

THE

24685

GOSPEL TRUMPET:

FOR

REVIVALS, PROTRACTED AND
TENT MEETINGS.

BY

KNOWLES SHAW.

CINCINNATI:

Published by JOHN CHURCH & CO., 66 West 4th St.
1875.

Sp Coll
Hymn
1875
Shaw

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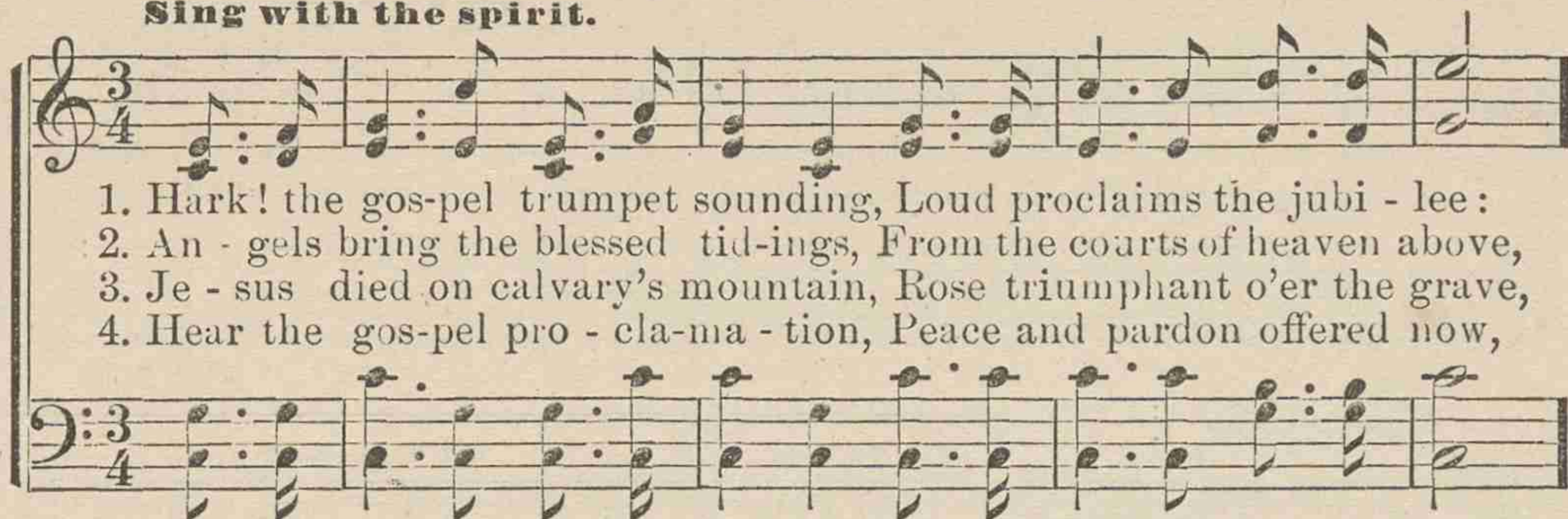
The Gospel Trumpet.

1

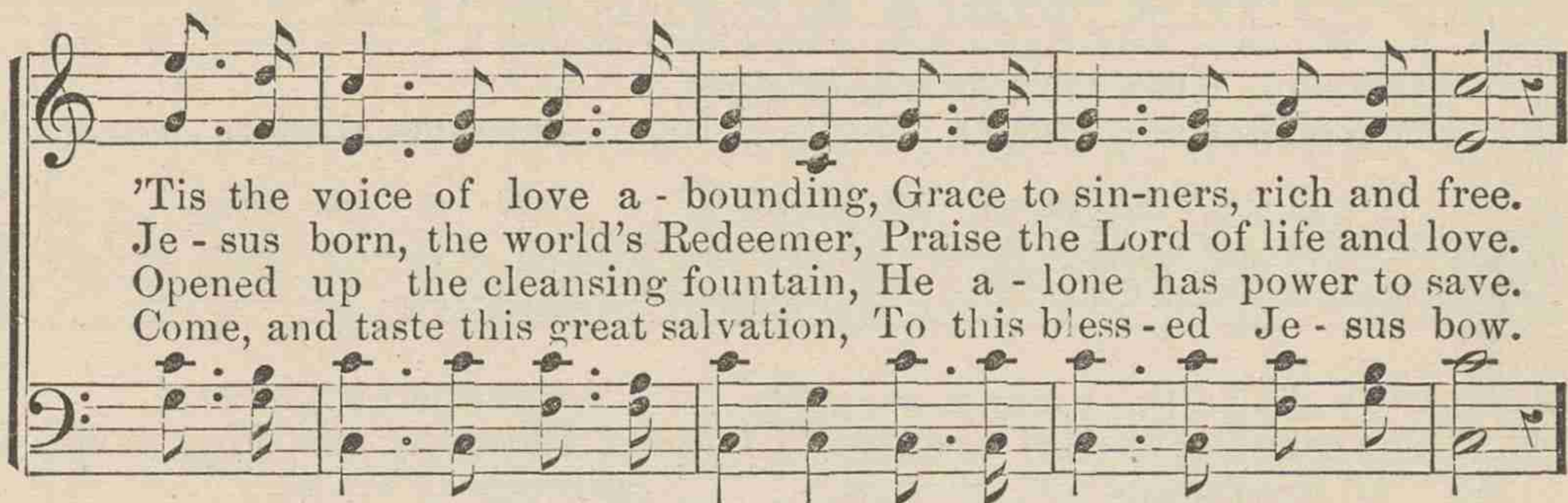
Preach the Gospel to every creature.—MARK xvi.

KNOWLES SHAW.

Sing with the spirit.

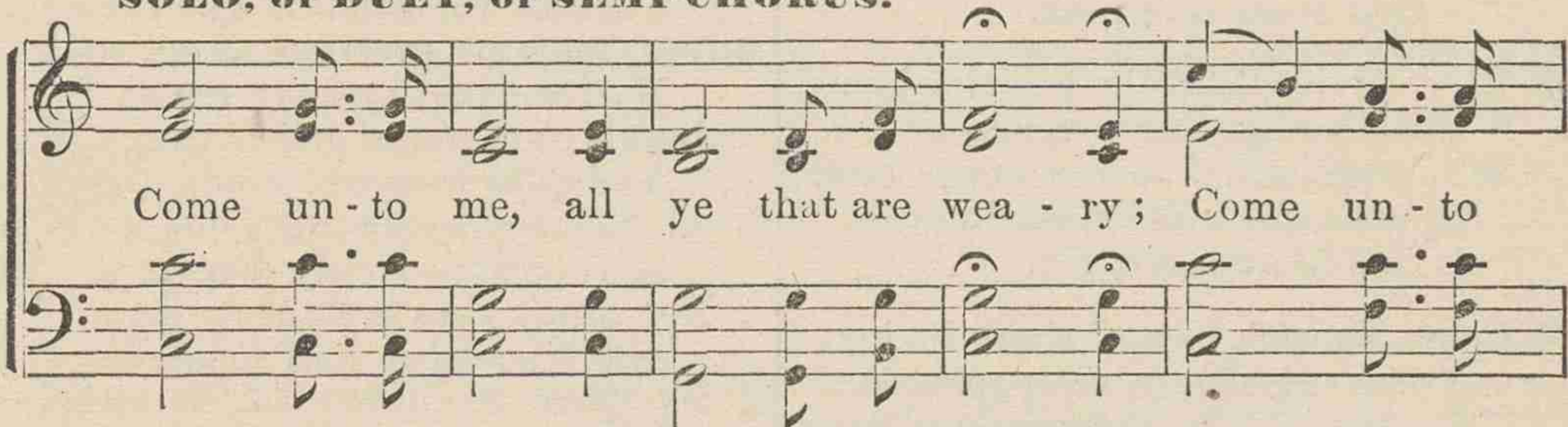


1. Hark! the gos-pel trumpet sounding, Loud proclaims the jubi - lee:
 2. An - gels bring the blessed tid-ings, From the courts of heaven above,
 3. Je - sus died on calvary's mountain, Rose triumphant o'er the grave,
 4. Hear the gos-pel pro - cla-ma - tion, Peace and pardon offered now,



'Tis the voice of love a - bounding, Grace to sin-ners, rich and free.
 Je - sus born, the world's Redeemer, Praise the Lord of life and love.
 Opened up the cleansing fountain, He a - lone has power to save.
 Come, and taste this great salvation, To this bless - ed Je - sus bow.


SOLO, or DUET, or SEMI-CHORUS.



Come un - to me, all ye that are wea - ry; Come un - to

Rit.

FULL CHORUS.



me, and I will give you rest. Sound aloud the gos-pel trumpet, Sal-



va - tion is free; Sound aloud the gospel trumpet, Salvation is free.

One More River to Cross.

Words and music by K. S.

DUET. **SEMI-CHORUS.**

1. { Before we reach that home above, There's one more river to cross;
Where angels dwell and all is love, There's one more river to cross.

CHORUS.

{ One more river, On this side of glory,
One more river, There's . . . one more river to cross!

2 Oh, when shall I those mansions see?
There's one more river to cross.
With all the ransom'd there to be,
There's one more river to cross.
One more river, etc.

3 Blest Savior, lead thy pilgrim home,
There's one more river to cross;
Where storms of sorrow never come,
There's one more river to cross.
One more river, etc.

4 Come, go with us and share its joy,
There's one more river to cross;
The bliss of heaven without alloy,
There's one more river to cross.
One more river, etc.

5 There we shall join that happy band,
There's one more river to cross;
And reign with Christ at God's right
hand,
There's one more river to cross.
One more river, etc.

6 The crown of glory we shall wear,
There's one more river to cross;
And palms of victory we shall bear,
There's one more river to cross.
One more river, etc.

