

GARNERED SHEAVES

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

OF SONG

BY REV. E. S. LORENZ AND REV. I. BALTZELL

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[17-009]

page 1 helping just a little

20- Make me a worker for Jesus

213 ~~20~~ work for the night is coming

SP-050704

"Come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves."—Psa. 126: 6.

GARNERED SHEAVES

OF

SONG

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY

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1888.

LIKE RUTH AT THE FEET OF NAOMI WE LAY BEFORE THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKER THE BEATEN GRAIN OF OUR GLEANINGS. IF HE CAN ECHO THE WORDS OF NAOMI, "IT IS GOOD," OUR LABOR SHALL HAVE MET A SUFFICIENT REWARD.

E. S. LORENZ.

I. BALTZELL.

GARNERED SHEAVES.

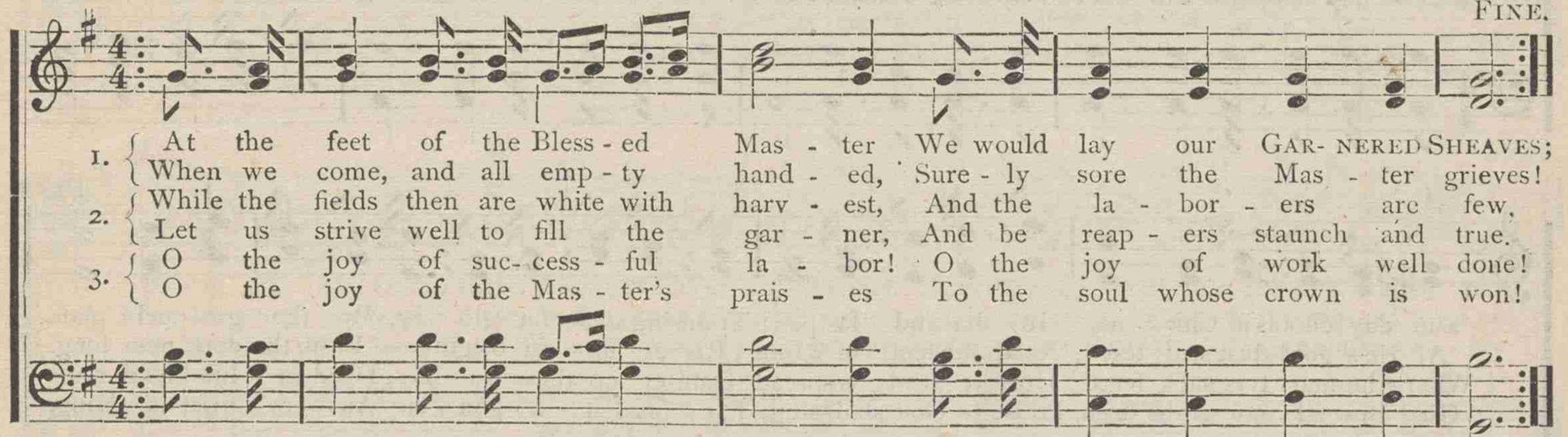
1.

Garnered Sheaves.

"Ye shall be gathered one by one."—Psa. 27: 12.

E. D. MUND. I. BALTZELL.

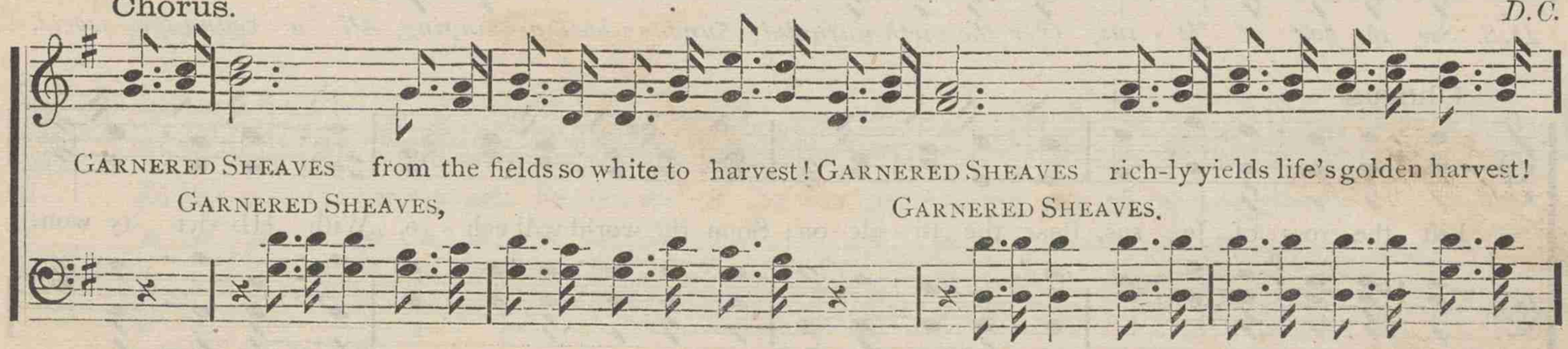
FINE.



1. At the feet of the Bless - ed Mas - ter We would lay our GAR- NERED SHEAVES;
   When we come, and all emp - ty hand - ed, Sure - ly sore the Mas - ter grieves!
2. While the fields then are white with harv - est, And the la - bor - ers are few,
   Let us strive well to fill the gar - ner, And be reap - ers staunch and true.
3. O the joy of suc- cess - ful la - bor! O the joy of work well done!
   O the joy of the Mas - ter's prais - es To the soul whose crown is won!

D.C.—At the feet of the Bless - ed Mas - ter We would lay our Gar - nered Sheaves.

Chorus. D.C.



GARNERED SHEAVES from the fields so white to harvest! GARNERED SHEAVES rich-ly yields life's golden harvest!

GARNERED SHEAVES, GARNERED SHEAVES.

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2. All Around the World.

"Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father."—Phil. 2: 11.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. See the flag of Je - sus O'er the earth unfurled! Sabbath schools are sing - ing All around the world:
2. Lit - tle In- dian dia - monds, Precious is - land pearls; Learning Bi -ble les - sons, Hap - py boys and girls.
3. Sun- day schools are sing- ing, France and Spain and Rome; Hear their joyous mu - sic, Songs of heav'n and home.
4. Sun- day schools in Chi - li, Reaching down the coast; Mex - i - co is lead - ing, Gal- lant lit - tle host.

f. FINE.

Sun- day schools in Chi - na, In - dia and Ja- pan; Train-ing souls for glo - ry, By the gos - pel plan.
Af- ric's gold dust scat- tered, 'Neath the feet of wrong; Ris- es up in brightness, From the dark ness long.
Where the mar- tyrs suf - fered, Ho - ly seed is spread; Gath-er up these ru - bies, Dyed in life-blood red.
Glad Bra- zil - ian chil - dren, Praise to God shall sing; Far - off Pat - a - gon - ia Answers Christ is King,

D.S. See the flag of Je - sus, O'er the earth unfurled! Sunday schools are singing, All a - round the world.

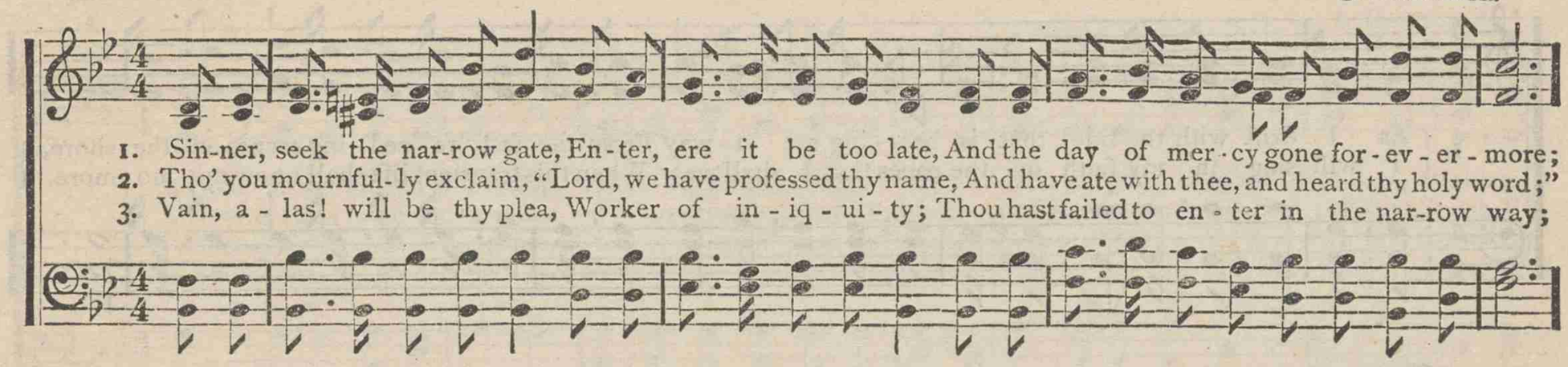
Chorus. *D.S.*

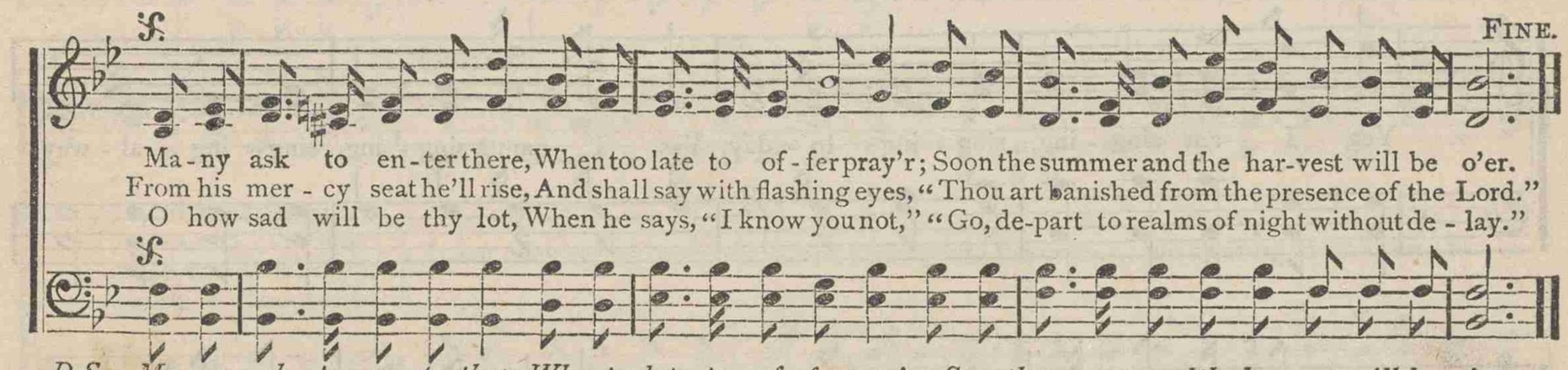
Lift the cross of Je - sus, Bear the Bi - ble on; Soon the world will ech - o, With His vict - 'ry won.

3. Enter Now the Narrow Gate.

"Enter ye in at the straight gate."—Matt. 7: 13.
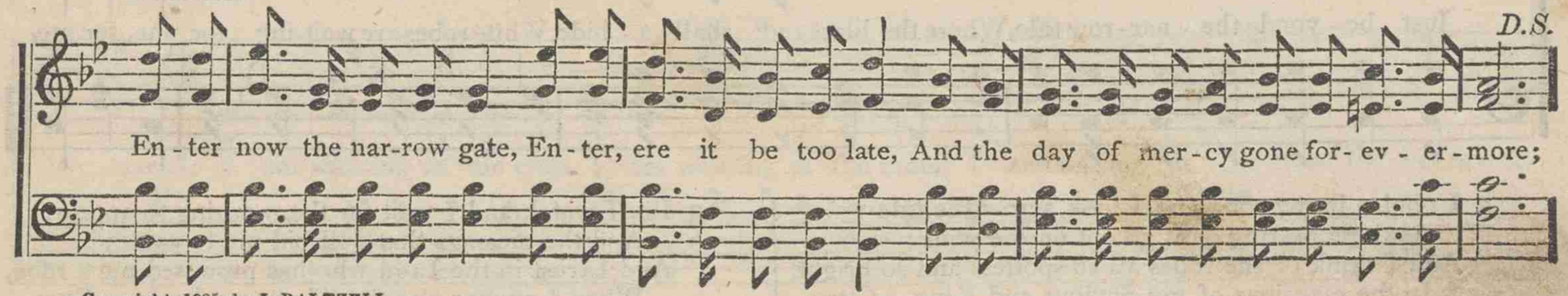
Anon. I. BALTZELL.





D.S.—Ma-ny ask to en-ter there, When too late to of-fer pray'r; Soon the summer and the har-vest will be o'er.

Refrain.
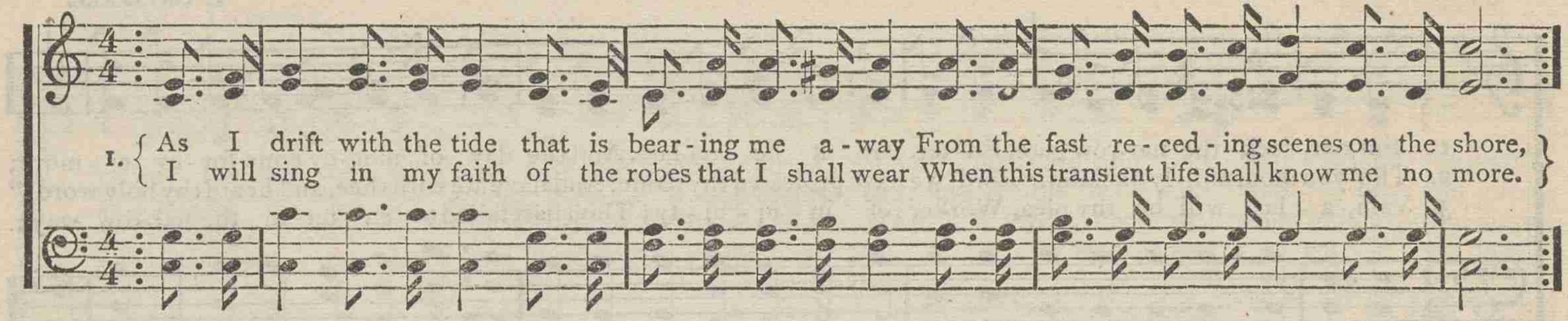


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4. White Robes are Waiting.

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes?"—Rev. 7: 13.

E. A. BARNES. E. S. LORENZ.



2 I rejoice in my song and I look across the tide
As these fleeting days go out on the wing;
And I think of the robes all so spotless and so bright,
In the mansions of my Saviour and King.—CHO.

3 Lo, I watch and I wait for the morning to appear,
And the message that will bid me to come;
And I trust in the Lord who has promised me a robe,
When I anchor o'er the tide in my home.—CHO.

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5.

Waiting at the Cross.

'I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry."—Psa. 40: 4.

I. B. I. BALTZELL.

1. Saviour at the cross I'm waiting, All to leave and follow thee; Wretched, poor, despised, forsaken, Waiting,
2. All my earthly fame and treasure I sur- ren-der now to thee; Let thy mer-cy, let thy pleasure Speak the
3. Precious Saviour, smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might; Take my heart, in pit - y own me, Show thy
4. Je - sus comes! O glory! glo - ry! Now I feel the blood applied; Tell to all the old, old sto - ry, He who

Chorus.

Lord, thy sym-pathy.
word, and I am free.
face, and all is bright.
trusts is sanc- ti-fied.
} I am waiting at the cross, I am waiting at the cross, I am waiting at the cross to be

saved; I am wait-ing at the cross, I am wait-ing at the cross, I am waiting at the cross to be saved.

6. Home Bells are Ringing.

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

D. B. PURINTON. D. B. PURINTON.

1. Far a - way from home we wan - der O'er the bar - ren wastes of an earth - ly strand;
2. Ma - ny friends have gone be - fore us, They have left us wea - ry and lone - ly here;
3. While our Sav - iour bids us tar - ry, We will watch and wait, we will work and pray;
4. Come, poor sin - ner, jour - ney with us, Cast thy load of sin and thy guilt a - way;

FINE. Chorus.

But our wea - ry feet are turn - ing To the shores of the heav'nly land.
But they live in realms of glo - ry, We shall meet, we shall greet them there.
Then go home to dwell for - ev - er In the realms of e - ter - nal day.
Thou shalt find a joy - ful en-trance At the gates of e - ter - nal day.

} Far, far a - way, the

D.S.—Safe at last with joy and sing-ing, We shall meet in our Fa-ther's home.

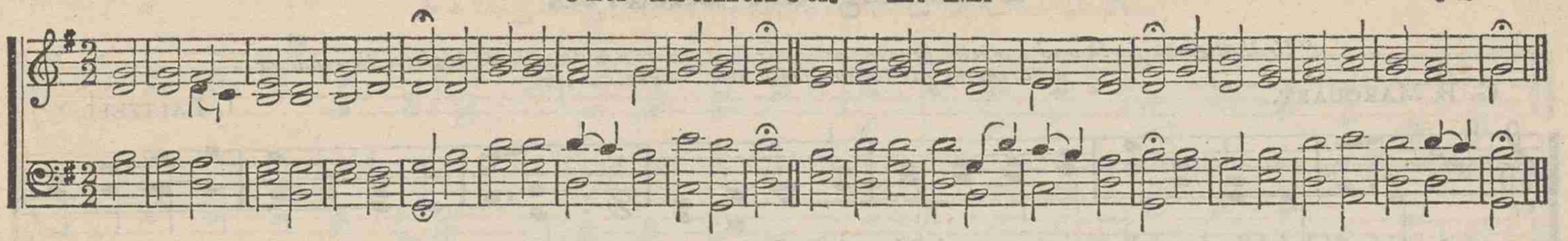
D.S.

home bells are ring - ing, Where the wand'rers of earth no lon - ger shall roam (for - ev - er);

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Old Hundred. L. M.

G. Franc, 1545.



7.

1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

9.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

10.

1 Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

11.

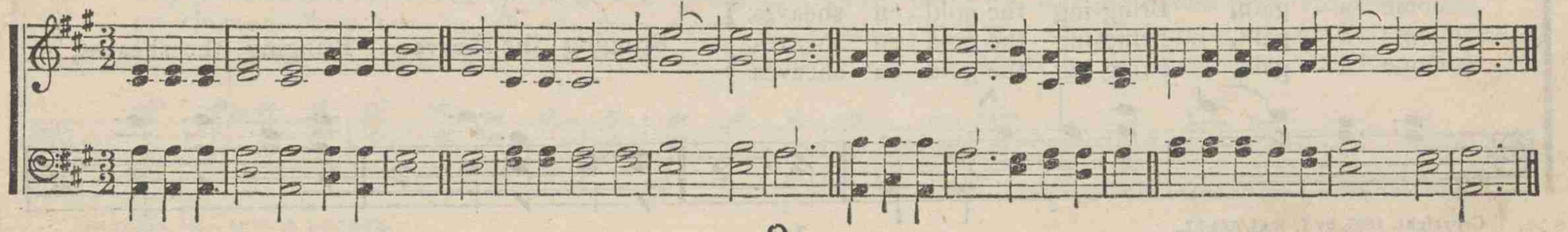
1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end,
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

Ware. L. M.

George Kingsley, 1838.



12.

Bringing the Sheaves.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Psa. 126: 6.

G. B. MARQUART. I. BALTZELL.

1. Go, Christain, bear the precious seed, The seed of truth and love; Go, tell the lost by word and deed, Of
2. Go, weep-ing teacher, bear the seed, Tell of a Saviour's love, Nor give to earth-ly sor-row heed, Seek
3. Go, pa-tient toil-er, bear the seed, Nor think of rest-ing here; Go, com-fort those who comfort need,—Go,

Him who pleads a-bove. Your toil-ing may now seem in vain, You may see naught but leaves; But you shall doubtless
com-fort from a-bove. Toil on, 'mid sunshine and 'mid rain, Though naught you see but leaves, Toil on, you'll doubtless
dry the mourner's tear. You sure-ly shall not toil in vain, Though naught you see but leaves, Re - joicing you shall
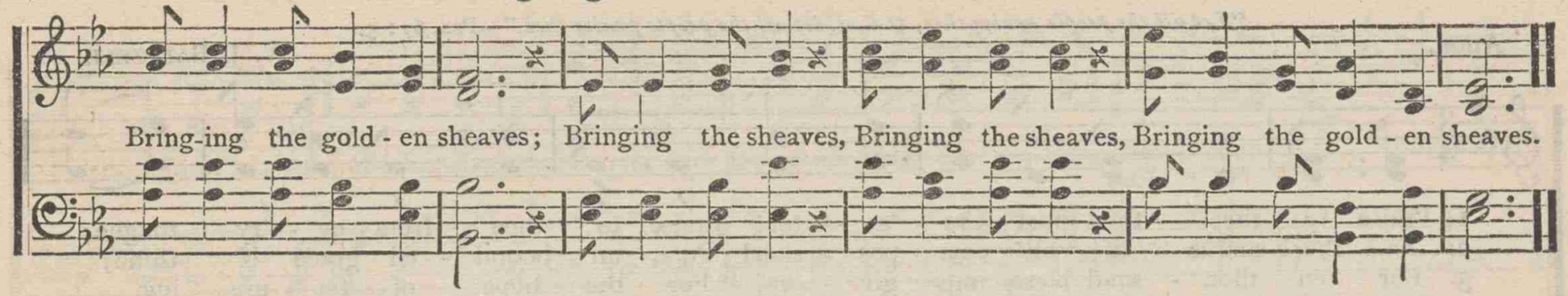
Chorus.

come a - gain, Bring-ing the gold - en sheaves.
come a - gain, Bring-ing the gold - en sheaves.
come a - gain, Bring-ing the gold - en sheaves.

Bringing the sheaves, Bringing the sheaves,

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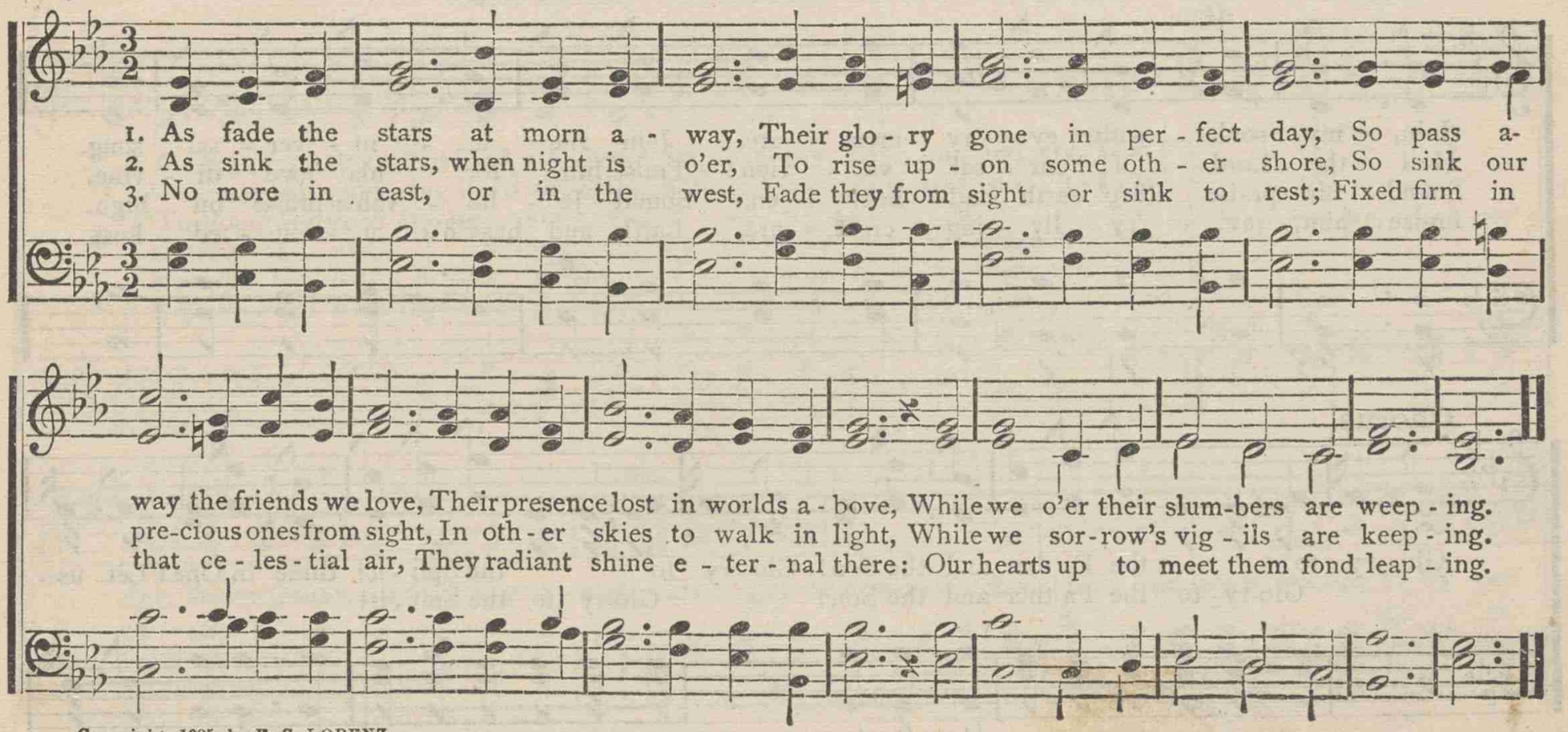
Bringing the Sheaves.—Concluded.



13. As Fade the Stars.

"They are as asleep."—Ps. 90: 5.

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



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14. Let us Praise Him To-Day.

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

Anon. W. J. BALTZELL.

1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise to thee from ev - 'ry tongue;
2. Fa - ther! source of all com - pas - sion! Pure, un - bound - ed grace is thine;
3. For ten thou - sand bless - ings giv - en, For the hope of fut - ure joy,
4. Praise to God, our great Cre - a - tor! Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost;

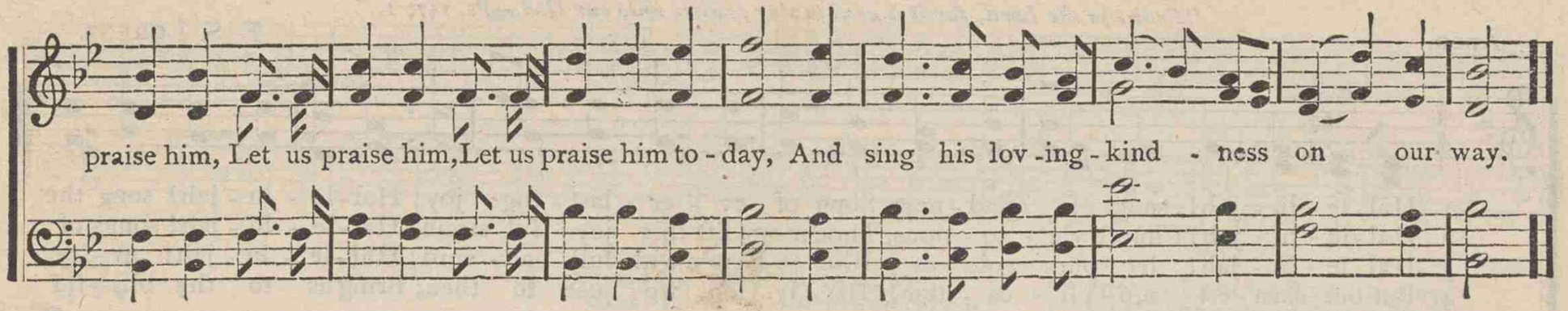
Join, my soul, with ev - 'ry creat - ure, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.
Hail the Lord of our sal - va - tion! Praise him for his love di - vine.
Sound his praise thro' earth and heav - en, Sound Je - ho - vah's praise on high.
Praise him, ev - 'ry liv - ing creat - ure, Earth and heav'n's u - nit - ed host.

Chorus.

Glo - ry to the Fa-ther and the Son! Glo - ry to the Spir - it! three in One! Let us
Glo-ry to the Fa-ther and the Son! Glo-ry to the Spir - it!

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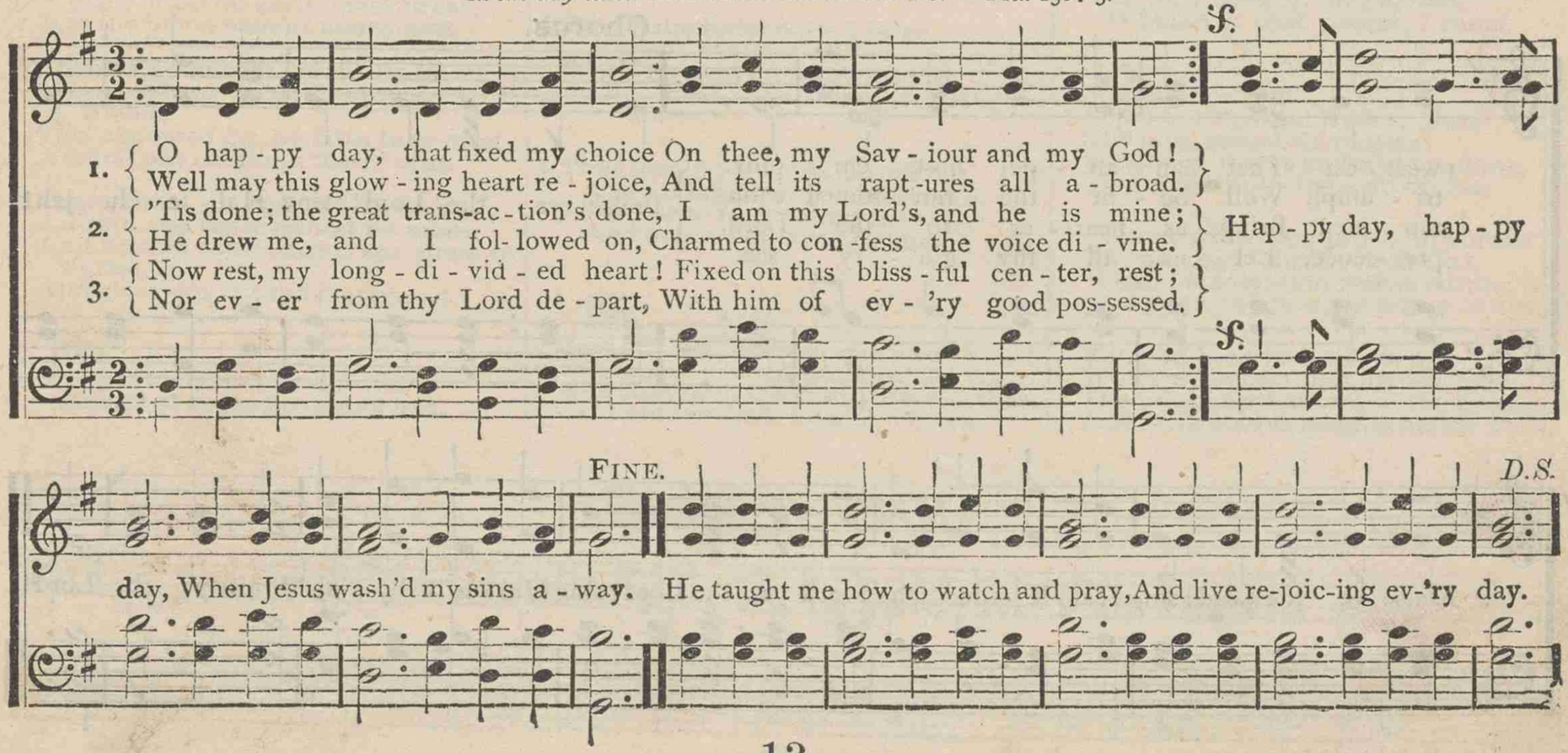
Let us Praise Him To-Day.—Concluded.



15. Happy Day.

"In the day when I cried thou answeredst me."—Psa. 138: 3.

E. F. RIMBAULT.



16.

Hallelujah!

"Fraise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God.—Ps. 147: 1.

Anon. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah! song of glad-ness, Song of ev-er-last-ing joy; Hal-le-lu-jah! song the
2. Hal-le-lu-jah! Church vic-to-rious, Thou mayst lift this joy-ful strain; Hal-le-lu-jah! songs of
3. Hal-le-lu-jah! let our voic-es Rise to heav'n with full ac-cord; Hal-le-lu-jah! ev-'ry
4. But our earn-est sup-pli-ca-tion, Ho-ly God, we raise to thee; Bring us to thy bliss-ful

sweet-est That can an-gel hosts em-ploy.
tri-umph Well be-fit the ran-somed train.
mo-ment Brings us near-er to the Lord.
pres-ence, Let us all thy glo-ry see.

Chorus.
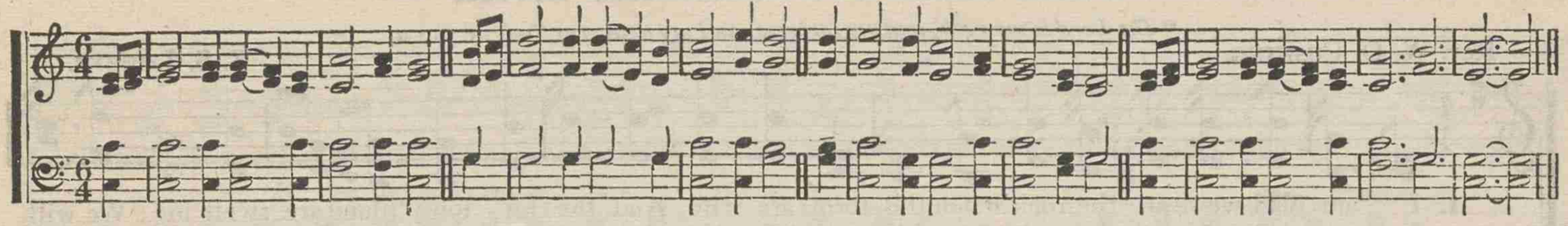
Praise ye the Lord! sing Hal-le-lu-jah!

Praise ye the Lord! sing Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord! sing Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!

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Retreat. L. M.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



17.

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

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

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

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

18.

1 Oh, that I could forever dwell
Delighted at the Saviour's feet,
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
Oh! is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above.

4 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

19.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

20.
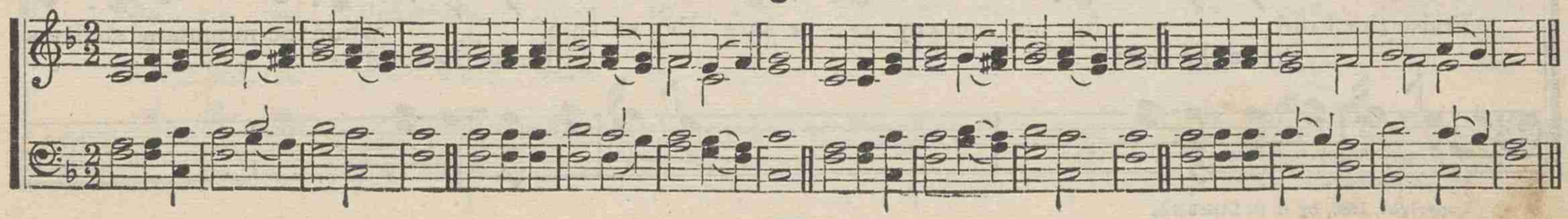
1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Hamburg. L. M.

Gregorian.



21. I am Glad We're on the Rock.

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer."—Psa. 18 : 2.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I am glad we're on the rock when the storms are wild, And the bil - lows 'round are swell-ing; We will
praise his ho - ly name and his wondrous love proclaim, His good-ness and his mer - cy tell - ing.

2. I am glad we're on the rock for his pre - cious love Is a joy our spir - it keep - ing; When the
world is dark and drear there's a bless - ed ref - uge here, Tho' tem-pests o'er the world are sweep - ing.
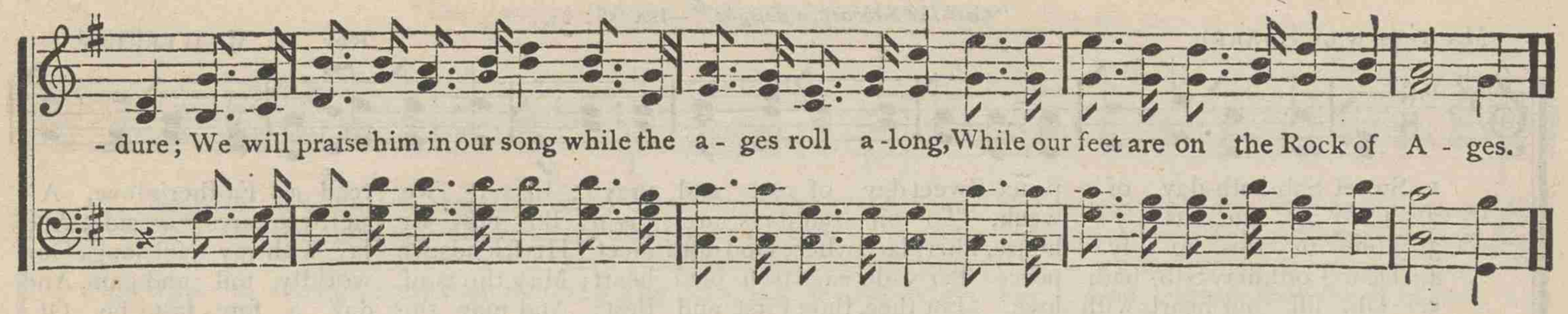
3. I am glad we're on the rock where our souls may dwell, And no fears our hopes can sev - er; Where our
peace shall ev - er be like the calm un-sound-ed sea In heav - en with the loved for - ev - er.

Chorus.

Praise the Lord for his mer-cy ev - er sure! Ev - er sure, while the mountains shall en-
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

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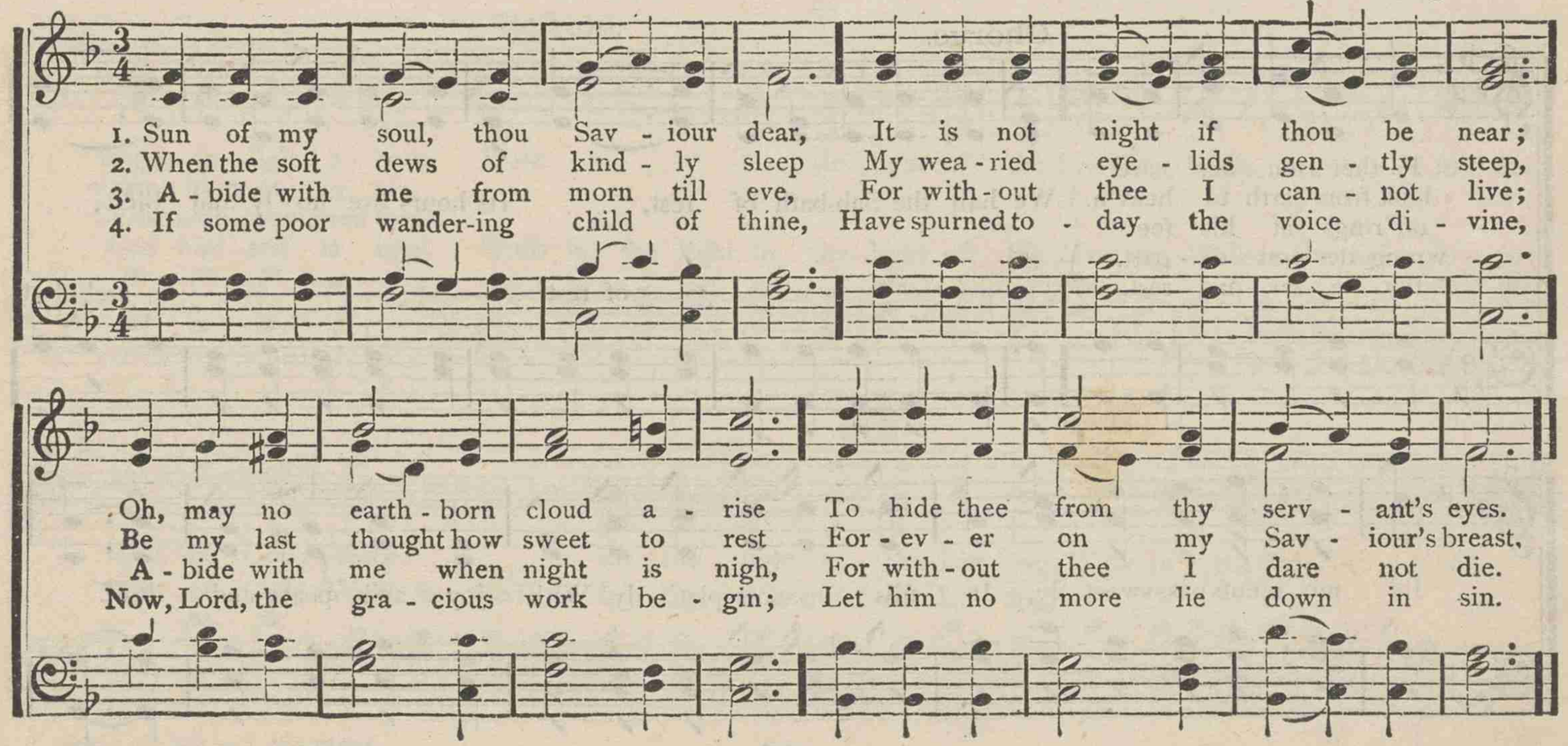
I am Glad We're on the Rock.—Concluded.



22. Sun of my Soul. L. M.

"For the Lord God is a sun and shield.—Psa. 84 : 11.

KEBLE. English.



23. Sweet Sabbath-Day of Peace.

"Call the Sabbath a delight."—Isa. 58 : 13.

Maud (Anna Share). Rev. W. M. Weekley.

1. Sweet Sab-bath-day of peace, Sweet day of rest and pray'r; In it we read a Fa-ther's love, A
2. Thro' all the bus - y week, To toil our days are giv'n; But now we put these cares a - side, And
3. Here in this ho - ly house, This place where God doth meet His friends, we lay with joy - ful songs Our
4. Dear Lord, may Sab - bath peace Per-vade each trou- bled heart; May tho'ts of worldly toil and gain, And
5. Oh, fill our hearts with love For thee, thou First and Best; And may this day a fore - taste be Of

Chorus.

Fa-ther's ten - der care.
look from earth to heav'n.
off'rings at his feet.
wrong de-sires de - part.
thy e - ter - nal rest.

We hail the Sab-bath of rest, . . . Its hours are ho - ly and blest; . .

of rest, and blest;

Its mo - ments pass sweet - ly, It fills us com-plete - ly With joy and peace and love.

24. Walk in the Light.

"That I may walk before God in the light of the living."—Psa. 56: 13.

Anon. I. BALTZELL.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love, His spir - it on - ly can be-stow, Who
2. Walk in the light! and sin abhorred Shall ne'er de - file a - gain; The blood of Je - sus Christ the Lord Shall
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear; Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For
4. Walk in the light! and thou shalt see Thy path, tho' thorny, bright, For God by grace shall dwell in thee, And

Refrain.

reigns in light a - bove. Walk in the light of the Liv - ing, Walk in the
cleanse from ev - 'ry sin.
Christ hath conquered there.
God him - self is light. Walk in the light, in the light of the Liv - ing, Walk in the light, in the

light of God; Walk in the light of the Liv - ing, Walk in the light of God!
light of God; Walk in the light, in the light of the Liv - ing,

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25. Make Me a Worker for Jesus.

"That we might work the works of God."—John 6 : 28.

E. E. REXFORD. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Steadfast and earn-est and true; Will - ing to do for the
2. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Do - ing the work to be done; Cheer-ful - ly, earn - est - ly,
3. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Read - y to go where he needs; Sow - ing good seed for the
4. Make me a work-er for Je - sus, Then at the set of the sun, Say, "Thou wert faithful, my

Chorus.

