

SONGS OF THE MORNING

BY

REV. I. BALTZELL

AND

REV. E. S. LORENZ.

bl[illegible]

HUEY • Dayton O.

Boston

Stolen from

Dayville Long. L. Sch.

SONGS * OF * THE * MOR

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

ongs and Hymns for the Sunday Sc

And Other Social Services.

BY

REV. I. BALTZELL and REV. E. S. L

DAYTON, OHIO:
W. J. SHUEY, PUBLISHE
1889.

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PREFATORY.

"Songs of the Morning," so fresh and so sweet;
On every page there is richness complete:
Nothing but pure, simple Gospel in song,
Gathered for each one—the old and the young.
Soul-stirring music is found on each page,
ff'rings of pleasure for noble and sage;
for the right, and reproof to the wrong;
the motto of each Gospel Song.
he "Songs of the Morning," so sweet!
song of Salvation complete;
and noon and at eve we may sing
Savior;—to Him let us cling.
weet resting, will come by and by;
e, then, shall we sorrow or sigh:
eet "Songs of the Morning," we know,
as written for fame—but to show
His glory. Amen.

I. B.
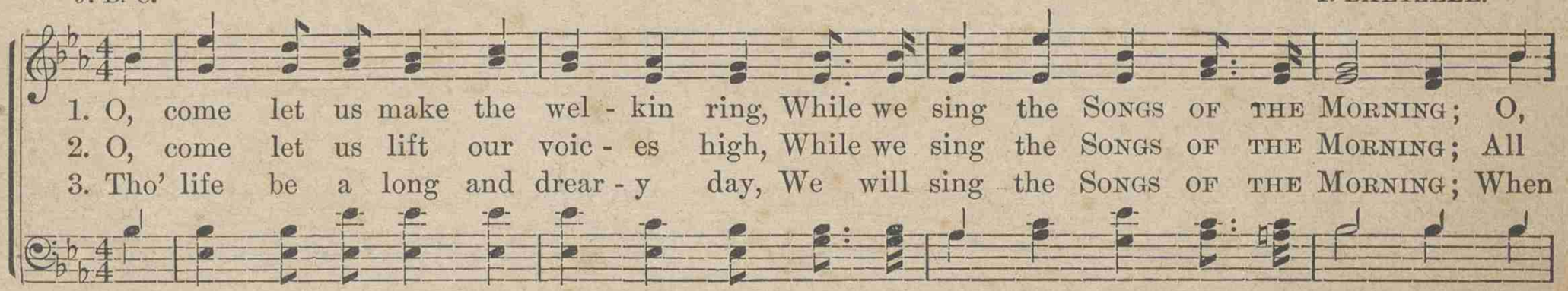
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SONGS OF THE MORNING.

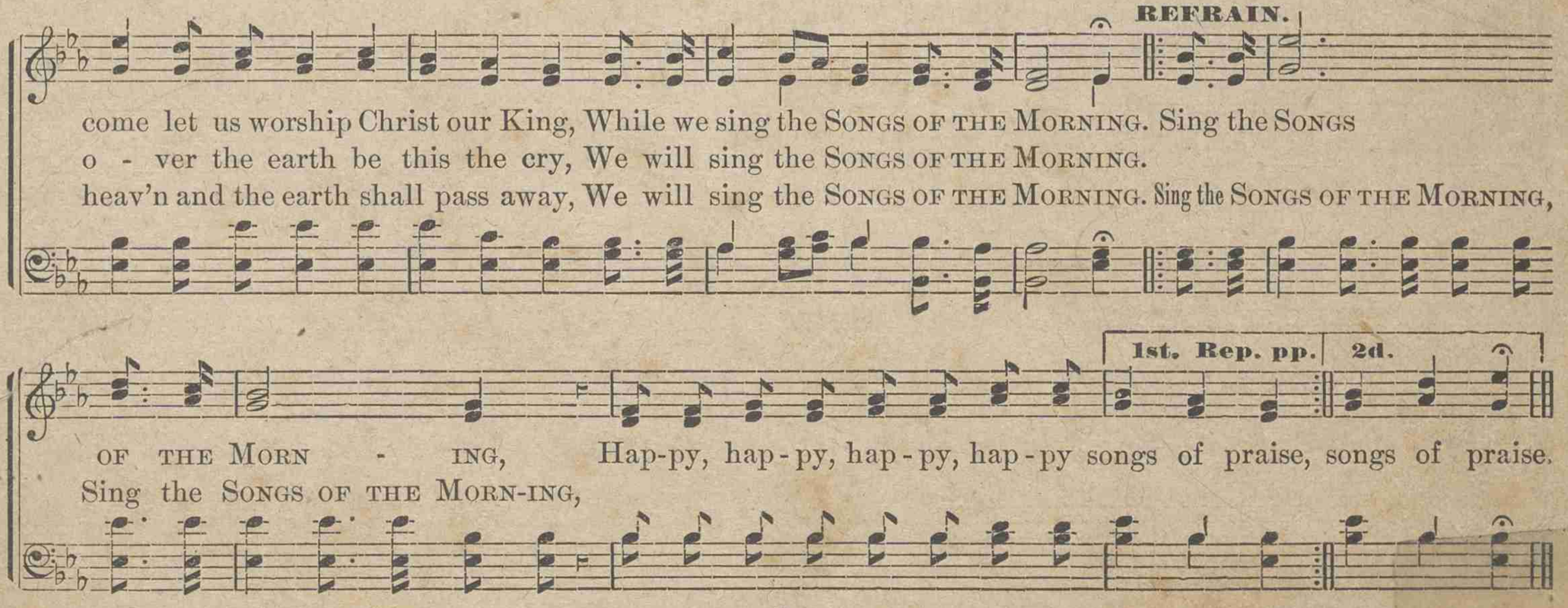
1. Sing the Songs of the Morning.

"In the midst of the church I will sing praise unto thee."—Heb. 2: 12.

J. B. C. I. BALTZELL.



REFRAIN.



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2.

First of All.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God."—Matt. 6: 33.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

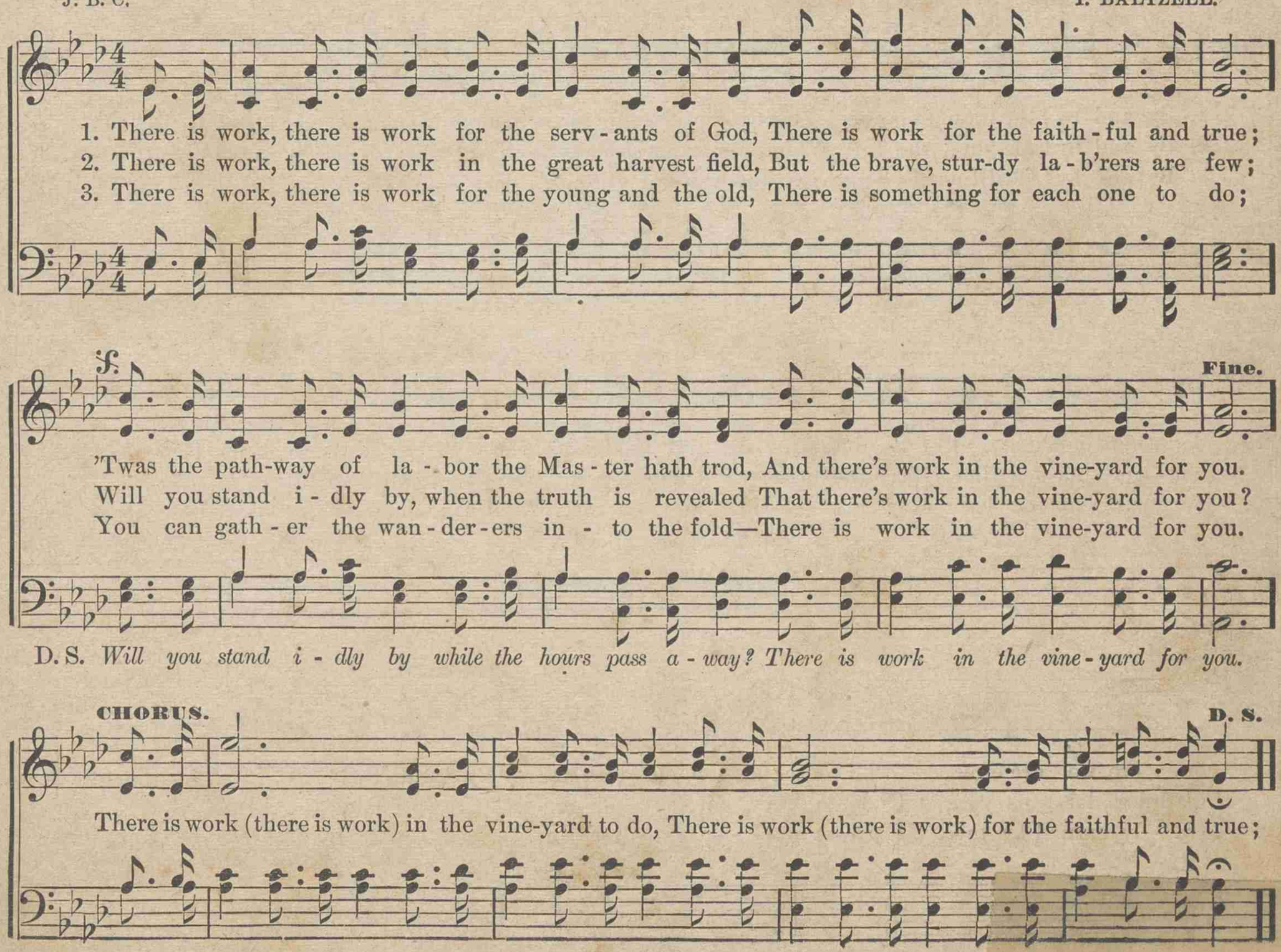
1. While thy cheeks with health are glow-ing, While thy foot-steps light - ly fall; While the rose of youth is grow - ing, Seek God's kingdom first of all. Though a thou-sand snares be - guile thee, Though a thou-sand tongues re - vile thee, Ear - ly heed the Sav - ior's call, Seek God's kingdom first of all.
2. Wealth his hoard-ed store will reck - on, Stay not for his gild - ed pride; Tempters false will smile and beck - on, Turn not from the path a - side. Seek a - bove thy price - less treas - ure, Cov - et nev - er end - ing pleas-ure, On - ly heed thy Sav - ior's call, Seek God's kingdom first of all.
3. Ere the cares of earth have bound thee, Ere the shades of death ap - pall, Ere the waves of grief sur- round thee, Seek God's kingdom first of all. In the path of du - ty low - ly, Guid - ed by the Spir - it ho - ly, Fol-low thou the Sav - ior's call, Seek God's kingdom first of all.

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3. There is Work in the Vineyard.

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

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4. By and By.

"And his rest shall be glorious."—Isa. 11: 10.

EBEN E. REXFORD. E. S. LORENZ.

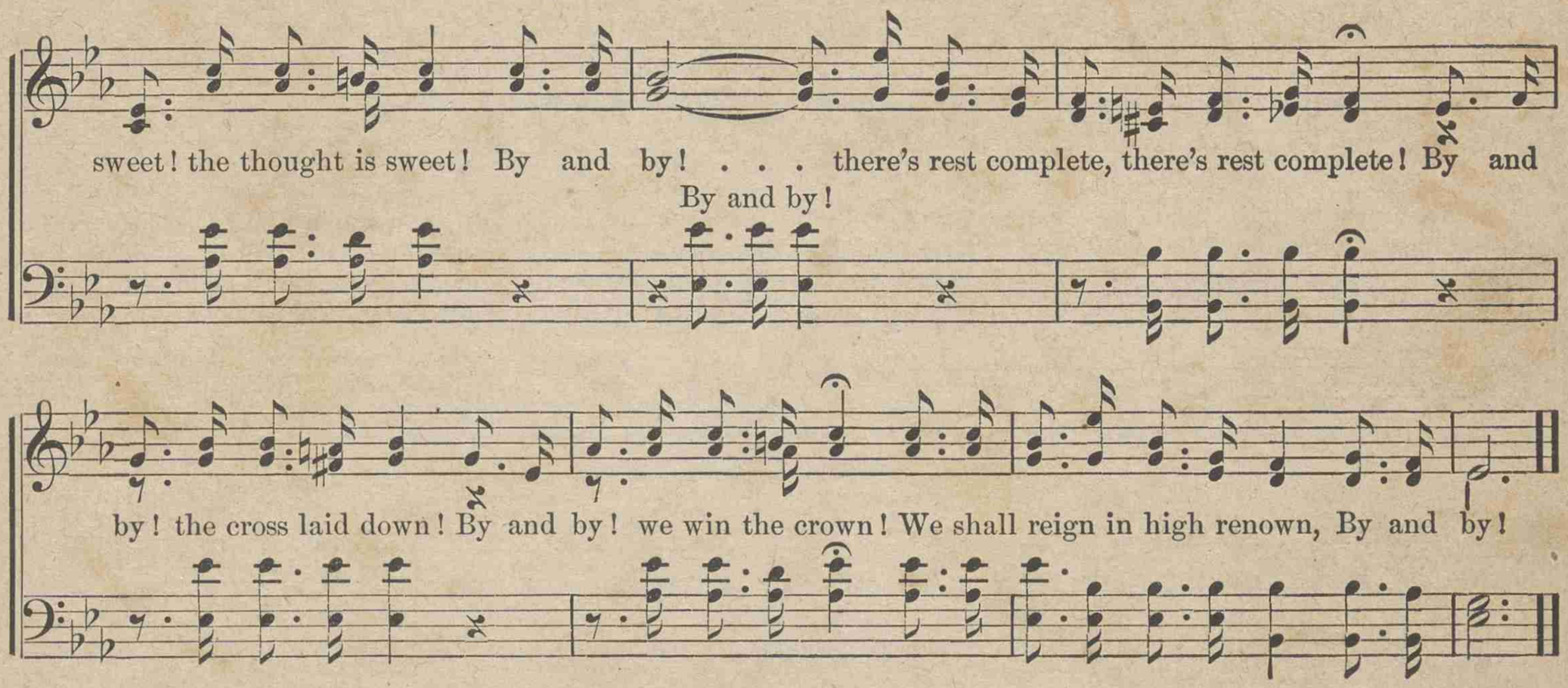
1. By and by! the thought is sweet—Rest and peace at home with God, No more weary bleeding feet, All the long hard journey trod. But be-fore the rest is found, Heav-y bur-dens we must bear, Toils be-
2. By and by! Be-yond the hill Which our weary feet must climb, Par-a-dise is wait-ing still, In e-ter-nal sum-mer time. 'Tis the prize we strive to win, When our work of life is o'er, Gates of
3. By and by! 'Twill not be long Ere the work of life is past, And we sing the glad, new song, Face to face with God at last. May his wel-come be to me, "Faithful thou hast al-ways been, Heav'n was

ours ere we are crowned With the palms the vic-tors wear. By and by! . . . the thought is
glad-ness, let us in, God to see for ev-er-more.
tru-ly earned by thee, Earn-est work-er, en-ter in. By and by!

CHORUS.

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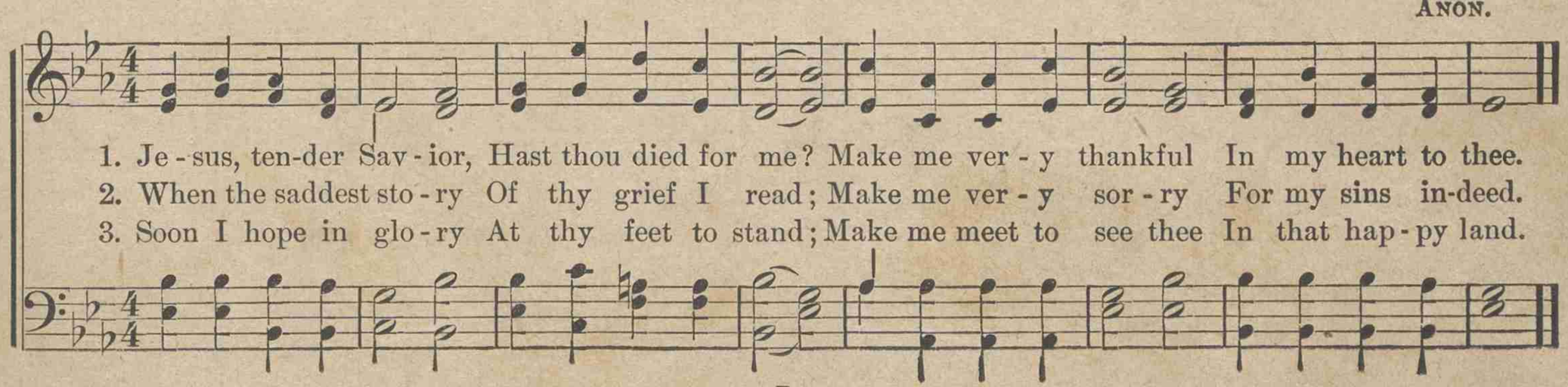
By and By. Concluded.



5. Jesus, Tender Savior.

"Who loved me and gave himself for me."—Gal. 1: 20.

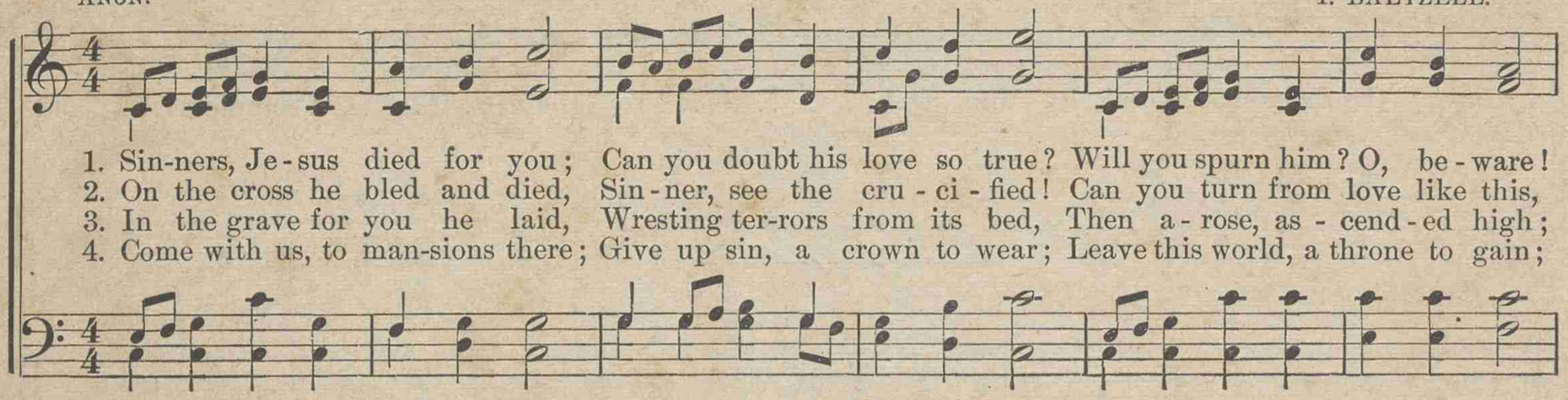
ANON.



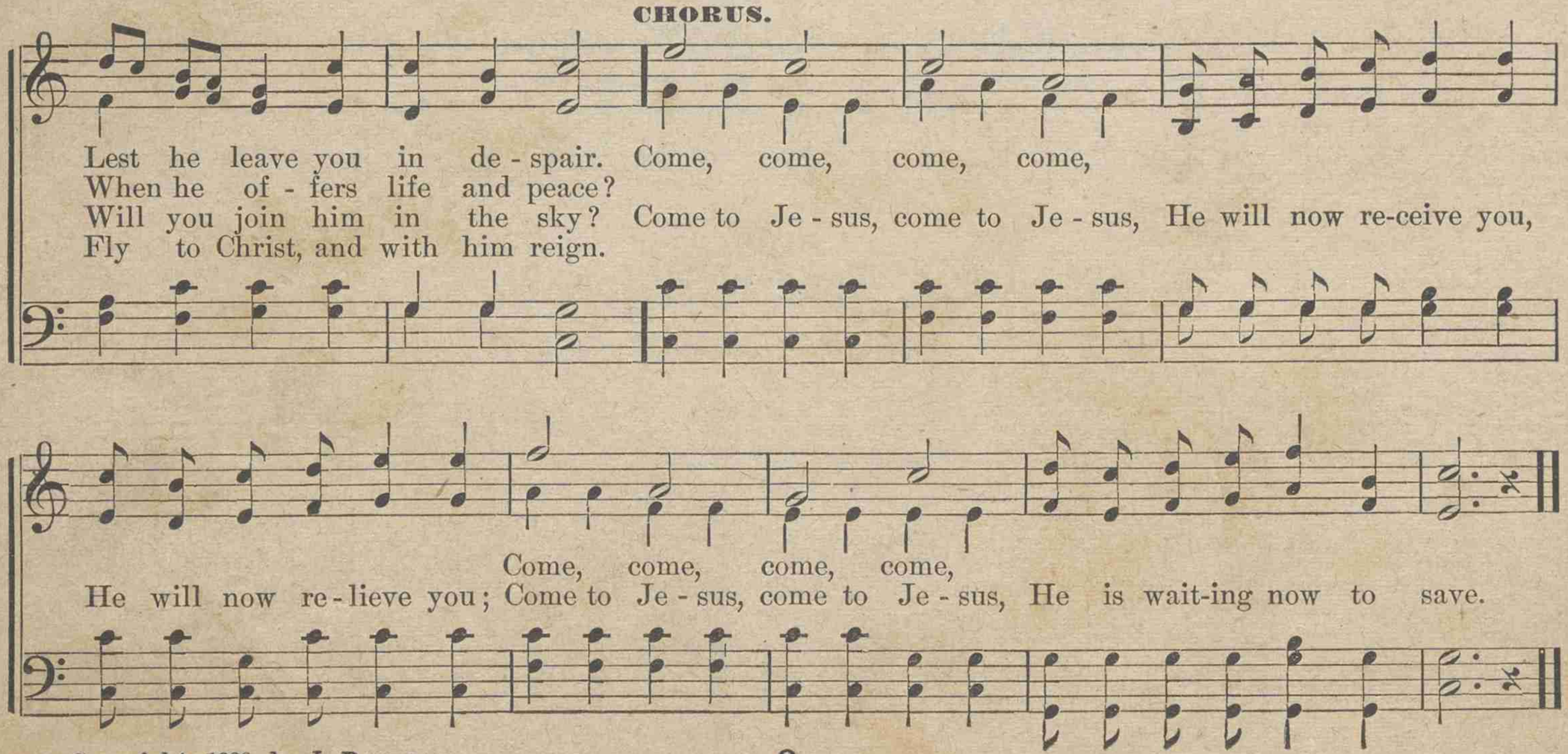
6. He is Waiting Now to Save.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

ANON. I. BALTZELL.
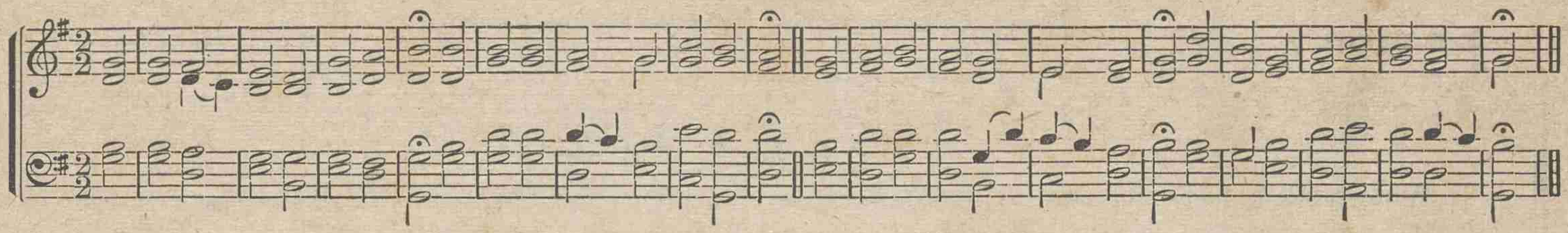


CHORUS.



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Old Hundred. L. M.

G. FRANC, 1545.



7.

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

8.

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

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

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

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

9.

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

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

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

10.

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

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

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

11.
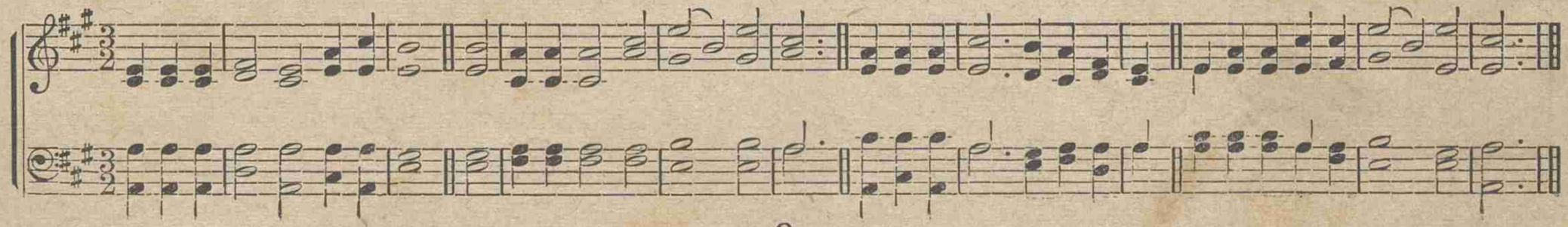
1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

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

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

Ware. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.



12. Let the Blessed Savior In.

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

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who stands outside the clos-ed door? Rise and let him in. Who is it knocking, o'er and o'er,
2. It is the Sav-ior calls to thee, Rise and let him in. He will come in and sup with thee,
3. In pa-tient love he pleading stands, Rise and let him in. The nail prints still are in his hands,
4. O, why should he be wait-ing now, Rise and let him in. Thy Lord, with glo-ry-cir-cled brow,
5. Be-ware! be-ware! un-do the door, Rise and let him in. Lest he should leave thee ev-er-more,

REFRAIN.

Rise and let him in. Let him in, Let him in, Let the bless-ed Sav-ior
Let him in, Let him in,
in; He is standing at the door, He is knocking o'er and o'er, Let the blessed Sav-ior in.
Let him in;

13.

The River is Free.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, etc."—Isa. 55: 1.

JOSEPH STAMMERS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Hark! the cry sounds from eternity's brink: Ho! he that thirsteth, O come now and drink! Freeman or bond slave, who-
2. Ho to the wanderer weary and worn! Ho to the ob-jects of pit-y and scorn! Homeless and desolate,
3. Mark how it springeth from mercy alone, Gushing so free-ly from God's holy throne; Cheering and cleansing such

CHORUS.

ev-er you be, Drink of sal-va-tion, the riv-er is free.
land born or sea, Come to the wa-ters, the riv-er is free. The riv-er is free! the riv-er is free! Thank
sin-ners as we, Life ev-er-last-ing, the riv-er is free.

God! the riv-er is free! Its wa-ters are flowing for you and for me, Thank God! the riv-er is free!

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14. Glory to the Lamb.

"Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."—Rev. 7: 10.

KELLY. I. BALTZELL.

1. Hark! the notes of an - gels sing - ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb! All in heav'n their
2. Ye for whom his life was giv - en, Sa - cred themes to you be - long: Come, as - sist the
3. Filled with ho - ly em - u - la - tion, We u - nite with those a - bove: Sweet the theme—a
4. End - less life in him pos - sess - ing, Let us praise his pre - cious name; Glo - ry, hon - or,

CHORUS.

trib - ute bring-ing, Rais - ing high the Sav - ior's name.
choir of heav - en, Join the ev - er - last - ing song. Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
free sal - va - tion—Fruit of ev - er - last - ing love.
power and bless-ing, Be for - ev - er to the Lamb. Glo - - - ry, Glory to the Lamb!

Glo - ry, glory to the Lamb! Hal - le - lu-jah, A-men! A - men! A - men!
Glo - - - ry, Glory to the Lamb! Hal-le - lu-jah,

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15.

Jesus is Coming Again.

"I will come again and receive you unto myself."—John 14: 3.

MRS. M. O. A. CROZIER. E. S. LORENZ.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is coming, coming a-gain, Coming a - gain, coming again! Je-sus is coming, coming a-gain,

Je - sus pure and ho - ly.

1. Welcome him back to the earth once more, Give him the wel-come he
2. Waiting and watching that glo-rious hour, Welcome the King as he
3. Earth will rejoice when he comes in light, Driv-ing a - way all the

lacked be-fore; He was despised and re - ject - ed then, Wel-come him back a - gain (back a - gain).
comes in power; Sit - ting in maj - es - ty on the throne, Wel-come him to his own (to his own).
shades of night; Free-ing from sin all the sons of men, Wel-come him back a - gain (back a - gain).

Fine.

D. C.

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16.

Words of Spirit and Life.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are the spirit, and they are life."—John 6: 63.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Pre - cious words I love to hear, Words of spir - it and life; They can strengthen,
2. They who hear those words re - joice, Words of spir - it and life; O that all might
3. Wind and wave His voice o - bey, Words of spir - it and life; Death can hear what
4. At death's riv - er I will hear Words of spir - it and life; Call - ing me to

REFRAIN.

they can cheer, Words of spir - it and life.
hear His voice, Words of spir - it and life.
He may say, Words of spir - it and life.
man-sions fair, Words of spir - it and life.
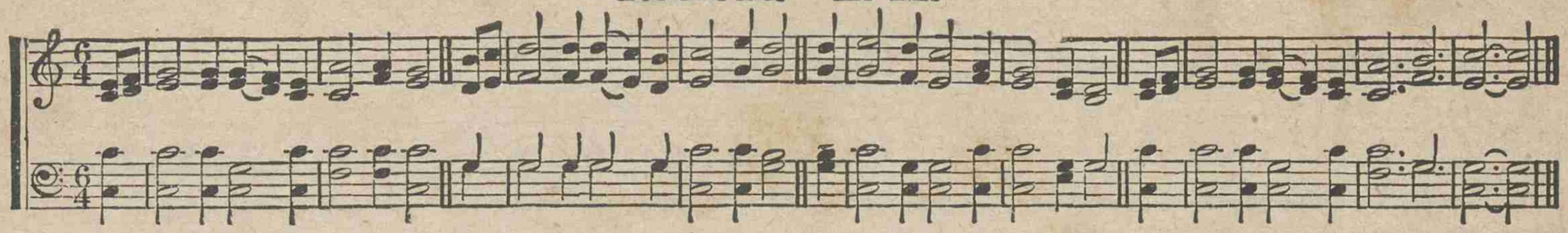
Bless-ed Je - sus, hear my plea, Speak those words of

life to me; They can joy and com - fort give; Words of spir - it and life.

By permission.

Retreat. L. M.

Dr. Thos. Hastings.



17.

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

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

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

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

18.

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

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

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

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

19.

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

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

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

20.

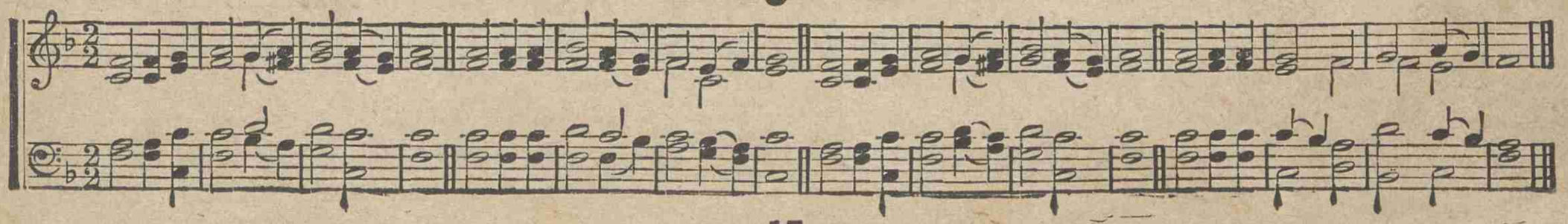
1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

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

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

Hamburg. L. M.

Gregorian.



21.

Jesus is Worthy.

"*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.*"—Rev. 5: 12.

JENNIE WILSON. I. BALTZELL.

1. Waft - ed through the heav-en - ly port - als, Grand-ly swells the ho - ly re - frain, Chanted by pure
2. Wor - thy of all hon - or and bless - ing, Pow'r and praise that nev - er shall cease, Is the Lamb, no
3. Sing, O earth, e - ter - ni-ty's cho - rus; Praise the Lamb whom heaven ex - tols; O - ver sin he

Fine. CHORUS.

minstrels im - mor - tal, Wor - thy is the Lamb that was slain.
blem-ish pos - sess - ing, Slain to pur-chase par-don and peace. Je - sus is wor - thy, sing it, ye
reign-eth vic - to - rious, Giv - ing rest to guilt - la - den souls.

Je-sus is wor-thy,

D. S. *Won-drous an - them! nev - er to end.*

D. S.

na - tions! Let your sweet songs in harmony blend; . . With the glad song of perfect salvation,
Sing it, ye na-tions! Let your sweet songs in harmony blend;

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22. Pardon at the Cross.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

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

Slowly.

1. 'Mid the mire and the clay Of the sinner's dark way I saw naught for my soul but its loss;
2. Though by e - vil beguiled, And by sin so de - filed That to per - ish was all I could claim;
3. O, the joy and the peace Of this per-fect re - lease! How my heart in its rapt-ure would sing!

f.

Till an an - gel of light Whispered down thro' the night, "There is par-don for thee at the cross."
Yet the Ho - ly One died In his love to pro - vide For my cleansing from sin and from shame.
But this tongue is too tame The just praise to pro - claim Of my Sav - ior, Re-deem-er and King.

Fine.

D. S. *For the Sav - ior has died In his love to pro - vide For a par - don for me at the cross.*

CHORUS.

There is par - don for me, There is par - don for me, There is par-don for me at the cross;

D. S.

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23. I am Coming, Lord, to Thee.

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

W. A. OGDEN. W. A. OGDEN.

Earnestly.

1. I am coming, Lord, to Thee, with a trembling heart, I am com-ing with my soul dis - trest;
2. I am coming, Lord, to Thee, with my load of sin, I am com-ing, wea - ry, faint, and sore.
3. I am coming, Lord, to Thee, but my faith is weak, I am com-ing, wilt Thou hear my cry?

To Thy prom-ise now I fly, Leave, O, leave me not to die, I am coming, Lord, to Thee, for rest.
Tho' I've slighted oft Thy grace, And have turned from Thee my face, I am coming, Lord, to roam no more.
I have heard Thy gracious call, At Thy lov - ing feet I fall, I am coming, tho' I faint and die.

CHORUS.

I am

Com-ing, Lord, to Thee, Com-ing, Lord, to Thee, Com-ing with my soul dis - trest,

By permission.

I am Coming, Lord, to Thee. Concluded.

com - ing, ... I am com-ing, ...

Com-ing, Lord, to Thee, com-ing, Lord, to Thee, I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee for rest.

24. Keep On Praying.

"Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray."—Ps. lv: 17.

FRANK M. DAVIS. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Keep on pray-ing, brother, press brave - ly on, Je - sus will aid you in the work be - gun.
2. Make your ar-mor faith and pray'r all the way, Trust in the promise of a bet - ter day.
3. Cling to Je - sus for your friend and your guide, O, there is safe - ty when He's by your side.

CHORUS.

Keep on work - ing till the day is done, Keep on pray - ing till the crown is won.

By permission.

25. Trusting Jesus.

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

ANON. W. J. BALTZELL.

1. Trust-ing, trust-ing, ev - er trust-ing, Trusting Je - sus ev - 'ry day; Trusting him in light or
2. Trust-ing Je - sus when in sor - row, Trusting him in deep - est gloom; Trusting in af - flic-tion's
3. Trust-ing Je - sus in the noon-day, When the sun un-cloud-ed shines; Trusting Je - sus in the
4. Trust-ing Je - sus when the spir - it Leaves its ten - e - ment of clay; Trusting Je - sus when the

DUET. CHORUS.

dark-ness, Trusting Je - sus by the way.
fur - nace, Trusting him when cares con-sume. Trust-ing Je-sus, trust-ing Je-sus, Trust-ing
mid-night, When each earthly hope de-clines.
an - gels Come to bear the soul a - way.
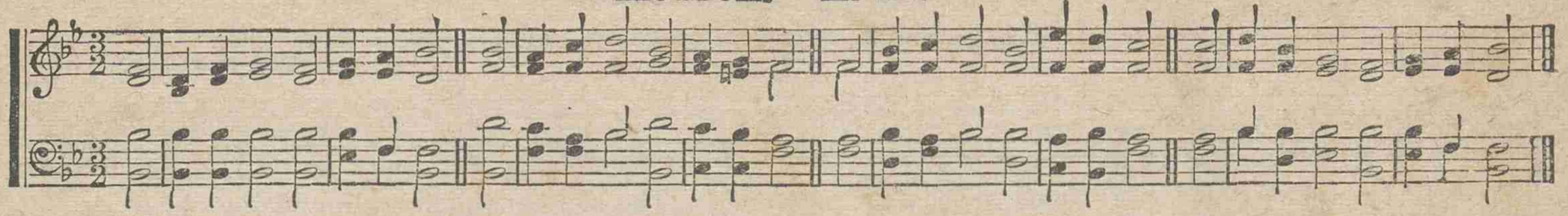
DUET. CHORUS.

Je - sus all the way; Trusting Je-sus, trusting Je-sus, Trust-ing Je - sus night and day.

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Hebron. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



26.

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

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

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

27.

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

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

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

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

28.

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

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

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

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

29.

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

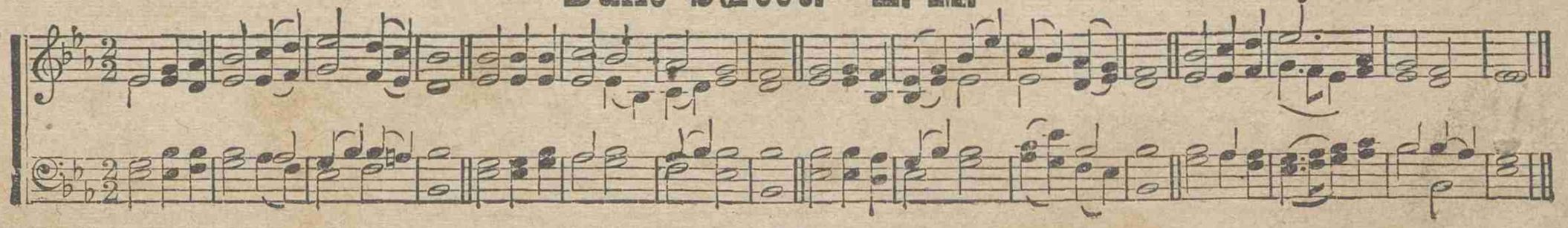
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

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

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

Duke Street. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



30. Happy in Jesus.

"My soul shall be joyful in the Lord."—Psa. 35: 9.

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

1. The shades of de - spair have de - part - ed, The storms which a - round me have roared,
2. Like flow - ers of won - der - ful beau - ty, Like mu - sic of mar - vel - ous chord,
3. The pleas - ures of earth are but emp - ty, Christ on - ly can true joy af - ford;
4. My life has been joined to the Sav - ior's, What com - fort! what bless - ed re - ward!

Are scat - tered by rays of God's sun - shine,—I'm hap - py in Je - sus, my Lord.
Like dew to the rose is his pres - ence,— I'm hap - py in Je - sus, my Lord.
How can I in sin find a sol - ace?— I'm hap - py in Je - sus, my Lord.
Both here and in heav'n shall my song be— I'm hap - py in Je - sus, my Lord.

D. S. *What vis - ion and fore - taste of heav - en!— I'm hap - py in Je - sus, my Lord.*

CHORUS. **D. S.**

What joy to the soul doth he bring, My heart in its rapt - ure doth sing;

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31. He Will Gather the Wheat in His Garner.

"He will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire."—Luke 3: 17.

HARRIET B. McKEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When Je - sus shall gath - er the na - tions, Be - fore him at last to ap - pear,
2. Shall we hear from the lips of the Sav - ior, The words "Faith-ful serv - ant, well done!"
3. He will smile when he looks on his chil - dren, And sees on the ran - somed his seal;
4. Then let us be watch - ing and wait - ing, With lamps burn-ing stead - y and bright;
5. Thus liv - ing with hearts fixed on heav - en, In pa - tience we wait for the time

Then how shall we stand in the Judg - ment, When sum - moned our sen - tence to hear?
Or, trem - bling with fear and with an - guish, Be ban - ished a - way from his throne?
He will clothe them in heav - en - ly beau - ty, As low at his foot - stool they kneel.
When the Bridegroom shall call to the wed - ding, O, may we be read - y for flight.
When the days of our pil - grim-age end - ed, We'll bask in the pres - ence di - vine.

D. S. *Then how shall we stand in the Judg - ment Of the great res - ur - rec - tion day?*

CHORUS.

He will gath - er the wheat in his gar - ner, But the chaff will he scat - ter a - way;

"The Garner," by per. JOHN J. HOOD.

32. One Day Nearer Home.

"For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."—Rom. 13: 11.

ANON. I. BALTZELL.

1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is drawing on; Slow-ly drops the gen-tle twi-light,
2. "One day nearer," sings the mariner, As he glides the waters o'er, While the light is soft - ly dy - ing
3. Worn and weary, oft the pil-grim Hails the set-ting of the sun; For the goal is one day near-er,
4. Nearer home, yes, one day near-er To our Father's house on high; To the green fields and the fountains

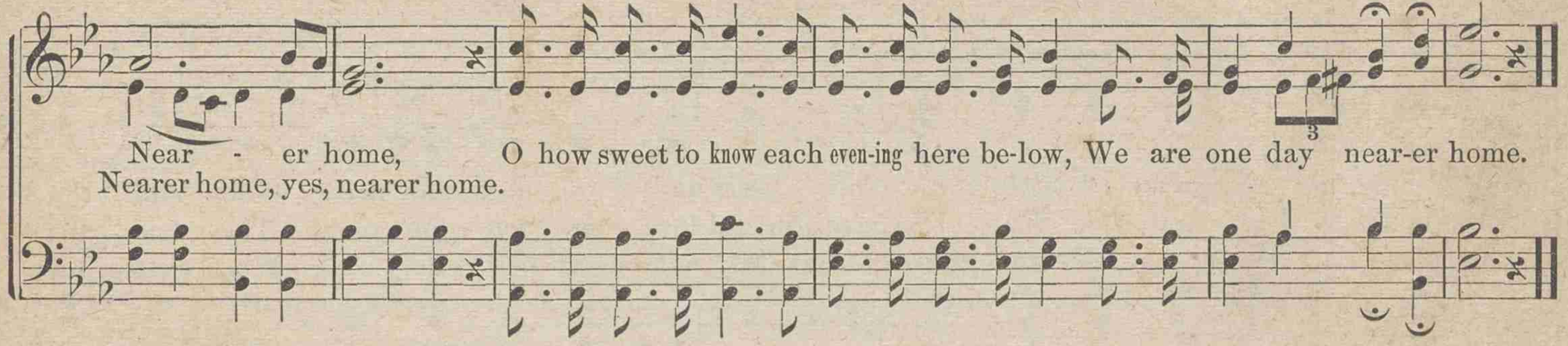
For an-oth - er day is gone. Gone for aye—its race is o - ver, Soon the dark-er shades will come;
On his distant na-tive shore. Thus the Christian on life's o - cean, As his light boat cuts the foam,
And his journey nearly done. Thus we feel when o'er life's des - ert, Heart and sandal sore we roam;
Of the land beyond the sky. Lo! the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us, And the lamp hangs in the dome;

REFRAIN.