7 O glorious hope, we'll praise the Lord,
There's one more river to cross;
And trust the promise of his word,
There's one more river to cross.
One more river, etc.

ALTOGETHER LOVELY.

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That all the earth might hear.
2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
3 All that my ardent soul can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
4 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath,
And, dying, triumph in thy cross,
The antidote of death.

OH, HOW I LOVE JESUS.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause,
Maintain the honors of his word,
The glory of his cross.
Chorus.—Oh, how I love Jesus,
Oh, how I love Jesus,
Oh, how I love Jesus,
Because he first loved me.
2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

There is a Fountain.

3

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains;

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

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

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

4 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave, [tongue
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

1 SALVATION! Oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark gate we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! Let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Follow Jesus.

He that taketh not his cross and followeth me, is not worthy of me. **MATT. x: 38.**

Words and music by K. SHAW.



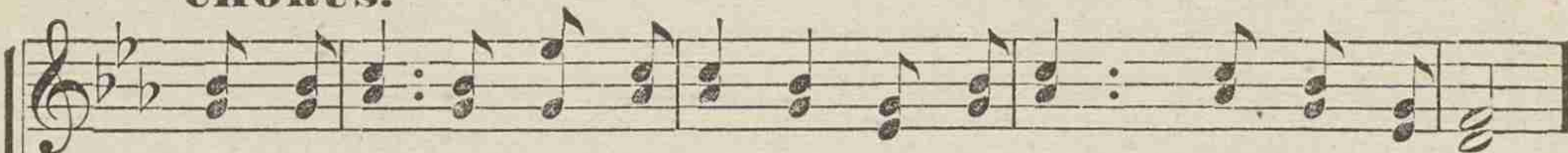
1. Take thy cross and follow Jesus, He a - lone has power to save;
2. Take thy cross, O trembling sinner, Follow Jesus— hear his call—



He can give thee peace and pardon, And redeem thee from the grave
While he of-fers free sal - va-tion, Humbly at his footstool fall.



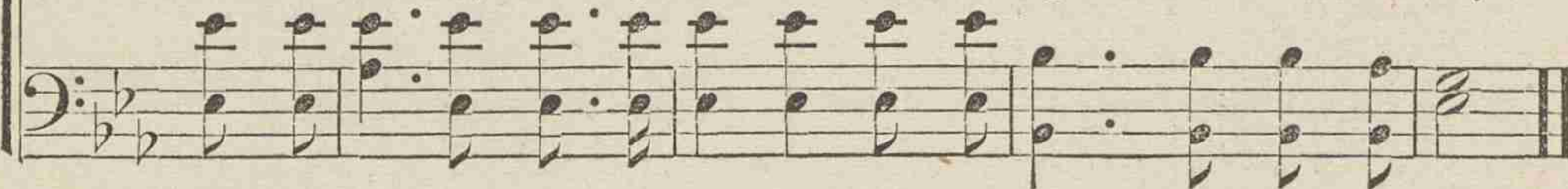
CHORUS.



Fol-low Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, He will lead you on the way,



Follow Je-sus, on - ly Je - sus He will guide to end-less day.



3 Follow him—why will you linger?
Tread the path that he has trod;
By and by, when life is ended,
He will take you home to God.
Follow Jesus, etc.

4 Thro' this world so sad and dreary,
Onward to that home above,
Where there's resting for the weary,
Follow him, whose name is love.
Follow Jesus, etc.

THE LAND CELESTIAL.

Words by FANNY CHURCH.

From "Little Sower." J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. { There is a land ce - les - tial, A world that's bright and fair;
There flows the peaceful riv - er, Be - neath the tree of life,



And o'er its ho - ly beau - ty, Floats not a cloud of care;
There comes no wail of mourn - ing, Nor sound of bit - ter strife.

Chorus.



Land of per - fect beau - ty, World so bright and fair,



When will an - gels call me, When shall I be there?

2 There are the sweet-voiced angels,
Around the great white throne,
Who bow in willing homage
To him who rules alone.
Death guards the mystic portals,
And gently one by one
He leads in weary mortals,
Whose earthly work is done,
Land of, etc.

3 They stand before the Father,
The Lord of life and love;
He smiles upon his children,
He welcomes them above.
And all in joyous singing,
And peace for evermore,
There in that far-off country.
Upon that golden shore,
Land of, etc.

The Eternal Home.

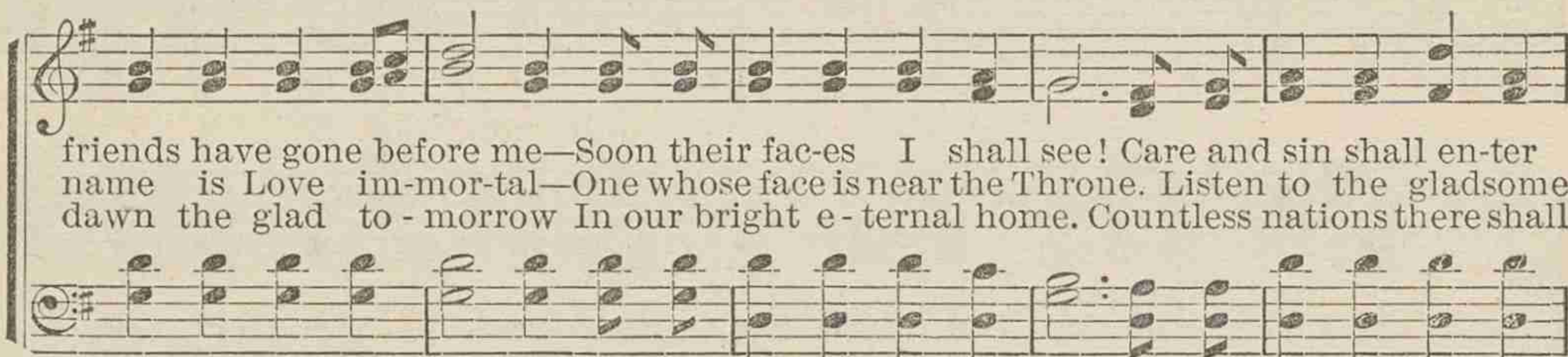
In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.

ALICE WILLIAMS.

KNOWLES SHAW.



1. To our Father's home in glo - ry, Where the many man-sions be, Ma - ny
2. Who will meet us at the por-tal? Who will lead us to our own? One whose
3. We shall know no more of sorrow, Nev-er-more shall need to roam, When shall



friends have gone before me—Soon their fac-es I shall see! Care and sin shall en-ter
name is Love im-mor-tal—One whose face is near the Throne. Listen to the gladsome
dawn the glad to - morrow In our bright e - ternal home. Countless nations there shall



nev-er In that hap-py, ho - ly place; We shall do God's will for-ev - er, Ev - er-
sto - ry, Je - sus waits for you and me, In our Father's house of glo - ry, Where the
gath-er, Walk, from pain and anguish free, In the cit - y of the Father, Where the

CHORUS.



more shall see his face. In the saints' . . . e - ter-nal home, Where no
ma - ny mansions be. In the, etc.
ma - ny mansions be. In the, etc.

In the saints' eternal home, Blessed happy home, Where no



sor - - - rows ev-er come, When our tri - als all are past,
sor-rows ev - er come, In that blessed hap-py home,



And we reach our home at last, We shall dwell in the saints' e - ter-nal home.

The Ninety and Nine.

7

Furnished by IRA D. SANKEY.

P. P. B

1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe-ly lay In the

shel-ter of the fold, But one had wandered far a-way,

In the des-ert so lone and cold; A-way on the mountains

wild and bare, A-way from the Shepherd's tender care; ten der care.

2 Shepherd, hast thou not here thy
ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?
But the Shepherd replied, "This one
of mine,
Has wandered away from me;
The way may be wild and rough and
steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."
3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night the Lord
passed through

Ere he found the sheep that was lost.
Away in the desert he heard its cry,
So feeble and helpless and ready to die.
4 And afar up the mountain, thunder
riven,
And along the rocky steep,
There arose the glad song of joy to
heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the
throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his
own!"

HOME OF THE SOUL.

"And there shall in nowise enter into it any thing that defileth."

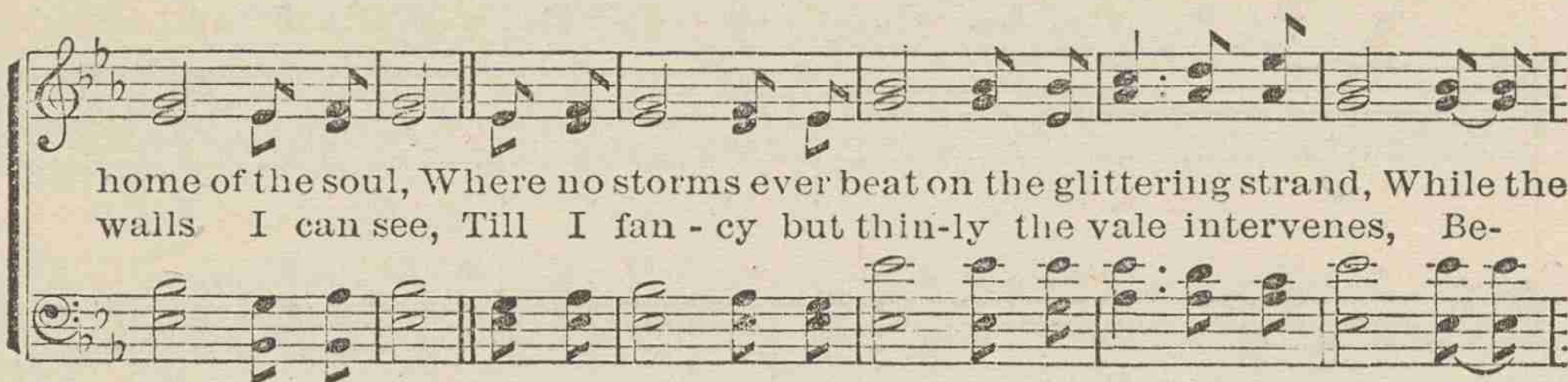
From "SINGING PILGRIM" & "MUSICAL LEAVES," by permission.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

