# GOSPEL HYMNS CONSOLIDATED

4282

Gospel Hymns Consolidated embracing
Volumes No. 1, 2, 3 and 4. New York
Biglow & Main, 1883.
(Has D. L. Moody autograph
on fly leaf)

M1532

42821K

SPECIAL

# RELIGIOUS ✣ SERVICES

—IN THE—

## Eliot · Congregational · Church,

—CONDUCTED BY—

## DWIGHT L. MOODY,

## THURSDAY AND FRIDAY,

OCTOBER 1 and 2, 1885.

Among the important topics to be considered are:—

1. "How to Study the Bible."

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2. "The Importance of Church Membership."

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3. "Assurance."

---

4. "The Holy Spirit."

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5. "How to Conduct Prayer Meetings."

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6. "How to Promote Spiritual Life in the Church."

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A meeting for men only will be addressed by Mr. Moody Friday evening.

SESSIONS:

At 10, 2.30 and 7 o'clock.

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MR. MOODY will speak at each session.

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REV. DR. A. J. GORDON of Boston,
REV. T. HOLMES of Newton Centre and
REVS. H. F. TITUS and J. M. LEONARD, of Newton,
Will open topics for general discussion.

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MR. and MRS. F. M. LAMB, the sweet gospel singers, will be present at each service.

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A large chorus choir, under the direction of MR. L. E. CHASE, will lead the singing. Please bring Gospel Hymns combined.

## SPECIAL.

Persons remaining from one service to another should provide themselves with basket lunch, the church parlors will be open to accommodate such.

Persons not thus provided can obtain a hot lunch at Paxton's, corner Centre and Elmwood streets.

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## TRAINS.

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LEAVE BOSTON FOR NEWTON:

9.15, 10.00, 11.05, A. M., 12.00, M., 1.30, 2.25, 3.05, 3.45, 4.26, 5.05, 5.30, 5.55, 6.10, 6.30, 7.05, P. M.

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LEAVE NEWTON FOR BOSTON:

12.38, 1.37, 2.12, 3.37, 4.01, 4.43, 5.13 5.30, 6.17, 6.52, 7.13, 8.17, 9.12, 9.57, 10.42, P. M.

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LEAVE NEWTON FOR NEWTONVILLE AND WEST:

12.21, 1.50, 2.46, 3.26, 4.42, 5.27, 5.48, 6.11, 6.32, 6.50, 7.21, 8.21, 9.22, 10.21, 11.32 P. M.

Col 3. 2

D. L. Moody

F. M. Lamb

Mc A. Lamb.

This book was used by Mr Moody during the Convention in Newton, Oct. 1 & 2. 1885.

# GOSPEL HYMNS

## CONSOLIDATED,

EMBRACING VOLUMES

## No. 1, 2, 3 AND 4,

**WITHOUT DUPLICATES,**

FOR USE IN

## GOSPEL MEETINGS

AND

## OTHER RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

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PUBLISHED BY

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# PREFACE.

THIS collection embraces in one volume all the hymns and tunes, as used by D. L. MOODY, and others, found in "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs," (vol. 1,) "Gospel Hymns No. 2," compiled by P. P. BLISS and IRA D. SANKEY, "Gospel Hymns No. 3," and "Gospel Hymns No. 4," by IRA D. SANKEY, JAMES MCGRANAHAN and GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

The hymns from No. 2, No. 3 and No. 4, have been *renumbered* in consecutive order; all duplicates omitted.

We are sure that "**Gospel Hymns Consolidated,**" will prove acceptable and helpful to all who desire a large collection of favorite Gospel Songs.

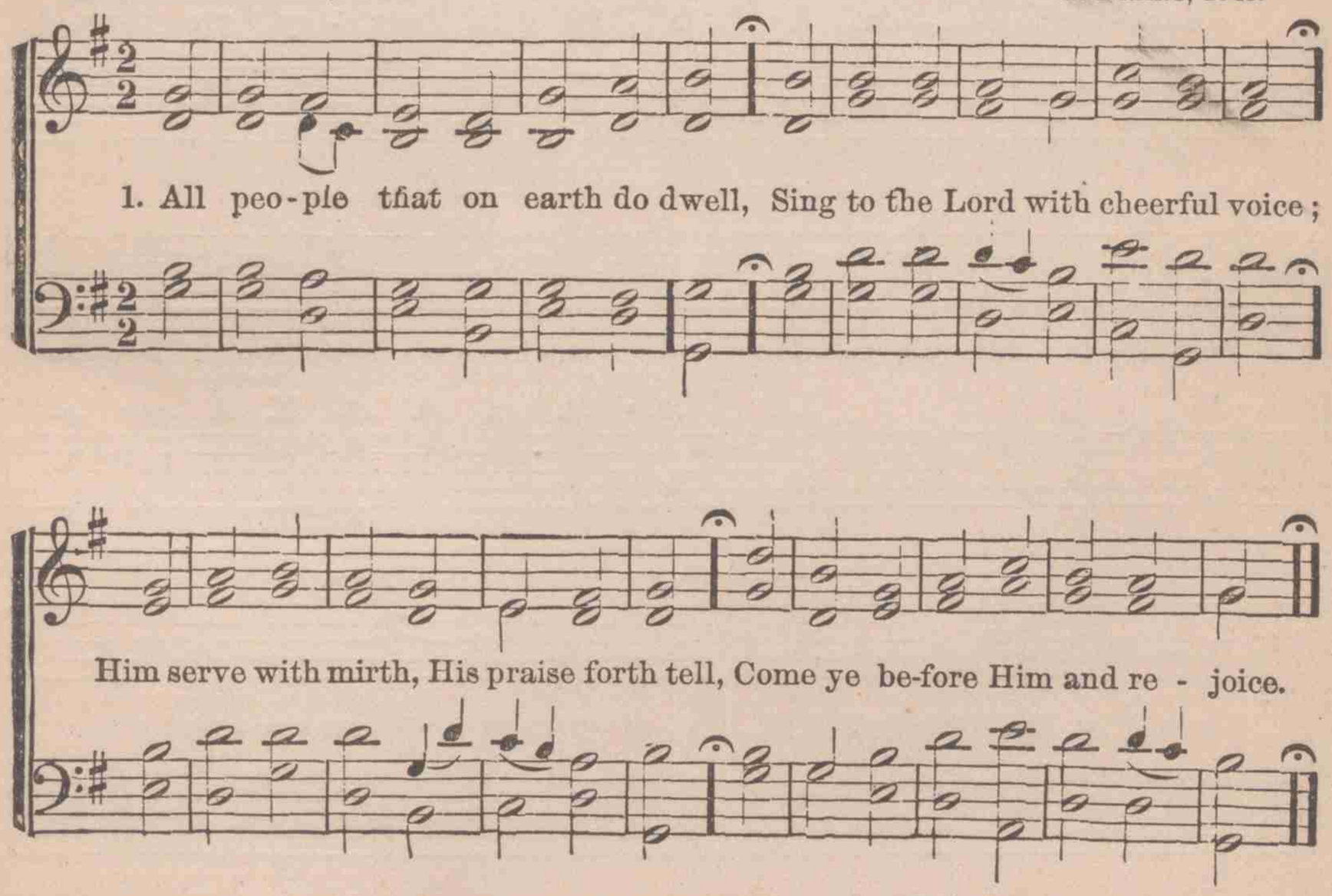
THE PUBLISHERS.

# GOSPEL HYMNS

## CONSOLIDATED.

## No. 1. Old Hundred. L. M.

"Come before His presence with singing."—PSA. 100: 2.

Rev. WM. KETHE, 1561. G. FRANC, 1545.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

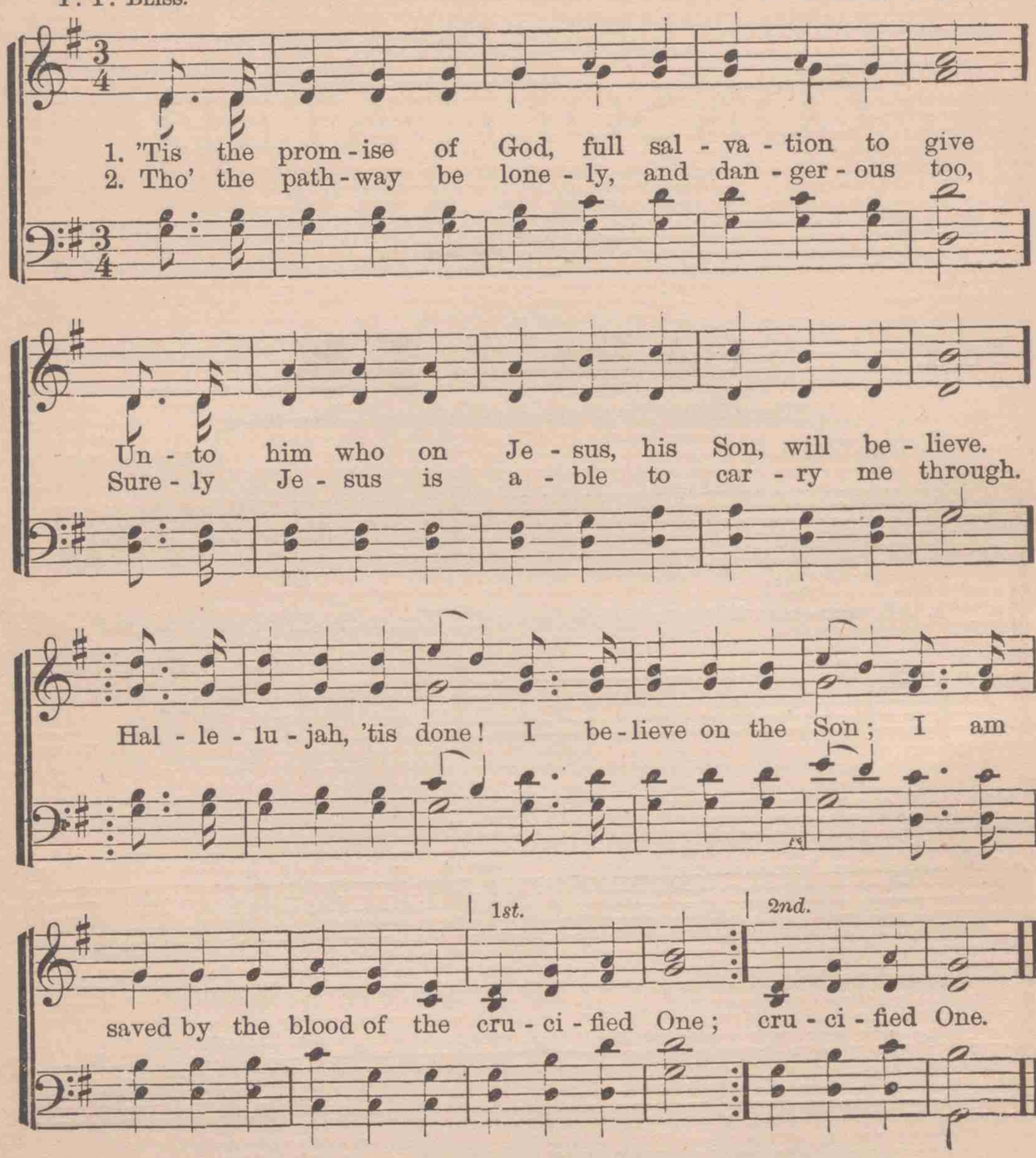
DOXOLOGY. L. M.

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.

Bp. THOS. KEN. 1697.

## No. 2. Hallelujah, 'tis Done! (G. H. 2–65.)

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN 3 : 16.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

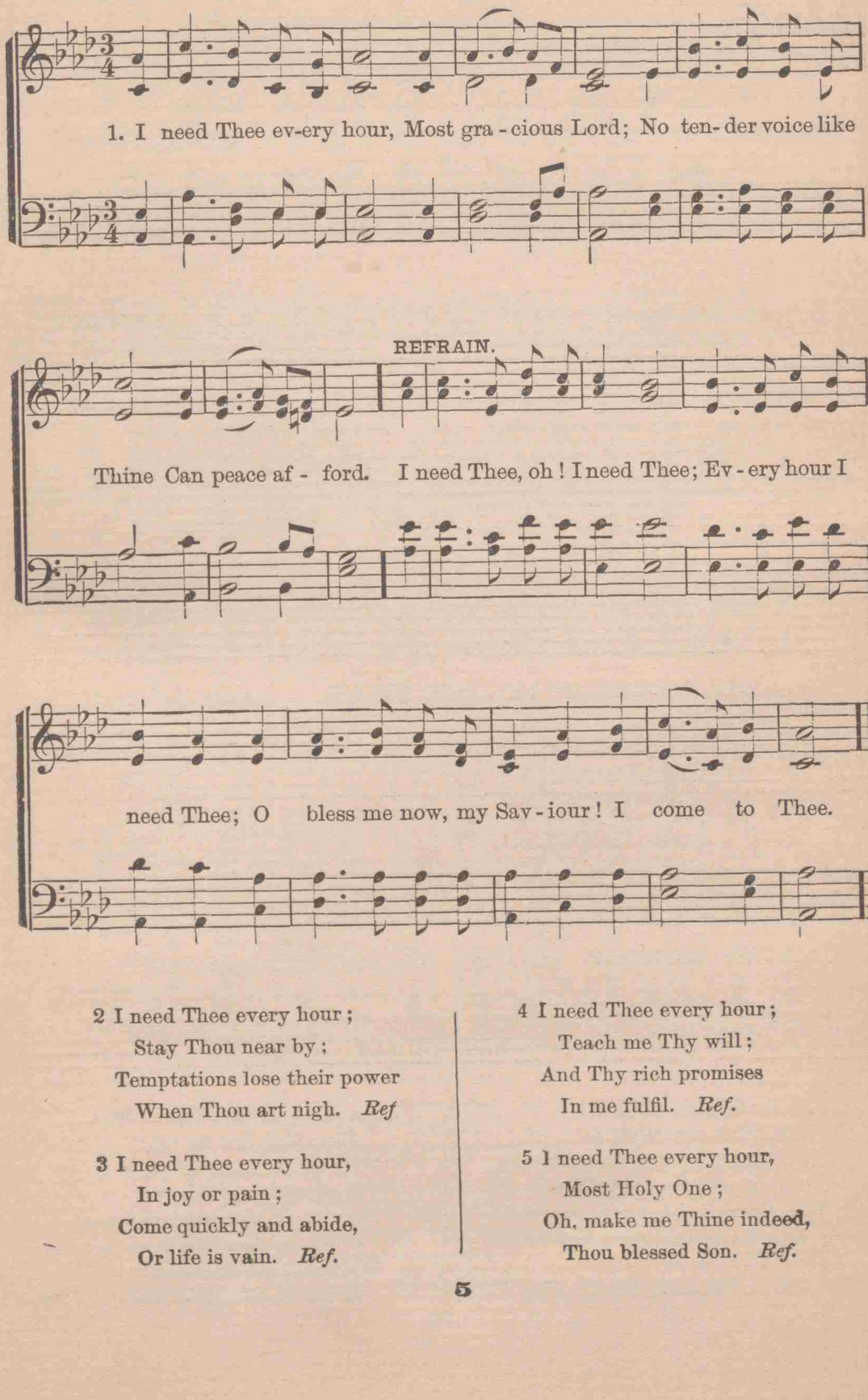
5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

## No. 3. I Need Thee Every Hour. (G. H. 2–114.)

"Without Me ye can do nothing." JOHN 15 : 5.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.




2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh. *Ref*

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain. *Ref.*

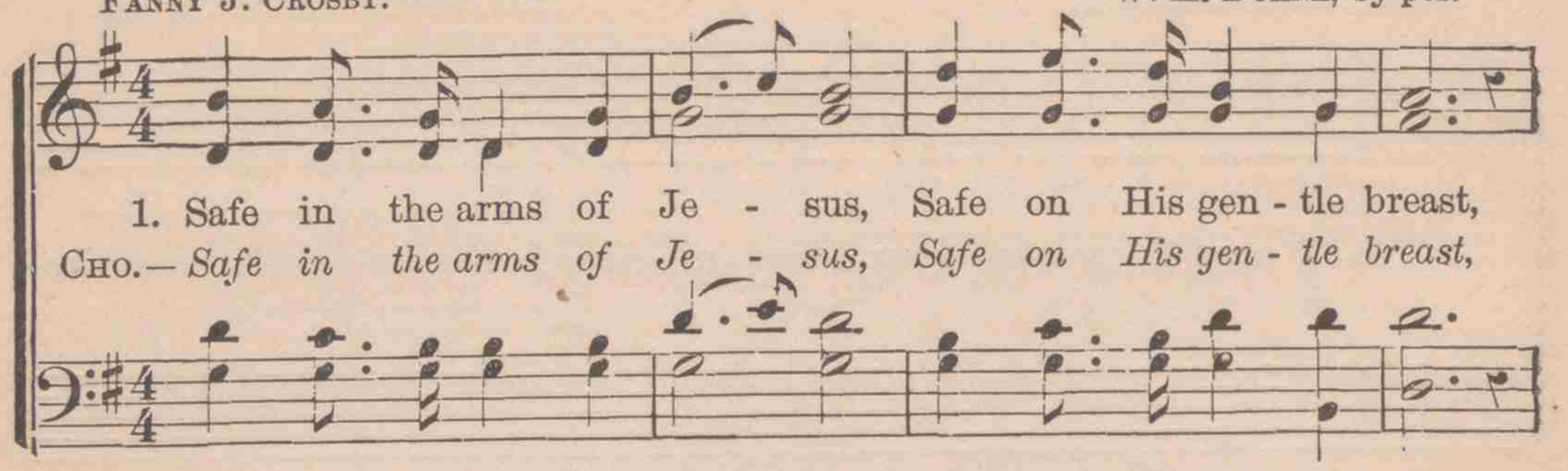
4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil. *Ref.*

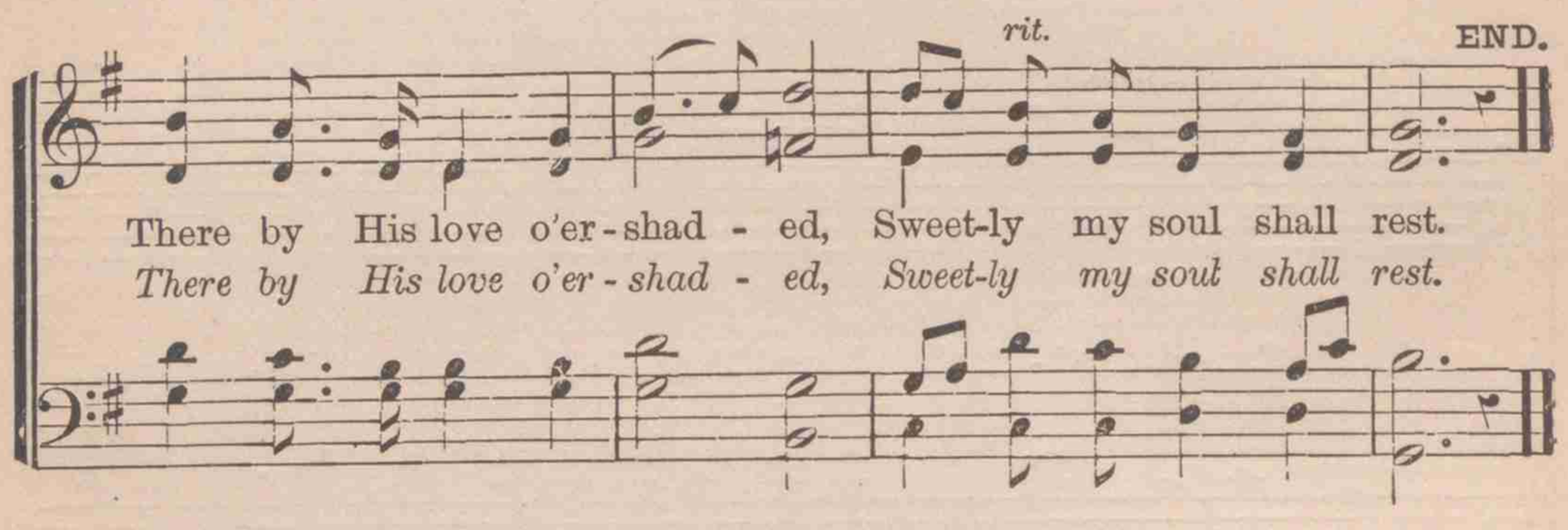
5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son. *Ref.*

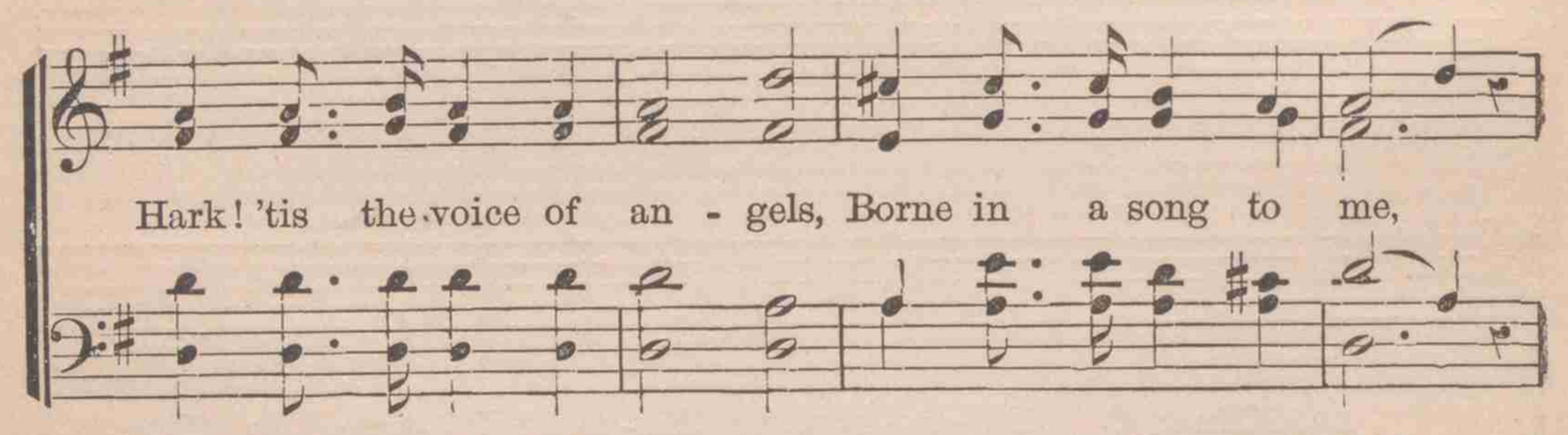
## No. 4. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

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

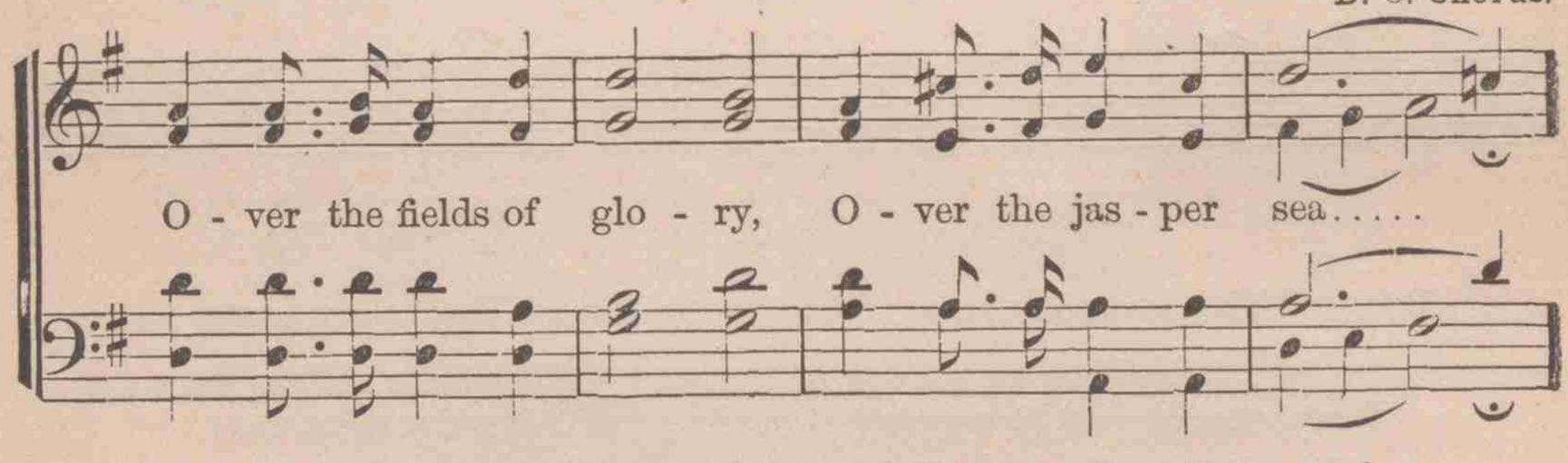
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.




D. C. Chorus.

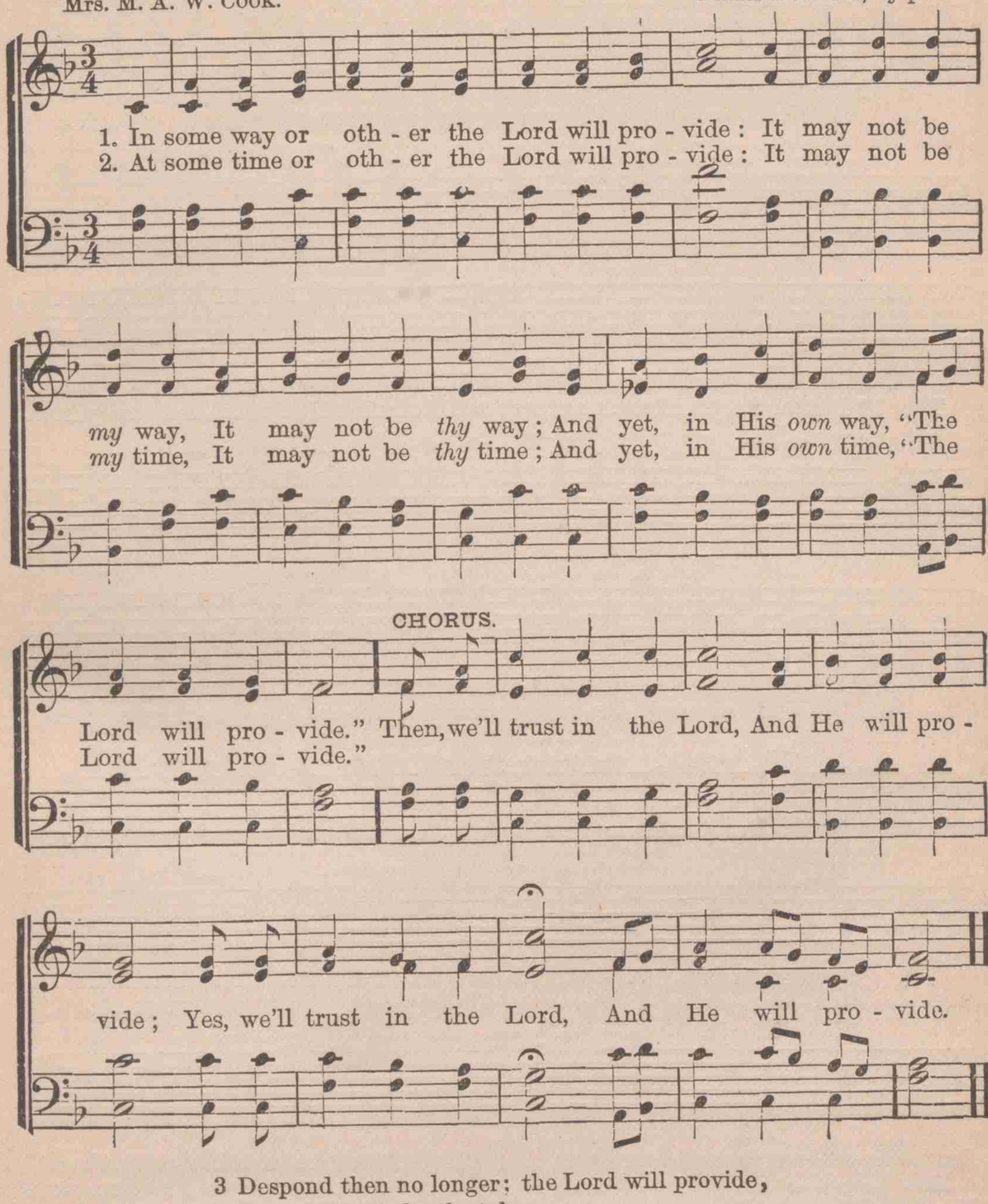



2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!—*Cho.*

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.—*Cho.*

## No. 5. The Lord will Provide.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 PETER, 5: 7.

Mrs. M. A. W. COOK. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

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

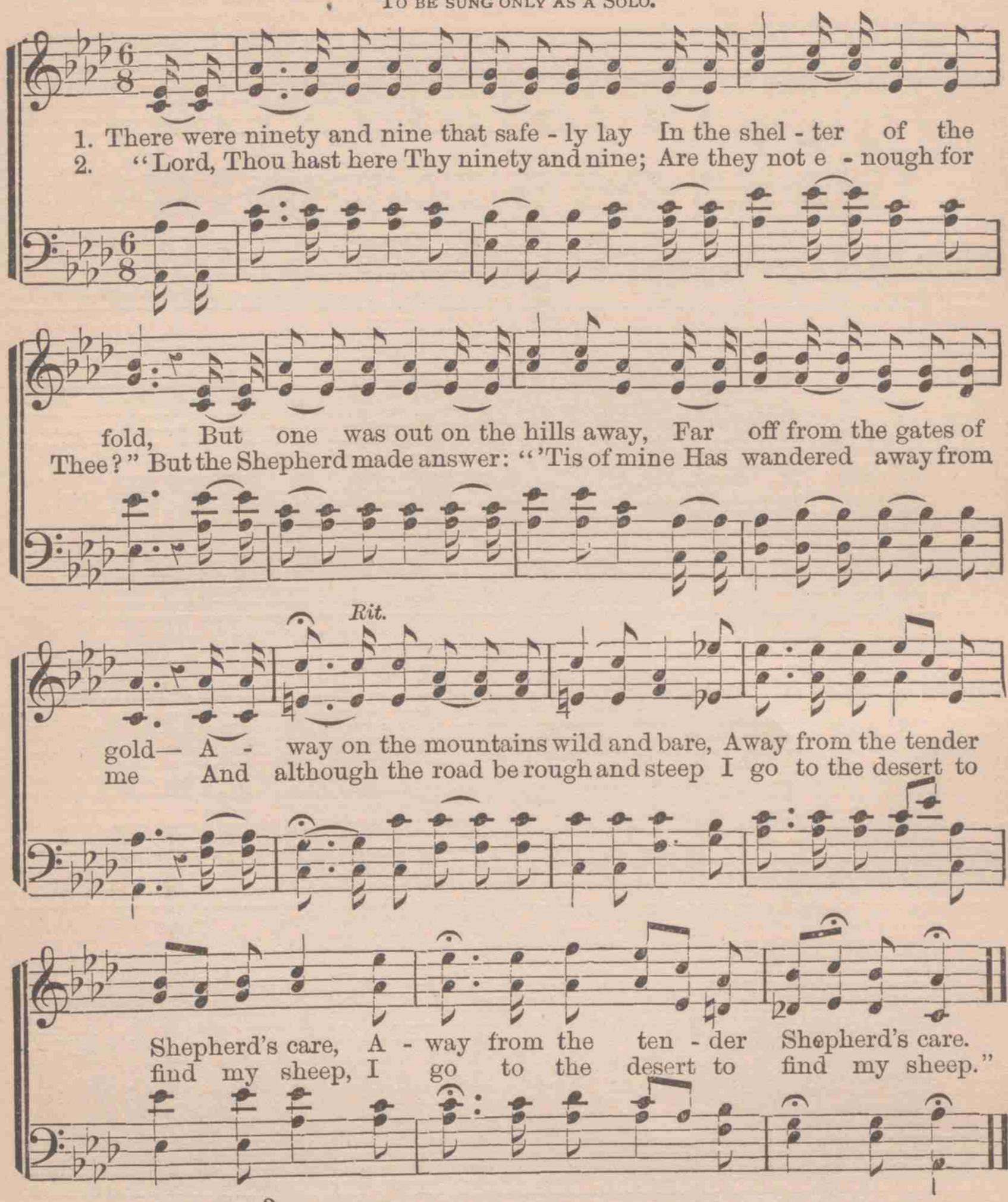
4 March on then right boldly; the sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

## No. 6. The Ninety and Nine. (G. H. 2–67.)

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost."—LUKE 15: 6.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, 1868. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

TO BE SUNG ONLY AS A SOLO.




3.

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

4.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

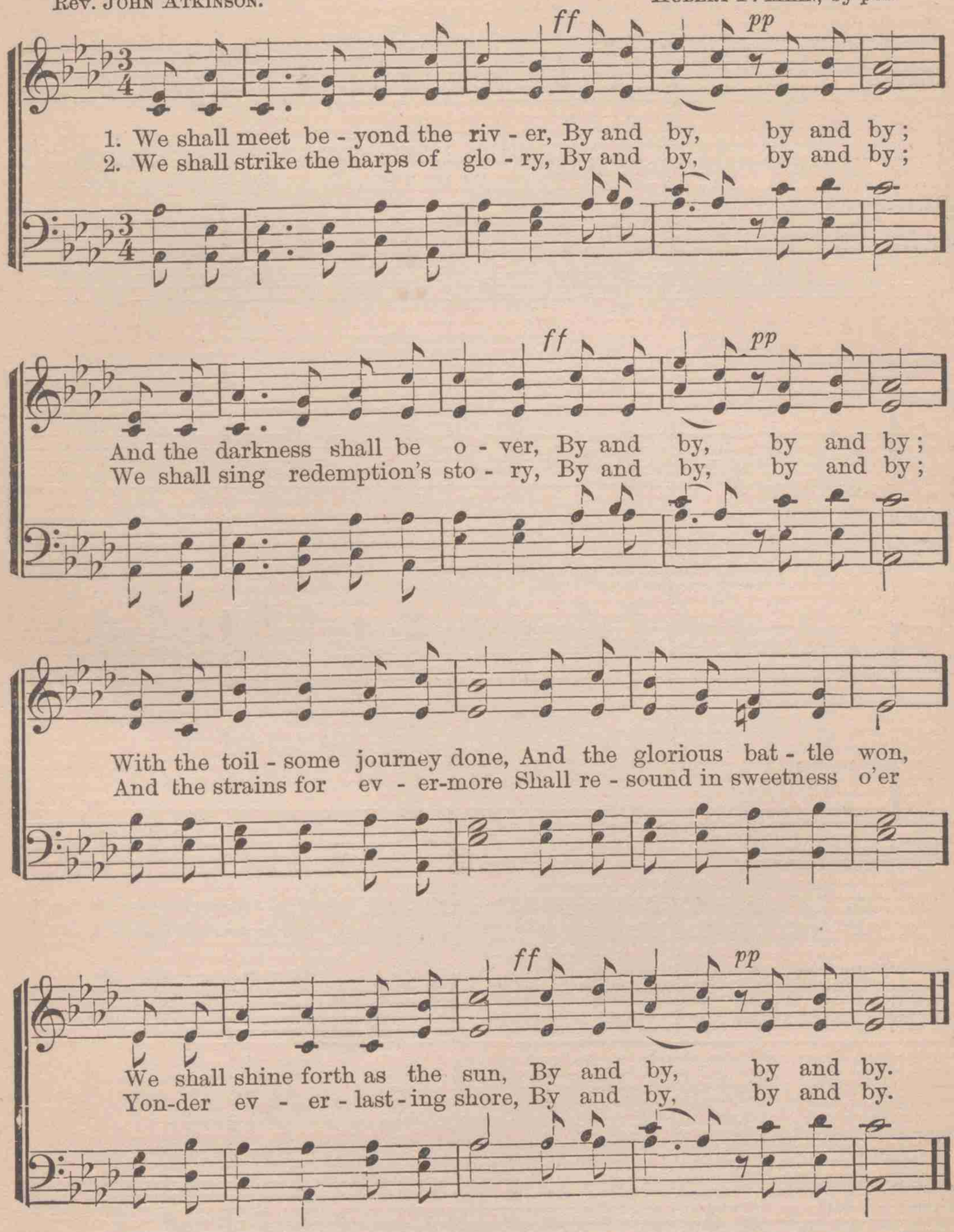
5.

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

## No. 7. We Shall Meet By and By.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISAIAH 30: 10.

Rev. JOHN ATKINSON. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



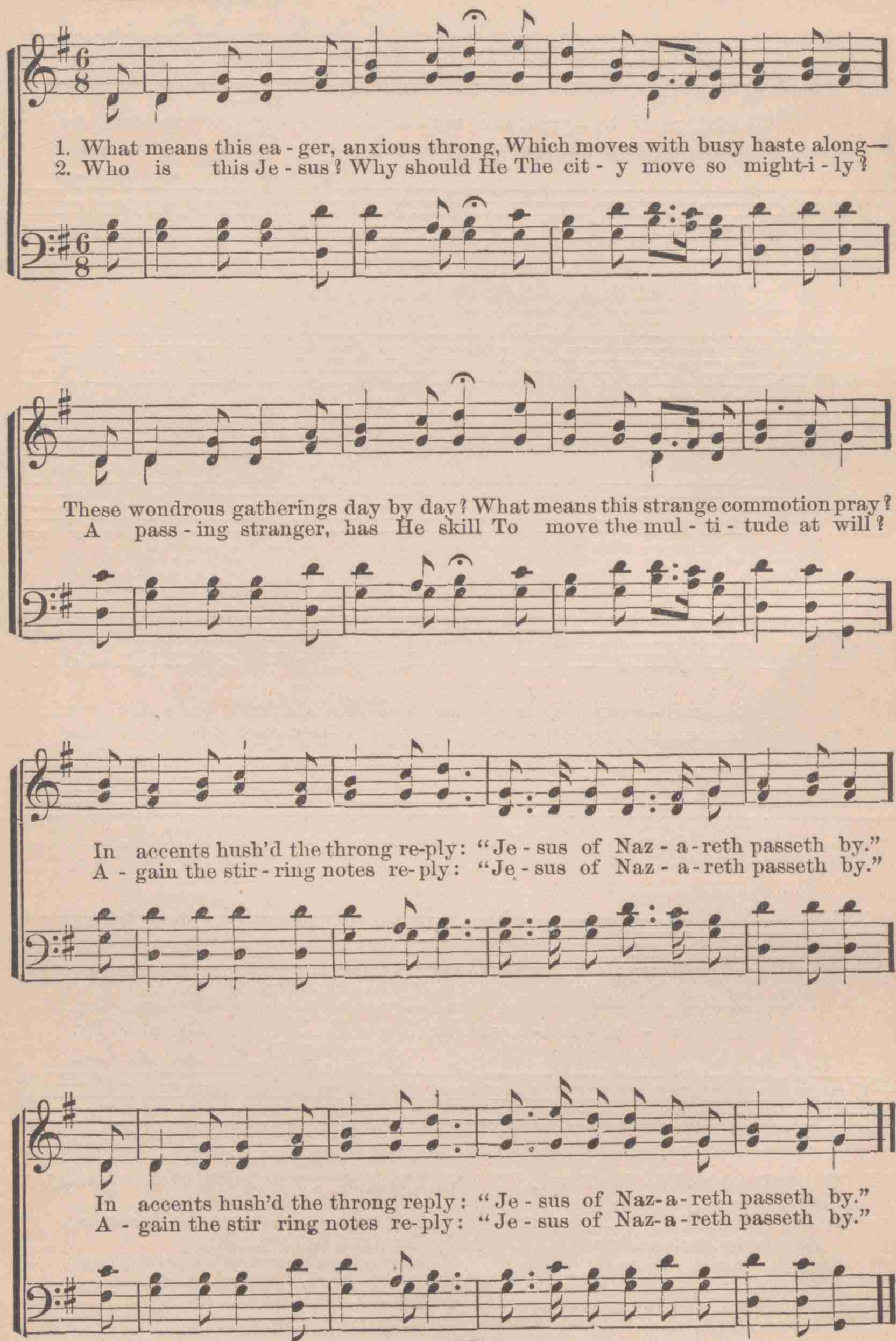

We shall see and be like Jesus,
By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us,
By and by, by and by;
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of His will
Shall attend, and love us still,
By and by, by and by.

4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,
By and by, by and by;
And with sweetest rapture knowing,
By and by, by and by;
All the blest ones, who have gone
To the land of life and song,—
We with shoutings shall rejoin,
By and by, by and by.

## No. 8. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK 10: 47. (G. H. 2–115.)

EMMA CAMPBELL. THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.



# Jesus of Nazareth.—Concluded.

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh.
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

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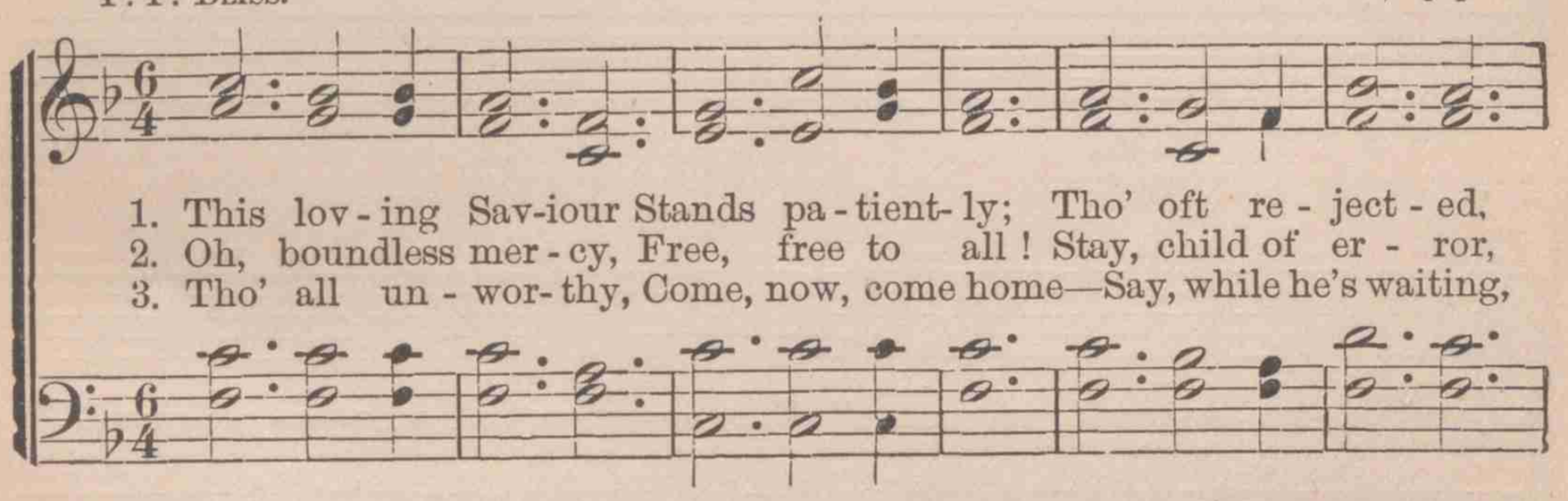
## No. 9. Calling Now.

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

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



## No. 10. "Whosoever Will."

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

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

*Joyfully.*

1. "Who-so - ev - er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed tidings
2. Who-so - ev - er com - eth, need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so - ev - er will," the promise secure; "Whoso - ev - er will," for

all the world around; Spread the joy-ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev- er must en - dure; "Who-so- ev - er will," 'tis life for e - vermore:

CHORUS.

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

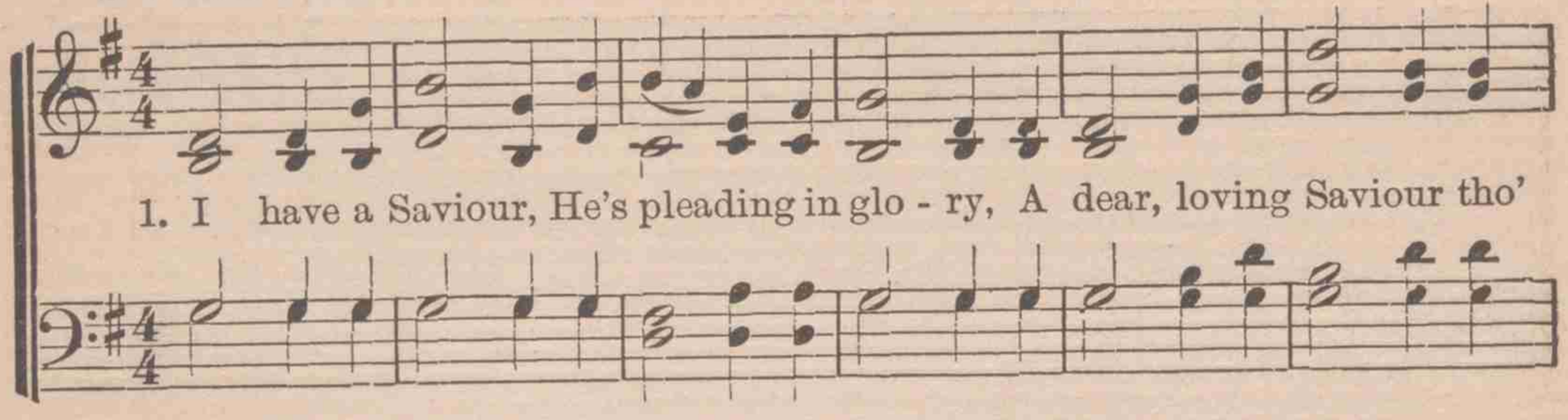
Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing

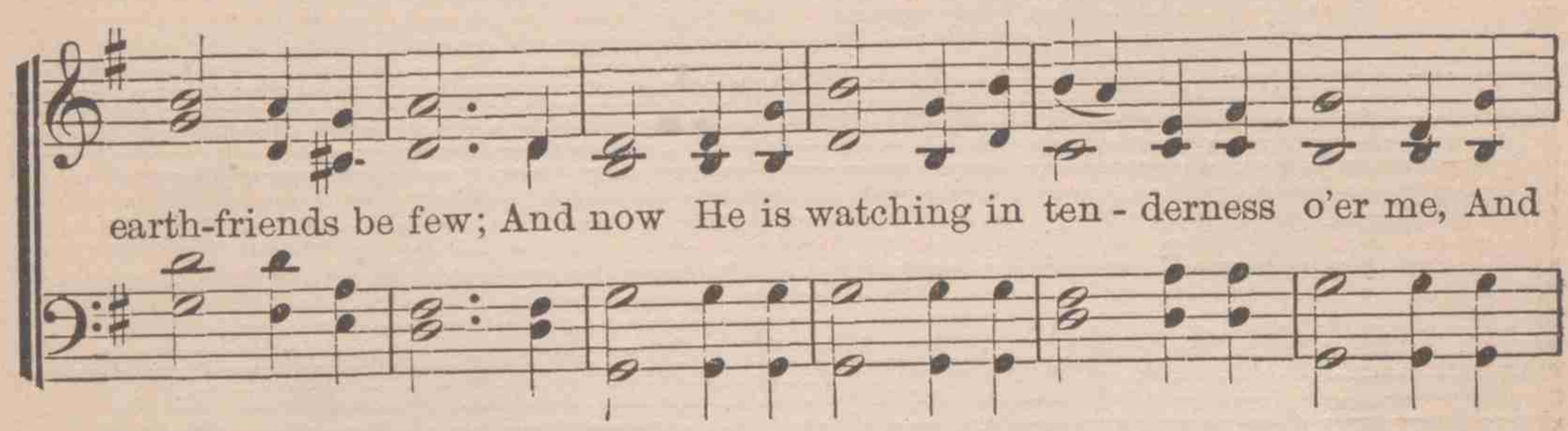
Fa - ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who-so - ev - er will, may come."

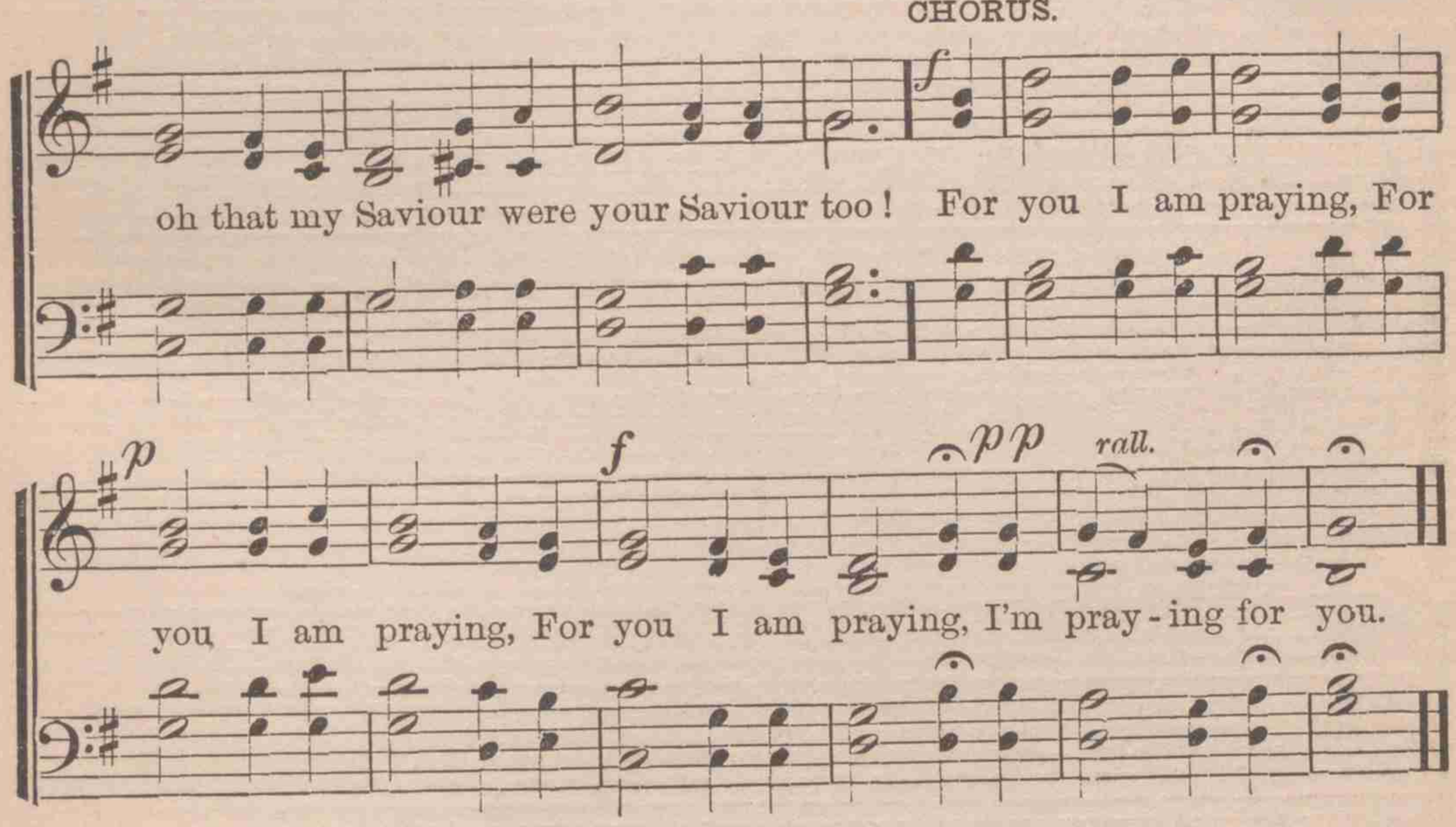
## No. 11. I Am Praying for You. (G. H. 2–52.)

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."—Psa. 55 : 17.

S. O'Maley Cluff. Ira D. Sankey, by per.




2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

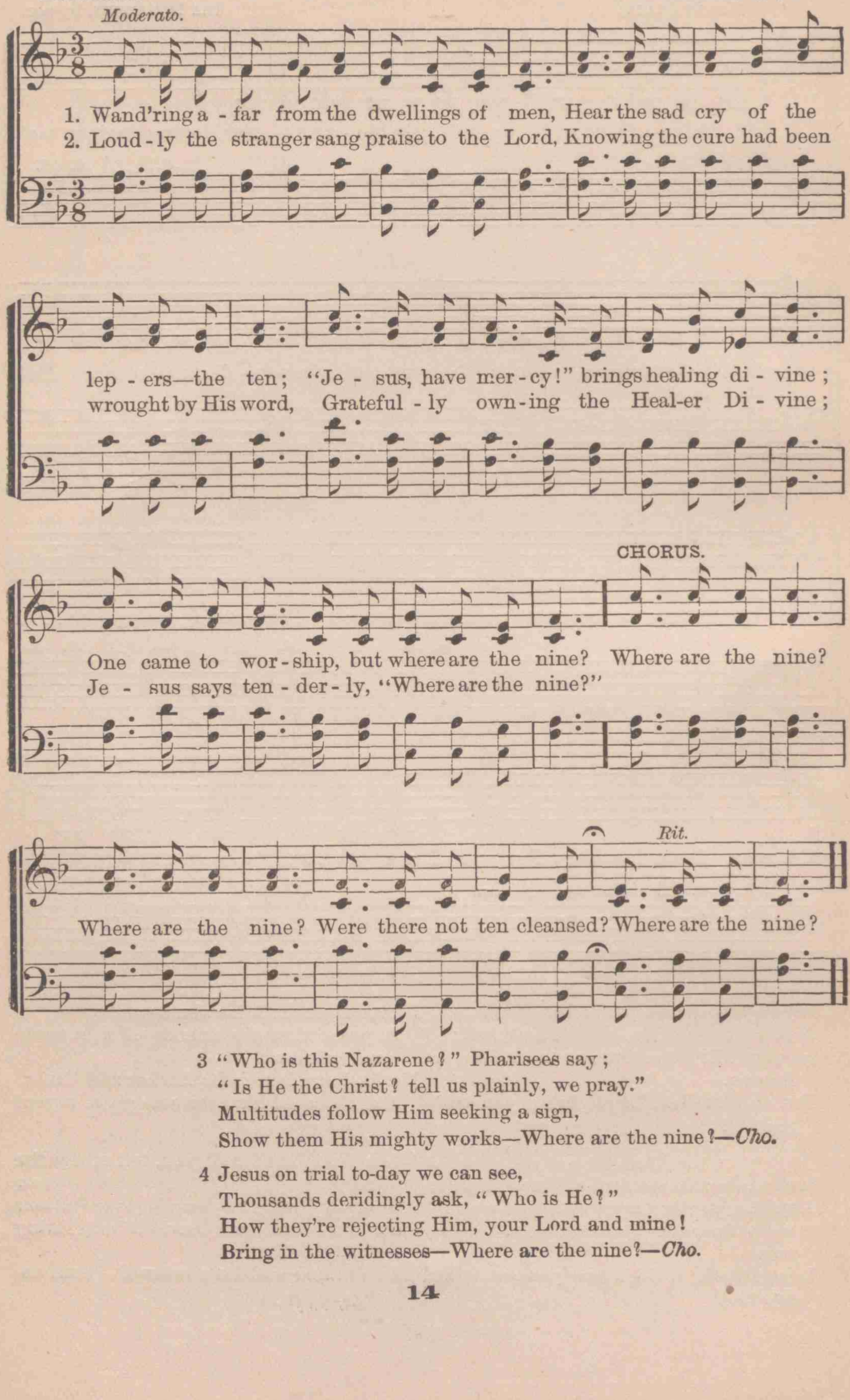
When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered--'twas answered for you!

## No. 12. Where Are the Nine?

Read LUKE 17: 12–19.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per

*Moderato.*

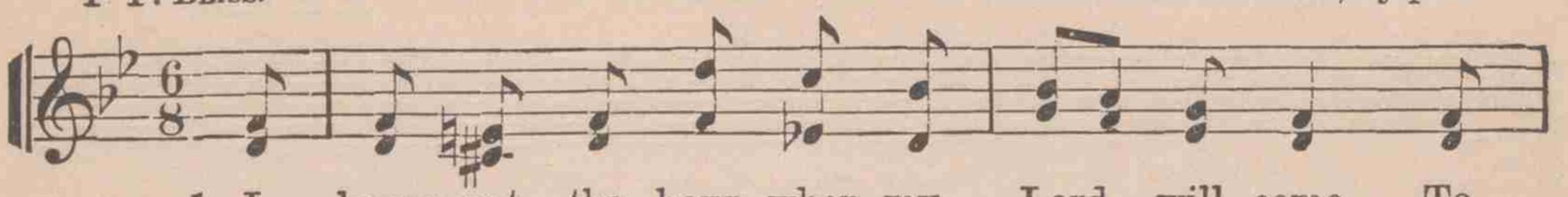
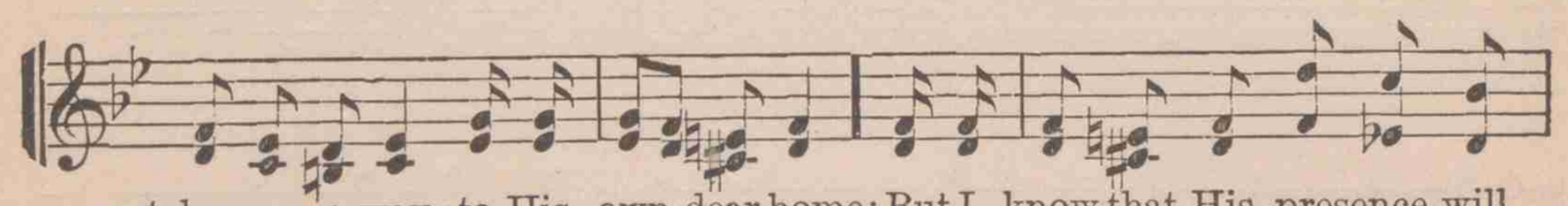
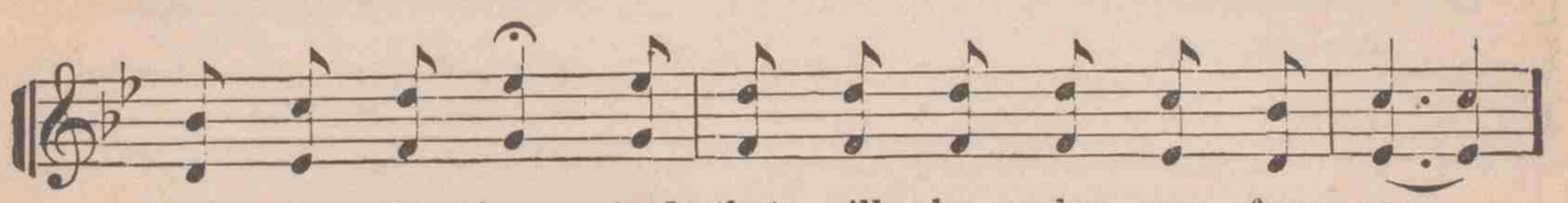


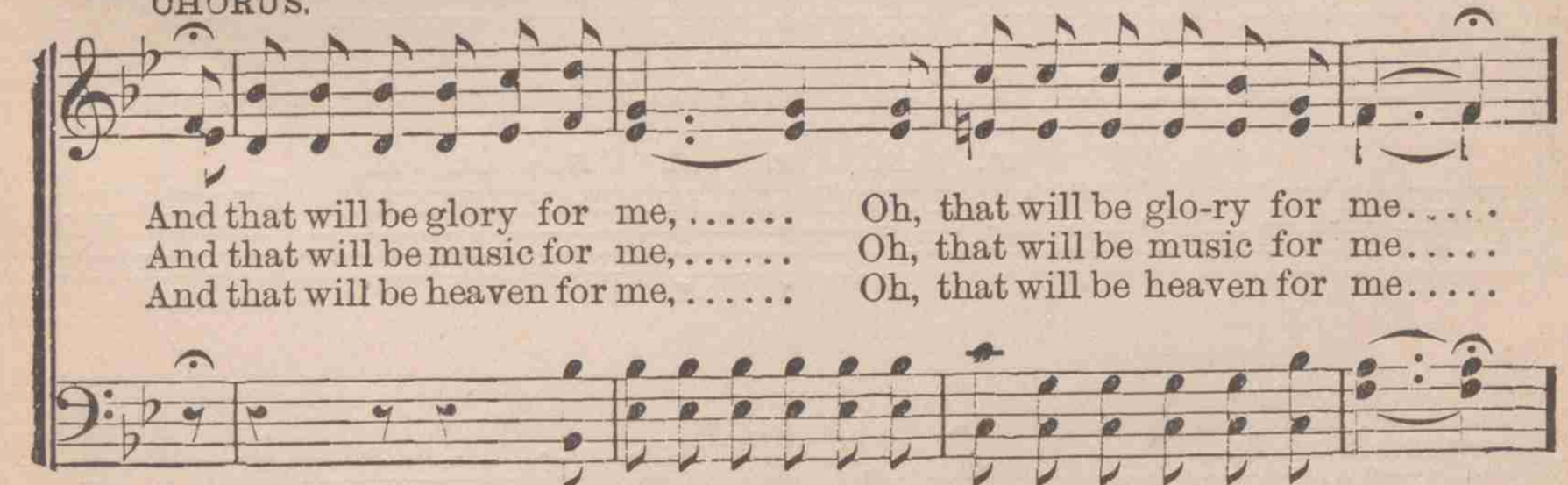

3 "Who is this Nazarene?" Pharisees say;
"Is He the Christ? tell us plainly, we pray."
Multitudes follow Him seeking a sign,
Show them His mighty works—Where are the nine?—*Cho.*

4 Jesus on trial to-day we can see,
Thousands deridingly ask, "Who is He?"
How they're rejecting Him, your Lord and mine!
Bring in the witnesses—Where are the nine?—*Cho.*

## No. 13. That will be Heaven for Me.

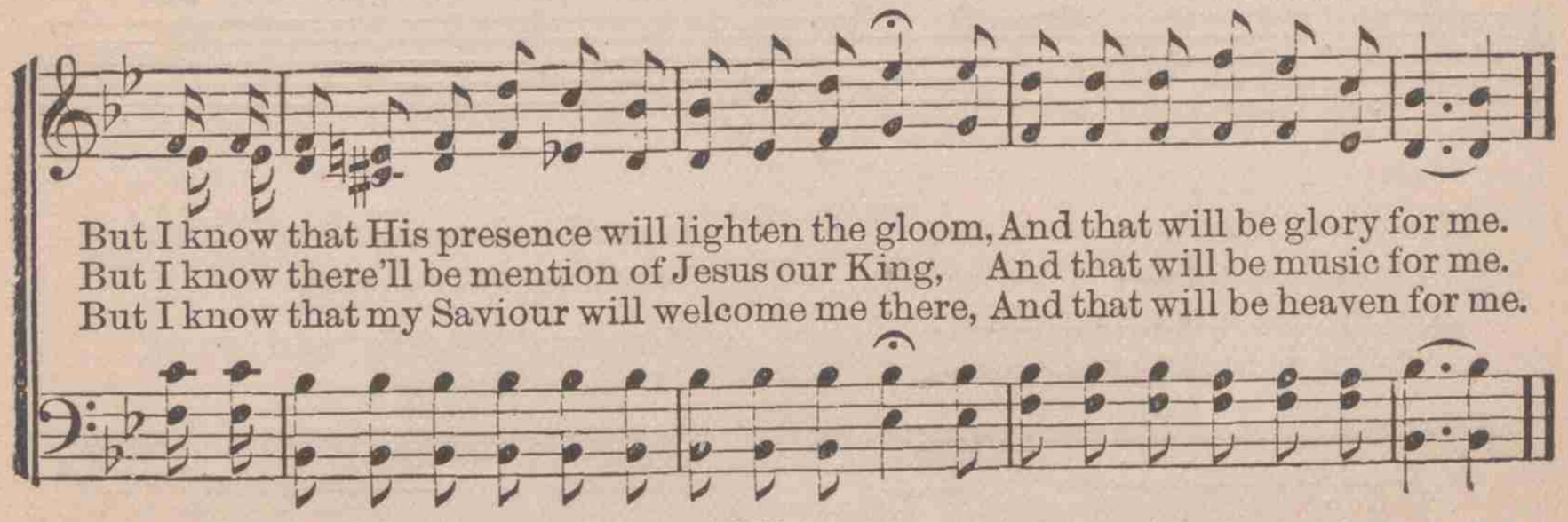
"We know that, when He shall appear we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."—1 JOHN 3: 2.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come To
2. I know not the song that the an - gels sing, I
3. I know not the form of my man - sion fair, I

take me a-way to His own dear home; But I know that His presence will
know not the sound of the harps' glad ring; But I know there'll be mention of
know not the name that I then shall bear; But I know that my Sav-iour will

light-en the gloom, And that will be glo - ry for me.
Je - sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.
wel-come me there, And that will be heav-en for me.

CHORUS.

And that will be glory for me, ..... Oh, that will be glo-ry for me.....
And that will be music for me, ..... Oh, that will be music for me.....
And that will be heaven for me, ..... Oh, that will be heaven for me.....

Yes, that will be glory, oh, that will be glory for me....
Yes, that will be music, oh, that will be music for me....
Yes, that will be heaven, oh, that will be heaven for me..

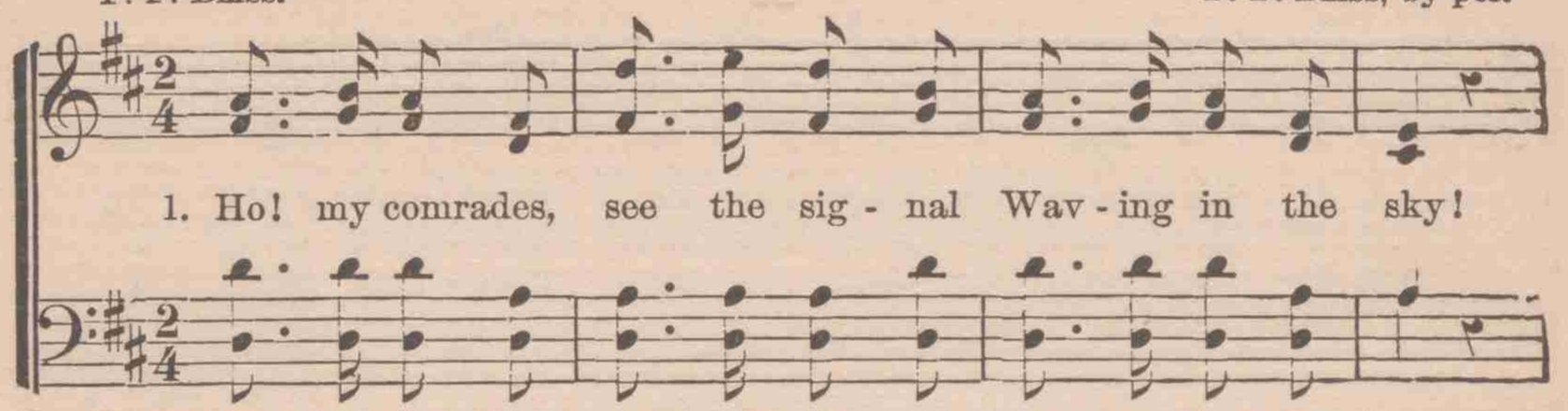
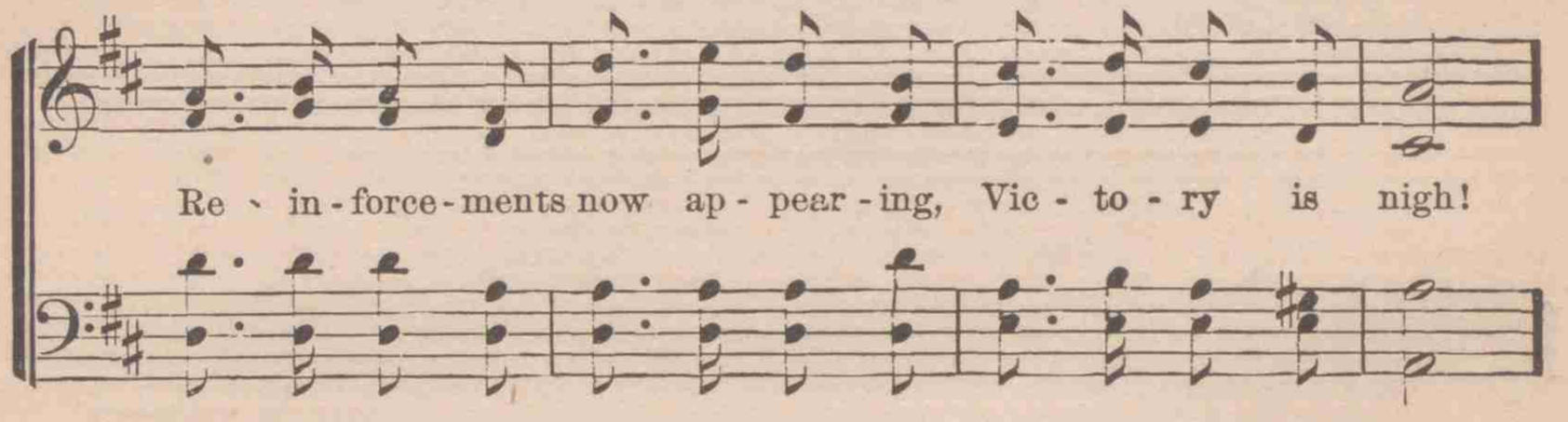
*Ritard.*



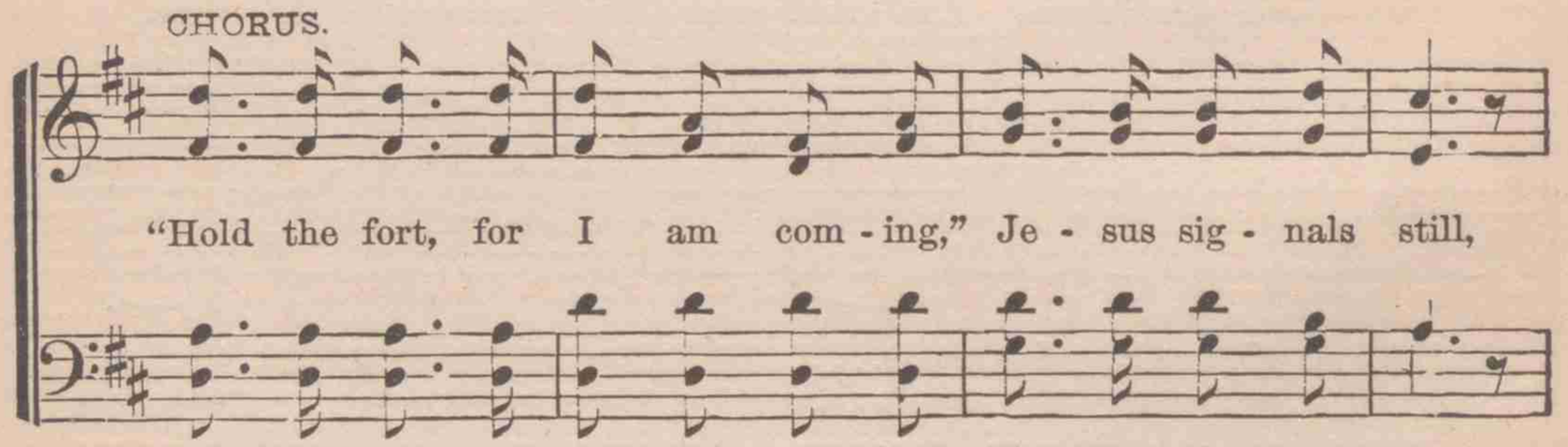
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glory for me.
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King, And that will be music for me.
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there, And that will be heaven for me.

## No. 14. Hold the Fort. (G. H. 2–130.)

"That which ye have, hold fast till I come."—REV. 2 : 25.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.




CHORUS.




2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.—*Cho.*

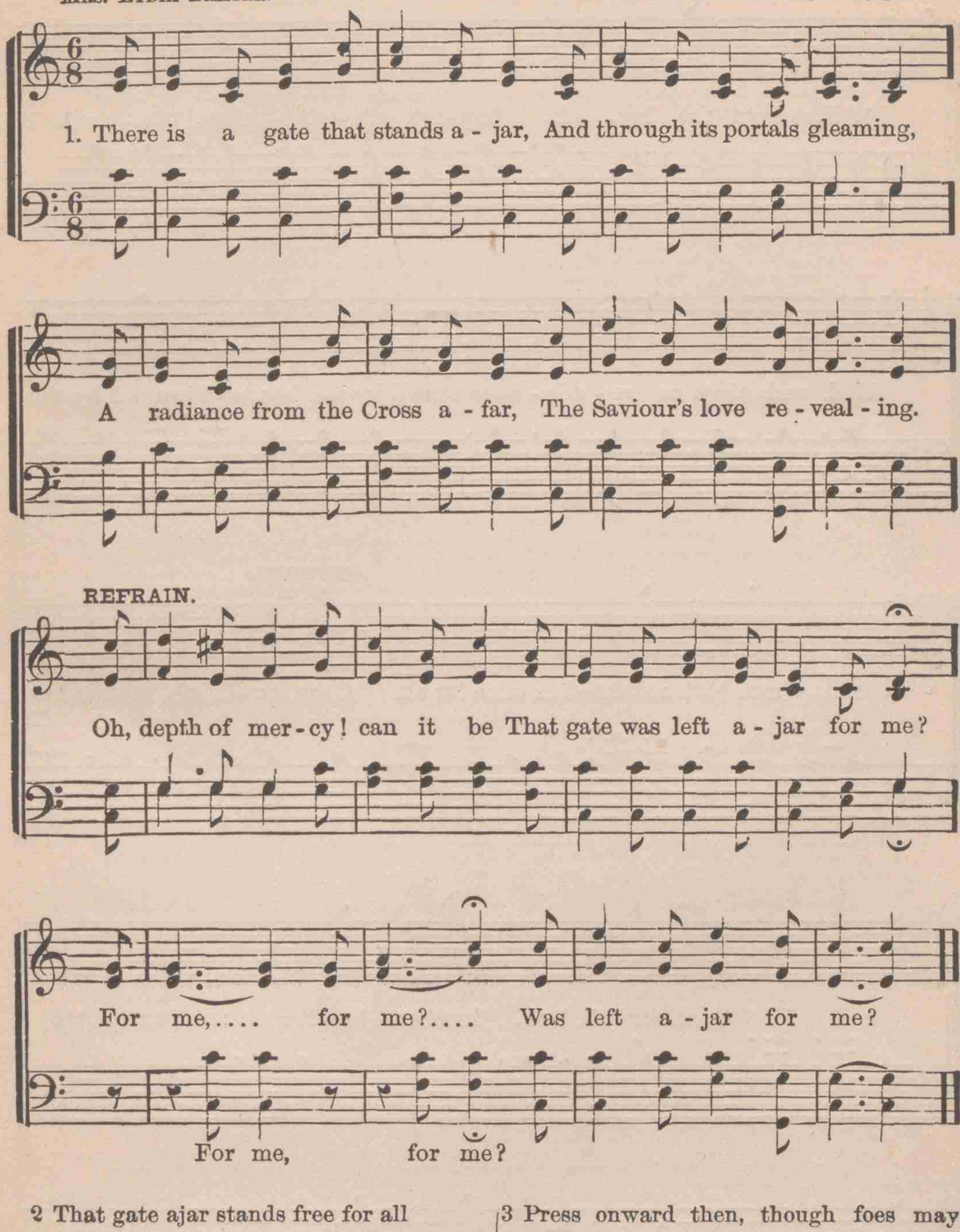
3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow.
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.—*Cho.*

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!—*Cho*

# No. 15. The Gate Ajar for Me.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—Rev. 21: 25.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. From "Hallowed Songs," by per.




2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation. *Ref.*

3 Press onward then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token. *Ref.*

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven. *Ref.*

## No. 16. Once for All. (G. H 2–116.)

"Justified by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—ROMANS 3 : 24.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Free from the law, oh, hap - py con - di - tion, Je - sus hath bled, and *there* is re - mis - sion; Curs'd by the law and bruised by the fall, Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

CHORUS.

Once for all, oh, sinner re - 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.

# Once for all.—Concluded.

2 Now are we free—there's no condemnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation;
"Come unto *Me*," oh, hear His sweet call,
Come, and He saves us once for all.—*Cho.*

3 "Children of God," oh, glorious calling,
Surely His grace will keep us from falling;
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation once for all.—*Cho.*

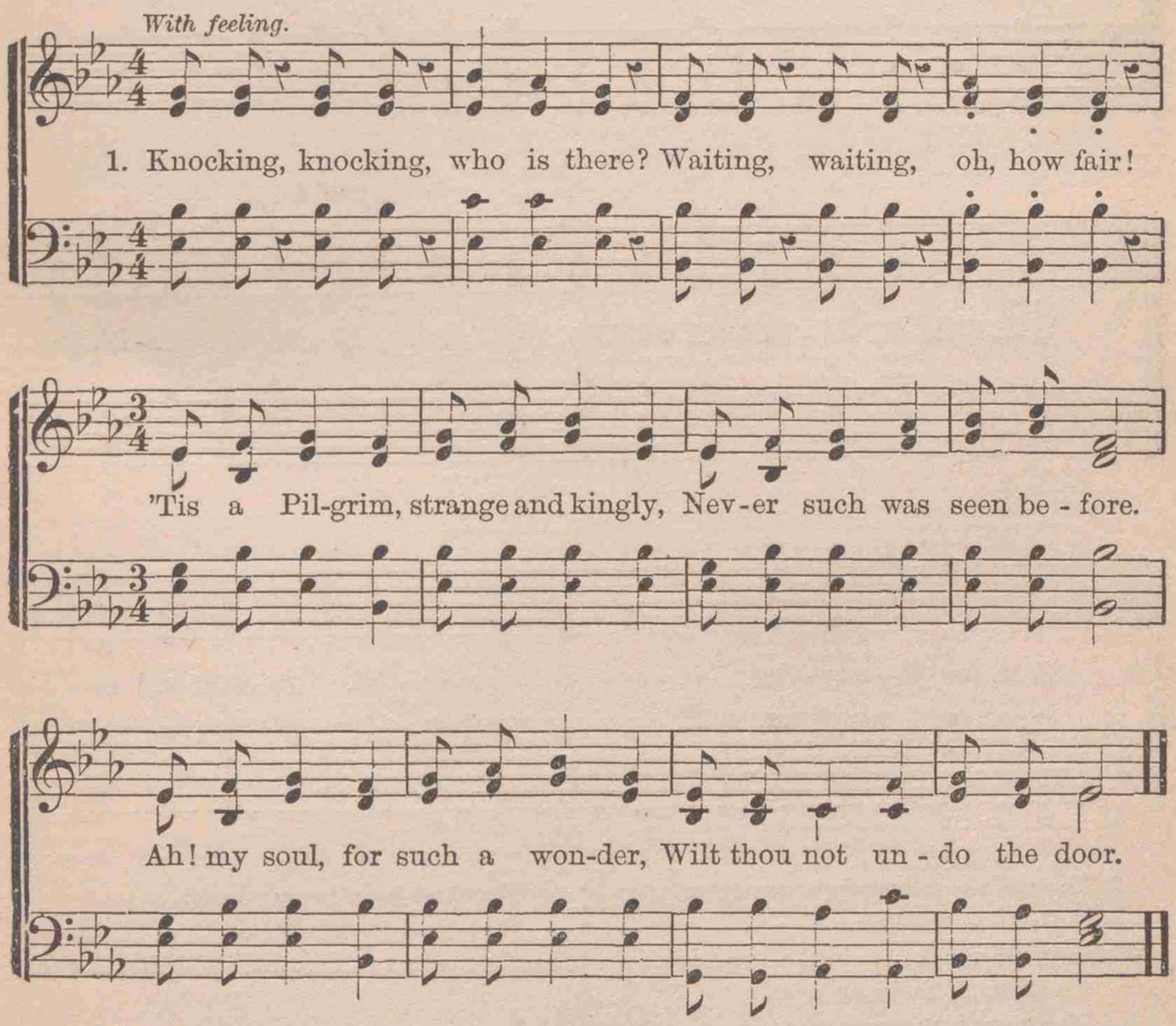
---

## No. 17. Knocking, Knocking, Who is There?

(G. H. 2–27.)

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me."—REV. 3: 20.

MRS. H. B. STOWE, arr. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



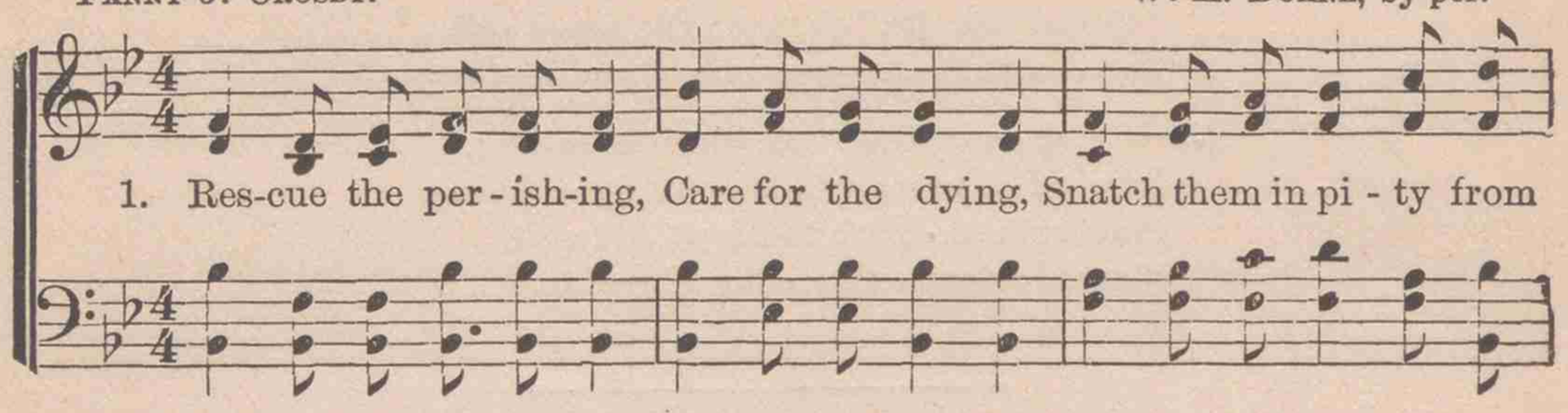

2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

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

## No. 18. Rescue the Perishing. (G. H. 2–32: 3–121.)

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 23.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.




2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore.
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness, [more.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it; [provide
Strength for thy labor the Lord will
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them:
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

## No. 19. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15: 10.

REV. WM. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

*Joyfully.*

1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to-day, For a soul re -
2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to-day, For the wanderer
3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to-day, An - gels, swell the

turn-ing from the wild; See! the Father meets him out up-on the way,
now is re - con-ciled; Yes, a soul is res-cued from his sin - ful way,
glad triumphant strain! Tell the joy-ful tid-ings! bear it far a - way!

CHORUS.

Wel-com-ing His wea-ry, wand'ring child. Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the
And is born a - new a ransomed child.
For a precious soul is born a - gain.

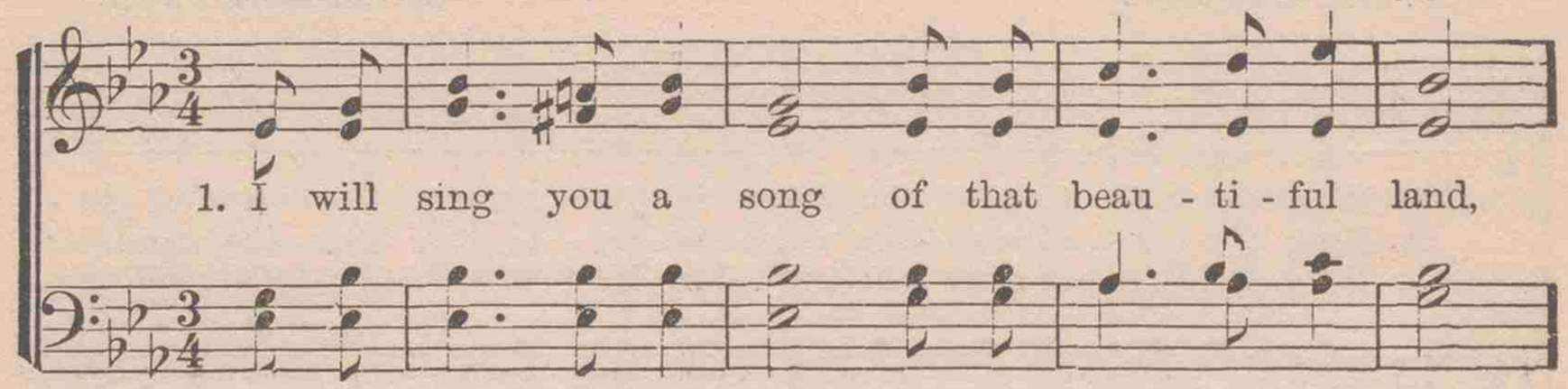
an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring; 'Tis the ransomed

ar - my, like a mighty sea, Peal-ing forth the anthem of the free.

## No. 20. Home of the Soul.

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

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



# Home of the Soul.—Concluded.

2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
‖: Between the fair city and me. :‖ Till I fancy, etc.

3 That unchangable 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. :‖ The King of, etc.

4 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. :‖ With songs on, etc.

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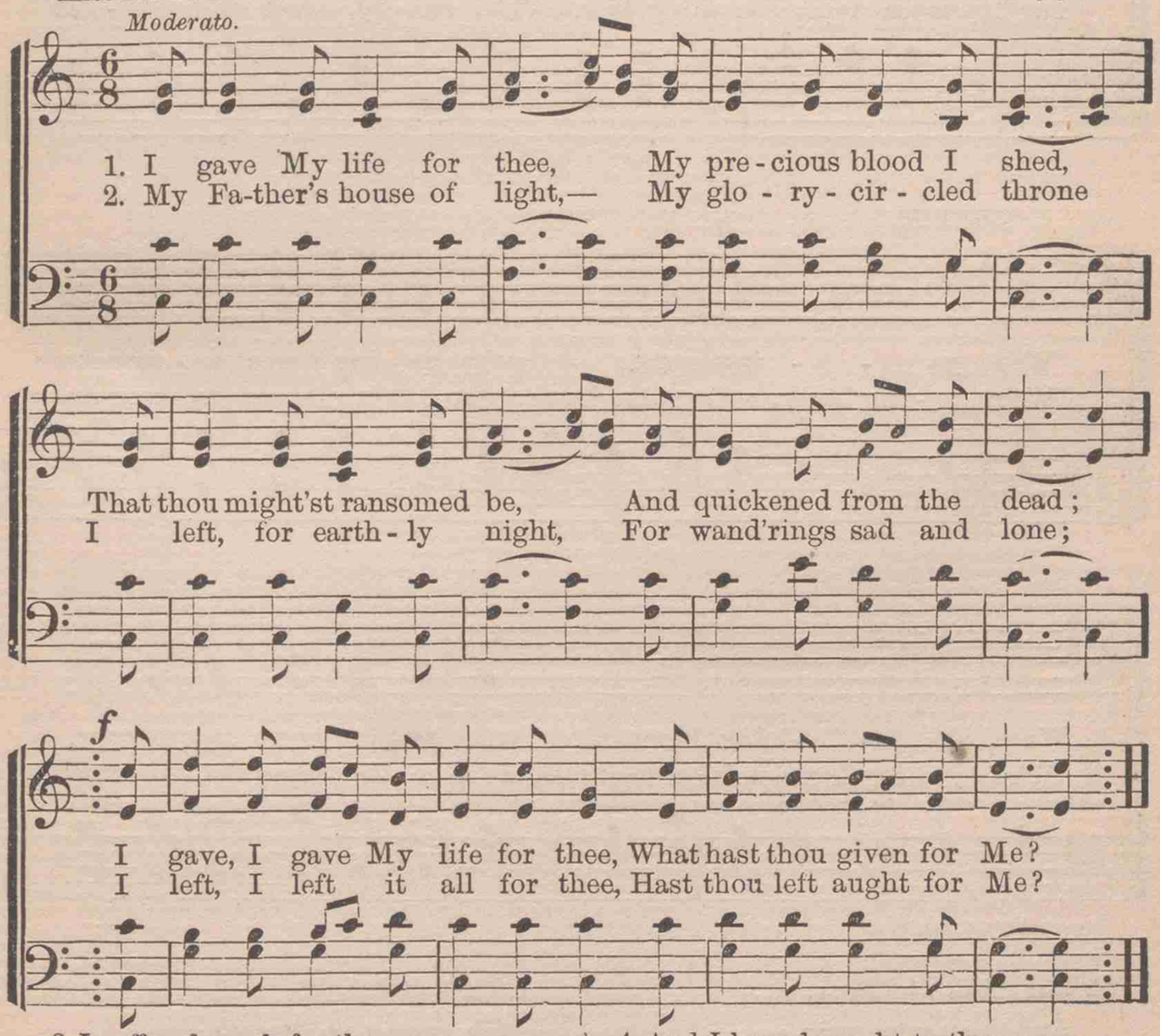
## No. 21. What Hast Thou Done for Me? (G. H. 2–59.)

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

Miss Frances R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss, by per.



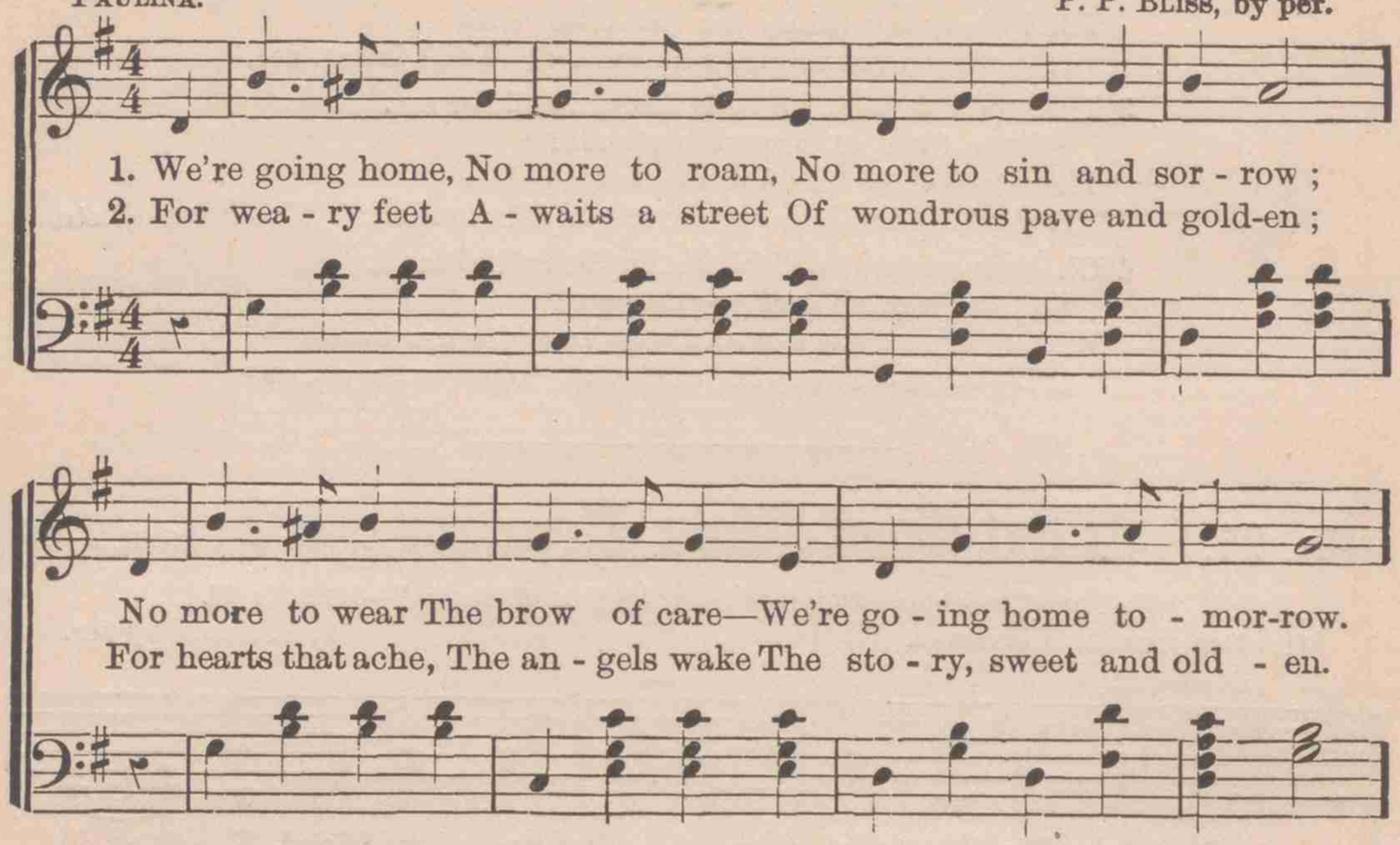

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

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

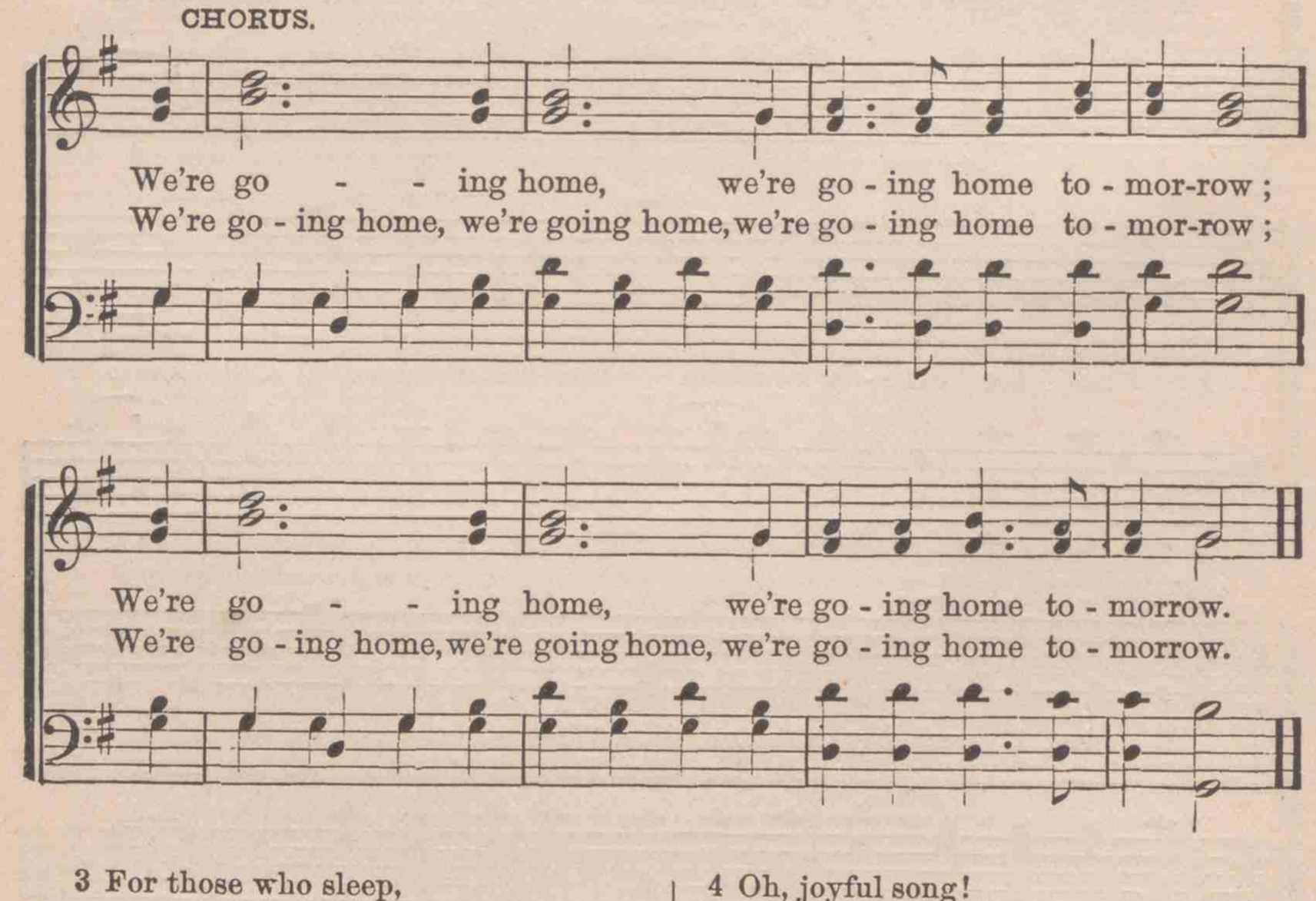
## No. 22. We're Going Home To-morrow.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. 5: 8.

PAULINA. P. P. Bliss, by per.




CHORUS.

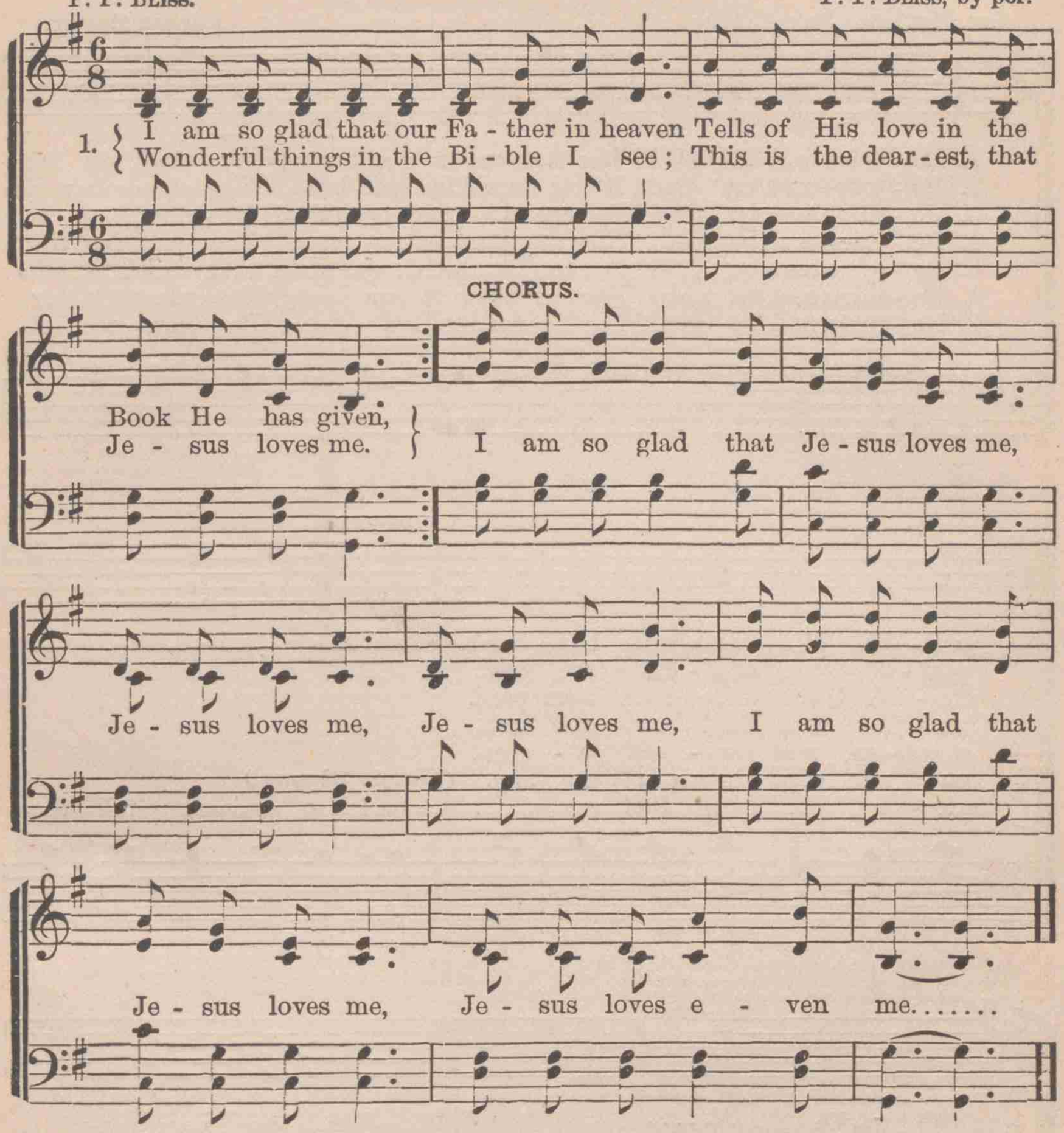



3 For those who sleep,
And those who weep,
Above the portals narrow,
The mansions rise
Beyond the skies—
We're going home to-morrow

4 Oh, joyful song!
Oh, ransomed throng!
Where sin no more shall sever;
Our King to see,
And, oh, to be
With Him at home forever!

## No. 23. Jesus Loves Even Me.

"God is love."—1 JOHN 4: 8.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."
I am so glad, etc.

---

1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem:
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

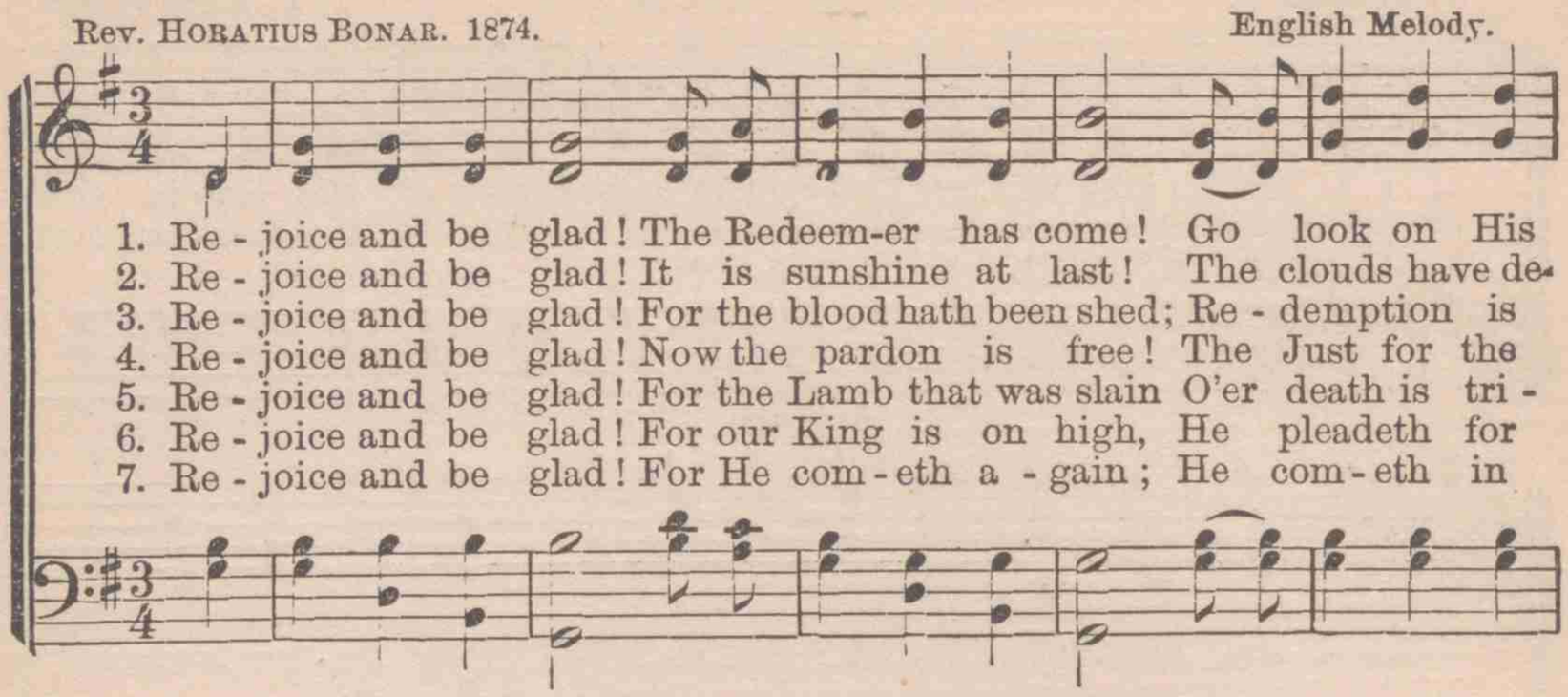
2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell?
Glory to Jesus, I know very well:
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me. I am so glad, etc.

## No. 24. Rejoice and be Glad. (G. H. 2–129.)

"The poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."—Isa. 29: 19.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. 1874. English Melody.




1. Re - joice and be glad! The Redeem-er has come! Go look on His cra - dle, His cross, and His tomb. Sound His prais-es, tell the
2. Re - joice and be glad! It is sunshine at last! The clouds have de- part - ed, the sha - dows are past.
3. Re - joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Re - demption is fin - ished, the price hath been paid.
4. Re - joice and be glad! Now the pardon is free! The Just for the un - just has died on the tree.
5. Re - joice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain O'er death is tri - umph-ant, and liv - eth a - gain.
6. Re - joice and be glad! For our King is on high, He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky. *(Cho. for 7th verse.)*
7. Re - joice and be glad! For He com - eth a - gain; He com - eth in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain. Sound His prais-es, tell the

Sto - ry, Of..... Him who was slain; Sound His
Sto - ry, Of..... Him who was slain; Sound His

prais - es, tell with glad - ness, He liv - eth a - gain.
prais - es, tell with glad - ness, He com - eth a - gain.

Words written for Messrs. M & S.

## No. 25. Revive us Again.

(Tune on Page 26.)

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—Hab. 3: 2.

1 We praise Thee O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night. *Cho.*

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

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

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

Rev. Wm. Paton Mackay, 1866.

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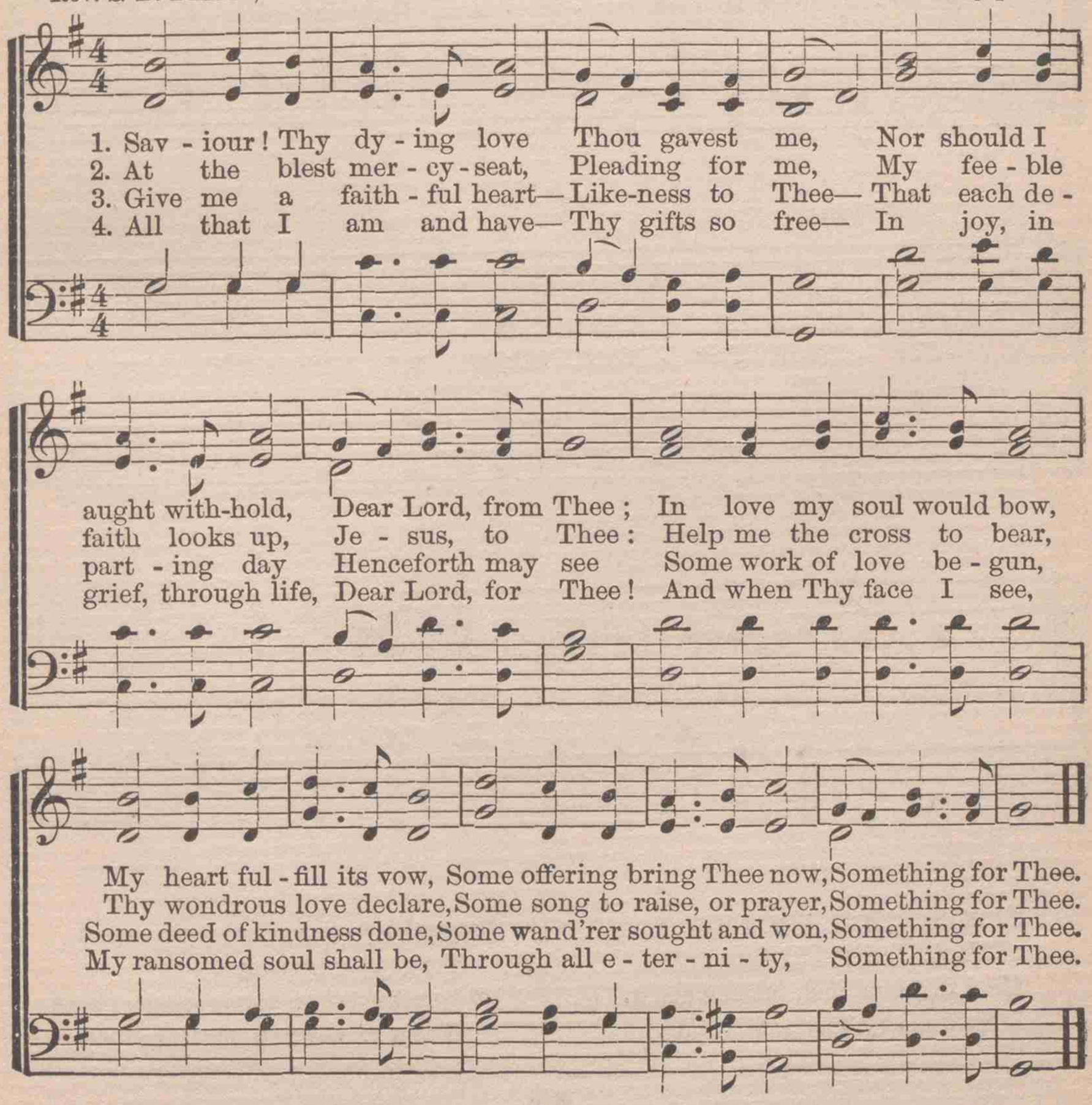
## No. 26. Something for Jesus.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—Acts 9: 6.

Rev. S. D. Phelps, D. D. Rev. R. Lowry, by per.

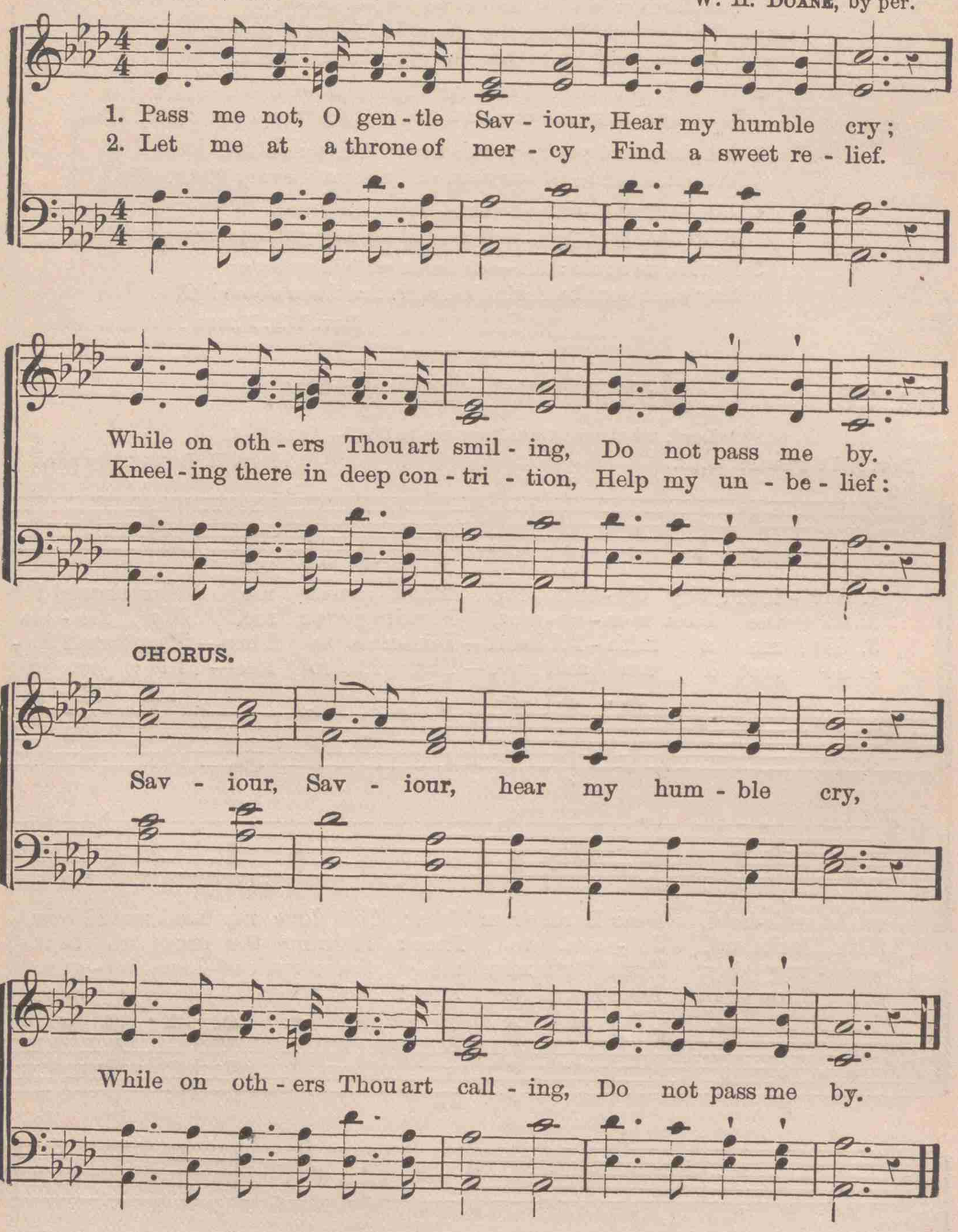


No. 27.

# Pass Me Not.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—ACTS 2: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868. W. H. DOANE, by per.




3.

Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace. *Cho.*

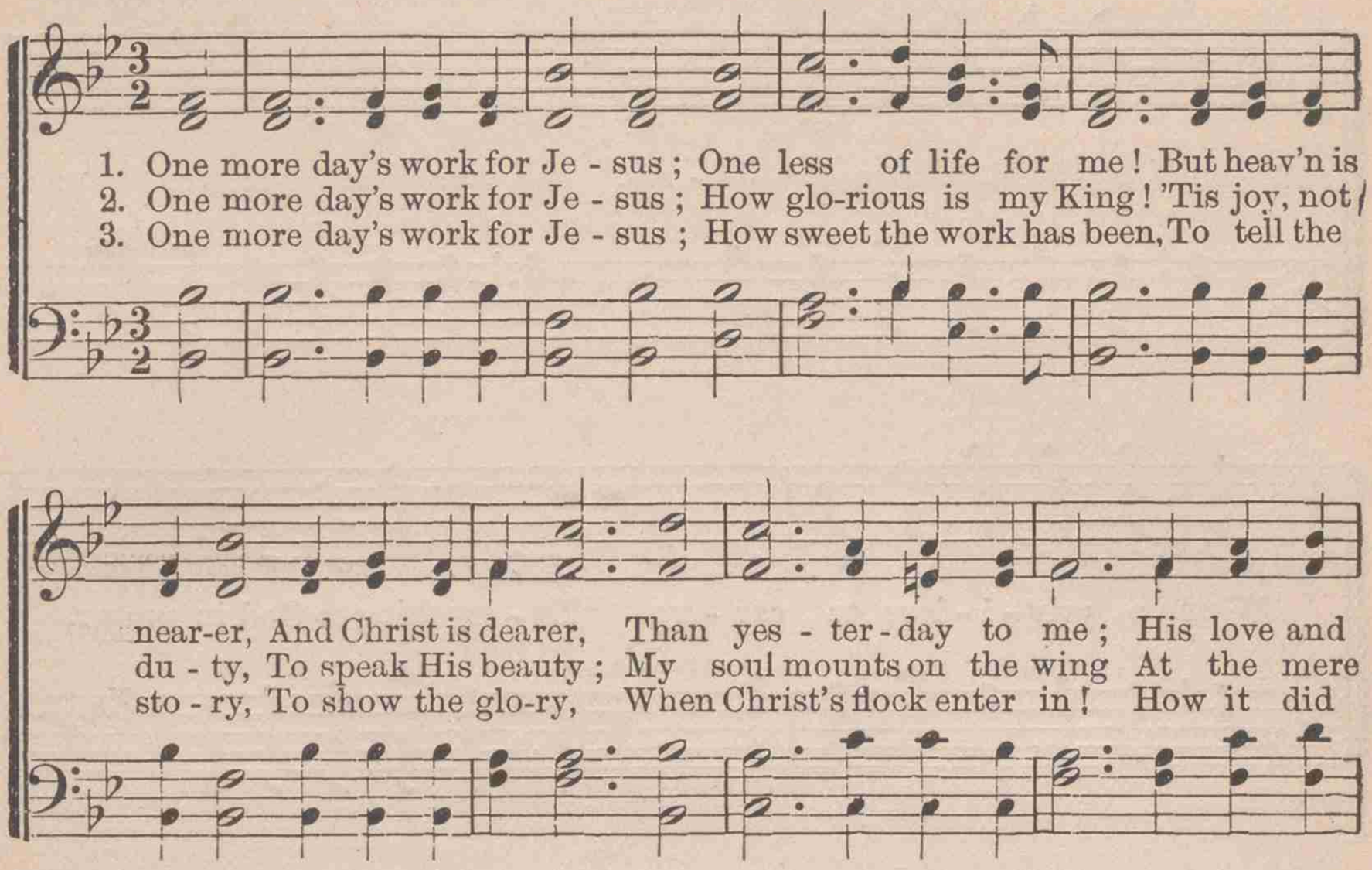
4.

Thou the Spring of all my comfort
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in Heaven but Thee? *Cho.*

# No. 28. One more Day's Work for Jesus.

"I must work the works of HIM that sent Me, while it is day."—JOHN 9: 4.

Miss ANNA WARNER. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

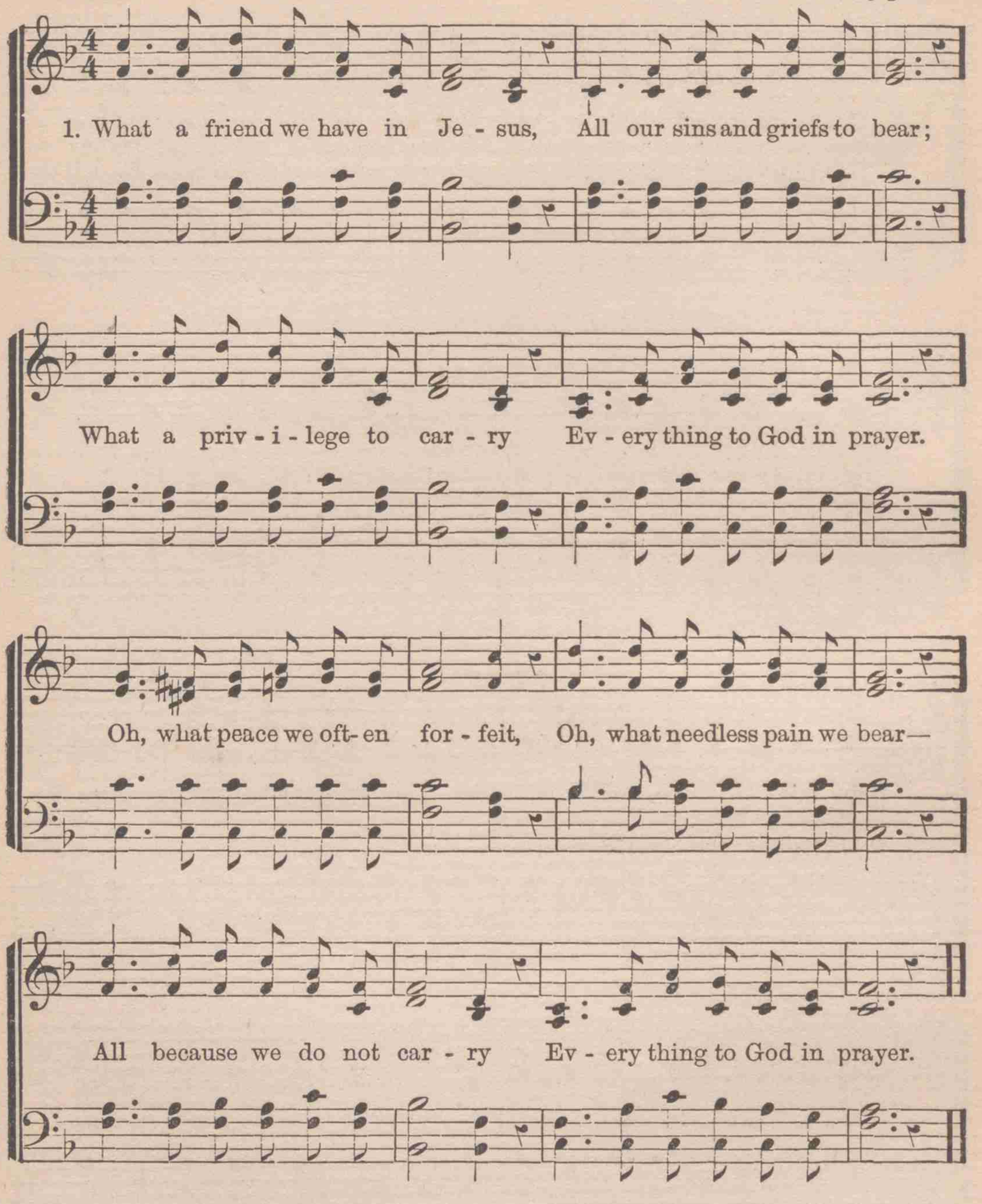



4 One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh yes, a weary day ;
But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way ;
And Christ in all—
Before His face I fall.—*Cho.*

5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus !
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet !
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day.—*Cho.*

# No. 29. What a Friend We have in Jesus. (G. H. 2–57.)

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

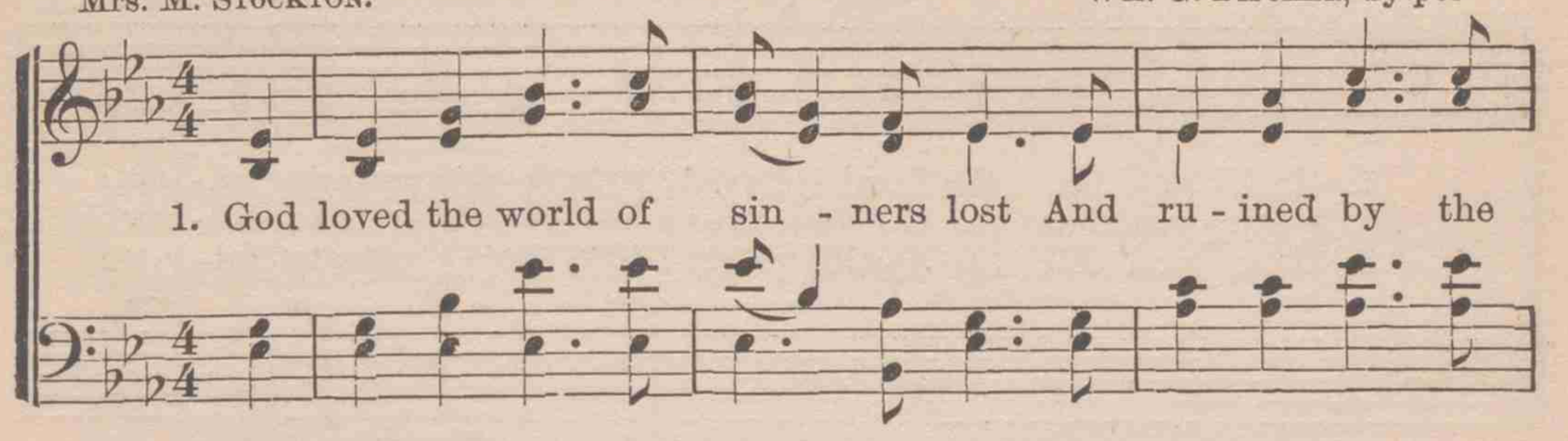
CHARLES C. CONVERSE, by per.

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

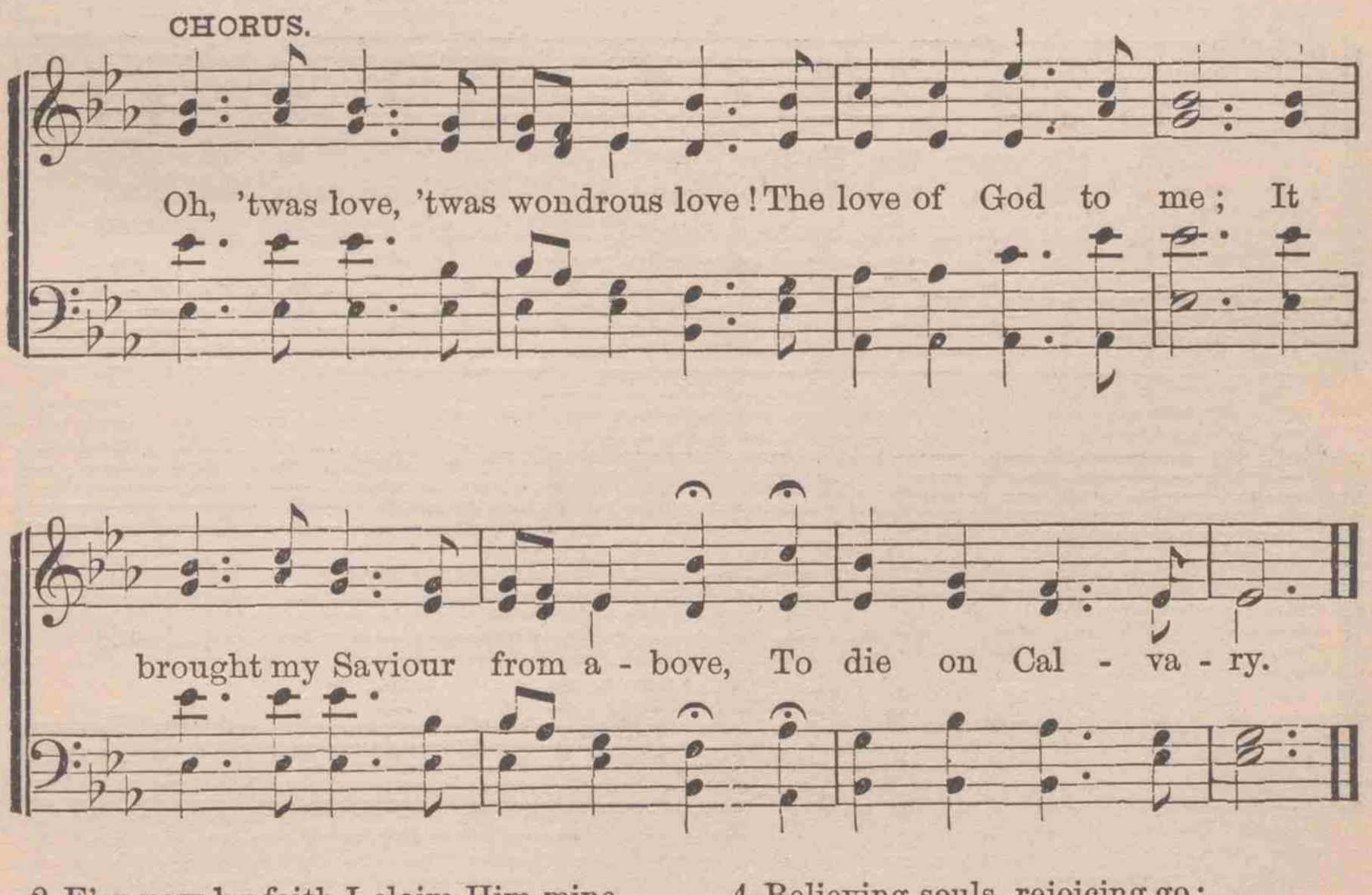
3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 30.

# Wondrous Love.

"God so loved the world."—JOHN 3: 16.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per

CHORUS.




2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.

## No. 31. "More to Follow."

"Bring me yet a vessel."—2 KINGS 4: 6.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Have you on the Lord believed? Still there's more to fol-low;
2. Have you felt the Sav-iour near? Still there's more to fol-low;
3. Have you felt the Spirit's power? Still there's more to fol-low:

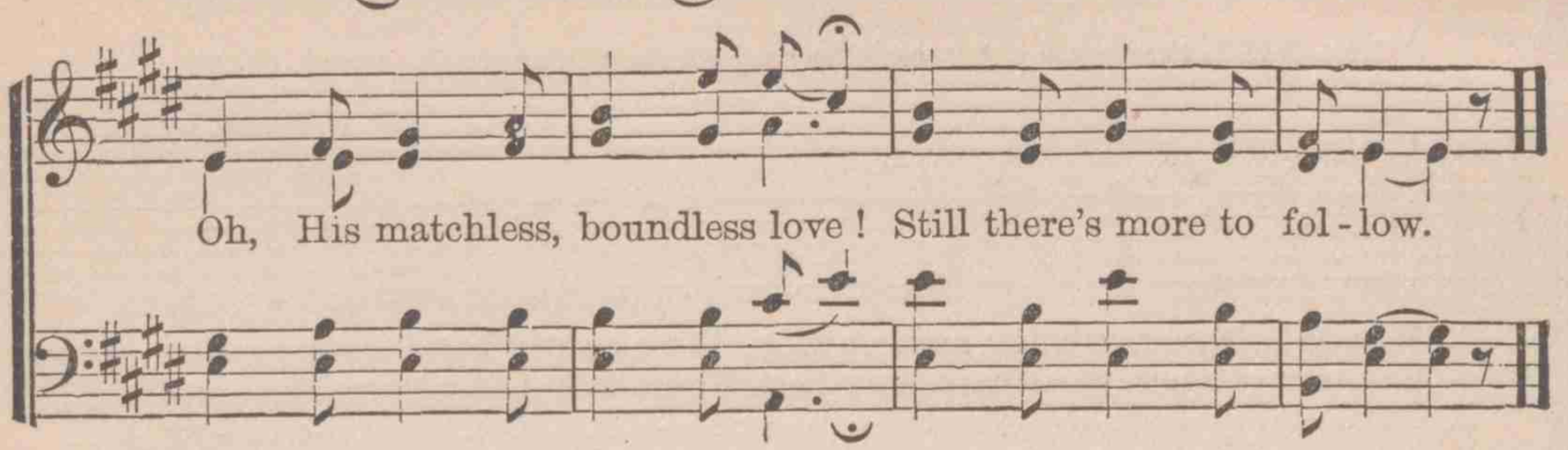
Of His grace have you received? Still there's more to fol-low;
Does His bless-ed presence cheer? Still there's more to fol-low;
Fall-ing like the gen-tle shower? Still there's more to fol-low;

Oh, the grace the Fa-ther shows! Still there's more to fol-low,
Oh, the love that Je-sus shows! Still there's more to fol-low,
Oh, the power the Spir-it shows! Still there's more to fol-low,

Free-ly He His grace bestows, Still there's more to fol-low.
Free-ly He His love bestows, Still there's more to fol-low.
Free-ly He His power bestows, Still there's more to fol-low.

CHORUS.

More and more, more and more, Al-ways more to fol-low,

## "More to Follow."—Concluded.

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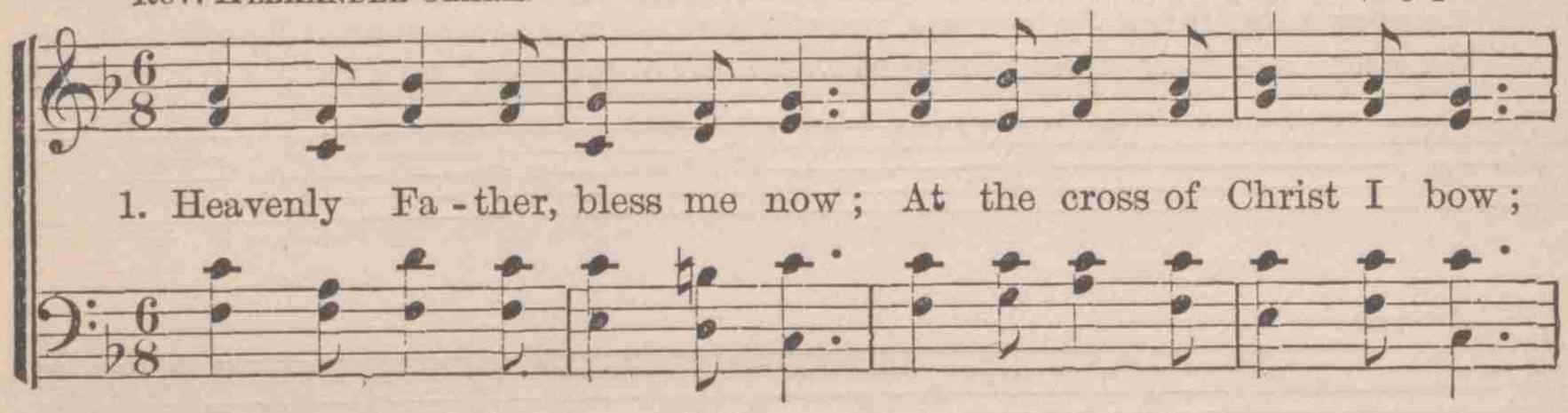
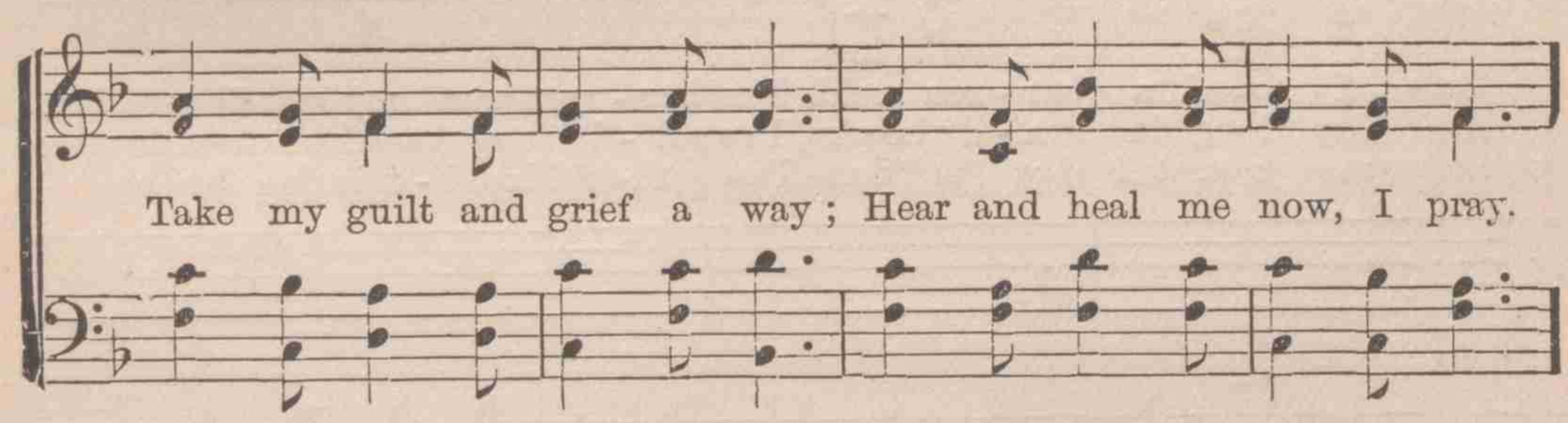
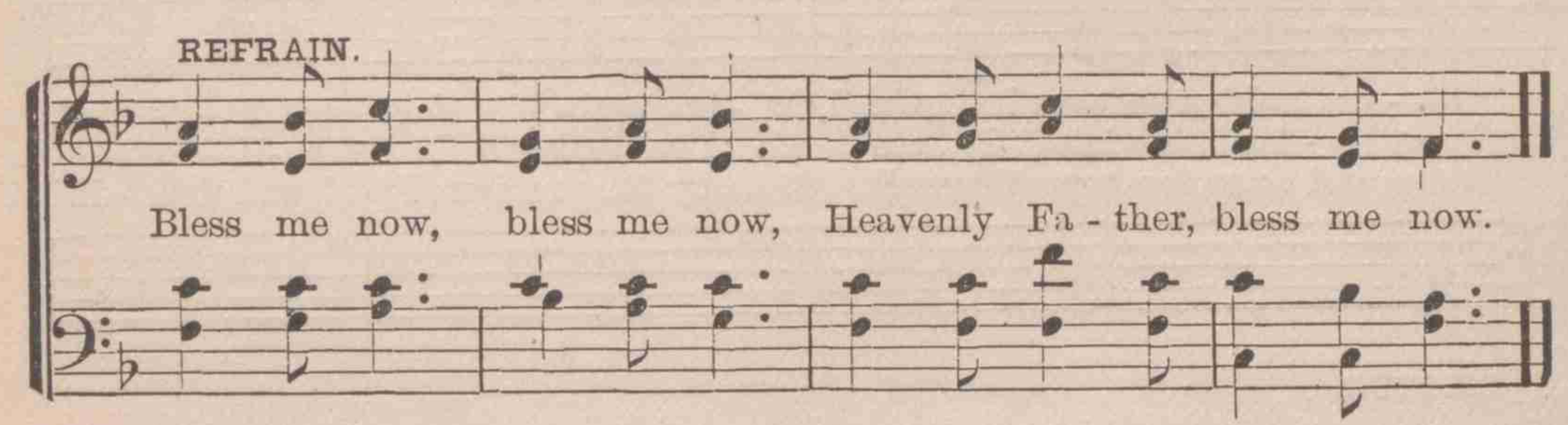
## No. 32. Bless Me Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6 : 2.

Rev. Alexander Clark. Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.



2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,
Send Thy grace and show Thy power;
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord! *Ref.*

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die. *Ref.*

4 Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, thy Son, before;
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show Thy grace. *Ref.*

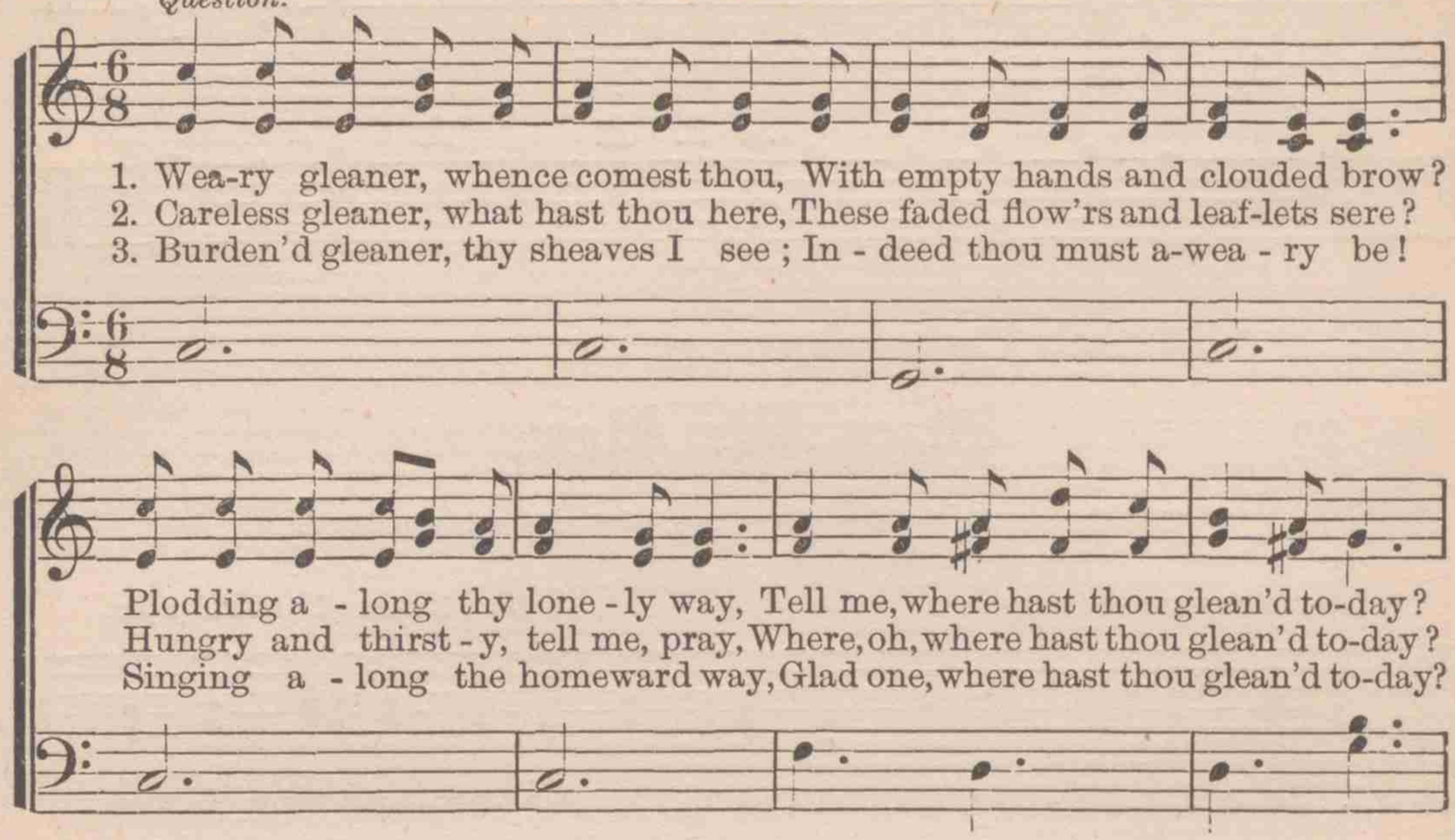
## No. 33. Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-day?

"The field is the world * * * and the reapers are the angels"—MATT. 13: 38.

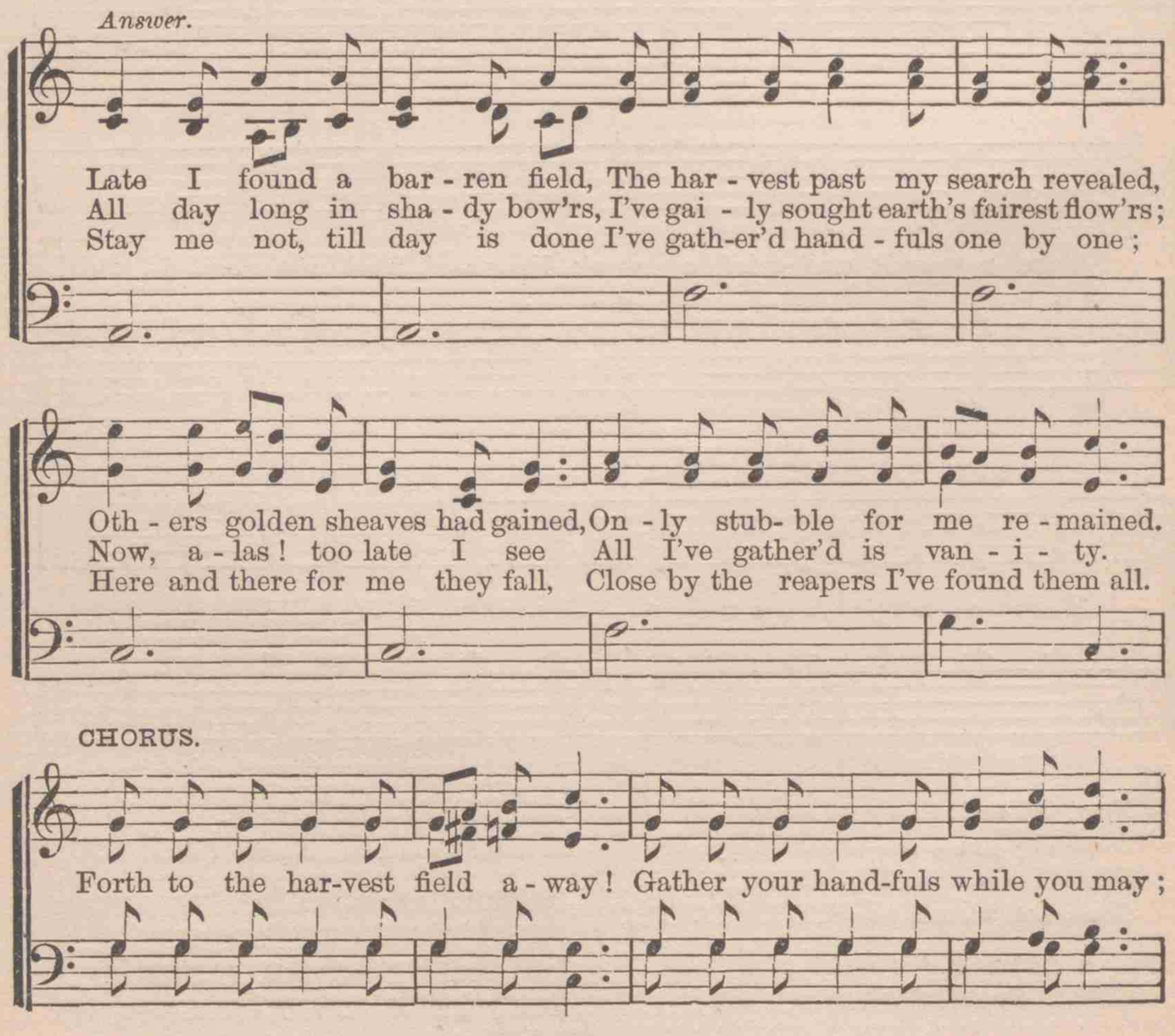
P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

*Question.*

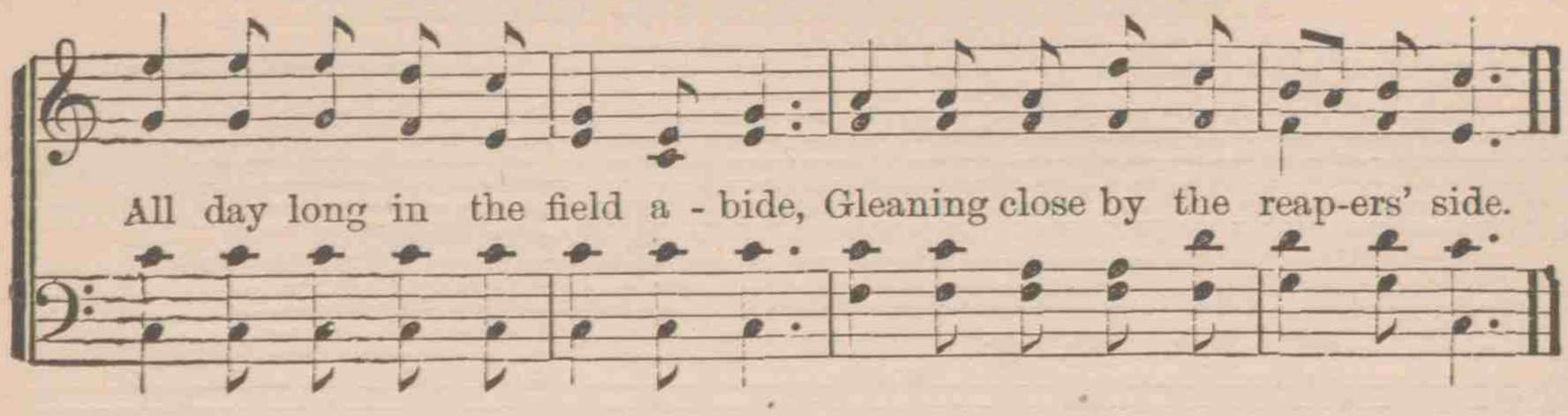



*Answer.*



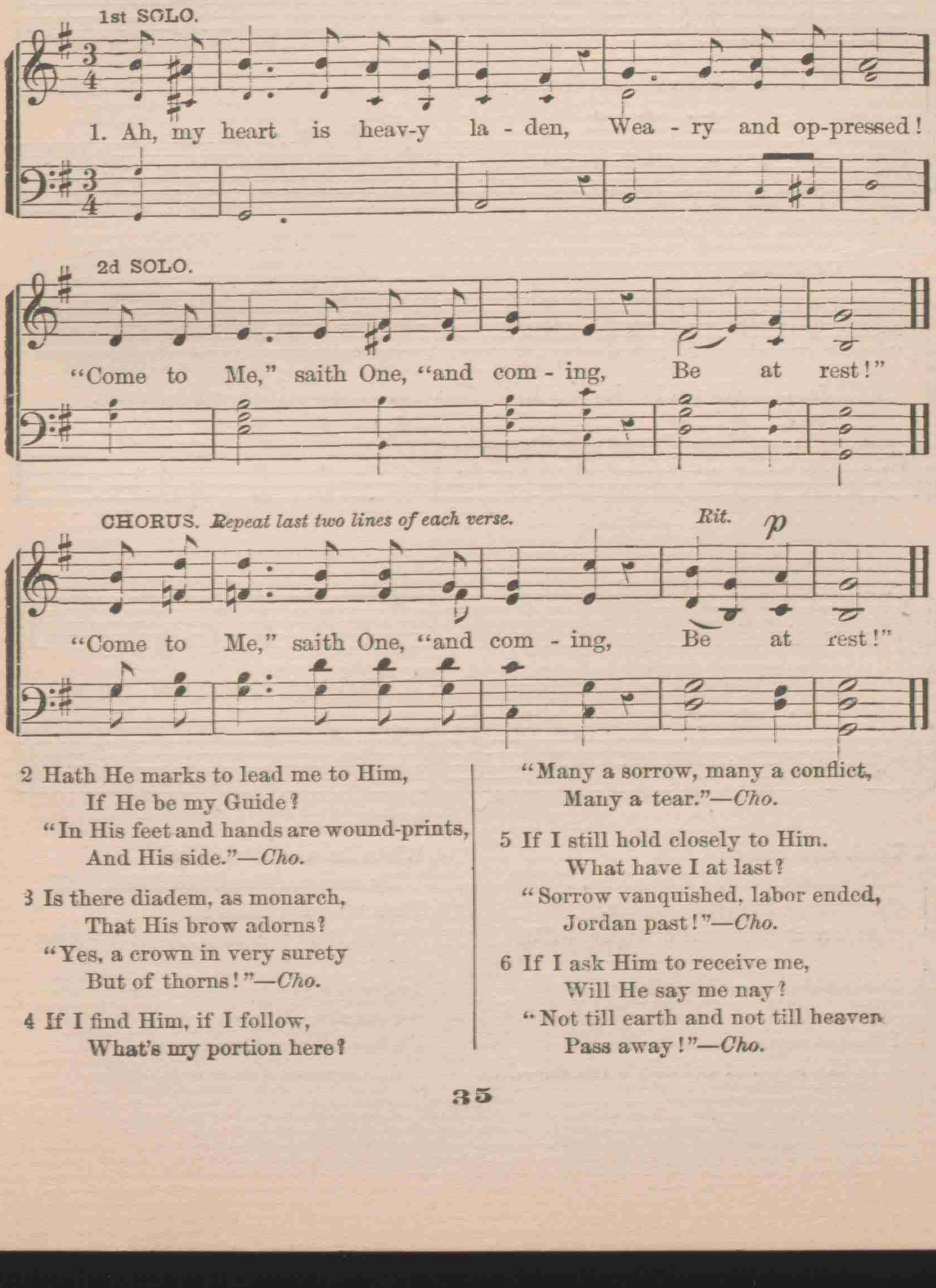

CHORUS.

# Where Hast Thou Gleaned?—Concluded.




## No. 34. Ah, My Heart.

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

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE. P. P. BLISS, by per.

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."—*Cho.*

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety
But of thorns!"—*Cho.*

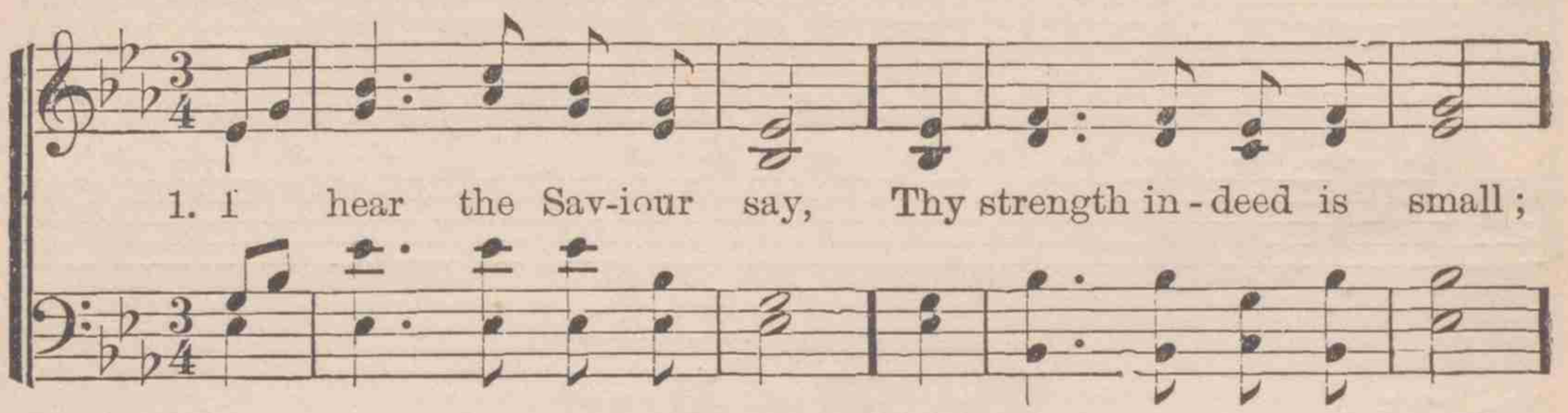
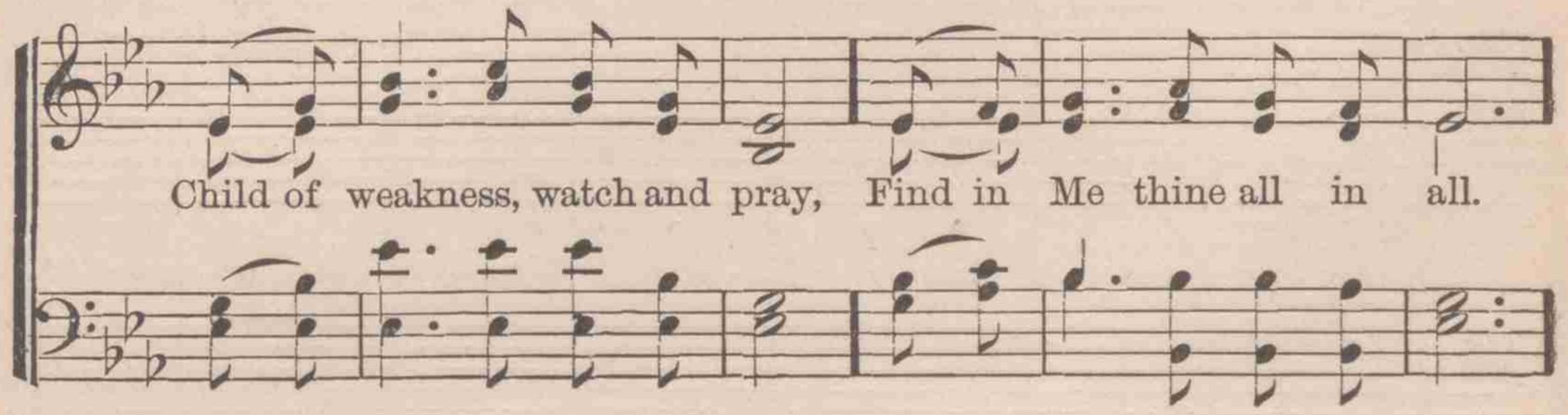
4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What's my portion here?
"Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
Many a tear."—*Cho.*

5 If I still hold closely to Him.
What have I at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"—*Cho.*

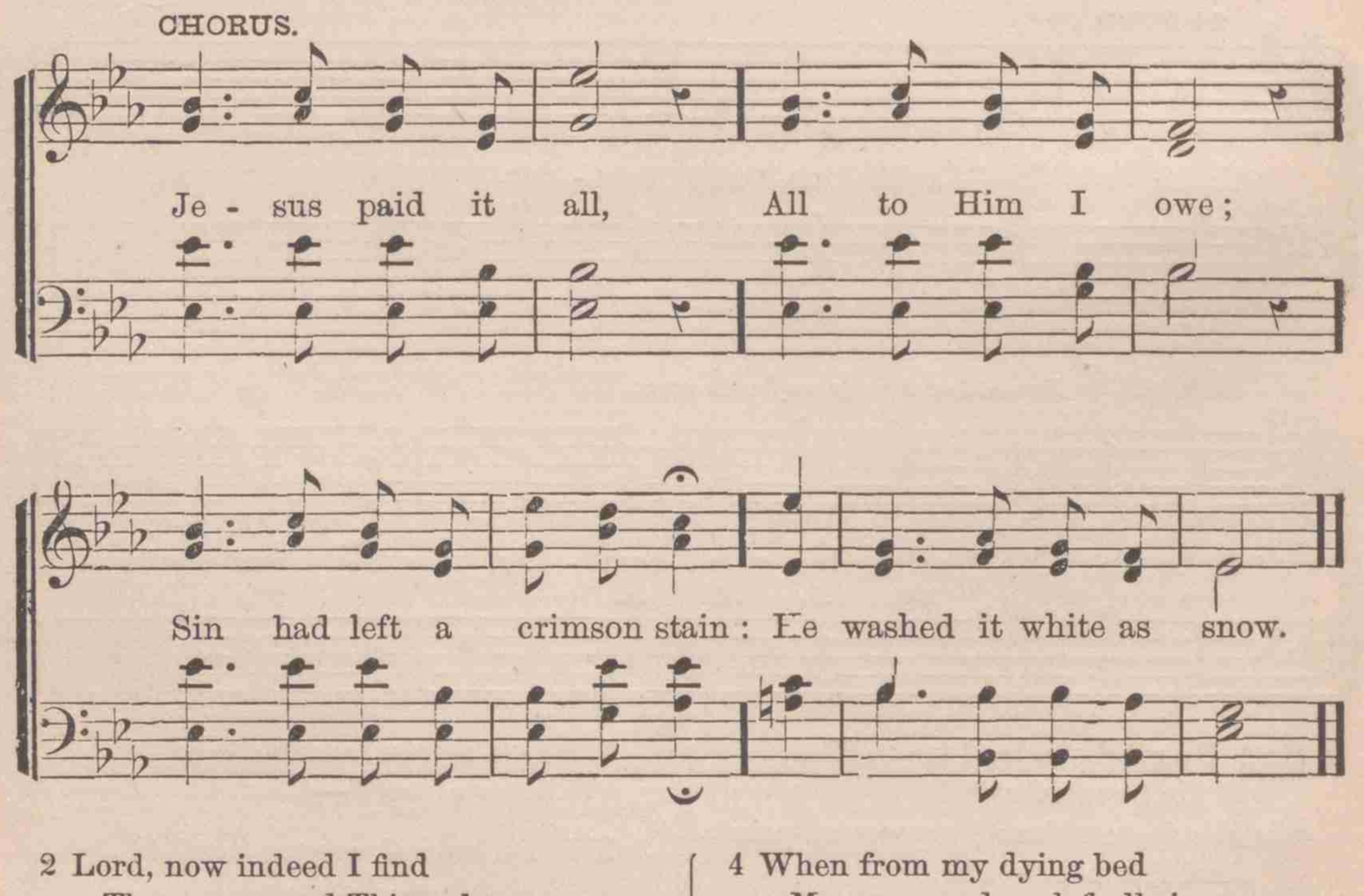
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"—*Cho.*

## No. 35. All to Christ I Owe. (G. H. 2–131.)

"Who His own self bare our sins."—1 PETER 2: 24.

Mrs. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.




CHORUS.




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

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

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

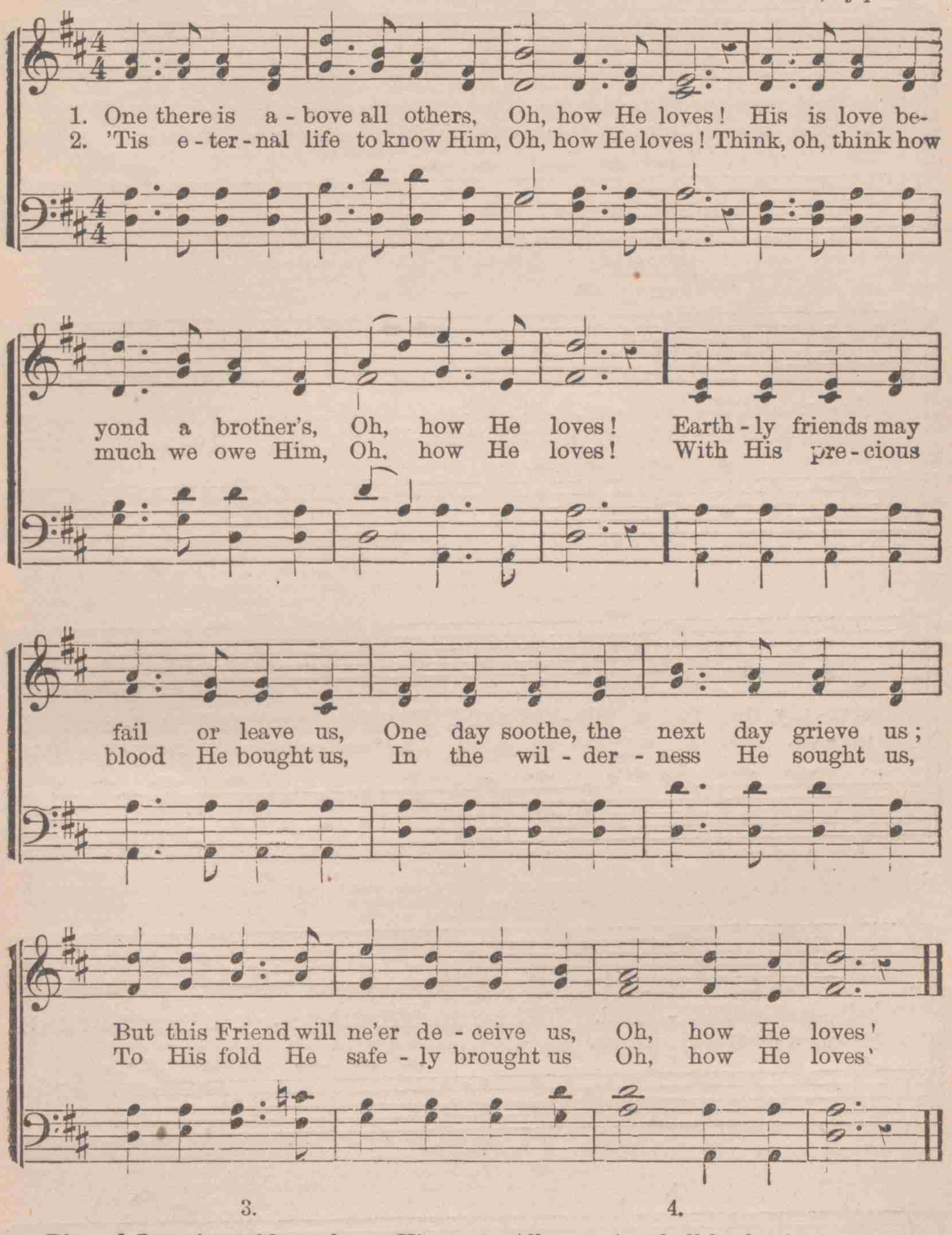
5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—*Cho.*

No. 36.

# Oh, how He Loves.

"A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

Miss MARIANNE NUNN. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.




3.

Blessed Jesus! would you know Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow,
Oh, how He loves!

4.

All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you,
Oh, how He loves!

## No. 37. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—MARK 5: 19.

Miss KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the Sto-ry
wonder-ful re - demp - tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin. Tell me the Sto-ry

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "early dew" of morn - ing Has

CHORUS.

help - less and de - filed. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
passed a - way at noon.

Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

# Tell Me the Old, Old Story.—Concluded.

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

4 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."

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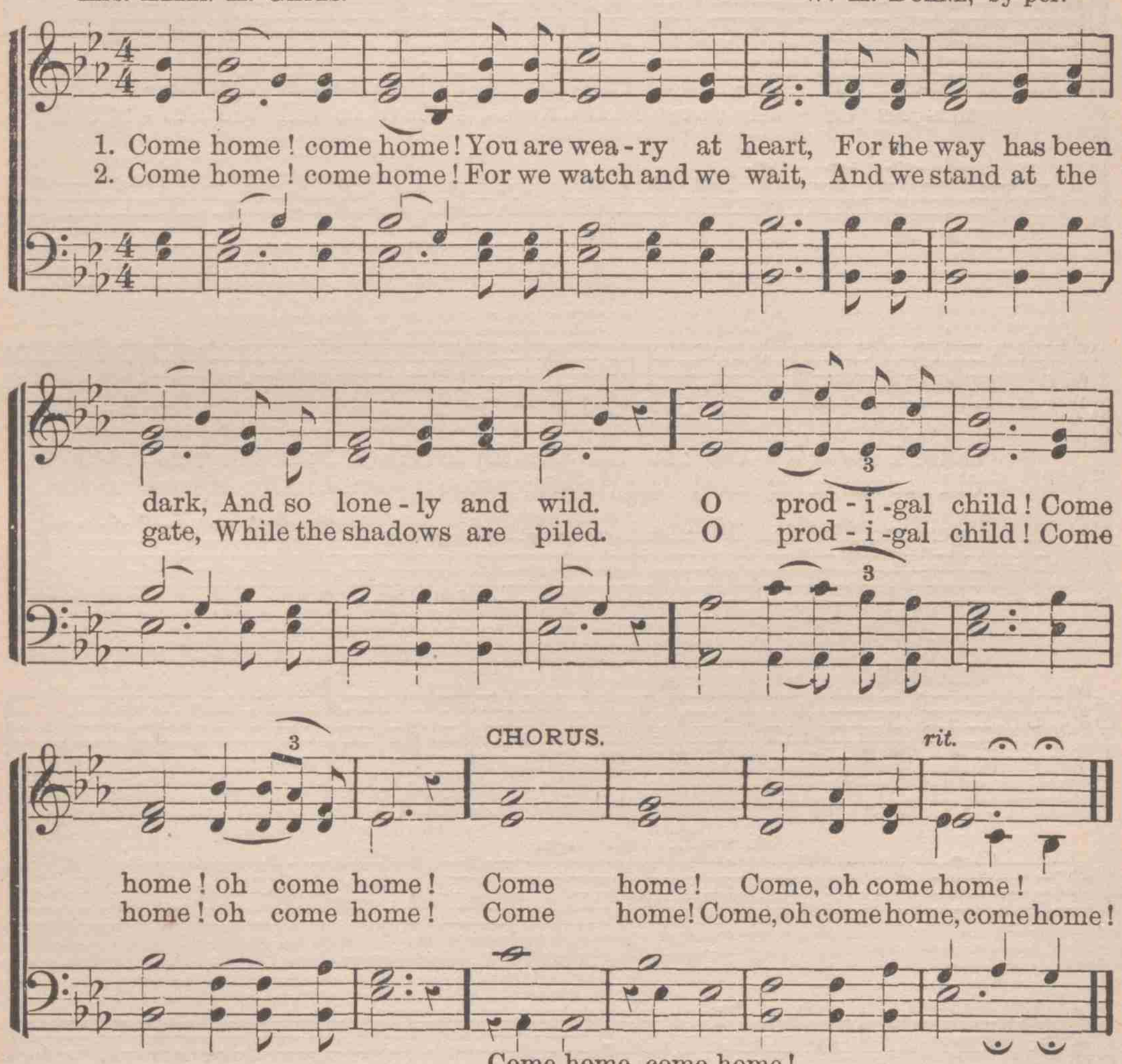
## No. 38. The Prodigal Child.

"I will arise, and go to my father."—LUKE 15: 18.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES. W. H. DOANE, by per.

3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh come home!

4 Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there,
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

## No. 39. I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."—PSAL. 145: 5.

Miss KATE HANKEY, 1867. W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the Sto-ry Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and His
2. I love to tell the Sto-ry! More wonderful it seems, Than all the golden

Glo-ry Of Je - sus and His Love! I love to tell the Sto - ry! Be -
fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the Sto - ry! It

cause I know it's true; It sat-isfies my longings, As nothing else would do.
did so much for me! And that is just the reason, I tell it now to thee.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

# I Love to Tell the Story.—Concluded.

3 I love to tell the Story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the Story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4 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.

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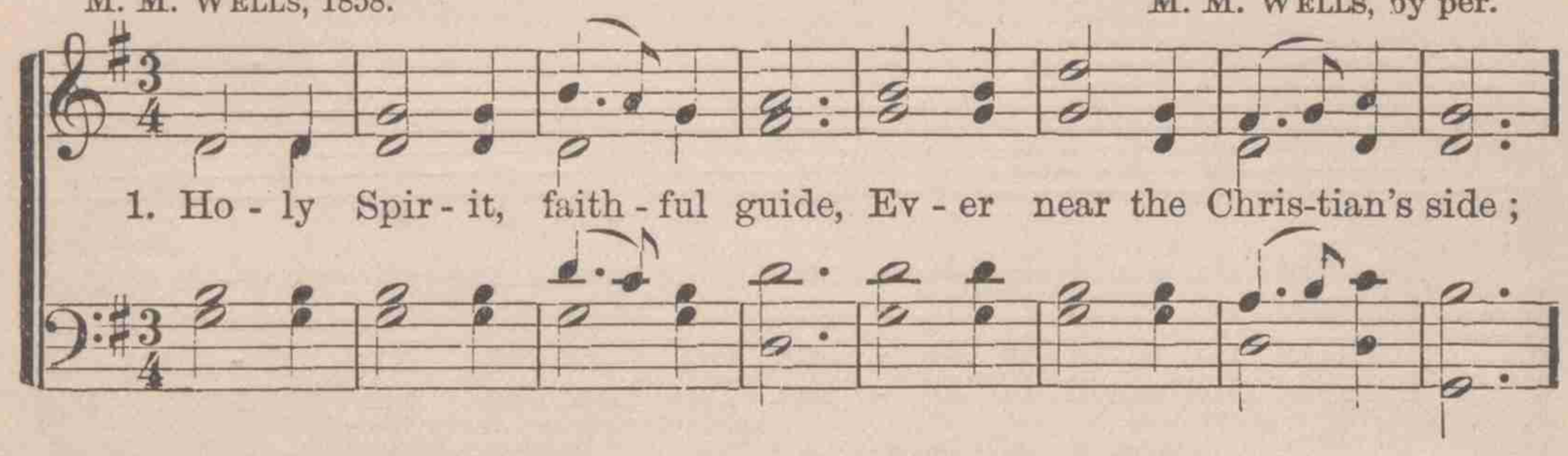
## No. 40. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

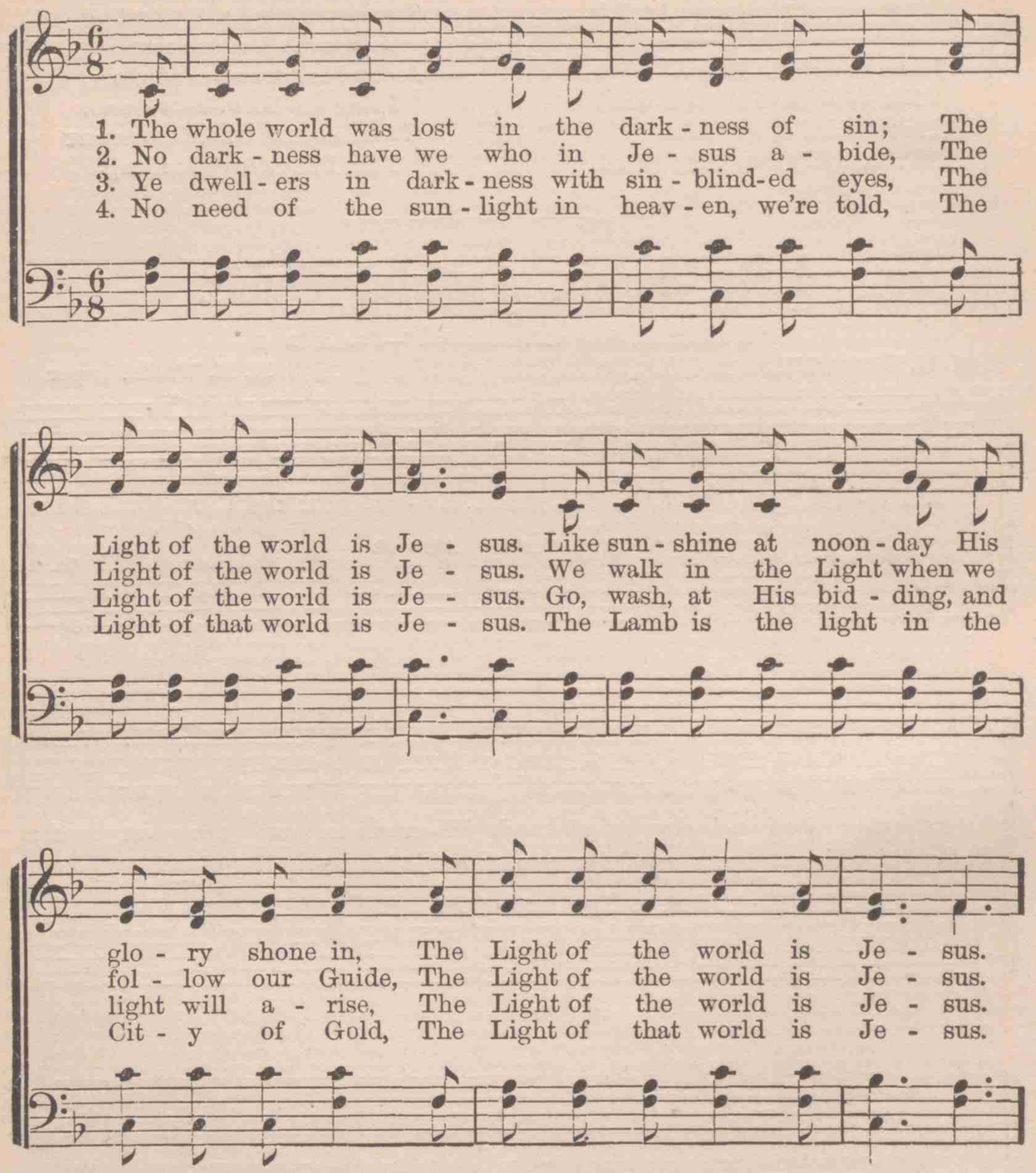
"I will guide thee with mine eye."—PSALM 32: 8.

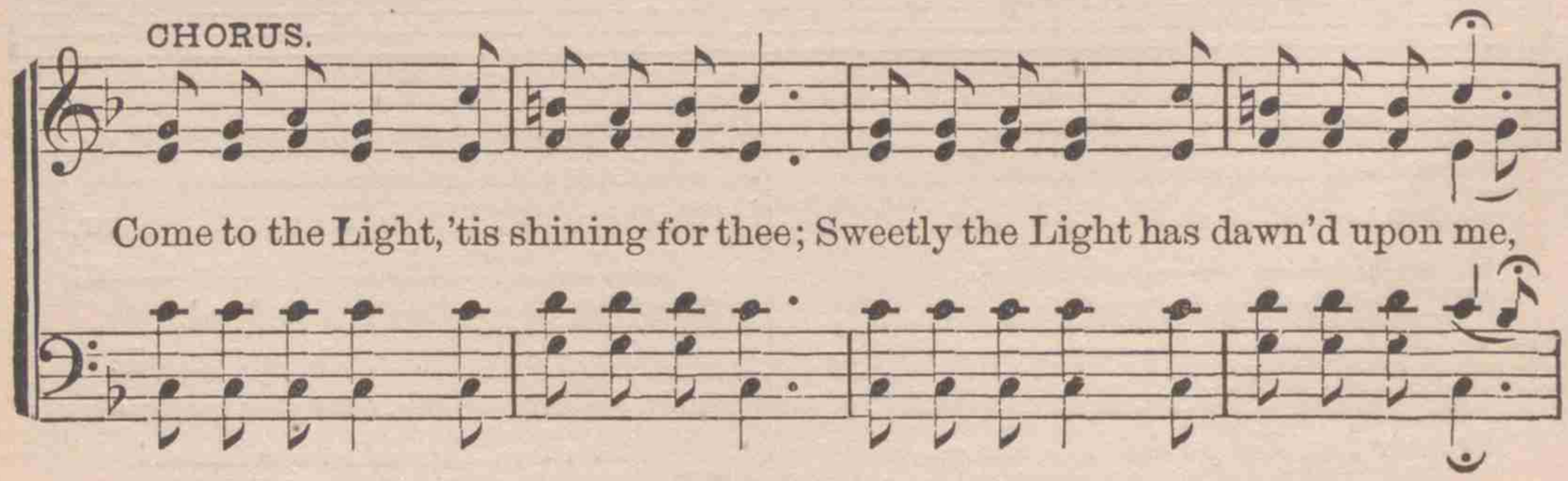
M. M. WELLS, 1858. M. M. WELLS, by per.

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

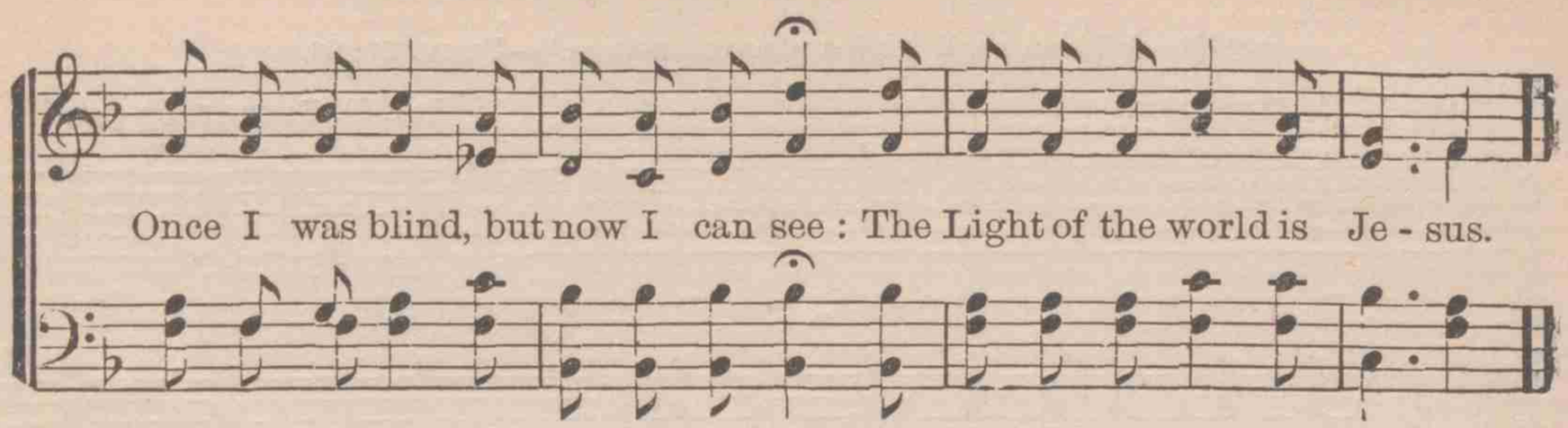
3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

## No. 41. The Light of the World is Jesus.

"I am the light of the world."—JOHN 9: 5.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.

CHORUS.



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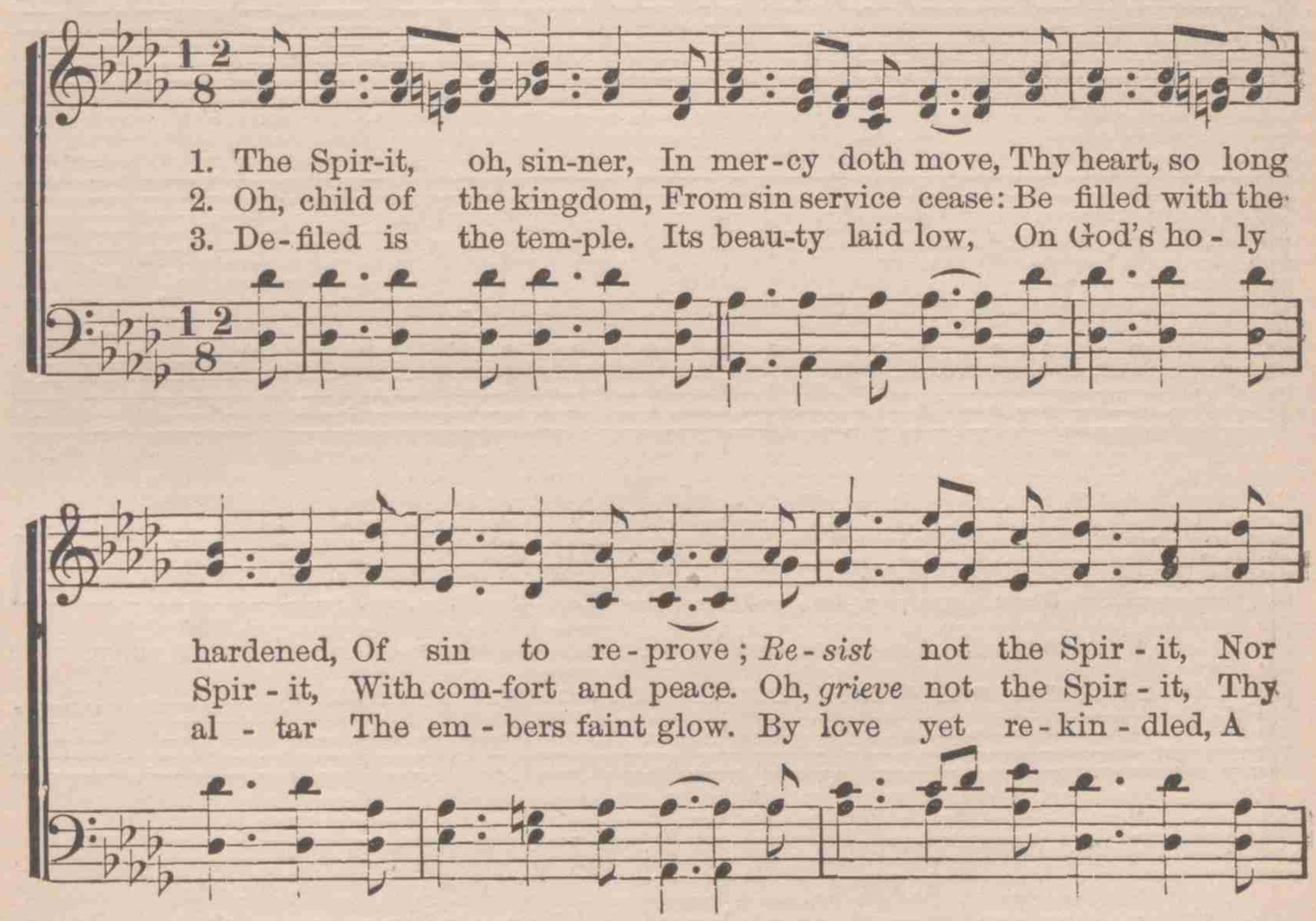
## No. 42. The Holy Spirit.

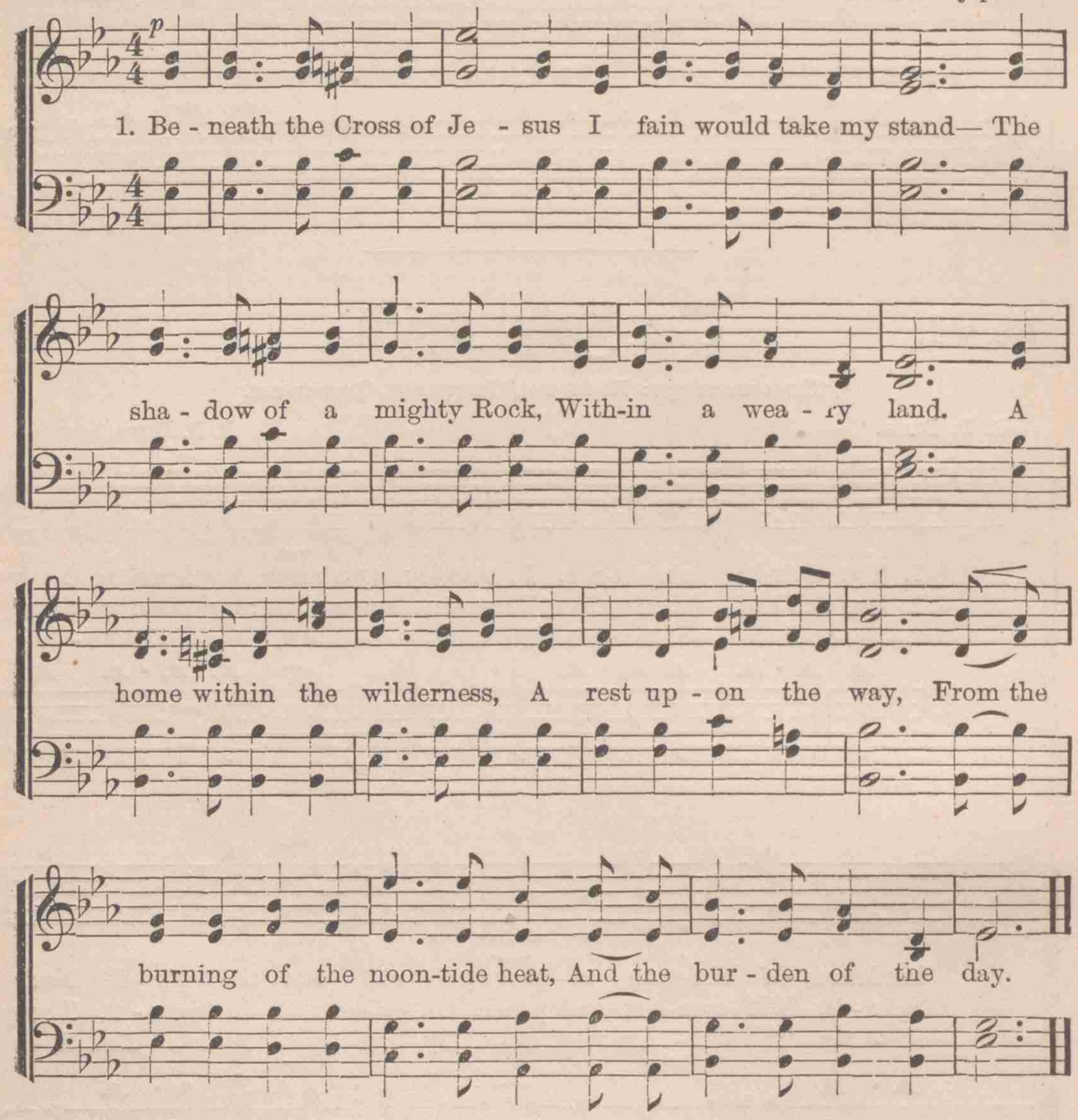
Three warnings: Resist not, Grieve not, Quench not.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.



## No. 43. The Cross of Jesus.

"His children shall have a place of refuge."—PROV. 14: 26.

Miss E. C. CLEPHANE. IRA. D. SANKEY. by per.

2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love,
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the Holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

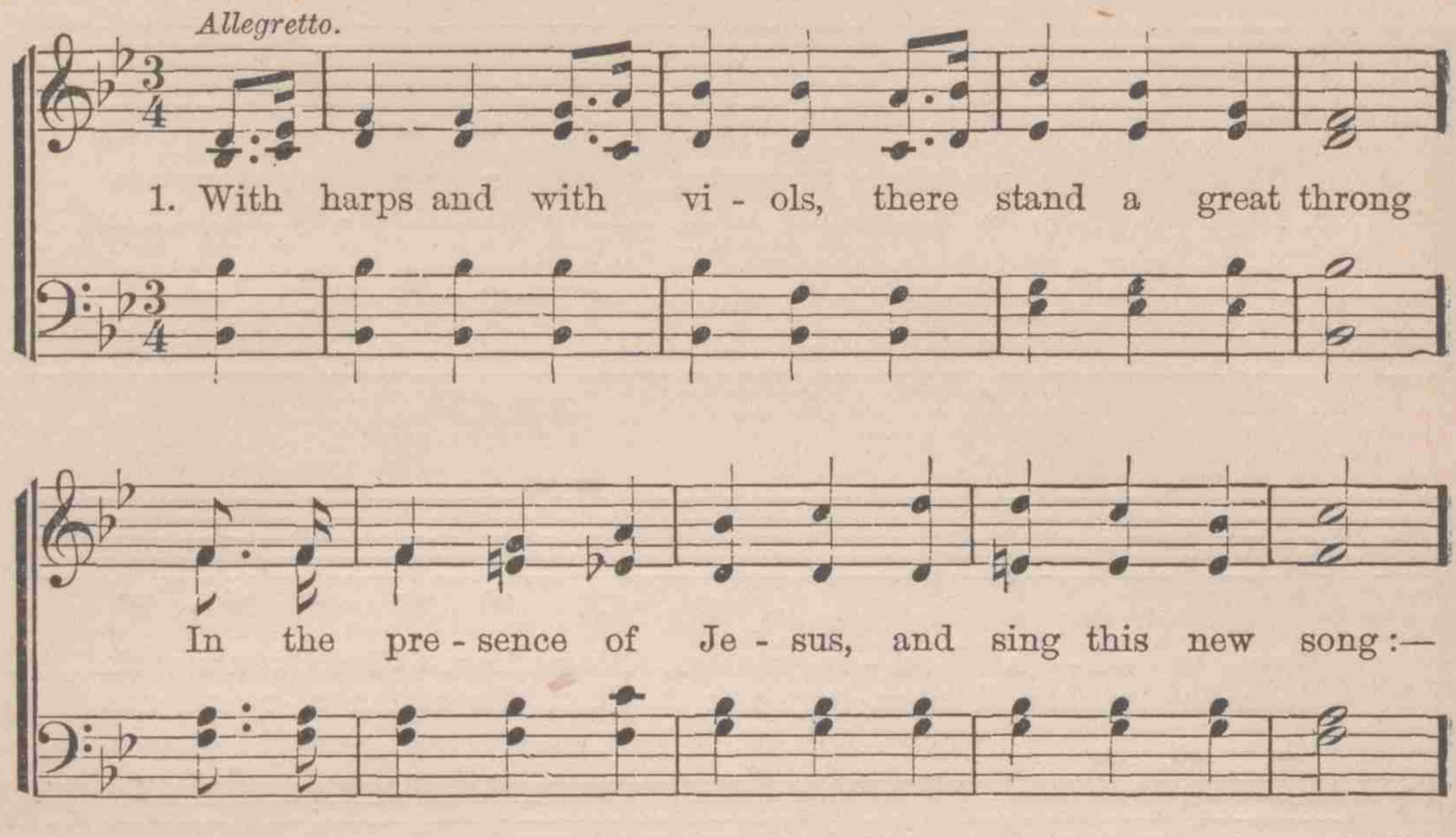
5 I take, O Cross, Thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,—
My glory all the Cross.

## No. 44. The New Song.

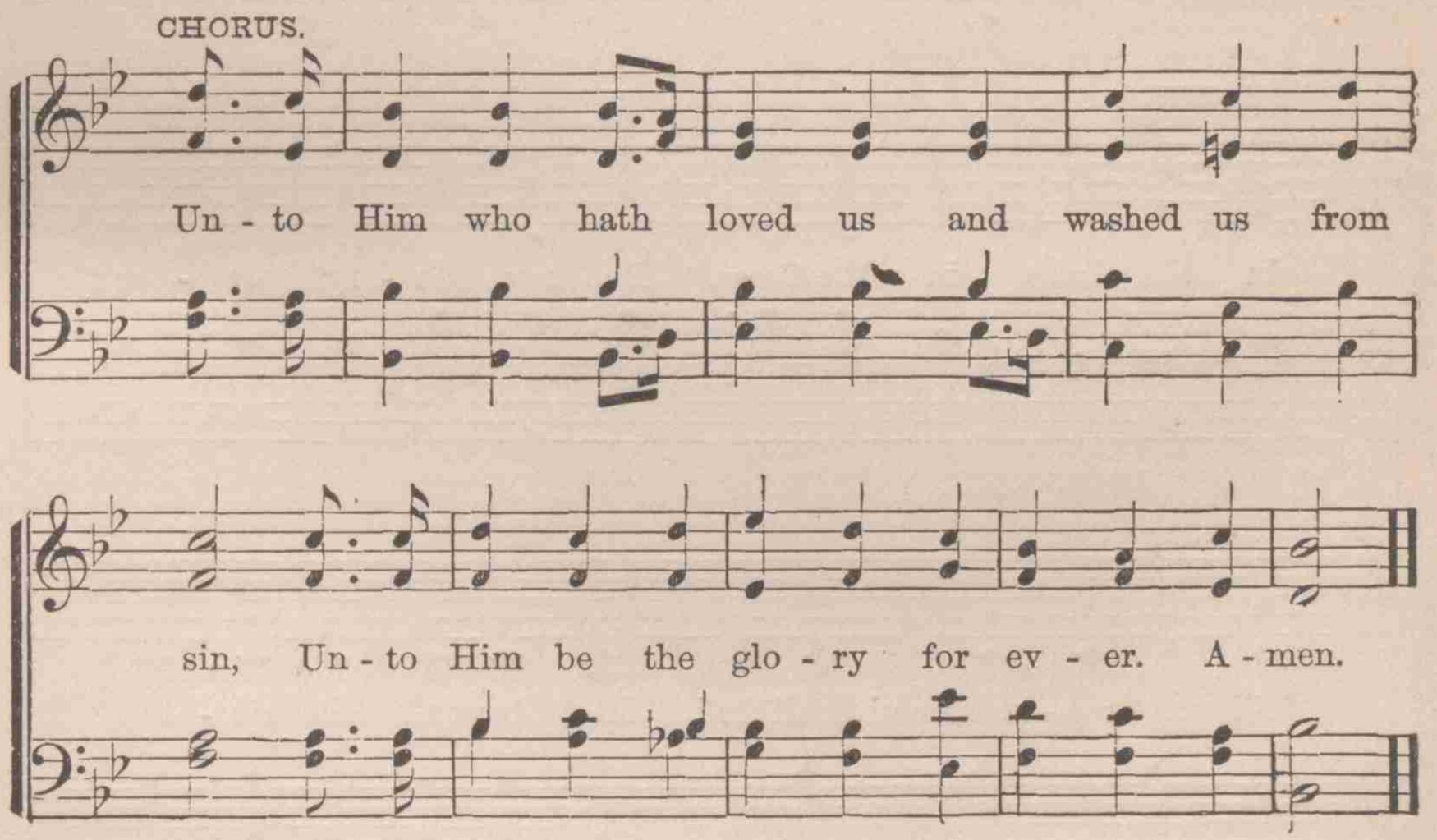
"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev. 14: 3.

Rev. A. T. Pierson. P. P. Bliss, by per.

*Allegretto.*




CHORUS.




2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite.—*Cho.*

3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing.—*Cho.*

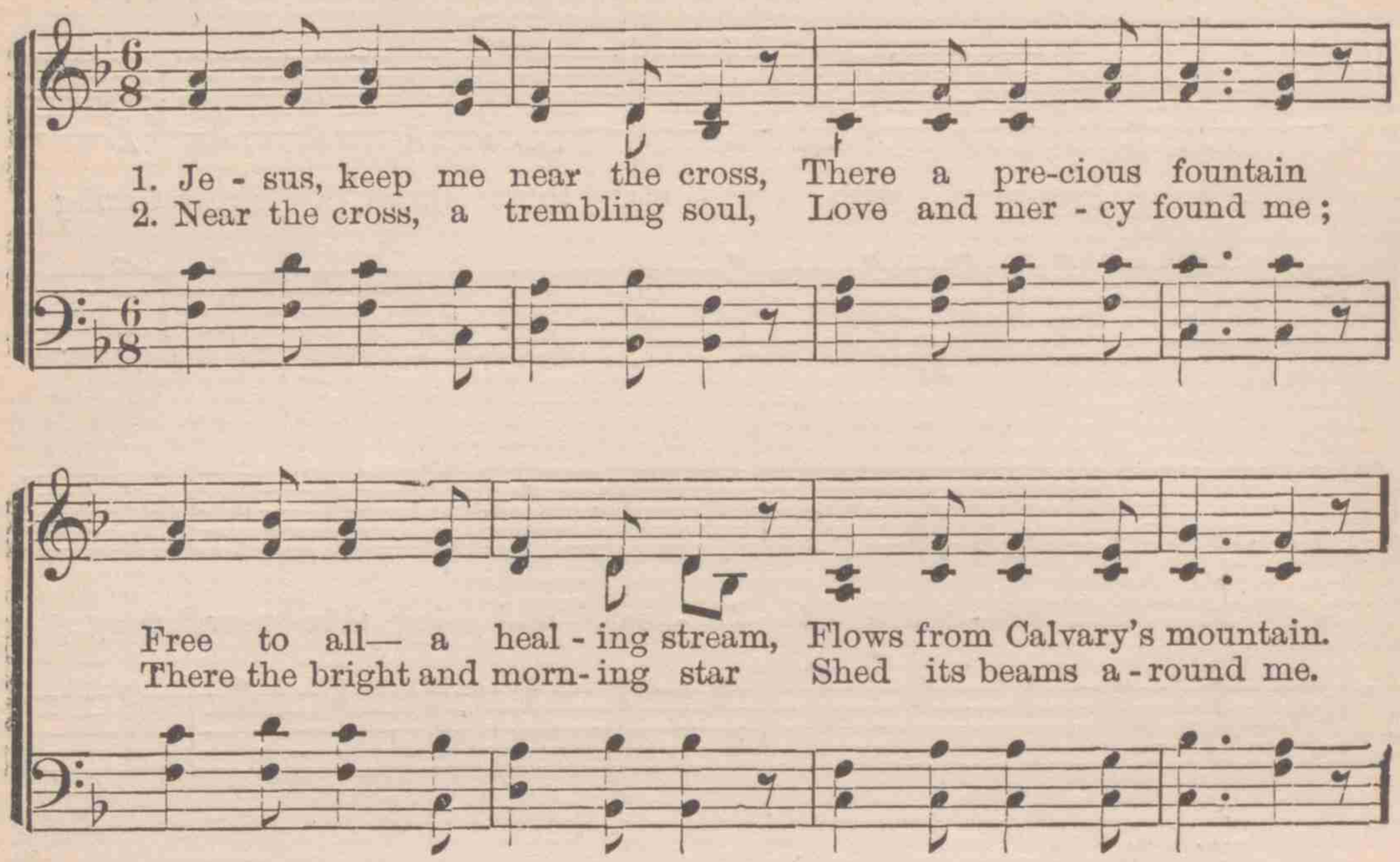
4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.—*Cho.*

5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,
So that others believing, this new song shall sing.—*Cho.*

## No. 45. Near the Cross.

"Peace through the blood of His cross."—Coll. 1: 29.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane, by per.



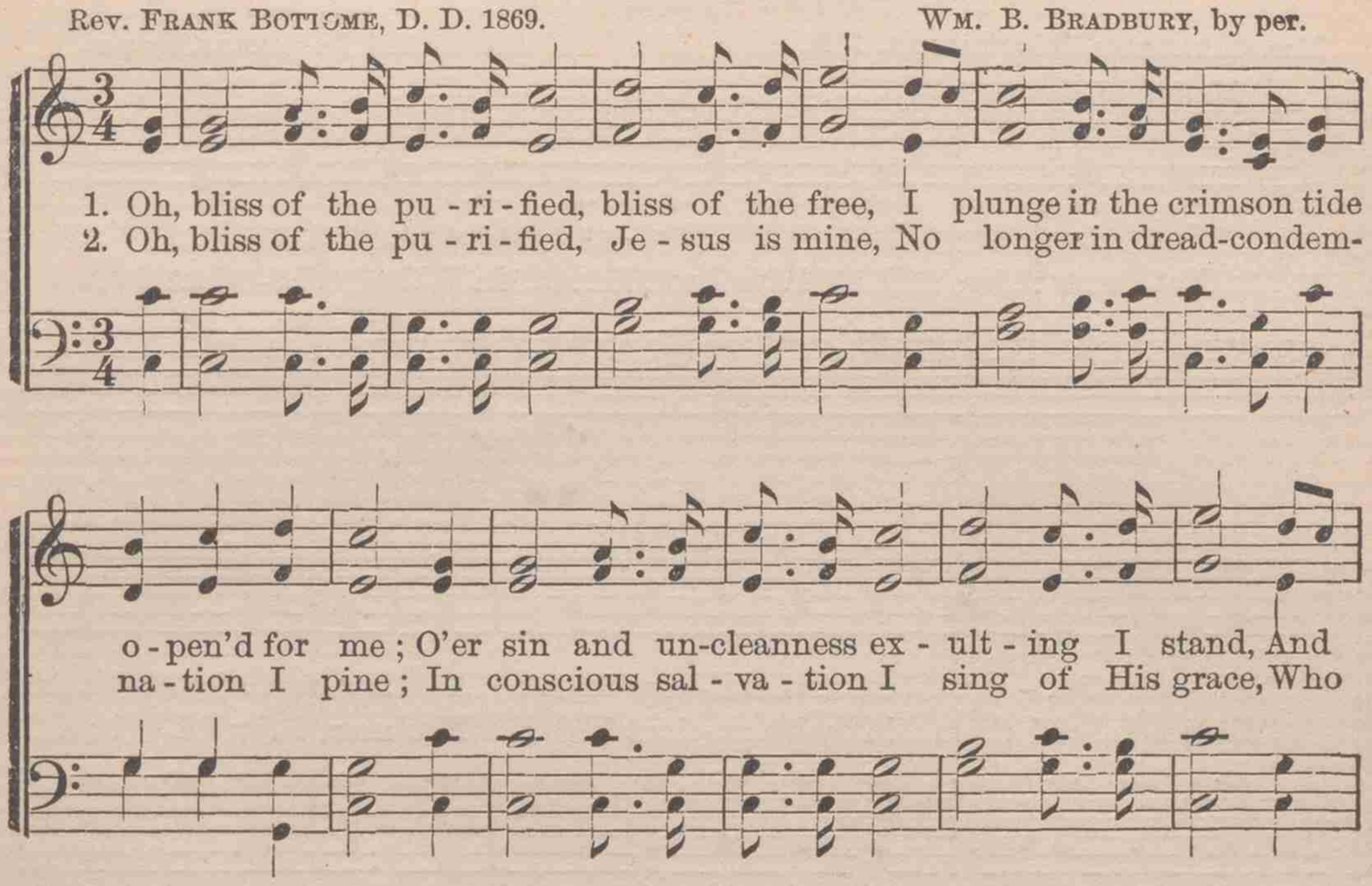

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me. *Cho.*

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river. *Cho.*

# No. 46. Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

"Mighty to save."—ISAIAH 63: 1.

Rev. FRANK BOTTOME, D. D. 1869. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



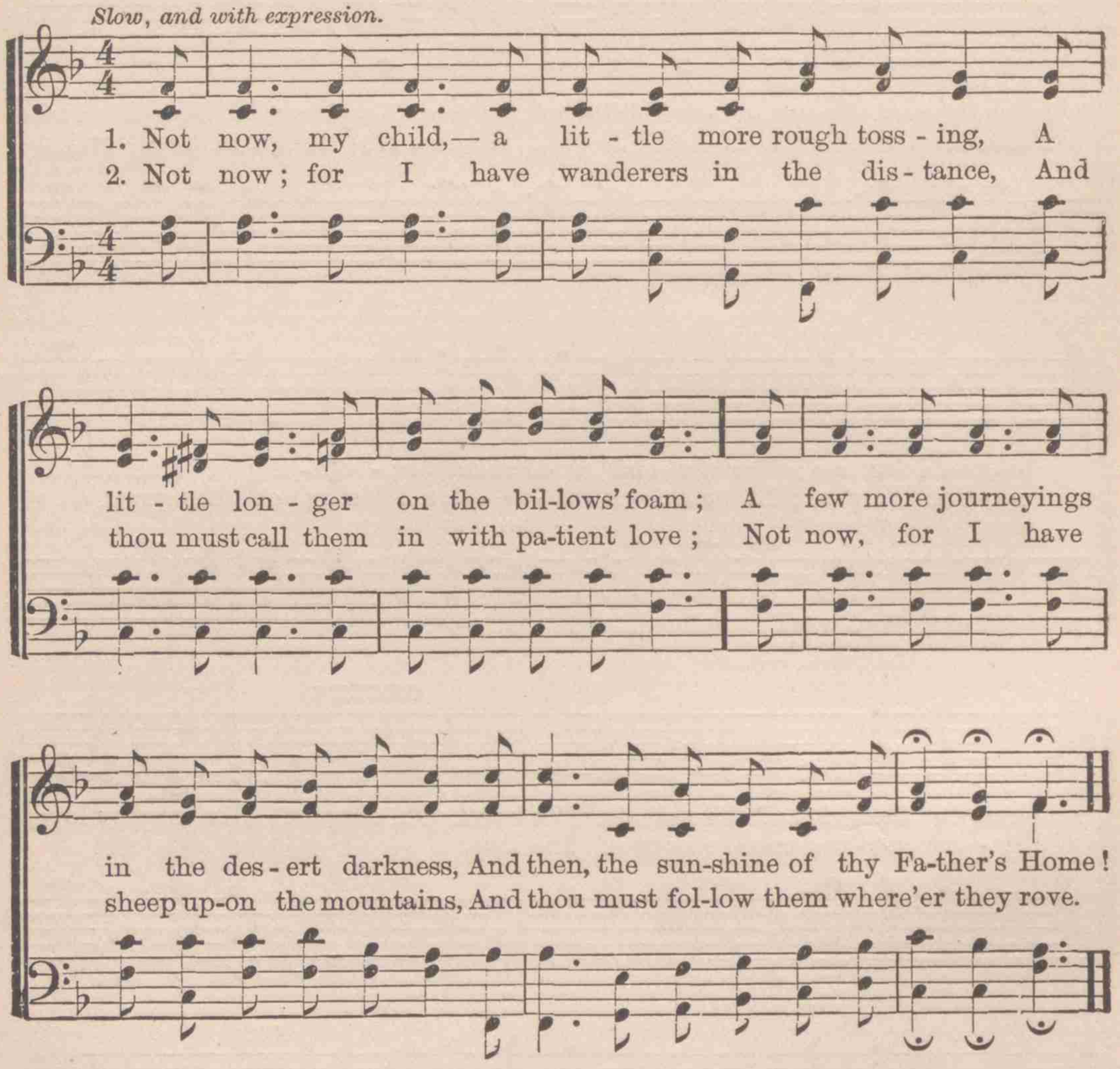

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast. *Cho.*

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save." *Cho.*

## No. 47. Not Now, My Child.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—PSALM 4: 6.

Mrs. CATHERINE PENNEFATHER. 1868. Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

*Slow, and with expression.*

3 Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

4 Not now: for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

# No. 48. Every Day and Hour.

"Cleanse me from my sin."—Ps. 51: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H DOANE, by per.

*Slowly.*

1. Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go;

Let Thy precious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can never, never lose my way.

REFRAIN.

Ev - ery day, ev - ery hour, Let me

Ev - ery day and hour, ev - ery day and hour,

feel Thy cleansing power; May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me

clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

3

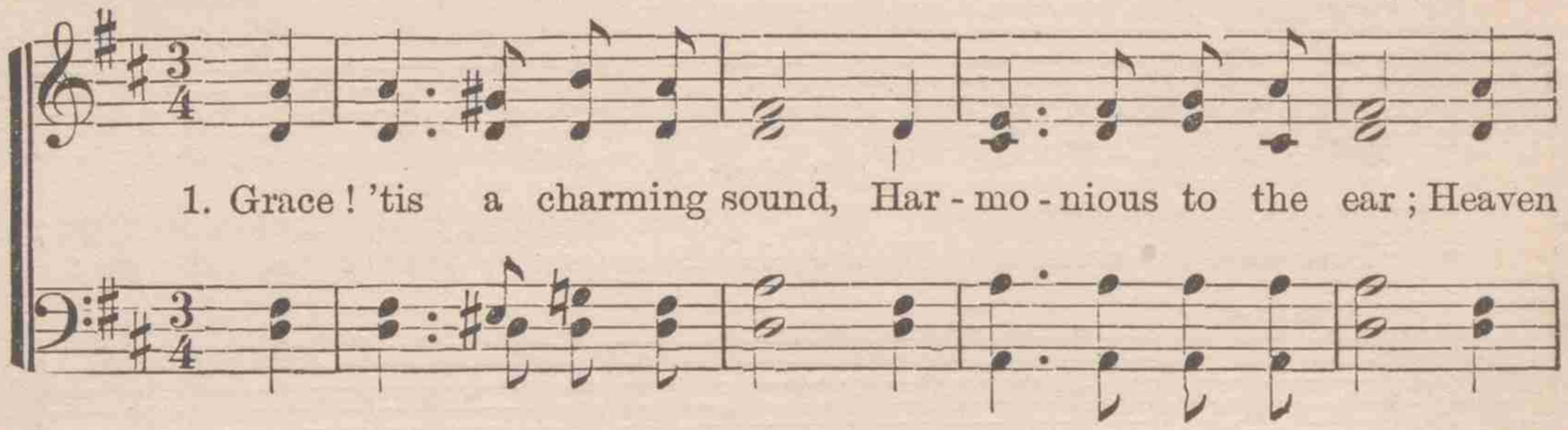
Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above
*Ref.* Every day and hour. &c

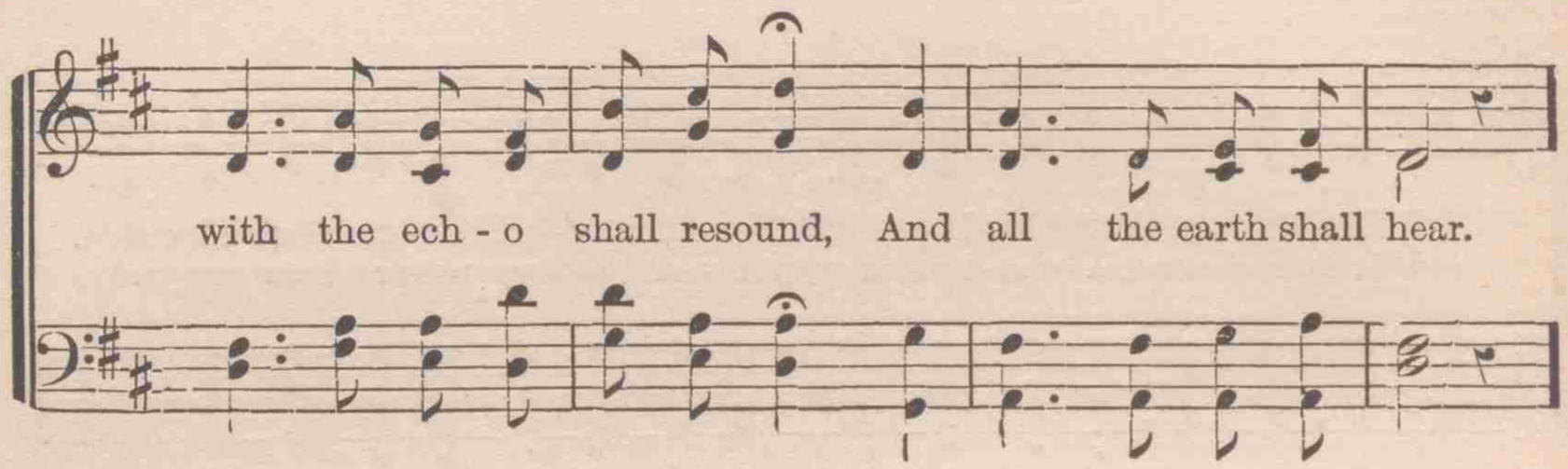
No. 49.

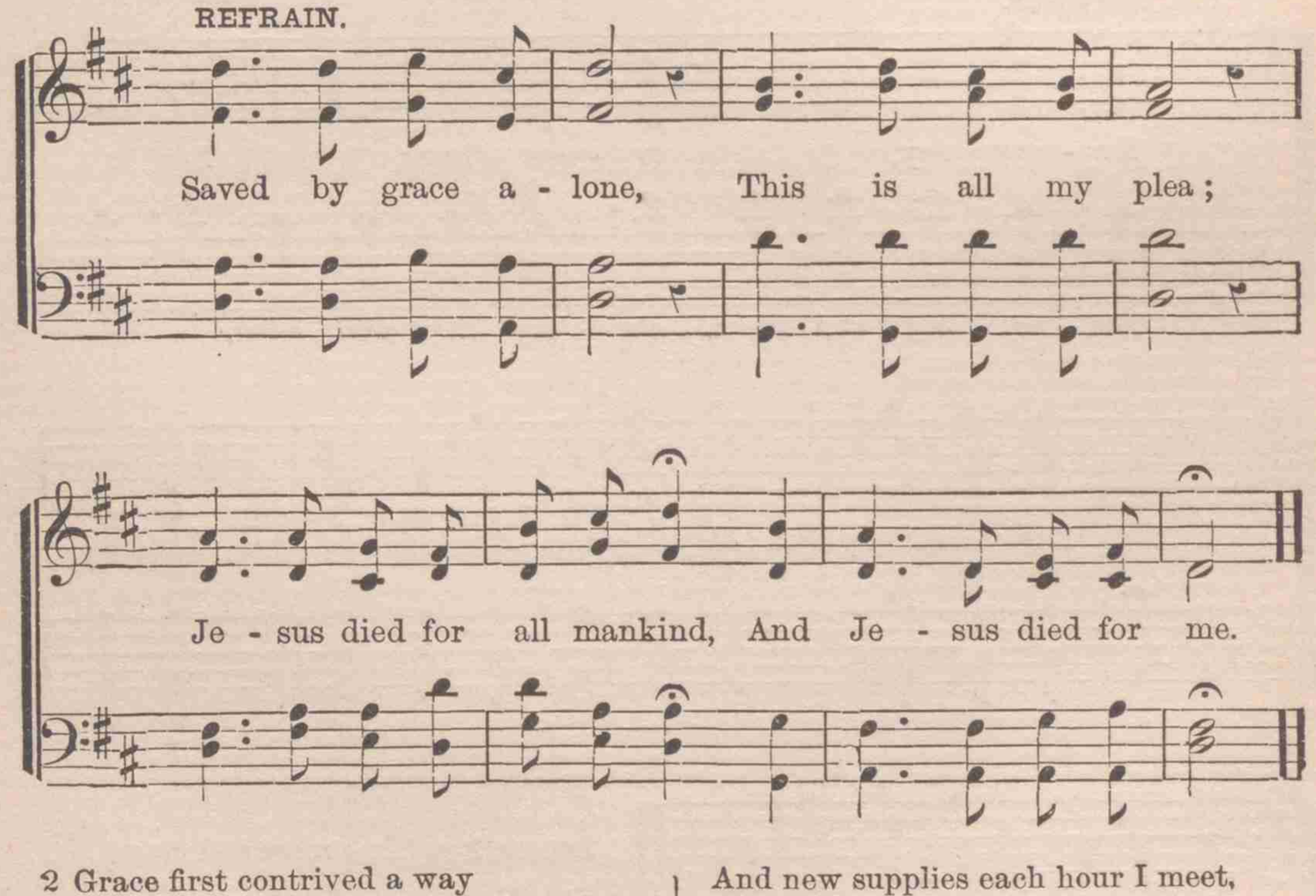
# The Wondrous Gift.

