1.00

# New Songs of the Gospel

J. D. Bailey
10 Fairmount St.
Rochester
N.Y.
June 27. 1907

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

C. AUSTIN MILES

AND

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

HALL-MACK COMPANY,

Publishers,

No. 1020 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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# Preface.

THE very generous reception accorded to
SOUL REFRESHING SONGS,
SONGS OF GRACE AND TRUTH,
SONGS OF PRAISE AND CONSECRATION,
and the constant inquiries for a song book to supplement these, have induced the publishers to issue

## "New Songs of the Gospel."

This book has been carefully edited and all the recent soul-winning songs will be found therein.

The prayer is that through the "NEW SONGS OF THE GOSPEL," many will be brought into the light of the blessed Gospel that never grows old.

*The Publishers.*

January, 1901.

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## No. 3. LORD, MEET WITH US.

IRVIN H. MACK. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.




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# No. 4. SWEET PEACE IS FLOODING MY SOUL.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I feel in my heart a blessing divine, 'Tis sweet as the music of heav'n,
2. A treasure worth more than silver and gold Is peace that the world cannot know,
3. O won - derful peace, O spir- it of rest, A calm that allays all my fears;
4. This peace from my Lord has given to me A foretaste of glo- ry di - vine,
5. Some day I shall rise to mansions on high, Beholding my Lord on the throne.

It fills all my soul with wonderful peace, Since Jesus my sins has forgiv'n.
Se - cure in my heart, a balm to my soul, 'Tis with me wherever I go.
'Tis filling my heart with love that shall last Thro' all of eterni- ty's years.
'Tis comfort, 'tis hope, 'tis knowledge of him, Assurance that Jesus is mine.
And singing anew of wonderful peace, There dwelling as one of his own.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, won - derful peace, Since Je - sus my all doth con - trol;

Peace, peace, won- der - ful peace, Sweet peace is flooding my soul.

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## No. 5. HE'S EVERYTHING TO ME.

FRANK H. MASHAW. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I once was in the des- ert, all wea - ry sad and lone, Un-til my Saviour
2. I left the bar- ren des- ert and sought his lov-ing face, Depending on his
3. He gives me joy-ous sing-ing and makes the sun to shine, And oft he smiles up-
4. And in the si-lent watch of the lone- ly mid night hour, He comes my soul to

told me that I was still his own, He bade me leave my fol - ly and
mer - cy and on his sav-ing grace; He smiled up - on me gen - tly; from
on me, and then I know he's mine, He car - ries all my bur-dens and
res - cue and shows his mighty pow'r, And when the light of glo - ry come

from the danger flee, And since I found the Sav-iour, he's ev -'ry-thing to me.
sin he set me free, And since I found the Sav-iour, he's ev -'ry-thing to me.
keep me on life's sea, For since I found the Sav-iour, he's ev -'ry-thing to me.
shining o'er death's sea, O! then I'll sing in triumph: "He's ev -'ry-thing to me."

CHORUS.

He's ev - 'rything, yes, ev-'ry-thing to me, He's ev - 'rything, yes,
He's ev-'rything, yes, ev-'rything, He's ev-'rything to me, He's ev-'rything, yes, ev'rything, He's

ev-'ry-thing to me, Through night and day, Where'er I stray, —He's ev'ry-thing to me.
ev -'ry-thing to me, to me.

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## No. 6. LIGHT BEYOND THE SHADOWS.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When the troubles gath - er And the bil- lows roll, Dark the way be-
2. Tho' you can- not fathom Why you're called to bear All the heavy
3. Go, with faith, to conquer Tri- als that appear; Know that Christ your
4. Tho' se- vere the con- flict And the anguish deep; Tho' the tri- als
5. Tried and found not wanting Will the Mas- ter say; Tried, yet ev- er

fore you, Cares oppress the soul, There is blessed sunshine Just beyond your view;
burdens That you cannot share, Keep the cross before you in the darkest day;
Saviour With his help is near. Ne'er give up the battle, Hard though it may be,
heavy That may o'er you sweep; God is always near you, Giving strength to bear
faith - ful, All a - long life's way; Tried as in the furnace Of re- fin- ing fire,

CHORUS.

Oft 'tis but a tri - al You are go - ing thro'.
Put your trust in Je - sus All a - long the way.
For your Lord has promised You the vic - to - ry.
All the heav - y burdens When they shall ap - pear.
You shall see the triumph of your heart's de- sire.

} See the sunlight,

shining bright and clear; Blessed sunlight drives away all fear; Look above you,

clouds will dis - ap - pear; Put your trust in Je- sus, he is ev - er near.

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## No. 7. WITH THE BLOOD-BOUGHT I'LL BE THERE.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Marching, marching, Jesus leading onward To the land that knows no sin;
2. Marching, marching, joyfully each moment, Praising Christ by day or night;
3. Marching, marching, on the way to glo- ry, To a cit - y built on high;

Where the an - gels fill the air with singing While the saved march in.
Prais- ing him who guides my footsteps ev - er To the land of light.
In his pres- ence, where there is no sad- ness, I'll rest by and by.

CHORUS.

When the Mas - ter shall assemble his loved and own; When the ran -
When the Mas-ter When the
somed gather around the crystal throne; When the saved meet, freely to
ransomed When the saved meet to
know as they are known; With the blood-bought company, I'll be there.
I'll be there.

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# No. 8. "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

ZEC. 14: 20.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. "Call'd un - to ho - li - ness," church of our God, Pur - chase of Je -
2. "Call'd un - to ho - li - ness," chil - dren of light, Walk - ing with Je -
3. "Call'd un - to ho - li - ness," praise his dear name! This bless - ed se -
4. "Call'd un - to ho - li - ness," glo - ri - ous thought! Up from the wil -
5. "Call'd un - to ho - li - ness," Bride of the Lamb, Wait - ing the Bride -

sus re - deem'd by his blood; Call'd from the world and its
sus in gar - ments of white; Rai - ment un - sul - lied, nor
cret to faith now made plain. Not our own right - eous - ness,
der - ness wan - der - ings brought, Out from the shad - ows and
groom's re - turn - ing a - gain; Lift up your heads for the

i - dols to flee, Call'd from the bond-age of sin to be free.
tar-nish'd with sin, God's Ho - ly Spir - it a - bid - ing with - in.
but Christ within, Liv - ing and reign-ing and sav - ing from sin.
dark - ness of night, In - to the Ca - naan of per - fect de - light.
day draw-eth near, When in his beaut - y the King shall ap - pear.

CHORUS.

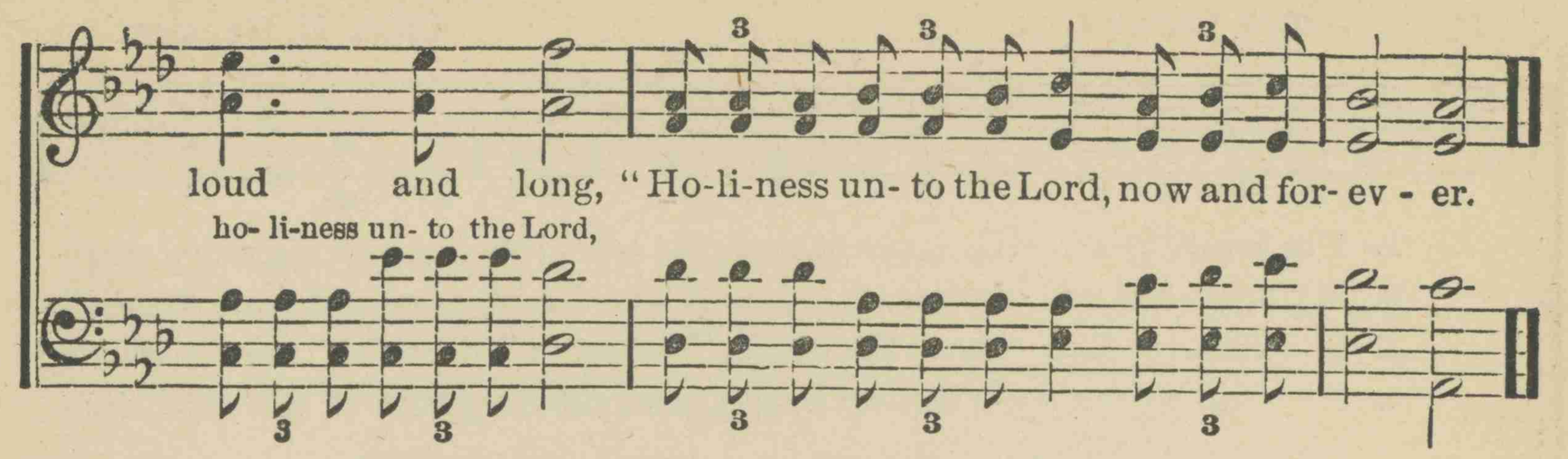
"Holiness unto the Lord," is our watchword and song, "Holiness unto the Lord,"

*cres.*

as we're march - ing a - long; Sing it, shout it,
"Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," Sing

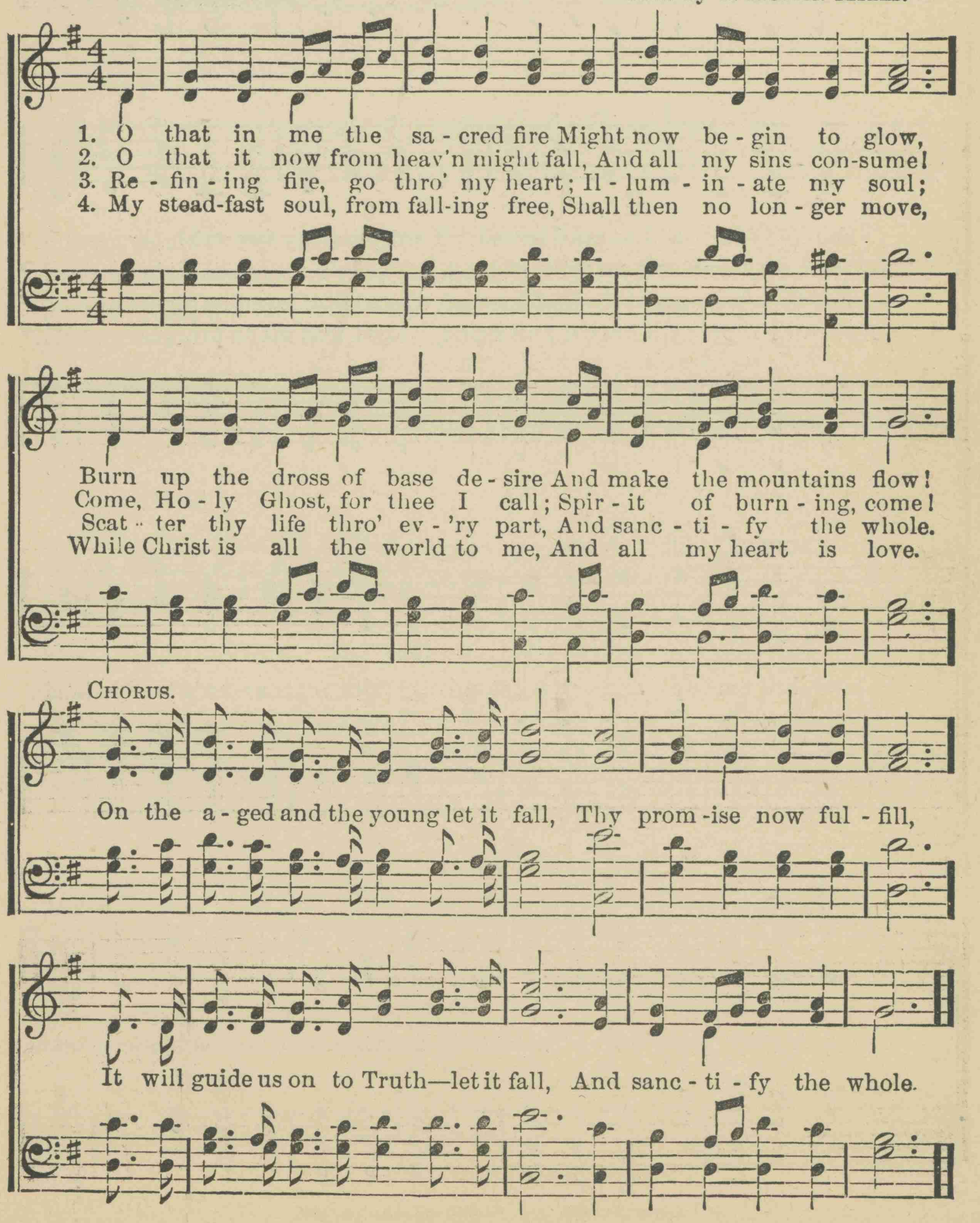
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## "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."—Concluded.




## No. 9. ON THE AGED AND THE YOUNG.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by C. AUSTIN MILES.




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## No. 10. HIGHER GROUND.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live above the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;

Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground."
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground."
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

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## No. 11. I HAVE FOUND A RANSOM.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. For the soul, thro' sin condemned to die, I have found a ran - som,
2. For the soul that's sunken deep in sin I have found a ran - som,
3. For the soul bowed down with weight of woe I have found a ran - som,

If that soul in pen - i- tence will cry, I have found a ran - som.
If that soul but wish to pardon win, I have found a ran - som.
Poor, lost soul, with nowhere else to go, I have found a ran - som.

CHORUS.

Je - sus died and paid it all; What a wondrous sto - ry—
Died to ran - som great and small; To his name be glo - ry.

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## No. 12. HEAVENLY SUNLIGHT.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. G. H. Cook.

1. Walking in sun - light, all of my jour - ney; O - ver the mountains,
2. Shadows a-round me, shadows a - bove me, Nev - er con-ceal my
3. In the bright sun-light, ev - er re - joic - ing, Press-ing my way to

through the deep vale; Je - sus has said I'll nev - er for - sake thee,
Sav-iour and Guide; He is the light, in him is no dark - ness,
mansions a - bove; Sing-ing his prais - es, glad - ly I'm walk - ing,

Chorus.

Prom-ise di - vine that nev - er can fail.
Ev - er I'm walk - ing close to his side.
Walk-ing in sun - light, sun-light of love.
} Heav-en - ly sun - light,

heav-en - ly sun - light; Flooding my soul with glo - ry di - vine: Hal-le -

lu - jah, I am re - joic - ing, Singing his prais - es, Je - sus is mine.

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## No. 13. WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la- bor and pray, Let me watch as a winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When his
3. Oh, what joy will it be when his face I be-hold Living gems at his feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there

CHORUS.

be an-y stars in my crown?
praise like the seabillow rolls.
be an-y stars in my crown.
} Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,

When at evening the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest go-eth down?

In the man-sions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?..... an - y stars in my crown?

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## No. 14. IS IT NOT WONDERFUL?

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

1. Wondrous it seem - eth to me, Je - sus so grac - ious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev - er could know Je - sus such peace could be-stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re - sist - ed his grace, In my heart gave him no place,
5. He doth my new heart con- trol, Cleansing and keep- ing me whole,

Mer-cy re-veal-ing, comfort-ing, healing, Blessing a sin - ner like me.
Till the dear Saviour showed me his favor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
Willing to save me, par-don he gave me, And I am hap - py with-in.
But Jesus sought me till he had brought me, Pen - i-tent, seeking his face.
Banishing sadness, with joy and gladness Fill-ing and thrilling my soul.

CHORUS.

1

{ Is it not won - der- ful, is it not won - der - ful Je - sus so
{ Yes, it is won - der- ful, strange and so won - der - ful (*Omit.*)

2

gracious should be?..... :‖ That he should save e - ven me!.....
loving and gracious should be? :‖ That he should par-don and save even me!

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## No. 15. I SHALL SEE HIM BY AND BY.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. When my heart is sad with life's cares and toils, I will hush my troubled spir- it's anx-ious cry; For the day is com- ing fast, when my
2. When the path is rough, and the way is hard, And no rest- ing for my wea - ry feet is nigh; I will brave- ly press a - long sing - ing
3. When the day grows dark, and the clouds o'erhang, And they close out all the sunshine from the sky; Tho' in dark-ness I a - bide, he is
4. Then my heart be brave, and my soul re- joice, For his promise standeth sure—on it re - ly; And for all the care and pain there shall

cares shall all be past, I shall see him! I shall see him by and by.
still my hope-ful song, I shall see him! I shall see him by and by.
still my faith-ful guide, I shall see him! I shall see him by and by.
be e - ter - nal gain, When I see him! When I see him by and by.

Chorus.

I shall see him! My Redeem-er! O my heart, be brave, be strong!
I shall see him!

I shall see him, and I'll praise him With an ev - er- last-ing song.

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# No. 16. REST, SWEET REST.

IRVIN H. MACK. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

*With much expression.*



1. I am weary to-day and my heart is cast down, And with burdens my
2. O I think of that day when my eyelids shall close, And my spirit shall
3. O to pass from the turmoil of life's dreary round; O to lean on my
4. O to gather with saints who have gone to that home, And to dwell in the
5. O to sing the sweet songs of the ransomed at home, By the fountain of





soul is oppressed; And I sigh for the day when all troubles have passed,
soar thro' the sky, When at last I shall find that sweet rest that I seek,
dear Saviour's breast; O to feel the blest touch of the nailpierced hands;
land of the blest; O to meet with the friends who are waiting for me;
life flow- ing free, In the mansions of peace, where the Lord is the light;



CHORUS.



I am longing and sighing for rest.
When my soul to my Saviour shall fly.
'Twill be rest for my soul; sweetest rest.
'Twill be rest o- ver there, blessed rest.
Sweetest rest for my soul it will be.

} Rest, sweet rest, Rest on my





dear Saviour's breast; The touch of the nail-pierced hands Will bring sweet rest.



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# No. 17. I'LL GO WITH HIM.

JENNIE REE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. He will hide me in his pa - vil- ion, He will shield me from the foe,
2. "He will cov - er me with his feathers," Me from famine he will keep;
3. He will guide me to fields e - ter- nal, When the day of life is past;

He will lead me in pastures vernal, Where the cooling waters flow.
He, the Shepherd, will not forsake me, Tho' a wayward, wand'ring sheep.
Thro' the val- ley of shadows safe - ly He will lead me home at last.

CHORUS.

I'll go with him, I'll go with him; Lead me,
I'll go with him, I'll go with him;

Lord, I'll fol - low thee; I'll go with him,
Lead me, Lord, I'll fol - low, fol - low thee; I'll go with him,

I'll go with him; Lead me, Lord, I'll fol - low thee.
I'll go with him; Lead me, Lord, I'll fol - low, fol - low thee.

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## No. 18. THROUGH THE GATES.

IRVIN H. MACK. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. Thro' the gates to the cit- y, In - to endless day, Where all tears and all
2. Thro' the gates to the cit- y See the hosts move on, Passing in to the
3. Thro' the gates to the cit- y Of e - ter - nal fame, By the throne of the
4. Thro' the gates to the cit- y; O the bliss untold, When with songs of re-

sorrow shall be wiped away; Where the life-giving waters Shall forev- er flow
mansions For the triumph won; There a welcome is waiting By the ris - en Son;
Father, There to praise his name. O the rapture of living In an end- less day
joicing Will the gates unfold And the saved of all ages Will be gathered home,

CHORUS.