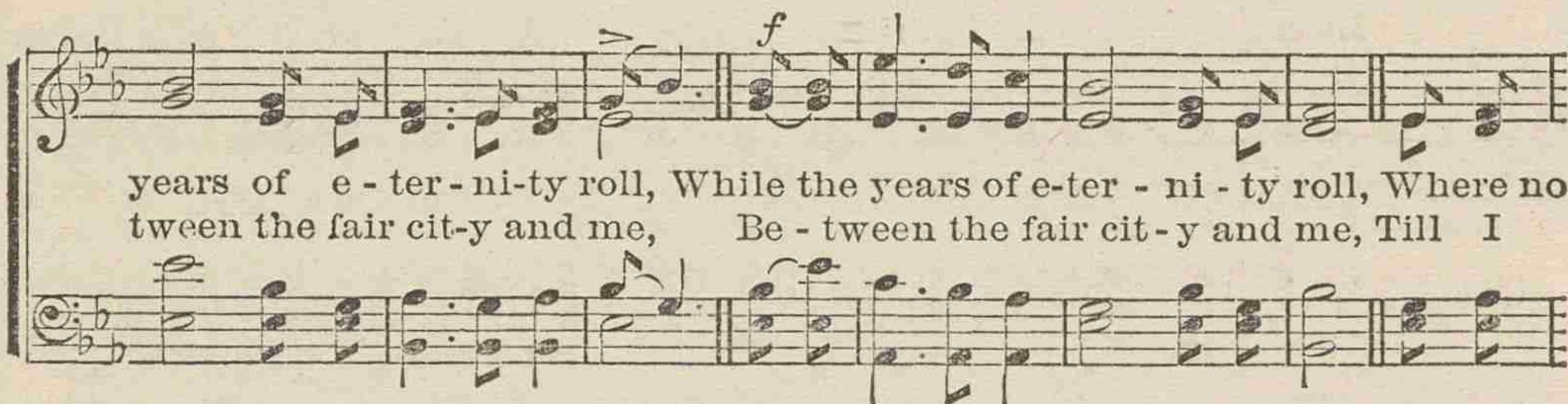
Moderato e effettuoso.



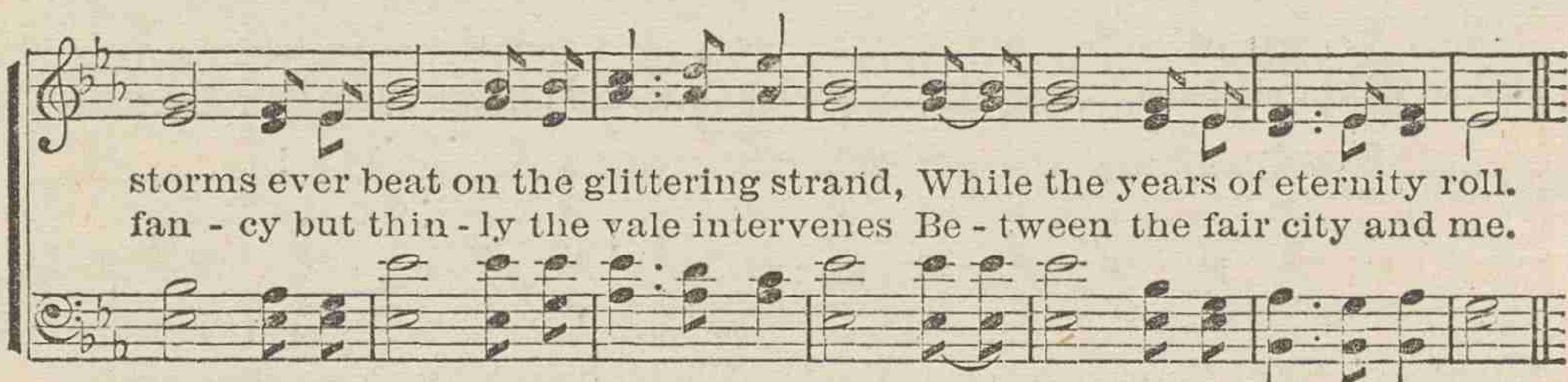
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti - fulland, The far - a - way
2. Oh, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams, Its bright jas-per



home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the
walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin-ly the vale intervenes, Be-



years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, Where no
tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me, Till I



storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years of eternity roll.
fan - cy but thin - ly the vale intervenes Be - tween the fair city and me.


3 There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The king of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

5 Oh how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

FAR BEYOND.

Words and Music by K. SHAW.




1. Far be - yond life's fit - ful fe - ver; Far be - yond this troubled dream;
2. Far be - yond this world of sigh-ing; Far be - yond where tears are shed;
3. Far be - yond these painful partings; Far be - yond these bit-ter tears;




Far be - yond cold Jor-dan's riv - er; Far be - yond that sul - len stream;
Far be - yond the sick and dy - ing; Far be - yond the mold-'ring dead;
Far be - yond these weary heart-aches; Far beyond these hopes and fears;

Chorus.



There we 'll meet to part, no, never! There we 'll roam the gold-en shore,



Where the liv-ing live for - ev - er, And the sun goes down no more,

4 Oh, that home beyond the shadows!
That dear land we soon shall gain;
Where we 'll meet the blessed Savior,
Free from sorrow, toil, and pain.
There we 'll meet, etc.

5 Blessed Savior, help us daily,
While we 're here on earthly ground;
Help us walk in wisdom's pathway,
To that world that 's far beyond.
There we 'll meet, etc.

Bright, Beautiful Heaven.

ELLA LEA.

It doth not yet appear what we shall be.

KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Oh, would to me were only given, A tongue inspired to tell The beauties of yon
 2. There hopes sweet flowers eternal bloom, While seasons come and go, Untouched
 3. And all, whose hopes are centered there, Shall rise o'er grief and pain, For in that

peaceful heaven, Where saints immortal dwell. Oh, would that I could here portray, The
 chilling winds, That blight us here below. There limpid waters, bright and clear, Flow
 earthly care Shall vex our souls again, But with that bright angelic throng, And

raptures all complete, Of those who see their father's face, And worship at his
 o'er the golden sands, While thrilling music strikes the ear From harps in angels'
 friends who've gone before, We'll praise the Lord around the throne In heaven forever

CHORUS.

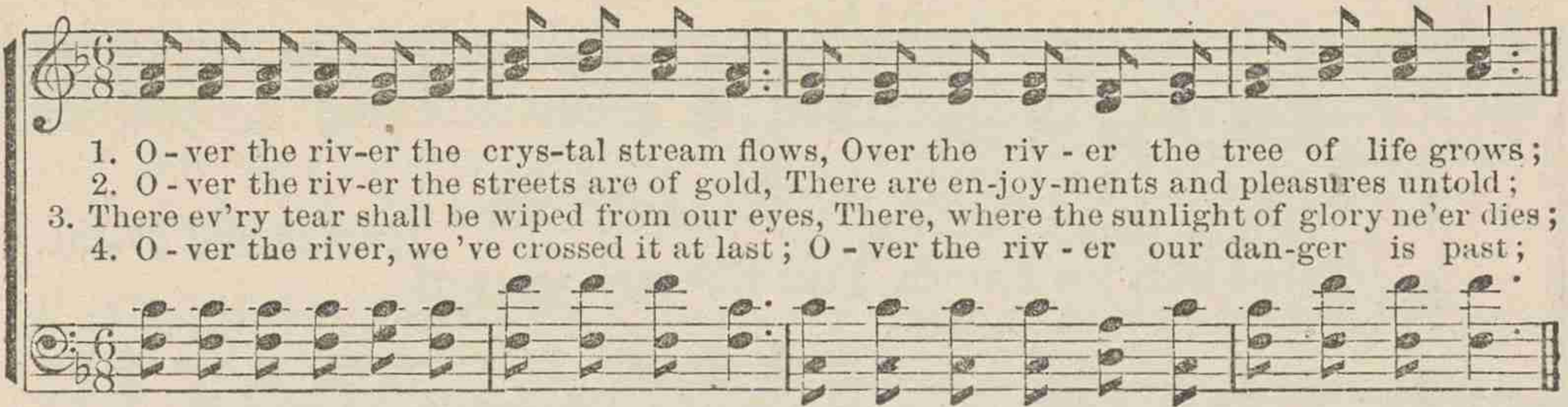
feet. In that bright beau-ti - ful heaven, bright beau-ti - ful
 hands.
 more. beautiful heaven,

heaven, Home where the pilgrim forever shall rest, Bright beautiful heaven
 beautiful heaven,

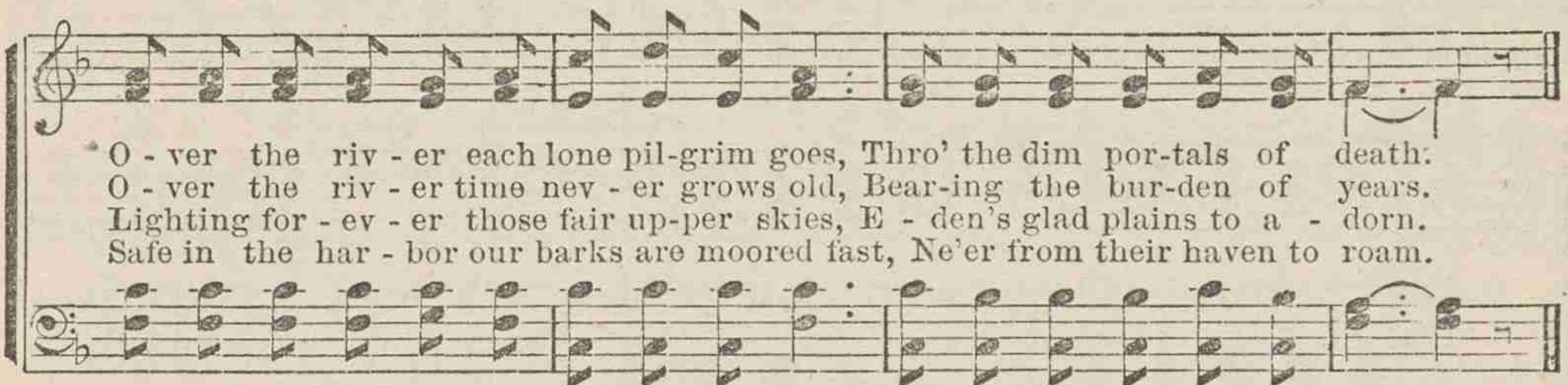
OVER THE RIVER.

