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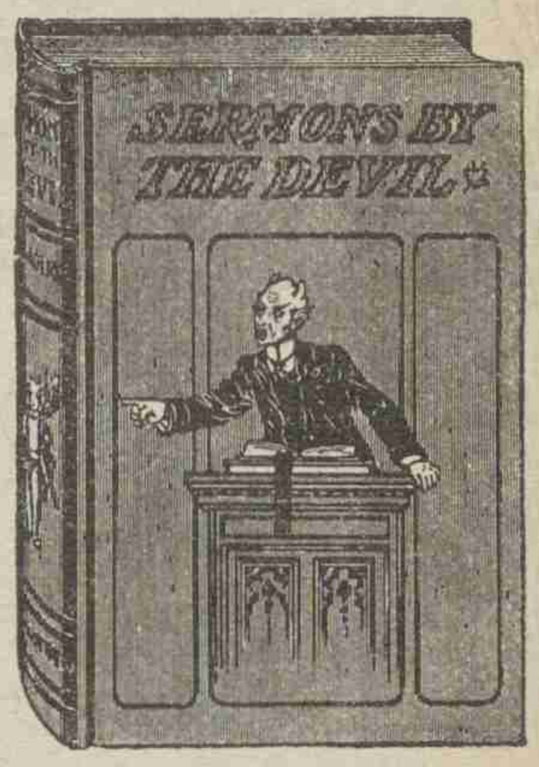

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BY

D. E. DORTCH.

"Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."—Eph. 5: 19.

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ROUND OR SHAPED NOTES.

CHAPTER II.

MELODICS—THE STAFF.

Talk 7.—I am now going to draw on the board the staff, which is considered to be the most prominent printed character used in music. It is composed of five parallel, horizontal lines with the six spaces which belong to them. The word "staff" means a prop or a support, and it is, therefore, used to support all of the other printed characters used in music.

Ex. 1. THE STAFF.

25. What do you see on the board?
26. What is it considered to be?
27. Of what is it composed?
28. What does the word "staff" mean?
29. Then what does it do?

Talk 8.—Every thing in music is reckoned upward, and in numbering the lines and the spaces of the staff we begin at the bottom. The lowest line is the first line; the one just above it is the second line; the middle line is the third line; the one just above that one is the fourth line, and the top line is the fifth line.

Ex. 2. THE LINES NUMBERED.

30. What do you see on the board?
31. How is every thing in music reckoned?
32. Where do we begin in numbering the lines and the spaces?
33. Which is the first line?
34. The second?
35. The third?
36. The fourth?
37. The fifth?

Talk 9.—The old method of reckoning only four spaces to the staff has been discarded. Some authors call the space, below the first line space below; and the one above the fifth line space above, and still hold to the old numbers. As there are as really six spaces as there are five lines, I number them beginning with the space below the first line as first space; the one between the first and second lines, second space; the one between the second and third lines, third space; the one above the third and below the fourth lines is the fourth space; the one between the fourth and fifth lines, fifth space, and the one above the fifth line is the sixth space.

Ex. 3. SPACES NUMBERED.

6th space	Oldmeth. space above	
5th space	4th space	4th space
4th space	3d space	3d space
3d space	2d space	2d space
2d space	1st space	1st space
1st space		space below.

How some number now.

38. What do you see in this diagram?
39. How were the spaces formerly numbered?
40. How do some authors now number them?
41. Is the space below the first line and the one above the fifth line really spaces of the staff?
42. Then how should the spaces be numbered?

Talk 10.—Each line and each space of the staff is called a degree, and as there are five lines and six spaces there are eleven degrees on each staff. Degree means step, and as we move with the voice from line to space or from space to line, we perceive that we step from one to the other. In reckoning the degrees we begin with the first space which is the space below the first line.

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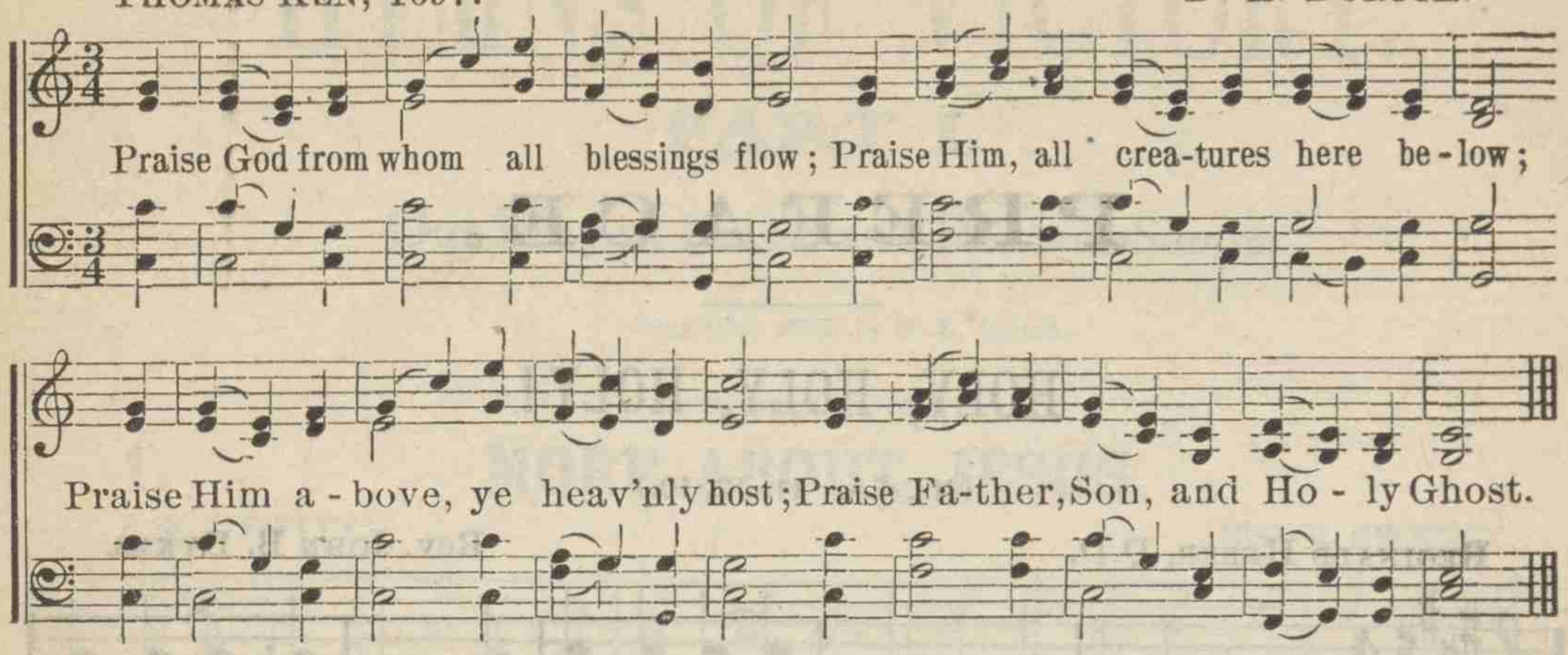
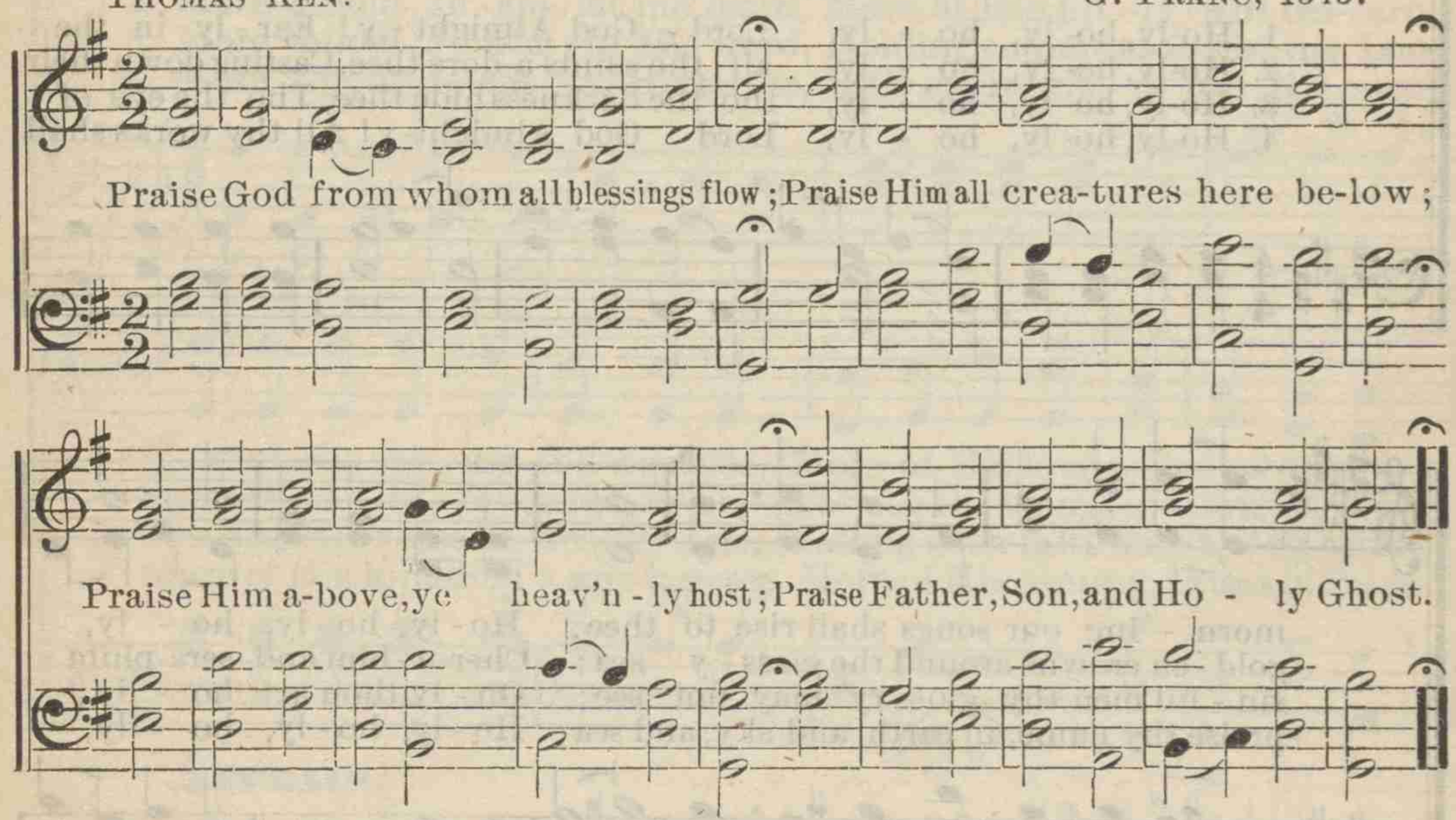
DOXOLOGY.

THOMAS KEN, 1697. D. E. DORTCH.



OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN. G. FRANC, 1545.



SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

PREFACE.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

(NICÆA. 11, 12, 10.)

REGINALD HEBER, D.D. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

HYMNS OF VICTORY.

PART I.

Our Prayer, Praise and Revival Songs.

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1. MORE ABOUT JESUS.

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

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2. WE SHALL OVERCOME THE WORLD.

"To him that overcome will I give to eat the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name, written." . . .—REV. 2: 17.

H. L. FRISBIE. D. E. DORTCH.

1. When we fin - ish all our war - fare, We shall lay our ar-mor down;
2. We shall have the hid-den man-na, And the white and precious stone,
3. There are prom-is - es most precious, In God's ho - ly word di - vine,

When we fight the bat - tle roy - al. We shall win the Victor's crown;
With the new name there-on written, Which the Lord to each makes known;
By the lov - ing grace of Je - sus, All these prom-is - es are mine;

We shall come to king - ly hon - ors, With our bat - tle flags close furled;
We shall sit down with our Fa-ther, Sa - tan from his throne be hurled;
Sin and death are bound in fet - ters, World and flesh no more ap-pall;

Thro' the prec-ious blood of Je - sus, We shall o - ver-come the world.
Thro' the prec-ious blood of Je - sus, We shall o - ver-come the world.
Thro' the prec-ious blood of Je - sus, We shall o - ver-come them all.

CHORUS.

We shall overcome the world, We shall overcome the world, Thro' the precious blood of

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WE SHALL OVERCOME THE WORLD.

Je-sus, We shall o-ver-come the world; We shall o-ver-come the world, Then our flags no more unfurled, Thro' the precious blood of Jesus, We shall o-ver-come the world.

3. PEACE, BE STILL.

"And he arose and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, peace, be still."—MARK 4: 39.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. The night is dark and star-less, The sea is rough and wild! O God in mer-cy res-cue Thy tempest-driven child, From Thy lips, just a whis-per Will make the o-cean mild; "Peace, be still," "Peace, be still."
2. When broken hearts are bleeding With bit-ter, ach-ing grief, O then, in mer-cy, Father, Send wretched souls relief, For Thou canst calm their sor-row With gentle words and brief; "Peace, be stiil," "Peace, be still."
3. The ma-ny times the darkness Has settled round my soul, Some-times onrushing billows Would o'er my spirit roll; But God with just a whisper Would hold them in con-trol; "Peace, be still," "Peace, be still."

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4. BETHESDA IS OPEN FOR THEE.

"Wilt thou be made whole?"—JOHN 5: 6.

REV. F. DENISON. W. W. BENTLEY.

1. Be - thes-da is o - pen, the an - gel has come, The Spir - it is call-ing for thee; The wa-ters are troubled, be-hold there is room,
2. Come, press to the wa-ters while mer-cy is here; Ac-cept of a cleansing com-plete; O, hear the en-treat - y dis-missing your fear,
3. The house of Be - thes-da for sin-ners was built. The pool is a fountain of love; The wa - ters are troubled, for can - cel-ing guilt,
4. Then come to the fountain, ye need - y and lost, Come now while the Sav-iour is nigh; This grace has been purchased at in - fi - nite cost,

CHORUS.

Sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus is free.
Lo! judgment and mer - cy now meet.
And still for our heal - ing now move.
And they that re - ject it must die.

Sal - va - tion is free, sal- va - tion is free, Sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus is free; The wa-ters are troubled, behold, there is room, Be-thes-da is o - pen for thee.

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5. WHEN THE VOYAGE OF LIFE IS OVER.

"Absent from the body to be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. 5: 8.

VIRGINIA W. MOYER. WILLIAM WARREN BENTLEY.

With great expression.

1. When the voyage of life is o - ver, Wear-y with the struggle sore;
2. When the voyage of life is o - ver, By the fount-ain or the sea;
3. When the voyage of life is o - ver, O the rapt-ure of the tho't;
4. When the voyage of life is o - ver, Sav'd for-ev - er, sav'd by grace;

I shall sail in - to the har - bor, That my soul has thirst-ed for.
I shall clasp a-gain my loved ones, Who so long have watched for me.
Mine shall be the crown im-mor - tal, That my Saviour's blood has bought.
Tongue can nev-er tell the rapt - ure, When I see Him face to face.

REFRAIN.

When the voyage of life is o - ver, And my ar - mor all laid down;

I shall go to be with Je - sus, And re - ceive a shin-ing crown.

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6. HE WOULD NOT HAVE IT SO.

"The Quiet Hour." D. E. DORTCH.

1. I asked the Lord..... to let me do..... Some mighty work for
2. He placed me in..... a qui - et home, ... Whose life was calm and
3. Small duties gath - - ered round my way,..... They seemed of earth a-
4. So then I thought..... my pray'r unheard,.... And asked the Lord once
5. Then qui-et - ly..... the answer came;.... "My child, I hear thy

1. I asked the Lord to let me do Some mighty work for

Him; To fight a - midst..... His bat-tle hosts, Then sing the victor's
still, And gave me lit - - tle things to do, My dai - ly life to
lone; I who had longed..... for conquests bright, To lay be - fore His
more That He would give..... me work for Him, And o - pen wide the
cry; Think not that might - y deeds a - lone Will bring thee vic - to-
Him; To fight amidst His battle hosts, Then sing the victor's

hymn; My ar - dent love..... I longed to show,..... But Je - sus
fill; I could not think..... it good to be..... Just put a-
throne; Had com-mon things..... to do and bear,..... To watch and
door— For-get - ting that..... my Mas-ter knew ..... Just what was
ry; The bat - tle has..... been planned by Me;..... Let dai - ly
hymn; My ardent love I longed to show,

would..... not have it so;..... not have it so.
side..... so si - lent - ly;..... so si - lent - ly.
strive..... with dai - ly care..... with dai - ly care.
best..... for me to do;..... for me to do.
life..... thy conquests see;..... thy conquests see.
But Jesus would not have it so; not have it so.

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7. SEND SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

J. R. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Plead we the prom - ise Thy word does re - cord, While in Thy
2. Low at Thy foot-stool of mer - cy we wait, Lord, canst Thou
3. Lord, our trans-gres-sions, like sands of the sea, Rise to our
4. Mer - cy-drops free - ly are fall - ing a - round. Hon - or our

pres-ence we bow; Now is His sea - son, then send us, O Lord,
turn us a - way? Show-ers of bless-ing, re - fresh-ing our souls,
vi - sion a - gain; We have confessed them, for-give us once more,
faith and Thy word; Pour from the win-dows of heav - en a - bove,

CHORUS.

Show-ers of bless - ing just now.
Send us, O Lord, while we pray. Send show - ers of
Show - er Thy bless - ing like rain.
Show - ers of bless - ing, O Lord.

bless-ing just now, Send show - ers of bless - ing just now;

Lord, in Thy love, Send from a-bove, Show-ers of blessing just now.

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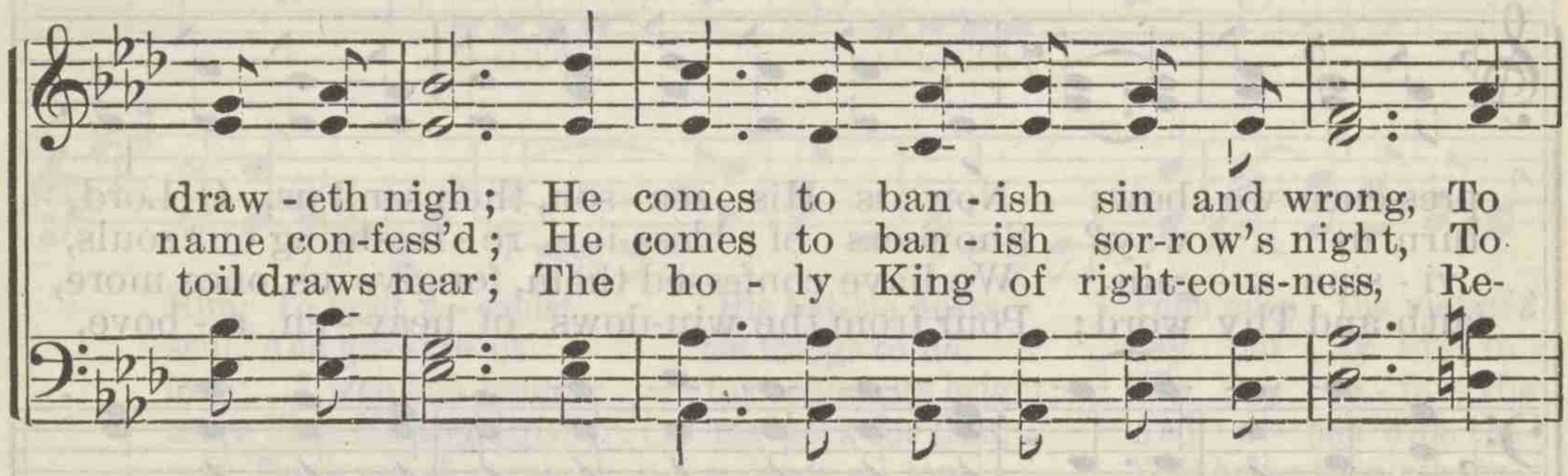
8. REJOICE! THE BRIDEGROOM.

"Watch, therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh."

LIZZIE DEARMOND. REV. 24; WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

With spirit.



REFRAIN.

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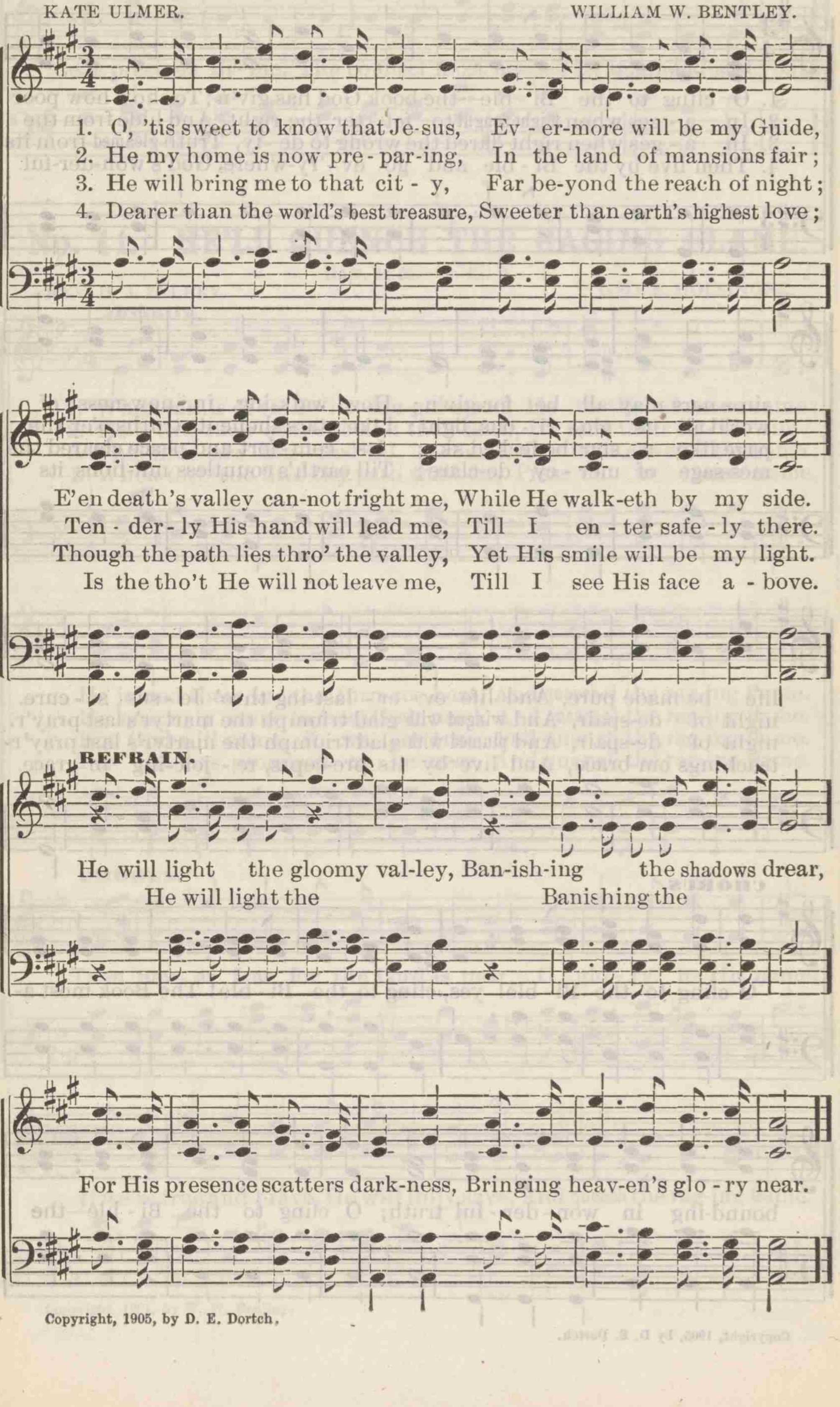
9. JESUS WILL LIGHT THE VALLEY.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil."—

KATE ULMER. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.



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No. 10. O CLING TO THE BIBLE.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O cling to the Bi - ble—the book God has giv'n; To show how poor
2. In a - ges when might sought to fet - ter the right, And hide from the
3. In a - ges when right dared the wrong to de - fy, Truth gleamed from its
4. Then live by the Bi - ble and go ev -'ry-where, God's won-der-ful

sin - ners may all be for-giv'n; How walk-ing in new-ness of
world all its glo - ri - ous light; Like stars shone its truths o'er the
page like a star bedecked sky; Its com - fort and peace cleared the
mes-sage of mer - cy de-clare; Till earth's countless mil-lions its

life be made pure, And life ev - er - last-ing thro' Je - sus se - cure.
night of de-spair, And winged with glad triumph the martyr's last pray'r.
night of de-spair, And plumed with glad triumph the martyr's last pray'r-
teachings em-brace, And live by its pre-cepts, re - joic-ing in grace.

CHORUS.

O cling to the Bi - ble! yes, cling to the Bi - ble! The Book most a-

bound-ing in won - der - ful truth; O cling to the Bi - ble—the

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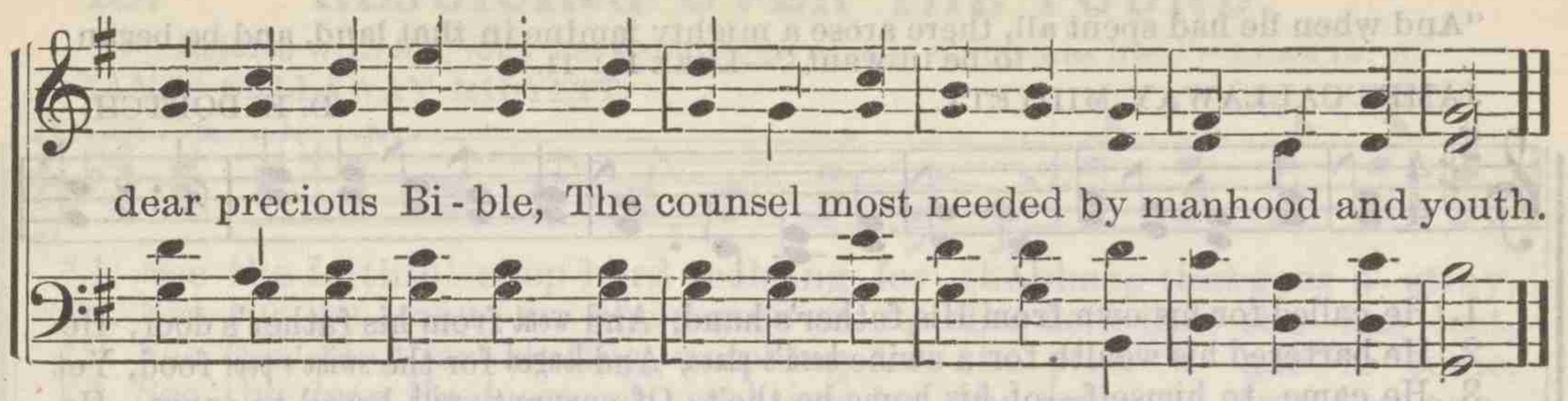
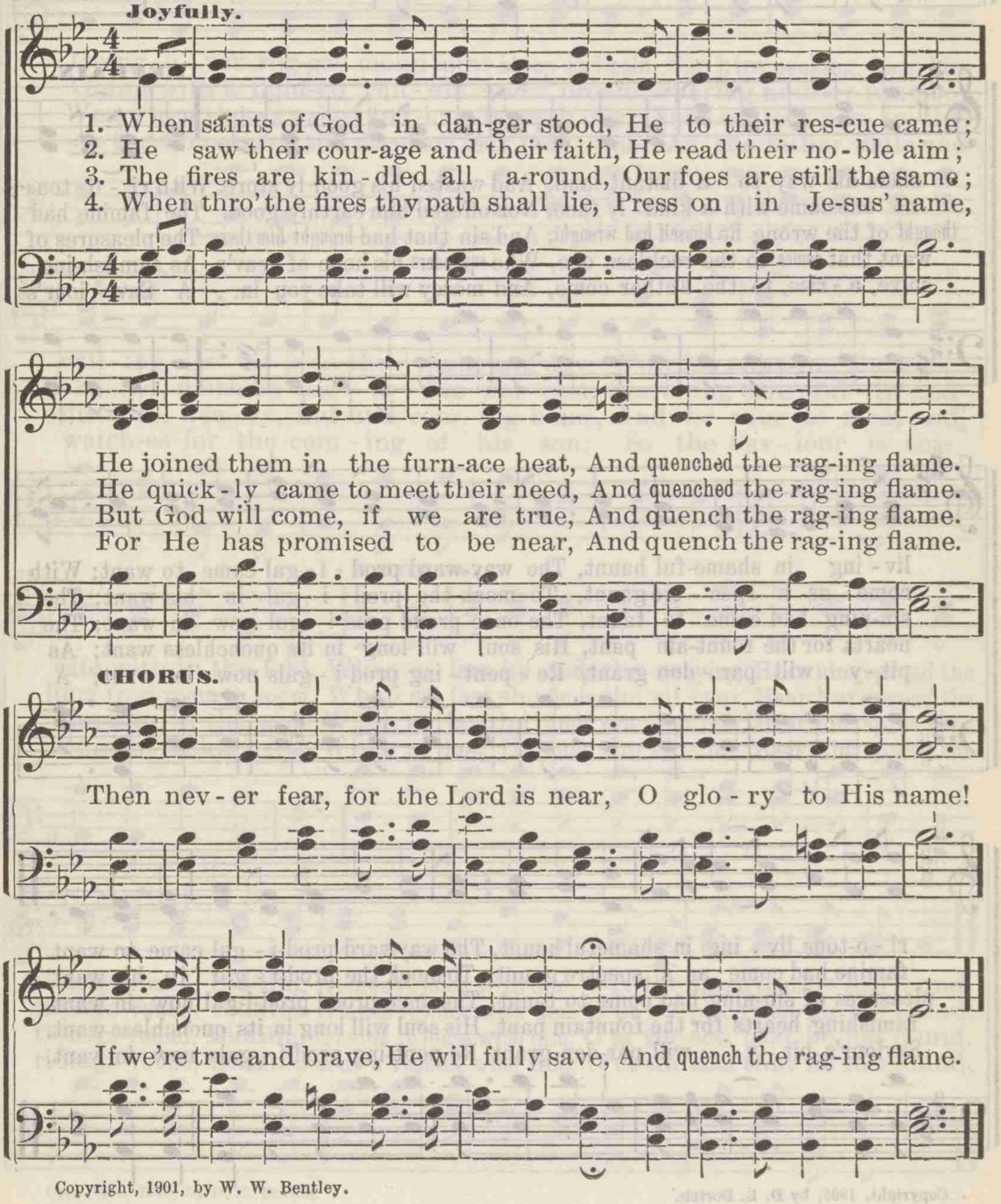
O CLING TO THE BIBLE.



