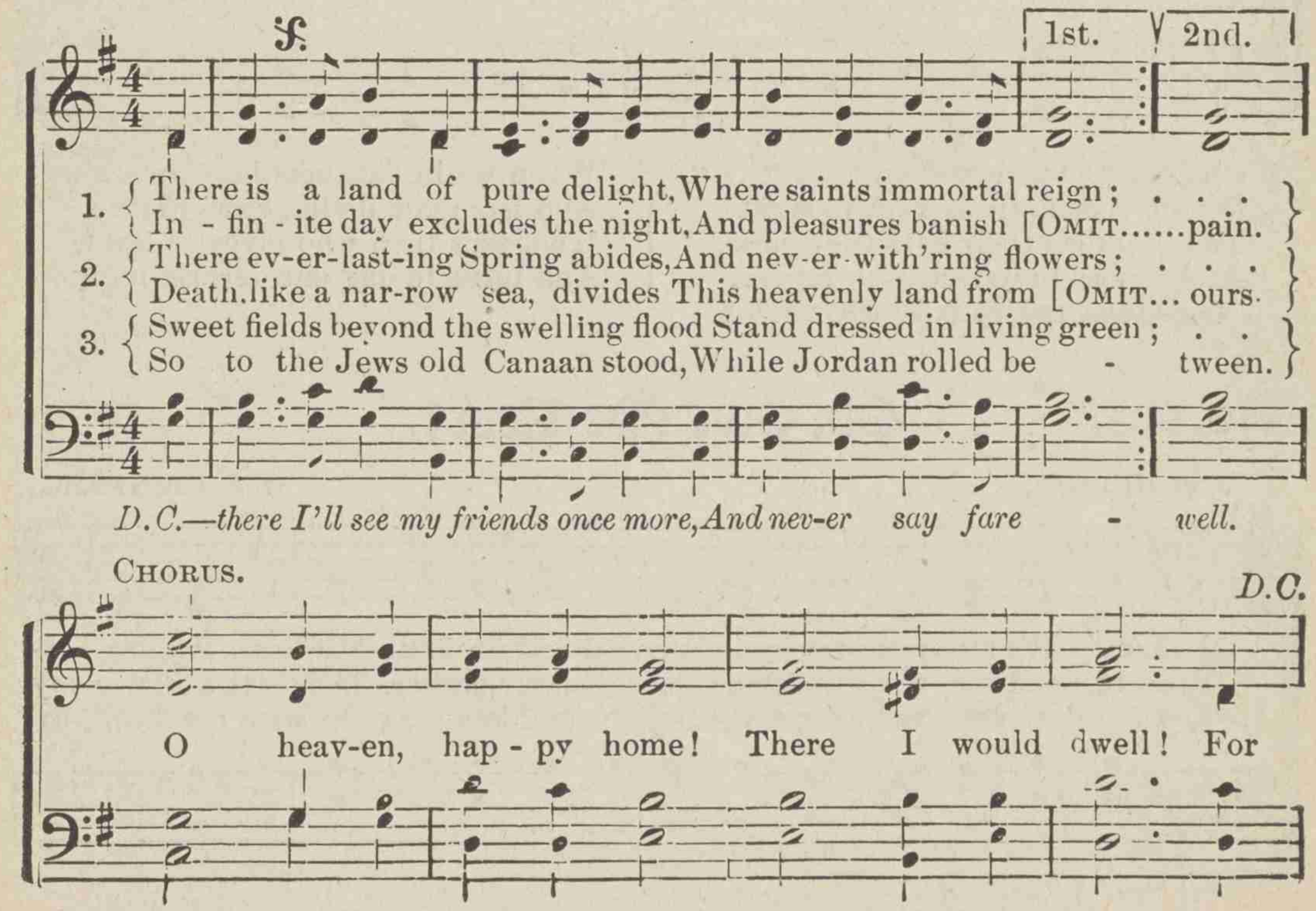


3 Drive from me every unbelief,
Thou pure and heavenly Dove;
Then shall my heart find sweet relief
In thy redeeming love.

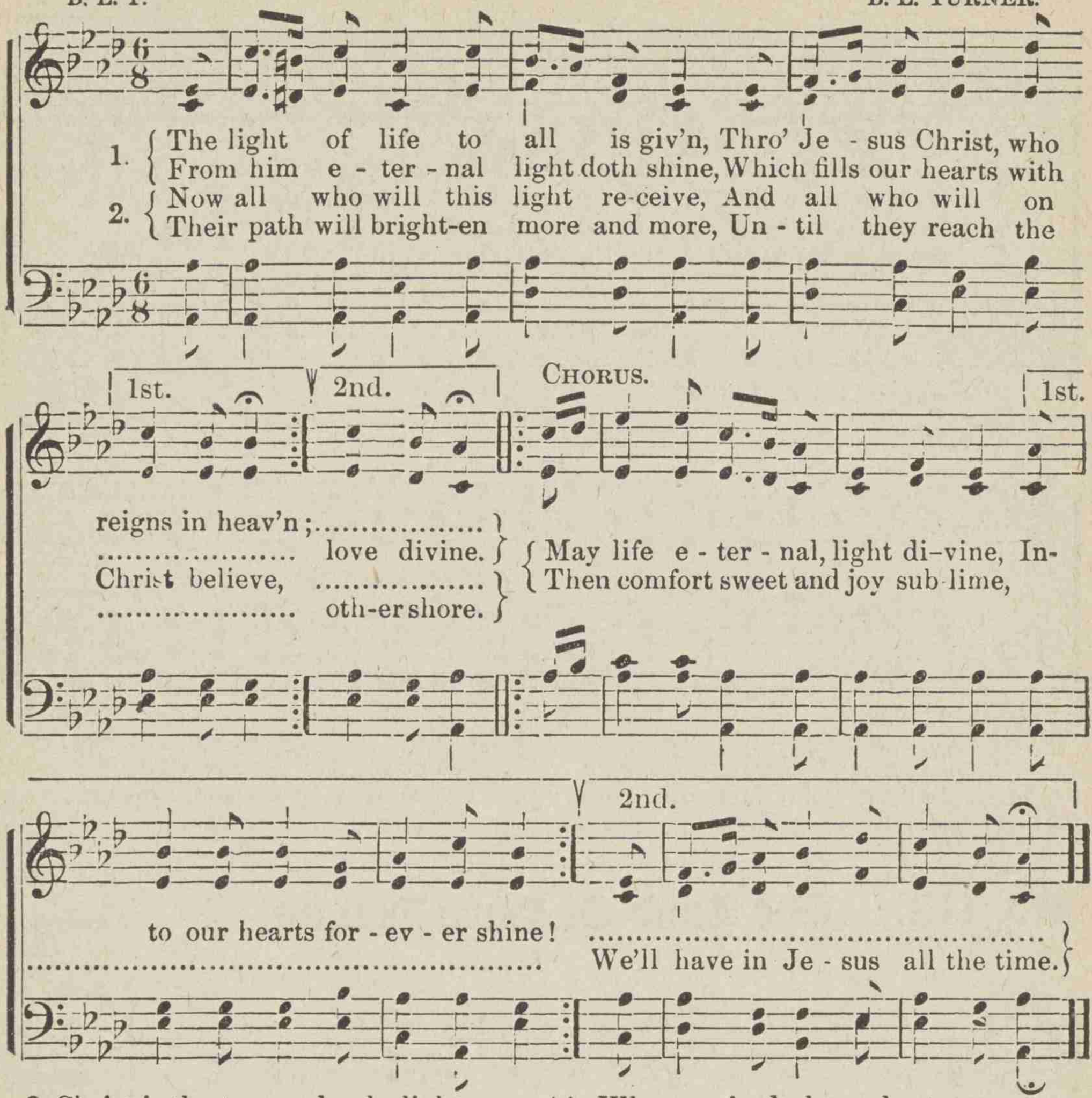
4 Help me, dear Jesus, without fear
To claim thy love as mine;
Thy presence in my soul appear
By faith and hope divine.

No. 113. The Land Of Pure Delight.

Arranged.



No. 114. The Light of Life.

B. L. T. B. L. TURNER.

3 Christ is the true and only light
Which constantly is kept in sight
To all, unless their eyes they close,
And choose in darkness to repose.

4 When we in darkness lose our way,
And from our loving Savior stray,
'Tis Jesus then who gives us light,
And turns to day our darkest night.

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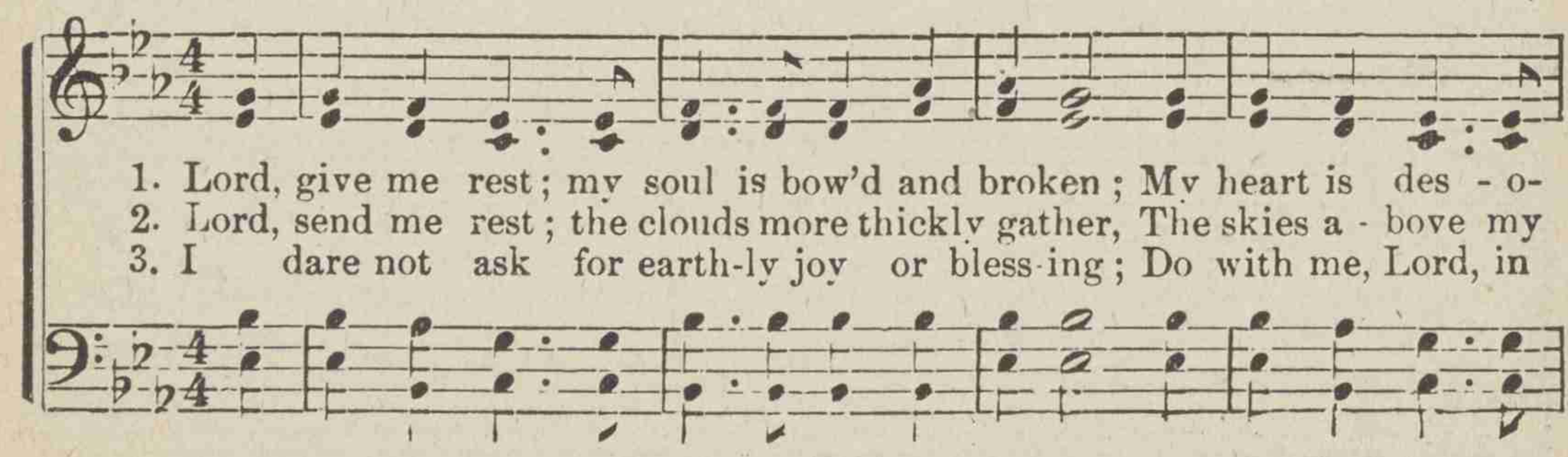
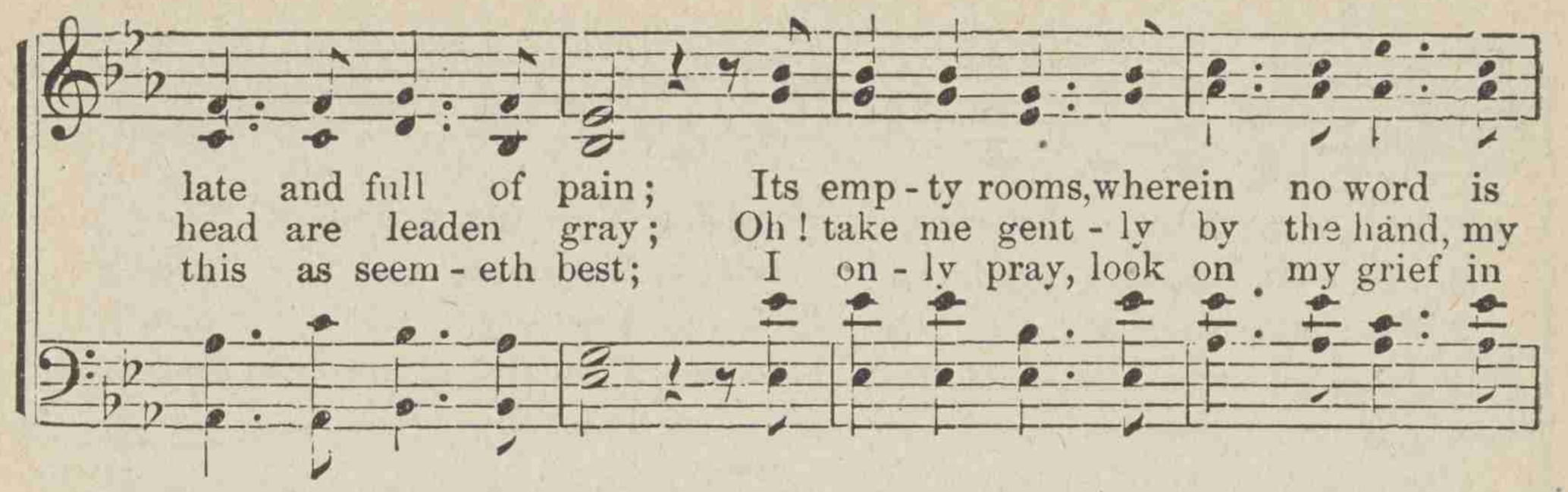
No. 115. Oh, Give Me Rest!

J. S. HUDSON. O. S. GRINNELL.



Oh, Give Me Rest.—Concluded.