From "SONG GARLAND," by permission.

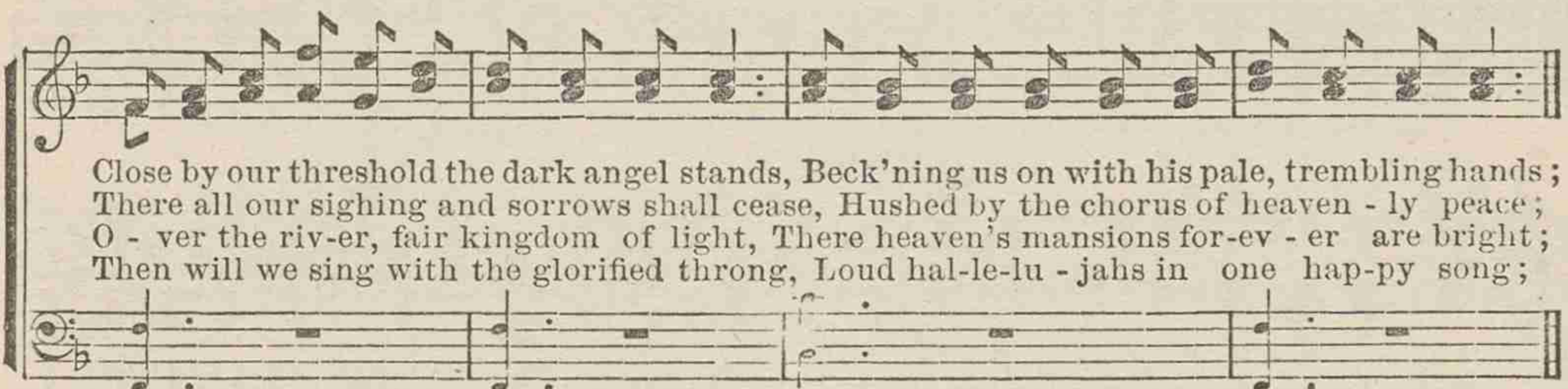
T. W. HUBBARD.



1. O-ver the riv-er the crys-tal stream flows, Over the riv-er the tree of life grows;
 2. O-ver the riv-er the streets are of gold, There are en-joy-ments and pleasures untold;
 3. There ev'ry tear shall be wiped from our eyes, There, where the sunlight of glory ne'er dies;
 4. O-ver the river, we've crossed it at last; O-ver the riv-er our dan-ger is past;



O-ver the riv-er each lone pil-grim goes, Thro' the dim por-tals of death.
 O-ver the riv-er time nev-er grows old, Bear-ing the bur-den of years.
 Light-ing for-ev-er those fair up-per skies, E-den's glad plains to a-dorn.
 Safe in the har-bor our barks are moored fast, Ne'er from their haven to roam.



Close by our threshold the dark angel stands, Beck'ning us on with his pale, trembling hands;
 There all our sighing and sorrows shall cease, Hushed by the chorus of heaven-ly peace;
 O-ver the riv-er, fair kingdom of light, There heaven's mansions for-ev-er are bright;
 Then will we sing with the glorified throng, Loud hal-le-lu-jahs in one hap-py song;

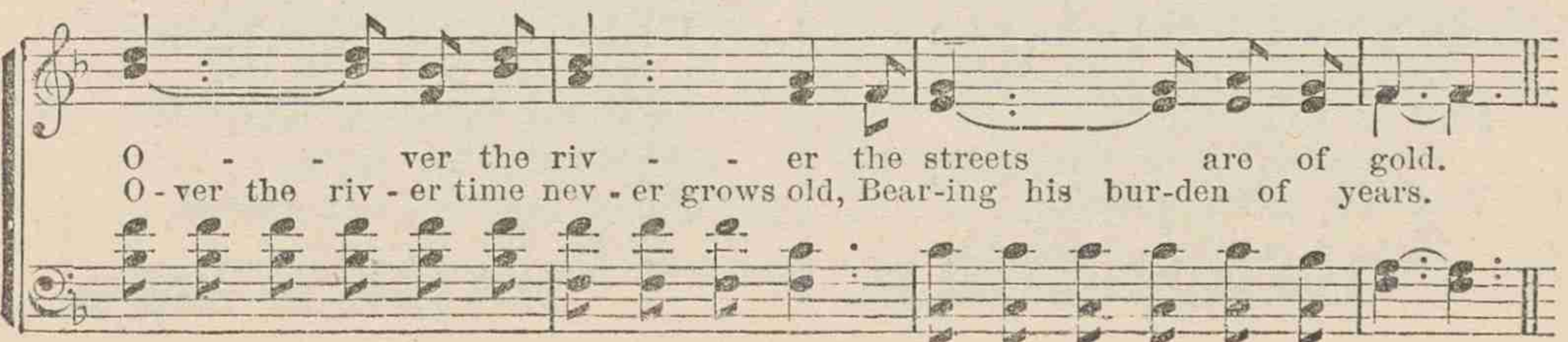


Chill-ing our hearts with the cold i-cy bands, Stealing each quiv-er-ing breath.
 O-ver the riv-er, thrice hap-py re-lease, We shall be free from our fears.
 O-ver the riv-er there com-eth no night, Long is e-ter-ni-ty's morn.
 Praising the power that has brought us along, O-ver the riv-er-at home.

Chorus.



O-ver the riv-er, O-ver the riv-er,
 O-ver the ri-ver the streets are of gold, There are en-joy-ments and pleasures untold;



O-ver the riv-er the streets are of gold.
 O-ver the riv-er time nev-er grows old, Bear-ing his bur-den of years.

Born Again.

Words by PETER VOGEL.

Ye must be born again.—JOHN iii: 7.

Music by K. SHAW.

	1st Time.	2d Time.
1. { Long was I a wand'rer, Je-sus now is mine, Yes, I've found a Savior, Human and divine.		
2. { Equal with the Father, Poor like man on earth, Mighty as Crea - tor, Weak as babes at birth,		

High he lives in glory, Low to earth he came, Told the wond'rous story,
Hat-ed and re-jected, Cru-ci-fied to die; Bur-ied, ris'n, ascended,

CHORUS. *f*

Life in Jesus' name. Then praise the Lord, my Savior, Oh, praise his holy
Pleads my cause on high. Then praise the Lord, etc.

f name, I'll sing his praise forever, For I am born a - gain. **Rit.**

3 "I will ne'er forsake thee"—
Thus his promise stands.
"In my hands I'll bear thee
O'er the burning sands."
Full on him relying,
Weakness is my strength;
Waiting, toiling, dying,
Heav'n is mine at length.
Then praise the Lord, etc.

4 Sweet, oh, sweet the service,
Which to him I give;
Harken—come, dear sinner,
Now my soul doth live.
Taste the precious Savior—
Feel the joy divine;
Know the love unbounded,
Jesus now is mine.
Then praise the Lord, etc.

WOODWORTH. KEY D.

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, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, tho' tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

HAMBURG.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be
hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore, [tide.
Trembles, and dreads the swelling

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro'
And watering our divine abode.

HAMBURG.

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 mercies crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

HEBRON. KEY B \flat .

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

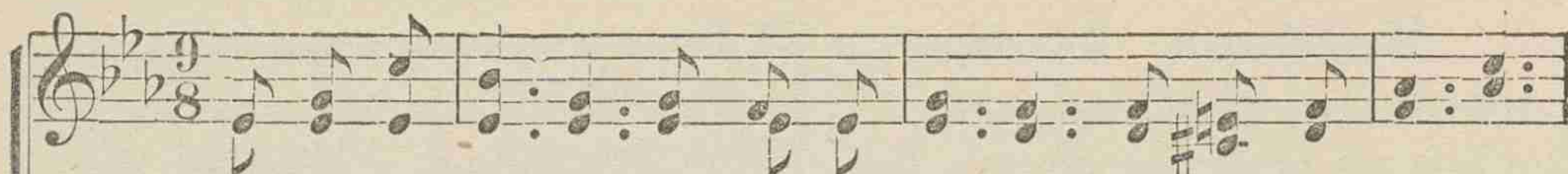
2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past, [come.
And gives me strength for days to

REST. KEY E \flat .



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

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!