"By grace are ye saved."—Eph. 2: 8.

Dr. Philip Doddridge. Ira D. Sankey, by per.



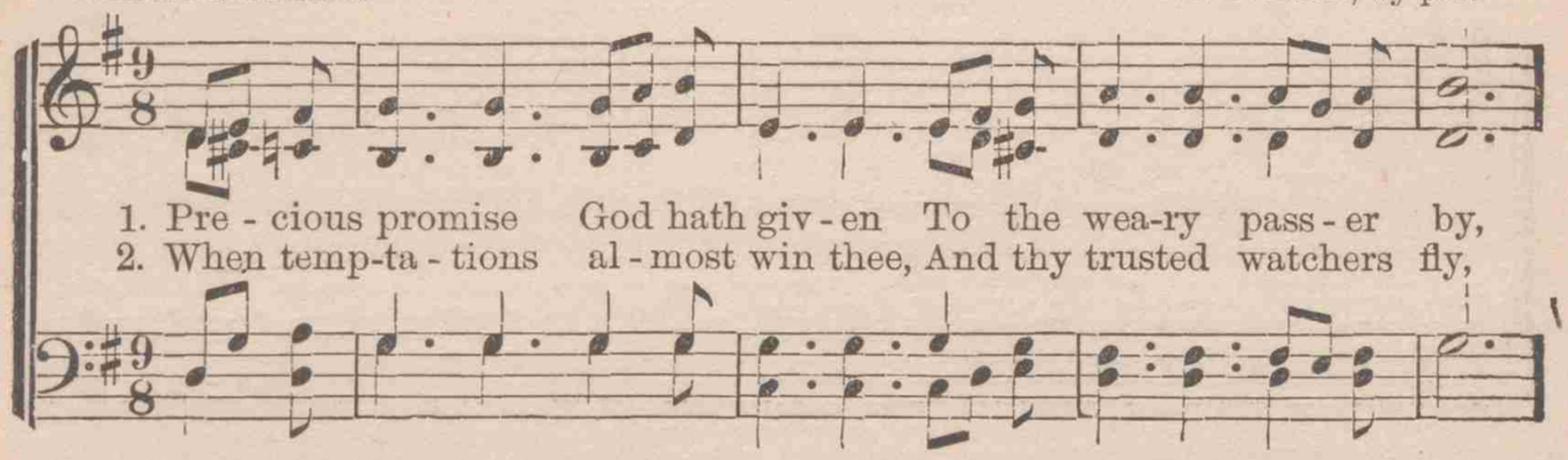
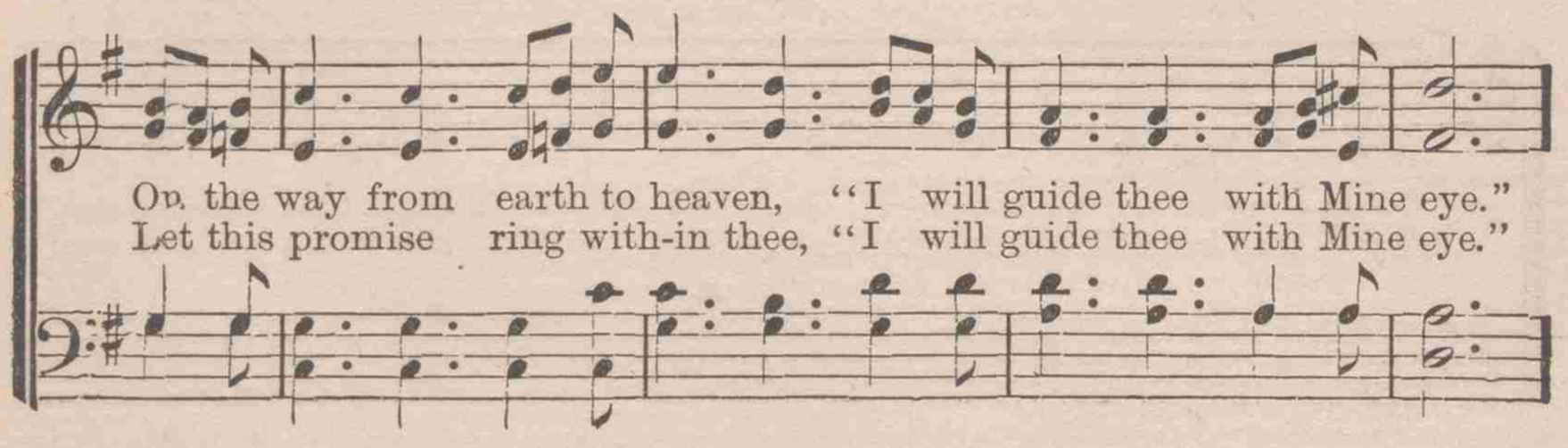

REFRAIN.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan. *Ref.*

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God. *Ref.*

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise. *Ref.*

## No. 50. Precious Promise. (G. H. 2–38: 3–114.)

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 PET. 1: 4.

NATHANIEL NILES. P. P. BLISS, by per.

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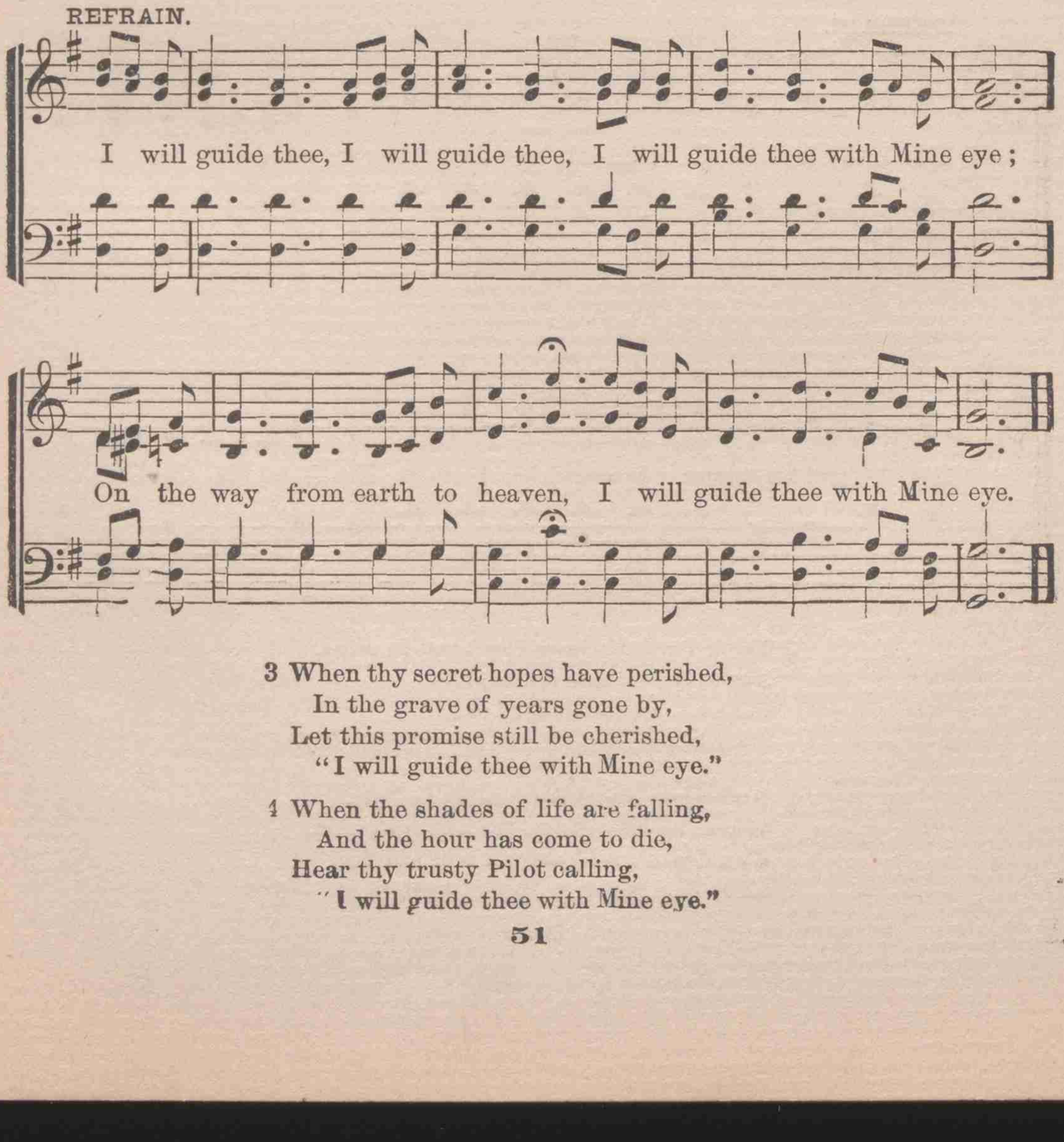


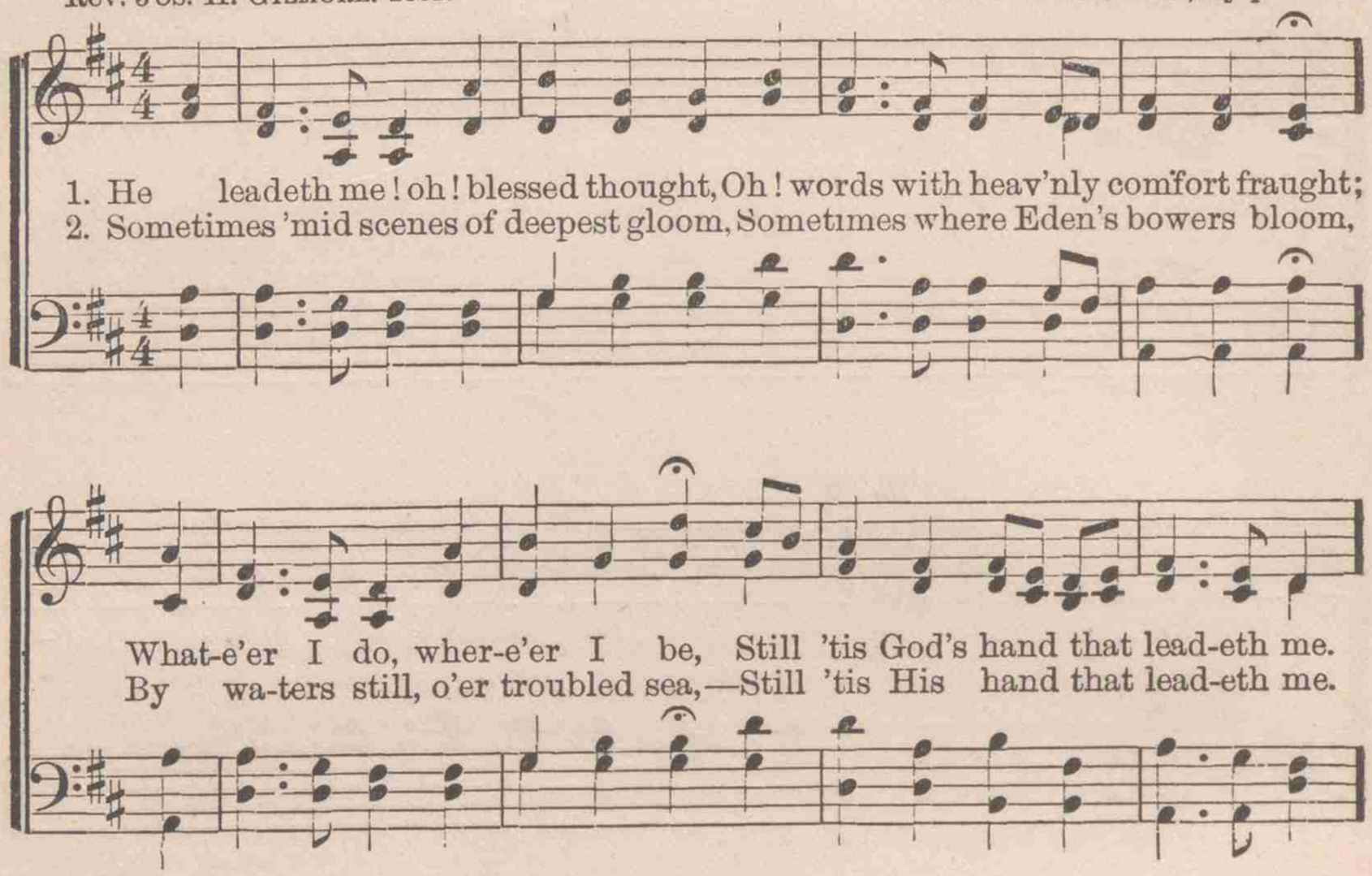

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

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

## No. 51. He Leadeth Me.

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

Rev. JOS. H. GILMORE. 1861. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



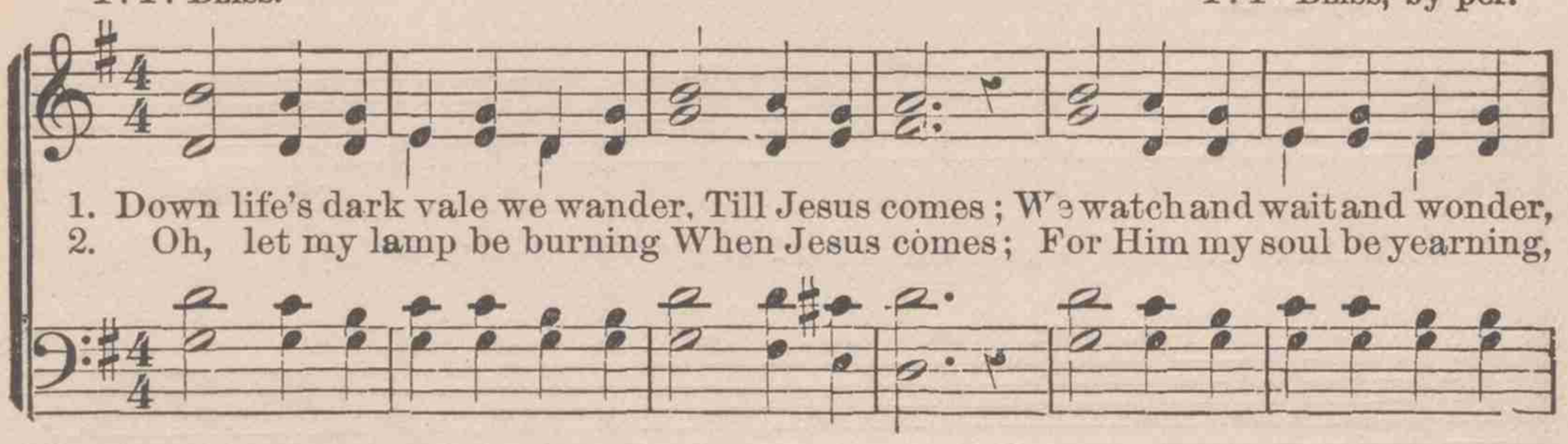
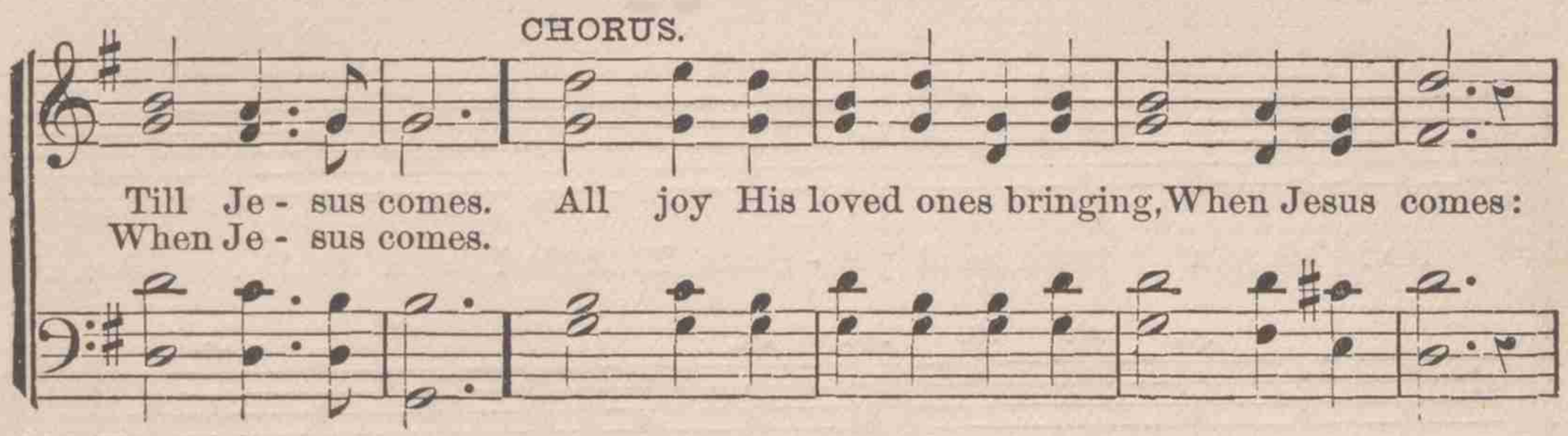

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—*Ref.*

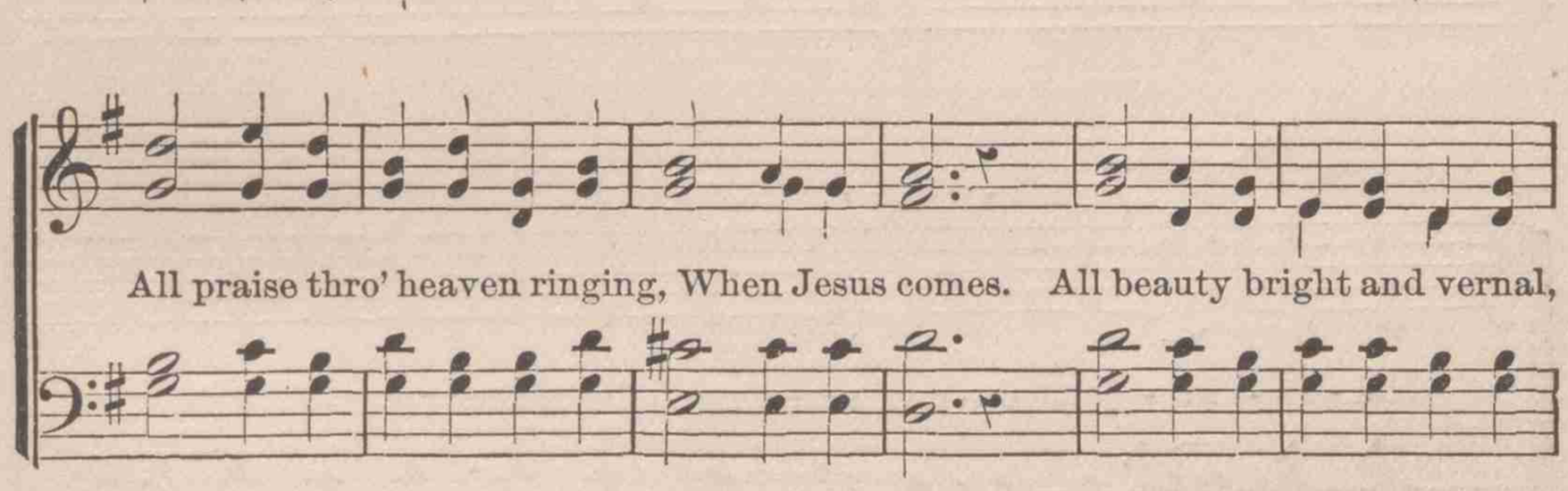
4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—*Ref.*

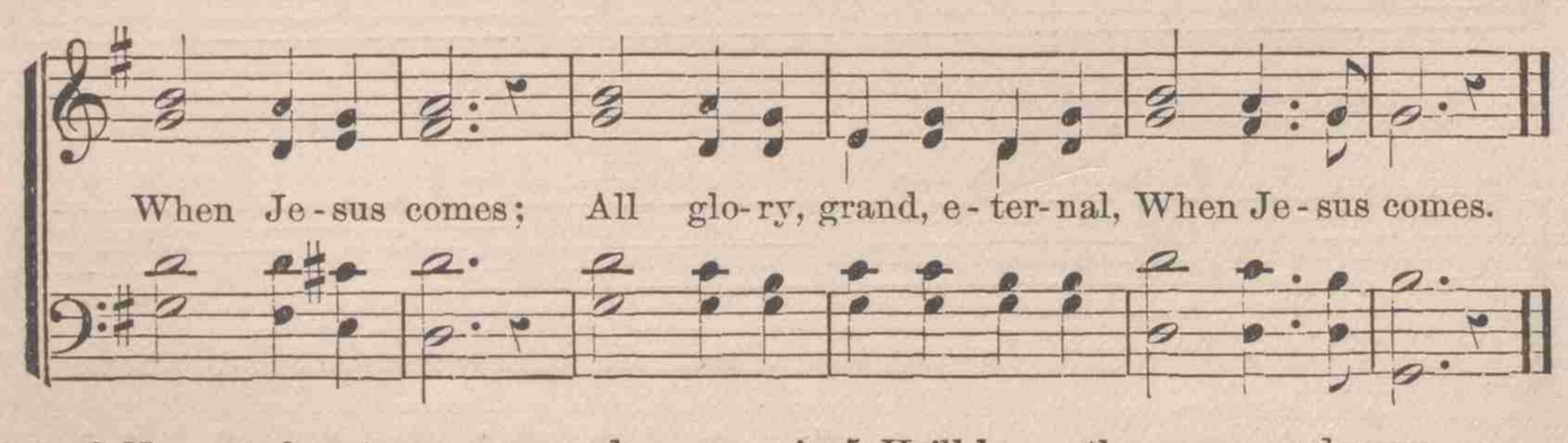
## No. 52. When Jesus Comes.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—HEB. 9 : 28.

P. P. BLISS. P. P BLISS, by per.






3 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes ;
All peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes. *Cho.*

4 All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes ;
All gloom His face will banish,
When Jesus comes. *Cho.*

5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes ;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes. *Cho.*

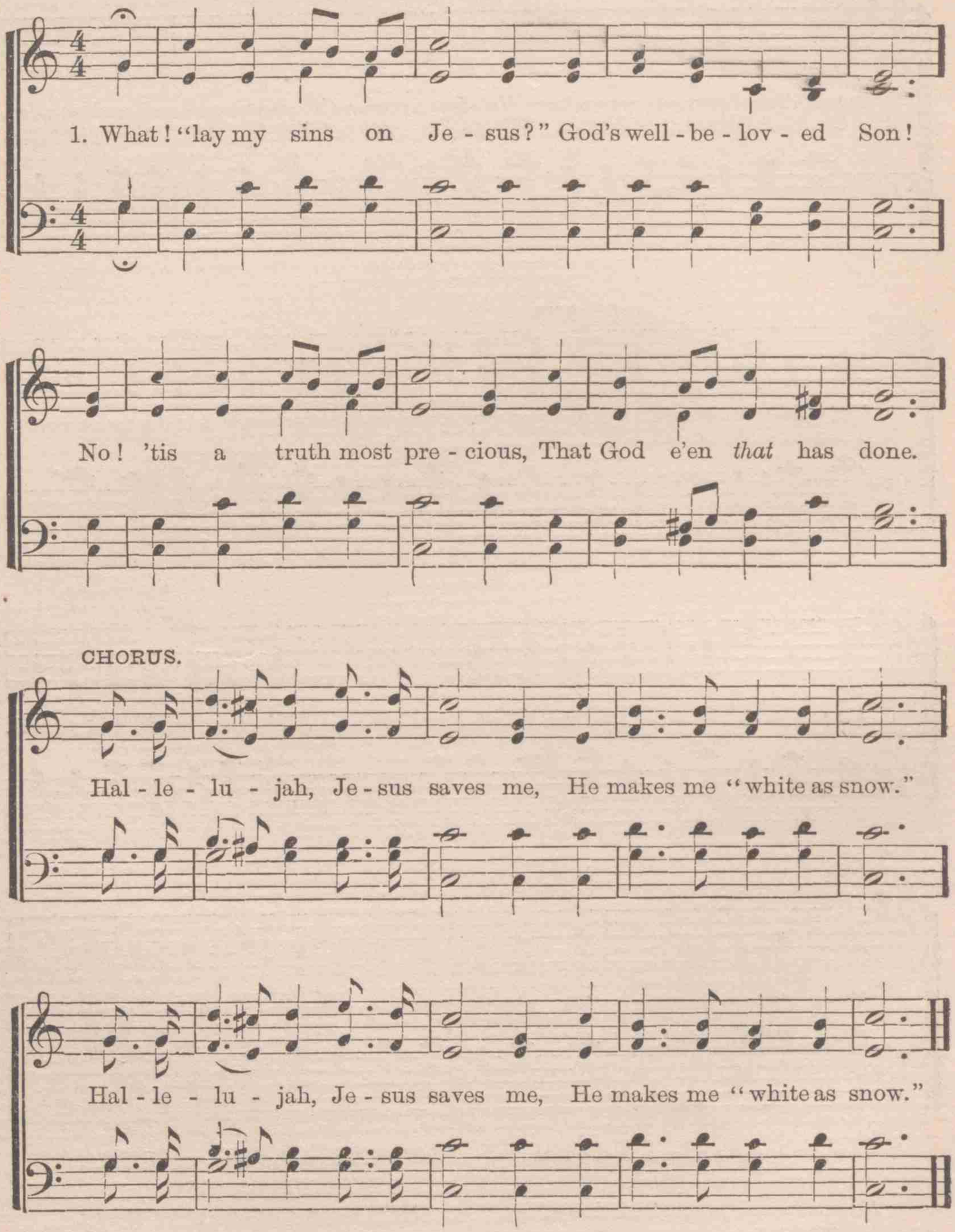
6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes ;
Oh, how His arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes. *Cho.*

No. 53.

# White as Snow.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the LORD: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—ISA. 1: 18.

Words by L. N. P. P. BLISS, by per.




2.

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

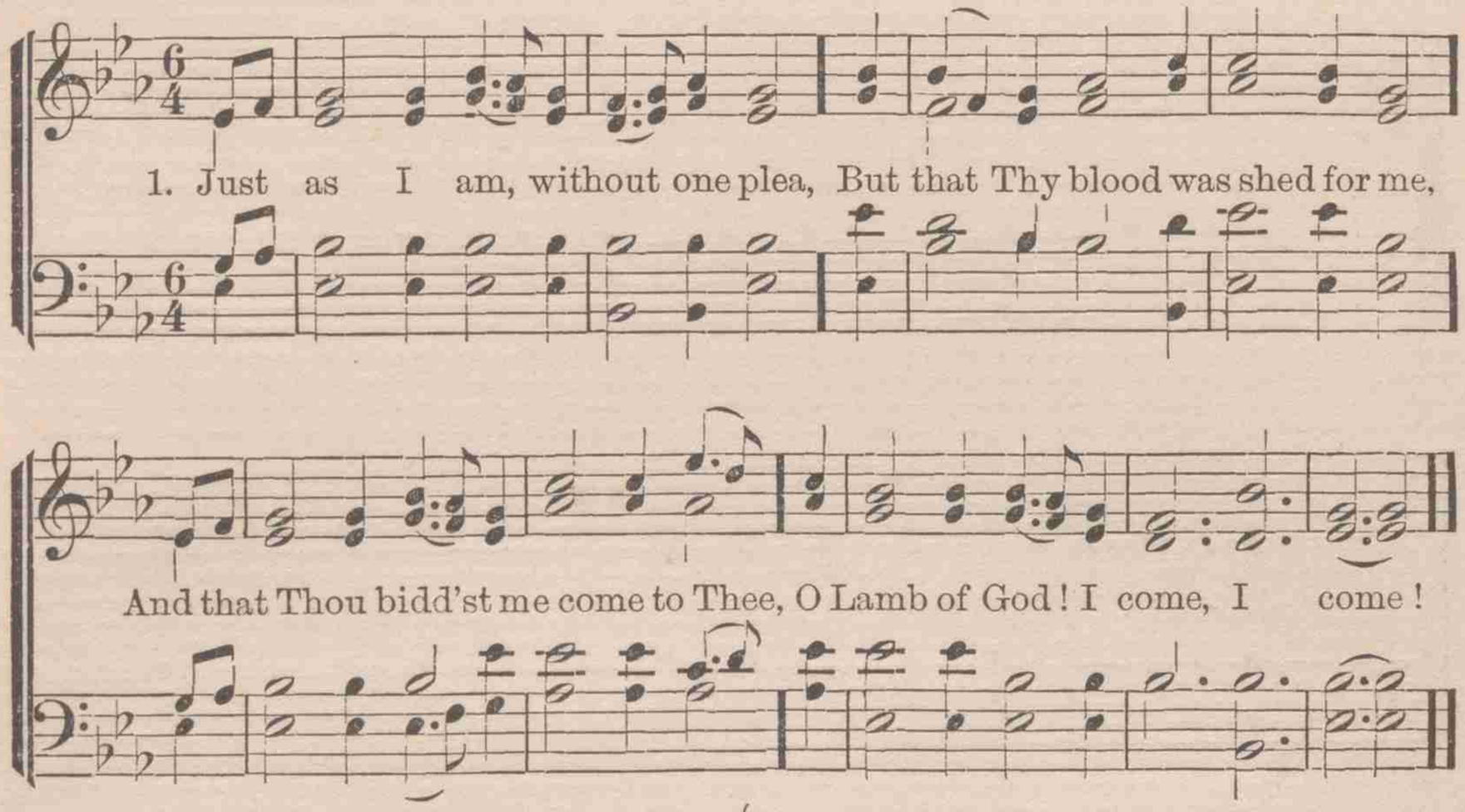
3.

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

## No. 54. Just as I Am. L. M. (G. H. 2–100.)

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6 : 37.

Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.




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, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

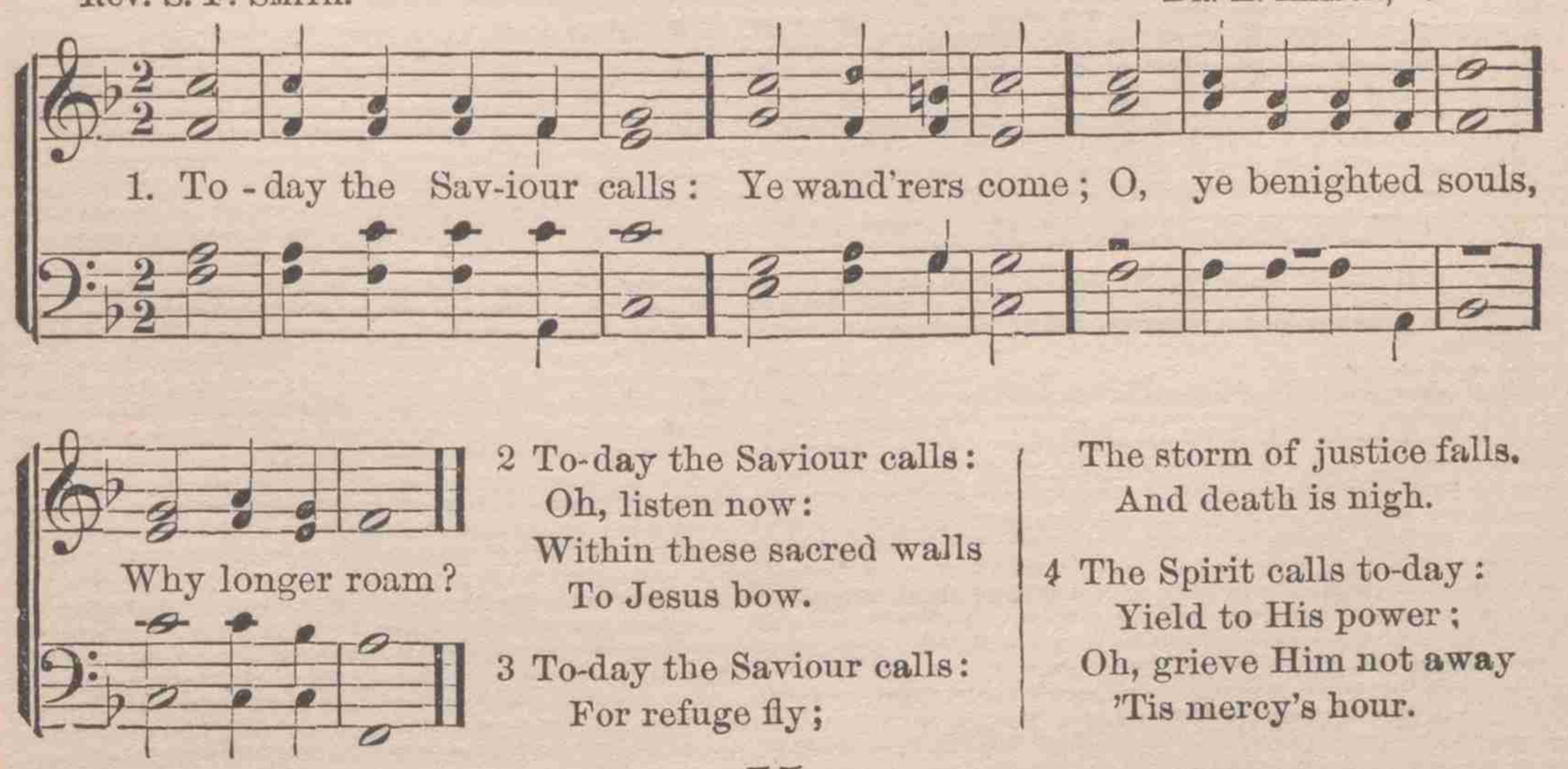
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

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

---

## No. 55. To-Day. 6s & 4s.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice."—PSA. 95: 7.

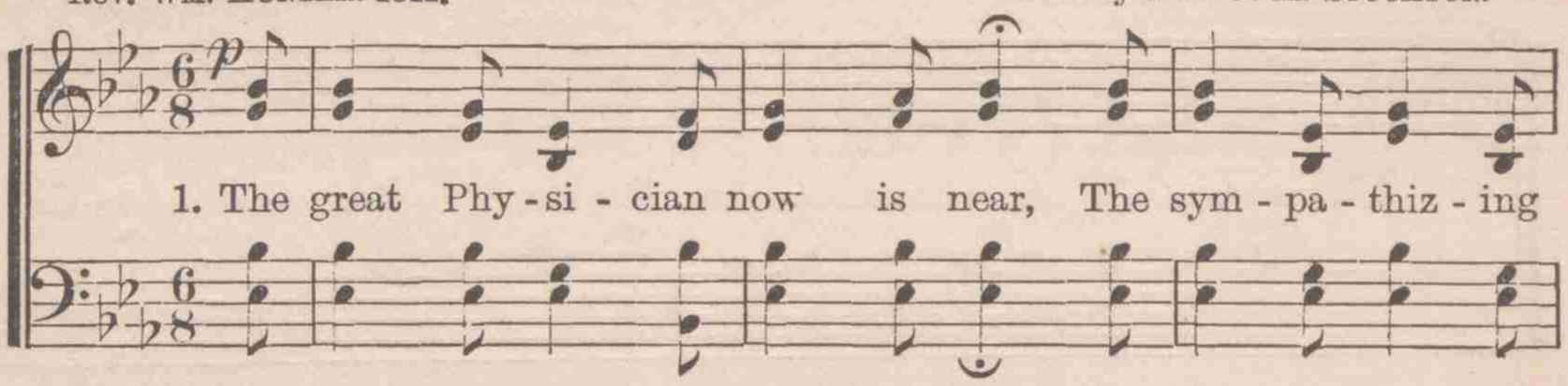
Rev. S. F. SMITH. DR. L. MASON, 1831.

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

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

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

## No. 56. The Great Physician. (G. H. 2–73.)

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"—JER. 8: 22.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. 1842. Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

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

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

4 "The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus."

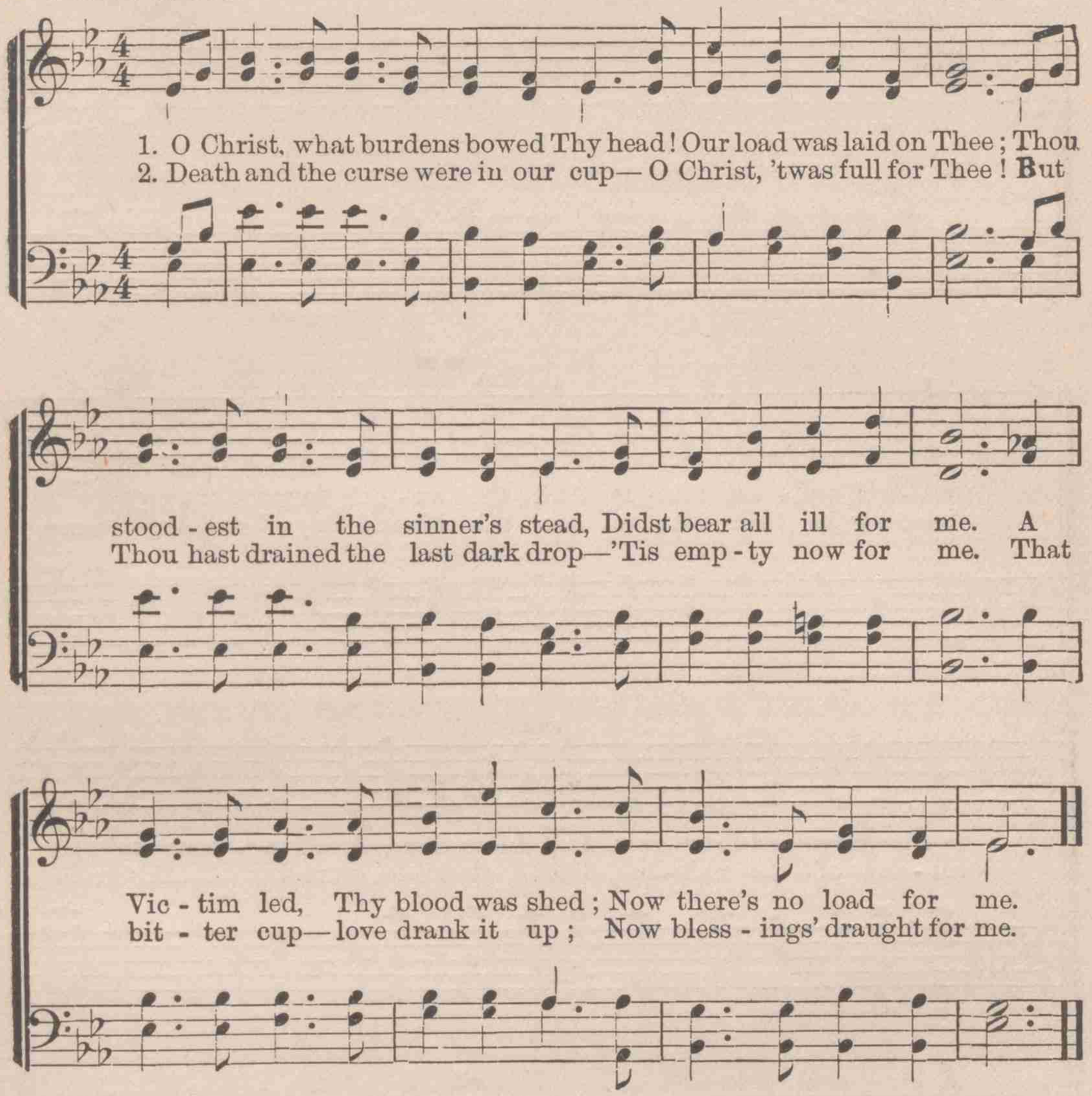
5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

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

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

## No. 57. Substitution. (C. H. 2–126.)

"He was wounded for our transgressions."—ISAIAH 53: 5.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

3.

Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.

4.

The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me.

5.

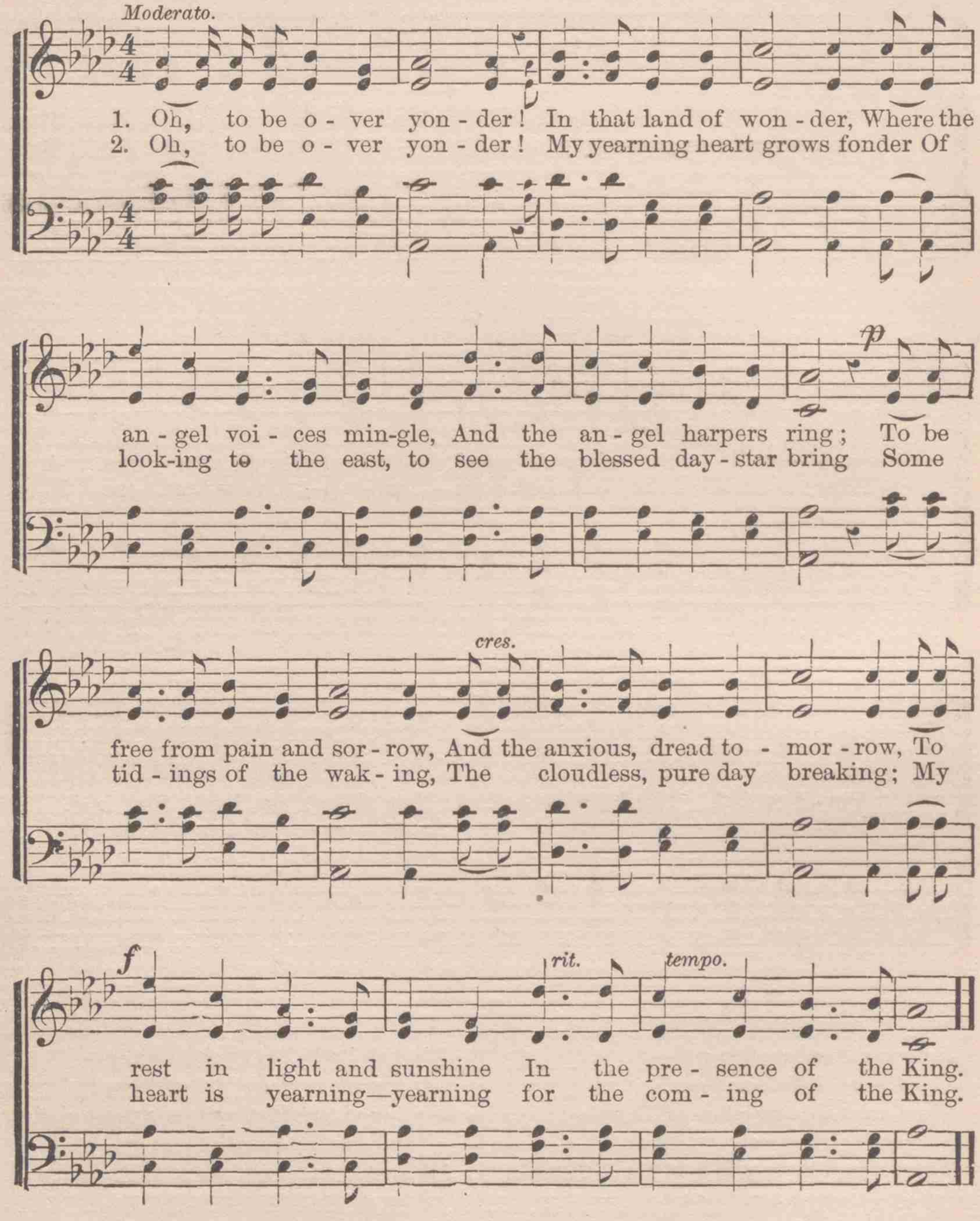
Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6.

For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me!

# No. 58. In the Presence of the King.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—PSALM 16: 11.

Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG. 1864. English.

3 Oh, to be over yonder!
Alas! I sigh and wonder
why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart
to any earthly thing;
Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away for ever;
But there's no more separation in the presence of the King.

4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling
Where angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens ring?
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning star is beaming?
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the presence of the King?

# In the Presence of the King.—Concluded.

5 Oh, when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do sing
Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels vail their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.

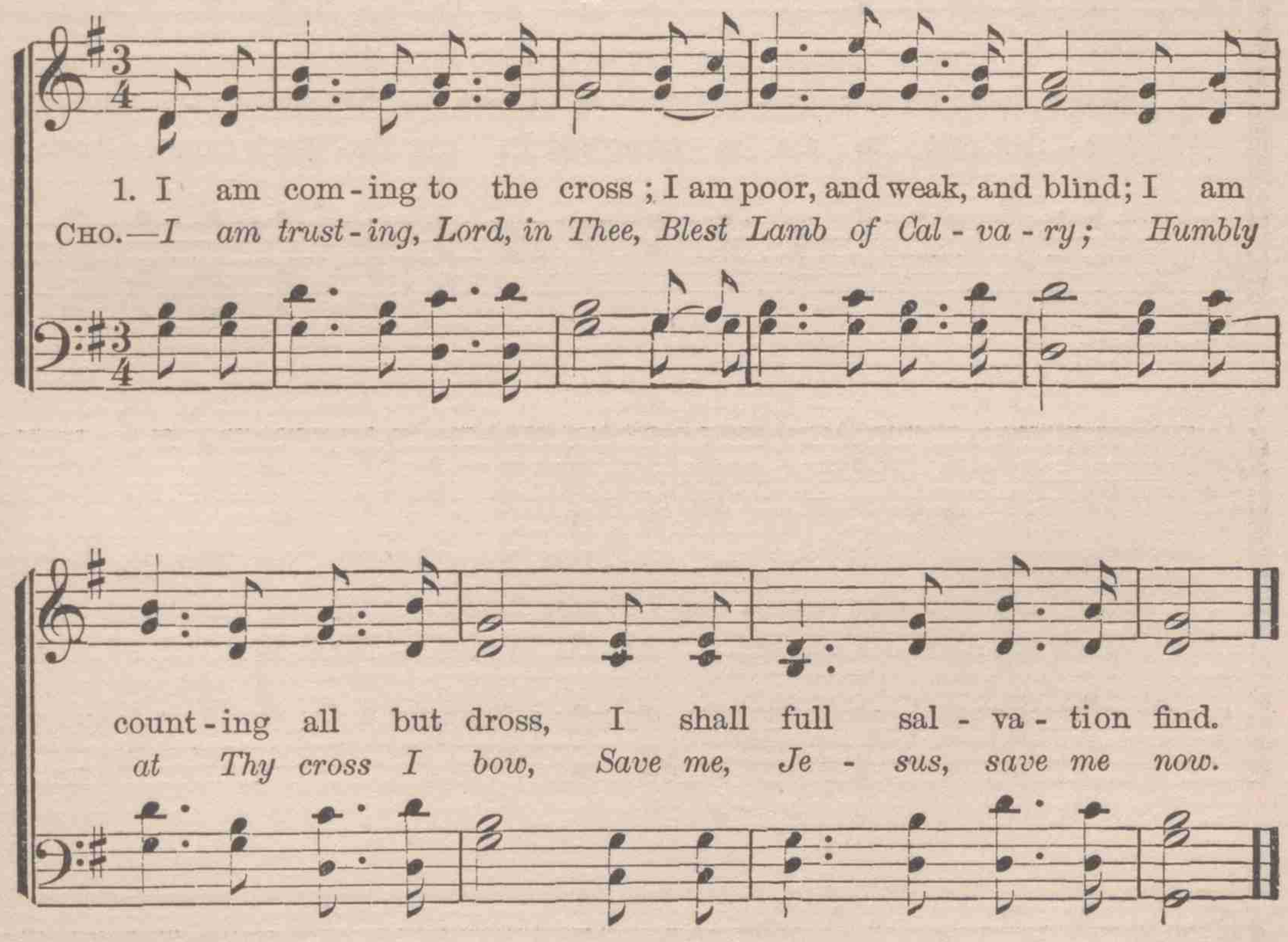
6 Oh I shall soon be yonder,
And lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the bird's fleet wing,
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder, in the presence of the King.

---

## No. 59. I am Coming to the Cross.

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

REV. WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.




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. *Cho.*

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

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

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

# No. 60. All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

"The Lord alone did lead him."—DEUT. 32: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

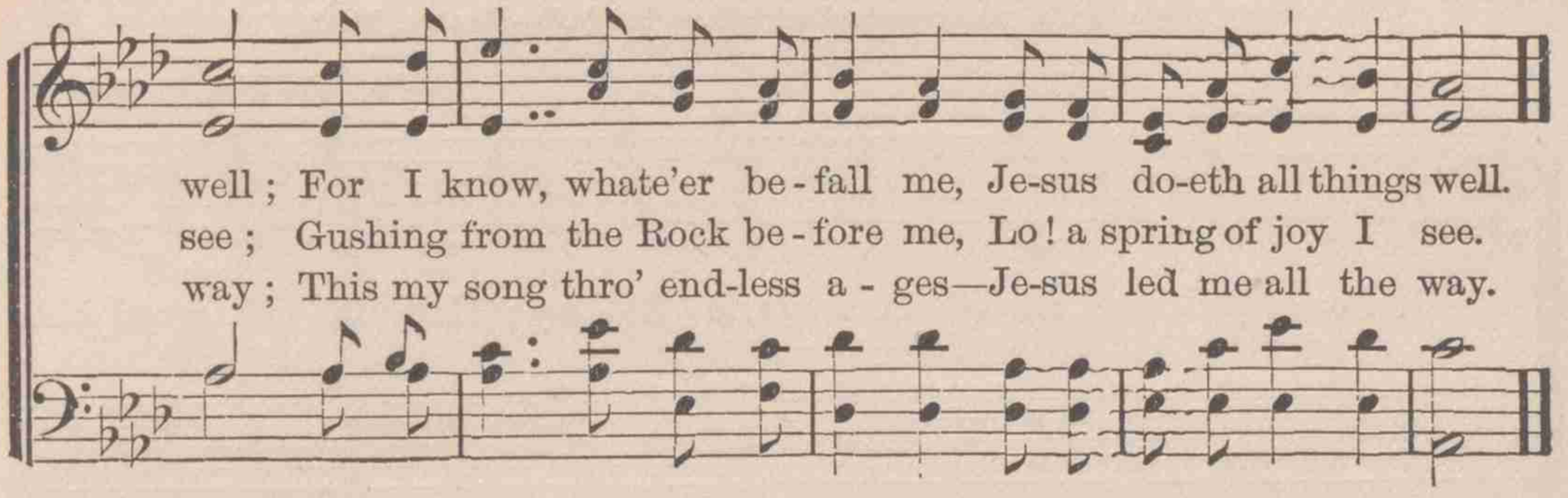
1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Saviour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Saviour leads me; Oh, the fullness of His love!

Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev-ery tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is promised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;

Heaven'ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, cloth'd immor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things
Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I
This my song through endless a-ges— Je-sus led me all the

# All the Way.—Concluded.

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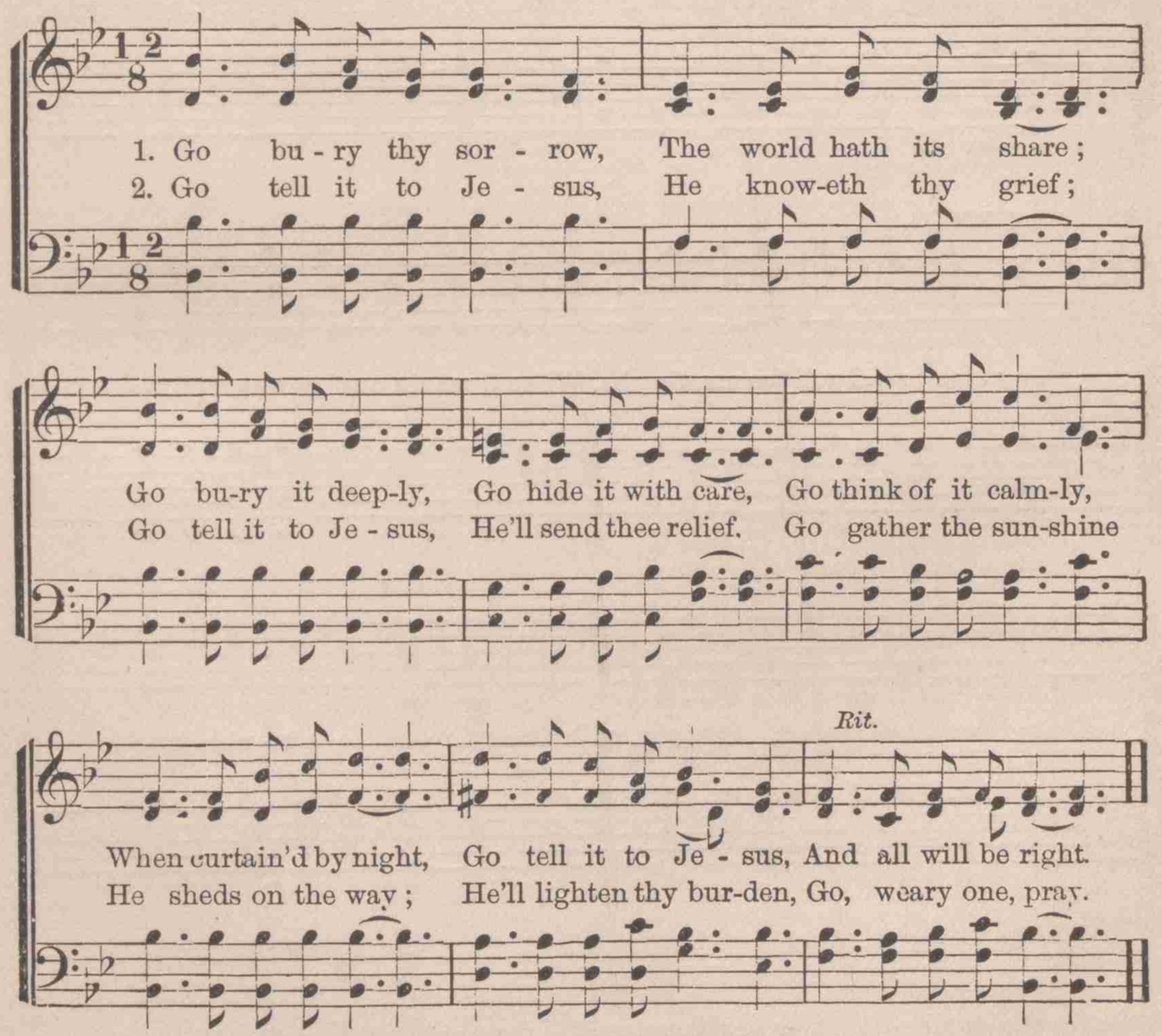
## No. 61. Go Bury thy Sorrow.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH 35: 10.

ANON. P. P. BLISS, by per.



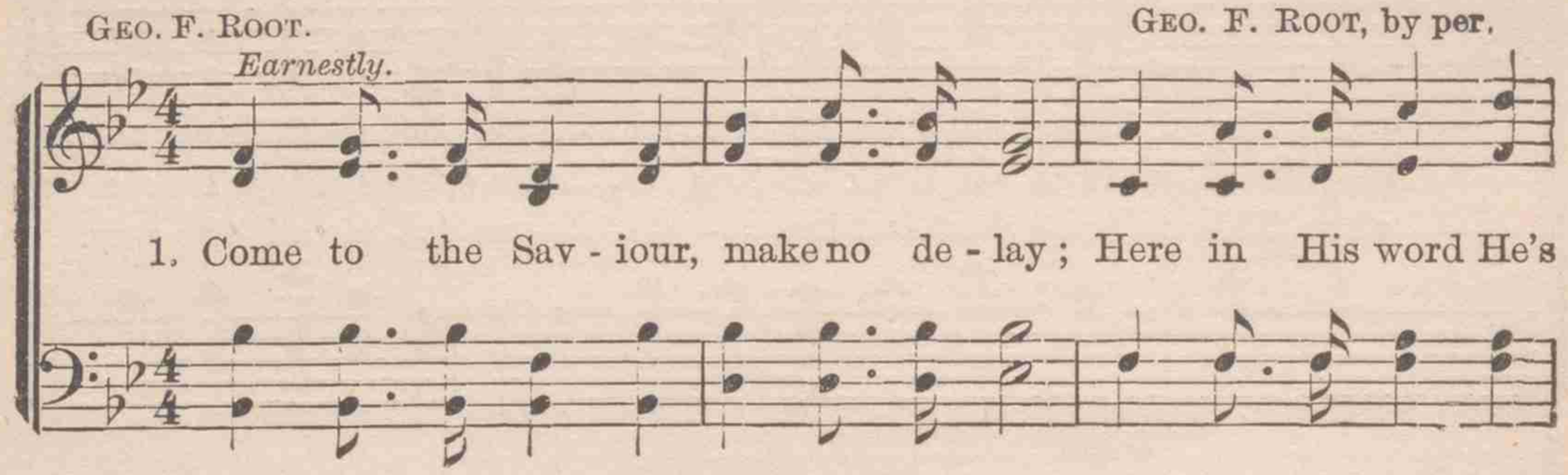
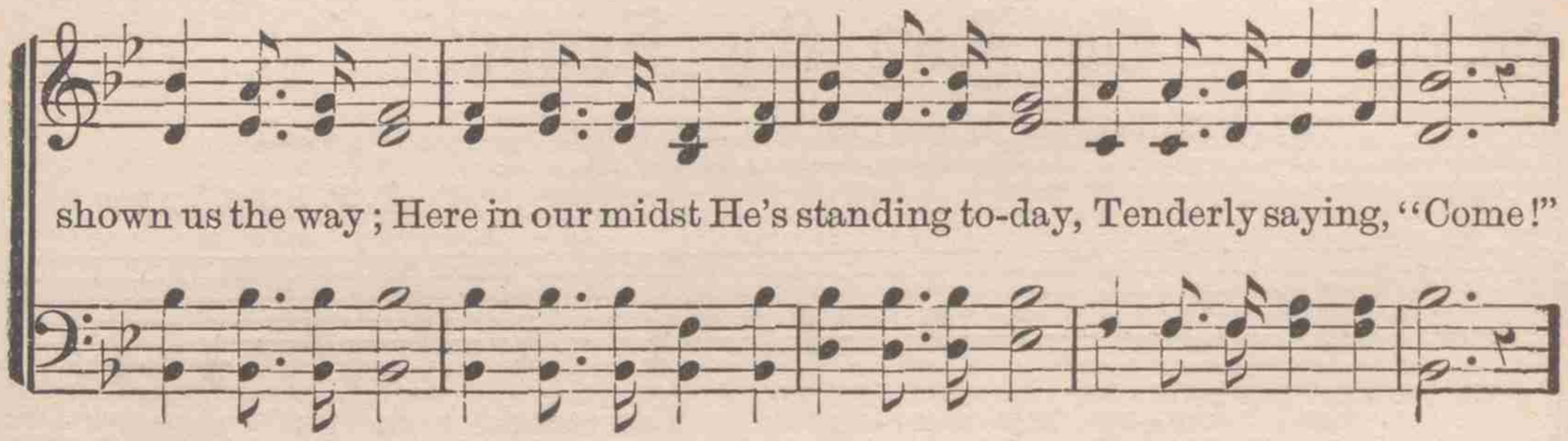

3 Hearts growing a-weary
With heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—
Go comfort them, go !

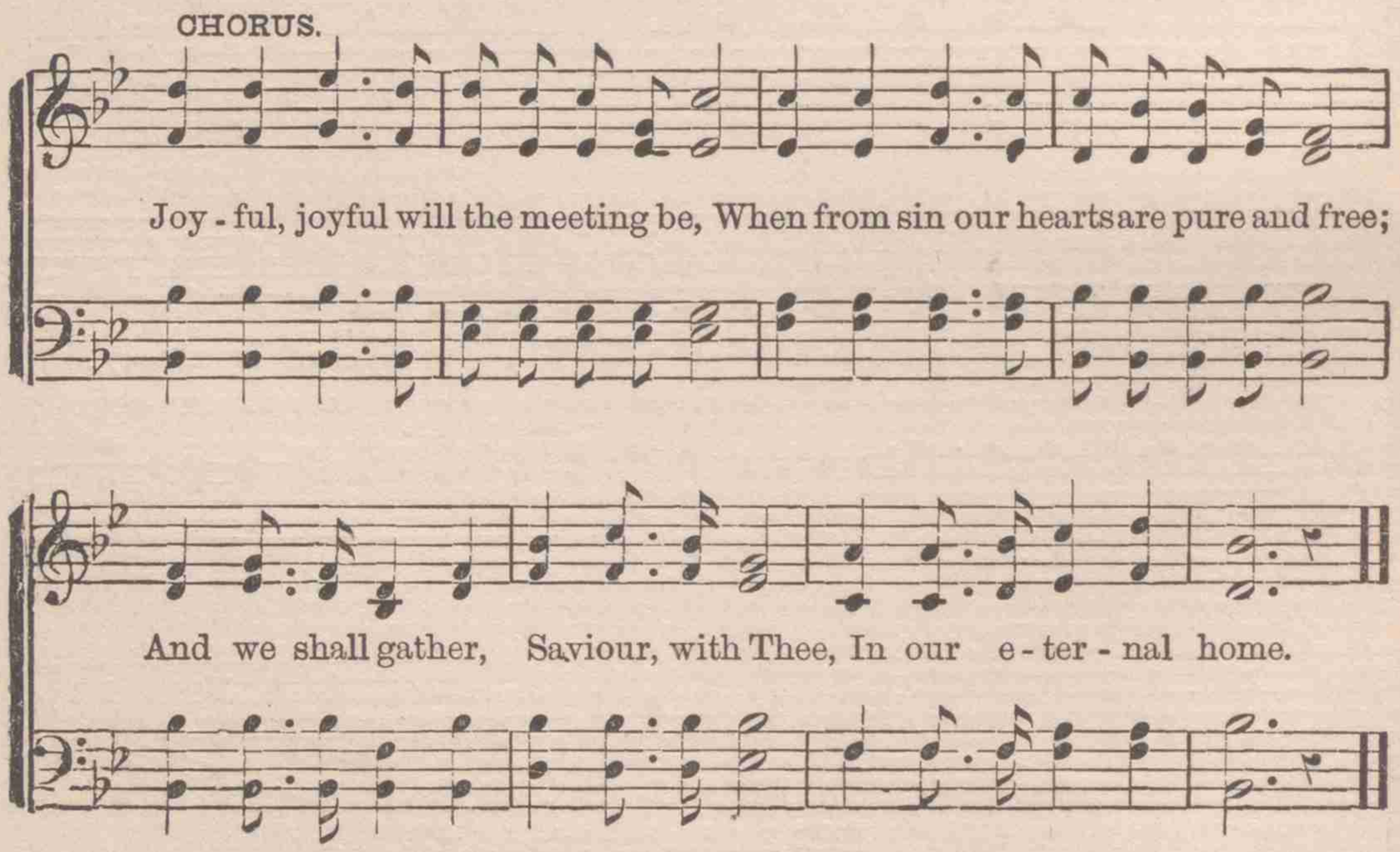
Go bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest ;
Go give them the sunshine,
Tell Jesus the rest.

# No. 62. Come to the Saviour.

"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."--PSALM. 66: 1.

GEO. F. ROOT. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

*Earnestly.*

CHORUS.




2.

"Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice,
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come. *Cho.*

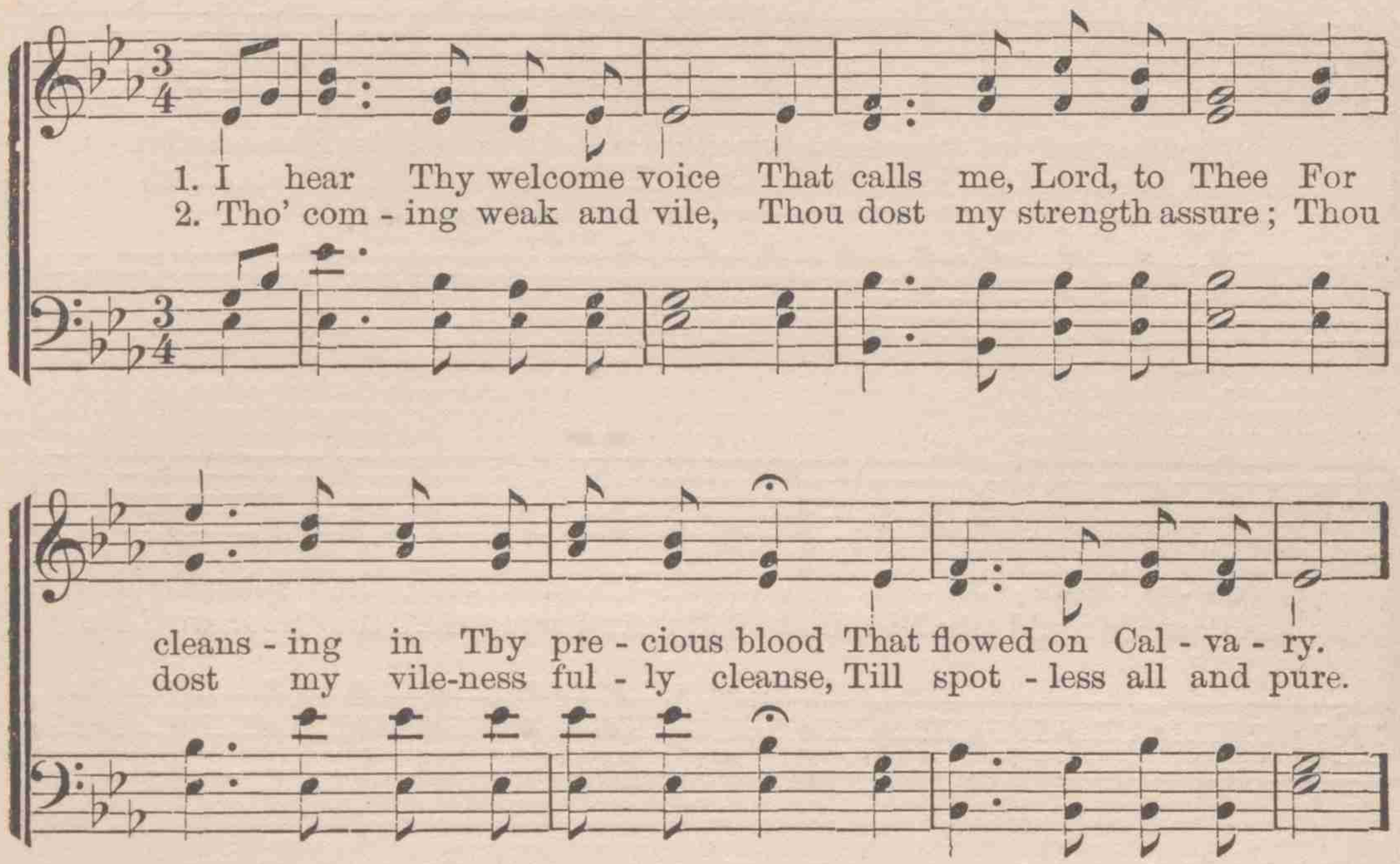
3.

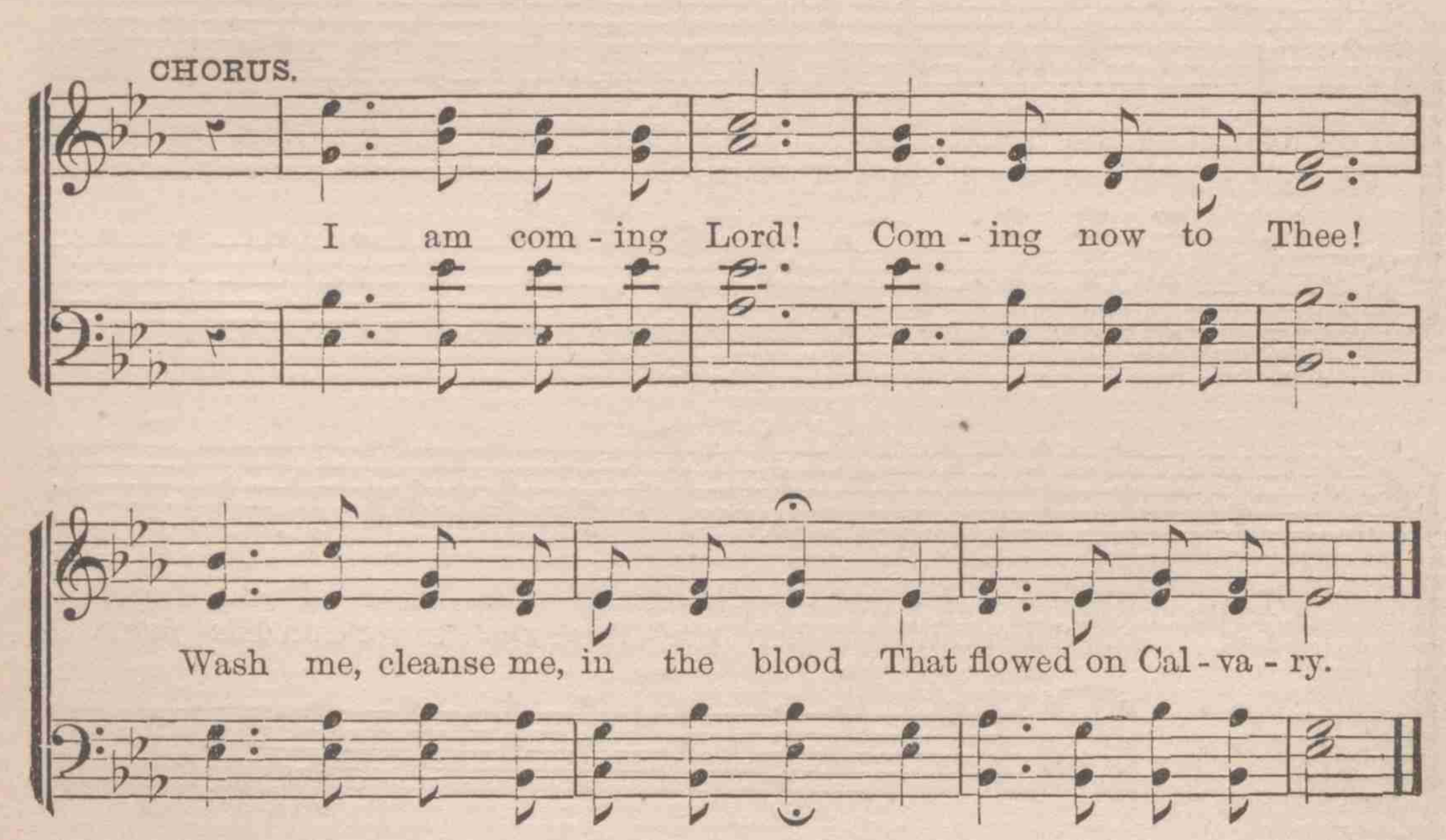
Think once again, He's with us to-day;
Heed now His blest commands, and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?" *Cho*

## No. 63. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice. (G. H. 2-40.)

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

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. Rev. LEWIS HARTSOUGH, by per.




3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

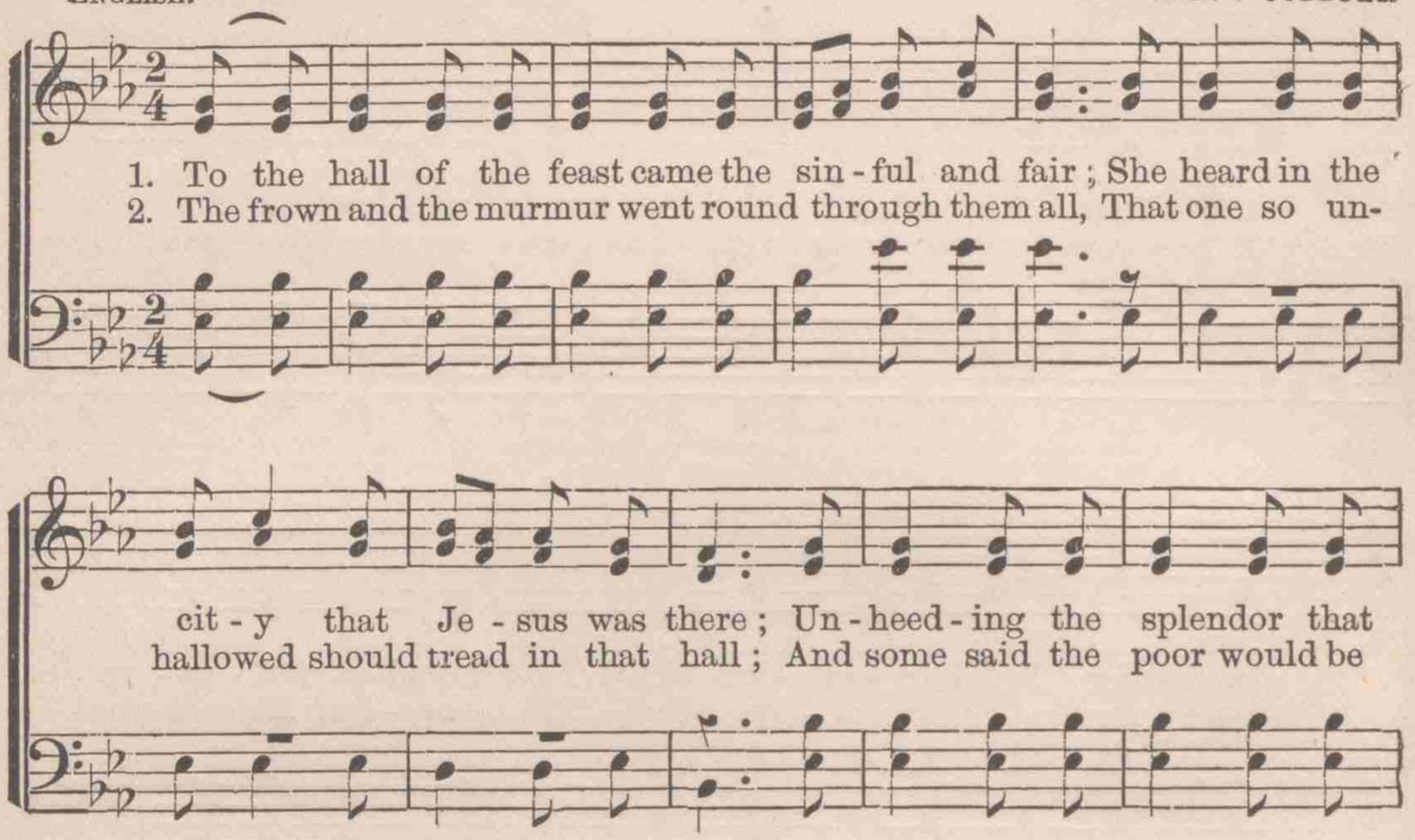
6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

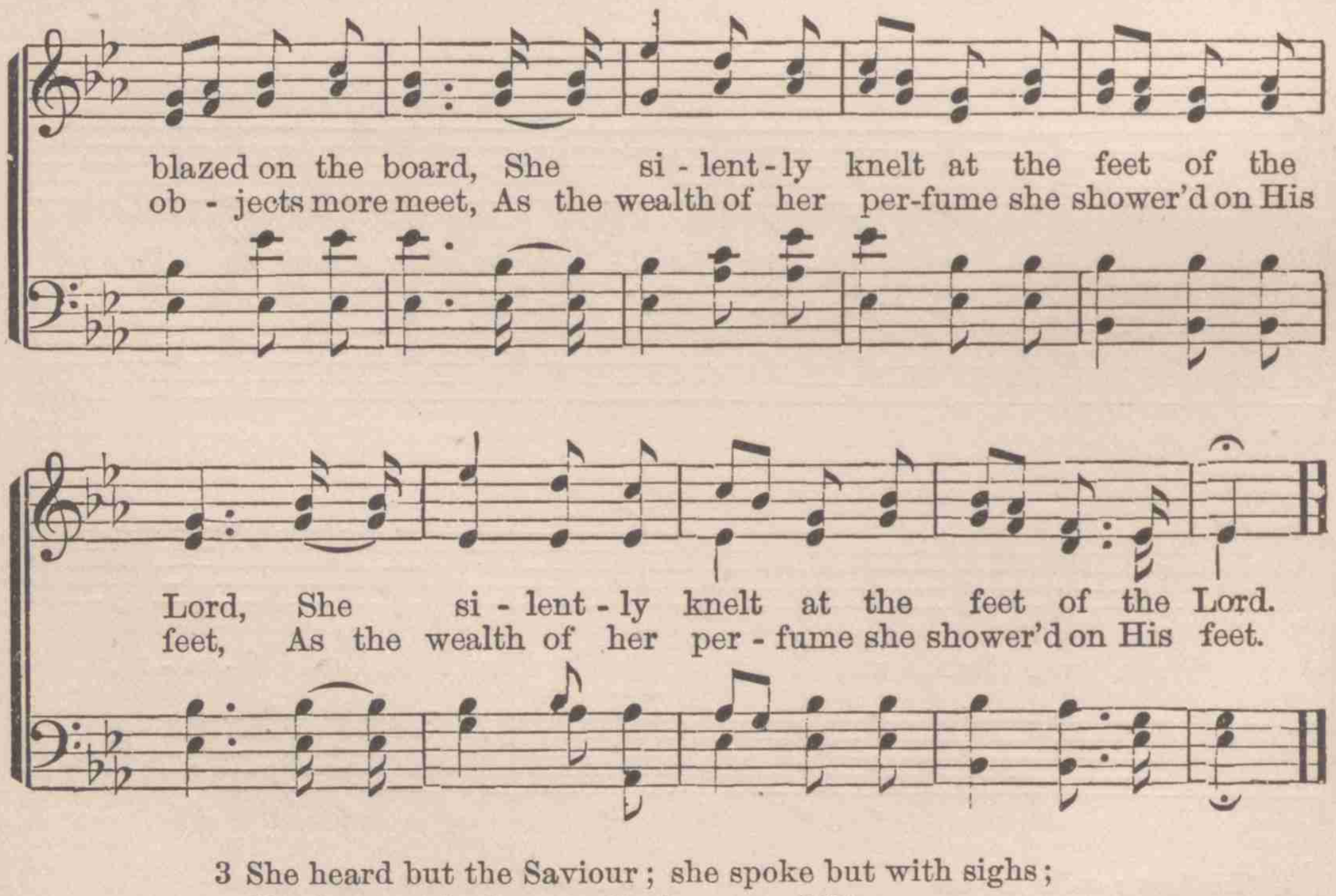
No. 64.

# A Sinner Forgiven.

"He said unto her, thy sins are forgiven."—LUKE 7: 48.

ENGLISH. I. B. WOODBURY.



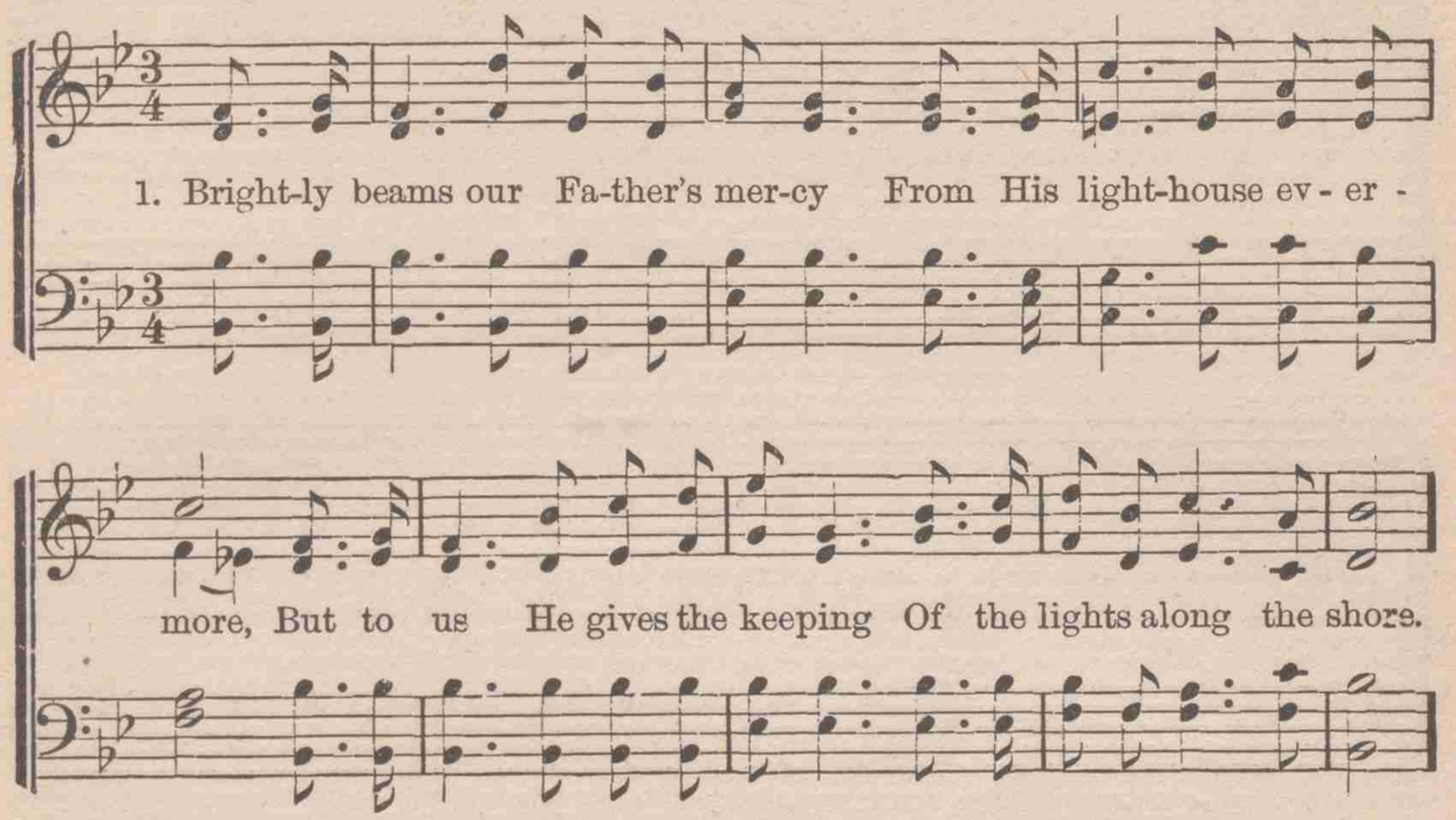

3 She heard but the Saviour; she spoke but with sighs;
She dare not look up to the heaven of His eyes;
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.

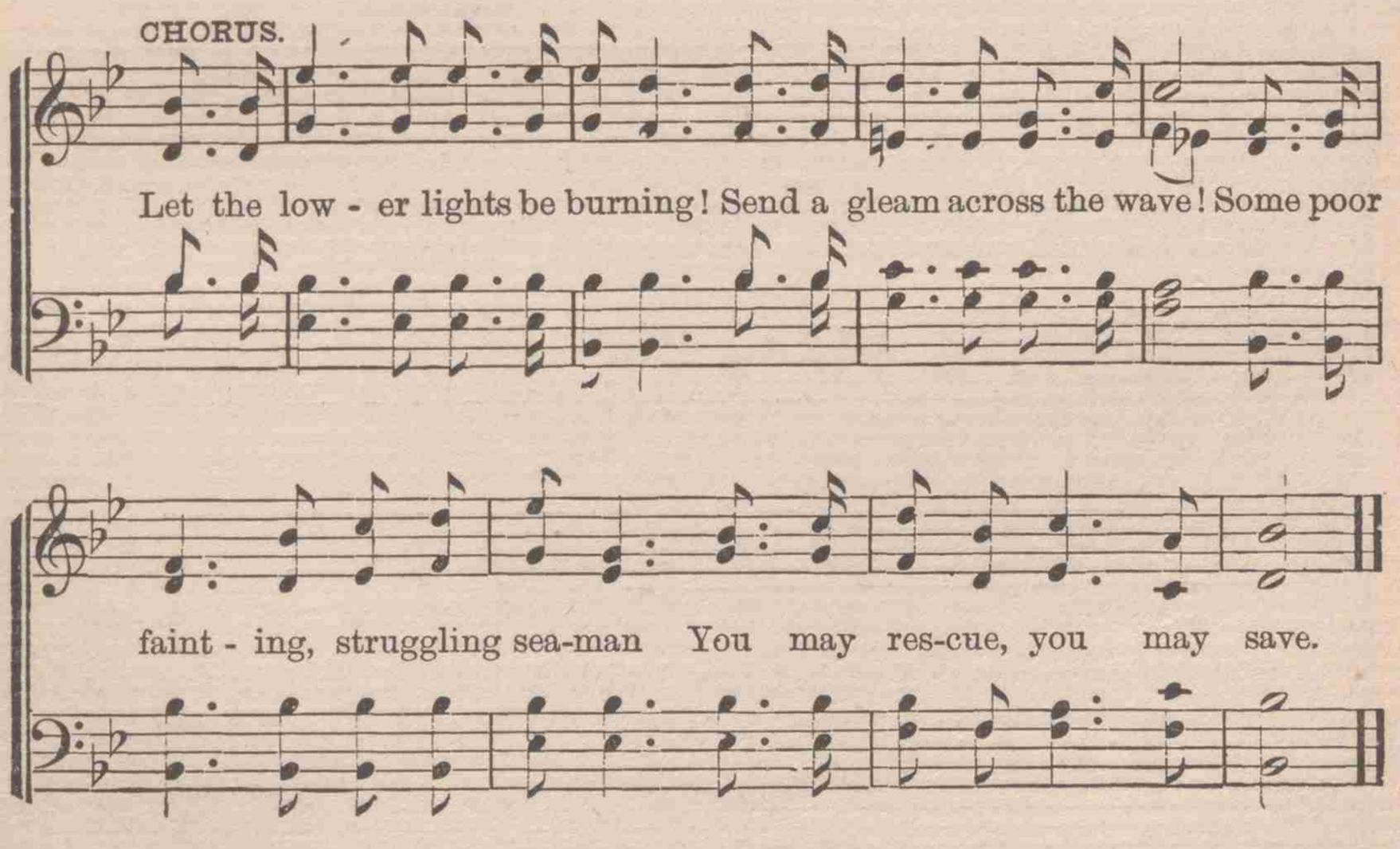
4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,—
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow
He looked on that lost one: "her sins were forgiven,"
And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven.

# No. 65. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

"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.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



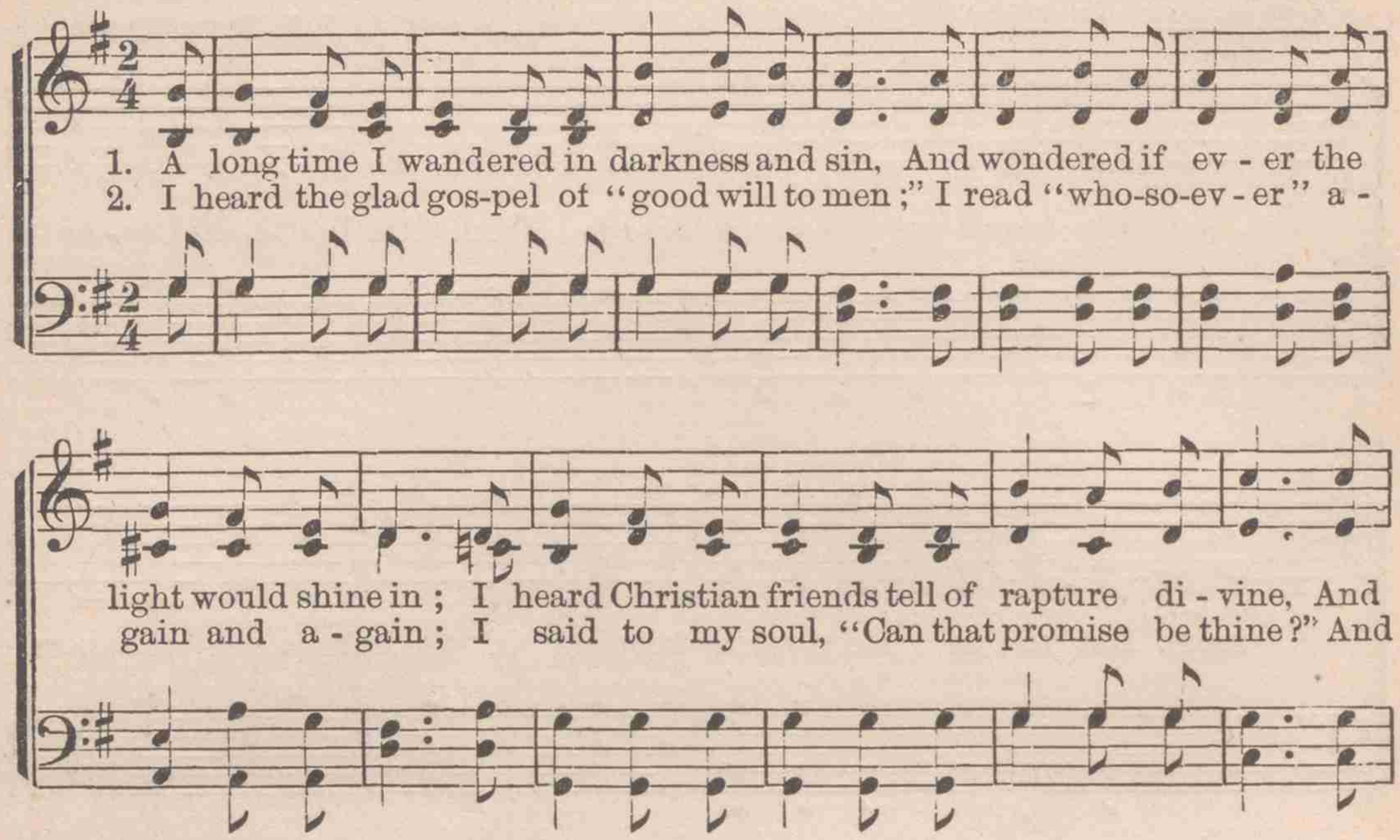

2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.—*Cho.*

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother:
Some poor sailor tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness *may be lost.*—*Cho.*

## No. 66. Wishing, Hoping, Knowing. (G. H 2–16.)

"My beloved is mine, and I am His."—SONGS OF SOLOMON 2: 16.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



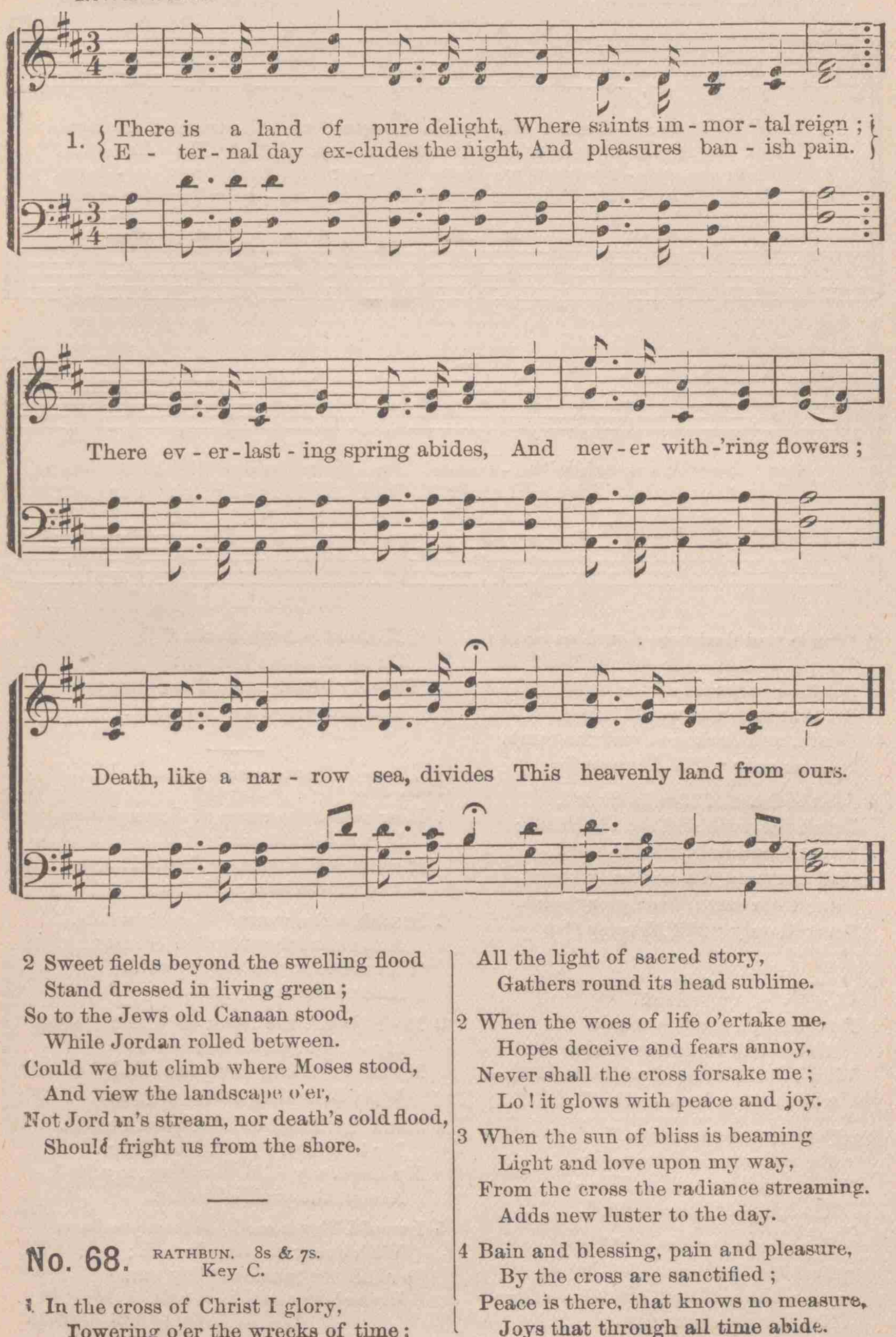

3 Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even me!
"Thy portion forever," He says, "will I be,"
On His word I'm resting—assurance divine—
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine!

*Chorus.*—I know He is mine, yes, I know He is mine;
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine!

## No. 67. Varina. C. M. D. (G. H. 3–43.)

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33 : 17.

Rev. I. Watts. Geo. F. Root, by per.




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.

---

## No. 68. RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. Key C.

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.

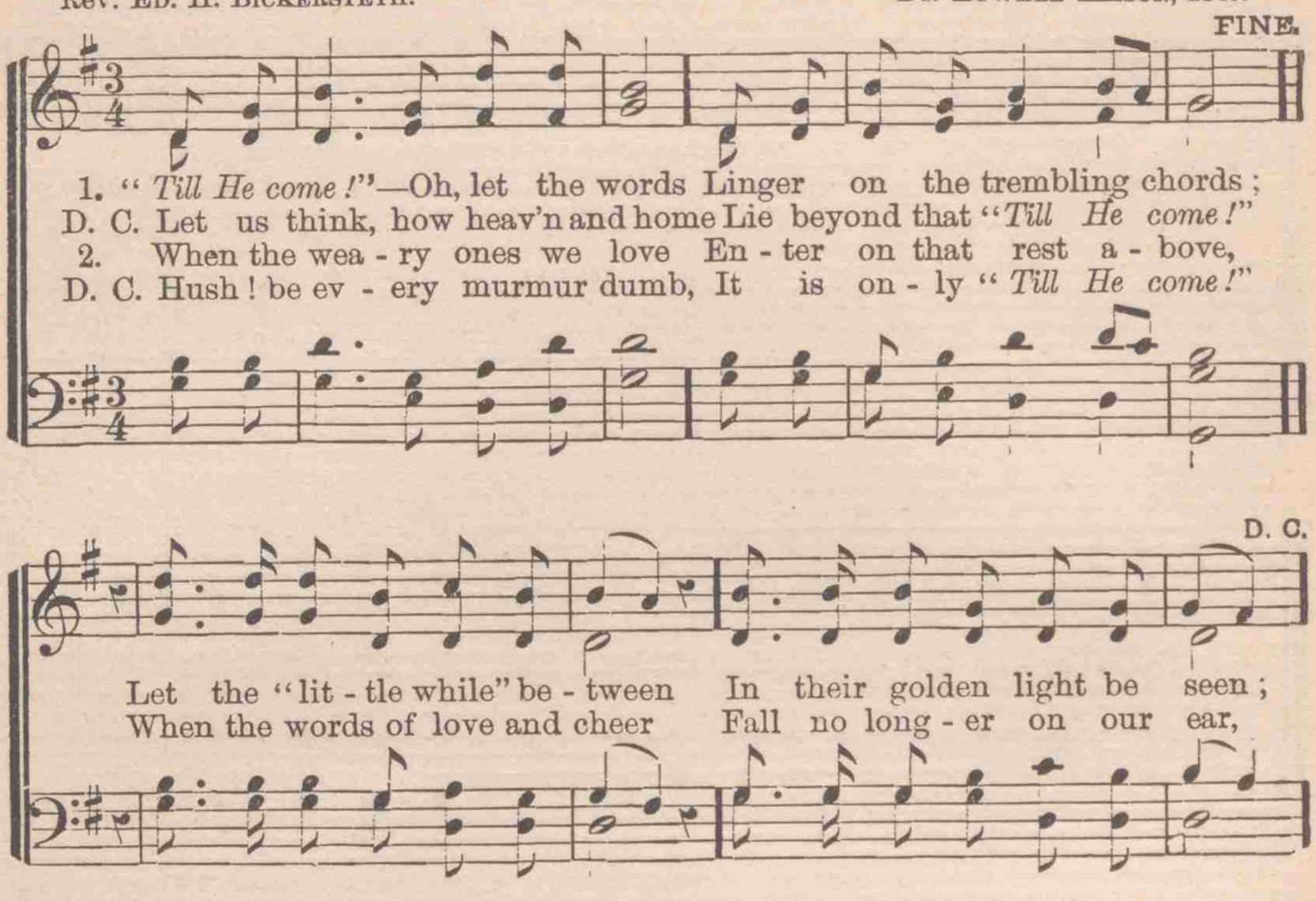
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new luster to the day.

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

## No. 69. Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

Rev. ED. H. BICKERSTETH. Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1840.




3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "*Till He come!*"

4 See the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till He come!*"

---

## No. 70.

DENNIS. S. M.
Key F.

1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"*Ye must be born again!*"

2 "*Ye must be born again!*"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice—
'Tis *life* poor sinners need.

*Ye must be born again!*"
And life *in Christ* must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis He *alone* can save.

4 "*Ye must be born again!*"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
The ransomed and forgiven.

ANON

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## No. 71.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.
Key B♭.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes His sorrows, heals His wounds,
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 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

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

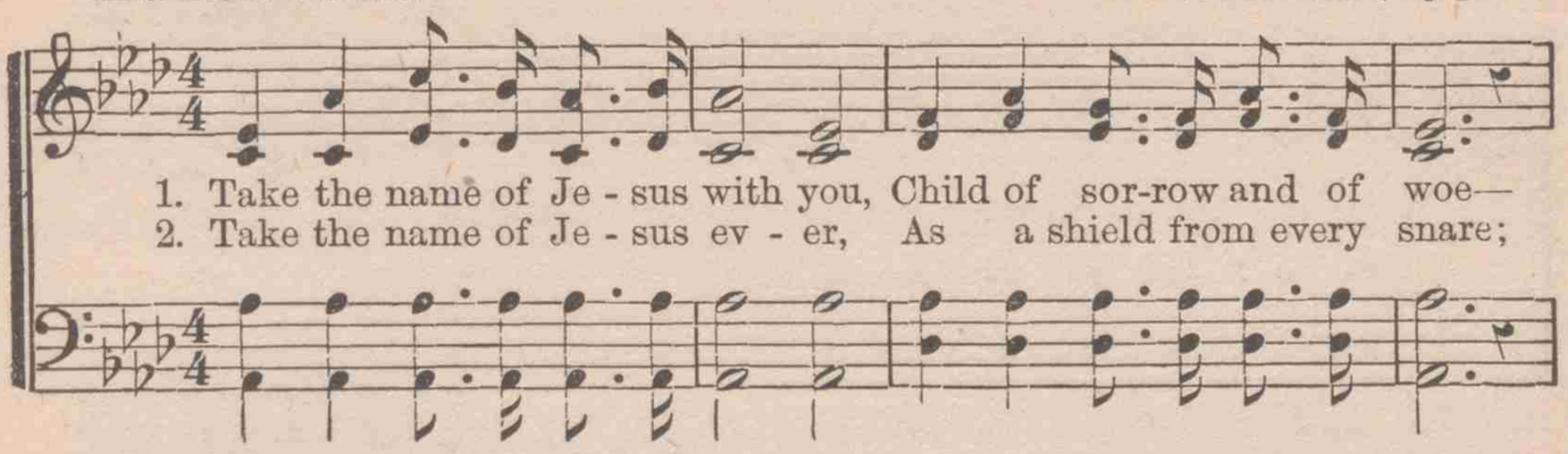
5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

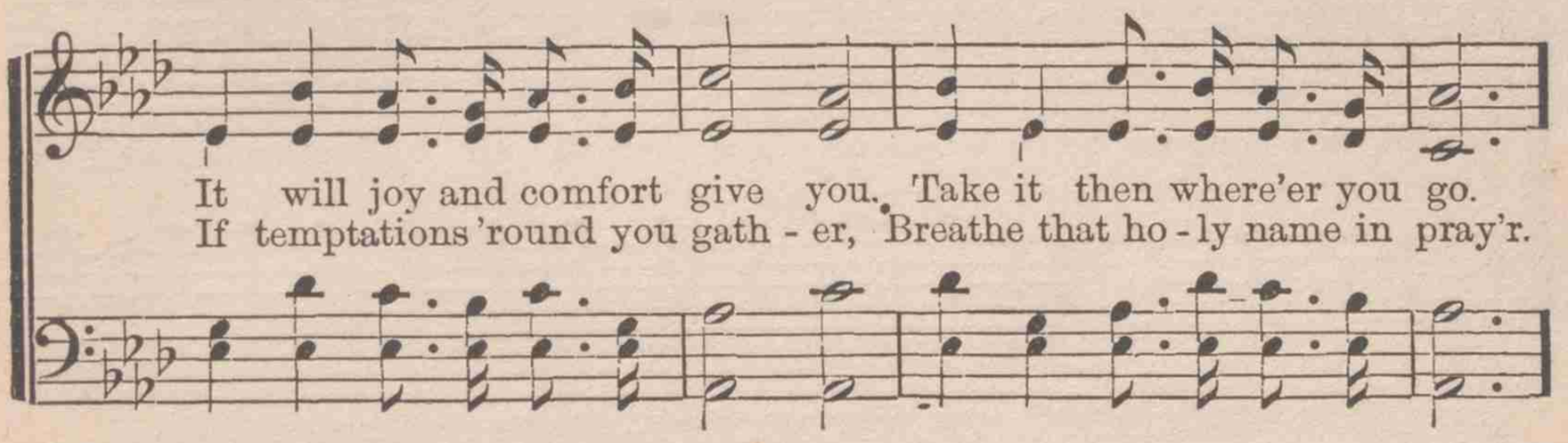
Rev. JOHN NEWTON

## No. 72. The Precious Name.

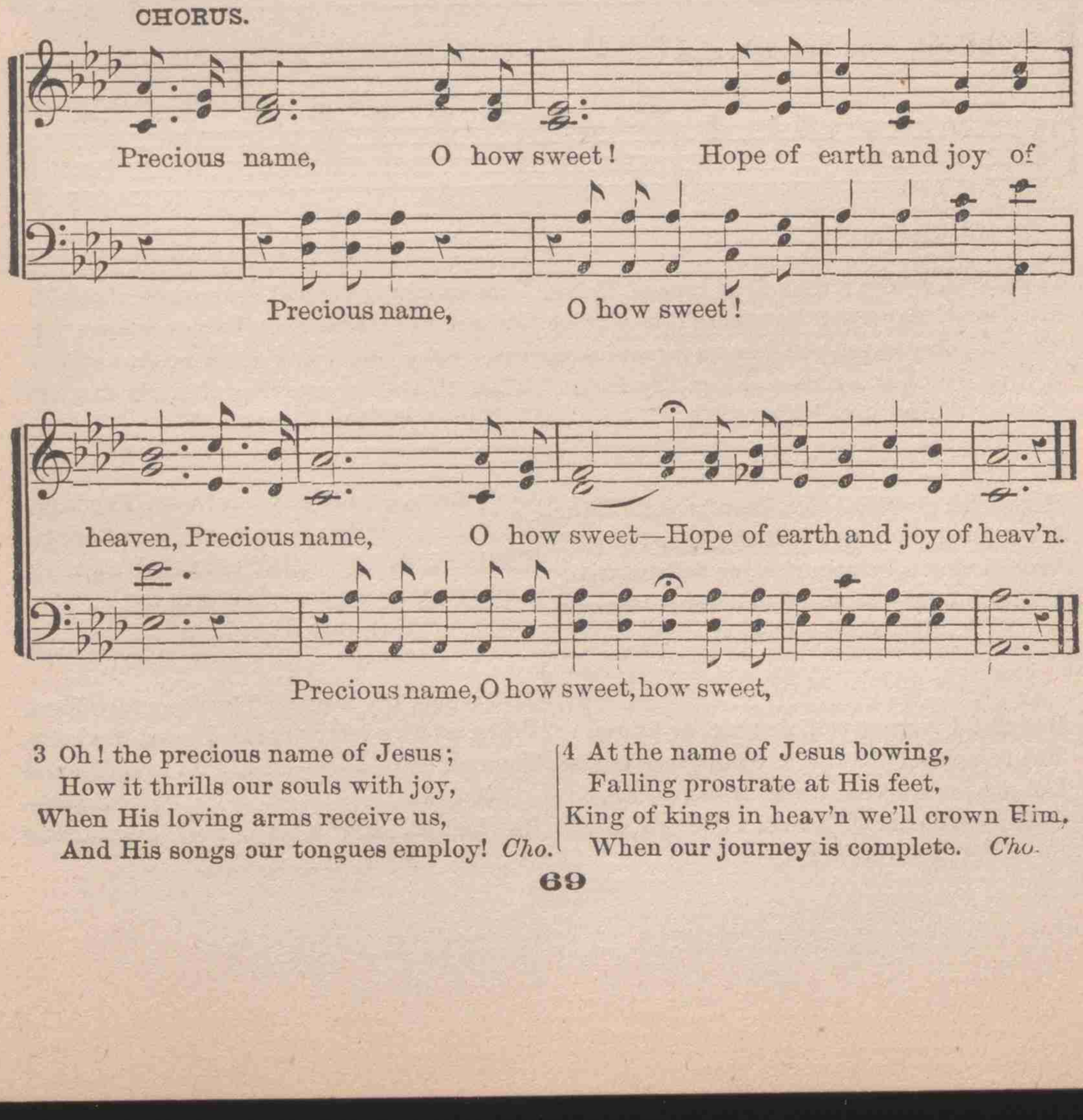
"And blessed be His glorious name for ever."—PSA. 72: 19.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE, by per.




CHORUS.



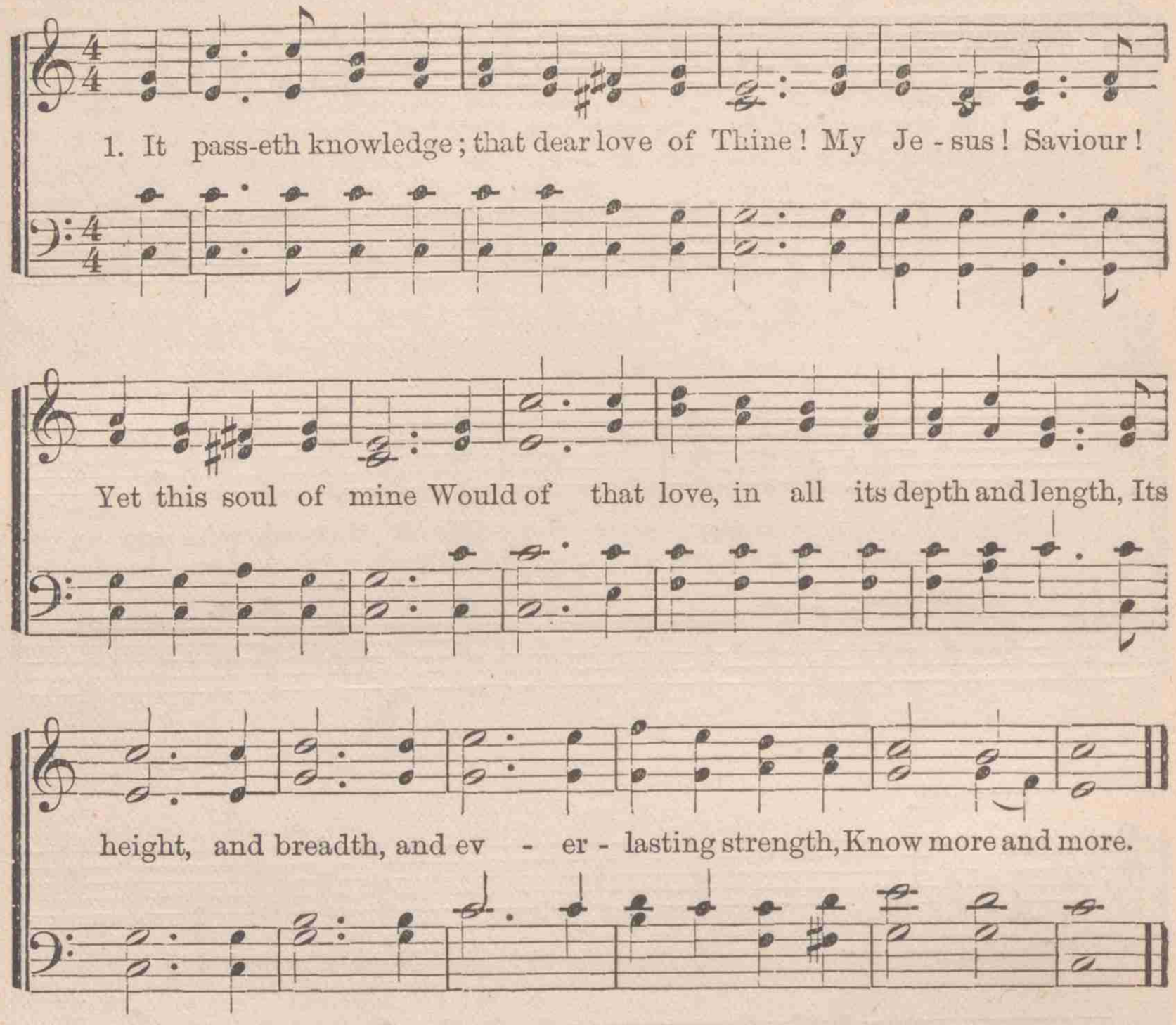

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ! *Cho.*

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete. *Cho.*

## No. 73. "It Passeth Knowledge."

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

MARY SHEKLETON. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.




2,

It passeth *telling!* that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.

3.

It passeth *praises!* that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet this heart of mine
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,
Which brought an undone sinner, such as me,
Right home to God.

4.

But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
The fulness of that love, whilst here below;
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring,
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill

5.

I *am* an empty vessel! scarce one thought
Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought,
Yet, I *may* come, and come again to Thee
With this—the contrite sinner's truthful
"*Thou lovest me!*" [plea—

6.

Oh! *fill* me, Jesus! Saviour! with Thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount above:
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly
But unto Thee!

7.

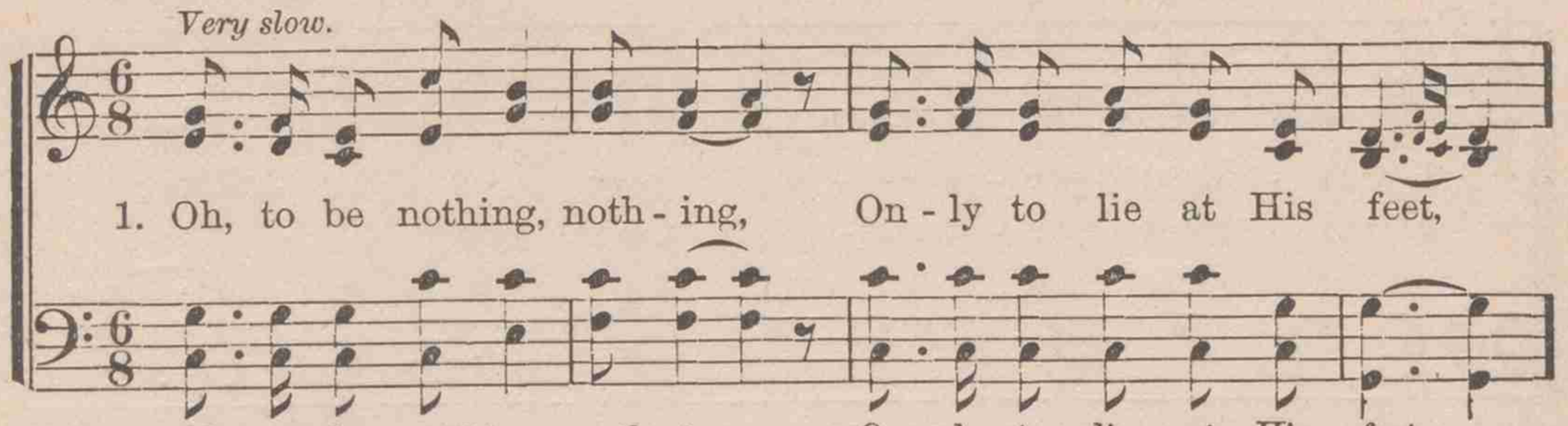
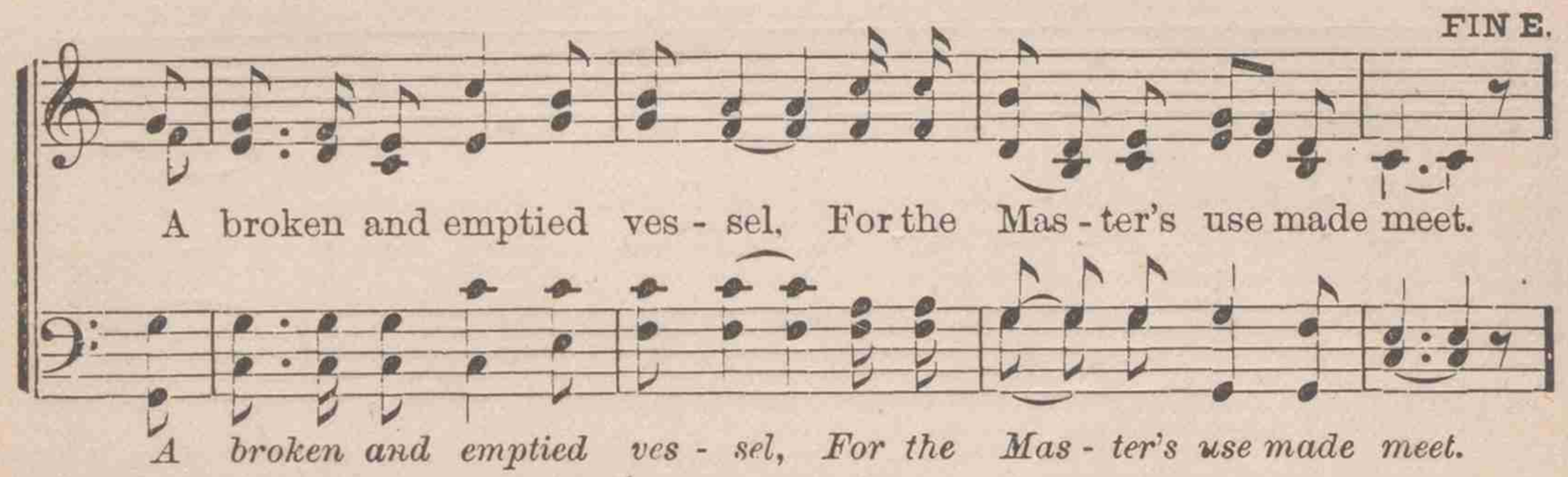
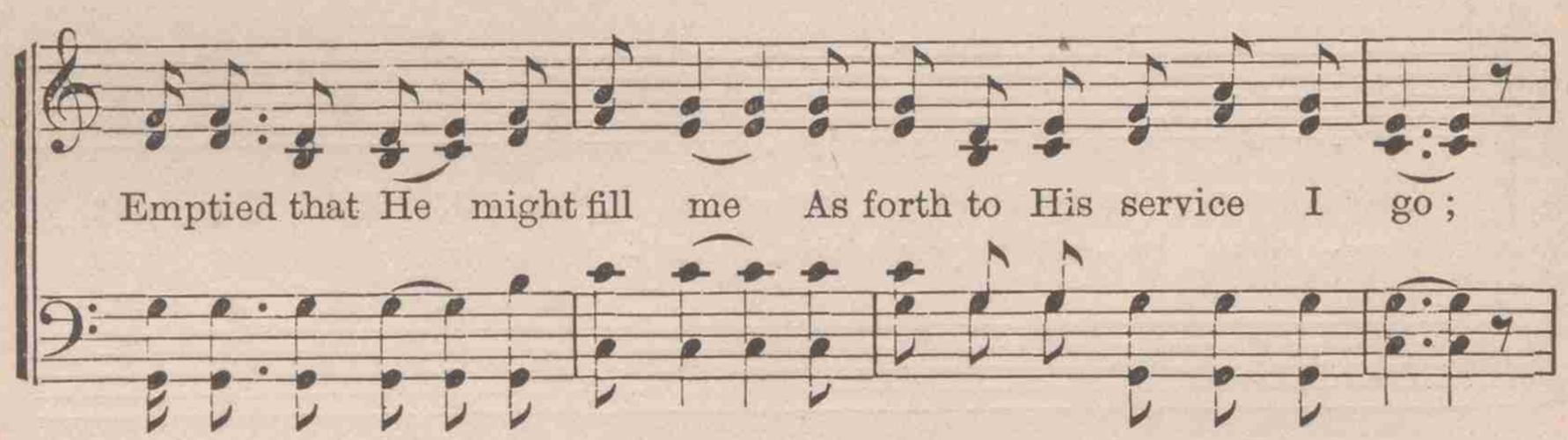
And when, my Jesus! Thy dear face I see,
When at Thy lofty throne I bend the knee,
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and length, [strength—
Its height, and depth, and everlasting
My soul shall sing.

## No. 74. Oh, to be Nothing. (G. H. 2–63.)

"Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth."—1 Cor. 3: 7.

Georgiana M. Taylor, 1869. R. Geo. Halls. Arr. by P. P. Bliss.

*Very slow.*



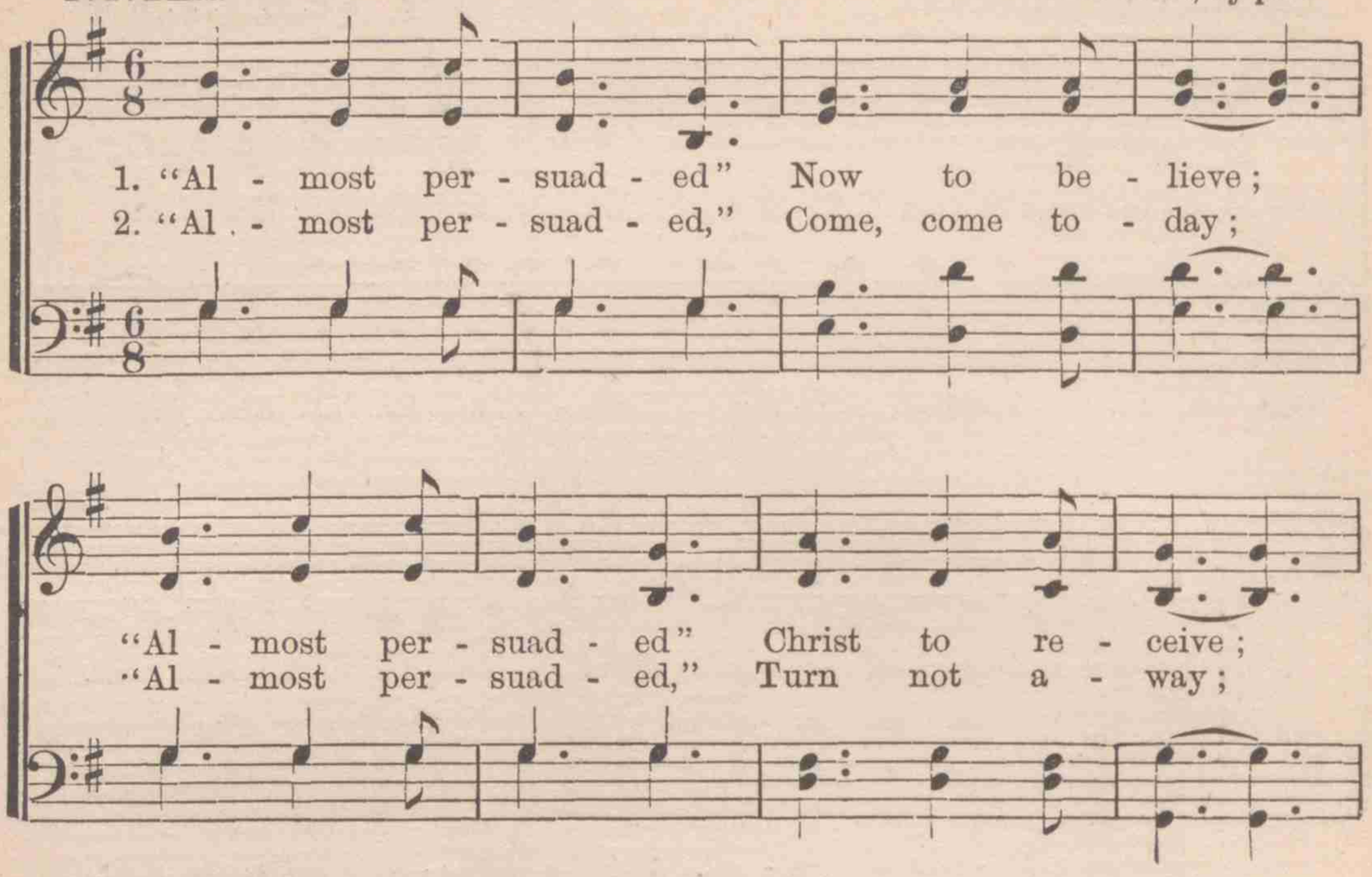
2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command,
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will,
Willing, should He not require me,
In silence to wait on Him still. *Cho.*

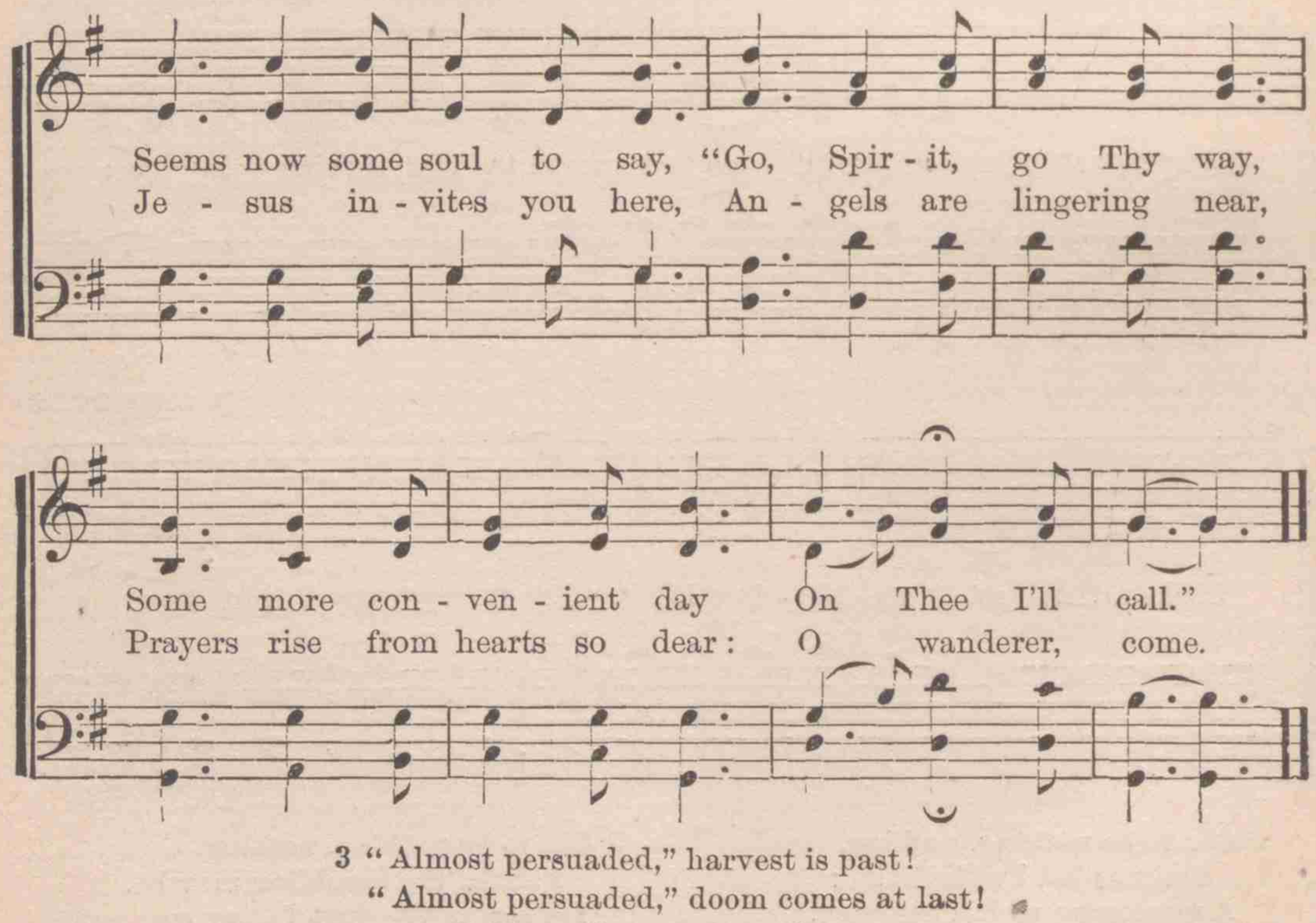
3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be,
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world might my Saviour see.
Rather be nothing, nothing,
To Him let their voices be raised,
He is the Fountain of blessing,
He only is meet to be praised. *Cho.*

## No. 75. Almost Persuaded. (G. H. 2- 97.)

"Almost Thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts 26: 28.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.



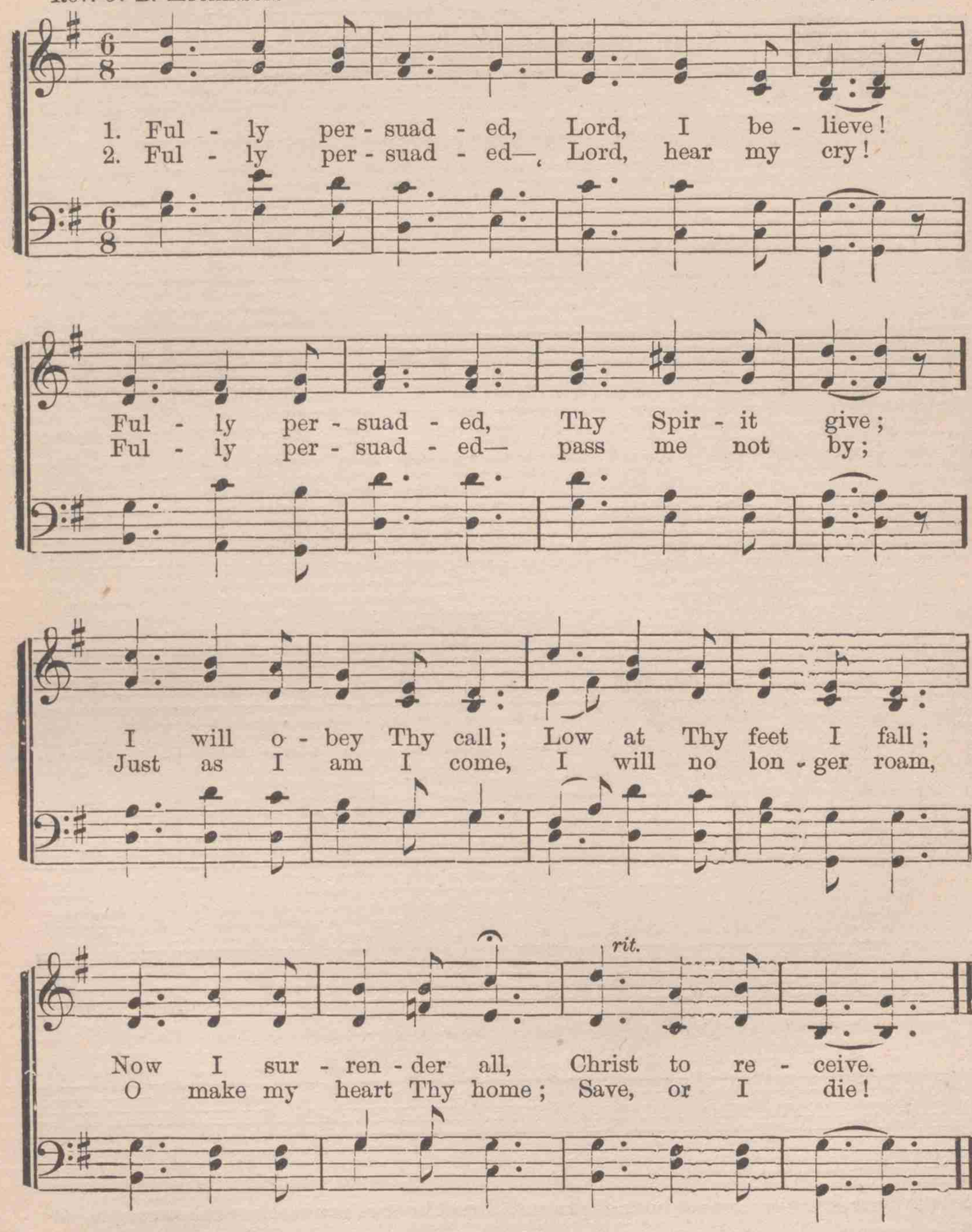

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" can not avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost—*but lost!*"

No. 76.

# Fully Persuaded.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS 16: 31.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.




3.

Fully persuaded, no more opprest,
Fully persuaded, now I am blest:
Jesus is now my Guide,
I will in Christ abide;
My soul is satisfied
In Him to rest!

4.

Fully persuaded, Jesus is mine;
Fully persuaded, Lord, I am Thine!
O make my love to Thee
Like Thine own love to me,
So rich, so full and free,
Saviour divine!

## No. 77. Sweet Hour of Prayer. (G. H. 2–113.)

"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray."—PSALM 4: 17.

Rev. W. W. WALFORD, 1846. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1859.

*Slow.*

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a
D. C. And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet

world of care, And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make
hour of prayer, And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By

FINE.

all my wants and wish-es known: In sea-sons of dis-
thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer!

D. C.

tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief;

2.

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

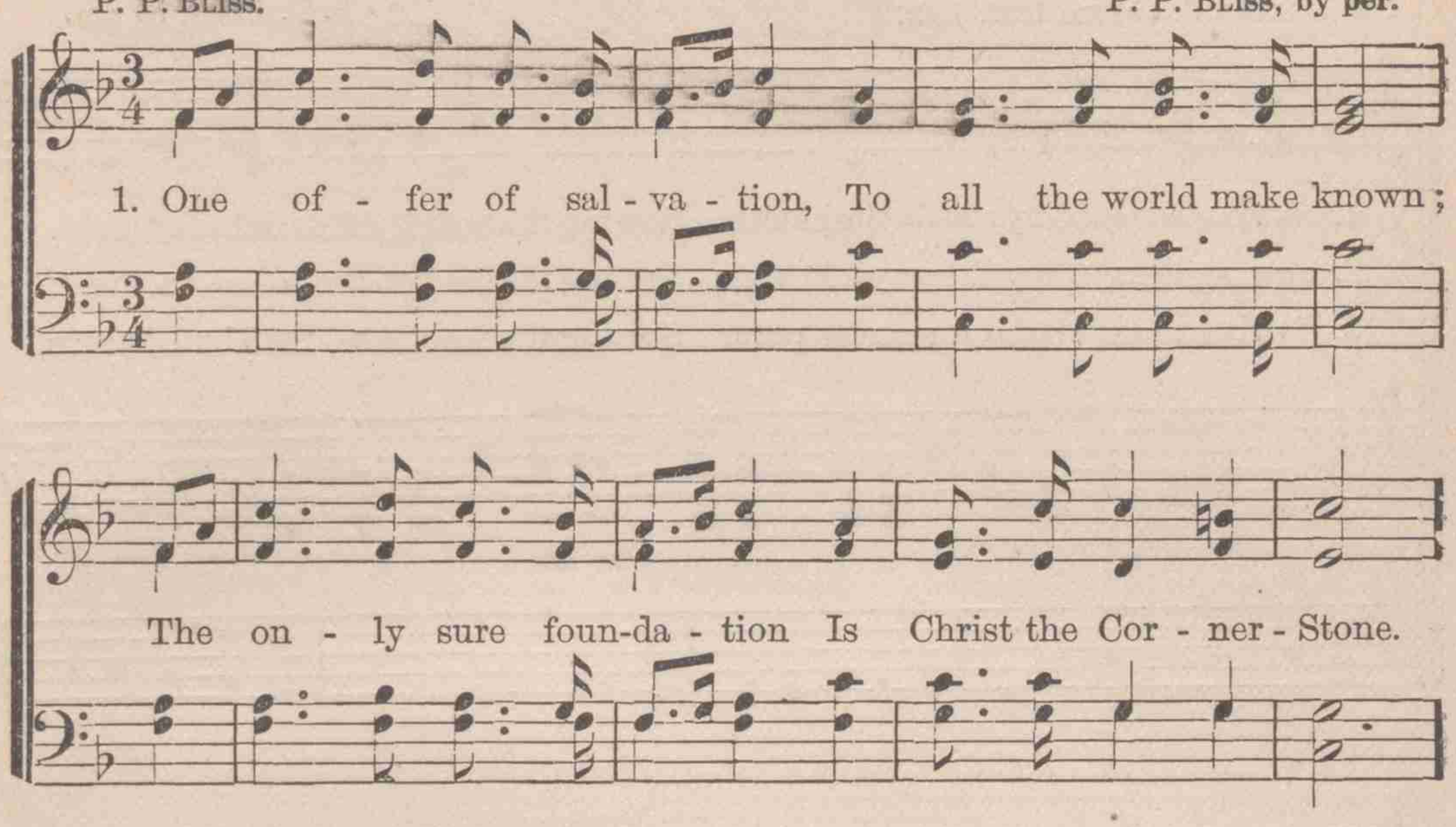
3.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

## No. 78. No Other Name.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—ACTS 4: 12.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.




2 One only door of heaven
Stands open wide to-day,
One sacrifice is given,
'Tis Christ, the living way. *Cho*

3 My only song and story
Is—Jesus died for me;
My only hope of glory,
The Cross of Calvary. *Cho.*

## No. 79. What Shall the Harvest Be?

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. 6: 7.

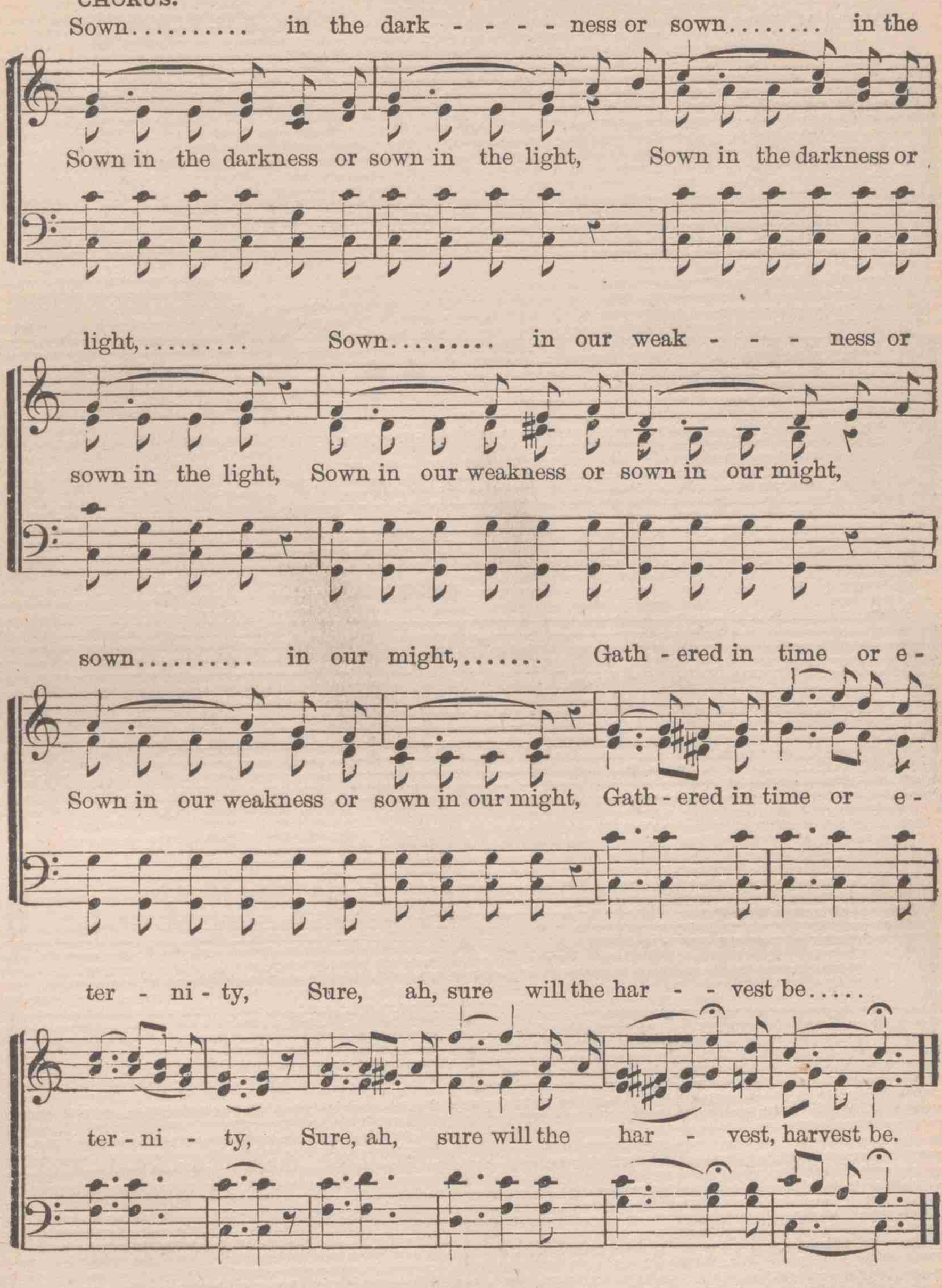
Mrs. EMILY S. OAKEY, 1850. *Alt.* P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Sowing the seed by the daylight fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,

Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer-tile soil;
Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of e-ter-nal shame;

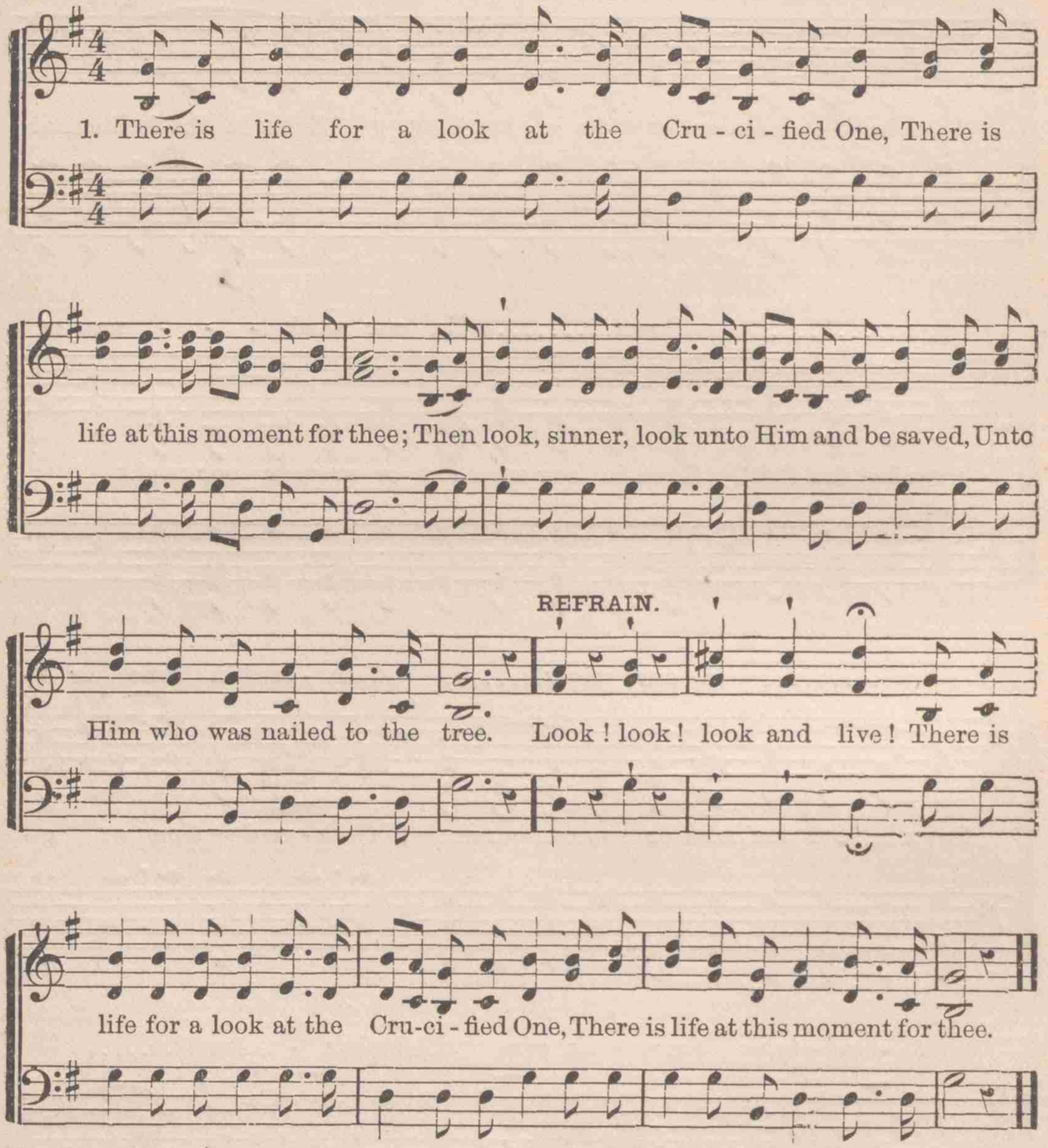
Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?....

# What Shall the Harvest Be.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start
Sowing in hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

# No. 80. There is Life for a Look.

"Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—ISAIAH. 14: 22.

AMELIA M. HULL. Rev. E. G. TAYLOR, by per.

2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin.
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the *Blood*, that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.

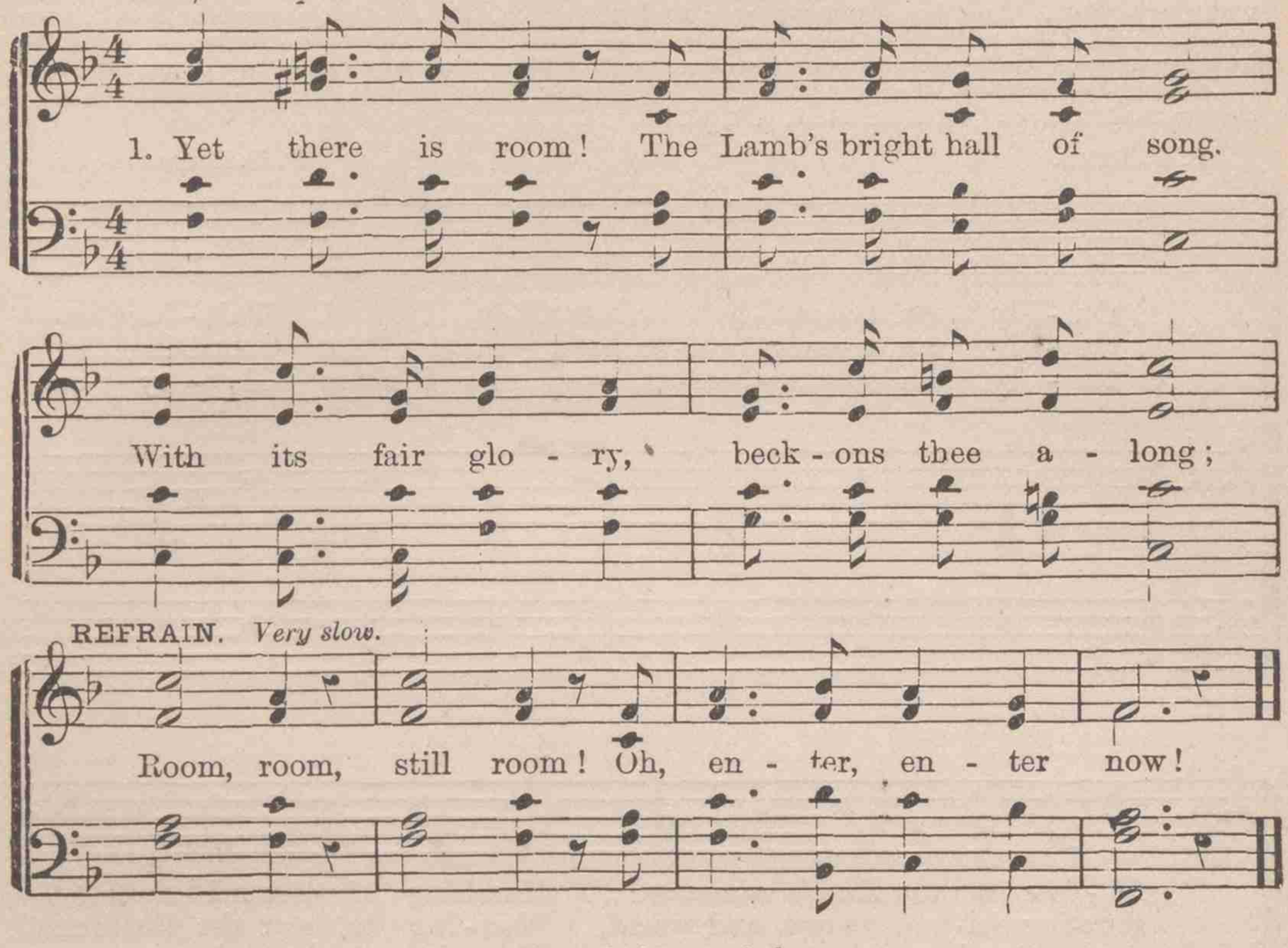
5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die
Since Jesus thy righteousness, lives.

## No. 81. Yet There is Room. (G. H. 2–22.)

"Yet there is room."—LUKE 14 : 22.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1873. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

*Slow, with expression.*




2 Day is declining, and the sun is low:
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast:
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now;

6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call:
Come lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:
Reom, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

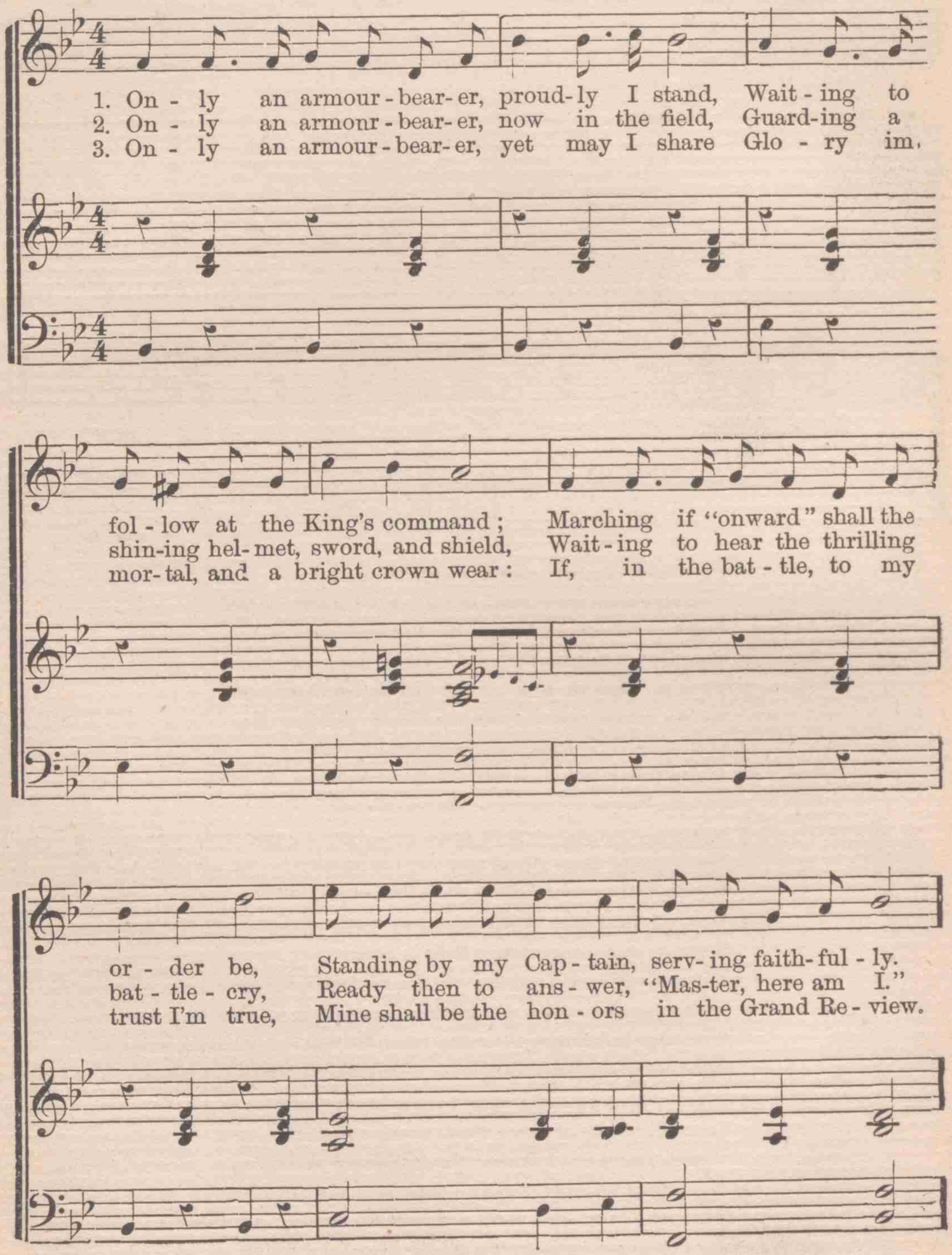
Words written for Messrs. M. & S.

## No. 82. Only an Armour-Bearer. (G. H. 2–132.)

"Now it came to pass upon a day, that Jonathan the son of Saul said unto the young man that bare his armour, Come, and let us go over to the Philistines' garrison that *is* on the other side; it may be that the LORD will work for us: for *there is* no restraint to the LORD to save by many or by few. And his armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that *is* in thine heart: turn thee; behold, I *am* with thee according to thine heart. And Jonathan climbed up upon his hands and upon his feet, and his armour-bearer after him: and they fell before Jonathan; and his armour-bearer slew after him. So the LORD saved Israel that day: and the battle passed over unto Beth-aven."—1 SAM. 14: 1, 6, 7, 13, 23.

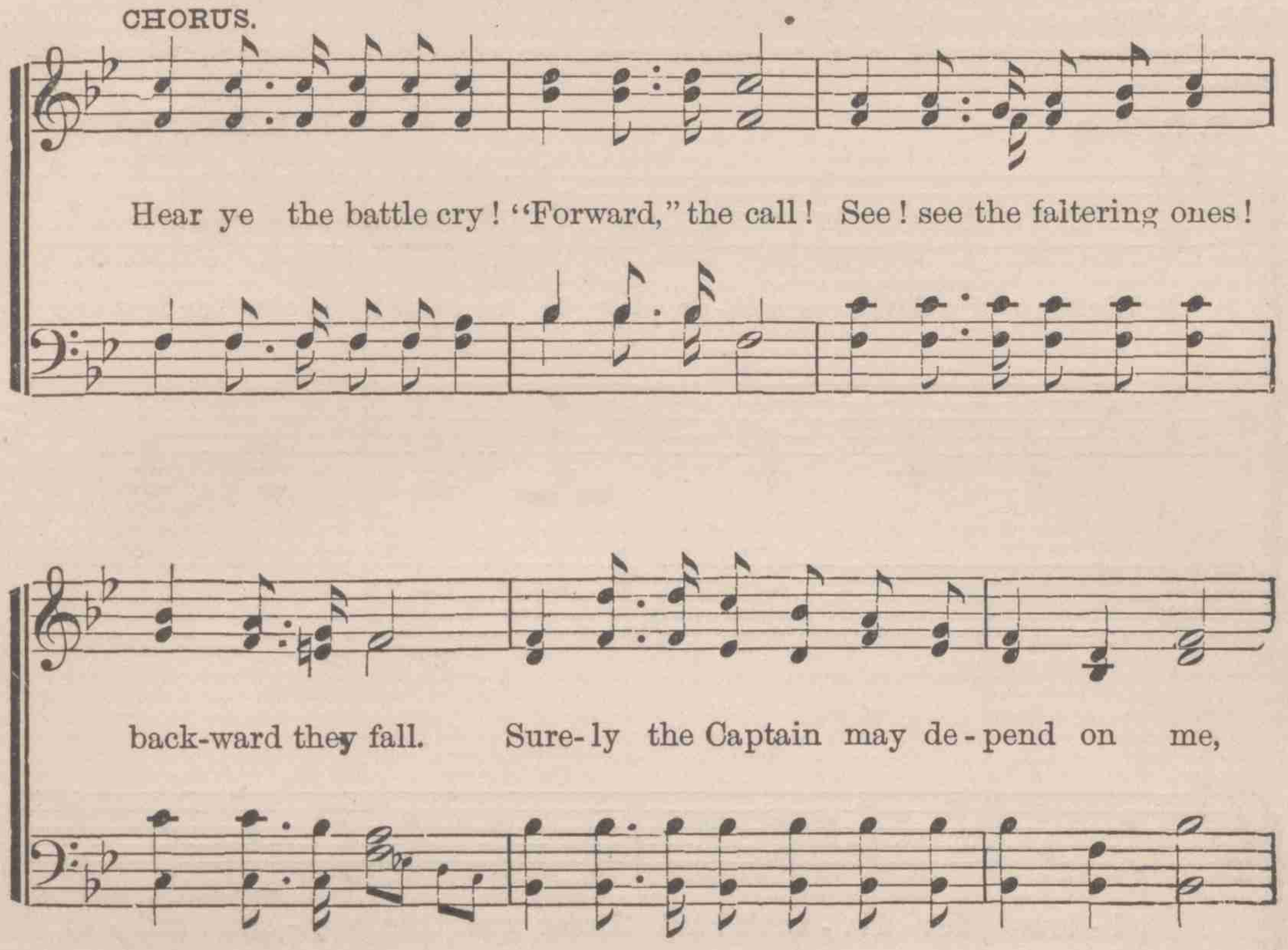
P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



# Only an Armour-Bearer.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

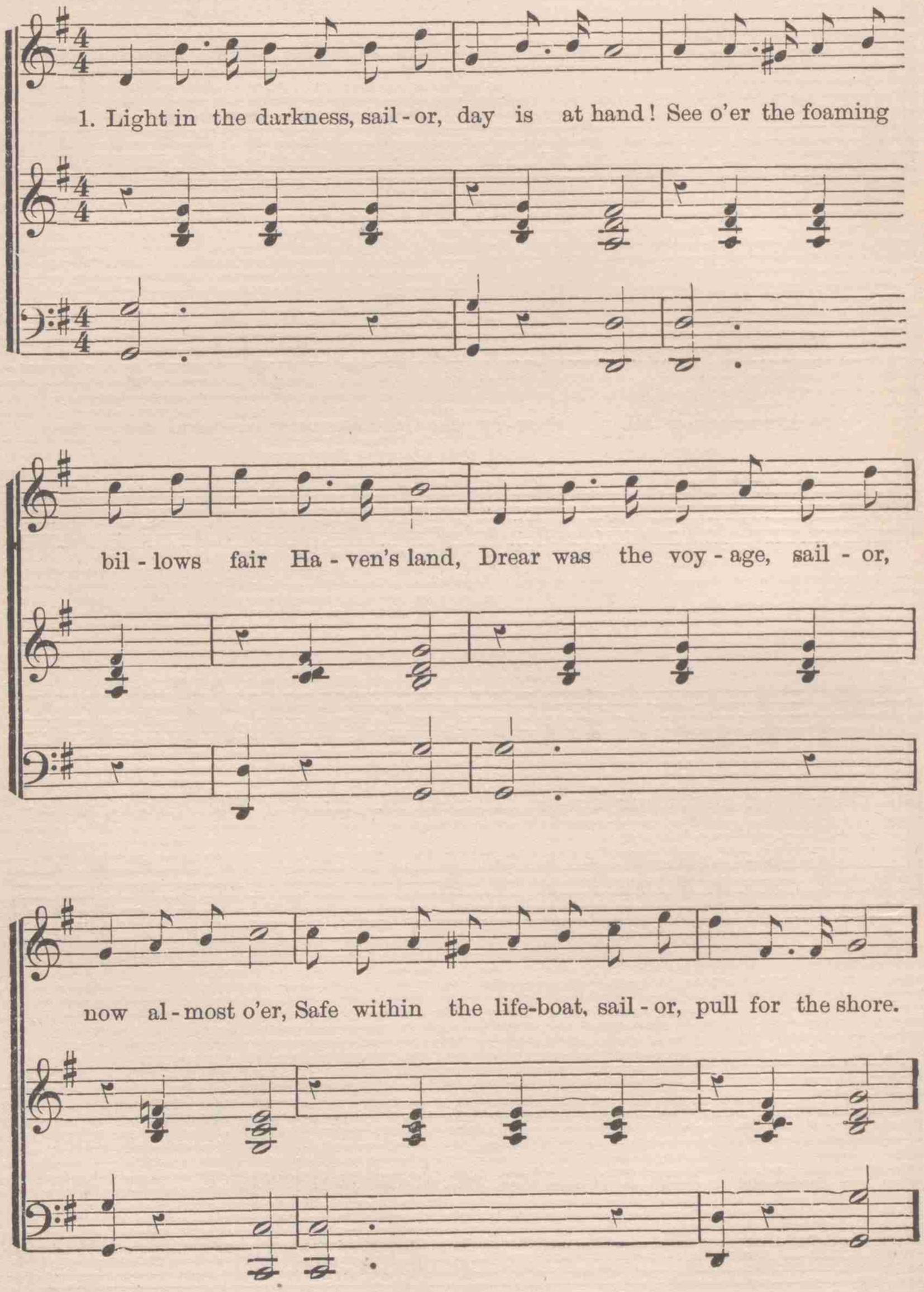


## No. 83. Pull for the Shore.

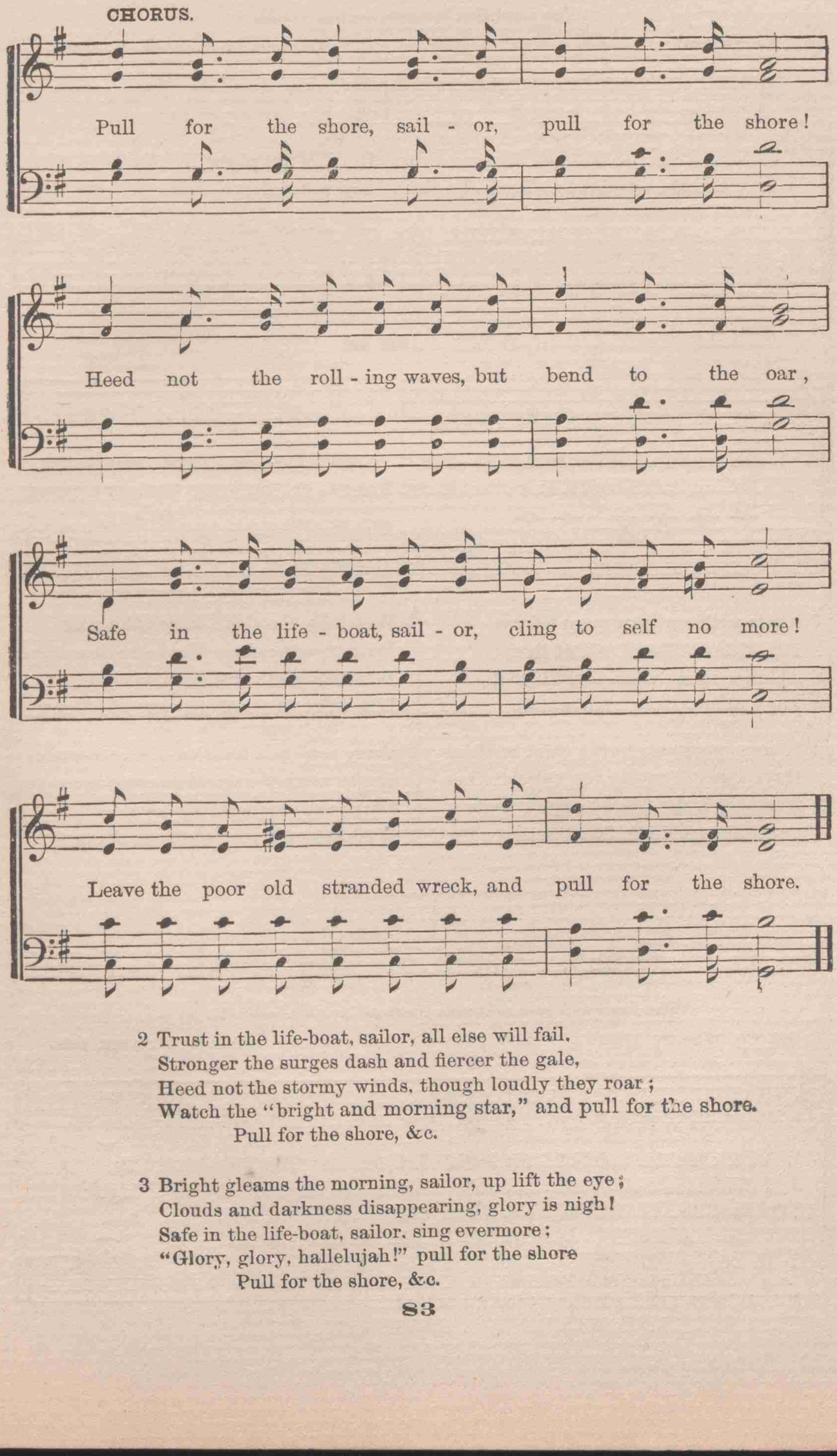
"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become NEW."—2 COR. 5: 17.

"Therefore, my beloved, * * * work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."—PHIL. 2: 12.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



# Pull for the Shore.—Concluded.



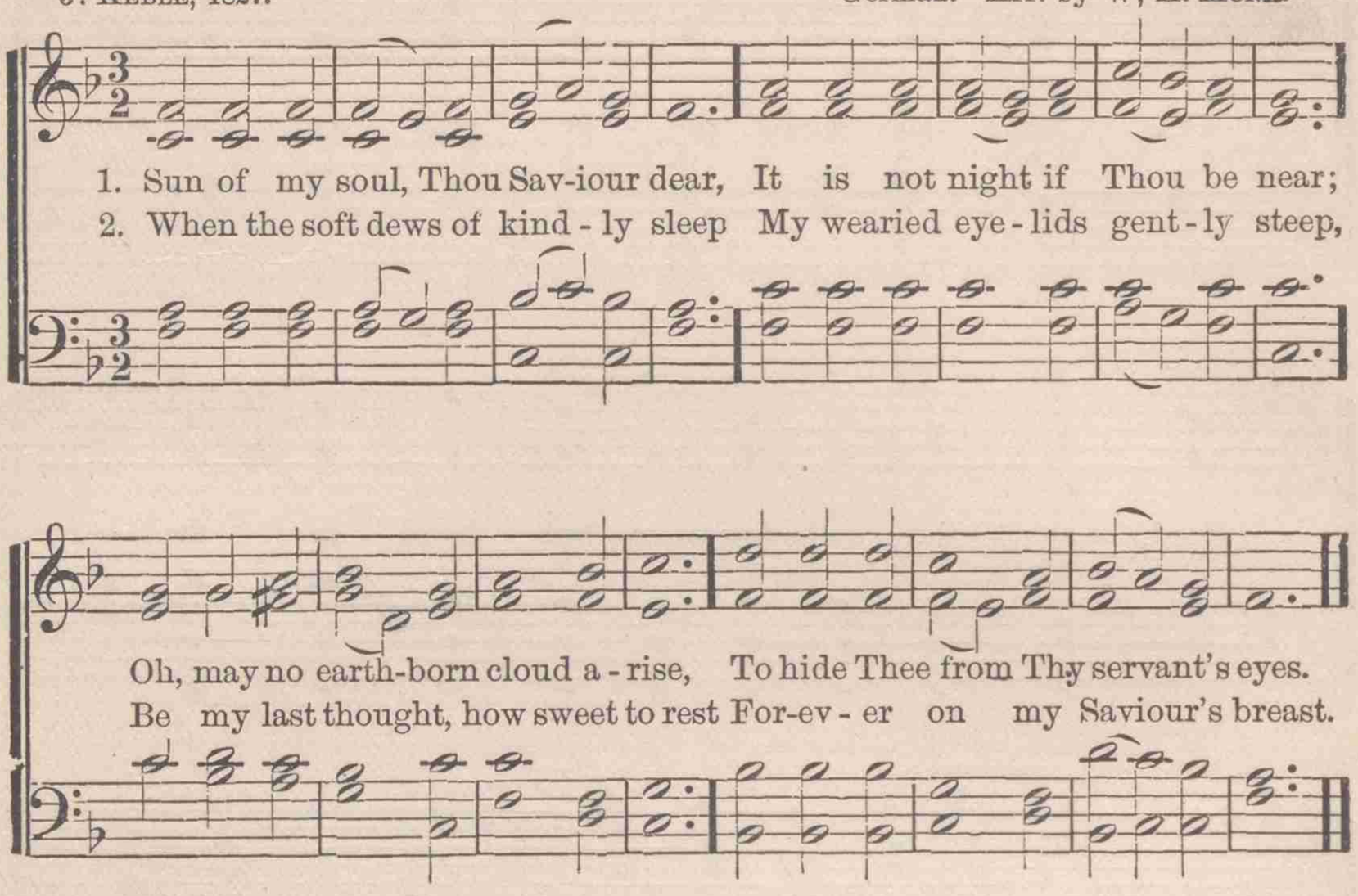

2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale,
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;
Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.
Pull for the shore, &c.

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye;
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore;
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore
Pull for the shore, &c.

## No. 84. Sun of My Soul.

"The Lord God is a sun."—Psa. 74: 11.

J. Keble, 1827. German. Arr. by W, H. Monk.




3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

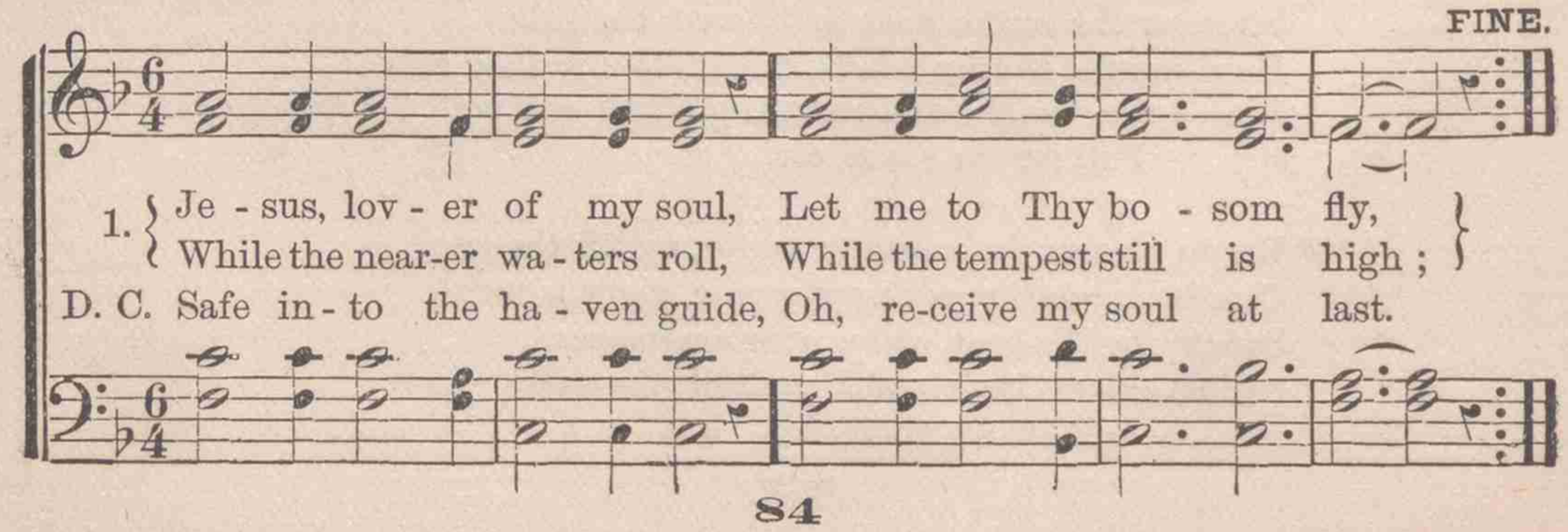
6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

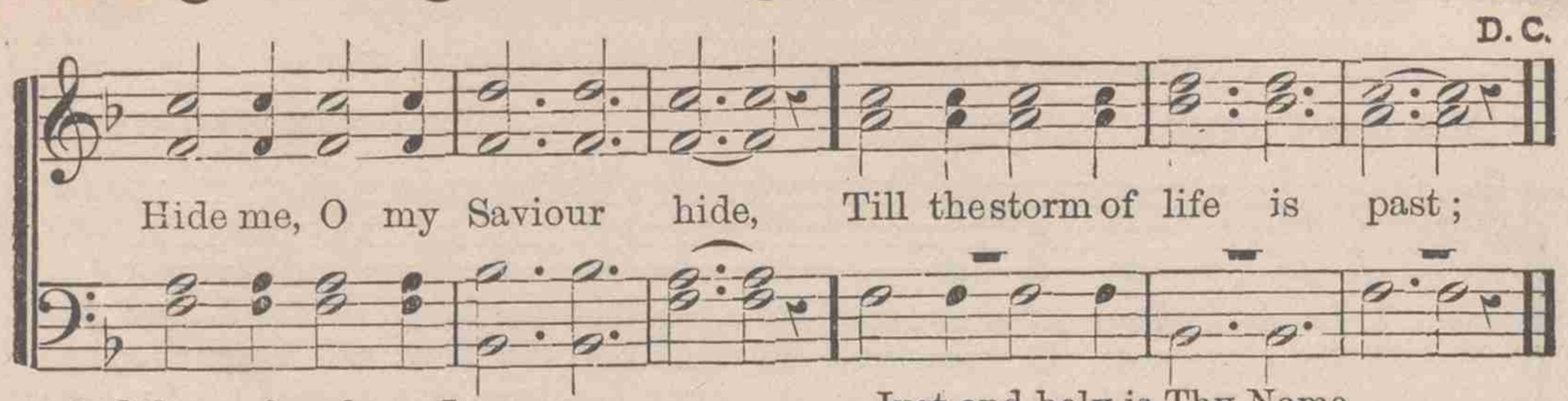
---

## No. 85. Jesus, Lover of My Soul. (G. H. 3–111.)

"The Lord will be a refuge in times of trouble."—Psalm 9: 9.

Rev. Ch. Wesley, 1740. Simeon B. Marsh, 1834.

FINE.

# Jesus, Lover of My Soul.—Concluded.




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

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

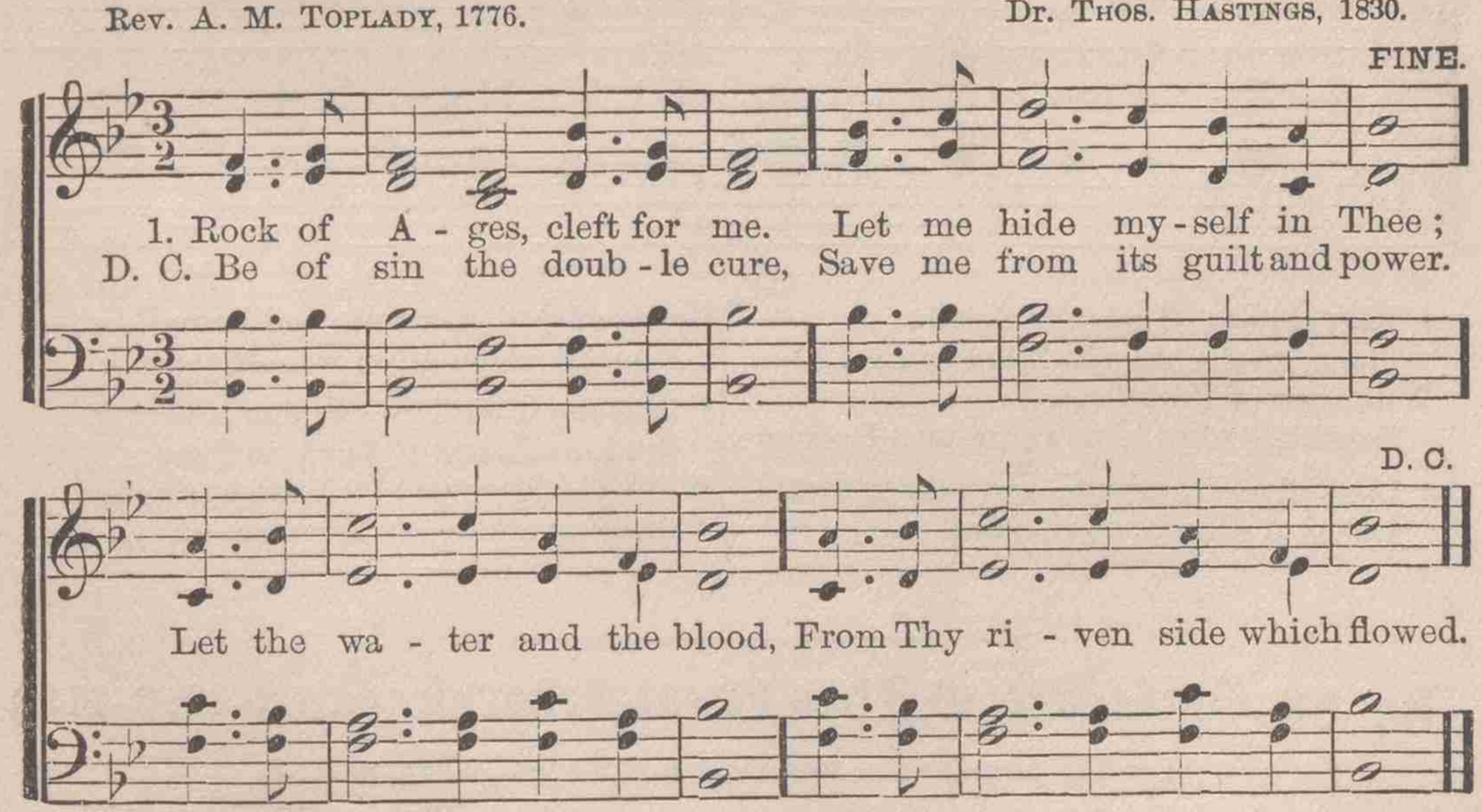
4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

---

## No. 86. Rock of Ages. (G. H. 2–111: 3–110.)

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—Psa. 94: 22.

Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1776. Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1830.




2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

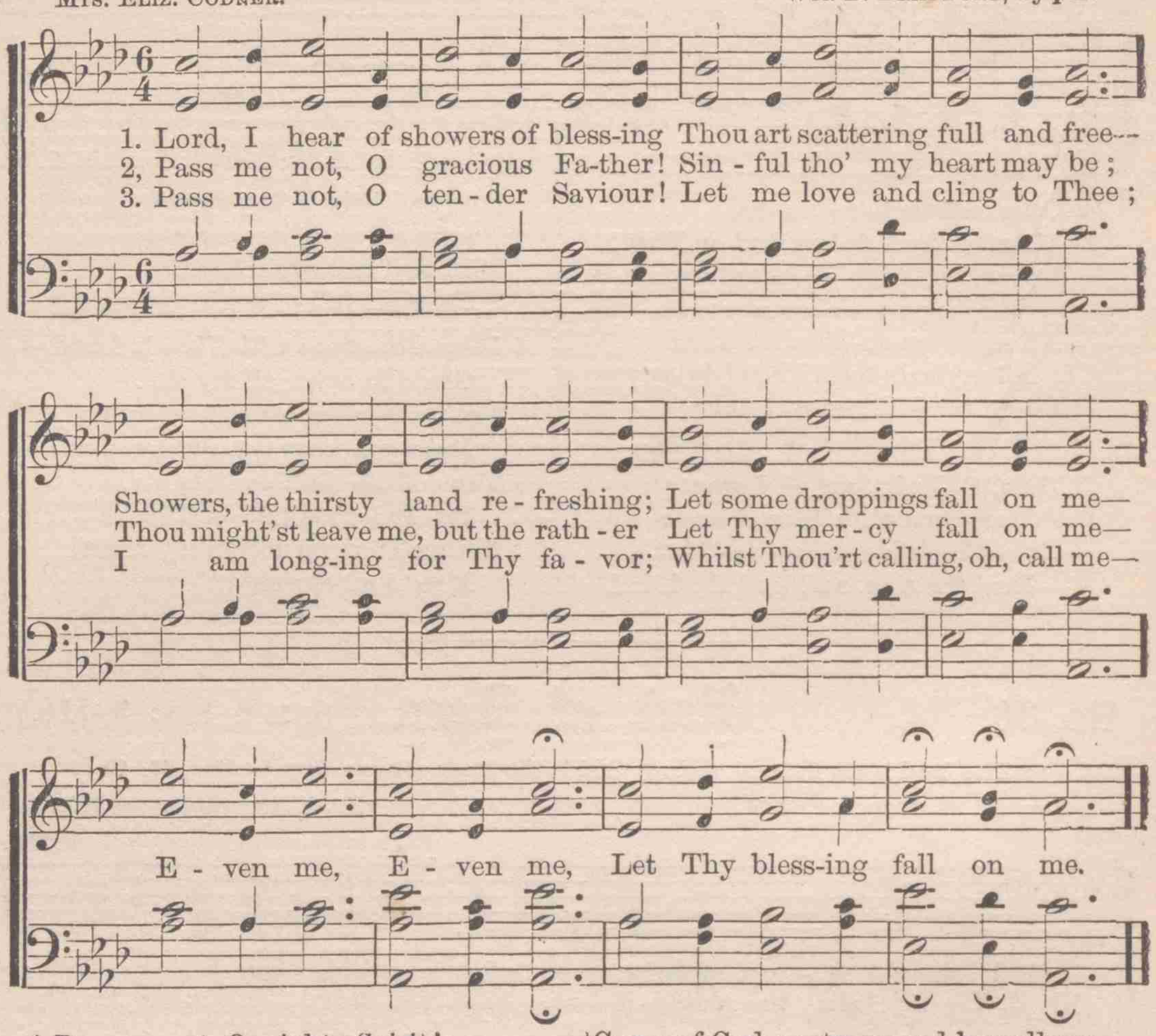
3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## No. 87. Even Me. (G. H. 2–125.)

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—GEN. 27: 38.

MRS. ELIZ. CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.




4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.–Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—
Magnify them all in me.—Even me.

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me.—Even me.

---

## No. 88. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah. (G. H. 2–89: 3–113.)

"For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—PSALM 31: 3.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1771.

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 now 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 my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

## No. 89. Yield Not to Temptation. (G. H. 2–122.)

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. 10: 13.

H. R. Palmer. H. R. Palmer, by per.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic - t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,
3. To him that o'ercom - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con - quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
Our strength will renew, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.

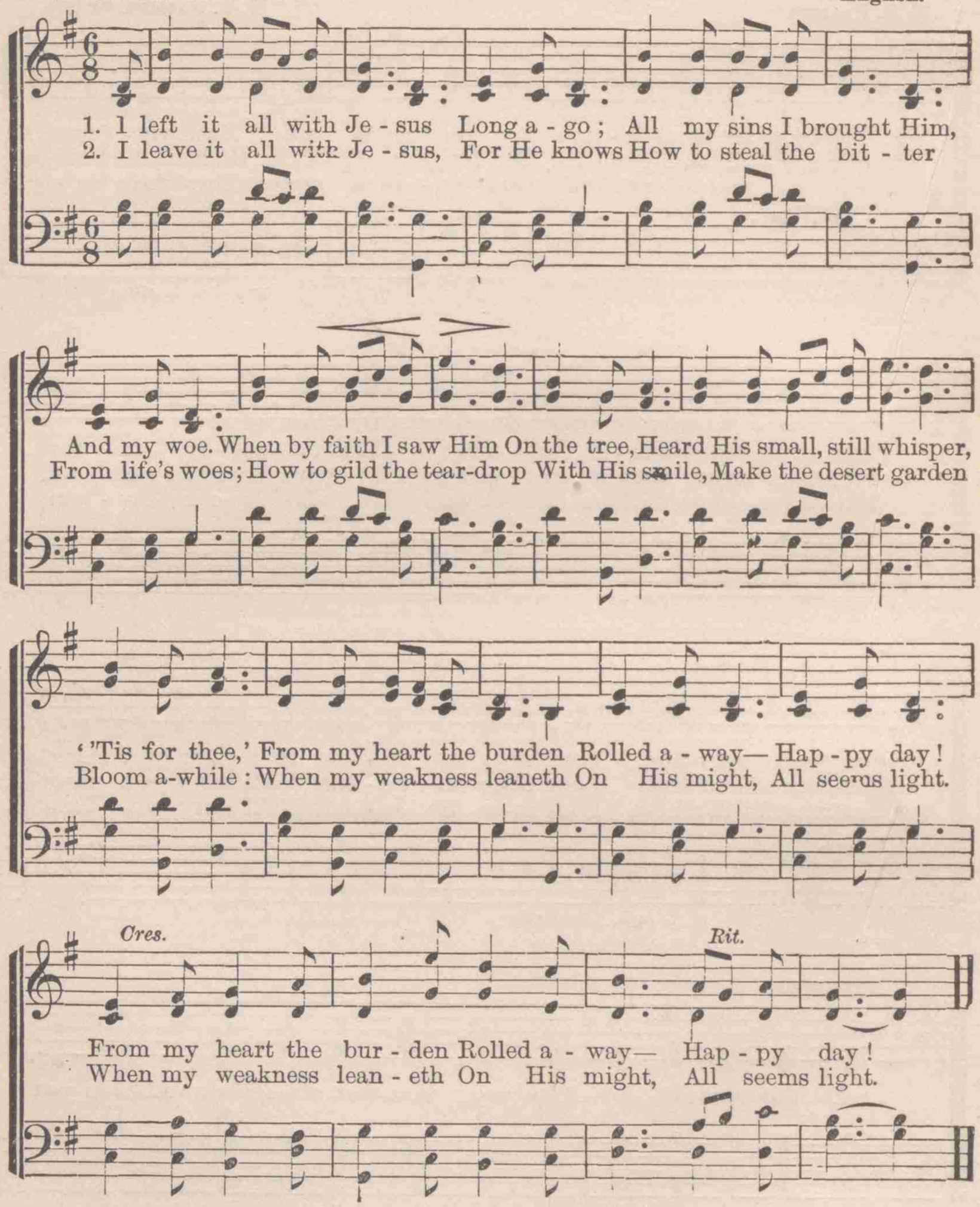
CHORUS.

Ask the Saviour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

## No. 90. I Left it All with Jesus. (G. H. 2–55.)

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."—1 PETER 5: 7.

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS. English.



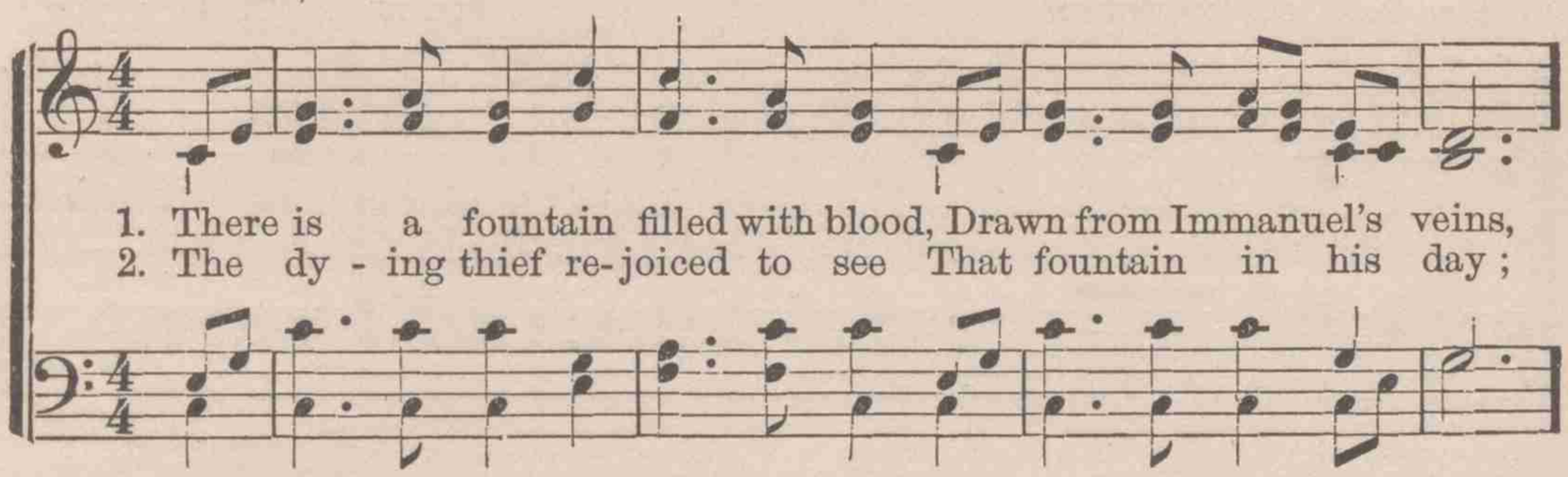

3 I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven
To abide At His side.

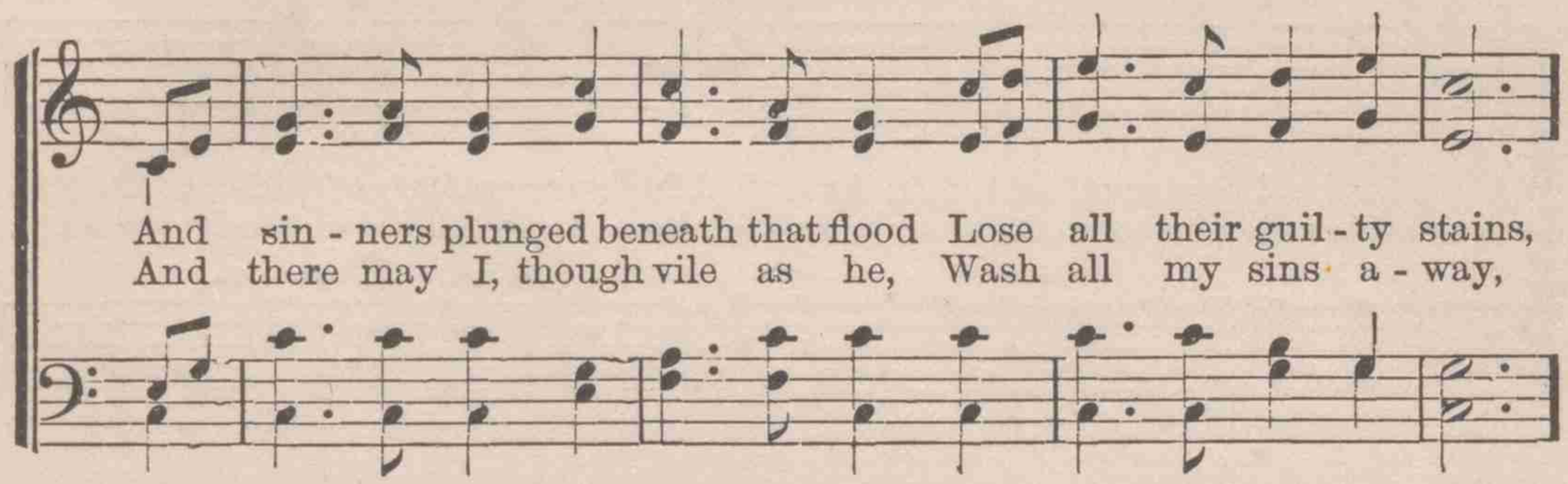
4 Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus,
Drooping soul!
Tell not *half* thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On His hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes *thee* room—Oh, come home!

## No. 91. There is a Fountain.

"A Fountain opened for sin."—ZECH. 13: 1.

WM. COWPER, 1779. WESTERN MELODY.

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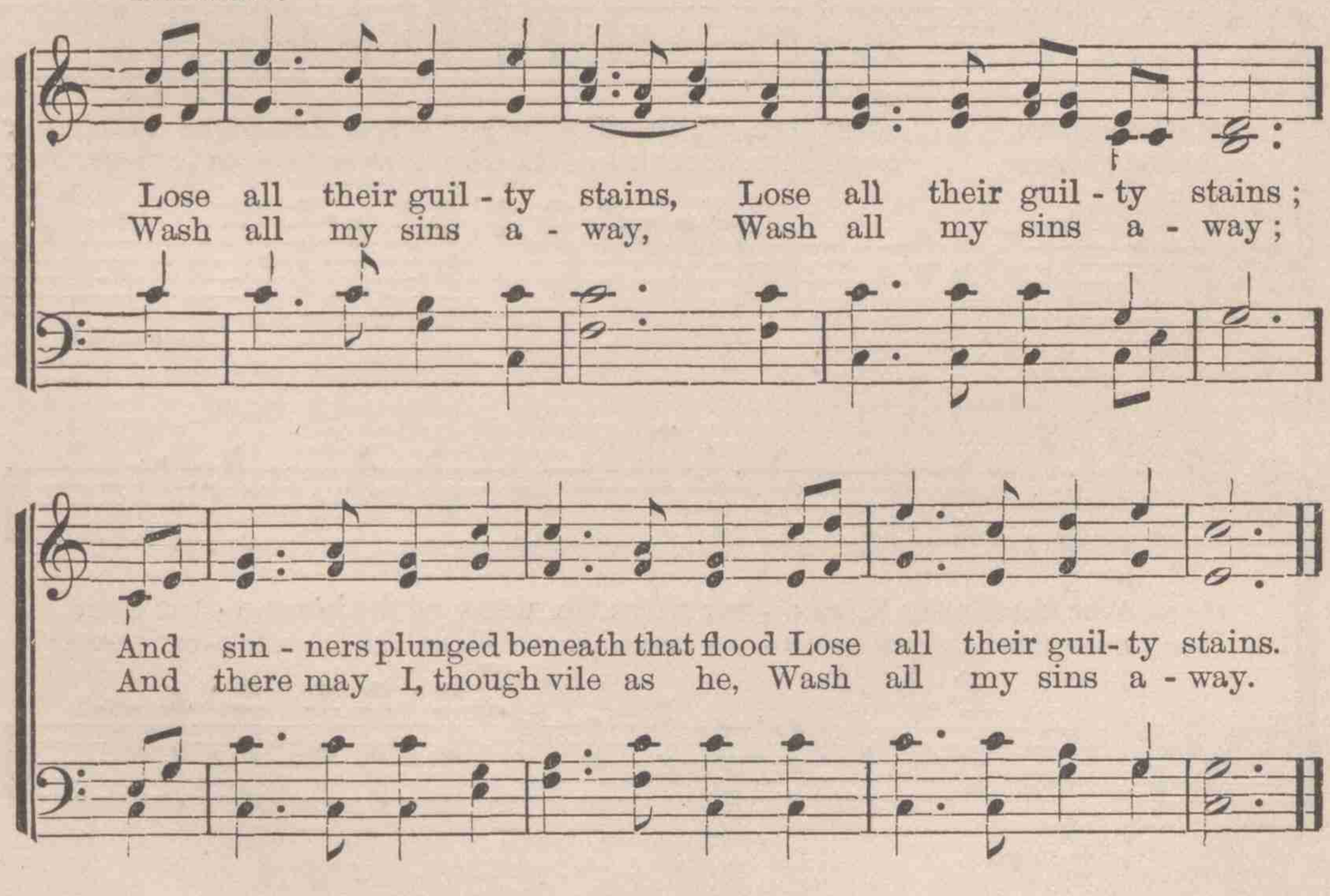



3

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

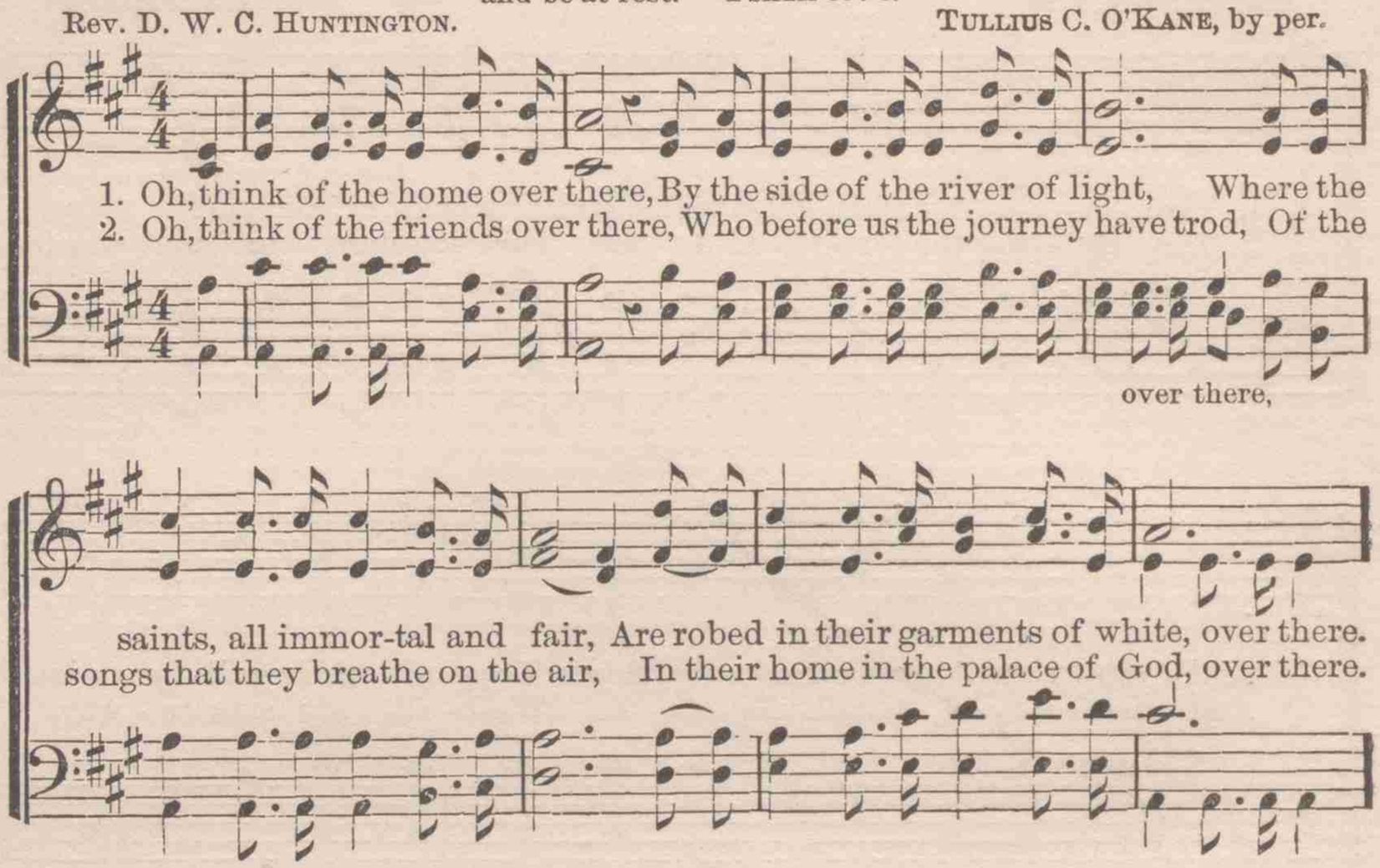
4

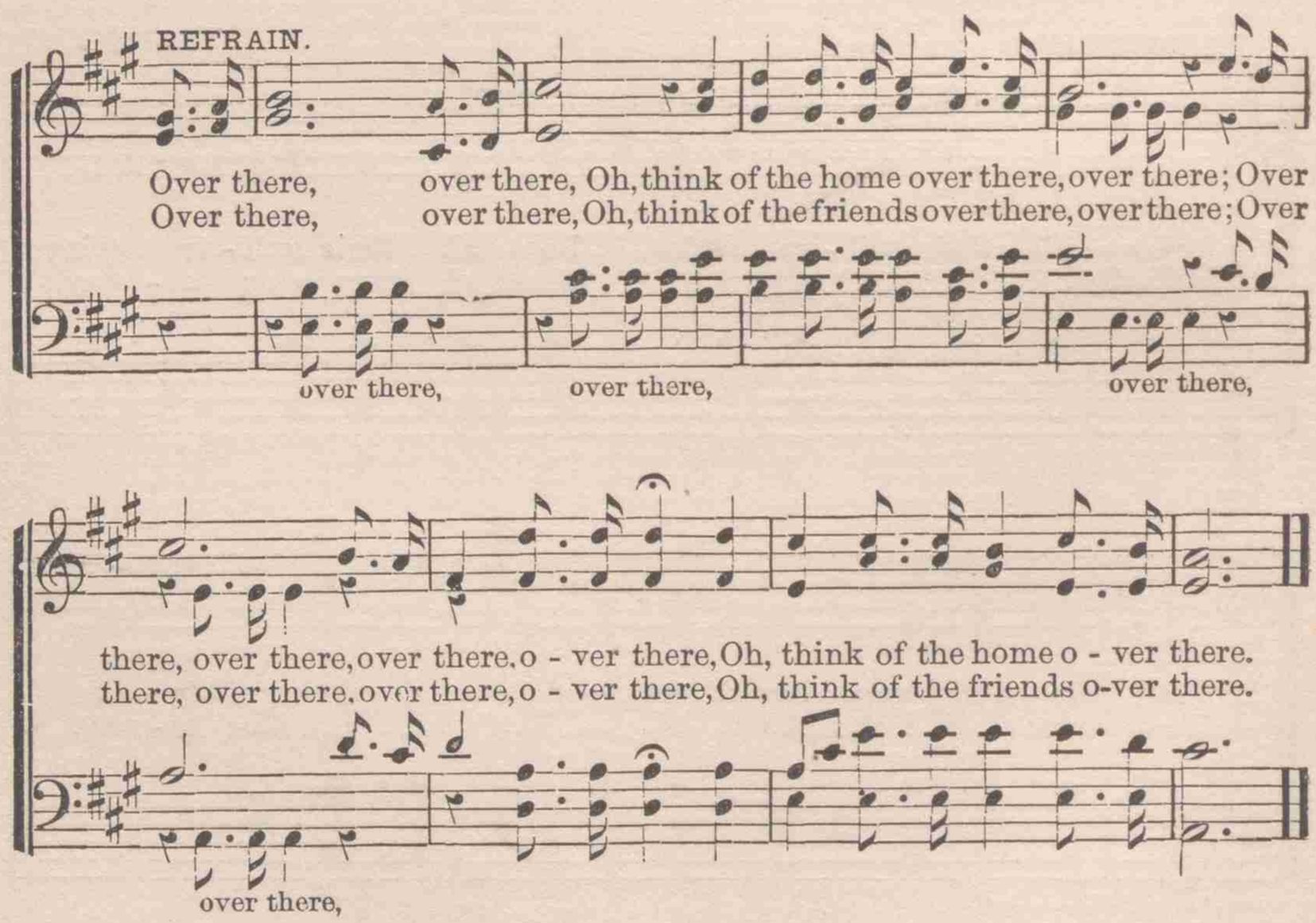
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. *Ref.*

## No. 92. The Home Over There. (G.H. 2–118.)

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—PSALM 55: 6.

Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. TULLIUS C. O'KANE, by per.




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

No. 93.

# My Prayer.

"Be ye therefore perfect."—MATT. 5: 48.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv - ings with - in;
2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord;
3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come;

More pa - tience in suff - 'ring, More sor - row for sin;
More pride in His glo - ry, More hope in His word;
More free - dom from earth - stains, More long - ings for home;

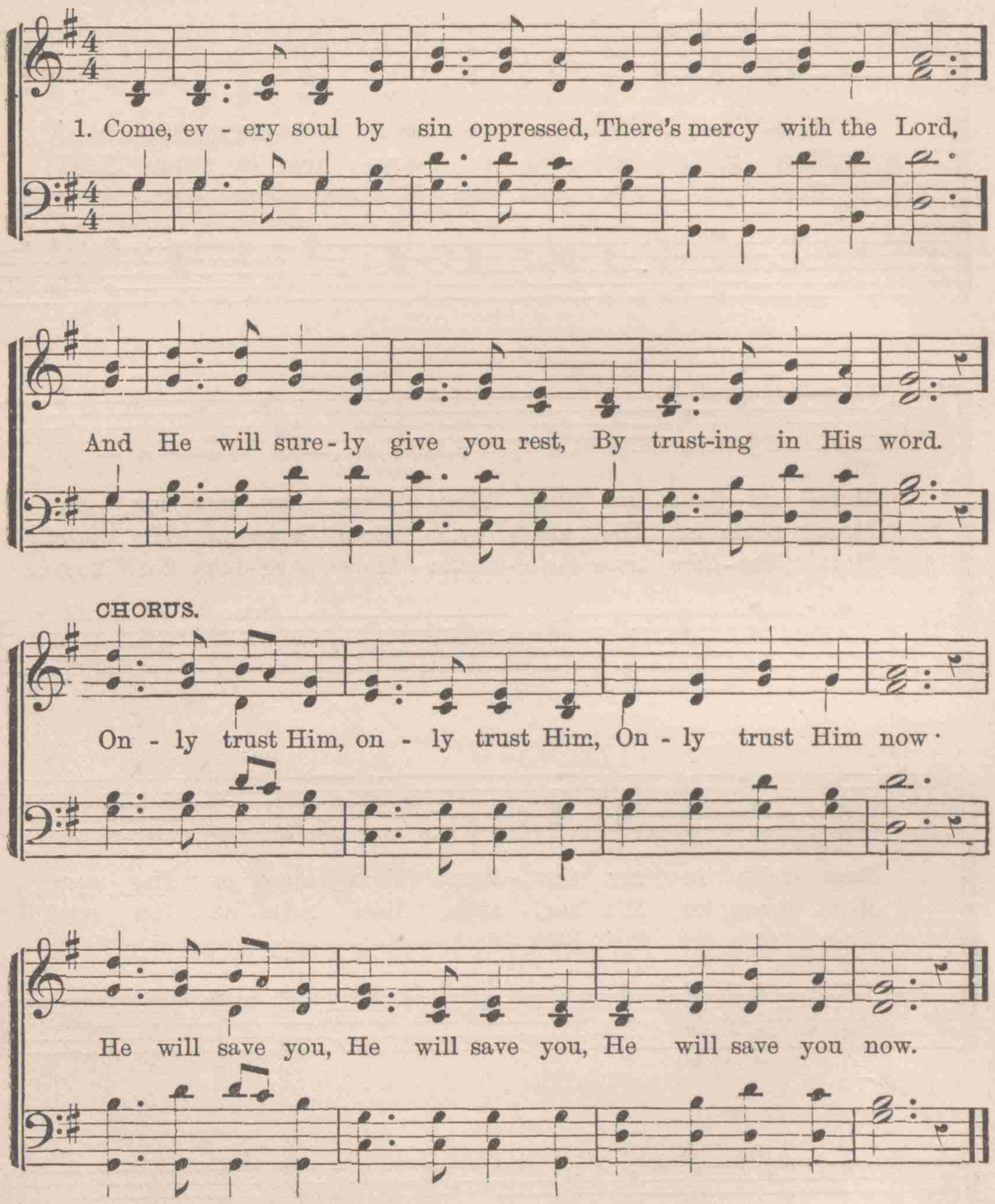
More faith in my Sav - iour, More sense of His care;
More tears for His sor - rows, More pain at His grief;
More fit for the king - dom, More used would I 'be;

*Rit.*

More joy in His ser - vice, More pur - pose in prayer.
More meek-ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - iour, *like Thee.*

## No. 94. Only Trust Him.

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—MATT. 11: 29.

Rev. J. H. S. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

# No. 95. Yes, There is Pardon for You.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55: 17.

Fanny J. Crosby. Hubert P. Main, by per.

*Slowly.*

1. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, be - lieve in His name, And ask Him your heart to re - new; He waits to be gra-cious, O turn not a - way, For now there is par - don for you.
2. The way of trans - gres - sion that leads un - to death, Oh, why will you long-er pur - sue? How can you re - ject the sweet mes - sage of love That of - fers full par - don for you?
3. Be warned of your dan - ger; es - cape to the cross; Your on - ly sal - va-tion is there; Be - lieve, and that moment the Spir - it of grace Will an - swer your pen - i - tent prayer.

CHORUS.

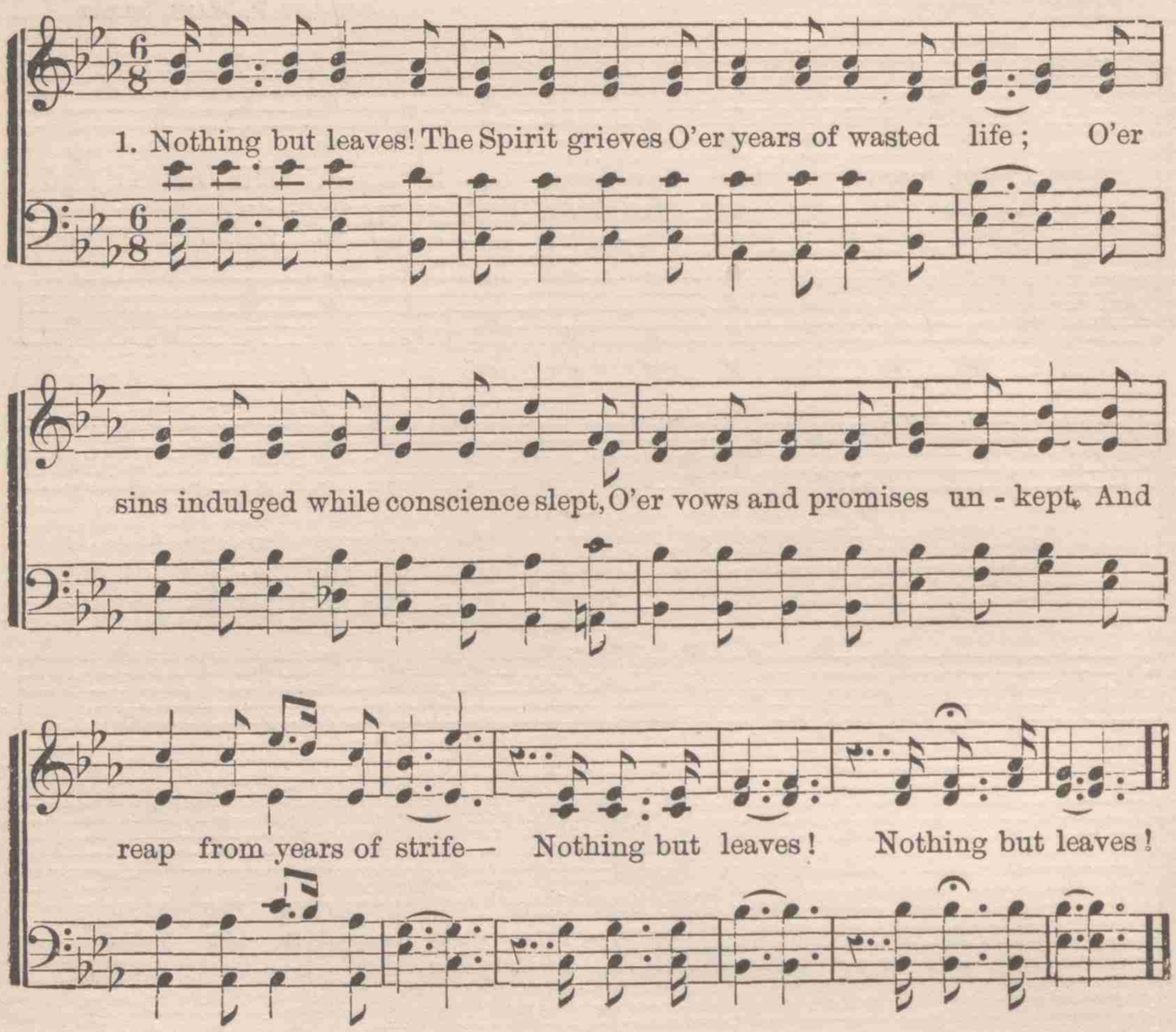
Yes, there is pardon for you,.... Yes, there is pardon for you;.... for you, for you.

For Je - sus has died to re-deem you, And of - fers full pardon to you.

## No. 96. Nothing but Leaves. (G. H. 2–123.)

"And when He came to it He found nothing but leaves."—MARK 11 : 13.

L. E. A. SILAS J. VAIL, by per.




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

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

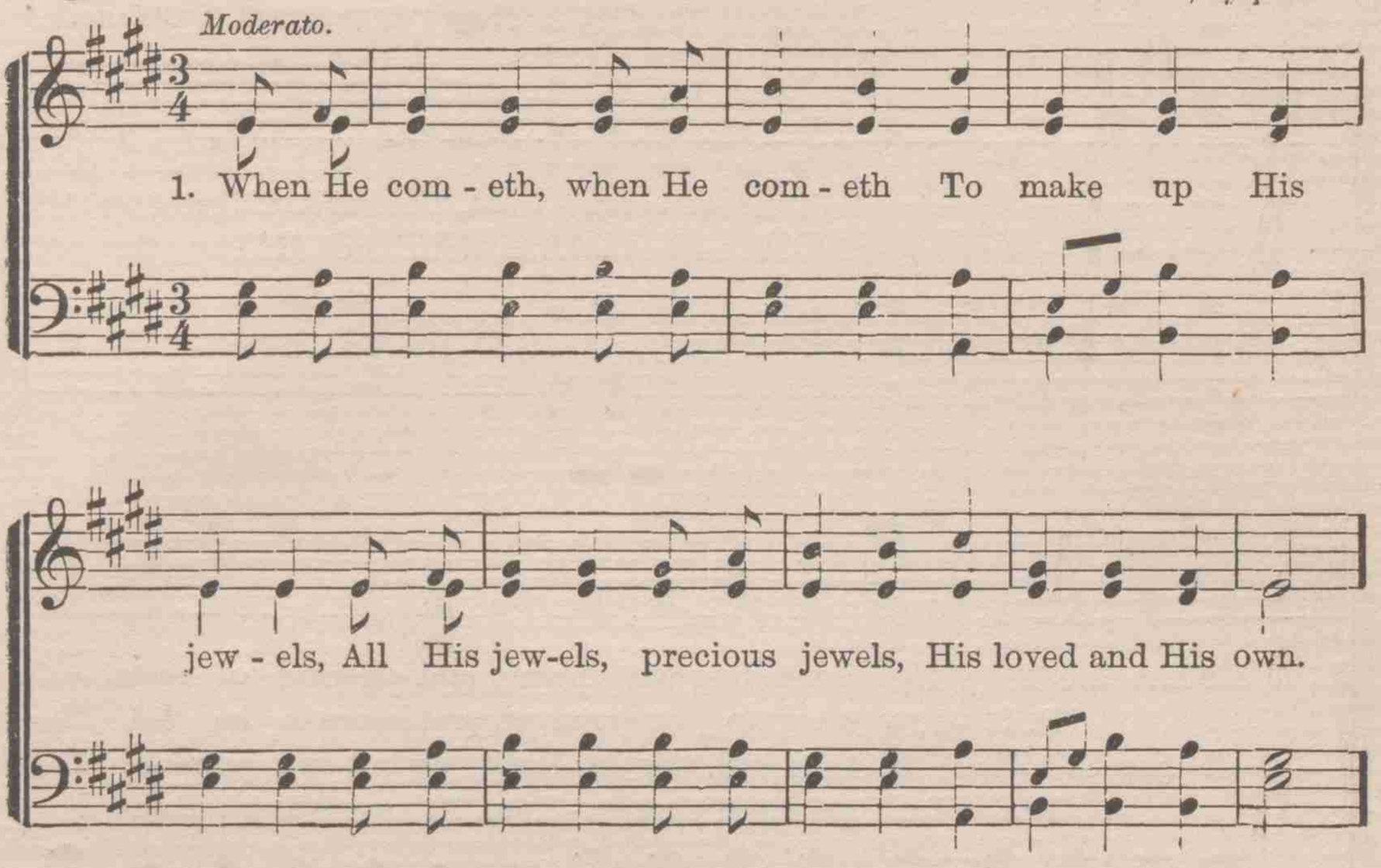
4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat
Lay down for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

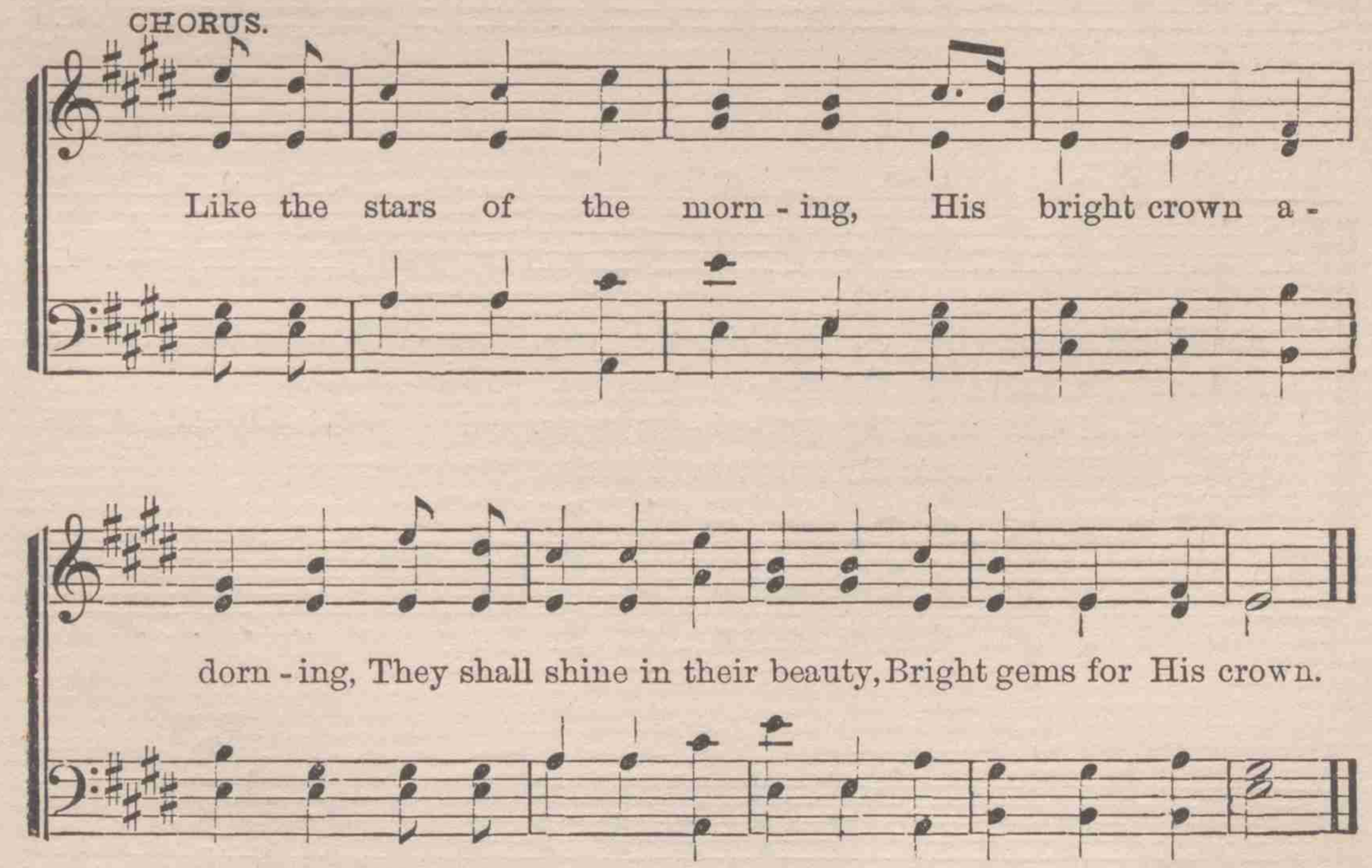
## No. 97. Jewels.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."—MALACHI 3: 17.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

*Moderato.*




CHORUS.