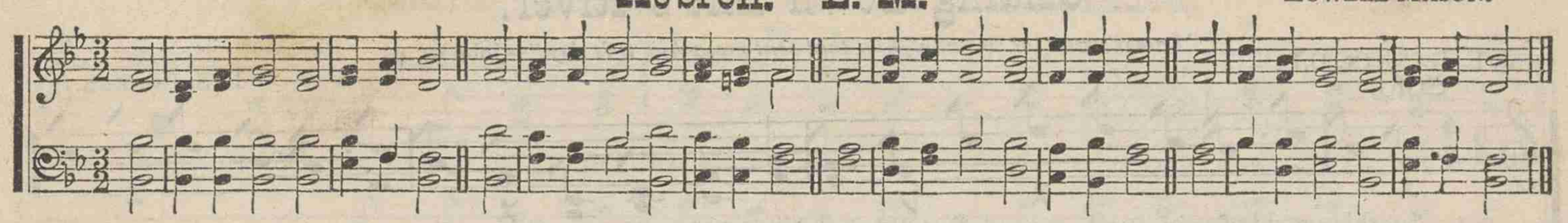
Mas - ter All he ex - pects me to do.
glad - ly Lab'ring till set of the sun.
har - vest Plucking up bri - ars and weeds.
serv - ant, Rest, for thy work is now done."

Make me a work - er for Je - sus, A will - ing work-er for Je - sus, Do - ing my best for the Mas - ter, He hath done great things for me.

By permission.

Hebron. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



26.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

3 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

27.

1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal,—"Behold! I come!"

28.

1 Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life! thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! thy softened light,
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above!
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thine ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

29.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

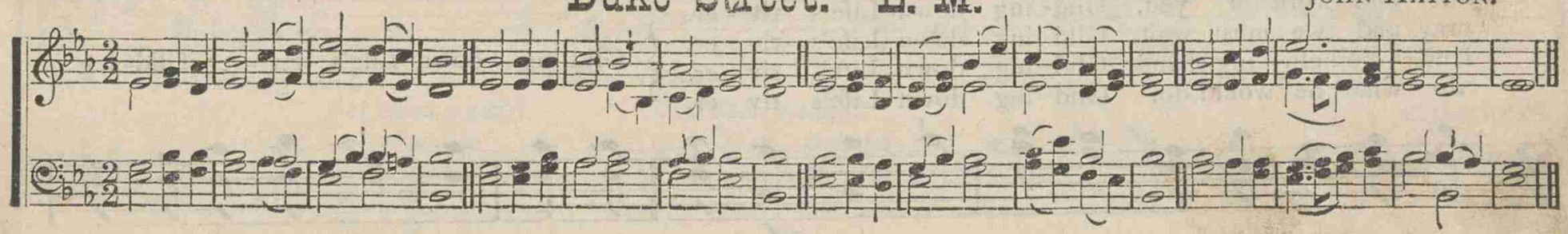
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet;
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realms of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Duke Street. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



30. Gliding Down Life's River.

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

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

E. S. LORENZ.

Solo.

1. In this world of sin and ru - in, Glid- ing down Life's riv - er; There is work we must be do - ing,
2. We must lift the cross a - bove us, Glid- ing down Life's riv - er; We must work for those who love us,
3. We must raise our fall - en broth- er, Glid- ing down Life's riv - er; We must help and cheer each oth- er,
4. We must soothe the sick and sigh- ing, Glid- ing down Life's riv - er; We must point to Christ the dy - ing,
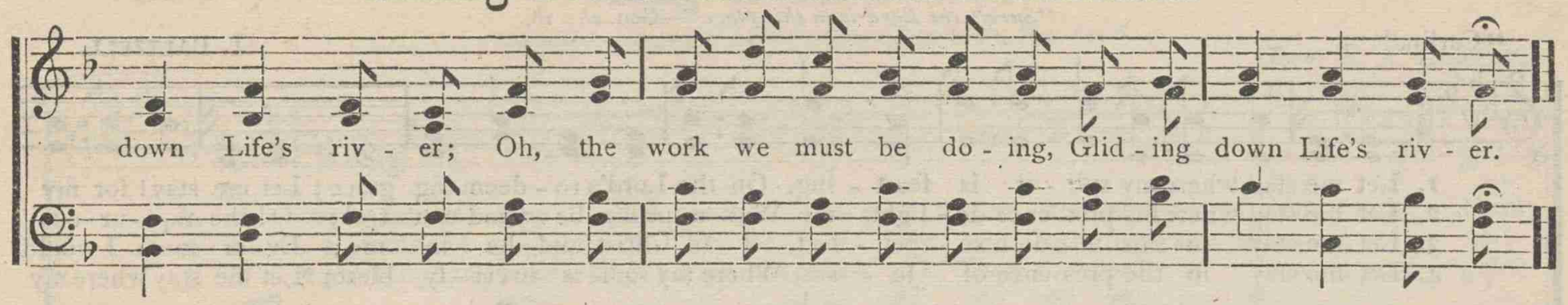
Glid-ing down Life's riv- er. Ev- 'ry day there's something new, Which the Lord would have us do; Work for
Glid-ing down Life's riv- er. We must ear - ly toil and late; Must o - bey and not de - bate; We must
Glid-ing down Life's riv- er. Where the week or tempt- ed stand, We must heed the Lord's command; We must
Glid-ing down Life's riv- er. We must keep the goal in view: Must our Mas- ter's steps pur - sue; We must

Chorus.

me and work for you, Glid- ing down Life's riv - er.
pray, and we must wait, Glid- ing down Life's riv - er.
lend a help - ing hand, Glid- ing down Life's riv - er.
do what he would do, Glid- ing down Life's riv - er.

Glid-ing down Life's riv - er, Glid- ing

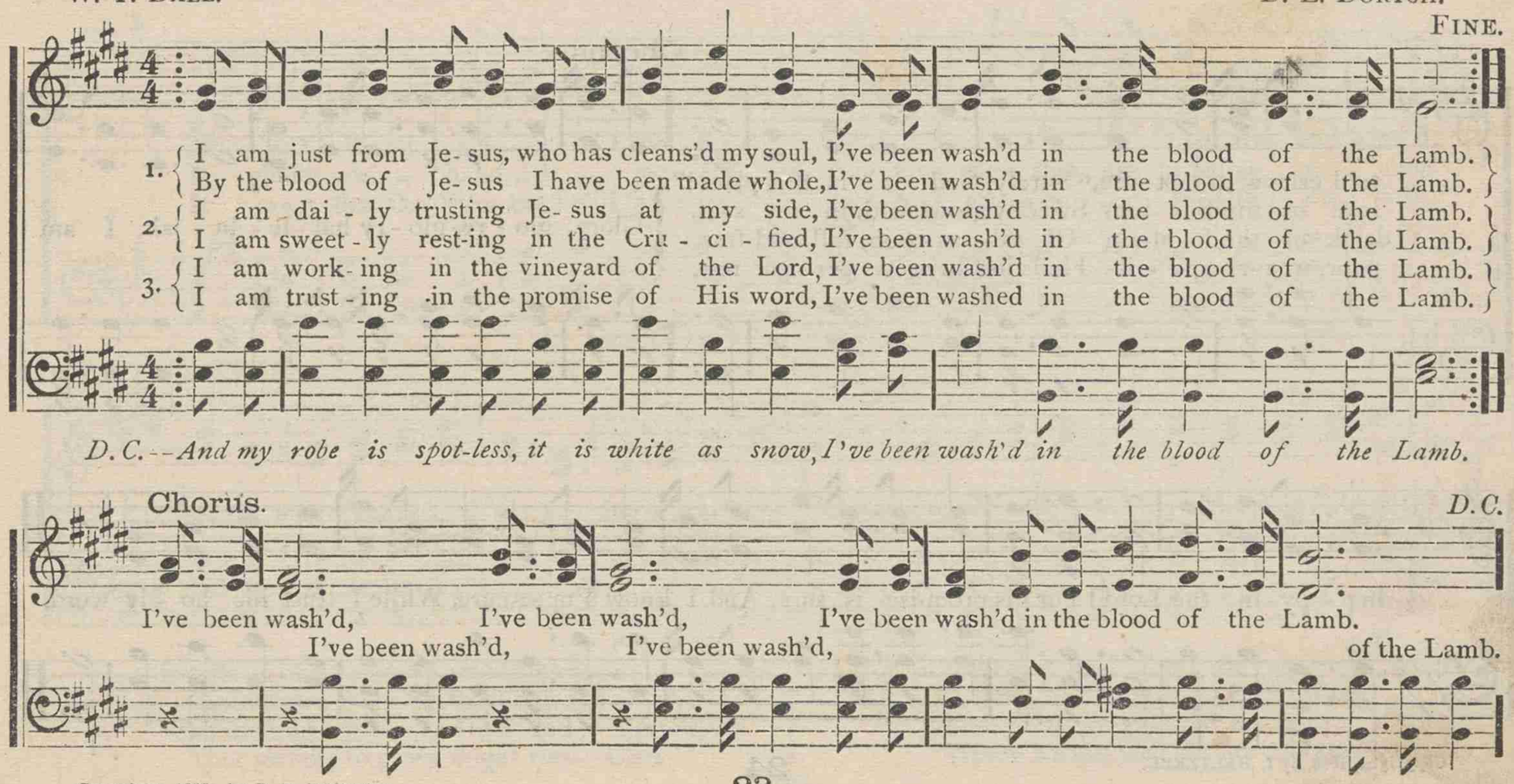
Gliding Down Life's River.—Concluded.



31. I've been Washed in the Blood.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7: 14.

W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH.



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32. Let me Stay in His Presence!

"Surely the Lord is in this place."—Gen. 28 : 16.

"Carlin." I. BALTZELL.

1. Let me stay where my spir - it is feast - ing, On the Lord's re - deem-ing grace; Let me stay! for my
2. Let me stay where his pres - ence de - lights me With a peace be - yond con - trol; O! the rapt - ur - ous
3. Let me stay in this u - nion so per - fect, I in Christ, and he in me; Ev - er - more I would
4. Let me stay in the pres - ence of Je - sus, Where my soul is sweet - ly blest; Let me stay where my

Chorus.

soul cries with rapt - ure, "Surely God is in this place!"
love of my Sav - iour Sweetly glows with-in my soul.
drink of the fount-ain Of sal - va - tion, full and free.
poor, wea - ry spir - it Finds in Christ its per - fect rest.

} Glory, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, I am

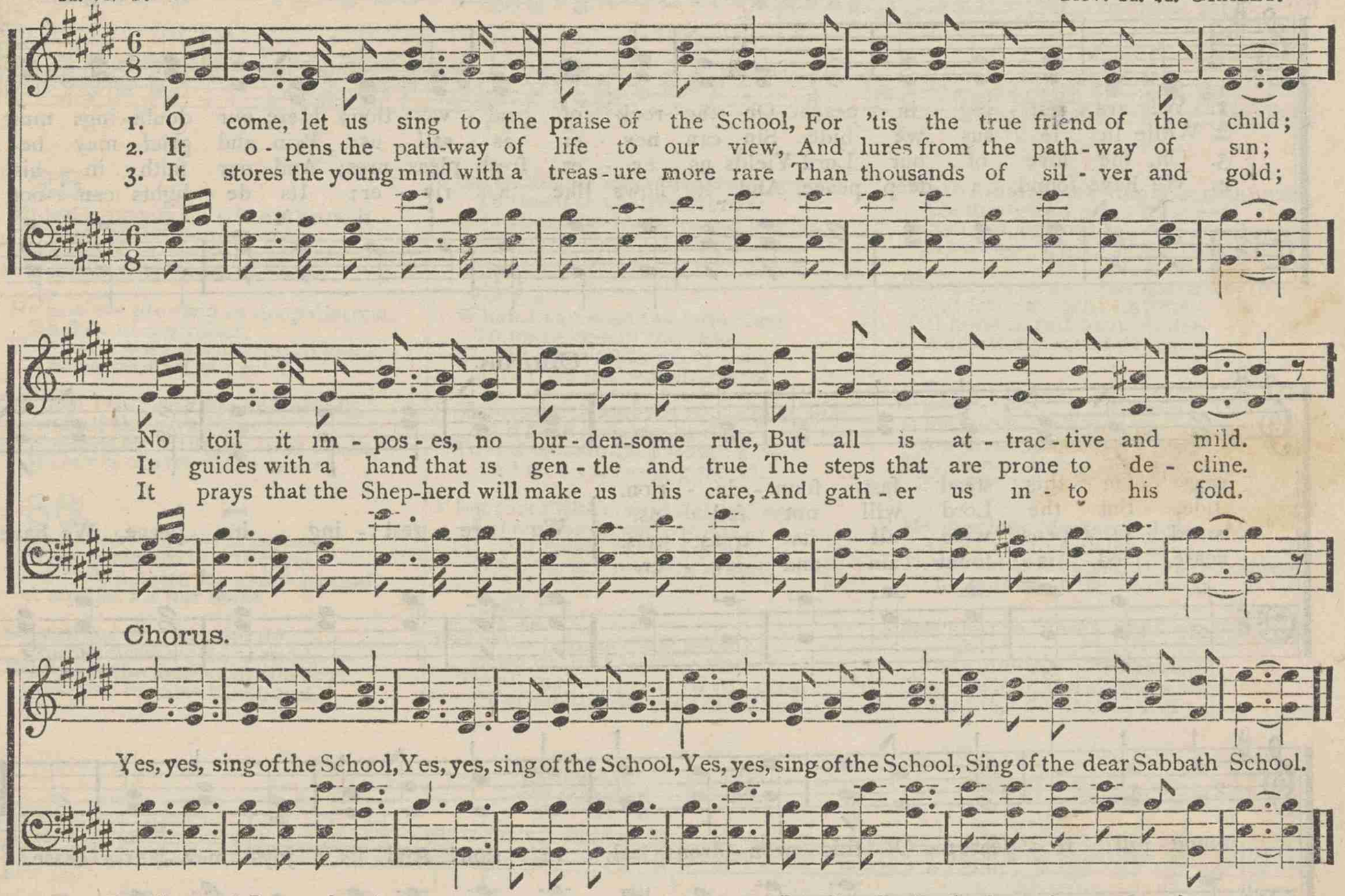
hap - py in the Lord! For his prom-ise is sure, And I know I'm se-cure, While I trust his ho - ly word.

Copyright, 1886, by I. BALTZELL.

33. Sing of the School.

"So will I sing praise unto thy name forever."—Psa. 61: 8.

A. A. G. Rev. A. A. GRALEY.



4 It tells us of Jesus who sinners to save
Came down from his throne in the skies;
Who died on a cross, and was laid in a grave,
That sinners to glory might rise.—CHO.

5 It tells of a land where the ransomed possess
A harp, and a crown, and a throne;
Where purity reigns, and the fullness of bliss,
Where sorrow and sin are unknown.—CHO.

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34. Resting in Peace.

"He is our Peace."—Eph. 2: 14.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. We are rest - ing in peace On the rock of sal - va - tion; Here our doubt - ings must cease On this stead - fast foun - da - tion.
2. While in Je - sus we hide Sin can nev - er as - sail us; Pain and grief may be- tide, But the Lord will not fail us.
3. Oh, the love of our Lord Yields us ev - er fresh pleas - ures; And our faith in his word O - pens wide all its treas - ures.
4. We have found a deep peace, And it flows like a riv - er; Its de - lights can - not cease, God is fount - ain and giv - er.
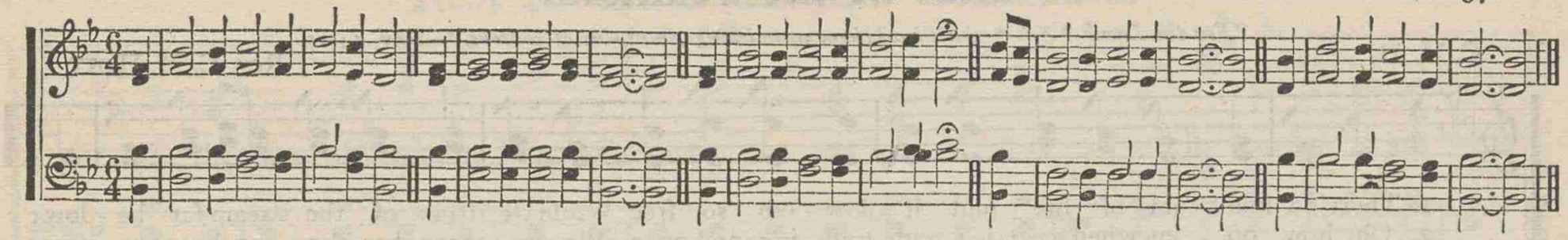
Chorus.

We are rest - ing in peace, We have found full re - lease; O this won - drous sal - va - tion! And its joys nev - er cease.

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Ortonville. C. M.

Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1837.



35.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

36.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious world around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

37.

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

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

38.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side:
'Tis all my hope and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."

2 Wash me and make me thus thine own,
Wash me and mine thou art!
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!

3 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

39.

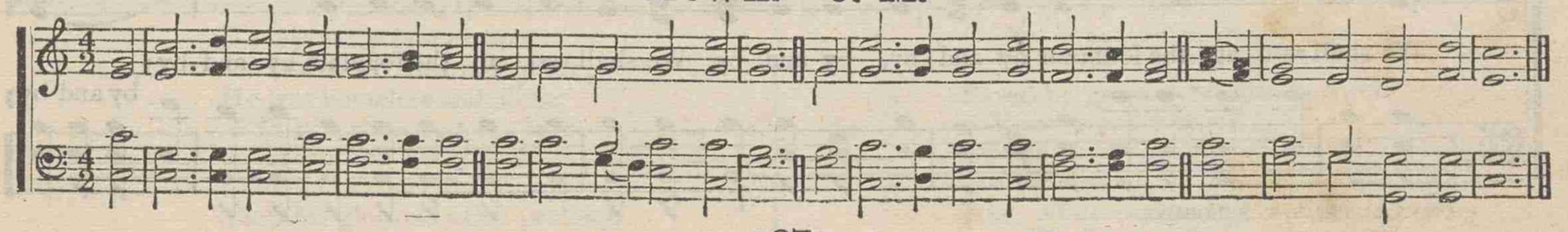
1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Brown. C. M.

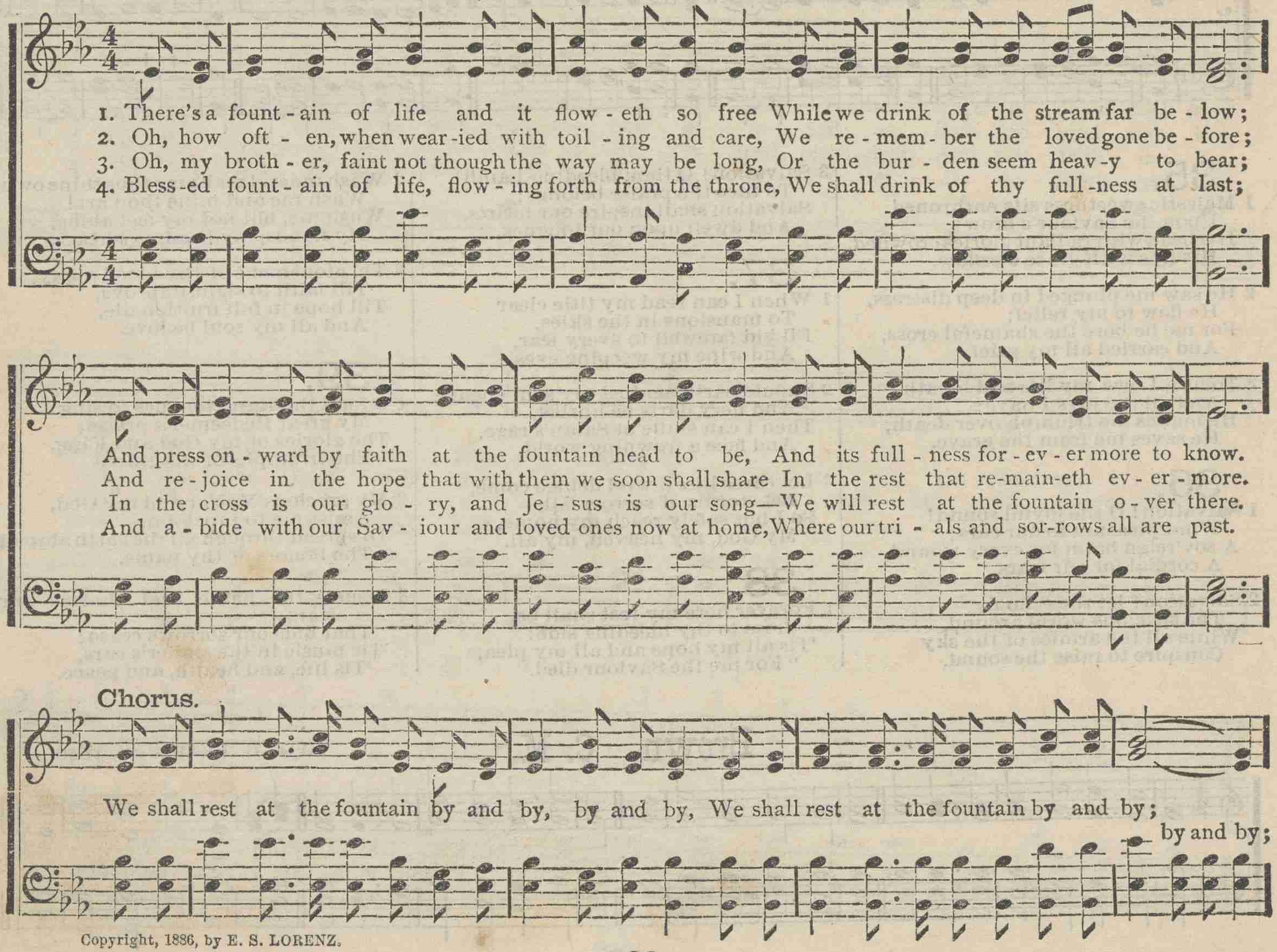
Wm. B. Bradbury, 1840.



40. Rest at the Fountain.
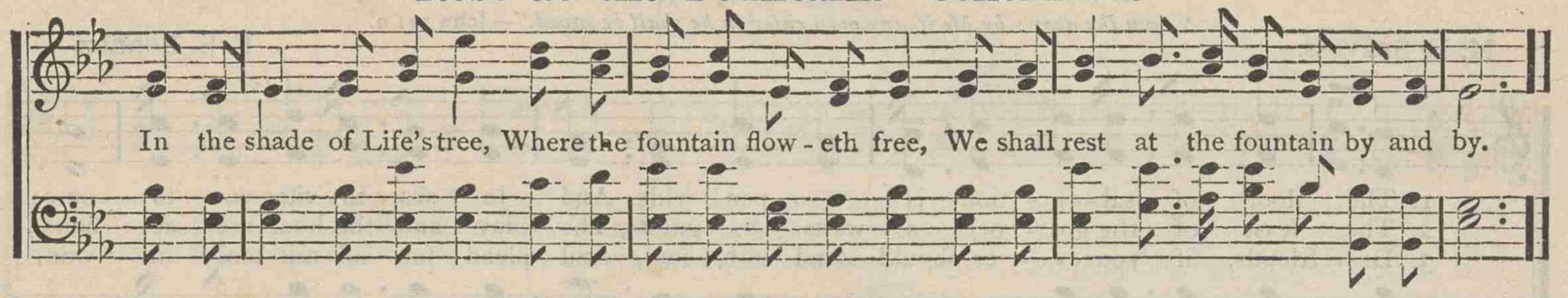
*"For the Lamb * * * * shall lead them unto living fountains of waters."*—Rev. 7 : 17.

C. M. H. Rev. C. M. HOTT.
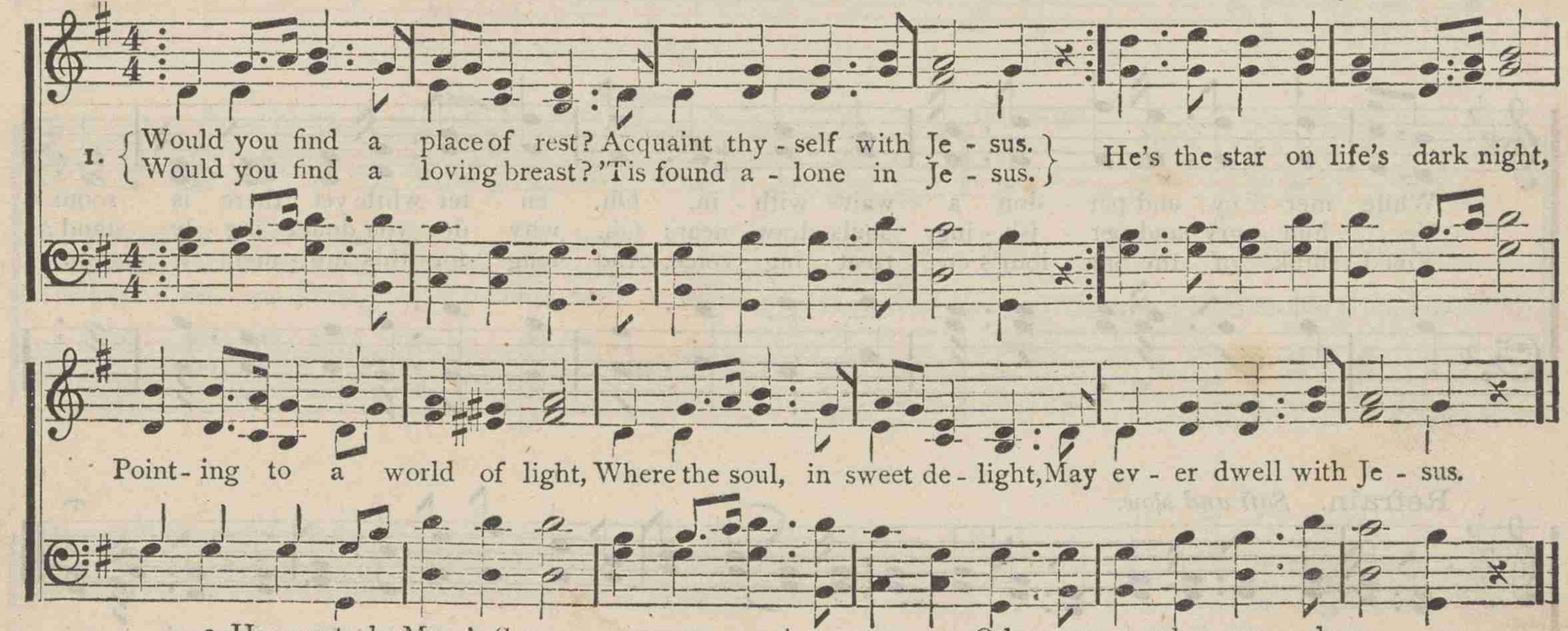


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Rest at the Fountain.—Concluded.



41. Jesus, Only Jesus.

Mrs. E. M. HALL. *"They saw no man save Jesus only."*—Matt. 17 : 8. J. T. GRAPE.



2 He was truly Mary's Son,
Yet still we own him Jesus;
He was homeless and alone,
Ye still we love him, Jesus.
And with him his church ere long,
Joining the triumphant song,
Shall his glorious name prolong,
As Jesus, only Jesus.

3 O how sweet, when weary days
And fever'd nights are o'er,
Saved by grace, with him to dwell
Forever and forever.
Storms may rage, and oceans roll,
He's the center of the soul,
And, while endless ages roll,
'Tis Jesus, only Jesus.

By permission.

42. When the Door is Shut.

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved."—John 10: 9.

M. E. SERVOSS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. The door of sal - va - tion is o - pen wide, And Je - sus in - vites you to come;
2. The feast of the gos - pel a - waits its guests, The day and the hour are at hand;
3. Dear friends, if you ev - er should stand with - out, And plead for ad - mit - tance in vain,

While mer - cy and par - don a - wait with - in, Oh, en - ter while yet there is room.
Ye hun - gry and per - ish - ing souls, draw near: Oh, why do you doubt - ing - ly stand?
You'd think of the Sav - iour's en - treat - ing voice, And long for this mo - ment a - gain.

Refrain. *Soft and slow.*

When the door once is shut To en-treat will be vain: 'Twill nev-er, no, nev - er Be o - pened a - gain.

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43. Crown Him.

T. KELLY. *"And one sat on the throne."*—Rev. 4: 2. I. BALTZELL.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo- rious, See the "Man of sor-rows" now, From the fight re-
2. Crown the Sav - iour! an - gels crown Him, Rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings; In the seat of
3. Hark! the bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark! those loud tri - um-phant chords, Je - sus takes the

Chorus.

turned vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow. } Crown Him, crown Him,
pow'r en-throne Him, While the vault of heav - en rings.
high - est sta - tion, O what joy the sight af- fords. } Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

Crown Him King of kings, Crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him King of kings.
Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

44. Crown After Cross.

"Who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross."—Heb. 12: 2.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Light af - ter dark - ness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter wea - ri - ness, Crown af - ter cross.
2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter mys - ter - y, Peace af - ter pain.
3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter lone - li - ness, Life af - ter tomb.

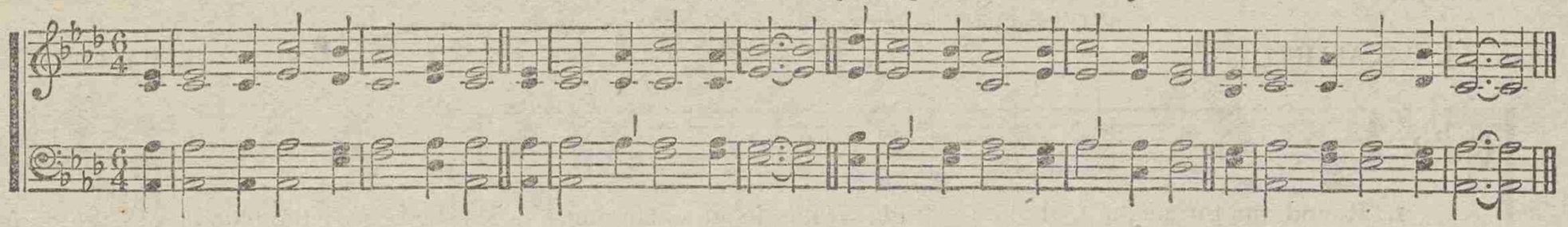
Sweet af - ter bit - ter, Song af - ter sigh, Home af - ter wan-der ing, Praise af - ter cry.
Joy af - ter sor - row, Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter wea - ri - ness, Sweet rest at last.
Af - ter long a - go - ny Rap - ture of bliss, Right was the path - way Lead - ing to this.

Chorus.

Now comes the weep - ing, Then the glad reap - ing; Now comes the la - bor hard, Then the re-ward.

Evan. C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



45.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;—

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows!
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

46.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine;
And crown my journey's end.

47.

1 The Saviour bids us watch and pray
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away
To our eternal home.

4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

48.

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

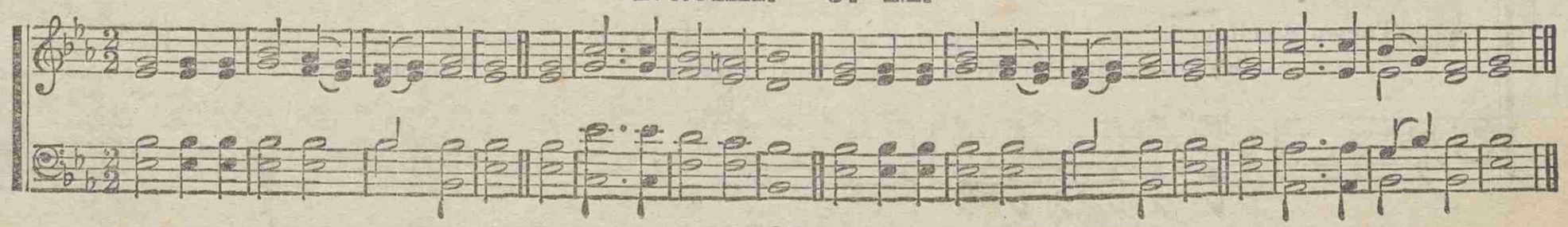
2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done."

Naomi. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



49. They are Clothed in Spotless Robes.

"Clothed with white robes, and palms of their hands."—Rev. 7: 9.

J. B. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

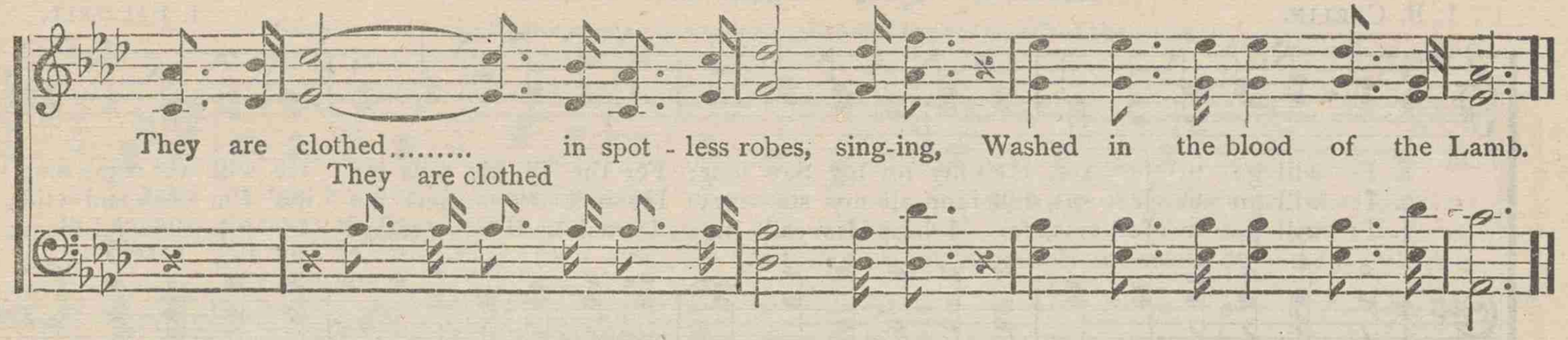
1. Round the throne be - hold a glo - rious band, singing, Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
2. They have come from ev - 'ry land to sing glo- ry, Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
3. Out of trib - u - la - tion great they came, cry-ing, Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
4. If your heart is free from ev - 'ry sin, brother,— Washed in the blood of the Lamb;

Hap - py saints with an- thems on their lips ring-ing, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Hear them chant with hap - py hearts the old sto - ry, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
They are free from sor - row, free from earth's sigh-ing, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
With the blood-washed mil - lions you may sing, broth-er, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Chorus.

They are clothed in spotless robes, They are clothed in spotless robes;
They are clothed in spotless robes, beau-ti- ful robes, They are clothed in spotless robes, beautiful robes;
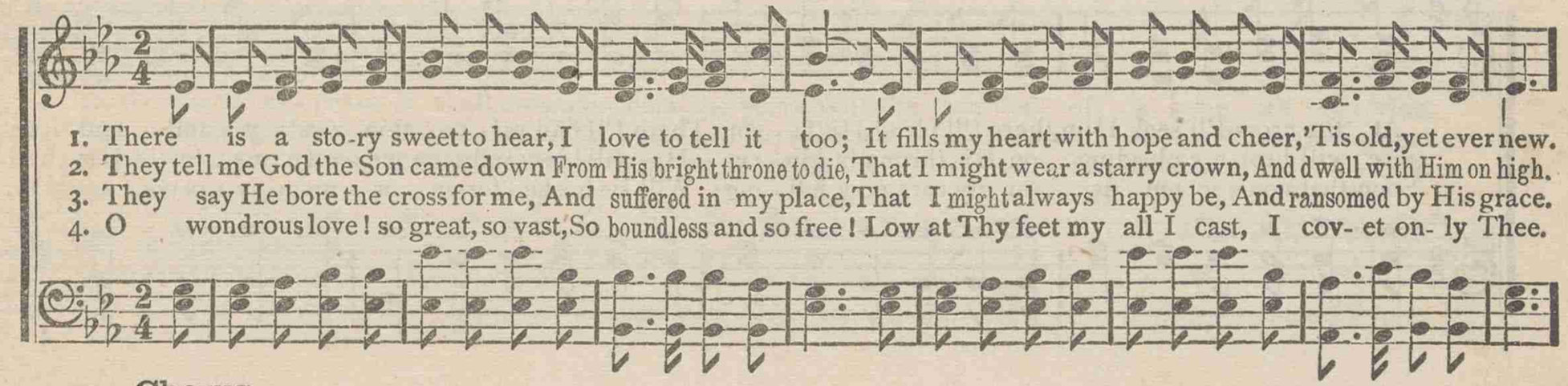
They are Clothed in Spotless Robes.—Concluded.



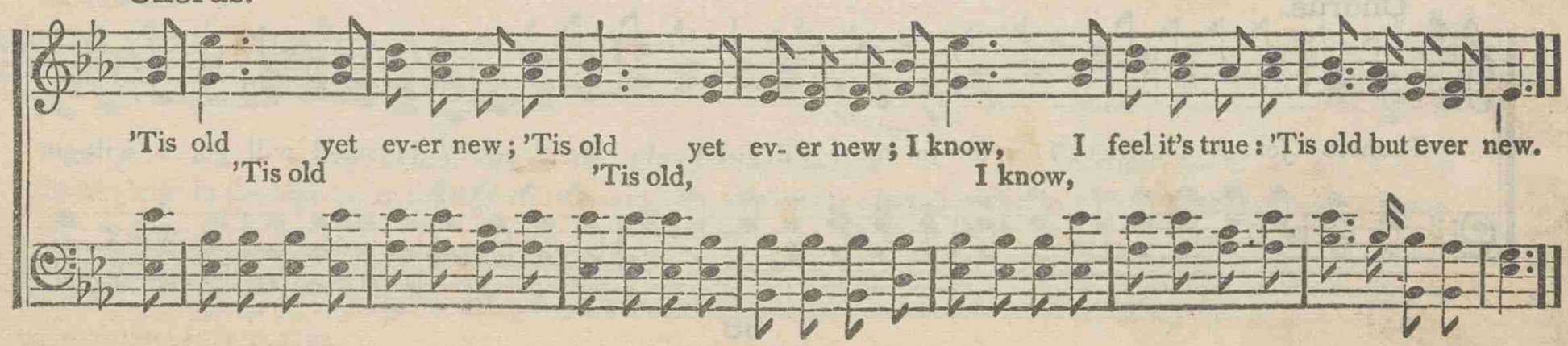
50. Old, yet Ever New.

"And they sang as it were a new song beofore the throne."—Rev. 14: 2.

W. A. W. W. A. Williams.



Chorus.



51. Then to Jesus I Will Go.

"And he, casting away his garment, rose and came to Jesus."—Mark 10: 50.

I. B. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

1. I will go to Je - sus, He's my lov ing Sav- iour; For the Bi- ble tells me He will wel-come me;
2. I will go to Je - sus, tell Him all my sto - ry; He will not re - ject me tho' I'm weak and wild;
3. I will go to Je - sus, for I hear Him call- ing; I will heed His message in my youth-ful days;

At the cross I'll seek Him, there I'll plead His fa - vor; There I'll find sal - va - tion, read - y, full and free.
He will hear my pleading on His throne in glo - ry; He will bless and save me—own me for His child.
Soon that voice so ten - der, on my ears now fall - ing; Will be hushed for-ev - er—mer - cy pass a - way.
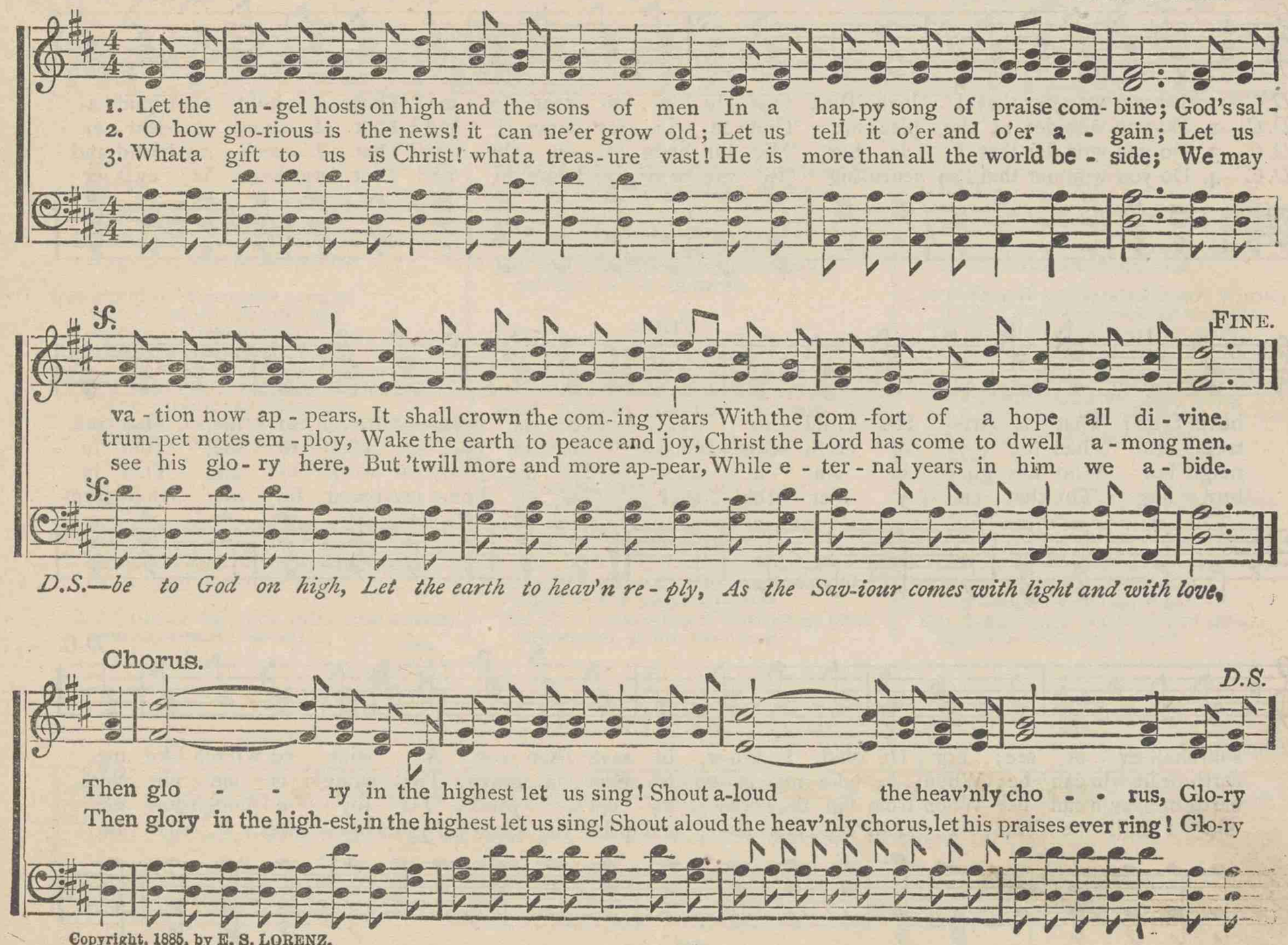
Chorus.

Then to Je- sus I will go, Then to Je- sus I will go; Yes, to Je-sus, yes, to Je- sus, I will go, I will go.

52. Shout Aloud the Heavenly Chorus.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."—Luke 2 : 14.

D. E. L. D. E. LORENZ.



Chorus.

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53. Do you Wonder that I Love Him?

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

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

D.C.—1. Do you won-der that I love Him? That He is so dear to me? That I hold no friend a-
D.C.—2. Do you won-der at the pleas-ure That in Je - sus' name I find? That I count it dear - er
D.C.—3. Do you won-der that I la - bor 'Mid the hedg- es, on the way? That I seek my friend and
D.C.—4. Do you won-der that I'm yearn-ing In my heav'nly home to be? That my heart is ev - er

FINE.