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



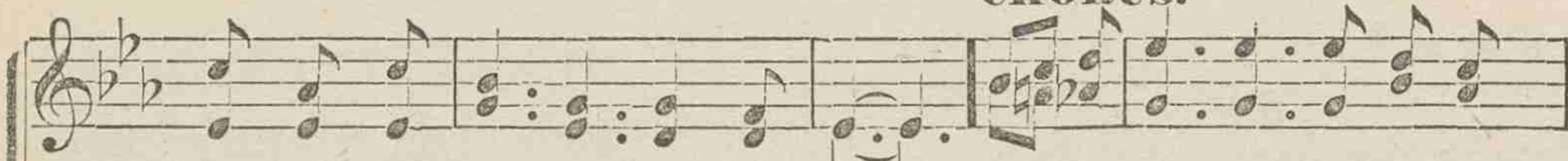
1. Free from the law, oh, hap-py con-di-tion! Je-sus hath bled, and
 2. Now are we free—there's no condem-na-tion; Je-sus provides a
 3. "Children of God!" oh, glo-ri-ous call-ing! Sure-ly his grace will


here is re-mis-sion; Cursed by the law and bruised by the fall,
 per-fect sal-va-tion, "Come unto me," oh, hear his sweet call,
 keep us from fall-ing, Passing from death to life at his call,



CHORUS.



Grace hath redeemed us once for all. Once for all, oh, sinner, re-
 Come, and he saves us, once for all. Once for all, etc.
 Bless-ed sal-va-tion, once for all. Once for all, etc.




ceive it; Once for all, oh, brother, be-lieve it; Cling to the




cross, the bur-den will fall; Christ hath redeemed us, once for all.



TO-DAY.

- 1 To-day, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you come to Christ, or no?
- 2 Say, will you be forever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ forever reign?
- 3 Make now your choice, and halt no more;
He now is waiting for the poor:
Say, now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you come to Christ, or no?
- 4 Fathers and sons for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
- 5 Once more we ask you in his name,
(We know his love remains the same)
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you come to Christ, or no?

COME.

- 1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve.
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Has like a mountain rose;
His kingdom now I'll enter in,
Whoever may oppose.
- 3 Humbly I'll bow at his command,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll own I am a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 Surely he will accept my plea,
For he has bid me come;
Forthwith I'll rise, and to him flee,
For yet, he says, there's room.
- 5 I can not perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

COME TO THE SAVIOR.

- 1 Sinner, to-day, oh, come to the Savior,
Come, nor delay, oh, seek for his favor;
Calling to-day, why will you not hear?
Jesus invites you, oh, draw near.
Chorus—
Jesus has died, O sinner, believe it,
Jesus has risen, O sinner, receive it,
Come and be saved, oh, why longer roam?
Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home."
- 2 Sinner, to-day, oh, come to the fountain,
Though all thy sins doth rise as a mountain,
Come, he will heal you, cleanse you from
sin,
Give you sweet comfort, peace within.
- 3 While you delay, you're growing no better,
Sin only binds still stronger the fetter,
Jesus has said "Oh, come unto me,
Come from your bondage, and be free."
- 4 Free from all sin and all condemnation—
Jesus now offers perfect salvation—
Pardon and peace he freely will give,
Why will you die? Oh, turn and live.

OBEDIENCE.

- 1 How happy are they who their Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can not express the sweet comfort
and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!
- 2 This comfort is mine, since the favor divine
I have found in the blood of the Lamb!
Since the truth I believed, what a joy I've
received,
What a heaven in Jesus' blest name!
- 3 'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know
And the angels can do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore!
- 4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my
song;
Oh, that all to this refuge may fly!
He has loved me, I cried, he has suffered and
died,
To redeem such a rebel as I.
- 5 On the wings of his love I am carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
Oh, why should I grieve, while on him I
believe,
Oh, why should I sorrow again.

SHALL WE KNOW.

- 1 When we hear the music ringing,
In the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In that land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?
- 2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In that glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining,
Fondly round us as before?
- 3 Oh, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
You shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp-strings, touched by angel fingers,
Murmured, in my raptured ear—
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
We shall know each other there.

THE EDEN ABOVE.

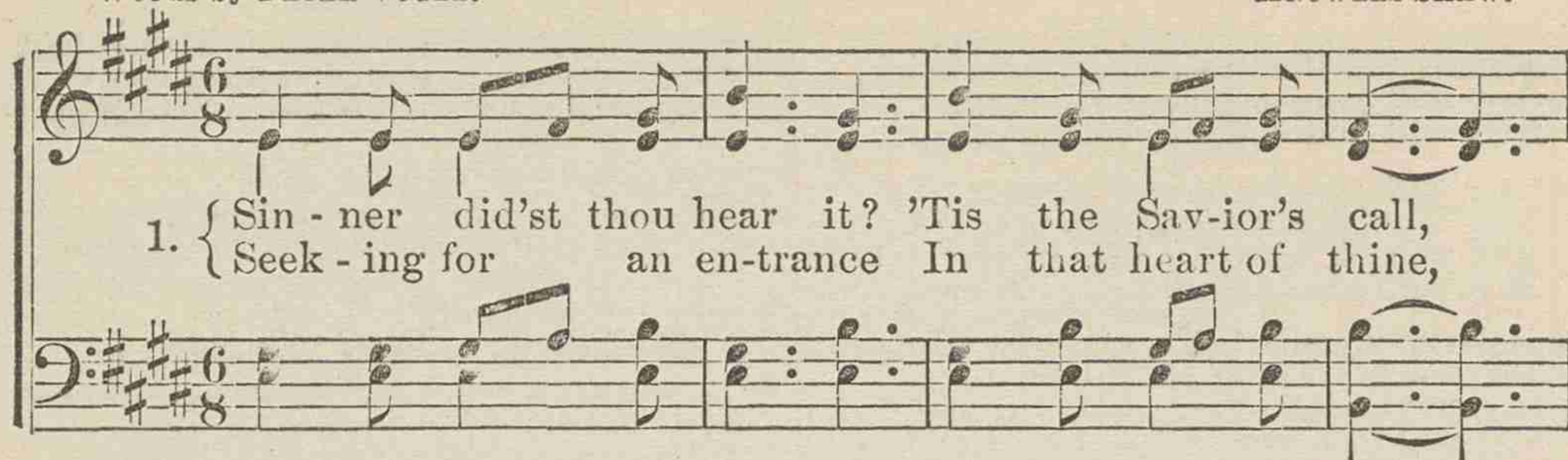
- 1 We're bound for the land of the pure and the
holy,
The home, of the happy, the kingdom of love,
As wanderers from God, in the broad road of folly,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish,
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified
move,
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, etc.
- 3 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall
prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright
glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
We will go, we will go,
Oh, yes, we will go to the Eden above.

Standing, Knocking, Waiting.

Behold I stand at the door and knock.

Words by PETER VOGEL.

KNOWLES SHAW.



1. { Sin - ner did'st thou hear it? 'Tis the Sav-ior's call,
Seek - ing for an en-trance In that heart of thine,



Stand-ing, knock - ing, wait-ing, Christ the Lord of all;
Plead-ing to transform thee By his grace di - vine.

CHORUS. Lively.



Stand - ing, knock-ing, waiting, Hear his gen - tle voice,



'Tis the Sav - ior call - ing, Make to - day your choice.

2 Tender is his accent,
Winning is his tone,
Standing, knocking, waiting,
Wants thee for a son.
Father's house of mansions,
Beautiful and fair,
Stands in grandeur waiting,
He would sup you there.

3 Oh, canst thou refuse him?
Knocking day by day,
Standing, knocking, waiting,
Yield without delay.
Yes, the Lord Almighty,
Humbled in the dust,
Beggeth thee as sov'reign,
"Take me as thy guest."

4 Soon the day is coming
When no more, as now,
Standing, knocking, waiting,
Christ to thee will bow;
On his throne of glory,
Thou the beggar then,
Judgment passing o'er thee
Thou wilt beg in vain.

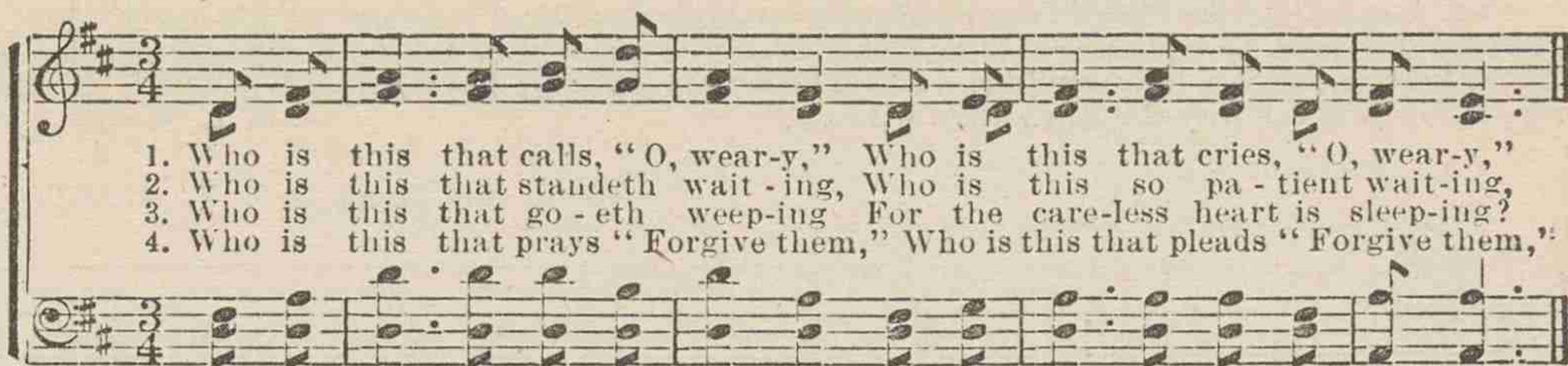
5 Oh, I yield, I open,
Savior at the door,
Standing, knocking, waiting,
Thou shalt wait no more.
Enter with forgiveness,
Enter, Peerless One;
Treat me as a servant,
Never as a son.

HEAVY LADEN COME TO ME.

17

Words by C. C.