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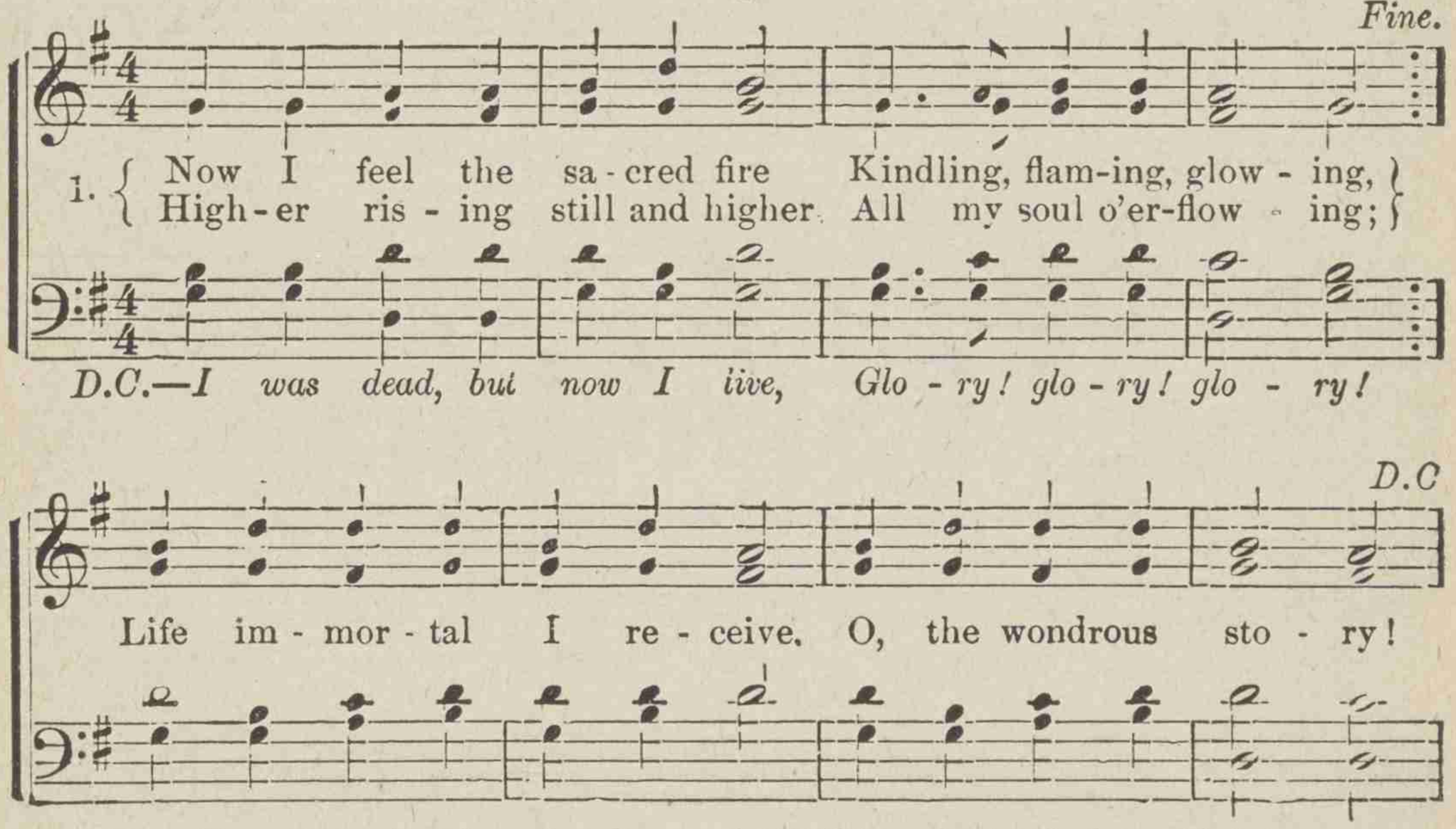
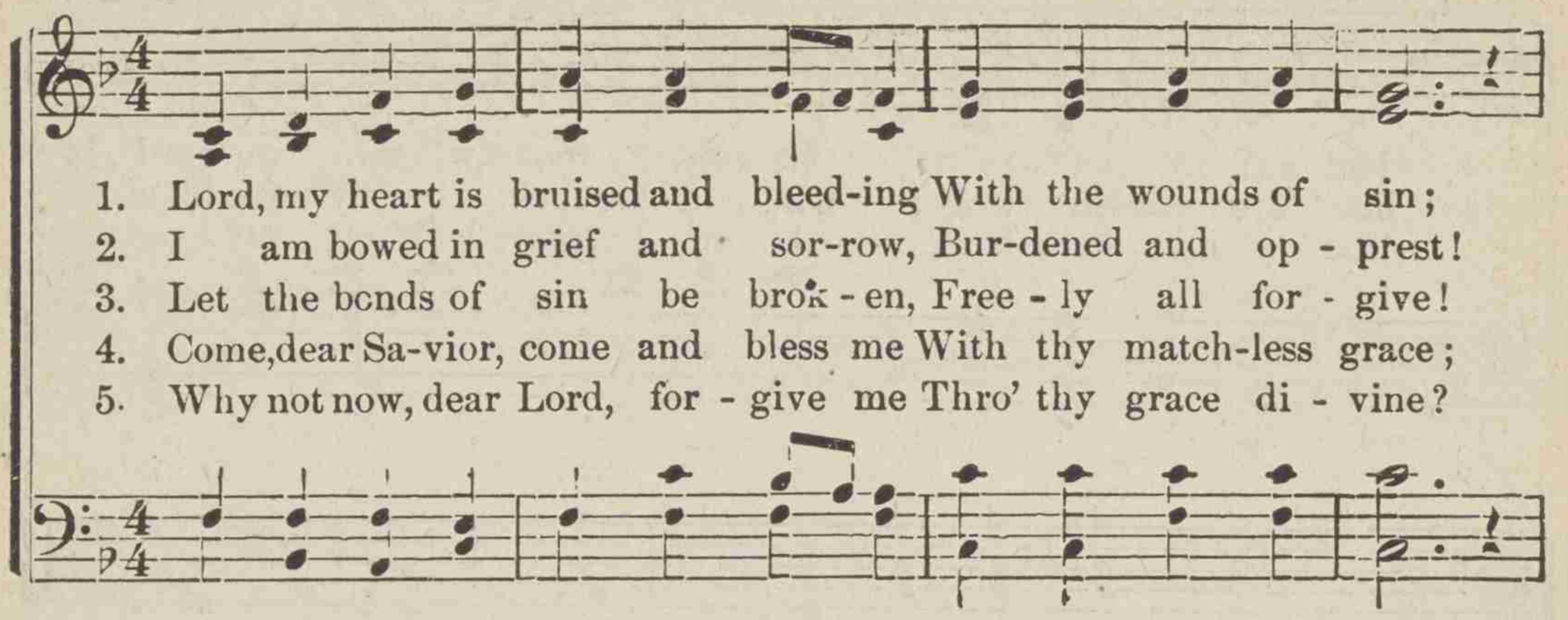
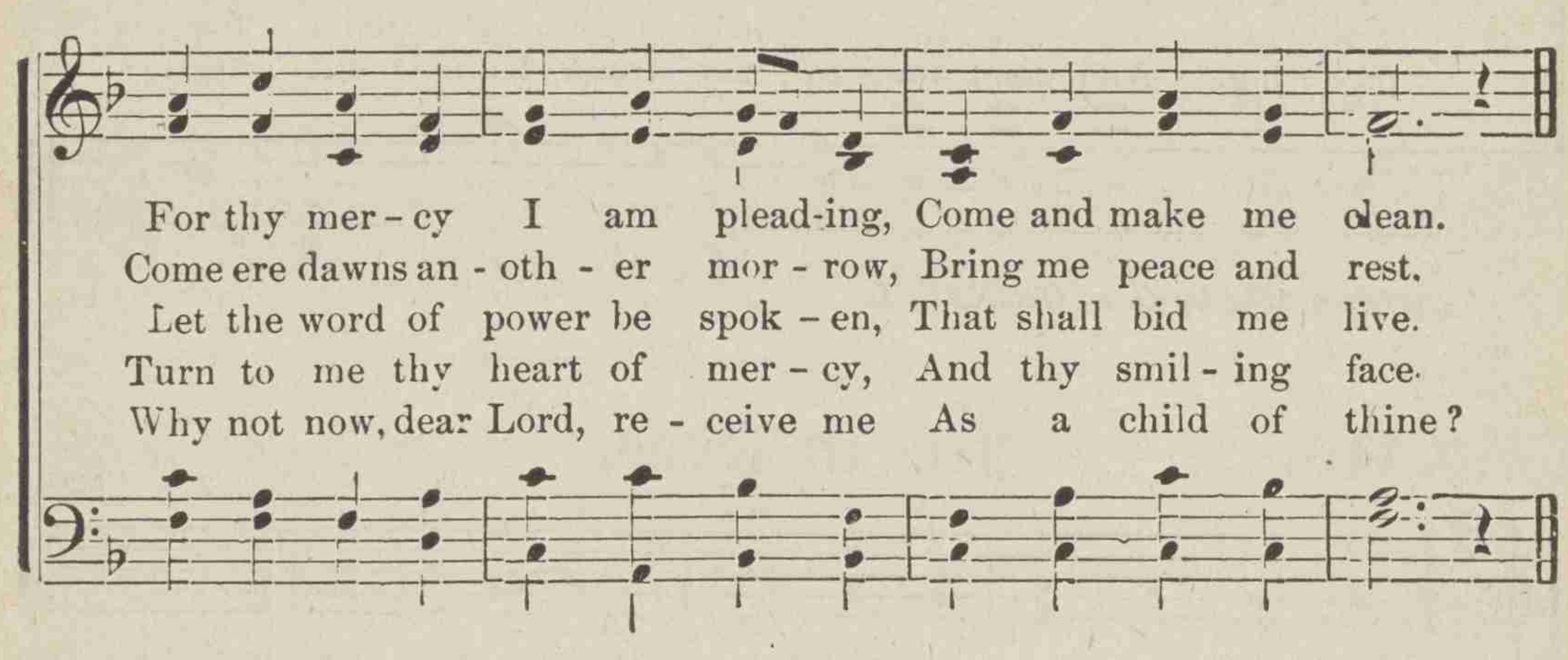
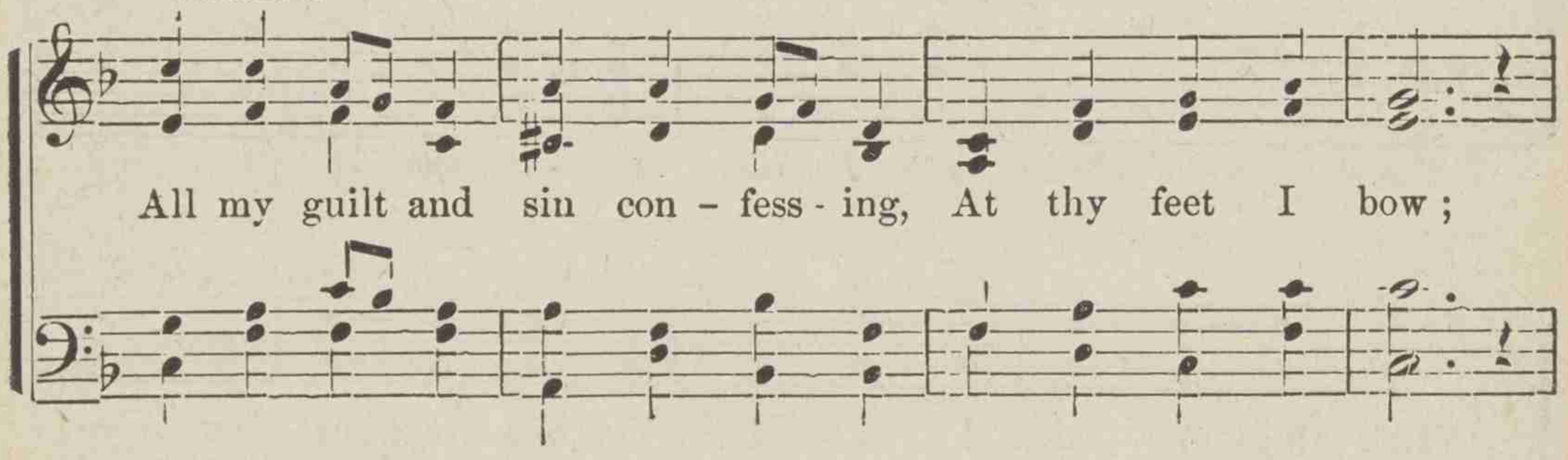
No. 116. Free in Jesus.

2 Now I am from bondage freed,
Every band is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven;
'Tis a glorious liberty,
O, the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
Glory! glory! glory!

3 Glory be to God on high!
Glory be to Jesus!
He has brought salvation nigh,
From all sin he frees us:
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the saints all shout aloud,
Glory! glory! glory!

No. 117. Jesus, Save Me Now.

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



CHORUS.

Copyright, 1883, *by E. A. HOFFMAN.*

No. 118. The Savior's Call.

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

1. The voice that is call - ing thee, sin - ner, Is the
2. Yes, come, while the Spir - it is call - ing, And you
3. The Sa - vior is call - ing, oh, lis - ten! Hear him

voice of thy Sa - vior so dear, And he comes with sweet words of en -
feel that God's claim is but right; Do not say, "go thy way for a
now while he calls thee once more; For it may be the last sad en -

treat - y; Oh, yield while his grace is so near!
sea - son," But come, and he'll save you to - night.
treat - y, This side of e - ter - ni - ty's shore.

CHORUS.

Will you come to the Sa - vior who died, And purchased thy life on the
the Savior who died,
cross? Oh, come! lest in staying from Je-sus, Thy soul suffer in - fi - nite loss!
on the cross?

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No. 119. I Must Tell Jesus.

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

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I cannot bear these burdens a - lone;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou-bles; He is a kind, com- passionate Friend;
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav- ior, One who can help my burdens to bear;
4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is tempted to sin!

In my distress He kindly will help me; He ev- er loves and cares for His own.
If I but ask Him, He will de-liv- er, Make of my trou - bles quickly an end.
I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus; He all my cares and sorrows will share.
I must tell Jesus, and He will help me Over the world the vict'ry to win.

Chorus.

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I cannot bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Jesus can help me, Jesus a - lone.

Rit.

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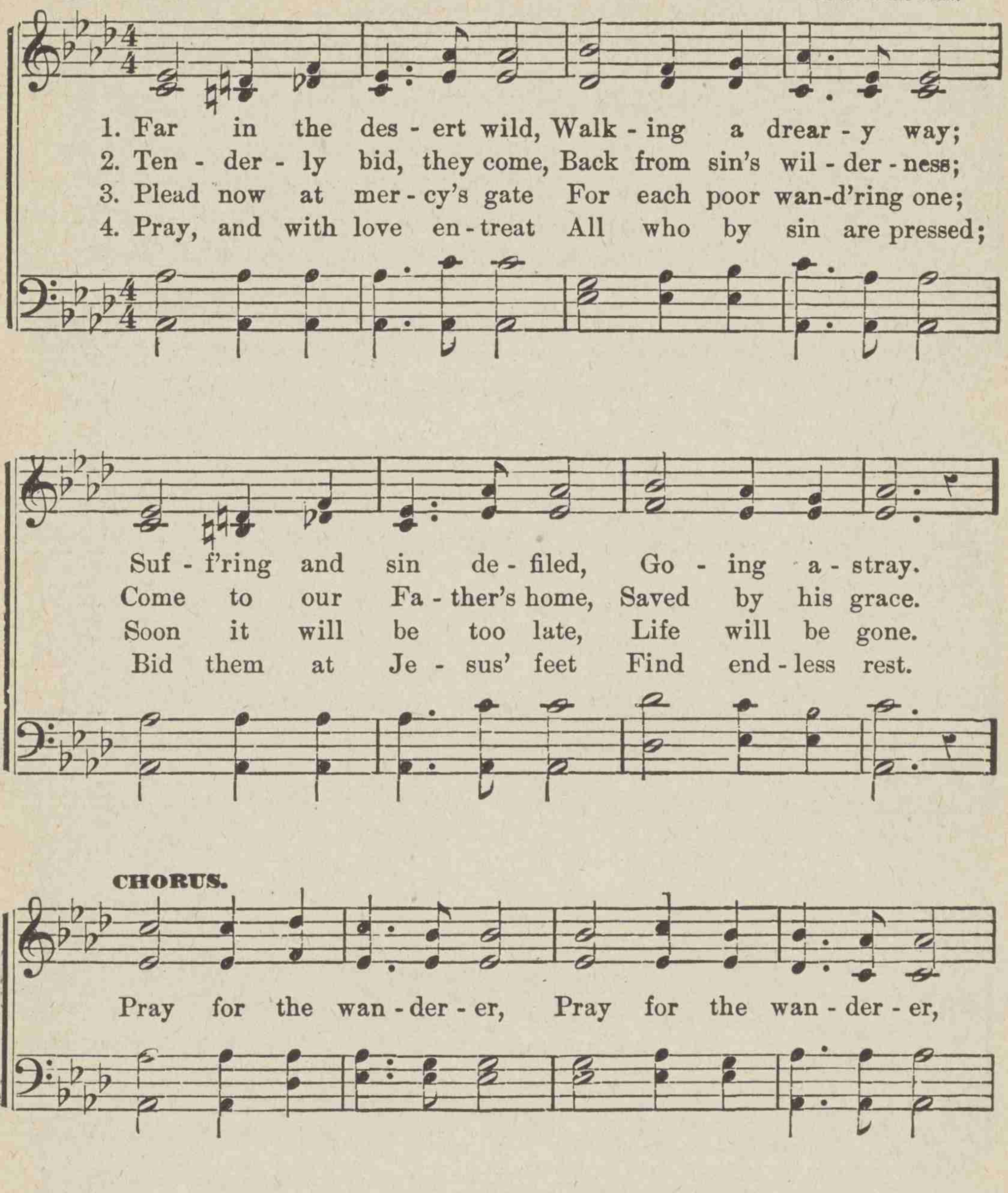
No. 120. Pray for the Wanderer.