And the leaves of God's healing Shall forever blow.
There reward shall be given For the work well done.
Where all sorrow and sighing Shall have passed away.
Singing songs of redemption Round the great white throne.

Thro' the gates, thro' the

Thro' the gates

gates, Thro' the gates to the cit- y they shall en - ter in; Thro' the

thro' the gates,

gates, thro' the gates, Thro' the gates to the cit- y bright and fair.

Thro' the gates, thro' the gates;

bright and fair.

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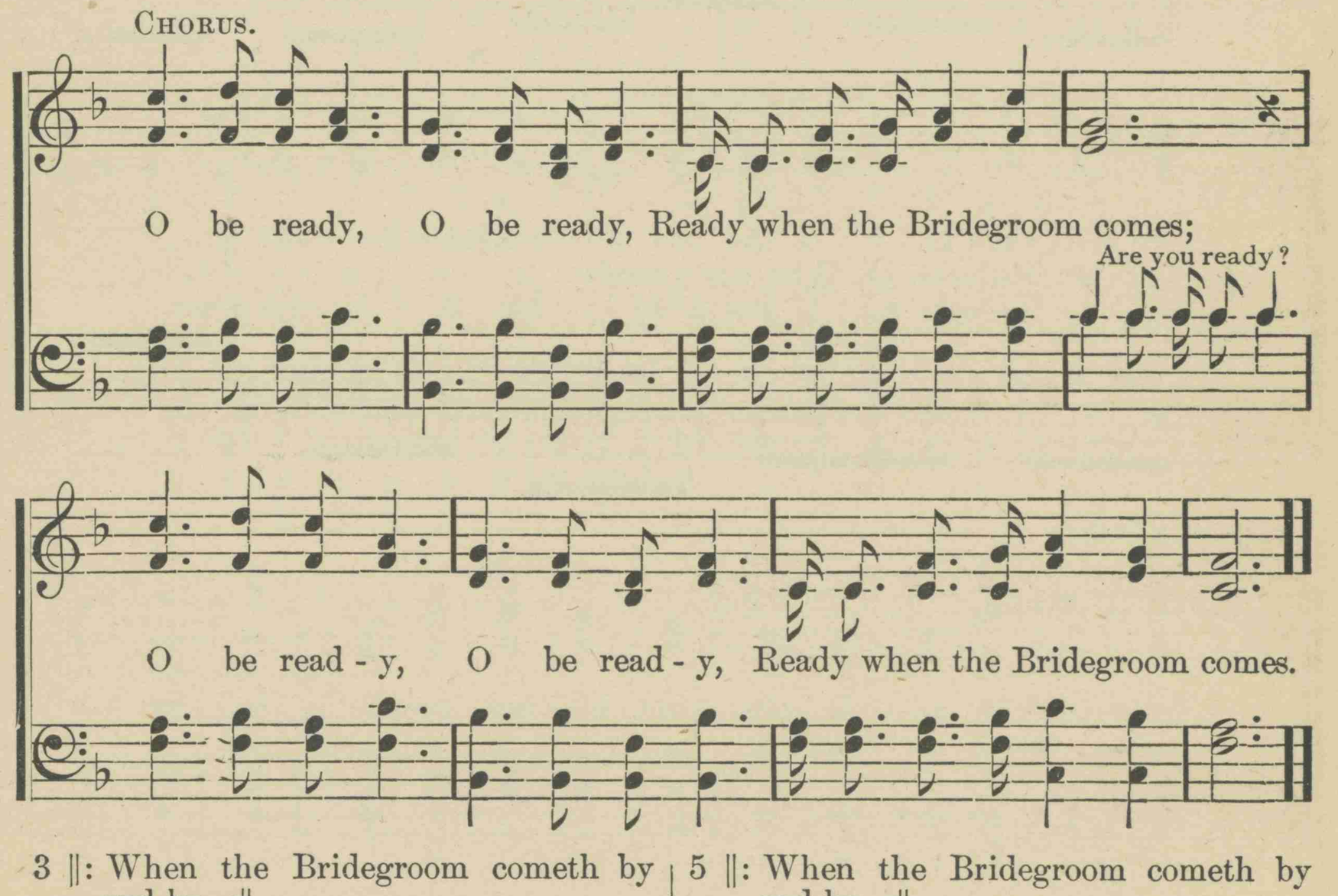
# No. 19. O BE READY.

J. G. B. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.










3 ‖: When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, :‖
Will your wearied heart rejoice
At the sound of Jesus' voice,
When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?

4 ‖: When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, :‖
Will the sorrows of the past
All be changed to joy at last,
When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?

5 ‖: When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, ;‖
When the Lord shall call his own,
Can you stand before the throne,
When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?

6 ‖: When the Bridegroom cometh by and by, :‖
Will you join the ransomed host,
Or be found among the lost,
When the Bridegroom cometh by and by?

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## No. 20. DEAREST OF ALL.

J. W. V. J. W. VanDeVenter.

1. There are friends I recall That are dear to my mem'ry, And they
2. There are dear ones of yore That were near me in childhood, And their
3. In my sins I was lost, Far a - way from my Saviour, I was

live ev- er treasured with- in; But the dear - est of all, One I
love I shall ev - er ex - tol; But there's none I adore Like the
doomed with the down-fallen race; But the Lord paid the cost, Gave his

love more than an - y, Is the one who has saved me from sin.
bless - ed Redeem- er, Who was wounded to res - cue my soul.
life to redeem me, I was saved by his in - fi - nite grace.

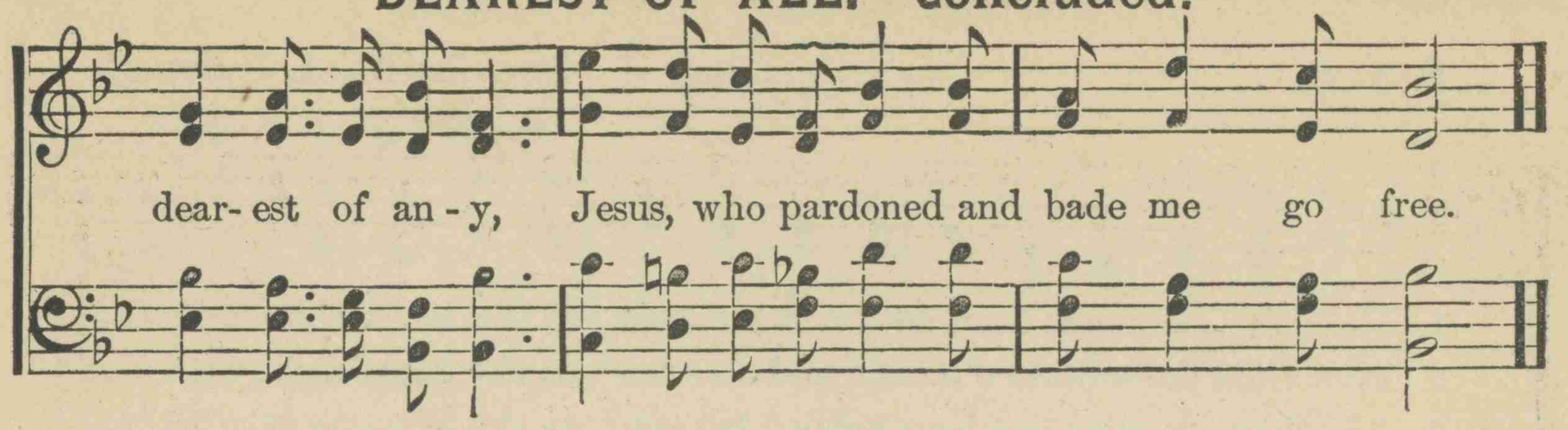
Chorus.

Dear - est of all is the kind, lov - ing Saviour, Je - sus, who

died for my sins, on the tree; He is the best and the

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## DEAREST OF ALL.—Concluded.




## No. 21. I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

Hebrews 13 : 5.

REV. F. L. SNYDER. HOWARD E. SMITH.




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## No. 22. IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Have thy affections been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do- minion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more condem- nation for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je- sus' control? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

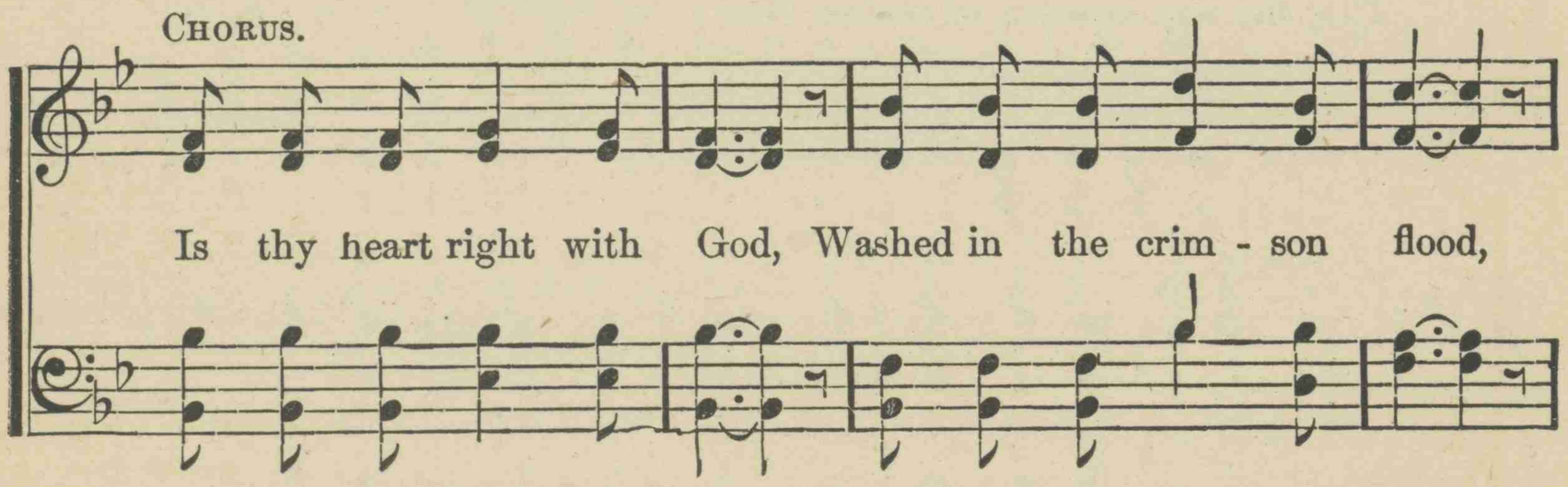




Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O- ver all e - vil without and within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je- sus rule in the temple within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does he each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,

Cleansed and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?..
of God?

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# No. 23. HE WINDETH HIS WAY THROUGH THE VILLAGE.

Matthew 14: 13.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. He windeth his way thro' the village, The hour is the closing of day;
2. He windeth his way thro' the village, With one and another to speak;
3. He windeth his way thro' the village, The multitude drawing a - near;
4. He windeth his way thro' the village, The blind hear his voice and they see;
5. He windeth his way thro' the village, And night casts her mantel adown;

In quiet he's seeking the mountain Where often he goeth to pray.
To bring them rich bounty and blessing, Or some one neglected to seek.
He dropeth some sweet word of comfort That sorrowing, sad ones may hear.
The lame ones walk forth at his bidding; The sin-bound forever are free.
'Tis then, only then, he is a - ble In quiet to pass from the town.

CHORUS.

He windeth his way thro' the vil- lage; 'Twas Jesus, the Saviour of men,
His richest of blessings bestow - ing; He comforts to-day, just as then.

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No. 24.

# SINGING ON THE WAY.

W. H. B. W. H. Brown.

1. On the good old road that our fathers trod, Singing on the way, halle-
2. Tho' temptations come I will trust the Lord, Singing on the way, halle-
3. I will meet the friends who have gone before, Singing on the way, halle-
4. It will not be long if my faith be strong, Singing on the way, halle-

lu - jah! To a cit - y whose build - er and mak - er is God,
lu - jah! "Be of cheer," Je - sus said, and I trust in his word,
lu - jah! In that bright, summer land where we'll part nev - ermore,
lu - jah! When I'll join in the song of the heav - en - ly throng,

Chorus.

Singing on the way, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord, what a
joy is mine! Hal - le - lu - jah, I've a peace di - vine! 'Round my
heart doth his love entwine, Singing on the way, hal - le - lu - jah!

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# No. 25. CAUGHT UP TO MEET HIM IN GLORY.

1 Thessalonians 4: 17.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. B. FRANK BUTTS.



1. Je - sus is coming as yonder he went, How wonderful seemeth the story;
2. Je - sus is coming, but when it shall be No angel has been told the story;
3. Jesus is coming his loved ones to claim, His word is the proof of the story;
4. Jesus is coming with archangel voice, How wonderful soundeth the story;



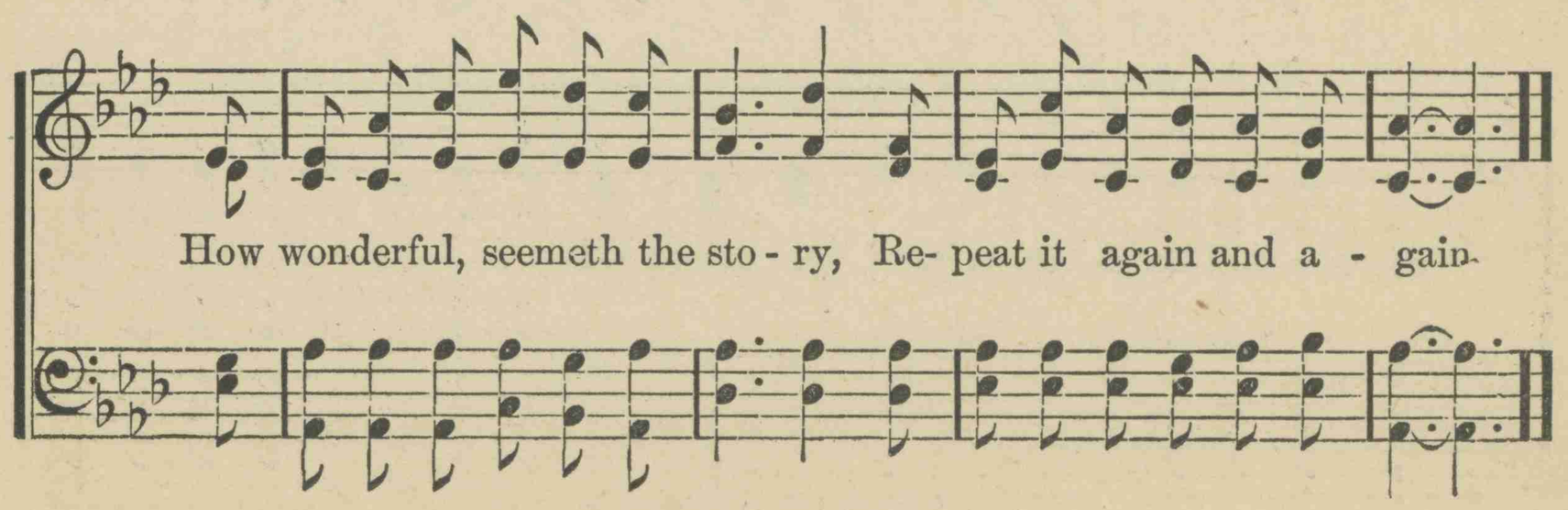
His own kept a - live, to see the event, Caught up to meet him in glo- ry.
The day and the hour is deep myste-ry: Caught up to meet him in glo- ry.
All those shall be safe who trust in his name, Caught up to meet him in glo- ry.
Too late it will be to then make a choice, His own will meet him in glo- ry.



CHORUS.



Caught up to meet him in glo - ry, And ev - er to be with him then;



How wonderful, seemeth the sto - ry, Re- peat it again and a - gain.

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## No. 26. WHEN I GET HOME.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I shall wear a golden crown, When I get home; I shall lay my bur - dens down, When I get home; Clad in robes of glo - ry,
2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the light at last, When I get home; Light from heaven streaming,
3. I shall see my Saviour's face, When I get home; Sing a - gain of sav - ing grace, When I get home; I shall stand be - fore him;

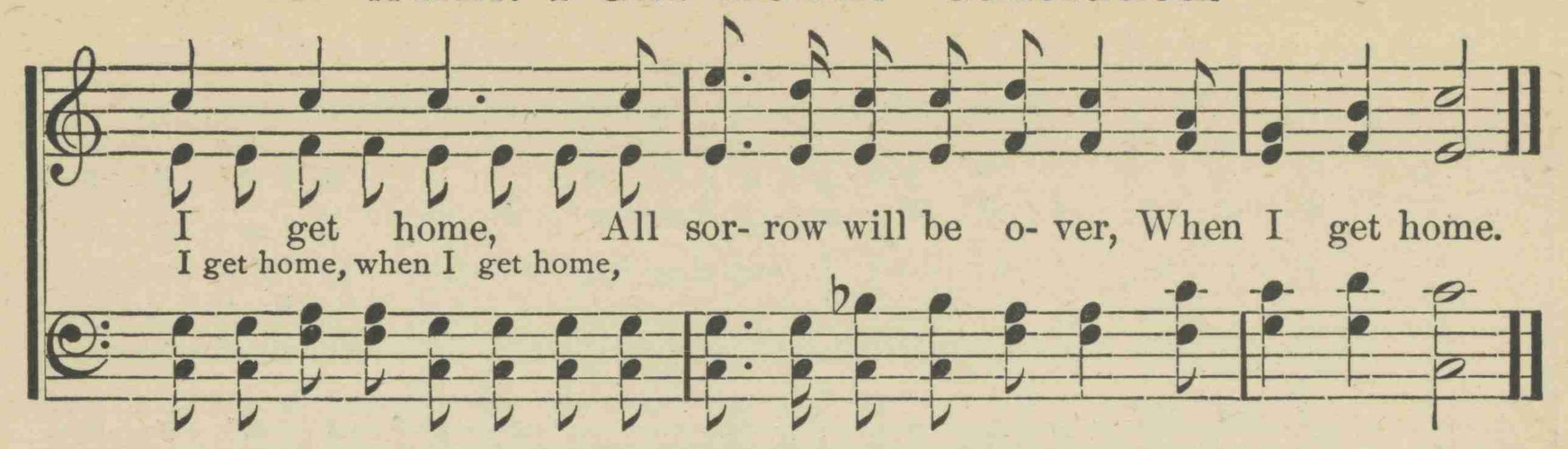
I shall sing the sto - ry Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.
O'er my pathway beaming, Ev - er guides me onward Till I get home.
Gladly I'll a - dore him; Ev - er to be with him, When I get home.

CHORUS.

When I get home, When I get home, All sor - row will be o - ver, When I get home; When I get home, When
When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, when I get home, When

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## WHEN I GET HOME.—Concluded.




## No. 27. I'LL OVERCOME SOME DAY.

C. A. T. "Ye shall overcome if ye faint not." C. ALBERT TINDLEY.




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## No. 28. THE SONG OF A HAPPY HEART.

E. F. G. Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

1. There's a song in my heart I am sing-ing to-day, To Je-sus my Sav-iour and Friend, For the ran-som he gave, A poor sin-ner to save,
2. There's a peace in my heart that is reigning to-day, So bless-ed, so ho-ly and pure; Like a riv-er it flows, And its bless-ing bestows—
3. There is joy in my heart that is bear-ing me up To bliss that the glo-ri-fied know; As my soul mounts on wings, Its redemp-tion song sings,

CHORUS.