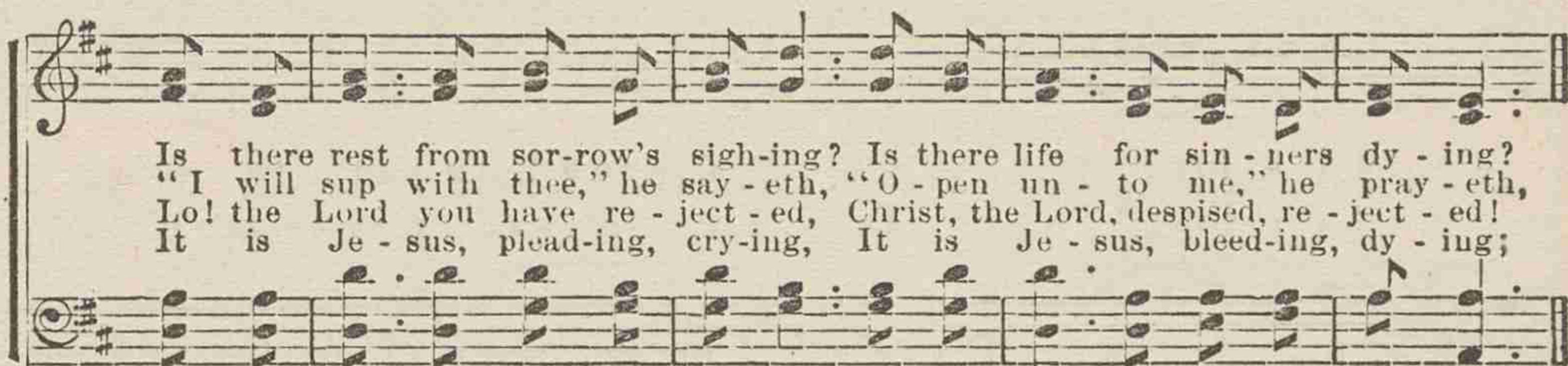
Music by W. H. DOANE.



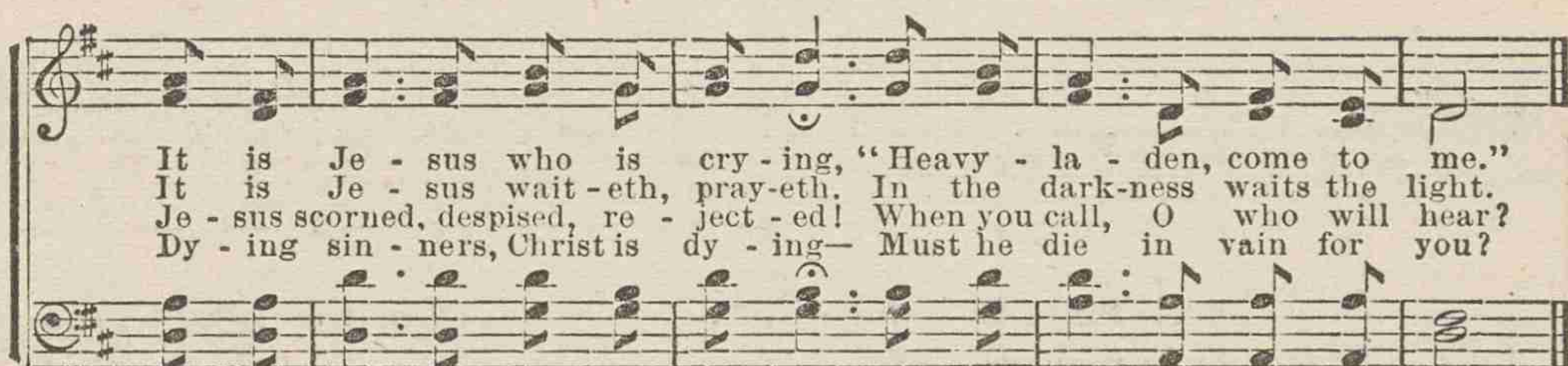
1. Who is this that calls, "O, wear-y," Who is this that cries, "O, wear-y,"
 2. Who is this that standeth wait-ing, Who is this so pa-tient wait-ing,
 3. Who is this that go-eth weep-ing For the care-less heart is sleep-ing?
 4. Who is this that prays "Forgive them," Who is this that pleads "Forgive them,"



Who is this that prays, "O, wea-ry, Hea-vy-la-den, come to me?"
 Knocking, wait-ing, call-ing, wait-ing, Thro' the dark and storm-y night?
 Who is this that go-eth weep-ing, "I have called, ye would not hear?"
 All-for-giv-ing prays, "For-give them, For they know not what they do?"



Is there rest from sor-row's sigh-ing? Is there life for sin-ners dy-ing?
 "I will sup with thee," he say-eth, "O-pen un-to me," he pray-eth,
 Lo! the Lord you have re-ject-ed, Christ, the Lord, despised, re-ject-ed!
 It is Je-sus, plead-ing, cry-ing, It is Je-sus, bleed-ing, dy-ing;



It is Je-sus who is cry-ing, "Heavy-la-den, come to me."
 It is Je-sus wait-eth, pray-eth. In the dark-ness waits the light.
 Je-sus scorned, despised, re-ject-ed! When you call, O who will hear?
 Dy-ing sin-ners, Christ is dy-ing— Must he die in vain for you?

Chorus.



Je-sus calls! will you come? Hea-vy-la-den, sin-ner come?



Je-sus calls! will you come, Come and go to the prom-ised land?

More to Follow.

"A vast fortune was left in the hands of a minister for one of his poor parishioners. Fearing that it might be squandered if suddenly bestowed upon him, the wise minister sent him a little at a time, with a note, saying: *'This is thine; use it wisely; there is more to follow.'* Brethren, that's just the way the Lord deals with us."

D. L. MOODY.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. Have you on the Lord be-lieved? Still there's more to
2. Have you felt the Sav - ior near? Still there's more to

fol - low; Of his grace have you re - ceived?
fol - low; Does his bless - ed pres - ence cheer?

Still there's more to fol - low. Oh, the grace the
Still there's more to fol - low. Oh, the love that

Fa - ther shows! Still there's more to fol - low;
Je - sus shows! Still there's more to fol - low;

More to Follow. Concluded.

19

Free - ly he his grace be - stows, Still there's more to
Free - ly he his love be - stows, Still there's more to

CHORUS.

fol - low. More and more, more and more,
fol - low. More and more, etc.

Al - ways more to fol - low, Oh, his match less,

bound-less love! Still there's more to fol - low.

3 Have you felt the Spirit's power?
Still there's more to follow,
Falling like the gentle shower?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the power the Spirit shows!
Still there's more to follow,
Freely he his power bestows,
Still there's more to follow.
More and more, etc.

Almost Persuaded.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" now to be - lieve;
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day;

"Al - most per - suad - ed" Christ to re - ceive.
 "Al - most per - suad - ed," turn not a - way.

Seems now some soul to say, "Go, spir - it, go thy way,
 Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are lin - g'ring near,

Some more con - ven - ient day On thee I'll call."
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer, come!

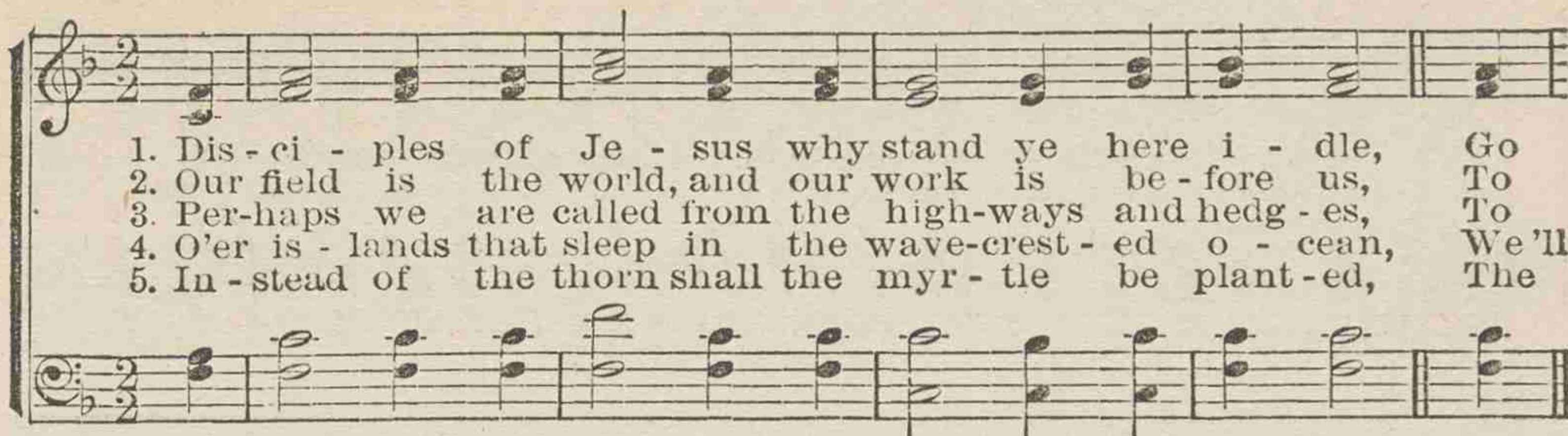
3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past;
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
 "Almost" can not avail;
 "Almost" is but to fail!
 Sad, sad that bitter wail—
 "Almost, but lost!"

THE WORLD IS MY PARISH.