2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom:
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own. *Cho.*

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels.
His loved and His own. *Cho.*

# No. 98. Go Work in My Vineyard.

"Go work to-day in My vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

ANON. From "Dew Drops," by per. of T. C. O'KANE.

1. "Go work in My vineyard," There's plenty to do, The harvest is great and the
2. "Go work in My vineyard," I claim thee as Mine, With blood did I buy thee, and

lab'rers are few; There's weeding and fencing, and clearing of roots, And
D. S.—I've sheep to be tend-ed, and lambs to be fed, The
all that is thine; Thy time and thy ta-lents, thy loft-iest powers, Thy
D. S.—In pain and tempta-tion, in anguish and shame, I

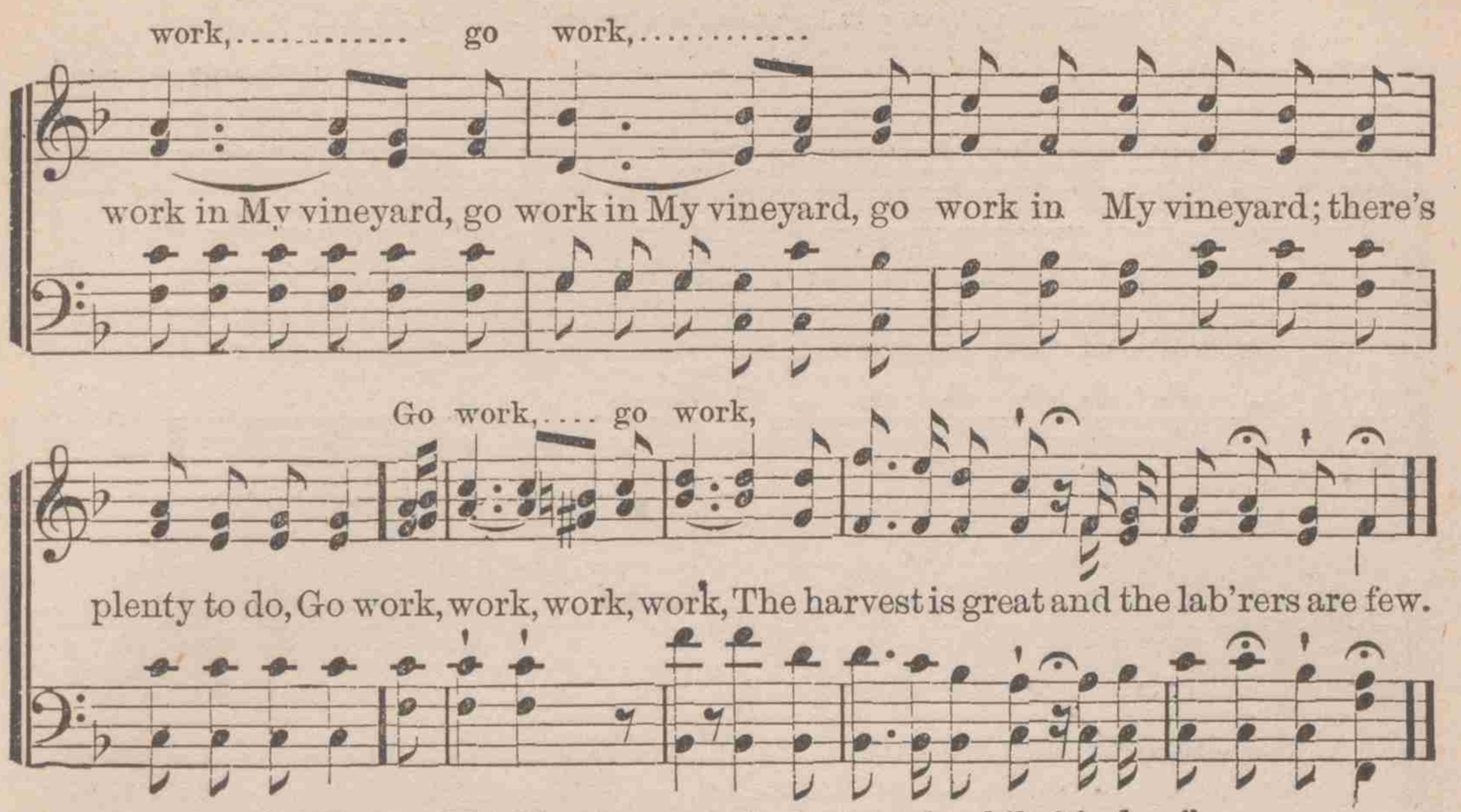
ploughing, and sowing, and gath'ring the fruits. There are foxes to take, there are
lost must be gathered, the wea-ry ones led. [*Go to Chorus.*]
warm-est af-fec-tions, thy sun-ni-est hours. I will-ing-ly yielded My
paid thy full ran-som; My purchase I claim. [*Go to Chorus.*]

D. S.

CHORUS.

wolves to de-stroy, All a-ges and ranks I can ful-ly em-ploy. Go
king-dom for thee, The song of arch-an-gels—to hang on the tree;

# Go Work in My Vineyard.—Concluded.




3 "Go work in My vineyard;" oh, "work while 'tis day,"
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away;
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast;
Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.
Begin in the morning, and toil all the day,
Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay;
And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent few,
Who finish the labor I've given them to do.

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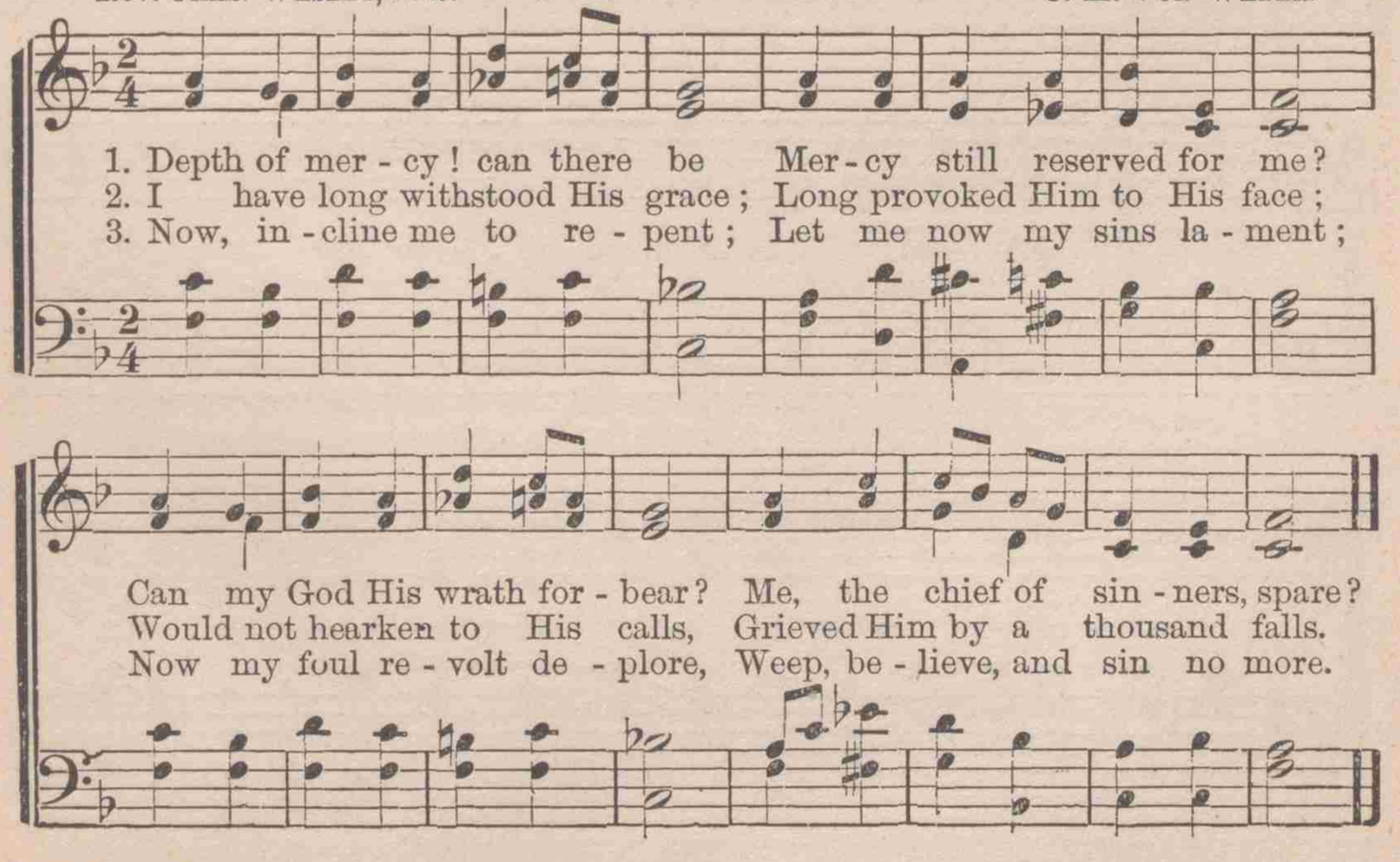
## No. 99. Seymour. 7s.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. 51 : 17.

Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1740. C. M. Von Weber.

# No. 100. When the Comforter Came.

"He shall give you another Comforter."—JOHN. 14: 16.

WILLIAM MOORE. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. My heart, that was heavy and sad, Was made to re - joice and be glad,
2. To sin and to e - vil in-clined, With darkness per-vad-ing my mind,
3. The voice of thanksgiving I raised, The Lord, my Re-deem-er I praised;

And peace without measure I had, When the Com - fort - er came.
No rest I could a - ny-where find, Till the Com - fort - er came.
I was at His mer - cy a - maz'd, When the Com - fort - er came.

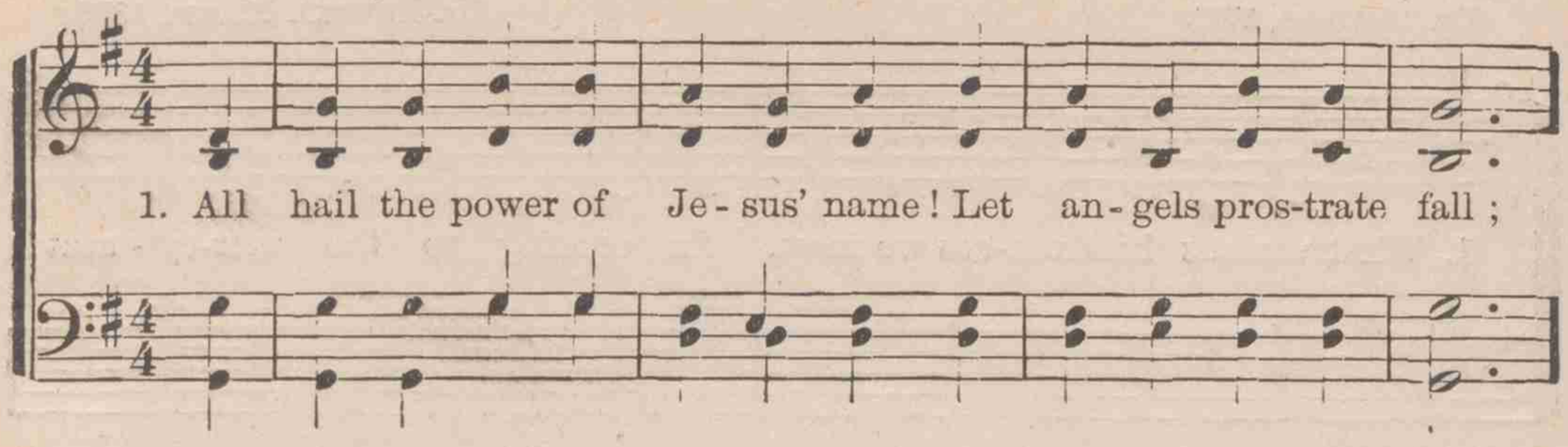
REFRAIN.

Peace, sweet peace, Peace when the Comfort-er came! My heart that was heav - y and sad, Was made to re - joice and be glad,

And peace without measure I had, When the Comfort - er came.

## No. 101. Coronation. C. M.

Rev. E. PERRONET, 1780. O. HOLDEN, 1793.




2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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## No. 102.

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.

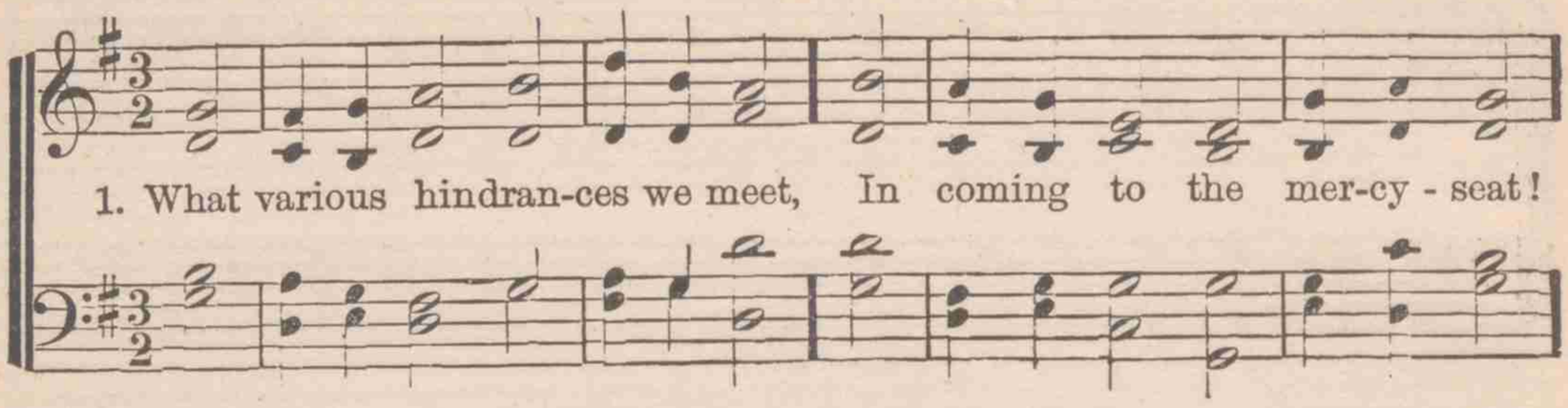
3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin.
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY 1740.

## No. 103. Rockingham. L. M.

Wm. Cowper, 1779. Dr. Lowell Mason, 1832.




2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

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## No. 104. L. M.

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.

Rev. I. Watts, 1709.

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## No. 105. Retreat. L. M. Key C.

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

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

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell, 1827

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## No. 106. Benevento. 7s. 8 lines. Key F.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of His own hands.—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

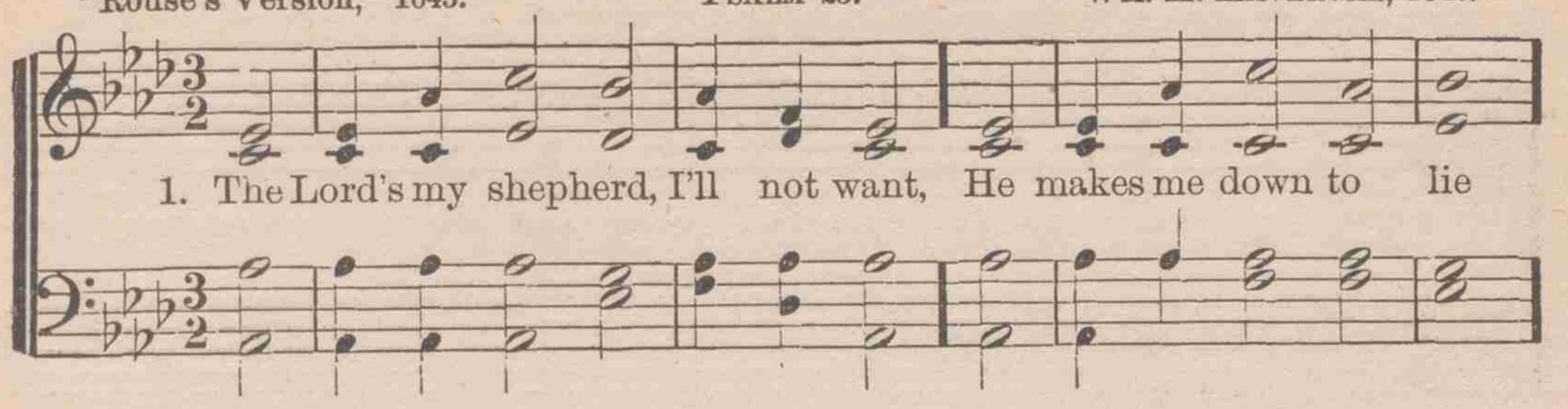
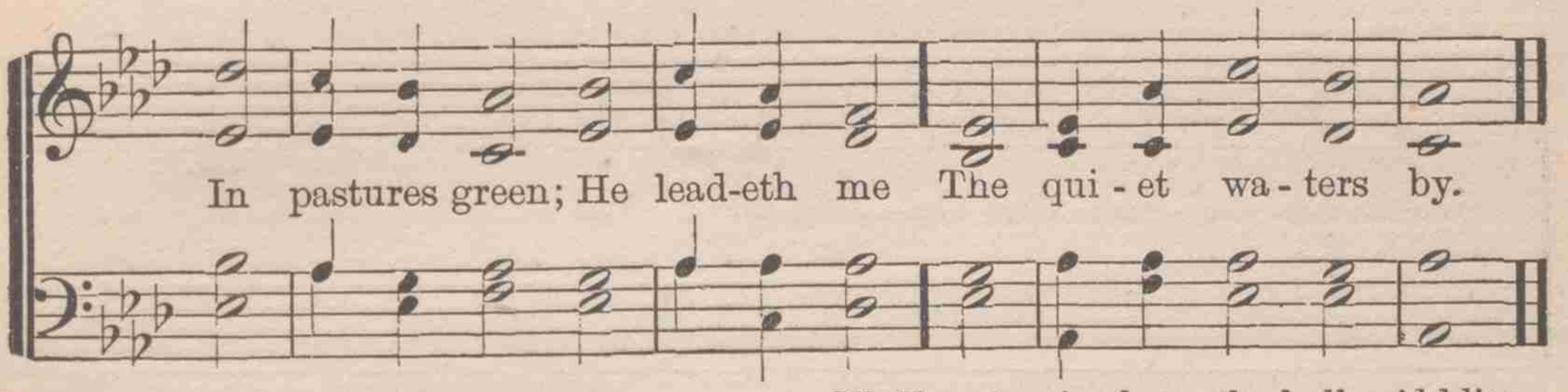
2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove
Urged you to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

Rev. C. Wesley, 1745.

## No. 107. Evan. C. M.

"Rouse's Version," 1643. PSALM 23. WM. H. HAVERGAL, 1847.



2 My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

---

## No. 108. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly wo;

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 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

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

Rev. W. H. BATHURST, 1831.

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## No. 109. AZMON. C. M. Key A.

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

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth 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.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709.

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## No. 110. ANTIOCH. (G. H. 2-120.) Key E♭.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

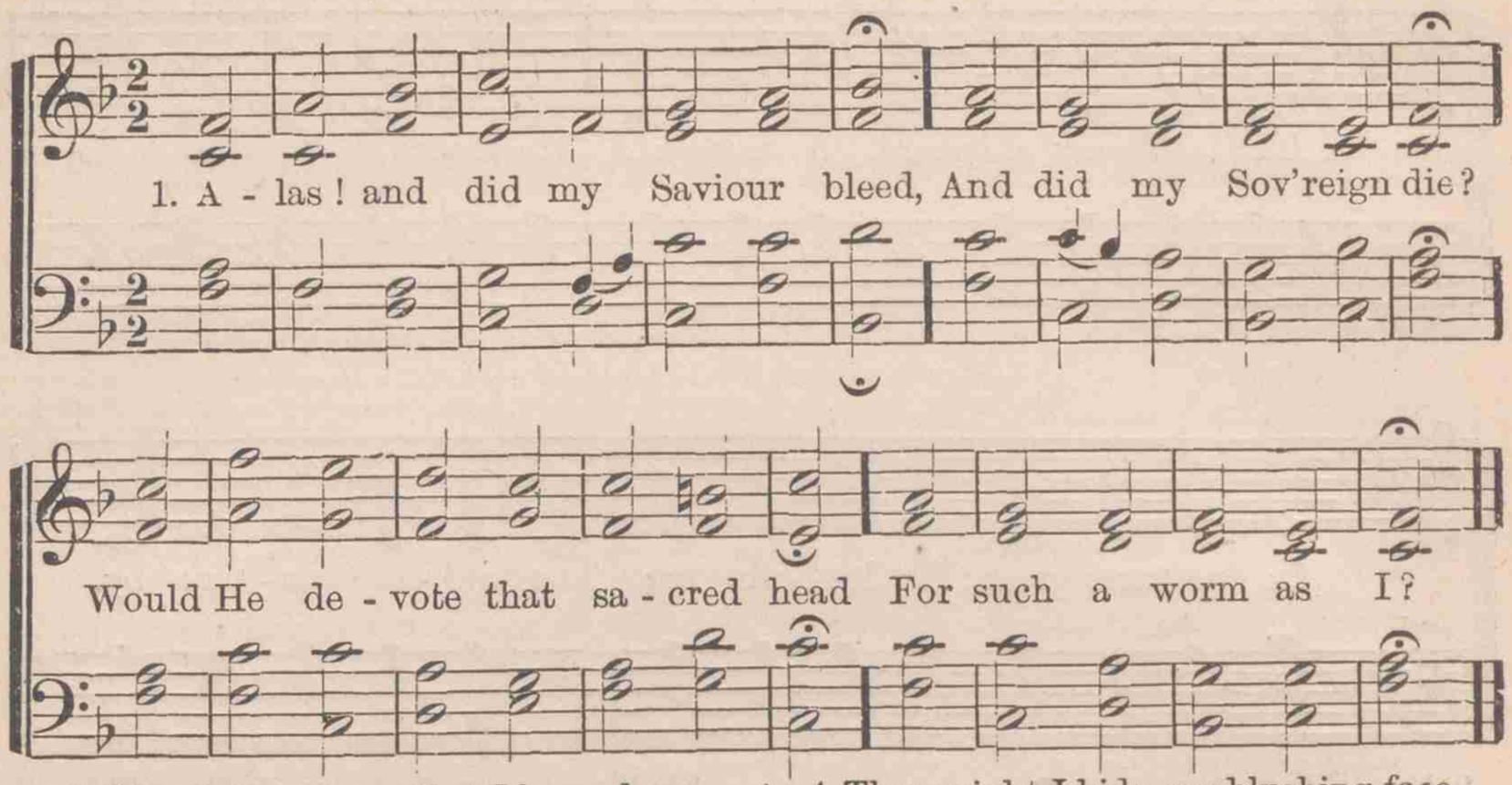
2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Rev. I. WATTS. 1719.

## No. 111. Dundee. C. M. (G. H. 2–35.)

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709. GUILLAUME FRANC, 1545.




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

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.

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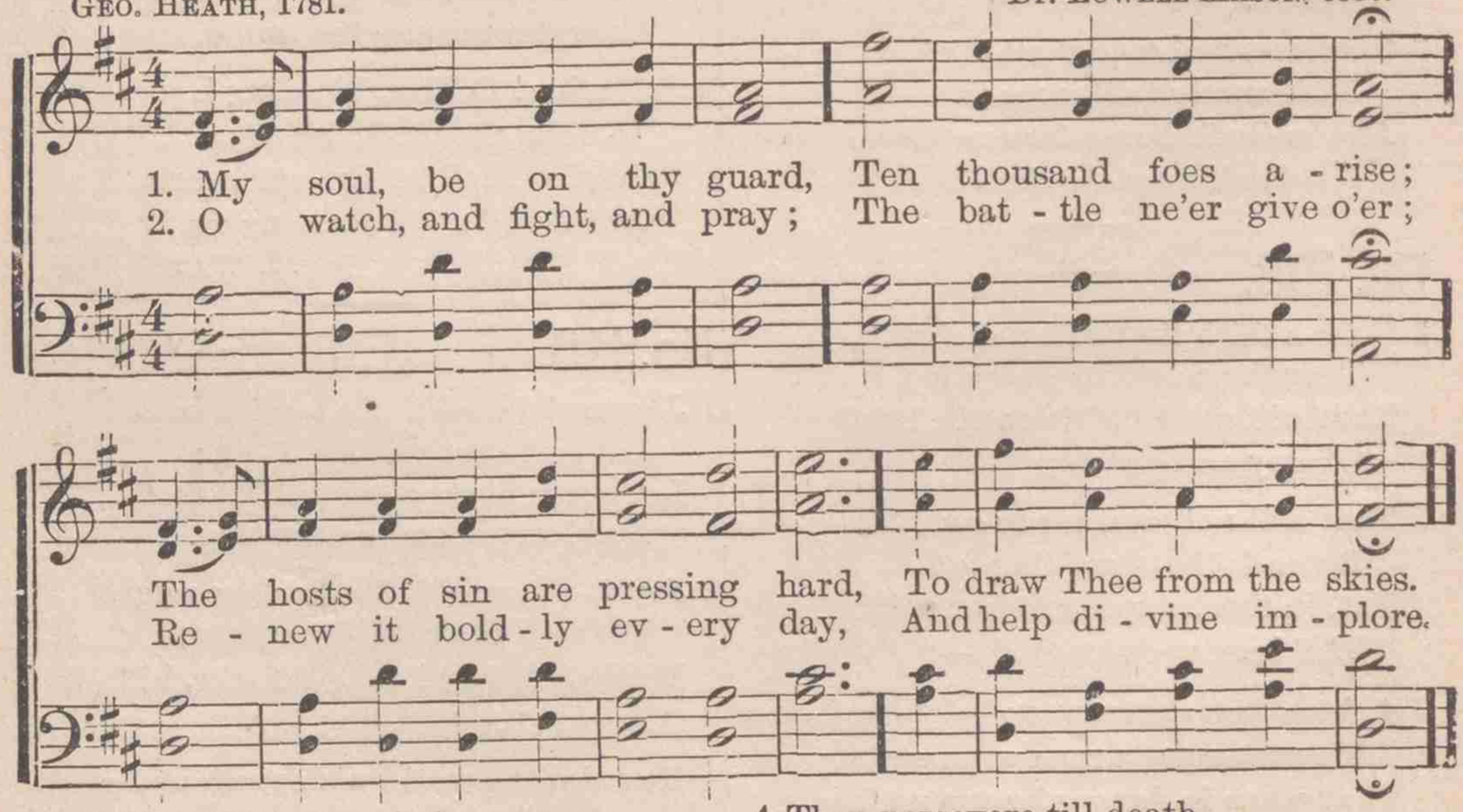
## No. 112. Laban. S. M.

GEO. HEATH, 1781. Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1830.

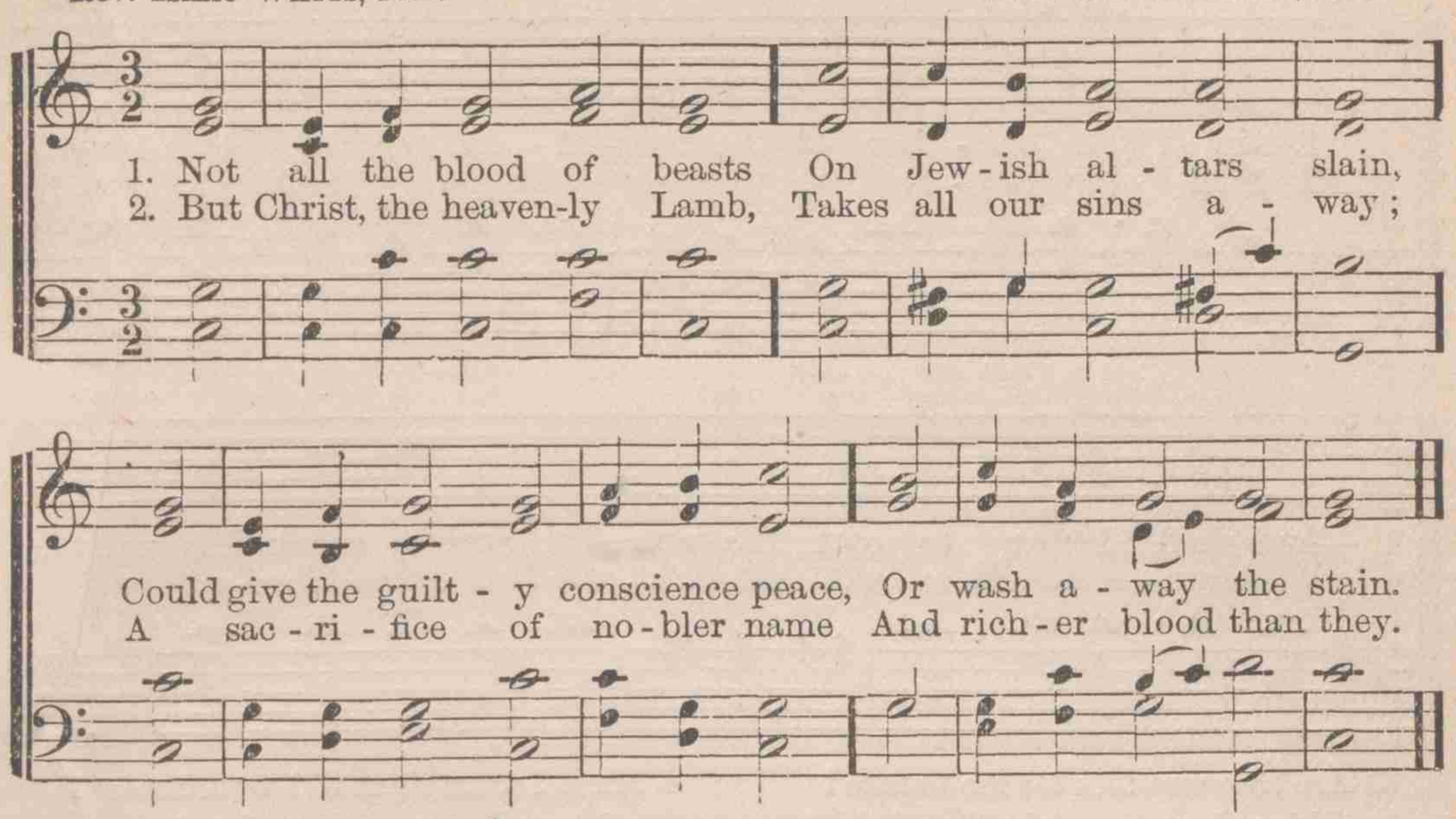



3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

## No. 113. Boylston. S. M.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1832.




3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
While hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

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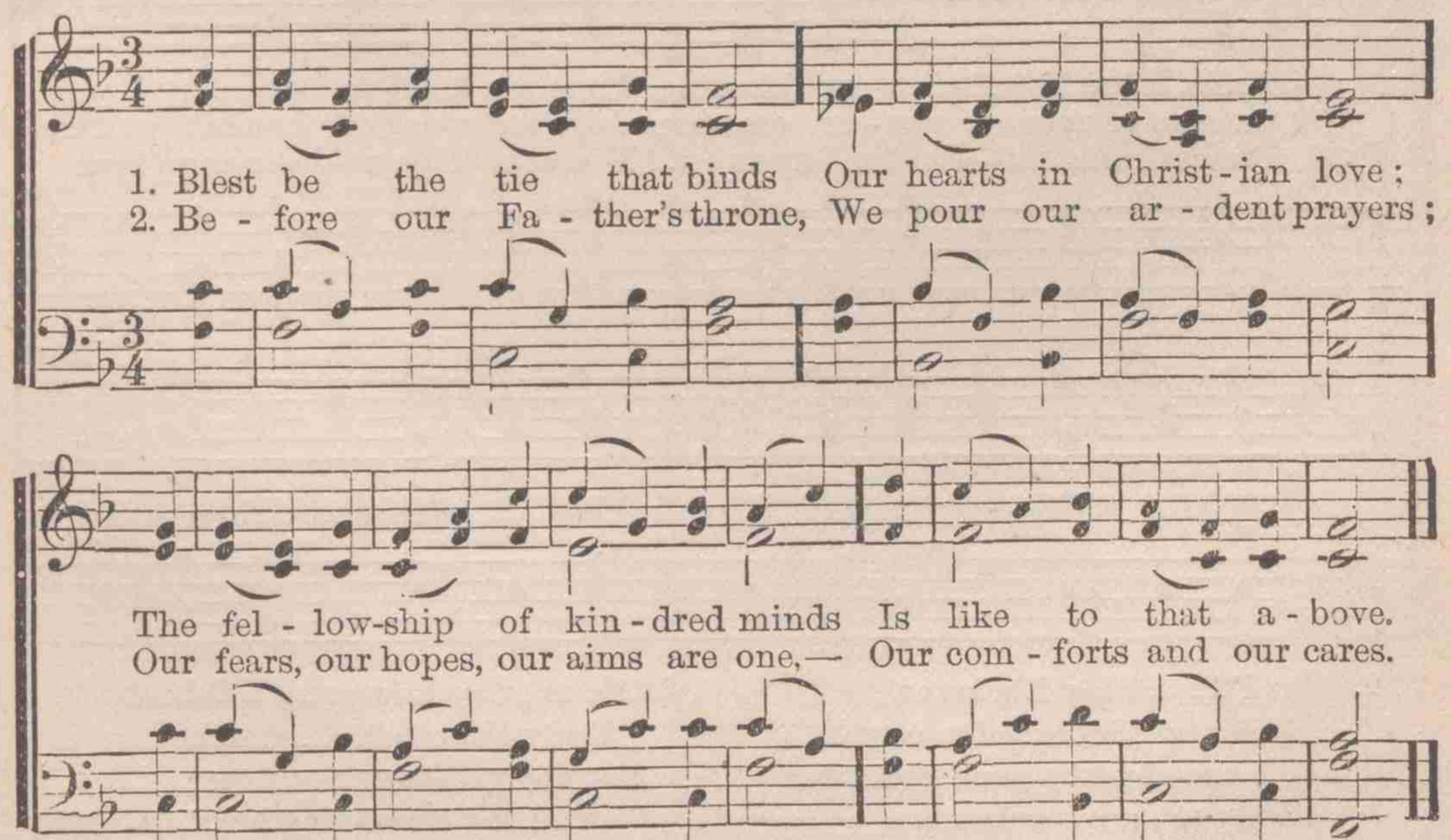
## No. 114. Dennis. S. M (G. H. 3–107.)

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772. From H. G. NAGELI.

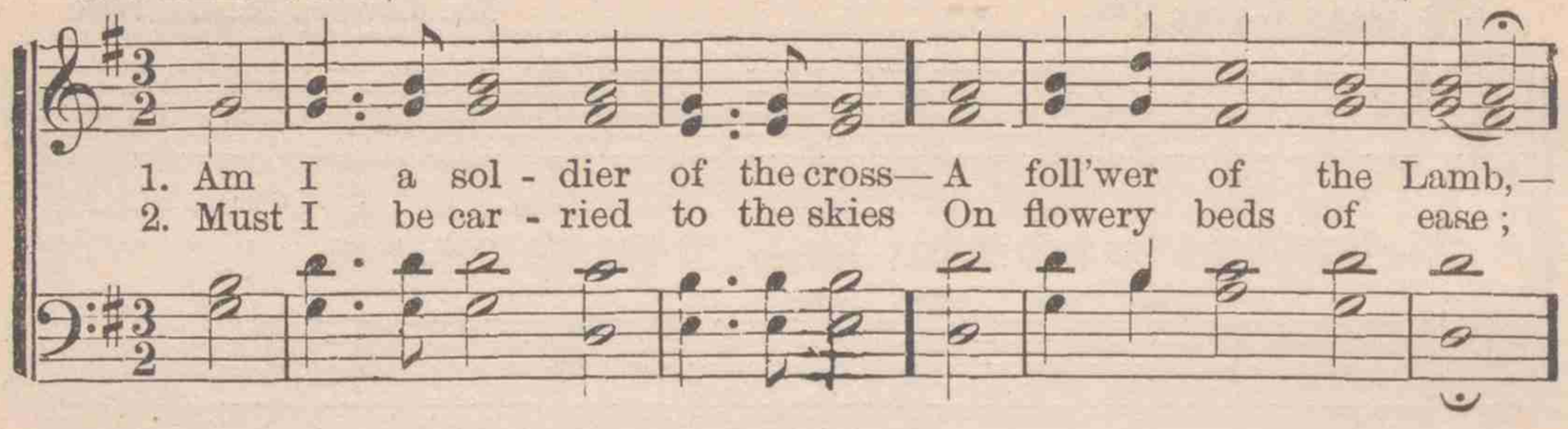


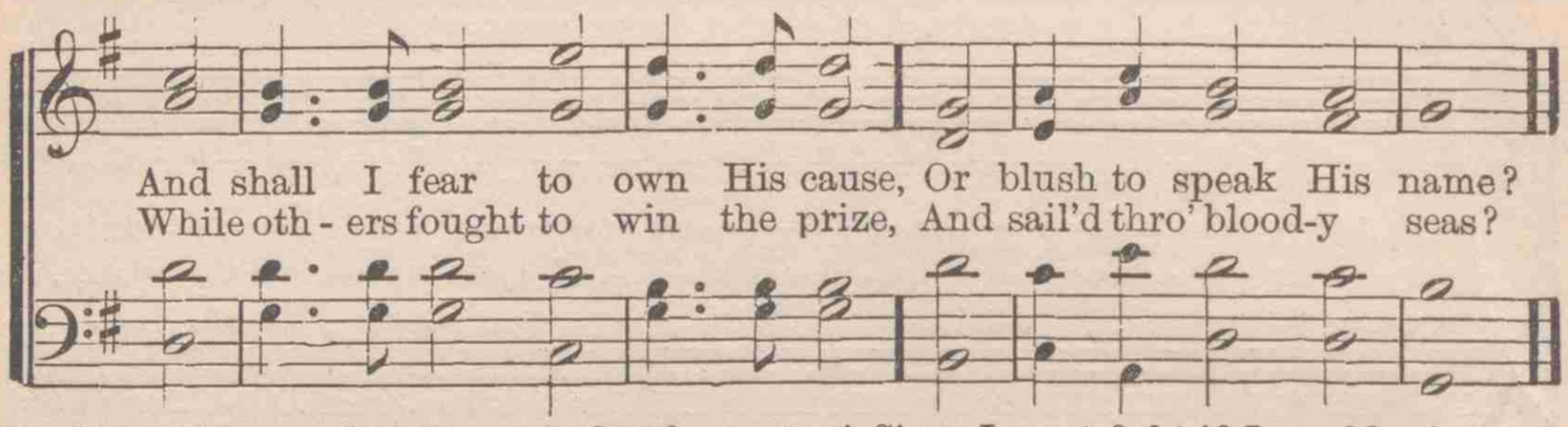

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart
And hope to meet again.

## No. 115. Arlington. C. M. (G H. 3–102.)

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1720. THOS. A. ARNE, 1744.




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

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

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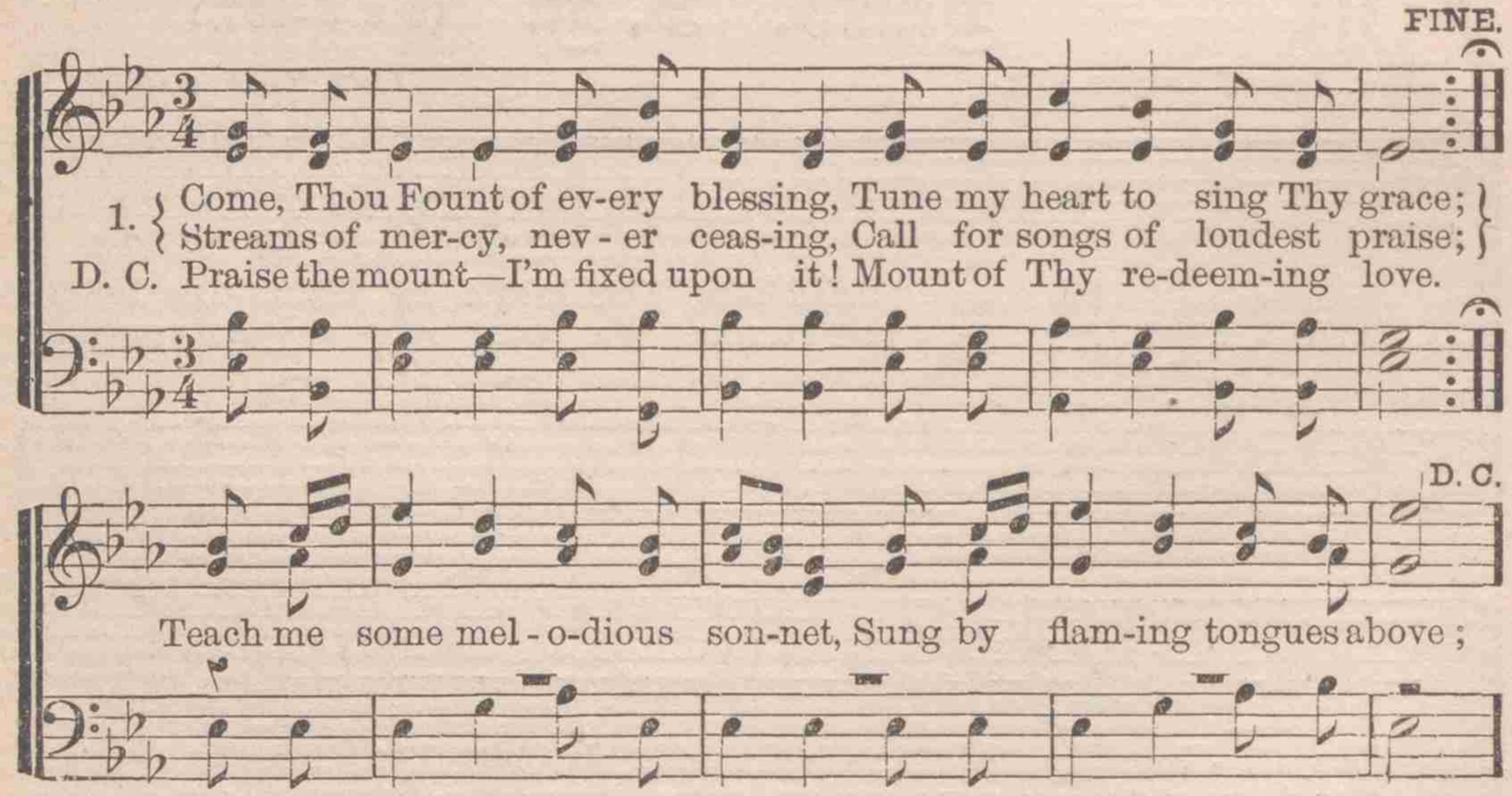
## No. 116. Nettleton. 8s & 7s. (G. H. 2–110: 3–112.)

Rev. R. ROBINSON, 1758. Old Melody, 1812.

FINE.

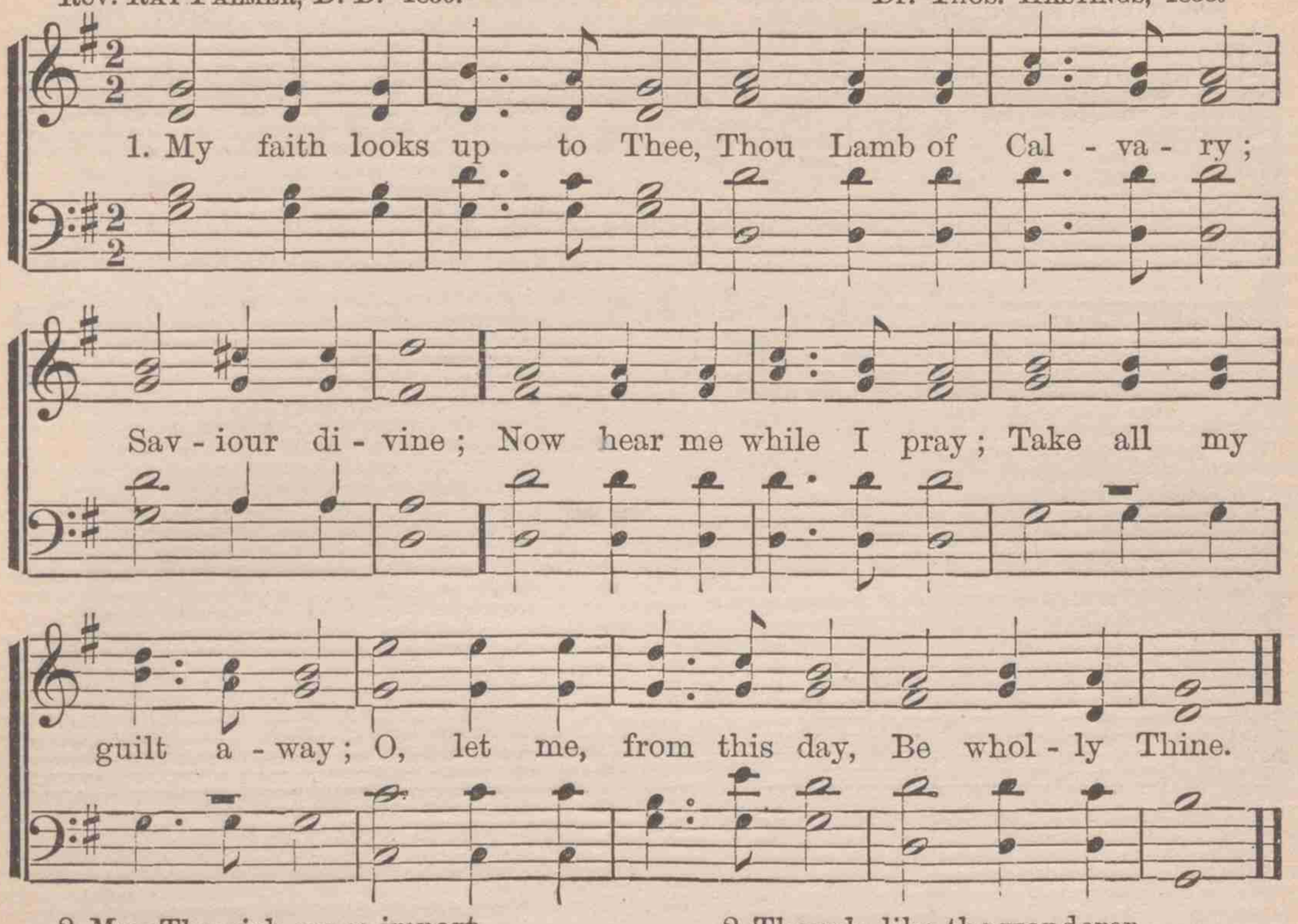



2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as 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, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

## No. 117. New Haven. 6s & 4s. (G. H. 2–86: 3–109.)

Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D. 1830. Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1833.




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.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.

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## No. 118. BETHANY. 6s & 4s. Key G.

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

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

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

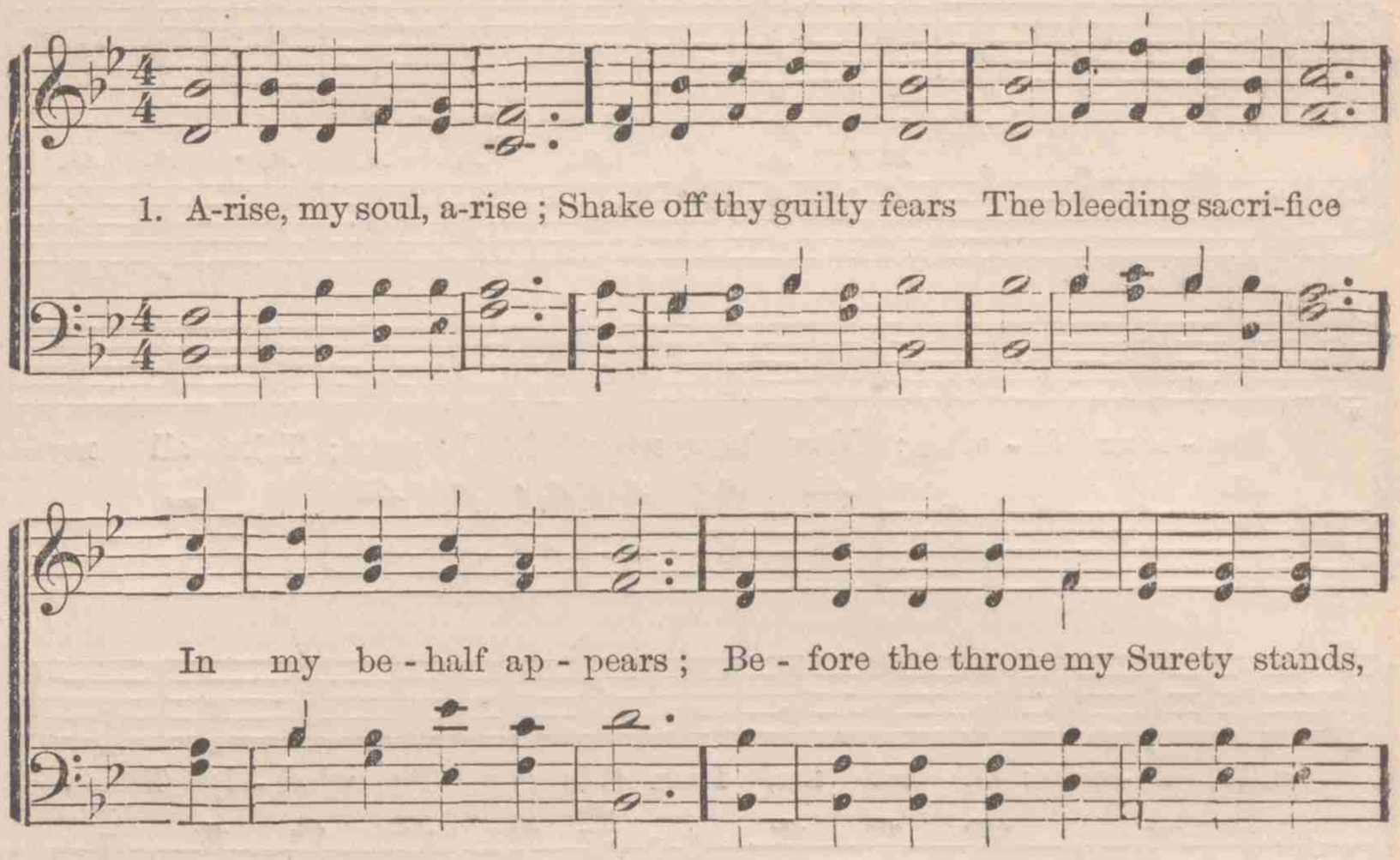
4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun moon, and stars forgot.
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams, 1840.

## No. 119. Lenox. 6s & 8s.

Rev. CH. WESLEY, 1742. J. EDSON, 1782.




2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

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

## No. 120. "YOUR MISSION." Key F.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,—
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee:
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in His sight.

No. 120.—*Concluded.*

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

5 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach; [herd,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shep-
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

6 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!"

Rev. DAN'L. MARCH, 1869

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## No. 121.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.
Key B♭.

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

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

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

Rev. GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr., 1858

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## No. 122.

TUNE.—WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.
Key F. (G. H. 2–112.)

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 daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER, 1860.

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## No. 123.

EVAN. C.M. (G. H. 2–104.)
Key A♭.

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."

2 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.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived
And now I live in Him.

5 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."

6 I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
'Till trav'ling days are done.

Rev. H. BONAR, 1857.

## No. 124. THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER. Key E♭.

1 Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, 1864.

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## No. 125. 40th PSALM. C. M.

1 I waited for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear;
At length to me He did incline
My voice and cry to hear.

2 He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
Establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify;
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

4 O blessed is the man whose trust
Upon the Lord relies;
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

SCOTCH VERSION.

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## No. 126. SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s & 4. Key E♭.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rest care,
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us
For our use Thy folds prepare;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
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;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

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

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

DOROTHY THRUPP, 1838.

## No. 127. ZION. 8s, 7s & 4. Key D.

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;
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;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam;
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 you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

Rev. JOS. HART, 1759.

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## No. 128. MARLOW. C. M. (G. H. 2–109.)

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.

I. WATTS, 1709.

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## No. 129. HE LOVED ME.

(*Tune on page* 23.)

1 Once I was dead in sin,
And hope within me died;
But now I'm dead to sin—
With Jesus crucified.
CHO.—And can it be that "He loved me,
And gave Himself for me?"

2 Oh height I cannot reach,
Oh depth I cannot sound,
Oh love, O boundless love,
In my Redeemer found!
CHO.—And can it be, &c.

3 Oh cold, ungrateful heart
That can from Jesus turn,
When living fires of love
Should on His altar burn.
CHO.—And can it be, &c.

4 I live—and yet, not I,
But Christ that lives in me;
Who from the law of sin
And death hath made me free.
CHO.—And can it be, &c.

Rev. A. T. PIERSON.

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## No. 130. THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME. P. M. Key C.

1 In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
CHO.—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.
CHO.—There is rest, &c.

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.
CHO.—There is rest, &c.

REV. SAM'L Y. HARMER, 1856.

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## No. 131.

BOYLSTON. S. M.
Key C.

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.

REV. BENJ. BEDDOME, 1787.

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## No. 132.

COME TO JESUS.
Key F.

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

2 He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you just now;
Just now He will save you,
He will save you just now.

3 He is able, He is able,
He is able just now;
Just now He is able,
He is able just now.

4 He is willing, He is willing,
He is willing just now;
Just now He is willing,
He is willing just now.

5 He is waiting, He is waiting,
He is waiting just now;
Just now He is waiting,
He is waiting just now.

6 He will hear you, He will hear you,
He will hear you just now;
Just now He will hear you,
He will hear you just now.

7 He will cleanse you, He will cleanse you,
He will cleanse you just now;
Just now He will cleanse you,
He will cleanse you just now.

8 He'll renew you, He'll renew you,
He'll renew you just now;
Just now He'll renew you,
He'll renew you just now.

9 He'll forgive you, etc.

10 If you trust Him, etc.

11 He will save you, etc.

ENGLISH.

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## No. 133.

HAPPY DAY. L.M. (G.H.2–101.)
Key G.

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day,
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

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

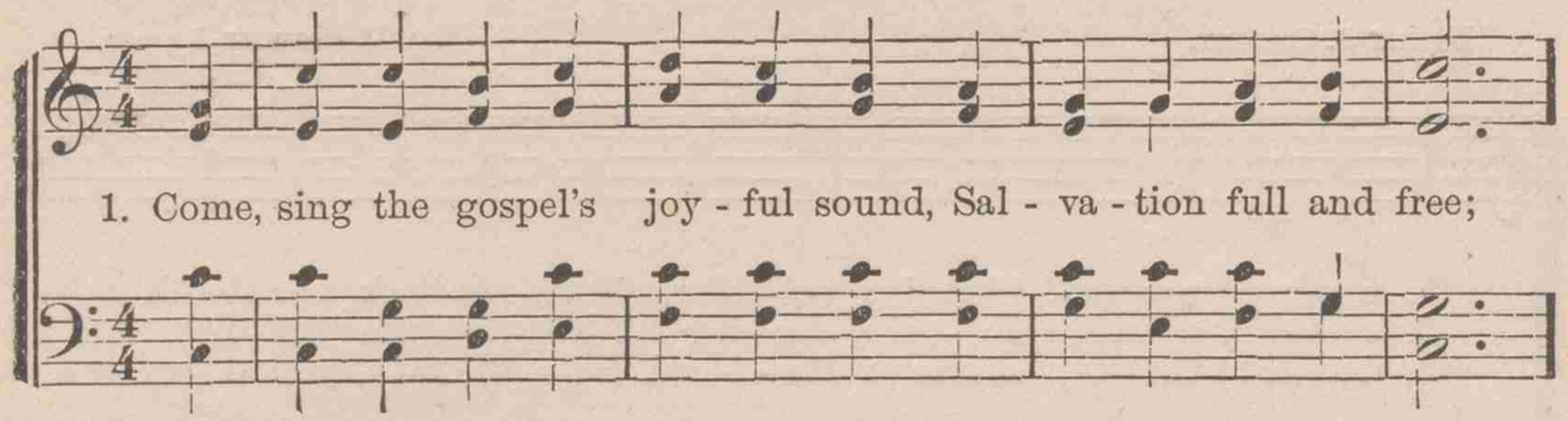
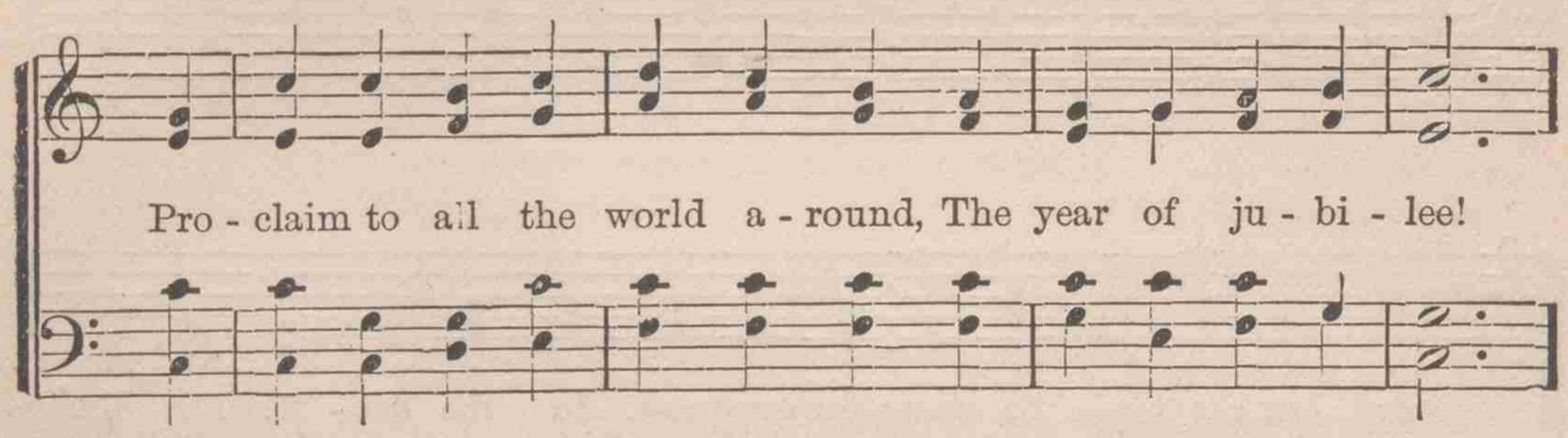
3 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.
CHO.—Happy day, &c.

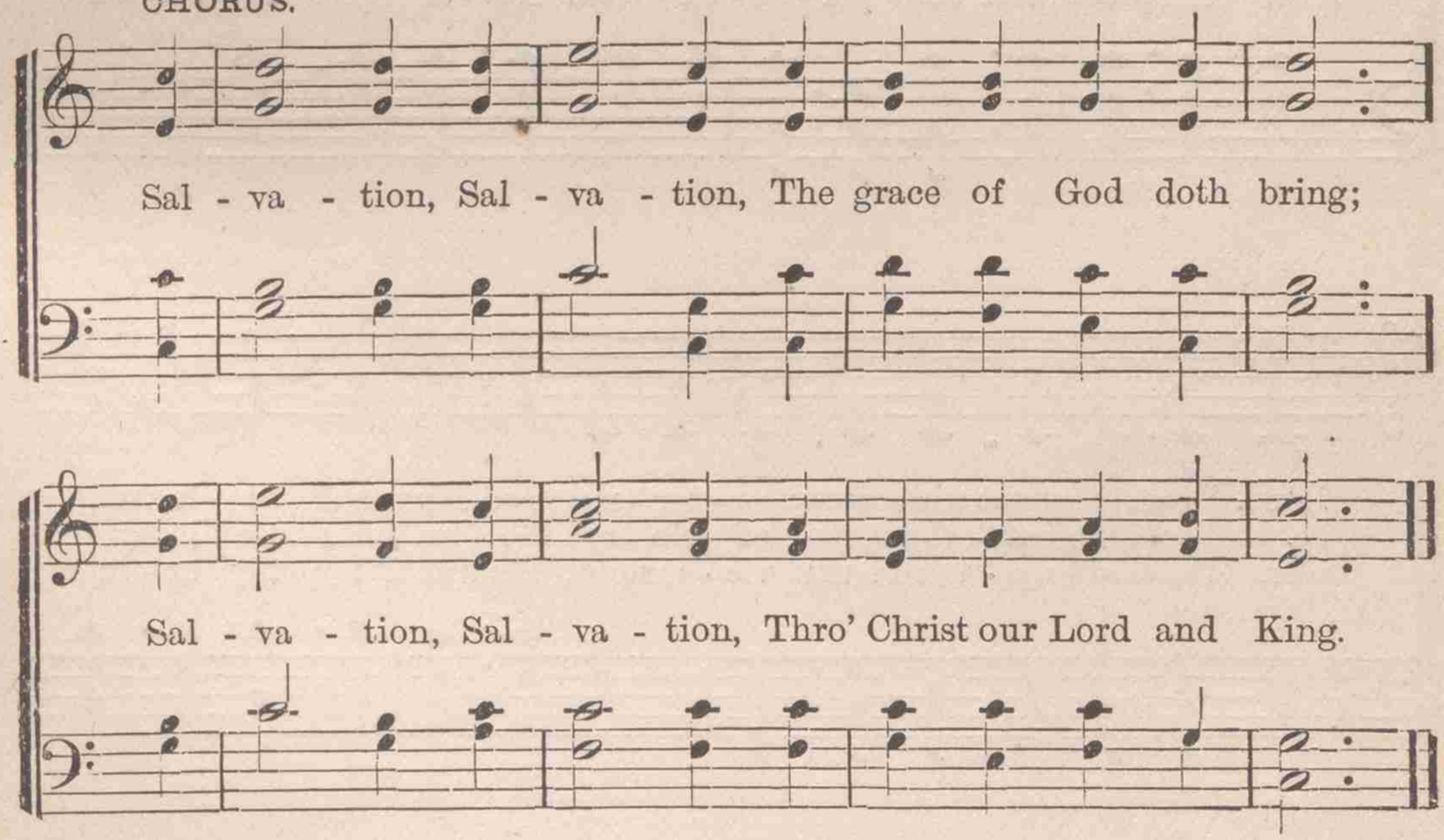
4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
CHO.—Happy day, &c.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D, 1755.

## No. 134. Salvation. (G. H. 2–1.)

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared.—TITUS 2: 11.

*P.* P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS, by per.



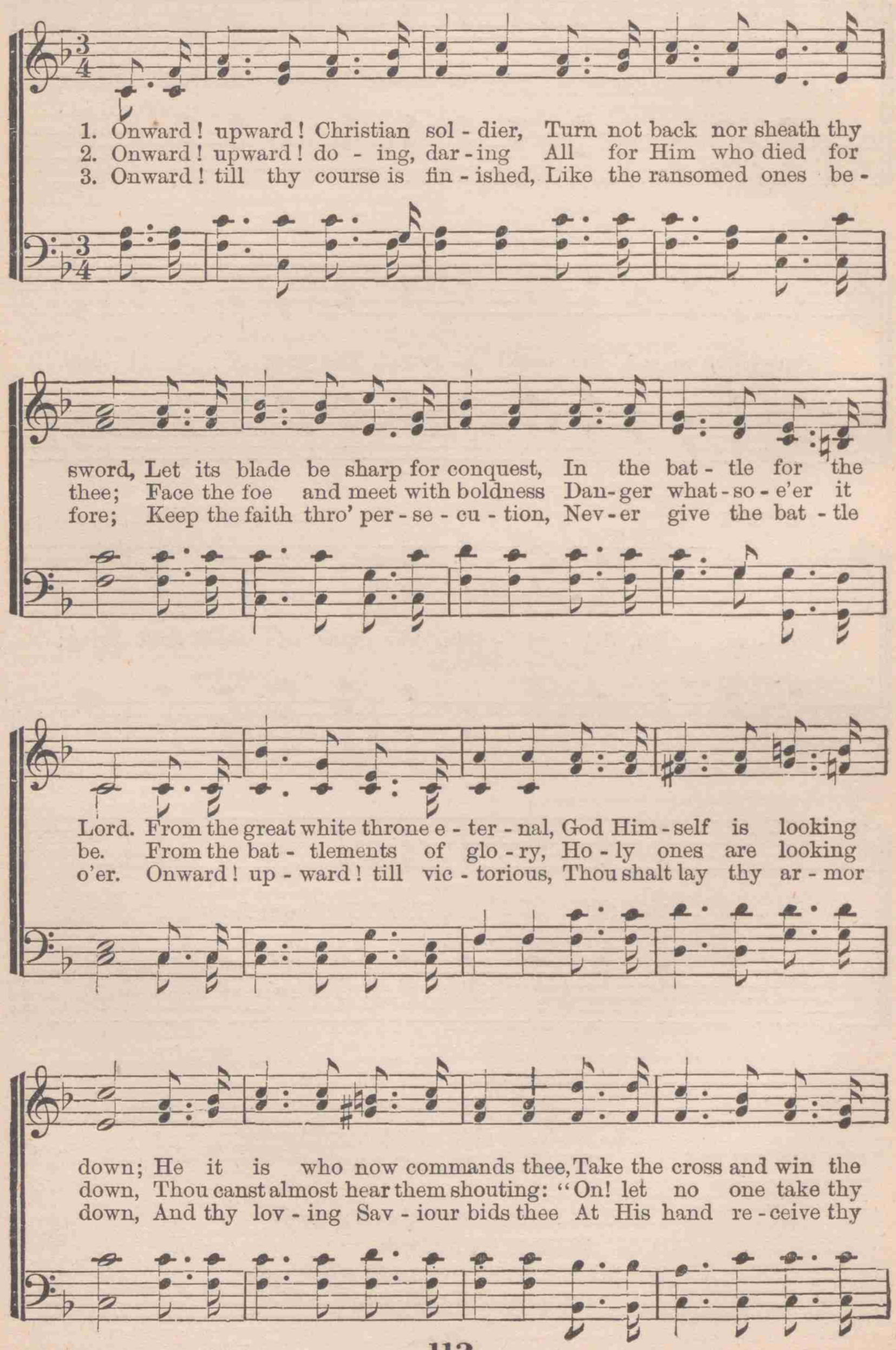

CHORUS.

2 Ye mourning souls, aloud rejoice;
Ye blind, your Saviour see!
Ye pris'ners, sing with thankful voice,
The Lord hath made you free! — *Cho.*

3 With rapture swell the song again,
Of Jesus' dying love;
'Tis peace on earth, good will to men,
And praise to God above.—*Cho.*

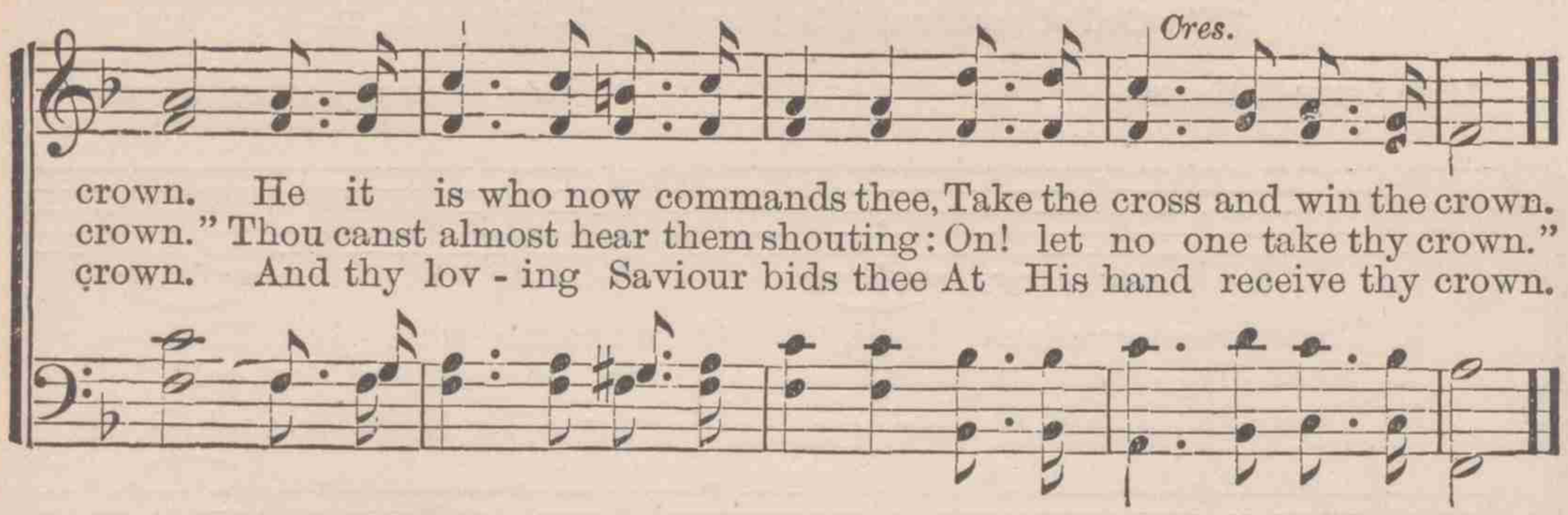
## No. 135 Onward, Upward. (G. H. 2–2.)

"Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3: 11.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey, by per.

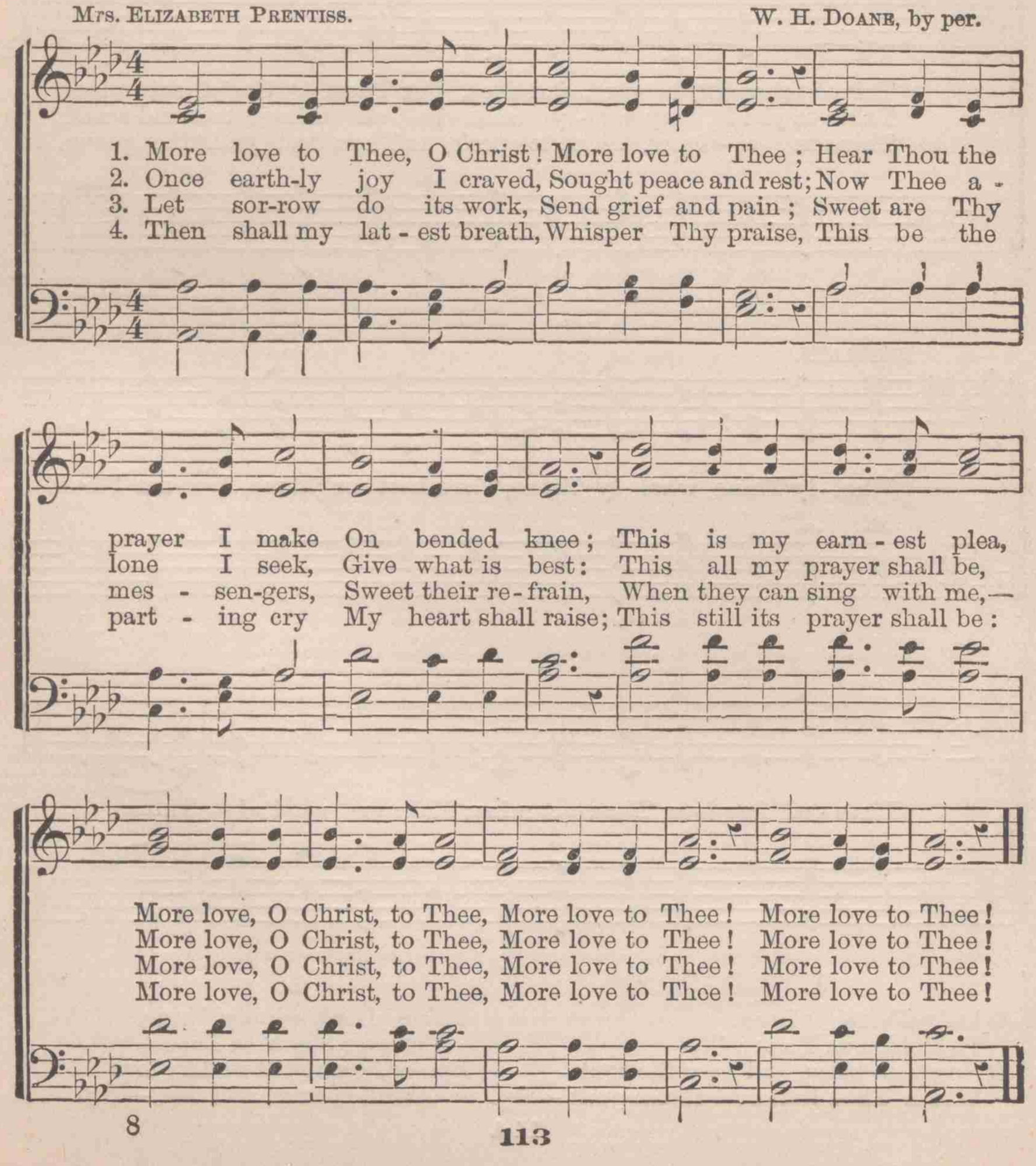


# Onward, Upward!—Concluded.

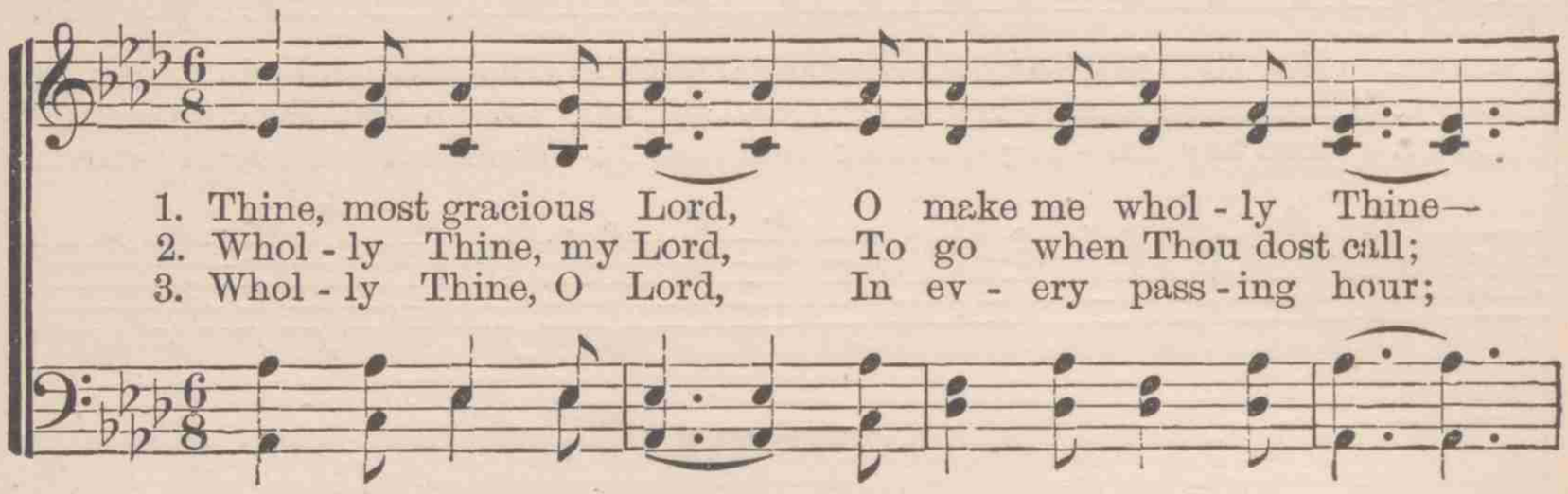
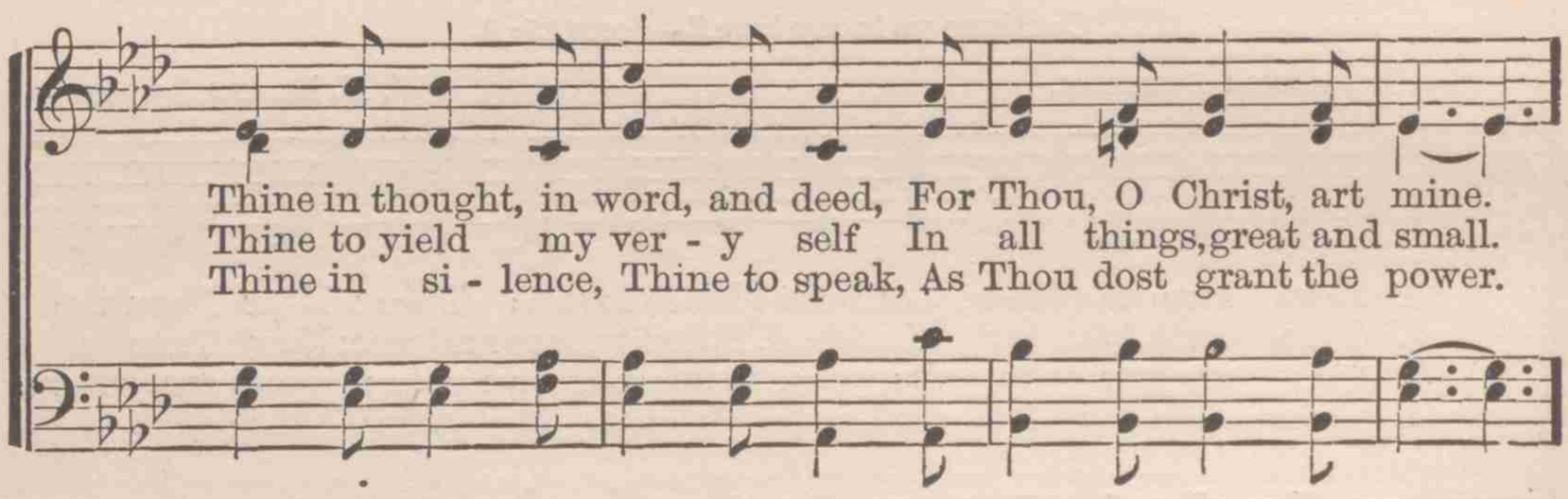



## No. 136. More Love to Thee, O Christ. (G. H. 2–3.)

Continue ye in my love."—JOHN 15: 9.

MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE, by per.

## No. 137. Wholly Thine. (G. H. 2–4.)

"The God of peace sanctify you wholly."—1 THES. 5: 23.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY by per.

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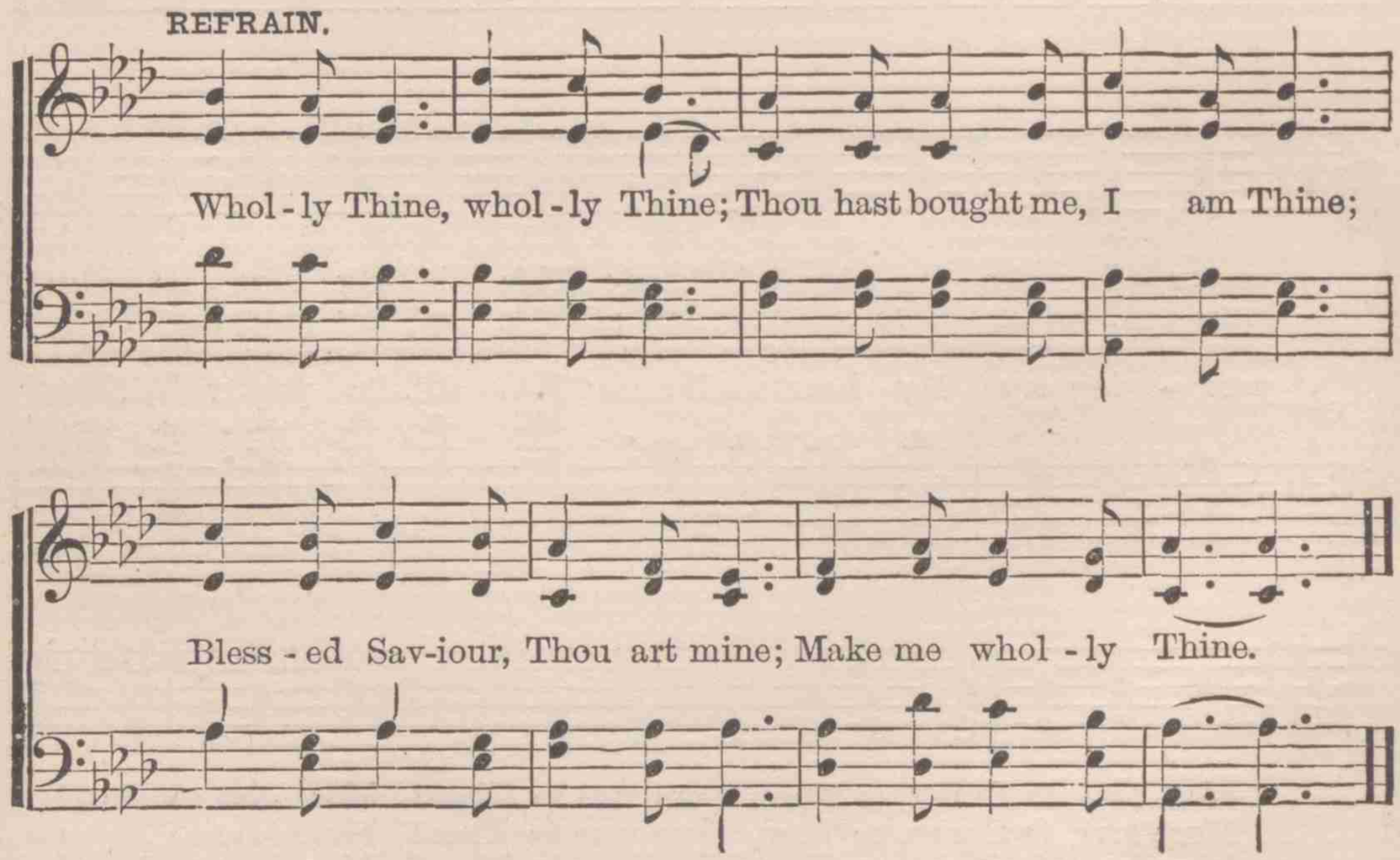



4.

Wholly Thine, O Lord,
To fashion as Thou wilt,—
Strengthen bless, and keep the soul
Which Thou hast saved from guilt.—*Ref.*

5.

Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,
For ever one with Thee—
Rooted, grounded in Thy love
Abiding, sure, and free.—*Ref.*

## No. 138. Draw Me Nearer. (G. H. 2–5.)

"Let us draw near with a true heart."—HEB. 10: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY — W. H. DOANE by per.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - secrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace divine;
3. O the pure de - light of a single hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
nearer, nearer,

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

## No. 139. Fully Trusting. (G. H. 2–6.)

"For I trust in Thy word."—Ps. 119: 42.

J. C. MORGAN. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

*Slowly.*

1. All my doubts I give to Je - sus! I've His gra-cious promise heard—
2. All my sin I lay on Je - sus! He doth wash me in His blood:
3. All my fears I give to Je - sus! Rests my wea - ry soul on Him;
4. All my joys I give to Je - sus! He is all I want of bliss:
5. All I am I give to Je - sus! All my bod - y, all my soul,

"I shall nev - er be con-founded"—I am trusting in that word.
He will keep me pure and ho - ly, He will bring me home to God.
Tho' my way be hid in darkness, Nev - er can His light grow dim.
He of all the worlds is Mas - ter—He has all I need in this.
All I have, and all I hope for, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.

CHORUS.

I am trusting, ful - ly trusting, Sweet-ly trusting in His word,

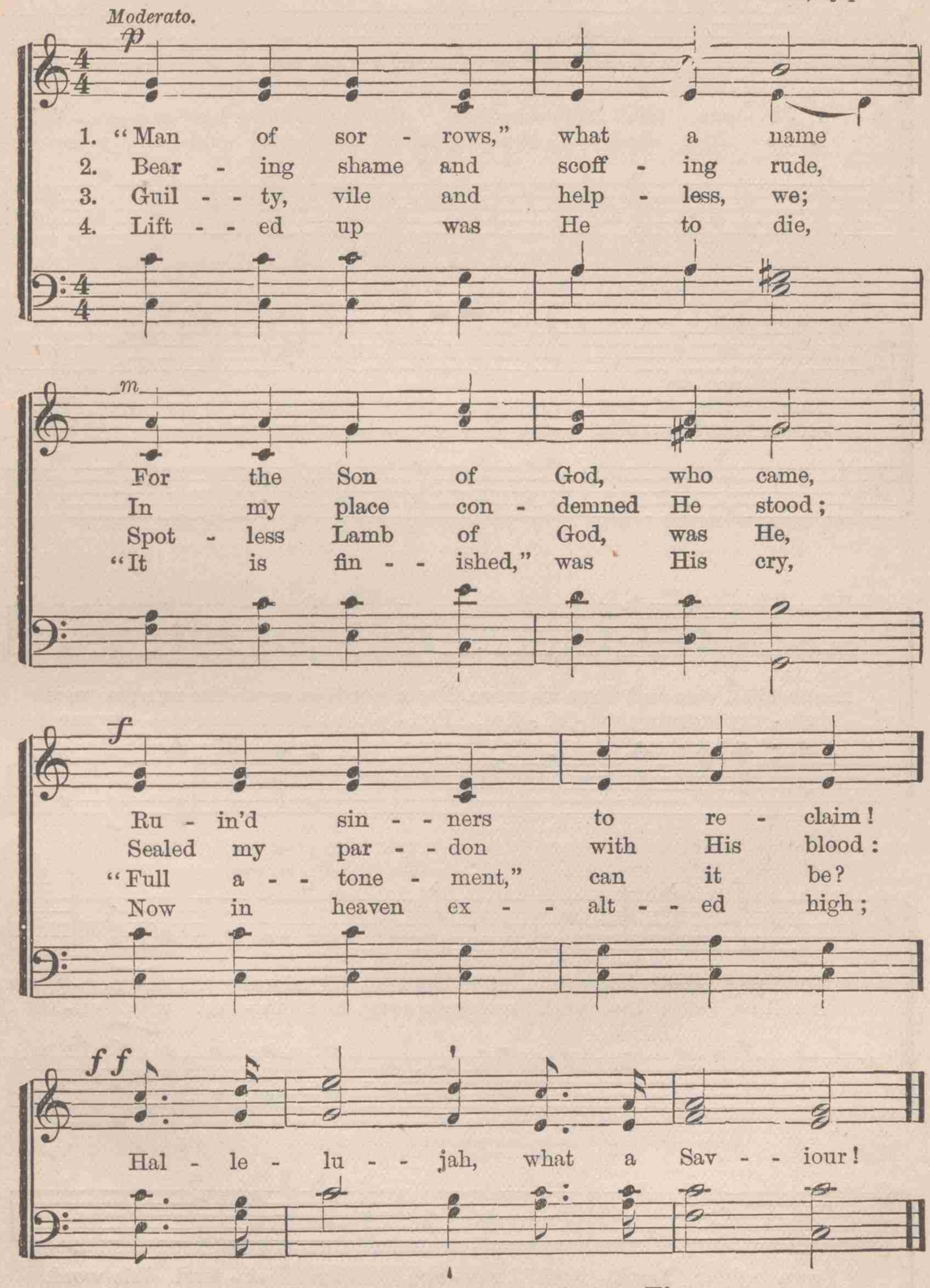
*p*

I am trusting, ful - ly trust-ing, Sweetly trusting in His word.

# No. 140. Hallelujah, What a Saviour! (G. H. 2–7.)

"A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,"—Isa. 53: 3.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss, by per.

*Moderato.*

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

## No. 141. Jesus Shall Reign. (G. H. 2–8.)

"The Lord is King forever and ever."—Ps. 10 : 16.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719 — KARL WILHELM. ART.

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-cess - ive
2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made And end-less praises

jour - neys run ; His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till
crown His head; His name like sweet perfume shall rise With

moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the princes meet,
ev - ery morning sac - ri - fice. Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue

To pay their homage at His feet; While western em - - pires
Dwell on His love with sweetest song, And in - fant voic - - es

own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend His word.
shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His Name.

# No. 142. My Song shall be of Jesus. (G. H. 2–9.)

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. 34 : 1.

Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE. W. H DOANE, by per.

1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days,
2. My song shall be of Je - sus, When, sit - ting at His feet,
3. My song shall be of Je - sus, While pressing on my way

He fills my cup with blessings, And tunes my heart to praise;
I call to mind His goodness, In med - i - ta - tion sweet;
To reach the bliss - ful re - gion Of pure and per - fect day.

My song shall be of Je - sus, The pre-cious Lamb of God,
My song shall be of Je - sus, Whatev - er ill be - tide;
And when my soul shall en - ter The gate of E - den fair,

*ritard.*

Who gave Himself my ran - som, And bought me with His blood.
I'll sing the grace that saves me, And keeps me at His side.
A song of praise to Je - sus I'll sing for - ev - er there.

## No. 143. Windows open towards Jerusalem. (G. H. 2--10.)

"And his windows being open toward Jerusalem."—DAN. 6 : 10.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Do you see the Hebrew captive kneeling, At morning, noon and night to
2. Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace, Nor shrink the lion's den to
3. Children of the living God, take courage ; Your great deliverance sweetly

pray? In his chamber he re-mem-bers Zi - on, Tho' in
share; For the God of Dan-iel will de - liv - er, He will
sing: Set your fac - es toward the hill of Zi - on, Thence to

CHORUS.

ex - ile far a - way. Are your windows o - pen toward Je -
send His an - gel there.
hail our com - ing King!

ru - sa - lem, Tho' as captives here a "lit - tle while" we stay? For the

coming of the King in His glo-ry, Are you watching day by day?

## No. 144 Only a Step to Jesus. (G. H. 2–11.)

"Then come thou, for there is peace."—1 SAM. 20: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now?
2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live;
3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace;
4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come, and say,

Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, To Him thy Sav - iour bow.
Lov - ing - ly now He's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
What hast thy heart de - cid - ed? The moments fly a - pace.
Glad - ly to Thee, my Sav - iour, I give my - self a - way.

REFRAIN.

On - ly a step, On - ly a step; Come, He waits for Thee;

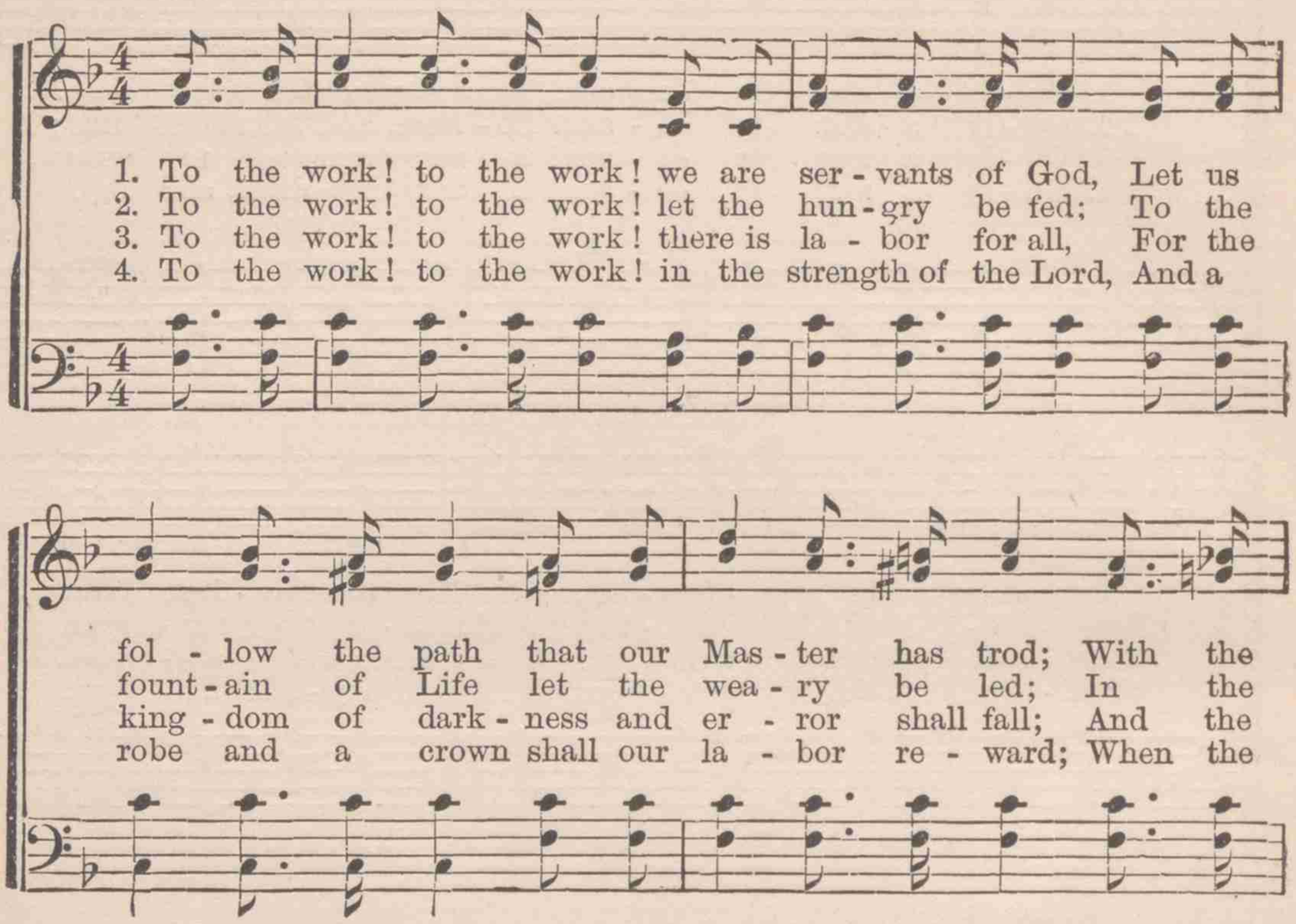
Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt receive a bless - ing;

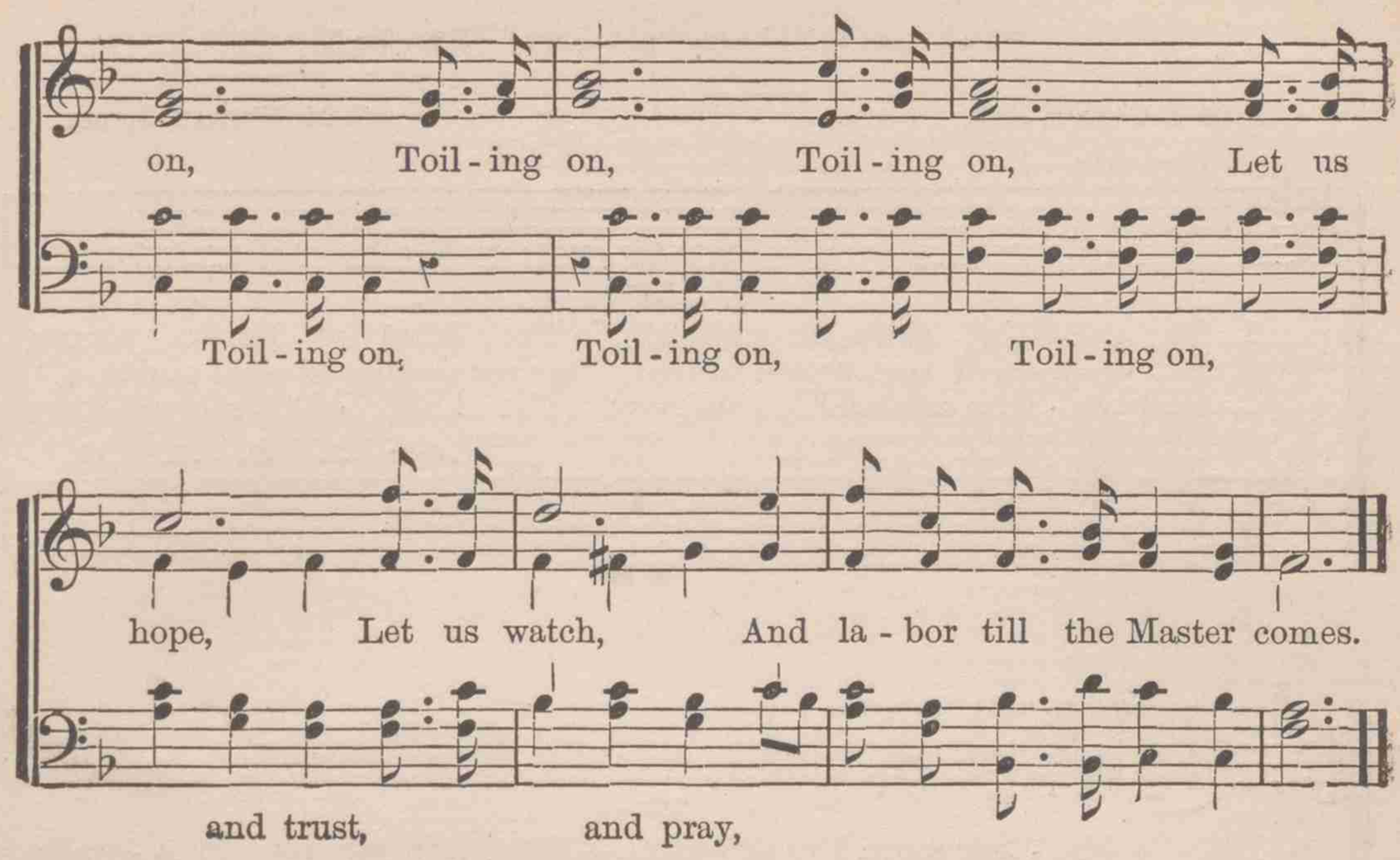
Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

## No. 145. To the Work. (G. H. 2–12.)

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

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1871. W. H. DOANE, by per.



## To the Work.—Concluded.

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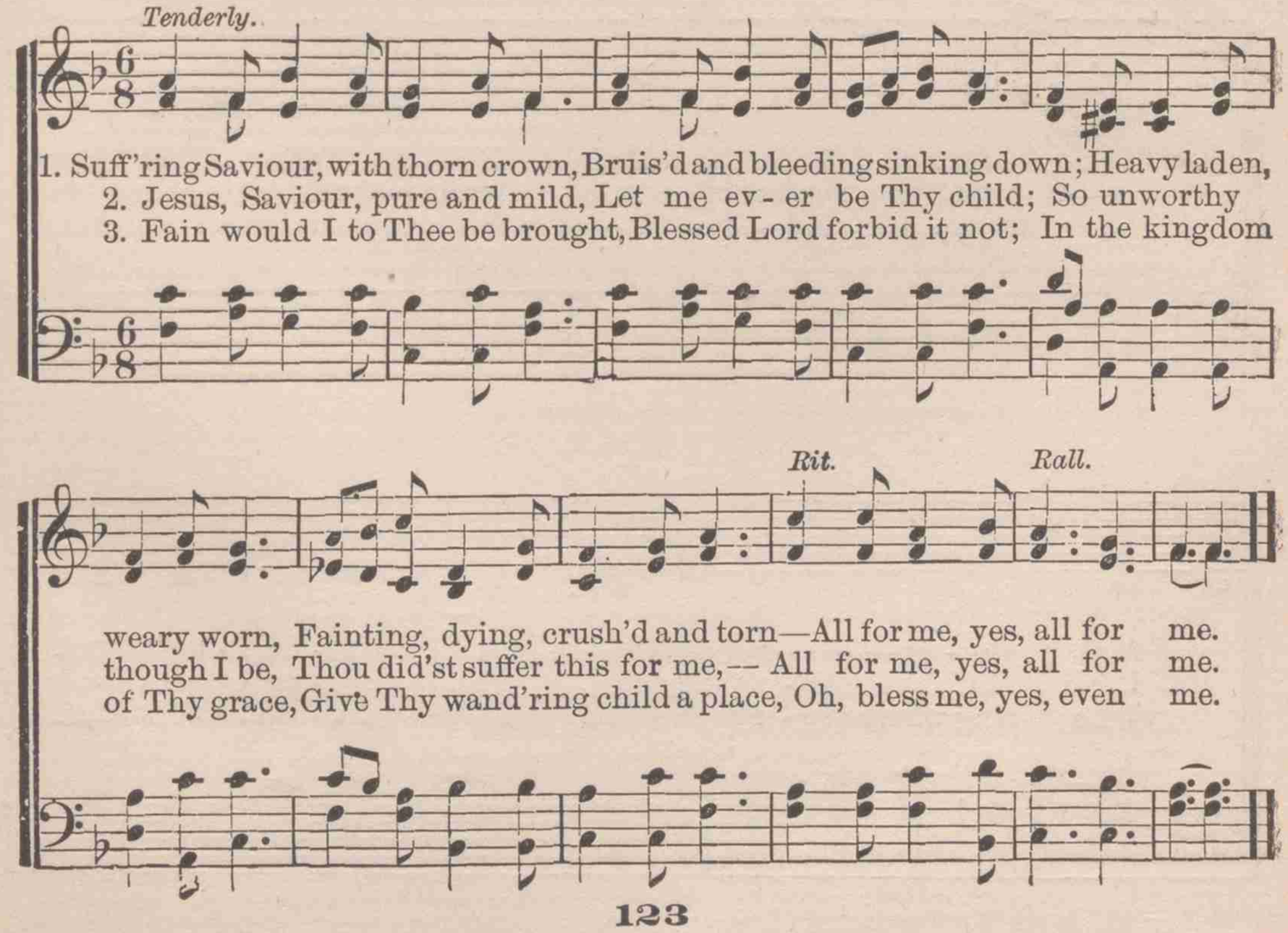
## No. 146. All for Me. (G. H. 2–13.)

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it on His head, and a reed in His hand."—MATT. 27: 29.

ANON. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

*Tenderly.*



## No. 147. Immanuel's Land. (G. H. 2–14.)

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. 22: 5.

Annie R. Cousin, 1857. C. M. Wyman, by per.

*Earnestly.*

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heaven breaks,
2. I've wres - tled on t'ward heaven, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
3. Deep wa - ter s crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp;

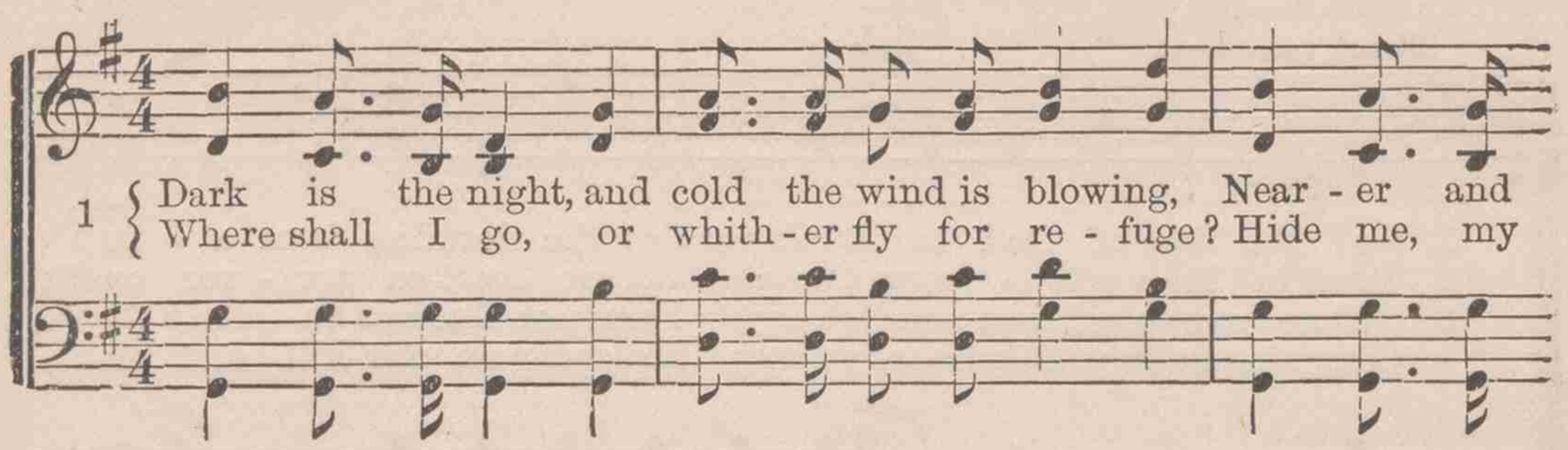
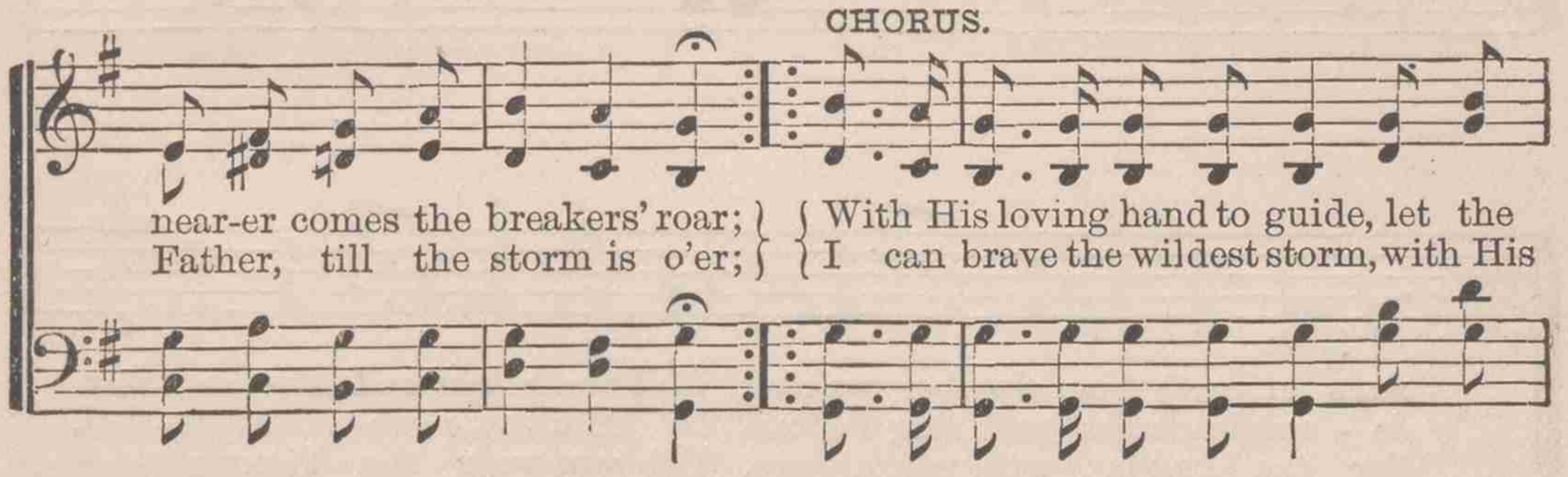
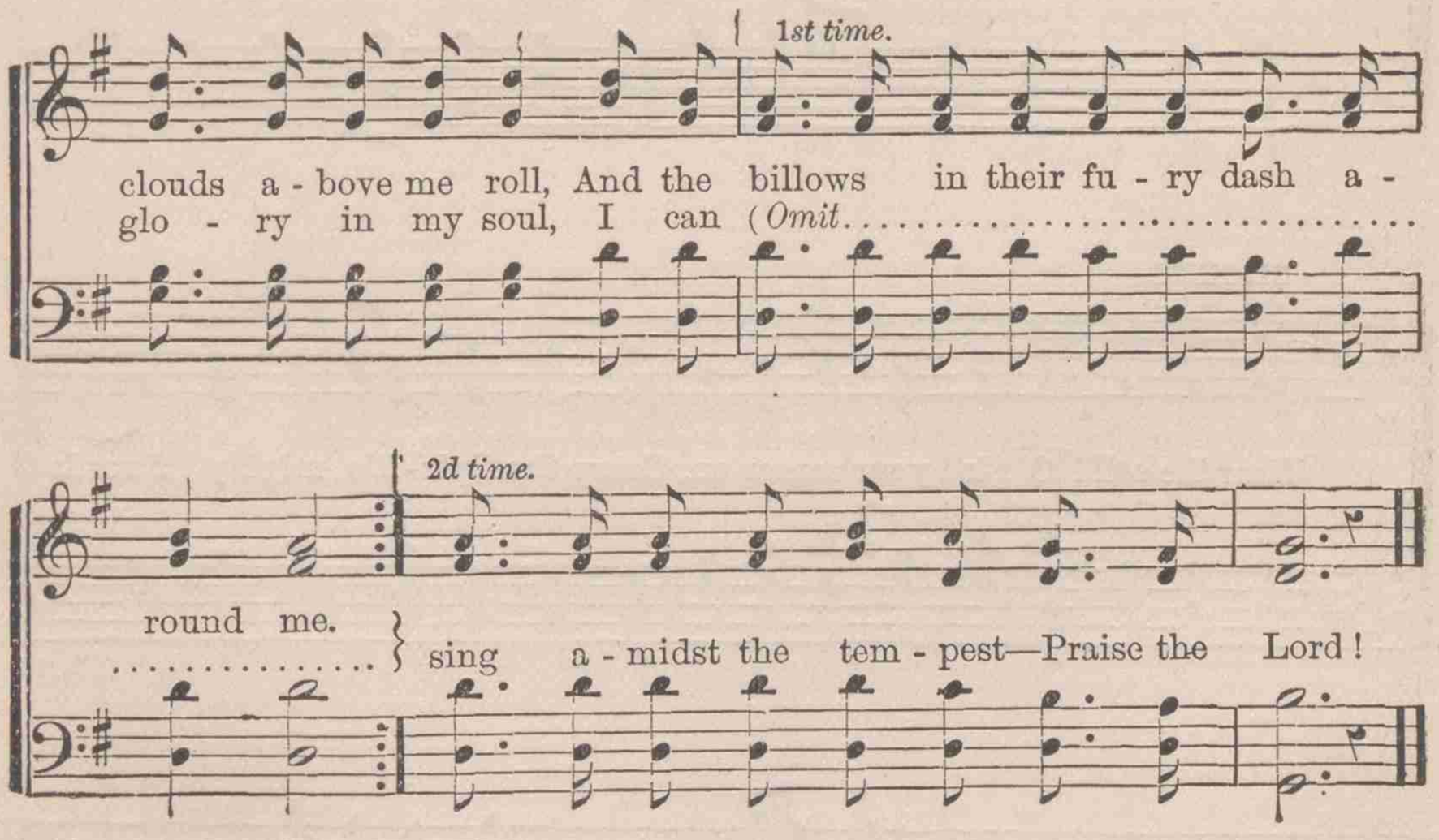
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for— The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
Now, like a wea - ry trav'- ler That lean - eth on his guide,
Now these lie all be - hind me— O! for a well tuned harp!

Dark, dark hath been the midnight, But day - spring is at hand,
A - - mid the shades of evening, While sinks life's lingering sand,
O, to join the hal - le - lu - jah With yon triumph - ant band!

And glo - ry-- glo - ry dwelleth In Im - man - uel's land.
I hail the glo - ry dawning, From Im - man - uel's land.
Who sing where glo - ry dwelleth, In Im - man - uel's land.

## No. 148. Dark is the Night. (G. H. 2–15.)

"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Ps. 32: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. T. E. PERKINS, by per.




2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise;
He will go with me o'er the troubled wave;
Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters,
Jesus, the mighty one, and strong to save.

3 Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking,
Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail;
Now at the helm I see my Father standing,
Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.

## No. 149. Hear the Call. (G. H. 2–21.)

"Put on the whole armor of God."—EPH. 6: 11.

W. F. S. WM. F. SHERWIN, 1876, by per.

*March movement.*

1. Lo! the day of God is breaking; See the gleaming from a - far!
2. Trust in Him who is your Captain; Let no heart in ter - ror quail;
3. Onward marching, firm and steady, Faint not, fear not Sa - tan's frown,
4. Conq'ring hosts with banners waving, Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,

Sons of earth from slumber waking, Hail the bright and Morning Star.
Je - sus leads the gath'ring legions, In His name we shall pre - vail.
For the Lord is with you always, Till you wear the Victor's crown.
Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem, "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

CHORUS.

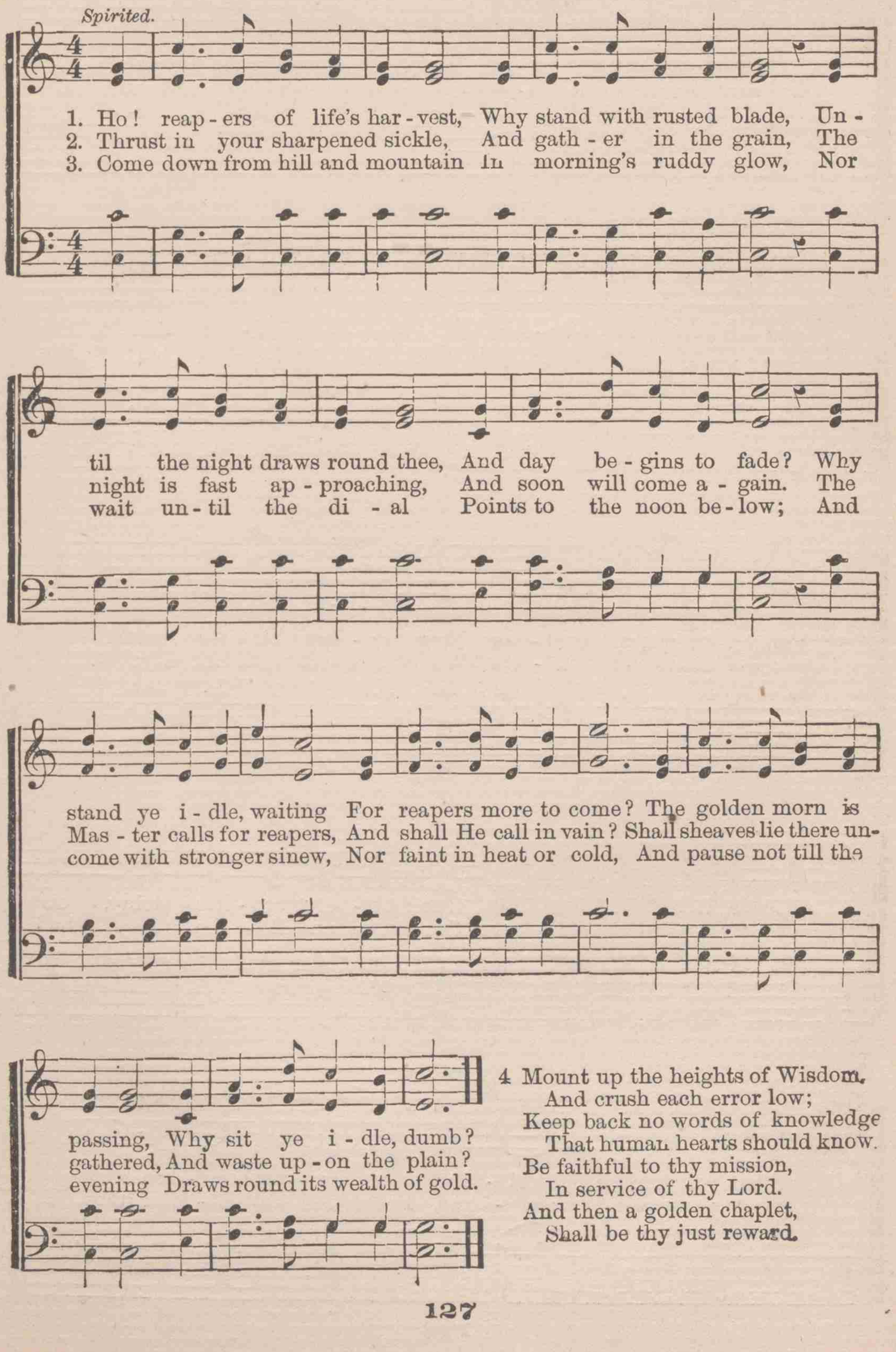
Hear the call! O gird your armor on, Grasp the Spir - it's mighty Sword:

Take the hel - met of sal - va - tion, Pressing on to battle for the Lord!

# No. 150. Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest. (G. H. 2–17.)

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

I. B. W. I. B. WOODBURY, by per.

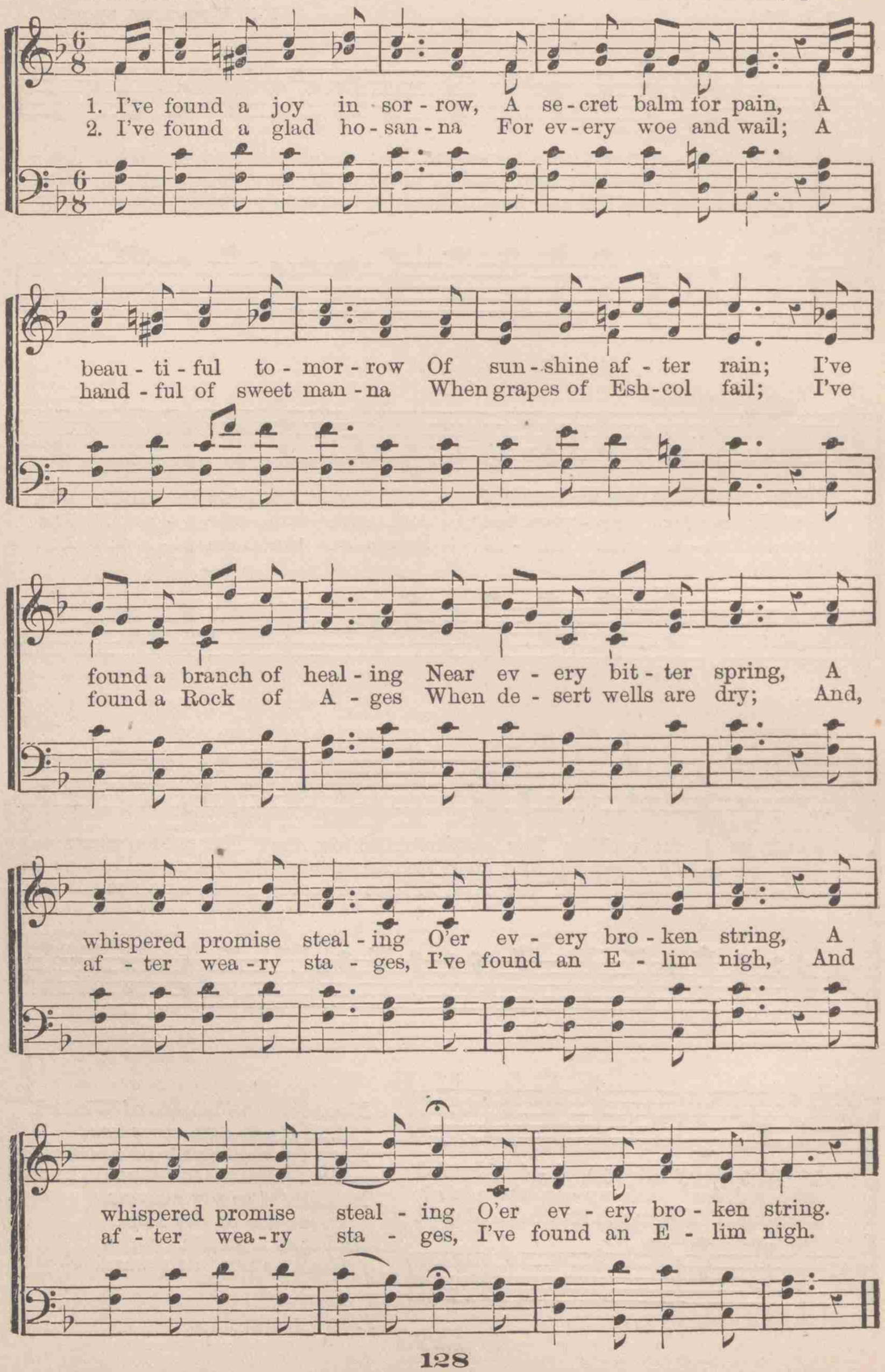



4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord.
And then a golden chaplet,
Shall be thy just reward.

## No. 151. Joy in Sorrow. (G. H. 2–18.)

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—JOHN 16: 20.

MRS. JANE CREWDSON. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



# Joy in Sorrow.—Concluded.

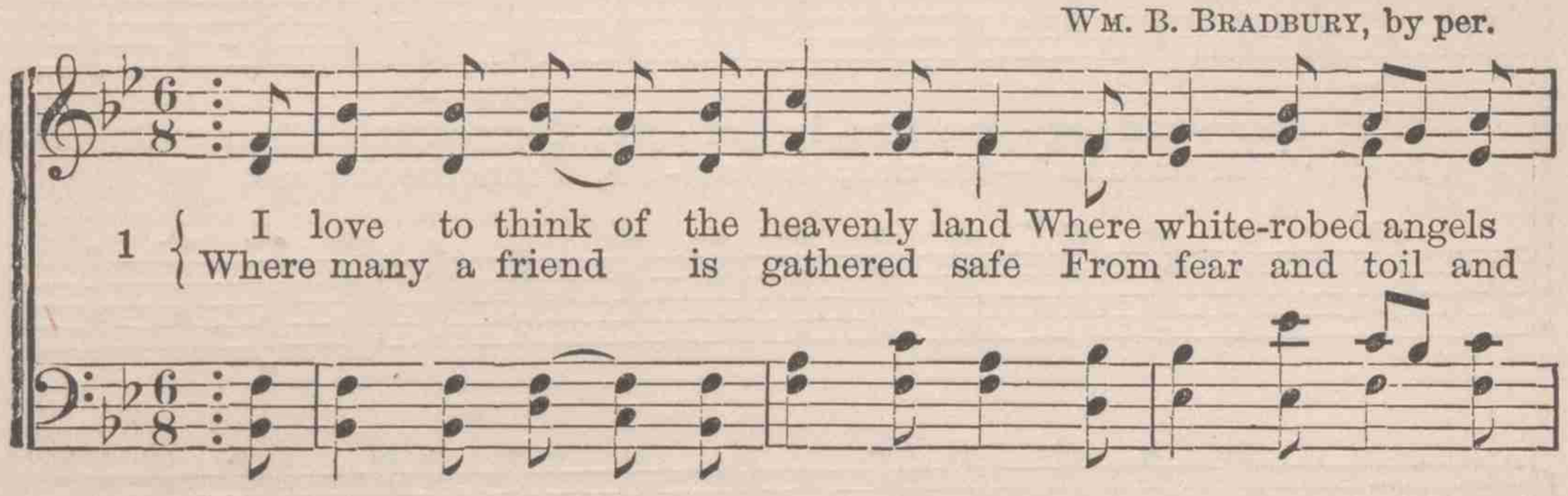
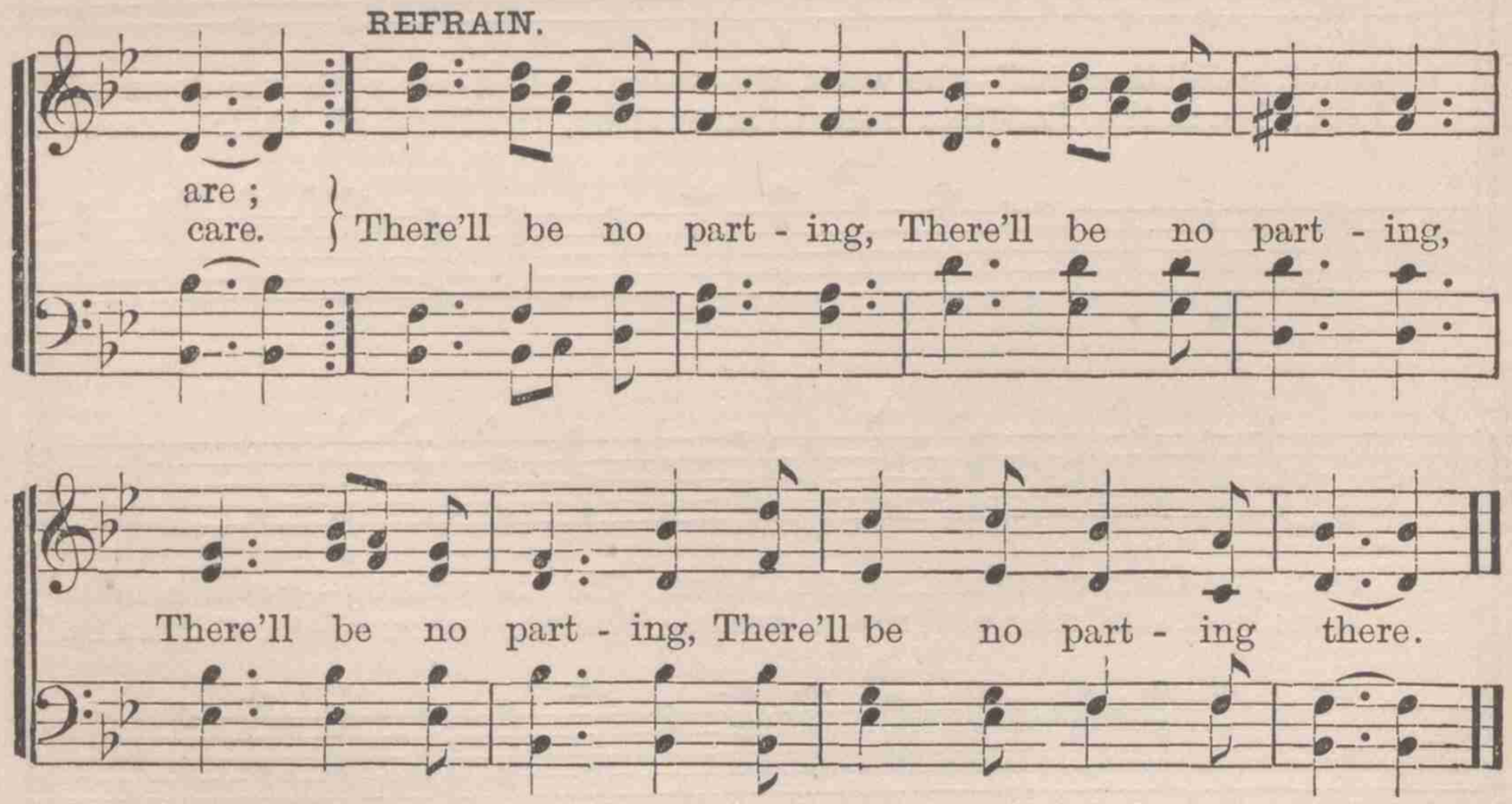
3 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade;
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade.
O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight.

4 My Saviour, Thee possessing,
I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm;
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint;
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint!

—o—

## No. 152. The Heavenly Land. (G. H. 2–19.)

"A better country, that is an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains. *Ref.*

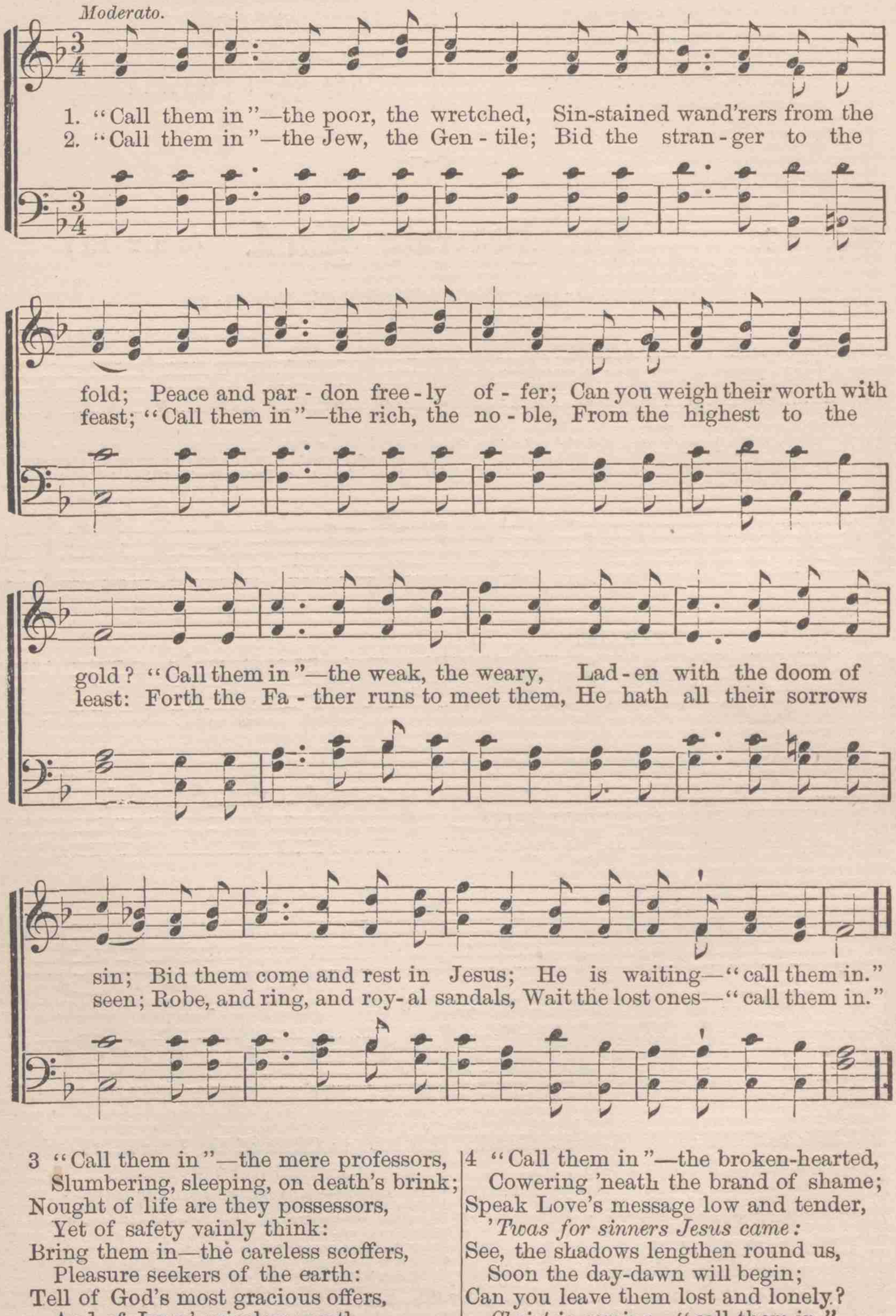
3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints eternal home.
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one. *Ref.*

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets. *Ref.*

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there. *Ref.*

## No. 153. Call Them in. (G. H. 2–20.)

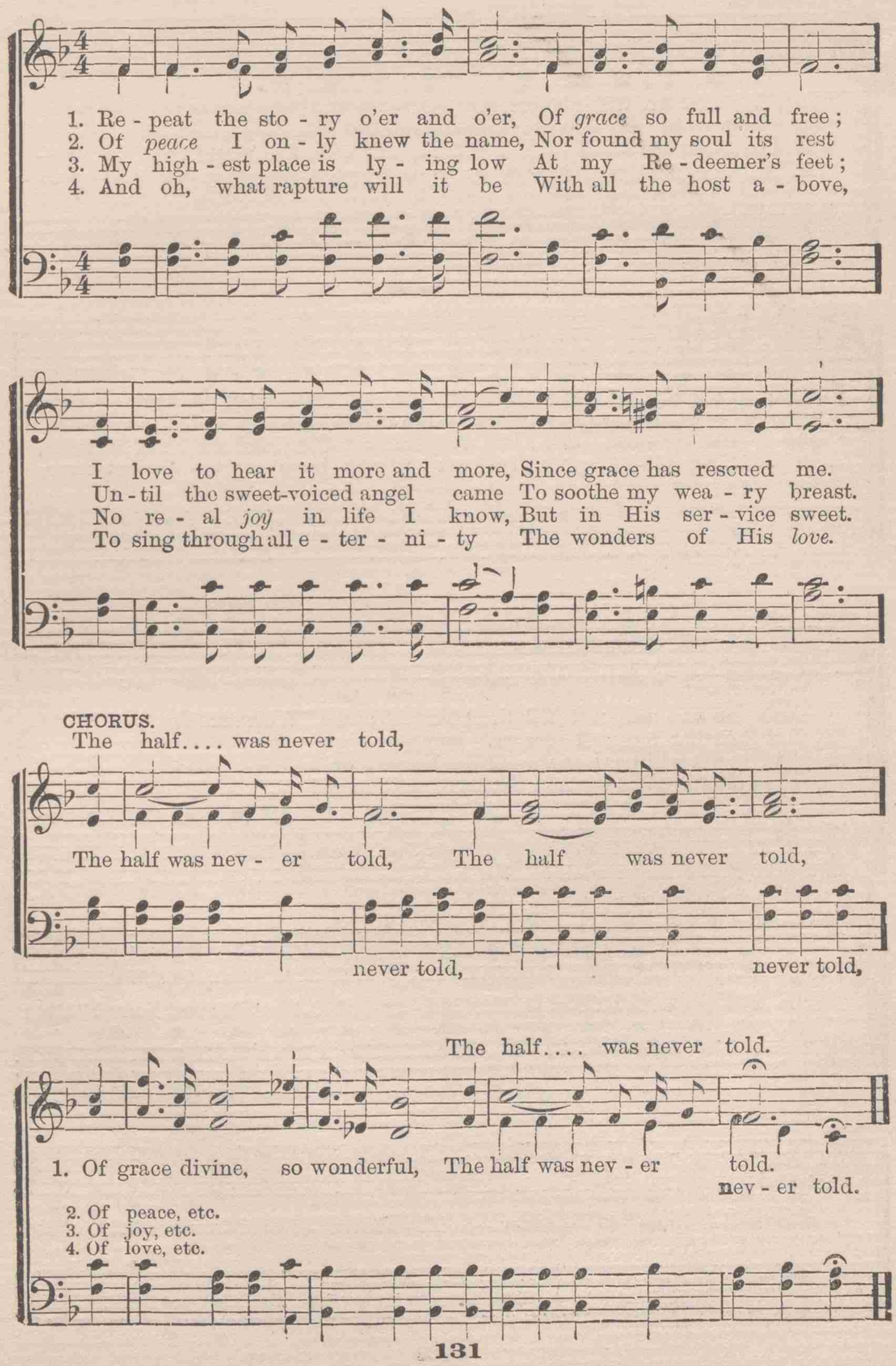
"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—LUKE 14: 23.

Miss ANNA SHIPTON. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

3 "Call them in"—the mere professors,
Slumbering, sleeping, on death's brink;
Nought of life are they possessors,
Yet of safety vainly think:
Bring them in—the careless scoffers,
Pleasure seekers of the earth:
Tell of God's most gracious offers,
And of Jesus' priceless worth.

4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak Love's message low and tender,
*'Twas for sinners Jesus came:*
See, the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
*Christ is coming*—"call them in."

## No. 154. The Half was Never Told. (G.H. 2–23: 3–116.)

"Behold, the half was not told."—KINGS 10: 7.

P P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

## No. 155 Oh, Where are the Reapers. (G. H. 2–24)

"I will say to the reapers: gather the wheat into my barn."—MATT. 13: 30.

EBEN E. REXFORD — GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

*Moderato.*

1. Oh, where are the reapers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,
3. The fields all are ripening, and far and wide The world now is wait -
4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gath - er to - geth -

from the fields of sin; With sickles of truth must the work be done,
though the weeds are tall; Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
ing the har - vest tide: But reapers are few, and the work is great,
er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,

CHORUS.

And no one may rest till the "harvest home." Where are the reapers! Oh,
But gather from all for the home on high.
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."

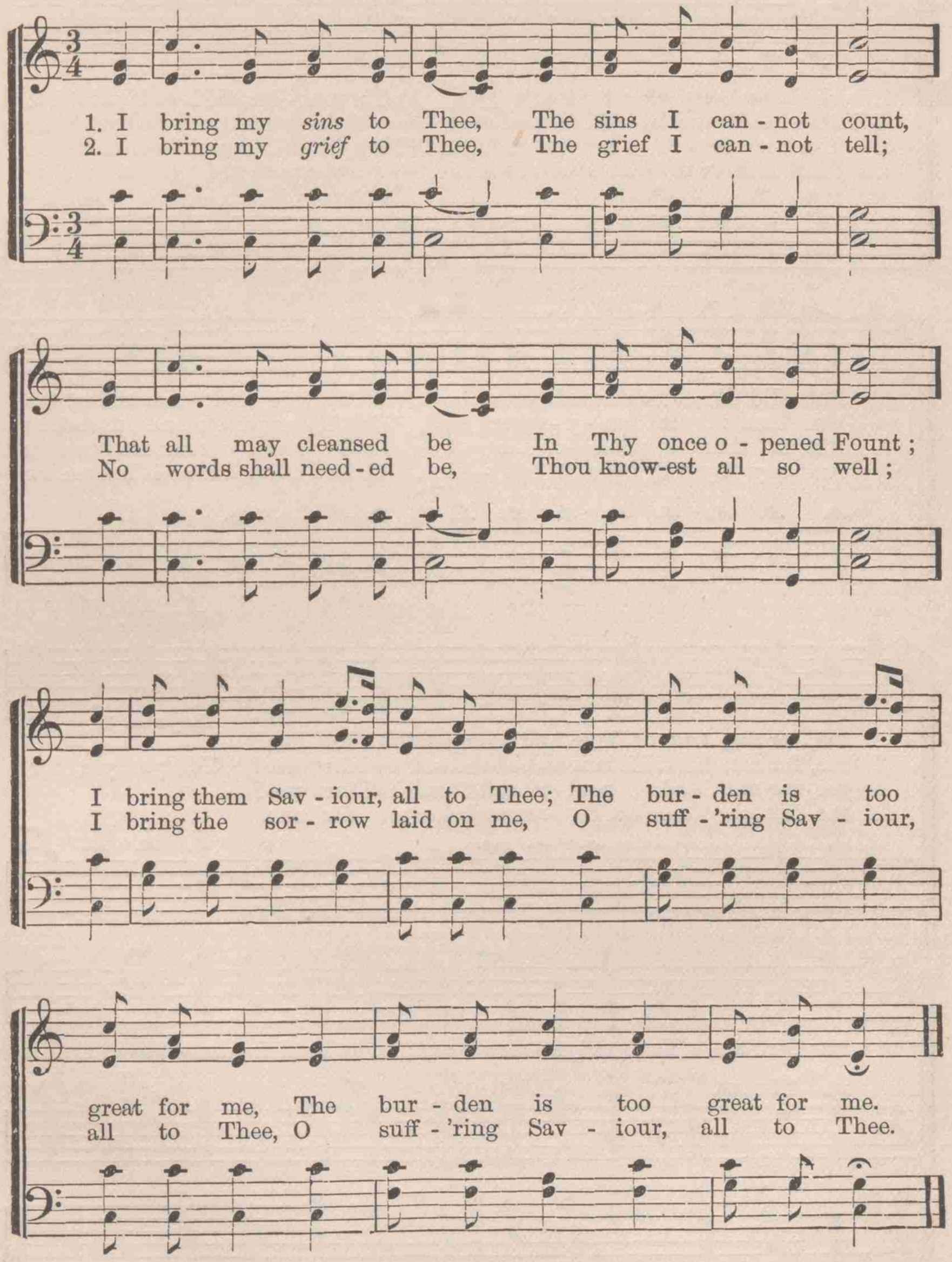
who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "harvest home?" Oh,

who will help us to garner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

## No. 156. I Bring my Sins to Thee. (G. H. 2–25.)

"In returning and rest ye shall be saved."—Isa. 30 : 15.

Frances Ridley Havergal. P. P. Bliss, by per.




3 My *joys* to Thee I bring,
The joys thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven,
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

4 My *life* I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone,
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

## No. 157. Song of Salvation. (G. H. 2–26.)

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

ANON. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a won-der-ful love it must be;
2. I have heard how He suffered and bled, How He languish'd and died on the tree;
3. I've been told of a heaven on high, Which the children of Jesus shall see;
4. Lord, answer these questions of mine, To whom shall I go but to Thee?

But did He come down from a-bove, Out of love and compassion for
But then is it an-y-where said, That He languish'd and suffered for
But is there a place in the sky Made read-y and furnished for
And say by Thy Spir-it di-vine, There's a Saviour and heaven for

CHORUS.

*Response.* ✻

me, for me, Out of love and compassion for me?
me, for me, That He languished and suffered for me! Yes, yes, yes, for
me, for me, Made read-y and furnished for me?
me, for me, There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

me, for me, Yes, yes, yes for me; Our Lord from a-bove in His

*Rit.*

in-fin-ite love, On the cross died to save you and me.

✻ The Response, or Scripture text, to be read for each verse, before singing the Chorus.

# Song of Salvation.—Concluded.

1. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 TIM. 1: 15.—*Cho.*

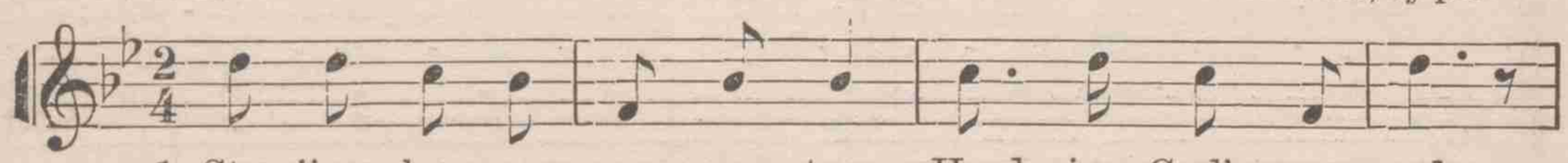
2. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. And with His stripes we are healed." ISA. 53: 5.—*Cho.*

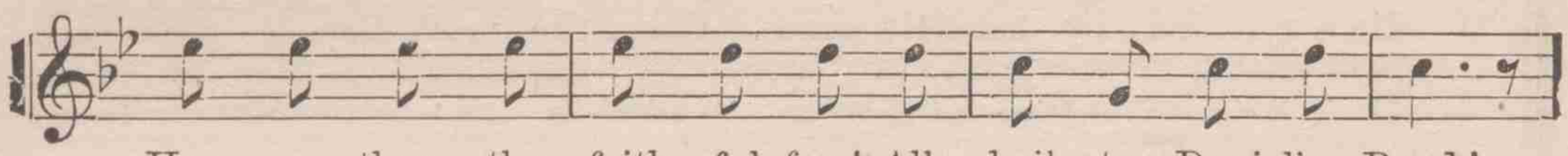
3. "In my Father's house are many mansions,.....I go to prepare a place for you.....That where I am, there ye may be also." JOHN 14: 2, 3.—*Cho.*

4. "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." REV. 21: 6, 7.—*Cho.*

## No. 158. Dare to be a Daniel. (G. H. 2–88.)

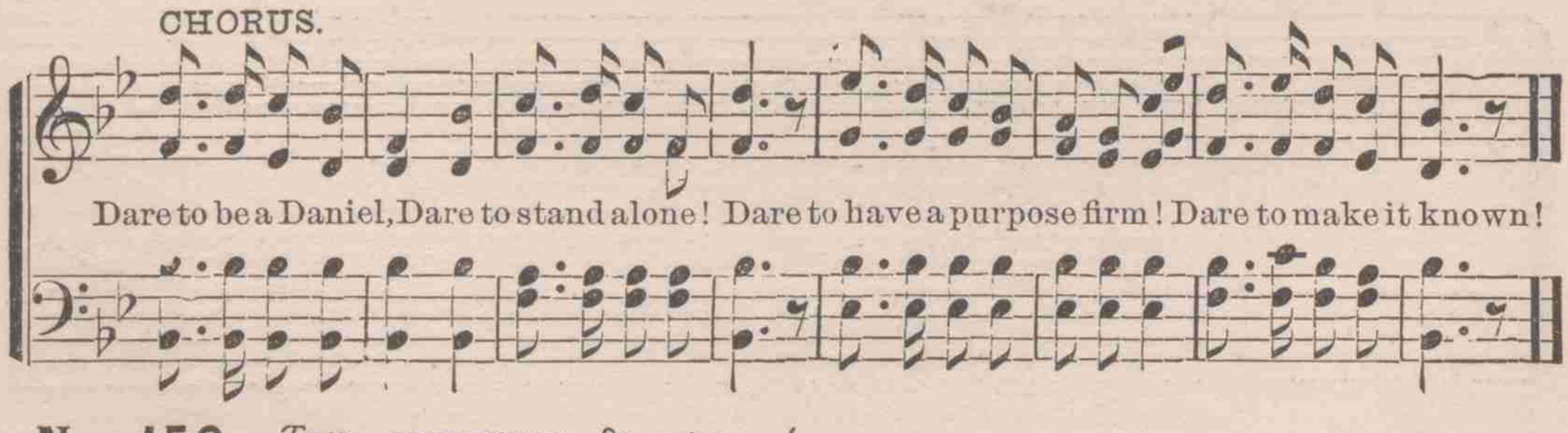
"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor, nor with the wine which he drank."—DAN. 1: 8.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Standing by a pur - pose true, Heed - ing God's command,
2. Ma - ny mighty men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand,
3. Ma - ny gl - ants, great and tall, Stalk - ing thro' the land,
4. Hold the gos - pel ban - ner high! On to vic - t'ry grand!



Hon - or them, the faith - ful few! All hail to Daniel's Band!
Who for God had been a host, By join - ing Daniel's Band.
Head - long to the earth would fall, If met by Daniel's Band.
Sa - tan and his host de - fy, And shout for Daniel's Band.

CHORUS.



Dare to be a Daniel, Dare to stand alone! Dare to have a purpose firm! Dare to make it known!

## No. 159. *Tune*—GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4. (G. H. 2–90.)

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, O, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful, Ever faithful,
To the truth may we be found.

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

JOHN FAWCETT, D. D., 1774.

## No. 160. At the Feet of Jesus. (G. H. 2–28.)

"Mary which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word."—LUKE 10: 39.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

*Moderato.*

1. At the feet of Je - sus, List - 'ning to His word:
2. At the feet of Je - sus, Pour - ing per - fume rare,
3. At the feet of Je - sus, In that morn - ing hour,

Learn - ing wis - dom's les - son From her lov - ing Lord:
Ma - ry did her Sav - iour For the grave pre - pare:
Lov - ing hearts re - ceiv - ing Res - ur - rec - tion power:

Ma - ry, led by heav'nly grace, Chose the meek dis - ci - ple's place.
And, from love the "good work" done, She her Lord's ap - prov - al won.
Haste with joy to preach the word: "Christ is ris - en, Praise the Lord!"

CHORUS.

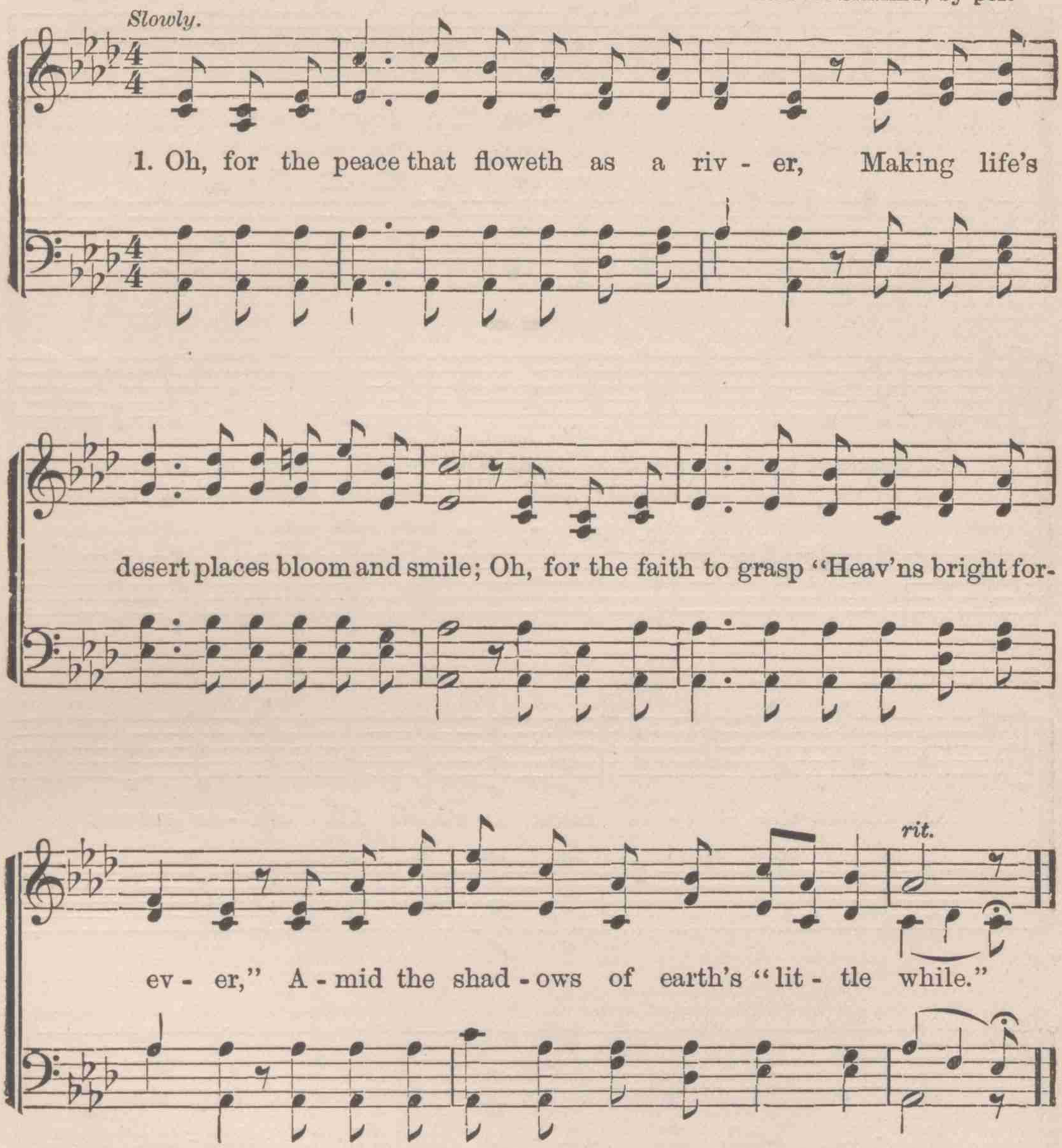
At the feet of Je - sus is the place for me,
At the feet of Je - sus is the place for me,
At the feet of Je - sus, ris - en now for me,

There a hum - ble *learn - er* would I choose to be.
There in sweet - est *ser - vice* would I ev - er be.
I shall sing His *prais - es* through e - ter - ni - ty.

## No. 161. A Little While. (G. H. 2–29.)

"What is this that he saith a little while."—JOHN 16: 17.

MRS. JANE CREWDSON. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.




2 "A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm and wrestle with the strong;
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

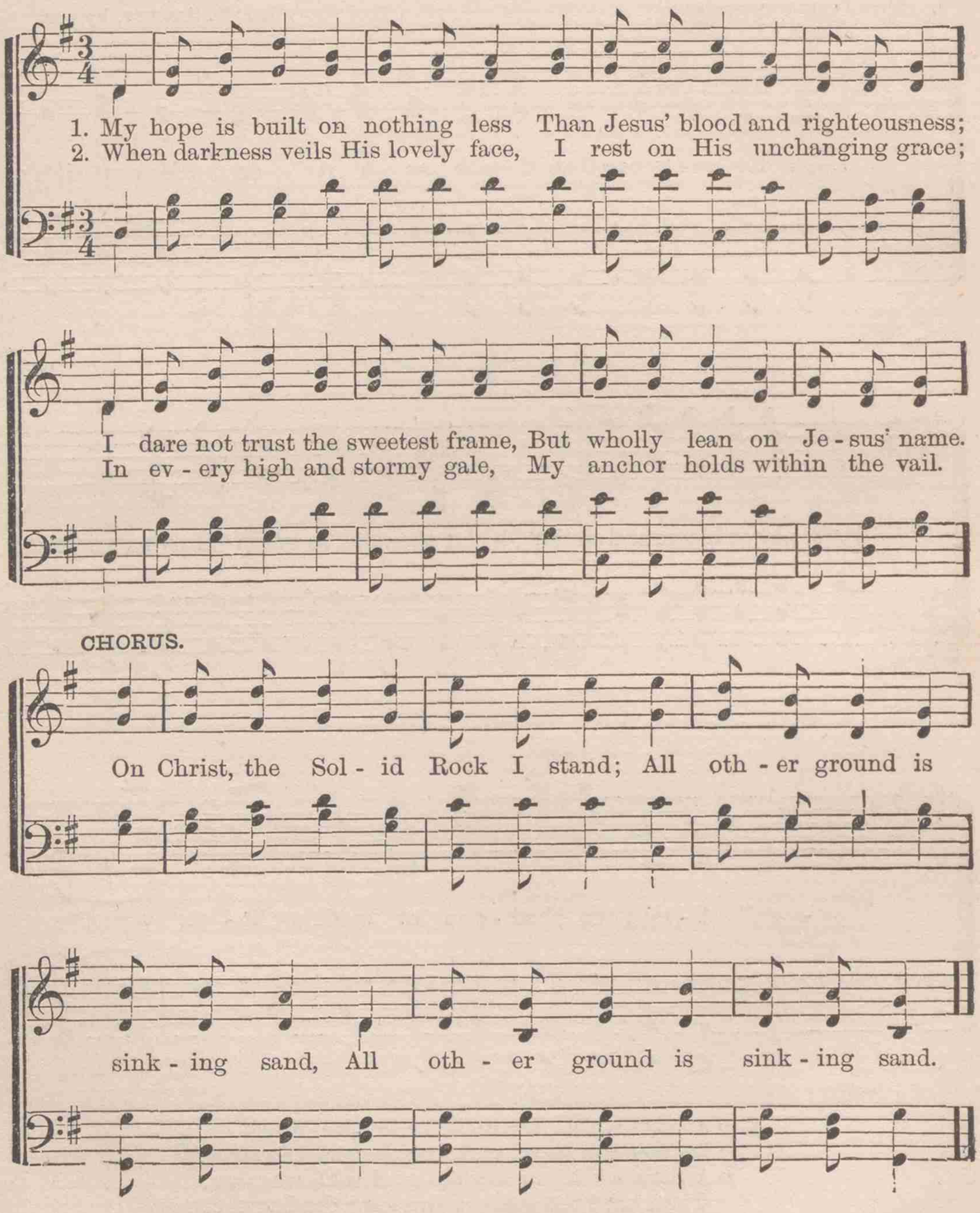
3 "A little while" the earthern pitcher taking,
To wayside brooks, from far off fountains fed;
Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

4 "A little while" to keep the oil from failing,
"A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

## No. 162. The Solid Rock. (G. H. 2–30.)

"The Lord is my defence, and rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

Rev. Edward Mote, 1825. Wm. B. Bradbury, by per



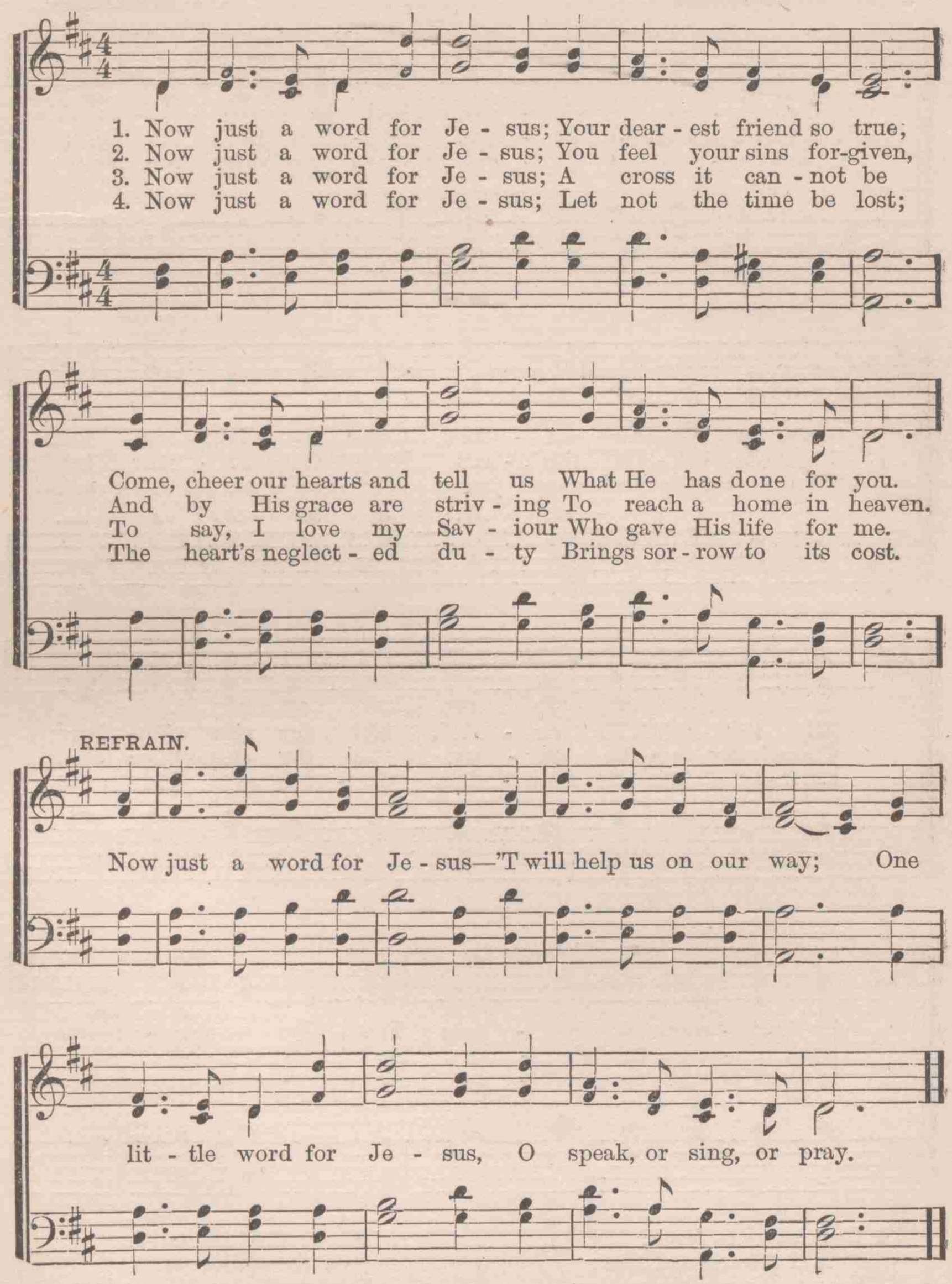

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

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

## No. 163. Just a Word for Jesus. (G. H. 2–31.)

"Wilt thou not tell."—Ezek. 24: 19.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane, by per.

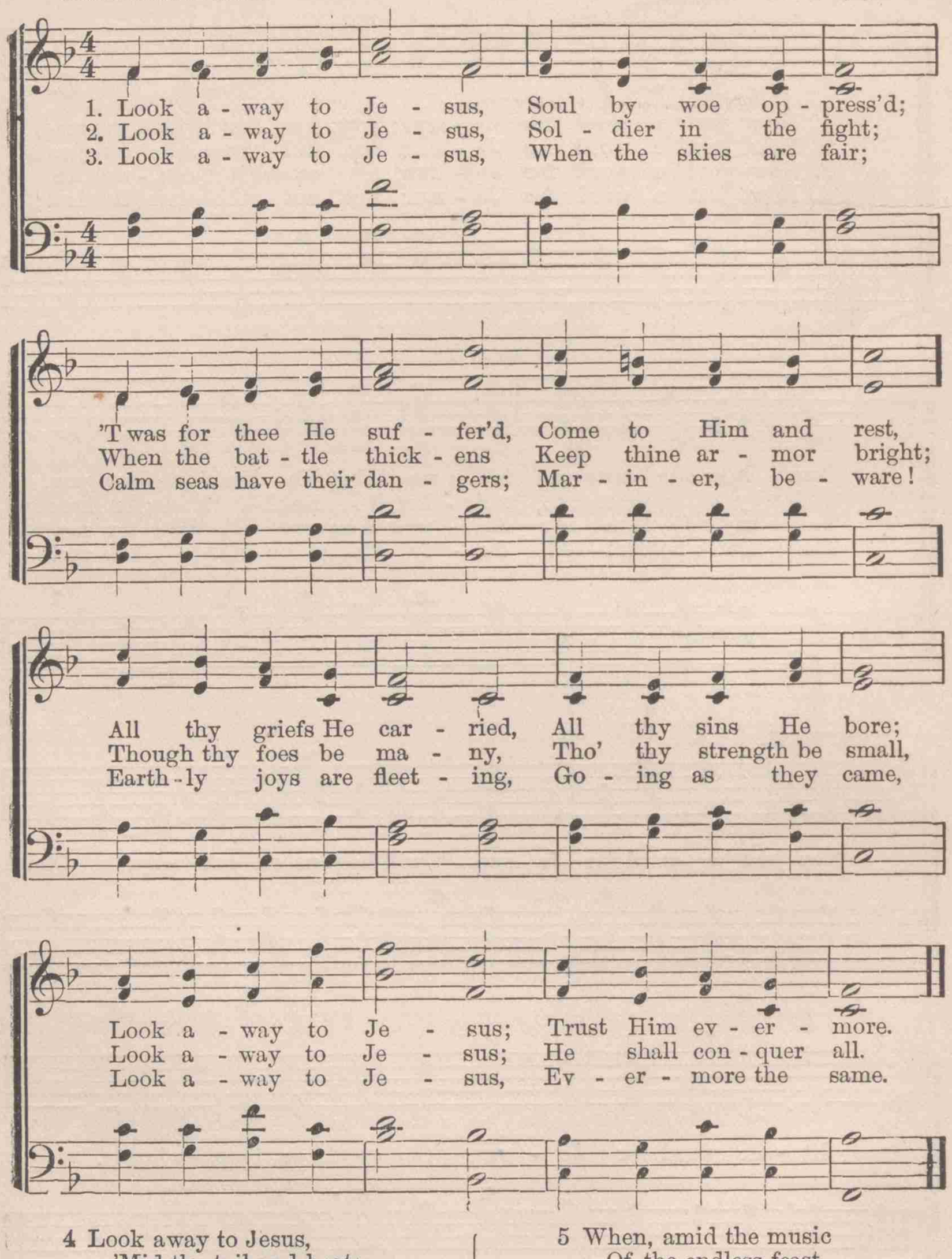



5.

Now just a word for Jesus;
And if your faith be dim,
Arise in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to Him.—*Ref.*

## No. 164. Look Away to Jesus. (G. H. 2–37.)

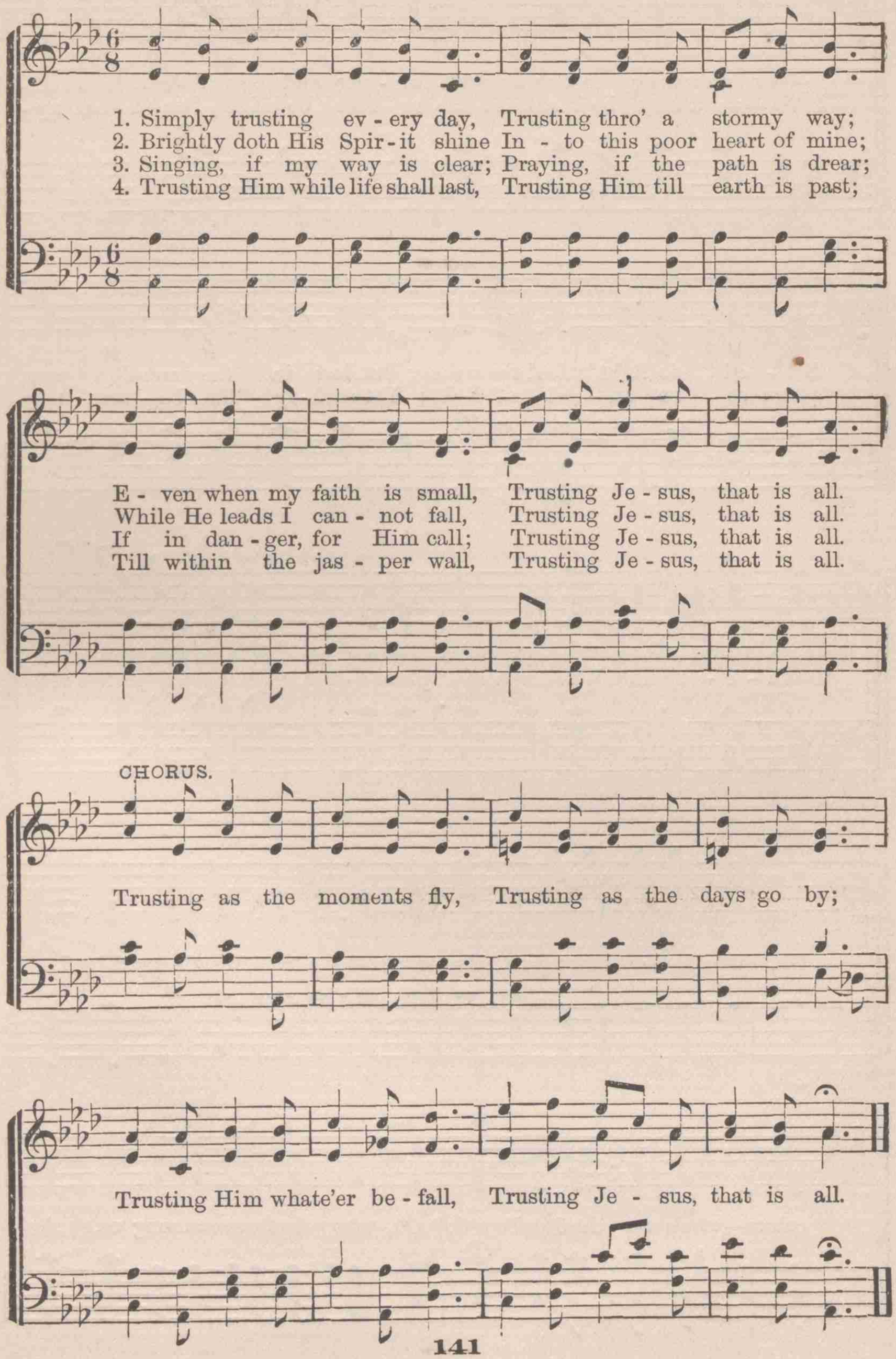
"Looking unto Jesus."—HEB. 12: 2.

Rev. HENRY BURTON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

4 Look away to Jesus,
'Mid the toil and heat;
Soon will come the resting
At the Master's feet;
For the guests are bidden,
And the feast is spread;
Look away to Jesus,
In His footsteps tread.

5 When, amid the music
Of the endless feast,
Saints will sing His praises,
Thine shall not be least;
Then, amid the glories
Of the crystal sea,
Look away to Jesus,
Through eternity.

## No. 165. Trusting Jesus, That is All. (G. H. 2–33.)

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

EDGAR PAGE. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

## No. 166. Who's on the Lord's Side? (G. H. 2–34.)

"Who is on the Lord's side."—Ex. 32 : 26.

Mrs. W. R. Griswold. P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. We're marching to Canaan with ban - ner and song, We're soldiers en -
2. The sword may be burnished, the ar - mor be bright, For Sa - tan ap -

list - ed to fight 'gainst the wrong; But, lest in the con-flict our
pears as an an - gel of light; Yet dark - ly the bo - som may

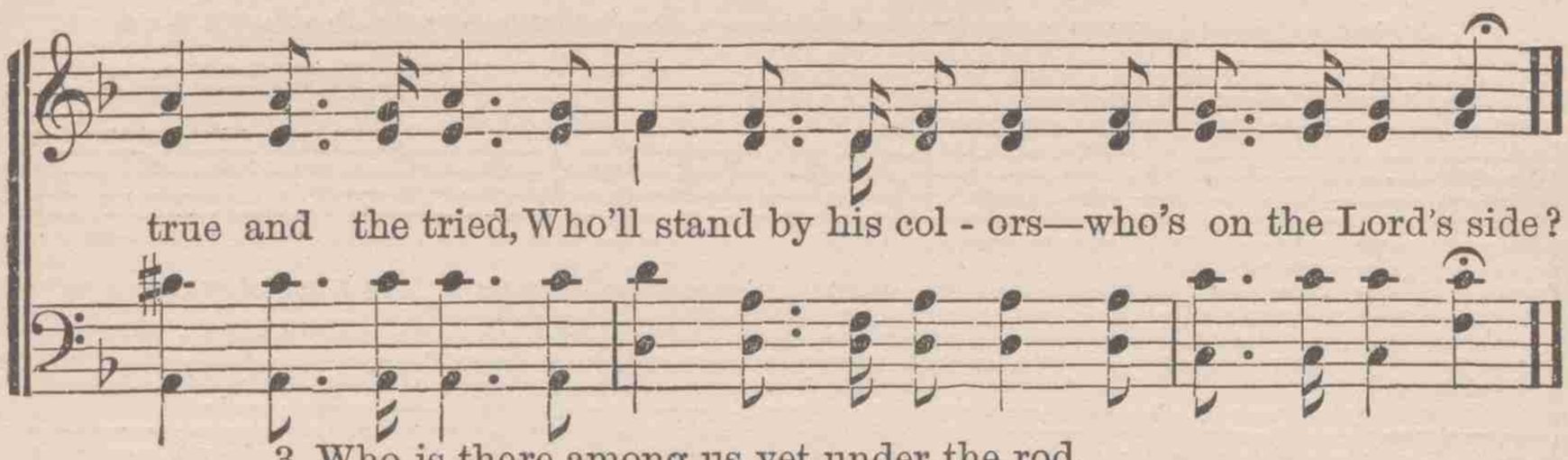
strength should divide, We ask, Who among us is on the Lord's side?
treach - e - ry hide, While lips are profess - ing, "I'm on the Lord's side."

CHORUS.

Oh, who is there among us, the true and the tried, Who'll stand by his

colors—who's on the Lord's side? Oh, who is there among us, the

## Who's on the Lord's Side?—Concluded.




3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,
Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God?
Oh, bring to Him humbly the heart in its pride;
Oh, haste, while He's waiting and seek the Lord's side. *Cho.*

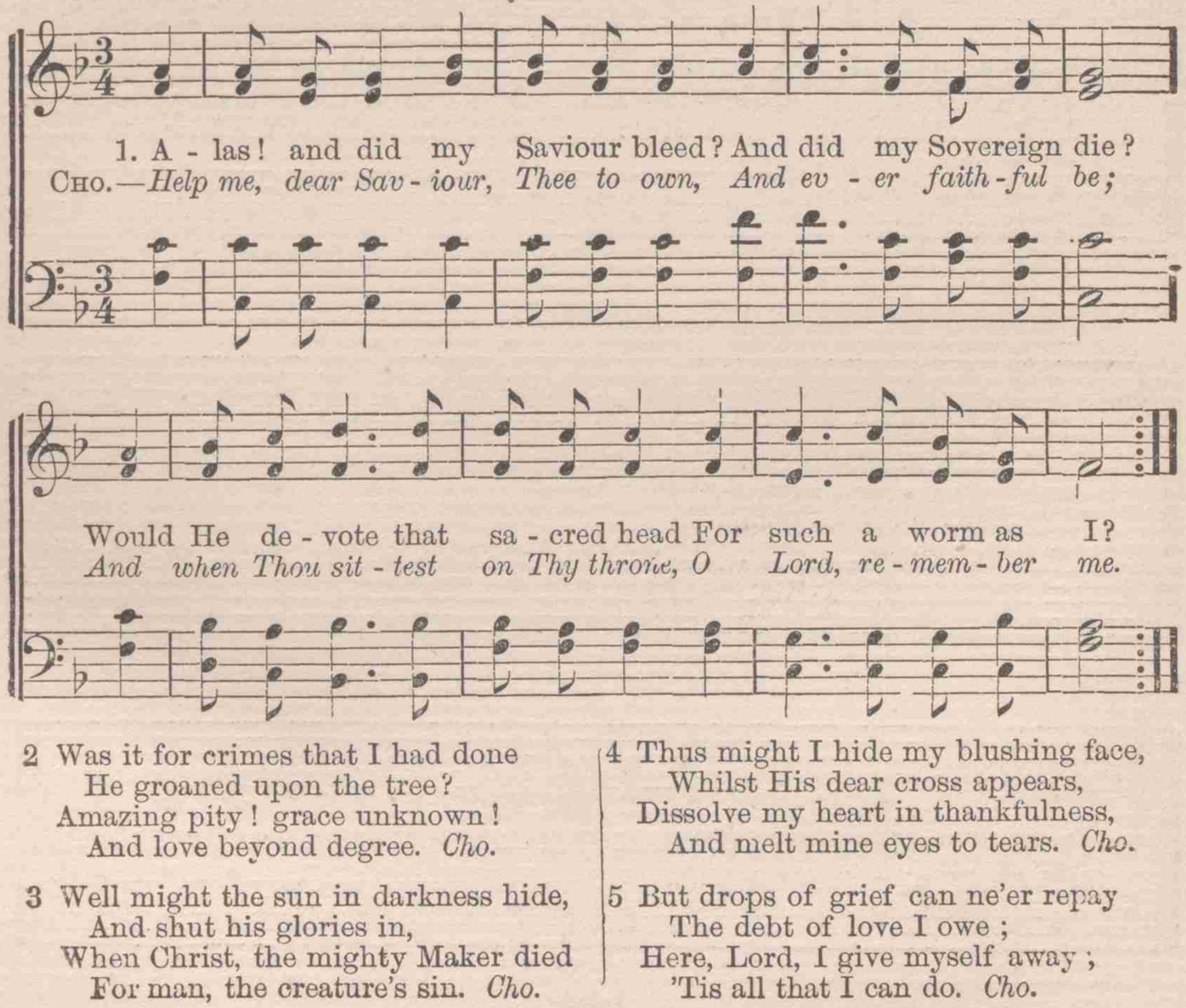
4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain and the wrong,
For soon shall our sighing be changed into song;
So, bearing the cross of our covenant Guide,
We'll shout, as we triumph, "*I'm on the Lord's side.*" *Cho.*

—o—

## No. 167. Remember Me. (G. H. 1–111: 2–35.)

"O Lord, Thou knowest; remember."—JER. 15: 15.

ISAAC WATTS. ASA HULL, by per.




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

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. *Cho.*

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

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. *Cho.*

## No. 168. Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh. (G. H. 2–36.)

"At midnight there was a cry made, behold the Bridegroom cometh!"—MATT. 25: 6.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Our lamps are trimm'd and burning, Our robes are white and clean, We've tar - ried for the Bridegroom, Oh, may we enter in? We know we've nothing
2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him, The way is o - pen now, All light - ed with the glory That's streaming from His brow. Accept the in - vi -
3. We see the marriage splendor With - in the o - pen door; We know that those who enter Are blest for - ev - er - more. We see He is more

worthy That we can call our own— The light, the oil, the robes we wear,
tation Be - yond de-serv - ing kind; Make no delay, but take your lamps,
lovely Than all the sons of men, But still we know the door once shut,

CHORUS.

Are all from Him alone. Behold the Bridegroom cometh! And all may
And joy e - ternal find.
Will nev - er ope a - gain.

enter in, Whose lamps are trimm'd and burning, Whose robes are white and clean.

# No. 169. Whiter than Snow. (G. H. 2–39.)

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

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER, 1872, by per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down every i - dol, cast
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tiently wait; Come now, and with- in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

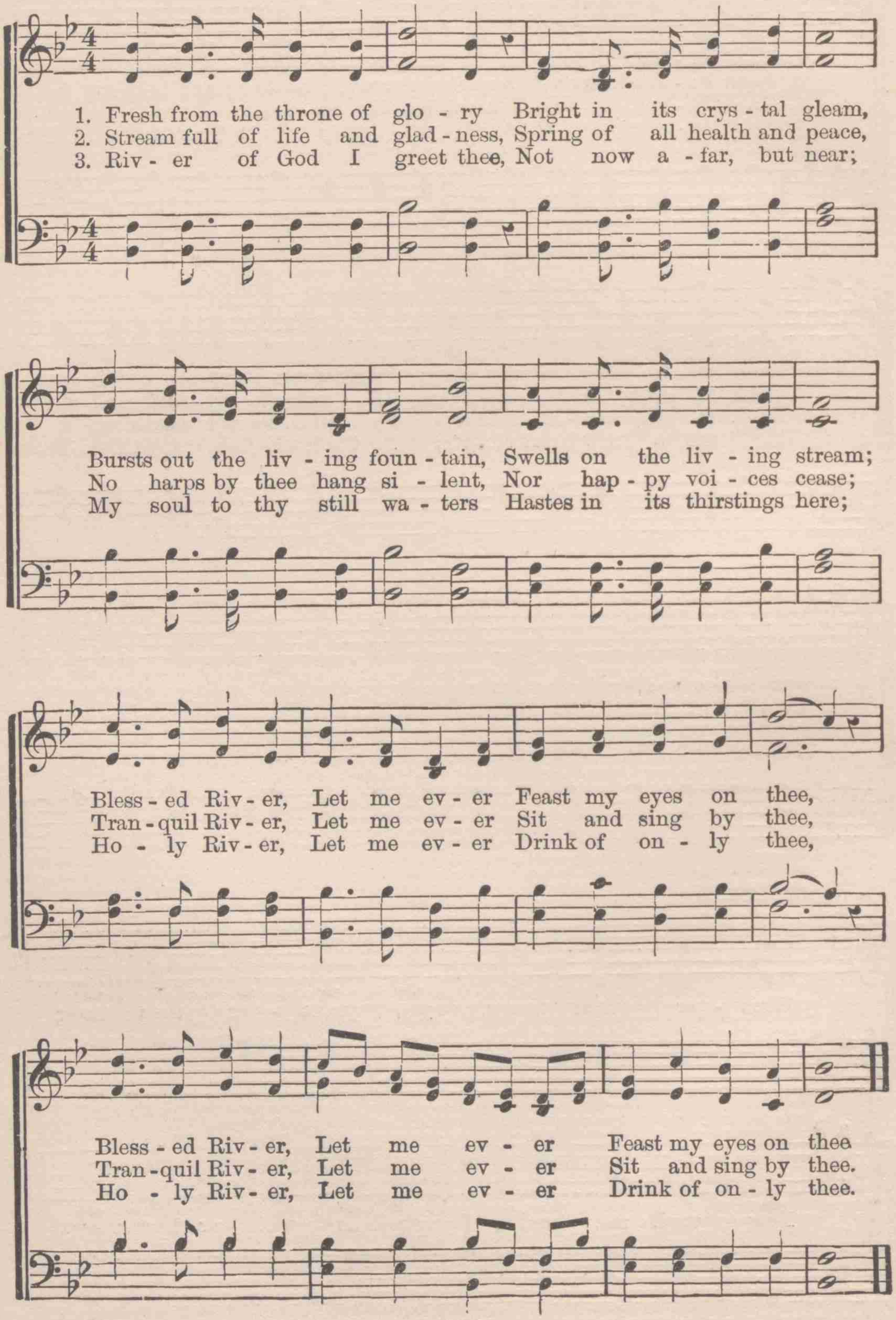
out ev - ery foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
nev - er said'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

## No 170. Blessed River. (G. H. 2–51.)

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—REV. 22: 1.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

## No. 171. My High Tower. (G.H. 2–41.)

"The Lord is my Rock.....and my high Tower."—Ps. 18: 2.

P. P B. P. P. Bliss, by per.

*Firmly.*

1. In Zi - on's Rock a - bid - ing, My soul her tri - umph sings;
2. Wild waves are round me swelling, Dark clouds a - bove I see;
3. My Tower of strength can never In time of troub - le fail;

In His pa - vil - ion hid - ing, I praise the King of kings.
Yet, in my Fortress dwell-ing, More safe I can - not be.
No power of hell, for - ev - er, A - gainst it shall pre - vail.

CHORUS.

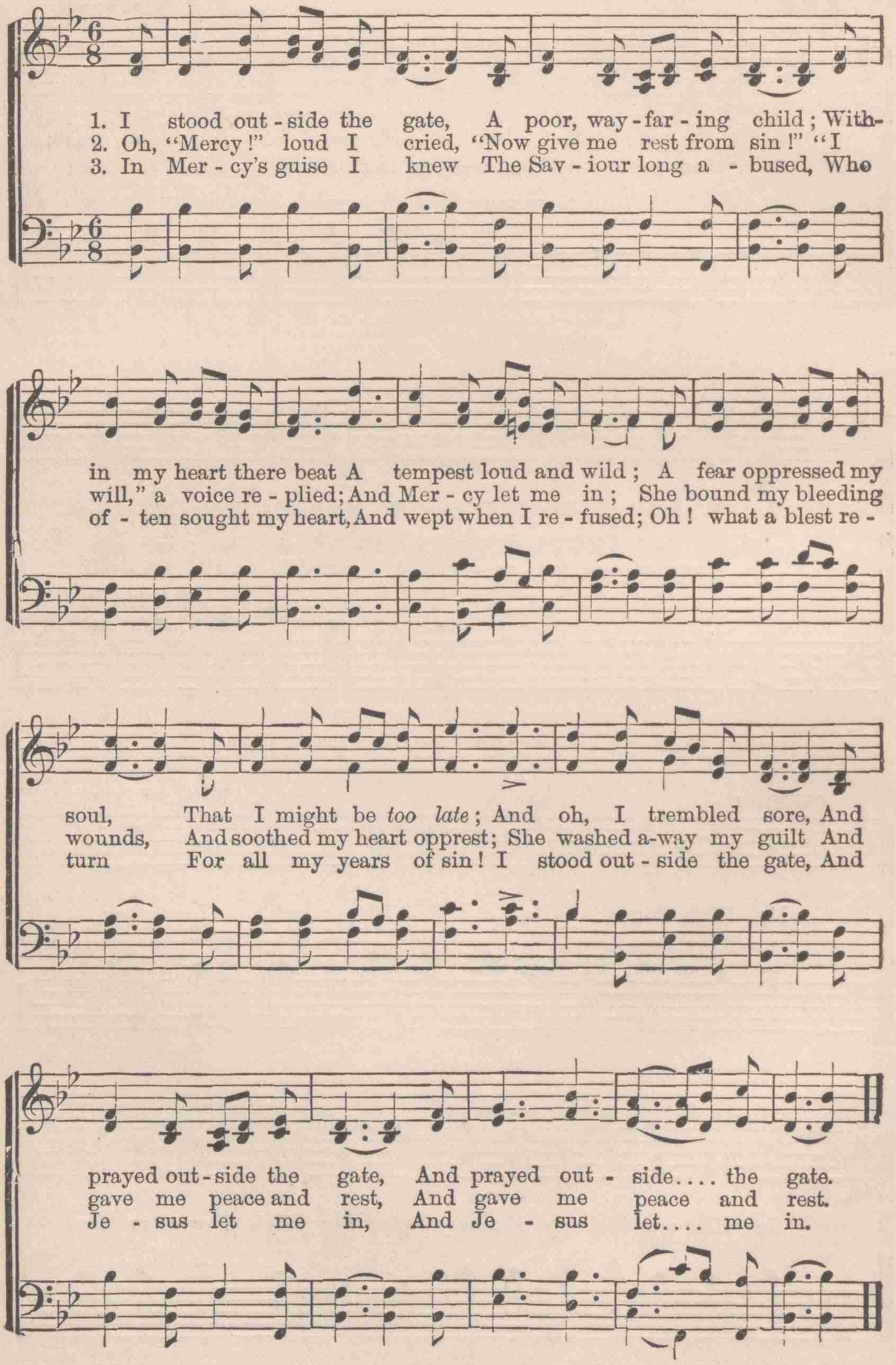
My High Tower is He! To Him will I flee;

In Him con-fide, In Him a - bide; My High Tower is He!

## No. 172. I Stood Outside the Gate. (G. H. 2–42.)

"Enter ye in at the strait gate."—MATT. 7: 13.

Miss JOSEPHINE POLLARD. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



## No. 173. Hold Fast till I Come. (G. H. 2–43.)

"That which ye have already, hold fast till I come."—Rev. 2: 25.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Oh, spir - it, o'erwhelmed by thy fail - ures and fears, Look up to thy Lord, tho' with trembling and tears: Weak Faith, to thy call seem the heav'ns only dumb? To thee is the message, "Hold fast till I come."
2. Hold fast when the world would al - lure thee to sin; Hold fast when the tempter assails from within; In sunshine or sadness, in gain or in loss, To fal - ter were madness; Oh, cling to the cross.
3. Thy Sav - iour is com - ing in ten - der - est love, To make up His jewels and bear them above: Oh, child, in thine anguish, de- spair - ing or dumb, Re - member the message, "Hold fast till I come."

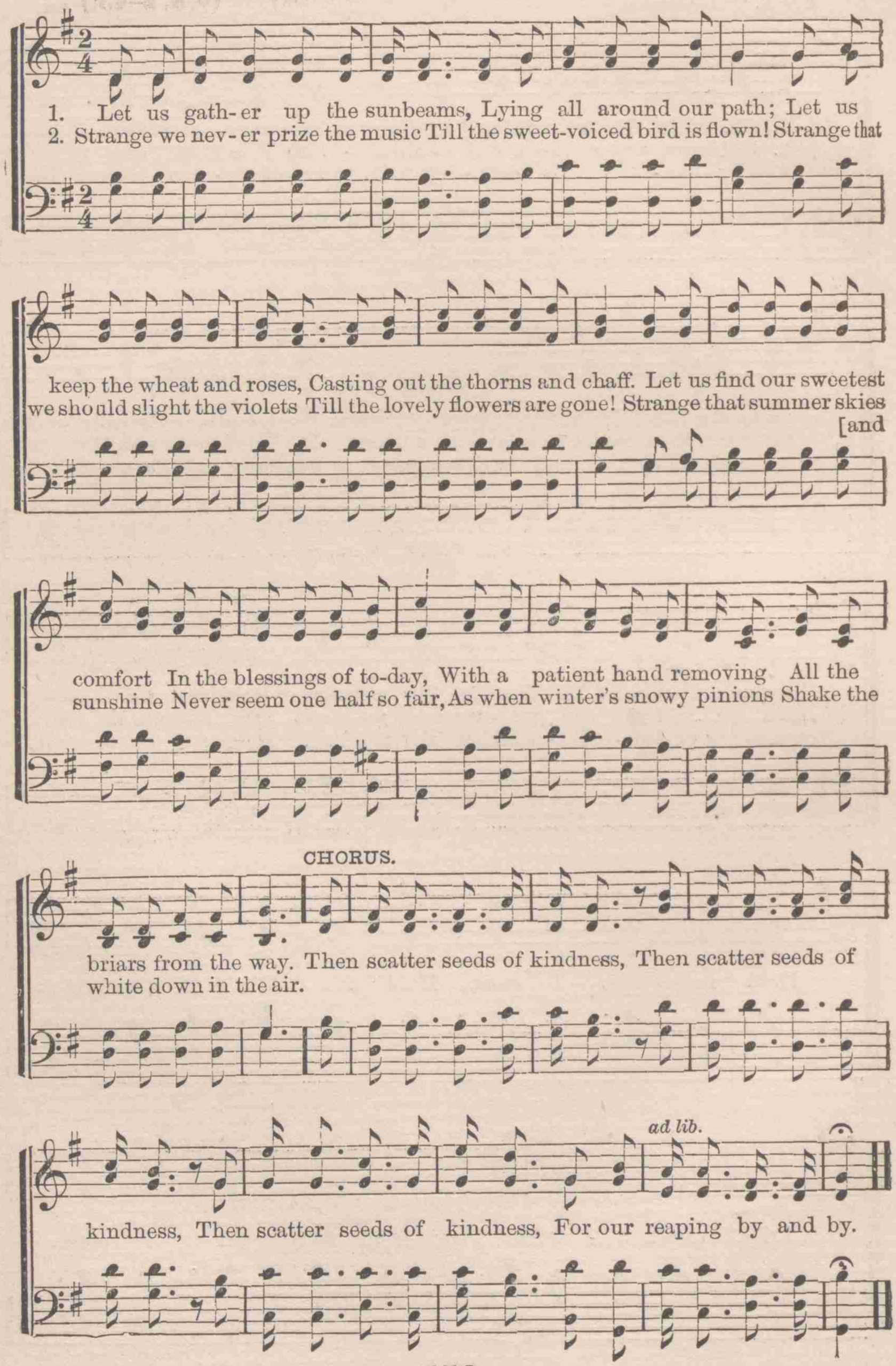
CHORUS.

Hold fast till I come, Hold fast till I come; A bright crown a - waits thee; Hold fast till I come.

## No. 174. Scatter Seeds of Kindness. (G. H. 2–44.)

"Be kindly affected one to another."—Rom. 12: 10.

Mrs. Albert Smith. S. J. Vail, by per.



# Scatter Seeds of Kindness.—Concluded.

3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?—
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

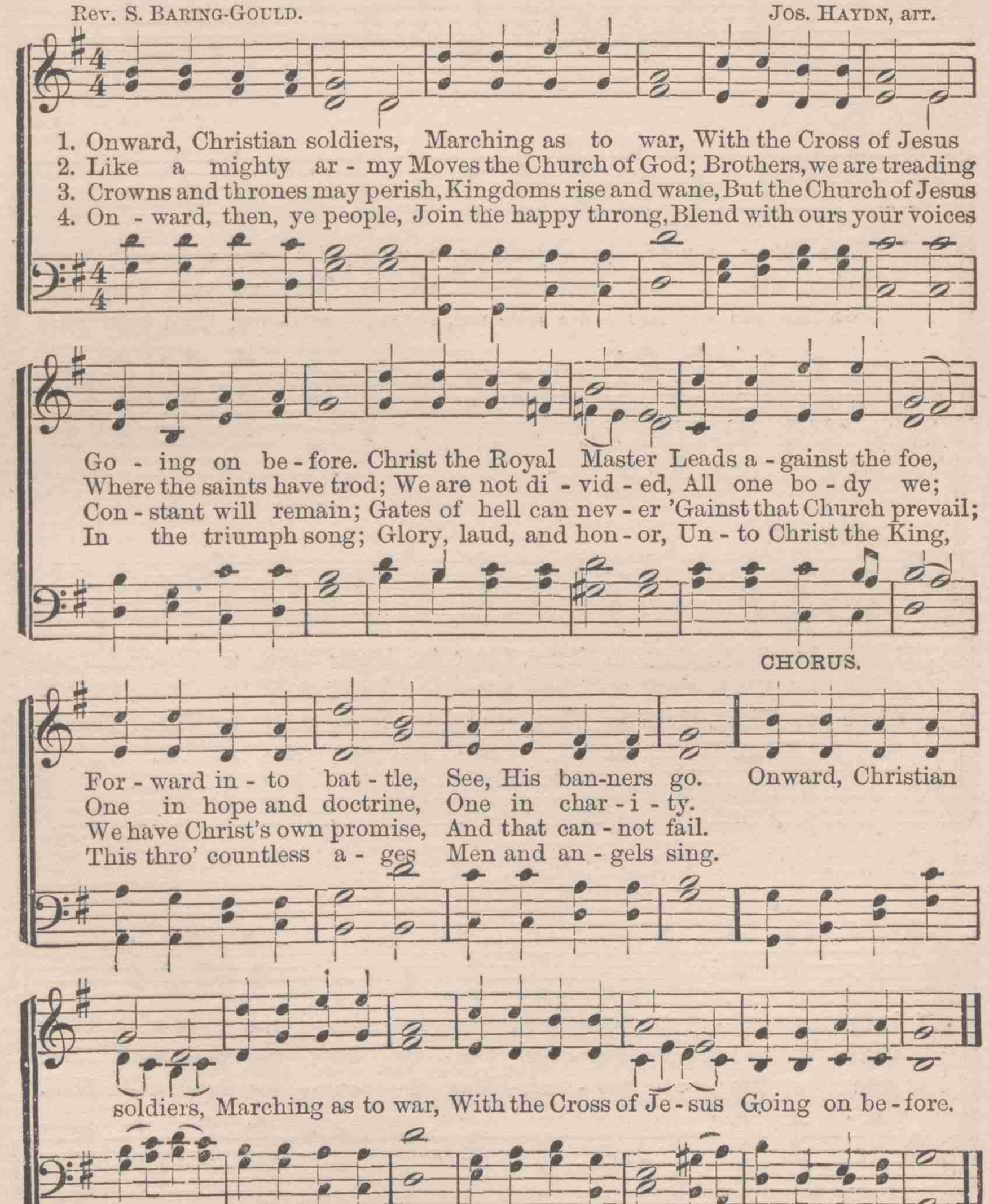
4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

—o—

## No. 175. Onward, Christian Soldiers. (G. H. 2–45.)

"Take unto you the whole armor of God."—Eph. 6: 13.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould. Jos. Haydn, arr.

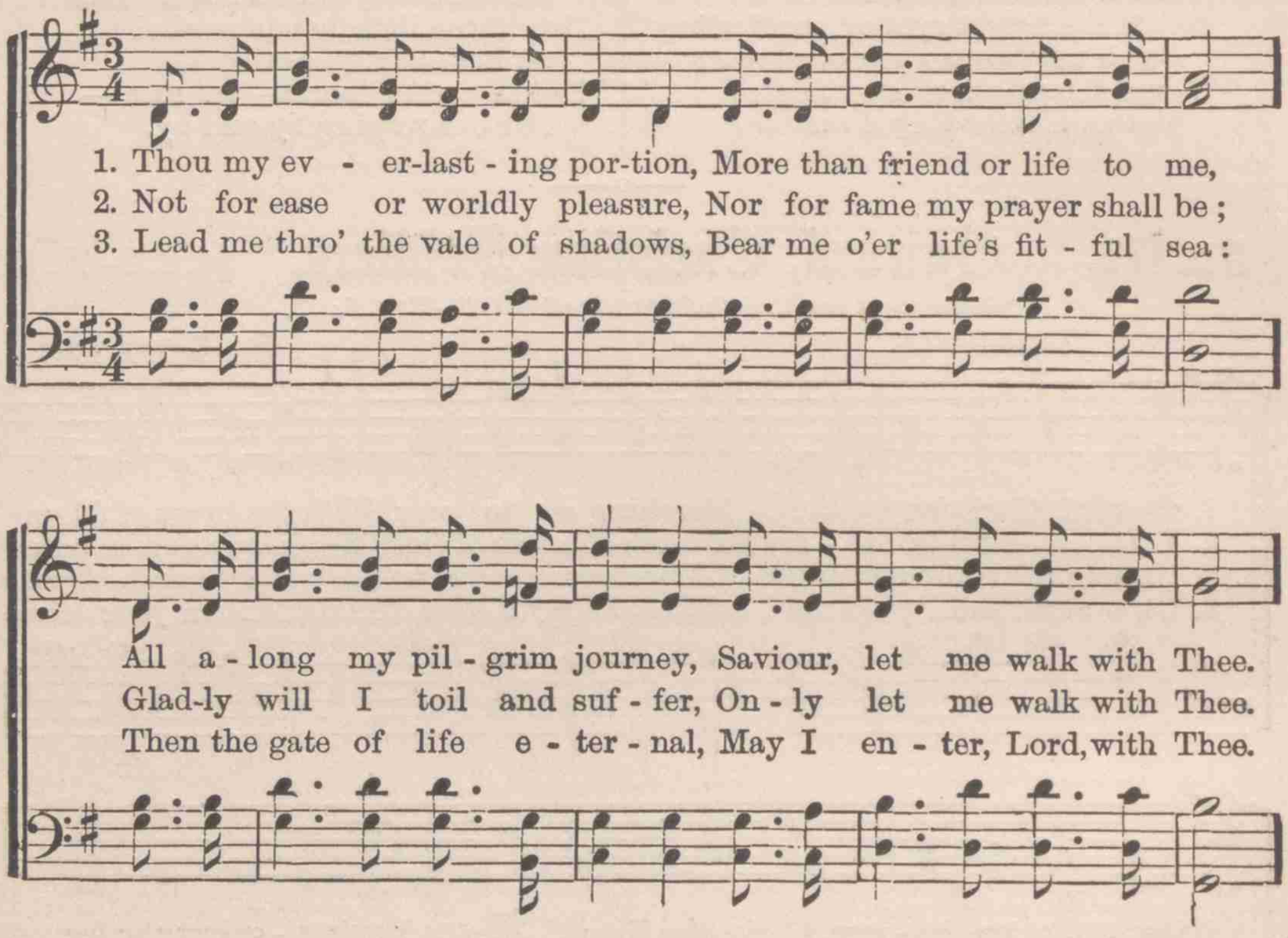


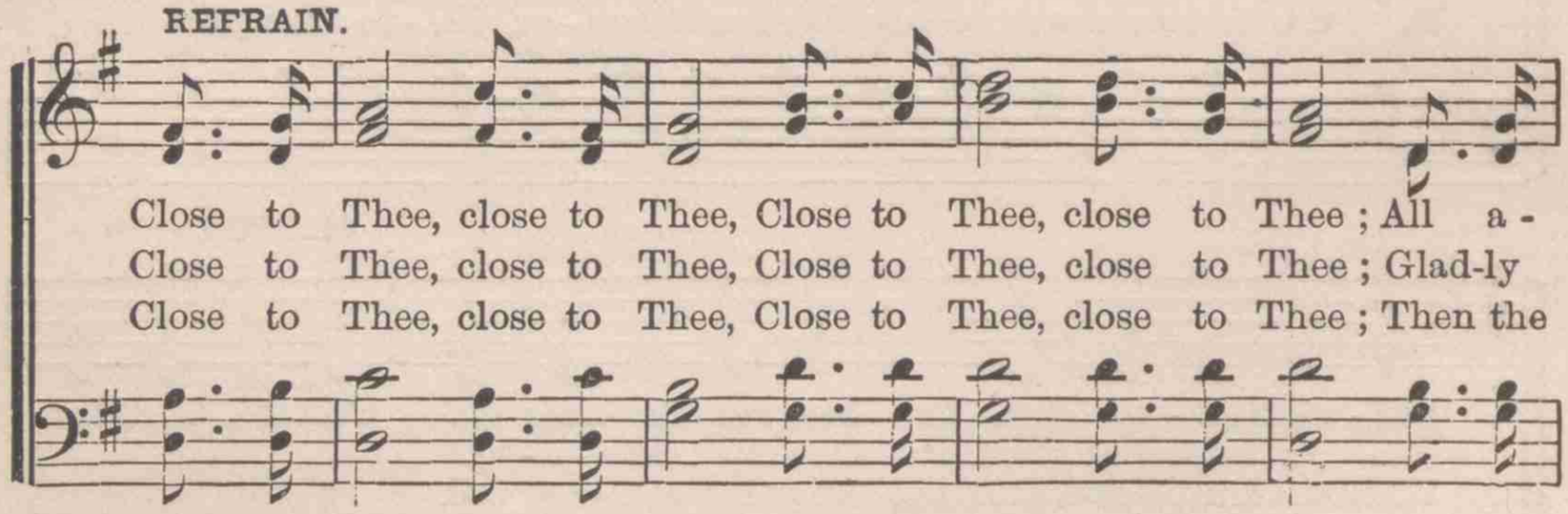
No. 176

# Close to Thee. (G. H. 2–46.)

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73 : 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL, by per.

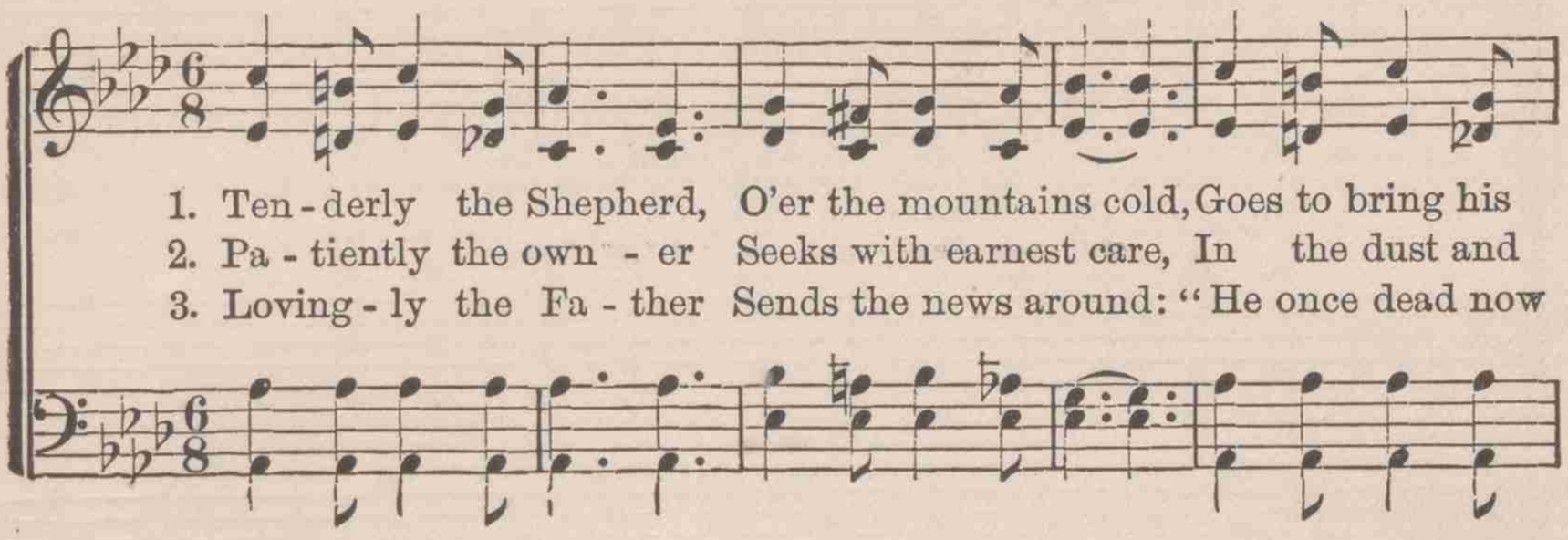


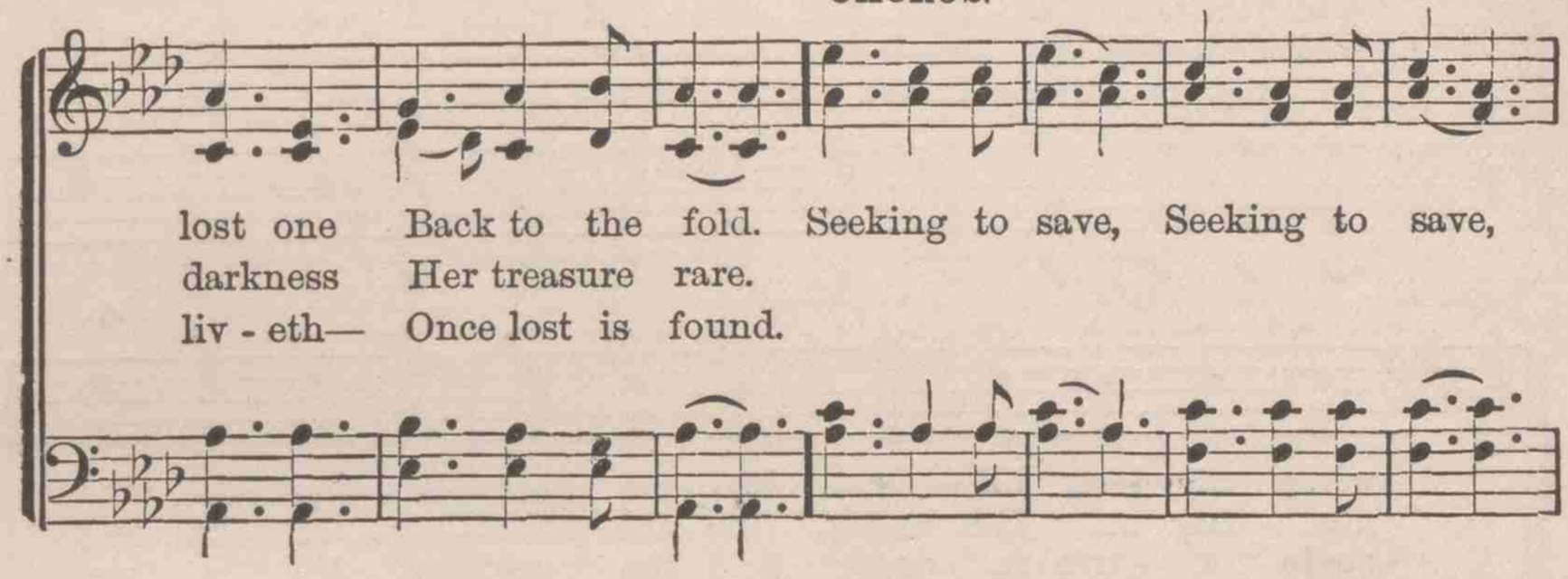
## No. 177. Seeking to Save. (G. H. 2–47.)

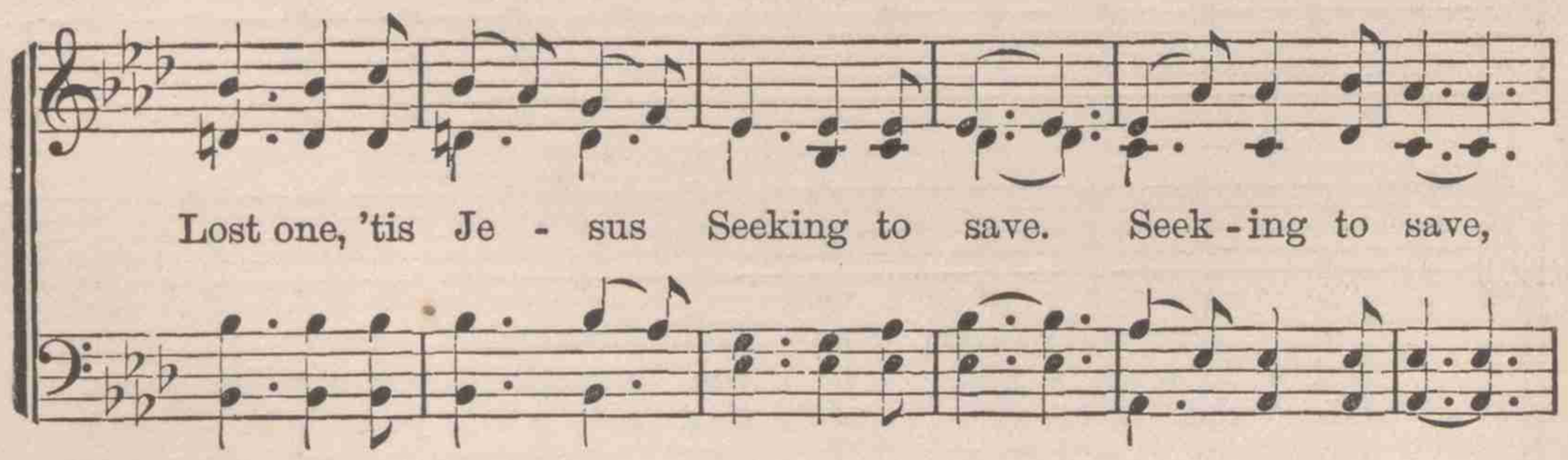
"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19: 10.

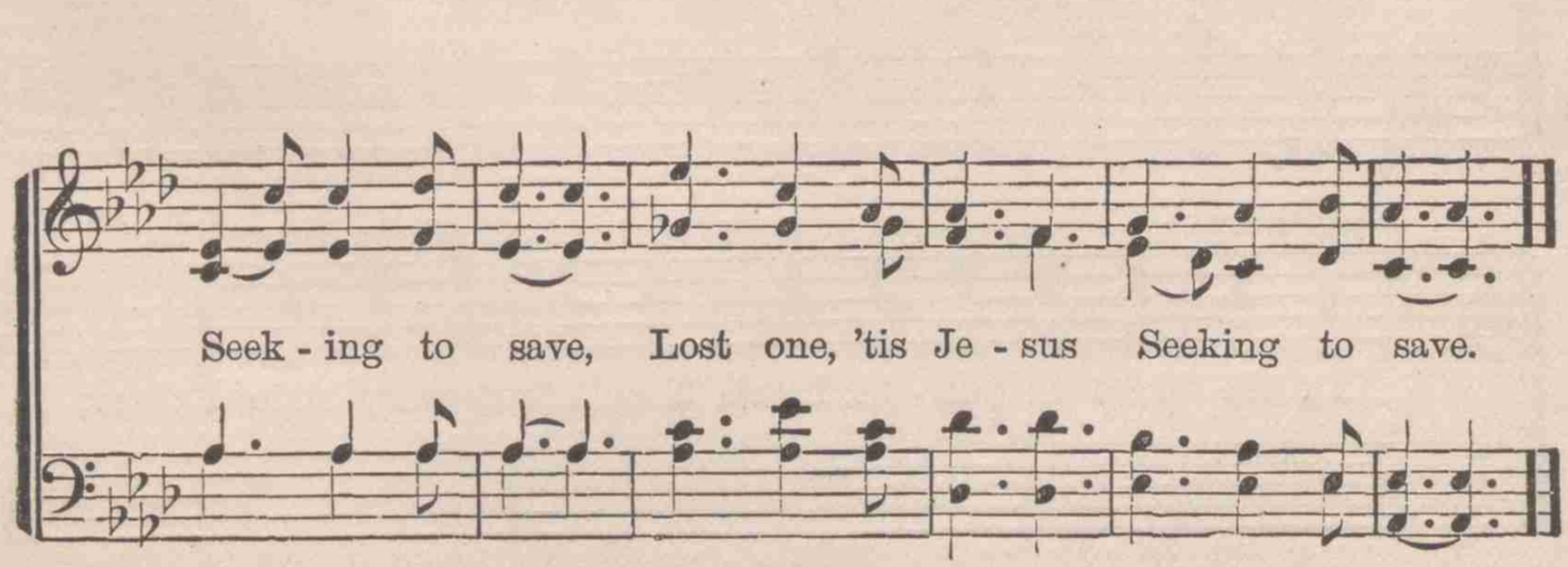
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. Ten - derly the Shepherd, O'er the mountains cold, Goes to bring his
2. Pa - tiently the own - er Seeks with earnest care, In the dust and
3. Loving - ly the Fa - ther Sends the news around: "He once dead now

CHORUS.

lost one Back to the fold. Seeking to save, Seeking to save,
darkness Her treasure rare.
liv - eth— Once lost is found.



Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seeking to save. Seek - ing to save,

Seek - ing to save, Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seeking to save.

## No. 178. I am Sweeping thro' the Gates.* (G. H. 2–48.)

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day."—REV. 21: 25.