And his love that shall nev-er end.
And in Christ ev-er-more se-cure.
I've a fore-taste of heav'n be-low.
} Hal-le-lu-jah to God! How my hap-py heart sings! For the peace and the joy I have found; Halle-lu-jah to God! I will praise him aloud! I'm redeemed! I'm redeemed! I'm redeemed!

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No. 29.

# HE'S THE ONE.

J. B. M.

J. B. MACKAY.

1. Is there an- y-one can help us, one who understands our hearts When the thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sympathizes with us, who in
2. Is there an- y-one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we faint and fall beneath it in a-larm; Who in tenderness will lift us, and the
3. Is there an- y-one can help us who can give a sinner peace, When his heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon that af-
4. Is there an- y-one can help us, when the end is drawing near, Who will go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way before us, and dis-

wondrous love imparts Just the ver - y, ver - y blessing that we need?
heav - y bur-den share, And support us with an ev- er - last- ing arm?
fords a sweet release, And whose blood can wash and make as white as snow?
pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir-its safely o'er the tide?

CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, on-ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, he's the One; When af-
Yes, there's One, only One,

fliction's press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, he's the one.

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## No. 30. THE MEETING OVER THERE.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14 : 2.

SARAH C. GOUGHNOUR. R. C. WARD.

1. We will meet our lov'd ones dear Where the crys - tal riv - ers flow,
2. For we read that Je - sus said: "I will now pre - pare a home,
3. Then we'll sing for - ev - er - more, 'Round the great and daz - zling throne,

If we're faith - ful while we're here, And the dear Re-deem - er know.
Where the wed-ding feast is spread, And the wea - ry ones may come."
There all part - ings will be o'er, In our Fa - ther's house at home.

CHORUS.

There we'll see..... the crys-tal riv - - - er, And the
There we'll see the crys - tal riv - er, And the streets all paved with gold, Then we'll

streets ..... all paved with gold,..... Then we'll sing..... re -
see the crys-tal riv - er, And the streets all paved with gold. Then we'll sing redemption's story,

demption's sto - ry, Where there's joy and love un - told.
Where there's joy and love untold, Then we'll sing redemption's story, Where there's joy and love untold.

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## No. 31. WHY NOT BE A HELPER?

J. W. H. J. Wesley Hughes.

1. There's man- y a soul will per - ish, For want of friendly aid,
2. The Master hath need of help - ers, He calls for you to - day;
3. Then res- cue a soul for Je - sus, If on - ly one soul it be;
4. If on - ly a cup of wa - ter Be giv - en in Je - sus' name
5. Re- member, the greatest val - or Not on - ly claims re - nown,

Whom Je - sus has died to ran - som; Their full re- demption paid!
Then answer the summons glad - ly, Thy ser - vice he'll re - pay.
'Twill bring thee a hallowed pleas - ure To all e - ter - ni - ty!
To one who is faint and wea - ry, It shall not be in vain.
But low - li- est deeds of kind - ness Will gem thy glo- ry crown!

Chorus.

Then why not be a help - er, Some precious soul to win?

Then why not be a help - er, To bring the lost ones in?

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# No. 32. THE NAMES OF HIS CHILDREN ARE THERE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. In God's home is a book called "The Lambs book of life," Kept by angels so spot- less and fair; There's no room in that book for earth's sorrows or strife,
2. Ev - 'ry hour of the day would the tempter of souls Fill our spirits with doubt and de- spair; But at thoughts of that book ev'ry shadow soon rolls,
3. So I'll trust in that One who each hour of the day Helps me carry each bur - den and care; He has put my name down on those pages to stay,
4. When at last I shall hear Jesus bid me come home, From that book he my name will de- clare; Then I'll live with my Lord in his beau- ti-ful home,

CHORUS.

For the names of his children are there. Yes, the names of his children are there On those pa - ges so spotless and fair; When life's struggles are past, He will own us at last, For the names of his children are there.

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## No. 33. WITH ME ALL THE WHILE.

E. E. HEWITT. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. We journey on, not knowing What trial may arise, Or what bright joy be
2. Sweet ties are often broken In this, our life below, The parting word is
3. In danger and temptation He's always at my side, My strength and conso-

glowing Beneath to-morrow's skies; But Christ will surely keep me From
spok- en, And tears of sorrow flow. But comfort, like a rainbow, Up-
la - tion, Whatev- er may betide. Till E- den's fields of beau - ty Be-

aught that would defile, I know my loving Saviour Is with me all the while.
on the cloud will smile; I know my loving Saviour Is with me all the while.
fore my vision smile, I know my loving Saviour Is with me all the while.

CHORUS.

With me all the while, With me all the while; I know my lov- ing
Sav - iour Is with me all the while. Is with me all the while.

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## No. 34. FACE TO FACE.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

*Moderato.*

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav-iour, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint-ly now, I see him, With the darkling veil be-tween,
3. What re-joic-ing in his pres- ence, When are banished grief and pain.
4. Face to face! O! blissful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;

When with rapture I be - hold him, Je- sus Christ who died for me.
But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When his glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re- deem - er, Je- sus Christ who loves me so.

CHORUS.

Face to face shall I be - hold him, Far beyond the starry sky;

Face to face in all his glo - ry, I shall see him by and by!

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## No. 35. THEY NEVER DIE UP YONDER.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When the ev - er- lasting morning on this weary earth shall dawn, And we hear the trumpet sounding loud and clear; When the angels from the battlements of
2. By the an- gel bands attend- ed, up a- long the starry way They have journey'd where the surges swell no more; They have left their earthly temple for a
3. We shall know them by the lovelight that still lingers in their eyes, Tho' their faces bright with heaven's glory shine: Those who vanished from earth's portals and were

heaven shout for joy; We will greet the friends we loved and cherished here.
house not made with hands; They are living on the peaceful E - den shore.
lost a lit - tle while In the summerland of Par - a- dise di - vine.

CHORUS.

For they nev- - - - er die up yon - der, There with joy . they stand ar-
For they nev - er, never die up yonder, There with joy they

rayed; No, they nev - - er die up yon - der, Jesus all the debt has paid.
stand, they stand arrayed; No, they never die up yon - der,

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## No. 36. VICTORY!

REV. WM. STONE. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. See the foe advanc- ing like a might - y throng, Onward to the
2. Fierce the battle ra- ges, who will gain the day, Forward, ev - er
3. Long the conflict wa- ges, courage we shall need, Ere the foe is

conquest, raise the battle song; Never fear the conflict, we will gain the day,
forward, hear the Captain say; We shall gain the conquest, victory or die;
vanquished and from sin we're freed; But we'll never falter till the battle's o'er,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is our Captain and will lead the way.
Vic - to- ry and freedom, shout the bat- tle cry.
Then we'll shout a "vict'ry" on the oth-er shore.
} Vic- to- ry! vic - to- ry!

"Forward!" is the cry, Take the wo'ld for Jesus, victo - ry or die; Vic- to- ry!

vic- tory! raise the banner high, "Victory and freedom!" shout the battle cry.

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## No. 37. I WAS POOR AS THE POOREST.

FRANK H. MASHAW. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I was poor as the poorest outcast from the fold, I sank by the wayside with
2. I was poor as the poorest, I shrank from the throng, I hid in the darkness that
3. I was poor as the poorest, I wandered alone, No dwelling had I, and my
4. I was poor as the poorest, he came from the sky With love that was deathless for
5. I was poor as the poorest till Jesus stooped low And washed all my sins of the

:S:

hunger and cold; But he bade me look up, all his rich-es behold; O the
dwelt with me long; But he came like the morning with sunlight and song, Now the
pillow a stone; But I heard someone whisper, "My child, still my own;" Now the
sinners to die; And he bled on the cross, and my heart said, "'Tis I;" Now the
whiteness of snow; And so that is the rea- son I love him, you know; O the

*D. S.*—And a mansion above that will never grow old, For the

*Fine.* CHORUS.

wealth of the world is Je - sus.
light of my life is Je - sus.
peace of my heart is Je - sus.
love in my soul is Je - sus.
wealth of the world is Je - sus.

I was poor as the poorest out-

wealth of the world is Je - sus.

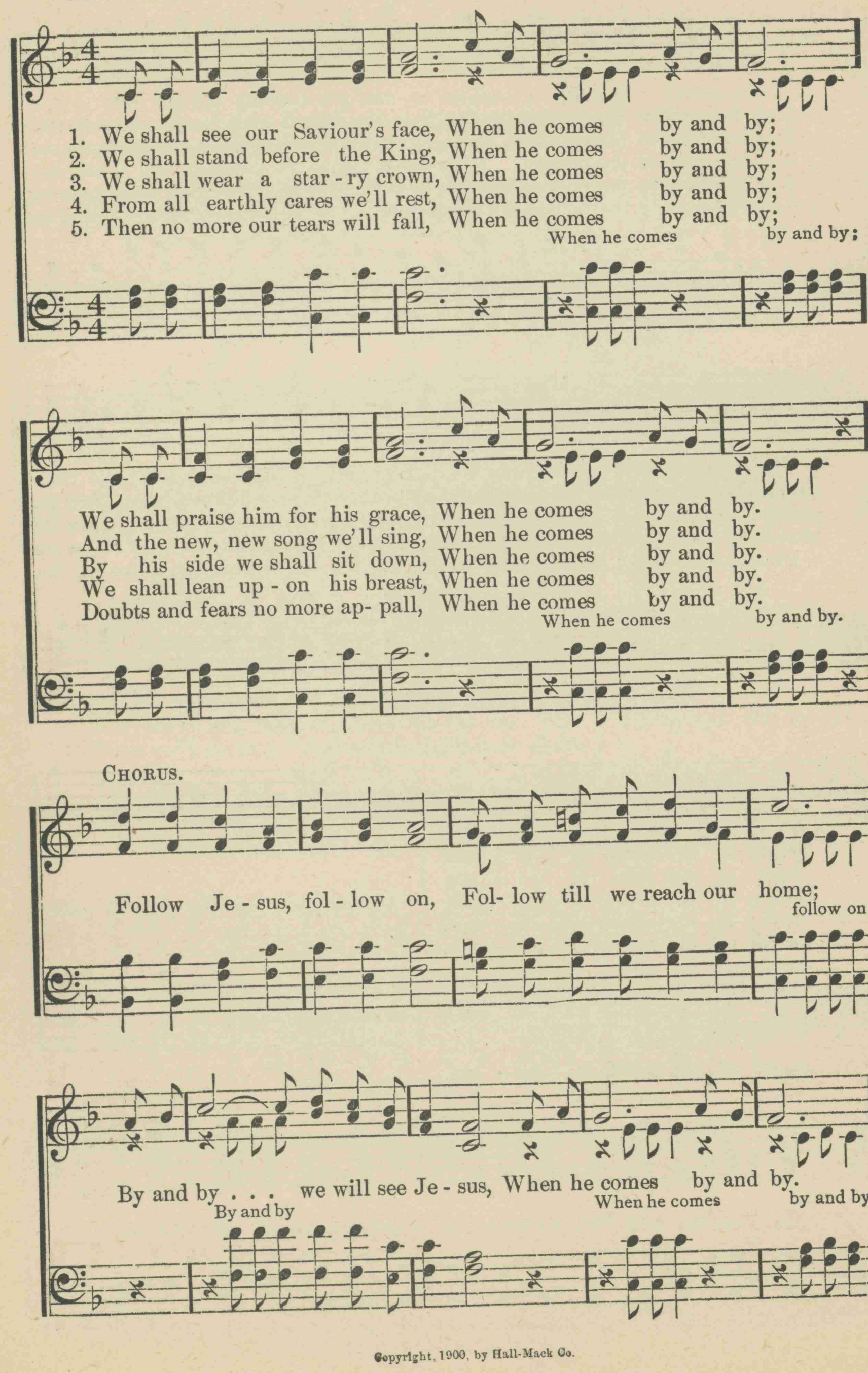
cast from the fold, But he gave me great treasures of sil - ver and gold,

*D.S.*

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## No. 38. WHEN HE COMES.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. FRANK BUTTS.




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## No. 39. TELL ME THE STORY.

J. W. VanDeVenter. C. Austin Miles.

1. When sorrow and trouble like sea billows roll, Tell me the story of Je- sus;
2. When weary from labor I rest by the way, Tell me the story of Je- sus;
3. In times of affliction, when suff'ring from pain, Tell me the story of Je- sus;
4. When life here is over and time is no more, Tell me the story of Je- sus;

When evil assails me and doubts fill my soul, Tell me the story of Je - sus.
It strengthens my purpose and brightens the day, Tell me the story of Je- sus.
It softens my pillow, revives me again; Tell me the sto- ry of Je - sus.
O tell it again on the beautiful shore; Tell me the sto- ry of Je - sus.
O tell it to me

Chorus.

Tell . . . it to me, . . . Tell . . . it to me, . . .
Tell it to me, tell it to me, Tell it to me, tell it to me,

Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus; Tell . . . it to me. . . .
Tell me the sto - ry, O tell it to me,

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## No. 40. I'M A PILGRIM.

MARY S. B. DANA. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can
2. Of that cit - y, to which I jour - ney; My Re - deemer, my Re-
3. There the sunbeams are ev - er shin - ing, O my longing heart, my

tar- ry but a night! Do not de- tain me, for I am go-ing To where the
deemer, is the light; There is no sor-row, nor an - y sighing, Nor an - y
longing heart is there; Here in this country, so dark and dreary, I long have

CHORUS.

I'm a pil- grim, and I'm a stran-ger;

fountains are ev- er flowing;
tears there, nor an- y dying.
wander'd forlorn and weary:
} I'm a pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim, and a stranger, and a stranger;

I can tar- ry, I can tar-ry but a night; I'm a pil - grim, and

tar- ry, tar- ry, tarry but a night; pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim,

I'm a stran-ger; I can tar- ry, I can tar-ry but a night!

and a stranger, and a stranger, tar- ry, tar- ry, tarry but a night.

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No. 41.

# ON TO VICTORY!

Dedicated to Rev. B. C. Lippincott, D. D.

J. W. V.

J. W. Van De Venter.

1. There are foes that must be conquered, There are bat - tles we must win;
2. There are hosts of sin be - fore us, That ex - tend from sea to sea;
3. There are ma - ny dear ones dy - ing, They are fall - ing ev - 'ry - where;

There are lands that must be tak - en, That are go - ing down in sin,
There are ma - ny still in bond-age, There are slaves that must be free;
Let us brave - ly go and help them, They are lost and need our care;

Let us en - ter in the strug gle, Ev - er march up - on our way,
Let us all be up and do - ing, Ev - er found with-in the fray,
Fall in line pre-pare for bat - tle, Let us fight as well as pray,

We must take the world for God and win the day.

CHORUS.

On..... to vic - to - ry! on..... to vic - to - ry! On..... to vic - to - ry! the

foe must die! On..... to vic - to - ry we'll con-quer by and by.

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## No. 42. A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. A cloud of wit - ness - es sur-round our way, And urge us on-ward to the per - fect day; "Look up to Je - sus," we can hear them say, "Look up and win the crown."
2. A cloud of wit - ness - es; the saints of old, Seers, kings and mar - tyrs, whom the truth made bold, Thro' fier - y tri - als, com-ing forth as gold, And they have won the crown.
3. A cloud of wit - ness - es; the va - cant chair, The bro - ken cir - cle, tell of lov'd ones there; They call us up-ward, un-seen joys to share; Press on, and win the crown.
4. A cloud of wit - ness - es; our ris - en King With pow'r and glo - ry, shall his lov'd ones bring, To see his beau - ty, and his praises sing, Look up and win the crown.

Chorus.

Win the crown, win the crown,
Fadeless crown, starry crown,
A cloud of wit-ness-es surround our way; Win the crown, win the fade-less crown,
crown, Look to Je - sus, he will help you ev - 'ry day.
star-ry crown, ev - 'ry day.

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## No. 43. I SHALL BE LIKE HIM.

W. A. S. REV. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.

1. When I shall reach the more ex - cel- lent glo - ry, And all my
2. We shall not wait till the glo - ri - ous dawning Breaks on the
3. More and more like him, re - peat the blest sto - ry, O - ver and

tri- als are passed, I shall be- hold him, O won- der-ful sto - ry!
vis- ion so fair, Now we may welcome the heav- en- ly morning,
o - ver a - gain, Changed by his spir - it from glo - ry to glo - ry,

CHORUS.

I shall be like him at last.
Now we his im- age may bear.
I shall be sat - is - fied then.

I shall be like him, I shall be

like him, And in his beau- ty shall shine; I shall be like him,

won- drous- ly like him, Je - sus, my Sav - iour di - vine.

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## No. 44. HE SHALL COVER THEE.

C. Austin Miles.



1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
3. Have we tri- als and temp- ta - tions? Is there trouble an - ywhere?
4. Can we find a friend so faith- ful Who will all our sor- rows share?
5. Are we weak and heav- y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?—
6. Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;





What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Everything to God in prayer!
All because we do not car - ry Everything to God in prayer!
We should never be dis - couraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Precious Saviour, still our ref - uge—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



Chorus.



He shall cover thee with his feathers And under his wings shalt thou trust;



*rit.*



He shall cover thee with his feathers And under his wings shalt thou trust.



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## No. 45. JUST ONE TOUCH.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

1. Just one touch as He moves a-long, Push'd and press'd by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am sav'd by the bless-ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and He turns to me, O the love in His eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by His might-y pow'r, He can heal thee this ver - y hour,

Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
At His feet all my bur-dens roll,—Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
I am His for He hears my plea, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
Thou canst hear tho' the tem-pests low'r, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.

CHORUS.

Just one touch as He pass - es by, He will list to the faint-est cry,

Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal-er di - vine.
divine.

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# No. 46. IN THE UPPER GARDEN.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

Solo.

1. Just beyond the river Jor - dan, Just across its chilling tide,
2. Grow - ing in the Upper Gar - den, "Flow'rs the earth too rudely pressed,"
3. There the buds from earth transplanted For our coming watch and wait,

There's a land of life e - ter - nal,
In that land shall reach per - fec - tion
In that Up- per Garden grow - ing,

*rit.*

Duet.

Thro' its vales sweet waters glide. By the crystal riv - er
By the heav'nly Gard'ner dressed. There the flowers bloom for-
Just with - in the golden gate. Tho' our hearts may break with

flow - ing
ev - er,
sor - row,

Grows the tree of life so fair, . . . .
Death can find no entrance there; . . .
By the grief so hard to bear, . . .

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## No. 47. IN THE UPPER GARDEN.—Concluded.

*rit.*

Ma - ny loved ones wait our coming
There is life and light e - ter - nal,
We shall meet them some glad morning

In the Upper Garden
There is joy beyond com-
In that Upper Garden

CHORUS.

there.
pare.
there.

We shall meet them some bright morning,

We shall meet them some bright morning, some bright morning,

Rest - ing by the waters fair; . . . . . They are waiting for our
Resting by the waters fair, the waters fair; They are wait - ing for our

com - ing
coming, for our coming,

In the Upper Garden there.
In the Up- per Garden, in the Upper Garden there.

Gar - den there.

## No. 48. COUNTLESS MERCIES.

"According to the multitude of his mercies."—Lam. 3: 32.