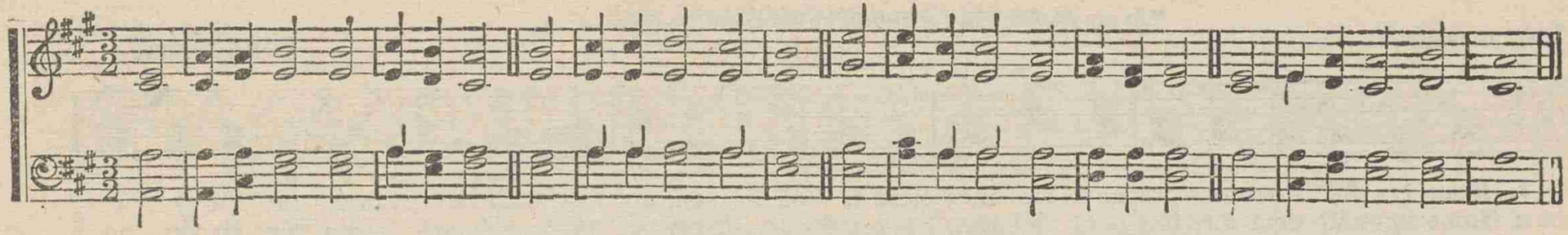
bove Him? That I strive His child to be? He's the dear - est friend to me, That my
treas - ure Than the joys of earth com - bined? 'Tis the dear - est name to me, That in
neigh- bor Who has gone in sin a - stray? 'Tis the dear - est work to me, That in
turn - ing To that cit - y o'er the sea? 'Tis a home pre-pared for me, Where from

D.C.

soul shall ev - er see; For He died, I know, to save from woe A wick - ed wretch like me.
earth or heav'n can be; When I take my care to God in pray'r, That name is am - ple plea.
earth or heav'n can be; When from sin they cease, ac - cept God's peace, 'Tis joy e - nough for me.
sin I shall be free; I shall see His face and prize the grace; In His like - ness I shall be.

Azmon. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



54.

1 Awake, my soul—stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

55.

1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

56.

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

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

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

57.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear; [wounds,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

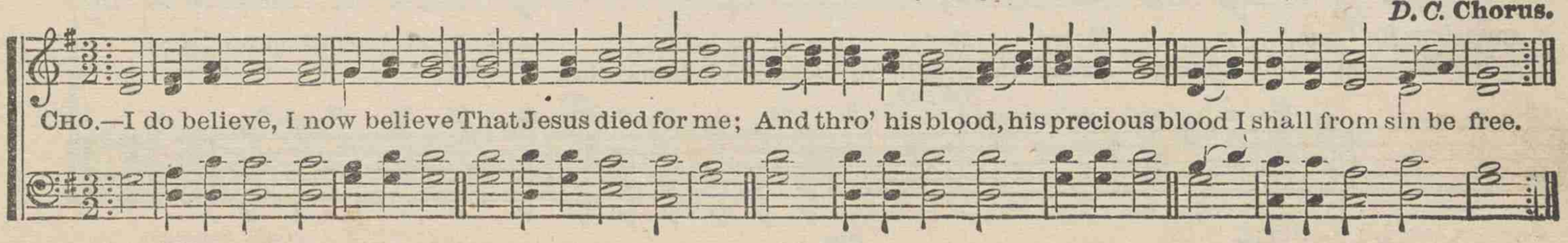
58.

1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
Oh, may I now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

I Do Believe. C. M.

D. C. Chorus.



59. Beautiful Mansions.

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

J. B. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

1. Beau-ti - ful mansions prepar'd for me; Beau-ti - ful heaven, my rest shall be: Beau-ti - ful cit - y I
2. Lone-ly and com-fort-less here I roam, Burden'd with sor-row so far from home; O - ver the riv - er no
3. Light in the dis-tance, by faith I see; Sweet is the mu - sic that comes to me, Tell-ing of mansions where
4. Sav - iour, I love thee! I'd love thee more; Fol-low thy footsteps till life is o'er, Then I shall car-ol on

Chorus.

long to see: Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home! Beau - ti - ful mansions for me,..... Beau-ti - ful
sorrows come: Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home!
all are free: Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home!
Canaan's shore: Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home!

mansions for me,

mansions for me,..... Man - sions, man - sions, Beau - ti - ful mansions for me!
mansions for me, Beauti - ful, beauti - ful, beauti - ful, beauti - ful,

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60. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

"The Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. 40: 17.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet; One thought remains su-
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad - ow cast; Their gloom reminds my
3. Let shad-ows come, let shad-ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe, I am con - tent, for

Chorus.

- preme - ly sweet, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
heart at last, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
this I know, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!

} Thou think - est, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou

think - est of me, Lord, (of me,) What need I fear since thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.

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61.

Help A Little.

"By love, serve one another."—Gal. 5: 13.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In this world of bur - den- bear-ing, Help a lit- tle, help a lit- tle; For thy wea - ry
2. In the work a - round us press- ing, Help a lit- tle, help a lit- tle; Let thy la - bor
3. In the seed-time's ear - ly sow- ing, Help a lit- tle, help a lit- tle; On the soil some
4. When the reap- er's sheaves are bind- ing, Help a lit- tle, help a lit- tle; Oh, some hand-fuls

Chorus.

broth- er car- ing, Help just a lit- tle.
prove a blessing, Help just a lit- tle.
care be - stowing, Help just a lit- tle.
then be find-ing, Help just a lit- tle.

Oh, the shoulders we might lighten! Oh, the paths that we might brighten! Oh, the wrongs that we might righten! Help-ing just a lit- tle.

From "Wells of Salvation," by per.

62. Christian Battle Song.

"CARLIN." *"War a good warfare."*—1 Tim. 1 : 18. I. BALTZELL.

1. See! the hosts of Zi - on gath-'ring From the hill - side and the plain; Hark! the trumpet's
2. Though the foe in might - y num-bers Gath - er to op - pose our way; We will nev - er
3. We've en - list - ed for the war- fare; Arm'd with hel - met sword and shield: Je - sus our great
4. On, then, sol- diers, fight and con-quer; Move in stead - y col - umn strong, Shout- ing, "down with

Chorus.

blast is sound-ing: List- en to the glad re - frain.
fear nor fal - ter—Marching on with - out de - lay.
Cap - tain, leads us Forward to the bat - tle - field.
sin and Sa - tan," As you brave- ly march a - long.

March - ing brave-ly on,
Marching on, Marching on

March - ing bravely on, In the name of Is- rael's God, Keep march - ing on.
Marching on Marching on marching, marching on.

63. Bring Them In.

"The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them."—Rev. 7: 17.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear, Call-ing the lambs who've
2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help Him the lit - tle lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter

Chorus.

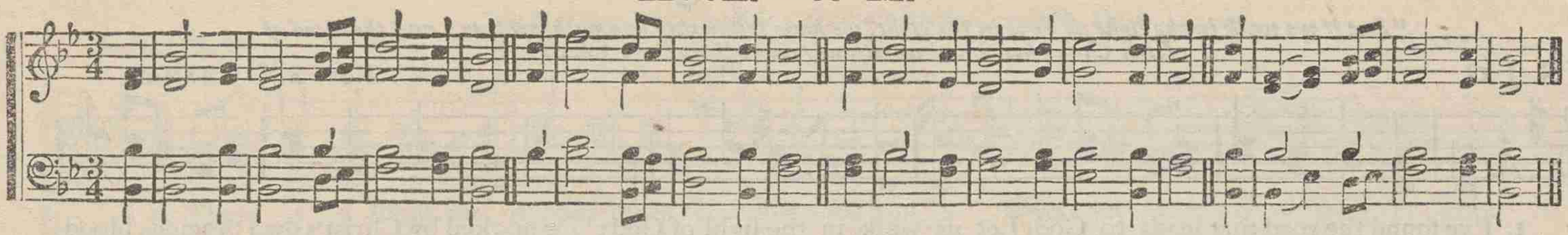
gone a - stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
to the fold, Where they'll be shel - ter'd from the cold?
speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs wher - e'er they be.

} Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin; Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit - tle ones to Je - sus.

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Avon. C. M.

Scottish.



64.

1 Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear—
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

65.

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

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

3 I ask them whence their vic'try came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

66.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

67.

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

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Come to his cross, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

68.

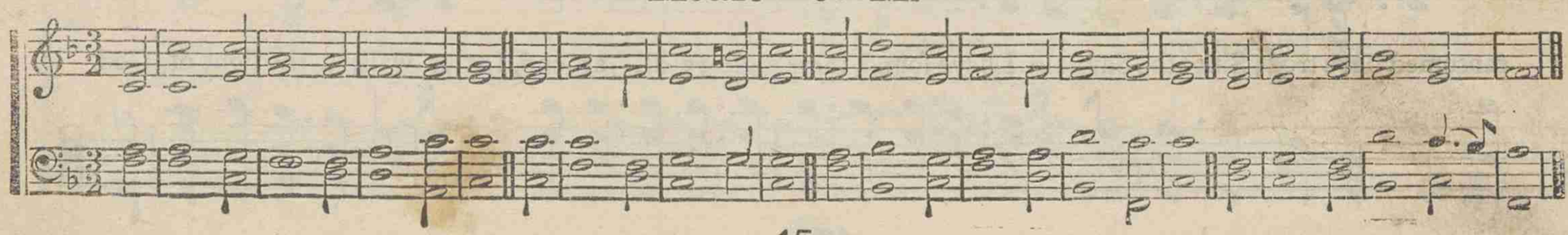
1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek.

Mear. C. M.
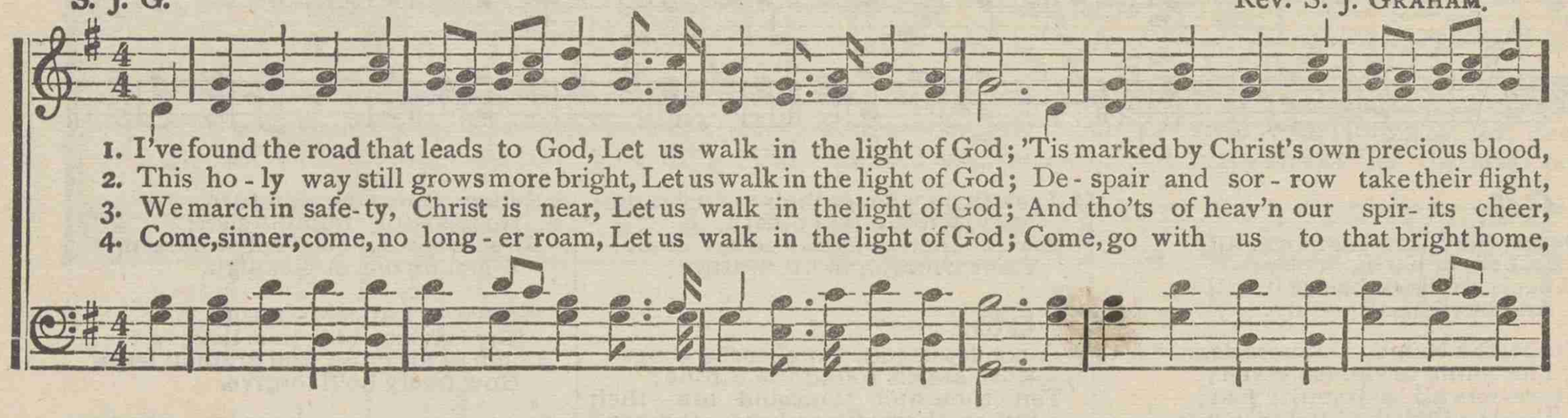
Welsh Air.
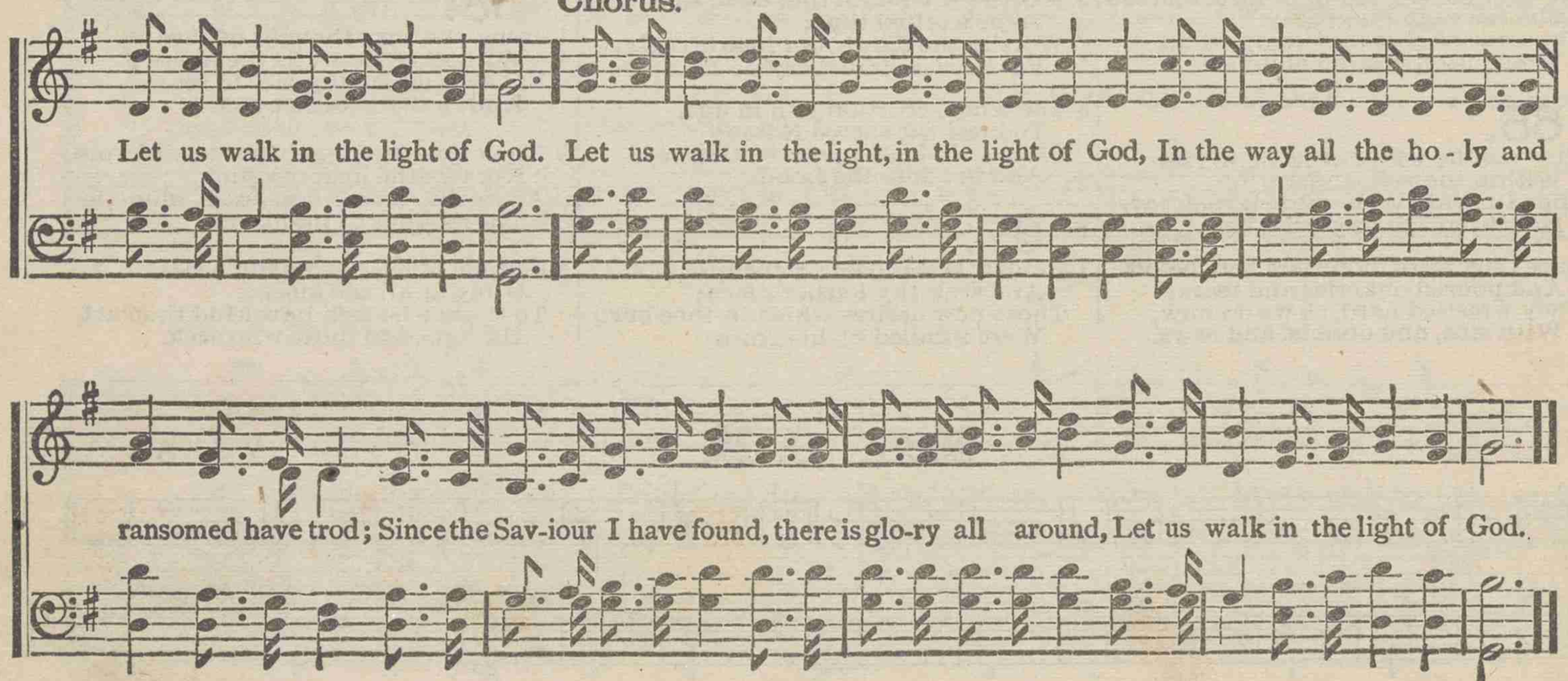


69. Walk in the Light.

"But if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another; and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

S. J. G. Rev. S. J. GRAHAM.



Chorus.



70. Fly to the Fountain.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened."—Zech. 13: 1.

F. E. PITTS. I. BALTZELL.

1. There is a fount-ain pure and free, It flows for you, it flows for me; Now ev - 'ry tribe be-
2. To ev - 'ry land, to ev - 'ry race, In "ev - 'ry dry and bar - ren place," The wa - ter's free, and
3. To wake the world, and all in- vite, The Spir - it and the Bride u - nite; And let the news be
4. The thirs- ty, in the des - ert place, May hear the wel- come word of grace; Tho' dy - ing, if he
5. "Ho! ev - 'ry one," the prophet cries—And ev - 'ry one, my soul re - plies—For ev - 'ry one there's

Chorus.

neath the sun May to this flow - ing fount - ain run. Will you fly to the fount - ain,
free the call; None are de- nied, but wel - come all.
car - ried home, And ev - 'ry one that hears it, come.
will be - lieve, E - ter - nal life he shall re- ceive.
am - ple room; Then free - ly to the wa - ters come. Will you fly with me to the cleansing fountain,

Flow - ing free - ly, Will you fly to the fount - ain, Flow-ing for you and for me?
Flow-ing ev - er pure and free; Will you fly with me to the cleansing fountain,

71. Ere the Sun Goes Down.

"Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you."—John 12: 35.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. E. S. LORENZ.

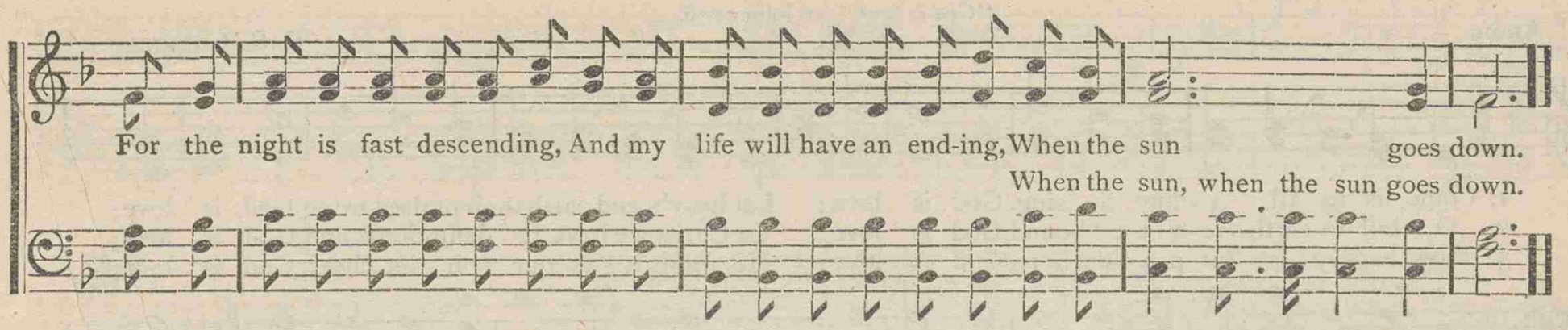
1. I have work enough to do, Ere the sun goes down; For my-self and kindred too, Ere the sun goes down.
2. I must speak the loving word, Ere the sun goes down; I must let my voice be heard, Ere the sun goes down.
3. As I journey on my way, Ere the sun goes down, God's command I must o- bey, Ere the sun goes down.

Ev - 'ry i - dle whis - per still- ing, With a purpose firm and willing, All my dai- ly task ful- fill- ing,
Ev - 'ry cry of pit - y heed- ing, For the injured in- ter- ced-ing, To the light the lost ones leading,
There are sins that need con - fess - ing, There are wrongs that need redressing, If I would ob-tain the bless-ing,

Chorus.

Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down;
Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down Ere the sun goes down;

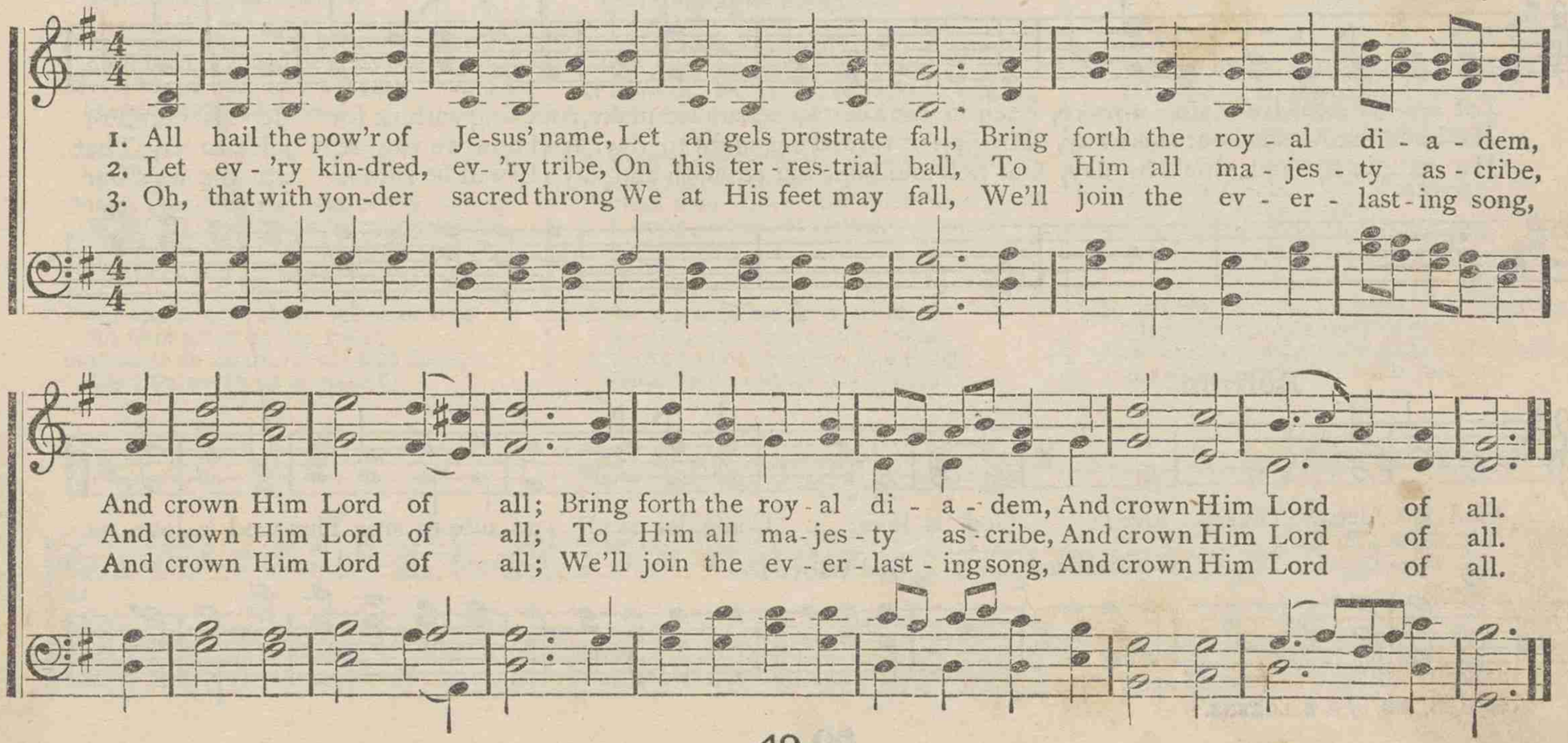
Ere the Sun Goes Down.—Concluded.



72. Coronation.

"Crowned with glory and honor."—Heb. 2: 9.

EDWARD PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.



73. God is Love.

"God is love."—1 John 4 : 16.

Anon. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Come, let us all u - nite to sing, God is love; Let heav'n and earth their praises bring, God is love;
2. O tell to earth's re-mot-est bound, God is love; In Christ we have re - demption found, God is love;
3. How hap-py is our por-tion here, God is love; His prom-is - es our spir - its cheer, God is love;

Let ev - 'ry soul from sin a-wake, Each in his heart sweet mu-sic make, And sing with us for Je -sus' sake, For
His blood has washed our sins away, His Spir-it turned our night to day, And now we can re - joice to say, That
He is our sun and shield by day, Our help, our hope, our strength and stay, He will be with us all the way, Our
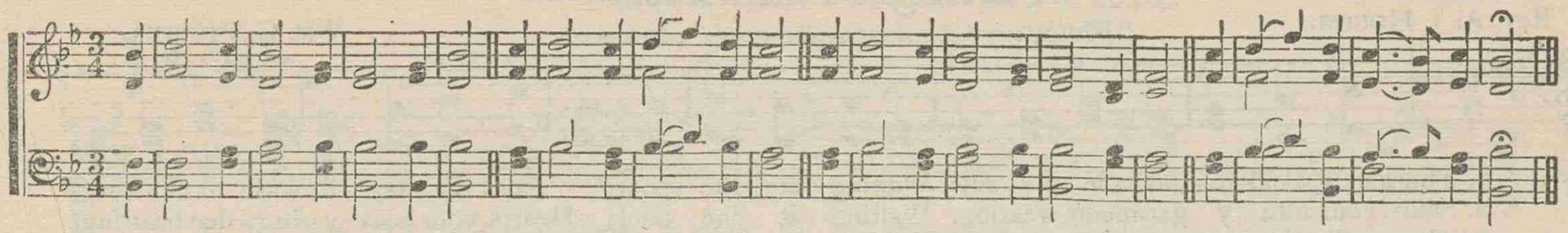
Refrain.

God is love. God is love! God is love! Come, let us all u - nite to sing That God is love.
God is love! God is love!

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Balerma. C. M.

R. SIMPSON.



74.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God.

3 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

75.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

76.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from s'n set free:—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me:—

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

77.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

78.

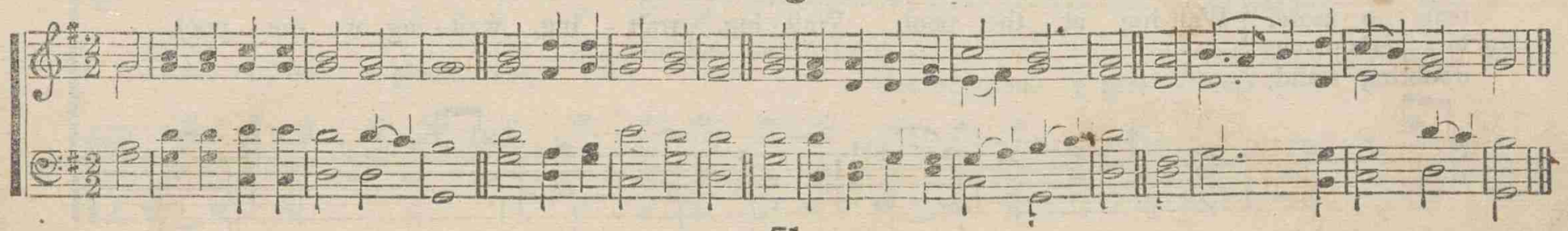
1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

Peterborough. C. M.

RALPH HARRISON.



79. Waiting at the Pool.

Rev. A. J. HOUGH. *"Waiting for the moving of the water."*—John 5 : 3. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Thousands stand to-day in sor-row, Waiting at the pool; Say-ing they will wash to mor-row,
2. Souls, your filth-y gar-ments wearing, Waiting at the pool; Hearts, your heav-y bur-den bear-ing,
3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; Come their voi-ces back to cheer you,
4. Moth-er leaves the son, the daughter, Waiting at the pool; Calls to them a-cross the wa-ter,
5. Step in bold-ly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool; Je-sus may no more in-vite you,

Wait-ing at the pool; Oth-ers step in left and right, Wash their stain-ed gar-ments white, Leav-ing you in
Wait-ing at the pool; Can it be you nev-er heard, Je-sus long a-go hath stirr'd The waters with his
Wait-ing at the pool; Back from Canaan's happy shore, Sor-rows past and la-bor o'er, Where they stand in
Wait-ing at the pool; You can nev-er more embrace Moth-er, or be-hold her face, If you keep the
Wait-ing at the pool; Faith is near you, take her hand, Seek with her the bet-ter land, And no lon-ger

sor-row's night,
might-y word,
tears no more,
le-per's place,
doubting stand,

Wait-ing at the pool, Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing at the pool.

By permission

80. Gleaners in the Harvest Field.

"So she gleaned in the field until even."—Ruth 2: 17.

J. R. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

1. In the Mas- ter's vine- yard there is work to do; Gleanings we may gath - er, tho' there are but few;
2. Toil-ing in the morn- ing, toil - ing thro' the day, Us - ing ev - 'ry mo - ment, ere they pass a- way;
3. Oh, our heavenly Mas - ter, may we ev - er be Bus - y in the vine - yard, work-ing, Lord, for Thee;

Lit - tle gold - en clus - ters gathered in the field By the bus - y glean - ers, will a har- vest yield.
Gath'ring, glad- ly gath - 'ring, as the mo-ments fly, Toil- ing for the Mas - ter—rest - ing by and by.
When the day is end - ed, and our toil is o'er, Bring us to our man - sions on the gold - en shore.

D.S. Gath-er gold - en clus - ters as the days go by, Toil- ing for the Mas - ter—rest - ing by and by.

FINE.

Chorus.

Glean - - ers in the har- vest field, Glean - - ers, rich will be the yield;
Glean- ers, bus - y glean - ers, Gleaners, bus - y glean - ers,

D.S.

81. Come to the Cross.

"*The death of the cross.*"—Phil. 2: 7.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.

FINE.

1. Come to the cross where the Sav - iour died, Look to the Lamb that was cru - ci - fied;
2. Fall at the feet of the dy - ing one, Trust in the name of the Fa - ther's Son;
3. Fly to the arms of his par - d'ning love, Cher - ish the hope of a crown a - bove;

D. C.—Come to the cross where the Sav - iour died, Look to the Lamb that was cru - ci - fied.

Turn to the mourn-ful and trag - ic scene, Gaze on the suf - fer - ing Naz - a - rene.
Wash in the fount - ain of Je - sus' blood, Seek for thy cure in the heal - ing flood.
Taste of the sweet- ness of sins for - giv'n, Lean on the prom - ise of rest in heav'n.

Chorus.

D.C.
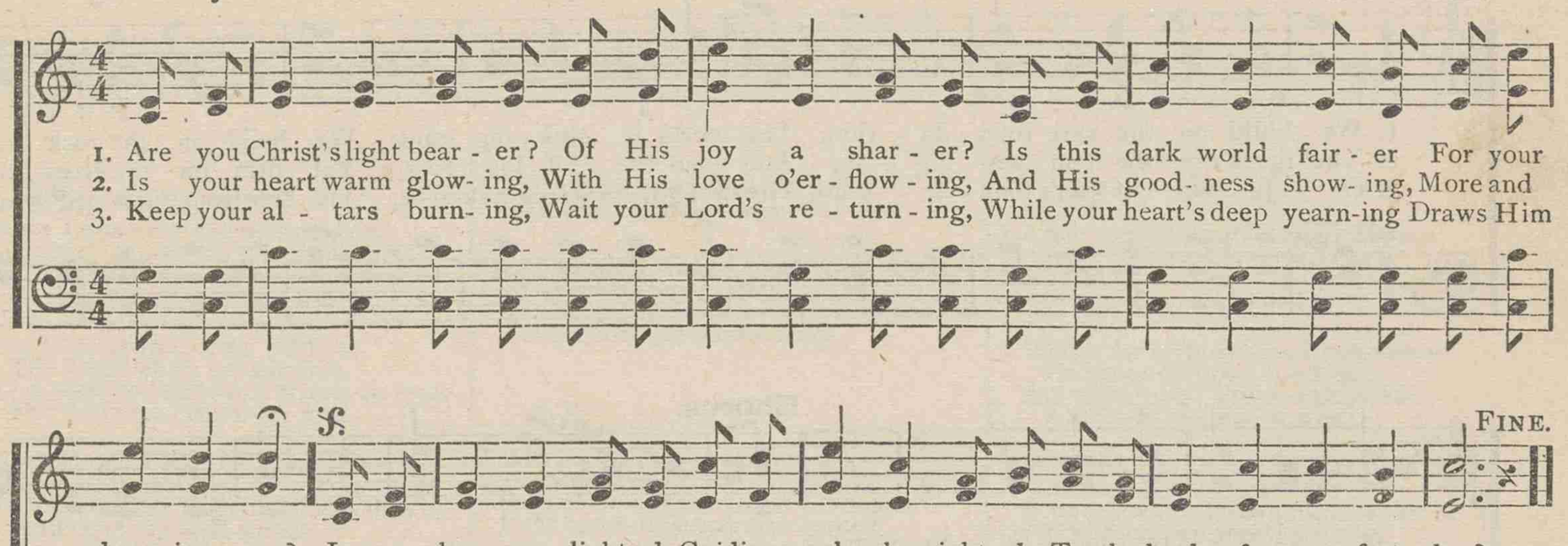
Look at the Cru - ci - fied, look and live! Look, for e - ter - nal life he will give;
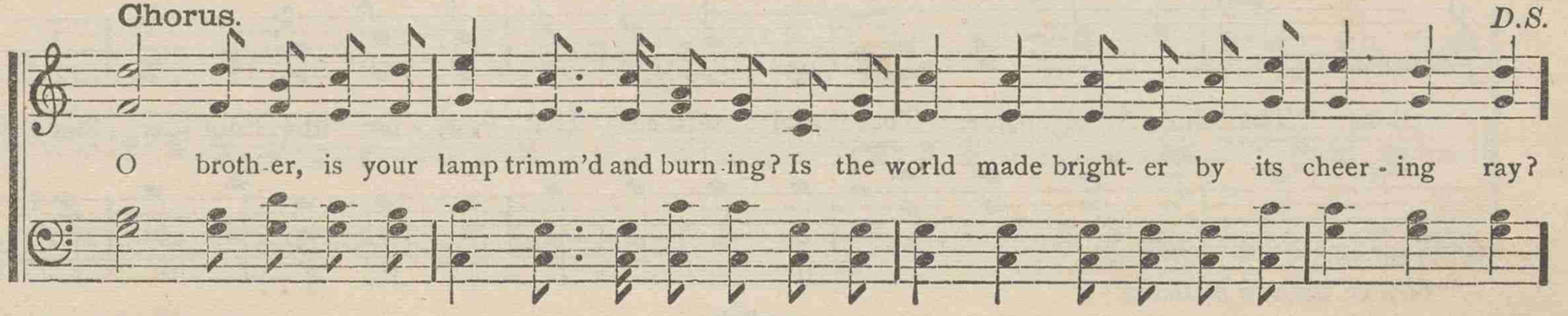
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82. Are you Christ's Light Bearer?

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

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. REV. I. BALTZELL.





From "Holy Voices," by per.

83. The Sure Foundation.

"And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone."—Eph. 2: 20.

F. E. BELDEN. Rev. A. A. ARMEN.

1. We build on the sure foun - da - tion, This world is sink - ing sand; We build on the rock Sal-
2. Tho' fierce - ly the tem - pest rag - es, And loud the bil - lows roar, Yet firm on the Rock of
3. O Je - sus, our soul's foun - da - tion! Thy strength our strength shall be, 'Till free from this world's temp-

Chorus.

va - tion, E - ter - nal - ly to stand.)
A - ges We're an-chored ev - er - more.
ta - tion, We rest at last with thee.
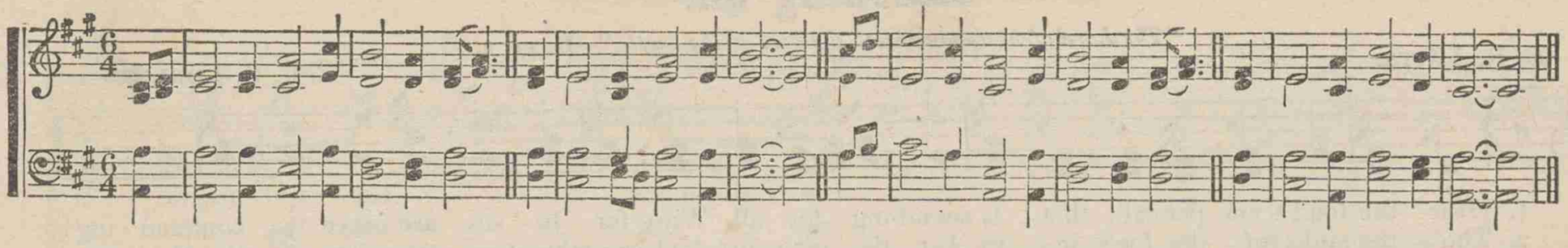
O build on the Corn - er Stone! 'Tis Je - sus Christ a-

lone; The hope is sure, The soul se - cure, That rests on the Corn - er Stone.

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Maitland. C. M.

GEO. W. ALLEN.



84.

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

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

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

85.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song;
Oh, may his love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal tho't can reach,
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

86.

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

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

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

87.

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

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

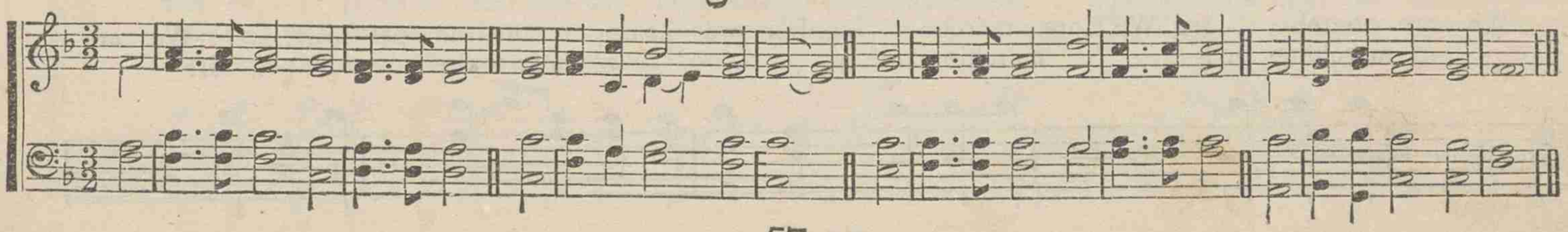
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin!

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

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

Arlington. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE.



88. Marching On.

"The Lord of hosts mustereth the host of the battle."—Is. 13: 2.

E. R. LATTA. E. S. LORENZ.
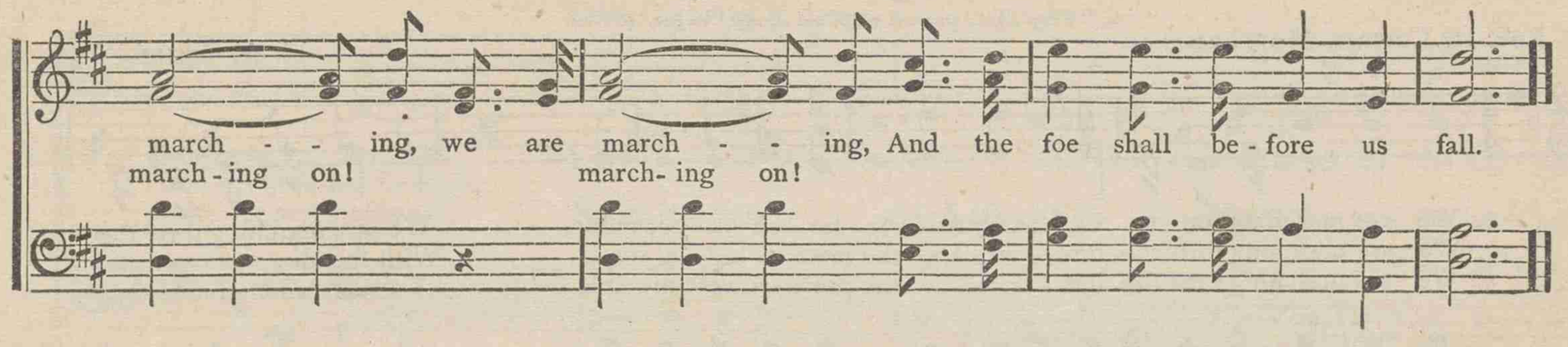
1. Hear the loud trum- pet-call, that is sound-ing for all, Who for Je - sus are brave- ly con-tend - ing!
2. Tho' the ranks of the foe, in - to bat - tle may go, And may threat-en the cause of the Mas - ter;
3. Let us trust in the word of our con- quer- ing Lord! Let us ques- tion His prom- is - es nev - er;

From the morn to the night, let us urge on the fight, E'er the cause of the Sav - iour de-fend - ing.
They shall cer - tain - ly meet, with a sig - nal de- feat, And shall fly from the field of dis - as - ter.
We shall scat - ter the foe, if be - liev - ing we go, He will lead us to vic - to - ry ev - er!

Chorus.

We are march - ing, We are march - ing, For we hear . . . the trum- pet call! . . We are marching on! marching on! we hear the trum-pet call!

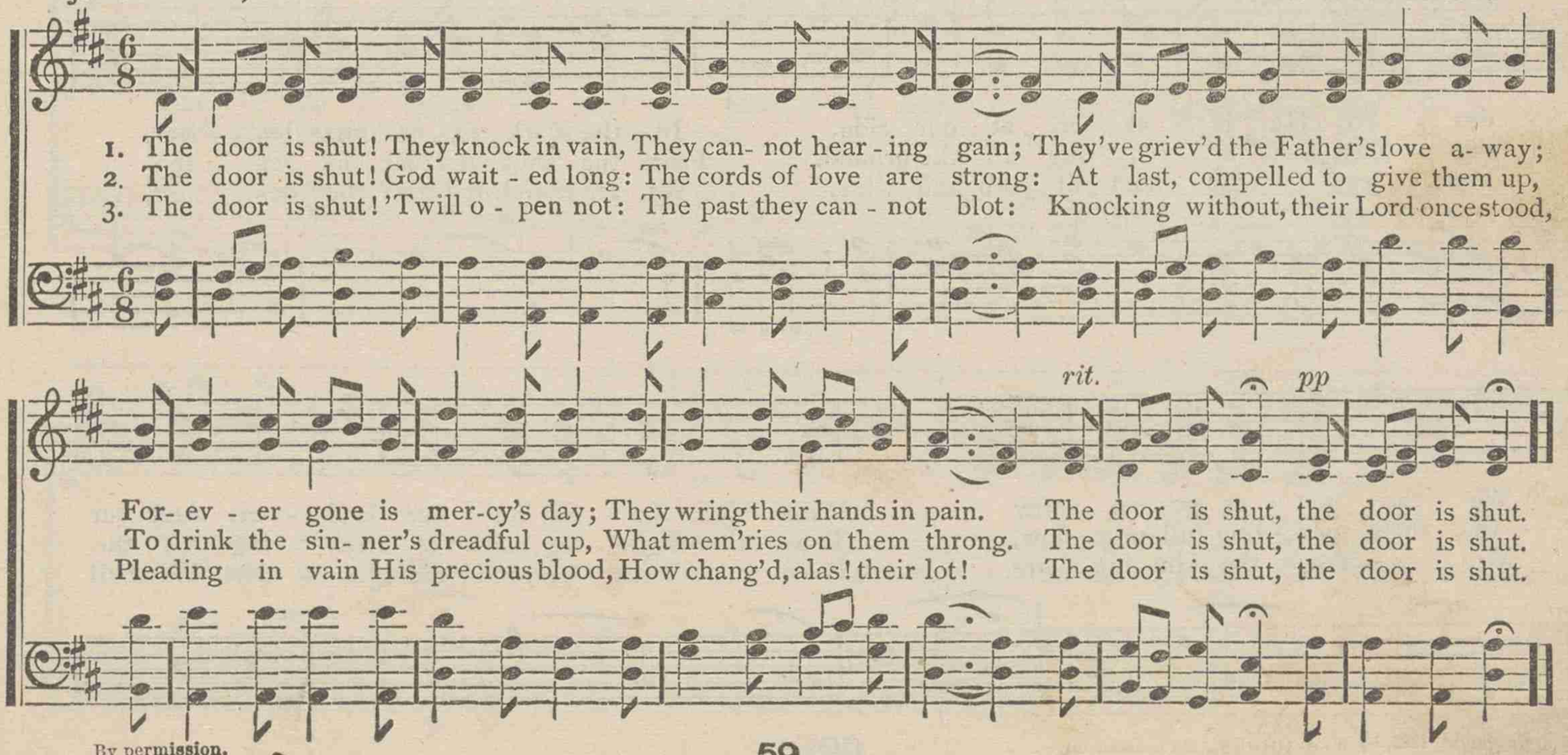
Marching On.—Concluded.