Still 'tis sweet to know at e - ven, "We are one day near-er home." Near - - er home,
In the even-ing cries with rap-ture—"I am one day near-er home."
As the twi-light gath-ers o'er us, "We are one day near-er home."
And our tents are pitched still closer, "We are one day near-er home." Nearer home, yes, nearer home,

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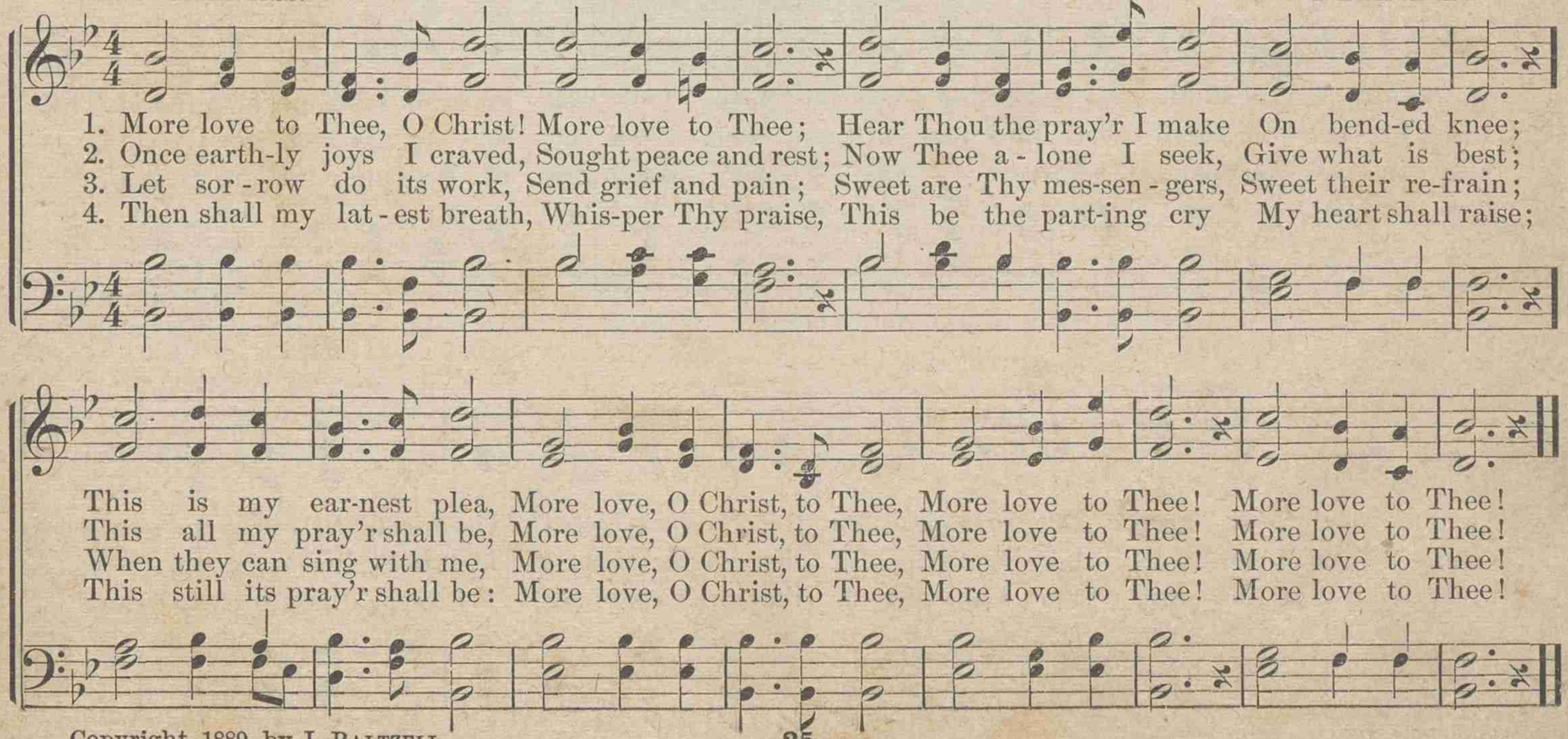
One Day Nearer Home. Concluded.



33. More Love to Thee.

"I will love thee, O Lord, my strength."—Psa. 18: 1.

MRS. E. PRENTISS. I. BALTZELL.



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34. Leaning On Jesus.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."—Psa. 55: 22.

A. A. G. REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. When o'er us waves of trou - ble roll, And days are dark and drear; When 'mid the tu - mult of the soul No cheer-ing voice we hear, Our wea - ry souls by sor - row pressed, Their anx - ious vig - il keep, But lean - ing on the Savior's breast, 'Tis sweet, 'tis sweet to weep.
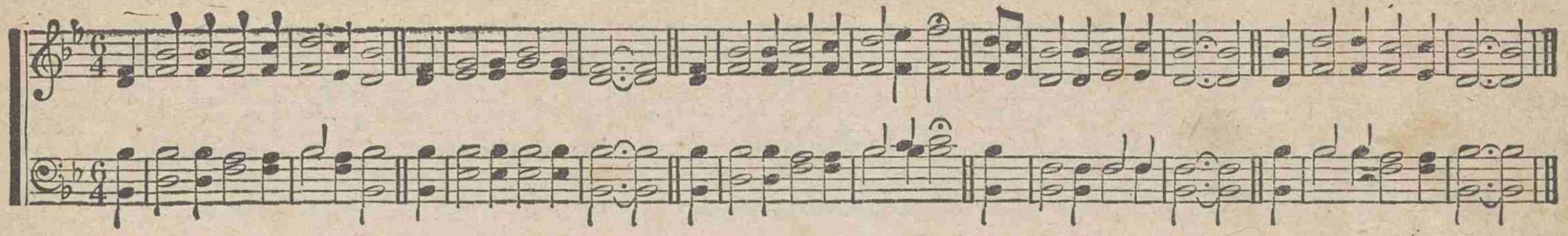
2. Should ho - ly zeal too fee - bly burn, Should love no lon - ger glow, The ten - der heart for - get to yearn O'er hu - man guilt and woe, We'll la - bor on, nor sigh for rest, From du - ty ne'er re - coil; For lean - ing on the Savior's breast, 'Tis sweet, 'tis sweet to toil.

3. When on the couch of lan - guish - ment, Our mor - tal pow'rs de - cay; When chafes the soul in pris - on pent And longs to soar a - way; When lips of lov - ing ones are pressed, No tear shall dim the eye, For lean - ing on the Savior's breast, 'Tis sweet, 'tis sweet to die.

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Ortonville. C. M.

Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1837.



35.

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

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

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

36.

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

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

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

37.

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

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

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

38.

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

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

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

39.

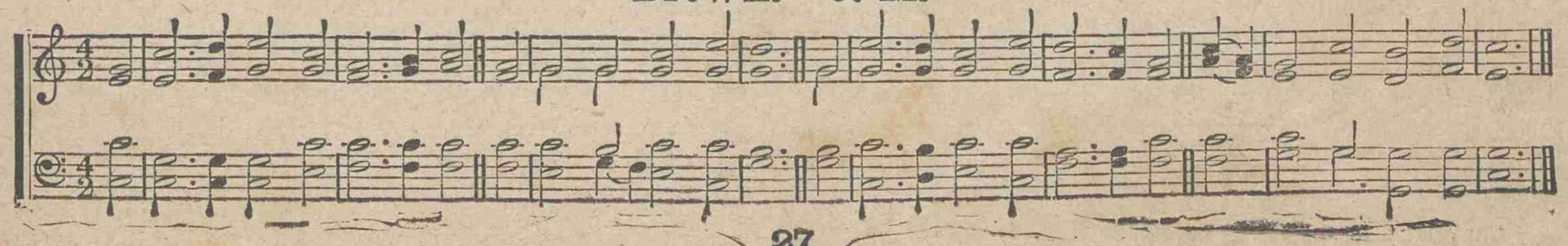
1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

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

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

Brown. C. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury, 1840.



40. By the River.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. 22: 1.

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

Where life's river rolls for evermore its blessed healing flood, By the riv-er, . . By the riv-er, . .

bright and fair, o-ver there,

We shall walk in garments royal, washed all white in Je-sus' blood, By the riv-er, . . By the riv - er.

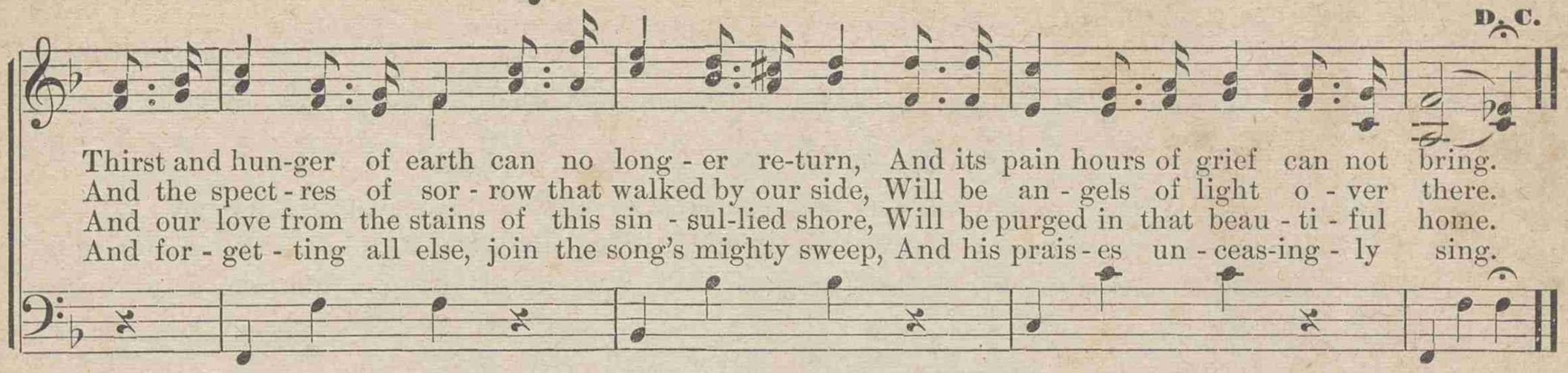
golden river,

DUET.

1. 'Neath the shade of its trees sum-mer suns can not burn, Nor the win - ter mo - lest with its sting;
2. All the flow - ers of hope that have fad - ed and died, Bloom a-fresh with a radiance more fair;
3. With the friends gone before we shall walk ev - er-more, And no shad - ow of part-ing shall come;
4. But our bliss shall be changed to an ec - sta - sy deep As we gaze on the face of our King;

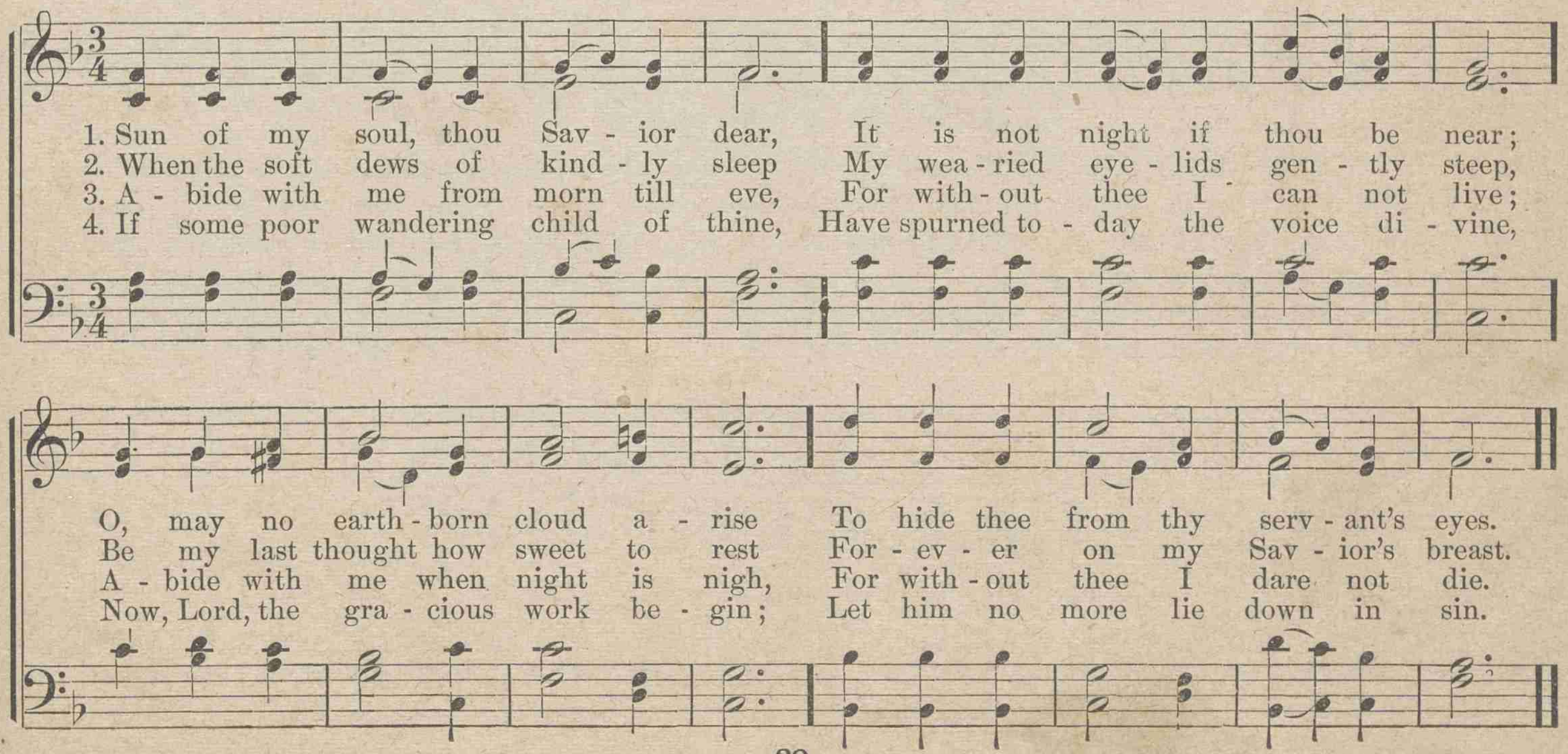
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By the River. Concluded.



41. Sun of My Soul. L. M.

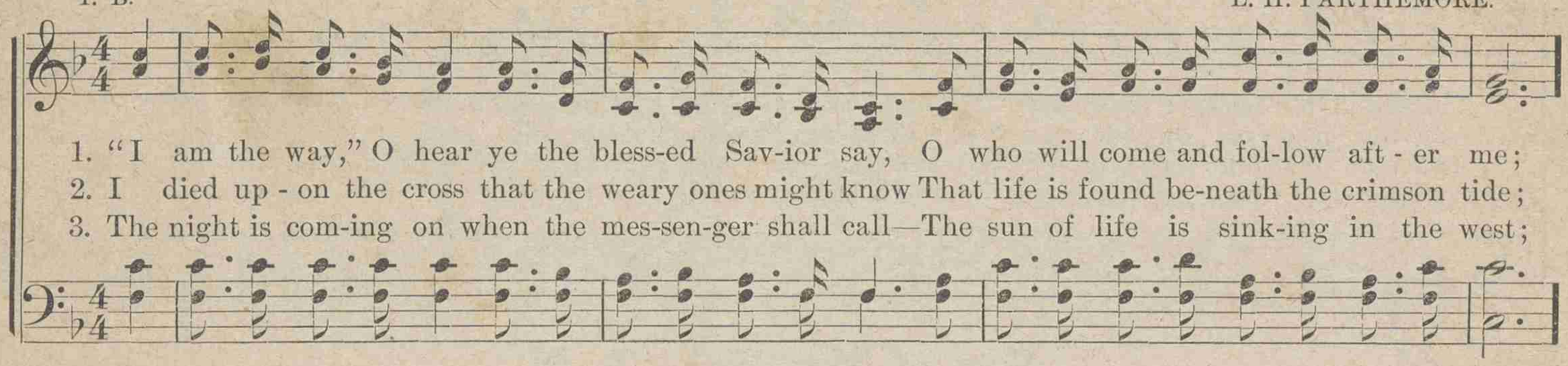
KEBLE. *"For the Lord God is a sun and shield."*—Psa. 84: 11. ENGLISH.
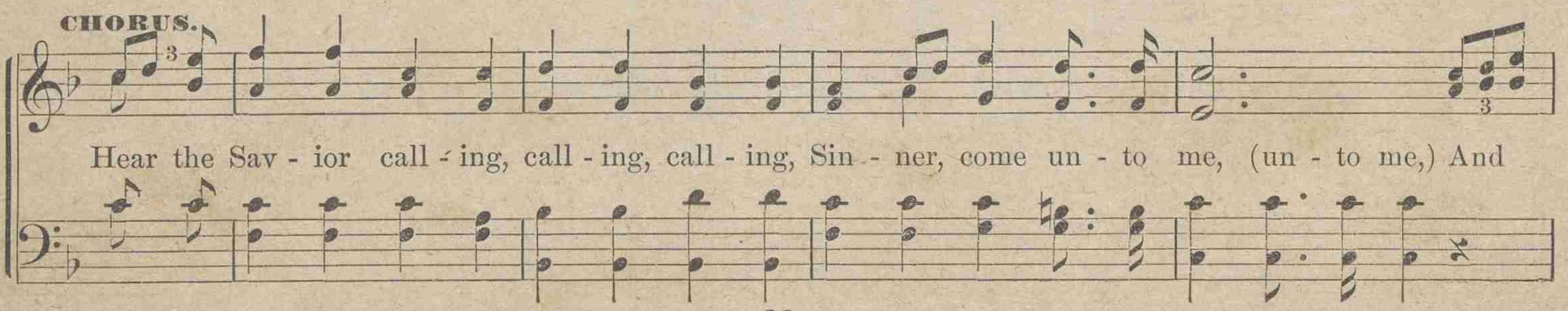


42. Hear the Savior Calling.

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

I. B. L. H. PARTHEMORE.

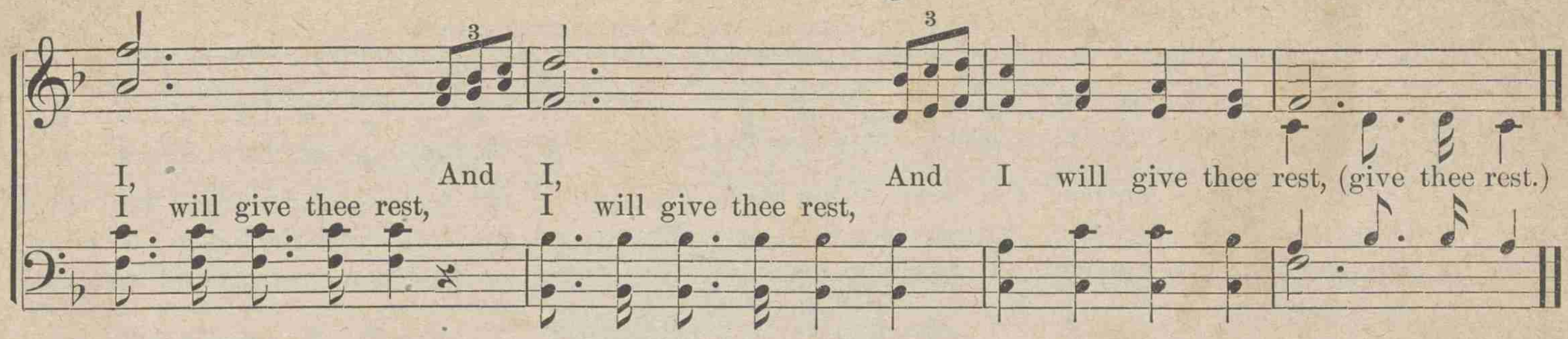


CHORUS.



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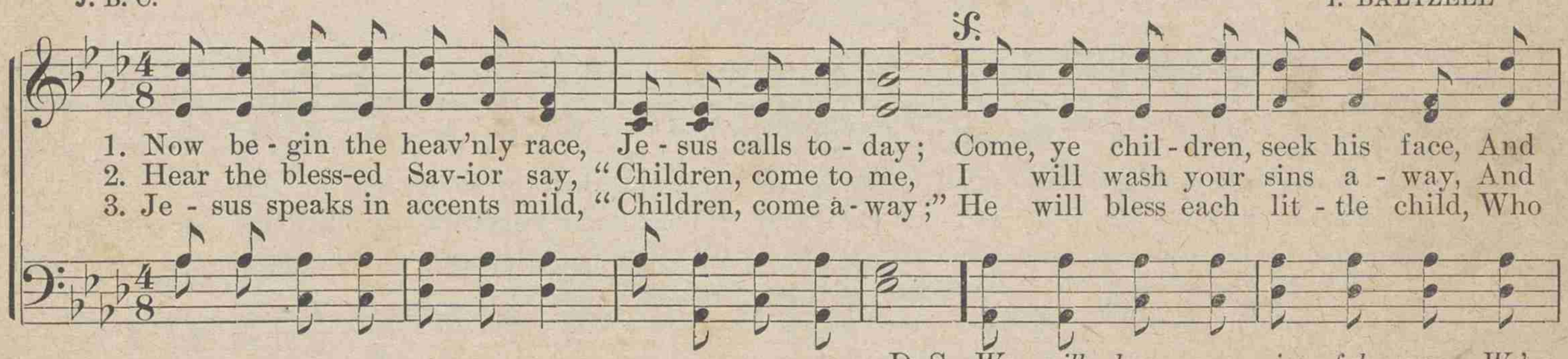
Hear the Savior Calling. Concluded.
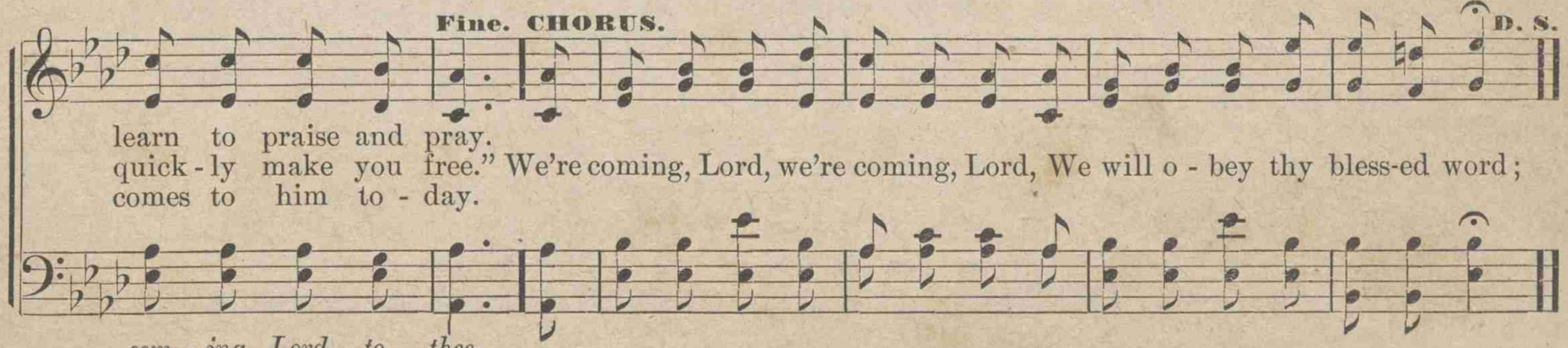


43. We're Coming, Lord, to Thee.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me."—Matt. 19: 14.

J. B. C. I. BALTZELL



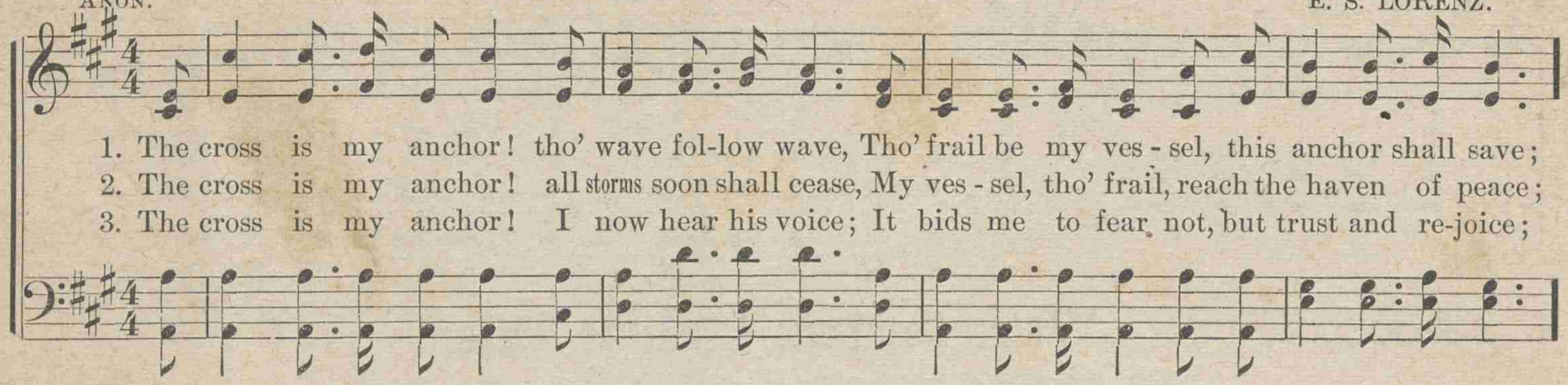


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44. The Cross is My Anchor.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul."—Heb. 6: 19.

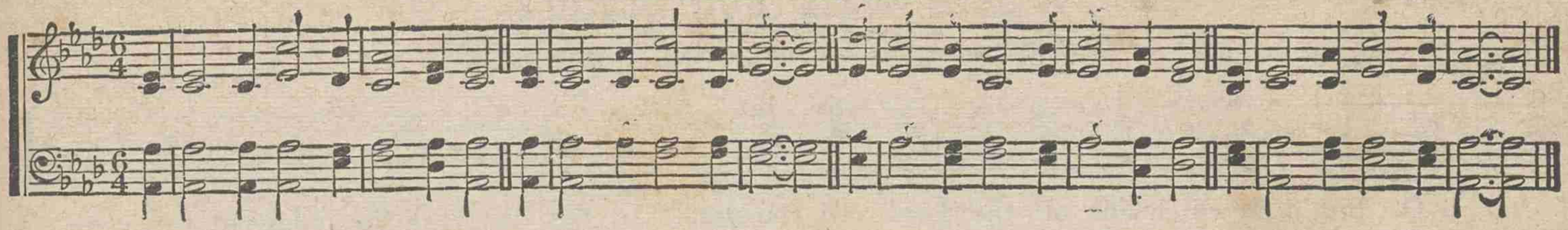
ANON. E. S. LORENZ.



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Evan. C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



45.

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

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

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

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

46.

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

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

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

47.

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

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

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

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

48.

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?
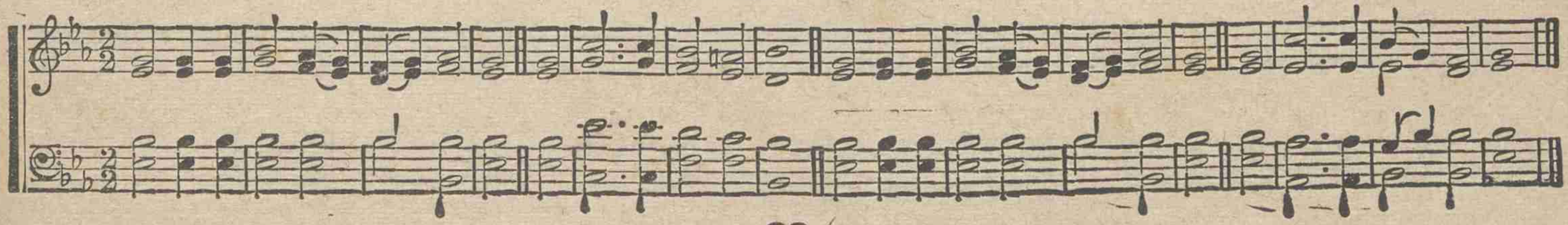
2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

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

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

Naomi. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.



49. Where Will You Stand?

"He shall separate them one from another."—Matt. 25: 32.

P. B. P. BILHORN.

1. O, broth - er, which side of the Lord will you stand, In the day when the judgment has come,
2. The day of the Lord is most cer - tain to come, And in judgment we all must ap - pear,
3. The ref - uge of lies will be then swept a - way, The se - crets of hearts be made known,

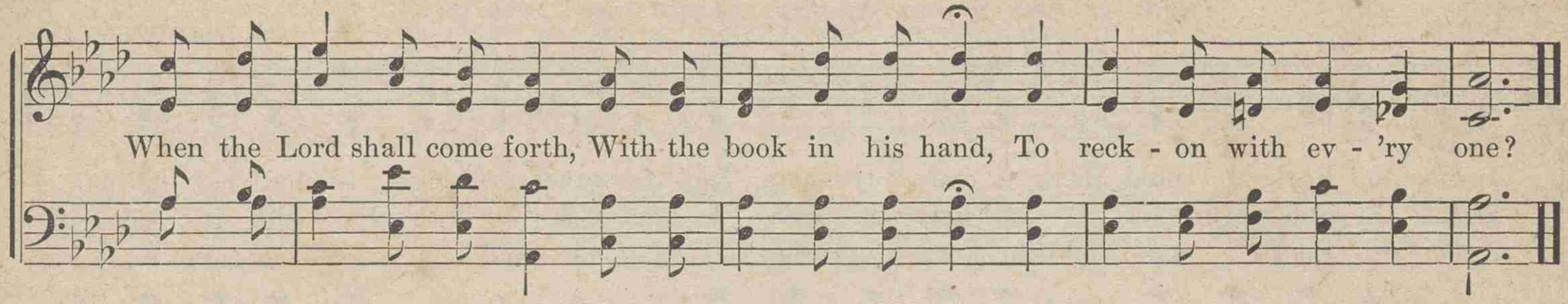
When the Lord shall come forth, with the book in his hand, To reck - on with ev - 'ry one?
Where Christ will be judge of the quick and the dead, O, broth - er, you too will be there.
The Mas - ter will say to the faith-ful, well done, To the wick - ed, de - part and be gone.

CHORUS.

O, where will you stand, O, where will you stand, you stand,
O, where, O, where will you staud, will you stand, O, where, O, where will you stand, you stand,

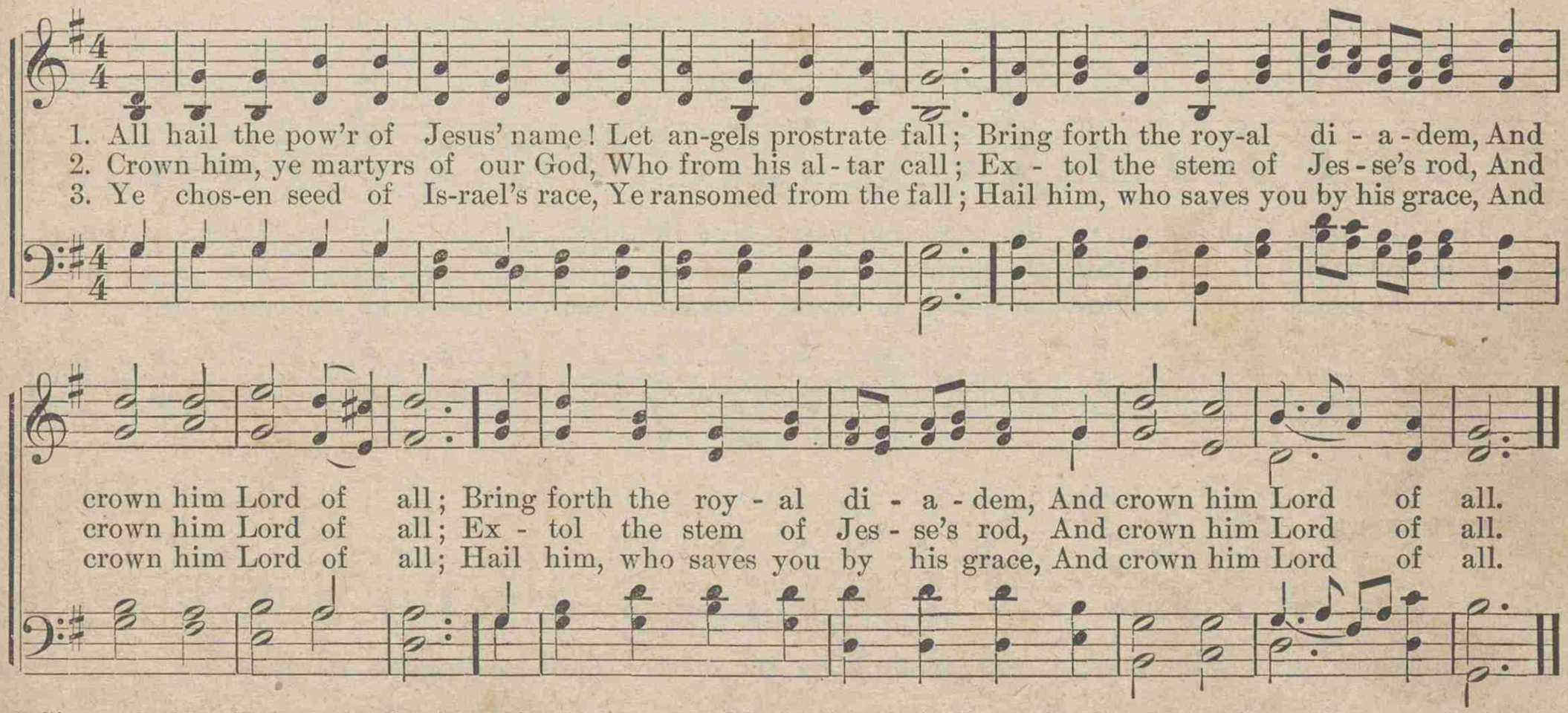
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Where Will You Stand? Concluded.



50. Coronation. C. M.

REV. EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



4 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.

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

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

51. I am Standing on the Rock.

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

J. B. C. I. BALTZELL.

1. On the Rock I stand, there is safe - ty there, Tho' the waves dash high, I shall not des-pair,
2. Let the rude storm blow, I shall brave the gale, I have cast my an - chor with - in the veil,
3. On this Rock I stand, 'mid the storm-king's roar, I shall by and by reach the gold - en shore,

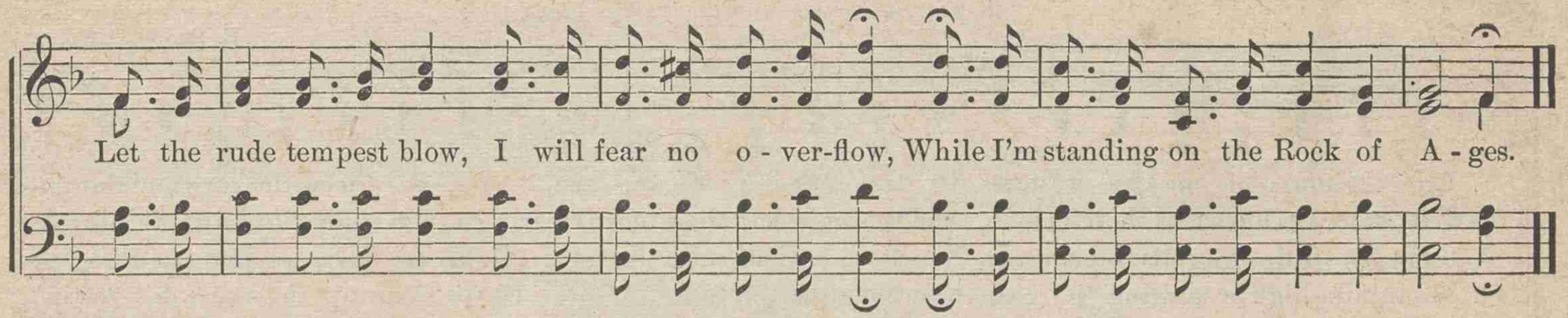
For the Lord hath conquered the boast-ing wave; He's the Rock of A - ges and strong to save.
Safe and sure it holds till the storm is past, And I reach the har - bor of heav'n at last.
In the storm or sun-shine, in wealth or fame, This dear Rock is safe— ev - er - more the same.

CHORUS.

I am standing on the Rock, I am standing on the Rock, I am standing on the Rock of A - ges!

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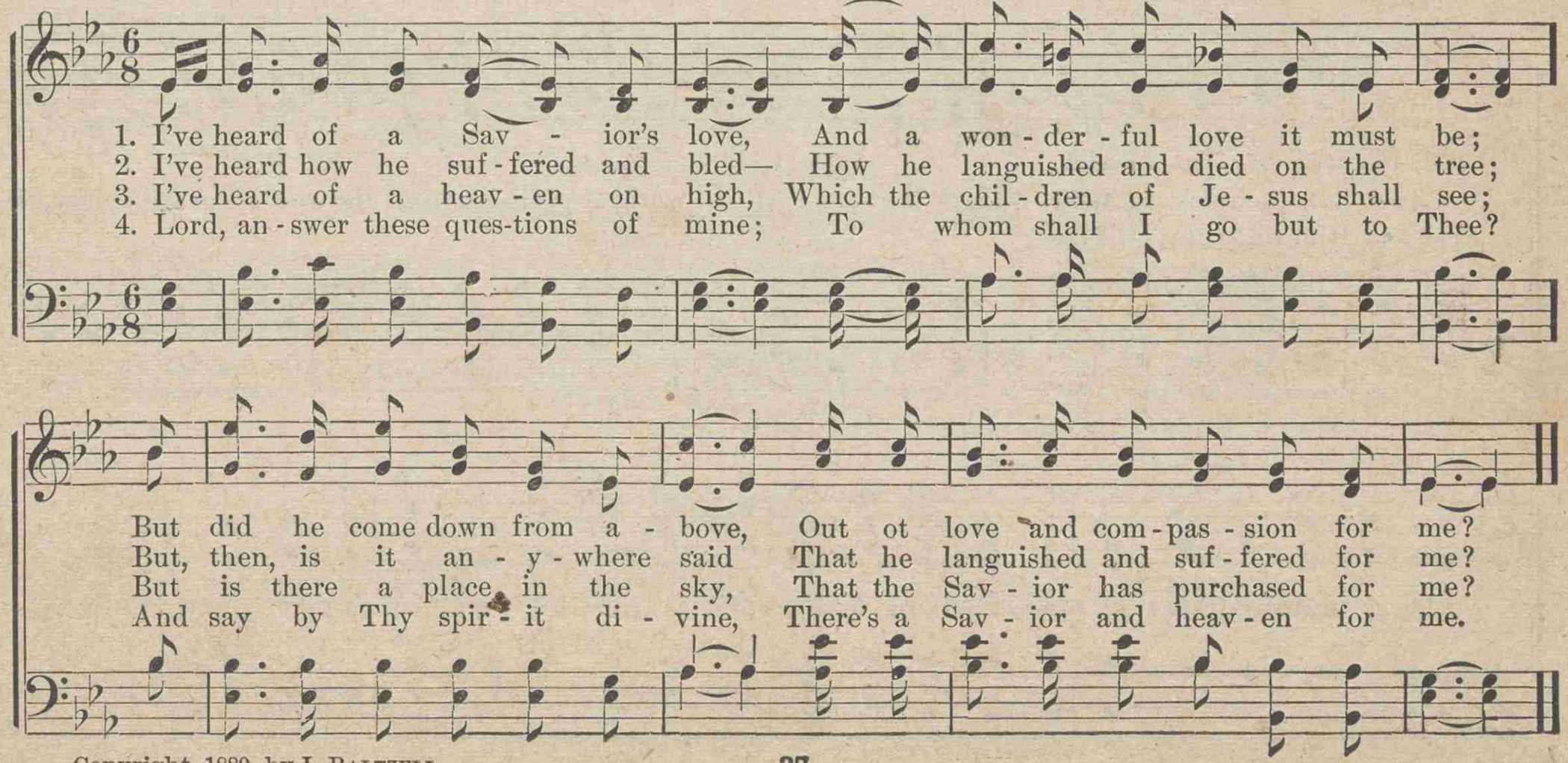
I am Standing on the Rock. Concluded.



52. I've Heard of a Savior's Love.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—John 15: 13.

ANON. I. BALTZELL.



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53. All the World is Praising Him.

"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."

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

1. Like the sound of ma - ny wa-ters, Or the roar-ing of the sea, Voi - ces of earth's sons and daughters
2. Lands once dumb have found their voi-ces, And the cho - rus rings more clear, In his course the sun re - joic - es
3. Grander, full - er swells the cho-rus, New-born nations raise the cry, Gold - en days are just be-fore us,
4. Mountains high or surging o - cean Can not stem the tune-ful tide; Death takes up the sweet de - vo-tion,

CHORUS.

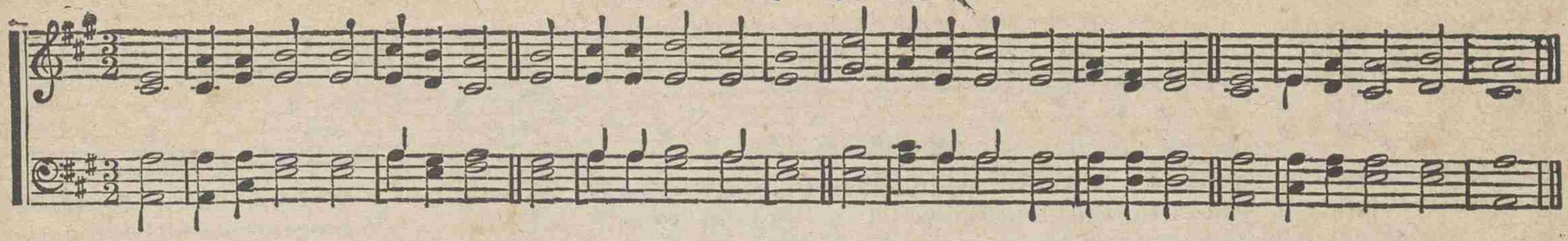
Swell the song of Ju - bi - lee.
Voi - ces new each day to hear.
Praise to Him who rules on high.
Joins the song the oth - er side.

Hark the song! All the world is prais-ing him! the world is praising him, the world is prais-ing him! O, praise the Lord! all the world is rais - ing him An an-them grand and free.

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Azmon. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



54.

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

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

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

55.

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

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

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

56.

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

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

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

57.

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

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

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

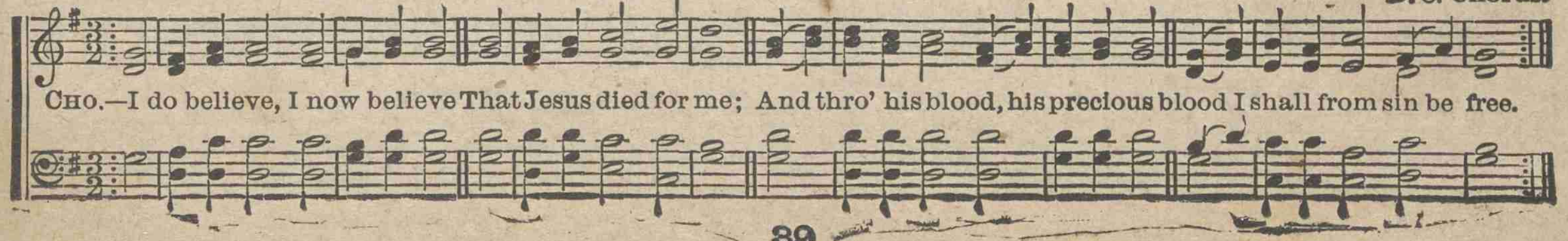
58.