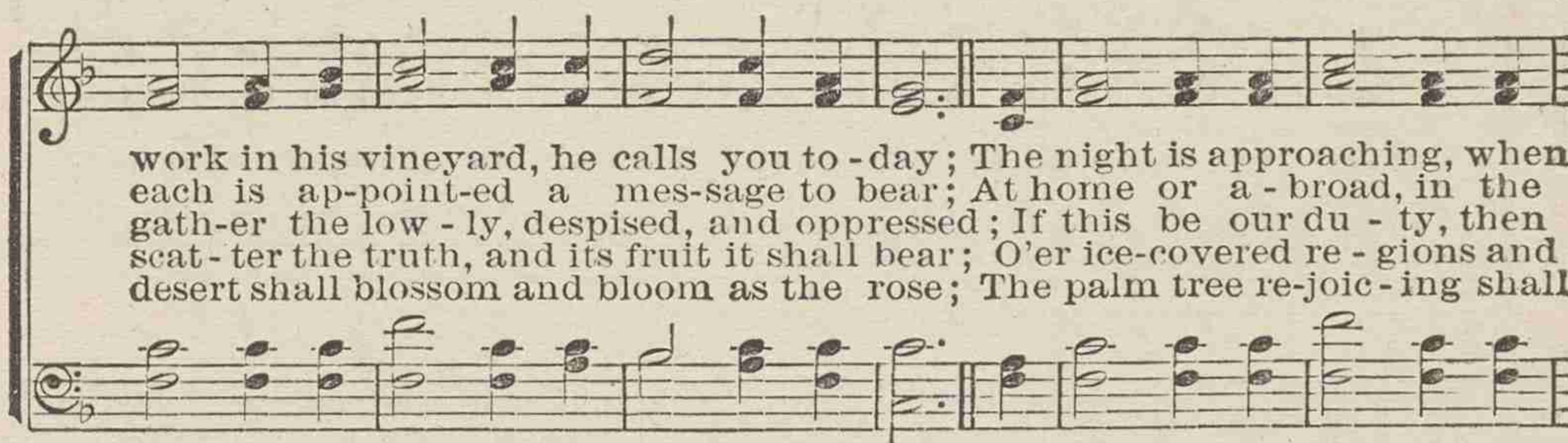
From "FRESH LEAVES."

"The field is the world."

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Dis - ci - ples of Je - sus why stand ye here i - dle, Go
 2. Our field is the world, and our work is be - fore us, To
 3. Per-haps we are called from the high-ways and hedg - es, To
 4. O'er is - lands that sleep in the wave-crest - ed o - cean, We'll
 5. In - stead of the thorn shall the myr - tle be plant - ed, The



work in his vineyard, he calls you to - day; The night is approaching, when
 each is ap-point-ed a mes-sage to bear; At home or a - broad, in the
 gath-er the low - ly, despised, and oppressed; If this be our du - ty, then
 scat-ter the truth, and its fruit it shall bear; O'er ice-covered re - gions and
 desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose; The palm tree re-joic-ing shall



no man can la-bor, Our Mas-ter commands us, and shall we de - lay?
 cot-tage or pal-ace, Wherev - er di - rect - ed, our mis - sion is there.
 why should we falter? We'll do it, and trust to our Sa - vior the rest.
 rock-girded mountains, The Lord will protect as his chil-dren are there.
 spread forth her branches; The lamb and the lion to - geth - er re - pose.

Chorus.



The field is the world! The field is the world! Look up, for the



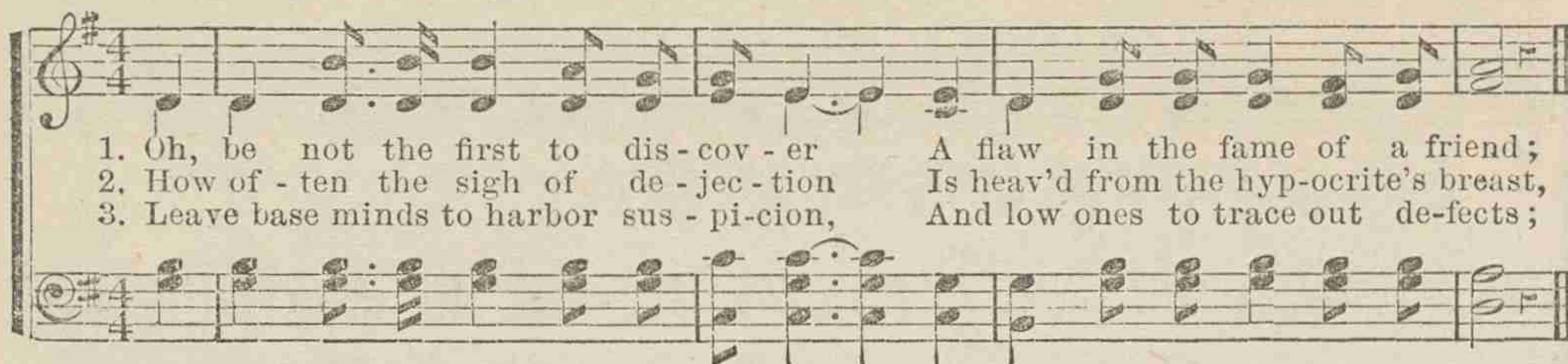
har - vest is near; When the reap-ers from glo - ry Will



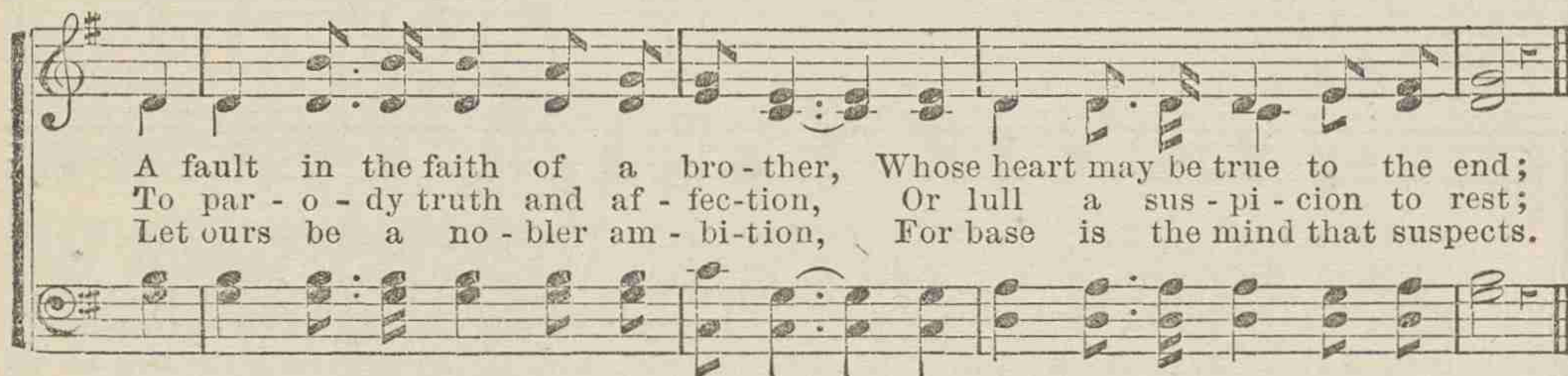
shout as they come, And the Lord of the har - vest ap - pear.

CHARITY THINKETH NO EVIL.

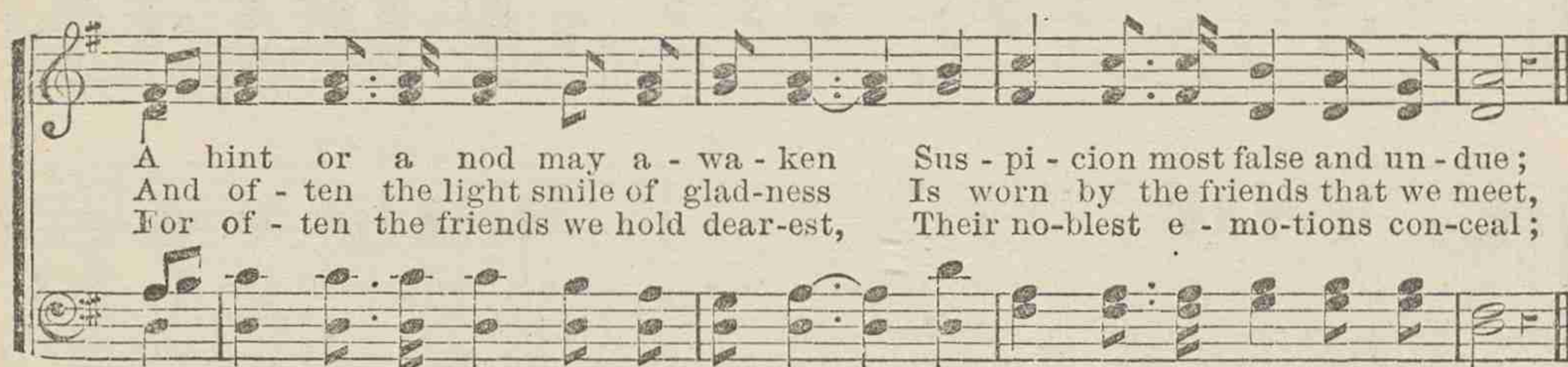
KNOWLES SHAW.



1. Oh, be not the first to dis-cov-er A flaw in the fame of a friend;
 2. How of-ten the sigh of de-jec-tion Is heav'd from the hyp-ocrite's breast,
 3. Leave base minds to harbor sus-pi-cion, And low ones to trace out de-fects;



A fault in the faith of a bro-ther, Whose heart may be true to the end;
 To par-o-dy truth and af-fec-tion, Or lull a sus-pi-cion to rest;
 Let ours be a no-bler am-bi-tion, For base is the mind that suspects.



A hint or a nod may a-wa-ken Sus-pi-cion most false and un-due;
 And of-ten the light smile of glad-ness Is worn by the friends that we meet,
 For of-ten the friends we hold dear-est, Their no-blest e-motions con-ceal;



And thus our be-lief may be sha-ken In those who are hon-est and true.
 To cov-er a soul full of sad-ness, Too proud to acknowledge de-feat.
 For bo-soms the pur-est, sin-cer-est, Have tho'ts they can never re-veal.