FLORA KIRKLAND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Are you heavy-laden and with sorrow tried? Stop and look to Jesus, Helper,
2. Think of hidden dangers he hath bro't you thro'; Think of all the burdens he hath
3. Does your pathway darken 'neath a cloud of fear? Count your many mercies; dry each
4. As he looks from heaven now on you and me, Don't you know he chooseth what each

Friend and Guide; Think of all his mercies; such a boundless store!
borne for you; Count his words of comfort in your deep - est need;
bit - ter tear. E - ven 'mid the shadows trust him with - out fear;
day shall be? Trust his lov - ing wis- dom, though the hot tears start,

CHORUS.

Tears will change to praises as you count them o'er.
Count the times when Jesus proved a Friend indeed.
"Home will be the sweeter for the dark down here."
Give to him the incense of a grate - ful heart.

Count - less mercies!

Countless mercies! such a boundless store! Countless mercies! pressed and running o'er! Countless
boundless store! Countless mercies! pressed and run - ning o'er! Countless mercies!

mercies! try to count them o'er Till you gaze in wonder at your boundless store.
try to count them o'er

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## No. 49. JESUS IS PRECIOUS.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR. I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Peace like a riv - er is flooding my soul, Since Christ, my Saviour,
2. Joy is a- bounding, my heart gaily sings, Cleave I the heavens,
3. O precious Je - sus, how love- ly thou art! Come and, a - bid - ing,

mak - eth me whole; Sweet peace a- bid - ing my portion shall be,
mount up on wings; Christ hath ex- alt - ed, my soul he set free,
rule in my heart; Break ev-'ry fet - ter, thy face let me see,

CHORUS.

Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is precious to me.
Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is precious to me.
Then thou shalt ev - er be precious to me.

Pre - cious to me, . . . . . Pre - - - - cious is he; . . . . . .
precious to me, Je - sus, the Sav - iour, how precious is he;
Precious to me, he is

Je - sus shall ev - er . . . . be pre - cious to me. . . .
Jesus, my Sav - iour, ev - er shall be so precious to me, so precious to me.

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## No. 50. BEYOND THE SEA.

FRANK H. MASHAW. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Beyond the sea, . . that rolls be-tween This world of care and things un-
2. Beyond the sea . lies heav'ns fair shore, Where all of sin . and earth are
3. No more shall beat . the flood of years . . Across these forms . so frail and
4. Beyond the sea . there's rest and peace, There Jesus bids . . his children

seen, . . There is a land . . . of endless day, . . Where all our
o'er; . . Where care and toil . . . have passed a-way; . . Where weary
worn; . . No more shall roll . . . . the sea of tears . . . Across these
come; . . Beyond the sea . . . . the tempests cease, . . There angels

CHORUS.

tears . . . are wiped a-way. . . . }
feet . . . no more shall stray. . . }
hearts . . by anguish torn. . . . }
sing . . . a "welcome home." . . }

Beyond the sea, the restless, rolling

Beyond the

sea, . . . I hear my loved ones gently calling me, . . . I soon shall

sea, beyond the sea, I hear my loved ones calling, gently calling me,

leave the troubled shores of time And dwell for aye in that celestial clime.

I soon shall leave the shores of time, the shores of time, And dwell for aye in that celestial clime.

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## No. 51. IN THAT CITY.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest cit- y, There's a home for ev -'ry one;
2. Here we've no a - bid- ing cit- y, Mansions here will soon de - cay;
3. I have loved ones in that cit- y, Those who left me years a - go;
4. T'ward that pure and ho - ly cit- y Oft my long - ing eyes I cast;

Purchased with a price most costly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
But that cit - y God's built firmly, It can nev - er pass a - way.
They with joy are wait - ing for me, Where no fare- well tears e'er flow.
Je - sus whis- pers sweet - ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

CHORUS.

In that cit - y, bright cit - y, Soon with loved ones I shall be;
And with Jesus live for- ev- er, In that cit - y beyond death's sea.

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## No. 52. THE MIGHTY ROCK OF AGES.

E. E. Hewitt. Howard E. Smith.

1. 'Tis the mighty Rock of Ages that's beneath my feet to- day, So I need not fear the billows' angry roar; Tho' the winds are wildly raging, tho' the
2. 'Tis the mighty Rock of Ages that's beneath my feet to- day, For it stood before the sun and stars were made, And 'twill stand when skies above us like a
3. 'Tis the mighty Rock of A- ges that was cleft on Calv'ry's brow; In its riven side there's shelter for my soul; See the streams of peace and cleansing freely,
4. 'Tis the mighty Rock of Ages, 'tis the Rock once cleft for me; Burst my heart, with humble gratitude and love! Blessed Saviour, thou my refuge! all my

mountains flee away, 'Tis the Rock that standeth changeless ev - er - more.
scroll shall pass away; In its glo - ry to our wond'ring view displayed.
free - ly gushing now And there's life where'er the crimson wa - ters roll.
hopes are built on thee; I will praise thee here and in thy home a - bove.

Chorus.

Rock of Ages, naught can shake thee! Stronger than the "everlasting hills" art thou!
Thou my trust, when ills o'ertake me, Unto thee the hosts of heav'n and earth shall bow.

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# No. 53. SATISFIED.

J. W. V. J. W. VanDeVenter.

1. The loving Saviour found me Upon the mountain cold; He threw his arms a-
2. The Saviour lingered near me When on the mountain wild; When others seemed to
3. I'll nev- er, never leave him, Forget, nor turn away; I'll love, adore, be-

round me, And brought me to the fold. His love he freely gave me, His precious blood ap-
fear me, He owned me for his child. With tenderness he took me, When others turned a-
lieve him, I'll trust him and obey; I'll go where'er he leads me, Be ever at his

CHORUS.

plied; He did it all to save me, And I am sat- is- fied.
side; He saved and ne'er forsook me, And I am sat- is- fied.
side, And work where'er he needs me, For I am sat- is- fied.
} I'm sat - is- fied,

sat - is- fied, I'm sat - is - fied with Je - sus, the One who died for me; I'm

sat - is- fied. sat - is- fied, I'm satisfied with Jesus, for he makes me free.

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## No. 54. WALKING BY THE SAVIOUR'S SIDE.

IRVIN H. MACK. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O what hap - pi - ness, O what peace I know, Sweet-ly walk-ing
2. At the break of day, Or at noon-time clear, Sweet-ly walk-ing
3. At the ev - en - tide, Or in dark - est night, Sweet-ly walk ing

by my Sav - iour's side, In His love di - vine,
by my Sav - iour's side, I find hap - pi - ness,
by my Sav - iour's side, I have per - fect peace,

In His grace I grow, Sweet-ly walk-ing by my Sav-iour's side.
With my Lord so near, Sweet-ly walk-ing by my Sav-iour's side.
He's my life and light, Sweet-ly walk-ing by my Sav-iour's side.

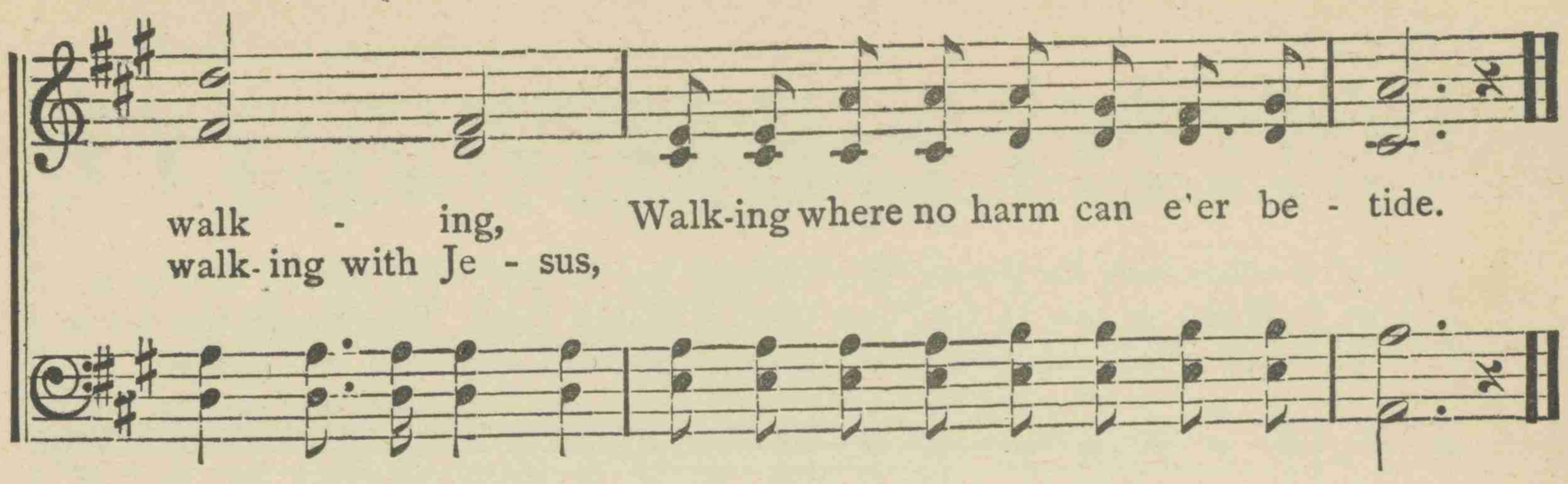
CHORUS.

Walk - ing, I'm walk - ing,
Walk - ing with Je - sus, walk - ing with Je - sus, Walk - ing dai - ly

by my Sav - iour's side, Walk - ing, I'm
Walk - ing with Je - sus, my Saviour's side,

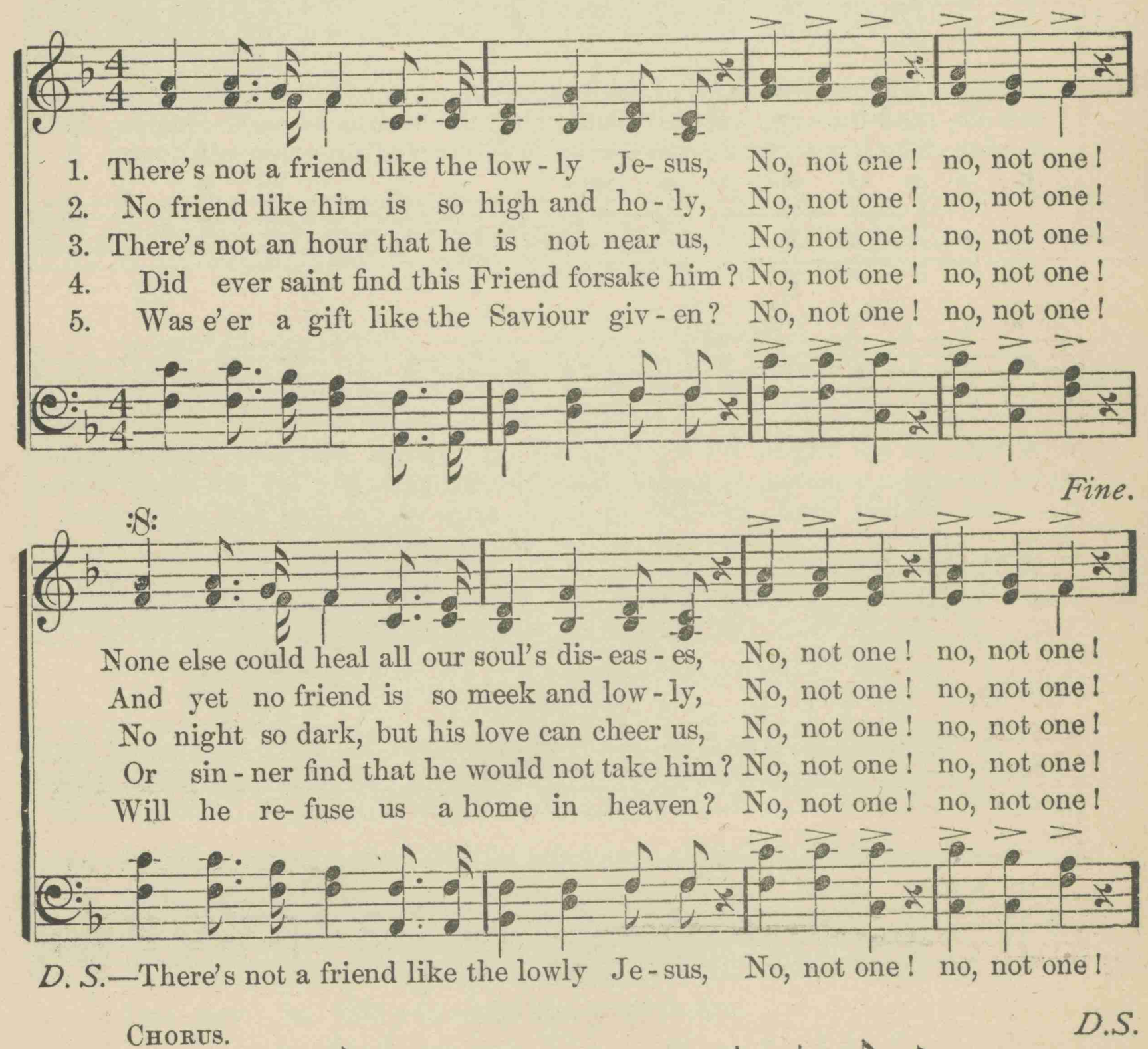
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## WALKING BY THE SAVIOUR'S SIDE.—Concluded.




## No. 55. NO, NOT ONE!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.







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## No. 56. WE MAKE NO COMPROMISE.

J. W. V. J. W. VanDeVenter.

1. We're volunteers for Jesus, His orders we o- bey, We march in line to-
2. Our lives are on the al- tar, Our trust is in the Lord, We charge the foe in
3. We preach a full salva- tion, A gospel that will save, An un- defiled re-

geth- er, A - long the King's highway; We love the Master's serv - ice, And
bat- tle, And car - ry out his word; In Je- sus' name we'll conquer, And
li- gion, The same that Je- sus gave; We live and die for oth - ers, A

work with all our might, We try to please our Captain, And dare to do the right.
claim the victor's crown, But never cease the struggle, Nor lay the armor down.
true and valiant band, En - list- ed in the arm - y For God and native land.

Chorus.

We make no compromise, We make no compromise, Never, never, never will we yield;

We make no compromise, We make no compromise, Never, never, but die upon the field.

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## No. 57. LIST! 'TIS JESUS' VOICE.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. O sin-ner, your Sav-iour now wait - ing stands He points to his
2. Your pardon he purchased on Cal - va - ry, His blood was
3. Still watching and wait-ing! be - hold your Lord; Oh! rest your sal-

side and his wounded hands, And of-fers you pardon for all your sin, Just
shed to set you free; Then tar - ry no lon-ger, but haste a - way From
vation up - on his word; He's willing to save you, oh! come to - day, With-

Chorus.

now if you'll let him he'll cleanse you within.
end - less darkness to end - less day.
stand him no longer, lest he turn a- way.
} Then list! 'tis Je - sus' voice,

*For Bass.*—Then list! O list 'tis Jesus' voice,

He bids you make him your choice, He's watching, and waiting, He's

Just now he bids you make him your choice,

call- ing you, "Come, in me find a ref- uge In heav'n find a home."

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## No. 58. JESUS, MY SAVIOR.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Keep me ev - er near Thy side,
2. Com - fort in sor - row, In af - flic - tion be my friend;
3. Down in the val - ley Leave me not a - lone to die,

Help me to trust Thee, In Thy love a - bide; When the storms as -
Draw me still near - er, Lead me to the end; When the world for -
When time is fleet - ing, Je-sus, draw me nigh. Just a lit - tle

- sail me, And the bil-lows 'round me roll, In Thy bo - som fold me,
- sakes me, And its friendship proves untrue, In Thy ten - der mer - cy
clos - er, Near-er to Thy lov-ing breast, When we cross the riv - er

REFRAIN.

Hide my troubled soul.
Gent-ly lead me through.
To the land of rest.

Je - sus, my Sav-ior, Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone; Ev - er, for - ev - er, Make Thy presence known.

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No. 59.

# CLOSE, CLOSE TO THEE!

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Close, close to thee! In childhood's fleeting moments; Close to thy side in youth's bright hours I'll be; Thee will I trust, when sorrow overwhelms me,
2. Close, close to thee! There e- vil cannot harm me; Close to thy side O may I ev - er be; Tho' dark the night, the morning still shall find me,
3. Close, close to thee! Thy hand shall ever guide me; Thee will I trust, e'en tho' I cannot see; I am content if thou wilt be my guardian;
4. Close, close to thee! When shades of ev'ning gather; When thro' the vale no gleam of light I see; When morning breaks in that ce - les- tial cit - y,

Chorus.

If thou but keep me, Saviour, close, close to thee.
With faith renewed and strengthen'd, still close to thee.
I am content, my Saviour, close, close to thee.
O may it find me, Saviour, close, close to thee.

Close, close to thee,

Close, close to thee;

O my blessed Saviour, keep me close to thee; Close, close to thee; Close, close to thee;

close to thee;

rall. p

thee, close, close to thee; O my blessed Saviour, keep me close, close to thee.

Close, close to thee, close, close to thee, my

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# No. 60. I'LL GO EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.

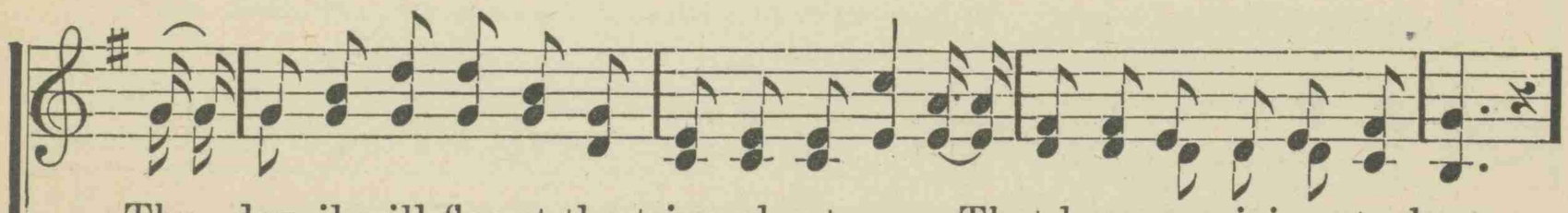
Words, except Cho., arr. by
W. A. Scott.

Music arr. by
Jennie Stromberg.



1. O friend, does the pathway seem lonely and long? Go forward with no doubt or fear;
2. Like David, tho' giants before you may tow'r, Go forward in victory's name;
3. The way it may lead thro' the dark prison door; Go on in the name of your King;
4. When Daniel of old to the lion's den went, His purpose of heart did not fail;
5. The three Hebrews walked thro' the fire without fear, By faith they rejoiced o'er the foe;
6. See Stephen, the faithful, stand true to his God, "Forgive them," was all he could say,





The dev- il will flee at the triumphant song, That heaven rejoices to hear.
Our Jesus in heaven and earth has all pow'r, His promise remaineth the same.
Think of Silas and Paul, who have gone on before, The joy of the Lord made them sing.
If your hands are washed clean and your heart is made pure, In the name of the Lord you'll prevail.
With the "Fourth like the Son of our God" ever near, We'll onward in victory go.
He saw heaven open, beheld his dear Lord, And went every step of the way.