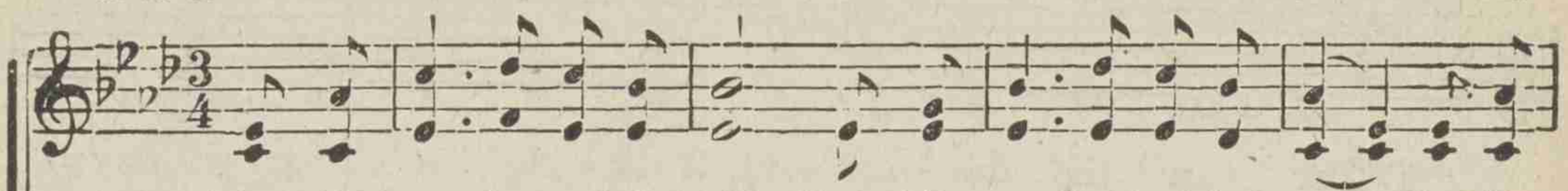
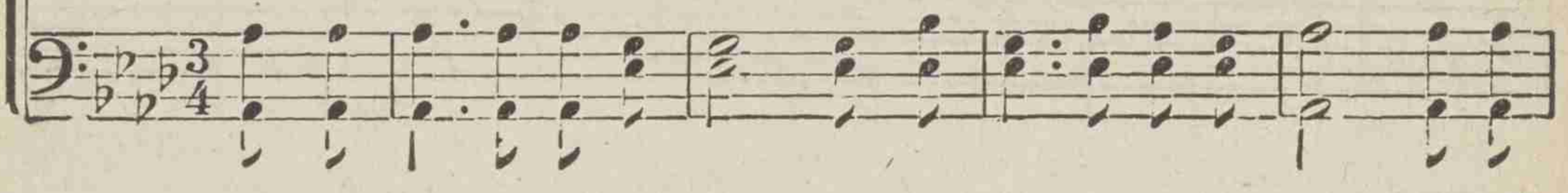
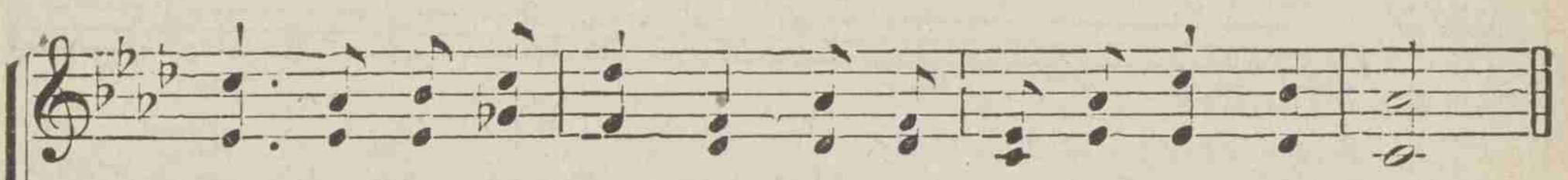
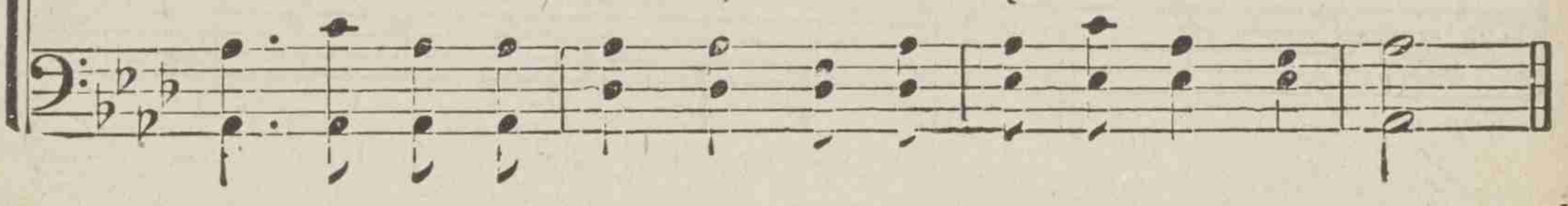
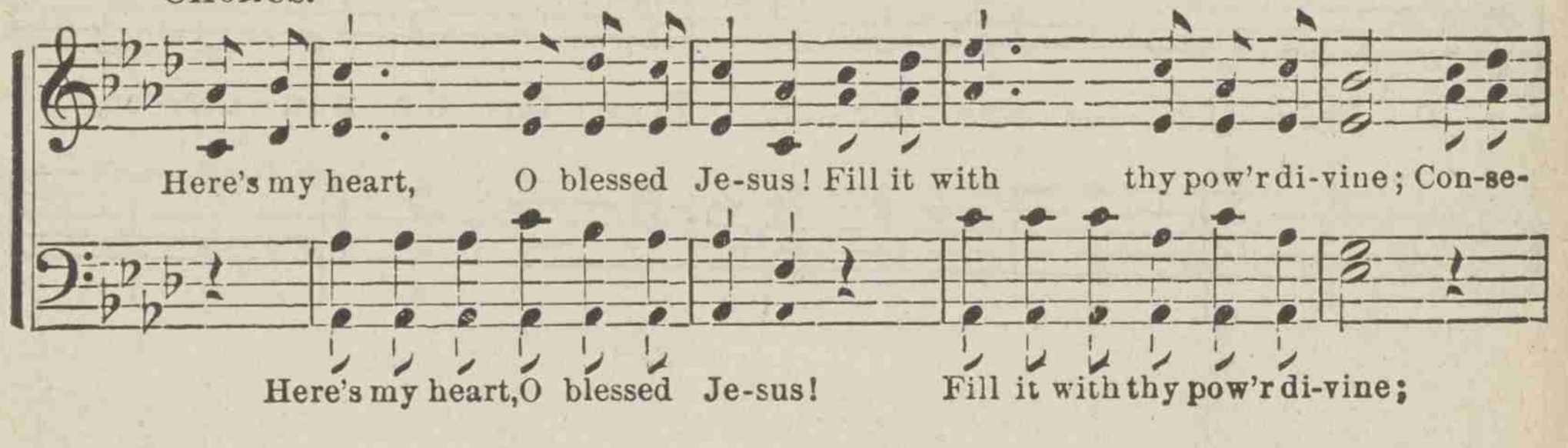
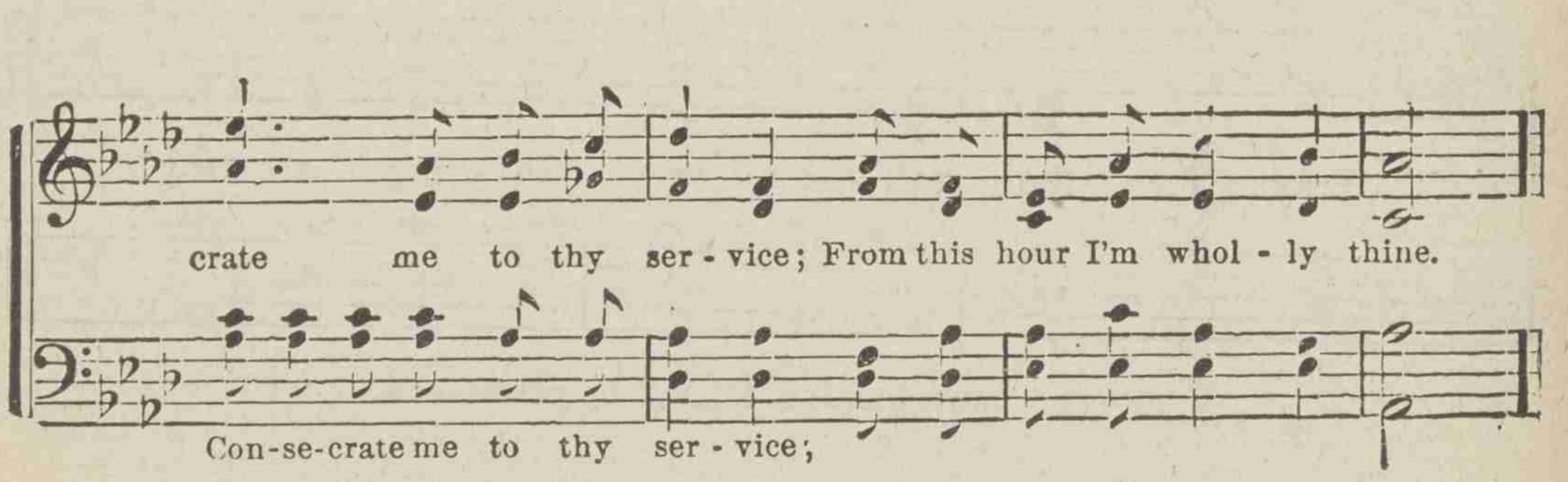
REV. C. M. HOTT. A. S. KIEFFER.



CHORUS.

From "Sweet Fields of Eden," by permission.

No. 121. From This Hour I'm Wholly Thine.

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

1. Must I on - ly work for self, Since his grace he doth be - stow? Can I
2. Must I on - ly pray for self In the se - cret of my heart? Will no
3. Must I on - ly talk of self When I'm asked to speak for him? Must the
4. Must my life be all for self, Helping not to save the lost? Shall I

not lead one to Je - sus, That sal - va-tion he may know?
un - saved soul af - fect me? I, un-moved, no tear - drop start?
sto - ry be con - tin - ued, Of my heart so prone to sin?
meet no one in heav - en, Whom I've helped to bear the cross?

CHORUS.



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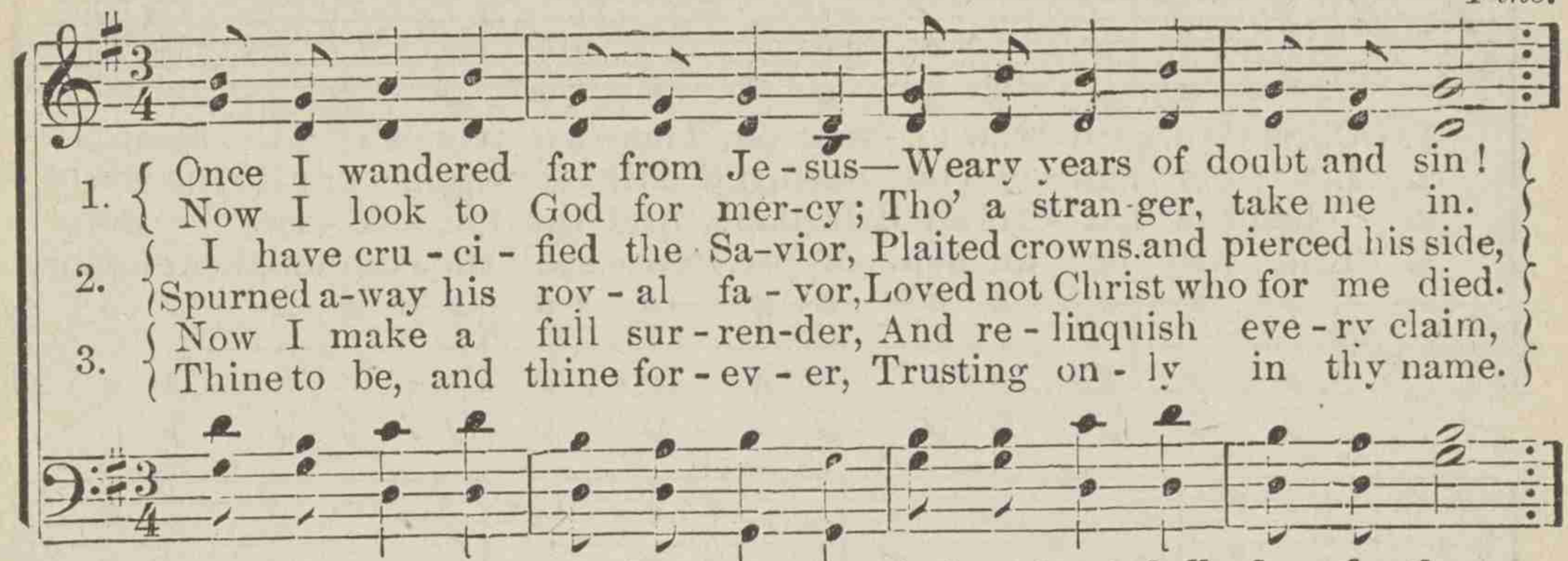
No. 122. Blessed Jesus, Do have Mercy!

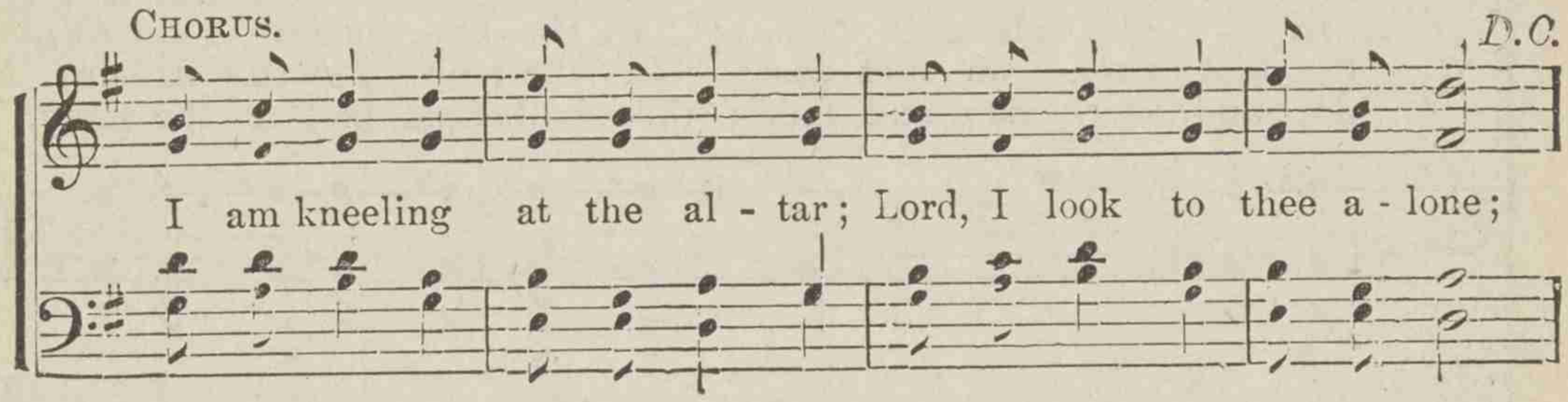
L. WHITE.

Arranged.

Fine.

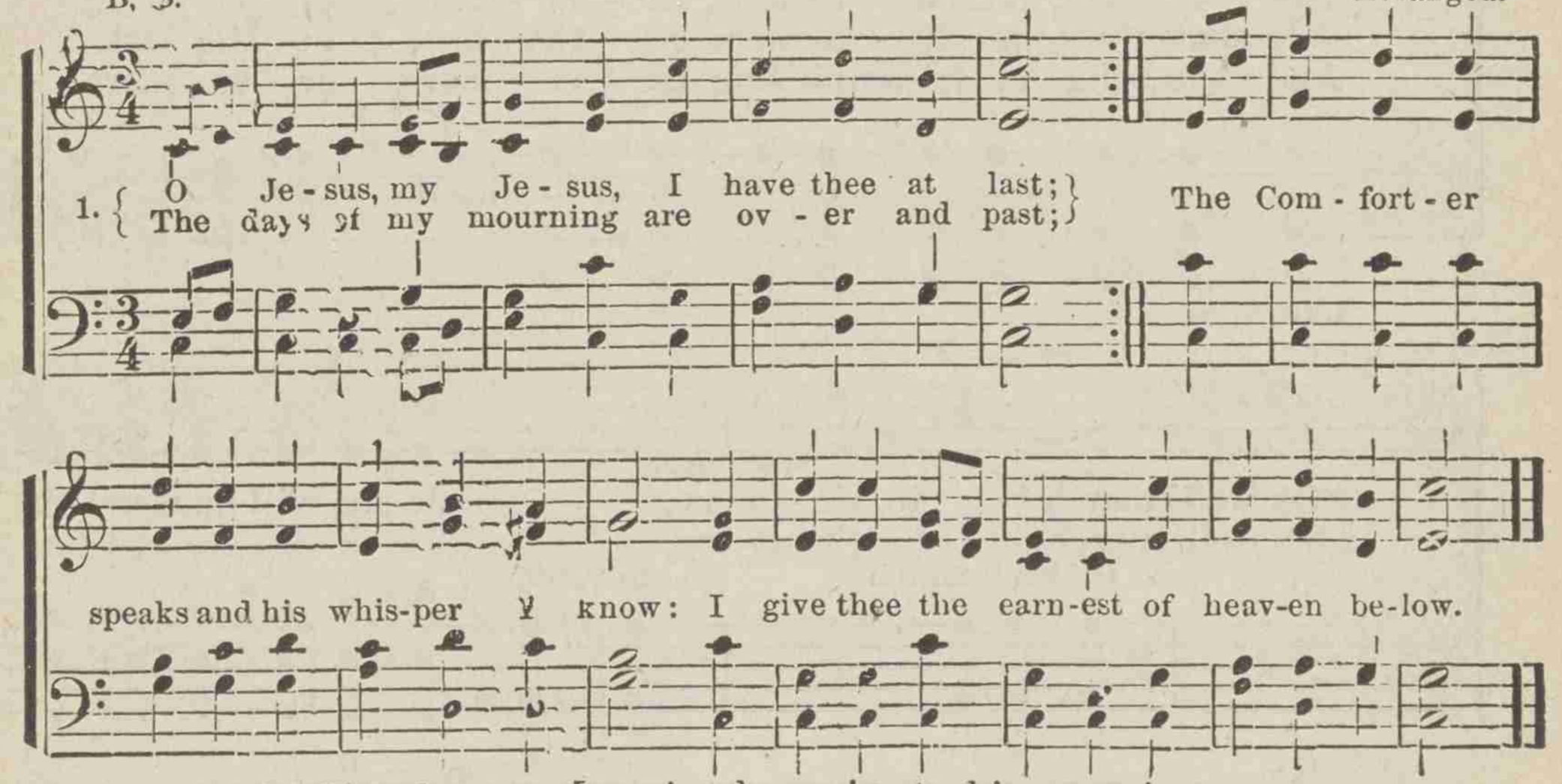


CHORUS.