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

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

I Do Believe. C. M.

D. C. Chorus.



59. It Will Only be Going Home.

"An entrance shall be administered unto you abundantly."—2 Pet. 1 11.

JENNIE WILSON. I. BALTZELL.

SOLO.

1. We sometimes speak of a sad, still hour, When the spirit must go a - lone, A-way from friends and fa-
2. We talk of waters the soul must cross, Of a rap - id - ly roll - ing tide, Whose somber mists from the
3. Speak not of death's long and dreary night, When bright dreams fondly cherished fade, And hope and hap-pi-ness
4. Be-yond the tearful, sad-toned farewells, Gladsome greetings for us a-wait— Sweet words of welcome from

mil-iar scenes To the realms of the great unknown; But if we keep near the Savior's side, When the
vis - ion veil Light that shines from the other side; But Christ will ban-ish all gloom a-way, When he
in the tomb Are with forms of beloved ones laid; 'Tis but the darkness be-fore the dawn Of that
angel friends, As we pass thro' the pearly gate; Our ris - en Savior has conquered death, And when

last earthly moments come, His love will cheer all the mystic way; It will on - ly be go - ing home.
stills the cold surge's roar, And safely guides us o'er Jordan's waves To the beau-ti-ful gold-en shore.
glo - ri-ous love-lit day, When hope and joy full fru - ition reach, And earth's partings are o'er for aye.
life's twilight hour has come, And we are leaving the shores of time, It will on - ly be go - ing home.

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It Will Only be Going Home. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

It will on - ly be go - ing home, It will on - ly be go - ing home;
On - ly go - ing home, On - ly go - ing home;

When we leave the shores of time, For that far - off bet - ter clime, It will on - ly be go - ing home.

60. I Want to be Like Jesus.

"He shall gather the lambs in his arms."—Isa. 40: 11. J. B. C.

1. I want to be like Je-sus, So low-ly and so meek; For no one marked an angry word That ever heard him speak.
2. I want to be like Je-sus, I nev-er, nev-er find That he, tho' persecuted here, To a - ny was un-kind.
3. I want to be like Je-sus, So frequently in prayer; Alone upon the mountain top, He met his Father there.
4. Alas! I'm not like Je-sus—As a-ny one may see; O, gentle Savior, send thy grace, And make me like to thee.

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61. On the Sure Foundation.

"A wise man which built his house upon a rock."—Matt. 7: 24.

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

1. Have you build-ed on the sure foun - da - tion? The man Christ Je - sus have you found?
2. Have you build-ed on the sure foun - da - tion? The storms and tem - pests they will beat;
3. Have you build-ed on the sure foun - da - tion, And at the last day can you stand?
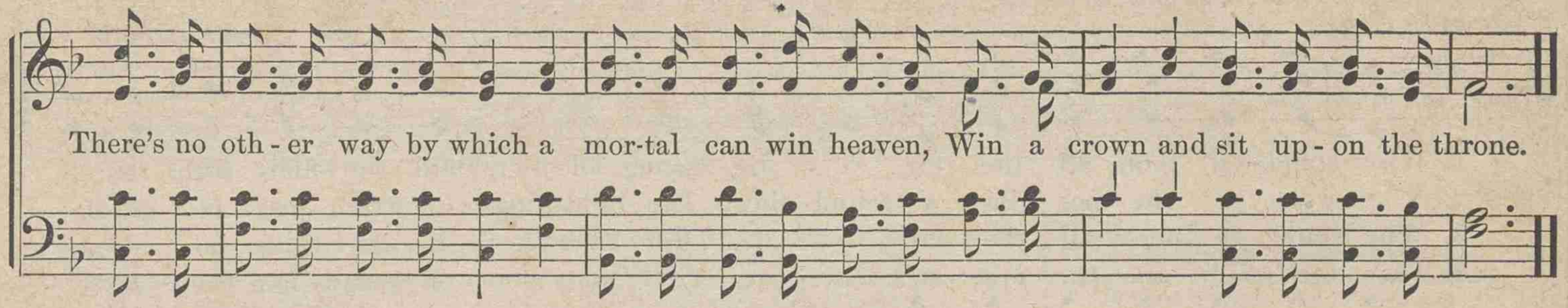
Are you trust - ing him for your sal - va - tion, Is his dy - ing too the on - ly ground?
Have you tak - en at the cross your sta - tion, And in Je - sus is your soul com-plete?
Are you free from guilt and con - dem - na - tion, Will Christ seat you there at his right hand?

CHORUS.

For no oth - er name on earth has e'er been giv - en, Than the name of Christ a - lone;

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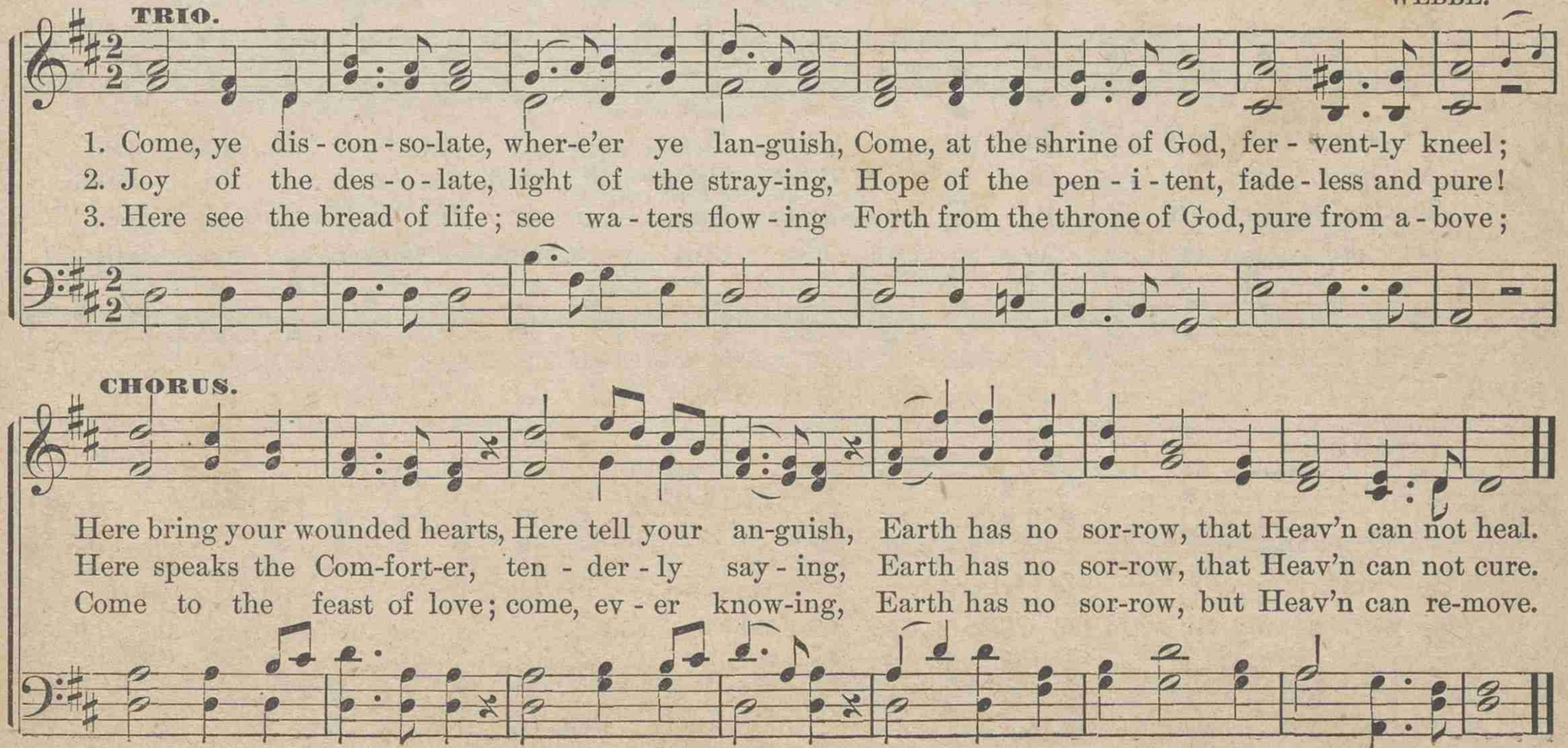
On the Sure Foundation. Concluded.



62. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 6.

WEBBE.



63. Go Work in My Vineyard.

"Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you."—Matt. 20: 4.

ANON. I. BALTZELL.

1. Why stand-est thou all the day i-dle, Young sol-dier, 'mid con-flicts with sin?
2. A-wake to the per-ils a-round thee, Ere light-nings of wrath just-ly gleam;
3. Why stand ye here all the day i-dle, For each there is some-thing to do;
4. Then seek with an ear-nest en-deav-or, Your mis-sion on earth to ful-fill;

f Fine.

A-rouse thee, and gird on the ar-mor; 'Tis on-ly the brav-est that win.
A heav-en of rest is be-fore thee; Press on-ward, pause nev-er to dream.
The fields are all ripe to the har-vest, But tru-ly the la-borers are few.
If lof-ty, or ev-er so hum-ble, Still work with a heart-y good will.

D.S. *Ho! id-ler, go work in my vine-yard, What-so-ev-er is right I will pay.*

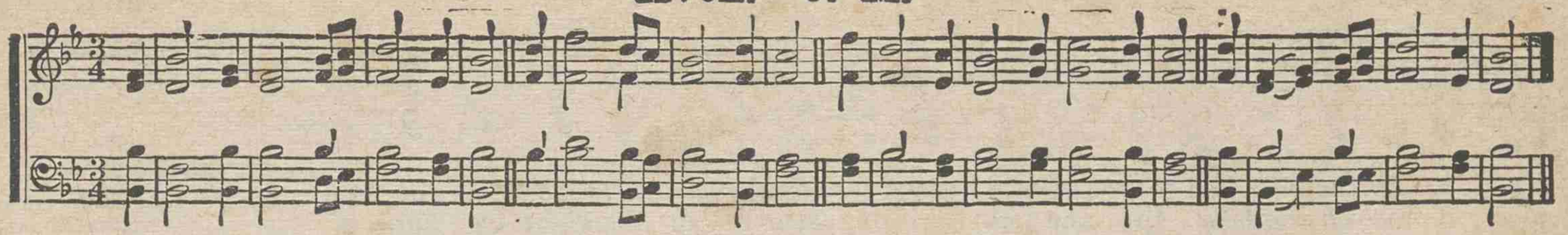
CHORUS. D. S.

Go work, . . . Go work, . . . Go work in my vineyard to-day; . . .
Go work in my vineyard, Go work in my vineyard, Go work . . . in my vineyard to-day;

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Avon. C. M.

Scottish.



64.

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

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

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

65.

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

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

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

66.

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

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

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

67.

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

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

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

68.

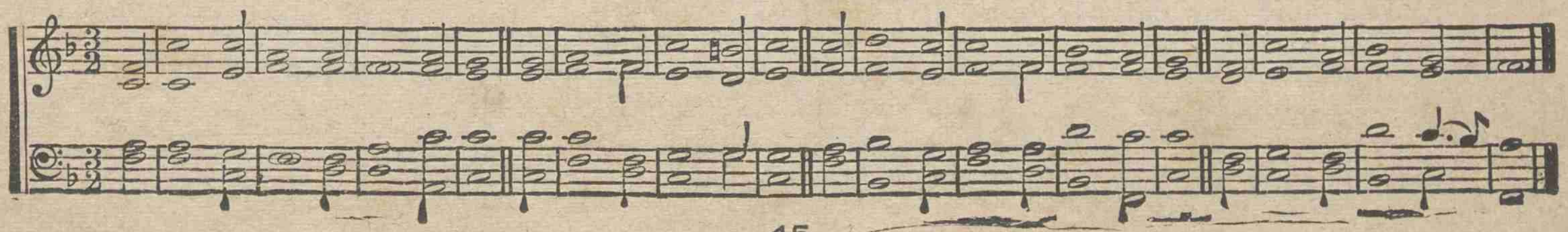
1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

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

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

Mear. C. M.

Welsh Air.



69. Blessed Words.

Ps. 119: 105. Prov. 6: 21—23 inclusive.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. O, the bless - ed Word of God! as I roam the earth a-broad, It will lead me,
2. Blessed words of life and light! shin-ing clear-ly in the night Of temp - ta - - tion
3. O, the bless - ed Word of Truth! I will love it in my youth, Keep it near me,

safe - ly lead me; If its pre-cepts I o - bey, and with Je - sus walk each day,
and of sor - - row, Tho' the sky be o - ver - cast, bring-ing hope to dawn at last,
ev - er near me; It will nerve me for the right, it will bring me peace and light,

D.S. *be my guide by day, and by night will lead the way*
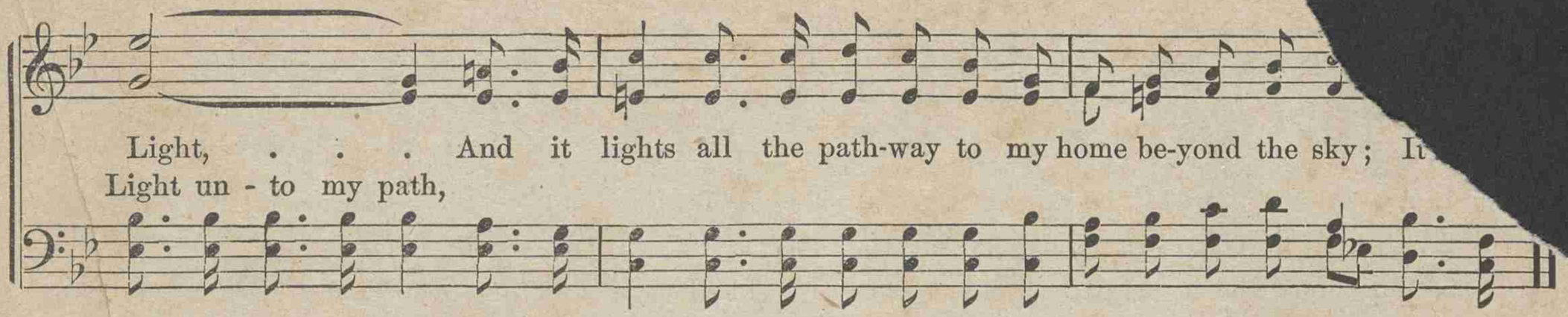
CHORUS.

Fine.

In the pas-tures of His love He will feed me. 'Tis a Lamp . . . and a
Mak - ing beau - ti - ful and rad - iant the mor - row.
And a - mid my dai - ly toils it will cheer me. Lamp un - to my feet and 'tis a

Till I reach my home on high, Hal - le - lu - jah!

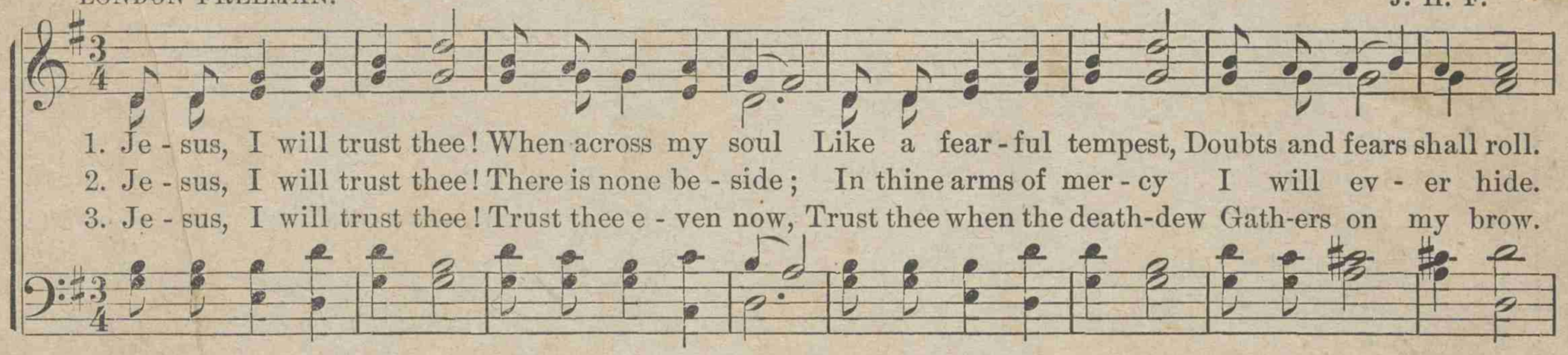
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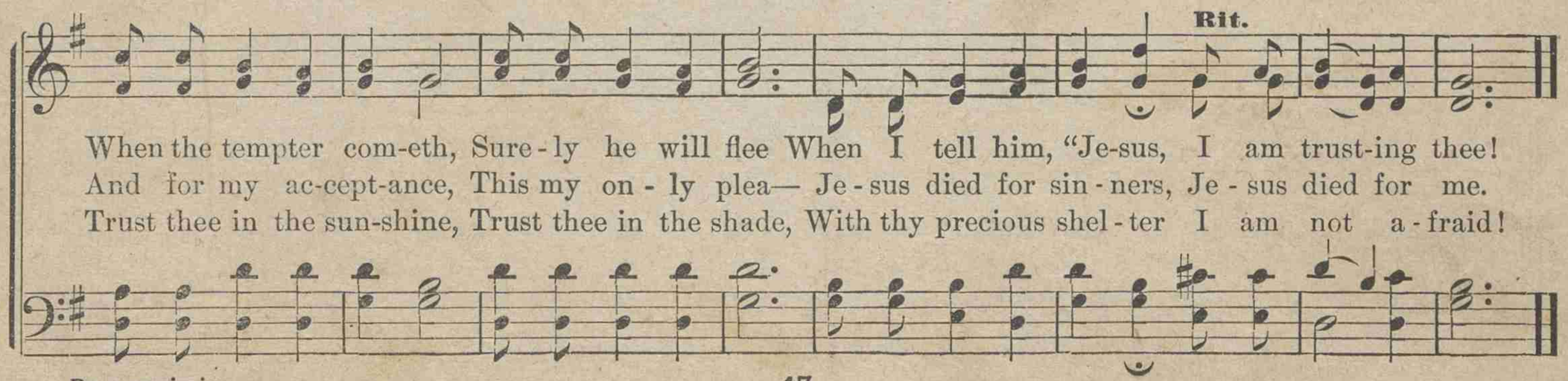


70. Jesus, I will Trust Thee.

"*Trust in the Lord with all thine heart.*"—Prov. 3: 5.

LONDON FREEMAN. J. H. F.





By permission.

March On.

"The Lord of hosts mustereth the hosts of the battle."—Isa. 13: 4.

W. J. BALTZELL.

1. A - wake! a-wake! make read - y for the fight, In Je - sus be stead - y, strong and brave;
2. Fear not the strength and num - ber of the foe, For Je - sus his sol - diers will de - fend;
3. But on the breast-plate, hel-met, sword and shield, With san - dals of peace be tru - ly shod;

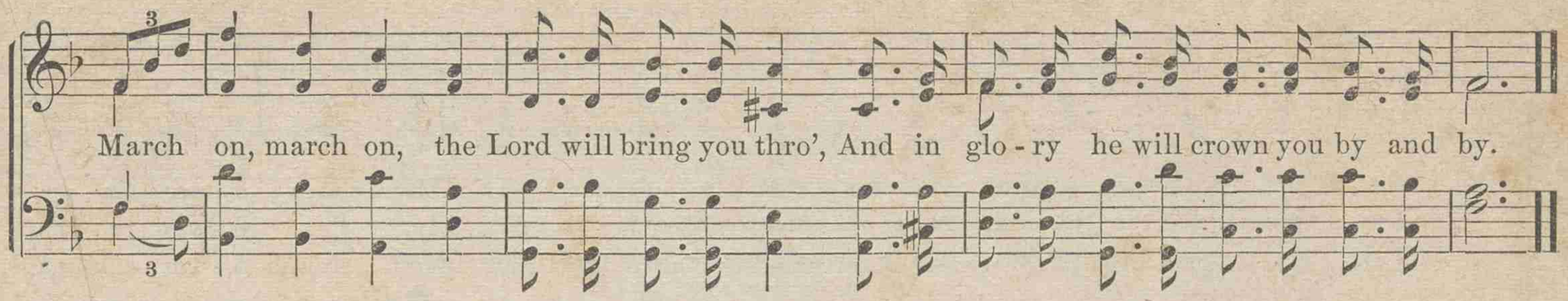
Go forth to bat - tle in your Savior's might, He con-quered the dark-ness of the grave.
In His great name to bat - tle bold - ly go, On Him for the vic - to - ry de - pend.
With cour - age fight, com - pel the foe to yield, And tri - umph thro' liv - ing faith in God.

CHORUS.

March on, march on, be stead - y, strong and true, Let the roy - al flag of Je - sus wave on high;

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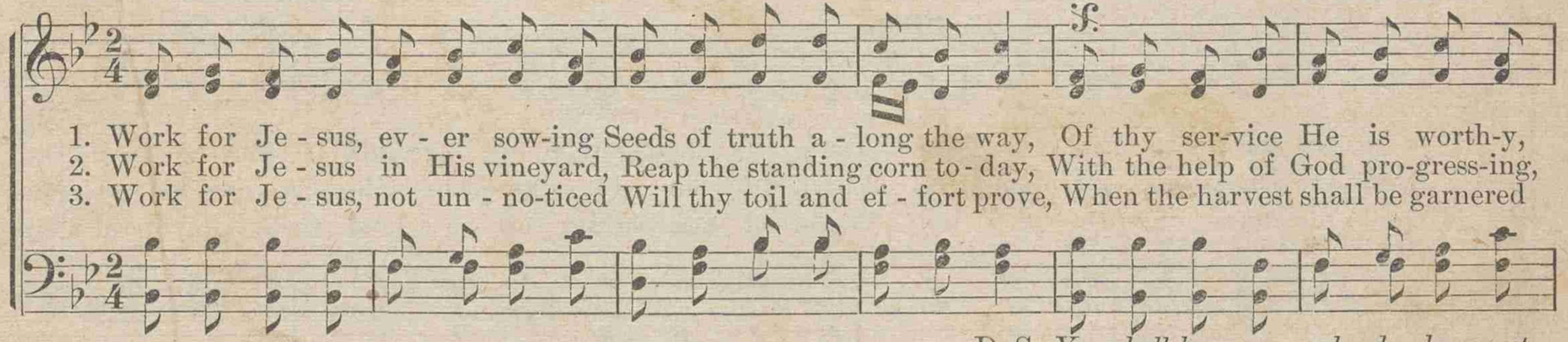
March On. Concluded.

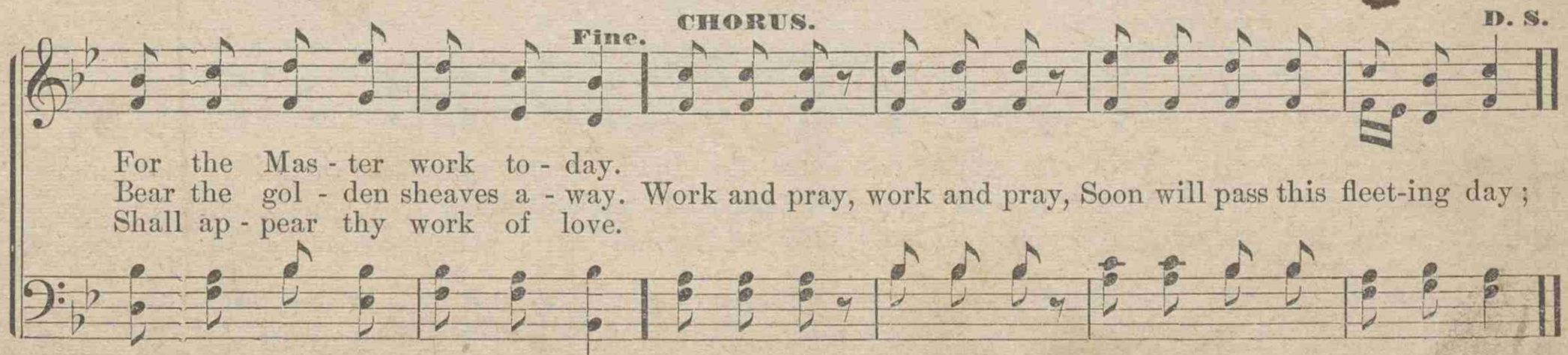


72. Work and Pray.

"Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."—Joel 3: 13.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. D. E. DORTCH.





By permission.

73. Far, Far, Over the Sea.

"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16: 9.

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

D. C. 1. *Far, far, o - ver the sea, Na - tions wait in ag - o - ny; Come, come, o - ver the sea,*
2. Far, far, o - ver the sea, Souls la - ment sin's tyr - an - ny; Fly, fly, o - ver the sea,
3. Fly, fly, o - ver the sea, Bring sweet an-swer to their plea; Ring, ring, o - ver the sea,

Fine.

Bring the light, let dark-ness flee. Dark the shad - ows round them fall, Gloom and hor - ror
Bring the Gos - pel, set them free. Chained by sin in dun-geons vile, Scourged by pas - sions
Loud the notes of Ju - bi - lee. Gos - pel light brings full re - lease, Cries of pain shall

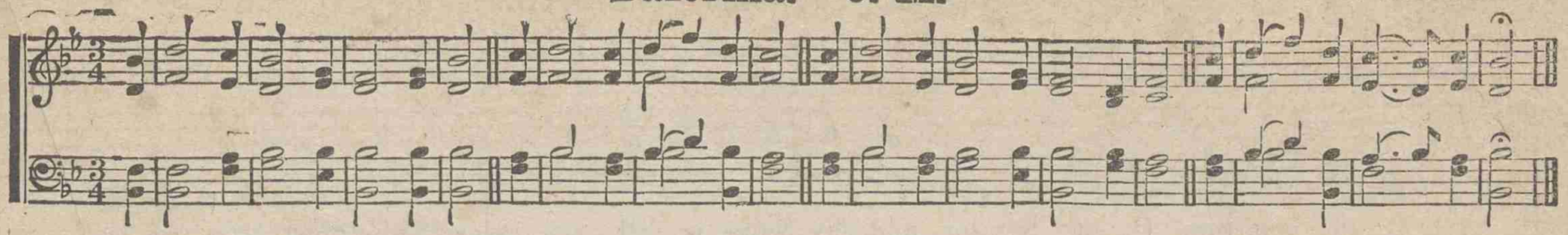
cov - er all; Vain - ly grope their souls for light, Hope ne'er cheers their ray - less night.
fierce the while; Vexed by su - per - sti - tion's blight, Vain their trust in e - vil rite.
end in peace; Prayer and song shall soon re - sound All the joy - ous earth a - round.

D. C.

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Balerma. C. M.

R. Simpson.



74.

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

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

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

75.

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

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

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

76.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from 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 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

77.

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

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

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

78.
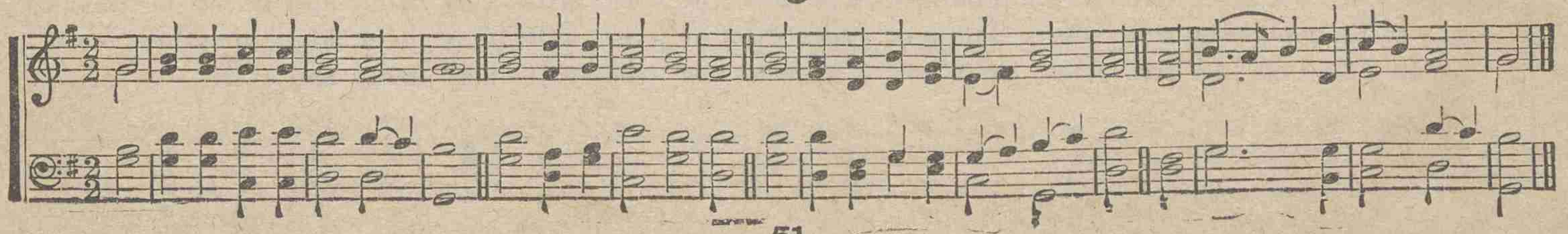
1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

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

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

Peterborough. C. M.

Ralph Harrison.



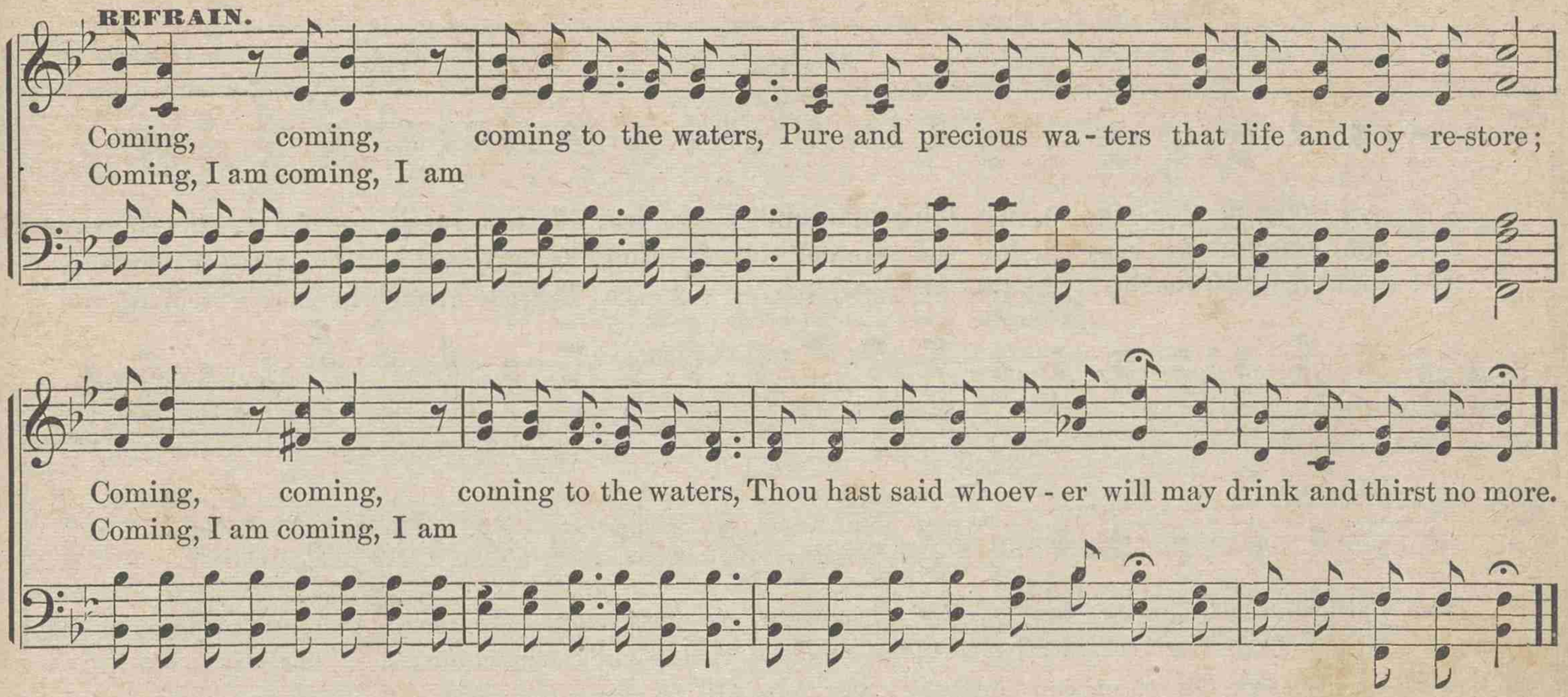
79. Coming to the Waters.

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

SALLIE E. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.
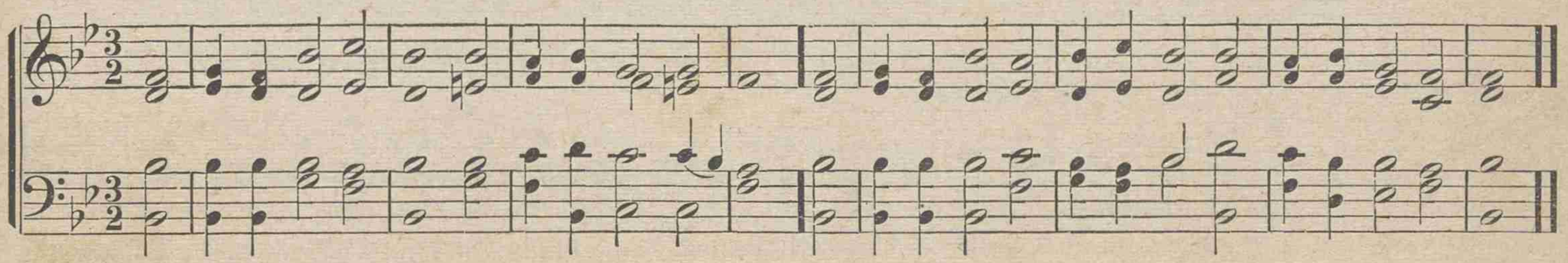
1. I am com-ing, O my Sav-ior, and thy Name is all my plea, Thou didst give thy-self a ran - som and a sac - ri - fice for me. I am com - ing to the wa - ters of sal-va - tion flow-ing free, Where thou hast said who - ev - er will may drink and thirst no more.
2. I am com-ing, O my Sav-ior, with my bur - den now to thee, Wilt thou lead me by thy spir - it, for the way I can not see? Will thou lead me to the wa - ters of sal-va - tion flow-ing free, Where thou hast said who - ev - er will may drink and thirst no more?
3. I am com-ing, O my Sav-ior, and thy lov - ing voice I hear, Thou hast filled my heart with glad - ness, and I know that thou art near. From the rock the wa - ters grat - ing, fall like mu - sic on my ear, And thou hast said who - ev - er will may drink and thirst no more.

Coming to the Waters. Concluded.



80. Olmutz. S. M.

GREGORIAN.



1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

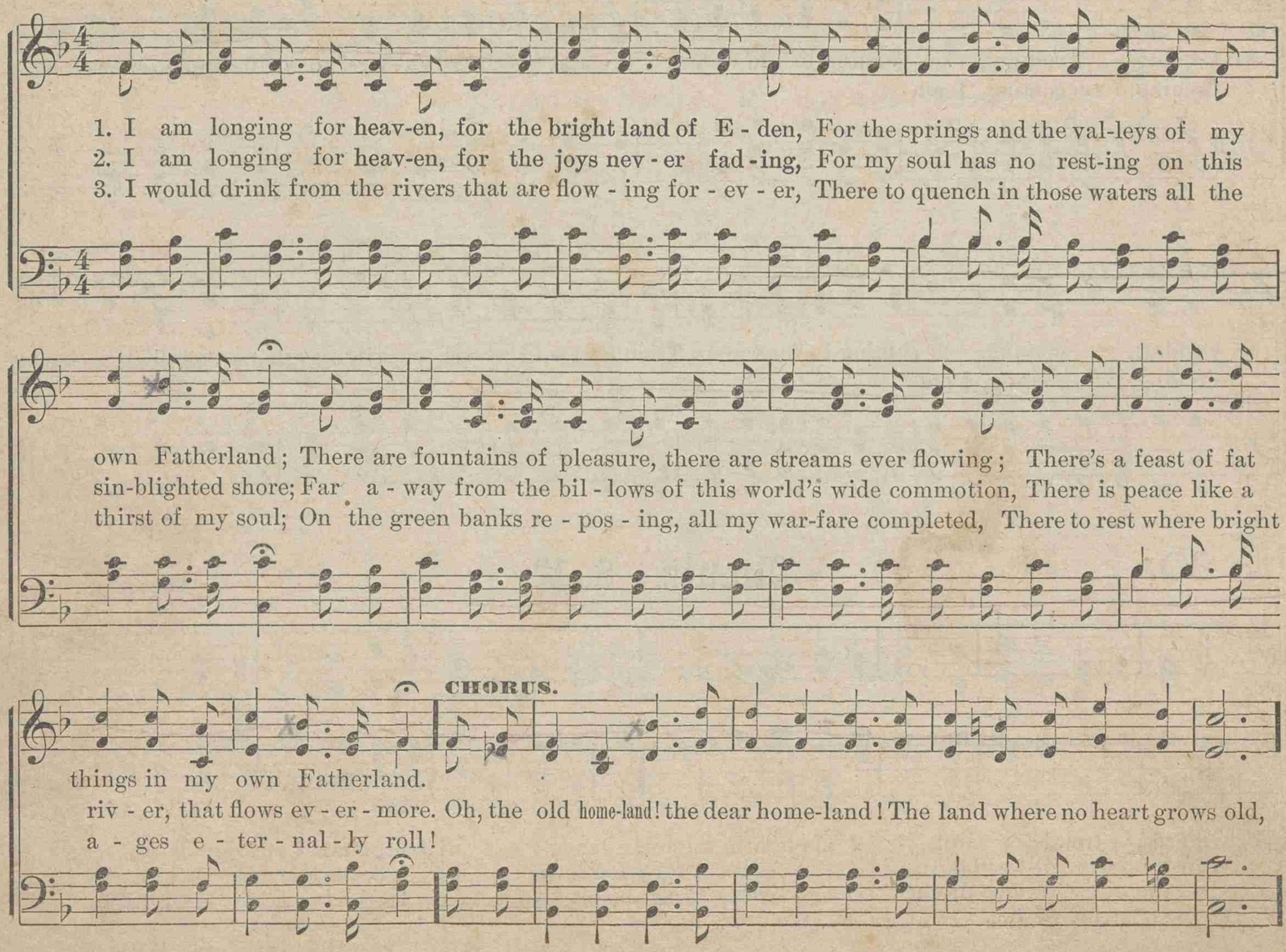
2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

81. The Dear Home-land.
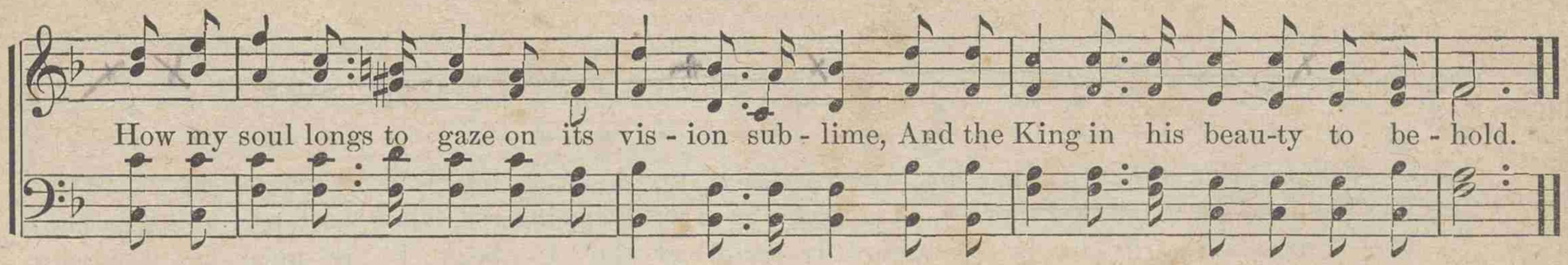
"But now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.



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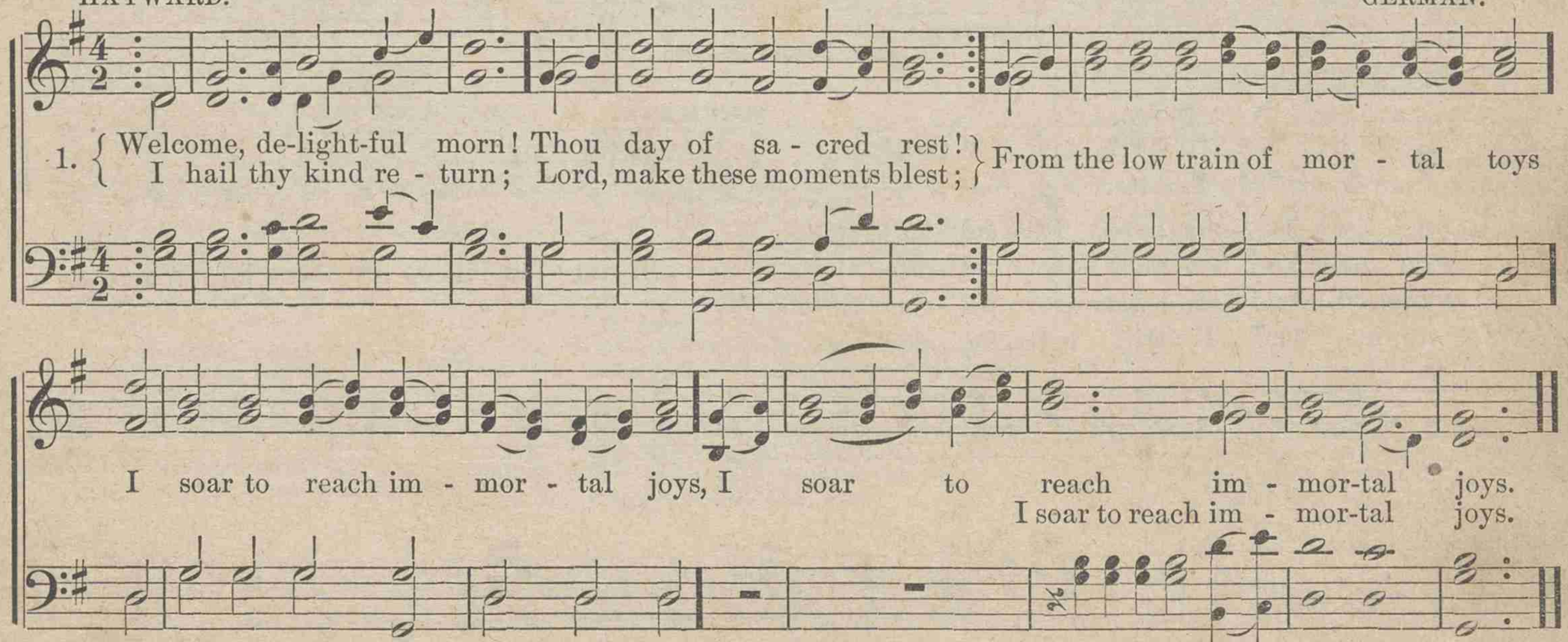
The Dear Home-land. Concluded.



82. Welcome, Delightful Morn.

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

HAYWARD. GERMAN.



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

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

83. I Will Follow Thee.

"Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."—Luke 9: 57.