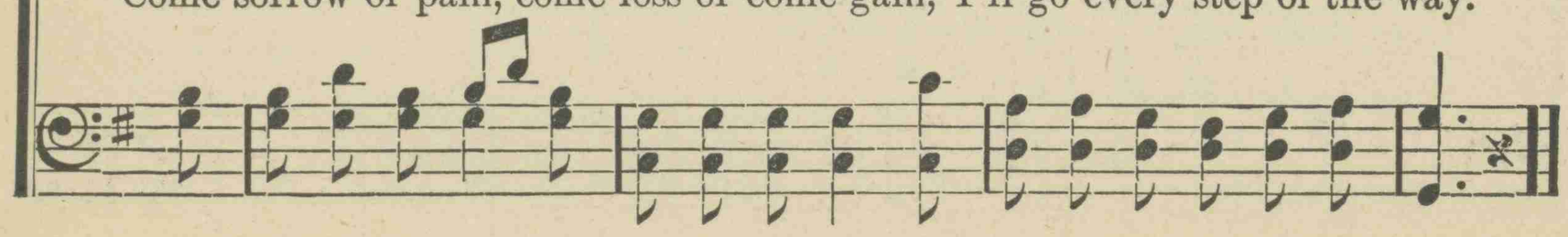
Chorus.



I'll go every step of the way, I'll go every step of the way;



Come sorrow or pain, come loss or come gain, I'll go every step of the way.



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## No. 61. JESUS ABIDES IN MY HEART.

M. Louise Smith. Howard E. Smith.

1. 'Twas when I was com-fort- less, lone - ly, and sad, My soul fill'd with yearn-ing for rest, That Je - sus took up his a - bode in my heart,
2. If on - ly I'd known what a bless- ing would come, By serv-ing this guest so di - vine, Years since I'd have o - pen'd the door of my heart,
3. No songs of bright hope and of peace could I sing, When I was a strang-er to him; But now my whole life is one glad sweet refrain,
4. How sweet the as - sur-ance he'll e'er be my guest! He'll nev - er, no, nev - er leave me, And ev - er a - bove, I shall dwell in his love,

Chorus.

A joy- giv - ing, com-fort- ing guest.
And said, "Lord, come in! I am thine."
For Je - sus has cleans'd me from sin.
And glo- ries of heav- en shall see.

O, yes! He a - bides in my heart,..... And nev- er-more will he de - part;..... My life is all brightness and peace,..... For Je - sus a - bides in my heart.....

He a - bides in my heart, nev - er - more will he de-part; all brightness and peace, in my heart.

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## No. 62. WE ARE UNDER MARCHING ORDERS.

Rev. ELISHA H. HOFFMAN. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. We are un - der marching or - ders to go in - to all the world,
2. We are un - der marching or - ders from the lips of our dear Lord,
3. We are un - der marching or - ders from our great and mighty King;
4. We are un - der marching or - ders and we nev - er will re - treat,

Je - sus gave us the com-mission long a - go, In his name to preach the
He has chos-en us as her-alds of his grace, And he bids us wit-ness
Let us do our du - ty at the Lord's command, And if we are true and
Till our Mas-ter has subdued his ma- ny foes, Till we plant sal-va-tion's

Gos - pel to the lost in ev - 'ry land, Till the whole, wide earth his
for him till the ban- ner of the Cross, Shall wave o - ver a re -
faith-ful all the world shall be redeem'd, And sal - va-tion's stream shall
ban- ner o - ver ev - 'ry hill and plain, And earth's des-ert plac - es

CHORUS.

love and grace may know.
deem'd and ho- ly race.
flow through ev-'ry land.
blossom as the rose.

Take your or - - - ders from the Mas- ter,

Take your or- ders, take your or- ders from the Mas - ter,

Take po - si - - - - - tion in the line; We shall
Take po - si - tion, take po - si - tion in the line, in the line; We shall

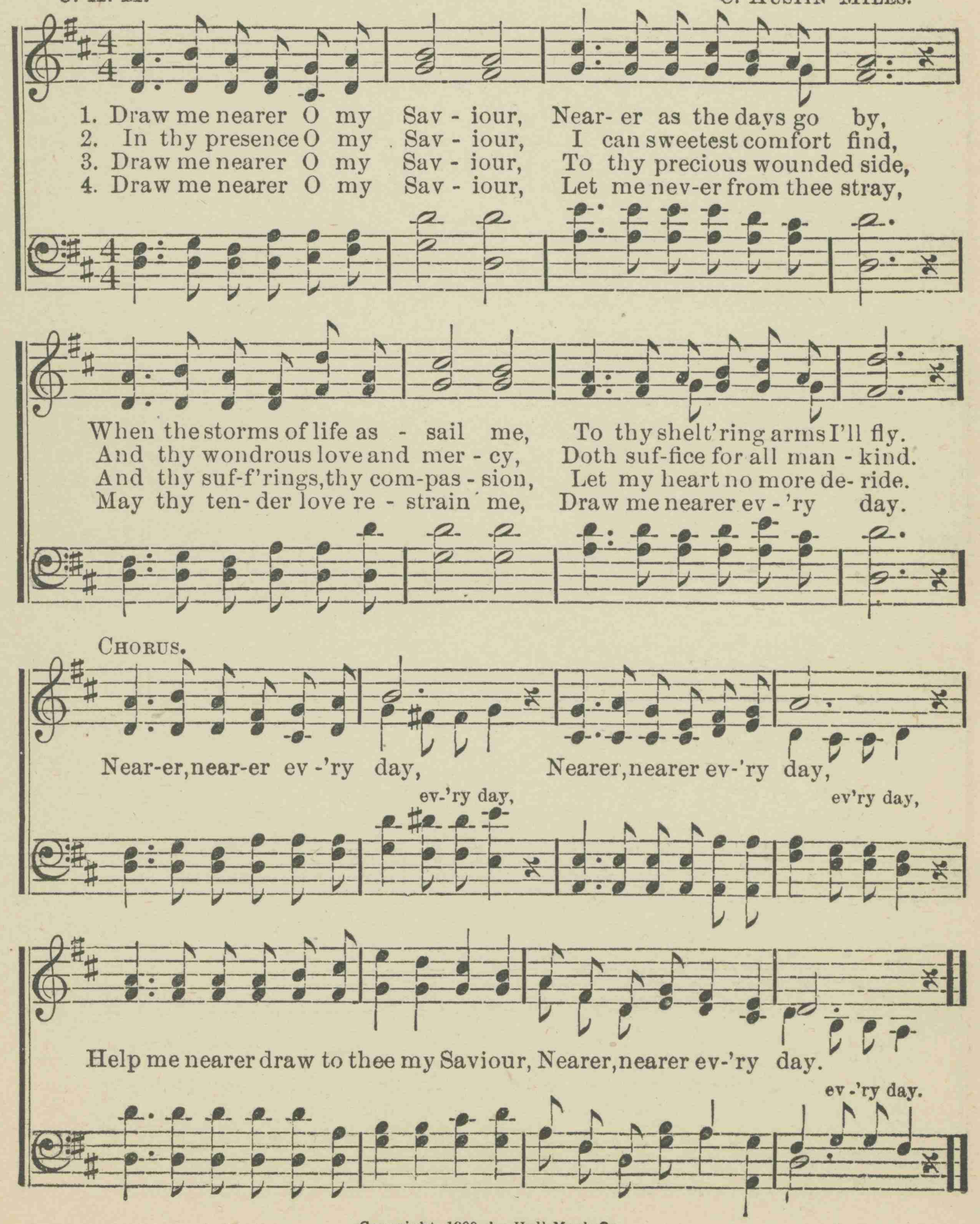
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## WE ARE UNDER MARCHING ORDERS.—Concluded.




## No. 63. NEARER EVERY DAY.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.




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## No. 64. ALL THAT I HAVE.

IRVIN H. MACK. ARTHUR WILTON.

1. All that I have of peace divine, My Saviour bought for me; He bore the
2. All that I have of blessed hope Of an e- ternal gain Was bought for
3. All that I feel of wondrous love, What blessed joy I know, Was bought by
4. All that I have I bring to him, My gain I count but loss; I humbly

cross, endured the shame, To give me liberty.
me on Calvary, Where Christ my Lord was slain.
him who died for me; My all to him I owe.
bow in gratitude, And kneel before his cross.

FIRST CHORUS.

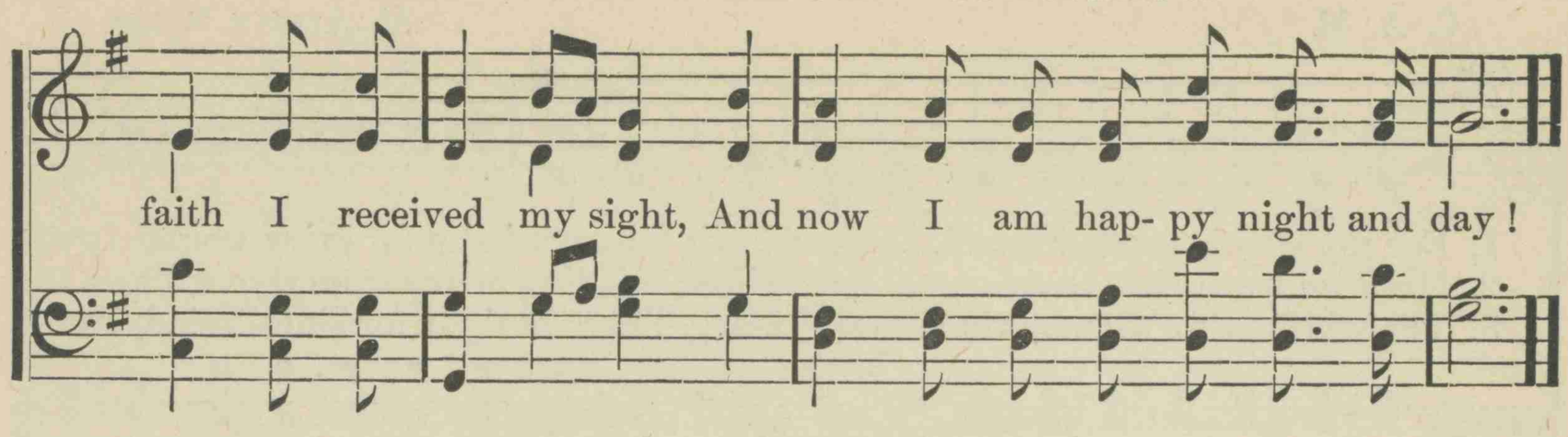
All the way to Calva- ry he went for me, He went for me, he went for me; || He died to set me free.

THIS CHORUS, IF PREFERRED.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur- den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by rolled away,

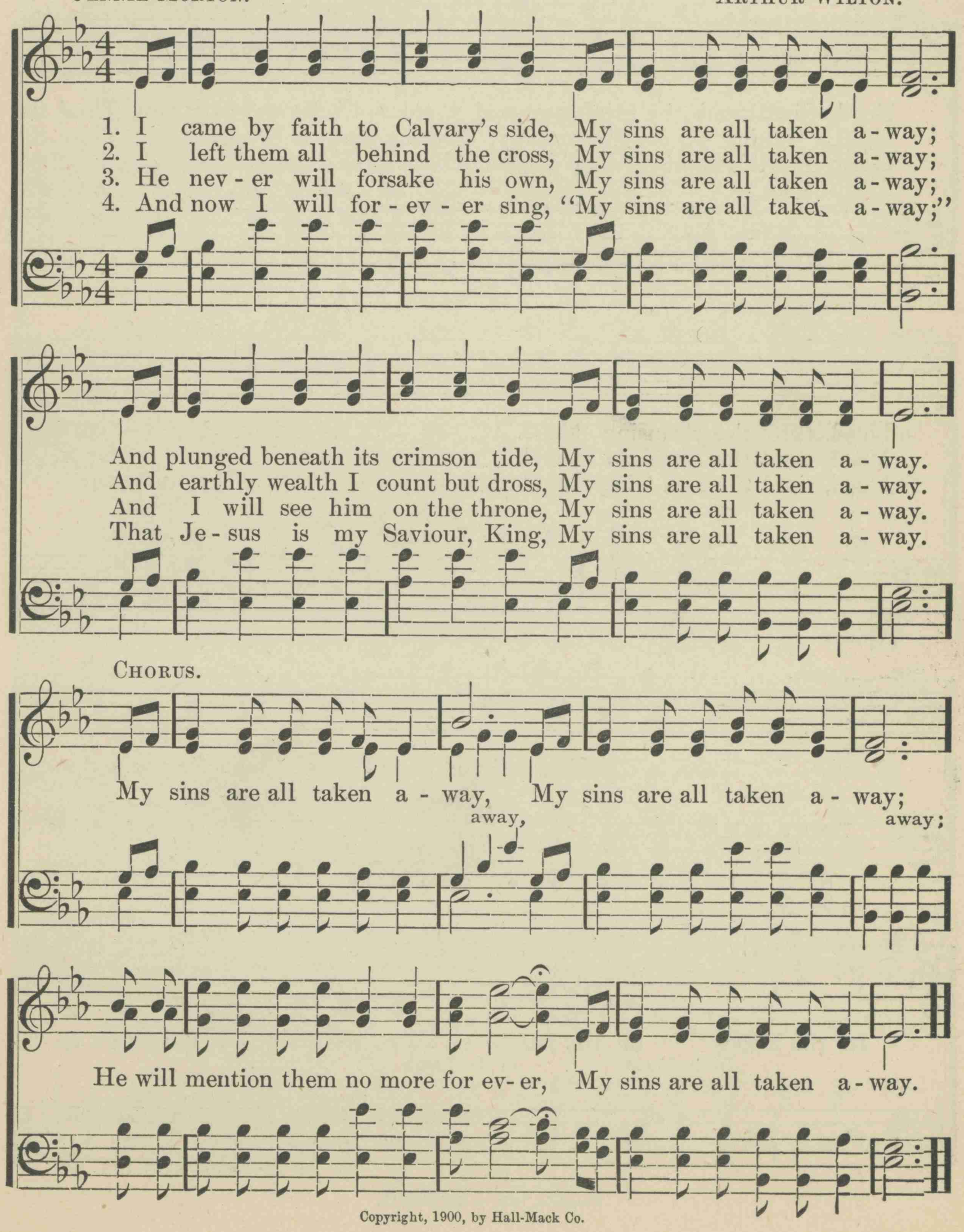
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## ALL THAT I HAVE.—Concluded.




## No. 65. ALL TAKEN AWAY.

JENNIE MORTON. ARTHUR WILTON.




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## No. 66. IN THE BLOOD.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. For my sins is pardon found, In the blood; There is balm for ev'ry wound In the
2. Here we learn that God is love, Thro' the blood; Sending mercy from above, Thro' the
3. There is hope for all mankind; In the blood; There is sight for sinful blind, In the

blood. Sinful souls, by grief oppressed, Come to Christ and be at rest, Thro' the
blood; Taking all our gloom away, Turning night to brightest day, Thro' the
blood. For the hearts in deep despair There is sweetest sol-ace there, In the

Chorus.

blood, thro' the cleansing blood.
blood, thro' the precious blood.
blood, in the heal-ing blood. Hal-le-lu-jah.

} In the blood of the

In the blood

Lamb There is pardon full and free, There is hope for you and me;
of the Lamb

In the blood of the Lamb Who was slain on Cal-va-ry.
In the blood of the Lamb

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## No. 67. THE KNOCK OF THE KING.

WM. C. STOKES. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. My heart was closed to Je - sus, Of his love I could not sing;
2. But O the love of Je - sus Un - to me such joy did bring,
3. My life I yield to Je - sus, Of his love and praise I sing;
4. How sweet to live for Je - sus, Un - to him a - lone I cling,

My life gave back no an - swer To the knock of Christ my King
When I my heart did o - pen To the knock of Christ my King.
I'm hap - py since I list - ened To the knock of Christ my King.
Since my sad heart made an - swer To the knock of Christ my King.

CHORUS.

O the knocking of the King, O the kuocking of the King;
I'm hap- py since I listened To the knocking of the King.

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## No. 68. I KNOW HE'S MINE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's One a-bove all earthly friends Whose love all earthly love transcends,
2. He's mine because he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;
3. He's mine because he's in my heart, And nev-er, nev-er will we part;
4. Some day up-on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo-ry shall behold,

It is my Lord and Christ divine, My Lord, because I know he's mine.
With joy I worship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
Then, while his arms around me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

CHORUS.

I know he's mine, . . . . this friend so dear, . . . . He lives with me, . . . . . he's ev-er near; . . . . . Ten thousand charms . . around him shine, . . And, best of all, I know he's mine.

I know he's mine, this friend so dear, He lives with me, he's ev-er near; Ten thousand charms around him shine,

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## No. 69. I AM REDEEMED.

JENNIE WILSON. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Thro' the blood once shed for me On the cross of Cal- va - ry Pardon
2. Grateful prais - es now I sing, As I love's sweet tribute bring To the
3. In that land of pure delight, Where there nevermore is night, I shall

for my sins I see; Hal - le - lu - jah! Joy is reigning in my soul;
bless- ed Saviour King; Hal - le - lu - jah! I am saved from sin and shame
dwell in glo - ry bright; Hal - le - lu - jah! With my weary struggle o'er,

From me all my burdens roll; Jesus I will e'er extol; Halle - lu - jah!
Thro' the pow'r of Jesus name; Life eternal I can claim; Halle - lu - jah!
Ful - ly trusting evermore, Jesus gladly I'll adore; Halle - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

I am re - deemed, . I am redeemed, Redeemed, re - deem - ed;
I am redeemed, I am redeemed By the Lamb of Calvary, by the Lamb of Calvary;

I am re - deemed, .. I am redeemed By the Lamb of Calva- ry.
I am redeemed, I am redeemed

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## No. 70. THE MOUNT OF PRAYER.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. When the ear - ly morn is break - ing I will seek the Mount of Prayer;
2. When the clouds of tri - al gath - er, O- ver- cast- ing all the sky,
3. When the hosts of sin en- deav - or Thus to drive me from his feet,
4. When the darkness gathers round me, At the closing of the day,

'Tis a precious time of wait - ing, For my soul is strengthened there.
Driving from my heart the sun- shine, To the Mount of Pray'r I'll fly.
To the Mount of Prayer I'll hast - en, 'Tis an on - ly safe re - treat.
From the Mount of Prayer a- bove me Comes a cheering, helping ray.

Chorus.

To the Mount I'll go, To the
To the Mount I will go, to the Mount I will go, To the

Mount I'll go, When the hosts of
Mount I will go, to the Mount I will go,

sin sur - round me, To the Mount of Prayer I'll go.