D.C.

No. 123. Christ Found at Last.

B. B.

Arranged.



2 Oh, glory to Jesus! oh, praise to his name!
His sweet loving-kindness is ever the same;
My life is all gladness, my prayers are all praise;
I'll serve him like this to the end of my days.

3 O ye who are weary and fainting with sin,
Come trust the dear Savior to cleanse you within;
The blood that redeemed you can purify, too,
And none will be ever more welcome than you.

4 He healed the poor leper, and gave him relief;
He granted the prayer of the penitent thief;
And still there is cleansing and rest in the Lord,
For all who will claim it by faith in his Word.

No. 124. On to Victory.

E. A. H.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

1 be, Je - sus will our lead - er be;
(*Omit.*)

2 glo-rious vic - to - ry.

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No. 125. Soul-Winning.

W. J. H. Rev. Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. In the Mas-ter's vine-yard There is work to do, Work for you my
2. You can lead a sin - ner To the Sav-ior's feet, Work-ing for the
3. Con - se - cra - ted ef - fort Nev - er fails to win, En - ter now the

broth - er, Ev - 'ry-where you go; Souls are dy - ing, broth - er,
Mas - ter, Is a work so sweet; Let the Mas - ter use you,
serv - ice, Let the work be - gin; Life will soon be end - ed;

Ma - ny will be lost; Je - sus died to save them And has paid the cost.
Ev - 'ry day im-prove, Tell the dy - ing sin - ner, Of a Sav-ior's love.
La - bor while you may, Je - sus calls for work-ers, Go and work to-day.

Chorus.

Help us, Lord, to ev - er faith-ful be, Help us la - bor, bring-ing

souls to Thee; Help us la - bor, bringing souls to Thee.

Copyright, 1895, by Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

No. 126. Sweet Rest in Heaven.

E. A. H.

1. The earth is full of wea - ri-ness, There's rest up in heaven,
   Our life has much of drea - ri-ness, There's rest up in heaven,
2. The heart is of - ten bowed in grief, There's rest up in heaven,
   From care we of - ten seek re - lief, There's rest up in heaven,
3. The earth is not the Christian's home, There's rest up in heaven,
   As strangers in the world we roam, There's rest up in heaven,

No more by pain and sin oppressed, The soul will be supremely blest;
No heart can feel an anguish there, The gates are closed up - on all care;
Of tri - al here a few more years, A few more sighs, a few more tears,

Will lean in joy on Je - sus' breast, There's rest up in heaven.
With - in you gold-en mansions fair There's rest up in heaven.
Then God will wipe a - way all tears, There's rest up in heaven.

REFRAIN.

Sweet rest..... in heaven,.... Sweet

Sweet, sweet rest in heaven, Up in heaven, Up in heaven,

rest..... in heaven, Sweet rest..... in

Up in heaven, in heaven, Up in heaven,

Sweet Rest in Heaven.—Concluded.

heaven,..... Sweet rest..... in heaven.

Up in heaven, Sweet rest in heaven.

No. 127. Anoint Me.

E. A. H. J. H. T.

1. Fath - er in Heav-en! Hear thou my plea As in
2. Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Bless my poor heart, And thy
3. O bless - ed Spir - it! Seal now my soul With thy

full con - se - cra - tion I yield all to thee.
per - fect sal - va - tion Un - to me im - part.
balm of a - noint - ing, That I may be whole.

CHORUS.

Ful - ly save me, a - noint me, Wash me and

cleanse me, Gracious Fath-er in Heaven! O hear thou my plea.

No. 128. Is Christ a Friend to You?

E. A. HOFFMAN. Arranged.

1. I have a friend in Je - sus, Who is a friend in - deed;
   A friend in time of tri - al, And in the time of need.

2. He is so kind and ten - der; His love is warm and true;
   He is the friend of sin - ners; Is he a friend to you?

CHORUS.

Oh, how pre - cious is Je - sus! His love— how true! Is this dear friend of sin - ners A friend to you?

3 Along the path of sorrow,
Along the way of pain,
His grace and peace he sends me,
To comfort and sustain.

4 O wonderful Redeemer!
O kind and gracious friend!
Whose love so pure and changeless,
Will never, never end!

No. 129. Thoroughly Wash Me.

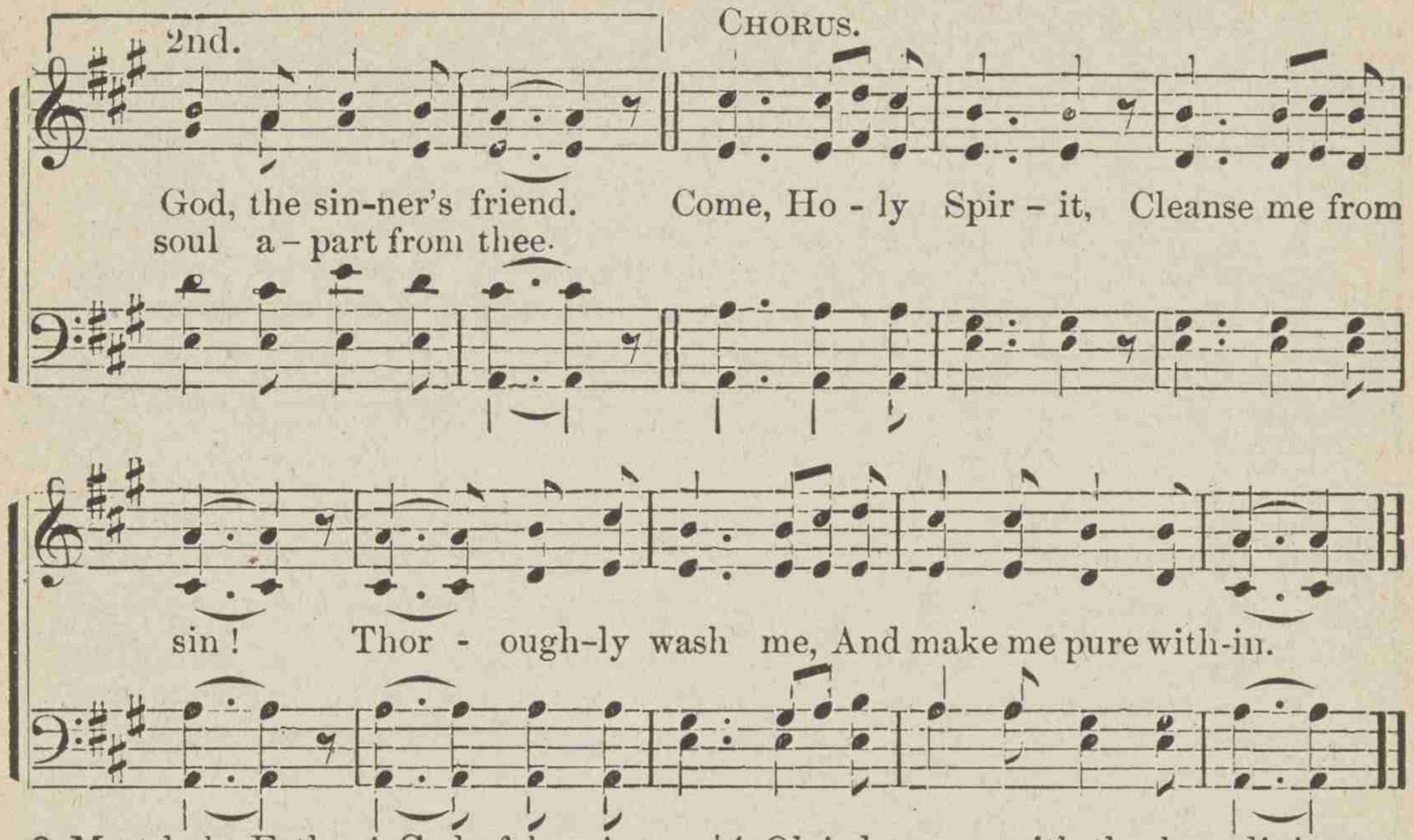
E. A. HOFFMAN.

1st.

1. Im - part thy grace, that I may see My-self, as I am seen of thee,
   My vileness, and in - fim - i - ty, Great [OMIT.....]

2. A - rouse me from the death-like sleep, That seems in-sidious-ly to creep,
   O - ver the in - ner life, to keep My [OMIT.....]

Thoroughly Wash Me.—Concluded.

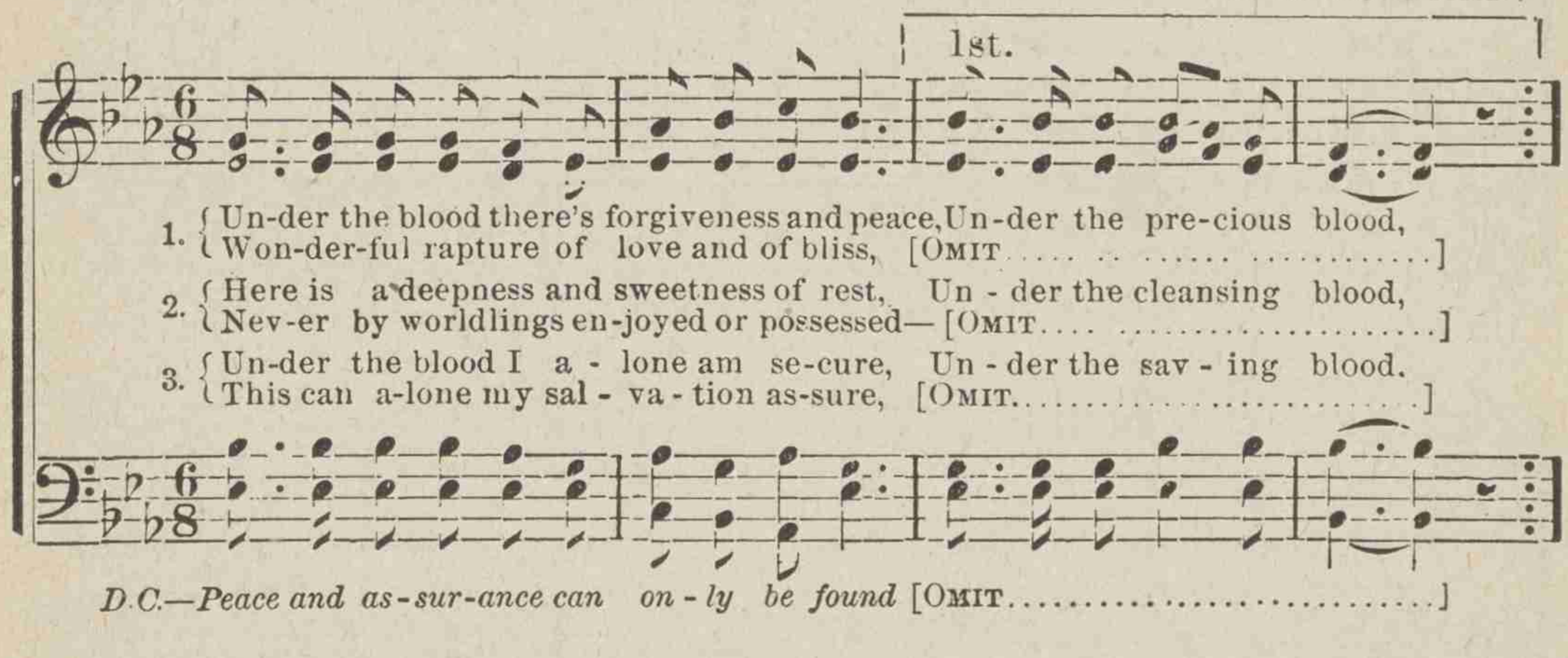


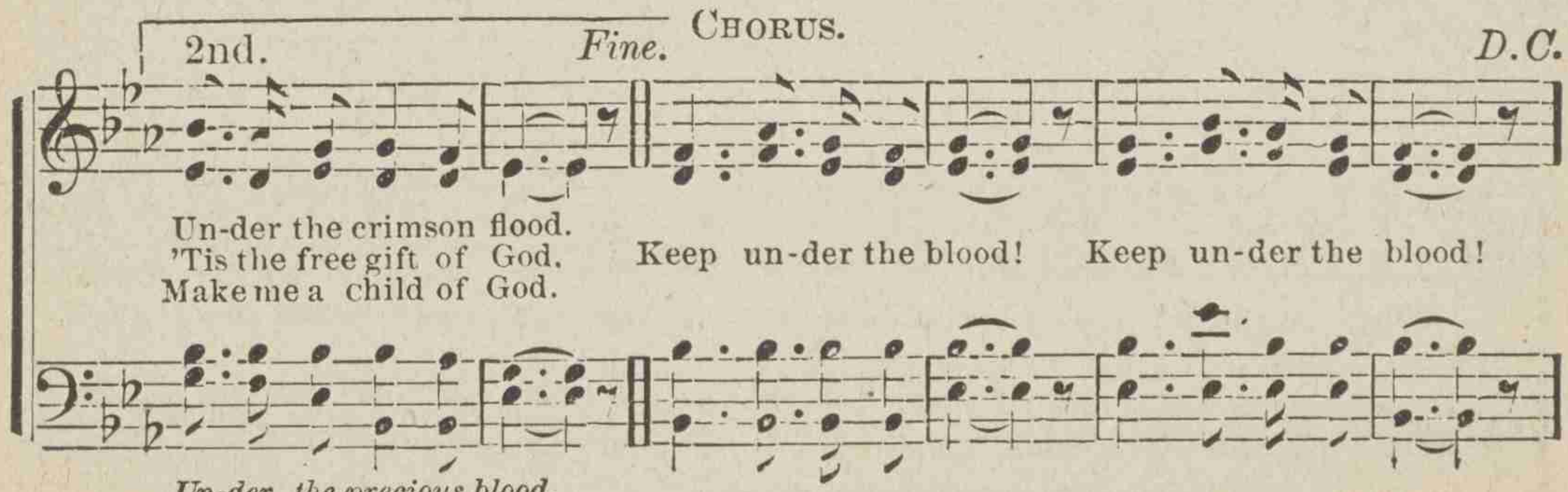
3 Most holy Father! God of love!
In pity, from thy courts above,
Deign to regard me, and remove
All idols, as they come.

4 Oh! draw me with thy love divine,
All my affections intertwine,
That so I may be wholly thine,
Waiting my summons home.

No. 130. Keep Under the Blood.

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





No. 131. Why Do You Linger?

E. A. H. W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Why do you lin-ger? Je - sus is wait - ing, Waiting to save you
2. Why do you lin-ger? An-gels are wait - ing, Waiting to see who
3. Why do you lin-ger? Lov'd ones are waiting, Waiting to hear con -
4. Why do you lin-ger? Why are you waiting? Come and partake of

from your sin. Why do you lin - ger? Je - sus is wait - ing,
next will come. Why do you lin - ger? An - gels are wait - ing,
tri - tion's sigh. Why do you lin - ger? Lov'd ones are wait - ing,
Christ's sweet love. Then, when the joys of earth all are o - ver,

CHORUS.

O - pen your heart and let him in. Why do you lin - ger?
Wait - ing to bear the tid - ings home.
Wait - ing to breathe a prayer on high.
You shall be crown'd with joy a - bove.