J. L. ELGINBURG. I. BALTZELL.

1. I will fol - low thee, my Sav - ior, Where-so - e'er my lot may be; Where thou go - est, I will
2. Tho' the road be rough and thorn-y, Trackless as the foam-ing sea, Thou hast trod this way be-
3. Tho' I meet with trib - u - la - tions, Sore - ly tempt - ed tho' I be; I re - mem - ber thou wast
4. Tho' to Jor-dan's roll-ing bil - lows, Cold and deep, thou leadest me, Thou hast crossed the waves be-

REFRAIN.
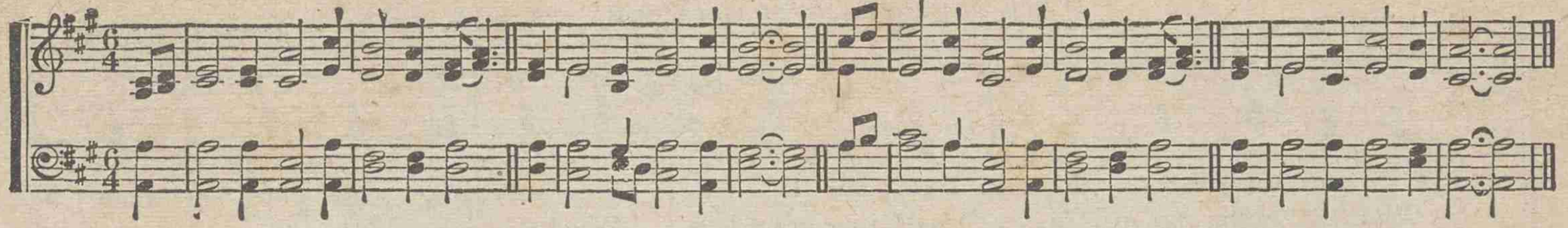
fol - low; Yes, my Lord, I'll fol - low thee.
fore me, And I'll glad - ly fol - low thee. I will fol - low thee, my Sav - ior, Where-so-
tempt-ed, And re - joice to fol - low thee.
fore me, And I still will fol - low thee.

e'er my lot may be; And tho' all men may for - sake thee, By thy grace I'll fol - low thee.

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Maitland. C. M.

GEO. W. ALLEN.



84.

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

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

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

85.

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

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

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

86.

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

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

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

87.

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

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
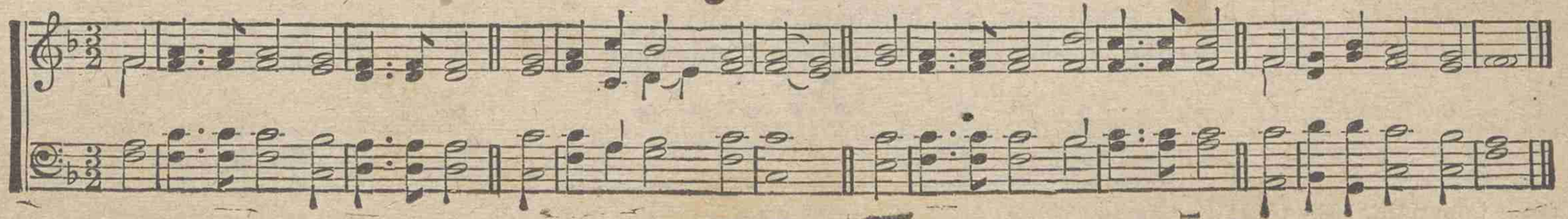
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin!

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

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

Arlington. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE.



88. The Hollow of God's Hand.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Psa. 17: 8.

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

1. I am safe, what - ev - er may be - tide me; I am safe, who - ev - er may de-
2. What tho' fierce the storm - y blasts roar round me; What tho' sore life's tri - als oft con-
3. Ev - er - last - ing arms of love en - fold me; Words of peace the voice di - vine has
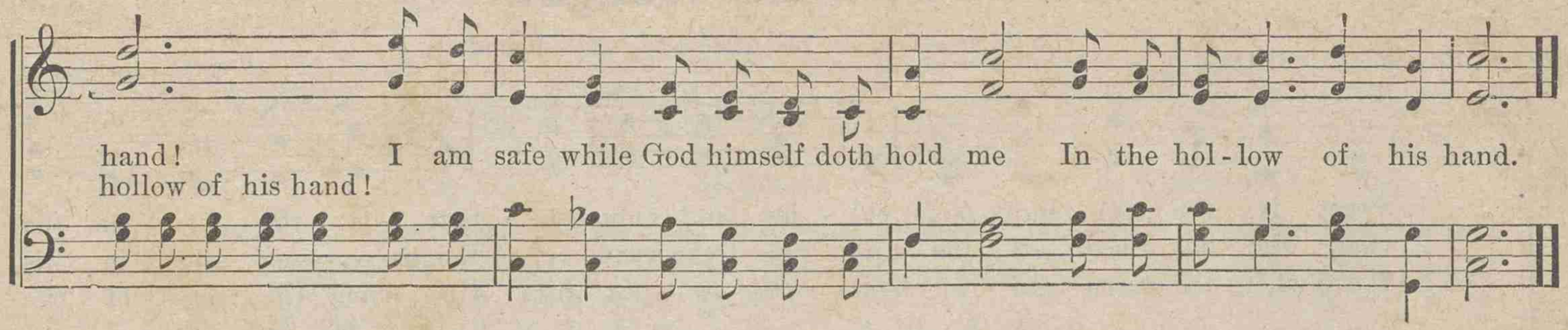
ride me; I am safe, as long as I con - fide me In the hol - low of God's hand.
found me; I am safe, for naught of ill can wound me In the hol - low of God's hand.
told me; I am safe, while God him - self doth hold me In the hol - low of his hand.

CHORUS.

In the hol - low, hol - low of his hand! In the hol - low, hol - low of his
In the hol-low, in the hollow of his hand! In the hol-low, in the
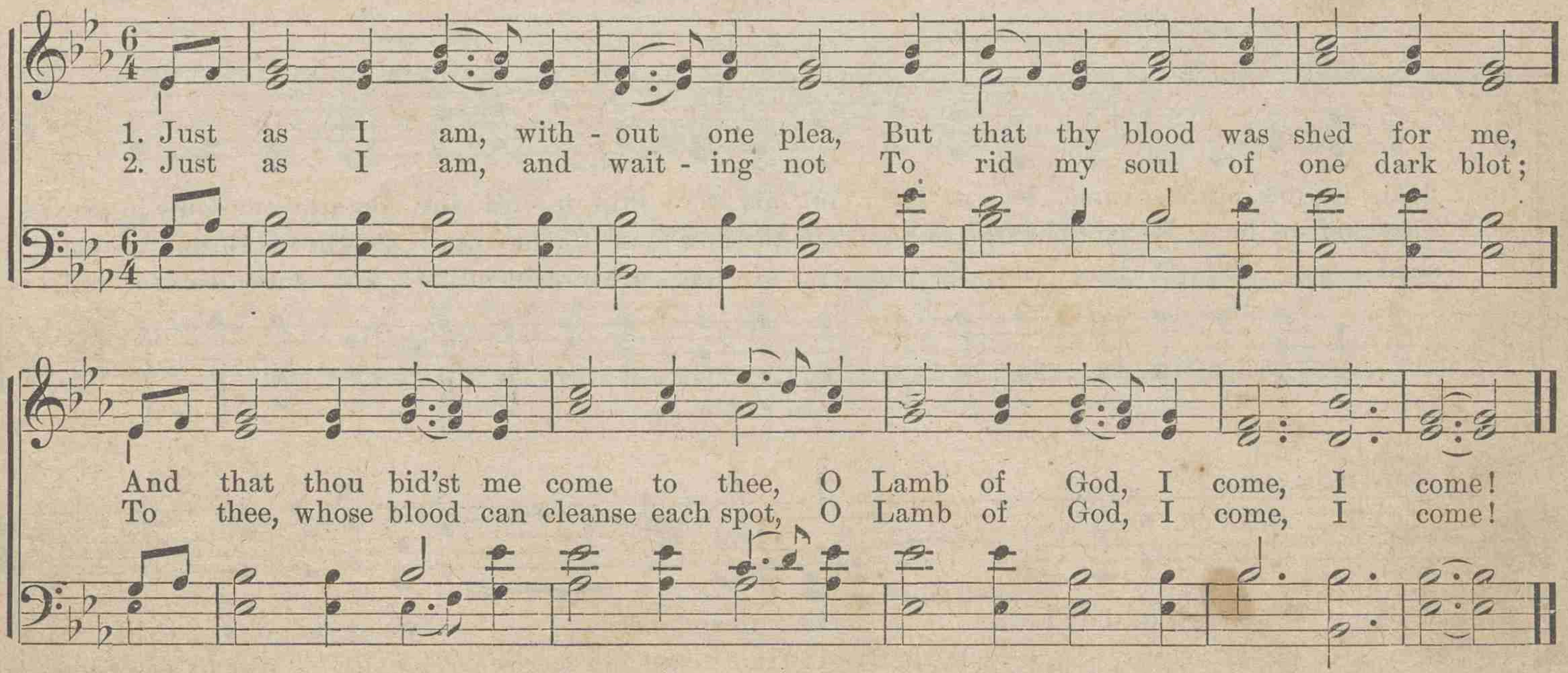
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The Hollow of God's Hand. Concluded.



89. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WOODWORTH. L. ' WM. B. BRADBURY.



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

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

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

By permission.

90. Sweet is the Sunlight.

"Let the heavens rejoice, and let earth be glad."—Psa. 96: 11.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Sweet is the sun - light o'er val - ley and mountain, Soft is the mu - sic that
2. God, who has robed all the hills in their beau - ty, Reigns o - ver all in his
3. Down where the green qui - et banks are re - pos - ing, Up from the depths of the

floats on the air; O, come, let us all in his wor - ship u - nit - ing, Breathe our souls in prayer.
king-dom of love; He paints with his hands all the flow'rs of the mountain, Bright his throne a - bove.
shad - ow - y dell; O, hear how the voic - es of nat - ure are blending, All his love to tell.

CHORUS.

Praise to the Lord! . . . His care and mer - - - .cy's ev - er o'er us!
Praises to the Lord! yes, praises to the Lord! His care and mercy's o'er us, o'er us ev-er-more!

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Sweet is the Sunlight. Concluded.

Praise to the Lord! . . . the gentle spring . . . . he doth re-store us;
Praises to the Lord! yes, praises to the Lord! the spring he doth restore, in grace he doth restore;

Praise to the Lord! . . . Our path with bless - - ing strews before us;
Praises to the Lord, yes, praises to the Lord! Our path with blessing strews, he go-eth on be-fore;

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Glo - ry to his ho - ly name!
Praise the Lord! O, praise him! Praise the Lord! O, praise him! Glo - ry to his ho - ly name!

91. All For Me.

"Who loved me, and gave himself for me."—Gal. 2: 20.

J. B. C. W. J. BALTZELL.

1. Bless-ed Sav-ior, with Thy thorny crown, Bruised and bleeding, suff'ring, sinking down; Heav-y la-den,
2. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pure and meek and mild, Let me ev - er be Thy lov-ing child; Tho' un-worth-y
3. Fain would I to Thee, O Lord, be brought, Blessed Je-sus! O, for-bid it not; In the kingdom

CHORUS. Faster.

wea-ry, sad and torn—Faint-ing, dy-ing, bleeding, crushed and torn.
of Thy love I be, Thou didst suf-fer on Thy cross for me. All for me, yes, all for me,
of Thy heavenly grace, Give, O give Thy wand'ring child a place.

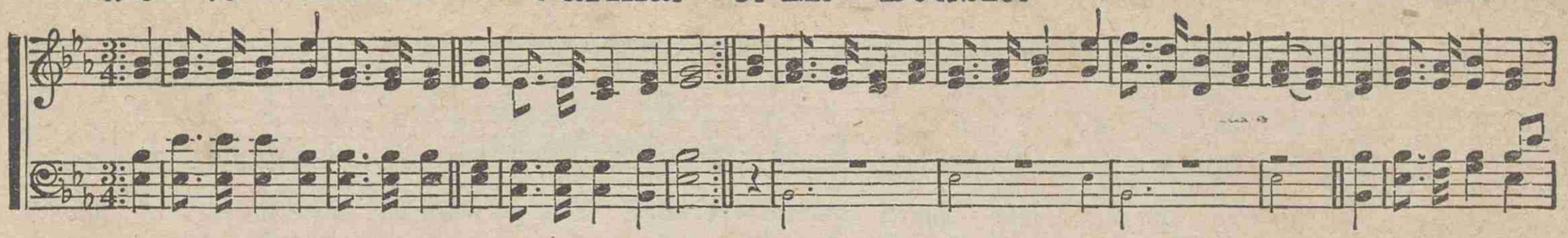
O thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Thou didst suf-fer on the tree, All for me, yes, all for me.
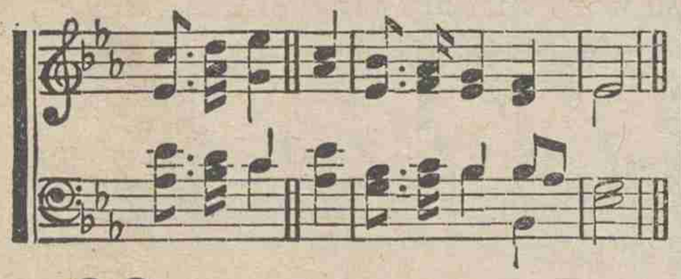
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Varina. C. M. Double.

GEO. F. ROOT.





92.

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

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

93.

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

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

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

94.

1 Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
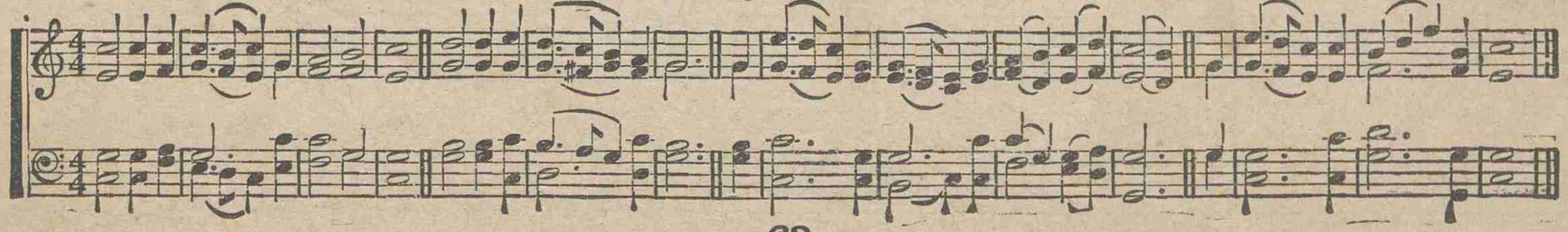
2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might—
The whole creation's King.

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

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

Henry. C. M.

SYLVANUS B. POND, 1835.



95. "Son, Go Work in My Vineyard."

"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28.

J. B. C. I. BALTZELL.

1. Hear the voice of the Lord, Say - ing in his ho - ly word, "Son, go work in my vineyard to - day."
2. Oh, ye brave men and true, Hear the Sa-vior calling you: "Son, go work in my vineyard to - day."
3. Will you list to his voice? Will you make his work your choice? Will you work in his vineyard to-day?
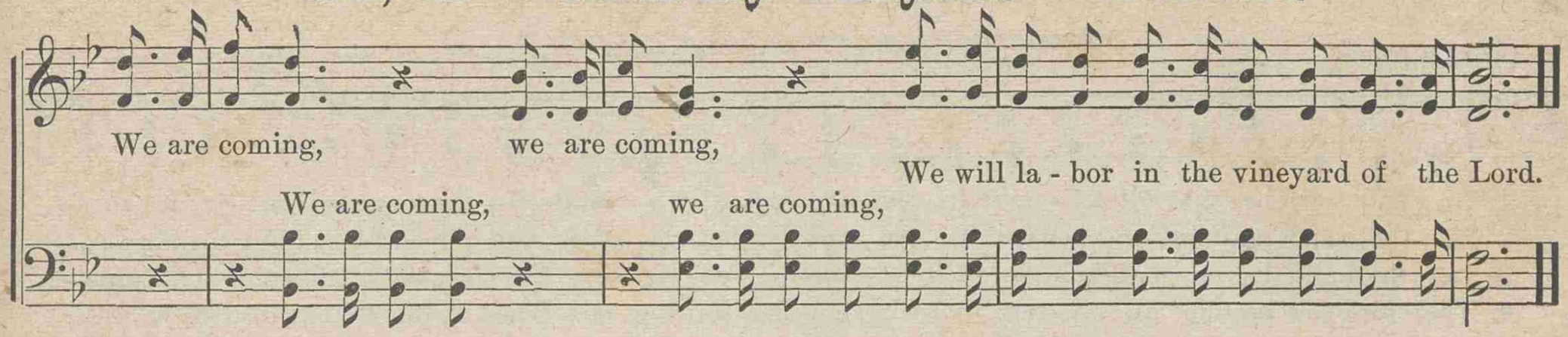
Lo! the fields, far and near, white for har-vest-ing ap-pear: "Son, go work in my vineyard to - day."
For the har - vest is great and the la - bor - ers are few: "Son, go work in my vineyard to - day."
Will you say: Blessed Lord, I am com-ing at thy word, I will work in thy vineyard to - day.

CHORUS.

We are com-ing, we are coming, We are coming, blessed Savior, at thy word;
We are coming, We are coming,

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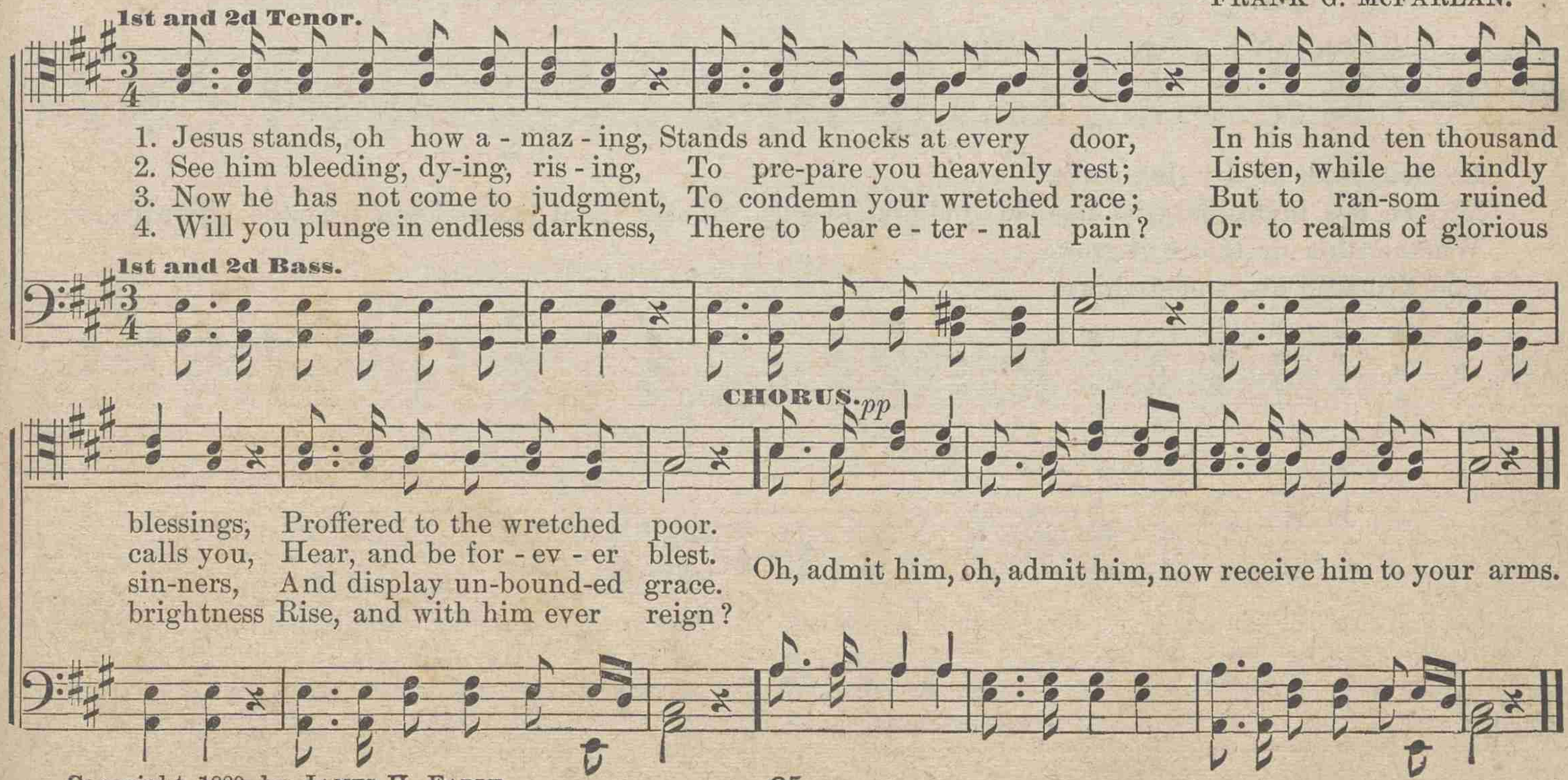
"Son, Go Work in My Vineyard." Concluded.



96. Oh, Admit Him. (Male Quartet.)

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—Psa. 95: 7.

FRANK G. McFARLAN.



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97. Beside All Waters.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."—Isa. 32: 20.

PHŒBE CARY. E. S. LORENZ.

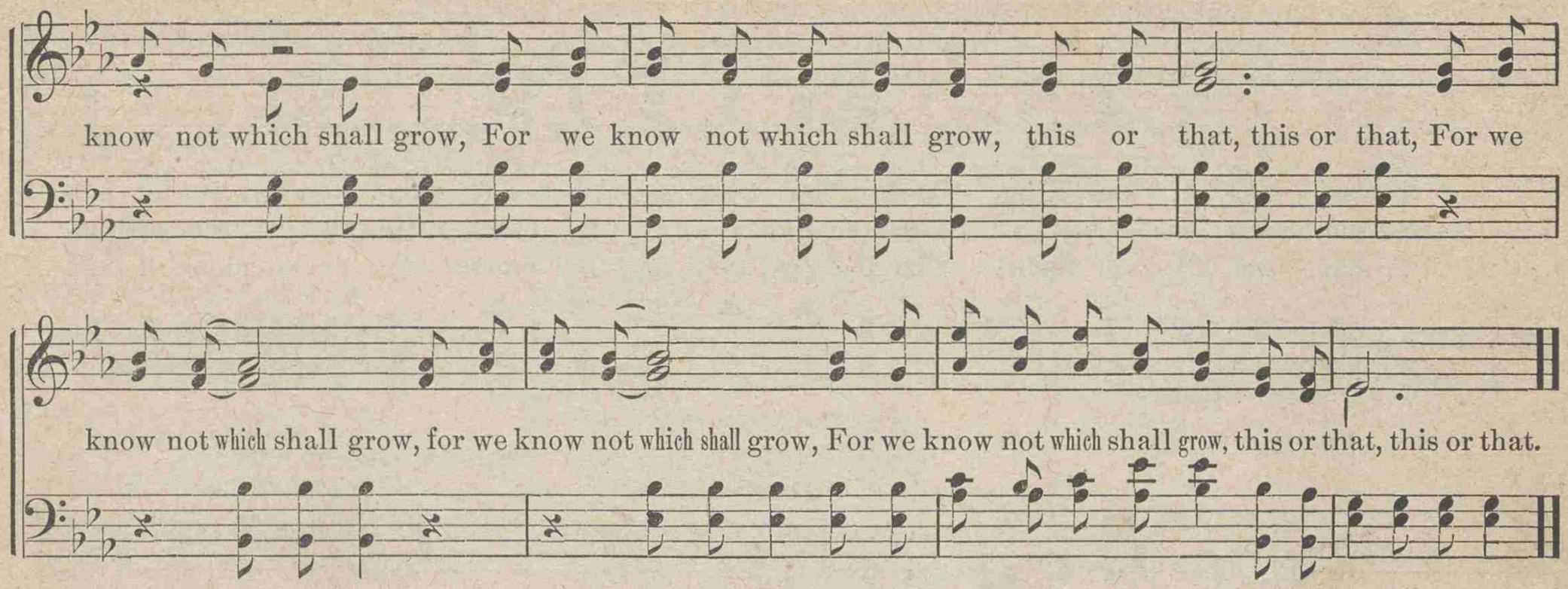
1. Go and sow be-side all wa-ters In the morning of thy youth; In the even-ing scat-ter broadcast
2. For tho' much may sink and per-ish In the rock-y bar-ren mold, And the har-vest of thy la-bor
3. Let thy hand be not with-hold-en, Still be-side all wa-ters sow; For thou know'st not which shall prosper,
4. Therefore, sow be-side all wa-ters, Trusting, hop-ing, toil-ing on; When the fields are white for harvest,

CHORUS.

Precious seeds of liv-ing truth.
May be less than thir-ty fold. Go and sow be-side all wa-ters! Go and sow be-side all wa-ters!
Whether this or that will grow.
God will send his an-gels down.

Go and sow be-side the wa-ters! Sow the seeds of liv-ing truth, For we know not which shall grow, For we

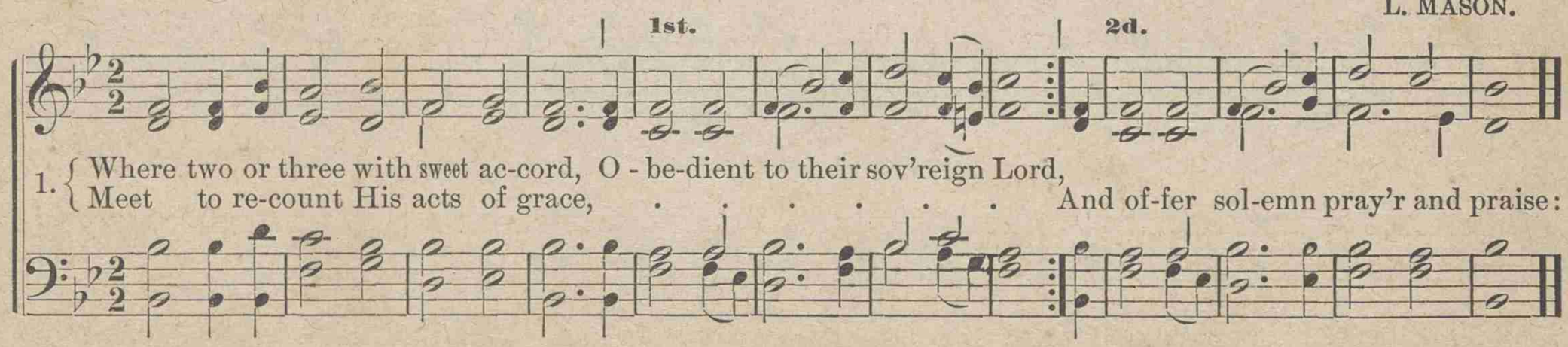
Beside All Waters. Concluded.



98. Where Two or Three with Sweet Accord.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."—Matt. 18: 20.

L. MASON.



2 "There," says the Savior, "will I be,
Amid that little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glory round the place."

3 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on Thy faithful word;
O send Thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

99. The World for Christ.

"Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature."—Mark 16: 15.

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Lo! the ar - my of our King, Marching on from sea to sea! Loud their hal - le - lu - jahs
2. Hear the march-ing or - der: "Go! Preach the word in ev - 'ry clime, Un - til all the earth be-
3. See! the ban - ner is un - furled See! it floats up - on the breeze! O'er the kingdoms of the

CHORUS.
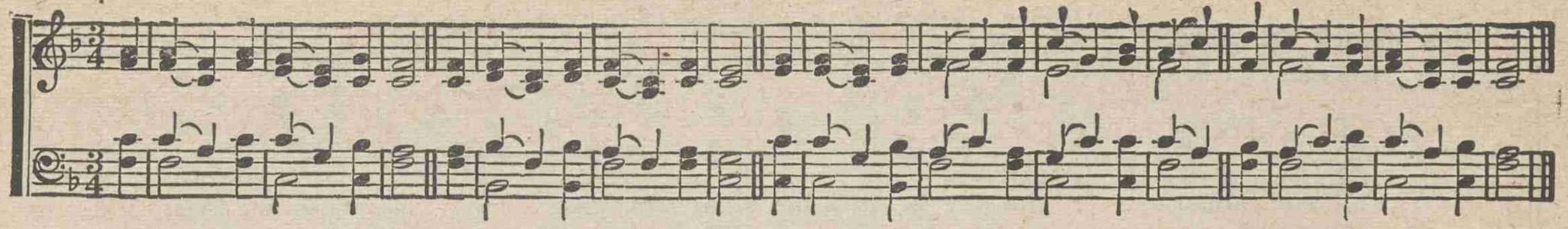
ring With the joy of vic - to - ry!
low Ech - o with the strain sub-lime!" "The world for Christ! Christ for the world!" We
world, O'er the isl - ands and the seas!

shout with glad ac - claim, Till ev - 'ry soul, from pole to pole, Con - fess that glo-rious name!

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Dennis. S. M.

HANS G. NAGELI.



100.

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

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

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

101.

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

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

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

102.

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

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

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

103.

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

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

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

104.

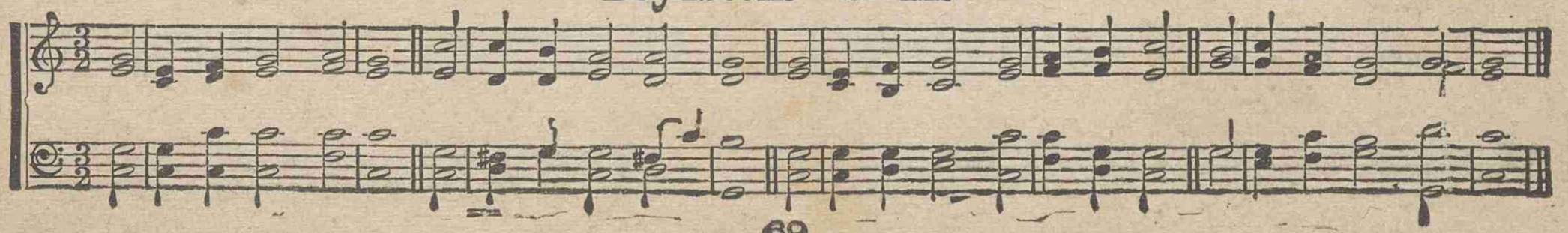
1 O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

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

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

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



105. Call Me Home. (Male Quartet.)

"Having a desire to depart and be with Christ."—Gal. 1: 23.

MRS. BISHOP THOMPSON. W. J. BALTZELL.

Not fast.

1. Call me home, . . the day is dy - ing, Cold and cheer - less blows the blast, Voic - es
2. Call me home, . . to joys e - ter - nal, Where no care . . . shall e'er mo - lest, Where in
3. Call me home, . . re - lent-less sor - row Sweeps her dark . . . wings o - ver me, Not a
4. Call me home, . . lov'd friends in glory Beck-on from . . . that ra-diant shore, Whisp'ring

in . . . my soul are sigh - ing O'er the fair (o'er the fair) and vanished past. Love's sweet
past - - ures fair and ver - nal, Wea-ry souls (wea - ry souls) un-troub-led rest. Where the
ray . . . to cheer the mor-row, 'Mid the fear - ful (the fear - ful) night I see. Falter-ing
of . . . the bliss be - fore me, When this wea-ry (this wea - ry) life is o'er. See, my

flowers . . in graves are ly - ing, Joys sink deep . . . be-neath the foam, Wea - ry,
jas - - per walls are ring - ing, As blest souls . . . re - joic - ing come, And their
are . . . . my steps and wea - ry, As I through . . the darkness roam, From this
soul, . . . her wings are pluming, Soon 'twill scale . . . yon star - ry dome, When ce-

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Call Me Home. Concluded.

sad, . . . for - sak - en, sigh - ing, Heav'nly Fa - - ther, call me home.
lips . . . are tuned to sing - ing, Heav'nly Fa - - ther, call me home.
change - - ful life and drear - y, Heav'nly Fa - - ther, call me home.
les - - - tial flow'rs are blooming, Heav'nly Fa - - ther, call me home.

REFRAIN.

Call me home, call me home, Heav'nly Fa - - ther, call me home.
Call me home, call me home, Heav'nly Fa-ther,

106. Come Join our Sabbath Song.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Come join our Sabbath song, On this the Sabbath day; We know that angel harps above Unite to swell the lay.
2. Come to our Sabbath School, Come to the place of pray'r; Come, little boy and little girl, Our sacred pleasure share.
3. And in the house a-bove, Not made with human hand, We'll sing at last the Sabbath Song, In one unbroken band.

107. A Rest for Me.

"Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest."—Heb. 4: 11.

REV. A. A. GRALEY. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I'm but a pil-grim here be-low, I have no por-tion here; And this is not my rest, I know, Then wel-come toil and care.
2. What fond en-dearments round me twine, But ah! how brief their stay; I gaze, but while I call them mine, They fade and pass a-way.
3. There's dan-ger lurk-ing in the bliss To which we fond-ly turn; As flow'rs, tho' robed in love-li-ness, Se-crete the rank-ling thorn.
4. Sweet rest, e-ter-nal rest to come, Thy fore-tastes cheer me here; They lure me up-ward to my home, And for that home pre-pare.
5. This earth is not my rest-ing place, It hin-ders and de-files; I'll take my staff and on-ward press, Thro' dark-ness, tears and toils.

REFRAIN.

But there's a rest for me! . . . But there's a rest for me! . . . On Je-sus' breast the wea-ry rest, And that's the rest for me!

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108. Let Him In.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. FOR MALE VOICES. E. O. EXCELL.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

Let the Sav-ior in, O, let the Sav-ior in,

1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in, He has been there oft be - fore,
2. O - pen now to him your heart, Let him in, If you wait he will de - part,
3. Hear you now his lov - ing voice? Let him in, Now, O, now make him your choice,
4. Now ad - mit the heav'nly Guest, Let him in, He will make for you a feast,

Let the Sav-ior in, O, let the Sav-ior in,

Let him in,

Let the Sav - ior in, O, let the Sav - ior in.

Let him in. Let him in ere he is gone, Let him
Let him in. Let him in, he is your friend, He will
Let him in. He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to
Let him in. He will speak your sins for - given, And when

Let the Sav - ior in, O, let the Sav - ior in.

Let him in.

Let the Sav-ior in, O, let the Sav - ior in.

in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
soul will sure de - fend, He will keep you to the end. Let him in.
you he will re - store, And his name you will a - dore. Let him in.
earth ties all are riven, He will take you home to heaven. Let him in.

Let the Sav-ior in, O, let the Sav - ior in.

Let him in.

By permission.

109. Gathering the Sheaves.

"*The night cometh when no man can work.*"—John 9: 4.

SELECTED. I. BALTZELL.

1. Go ye forth to the field of la - bor, Gath - er in the gold - en grain, Hand in hand with your friend and neighbor; You shall nev-er toil in vain.
2. Go ye forth at the ear - ly dawn - ing Of the Gos - pel's glo - rious day; Go ye forth while the rays of morn-ing Light thy footsteps on the way.
3. Stand ye firm while the storms are rag - ing, Look be - yond for heav'n-ly light; Go ye forth still the bat - tle wag-ing; Work till darkness dims thy sight.
4. Work to-day, for the night is com - ing, Where-in all must rest from toil; O, ye dreamers, a- wake, 'tis morning, Soon the shades of night will fall.
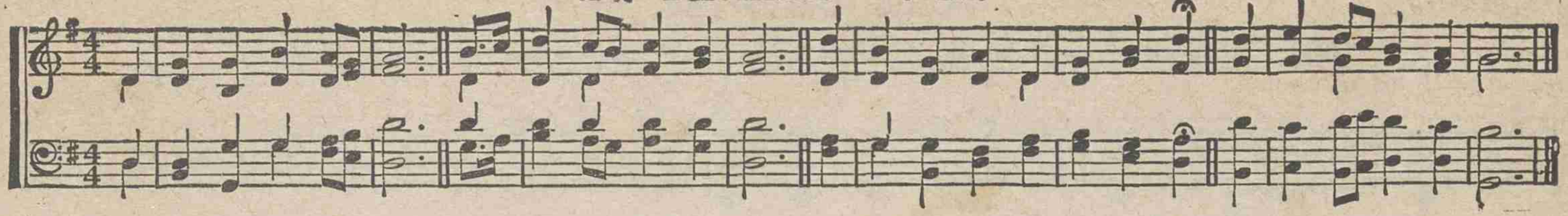
CHORUS.

Go ye forth to the field of la - bor, Gather in the sheaves of gold-en grain; O how pleasant to work for Je - sus, Gath'ring in the sheaves of golden grain.

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St. Thomas. S. M.

WILLIAMS.



110.

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

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

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

111.

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

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

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

112.

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

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

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

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

113.

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

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

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

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

114.
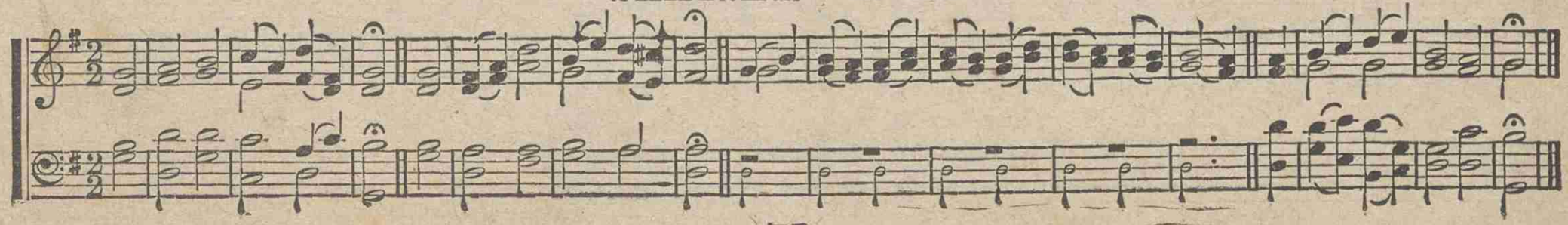
1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed; [tears;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy
God shall lift up thy head.

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

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

Shirland. S. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



115. Come Unto Me.

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

ANNIE SHARE. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Sweetly the Savior's voice is ev - er call - ing, Come un - to me! Come un - to me!
2. Long have I sought you lost in darkness dreary, Come un - to me! Come un - to me!
3. Here is the rest that I a - lone can give you, Come un - to me! Come un - to me!
4. Je - sus, for - sak - ing all that would deceive us, Come we to thee! Come we to thee!

CHORUS.
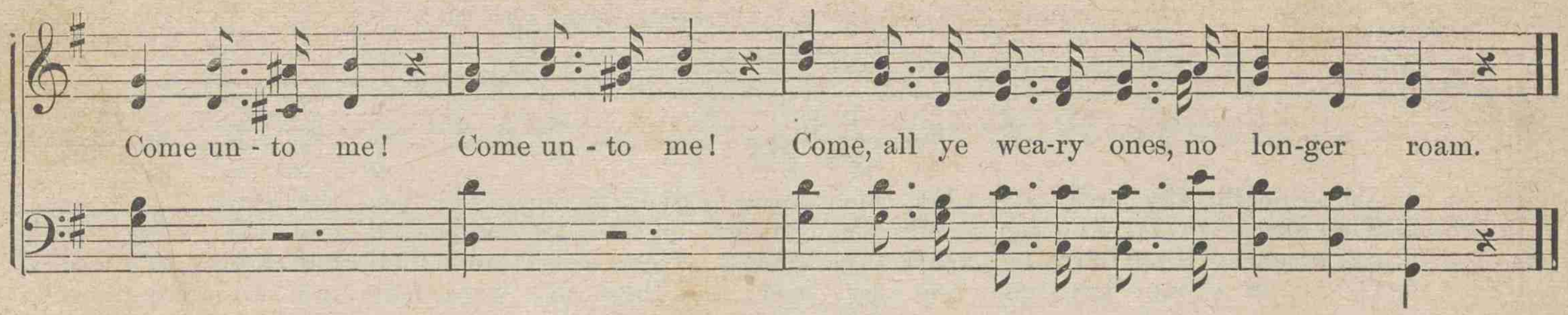
See, shadows dark around you now are fall-ing, Come un - to me!
I am the ref - uge, wait-ing for the weary, Come un - to me!
Come, for my heart is longing to forgive you, Come un - to me!
Safe in thy lov - ing arms, O Lord, receive us, Com - ing to thee!

Je - sus, the Lord of all,

Oh, hear his lov - ing call, Come un - to me, all ye wea - ry ones, oh come!

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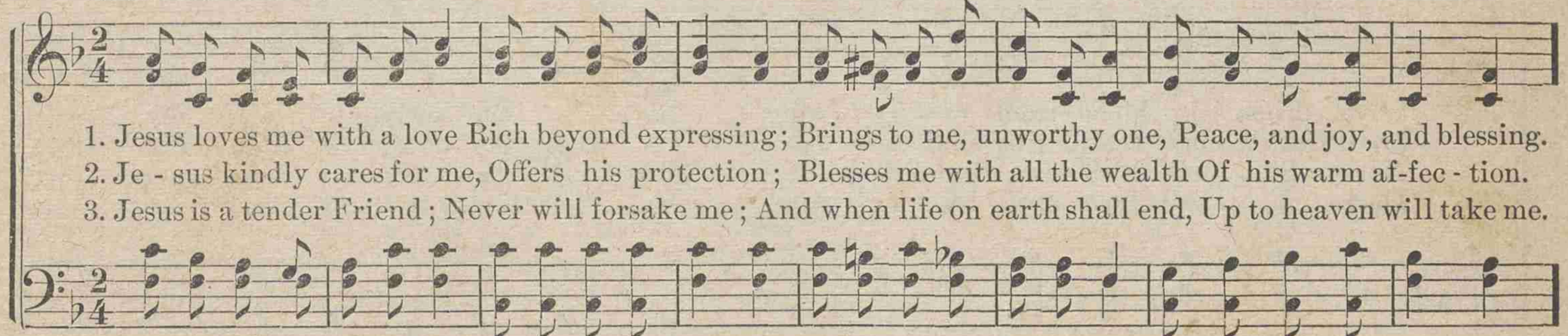
Come Unto Me. Concluded.
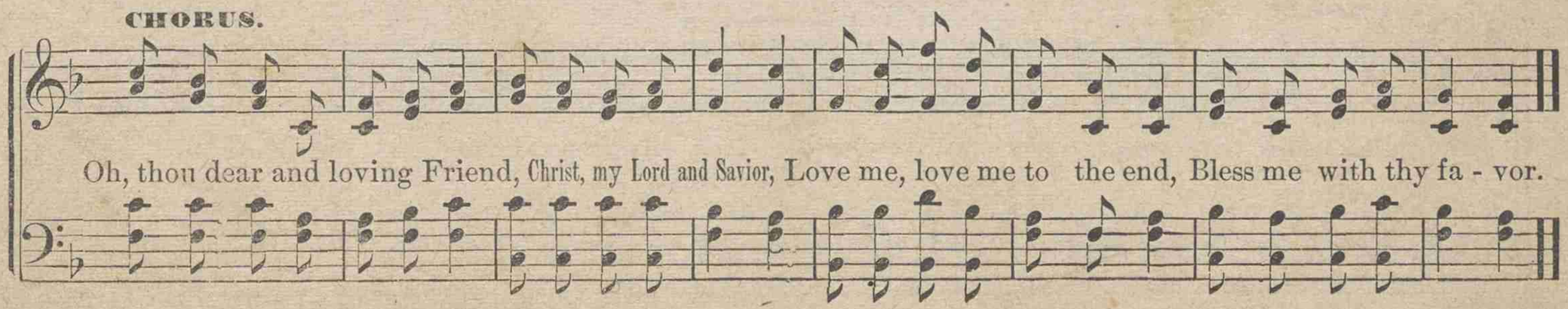


116. Jesus Loves Me.

"*I will love him, and manifest myself to him.*"—John 14: 21.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. H. BURGETT.



CHORUS.



From SONGS OF THE CROSS, by per.

117. Beneath Thy Cross.

"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. 33: 2.

SELECTED. W. J. BALTZELL.