Rev. JOHN PARKER. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je - sus' blood;
2. Oh! the bless - ed Lord of light, He up - holds me by His might:
3. I am sweeping thro' the gate Where the blessed for me wait:
4. Burst are all my pris - on bars, And I soar be - yond the stars;

I am watching and I'm long - ing while I wait. Soon on
And His arms en - fold, and com - fort while I wait. I am
Where the wea - ry work-ers rest for - ev - er - more. Where the
To my Fa - ther's house, the bright and blest es - tate. Lo! the

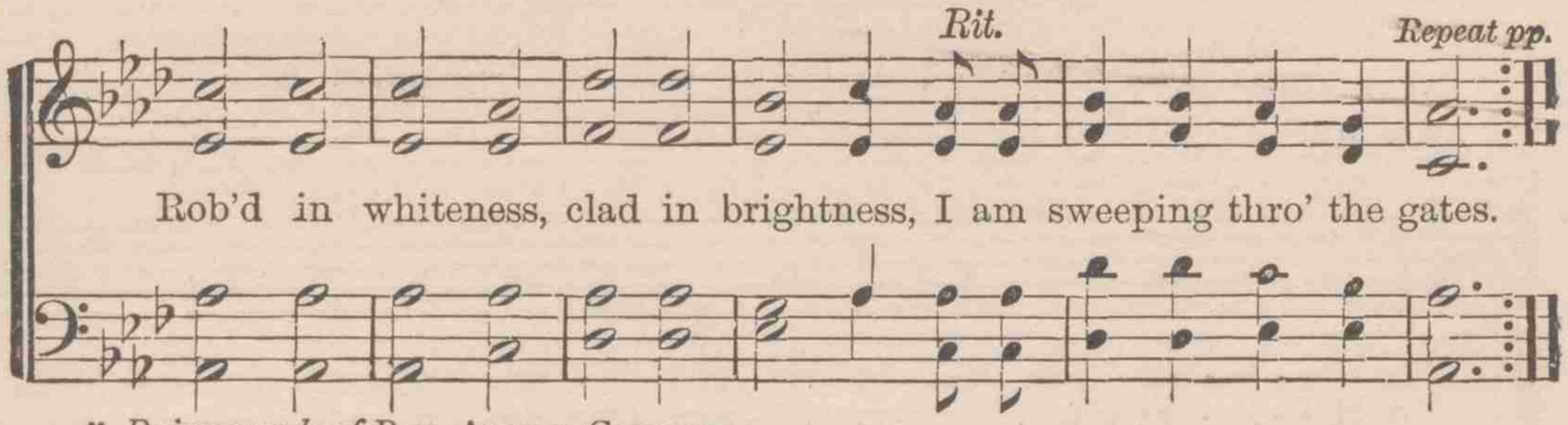
wings of love I'll fly, To my home be - yond the sky,
lean - ing on His breast, Oh! the sweet - ness of His rest,
strife of earth is done, And the crown of life is won,
morn e - ter - nal breaks, And the song im - mor - tal wakes,

To my wel - come, as I'm sweeping thro' the gates.
Hal - le - lu - jah, I am sweeping through the gates.
Oh, the glo - ry of that cit - y just be - fore!
Rob'd in whiteness I am sweeping thro' the gates.

REFRAIN.

In the blood of yon - der Lamb, Wash'd from every stain I am;

# I am Sweeping through the Gates.—Concluded.

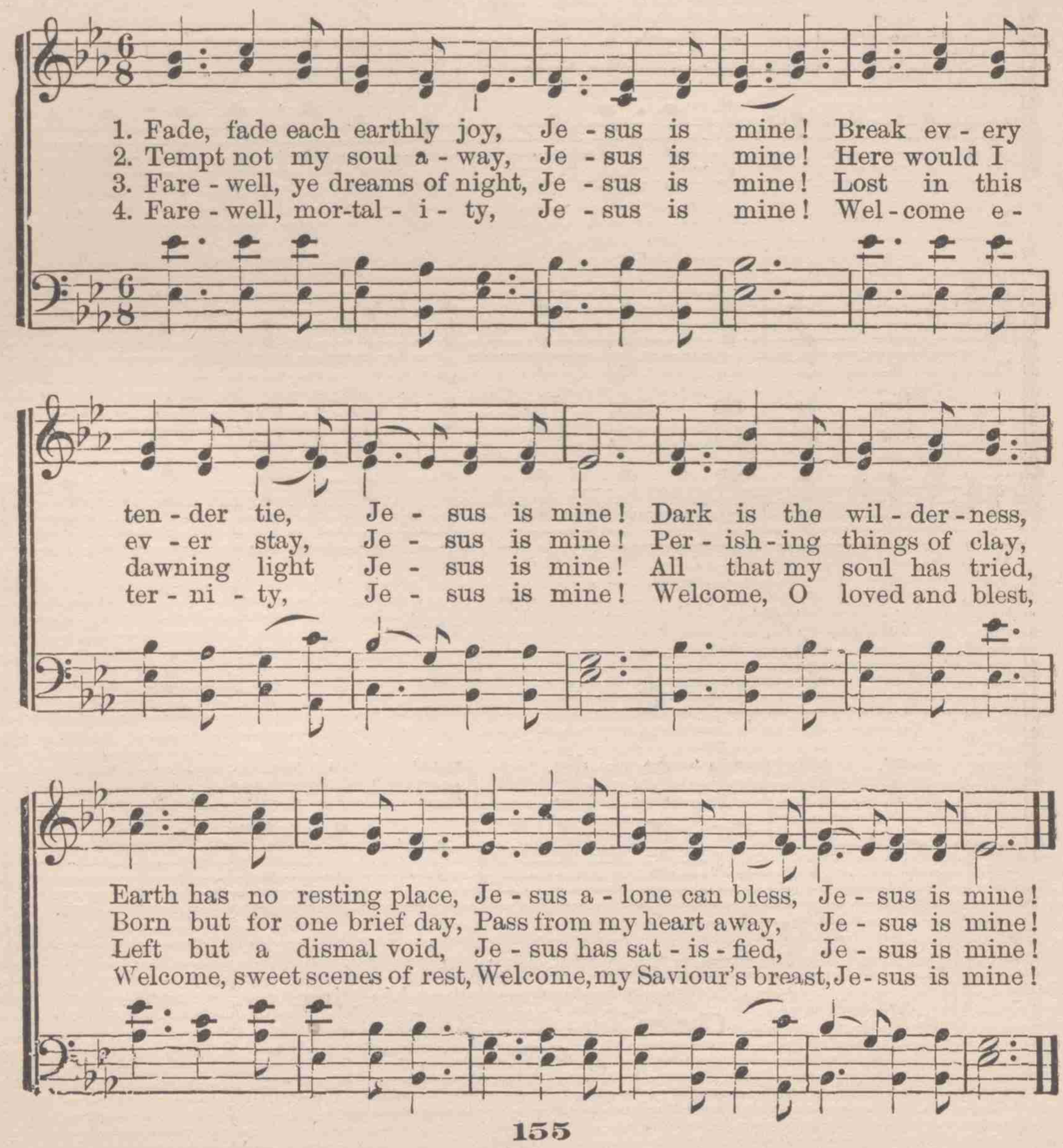



* *Dying words of* Rev. Alfred Cookman.

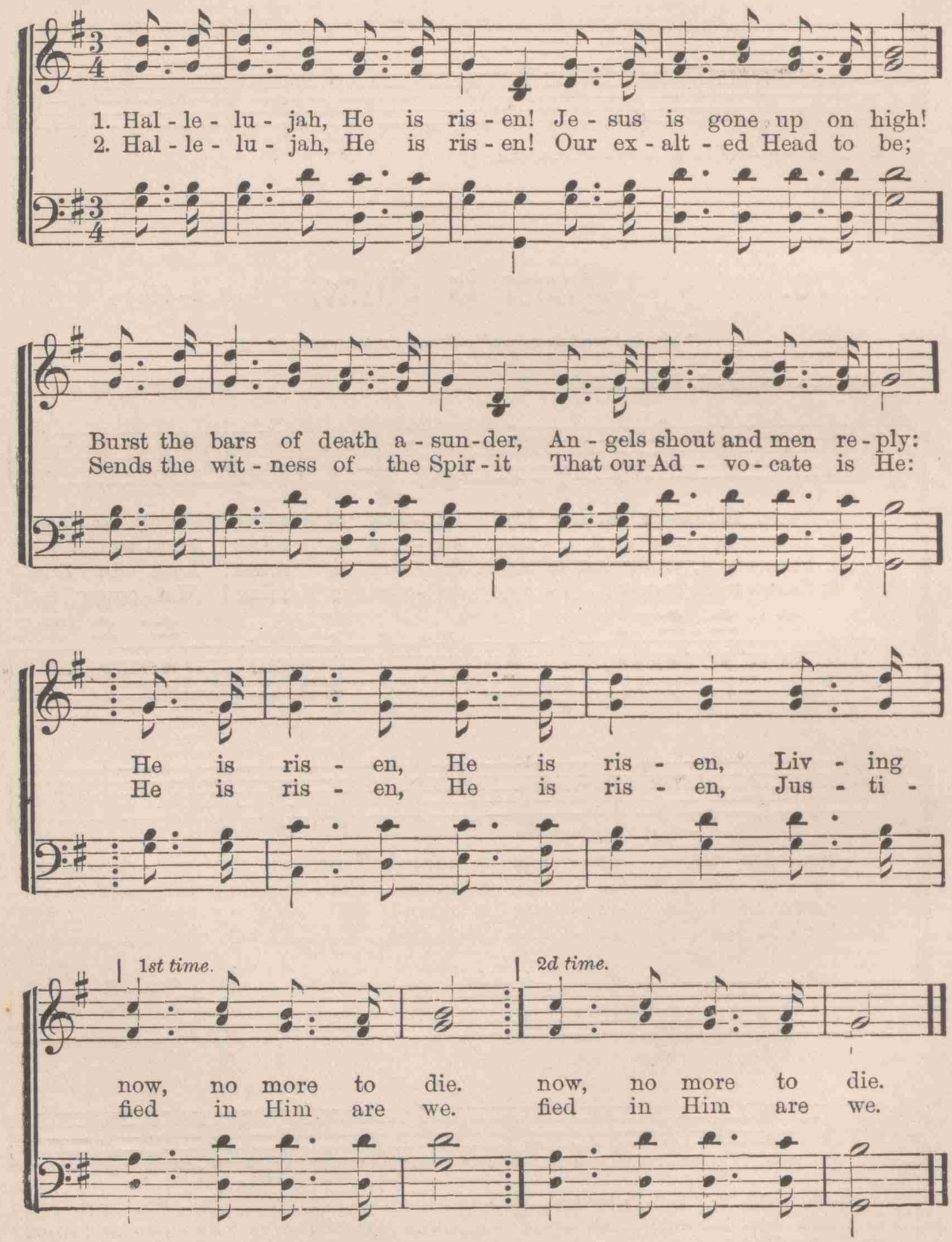
—o—

## No. 179. Jesus is Mine. (G. H. 2–49.)

"My beloved is mine."—Song of Solomon 2: 16.

Mrs. Catherine J. Bonar, 1843. T. E. Perkins, by per.

## No. 180. Hallelujah, He is Risen! (G. H. 2-50.)

"He is not here; for he is risen, as he said."—MATT. 28: 6.

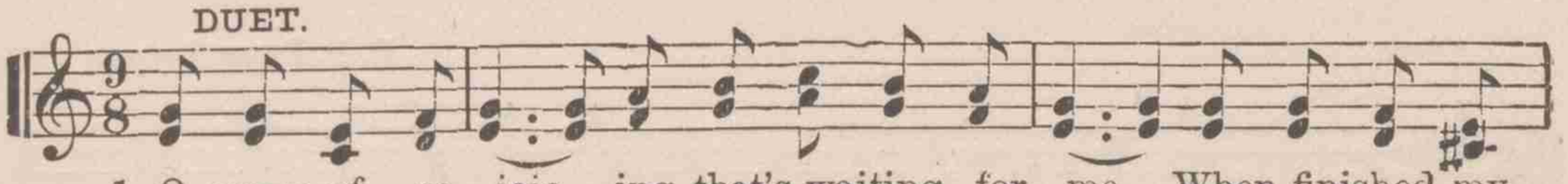
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

3 Hallelujah, He is risen!
Death for aye hath lost his sting,
Christ, Himself the Resurrection,
From the grave His own will bring:
||: He is risen,
Living Lord and coming King. :||

## No. 181. O Crown of Rejoicing. (G. H. 2–53.)

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." —2 TIM. 4: 8.

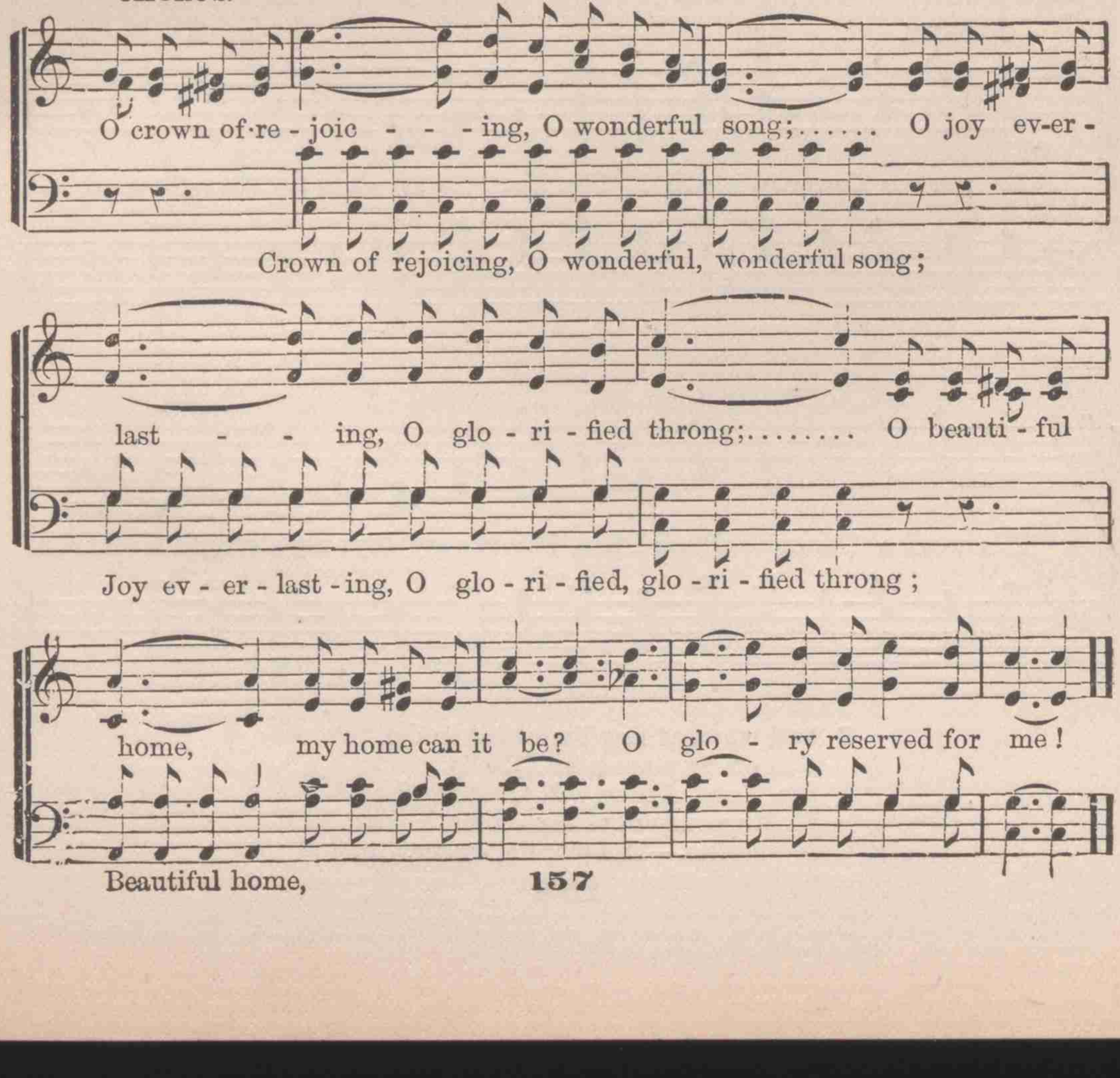
Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

DUET.



1. O crown of re - joic - ing that's waiting for me, When finished my course, and when Jesus I see, And when from my Lord comes the sweet sounding word: "Receive faithful ser - - vant, the joy of thy Lord."
2. O won - der - ful song that in glo - ry I'll sing, To Him who re - deemed me to Jesus my King; All glo-ry and hon - or to Him shall be given, And praises un - ceas - ing for - ev - er in heaven.
3. O joy ev - er - last - ing when hea-ven is won, For - ev - er in glo - ry to shine as the sun; No sorrow nor sigh - ing—these all flee a- way, No night there, no shad - ows— 'tis one end - less day.
4. O won - der - ful name which the glo - ri - fied bear, The new name which Je - - sus bestows on us there; To him that o'er-com - eth 'twill only be given, Blest sign of ap - prov - al, our wel - come to heaven.

CHORUS.



O crown of re - joic - - - ing, O wonderful song;..... O joy ev-er - last - - ing, O glo - ri - fied throng;..... O beauti - ful home, my home can it be? O glo - ry reserved for me!

Crown of rejoicing, O wonderful, wonderful song;

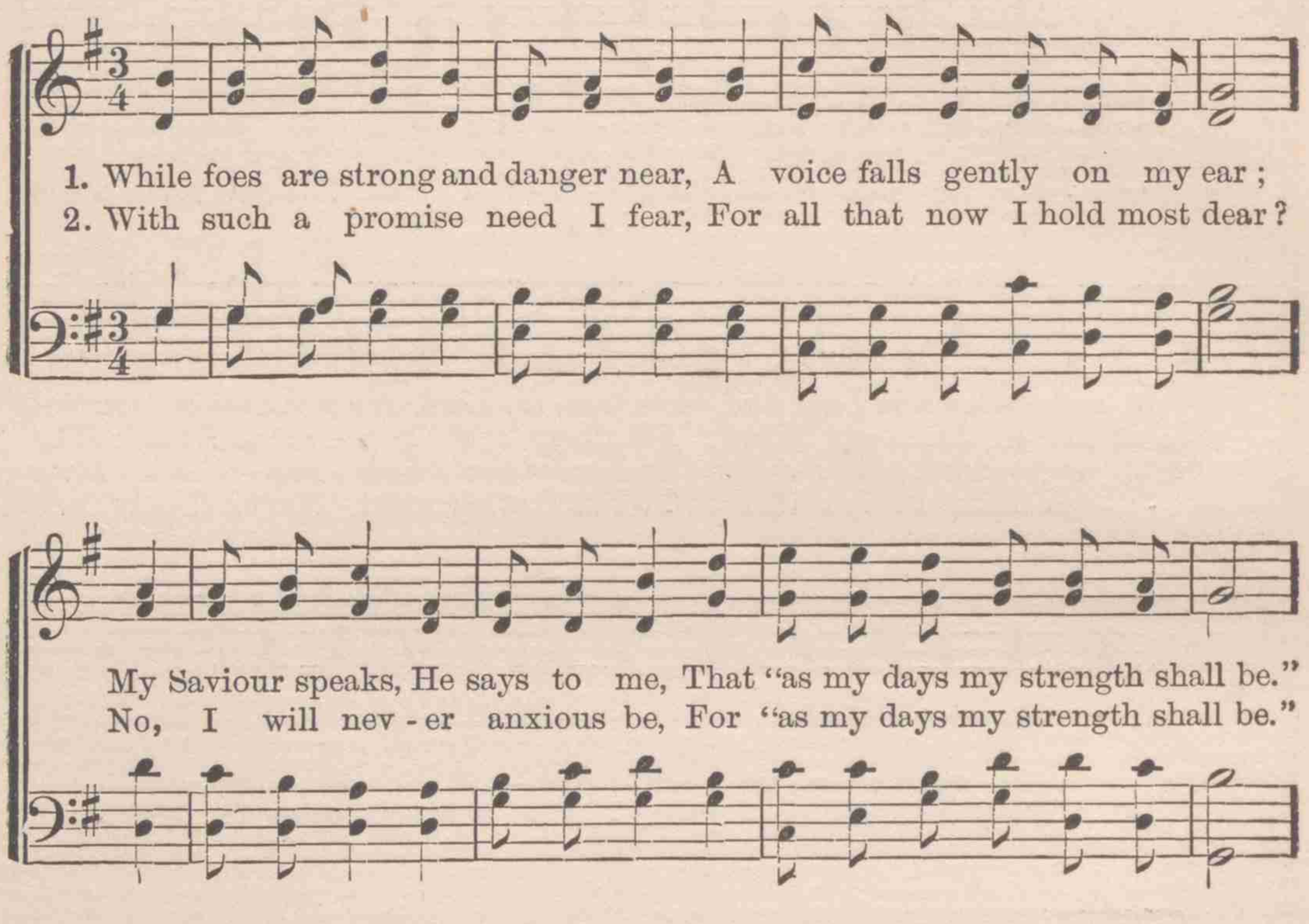
Joy ev - er - last - ing, O glo - ri - fied, glo - ri - fied throng;

Beautiful home,

## No. 182. His Word a Tower. (G. H. 2–54.)

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be?"—DEUT. 33 : 25.

ANON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

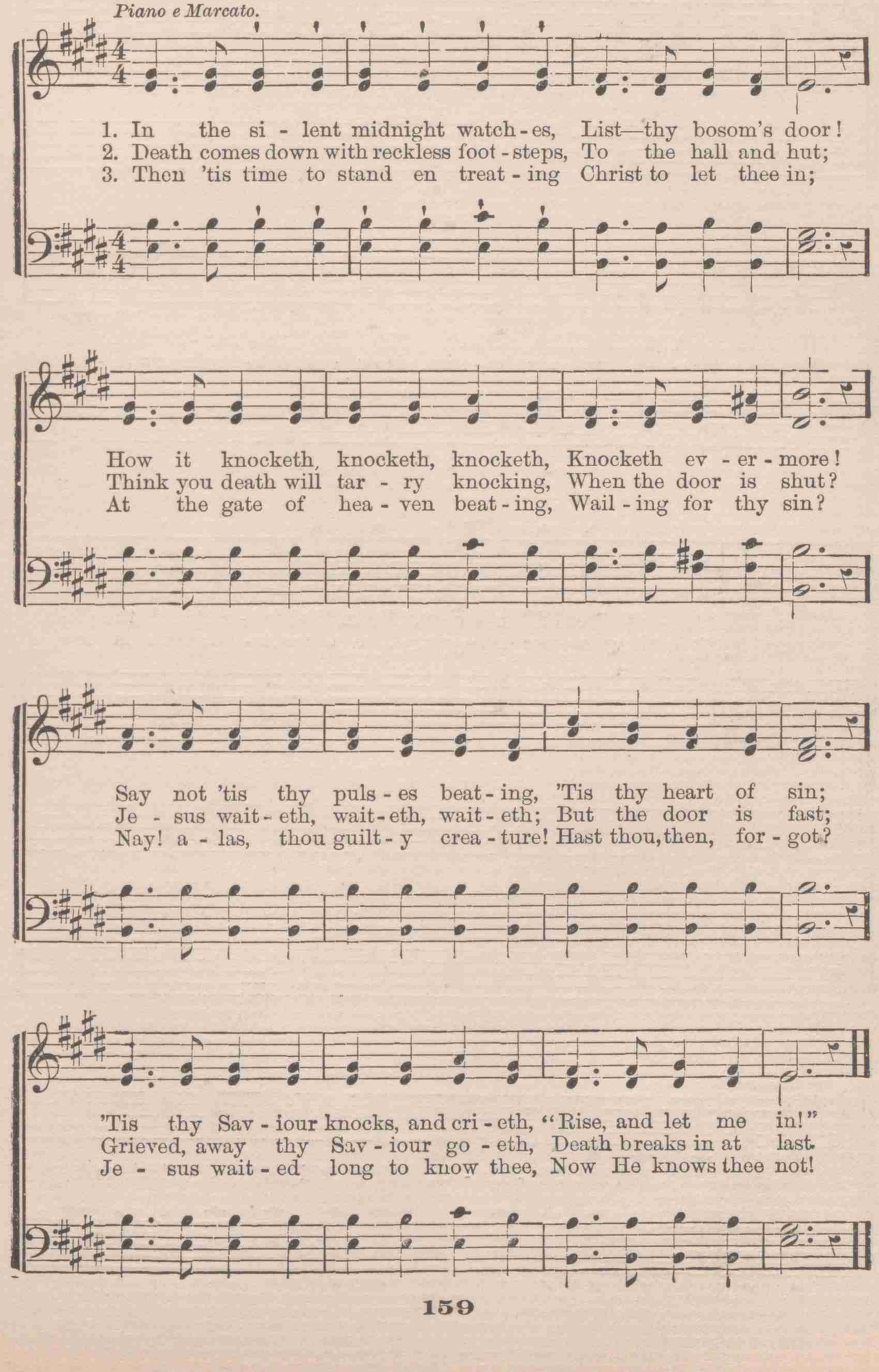



3 And when at last I'm called to die,
Still on Thy promise I'll rely;
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee,
That "as my days my strength shall be."
CHO.—His word a Tower, &c.

## No. 183. In the Silent Midnight Watches. (G. H. 2–56.)

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

Rev. A. C. Coxe, D. D. Geo. F. Root, by per.

*Piano e Marcato.*

## No. 184. We shall Sleep, but not Forever. (G. H. 2–58.)

"Sown in corruption....raised in incorruption."—1 Cor. 15 : 42.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. S. J. Vail, by per.

1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn!
2. When we see a precious blossom That we tend-ed with such care,

We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the re - sur - rection morn!
Rudely tak - en from our bo - som, How our ach - ing hearts de - spair!

From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the de - sert and the plain,
Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger, Till the set - ting sun is low,

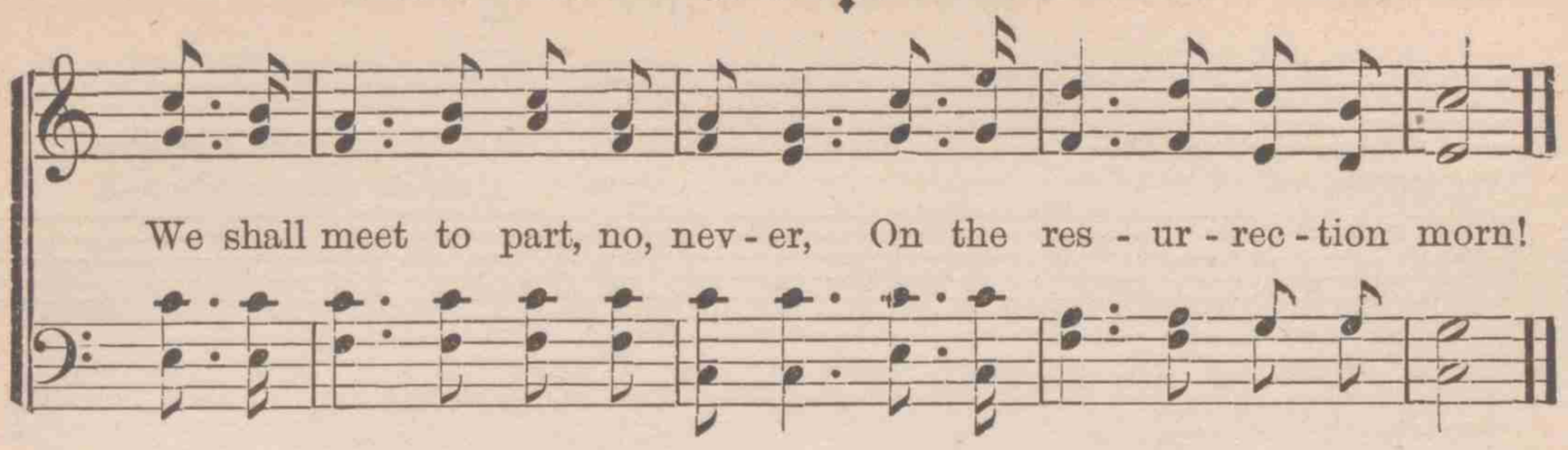
From the val - ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise a - gain.
Feel - ing all our hopes have perished With the flow'r we cherished so.

CHORUS.

*cres.*

We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn;

## We shall Sleep.—Concluded.



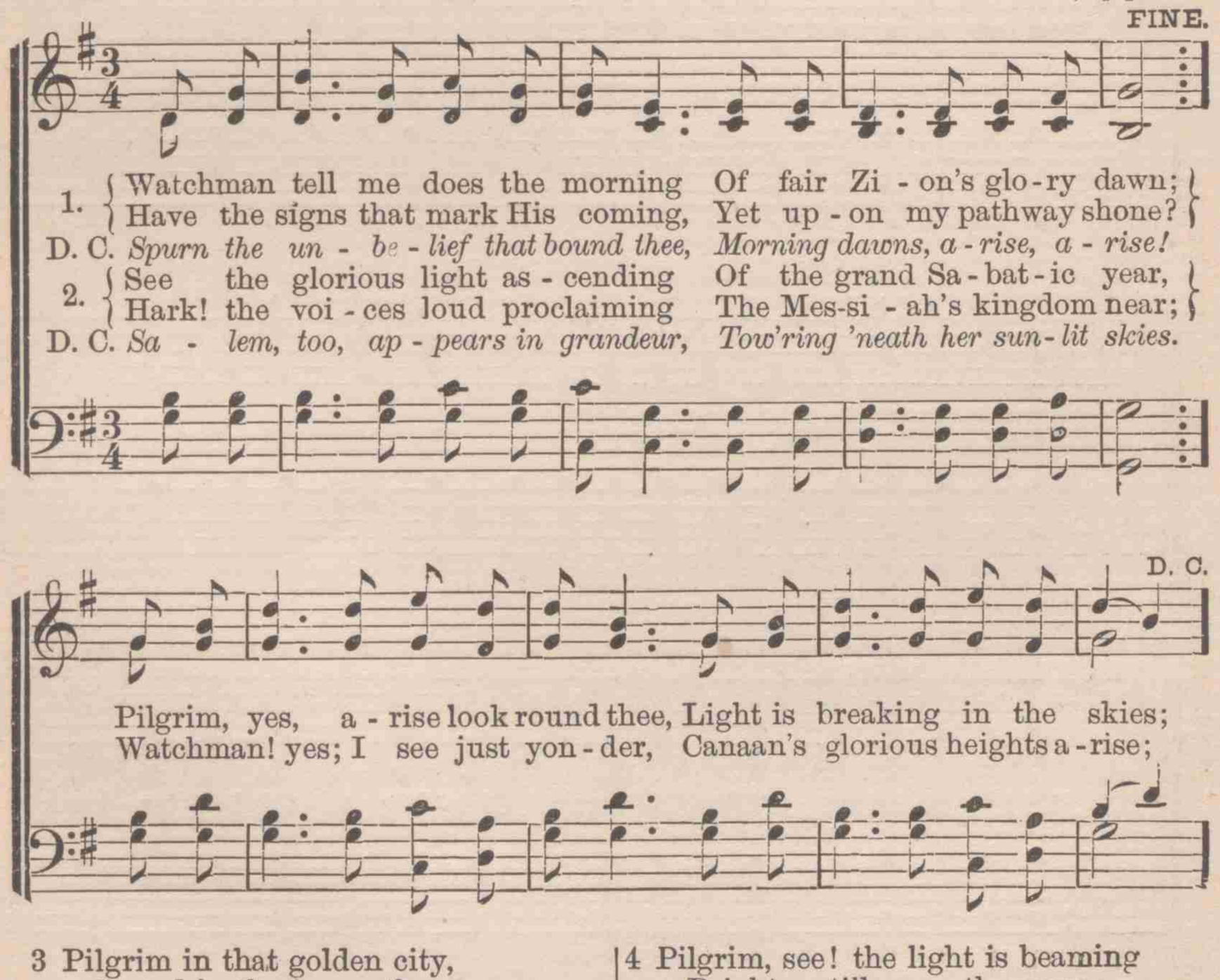

3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.

In the bright, eternal city
Death can never, never come!
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest, to Home, sweet Home.
*Cho.*

## No. 185. Watchman, Tell Me. (G. H. 2–81.)

"Watchman, what of the night."—Isa. 21: 11.

Rev. Sidney S. Brewer. Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.

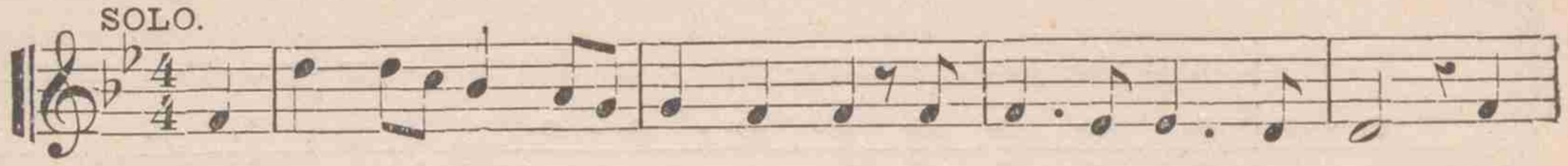



3 Pilgrim in that golden city,
Seated in the jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There, on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

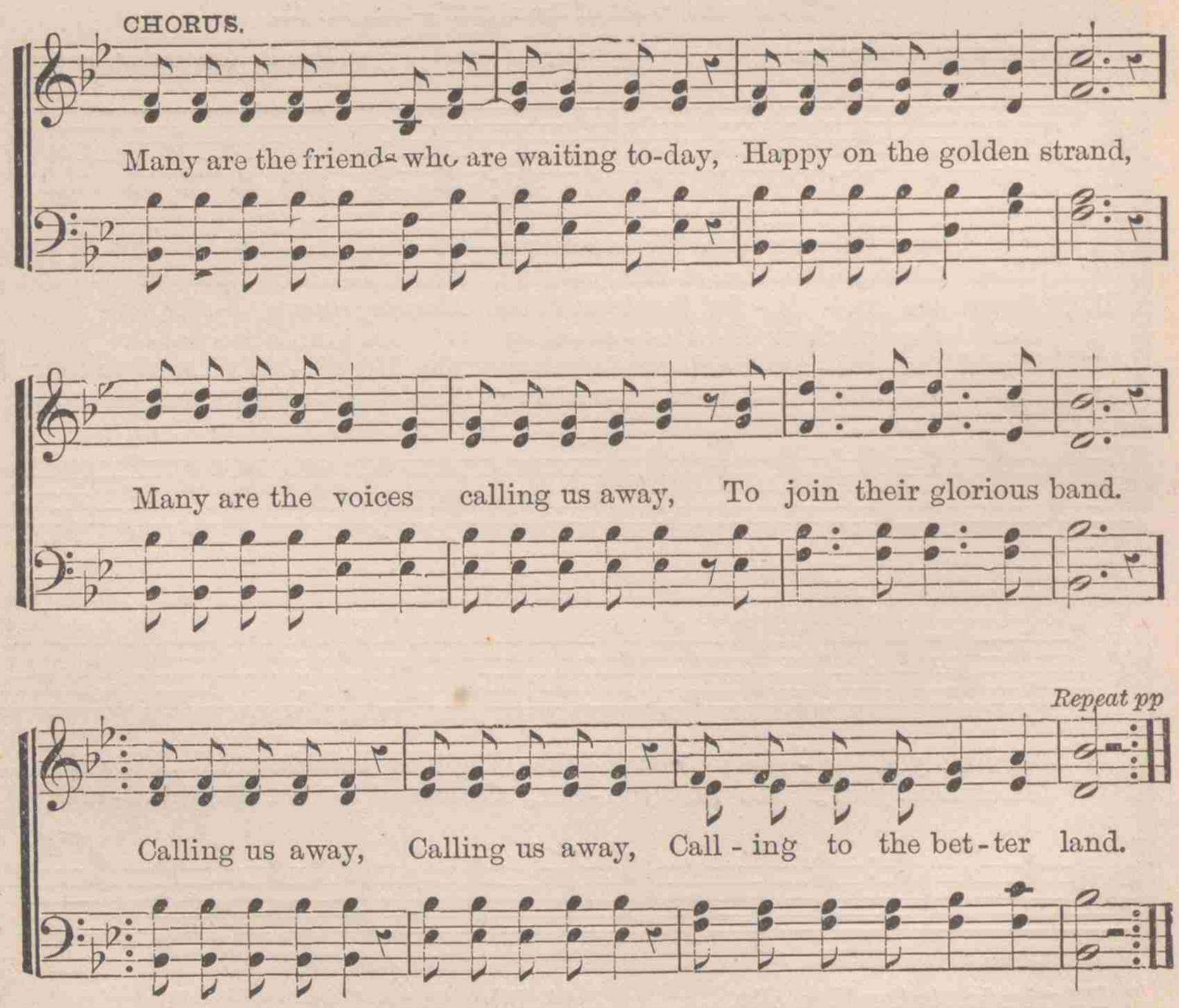
4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of thy coming day,
When the last loud trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from earth to sea
All the saints of God now sleeping,—
Clad in immortality.

## No. 186. Give me the Wings of Faith. (G. H. 2–60.)

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

Rev. I. Watts, 1709. Arr. by Walter Kittredge.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, Within the vail, and see The
2. Once they were mourners here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears; They

saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.
wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.




3.

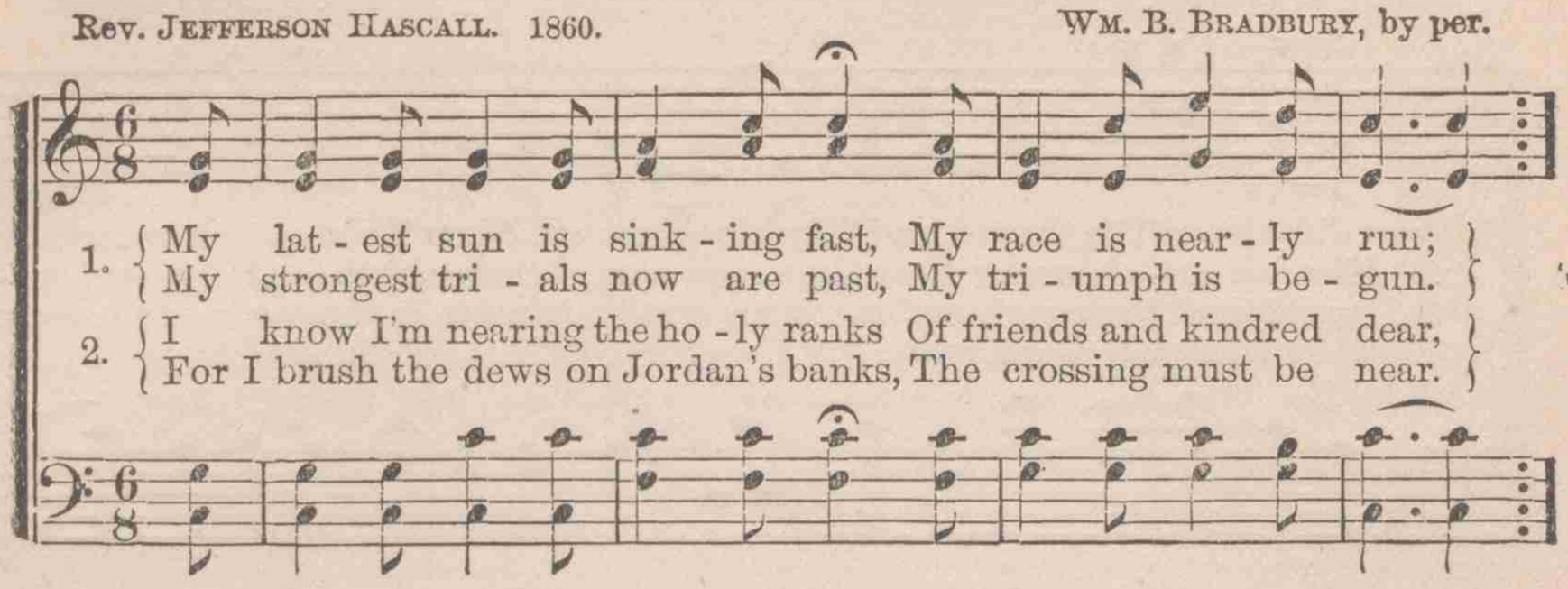
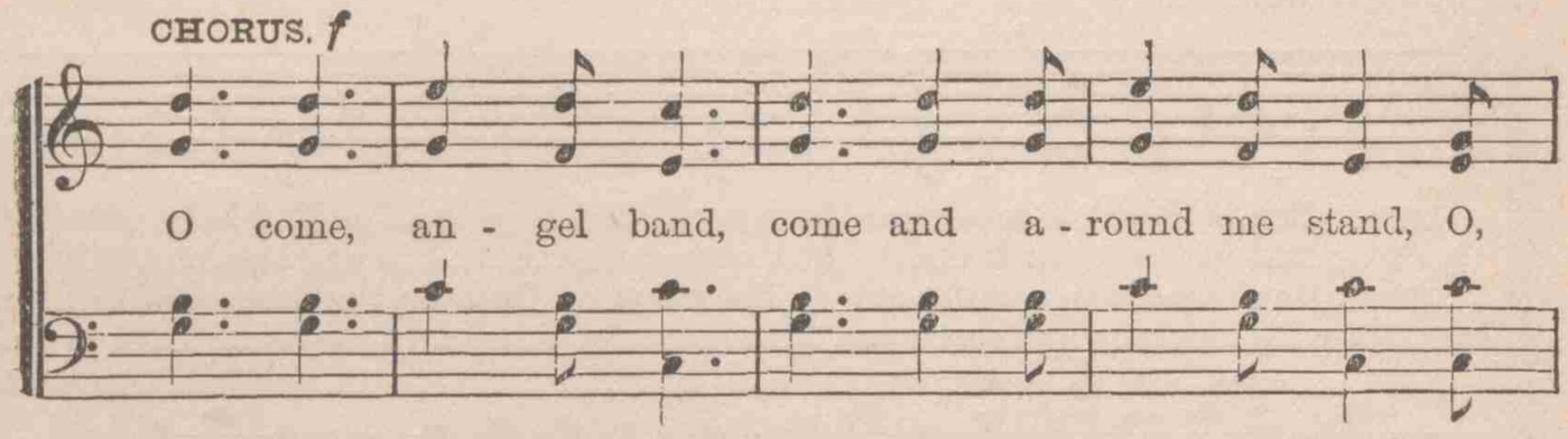
I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
Many are the friends, &c.

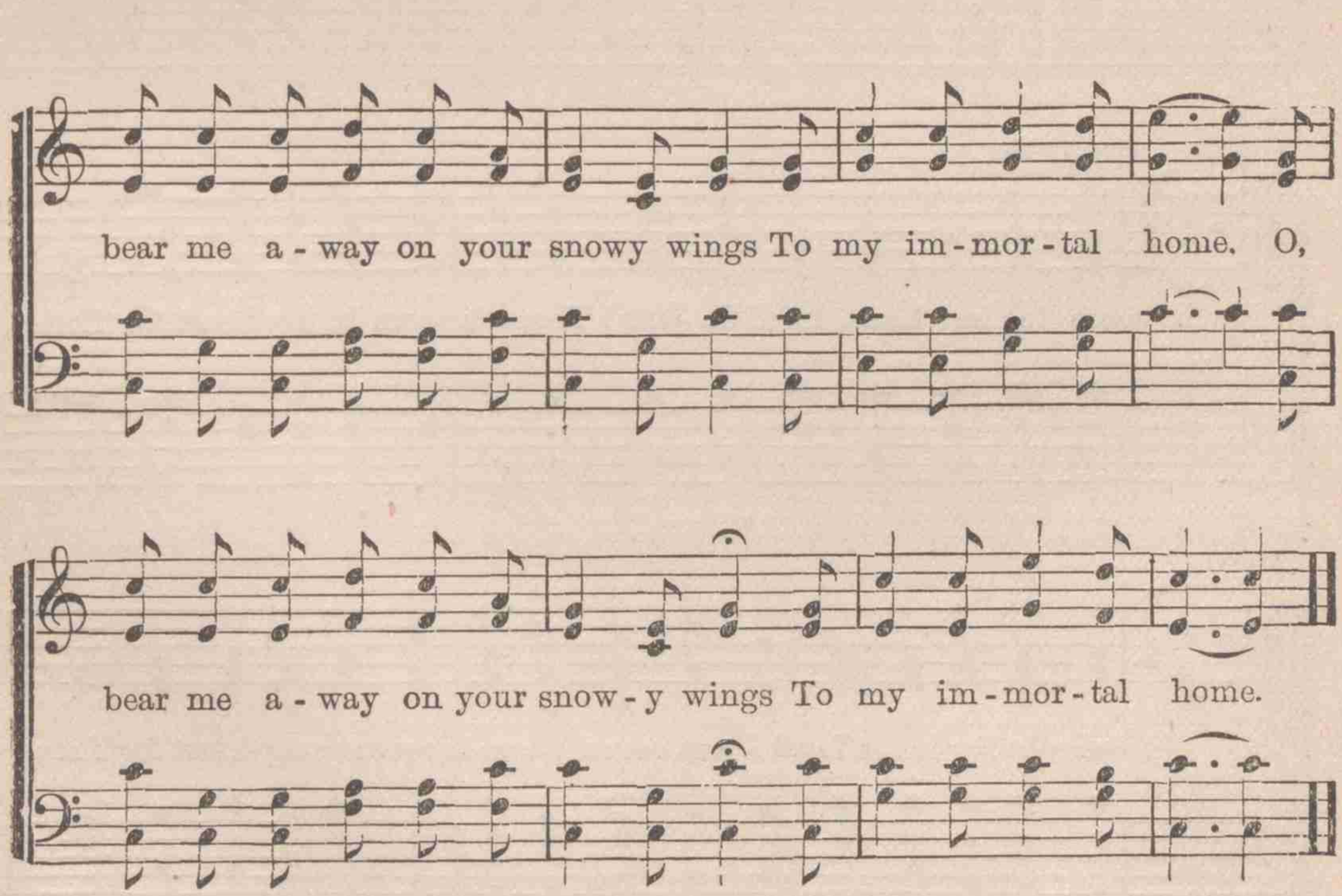
## No. 187. The Land of Beulah. (G. H. 2–61.)

"Thou shalt be called Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee."—Isa. 62: 4.

*As sung by the late* Bishop Morris.

Rev. Jefferson Hascall. 1860. Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.






3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

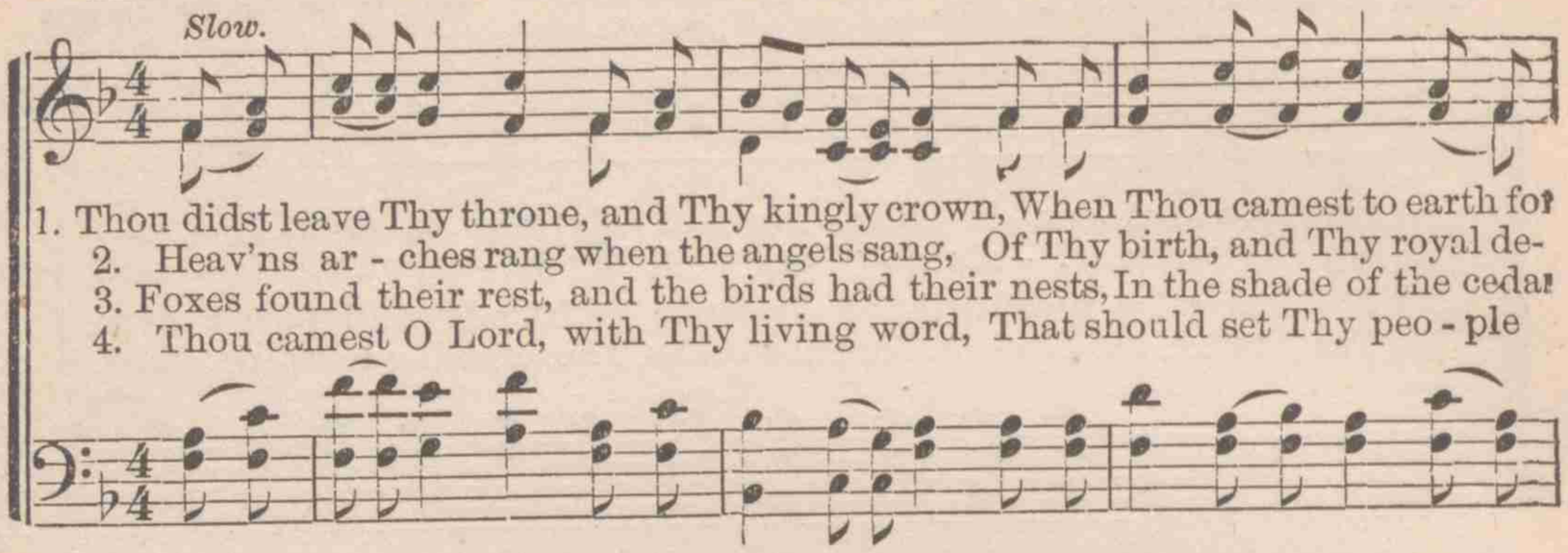
4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

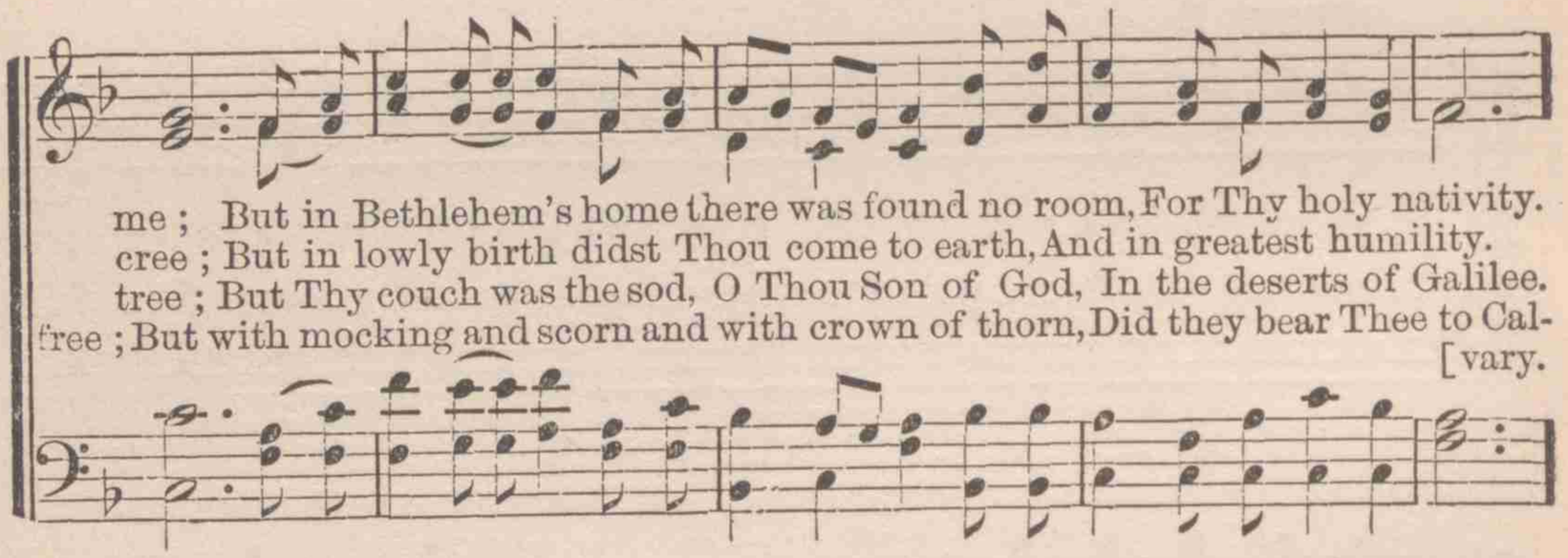
## No. 188. Room for Thee. (G. H. 2–62.)

"There was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE. 2: 7.

EMILY S. ELLIOTT. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

*Slow.*

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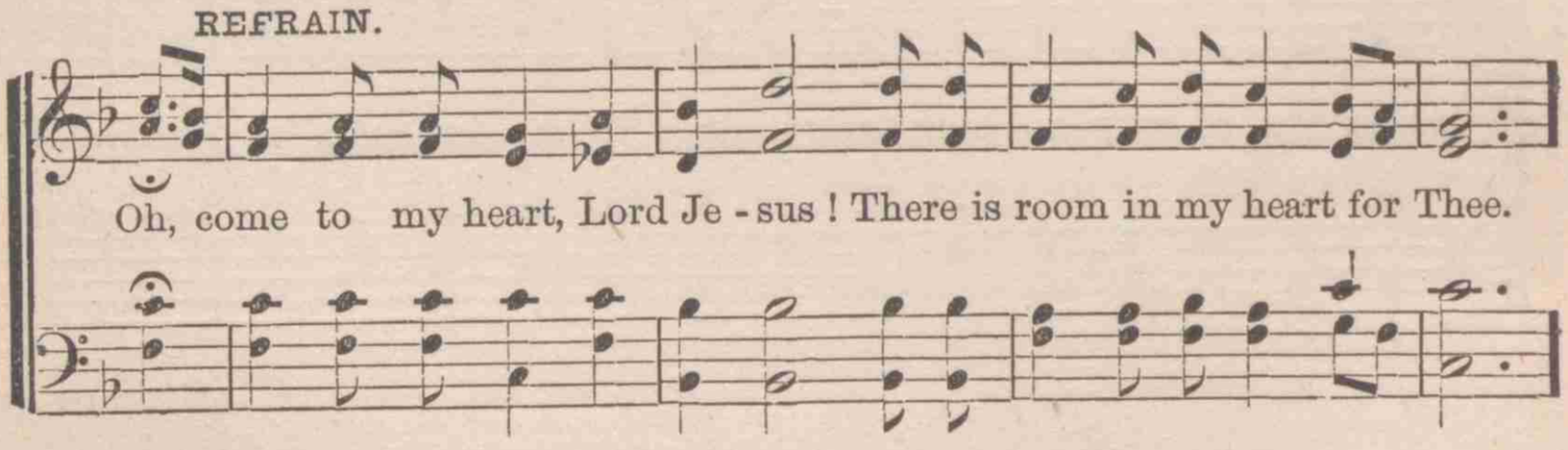
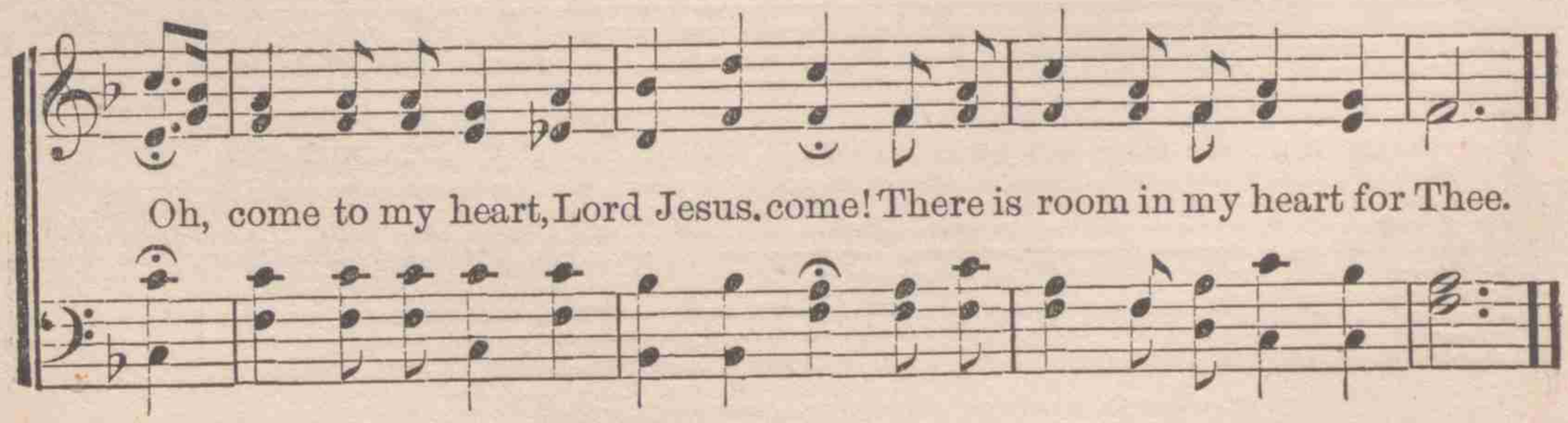


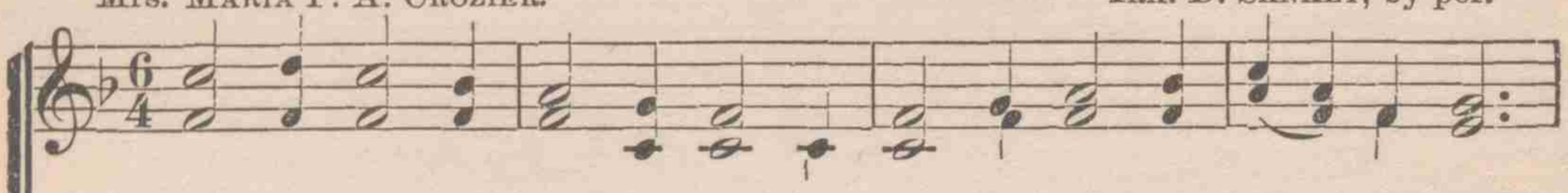
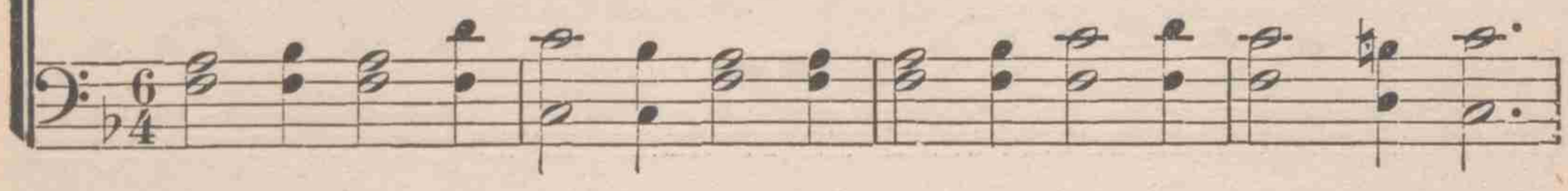
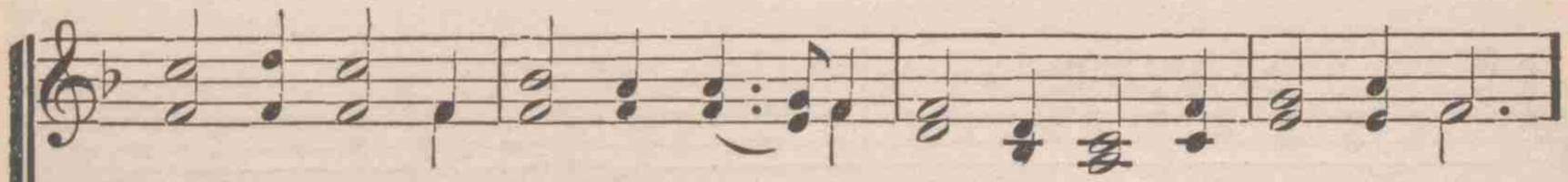
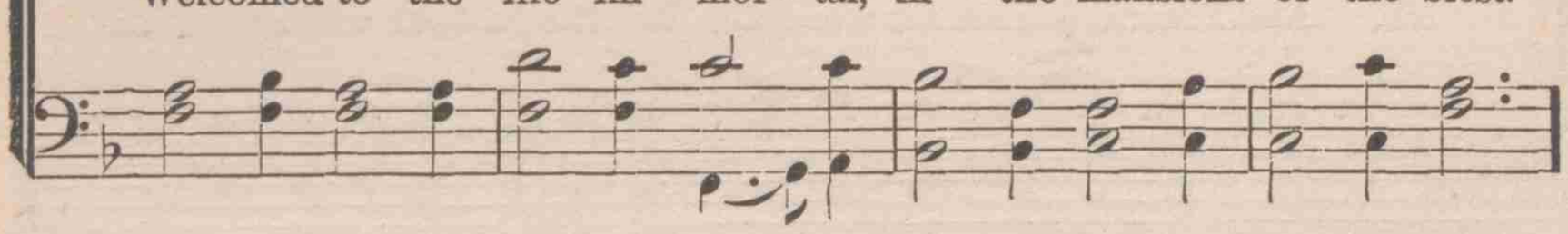




5 Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Thou wilt call me home, saying "yet there is room,"
There is room at My side for thee. *Cho.*

## No. 189. Home at Last. (G. H. 2–98.)

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

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying,"—REV. 21: 4.

MRS. MARIA P. A. CROZIER. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

1. "Home at last" on heavenly mountains, Heard the "Come and en-ter in;"
2. Free at last from all tempta-tion, No more need of watch-ful care;
3. Saved to greet on hills of glo-ry Loved ones we have missed so long;
4. Welcomed at the pearl-y por-tal, Ev-er more a wel-come guest;

Saved by life's fair flow-ing fountains, Saved from earthly taint and sin.
Joy-ful in complete sal-va-tion, Given the victor's crown to wear.
Saved to tell the sin-ner's sto-ry, Saved to sing re-demption's song.
Welcomed to the life im-mor-tal, In the mansions of the blest.

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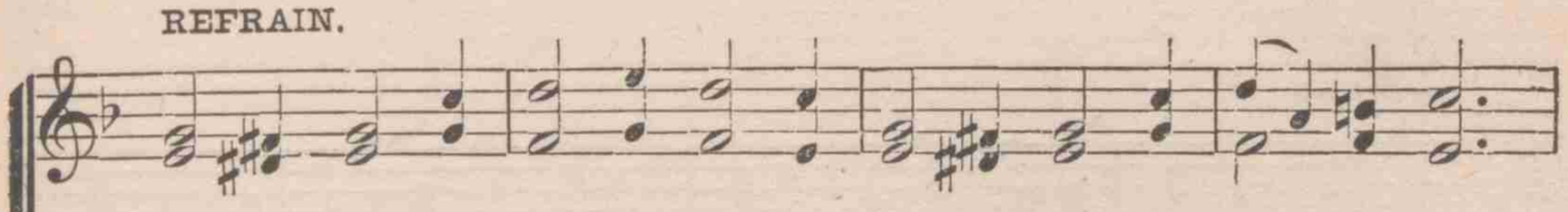
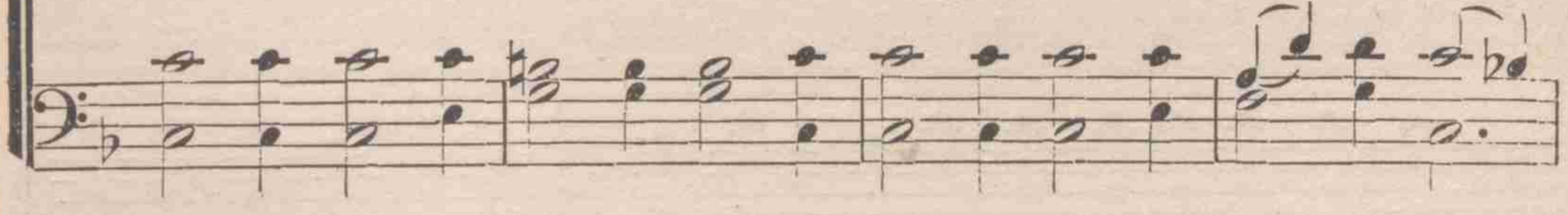
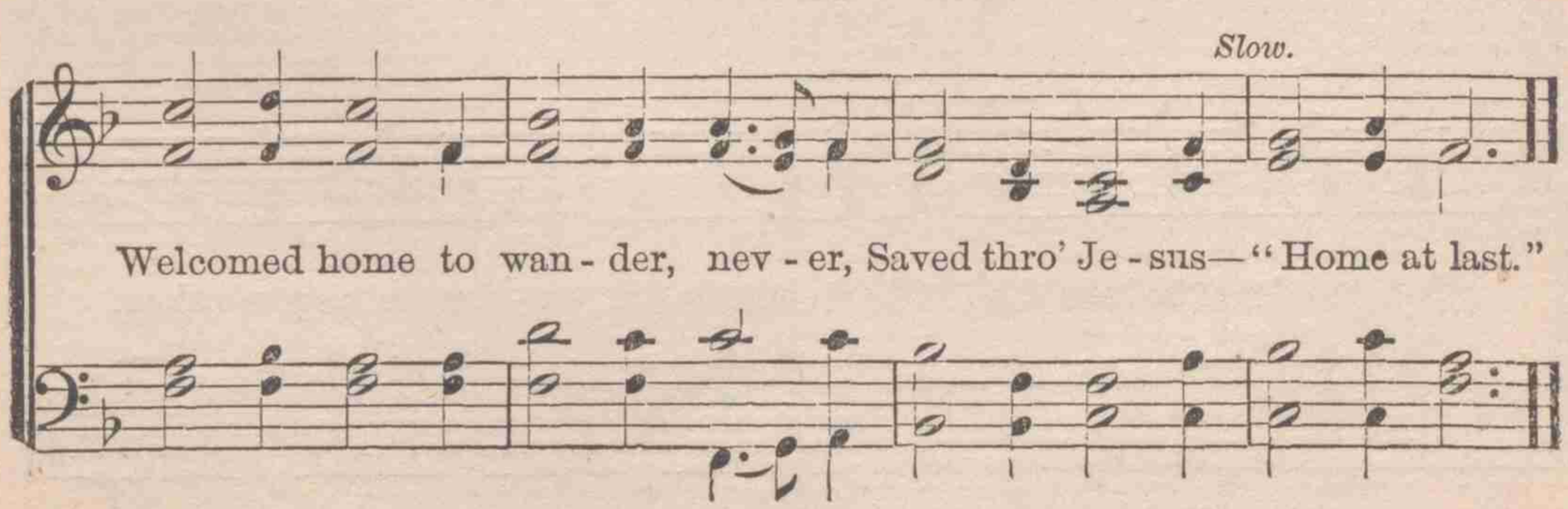

"Home, sweet home," our home forev-er; All the pil-grim-jour-ney past;

*Slow.*



Welcomed home to wan-der, nev-er, Saved thro' Je-sus—"Home at last."

## No. 190. The Mistakes of my Life. (G. H. 2–64.)

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—Rev. 3: 8.

Mrs Urania Locke Bailey. Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.

*Tenderly.*

1. The mistakes of my life have been many, The sins of my heart have been more,
2. I am lowest of those who love Him, I am weakest of those who pray;
3. My mistakes His free grace will cover, My sins He will wash a - way,
4. The mistakes of my life have been many, And my spirit is sick with sin,

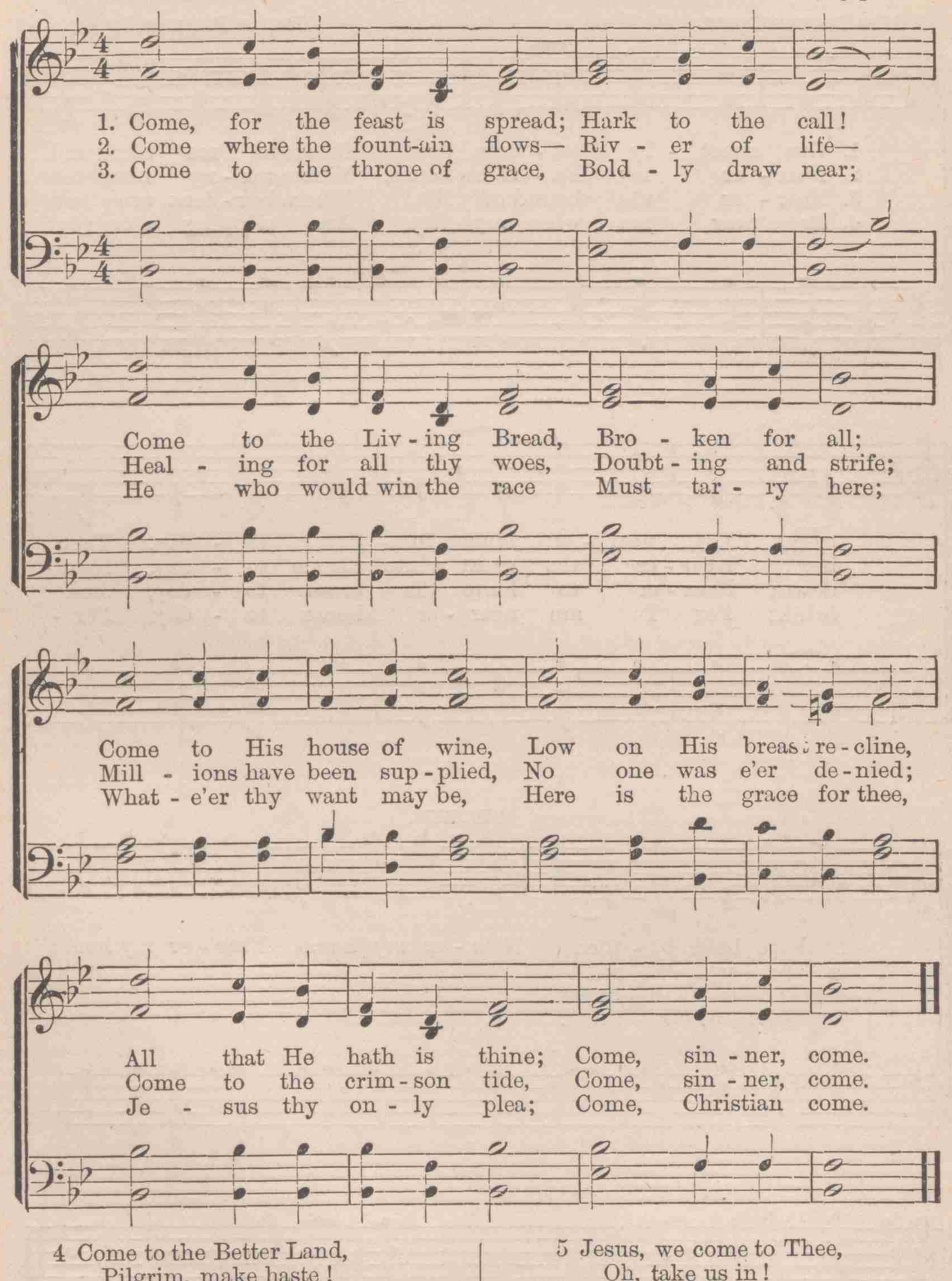
And I scarce can see for weeping, But I'll knock at the open door.
But I come as He has bidden, And He will not say me nay.
And the feet that shrink and falter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.
And I scarce can see for weeping, But the Saviour will let me in.

CHORUS.

I know I am weak and sinful, It comes to me more and more; But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.

## No. 191. Come; for the Feast is Spread. (G. H. 2–68.)

"Come; for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14: 17.

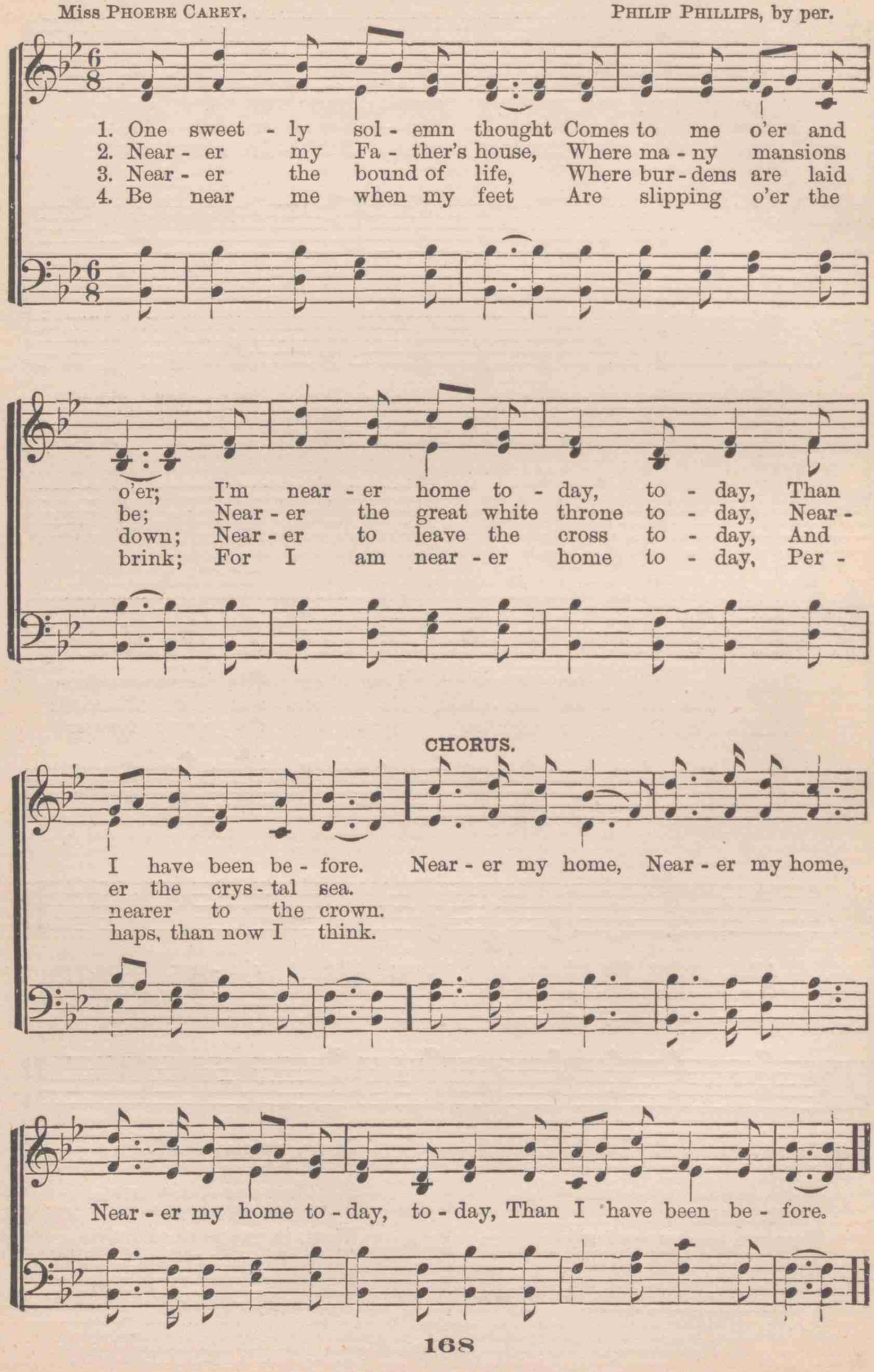
Rev. HENRY BURTON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

4 Come to the Better Land,
Pilgrim, make haste!
Earth is a foreign strand—
Wilderness waste!
Here are the harps of gold,
Here are the joys untold—
Crowns for the young and old;
Come, pilgrim, come.

5 Jesus, we come to Thee,
Oh, take us in!
Set Thou our spirits free;
Cleanse us from sin!
Then, in yon land of light,
Clothed in our robes of white,
Resting not day nor night,
Thee will we sing.

# No. 192. One Sweetly Solemn Thought. (G. H. 2–66.)

"Now they desire a better country that is, an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

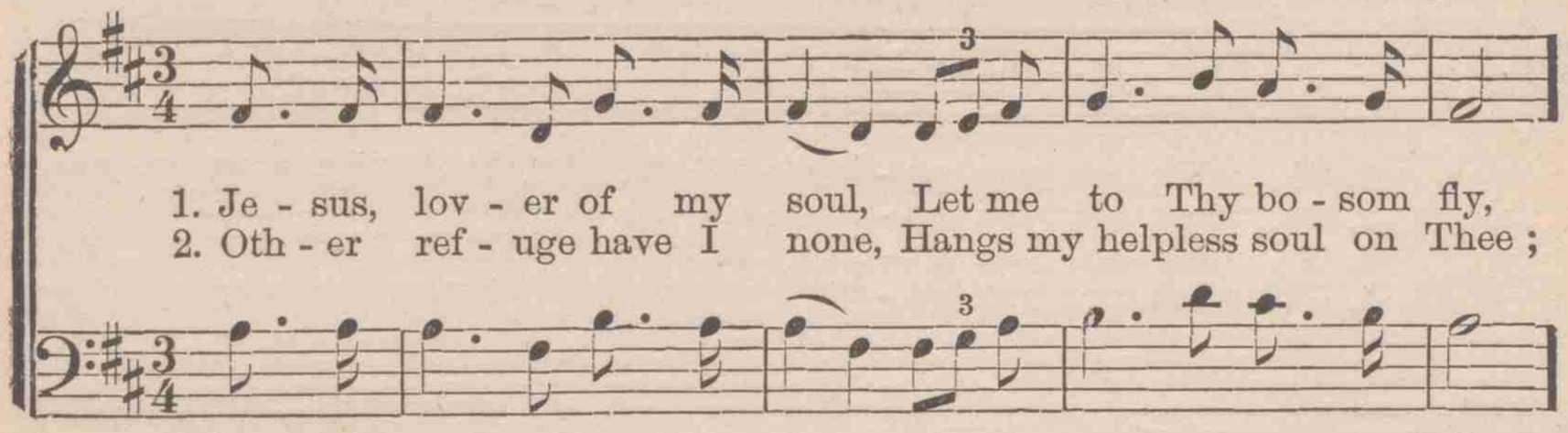
Miss Phoebe Carey. Philip Phillips, by per.

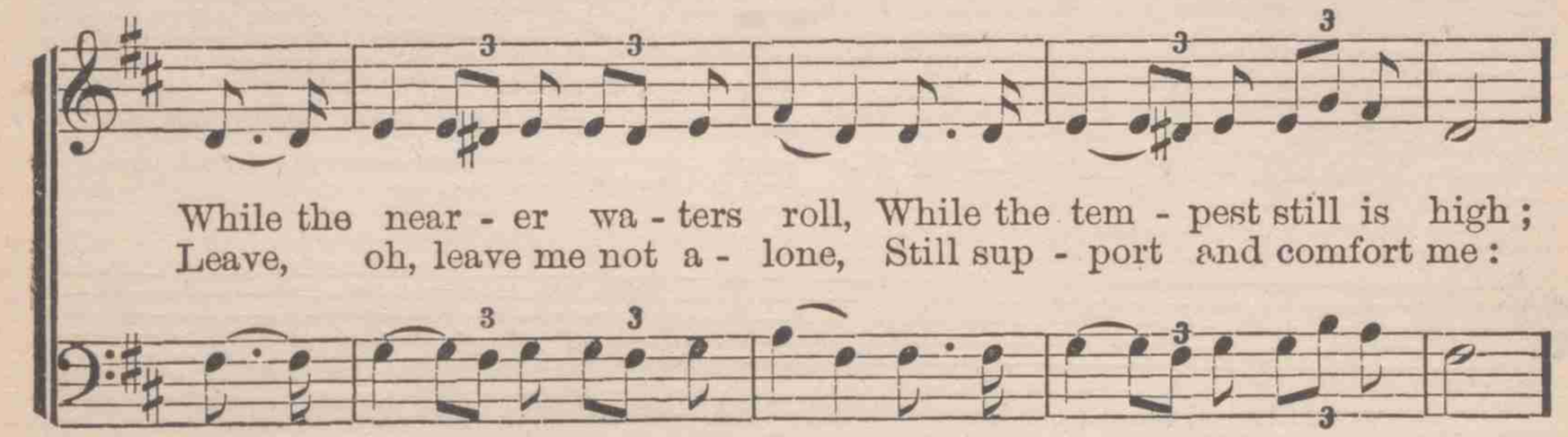
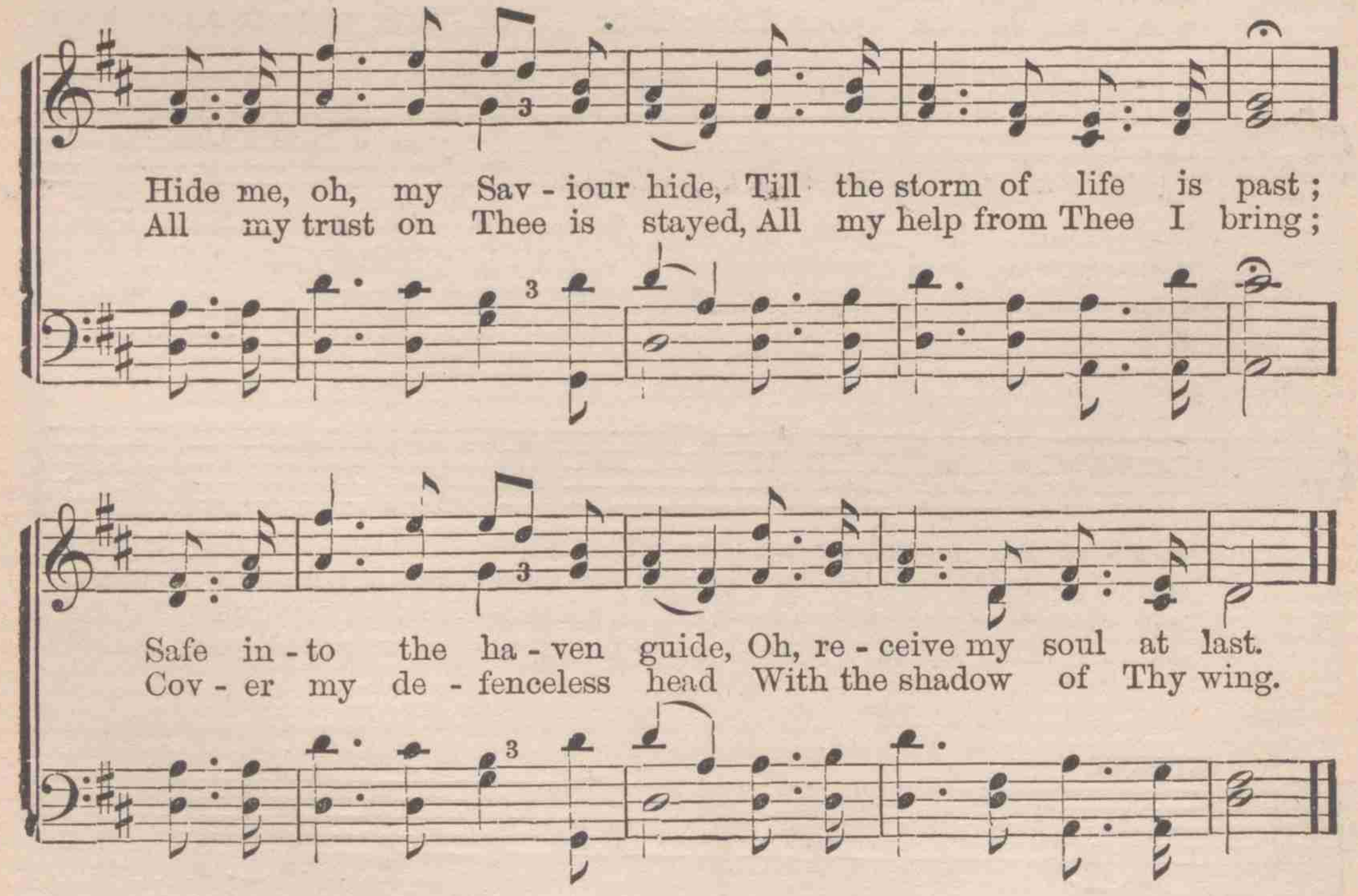


## No. 193. Refuge. 7s. (G. H. 2–69.)

"The Lord also will be a refuge....in times of trouble."—Ps. 9: 9.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740. Jos. P. HOLBROOK, by per.



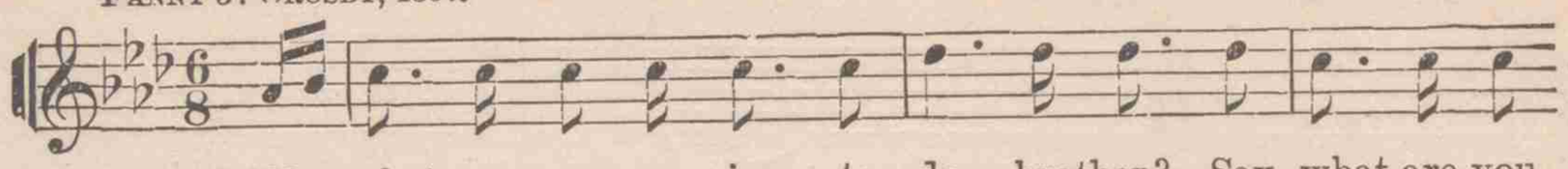
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

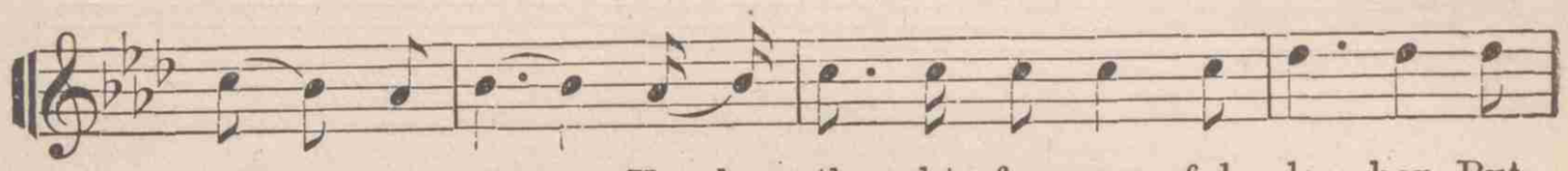
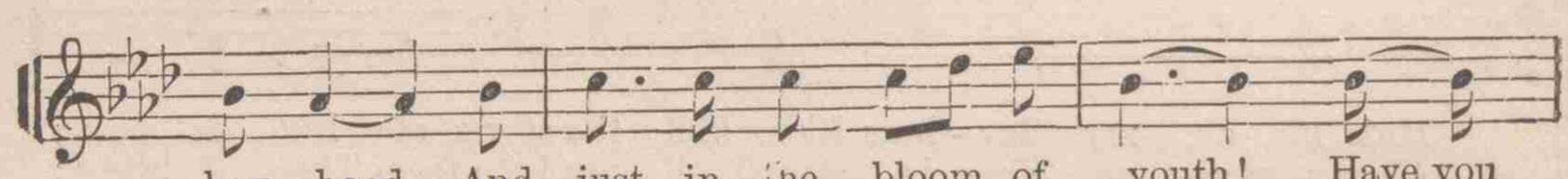
4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me, pure within,
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

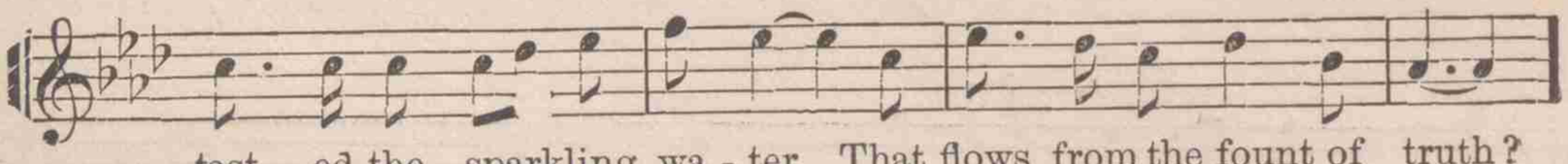
## No. 194. Oh, what are You Going to Do? (G. H. 2–70.)

"How long halt ye between two opinions."—1 KINGS, 18: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1867. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

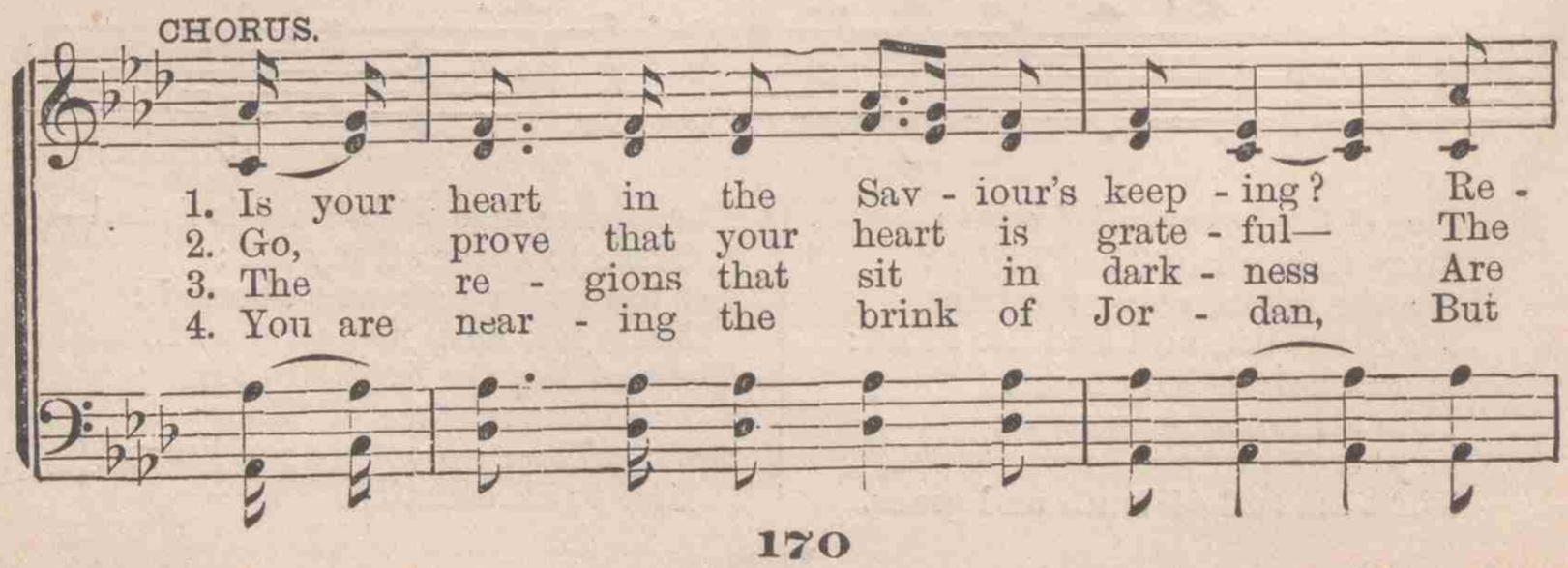


1. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother? Say, what are you go - ing to do? You have thought of some useful la - bor, But
2. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother? The morning of youth is past; The vig - or and strength of manhood, My
3. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother? Your sun at its noon is high; It shines in me - rid - ian splendor, And
4. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother? The twi - light ap - proach - es now;— Al - read - y your locks are silvered, And

what is the end in view? You are fresh from the home of your
brother, are yours at last: You are ris - ing in world - ly
rides through a cloudless sky: You are hold - ing a high po -
win - ter is on your brow: Your tal - ents, your time, your

boy - hood, And just in the bloom of youth! Have you
pro - spects, And prospered in world - ly things;— A....
si - tion, Of hon - or, and trust, and fame;— Are you
rich - es, To Je - sus, your Mas - ter, give; Then....



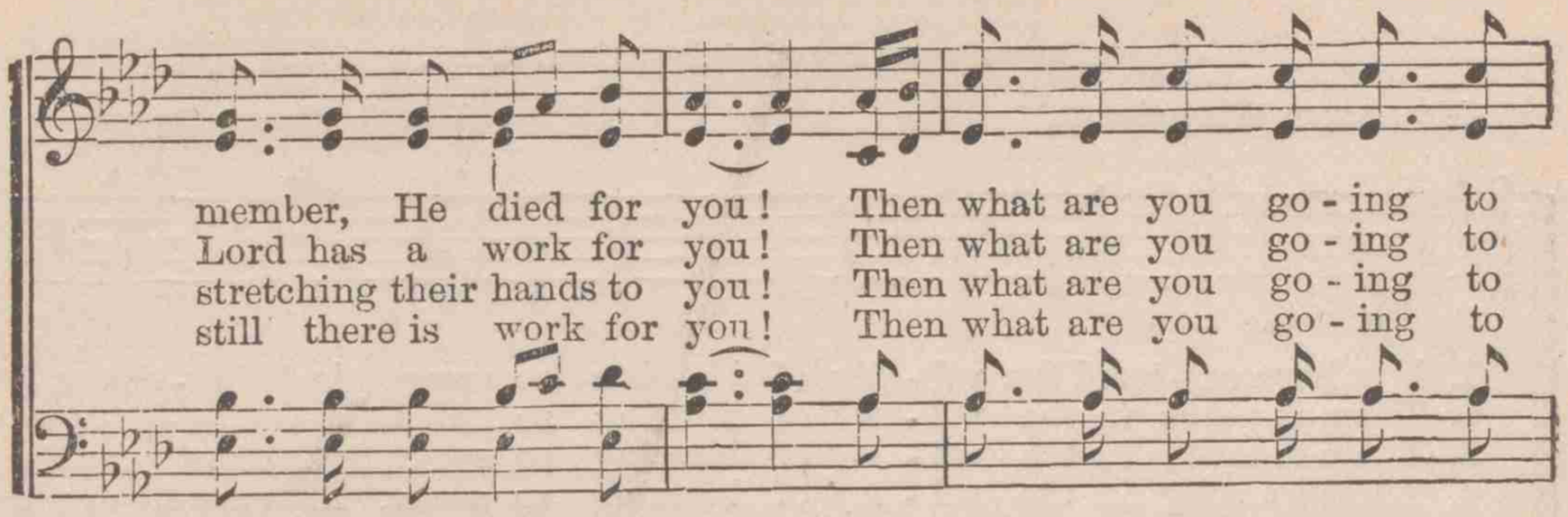
tast - ed the sparkling wa - ter That flows from the fount of truth?
du - ty to those less fa - vored, The smile of your fortune brings.
will - ing to give the glo - ry And praise to your Saviour's Name?
ask if the world a-round you Is bet - ter because you live.

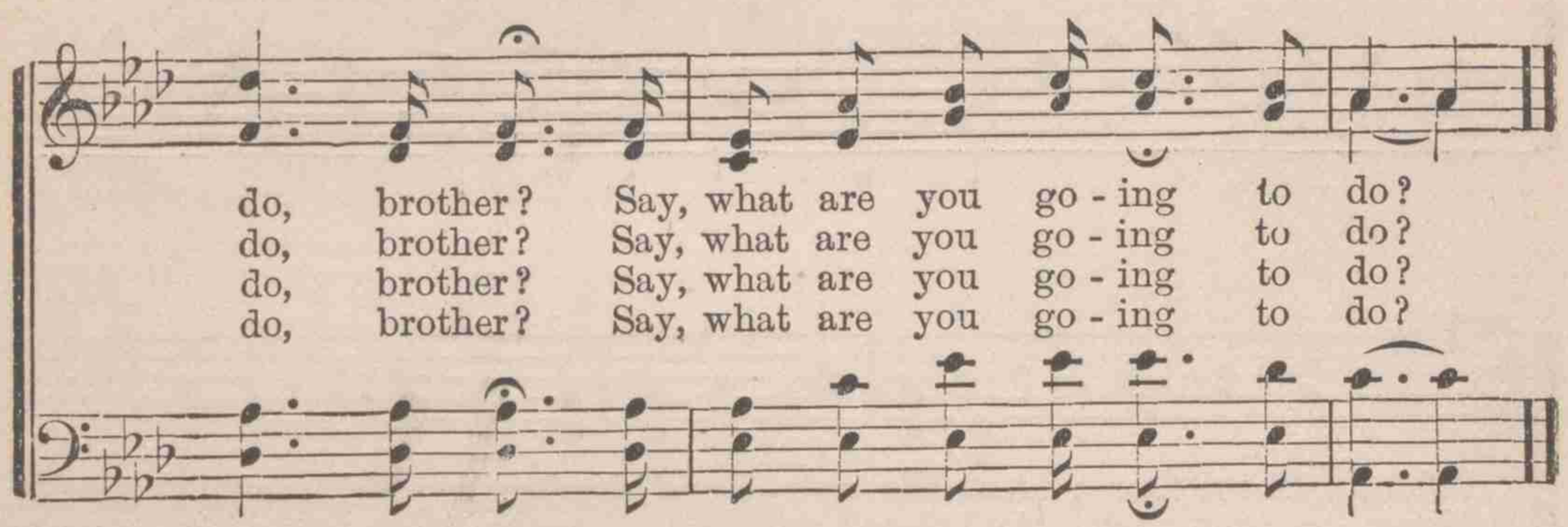
CHORUS.



1. Is your heart in the Sav - iour's keep - ing? Re -
2. Go, prove that your heart is grate - ful— The
3. The re - gions that sit in dark - ness Are
4. You are near - ing the brink of Jor - dan, But

## Oh, what are You Going to Do?—Concluded.

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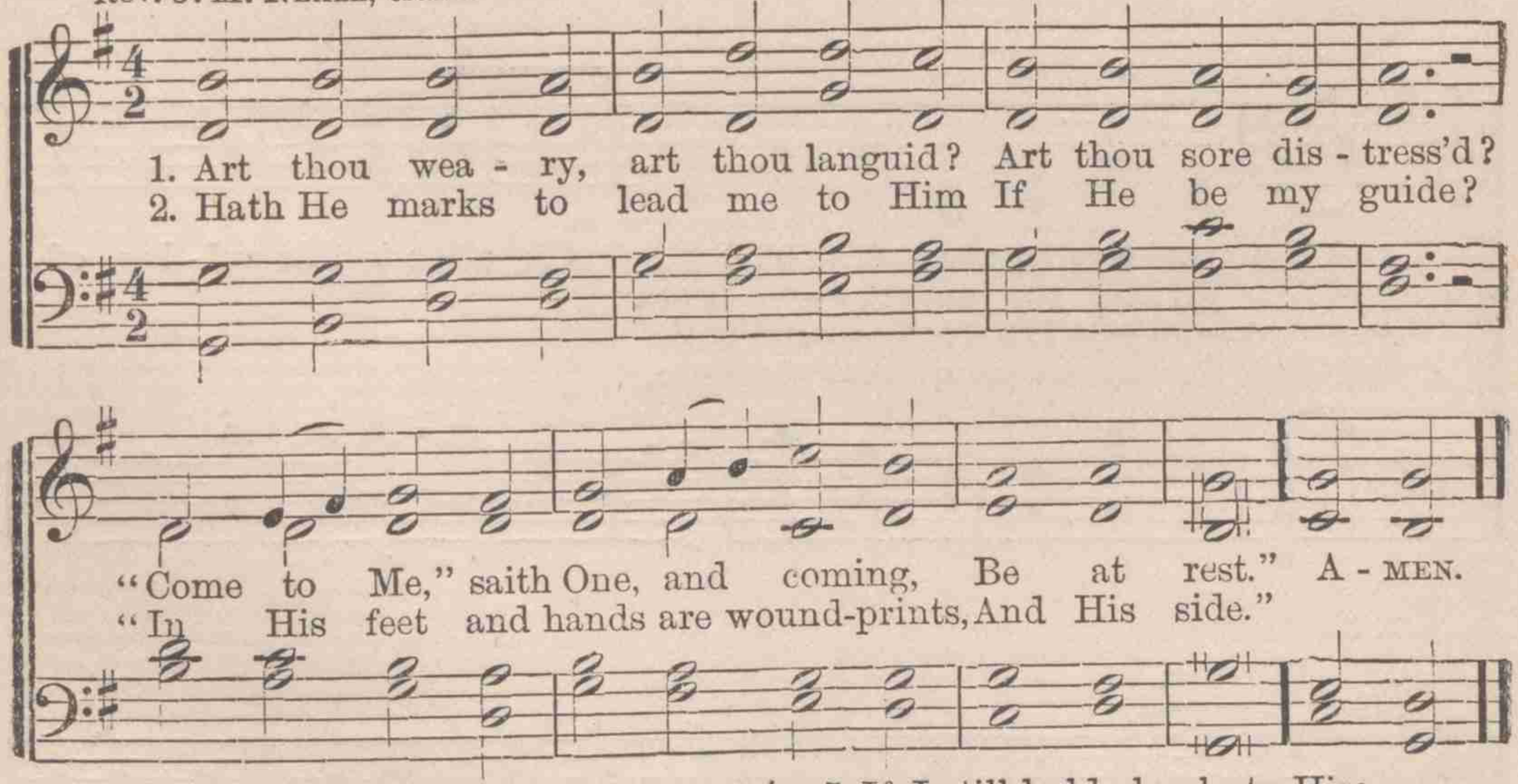
## No. 195. Art Thou Weary? (G. H. 2–71.)

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Rev. J. M. NEALE, trans. Rev. HENRY W. BAKER. 1868.




3 Is there diadem as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my future here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

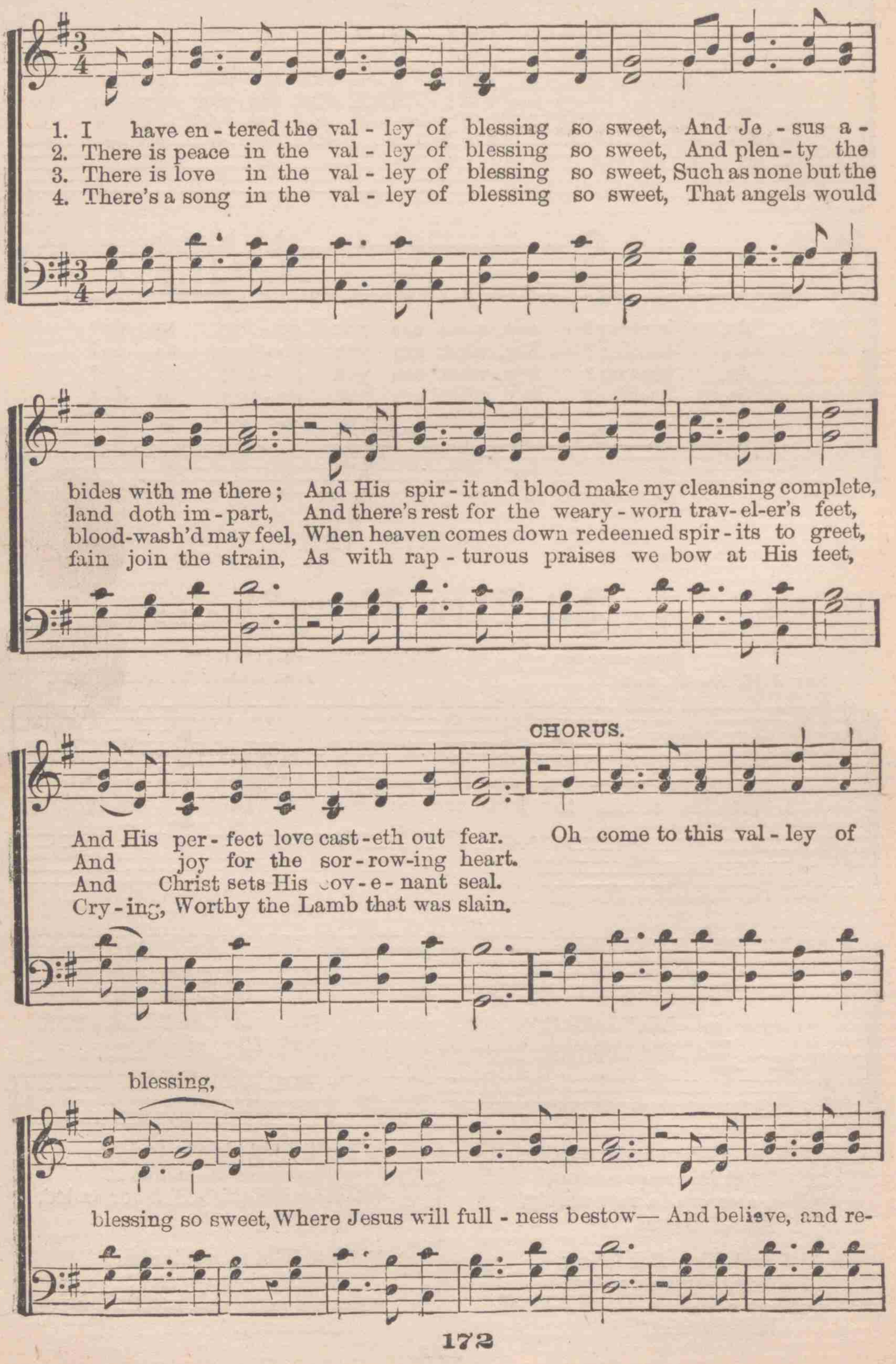
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

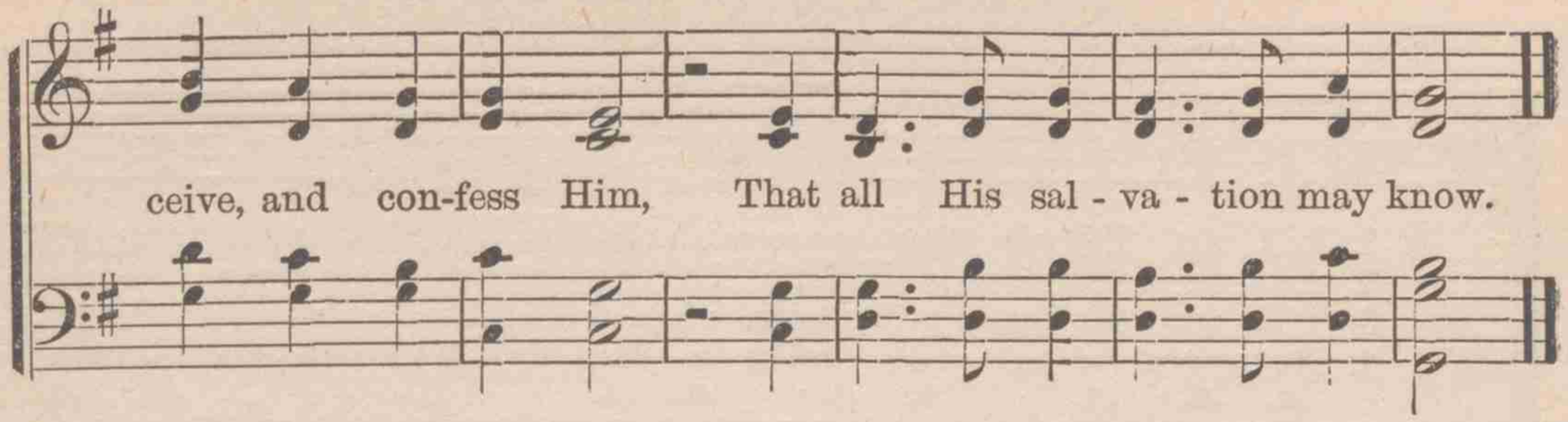
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

## No. 196. The Valley of Blessing. (G. H. 2–72.)

"The valley of Berachah."—2 Chr.. 20 : 26.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

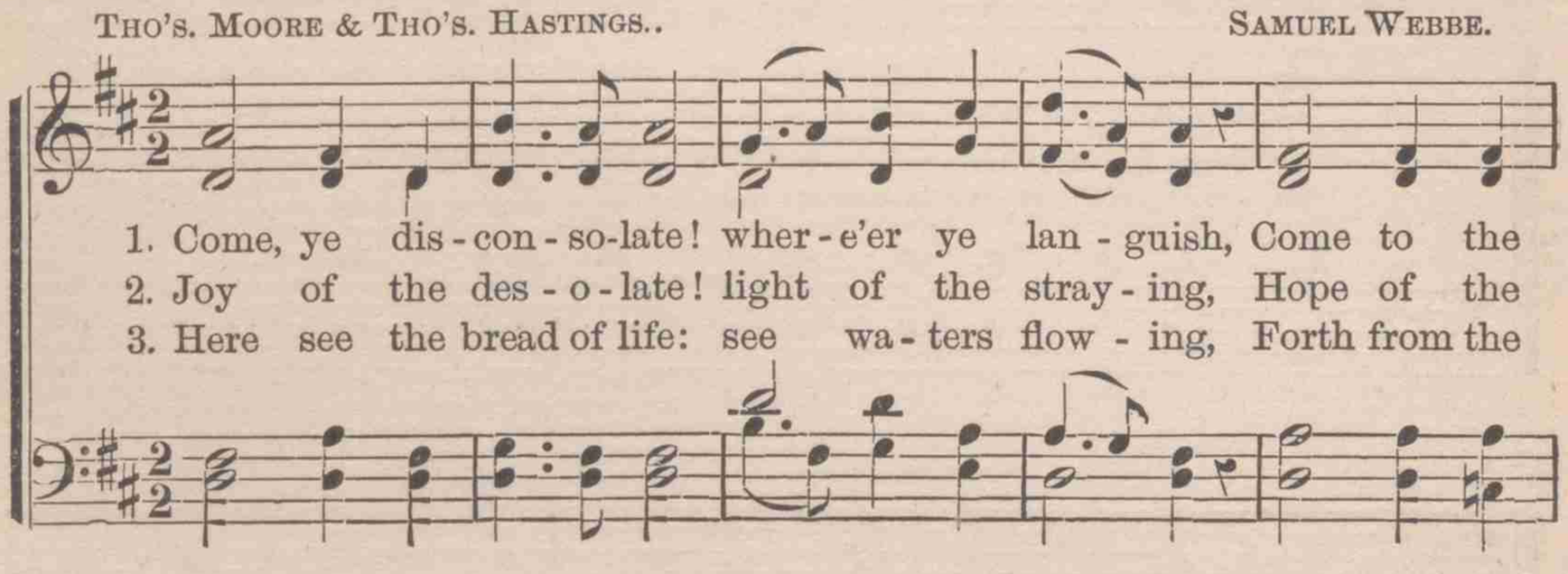


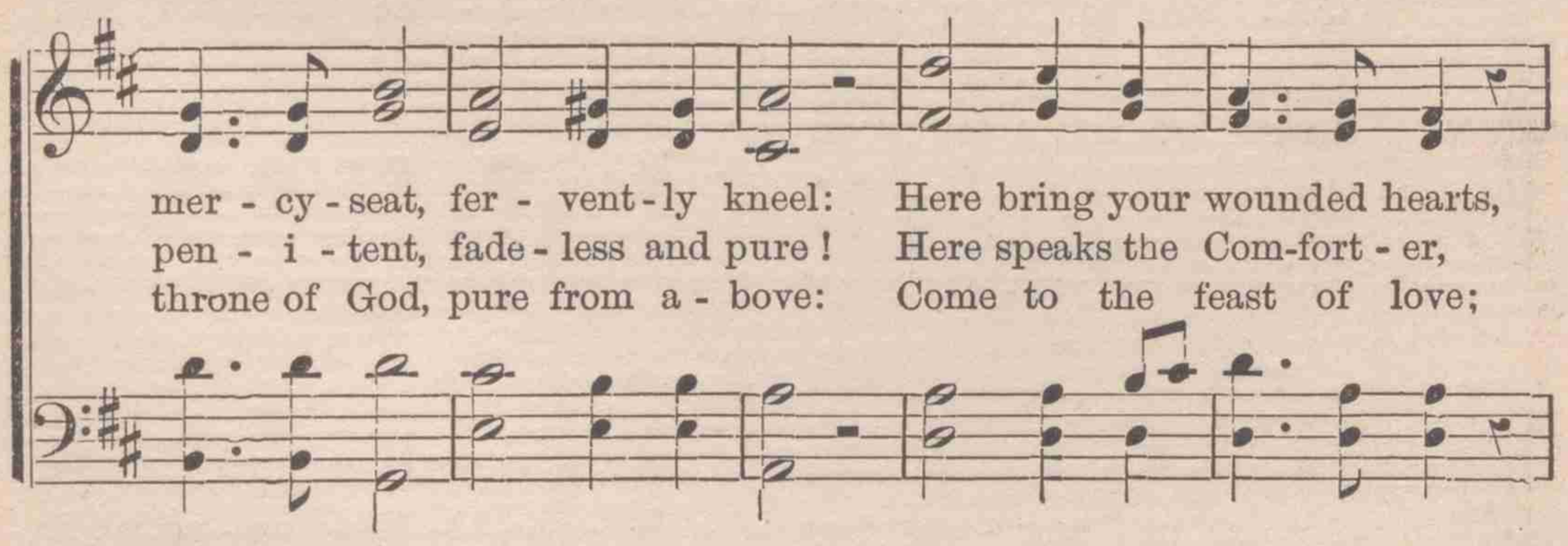
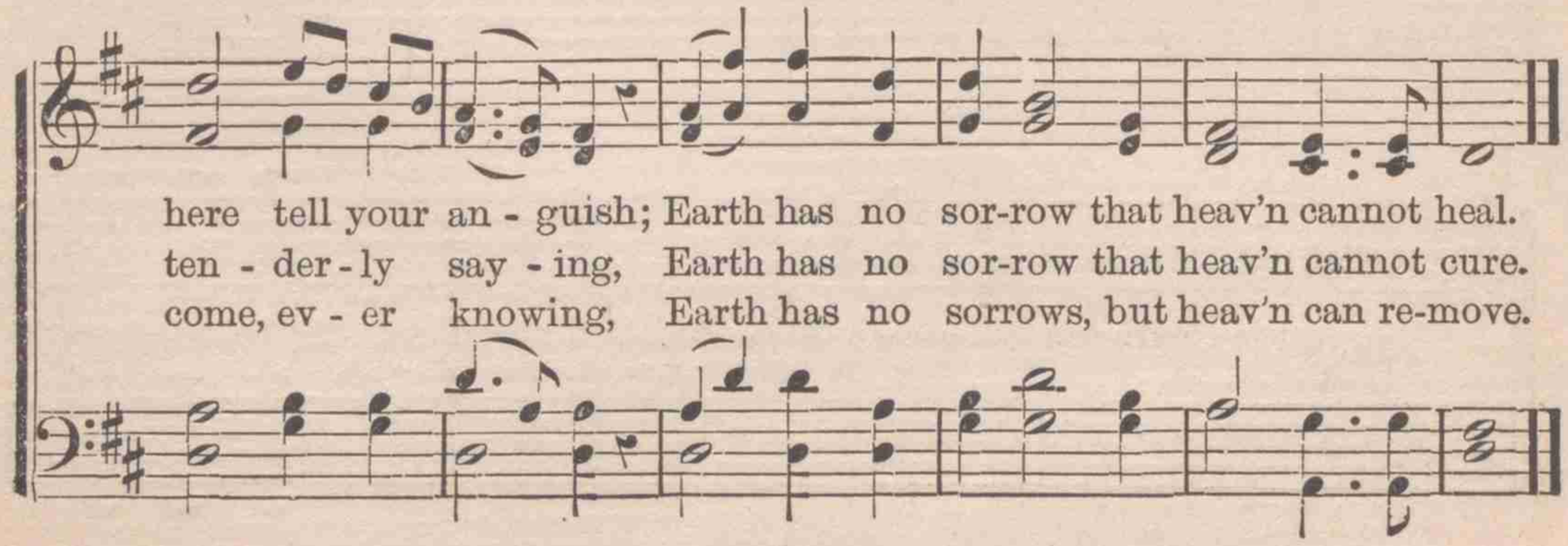



## No. 197. Come, ye Disconsolate. (G. H. 2–85.)

"Come unto me and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

THO'S. MOORE & THO'S. HASTINGS.. SAMUEL WEBBE.



## No. 198. Arise and Shine. (G. H. 2–74.)

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."—Isa. 60 : 1.

Mary A. Lathbury. P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing, Dear land, with strength lift up thy voice! The kingdoms of the earth are bringing Their
2. And shall His flock with strife be riv - en? Shall en-vious lines His church di-vide, When He, the Lord of earth and hea-ven, Stands
3. Lift up the gates! bring forth ob-la-tions! One crowned with crowns, a message brings, His word, a sword to smite the nations; His
4. He comes! let all the earth a - dore Him; The path His hu-man na - ture trod Spreads to a roy - al realm be - fore Him, The

CHORUS.

treas - ures to thy gates— re - joice! A - rise and shine in
at the door to claim His bride?
name— the Christ, the King of kings.
Light of life, the word of God!

youth im - mor - tal, Thy light is come, thy King ap - pears! Be -

yond the Century's swinging portal, Breaks a new dawn—*the thousand years!*

## No. 199. Shall we Meet? (G. H. 2–75.)

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 30 : 10.

HORACE L. HASTINGS, 1858 ELIHU S. RICE, 1866, by per.

*Moderato.*

1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

Where, in all the bright for-ev - er, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?—
Shall we know His blessed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

CHORUS.

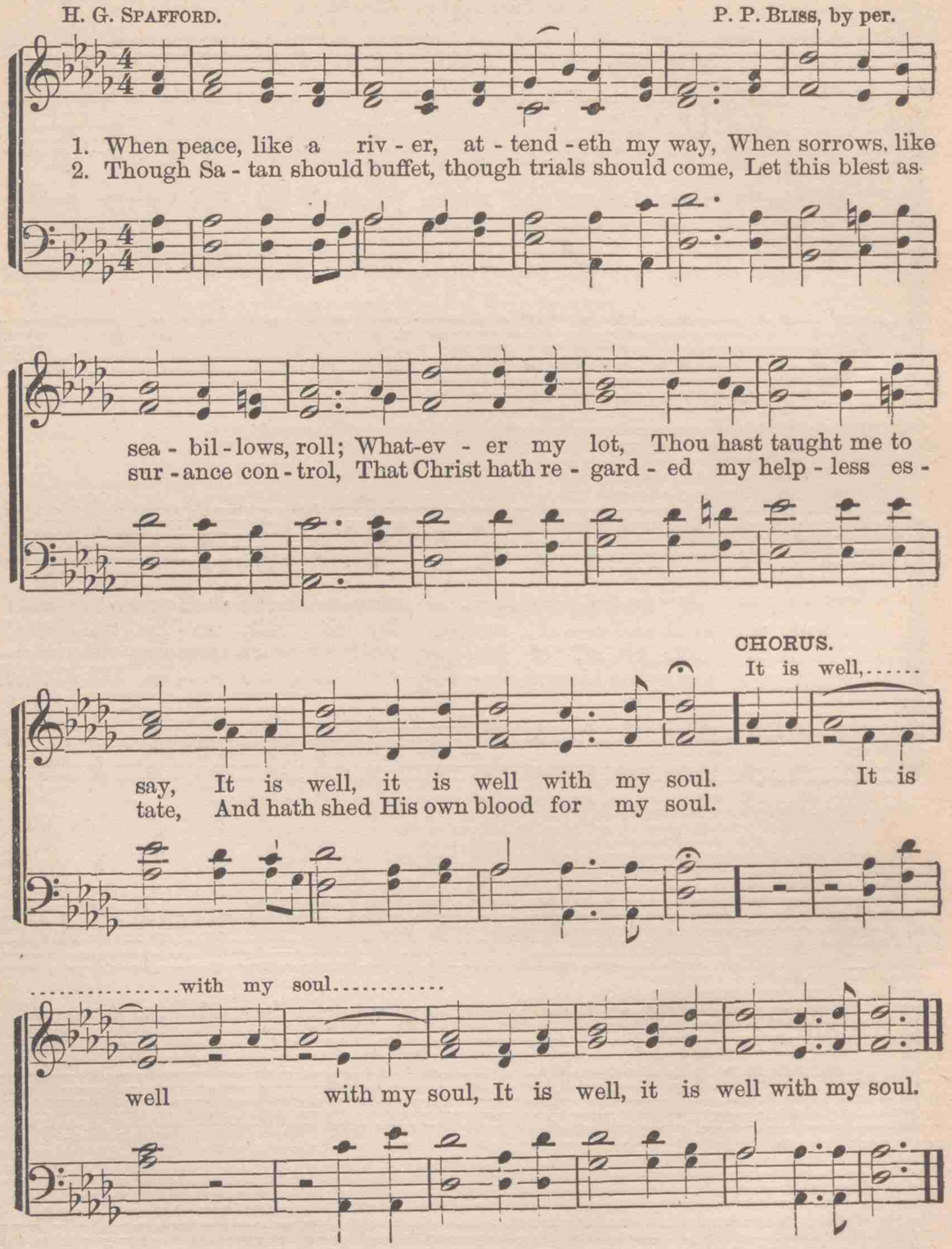
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv - er?

Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

## No. 200. It is Well with My Soul. (G. H. 2–76.)

"He hath delivered my soul in peace."– Ps. 55 : 18.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS, by per.




3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul! *Cho.*

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul. *Cho.*

## No. 201. Jesus is Mighty to Save. (G. H. 2–77.)

"Mighty to save."—Isa. 63: 1.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

*Moderato.*

1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be given, That life and salvation are free;
2. From darkness and sin and de - spair, Out in - to the light of His love,
3. Oh, the rapturous heights of His love, The measureless depths of His grace,
4. In Him all my wants are sup - plied, His love makes my heaven below,

And all may be wash'd and for-given, And Je - sus can save even me.
He has brought me and made me an heir, To kingdoms and mansions above.
My soul all His fullness would prove, And live in His loving em - brace.
And free - ly His blood is ap - plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus is mighty to save,..... And all His sal - va - tion may

is mighty to save, sal -

know,..... On His bo - som I lean, And His

va - tion may know,

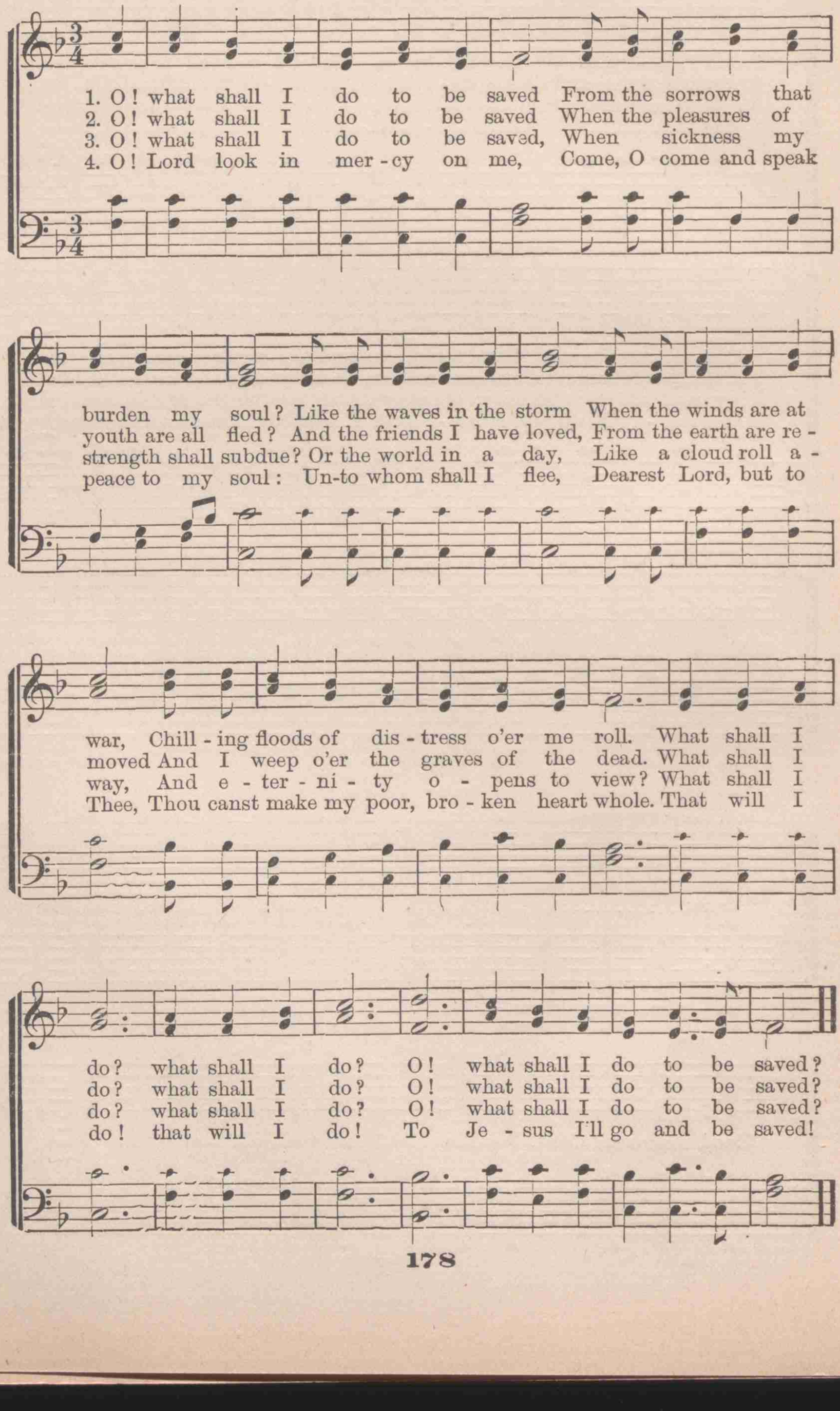
blood makes me clean, For His blood can wash whit - er than snow.

## No. 202. What shall I do to be Saved? (G. H. 2–78.)

"What must I do to be saved?"—Acts, 16: 30.

J. W. Holman, 1852. Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.

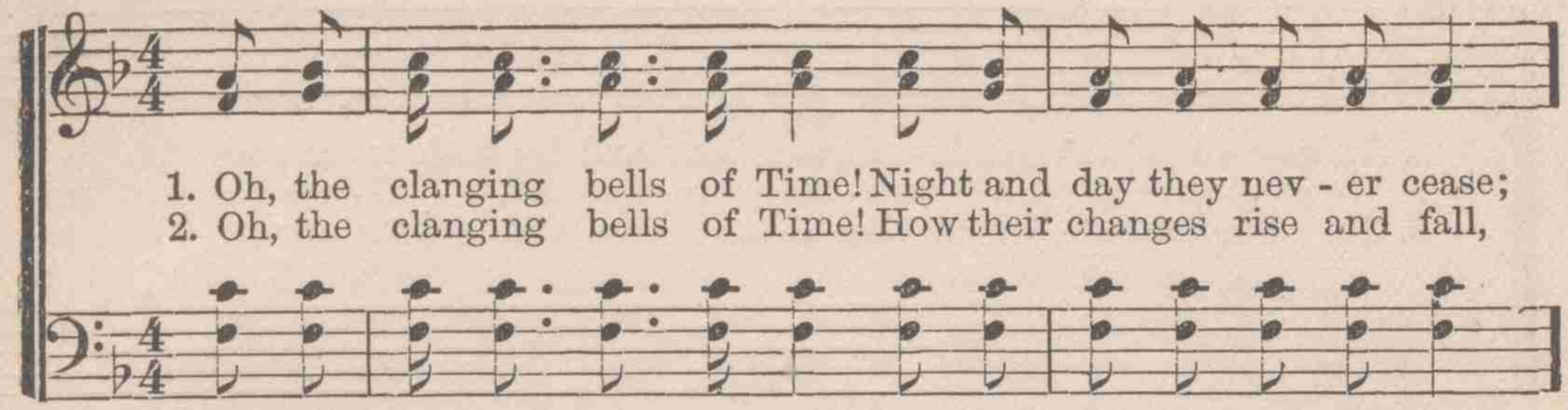
1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that burden my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at war, Chill-ing floods of dis-tress o'er me roll. What shall I do?
2. O! what shall I do to be saved When the pleasures of youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re-moved And I weep o'er the graves of the dead. What shall I do?
3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my strength shall subdue? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll a-way, And e-ter-ni-ty o-pens to view? What shall I do!
4. O! Lord look in mer-cy on me, Come, O come and speak peace to my soul: Un-to whom shall I flee, Dearest Lord, but to Thee, Thou canst make my poor, bro-ken heart whole. That will I do!

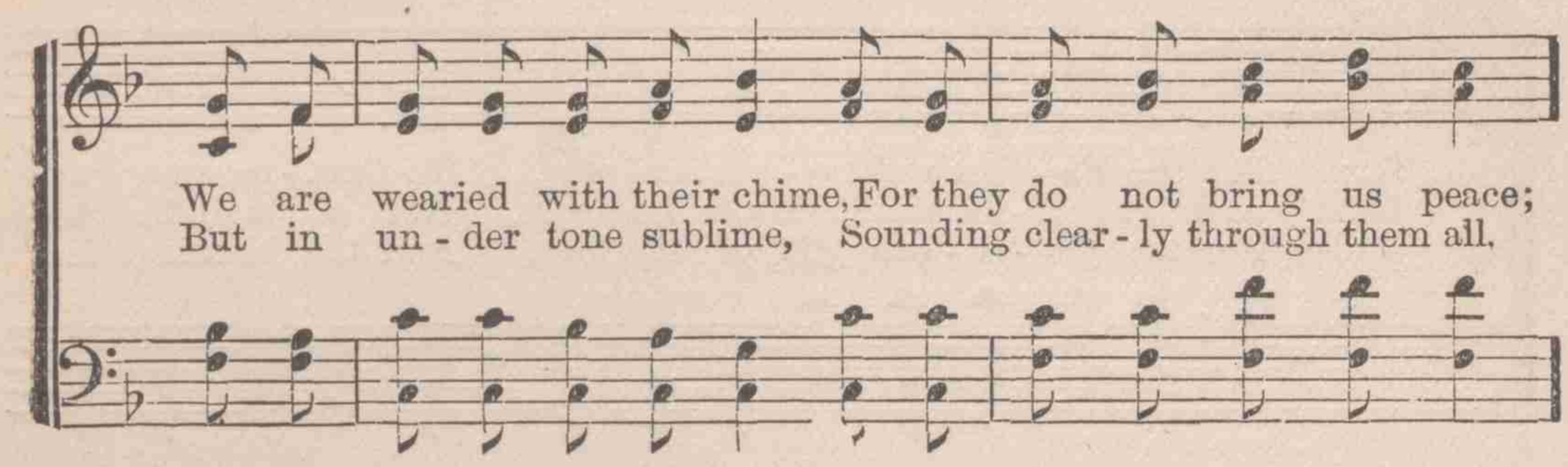
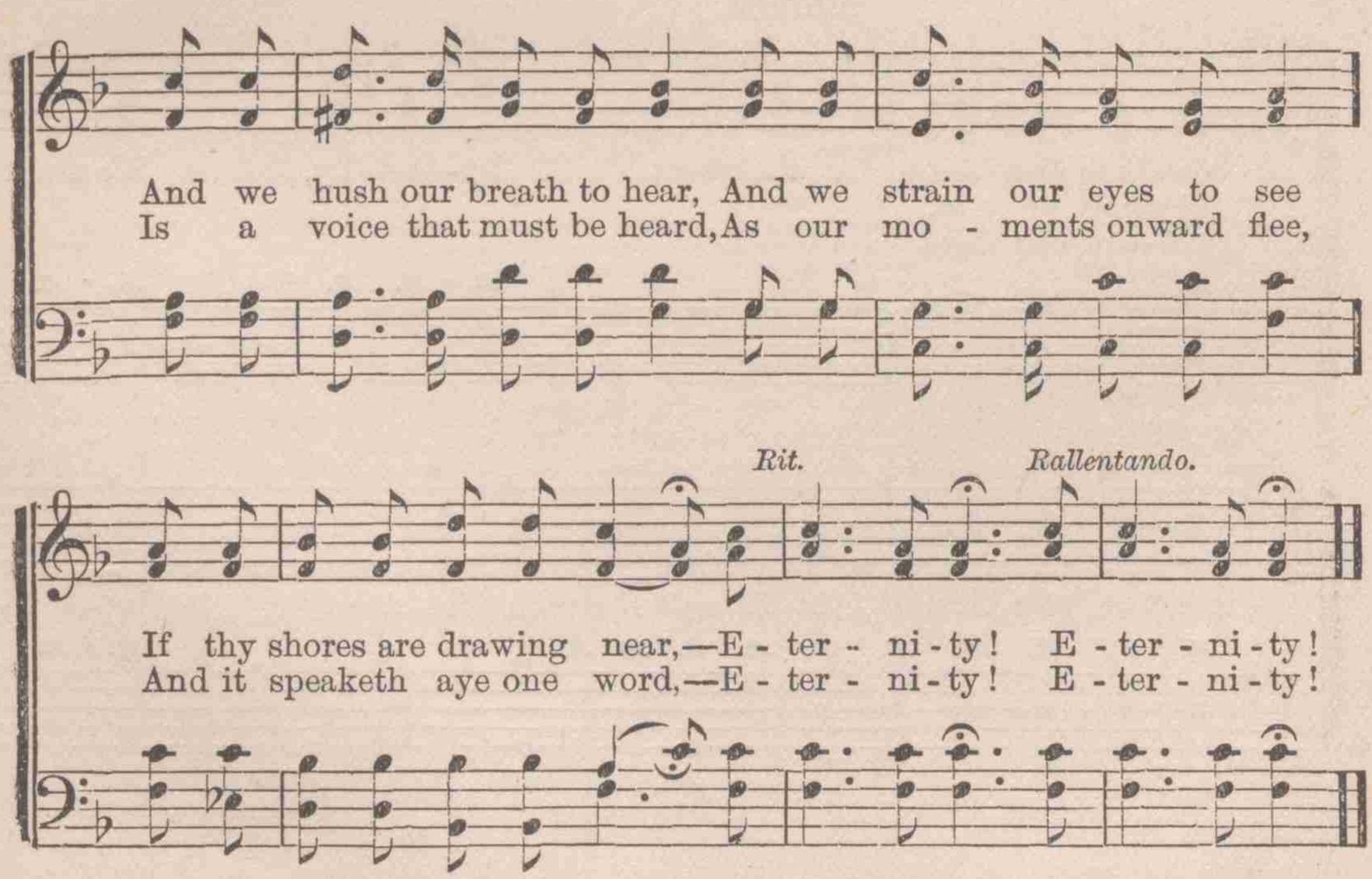


## No. 203. Eternity! (G. H. 2–79.)

"Remember how short my time is."—Ps. 89 : 47.

ELLEN H. GATES. P. P. BLISS, by per.



3 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
To their voices, loud and low,
In a long, unresting line
We are marching to and fro;
And we yearn for sight or sound,
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round,—
Eternity! Eternity!

4 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
Soon their notes will all be dumb,
And in joy and peace sublime,
We shall feel the silence come;
And our souls their thirst will slake,
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break,—
Eternity! Eternity!

## No. 204. Sweet By-and-By. (G. H. 2–80.)

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 35: 10.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster, by per.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a
2. We shall sing on that beauti - ful shore The mel-o - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the
3. To our boun-ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our tri - bute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the blessings that

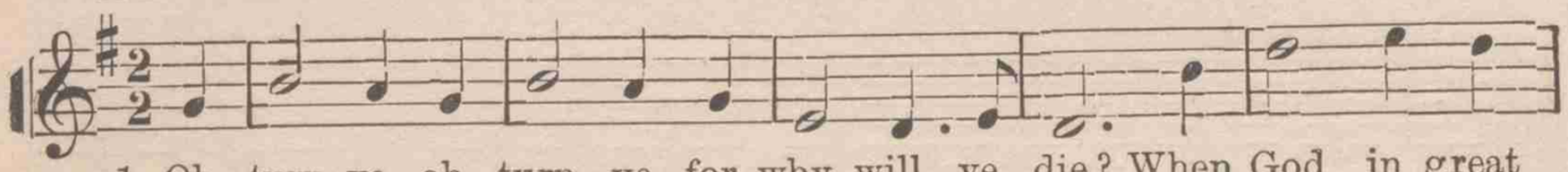
CHORUS.

dwelling place there. In the sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
blessing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by, by-and
hal - low our days. In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by, by-and-by,

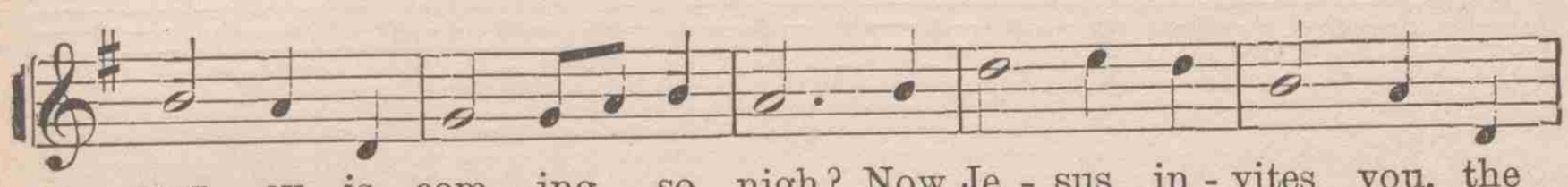
## No. 205. Expostulation. (G. H. 2–82.)

Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die."—EZE. 33: 11.

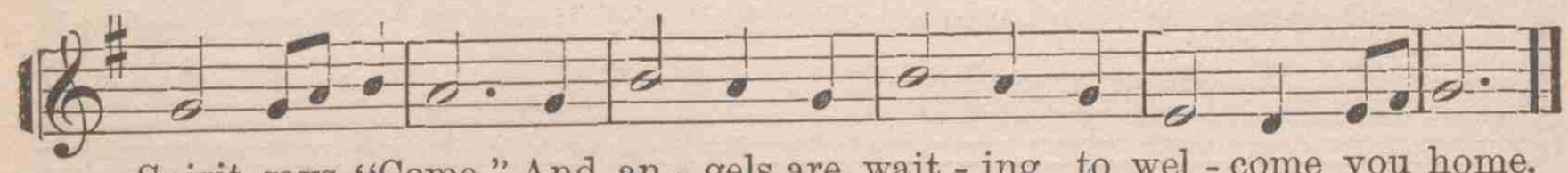
J. H. Rev. JOSIAH HOPKINS, 1830.



1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die? When God in great
2. How vain the de - lu - sion, that while you de - lay, Your hearts may grow
3. The con - trite in heart He will free - ly receive, Oh! why will you



mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, the
bet - ter your chains melt a - way; Come guilt - y, come wretched, come
not the glad mes - sage be - lieve? If sin be your bur - den, why

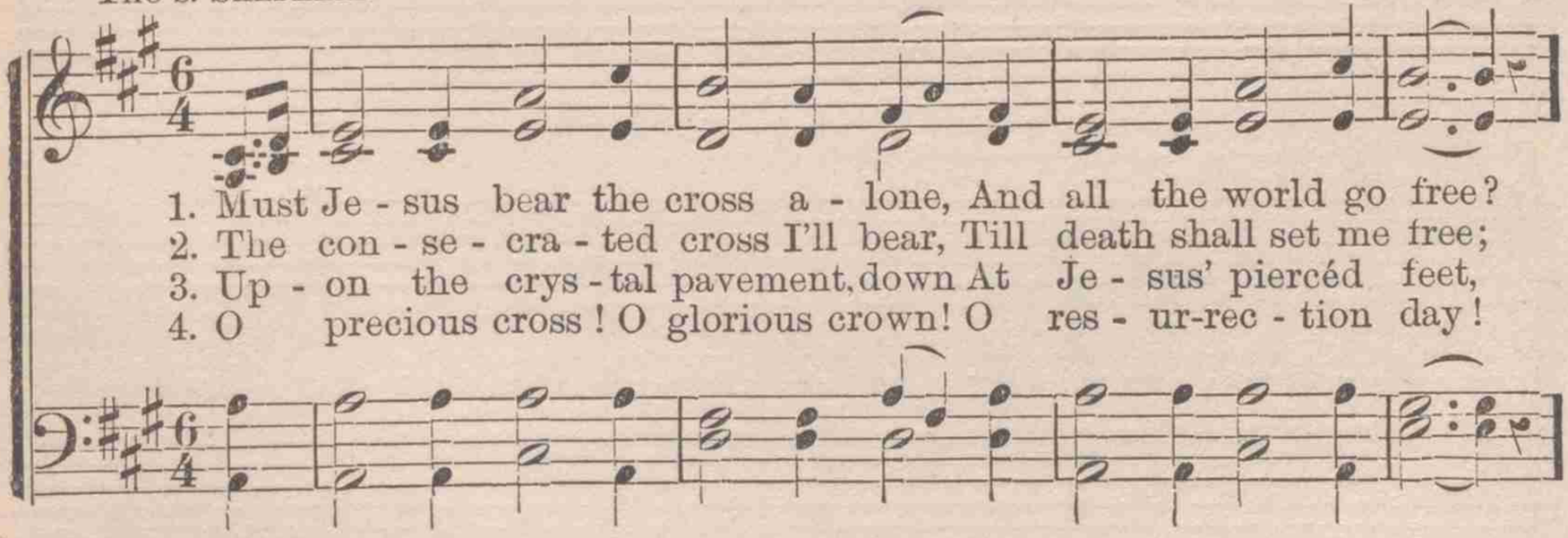


Spirit says, "Come," And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.
just as you are All helpless and dy - ing, to Je - sus re - pair.
will you not come? 'Tis you He makes welcome; He bids you come home.

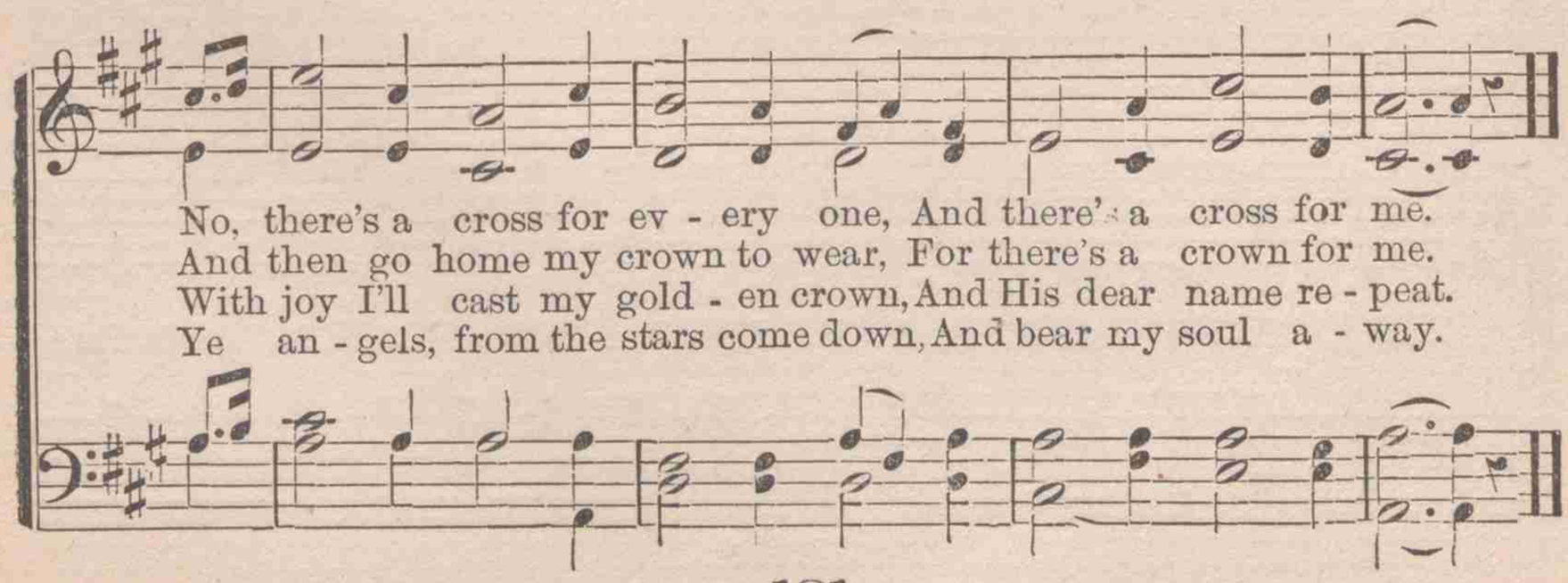
## No. 206. Cross and Crown. (G. H. 2–83.)

"And he bearing his cross, went forth."—JOHN 19: 17.

THO'S. SHEPHERD GEO. N. ALLEN, 1849, by per.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' piercéd feet,
4. O precious cross! O glorious crown! O res - ur-rec - tion day!



No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

## No. 207. There's a Light in the Valley. (G. H. 2–91.

"Though I walk through the valley * * * I will fear no evil." PSA. 23 : 4.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

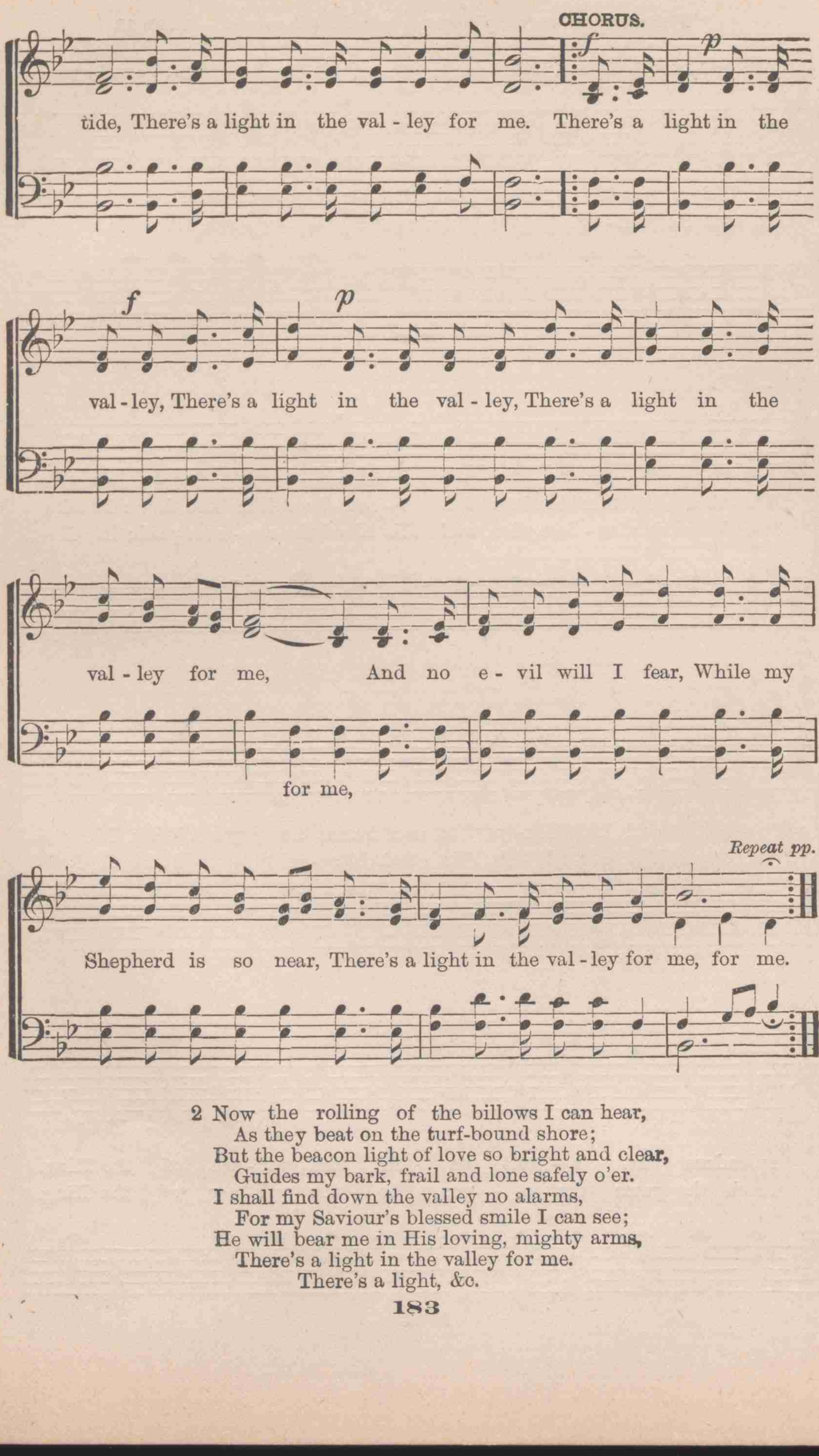
*With Expression.*

1. Through the val - ley of the shadow I must go, Where the cold waves of Jor - dan roll; But the promise of my Shepherd will I know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul. E - ven now down the val - ley as I glide, I can hear my Saviour say, "Follow me!" And with Him I'm not a - fraid to cross the

*Slower.*

*A tempo.*

# There's a Light in the Valley.—Concluded.

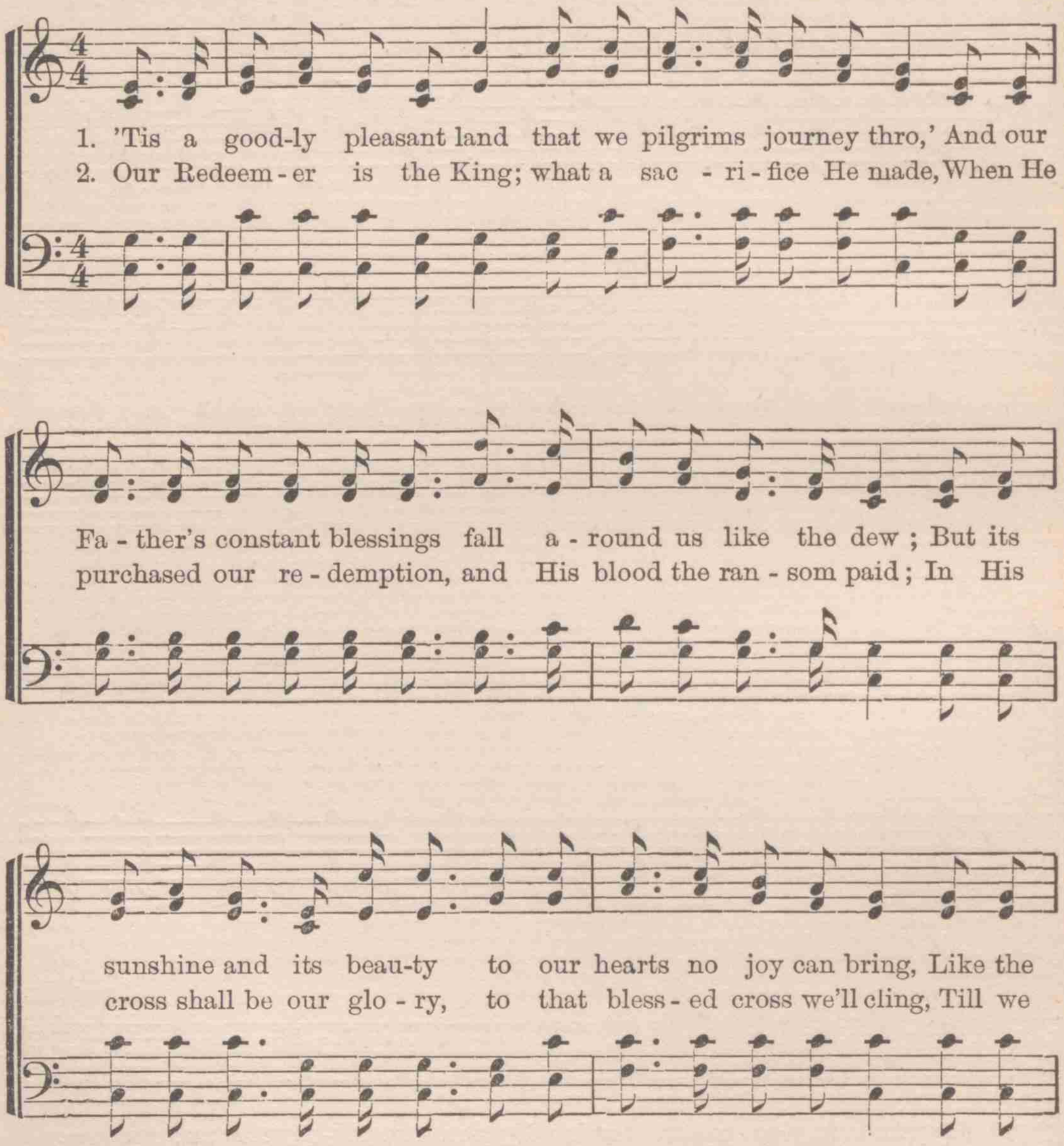



2 Now the rolling of the billows I can hear,
As they beat on the turf-bound shore;
But the beacon light of love so bright and clear,
Guides my bark, frail and lone safely o'er.
I shall find down the valley no alarms,
For my Saviour's blessed smile I can see;
He will bear me in His loving, mighty arms,
There's a light in the valley for me.
There's a light, &c.

## No. 208. The Palace of the King. (G. H. 2–93.)

"With gladness—they shall enter into the King's palace."—Ps. 48: 15.

Arr. by FANNY J. CROSBY, 1876. S. J. VAIL, by per.



# The Palace of the King.—Concluded.

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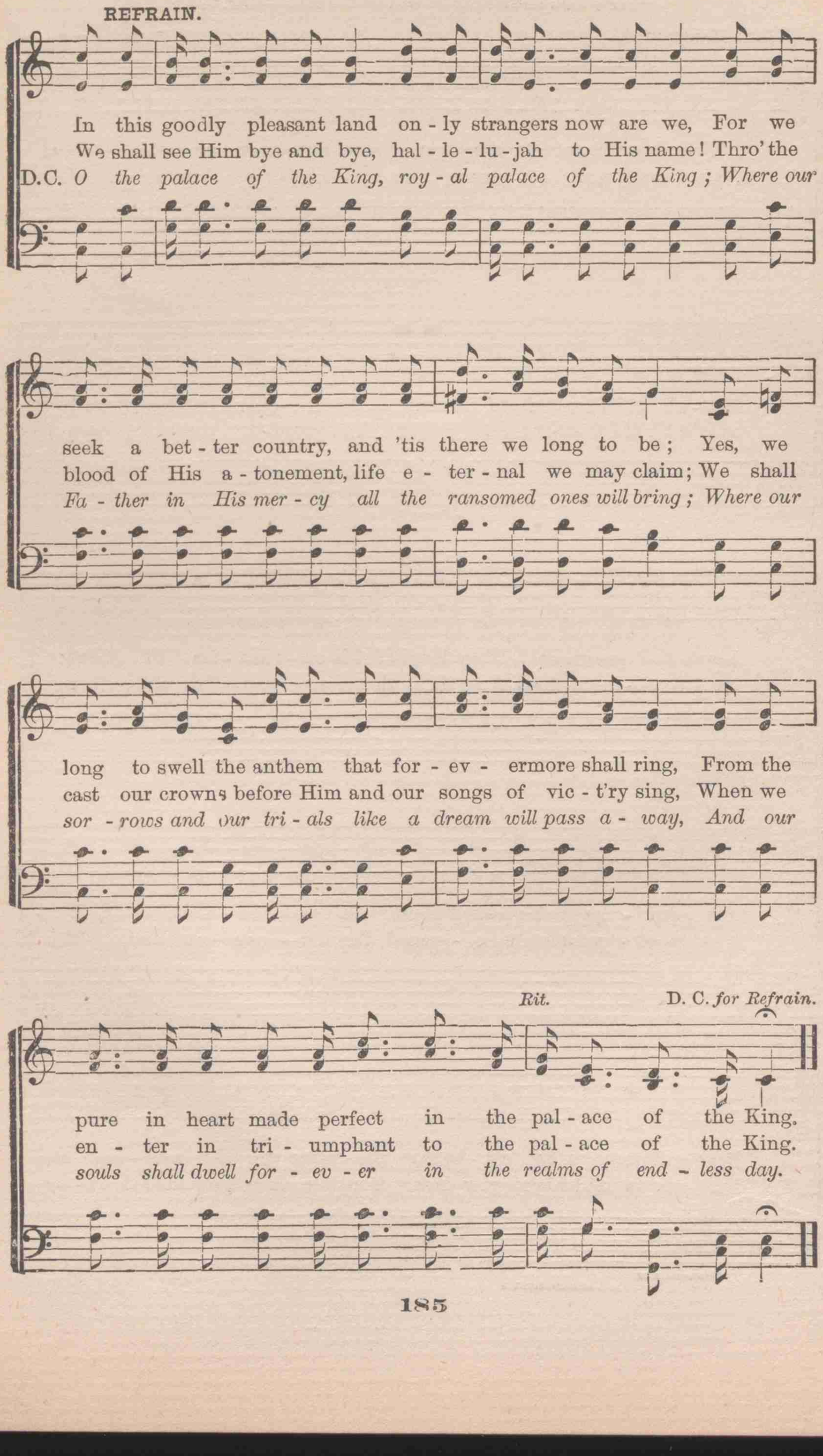


## No. 209. Out of the Ark. (G. H. 2–94.)

"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—GEN. 7: 1.

KATE HARRINGTON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. They dream'd not of dan - ger, those sin - ners of old, Whom
2. He could not a - rouse them, un - heed-ing they stood, Un -

No - ah was chos - en to warn; By fre - quent transgressions their
mov'd by his warn-ing and prayer; The proph-et passed in from the

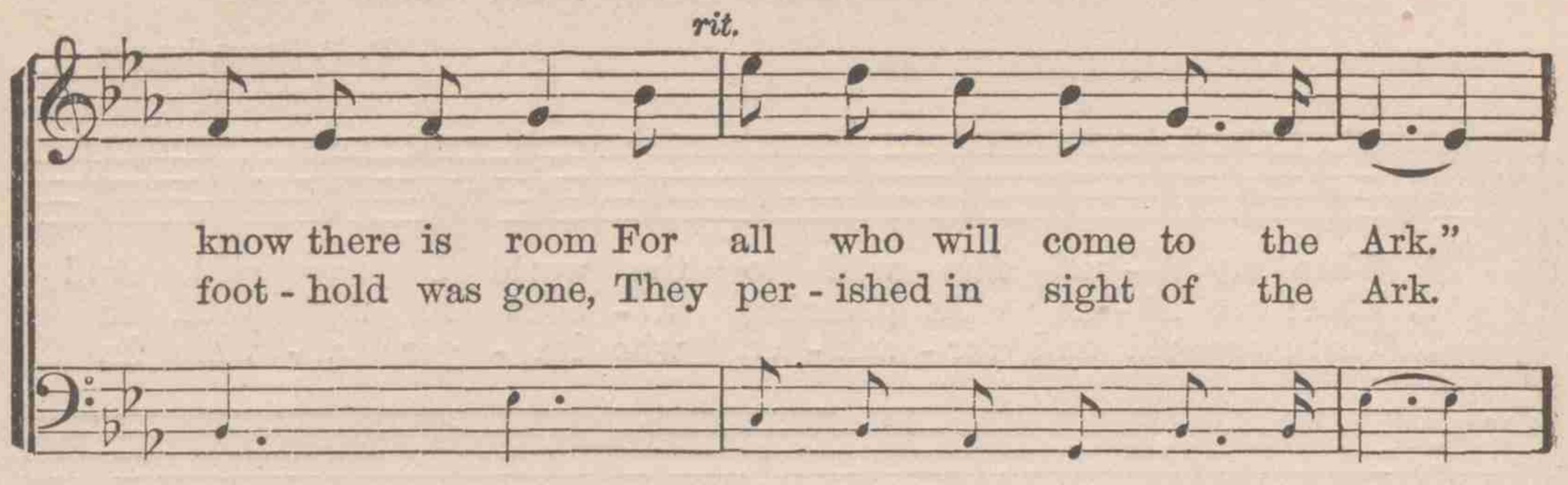
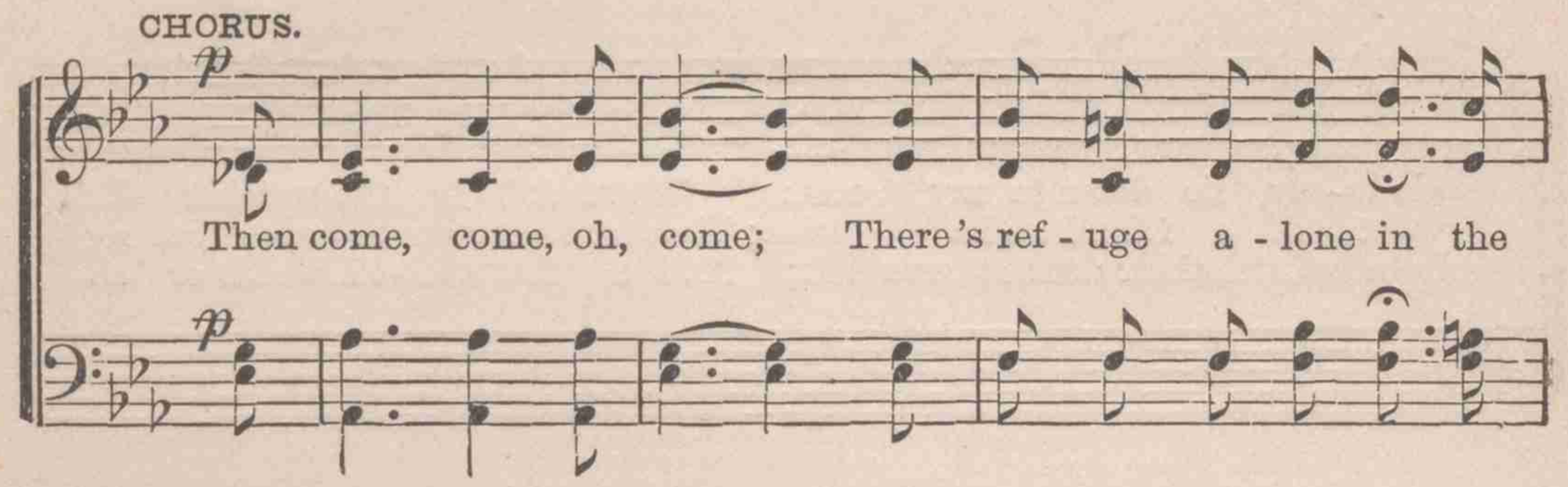
*rit.*

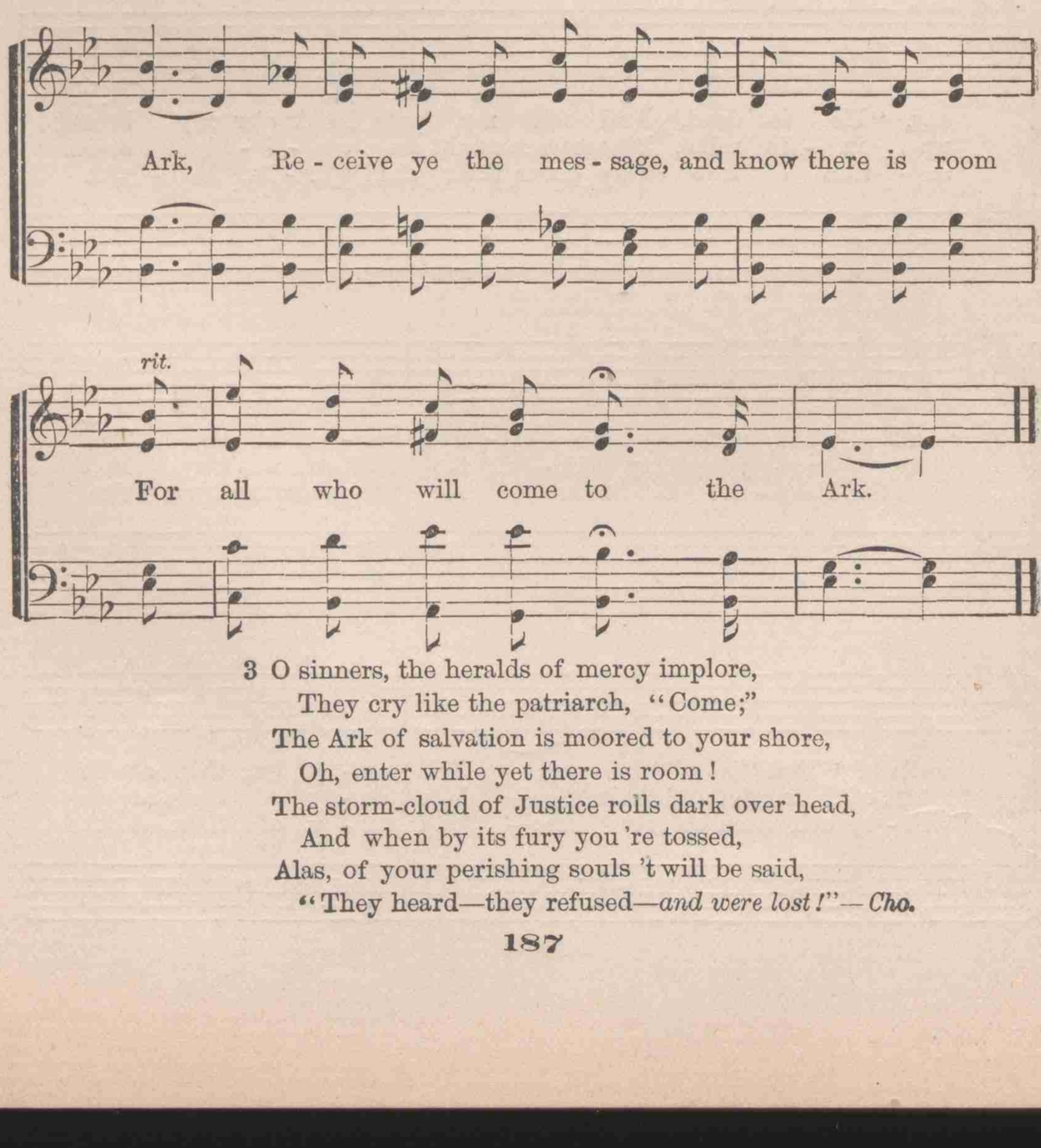
hearts had grown cold, They laughed his en - treat - ies to scorn:
on - com - ing flood, And left them to hope - less de - spair:

Yet dai - ly he called them, "oh, come, sin - ners, come, Be -
The flood - gates were o - pened, the del - uge came on, The

lieve and pre-pare to em - bark! Re - ceive ye the mes - sage, and
heav-ens as mid-night grew dark, Too late, then they turned, ev - 'ry

# Out of the Ark.—Concluded.






3 O sinners, the heralds of mercy implore,
They cry like the patriarch, "Come;"
The Ark of salvation is moored to your shore,
Oh, enter while yet there is room!
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark over head,
And when by its fury you 're tossed,
Alas, of your perishing souls 't will be said,
"They heard—they refused—*and were lost!*"—*Cho.*

## No. 210. Waiting and Watching for Me. (G. H. 2–95)

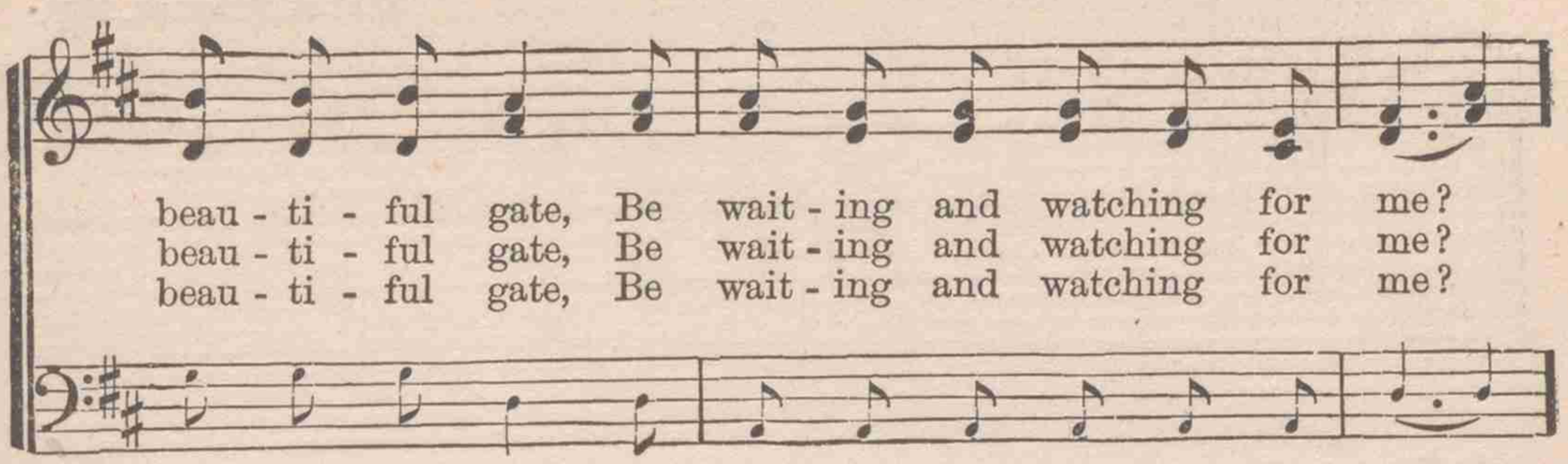
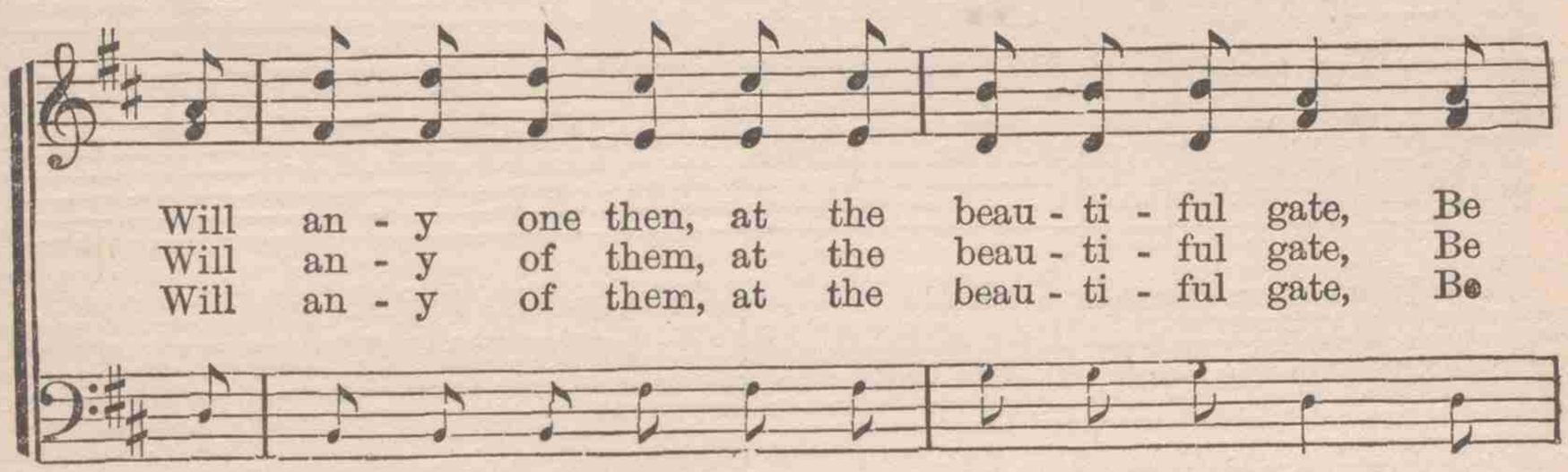
"I shall go to him * * * he shall not return to me."—2 Sam. 12: 23.

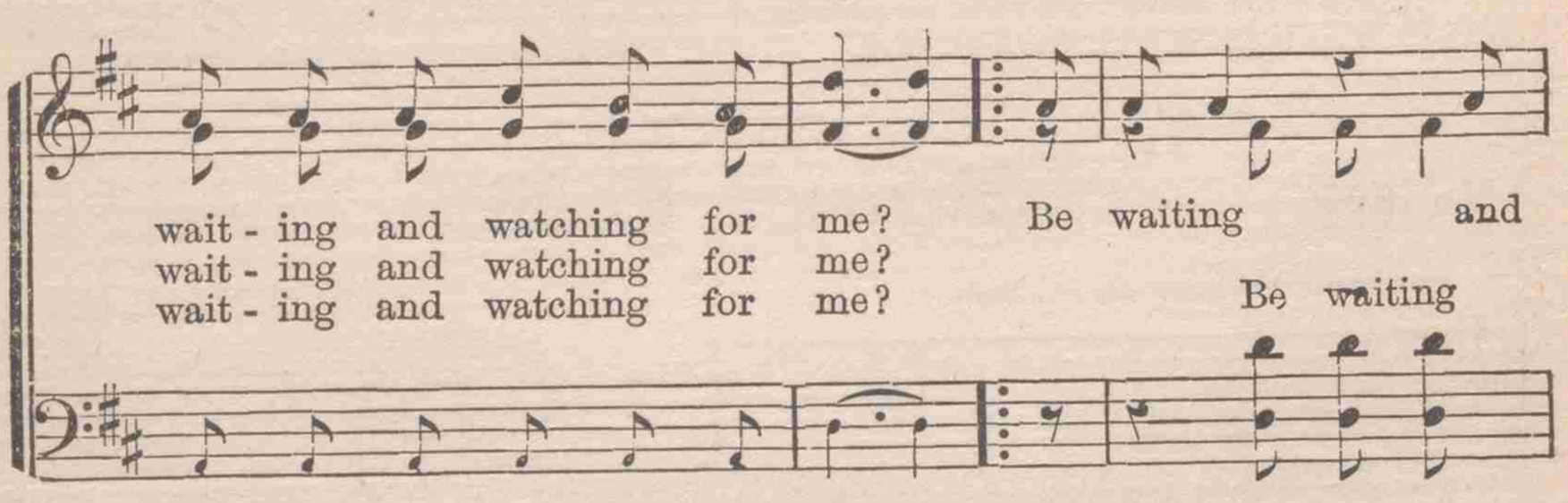
Marianne Farmingham Hearn, 1862. P. P. Bliss, by per.

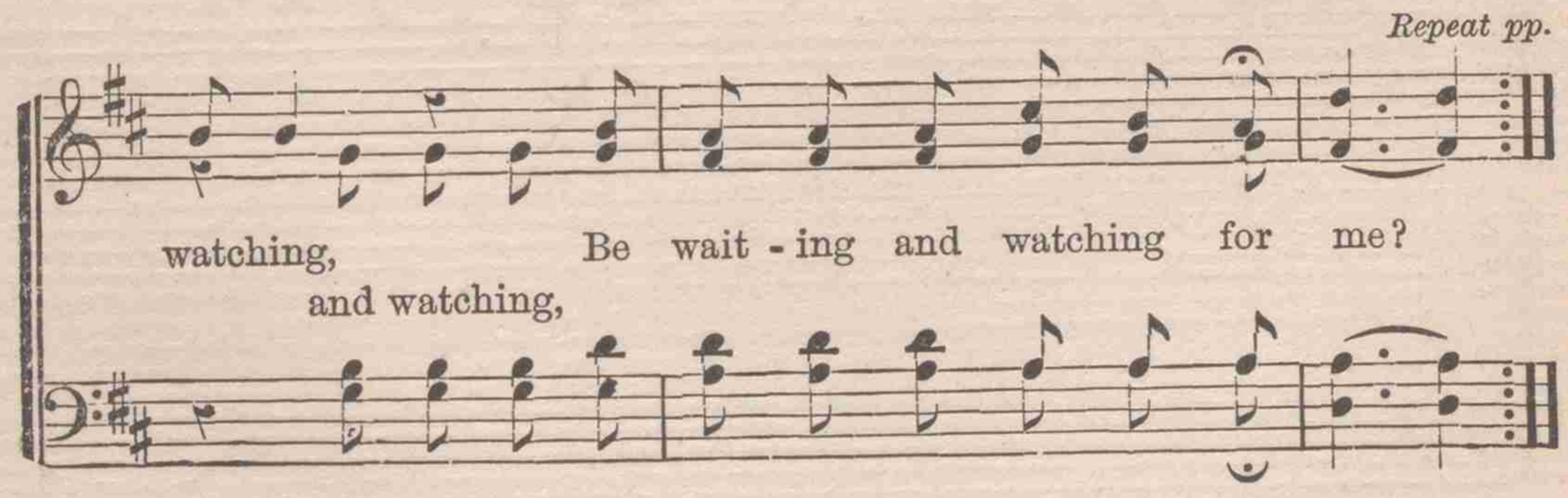
*Slowly.*

1. When my fi - nal fare - well to the world I have said, And glad - ly lie down to my rest; When soft - ly the watchers shall say, "He is dead,' And fold my pale hands o'er my breast; And when, with my glo - ri - fied vis - ion at last The walls of "That Cit - y" I see, Will an - y one then at the
2. There are lit - tle ones glancing a - bout in my path, In want of a friend and a guide; There are dear lit - tle eyes looking up in - to mine, Whose tears might be eas - i - ly dried. But Je - sus may beck - on the children a - way In the midst of their grief and their glee— Will an - y of them, at the
3. There are old and for - sak - en who lin - ger a - while In homes which their dearest have left; And a few gen - tle words or an ac - tion of love May cheer their sad spir - its be - reft. But the Reap - er is near to the long standing corn, The wea - ry will soon be set free— Will an - y of them, at the

# Waiting and Watching for Me.—Concluded.



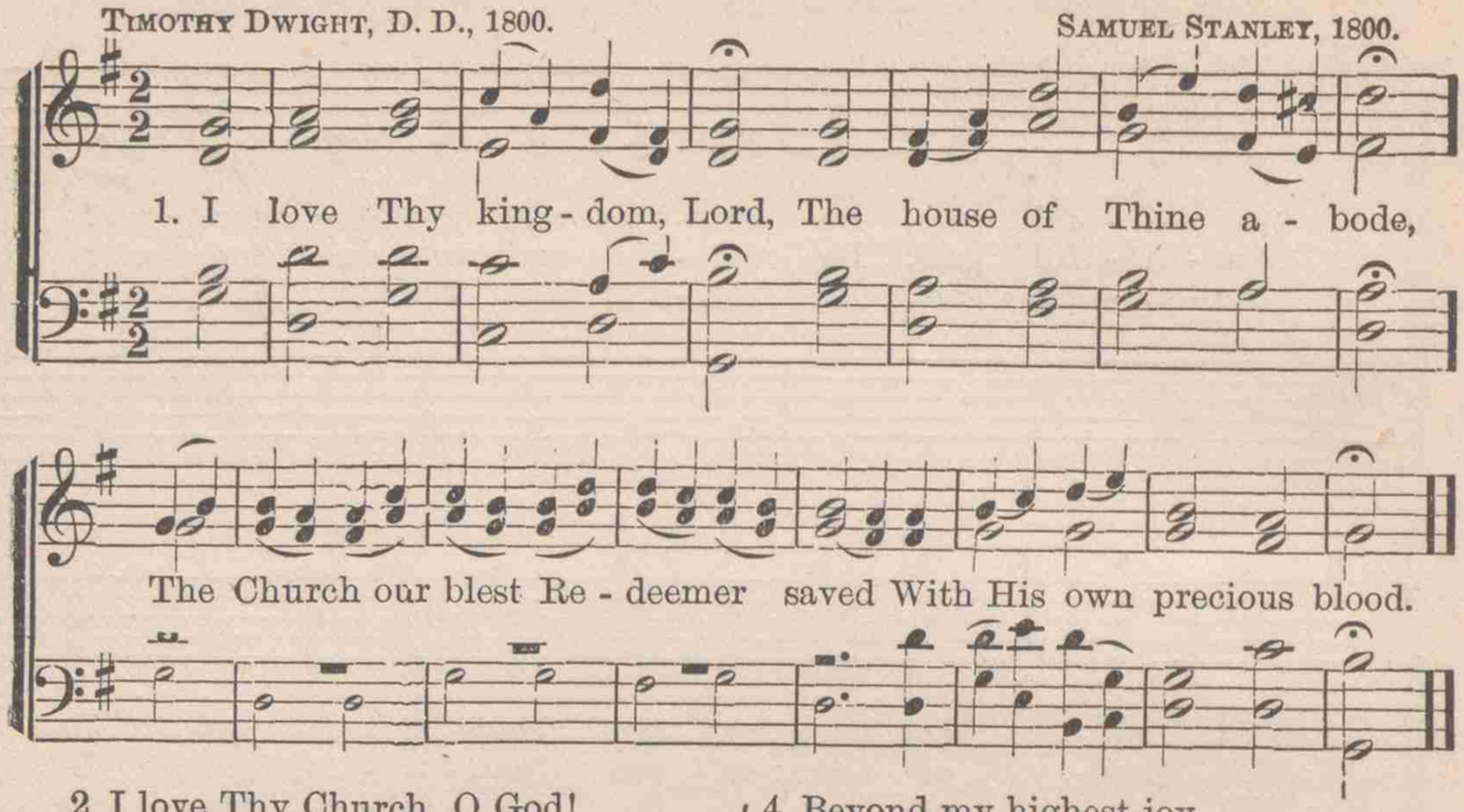



4 Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace
Of Him who delights to forgive,
Though I bless not the weary about in my path,
Pray only for self while I live,—
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be,
‖:Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting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

## No. 211. Shirland. S. M. (G. H. 2–107.)

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., 1800. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.




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.

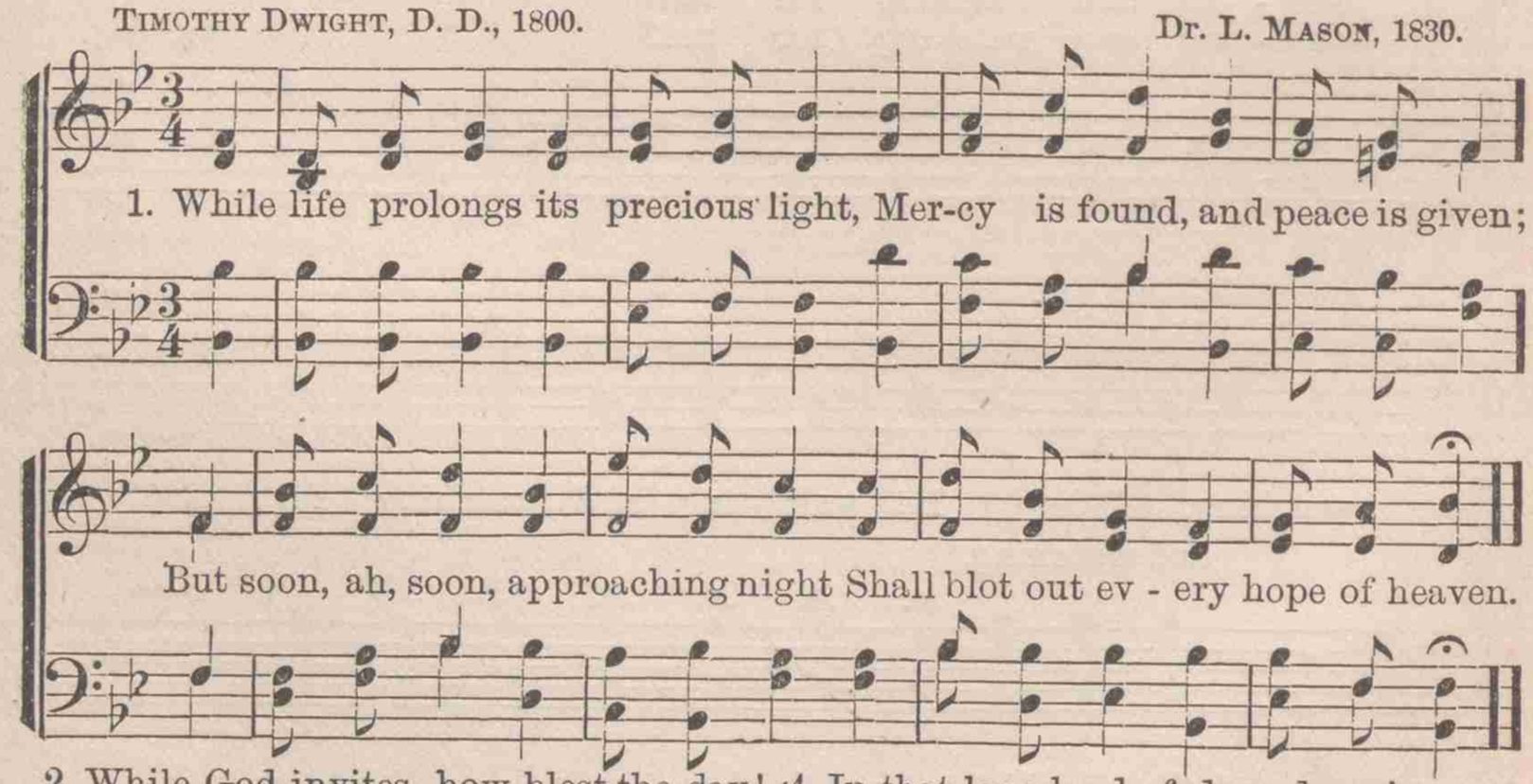
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

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

—o—

## No. 212. Hebron. L. M. G. H. 2–108.)

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., 1800. Dr. L. MASON, 1830.




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

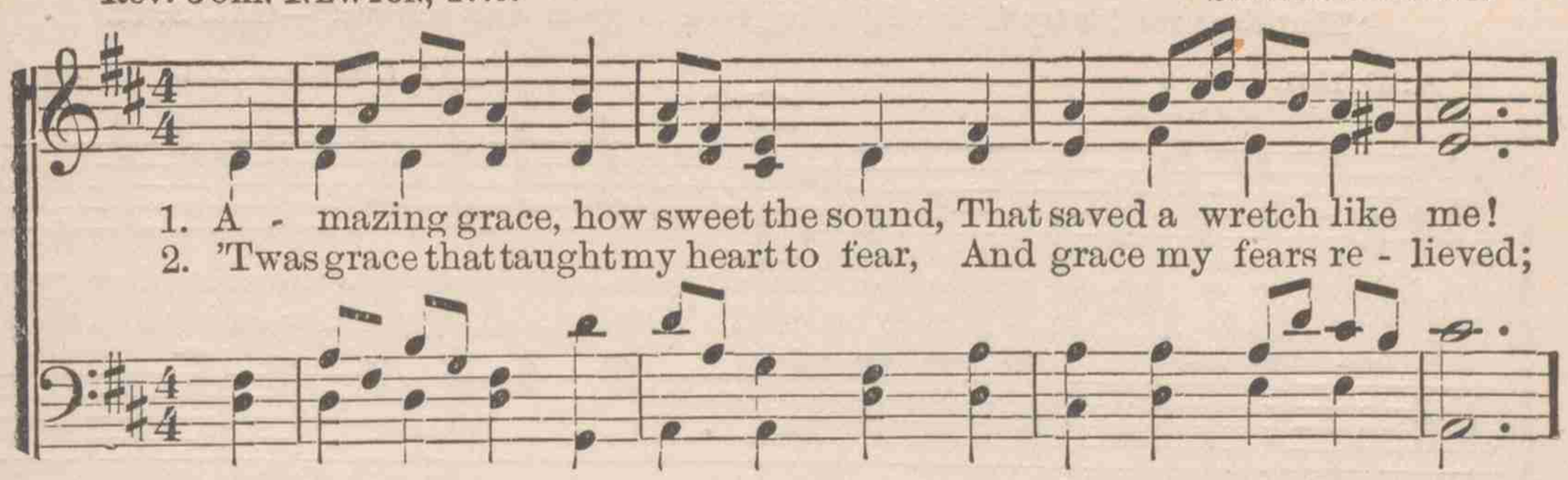
3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave, —
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

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

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

## No. 213. Warwick. C. M. (G. H. 2–102.)

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. SAMUEL STANLEY.

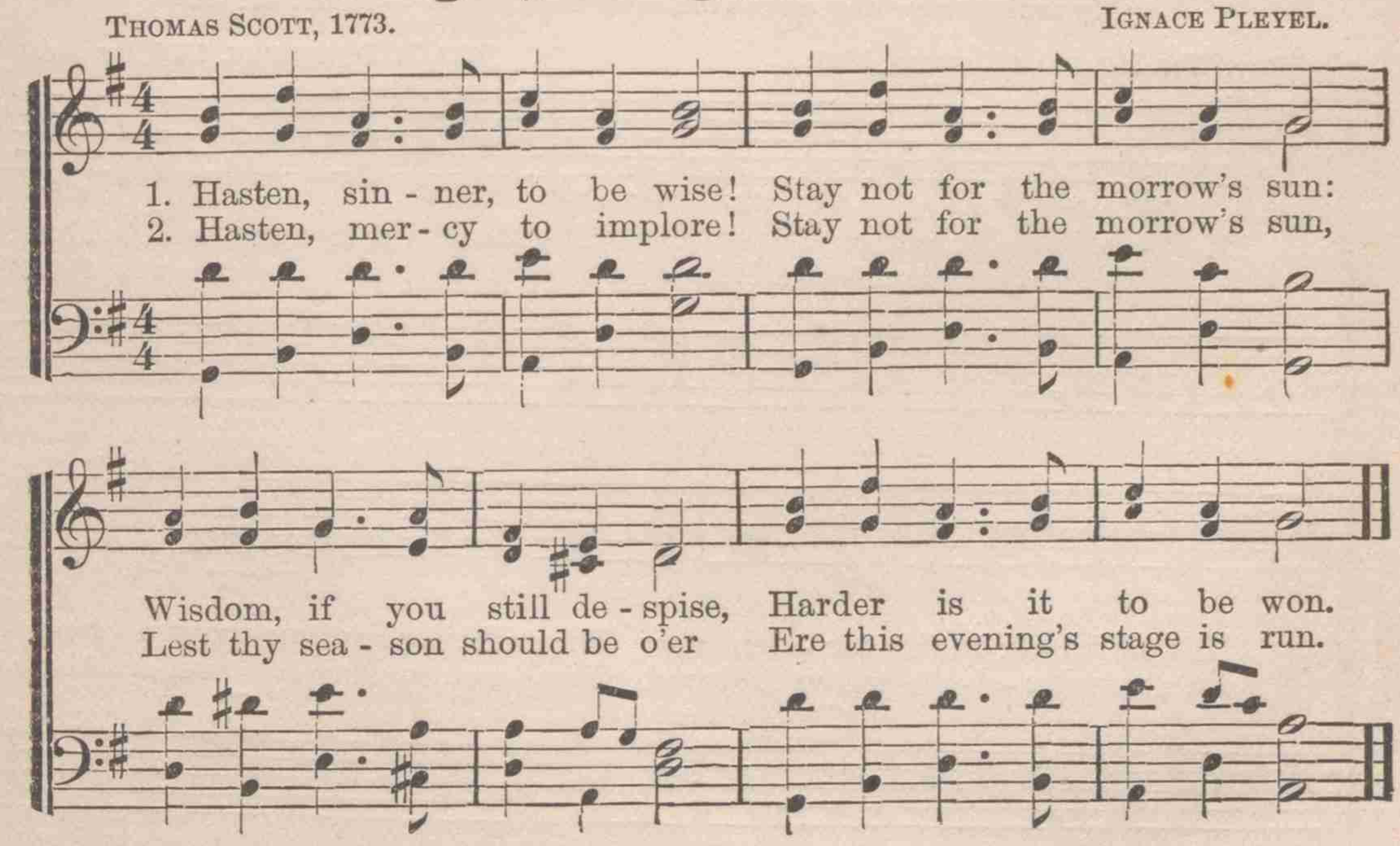



3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail
A life of joy and peace.

## No. 214. Pleyel's Hymn. 7s. (G. H. 2–106.)

THOMAS SCOTT, 1773. IGNACE PLEYEL.



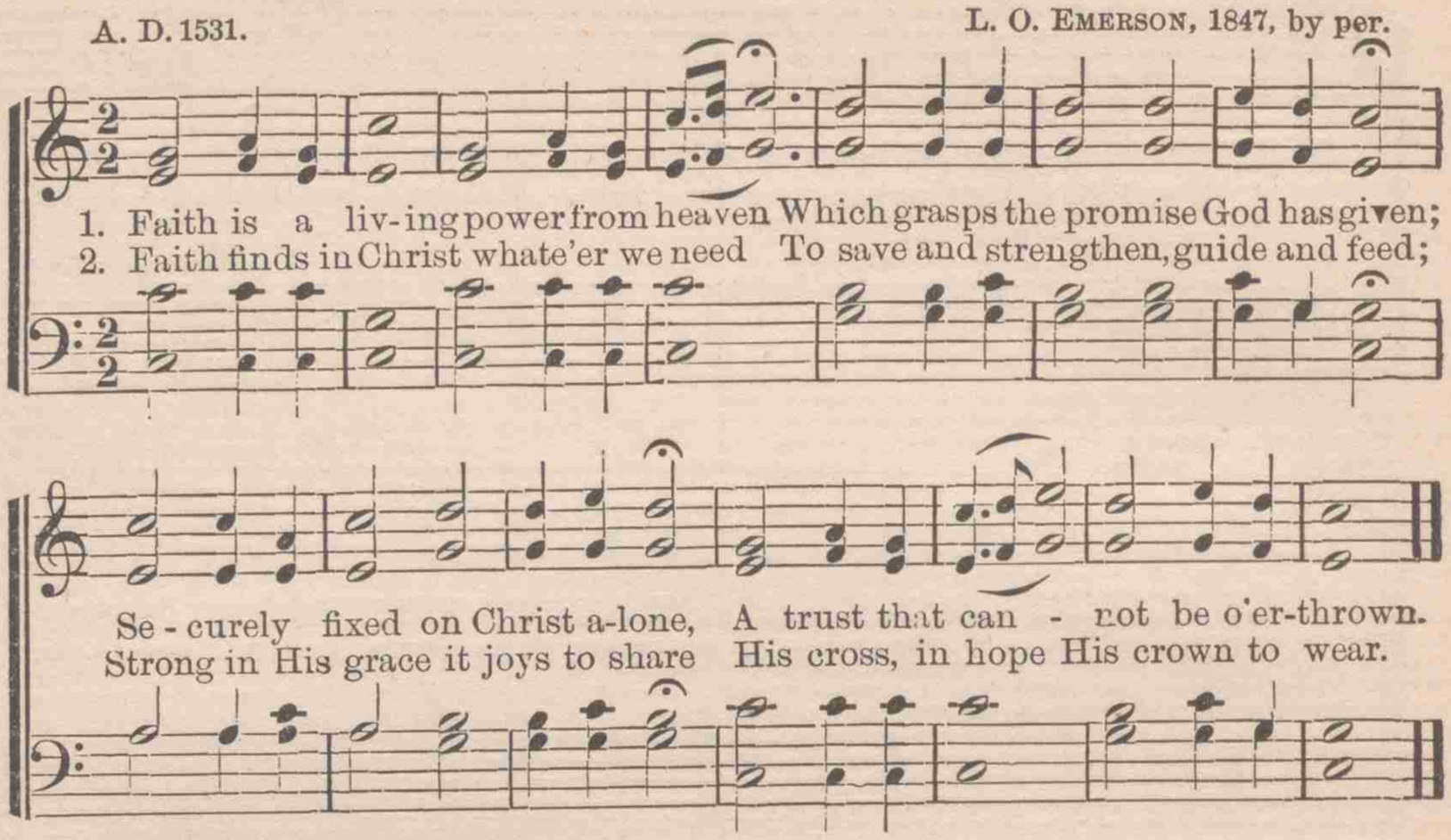

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

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

## No. 215. Sessions. L. M. (G. H. 2–84.)

"That the promise by faith might be given to them that believe."—GAL. 3: 22.

A. D. 1531. L. O. EMERSON, 1847, by per.



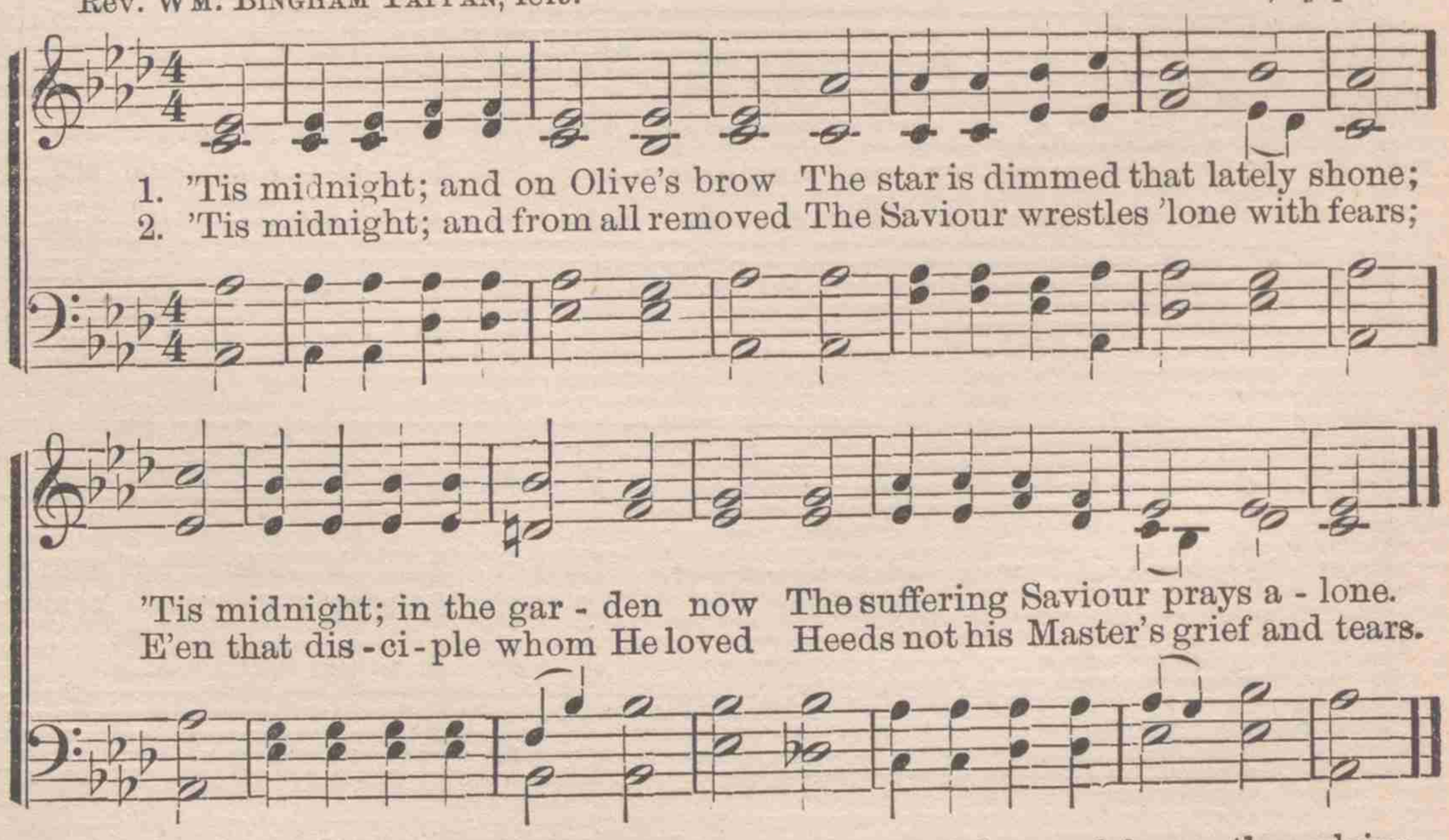

3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,
And bids the mourner's sighing cease;
By faith the children s right we claim,
And call upon our Father's name.

4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers Thy favor grant
In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,
Who is our fount of health alone.

## No. 216. Olive's Brow. L. M. (G.H. 2–99.)

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."—MATT. 26: 38.

REV. WM. BINGHAM TAPPAN, 1819. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1855, by per.




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

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

## No. 217. HENDON. (G. H. 2–119.)
Key D.

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

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

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

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

Rev. John Newton, 1779.

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## No. 218. P. M. (G. H. 2–121.)
Key E.

1 There's a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,—
When by sorrows pressed down,
I long for a crown,
In that beautiful land on high.

Cho.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

2 There's a beautiful land on high,
I shall enter it by and by;
There, with friends, hand in hand,
I shall walk on the strand,
In that beautiful land on high.

Cho.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

3 There's a beautiful land on high,
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way
To the realms of day,
In that beautiful land on high.

Cho.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
Methinks I now see
How they're waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high.

Cho.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free:
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

5 There's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said
That no tears shall be shed,
In that beautiful land on high.

Cho.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

6 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good-bye!"
When over the river
We're happy forever,
In that beautiful land on high.

Cho.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

James Nicholson, 1856.

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## No. 219. THE SHINING SHORE. (G. H. 2–124.)
Key G.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

Cho.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

Cho.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

Cho.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says Come, and there's our home,
Forever, O forever.

Cho.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

Rev. David Nelson, 1835.

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## No. 220.

8s & 7s (G. H. 2–127.)
Key C.

1 We are waiting by the river,
We are watching by the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon He'll come to bear us o'er.

2 Though the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.

3 And the bright celestial city,—
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

4 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them
When we too have crossed the tide.

5 When we've passed the vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

Miss Mary P. Griffin.

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## No. 221.

Tune—G. H. Combined. No. 24.
(G.H. 2–128.)

1 My God I have found
The thrice blessed ground,
Where life, and where joy, and true comfort abound.

Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory.
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

2 'Tis found in the blood
Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my surety with God,

Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

3 He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the surety and sinner are free.

Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

4 And though here below
'Mid sorrow and woe,
My place is in heaven with Jesus I know.

Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

5 And this I shall find
For such is His mind,
"He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

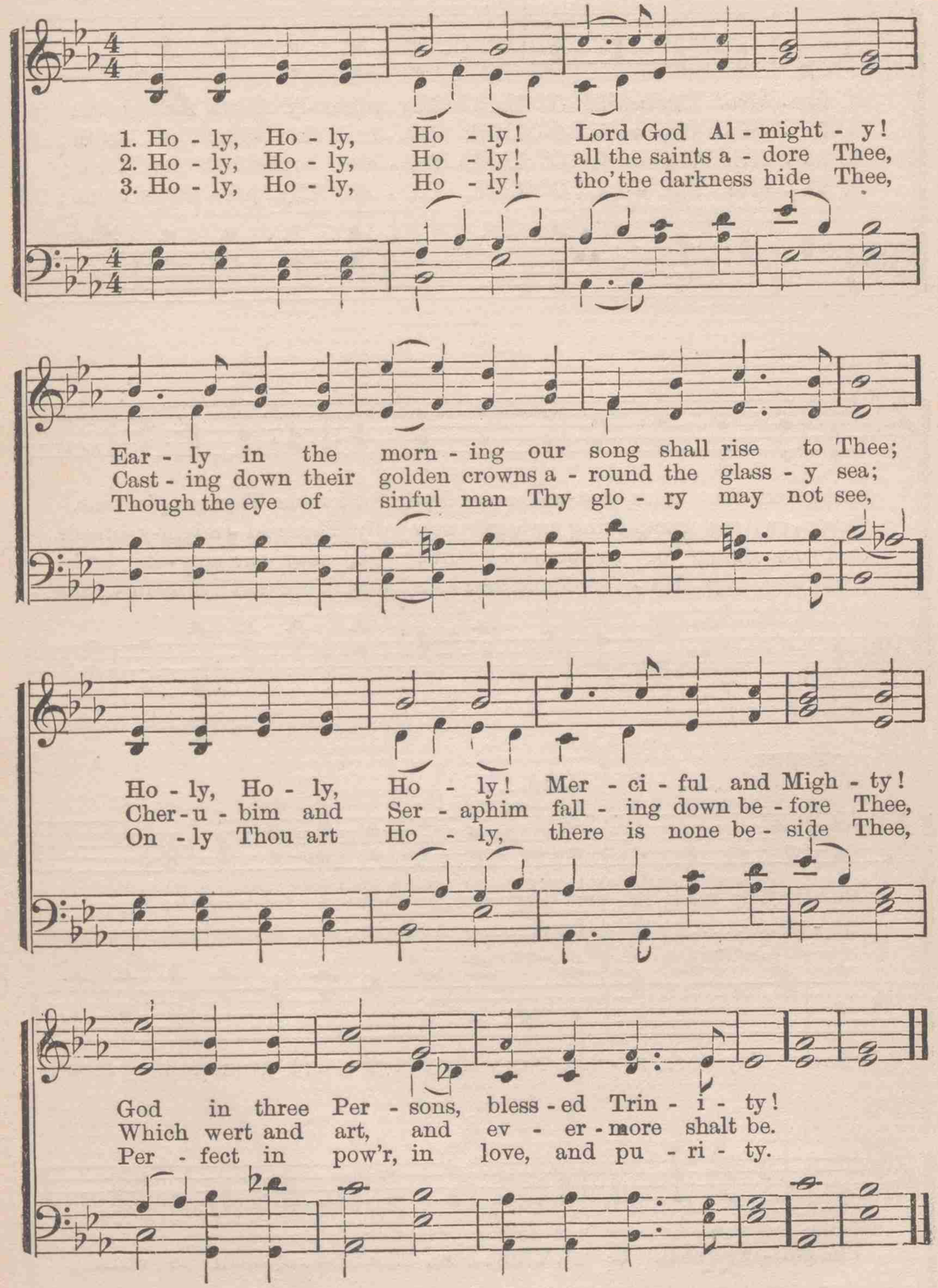
Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

Rev. John Gambold.

## No. 222. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty! (G. H. 3–1.)

"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4: 8.

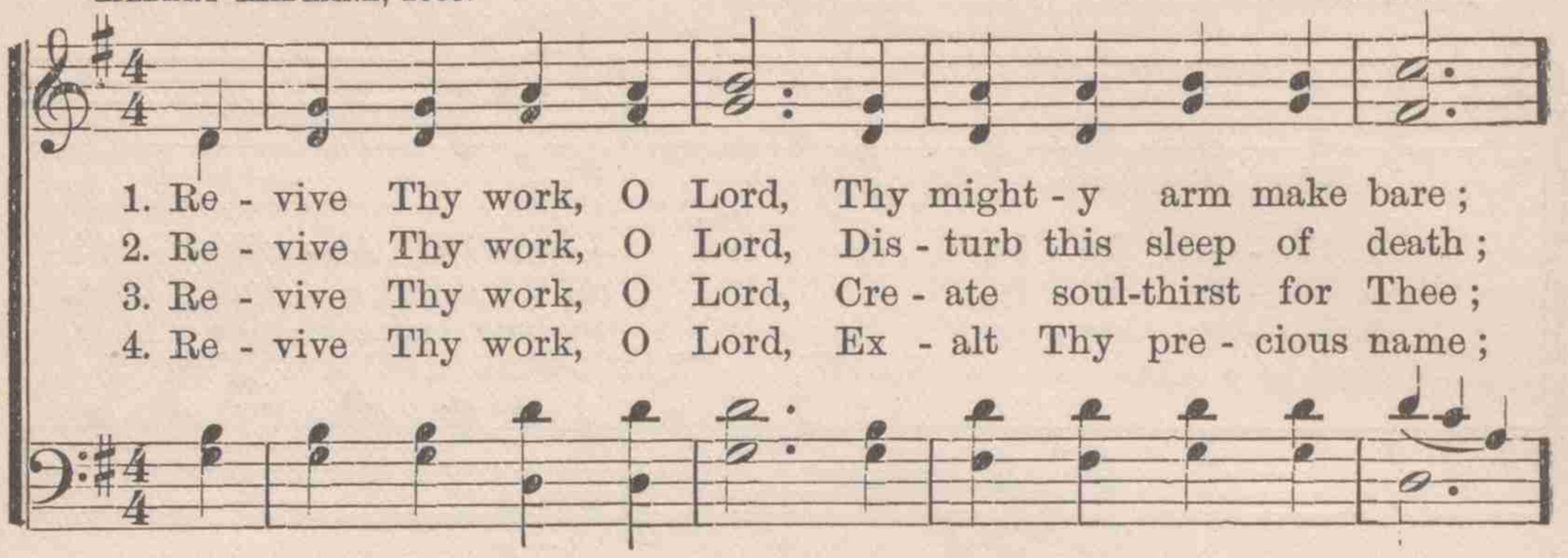
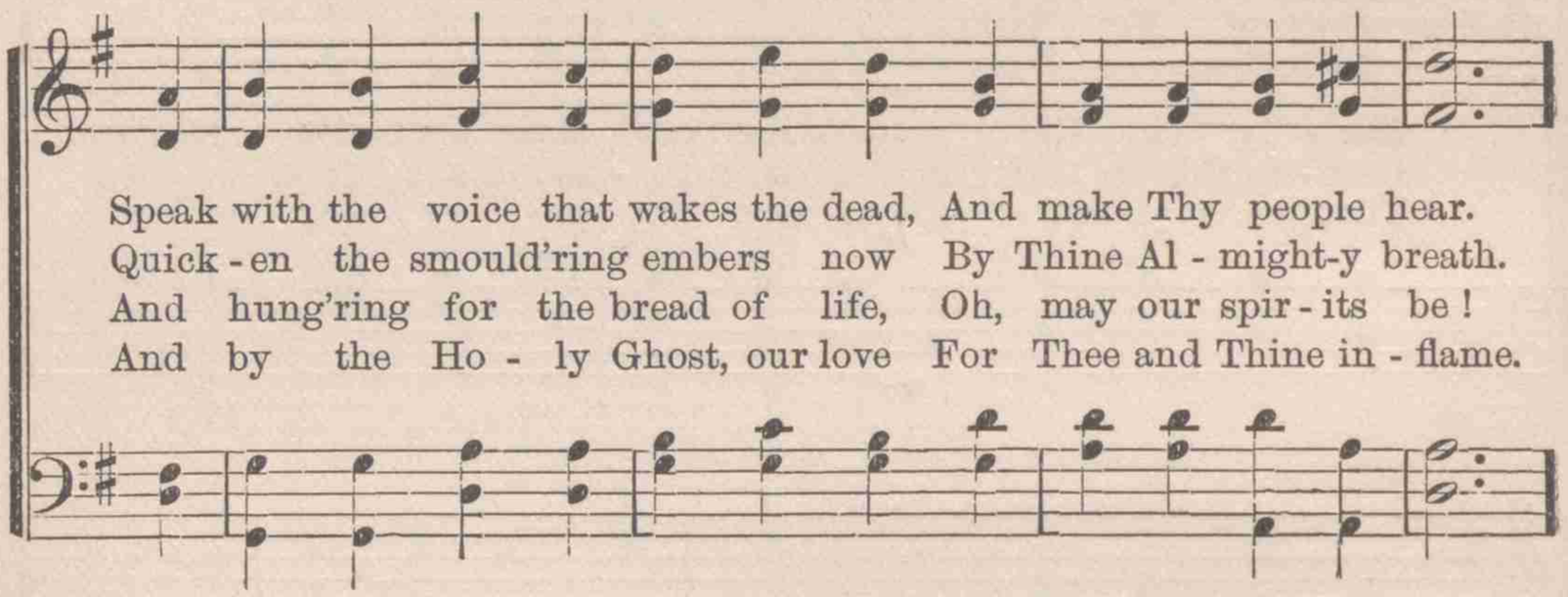
Reginald Heber, D. D. Rev. John B. Dykes.




4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.