No. 11. HE'LL QUENCH THE RAGING FLAME.

DAN. 3: 25. IS. 43: 2.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



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12. THE PRODIGAL.

"And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want."—LUKE 15: 14.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

1. He called for his own from His father's hand, And went from his father's door, He made his way to a distant land, And wasted his good-ly store. With ri - o - tous liv - ing in shame-ful haunt, The way-ward prod - i - gal came to want;
2. He bartered his wealth for a swine herd's place, And longed for the swine's poor food, Yet no one came with a kind - ly face, Nor offered him earthly good. The famine had come as a spec - tre gaunt, To mock the prod - i - gal in his want;
3. He came to himself—of his home he tho't, Of servants with bread to spare, He thought of the wrong he himself had wrought, And sin that had brought him there. The pleasures of sin-ning had come to taunt, The once proud prod-i - gal now in want;
4. The waste and the want of the wayward son, A pic-ture that God has giv'n, Of want that comes to the reckless one, Who squanders his hope of heav'n. As fam-ish-ing hearts for the fount-ain pant, His soul will long in its quenchless want;
5. O prod - i-gal soul from the father's home, In hunger and shame and sin, Re-solve, a - rise, to the Father come, And mercy will take you in. A Sav - iour's pit - y will par - don grant, Re - pent - ing prod-i - gals now in want;

REFRAIN.

ri - o-tous liv - ing in shameful haunt, The wayward prod-i - gal came to want.
famine had come as a spectre gaunt, To mock the prod-i - gal in his want.
pleasures of sin-ning had come to taunt, The once proud prod-i-gal now in want.
famishing hearts for the fountain pant, His soul will long in its quenchless want.
Saviour's pit - y will par-don grant, Re-pent-ing prod-i - gals now in want.

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13. REJOICING OVER THE FOUND.

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

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

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* Read Luke 15: 3-7. † Read Luke 15: 8-10. ‡ Read Luke 15: 11-32. ‖ Read Luke 19: 10.

14. NO OIL IN THY LAMP?

"And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out."
—MATT. 25: 8.

ELD. E. G. W. WESLEY. T. H. SMITHERS.

1. "No oil in thy lamp" and the Bride-groom near, Not ready should He now appear?
2. "No oil in thy lamp" and the darkness deep, Not ready but still lost in sleep?
3. "No oil in thy lamp," He has come so nigh, Not ready now He pass-es by?

O soul, why should'st thou then delay? Life's tide is eb-bing fast a-way.
Awake! why should'st thou slumb'ring lie, When soundeth forth the gladsome cry?
He waits thy sloth-ful soul to wake, Thy hardened heart His love would break.

Haste to pre-pare thee while you may,..... Soon
Haste to pre-pare thee while you may, pre-pare thee while you may, Soon
He com - eth; meet Him in the sky,..... The
He com-eth; meet Him in the sky, yes, meet Him in the sky, The
One mo - ment more may be thy last,..... The
One mo-ment more may be thy last, one more may be thy last, The

1 2

fad - - eth the bright day; the bright day, the bright day.
fad-eth the bright day, Soon fad-eth the bright day; Soon fadeth the bright day.
Bride - groom draweth nigh; draweth nigh, draweth nigh.
Bridegroom draweth nigh, The Bridegroom draweth nigh, The Bridegroom draweth nigh.
Bride - groom's feet have passed, feet have passed, feet have passed.
Bridegroom's feet have passed, The Bridegroom's feet have passed, The Bridegroom's feet have passsed.

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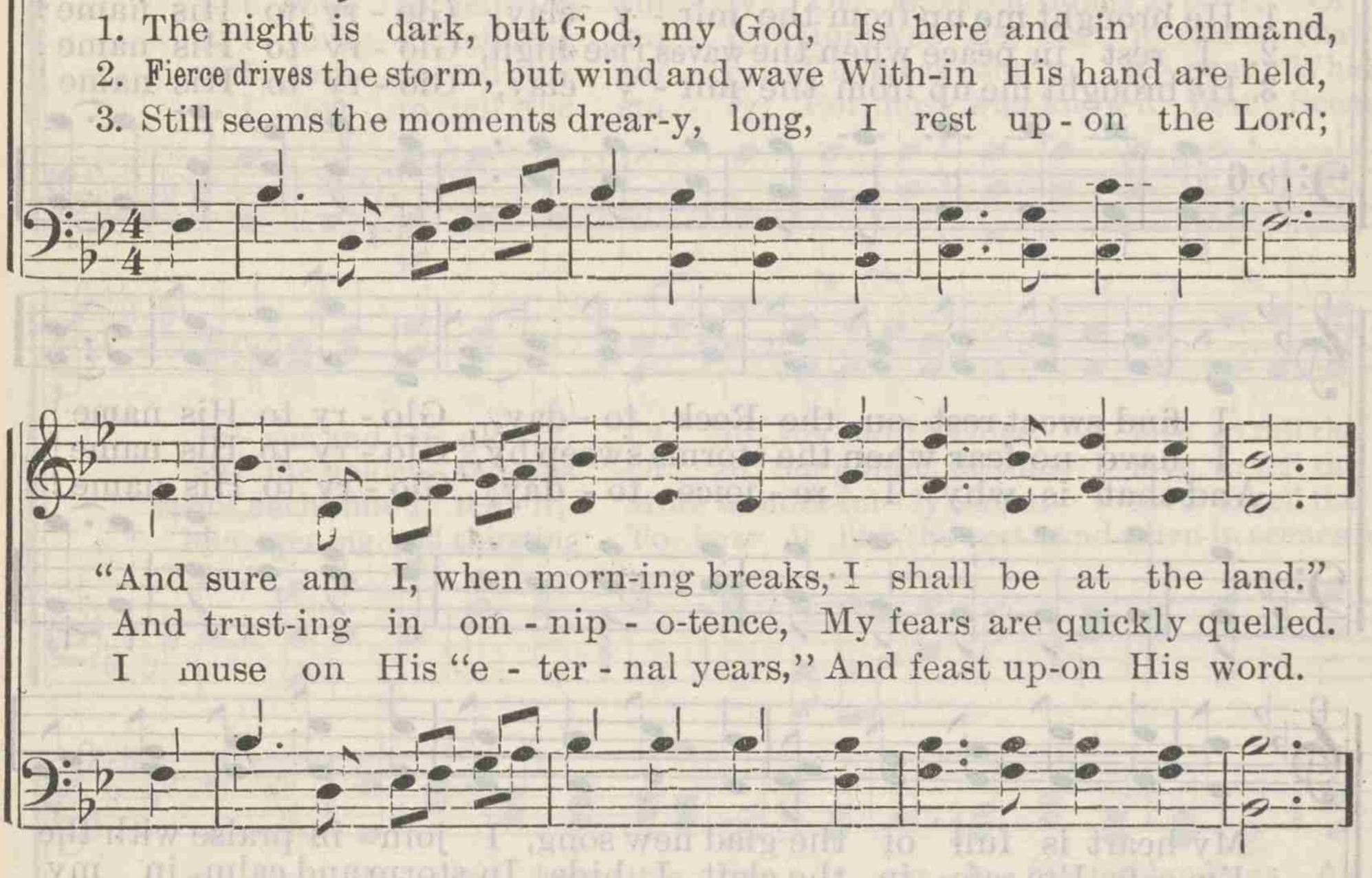
15. CASTING ANCHOR.

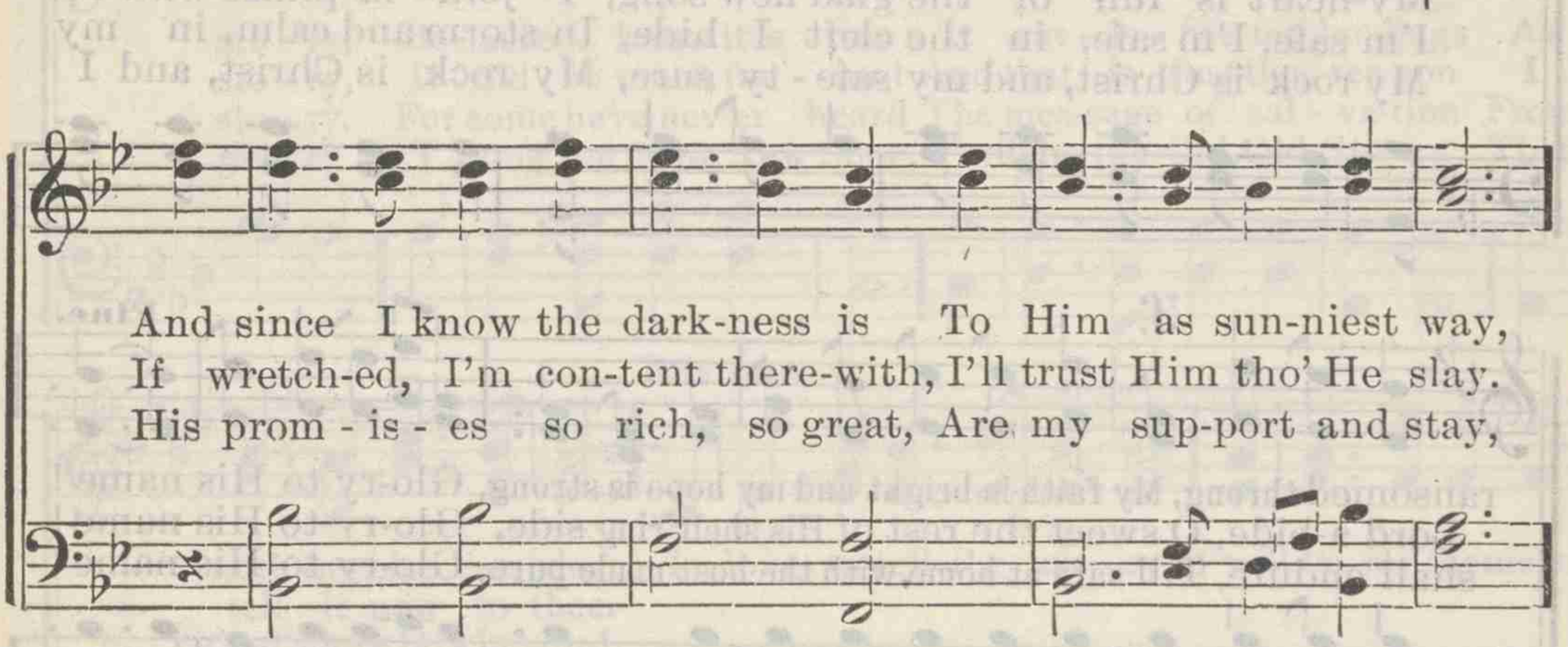
"They cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for day."—ACTS 27: 29.

ANON. T. H. SMITHERS.

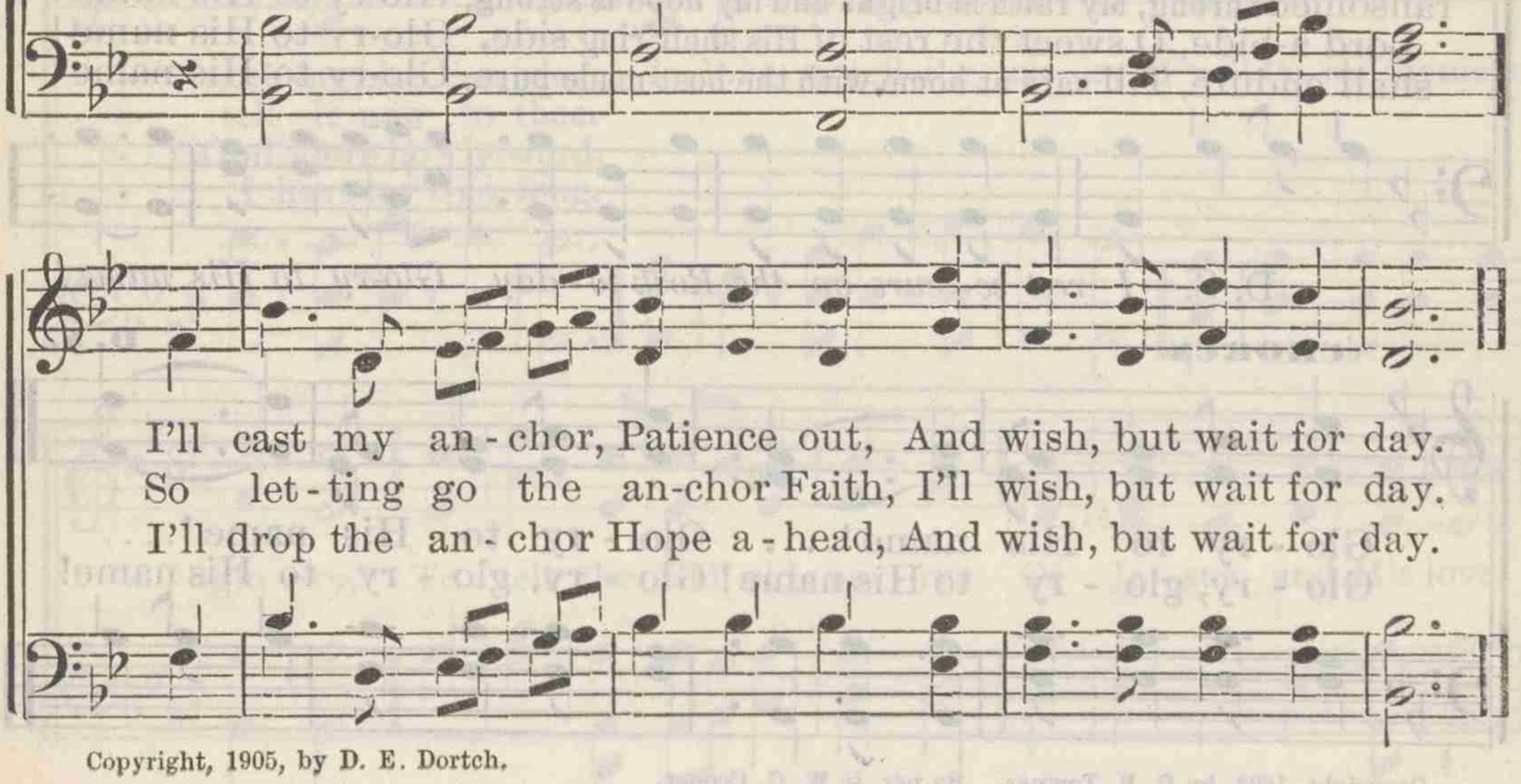
1. The night is dark, but God, my God, Is here and in command,
2. Fierce drives the storm, but wind and wave With-in His hand are held,
3. Still seems the moments drear-y, long, I rest up-on the Lord;



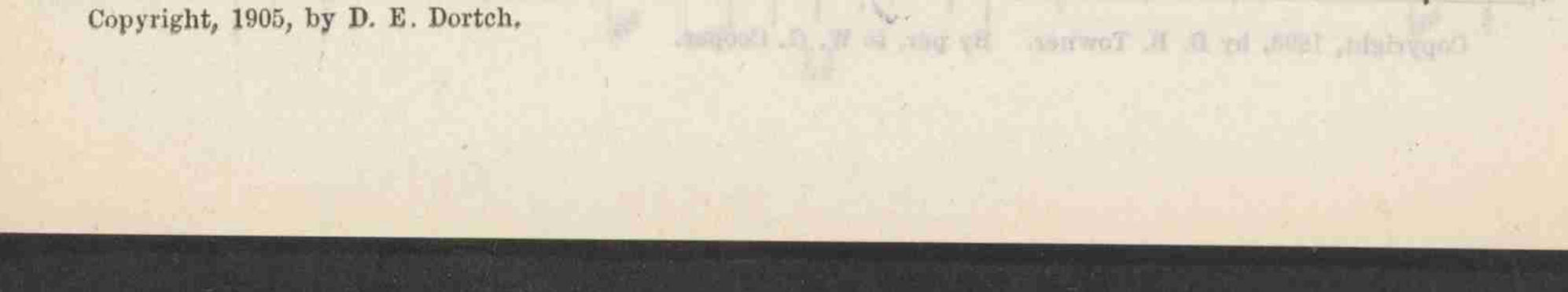
"And sure am I, when morn-ing breaks, I shall be at the land."
And trust-ing in om-nip-o-tence, My fears are quickly quelled.
I muse on His "e-ter-nal years," And feast up-on His word.



And since I know the dark-ness is To Him as sun-niest way,
If wretch-ed, I'm con-tent there-with, I'll trust Him tho' He slay.
His prom-is-es so rich, so great, Are my sup-port and stay,



I'll cast my an-chor, Patience out, And wish, but wait for day.
So let-ting go the an-chor Faith, I'll wish, but wait for day.
I'll drop the an-chor Hope a-head, And wish, but wait for day.



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16. ON THE ROCK.

"He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."—Ps. 40: 2.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. He brought me up from the mir - y clay, Glo - ry to His name!
2. I rest in peace when the waves rise high, Glo - ry to His name!
3. He brought me up from the mir - y clay, Glo - ry to His name!

I find sweet rest on the Rock to - day, Glo - ry to His name!
I have no fear when the storms sweep by, Glo - ry to His name!
And that is why I re - joice to - day, Glo - ry to His name!

My heart is full of the glad new song, I join in praise with the
I'm safe, I'm safe, in the cleft I hide, In storm and calm, in my
My rock is Christ, and my safe - ty sure, My rock is Christ, and I

f.

ransomed throng, My faith is bright and my hope is strong, Glo-ry to His name!
Lord a-bide, O sweet the rest of His shelt'ring side, Glo-ry to His name!
shall endure, Till safe at home with the host made pure, Glo-ry to His name!

Fine.

D. S.—*I rest se - cure on the Rock to - day, Glo-ry to His name!*

CHORUS. **D. S.**

Glo - ry to His name!.... Glo - ry to His name!....
Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!

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No. 17. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"I will tell thee."—Num. 23: 3.

KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a- bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der- ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'T is pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
all the golden fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
seems, each time I tell it, More wonder-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
hun - ger-ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when in scenes of

sto - ry, Be-cause I know it 's true; It sat - is - fies my longings As
sto - ry, It did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son I
sto - ry, For some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal - va-tion From
glo - ry I sing the New, New Song, 'T will be the Old, Old Sto - ry That

REFRAIN.

noth-ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'T will be my theme in
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
I have lov'd so long.

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

18. GLORY OVER THERE.

"That when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."—
1 PETER 4 ; 13.

MARY IRENE McLEAN. Chorus by A. F. M. A. F. MYERS.

1. If we are Christ's we'll follow where His footprints we can trace;
2. Our life-work may be hard and dull, Our pil - low be a stone;
3. And if with Him we suf - fer here, His triumph we shall share;
4. We'll sing His praise a - long our way, And lift to Him our pray'r;

Nor seek for rest till o - ver there, We find His dwell-ing-place.
But Christ, whose glory now is full, The wine-press trod a - lone.
Our cross - es on - ly make more dear, The glo - ry o - ver there.
And when we reach e - ter - nal day, We'll praise Him o - ver there.

CHORUS.

There will be glo - ry e-nough o - ver there, O - ver
O - ver there,
there, O-ver there, There will be glo - ry enough o - ver
O-ver there, Glo-ry enough, glo - ry enough o - ver
there, O - ver there, O - ver there.
there, O-ver there, Glo - ry enough o-ver there, o-ver there.

From "Searchlight," by permission to W. G. Cooper.

19. "BETTER FARTHER ON."

"The righteous shall be glad in the Lord, and shall trust in him."—PSALM 64: 10.

W. W. BENTLEY.

Slowly and with feeling.

1. Hope is sing-ing, sing-ing sweet-ly, Soft-ly in an un-der-tone,
2. Night and day it sing-eth sweet-ly, Sing-eth while I sit a-lone,
3. Far-ther on, O how much far-ther? Count the mile-stones one by one?

Sing-ing as if God had taught it, "It is bet-ter far-ther on,"
Sing-eth, so the heart may hear it, "It is bet-ter far-ther on,"
No! no count-ing, on-ly trust-ing, "It is bet-ter far-ther on,"

Sing-ing as if God has taught it, "It is bet-ter far-ther on."
Sing-eth, so the heart may hear it, "It is bet-ter far-ther on."
No! no count-ing, on-ly trust-ing, "It is bet-ter far-ther on."

CHORUS.

It is bet-ter far-ther on, It is bet-ter far-ther on, Sweetly
Then with Je-sus and the blest, We shall ev-er be at rest, We shall

1. whispers Hope, "It's bet-ter far-ther on," ev-er be at rest far-ther on.
2. whispers Hope, "It's bet-ter far-ther on," ev-er be at rest far-ther on.

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20. I WILL SING OF HIS LOVE.

"Unto thee will I sing, O thou Holy One of Israel."—Ps. 71: 22.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. 'Twas love that bro't life un - to men, 'Twas love that was willing to die; All sin - ners to save from the pow'r of the grave, And
2. 'Twas won-der - ful, won-der-ful love! That bro't such a Saviour to me; And love will im - part His free grace to my heart, My
3. 'Twas love, O com-pas-sion-ate love, That will-ing - ly suf-fered and died; That counted death small and could sac-ri - fice all, That
4. O come to the fountain of love, Where ev-'ry poor sin-ner may go; That fount-ain so free, is for you and for me, And

give us a dwelling on high. I will sing,..... I will
joy ev - er - last - ing to be.
we might in glo - ry a - bide.
wash-es us whit - er than snow.

REFRAIN.

I will sing,

sing,..... I will sing of His won-der-ful love; Wher-ev-er I
I will sing,

am, I will sing of the Lamb, The Lamb that for sinners was slain.

Copyright, 1899, by W. W. Bentley. By per.

21. WAVE OF SALVATION.

"Wilt thou not revive us again?"—Ps. 85: 6.

MISS KATE ULMER. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY. By per.

With spirit.

1. Be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat we bow, In earn - est sup - pli - cation;
2. Thy matchless love and grace make known, In wondrous rev-a - la-tion;
3. Where'er Thy gos - pel her - alds go, To make glad pro - cla-mation;
4. Send out Thy bless-ed light and truth, Un - til in a - dor - a-tion;

With one ac-cord we hum - bly pray, O send a great wave of sal-va-tion.
To ev -'ry land and ev -'ry clime, O send a great wave of sal-va-tion.
There may Thy spir - it be outpoured, O send a great wave of sal-va-tion.
The na-tions all shall own Thy sway, O send a great wave of sal-va-tion.

REFRAIN.

Send it to - day, for it we pray, Sweeping o'er ev - 'ry na - tion,

vt.

Come with all Thy mighty pow'r, Lord, send a great wave of sal - va-tion.

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22. WHOSOEVER.

JAMES CALLAWAY MIDYET. (JOHN 3: 16.) D. E. DORTCH.

1. There's a word that is ring - ing thro' this ru-ined world to - day,
2. 'Twas the word Nic - o - de-mus heard the heav'nly teach-er speak,
3. It was born from the full - ness of the heav'nly Fa-ther's love,
4. Not a soul needs to wan - der in the wil - der - ness of sin,
5. O this grand who - so - ev - er will you heed its call to - day?

Who - - so - ev-er, who - - so - ev-er, And it cheers wear - y-
When He came in the
And it tells the pro-
For this broad who - so-

Who-so - ev - er will, who-so - ev - er will, Will you trust the Re-

heart-ed as they tread life's dreary way, Who-so - ev - er will may come.
darkness for the way of life to seek, Who-so - ev - er will may come.
visions made His ten-der-ness to prove, Who-so - ev - er will may come.
ev - er takes the vil - est sin - ner in, Who-so - ev - er will may come.
deem-er and the Spir-its voice o - bey? Who-so - ev - er will may come.

REFRAIN.

O that grand who-so - ev - er, that grand who-so - ev - er, O that

grand who-so - ev - er will may come, "Un - to Me," hear the
will may come,

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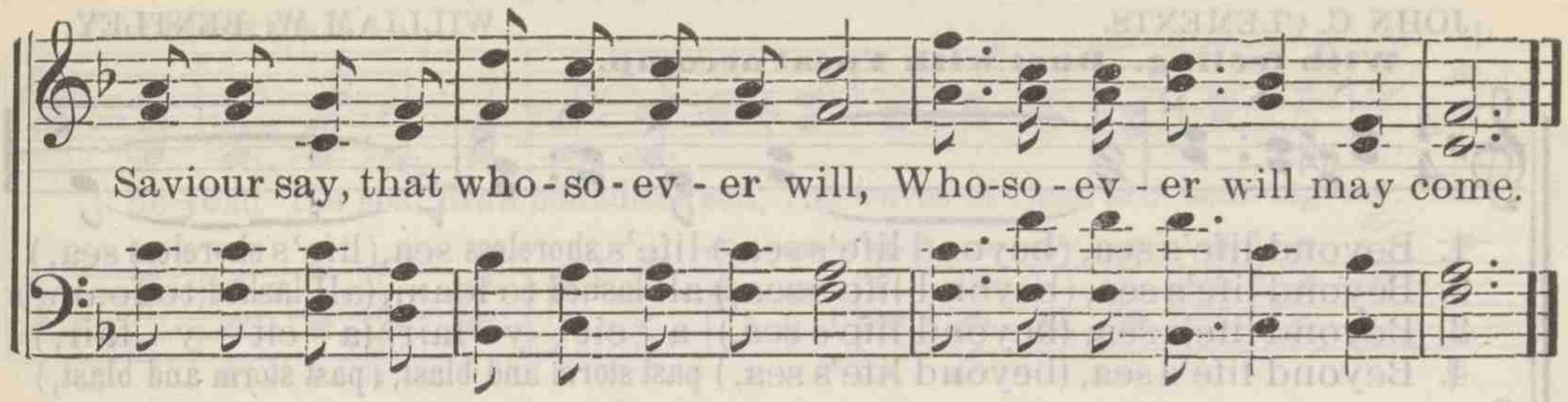
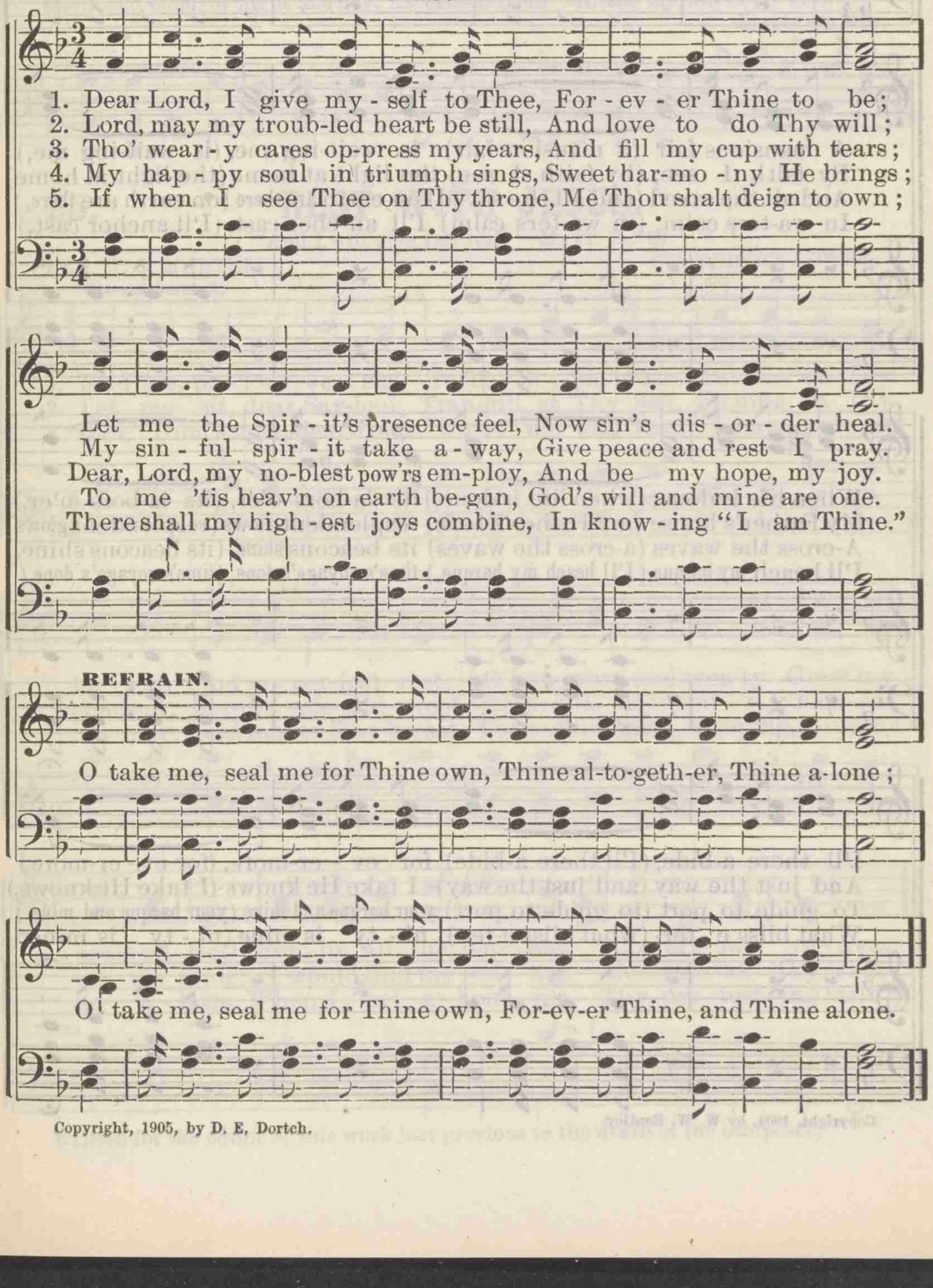
WHOSOEVER.