1. Be - neath thy cross I lay me down, And mourn to see thy blood - y crown;
2. The rage of Sa - tan and of sin,— Of foes with - out and foes with - in,
3. Se - cure from harm be - neath thy shade, Here death and hell shall ne'er in - vade;
4. O, un - mo - lest - ed, hap - py rest! Where in - ward fears are all sup-pressed;
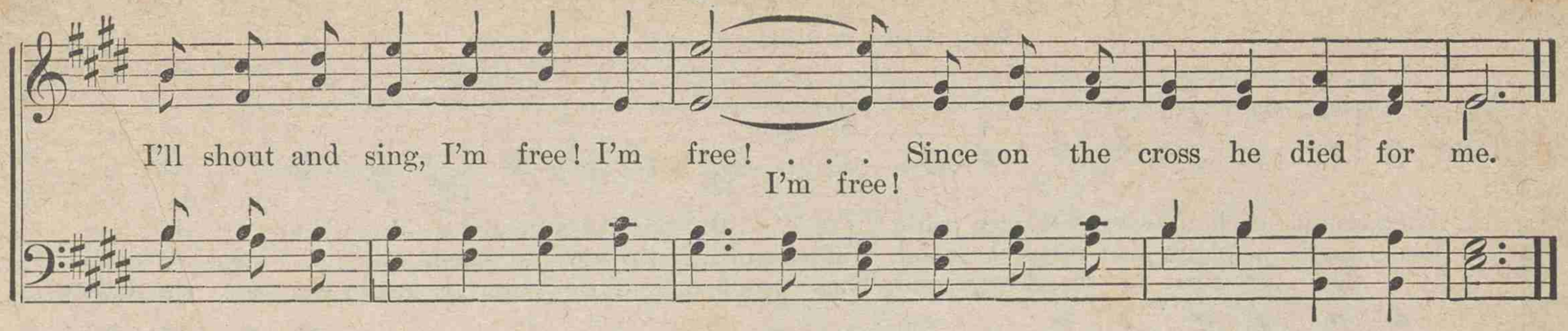
Love drops in blood from ev - 'ry vein; Love is the spring of all thy pain.
Shall ne'er my conquering soul re - move, Or from thy cross or from thy love.
Nor Si - nai with its thund'ring noise, Shall e'er dis - turb my hap - pier joys.
Here I shall love and live se - cure, And pa - tient - ly my cross en - dure.

CHORUS.

Be - neath thy cross, O Christ, I'll stay, . . . And spend my lov - ing hours a - way; . .
I'll stay,

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Beneath Thy Cross. Concluded.

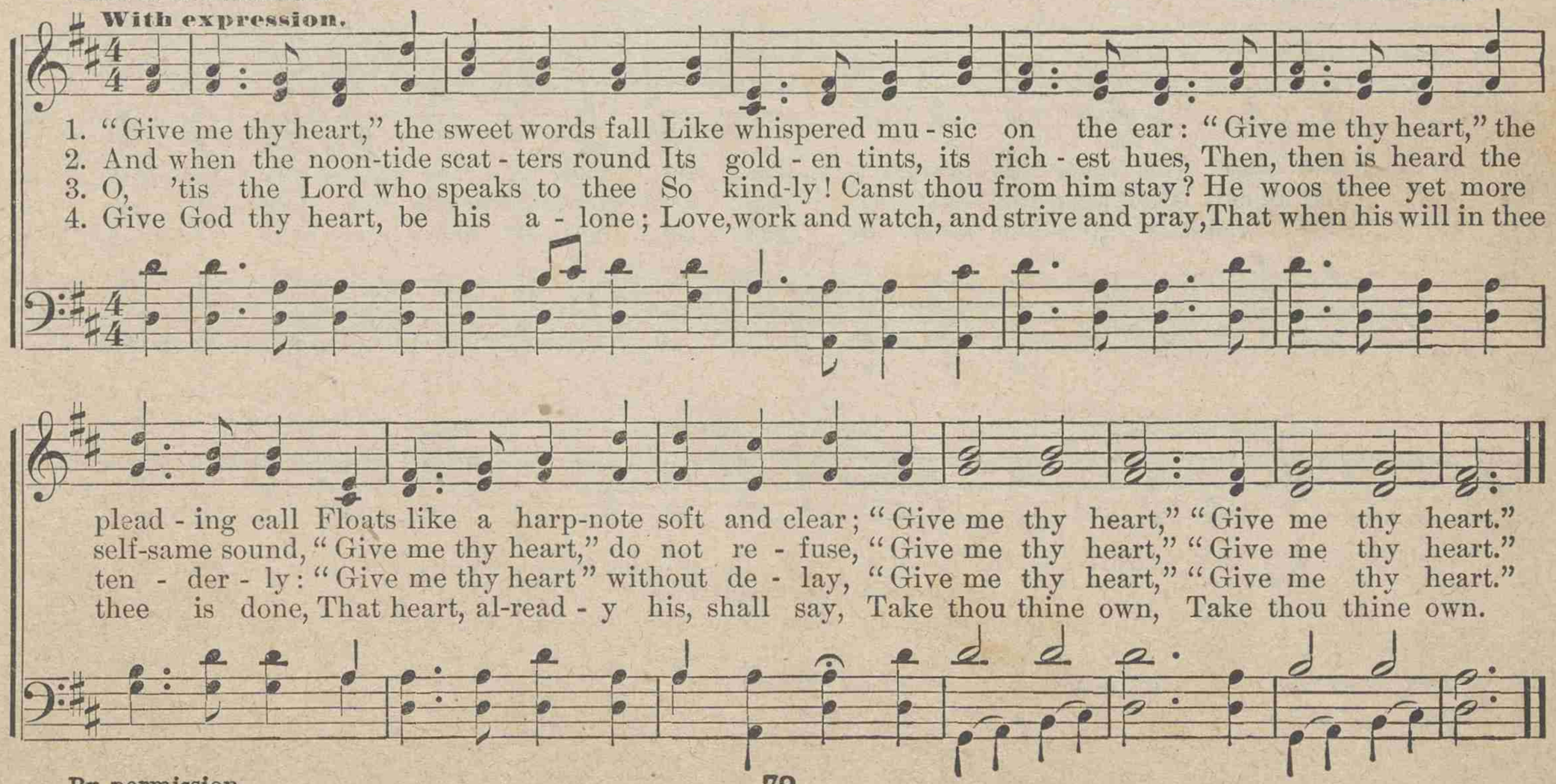


118 Give Me Thy Heart.

"My son, give me thy heart."—Prov. 23: 26.

MRS. B. A. PERRIGO. HARRY SANDERS.

With expression.



By permission.

119. The Happy Change.

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

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

1. There came an hour when all my pride Like i - dle fan - cies passed a - way; Slain by the law I
2. Be - fore a shame-ful cross I stood, With trembling lip and si - lent awe; A form all soiled with
3. In char - ac - ters of blood engraved, These proofs of love di - vine I read; For me, the wretched
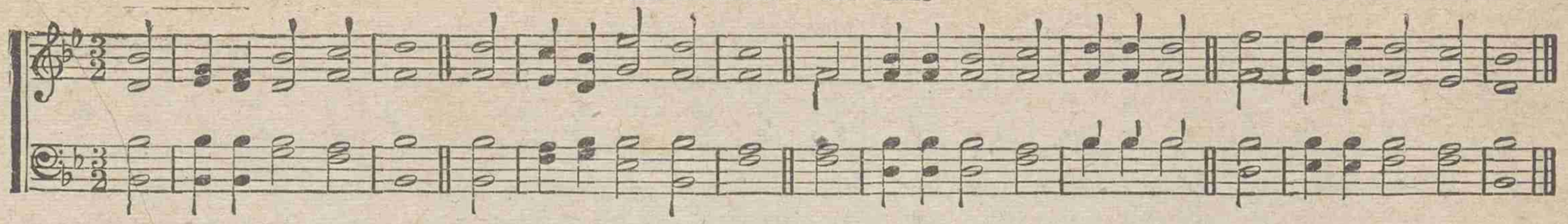
groaned and died, And hope-less, prone I lay. But blood di - vine rolled o'er my soul, And
tears and blood, With weep-ing eyes I saw; Two wound-ed hands that free - ly cast The
and en - slaved That pre-cious blood he shed: For me he bore the curse and shame, For

washed a - way each frightful stain, Its heal - ing vir - tues made me whole: The dead revived a - gain.
rich - est gift on friend and foe; Two wounded feet that moved with haste To cheer the child of woe;
me, the love-less and the lost; And that dear cross at once be - came My glo - ry and my boast.

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Lisbon. S. M.

DANIEL READ.



120.

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

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

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

121.

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

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

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

122.

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

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

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

123.

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

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

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

124.

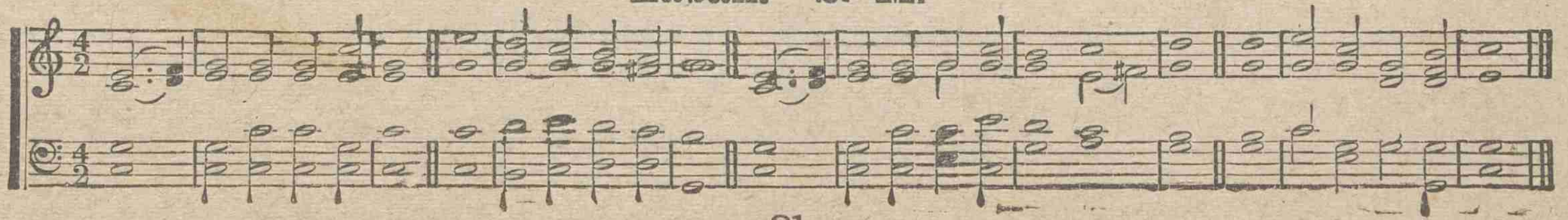
1 Once more, before we part,
O, bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

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

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

Laban. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



125. Let Us Work and Wait.

"Work, for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts."—Hagg. 2: 4.

ANON. I. BALTZELL.

1. In the name of God ad - vanc - ing, Sow thy seed at morning light; Cheer - i - ly the fur-rows
2. Look not to the far - off fut - ure, Do the work which nearest lies; Sow thou must be-fore thou
3. Stand-ing still in dan-gers ev - er, Toil is meant for Christians now; Let there be, when evening
4. And the Mas-ter shall come smil-ing, At the set - ting of the sun; Say - ing, as he pays the
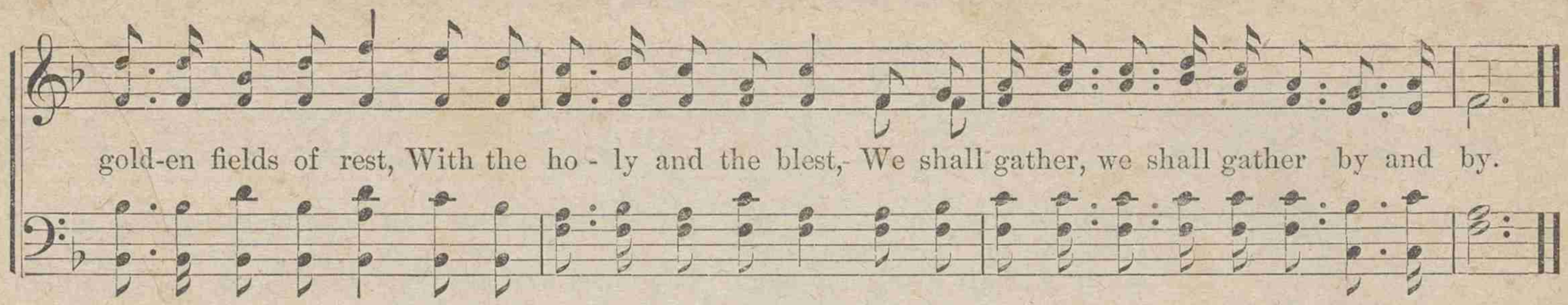
CHORUS.

turn - ing, La - bor on with all thy might.
reap - est, Rest at last is la - bor's prize. Let us brave - ly work and wait, Sow - ing
com - eth, Hon - est sweat up - on thy brow.
wa - ges, "Good and faith - ful one, well done!"

ear - ly, sow - ing late; Lo! the great har - vest gath'ring draw - eth nigh; In the
draw-eth nigh;

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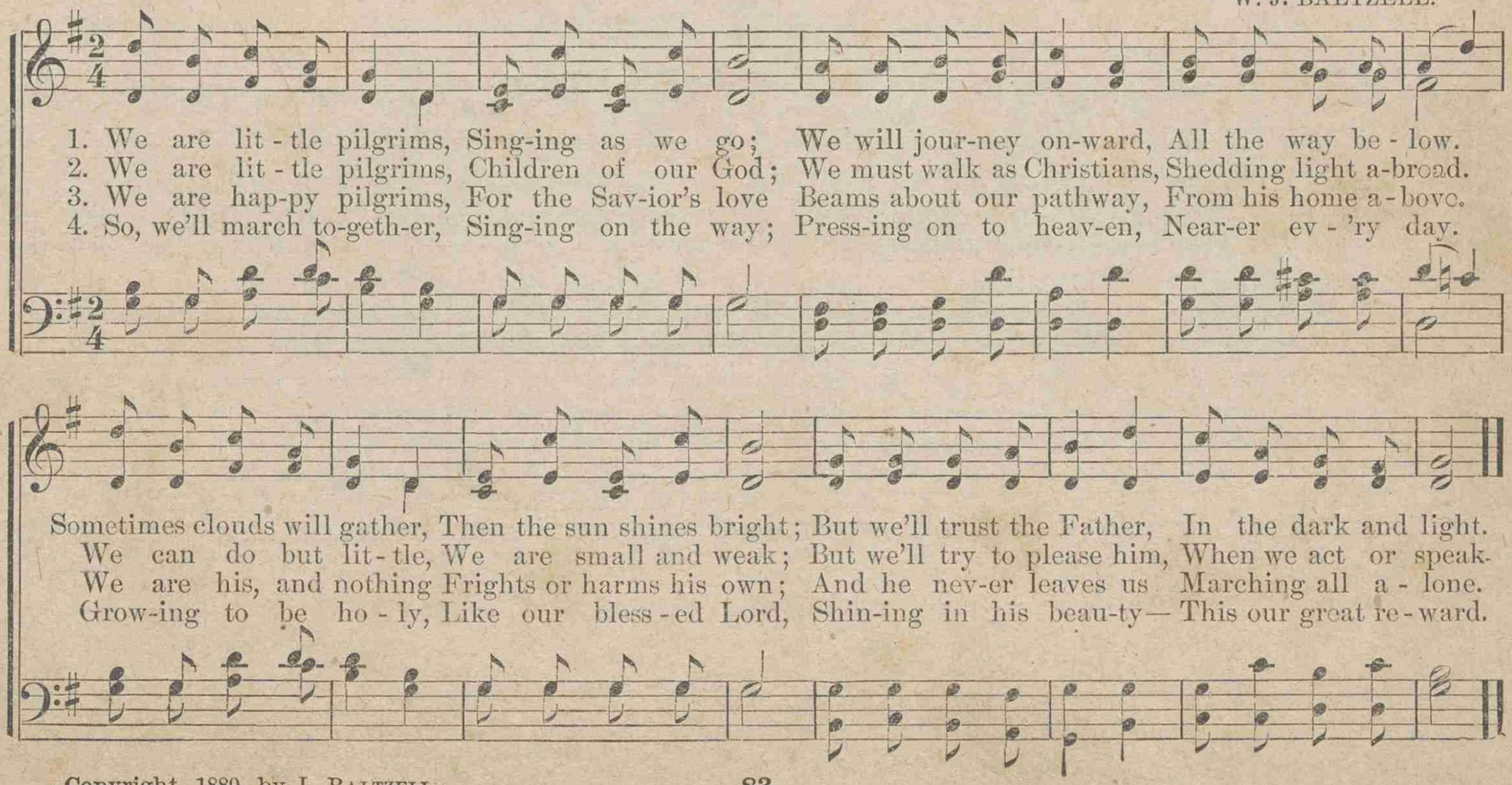
Let Us Work and Wait. Concluded.



126. We are Little Pilgrims.

"Thy statutes have been my song in the house of my pilgrimage."—Psa. 119: 54.

W. J. BALTZELL.



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127. A Sinner's Prayer.

"They looked unto him and were lightened."—Psa. 34: 5.

D. E. L.

REV. D. E. LORENZ.

SOLO.

1. I am look - ing, Lord, for thy pard'ning face, I am sick with sin and bur-dened with de-
2. I am long - ing, Lord, for thy pres - ence near, I no long - er have the power to stand a-
3. I am trust - ing, Lord, I shall fear no more, Thou hast told me that thy prom - ise stand-eth

spair; . . Show thy precious self to me, Let my eyes be cheered by thee, Hear and answer, Lord, my
lone; . . Let me take thy helping hand, Upright thou canst make me stand, Come and let me claim thee
fast; . . Thou hast given me glorious sight, Filled me with a new de-light, I shall love thee, serve thee,

CHORUS.

cease-less, fer - vent prayer.
ev - er as mine own. Looking, Lord, to thee, Calling, Lord, to thee, Hear, O Lord, my sad ap-
trust thee to the last.

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A Sinner's Prayer. Concluded.

peal, Looking, Lord, to thee, Calling, Lord, to thee, Let my anxious faith thy promise seal,
my sad appeal; (thy promise seal.)

128. We Praise Thee, O God.

ENGLISH. *"O Lord, revive thy work."*—Hab. 3: 2. ENGLISH.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je - sus, who died, and is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Sav-ior, and scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed every stain.
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us and sought us and guided our ways.
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love, May each soul be re-kin-dled with fire from a - bove.

CHORUS.

{ Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
{ Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, (*Omit.*) . . . . . Re - vive us a - gain.

129. Whosoever Will May Come.

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

J. B. C. I. BALTZELL.

1. Would you leave the ways of sin? Come, O come to Je - sus. Would you have God's peace within?
2. Would you have e - ter - nal life? You must come to Je - sus. Would you cease your sin-ful strife?
3. Would you con - quer ev - 'ry foe? Trust a - lone in Je - sus. Would you full sal - va-tion know?
4. Would you gain the gold-en shore? Fol - low, fol - low Je - sus. Then you'll sing for ev - er - more,

CHORUS.

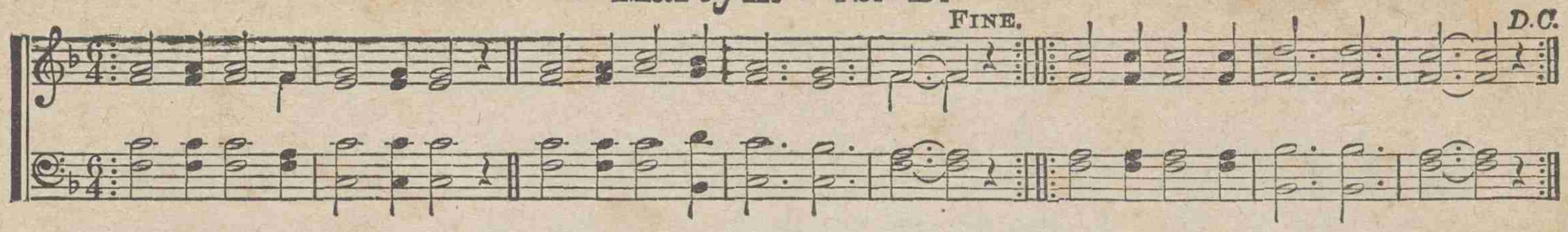
Come, O come to Je - sus.
Trust a-lone in Je - sus. Who - - so - ev - er will, Who - - so - ev-er
Fol - low, fol - low Je - sus.
Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus. Who-so-ev - er will, who-so - ev - er will, Whoso-ev - er will,

will,
Who - so - ev - er will, Glo - ry be to God, who-so - ev-er will may come, And taste the love of Je - sus.

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Martyn. 7s. D.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.



130.

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

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

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

131.

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

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

132.

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

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

133.
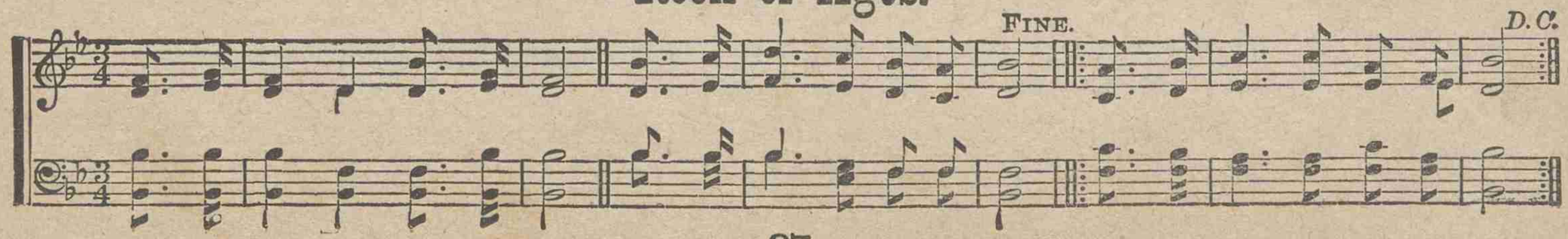
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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

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

Rock of Ages.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



134. Peaceful are the Tents.

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

REV. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Peace-ful are the tents of the peo - ple of the Lord, The ban - ner of his love waves o'er them;
2. Hap - py are the peo - ple who know the joy-ful sound, They fol - low where the Sav - ior leads them;
3. Peace-ful are the tents of the peo - ple of the Lord, A shel - ter from the blast, he hides them;
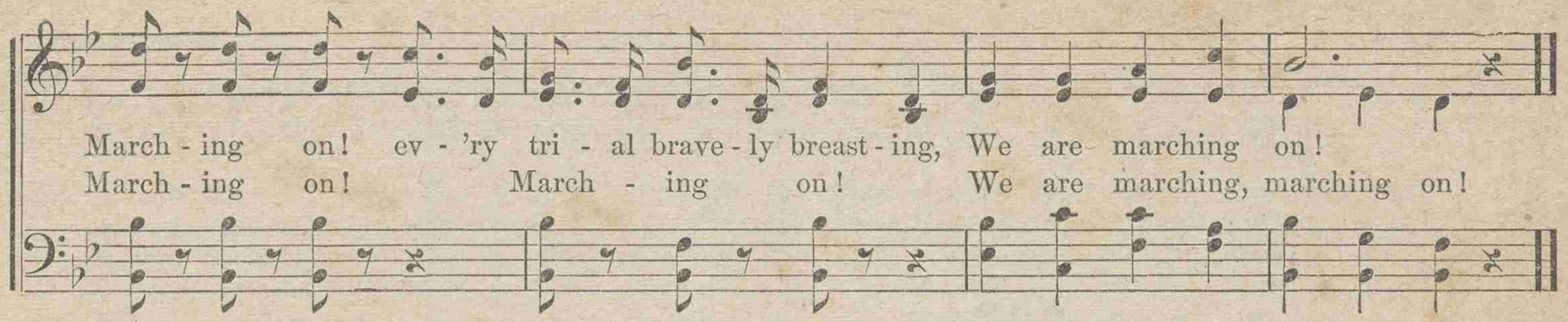
They march ev - er on - ward trust-ing in his word, And his glo - ry go - eth on be - fore them.
They walk in his foot-steps, all a - long the way With his pres-ence ev - er-more he feeds them.
He leads them in past-ures ev - er green and fair; To the liv - ing fountains ev - er guides them.

CHORUS.

March-ing on! in his love for-ev - er rest - ing, Marching on! naught our peace is e'er mo-lest - ing,
March-ing on! March - ing on! Marching on! March - ing on!

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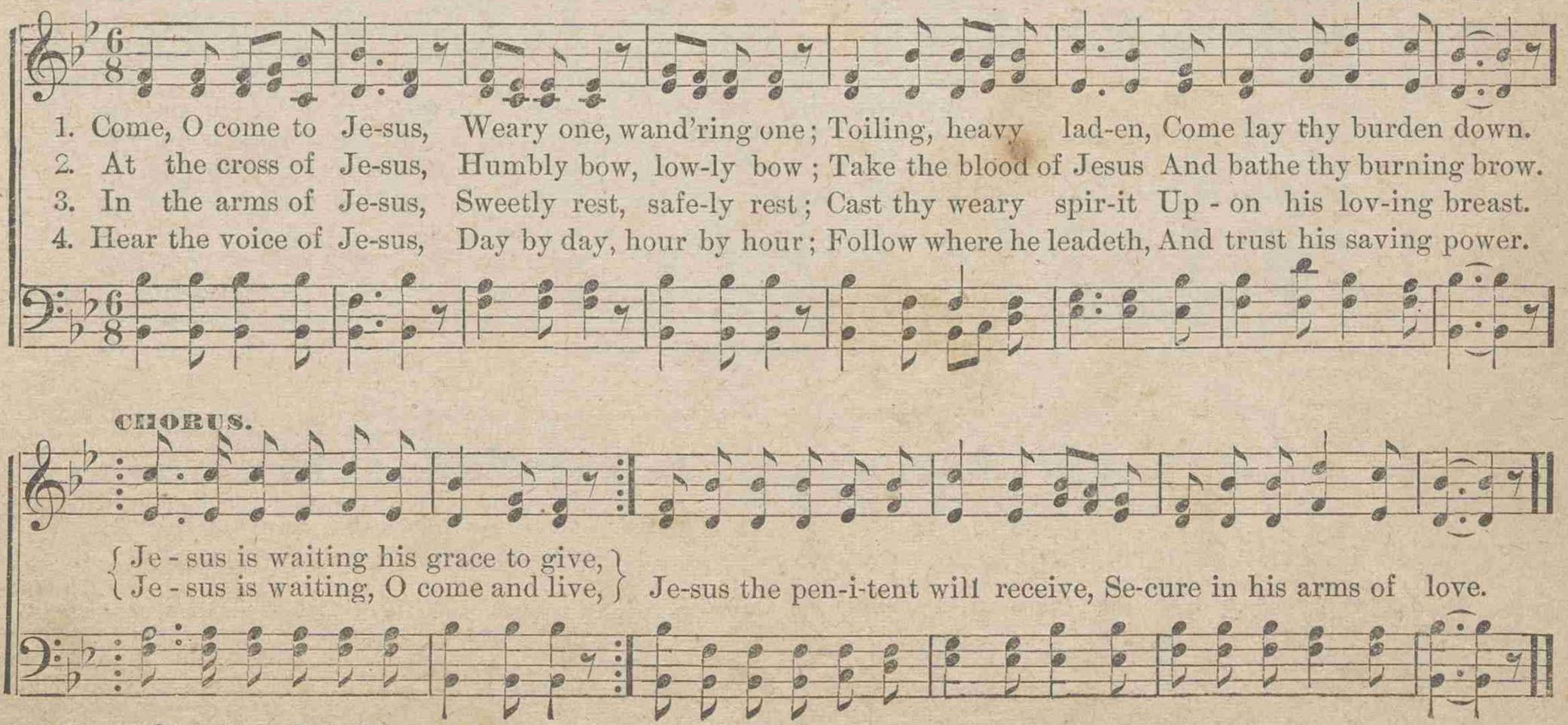
Peaceful are the Tents. Concluded.



135. Jesus is Waiting.

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

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



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136. Something for Each One to Do.

"As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men."—Gal. 6: 10.

J. B. C. I. BALTZELL.

1. There is work for the hand, there is work for the heart, There is something for each one to do;
2. There is work for the aged, there is work for the young, There is something for each one to do;
3. There is work in the home, there is work by the way, There is something for each one to do;
4. There is work for us all, and ex-cus-es for none, There is something for each one to do;

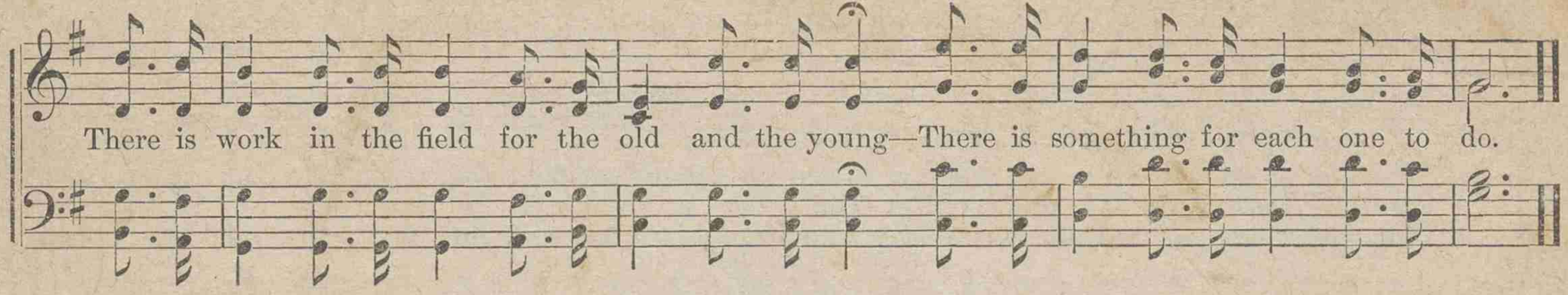
Ev-'ry one should be bus-y, per-form-ing his part—There is something for each one to do.
There is work for the weak, there is work for the strong—There is something for each one to do.
There is work all a-round, and the time is to-day—There is something for each one to do.
There is rest-ing for all when the life-work is done—There is something for each one to do.

REFRAIN.

There is some-thing to do, There is something for each one to do;
There is something to do, there is something to do, There is something for each one, for each one to do.

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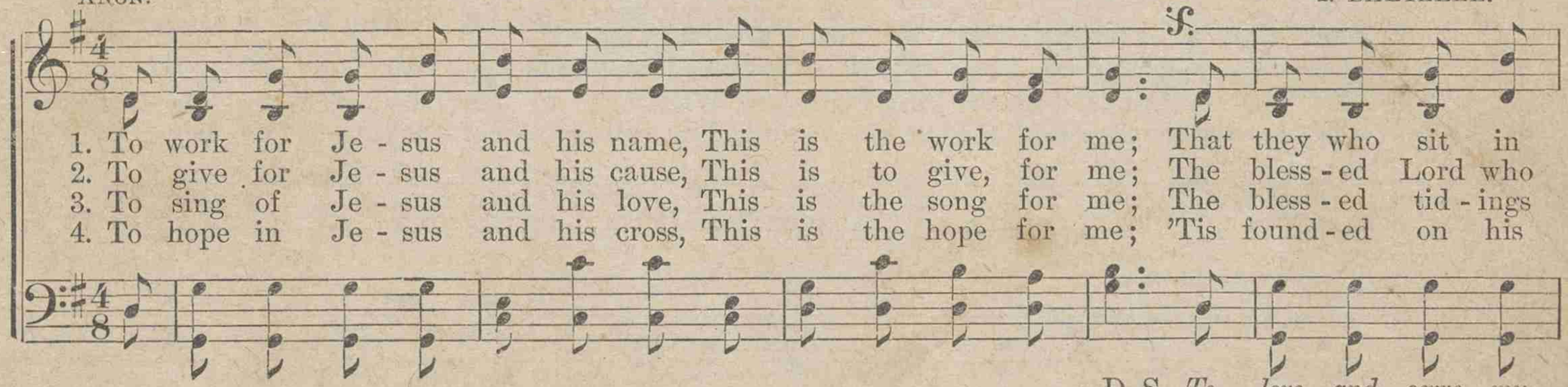
Something for Each One to Do. Concluded.

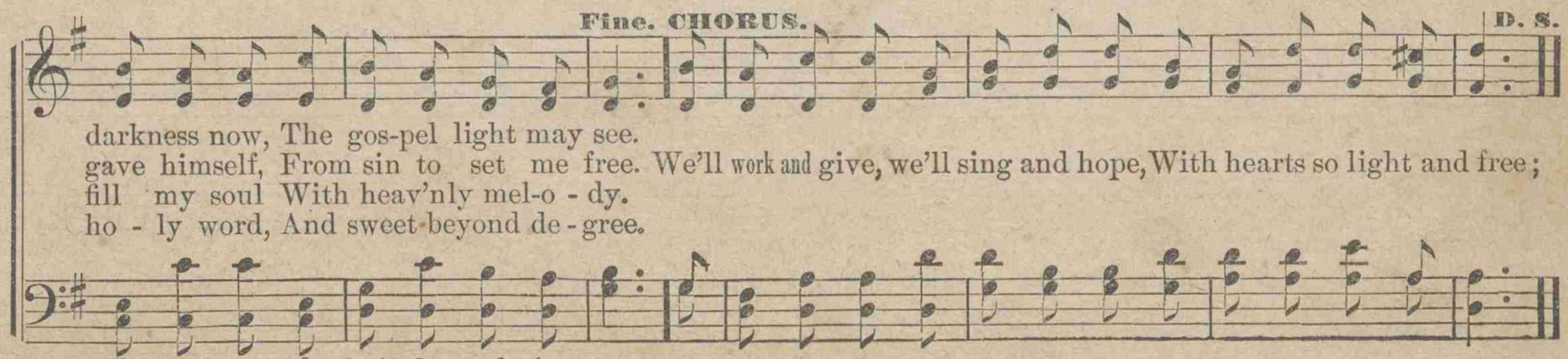


137. This is the Work for Me.

"And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord."—Col. 3: 23.

ANON. I. BALTZELL.





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138. Chime On, Sweet Bells.

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

REV. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Chime on, sweet bells, let the notes re - joice, As they float o'er the world like an an - gel's voice;
2. Chime on, sweet bells, let the sound pro-claim, Let it speak o'er the world of a Sav - ior's name;
3. Chime on, chime on, till the earth's wide bound Shall be filled with the joy of the Gos - pel sound;

Let the strains ring out on the si - lent air, And call His peo - ple to the place of prayer.
There are wea - ry hearts, there are souls distressed, Who long to en - ter in - to Je - sus' rest.
Let the her - alds fly with the precious word, Till all shall fol - low and o - bey the Lord.

CHORUS.
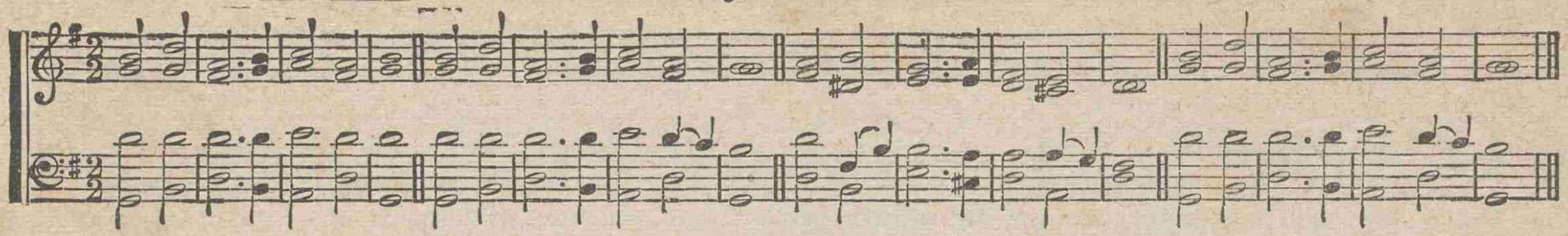
Chime on, sweet bells, sweet Sab - bath bells! Of Him who came your mu - sic tells; With a Sabbath bells!

joy - ful peal let the ac - cents swell, And sound forth the prais - es of Im - man - u - el.

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Pleyel. 7s.

Adapted from IGNACE PLEYEL.



139.

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

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

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

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

140.

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

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

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

141.

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

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

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

142.

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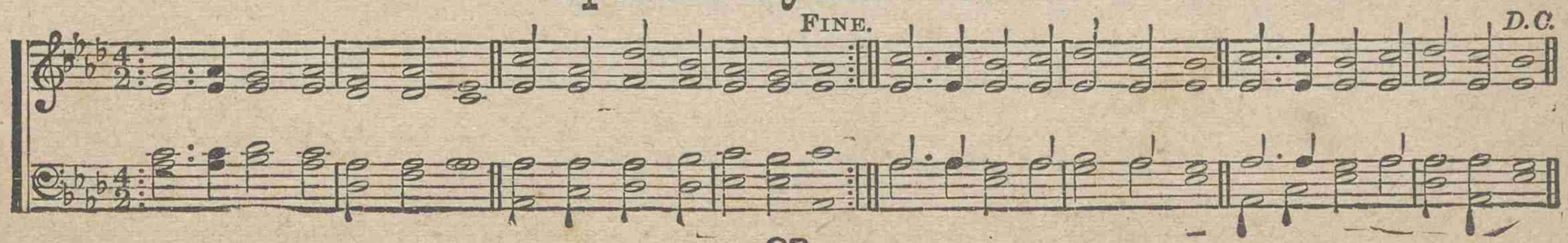
2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

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

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

Spanish Hymn. 7s.

Spanish Hymn.



143. What Shall our Answers Be?

"For we must all appear before the Judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in the body . . . whether it be good or bad."—2 Cor. 5: 10.

E. R. LATTA D. E. DORTCH.

1. When we in the judgment stand, In that might-y com - pa - ny, And the Judge shall question us,
2. When the Lord has gath-ered there, From the land and from the sea, All the fam - i - lies of men,
3. Lord, it is a solemn thought, That we must ac-count to thee! In that great and aw - ful day,

O, what shall our an - swers be? What for ev - 'ry trifling thought, And each i - dle word we say?
O, what shall our an - swers be? What for all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love?
What shall our poor an - swers be? O, pre-pare us, Lord, we pray, In thy pres-ence there to stand!

CHORUS.

What for ev - 'ry sin - ful act, We may do from day to day? When that aw - - - ful
Can we hope a crown to gain, And a man-sion bright a - bove? When that aw - ful
Purge us from each sin - ful blot! Place us, Lord, on thy right hand!

By permission.

What Shall our Answers Be? Concluded.

day we see, day we see, O, what shall . . . . our an - swers be?
O, what shall our an - swers be, our an - swers be?

When that aw - - ful day we see, O, what shall . . . our an-swers be?
When that aw - ful day we see, day we see, O, what shall our an-swers be?

144. Come to Jesus, Little One.

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

ANON. I. BALTZELL.

1. Come to Je-sus, lit-tle one; Come to Jesus now; Hum-bly at his gracious throne In sub-mis-sion bow.
2. At his feet confess your sins; Seek forgiveness there; For his blood can make you clean—He will hear your prayer.
3. Seek his face without delay; Give him now your heart; Tar-ry not, but while you may Choose the better part.

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145. I Will Journey on With Jesus.

"Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."—Luke 9: 57.

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

1. I will jour-ney on with Je - sus; Tho' the path be sad and lone, I am safe from ev - 'ry dan - ger, For he ev - er keeps his own.
2. Let temp-ta - tion howl a-round me, Storms of sor - row beat me sore, I am safe for he who leads me Trod this way of pain be - fore.
3. Thus I on - ward go re - joic - ing, Mak-ing naught of pain and loss, For my way is bright with sun-shine From the glo - ry of the cross.
4. Fol-low-ing my bless - ed Mas - ter, O what words I hear him speak, Words of comfort, words of bless - ing, Words that cheer the heart so weak.
5. Tho' my jour-ney here with Je - sus Soon shall end for ev - er - more, He will lead me by still wa - ters On that bright - er, bet - ter shore.

CHORUS.

I will fol - low where he lead-eth! I will fol-low all the way! With the Savior as my lead-er, I am sure I can not stray.
I will fol - low on where he lead-eth me! I will fol-low on all the way, all the way! With the Savior dear as my lead-er here, I am sure I can not stray.

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146. Under the Blood.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

C. H. A. C. H. ANDERS.

1. All I am and own, dear Sav-ior, Would I now to thee re - sign; Help me make the con - se - cra-tion, Make me ev - er, on - ly thine.
2. All the ties of earth - ly friendship, Prom - is - es of earth - ly store, Take them now, dear Lord, if need be, That my heart may love the more. Un - der the blood, the cleansing blood,
3. Fame nor wealth can tempt me from thee, All compared with thee is dross; Want and pain I count as treasures, If they bind me to the cross.
4. Ly - ing at the cross, dear Sav-ior, Cov - ered by re-demp-tion's blood, I am rest - ing on thy mer - it, Un - der-neath thy cleans-ing blood.

CHORUS.

Emptied of self I rest, . . . Drawing my life from the precious flood, Trusting for all I'm blest.
sweetly rest,

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147. Roll the Song.

"A multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest."—Luke 2: 14.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. I. BALTZELL.

1. Mor-tals awake! with an-gels join, And chant the sol-emn lay; Joy, love and grat-i-tude combine, To
2. In heav'n the rapturous song began, And sweet ser-aph-ic fire Thro' all the shin-ing legions ran, And
3. Down thro' the portals of the sky The strains of mu-sic ran, And an-gels flew with ea-ger joy, To
4. With joy the cho-rus we re-peat, "Glo-ry to God on high!" Good will and peace are now complete, Thro'

CHORUS.
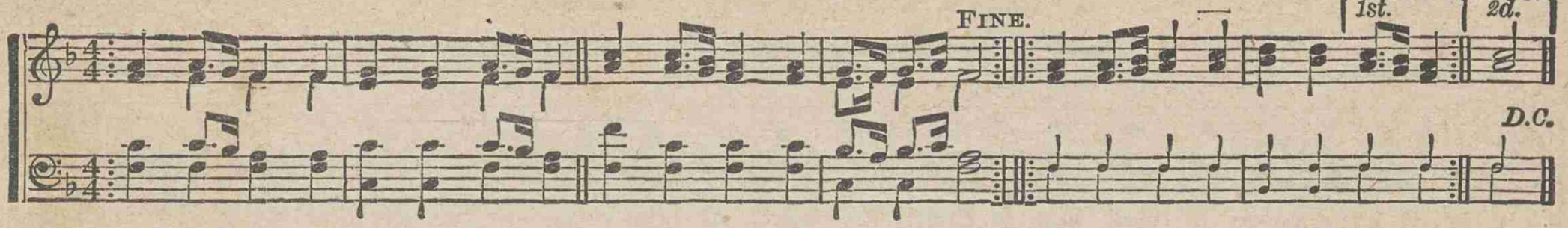
hail the glo-rious day.
strung and tuned the lyre. Roll the song, roll the song, Let every heart and voice with rapture
bear the news to man.
Christ who came to die. Roll the song, roll the song, Let ev-'ry heart and

sing; Roll the song, roll the song, In hon-or of the new-born King.
voice with rapture sing; Roll the song, roll the song,

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Greenville. 8s, 7s & 4s.

ROUSSEAU.



148.

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

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

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

149.

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

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

150.

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

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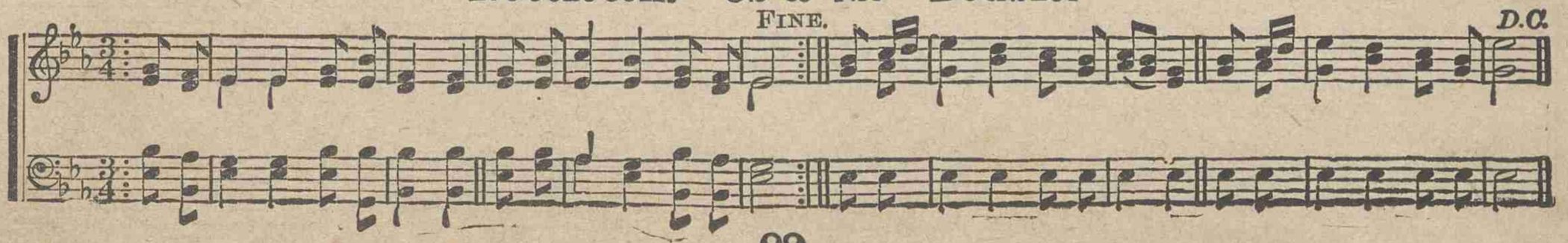
151.