89. The Door is Shut.

"The door was shut."—Matt. 25: 10.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. Rev. S. MORRISON.
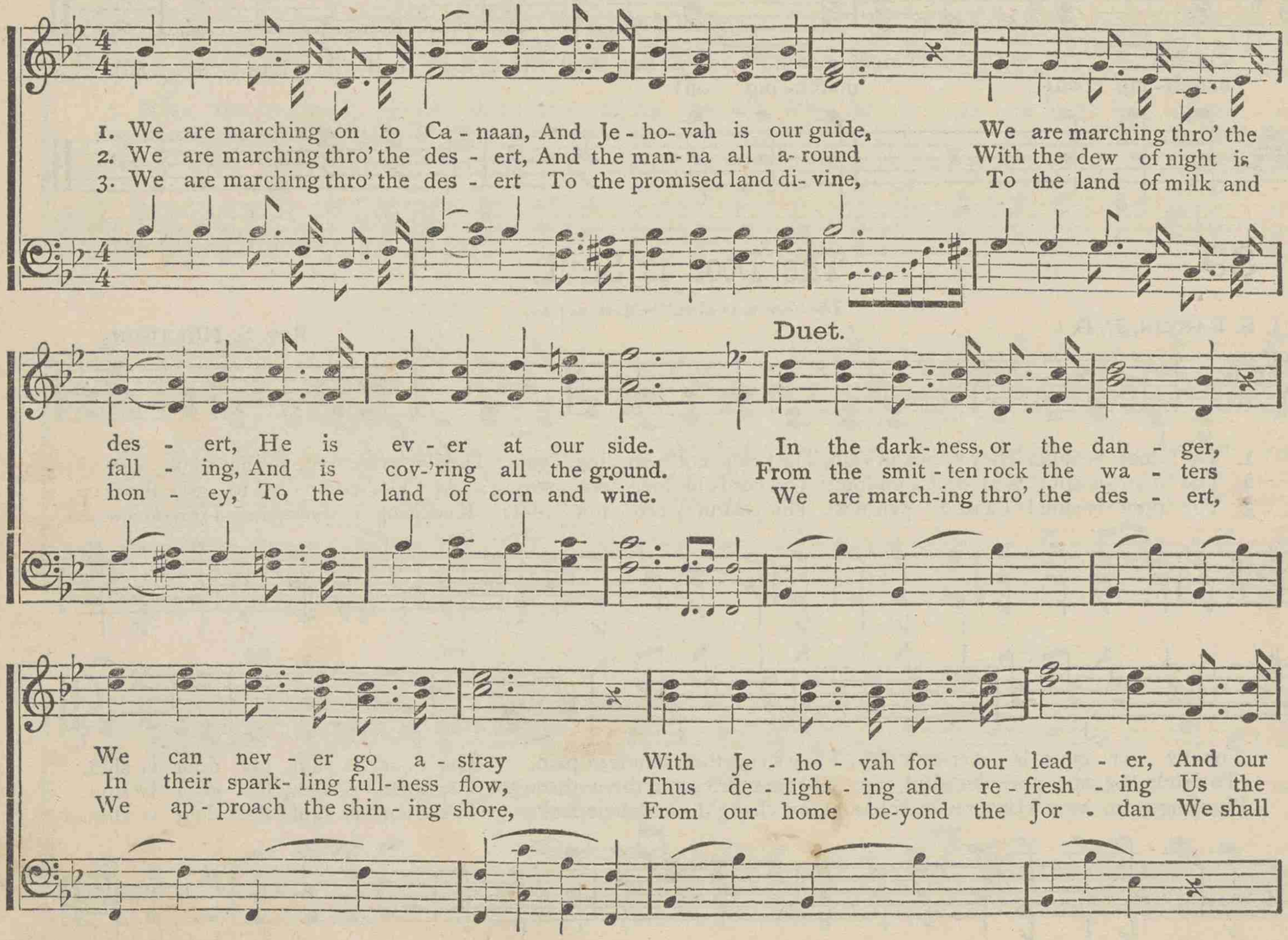


By permission.

90. Marching on to Canaan.

"They shall march with an army."—Jer. 46: 22.

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD. W. A. OGDEN.



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Marching on to Canaan.—Concluded.

Full Chorus. *f*

guide up - on the way. On! stead - i - ly on! Stead - i - ly march-ing to the hap - py
wea - ry jour-ney through.
wan- der nev - er-more. March-ing on! march-ing on! March-ing to the hap - py

land of Ca - - naan; On! stead - i - ly on! Ver - i - ly guid - ed by Je - ho- vah's
land, we're marching on! Marching on! marching on! Guid - ed be Je - ho- vah's

hand are we. Stead-i - ly march-ing to the hap - py land we go.
hand are we, guid-ed are we. March-ing to the hap - py land we go, march-ing home.

Last stanza repeat pp.

91. No More Tears.

Adapted. *"And God will wipe all tears away from their eyes."*—Rev. 21: 4. W. J. BALTZELL.

1. I am wait - ing by the riv - er - side, And my heart has wait - ed long; Oft I think I hear the mu - sic sweet Of the an - gels' wel - come song.
2. Oh, I seem to catch the break - ing dawn On the hill - tops of the blest! Where the heart is free from toil and pain, And the wea - ry are at rest.
3. Far a - way be - yond the shad - ows drear Of this wea - ry vale of tears, There the tide of bliss is sweep- ing on Thro' the bright and changeless years.
4. How I long to be with Christ at home, In the man- sions bright and fair! For I know in heav'n no sin is found, Neither grief or tears are there.

Chorus.
Duet.

No more tears, No more tears,

Full Chorus.

In that land of an- cient sto - ry;

Duet.

No more tears, No more tears,

Full Chorus.

When we meet a - gain in glo - ry.

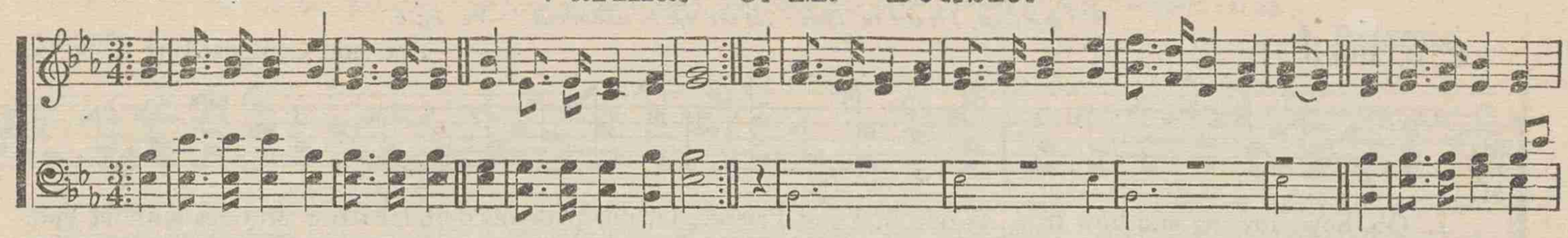
5 Oh, I soon shall cross the river wide!
To the distant shining shore,
Where the long dark night of sin shall cease,
And the saints shall weep no more.
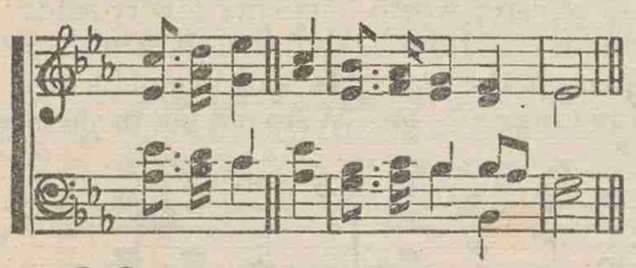
6 Oh, ye weary wand'rers, come away
To the home where tears shall cease!
Many lov'd ones shall wait you over there
In the land of joy and peace.

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Varina. C. M. Double.

GEO. F. ROOT.





92.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

93.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one! lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold! I freely give
The living water; thirsty one!
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found,
In him, my Star, my Sun;
And, in that light of life, I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

94.

1 Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

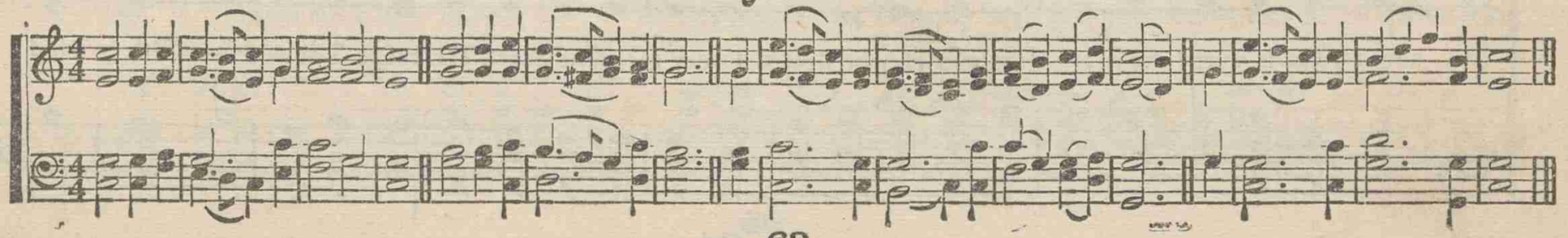
2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might—
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
Oh, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

4 Now is the time—he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

Henry. C. M.

SYLVANUS B. POND, 1835.



95. Let us Trust in God.

"O my God, I trust in Thee : let me not be ashamed."—Ps. 25: 2.

E. D. MUND. Arr. and Composed by E. S. L.

1. Oh, how lov-ing and how true Is our God and Friend; On our pathway doth He strew Mercies without end.
2. 'Neath His hand the fruitful earth Life and beauty yields; Are not ye of greater worth Than the flow'ry fields?
3. Shall He all the wants sup-ply Of the birds of air, Leaving you to pine and die Fill'd with dark despair?
4. Let not doubt or fear dis- may, Trust in God a - lone; He will o - pen up the way, He will keep His own.
5. Life or death, or joy or woe, Trust Him still the same; Saints who trusted long a - go Were not put to shame.

Chorus.

Trust in the Lord, for His prom- ise must en- dure! (He is faithful!) He is faith- ful! (He is sure!) He is sure! Nev- er slumbers He, or sleeps, Every moment watch He keeps, Let us trust in God.

96. Take my Heart, Dear Jesus.

"I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them a heart of flesh."—Ezek. 11: 19.

AMICUS. I. BALTZELL.

1. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it all Thine own—All Thine own, all Thine own; Let Thy Holy Spirit break this
2. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it pure and clean—Pure and clean, pure and clean; Let Thy blood still flowing, wash a-
3. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it white as snow—White as snow, white as snow; May the cleansing fountain, May its

Chorus.

heart of stone, And make me all Thine own. Take my heart . . . and let it be Every
way my sin, And make me pure and clean.
pre-cious flow, Still keep me white as snow. Take my heart and let it be, and let it be

mo - ment more like Thee; At Thy feet I bow; Take my heart just now, And make me all Thine own.
Every moment, every moment more like Thee.

97. Waiting for the King.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1:7.

Miss M. E. Servoss. E. S. Lorenz.
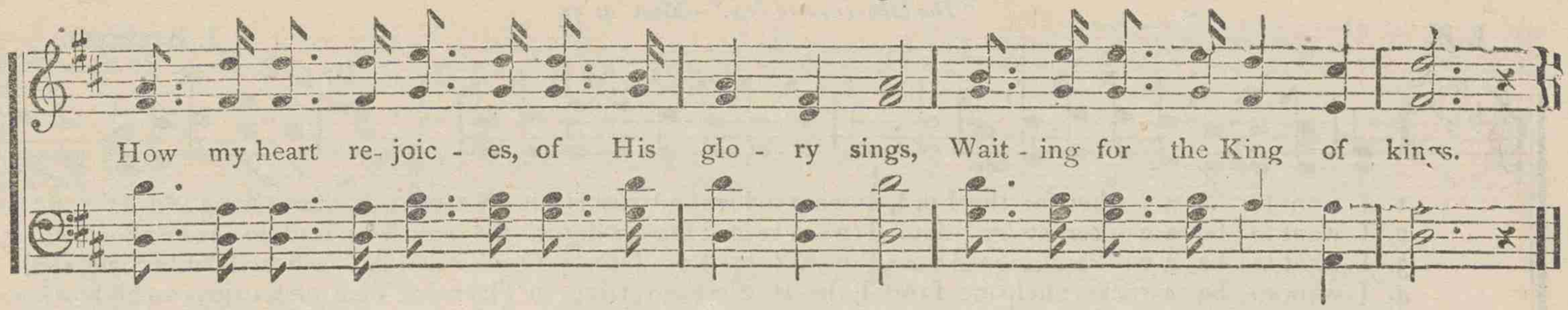
1. Wait- ing for His com - ing, toil - ing as I wait; But an hum- ble work - er in His vast es- tate;
2. Tho' my lot be wea - ry— toil - ing since the spring, Yet a time of rest - ing com- eth with my King;
3. Toil- ing in the morn- ing, 'neath the sun-bright ray; Toil- ing still when eve - ning draws its cur-tains gray;

Yet my sin - gle tal - ent must not i - dle lie, He will ask the increase of me by and by.
Now the whitened har - vest waits the will - ing hand, And the call for reapers soundeth thro' the land.
Yet tho' oft - en trou - bled—wea - ry of earth's guile, All will be for-got-ten, when I see His smile.

Chorus.

Wait- ing for the com - ing of the King of kings! Be it soon or late, I'm work- ing as I wait;

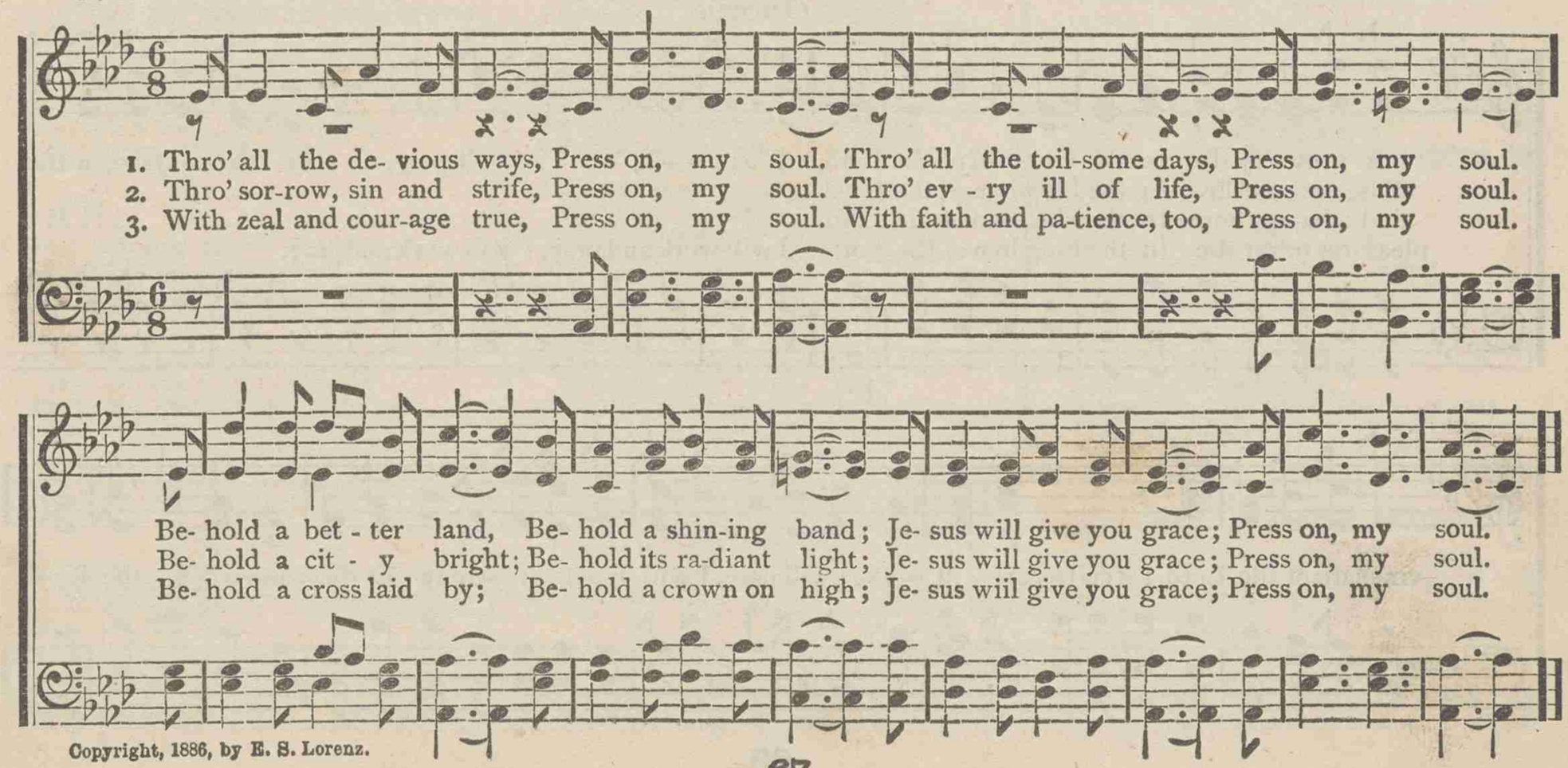
Waiting for the King.—Concluded.



98. Press on, My Soul.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God."—Phil. 3: 14.

E. A. BARNES. FRANK M. DAVIS.
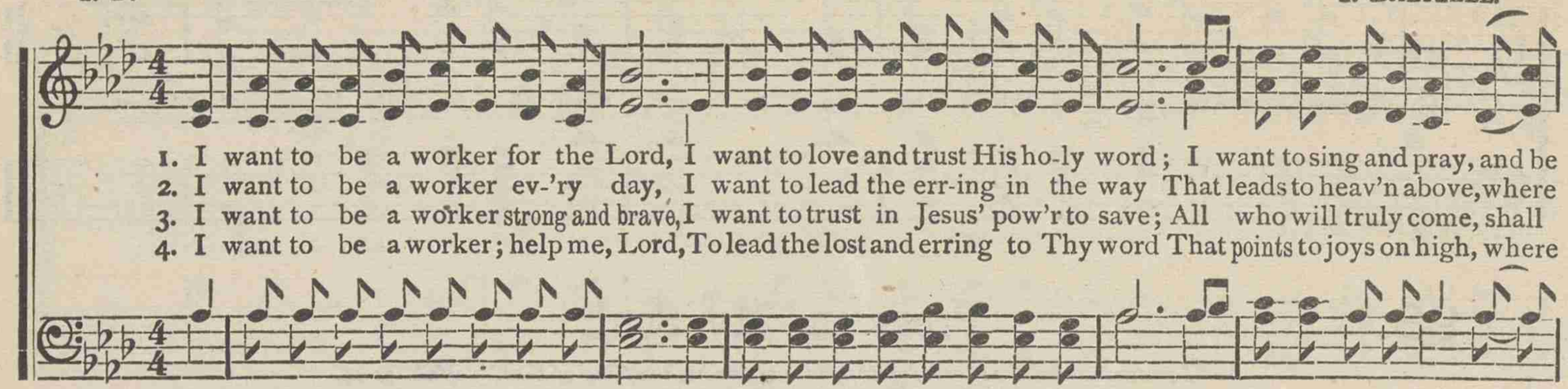


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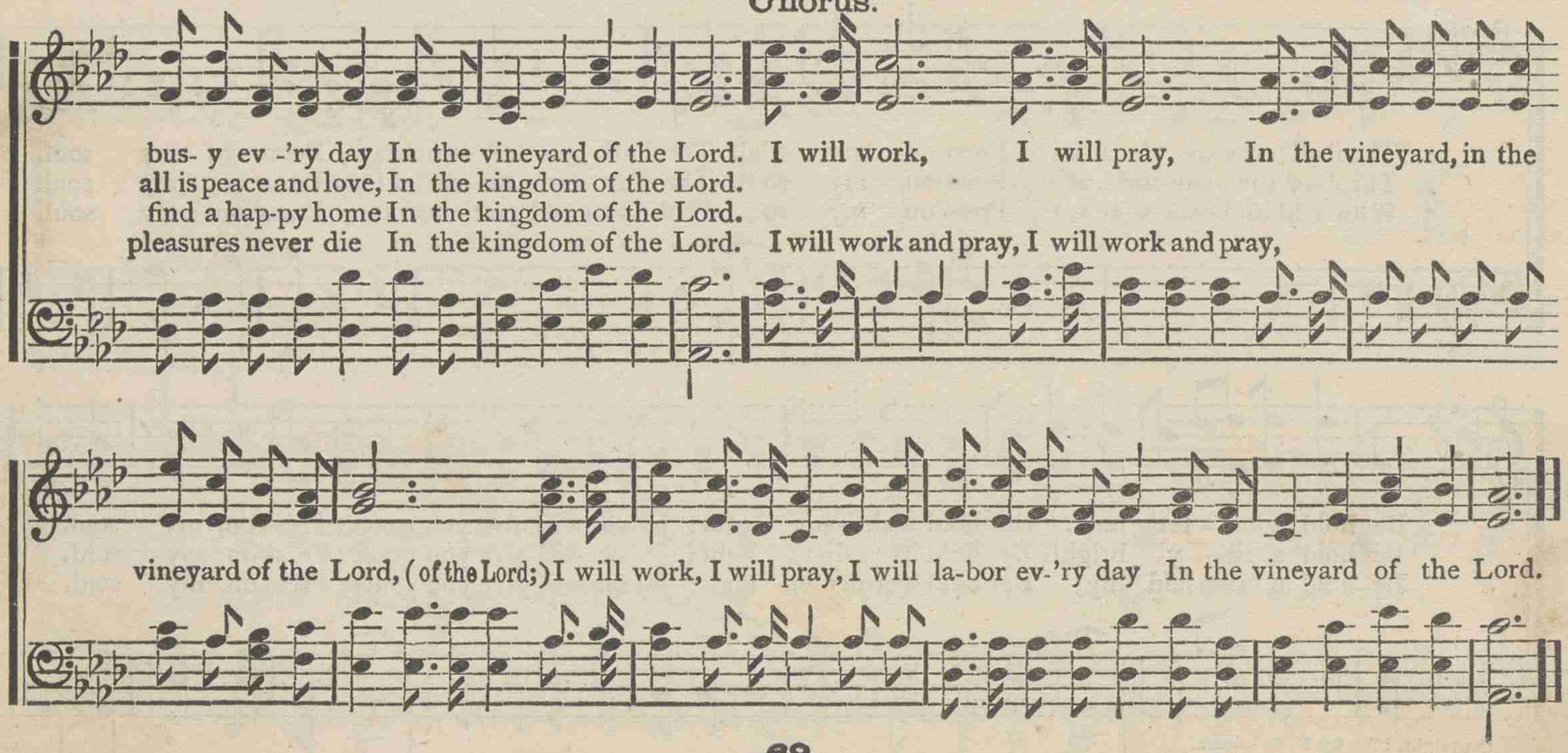
99. I Want to be a Worker.

"The laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

I. B. I. BALTZELL.
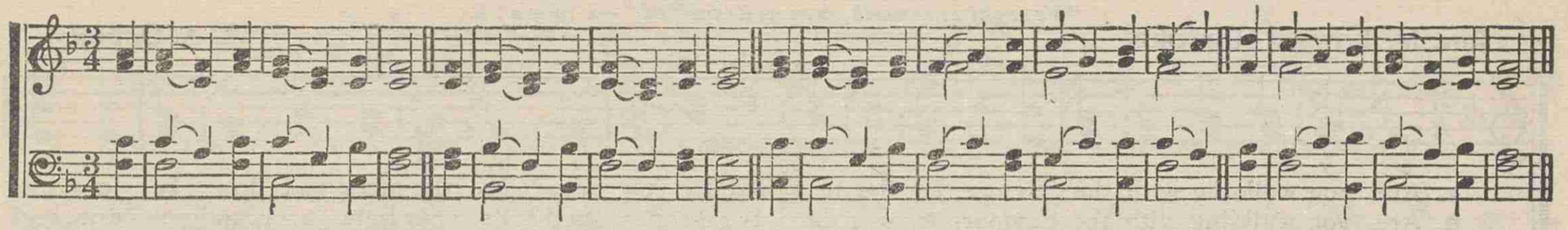


Chorus.



Dennis. S. M.

HANS G. NAGELI.



100.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

101.

1 How helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

102.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

103.

1 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

104.

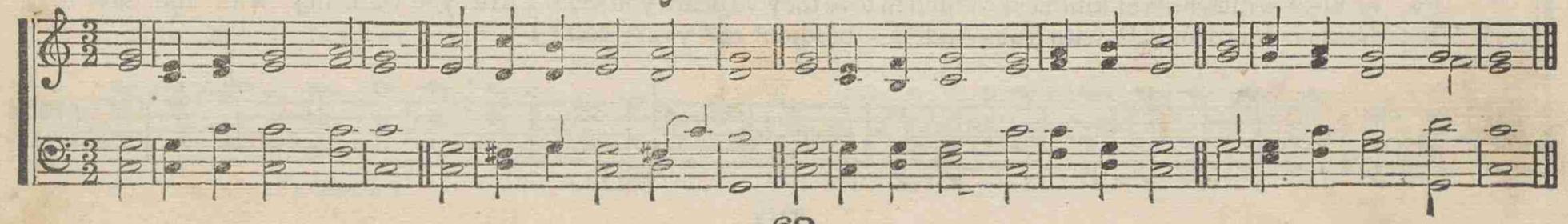
1 O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



105. Walking with the Saviour.

"Ye ought so to walk, even as he walked."—1 John 2: 6.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. W. A. Ogden.

1. Are you walk-ing with the Saviour, In the true and liv- ing way? Is the meek and low - ly Je - sus
2. Are you walk-ing with the Saviour, Are you dai - ly do- ing good? Is your light a - round you burn- ing
3. Are you walk-ing with the Saviour, Does your heart within you burn, While the sweetness of com-pas - sion

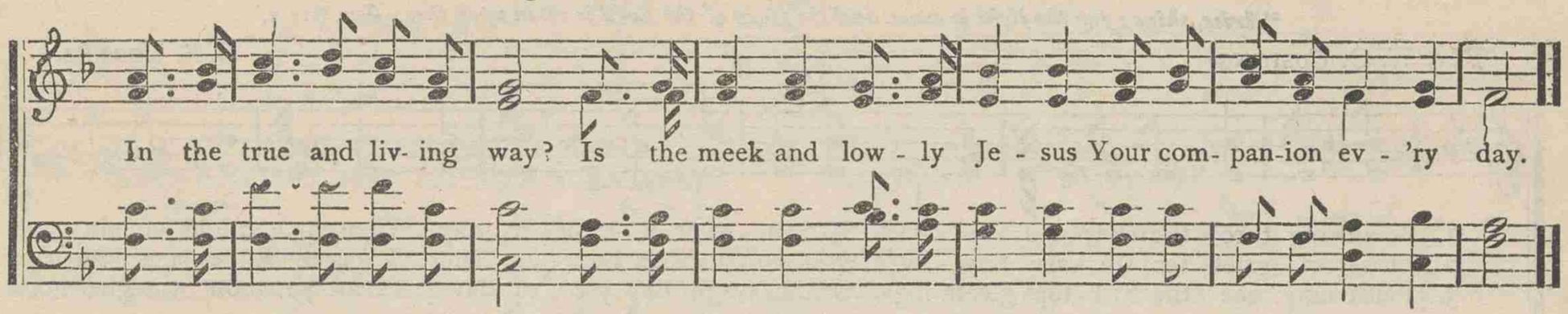
Your com- pan-ion ev - 'ry day? Is your life that con- se - cra - tion To the cause of Him you love,
Just as brightly as it should? Are the poor in cot-tage low - ly, And the stran - ger by the way,
From His lov-ing lips you learn? Do you wish that at the eve - ning, When the twi - light shadows fall,

Chorus.

Which would give you con- so - la - tion Looking at it from a - bove?
Ev - er blest with words of kindness Which in love they've heard you say?
That the Sav- iour would be with you, And o - be-dient at your call?
} Are you walk-ing with the Sav- iour.

By permission.
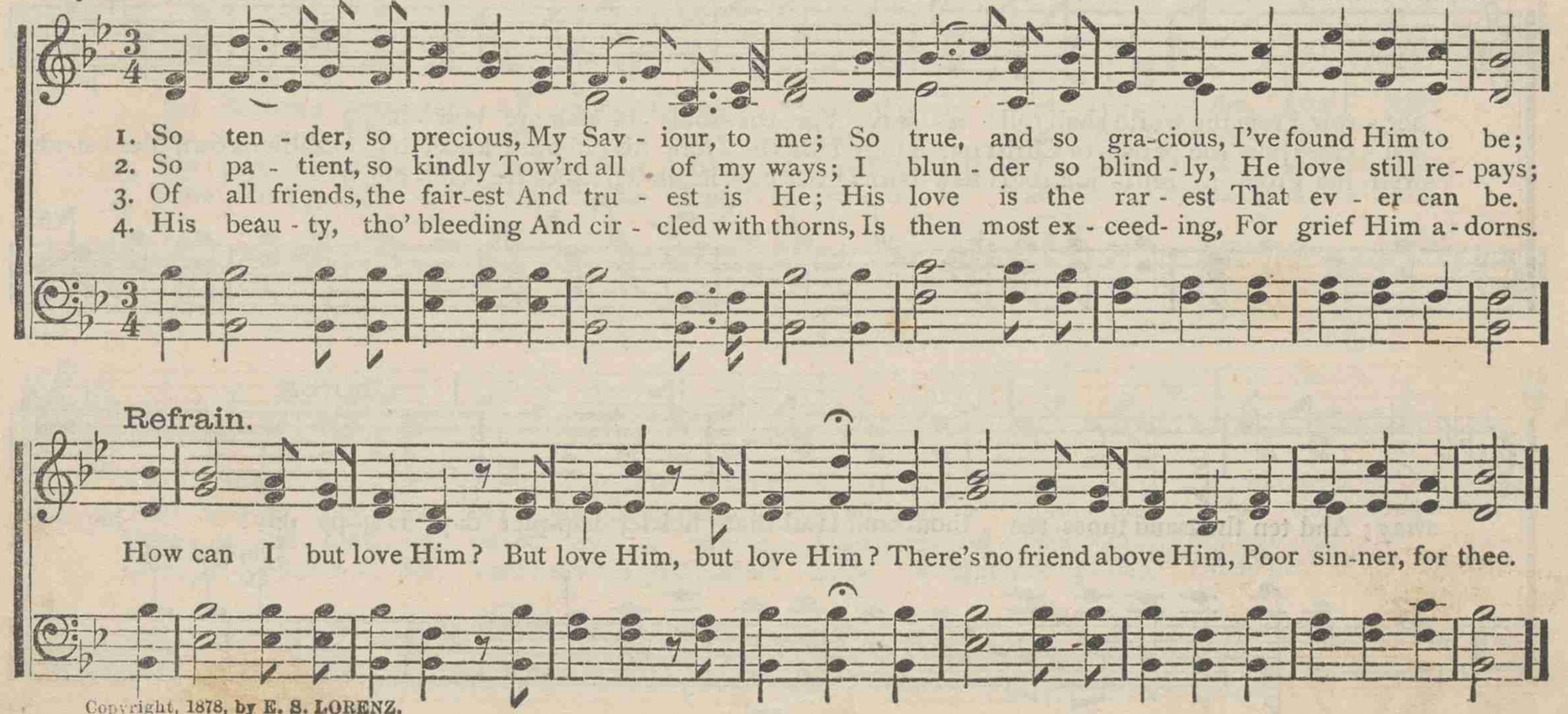
Walking with the Saviour.—Concluded.



106. How Can I but Love Him?

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

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



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107. A Brighter Day.

"Arise, shine: for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.—Isa. 60: 1.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Break- ing thro' the mists and shad - ows, I can see a bright - er day; When earth's night of sin and
2. Tears of grief for sin are flow - ing Hearts with heav'nly rapt - ure sing; Thousand times ten thou- sand
3. Faith may see the hill - tops gleam-ing Of that bright day yet to dawn; Hear ye now the glad notes

sor - row From the world shall roll a - way; For the souls of men are bow - ing,
voi - ces Join the praise of Christ our King: Hosts be - fore his cross are kneel- ing,
swell- ing From a mill - ion souls new-born: See how heath- en tribes are bend- ing,
} Millions own Mes - si- ah's
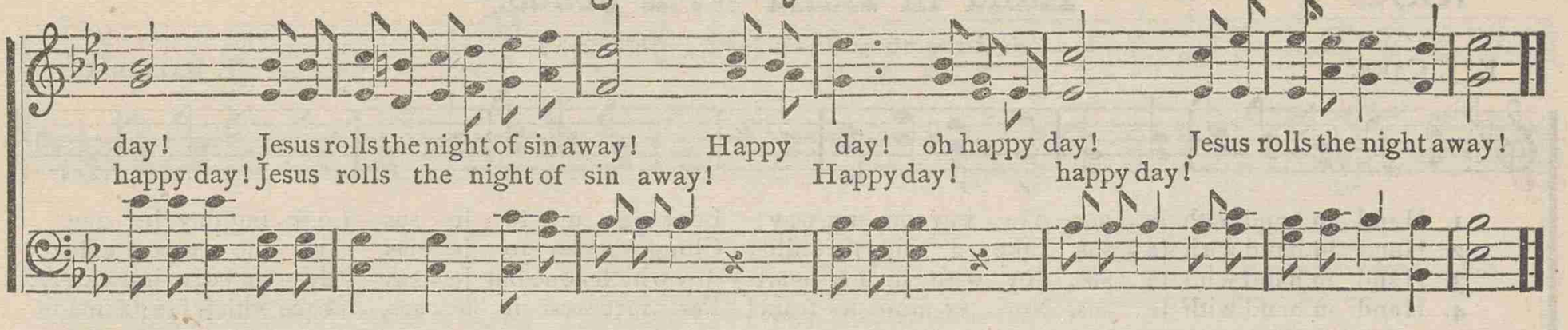
sway; And ten thousand times ten thou- sand Hail that hol-ier hap-pier day. Hap-py day! hap- py

Chorus.

Hap-py day!

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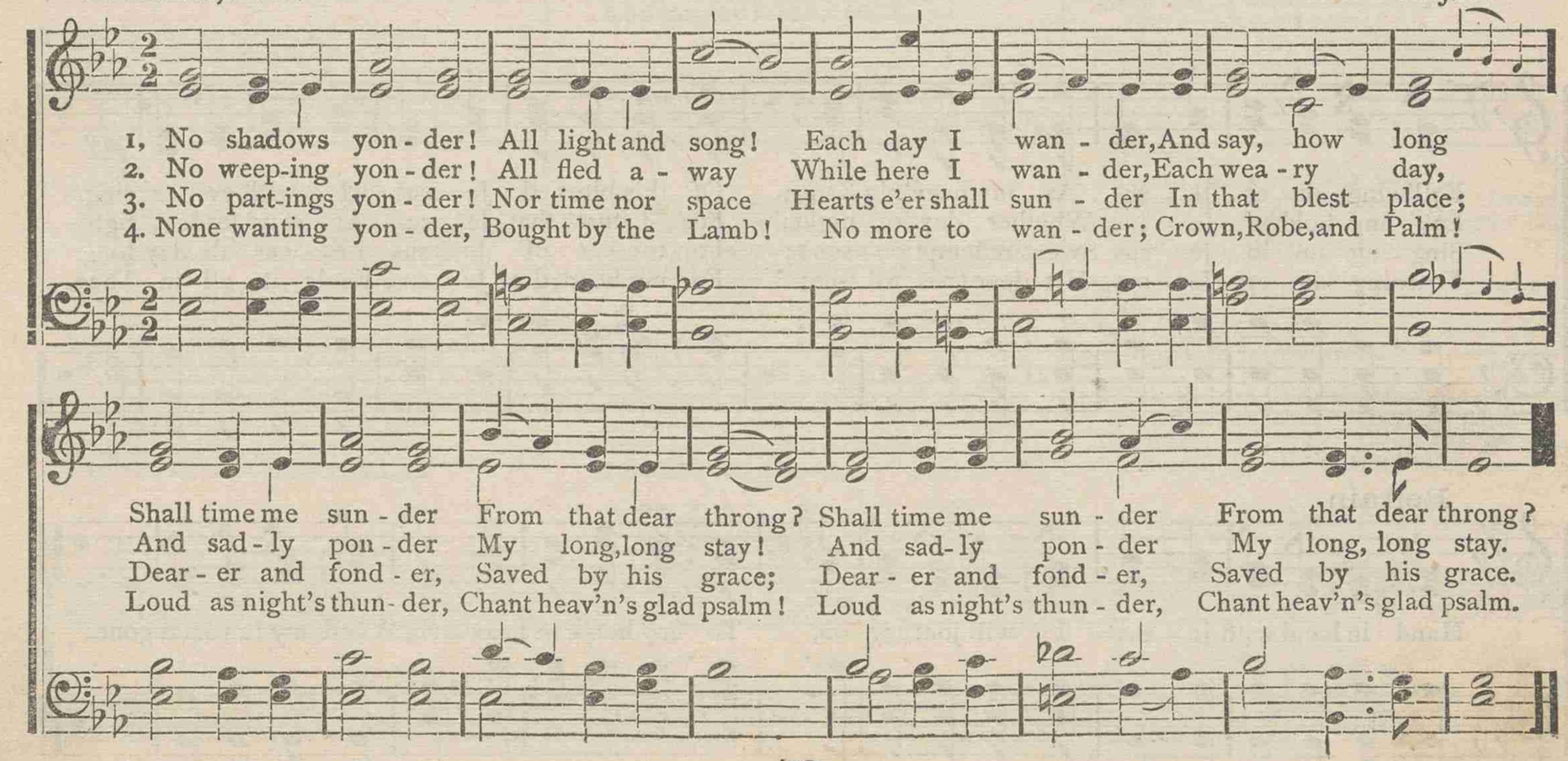
A Brighter Day.—Concluded.



108. No Shadows Yonder.

*"And there shall be no night there * * * and they shall reign for ever and ever."*—Rev. 22: 5.

H. BONAR, D. D. W. J. B.



Copyright, 1886, by I. BALTZELL.

109. Hand in Hand with Jesus.

"All his saints are in thy hand."—Deut. 33: 3.

E. J. CARR. I. BALTZELL.

1. Hand in hand with Je - sus, Go - ing on my way; Look- ing up to Je - sus—Look- ing day by day.
2. Hand in hand with Je - sus, Like a lit - tle child; Cling- ing un - to Je - sus In the tempest wild;
3. Hand in hand with Je - sus, Joy with- in my heart— Joy which none but Je - sus Ev - er can im- part;
4. Hand in hand with Je - sus, Nev - er-more a - fraid! Per - fect rest in Je - sus,—Peace which He has made.

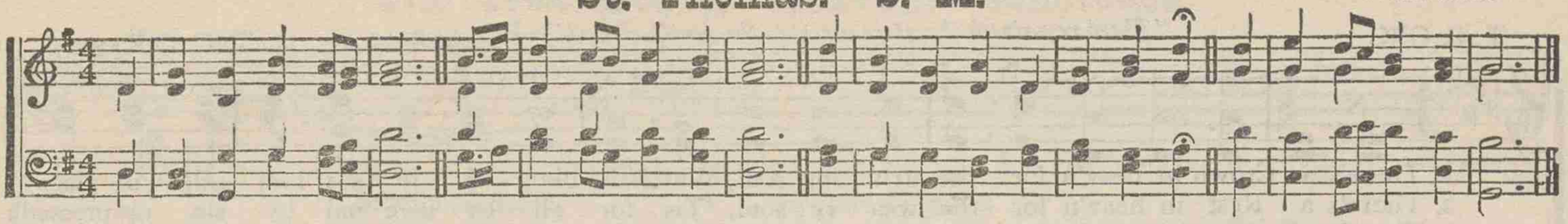
Foll'wing aft - er Je - sus As my heav'nly King; Of this bless-ed Je - sus I will ev - er sing.
Lay - ing hold of Je - sus, Whether day or night; For I know that Je - sus Al - ways leads a- right.
Sing - ing un - to Je - sus Sweet redemption's song; For the ear of Je - sus List - ens all day long.
Yearning aft - er Je - sus, His dear face to see; For my heart, dear Je - sus, Finds it all in Thee.

Refrain.

Hand in hand with Je - sus I will journey on, To my home in heav - en, Where my Lord has gone.

St. Thomas. S. M.

WILLIAMS.



110.

1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God.
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

111.

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

112.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

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

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

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

113.

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

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh! may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, oh! thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.

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

114.

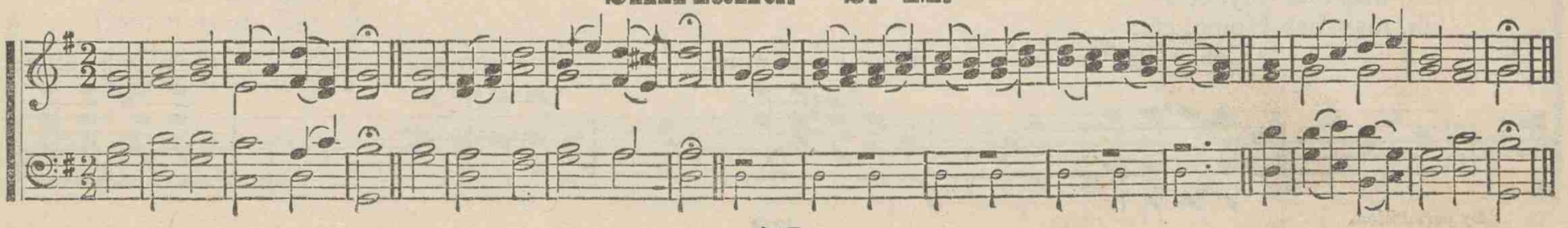
1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed; [tears;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well."

Shirland. S. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



115. The Treasures of Heaven.

T. C. O'K. *"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."*—Heb. 4 : 9. T. C. O'KANE.

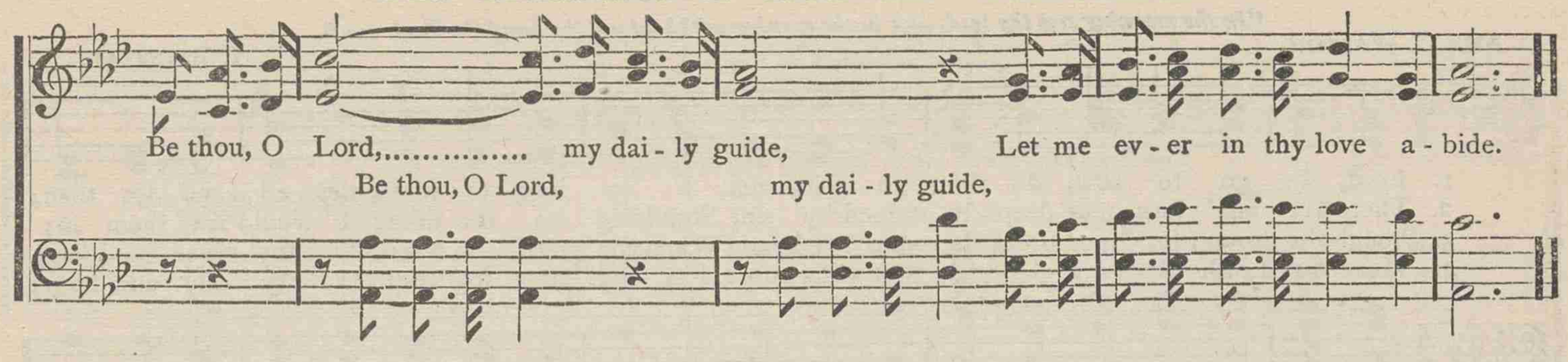
1. There's a Crown in heav'n for the striv - ing soul, Which the bless - ed Je - sus him - self will place
2. There's a Rest in heav'n for the wea - ry soul, 'Tis for all by care and by sin op-pressed;
3. There's a Joy in heav'n for the mourn-ing soul, Tho' the tears may fall all the earth - ly night;
4. There's a Home in heav'n for the faith - ful soul, In the ma - ny man-sions pre - par'd a - bove,

On the head of each who shall faith - ful prove, E - ven un - to death, in the heav'n - ly race.
To the Sons of God it re - main - eth sure, And the Proph-et says, 'tis a "glo - rious rest."
Yet the clouds of sad - ness will break a - way, And re - joic - ing come with the morn - ing light.
Where the glo - ri - fied shall for - ev - er sing Of a Sav - iour's free and un-bound - ed love.

Chorus.