23. I GIVE MYSELF TO THEE.

"Keep myself that I may be,
Ever, only, all for thee."

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.



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24. BEYOND LIFE'S SEA.

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

JOHN C. CLEMENTS. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

With feeling. Duet with Vocal accomp.

1. Beyond life's sea, (beyond life's sea,) life's shoreless sea, (life's shoreless sea,)
2. Beyond life's sea, (beyond life's sea,) all lashed to foam, (all lashed to foam,)
3. Beyond life's sea, (beyond life's sea,) a cit - y fair, (a cit - y fair,)
4. Beyond life's sea, (beyond life's sea,) past storm and blast, (past storm and blast,)

A mansions fair (a mansion fair) is wait-ing me, (is wait-ing me,)
By faith I see, (by faith I see) the light at home (the light at home)
And all the saved (and all the saved) on earth are there (on earth are there,)
In wa-ters calm, (in wa-ters calm) I'll an-chor cast, (I'll anchor cast,)

When life is done, (when life is done,) its la-bors o'er, (its la-bors o'er,)
My Father's house (my Father's house) resplendent glows (resplendent glows)
A-cross the waves (a-cross the waves) its beacons shine, (its beacons shine,)
I'll beach my barque, (I'll beach my barque,) time's voyage's done, (time's voyage's done,(

I'll there a-bide, (I'll there a-bide) for ev - er-more, (for ev - er-more.)
And just the way (and just the way) I take He knows (I take He knows.)
To guide to port (to guide to port) your barque and mine (your barque and mine.)
What bliss e - ter- (what bliss e-ter-) ni - ty is mine (ni - ty is mine.)

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BEYOND LIFE'S SEA.

CHORUS.

Be-yond the sea, life's boundless sea, The waves of time are bear-ing me, Thro'

storm and calm, by night and day, An unseen hand directs my way.....

Rit.

directs my way.

25. REST WITH JESUS.

"And I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. DR. ROBERT LOWRY.

Devotional.

1. Fold me, precious Je - sus, To Thy lov-ing breast; Let me on Thy
2. Let me sit, dear Sav-iour, Tranquil, at Thy feet, Finding, in Thy
3. "Come," Thou saidst, dear Jesus, "Un-to me and rest;" I have come, my

bo - som Find my per-fect rest; O how worn and wea-ry Grow my
shad-ow, Ref-uge safe and sweet; Broken is my spir - it, Fall - en
Sav-iour; Fold me to Thy breast; Torrents surging, sweeping, Give me

bruis-ed feet! But in all the jour - ney Thou art my re - treat.
is my pride; I would find my sol - ace, Je - sus at Thy side.
no a - larm, When I feel a - bout me Thy pro - tect - ing arm.

Written for the editor of this work just previous to the death of the composer.

26. THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO.

"My record is on high."—JOB 16 : 19.

F. M. G. Alt. by W. G. COOPER. F. M. GRAHAM.

1. I have in mind a time, when in the Book of heav'n, An old account was standing
2. That old account was large—it larger grew each day, For I was ev - er sin-ning,
3. I saw my guilt-y past, which nothing could undo, That Christ, who paid my ransom,
4. And when before the King in judgment I appear, When He the Book shall open,
5. In yonder realms of light, the ransomed hosts above, Shall sing redemption's story,
6. Then come and seek the Lord, repent of all your sin, Or you that home of glo-ry,

for sins yet un-for-giv'n; My name was at the top, with ma - ny sins be-low, I
and yet had naught to pay; Thank God! I then a-woke, I saw my doom and woe, I
could save me thro' and thro'; And so my sins He hid beneath the crimson flow, Thus
and find my record clear; Then joy shall thrill my soul, which can no measure know, Be-
and praise the God of love; While endless ages roll, how sweet with them to know, That
can nev - er en-ter in; No matter then how long your sojourn here be-low, You

CHORUS.

sought to have it settled, 'Twas settled long a - go. Long a - go, Long a-
hastened there to set-tle, I settled long a - go.
my account was settled, 'Twas settled long a - go.
cause I had it settled, Yes, settled long a - go.
my account was settled, Yes, settled long a - go.
can re-gret it nev-er, You settled long a - go. Long a - go,

go, Yes, the old account was settled long a - go; And the record's
Long a-go, Long a-go;

This arr. copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO.

clear to-day, For He washed my sins away. When the old account was settled long ago.

27. SPEAK JUST A WORD.

"In my name . . . they shall speak with new tongues."—MARK 16 : 17.

E. R. LATTA. Arr. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Fear not to tes - ti - fy;
2. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Tell what He's done for you!
3. Speak just a word for Je - sus, Our sac - ri - fice for sin;
4. Speak just a word for Je - sus, His grace will make you strong;

If you are weak and tim - id, He will that word sup - ply.
He is so meek and low - ly, He is so kind and true.
He makes the con - trite sin - ner, White as the snow with - in.
And He at last will own you, 'Mid that an - gel - ic throng.

REFRAIN.

Speak just a word, one lit - tle word, Speak just a word for Je - sus;

Speak just a word, one lit - tle word, Speak just a word for Him!

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28. I'M JUST FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

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

J. E. T. J. EDMOND THOMAS.

Joyfully.

1. I'm just from the fountain, that's filled with blood, Drawn from Im-
2. 'Twas good for the thief on the cross, to be So near the
3. Now close to the fountain O let me live, The fount of
4. O wan - der - ing sin-ner, now hear the words Of Christ, the

man - u - el's veins, (precious veins,) It cleansed my guilt and stain,
fount-ain that day, (try - ing day,) 'Tis good for e - ven me,
mer - cy and love, (wondrous love,) And when I'm on my way,
might - y to save, (cleanse and save,) "Re-pent," on me, "be lieve,"

And ban - ished all my woe, And now I am washed,
I'll sing it where I go, For now I am washed,
From earth and all be - low, I'll shout the re - frain,
And par - don you shall know, For you shall be washed,

Fine. **CHORUS**

E - ven whit - er than the snow. Whit - er than snow, tho'

D. S.

once like crim - son! Whit - er than snow the driv - en snow,

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29. LET THE HOLY GHOST COME IN.

"Receive ye the Holy Ghost."—JOHN 20: 21.

R. F. REYNOLDS. C. E. ROWLEY. By per.

Rather slow.

1. Would you be re-deemed from all your guilt and sin,
2. Would you have the Spir - it in your heart to cheer?
3. Do you want the "fire of God" to fill your soul,
4. Do you want the "pow'r" to make you true and brave,

Have the Ho - ly Spir - it con - stant - ly with - in?
Would you be re - lieved from ev - 'ry doubt and fear?
Burn the dross with - in and make you ful - ly whole?
So that you can res - cue those whom Christ would save?

D. S. Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,

Fine. **REFRAIN.**

Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in, (come in,) Let the Ho - ly Ghost come

in, (come in,) Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in, (come in.)

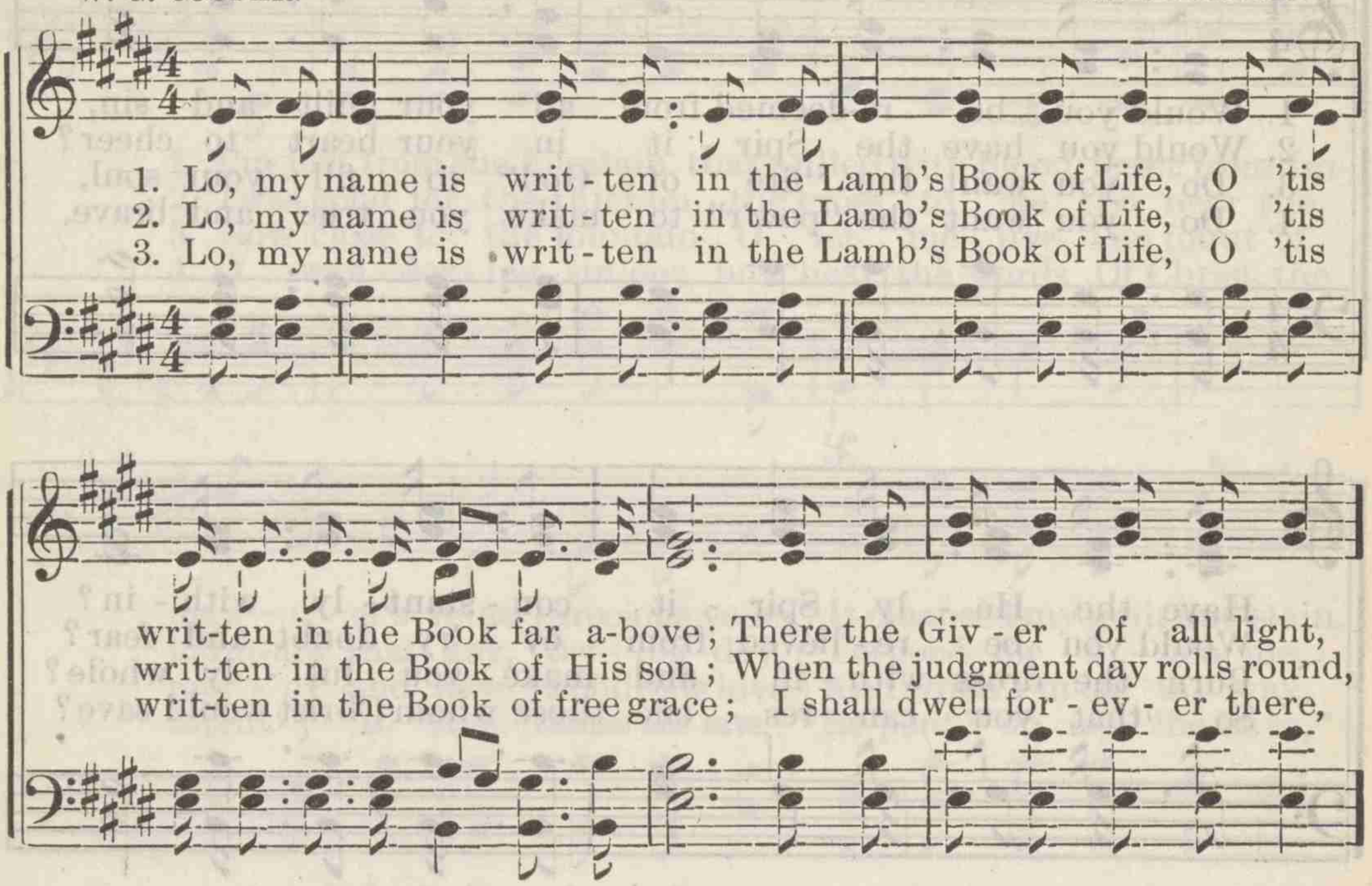
D. S.

Copyright, 1899, by C. E. Rowley.

30. LO, MY NAME IS WRITTEN.

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."—Rev. 21: 27.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.



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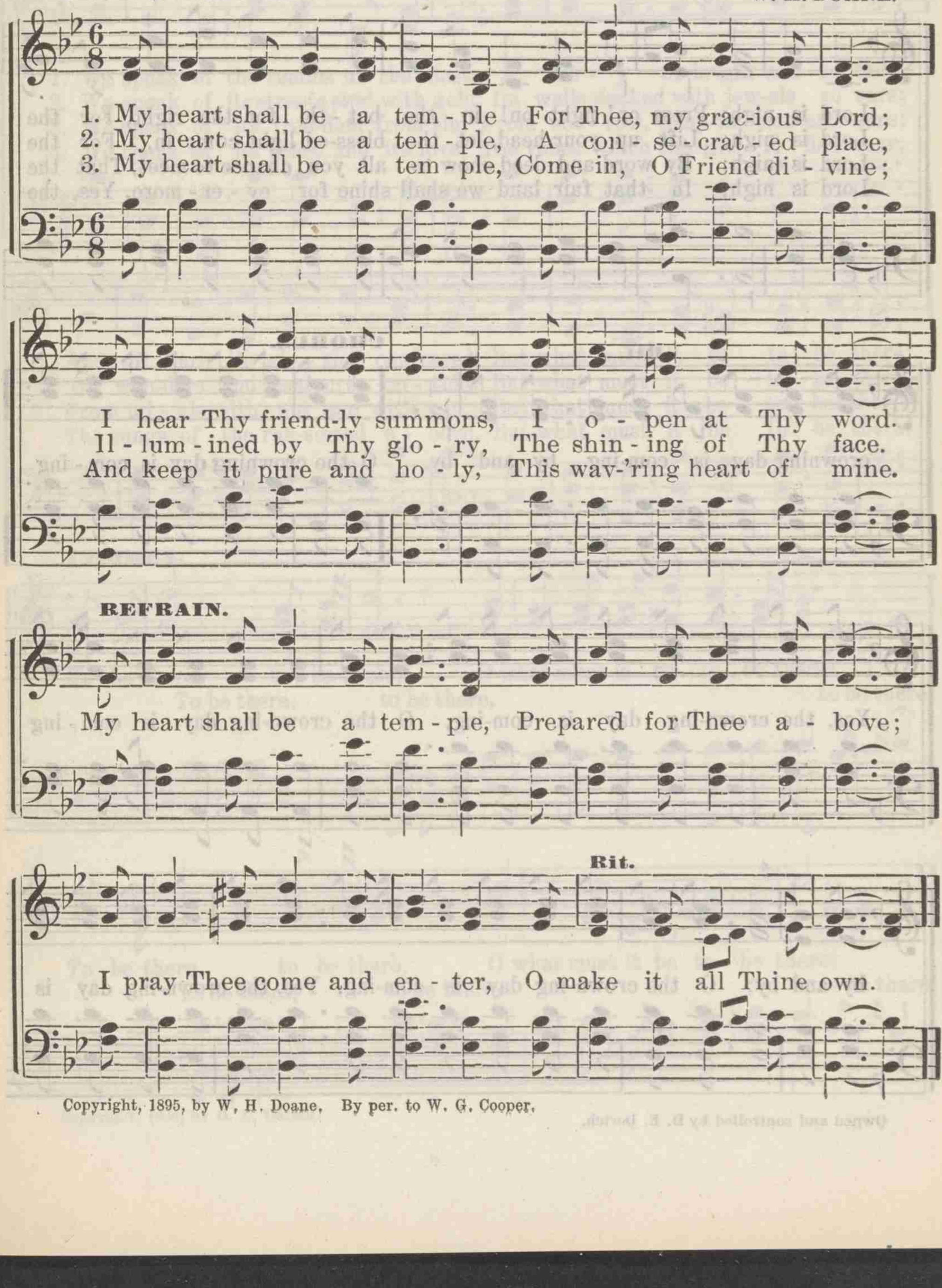
LO, MY NAME IS WRITTEN.

31. MY HEART SHALL BE A TEMPLE.

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you."—1 Cor. 3: 16.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER. W. H. DOANE.



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32. THE CROWNING DAY.

"There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day."—2 TIM. 4: 8.

Words arranged. WILLIAM RUSSELL.

1. A - rise and shine, for the day is growing bright, And the glo - ry of the
2. A - rise and shine, cast the garment stained with sin, For the glo - ry of the
3. A - rise and shine, put the world beneath your feet, For the glo - ry of the
4. A - rise and shine, soon we'll reach the sun - lit shore, For the glo - ry of the

Lord is nigh; Press on! fight on! in the bat - tle for the right, For the
Lord is nigh; Lift up your head, let the bless-ed light come in, For the
Lord is nigh; By word and deed show to all you chance to meet, That the
Lord is nigh; In that fair land we shall shine for ev - er - more, Yes, the

Rit.

CHORUS.

crowning day is com-ing by and by. O the crowning day is com - ing

Yes, the crown-ing day is com-ing, O the crown-ing day is com - ing

by and by; O the crown-ing day is com-ing, Yes, the crown-ing day is

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dortch.

THE CROWNING DAY.

33. WE SPEAK OF THE REALMS.

ELIZABETH MILLS. T. M. BOWDISH.

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34. JESUS IS MY LIGHT.

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

IDA L. REED. J. M. HAGAN.

1. What tho' cloud may gath - er o'er me, Je - sus is my
2. Tho' my days are full of sor - row,
3. When my dear - est hopes oft fail me, Je-sus is my Light,

Light, What tho' days be dark be - fore me,
Tho' I wait no glad to - mor - row,
Je - sus is my Light, When temp-ta-tion's dark as - sail me,

Je - sus is my Light;
Tho' my earth-ly
Just one smile from

Je - sus is my Light, Je - sus is my Light; Je - sus is my

friends neg-lect me, Tho' the world forsake, re - ject me, Still my
Him will light-en, Dark-est hours my griefs will brighten, All life's
strength for-ev - er, He will fail me nev - er, nev - er, Naught from

Saviour will pro-tect me, Je - sus is my Light.
pathway it will brighten,
Him my soul can sev - er, Je - sus is my Light, Je-sus is my Light.

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35. SAVE US, WE PERISH.

"Lord save us, we perish."—MATT. 8: 25.

E. G. W. WESLEY. T. H. SMITHERS.

1. O'er the rough wa-ters.... now lashed by the storm, Thro' the deep
2. Haste, man, the life-boat, see yon-der the wreck, Gleameth the
3. Out to the res-cue!.... for those Je-sus died, Out to the

dark - - ness by hur - ri-cane borne. Hark to the
light - - ning o'er bil - low-swept deck. Wild in the
res - - cue for Christ cru - ci - fied. Think not of

cry from..... the soul's tem-pest tossed, "Save us, we
tu - mult..... of wind and of wave, Heed not the
dan - ger,..... He guid - eth thy way, On-ward He'll

per-ish,.... we're ship-wrecked and lost."
bil - lows,.... but launch out to save. Save those who per-ish,
lead you, help, help while you may.

save those who perish, save those who perish, who per-ish to - night.
to-night.

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36. HE IS A PRESENT HELP.

"God is . . . a very present help in trouble."—Ps. 46 : 1.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. W. B. JUDEFIND.

1. He is a ver - y pres-ent help in ev -'ry time of troub-le, And with His mighty arm my soul He will de - fend; He nev - er will for-
2. He is a ver - y pres-ent help in ev -'ry time of troub-le, And walks be-side His own to lead them safe a - long; He cheers them on the
3. He is a ver - y pres-ent help in ev -'ry time of troub-le, There is no se-cret grief His love can-not dis - pel; He sends the con - so-

sake me, or leave me un-pro-tect - ed, His love will be my comfort
jour-ney, inspires with faith and courage, And fills their hearts with gladness
la-tions which heaven gives so free-ly, And so with His dear children

CHORUS.

to the end.
and with song. He is a pres-ent help, a ver - y pres-ent help in
all is well.

ev -'ry time of sor-row and of need; In ev-'ry hour of tri - al, In

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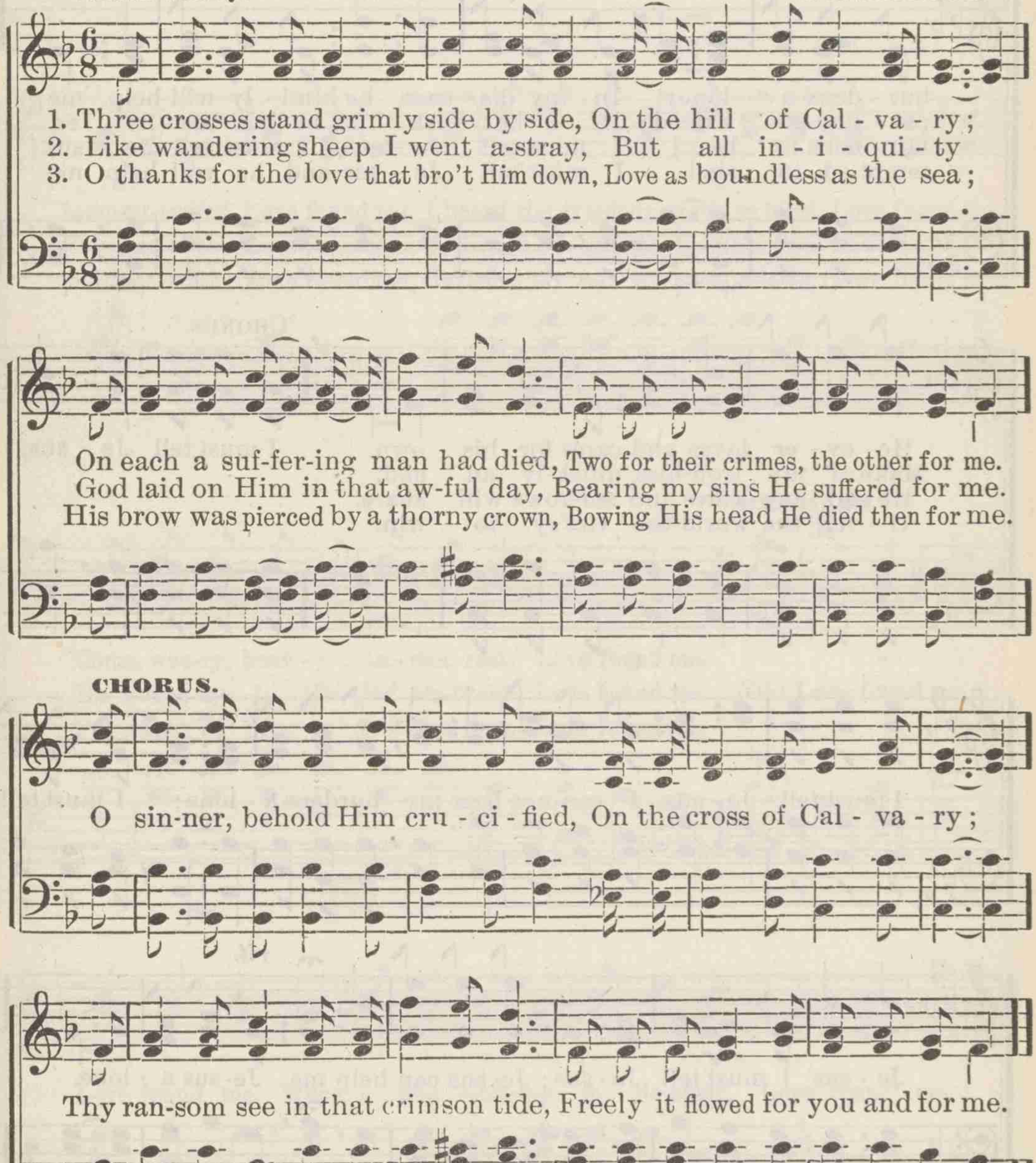
HE IS A PRESENT HELP.

37. HE DIED FOR ME.

"Then were there two thieves crucified with him; one on the right hand, and another on the left."—MATT. 27 : 38.

"British Weekly." T. H. SMITHERS.



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38. I MUST TELL JESUS.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these bur - dens a - lone;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou-bles; He is a kind, com- pas - sion-ate Friend;
3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav-iour, One who can help my bur - dens to bear;
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is tempt-ed to sin!

If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er, I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
In my dis - tress he kind - ly will help me; I must tell Je - sus and he will help me

CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for his own. I must tell Je - sus,
Make of my trou-bles quick-ly an end.
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vict'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus, I can-not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

rit.

Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; Je- sus can help me, Je- sus a - lone.

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39. LOVE FOUND ME.

In God's Revivalist, June 11, 1903, published in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Words selected. E. HANKS.

1. When out in sin and darkness lost, Love found me; My faint-ing soul was tempest-tossed, Love found me; I heard His gracious words so blest, Love found me;
2. The Spir - it roused me from my sleep, Love found me; Con - vic-tion seized me strong and deep, Love found me; Although I long withstood His grace, Love found me;
3. I'll praise Him while He gives me breath, Love found me; For sav - ing from an end-less death, Love found me; Christ is my Ad - vo - cate a-bove, Love found me;

REFRAIN

"Come, wea-ry, heav - y la - den, rest," Love found me.
He wooed me to His kind em-brace, Love found me. (Oh) Love found me,
I'm yoked to Him in per-fect love, Love found me.

Love found me, When I was sink-ing in de-spair, Love found me.

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40. OH, VICTORY!

"And this is the victory, . . . even our faith."—1 JOHN 5: 4.

C. E. R. C. E. ROWLEY. By per.

Moderato.

1. I was lost, now I'm saved by the blood of the Lamb That was shed on the cross for me; Tak-en out of the pit and the deep, mir-y clay, Praise the Lord for vic-to-ry!
2. At the cross there is rest for the sin-bur-dened soul; Hear His kind in-vi-ta-tion, "Come!" All your bur-dens on Him He in-vites you to roll, And no more in sin to roam. Oh, vic-to-ry,
3. Broth-er, you, too, may come for the full-ness of love; Per-fect peace shall to you be giv'n; Ev-'ry doubt, ev-'ry fear Christ will sure-ly remove, And will guide you home to heav'n.

CHORUS.

Vigorously.

glad vic-to-ry Is com-ing down from heav'n to my soul!

Faith is the vic-to-ry that overcomes, And makes the wounded spirit whole.

Copyright. 1899, by C. E. Rowley.

41. WILL YOU GO WITH ME?

ADA BLENKHORN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Will you go with me, my broth-er, To walk in the heav-en-ly way?
2. Will you go with me, my broth-er? The road may be rug-ged and steep;
3. Will you go with me, my broth-er? The path that He trod will you choose?
4. Will you go with me, my broth-er? The Saviour in-vites you just now;

The Sav-iour is wait-ing to lead you, Still near-er His side ev-'ry day.
But Je-sus has promised to guide us, Our footsteps in safe-ty to keep.
For joys that are true and e-ter-nal, The pleasure of earth will you loose?
When life and its conflicts are o-ver, A crown He will place on your head.

CHORUS.

Will you go with me, will you go with me? I pray you, O do not de-lay!

But fol-low the steps of the Mas-ter, And walk in the heav-en-ly way.

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42. MEDITATIONS ON HEAVEN.

"And he [the angel] carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem."—REV. 21: 10.

W. G. COOPER. E. HANKS.

Slow with expression.

1. O how sweet it will be to be there! In the cit - y where the
2. O how sweet it will be to be there! In the cit - y where the
3. O how sweet it will be to be there! In the cit - y far be-
4. O how sweet it will be to be there! In the cit - y where our
5. O how sweet it will be to be there! (to be there!) In the cit - y where our

streets are paved with gold, Endless beauties there unfold, Sweetest pleasures ne'er foretold,
harps of an-gels ring, "Where the blest for-ev-er sing, In the pal - ace of the King,"
yond these earthly skies, There will be no tearful eyes, There will be no ach-ing sighs,
Savioar we shall see, There from sorrow we'll be free, And no dy - ing e'er can be,
faith is lost in sight, There shall come no shade of night, For the Sav-iour is the Light,

CHORUS.