## No. 223. Revive Thy Work. (G. H. 3–2.)

"O Lord, revive thy work."—HAB. 3 : 2.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1860. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

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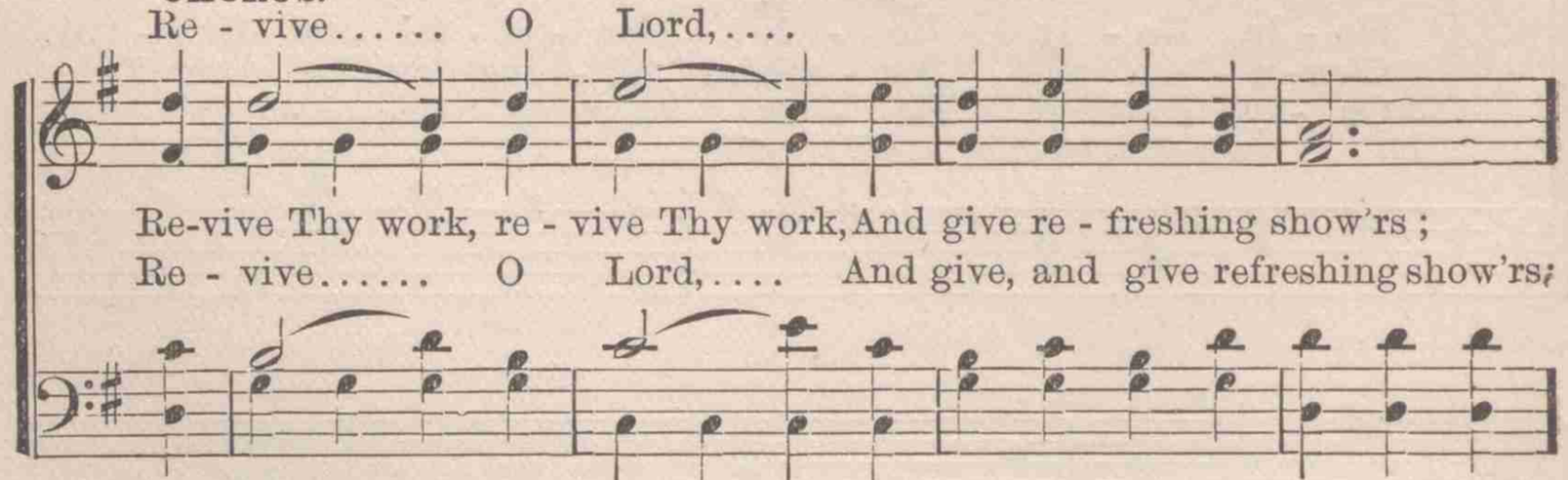
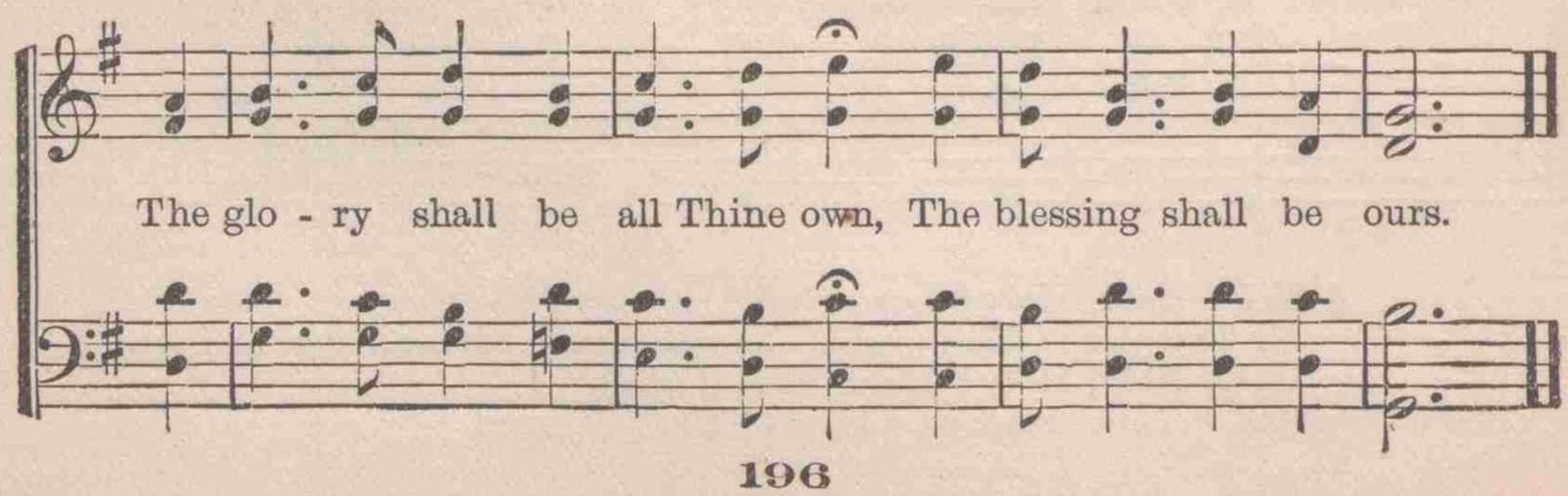
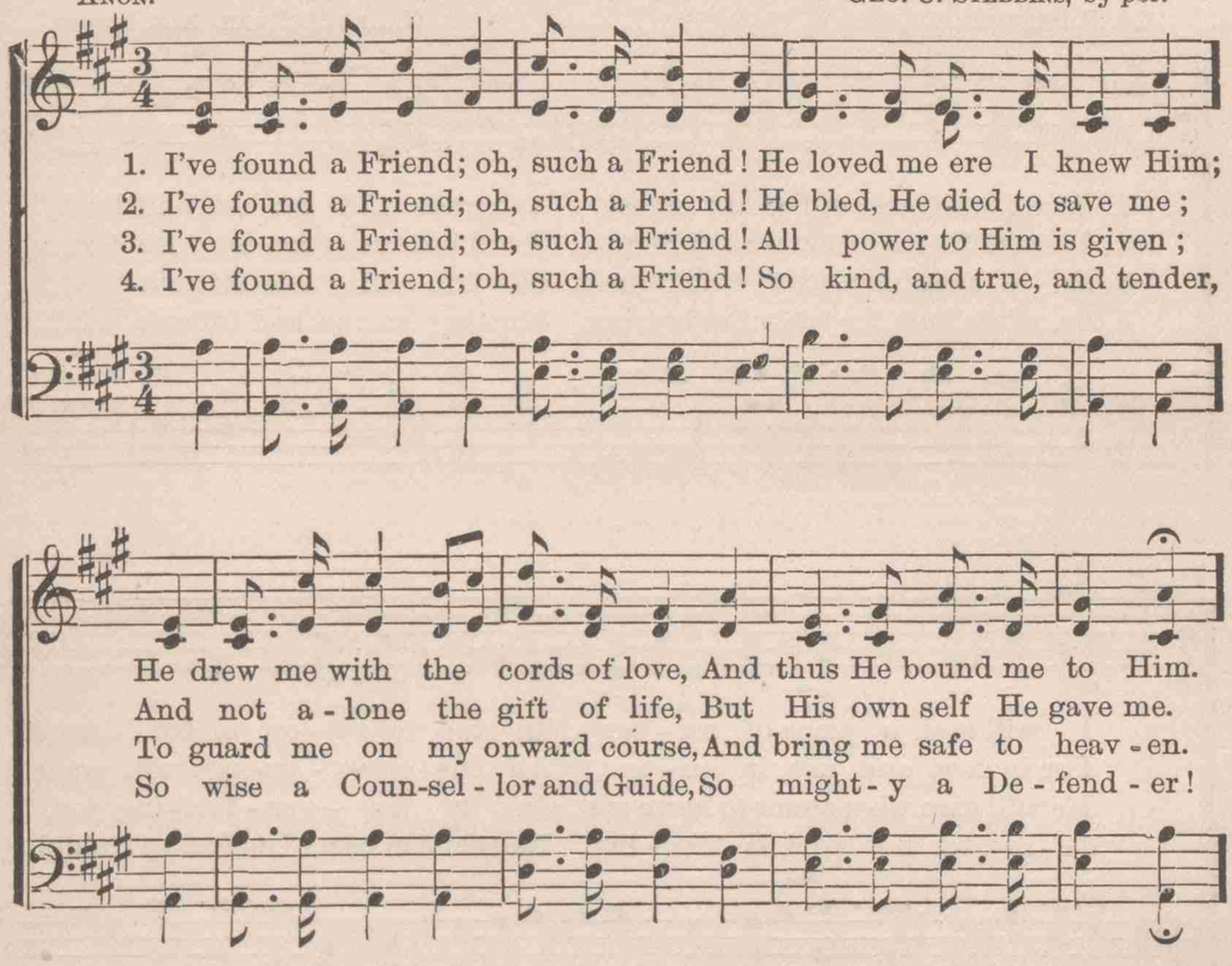

## No. 224. I've Found a Friend. (G. H. 3–3.)

A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

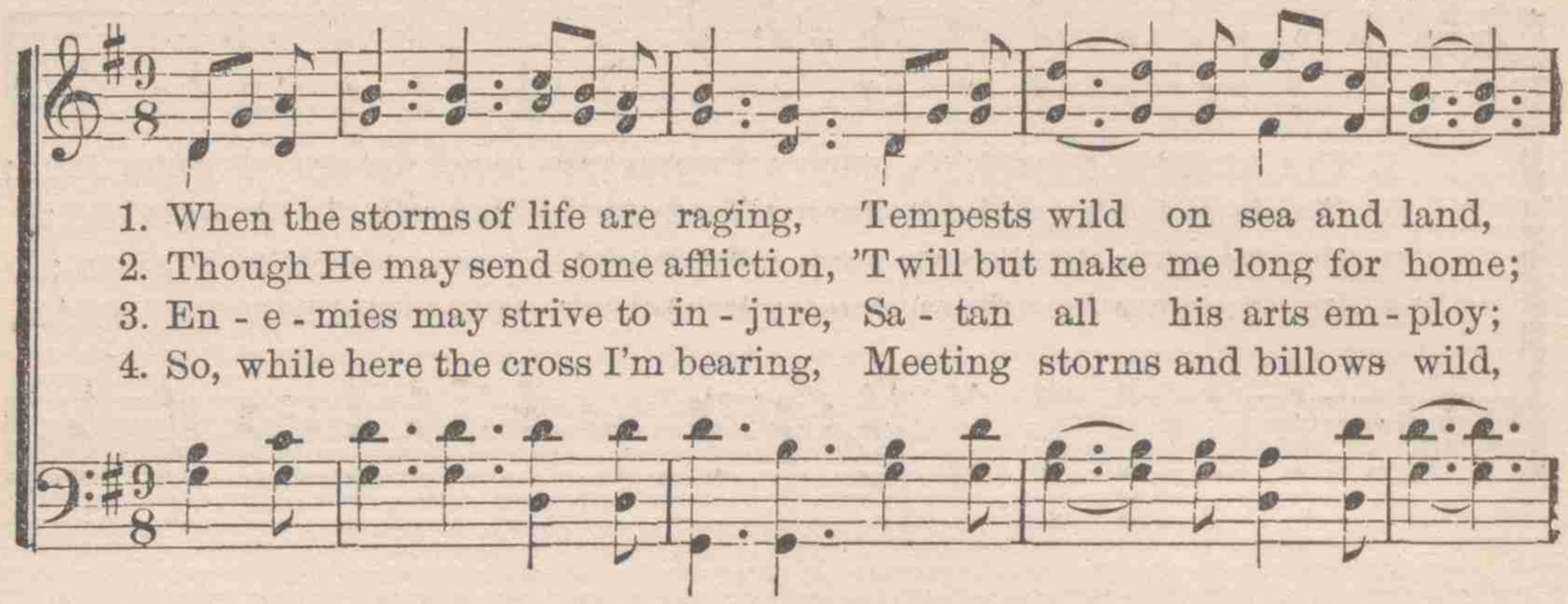
ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



## No. 225. He will Hide Me. (G. H. 3–4.)

"In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me."—Isa. 49: 2.

M. E. Servoss. James McGranahan, by per.



hide me In the shad - - ow of His hand.

safe - ly hide me In the shad - ow of His hand.

—o—

## No. 226. Thine, Jesus, Thine. (G. H. 3–5.)

"I am thine."—Ps. 119: 94.

ENGLISH. P. P. BLISS, by per.

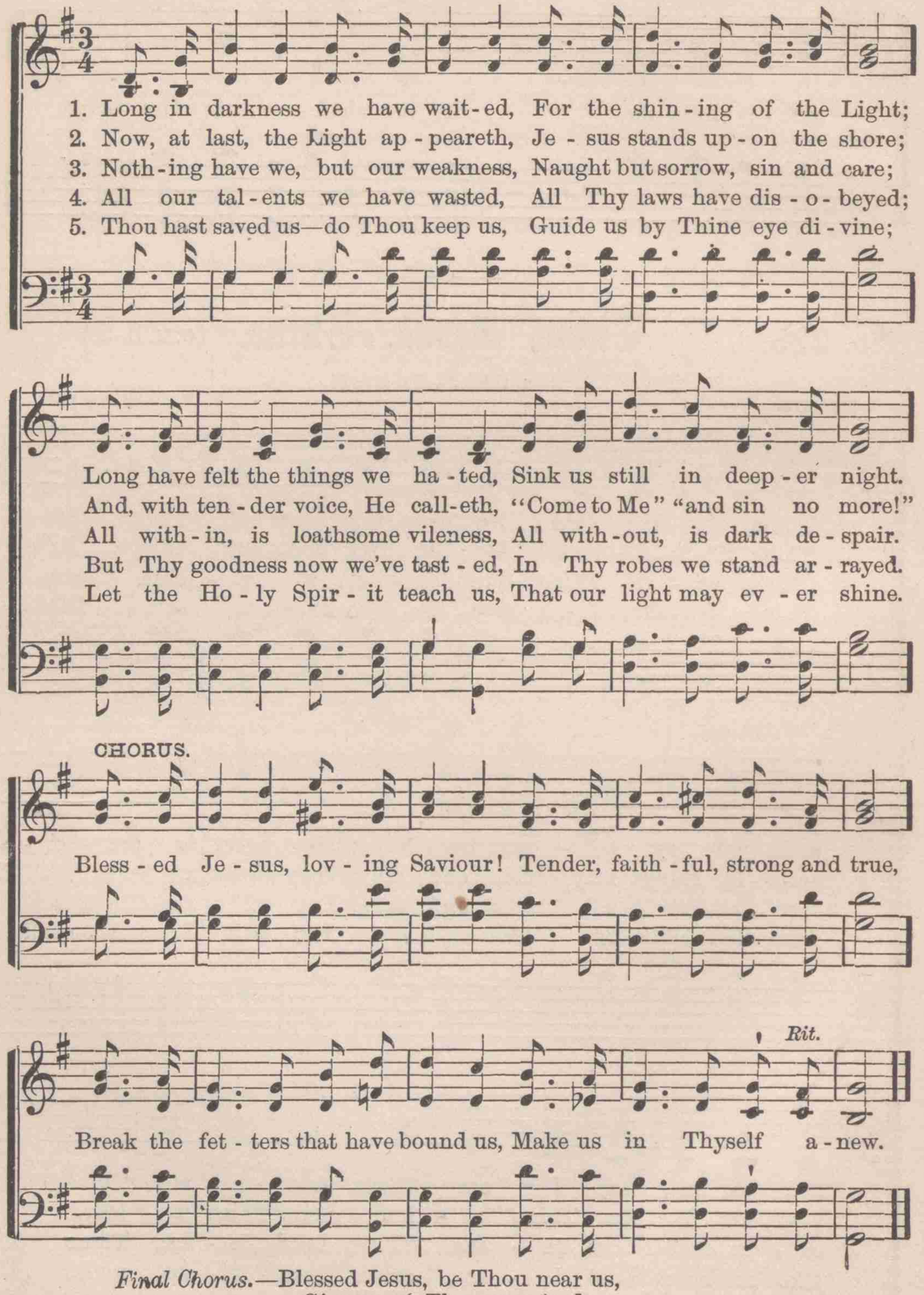
1. Thine, Je - sus, Thine, No more this heart of mine Shall
2. Thine, Thine a - lone, My joy, my hope, my crown; Now
3. Thine, ev - er Thine, For - ev - er to re - cline On
4. Thine, Je - sus, Thine, Soon in Thy crown to shine, When

seek its joy a - part from Thee; The world is cru - ci -
earth - ly things may fade and die, They charm my soul no
love e - ter - nal, fixed and sure, Yes, I am Thine for
from the glo - ry Thou shalt come And with Thy saints shall

fied to me, And I am Thine, And I am Thine.
more, for I Am Thine a - lone, Am Thine a - lone.
ev - er more, Lord, Je - sus, Thine, Lord, Je - sus, Thine
take me home, Lord, Je - sus, come, Lord, Je - sus, come.

## No. 227. Out of Darkness into Light. (G. H. 3–6.)

"I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."—JOHN 8: 12.

W. O. LATTIMORE.* (TEMPERANCE HYMN.) IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

*Final Chorus.*—Blessed Jesus, be Thou near us,
Give us of Thy grace to-day;
While we're calling, do Thou hear us,
Send us, now, Thy peace, we pray.

***Written by one rescued from strong drink.*

## No. 228. Jesus Calls Thee. (G. H. 3–7.)

"I the Lord have called thee."—Isa. 42: 6.

Mrs. S. A. Collins. W. H. Doane, by per.

1. Je - sus, gracious one, call - eth now to thee, "Come, O sinner, come!"
2. Still He waits for thee, pleading pa - tient - ly, "Come, O come to Me!"
3. Weary, sin - sick soul, called so gracious - ly, Canst thou dare re - fuse?

Calls so ten - der - ly, calls so lov - ing - ly, "*Now*, O sin - ner, come."
"Heavy - la - den one, I thy grief have borne, Come and rest in Me."
Mer - cy of - fered thee, free - ly, ten - der - ly, Wilt thou still a - buse?

Words of peace and bless - ing, Christ's own love con - fess - ing;
Words with love o'er - flow - ing, Life and bliss be - stow - ing;
Come, for time is fly - ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy - ing;

REFRAIN.

Hear the sweet voice of Je - sus, Full, full of love;

Call - ing ten - der - ly, call - ing lov - ing - ly, "Come, O sinner, come."

## No. 229. My Redeemer. (G. H. 3-8.)

"O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."—Ps. 19: 14.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. I will sing of my Redeem-er And His wond'rous love to me;
2. I will tell the wond'rous story, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri-umph-ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Redeemer, And His heav'n ly love to me;

On the cru-el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.

CHORUS.

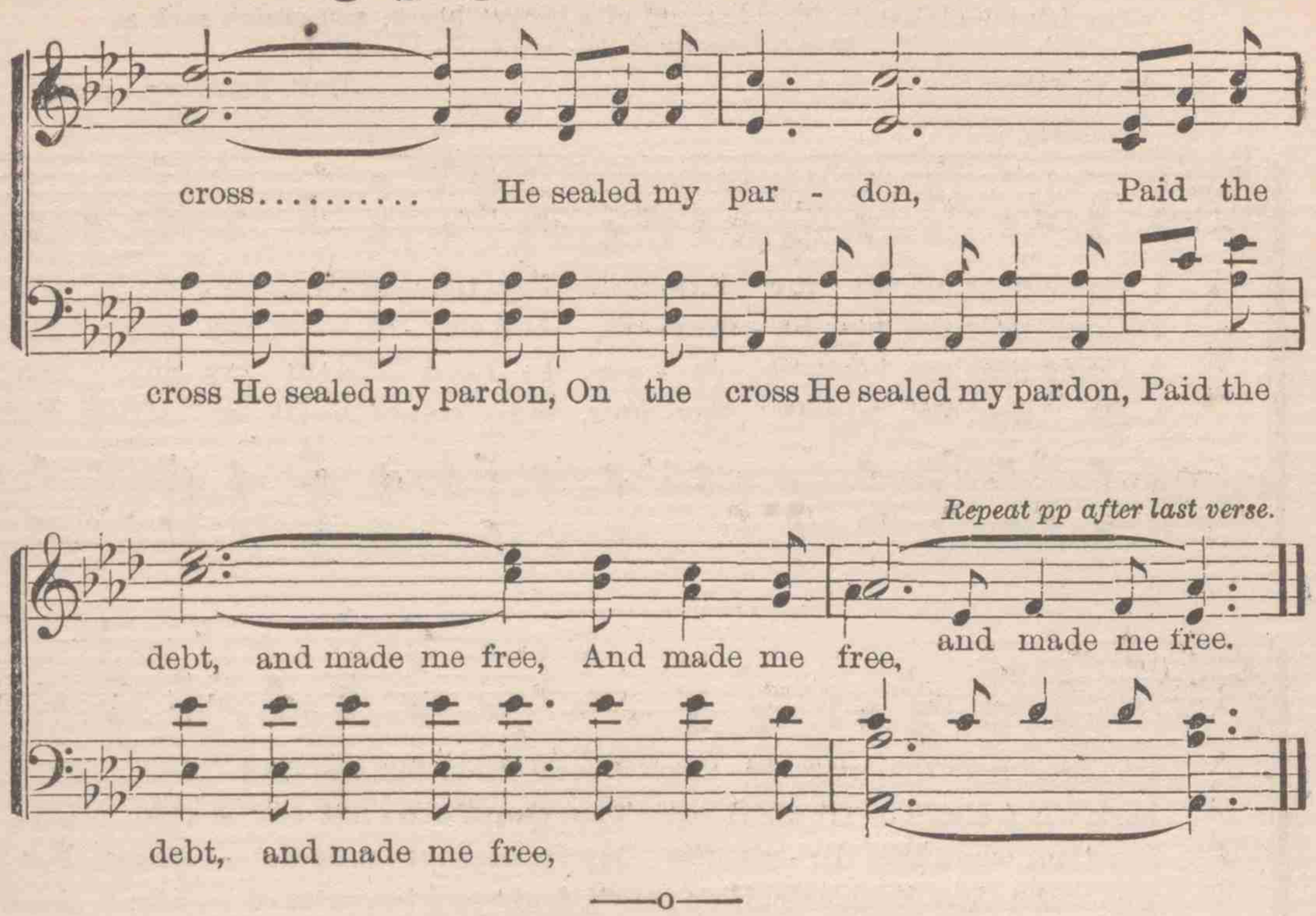
Sing, oh! sing,..... of my Re-deem-er, With His

Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, With His

blood..... blood He purchased me, He purchased me,..... On the

blood..... He purchased me, blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me; On the

## My Redeemer.—Concluded.

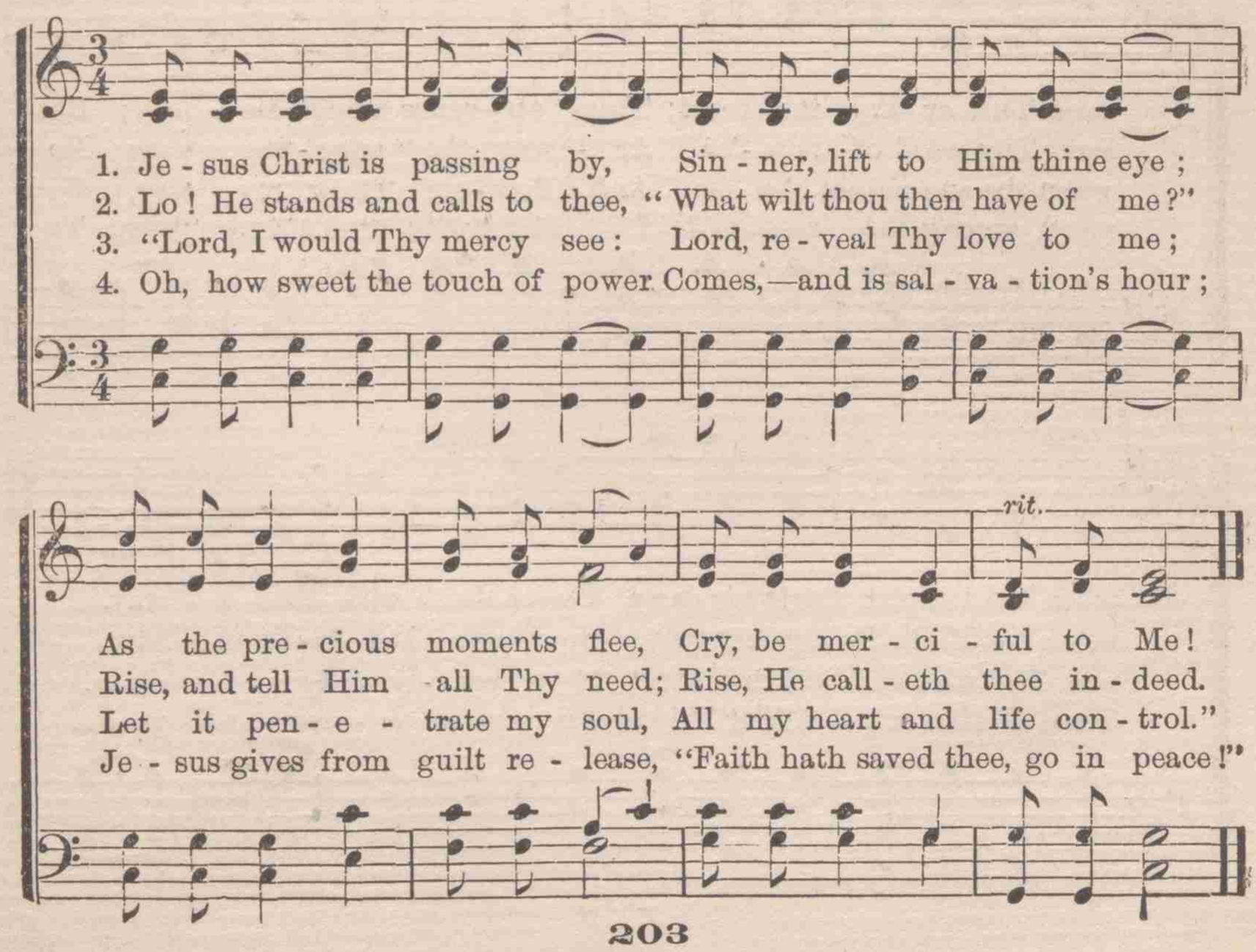



—o—

## No. 230. Jesus Christ is Passing by. (G. H. 3–9.)

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK. 10: 47.

J. DENHAM SMITH. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.



## No. 231. Come near Me. (G. H. 3–10.)

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."—Ps. 34: 18.

Rev. G. G. Lloyd. J. W. Bischoff, by per.

*Tenderly.*

1. Come near me, O my Sav - iour; Thy ten - der - ness re - veal; O,
2. Come near me, my Re - deem - er, And nev - er leave my side; My
3. Come near me, bless-ed Je - sus, I need Thee in my joy, No
4. Be near me, mighty Sav - iour, When comes the lat - est strife; For

let me know the sym - pa - thy Which Thou for me dost feel, I
bark, when toss'd on trouble's sea, The storm can - not out - ride, Un -
less than when the dir - est ills My hap - pi - ness de - stroy; For
Thou hast thro' death's shadows pass'd, And ope'd the gates of life; And

*f* *mf*

need Thee ev - ery mo - ment; Thine ab - sence brings dis - may; But
less Thy word of pow - er Ar - rest the surg - ing wave; No
when the sun shines o'er me And flow - ers strew my way, With
when among the ransom'd I stand with crown and palm, To

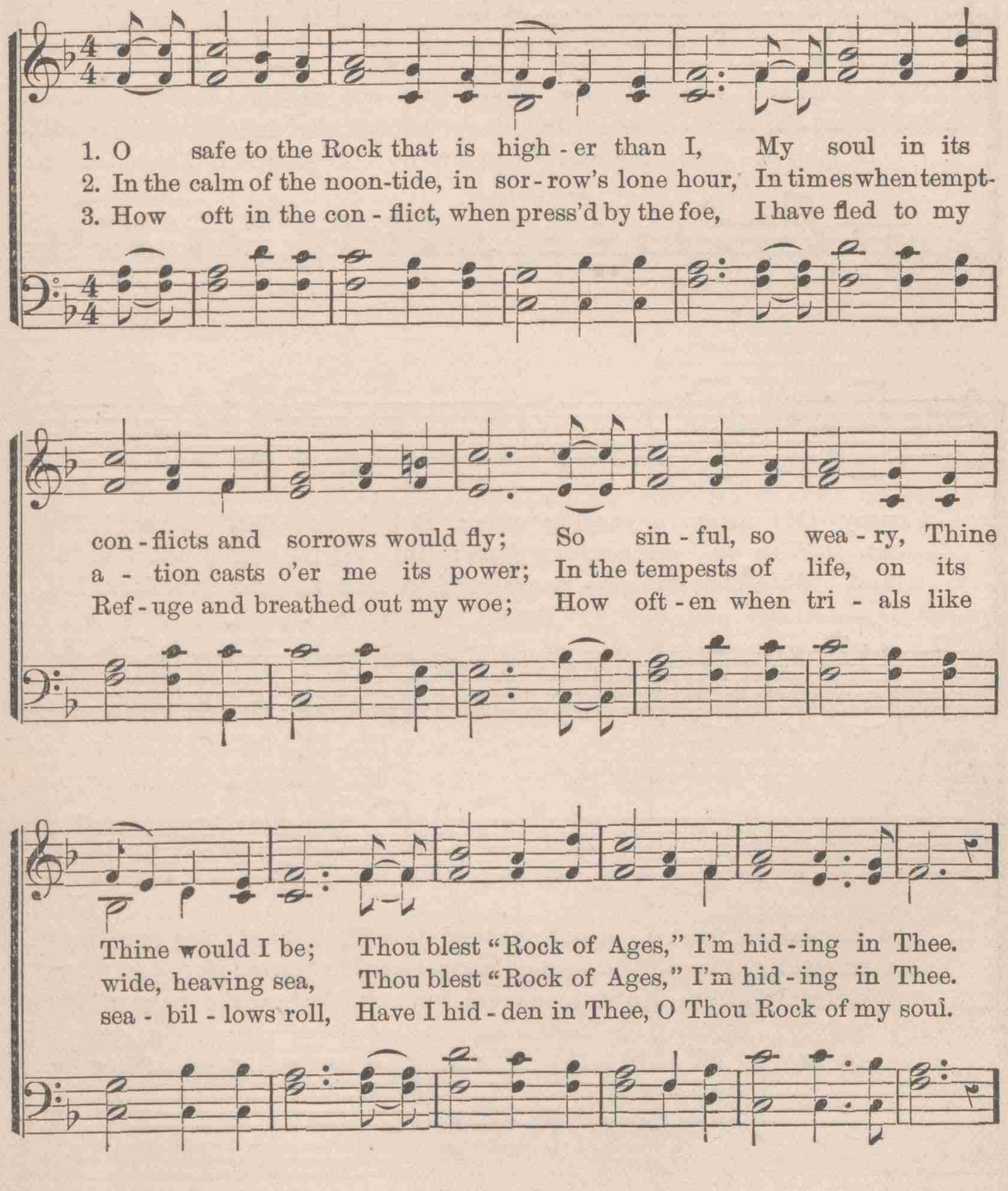
*cres.* *dim.*

when the tempter hurls his darts, T'were death with Thee a - way.
voice but Thine its rage can quell, No arm but Thine can save.
out Thy wise and guiding hand More eas - i - ly I stray.
Thee, Divine, un - failing Friend, I'll raise e - ter - nal psalm.

## No. 232. Hiding in Thee. (G. H. 3–11.)

"My strong rock, for a house of defence."—Ps. 31: 2.

Rev. WILLIAM O. CUSHING. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

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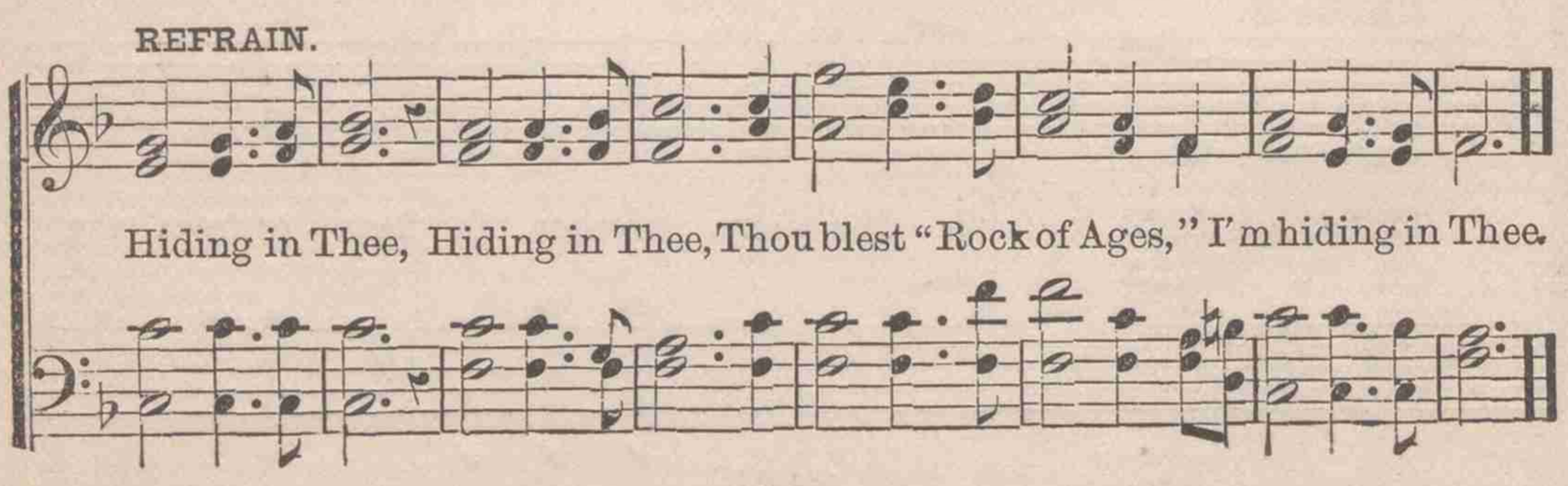
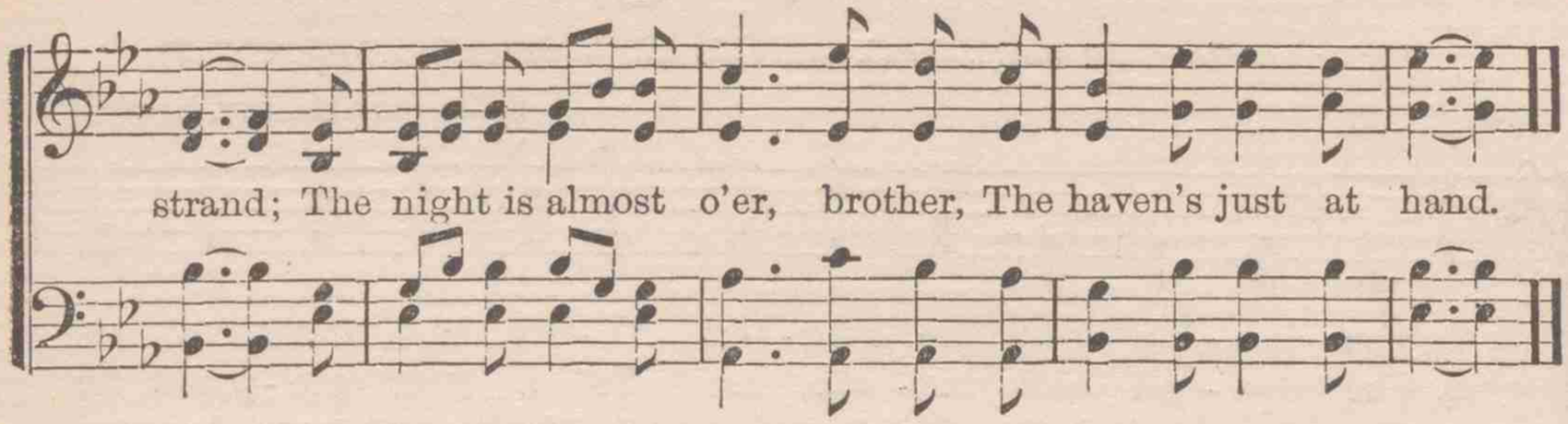


## No. 233. A Light upon the Shore. (G. H. 3–12.)

"No night there."—Rev. 21: 25.

Rev. Henry Burton, M. A. James McGranahan, by per.

## A Light upon the Shore.—Concluded.

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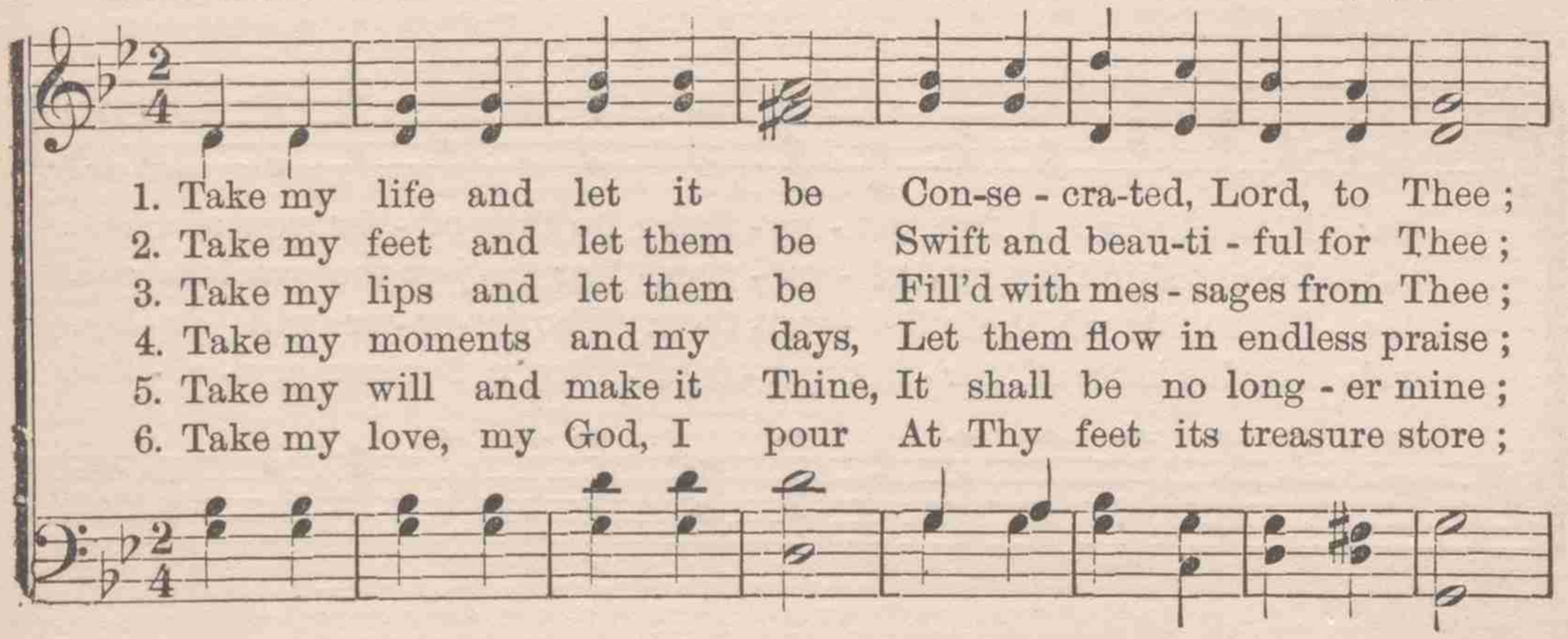
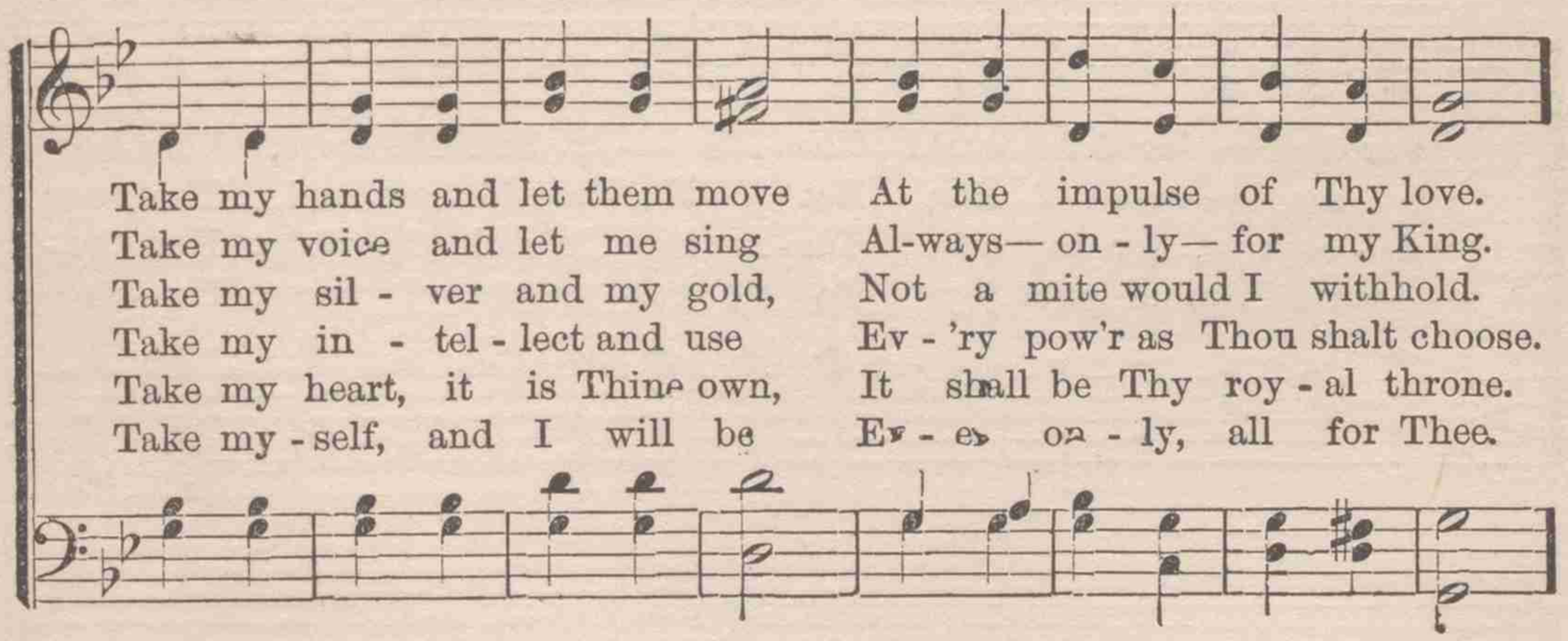
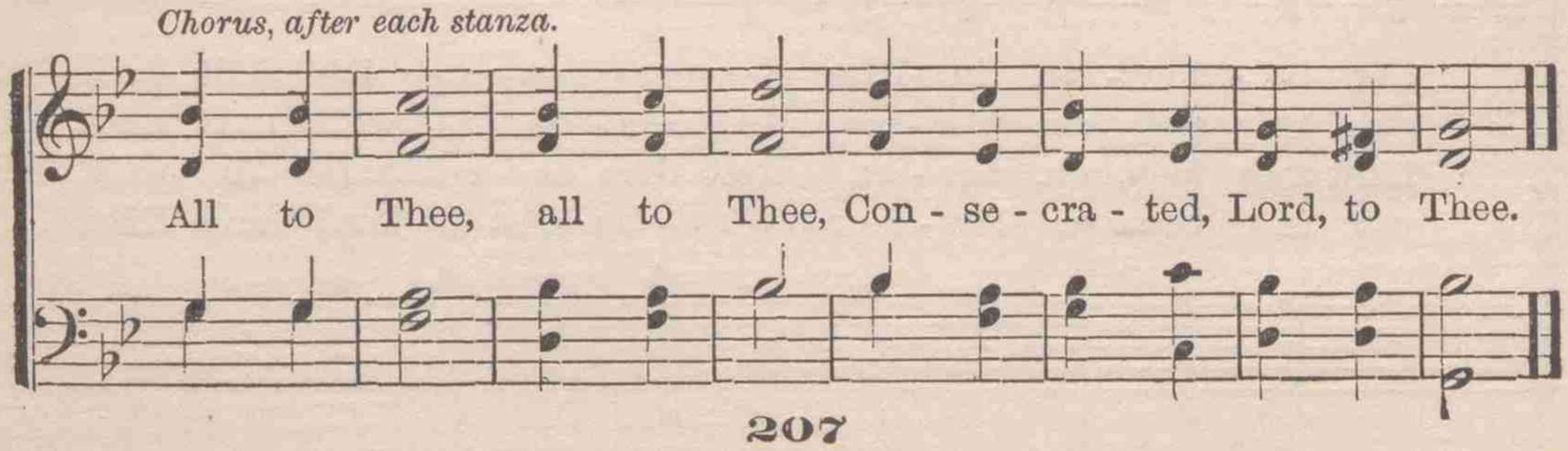
## No. 234. Consecration. (G. H. 3–13.)

"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. 6: 19.

Miss Frances R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss, by per.

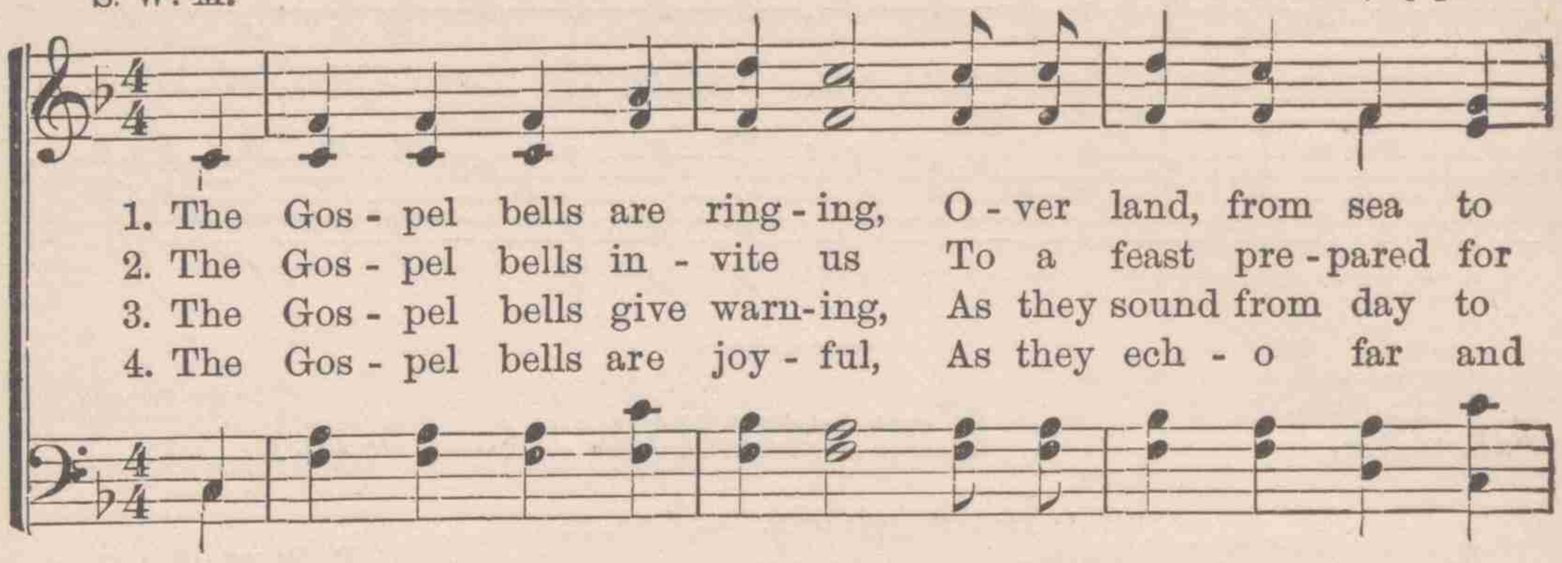


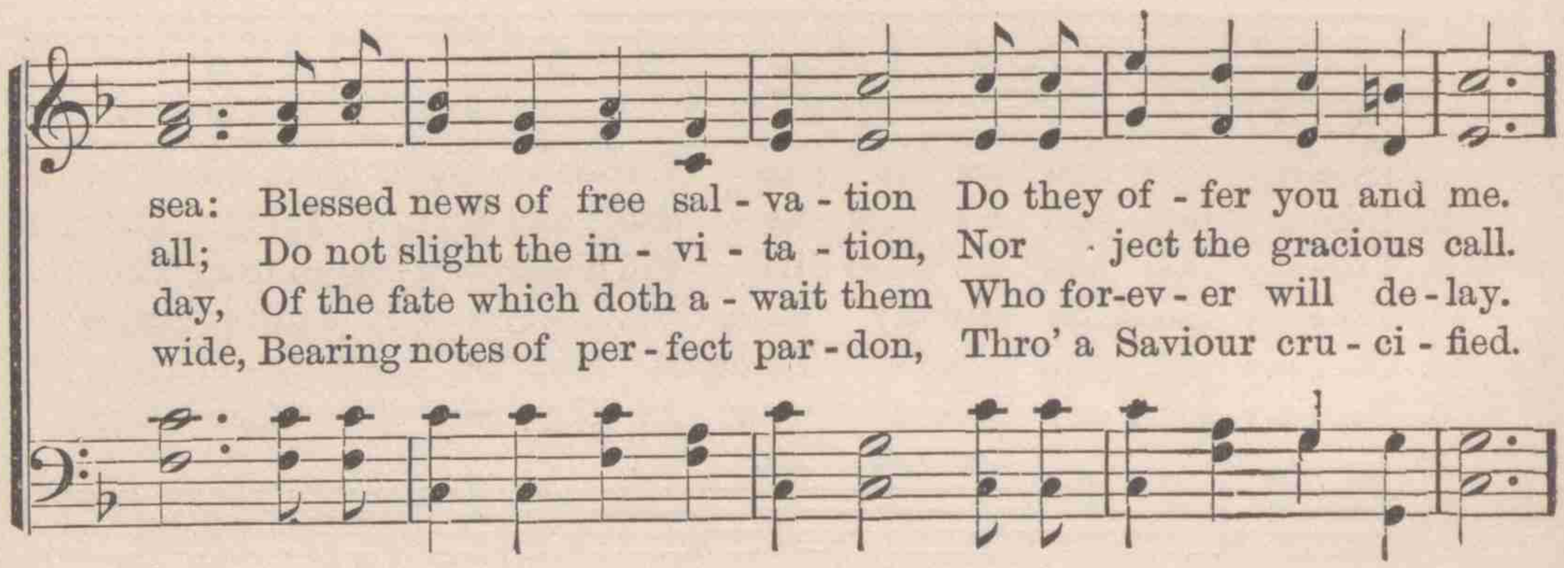



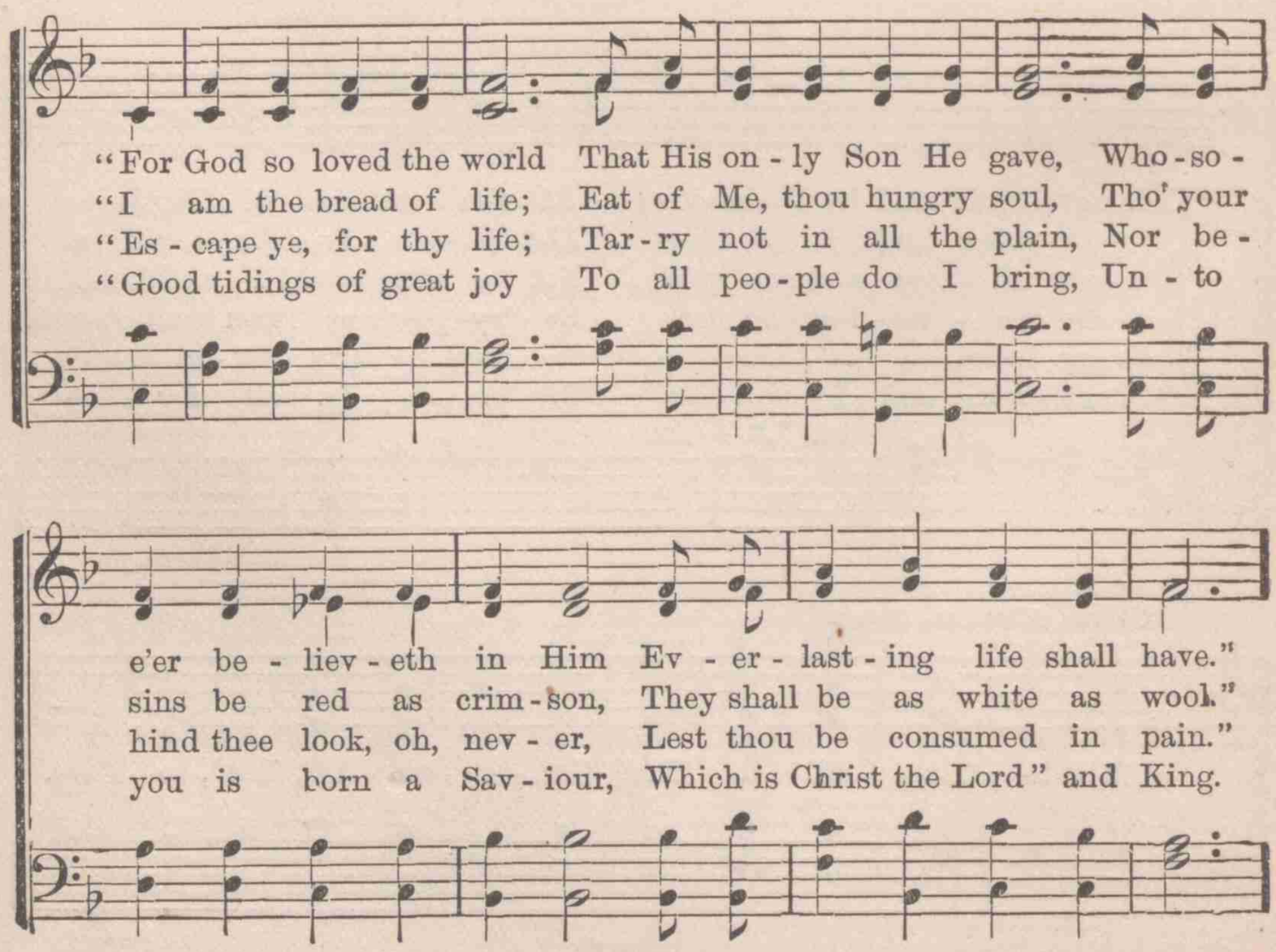

*Chorus, after each stanza.*

## No. 235. The Gospel Bells. (G. H. 3–14.)

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—JOHN 3: 16.

S. W. M. S. WESLEY MARTIN, by per.



# The Gospel Bells.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Gospel bells, how they ring; Gospel

Gospel bells, how they ring; Over land from sea to sea;

bells free - ly bring

Gospel bells free - ly bring Blessed news to you and me.

—o—

## No. 236. Joy to the World. (G. H. 3–15.)

"The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—Isa. 9 : 6.

Rev. Isaac Watts, arr. Geo. F. Root, by per.

*Joyfully.* *Reverently.*

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; The mighty God, the Ev - er-lasting
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns, The mighty God, the Ev - er-lasting
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, The mighty God, the Ev - er-lasting

Father and the Prince of Peace. Let every heart pre - - pare Him room,
Father and the Prince of Peace. O praise Him, floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Father and the Prince of Peace. And saves us by His righteousness,

The mighty God, the Ev - er-lasting Father and the Prince of Peace.

## No. 237. Ye must be Born again. (G. H. 3–16.)

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—JOHN 3: 3.

W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

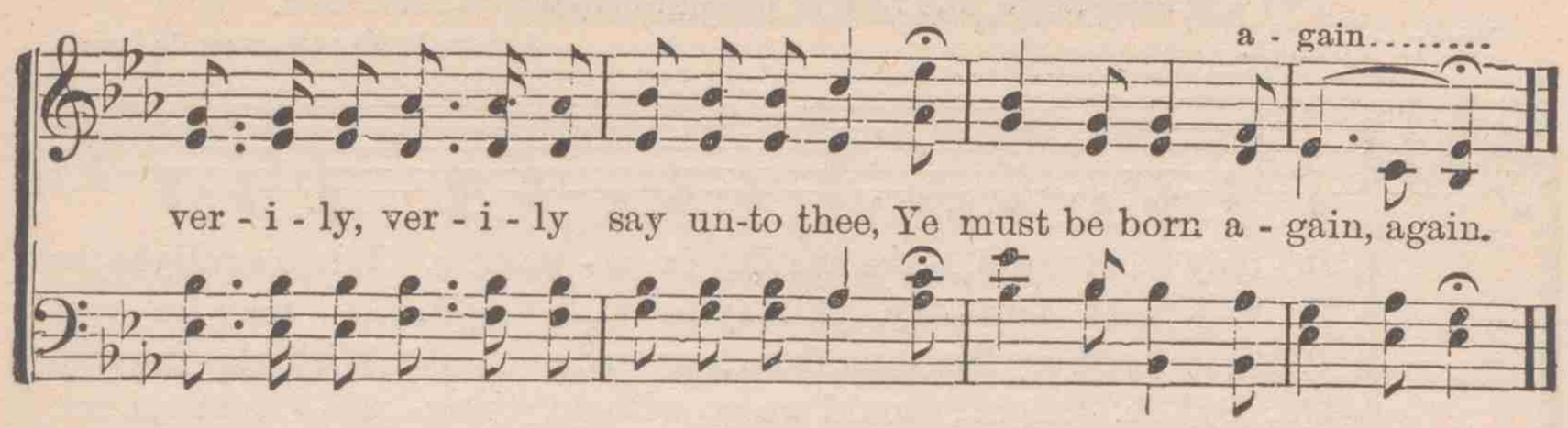
1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To ask Him the way of salvation and light; The Master made answer in
2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord, And let not this message to
3. O ye who would enter that glorious rest, And sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest; The life everlasting if
4. A dear one in heav-en thy heart yearns to see, At the beautiful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this

words true and plain, "Ye must be born again, a - gain, a - gain."
you be in vain, "Ye must be born again, a - gain, a - gain."
ye would obtain, "Ye must be born again, a - gain, a - gain."
sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born again, a - gain, a - gain."

CHORUS. a - gain,..... a - gain,.....

"Ye must be born a - gain, again," Ye must be born a - gain, again, I

# Ye must be Born again.—Concluded.

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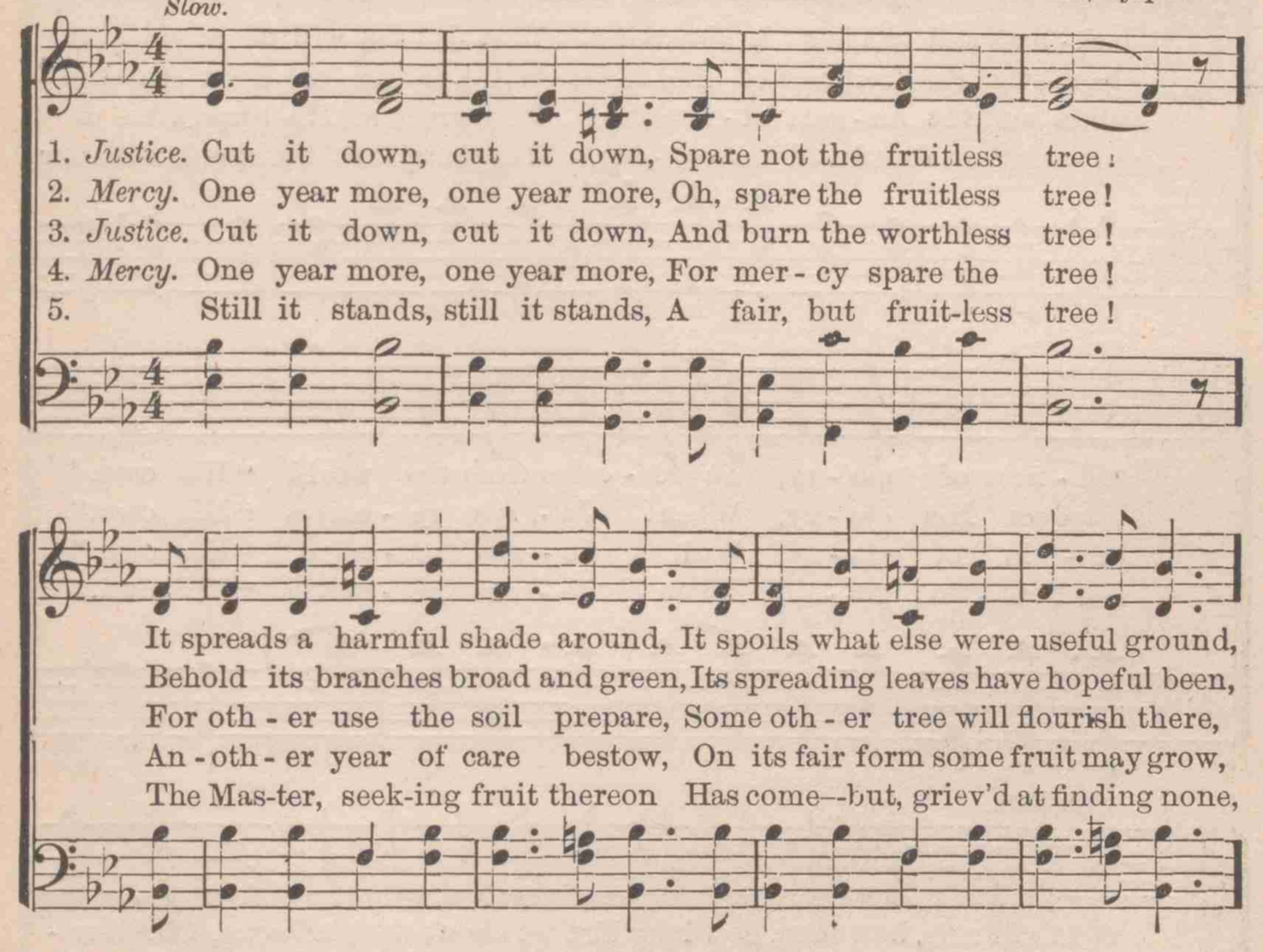
## No. 238. Cut it Down. (G. H. 3–17.)

"Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"—LUKE 13: 7.

P. P. BLISS.
*Slow.*

P. P. BLISS, by per.



## No. 239. Christ Returneth. (G. H. 3–18.)

"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—JOHN 15: 3.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - waking, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twilight, It may be per -
3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending, With glo - ri - fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, delight! should we go without dying, No sickness, no

dark - ness and shadow is breaking, That Je - sus will come in the
chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the
saints and the an - gels at - tending With grace on His brow, like a
sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Jesus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re -

*Rit.* - - - - - - -

turneth, Hal - le - lujah! hal - le - lujah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

## No. 240. Why do You Wait? (G. H. 3–19.)

G. F. R. "Arise, He calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is

tar - ry so long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to
fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but
striv - ing with - in? Oh, why not ac - cept His sal -
pass - ing a - way, Your Sav - iour is long - ing to

give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin.
bless you, There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

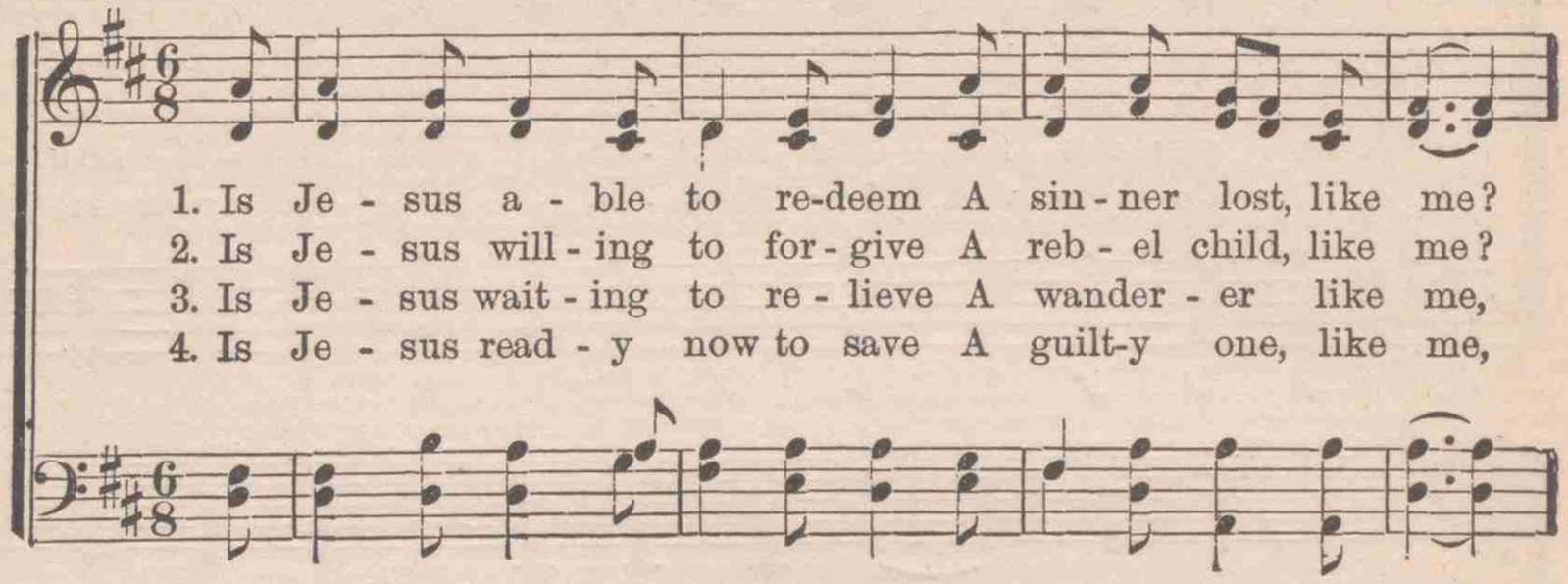
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

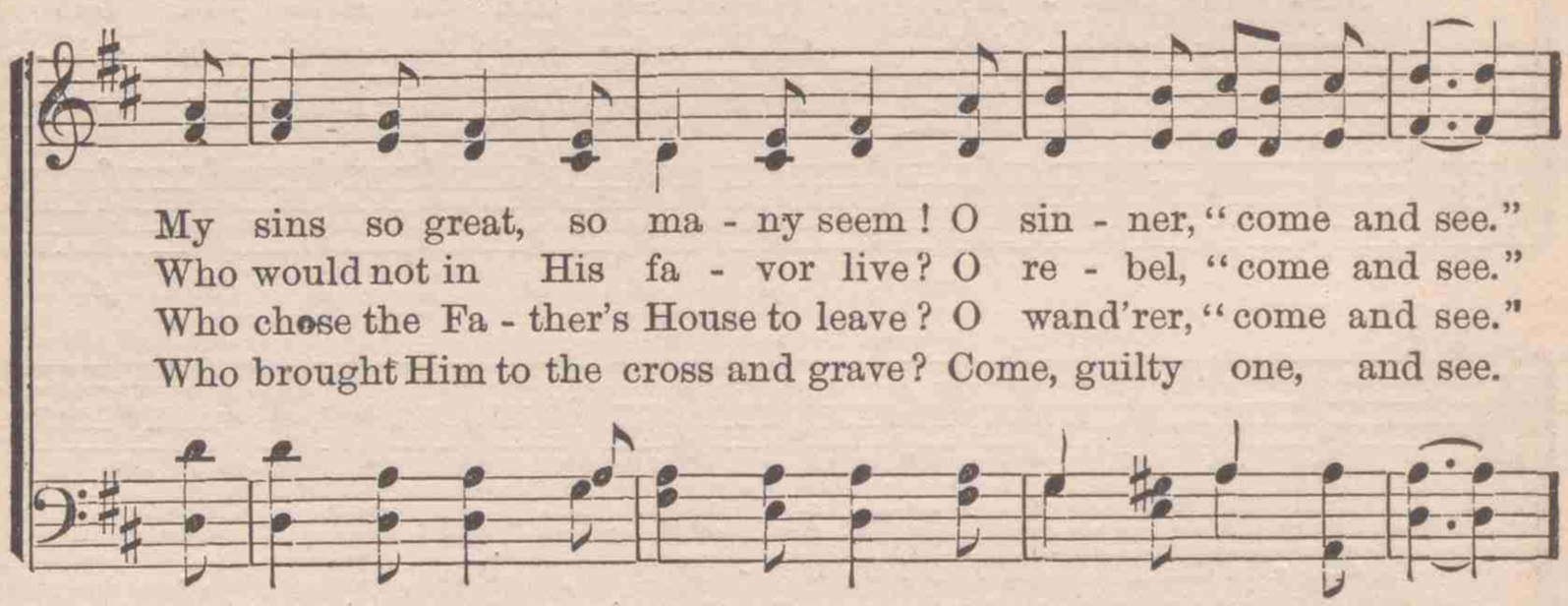
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

## No. 241. Is Jesus able to Redeem? (G. H. 3–20.)

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11 : 28.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

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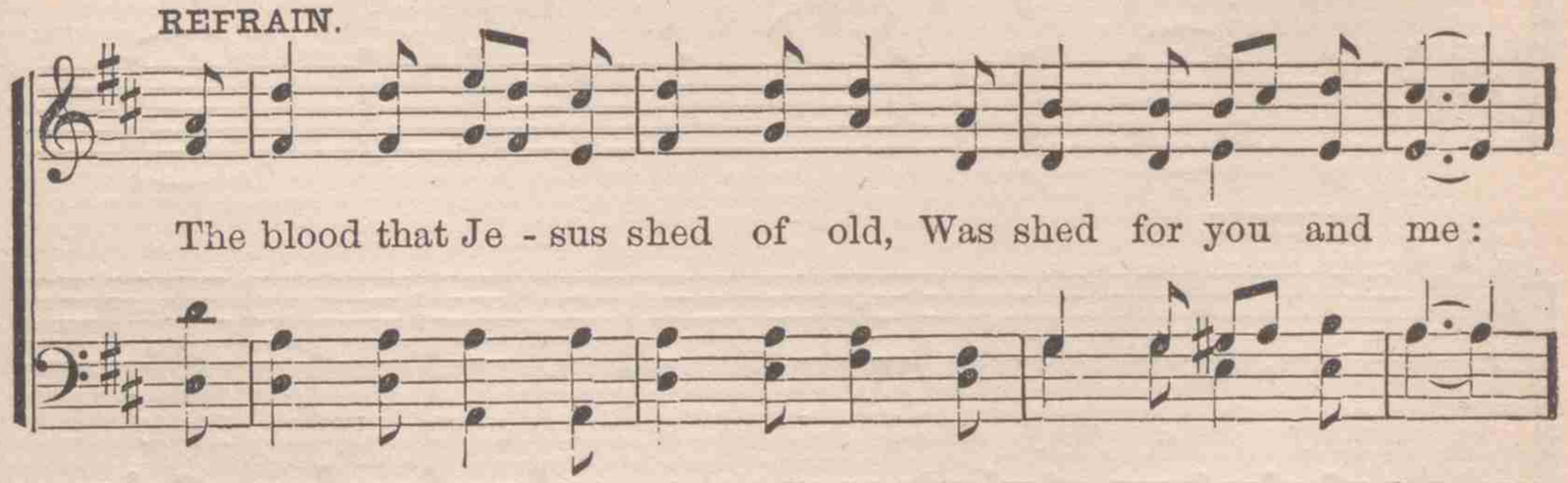
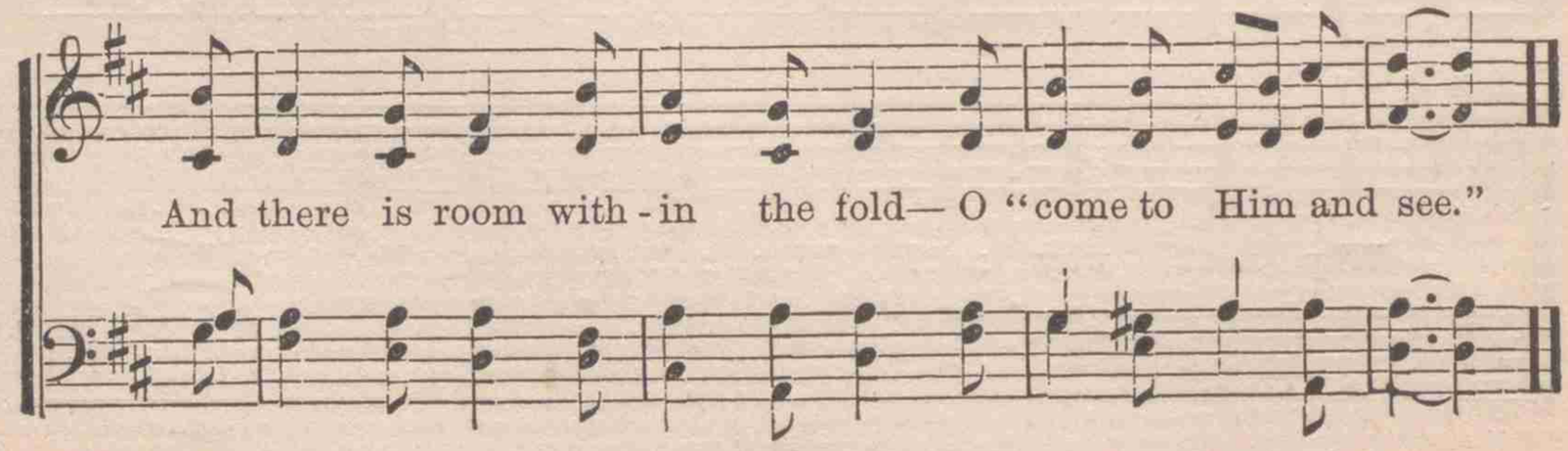


## No. 242. Verily, Verily. (G. H. 3–21.)

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6 : 47.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. O what a Saviour that He died for me! From condem - na - tion He hath made me free; "He that be - liev - eth on the Son" saith He,
2. All my in - iq-uities on Him were laid, All my in - debt-ed - ness by Him was paid; All who be - lieve on Him, the Lord hath said,
3. Tho' poor and needy I can trust my Lord, Tho' weak and sin - ful I be- lieve His word; O glad mes - sage! ev - ery child of God,
4. Tho' all unworthy, yet I will not doubt, For him that com - eth, He will not cast out, "He that be - liev - eth," O the good news shout,

CHORUS.

"*Hath* ev - er - last - ing life." "Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly,
"*Have* ev - er - last - ing life."
"*Hath* ev - er - last - ing life."
"HATH ev - er - last - ing life."

I say un - to you, Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly" message ev - er new;
"He that be - liev-eth on the Son" 'tis true, "*Hath* ev - er - last-ing life."

## No. 243. The Lamb is the Light thereof. (G. H. 3–22.)

"And the Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. 21: 23.

Mrs. W. R. Griswold. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

1. If nev - er the gaze of sun and moon, On the blessed home a -
2. And thus saith the page of Ho - ly Writ Of the land of song and
3. Then fol - low Him, till the eye grows dim, And the soul, as ark-freed

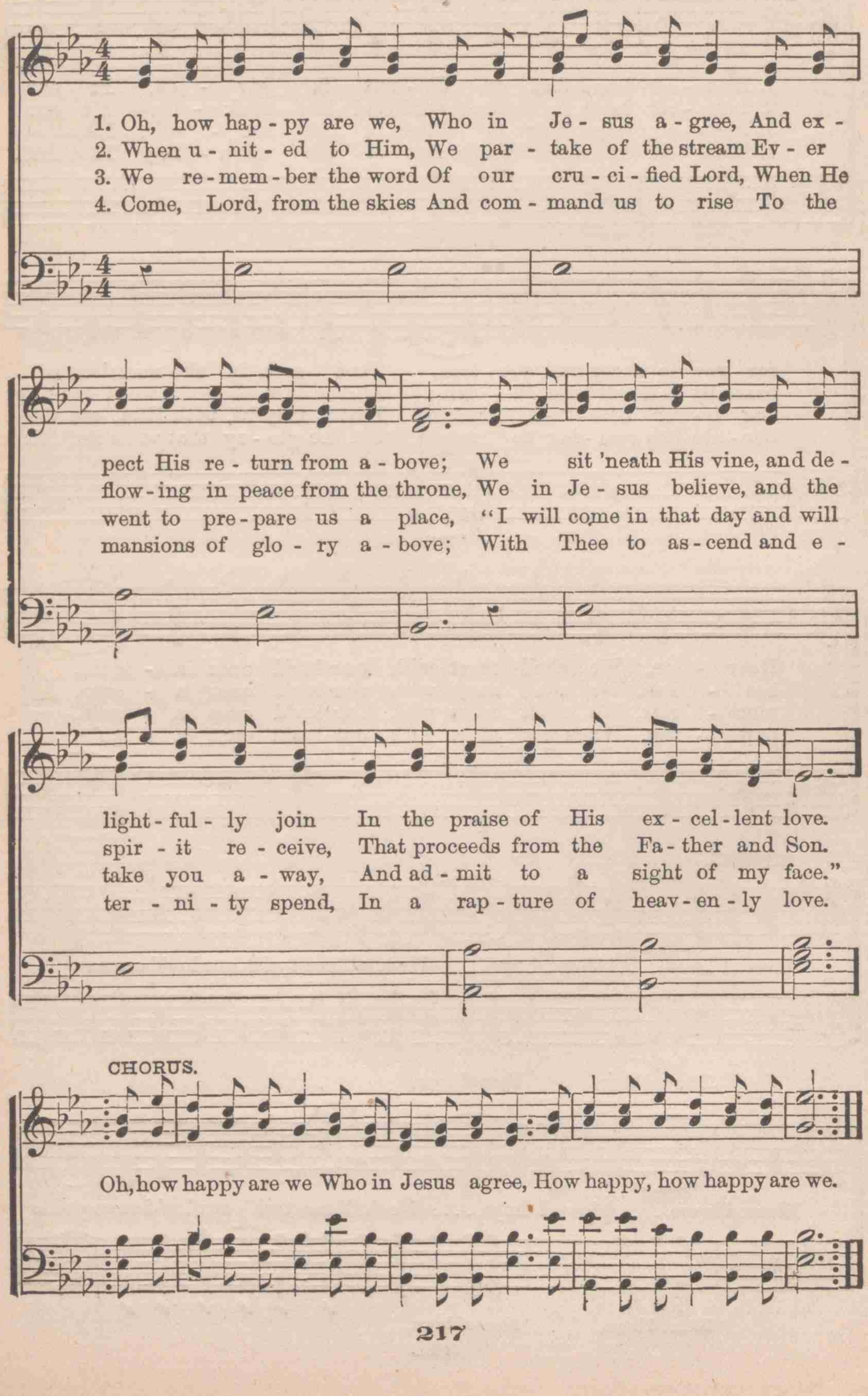
bove, From whence, are its rays of wondrous noon? Oh! "the
love, "The glo - ry of God did light - en it, And the
dove, Shall speed a - way to realms of day, Where "the

CHORUS.

Lamb is the light thereof." They shall walk in white, there shall
be no night In the fade - less home a - bove; And the
shout shall ring as the ransomed sing, Oh! "the Lamb is the light thereof."

## No. 244. How Happy are We. (G. H. 3–23.)

"He that keepeth the law, happy is he."—PROV. 29: 18.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

## No. 245. Blessed Hope. (G. H. 3–24.)

"That ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope."–1 THESS. 4 : 13.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Bless - ed hope that in Je - sus is giv - en, In our sor - row to cheer and sus - tain, That soon in the mansions of
2. Bless - ed hope in the word God has spok - en, All our peace by that word we ob - tain; And as sure as God's word was ne'er
3. Bless - ed hope! how it shines in our sor - row, Like the star o - ver Beth- le - hem's plain, That it may be, with Him, ere the
4. Bless - ed hope! the bright star of the morn - ing, That shall her - ald His com - ing to reign; Oh, the glo - ry that waits its fair

Heav - en, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
bro - ken, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
mor - row, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
dawn - ing, When we meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.

CHORUS.

Blessed hope, . . . . blessed hope, . . . . We shall meet with our lov'd ones again,

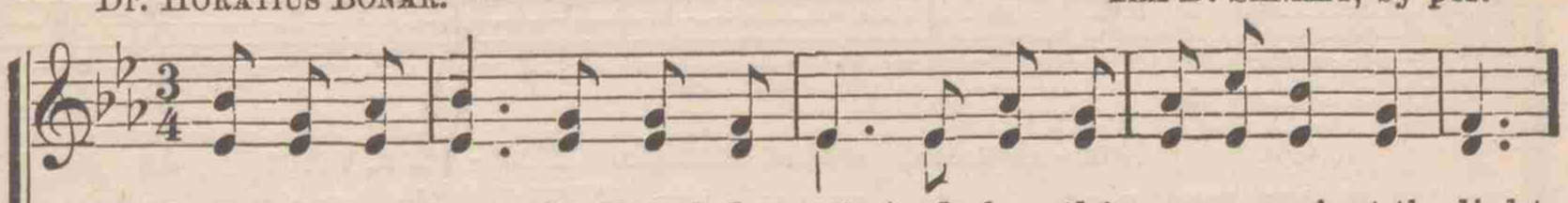
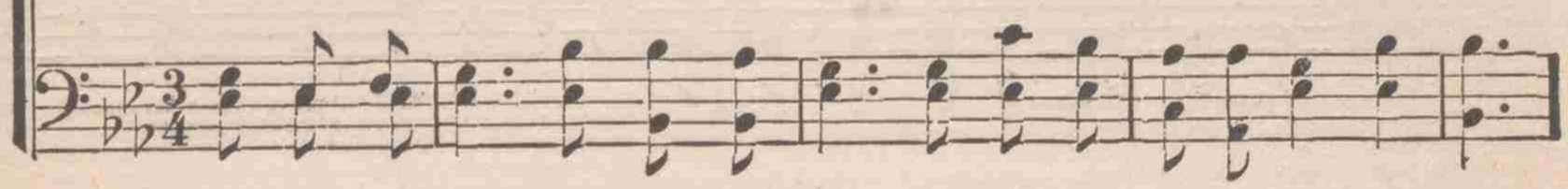
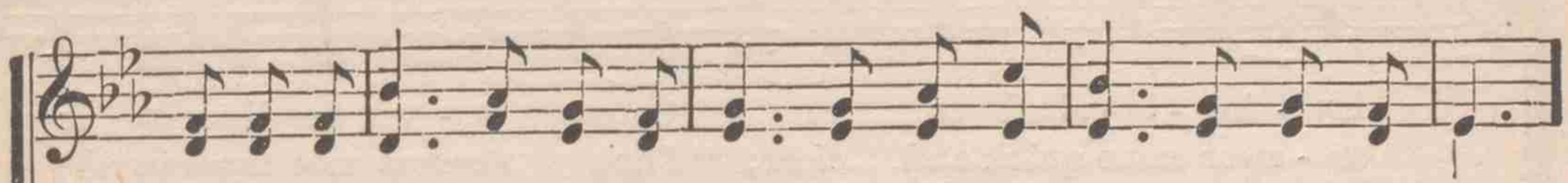
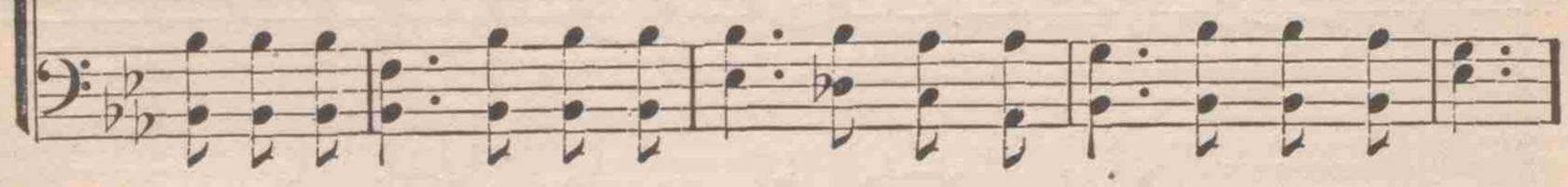
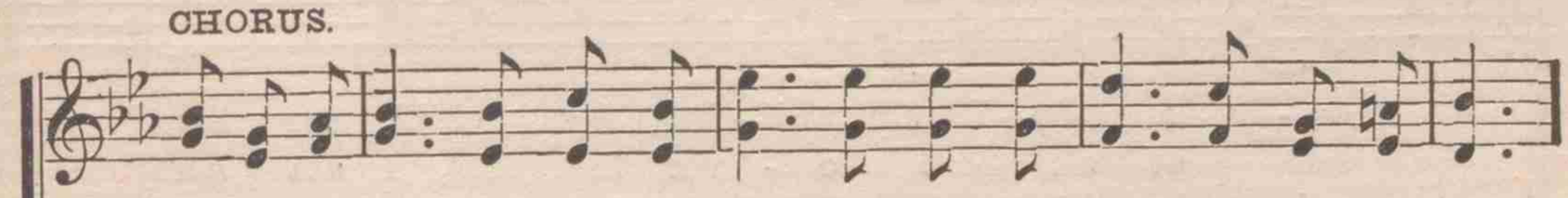
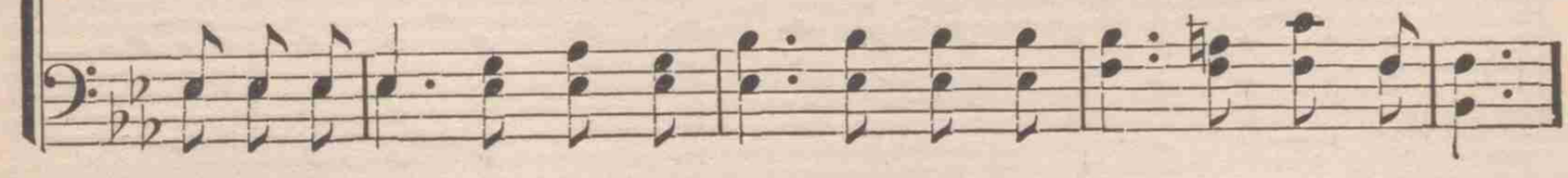
Blessed hope, blessed hope,

Blessed hope, . . . . blessed hope, . . . . We shall meet with our lov'd ones again.

Blessed hope, blessed hope,

## No. 246. Why not To-night? (G. H. 3–25.)

"How long halt ye between two opinions?—1 KINGS 18 : 21.

DR. HORATIUS BONAR. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. Oh! do not let the Word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long delud - ed sight;
3. The world has nothing left to give—It has no new, no pure de - light;
4. Our blessed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls unite;

Poor sinner, harden not thy heart; Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
This is the time! Oh, then be wise! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
Oh, try, the life which Christians live! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?
Then be the work of grace be-gun! Thou would'st be saved—*Why not to-night?*

CHORUS.

Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

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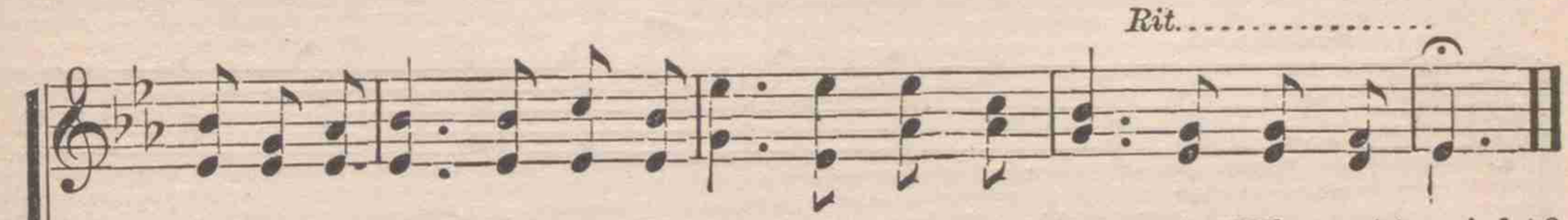
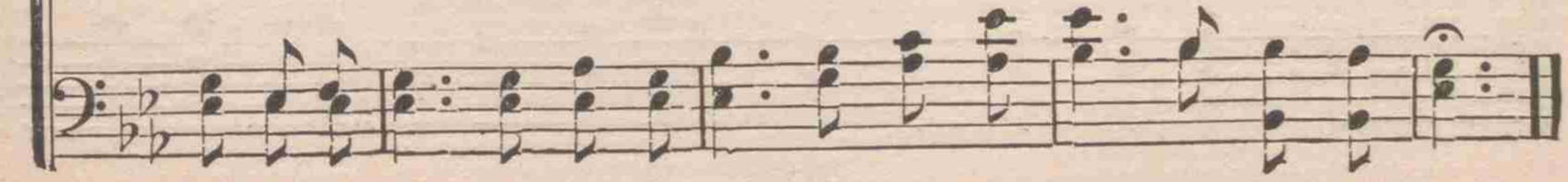

Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?

## No. 247. Over the Line. (G. H. 3–26.)

"Let him come unto me."—JOHN 7: 37.

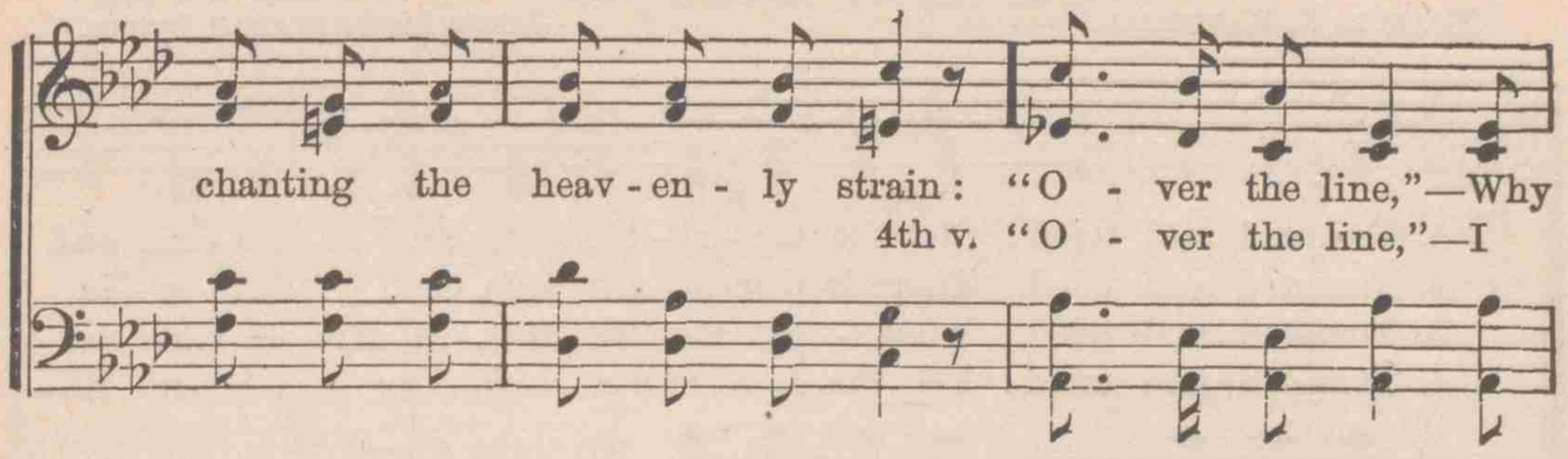
Mrs. N. K. BRADFORD. EDWARD H. PHELPS, by per.

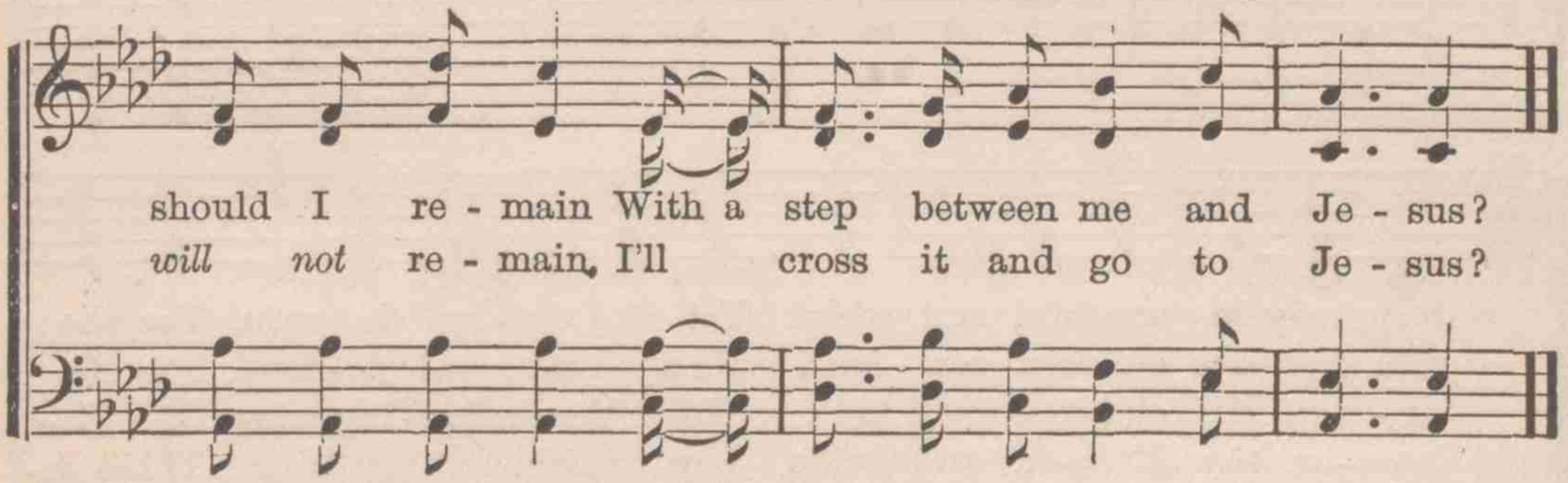
1. Oh, ten - der and sweet was the Mas - ter's voice As He lov - ing - ly called to me, "Come o - ver the line, it is on - ly a step—I am wait - ing, my child, for thee."
2. But my sins are many, my faith is small, Lo! the an - swer came quick and clear; "Thou needest not trust in thy self at all, Step o - ver the line, I am here"
3. But my flesh is weak, I tear - ful - ly said, And the way I can - not see; I fear if I try I may sad - ly fail, And thus may dis - hon - or Thee.
4. Ah, the world is cold, and I cannot go back, Press for - ward I sure - ly must; I will place my hand in His wound - ed palm, Step o - ver the line and *trust.*

REFRAIN.

"O - ver the line," hear the sweet re - frain, An - gels are

## Over the Line.—Concluded.

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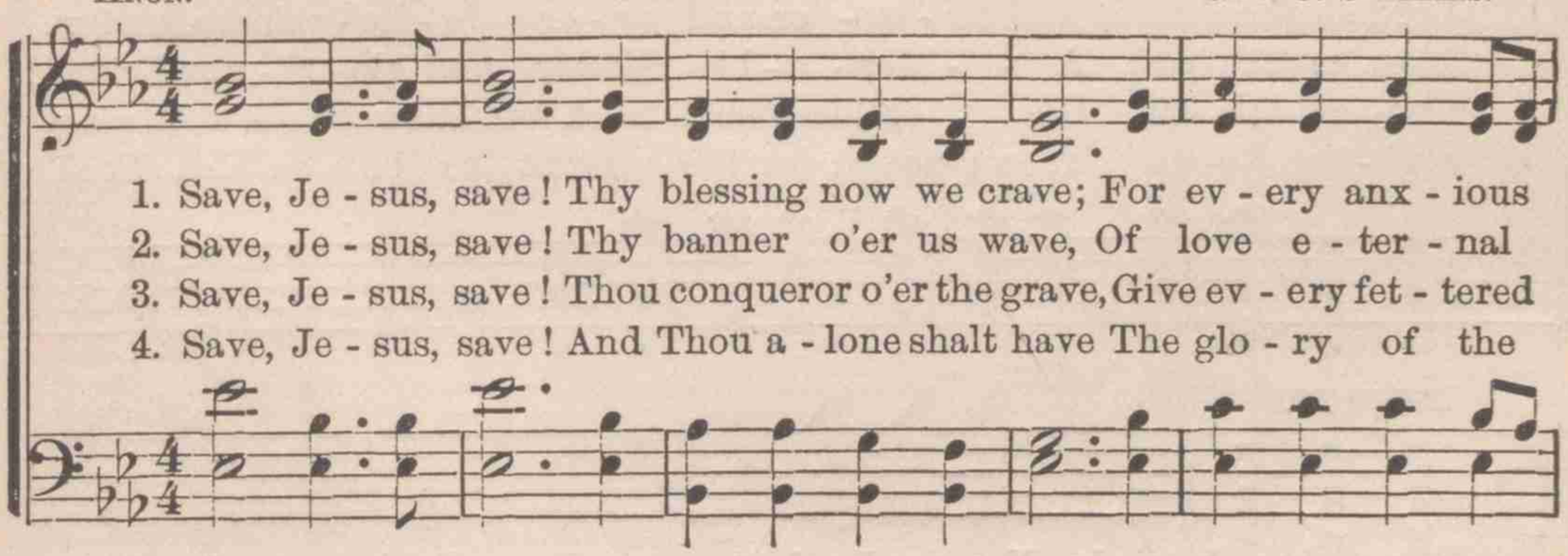
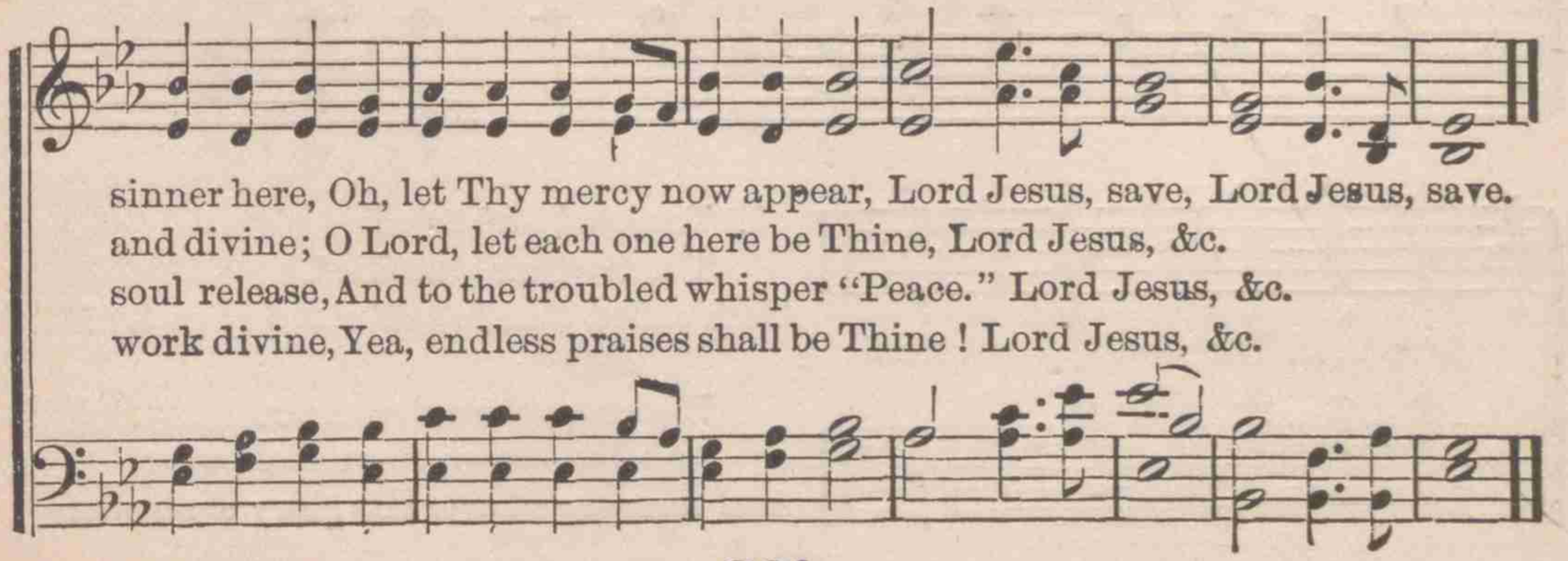
## No. 248. Save, Jesus, Save! (G. H. 3–27.)

'Lord, save me."—MATT. 14: 30.

ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



## No. 249. Tempted and Tried. (G. H. 3–28.)

"Knowing this that the trial of your faith worketh patience."—JAS. 1: 3.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Tempted and tried! Oh! the ter - ri - ble tide May be rag - ing and
2. Tempted and tried There is One at thy side, And nev - er in
3. Tempted and tried What - e'er may be - tide, In His se - cret pa -
4. Tempted and tried! Yet the Lord will a - bide, Thy faith-ful Re -

deep, may be wrathful and wide! Yet its fu - ry is vain, For the
vain shall His children con - fide! He shall save and de - fend, For He
vil - ion His children shall hide, 'Neath the shadow - ing wing, Of E -
deem - er, thy Keep-er, and Guide, Thy Shield and thy Sword, Thine ex -

Lord shall restrain, And for - ev - er and ev - er Je - ho - vah shall reign.
loves to the end, A - - dor - a - ble Master and glo - ri - ous Friend!
ter - ni - ty's King, His children shall trust, and His servants shall sing.
ceed - ing Re-ward, Then e-nough for the servant to be as his Lord.

CHORUS.

Tempted and tried, Yet the Lord at thy side, Shall guide thee, and

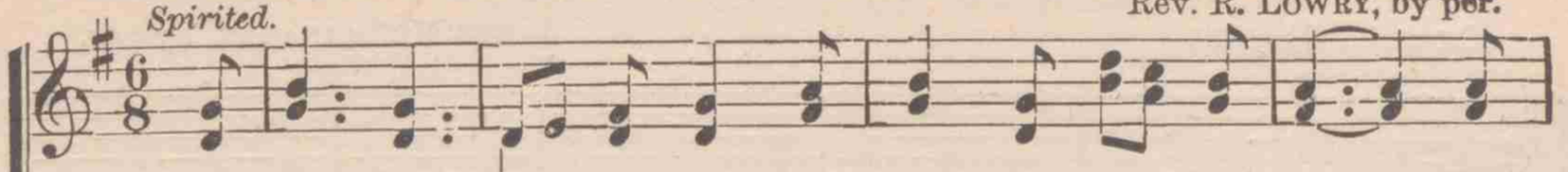
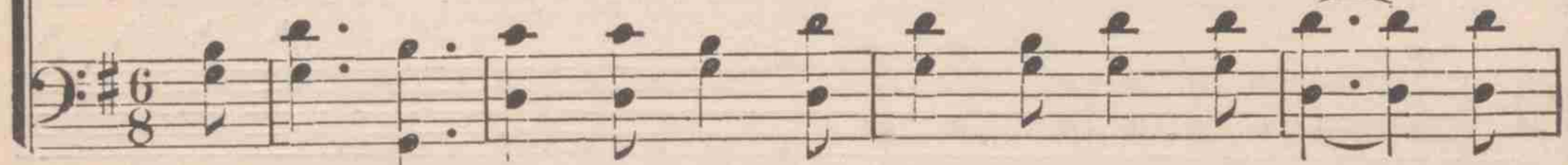
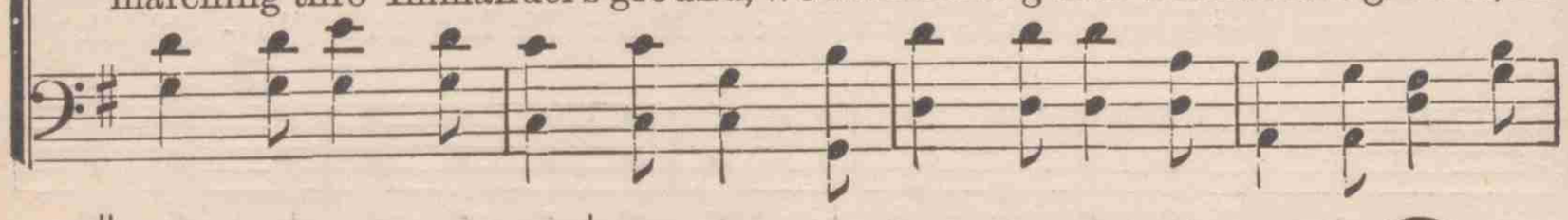
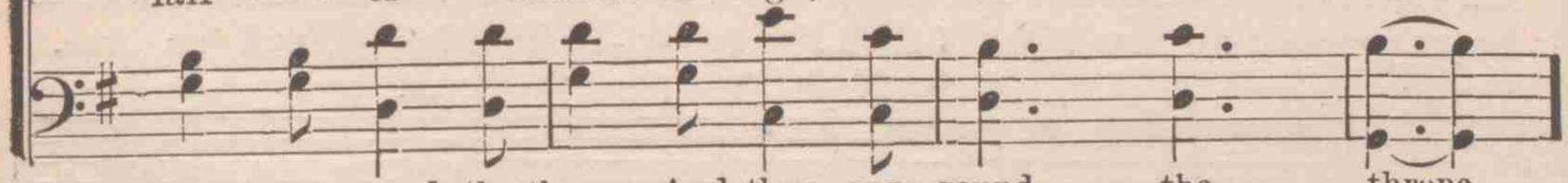
keep thee, Tho' tempted and tried.

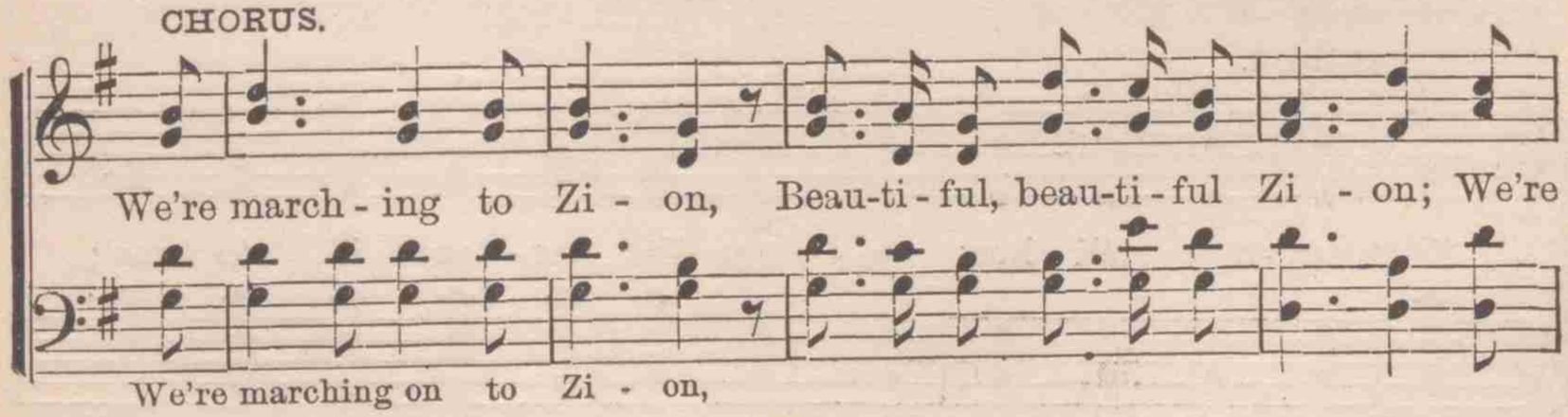
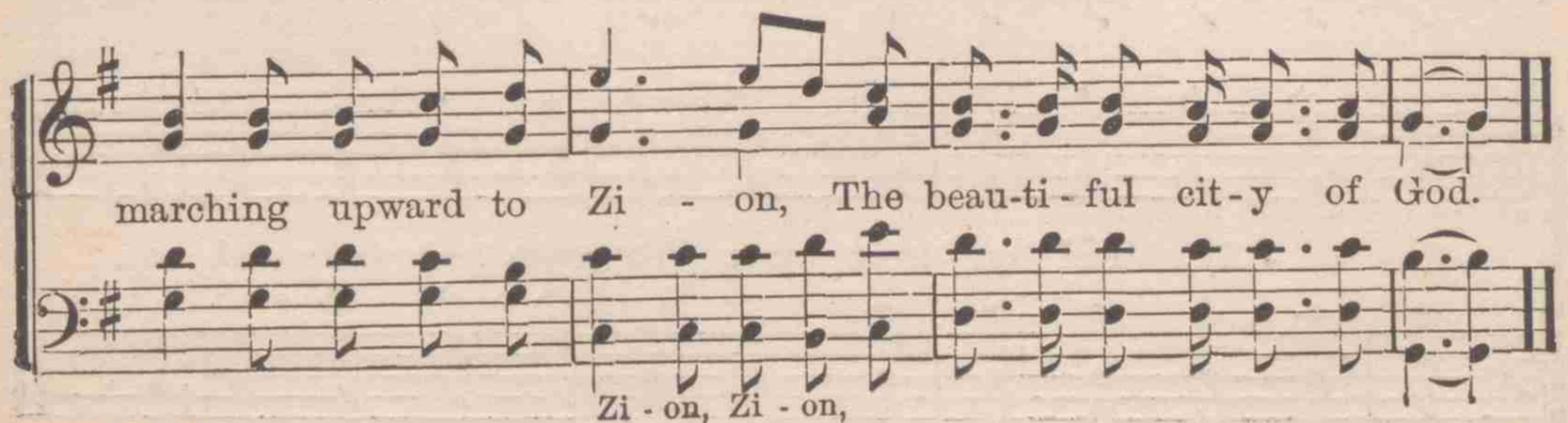
5. Tempted and tried,
The Saviour who died,
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side;
His cross thou shalt bear,
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And forever and ever His glory shalt share.

## No. 250. We're Marching to Zion. (G. H. 3-29.)

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—NUM. 10:29.

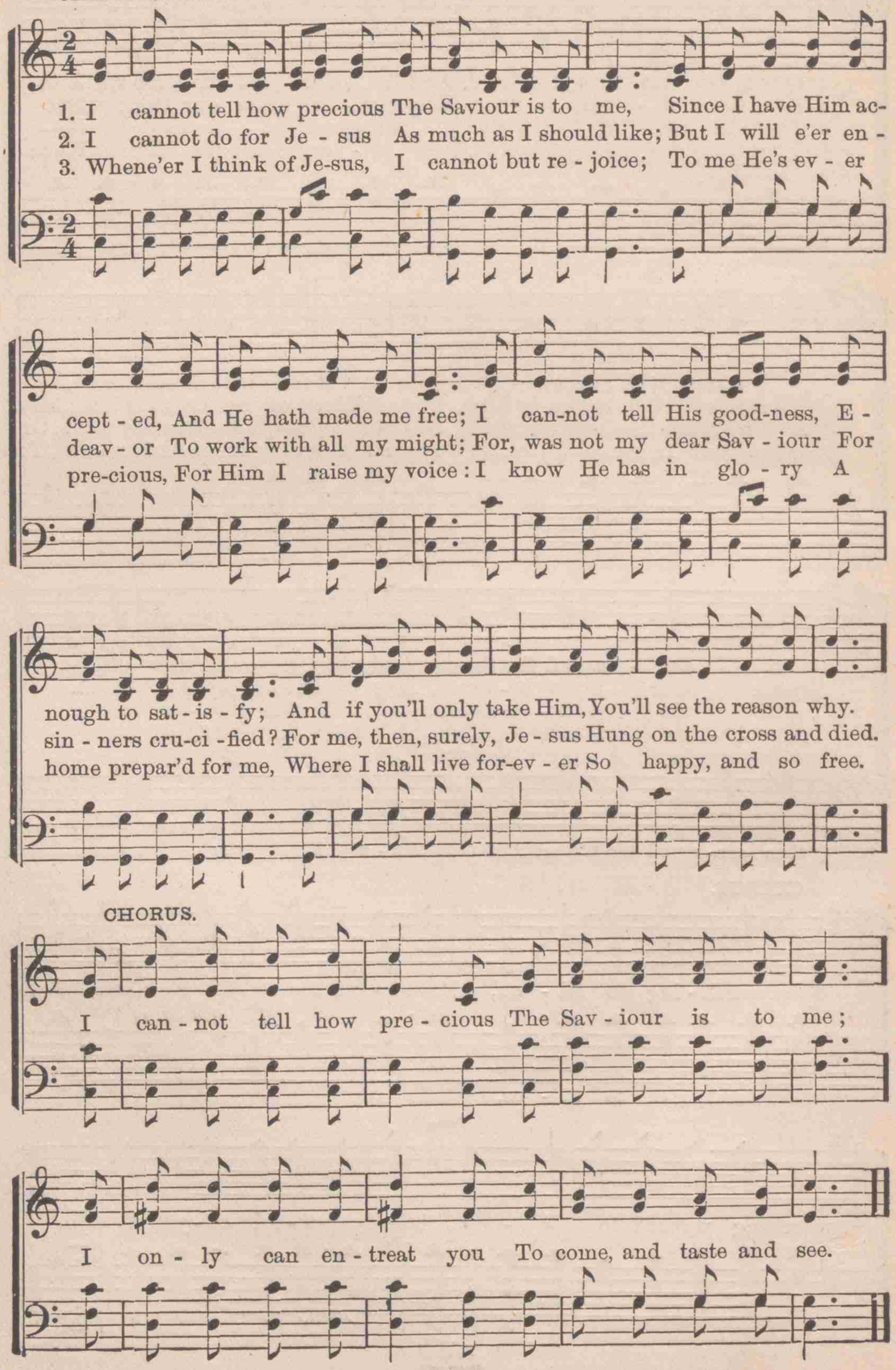
Rev. I. WATTS. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

*Spirited.*

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But children of the heav'nly King, May
fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're

We're marching on to Zi - on,
marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

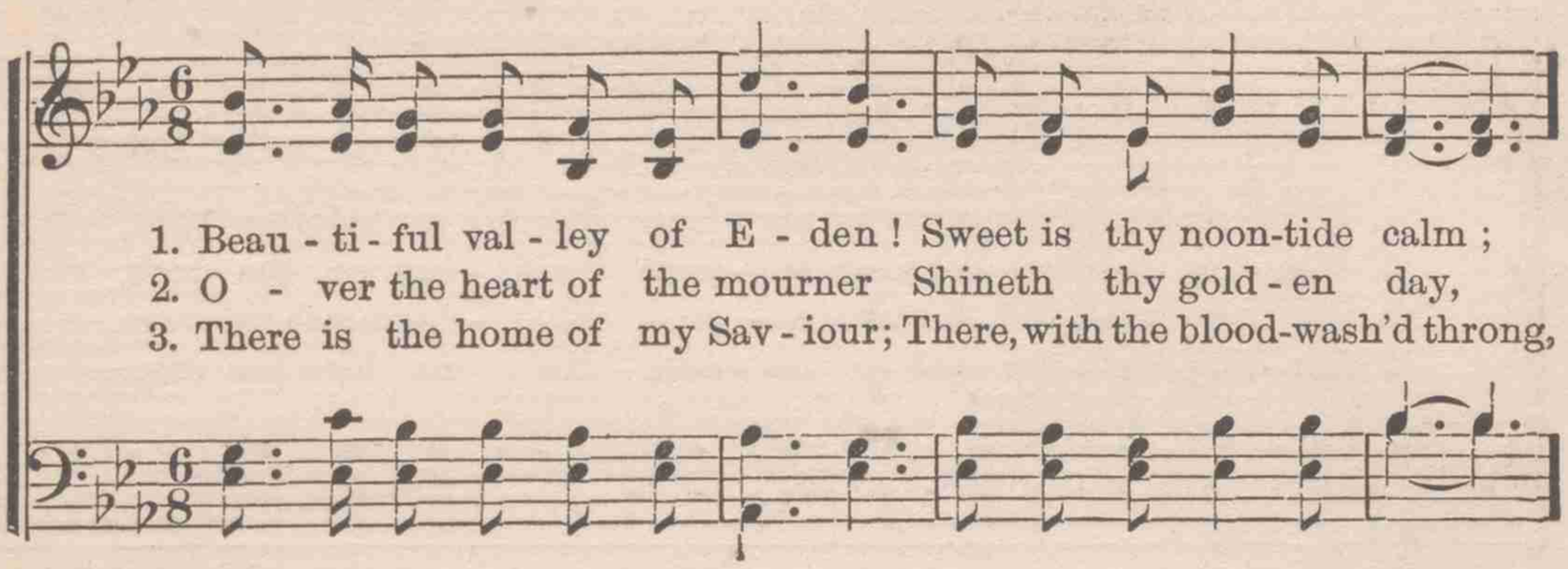
## No. 251. I cannot Tell how Precious. (G. H. 3–30.)

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 PETER 2: 7.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

## No. 252. Beautiful Valley of Eden. (G. H. 3–31.)

"A rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Wm. F. Sherwin, by per.



## No. 253. I'll Stand by You. (G. H. 3-32.)

This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Fierce and wild the storm is rag - ing Round a helpless bark,
2. Wea - ry, helpless, hopeless sea - men Faint - ing on the deck,
3. On a wild and stormy o - cean, Sink - ing neath the wave,
4. Dar - ing death thy soul to res - cue, He in love has come,

On to doom 'tis swift - ly driv - ing, O'er the wa - ters dark!
With what joy they hail their sav - iour, As he hails the wreck!
Souls that per - ish heed the mes - sage, Christ has come to save!
Leave the wreck and in Him trust-ing, Thou shalt reach thy home!

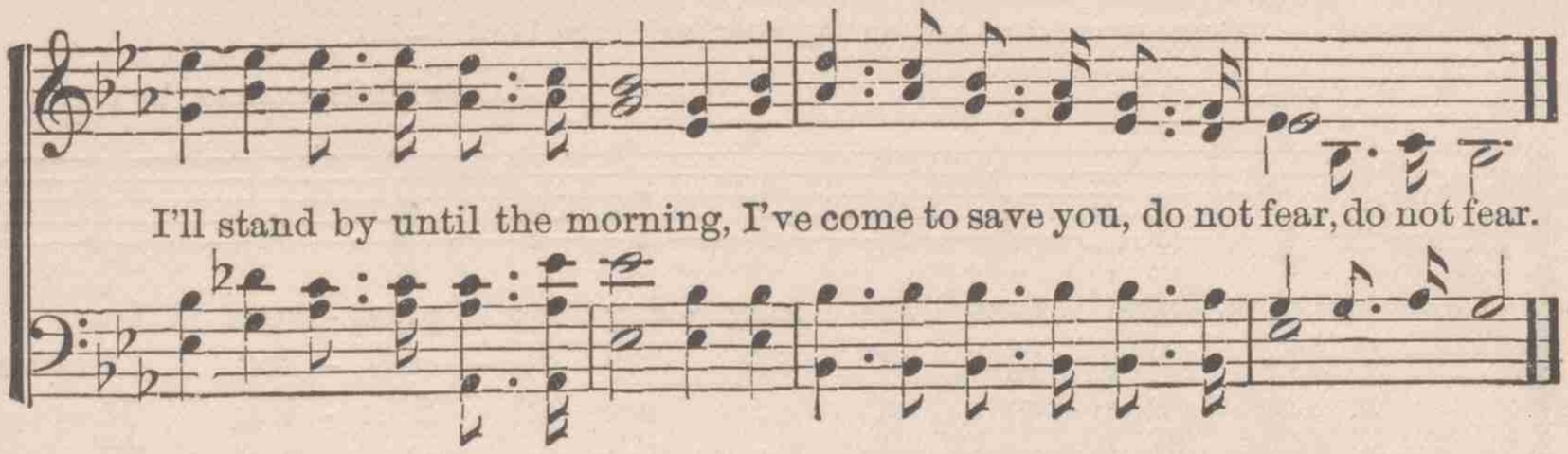
CHORUS.

Joy,..... behold the sav - iour, Joy,..... the message hear,

Joy, O joy, be - hold the saviour, Joy, O joy, the message hear,

"I'll stand by un - til the morning, I've *come* to save you, do not fear," Yes,

# I'll Stand by You.—Concluded.

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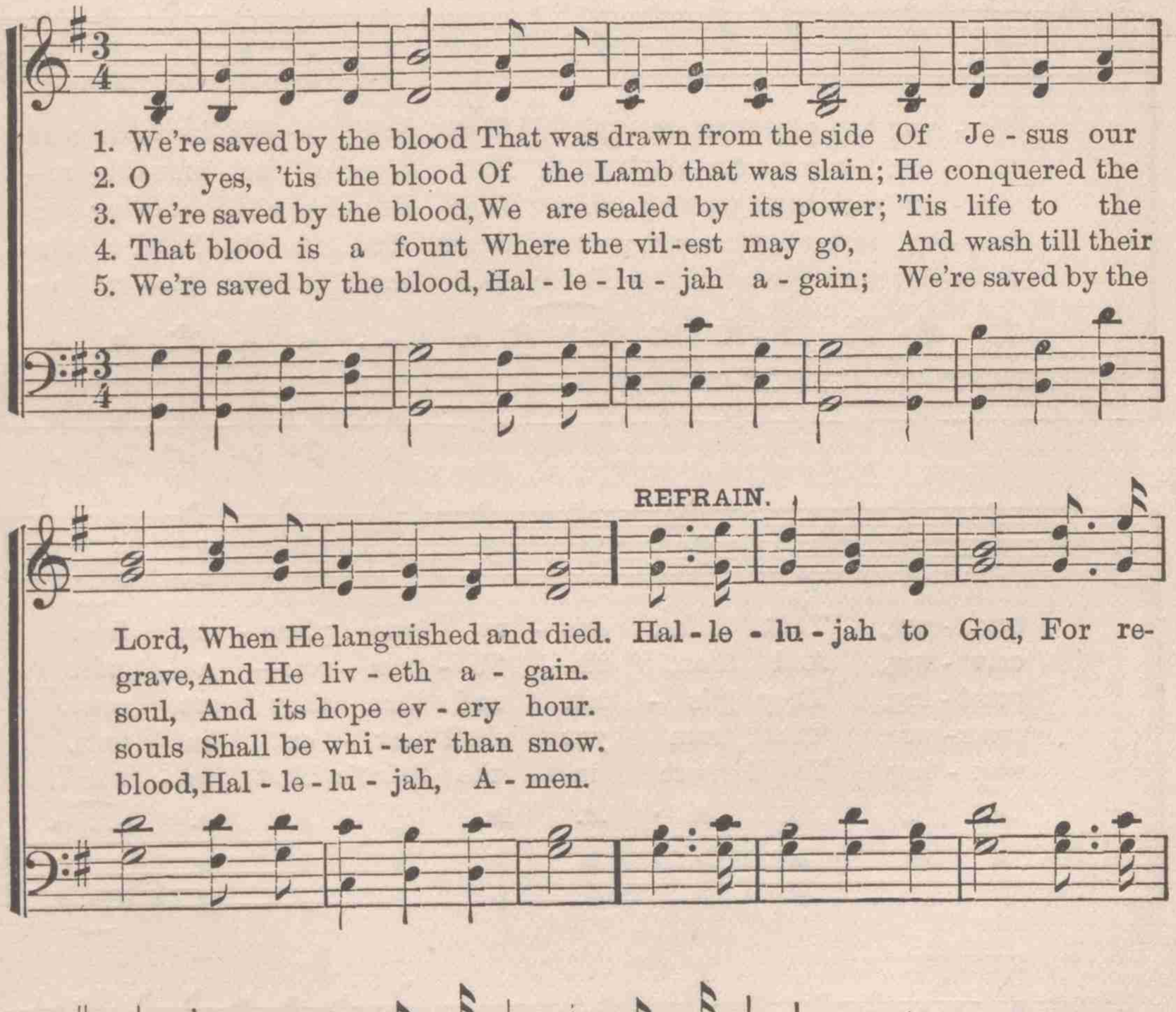
## No. 254. Saved by the Blood. (G. H. 3–33.)

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN 1: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.



## No. 255. Come now saith the Lord. (G. H. 3–34.)

"Come now let us reason together, saith the Lord." –Isa. 1: 18.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Come souls that are long - ing for pleas - ure, Our
2. The pleas - ures of sin are de - ceiv - ing, They've
3. The pleas - ures of sin are all fleet - ing, They
4. Then all who are long - ing for pleas - ure, Ye
5. Of Je - sus, thy choice be now mak - ing, Re -

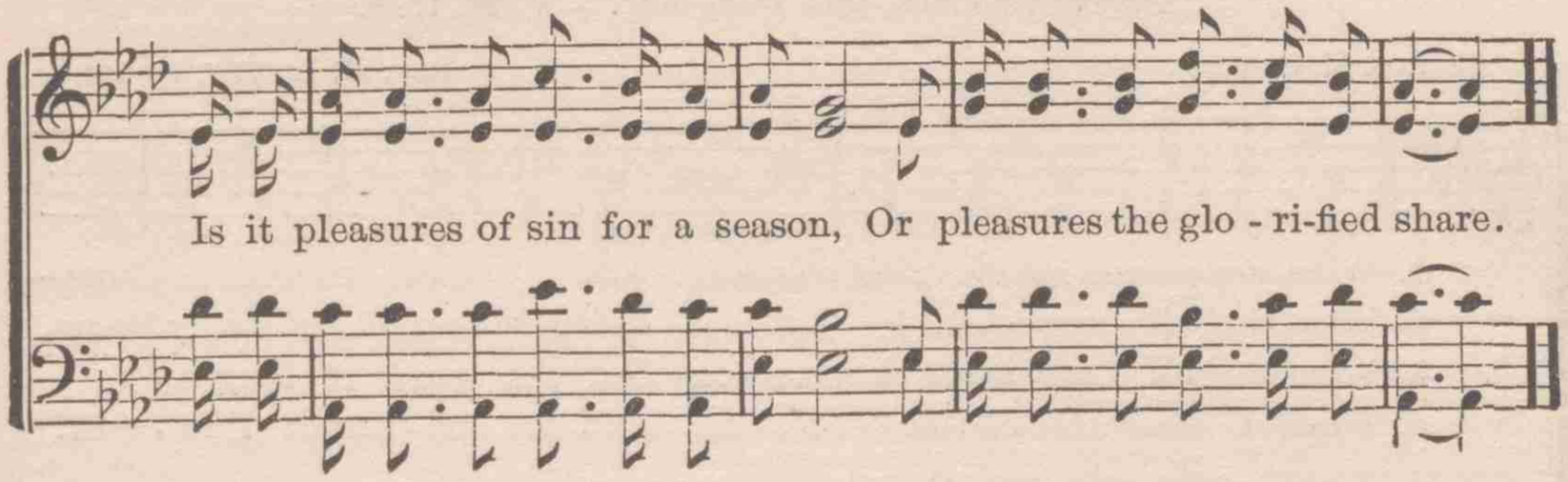
Sav - iour has pleasures to give; Come find in His love the rare
noth - ing for yes - ter - day's pain, But hope of to - mor-row re -
van - ish with life's passing morn; Like dew-drops the morning sun
wea - ry, and all who are worn; Come find in the Lord a sure
deem - er, and Saviour, and Lord; And soon in the glo - ry a -

treas - ure, That makes eve - ry true pleas - ure live.
ceiv - ing, And then, its— *To - mor - row*— a - gain.
greet - ing, They glis - ten and then they are gone.
treas - ure, That from you shall nev - er be torn.
wak - ing, You'll share in the Saint's blest re - ward.

CHORUS.

Come *now* saith the Lord, let us reason, Come *now* and your purpose declare;

## Come now saith the Lord.—Concluded.

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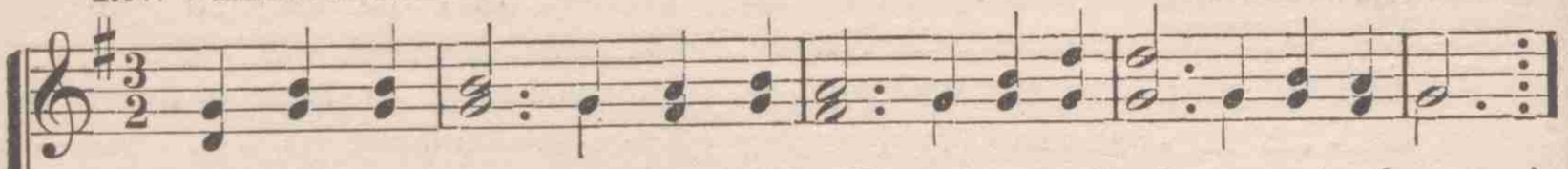
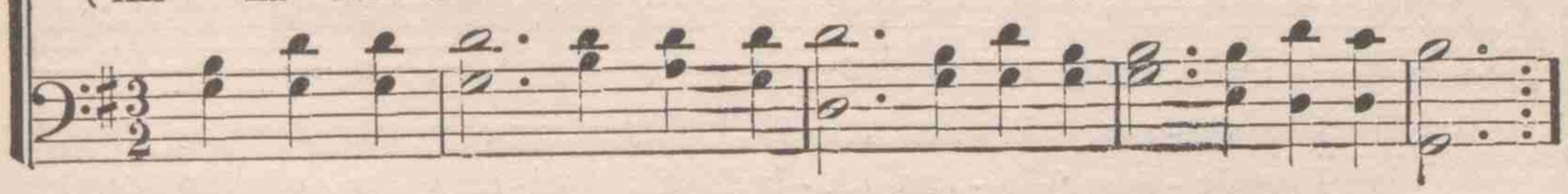
## No. 256. I'm going Home. (G. H. 3–35.)

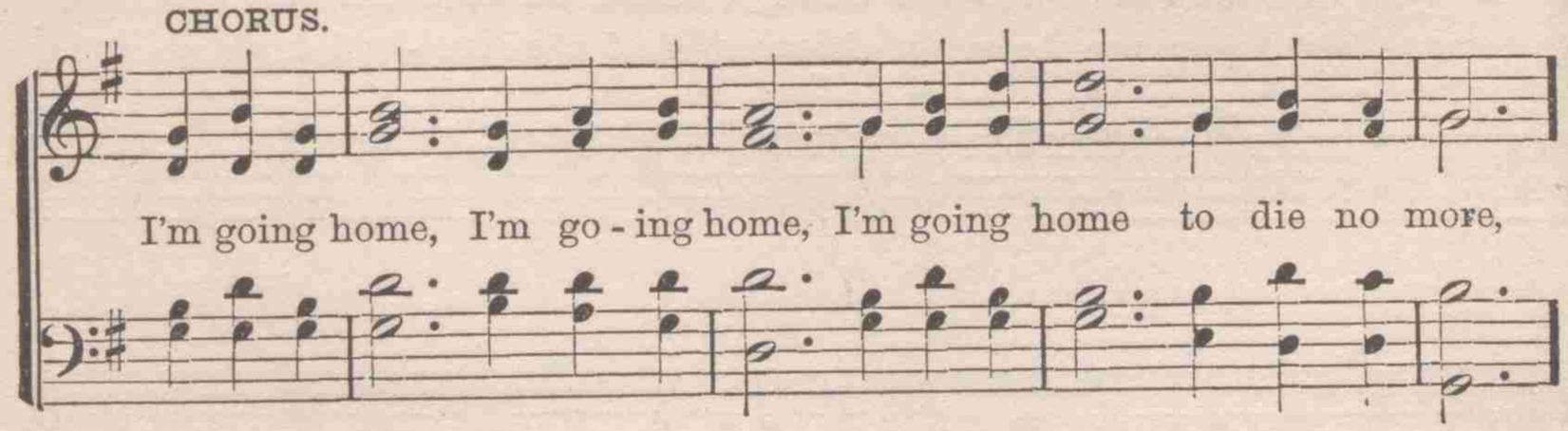
"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

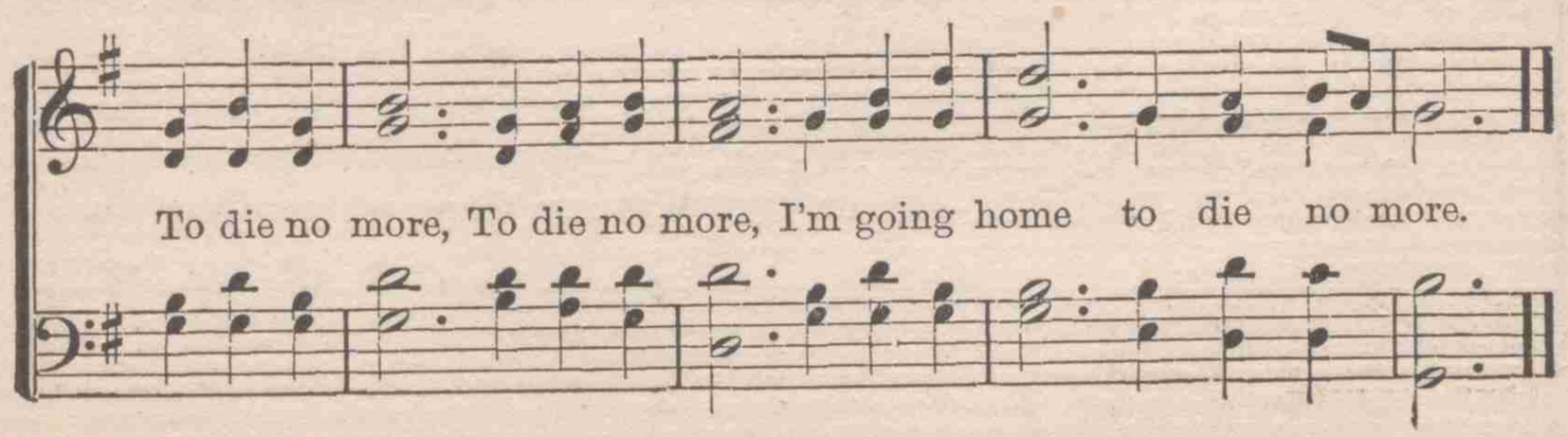
Rev. WILLIAM HUNTER. Arr. by WILLIAM MILLER, M. D.

1 My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
Its glittering tow'rs the sun out - shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

2 My Fa - ther's house is built on high; Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earth - ly pris-on free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a hap - pier lot, to own A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline, And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All na - ture sink and cease to be, That heav'nly mansion stands for me.

CHORUS.

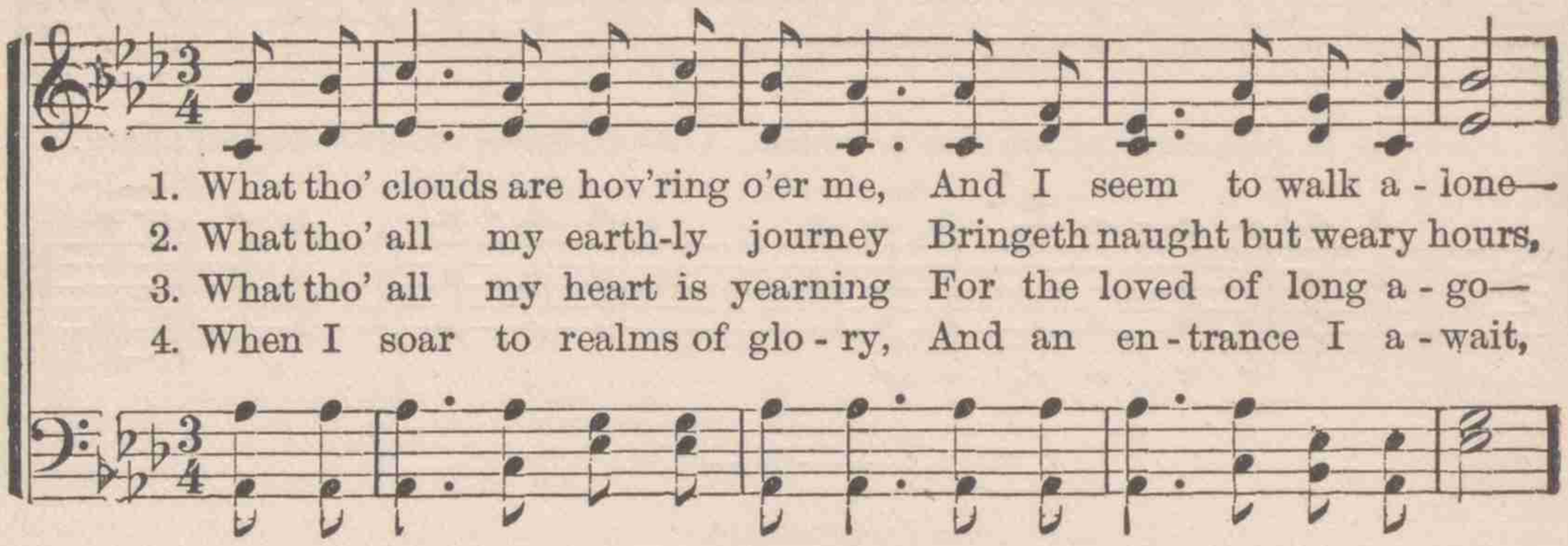


## No. 257. Jesus Only. (G. H. 3–36.)

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17: 8.

HATTIE M. CONREY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



## No. 258. Christ for Me. (G. H. 3–37.)

"The Lord is my helper."—HEB. 13: 6.

R. G. H. R. GEO. HALLS, by per.

*Moderato—bold.*

1. Whom have I, Lord, in heav'n but Thee? None but Thee! None but Thee!
2. I en - vy not the rich their joys, Christ for me! Christ for me!
3. Tho' with the poor be cast my lot, Christ for me! Christ for me!
4. Tho' I am now on hos-tile ground, Christ for me! Christ for me!
5. And when my life draws to its close, Christ for me! Christ for me!

And this my song thro' life shall be, Christ for me! Christ for me!
I cov - et not earth's glitt-'ring toys, Christ for me! Christ for me!
"He knoweth best,"—I mur - mur not, Christ for me! Christ for me!
And sin be - set me all a - round, Christ for me! Christ for me!
Safe in His arms I shall re - pose, Christ for me! Christ for me!

*mf*

He hath for me the wine-press trod, He hath redeemed me "by His blood,"
Earth can no last-ing bliss be - stow, "Fading" is stamped on all be-low;
Tho' "Vine and Fig-tree" blight assail, The "la-bor of the Ol - ive fail,"
Let earth her fiercest bat - tles wage, And foes a - gainst my soul engage,
When sharpest pains my frame pervade, And all the powers of nature fade,

*f*

And rec - on-ciled my soul to God, Christ for me! Christ for me!
Mine is a joy no end can know, Christ for me! Christ for me!
And death o'er flocks and herds pre-vail, Christ for me! Christ for me!
Strong in His strength I scorn their rage, Christ for me! Christ for me!
Still will I sing thro' death's cold shade, Christ for me! Christ for me!

## No. 259. Will Jesus Find us Watching? (G. H. 3-38.)

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—MATT. 24: 42.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His servants, Whether it be noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watching,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our talents,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or midnight,

*Rit.*

REFRAIN.

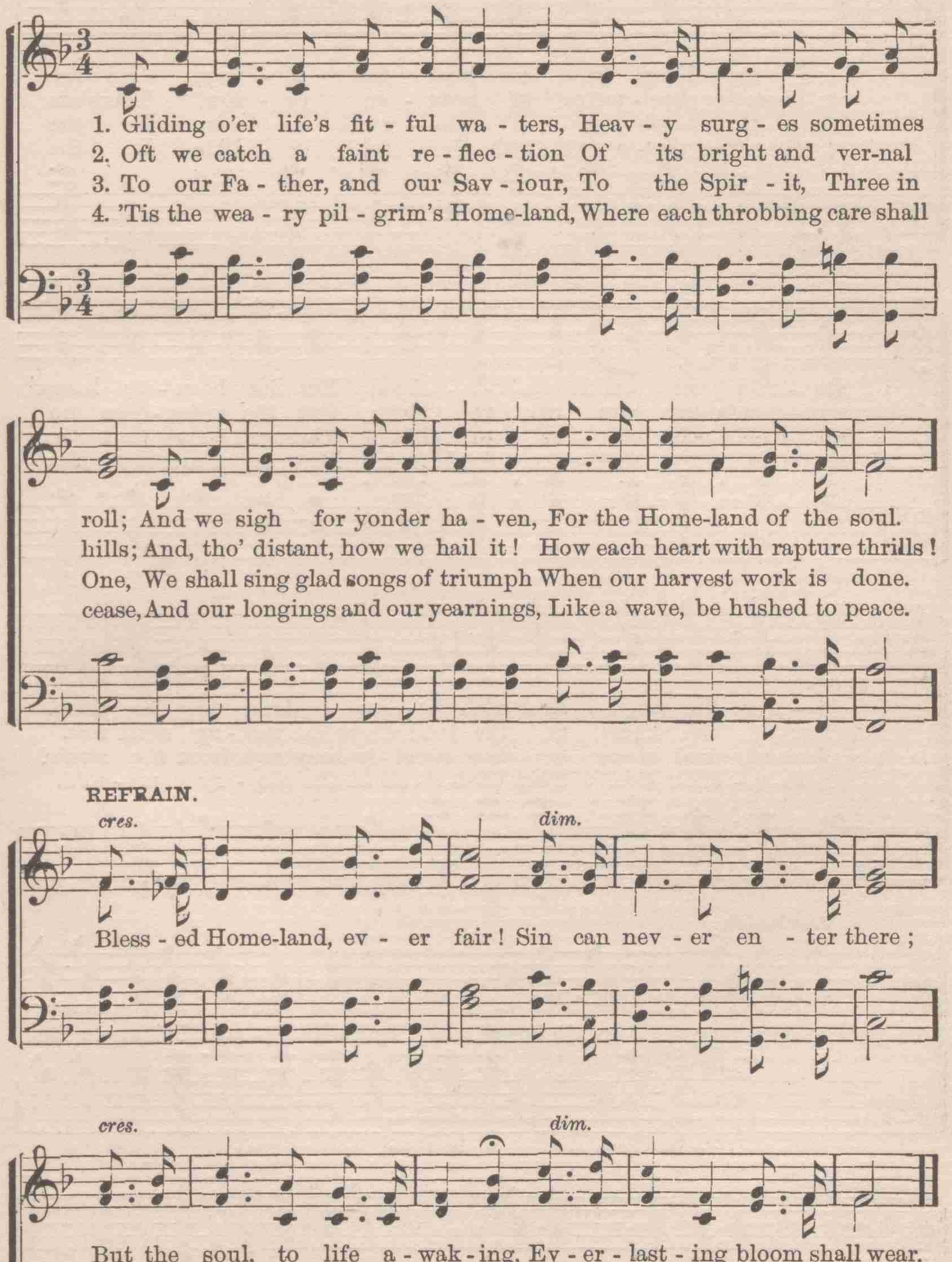
With our lamps all trimm'd and bright? Oh, can we say we are read - y, brother? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He
Will He an - swer thee—Well done?
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch - ing there?

find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

## No. 260. Blessed Home-Land. (G. H. 3–39.)

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—HEB. 4 : 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



## No. 261. To be There. (G. H. 3–40.)

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."—PHIL. 1: 23.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

1. I have heard of a land far a - way, And its glo - ries no tongue can de - clare; But its beau - ty hangs o - ver the way, And with Je - sus I long to be there.
2. There are fore - tastes of heav - en be - low, There are mo - ments like joys of the blest; But the splen - dors no mor-tal can know, Of the land where the wea - ry shall rest.
3. In that noon - tide of glo - ry so fair, In the gleam of the riv - er of life, There are joys that the faithful shall share; O how sweet - ly they rest from the strife!
4. There the ran - somed with Je - sus a - bide In the shade of the shel - ter - ing fold; Ev - er - more by Im - man - u - el's side, They shall dwell in the glo - ry un - told.

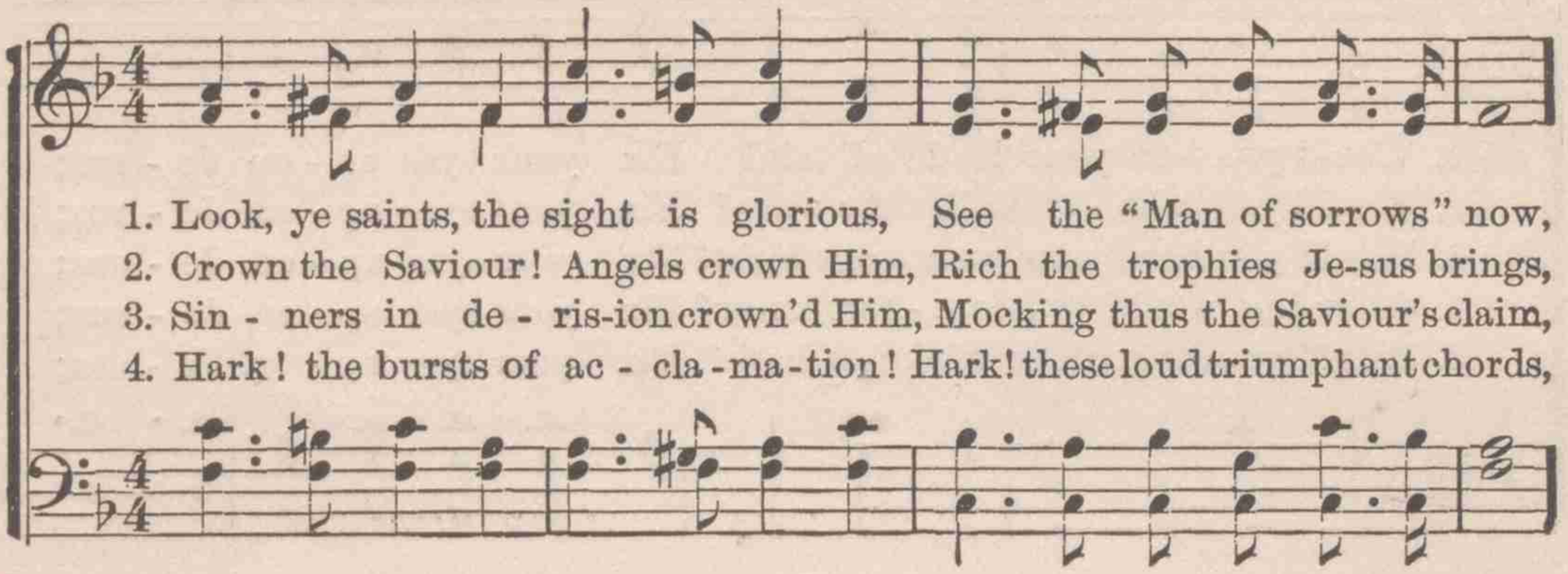
REFRAIN.

To be there, to be there, And with Je - sus I long to be there; To be there, to be there,..... And with Jesus I long to be there.

## No. 262. Crown Him. (G. H. 3–41.)

"Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."—Ps. 8: 5.

Rev. Thos. Kelly. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

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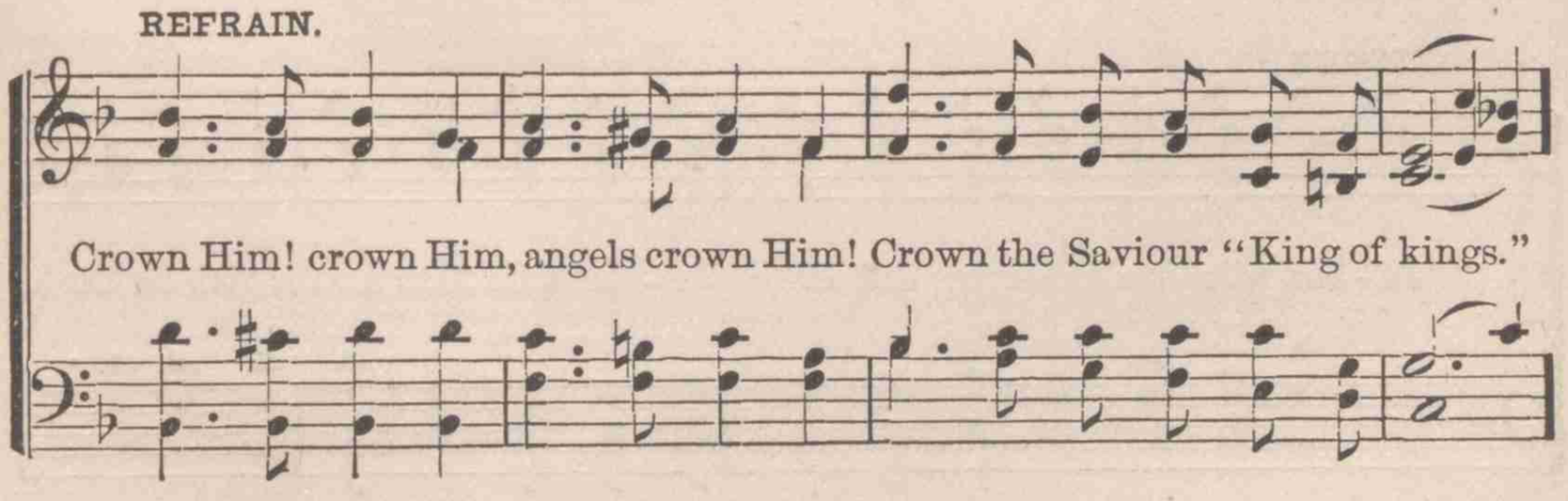
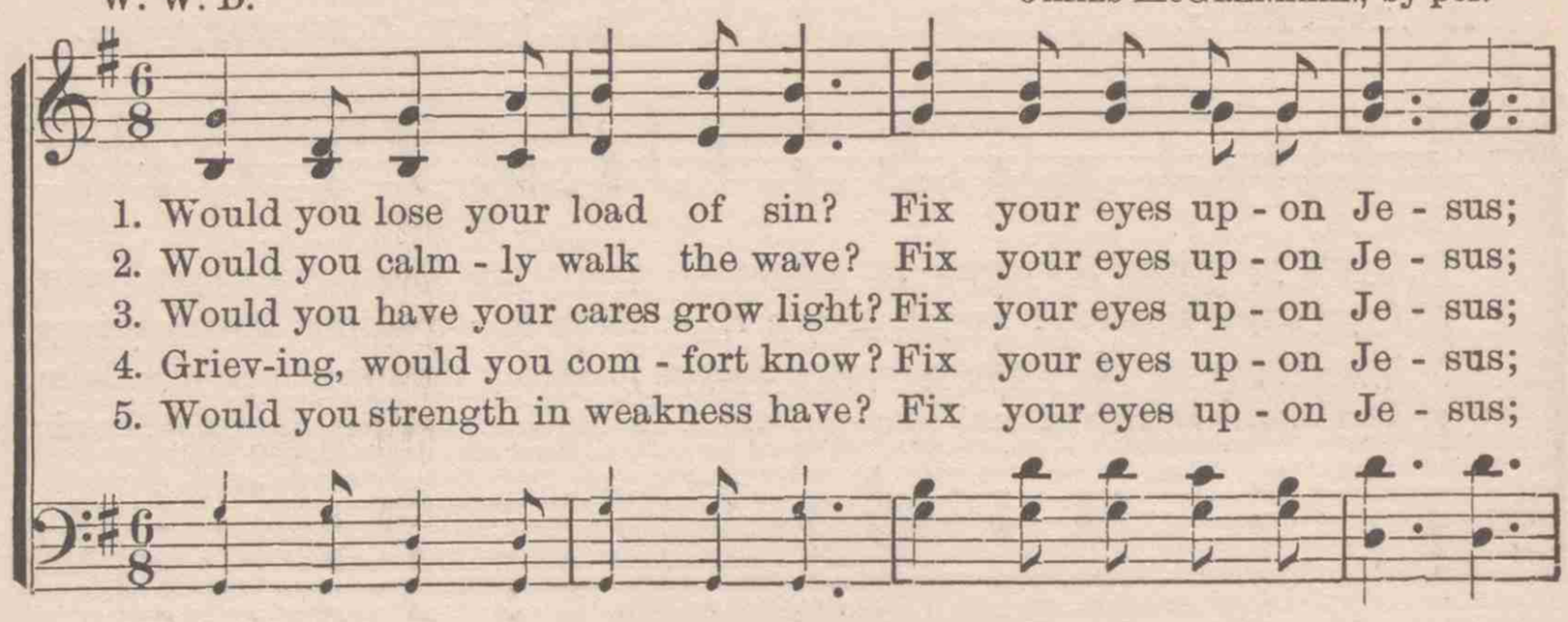
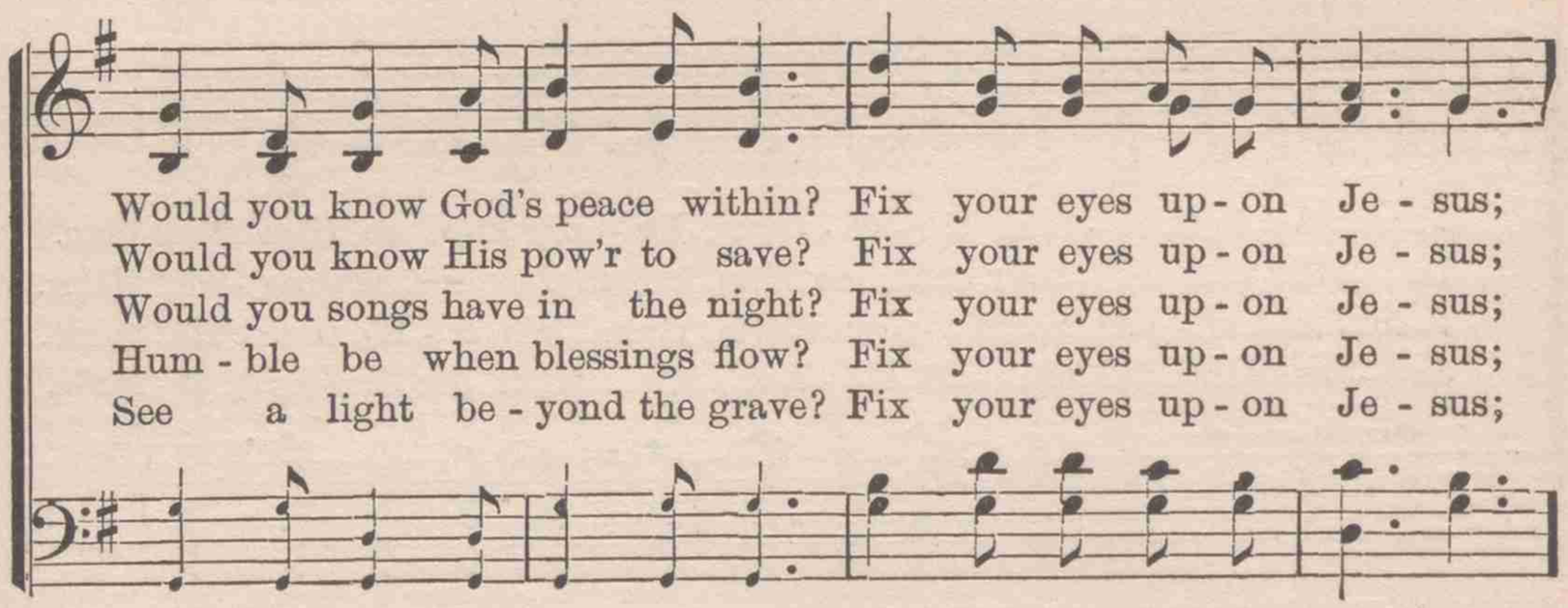


## No. 263. Fix your Eyes upon Jesus. (G. H. 3–42.)

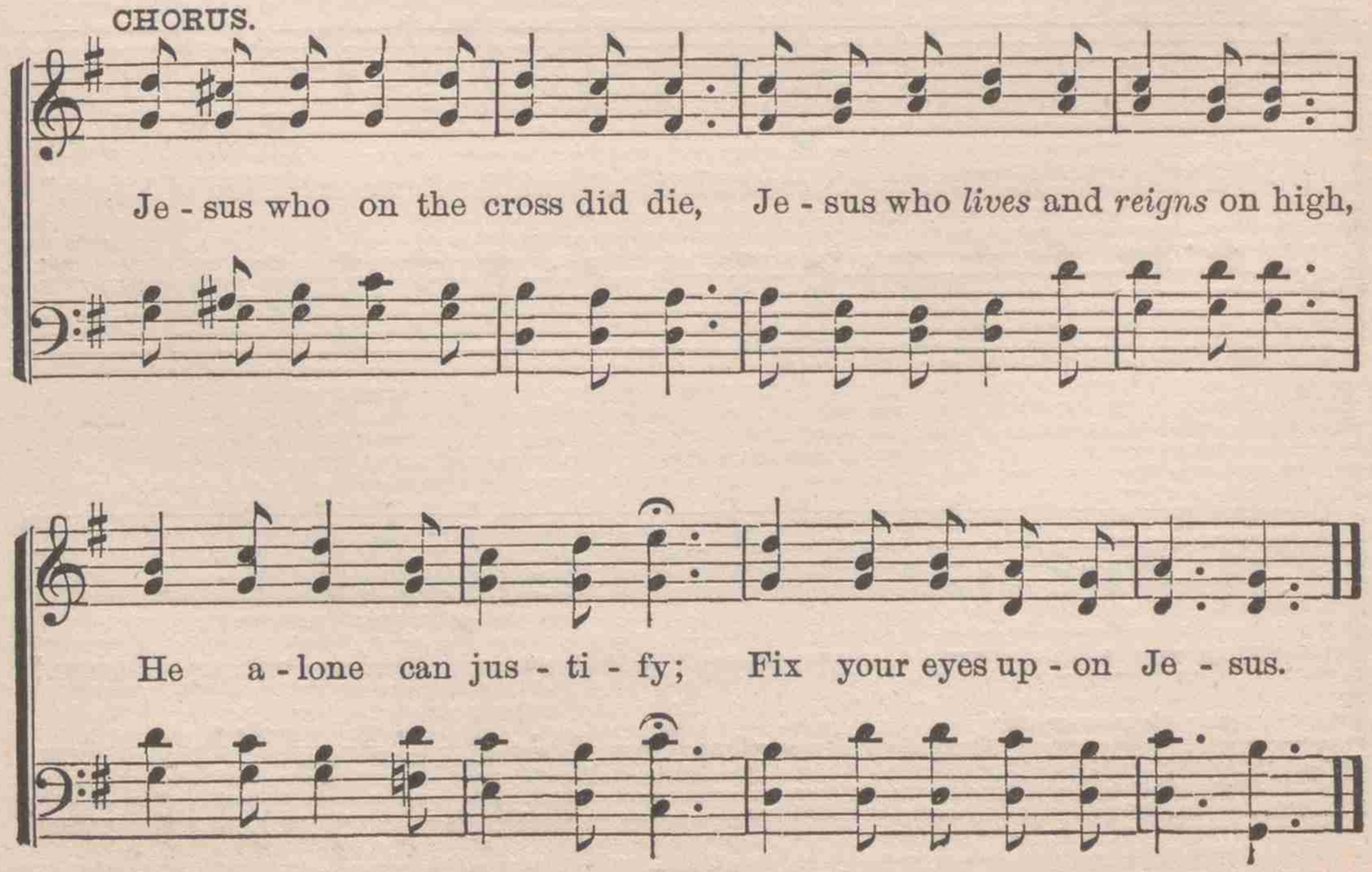
"Look unto me and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

W. W. D. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



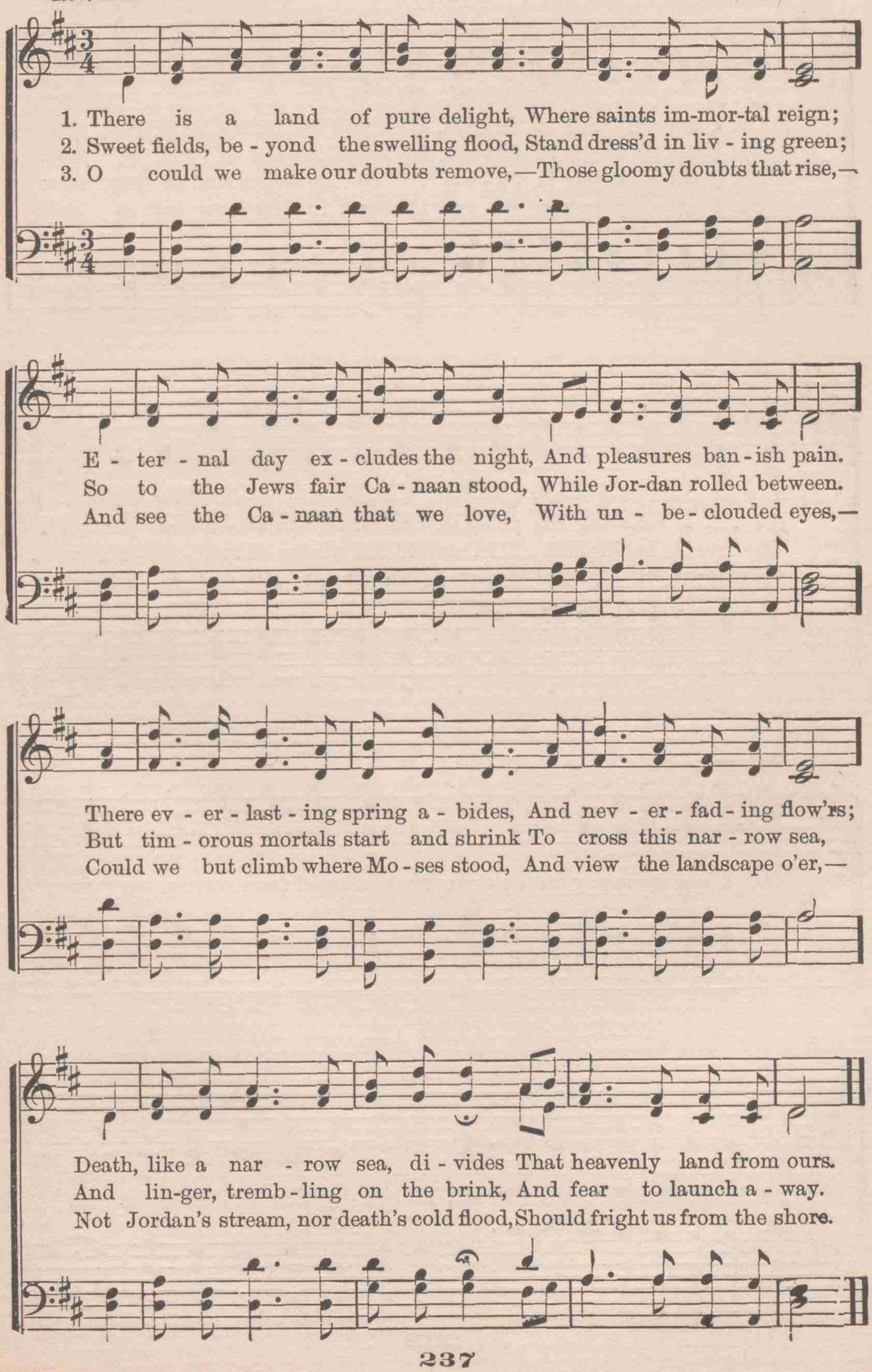

CHORUS.



## No. 264. The Heavenly Canaan. (G. H. 3–43.)

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off"—Isa. 33: 17.

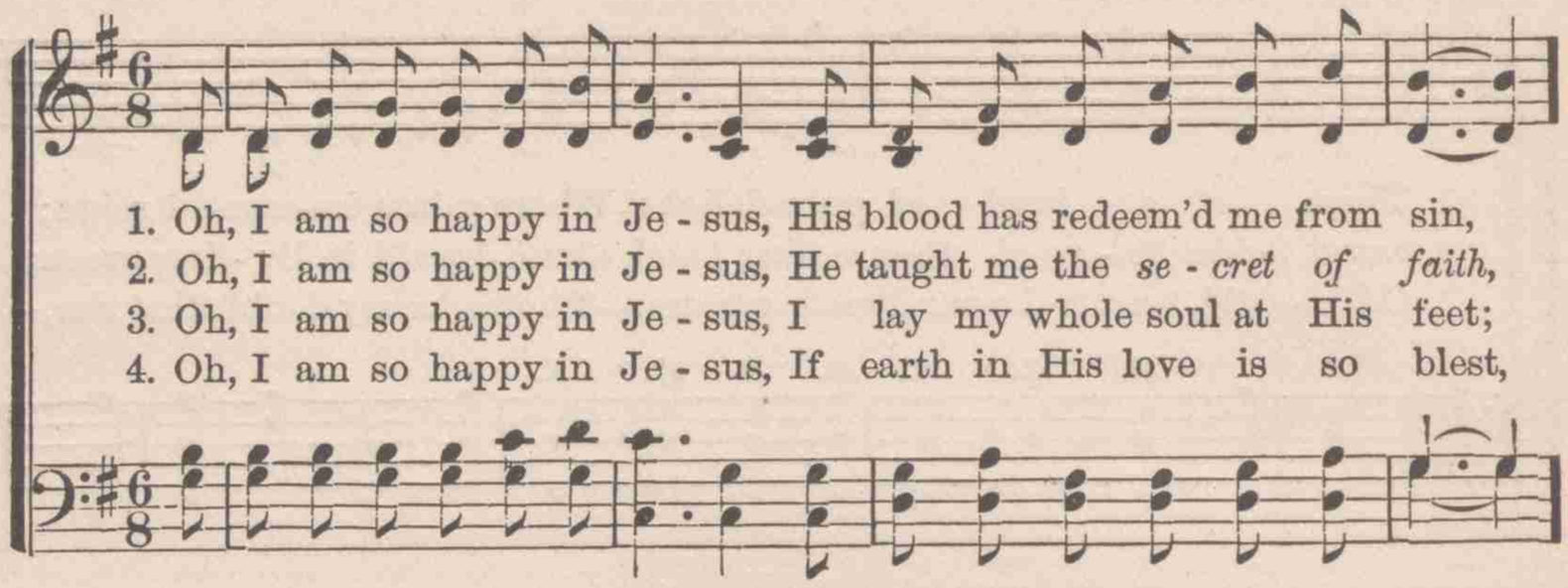
Rev. Isaac Watts. William Henry Oakley, by per.



## No. 265. Oh, I am so Happy in Jesus. (G. H. 3-44.)

"Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants."—1 KINGS 10: 8.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



# No. 266. The Gospel Trumpet's Sounding. (G. H. 3–45.)

LEV. 25: 8–13.

ENGLISH. R. S. THAIN, by per.

1. The gos - pel trumpet's sounding The year of ju - bi - lee,
2. For - sake your wretched ser - vice, Your master's claims are o'er;
3. A bet - ter Mas - ter's call - ing, In ac - cents true and kind;
4. He of - fers you sal - va - tion, And points to joys a - bove;
5. In liv - ing faith ac - cept Him, Give up all else be - side;

And grace is all a - bound - ing, To set the bond - men free.
A - vail yourselves of free - dom, Be Sa - tan's slaves no more.
He asks a lov - ing ser - vice, And claims a will - ing mind.
And, long - ing, waits to make you The ob - jects of His love.
While grace is loud - ly call - ing, Look to the Cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.

Re - turn, re - turn, ye captives, Re - turn un - to your home,
The gos - pel trum - pet's sound - ing, The ju - bi - lee is come!
The gos - pel trum - pet's sound - ing, The ju - bi - lee is come!

## No. 267. The Hem of His Garment. (G. H. 3–46.)

"If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole"—MATT. 9 : 21.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. She on - ly touch'd the hem of His gar - ment As
2. She came in fear and trem - bling be - fore Him, She
3. He turn'd with "daughter be of good com - fort, Thy

to His side she stole, A - mid the crowd that
knew her Lord had come, She felt that from Him
faith hath made thee whole," And peace that pass - eth

gath - er'd a - round Him, And straightway she was whole.
vir - tue had healed her, The might - y deed was done.
all un - der - stand-ing With glad - ness filled her soul.

CHORUS.

Oh, touch the hem of His gar - ment And thou, too, shalt be free;

His sav - ing pow'r this ver - y hour Shall give new life to thee.

# No. 268. "None of self and all of Thee." (G.H. 3–47.)

"But Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

Rev. Theo. Monod, alt. James McGranahan, by per.

1. Oh, the bit - ter pain and sor - row That a time could ev - er be,
2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him Bleeding on th'accurs-ed tree;
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy Heal - ing, help - ing, full and free,
4. High - er than the high - est heavens, Deep - er than the deepest sea,

When I proud-ly said to Je - sus "All of self, and none of Thee,
And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self, and some of Thee,
Bro't me low - er, while I whispered "Less of self, and more of Thee,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered "*None* of self, and *all* of Thee,

All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of Thee,
Some of self and some of Thee, Some of self and some of Thee,
Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self and more of Thee,
*None* of self and *all* of Thee, *None* of self and *all* of Thee,

Thee, When I proud - ly said to Jesus "All of self and none of Thee."
Thee, And my wistful heart said faintly "Some of self and some of Thee."
Thee, Bro't me low - er while I whispered "Less of self and more of Thee."
Thee, Lord Thy love at last has conquered "*None* of self and *all* of Thee."

## No. 269. Can it be Right? (G. H. 3–48.)

"Wherefore didst thou doubt?"—MATT. 14: 31.

Rev. A. T. PIERSON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

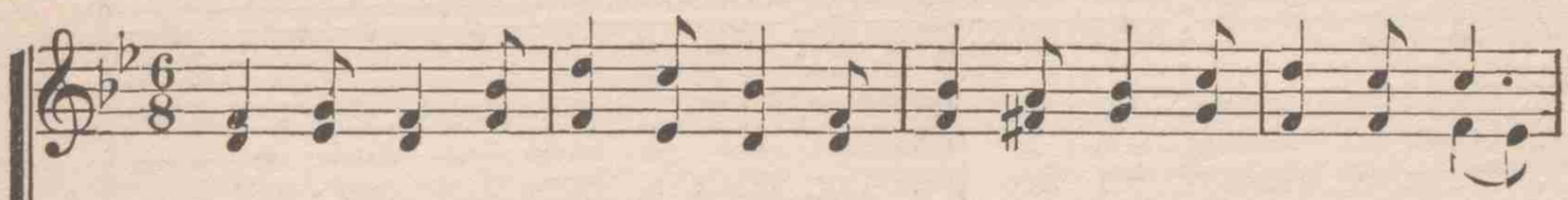
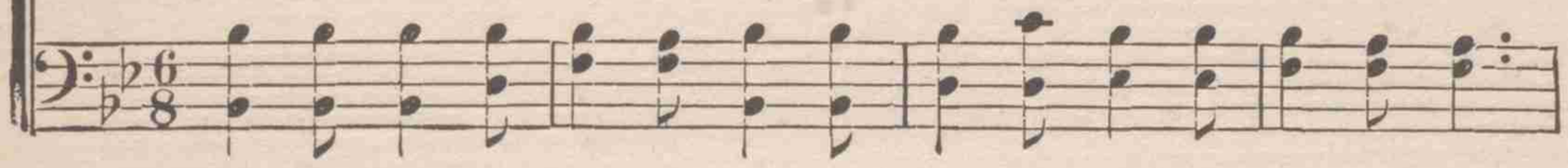
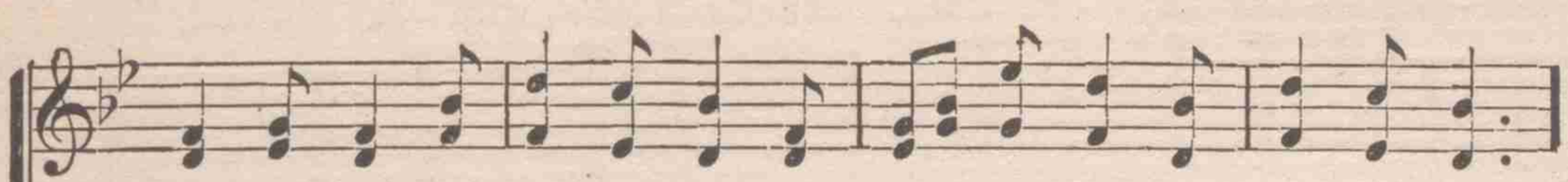
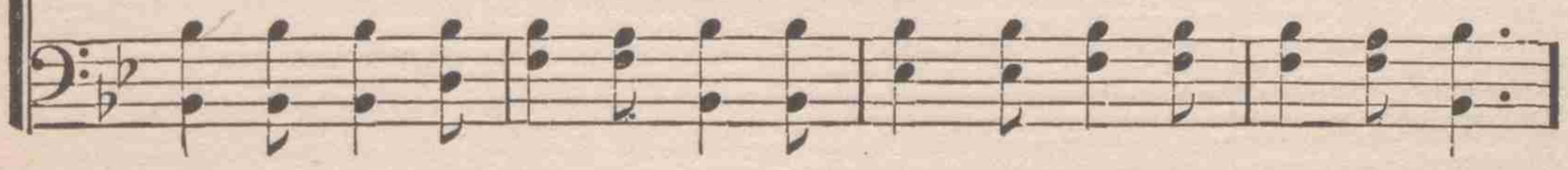
1. Can it be right for me to go On in this dark, un - cer - tain way? Say, "I be - lieve," and yet not know Wheth - er my sins are put a - way?
2. Can it be right in doubt to wait, Wait for the day that tries the heart, Ere I shall learn what is my state, Fear - ing the Judge should say de - part?
3. Can it be right, such loads to bear, While He says "come, I'll give you rest?" Bid - ding me cast on Him my care, Lean - ing in love, up - on His breast.
4. Can it be right to doubt His pow'r, Both to for - give and van - quish sin? E - ven in trials of dark - est hour, Can not His love give peace with - in?
5. Can it be right no soul to seek, Lest I should prove un - fit to guide? Can He not teach my tongue to speak, Will He not am - ple strength pro - vide?
6. Can it be right with *such* a Lord, E - ven to dread the hour of death? Wait - ing in faith the great re - ward, Calm - ly I'll yield my dy - ing breath.

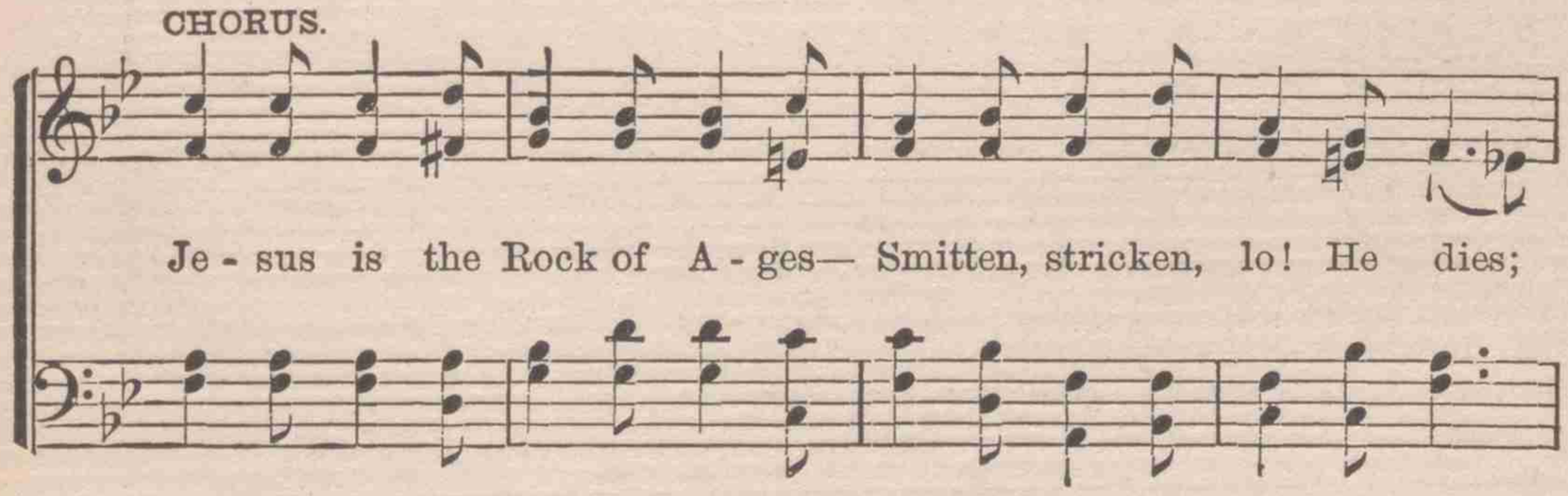
CHORUS.

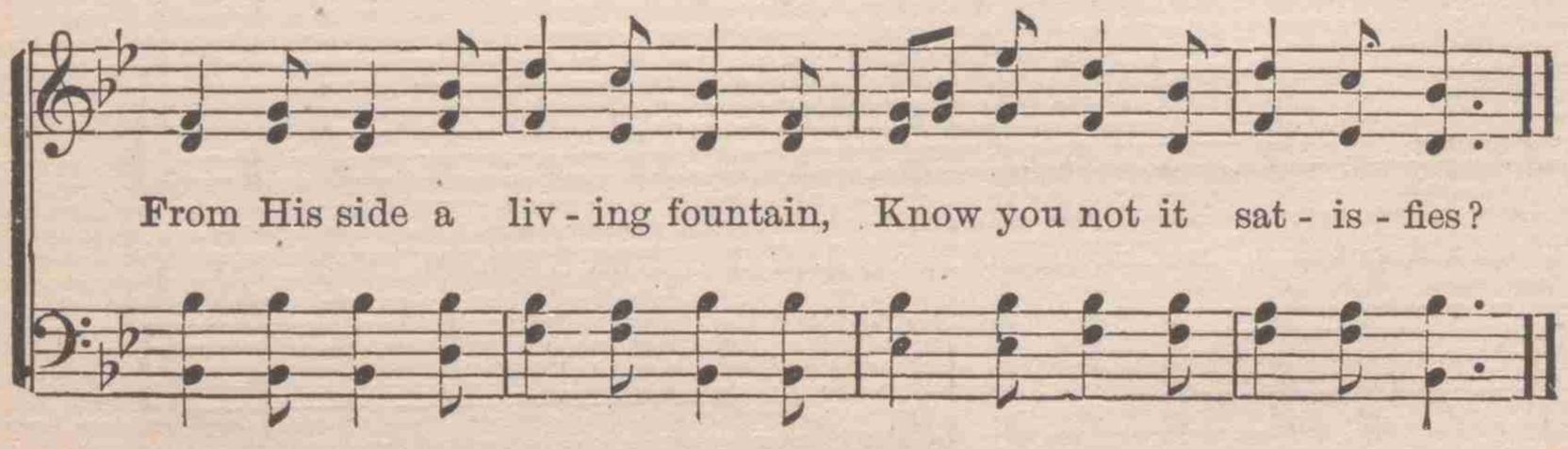
I will no longer doubt Thee, O Lord! I will for - ev - er rest in Thy word.

## No. 270. The Smitten Rock. (G.H. 3–49.)

"They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ."—1 Cor. 10 : 4.

Geo. C. Needham. Ira D. Sankey, by per.

1. From the riv - en Rock there floweth, Liv - ing wa - ter ev - er clear;
2. "Without money, with - out mer - it," Je - sus calls, "Come unto Me,"
3. Fainting in the des - ert, drear - y, Guilt - y sin - ner, hark! 'tis He!

Wea - ry pilgrim, journeying onward, Know you not that Fount is near?
Thirsty traveller, be en - couraged, Know you not the Fount is free?
'Tis the Saviour still en - treating, Know you not He call - eth thee?

CHORUS.



Je - sus is the Rock of A - ges— Smitten, stricken, lo! He dies;

From His side a liv - ing fountain, Know you not it sat - is - fies?

## No. 271. Thou art Coming! (G. H. 3–50.)

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."—TITUS 2: 13.

ART. from FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Thou art coming, O my Saviour, Thou art com - ing! O my King,
2. Thou art coming, not a shadow, Not a mist and not a tear,
3. Thou art coming, we are wait-ing With a hope that can - not fail,

Ev - ery tongue Thy name confess-ing, Well may we re - joice and sing;
Not a sin, and not a sor - row, On that sun - rise grand and clear;
Ask - ing not the day or hour, Anchored safe with - in the veil;

*f.*

Thou art coming! rays of glo - ry, Thro' the veil Thy death has rent,
Thou art coming! Je - sus Saviour, Noth - ing else seems worth a thought,
Thou art coming! at Thy ta - ble We are wit - ness - es for this,
D. S. *Thou art coming! Thou art coming! Je - sus our be - lov - ed Lord,*

FINE.

Gladden now our pil - grim pathway, Glo - ry from Thy presence sent.
Oh how mar - vel - ous the glo - ry, And the bliss Thy pain hath bought.
As we meet Thee in commun - ion, Earn-est of our coming bliss.
*O the joy to see Thee reigning, Worship'd, glo - ri - fied, a - dored.*

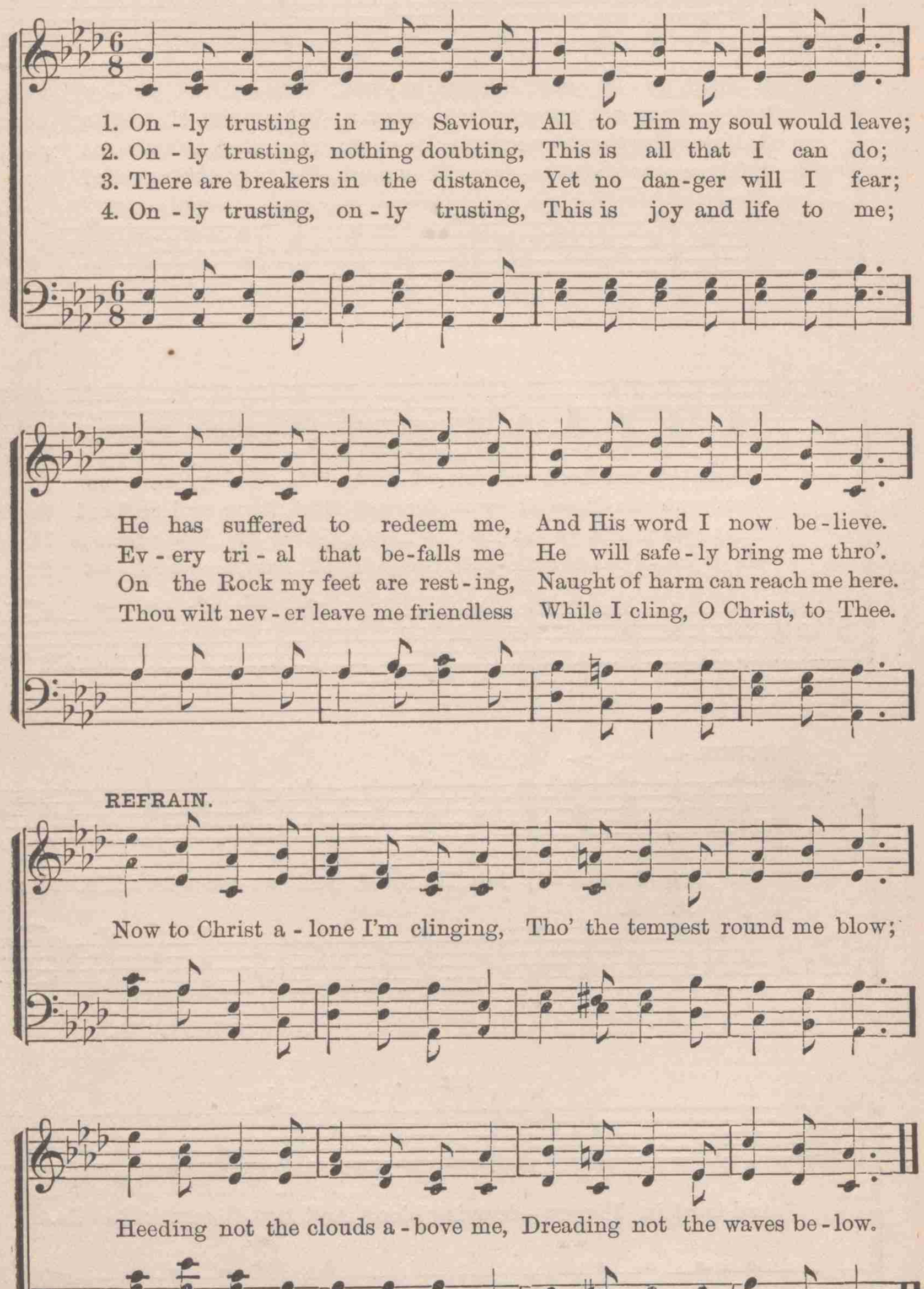
CHORUS. D. S.

{ Thou art coming, Thou art coming, We shall meet Thee on Thy way.
{ Thou art coming, we shall see Thee, And be like Thee on that day.

# No. 272. Only Trusting in my Saviour. (G. H. 3–51.)

"Jesus Christ and him crucified."—1 Cor. 2: 2.

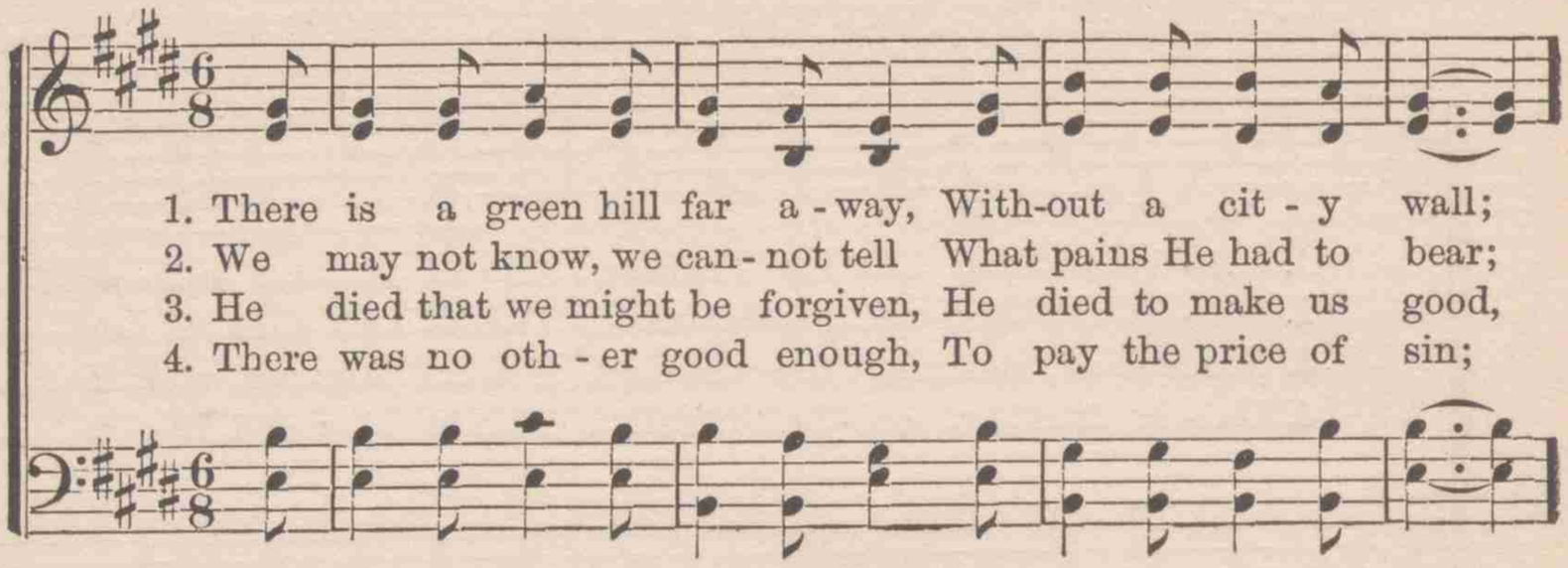
FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

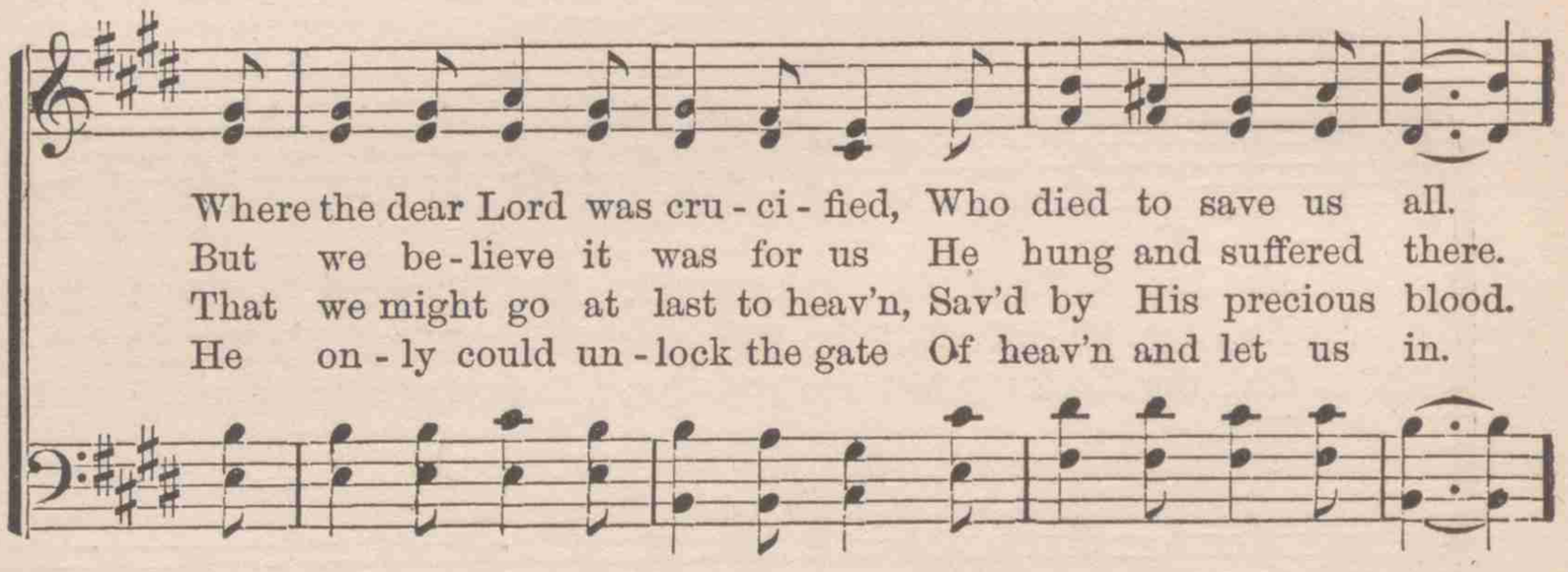
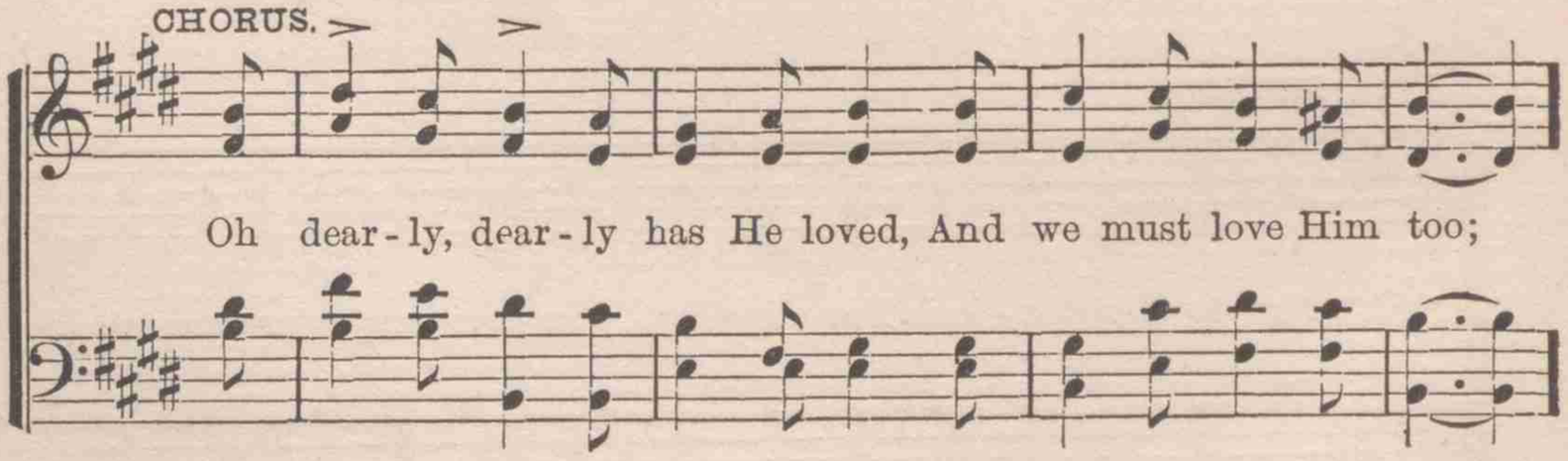


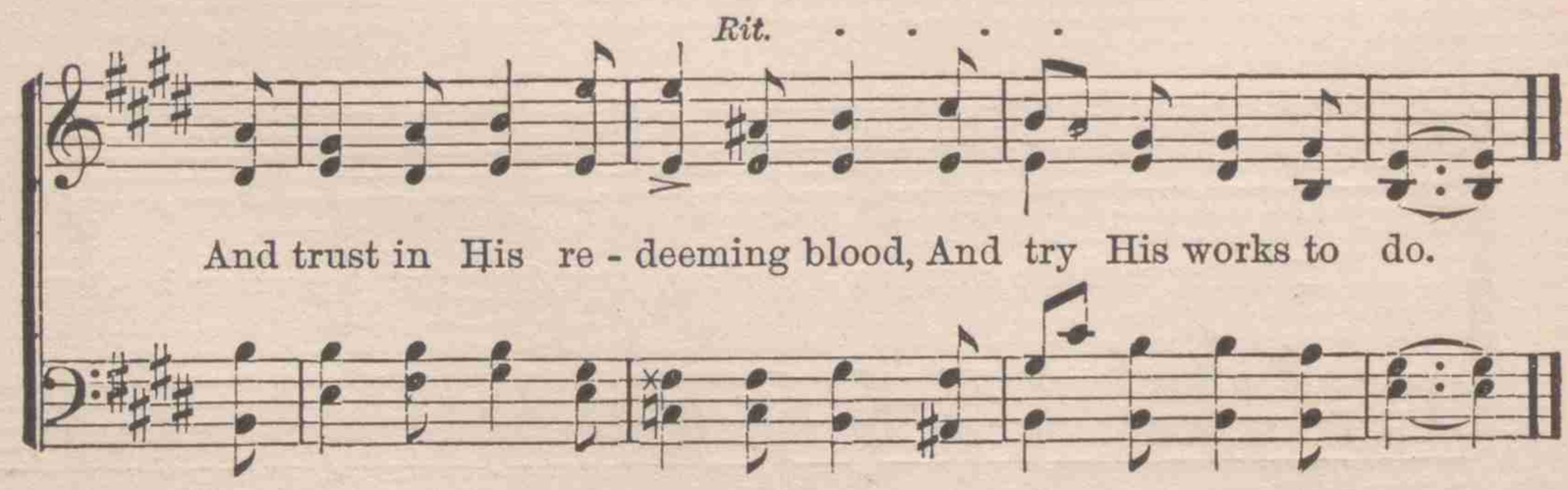
## No. 273. There is a Green Hill far away. (G. H. 3–52.)

"And they took Jesus and led him away."—JOHN 19: 16.

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

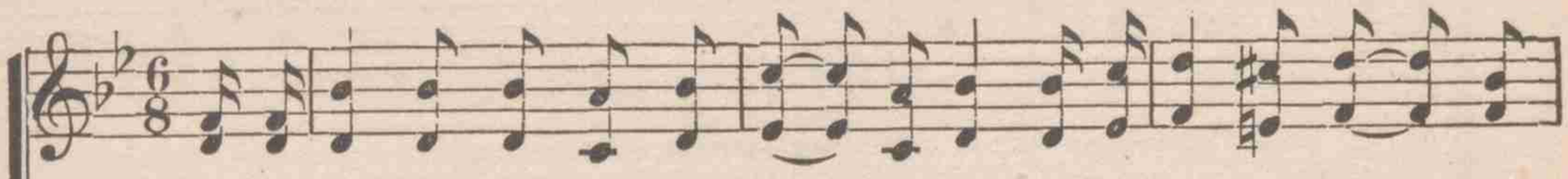


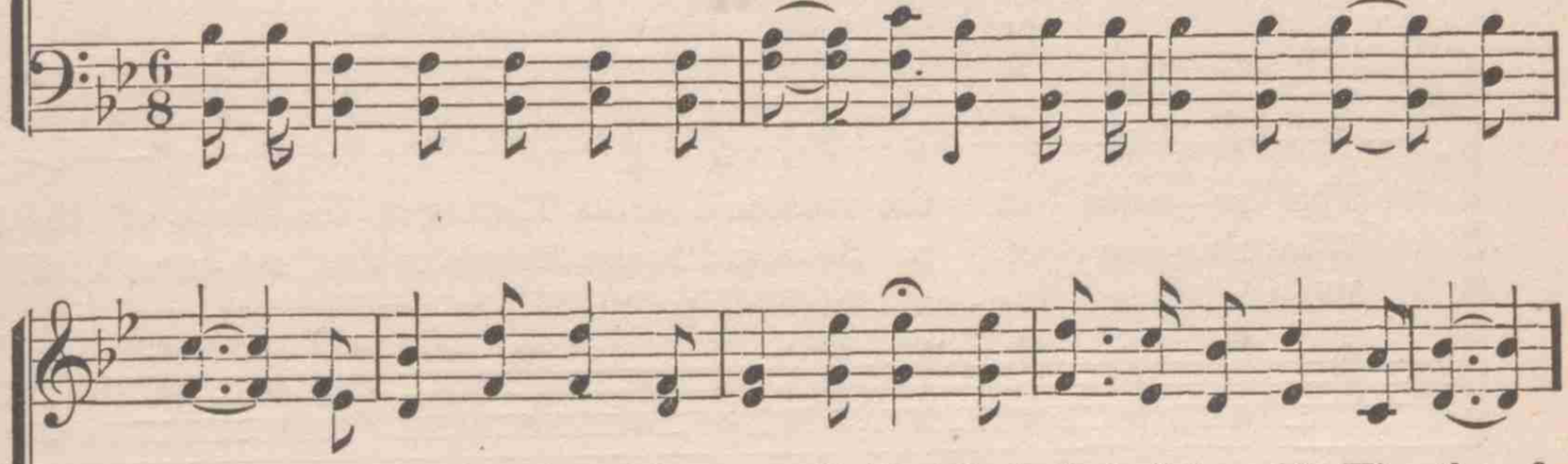



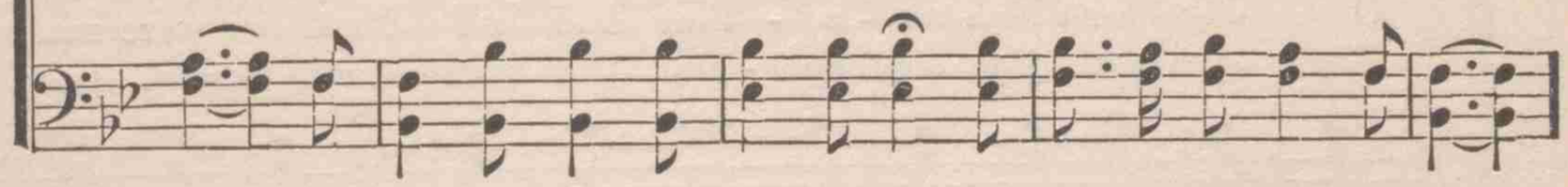


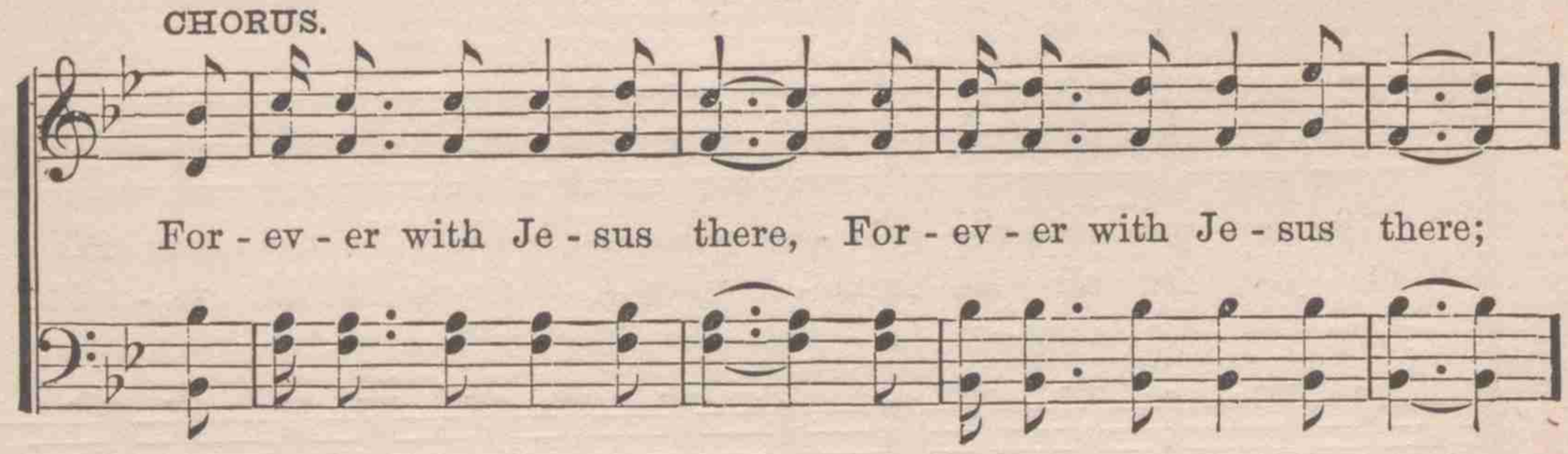
## No. 274. Forever with Jesus there. (G. H. 3-53.)

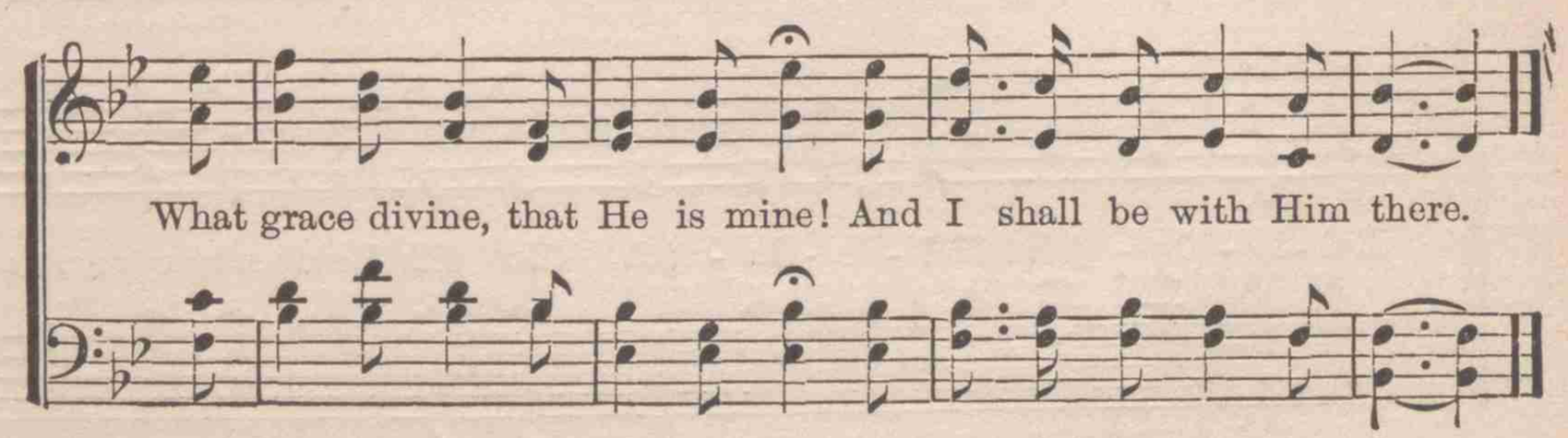
"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

Rev. ARTHUR T. PIERSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. In my Father's house there is many a room, And my Lord has gone to pre-
2. In my Father's house there is end - less day, With no cloud of sorrow or
3. In my Father's house there's no want or woe, And there can be no more
4. In my Father's house there is no more death, For the life of God we
5. In my Father's house there are bless - ed saints, Who His holy im - age



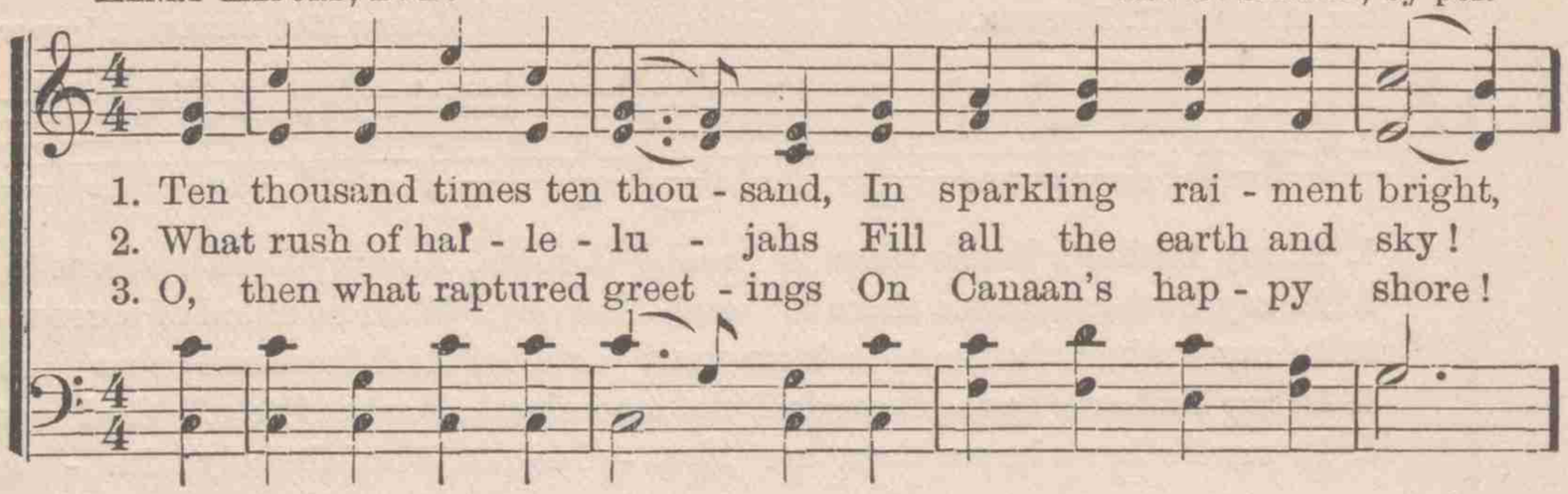
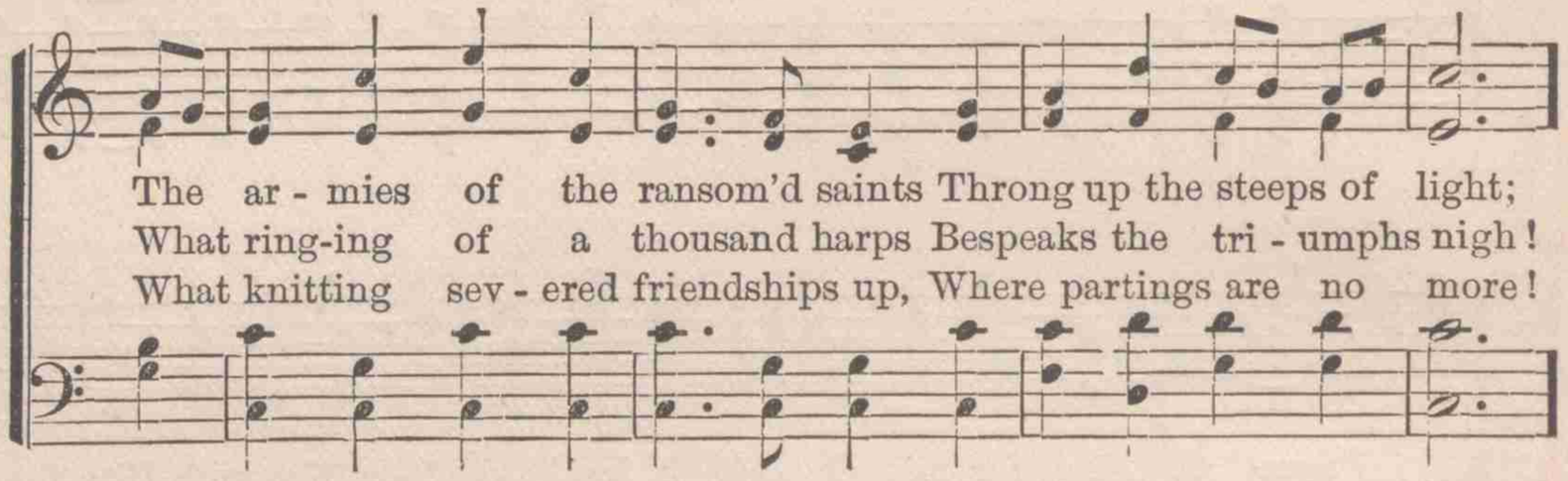
pare A place for me; O can it be That I shall be with Him there?
care, No tearful eyes, no groans or sighs, They know who are with Him there.
pray'r; For what beside can God provide, Since we shall be with Him there.
share; No thought of sin can en - ter in, For we shall be with Him there.
bear; They find in this their sweetest bliss, That they may be with Him there.

CHORUS.

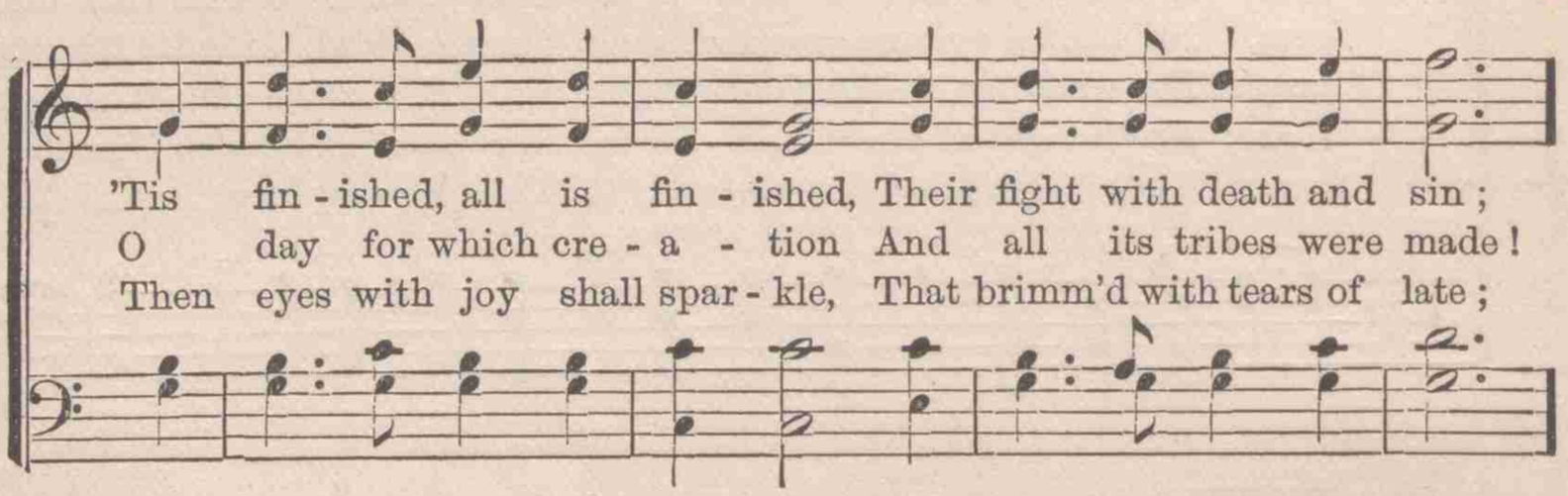


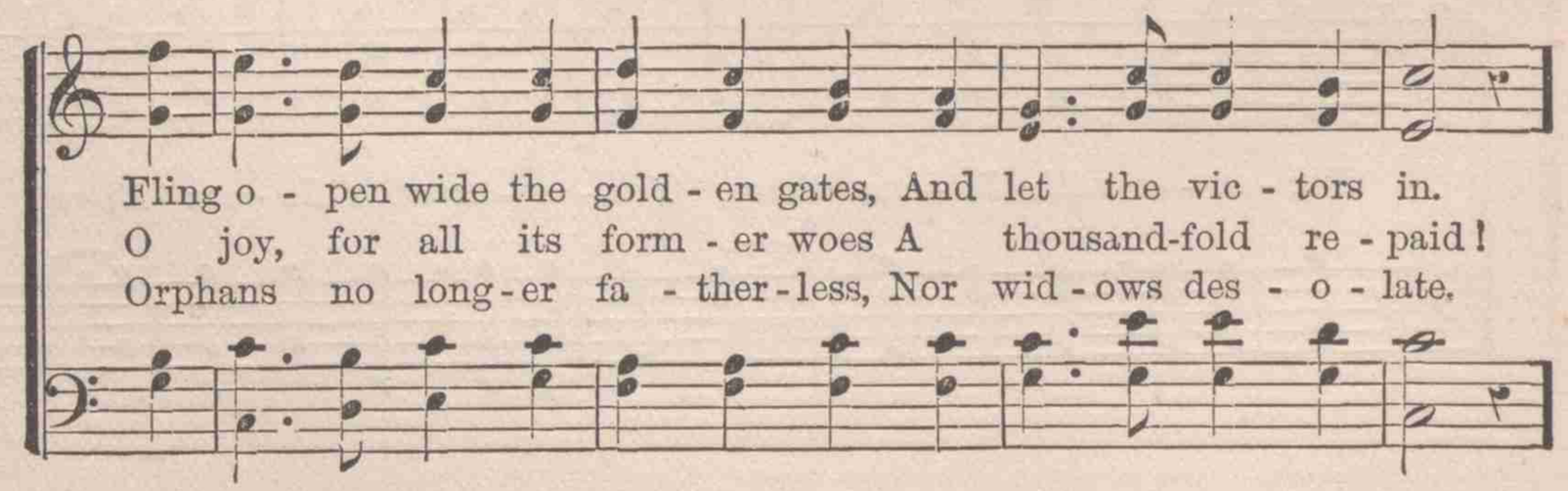
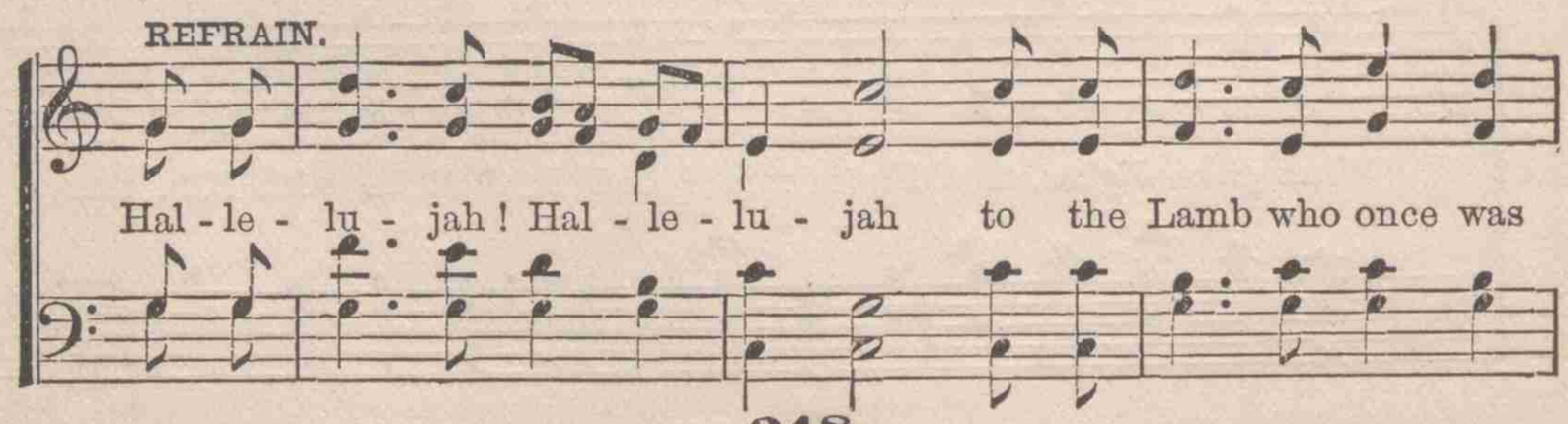
For - ev - er with Je - sus there, For - ev - er with Je - sus there;

What grace divine, that He is mine! And I shall be with Him there.

## No. 275. Ten Thousand Times. (G. H. 3–54.)

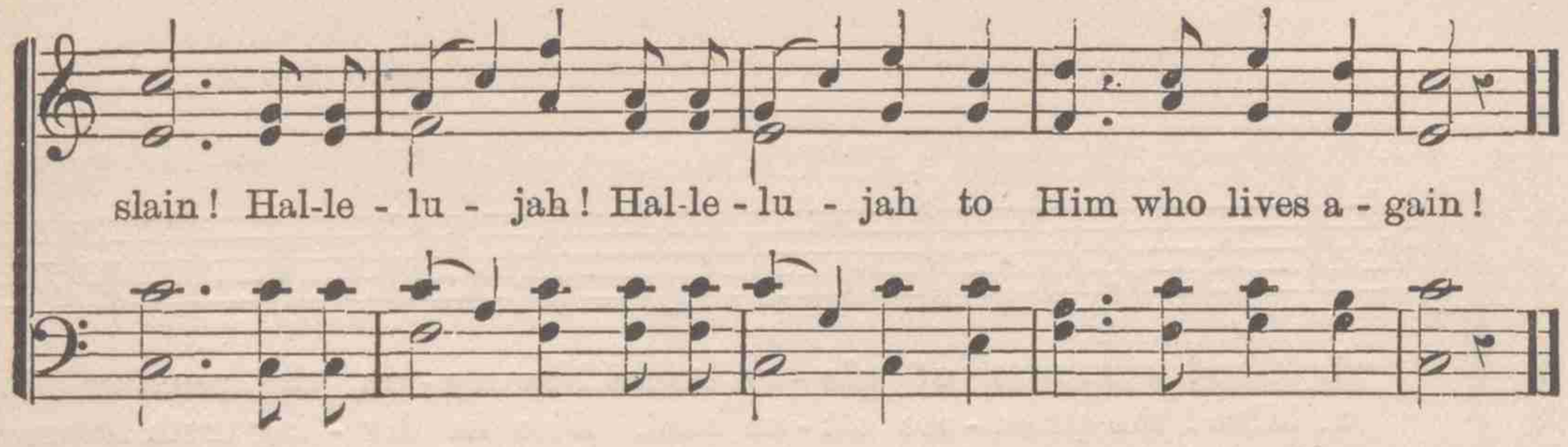
"The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand."—Rev. 5 : 11.

Henry Alford, D. D. Ira D. Sankey, by per.