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## No. 71. SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than
2. There's mu- sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near The
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise and love, For

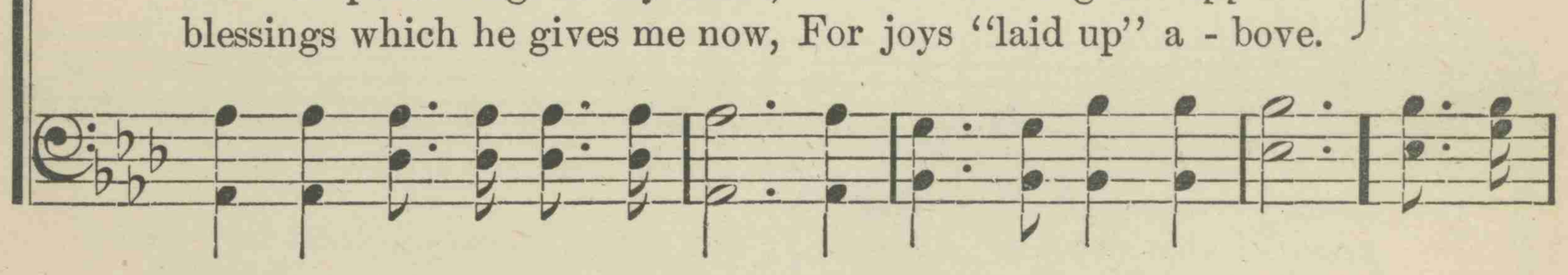


Refrain.



glows in an - y earthly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
Je - sus, list - en- ing can hear The songs I can- not sing.
dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace appear.
blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

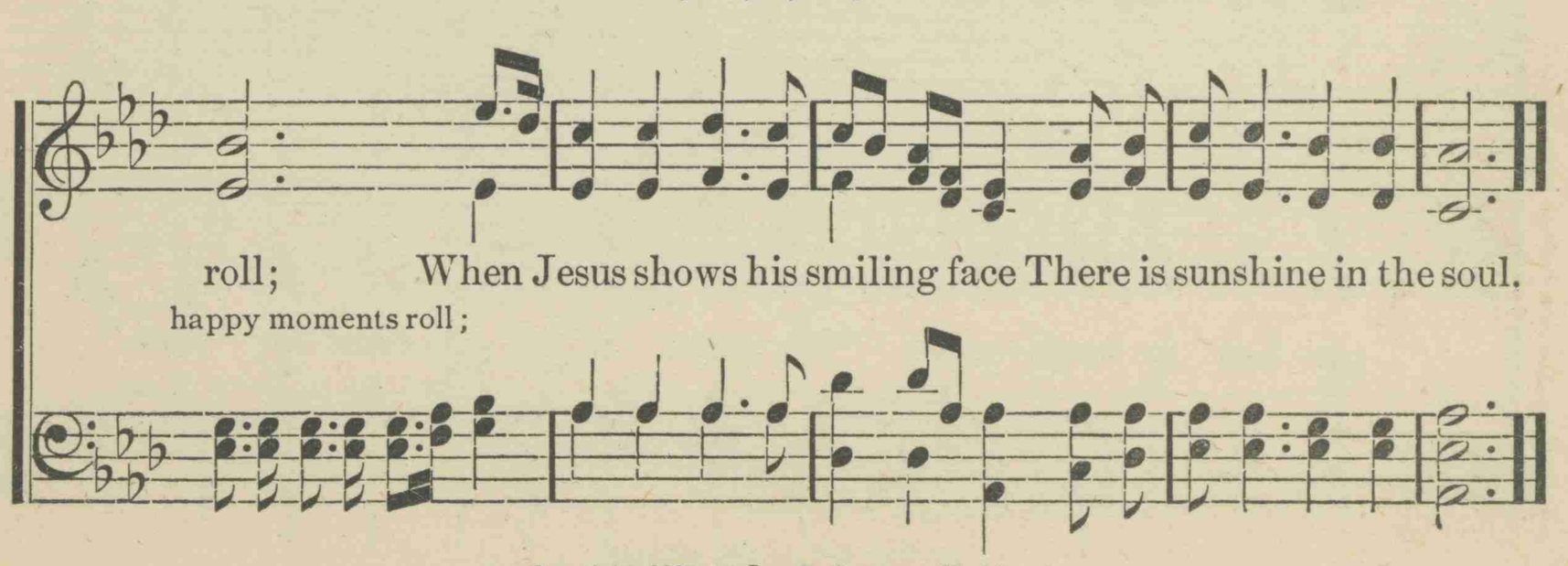
O there's



sun - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments
sunshine in the soul, bless - ed sunshine in the soul,



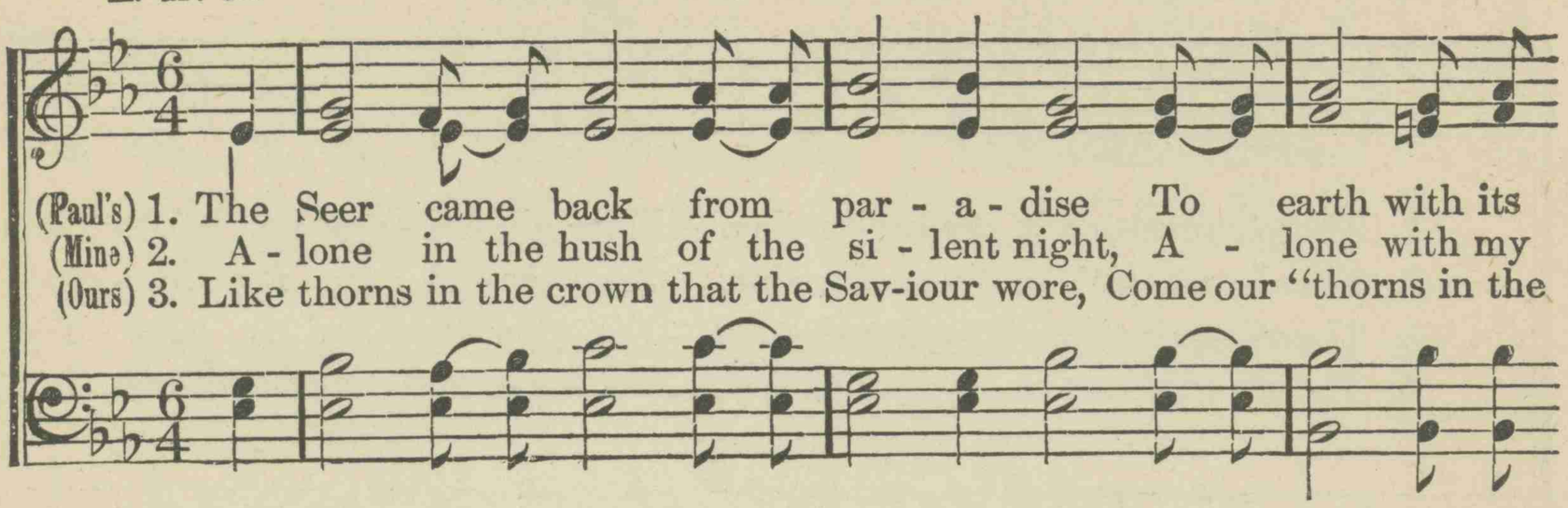
roll; When Jesus shows his smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
happy moments roll;

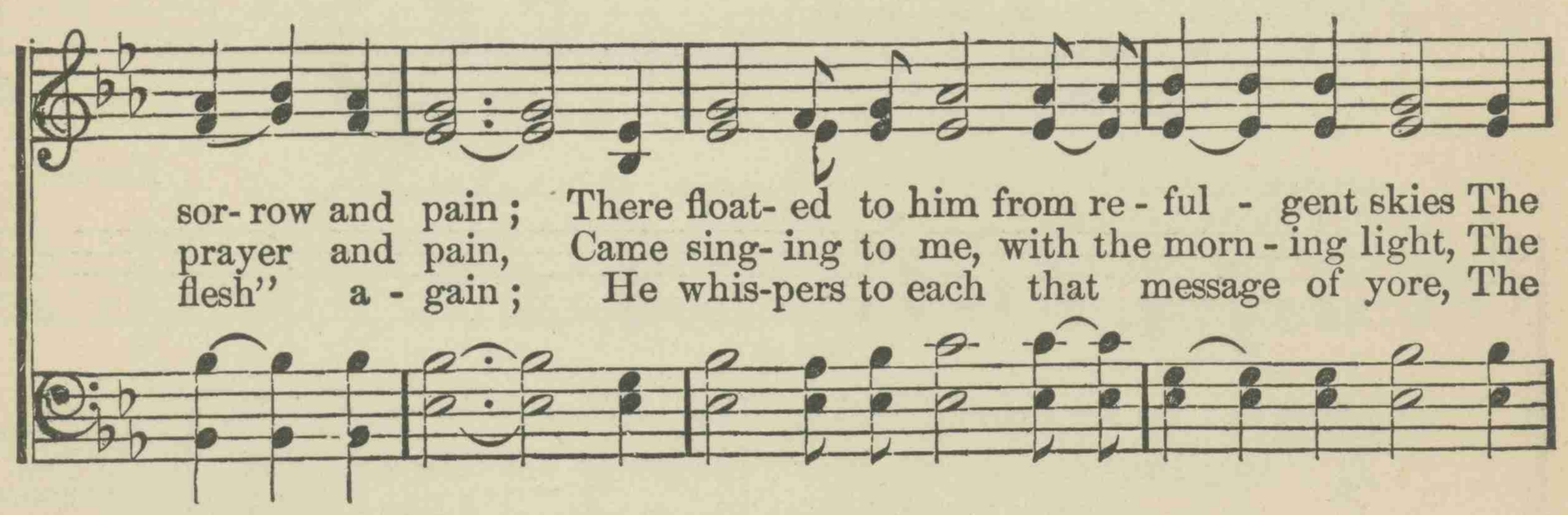


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## No. 72. "MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE."

A personal experience of the author, based on the promise given to
L. H. B. Paul in 2 Cor. 12: 1–9. REV. L. H. BAKER.




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## No. 73. SAVED THROUGH JESUS' BLOOD.

J. W. V. J. W. VanDeVenter.

1. Sometime we'll stand before the judgment bar, The quick, the risen dead;
2. I'll then receive a bright and star-ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
3. Then we shall meet to never part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;

The Lord will then make known the record there; Our names will all be read.
And when I've been with him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
We'll lay our burdens down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for-ev - er more.

CHORUS.

I'll be present when the roll is called, Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood;
I will an-swer when they call my name; Saved thro' Je - sus blood.

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## No. 74. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur- den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit- er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Jesus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans- ing to Cal - va- ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv- ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly his prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won- der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,

wonder-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

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## No. 75. JESUS PROMISED ME A HOME.

H. Lutton. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's a place in heav'n pre - pared for me, When the toils of this life are o'er; Where the saints, robed in white, shall for - ev - er be,
2. In my Fa - ther's home are mansions bright, Je - sus says it and I know 'tis true; There's a home for me, in that land of light,
3. Ma - ny dear ones we loved are before the throne, In that happy, happy home on high; I shall walk with them thro' the streets of gold,
4. In that home a - bove, be- yond the skies, Soon from sickness, pain and death I'll be, There with Je - sus to reign for - ev - er- more,

Chorus.

Singing prais - es for- ev - er - more.
Brother, sis - ter, there is one for you.
I shall wear a star - ry crown by and by.
Through - out all e - ter - ni - ty.

} Je- sus promised me a home o - ver there, Jesus promised me a home o - ver there; No more sickness, sorrow, pain or death, Jesus promised me a home o - ver there.

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No. 76.

# HIS WAY WITH THEE.

C. S. N.

Psalm 37: 5.

(Consecration.)

Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Jesus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have him bear your burden,
2. Would you have him make you free, and follow at his call? Would you know the peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have him save you, so that
3. Would you in his kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove him true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his ser - vice la - bor

Chorus.

carry all your load? Let him have his way with thee.
you need never fall? Let him have his way with thee.
always at your best? Let him have his way with thee

} His power can make you what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for him to have his way with thee.

rit.

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## No. 77. MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem-er when I reach the oth - er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his bless-ed face, And the lus-tre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the mer - cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our parting at the riv-er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E- den they will sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot - less white, He will lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall min- gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
I shall know him,
I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.
I shall know him,

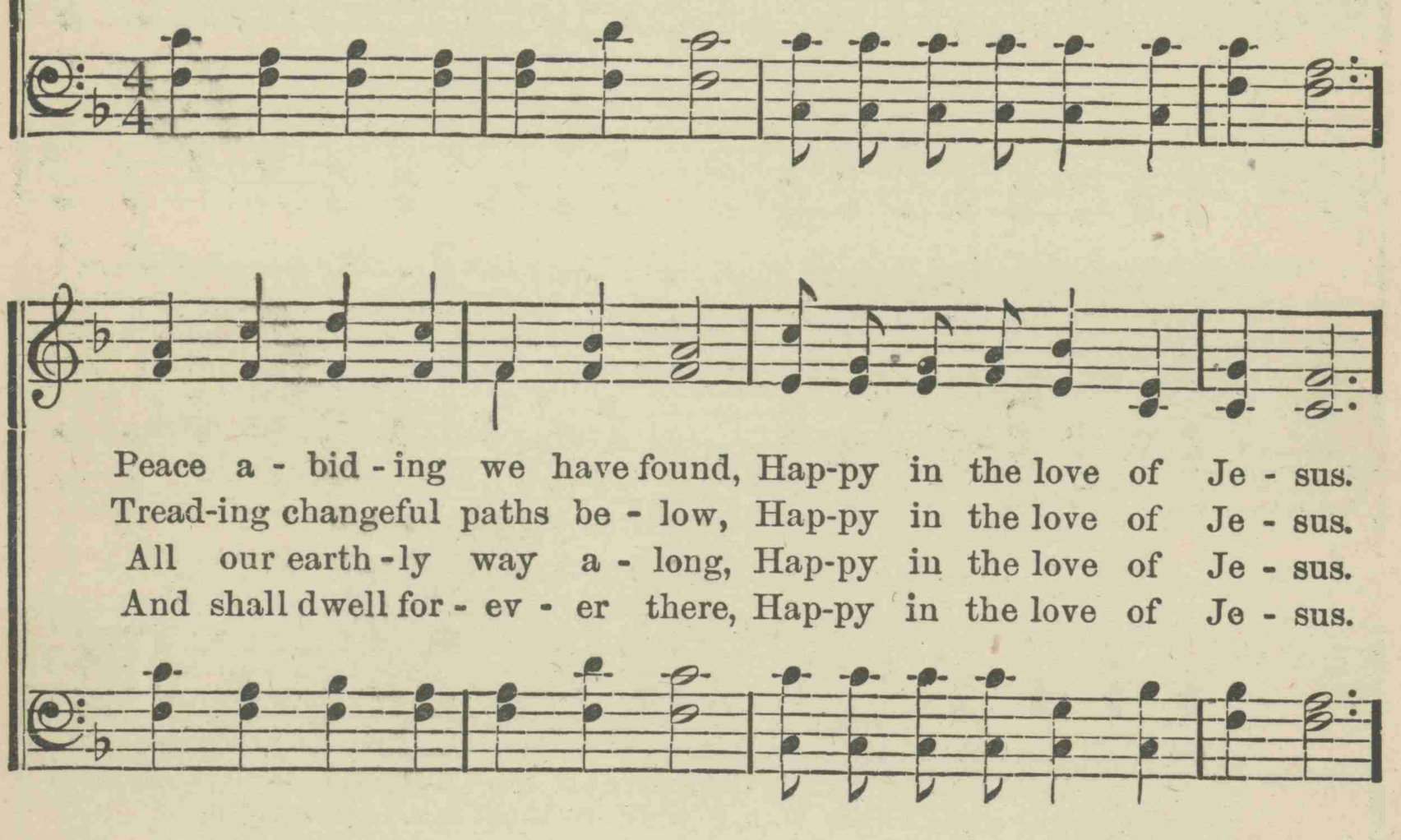
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## No. 78. HAPPY IN THE LOVE OF JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON. J. LINCOLN HALL.



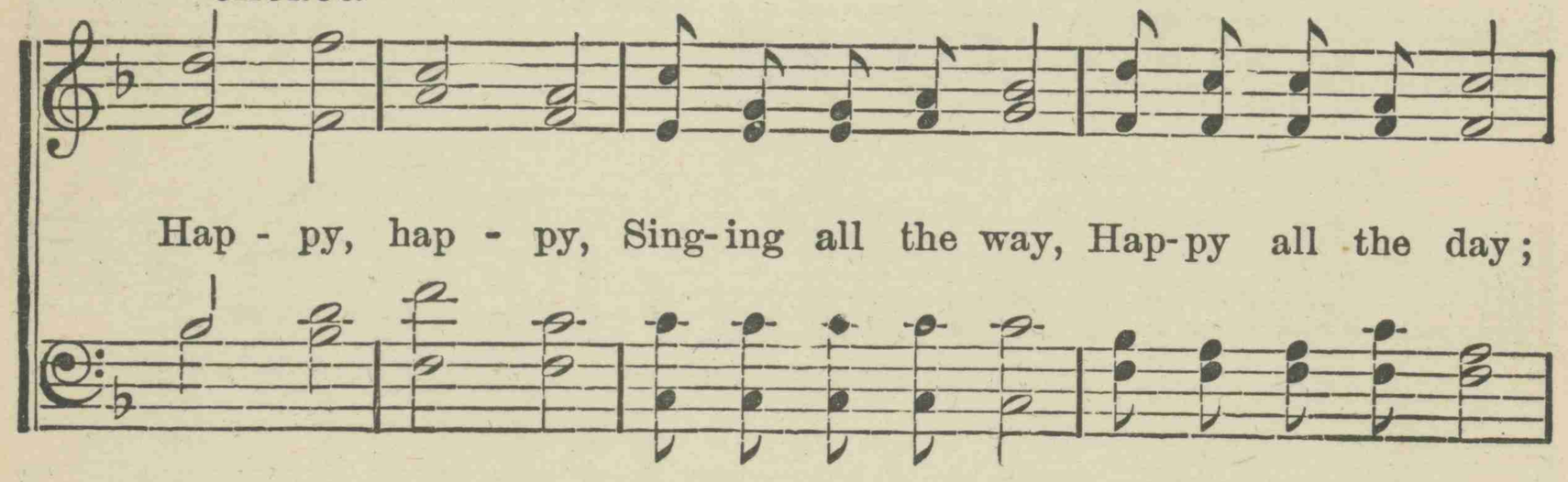
1. Home to Zi - on we are bound, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus,
2. Trust-ing we will for-ward go, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus,
3. We will sing sal - va-tion's song, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus,
4. Soon we'll reach the home-land fair, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus,



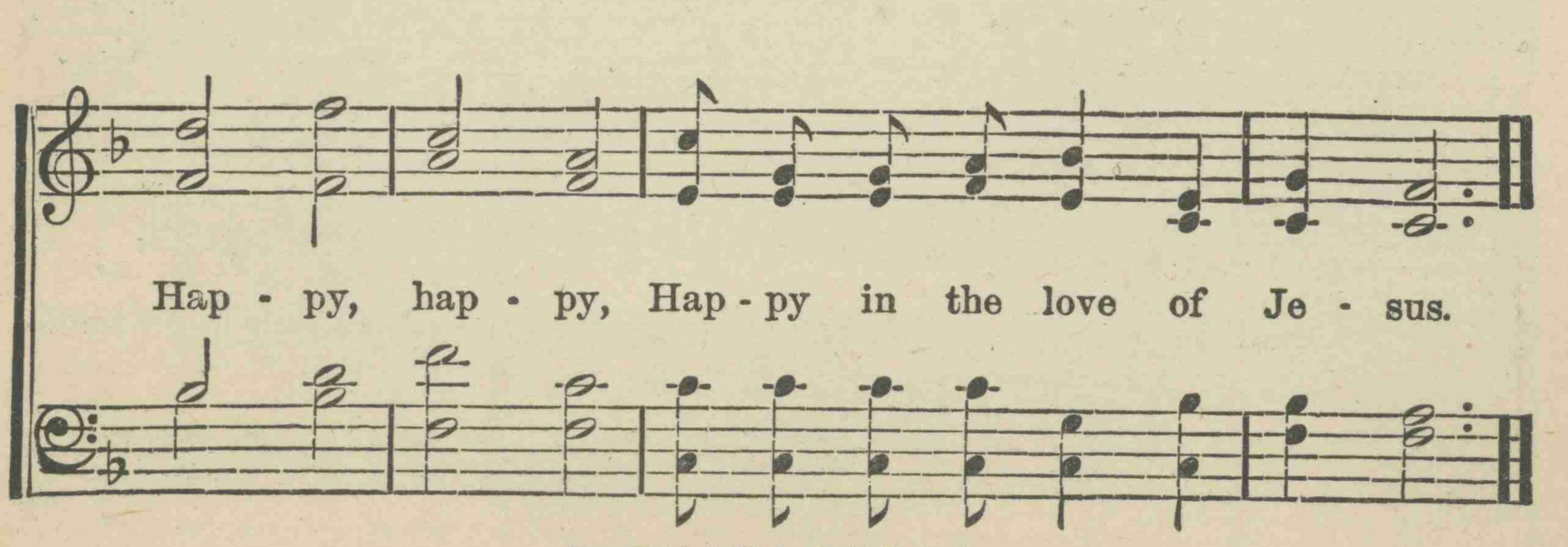
Peace a - bid - ing we have found, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.
Tread-ing changeful paths be - low, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.
All our earth - ly way a - long, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.
And shall dwell for - ev - er there, Hap-py in the love of Je - sus.