O how sweet it will be to be there! (to be there!) O how sweet it will

be to be there! (to be there!) O how sweet it will be to be

there! (to be there!) In that cit - y of pure gold, Sweet - est pleas-ures

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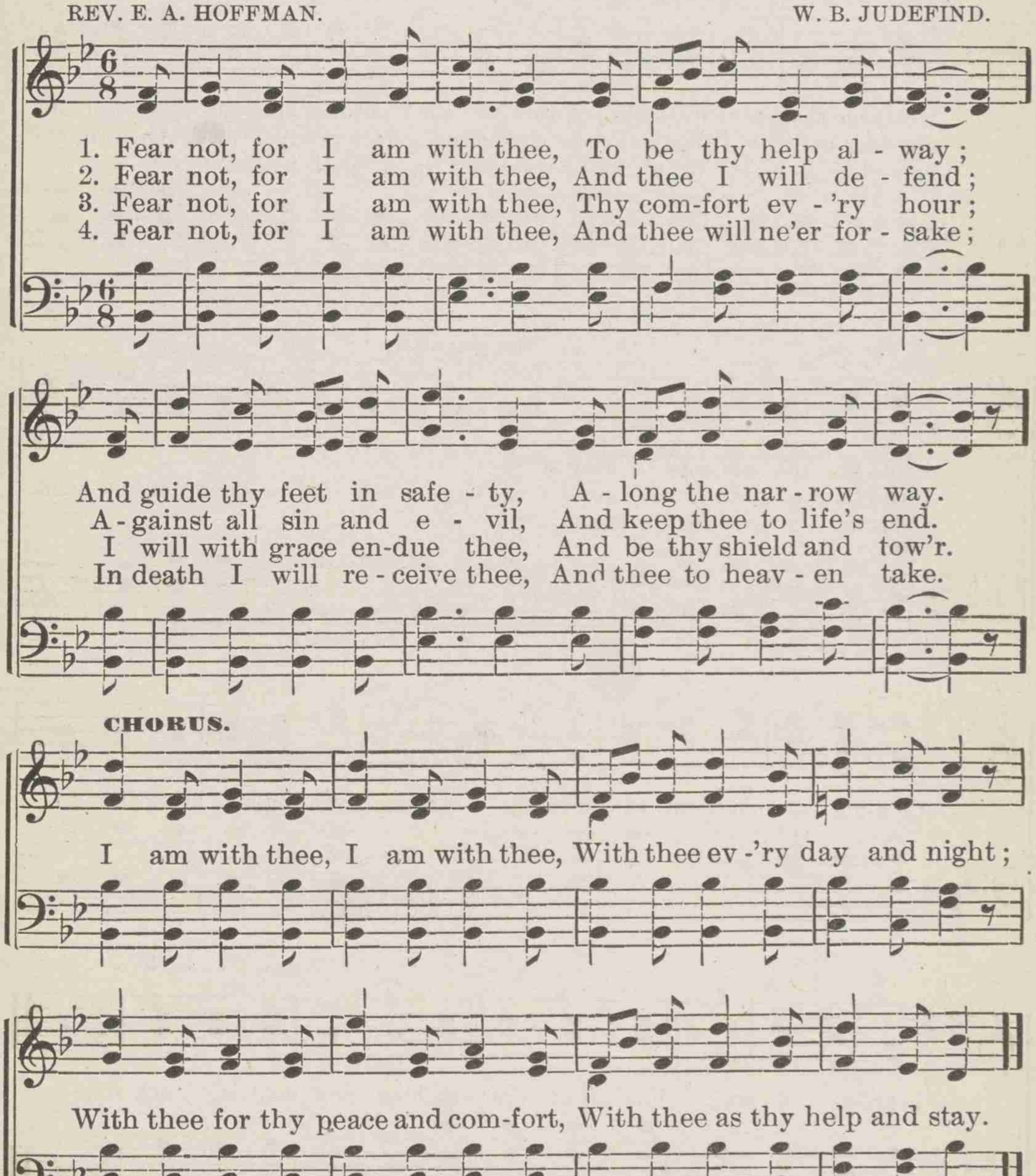
43. I AM WITH THEE.

"Fear not."—LUKE 12: 32. "Lo, I am with you."—MATT. 28: 20.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. W. B. JUDEFIND.



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44. CHRIST THE LORD COMETH?

"The coming of the Lord draweth nigh"—JAMES 5: 8

REV. E. G. WESLEY. WARREN W. BENTLEY.

With vigor.

1. Christ the Lord com-eth? perchance at the dawn, Where earth a-wak-eth to wel-come the morn; Hath He not told us the hour draweth near; Watching and
2. Christ the Lord com-eth? earth's evening may bring Back to His vineyard our Sav-iour and King; Death shall be conquered and sin o-ver-thrown; When He re-
3. Christ the Lord com-eth? man knoweth not when, But when ye think not He com-eth a-gain, To all found watching He bringeth no fear; Nev-er a

REFRAIN.

read-y, His summons to hear.
turn-eth to gath-er His own. Je-sus is com-ing! we know not how soon,
shad-ow, a part-ing, a tear.

Com-ing at mid-night, at morn-ing or noon; Even-ing may bring Him to

Rit.

bear us a-way, For Him I'm watching and wait-ing each day.

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45. HIS WAY WITH THEE.

PSALM 37: 5.

C. S. N. (CONSECRATION.) REV. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

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

CHORUS.

carry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
you need never fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
always at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

Rit.

fill your soul and you will see, 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

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46. WONDERFUL STORY OF LOVE.

J. M. D. Rev. J. M. DRIVER.

1. Wonderful sto- ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful
2. Wonderful sto- ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful
3. Wonderful sto- ry of love: Je-sus provides a rest; Wonderful

sto-ry of love: Wake the immor-tal strain! Angels with rapture an-
sto-ry of love: Still he doth call to - day; Calling from Calvary's
sto-ry of love: For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a-

nounce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sinner, O! won't you believe it?
mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of creation,
bove us, With those who've gone on before us, Singing the rapturous cho - rus,

CHORUS.

Wonderful sto- ry of love. Won - der - ful! Won -
Wonder-ful sto- ry of love: Won-der -ful

der - ful! Won - der - ful! Wonderful story of love!
sto-ry of love: Wonderful story of love:

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47. I'M LONGING FOR THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. Music and chorus by J. E. THOMAS.

1. O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day, Where storm-y winds shall blow no more; There they say my Saviour's smil-ing face
2. O they tell me that mine eyes shall be - hold The jas - per walls that brightly gleam; And the shining streets all paved with gold,
3. O they tell me when life's con-flicts shall cease, That cloud-ed skies no more we'll see; Then no more we'll wander, seek-ing peace,
4. O the bless - ed day that soon is to dawn; O how I long its light to greet; For the ransomed ones, in that blest morn,

CHORUS.

Lights up the hap - py, gold - en shore. And wat - ers of a crys - tal stream. For Je - sus with us then shall be. Shall gath - er at the Sav-iour's feet.

O they tell me that my Sav-iour we'll see, When the res - ur - rec-tion morning has come;

Rit.

Then to-geth-er, to the cit-y of gold, Je-sus will conduct us home.

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48. GOD SHALL WIPE ALL TEARS AWAY.

"And God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."—REV. 21: 4.

KATE ULMER. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

Tenderly and with feeling.

1. Thro' the clouds that hov - er o'er us, Like a bright and gold - en ray;
2. No more sor - row, no more weep-ing, Peace and joy shall hold full sway;
3. Ev - 'ry care will be for - got - ten, Ev - 'ry bur - den down we'll lay;
4. O the joy of meet - ing Je - sus Mor - tal tongue can not por-tray;

Shines the prom-ise that in heav - en, God shall wipe all tears a - way.
For be - side life's crys - tal riv - er, God shall wipe all tears a - way.
Safe with-in the wall of jas - per, God shall wipe all tears a - way.
But we know when we be - hold Him, He will wipe all tears a - way.

REFRAIN.

When we reach the bless - ed homeland, Where 'tis ev - er - last - ing day;

vt. - - - - - pp - - - -

In that bright e - ter - nal morn-ing, God shall wipe all tears a - way.

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49. HALLELUJAH TO HIS NAME.

FLORA KIRKLAND. Music by MORGAN.

1. We are trav-'ling o - ver to the prom-ised land, Hal - le-
2. There's a clear light gleaming thro' the dark - est night, Hal - le-
3. O'er the dash - ing wa - ters of life's storm - y sea, Hal - le-
4. There are loved ones wait - ing on the heav'n-ly shore, Hal - le-

lu - jah to His name! And our Pi - lot guides us with un-
lu - jah to His name! For His word is giv - en as a
lu - jah to His name! Still the Mas - ter speak-eth peace to
lu - jah to His name! From that peaceful heav - en we'll go

REFRAIN.

err-ing hand, Hal-le - lu - jah to His name!
beacon bright, Hal-le - lu - jah to His name! Hal-le - lu - jah to His
you and me, Hal-le - lu - jah to His name!
out no more, Hal-le - lu - jah to His name!

name! Hal - le - lu - jah to His name! He is
Bless-ed name! bless-ed name!

guiding, cheer-ing, lov - ing all the way! O glo - ry to His name!

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50. TELL IT AGAIN.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. In-to the tent where a gyp-sy boy lay, Dy-ing a-lone, at the close of the day, 'News of sal-va-tion we car-ried,' said he,
2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit-tle boy? Send un-to me the good ti-dings of joy? Need I not per-ish? my hand will be hold?
3. Bending, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the val-ley of death; "God sent his Son!—who-so-ev-er?" said he;
4. Smiling, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west:

Chorus.

"No-bod-y ev-er has told it to me!" Tell it a-gain!
No-bod-y ev-er the sto-ry has told!"
"Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
"Lord, I be-lieve, tell it now to the rest!"

Tell it a-gain! Sal-vation's story re-peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the children of men, "No-bod-y ev-er has told me be-fore."

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51. INTO ALL THE WORLD.

"Go ye into all the world."—MARK 16: 15.

REV. R. L. LEWIS. W. B. JUDEFIND.

Spirited.

1. On the mount of Ol-ives stood The faith-ful few with Christ, their Lord,
2. "Un-to me the Fa-ther gives All pow'r in heav - en and in earth,
3. Then with loving hands outspread, And blessing them, they saw Him rise,
4. Je-sus, now enthroned as King, All pow'r un - to His Church He gives

And ere He left them sad and lone, He gave His part-ing word.
Lo! I am with you, in my name Go bear my gos - pel forth."
Till from their ling'ring, mist-ful view, He van-ished to the skies.
To spread the tid - ings far and wide, Wher-ev - er mor - tal lives.

CHORUS.

"In-to all the world," 'tis our Lord's command, Sending His dis-ci-ples forth

in - to ev - 'ry land; Let His ban-ner be ev - er-more unfurled;

Preach the gos - pel, bear the word in - to all the world.

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52. I AM GLAD WE'RE ON THE ROCK.

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

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

1. I am glad we're on the rock when the storms are wild And the bil-lows 'round are swelling; We will praise His ho - ly name and His wondrous love proclaim, His good-ness and His mer - cy tell - ing.
2. I am glad we're on the rock for His pre-cious love Is a joy our spir - it keep-ing; When the world is dark and drear there's a bless - ed ref - uge here, Tho' tempests o'er the world are sweeping.
3. I am glad we're on the rock where our souls may dwell And no fears our hopes can sev-er; Where our peace shall ev-er be like the calm un-sound-ed sea In heav - en with the loved for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord for His mer-cy ev - er sure! Ev - er sure, Praise the Lord Praise the Lord! while the mountains shall en-dure; We will praise Him in our song while the

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I AM GLAD WE'RE ON THE ROCK.

53. JESUS DIED FOR ME.

"Christ died for the ungodly."—ROM. 5 : 6.

H. G. JACKSON, D. D. W. S. NICKLE.

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No. 54. Singing Hallelujah.

JENNIE WILSON. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Safe up - on the shin-ing strand of the bless - ed Beu - lah land; Are the
2. As we tread the paths of time, seek-ing heav-en's love - lit clime, Let us
3. With the joys that are to come in the bright ce-les - tial home, All the

vic-tors who have passed from earthly care, With their toil and conflict o'er to be
in our Saviour's name each tri- al bear, We shall find a rich re-ward in the
hap- pi- ness of earth cannot com-pare, And we'll praise the Lamb of God who re-

tempted nev-er-more, They are sing-ing hal - le - lu - jah o - ver there,.....
presence of the Lord, When we're singing hal-le - lu - jah o - ver
deemed us with His blood, When we're singing hal-le - lu - jah o - ver o-ver there.

REFRAIN.

Sing - - ing Hal - le - lu - jah,..... They are
Sing-ing hal - le - lu - jah, They are sing-ing hal - le - lu - jah, They are

sing-ing in the cit - y bright and fair,.... All their strife with evil done And their

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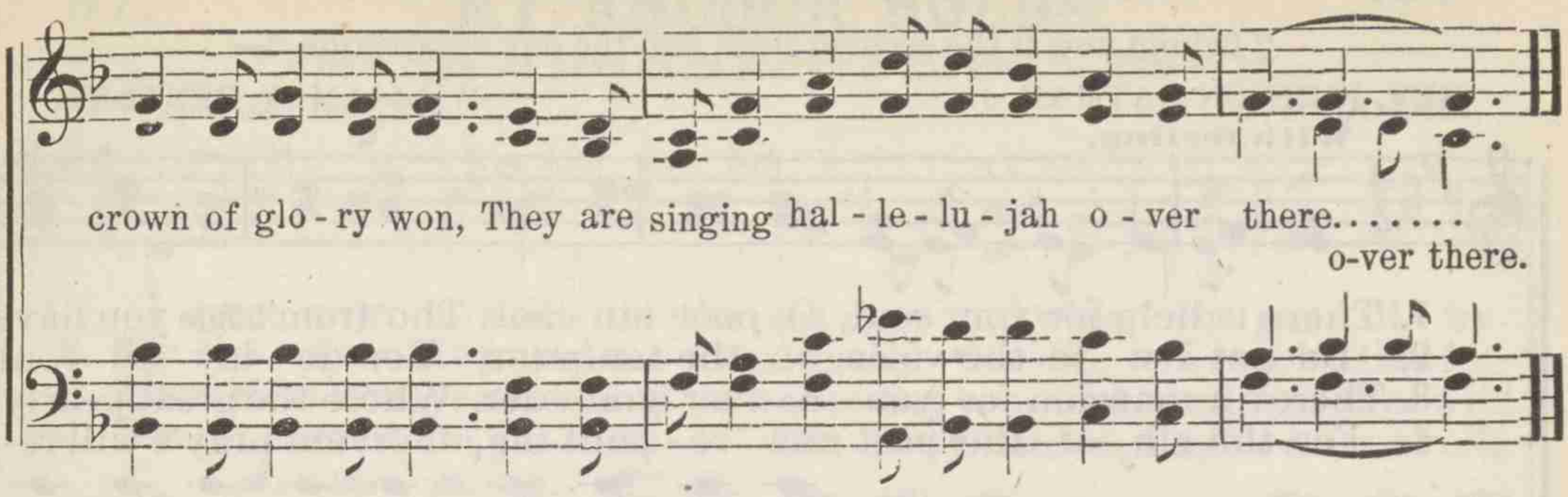
SINGING HALLELUJAH.



55. WHERE SHALL WE SPEND?

E. E. HEWITT. H. N. LINCOLN.

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56. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

"Behold now is the accpted time, and the day of salvation."—

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

With feeling.

1. There is help for your soul, O poor sin - ner, Tho' from home you have wandered a - far; Do not wait for some great prep - a - ra - tion,
2. Do not list to the voice of the temp-ter, For de - lay all your prospects would mar, Stained by sin, filled with fears, emp-ty hand-ed,
3. There's a mansion for you o - ver yon - der, Where the great pearly gates are a - jar; And if you its bright por-tals would en - ter,
4. For the sin of the past now re - pent-ing, Fervent pray'r will re- move ev - 'ry bar, And the Sav - iour will lead you to heav - en,

REFRAIN.

Come to Je - sus just now as you are. You can not make your-self an - y bet - ter, For sin has left ma - ny a scar, But for you there is help in the fountain, Come to Je-sus just now as you are.

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57. MY ANCHOR HOLDS.

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

REV. A. BLACKBURN. W. H. DOANE.

1. I once was a-drift on the sea deep and wide, In per-il by night and by day, Now I'm anchored all safe from the storm and the tide,
2. My Sav-iour, He found me when read-y to die, I took Him for mas-ter and guide, Now I'm moored in the har-bor, no ter-ror have I,
3. Then blow, blow, ye winds, and ye waves dash a-round, And toss me, wild sea, as you roll, I will sing in my heart of the peace I have found,
4. I'm an-chored not far from e-ter-ni-ty's shore, Death's current rolls by swift and deep, But I fear not its chill and I dread not its roar,

Rit.

Sal-va-tion's the name of the bay.
He rul-eth the waves that I ride,
Since Je-sus has anchored my soul.
What Je-sus has saved He will keep

REFRAIN.

My an-chor is hope and my an-chor it holds, Thro' storm and the tem-pest's wild shock, For out of my sight and with-in the veil's folds, My an-chor takes hold on the rock.

Rit.

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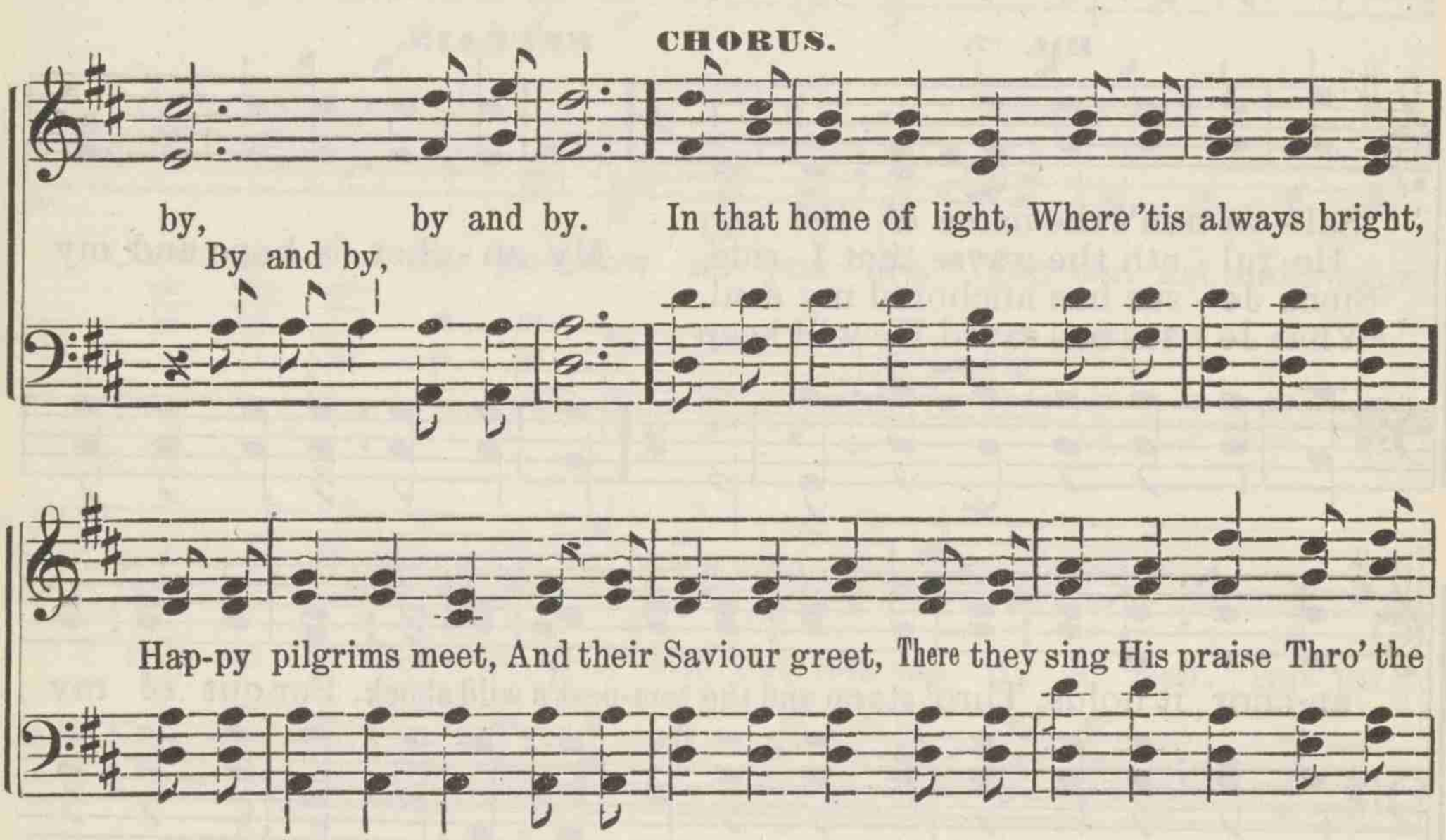
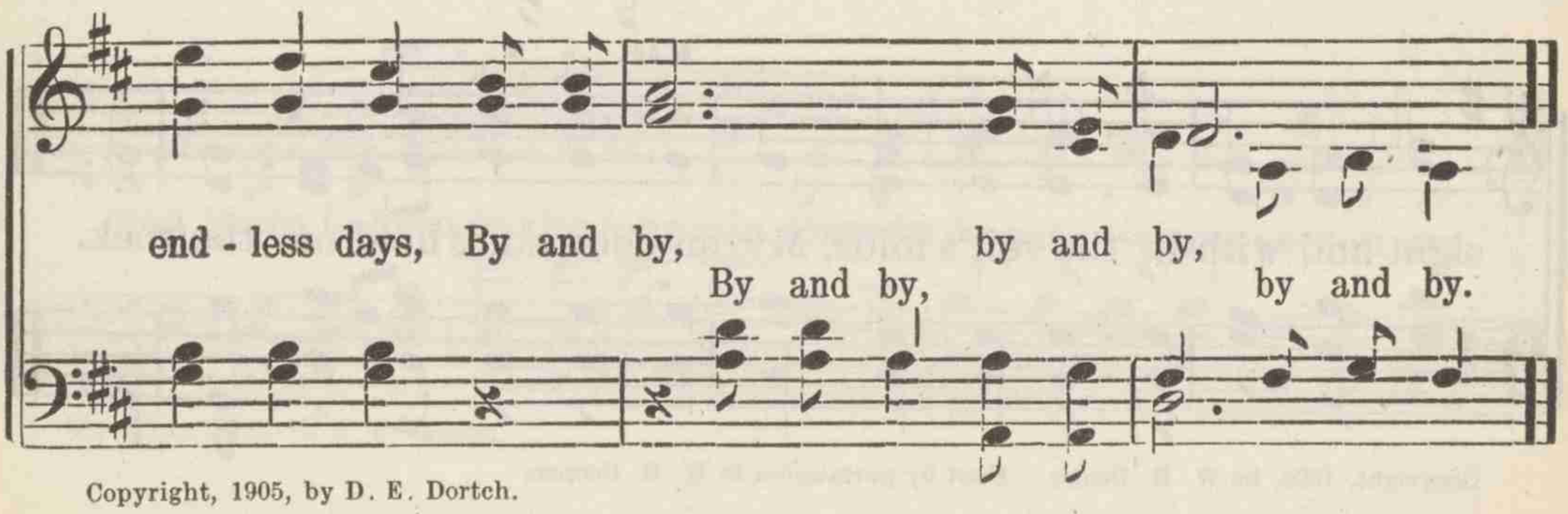
58. BY AND BY.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

CHORUS.





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59. THOU SHALT KNOW HEREAFTER.

"Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13: 12.

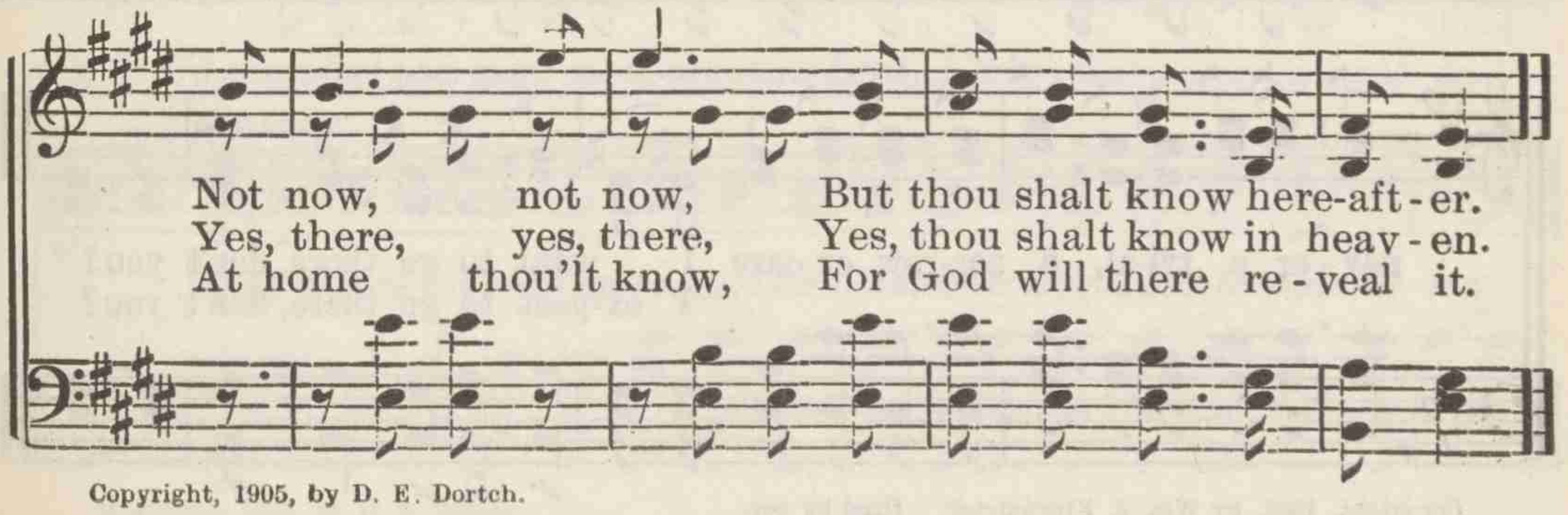
From "Poems," by MATILDA. D. E. HANKS.

1. Not now, O burdened soul, not now Shalt thou the mystery know,
2. Thou knowest not why thine earthly joys All fade like morning dew;
3. Thou knowest not why thine earthly friends Fade one by one from sight;
4. But thou shalt know in heav'n why God Hath mixed this cup for thee,
5. O then, al-though no fringe of light Hangs on thy shadowed brow,
6. But trust Him; He will make it plain When thou hast crossed death's foam;

Why God has filled thine earthly cup With drops of deep - est woe.
Thou knowest not why love's sweetest flow'rs Should perish where they grew.
Thou knowest not why thy brightest hopes All hide themselves in night.
And what seems bit - ter to thee now Will then all sweet-ness be.
Be calm, what-e'er thy God de-signs, Thou knowest, Thou knowest not now.
All will seem right and just to thee When thou art safe at home.

REFRAIN.

1,2,3,5. Not now, not now, But thou shalt know here-aft - er,
4. Yes, there. yes, there, Yes, thou shalt know in heav - en,
6. At home, thou'lt know, For God will there re - veal it,



Not now, not now, But thou shalt know here-aft - er.
Yes, there, yes, there, Yes, thou shalt know in heav - en.
At home thou'lt know, For God will there re - veal it.

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60. I WANT TO GO THERE.

H. L. HARRY LOPER.

1. We are told of a home in that cit - y a-bove, When with life and its
2. Since here God has called me, I'll stand at my post, And do what He
3. Soon this brief life is end - ed, our work here is done, For the days are so
4. There none but the pure shall that cit - y be-hold; 'Tis the home of the

cares we are thro', Where the walls are of jas - per, the streets are of gold;
gives me to do, For the tho't is re-fresh-ing as homeward I look;
fleet-ing and few, Where loved ones have gathered no death ev - er comes;
faith-ful and true, Where the Sav-iour a man-sion for me has pre-pared;

CHORUS.

I want to go there, don't you? I want to go there, I want to go there,
I want to go there, don't you?
I want to go there, don't you?
I ex-pect to go there, don't you? I want to go there, I ex-pect to go there,

Where loved ones are wait - ing in that home-land so fair, Where there's

nev - er a tri-al, a sor-row or care I want to go there, don't you?
I ex-pect to go there, don't you?

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61. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

"Go ye into all the world. . . . . And they went forth and preached everywhere."
—MARK 16: 15, 20.

"Outlook." D. E. DORTCH.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a lone - ly place In earth's harvest field so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front, My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la- bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied.

But if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' rug-ged and dark the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,

f.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

Fine.

D. S. *I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

D. S.

CHORUS.

I'll go Where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountains, or plain, or sea;

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62. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH JESUS?

MATT. 27: 22.

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

1. What will you do with Je - sus, God's well be - lov - ed Son?
2. What will you do with Je - sus, The Sav - iour of the world?
3. What will you do with Je - sus, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Friend?
4. What will you do with Je - sus, Who died on Cal - va - ry?
5. What will you do with Je - sus, The gra-cious ris - en Lord?

He is call - ing you to - day, Turn, O turn from sin a - way, O
Cast on Him your ev - 'ry care, All your burdens He will bear, O
Lean, O lean on Je - sus' breast, He will give you per-fect rest, O
From all sor-row He can save, 'Twas for you His life He gave, O
Rest your soul in His pure love, He'll transport you safe a - bove, O

REFRAIN.

what will you do now with Him. O what will you do, O what will you do, O what will you do with Je - sus? If you trust in Him to - day, He will take your sins a - way, O what will you do now with Him?

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63. GATHERING HOME.

Miss Mariana B. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. Up to the bounti-ful Giv-er of life, Gathering home! . gathering home!
2. Up to the city where falleth no night, Gathering home! gathering home!
3. Up to the beautiful mansions above, Gathering home! gathering home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gather-ing home.
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gather-ing home.
Safe in the arms of his in - fi-nite love, The dear ones are gather-ing home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er - ing home!..... gath-er-ing home!.....

Gath - er - ing home! gath - er - ing home!

Nev-er to sor-row more, never to roam; Gathering home!.....

Gath-er - ing home!

gath-er-ing home!..... God's children are gath-er - ing home.

gath - er - ing home!

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64. BEHOLD HIS HANDS.

"Then said he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands."—JOHN 20: 27.

LANSING BURROWS, D. D. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O helping hands of Je - sus, Stretch forth unto my need, For in my earth-ly jour - ney I fam - ish oft for bread. O guid-ing hands of
2. O blessing hands of Je - sus, Rest on my care-tossed breast; Thy touch heals passion's fev - er And calms my wild un-rest. O heal-ing hands of
3. O pleading hands of Je - sus, Bear my poor name on Thee, That when the Fa - ther see - th, I may ac-cept - ed be. O sav - ing hands of

Je - sus, Clasp close my wayward hands; Mine ears thro' sin's enchantments Are dull to Thy commands. Be-hold His hands, Be-hold His
Je - sus, Touch Thou my leprous stains; One in-stant of Thy con tact And not a spot remains.
Je - sus, Hold me in firm embrace, So that in earth and heav-en I see no oth - er face. Behold His hands, His bleeding hands, Behold the nail-prints

REFRAIN.

hands, Be-hold the hands of Je - sus, Those hands were pierced for me.
in His hands,

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65. HIS HELPING HAND.