Chorus.



For we none of us know one an-oth-er, And oft in-to er-ror may fall,



Then let us speak well of each oth-er; When we can't, let us not speak at all.

Beautiful Song of Heaven.

23

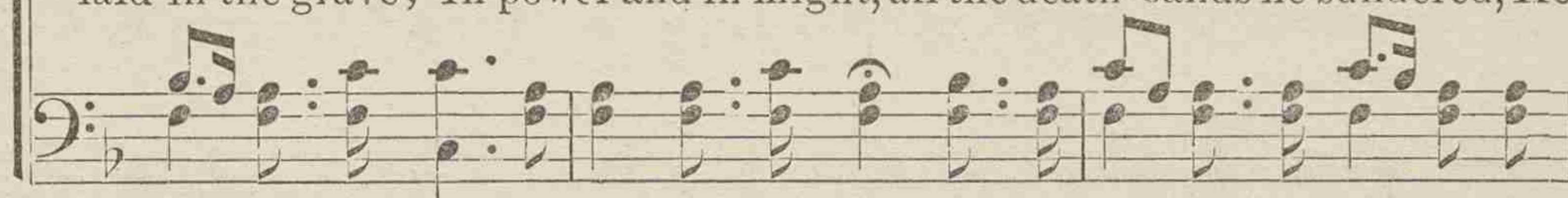
G. L. HARNEY.



1. Oh, hark! as it floats on the breezes of heaven, Me thinks that the song of the
2. Oh, how in the valley of sin and temptation We wandered till news from the
3. In tears, and in sorrow and trials he wandered; He suffered and died, he was



ransomed I hear, New harps and new voices to them hath been given, Their
Savior we heard. In mercy and love he had purchased salvation, For
laid in the grave; In power and in might, all the death-bands he sundered, He



CHORUS.



song of salva-tion falls sweet on my ear. All glo ry to him who from
all who o - bey him and trust in his word.
rose o - ver all—he is mighty to save.



heaven descended, The lamb that was slain to redeem us to God, From




every people, and nation, and kindred;
Who gave for a ransom his own precious blood.



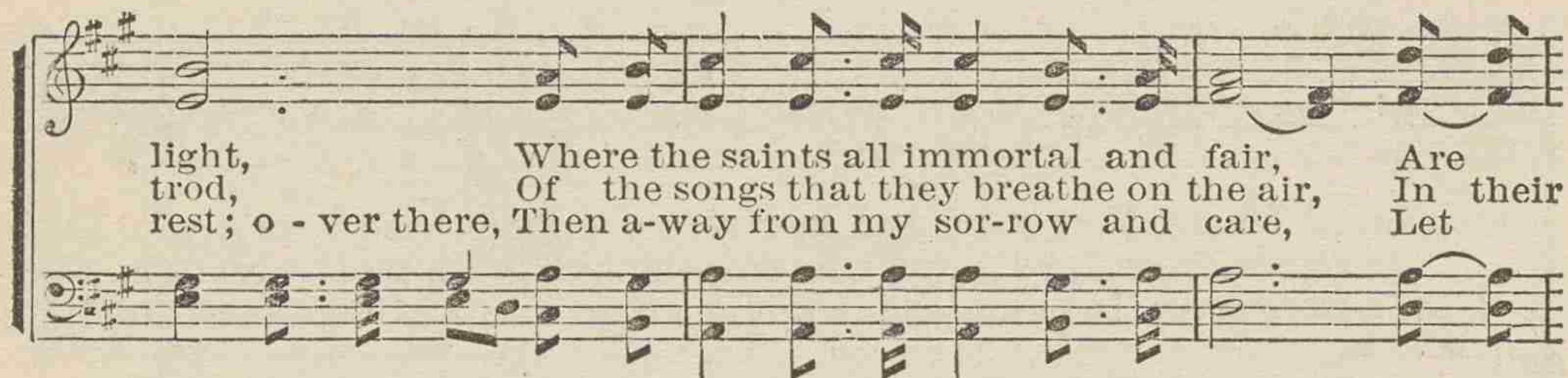
OVER THERE.

From "FRESH LEAVES," by permission.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Oh, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
 2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who before us the journey have
 3. My Sa - vior is now o - ver there, There my kindred and friends are at

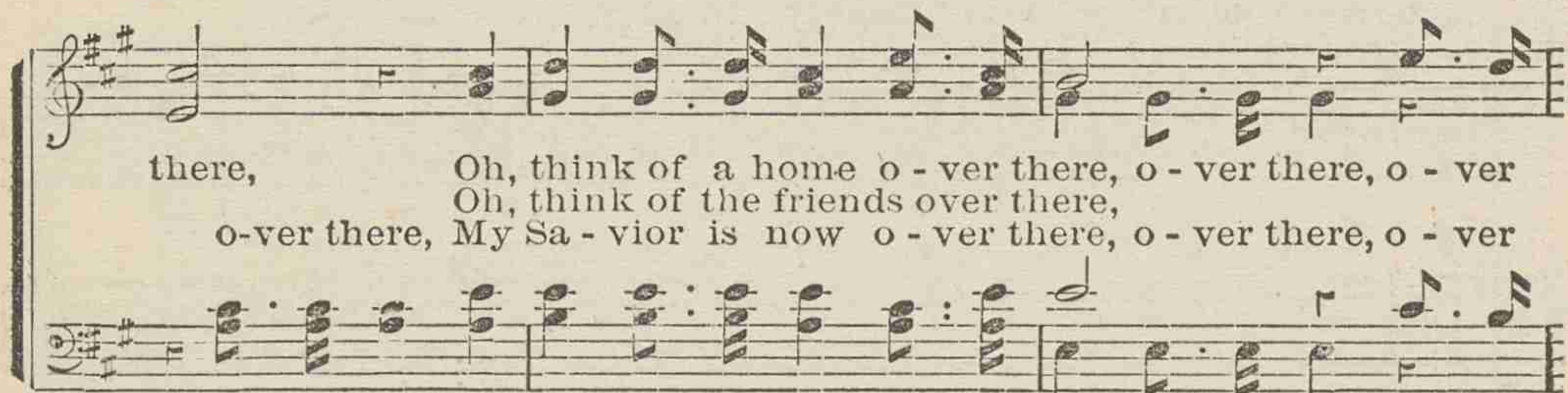


light, Where the saints all immortal and fair, Are
 trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
 rest; o - ver there, Then a-way from my sor-row and care, Let

Refrain.



robed in their garments of white, over there. Over there, o - ver
 home in the pal-ace of God.
 me fly to the land of the blest. o - ver there,



there, Oh, think of a home o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver
 Oh, think of the friends over there,
 o-ver there, My Sa - vior is now o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver



there, over there, o-ver there, over there, Oh, think of a home o-ver there.
 over there, Oh, think of the friends over there.
 there, over there, o-ver there, over there, My Sa-vior is now o-ver there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
 For the end of my journey I see;
 Many dear to my heart, over there,
 Are watching and waiting for me.
 Over there, over there,
 I'll soon be at home over there.

5 We'll all meet again over there,
 When the trials of life are all o'er;
 With the ransomed eternally share
 The bliss on that beautiful shore.
 Over there, over there,
 We'll all meet again over there.

I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

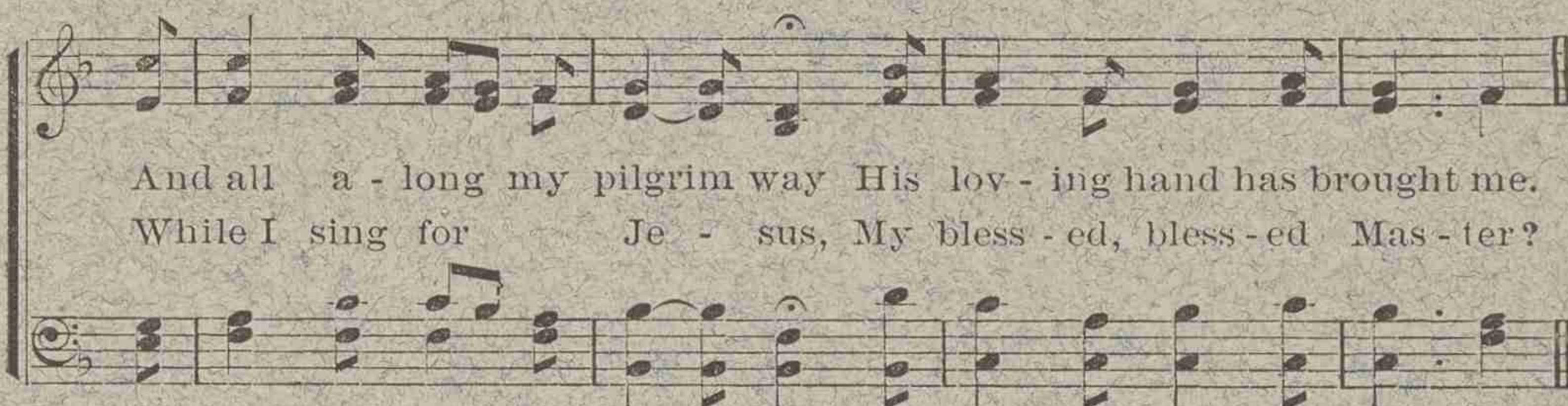
"Making melody in your hearts to the Lord."

By permission.
With energy.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. I will sing for Je - sus; With his blood he bought me,
2. Can there o - ver - take me A - ny dark dis - as - ter,



And all a - long my pilgrim way His lov - ing hand has brought me.
While I sing for Je - sus, My bless - ed, bless - ed Mas - ter?

Chorus.



Oh! help me sing for Je - sus, Help me tell the sto - ry



Of him who did re-deem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.
Oh, help me sing, etc.

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!
Oh, how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.
Oh, help me sing, etc.

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