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

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

Nettleton. 8s & 7s. Double.

ASAHEL NETTLETON.



152. I Have Found Sweet Peace.

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

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

1. O the peace of God, how it thrills my soul, As its waves of rapture o'er my glad heart roll;
2. When the cross shines out to the grop-ing heart, How the clouds of sin are brok-en, swift de-part;
3. As the riv-er flows so se-rene and deep, So this tide of peace me ev-er on shall sweep;
4. In the way of peace Christ will guide our feet, Till as King of Peace we all his face shall greet;

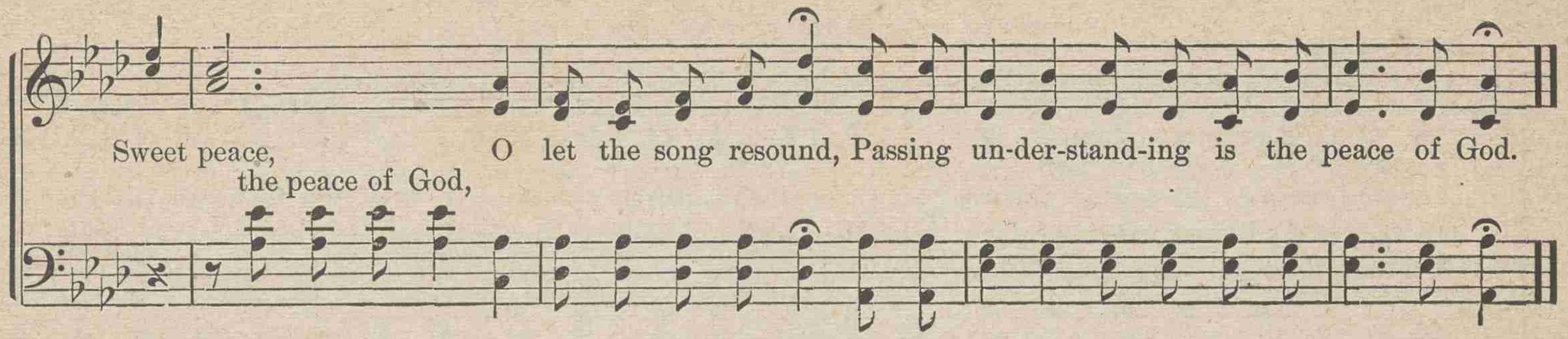
All my dark-ness gone, all my doubts at rest, I have found my Sav-ior, I am ful-ly blest.
And the sun shines out with its heaven-ly ray, For the night of sor-row now has passed a-way.
Its re-fresh-ing waves shall my soul re-store, And its burn-ing lips shall parch with thirst no more.
For with gos-pel peace are our feet well shod, And the way is paved with promis-es of God.

CHORUS.

Sweet peace, my longing soul has found! Sweet peace, the look of faith has crowned!
the peace of God, the peace of God,

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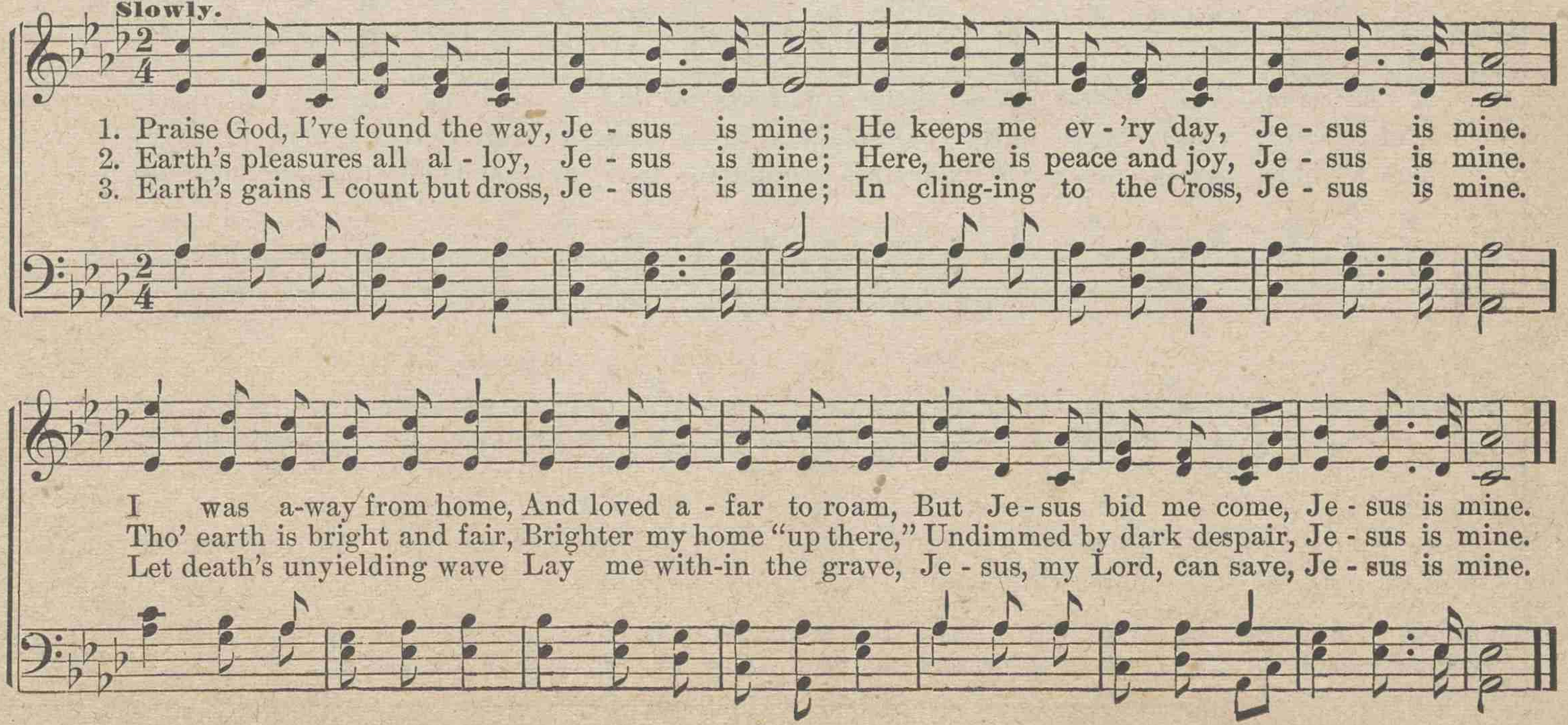
I Have Found Sweet Peace. Concluded.



153. Jesus is Mine.

"My beloved is mine."—Cant. 6: 3.

L. H. DOWLING. J. H. FILLMORE.



By permission.

154. The Shadow of Thy Wing.

"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Psa. 17: 8.

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

1. Safe from all the world's alarms, Safe from all that pains or harms, I will rest be-neath the shadow
2. Near God's blessed heart of love, Like a worn and wea - ry dove, I am sheltered from the storms that
3. From these shelt'ring wings of love May I nev - er, nev - er rove, But in peace and joy for - ev - er
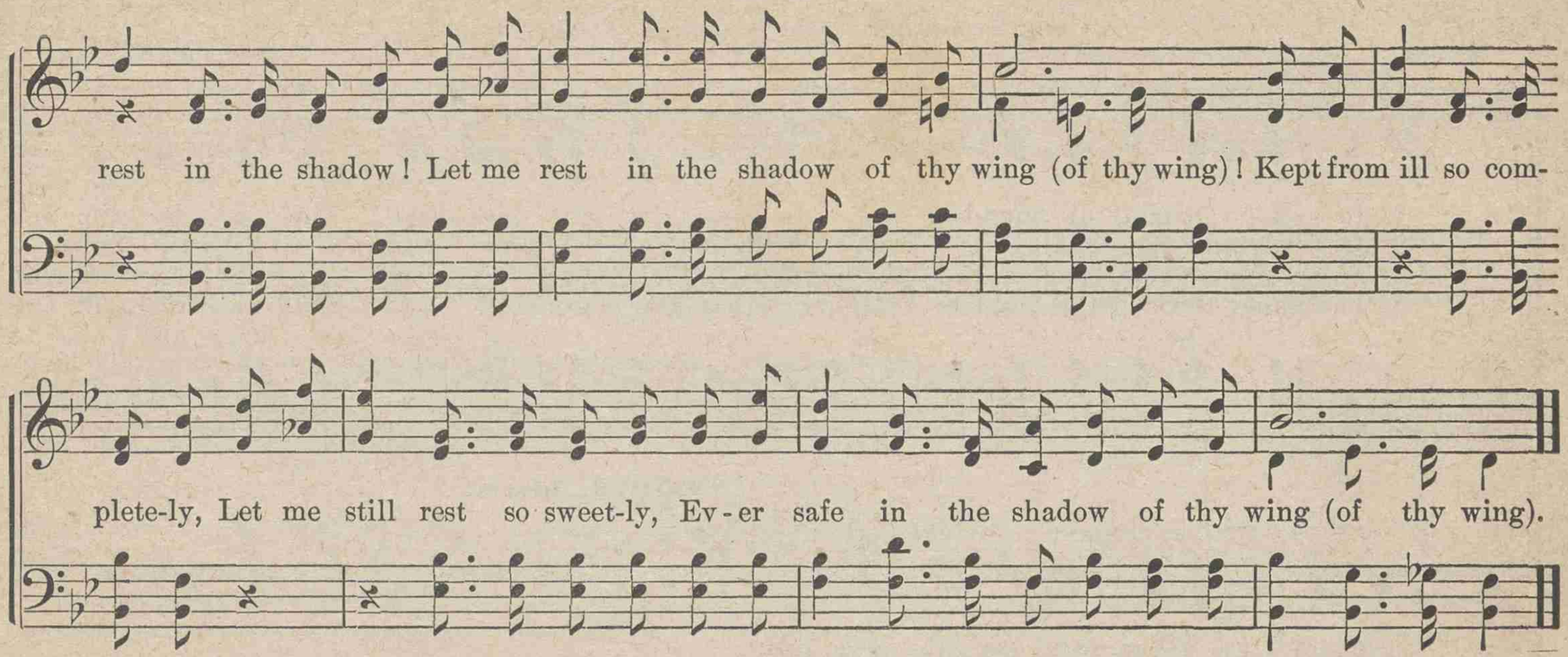
of thy wings, of thy wings; All my doubts and fears are laid, I shall nev - er be dismayed, And my
wild-ly beat, wild-ly beat; Earth's delights in vain al - lure, I am rest - ing here se - cure, In the
here a - bide, here a - bide; Safe 'mid life's temptations sore, Safe on death's tempestuous shore, Safe in

CHORUS.

soul in peace so per - fect ev - er sings, sweet - ly sings.
ev - er - last - ing arms is joy complete, joy complete. Let me rest in the shadow, Let me
a - ges ev - er - more, while here I hide, ev - er hide.

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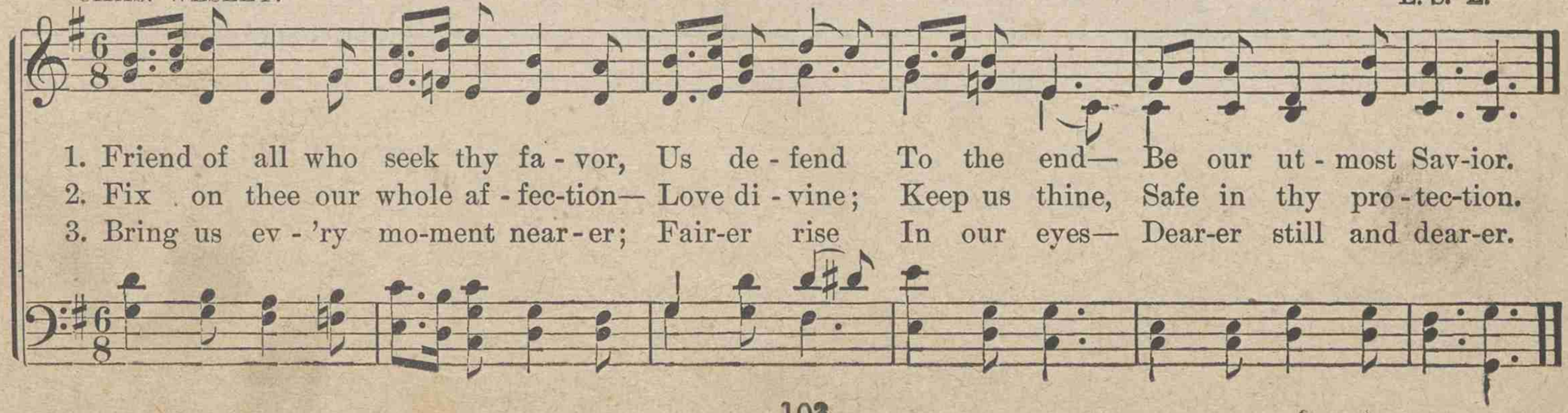
The Shadow of Thy Wing. Concluded.



155. Friend of All.

"This is my beloved, and this is my friend."—Cant. 5: 16.

CHAS. WESLEY. E. S. L.



156. O Wondrous Name.

"A name which is above every name."—Phil. 2: 9.

ANON. **Moderato.** W. J. BALTZELL.

1. Je - sus! O name di - vine-ly sweet To ev - 'ry sin - sick soul; The on - ly safe and
2. Je - sus, thy name shall be my theme, While in this vale of tears; Shall brightly on my
3. Thy glorious name, spoke at the tomb, Shall bid the sleep - ers rise; Dis - pel the dark-ness
4. Thy name, thro' all the end-less years, In that bright world of joy, Shall ban - ish pain and

CHORUS. Lively.

sure re - treat When surg - ing bil - lows roll.
pathway beam, And quell my ris - ing fears.
and the gloom From death's becloud - ed eyes.
grief and tears, And all that can an - noy.
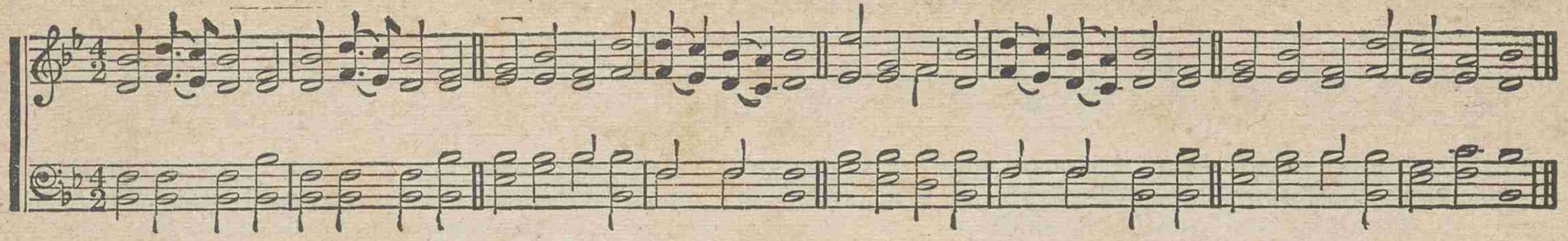
O wondrous name! O match-less name! Let

saints in con - cert sing Their joy - ful anthems to the fame Of their Re-deem-er—King.

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Wilmot. 8s & 7s.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



157.

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

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

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

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

158.

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

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

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

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

159.

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

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

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

160.

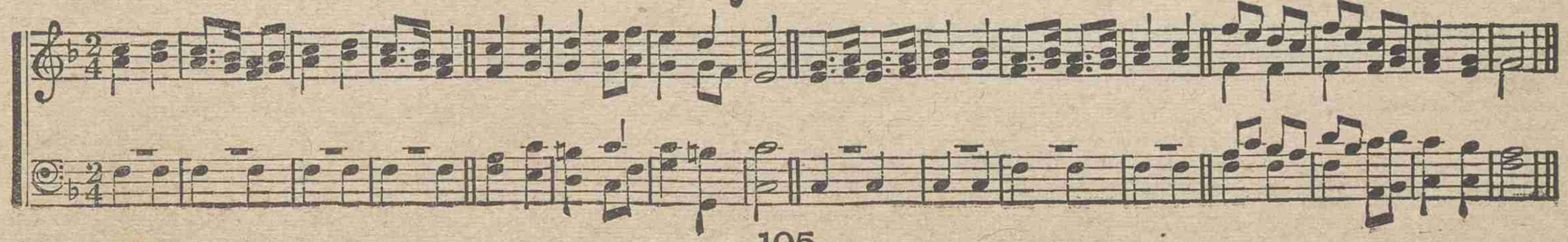
1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

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

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

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

Sicilian Hymn. 8s & 7s.



161. Nevermore—Evermore.

D. E. L. *"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."*—Prov. 16: 20. REV. D. E. LORENZ.

1. Sin a - gain shall be my mas - ter, nev - er - more, (nev-er-more,) It shall bring its dread dis-
2. I shall faint at ev - 'ry tri - al, nev - er - more, (nev-er-more,) Grieve, my Lord, by base de-
3. Troub-les and complaints shall vex me, nev - er - more, (nev-er-more,) Doubts and mys - ter - ies per-
4. Soon shall cease this earth-ly be - ing— ev - er - more, (ev - er-more,) Faith shall then be changed to

as - ter, nev - er - more, (nev - er - more,) But by watch - ing and by pray - ing, Close be-
ni - al, nev - er - more, (nev - er - more,) But in hap - pi - ness or sor - row, Grace de-
plex me, nev - er - more, (nev - er - more,) But my faith no - wise con - found - ed, Tho' by-
see - ing, ev - er - more, (ev - er - more,) When I've done with all things mor - tal, I shall
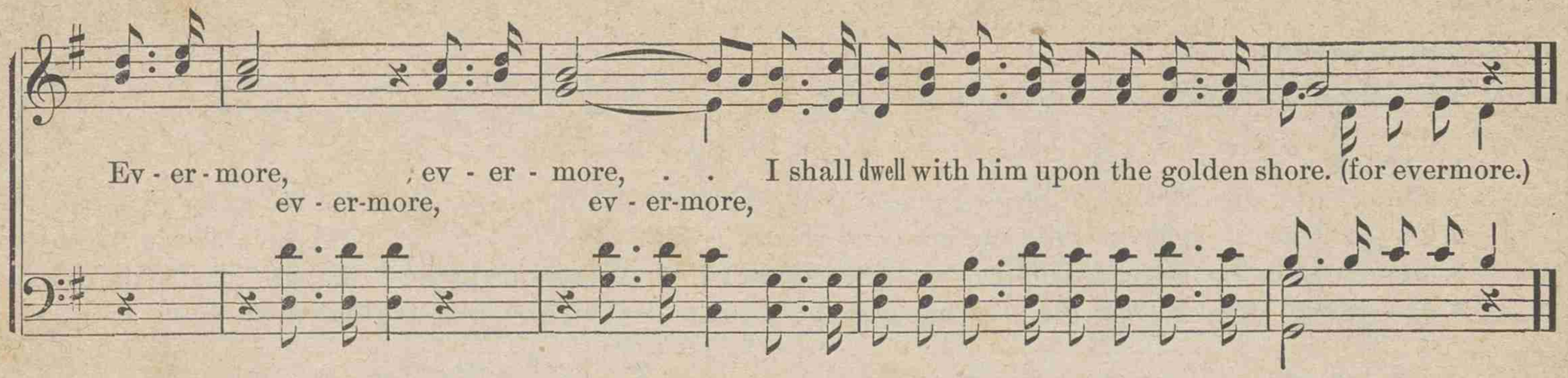
side my Sav-ior's stay-ing In His strength my - self ar - ray - ing, I'll o'er-come ev - er - more.
vine I'll al - ways bor - row, And be stron-ger each to - mor - row, Grow-ing still ev - er - more.
tempt-er's fierce sur-round - ed, Shall as - cend to realms un - bound-ed, Trust-ing on, ev - er - more.
en - ter heaven's por - tal, Dwell a - mong the saints im - mor - tal, Safe with Christ, ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Ev - er-more, ev - er-more, I shall love and serve my Sav-ior ev - er - more, . . .
Ev - er-more, ev - er-more, ev - er-more,

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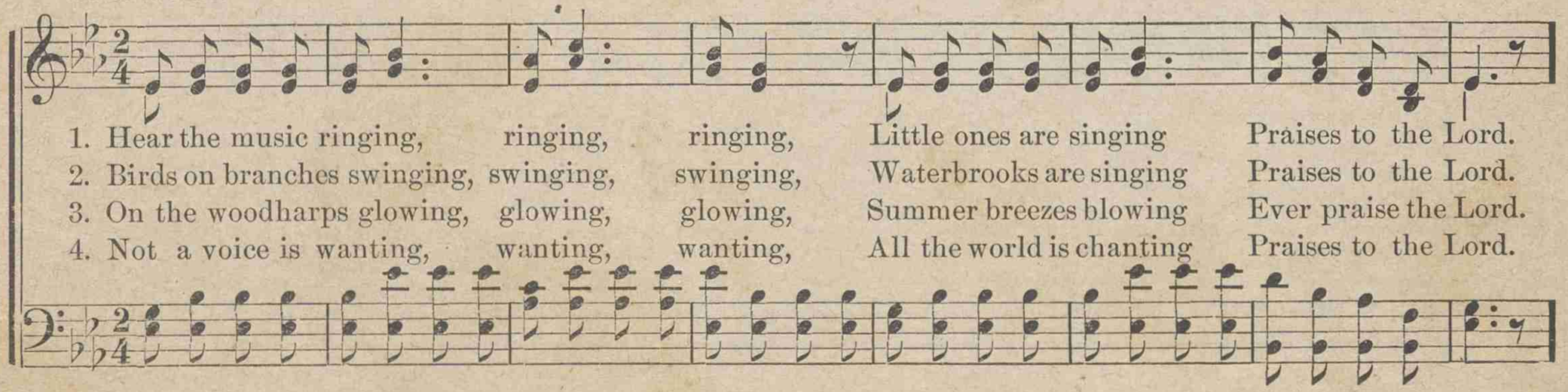
Nevermore—Evermore. Concluded.
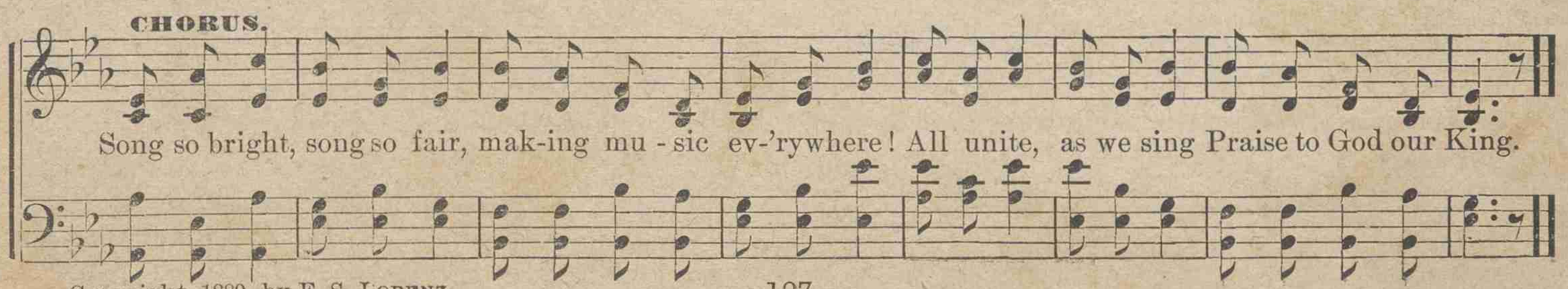


162. Song so Fair.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."—Psa. 150: 6.

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





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163. Wonderful Salvation.

"It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."—Rom. 1: 16.

REV. M. W. KNAPP. I. BALTZELL.

1. Shin-ing for the Mas-ter, Crowns of wondrous worth, Rescued from dis-as - ter 'Mid the mines of earth;
2. Di - a-dems of splendor Shin-ing pure and bright, Gleaming on for - ev - er With in-creas-ing light.
3. Jew-els from the o-cean, Hid-den long from sight, Till the Master sought them, Brought them to the light.
4. O - ver all vic - torious, As the an - gels bow, See his crown of jew-els, Placed on Je-sus' brow.

In his hand tri-umphant Ev - er-more to be Worn o'er all vic - to-rious Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
Di - a-dems so precious, Bought by blood divine! In the high-est glo - ry Ev - er-more to shine.
O what wondrous beauty! O what matchless worth! Can it be that ev - er They belonged to earth?
Wonderful sal - va-tion—Love beyond de - gree! Glo-rious ex - al - ta - tion Wait-ing you and me.

CHORUS.

Won-der-ful sal - va-tion—Love be-yond de - gree! Glorious ex - al - ta-tion, A-wait-ing you and me.

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164. Bless the Lord.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—Psa. 103: 2.

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

1. Bless the Lord a-bove for his ten - der love, That has kept us all our days; Ev-ery hour he brightens,
2. Bless the Lord, my soul, who has made us whole, Has redeemed us from our sin; He that ev - er liveth,
3. He has cared for me in my high-est glee, In my hours of deepest gloom; He doth still at-tend me,

CHORUS.

every burden lightens, And he well deserves our praise. Bless the Lord, O my soul! . . . Let all that
us the dear hope giveth, We e - ter - nal life shall win.
He will e'er defend me, Will re-deem me from the tomb. O my soul!

is within me bless his holy name! For his mercies tender let us praise him render, Bless the Lord, O my soul!

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165. Sunshine and Shadow.

"I have led thee in right paths."—Prov. 4: 11.

E. D. MUND. Jan. 1, 1889. E. S. LORENZ.

1. When I walked with my Lord in the sunshine, His com-pan-ionship was sweet; Then I wandered with him in the shad-ow, And my joy was made complete.
2. When I stood on the mount in the sunshine, Felt I strong to walk a-lone; Then I groped in the gloom of the val-ley, And my help-lessness was shown.
3. When I walked with my Lord in the sunshine, With my love was mingled pride; When the dark shadows fell I was humbled, And my love was pu-ri-fied.
4. O how precious the walk in the darkness! O how dear the hours of pain! When the Sav-ior is walk-ing be-side me, Mak-ing loss su-prem-est gain.
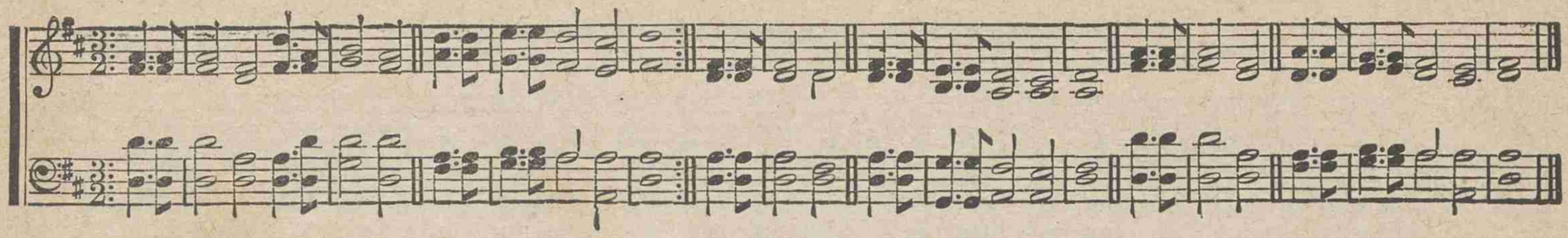
CHORUS.

Everywhere, dark or fair, Where my Savior leads me will I glad-ly go; Up on the mountain, down in the val-ley, Ev-'ry step he leads me richer grace doth show.

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Zion. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.



166.

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

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

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

167.

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

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

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

168.

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

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

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

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

169.

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

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

170.

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

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

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

171. Which Way are You Going?

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."—Joshua 24: 15.

J. C. B. I. BALTZELL.

1. Which way are you go - ing, my broth-er? Con-sid - er the question, I pray; Are you walk-ing the
2. Which way are you go - ing, my broth-er? Con-sid - er the question, I pray; Are you plod-ding a-
3. Which way are you go - ing, my broth-er? Con-sid - er the question, I pray; Are you halt-ing be-
4. Which way are you go - ing, my broth-er? Con-sid - er the question, I pray; If still in the

path-way to heav - en, Or go - ing the dark, downward way?
long in the dark-ness, Re - fus - ing the light of the day? Which way, my brother, do you go, The
tween two o - pin - ions? O, set - tle the ques-tion to - day.
broad road to ru - in, O, turn to the Sav-ior to - day.

REFRAIN.

way to heav'n, or endless woe? Which way? . . which way? . . Which way? which way? which way?
which way? which way?

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172. Saved by the Blood.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."– 1 John 1: 7.

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

1. Saved by the blood, now my heart can re-joice, I sing a Sav-ior's love with tri-umph-ant voice;
2. Saved by the blood! he's a Sav - ior in-deed! He came to my re - lief in my dir - est need;
3. Saved by the blood, I have rea - son to love The Friend who first loved me, oth-er friends a - bove;
4. Saved by the blood, while I live I shall praise The Lord who cleans'd and keeps all my pilgrim days;

f. **Fine.**

Sin can not grieve, nor the conscience mo-lest, The blood has cleansing brought, and a per - fect rest.
Freed by his grace, from my guilt, from my sin, He en - ters my heart's door, and a - bides with-in.
No more my own, I am bought with a price, More precious than the stars was the sac - ri - fice.
A - ges of bliss shall be thrilled by the song, All glo - ry to the Lamb! ech-oes back the throng.

D. S. *Glo - ry to God! I am saved by the blood! I found a per - fect peace in the cleans-ing flood.*

CHORUS. **D. S.**

Saved by the blood! I am saved by the blood! The Savior's side has healing, I am saved by the blood!

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173. Let all the People Praise Thee.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. Psalm 67: 3. J. E. LEHMAN.

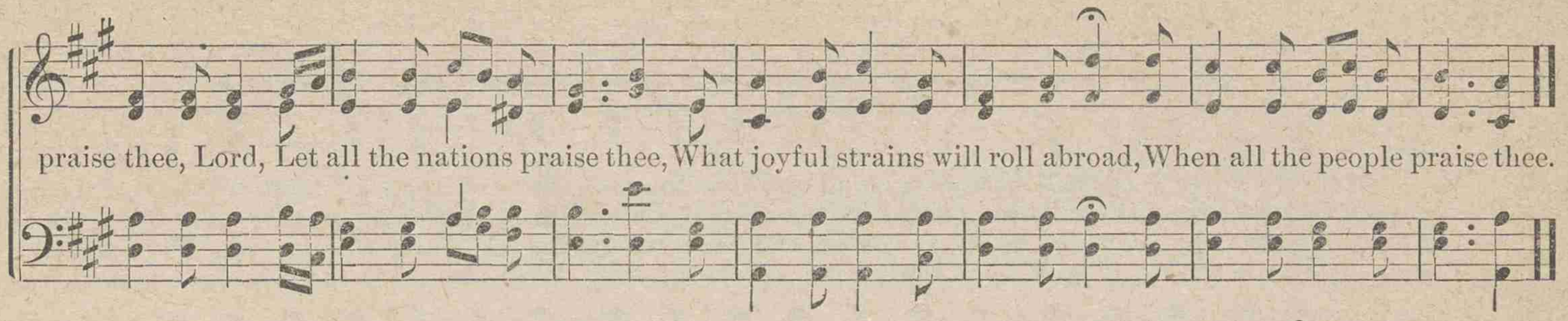
1. O Lord, on thee the na - tions wait, When shall the peo - ple praise thee? The dawn seems coming slow and late, Let all the people praise thee; But at the word thy glance of light, Let all the peo-ple
2. Thy light sin's dark-ness shall o'er-flow, Let all the peo - ple praise thee, Thy might the i - dols o - ver-throw, Let all the people praise thee; And bowed to thy vic - to-rious Son, Let all the peo-ple
3. Shout, watchmen on the lone - ly height, Let all the peo - ple praise thee, Sing, wea - ry toil - er thro' the night, Let all the people praise thee; Thy Cross on earth an al - tar made, Let all the peo-ple

CHORUS.

praise thee, The shad-ows change to morn-ing bright, Let all the people praise thee.
praise thee, Each tongue shall pray "Thy will be done," Let all the people praise thee. Let all the peo-ple
praise thee, And here thy throne shall be dis-played, Let all the people praise thee.

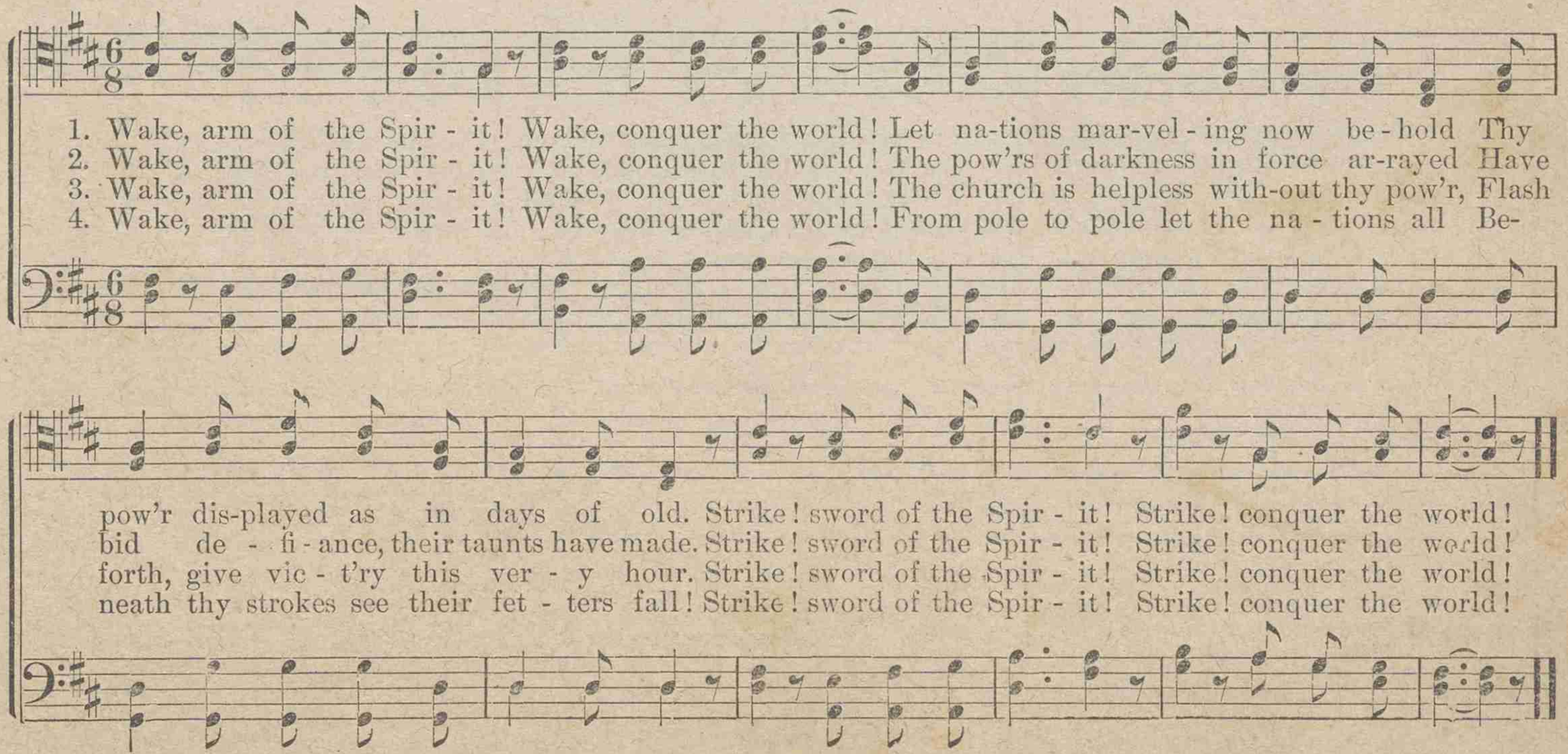
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Let all the People Praise Thee. Concluded.



174. Strike, Sword of the Spirit.

E. D. MUND. FOR MALE VOICES. E. S. LORENZ.



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175. There's Room Enough for All.

"Blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb."—Rev. 19: 9.

FAITH LATIMER. I. BALTZELL.

1. Hark! there is a bless-ed call Sounding loud and free to all, To a roy - al feast to be a guest;
2. Blest are they who hear the call, For, with - in the Jas-per wall, They sh ll sing a nev - er - end-ing psalm;
3. Ev - 'ry one who en - ters in Shall be washed and cleansed from sin, In the blood the dy - ing Sav-ior shed;
4. There, within the streets of gold They shall feast on joys un-told, With the loved ones who have gone before;

f. **Fine.**

Hark! the Spir - it and the Bride Have in sweetest accents cried: "Come, O come and be for - ev - er blest."
Twin-ing fadeless garments sweet, Of the tree of life they'll eat, At the marriage sup-per of the Lamb.
They shall wear the heav'nly dress Of his per - fect righteousness, And a crown on each im-mor - tal head.
Welcomed to a chosen place, They shall see his glorious face, In his presence dwell for ev - er-more.
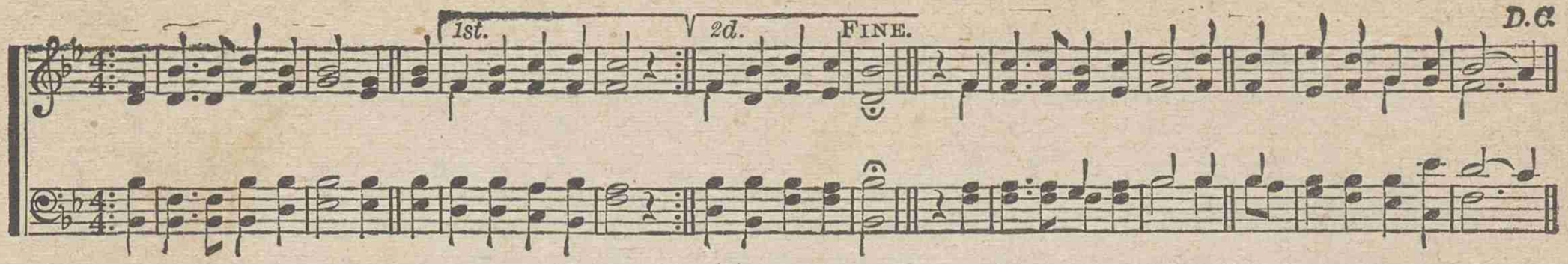
D.S. *For 'twas Je - sus did pre - pare Such a glo - rious gar-ment there, For the ransomed round his throne of light.*

CHORUS. **D. S.**

There's room for all, . . . There's room for all, And for each a shining robe of spotless white;
There's room for all, There's room for all,

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176.

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

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

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

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

177.

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

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

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

178.

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

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

179.

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

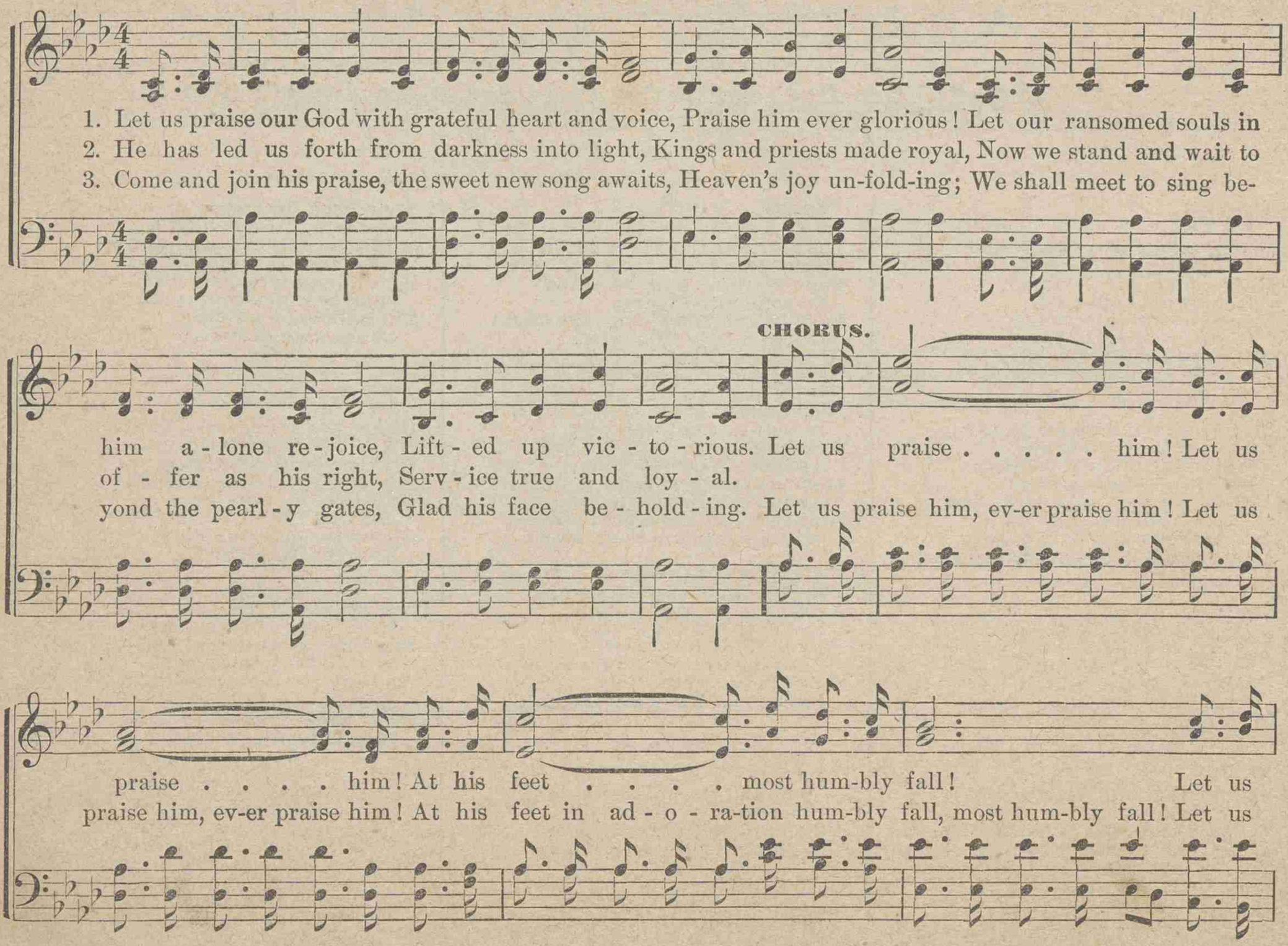
2 The drunkard shall not perish
In Alcohol's dire chain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again;
And sobered men, repenting,
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their thankful hearts relenting
Before the mercy-seat.