ELEANOR H. DAMERON. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I was so friend-less, Lord, so left a - lone! No lov - ing
2. I was so home - less, Lord, no warmth and cheer To greet me
3. I was so wear - y, Lord, so weak and blind! So oft - en
4. I was so wretch-ed, Lord, so full of sin! And no re-

voice to speak of peace or rest, Un-til Thou clasped me gent-ly in Thine
as in sol - i - tude I roam, Un-til Thy love didst lend a flood of
did I faint and help-less fall, Un-til I learned that tho' I am but
deeming mer-cy did I know, Un-til I learned Thy blood couldst make me

CHORUS.

arms Close to Thy breast!
light, To guide me home! Friendless and wear-y, home-less and
naught, Yet Thou art all!
white As drift - ed snow!

wretched, Lord, And from it all Thy grace hath made me free, For

naught but joy can come since first I knew Thou car - est, Lord, for me!

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66. A LETTER FROM MY FATHER.

1 JOHN 2 : 13.

JAMES CALLOWAY MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

SOLO.

1. I've a let-ter from my Fa-ther in my hand, Which the Ho - ly Spir-it
2. In this let-ter from my Fa-ther which I hold, Ma-ny grand and precious
3. In this let-ter I can hear my Fa-ther say, I am with my faithful
4. O this let-ter from my Fa-ther is so dear, Speaking words of con-so-

wrote at His com-mand; As its pag - es turn be - fore me, I can
things to me are told; How His own He will de - liv - er, How they'll
chil - dren all the way; And my mer - cy will befriend them, And my
la - tion and of cheer; As I read this Book of a - ges, All my

read the wondross story, How my Broth-er left his glo - ry For this land.
rest beyond the riv - er, How their feet shall pass for-ev-er, Streets of gold.
faithfulness defend them, And the love of Christ commend them, In that day.
heart its truth en-gag-es, God is speaking thro' its pa-ges, Let me hear.

REFRAIN.

Blessed Bi - - ble, book di-vine, Precious treasure thou art mine, thou art mine;
Blessed Bible, book divine, thou art mine;

Rit.

Blessed Bi - - ble, book di-vine, Precious treasure thou art mine, thou art mine.
Blessed book divine, thou art mine.

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67. HE IS COMING.

"Watch, therefore, and be ye ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."—MATT. 24: 42, 44.

ELD. H. C. TEMPLE. D. E. DORTCH.

Slow, with expression.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak - ing, When sunlight thro' dark-ness and shad - ow is break-ing, That Je - sus will come in the
2. It may be at noon, or it may be at twi-light, It may be per- chance, that the blackness of mid-night, Will burst in - to light in the
3. O why should we care when He makes His ap-pear - ing, We need not be anx - ious and should not be fear-ing, If we are pre-pared, we shall

CHORUS.

full-ness of glo - ry, to receive from the world all His own.
blaze of His glo - ry, when He comes to re-ceive all His own. He is com-ing,
meet Him in glo - ry, when He comes to re-ceive all His own.

com-ing a-gain; Then in sor-row the wicked shall moan; He is com-ing

in the fullness of glo - ry, To re-ceive from the world all His own.

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68. THE OPENED FOUNTAIN.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT. By per.

1. Once I lived in bit ter bondage, But my Sav - iour set me free; Once I
2. Soon I felt in-dwell-ing e - vil Rise un - bid - den in my heart, Then I
3. When my all I yield-ed to Him, And to sin and self had died, Then by
4. Sweet and pre-cious is His ser-vice, And my soul is on the wing, While I
5. Oh, I long for His ap-pear-ing, For I know He 'll come again, And with

stumbled on in darkness, Once was blind, but now I see, Once I lived in condemnation,
looked a-gain to Je-sus, And He bade it all depart, Filled me with the Holy Spirit,
trusting in His promise I was ful - ly sanc-ti-fied. Now my will is lost in Je-sus,
trust Him ev'ry moment, As my Prophet, Priest, and King. And I feel that soon my body
all the saints and angels, On the earth with might shall reign. Then He 'll banish ev'ry evil,

Heavy burdened, day by day, But my Saviour brought salvation, Washed my many sins away.
Washed me whiter than the snow; Giving joy in all its fulness, Making earth a heav'n below.
He's my Strength, my Life, my Light. He's my Comfort when in sorrow, And is with me day and night.
Shall His glorious image bear, When in mansions bright, eternal, All His glory I shall share.
And will conquer ev'ry foe; And instead of thorns and briars Shall the rose and myrtle grow.

CHORUS.

O the Foun - tain opened wide, By my Sav - iour cruci - fied;
O, the Fountain opened wide, opened wide, By my Saviour crucified, crucified;

There I found . . this perfect cleansing, There I safe - ly now a - bide.
There I found this perfect cleansing, There I safely now a - bide.

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69. THERE'LL BE NO DARK RIVER THERE.

E. C. MACARTNEY. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. When we have come to Jordan's tide, There'll be no dark river there;
2. With an - gels bend-ing from a - bove, There'll be no dark river there;
3. And when we've crossed the mysti c tide, There'll be no dark river there;
4. Let this blest tho't fresh courage give, There'll be no dark river there;

With Je - sus standing close be - side, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
In fel - low-ship with Him we love, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
When we have reached the oth-er side, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
In that bright home of peace and love, There'll be no dark riv-er there.

His boundless grace shall light the place With beams of glo - ry fair,
His word di - vine shall brightly shine, His end - less life we'll share;
And hand in hand we'll walk the strand With loved ones bright and fair,
The gates a - jar, we see a - far, Be-yond this world of care;

And iu the sunshine from His face, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
When all to Je - sus we re - sign, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
For in that hap - py heav'nly land, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
Tho' Jordan's stream may us di - vide, There'll be no dark riv-er there.

D.S. *Up - on His breast we'll sweet - ly rest, There'll be no dark riv - er there.*

CHORUS.

There'll be no dark riv - er, there, There'll be no dark riv - er there;

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70. WE SHALL SEE HIM.

"We shall see him as he is."—1 JOHN 3: 2.

JAMES CALLOWAY MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

1. We have seen the Saviour com-ing in the king-dom of His grace, When the sto - ry of sal - va - tion has been told (has been told;) And the footprints of His
2. We shall see His face re-flect-ed from the fac - es of His own, As their souls have been il - lum - ined by His grace (by His grace;) As from glo - ry un - to
3. By the eye of faith be-hold-ing we have seen Him bleed and die, And have seen Him break the fet - ters of de-spair (of despair;) Ev - er-last-ing doors up-
4. We have heard His tender ac-cents call-ing sin - ners to His arms, We have felt our wear - y spir - its touch-ing His (touching His;) We have seen, and felt, and

go - ings thro' the na - tions we can trace, But we long His bless-ed presence
glo - ry they have to His like-ness grown, We have longed to see that glo - ry
lift - ed at His pres-ence draw-ing nigh, But our long-ing eyes would look up-
heard Him in His rec - on - cil - ing charms; But we long to look up - on Him

REFRAIN.

to be - hold (to be-hold.) We shall see ..... Him, we shall
face to face (face to face.)
on Him there (on Him there.)
as He is (as He is.) We shall see Him in His king-dom, we shall

see Him, 'Tis the prom - ise of His nev - er - fail - ing .
see Him as He is,

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WE SHALL SEE HIM.

71. SILENT THOUGHTS.

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72. THE END OF THE WAY.

Words selected and arr. D. E. DORTCH.

1. My life is a wea - ri-some jour-ney, I'm sick of the dust and the heat;
2. There are so many hills to climb up-ward, That oft - en I'm long-ing for rest;
3. And when the last step I have tak - en, The gates of the cit - y ap - pear,
4. Pure fountains are there for the thirs-ty, Sweet cordials for those who are faint;

The rays of the sun beat up - on me, The bri - ars are wounding my feet;
But He who appoints me my path-way, Knows just what is needful and best;
The beau - ti - ful song of the an - gels Will waft to my list - en - ing ear,
And robes that are whiter and pur - er Than a - ny that fan - cy can paint,

But the cit - y to which I am go - ing, Will more than my tri - als re - pay.
For I know in His word He has promised That my "strength shall be as my day."
Then the things that now seem so mysterious, Will all be as clear as the day.
Then I'll try to press hope-ful-ly on-ward, Tho' oft I may stumble each day.

f. **Rit.** - - - - - - - **Fine.**

And the toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way.

D.S. *Then the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the end of the way.*

REFRAIN. **D. S.**

When I get to the end of the way, When I get to the end of the way.

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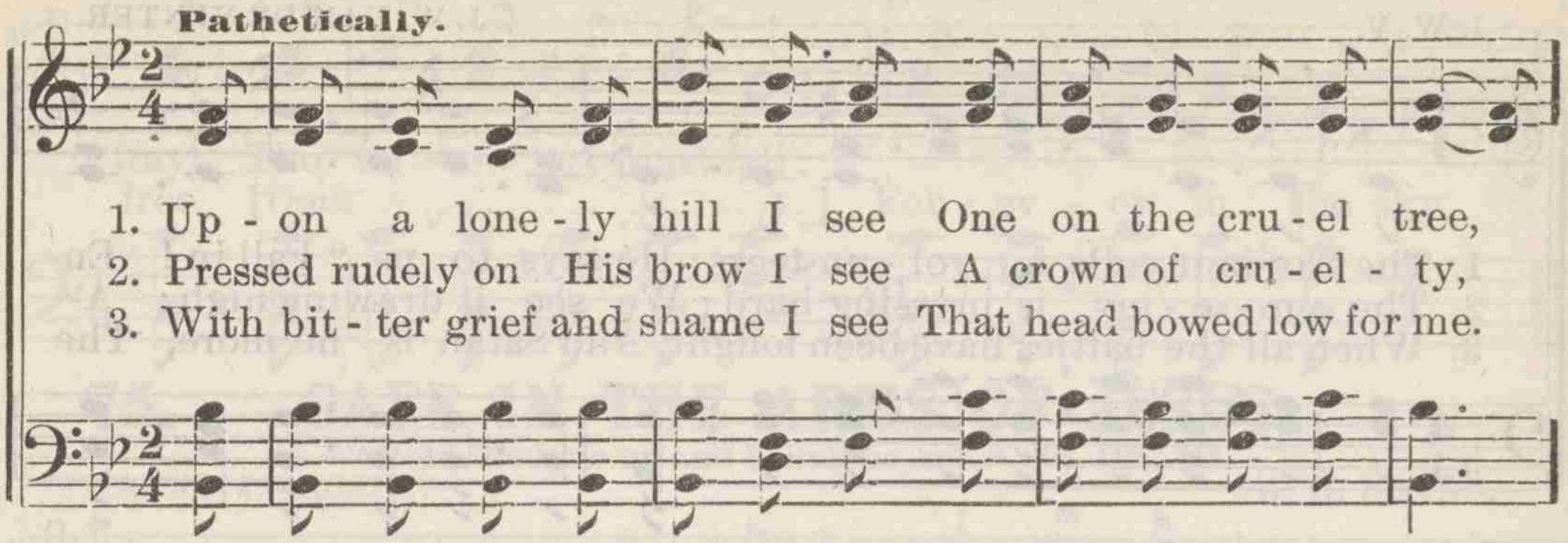
73. FOR ME AND THEE.

W. C. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.



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74. WE WILL ANSWER TO THE CALL.

"A good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 TIM. 2: 3.

J. W. V. J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. The Sav-iour calls for vol - un-teers; He says to us, "Fall in! En-list at once with-out de - lay, Re - pel the tide of sin." Ye val - iant
2. The en - e - my is pressing hard; We see it drawing nigh; A-rise and gird the ar - mor on, Re-peat the bat - tle cry. Fall in! we
3. When all the battles have been fought, And Satan is no more, The faithful will be mustered out Up - on the oth - er shore. The gold-en

sol-diers of the cross, Go bat - tle for the Lord; March on, ye brave, to
need you, ev-'ry one; The foe of right as-sail; Go forth and take the
harps will then resound, And Christ, the King, will reign; The world redeemed will

CHORUS.

vic - to - ry, Sup-port - ed by His word. We will an-swer to the call,
world for Christ, Sal-va-tion must prevail.
bless His name, And shout His praise again. With our banner float-ing high,

We will ral - ly, one and all, And march a - way in - to the
We will con - quer by and by; Thro' vic - to - ry we shall be

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WE WILL ANSWER TO THE CALL.

75. SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

"Hold thou me up and I shall be safe."—Ps. 119: 117.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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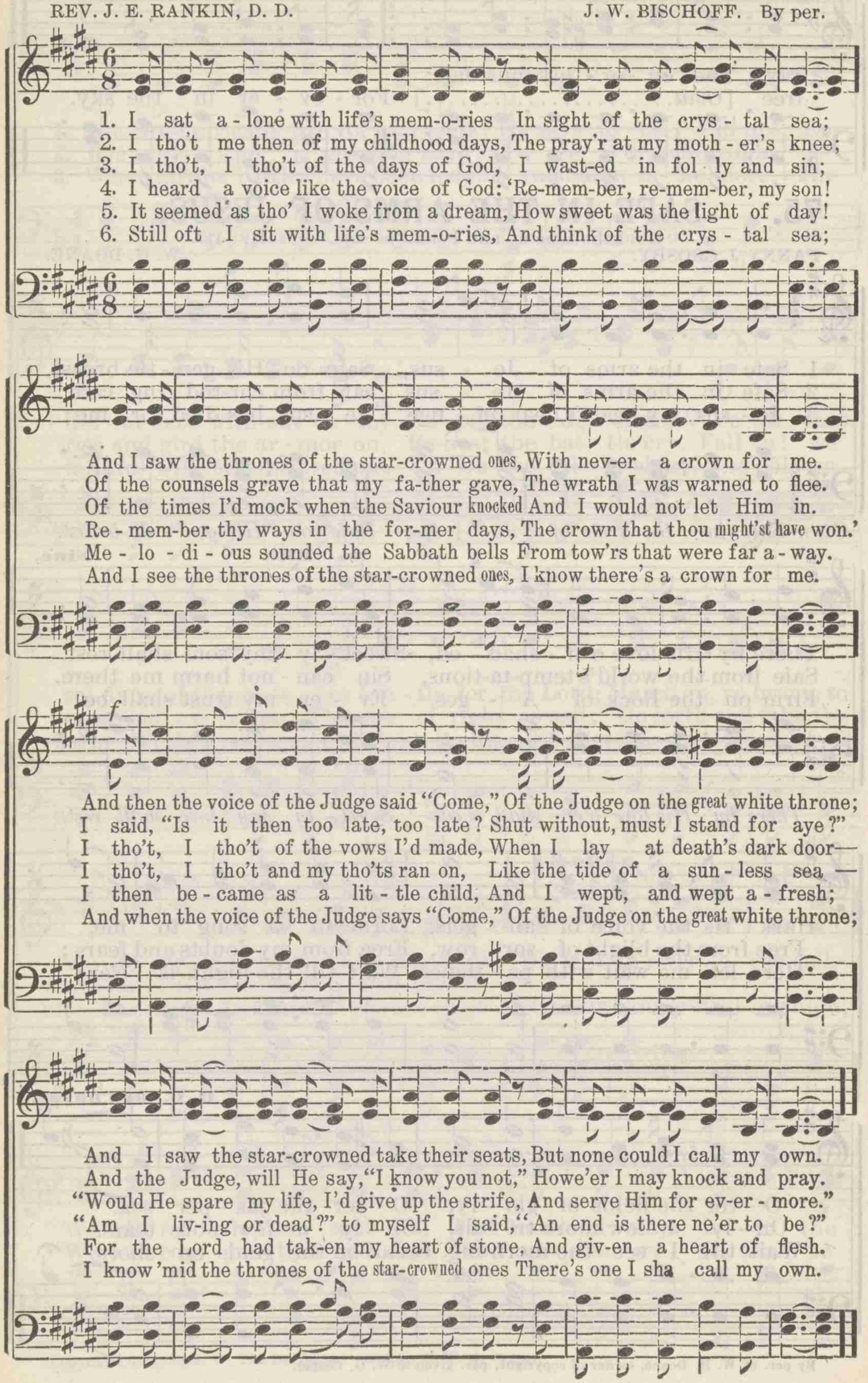
76. ALONE WITH CONSCIENCE.

"I will give thee a crown of life."—REV. 2 : 10.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. J. W. BISCHOFF. By per.



1. I sat a - lone with life's mem-o-ries In sight of the crys - tal sea;
2. I tho't me then of my childhood days, The pray'r at my moth - er's knee;
3. I tho't, I tho't of the days of God, I wast-ed in fol ly and sin;
4. I heard a voice like the voice of God: 'Re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber, my son!
5. It seemed as tho' I woke from a dream, How sweet was the light of day!
6. Still oft I sit with life's mem-o-ries, And think of the crys - tal sea;

And I saw the thrones of the star-crowned ones, With nev-er a crown for me.
Of the counsels grave that my fa-ther gave, The wrath I was warned to flee.
Of the times I'd mock when the Saviour knocked And I would not let Him in.
Re - mem-ber thy ways in the for-mer days, The crown that thou might'st have won.'
Me - lo - di - ous sounded the Sabbath bells From tow'rs that were far a - way.
And I see the thrones of the star-crowned ones, I know there's a crown for me.

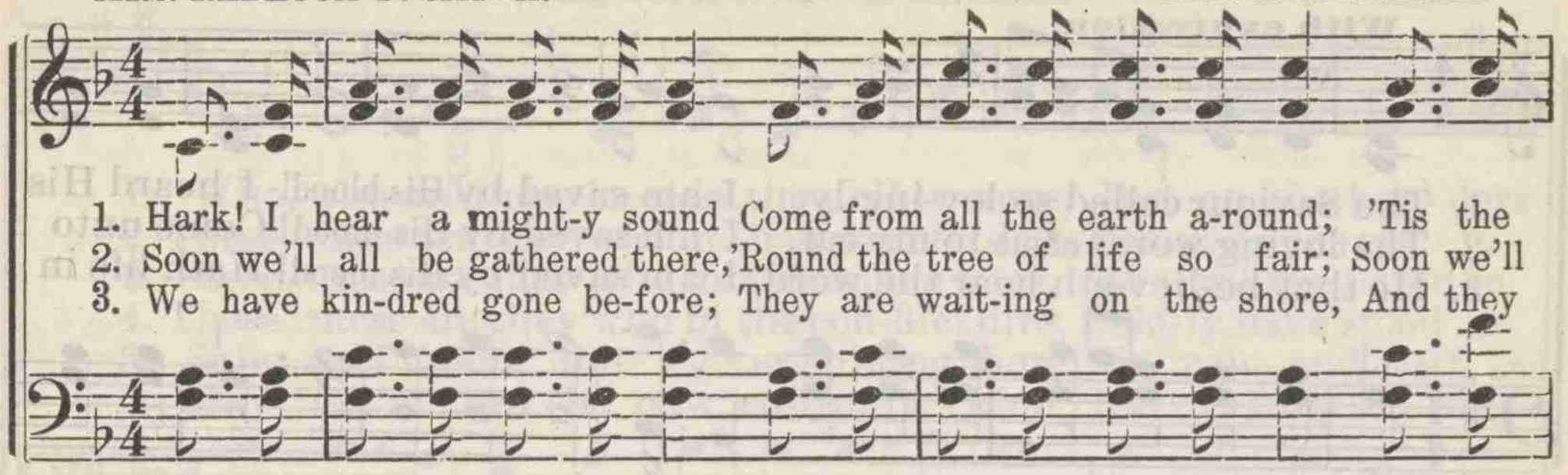
And then the voice of the Judge said "Come," Of the Judge on the great white throne;
I said, "Is it then too late, too late? Shut without, must I stand for aye?"
I tho't, I tho't of the vows I'd made, When I lay at death's dark door—
I tho't, I tho't and my tho'ts ran on, Like the tide of a sun - less sea —
I then be - came as a lit - tle child, And I wept, and wept a - fresh;
And when the voice of the Judge says "Come," Of the Judge on the great white throne;

And I saw the star-crowned take their seats, But none could I call my own.
And the Judge, will He say, "I know you not," Howe'er I may knock and pray.
"Would He spare my life, I'd give up the strife, And serve Him for ev-er - more."
"Am I liv-ing or dead?" to myself I said, "An end is there ne'er to be?"
For the Lord had tak-en my heart of stone, And giv-en a heart of flesh.
I know 'mid the thrones of the star-crowned ones There's one I sha call my own.

77. ZION MARCHING ON.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion."—Isa. 35: 10.

MRS. REBECCA P. SMITH. ELD. I. N. McHOSE.



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78. SAVED BY HIS BLOOD.

"That he might sanctify the people with his own blood."—HEB. 13: 12.

MRS. M. BLISS WILLSON. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

With expression.

1. The Saviour called so lov-ing-ly, I am saved by His blood! I heard His
2. The loving words came to my ear, I am saved by His blood! Come unto
3. He that be-liev-eth hear the word, I am saved by His blood! Hath life in

voice frem Cal - va - ry, I am saved by His blood! I wondered if it
me and do not fear, I am saved by His blood! And I had naught to
Je - sus Christ our Lord, I am saved by His blood! On Him thy load of

was for me, So full of guilt and mis - er - y, To be from sin and
bring to Him, On - ly my vileness, guilt and sin, But as I came He
sor-row roll, Be-fore Him lay thy sin-sick soul, And He will quick-ly

REFRAIN.

sor-row free, I am saved by His blood! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le-
let me in, I am saved by His blood!
make thee whole, And will save by His blood! Hal-le-lu-jah!

1 2

lu - jah! I am saved by His blood! I am saved by His blood!

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79. SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES

"I'm sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."—

T. C. O'K. Dying words of Rev. A. Cookman. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Who, who are these be-side the chil-ly wave, Just on the bor - ders of the si-lent grave, Shouting Je - sus' pow'r to save, Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je - ru - sa-lem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb;" "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je - ru - sa-lem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Je-sus ear - ly and in wisdom's ways, Proved the ful-ness of His grace, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

3. These, these are they who in affliction's woes, Ev - er have found in Je - sus calm re-pose, Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

4. These, these are they who in the con-flict dire, Bold-ly have stood a- mid the hot-test fire, Jesus now says, "Come up higher," Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

5. Safe, safe up-on the ev - er-shining shore, Sin, pain, and death, and sor-row all are o'er; Hap - py now and ev - er - more, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

6. May we, O Lord, be now en-tire-ly Thine, Dai - ly from sin be kept by pow'r divine, Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

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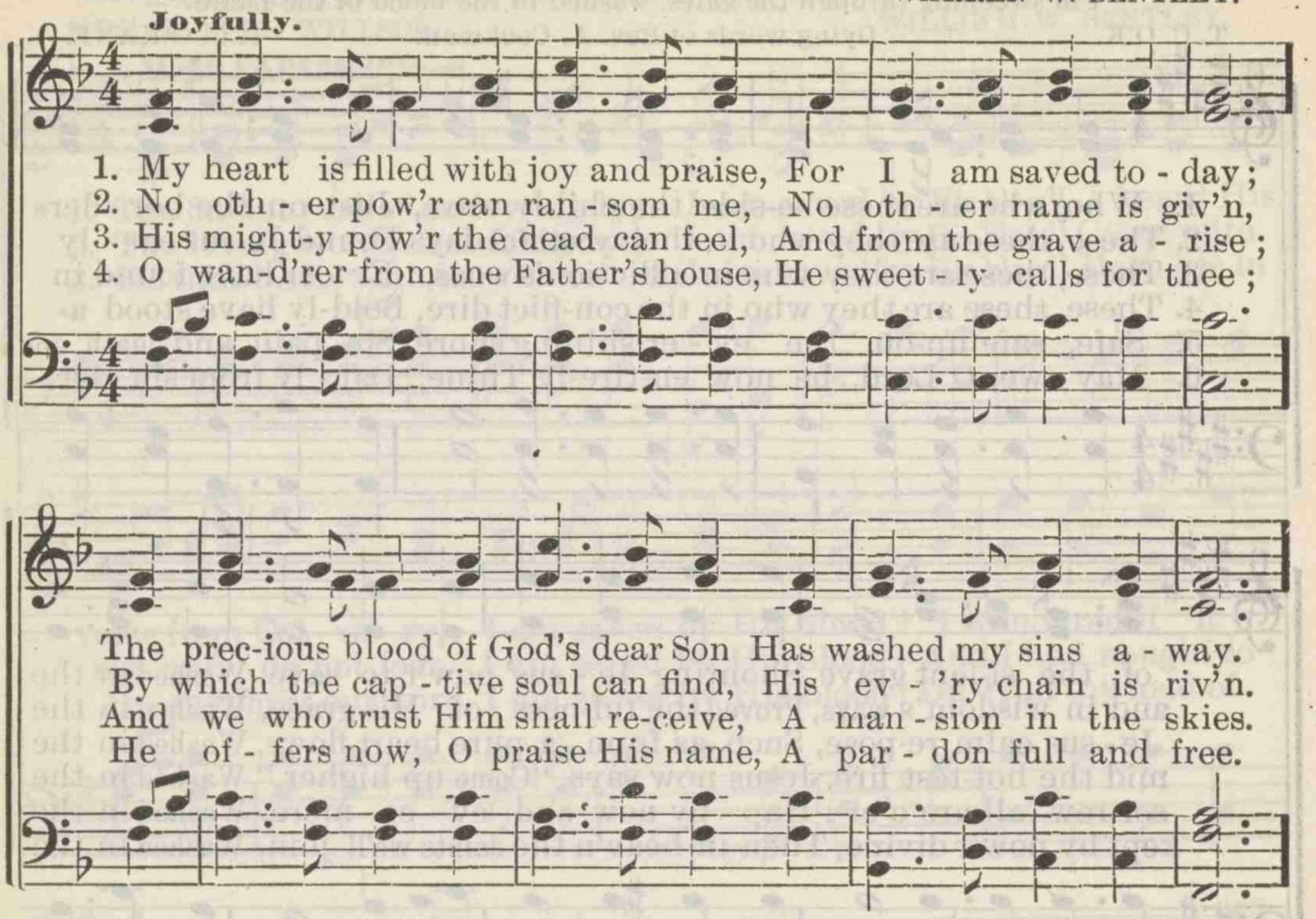
80. HALLELUJAH! BLESS HIS NAME.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. WARREN W. BENTLEY.



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81. DOWN AT THE FOUNTAIN.

"A fountain . . . for sin and uncleanness."—ZECH. 13 : 1.

H. H. B. HERBERT H. BOOTH.

1. Down at the Fount-ain wonders are wrought; There 'twas I heard the sto - ry
2. Down at the Fount-ain par - don is gained, There Je-sus snapped my fet-ters;
3. Down at the Fount-ain cour-age is gained, Strength for the weak, faint-hearted,

Of Je-sus' love; my burden there brought, And the wild storm bursting o'er me, Was
Cleansed by His blood my soul when sin-stained, And the past with all its ter-ror, Was
Out from the soul all darkness is driv'n, And the hearts from sorrow part-ed, When

changed to heav-en - ly glo - ry.
cast from me for - ev - er.
first for heav - en they start - ed.

CHORUS.

Down at the Fount - ain flow - ing so

free, Je - sus is sweet - ly speak-ing to me, Lift - ing the

bur - den up from my soul, Bid-ding my spir - it rise and be whole.

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82. CALMLY LEANING ON MY SAVIOUR.

"There was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples."—JOHN 13 : 23.

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

1. Calm - ly lean - ing on my Sav - iour, I have peace, sweet peace,
2. Find - ing tru - est rest when wear-y, I have peace, sweet peace,
3. Heart to heart in full com-mun-ion, I have peace, sweet peace,
4. Learn-ing more and more of Je - sus, I have peace, sweet peace,

Rest - ing in the Fa-ther's fa - vor, I have peace, sweet peace.
Joy, when elsewhere all is drear - y, I have peace, sweet peace.
What can break this blood-sealed un-ion? I have peace, sweet peace.
Of His sav - ing pow'r that frees us, I have peace, sweet peace.

Tho' the storm-waves roll around me, Naught of ter - ror shall confound me,
Here the hap - py se-cret knowing, Se - cret of the Lord's own showing,
All my wants to Him con-fid - ing, In His blest pa - vil - ion hid - ing,
Humbly now His grace confessing, His own promised gift pos-sess - ing,

Ad lib.

While these arms of might surround me, I have peace, sweet peace.
Grace for grace, His love be - stow-ing, I have peace, sweet peace.
In His change-less love a - bid - ing, I have peace, sweet peace.
To His name be end - less bless-ing, I have peace, sweet peace.

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83. SHOUT ALOUD THE HEAVENLY CHORUS.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—LUKE 5: 14.

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

1. Let the an - gel hosts on high and the hosts of men In a
2. O how glo-rious is the news! it can ne'er grow old; Let us
3. What a gift to us is Christ! what a treas-ure vast! He is

hap-py song of praise combine; God's sal vation now appears, It shall
tell it o'er and o'er a - gain; Let us trumpet notes employ, Wake the
more than all the world be-side, We may see His glo - ry here, But 'twill

D. S.—*be to God on high, Let the*

crown the com-ing years With the com-fort of a hope all di-vine.
earth to peace and joy, Christ, the Lord, has come to dwell among men.
more and more appear, While e - ter - nal years in Him we a - bide.