## Ten Thousand times.—Concluded.

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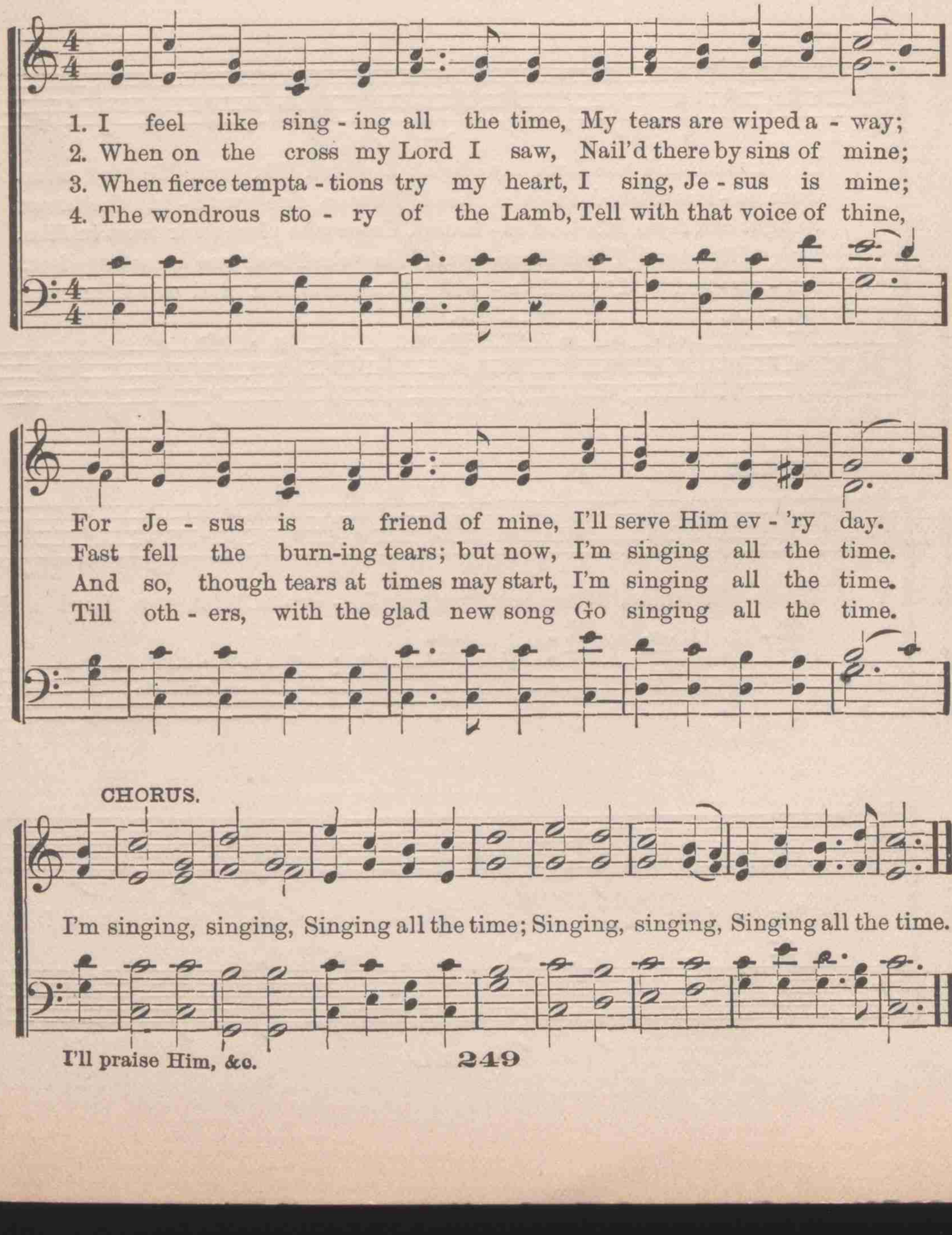
## No. 276. Singing all the Time. (G. H. 3–55.)

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126: 2.

Rev. E. P. HAMMOND. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.




CHORUS.

## No. 277. Mine! (G. H. 3–56.)

"And all mine are thine, and thine are mine"—JOHN 17: 10.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Mine! what rays of glo - ry bright Now up - on the promise shine!
2. Mine! the prom - ise oft - en read, *Now* in liv - ing truth impress'd
3. Mine! the prom - ise cannot change, Mine! tho' oft my eyes are dim;
4. Mine! tho' oft my hand may fail, *He* is strong and holds me fast;
5. Mine! when death the bars shall break, 'Mid those glo - ries all di - vine.

I have found the Lord my light; I am His, and He is mine.
Once ac - knowledg'd in the head, Now a fire with - in the breast.
Naught can from His love es - trange, Those who place their trust in Him.
By His blood I shall pre - vail, He shall lead me home at last.
"Sat - is - fied I shall a - wake, Clasp His feet, and call Him *mine.*

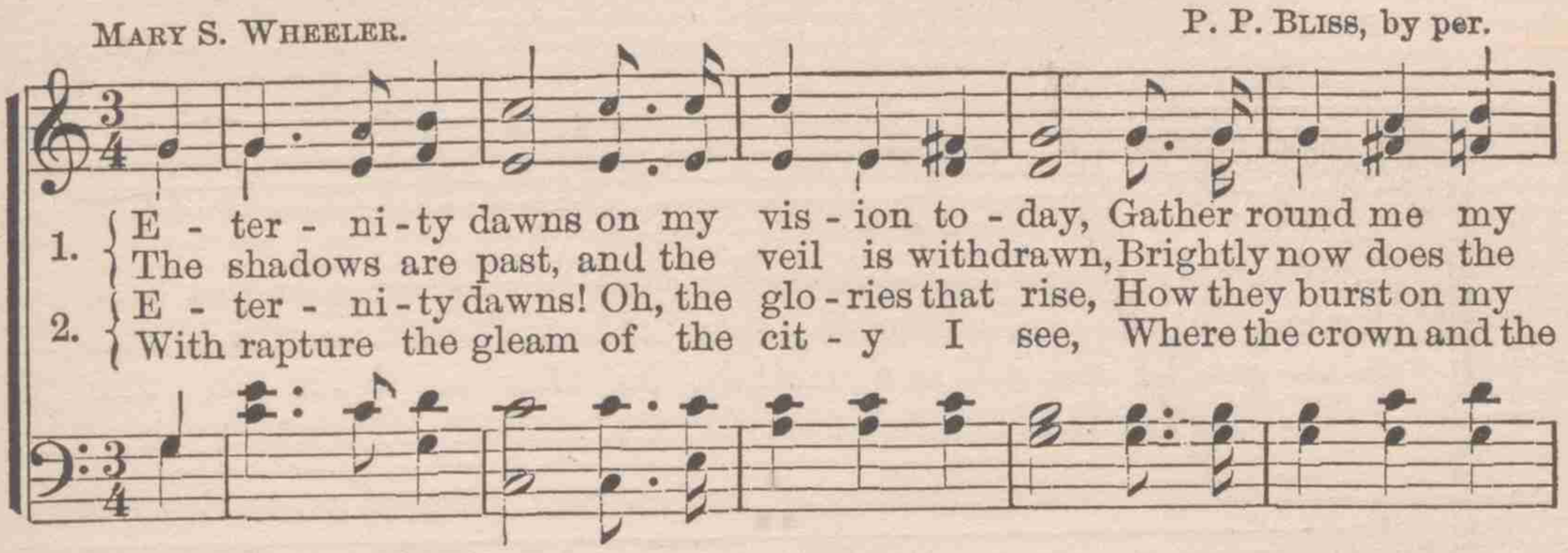
CHORUS

Mine, oh, mine, Mine, oh, mine, Je - sus Christ, my Lord and Sav - iour, I am His and He is mine!

## No. 278. "Sing and Pray!" (G. H. 3–57.)

Last words of a faithful minister of Christ, who recently died in the hope of the gospel.

MARY S. WHEELER. P. P. BLISS, by per.




3 "Eternity dawns!" There will be no more night,
I am nearing the gates of the city of light;
The shadows of time are all passing away,
Tarry not, O my Saviour, come quickly, I pray.

4 "Eternity dawns!" Earth recedes from my view;
Weeping friends, now farewell, I must bid you adieu;
I'm resting in Jesus, His merits I plead,
Fear ye not, "for my God shall supply all your need."

5 "Eternity dawns!" 'Tis a source of content,
That in preaching salvation my life has been spent;
'Tis "Jesus my All," and the Saviour of men,
May His grace be upon you forever. Amen.

## No. 279. Where is my Boy to-night? (G. H. 3–58.)

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

R. L. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

*With tenderness.*

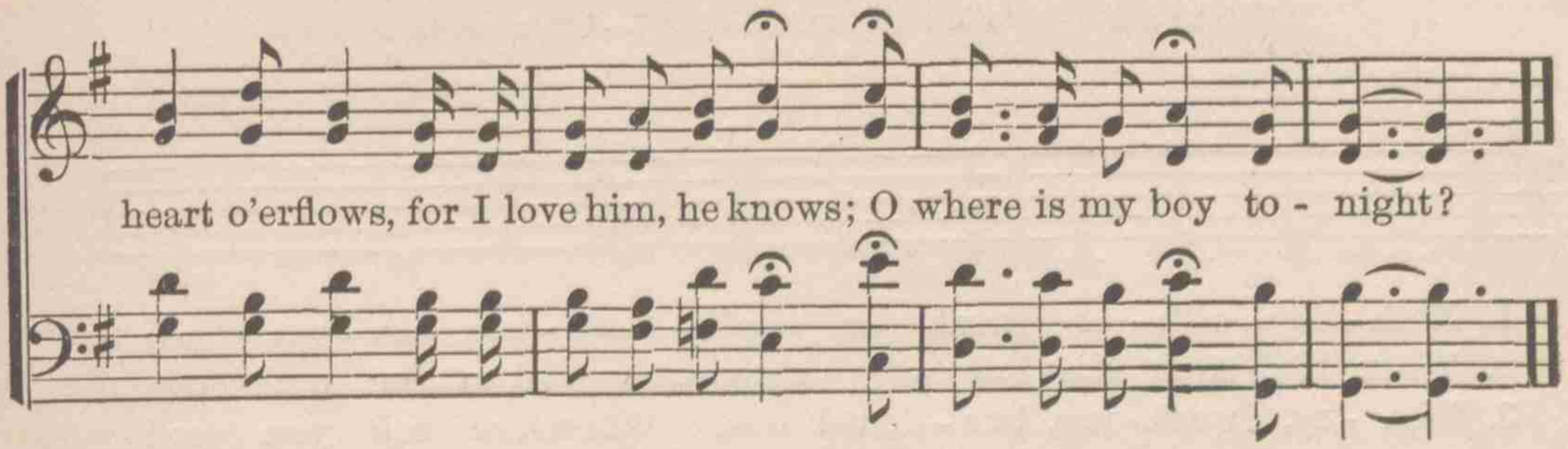
1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tend'rest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morning dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But

boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prattle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My

## Where is my Boy to-night?—Concluded.

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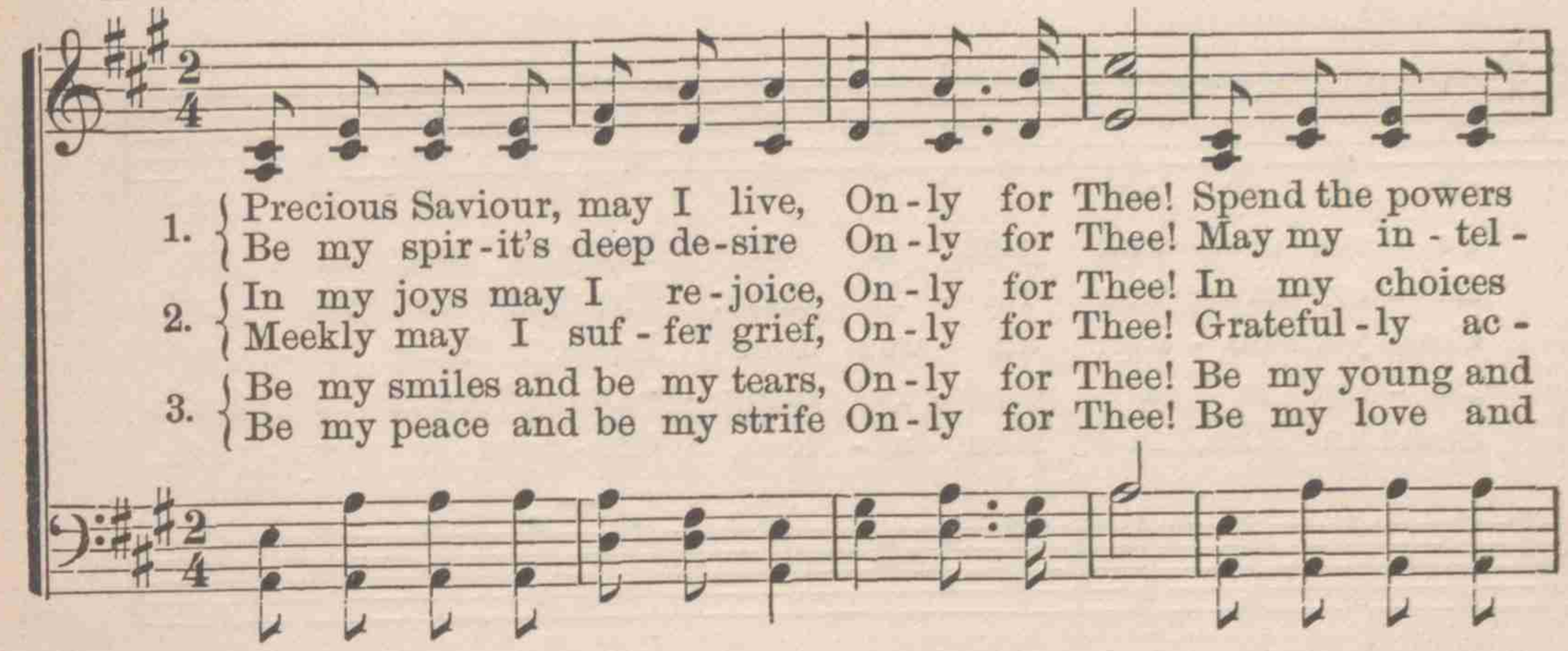
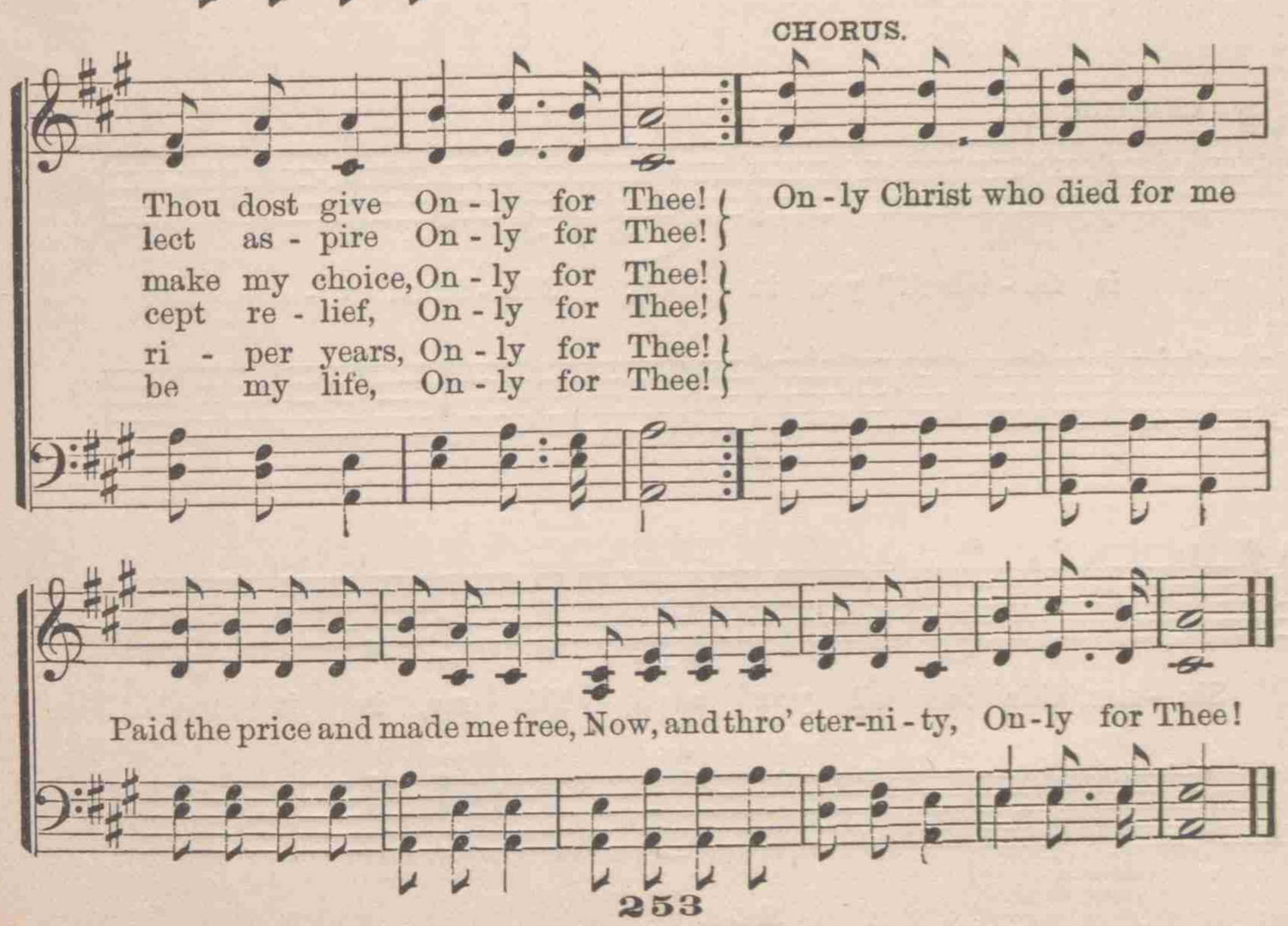
## No. 280. Only for Thee. (G. H. 3–59.)

"To me to live is Christ."—PHIL. 1: 21.

ENGLISH. JAS. MCGRANAHAN, by per.



## No. 281. It is Finished! (G. H. 3–60.)

"What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"—LUKE 18: 18.

Rev. JAMES PROCTOR. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. Noth - ing, eith - er great or small—Noth - ing, sin - ner, no;
2. When He, from His loft - y throne, Stooped to do and die,
3. Wea - ry, work - ing, bur - dened one, Wherefore toil you so?
4. Till to Je - sus' work you cling By a sim - ple faith,
5. Cast your dead - ly "do - ing" down—Down at Je - sus' feet;

Je - sus died and paid it all, Long, long a - go.
Ev - ery - thing was ful - ly done: Hearken to His cry!
Cease your do - ing; all was done Long, long a - go.
"Do - ing" is a dead - ly thing— "Doing" ends in death.
Stand in Him, in Him a - lone, Glo - rious - ly com - plete.

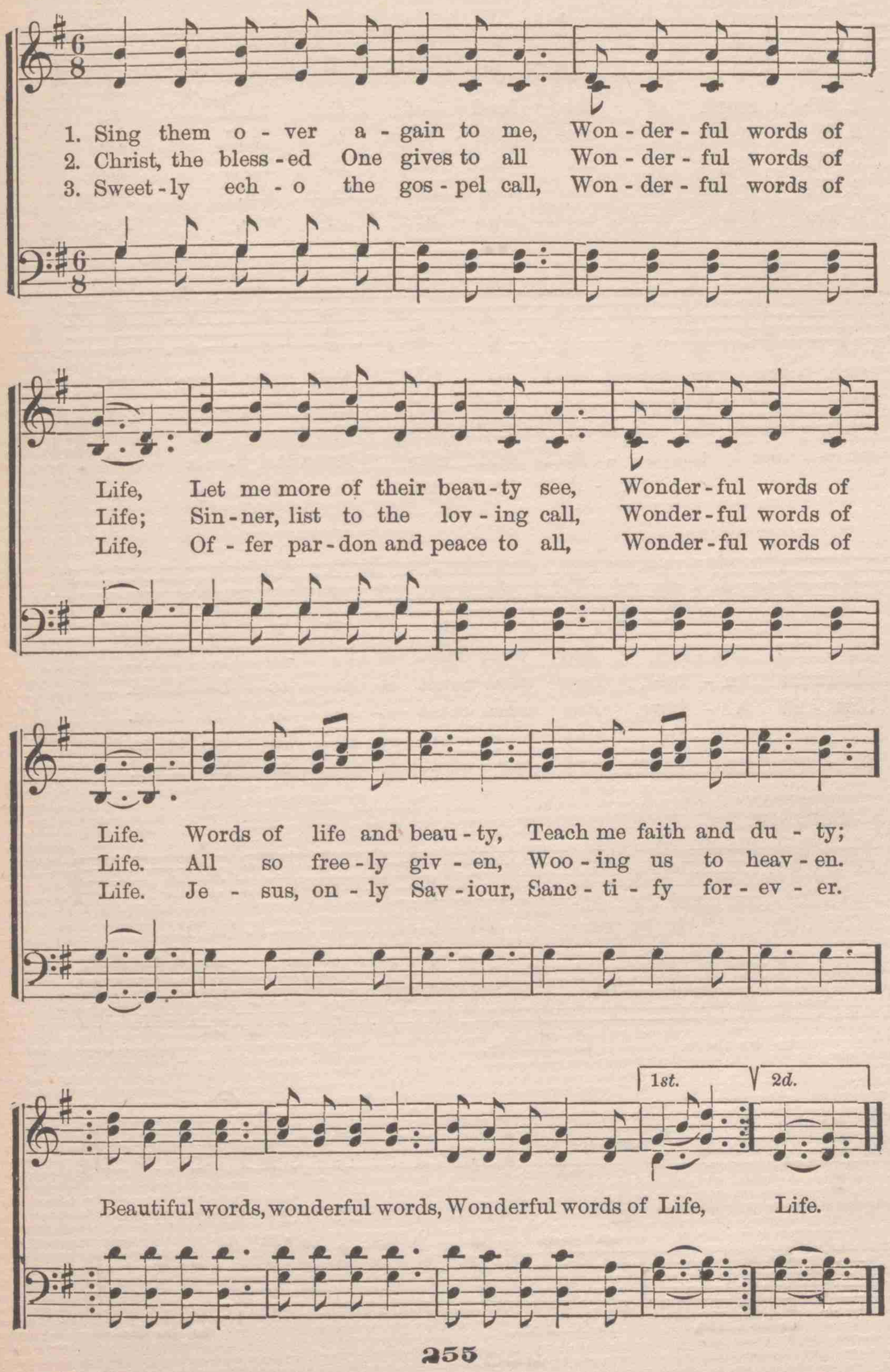
CHORUS.

"It is fin - ished!" yes, in - deed, Fin - ished ev - ery jot;
Sin - ner, this is all you need, Tell me, is it not?

## No. 282. Wonderful Words of Life. (G. H. 3–61.)

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—JOHN 6: 61.

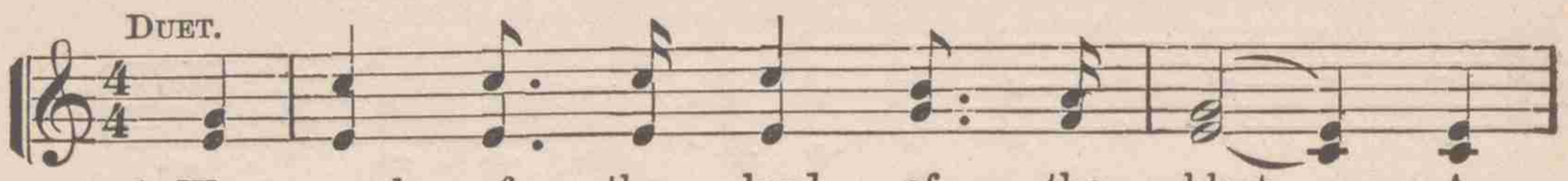
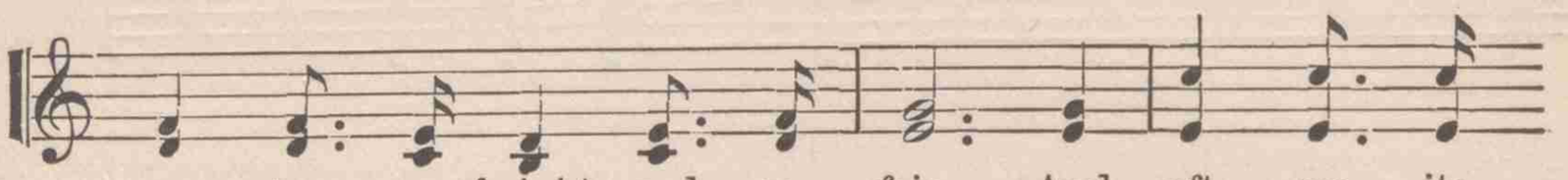
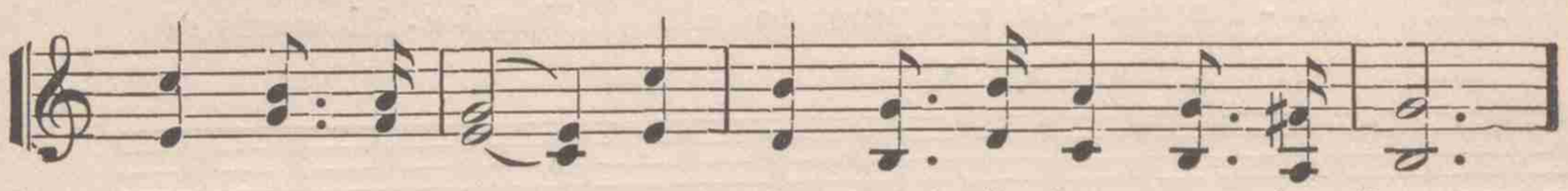
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.



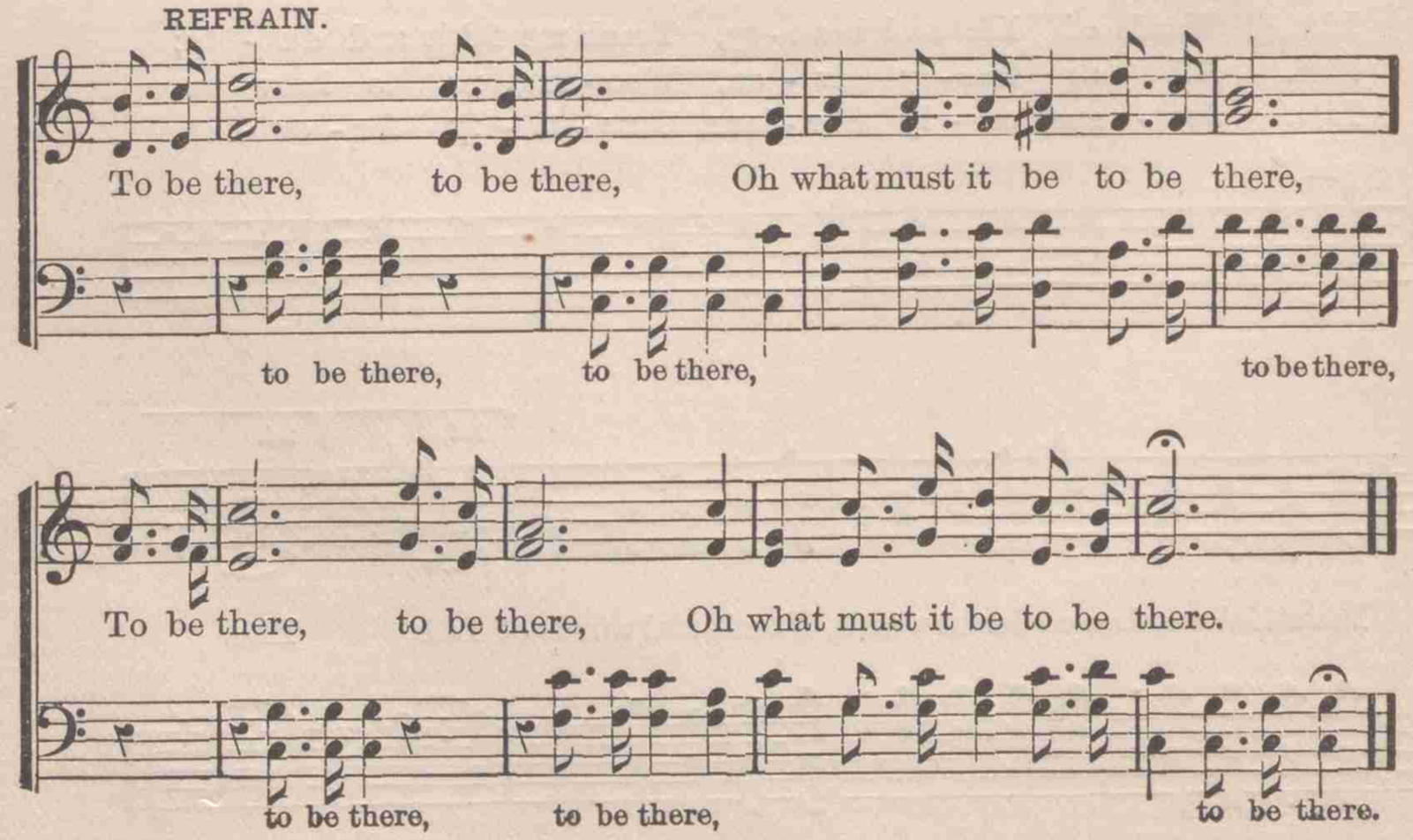
## No. 283. What must it be to be There. (G. H. 3–62.)

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."—Rev. 21: 4.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

Duet.

1. We speak of the land of the blest, A
2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, Its
3. We speak of its peace and its love, The
4. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From
5. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleas - ure or woe, For

coun - try so bright and so fair, And oft are its
walls deck'd with jew - els so rare, Its won - ders and
robes which the glo - ri - fied wear, The songs of the
sor - row tempta - tion and care, From tri - als with -
heav - en our spir - its pre - pare, Then short - ly we

glo - ries con - fest, But what must it be to be there.
pleasures un - told, But what must it be to be there.
bless - ed a - bove, But what must it be to be there.
out and with - in, But what must it be to be there.
al - so shall *know*, And *feel* what it is to be there.

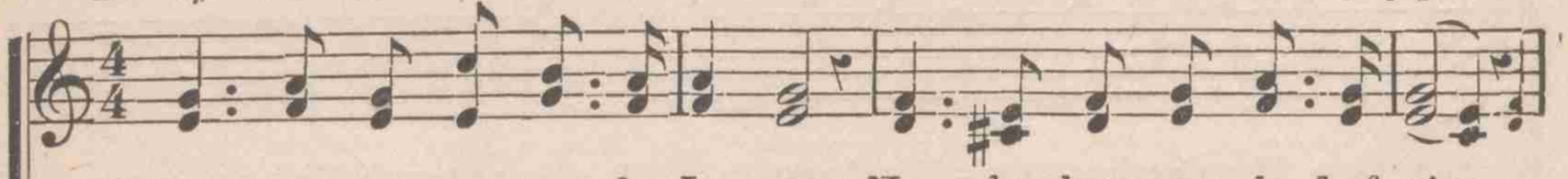
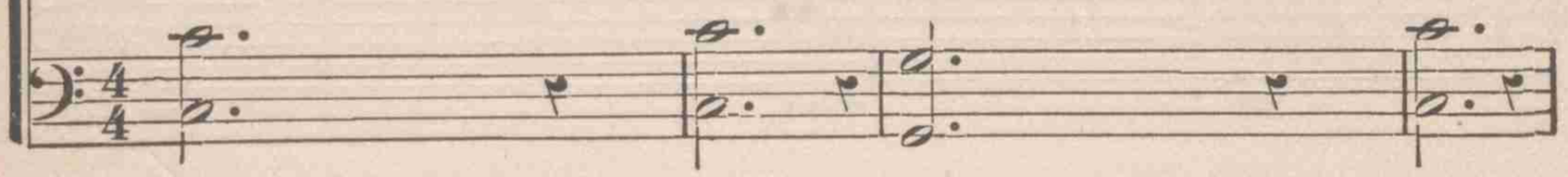
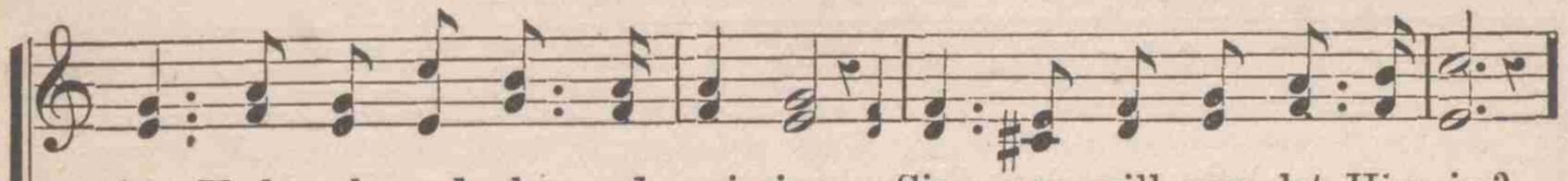
REFRAIN.

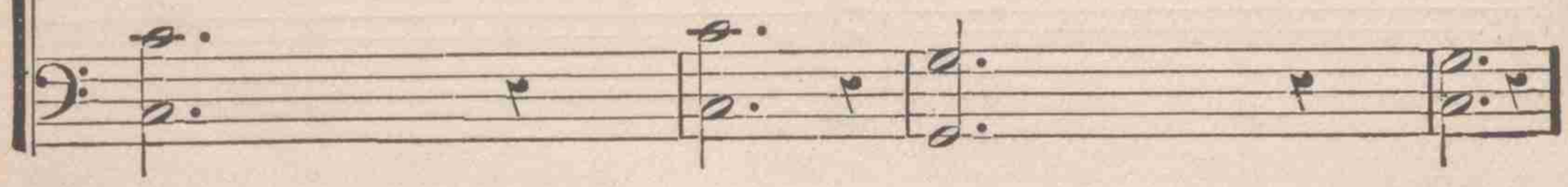


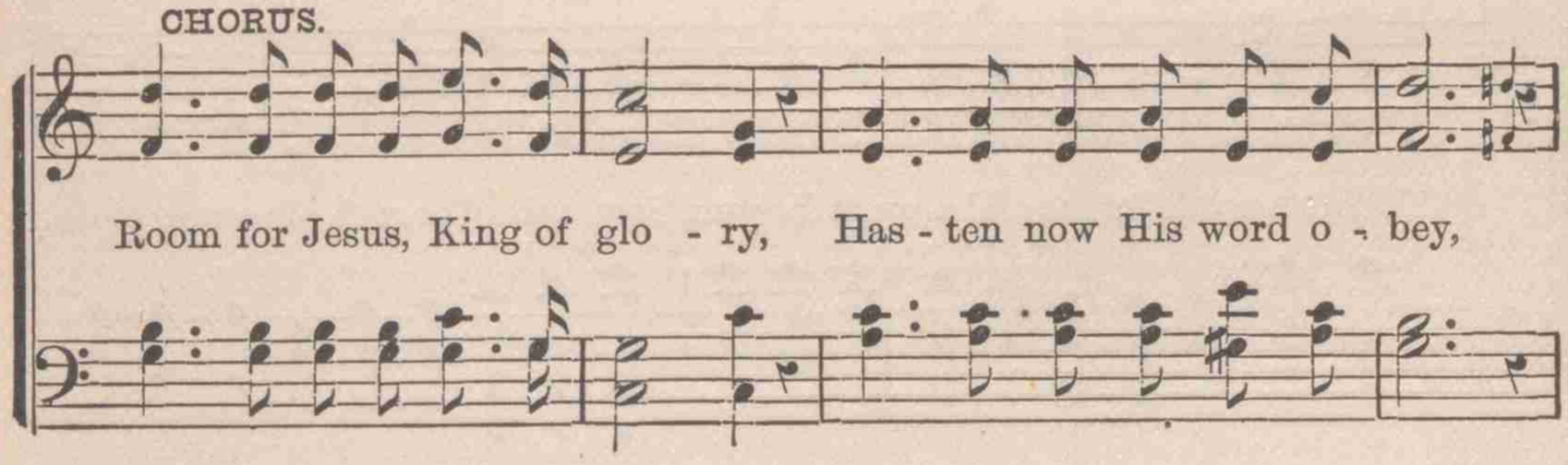
To be there, to be there, Oh what must it be to be there,
to be there, to be there, to be there,
To be there, to be there, Oh what must it be to be there.
to be there, to be there, to be there.

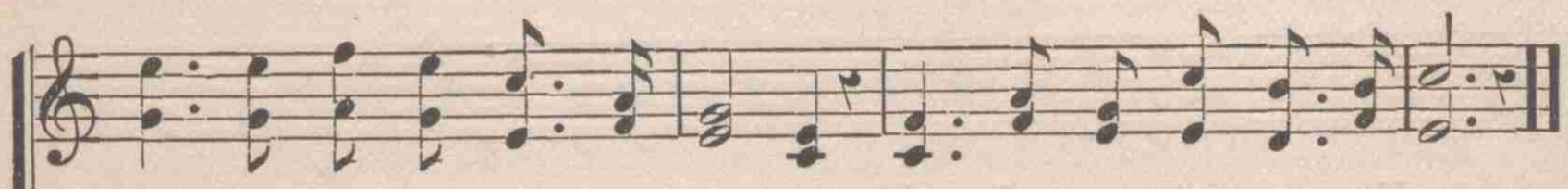
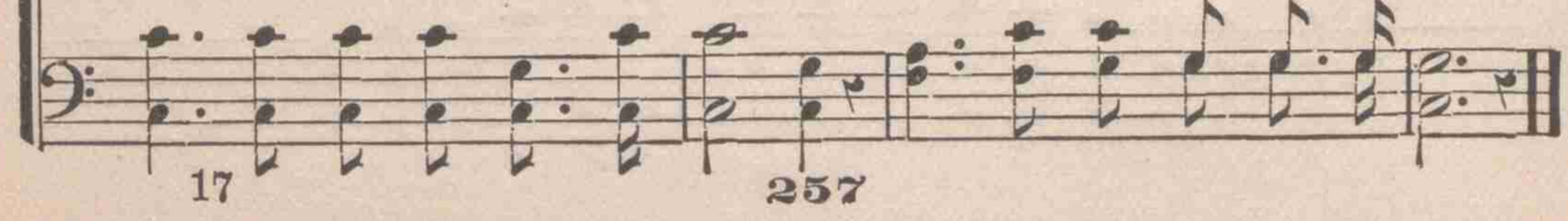
# No. 284. Have you any Room for Jesus? (G.H.3–63.)

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

Arr. by W. W. D. C. C. Williams, by per.

1. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, He who bore your load of sin;
2. Room for pleasure, room for business, But for Christ the cru - ci - fied;
3. Have you a - ny time for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?
4. Room and time now give to Je - sus, Soon will pass God's day of grace;



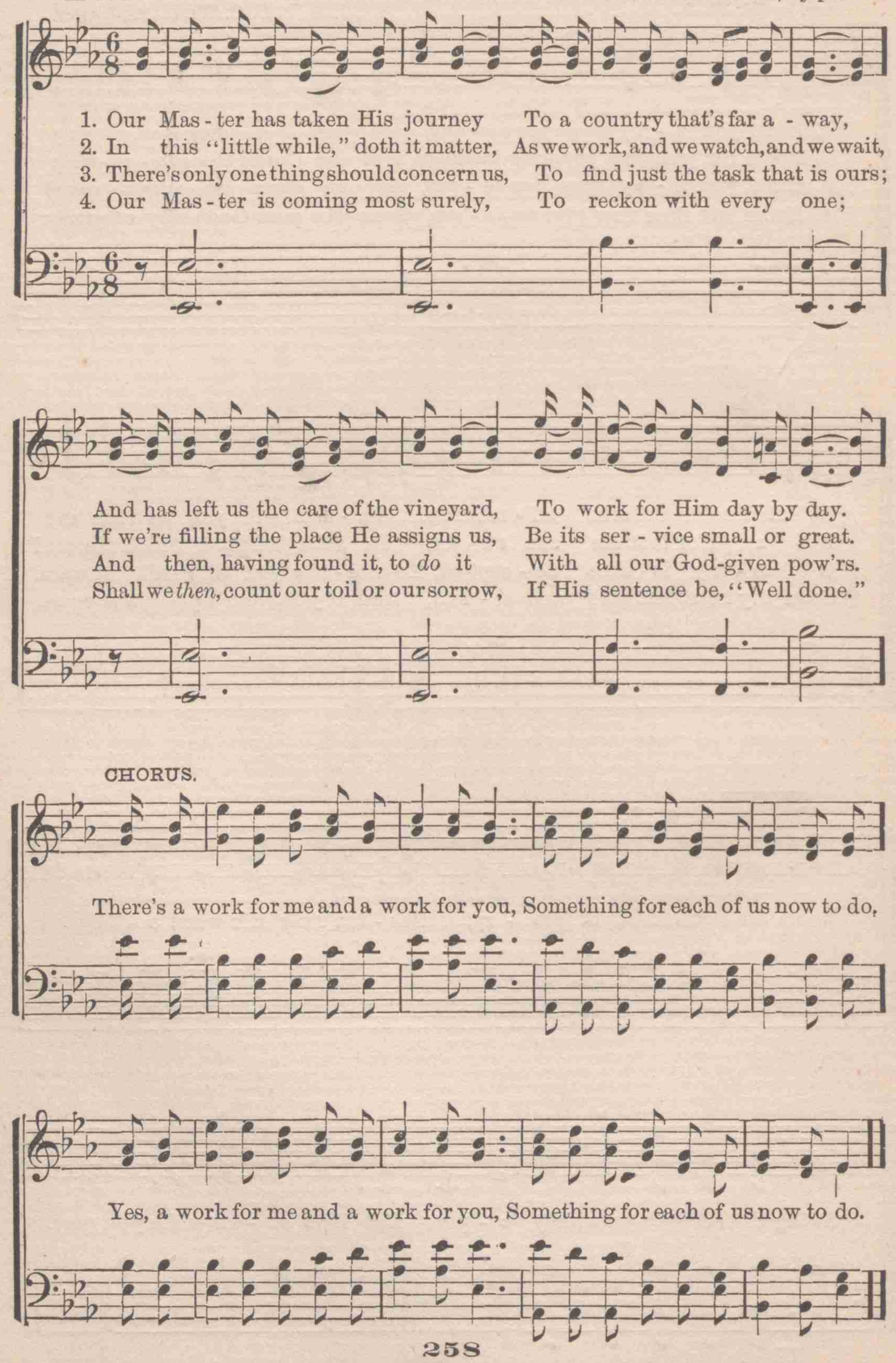
As He knocks and asks ad - mission, Sin - ner will you let Him in?
Not a place that He can en - ter, In the heart for which He died?
O to - day is time ac - cept-ed, To-mor - row you may call in vain.
Soon thy heart left cold and si - lent, And thy Saviour's pleadings cease.

CHORUS.



Room for Jesus, King of glo - ry, Has - ten now His word o - bey,

Swing the heart's door widely o - pen, Bid Him en - ter while you may.

## No. 285. There's a Work for each of Us. (G. H. 3–64.)

"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his home, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work."—MARK 13: 34.

A. A. A. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

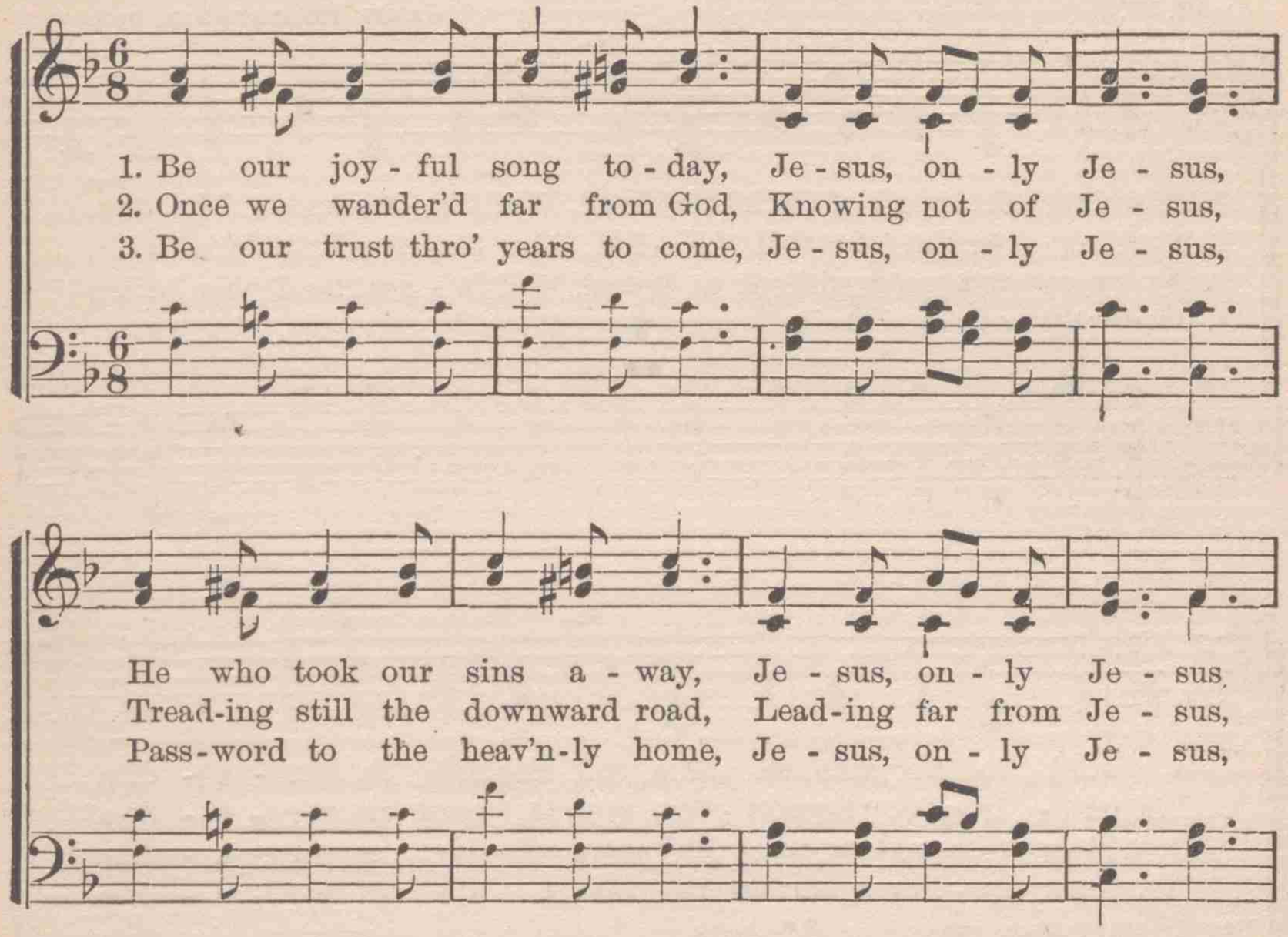


## No. 286. Jesus, only Jesus. (G. H. 3–65.)

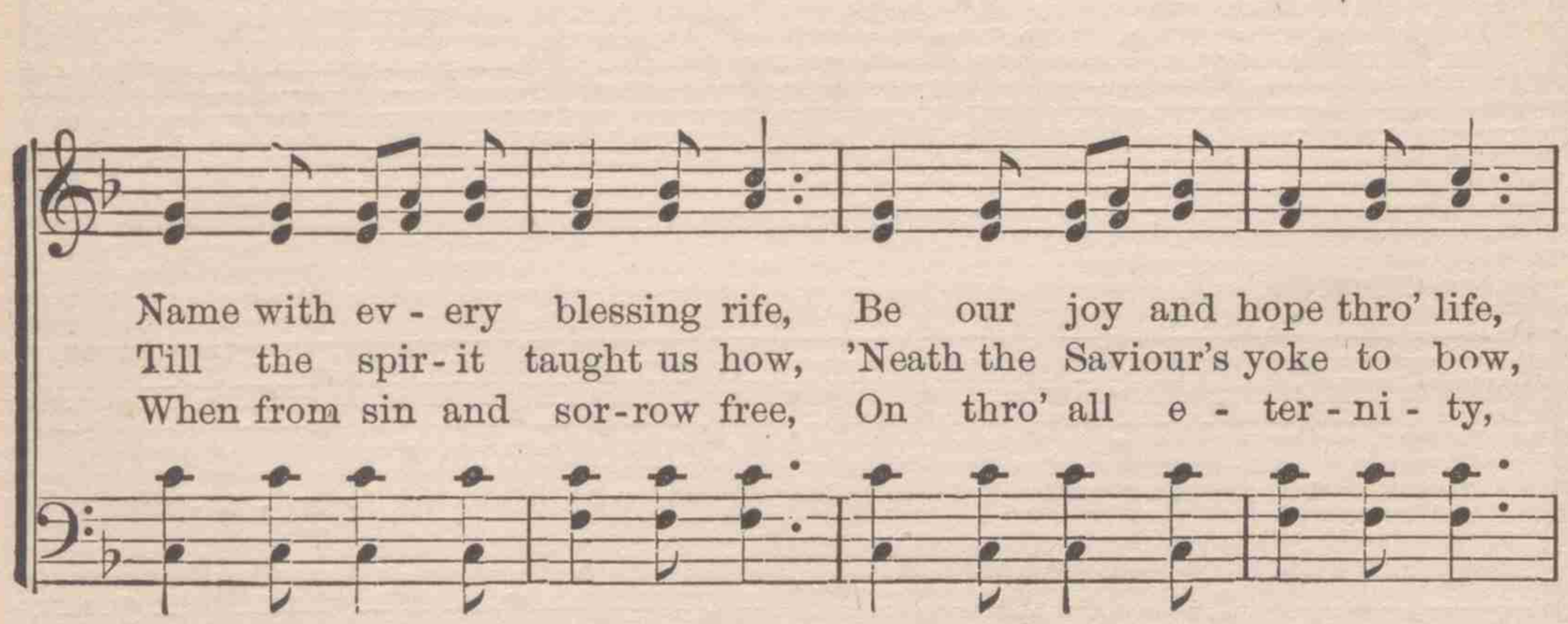
"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17: 8.

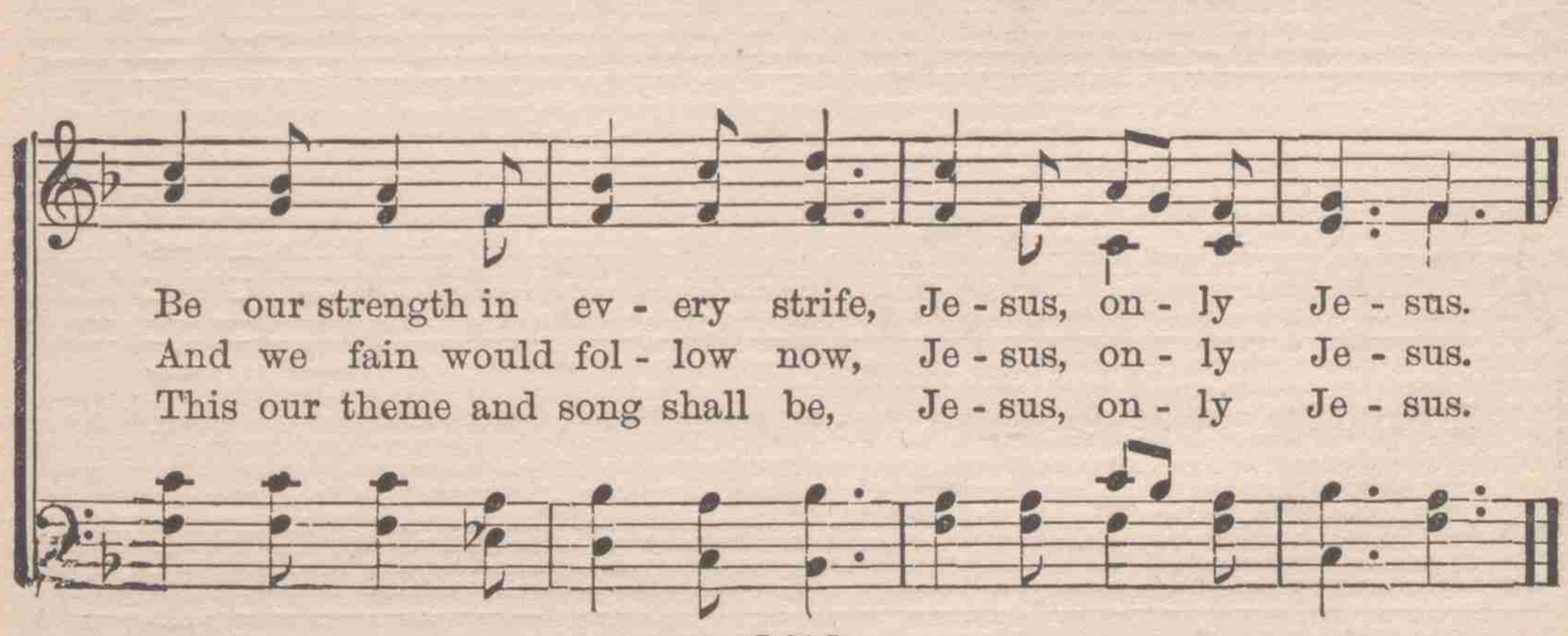
L. PIERCE. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. Be our joy - ful song to - day, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,
2. Once we wander'd far from God, Knowing not of Je - sus,
3. Be our trust thro' years to come, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,



He who took our sins a - way, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus
Tread-ing still the downward road, Lead-ing far from Je - sus,
Pass-word to the heav'n-ly home, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,

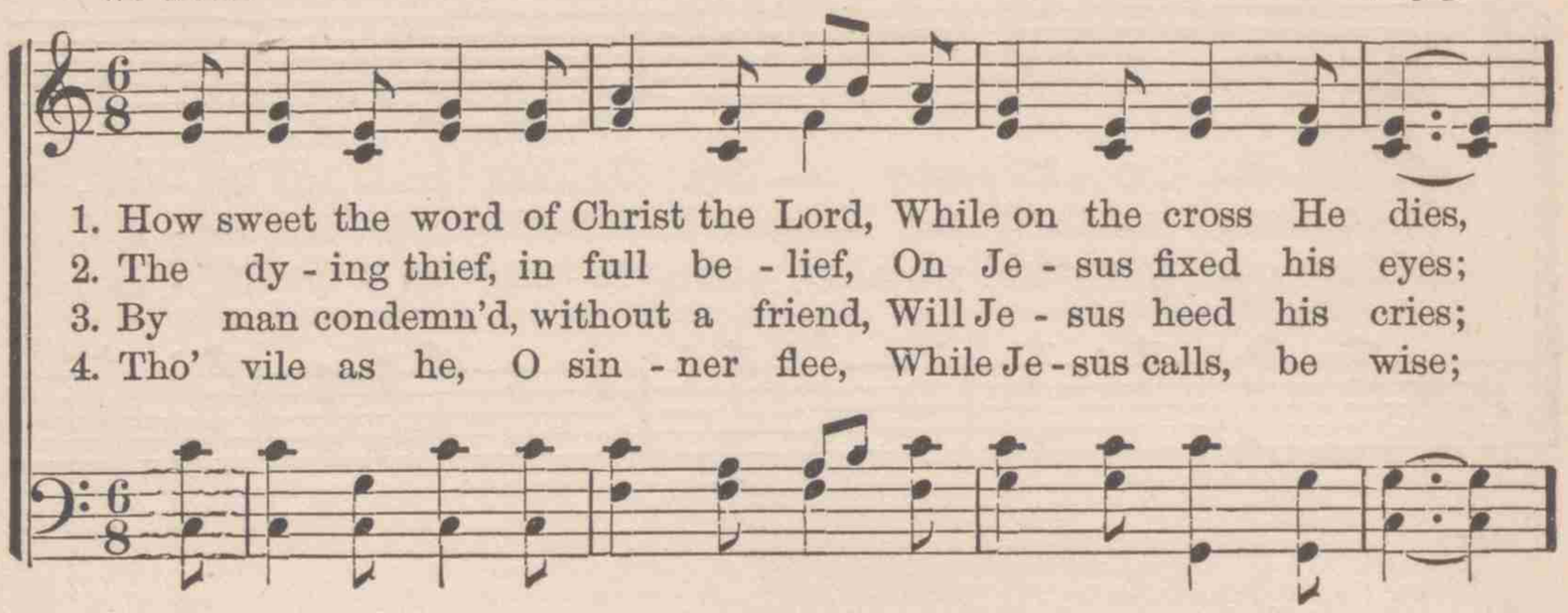


Name with ev - ery blessing rife, Be our joy and hope thro' life,
Till the spir - it taught us how, 'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,
When from sin and sor - row free, On thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,

Be our strength in ev - ery strife, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
And we fain would fol - low now, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
This our theme and song shall be, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.

## No. 287. Paradise. (G. H. 3–66.)

"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."—LUKE 23 : 43.

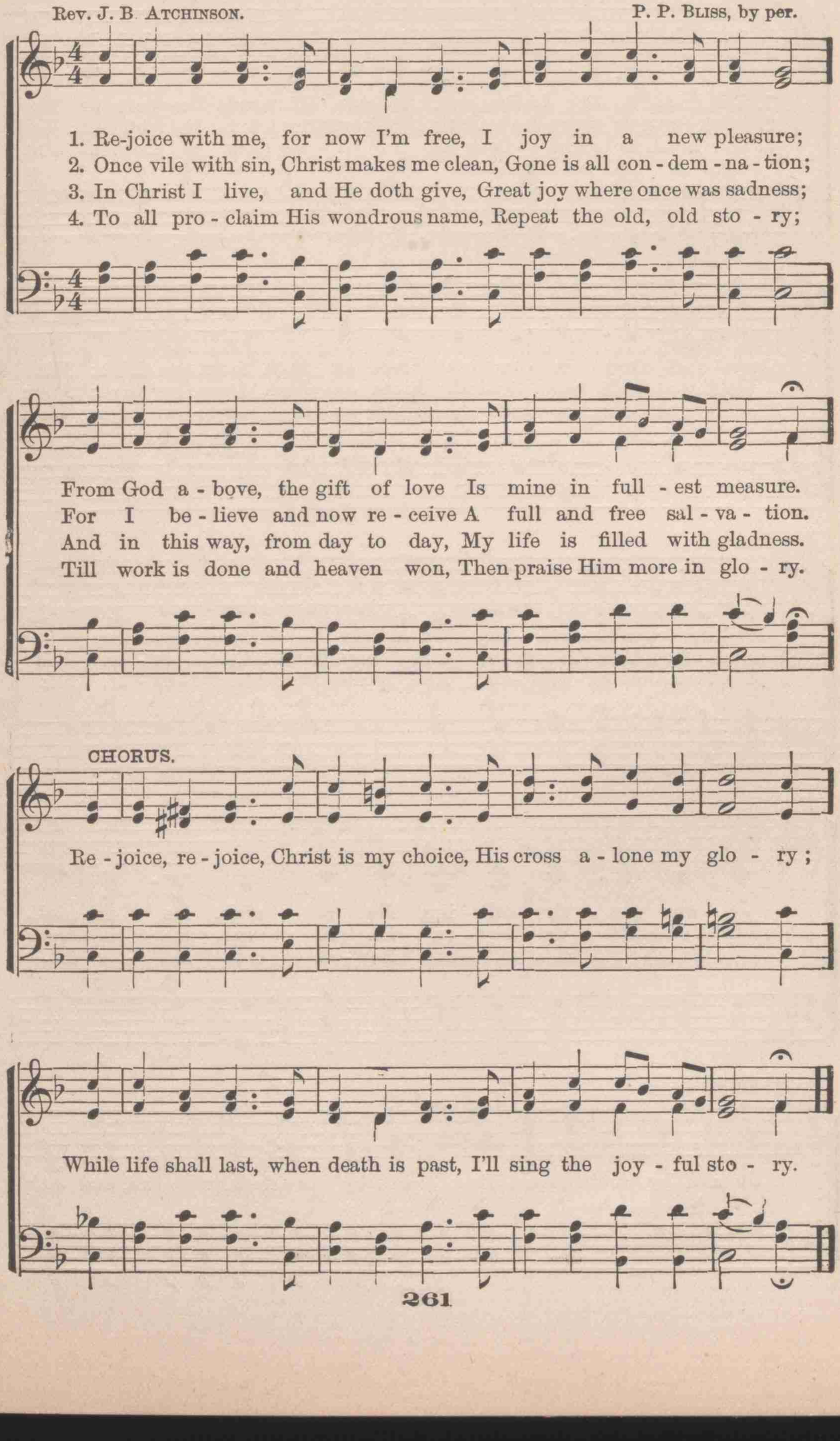
W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



## No. 288. Rejoice with Me. (G. H. 3–67.)

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—PHIL. 4: 4.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. P. P. BLISS, by per.



## No. 289. Triumph By and By. (G. H. 3–68.)

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

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win, His words im-plore us, The eye of God is o'er us From on high, from on high; His lov-ing tones are call-ing While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing, 'Tis Je-sus gen-tly call-ing, He is nigh, He is nigh.

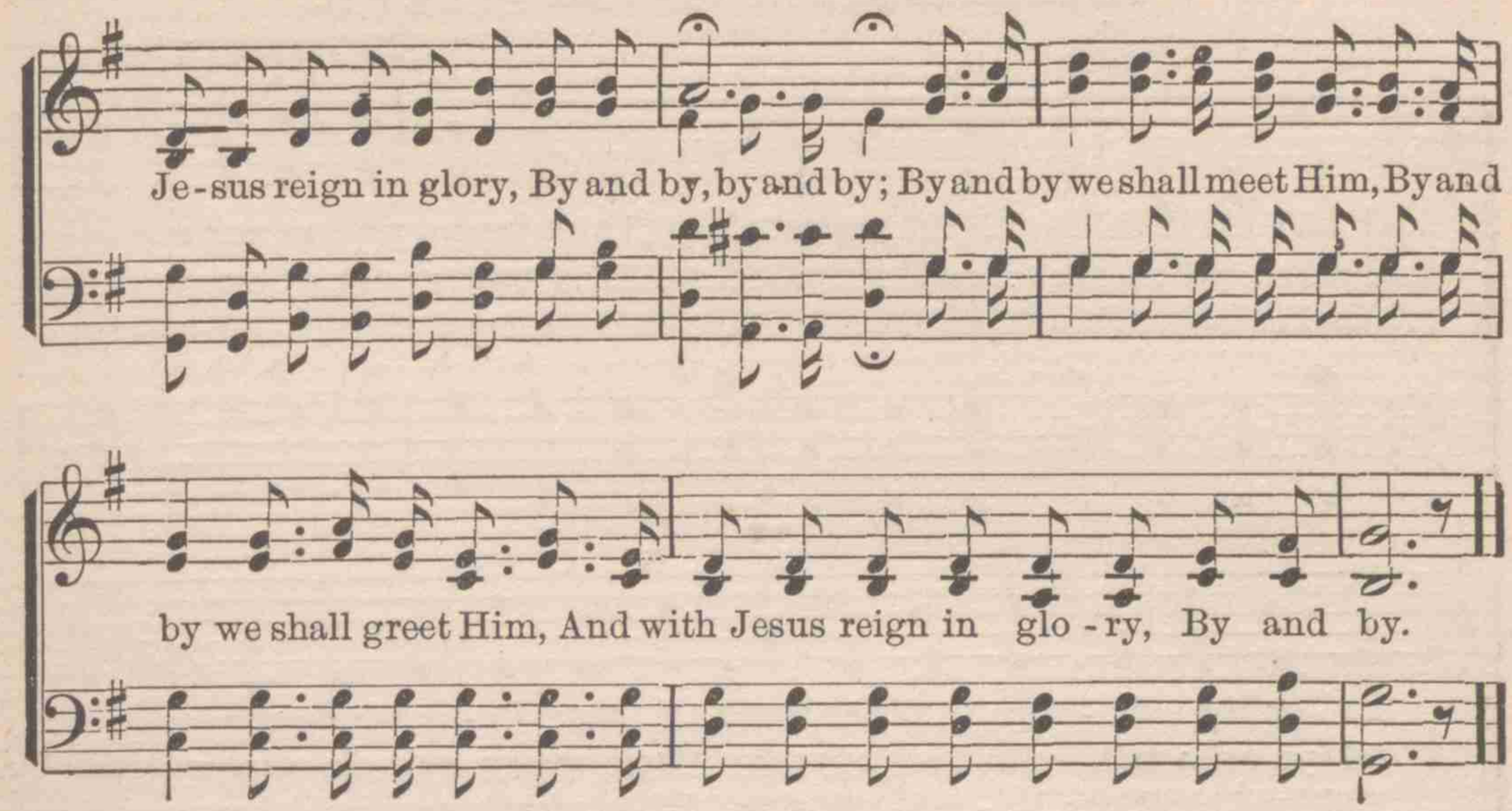
2. We'll fol-low where He leadeth, We'll pasture where He feed-eth, We'll yield to Him who pleadeth From on high, from on high; Then naught from Him shall sev-er, Our hope shall brighten ev-er, And faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh, He is nigh.

3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als dark to move us, But Je-sus dear to love us There on high, there on high; We'll give Him best en-deav-or, And praise His name for-ev-er, His precious words can nev-er, Nev-er die, nev-er die.

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with

## Triumph By and By—Concluded.

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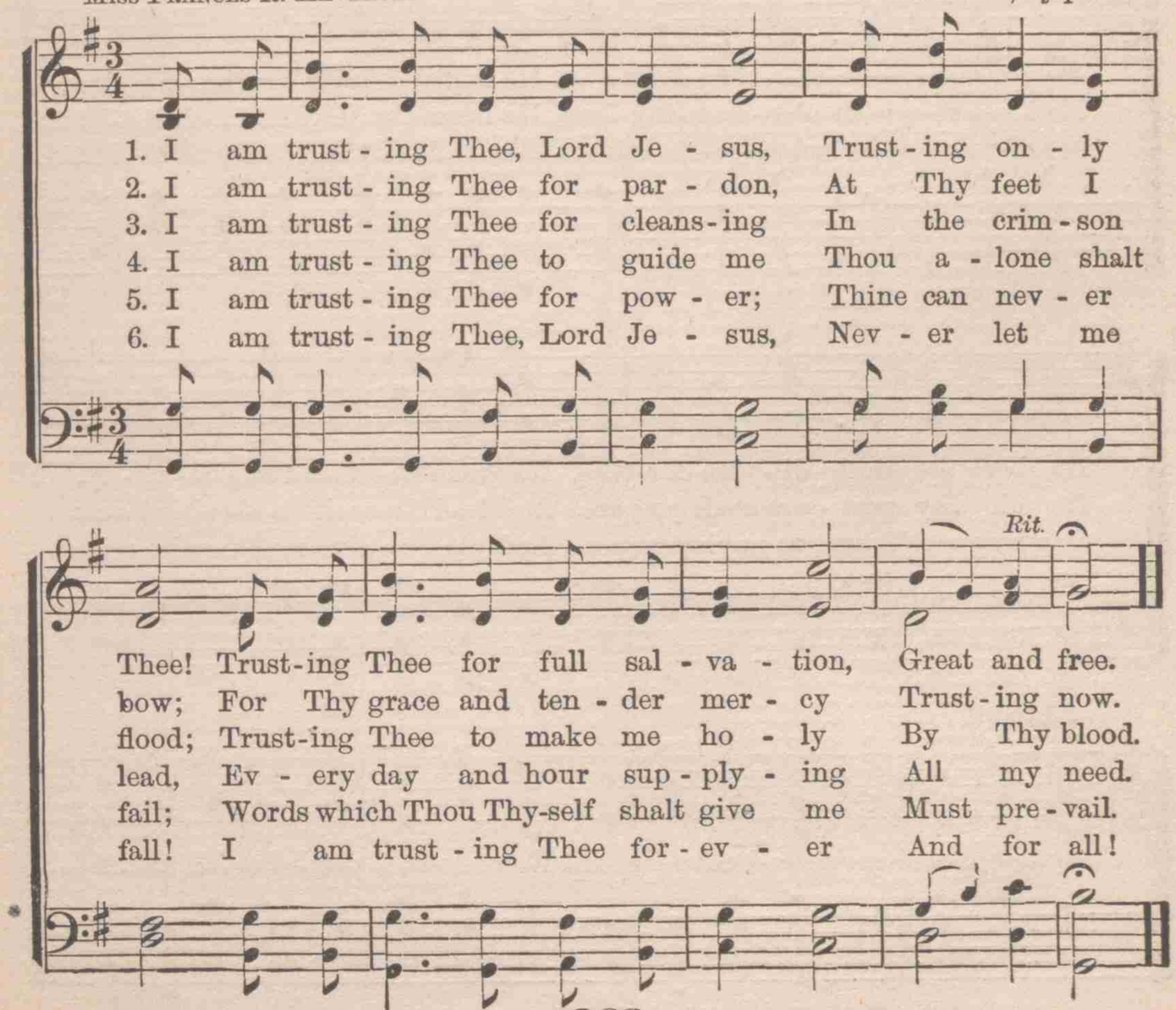
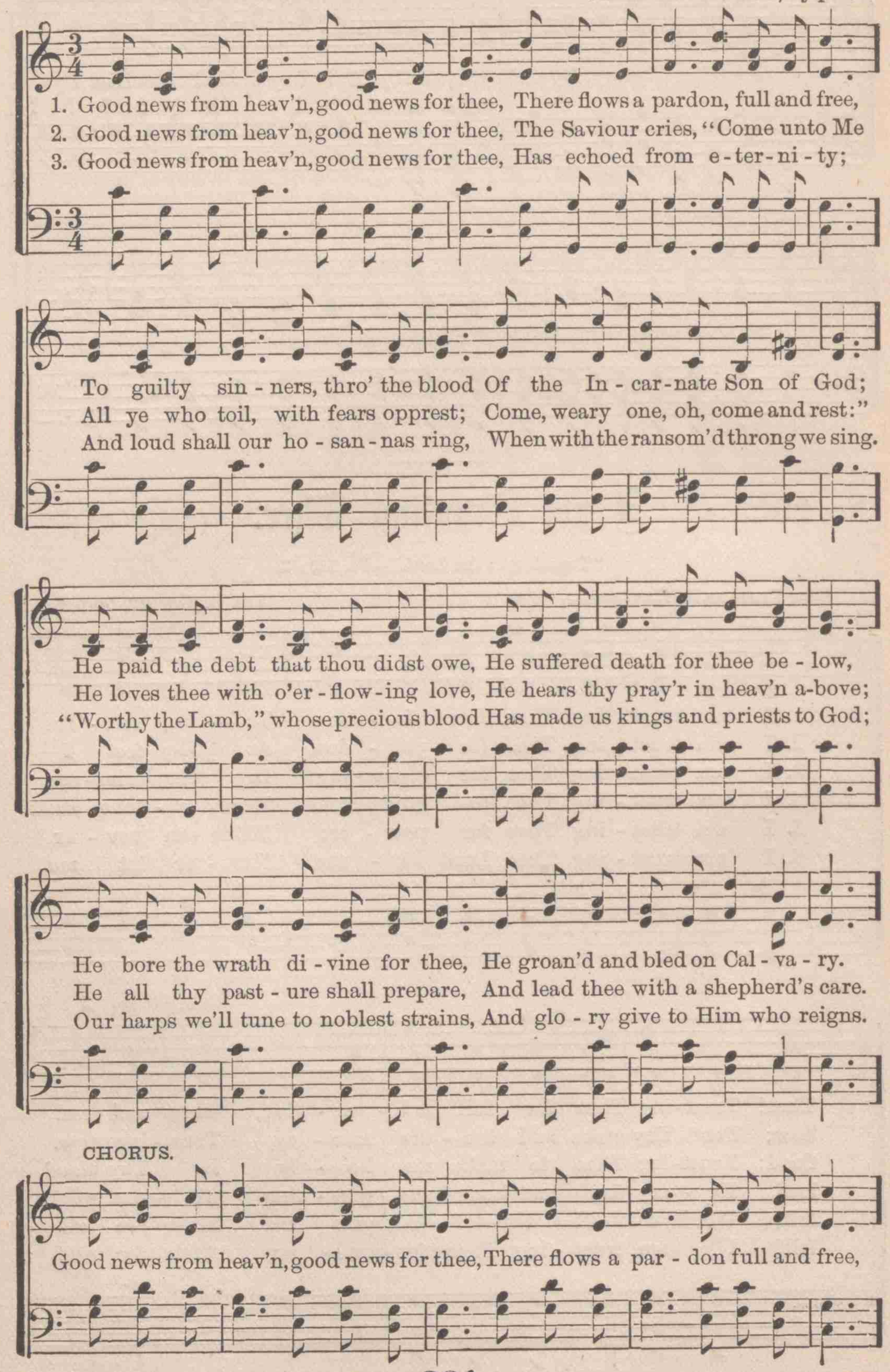
## No. 290. I am Trusting Thee. (G. H. 3–69.)

"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112: 7.

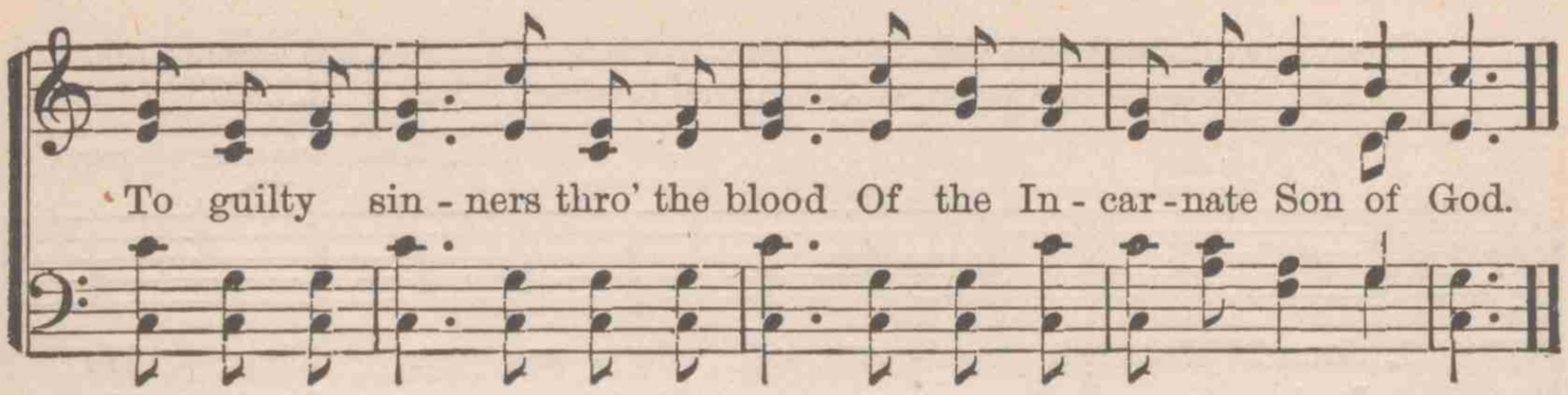
Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

## No. 291. Good News. (G. H. 3–70.)

"The glorious gospel of the blessed God."—1 Tim. 1: 11.

James McGranahan, by per.



## Good News.—Concluded.

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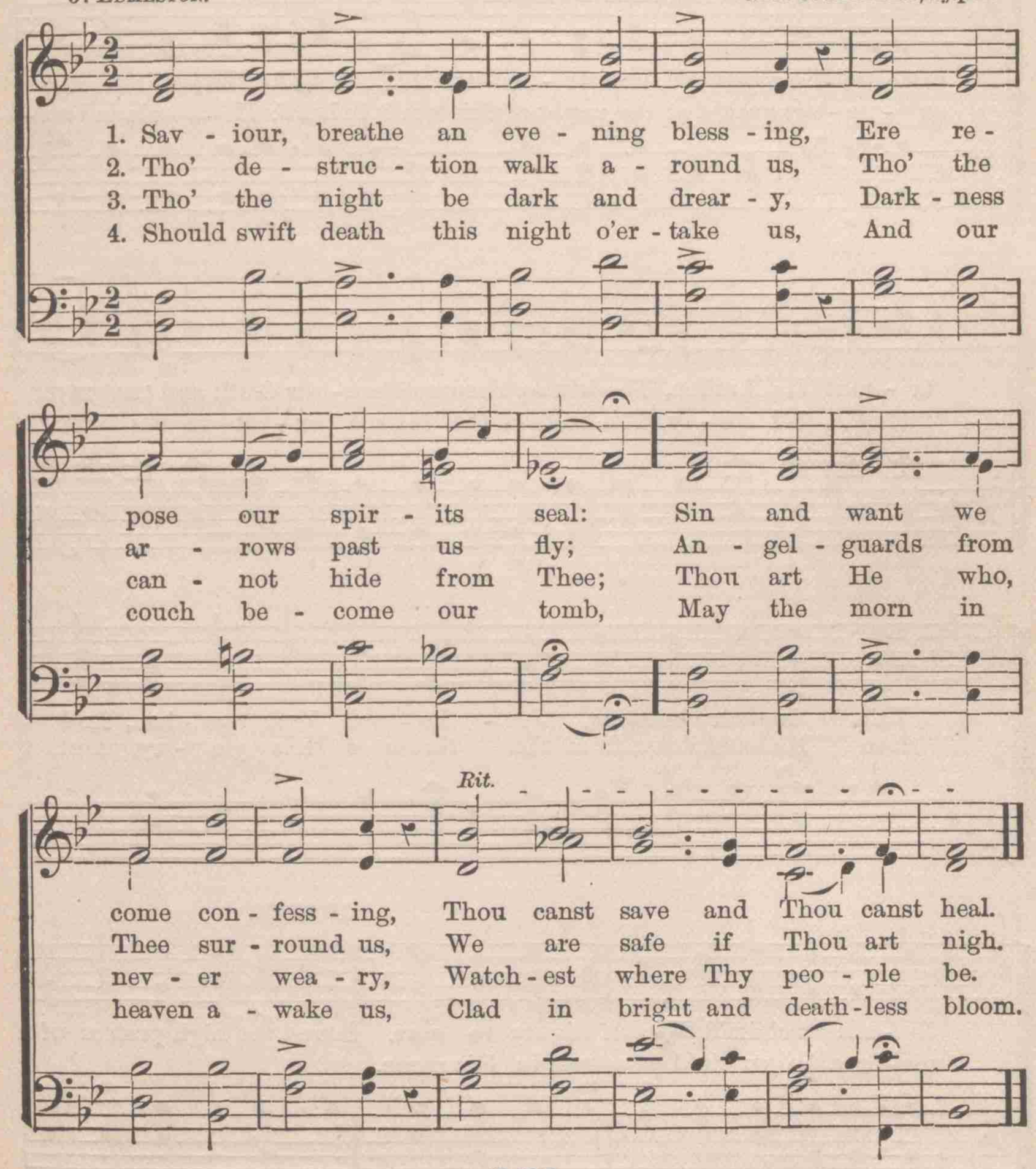
## No. 292. Evening Prayer. (G. H. 3–71.)

"Bless me—O my Father."—GEN. 27: 38.

J. EDMESTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



## No. 293. Sound the High Praises. (G. H. 3–72.)

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—REV. 5: 12.

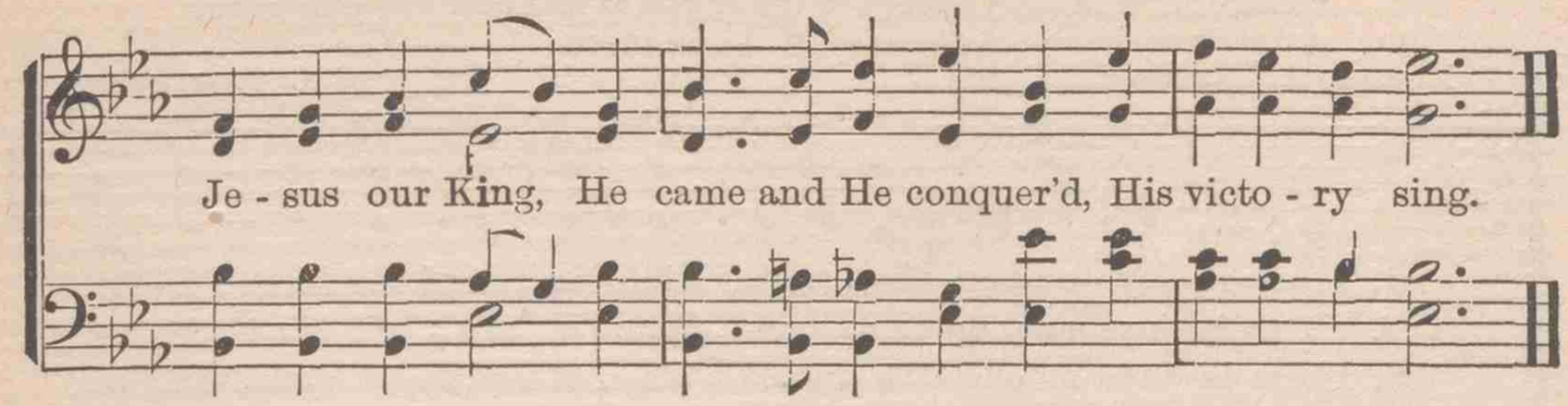
JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Sound the high prais - es of Je - sus our King, He came and He conquer'd, His vic - to - ry sing; Sing for the pow'r of the ty - rant is broken, The triumph's complete o - ver death and the grave; Vain is their boasting, Je - ho - vah hath spo - ken, And
2. Praise to the con - quer - er! Praise to the Lord, The en - e - my quail'd at the might of His word; In heav'n He ascends and un - folds the glad sto - ry, The hosts of the blessed ex - ult in His fame: In love He looks down from the throne of His glo - ry, And

CHORUS.

Je - sus proclaim'd Himself mighty to save. Sound the high praises of
res - cues the ru - in'd who trust in His name.

## Sound the High Praises.—Concluded.

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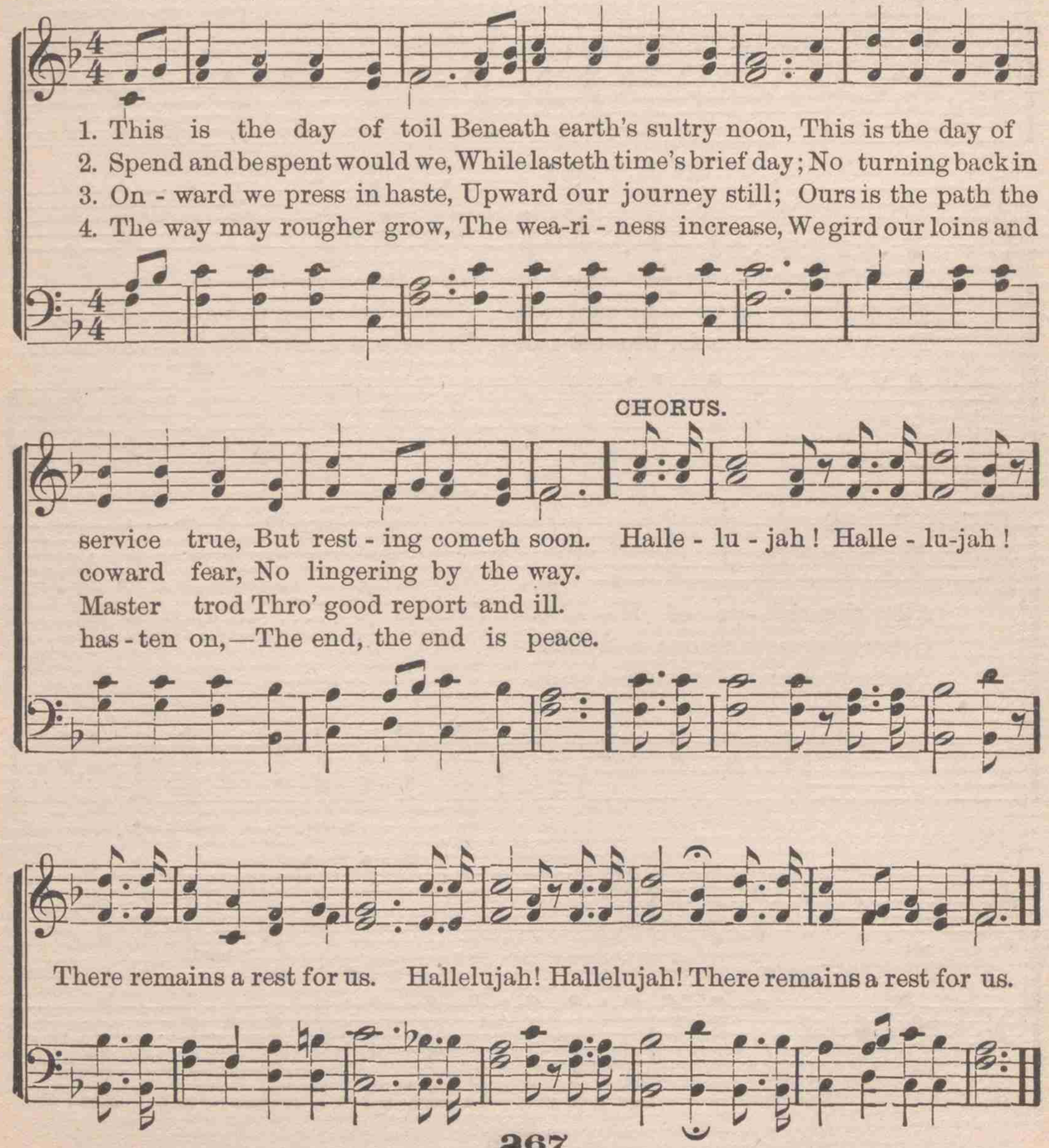
## No. 294. Pressing On. (G. H. 3–73.)

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—Heb. 4: 9.

Horatius Bonar, D. D. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.



# No. 295. There is Joy among the Angels. (G.H.3-74.)

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15: 10.

EDWARD A. BARNES. C. C. CASE, by per.

1. There is joy among the angels, Sing-ing round the throne a - bove,
2. There is joy among the angels, When a sin - ner heeds the call;
3. There is joy among the angels, When His cause is speed-ing on;

When re-pentant tears are flowing, While the ris - en Lord is showing
When he turns to Christ believing, And from Him is love re-ceiv-ing,
When the notes of praise are ringing, That the gos - pel work is bringing,

All the rich - es of His love, All the rich - es of His love,
Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that saves us one and all,
Pre - cious sheaves for harvest morn, Pre - cious sheaves for har - vest morn,

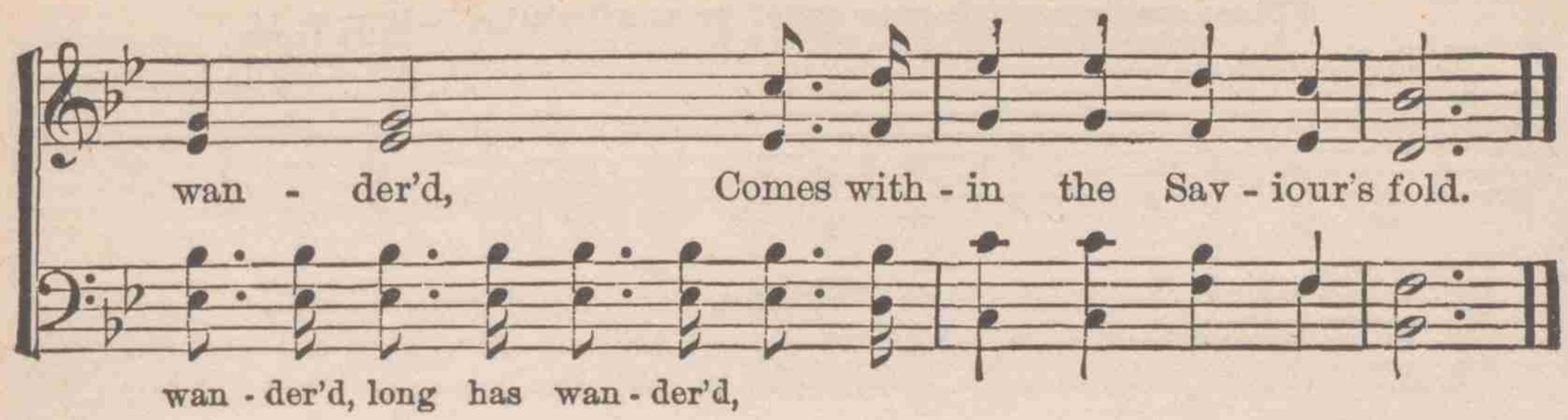
CHORUS.

All the rich - es of His love. There is joy,.... oh there is joy,
Grace that saves us one and all.
Precious sheaves for harvest morn.

glad joy, there is joy, glad joy,

Joy that never can be told, When a soul.... that long has

nev - er can be told, When a soul that long has

## There is Joy.—Concluded.

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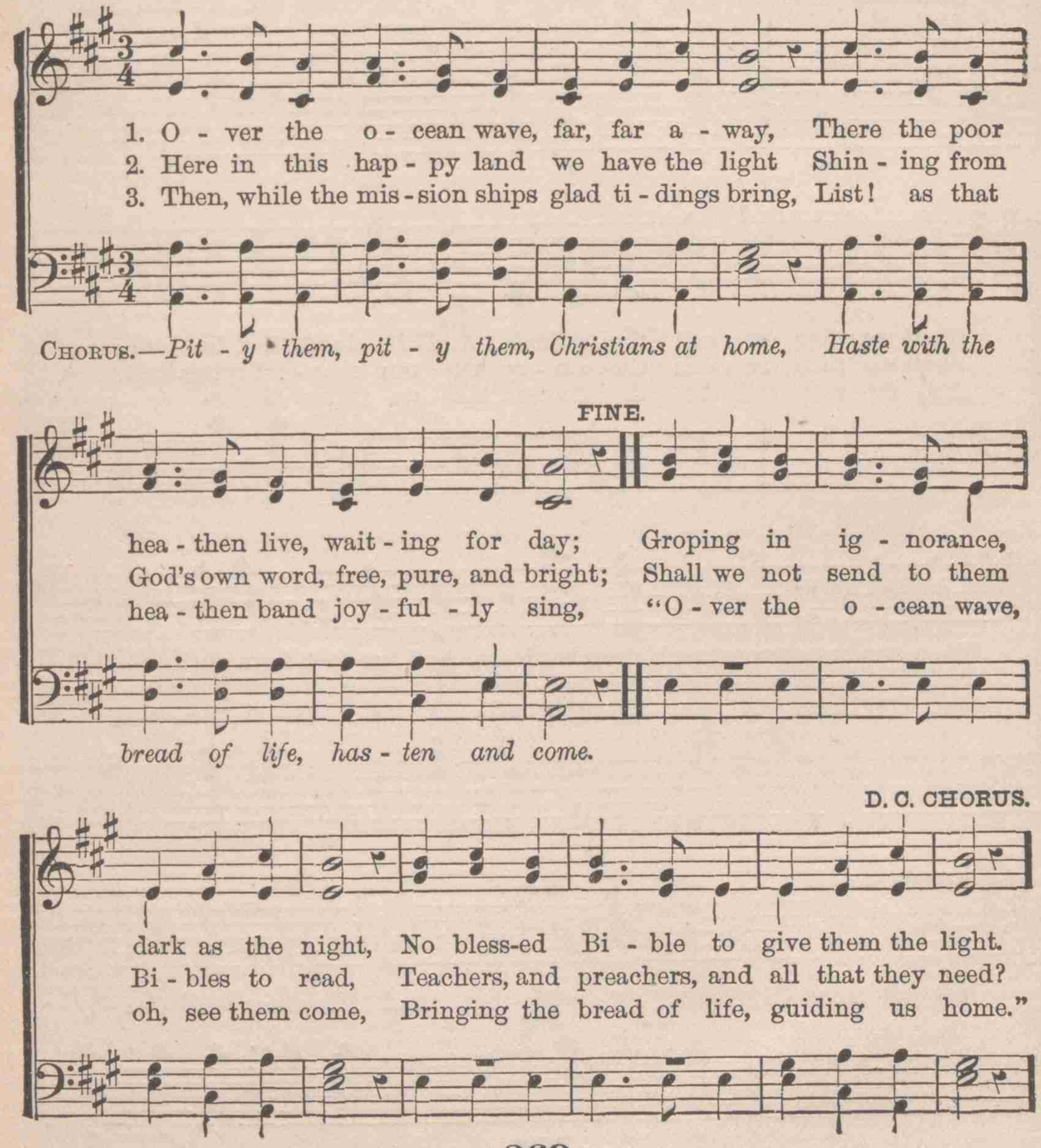
## No. 296. Over the Ocean Wave. (G. H. 3–75.)

"I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."—Ps. 2: 8.

ANON. (MISSIONARY.) WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



## No. 297. Memories of Earth. (G. H. 3–76.)

"These are they which came out of great tribulation"—Rev. 7: 14.

W. P. Mackay, M. D. James. McGranahan, by per.

1. When we reach our Father's dwelling, On the Strong e - ter - nal hills,
2. When the paths of pray'r and du - ty, And af - flic - tion all are trod,
3. All the way by which He brought us, All the grievings that He bore,

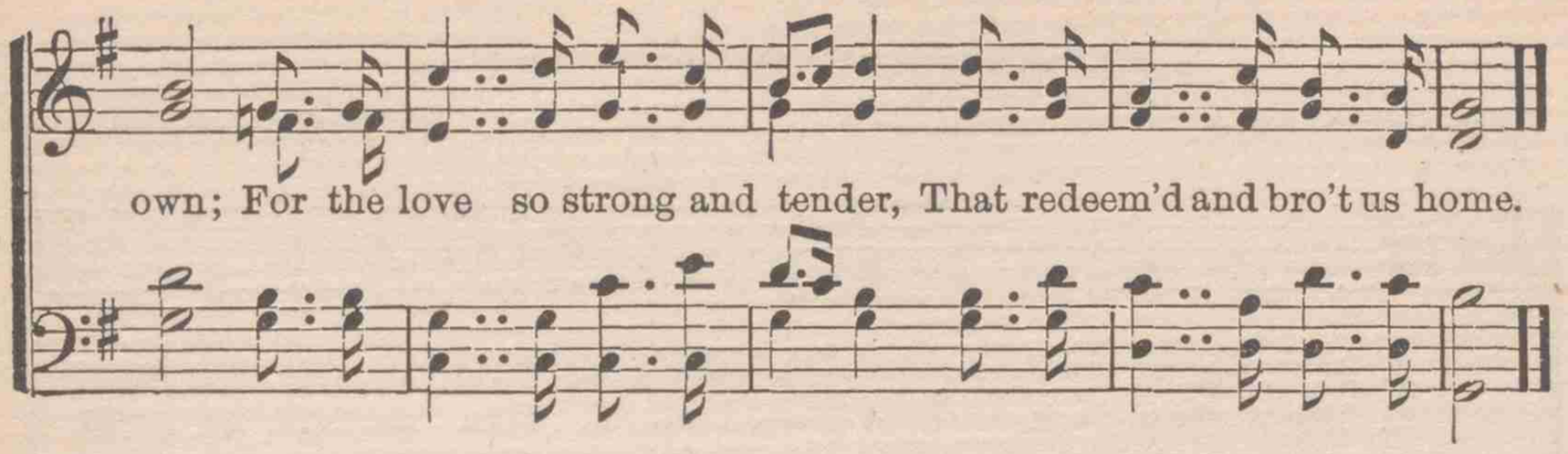
And our praise to Him is swelling Who the vast cre - a - tion fills,
And we wake and see the beau - ty Of our Sav - iour and our God,
All the pa - tient love that taught us, We'll re - mem - ber ev - er - more.

Shall we then re - call the sadness, And the clouds that hung so dim,
Shall we then re - call the sto - ry Of our mor - tal griefs and tears,
And His rest will be the dear-er, As we think of wea - ry ways,

When our hearts were turn'd from hardness, And our feet from paths of sin?
When on earth we sought the glo - ry Wrestling oft with doubts and fears?
And His light will be the clear - er As we muse on cloudy days.

CHORUS.

Yes we sure - ly shall re - mem - ber, And His grace we'll free - ly

# Memories of Earth.—Concluded.

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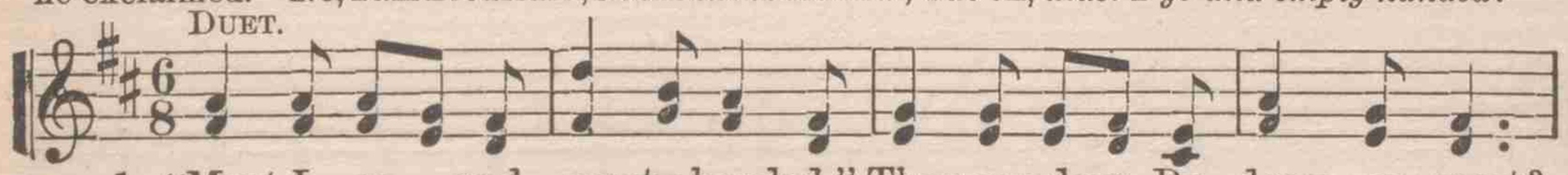
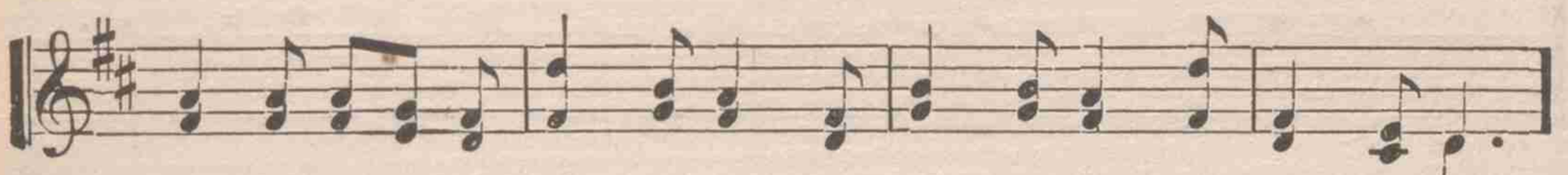
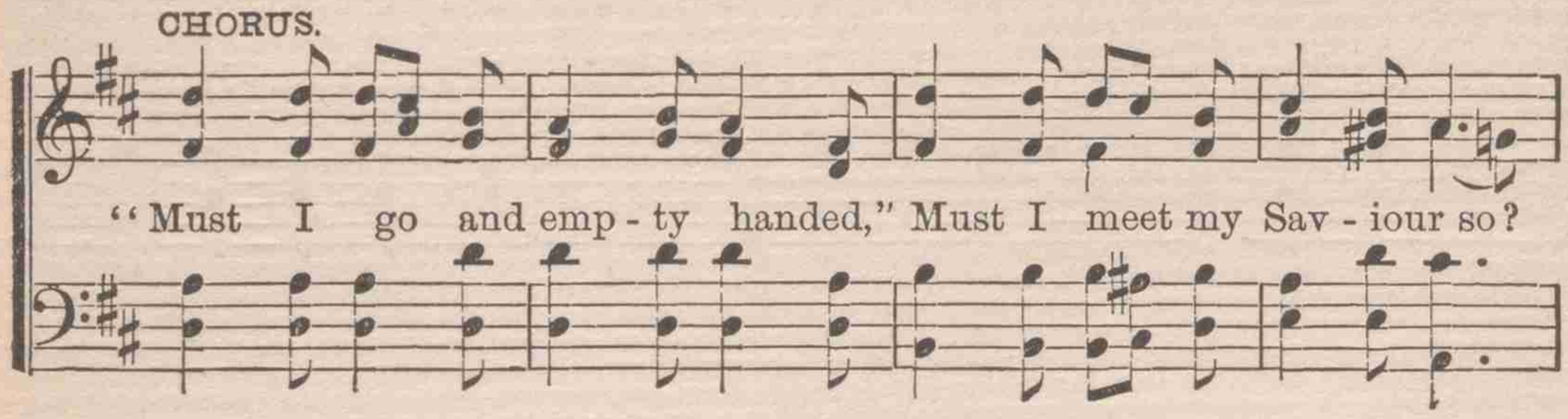
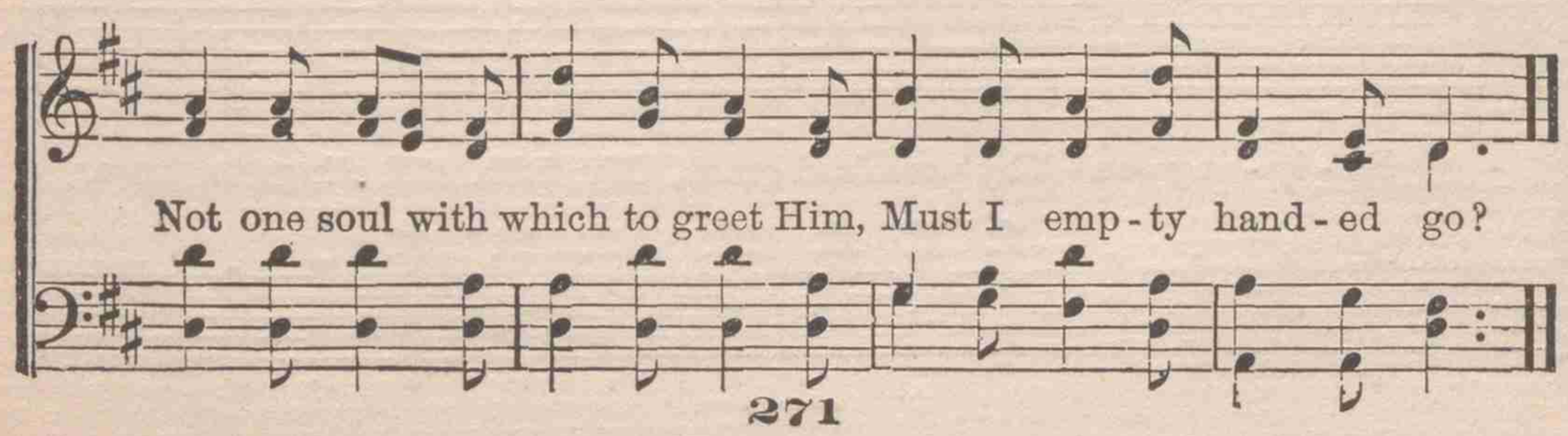
## No. 298. Must I Go and Empty Handed? (G.H.3–77.)

C. C. Luther. (Dan. 12: 3.) Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly 30 years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed. "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go and empty handed?*"

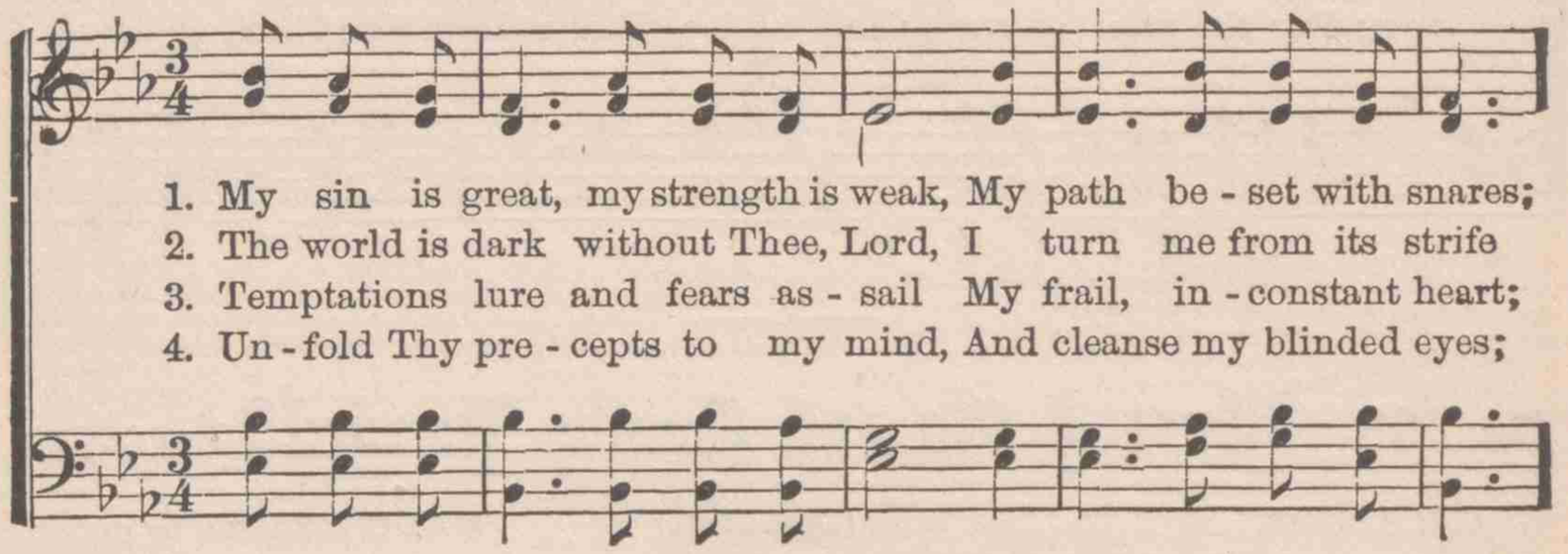


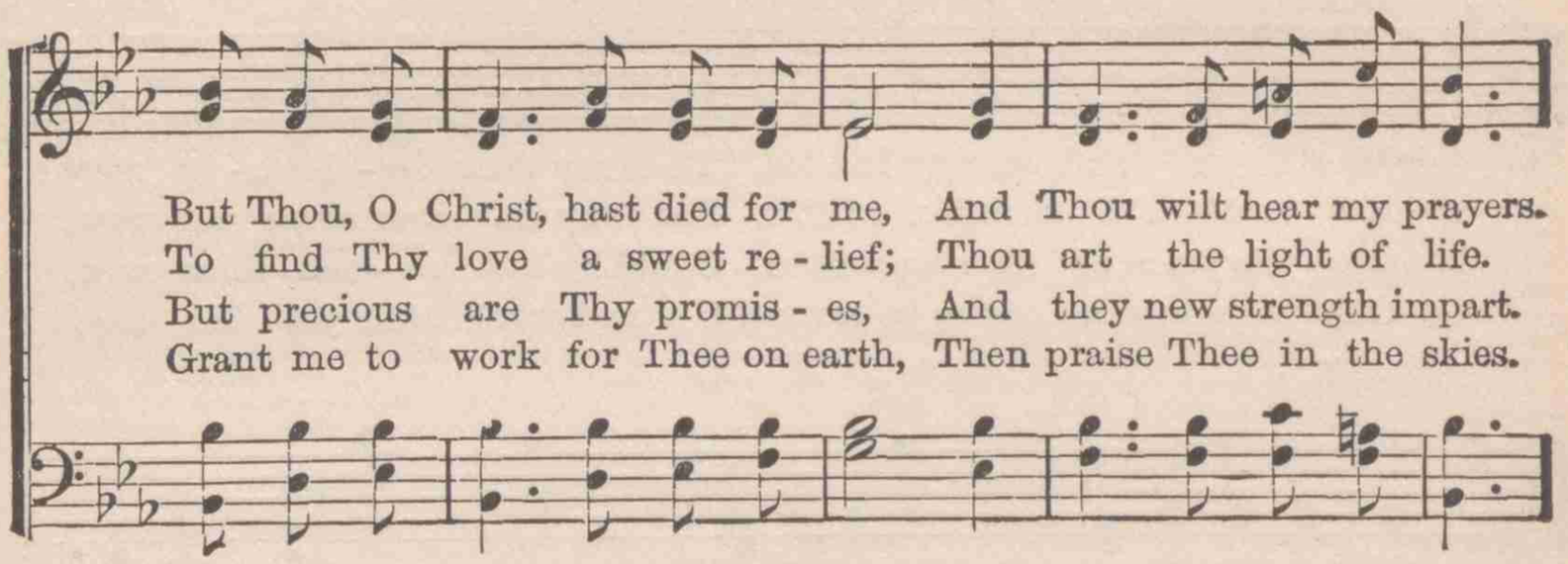
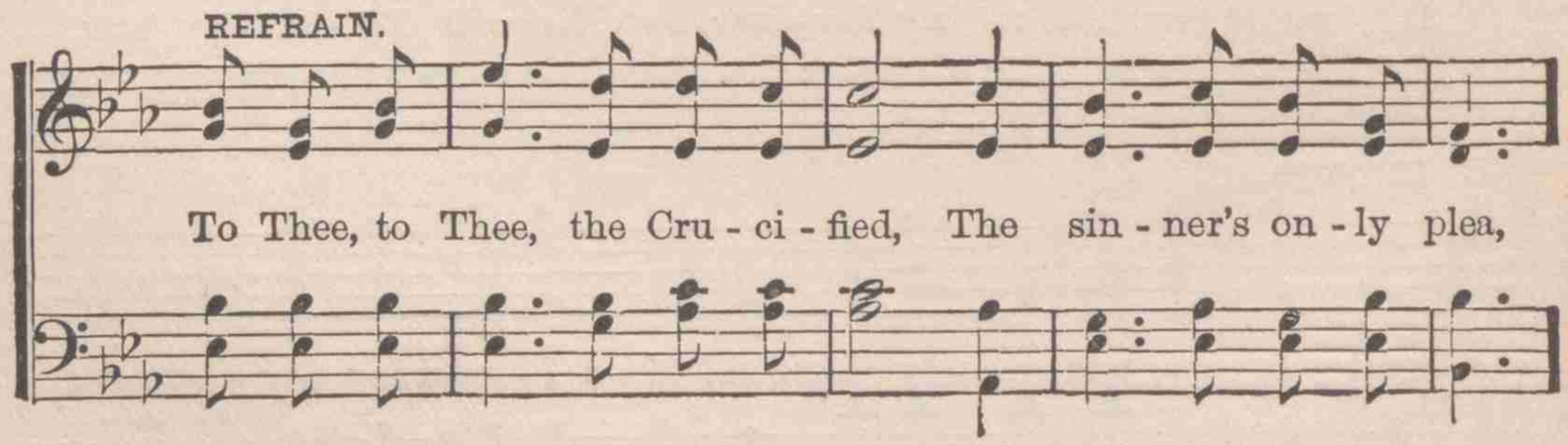

1. "Must I go and empty handed," Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor falter, For my Sav - iour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sinning wasted, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a - rouse, be earnest, Up and work while yet 'tis day,

Not one day of ser - vice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet.
But to meet Him emp - ty hand-ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav - iour, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er-takes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.



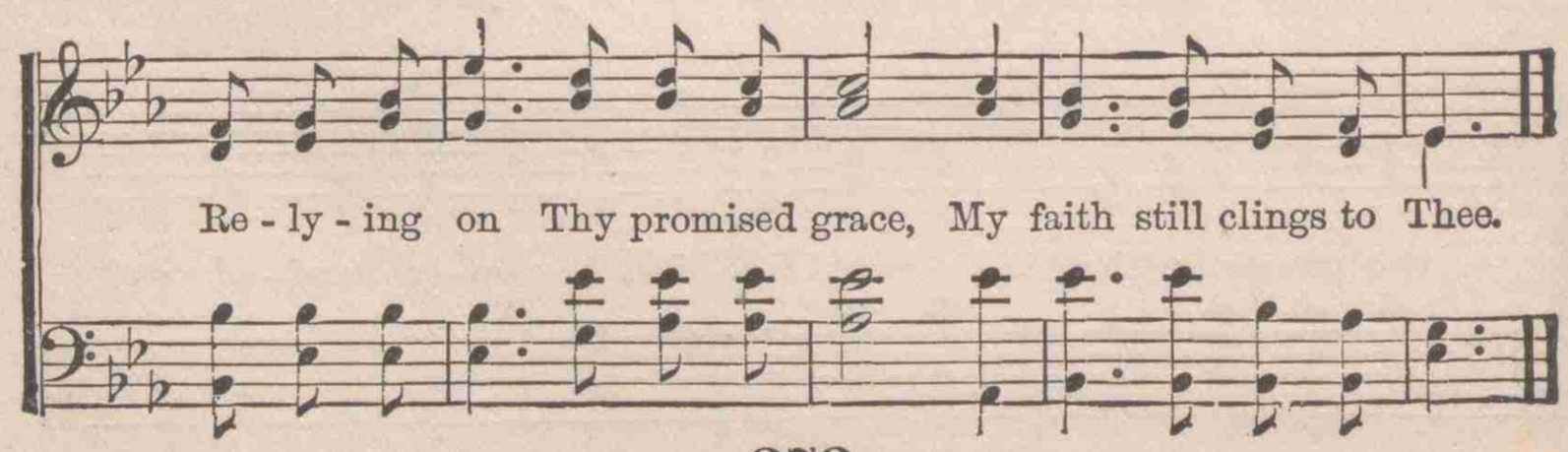
## No. 299. My Faith still Clings. (G. H. 3–78.)

"Watch, stand fast in the faith."—ROM. 14 : 1.

Rev. H. F. COLBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

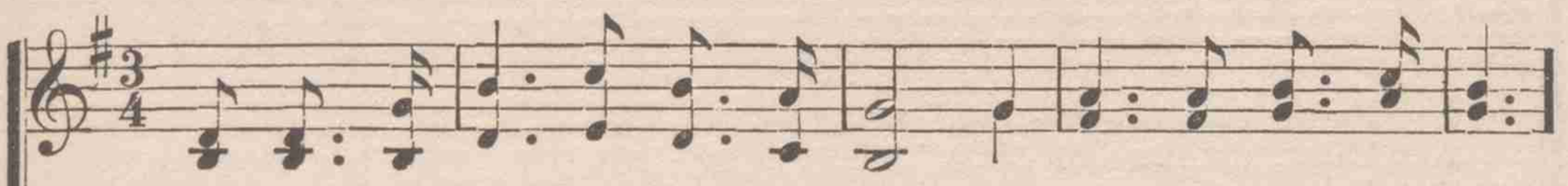
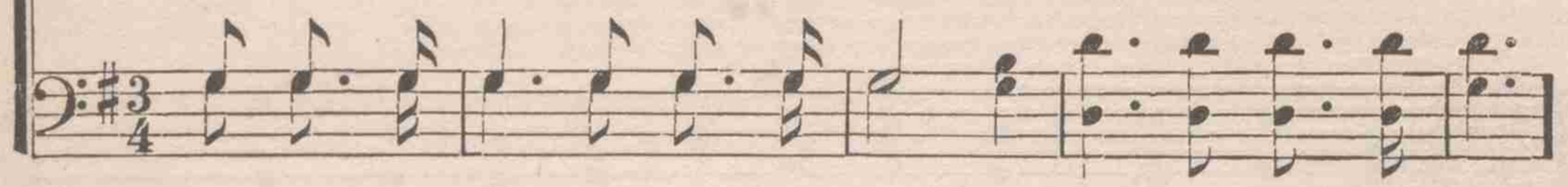
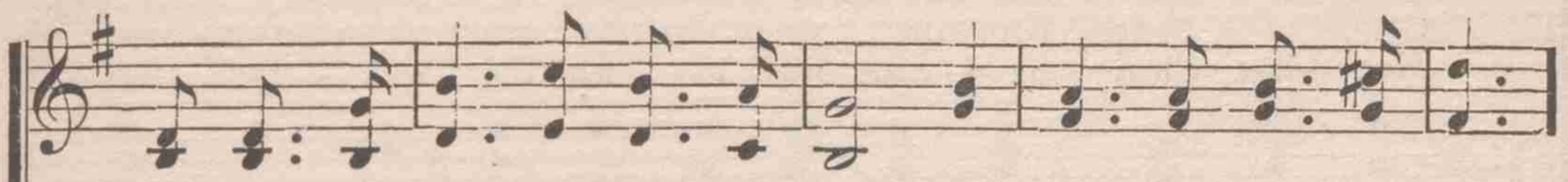
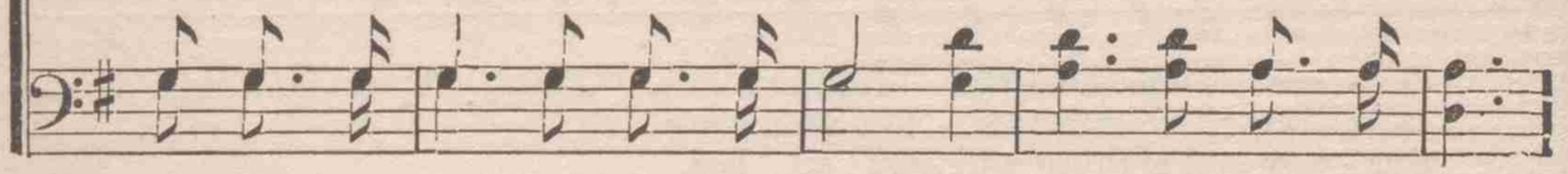


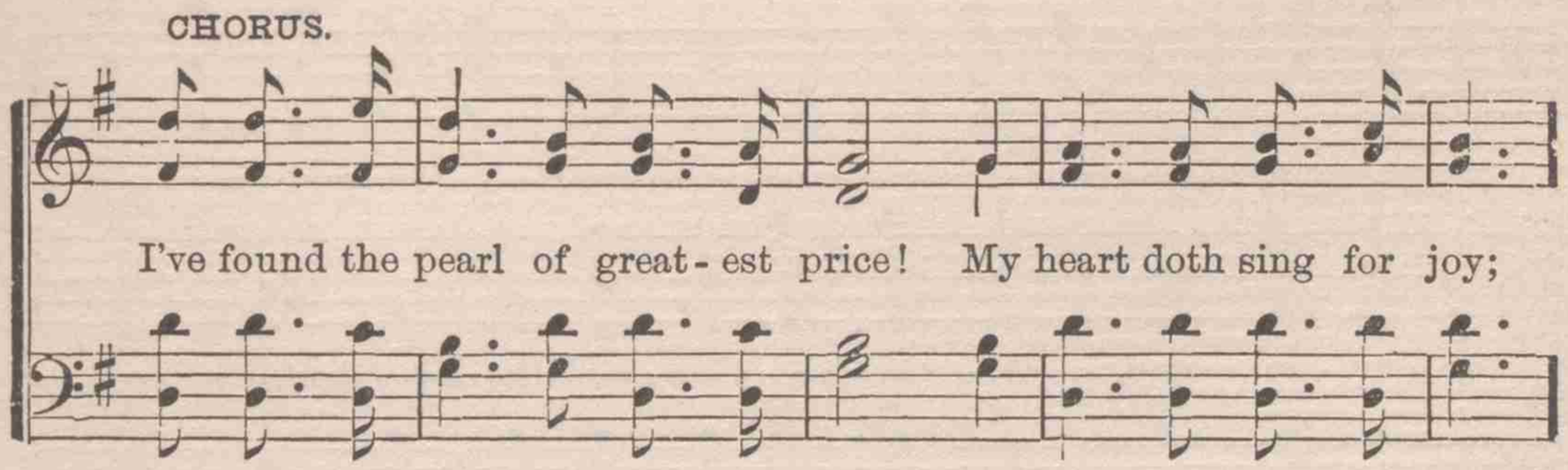



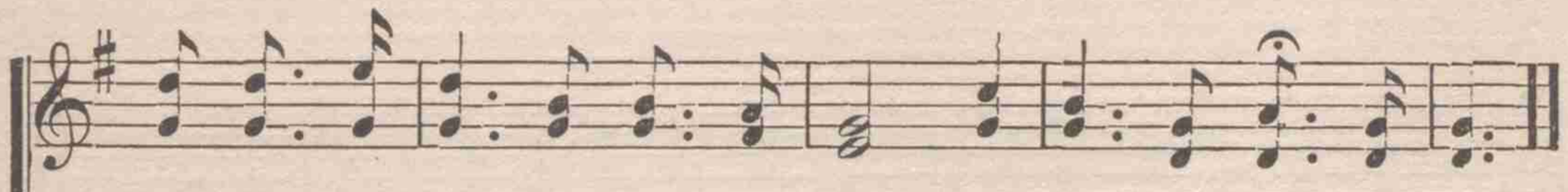
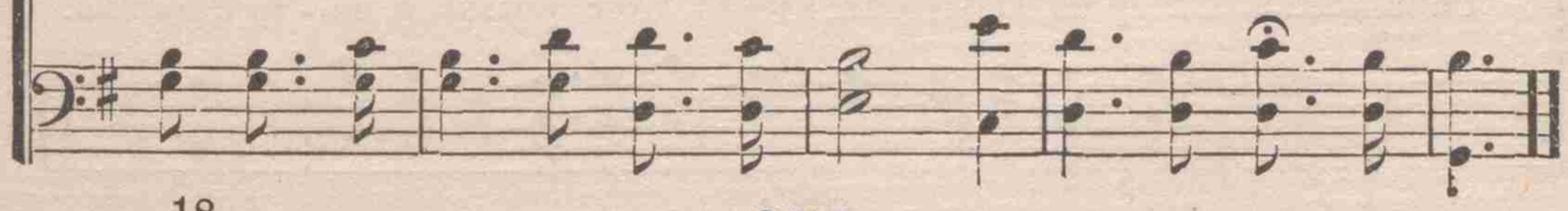


## No. 300. The Pearl of Greatest Price. (G. H. 3–79.)

"One pearl of great price."—MATT. 13: 46.

Rev. JOHN MASON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. I've found the pearl of great - est price! My heart doth sing for joy;
2. Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King; My Prophet full of light,
3. For He in - deed is Lord of lords, And He the King of kings;
4. Christ is my peace; He died for me, For me He shed His blood;
5. Christ Je - sus is my all in all, My com-fort and my love;

And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song em - ploy.
My great High Priest be - fore the throne, My King of heavenly might.
He is the Sun of Righteousness, With heal - ing in His wings.
And as my wond'rous Sac - ri - fice, Of - fered Him-self to God.
My life be - low, and He shall be My joy and crown a - bove.

CHORUS.



I've found the pearl of great - est price! My heart doth sing for joy;

And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song em - ploy.

## No. 301. Faint, yet Pursuing. (G. H. 3–80.)

(JUDGES 8 : 4).

Mrs. W. R. GRISWOLD. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. "Faint, yet pur - su - ing," we press our way Up to the glo - ri - ous
2. "Faint, yet pur - su - ing," whate'er be - fall, He who has died for us,
3. "Faint, yet pur - su - ing," till e - ven - tide, Un - der the cross of the
4. "Faint, yet pur - su - ing," the eye a - far Sees thro' the darkness the

gates of day; Fol - low - ing Him who has gone be - fore,
died for all; So should they come, as a might - y throng.
Cru - ci - fied; Knowing, when dark - ly are skies o'er - cast,
Morn - ing Star, Shed - ding its ray for the wea - ry feet,

CHORUS.

O - ver the path to the brighter shore. "Faint, yet pur - su - ing," from
Bear - ing His banner a - loft with song.
Sor - row and sighing will end at last.
Keeping the way, to the gold - en street.

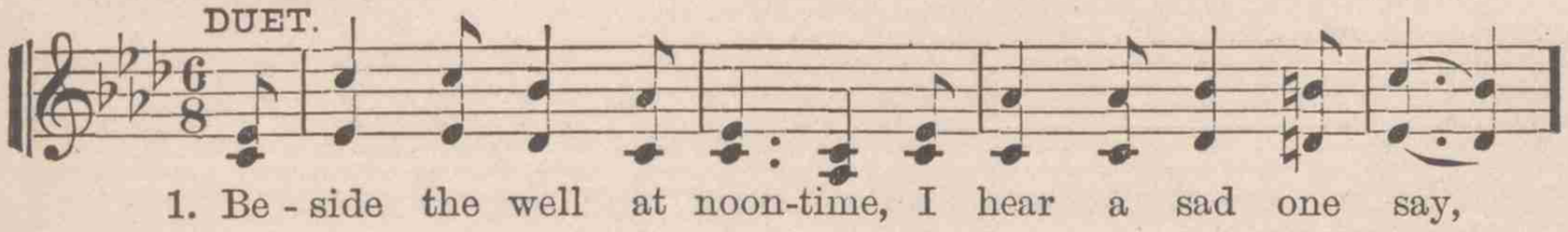
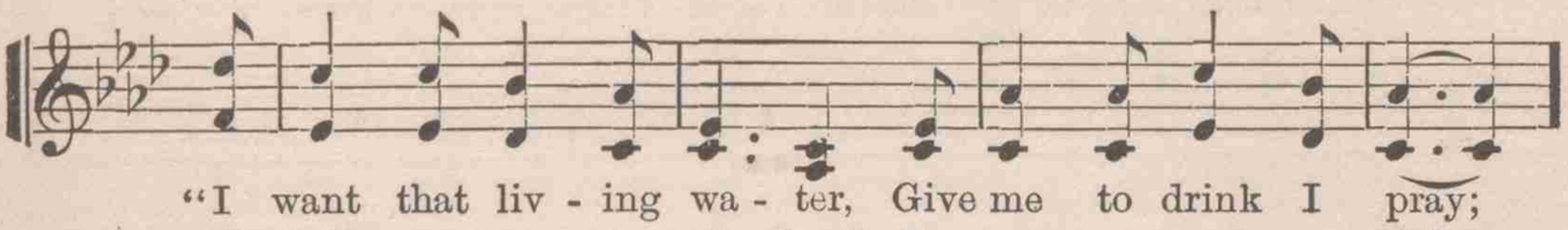
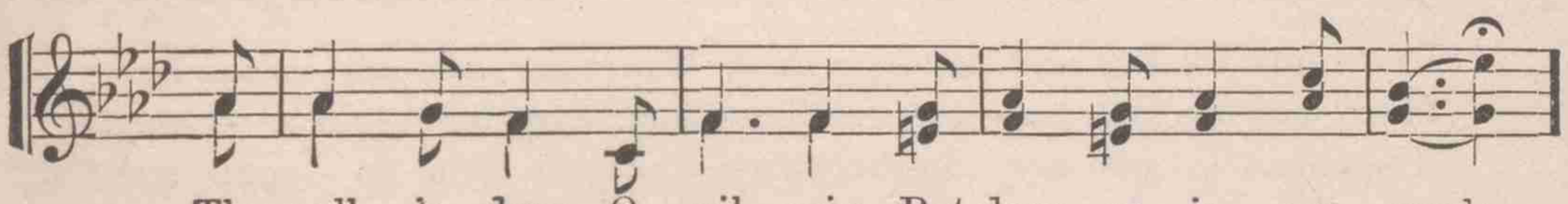
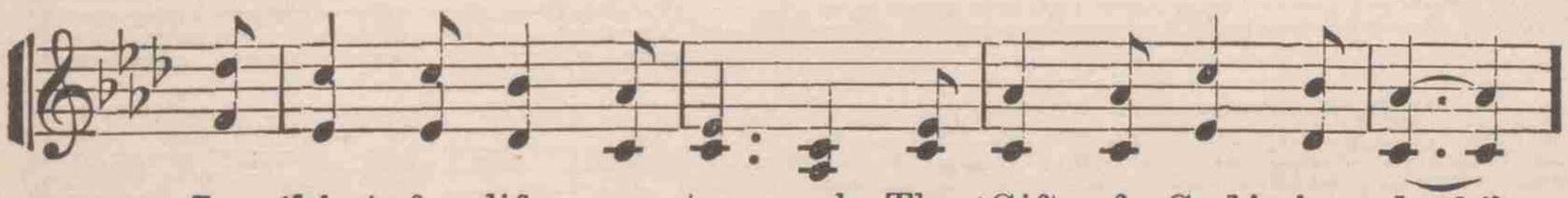
day to day, O - ver the sure and the blood-marked way;

Strengthen and keep us, O Saviour, Friend, Ever pursuing, un - to life's end.

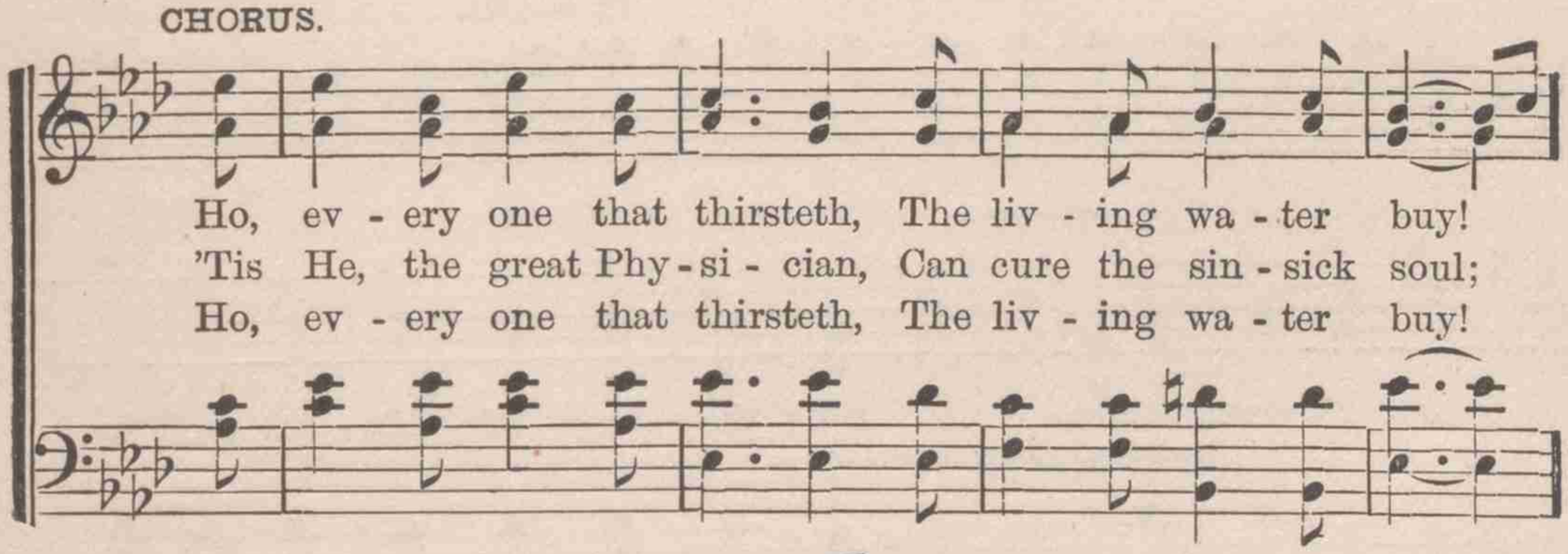
## No. 302. Ho, every One that Thirsteth. (G. H. 3–81.)

"Come ye, buy and eat."—Isa. 55: 1.

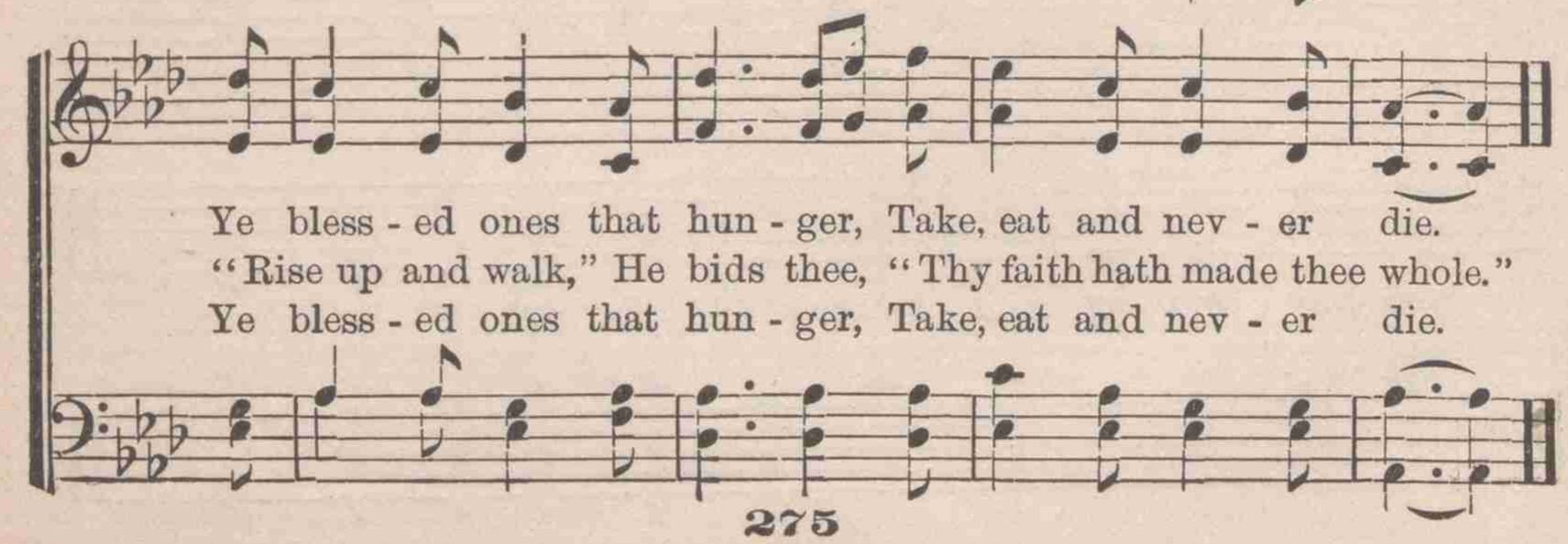
ANON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

DUET.

1. Be - side the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say,
2. Be - side the pool Be - thes - da, I hear a mournful cry;
3. While seat-ed on the hill - side, The hun-gry ones were fed

"I want that liv - ing wa - ter, Give me to drink I pray;
"No help, no hope is of - fered To one so weak as I;"
By Him who said most tru - ly, "I am the liv - ing bread;"

The well is deep, O pil - grim, But deep - er is my need;
Oh, cease thy sad com - plaining, The gos - pel gives thee cheer;
'Tis He, the heavenly man - na, Who doth our souls re - store;

I thirst for life e - ter - nal, The 'Gift of God' in - deed."
Come to the house of mer - cy, For Christ the pool is here.
By faith of Him par - tak - ing We live for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



Ho, ev - ery one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!
'Tis He, the great Phy - si - cian, Can cure the sin - sick soul;
Ho, ev - ery one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!



Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.
"Rise up and walk," He bids thee, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.

## No. 303. On Jordan's Stormy Banks. (G. H. 3–82.)

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33: 17.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. T. C. O'Kane, by per.

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

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

CHORUS.

We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, Just a - cross on the by and by,

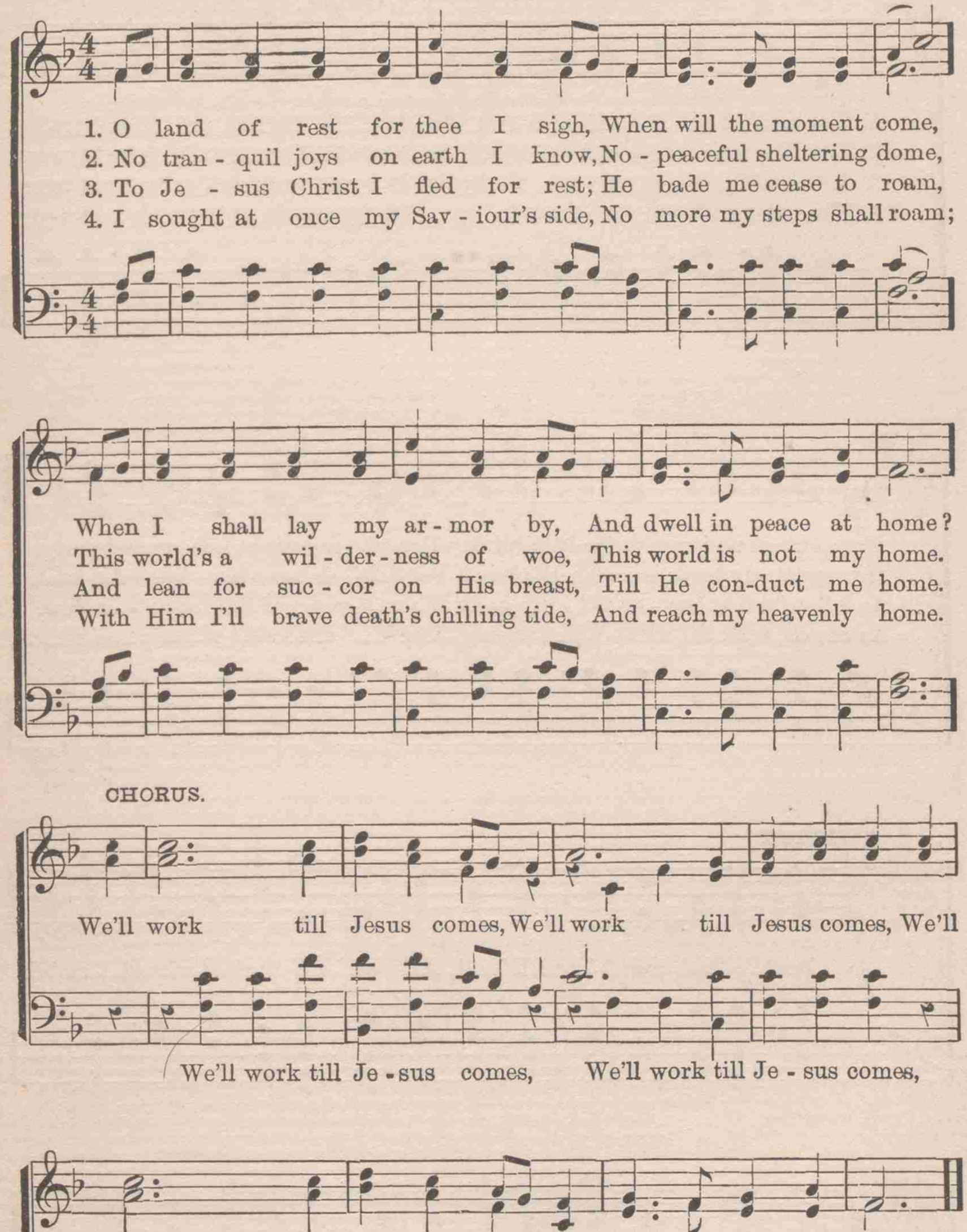
ev - er - green shore, . . . . . Sing the song of Mo - ses and the ev - er - green shore,

Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.

## No. 304. We'll Work till Jesus comes. (G. H. 3–83.)

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—JER. 31 : 16.

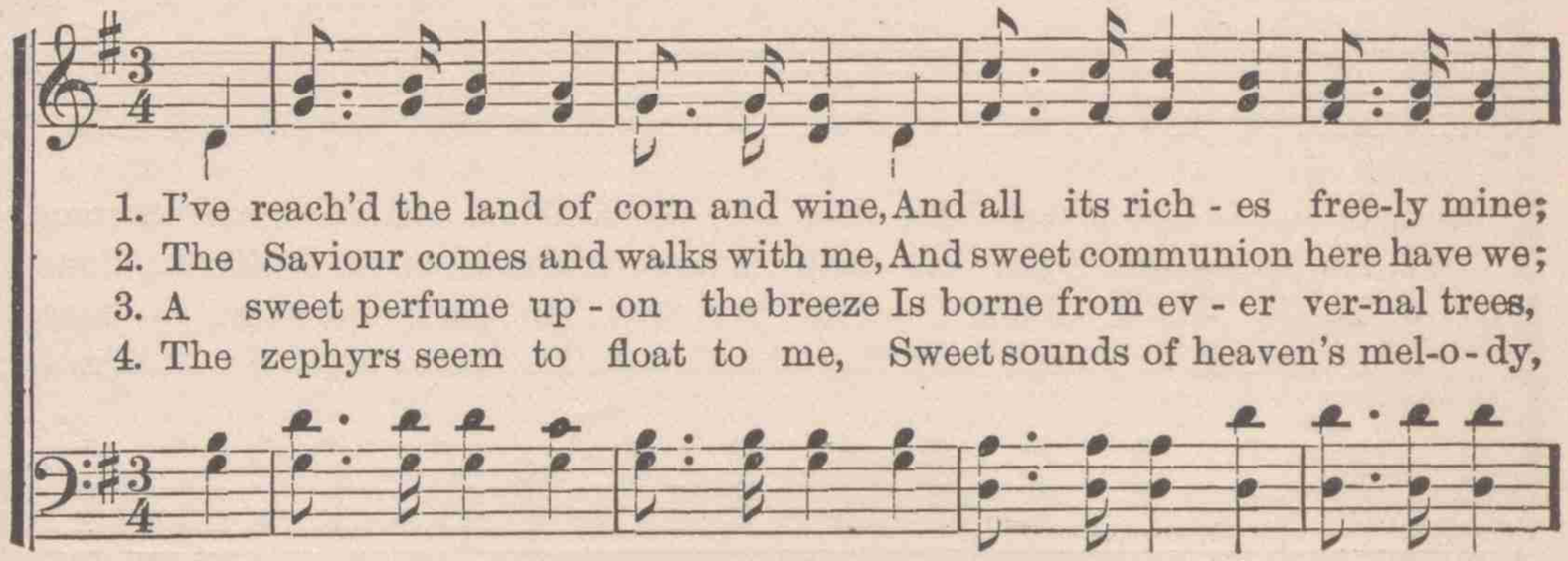
Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS. Dr. WM. MILLER.

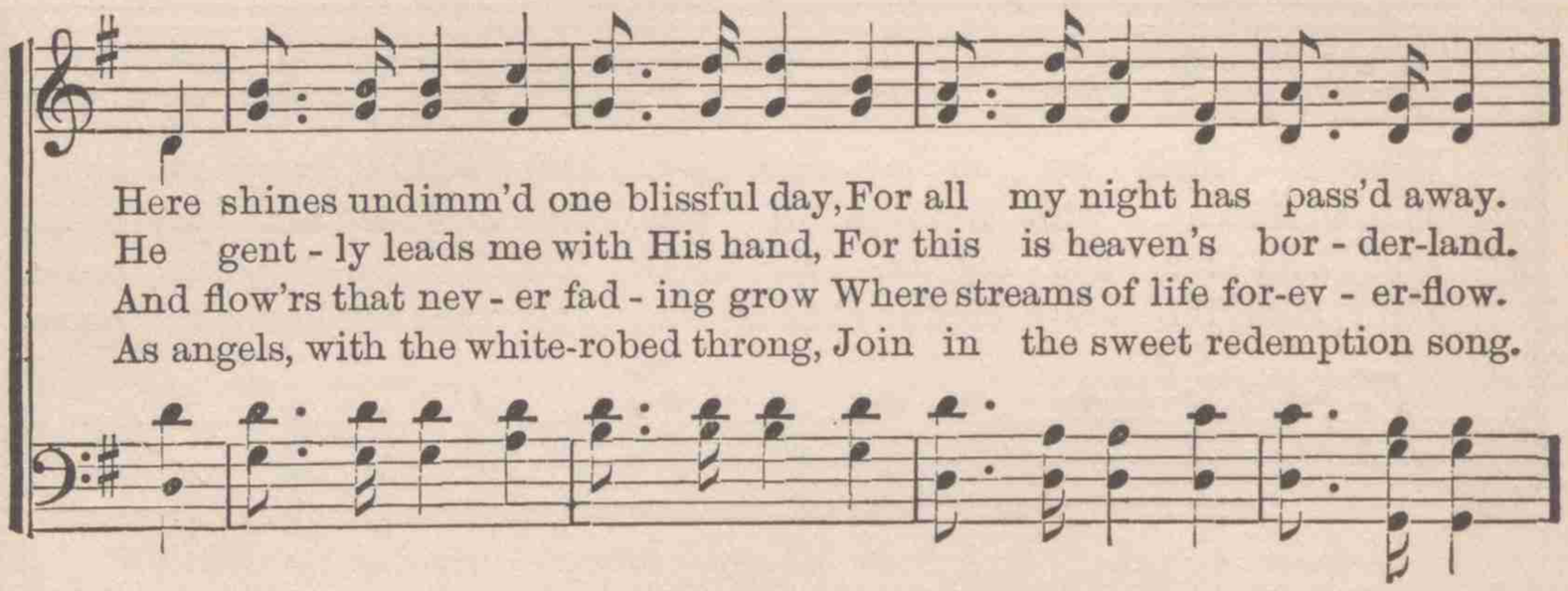


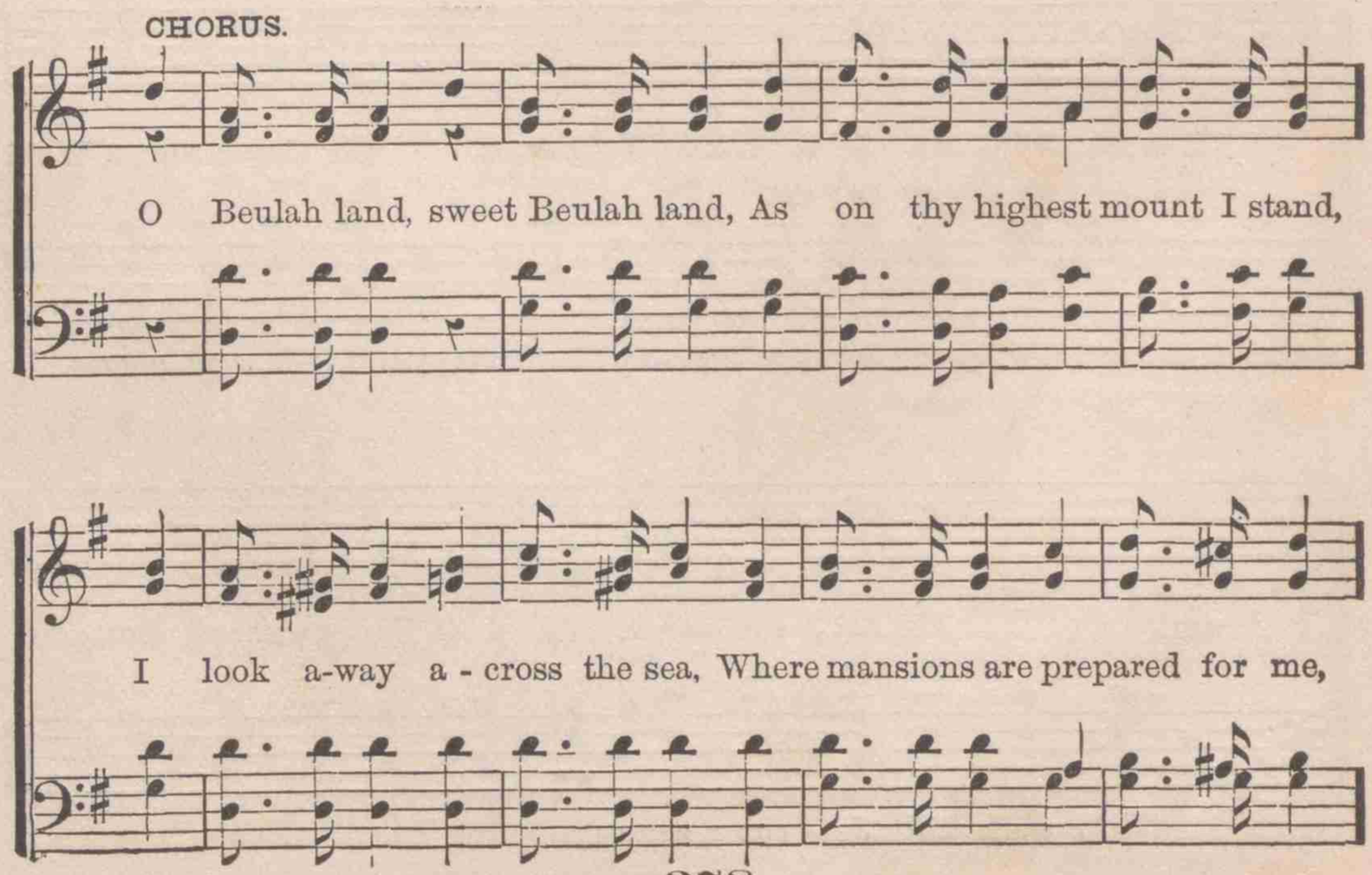
## No. 305. Beulah Land. (G. H. 3–84.)

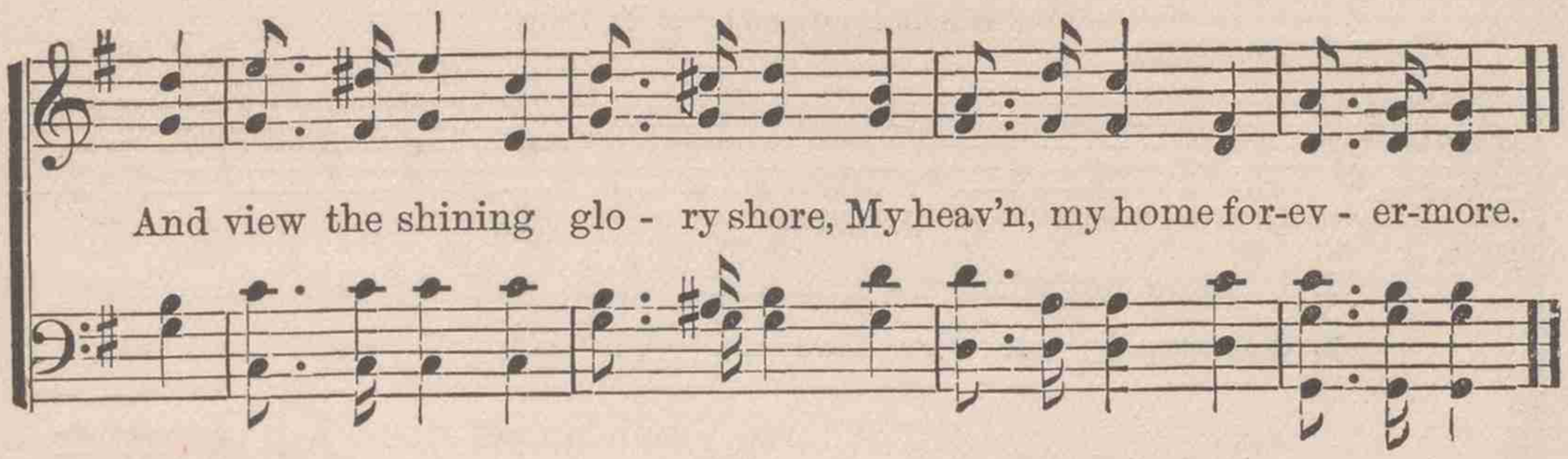
"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35: 10.

Rev. Edgar Page Stites. Jno. R. Sweney, by per.

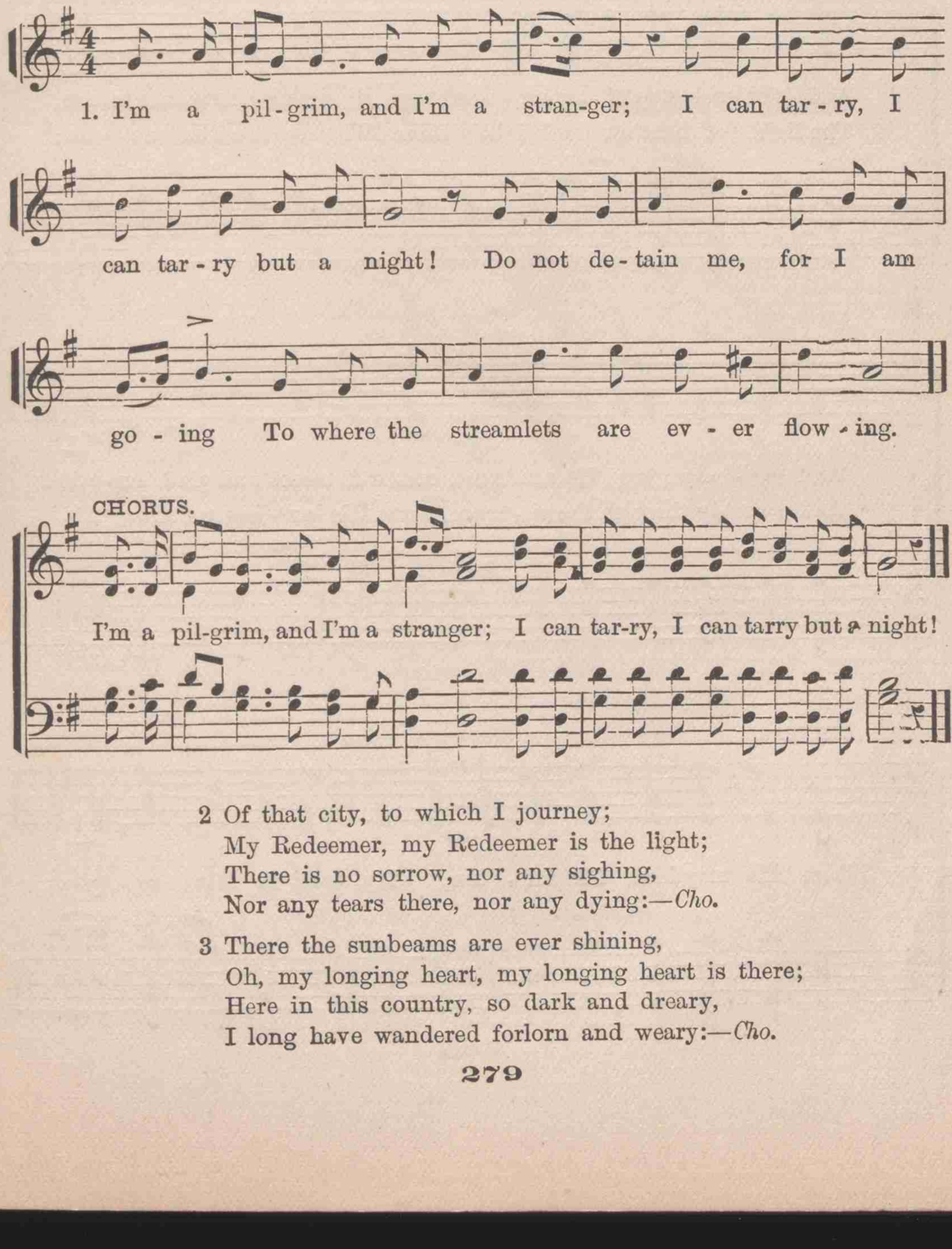


# Beulah Land.—Concluded.

## No. 306. I'm a Pilgrim. (G. H. 3–100.)

MRS. MARY S. B. DANA. ITALIAN AIR.




2 Of that city, to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying:—*Cho.*

3 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary:—*Cho.*

## No. 307. He Knows. (G. H. 3–86)

Words arranged by P. P. Bliss.

MARY G. BRAINARD. P. P. BLISS.

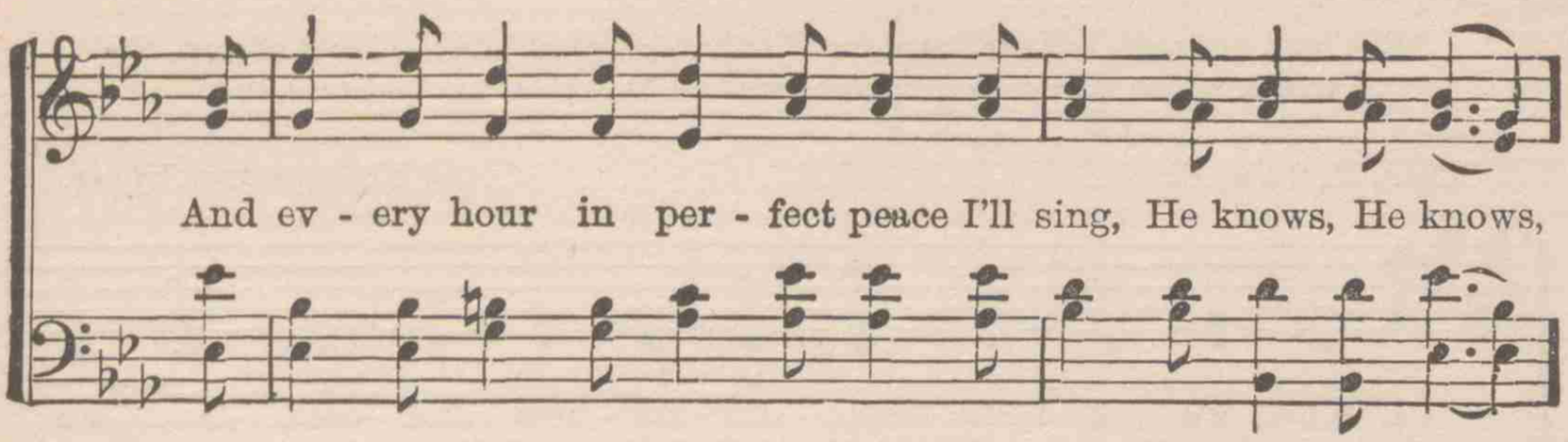
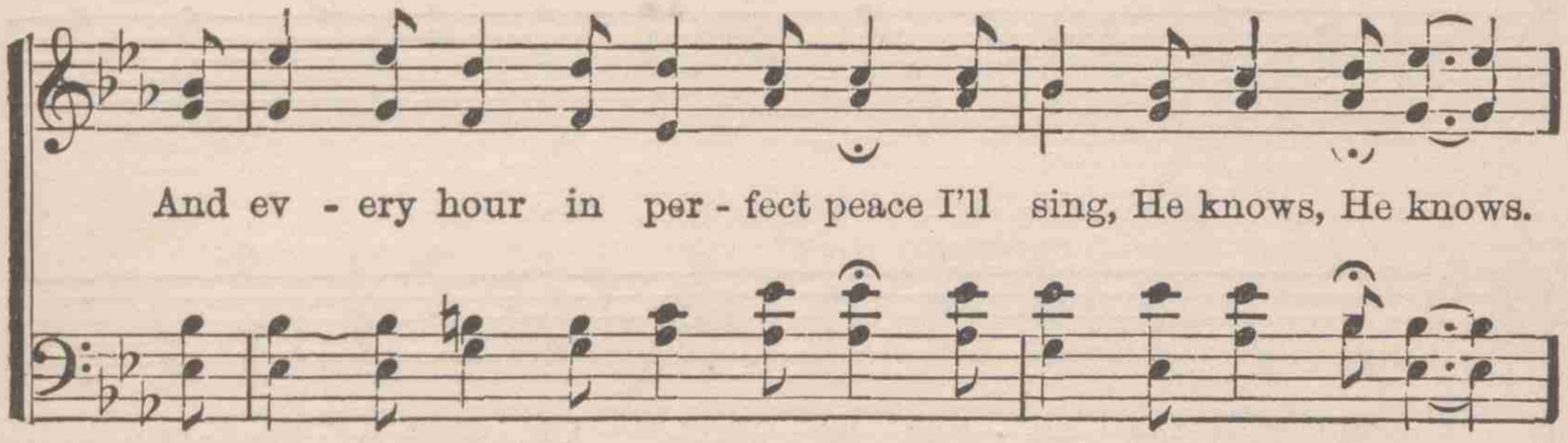
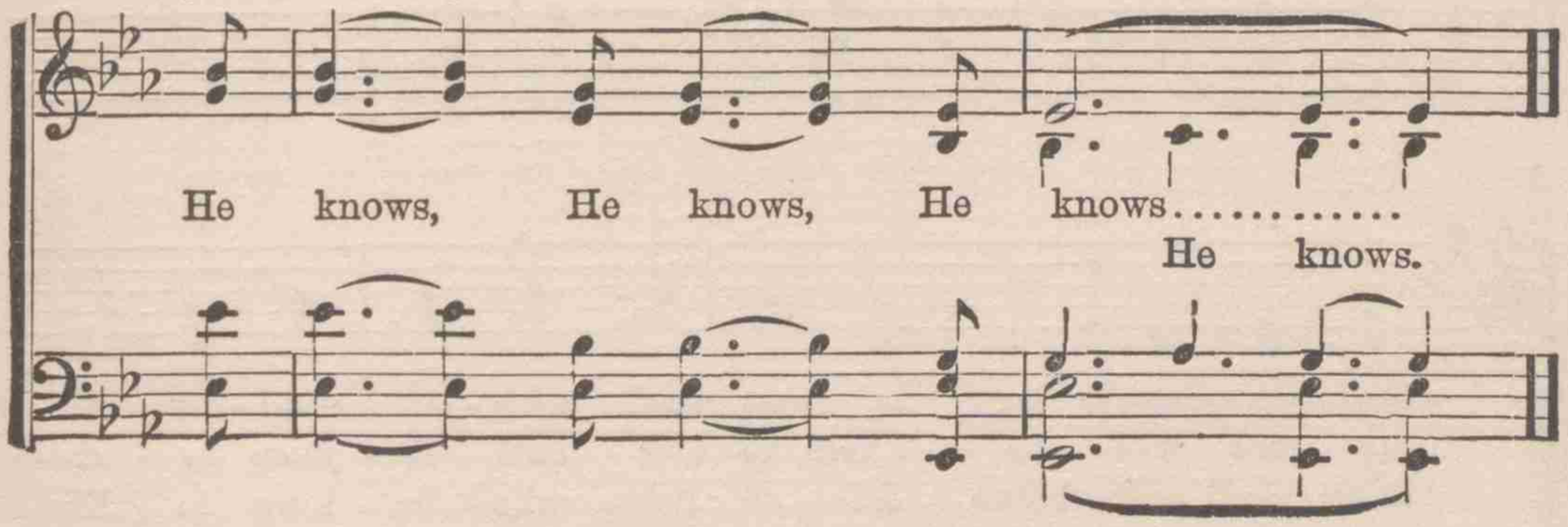
1. I know not what a - waits me, God kind - ly veils mine eyes,
2. One step I see be - fore me, 'Tis all I need to see,

And o'er each step of my on - ward way He makes new scenes to rise;
The light of heav'n more brightly shines, When earth's illusions flee;

And ev - ery joy He sends me, comes A sweet and glad sur-prise.
And sweet-ly through the si - lence, came His lov - ing "Follow Me."

CHORUS.

Where He may lead I'll fol - low, My trust in Him re - pose;

# He Knows.—Concluded.

*After last verse only.*

3 O blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.

4 So on I go not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

## No. 308. When we get Home. (G. H. 3–87.)

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. 2: 9.

Chas. H. Gabriel. James McGranahan, by per.

1. When we get home from our sor - row and care, And we stand with the an - gels of light, Oh, what a meet-ing in heav - en there'll be, In that land with - out shad - ow or night; Sor - row and care, trib - u - la - tion and pain We'll
2. When we get home to the mansions a - bove, With the loved ones gone o - ver be - fore, Oh, who can tell what a joy that will be There, to live and re - joice ev - er - more: An - gels will praise, the Re - deem - er will smile, And
3. When we get home, when the morning is come, And forth from the cit - y of gold An - gels of God, coming down, shall call home All of those who be - long to His fold; Will you be there, broth - er, loved ones to greet, Or

# When we get Home.—Concluded.

leave, when we pass thro' the tomb Clouds of de - spair, storms of
loved ones we'll clasp by the hand; Free from all pain, far be -
will you for - ev - er be lost? What is thy choice fleet - ing

tri - al and care We shall leave for that beau - ti - ful
yond earth - ly stain, We shall dwell in that beau - ti - ful
pleas - ures of earth, Or a home when death's riv - er is

CHORUS.

home. When we get home, oh, when we get home, Get
land.
cross'd.

home to glo - ry - land, Prais - es we'll sing to

Je - sus, our King, A ransomed, a glo - ri - fied band.

## No. 309. "Come." (G. H. 3–88.)

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

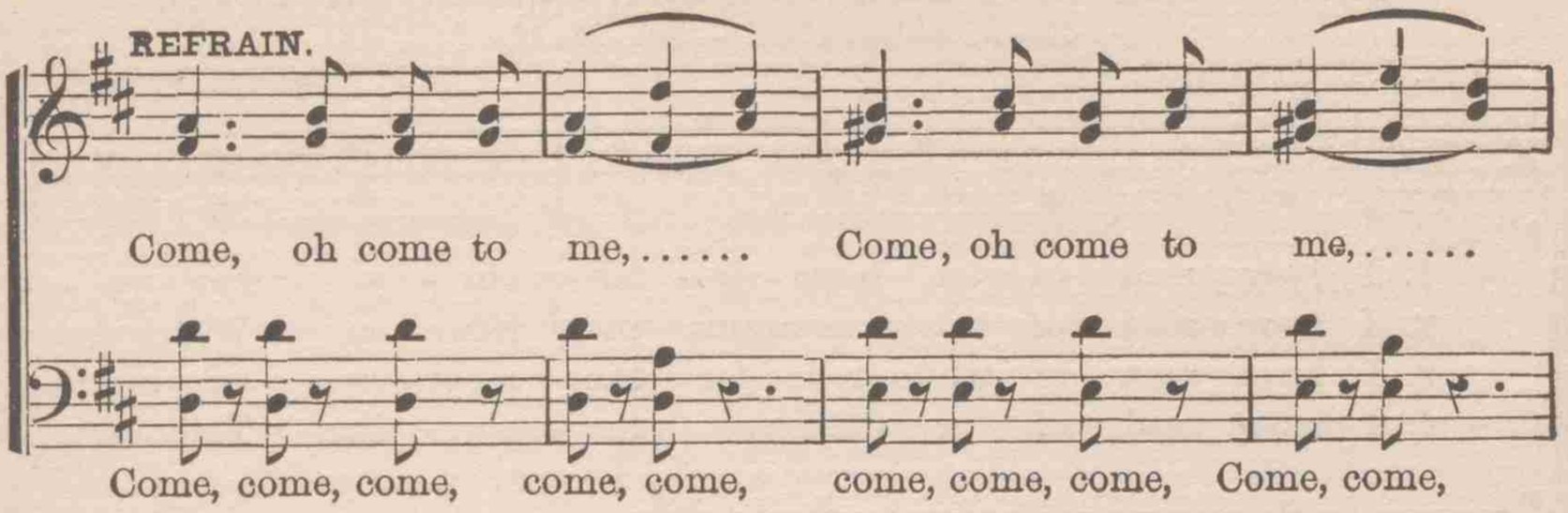
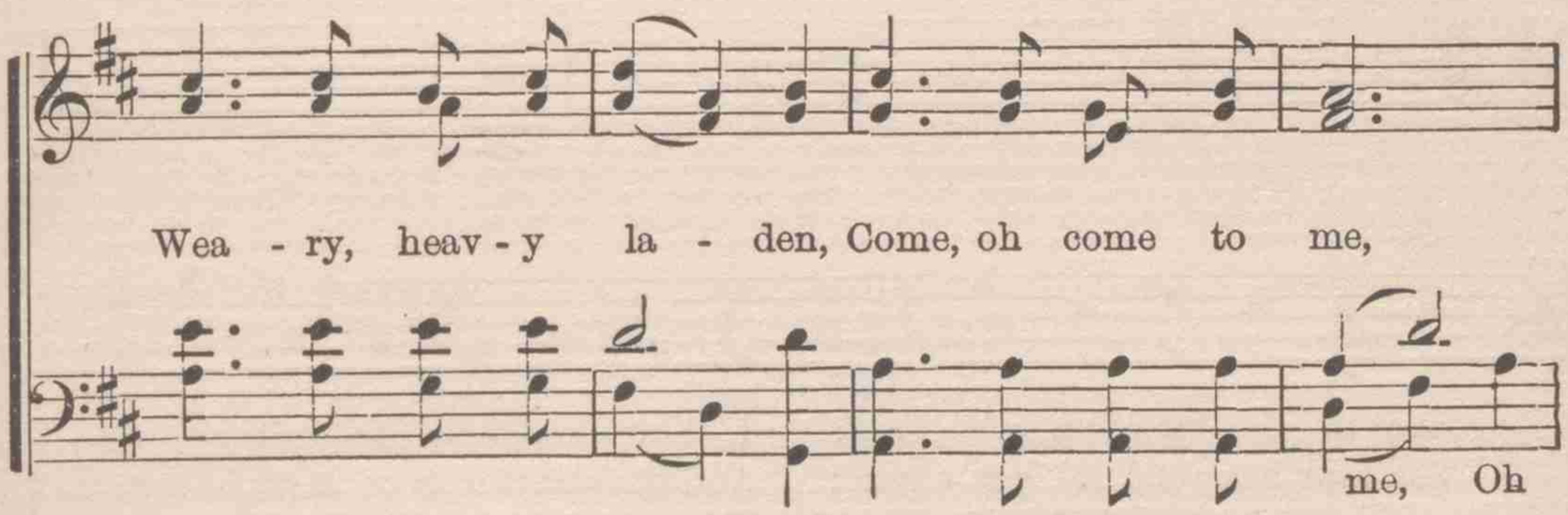
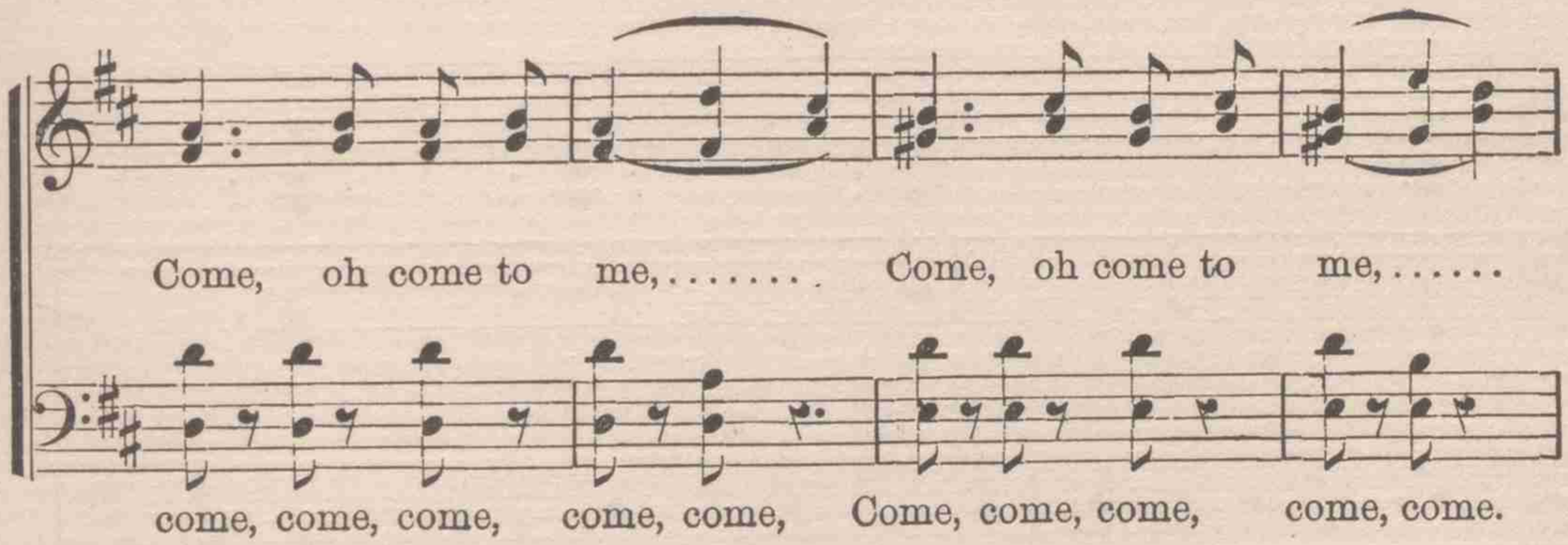
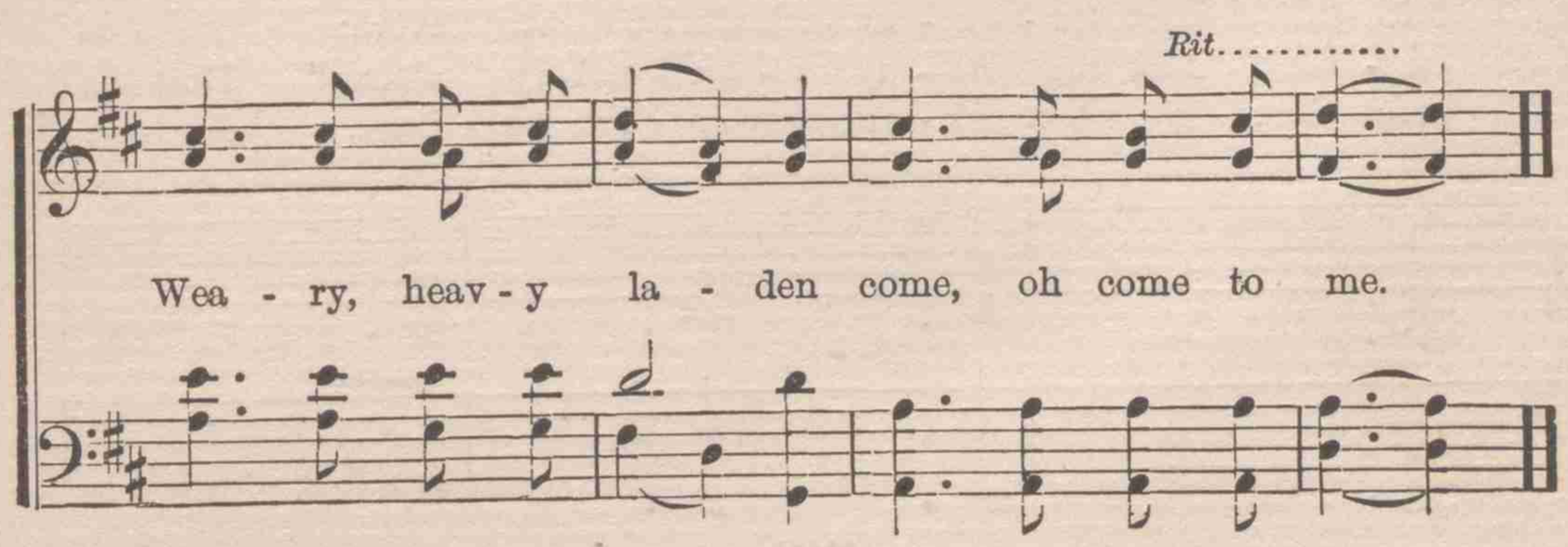
MRS. JAMES GIBSON JOHNSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Oh word of words, the sweetest, Oh word, in which there lie
2. Oh soul! why shouldst thou wander From such a lov - ing Friend?
3. Oh, each time draw me near - er, That soon the "Come" may be

All prom-ise, all ful - fill - ment, And end of mys - ter - y;
Cling clo - ser, clo - ser to Him, Stay with Him to the end,
Naught but a gen - tle whis - per, To one close, close to Thee;

La - ment - ing, or re - joic - ing, With doubt or ter - ror nigh,
A - las! I am so help - less, So ve - ry full of sin,
Then, o - ver sea and mountain, Far from, or near my home,

I hear the "Come" of Je - sus, And to His cross I fly.
For I am ev - er wand'ring, And com - ing back a - gain.
I'll take Thy hand and fol - low, At that sweet whisper "Come!"

# "Come." —Concluded.



## No. 310. Not Half has ever been Told. (G.H.3–89.)

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—Rev. 21 : 18.

Rev. J. B Atchinson. O. F. Presbrey, by per.

1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far a -
2. I have read of bright mansions in Heav - en, Which the
3. I have read of white robes for the right - eous, Of bright
4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile

way in the kingdom of God; I have read how its walls are of
Sav-iour has gone to pre - pare; And the saints who on earth have been
crowns which the glori-fied wear, When our Father shall bid them "Come,
sin - ners may ask and re - ceive Peace and pardon from ev - ery trans-

jas - per, How its streets are all gold - en and broad. In the
faith-ful, Rest for - ev - er with Christ o - ver there; There no
en - ter, And my glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly share;" How the
gres - sion, If when ask - ing they on - ly be - lieve. I have

# Not Half has ever been Told.—Concluded.

midst of the street is life's riv - er, Clear as crys - tal and pure to be -
sin ev - er en - ters, nor sor - row, The in - hab - i - tants nev - er grow
righteous are ev - er - more blessed As they walk thro' the streets of pure
read how He'll guide and protect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His

hold; But not half of that city's bright glory To mortals has ever been told.
old; But not half of the joys that await them To mortals has ever been told.
gold; But not half of the wonderful sto - ry To mortals has ever been told.
fold; But not half of His goodness and mercy To mortals has ever been told.

CHORUS.

Not half has ev - er been told;... Not half has ev - er been told;... Not

been told; been told;

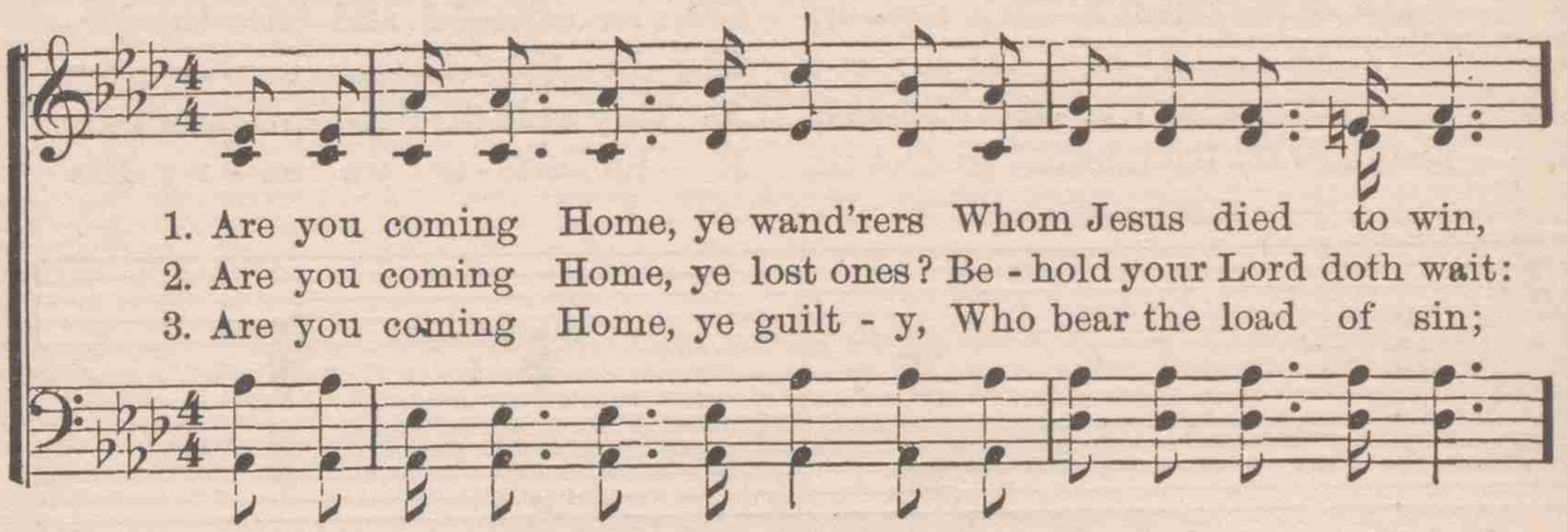
*Repeat the Chorus p.*

half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mortals has ever been told.

## No. 311. Are you coming Home to-night? (G.H. 3-90.)

"All things are ready, come."—MATT. 22 : 4.

Arranged. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



# Are you coming Home?.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Are you coming Home to - night, Are you coming Home to-night,

Are you coming Home to Je - sus, Out of darkness in - to light?

Are you coming Home to - night, Are you coming Home to-night

To your loving, heavenly Father, Are you coming Home to-night?

## No. 312. Where is Thy Refuge? (G. H. 3–91.)

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."—MATT. 16: 26.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL, by per

1. Say, where is thy refuge, poor sinner, And what is thy prospect to-day?
2. The Master is calling thee, sinner, In tones of compassion and love,
3. As summer is waning poor sinner, Re - pent, ere the season is past;

Why toil for the wealth that will perish, The treasures that rust and decay?
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon, And lay up thy treasure a - bove:
God's goodness to thee is ex - tend-ed, As long as the day-beam shall last;

Oh! think of thy soul, that forev - er Must live on e - ter - ni-ty's shore,
Oh! kneel at the cross where He suffered, To ransom thy soul from the grave;
Then slight not the warning repeated With all the bright moments that roll,

When thou, in the dust art for-got - ten, When pleasure can charm thee no more.
The arm of His mercy will hold thee, The arm that is mighty to save.
Nor say, when the harvest is end-ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.

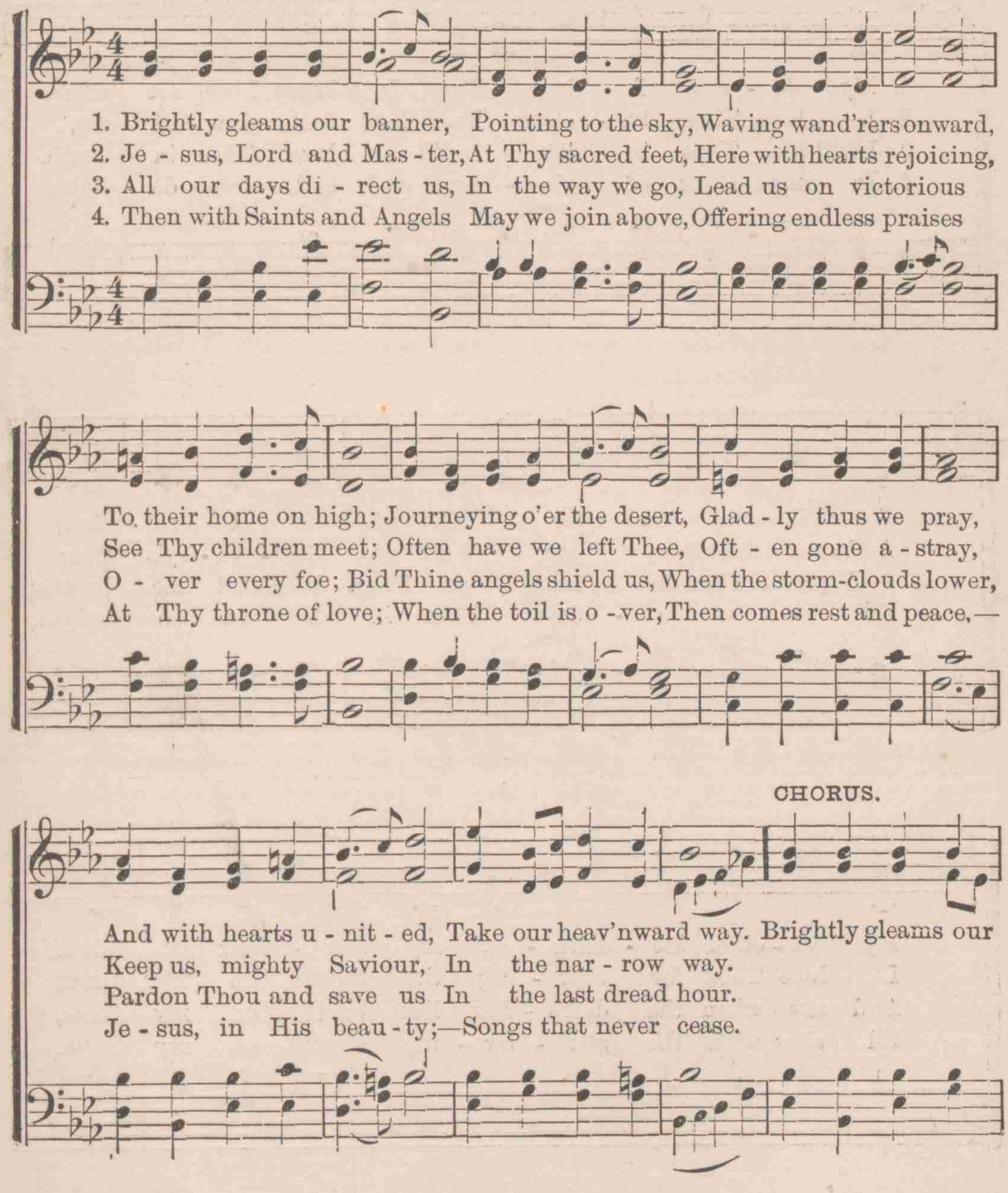
CHORUS.

'Twill profit thee nothing, but fearful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost! To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost.

## No. 313. Brightly Gleams our Banner. (G. H. 3–92.)

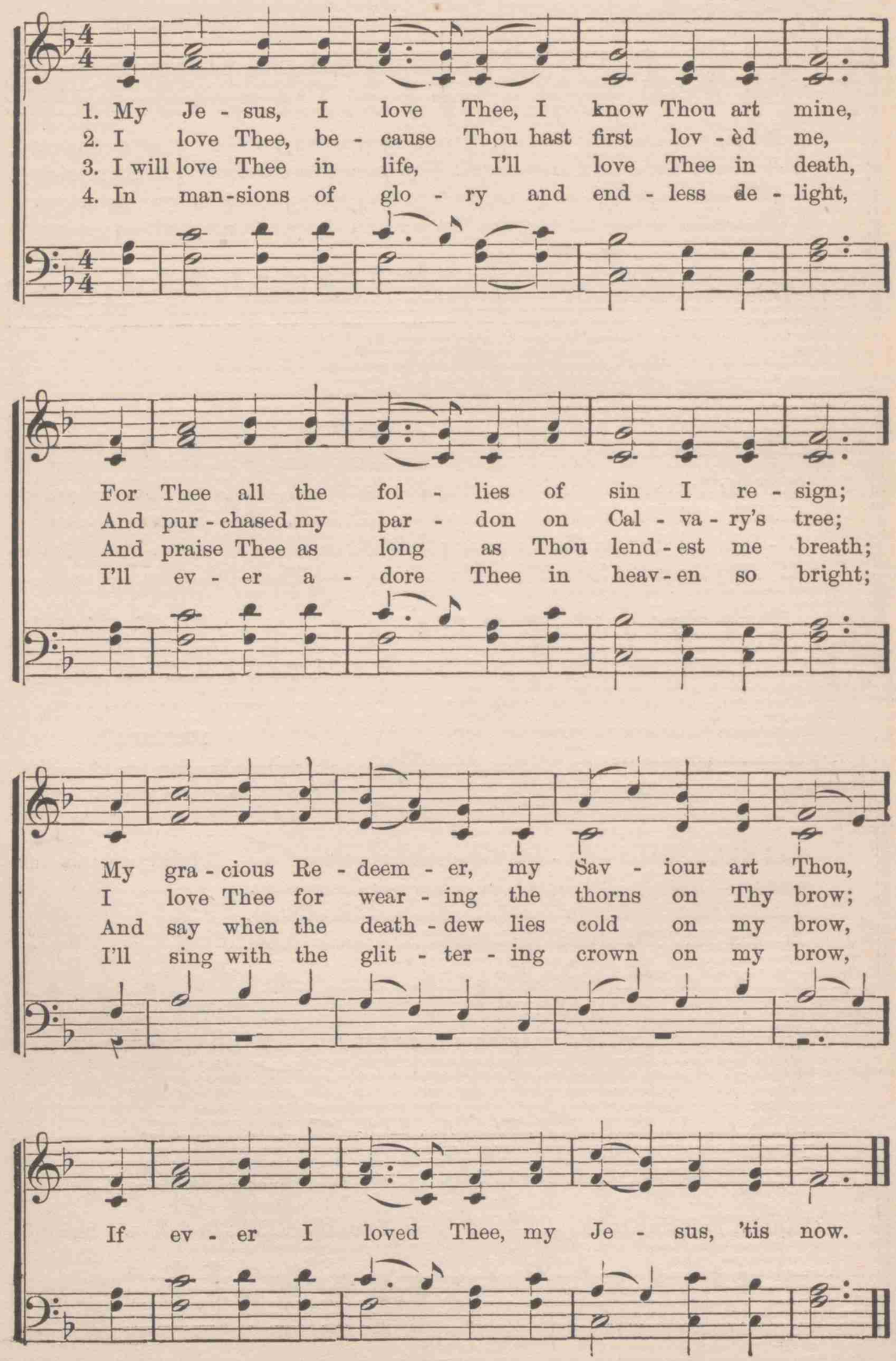
"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains."—Isa. 13: 2.

Rev. Thomas J. Potter. Arthur S. Sullivan.



## No. 314. My Jesus, I Love Thee. (G. H. 3–93.)

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—JOHN 17 : 10.

London Hymn Book, 1864. A. J. GORDON, by per.

## No. 315. He that Believeth. (G. H. 3-94.)

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Hear ye the glad Good News from heav'n? Life to a death-doomed
2. When we were lost, the Son of God Made an a-tone-ment
3. Why not be-lieve the glad Good News? Why still the voice of

race is given! Christ on the cross for you and me
by His blood: When we the glad Good News be-lieve,
God re-fuse? Why not be-lieve, When God hath said,

CHORUS.

Purchased a par-don full and free. He that be-liev-eth,
Then the a-tone-ment we re-ceive.
All, *all* our guilt "on Him" was laid.

*1st time.*

he that be-liev-eth, He that be-liev-eth hath

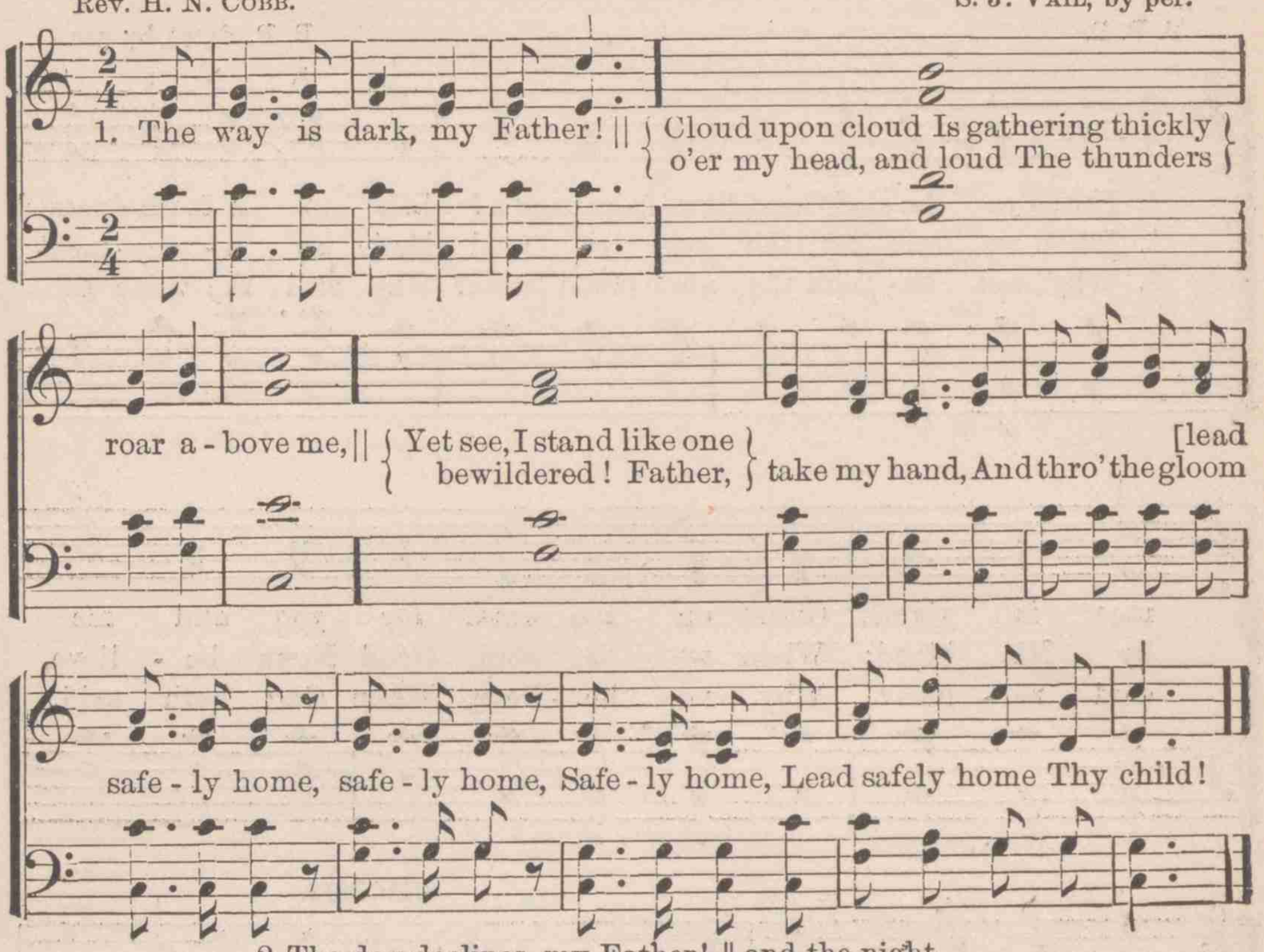
*2d time.*

ev-er-last-ing life; He that be-liev-eth hath ev-er-lasting life.

## No. 316. Father, Take my Hand. (G. H. 3–95.)

"For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me."—Ps. 31; 3.

Rev. H. N. Cobb. S. J. Vail, by per.




2 The day declines, my Father! ‖ and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees | ghostly | visions. ‖ Fears like a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, | take my | hand,
And from the night lead up to light,
Up to light, up to light,
Lead up to light Thy child!

3 The way is long, my Father! ‖ and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet | of the | goal; ‖
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, | take my | hand,
And in the way to endless day,
Endless day, endless day,
Lead safely on Thy child!

4 The path is rough, my Father! ‖ Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my feet, all torn
And bleeding, | mark the | way. ‖ Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand;
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,
Lead to rest. lead to rest,
O lead to rest Thy child!

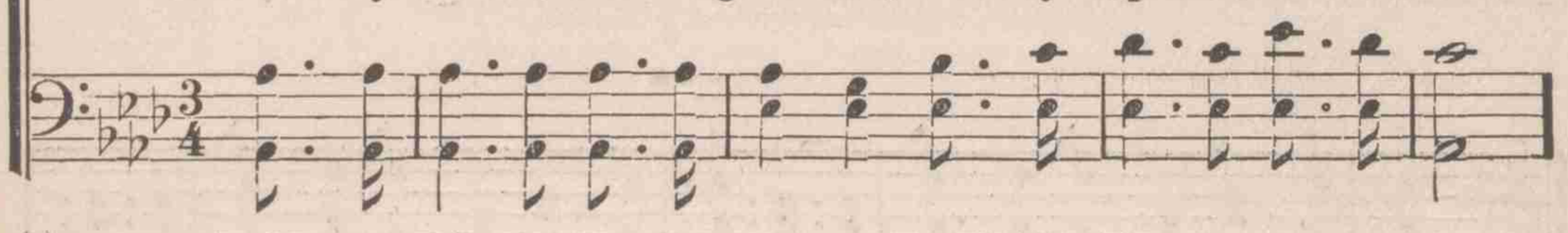
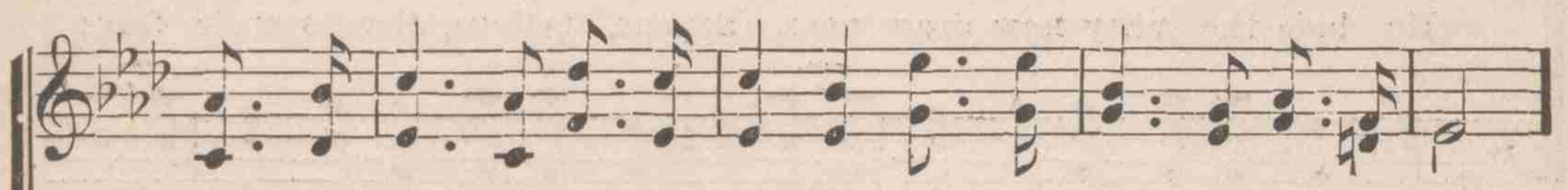
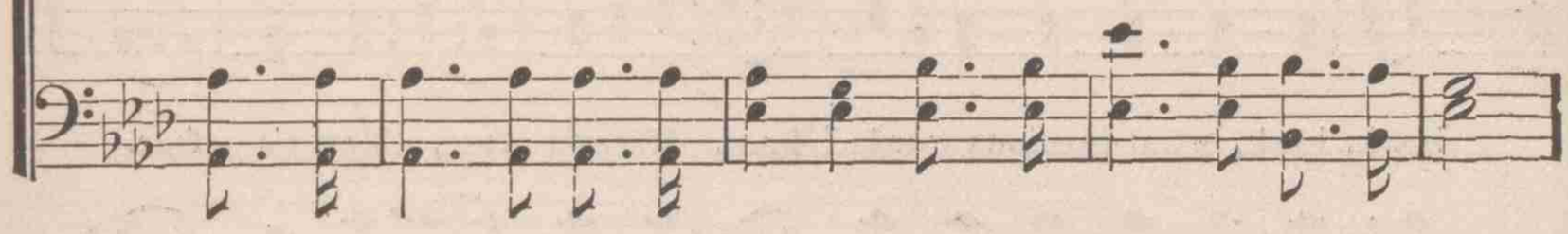
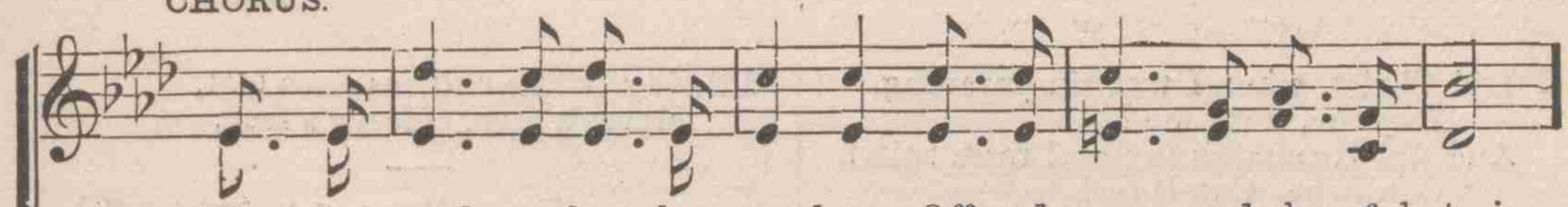
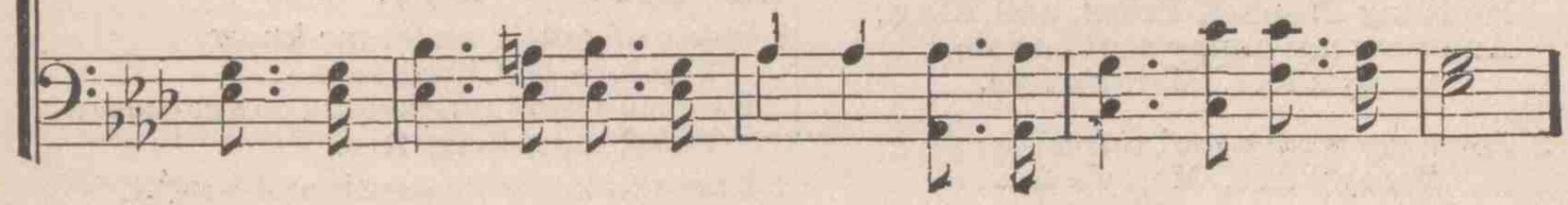
5 The throng is great, my Father! ‖ Many a doubt
And fear of danger compass me about;
And foes op-| press me | sore. ‖ I cannot stand
Or go, alone. O Father! | take my | hand;
And through the throng, lead safe along,
Safe along, safe along,
Lead safe along Thy child.

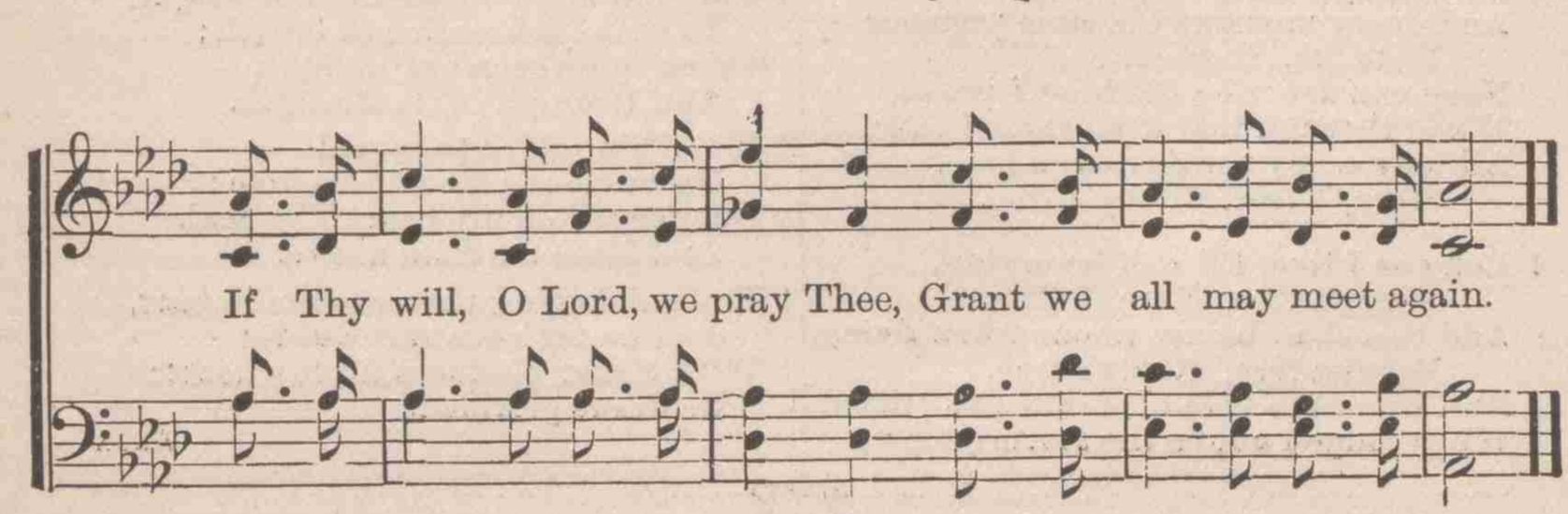
6 The cross is heavy, Father! ‖ I have borne
It long, and | still do | bear it. ‖ Let my worn
And fainting spirit, rise to that bright land
Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand,
And, reaching down, lead to the crown,
To the crown, to the crown.
Lead to the crown Thy child.

## No. 317. Parting Hymn. (G. H. 3–96.)

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps. 129 : 8.

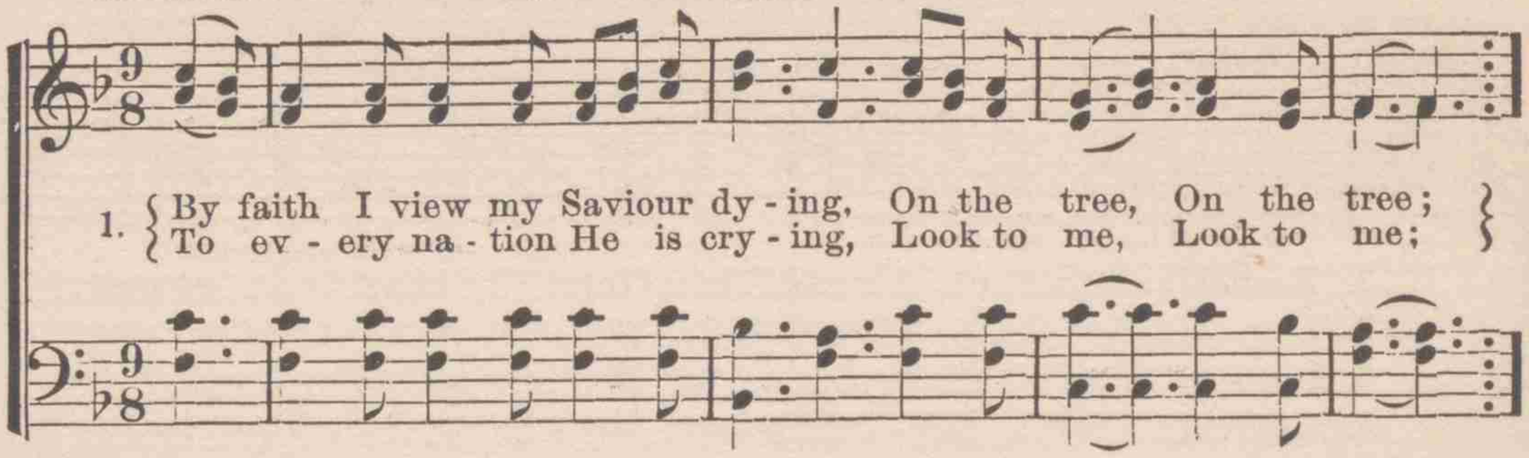
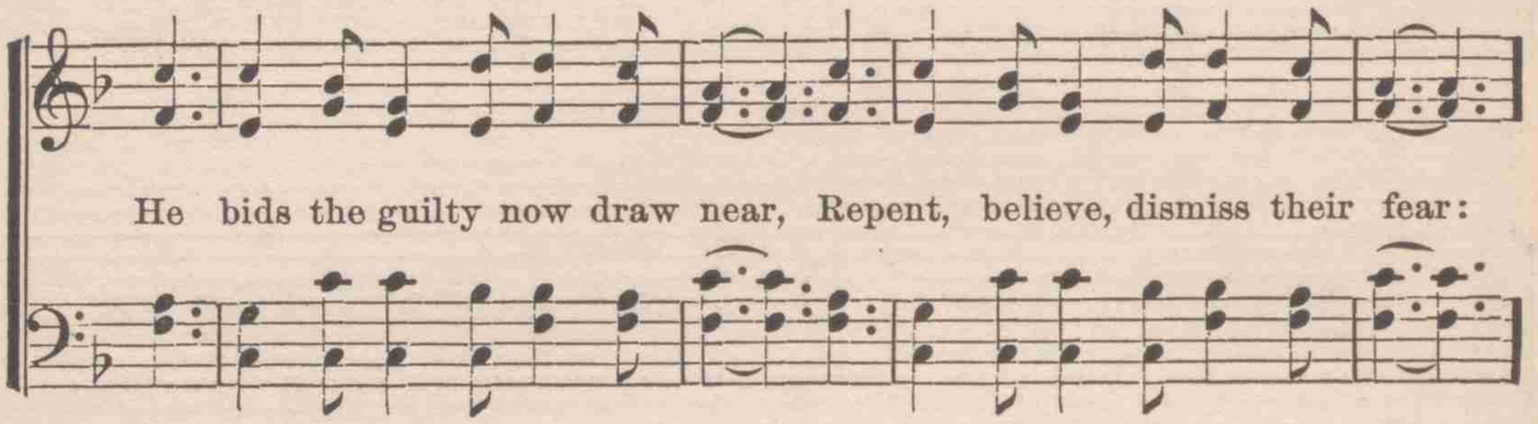
FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

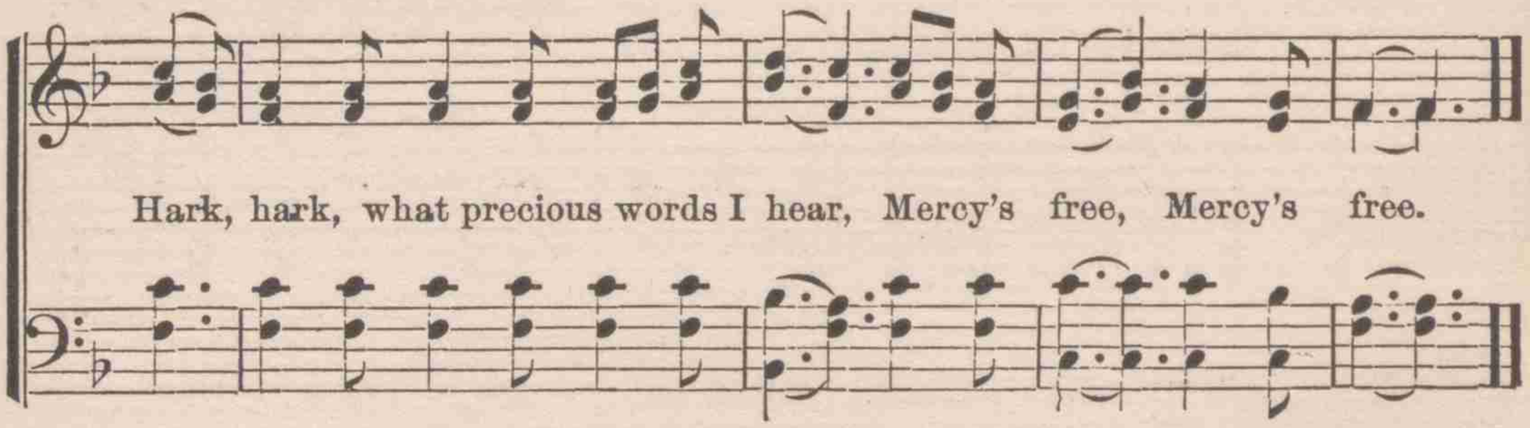
1. Heavenly Father, we beseech Thee, Grant Thy blessing ere we part;
2. Lov - ing Saviour, go Thou with us, Be our comfort and our stay;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell within us, May our souls Thy temple be;
4. Heavenly Father, Lov - ing Saviour, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three in One,

Take us in Thy care and keeping, Guard from e - vil ev - ery heart.
Grate - ful praise to Thee we ren - der, For the joy we feel to - day.
May we tread the path to glo - ry, Led and guid - ed still by Thee.
As a - mong Thy saints and angels, So on earth, Thy will be done.

CHORUS.

Bless the words we here have spoken, Offered prayer and cheerful strain;

If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee, Grant we all may meet again.



## No. 318. Mercy's Free. (G. H. 3–97.)

R. JUKES. "Without money and without price." ISA. 55 : 1. From D. F. E. AUBER.






2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, Pity me?
And did He snatch my soul from ruin?
Can it be, Can it be?
Oh, yes! He did salvation bring;
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes;
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, Unto me;
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove,
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

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## No. 319.

Tune—MEAR. C. M. (G. H. 3-98.)
Key F.

1 Spirit of truth, oh let me know
The love of Christ to me;
Its conquering, quickening power bestow,
To set me wholly free.

2 I long to know its depth and height,
To scan its breath and length;
Drink in its ocean of delight,
And triumph in its strength.

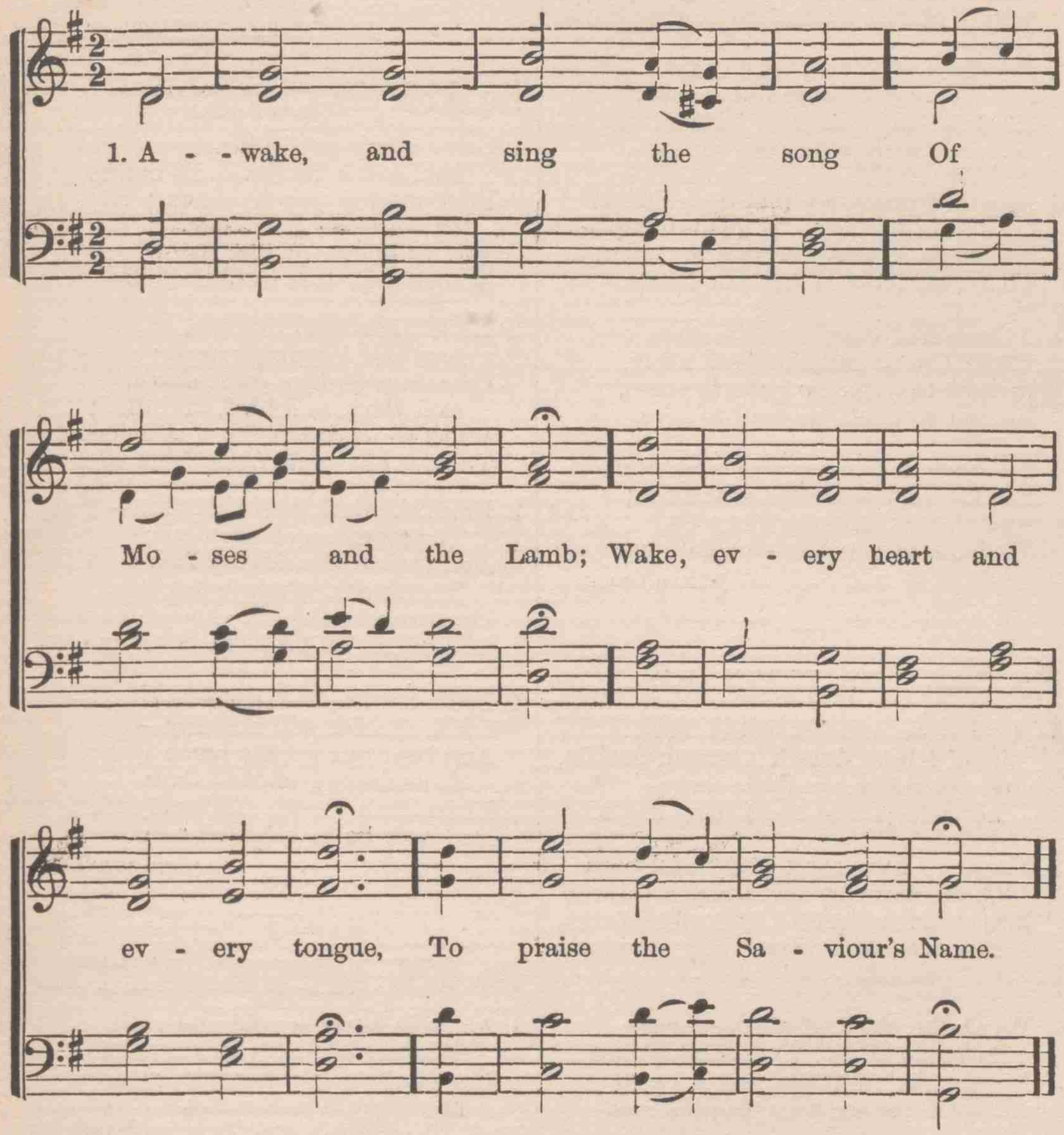
3 It is Thine office to reveal
My Saviour's wond'rous love;
Oh, deepen on my heart Thy seal,
And bless me from above.

4 Thy quickening power to me impart,
And be my constant Guide;
With richer gladness fill my heart;
Be Jesus glorified.

ANON

## No. 320. St. Thomas. S. M. (G. H. 3–99.)

Rev. WM. HAMMOND. Arr. by AARON WILLIAMS.




2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His risen power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, th'eternal King.

4 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

## No. 321. Tune—DUKE STREET. L. M. (G. H. 3–101.)

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.

ISAAC WATTS.

## No. 322.

Tune—WARD. L. M.
(G. H. 3–104.)

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

---

## No. 323.

Tune—WINDHAM. L. M.
(G. H. 3–105.)

1 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done Thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved.

3 Yet O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see Thy people's rest.

4 O Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

CHARLES WESLEY.

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## No. 324.

Tune—ST. THOMAS. S. M.
(G. H. 3–106.)

1 O Holy Spirit come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh, tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
Oh, work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

OSWALD ALLEN.

---

## No. 325.

Tune—NO. 1, NO. 119.
(G. H. 3–108.)

1 Come every joyful heart,
That loves the Saviour's name!
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him we owe.

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endured, no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave He rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up thro' the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be in His embrace.

SAMUEL STENNET.

---

## No. 326.

LOOKING HOME. (G. H. 3–122.)
Tune—BRADBURY TRIO, p. 160.

1 Ah, this heart is void and chill,
'Mid earth's noisy thronging;
For my Father's mansion, still
Earnestly, I'm longing.
CHO.—Looking home, looking home,
T'wards the heavenly mansion,
Jesus hath prepared for me,
In His Father's kingdom.