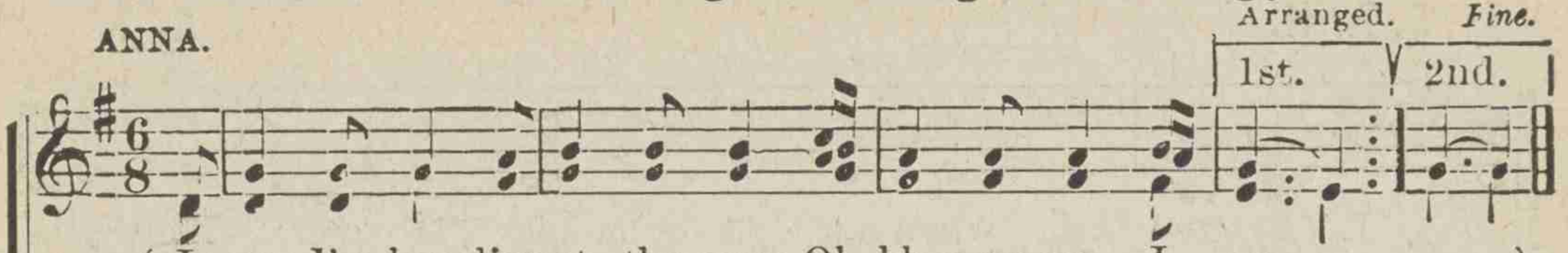
Come, come to Je - sus, Come, at his foot - stool hum - bly bow;

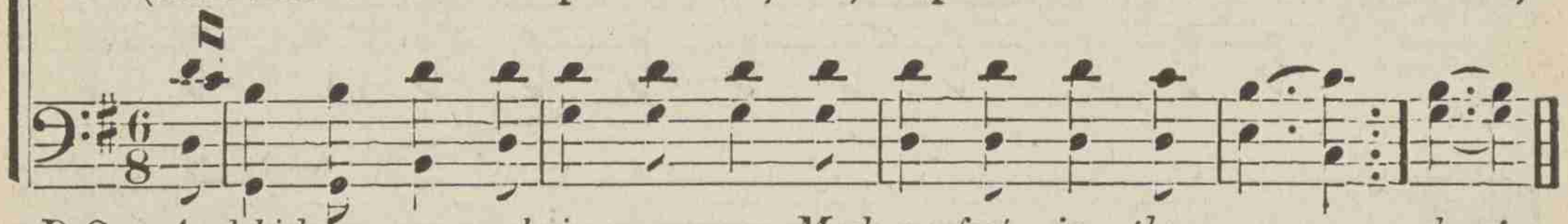
Why do you lin - ger? Come, come to Je - sus, He will save you, and save you now.

No. 132. I'm Waiting for Thy Blessing, Lord.

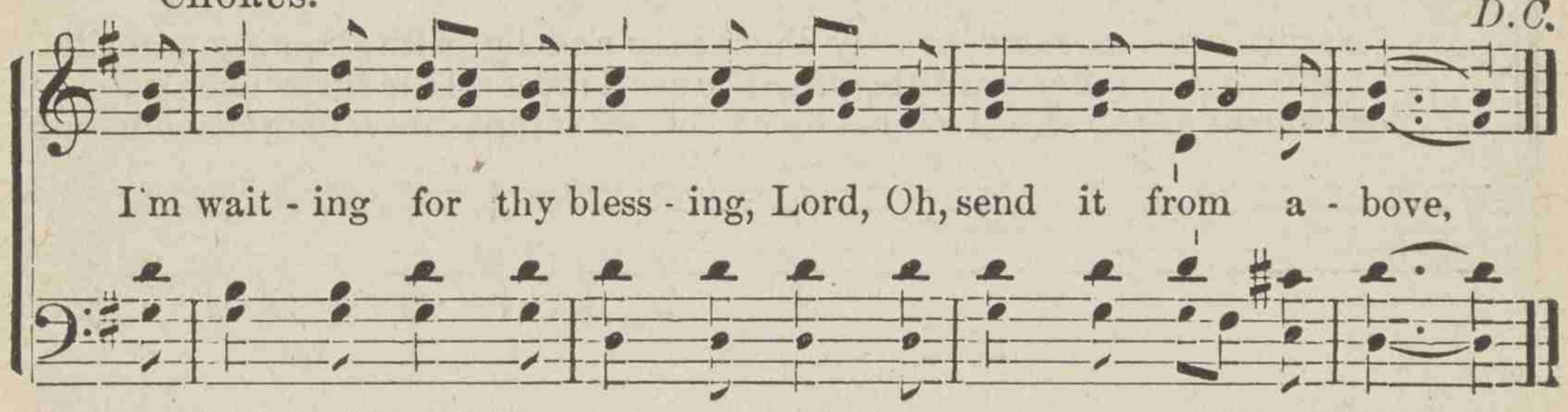
ANNA.

Arranged. *Fine.*



1. Je-sus, I'm kneeling at thy cross, Oh, bless me ere I go,
   And cleanse my heart from every sin, And wash me white as.....snow!
2. I give my - self, my all to thee, This of - fer - ing re - ceive;
   And that it is ac-cept - ed now, Oh, help me to be - - - lieve!

D.C.—And bid me go and sin no more, Made perfect in thy.....love!

CHORUS.

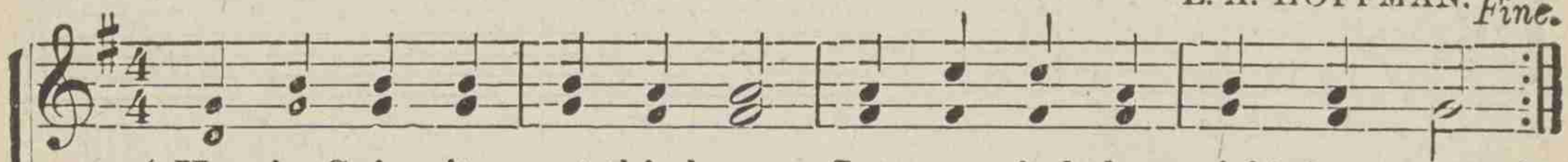
D.C.

I'm wait - ing for thy bless - ing, Lord, Oh, send it from a - bove,

3 For only fully blest I'll be
When I can say and know—
"The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son,
Has washed me white as snow."

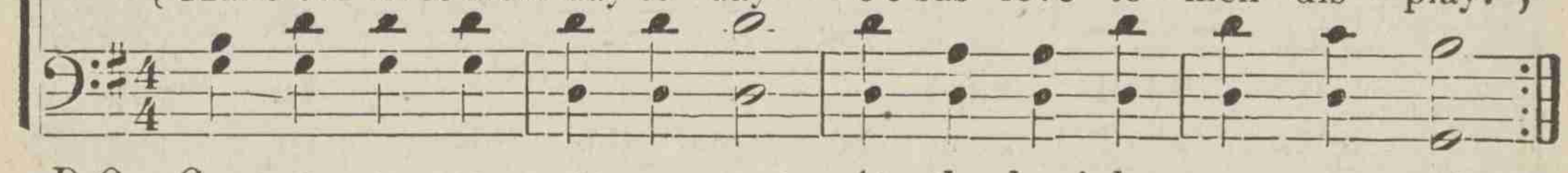
4 Give me a pure and holy heart,
Devoted, Lord, to thee,
And all the glory shall be thine,
Now and eternally.

No. 133. Holy Spirit, Come Upon Us.

E. A. HOFFMAN. *Fine.*



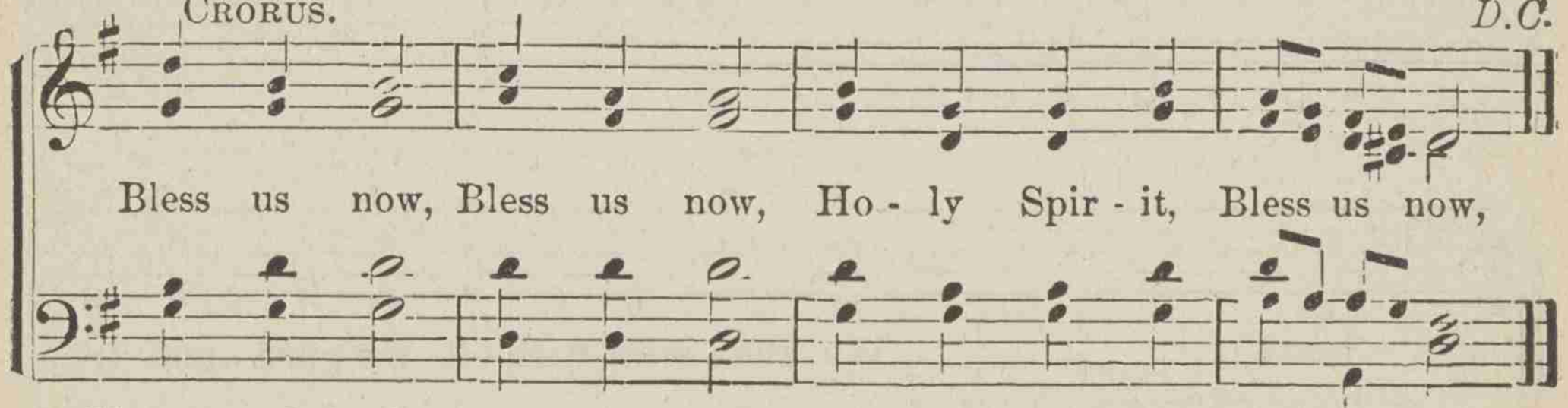
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, at this hour Let us feel thy quick'ning power:
   Come up - on us as we meet At the heav'nly mer - cy - seat.
2. Shed a-broad thy love di-vine, From all sin our hearts re - fine,
   Make our lives from day to day Je-sus' love to men dis - play.



D.C.—Come up - on us as we meet, At the heav'nly mer - cy - seat.

CRORUS.

D.C.



Bless us now, Bless us now, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bless us now,

3 Give us zeal the lost to seek,
And the gospel to them speak;
Make the fruits of grace abound
In our life the year around.

4 Fix our eye on Christ alone,
To our souls His joy make known;
All thy work in us complete,
For His presence make us meet.

No. 134. The Home of Peace and Rest.

E. A. H. J. H. T.

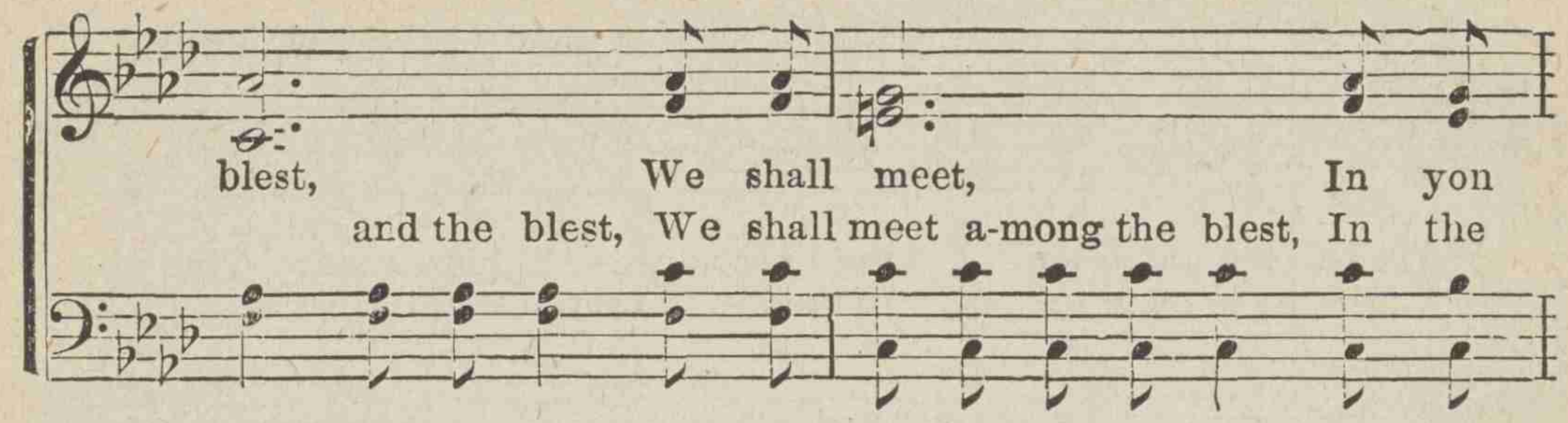
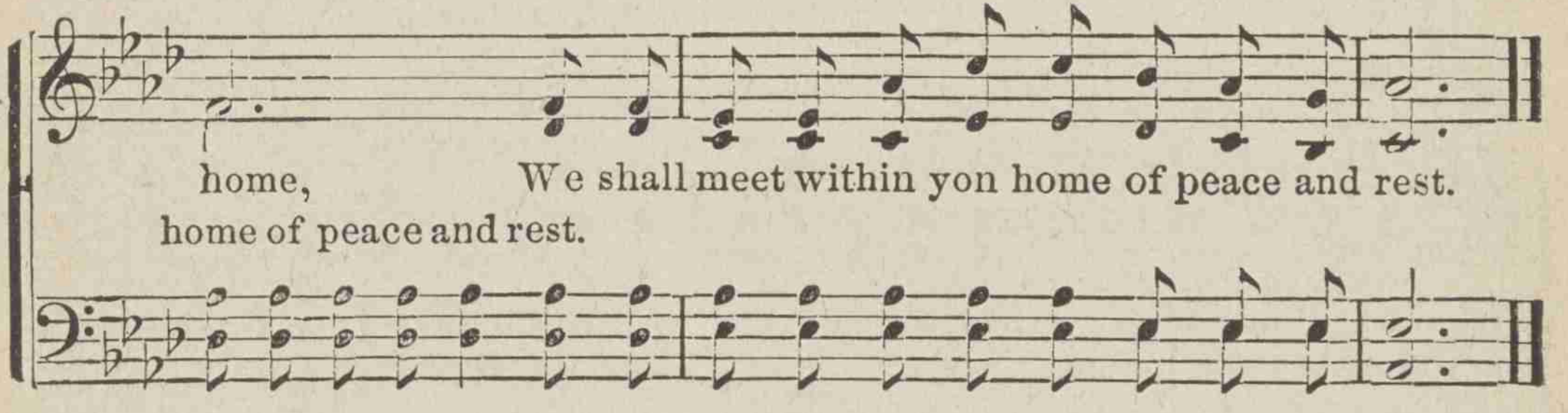
1. By and by, when our pil - grim-age is o'er, We shall
2. By and by, when our earth-ly toil is done, And the
3. By and by, we shall stand be - fore the Throne, And be

stand on the heav-en - ly shore; By and by, with the holy and the
glo - ry of heaven is begun, We shall meet all the loved ones gone be-
crowned by the Lord as his own; Sweetest pleasure will fill each happy

blest, We shall meet in the home of peace and rest.
fore O - ver yon - der, where part - ing comes no more.
breast O - ver there in the home of peace and rest.

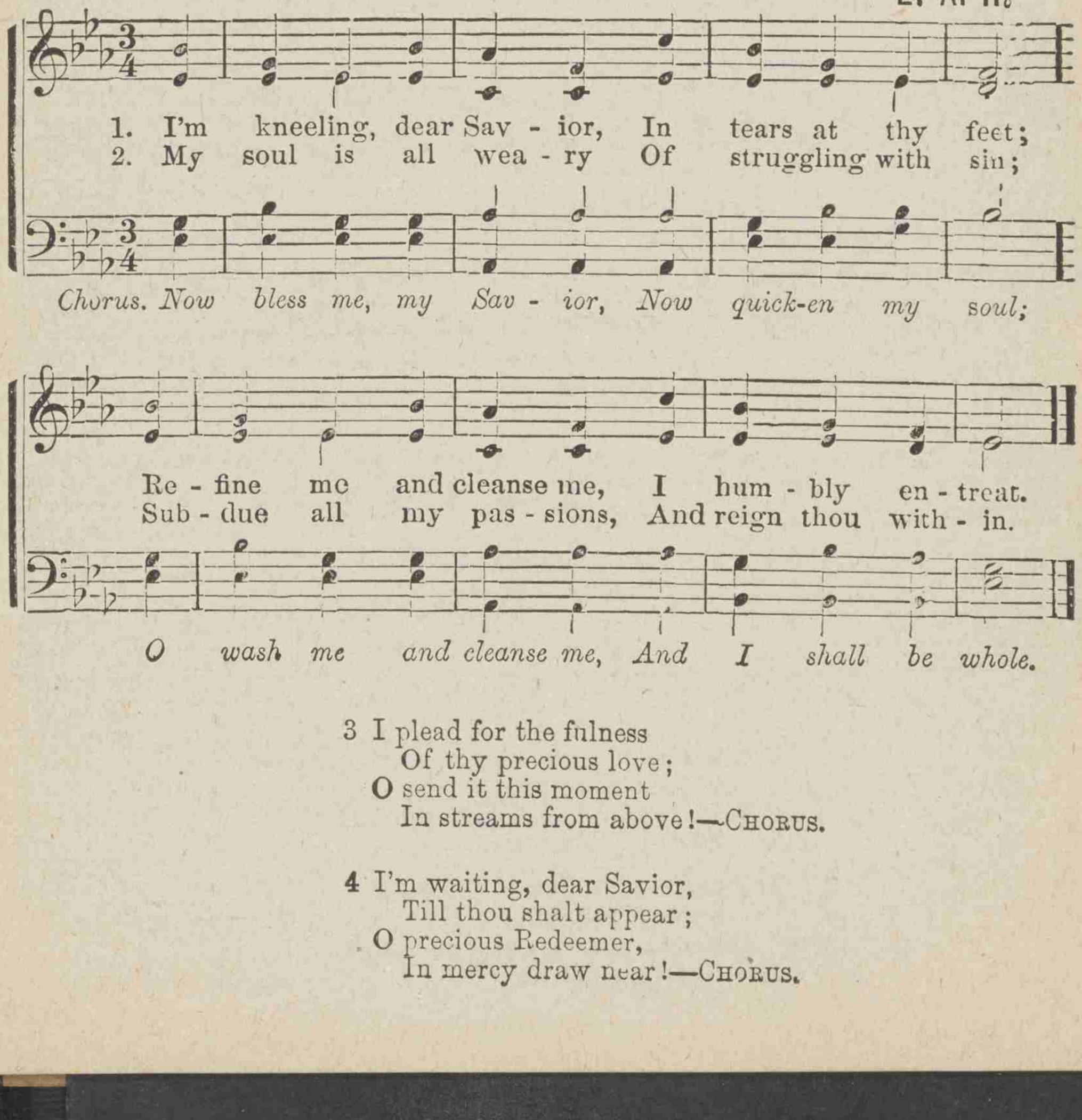
CHORUS.