Fine.

earth to heav'n re - ply, As the Sav - iour comes with light and with love.

CHORUS.

Then glo - - - - - - - ry in the high-est let us sing! Shout a-
Then glo - ry in the high-est, in the high-est let us sing! Shout a-

loud..... the heav'nly cho - - - - - - rus, Glo - ry
loud the heav'nly cho-rus, let His prais - es ev - er ring! Glo - ry

D. S.

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No. 84. GLORY TO THE LAMB.

JENNIE WILSON. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. I have a hope di-vine, sal-va-tion's joy is mine, Glo-ry to the Lamb!
2. The blood once shed for me, from guilt has set me free, Glo-ry to the Lamb!
3. While in this world I roam, I'm on my jour-ney home, Glo-ry to the Lamb!
4. Where saintly throngs rejoice I'll sing with grateful voice, Glory to the Lamb!

Glo-ry to the Lamb! With sins all washed away, my song shall be for aye,
Glo-ry to the Lamb! Now thro' His saving name e-ter-nal life I claim,
Glo-ry to the Lamb! In realms of light and love my soul shall dwell a-bove,
Glo-ry to the Lamb! Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty my hap-py song shall be,

REFRAIN.

Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb whom heav'n-ly hosts a-dore! Glo-ry to the Lamb who suff'ring for us bore! And now upon His throne He reigns forevermore, Glory to the Lamb, the Lamb of Calvary.

rit.

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No. 85. There Is Gladness.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There is mer - cy, soul, for
2. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There is cleans-ing from thy
3. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There is rest for ev - 'ry
4. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There's sal-va - tion for us

thee; Come and hear the old, old sto-ry, Bringing joy to you and me.
sin; Trust the precious blood of Je-sus, Let the bless-ed Spir-it in.
one Of the wea-ry, heav - y - laden, If they trust what Christ has done.
all; If we hearken to its tidings, If we yield un - to its call.

REFRAIN.

There is gladness in the gos-pel,
There is glad - - ness in the gos - pel, There is
There is grace both rich and free; For the vil-est
grace . . . both rich and free; . . . . For the vil - est there is
there is mer-cy
mer - cy, There is glad - - ness, soul, for thee, (for thee.)
There is gladness, soul, for thee.

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86. WHEN THE STORMS ARE OVER.

MISS KATE ULMER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. When the storms.... of life are o - ver, When the sails.... are furled for aye;
2. In the pres - - ence of the Father, And of count - less angels bright;
3. With this bless - - ed hope be-fore us, Storms may beat..... and billows roll;
4. O what joy..... has o-ver-come us, To re - ceive....from Him the crown;

1. When the storms of life are o-ver, When the sails are furled for aye;

O what joy..... to rest with Je - sus, In the land..... of
He will own..... us as His chos-en, In the realms..... of
As an an - - - chor sure and steadfast, It will ev - - - - - er
Then to Him..... all glo - ry giv - ing, At His feet..... to

O what joy to rest with Je - sus, In the land of endless day,

CHORUS.

end-less day. We shall see..... Him in His beau - - -
cloudless light.
keep the soul.
cast it down. We shall see Him in His beauty, in His

in the land of endless day.

ty, Reign-ing on..... His glo-rious throne, We shall
beau-ty, Reign-ing on His glorious throne, His glorious throne,

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WHEN THE STORMS ARE OVER.

87. RESTING IN JESUS.

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

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. W. BENTLEY.

Copyright owned by Wm. W. Bentley.

88. SHINING FOR JESUS.

MISS KATE ULMER. E. HANKS.

Solo.

1. Are you shin-ing for Je - sus, my broth-er?..... Bright-ly shin - ing for
2. Are you shin-ing for Je - sus, my broth-er? ..... In the high-ways and
3. Are you shin-ing for Je - sus, my broth-er?..... Where the sad and dis-
4. Are you shin-ing for Je - sus, my broth-er?..... Showing forth His great

Him as you go? Is the light He has kindled with-in you?.... Drawing
by - ways of sin? Where the lost ones in darkness are straying .... Who your
couraged are found, Does the light of your faith shine upon them?.. Till new
love day by day; Is the world by your presence made brighter?.. As you

CHORUS. Solo.

oth-ers to Him by its glow.
Saviour in love died to win. Are you shin-ing for Je-sus, my brother?.....
hope in each heart doth abound.
journey a-long on your way.

Shining clearly and tru-ly for Him, Or do shadows of self sometimes gather?

FULL CHORUS.

And your light in its beauty grow dim. Are you shin - - - ing,
Are you shining now for Jesus, brightly

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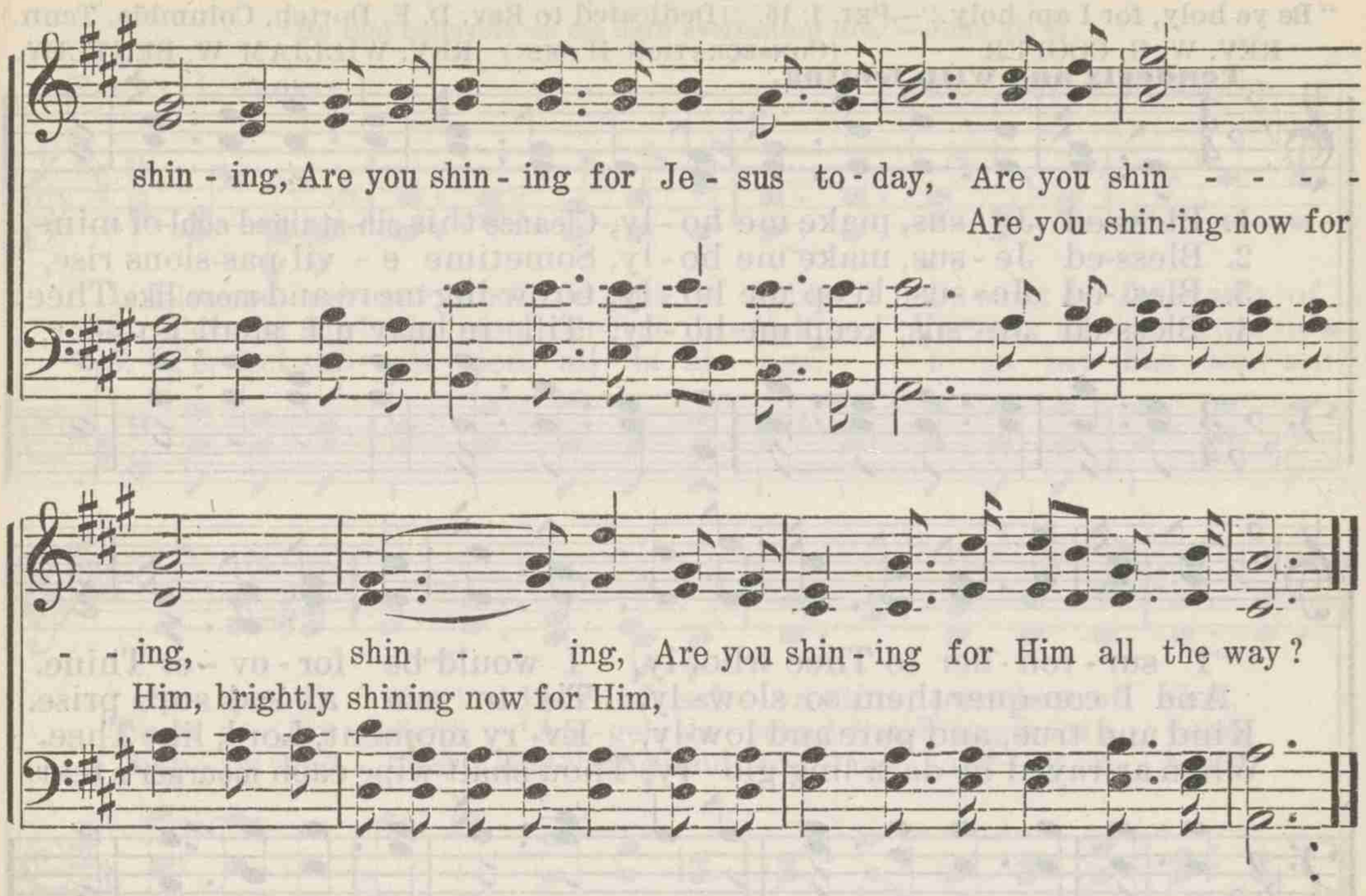
SHINING FOR JESUS.



89. FROM FAITH TO FAITH.

W. H. WOOLVERTON. MISS EMMA BONNER.

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90. BLESSED JESUS KEEP ME HOLY.

"Be ye holy, for I am holy."—PET. 1: 16. (Dedicated to Rev. D. E. Dortch, Columbia, Tenn.)

REV. W. G. COOPER. (CONSECRATION HYMN.) REV. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

Tenderly and with feeling.

1. Bless-ed Je - sus, make me ho - ly, Cleanse this sin-stained soul of mine,
2. Bless-ed Je - sus, make me ho - ly, Sometime e - vil pas-sions rise,
3. Bless-ed Je - sus, keep me ho - ly, Grow-ing more and more like Thee,
4. Bless-ed Je - sus, keep me ho - ly, Till in heav'n I shall ap-pear,

I sur - ren - der to Thee whol-ly, I would be for - ev - er Thine.
And I con-quer them so slow - ly, 'Tis to me a sad sur - prise.
Kind and true, and pure and low-ly, Ev-'ry moment, Lord, like Thee.
When ar-rayed in dazz-ling glo - ry, Thou shalt wipe each mourner's tear.

O how wondrous is the sto - ry, Thou art read - y to for - give,
But Thy grace is all suf - fi-cient, For Thou didst for me a - tone,
Keep se-cure from ev - 'ry dan-ger, While I tread this hos-tile land,
When the worn and wear-y sol-dier, From this dus - ty bat - tle - field,

f.

Let me man - i - fest Thy glo - ry, Let me on - ly live for Thee.
Thou canst calm the troubled spir-it, Thou canst save, and Thou alone.
I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Lead me safe - ly by Thy hand.
Shall the worn and tattered garments For the robes im-mor-tal yield.

Fine.

D. S.–*In that land where all the low - ly, Joy to gaze up - on Thy face.*

REFRAIN.

Bless-ed Je - sus, keep me ho - ly, Till Thou grant to me a place.

D. S.

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91. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN vi. 47.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub- mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now
3. Per-fect sub- mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend-ing, bring from a - bove,
hap - py and blest. Watch-ing and wait - ing, look-ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of his Spir - it, wash'd in his blood. This is my sto - ry,
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
Filled with his good-ness, lost in his love.

this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

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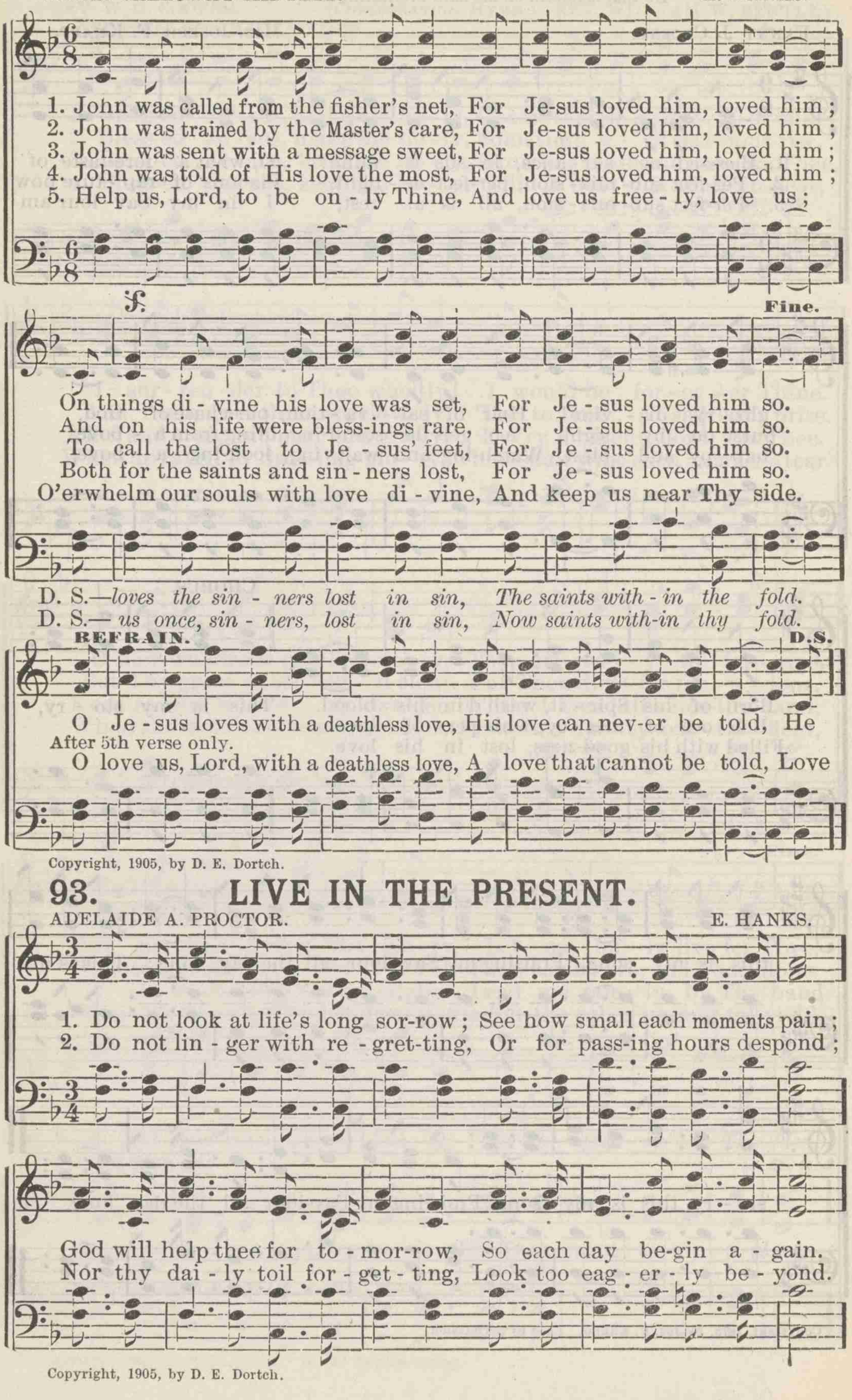
92. JOHN THE BELOVED.

"That disciple whom Jesus loved."

JAMES CALLOWAY MIDYETT. E. HANKS.



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93. LIVE IN THE PRESENT.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR. E. HANKS.

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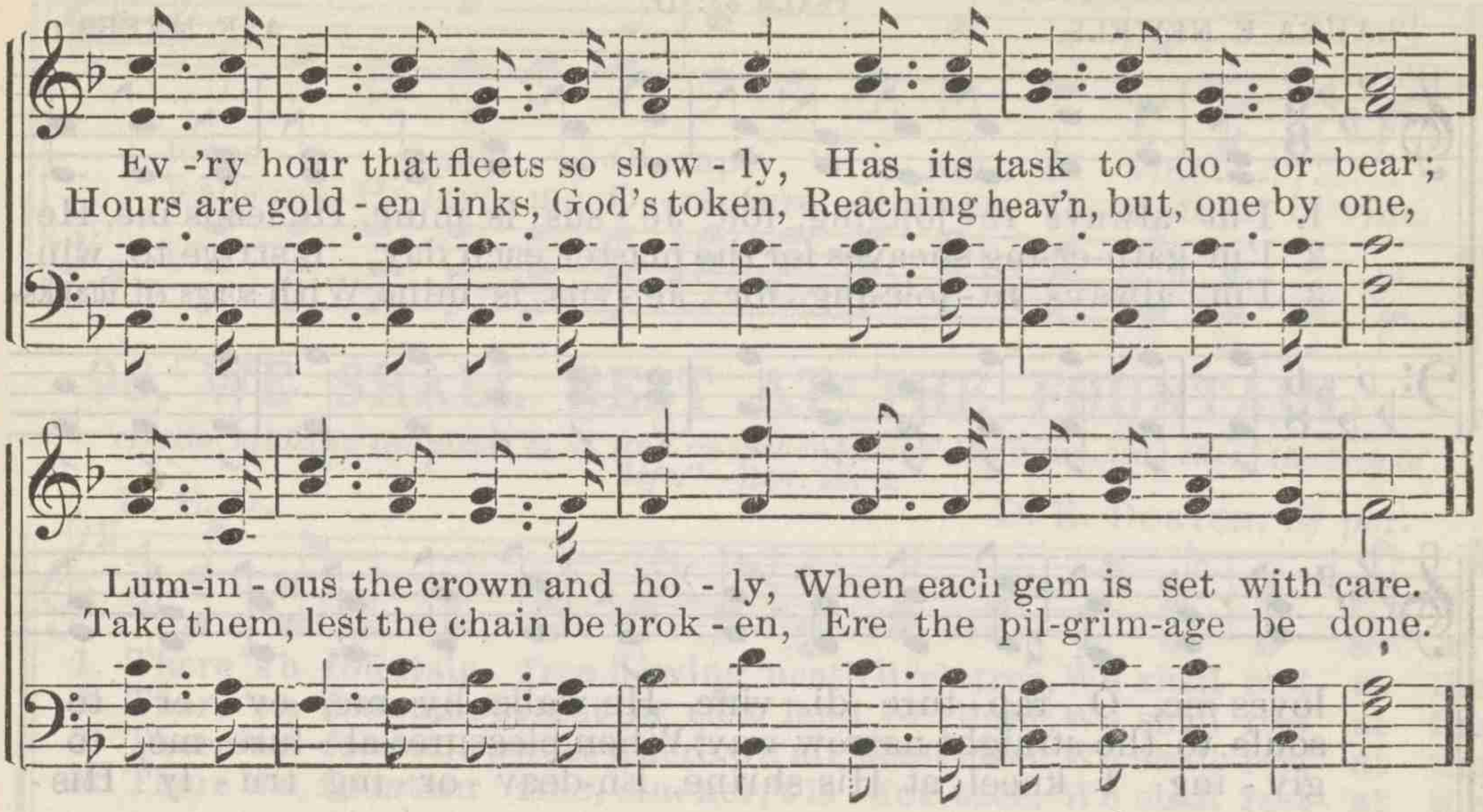
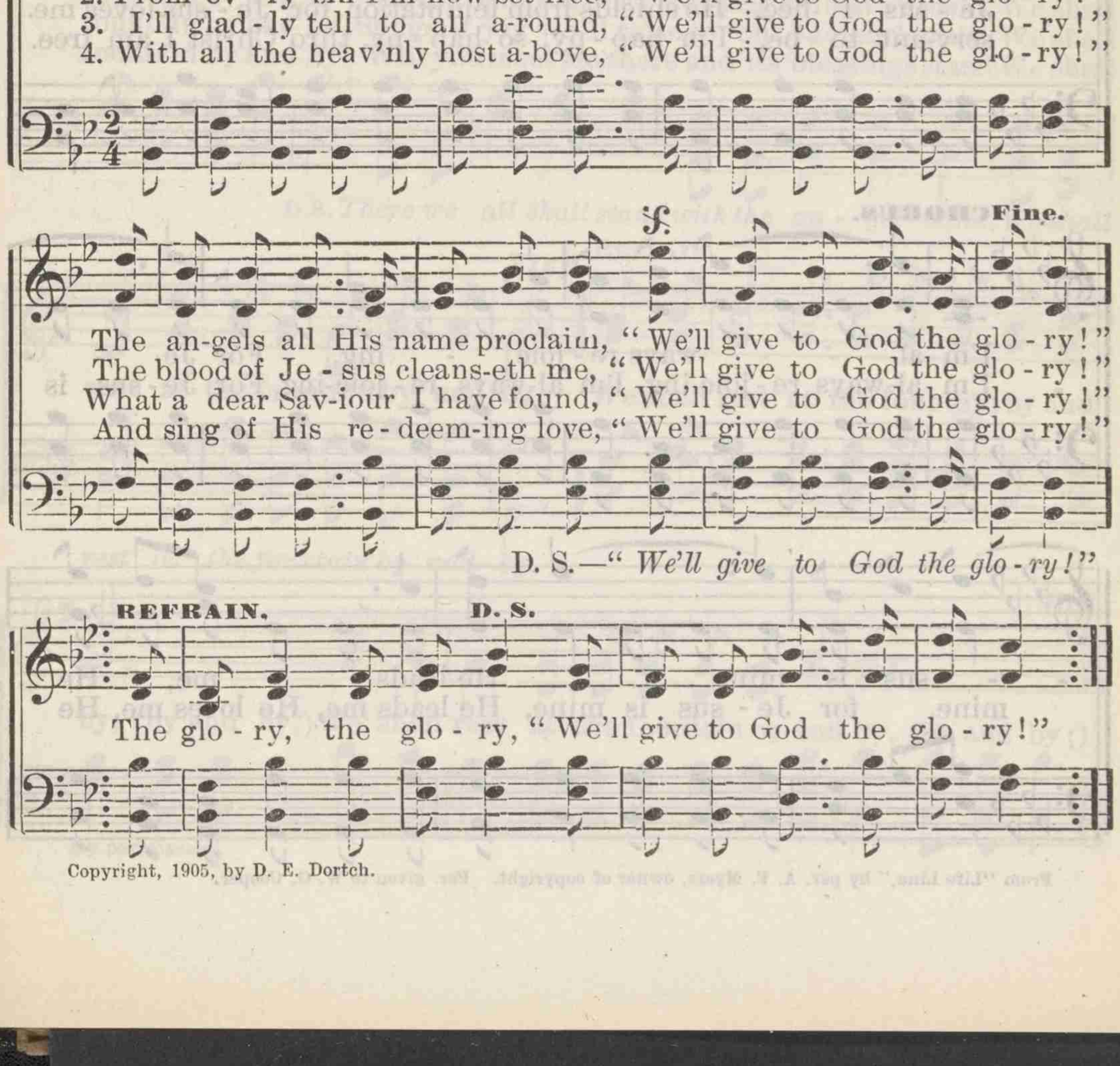
LIVE IN THE PRESENT.



94. THE GLORY.

"Fear God, and give glory to him."—REV. 14: 7.

Arranged by T. M. B. T. M. BOWDISH.



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95. I'M ALWAYS REJOICING.

PSALM 32: 11.

LAURA E. NEWELL. A. F. MYERS.

1. I'm always re-joic-ing, for Je-sus is mine, He leads me, He loves me, O rap-ture di-vine, He walks by me, ev-er to
2. I'm gath-er-ing sheaves for the master each day, I strive to win souls to the straight narrow way, When pleasures al-lure me, to giv-ing I kneel at His shrine, En-deav-or-ing tru-ly His
3. I'm always re-joic-ing, for Je-sus is mine, With songs of thanks- Him do I cling, Se-cure do I rest 'neath His shel-ter-ing wing. Je-sus I flee, He shields from temptation, for Je-sus loves me. serv-ant to be, I'm hap-py, so hap-py, thro' Christ I am free.

CHORUS.

I'm al - - ways re-joic - ing, For Je - - - sus is mine.....
I'm al-ways re-joic-ing, I'm al-ways re-joic-ing, For Je-sus is mine, for Je-sus is mine, He leads me, He leads me, He loves me, He

From "Life Line," by per. A. F. Myers, owner of copyright. Per. given to W. G. Cooper.

I'M ALWAYS REJOICING.

96. WE SHALL REST AT THE FOUNTAIN.

"In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life."—Rev. 22: 2.

D. E. D. D. E. DORTCH, by per.

By permission.

No. 97. When Jesus Spoke Comfort to Me.

E. C. MACARTNEY. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. I wan-dered a-way in the dark-ness, No ref-uge, nor hope could I see, And my spir-it was al-most de-spair-ing When
2. How sweet to my soul was the mes-sage, "My child, I am wait-ing for thee," And my sad-ness was changed to re-joic-ing, When
3. My doubts and my fears all have van-ished, As night from the sun-shine does flee, And my eyes saw the brightness of heav-en, When
4. I'm do-ing the work of the Mas-ter And striv-ing more like Him to be, And I bless Him for that hap-py mo-ment When

REFRAIN.

Je-sus spoke comfort to me. When Je-sus spoke comfort to me.

When Je-sus spoke com-fort to me, O the heav-en-ly cur-

tain was lift-ed, When Je-sus spoke comfort to me, (to me.)

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98. A MISSIONARY HYMN.

"Ward and Way." Selected. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Make me to share Thy patient love, O Lord, That yearns to save the
2. Too few the lab'rers, Lord, the work so vast, So great the is - sues,
3. Up-hold thy servant, gracious Lord, do Thou Draw nigh ; and un - til

scattered sheep, a - broad, Un-shep-herd-ed, far wand'ring in the night ;
and so sad at last The loss of souls, e'en tho' I bless Thy grace ;
vic - to - ry my brow Shall crown, sustain my strength; yes, hear my pray'r.

Midst per - ils dire, in helpless, hopeless plight, O! for the love to
For those redeemed, yet Satan holds his place In cru - el pow'r, o'er
Thrust others forth the strife and toil to share ; Not for Thy sake, Thou

fol-low on their track, And to the Shepherd's arms to bring them back.
mul-ti-tudes en-thralled, My heart sinks down before His strength appalled.
hast not left me lone, But that "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."

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99. SHOULD THE BRIDEGROOM COME.

"Behold the Bridegroom cometh."—MATT. 25 : 6.

ELD. W. G. COOPER. ELD. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Lo, the mid-night hour swift - ly hast - ens on, When the Bridegroom comes,
2. Have your lamps all trimmed, have them burn-ing bright, Lo, the Bridegroom comes,
3. There'll be some to wake from their soft re - pose, When the Bridegroom comes,
4. Bless-ed Lord, in mer - cy O hear our pray'r, Ere the Bridegroom comes,

When the Bridegroom comes; When re-demp-tion's work on this earth is done;
Lo the Bridegroom comes; Quick-ly don your robes, have them pure and white,
When the Bridegroom comes; And will stand with - out when the door is closed,
Ere the Bridegroom comes; May we en - ter in and Thy glo - ry share,

Lo, the Bridegroom comes, Lo, the Bridegroom comes. There'll be ju - bi - lee
Lo, the Bridegroom comes, Lo, the Bridegroom comes. Bless-ed they, who read-
When the Bridegroom comes, When the Bridegroom comes. There'll be some who then
When the Bridegroom comes, When the Bridegroom comes May we use our all

in the courts on high, As the white-robed com - pa - ny draw - eth nigh;
y as Je - sus' guests, En - ter in with Him to the mar - riage feast,
will the Mas - ter hail, And will knock to en - ter but on - ly fail,
for Thy love and praise, And be watch - ing, walk - ing in Thy blest ways,

And the start-ling cry rings a - cross the sky, "Go ye forth now to meet Him,"
In His roy - al pal - ace, for - ev - er blest, Are you read - y to meet Him?
And will turn a - way with a bit - ter wail, 'Tis too late to get read - y
Then when Thou shalt come "at the end of days," May we all, all be read - y.

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SHOULD THE BRIDEGROOM COME.

CHORUS.

Lo, the Bridegroom comes.
When the Bridegroom comes. Should the Bridegroom come, should the Bridegroom come,
When the Bridegroom comes.
When the Bridegroom comes.

Should the Bridegroom come, are you read - y now? Should the Bridegroom come,

are you read - y now? Are you watching and read-y, should the Bridegroom come?

100. GOD OF MY SALVATION.

REV. J. McLEAN. I. J. HEFFIG.

1. O, Thou God of my sal - va - tion, Thou our ev - er - last-ing King,
   Bring to me the new cre - a - tion, Al - pha and O - me - ga be,
2. Let not Sa - tan be a riv - al, Let not sin u - surp the throne,
   Give me faith and its a-chievements, Give me love that casts out fear,

Show me now Thy great sal - va - tion, To my rav - ished spir - it bring;
Thou canst save with full sal - va - tion, Save to all e - ter - ni - ty.
Cast out doubt and ev - 'ry tri - fle, Let my Sav - iour reign a - lone;
Fill my soul with con - so - la - tion, All Thy grac - es may I share.

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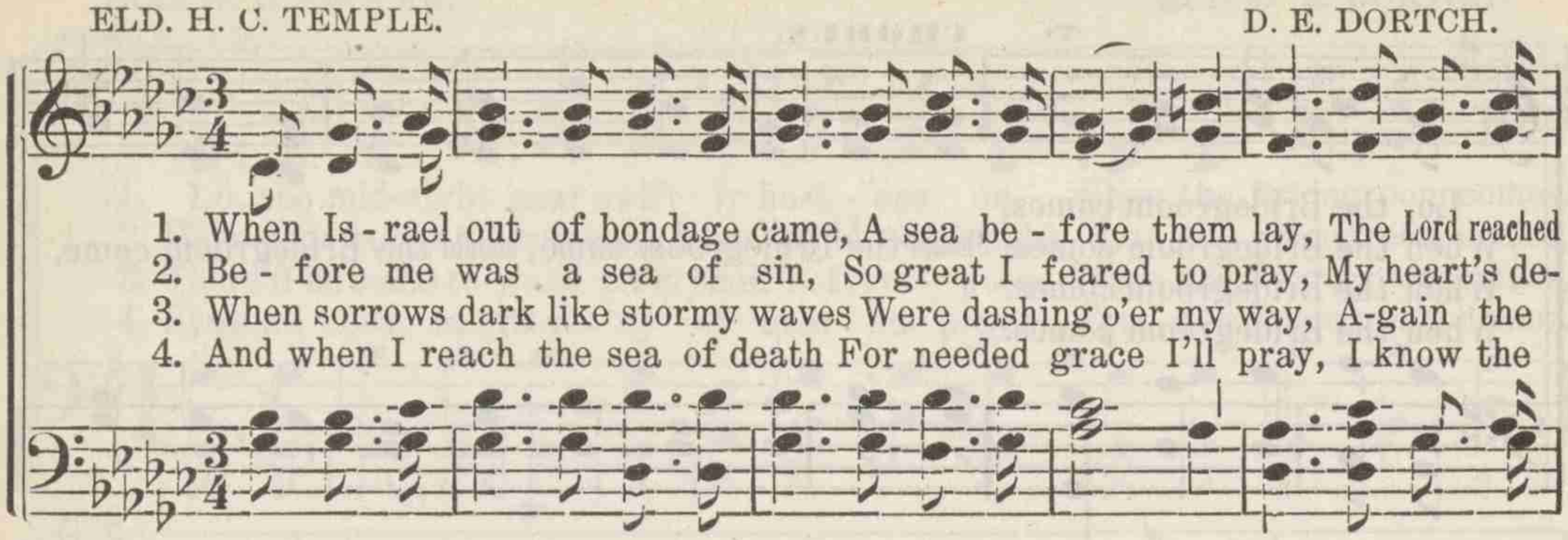
101. HE'LL ROLL THE SEA AWAY.