2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.

3 Oh, to be at home, and gain
All for which we're sighing;
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.

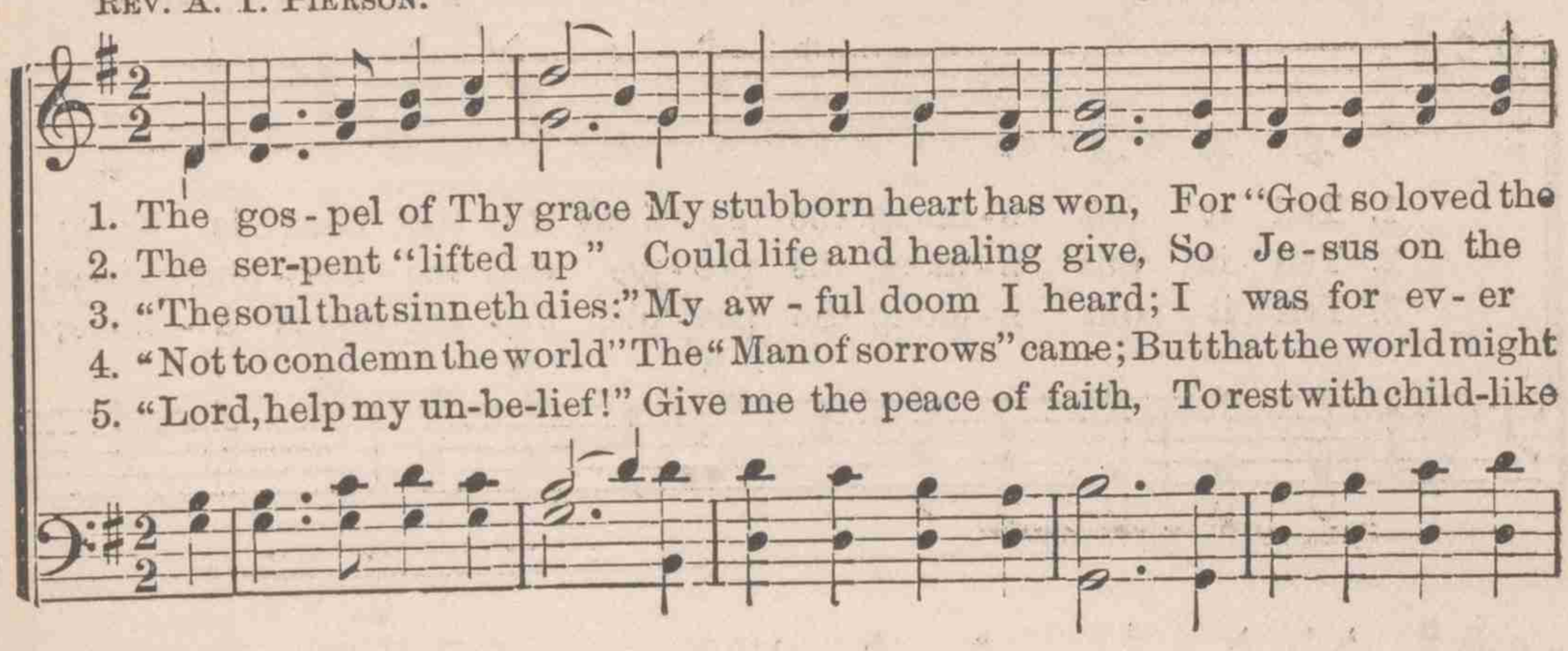
4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!
There no moie to sever;
Soon we'll meet around the throne
Praising God forever.

C. J. T. SPITTA.

## No. 327. The Gospel of Thy Grace.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son."—JOHN 3: 16.

REV. A. T. PIERSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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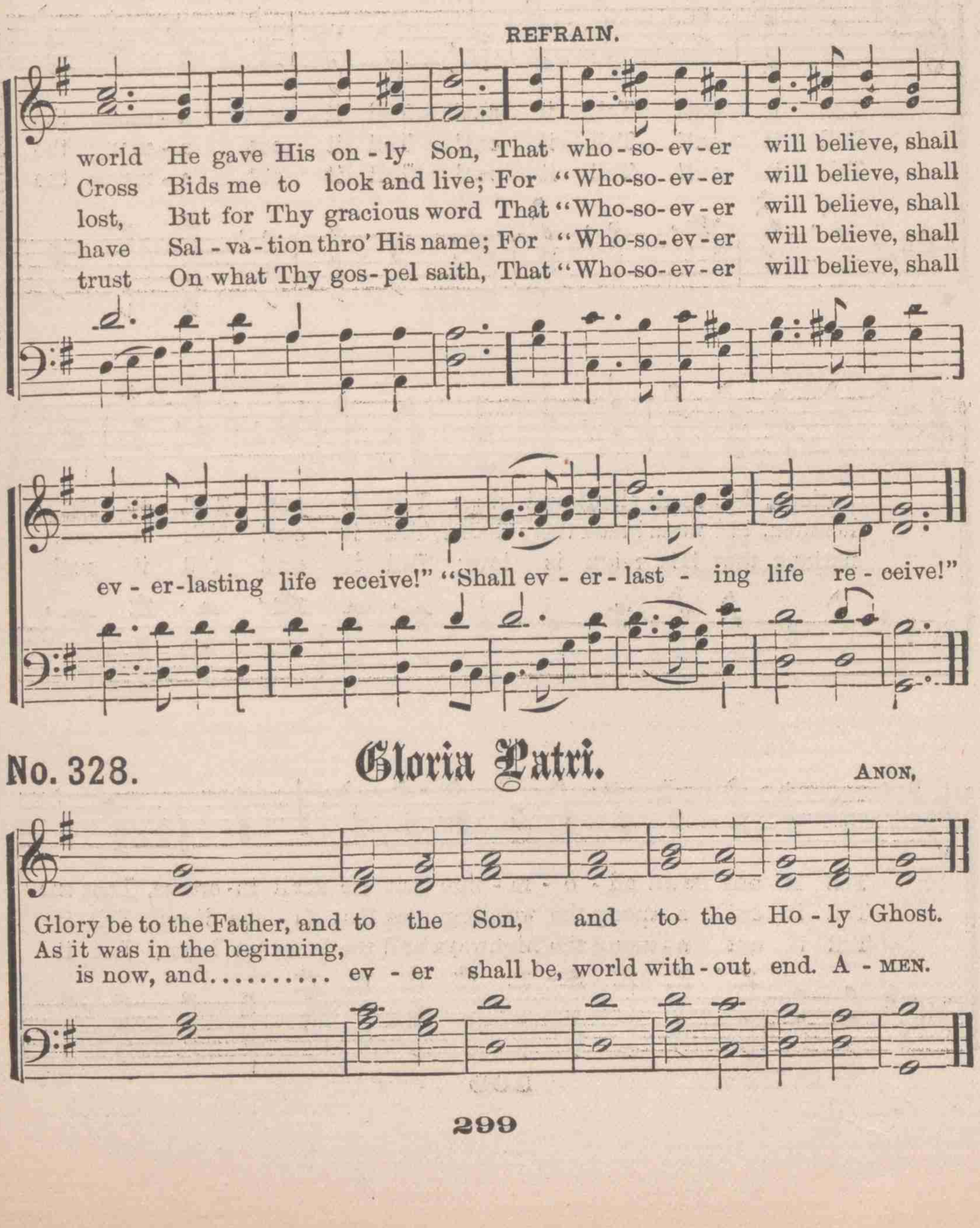
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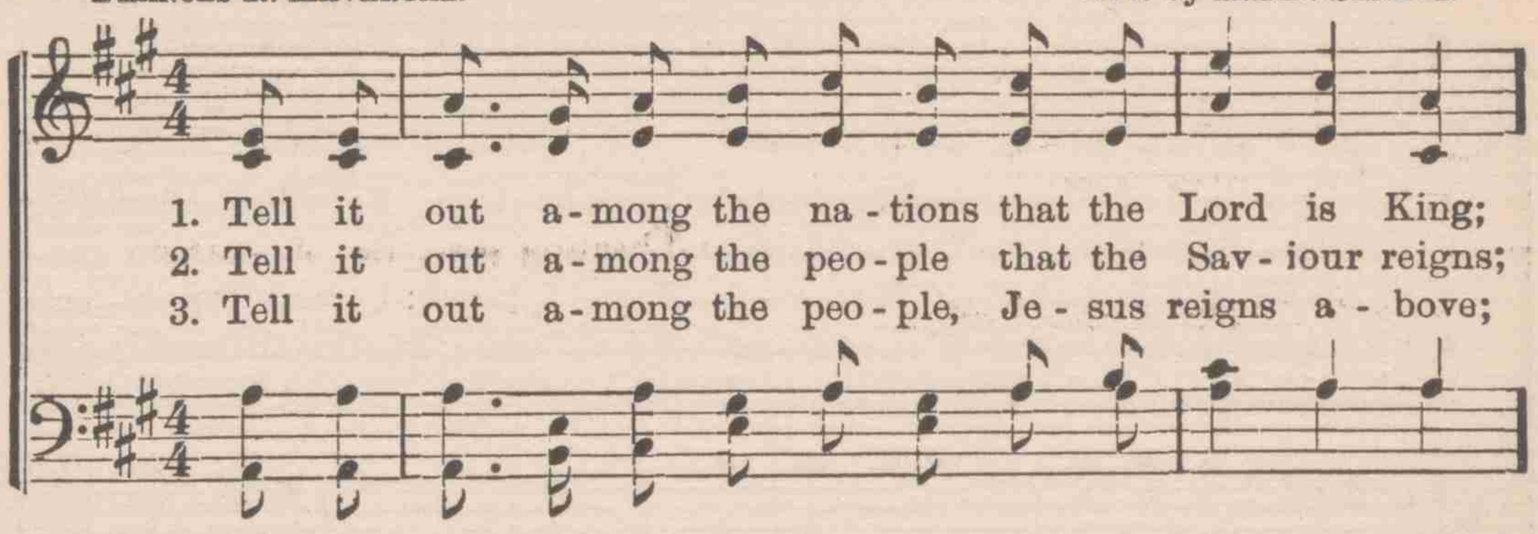
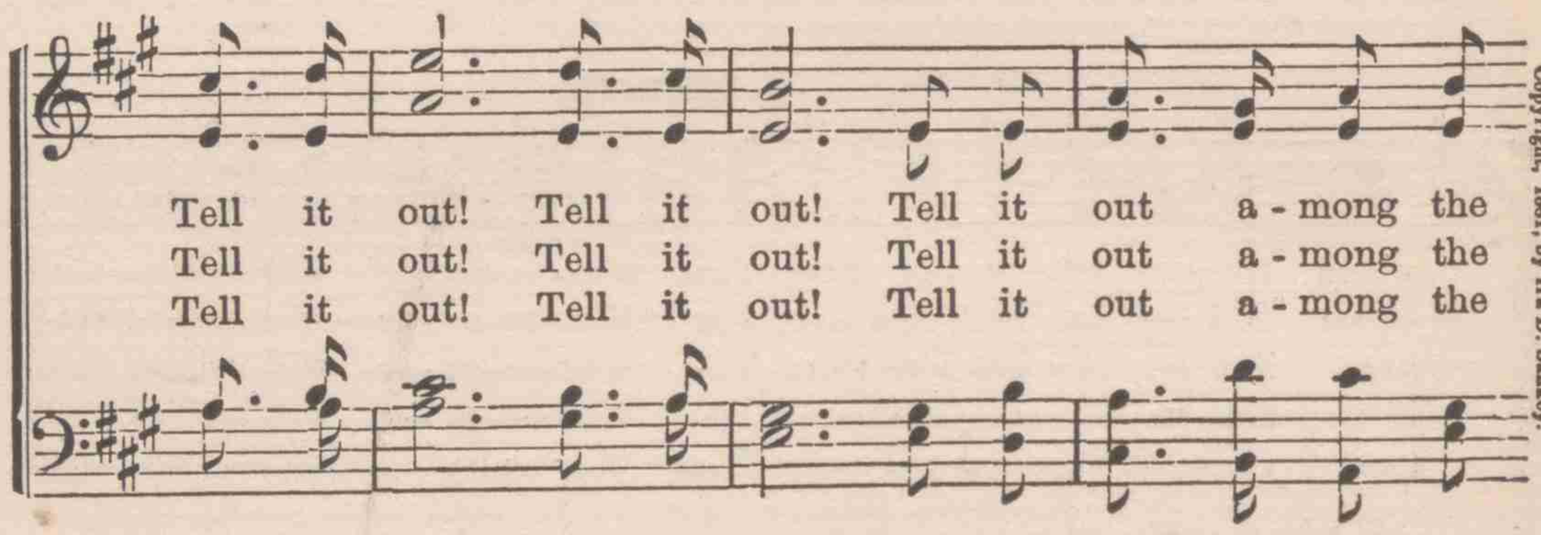
## No. 328. Gloria Patri.

ANON.

## No. 329. Tell it Out.

"The Lord is King for ever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. ART. by IRA D. SANKEY.



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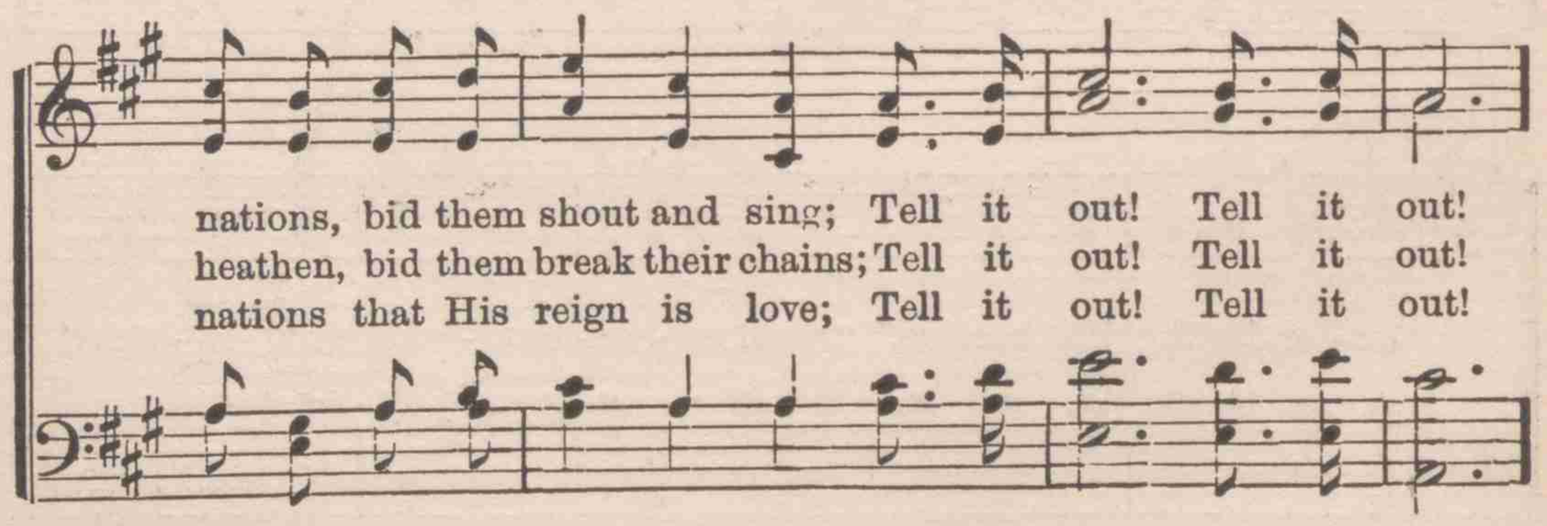
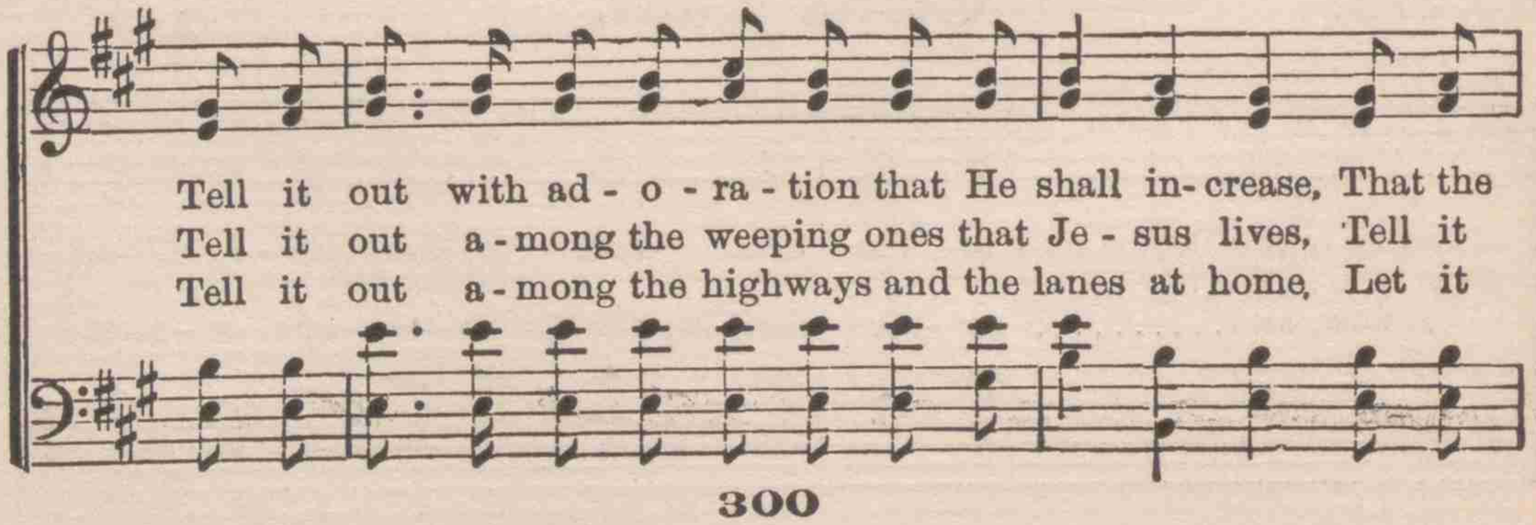
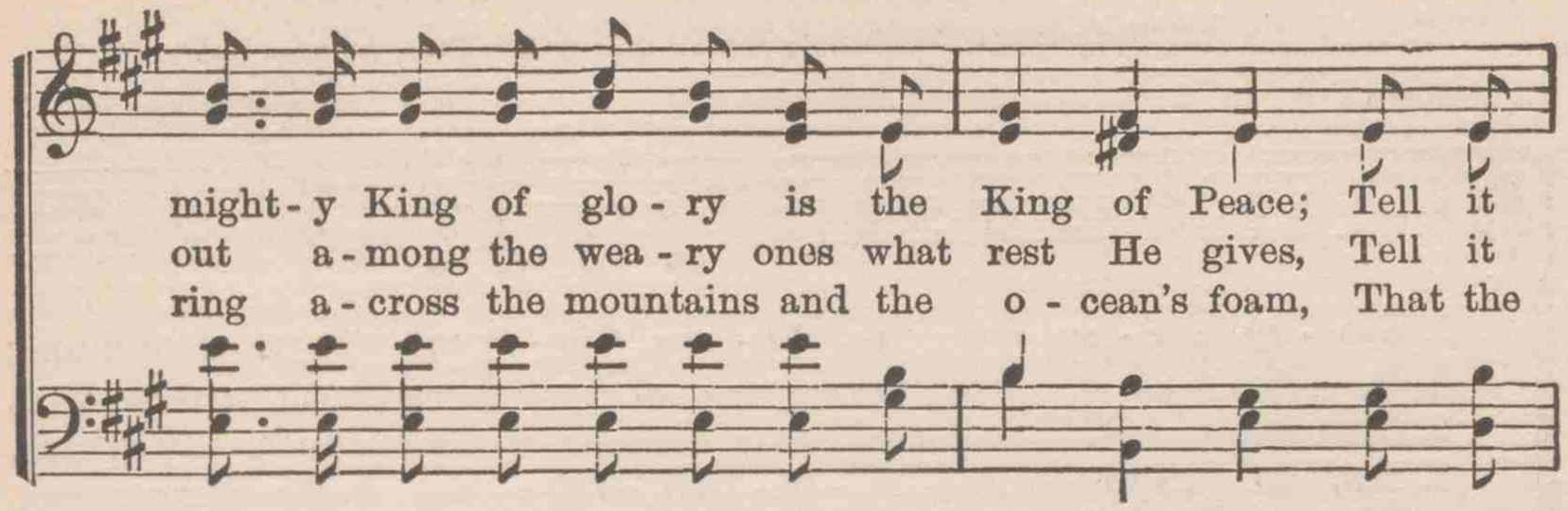
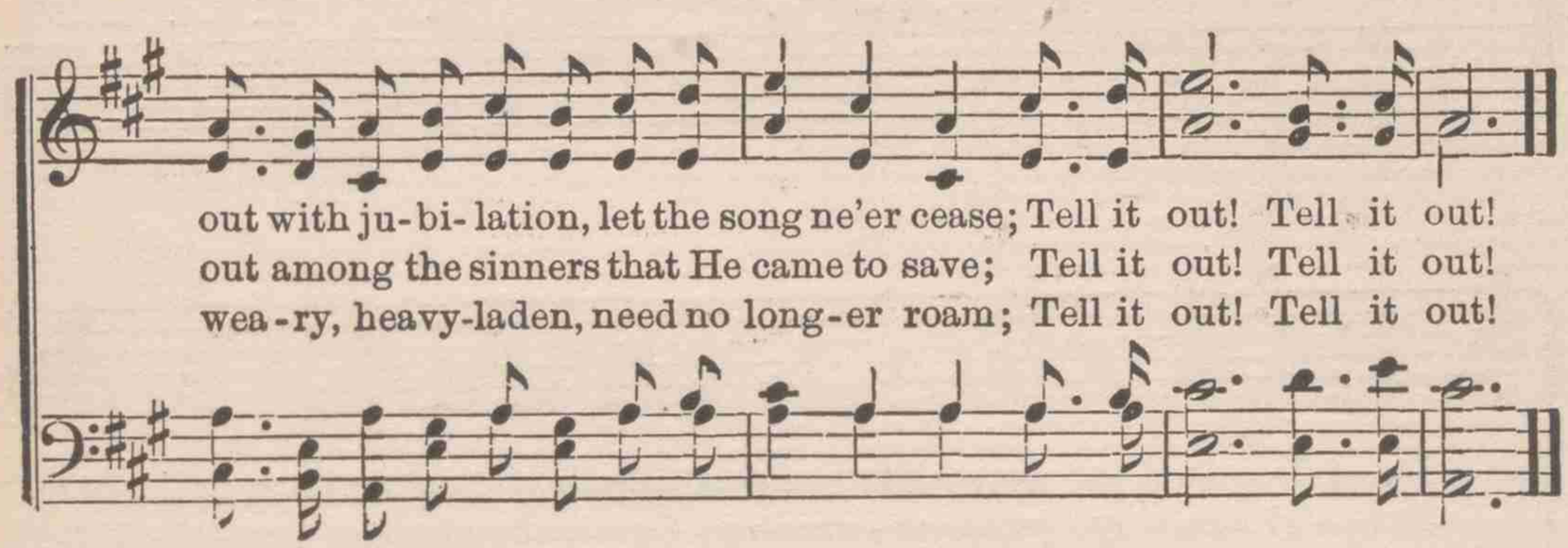



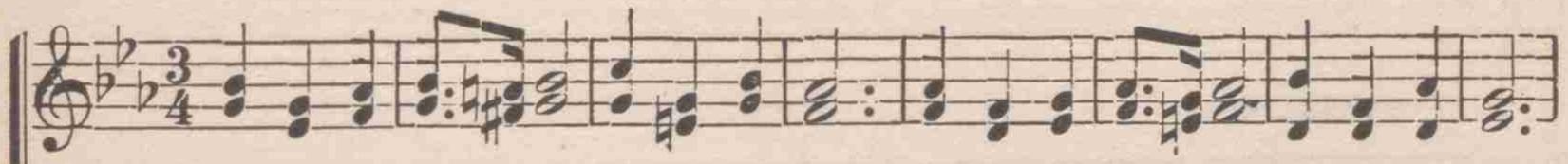
## Tell it Out.—Concluded.

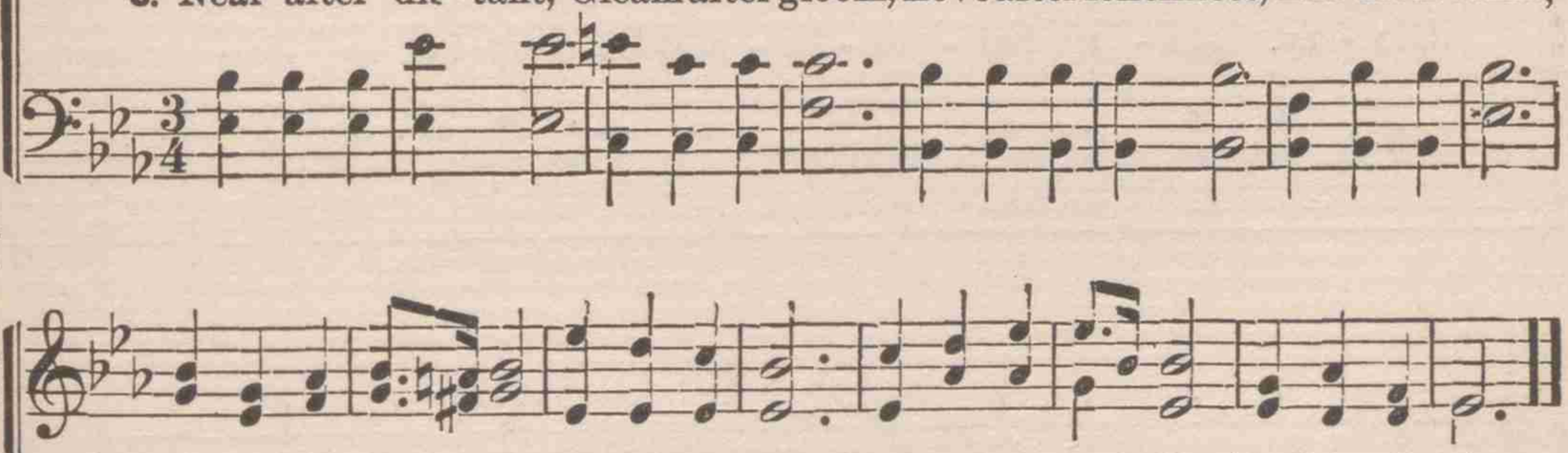



## No. 330. Light after Darkness.

"Sorrow and sighing must flee away."—Isa. 35: 10.

Frances R. Havergal. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weakness, Crown after cross
2. Sheaves after sowing, Sun af-ter rain, Sight after mystery, Peace after pain;
3. Near after dis-tant, Gleam after gloom, Love after loneliness, Life after tomb;



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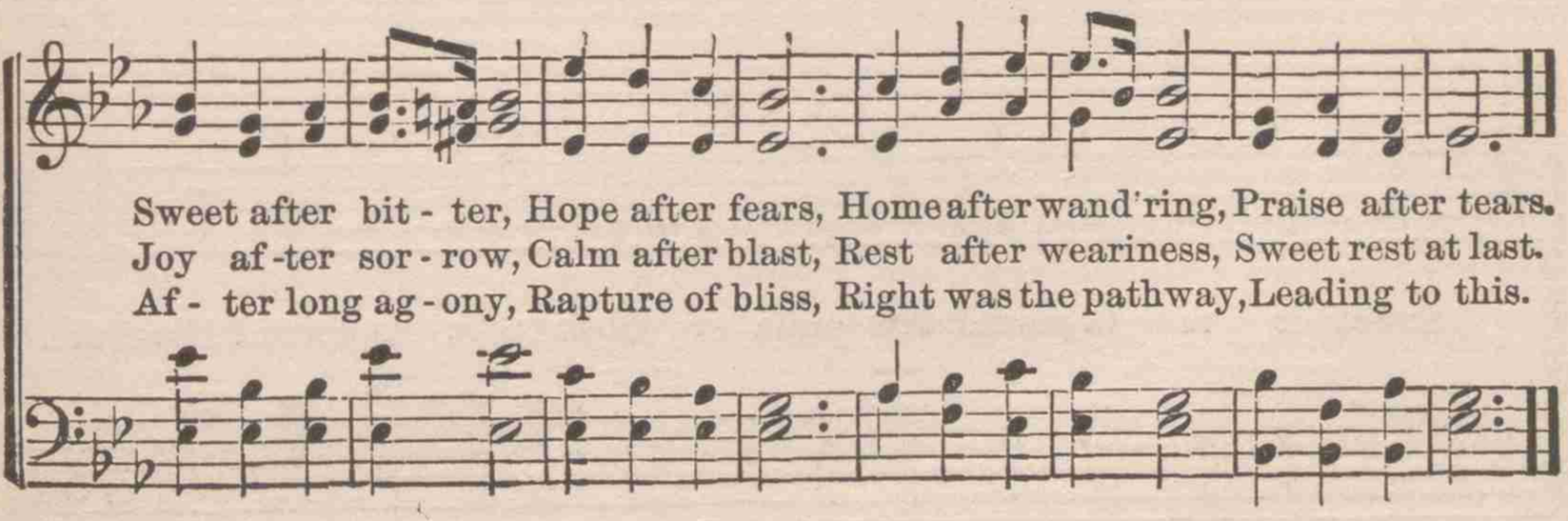
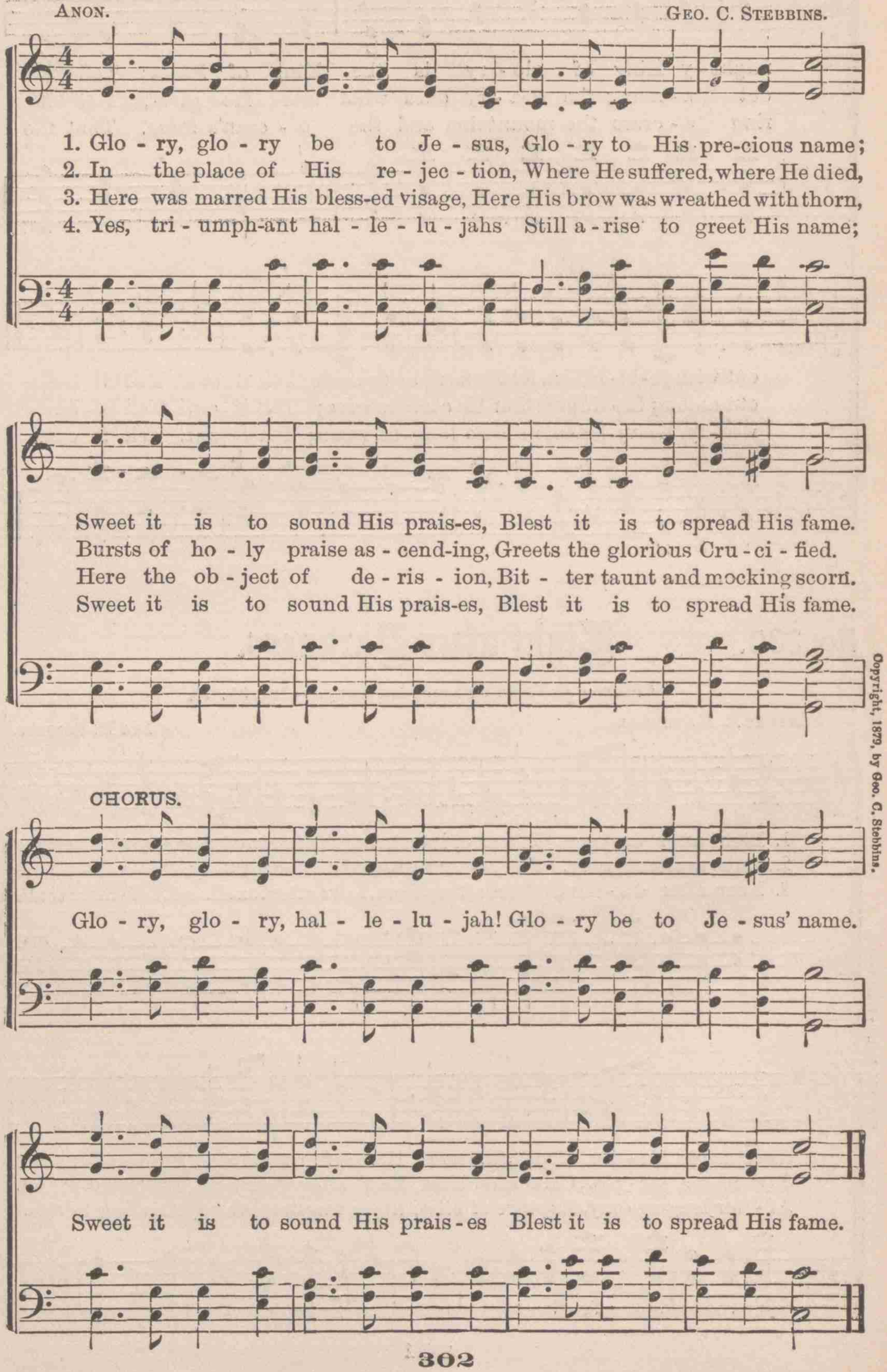


## No. 331. Glory be to Jesus' Name.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; * * * and the King of glory shall come in.'—Ps. 24: 7.

ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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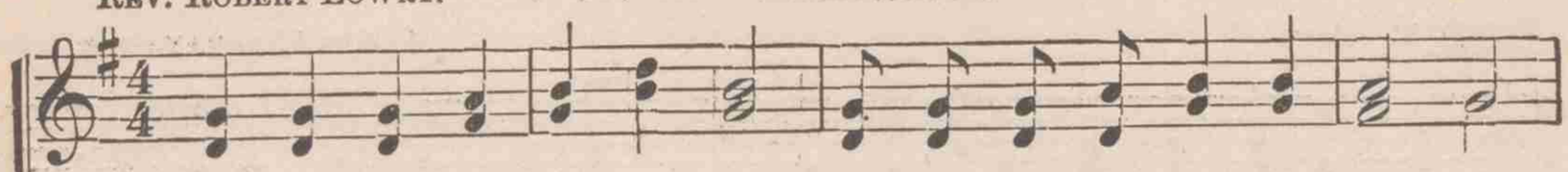
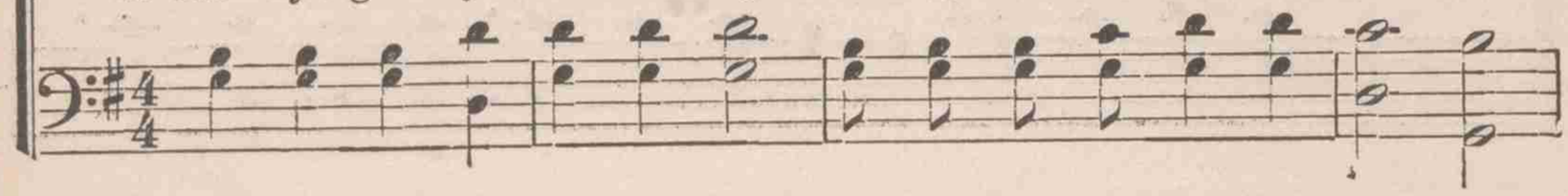
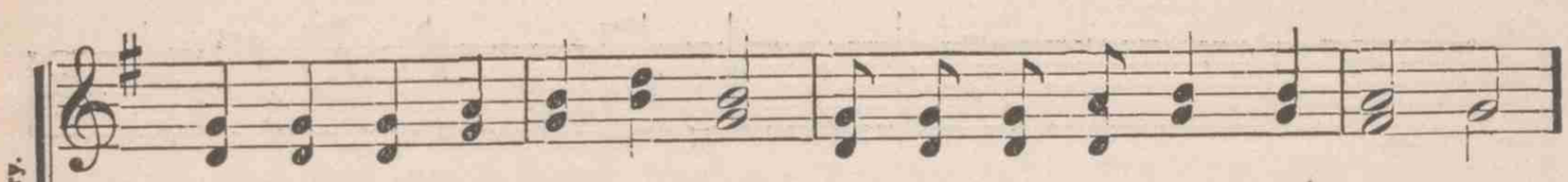
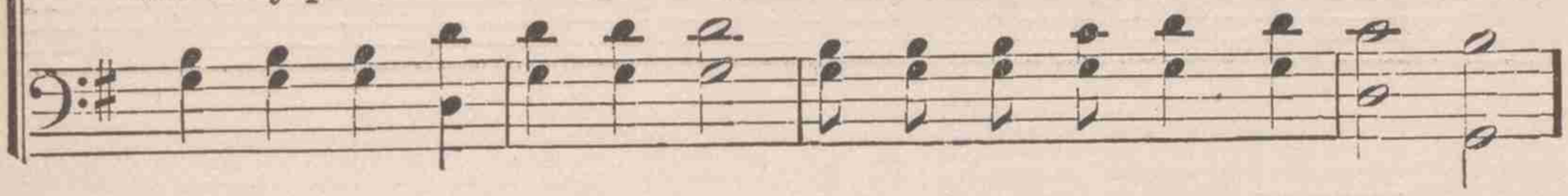
# No. 332. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

"Without shedding of blood is no remission."—HEB. 9: 22.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my cleansing this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth ing can for sin a - tone— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
5. Now by this I'll ov - er-come— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
6. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my par-don this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my righteousness— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Now by this I'll reach my home— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
All my praise for this I bring— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

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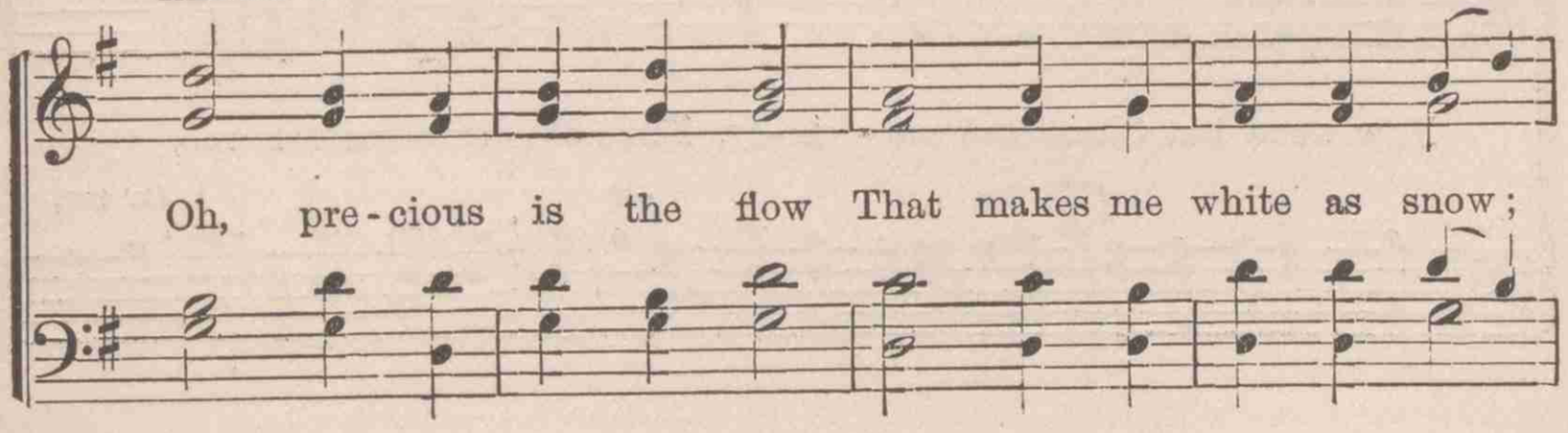
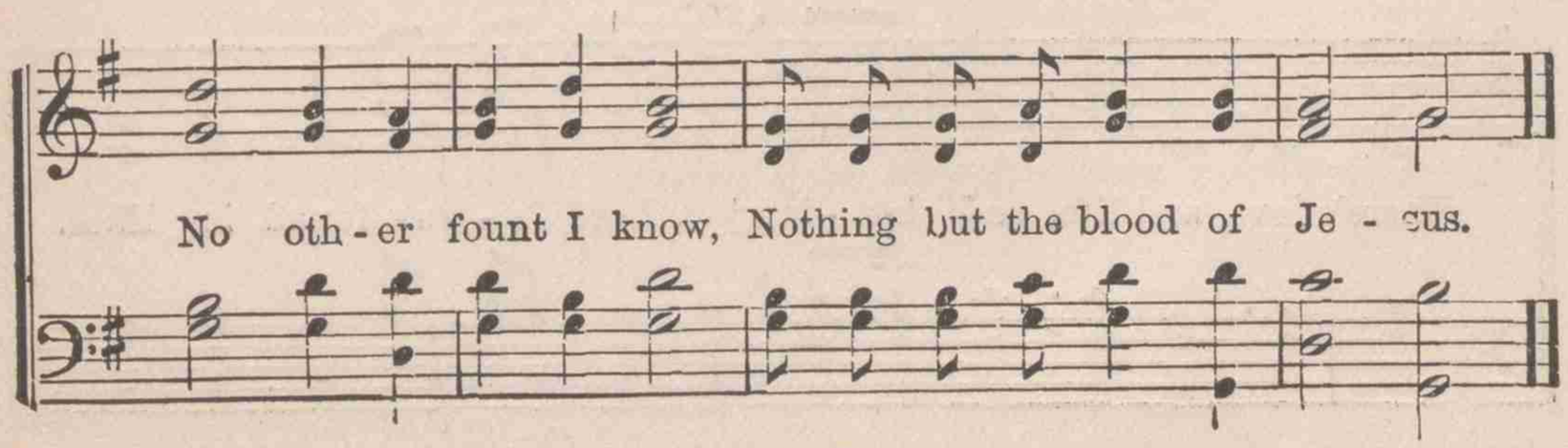


Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;



No oth - er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

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# No. 333. None but Christ can Satisfy.

"We also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."—ROM. 5: 11.

B. E. Arr. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. O Christ, in Thee, my soul hath found, And found in Thee a - lone,
2. I sighed for rest and hap - pi - ness, I yearned for them, not Thee;
3. I tried the bro - ken cis - terns, Lord, But ah! the wa - ters failed!
4. The pleasures lost I sad - ly mourn'd, But nev - er wept for Thee,

The peace, the joy I sought so long, The bliss till now un - known.
But while I passed my Sav - iour by, His love laid hold on me.
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled, And mock'd me as I wailed.
Till grace my sight - less eyes re - ceived, Thy love - li - ness to see.

Copyright, 1882, by James McGranahan.

CHORUS.

Now none but Christ can sat - is - fy, None oth - er name for me,

for me,

There's love, and life, and last - ing joy, Lord Je - sus, found in Thee.

# No. 334. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

——went into the temple at the hour of prayer.—Acts. 3: 1.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried To the
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trusting Him we be-lieve That the

gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-iour and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten-der com-pas-sion His children to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav-iour who loves them their sorrow con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing
blessing we're needing we'll sure-ly re-ceive, In the fullness of this

faith, His pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
cast at His feet ev-ery care,
heart He removes ev-ery care;
trust we shall lose ev-ery care;

D. S.—*What a balm for the wea-ry! O how*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

sweet to be there! Blessed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r;
*sweet to be there!*

Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main

No. 335.

# Come Prodigal Come.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

MABEL C. FROST

IRA D SANKEY.

1. O soul in the far a - way coun - try, A - wea - ry, and
2. A - rise! and come back to thy Fa - ther, He'll meet thee while
3. Al- though thou hast sinned against heav - en, And weak and un -

famished, and sad, There's rest in the home of thy Fa - ther,
yet on the way; As - sured of His ten - der com - pas - sion,
worthy may be; He of - fers thee full res - to - ra - tion,

CHORUS.

His wel - come will make thy heart glad. Come, come, prod - i - gal
O why wilt thou long- er de - lay.
And par - don a - bundant and free.

come, And wan - der no long - er a - far from home; Come, come,

prod - i - gal come, A wel - come a - waits in thy Father's home.

Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 336.

# We shall Reign.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."—2 Tim. 2: 12.

Geo. C. Needham. C. C. Case.

1. When the Lord from heav'n ap-pears, When are banished all our fears,
2. When our eyes the King shall see, In His glo - rious Majes - ty,
3. Debt-ors to His matchless grace, At His feet our crowns will place,
4. Let this hope now pu - ri - fy Those who on Thy word re - ly;

When the sleep-ers from the tomb, With the watch-ers reach their home.
When to Him we're call'd a - bove, Partners of His joy and love.
And as a - ges roll a - long, Still will sing the glad new song.
Com - fort to our hearts af - ford, 'Till the com - ing of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Then en - throned our Lord with Thee, We shall reign....
Then enthroned our Lord with Thee, We shall reign

E - ter - nal - ly..... Then en - throned.... our Lord with
E - ter - nal - ly, Then enthroned our

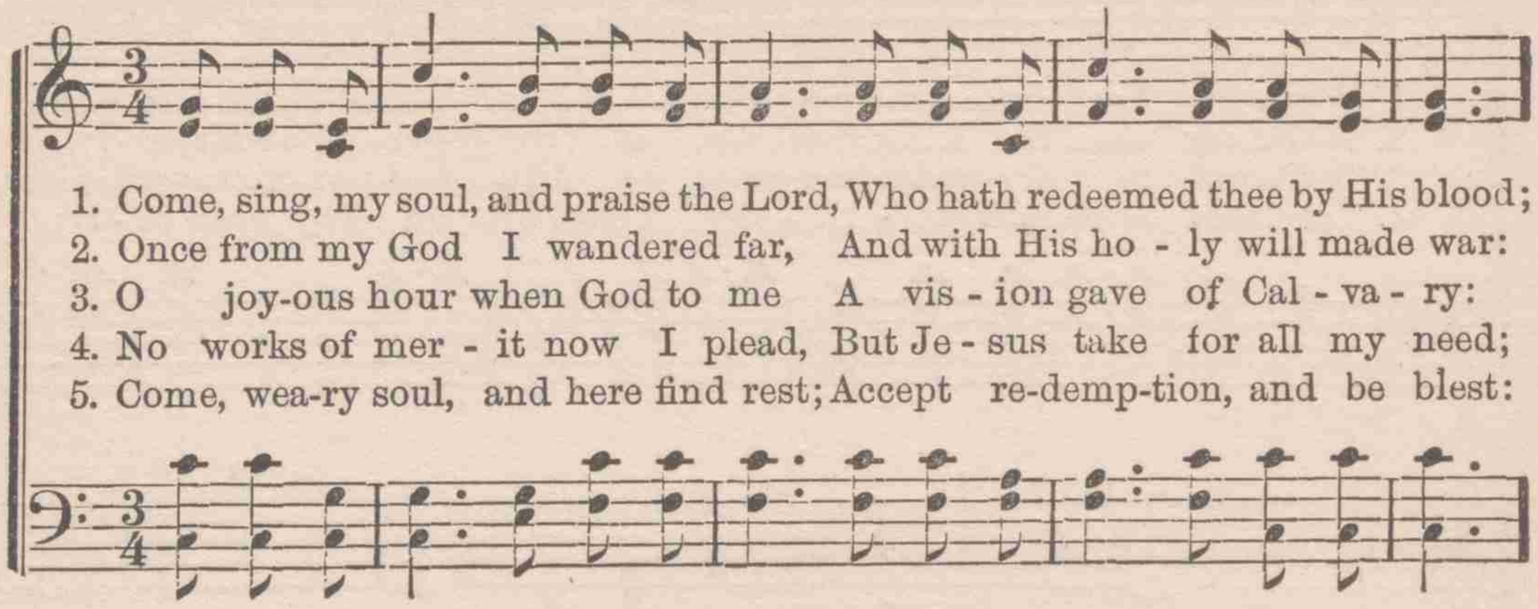
Thee,..... We shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.
Lord with Thee, We shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

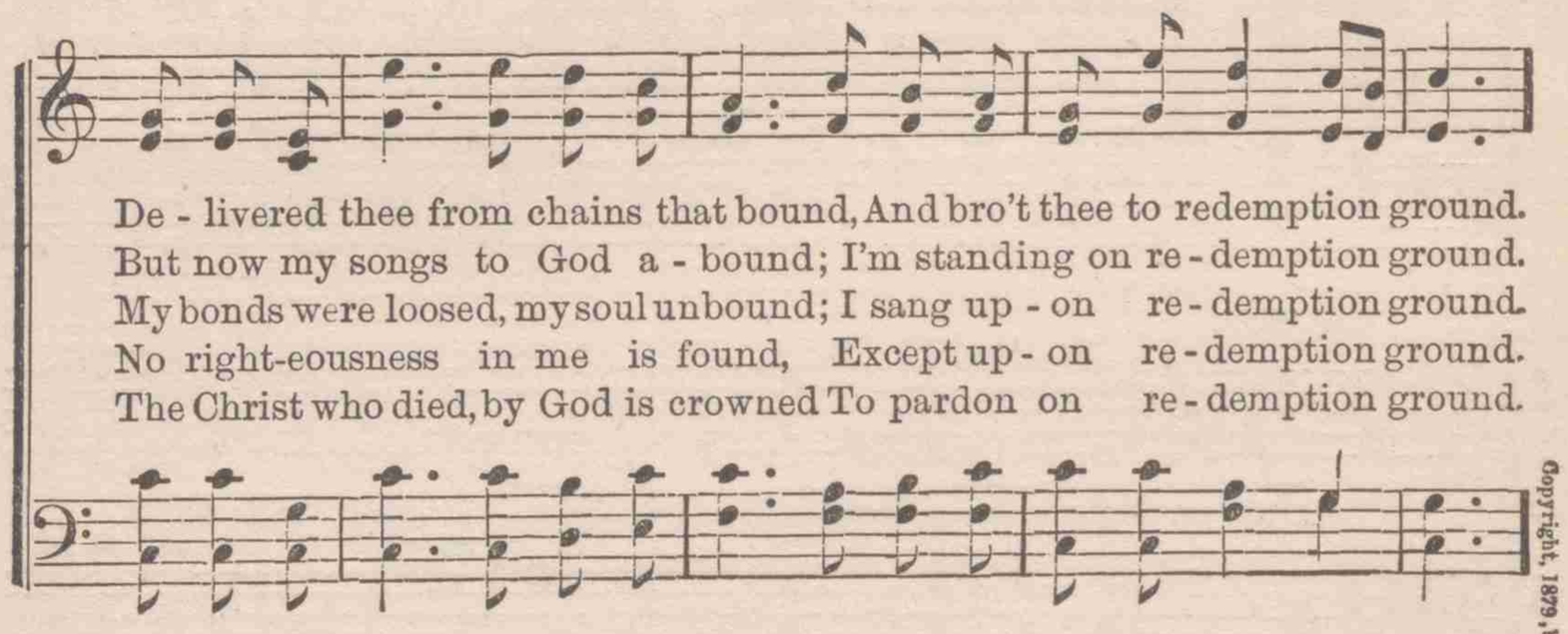
Copyright, 1880, by C. C. Case

## No. 337. Redemption Ground.

"The redemption of their soul is precious"—Ps. 49: 8.

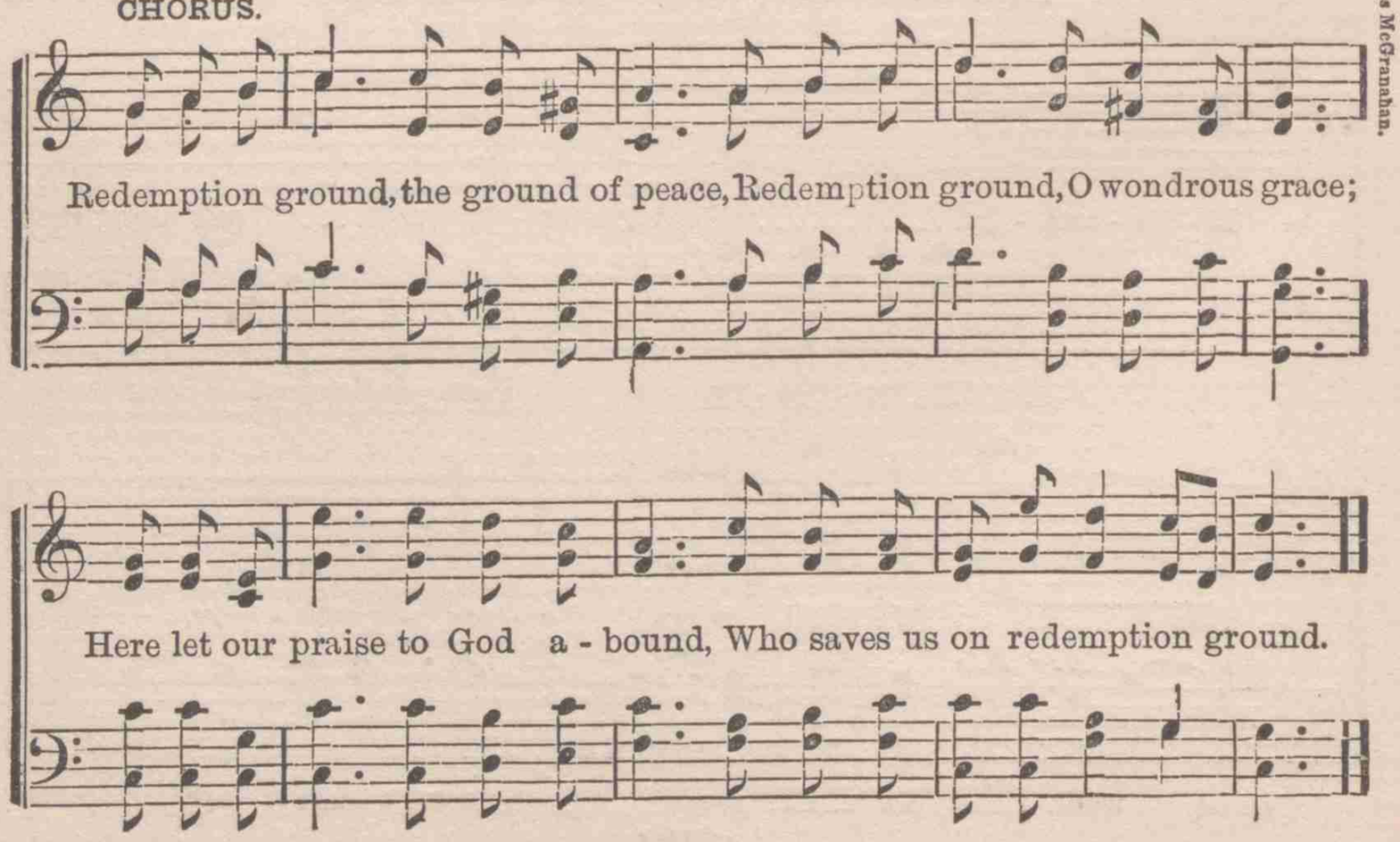
EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.




Copyright, 1879, by James McGranahan.

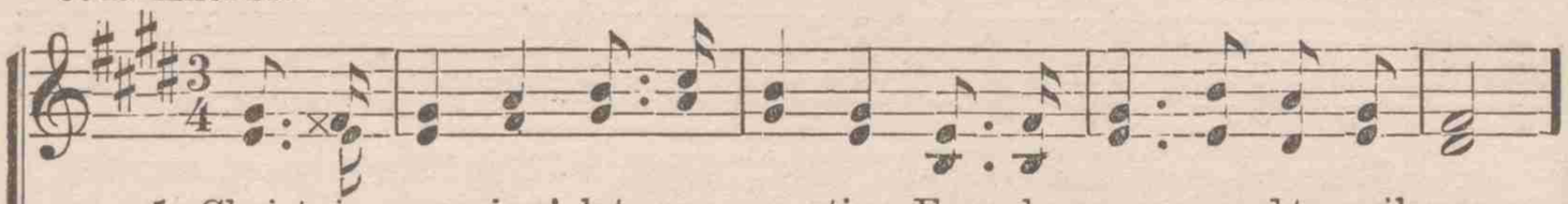
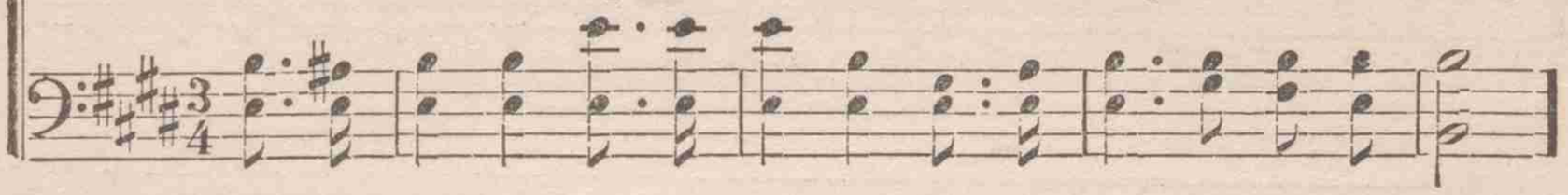
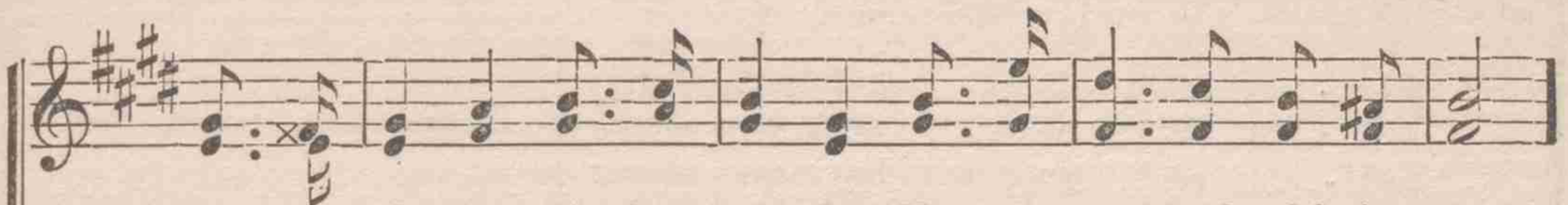
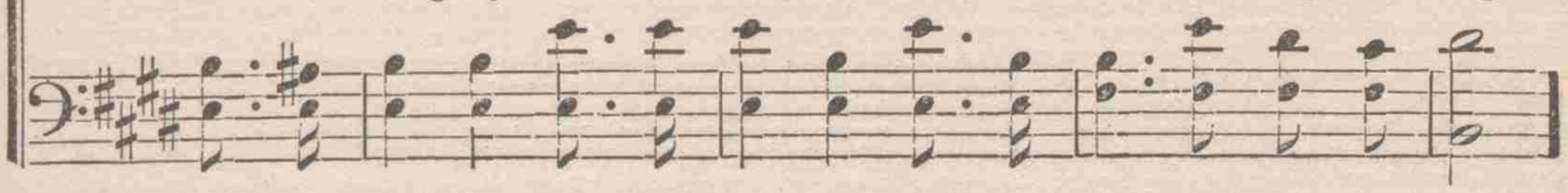
CHORUS.



No. 338.

# Christ is Coming.

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works."—MATT. 16: 27.

J. R. MACDUFF. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Christ is com-ing! let cre-a-tion From her groans and travail cease;
2. Earth can now but tell the sto-ry Of Thy bit-ter cross and pain;
3. Though once cradled in a manger, Oft no pil-low but the sod;
4. Long Thy ex-iles have been pining, Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
5. With that "blessed hope" be-fore us, Let no harp re-main unstrung;

Let the glorious proclam-a-tion Hope restore and faith in-crease:
She shall yet be-hold Thy glo-ry When Thou comest back to reign.
Here an a-lien and a stranger, Mock'd of men, disown'd of God.
But, in heavenly vesture shin-ing, Soon they shall Thy glo-ry see.
Let the mighty ransom'd cho-rus Onward roll from tongue to tongue.

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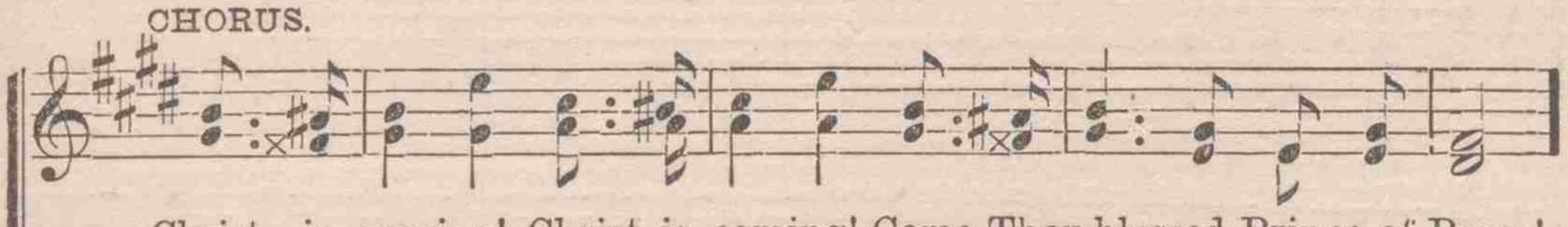
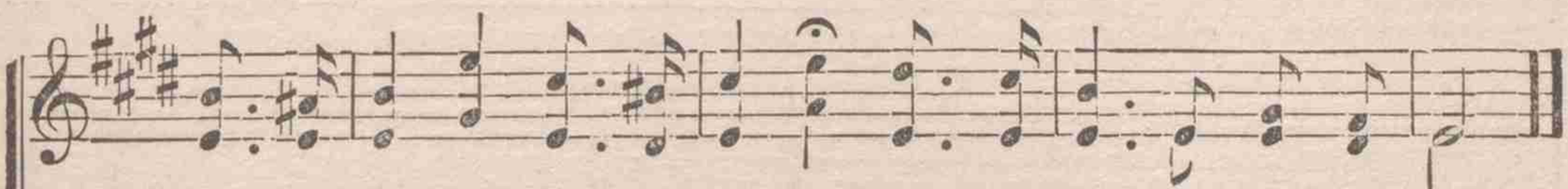
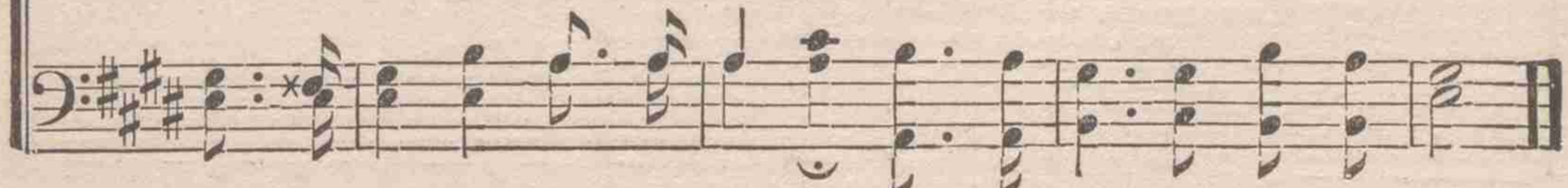
CHORUS.

Christ is coming! Christ is coming! Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

Christ is coming! Christ is coming! Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace!

## No. 339. Rise Up and Hasten.

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."—Song of Sol. 2: 10.

J. Denham Smith. Arr. Arr. by James McGranahan.

1. Rise up, and hast-en! my soul, haste a-long! And speed on thy
   Home, home is near-ing, 'tis coming in-to view, A lit-tle more of
2. Why should we lin-ger when heaven lies be-fore? While earth's fast re-
   Pleasures and treasures which once here we knew, No more can they

CHORUS.

jour-ney with hope and with song;
toil-ing and then to earth a-dieu.
ced-ing, and soon will be no more;
charm us with such a goal in view.
Come then, come, and raise the joy-ful song! Ye children of the wil-derness, our time can-not be long. Home, home, home, oh, why should we de-lay? The morn of heav'n is dawn-ing, we're near the break of day.

Copyright, 1881, by James McGranahan.

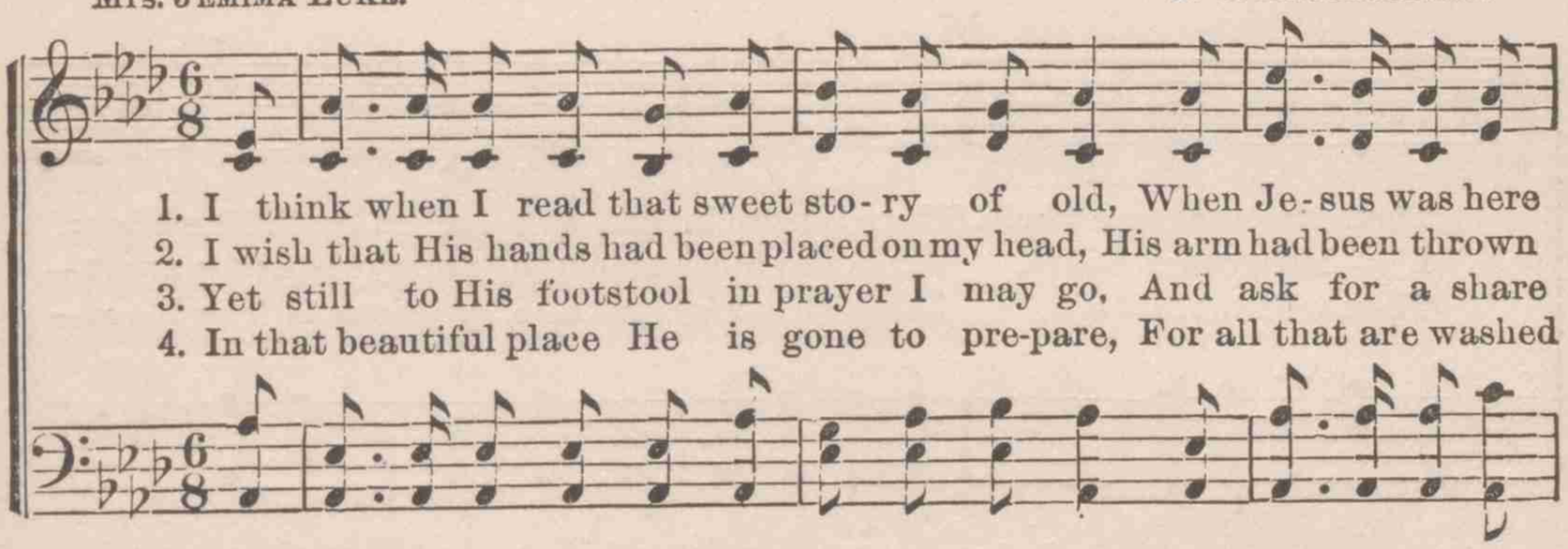
3 Loved ones in Jesus they've passed on before,
Now resting in glory, they weary are no more;
Toils all are ended, and nothing now but joy,
And praises, ascending their ever glad employ.
Come then, come, &c.

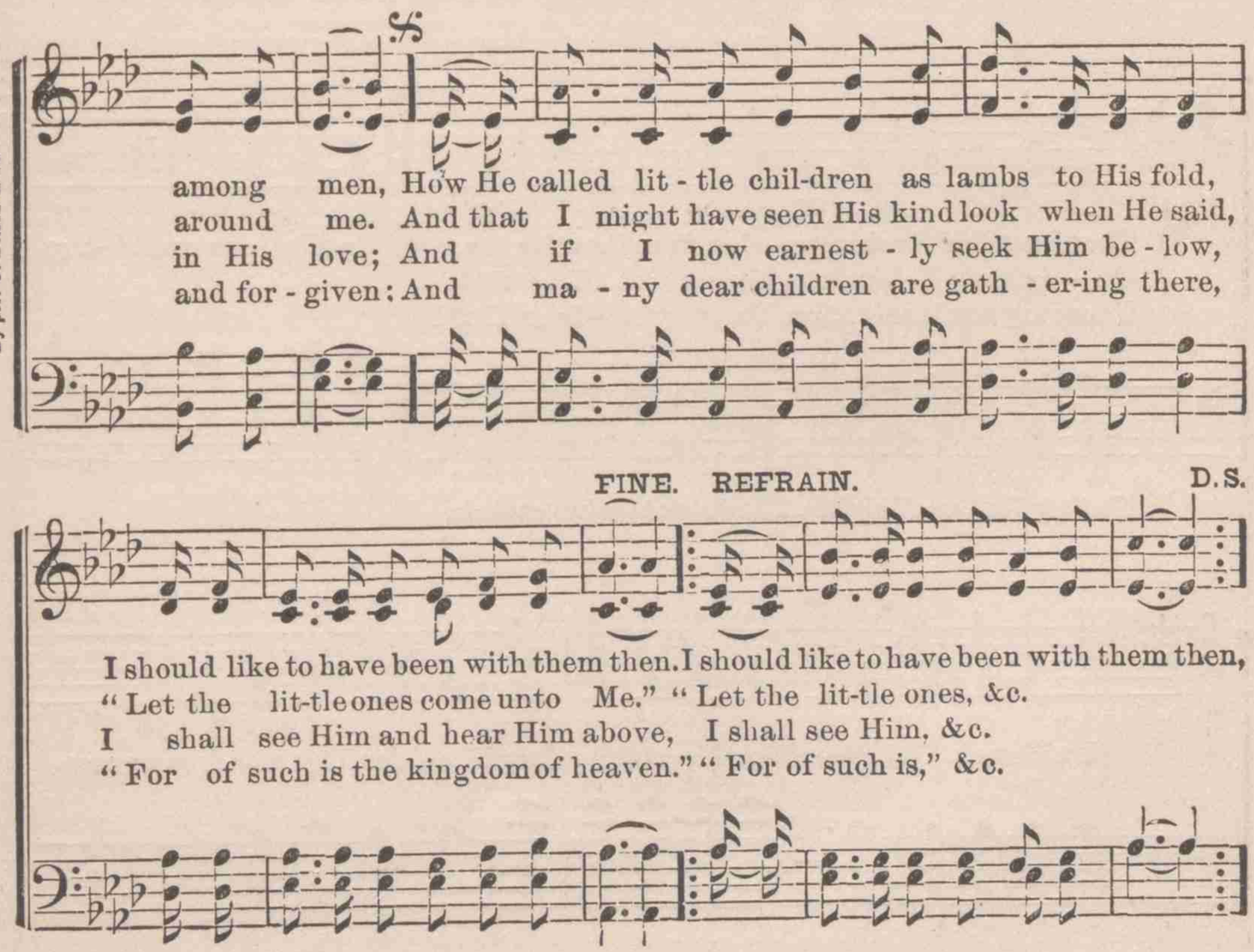
4 No condemnation! how blessed is the word
And no separation! forever with the Lord;
He will be with us who loved us long before,
And Jesus, our Jesus, is ours for evermore.
Come then, come, &c.

## No. 340. The Sweet Story of Old.

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."—MARK 10 : 16.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE. J. C. ENGLEBRECHT.



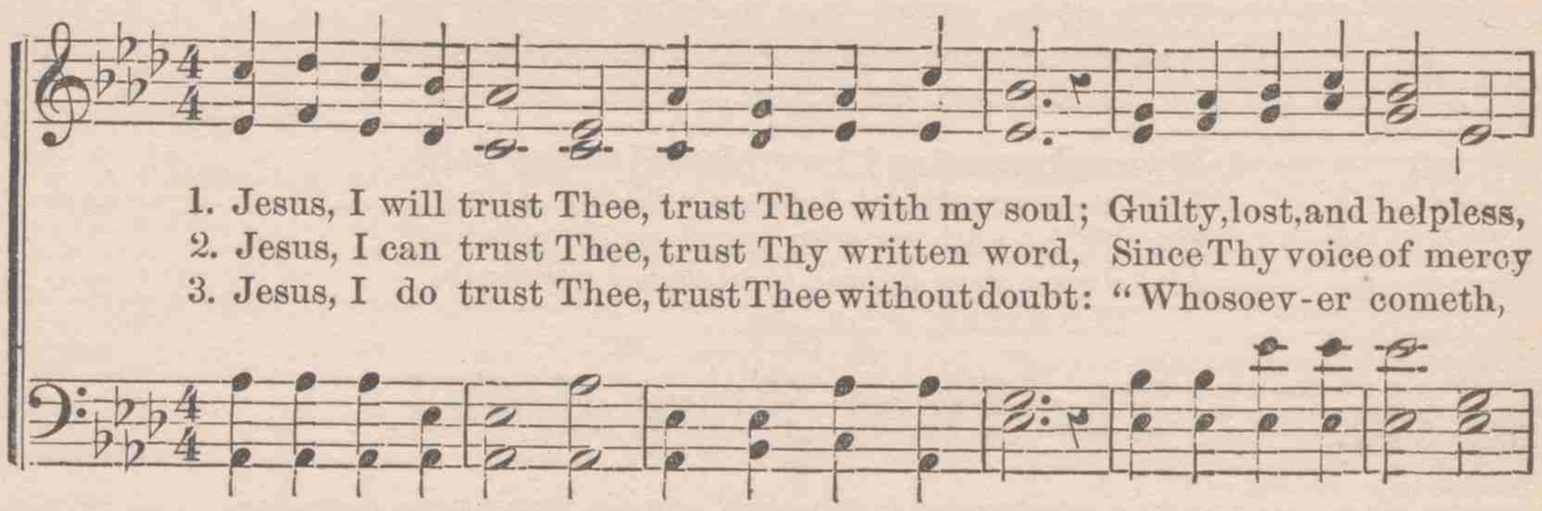



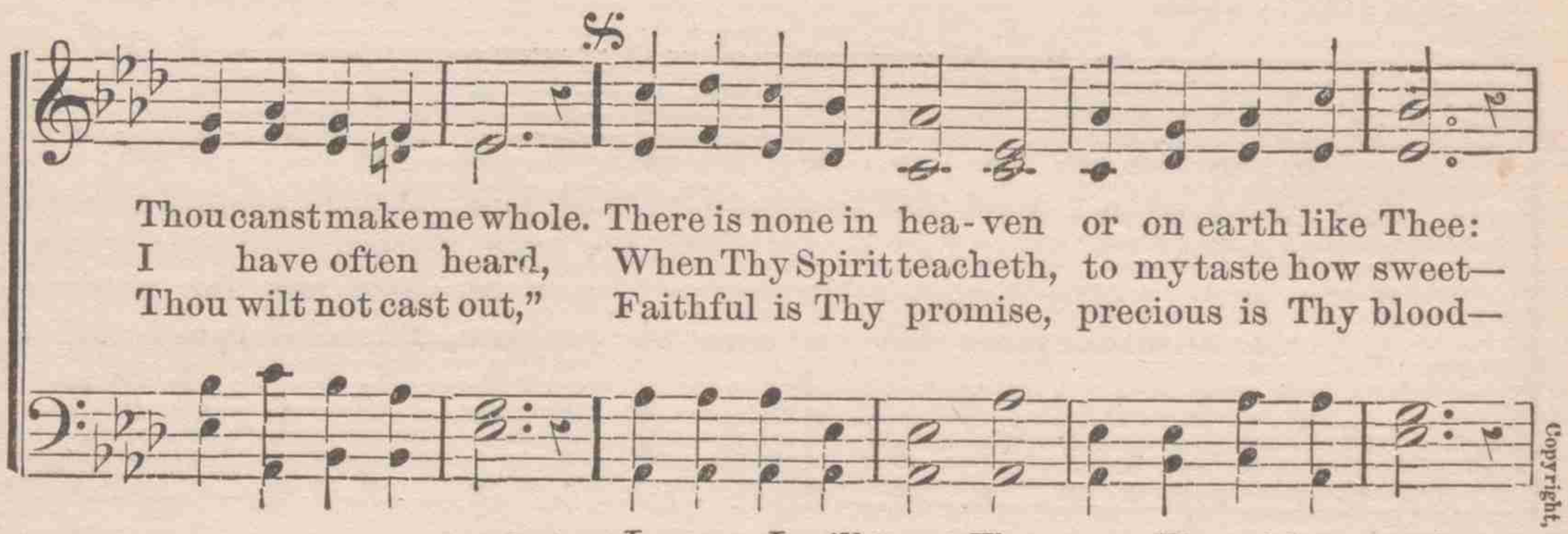

By per. O. Ditson & Co

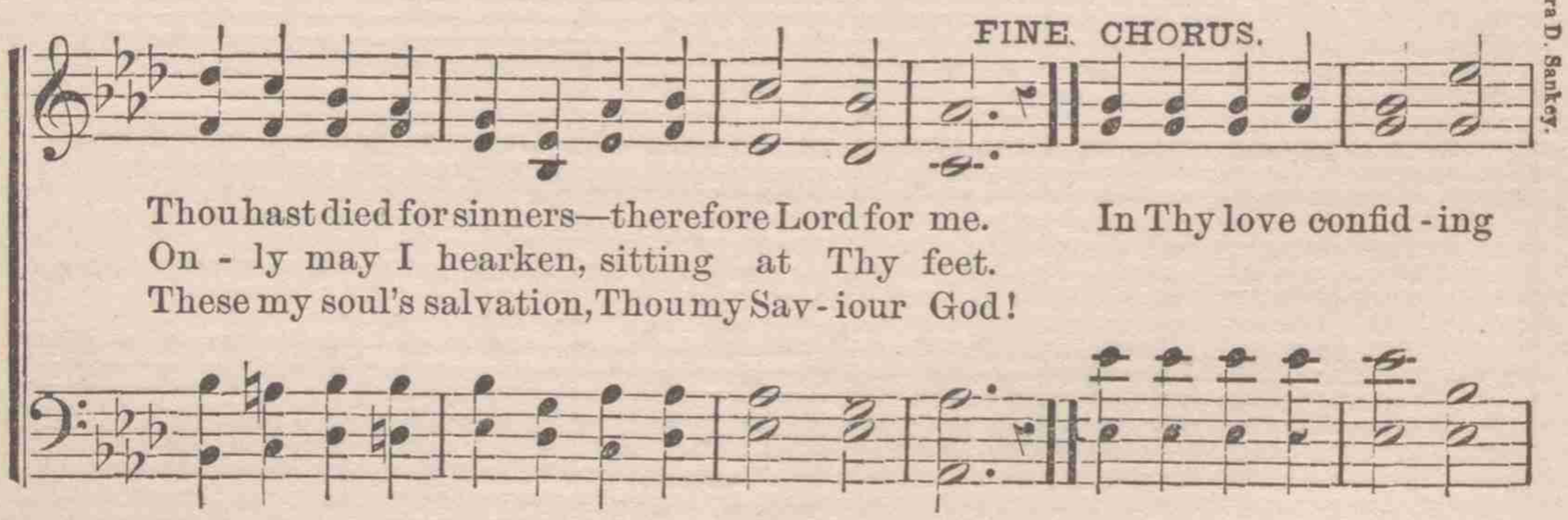
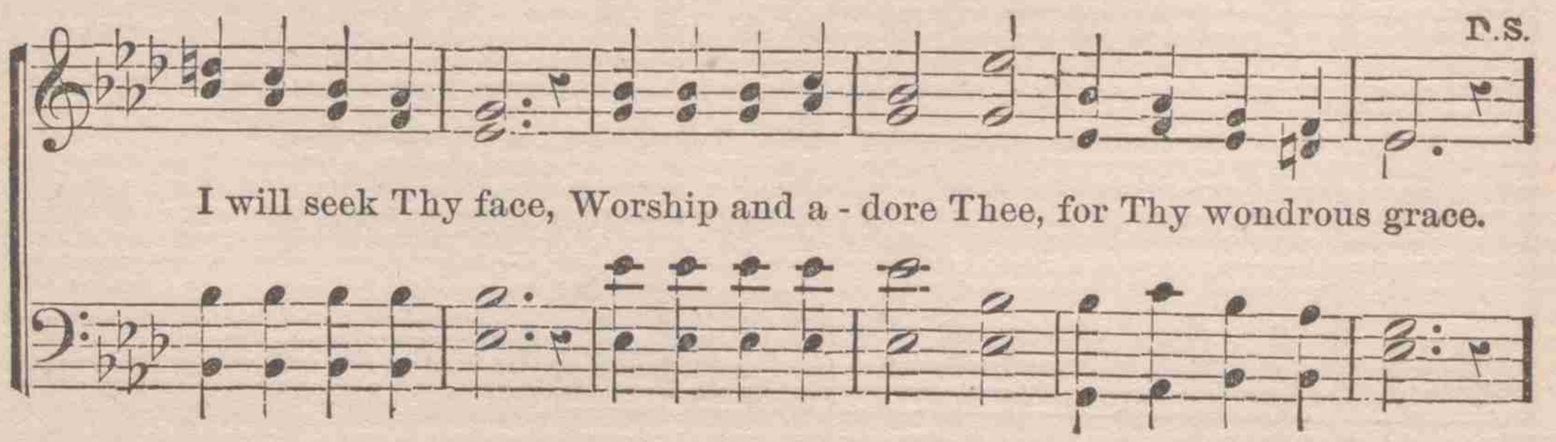
## No. 341. Jesus, I will Trust Thee.

"I will trust in Thee."—Ps. 55: 23.

MARY J. WALKER. IRA D. SANKEY.

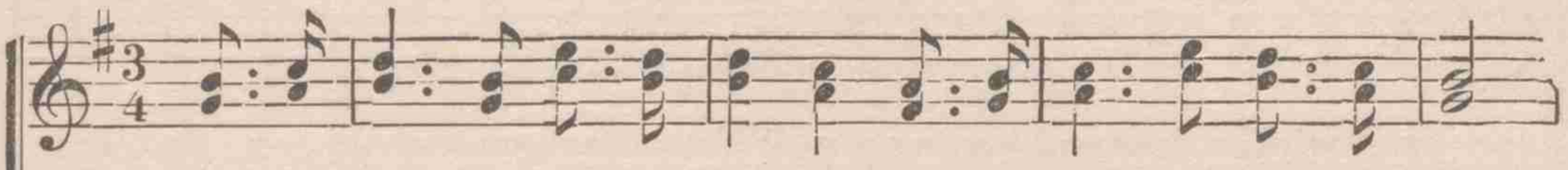
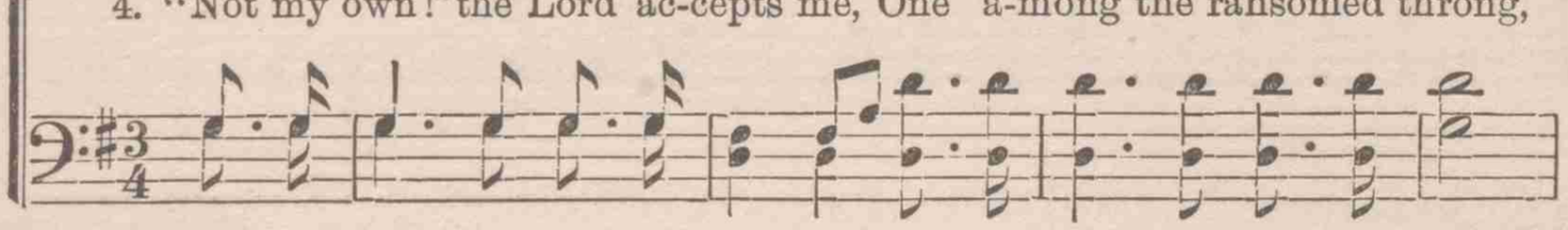
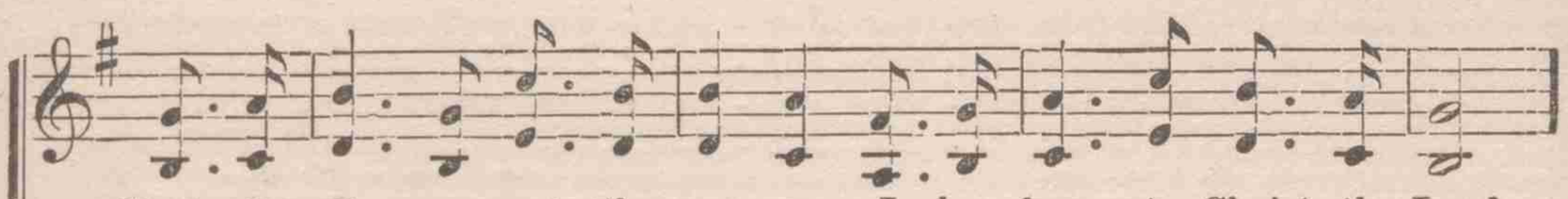
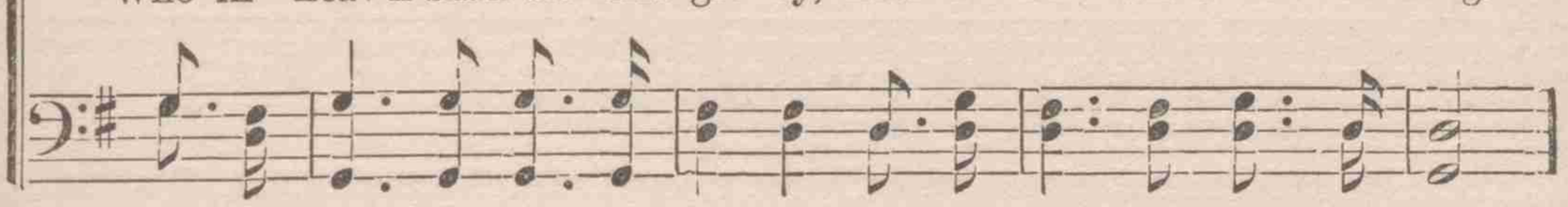



Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.

No. 342.

# Not My Own.

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price."—1 Cor. 6: 19, 20.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

1. "Not my own," but saved by Je - sus, Who re-deemed me by His blood,
2. "Not my own!" to Christ, my Saviour, I be - liev - ing, trust my soul;
3. "Not my own!" my time, my ta - lent, Free-ly all to Christ I bring,
4. "Not my own!" the Lord ac-cepts me, One a-mong the ransomed throng,

Glad - ly I ac-cept the message. I be - long to Christ the Lord.
Ev - 'ry - thing to Him com-mitted, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.
To be used in joy - ful serv-ice For the glo - ry of my King.
Who in heav'n shall see His glo - ry, And to Je - sus Christ be - long.

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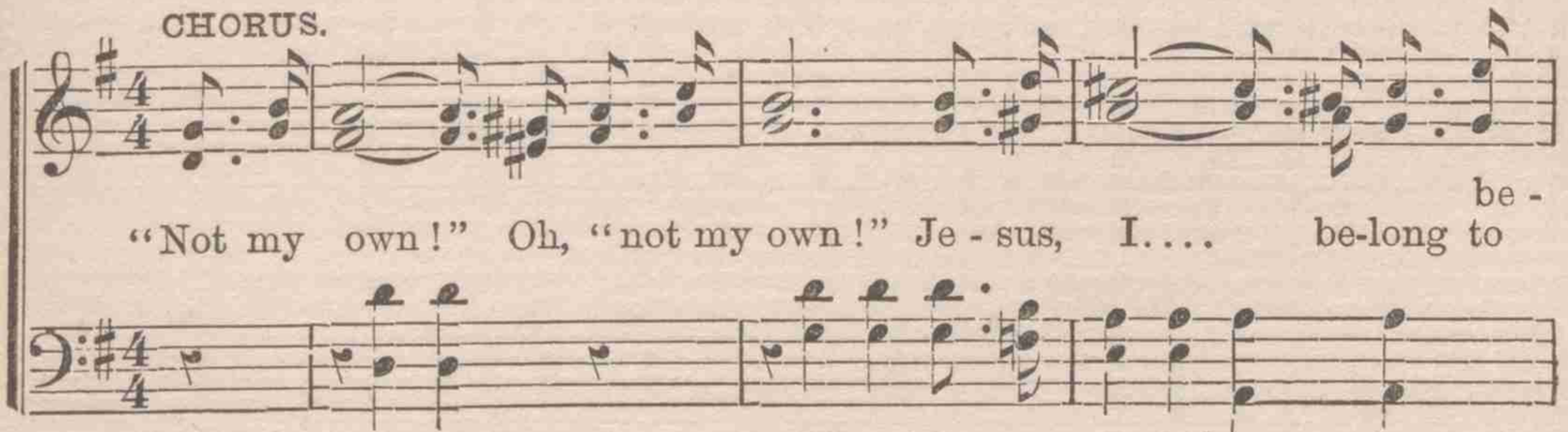
CHORUS.



"Not my own!" Oh, "not my own!" Je - sus, I.... be-long to be -
Oh no! Oh no! Je - sus, I belong, be - -
- long to Thee!
Thee!.... All I have, and all I hope for, Thine for all e - ter - ni - ty.
- long to Thee!

## No. 343. Over Jordan.

(Read DEUT. 11:31. 8:7, 8.)

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. J. R. MURRAY.

1. With His dear and lov-ing care, Will the Saviour lead us on, To the
2. Through the rocky wilderness, Will the Saviour lead us on, To the
3. With His strong and mighty hand, Will the Saviour lead us on, To that
4. In the Promised Land to be, Will the Saviour lead us on, Till fair

hills and valleys fair, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, we'll rest our weary feet
land we shall possess, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, by night the wondrous ray,
good and pleasant land, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes! where vine and olive grow,
Canaan's shore we see, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes! to dwell with Thee, at last,

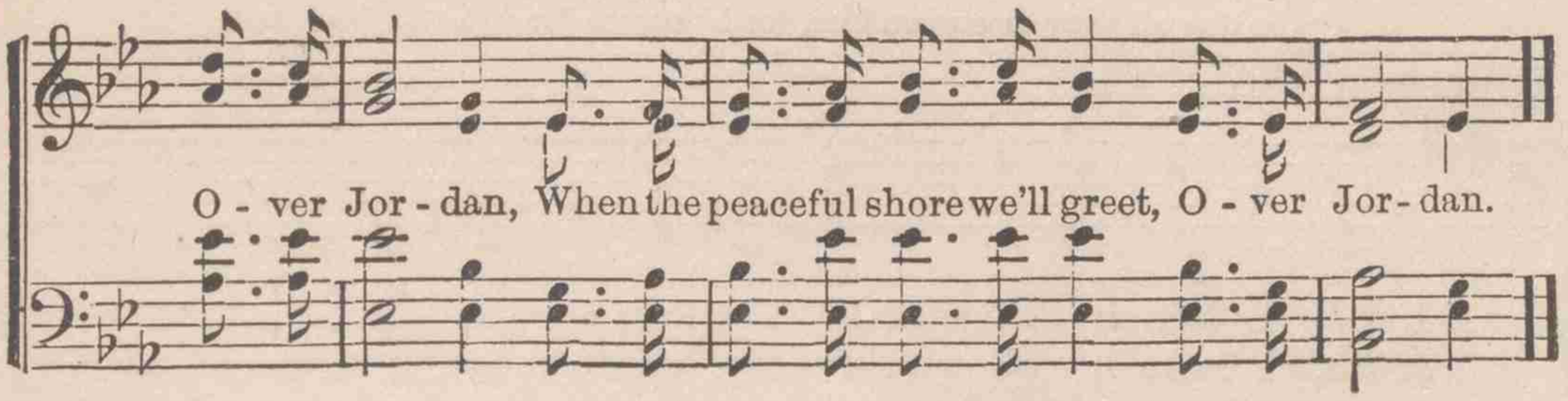
By the crys-tal waters, sweet, When the peaceful shore we greet, O - ver
Cloudy pil - lar by the day, They shall guide us on our way, O - ver
And the brooks and fountains flow, Thirst nor hunger shall we know, Over
Guide and lead us, as Thou hast, Till the part - ed wave be passed, O - ver

CHORUS.

Jor - dan. O - ver Jor - dan! O - ver Jor - dan! Yes, we'll
rest our wea-ry feet, By the Crystal waters sweet, O - ver Jor - dan,

From "Pure Diamonds," by per. Brainard & Sons.

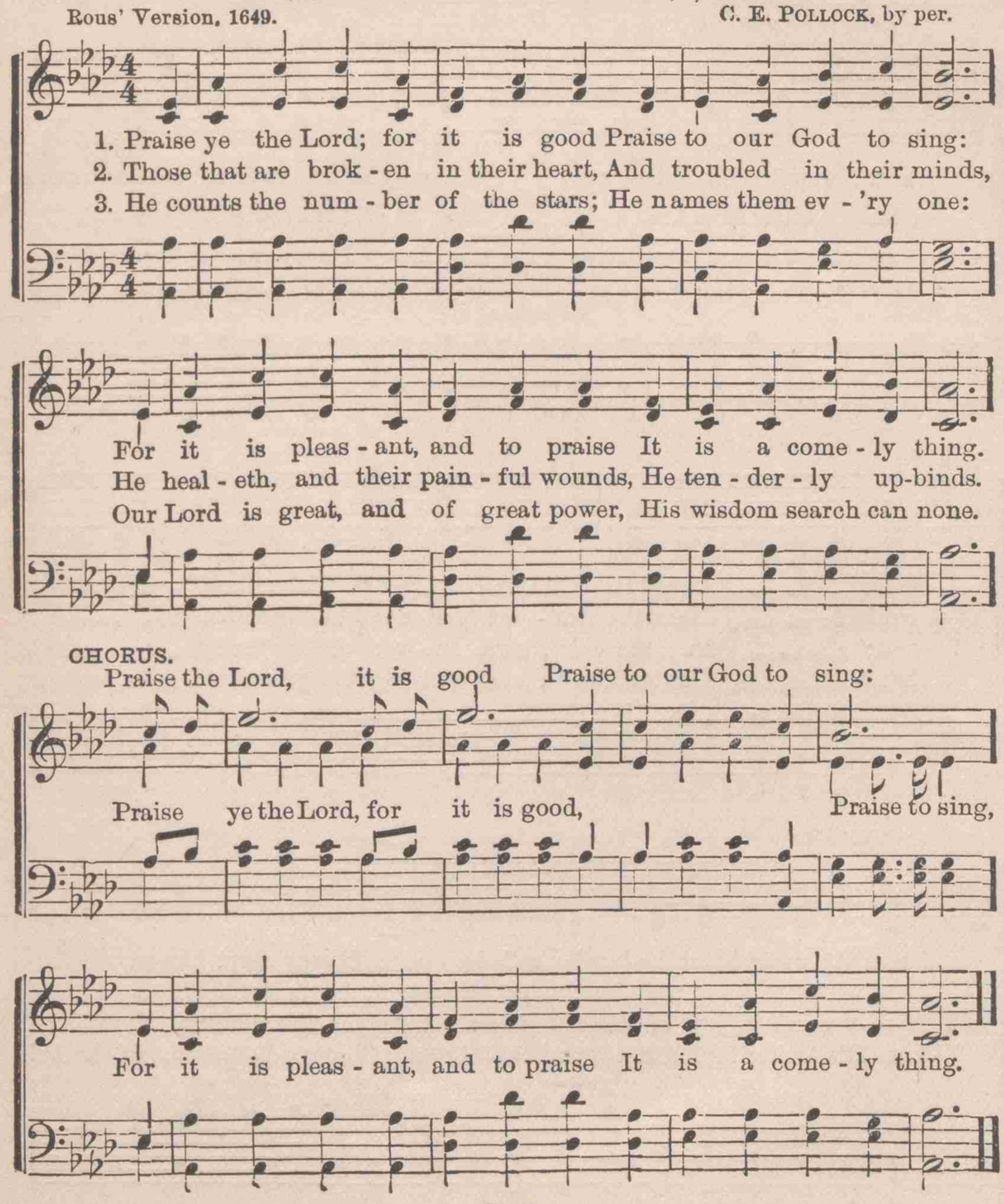
## Over Jordan. Concluded.




## No. 344. Praise Ye the Lord.

"It is good to sing praises unto our God; He healeth the broken in heart * * He telleth the number of the stars."—Ps. 147 : 1, 3, 4.

Rous' Version, 1649. C. E. POLLOCK, by per.



## No. 345. I Left it all with Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 PET. 5: 7.

Mrs. E. H. WILLIS. Arr. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

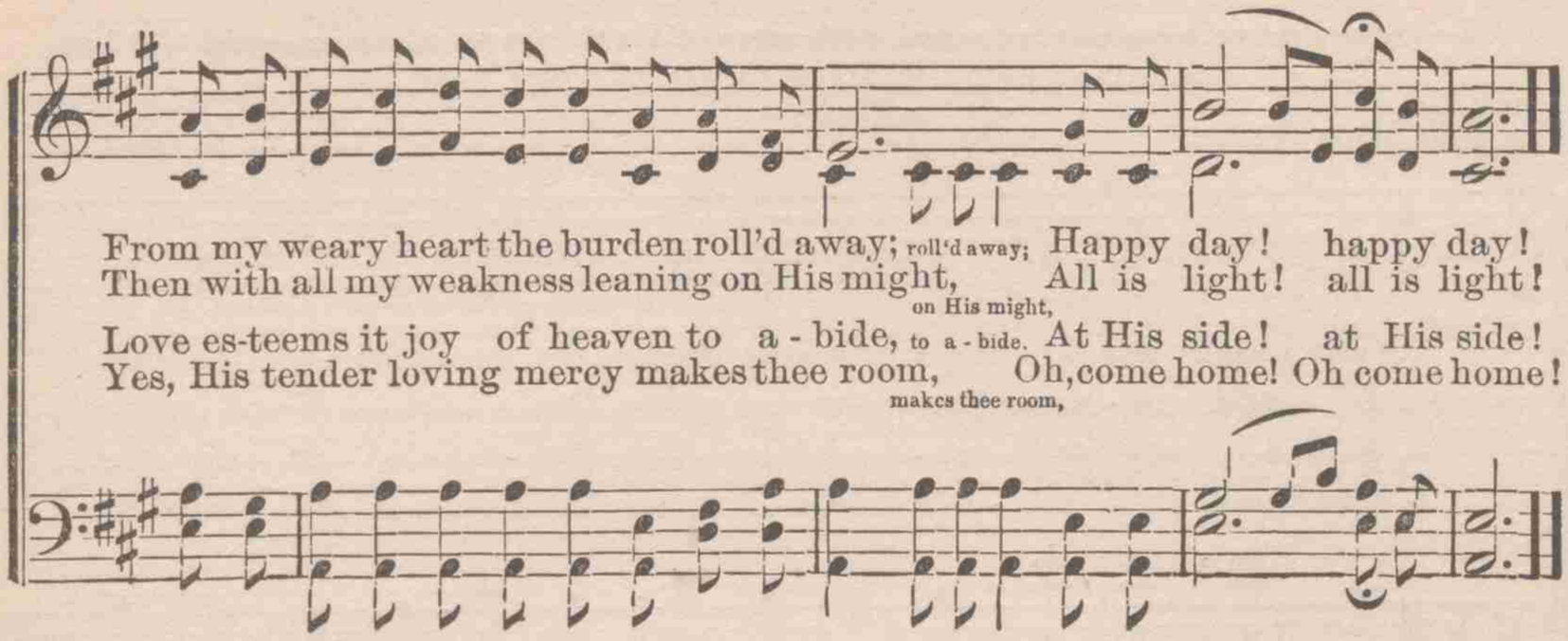
1. Oh, I left it all with Je - sus, long a - go; long a - go; All my sins I brought Him and my woe; and my woe; When by faith I saw Him bleeding on the
2. Oh, I leave it all with Je - sus, for He knows, for He knows, How to steal the bitter from life's woes; from life's woes; How to gild the tear of sorrow with His
3. Oh, I leave it all with Je - sus, day by day; day by day; Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may; come what may; Hope has dropp'd for aye her anchor, found her
4. Leave, oh, leave it all with Je - sus, drooping soul; droop - ing soul; Tell not half thy story, but the whole; but the whole; Worlds on worlds are hanging ever on His

tree; on the tree; Heard His still small whisper "'Tis for thee!" "'Tis for thee!"
smile, with His smile, Make the des - ert gar - den bloom awhile, bloom a - while.
rest; found her rest; In the calm, sure ha - ven of his breast, of His breast
hand, on His hand; Life and death are wait - ing His command, His com - mand.

Copyright, 1879, by James McGranahan.

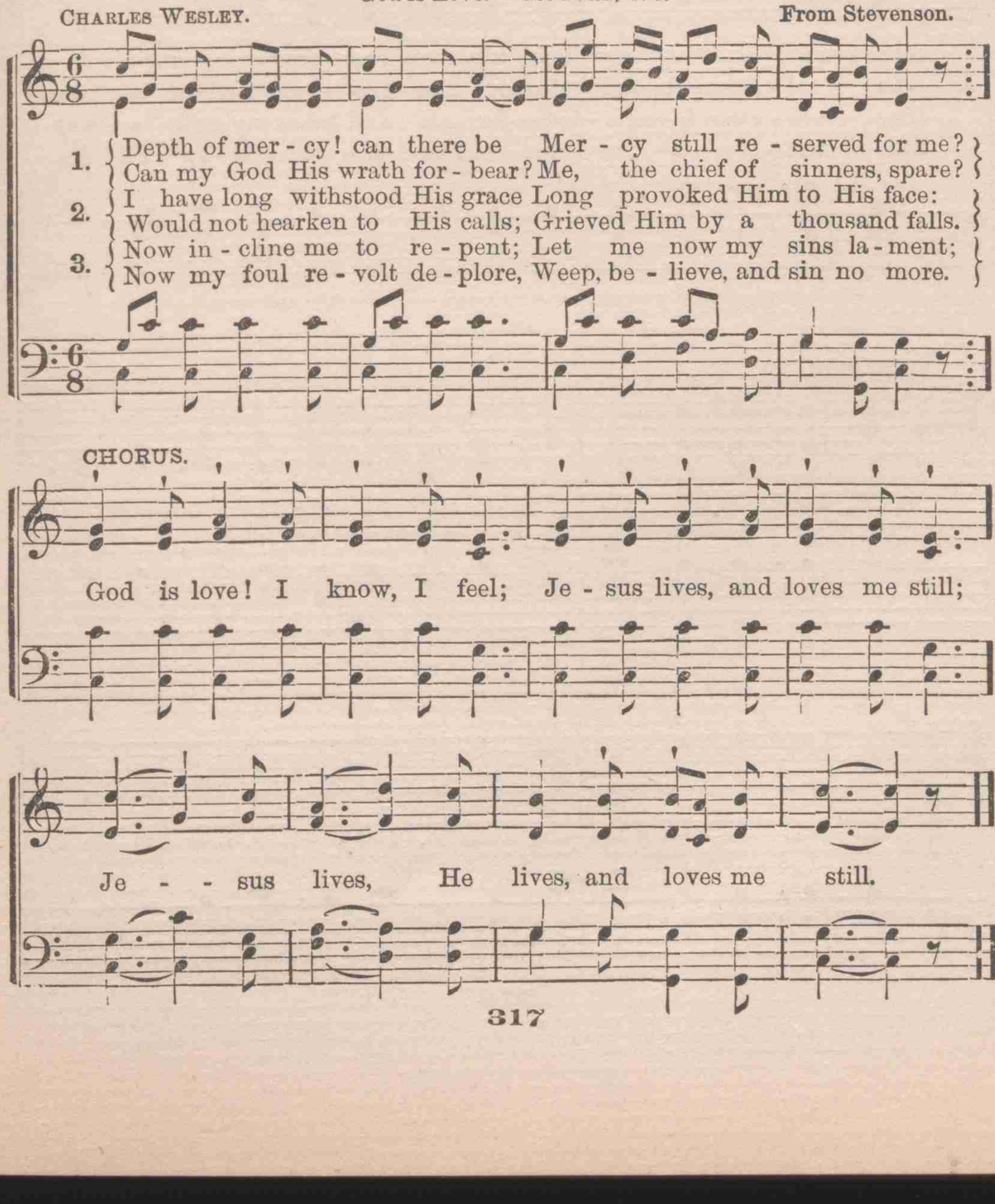
CHORUS.

From my weary heart the burden rolled a - way: Happy day! hap-py day!
Then with all my weakness leaning on His might, All is light! all is light!
Love esteems it joy of heaven to a - bide At His side! at His side!
Yet His tender, loving mercy makes thee room: Oh, come home! oh, come home!

# I Left it all with Jesus.—Concluded.

## No. 346. Depth of Mercy.

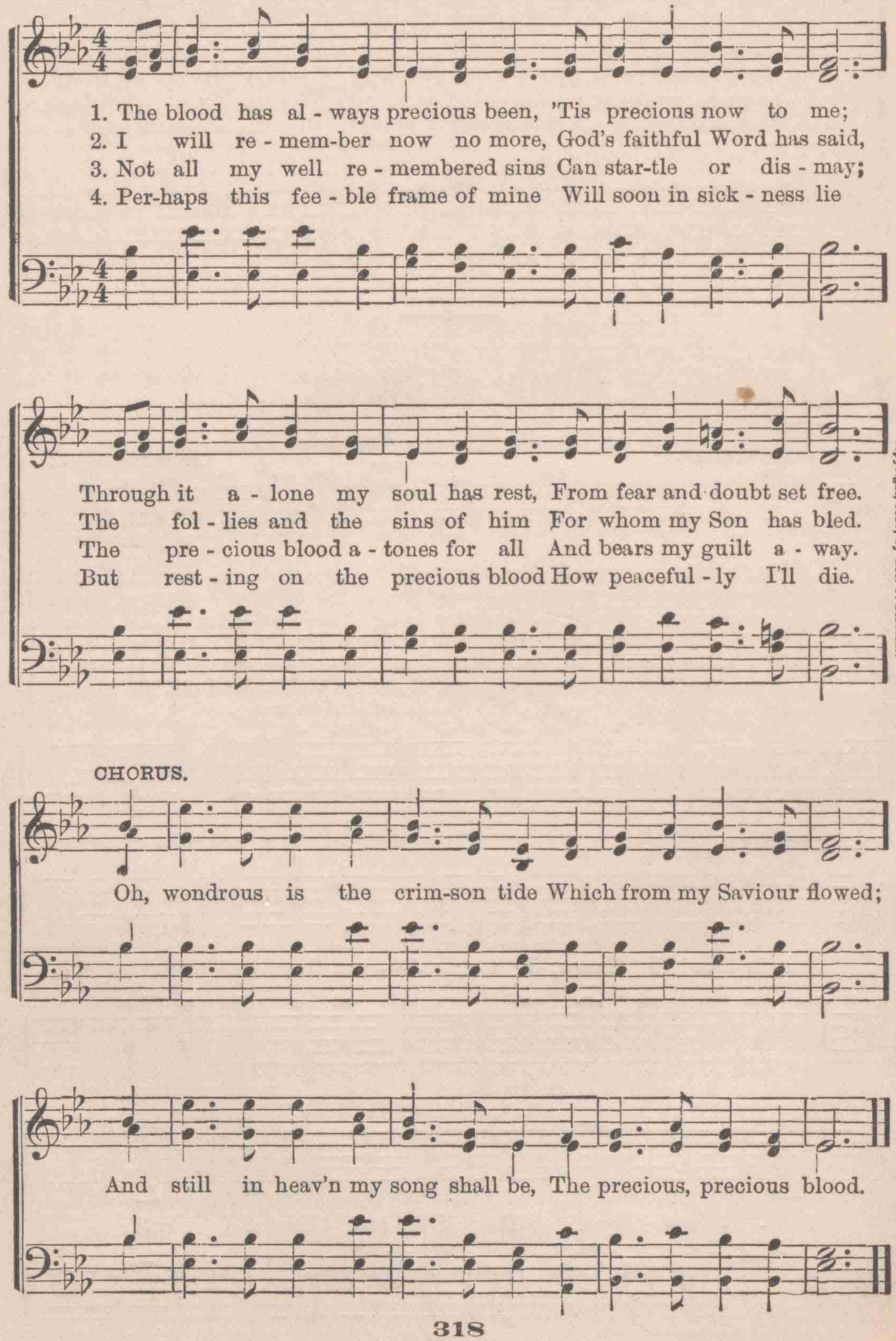
"God is Love."—1st JOHN, 4: 8.

CHARLES WESLEY. From Stevenson.



## No. 347. Precious Blood.

"Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold * * * but with the precious blood of Christ."—1 PET. 1: 18, 19.

MACLEOD WYLIE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Copyright, 1881, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

## No. 348. Is my Name written There?

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—LUKE 10: 20.

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, Oh, my
3. Oh! that beauti-ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glorified

heaven, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
Sav-iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy promise is written, In bright
be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing cometh, To de -

pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Saviour, is my name written there?
let - ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Yes, my name's written there.

CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

CHORUS for 2nd & 3d Verses. Yes, my name's, &c.

In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

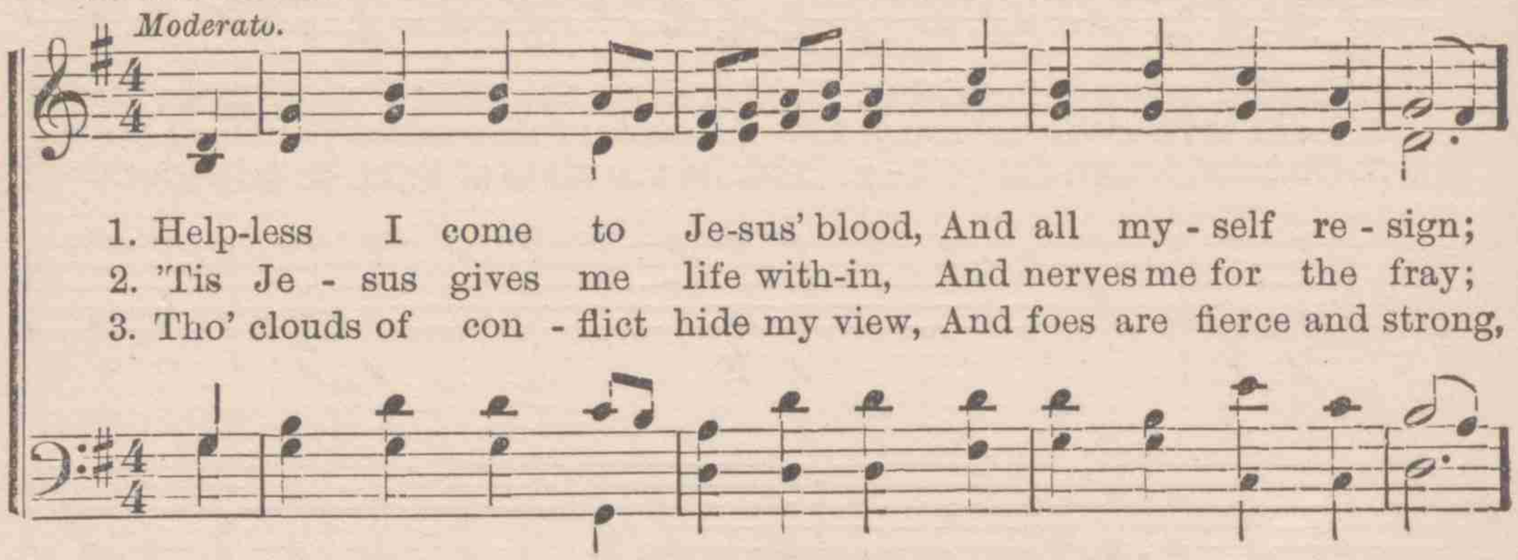
2nd & 3d V.—Yes, my name's, &c.

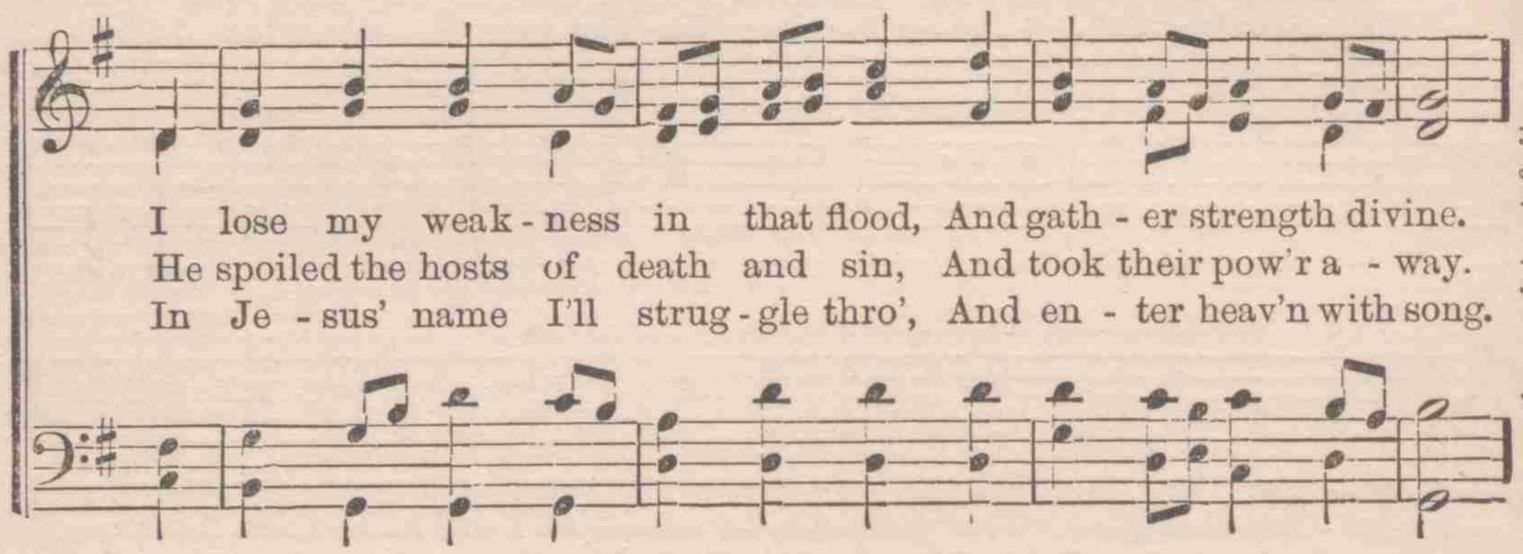
## No. 349. My Soul will Overcome.

"They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb."—REV. 12 : 11.

Rev. R. LOWRY. Rev. R. LOWRY.

*Moderato.*

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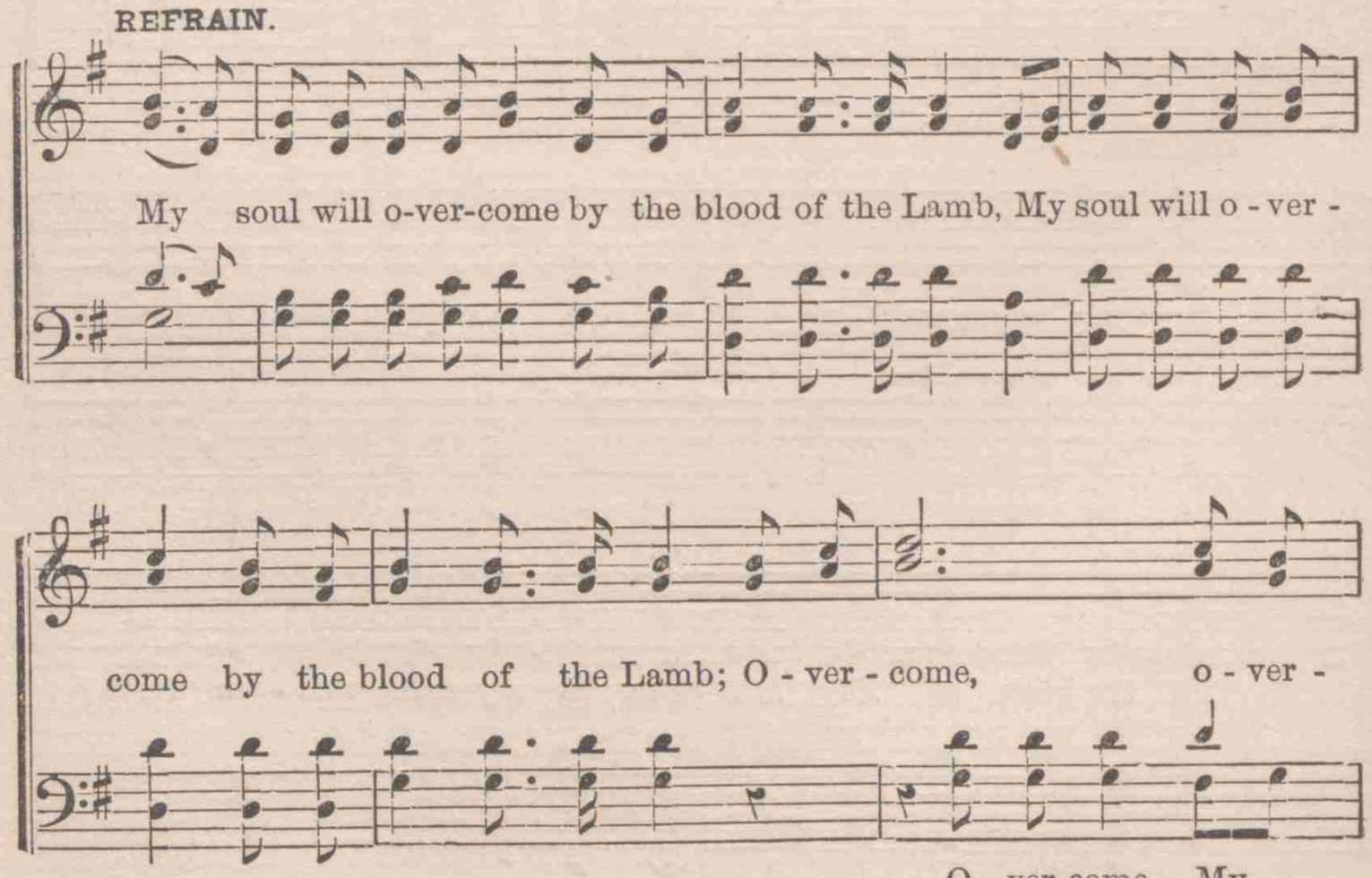
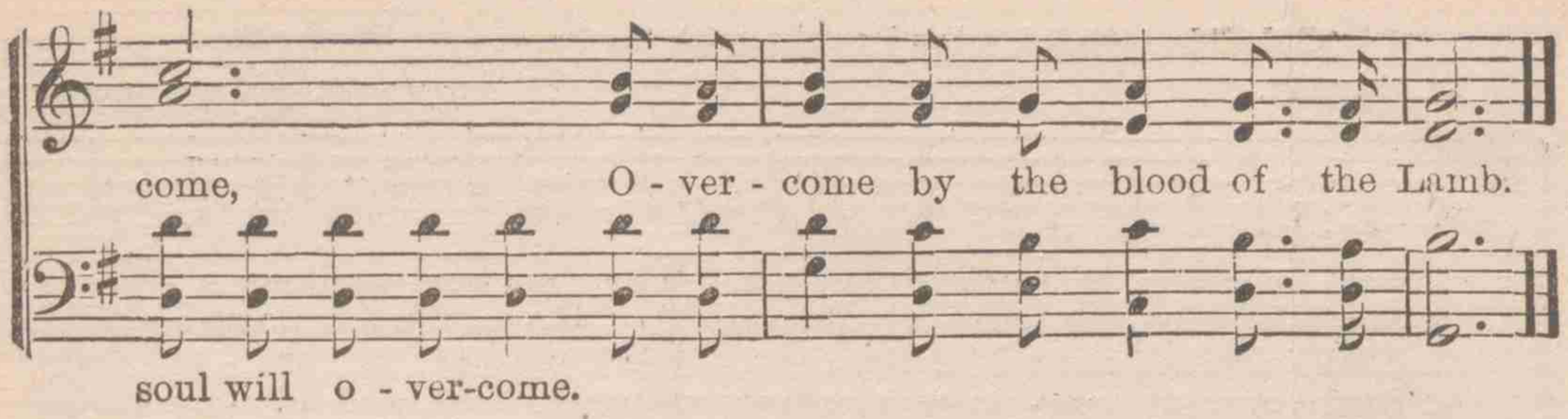
REFRAIN.



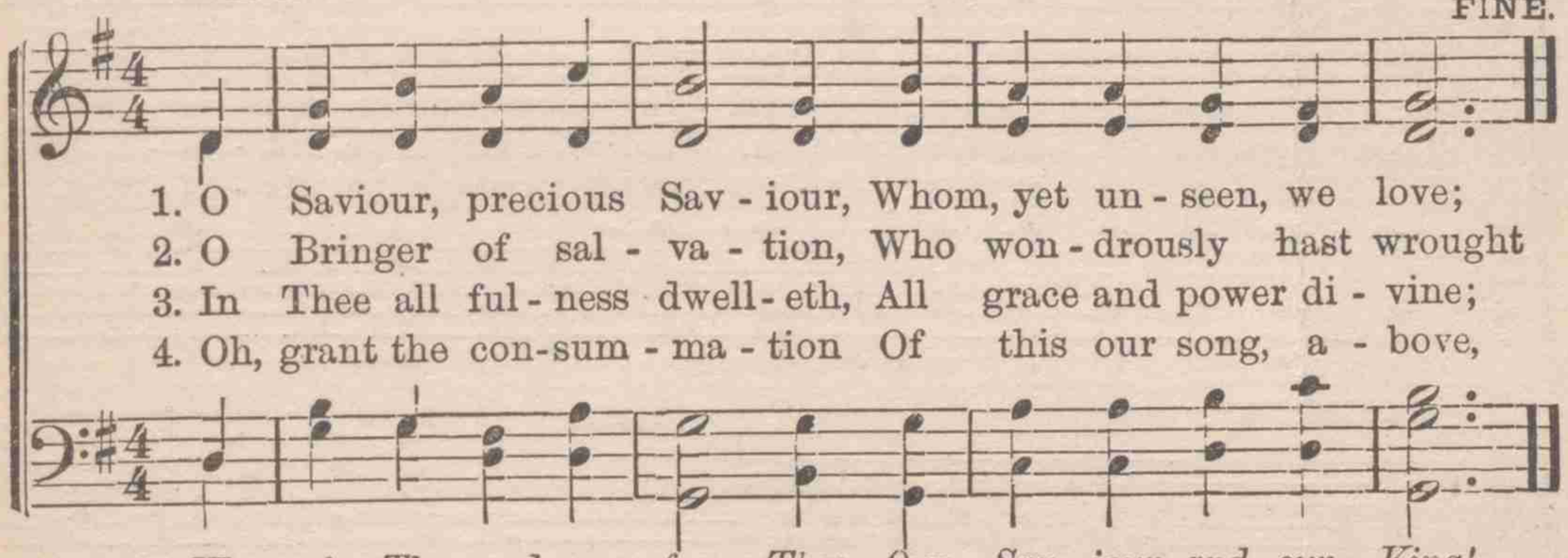
## My Soul will Overcome.—Concluded.

—o—

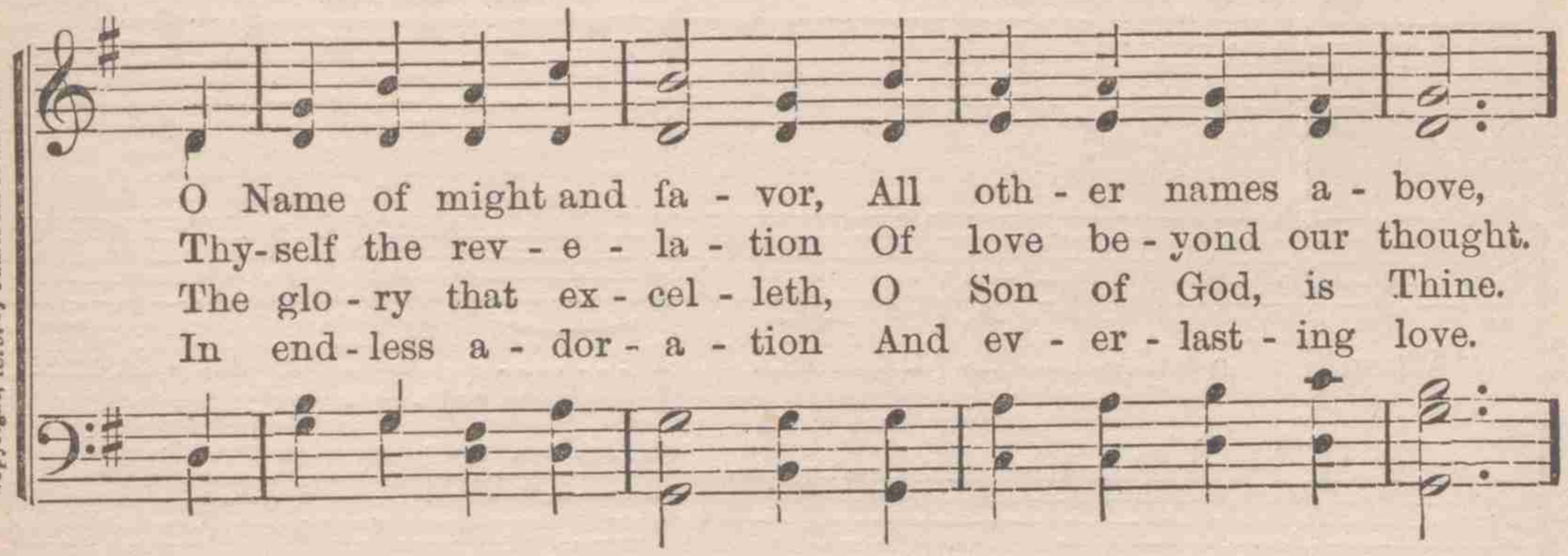
## No. 350. We Worship Thee.

"Whom having not seen, ye love."—1 Pet. 1: 8.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

FINE.

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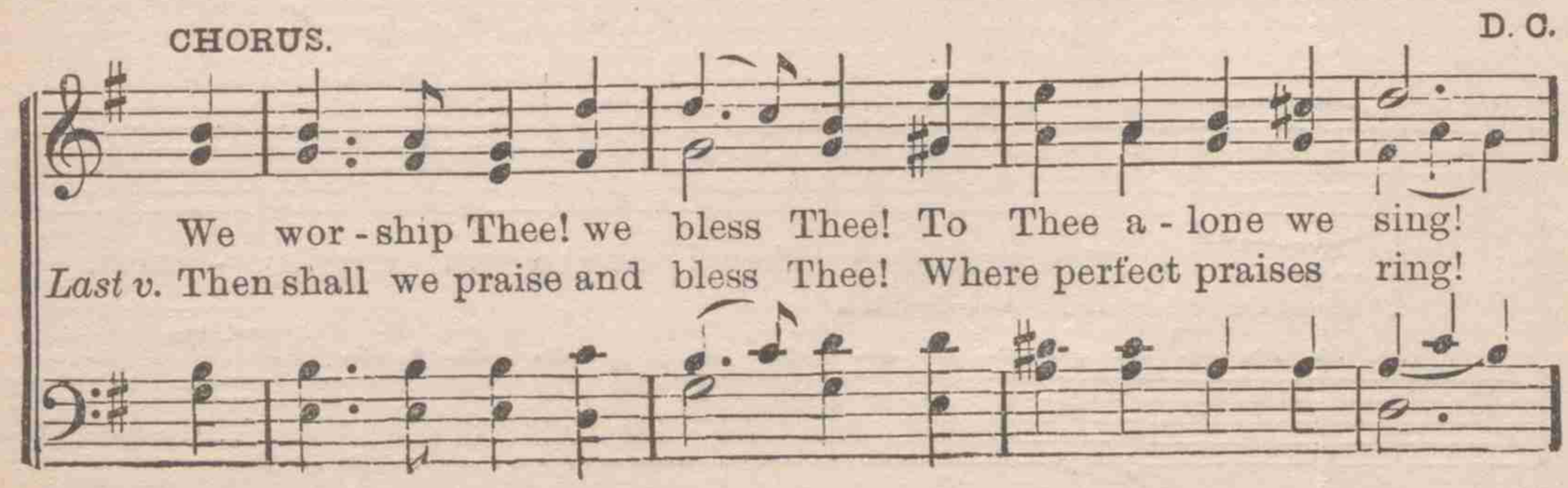
CHORUS. D. C.



## No. 351. I shall be Satisfied.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. 17 : 15.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Soul of mine, in earth-ly temple, Why not here con-tent a - bide?
2. Soul of mine, my heart is clinging To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
3. Soul of mine, must I sur-ren-der, See my-self as cru - ci - fied;
4. Soul of mine, con - tin - ue pleading; Sin re-buke, and fol - ly chide;

Why art thou for ev - er pleading? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
Ah, why dost thou thus reprove me? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
Turn from all of earth's ambition, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?
I ac - cept the cross of Je - sus, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.

I..... shall be sat-is-fied, I..... shall be sat - is - fied,
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied,

When I a-wake in His likeness, I..... shall be sat - is - fied,
I shall be sat - is - fied,

I..... shall be sat-is-fied, When I awake in His like - ness.
I shall be sat-is-fied, sat-is-fied,

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## No. 352. Trust On!

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."—PROV. 3: 5.

ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Trust on! trust on be - liev - er! Tho' long the con - flict be
2. Trust on! trust on; thy fail - ings May bow thee to the dust,
3. Trust on! the dan-ger press-es; Tempta - tion strong is near,
4. O Christ is strong to save us, He is a faith - ful Friend,

Thou yet shalt prove vic-to - rious; Thy God shall fight for thee.
But in thy deep - est sor - row, O give not up thy trust.
Yet o'er life's dangerous rap-ids, He shall thy pas - sage steer.
Trust on! trust on! be - liev - er, O trust Him to the end.

CHORUS.

Trust on! (trust on!) Trust on! (trust on!) Tho' dark the night and drear;

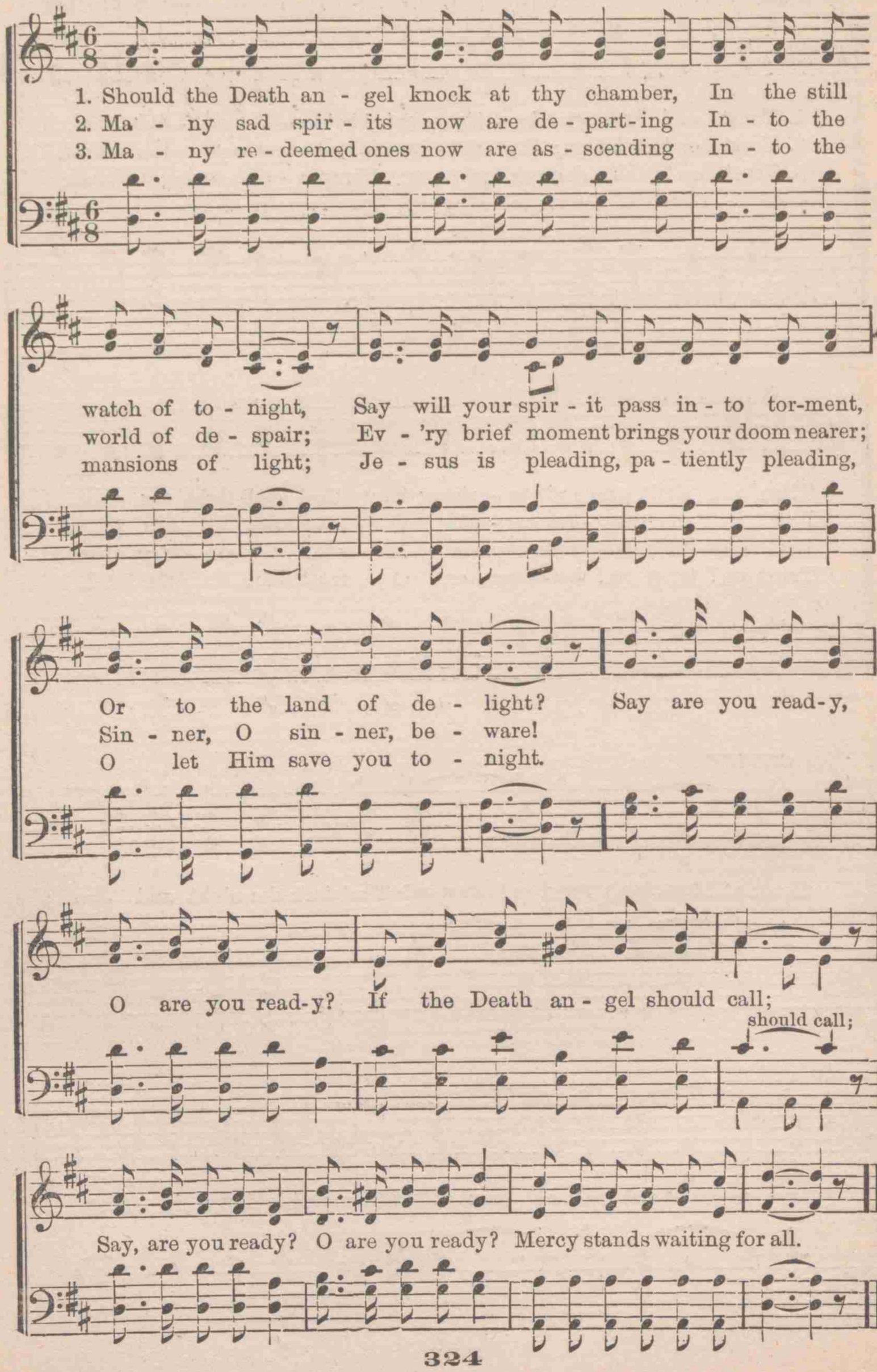
Trust on! (trust on!) trust on! (trust on!) The morning dawn is near.

Copyright, 1881, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

## No. 353. Say, are You Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—MATT. 24: 44.

A. S. KIEFFER. T. C. O'KANE, by per.



## No. 354. Onward Go!

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before."—PHIL. 3: 13.

E. B. Arr. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Trust - ing in the Lord thy God. Onward go! onward go!
2. Has He called thee to the plough? Onward go! onward go!
3. Has He given thee golden grain? Onward go! onward go!
4. Has He said the end is near? Onward go! onward go!
5. In this lit - tle moment then, Onward go! onward go!

Onward! onward!

Hold - ing fast His promised word, On - ward go!
Night is com - ing, serve Him now; On - ward go!
Sow, and thou shalt reap a - gain; On - ward go!
Serv - ing Him with ho - ly fear, On - ward go!
In thy ways ac - knowledge Him; On - ward go!

Onward, onward go!

On - ward! Onward! onward!

Ne'er de - ny His worthy Name, Tho' it bring reproach and shame;
Faith and love in ser - vice blend; On His might - y arm de - pend;
To thy Mas - ter's gate re - pair, Watching be and wait - ing there;
Christ thy por - tion, Christ thy stay, Heavenly bread up - on the way,
Let His mind be found in thee: Let His will thy pleasure be;

Onward go!

Spreading still His wondrous fame, On - ward go!
Stand - ing fast ur - til the end, On - ward go!
He will hear and an - swer prayer; On - ward go!
Lead - ing on to glorious day; On - ward go!
Thus in life and lib - er - ty, On - ward go!

On - ward, on - ward! Onward go!

On - ward, on - ward go!

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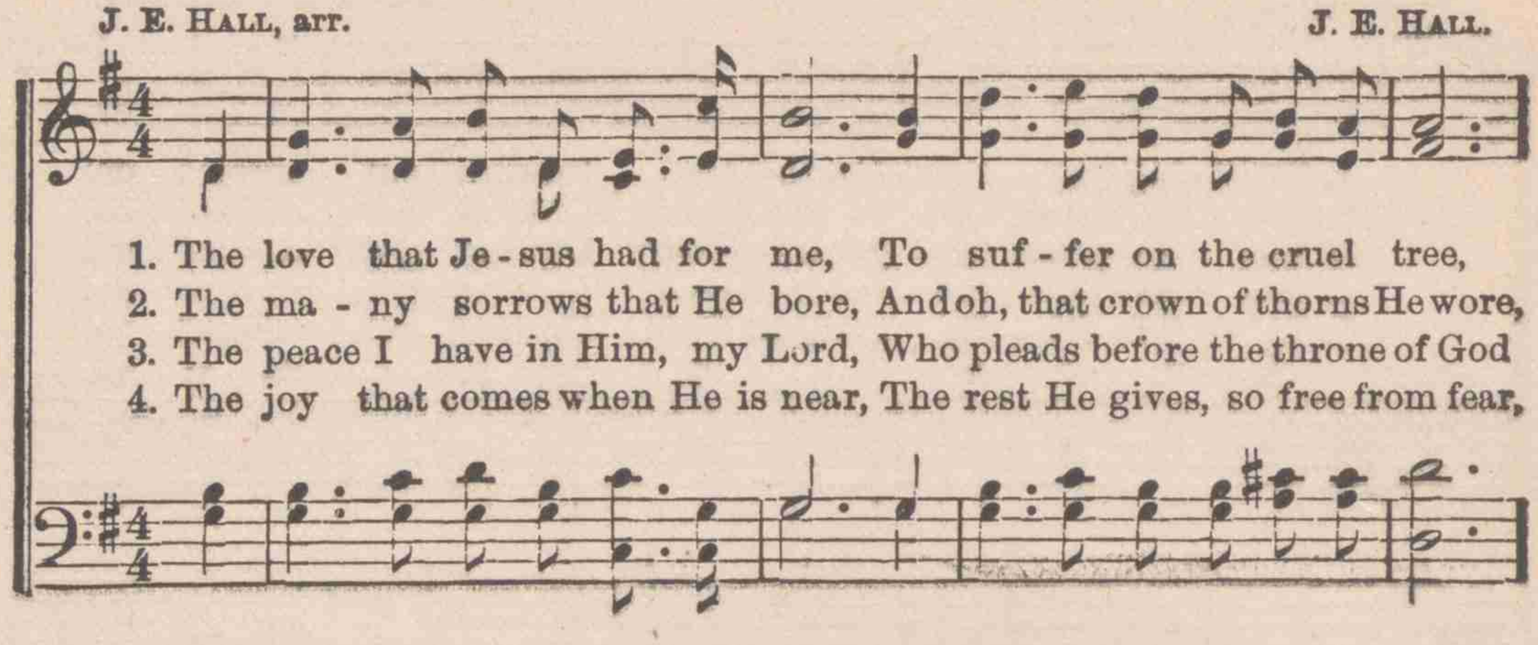
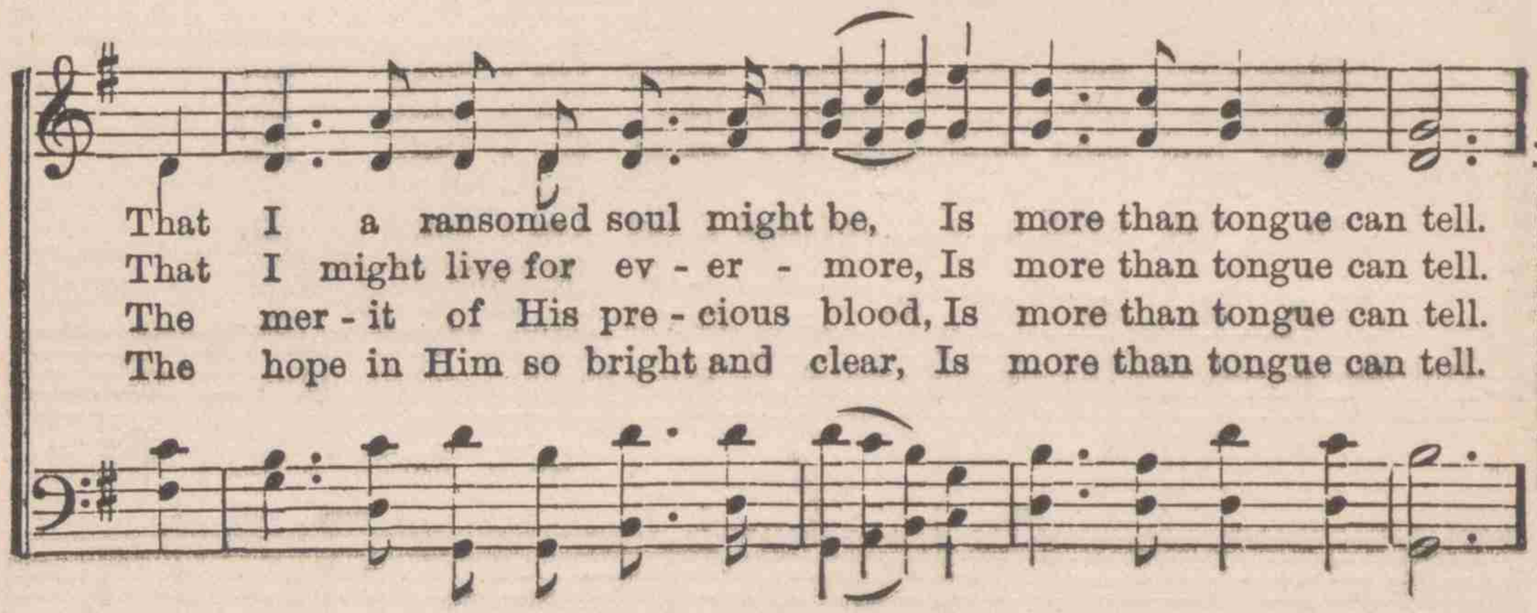
## No. 355. More than Tongue can Tell.

"Greater love hath no man than this"—JOHN 15: 13.

J. E. HALL, arr. J. E. HALL.

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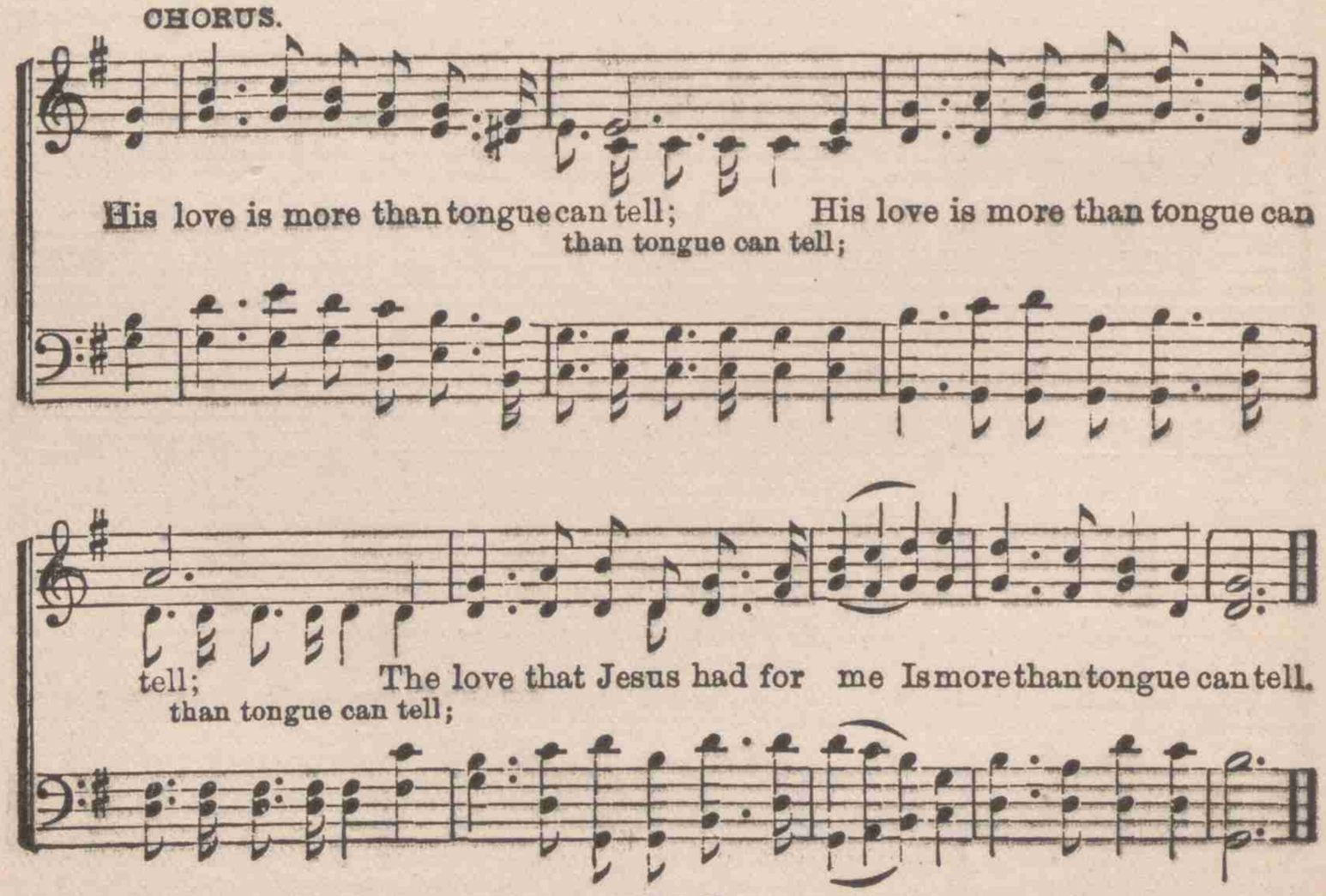
CHORUS.



# No. 356. Hear Thou my Prayer.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications."—Ps. 143: 1.

REV. HENRY C. GRAVES. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. All see - ing, gra - cious Lord—My heart be - fore Thee lies;
2. Thou knowest all my need, My in - most thought dost see;
3. Thou ho - ly bless - ed One, To me I pray draw near;
4. Bind Thou my life to Thine, To me Thy life is given;

All sin of thought and life abhorred, My soul to Thee would rise.
Ah, Lord! from all al - lure-ments freed Like Thee transformed I'd be.
My spir - it fill, O heavenly Son, With lov-ing, God - ly fear.
While I my all to Thee re - sign, Thou art my all in heaven.

Copyright, 1877, by F. H. Revell.

CHORUS.

Hear Thou my prayer, O God, U - nite my heart to Thee;

Be - neath Thy love, be-neath Thy rod, From sin de - liv - er me.

Rit.

## No. 357. Eternity is drawing Nigh.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."—Rom. 13 : 12.

Horatius Bonar, D.D. Philip Phillips.

1. Pray, brethren, pray, The sands are fall'- ing, Pray, brethren, pray, God's
2. Praise, brethren, praise, The skies are rend-ing; Praise, brethren, praise, The
3. Watch, brethren, watch, The day is dy - ing; Watch, brethren, watch, The
4. Look, brethren, look, The day is break-ing; Hark, brethren, hark, The

voice is call - ing. Yon tur - ret strikes the dy - ing chime; We
fight is end - ing, Be - hold! the glo - ry draw - eth near, The
Time is fly - ing, Watch as men watch the start-ing breath, Watch
dead are wak - ing. With gird - ed loins al - read - y stand—Be -

REFRAIN.

kneel up - on the edge of time. E - ter - ni - ty is drawing nigh, E -
King Himself will soon appear.
as men watch for life or death.
hold! the Bridegroom is at hand.

ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh.

Copyright, 1877, by Philip Phillips.

* The next four measures sung in unison are very effective.

## No. 358. We are Going Home.

"And so shal. we ever be with the Lord."—1 THESS. 4: 17.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Our way is oft - en rug - ged While here on earth we roam,
2. To Marah's bit - ter wa - ters We oft have murm'ring come,
3. When of the des - ert wea - ry, Our God His grace has shown,
4. With hunger oft - en fainting, We've made complain-ing moan;
5. Some stand to - day on Ne - bo, The jour - ney near - ly done,

And thorns are in the path - way; But we are go - ing home.
But God the cup has sweetened; And so we're go - ing home.
By rest - ing us at E - lim, With sweet fore-tastes of home.
But, fed by heavenly man - na, We still are go - ing home.
And some are in the val - ley; But all are go - ing home.

CHORUS.

We're go - ing, go - ing,

go - ing, we are go - ing, Yes, we are go - ing home;

go-ing home

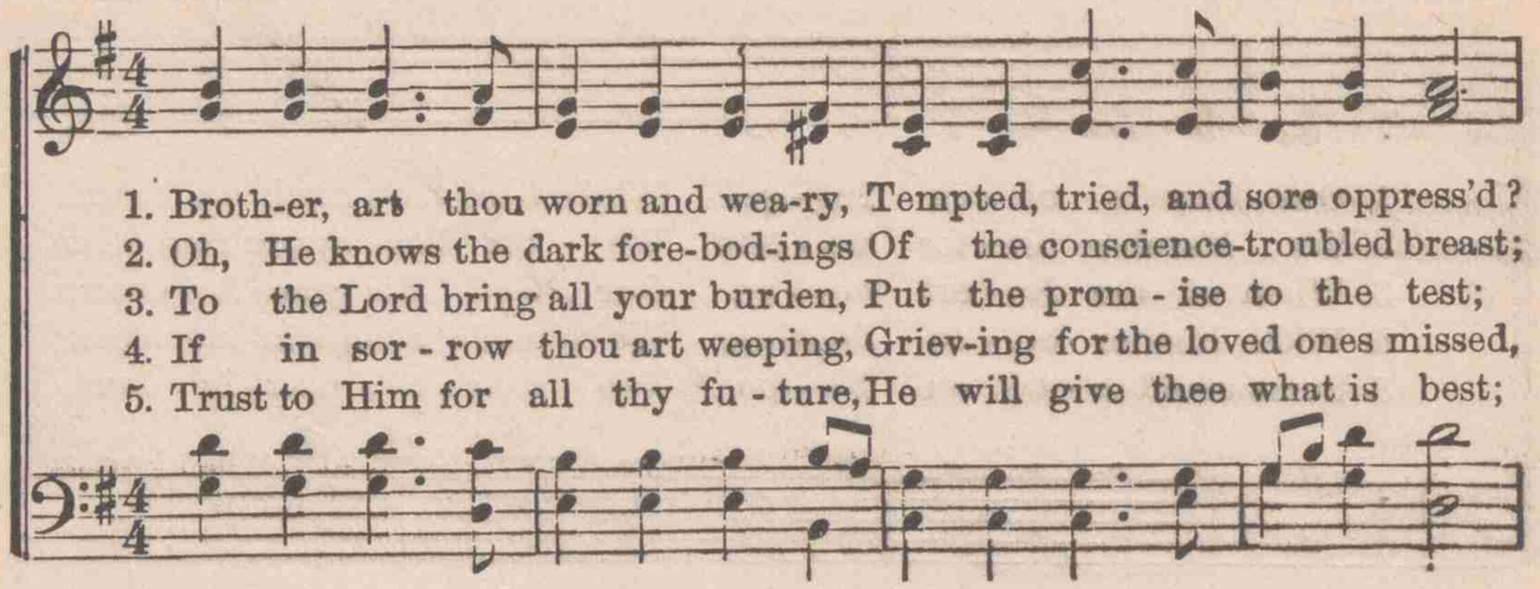
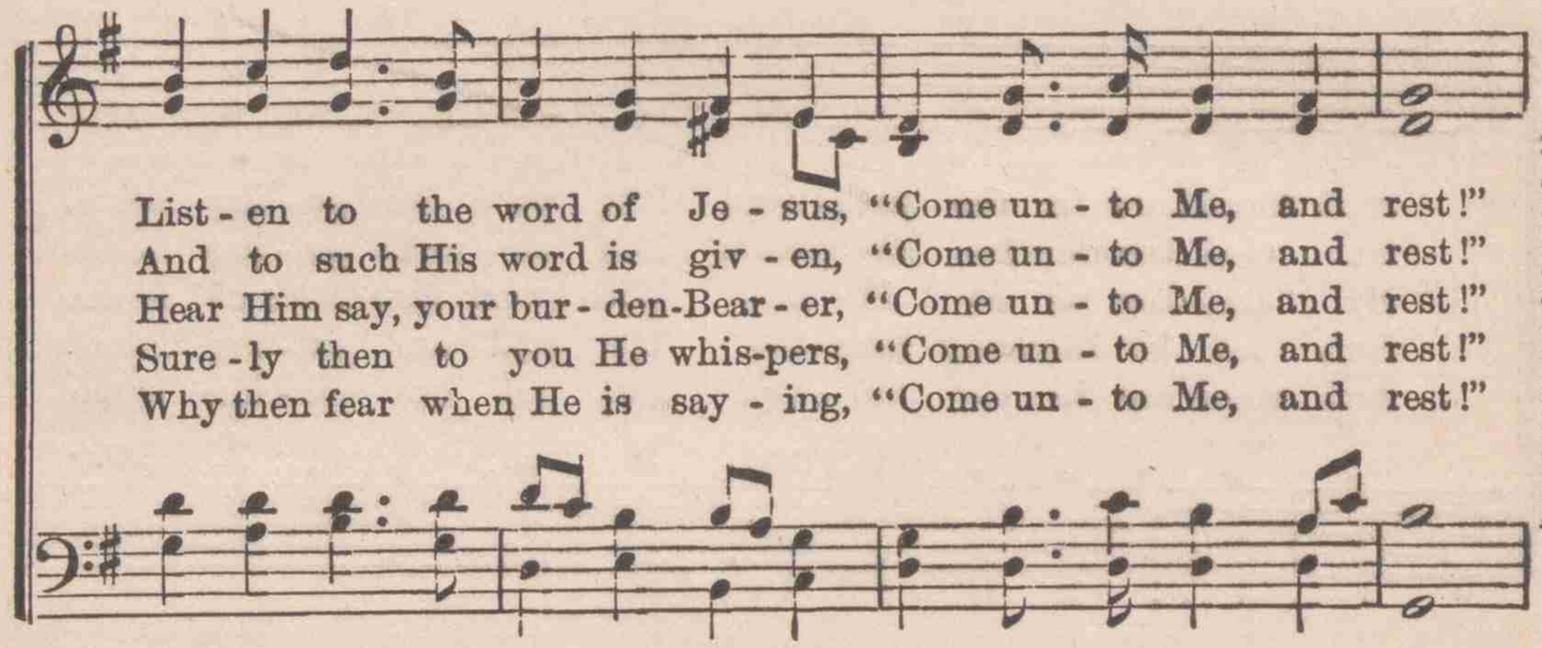
We soon shall cross the riv - er, And be with Christ at home.

Copyright, 1880, by James McGranahan.

# No. 359. Come unto Me, and Rest.

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

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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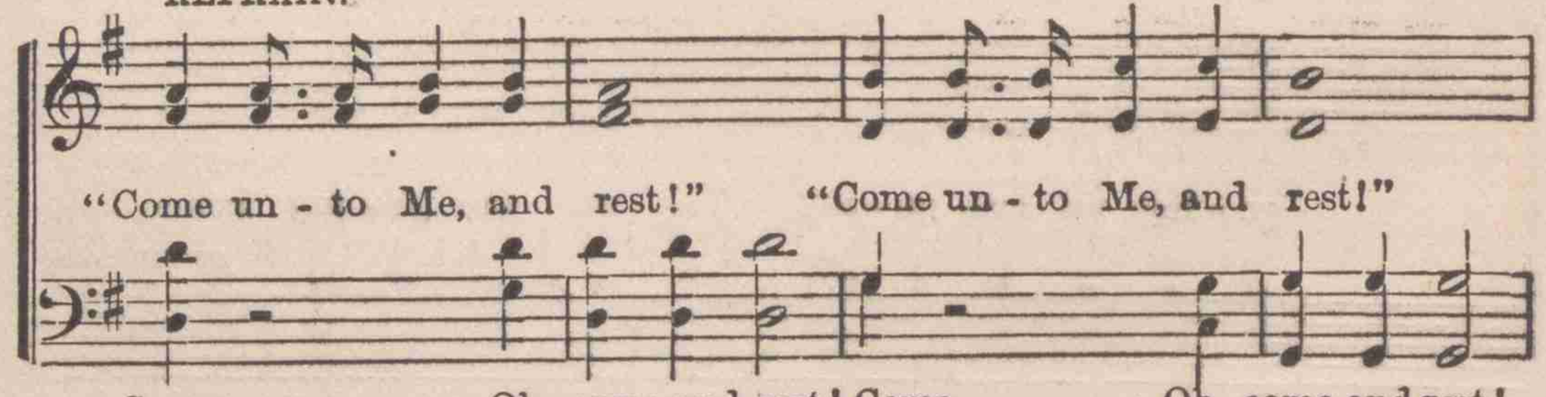
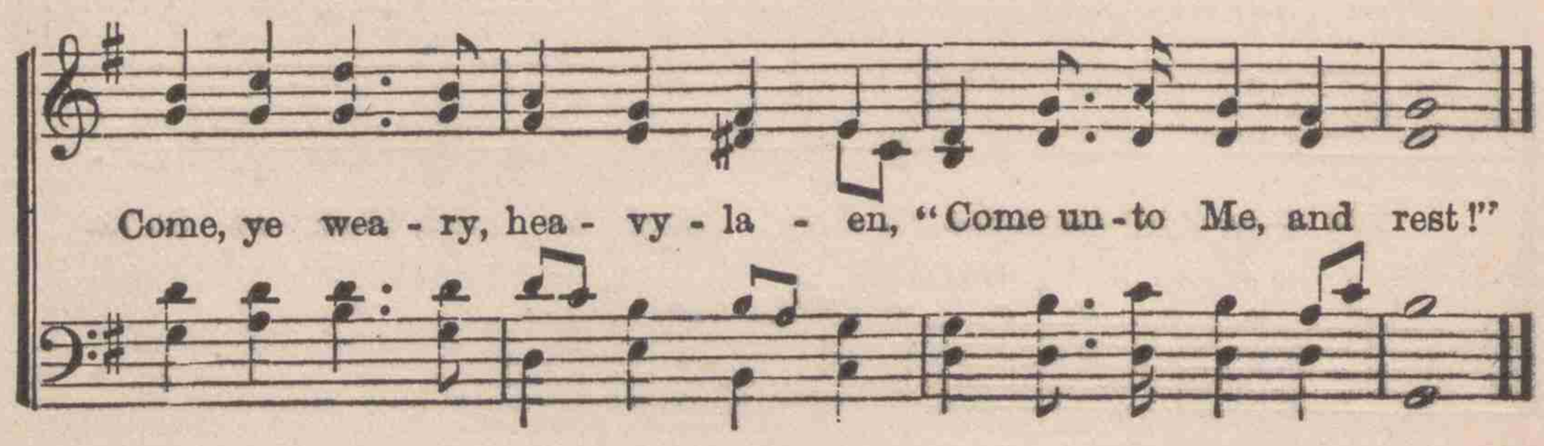
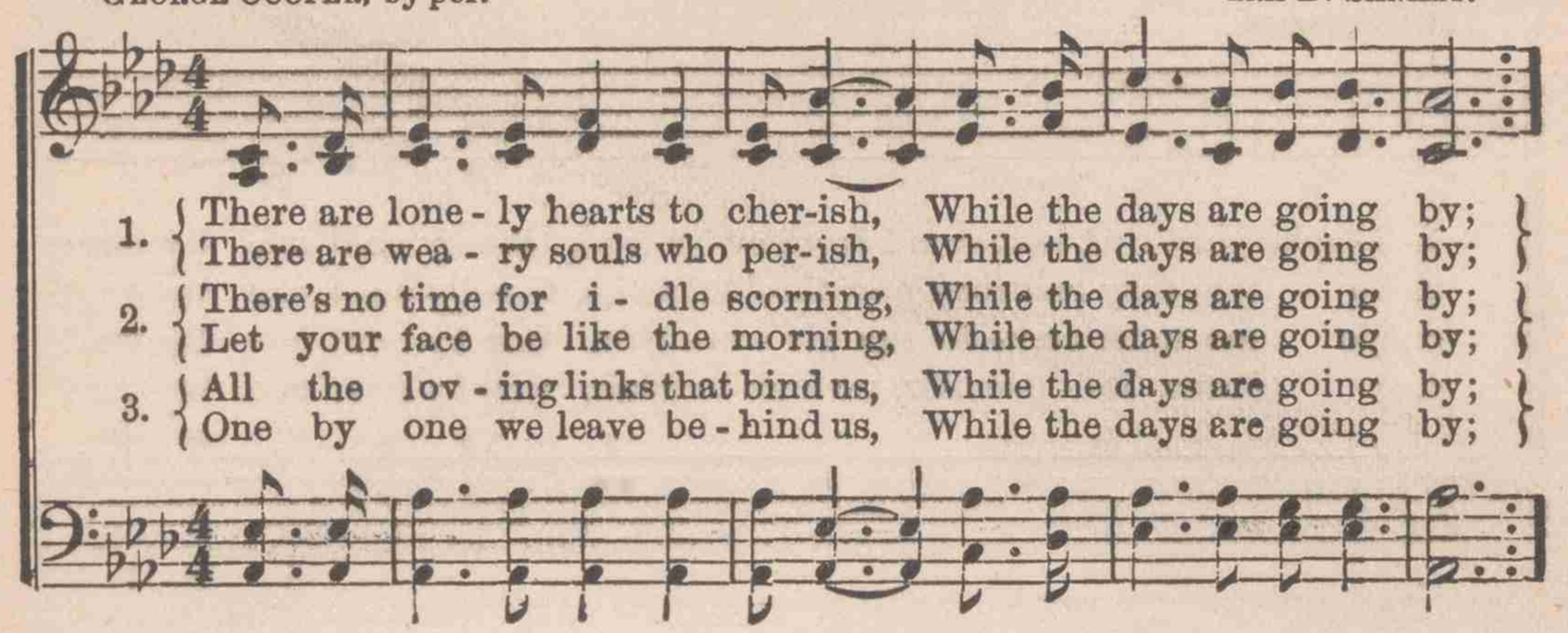


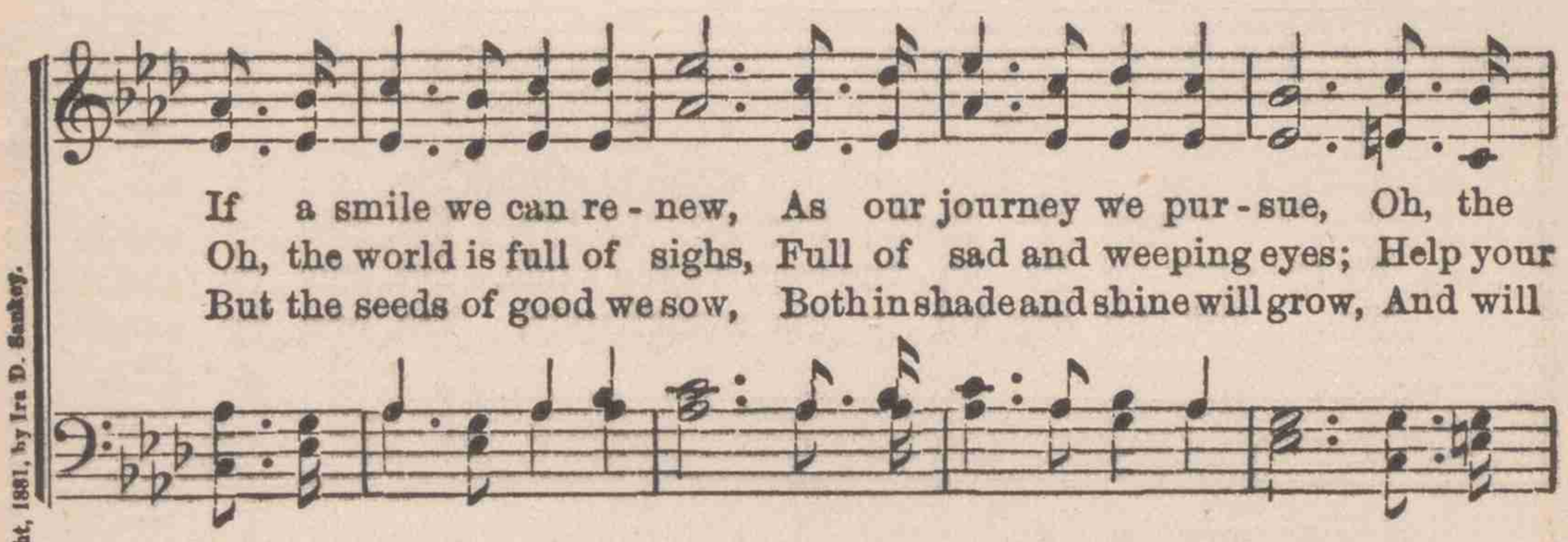



## No. 360. While the Days are going By.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Eccl. 9: 10.

GEORGE COOPER, by per. IRA D. SANKEY.

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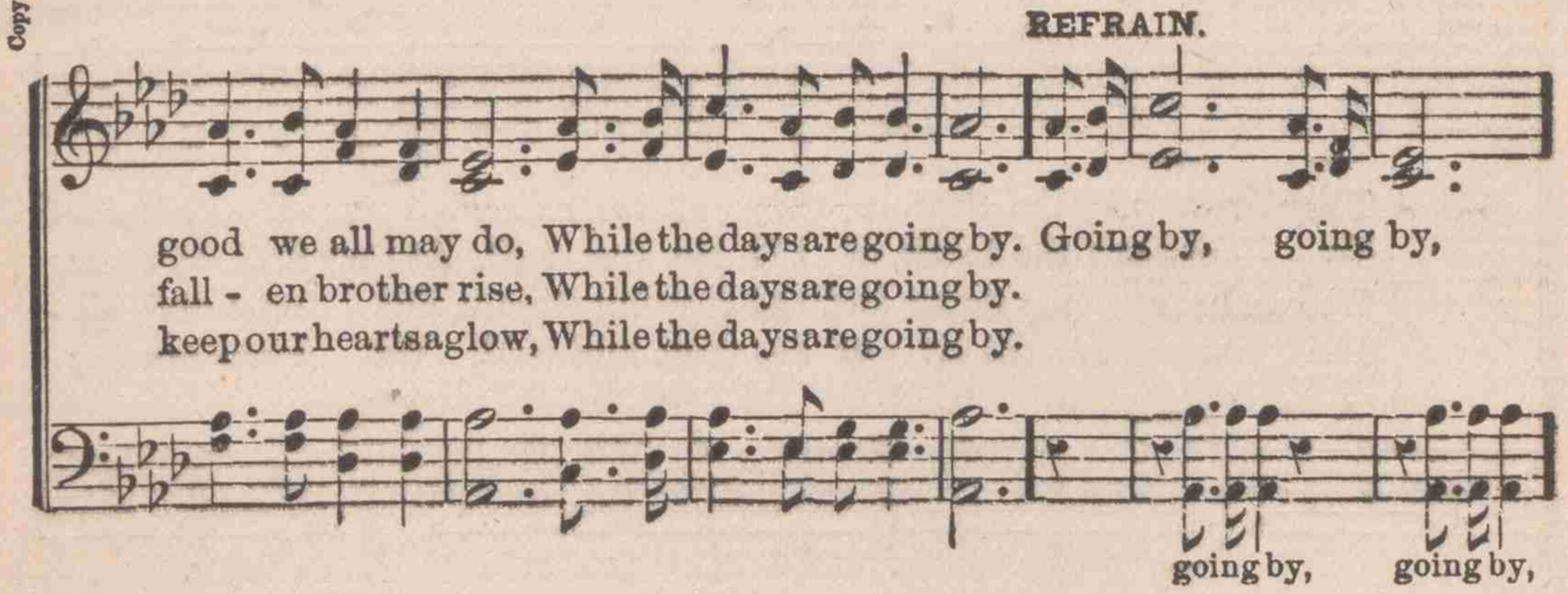
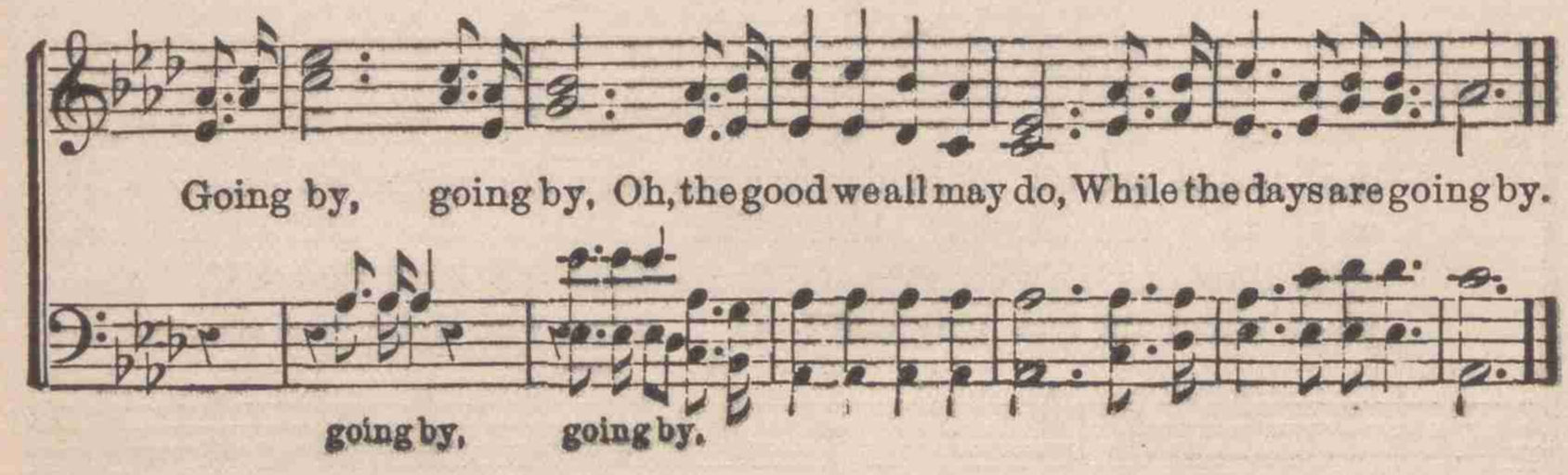
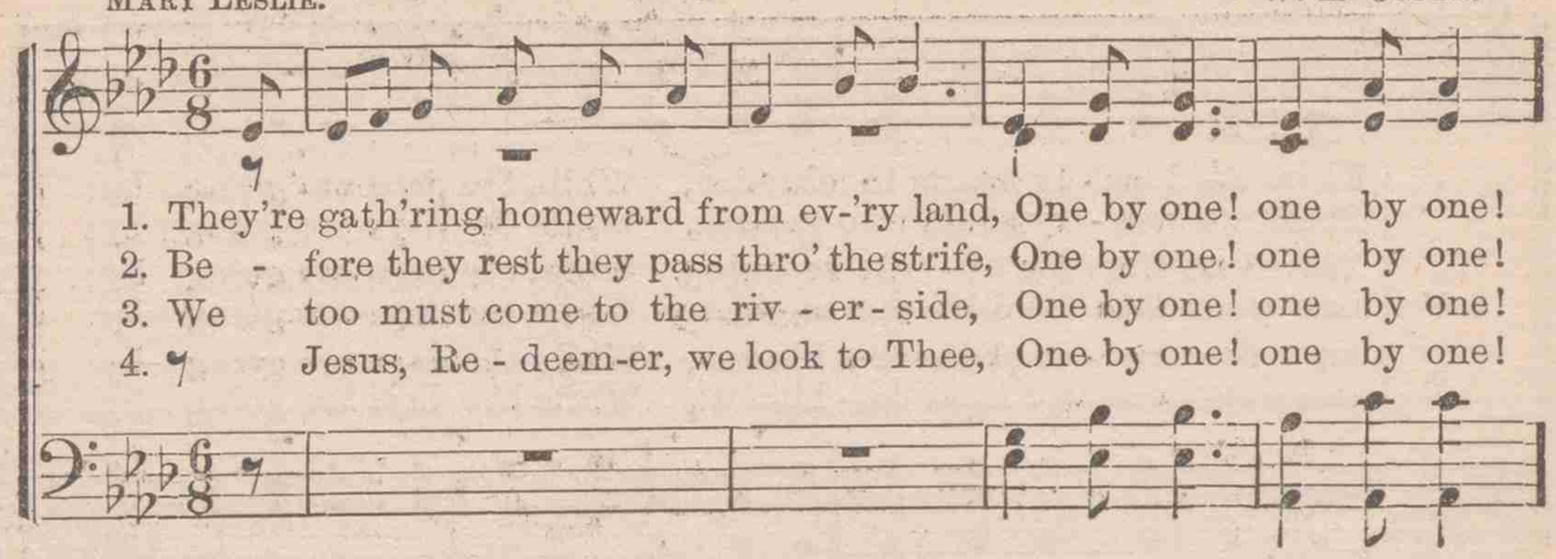


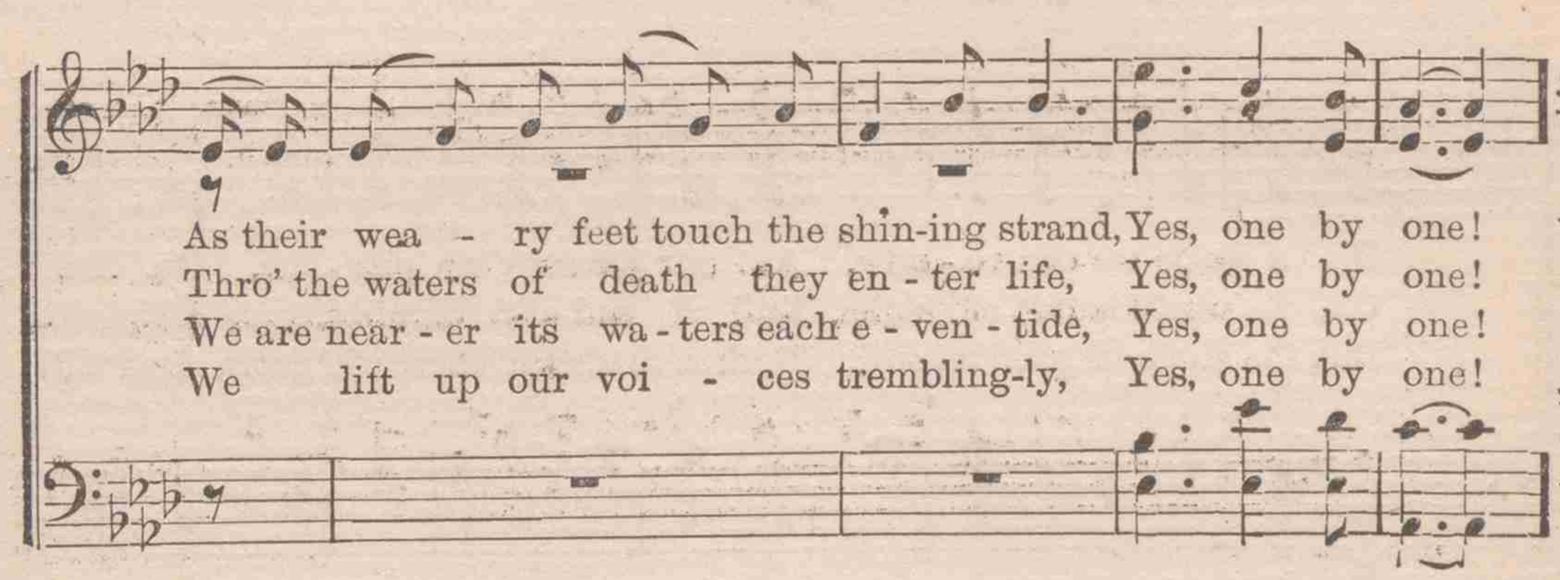



## No. 361. Gathering Home.

"Ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel."—Ps. 27: 12.

MARY LESLIE. W. A. OGDEN.

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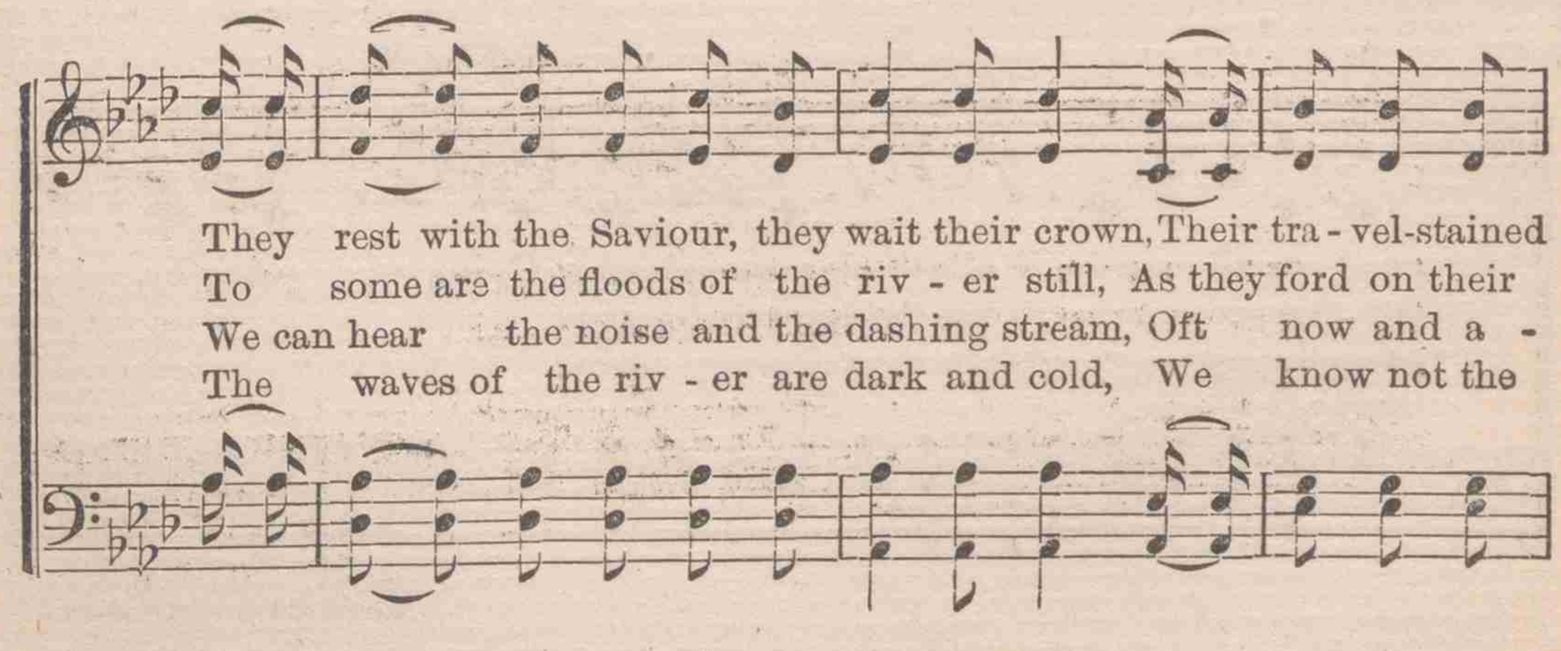
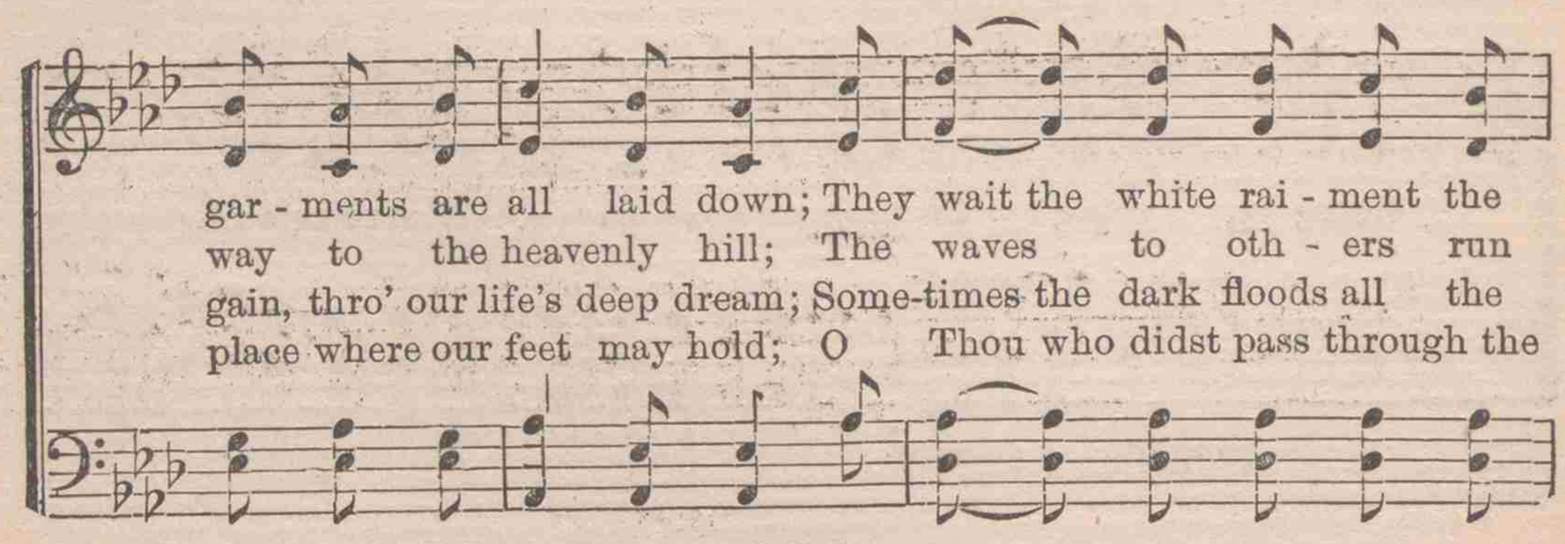


## Gathering Home.—Concluded.

Lord shall prepare For all who the glo - ry with Him shall share.
fierce-ly and wild, Yet they reach the home of the un - de - filed.
banks o - ver - flow, Some - times in rip-ples and small waves go.
deep-est midnight, Now guide us, and send us the staff and light.

REFRAIN.

Gath'ring home! gath'ring home! Fording the riv - er one by one!

Gath'ring home! gath'ring home, yes, one by one!

—o—

## No. 362. Only a Little While.

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

Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. On - ly a lit - tle while Of walking with wea - ry feet,
2. Suffer if God shall will, And work for Him while we may, From
3. On - ly a lit - tle while, For toiling a few short days, And

Patient-ly o - ver the thorn-y way That leads to the gold - en street.
Cal - vary's cross to Zion's crown, Is on - ly a lit - tle way.
then comes the rest, the qui - et rest, E - ter - ni - ty's end - less praise.

Copyright, 1880, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

## No. 363. Behold, what Love!

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—JOHN 3: 1.

M. S. S. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Be - hold, what love, what boundless love, The Fa - ther hath bestowed
2. No long - er far from Him, but now By "precious blood" made nigh;
3. What we in glo - ry soon shall be, It doth not yet ap - pear;
4. With such a bless-ed hope in view, We would more ho - ly be,

On sinners lost, that we should be Now called the sons of God!
Ac - cept-ed in the "Well-beloved," Near to God's heart we lie.
But when our precious Lord we see, We shall His im - age bear.
More like our ris - en, glorious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

CHORUS.

Be - hold, what manner of love!..... What manner of

What manner of love,

love the Fa - ther hath bestowed up - on us, That we..... that

we should be call'd,..... Should be call'd the sons of God.

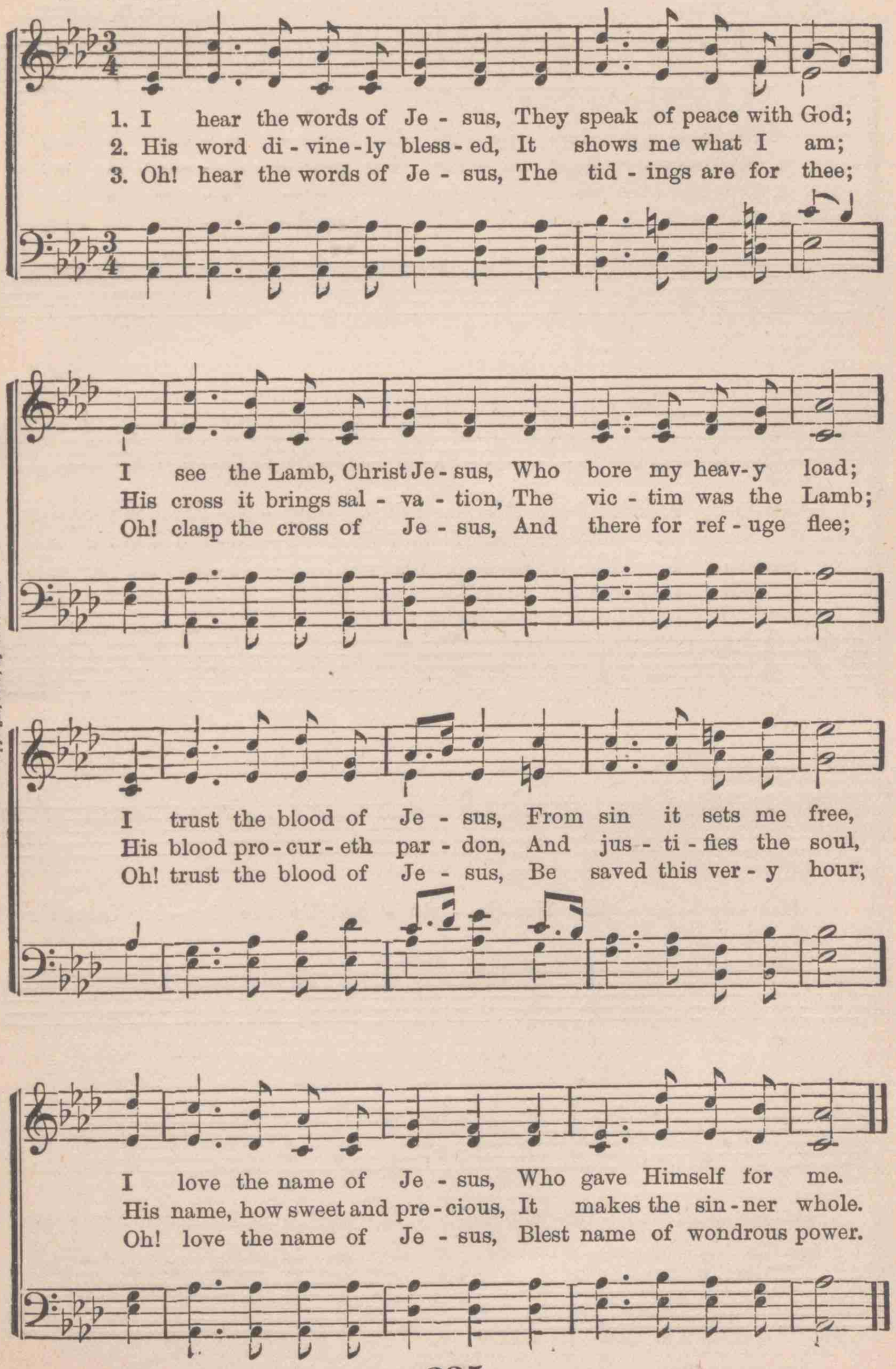
the sons of God,

Copyright, 1879, by James McGranahan

## No. 364. I hear the Words of Jesus.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 2.

Geo. C. Needham. C. C. Case.

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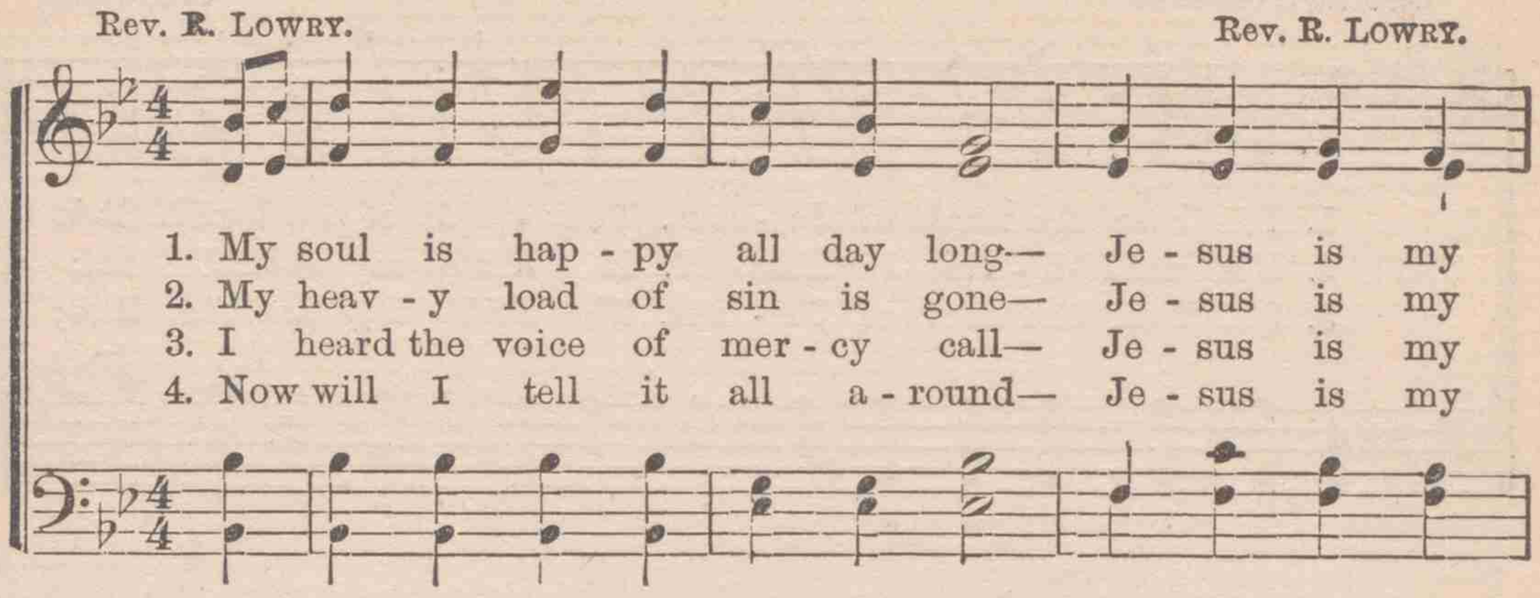
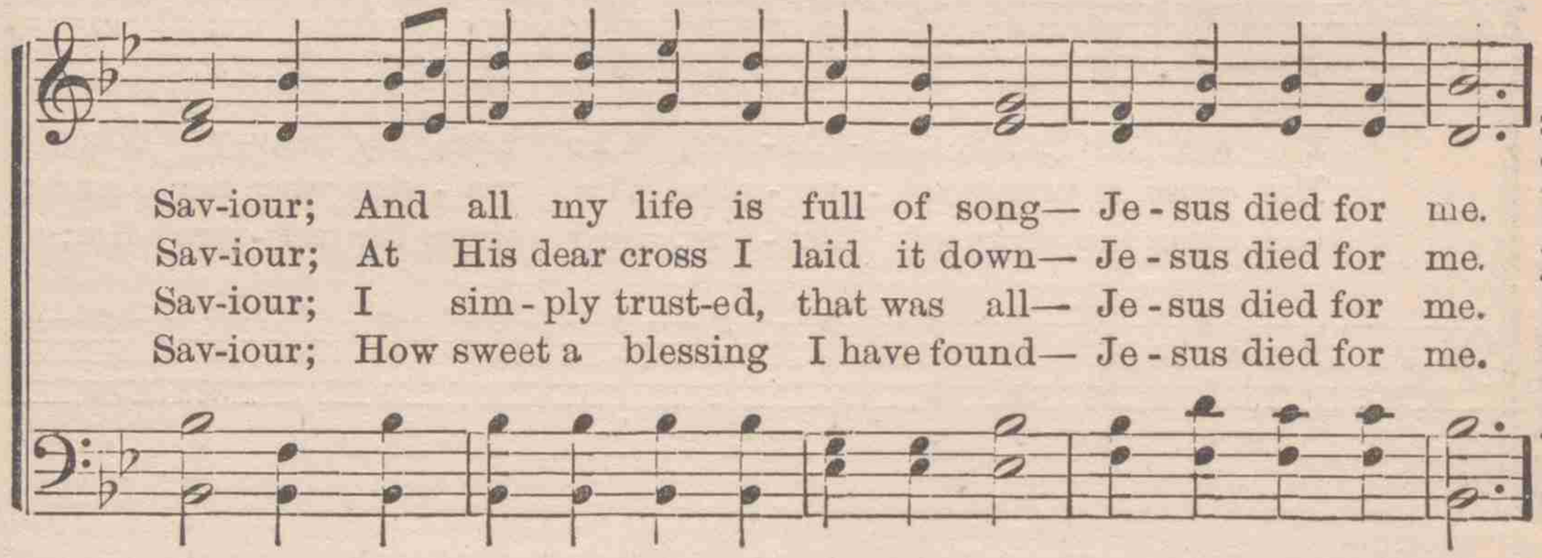
No. 365.

# Jesus is My Saviour.

"——went on his way rejoicing."—Acts 8 : 39.

Rev. R. Lowry. Rev. R. Lowry.

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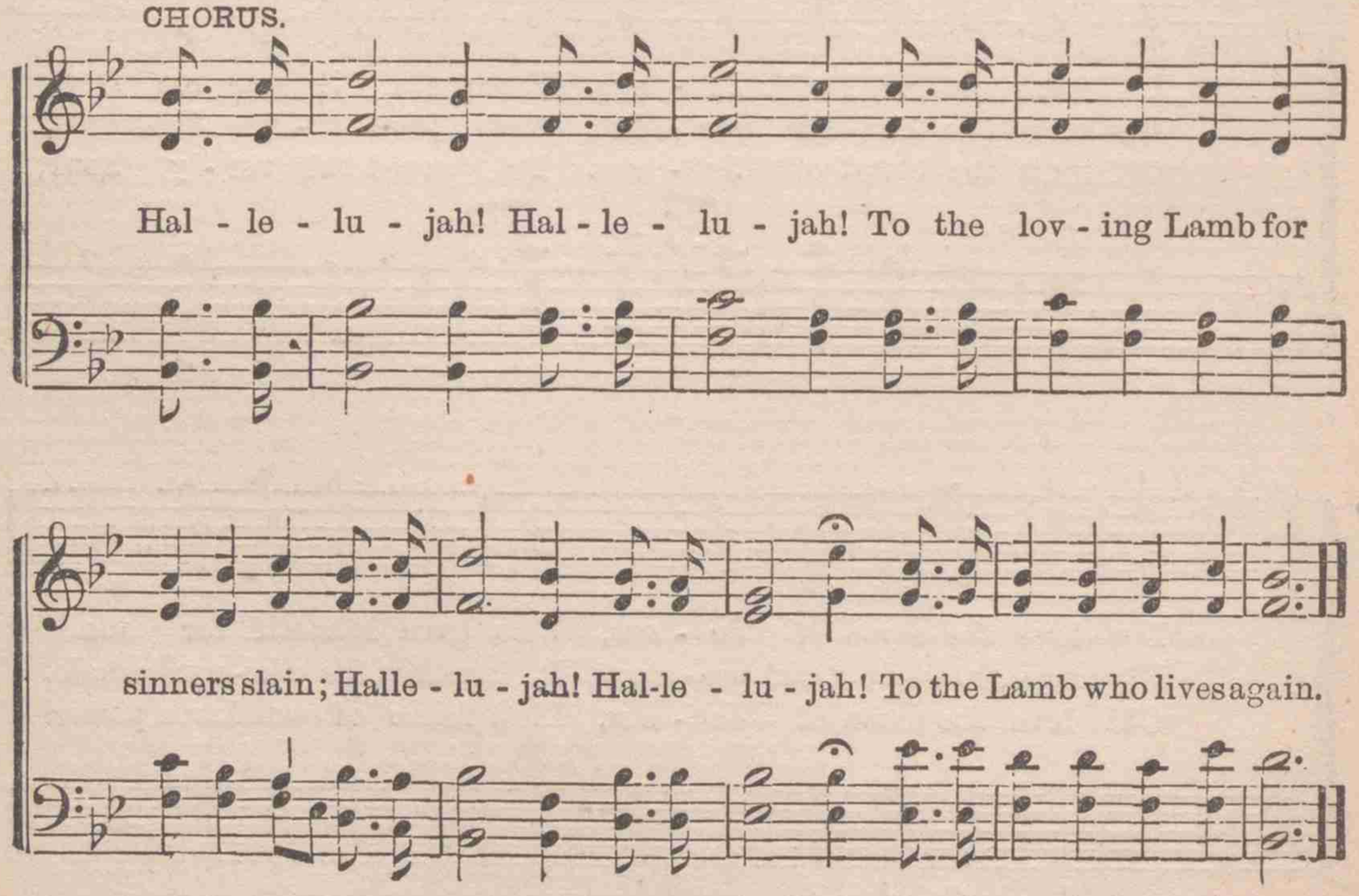
CHORUS.



No. 366.

# I am Coming.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 9: 28.

ALLIE STARBRIGHT. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Sad and wea - ry, lone and dreary, Lord, I would Thy call o - bey;
2. Thou, the Ho-ly, meek and low - ly, Je - sus, un - to Thee I come;
3. Here a - bid - ing, in Thee hiding, Seeks my wea - ry soul to rest,
4. Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me, Thro' life's dark and stormy way;

Thee be - liev-ing, Christ re-ceiv-ing, I would come to Thee to-day.
Keep me ev - er, let me nev - er From Thy bless - ed keeping roam.
Till the dawn-ing of the morning, When I wake a-mong the blest.
Turn my sad-ness in - to gladness, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey

CHORUS.

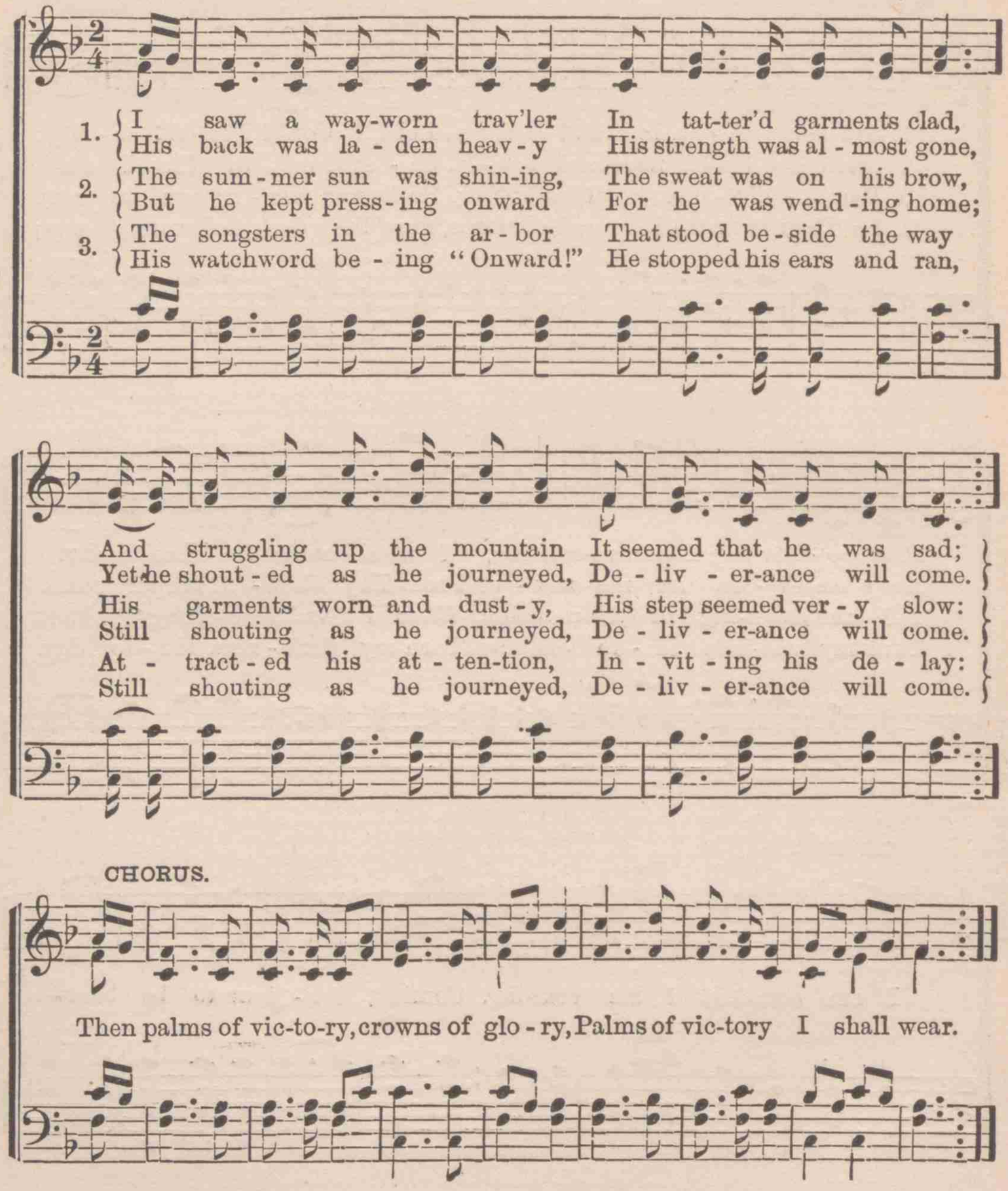
I am com-ing, I am com-ing, Coming, Sav - iour to be blessed;

I am coming, I am coming, Coming, Lord, to Thee for rest.

## No. 367. Deliverance will Come.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give you.—NUM. 10 : 29.

J. B. M. REV. JNO. B. MATTHIAS, 1836.



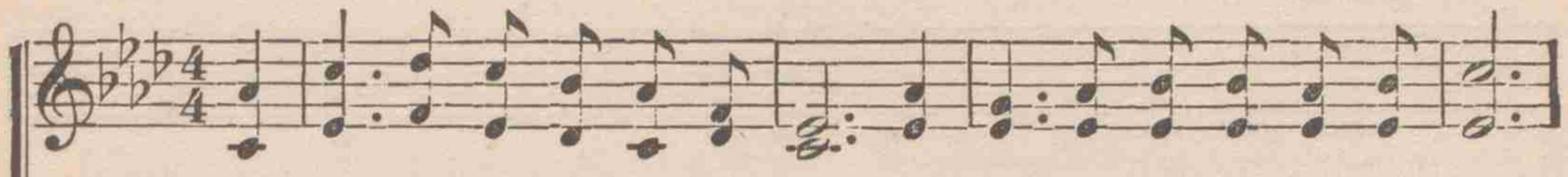
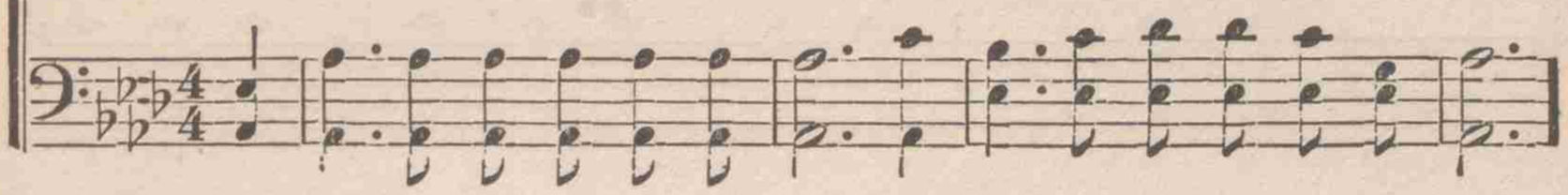
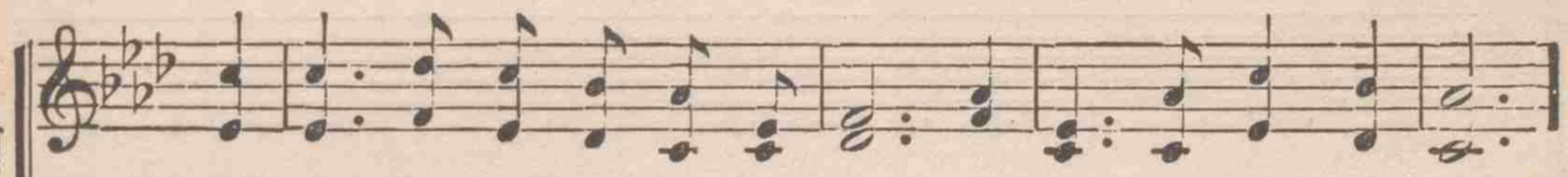
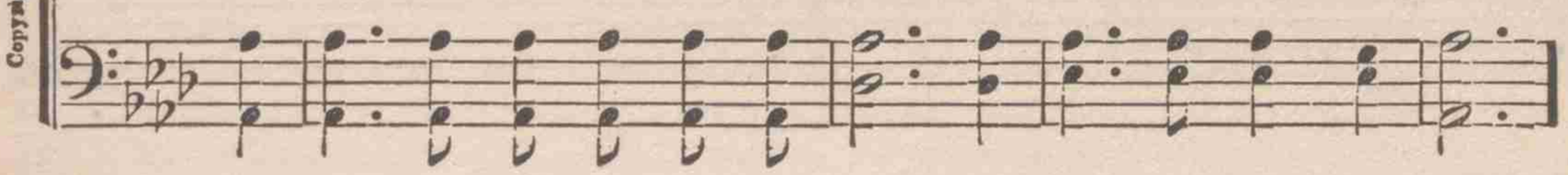

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions'
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

## No. 368. Take me as I am.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee."—Ps. 102 : 1.

E. H. H. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus my Lord to Thee I cry, Un-less Thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt;
3. I bow be-fore Thy mercy - seat, Be-hold me, Saviour, at Thy feet;
4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will. my heart re - new;
5. And when at last the work is done, The battle fought, the victory won;

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what thou wilt, And take me as I am.
Thy work be - gin, Thy work complete, And take me as I am.
And work both in, and by me too, And take me as I am.
Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Oh take me as I am.

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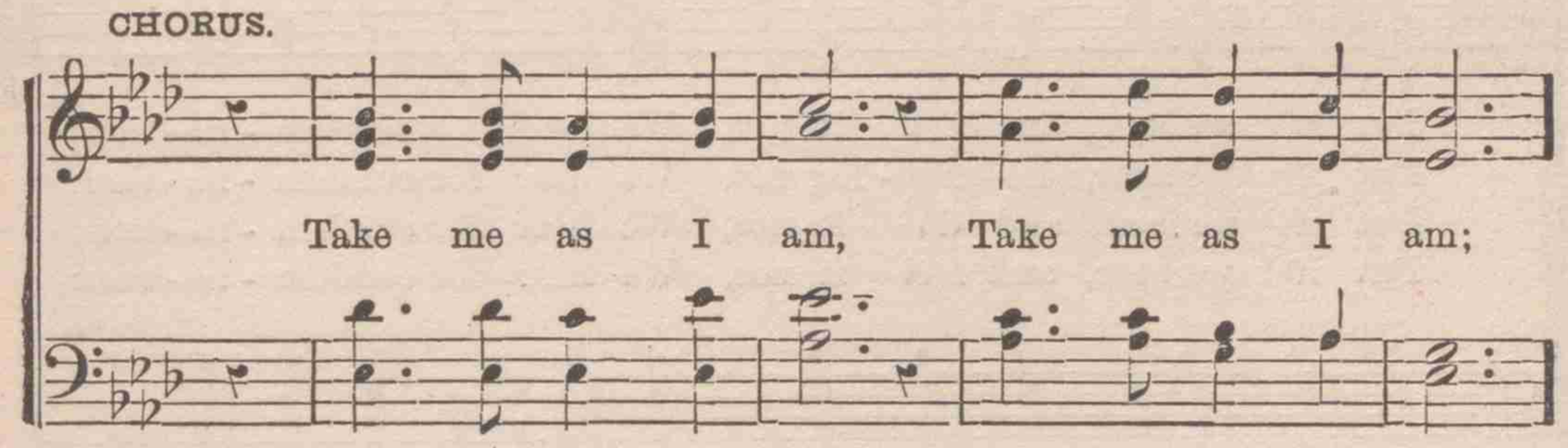
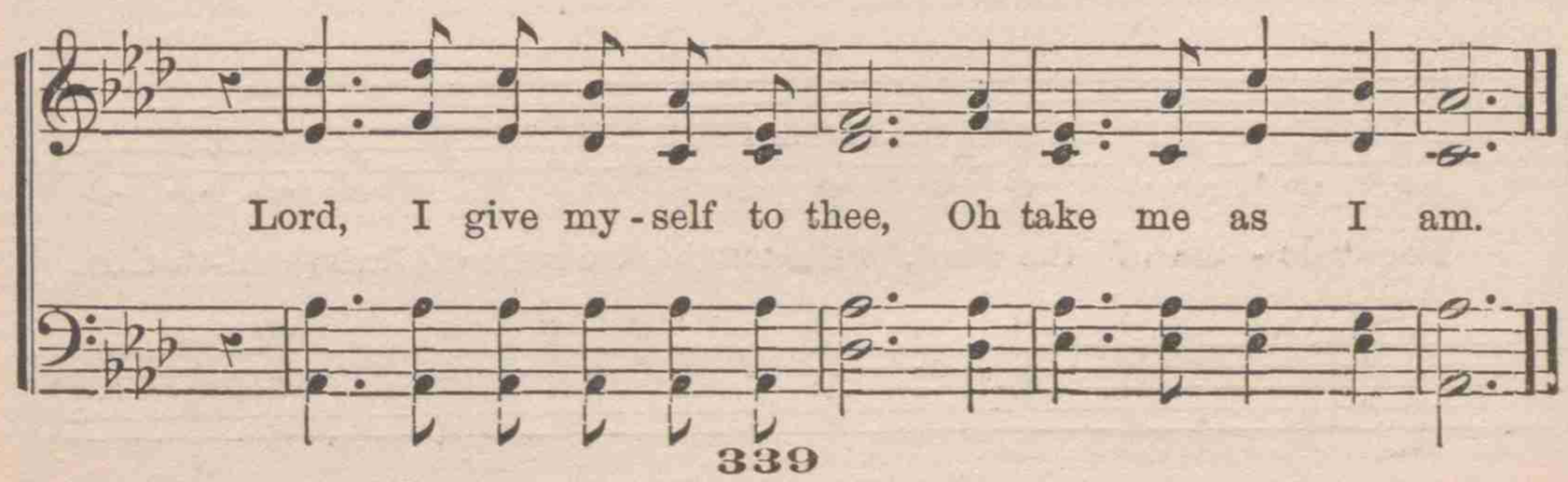
CHORUS.

Take me as I am, Take me as I am;



Lord, I give my - self to thee, Oh take me as I am.

## No. 369. Doers of the Word.

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.—JAMES 1 : 22.

EL NATHAN. JAS. MCGRANAHAN.

1. Once more we come, God's word to hear, The word so pure and ho - ly;
2. The life of God is in the word; And who - so - e'er be - liev-eth,
3. The word of God, by faith received, Imparts re - gen - er - a - tion;
4. So, when the word of God we hear, Let us be humbly pleading

Now grant us, Lord, a list-'ning ear, A spir - it meek and low - ly;
The re - cord there of Christ the Lord E - ter - nal life re - ceiv - eth;
And he who hath in Christ believed Lives out a new cre - a - tion;
The Ho - ly Ghost to give us light, As we the word are heed-ing;

For if we hear, and heed it not, We hear for condem - na - tion;
But if we hear, be - liev - ing not, We hear for condem - na - tion;
But if we hear, and do it not, We hear for condem - na - tion;
But if we hear, and feel it not, We hear for condem - na - tion;

For "do - ers of the word," we're taught, Are heirs of Christ's sal-va-tion.

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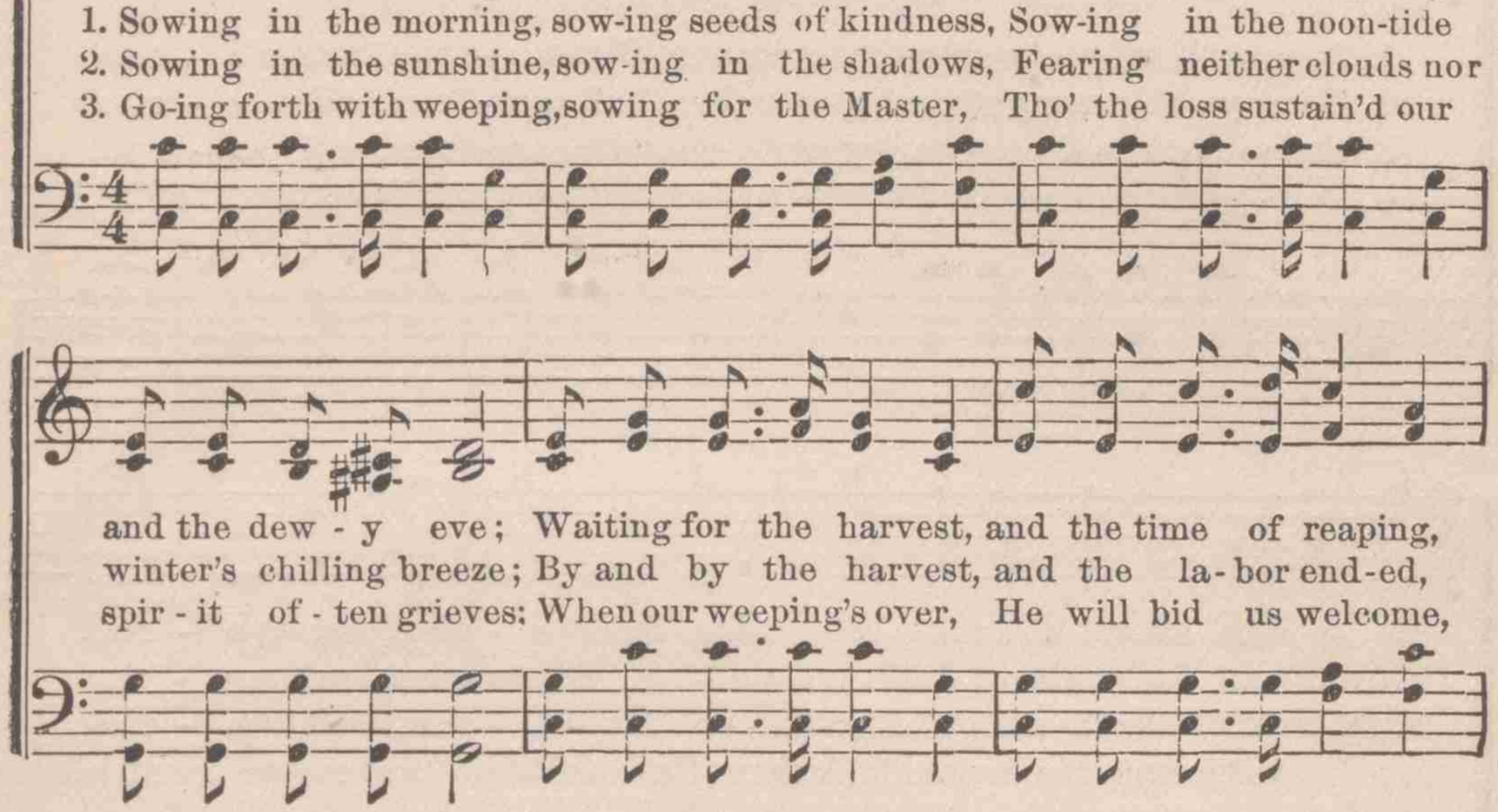
# No. 370. Bringing in the Sheaves.

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

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.