We shall meet In yon
We shall meet a - mong the blest, In the
home, We shall meet with all the pure and the
home of peace and rest,

The Home of Peace and Rest.—Concluded.



No. 135. Now Bless Me.

E. A. H.

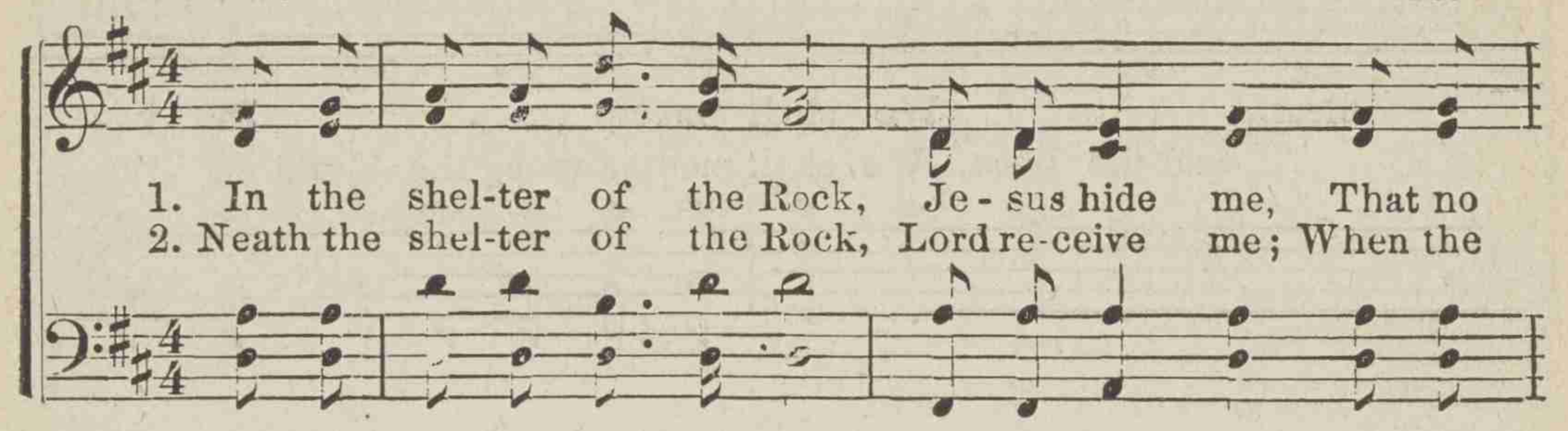
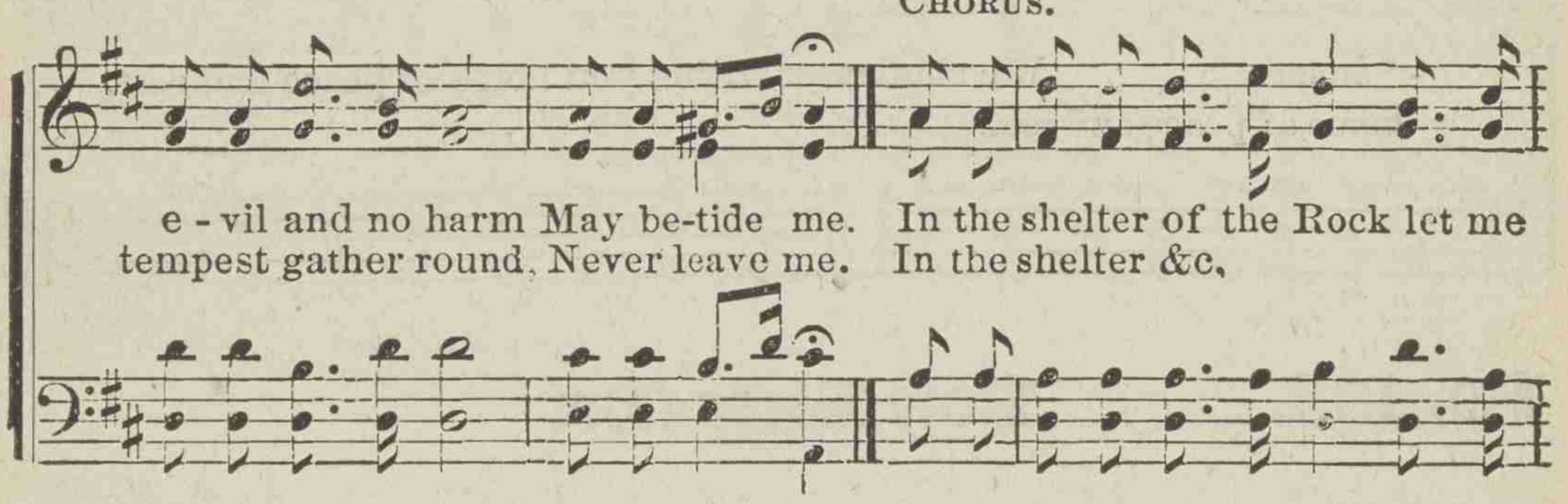


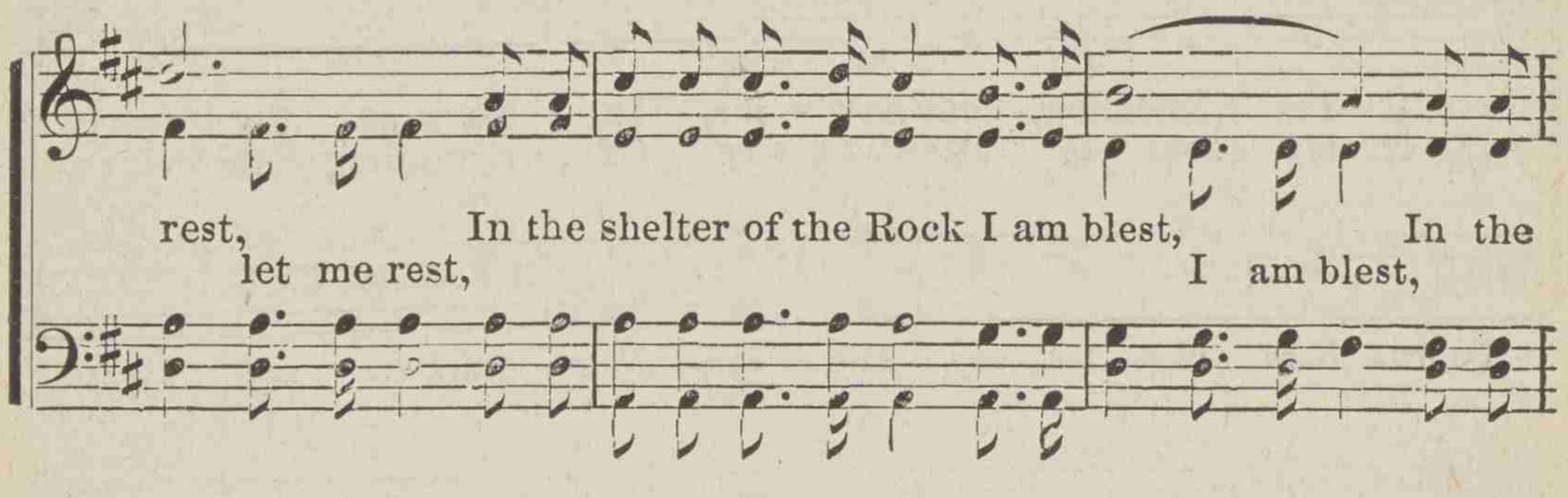
3 I plead for the fulness
Of thy precious love;
O send it this moment
In streams from above!—CHORUS.

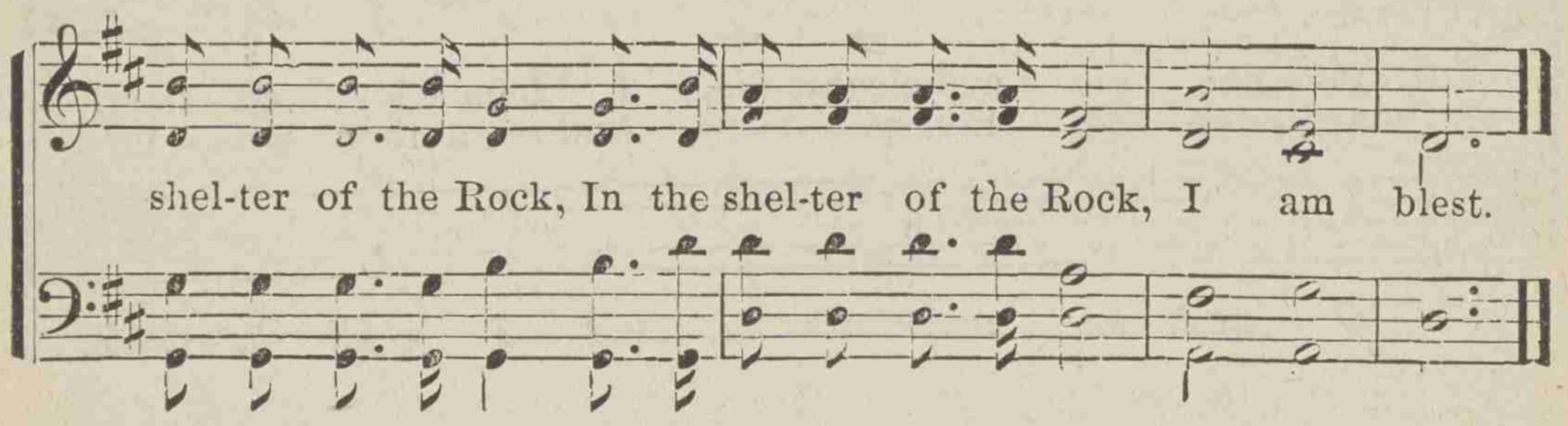
4 I'm waiting, dear Savior,
Till thou shalt appear;
O precious Redeemer,
In mercy draw near!—CHORUS.

No. 136. In the Shelter of the Rock.

E. A. H. S. W. Straub.







3 Sheltered in the open rock,
Father, near thee,
With the blessings of thy love
Sweetly cheer me.

4 From the shelter of the rock,
Father, take me,
When the glories of yon heaven
Shall awake me.

No. 137. City of the Blest.

Words and Music by Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

1. There's a cit - y on high, where the saints are at rest, Not a sor - row or care ev - er troubles the blest, 'Tis the home of the soul, 'tis the land of the free, Cit - y of the blest. let my
2. 'Tis a cit - y of light, with its buildings so fair, Ma-ny friends that I knew are now resting up there, I shall see them, for they are now wait - ing for me, Cit - y of the blest, let my
3. Let us walk in the steps of the Mas - ter so dear, For the home is in sight, and the meeting is near, I shall then be at rest, and from sin I'll be free, Cit - y of the blest, let my

Chorus.

soul rest in thee.
soul rest in thee.
soul rest in thee.
} Cit - y of the blest, Cit - y of the blest,

Cit - y of the blest, let my soul rest in thee; soul rest in thee.

Copyright, 1895, by Wm. J. Holtzclaw.

No. 138. Friends Beyond the River.

Frank M. Davis.

1. We have friends beyond the riv - er, Ma-ny friends that wait us there;
2. In that land of fadeless glo - ry, Far beyond each mor-tal care,
3. But our dearest friend is Je - sus, He who died our souls to win;

They have gone from earth for-ev - er, We no longer meet them here;
There we'll chant sal-va-tion's sto - ry, Safe from ev - ery sin-ful snare;
Died, from bondage to re-lease us, Died, to set us free from sin;

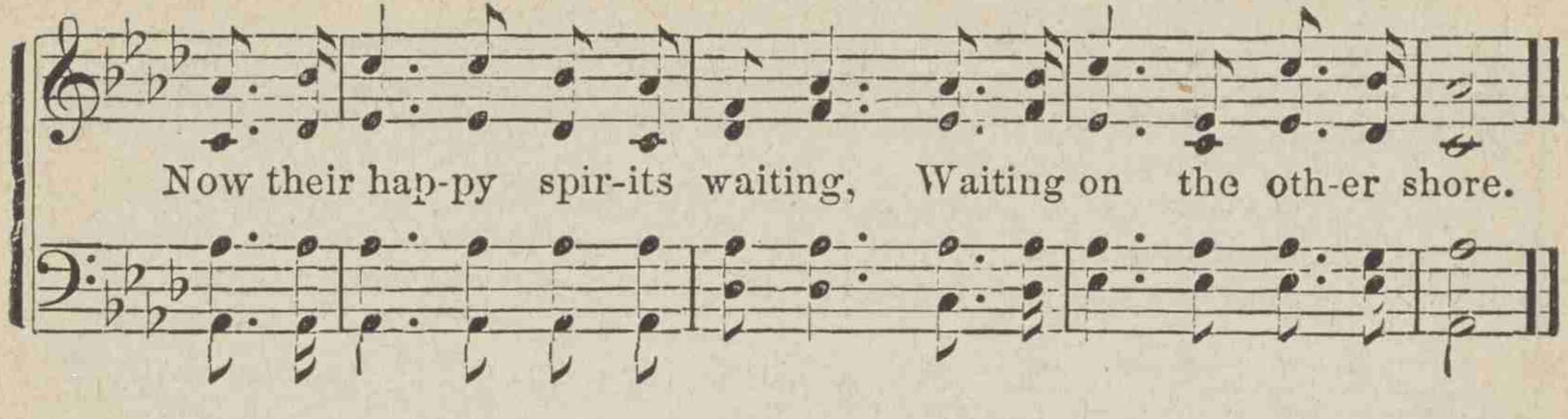
But we'll meet them, yes, we'll meet them Where all sorrow is for - got;
O, the prospect! 'Tis so cheering; How it thrills the heart with love,
There we'll see Him, and be like Him, Mid the shin - ing hosts a-bove;

In that land of joy we'll greet them, Partners of their hap-py lot.
Whil'st our heav'nly home we're nearing, There to greet our friends a-bove.
There we'll wor-ship and a - dore Him, Seat-ed on His throne of love.

CHORUS.