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

180. Let Us Praise Him.
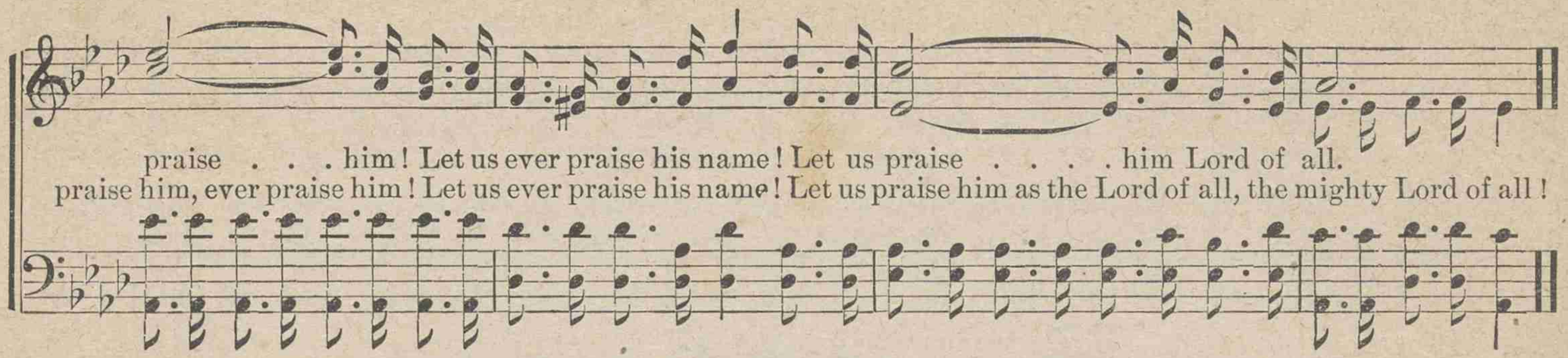
"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Psa. 67: 5.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.



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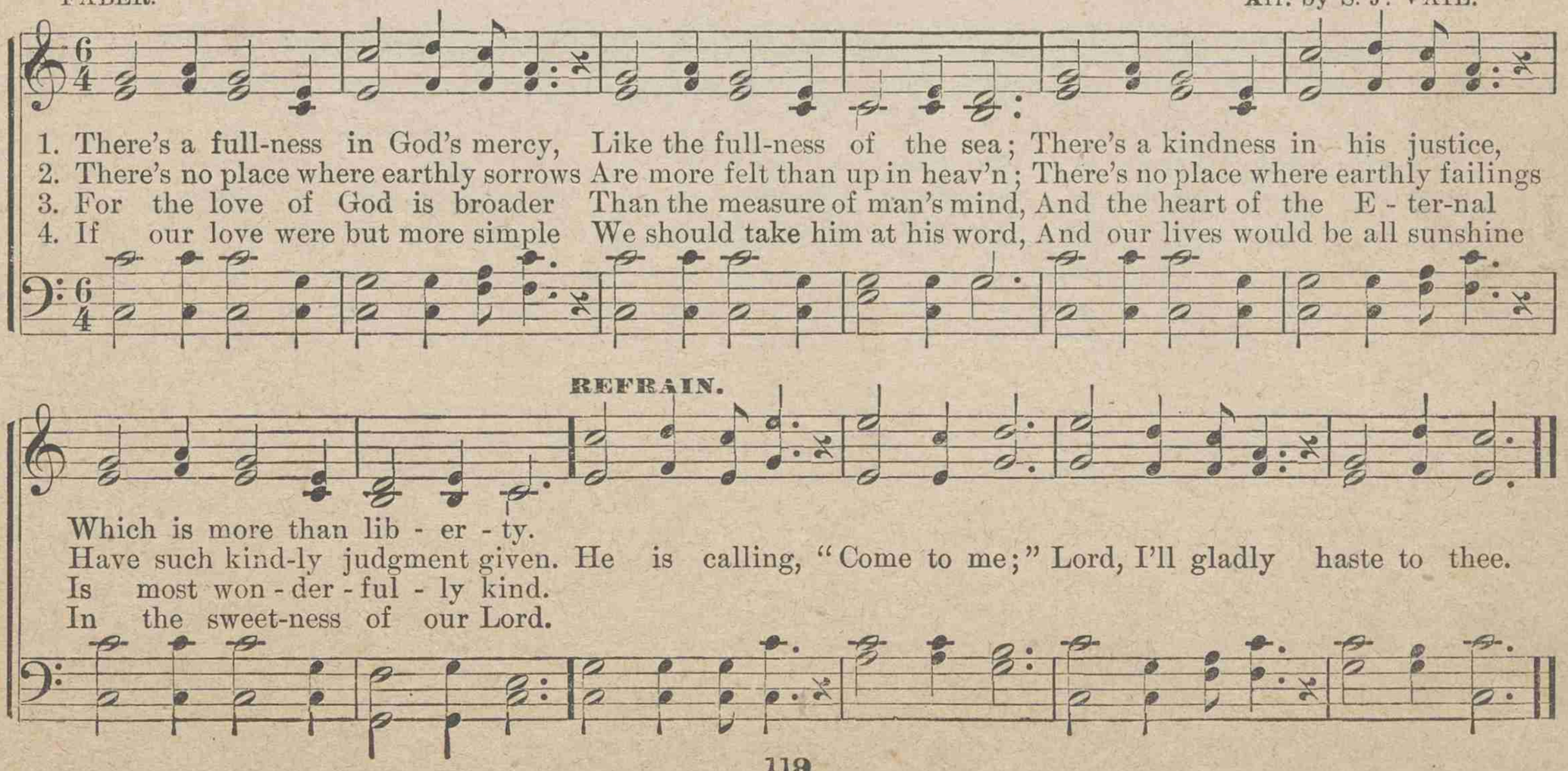
Let Us Praise Him. Concluded.



181. He is Calling.

"And him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 57.

FABER. Arr. by S. J. VAIL.



182. Salvation at the Cross.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

J. B. L. I. BALTZELL.

1. Wea - ry souls that wan - der wide, Come to the cross, Come to the cross; Turn to Christ, the
2. There is pow'r in Je - sus' blood, Wash and be clean, Wash and be clean; Plunge be - neath the
3. There is peace for ev - 'ry one Who will be - lieve, Who will be - lieve; You may find in
4. Rise, ex - alt - ed by his fall, In - to the light, In - to the light; Find in Christ your
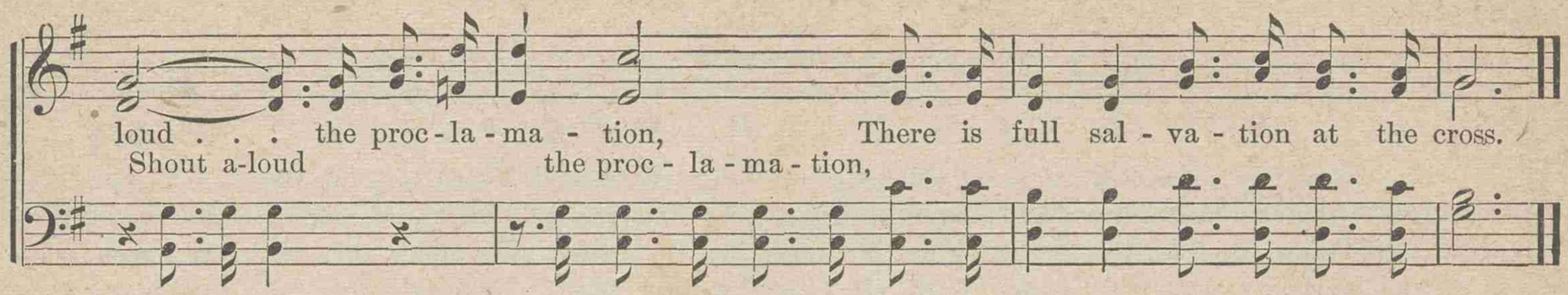
CHORUS.

cru - ci - fied, Turn to the cross to - day.
pur - ple flood, Wash in the stream to - day. At the cross . . . there's full sal-
Christ, the Son, Peace for the soul to - day.
all in all, Seek ye the light to - day. At the cross

va - tion, For the lost . . . of ev - 'ry na - tion; Shout a-
there's full sal - va - tion, For the lost of ev - 'ry na - tion;

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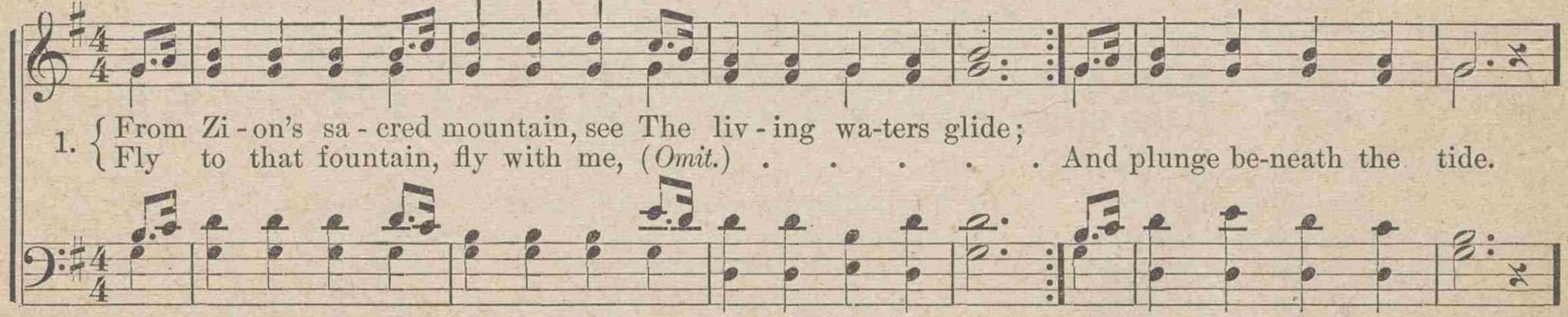
Salvation at the Cross. Concluded.
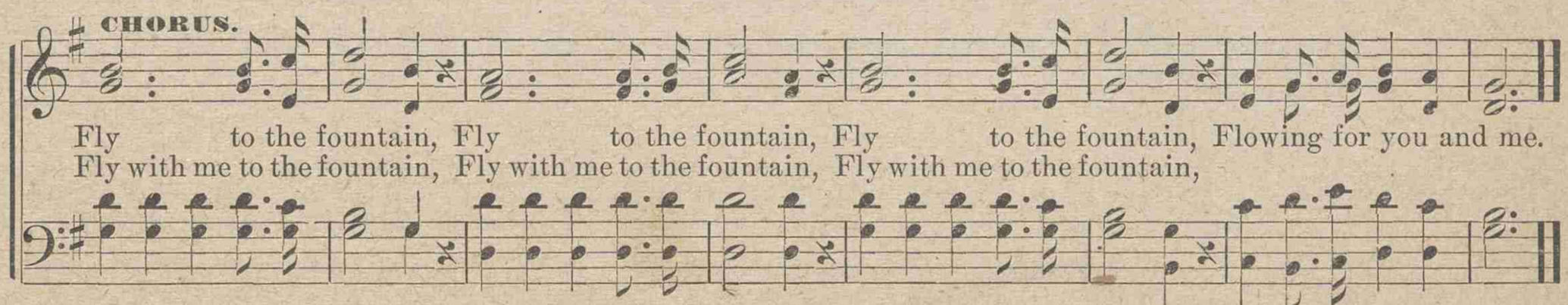


183. Fly, O Fly to the Fountain.

"With thee is the fountain of life."—Psa. 36: 9.

I. B.





2 That sacred fountain filled with blood,
Lies open night and day;
All who will plunge beneath the flood,
Wash all their sins away.

3 This fountain cleanses from all sin,
And purifies the soul;
Yes, Jesus blood will keep us clean,
And sanctify the whole.

4 "Ho! every one," the prophet cries,
For every one there's room;
"Ho! every one," my soul replies,
"Now to the fountain come."

184. Return Unto Thy Rest.

ENGLISH. Psa. 116: 7. E. S. LORENZ.

1. O, wea - ry, sorrowing soul, Perplexed, cast down, dis-tressed, There is for thee a goal, Where
2. Lift up thy sink - ing head; Strengthen thy faint-ing heart; Christ suf-fered in thy stead, Now
3. Know, thou art led by him, Who is thy life, thy rest; He holds thee tho' un - seen Close
4. And when thy work is done, With all his chil-dren blest, He'll take thee to thy home, His

CHORUS.
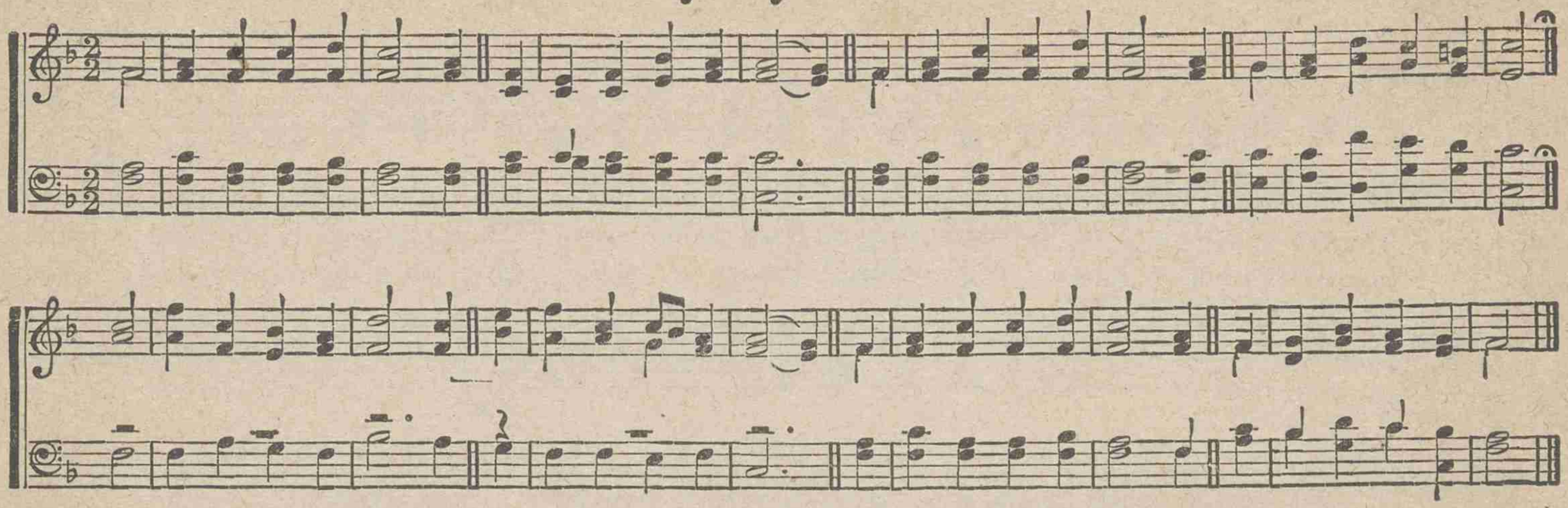
thou mayst ev - er rest.
bear for him thy part.
pil - lowed on his breast.
sweet e - ter - nal rest!

Re-turn un-to thy rest, O my soul! Re-turn un-to thy rest, O my soul! From weeping and sighing, From anguish and crying, Re-turn un-to thy rest, O my soul!

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Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.

LOWELL MASON.



185.

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

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

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

186.

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

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

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

187.

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

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

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

188. Sing of His Tender Mercy.

"I will praise thee for thy loving kindness."—Psa. 138: 2.

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

1. Glad we come with our songs of praise, Sing of His ten-der mer-cy! Grateful bring-ing our gladdest lays,
2. Weak and sin-ful our lives have been, Sing of His ten-der mer-cy! Great His love is be-yond our sin,
3. Sing in strains of an - gel - ic pow'r, Sing of His ten-der mer-cy! Sing in glad-ness each day and hour,

Sing of His ten - der mer - cy! Mer - cy o'er us by night, by day, Drives our fears and our
Sing of His ten - der mer - cy! Mer - cy shel - ters from sin and shame, Suits the tri - al to
Sing of His ten - der mer - cy! Sing the joys of the Fa - ther's smile, Sing the free - dom from

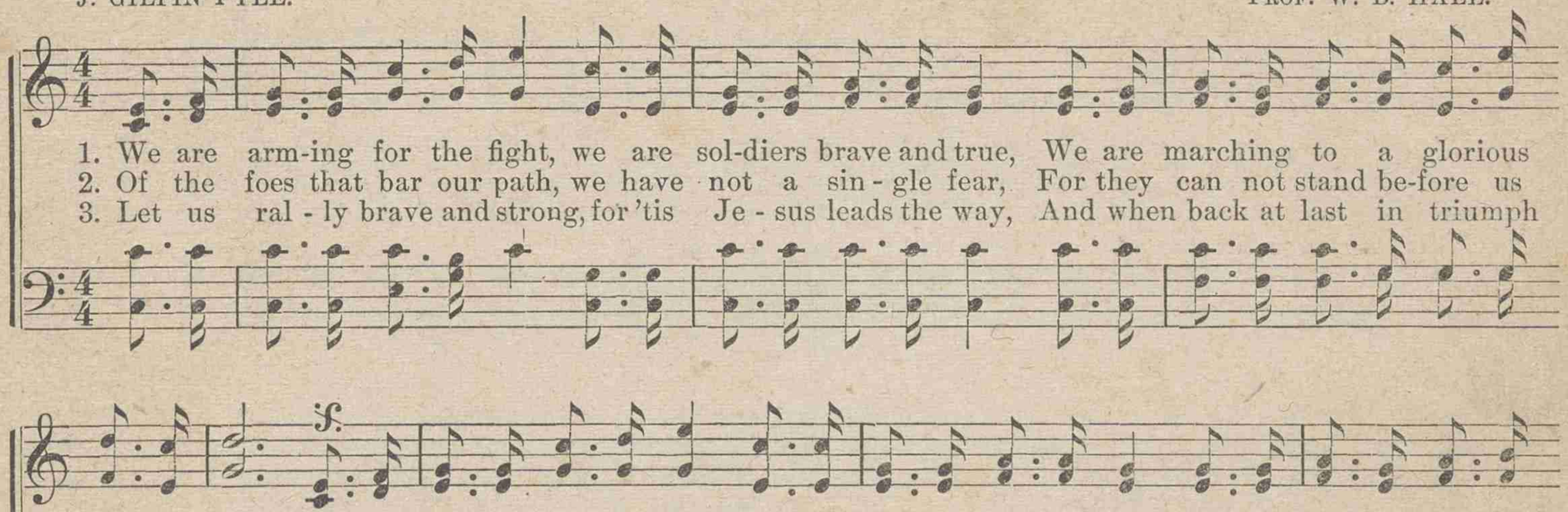
foes a - way, Lights the years of our up - ward way, Sing of His ten - der mer - cy!
hu - man frame, Bears the bur - den of bit - ter blame, Sing of His ten - der mer - cy!
sins so vile, Sing of home aft - er long ex - ile, Sing of His ten - der mer - cy!

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189. See the Army Bravely Marching.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. 6: 12.

J. GILPIN PYLE. PROF. W. B. HALL.



By permission E. O. Lyte.

190. The Children's Petition.

"And call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord."—Isa. 58: 13.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Do not take a - way our Sab-bath, Ye who rule our peo-ple blest; For the children of the na - tion,
2. 'Tis the ark that holds the charter, Of our country's truth and might; Ho-ly saint and faithful martyr
3. Must we wrestle with the cur-rent Of the rap - id waves of time And no free air breathe up-on us
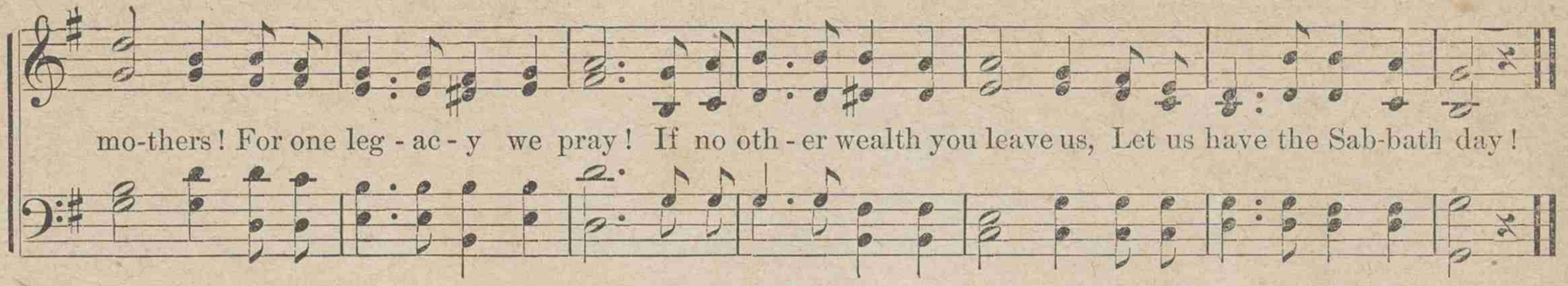
Spare the ho - ly day of rest. Let there be one day in sev - en, When to - geth - er, rich and poor,
Bat - tled nob - ly for our right. Heads that on - ly bow to heav-en, Shall be free and e - qual then;
From the Sab-bath land sublime? Let the rest-less pulse of la - bor Have one day of glad re - lease;

CHORUS.

May have time to think of heav - en And e - ter - nal life se-cure.
For the love of God makes cer-tain, The true broth-er-hood of men. Christian fa - thers! Chris-tian
While we feel that heav'n is neigh-bor To our thoughts of joy and peace.

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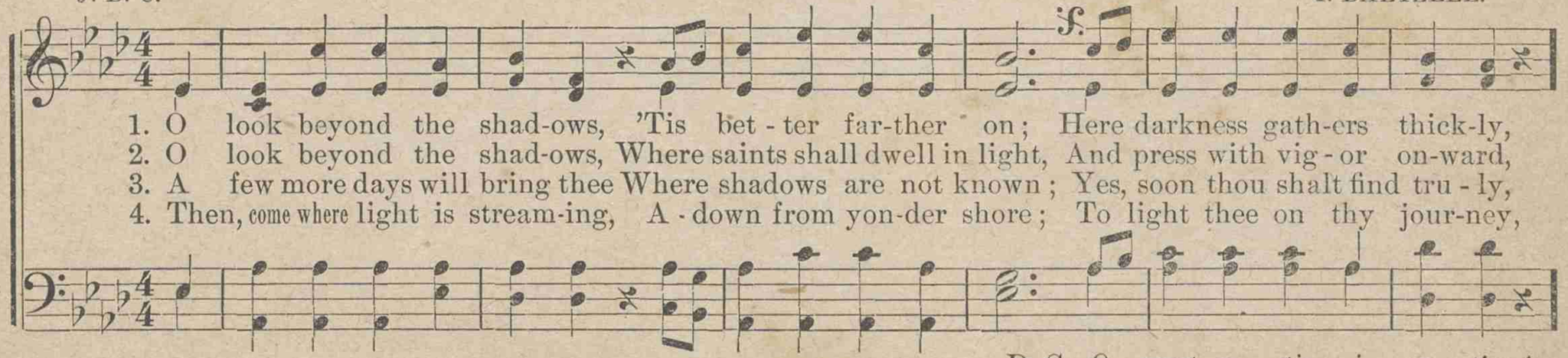
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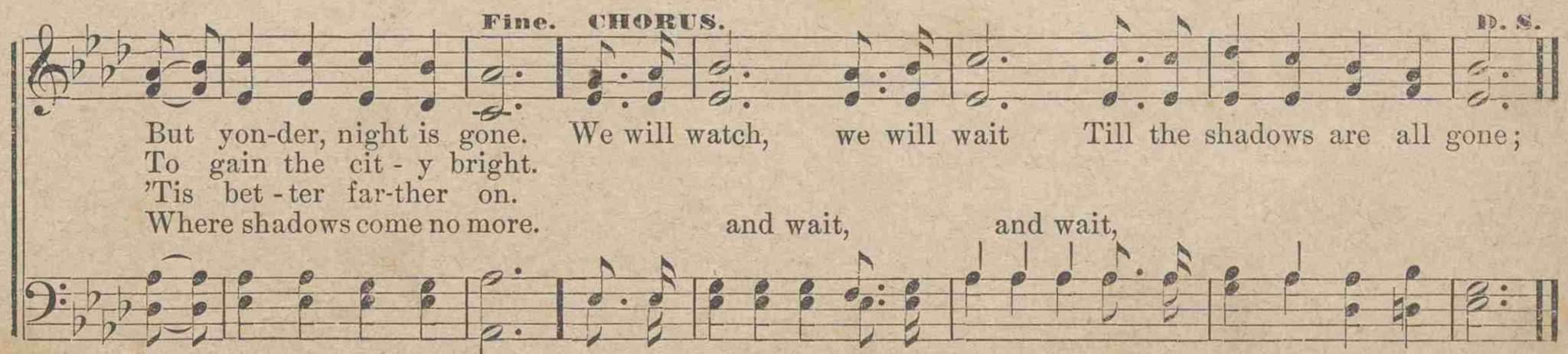


191. Better Farther On.

"They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

J. B. C. I. BALTZELL.





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192. Closer to Thee.

"It is good for me to draw near unto God."—Psa. 73: 28.

J. B. C. I. BALTZELL.

1. Draw me, dear Sav-ior, still clos - er to thee, Clos - er to thee, clos - er to thee; Near to thy dear bleeding side I would be, Draw me still clos - er to thee.
2. When I am tempted to wan-der a - way, Draw me to thee, draw me to thee; Nev - er for- sake me by night or by day, Draw me still clos - er to thee.
3. When the dark bil-lows of sor - row roll high, Draw me to thee, draw me to thee; Let me then know that thy presence is nigh, Draw me still clos - er to thee.
4. When to the Jor-dan of death I am come, Draw me to thee, draw me to thee; Car - ry me safe to my heav-en - ly home, Draw me for - ev - er to thee.
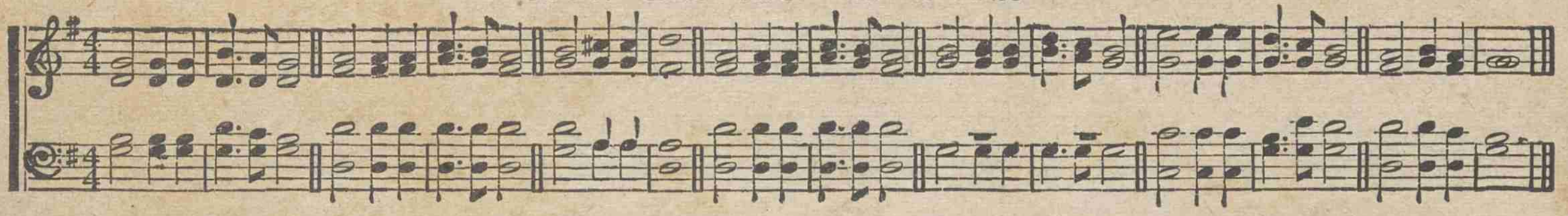
REFRAIN.

Clos - - er to thee, . . Clos - - er to thee, . . Draw me still closer to thee.
Closer to thee, yes, closer to thee, Closer to thee, yes, closer to thee,

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New Haven. 6s & 4s.

Dr. Hastings.



193.

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

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

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

194.

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

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

195.

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

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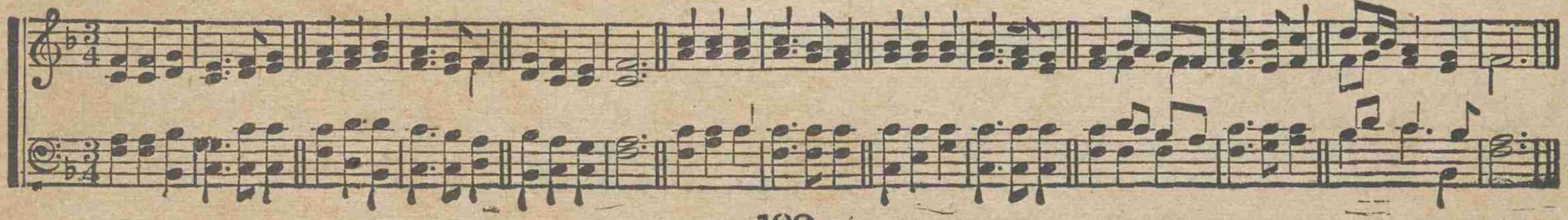
196.

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

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

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

America. 6s & 4s.



197. All the World for Jesus.

"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord."—Rev. 11: 15.

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

1. *Hear the bat - tle shout, Grandly ring - ing out, All the world for Je - sus! All the world for Je - sus!*
2. Na-tions bend-ing low At his feet shall bow! All the world for Je - sus! All the world for Je - sus!
3. Prompted by his love, Let us on-ward move! All the world for Je - sus! All the world for Je - sus!

Fine.
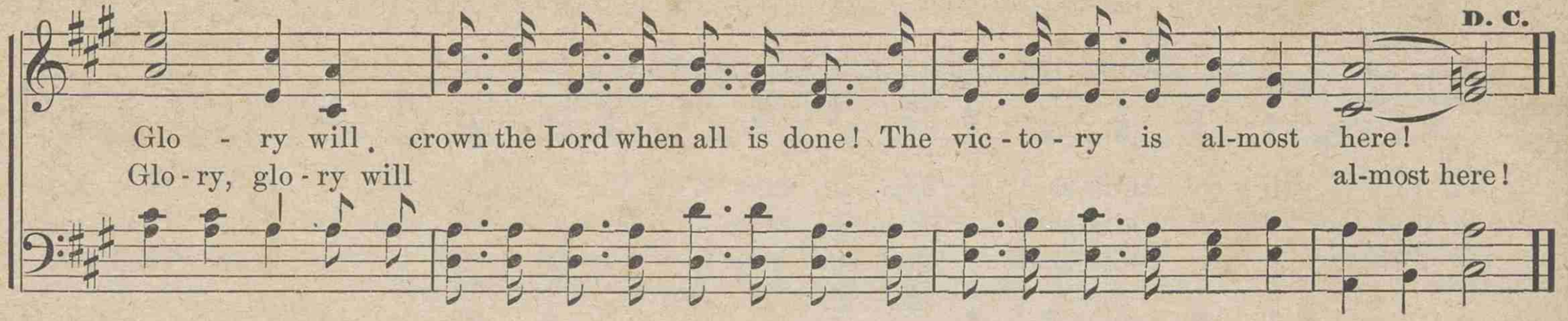
Vic - to - ry is near, It will soon ap - pear! All the world for Je - sus Christ.
Conquered by his love, They will loy - al prove! All the world for Je - sus Christ.
Gain - ing by his pow'r Vict'-ries ev - 'ry hour! All the world for Je - sus Christ.

CHORUS.

On - ward, the truth of God is marching on! Great is the vic - to - ry that will be won!
Onward, onward, the Great is, great is the

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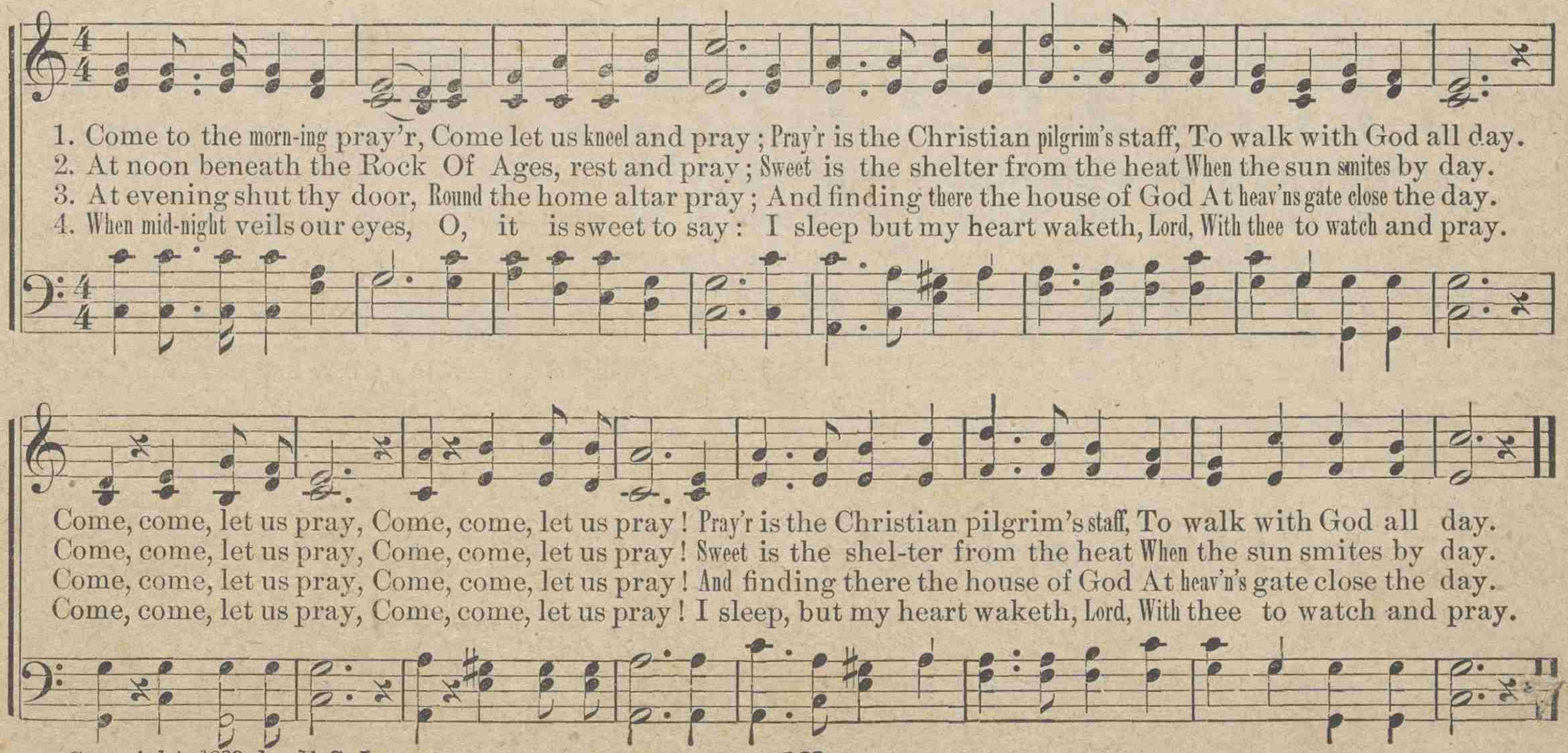
All the World for Jesus. Concluded.



198. Let Us Pray.

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

ANON. E. S. LORENZ.



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199. Just a Little, Little While.

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

E. A. BARNES. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Just a lit - tle while shall I wres - tle here With the sins that would de - stroy, Then the
2. Just a lit - tle while shall I jour - ney here While the cross he bids me take; Then the
3. Just a lit - tle while shall I la - bor here In the ser - vice of my Lord; Then a

REFRAIN.

vic - tor's crown in my Father's house All its glo - ry to en - joy.
sleep of death and the life beyond, Where my soul in him shall wake. Just a lit - tle, lit - tle
glo-rious rest with the Ris - en One—My ex - ceed - ing great re - ward.

while, Just a lit-tle, lit-tle while; 'Tis a prospect sweet to my waiting soul; Just a lit-tle, lit-tle while.

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200. What Matter?

"Worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. 4: 17.

MRS. D. S. STEPHEN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. What mat - ter the tri - als and la - bors of life, If rest com - eth sure at e - ven?
2. What mat - ter tho' clouds gath - er thick in life's west, Be - tok - en - ing great dis - as - ter?
4. The vic - t'ry of toil is a ha - ven at last, Tho' life may be dimmed with sor - row;

What mat - ter the strug-gles and dai - ly strife? They'll bright-en the joys of heav - en.
Wher - ev - er he leads it is sure - ly best, To fol - low the bless - ed Mas - ter.
To - day we may walk 'neath a sky o'er - cast, But joy - ful we'll sing to - mor - row.

CHORUS.

What mat - ter life's tri - als, what mat-ters life's care? What mat-ter, tho' threaten us sor-row, despair?

For the Sav - ior is with us our bur - dens to bear, Till bur-dens are lost in heav - en.

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201. Forgive and Forget.

"Be kindly affectionate one to another."—Rom. 12: 10.

PROF. E. O. LYTE.

1. O for-give and for-get, for this life is too fleet-ing To waste it in brood-ing o'er
2. O this life is so short, be it sun-shine or shad-ow, We can not af-ford e'er to
3. Then for-give and for-get, if the friends we loved fondly, Are false to us now and un-
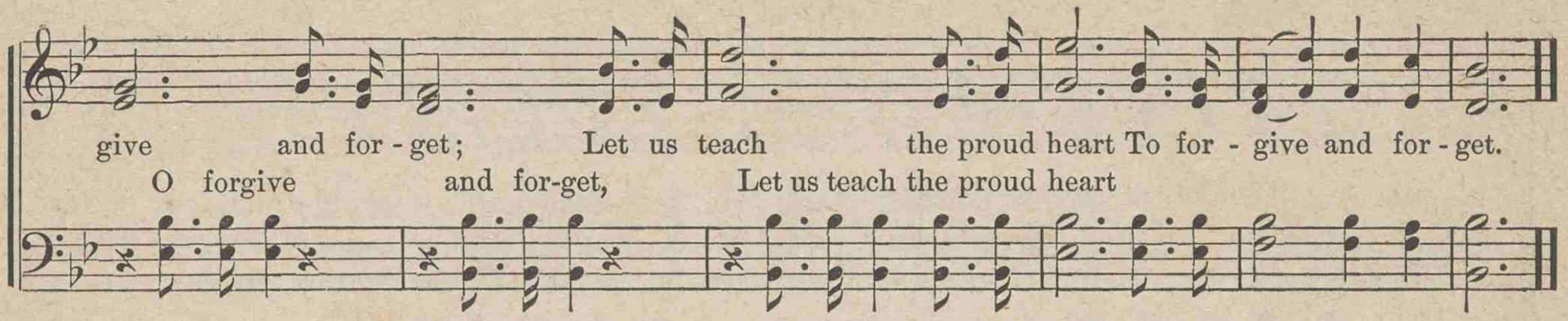
wrongs we have met; It is bet-ter, far bet-ter, to smoth-er our an-ger, And
brood o'er a wrong; Let us lift up our bur-dens and bear them on brave-ly, We'll
wor-thy of trust; Let us deal with them kind-ly, for they are but mor-tals, And

CHORUS.

teach the proud heart to for-give and for-get. Then for-give and for-get, O for-
lay them down short-ly, it can not be long.
err-ing like us, and like us are but dust. Then forgive and forget,

By permission.
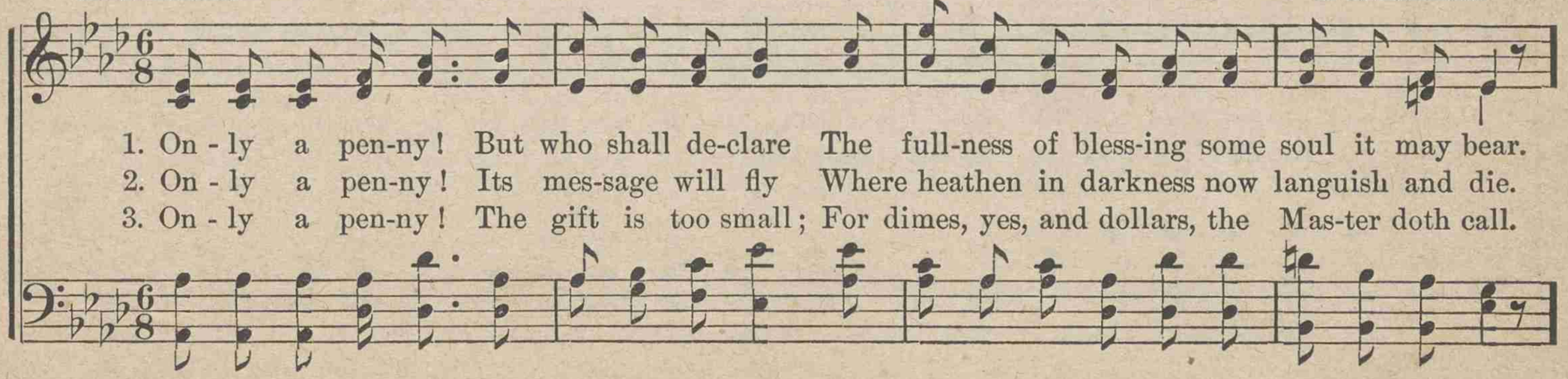
Forgive and Forget. Concluded.



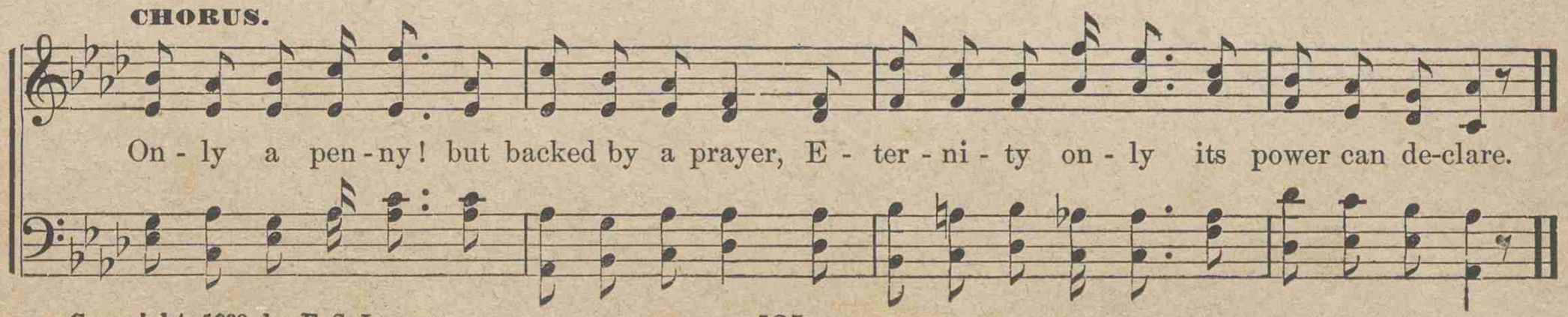
202. Only a Penny.

"This poor widow hath cast in more than they all."—Luke 21: 3.