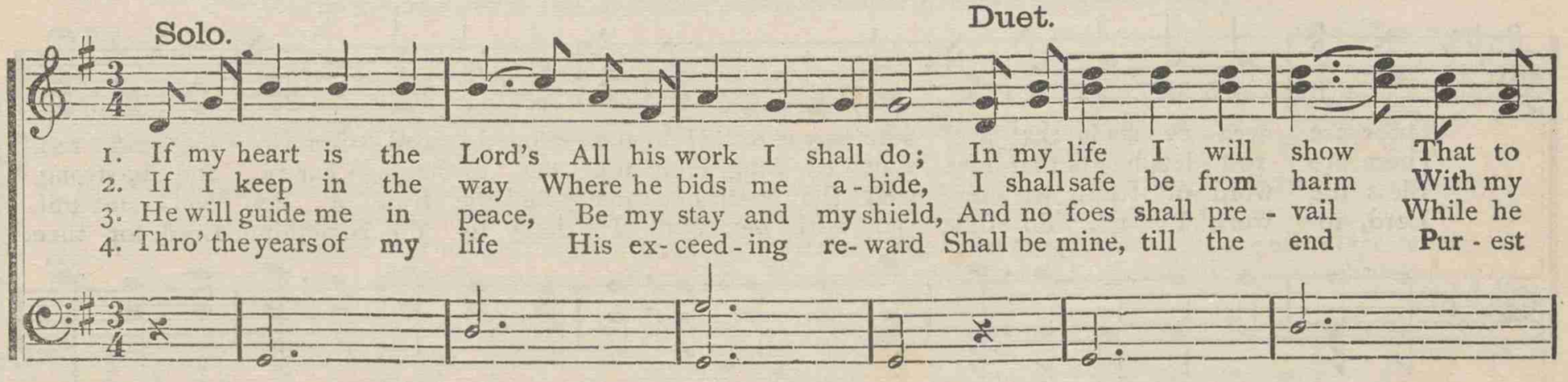
Oh, may that Crown in heav'n be mine, And I a - mong the an - gels shine;
Oh, may that Rest, etc.
Oh, may that Joy, etc.
Oh, may that Home, etc.
O may that Crown in heav'n be mine, And I among the angels shine;
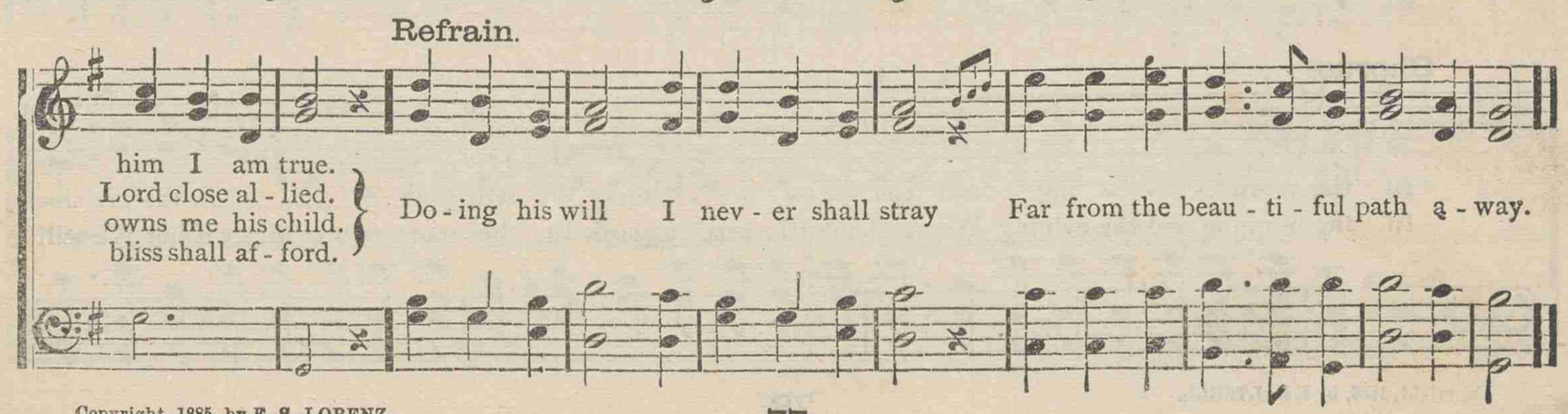
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116. Doing His Will.

C. R. BLACKALL. *"As the servants of Christ doing the will of God from the heart."*—Eph. 6 : 6. E. S. LORENZ.





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117. Lord, I Go to Sow.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."—Eccl. 11: 6.

AMY C. WALTON. I. BALTZELL.

1. Lord, I go to sow, do thou go with me, I so long to work, bless-ed Lord, for thee;
2. There are anx-ious ones deep-ly stained by sin, Stand-ing at the door; I would lead them in;
3. Plough the ground for me, break the ston-y heart; When the seed is sown, O thy grace im-part;
4. Hear me, Lord, I pray—let thy spir-it's pow'r Fill my long-ing soul ev-'ry day and hour;

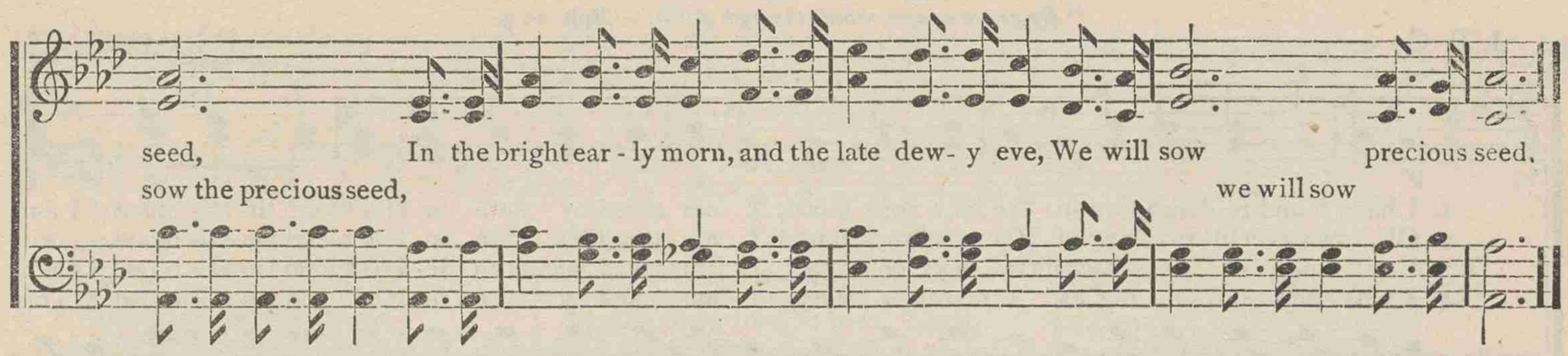
There are wea-ry souls that are sore op-prest, Help me drop this seed, "Come to me and rest."
There are rest-less hearts that have wait-ed long, Help me say to them—"Tar-ry, and be strong."
Bless the word of truth, wa-ter well the soil, Let me see the fruit of my con-stant toil.
Lord, to work I go, do thou go with me, For I long to do something, Lord, for thee.

Chorus.

In the morn - - - ing and the ev - - - 'ning We will sow..... the pre-cious
In the morning and the ev'ning We will sow the precious seed, In the morning and the ev'n-ing We will

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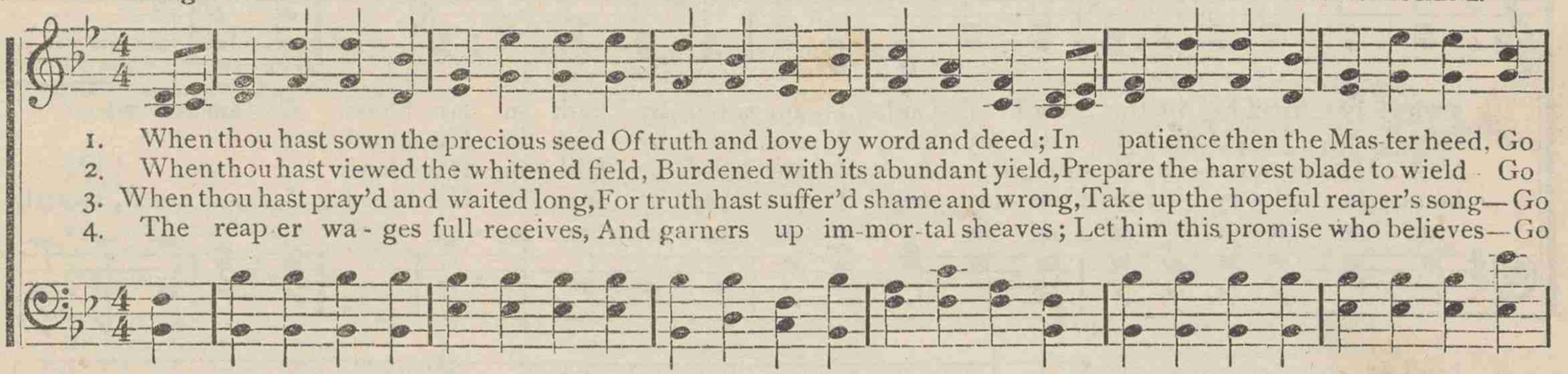
Lord, I Go to Sow.—Concluded.
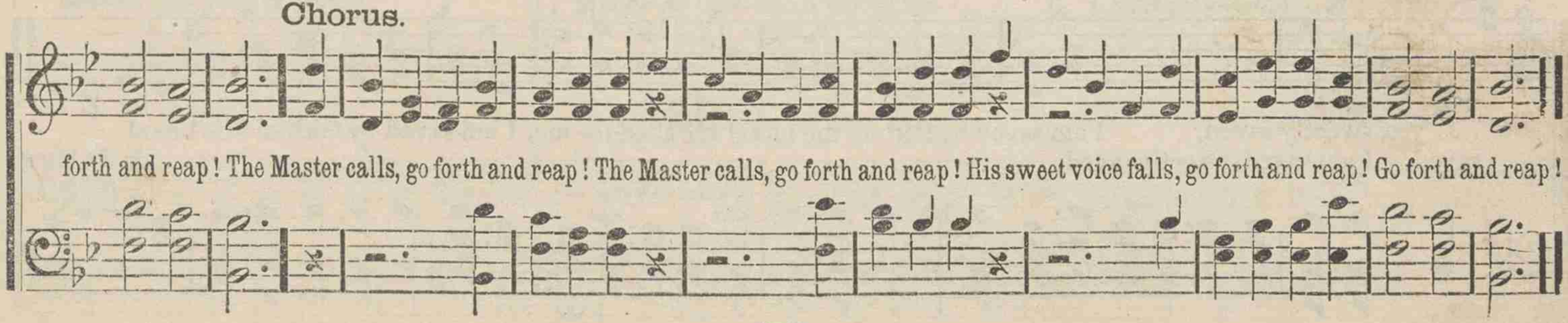


118. Go Forth and Reap.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—John 5: 35.

"Cheering Words." E. S. LORENZ.



Chorus.



119. Saved by Faith.

"By grace are ye saved, through faith,"—Eph. 2: 5.

J. B. C. I. BALTZELL.

1. I have found re-demp-tion in the Sav- ior's blood, I am saved by faith in His blood (in His blood;) I am
2. Oh, how sweet the sto - ry of His wondrous grace! I am saved by faith in His blood (in His blood;) I will
3. I will sing of Je- sus while the days go by, I am saved by faith in His blood (in His blood;) I will
4. I will keep on sing- ing as I march a - long, I am saved by faith in His blood (in His blood;) In my

Chorus.

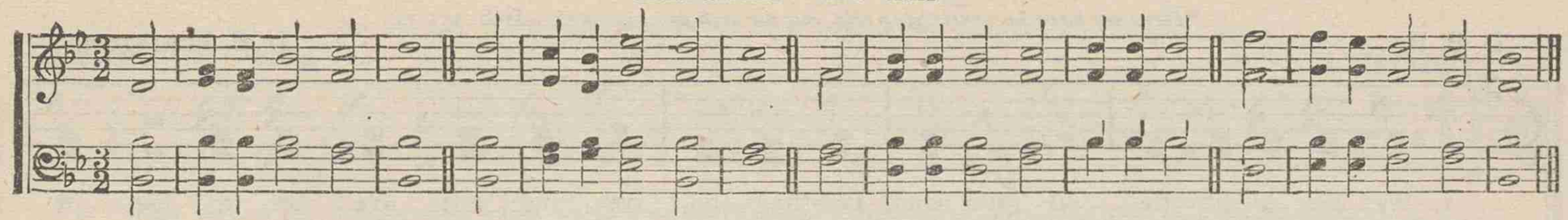
sweet - ly trust-ing in the word of God, I am saved by faith in His blood. I am saved . . .
trust in Je- sus while I run my race, I am saved by faith in His blood.
trust His promise—on His strength re - ly, I am saved by faith in His blood.
home in glo- ry this shall be my song, I am saved by faith in His blood. I am saved, sweetly

1 2

. . yes, sweetly saved, I am saved by faith in the blood He shed for me, I am saved by faith in His blood
saved, I am saved, sweetly saved, In His blood.

Lisbon. S. M.

DANIEL READ.



120.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

121.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart;
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O, give the pure and lowl heart,
A temple meet for thee.

122.

1 O, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe, [blood,
When martyred saints, baptized in
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

123.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

124.

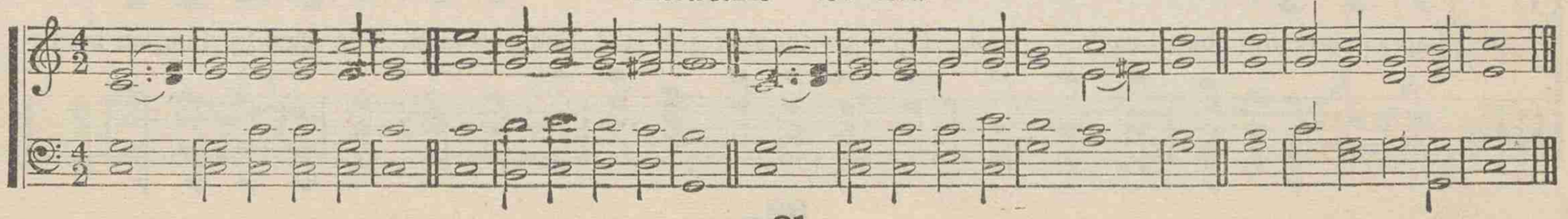
1 Once more, before we part,
O, bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

Laban. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



125.

Happy Beulah Land.

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

D. B. P. D. B. PURINTON.

1. We are a lit - tle pil - grim band, Trav'ling on, trav- 'ling on; We are a hap - py
2. We are a lit - tle sol - dier band, Marching on, march-ing on; We are a fear - less
3. We are a lit - tle work- ing band, Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; We are a bus - y
4. We are a lit - tle Chris-tian band, Hop - ing on, pray - ing on; We are an earn - est

Chorus.
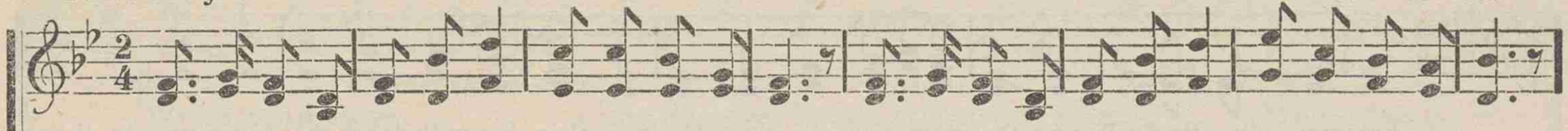
pil - grim band, Gay - ly trav - 'ling on.
sol - dier band, Brave - ly march - ing on.
work- ing band, Glad - ly toil - ing on.
Chris-tian band, Hop - ing, pray - ing on.

On to the shores of the Beu - lah land, The hap - py land, the heav'nly land, On to the shores of the Beu- lah land, The hap- py Beu-lah land.
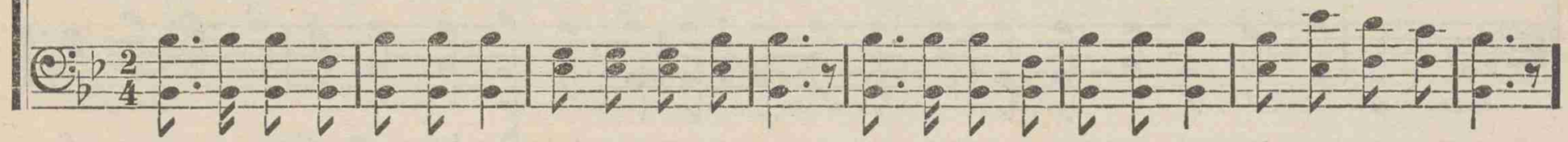
126. Meet Me at the King's Right Hand.

"Then shall the King say to them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed."—Matt. 25: 34.
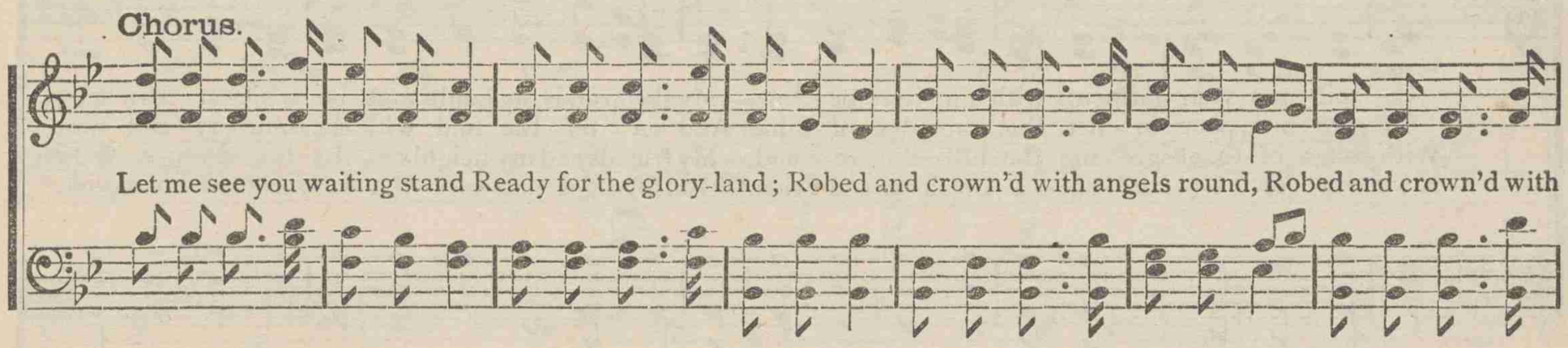
PRISCILLA J. OWENS. I. BALTZELL.
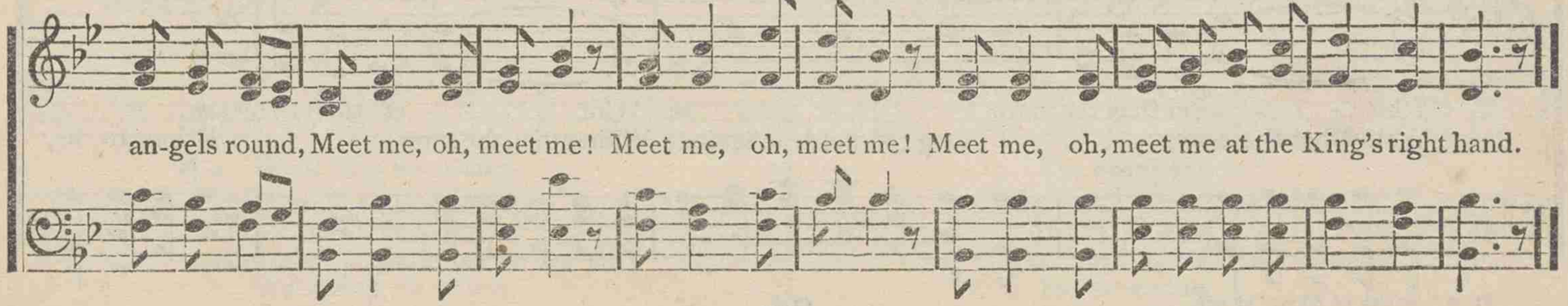


1. Meet me at the King's right hand, Scholars dear of mine; Gathered there, a joy-ful band, Saved by love di-vine.
2. In that dread and solemn day Tribes of earth shall meet; Cast-ing off their proud ar-ray At the judgment-seat.
3. Oh, remember in your youth, Time must pass a-way; Heed the Saviour's words of truth, Think of that great day.
4. Come to Christ, a will-ing band, Scholars dear of mine; Then, up- on the King's right hand, I shall see you shine.



Chorus.



Let me see you waiting stand Ready for the glory-land; Robed and crown'd with angels round, Robed and crown'd with



an-gels round, Meet me, oh, meet me! Meet me, oh, meet me! Meet me, oh, meet me at the King's right hand.

127. Whiter than the Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Psa. 51: 7.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. J. A. DAILEY.

1. Fear not, lit - tle flock, says the Sav - iour di - vine, The Fa - ther has willed that the kingdom be thine;
2. Far whit - er than snow, and as fair as the day,—For Christ is the fount - ain to wash guilt a - way;
3. Yon sheep that was lost in the val - ley of sin, Was found by the Shepherd, who gathered him in;
4. Ride o - ver temp-ta - tion and cease your a - larms, Your Shepherd is Je - sus—your ref - uge his arms;

O, soil not your garments with sin here be - low,—My sheep and my lambs must be whit - er than snow.
O, give him, poor sin - ner, that bur - den of thine, And en - ter the fold with the nine - ty - and - nine.
With songs of thanksgiv - ing the hills did re-sound,—My friends and my neighbors, the lost sheep is found.
He'll nev - er for - sake you—a Broth - er and Friend—But love you and save you in worlds with-out end.

Chorus.

Whit - - - - er than the snow, Whit - - - - er than the snow,
Whiter than the snow, I long to be, dear Saviour, Whiter than the snow, I long to be,

From "Echoes of Eden," by per.

Whiter than the Snow.—Concluded.

Repeat Chorus pp.

Whit - - - er than the snow, Whit - - - - er than the snow.
Whiter than the snow, I long to be, dear Saviour, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow.
Whit - - - - - er than snow.

128. We'll Praise the Lord.

German. *"It is good to sing praises unto our God."*—Psa. 147: 1. From the German.

1. We'll praise the Lord, And join our hap - py voic - es, In sweet ac-
We'll praise the Lord, In
- cord, While ev - 'ry heart re - joic - es; We'll praise the Lord, We'll praise the Lord.
sweet ac - cord, We'll praise the Lord, We'll praise the Lord.

2 We'll sing his praise,
Who gave to us a Saviour,
Our anthem raise,
For such a wondrous favor;
We'll sing his praise,
We'll sing his **praise.**

3 For evermore
We'll tell the blessed story,
And still adore
The Lord of Life and Glory;
For evermore,
For evermore.

129. Steer for the Star.

"I am the light of the world."—John 8: 12.

EBEN E. REXFORD. E. S. LORENZ.

1. See the light, sail - ors, the port is not far; Stand by the helm now and steer for the star;
2. Fierce grows the tem- pest, the storm shakes the world; Swift thro' the black clouds the lightnings are hurled.
3. Near - ing the shore, sail - ors, dan - ger is past! Safe in the har - bor we'll an - chor at last.

FINE.

Watch-ing the bea - con a - blaze on the shore, Breast ev - 'ry bil- low and bend ev - 'ry oar.
Trem - ble not sail - ors, the bea-con's in sight, Hold the helm stead-y and all will be right.
God be praised, comrades, the cit - y's in sight! The star that we steer'd by has led us a - right.

D.S.—Lo! thro' the dark-ness the light shines a - far, Hold the helm stead-y and steer for the star.

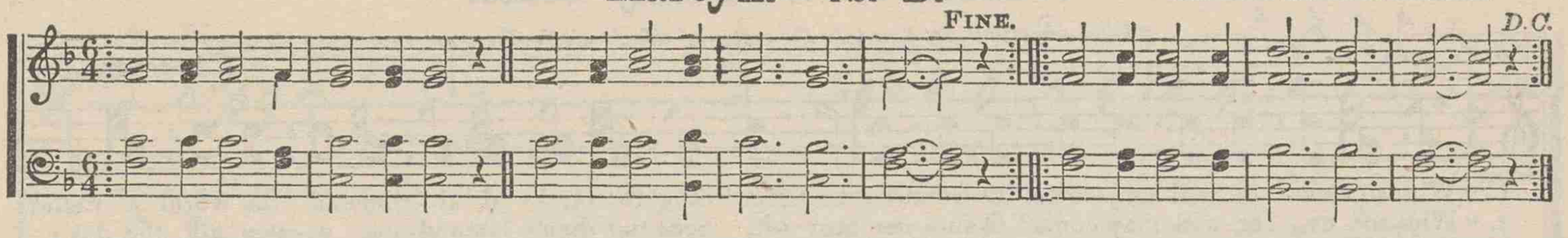
Chorus. D.S.

Christ keeps the bea - con a - blaze on the shore, Guide to the storm-tossed of earth ev - er - more.

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Martyn. 7s. D.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.



130.

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

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

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

131.

1 Earth has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.
When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

2 When I see in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the thrilling thought in me,—
What must their Creator be?
Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come, reveal thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid thy radiant light,
See thine unveiled glories bright.

132.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

133.

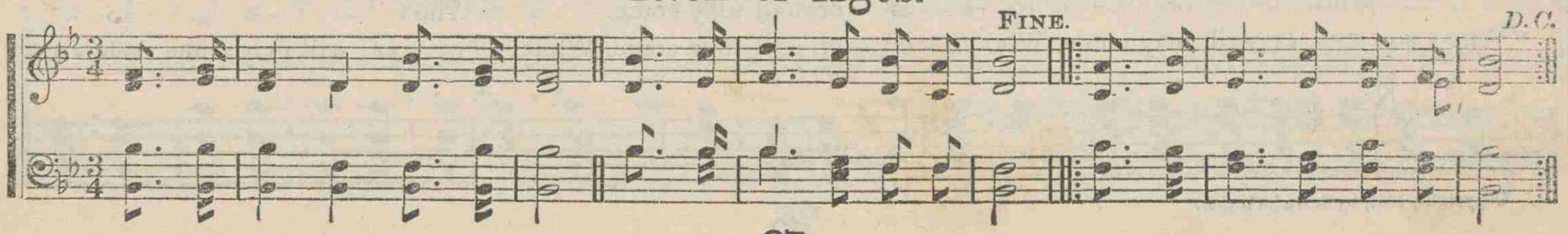
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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

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

Rock of Ages.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



134. "Whosoever Will may Come."

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

"CARLIN." I. BALTZELL.

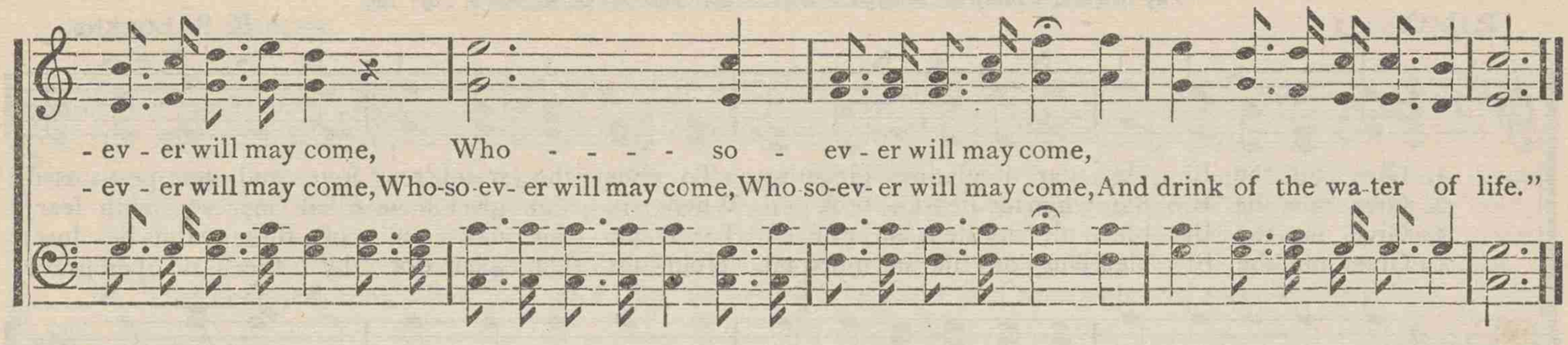
1. "Who-so - ev - er will may come," O wondrous mes-sage! Sing the bless - ed ti - dings all the world a - round:
2. "Who-so - ev - er will may come," O sin - ner, hear it, See! the door is stand - ing o - pen all the day:
3. "Who-so - ev - er will may come," O pre-cious prom-ise! "Who-so - ev - er will," may have sal - va - tion free:

"Who - so - ev - er will," is sent to ev - 'ry na - tion Where the per - ish - ing are found.
"Who - so - ev - er will," be hap - py at the fount - ain—Come a - long with - out de - lay.
"Who - so - ev - er will," O bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion, Thirst-y soul, it is for thee.

Chorus.

Who - - - so - - ev - er will may come, Who - - - so - -
"Who - so - ev - er will may come, Who-so - ev - er will may come, Who-so - ev - er will may come, Who-so -
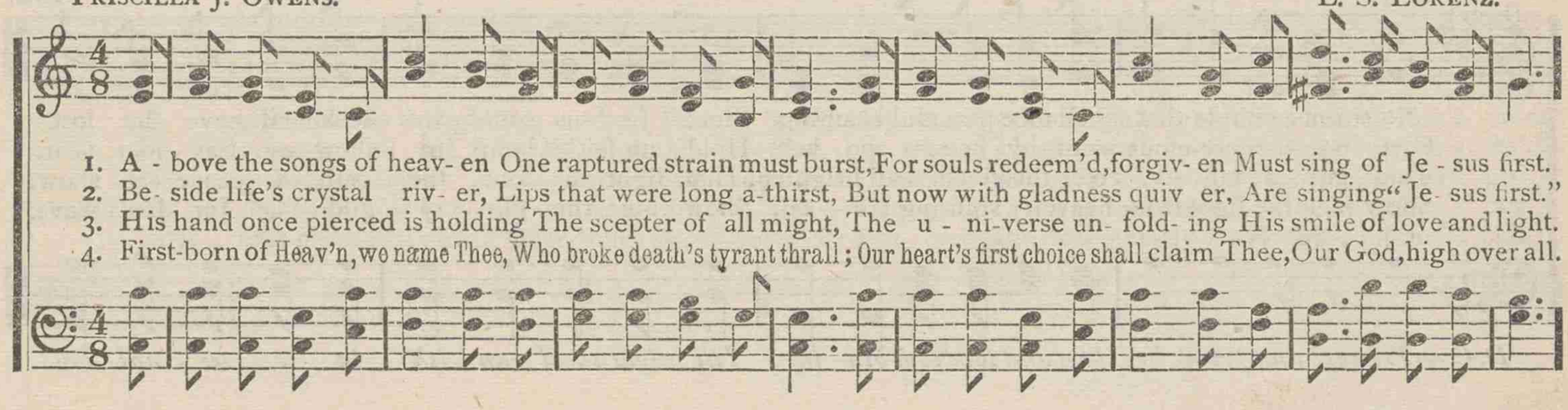
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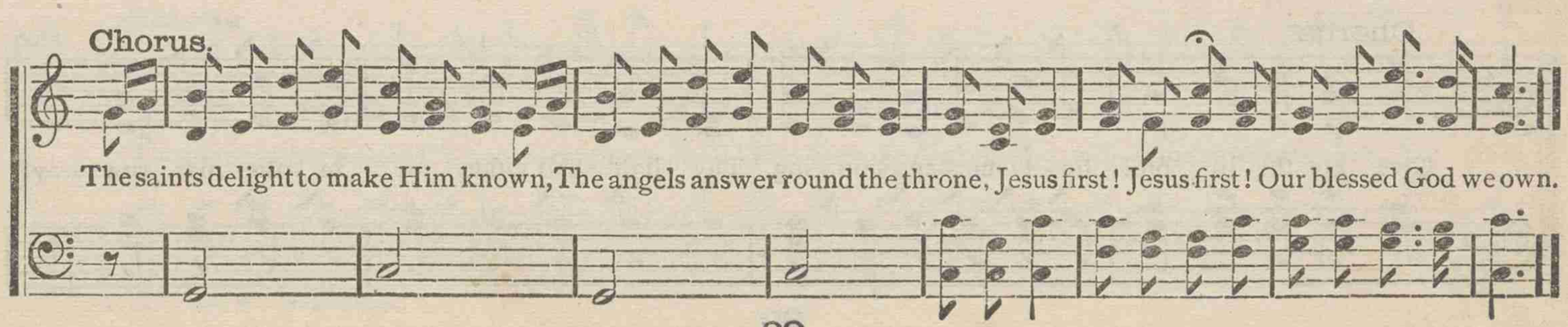


135. Jesus First.

"Who is over all, God blessed forever."—Rom. 9: 5.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.





136. Give Me the Bible.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119: 105.

P. J. O. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Give me the Bi - ble, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wand-'rer lone and tem-pest-tossed;
2. Give me the Bi - ble, when my heart is brok - en, When sin and grief have filled my soul with fear;
3. Give me the Bi - ble, all my steps en-light- en, Teach me the dan - ger of these realms be - low;
4. Give me the Bi - ble, lamp of life im-mor - tal, Hold up that splen-dor by the o - pen grave;

No storm can hide that radiance peaceful beaming, Since Je - sus came to seek and save the lost.
Give me the pre-cious words by Je - sus spo - ken, Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav - iour near.
That lamp of safe - ty, o'er the gloom shall brighten, That light a - lone, the path of peace can show.
Show me the light from heaven's shin-ing por - tal, Show me the glo - ry gild - ing Jor- dan's wave.

D. C.—Pre-cept and prom- ise, law and love com-bin - ing, Till night shall van - ish in e - ter - nal day.

Chorus.

Give me the Bi - ble! ho - ly message shin - ing, Thy light shall guide me in the nar - row way;

137. 'Tis Some Mother's Child.

Respectfully dedicated to the Christian workers everywhere.

FRANCIS L. KEELER. I. BALTZELL.

Solo.

1. At home or a- broad, in the al - ley or street, Wher - ev - er I chance in the wide world to meet,
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have roll'd, Whose hearts have grown harden'd, whose spirits are cold;
3. No mat - ter how far from the right she hath stray'd, No mat - ter what in- roads dis - hon - or hath made;
4. No mat - ter how way-ward his foot-steps have been; No mat - ter how deep he is sunk - en in sin;
5. That head hath been pillow'd on ten - der- est breast; That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been press'd;

A girl that is thoughtless, a boy that is wild, My heart ech-oes soft- ly— 'tis some mother's child.
Be it wom- an all fall - en, or man all de- filed, A voice whispers sad- ly— 'tis some mother's child.
No mat - ter what el - e-ments canker'd the pearl — Tho' tarn-ish'd and sul-lied, she's some mother's girl.
No mat - ter how low is his stand-ard of joy,— Tho' guilt - y and loathsome, he's some mother's boy.
That soul hath been pray'd for in tones sweet and mild; For her sake deal gen-tly with some mother's child.

Chorus.

'Tis some mother's child! 'Tis some mother's child! For her sake deal gently with some mother's child. For child.

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138. It is Well with the Righteous.

"Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him."—Isa. 3: 10.

MARY B. PETERS. I. BALTZELL.

FINE.

1. Thro' the love of God our Saviour, All will be well; Free and changeless is His fa- vor, All, all is well.
2. Though we pass thro' tribu - la- tion, All will be well; Ours is free and full sal - va-tion, All, all is well.
3. We ex-pect a bright to mor-row, All will be well; Faith can sing thro' days of sor-row, All, all is well.

D.S.—Wheth-er liv- ing whether dy - ing, All must be well.

Pre cious is the blood that heals us Per - fect is the grace that seals us, Strong the might- y arm that shields us,
Hap- py still in God con-fid- ing, Fruit-ful, if in Christ a - bid- ing, Ho - ly, through the Spir - it's guid - ing,
On our Father's love re- ly - ing, Je - sus ev-'ry need sup-ply-ing, Wheth-er liv - ing, wheth-er dy - ing,

Chorus.
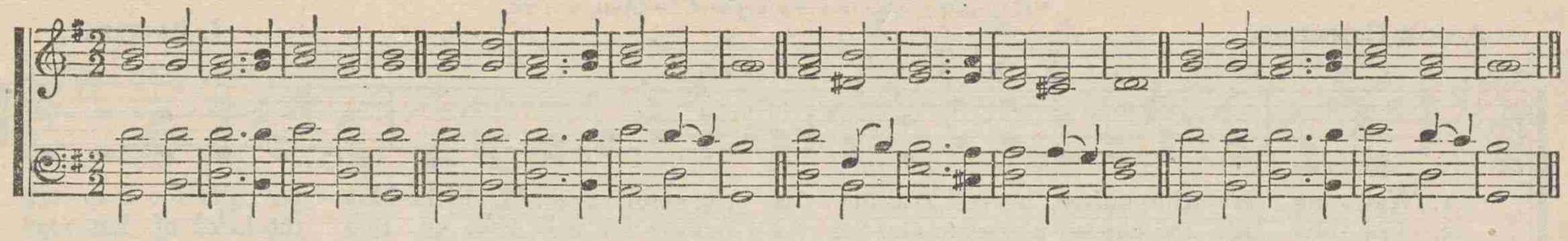
D.S.

All, all is well.
All must be well.
All must be well.

It is well with the right - eous, It is well with the right - eous;
It is well, It is well, It is well, It is well;

Pleyel. 7s.

Adapted from IGNACE PLEYEL.



139.

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

140.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

141.

1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death

142.

1 Saviour, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson can not be,
Loving him who first loved me.
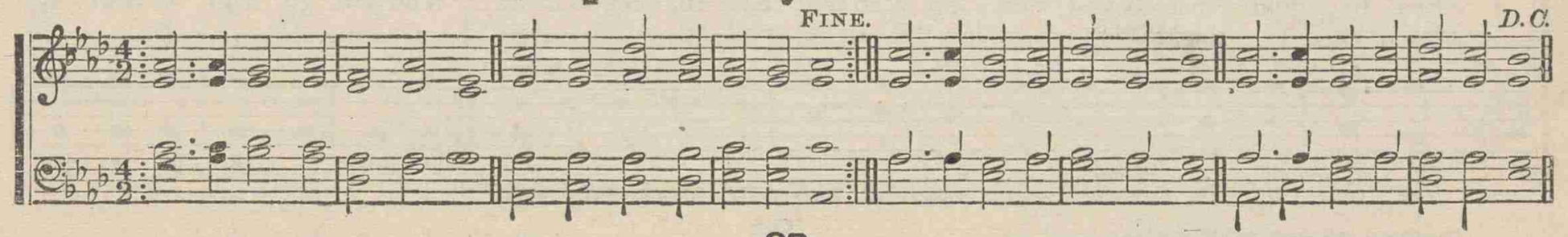
2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

Spanish Hymn. 7s.

Spanish Hymn.



143. Who will Go, Who is Ready?

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

ANNIE CUMMINGS. I. BALTZELL.

1. Wait - ing is the gold-en harvest, Waiting is the golden grain, While the Mas - ter calls for reap - ers
2. Tru - ly is the harvest plenteous, But the la - bor-ers are few; Pray ye that the Lord of har- vest
3. Will the Mas - ter hold us guilt-less If the work be left undone? If, for lack of la - bor, per - ish

From the hill - side and the plain; Who is will - ing, who is rea- dy, Who will go and work to-day?
Send forth work - men tried and true. Who is rea - dy for the vineyard, Who will go with- out de- lay?
Pre- cious souls we might have won? Has - ten, then, ye will-ing workers; Swiftly speed the hours a - way;

D.S.—Who is will - ing, who is read- y, Who will go and work to- day?

FINE. Chorus.

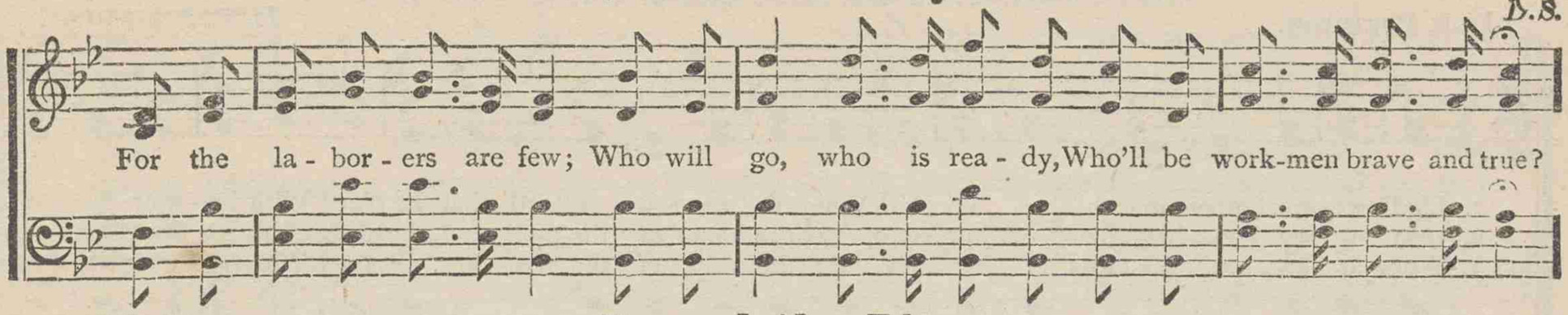
See the gold - en har - vest wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves away?
See the gold - en har - vest wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves away?
Heark - en to the Master's warn-ing, "Work ye while 'tis call'd to-day."
} Who will go, who is read - y,

See the gold - en har - vest wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?

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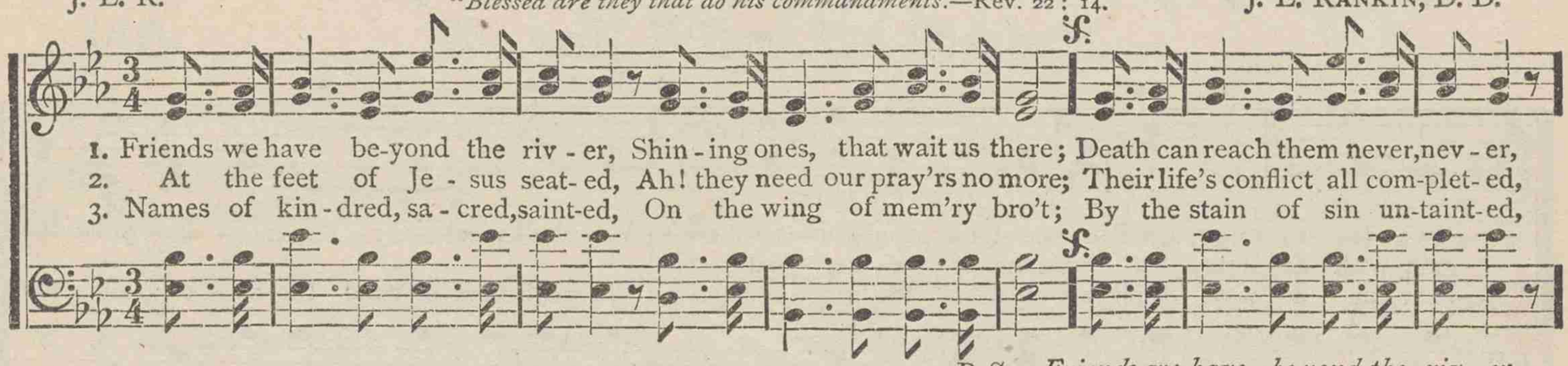
Who will Go, Who is Ready?—Concluded.

D.S.
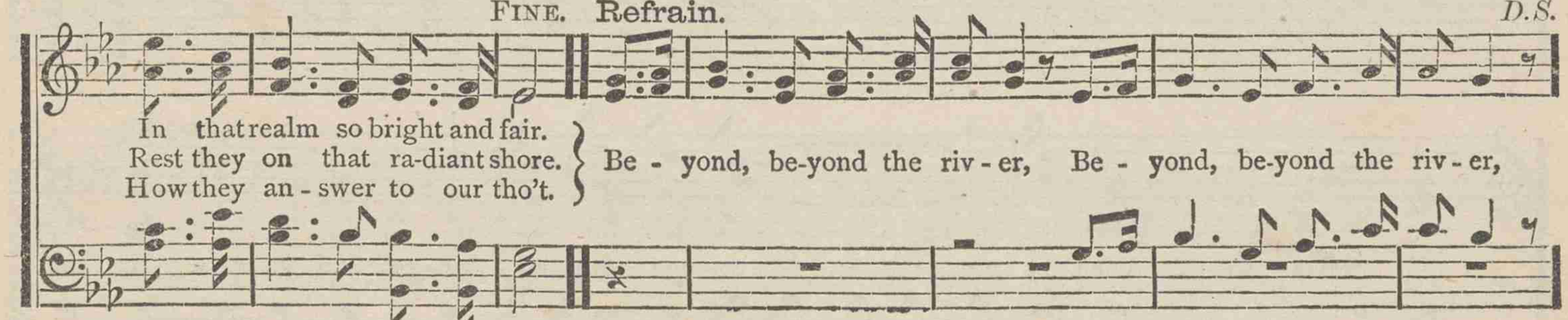


144. Beyond the River.

J. E. R. *"Blessed are they that do his commandments.*—Rev. 22 : 14. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.



FINE. **Refrain.** D.S.



4 Could they tell, oh, what the story,
Of their growth from grace to grace;
Of their change to greater glory,
As they see the Lord's own face!

5 They have only gone before us,
Lost to sight and sense they are;
But from realms of glory o'er us,
We can catch their light afar.