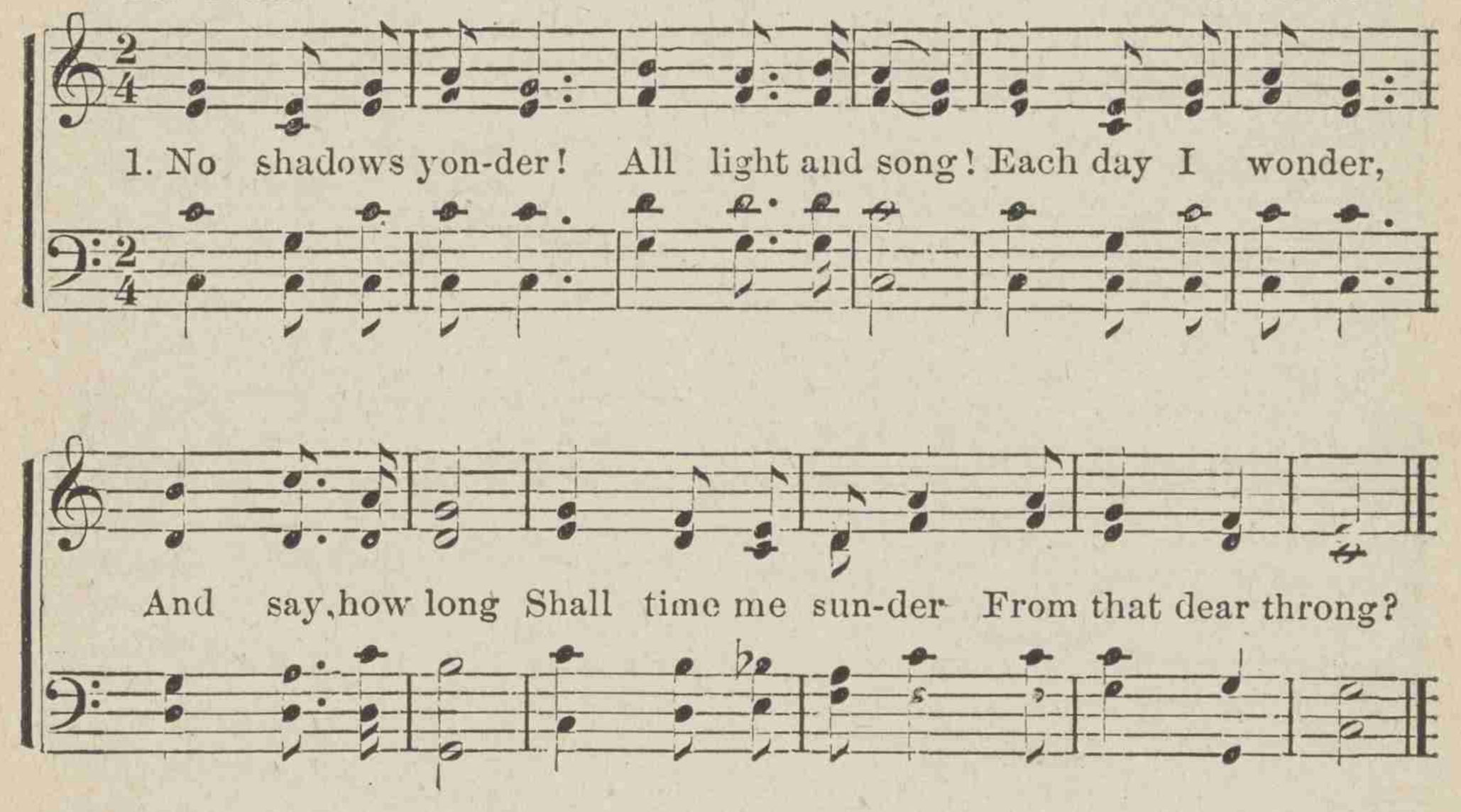
Hap-py meeting, joy-ful greeting, Friends and loved ones gone before;

Friends Beyond the River.—Concluded.



No. 139. Yonder.

Dr. Bonar. J. H. T.



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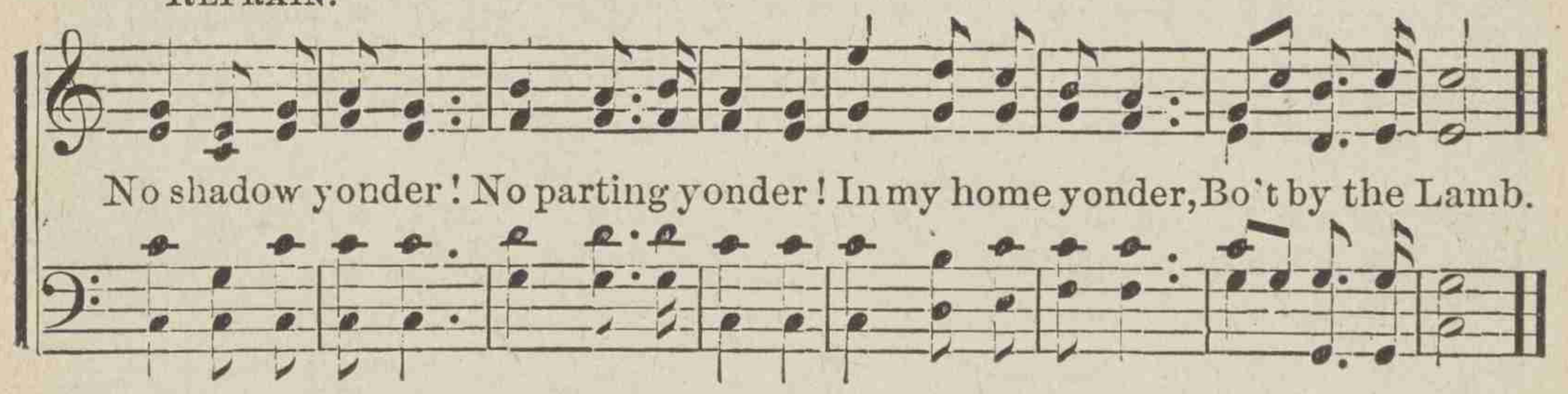


2 No weeping yonder!
All fled away!
While here I wander,
Each weary day,
Sighing, I ponder
My long, long, stay.

3 No parting yonder!
Time and space ne'er
Shall again sunder
Hearts blended there;
Dearer and fonder
Hands clasp for ave.

No. 140. I've Been Redeemed.

E. A. H. *As sung by the Tennesseeans.* Arr. by Dr. T. H. Peacock, by per.

1. All glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb Who died on Cal-va - ry!.... Yes,
2. The blood that my Redeemer spilt, The blood, so rich and free..... That
3. I am redeemed—O blessed state! I am redeemed from sin..... O

glo - ry to the bleeding Lamb Who saves and ran-soms me!
clean-ses sin - ful hearts from guilt, Now saves and clean-ses me.
love so in - fi - nite - ly great! The blood has made me clean.

CHORUS.

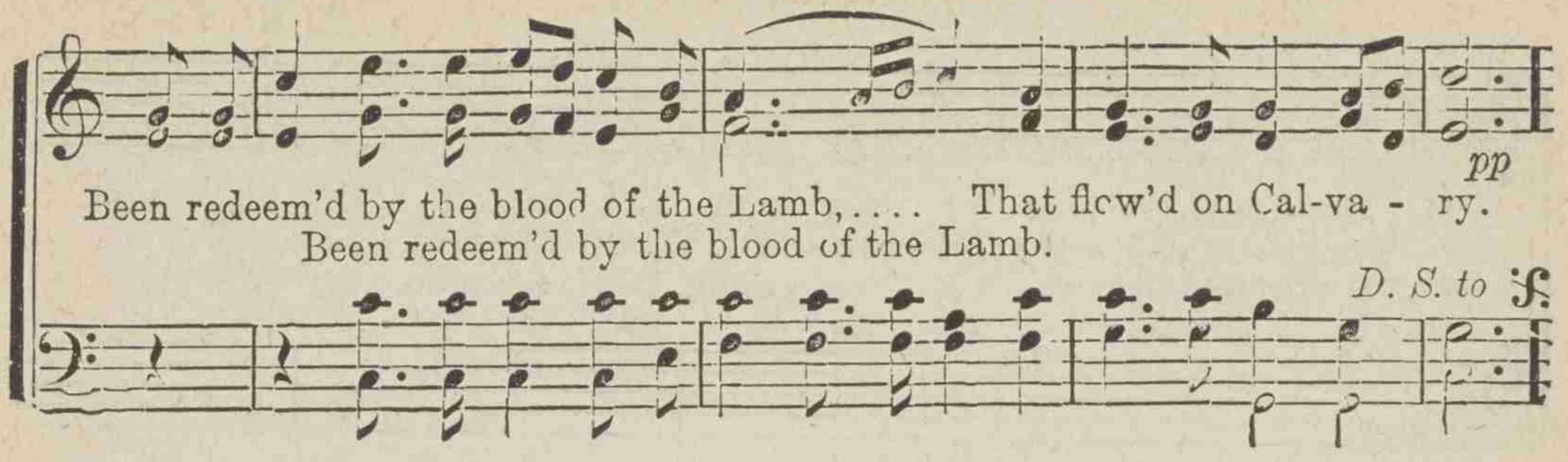
I've been redeem'd,.... I've been redeem'd.... I've been redeem'd, I've been re-
I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd,

Fine

deem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd,

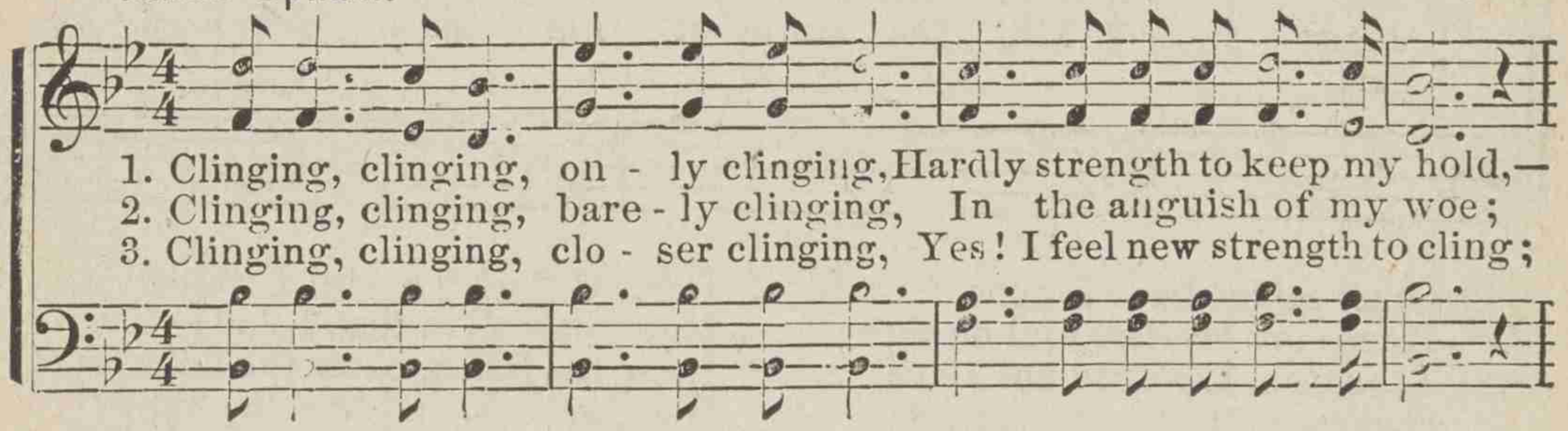
Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb, Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb.
Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb, Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb.

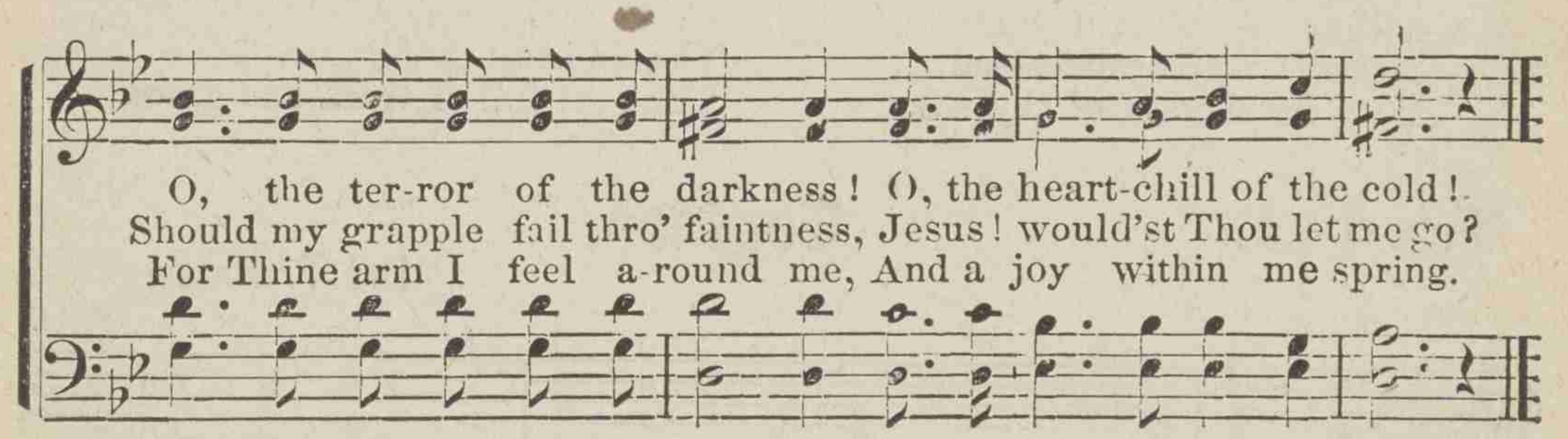
I've Been Redeemed.—Concluded.

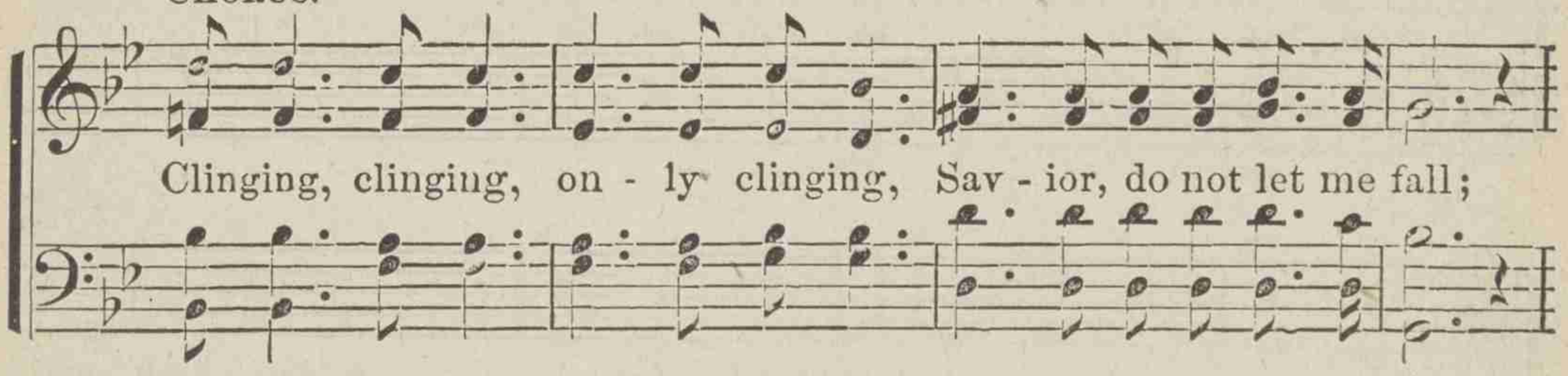
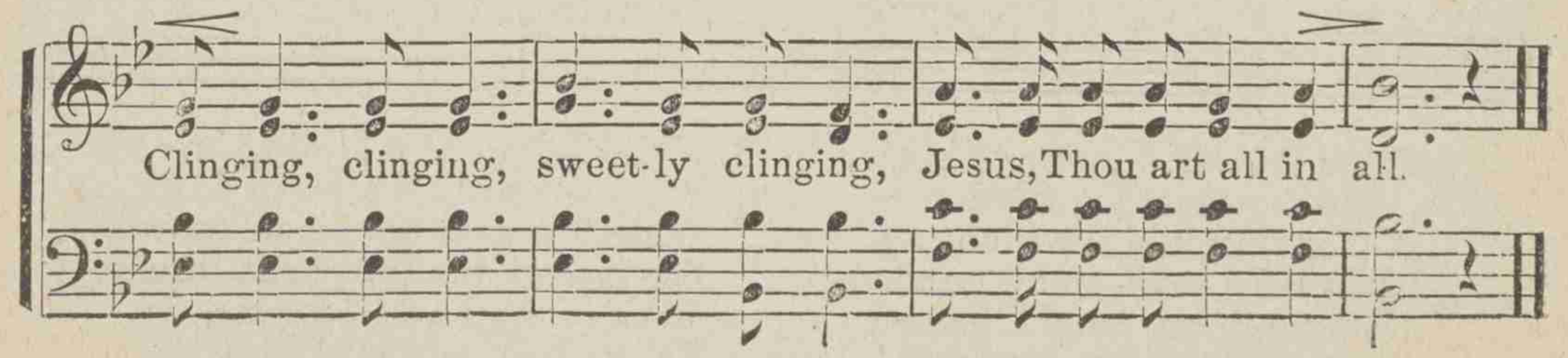


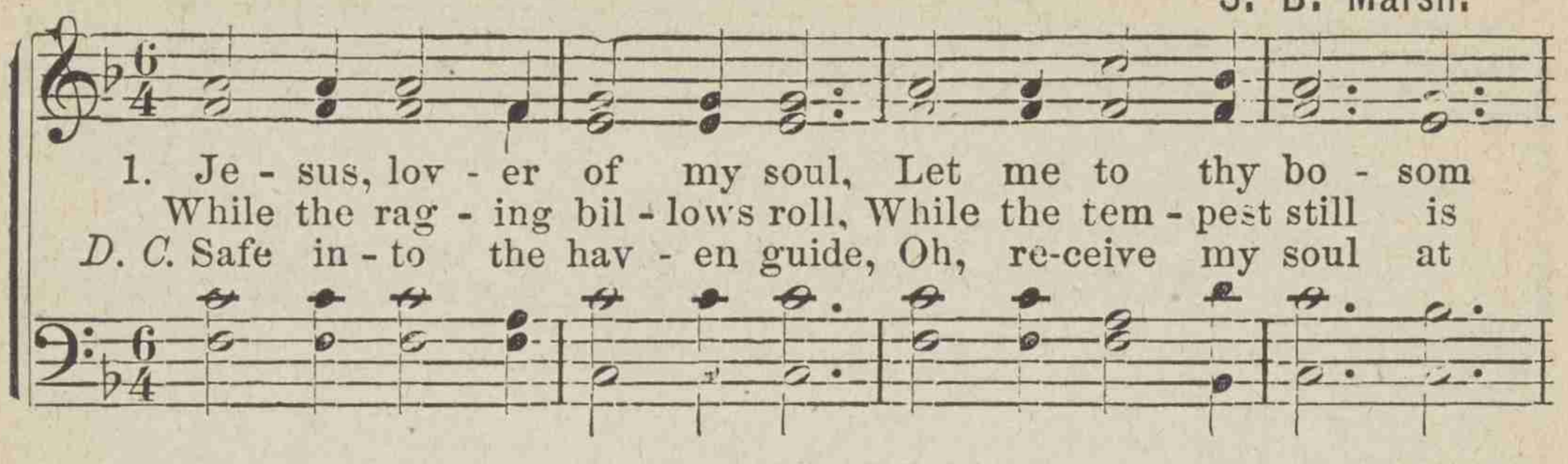
No. 141. Clinging to Jesus.