CHORUS.



Hap - py, hap - py, Sing-ing all the way, Hap-py all the day;



Hap - py, hap - py, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.

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# No. 79. MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. I nev - er can for- get the day I heard my moth-er kind- ly say,
2. I nev - er can for- get the voice That always made my heart re-joice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't forget Those words of love— I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for- get the hour I felt the Saviour's cleansing pow'r,

"You're leaving now my tender care; Remember, child, your mother's pray'r."
Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I remember mother's pray'r.
I see her by the old arm chair, My mother dear, in humble pray'r.
My sin and guilt he canceled there, 'Twas there he answered mother's pray'r.

Chorus.

1, 2, & 3. Whene'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
4. Oh, praise the Lord for sav- ing grace! We'll meet up yonder face to face

A voice comes floating on the air, Reminding me of mother's pray'r.
The home a-bove to-geth-er share, In an-swer to my mother's pray'r.

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## No. 80. LOOKING THIS WAY.

J. W. V.

J. W. VanDeVenter.

Duet.

1. O-ver the riv - er fa- ces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me;
2. Father and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sister, gone to that clime, Wait for the others, coming sometime;
4. Sweet little darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning come;
5. Jesus the Saviour, bright morning star, Looking for lost ones, straying afar;

Free from their sorrow, grief and despair, Waiting and watching, patiently there.
Bearing the loved ones o-ver the tide In- to the harbor, near to their side.
Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting below.
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously looking, mother, for you.
Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home."

Chorus.

Looking this way, yes, looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;

Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glory looking this way.

Copyright, 1895, by J. W. VanDeVenter.

No. 81.

# DOING HIS WILL.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his word, Just to feel I am his ev-'ry day;
2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the Lord knoweth best;
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je-sus for my dearest friend;

Just to walk by his side with his Spir-it to guide, Just to
Just to yield to his will, just to trust and be still, Just to
Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to obtain, True and

Chorus.

fol-low where he leads the way.
lean on his bos-om and rest.
faith-ful he'll be to the end.

Just to say what he wants me to
what he

*pp*

say, And be still when he whispers to me;..... Just to
wants me to say, when he whispers to me;

go where he wants me to go,..... Just to be what he wants me to be.
where he wants me to go,

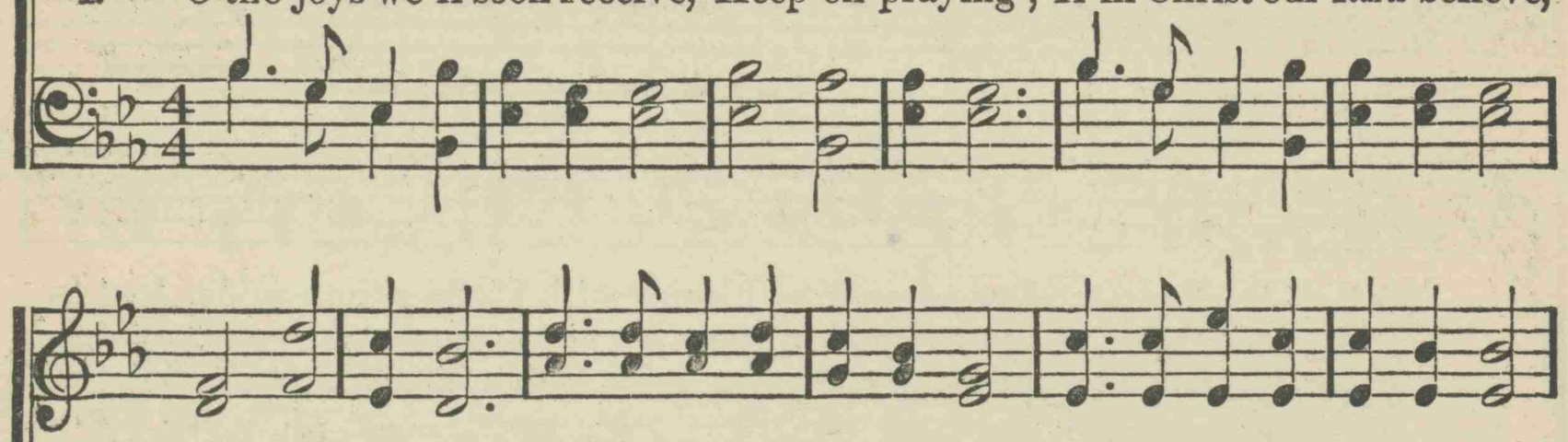
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## No. 82. KEEP ON PRAYING.

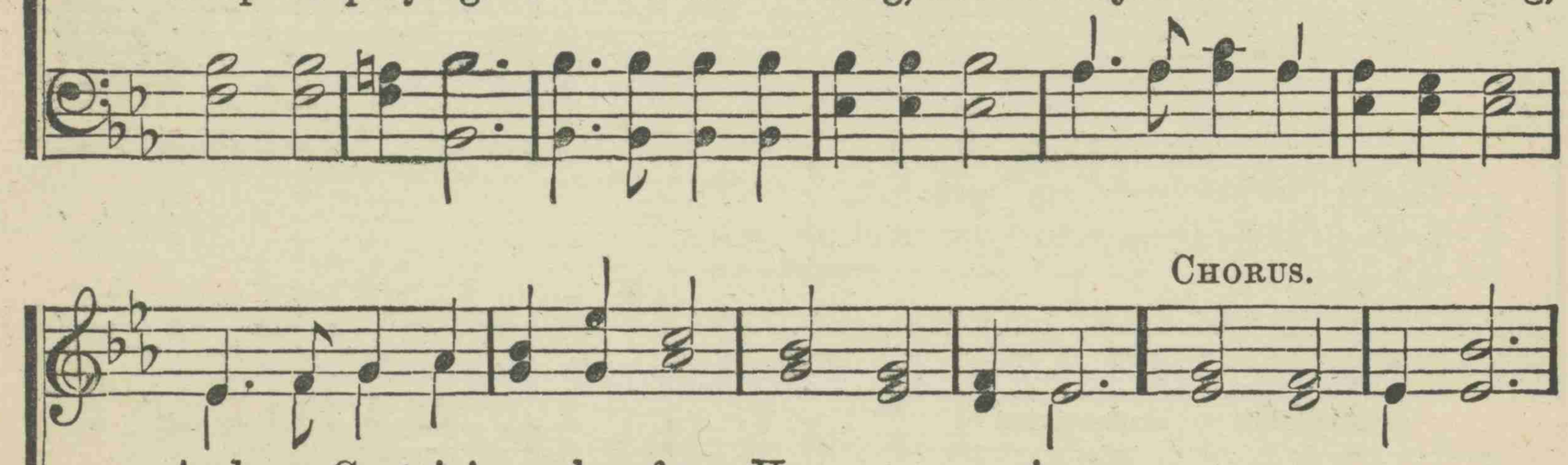
R. O. Smith. J. Lincoln Hall.



I. Soldier, is the battle long? Keep on praying; Right will surely conquer wrong,
2. Pilgrim, have you weary grown? Keep on praying; Christ won't leave you all alone,
3. Christian has your faith grown weak? Keep on praying; Do the tears roll down your cheek?
4. O the joys we'll soon receive, Keep on praying; If in Christ our hearts believe,

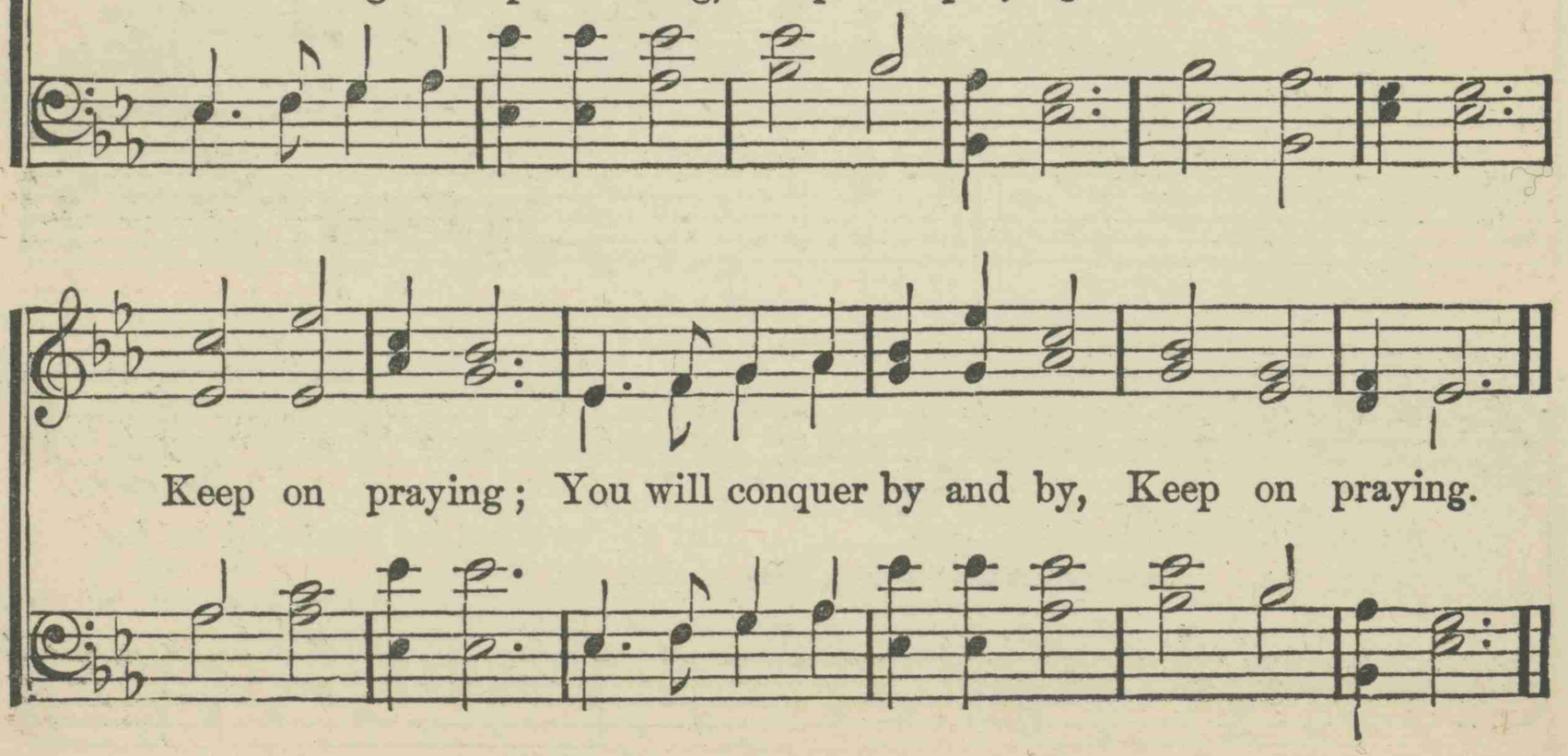


Keep on praying. Do not heed the cannon's roar, Wars shall cease and be no more,
Keep on praying. God will hear your eager pray'r, Soon a starry crown you'll wear,
Keep on praying. Soon you never more will sigh, Tears no more will dim your eye,
Keep on praying. If to Jesus we belong, Soon we'll join the ransom'd throng,



Chorus.

And our Captain's on be-fore, Keep on praying.
And the joys of heav'n you'll share, Keep on praying.
You will conquer by and by, Keep on praying.
And we'll sing redemption's song, Keep on praying.
} Keep on praying,



Keep on praying; You will conquer by and by, Keep on praying.

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# No. 83. HE WILL MEET ME AT THE GATE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. My Saviour has a home prepared beyond the skies, Where ransomed ones my
2. I long to see his face, my Prophet, Priest and King; I long to meet those
3. Within that city fair the streets are paved with gold, There loved ones never
4. So all the way along by faith I'll hold his hand, My life and all to

com - ing a- wait; And when my Lord shall bid me enter Par - a- dise, I
loved ones who wait Within the jasper walls, where harps of angels ring; I
more sep - a- rate; But sweeter still the thought that Jesus I'll behold, For
him consecrate, And know that, when at last I reach the promised land, My

CHORUS.

want to meet my Saviour at the gate.
long to meet my Saviour at the gate.
sure - ly he will meet me at the gate.
Sav- iour will be waiting at the gate.

} I know he will meet me at the

gate, I know he will meet me at the gate; When before the jasper
at the gate, at the gate;

wall, on my Saviour's name I call, Then I know he will meet me at the gate.
at the gate.

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## No. 84. RISE AND FOLLOW JESUS.

E. E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Rise and follow Jesus, Meet him at the cross; Where he died to save thee
2. Rise and follow Je- sus, In life's daily care; Take his yoke upon thee,
3. Rise and follow Je - sus, Going as he went, To the poor and sin- ful,

From eternal loss; There, thy sins confessing, Find a full release; Hear his
And his burden bear; Looking for his footprints, Stepping where he leads, Strength is
On love's mission bent: Take his precious gospel To the spirit-blind Till they

Chorus.

voice of mercy, Saying, "Go in peace." } Rise and follow Jesus, Hear the loving
surely given, Grace for all thy needs.
too, shall see him And salvation find.

Hear the

call; Hasten now to answer, Gladly leaving all; Follow thro' green
loving call; Glad - ly leaving all;

pastures, Or thro' deserts dry, To the happy mansions Built beyond the sky.

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## No. 85. "REPENT YE."

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's a Voice in sin's wil- der- ness, ringing so clear, "Repent ye, re-
2. Heed the Voice that is sounding God's love for lost man, "Repent ye, re-
3. That sweet Voice was born in the bosom of God; "Repent ye, re-

pent ye, repent ye;" Give heed as that warning shall fall on your ear, "Re-
pent ye, re-pent ye;" O turn from your evil just now while you can; "Re-
pent ye, re-pent ye;" A message of grace, where it might be a rod; "Re-

CHORUS.

pent ye, re-pent ye, re-pent ye." Re- pent while the time may be

still called to-day; Turn not from the ten-der en- treat- y a-way; Give

heed while that Voice doth in loving tones say, "Repent ye, repent ye, repent ye."

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## No. 86. DEEPER YET.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

CHORUS.

free from dross Still I would en-ter in.
of his pow'r Ev-er my pray'r would be.
he will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure within.

} Deep-er yet, Deep- er yet,

Into the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.

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## No. 87. NEARER, STILL NEARER.

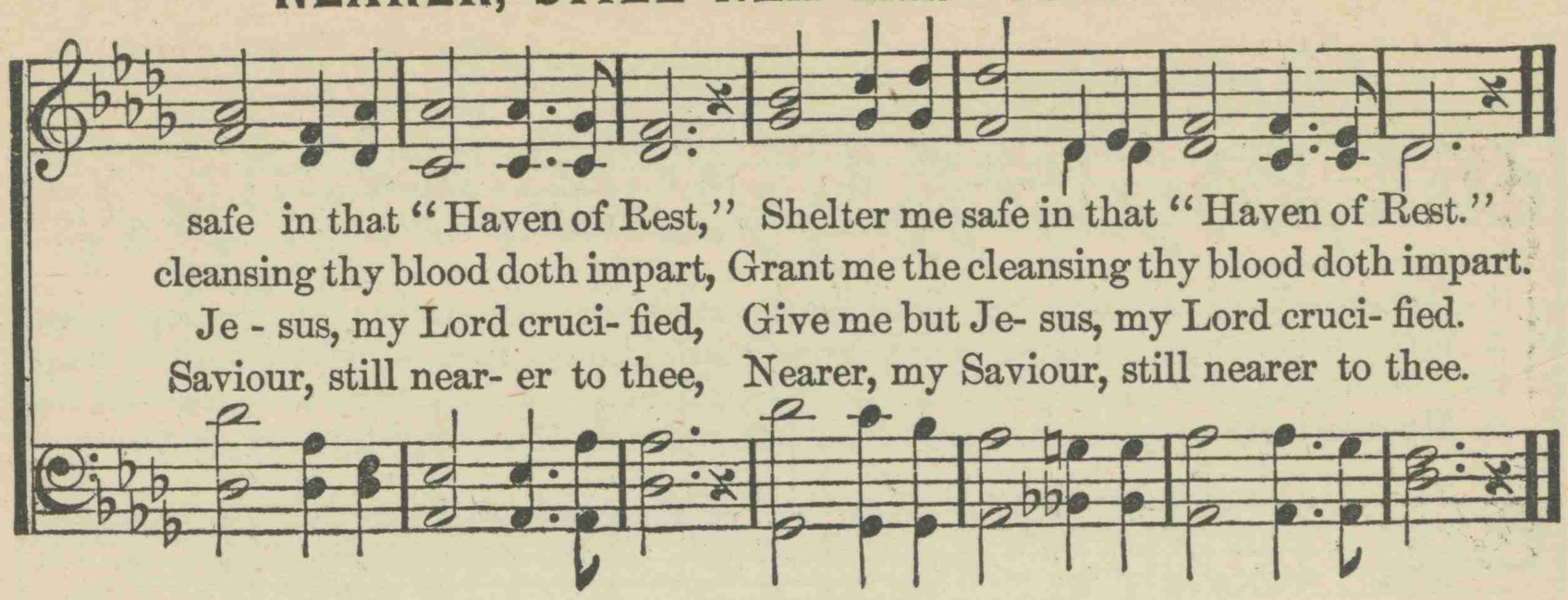
C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Near - er, still near- er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-iour, so
2. Near - er, still near- er, noth- ing I bring, Naught as an off-'ring to
3. Near - er, still near- er, Lord, to be thine Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near - er, still near- er, while life shall last, Till all its struggles and

precious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shel-ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sinful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad- ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
tri - als are past; Then thro' e- terni-ty, ev - er I'll be Near-er, my