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145. We shall Meet Beyond the River.

"The Lord, my God, shall come, and all thy saints with thee."—Zech. 14: 5.

D. B. PURINTON.

D. B. PURINTON.

1. Shall we meet one an-oth-er a-gain, Where the sor-rows of earth shall be o'er? With im-mor-tals for-
2. Ma-ny loved ones have gone from our sight, To the home of the pure and the blest, Shall we meet them a-
3. When at last, at the close of the day, At the brink of the riv-er we stand, When the boatman shall

Chorus.

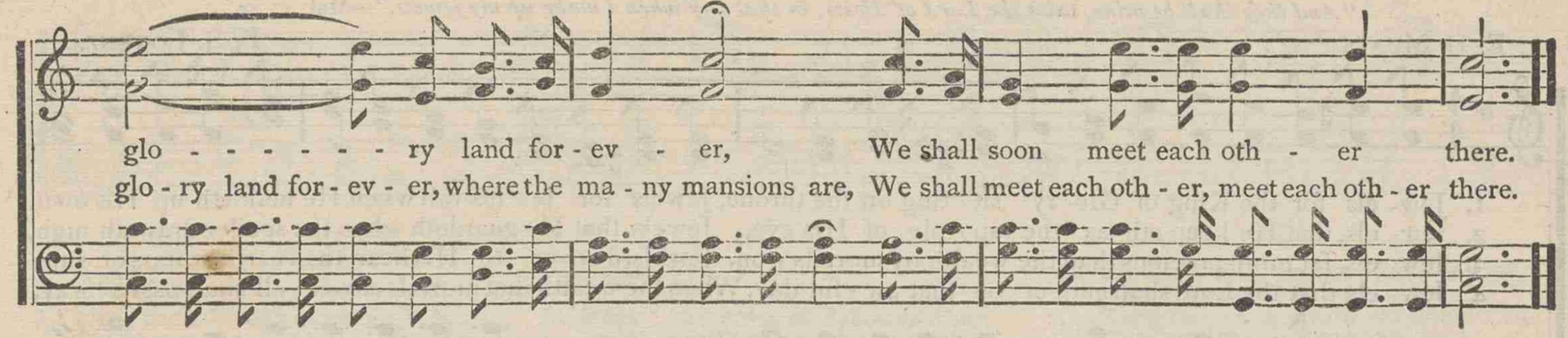
-ev-er to reign, Shall we meet on the glo-ry shore?
-gain with de-light, In the land of e-ter-nal rest?
bear us a-way, Shall we meet in the glo-ry land?

We shall meet..... be-yond the riv-er, in the glo-ry land so fair, When this mor-tal life is o-ver with its sor-row and its care, In the

riv-er When this mor-tal life is o-ver, In the

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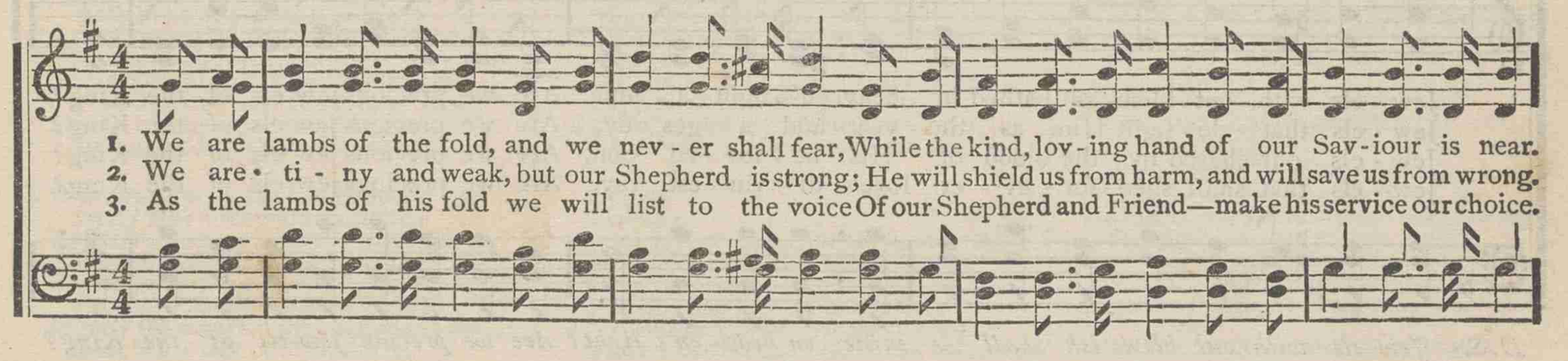
We shall Meet Beyond the River.—Concluded.
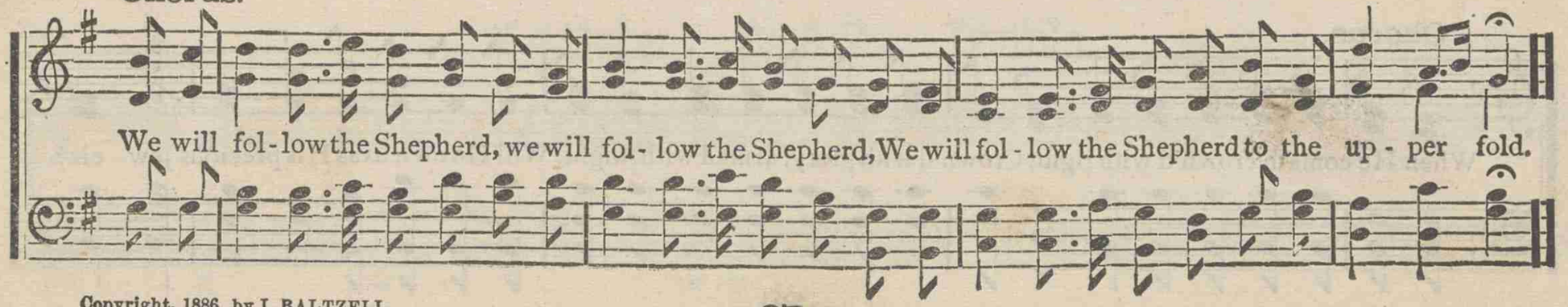


146. We will Follow the Shepherd.

"He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice.—John 10: 4.

A — — S. I. BALTZELL.



Chorus.

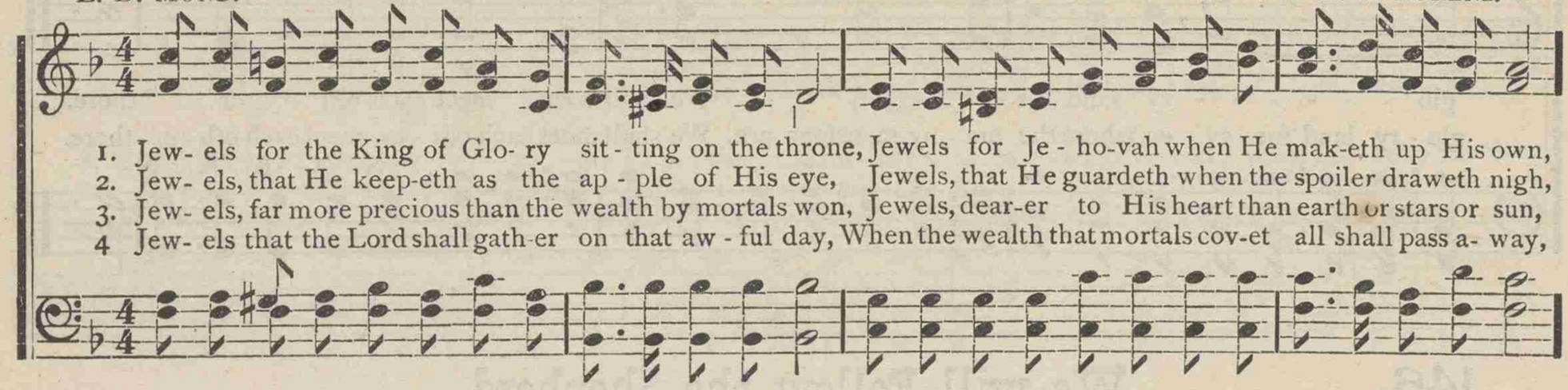


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147. Are We Jewels of the King?

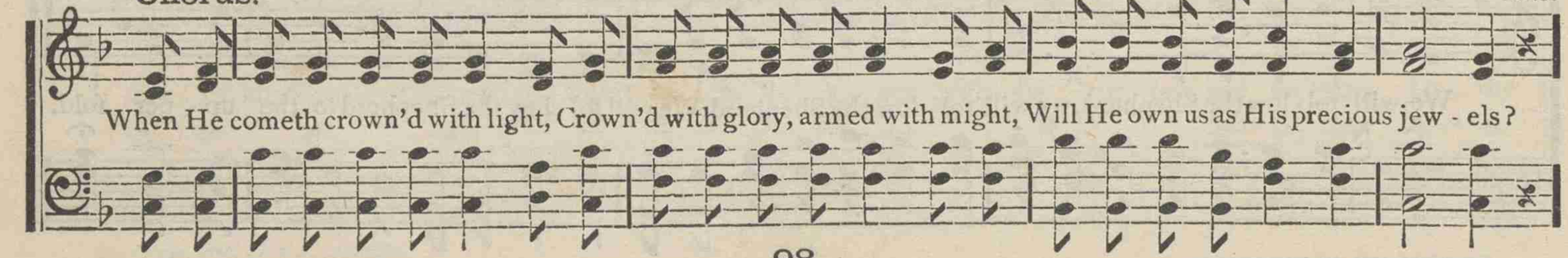
"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—Mal. 3: 17.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.



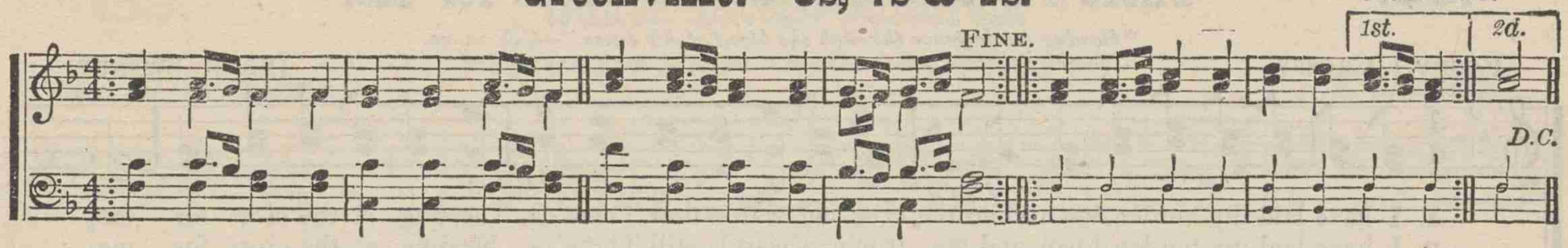
D.S.—Jew- els with- out blem- ish shall we shine in heav- en's light? Are we precious jew-els of the King?

Chorus.



Greenville. 8s, 7s & 4s.

ROUSSEAU.



148.

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

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

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

149.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

2 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task he gives you gladly;
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly, when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

150.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd, lead us,
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
‖: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are :‖

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
‖: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray :‖
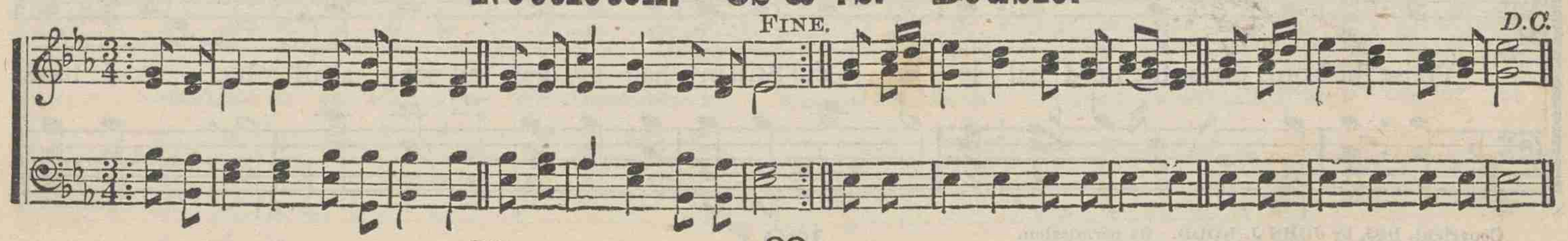
151.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

Nettleton. 8s & 7s. Double.

ASAHEL NETTLETON.



152. There's a Blessing at the Cross for Me.

"Having made peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. 1: 20.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have laid my burden down where the crim-son waters flow, There's a blessing at the cross for me;
2. I have laid my burden down and my troubled heart is still, There's a blessing at the cross for me;
3. I have laid my burden down: oh, the peace that fills my soul! There's a blessing at the cross for me;
4. I have laid my burden down and my Saviour gives me rest, There's a blessing at the cross for me;

FINE.

I have found a spring of joy that the world can nev-er know, There's a bless- ing at the cross for me.
I am learning there by faith my Re-deemer's gracious will, There's a bless- ing at the cross for me.
I was dead but now I live since my Saviour made me whole, There's a bless- ing at the cross for me.
I can pil-low now my head on his gen- tle, loving breast, There's a bless- ing at the cross for me.

D.S.—found a spring of joy that the world can nev-er know, There's a bless- ing at the cross for me.

Chorus. D.S.

Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! hal - le - lu - jah! Still my hap - py, hap - py song shall be; I have

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153. Suffer Little Children.

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

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. I. BALTZELL.

1. When the chil-dren all come seek- ing A - far to the heav'nly fold, And knock, and wait - ing
2. Is there room in heav'n for chil- dren, To dwell with the pure and blest? May they with bright ones
3. They shall be mine, says Je - - sus, And shine as the stars of old; And there I'll bid them

Refrain.

list - en, At the beau-ti-ful gates of gold.
en - ter At the beau-ti-ful gates of rest. } Then the Lord will reply to the guard within, Suf-fer lit - tle
wel-come At the beau-ti-ful gates of gold.

children to en- ter in; Welcome them in, welcome them in; Suf-fer lit- tle children to en- ter in.

154. Holy Voices.

"They sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."—Rev. 15: 3.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.
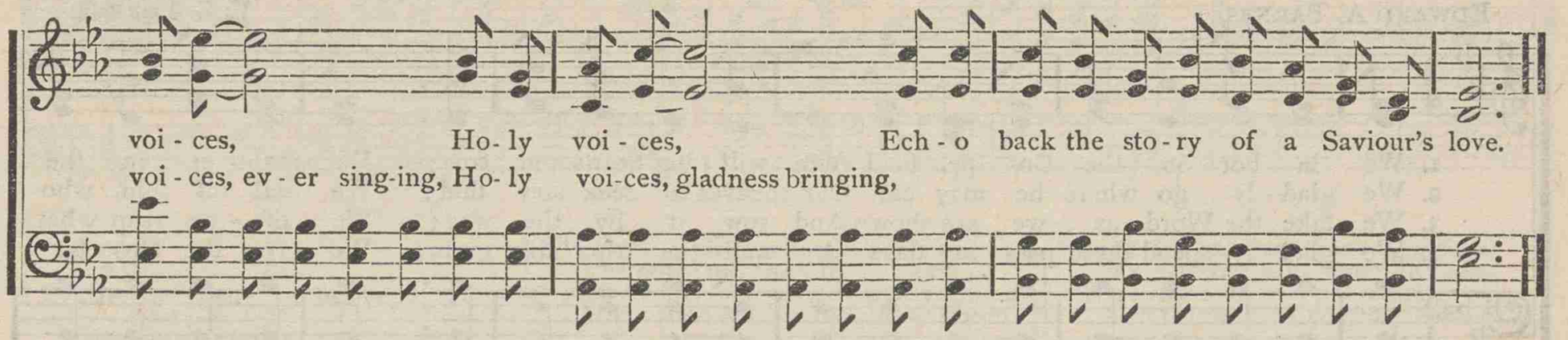
1. From the harps that swell by life's crys tal riv - er, Floats an ech- o down to earth bringing cheer; HO-LY VOI-CES
2. Round us swell the sounds of strife, fear, and sigh- ing, But we sing of hope and love, joy and rest; To the an- gels'
3. From the hills of God re-sound ho - ly voi - ces, Dearest voi-ces that have crossed on be- fore, And the song each
4. Ho - ly voi- ces nev - er cease your glad sing- ing, Happy youth and cheerful age join the lays, Till the world re-

Chorus.

chant in rap - ture for - ev - er, And we answer back the hymn sweet and clear. Ho-ly voi- ces,
song still grate-ful re - ply- ing, While we tell the world of faith ev - er blest.
wait- ing heart still re - joi - ces, For they say "Be brave and true ev - er-more."
deem'd with glad notes is ringing, And the Saviour's name shall wake endless praise. Ho-ly voi- ces, ev- er sing ing,
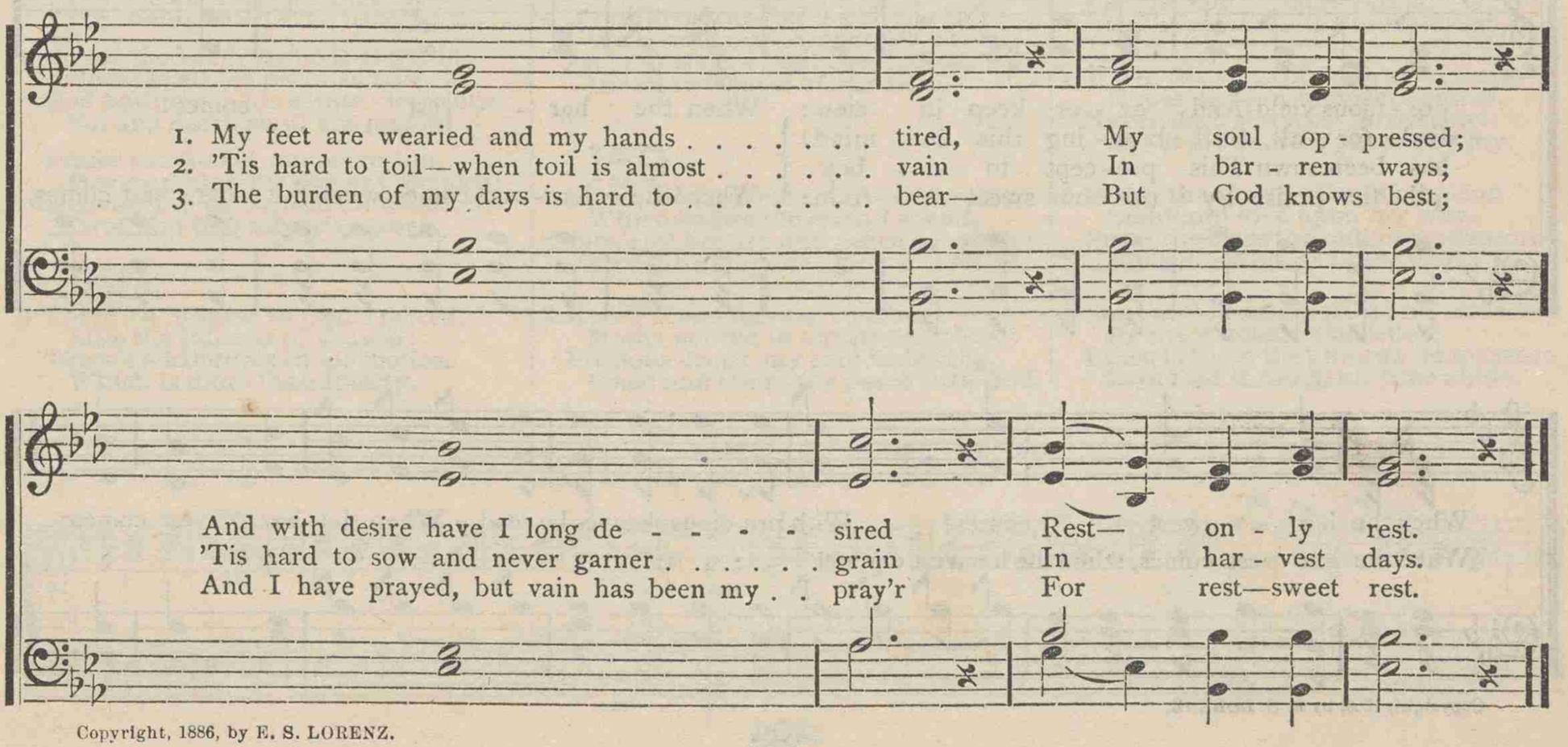
Ho - ly voi - ces, Chant the sto - ry of sal - va-tion from a - bove; Ho- ly
Ho - ly voi-ces, gladness bringing, Chant the sto - ry of sal - va- tion, of sal - va - tion from a- bove; Ho- ly

Holy Voices.—Concluded.



155. Rest.

Father RYAN. G. P. HOTT.



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156. When the Harvest Comes.

"Yet a little while, and the time of her harvest shall come."—Jer. 51: 33.

EDWARD A. BARNES. E. S. LORENZ.

1. We la - bor in the Gos - pel field With will - ing hearts and true; We gath - er in the
2. We glad - ly go where he may call Our sheaves to seek and find; We tell of him who
3. We take the Word as we are shown And sow it by the way; We oft - en reap what
4. We glad - ly spend these pass - ing days A - mid the rip - 'ning grain; We give the Mas - ter

Chorus.

pre - cious yield And ev - er keep in view: When the har - - vest comes!
died for all, Still bear - ing this in mind:
has been sown This pre - cept to o - bey:
all the praise By this our sweet re - frain:

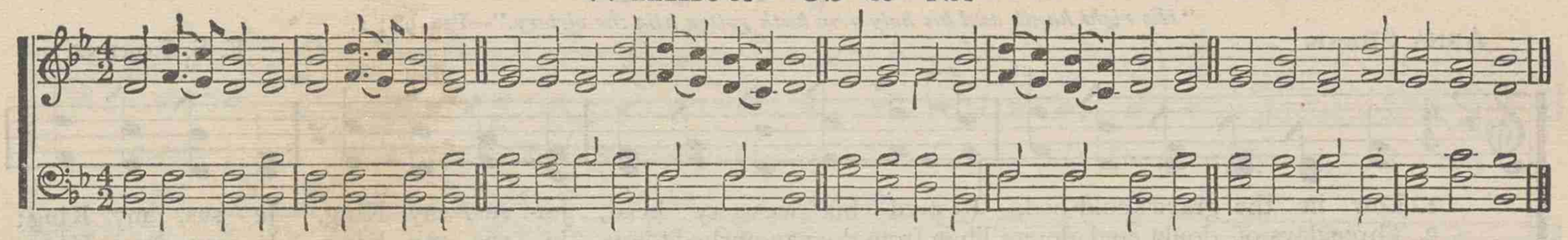
When the har - vest comes, when the har - vest comes,

When the har - - vest comes! With pre-cious sheaves be read-y When the har - vest comes.
When the har - vest comes, when the har-vest comes!

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Wilmot. 8s & 7s.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



157.

1 Praise the Lord; ye heavens! adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height!
Sun and moon! rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation!
Laud and magnify his name.

158.

1 There's a fullness in God's mercy,
Like the fullness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

159.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll rest forever viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on thee,
Till I taste thy full salvation,
And thine unveil'd glory see.

160.

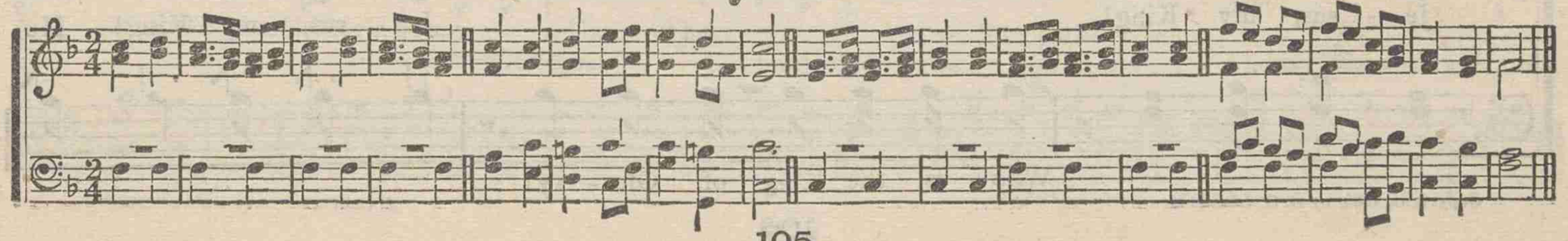
1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

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

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

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

Sicilian Hymn. 8s & 7s.



161. Jesus, my King.

"His right hand, and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory."—Psa. 98 : 1.

ANNA SHAKE. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Low in the grave's cold bed, Rest-ed his wea - ry head, Je - sus, my King, Je - sus, my King;
2. Three days of doubt and gloom Then from the vanquished tomb, Je - sus, my King, Je - sus, my King;
3. O grave, thy vic-t'ry's gone! God's own im - mor - tal son, Je - sus, my King, Je - sus, my King;
4. Shout, all ye sons of men, Shout ye his praise a - gain! Je - sus, my King, Je - sus, my King;

Chorus.

Oh, with what anxious fears Love laid him there with tears, Je - sus, my King.
Forth to the light of day Came death's victorious prey, Je - sus, my King.
Left all thy ter-ror's dim; Thou lead-est but to him, Je - sus, my King.
Shout, all ye saints a - bove; Crown him, Incarnate Love, Je - sus, my King.

Who is the King of Glo-ry?

Je - sus, my King! Je - sus, my King! He

Who is the King of Glo - ry?

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Jesus, my King.—Concluded.

comes vic - to - rious from the strife, Death now is but the door to life, The grave is glo - ri - fied.

162. Gathered Home.

"*Here we have no continuing city.*"—Heb. 13: 14.

W. M. W. Rev. W. M. WEAKLEY.

1. On - ly a few more fleeting years, Then we'll be gather'd home; On-ly a few more griefs and fears, Then we'll be
2. On - ly a few more pleading pray'rs, Then we'll be gather'd home; Only a few more part-ing tears, Then we'll be
3. On - ly a few more tri- als sore, Then we'll be gather'd home; Soon will we leave this mortal shore, Then we'll be

Chorus.

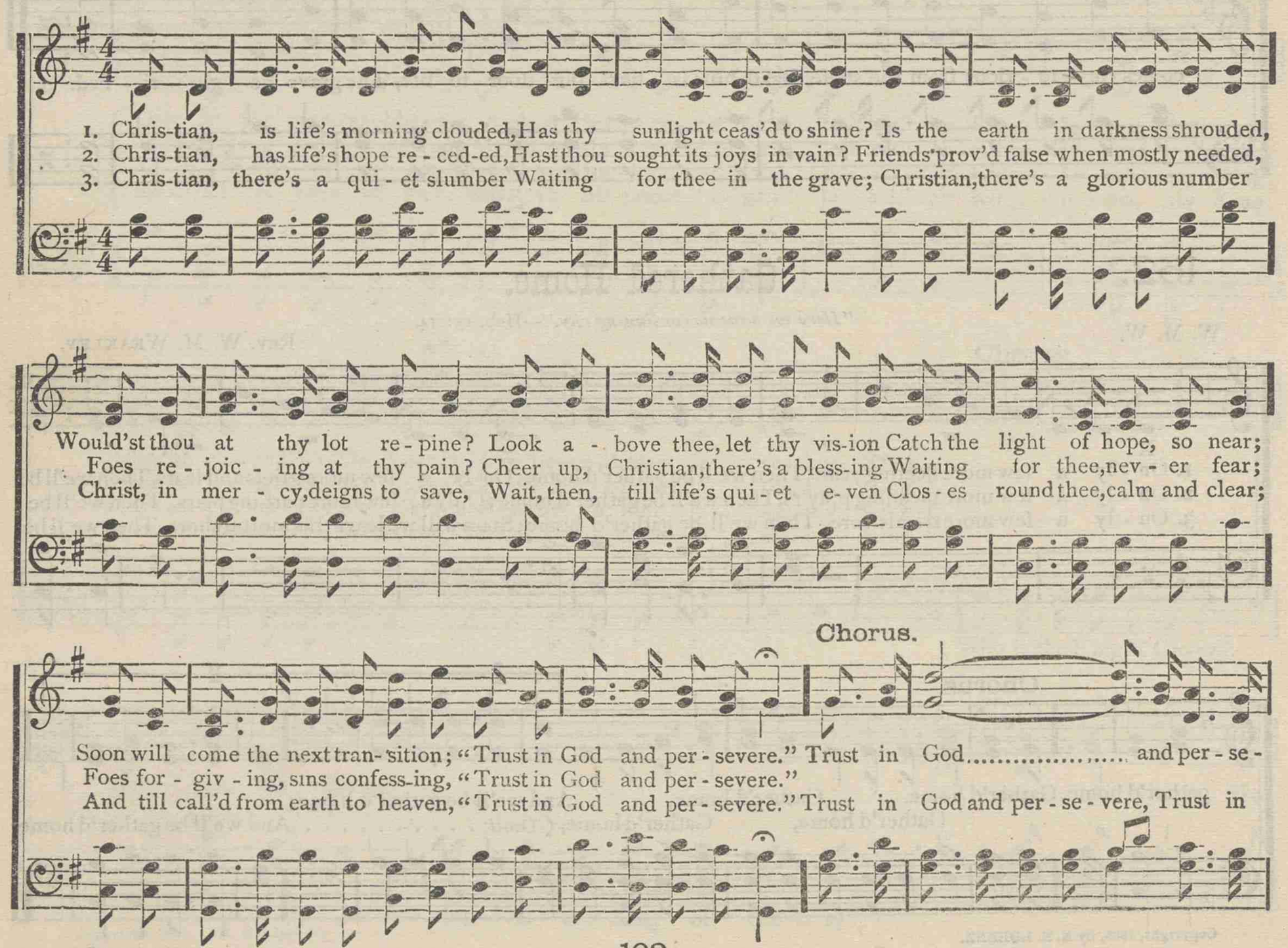
gather'd home. Gather'd home, Gather'd home, And we'll be gather'd home;
Gather'd home, Gather'd home, (*Omit . . . . . .*) And we'll be gather'd home.

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163. Trust in God and Persevere.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."—Job 13: 15.

Anon. I. BALTZELL.



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Trust in God and Persevere.—Concluded.

- vere," "Trust in God..... and per- se- vere," Would you gain the bright for-ev - er,
God and persevere," "Trust in God and persevere," "Trust in God and persevere,"

Far be - yond the roll- ing riv-er? You must now, henceforth, and ev-er "Trust in God and per - se - vere."

164. God is Always Near Me.

"Thou art near, O Lord."—Psa. 119 : 151.

T. P. THEO. PRESSER.

1. God is always near me, Hearing what I say, Knowing all my tho'ts and deeds, All my work and play.
2. God is always near me In the darkest night, He can see me just the same, As by mid-day light.
3. God is always near me; Tho' so young and small, Not a look or word or tho't, But God knows it all.

165. The Wells of Salvation.

"Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."—Is. 12: 3.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

Not too slow.

1. Oh, the wells of sal - va - tion that in Je - sus I find! Oh, the riv- ers of love flow- ing free!
2. Oh, the wells of sal - va - tion, they are flow- ing for all, Who would drink from that stream and be whole;
3. Have you tast- ed His good-ness, all His rich - es to know? Is the seal of His love on your brow?

FINE.

There's a foun- tain in Je - sus that is o - pen for all, There is life in that foun- tain for me.
There is life in its wa - ters, nev- er - fail- ing and sure, There is cleans-ing and peace for your soul.
All the bliss that the prophets have for a - ges fore- told, Is for you who be- lieve on Him now.
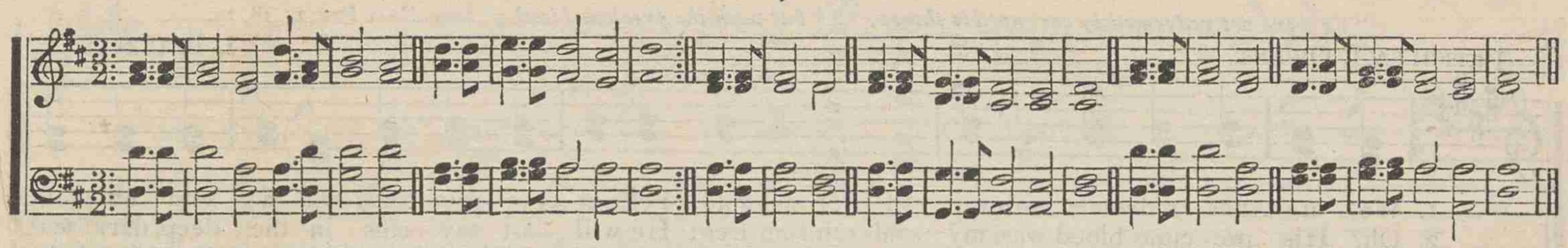
D.S. There's a fountain in Je - sus that is o - pen for all, There is life in that fountain for me.

Chorus. D.S.

Oh, the wells! . . of sal - va- tion Oh, the wells of sal - vation! They are flowing for you and for me! . . . . they are flow-ing for me!

Zion. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.



166.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight;
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

167.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

168.

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

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

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness foundly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry 'till your better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

169.

1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

170.

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

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

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

171. Oh, His Blood was Shed for Me.

*"Ye were not redeemed by corruptible things, * * * but with the precious blood of Jesus."*—1 Pet. 1: 18, 19.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. I. BALTZELL.

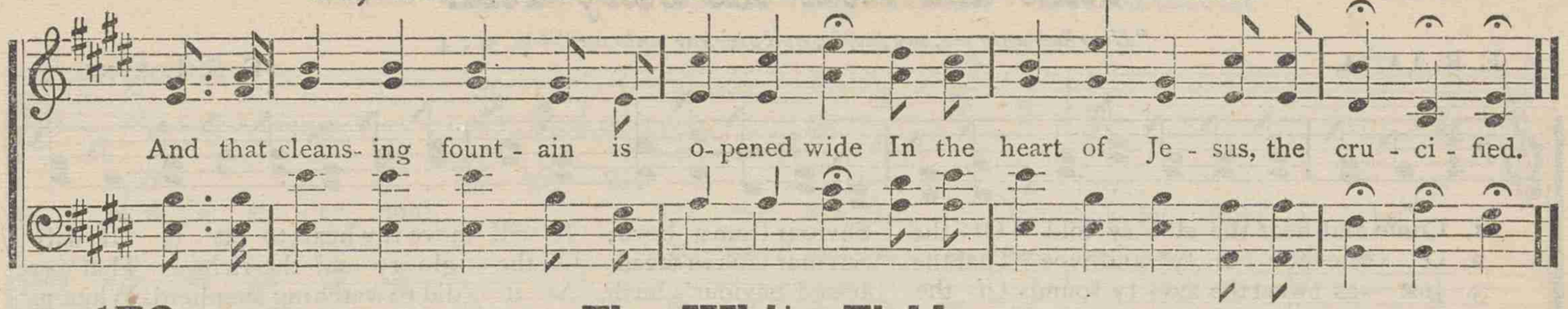
1. We are not redeemed with vain sil - ver and gold, For our ran - som price was a sum un - told,
2. Oh, His pre- cious blood was my soul- ran-som free; He will cast my sins in the deep, dark sea;
3. Has the ho - ly blood of the dear spotless Lamb, Touched your soul's deep wounds with its healing balm?
4. From the guard- ed door of my in - nermost heart, May the sprin-kled blood bid all sin de - part;

That the blood of Je - sus a - lone could pay, And that blood can wash all our sins a - way.
And the cleans- ing fount - ain is o- pened wide, In the heart of Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied.
Is your heart made clean, and your robes washed white? Are you walk-ing on in the path of light?
For that blood has pow - er to cleanse each stain, And to loose my heart from each bind- ing chain.

Chorus.

Oh, His blood . . . . was shed for me, On the mount . . . of Cal- va - ry;
Oh, His blood, shed for me, On the mount, Cal- va- ry;

Oh, His Blood was Shed for Me.—Concluded.

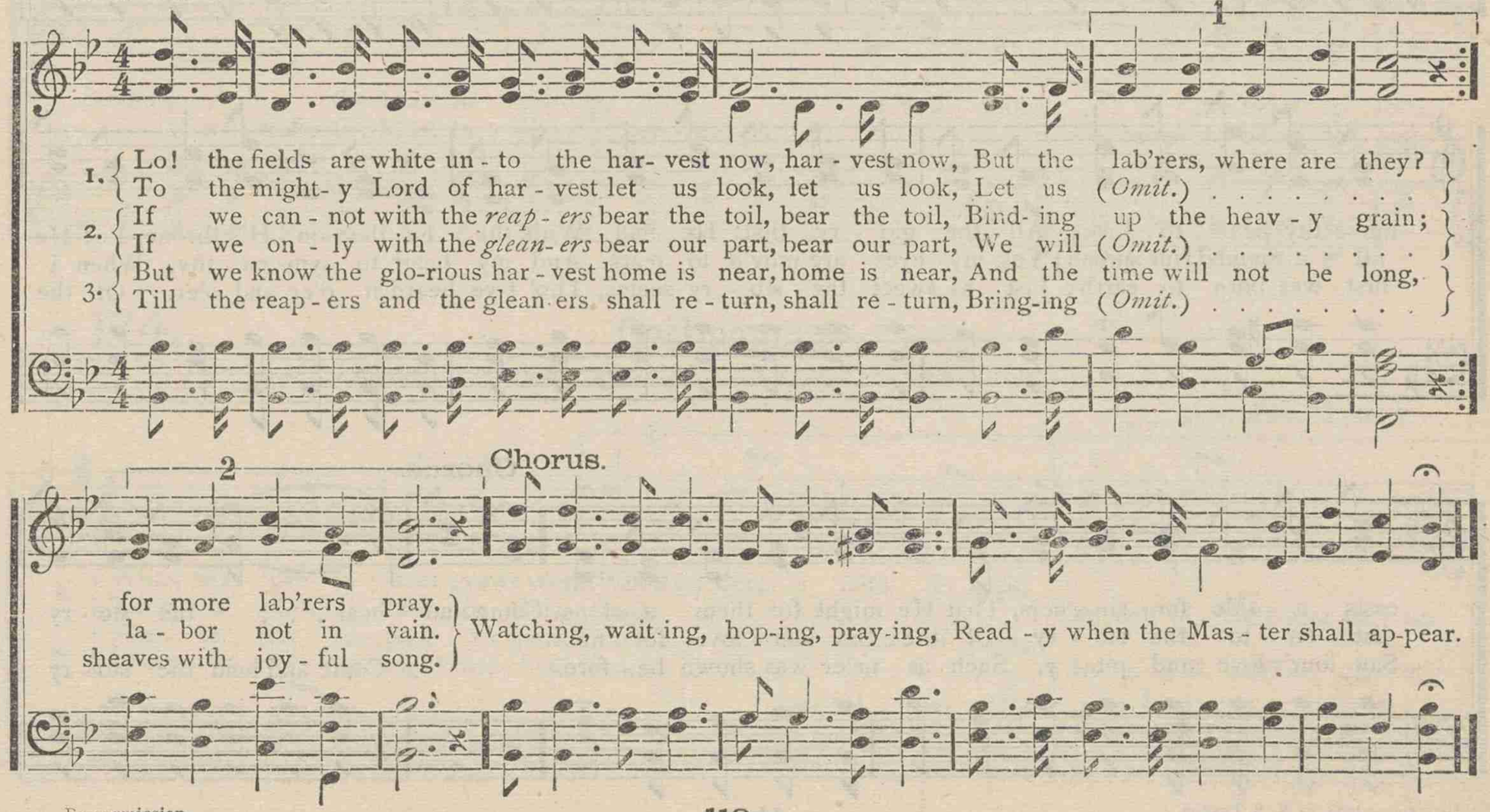


172. The White Fields.

T. C. O'K.

"The harvest truly is great."—Luke 10: 2.

T. C. O'KANE.



By permission.

173. Come and Hear the Story Told.

"Hearken unto me, my people, and give ear unto me."—Is. 51 : 4.

E. R. LATTA. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Come and hear the sto - ry told Of the Saviour from a- bove; It will move thy heart to pit - y, It will
2. O the pov - er- ty and woe That the Saviour took in-stead Of the glo- ry and the rich- es That were
3. Just as sweet the sto - ry sounds Of the blessed Saviour's birth, As it did to watching shepherds When it

move thy heart to love; All the glo - ry that He had With the Fa- ther on His throne, Lo! He
all a-round Him spread; Yes, my eyes are mov'd to tears, And my heart to sym- pa - thy, When I
first was born to earth; Just as sweet the sto - ry seems, Tho' I've heard it o'er and o'er, Of the

Chorus.

casts a - side for sin - ners, That He might for them a - tone. Come and hear . . . the sto - ry
list - en to the sto - ry Of the Sav- iour's love for me.
Sav- iour's love and pit - y, Such as ne'er was shown be - fore. Come and hear the sto - ry

Copyright, 1885, by E S. Lorenz.

Come and Hear the Story Told.—Concluded.

told Of the Sav - - iour from a - bove; It will
told, the sto - ry told, Of the Sav-iour, of the Sav- iour from a - bove;

move . . . thy heart to pit - y, It will move . . . . thy heart to love.
It will move thy heart to pit - y, gen - tle pit - y, It will move thy heart to love.

174. Gethsemane.

"As ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."—Pet. 4: 13.

Arr. from MOZART.

1. When my love to Christ grows weak, When for deep- er faith I seek,
   Then in tho't I turn to thee, (*Omit.* . . . . .) Gar-den of Geth-sem - a - ne.
2. Then to life re - turn a - gain, Learn-ing all the worth of pain;
   Learn- ing all the might that lies (*Omit.* . . . . .) In a full self- sac - ri - fice.

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175. Joy Cometh in the Morning.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30 : 5.

Mrs. M. M. WEINLAND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Oh, wea - ry pil - grim, lift your head, For joy com-eth in the morn- ing! For God in His own
2. Ye fee - ble saints, dis- miss your fears, For joy com eth in the morn- ing! And weep ing mourners
3. Let ev - 'ry tear - ful eye look up, For joy com eth in the morn- ing! And ev - 'ry trembling
4. Our God will wipe our tears a - way, For joy com-eth in the morn- ing! Sor - row and sigh- ing
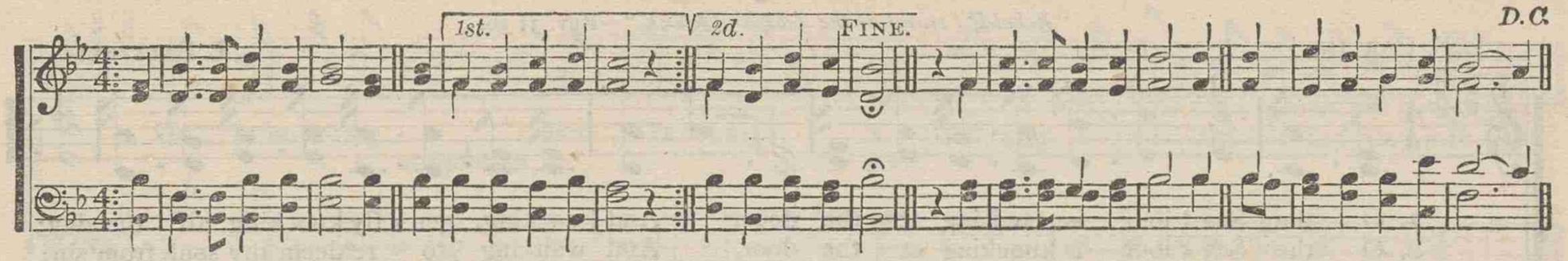
Chorus.

word has said That joy com-eth in the morn- ing!
dry your tears For joy com-eth in the morn ing!
sin - ner hope, For joy com-eth in the morn- ing!
flee a - way, For joy com-eth in the morn- ing!

} Joy com- eth in the morn- ing! Joy com-eth in the morn - ing! Weep - ing may en - dure for a night, But joy com- eth in the morn - ing.

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Webb. 7s & 6s.



176.

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

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day;
Ye that are men, now serve him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

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

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

177.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay.
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

178.

1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song;
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign!

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

179.

1 Unfurl the Temp'rance Banner,
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas;
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold—
Oh, let the cheering story
In every ear be told.