1. Sowing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

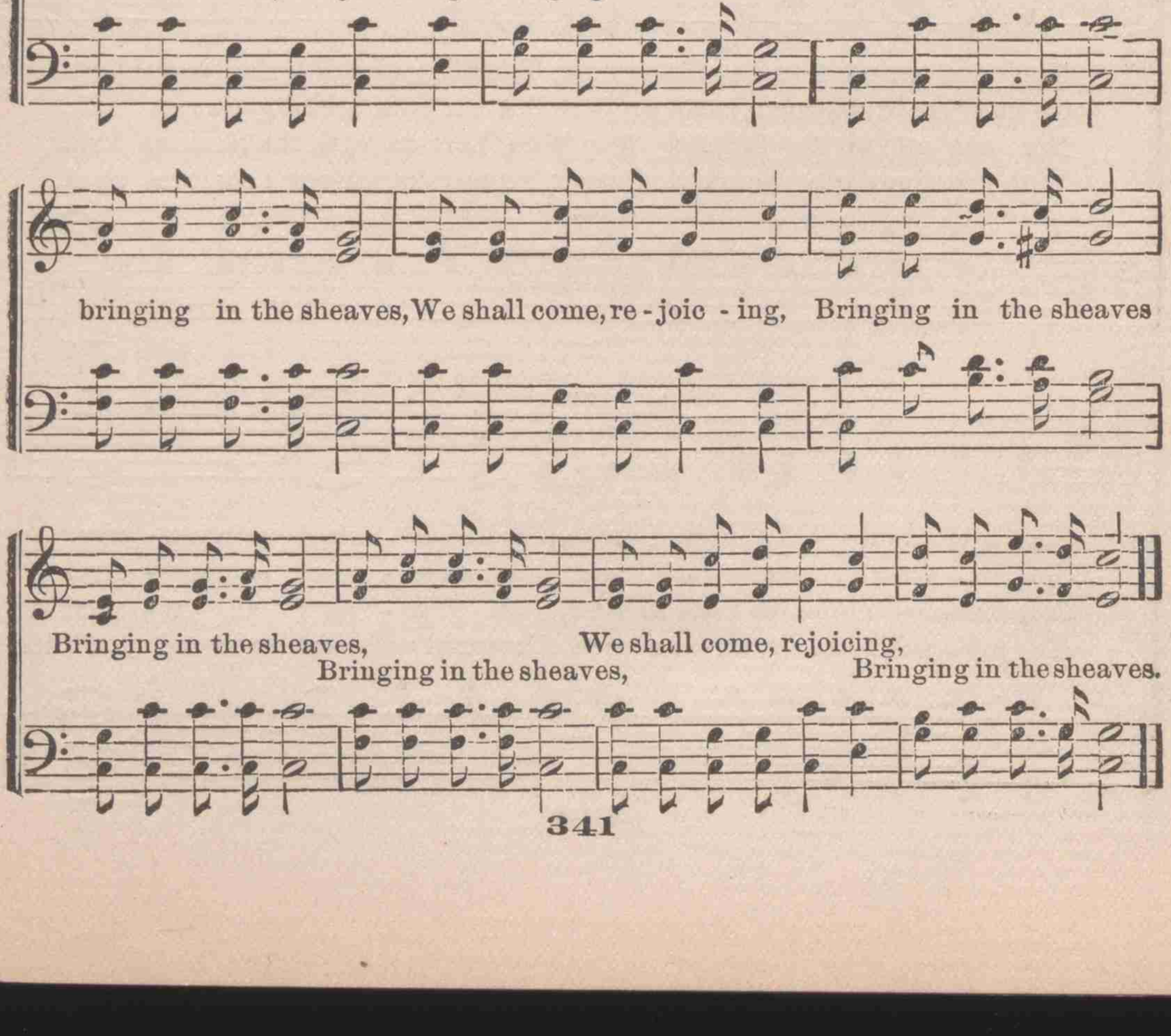


and the dew - y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it of - ten grieves; When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,



CHORUS.

We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.



bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bringing in the sheaves

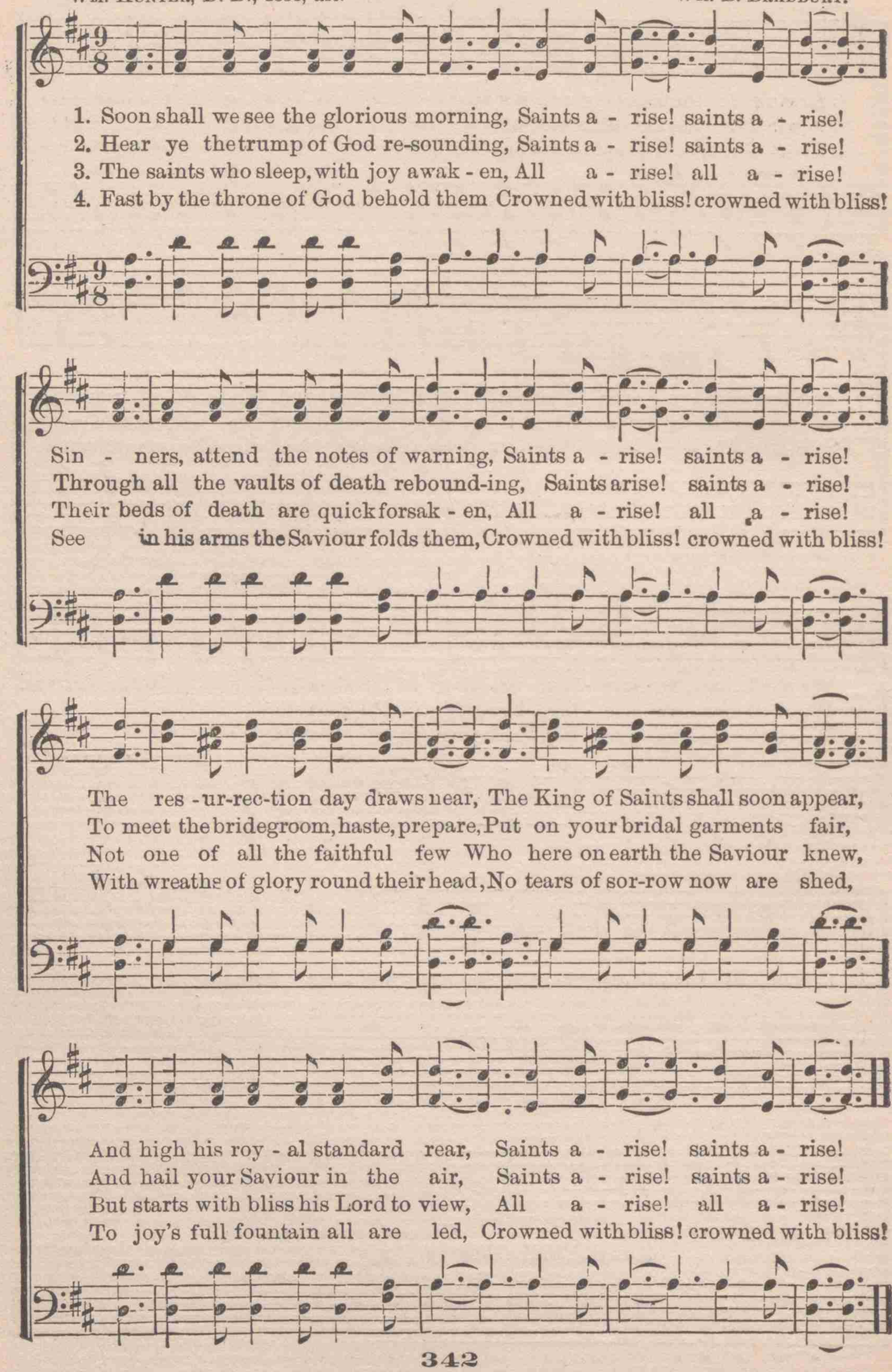


Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

## No. 371. The Glorious Morning.

"And God hath raised up the Lord, and will also raise us up by his own power."—1 Cor. 6: 14

Wm. Hunter, D. D., 1838, alt. Wm. B. Bradbury.

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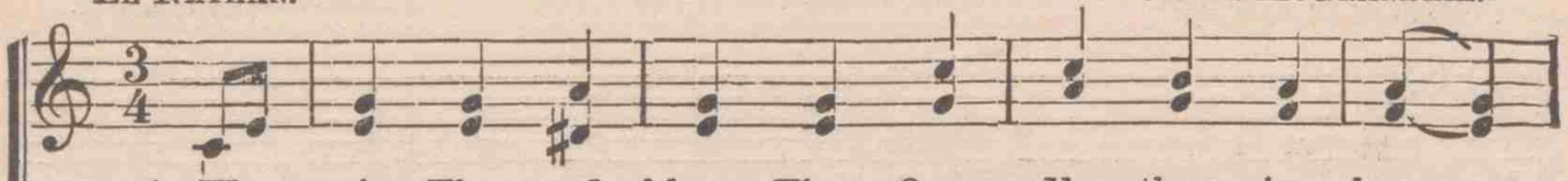
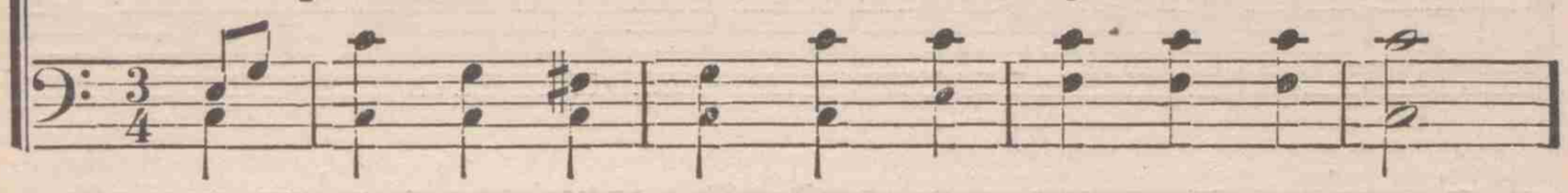
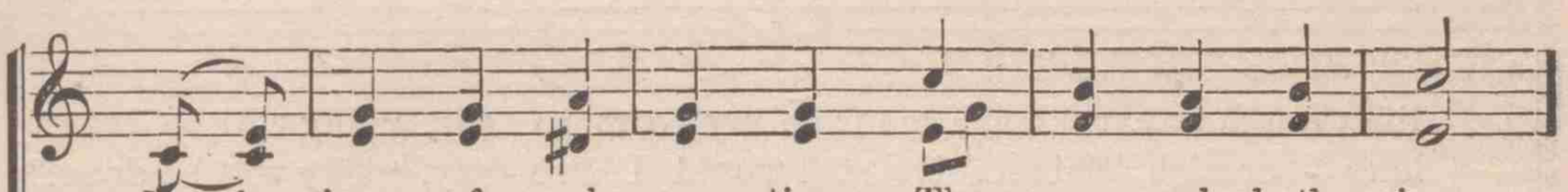
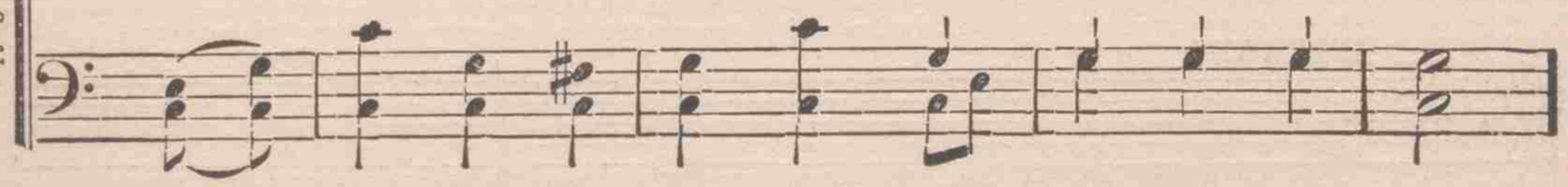
# No. 372. We Praise Thee and Bless Thee.

"Oh ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord."—Ps. 113 : 1.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. We praise Thee and bless Thee, Our Fa - ther in heaven,
2. We praise Thee and bless Thee: Once sin - ful and sad,
3. We praise Thee and bless Thee: The Spir - it hath come
4. We praise Thee and bless Thee, For food by the way;
5. We praise Thee and bless Thee: Thy word hath gone forth,
6. We praise Thee and bless Thee, And wait His re - turn
7. We praise Thee and bless Thee: We'll reign with Him then,

For the joy of sal - va - tion Thy gos - pel hath given.
By the word thou hast giv - en, To Christ we were led.
To dwell with, and teach us, And guide us safe home.
The man - na from hea - ven Pro - vid - ed each day.
That Christ shall be King and Reign o - ver the earth.
To ful - fil ev - 'ry prom - ise He made to His own.
To praise Thee and bless Thee For ev - er. A - men.

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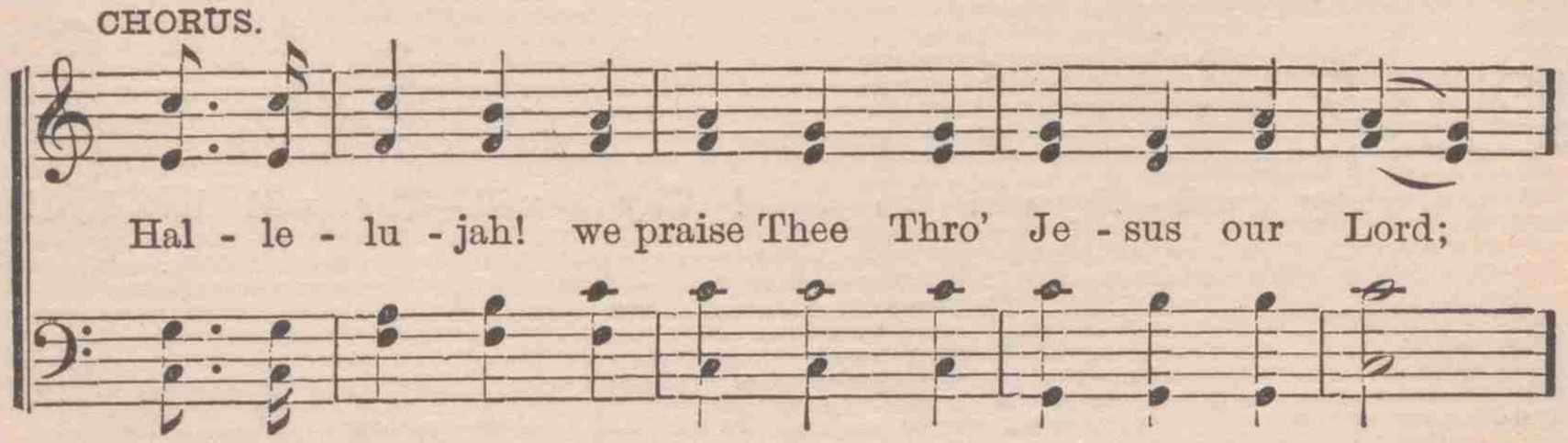
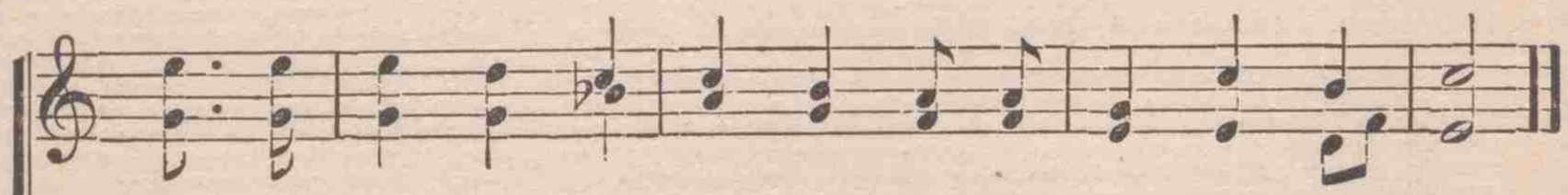
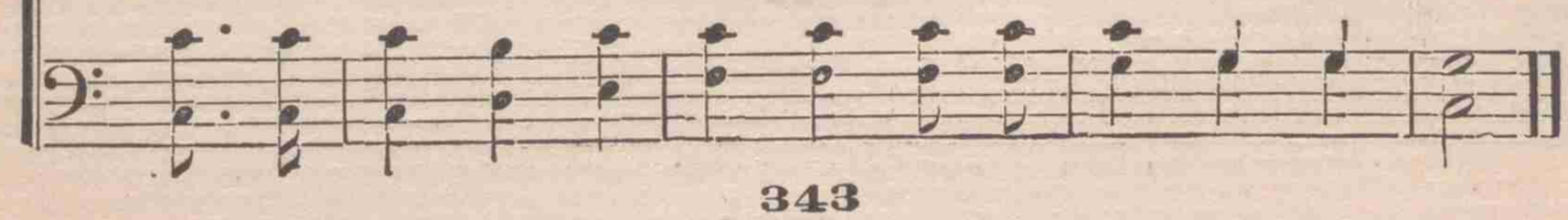
CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! we praise Thee Thro' Je - sus our Lord;

Hal - le - lu - jah! we bless Thee For the gift of Thy word!

## No. 373. Thy Will be Done!

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."—MATT. 6 : 10.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on
2. What tho' in lone - ly grief I sigh For friends be - loved, no
3. Let but my faint - ing heart be blest With Thy sweet Spir - it
4. Renew my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine; and
5. Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with

life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
long - er nigh, Submis-sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
take a - way All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
tears be-fore, I'll sing up - on a hap-pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

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REFRAIN.

Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

Thy will—Thy will be done! Thy will—Thy will be done!

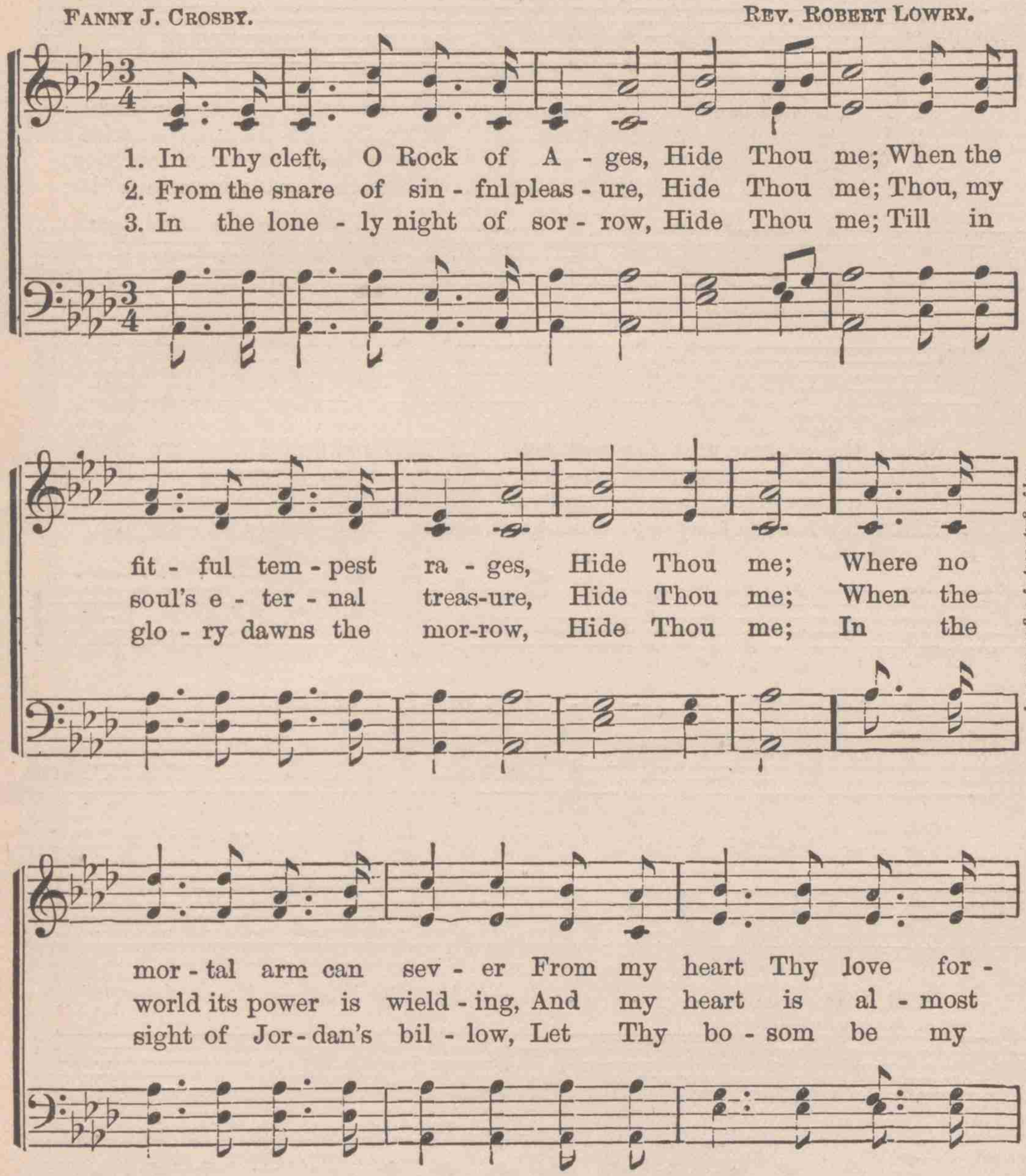
Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
Sub - mis - sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
My God, to Thee I leave the rest: "Thy will be done!"
All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

No. 374.

# Hide Thou Me.

"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. 32 : 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

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## No. 375. Only Waiting.

"The Lord direct your hearts into.....the patient waiting for Christ."—2 THESS. 3: 5.

W. G. IRVIN. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. I am waiting for the morning Of the blessed day to dawn,
2. I am waiting; worn and wea-ry With the bat- tle and the strife,
3. Waiting, hoping. trusting ev - er, For a home of boundless love;
4. Hoping soon to meet the loved ones Where the "many mansions" be;

When the sorrow and the sadness Of this changeful life are gone.
Hop - ing when the warfare's o - ver To re - ceive a crown of life.
Like a pilgrim, looking forward To the land of bliss a - bove.
List'ning for the hap-py welcome Of my Sav - iour call - ing me.

I am wait - - - ing, on - ly waiting,

I am waiting, waiting, waiting, on - ly waiting, on - ly waiting

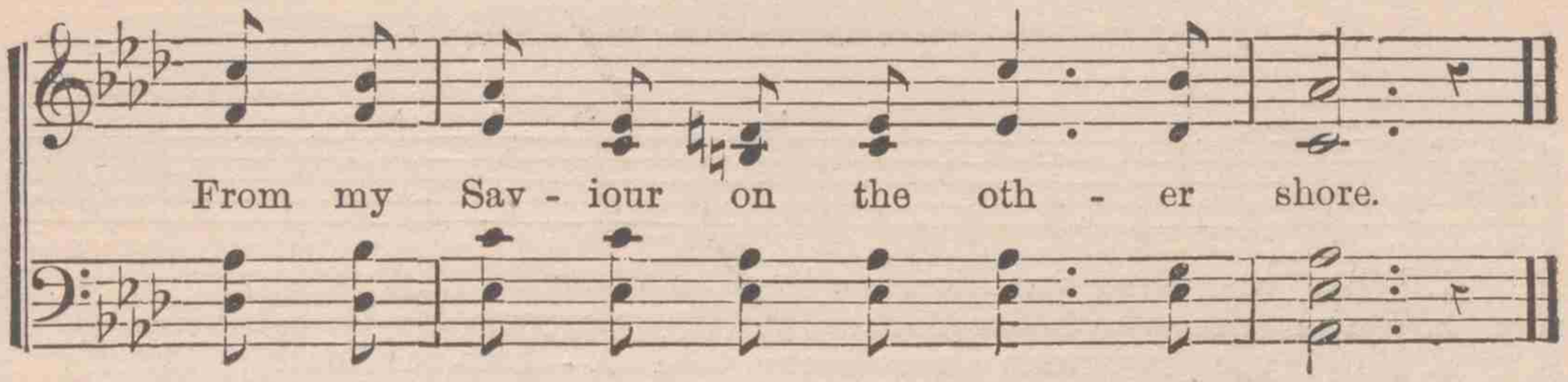
Till this wea - - - ry life is o'er;

Till this wea - ry, wea - ry, wea - ry—Till this wea - ry life is o'er;

On - ly wait - - - ing for my welcome,

On - ly waiting, waiting, waiting for my welcome, for my welcome,

## Only Waiting.—Concluded.

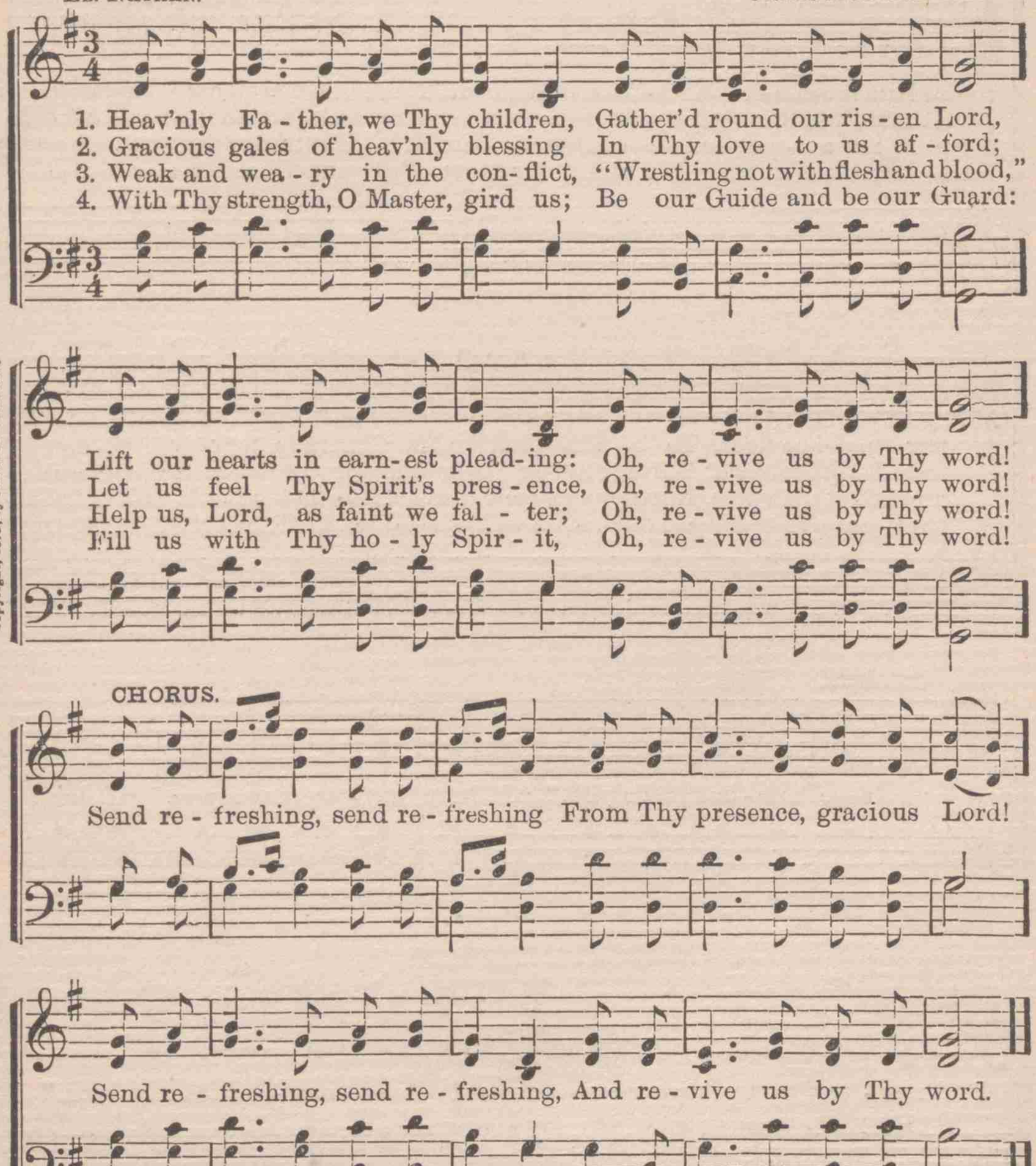



—o—

## No. 376. Oh, Revive Us by Thy Word.

"I will cause the shower to come down in his season. There shall be showers of blessing."—Ezek. 34: 26.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

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## No. 377. I Never Knew You.

"I never knew you: depart from Me."—MATT. 7: 23.

MRS. G. C. NEEDHAM. C. C. CASE.

1. When the King in His beau-ty shall come to His throne, And a-
2. They had known whence He came, and the grace which He brought; In their
3. Now the righteous are reigning with A-bra-ham there; But for
4. O sin-ner, give heed to this sto-ry of gloom, For the

round Him are gather'd His lov'd ones, His own; There be some who will knock at His
presence He heal'd, in their streets He had taught; They had mention'd His name and their
these is ap-pointed an endless despair; It is vain that they call: He once
hour is fast nearing that fixes your doom: Will you still reject mer-cy? still

fair pal-ace door, To be answered within "There is mer-cy no more."
friendship profess'd; But they nev-er believed, for of them He confess'd;
knock'd at their gate, But they welcom'd Him not; so now this is their fate:
hard-en your heart? Oh then, what will you do as the King cries?—"Depart!"

Copyright, 1881, by C. C. Case.

CHORUS.

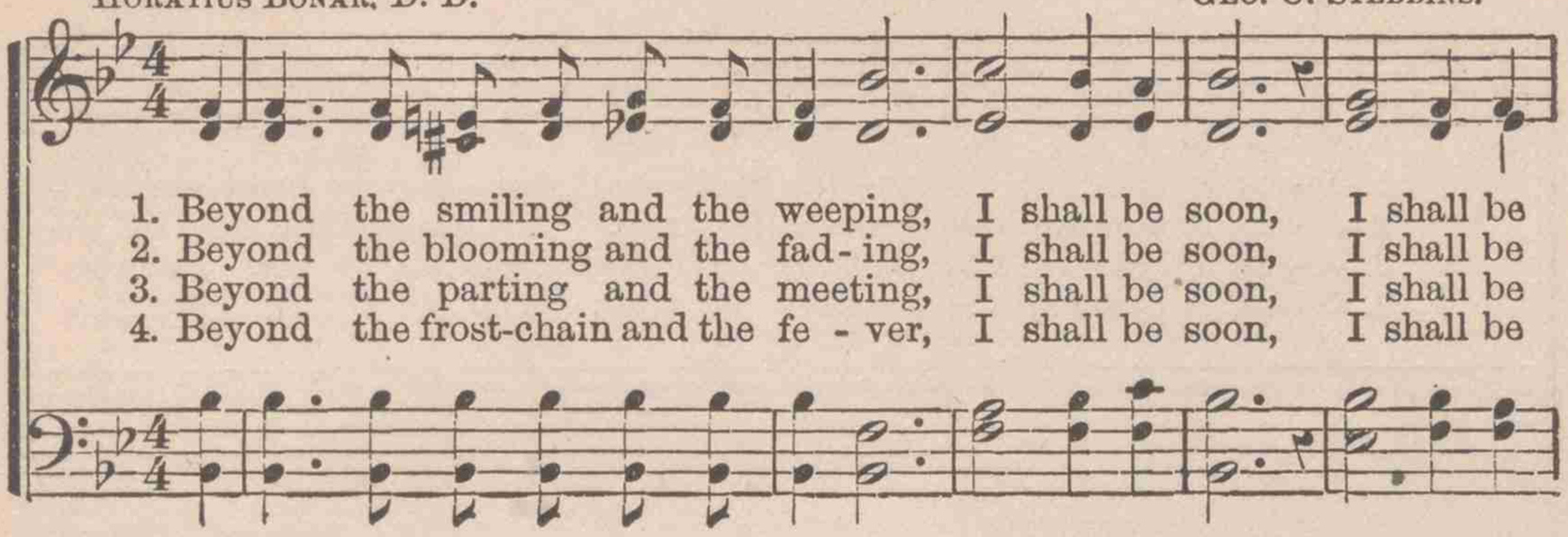
"I have nev-er known you," "I have nev-er known you," "I have

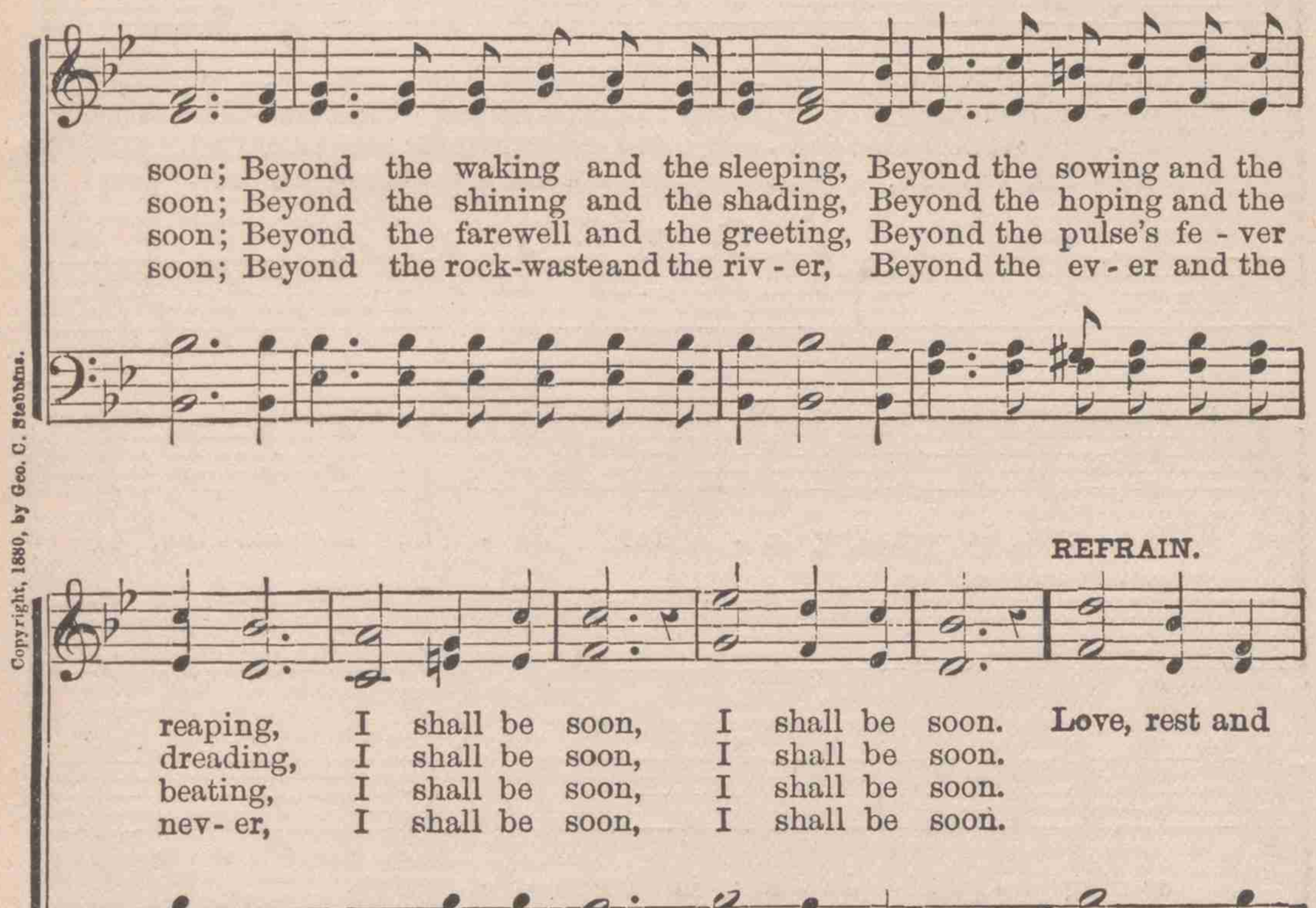
nev-er, I have nev-er, I have nev-er known you."

## No. 378. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."—Rev. 21 : 4.

Horatius Bonar, D. D. Geo. C. Stebbins.

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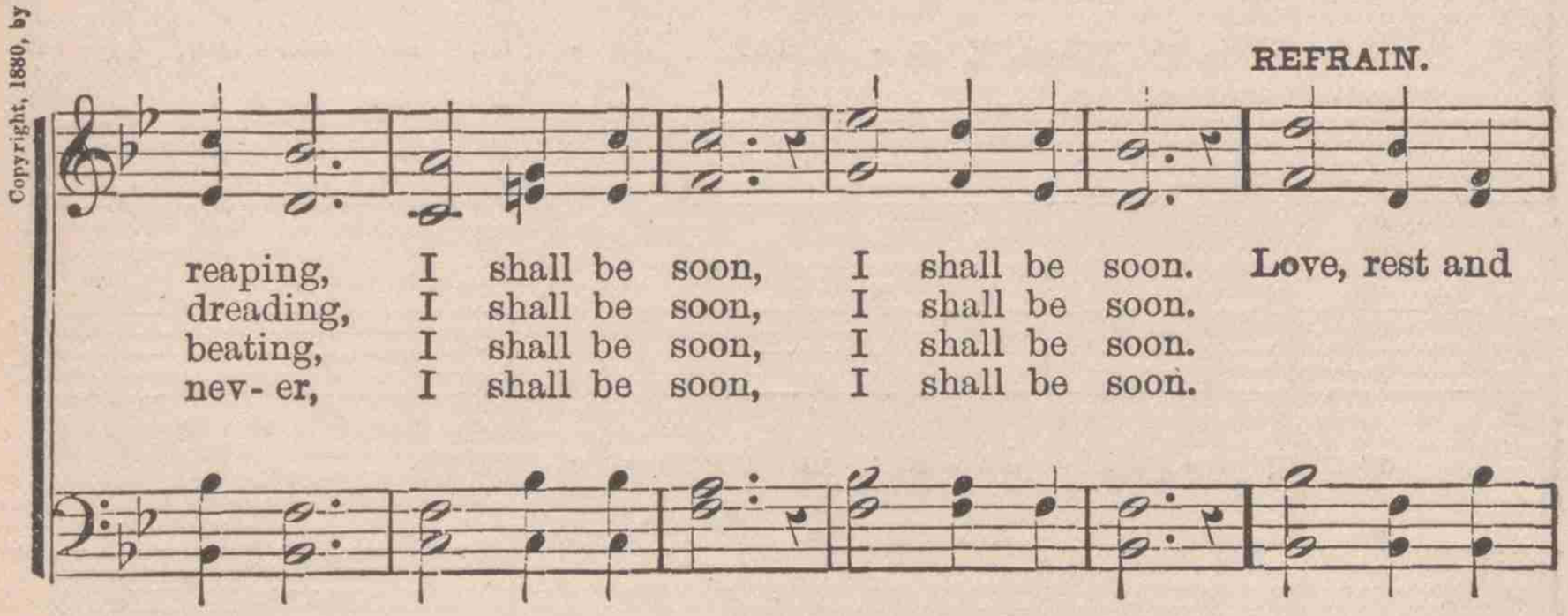
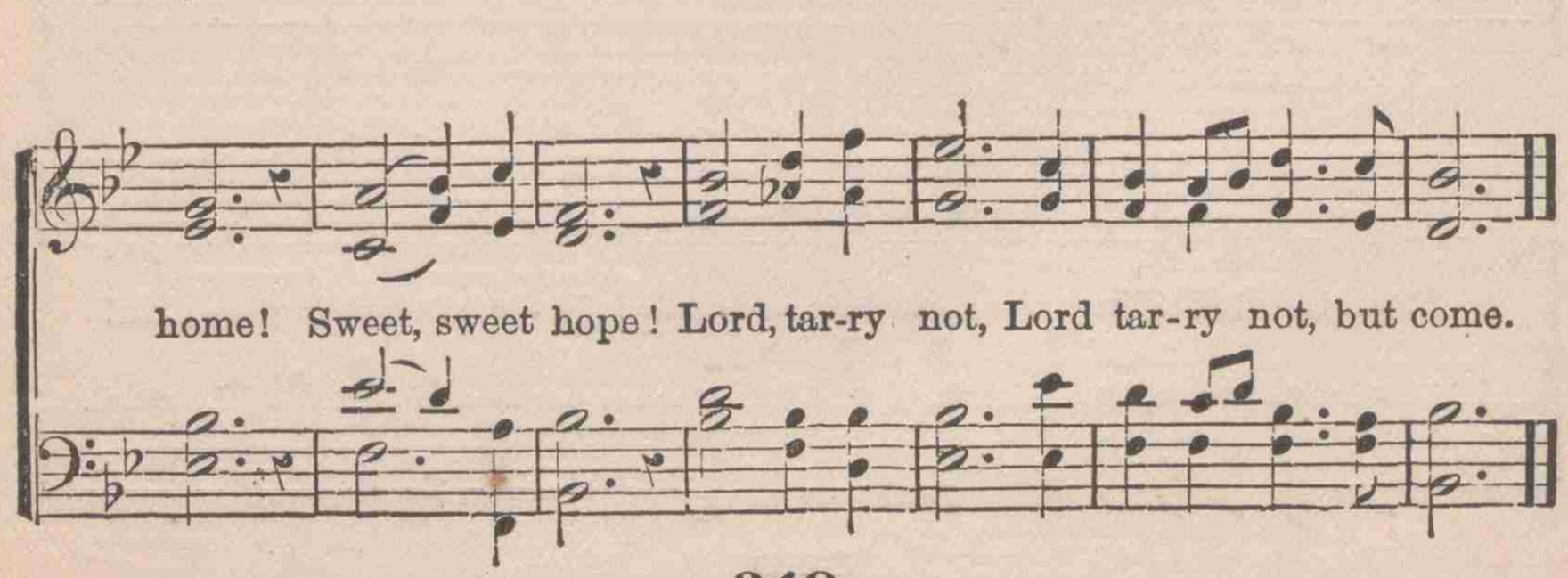

## No. 379. Jesus is Coming.

"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven."—1 THESS. 4: 16.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Je-sus is coming! sing the glad word! Com-ing for those He re -
2. Je-sus is coming! the dead shall a - rise, Lov'd ones shall meet in a
3. Je-sus is coming! His saints to re - lease; Com-ing to give to the
4. Je-sus is coming! the promise is true; Who are the cho - sen, the

deem'd by His blood, Com - ing to reign as the glo - ri - fied Lord!
joy - ful surprise, Caught up to - geth-er to Him in the skies.
war - ring earth peace: Sin - ning, and sighing, and sor - row, shall cease.
faith - ful, the few, Wait - ing and watching, prepared for re - view?

CHORUS.

Je - sus is com-ing a - gain! Je - sus is com - ing, is
coming a - gain! Je - sus is coming a - gain!
Yes, Je - sus is com - ing! Oh,
Shout the glad tidings o'er mountain and plain! Je - sus is coming a - gain!

Copyright, 1880, by James McGranahan.

## No. 380. Singing as we Journey.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126 : 2.

LUCY J. RIDER. LUCY J. RIDER.

1. We are chil - dren of a King, Heavenly King, Heavenly King,
2. We are travel-ing to our home, Bless - ed home, Bless - ed home,
3. Full of joy we on - ward go, Heavenward go, Homeward go,

We are chil - dren of a King, Sing - ing as we jour - ney;
We are travel-ing to our home, Sing - ing as we jour - ney;
Full of joy we on - ward go, Sing - ing as we jour - ney;

Copyright, 1878, by F. H. Revell.

Je - sus Christ our Guard and Guide, Bids us, noth-ing ter - ri - fied,
Tow'rd a cit - y out of sight Where will fall no shade of night,
Sing-ing all the jour-ney thro'— Singing hearts are brave and true—

Fol - low close - ly at His side, Sing - ing as we jour - ney.
For our Sav - iour is its light, Sing - ing as we jour - ney.
Sing - ing till our home we view, Sing - ing as we jour - ney.

## No. 381. Who is on the Lord's Side?

"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse."—1 CHRON. 12: 18.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY.

*Spirited.*

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own

help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?
ar - my, Raise the warrior - psalm; But for love that claim - eth
life - blood, For Thy di - a - dem; With Thy bless - ing fill - ing
ar - my, None can o - ver - throw; Round His stand-ard rang - ing,

Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
Lives for whom He died, He whom Jesus nam - eth Must be on His side.
All who come to Thee, Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free.
Vic - t'ry is se - cure, For His truth unchanging Makes the triumph sure.

CHORUS.

Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His

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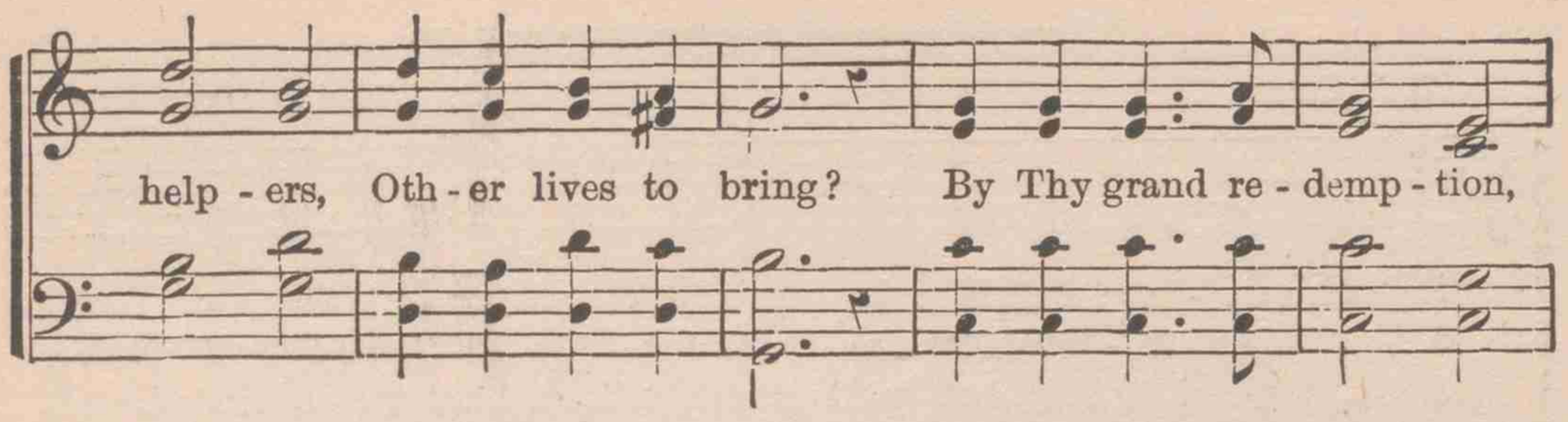
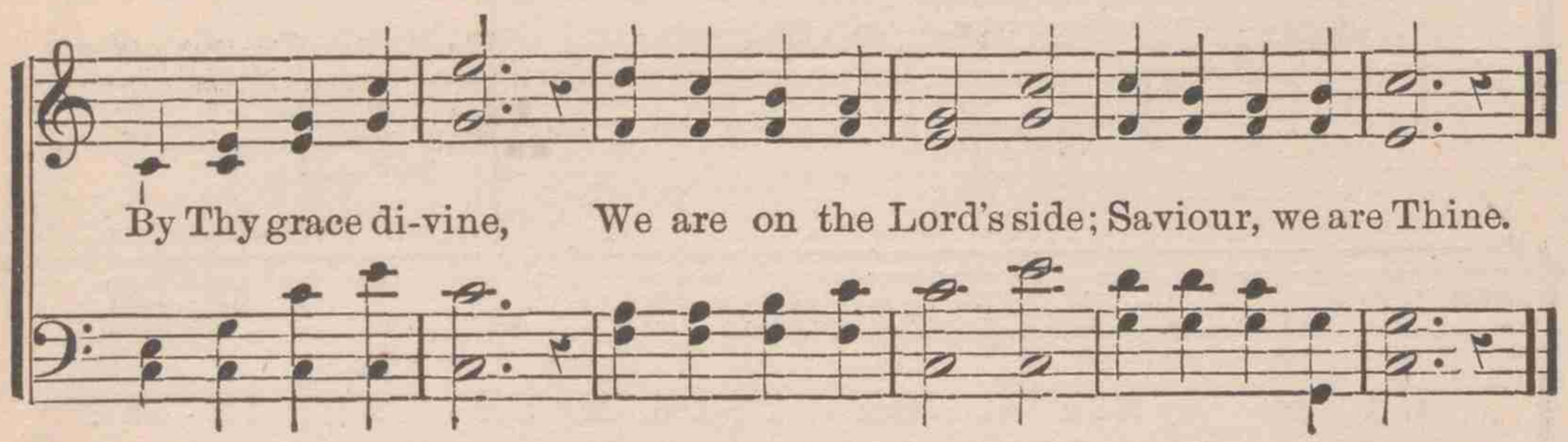
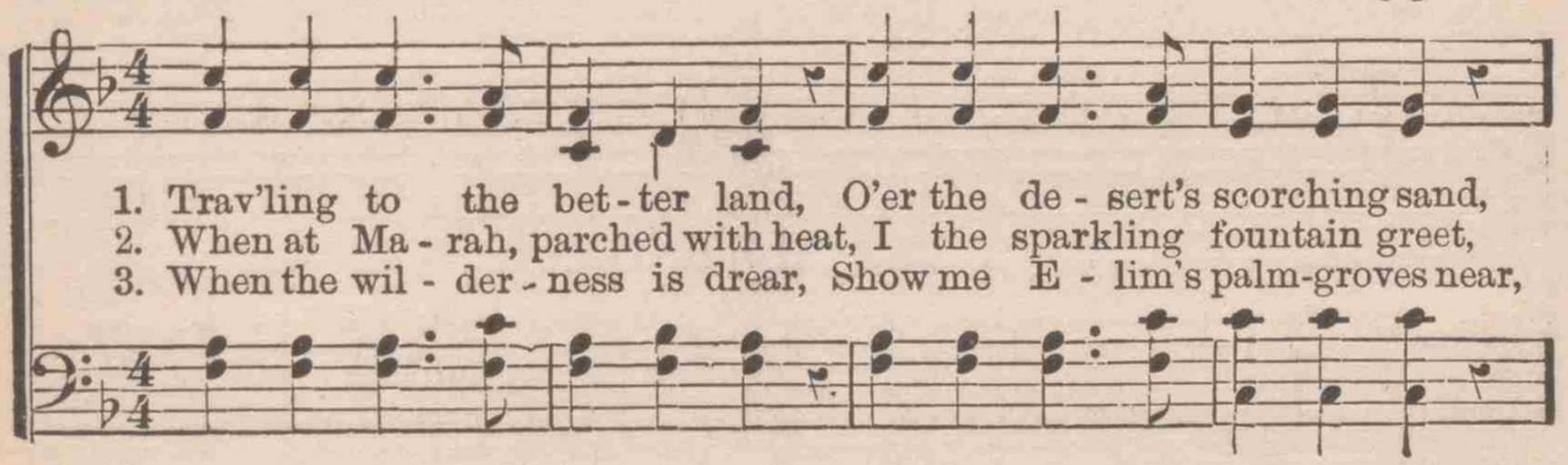
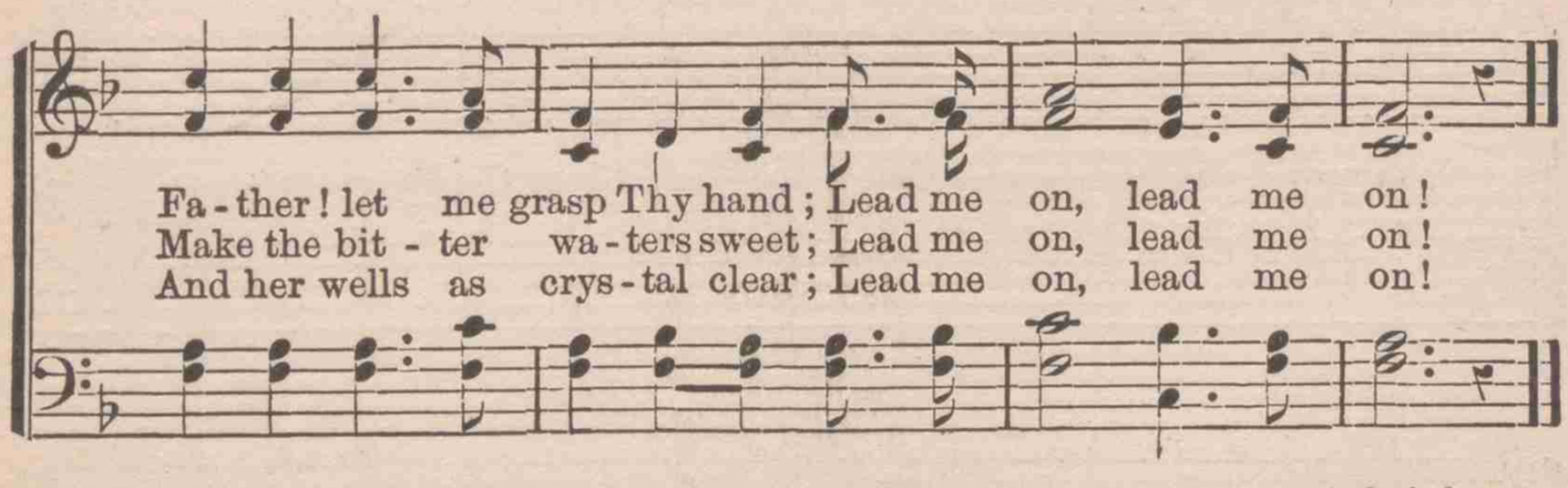
## Who is on the Lord's Side. Concluded.



## No. 382. Lead me on.

"For Thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

C. C. CONVERSE. by per.

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

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

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

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

## No. 383. I've Passed the Cross.

"Passed from death unto life."—JOHN 5 : 24.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Look un - to me and be ye saved, I heard the Just One say;
2. By His a - tonement re - conciled, My Fa-ther's face I see;
3. Oh, glo-rious height of vant-age ground! Oh, blest vic - to-rious hour!

*Cres.*

And as by faith on Him I gazed, My bur - den rolled a - way.
The emp - ty tomb now in - tervenes Be-tween the world and me.
In Him to trust and ful - ly know His re - sur - rec-tion power.

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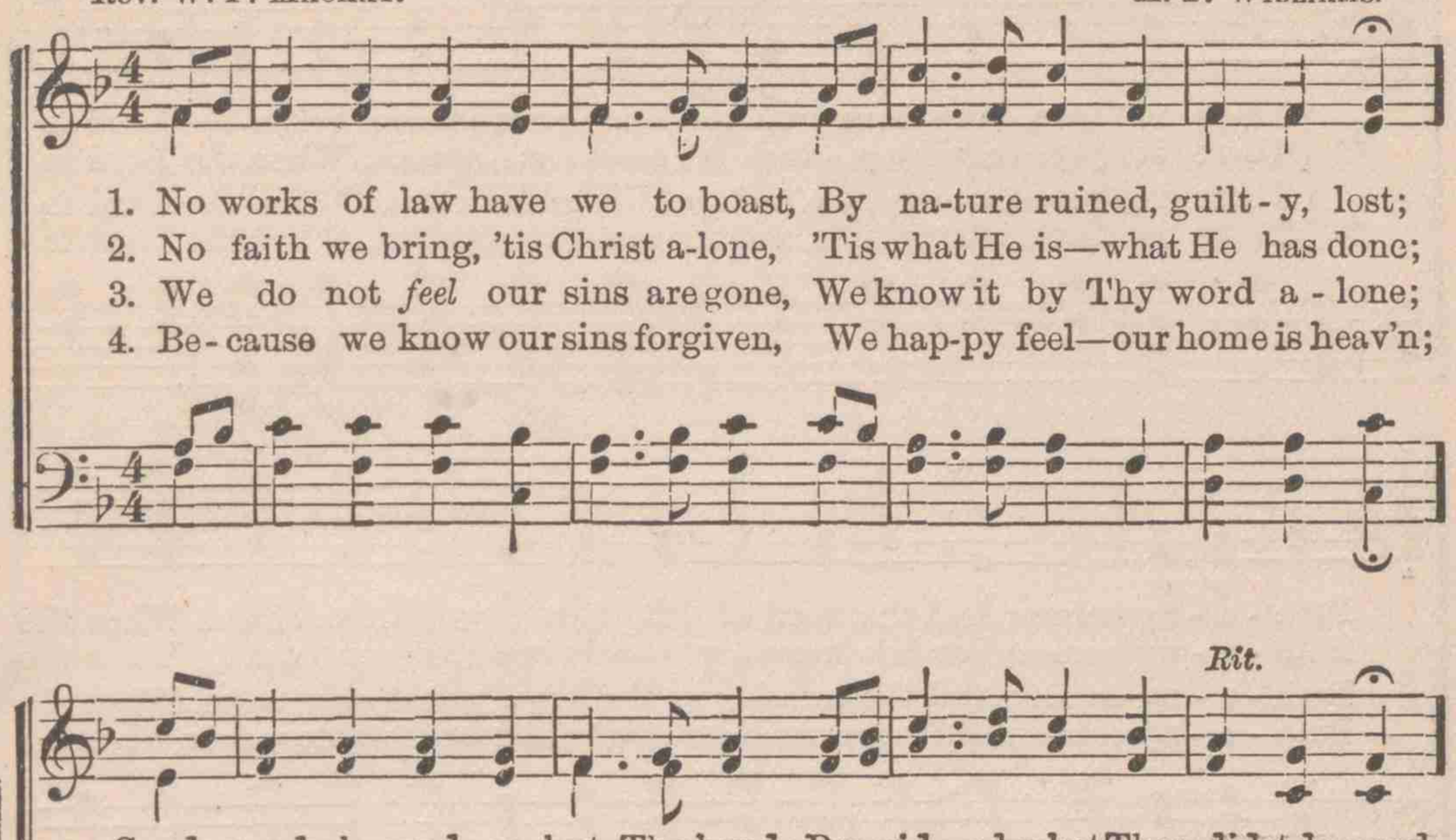
CHORUS.

I've passed the cross at Cal - va - ry, I'm on the Heaven side;
The world is cru - ci - fied to me, Since Christ my ran-som died;
The world is cru - ci - fied to me, Since Christ my ransom died.

# No. 384. We Take the Guilty Sinner's Name.

"These things have I written unto you that ye may know that ye have eternal life."—1 JOHN 5 : 13.

Rev. W. P. MACKAY. H. F. WILLIAMS.

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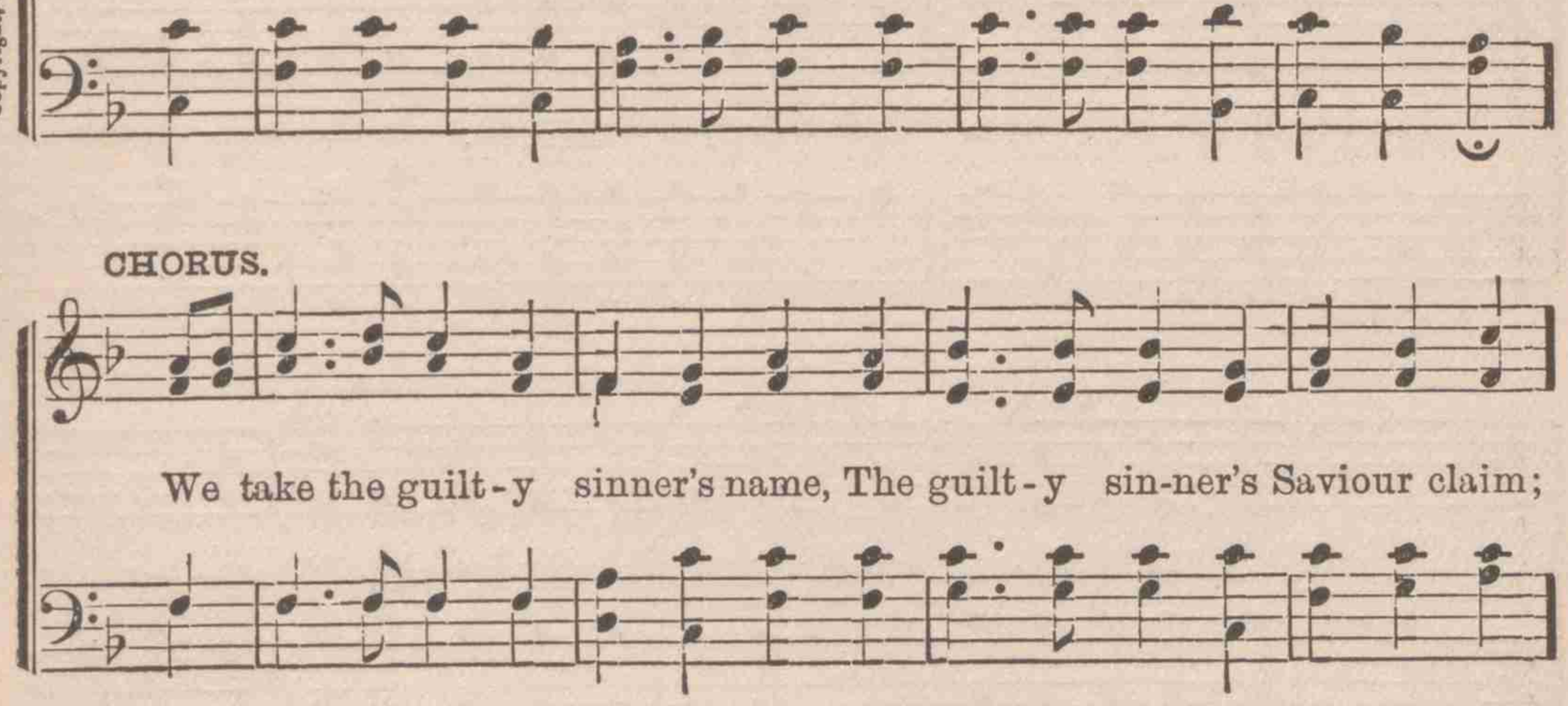

## No. 385. He Came to Bethany.

"Then Jesus came to Bethany."—JOHN. 12: 1.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. There is love, true love, and the heart grows warm, When the Lord to
There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is spread, When the Lord to

2. There is peace, sweet peace, and the life grows calm, When the Lord to
There is faith, strong faith, and our home seems near, When the Lord to

Beth - a - ny comes; And the word of life has a wondrous charm, When the
Beth - a - ny comes; For His heavenly voice brings to life the dead, When the
Beth - a - ny comes; And the trusting soul sings a sweet, soft psalm, When the
Beth - a - ny comes; And the crown more bright, and the cross more dear, When the

CHORUS.

Lord to Betha - ny comes. 'Twas a happy, happy day in the old - en time,

When the Lord to Betha - ny came, Open wide the door, let Him en - ter now!

for His love is ev - er the same! His love is ev - er the same!

is ev - er the same!

is ev - er the same!

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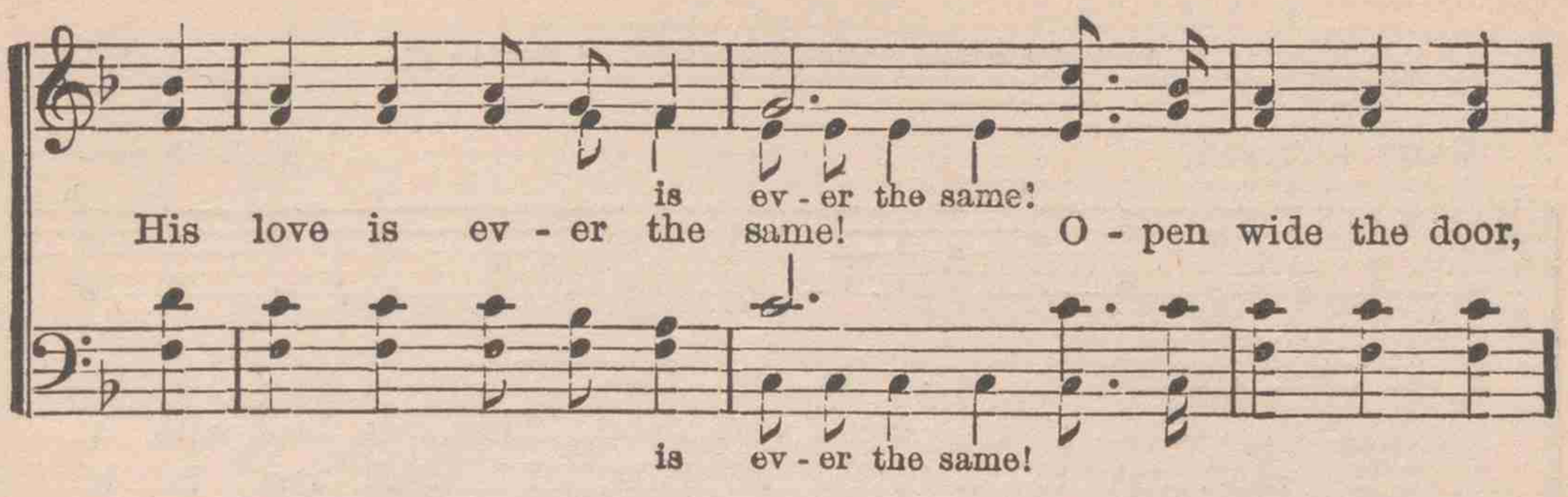
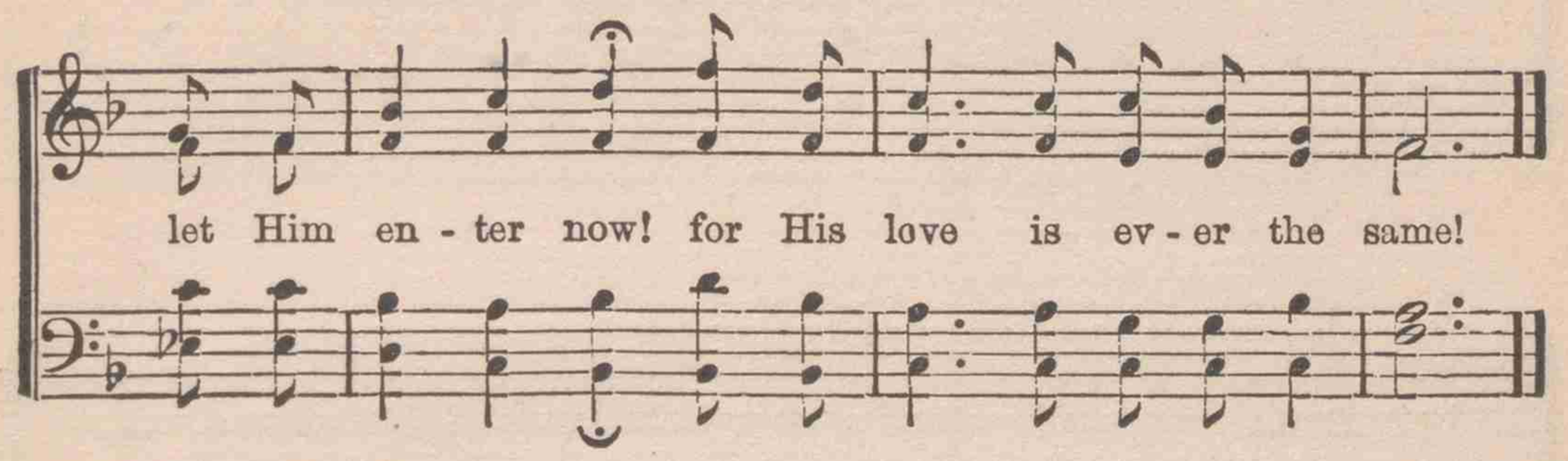
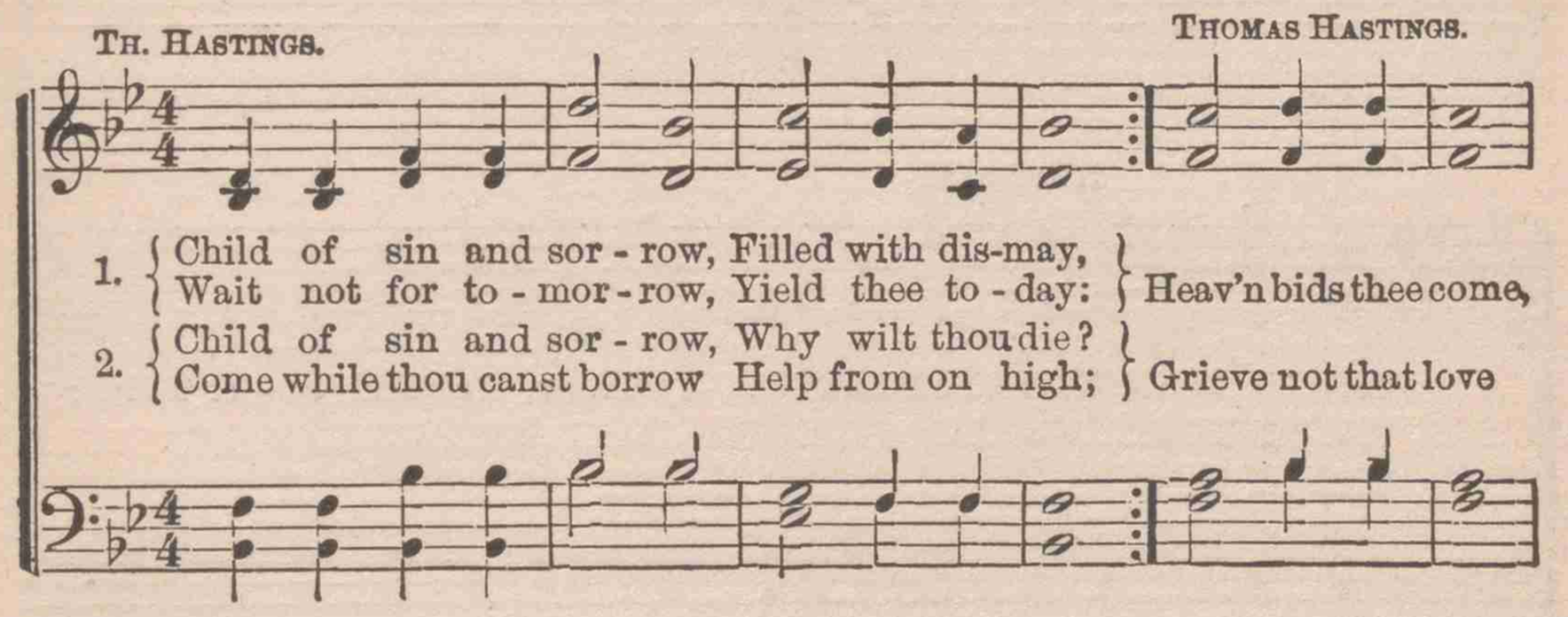
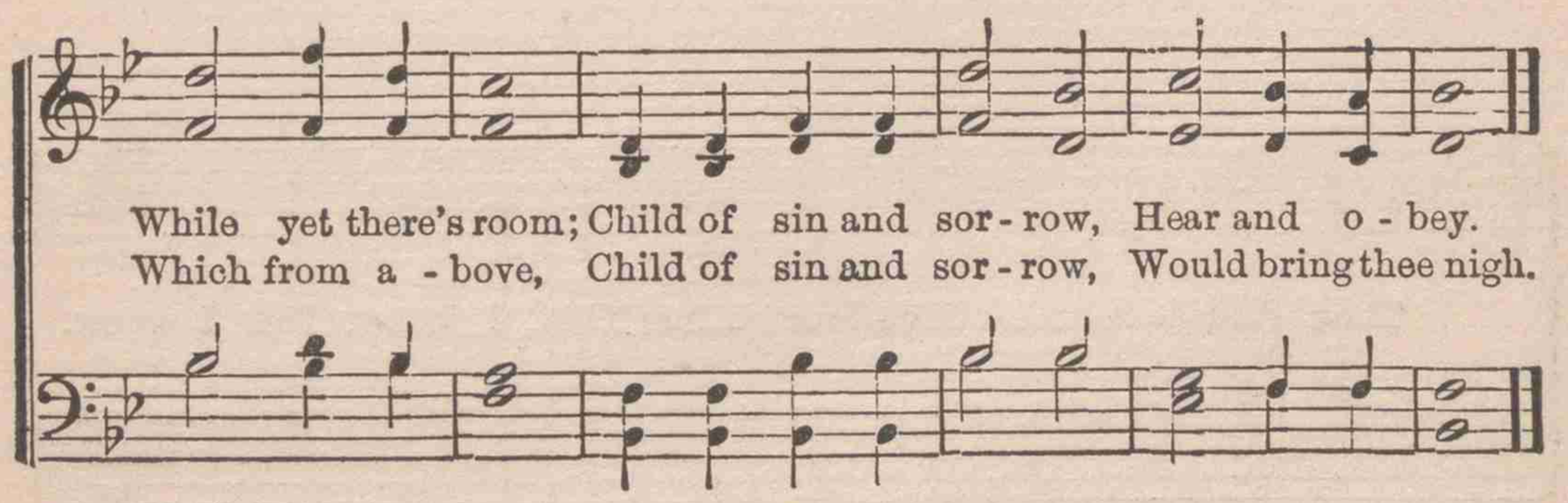
## He Came to Bethany.—Concluded.

## No. 386. Child of Sin and Sorrow.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14 : 17.

TH. HASTINGS. THOMAS HASTINGS.



## No. 387. This I Know.

"I know whom I have believed."—2 Tim. 1 : 12.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Lord, my trust I re - pose in Thee; O how great is Thy love to me! Thou the strength of my life shalt be; This I know,
2. Thou dost lead with a sweet com-mand, Thou dost lead with a gen - tle hand; On the rock of Thy Truth I stand; This I know,
3. I shall rise to a world of light, I shall rest in a mansion bright; Then my faith shall be lost in sight; This I know,

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REFRAIN.

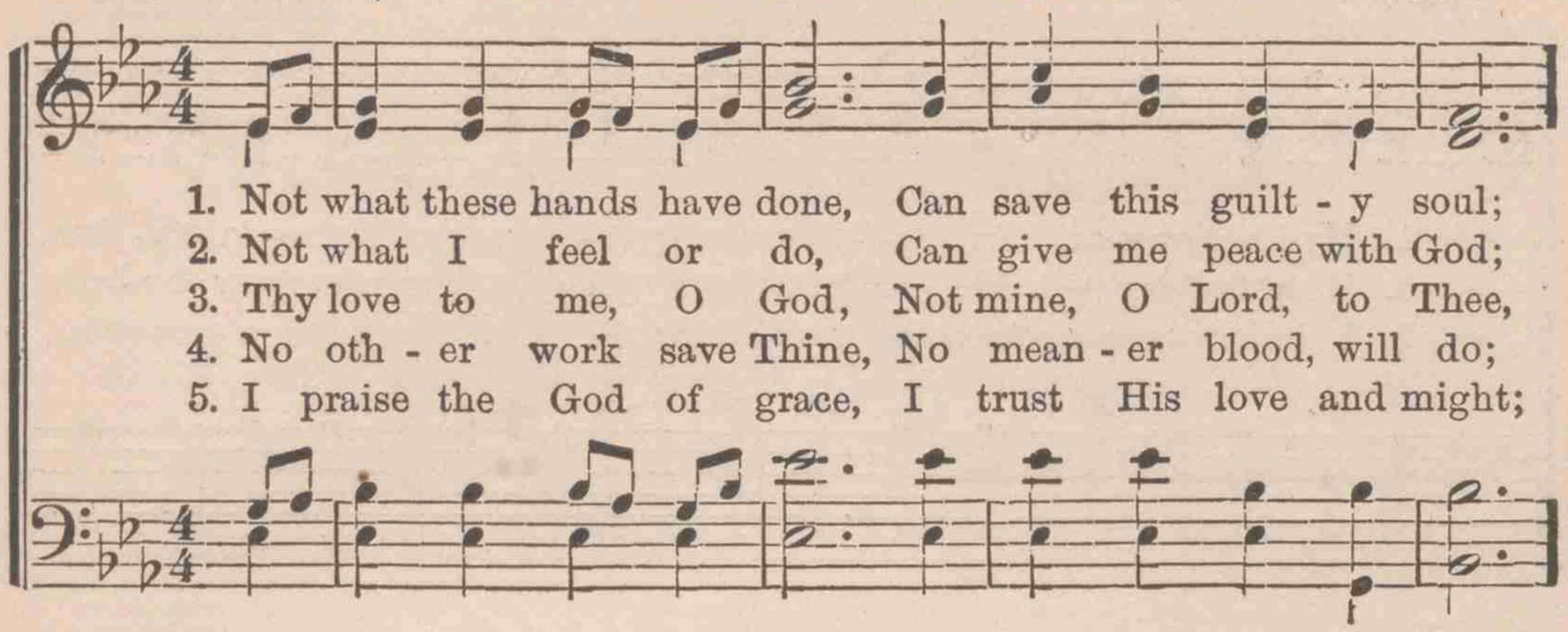
this I know. Thine, Thine, and on - ly Thine, Now and ev - er Thine;
this I know.
this I know.

Thou dost love me, Sav - iour mine; This I know, This I know.

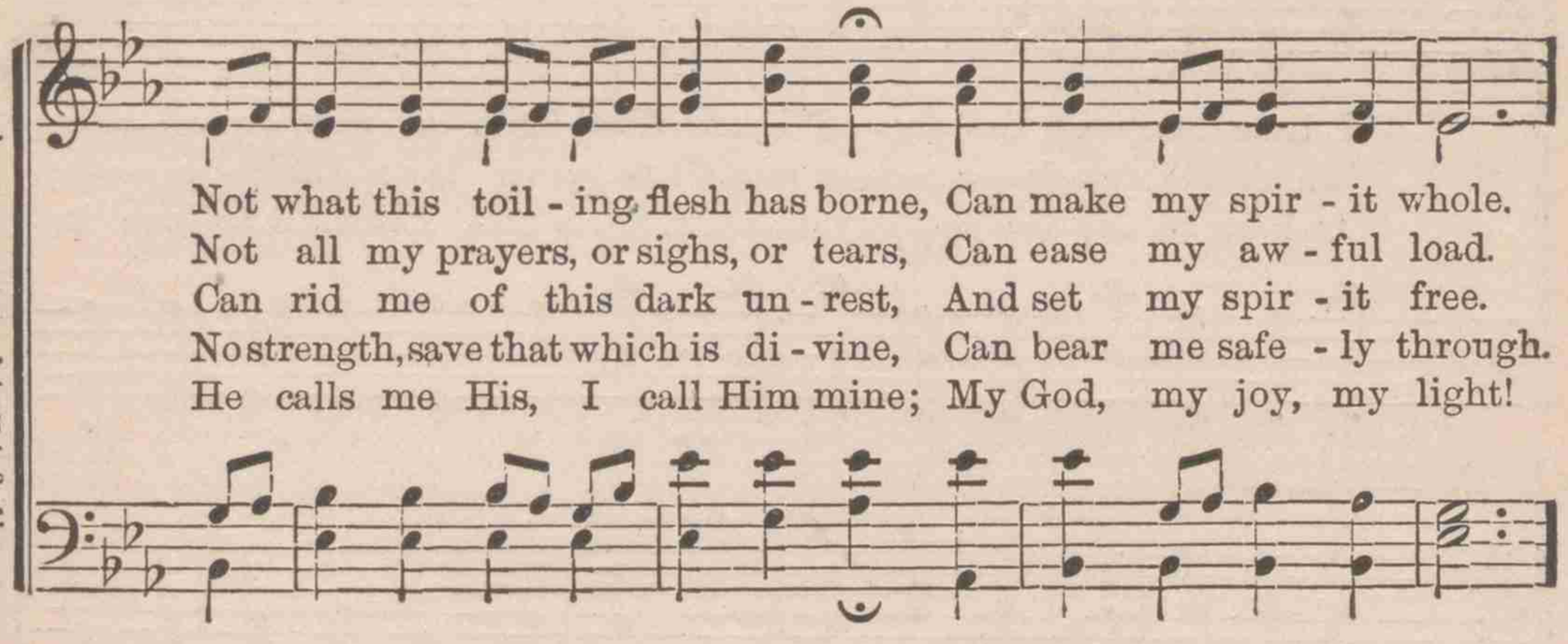
# No. 388. Not what these Hands have Done.

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

Horatius Bonar, D.D. James McGranahan.



1. Not what these hands have done, Can save this guilt - y soul;
2. Not what I feel or do, Can give me peace with God;
3. Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
4. No oth - er work save Thine, No mean - er blood, will do;
5. I praise the God of grace, I trust His love and might;



Not what this toil - ing flesh has borne, Can make my spir - it whole.
Not all my prayers, or sighs, or tears, Can ease my aw - ful load.
Can rid me of this dark un - rest, And set my spir - it free.
No strength, save that which is di - vine, Can bear me safe - ly through.
He calls me His, I call Him mine; My God, my joy, my light!

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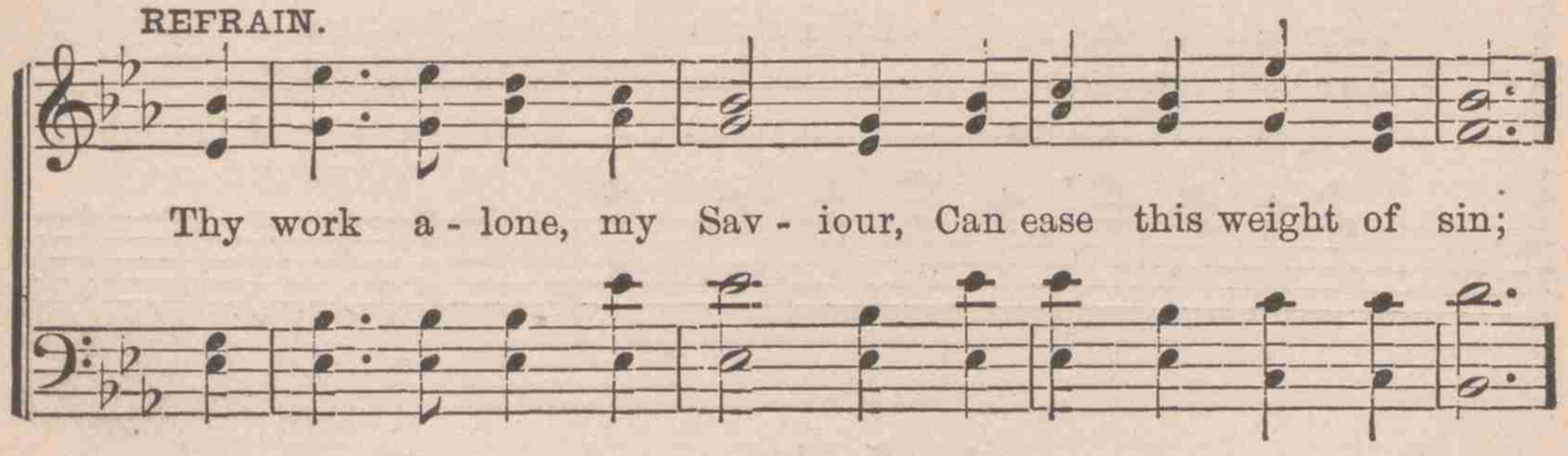
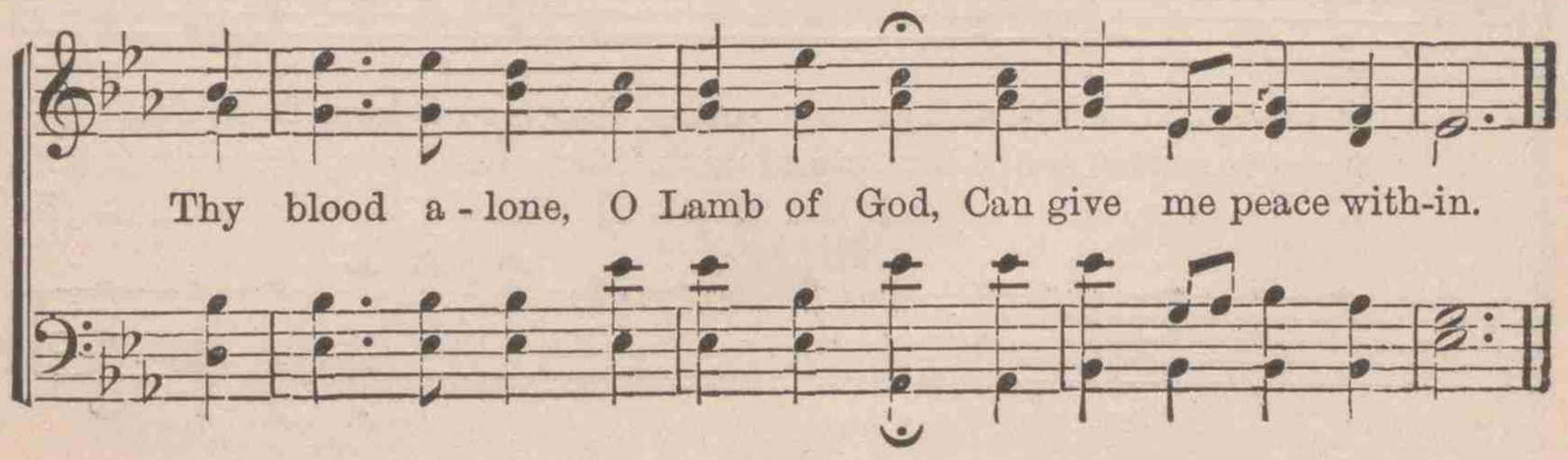
REFRAIN.

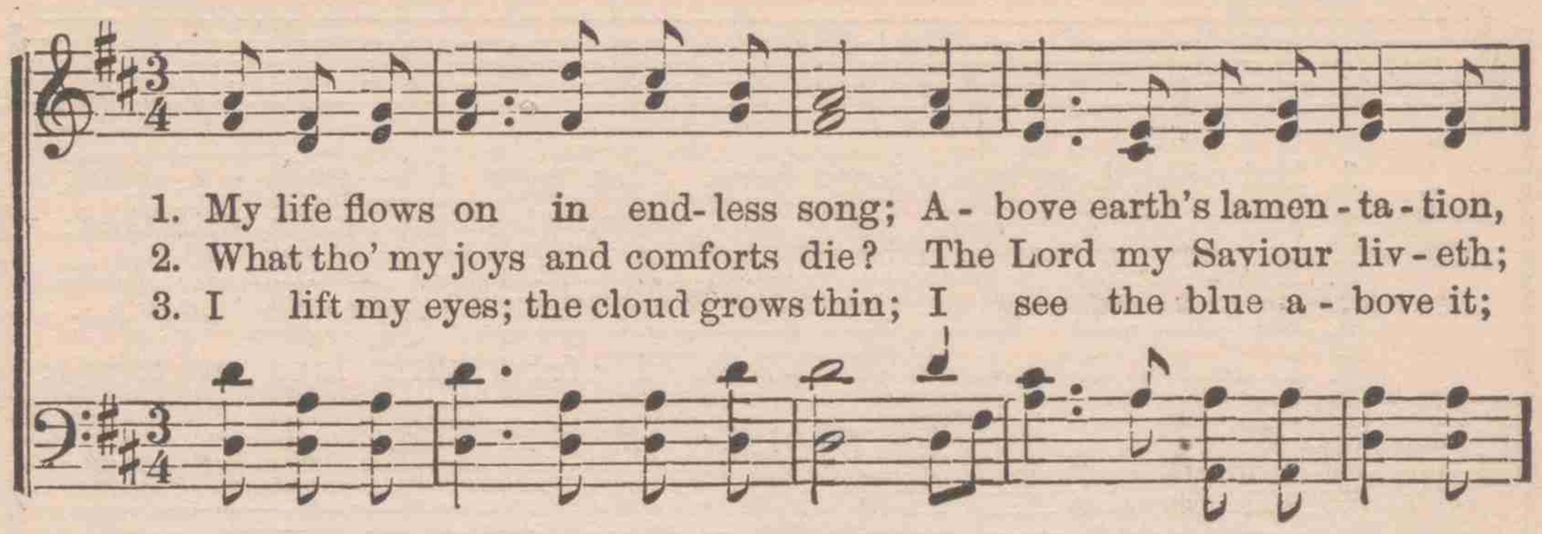


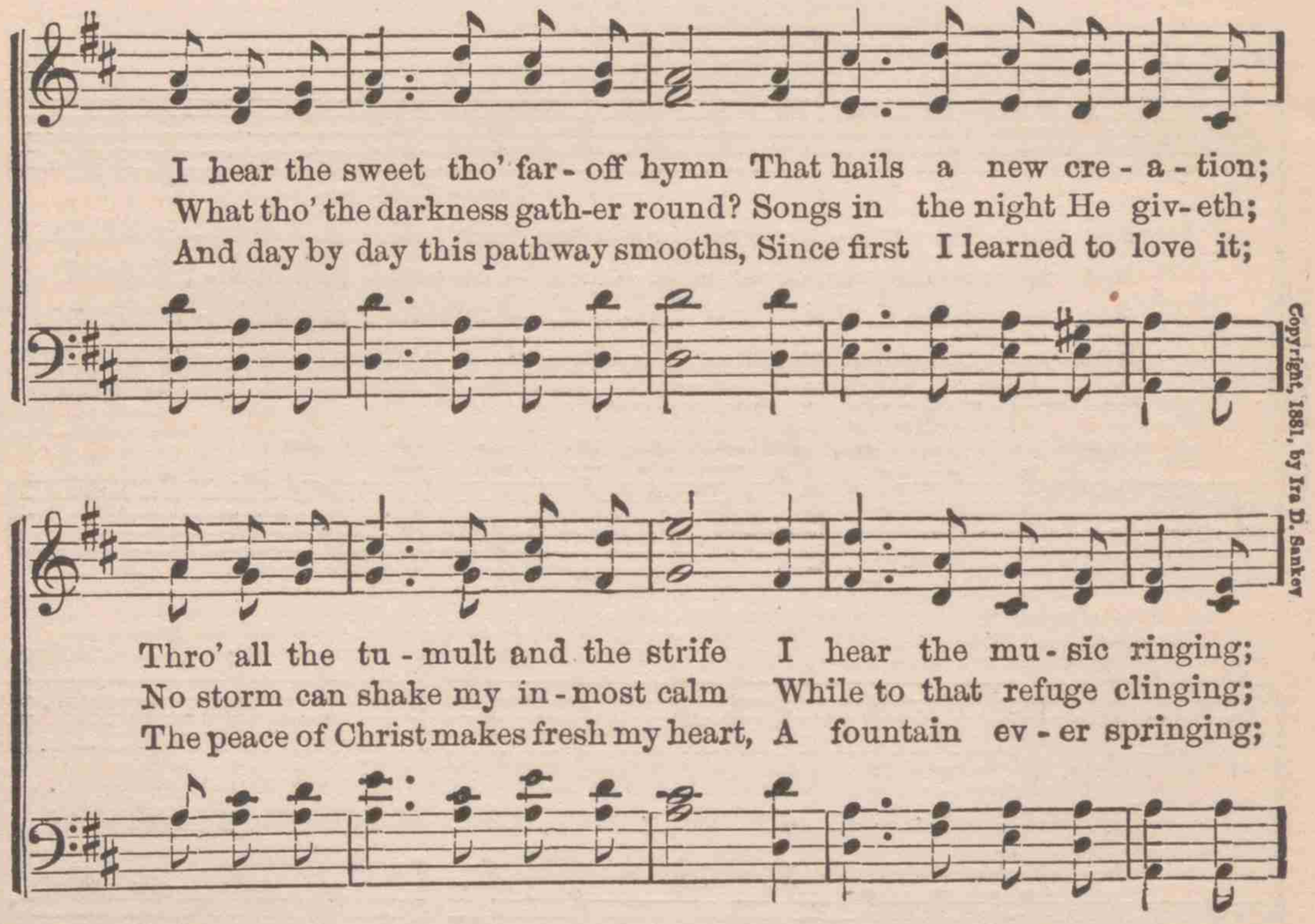
Thy work a - lone, my Sav - iour, Can ease this weight of sin;

Thy blood a - lone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace with-in.

# No. 389. How can I Keep from Singing?

"I will sing praises unto my God while I have my being."—Ps. 146: 2.

ANON. IRA D. SANKEY.

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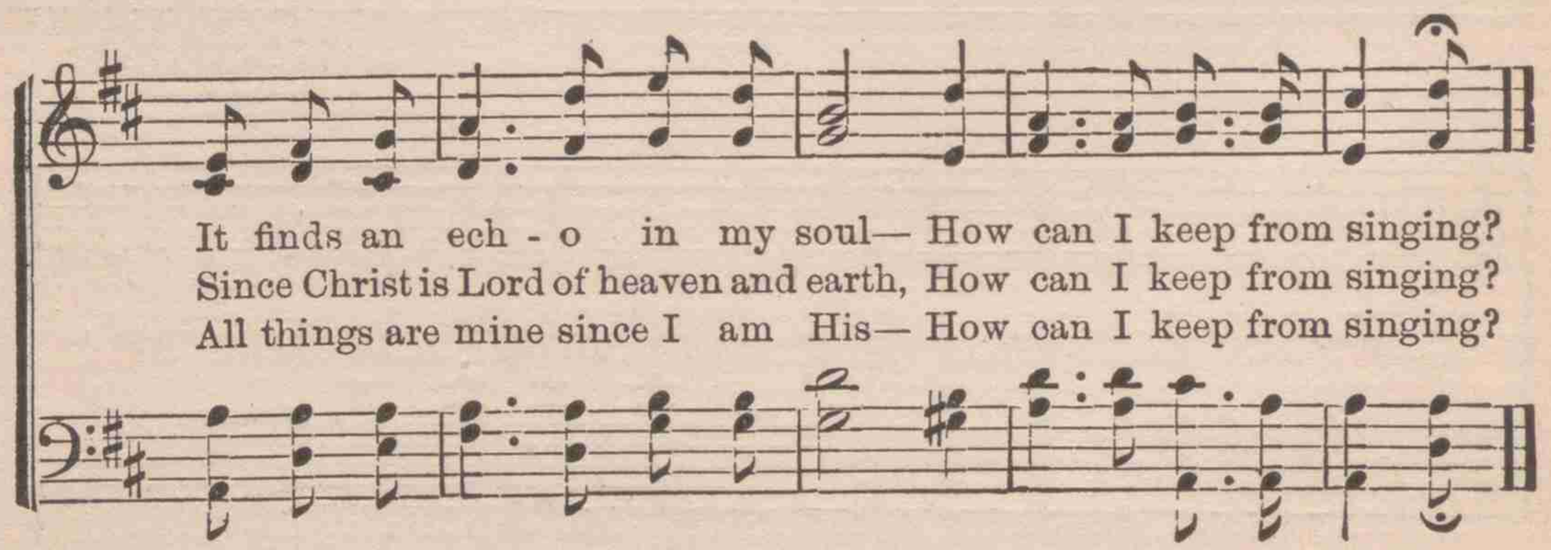
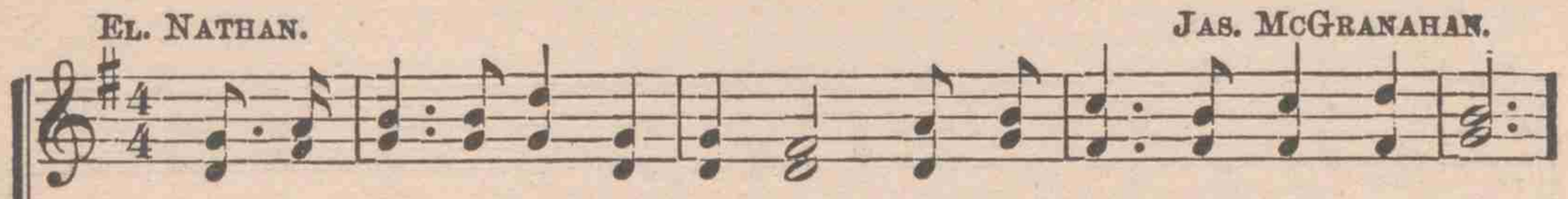
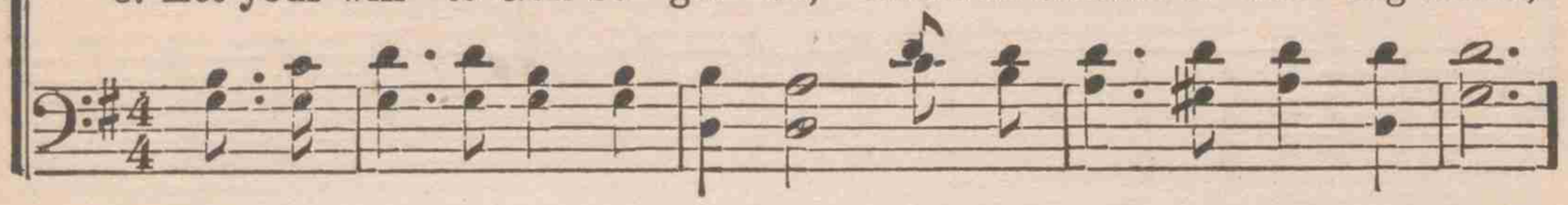
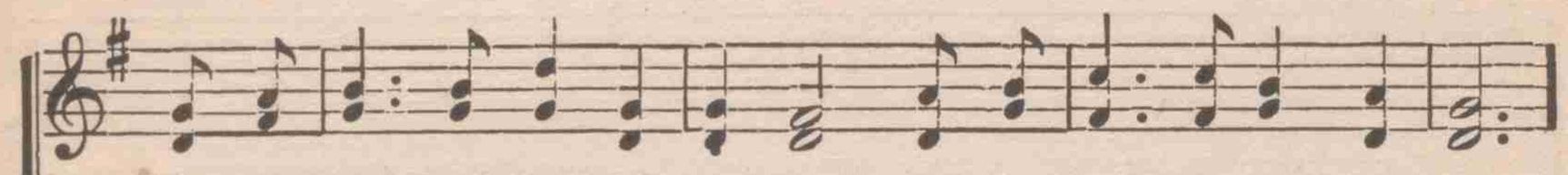
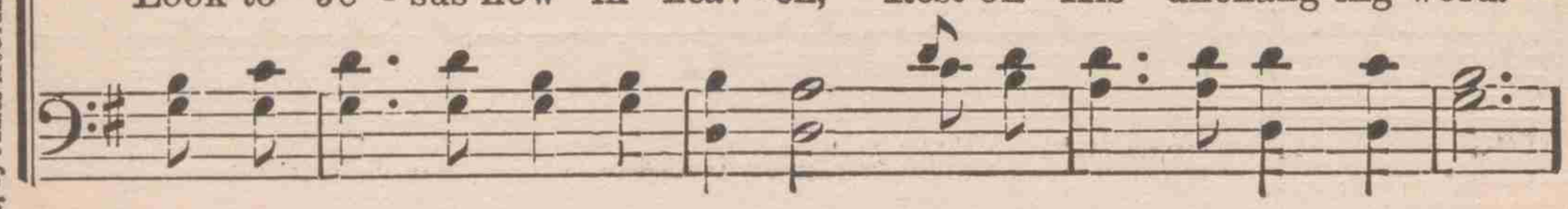


## No. 390. Come Believing!

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

EL. NATHAN. JAS. McGRANAHAN.

1. Once a - gain the Gospel mes-sage From the Sav - iour you have heard;
2. Man - y summers you have wast-ed, Ripened har-vests you have seen;
3. Je - sus for your choice is waiting; Tar - ry not: at once de - cide!
4. Cease of fit - ness to be think-ing; Do not lon - ger try to feel;
5. Let your will to God be giv - en, Trust in Christ's a - ton - ing blood;



Will you heed the in - vi - ta - tion? Will you turn and seek the Lord?
Win-ter snows by Spring have melt-ed, Yet you lin - ger in your sin.
While the Spir - it now is striv-ing, Yield, and seek the Saviour's side.
It is *trust - ing*, and not *feel - ing*, That will give the Spir - it's seal.
Look to Je - sus now in heav - en, Rest on His unchang-ing word.

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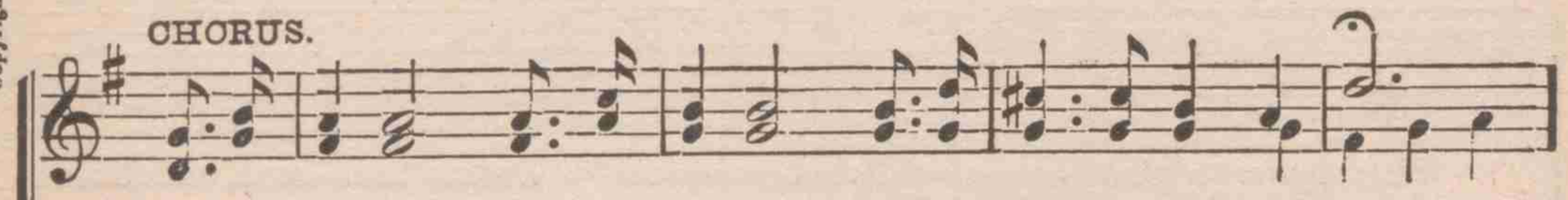
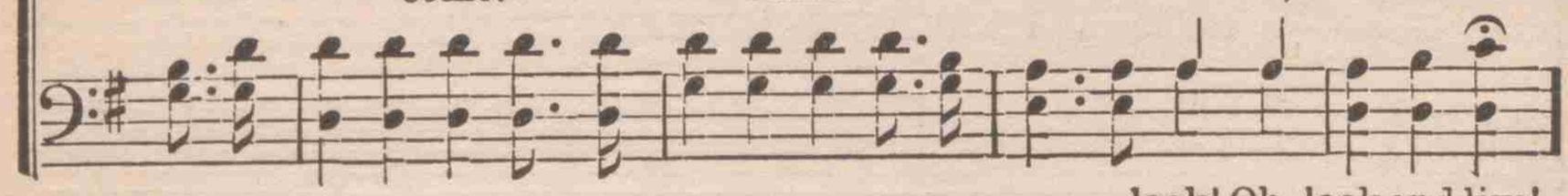
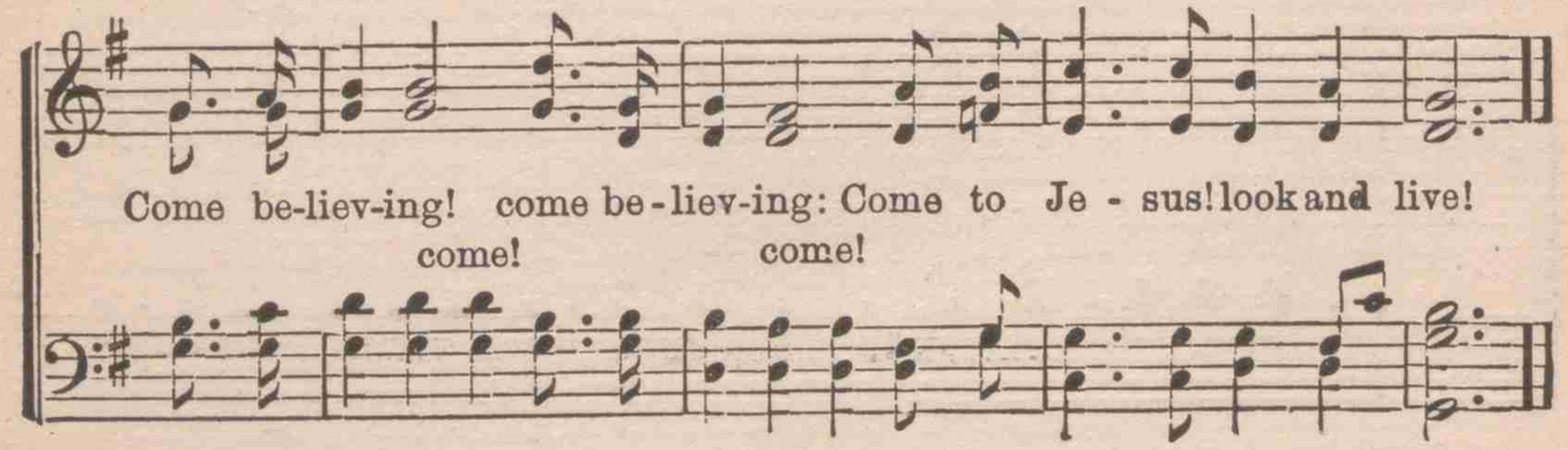
CHORUS.

Come be-liev-ing! come be - liev-ing! Come to Je - sus! look and live!
come! come! look! Oh, look and live!

look! Oh, look and live!



Come be-liev-ing! come be - liev-ing: Come to Je - sus! look and live!
come! come!

## No. 391. Sound the Alarm!

"Sound an alarm!"—JOEL 2 : 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sound the a-larm! let the watchman cry!— "Up! for the day
2. Sound the a-larm! let the cry go forth, Swift as the wind,
3. Sound the a-larm on the mountain's brow! Plead with the lost
4. Sound the a-larm in the youth-ful ear, Sound it a-loud

of the Lord is nigh; Who will es-cape from the wrath to come?
o'er the realms of earth; "Flee to the Rock where the soul may hide!
by the way-side now; Warn them to come and the truth embrace;
that the old may hear; Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last!

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REFRAIN.

Who have a place in the soul's bright home?" Sound the a-larm, watchman
Flee to the Rock! in its cleft a-bide."
Urge them to come and be saved by grace.
Blow ye the trump till the light is past!

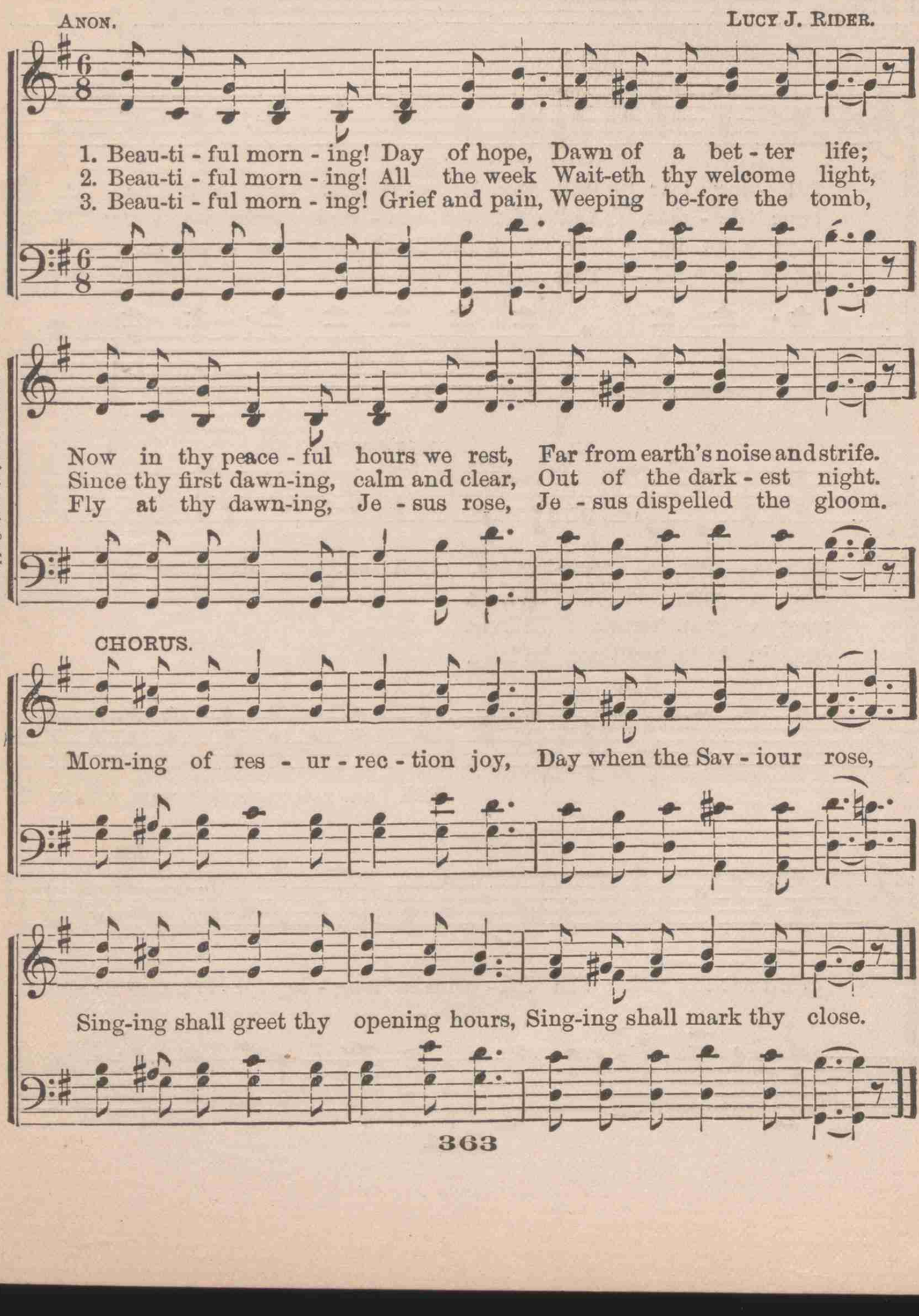
Sound the alarm! For the Lord will come with a conq'ring arm; And the

## Sound the Alarm!—Concluded.

## No. 392. Beautiful Morning.

"He is not here but is risen."—LUKE 24 : 6.

ANON. LUCY J. RIDER.

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## No. 393. 'Twill not be Long.

"We are journeying unto a place of which the Lord said I will give it you."—NUM. 10 : 29.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Twill not be long our jour - ney here, Each brok - en sigh and
2. 'Twill not be long the yearning heart May feel its eve - ry
3. Though sad we mark the clos - ing eye, Of those we lov'd in
4. These checkered wilds, with thorns o'erspread, Through which our way so

fall - ing tear Will soon be gone, and all will be A
hope de - part, And grief be min - gled with its song; We'll
days gone by, Yet sweet in death their lat - est song— We'll
oft is led— This march of time, with truth so strong, Will

*Rit.* REFRAIN.

cloudless sky, a wave-less sea. Roll on, dark stream, We
meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We

*Rit.*

dread not thy foam; The Pil - grim is long - ing for Home, sweet home.

Copyrighted in "Silver Spray," 1868, by W. H. Doane.

## No. 394. Tell me more about Jesus.

"That I may know Him."—PHIL. 3 : 10.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. 'Tis known on earth and heav-en too, 'Tis sweet to me be- cause 'tis
2. Earth's fairest flowers will droop and die, Dark clouds o'erspread yon azure
3. When overwhelmed with un - be - lief, When burdened with a blinding
4. And when the Glo-ry-land I see. And take the "place prepared" for

true; The "old, old story" is ev - er new; Tell me more about Je-sus.
sky; Life's dearest joys flit fleet-est by; Tell me more about Je-sus.
grief, Come kind-ly then to my re - lief; Tell me more about Je-sus.
me, Thro' endless years my song shall be— "Tell me more about Je-sus."

CHORUS.

"Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!" "Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!"

Him would I know who loved me so; "Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!"

Copyright, 1876, by James McGranahan,

# No. 395. We'll gather there in glory by and by.

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—COL. 3: 4.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. The word of God is giv - en To all who serve Him here,
That when the Lord from hea - ven In glo - ry shall ap - pear,
We then shall be de - liv - ered From sor - row, sin, and pain;
And if for Christ we suf - fer, With Him we then shall reign.

2. Once in our sin we wan - der'd Far, far a - way from God,
And pre - cious hours we squander'd Up - on the down - ward road;
But God in grace hath called us, And giv - en us to share
The pur - chase of our Sav - iour, A man - sion bright and fair.

3. Now with this hope to cheer us, And with the Spir - it's seal,
That all our sins were par - doned, Thro' Him whose stripes did heal;
As "strangers" and as "pil - grims," No place on earth we own,
But work and watch as "serv - ants," Un - til our Lord shall come.

CHORUS.

We are go - ing home to Je - sus! Go - ing home to Je - sus!

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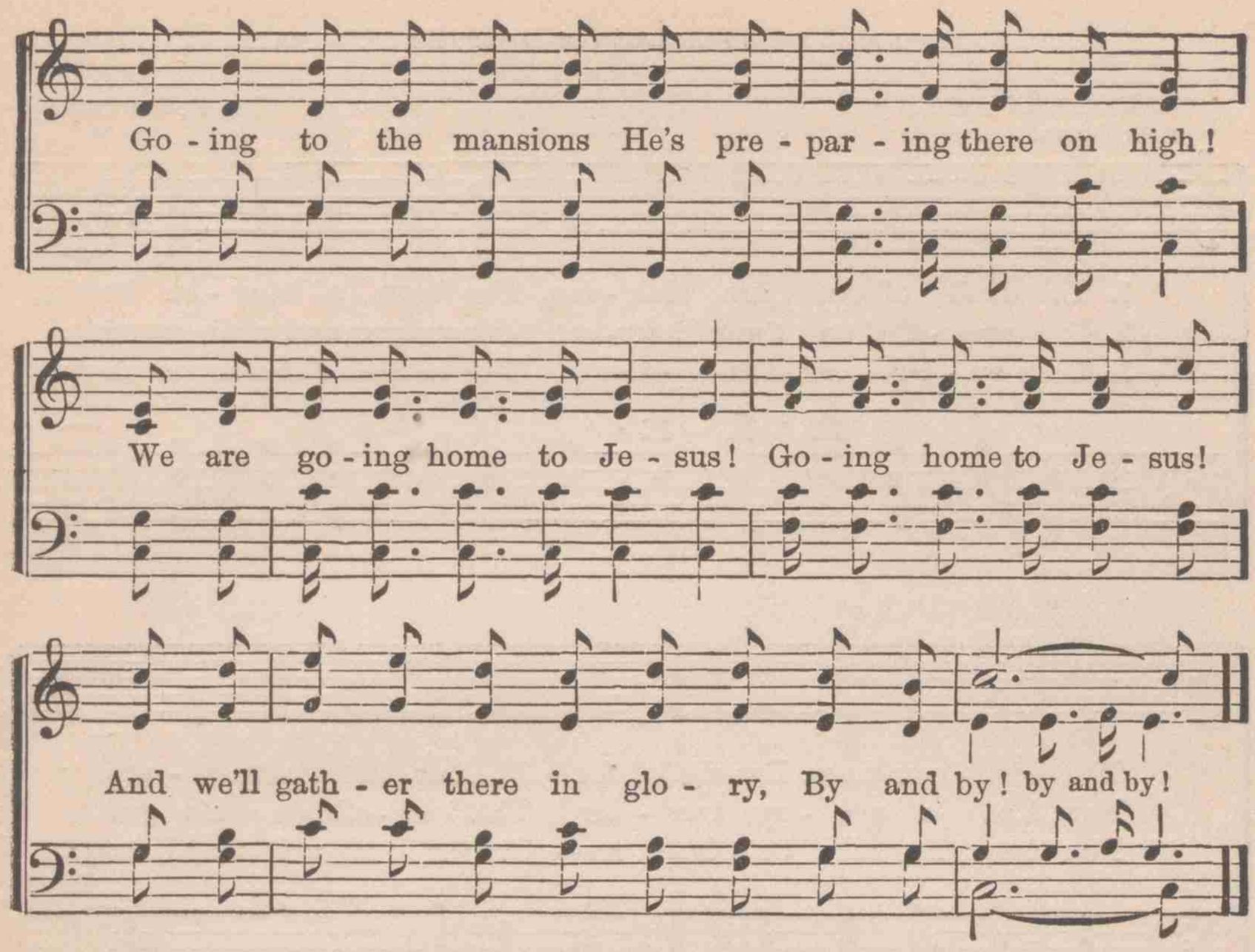
## We'll gather there in glory. Concluded.

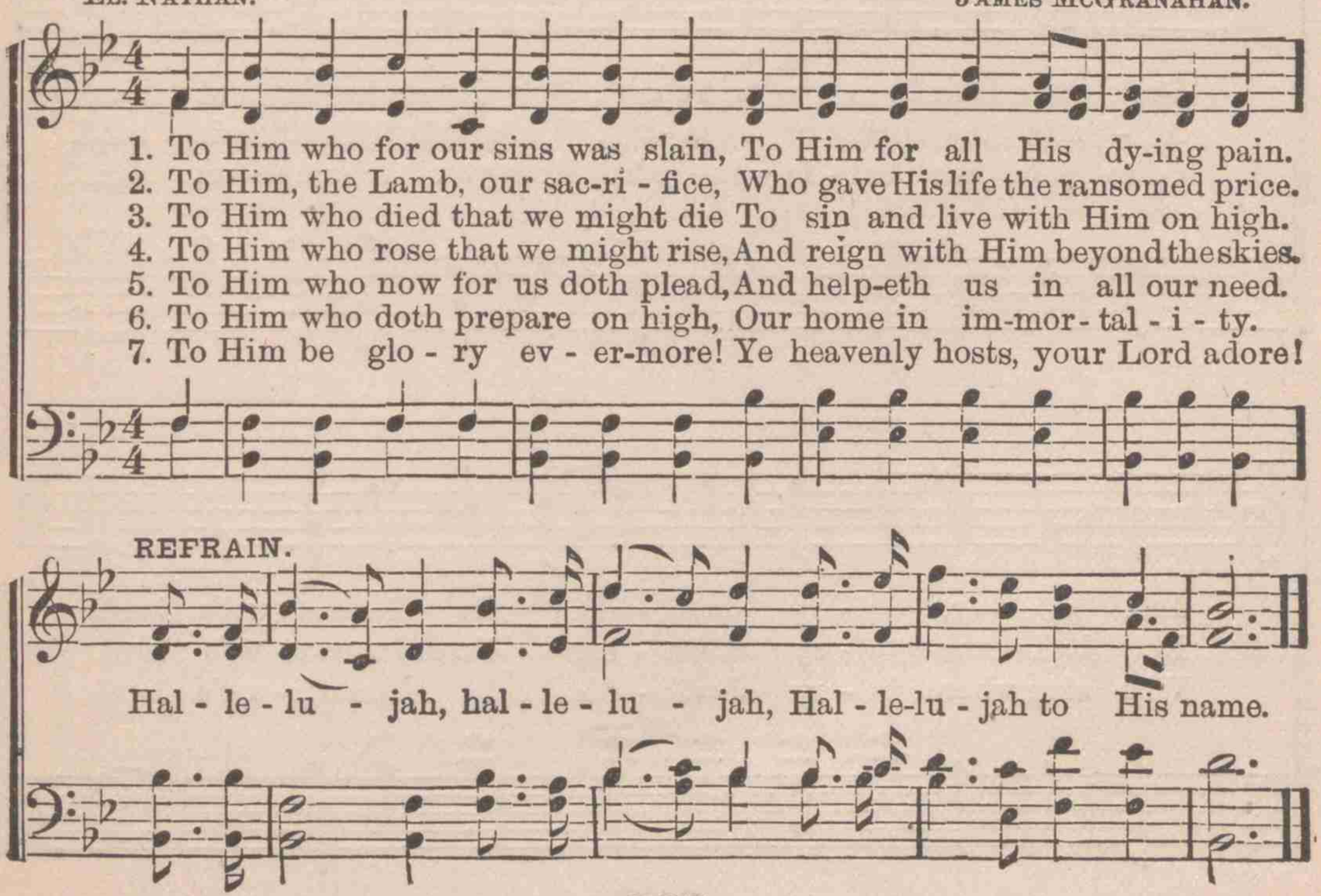



—o—

## No. 396. To Him be glory evermore.

"Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood"—Rev. 5: 9.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

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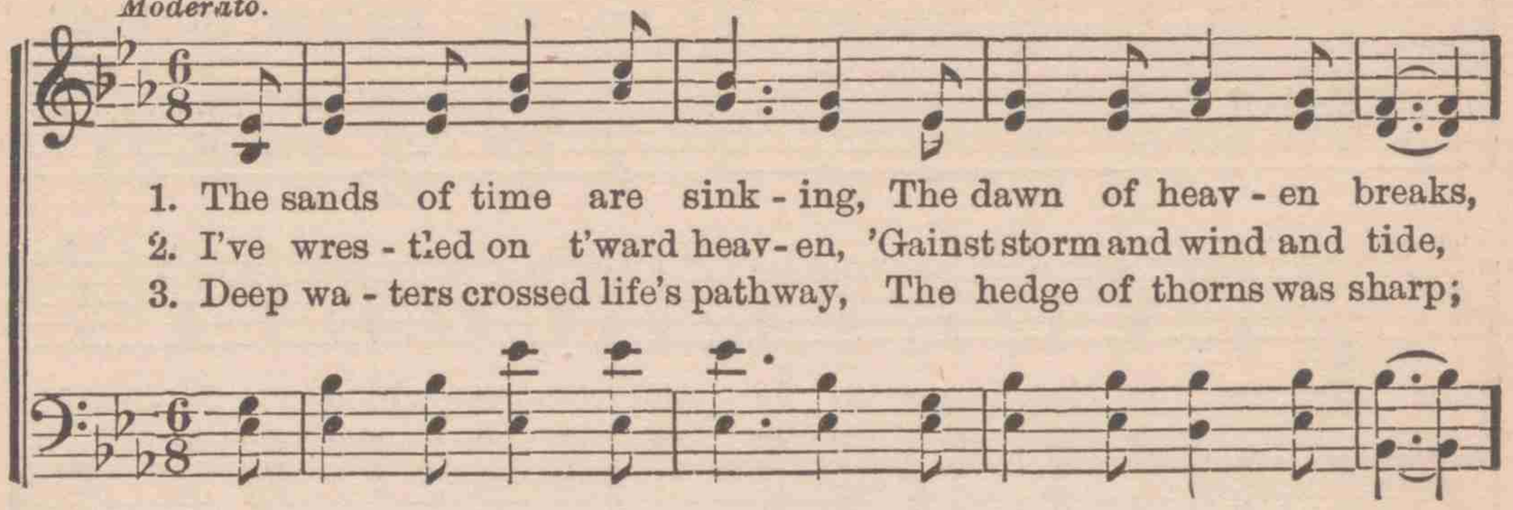
## No. 397. The Sands of Time.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa 33 : 17.

Mrs. A. R. Cousin. Ira D. Sankey.

*Moderato.*

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# No. 398. I know that my Redeemer Lives.

"I know that my Redeemer lives."—Job 19: 25.

Rev. Sam. Medley. James McGranahan.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives! What comfort this sweet message gives!
2. He lives, to bless me with His love; He lives, to plead for me a-bove,
3. He lives, triumphant from the grave; He lives, e-ter-nal-ly to save;
4. He lives, my mansion to pre-pare; He lives, to bring me safely there;

He lives, who once was dead; He lives, all glorious in the sky;
My hun-gry soul to feed; He lives, to grant me rich sup-ply;
And while He lives I'll sing: He lives, my ev-er faith-ful Friend;
My Je-sus still the same: What joy this blest as-surance gives!—

He lives, ex-alt-ed there on high, My ev-er-last-ing Head.
He lives, to guide me with His eye, To help in time of need.
He lives, and loves me to the end, My Prophet, Priest, and King!
"I know that my Re-deem-er lives:" All glo-ry to His name!

Copyright, 1879, by James McGranahan.

CHORUS.

He lives! He lives! I know that my Redeem-er lives;
He lives! He lives!

He lives! He lives! I know that my Redeem-er lives.
He lives! He lives!

## No. 399. A Little While.

"Yet a little while; and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—HEB. 10 : 37.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "A lit - tle while!" and He shall come; The hour draws on a - pace,
2. "A lit - tle while!" with patience, Lord, I fain would ask "How long?"
3. Yet peace, my heart! and hush, my tongue! Be calm, my troubled breast!

The blessed hour, the glorious morn, When we shall see His face:
For how can I with such a hope Of glo - ry and of home,
Each passing hour is hast'ning on The ev - er - last - ing rest:

How light our tri - als then will seem! How short our pilgrim way!
With such a joy a - wait - ing me, Not wish the hour were come?
Thou kow-est well— the time thy God Ap - points for thee is best:

Our life on earth a fit - ful dream, Dispelled by dawning day!
How can I keep the longing back, And how suppress the groan?
The morning star will soon a - rise; The glow is in the East.

CHORUS.

Then come, Lord Je - sus, quickly come, In glo - ry and in light!

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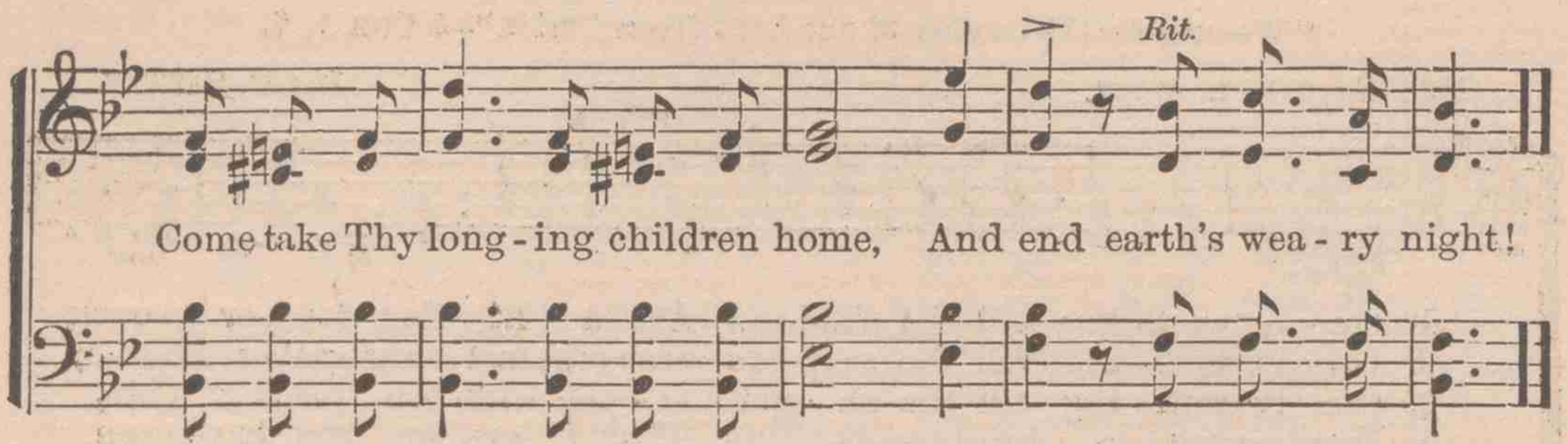
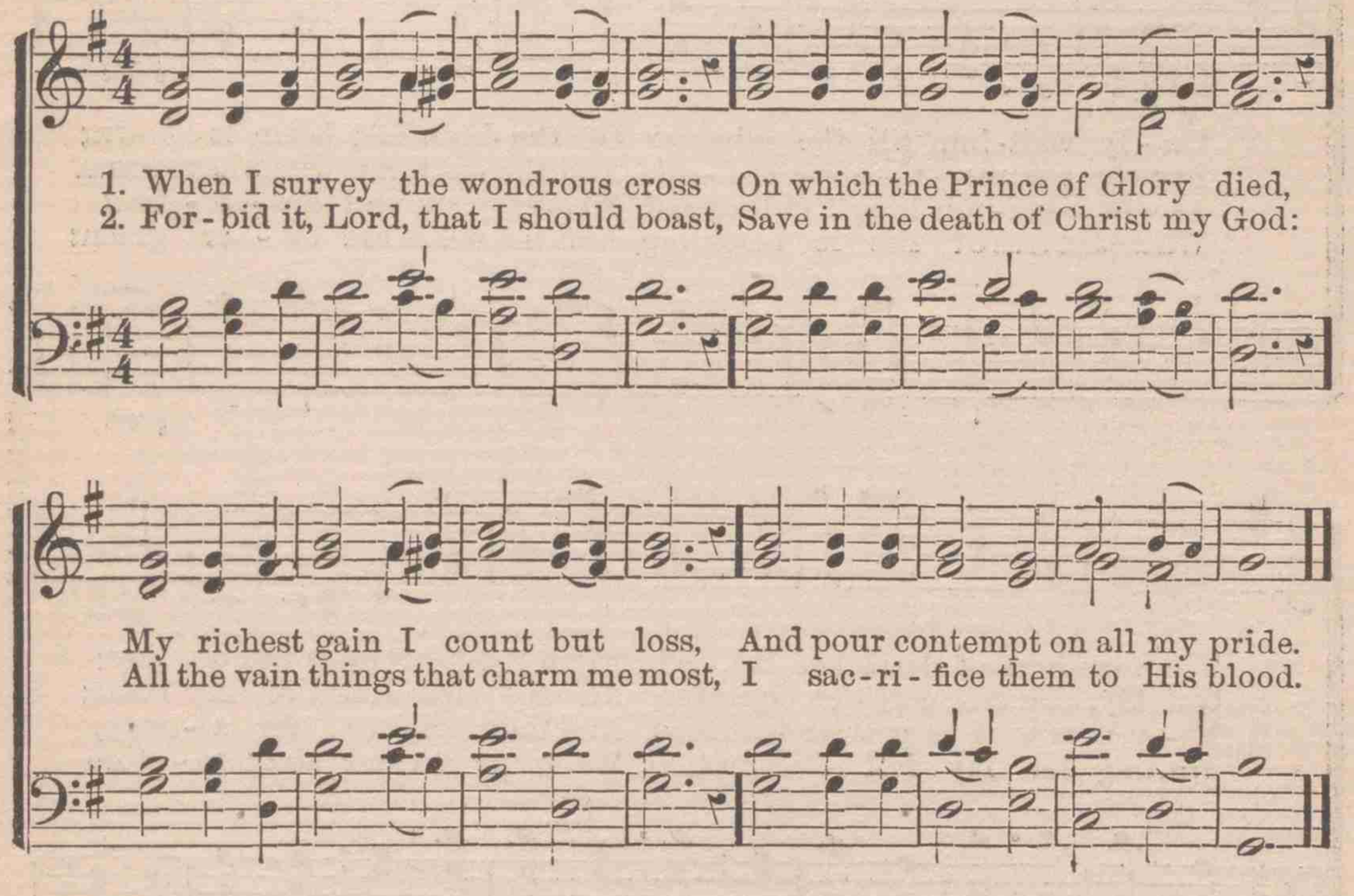
## A Little While.—Concluded.




## No. 400. Hamburg.

Isaac Watts. Ad. by Lowell Mason.




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 the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—o—

## No. 401. G. H. 3–104.

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

2 Oh, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands:
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

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

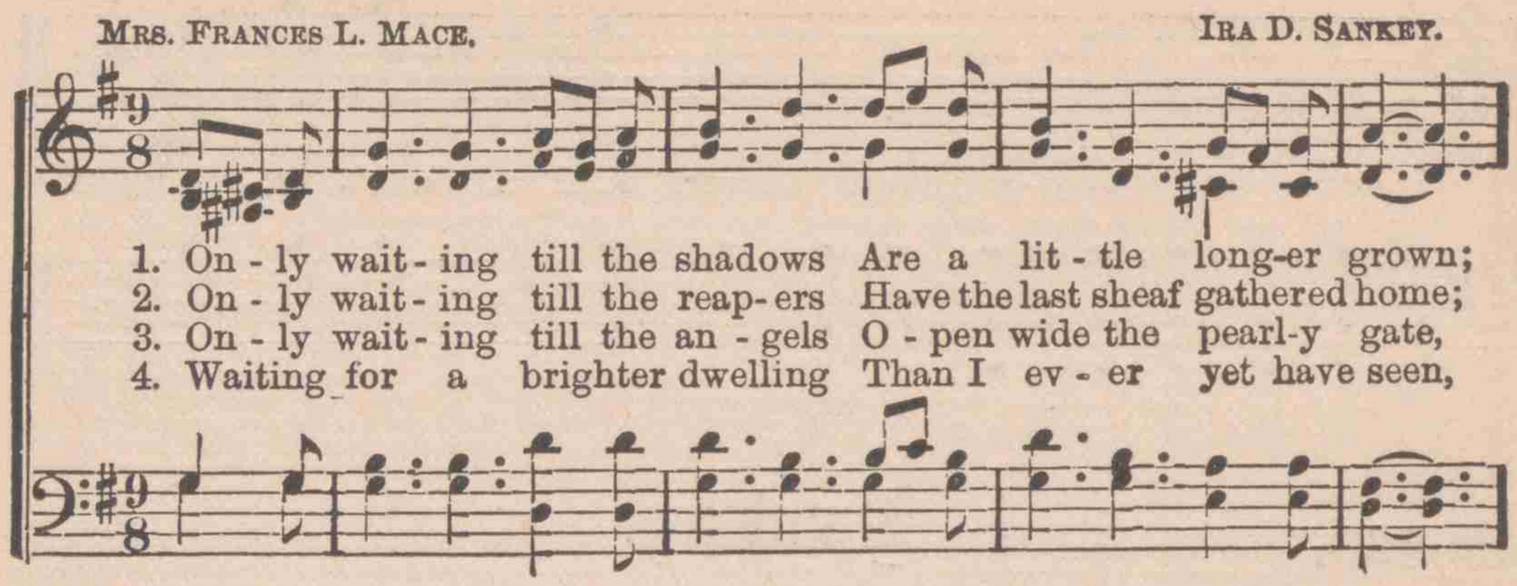
4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, sin;
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

J. Grigg.

## No. 402. Waiting.

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

Mrs. Frances L. Mace. Ira D. Sankey.

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## No. 403. Is your Lamp Burning?

"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.

D. H. LLOYDE. C. C. WILLIAMS.

1. Say, is your lamp burn-ing, my broth-er? I pray you look quick-ly and see; For if it were burning, then sure-ly Some beam would fall brightly on me. There are ma-ny and ma-ny a-
2. Up-on the dark mountains they stum-ble, They are bruised on the rocks and they lie With white pleading fa-ces turned upward, To the clouds and the pit-i-ful sky. There is ma-ny a lamp that is
3. If once all the lamps that are light-ed Should stead-i-ly blaze in a line, Wide o-ver the land and the o-cean, What a gir-dle of glo-ry would shine! How all the dark pla-ces would

D. S.—*Say, is your lamp burning, my broth-er? I pray you look quick-ly and see; For if it were burn-ing, then sure-ly Some beam would fall brightly on me!*

round you, Who fol-low where-ev-er you go, If you thought that they walked in the shadow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.
light-ed— We be-hold them a-near and a-far; But not ma-ny among them, my brother, Shine stead-i-ly on like a star.
bright-en! How the mists would roll up and a-way! How the earth would laugh out in her glad-ness, To hail the mil-len-ni-al day!

D.S. for Chorus.

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## No. 404. The Palace o' the King.

"In thy presence is fullness of joy."—Ps. 16 : 11.

WILLIAM MITCHELL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. It's a bon-nie, bon-nie war - l' that we're liv - in' in the noo',
2. Then a-gain, I've just been thinkin' that when a'thing here's sae bricht,
3. Oh! its hon - or heaped on hon-or that His courtiers should be ta'en
4. Then lat us trust Him bet - ter than we've ev - er dune a - fore,
5. Nae nicht shall be in Heaven, an' nae des - o - la - tin' sea,

An' sun - ny is the lan' that now we aft - en traiv'll throo;
The sun in a' its grandeur, an' the mune wi' quiverin' licht,
Frae the wan'drin' anes He died for i' this warl' o' sin an' pain,
For the King will feed His servants frae His ev - er bounteous store:
And nae ty - rant hoofs shall trample i' the cit - y o' the free;

But in vain we look for something here to which oor hearts may cling,
The o - cean i' the sim-mer; or the woodland i' the spring,
An' its fu' - est love an' serv - ice that the Christians aye should bring
Lat us keep a clo - ser grip o' Him, for time is on the wing,
There's an ev - er - last - in' daylight, an' a nev - er fad - in' spring,

For its beau - ty is as naething to the pal-ace o' the King.
What maun it be up yon-ner i' the pal-ace o' the King.
To the feet o' Him who reigneth i' the pal-ace o' the King.
An' sune He'll come an' take us tae the pal-ace o' the King.
Where the Lamb is a' the glo - ry i' the pal-ace o' the King.

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# The Palace o' the King.—Concluded.

We like the gild-ed simmer, wi' its mer - ry, mer - ry tread,
It's here we hae oor tri - als, an' it's here that He pre-pares
The time for saw - in' seed, it is a wear-in, wear-in dune;
It's iv - 'ry halls are bon-nie up - on which the rainbows shine,
We see oor friends a-wait us o - wer yon - ner at His gate;

An' we sigh when hoar-y win-ter lays its beauties wi' the dead;
His cho-sen for the rai-ment which the ransomed sinner wears.
An' the time for win - nin' souls will be o - wer ver - y sune.
An' its E - den bow'rs are trellised wi' a nev - er fad - in' Vine;
Then lat us a' be read - y, for ye ken it's get-tin' late;

For tho' bon-nie are the snawflakes, an' the down on Winter's wing,
An' its here that He wad hear us 'mid oor trib - u - la - tions sing,
Then lat us a' be ac - tive, if a fruit-fu' sheaf we'd bring
An' the pearl-y gates o' Hea-ven do a glorious radiance fling,
Let oor lamps be brichtly burn-in'; let us raise oor voice and sing,

It's fine to ken it daur-na touch the pal - ace o' the King.
" We'll trust oor God wha' reigneth i' the pal - ace o' the King.
To a - dorn the Roy - al ta - ble i' the pal - ace o' the King.
On the star - ry floor that shimmers i' the pal - ace o' the King.
For sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the pal - ace o' the King.

## No. 405. Redeemed.

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107 : 2.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "Redeemed!" "redeemed!" Oh, sing the joy - ful strain!
2. What grace! what grace! That He who calmed the wave,
3. "Redeemed!" "redeemed!" The word has brought re - pose,
4. "Redeemed!" "redeemed?" O joy, that I should be

"Redeemed!" "Redeemed!"
What grace! What grace!

Give praise, give praise and glo - ry to His name;
Should stoop, my soul, my guilt - y soul to save!
And joy, and joy that each re-deemed one knows,
In Christ, in Christ, from sin for - ev - er free!

Give praise! give praise!
Should stoop, my soul,

Who gave His blood our souls to save, And purchased free - dom
That He the curse should bear for me, A sin - ful wretch, His
Who sees his sins on Je - sus laid, And knows His blood the
For ev - er free to praise His name, Who bore for me the

for the slave! And pur - chased free - dom for the slave!
*And purchased freedom, purchased freedom for the slave!
en - e - my! A sin - ful wretch His en - e - my!
*A sin - ful wretch, His en - e - my, His en - e - my!
ransom paid, And knows His blood the ran - som paid.
*And knows His blood the ransom paid, the ran - som paid.
guilt and shame. Who bore for me the guilt and shame!
*Who bore for me the guilt and shame, the guilt and shame!

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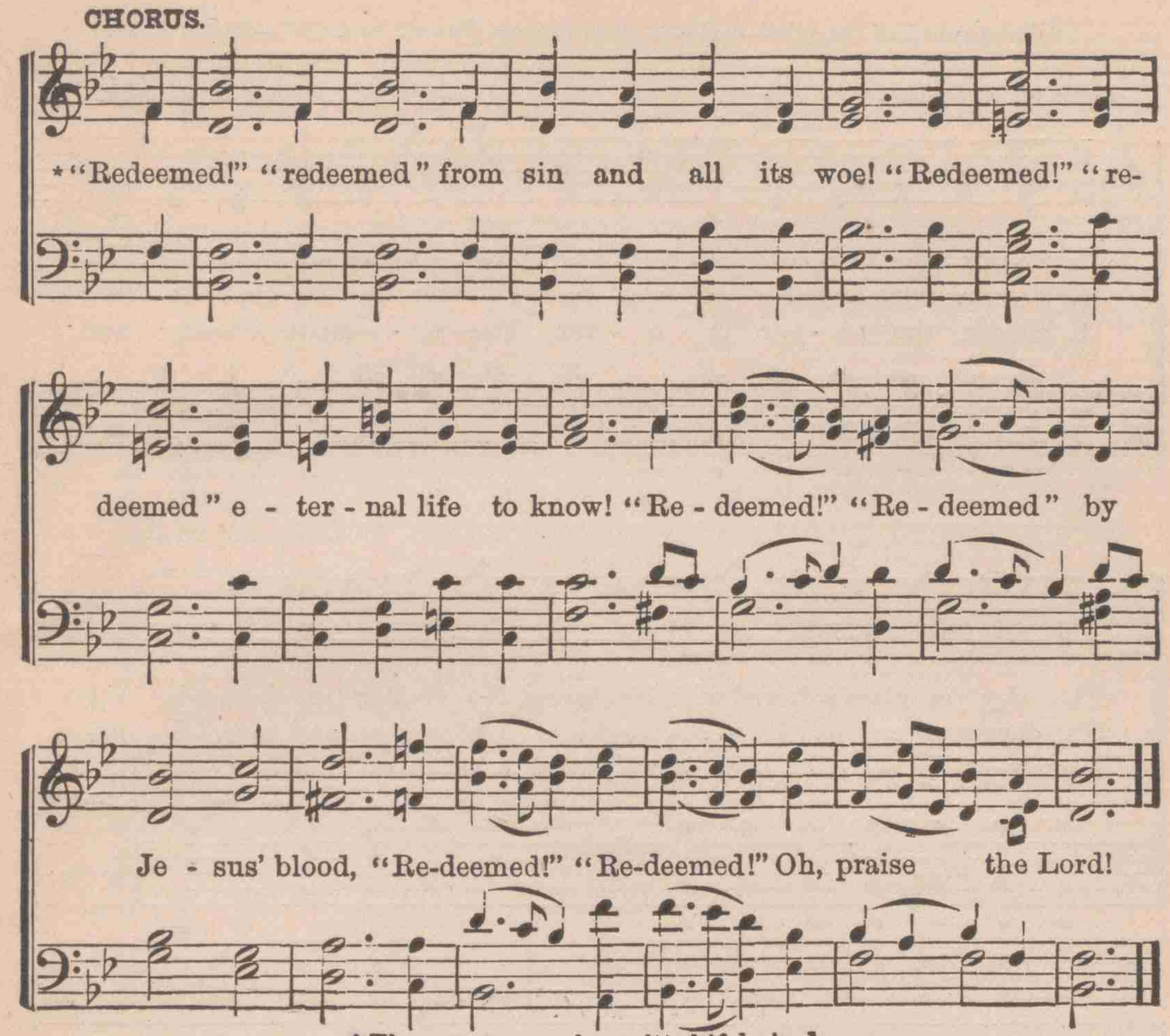
*Bass and Tenor sing words in *italic*.

# Redeemed.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

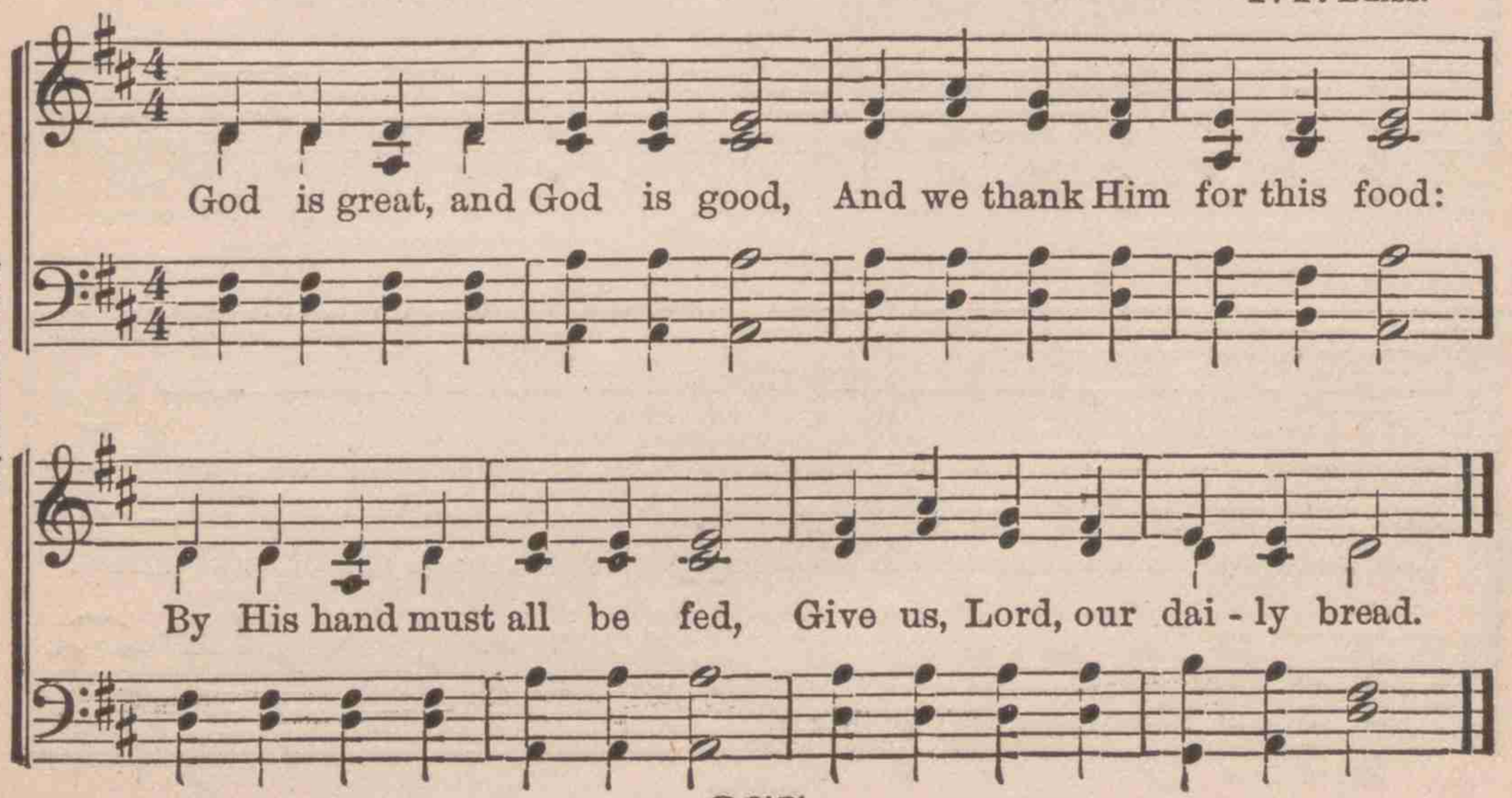



* The CHORUS may be omitted if desired.

## No. 406. Grace before Meals.

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee; and Thou givest them their meat in due season."–Ps. 145 : 15.

P. P. BLISS.




Per, John Church & Co.

## No. 407. Peace! Be Still!

"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—MARK 4 : 39.

Miss M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.




Copyright, 1874, by John Church & Co.

# Peace! Be Still!—Concluded.

CHORUS.

*p* *pp*

"The winds and the waves shall o - bey My will, Peace, .... be still! .....

Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons, or men, or what -

*Cres* - - - - - - - - - *cen* - - - - - -

ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the ship where lies The

- - - *do.* *ff*

Master of ocean, and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will;

*p* *p* *pp*

Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly obey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"

Peace, be still!

## No. 408. I am the Door.

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

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

*Moderato.*

1. O what shall I do to be saved? The gathering storm I be - hold,
2. O what shall I do to be saved? No light, no hope can I see,
3. O what shall I do to be saved? So vile, so burdened with sin,
4. I en - ter the wide o-pen door, In Christ I *now* have be - lieved;

*Cres.*

Ex-posed to the wrath of my God; Is there no shel-ter - ing fold,
No help in my - self can I find; Is there no mer-cy for me,
O how to the fold may I come, How may I en - ter there - in,
I'm cleans'd from my sins by His blood; I trust and *now* I am saved,

Copyright, 1881, by James McGranahan.

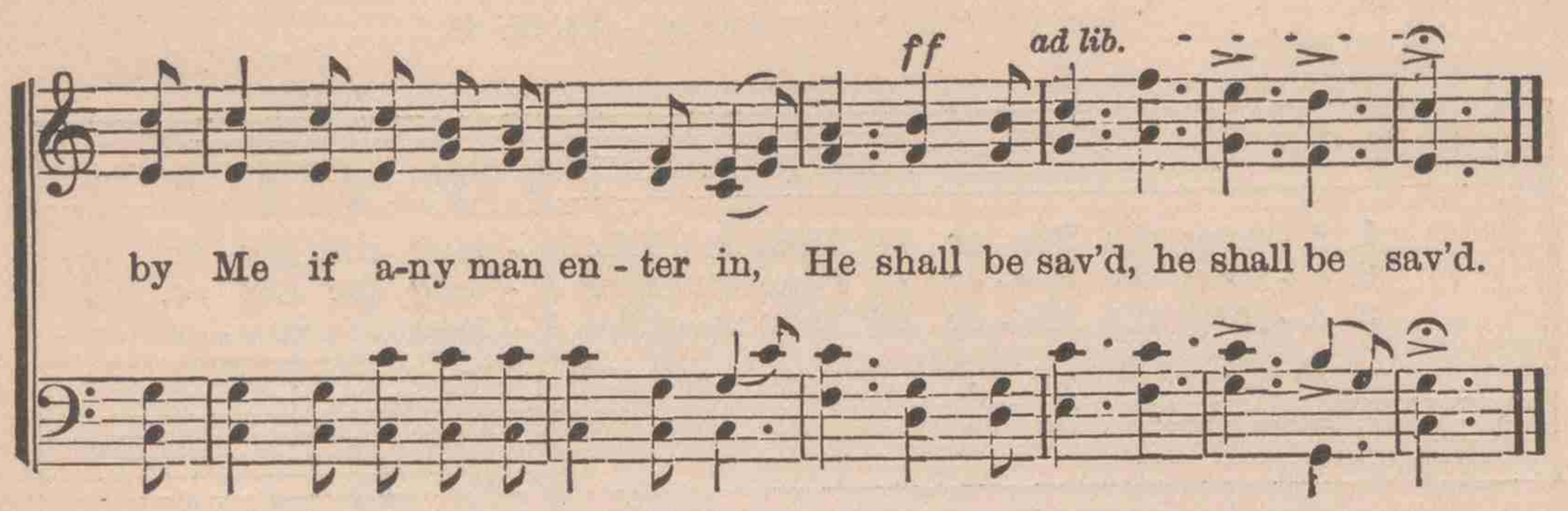
CHORUS.

Is there no shel-ter - ing fold? I am the door, by Me if an - y man
Is there no mer-cy for me?
How may I en - ter there-in?
I trust and now I am saved!

*f*

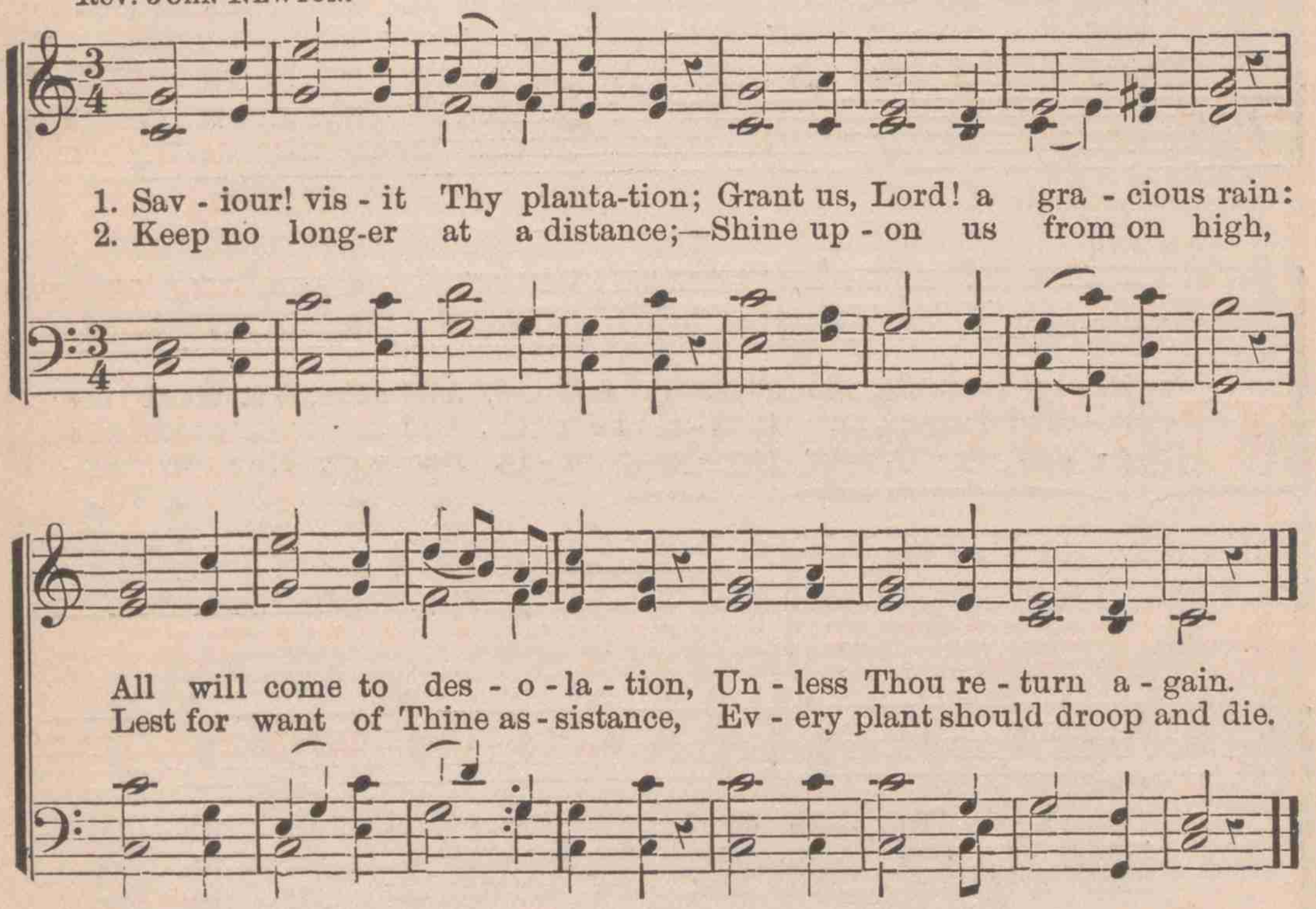
en-ter in, he shall be saved, he shall be saved, I am the door.

## I am the Door.—Concluded.




## No. 409. Rathbun.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. ITHAMAR CONKEY.




3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh.

## No. 410.

1 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to bring our Saviour's merits,—
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Rev. JOHN BAKEWELL.

## No. 411. Along the River of Time.

"Remember how short time is."—Ps. 89: 47.

GEO. F. ROOT. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -
2. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -
3. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -

long the Riv - er, The swift - ly flow-ing, re - sist - less tide, The
long the Riv - er, A thou - sand dangers its cur - rents hide, A
long the Riv - er, Our Sav - iour on - ly our bark can guide, Our

swift - ly flow-ing, the swift - ly flow-ing, And soon, ah, soon, the
thou - sand dangers, a thou - sand dangers, And near our course the
Sav - iour on - ly, our Sav - iour on - ly, But with Him we se -

end we'll see, Yes, soon 't will come and we will be
rocks we see, Oh, dread - ful thought! a wreck to be,
cure may be, No fear, no doubt, but joy to be

Floating, Floating, Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty!

*If a single voice sings this, let it change from the Tenor lines to the Soprano.*

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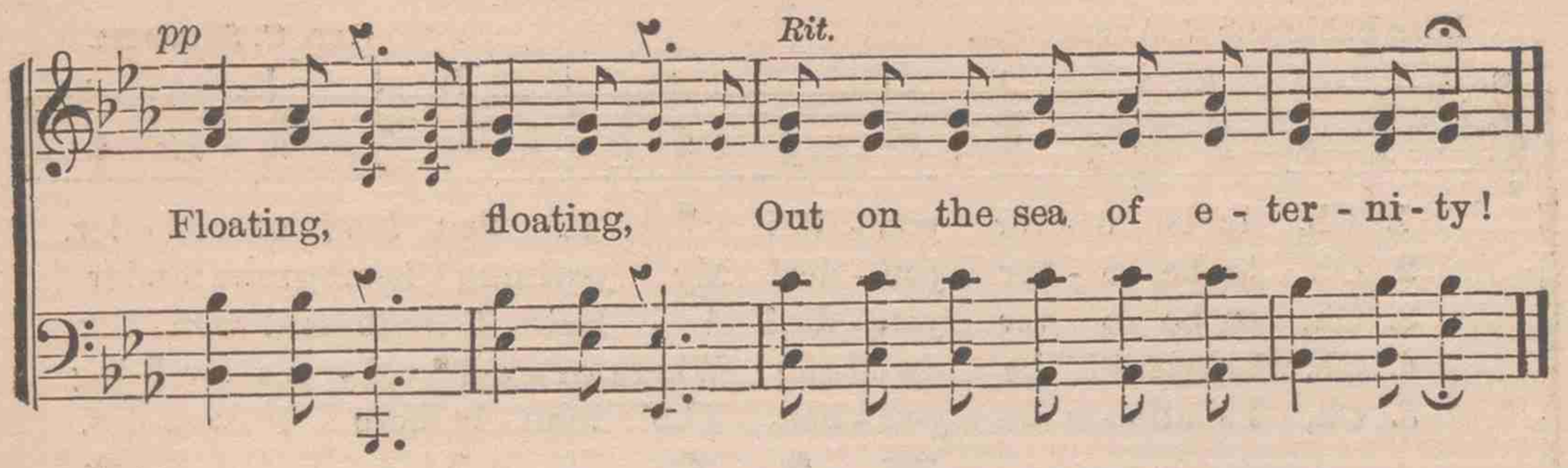
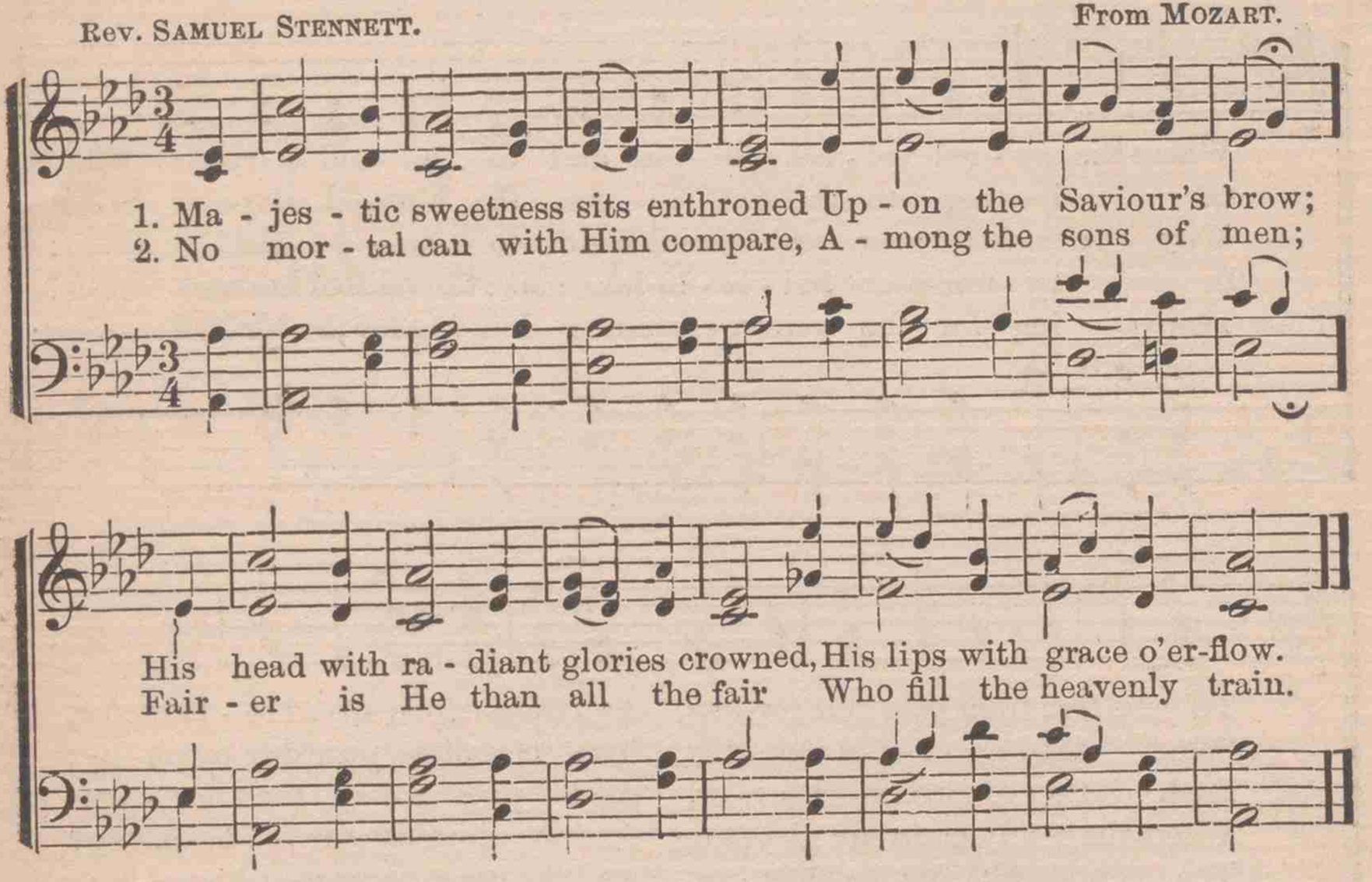
# Along the River of Time.—Concluded.




## No. 412. Belmont.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. From MOZART.




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

4 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

5 Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine.

## No. 413. Tune—BRADBURY TRIO, p. 194. Key E♭.

1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so:
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so!

2 Jesus from His throne on high,
Came into this world to die;
That I might from sin be free,
Bled and died upon the tree.

3 Jesus loves me!—He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide!
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

4 Jesus, take this heart of mine;
Make it pure and wholly Thine:
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for Thee.

ANNA WARNER.

## No. 414. Oh! to be over Yonder.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy."—Ps. 16 : 11.

Miss Florence C. Armstrong. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of won - der,
2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearning heart grows fonder
3. Oh, to be o ver yon - der! A - las! I sigh and won - der
4. Oh, when shall I be dwell-ing Where an - gel voi - ces swell-ing
5. Oh, I shall soon be yon - der, Tho' lone - ly here I wan-der,

Where the an - gel voi - ces min - gle, and the an - gel harp-ers ring;
Of looking to the east, to see the bless-ed day-star bring
Why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart to an - y earthly thing;
In tri - umhp-ant hal - le - lu-jahs, make the vaulted heavens ring?
Yearn - ing for the welcome summer—longing for the bird's fleet wing;

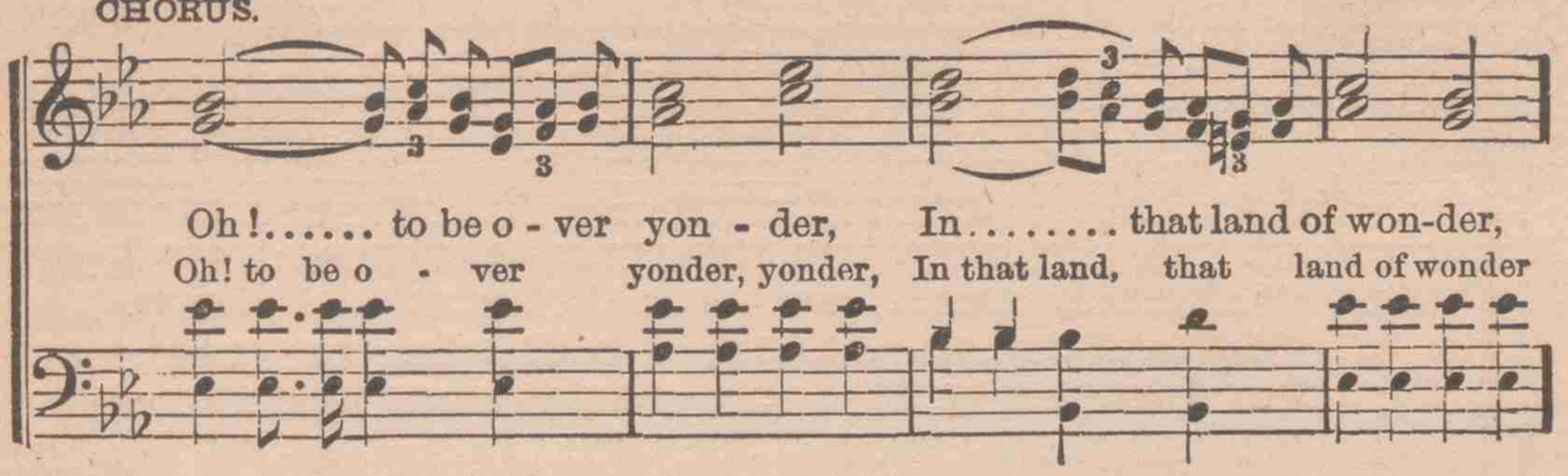
To be free from pain and sor-row, And the anxious, dread to - mor-row,
Some tid-ings of the wak - ing, The cloudless, pure day break-ing;
Each tie of earth must sev - er, And pass a-way for ev - er;
Where the pearly gates are gleaming, And the morning star is beam-ing?
The midnight may be drea - ry, And the heart be worn and wea - ry,

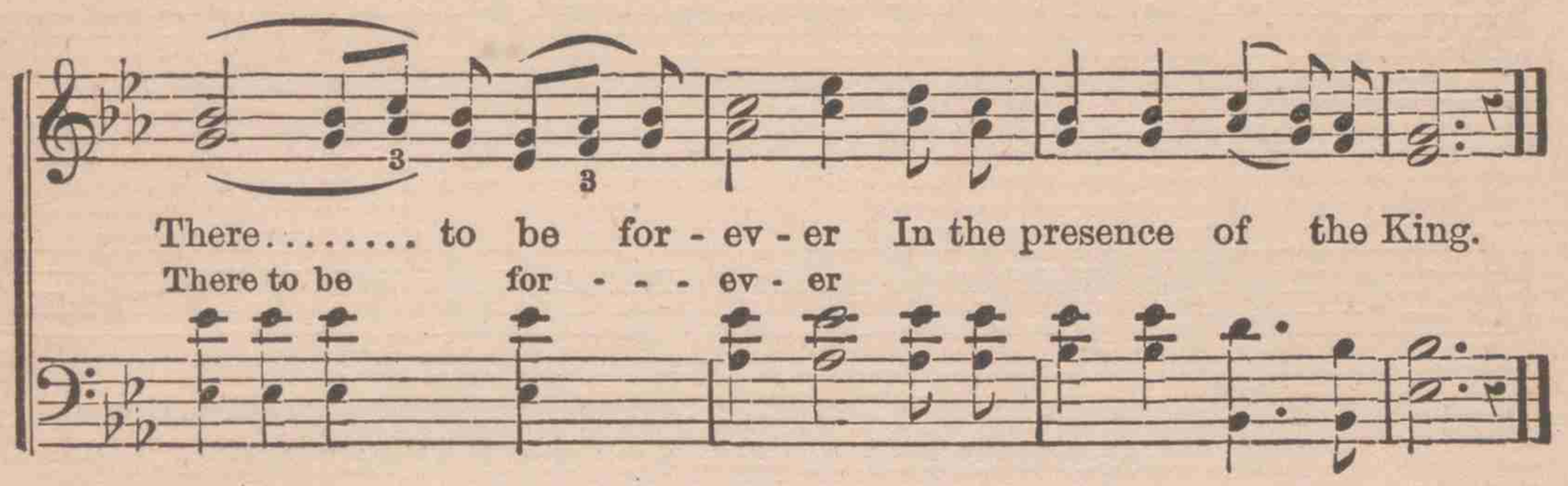
To rest in light and sunshine In the presence of the King.
My heart is yearning—yearning For the coming of the King.
But there's no more sep-a - ra - tion In the presence of the King.
Oh, when shall I be yon - der In the presence of the King.
But there's no more shadow yon-der In the presence of the King.

Copyright, 1891 by Geo. C. Stebbins.

## Oh! to be over Yonder.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

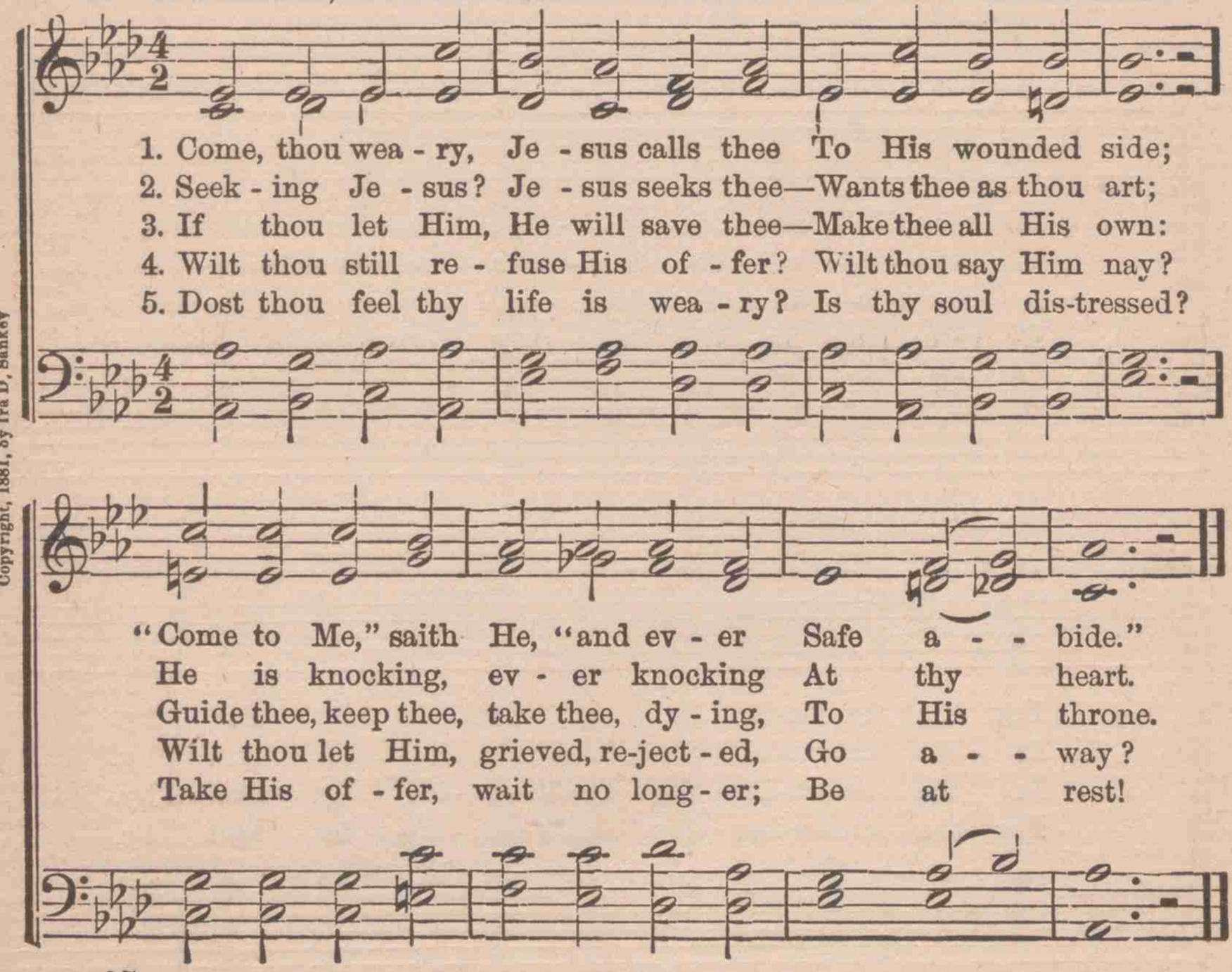



## No. 415. Come, thou Weary.

'I will give you rest.' —MATT. 11 : 28.

Rev. S. C. MORGAN, Vicar of Swansea. IRA. D. SANKEY.

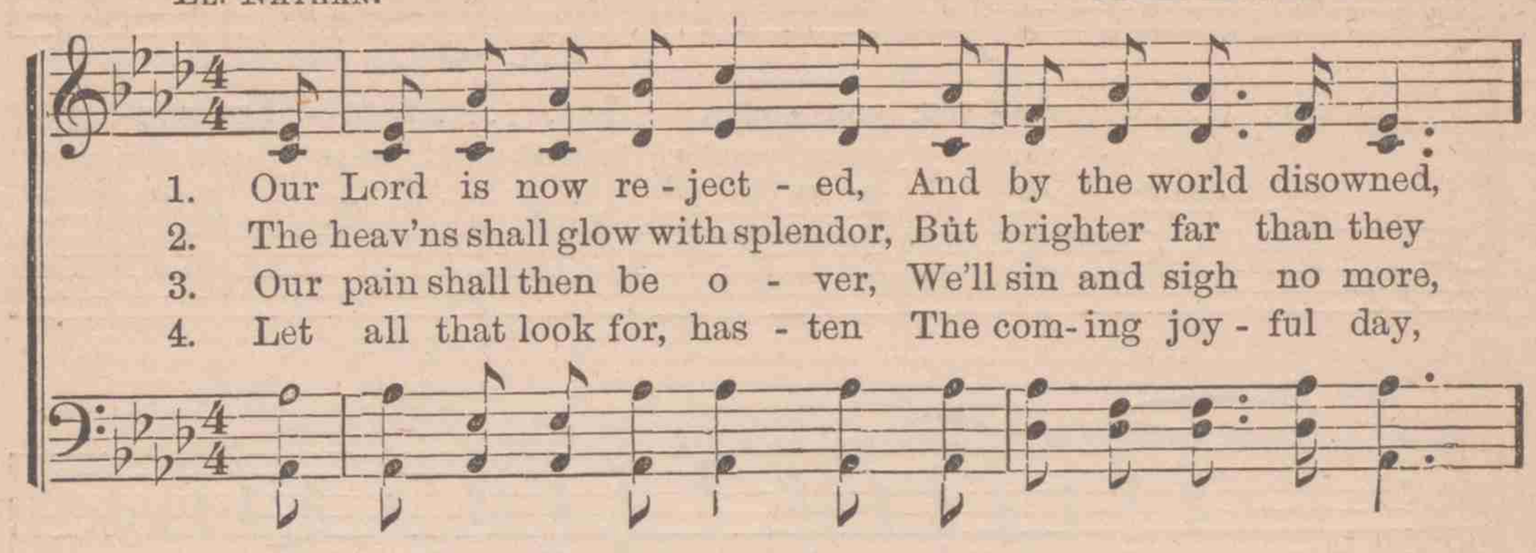


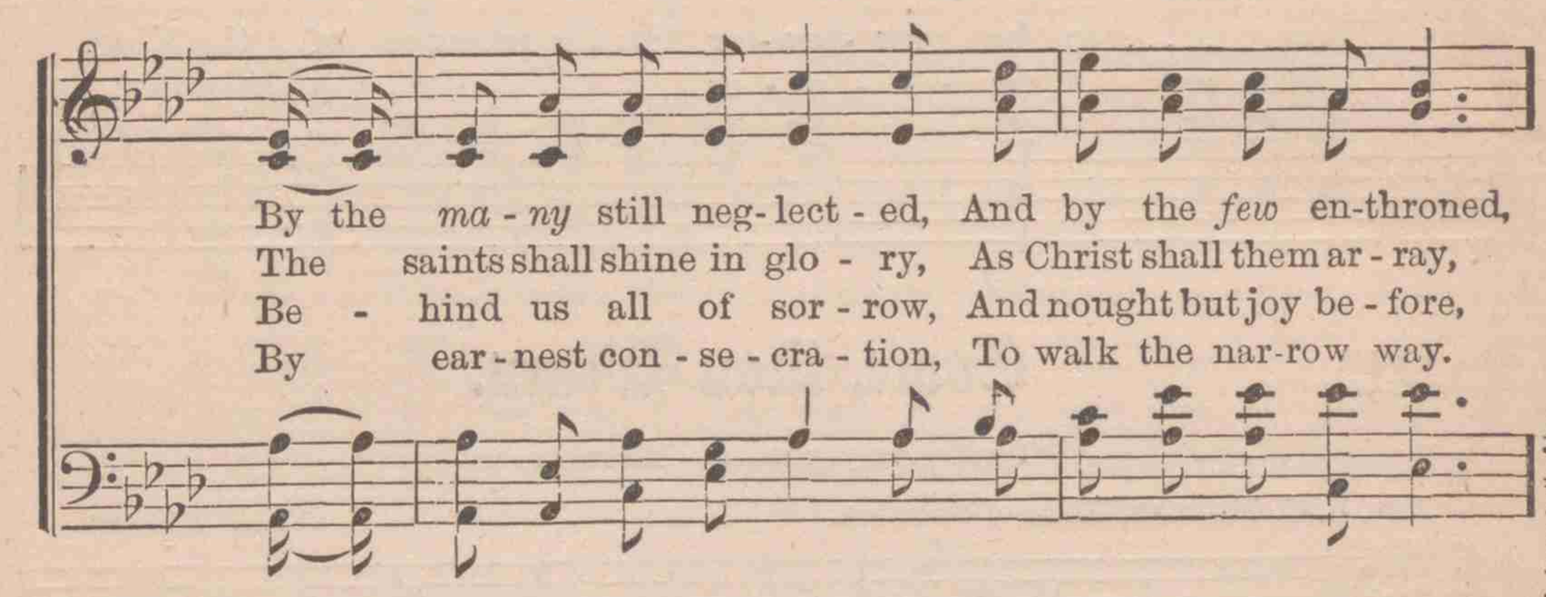

Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey

## No. 416. The Crowning Day.

"They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory."—MAT. 24: 30.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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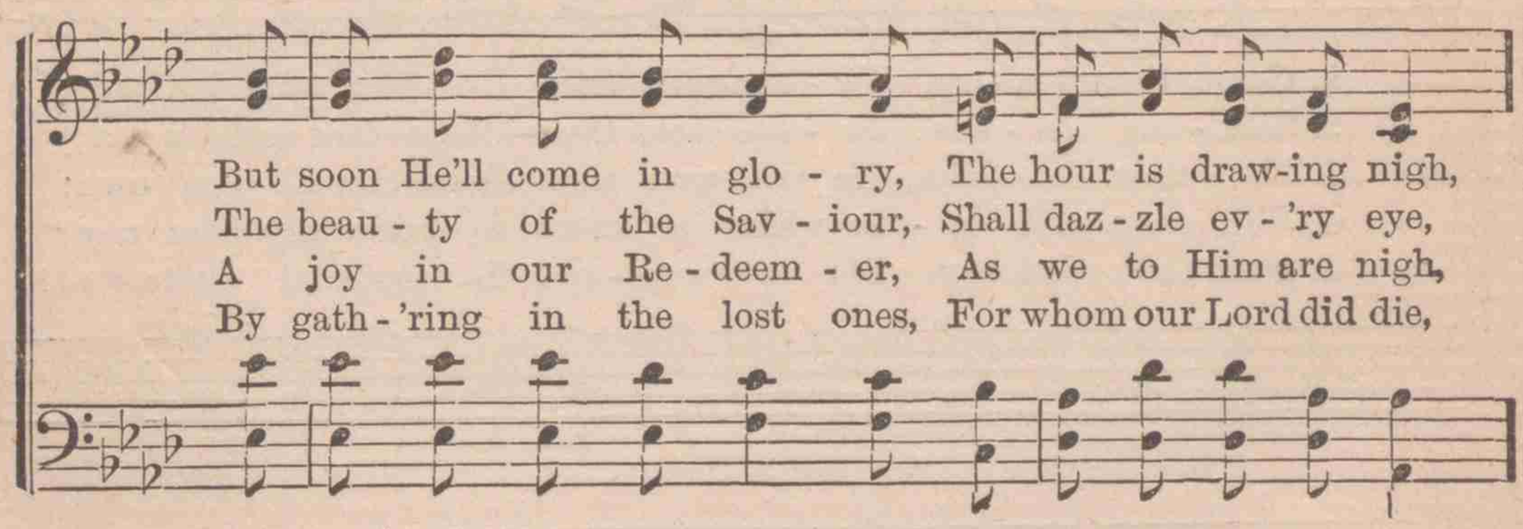
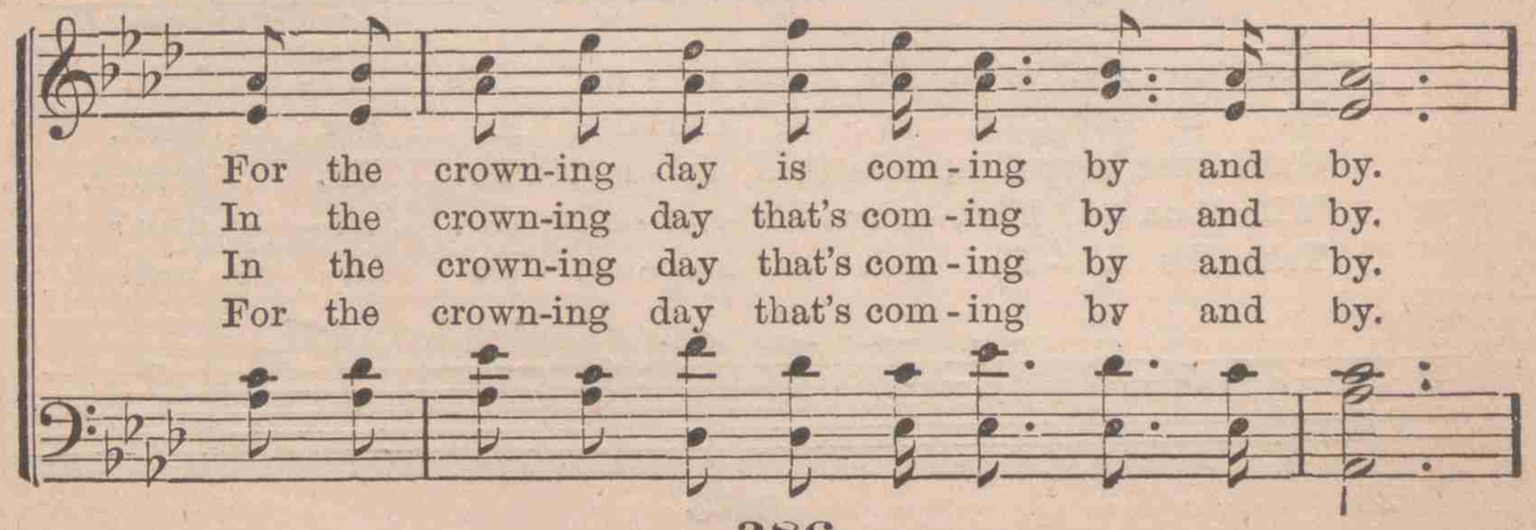
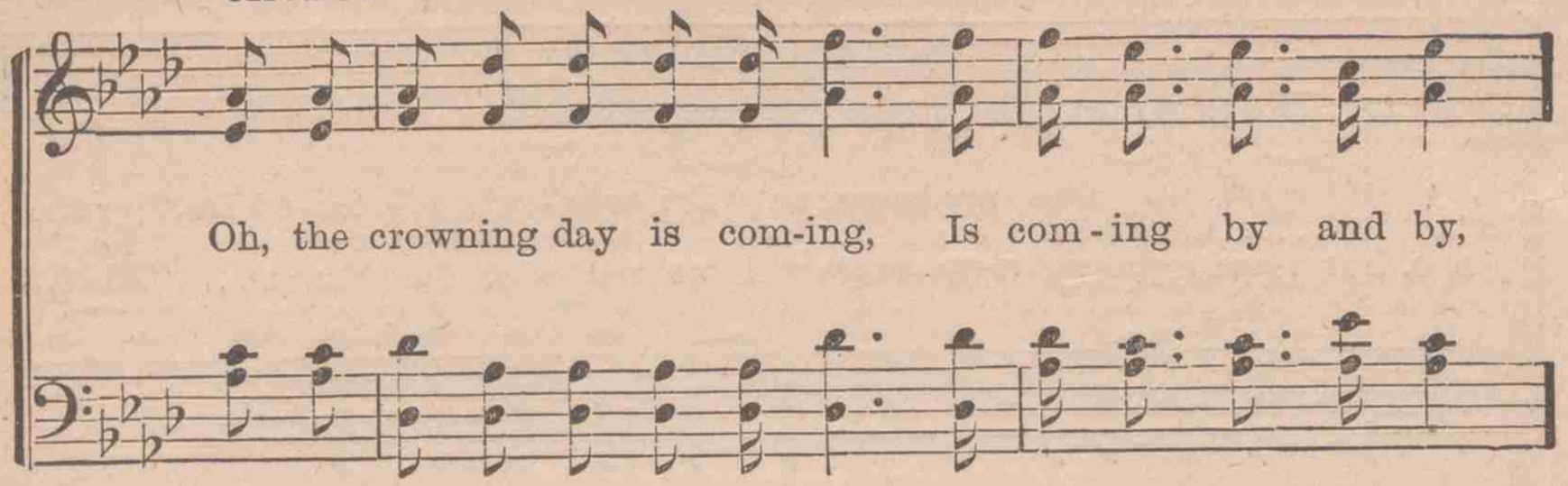
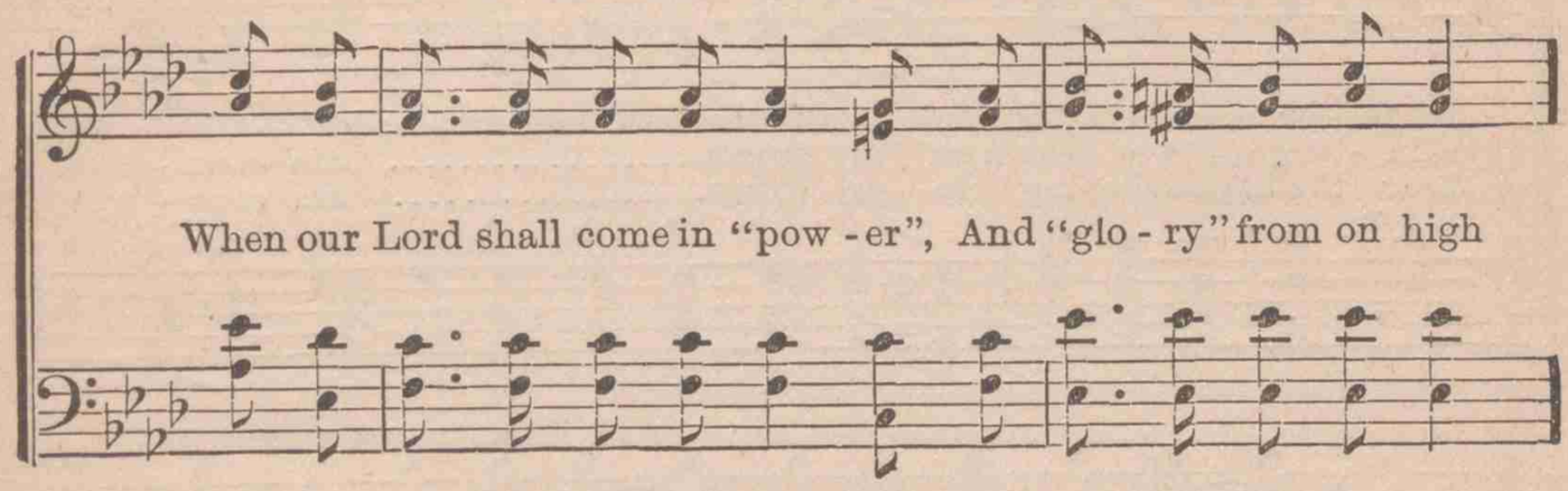


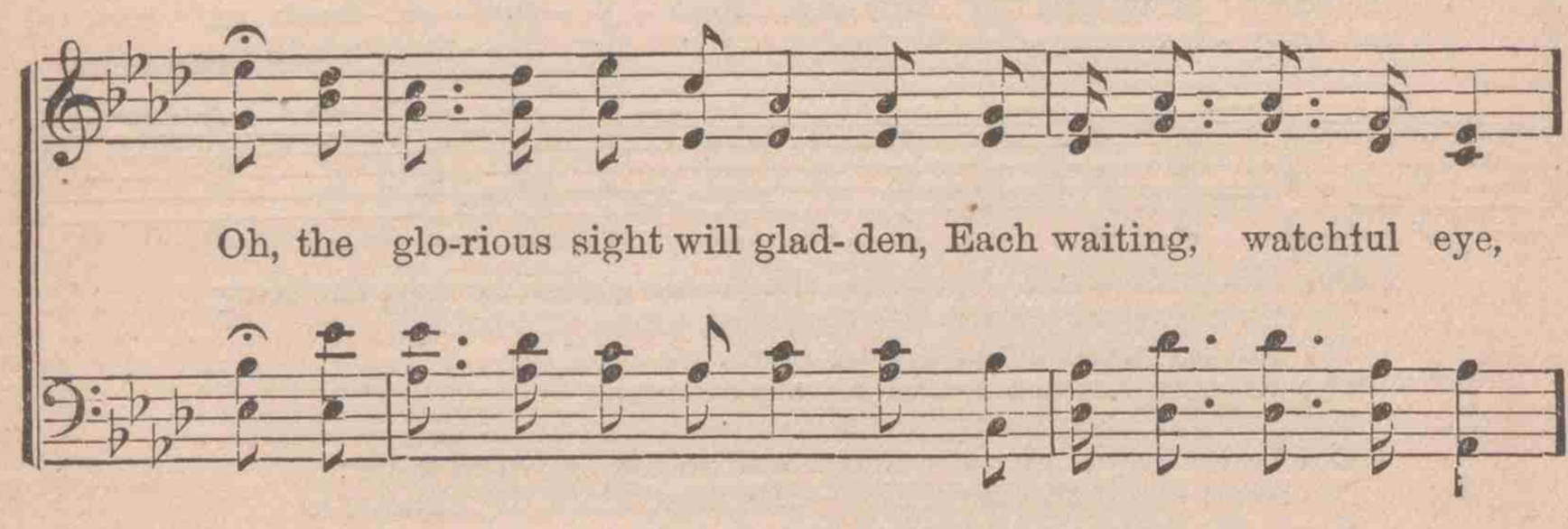



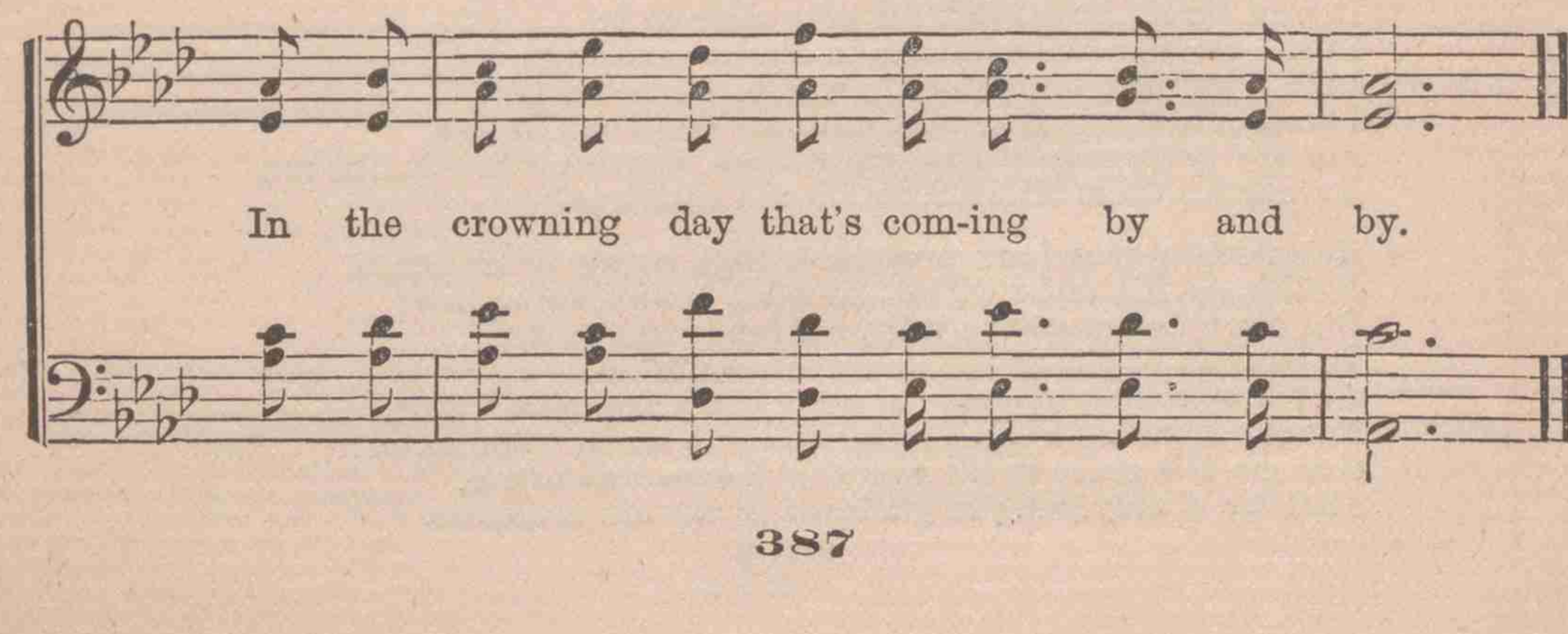
# The Crowning Day.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



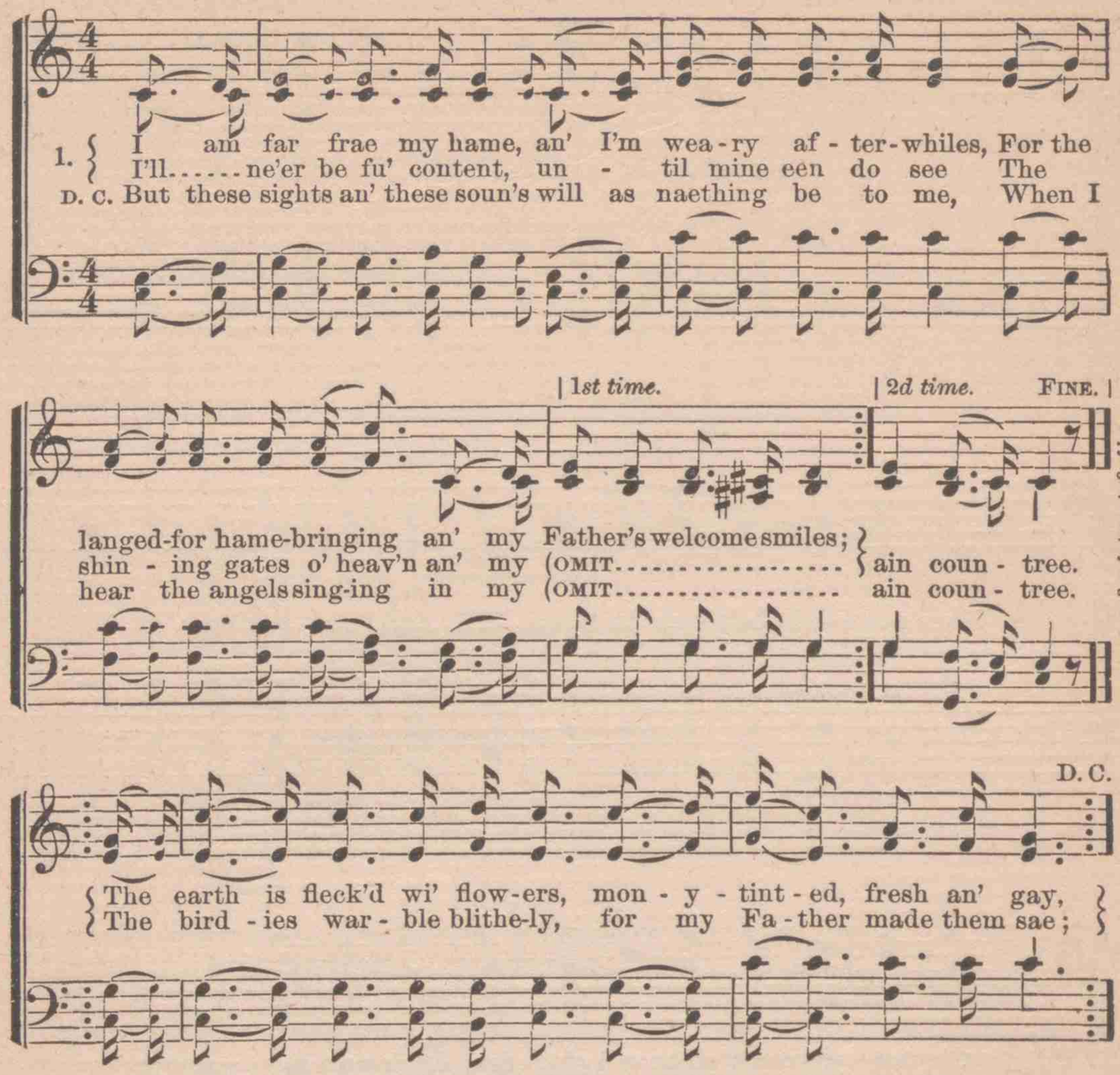



No. 417.

# My Ain Countree.

Mrs. Mary Lee Demarest, 1861—1881. Scotch Song. Arr.

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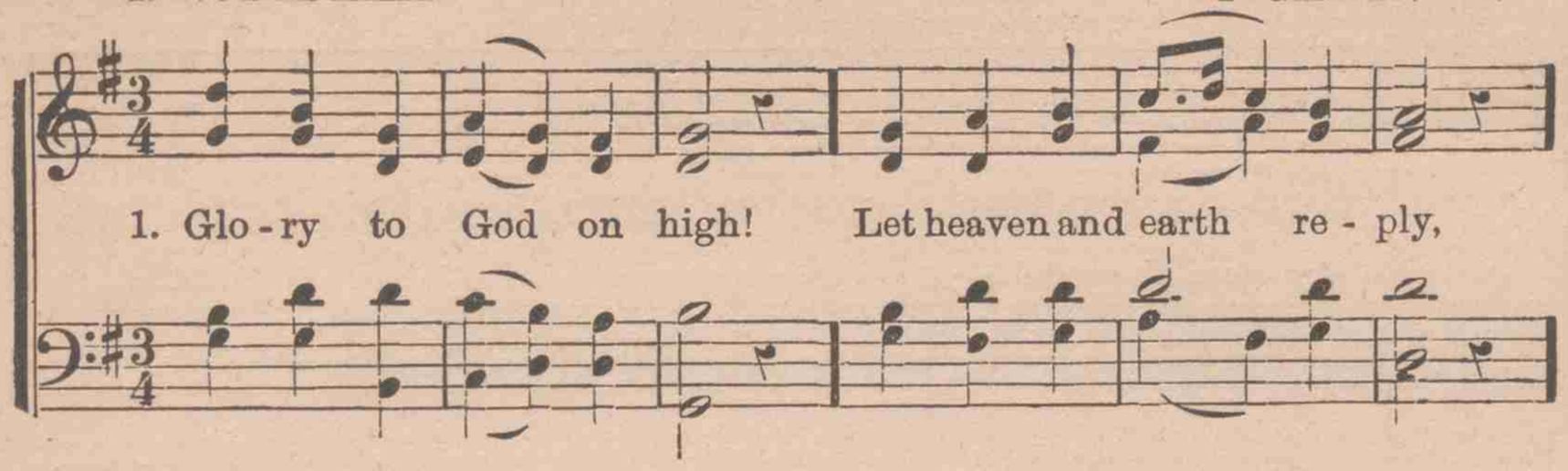
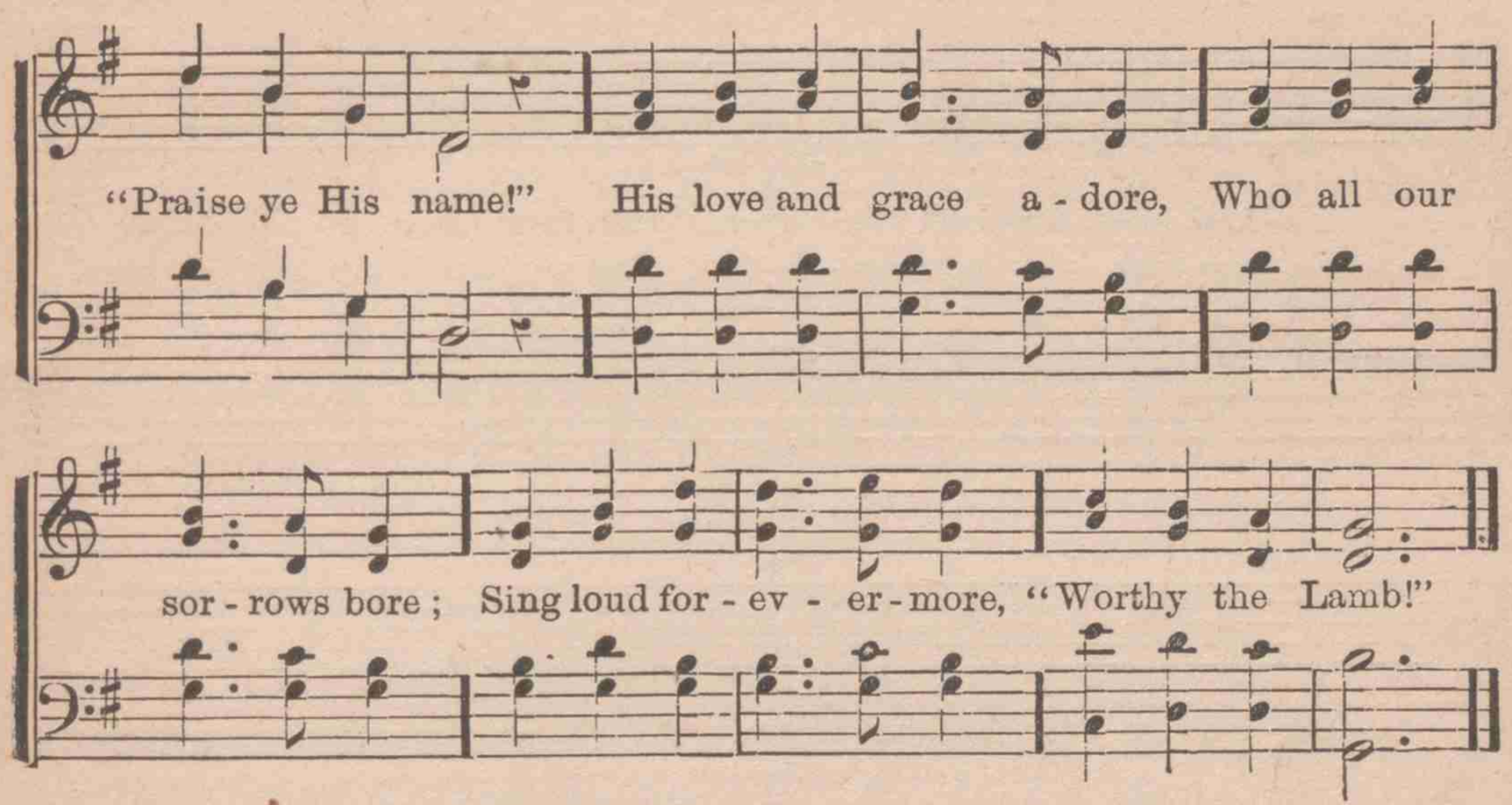
2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hearts running owre, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in our ain countree,
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;
His bluid has made me white,—His hand shall dry mine e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to mine ain countree.

3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed bonnie place,
I ainly ken its Hame, whaur we shall see His face;
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence in our ain countree.
Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countree.

4 He's faithfu' that hath promised, He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.
So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie His grace to ilk ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.

## No. 418. Italian Hymn.

REV. JAMES ALLEN. F. GIARDINI, 1769.




2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
  Praising His name,—
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
  "Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless:
  Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
  "Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
  Praising His name:
To Him our songs we bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And, through all ages sing,
  "Worthy the Lamb!"

—o—

## No. 419.

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.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
  In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
  Spirit of power!

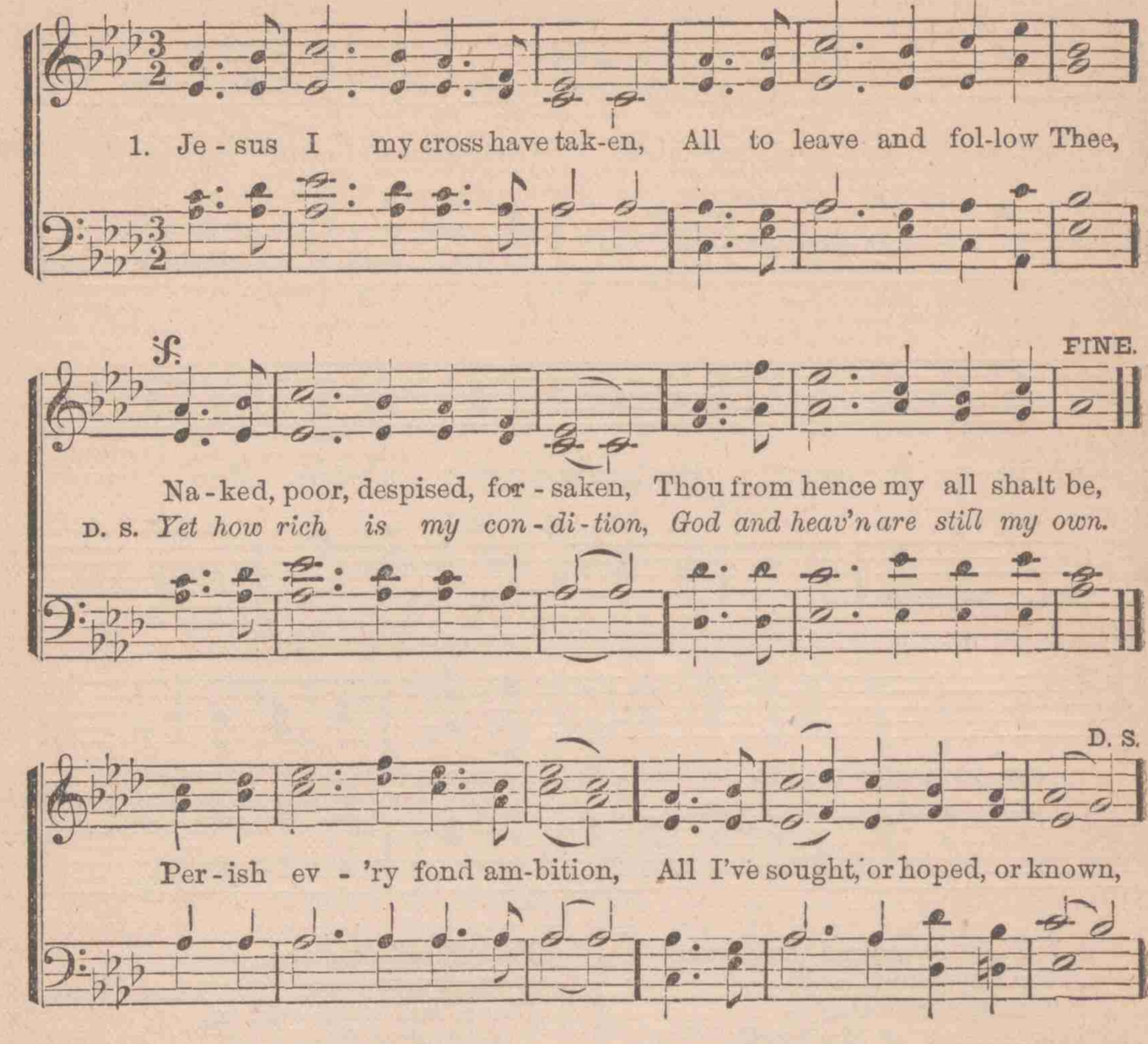
4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
  Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
  Love and adore.

CHARLES WESLEY

## No. 420.

# Autumn.

HENRY F. LYTE. Spanish.




2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

—o—

## No. 421.

1 Jesus wept! those tears are over
But His heart is still the same,
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is His everlasting name.

||: Saviour, who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany. :||

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
||: Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany. :||

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here.
||: Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany. :||

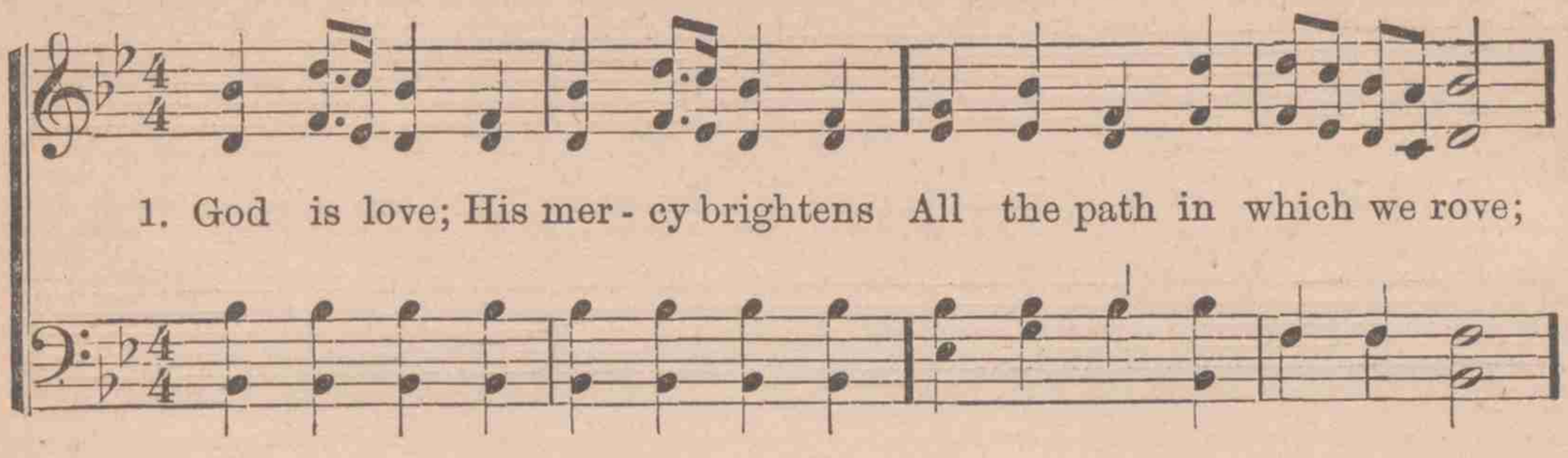
4 Jesus wept! those tears of sorrow
Are a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove,
||: Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany! :||

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

## No. 422.

# Wilmot.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. C. M. VON WEBER.




2 Time and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

—o—

## No. 423.

1 Jesus only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall:
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

4 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before Him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

REV. ELIAS NASON.

—o—

## No. 424.

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.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him,

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

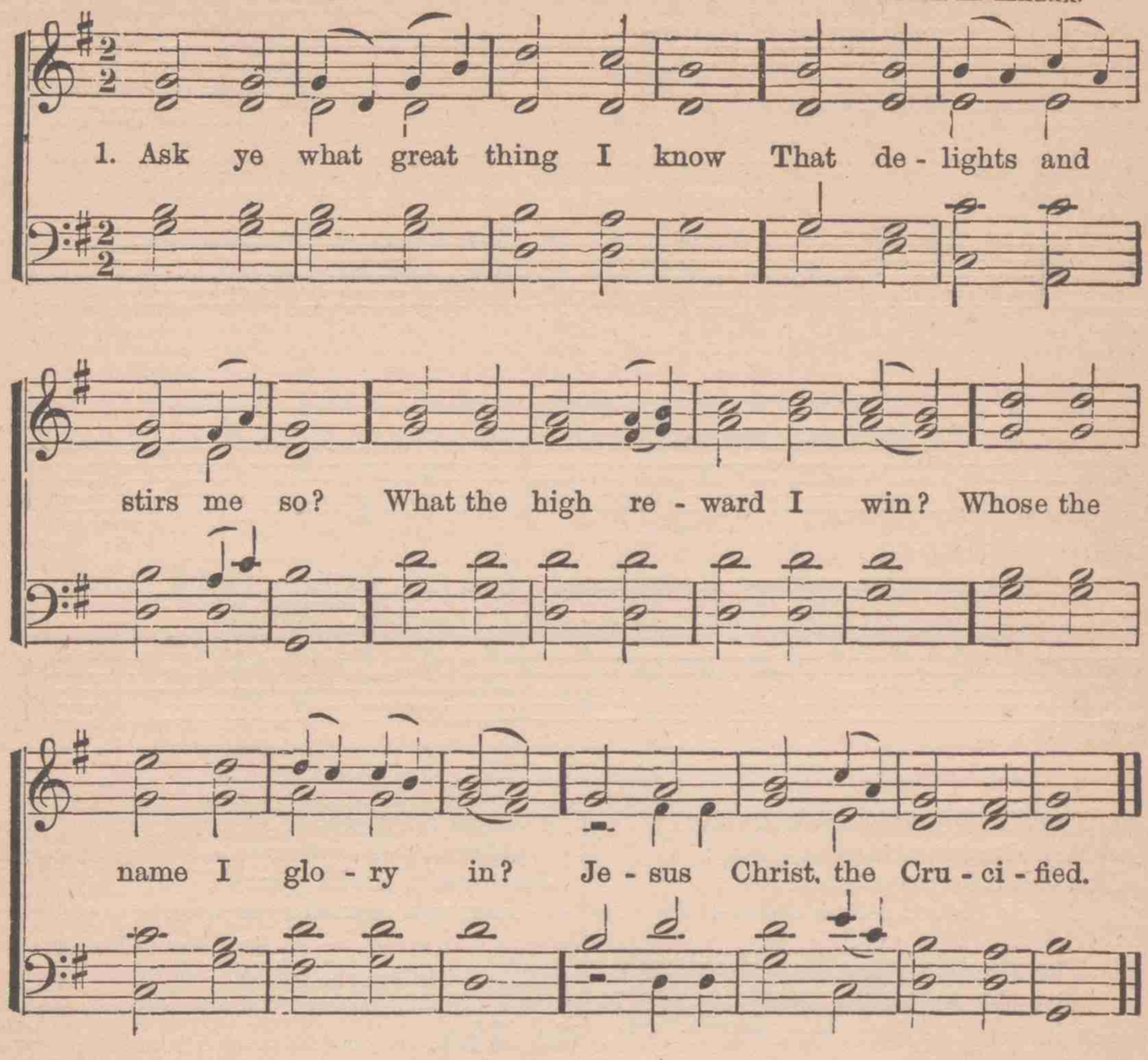
5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him—
Hear Him cry before He dies.

REV. JOSEPH HART.

## No. 425.

# Hendon.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. C. H. A. MALAN.




2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

## No. 426.

1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word
||: "As thy days thy strength shall be.":||

2 If the sorrows of thy case,
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace
||: "As thy days thy strength shall be.":||

3 Days of trial, days of grief
In succession thou may'st see,
This is still thy sweet relief
||: "As thy days thy strength shall be.":||

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure—
||: "As thy days, thy strength shall be.":||

WM. F. LLOYD.

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