ELD. H. C. TEMPLE. D. E. DORTCH.



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102. COME WE THAT LOVE THE LORD.

Key of G.

1 Come we that love the Lord.
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

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

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

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

103. SURRENDER.

W. G. COOPER. D. E. DORTCH.

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104. SURRENDER TO JESUS.

Sing to above tune. W. G. COOPER. 1904.

1 Surrender to Jesus, just now,
O come, at His feet lowly bow;
In Jesus believing,
Thy sinful life leaving,
He'll crown with life's halo thy brow.

2 Surrender, forgiveness to share,
And thou His rich laurels shalt wear,
Sweet peace and contentment,
No evil presentment,
Shall darken life's pathway so fair.

3 Surrender, 'tis time to decide,
While mercy's door stands open wide,
Life's moments are flying,
You'll soon find at dying
That closed is "the good way and tried."

4 Surrender! thus sweetly shall glide
Life's moments; He safely shall guide,
Through pastures terrestrial,
To glories celestial,
Forever to dwell by His side.

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No. 105. SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

MRS. THOS. BURROUGHS. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Un-an-swered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead-ed In ag - o -
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent - ed This one pe -
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Perhaps your
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un - an - swered; Her feet were

ny of heart these ma-ny years? Does faith begin to fail, is hope de -
ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
part is not yet whol-ly done; The work be-gan when first your pray'r was
firm - ly plant-ed on the Rock; A - mid the wild-est storms she stands un -

part-ing, And think you all in vain those fall-ing tears? Say not the
ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
ut-tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun. If you will
daunt-ed, Nor quails be-fore the loud-est thun-der shock. She knows Om -

Fa-ther hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your desire sometime, some -
passed since then, do not de-spair; The Lord will answer you sometime, some -
keep the in-cense burn-ing there, His glo - ry you shall see, sometime, some -
nip-o-tence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, some -

Rit - - - - - - - - - - ad lib.

where, You shall have your de - sire, some-time, some - where.
where, The Lord will an - swer you some-time, some - where.
where, His glo - ry you shall see, some-time, some - where.
where, And cries, "It shall be done," some-time, some - where.

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106. SPEAK TO MY SOUL.

L. L. P. Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je-sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone; Whisper in lov - ing
2. Speak to thy children ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way; Fill them with joy and
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst re-veal thy will; Let me know all my

kindness: "Thou art not left a - lone." O - pen my heart to hear thee, Quickly to
gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in con-se-cra-tion Yield their whole
du - ty, Let me thy law ful - fill. Lead me to glo - ri - fy thee, Help me to

hear thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with praises, Let me in Thee re - joice.
lives to Thee, Has-ten Thy com - ing kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see.
show Thy praise, Glad - ly to do Thy bid-ding, Hon-or Thee all my days.

CHORUS.

Speak Thou in soft - est whis - pers, Whis-pers of love to me;
Speak Thou to me each day, Lord, Al - ways in ten - d'rest tone;

1 2

"Thou shalt be al - ways con-q'ror, Thou shalt be al - ways free."
Let me now hear thy whis-per, "Thou art not left (*Omit* . . . . .) a - lone"

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107. I SHALL DWELL THERE.

JOHN 14: 27, 3.

J. C. MIDYETT. E. HANKS.

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108. I WILL TRUST.

Words arr. J. M. HAGAN.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed-ing side;
2. My dy - ing Sav-iour and my God, The foun-tain for all sin;
3. Wash me and make me thus Thine own, Wash me and mine Thou art;

This all my hope and all my plea, For me my Sav - iour died.
O cleanse me with Thy precious blood, And make me white with-in.
Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.

CHORUS.

I will trust in the blood, I will trust in the blood, I will trust in the

blood of the Lamb; I will trust in the blood, I will

the blood of the Lamb;

trust in the blood, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.

Calv'ry's Lamb.

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109. MY LORD AND I.

Anon. D. E. DORTCH.

1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ver - y dear to me; He loves me with such ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly; I could not live a-part from Him,
2. Sometimes I'm faint and weary, He knows that I am weak; And so He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek; He leads me in the paths of light,
3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well; But with what love He lov - eth me, My tongue can nev - er tell; It is an ev - er - last - ing love,
4. I tell Him all my sor-rows, I tell Him all my joys; I tell Him all that pleas-es me, I tell Him what an-noys; He tells me what I ought to do,
5. He knows how I am long-ing Some wea-ry soul to win; And so He bids me go and speak A lov - ing word for Him; He bids me tell His wondrous love,
6. He tells me of His king-dom He has pre-pared for me; And soon its courts I'll en - ter in, And all His glo - ry see; And there 'mid joys be-yond com-pare,

I love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
Be - neath a sun - ny sky, And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
An ev - er rich sup - ply, And so we love each oth-er, My Lord and I.
He tells me what to try, And so we talk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
And why He came to die, And so we work to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
And heav'nly scenes de-scry, We'll ev - er reign to-geth-er, My Lord and I.

REFRAIN.

My Lord and I, my Lord and I, And so we dwell to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
My Lord and I, my Lord and I, And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
My Lord and I, my Lord and I, And so we love each oth-er, My Lord and I.
My Lord and I, my Lord and I, And so we talk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
My Lord and I, my Lord and I, And so we work to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
My Lord and I, my Lord and I, We'll ev - er reign to-geth-er, My Lord and I.

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110. THE LIGHT OF CHRIST.

REV. GEO. BERNREUTER. C. A. SHAW.

1. Now the light of Christ is shin - ing, Chang-ing dark-ness in - to day,
2. Now the ban-quet of sal - va - tion, Is pre-pared for you and me,
3. Now o - bey and do thy du - ty, With a trust - ed heart and mind,

For its rays so pure, re - fin - ing, Take the dross of sin a - way.
Do not slight the in - vi - ta - tion, Which the Sav-iour gives to thee.
Christ will clothe thee with His beau - ty, Make thee hap - py, true and kind.

CHORUS.

Now with glad - ness, Now with glad - ness,
Now re - ceive Him, Now re - ceive Him,
Now and ev - er, Now and ev - er,
Now with glad - ness, Now with glad - ness,

Fol - low thou its guiding ray; Now with glad - ness, Now with
Take the bread of life so free; Now re - ceive Him, Now re-
Thou wilt joy and comfort find, Now and ev - er, Now and
its guiding ray, Now with gladness,

Small notes ad lib.

glad - ness, Fol - low thou its guid-ing ray.
ceive Him, Take the bread of life so free.
ev - er, Thou wilt joy and com-fort find.
Now with gladness, its guiding ray.

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111. SATISFIED WITH JESUS.

REV. GEO. BERNREUTER. C. A. SHAW.

1. When with my Sav-iour I com-mune. In mo-ments sweet and still,
2. His pres - ence gives such pure de-light, My soul finds sweet re - pose;
3. For - ev - er I would here a - bide, And wor - ship and a - dore;

He doth my heart with love at - tune, And con-quers all my will.
He makes my cares and bur-dens light, And heav'n-ly gifts be - stows.
For here my soul is sat - is - fied, With Je - sus ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

It is so sweet to think and pray With Je-sus all a-lone,
It is so sweet to think and pray With Je-sus all a-lone, all a-lone,

He sat - is-fies me ev - 'ry day, For I am now His own.
He sat - is-fies me ev-'ry day,

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112. AT THY CROSS I REST.

REV. GEO. BERNREUTER. C. A. SHAW.

Slow.

1. Je - sus, I am sad and wea - ry, For my bur - den is so great,
2. Pit - y me Thou bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear my fee - ble call;
3. Take a - way this heav - y bur - den, And my fee - ble strength renew,

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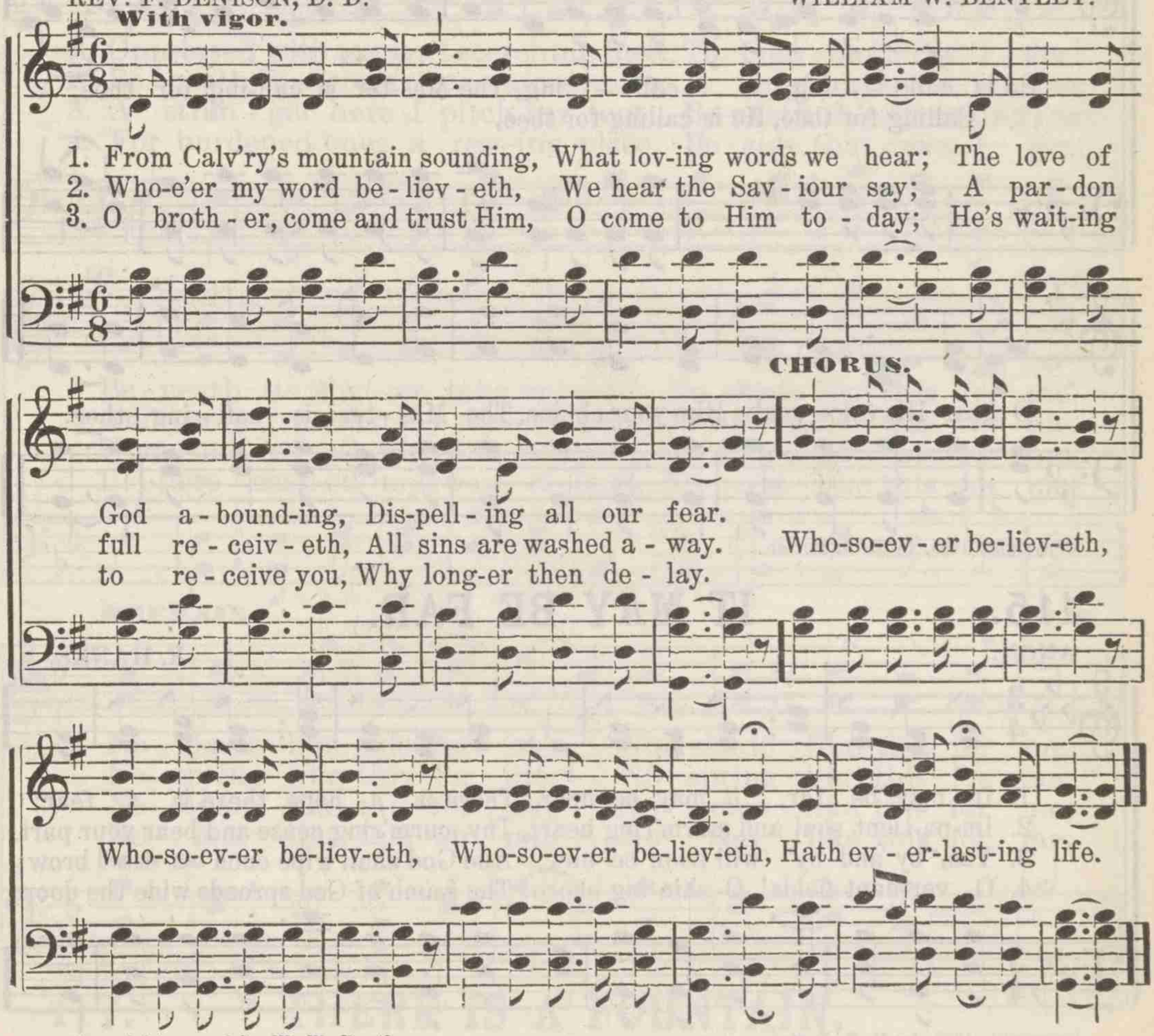
AT THY CROSS I REST.

113. WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH.

"Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish."—JOHN 3: 16.

REV. F. DENISON, D. D. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.



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114. THE MASTER CALLETH FOR THEE.

Words arranged. D. E. DORTCH.

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115. IT MAY BE FAR.

ANON. E. HANKS.

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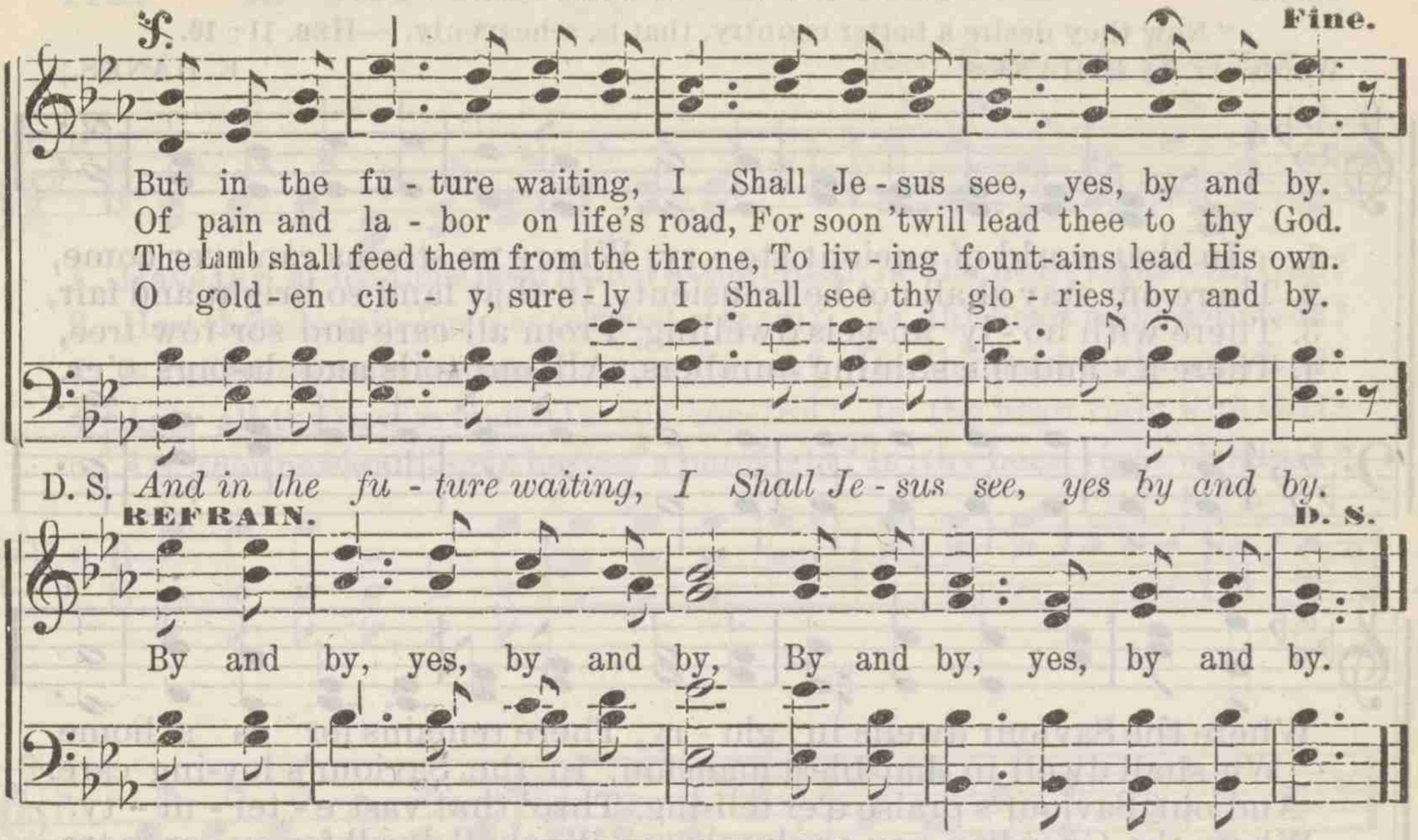
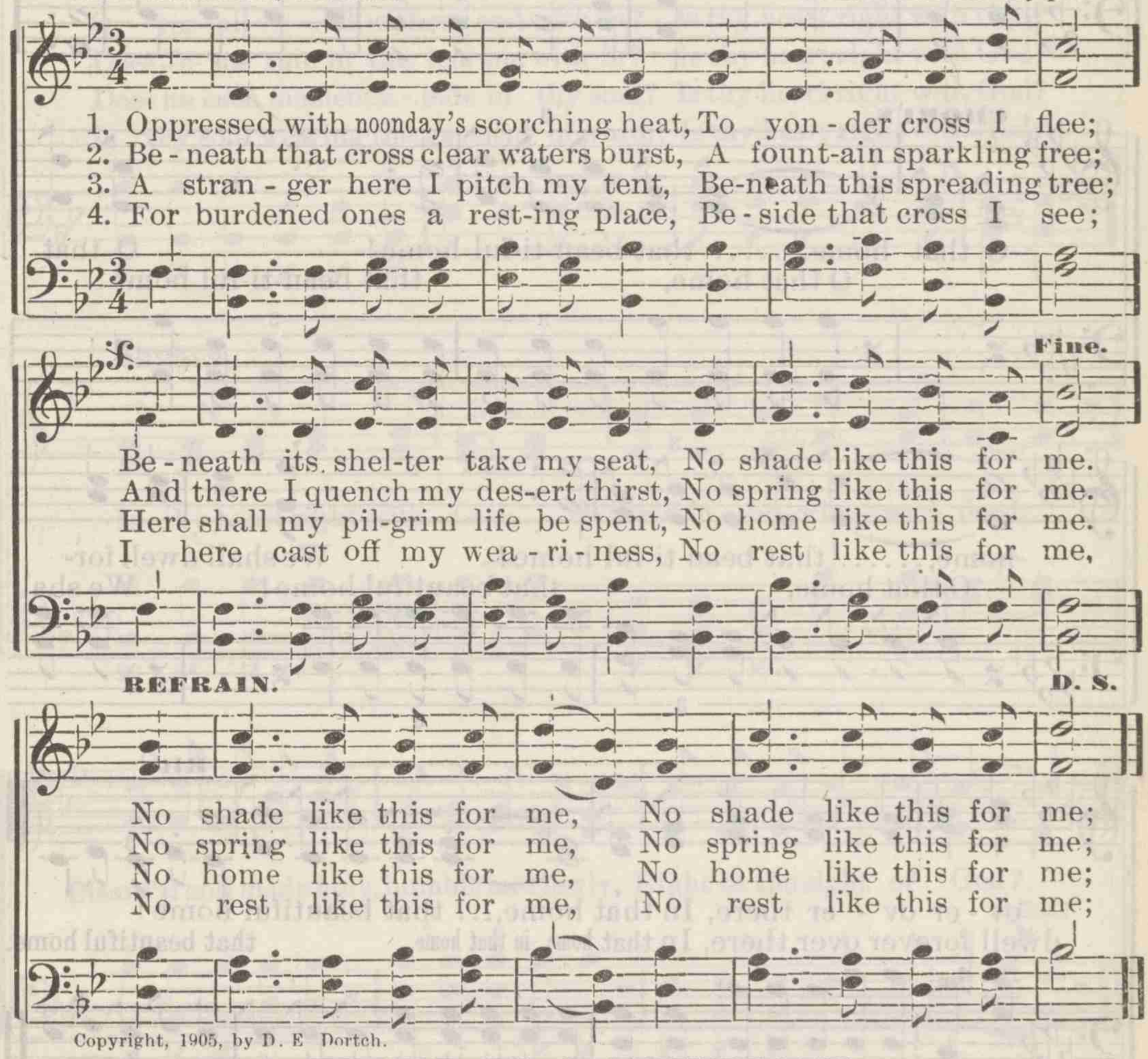
IT MAY BE FAR.



116. THE CROSS.*

REV. HORATIUS BONAR. D. E. DORTCH. By per.



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117. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

* This hymn may be sung to above tune.

118. O THAT HOME.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly. —HEB. 11: 16.

Words arr. by E. HANKS. E. HANKS.

1. In that world of ancient sto - ry, Where no storms can ever come,
2. There our stay shall not be transient, In that land so bright and fair,
3. There with ho - ly an-gels dwelling, From all care and sor-row free,
4. There a - mid the shining numbers, All our toils and la-bors o'er,

Where the Saviour dwells in glo - ry, There remains for us a home.
We shall dwell in that blest mansion, In the Saviour's lov-ing care.
And our Saviour's praise e'er tell-ing, Thro' that vast e - ter - ni - ty.
Where the Guardian nev-er slumbers, We shall dwell for ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

O that home,..... that beau-ti-ful home! O that home, that beau-ti-ful home!

home,..... that beau-ti-ful home! We shall dwell for- O that home, that beautiful home! We shall

ev - er ov - er there, In that home,... that beautiful home!
dwell forever over there, In that home, in that home, that beautiful home.

Rit.

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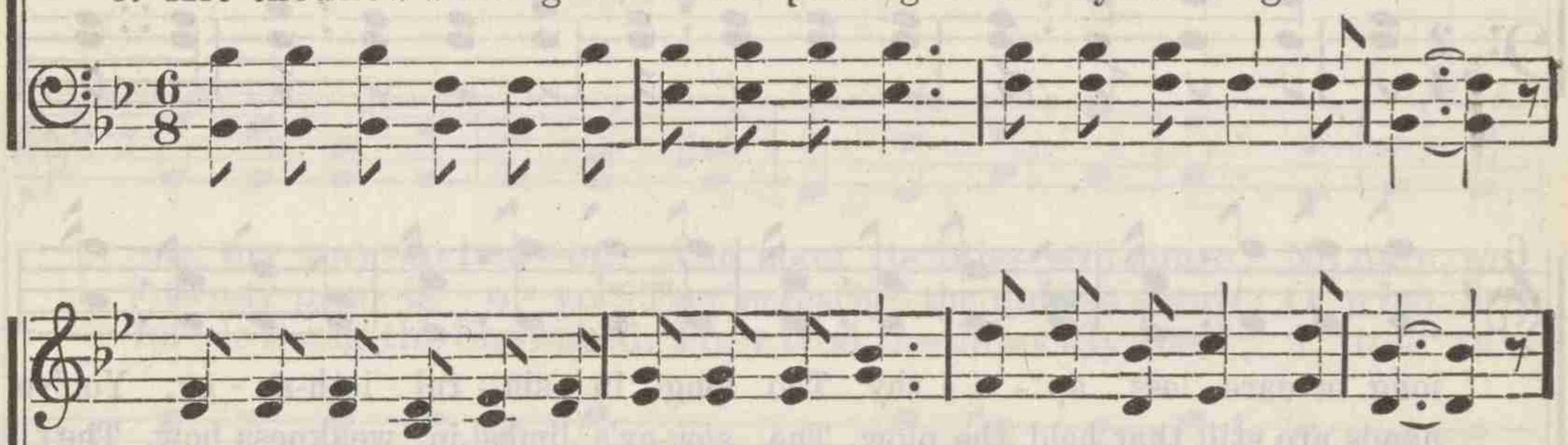
119. IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

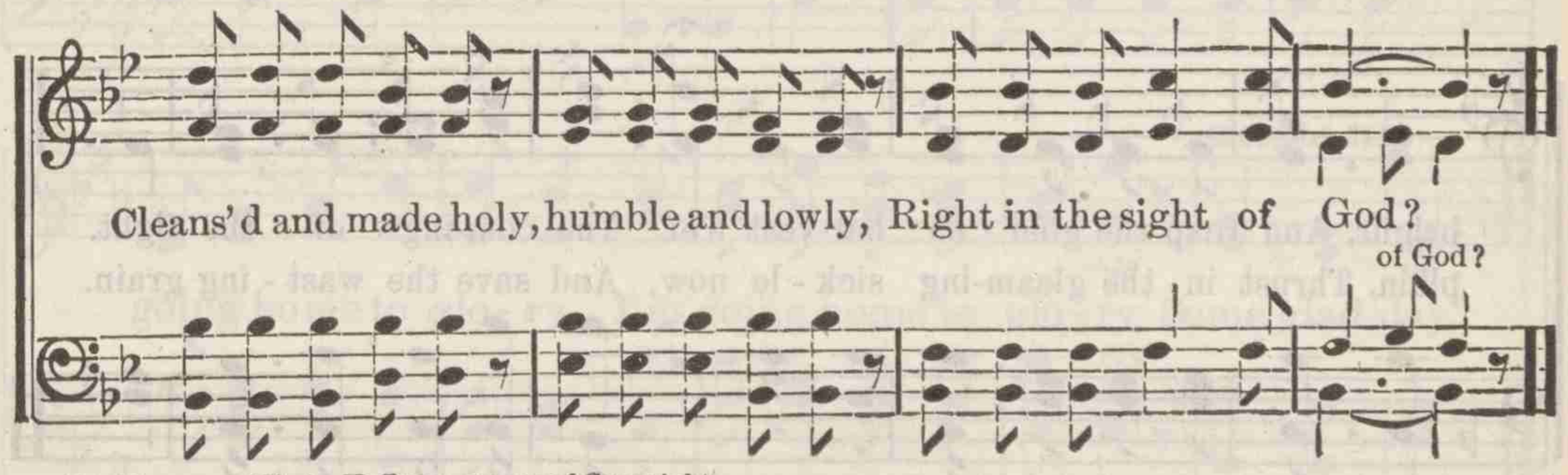
1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more condem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?



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

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crim - son flood,



Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
of God?

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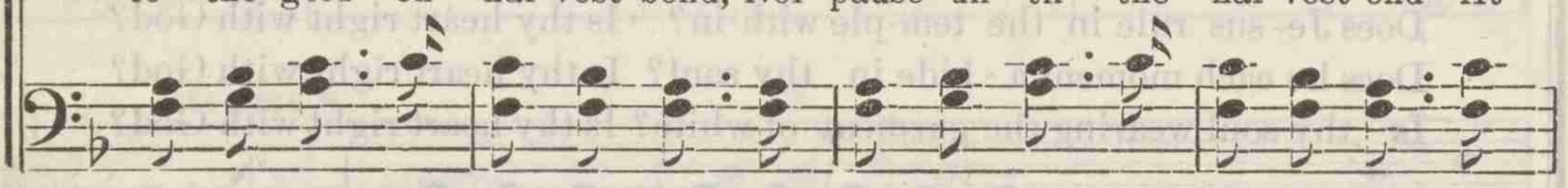
120. HO! REAPERS FOR ETERNITY.

MISSIONARY RALLY SONG. I Thess. 5

Words and Music of Chorus by J. C. MIDYETT. Music by D. E. DORTCH.