2 The drunkard shall not perish
In Alcohol's dire chain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again;
And sobered men, repenting,
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their thankful hearts relenting
Before the mercy-seat.

3 A new-waked zeal is burning
In this and every land,
And thousands now are turning
To join our temp'rance band;
The light of truth is shining
In many a darkened soul;
Ere long its rays combining
Will blaze from pole to pole.

180. He is Knocking at the Door.

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

I. B. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

1. O the Sav - iour is stand-ing at the door, And knocking, gen - tly knocking all the day;
2. O the Sav - iour is knocking at the door, And wait-ing to re-deem thy soul from sin;
3. O the Sav - iour is knocking at the door, And plead-ing in sweet ac- cents sad and low:

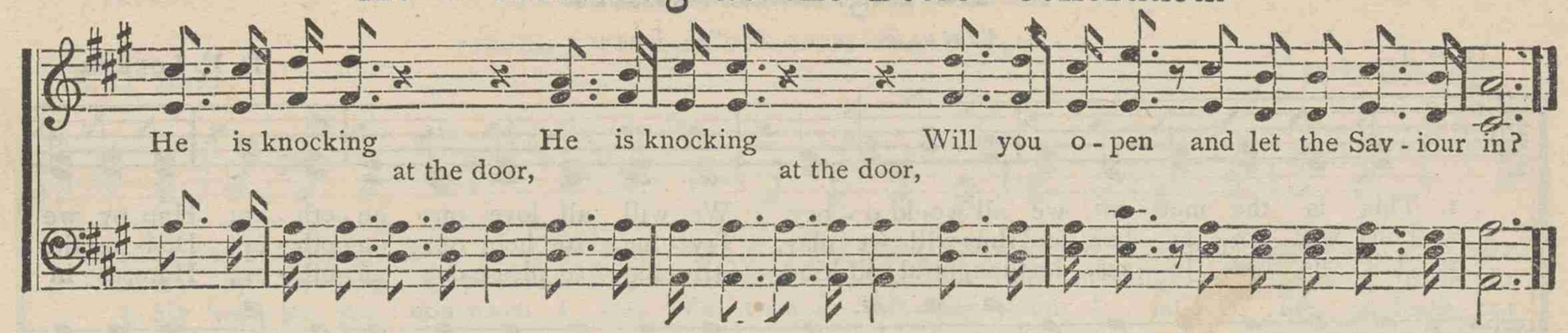
He is wait - ing to cross the threshold o'er: A - rise! and let him in with-out de - lay.
He has knocked at thy heart, how long be - fore; O will you still re-fuse to let him in?
"I have died for you, chil-dren, rich and poor, Then why, dear chil-dren, will you treat me so?"

Chorus.

He is knocking at the door, He is knocking at the door, He is wait-ing to save you from all sin;

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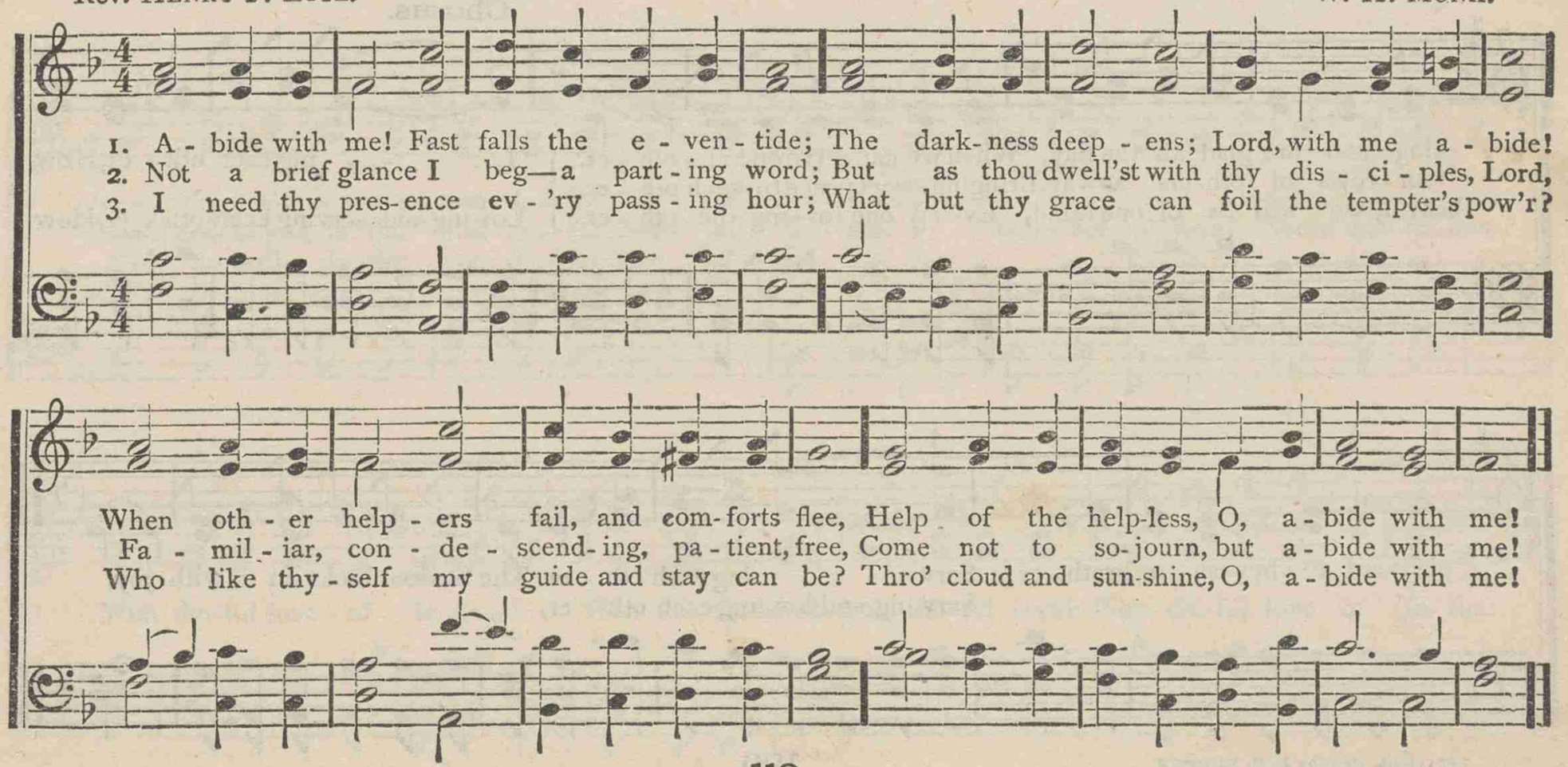
He is Knocking at the Door.—Concluded.



181. Abide With Me.

"Abide with us; for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent."—Luke 24: 29.

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE. W. H. MONK.



182. Loving Each Other.

"Let us love one another."—1 John 4: 1

D. E. L. D. E. Lorenz.

1. This is the mot - to we all would o - bey, We will all love one an - oth - er; Hap - py we
2. Thus will we la - bor and thus will we play, Try - ing to help one an - oth - er; Driv - ing the
3. Let us, like Je - sus, be thoughtful and kind, Striv - ing to please one an - oth - er; Here, as in

Chorus.

sing and are glad all the day, When we can serve one an - oth - er. } Lov - - - ing each oth - er, How
sor - rows of oth - ers a - way, Bringing sweet peace to each oth - er. }
heav'n, we will be of one mind, Ev - 'ry one lov - ing the oth - er. } Lov - ing and serving each oth - er, How

pleas - ant to cher - ish a broth - er; Serv - - ing each oth - er, The Saviour looks on us with joy.
Serv - ing and lov - ing each oth - er,

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183. Wonderful Love of Jesus.

"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."—Eph. 3: 19.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In vain in high and ho - ly lays My soul her grate - ful voice would raise; For who can sing the
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in dark- ness light; In pain a balm, in
3. My hope for par - don when I call, My trust for lift - ing when I fall; In life, in death, my

Chorus.

wor - thy praise Of the won- der- ful love of Je - sus?
weak ness might, Is the won- der- ful love of Je - sus.
all in all, Is the won- der- ful love of Je - sus.

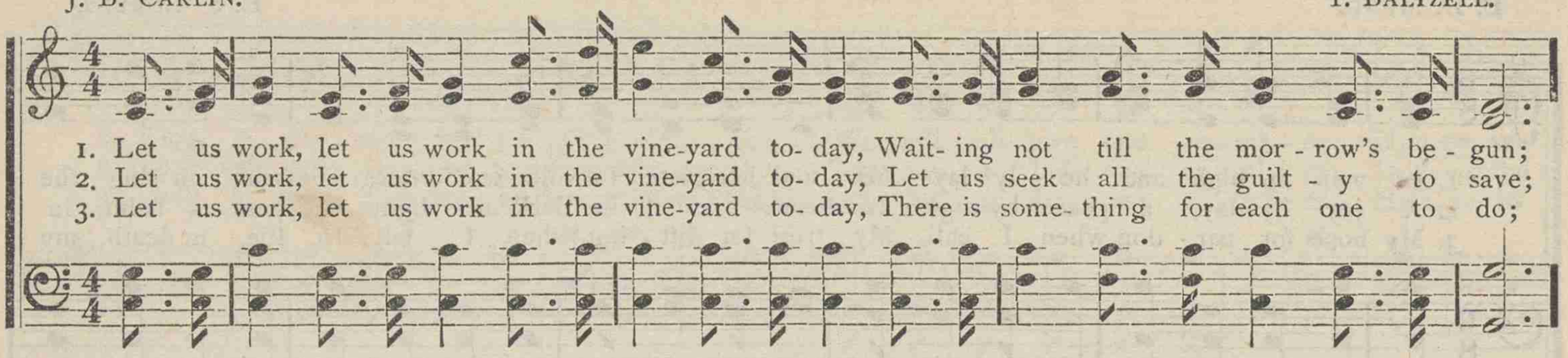
Won- der- ful love! Won- der- ful love!

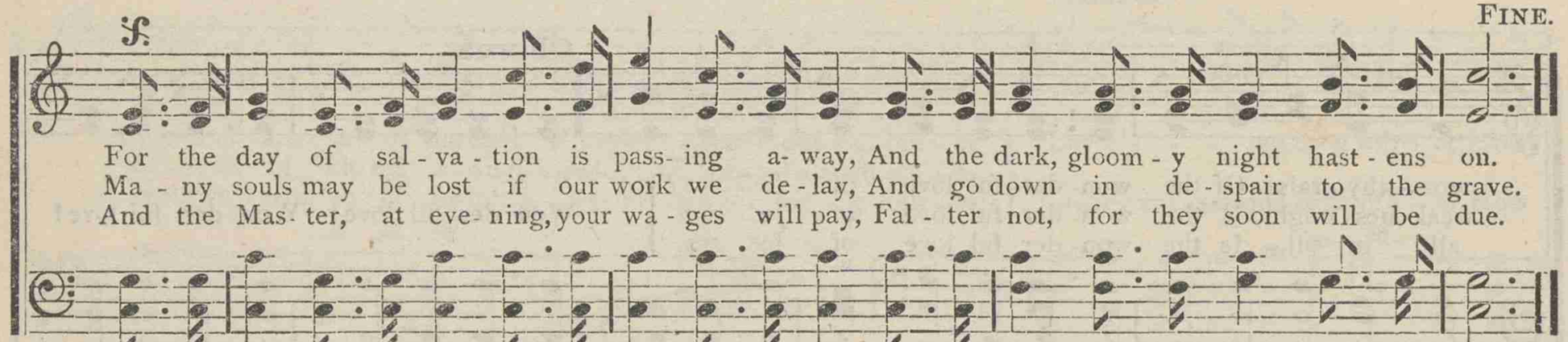
Won- der-ful love of Je - sus! Won- der- ful love! won- der-ful love! Won- der-ful love of Je- sus!

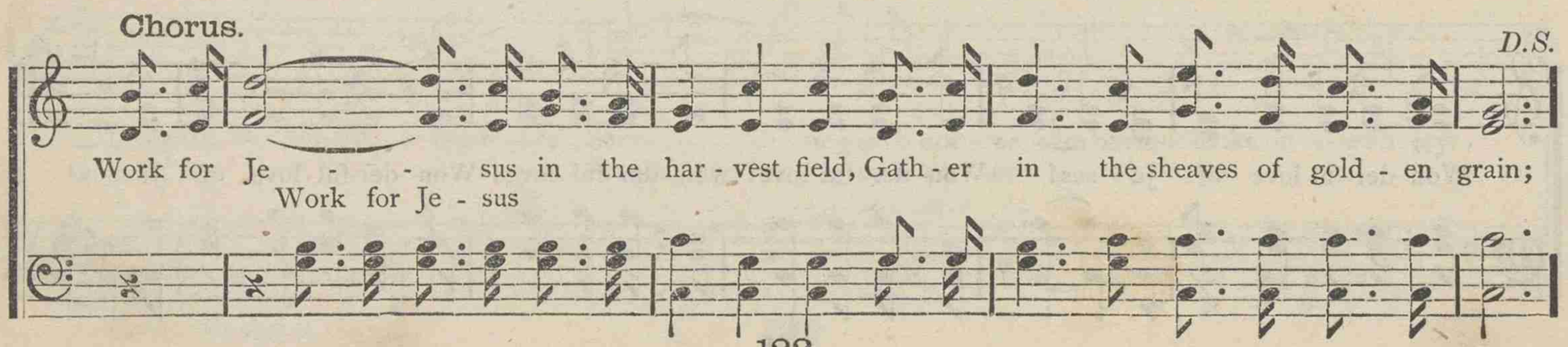
184. Let Us Work.

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

J. B. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

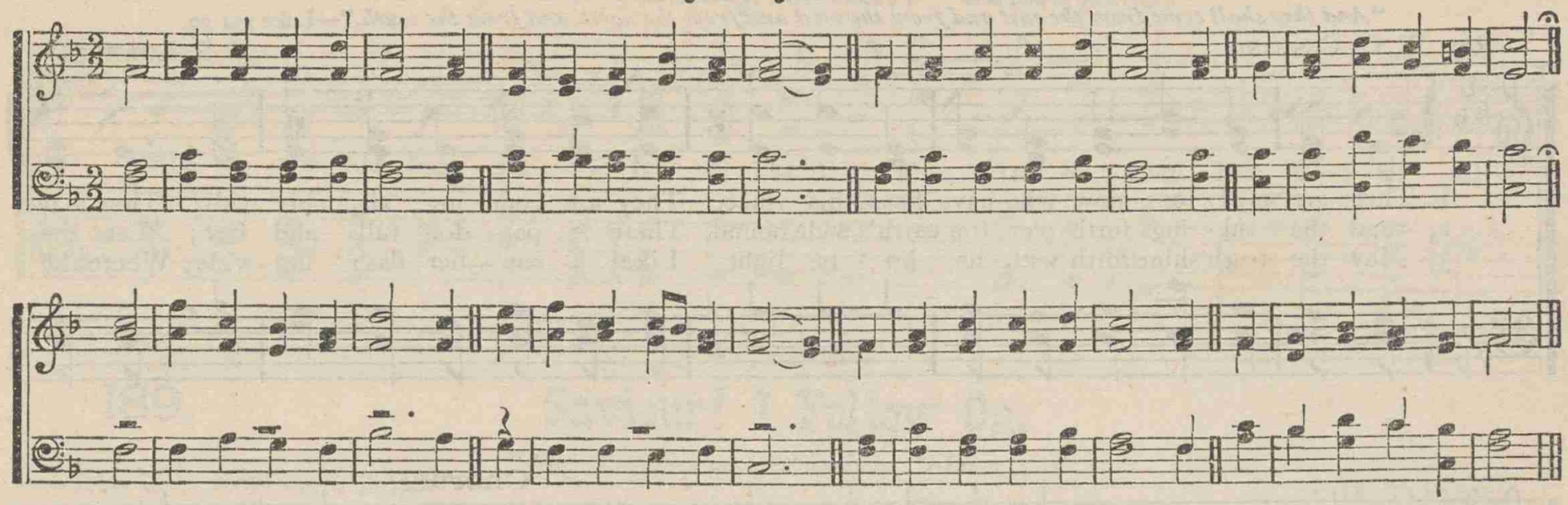






Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.

LOWELL MASON.



185.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

186.

1 How beauteous, on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace!

2 Lift up thy voice, oh, watchman!
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus,—
"The victory is ours!"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear his rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness;
Oh, waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod;
Behold, oh, earth! the glorious
Salvation of our God!

187.

1 Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

188. They are Coming Home.

"And they shall come from the east and from the west and from the north and from the south."—Luke 13: 29.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. There are mill - ions now who have heard his voice, They are com - ing at his call; They have
2. Send the tid - ings forth o'er the earth's wide bound, There is par - don full and free; Let the
3. May the truth shine forth with its ho - ly light, Like a ban - ner flash - ing wide; Where the
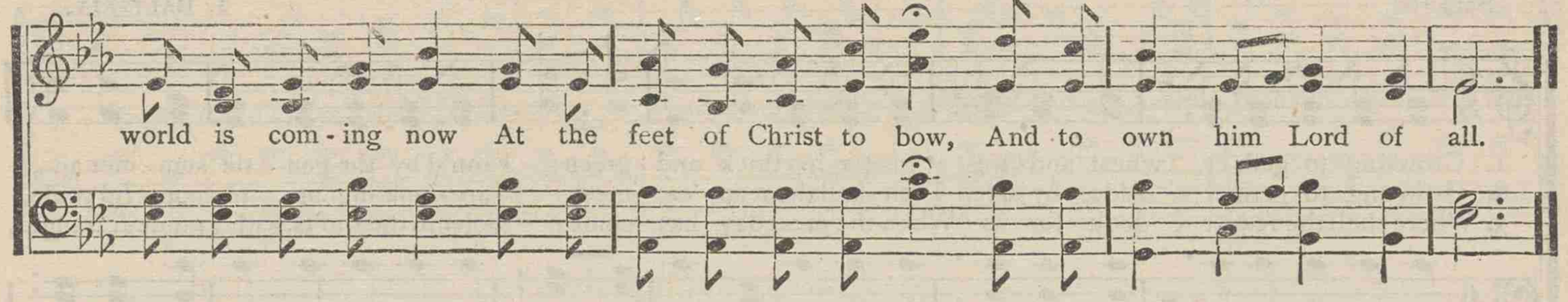
Chorus.

cast their reb - el weap - ons down, And own him Lord of all.
Sav - iour's glo - rious tri - umphs roll, Till all his glo - ry see.
souls oppress'd may find their rest, And in his strength a - bide.

They are com - ing home, They are com - ing home, They are com - ing home, They are com - ing, com - ing at the Sav - iour's call; All the

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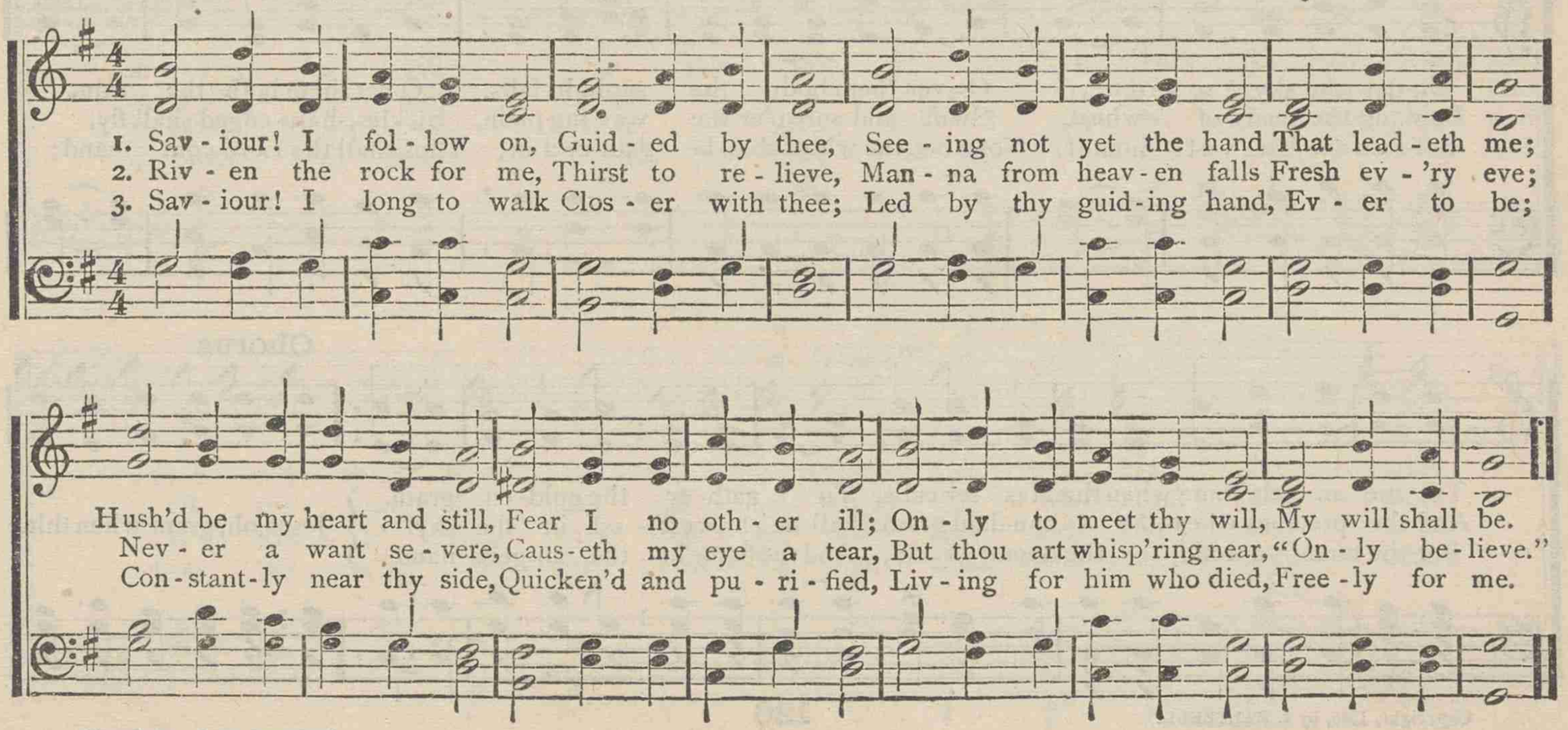
They are Coming Home.—Concluded.



189. Saviour! I Follow On.

"They forsook all and followed him."—Luke 5: 11.

Rev. C. S. ROBINSON, D.D. J. H. TENNEY.



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190. The Wheat and the Tares.

"Let both grow together till the harvest."—Matt. 13: 30.

Selected. I. BALTZELL.

1. Grow-ing to-geth-er, wheat and tares, Clus-ter-ing thick and green; Fann'd by the gen - tle sum - mer airs,
2. Grow-ing to-geth-er side by side, Both shall the reap - er meet, Tares look-ing up in scorn- ful pride,
3. Where shall the reaper look for us When the great day has come? Solemn the tho'ts, with grandeur fraught,

Un-der the sky se - rene; O - ver them both the sunlight falls, O-ver them both the rain,
Bow-ing the heads of wheat, Swift and sure o'er the wav-ing plain, Sickles, sharp-edged shall fly,
Sol-emn the har - vest home! None but the wheat shall be gath-er'd in; Thus shall the Lord com - mand;

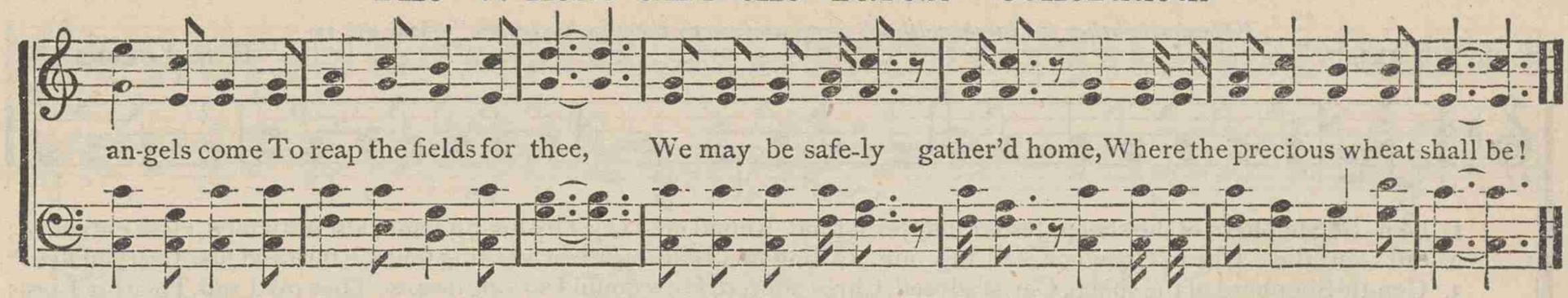
Chorus.

Till the an- gels come when the Mas - ter calls, To gath- er the gold- en grain.
And the precious wheat, the a - bun-dant grain Shall be harvest - ed in the sky.
For the tares a- lone is the doom of sin, And the flame in the an-gel's hand.

} Jesus, oh, grant when thine

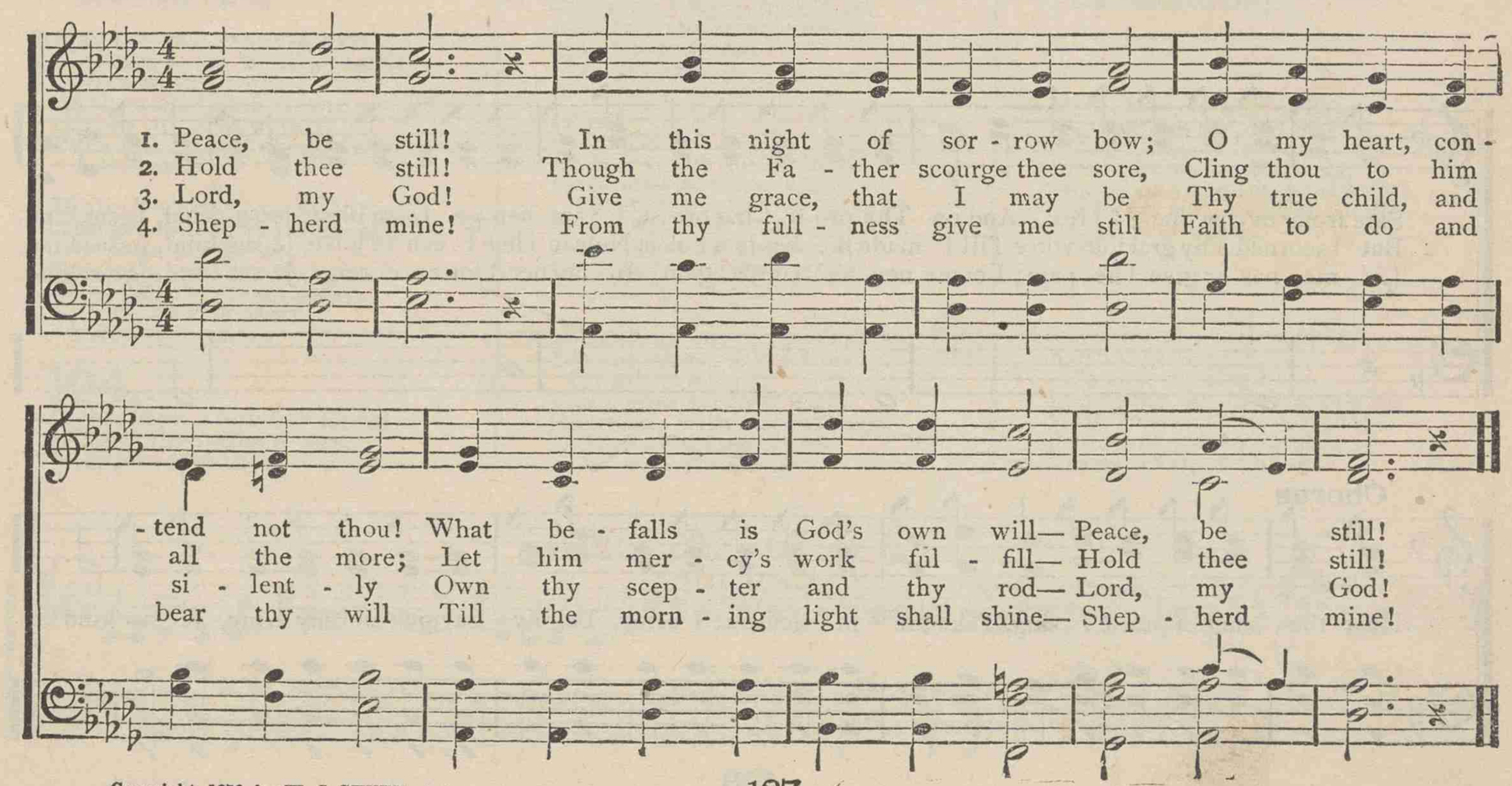
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The Wheat and the Tares.—Concluded.



191. Peace, be Still.

From SCHILLER. *"Be still, and know that I am God."*—Psa. 46 : 10. E. S. LORENZ.



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192. Jesus Kind.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."—Isa. 40: 11.

J. B. CARLIN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Gen- tle Shepherd of the sheep, Jesus kind, Jesus kind, Round me keep Thy loving arms close entwined, close entwined;
2. Oft - en did I hear Thy voice, call-ing me, calling me, Bidding me in warning tones, "turn and flee, turn and flee!"
3. Gen-tle Shepherd of the sheep, Christ adored, Christ adored, How could I so long despise Thee my Lord, Thee my Lord!
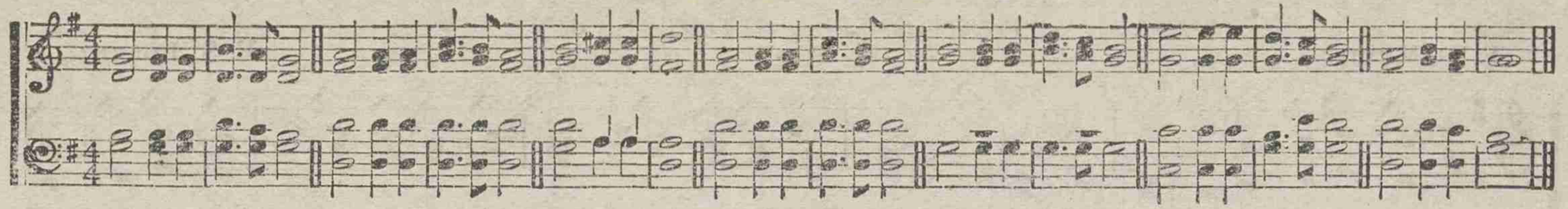
Safe from ev- 'ry foe I rest, And on Thy pro-tect-ing breast, I am hap-py, I am blest, Je-sus kind, Je-sus kind.
But I scorned Thy gracious voice Till I made the bet-ter choice, Now in Thee I can re-joice, Je-sus kind, Je-sus kind.
Let me nev-er give Thee pain; Let me nev - er sin a- gain; In my heart for-ev- er reign, Je-sus kind, Je sus kind.

Chorus.

Hear the song of praise I sing, Take the lit - tle heart I bring, Be my Saviour and my King, Je- sus kind.

New Haven. 6s & 4s.

Dr. HASTINGS.



193.

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

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

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

194.

1 Come, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

195.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou, who art ever nigh,
Guardian, with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,—
God save the State!
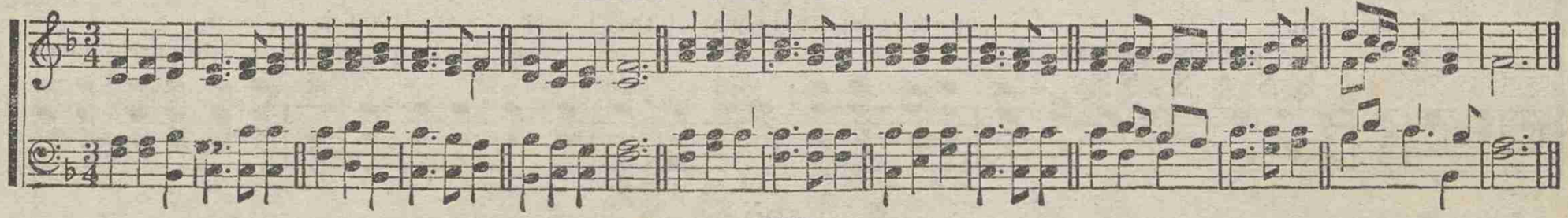
196.

1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble, free,—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

America. 6s & 4s.



197. God is Coming.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord."—Is. xl: 3.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Go ye out to meet Him, God is drawing near; Soon His pow'r and glory in us will appear; Hear the mes-sage
2. Put a-side the sin that keeps the pow'r away; Cleanse your hearts from evil, humbly bow and pray; Seek His face and
3. He will love you freely, your backslidings heal, Fill your soul with power, all His grace reveal; He will give you
4. God is com-ing near-er, God is here to-day, Bringing His sal-va- tion for the souls that stray; Onward rolls His
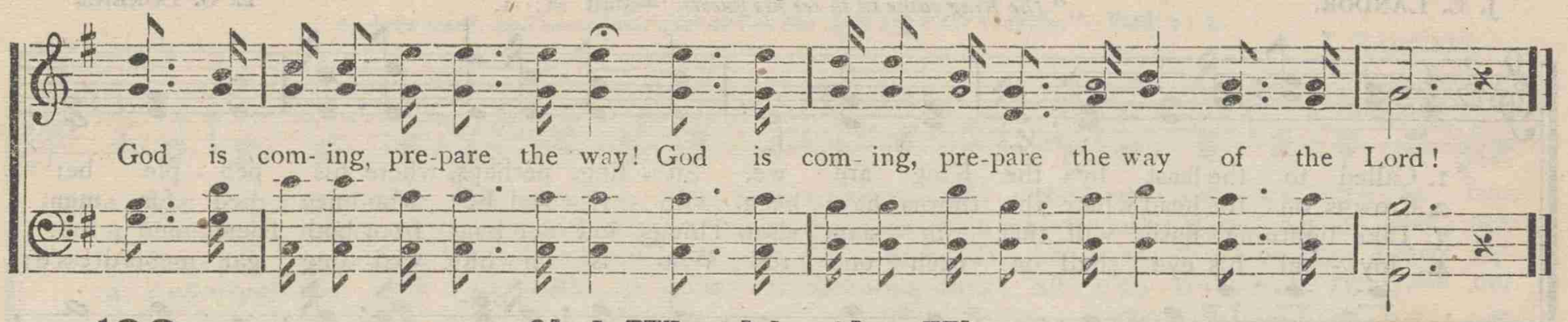
Chorus.

sounding, "O prepare the way;" God is com ing near- er, God will come to-day. God is com-ing, . .
fa - vor, claim the promise true, He with needed strength and pow-er will en due.
peace, your heart with gladness fill: Oh, prepare the way, ac- cept His ho - ly will!
cha - riot, bringing life and cheer, God has come in pow- er, vic - to - ry is here.

prepare the way!

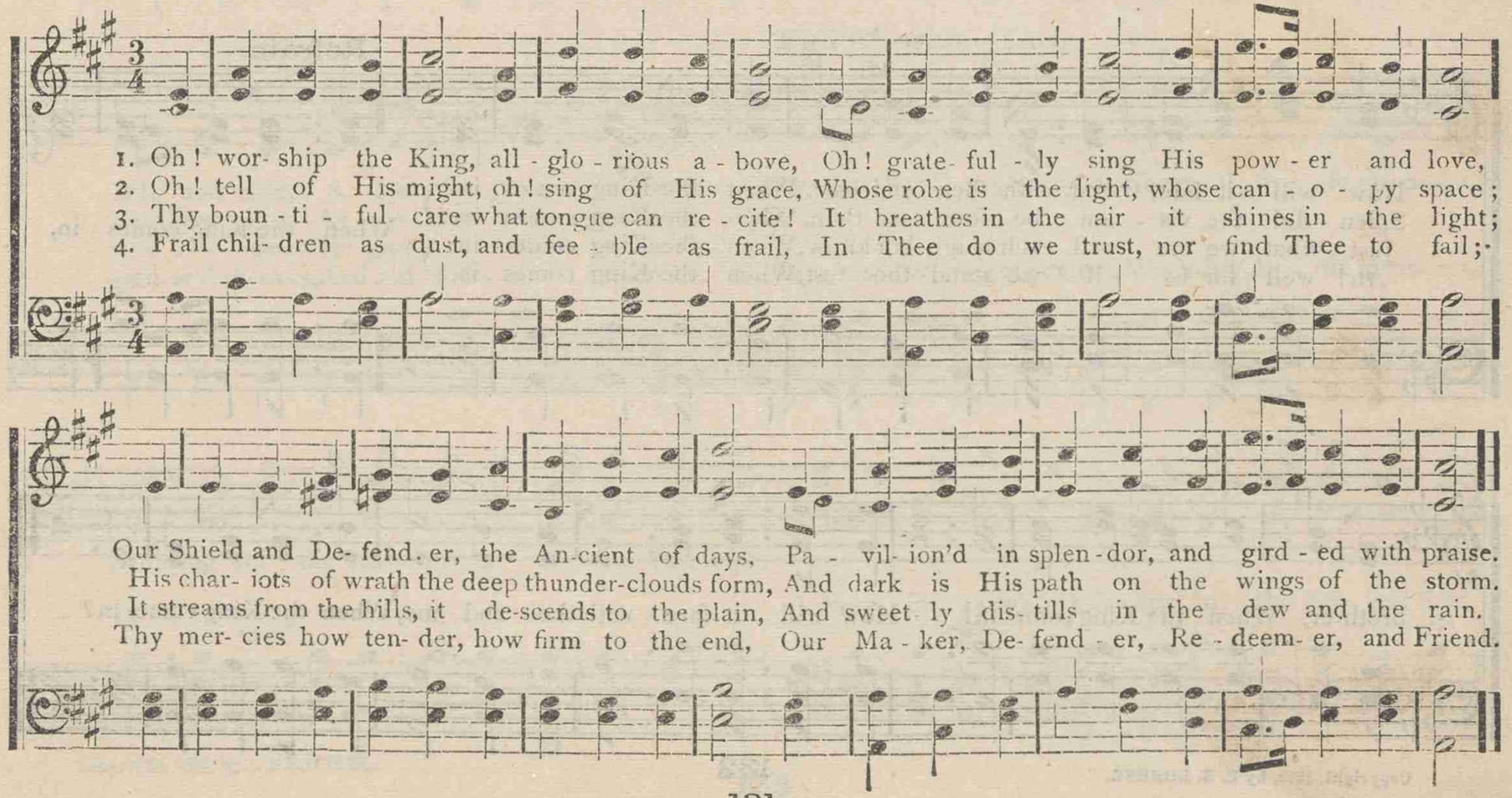
God is coming God is coming, prepare the way of the Lord! God is coming
prepare the way! of the Lord! prepare the way!

God is Coming.—Concluded.



198. Oh! Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. *"I will extol Thee, my God, O King."*—Psa. 145: 1. F. D. HAYDN.



199. When the King Comes In.

J. E. LANDOR. *"The King came in to see his guests."*—Matt. 22 : 11. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sit - ting, perhaps, where his peo - ple be;
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once died for men,
3. Like lightning's flash will that in - stant show Things hid - den long from both friend and foe;
4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wed - ding gar - ments dress'd;

Refrain.

How will it fare, friend, with thee and me, When the King comes in?
Splen - did the vis - ion be - fore us then, When the King comes in.
Just what we are will each neigh - bor know, When the King comes in.
Ah! well for us if we stand the test, When the King comes in.

When the King comes in,

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

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200. Busy Little Gleaners.

"And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers."—Ruth 2 : 3.

"CARLIN." I. BALTZELL.

1. The reap - ers now for many a day, Have toiled a - mid the grain; But we come in from
2. With hope and strength we glean - ers search The gold - en grain fields through; With songs of glad - ness
3. But not a - lone to man, should praise, By glean - er bands be given; No, we, our hearts and
4. And when our work on earth is done—Our glean-ing days all o'er, We'll car - ry home our

Full Chorus. *Lively.*

hill and dale, A bus - y glean - er train.
on our lips As we our work pur - sue.
voic - es raise In grat - i - tude to heav'n.
gath-er'd sheaves, And rest for - ev - er - more.

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

We are lov - ing glean- ers, Work-ing lit - tle glean- ers,

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

(*Omit.* . . . . . .) Pray for us while toil - ing in the har - vest field.

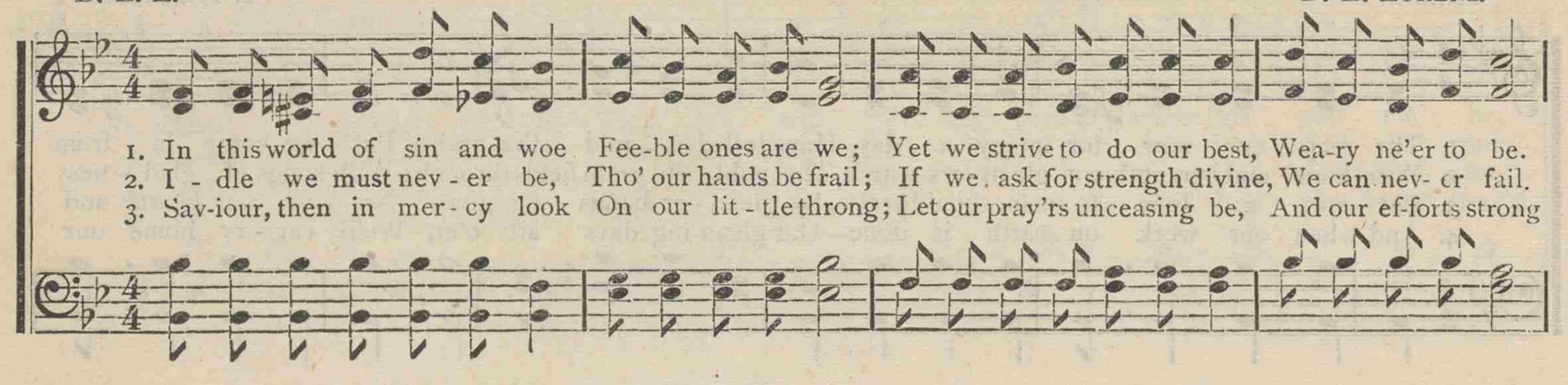
Copyright, 1886, by I. BALTZELL.

201.

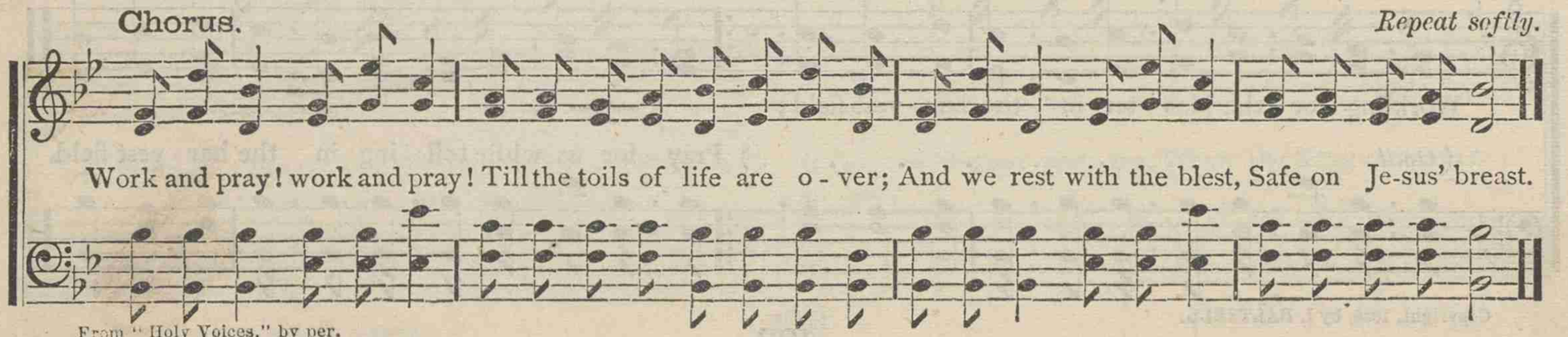
Work and Pray.

"Go work to-day."—Matt. 21 : 28. *"Pray without ceasing."*—Thess. 5 : 17.