James Upham. J. H. T.





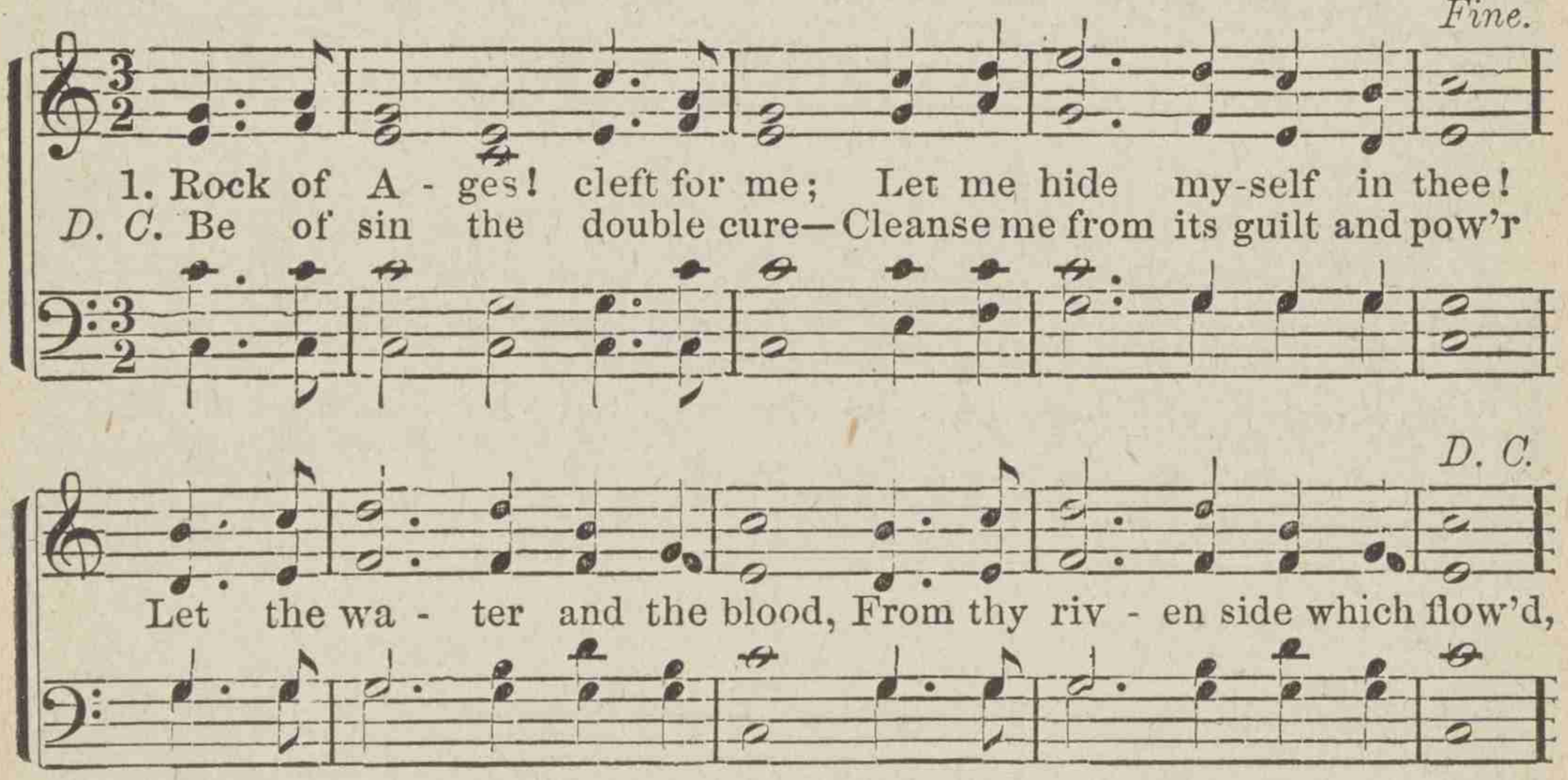
CHORUS.

No. 142. Martyn.

S. B. Marsh.

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 defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteouness;
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 143. Toplady.

Dr. T. Hastings.



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

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

No. 144. God Is Coming.

MRS. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

1. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! shout a-loud the glad re-frain;
2. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! roll the notes of joy on high;
3. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! and the hosts of sin are strong;
4. God is com-ing! God is com-ing! O lift up your hearts and pray!

Fine.

Send the cry from town and cit - y to the vil-lage, ham-let, plain;
Ev-ery blood-bought son of Je - sus, ral - ly to your lead-er's cry!
We will meet them bravely, boldly, and the fight will not be long.
In the fight 'twixt light and darkness he will need strong arms to - day.

D.S.—Ev - ery man be up on du - ty, For Je - hov - ah comes this way.

God is com-ing! hear the an-gels shout the tid-ings from a - bove!
God is com-ing! God is com-ing! rub your rus - ty ar-mor bright,
God is com-ing! and be - fore him powers of darkness must give way;
God is com-ing! fal - ter nev-er—when the con-flict here is done

He will de-luge our whole country with his ti - dal wave of love.
Gird your sword and shield about you, and be read - y for the fight.
God is com-ing! by his strong arm we shall gain the vic - tor - y.
You shall wear a crown of glo - ry in the kingdom of his Son.

CHORUS.

God is com-ing! pass the watch-word all a-long the line to - day!

D.C.

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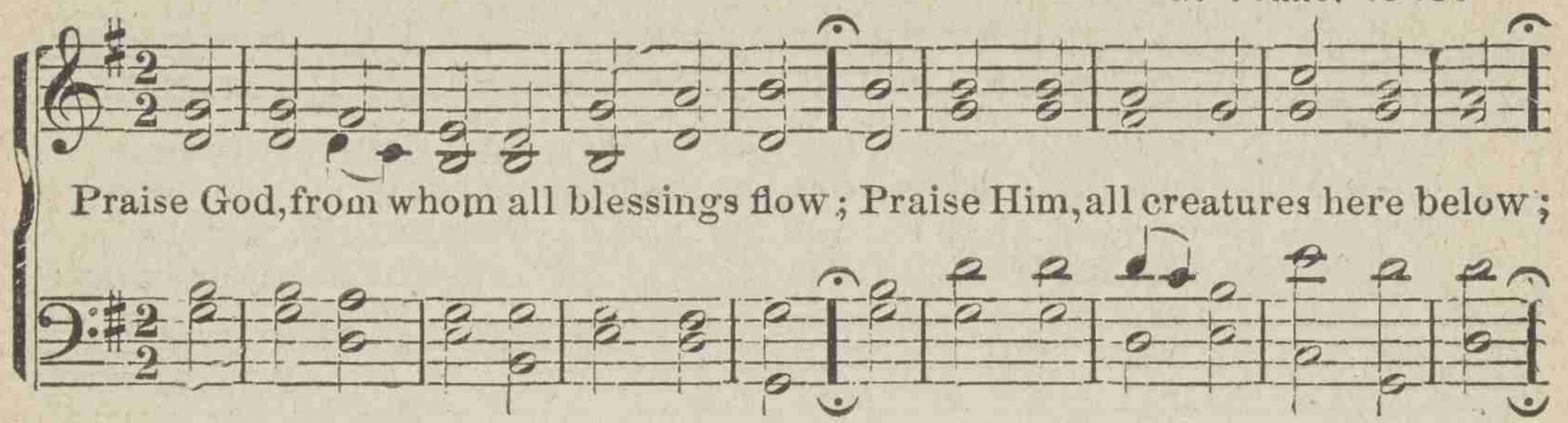
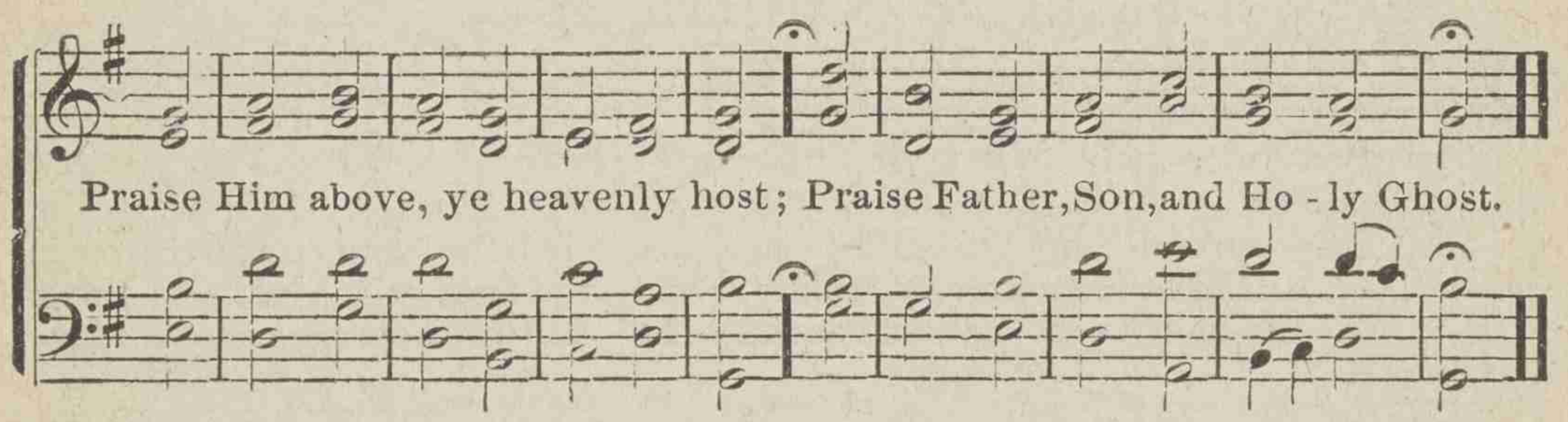
No. 145. Old Hundred. L. M.

G. Franc, 1545.





1 Before Jehovahs awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

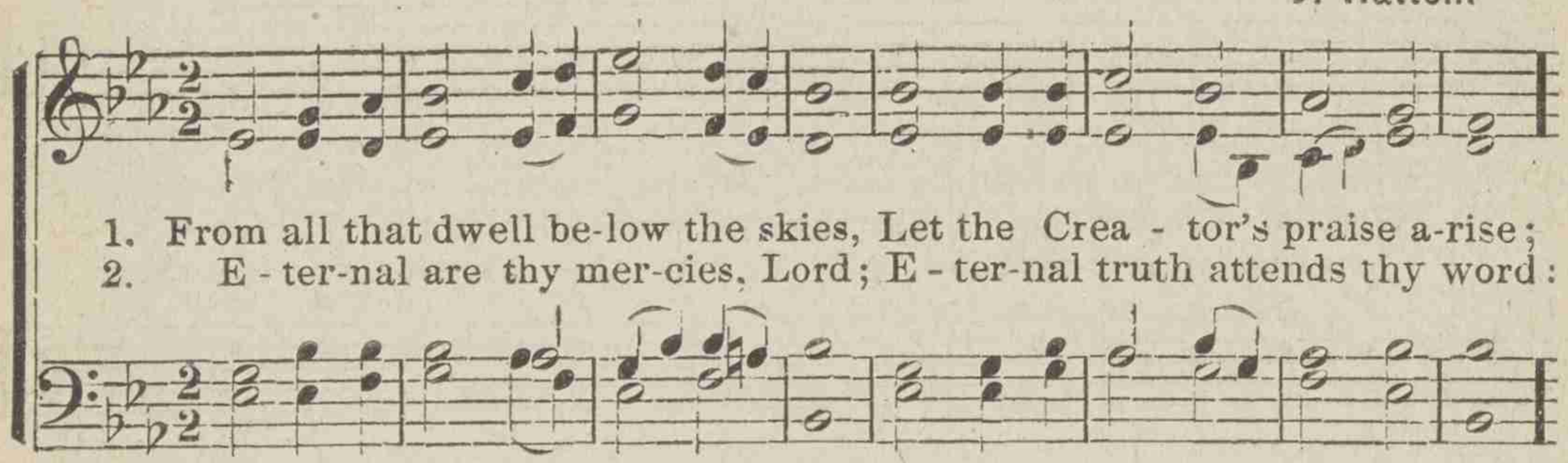
2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

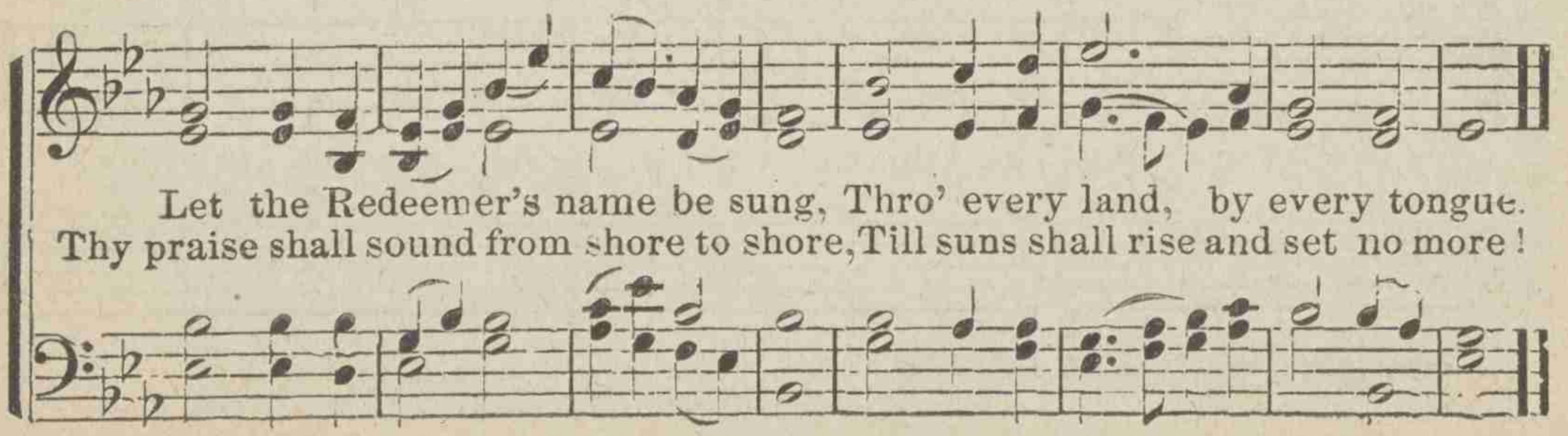
3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful song,
High as the heaven our voices raise,
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

No. 146. Duke Street. L. M.

J. Hatton.





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