H. F. JAMES. E. S. LORENZ.



CHORUS.
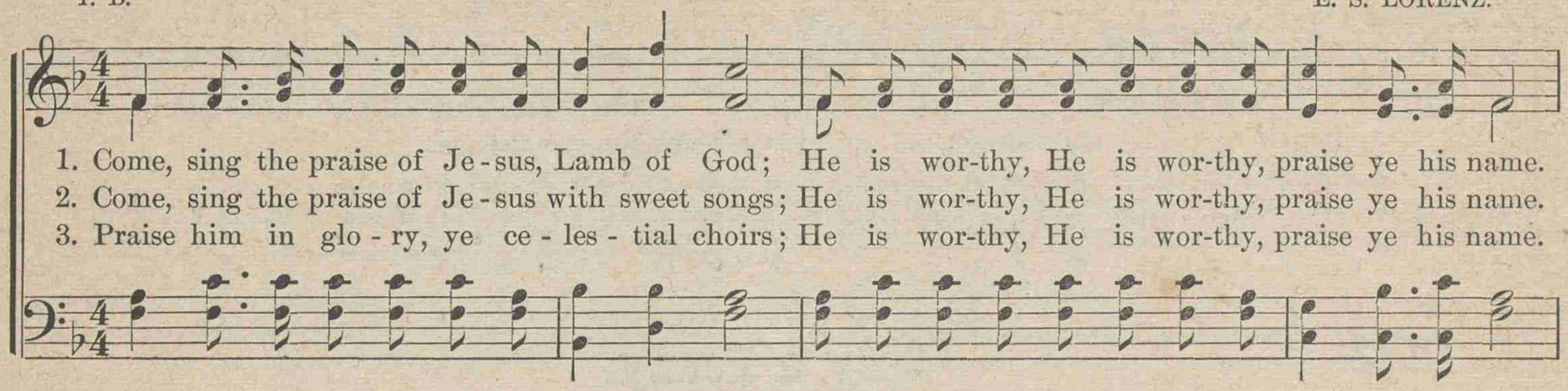


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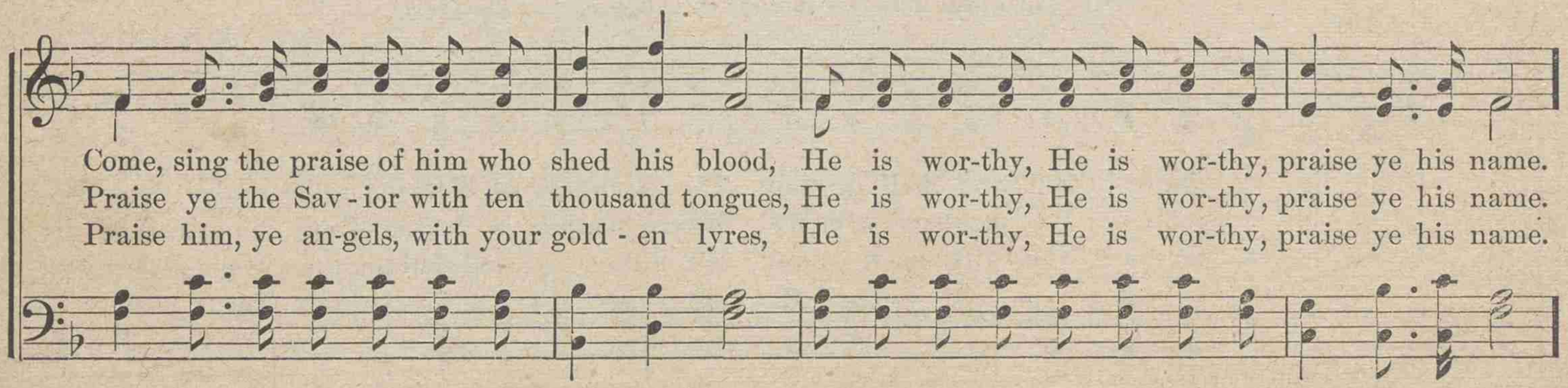
203. He is Worthy.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor. 15: 20.
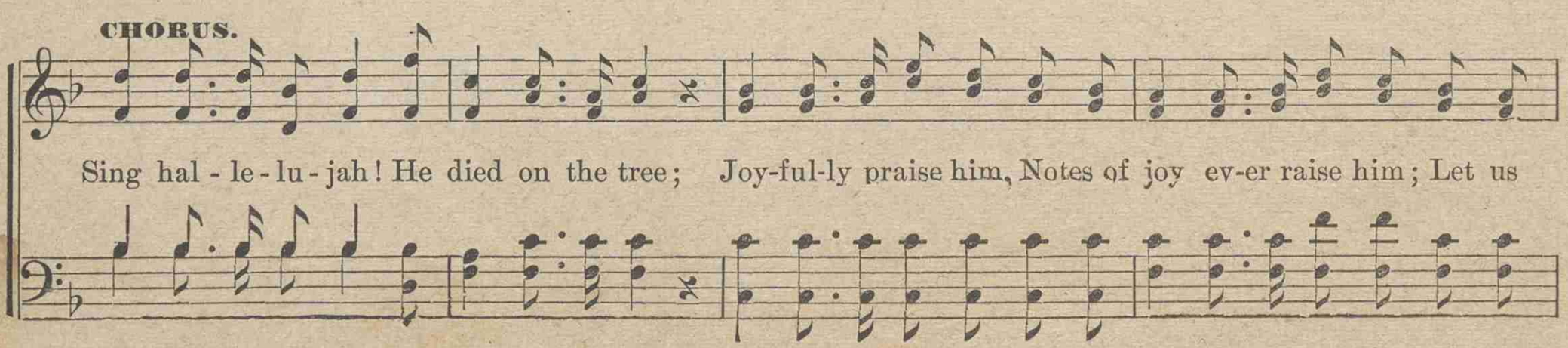
I. B. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Come, sing the praise of Je - sus, Lamb of God; He is wor-thy, He is wor-thy, praise ye his name.
2. Come, sing the praise of Je - sus with sweet songs; He is wor-thy, He is wor-thy, praise ye his name.
3. Praise him in glo - ry, ye ce - les - tial choirs; He is wor-thy, He is wor-thy, praise ye his name.
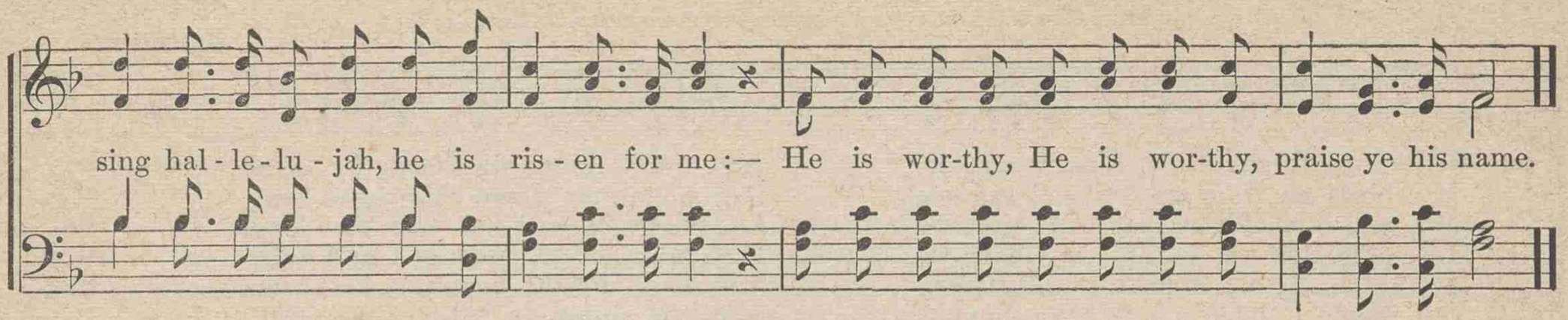


Come, sing the praise of him who shed his blood, He is wor-thy, He is wor-thy, praise ye his name.
Praise ye the Sav - ior with ten thousand tongues, He is wor-thy, He is wor-thy, praise ye his name.
Praise him, ye an-gels, with your gold - en lyres, He is wor-thy, He is wor-thy, praise ye his name.



CHORUS.

Sing hal - le - lu - jah! He died on the tree; Joy-ful-ly praise him, Notes of joy ev-er raise him; Let us

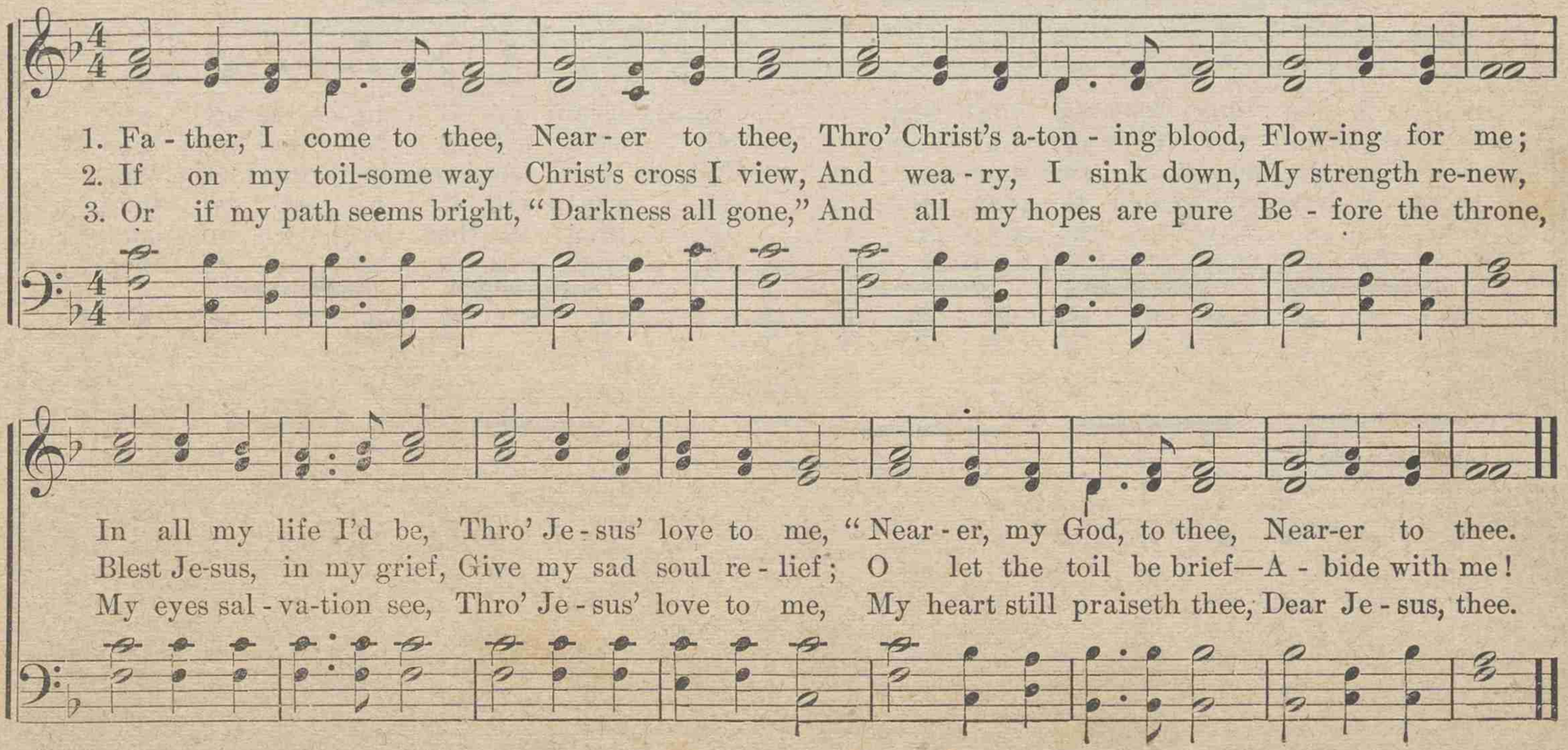
He is Worthy. Concluded.



204. I Come to Thee.

"I will arise, and go to my Father."—Luke 15: 18.

LOTTIE E. WELTON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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205. What will it Be to be There.

"There shall be no night there, neither sorrow or crying."—Rev. 22: 5.

T. D. C. MILLER. I. BALTZELL.

1. While lone in this vale I must wan-der, And oft in the dark-ness I stray, . . A
   It leads me from sor-row and sad-ness, O'er mountains where valleys are fair; . . There
2. I walk in this val-ley of sor-row, And know it will not be for long, . . But
   I long for the cit - y a - bove me, That home, ev-er bless - ed and fair, . . . With
3. I wait on this side the lone riv-er, And long for the boat-man to come, . . And
   And when I look o - ver the mountain, And see charming val-leys so fair, . . . I

Organ.
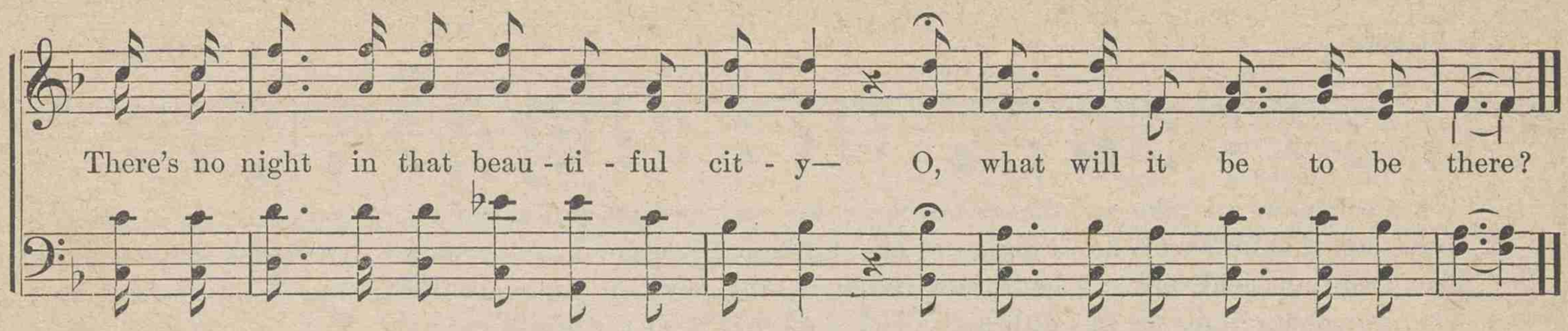
star in the blue sky up yon - der, Shines bright to il - lu - mine my way;
I shall find rest in my sad - ness— O, what will it be to be there?
wait for the dawn of the mor - row, When I, too, can sing the new song!
those I have cher - ished to greet me— O, what will it be to be there?
bear me a - way to the giv - er Of life, in that beau - ti - ful home!
long for a taste of life's fount-ain— O, what will it be to be there?

REFRAIN.

O, what will it be to be there? . . . . What will it be to be there?
to be there?
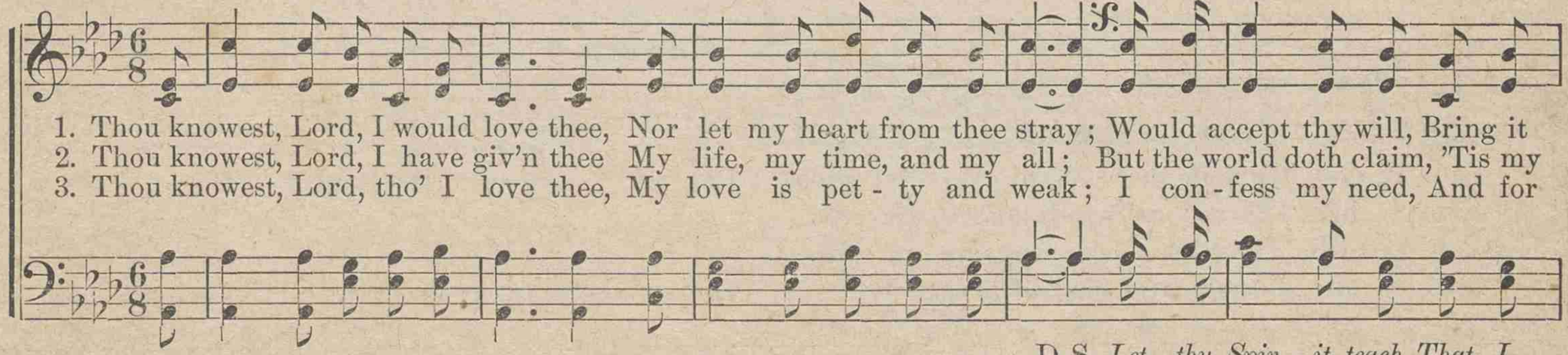
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What will it Be to be There. Concluded.



206. I Love Thee, my Lord.

E. D. MUND. *"Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee."*—John 21: 15. E. S. LORENZ.



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207. Praise Ye the Lord.

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

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

1. When earth and sea take up the strain, Shall we a-lone from praise re-frain? Our voi - ces would we glad - ly raise To join the u - ni - ver - sal praise.
2. The bees that hum from flow'r to flow'r, The birds that sing in leaf - y bow'r, The brook that murmurs sweet - ly by, The vo - cal winds take up the cry.
3. The ver-dant fields in si - lent praise Smile at the sky in sun - ny days; And clouds re-freshing show'rs distill, To make a - dor - ing mu - sic still.
4. The sun that climbs the ze - nith high, The stars that light the mid-night sky, Yea all we see and hear u - nite, Our sweetest song of praise in-vite.

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord!
Praise ye the Lord, ev - er praise him, ev-er praise him!

Praise ye the Lord, ev - er praise him! Let ev'ry voice join the cho - rus! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord for-ev-er!
Praise ye the Lord, ev-er praise him,

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208. All Hail to Christ our King.

"Sing praises to the Lord who dwelleth in Zion."—Psa. 9: 11.

L. H. P. L. H. PARTHEMORE.

1. I'm glad that my Sav - ior has o - pened a fount-ain Where I can be washed and made whole;
2. When I reach heaven's portals I'll then be im-mor - tal, And nev - er know sor-row or care;
3. All hail to the Sav - ior! I'll praise him for - ev - er, For he hath redeemed me from sin;

And if I am faith - ful, I know that he ev - er Will give me sweet rest for the soul.
In heav - en there's gladness—there nev - er comes sad-ness, For Christ is the light ov - er there.
His name is all glor - ious, his work all vic - to - rious, I feel he is reign-ing with - in.

CHORUS.

1st time. **2d time.**

All hail, . . . all hail, . . . all hail, . . to our King,
All hail, . . . all hail, . . . His (*Omit.*) . . . . prais - es we'll ring.
All hail all hail, our Sav-ior, King, All hail, all hail our Savior King,
All hail all hail, our Sav-ior, King, His (*Omit.*) . . . . highest prais - es ring.

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209. The Gospel of the Flowers.

FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

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

SOLO.

1. Ros - es so red, ros - es so fair, Why with such ra - di-ance glow - ing?
2. Lil - ies so pure, lil - ies so pale, What is the message you're bring - ing?
3. Branches and vines, swinging so free, Loaded with leaves and with flow - ers,

Inst.
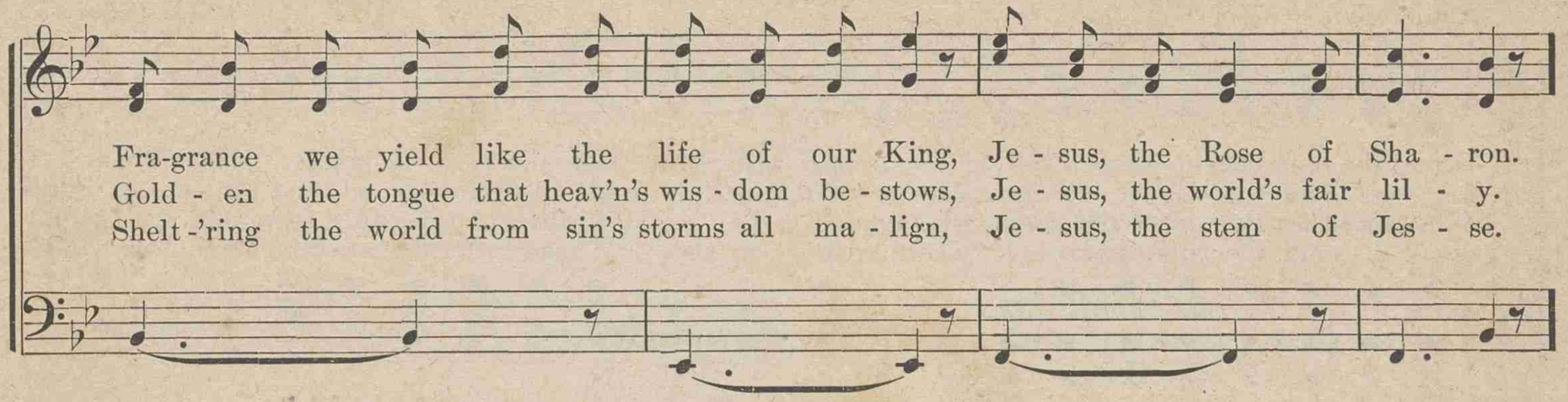
Why do you shed fragrance so rare? What is the joy you're thus show - ing?
Robed in the snow, ten - der and frail, What are your golden tongues sing - ing?
What is the joy, what is the glee, Fill - ing with mu - sic your bow - ers?

DUET.
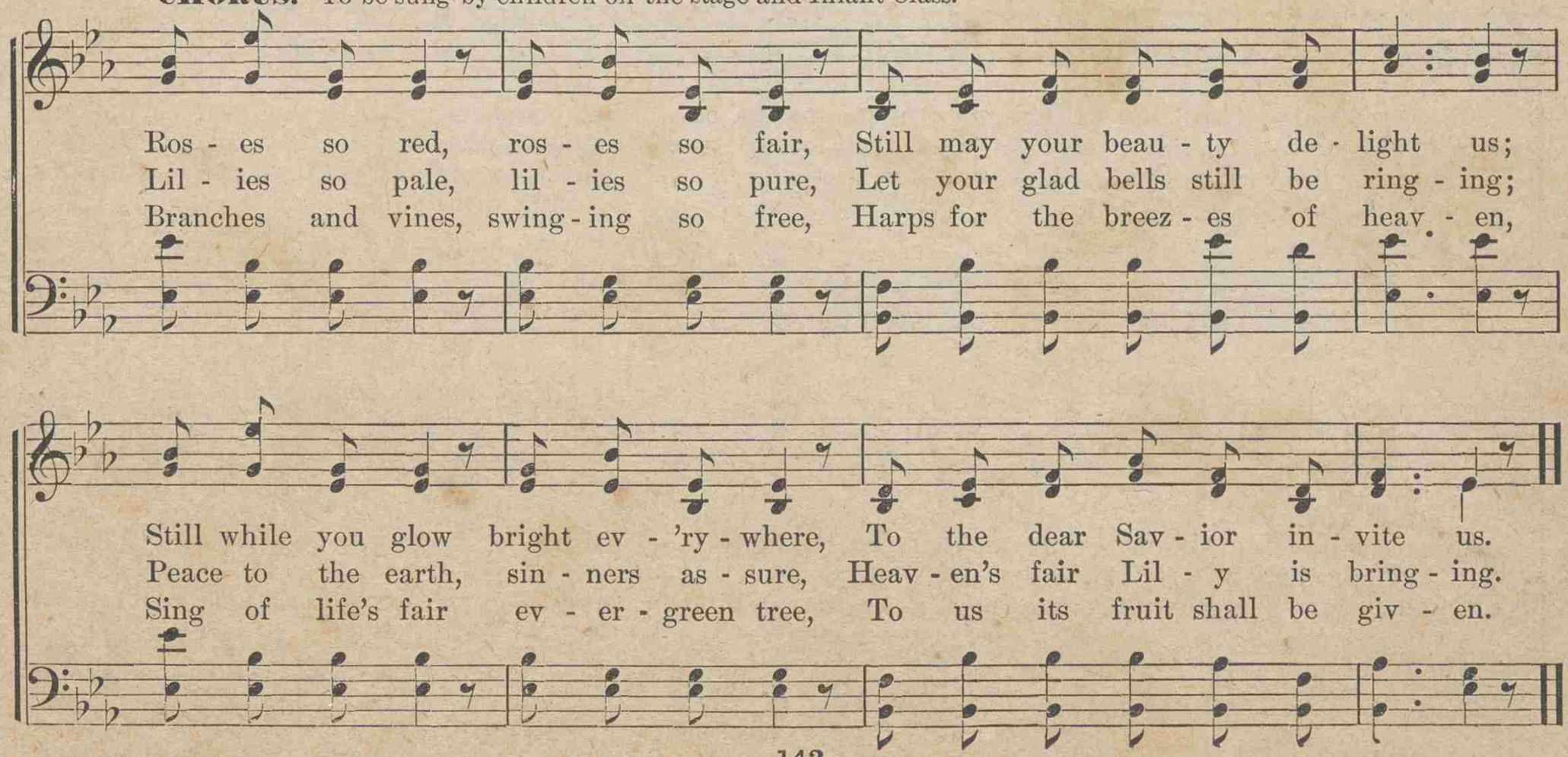
Joy - ful in - deed is the mes-sage we bring! Crim-son the flow that wash - es like snow;
Out of the mire of man's sin Je - sus rose; Blem-ish or spot in him there was not;
Ev - er we speak of the Branch and the Vine, Sal - va - tion's root that bears di - vine fruit;

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The Gospel of the Flowers. Concluded.



CHORUS. To be sung by children on the stage and Infant Class.



210. Temperance Marching Song.

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

J. B. C.. I. BALTZELL.
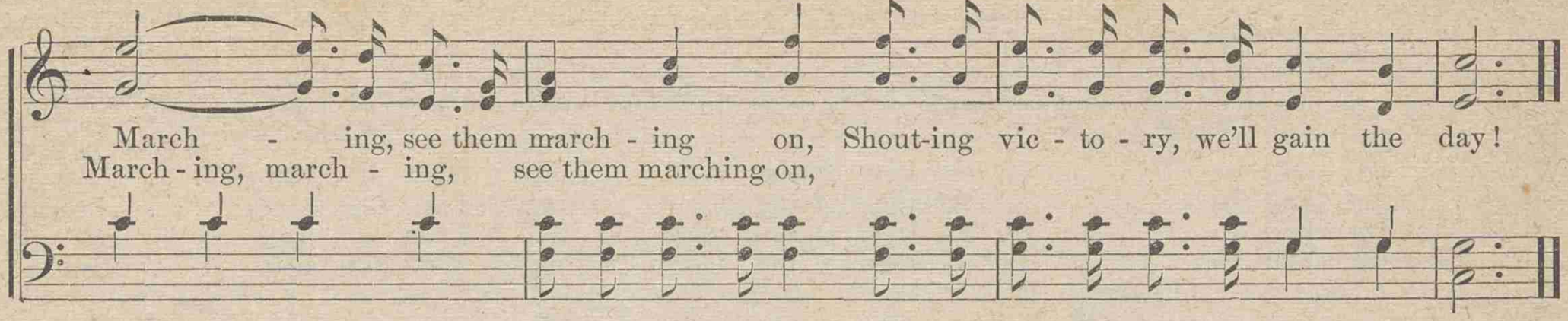
1. Hark! the song of temp'rance swelling o - ver hill and plain; Like the rush of mighty wa - ters ech - oes the re - frain; Thro' the val-leys, o'er the mountains, by the lake and sea, Rings the mu - sic of the
2. Let us join the mighty cho-rus, let us swell the throng; All a-round us see the ar - my mov-ing bold and strong; Lo, they come! the marshalled forces—see their banners wave—Man to res - cue from a
3. Who would tar-ry, who would falter, who would lag be - hind, While intem-per-ance is marching with its chains to bind Lov - ing fathers, sons and brothers, in its fet-ters strong; Draw the sa - ber, strike the
4. Shout a - loud the ringing war-cry, "Down with fi - ery rum!" When our foemen are all conquered, we'll come marching home—Marching proudly to the mu - sic of the beat-ing drum; Shout-ing vic - to-ry! "we've

CHORUS.

brave and free.
drunkard's grave. March - ing, see them march-ing on; March - ing, see them march-ing on;
de - mon throng.
conquered rum." Marching, march-ing, see them marching on; Marching, marching, see them marching on;

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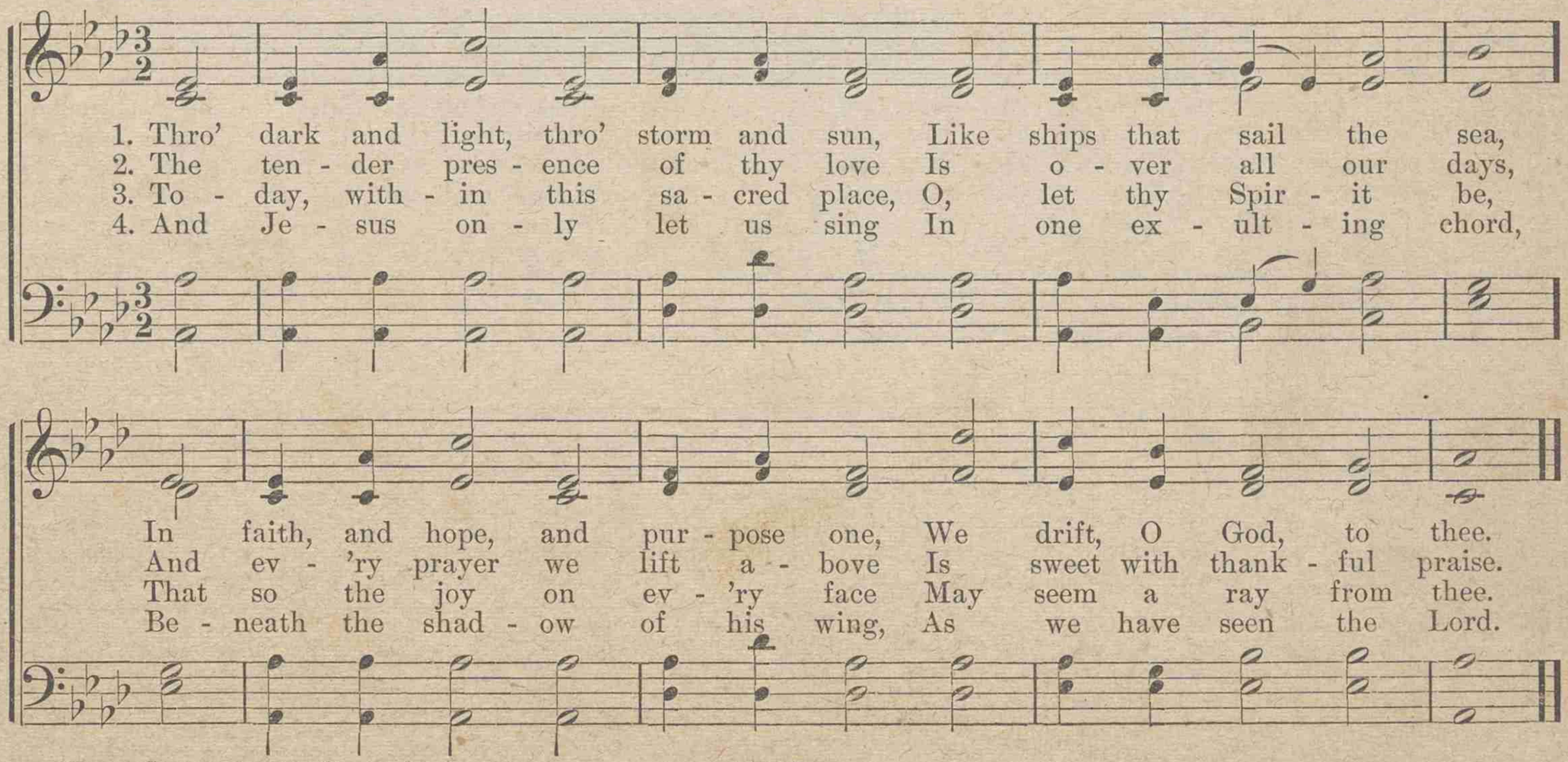
Temperance Marching Song. Concluded.



211. We Drift to Thee.

"And I will walk among you, and will be your God."—Lev. 26: 12.

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER. E. S. LORENZ.



212. As the Light of the Morning.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."—Isa. 60: 1.

MRS. LANTA WILSON SMITH.

E. S. LORENZ.

SOLO.

1. "He shall be . . . as the light of the morn - ing!" How it shines . . to the far-ther - est shore! . . So the tid - - ings of peace shall en - light - en Un - til i - - dols are worshipped no more, . . Un - til i - dols are wor-shipped no more.
2. "He shall be . . . as the light of the morn - ing!" Like the sun's . . cheering life - giv-ing ray; . . . So his love . . . gives new life to the dy - ing, As it drives . . er - ror's darkness a - way, . . . As it drives er - ror's dark - ness a - way.
3. "He shall be . . . as the light of the morn - ing!" That a - wak - - ens all nat-ure with joy; . . . So when sin . . . weaves its fet-ters of sor - row, He sends glad - - ness that knows no al - loy, . . . He sends glad - ness that knows no al - loy.
4. "He shall be . . . as the light of the morn - ing!" Will you help . . send the tid-ings a - broad? . . Give your tal - - ents, your time, and your dol - lars, Till the world . . shall acknowledge our God, . . . Till the world shall ac-knowl-edge our God.

8va

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As the Light of the Morning. Concluded.

CHORUS.

He shall be . . . . as the light of the morn - ing, . . . As it scat - - ters the shadows of

He shall be as the light of the morning, light of the morning, As it scatters the shadows, the shadows of

night; . . . And the na - - tions that now sit in dark - - ness, Shall a-

night, the shadows of night; And the na-tions that now sit in darkness, now sit in darkness, Shall a-

bide . . . in his glo - ri - ous light, ... Shall a - bide in his glo - ri - ous light.

bide, shall a-bide in his glo - ri - ous light, his glo-ri-ous light,

213. Lead Me Home.

"And he led them forth by the right way that they might go to a city of habitation."—Psa. 107: 7.

J. M. JOHN McPHERSON.

1. I am sure I shall see Je - sus when I cross death's sea, And the thought fills my soul with joy;
2. As a - down this vale of sor-row naught but care I know, And my life seems a drear - y day;
3. I can al-most hear the sing-ing of my loved ones there, As they wait for me o'er the way;
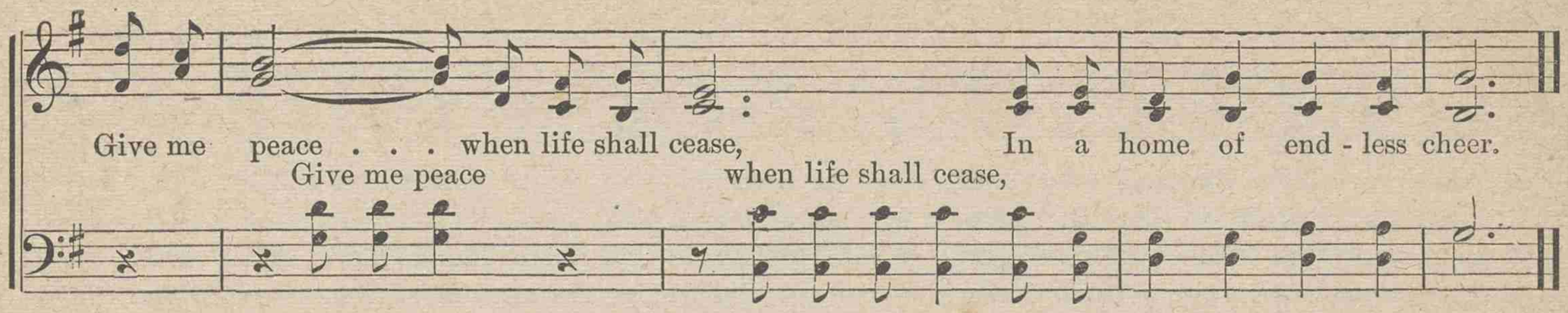
For there healed are all dis - eas - es, and I'll hap - py be, For no sin will its bliss an - noy.
But I know a glad to-mor-row—qui - et wa - ters flow—When I cross to a rest for aye.
To God's prom-is - es I'm clinging, and his cross I'll bear, Till I cross to the realms of day.

CHORUS.

Sav - ior come, lead me home, For the way is bright if thou art near,
Sav - ior come, lead me home, if thou art near;

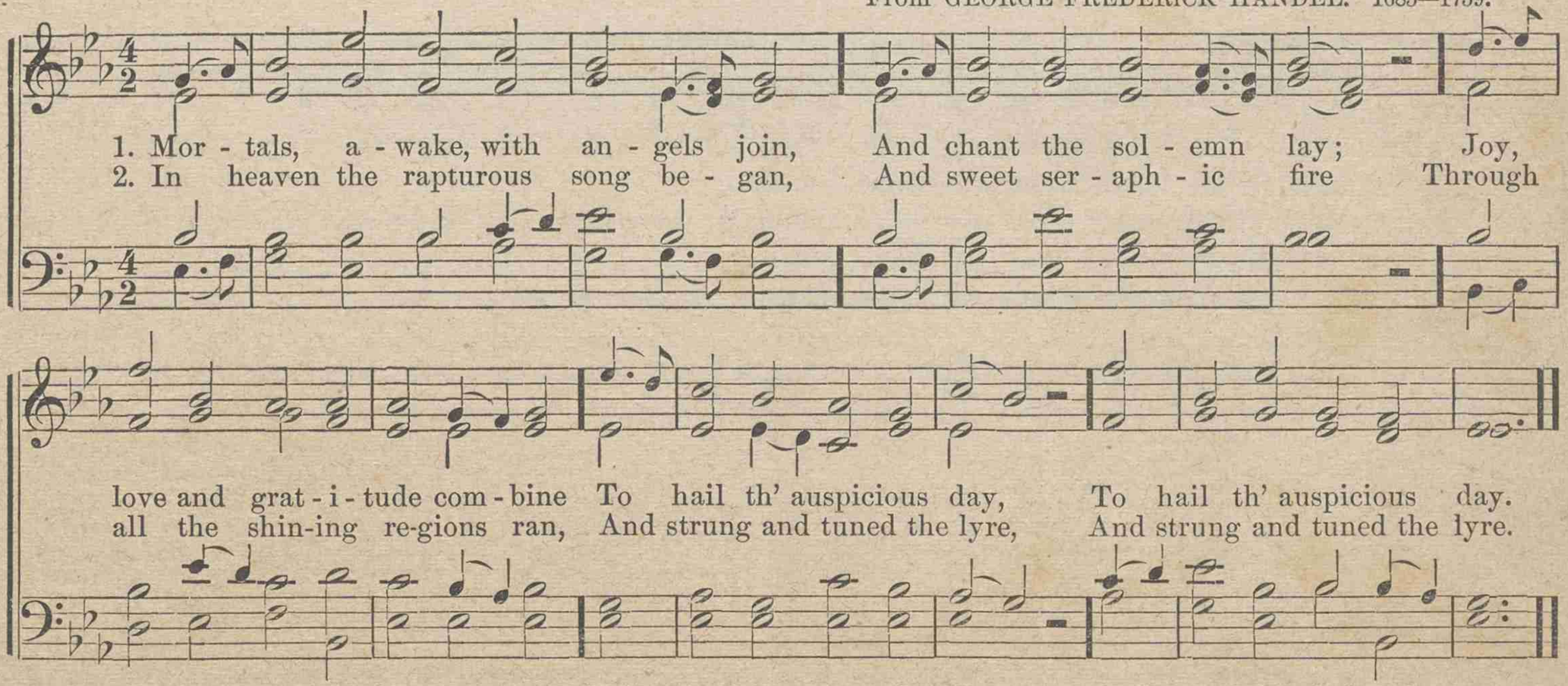
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Lead Me Home. Concluded.



214. Christmas. C. M.

From GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL. 1685—1759.



3 Swift, through the vast expanse, it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th'impetuous torrent ran;
And angels rushed, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

215. We Have Found Him.

"We have found him, of whom Moses in the law and the Prophets did write."—John 1: 45.

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

1. What a Sav - ior meek and mild, We have found! we have found! Cra - dled in a
2. What a Friend in time of need, We have found! we have found! Friend of chil - dren
3. How we love the Sav - ior dear, We have found! we have found! To his cra - dle
4. O what love! what ten - der grace! We have found! we have found! Shin - ing from the

CHORUS.

man - ger wild, What a Sav - ior we have found!
is in - deed The dear Sav - ior we have found. We have found him! we have found him! We have
we draw near, Praise the Sav - ior we have found.
gen - tle face Of the Sav - ior we have found.

found the Sav-ior who loves us all! What a Sav-ior! what a Sav-ior! At his feet we humbly fall!

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216. How Much Owest Thou?

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. Read Luke 16: 1-12. H. F. JAMES.

1. How much owest thou un - to thy Lord? Look o'er the ac-count and see; For his precious blood, thy ran-som poured, His life that was given for thee; How much owest thou un - to him who wore The thorns on his roy - al brow? An-swer now that claim if ne'er before, How much, how much owest thou?
2. How much owest thou un - to thy Lord? What gifts from his hands dost hold? Treasures rich of grace, his price-less word, The wealth of his love un - told. How much owest thou un - to him who wore The good-ness and mer-cy show? For thy hopes of life for ev-er-more, How much, how much owest thou?
3. How much owest thou un - to thy Lord, Who thy heav-y debt has paid? What the tribute small thou canst af - ford? What gifts on his shrine are laid? Canst thou number thy dai - ly blessings o'er, His Serv - ice free or love dost thou dare withhold, Thy hands are they slack or slow? Think up-on his grace, look on thy gold, How much, how much owest thou?

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217. Trusting Jesus Every Day.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."—Prov. 16: 20.

C. H. A. C. HARRY ANDERS.

1. Trusting Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Makes the way bright and clear; Knowing that he hears me pray,
2. Foes may hate and friends forsake, Je - sus loves just the same; He for me my sins did take,
3. If his love so warm and true, Draws me near to his side, Faith in him will bear me through,
4. When he calls me to my home, As the earth fades from sight, I will an-swer, "Lord I come!"

CHORUS.

Rifts the clouds, quells my fear. Trusting Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Trusting Je - sus all the way,
He for me bore the shame. Trust-ing him I can not fall,
There can no ill be - tide. Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
Ev - en - tide will be light. ev. - 'ry day, all the way, can not fall,

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218. How Sweet the Name of Christ to Me.

"A name which is above every name."—Phil. 2: 9.

Selected. I. BALTZELL.

1. Come, let us search God's ho - ly word, And see what we can find A - bout that lov-ing,
2. He healed the sick, he raised the dead; The deaf and blind he cured; At his command the
3. And when he was, by sin-ners' hands, Scourged, cru-ci-fied and slain, He broke as - un - der
4. Who would not love a Lord so kind, Or fear a God so great? Who - ev - er waits on

CHORUS.

gra - cious Lord, The Sav - ior of man - kind. How sweet, How sweet the
dev - ils fled, The sea o - beyed his word.
all the bands, And rose to life a - gain.
him will find, 'Tis not in vain to wait. How sweet the name of Christ to me, How

name of Christ to me!
sweet the name of Christ to me! We'll shout and sing, for Christ, our King, Who died on Cal - va - ry.

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219. Hallelujah.

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

W. F. McCAULEY. W. J. BALTZELL.

1. Hear the heav - ens ring, "Hal - le - lu - jah!" Let our voi - ces sing, "Hal - le - lu - jah!"
2. From the o-cean's caves, "Hal - le - lu - jah!" From the winds and waves, "Hal - le - lu - jah!"
3. For the Gos-pel's word, Hal - le - lu - jah! For a pard'ning Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Let the heav - ing main Join the glad re - frain, "Hal - le - lu - jah ev - er - more!"
From the tem - pest round, From the sol - id ground, "Hal - le - lu - jah to his name!"
For his might - y love, For the home a - bove, Hal - le - lu - jah, high - est praise!

Hear the saints in light, "Hal - le - lu - jah!" With the se-raphs bright, "Hal - le - lu - jah!"
In the toil - some way, "Hal - le - lu - jah!" In the dawn of day, "Hal - le - lu - jah!"
For the word of peace, Hal - le - lu - jah! For his conq'ring grace, Hal - le - lu - jah!

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Hallelujah. Concluded.

While the earth and sky In one voice re - ply, "Hal - le - lu - jah we a - dore."
In the si - lence sweet Of the soul's re - treat, "Hal - le - lu - jah still the same."
For a vic - t'ry vast, And a crown at last, Hal - le - lu - jahs end - less raise.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal - - le - - lu - jah!

Let the cho - rus roll To heaven's far - thest pole, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
Hal-le - lu-jah! hal - le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le-lu-jah!

220. Gloria Patri.

FOR OPENING OR CLOSING THE SCHOOL.

W. J. BALTZELL.

With spirit.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly

SOLO.

Ghost, and to the Ho - ly Ghost. As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

FULL CHORUS. Ritard.

now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end, world without end. A - men.

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This index is intended to aid the chorister or superintendent in selecting songs best adapted for the topics in use on any occasion. The figures refer to the number of the hymn.

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I WILL SING OF THE MERCIES
OF THE LORD FOREVER.
PS. 89. 1.