D. E. L. D. E. Lorenz.
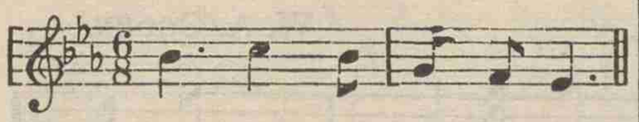


Chorus. *Repeat softly.*



From "Holy Voices," by per.

202. HOPE. 6s, 4s.

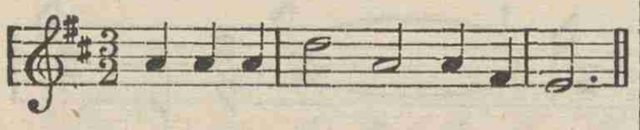


1 Fade, fade each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine:
Break every tender tie;
Jesus is mine:
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

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

3 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

203. REST.
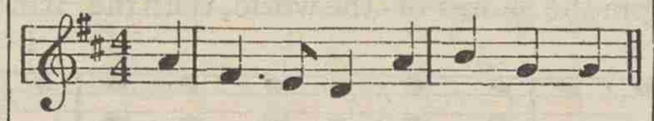


1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woes, shall dim the hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

4 Asleep in Jesus far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

204. HE LEADETH ME.



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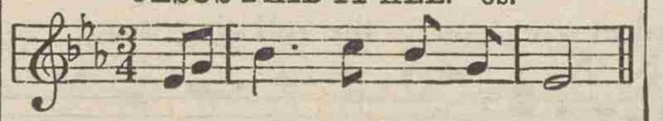
REFRAIN.

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

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

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

205.
JESUS PAID IT ALL. 6s.



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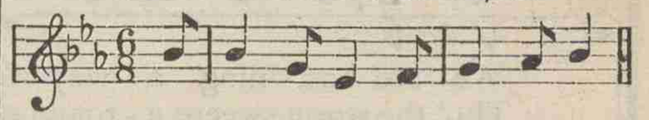
CHORUS.

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

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

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

206.
GREAT PHYSICIAN. 8s, 7s.



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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

207. Drifting Away.

"Gathering together unto him."—2 Thess. 2: 1.

MATTIE E. OWENS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. We are drift - ing a - way o'er the dark roll - ing tide, O'er the o - cean of life so deep and so wide;
2. We are drift - ing a - way o'er the swift roll - ing tide, To the ha - ven of rest we safe - ly will ride,
3. We are drift - ing a - way from the shores of the world, With the ban - ner of Je - sus o'er us un-furl'd,
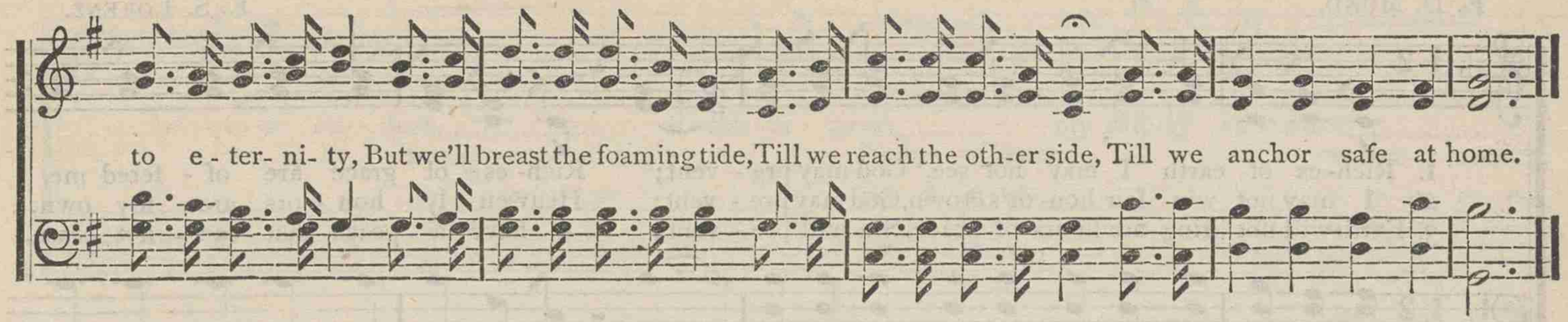
We are hast-'ning a - way to the bright shining shore, Where the cares and the tri - als of earth are o'er.
Tho' the storm sweeps a - round us 'tis ev - er in vain, With the Lord for our pi - lot the port we'll gain.
We will join those we love where we'll part nev - er more, In the life yet to come on the bright, bright shore.

Chorus.

Drift - ing on - - - - ward o'er the ev - er - roll - ing sea, Drift-ing on - - - - ward ev - er
Drift - ing on - ward ev - er on the roll - ing sea, Drift-ing on - ward ev - er

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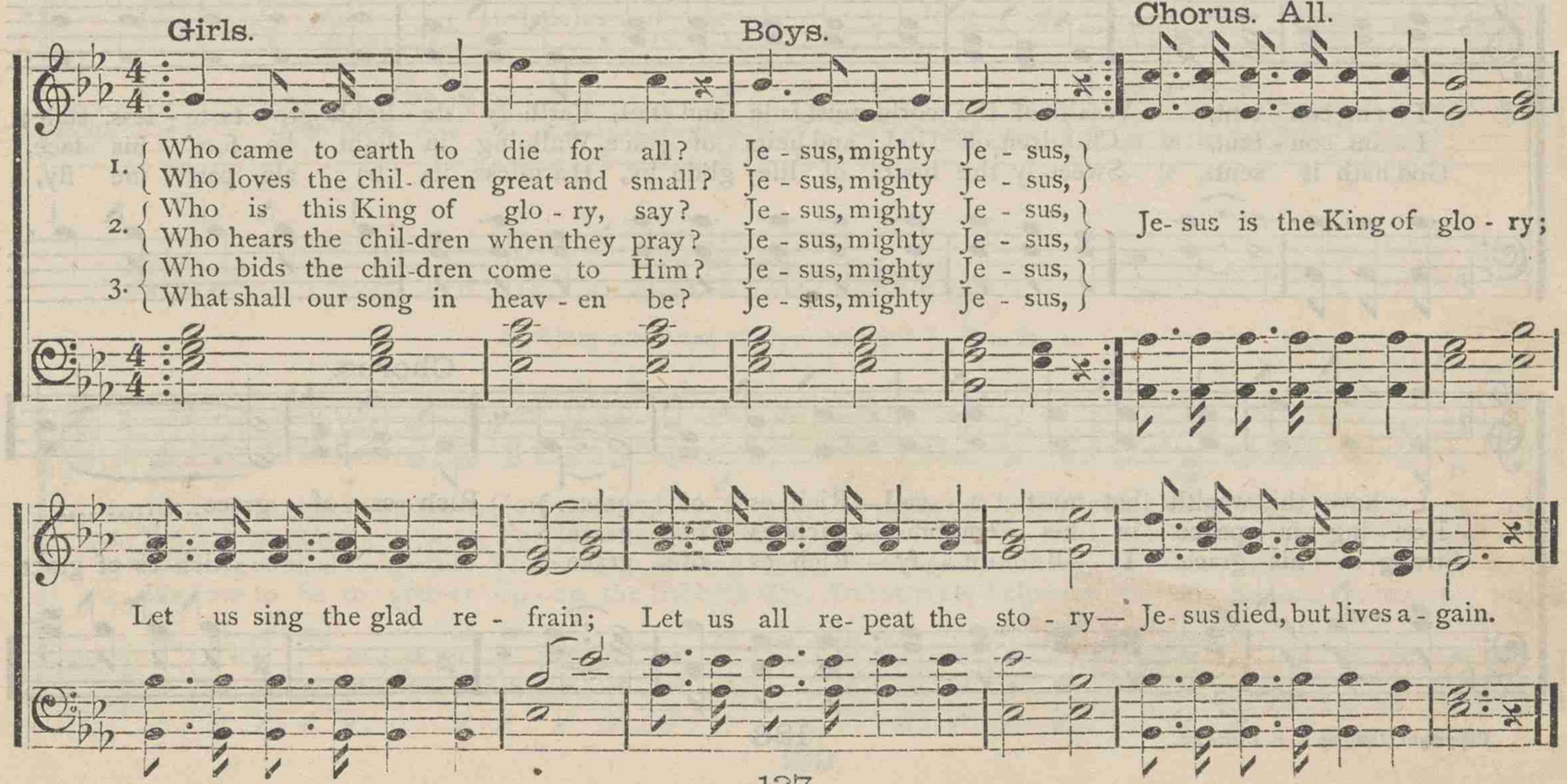
Drifting Away.—Concluded.



208. Jesus, Mighty Jesus.

I. B.

I. BALTZELL.



209.

Riches of Grace.

"The exceeding riches of his grace."—Eph. 2: 7.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Rich-es of earth I may not see, God may pre - vent; Rich-es of grace are of - fered me,
2. I may not win fair hon-or's crown, God may pre - vent: Heav-en - ly hon - ors are my own,
3. Earth will not bring me hours of peace, Sin will pre - vent; I have a peace that can - not cease,
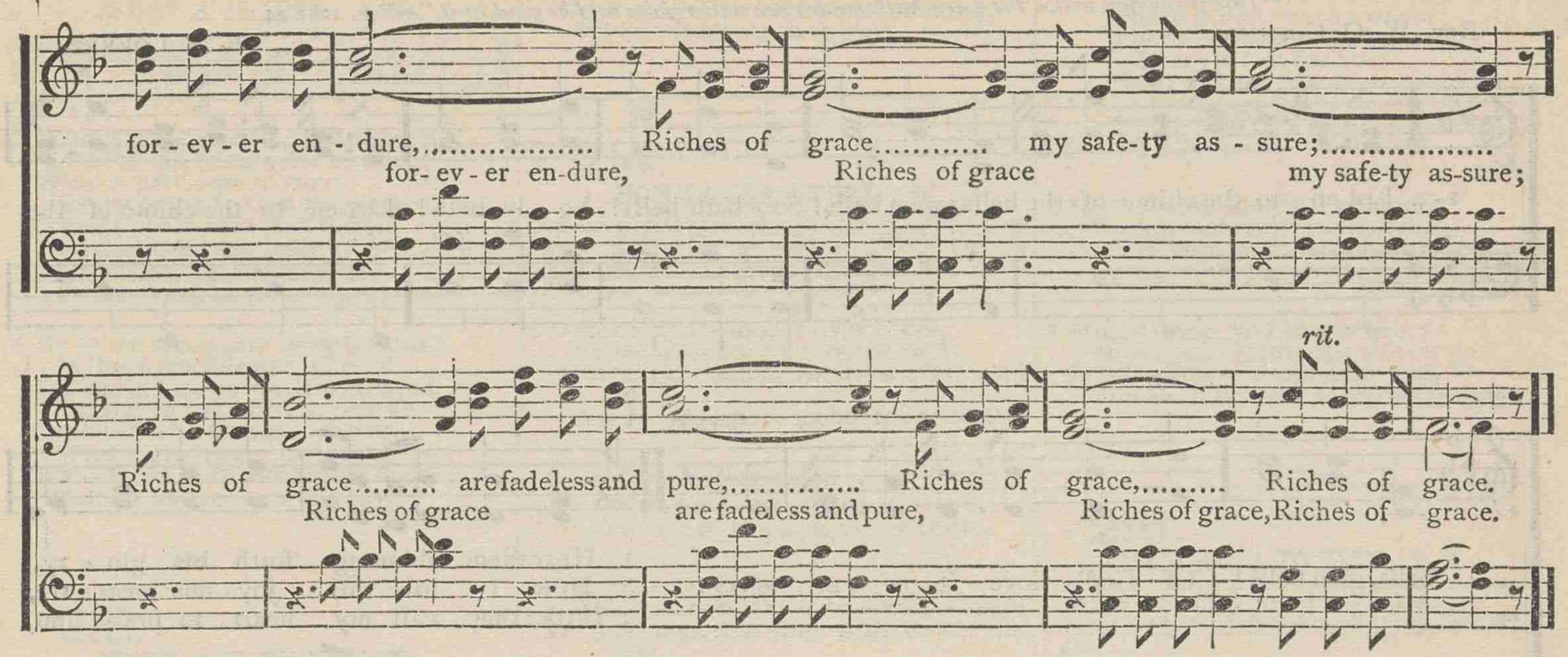
I am con - tent. Wealth of the world must fade and fail, Earth-ly de - lights grow taste - less, stale;
I am con - tent. Chil-dren of God and heirs of grace, Walk-ing in light be - fore his face,
God hath it sent. Sweet-ly the hours of life glide by, Harmless its tri - als past me fly,

Chorus.

I have the wealth that must a - vail—Rich-es of grace. } Rich-es of grace.....
Rest-ing in peace in his em-brace—Rich-es of grace. }
Strong in his grace I all de - fy—Rich-es of grace. } Rich-es of grace

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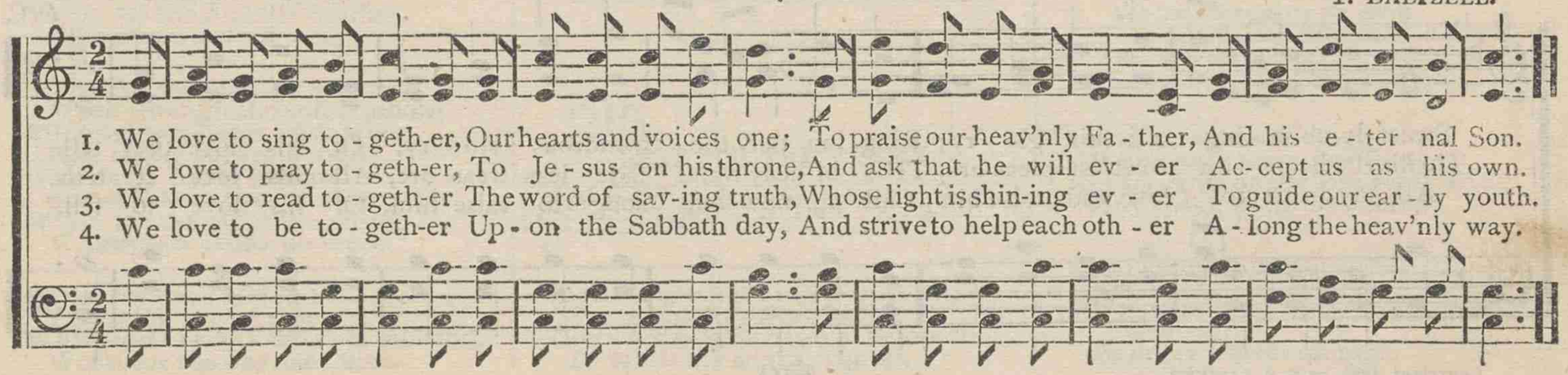
Riches of Grace.—Concluded.



210. All Together.

"Sing aloud unto God our strength."—Psa. 81 : 1.

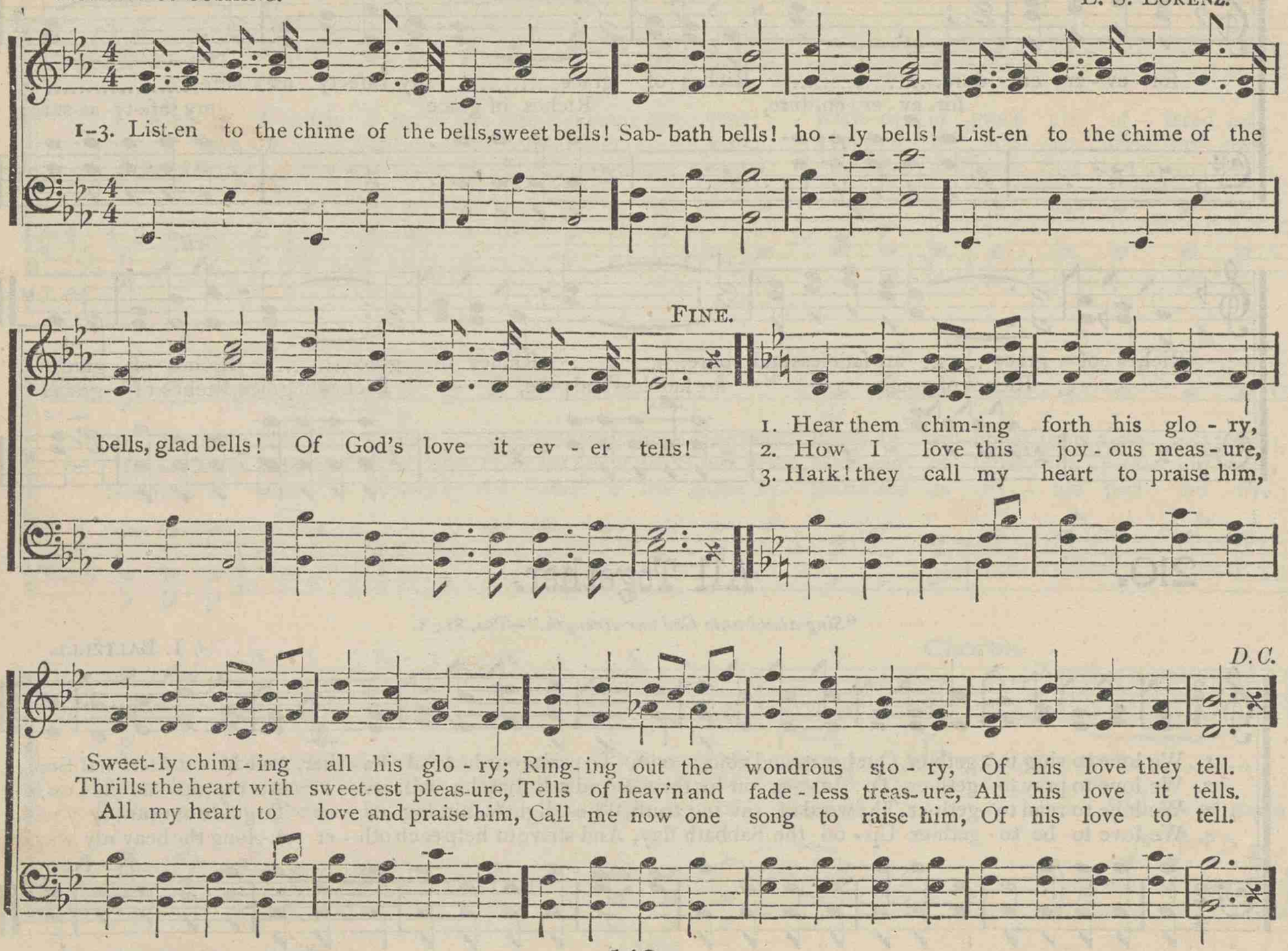
I. BALTZELL.



211. Listen to the Bells.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."—Psa. 128: 24.

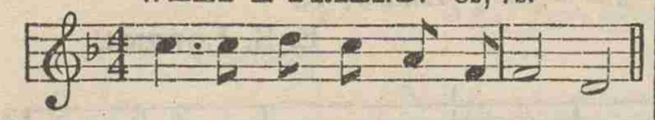
Rev. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.



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212.

WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s.



1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and grief to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.

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

213.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.
Key of F.
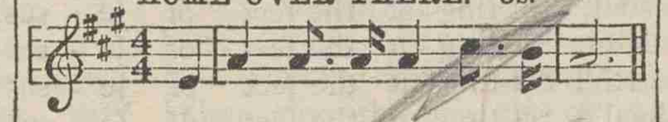
1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

214.

HOME OVER THERE. 8s.



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

REFRAIN.
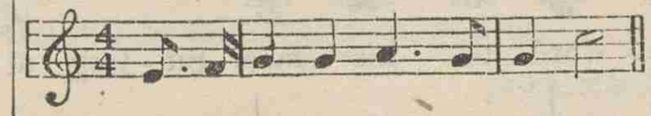
Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there.

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

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

215.

REST FOR THE WEARY.



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

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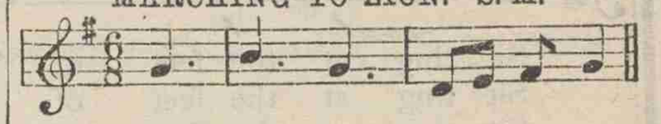
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

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

216.

MARCHING TO ZION. S. M.



1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion!
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

217. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

*"Found the man * * * sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind."*—Luke 8: 35.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. O the peace that fills my soul, Sit ting at the feet of Je - sus; Cleans'd from sin, made free and whole,
2. Christ is mine in storm and calm, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus; All my wounds are fill'd with balm,
3. Here I rest from toil and strife, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus; Safe be-neath the tree of life,
4. Come, ye guilt - y, and be heal'd, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus; Free - ly is God's love re-veal'd,

Chorus.

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

This is my a - bid - ing place, Cloth'd with his a - - bound - ing grace, Look - ing up - ward to his face, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.

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218. Lo! I am With Thee.

"Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—Matt. 28: 20.

W. H. GROSER. I. BALTZELL.

1. 'Tis si- lence all be-side the lake, Where once the Sav-iour trod the wave; Lone are the hills where Jesus spake, And none are there to heal or save.
2. No more his wea- ry footsteps tread Where noontide's sultry beams are shed; And night's chill dews no more de- -scend Up - on the heav'nly wand'rer's head.
3. Passed from the foe's ma-lig-nant scorn—The mocking crowd's tumultuous cries; Passed from the cross, the crown of thorns, To bear the scep-ter of the skies.
4. Yet thou art pres-ent, Je- sus, still, Wher- e'er thy true dis- ci- ples be: Where lone-ly hearts that own thy will, Re - spon - sive glow with love to thee.

Chorus.

But still we know and feel thee near, While thus we gath- er as of yore; And still by faith thy promise hear, "Lo! I am with thee ev - er - more."

ev - er near,

promise hear,

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219.

My Precious Bible.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER. *"Thy word is a lamp unto my path."*—Psa. 199: 105. E. S. LORENZ.
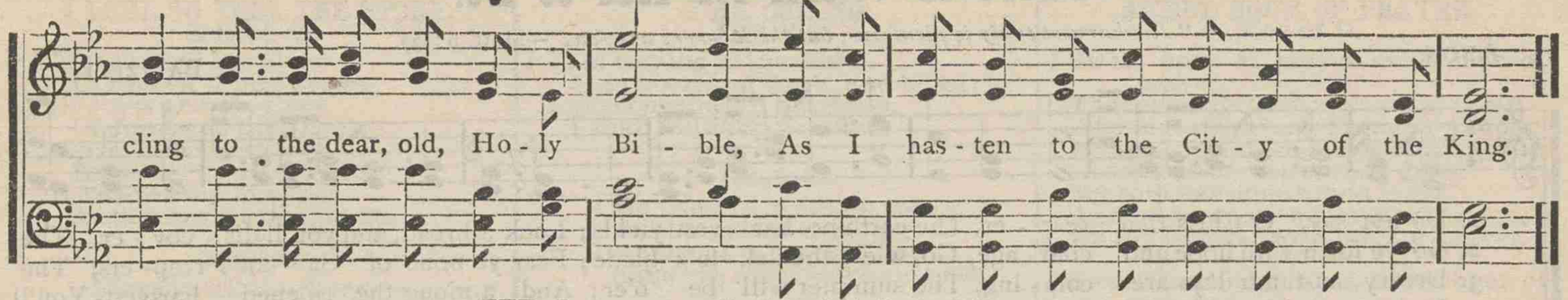
1. Like a star of the morning in its beau - ty, Like a sun is the Bi-ble to my soul; Shining clear on the
2. 'Tis a Light in the wilderness of sor - row, And a Lamp on the weary pilgrim way, And it guides to the
3. 'Tis the Voice of a Friend for ev- er near me, In the toil and the bat tle here be- low, In the gloom of the
4. It shall stand in its beauty and its glo - ry, When the earth and the heavens pass a-way; Ev- er tell- ing the

Chorus.

way of love and du - ty, As I hast-en on my journey to the goal. Ho- ly Bi - ble! my
bright, e - ter- nal mor - row, Shining more and more un- to the per-fect day.
val- ley it will cheer me, Till the glo- ry of His kingdom I shall know.
bless-ed, wondrous sto - ry, Of the lov- ing Lamb, the on- ly Liv-ing Way. Ho- ly Bi- ble! Ho- ly Bi - ble

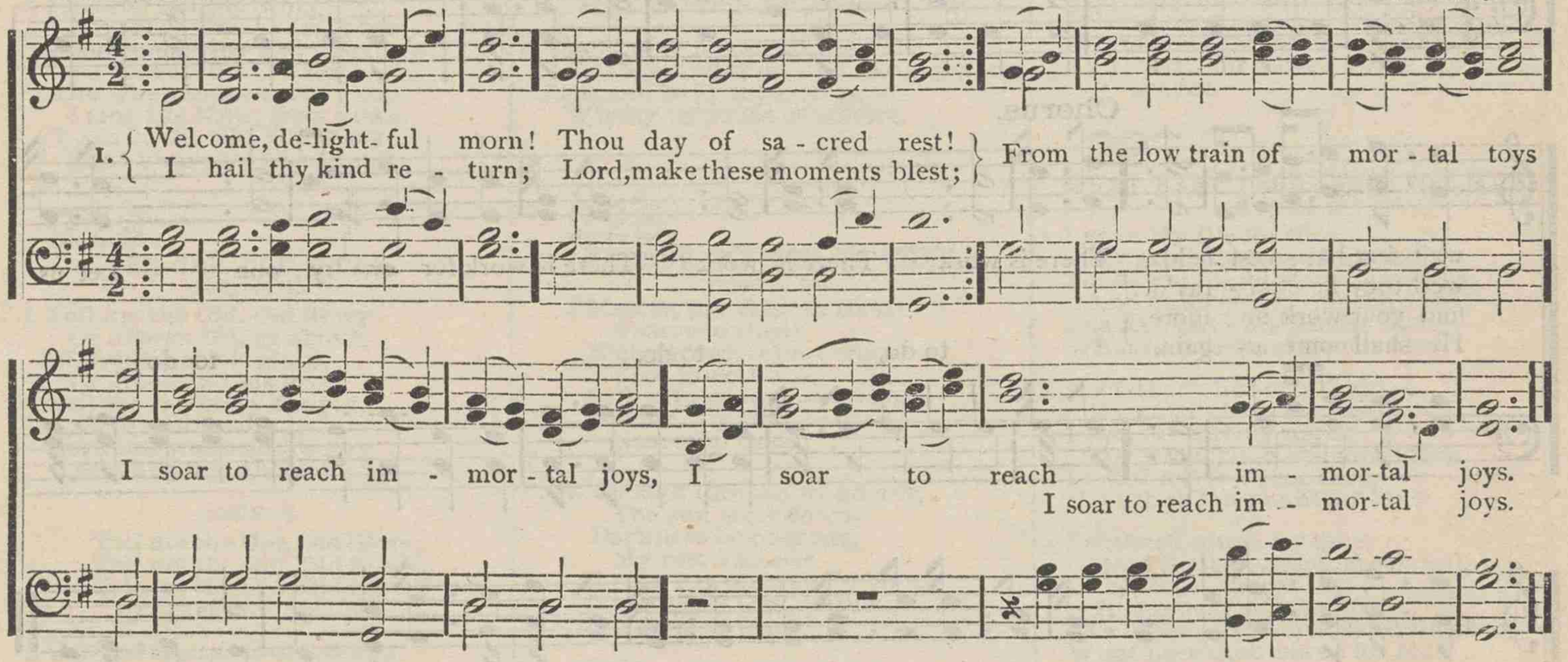
precious Bi - ble! Gift of God, and Lamp of Life, my beauti - ful Bi - - ble! I will
precious Bi - ble! book di - vine! Bi- ble! thou art mine!

My Precious Bible.—Concluded.



220. Welcome, Delightful Morn.

HAYWARD. *"Call the Sabbath a delight."*—Is. 58 : 13. German.



2 Now may the king descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face!
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

221. There is Work for All to Do.

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

ANON. I. BALTZELL.

1. Do not say, O Chris-tian reap - er, The earth no har - vest yields; Look a-broad, and you'll dis - cov - er The
2. Go ye forth with hope and cour- age, Go, wield the sick- le's blade; Fear ye none of Sa - tan's reap- ers, The'
3. Dreary au-tumn days are com- ing, The sum-mer will be o'er; And a-mong the ripened har-vests You'll
4. La-bor on in faith, and gath - er The sheaves of gold-en grain; Then with joy you'll greet the Mas - ter When

Chorus.

wait- ing har - vest fields. There is work There is work There is work for ev - 'ry one Let us
well they be ar - ray'd.
find your work no more.
He shall come a - gain.

to do, to do. to do;

on to du - ty go, There is much for us to do; And our work on earth is scarce be - gun, scarce begun.

222.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

Key of A♭.

1 I love to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it 's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest;
And when in scenes of glory
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.

223.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Key of C.

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

CHORUS.

Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 Tell me the same old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story;
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

224.

I AM COMING.

Key of G.

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

CHORUS.

I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary:
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

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

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

225.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Key of G.

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

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

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

226.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Key of D.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

227.

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

Key of C.

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

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

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

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

228. Praise Ye the Lord.

"Let every thing that hath breath praise praise the Lord."—Ps. 150: 6.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

Full Chorus.

Praise ye the Lord Praise ye the Lord! Praise Him in the sanct - u - a - ry,

O praise Him!

FINE.

Let His praise the wild winds car - ry; Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

Duet. **Chorus.**

All ye His works that His might and pow'r pro-claim, Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!
Mount - ains and hills, cl thed with beau - ty by His hand, Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!
Riv - er and rill sing - ing on - ward to the sea, Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!
Voic - es of na - ture in one great an - them blend, Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!

INST.

Praise Ye the Lord.—Concluded.

Duet. Chorus. D.C.

Blaze out ye heav - ens the glo - ry of His name, Ev - er praise the Lord of lords.
Lift, O ye for - ests, your voi - ces deep and grand, Ev - er praise the Lord of lords.
Storms rid - ing char - iots of war vic - to - rious - ly, Ev - er praise the Lord of lords.
Praise Him whose glo - ry is made your no - blest end, Ev - er praise the Lord of lords.

Inst.

229. Holy, Lord God Almighty.

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."—Rev. 4: 8.

R. Heber, D. D. Rev. J. B. Dykes.

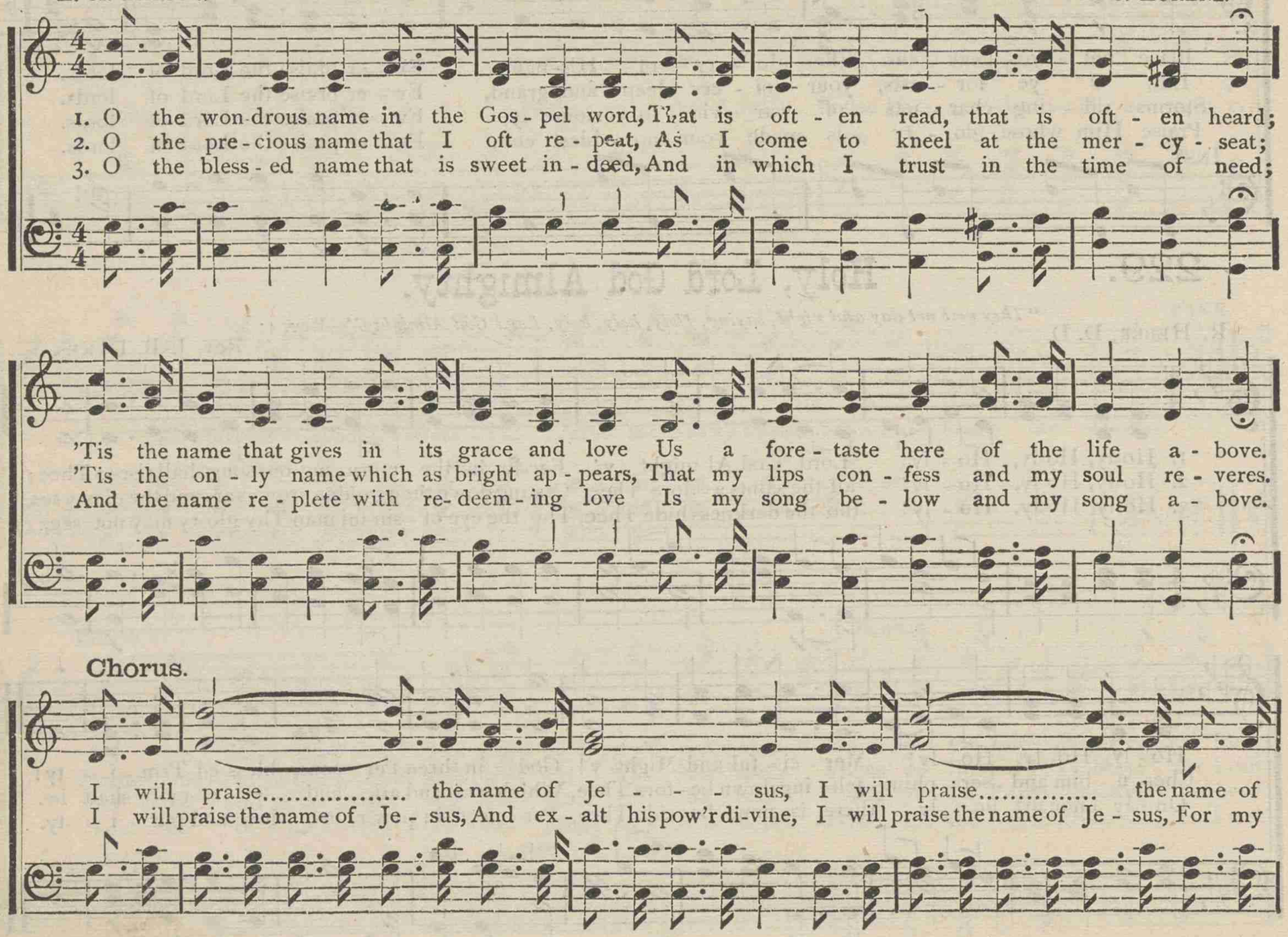
1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear-ly in the morn- ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, Ho ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see,

Ho - ly, Ho- ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might- y! God in three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher- u - bim and Sera- phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be- side Thee, Per - fect in pow r, in love and pur - i - ty.

230. I will Praise the Name of Jesus.

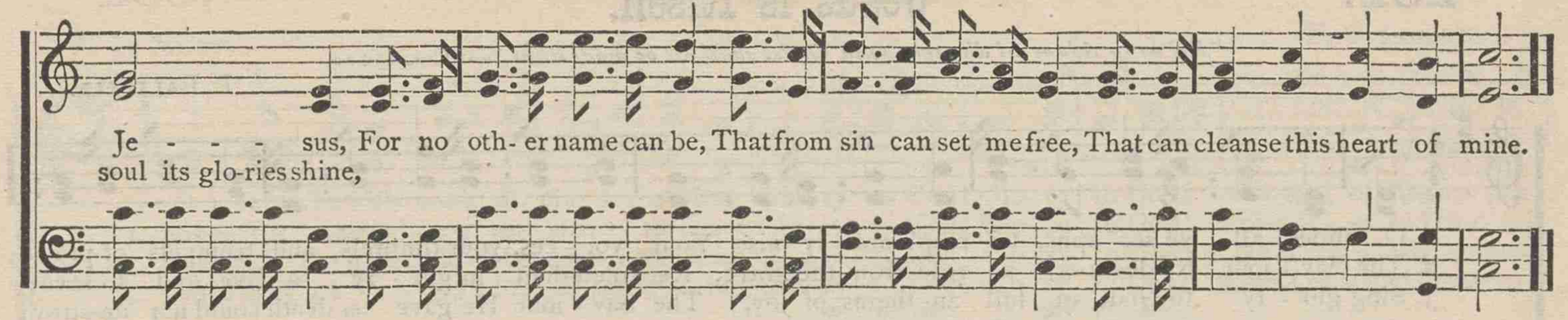
"For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4: 12.

E. A. BARNES. E. S. LORENZ.



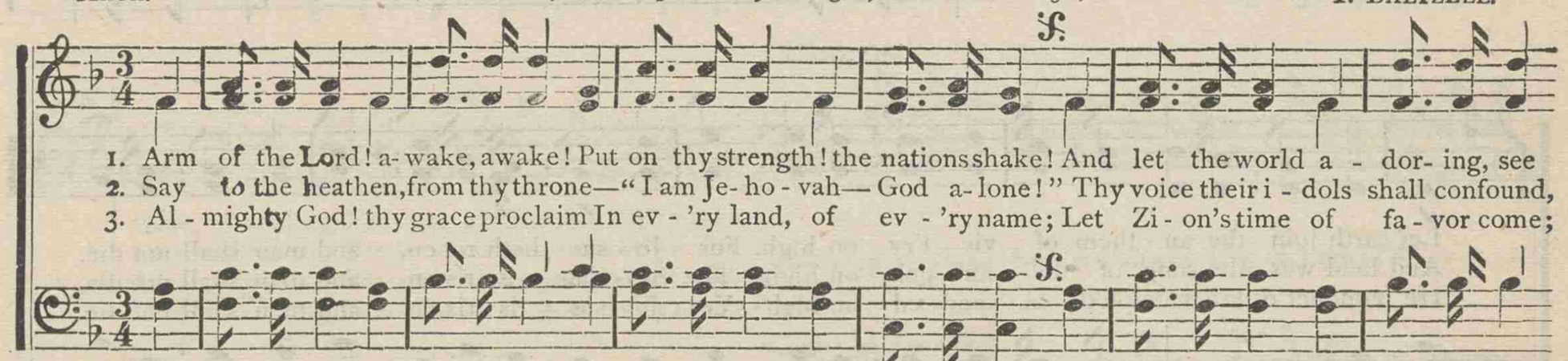
Copyright, 1885, by E. S. LORENZ.
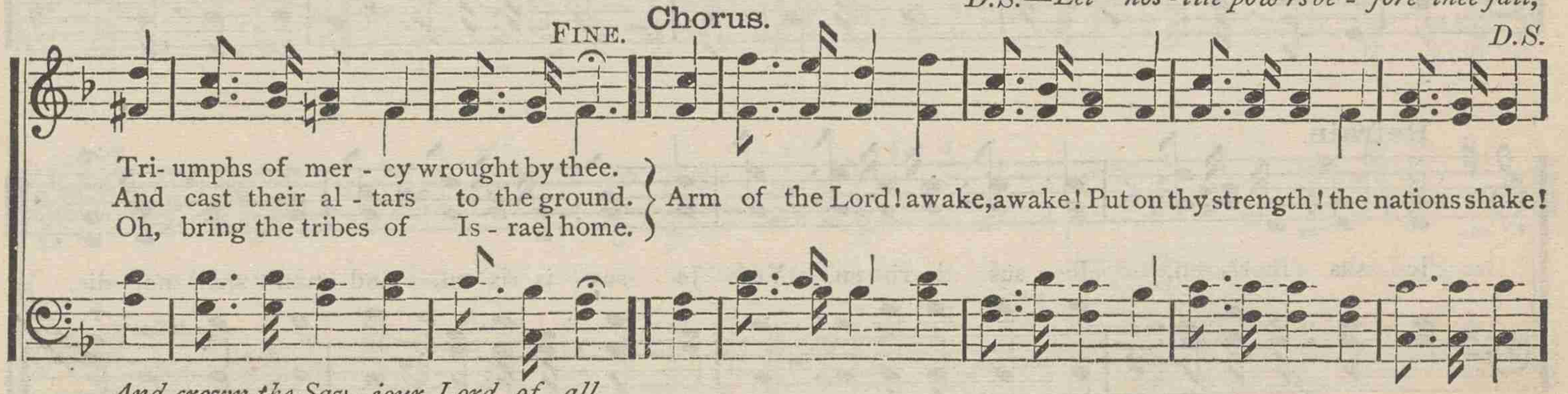
I will Praise the Name of Jesus.—Concluded.



231. Arm of the Lord, Awake!

Anon. *"Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion."*—Isa. 52 : 1. I. BALTZELL.





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232. Jesus is Risen.

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."—1 Cor. 15 : 22.

I. BALTZELL.

1. O shout, all ye ser- aphs, tri- umph-ant - ly raise Your voi - ces, your timbrels and trumpets of praise;
2. The Sav - iour, Re deem-er, a - rose from the grave, Re- splen-dent in glo - ry to live and to save;
3. Sing glo - ry to God in full an- thems of joy, The Sav - iour He gave us, death could not de-stroy;

Let earth join the an - them of vic - t'ry on high, For Je - sus hath ris en, and man shall not die.
And loud was the song of the an - gels on high—The Sav- iour is ris en, and man shall not die.
He conquer'd, He triumph'd—as - cend- ed on high—Yes, Je - sus is ris en, and man shall not die.

Refrain.

Je - sus is ris- en, Je - sus is ris- en, Yes, Je - sus is ris- en, and man shall not die.

233. Over the Hills.

F. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. O - ver the hills notes di- vine are stealing, Glo- ry to God! Glo- ry to God! Por-tals of bliss o- pen
2. Shepherds amazed hear the sto - ry thrilling, Glo- ry to God! Glo- ry to God! Prom-is - es old God is
3. Dark was the night, but the day is breaking, Glo- ry to God! Glo- ry to God! Na-tions a - rise, to new
4. Down thro' the a - ges the song is ris - ing, Glo- ry to God! Glo- ry to God! Com-fort and gladness to

Chorus.

wide, re-vealing, Peace on earth, good will to men.
now ful-fill-ing, Peace on earth, good will to men.
life are waking, Peace on earth, good will to men.
sad hearts bringing, Peace on earth, good will to men.

Glo - ry to God! hear the an-gels sing on high! Glo ry to God!

rings the glad ex- ult- ant cry! Glo- ry to God! let the earth re- ply, Glo - ry to God in the high- est!

234. The Temperance Army.

"For they shall march with an army."—Jer. 46: 22.

F. CORBEN, D.D.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Don't you see our ban-ners wav-ing? Don't you hear our tramp and song? 'Tis a col-umn strong and
2. All our hearts are free from mal-ice, This our mot-to: Do no ill! But we hate the tempter's
3. In the name of Christ our Cap-tain, We've the ho-ly work be-gun; If we'll fol-low still our

Chorus.

might-y, And we're marching right along. Don't you see Don't you see
chalice, And we're working with a will.
Lead-er, We shall see the vic-t'ry won. our banners wav-ing? the foes we're braving?

Don't you see our might-y ar-my, 'tis a col-umn grand and strong; Don't you see our ban-ners

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The Temperance Army.—Concluded.

wav- ing? Don't you see the men we're sav - ing? And we're marching, yes, we're marching right a - long.

235. Rally, Children, Rally.

"Touch not; taste not; handle not."—Col. 2: 21.

CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

1. Come, let us sing a cheer - ful strain, The joys of temp'rance tell; Till ev - 'ry val - ley, hill and plain,
2. Sing mer - ri - ly in vir-tue's praise; And while the notes pro - long, Let children turn from drinking ways,
3. Oh, may we see in all the land, Temp'rance without al - loy; Come, sign the pledge, give us your hand,

D.S.—Till ev - 'ry val - ley, hill and plain,

FINE. *D.S.*

The hap - py cho - rus swell.
And join the hap - py throng.
And swell the tide of joy.

Then ral - ly, chil - dren, ral - ly, The cause of temp'rance sing;

With temp'rance notes shall ring.

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236. Good By.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."—Phil. 4: 23.

W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Good by, good by, We hope a - gain to meet you; Good by, good by, We
2. Good by, good by, The glad bright day is o - ver; Good by, good by, The
3. Good by, good by, Good cheer and love be with you; Good by, good by, Good

D.C. Cho.—Good by, good by, We hope a - gain to meet you; Good by, good by, We

FINE.

hope a - gain to meet you. When sum - mer blooms are rar - est, When sum - mer skies are
glad bright day is o - ver. Our songs of praise as - cend - ing, With love's sweet in - cense
cheer and love be with you: May Christ, our Sav - iour, lead us, In heav'nly pas - tures

hope a - gain to meet you.

D.C. Chorus.

fair - est, When laugh - ing rills gleam down the hills, And friends and hope are dear - est.
blend - ing; In joy - ful lays we'll chant His praise, Till life's last day is end - ing.
feed us; And bring us home no more to roam, For ev - er - more to lead us.

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Come again
with rejoycing
bringing
his sheaves
Psa. 126. 6.