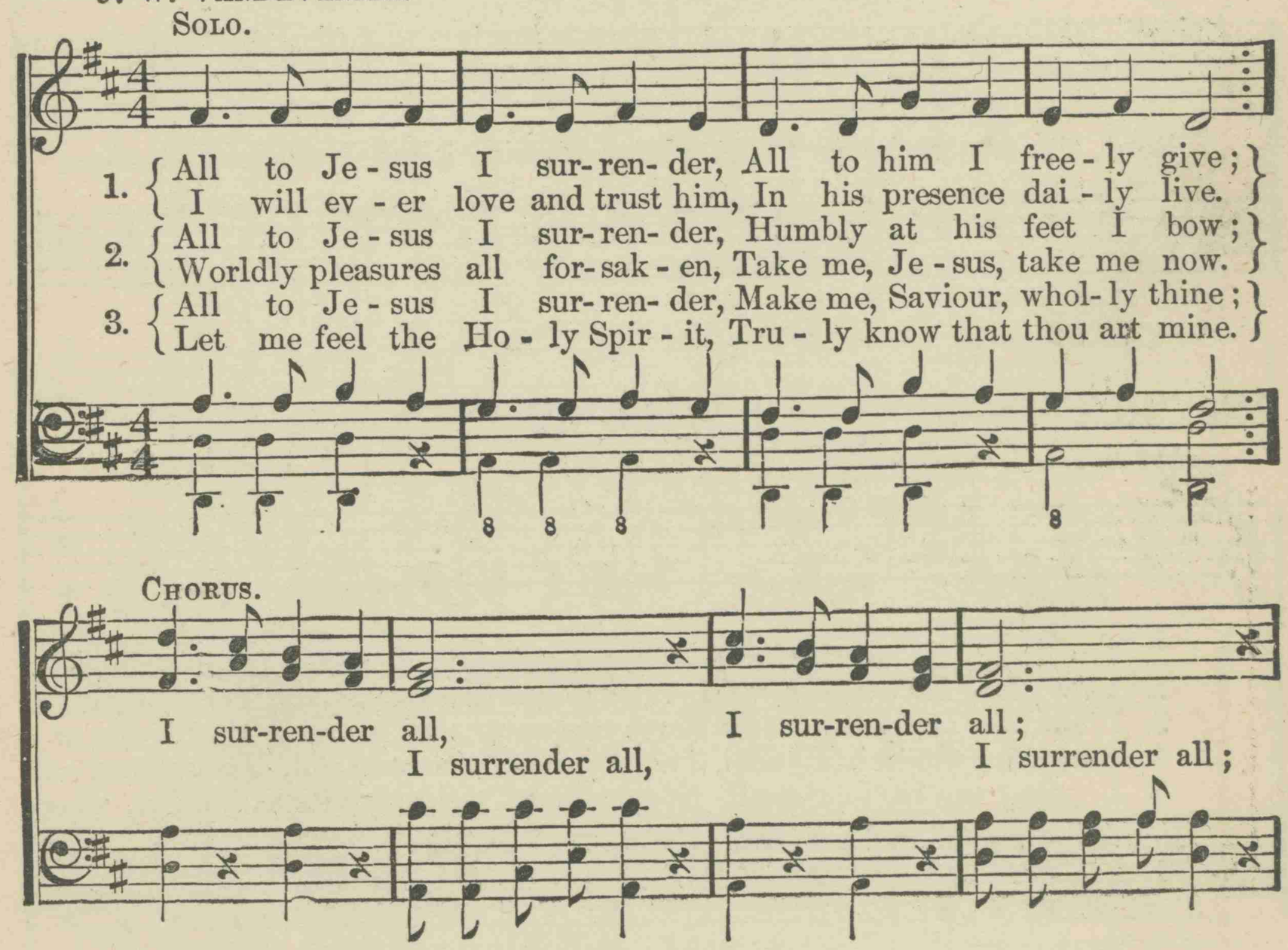
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## NEARER, STILL NEARER.—Concluded.




## No. 88. I SURRENDER ALL.

J. W. VanDeVenter. W. S. Weeden.




4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee;
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

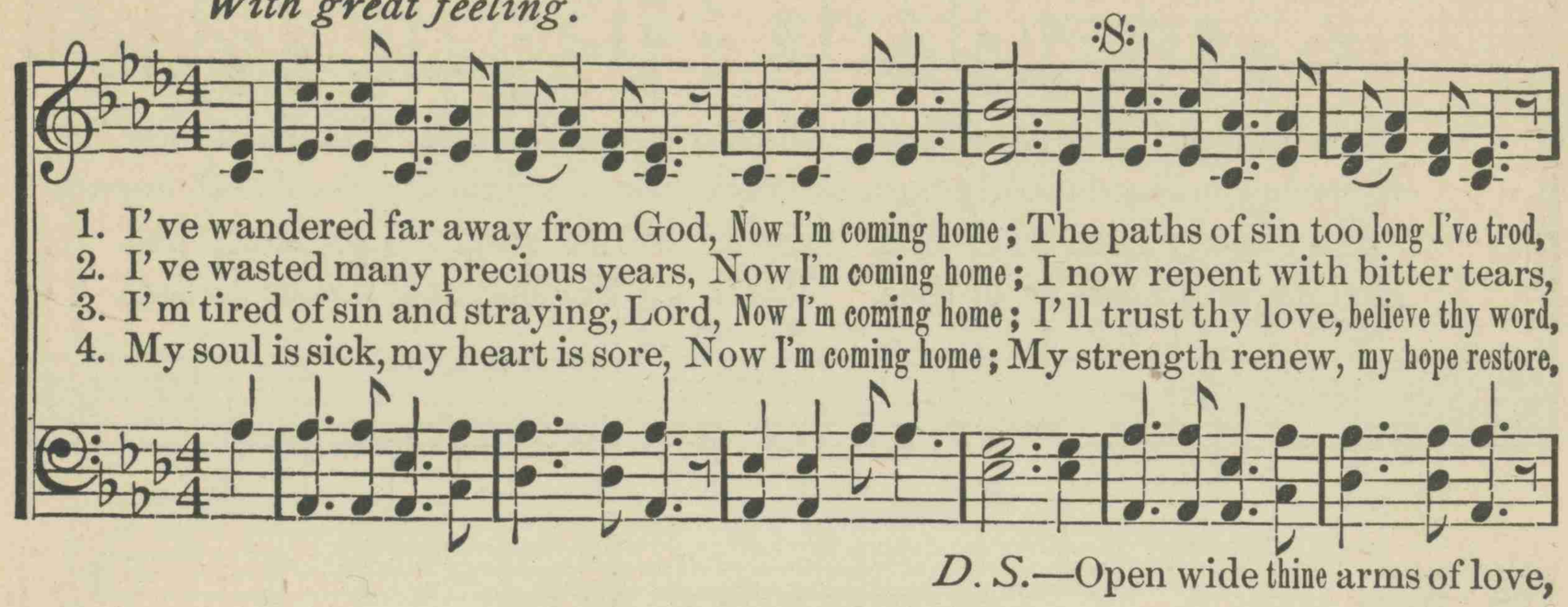
5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name!

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## No. 89. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

*With great feeling.*



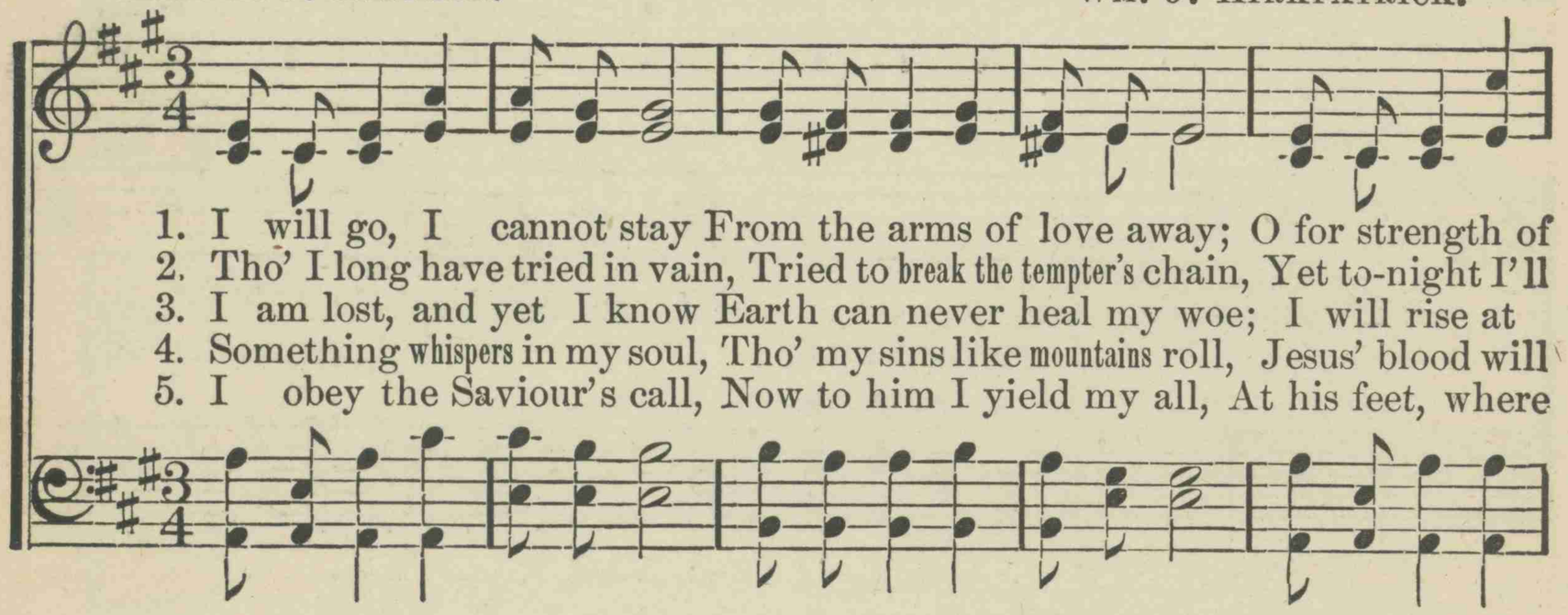

*Fine.* Chorus. *D.S.*




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## No. 90. I WILL GO.

Martha J. Lankton. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.




Chorus.




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## I WILL GO.—Concluded.

*rit.*

There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Jesus died for me.

## No. 91. JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

J. V. C. Arr.

1. All ye saints of light proclaim, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
2. Hear the Saviour's earn - est call, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
3. Why not seek him then to - day, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
4. Come, confess him as your King, Je - sus, the Light of the world;

Life and mer - cy in his name, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Send the gos - pel truth to all, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Go with truth the nar - row way, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Then the bells of heav'n will ring, Je - sus, the Light of the world.

CHORUS.

We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright;

Shine all around us by day and by night, Jesus, the Light of the world.

## No. 92. ONLY COMING TO JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. On - ly coming to Je - sus, Coming to tell him all; :‖ Seeking his full for - giveness, While at his feet (*Omit*.....) we fall.
2. On - ly coming to Je - sus, Losing our fear and doubt; :‖ Hearing his gracious prom- ise, "I will not cast (*Omit*.....) thee out."

CHORUS.

On - ly coming to Jesus, Only turning from sin; :‖ This is the life of the Christian, (*Omit*.....) This is the way to begin.

3 Only coming to Jesus,
Coming to learn his will;
Bringing our empty vessels,
Vessels his grace will fill.

4 Only coming to Jesus,
Coming to learn his love,
Love, like the light of heaven,
Shining for us above.

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## No. 93. THE CLOUDS HAVE ROLLED AWAY.

M. LOUISE SMITH. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. A joy divine now fills my heart And glad I sing to-day, For since the Saviour
2. Before I took him for my guide, There seemed not one bright ray; But since I heard his
3. My burdens sore, my sins so grave, I at his feet did lay, And 'neath his calm, for-
4. The blessed light of gospel truth Illumes my path each day, And with him ever

CHORUS.

took my hand The clouds have rolled away.
sweet "My child," The clouds have rolled away.
giv - ing smile, The clouds have rolled away.
at my side, The clouds have rolled away.

} The clouds have rolled away, O

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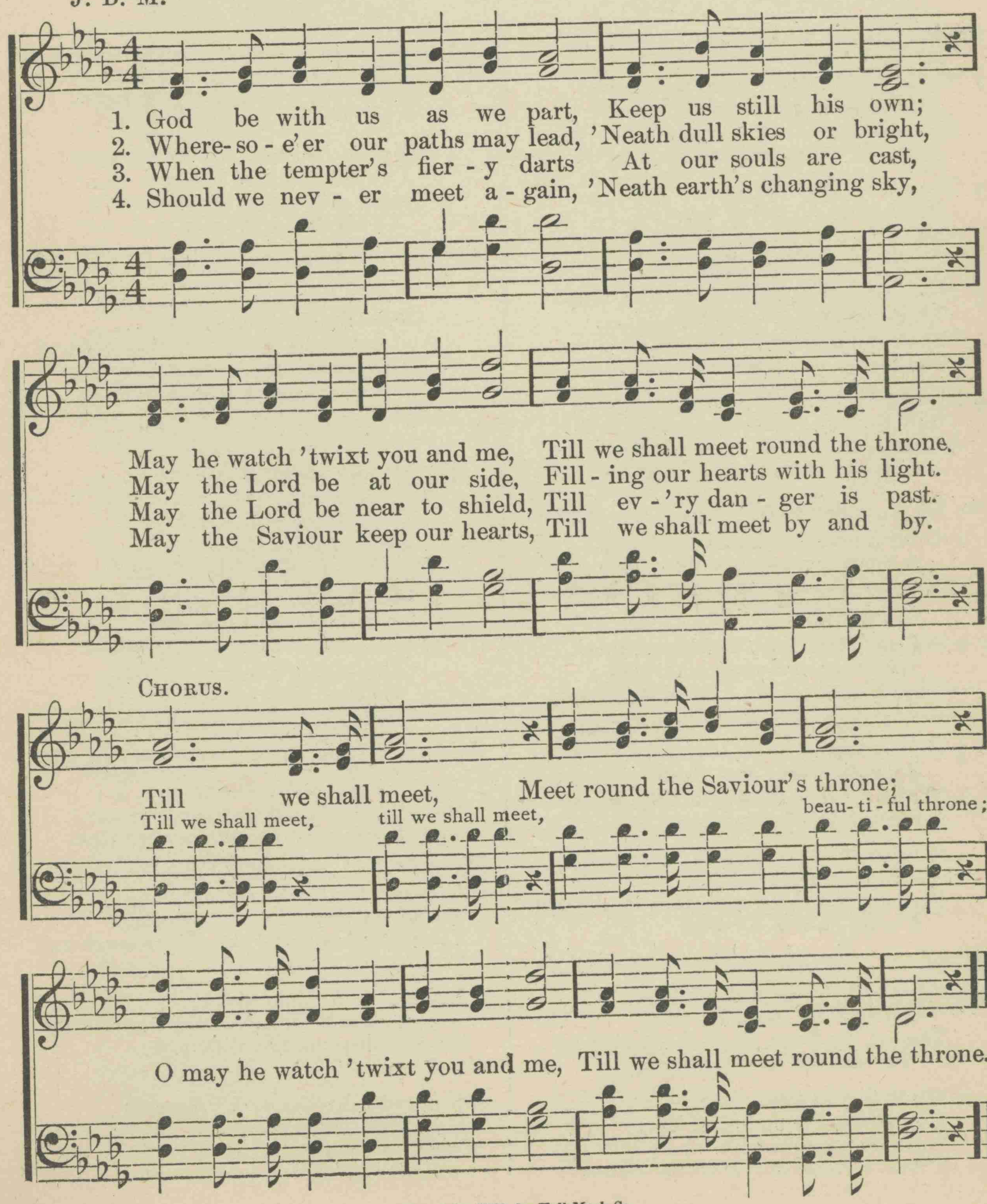
## THE CLOUDS HAVE ROLLED AWAY.—Concluded.




## No. 94. TILL WE MEET ROUND THE THRONE.

J. B. Mackay.

J. B. M.




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**No. 95. Tune, CORONATION. Key G.**

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

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

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

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

**No. 96. Tune, CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. Key C.**

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

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

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

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

**No. 97. Tune, AZMON. Key A.**

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

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

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

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

**No. 98. Tune, AVON. Key A♭.**

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

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

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

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

**No. 99. Tune, COMMUNION. Key A♭.**

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

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

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

4 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.

**No. 100. Tune, RAPTURE. Key E.**

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

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

3 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me."

**No. 101. Tune, WOODWORTH. Key E♭.**

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

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

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

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

**No. 102. Tune, GREENVILLE. Key F.**

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

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

3 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.

**No. 103. Tune, LOVE DIVINE. Key B♭.**

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

**No. 104. Tune, LENOX. Key B♭.**

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

2 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

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

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. 105. I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE. Key G.**

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

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee;
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at the cross I bow;
Jesus saves me—saves me now.

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

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

4 In the promises I trust,
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes, he fills my soul,
Perfected in love I am,
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

**No. 106. Tune, ARE YOU WASHED? Key A♭.**

1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHO.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless? are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white,
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansion bright?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

**No. 107. Tune, FOLLOW ALL THE WAY. Key G.**

1 ‖: I have heard my Saviour calling, :‖
"Take thy cross and follow, follow me."

CHO.—‖: Where he leads me I will follow,:‖
I will go with him, with him all the way.

2 ‖: Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, :‖
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

3 ‖: Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, :‖
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

4 ‖: He will give me grace and glory, :‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

5 ‖: O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus :‖
And be with him, with him all the way.

**No. 108. Tune, BOYLSTON. Key C.**

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

**No. 109. Tune, GLORY TO HIS NAME. Key A♭.**

1 Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

CHO.—‖: Glory to his name; :‖
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to his name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within:
There at the cross where he took me in;
Glory to his name.

3 O precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to his name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to his name.

**No. 110. Tune, BOYLSTON. Key C.**

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

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

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

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

**No. 111. Tune, WELLESLEY. Key C.**

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

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

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

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

**No. 112. Tune, BLESSED ASSURANCE. Key D.**

1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

CHO.—‖: This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long. :‖

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

**No. 113. Tune, MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE. Key F. "London Hymn Book."**

1 My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, ' is now.

2 I love thee because thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in death,
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath; [my brow,
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

**No. 114. THE CHILD OF A KING. Key E♭.**

1 My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold
His coffers are full—he has riches untold.

CHO.—I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus my Saviour
I'm the child of a King.

2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men,
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of men,
But now he is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an alien by birth!
But I've been adopted, my name's written down—
An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there!
Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

**No. 115. FOR YOU AND FOR ME. Key A♭.**

1 Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling—
Calling for you and for me.
See on the portals he's waiting and watching—
Watching for you and for me.

REF.—Come home, come home,
Ye who are weary, come home;
Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling—
Calling, O sinner, come home!

2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading—
Pleading for you and for me?
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies—
Mercies for you and for me?

3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing—
Passing from you and from me.
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming—
Coming for you and for me.

4 O for the wonderful love he has promised—
Promised for you and for me. [don—
Tho' we have sinned, he has mercy and par-
Pardon for you and for me.

**No. 116. I'LL BE THERE. Key E♭.**

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

CHO.—‖: I'll be there, I'll be there,
When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there.:‖

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 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. 117. Tune, TOPLADY. Key B♭.**

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

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

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

**No. 118. Tune, BETHANY. Key G.**

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

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

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

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!

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