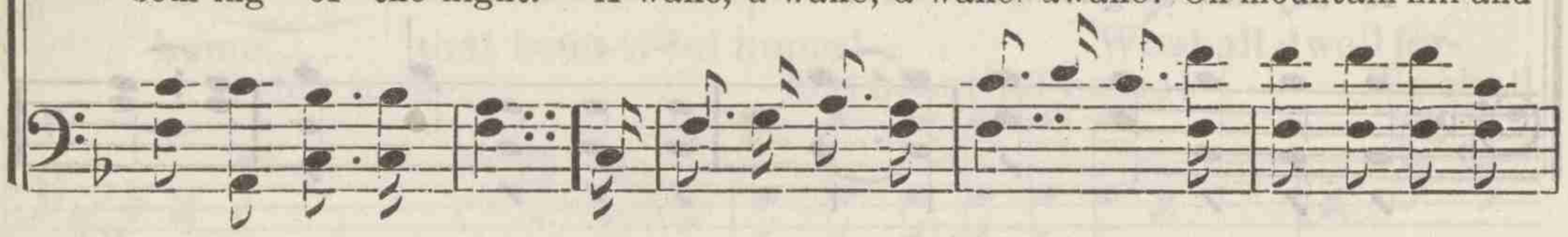
1. Ho! reap - ers for e - ter - ni - ty! A - rouse you one and all; Too
2. The fields are white to har - vest now, The reap - ers must be true; The
3. O har - vest - er how can you sleep! While o'er the har - vest plain The
4. The time has come when ev - 'ry friend Should grasp the sick-le bright, And

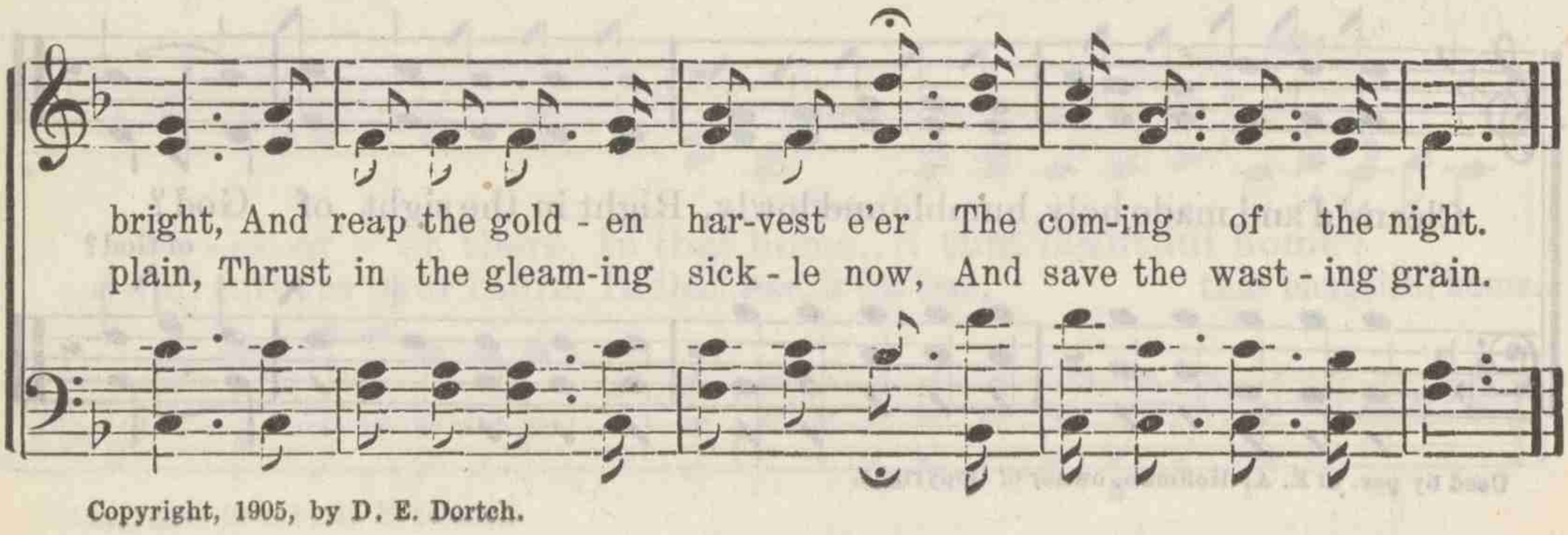
long in care - less ap - a - thy, Too long in sin - ful leth-ar - gy, You've
hands are still that held the plow, The sow-er's limbs in weakness bow, The
storms of death in fu - ry sweep, And strew the fields your hands might reap With
to the gold - en har-vest bend, Nor pause un - til the har-vest end At



REFRAIN.

heed-ed not His call. (*For 1st and 2d verses.*)
Mas-ter calls for you. A-wake, a-wake, awake, awake! And grasp the sickle
wrecks of wasted grain. (*For 3d and 4th verses.*)
com-ing of the night. A-wake, a-wake, a-wake awake! On mountain hill and





bright, And reap the gold - en har-vest e'er The com-ing of the night.
plain, Thrust in the gleam-ing sick - le now, And save the wast - ing grain.

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121. I'M GOING HOME TO GLORY.

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. My heart is full of glad-ness, And mu - sic fills the air, I'm on my way to heav-en, And soon its bliss will share; No pain, no
2. I've ma - ny loved ones yon-der, Who have but gone be-fore, Their journey now is o - ver, They've reached the golden shore; O, what a
3. When here on earth they trust-ed The Saviour's precious blood, And fol - low-ing the Shepherd, They trod the heav'nly road; I, too, in

death nor sor-row, But glo - ry bright and fair, Shall be the bless-ed
gladsome meeting 'Twill be when I get home, A great and sweet re-
Christ am rest-ing, And in His grace a - lone; I'm dai - ly, hour - ly

CHORUS.

por-tion Of all who en-ter there.
un - ion Be-fore our Father's throne. I'm go-ing home to glo-ry, Im
long-ing To hear Him call me home.

Rit.ad lib.

going home to glo - ry, I'm going home to glo - ry Some glad day.

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122. OPTIMISM.

REV. EUGENE KUNTZ. D. E. DORTCH.

1. If o'er us nev - er gathered the dull and dark'ning cloud, We'd never know how
2. If round us nev - er brood-ed the si - lent, hooded night, We'd never catch the
3. If ne'er a surg-ing tempest swept o'er our life's calm main, We'd never know the

glo-rious the sky be-yond the shroud; We'd nev - er know how wondrous the
mu - sic which wings on star - ry light; We'd nev - er mark the beau - ty of
sweetness that's born of tempest's pain. Nor shall we see the beau - ty that

glimm'ring, golden rift, Which clings to lips of vapors, that down the sky-main drift.
sil-ver sea-borne moon, If all the time were radiant with blaze of sun - lit noon.
sleeps within the vale, If ne'er we climb the mountain, nor crag nor cliff-height scale.

CHORUS.

O if we had no partings, we'd nev-er know how sweet The ten-der look and

hand-clasp when once a - 'gain we meet. So bless my soul! I'm hap - py in

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OPTIMISM.

123. LOOK TO THE LAMB.

REV. THOS. NIELD. D. E. DORTCH.

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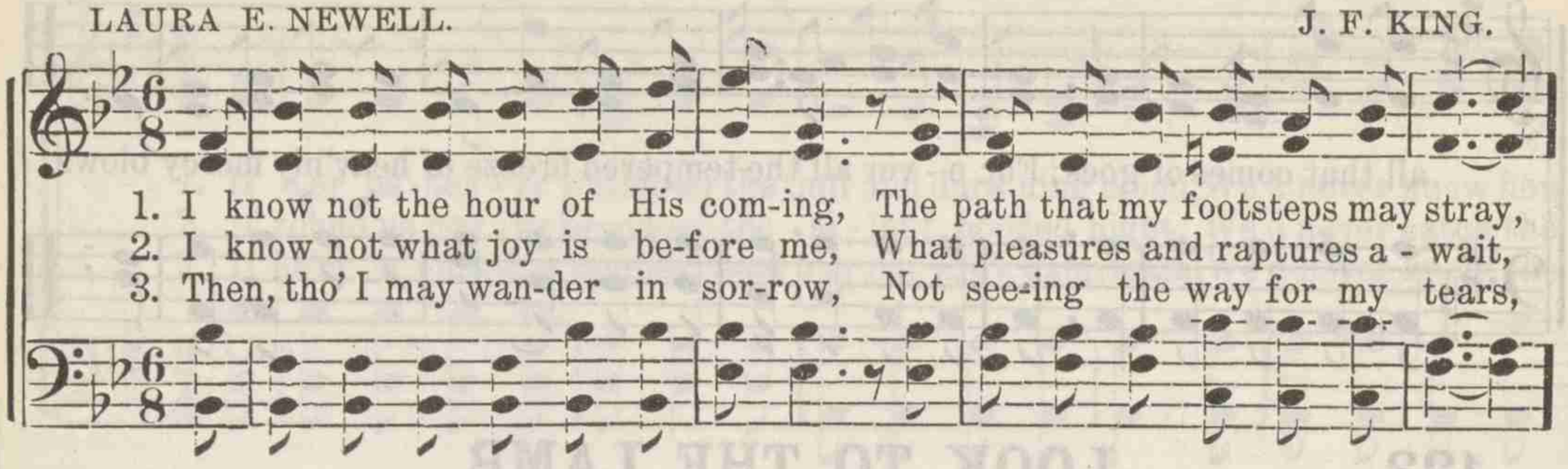
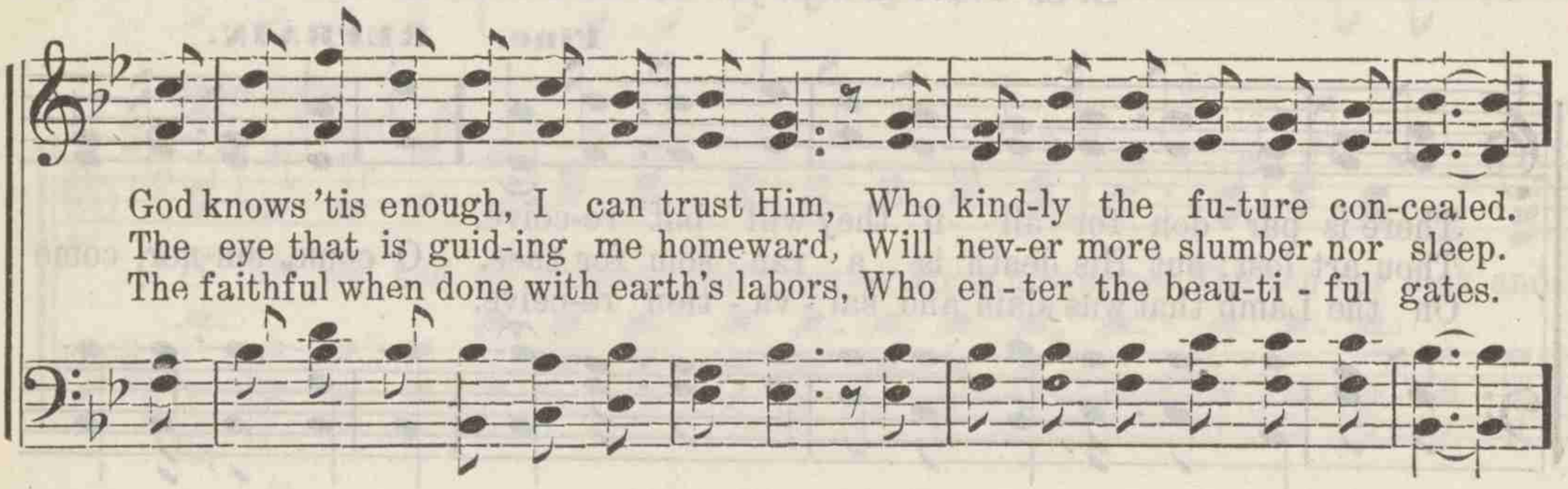
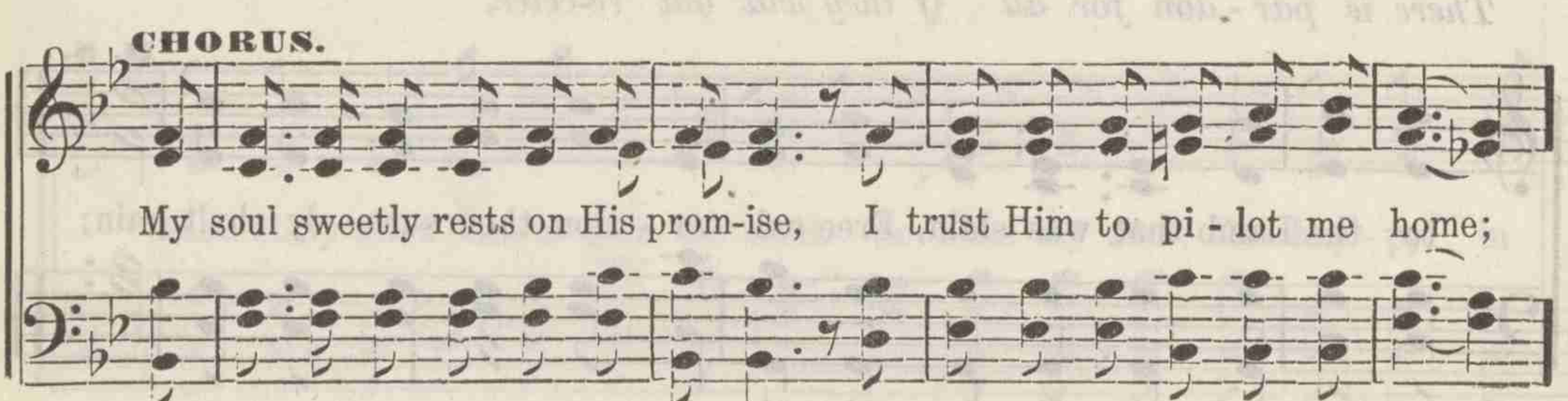
124. TRUST.

"And this is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life."—JOHN.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. F. KING.







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TRUST.

125. ON CALVARY.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. B. JUDEFIND.

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126. IN HIS NAME.

"Let us not be weary in well doing."—GAL. 6: 9.

HARRIET E. JONES. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

With expression.

1. We can give a cup of wa - ter In His name, By the way-side as we go,
2. We may lift the head a-wea - ry In His name, By some words in accents cheery,
3. We may help to banish sad-ness In His name, By a song of hope and gladness,

In His name, Tho' a hum-ble place we fill, May be use - ful if we will, 'Mid the
In His name, Make the hours of pain seem less To the wea - ry in dis-tress, If we
In His name, Sing of Him who dropped a tear By the grave of one held dear, And He

REFRAIN.

paths of good and ill, In His name. In His name, In His name!
sym - pa - thy express In His name.
came the heart to cheer, Bless His name. In His name, In His name!

We may scatter seeds of kindness, In His name, Ev -'ry deed for others done,
In His name,

In the name of Christ, the Son, We shall meet when heav'n is won, Praise His name.
Praise His name.

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127. I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

D. W. CRIST.

Lively.

1. I dare not i - dle stand, While here on ev - 'ry hand The
2. I dare not i - dle stand, While o - ver all the land Poor.
3. I dare not i - dle stand, But at my Lord's command For

whit'- ning fields de - clare the har - vest near, (har - vest near;)
wand' ring souls need hum - ble help like mine, (help like mine;)
Him I'll la - bor on thro' life's short day, (life's short day;)

A glean - er I would be, And gath - er, Lord, for Thee, Lest
Far bright - er than the gem In monarch's di - a - dem, Each
The eve will come at last, Life's cares for - ev - er passed, E-

D. S. *A glean - er I would be, And gath - er, Lord, for Thee, Yes,*

I with emp-ty hands at last ap-pear. Work - - ing for the
soul a star in Je - sus' crown may shine.
ter - nal rest will then my toil re - pay. Working for the Mas - ter,

CHORUS.

Fine.

gath - er for His gar - ner in the sky.

Mas - ter, For..... the home on high.
working for the Lord, Working for a home, a home that is on high.

D. S.

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128. THE MISTAKE OF MY LIFE.

"I am the door."—JOHN 19: 9.

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

MRS. URANIA LOCKE BAILEY. D. E. DORTCH.

1. The mistakes of my life have been ma - ny, But the sins of my heart have been more, And I scarcely can see for weep-ing, But I
2. I am low - est of those who love Him, I am weak-est of those who pray; But I come un - to Him who has bid-den, And He
3. My mistakes His free grace will cov - er, My sins He will wash a - way; And the feet that shrink and fal - ter, Shall
4. The mistakes of my life have been ma - ny, And my spir - it is sick with sin; And I scarce-ly can see for weep-ing, But the

CHORUS.

come to the o - - pen door. I will en - ter,.... Glad-ly
will not say me nay.
walk thro' the gates of day.
Sav-iour will let me in.

en - ter the door, en - ter,.... To a life pure and ho-ly I'll enter the door, Since Jesus in-
enter the door,

vites me I'll wander no more, Thro'the por-tal so nar-row I'll enter the door.

Rit.

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129. FOUNTAIN OF PRAISE.

"Sing praises to God."—Ps. 47: 6.

REV. GEO. P. HOTT. J. H. HALL.

1. O Fount-ain of bless-ing, for-ev-er ex-press-ing, Our joy to the "An-cient of days;" We hail Thee with gladness, un-
2. With-out Thy blest wa-ters, Je-ru-sa-lem's daught-ers, Must lan-guish and sor-row al-ways; Our Fa-ther, then, grant them a
3. Thou sweet glid-ing riv-er, flow on-ward for-ev-er, While songs of re-joic-ing we raise; And of-fer sal-va-tion to

min-gled with sad-ness, And hast-en to car-ol Thy praise.
part in the an-them, To Je-sus, the Fountain of praise.
ev-e-ry na-tion, In Je-sus, the Fountain of praise.

CHORUS.

O Fount-ain of praise,.... We hail Thee, blest Fountain of praise.
O Fountain of praise, blest Fountain of praise,

We hail Thee with gladness, unmingled with sadness, And hasten to carol Thy praise.

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130. THROWING OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

REV. A. D. KENNEDY. D. W. CRIST.

1. We are throwing out the life-line to-night, To the mar - i - ners up - on the
2. We are throwing out the life-line to-night, To those per - ish-ing beneath the
3. We are throwing out the life-line to-night, To the worldling on life's stormy
4. We are throwing out the life-line to-night, To poor drunkards in their mad ca
5. We are throwing out the life-line to-night, Where the breakers wreck so many

deep, With no light-house them to give a - ny light, While the bil-lows o'er their
wave, With no pi - lot for to guide them a-right, Or to save them from a-
sea, With no port in view nor with Bi - ble light, He is drift-ing to'ard e-
reer, Floating down Intemp'rance Stream day and night, Fill-ing drunkards' graves from
souls; Then, my brother, grasp the life-line to-night, It will save you from earth's

CHORUS.

ves - sel sweep. We are throw - ing, we are throw - ing,
wa - t'ry grave.
ter - ni - ty.
year to year.
shocks and shoals. We are throwing out the line, we are throwing out the line,

We are throwing out the life line to-night, To the sail - or on the deep,

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THROWING OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

131. BRING ME STILL CLOSER TO THEE.

J. S. N. J. S. NORRIS.

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132. THY BLOOD NOW CLEANSES ME.

KATHRINE E. PURVIS. D. E. DORTCH.

1. O Lamb of God, whose precious blood Will wash a - way all sin, I
2. O Lamb of God, I sing Thy praise, Low ly - ing at Thy feet, Thy
3. O Lamb of God, thro' gates of light, Some day I shall a - rise, Ar-

sink beneath the healing flood, And feel its pow'r with-in; The crimson stream, so
love has crowned my earthly days With mercies rich and sweet; Thy blood poured out for
rayed in garments pure and white, To dwell in Par - a - dise; To greet the saints be-

full and free, Still flow-ing day by day, O wondrous grace, now cleanses me, And
all, saves me, Thou hast my sins forgiv'n; Thy life was of - fered on the tree, That
fore Thy throne, To see Thee face to face, And praise thro' A-ges yet un-known, Thy

CHORUS.

bears my guilt a - way.
I might live in heav'n. Thy blood now cleans-es me, Thy blood now cleans-es
boundless, matchless grace.

me, My lips re - peat, A song so sweet, Thy blood now cleanses me.

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133. THERE'S A BLESSING FOR YOU.

MISS ALICE J. CLEATER. E. HANKS.

1. There's a bless-ing for you if you'll on - ly re - ceive, Sin-ner, haste un - to
2. There's a bless-ing for you, O 'tis free of all cost, Joy and peace shall be
3. There's a bless-ing for you, leave the shad-ows of night! Let thy footsteps be

Je - sus, repent and be - lieve, Lo, this mo-ment He wait-eth sal - va-tion to give,
thine who art oft tempest tossed, Leave the ranks of the foe, join the Master's strong host,
led by the heav-en - ly light, Trust no long - er in self, lean on Je-sus' strong might,

CHORUS.

There's a bless - ing for you to - day! There's a bless-ing for you, There's a
blessing for you, Soul, O turn not from Je - sus a - way! O re - pent and be-
lieve, and sal - va - tion receive, There's a bless-ing for you to - day (to-day).

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134. WE'LL ALWAYS SAY "GOOD MORNING."

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. MORGAN.

1. Tho' the mys-tic veil of darkness throws her mantle o - ver all, When each night the sun descends His gold-en stair, Yet we soon will reach that country
2. Here we have our nights of trouble, here we have our nights of woe, Here we have our nights of sor-row and de - spair; But there is a bless-ed country
3. When we laid a - way our loved ones in the cold and si - lent tomb, Night and darkness seemed to set-tle ev - 'ry - where; But we'll meet them in that cit - y

where no shadows ev - er fall, Then we'll always say "Good morning" over there.
where no tears will ev - er flow, And 'twill always be "Good morning" over there.
where no night shall cast its gloom, Then we'll always say "Good morning" over there.

CHORUS.

We will nev - er say "Good night," When we reach that land of light, And the gold-en portals o-pen bright and fair..... Where no shadows ev - er fall, bright and fair,

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WE'LL ALWAYS SAY "GOOD MORNING."

Rit.

Where no darkness can ap-pall, We will always say "Good morning," o-ver there.

135. EVERY DAY ANOINTINGS.

HARRIET E. JONES. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Ev -'ry day a-noint-ings, This my ear-nest plea, Ev -'ry day bap-tis - ms,
2. Ev -'ry day a-noint-ings, Thou a - lone can give, Ev -'ry day bap-tis - ms,
3. Ev -'ry day re - lig - ion, Sav-iour, noth-ing less, Ev -'ry day bap-tis - ms,

Bless-ed Lord, from Thee. In Thy love a - bid - ing, I can do and dare,
Bless-ed life to live! Hold-ing sweet com-mun-ion With my Lord and King,
O what bless-ed - ness! Ev - 'ry day a-noint-ings, This my ferv-ant plea,

CHORUS.

Ev -'ry earth-ly tri - al, Sweet-ly, meek-ly bear.
In the fi - ery furn-ace, I can prais-es sing. Ev - 'ry day a-noint-ings,
Ev -'ry day communions, Lamb of God, with Thee.

This my pray'r and song; Ev - 'ry day bap - tis - ms, All the way a - long.

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136. CAMPING IN THE WILDERNESS.

H. L. FRISBIE. D. E. DORTCH.

1. We are un-der marching or - ders, A-gainst the hosts of sin, King Je - sus
2. We are dai - ly press-ing on-ward, And this our bat - tle cry, Thro' Him who
3. When the fearful strife is end - ed, We lay our ar-mor down, And from our

is our Cap - tain, We vic - to - ry shall win; A - mid the noise of bat - tle,
died to save us, We con - quer or we die; By His great name we triumph,
great Commander, Re-ceive the victor's crown, The great re-cord-ing an - gel,

We will not be dismayed, We trust our mighty Leader, Who says " be not a-fraid."
Each day's march nearer brings The hour when countless legions Will crown Him King of kings.
Will ope the Book of Life, Each name will then be written, Who conquers in the strife.

CHORUS.

We are camp-ing now in the wil - der-ness, Till the gladsome morn shall come,
When the trum-pet sounds the vic - to - ry, And then we are go - ing home.

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137. WORK TILL I COME.

MISS KATE ULMER. D. E. DORTCH.

1. In the Master's vineyard, There is work for all, Hark, His lov - ing
2. Ma - ny fields neg - lect - ed, Wait for liv - ing seed; They who scat - ter
3. Ri-pened fields are read - y For the reap - ers hand; Go, thrust in your
4. La - bor for the Mas - ter, Till the set - ting sun, Shall pro - claim the

accents Send-ing out the call; Who will an-swer glad - ly, Say - ing "here am
free-ly, Shall re-joice in - deed; Ten-der plants are dy - ing, For the want of
sick - le, Join the lit - tle band; Glo - ry bright e - ter - nal, Shall your ef - forts
ev'ning, And all la - bor done; Then at His re - turn - ing, O what joy 'twill

CHORUS.

I," Go-ing where He sendeth, As the days go by.
care; Need of liv - ing wa-ter There is ev -'rywhere. Working for Je - sus each
crown, When earth's weary toiling, Is for aye laid down.
be; When we hear Him say-ing "Share my joy with Me."

pass - ing day, Find - ing in Him all our strength and our stay; Heeding His

man-date, "work till I come," Gath'ring golden sheaves for the har-vest home.

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No. 138. THE SINNER AND THE SONG.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

SOPRANO SOLO.

1. A sin-ner was wand'ring at e - ven - tide; His tempter was watch-ing close by at his side; In his heart raged a bat-tle for
2. He lingered and listened to ev-'ry sweet chord; He remembered the time he once loved the Lord. Come on! says the tempter, come right a-gainst wrong; But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song.
on with the throng; But hark! from the church a - gain swells the song.

QUARTET. *pp* *D.C.*

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high!

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THE SINNER AND THE SONG.

SOLO.

O, tempter, de - part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

Sav-iour, He dwells in the song; O Lord, can it be that a

sin - ner like me May find a sweet ref-uge by com-ing to Thee?

QUARTET. *pp* SOLO.

Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee. I come,

QUARTET. *pp*

Lord, I come, Thou'lt forgive the dark past, And O, receive my soul at last.

139. CHRIST IS RISEN!

H. L. FRISBIE. DAVID.

1. Christ is risen from the grave, Our liv-ing, lov-ing Saviour; He is read-y now to save,
2. Ring the joyous Eas-ter bells, Our liv-ing, lov-ing Saviour; Of His love their sweet tone tells,
3. We have now an ad - vo-cate, Our liv-ing, lov-ing Saviour; Joys of heav-en for us wait,

Our liv-ing, lov-ing Saviour; Tast-ing death for ev -'ry man
Our liv-ing, lov-ing Saviour; He hath triumphed, man no more
Our liv-ing, lov-ing Saviour; By His death on Cal - va - ry,

This was God's re-demp-tion plan; He is ris - en, hal - le - lu - jah! Our
Cap-tive lies in Sa-tan's pow'r; He is ris - en, hal - le - lu - jah! Our
Sons of God and heirs are we, He is ris - en, hal - le - lu - jah! Our

CHORUS.

liv-ing, lov-ing Saviour. Hal - le - lu-jah! glo-ry be To the Lamb of Cal - va-

ry, He is ris - en, hal - le - lu - jah! Our liv-ing, lov-ing Sav-iour.

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140. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED.

"Another book was opened, which is the Book of life."—REV. 20: 12.

REV. W. G. C. REV. W. G. COOPER.

1. When shall close the earth's long ages, Christ shall come to claim His own;
2. When the "Book of Life" is o-pened, and the crown of glo - ry giv'n
3. When the ar-mies of Je - ho-vah shout "the bat-tles all are o'er!"
4. Let us then be ev - er faith-ful till the Mas - ter bid us rise,

And He shall in glo-rious maj - es - ty ap - pear. When earth's
To the saved of earth, im - mor - tal, bright and fair! When with
And their "welcome home" and glad re - un - ion share; When in
And shall close our life of la - bor, toil and care,; Then we'll

teem-ing mill-ions gath - er up be-fore the judgment throne, And the
vic - to - ry they gath - er for their joy - ous rest in heav'n, When the
grand review they're mustered out up - on the oth - er shore, And the
sweet-ly rest with Je - sus in our home beyond the skies, When the

roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up
roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
roll is called up yonder, We'll be there. When the roll

yon-der,..... *I'll be there, *I'll be there.
*I'll be there, *I'll be there, *I'll be there.

* NOTE.—Last verse, "We'll."

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141. SEND BACK THE ECHOES.

LAURA E. NEWELL. F. S. ROBINSON.

1. There's a song, sweet song, sung in realms a - bove, 'Tis of
2. Hear His voice, blest voice, as it pleads to - day; Ev - 'ry
3. There is peace, sweet peace, that our own may be, If to
4. There's a home, blest home, where the saints a - bide, Where we

Christ, our Lord, and His wondrous love, How His life He gave to re-
trace of sin He will wash a - way; O, He soft - ly calls "Come to
Christ to - day we for par - don flee; He is plead-ing now, hear His
all may dwell past death's stormy tide; There'll be joy in heav'n, if we

store and bless Those who stray in sin in the wil - der - ness.
Me and rest," Wea - ry heart, come home, heed the mes - sage blest.
words so sweet, Cast your weight of care at the Sav - iour's feet.
come to - day Un - to Christ and walk in the nar - row way.

CHORUS.

Send back the ech-oes of the angel's song, High thro' heaven's shining dome;

Loud let the cho-rus ring in triumph now, Wand'rers are coming home.

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142. SINGING IN HEAVEN.

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

MARY IRENE McLEAN. A. F. MYERS.

Slow.

1. I ex-pect to sing in heav-en, Sing the sweet re-frain, While tri-
2. I shall sing the wondrous sto-ry, Of a Sav-iour's love, In His
3. In the beau-ti-ful for-ev-er, When to Christ, my King, Songs of
4. Will you sing with me in heav-en, Will your crown be bright In the

umphant strains on the gold-en harp-strings quiv-er, 'Neath the
courts a-bove, sing with all the saints in glo-ry, Round the
praise I bring, I shall nev-er wea-ry sing-ing, In the
gold-en light will a harp to you be giv-en, When the

REFRAIN.

ech-o'ng dome of the souls sweet home. In the souls sweet, sweet
great white throne in the souls sweet home.
light and bloom of the souls sweet home. In the souls sweet, sweet, sweet,
ran-som come to the souls sweet home.

home, How the gold-en harp strings quiv-er, With the
home, sweet home, With the

Rit.

ech - o-ing dome, In the souls sweet sweet home.
echo'ng, echo'ng, echo'ng dome, In the souls sweet, sweet, sweet, home, sweet home.

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143. LIVE TO BE GOOD.

MRS. ADELINE H. BEERY. D. E. DORTCH.

SOLO.

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus O - ver and o - ver a - gain;
2. If we are tempt-ed to e - vil, Tell us how Je - sus was tried;
3. Let us be swift to do kindness, Slow to let an - ger a - rise;

Tell of His sweet lov-ing spir - it, Bear-ing good deeds among men;
How He was strengthened to conquer, Trust-ing in God for His guide;
Think that our Saviour is watching, Ris - en and throned in the skies;

How He for - got He was homeless, Friendles, foot-wea - ry and sad;
When we are hurt by the scorn-ers, Let us like Je - sus be dumb;
O - ver the world as we wan - der. Car - ry the words of the Lord;

Toil-ing and teaching and pray-ing, Seek-ing to make oth-ers glad.
Out of the scorn and the trouble, Comfort and gladness will come.
Live to be good ev - 'ry mo-ment, So shall we gain His re - ward.

CHORUS.

O let us live like the Mas - ter, Scat - ter all good on the way;

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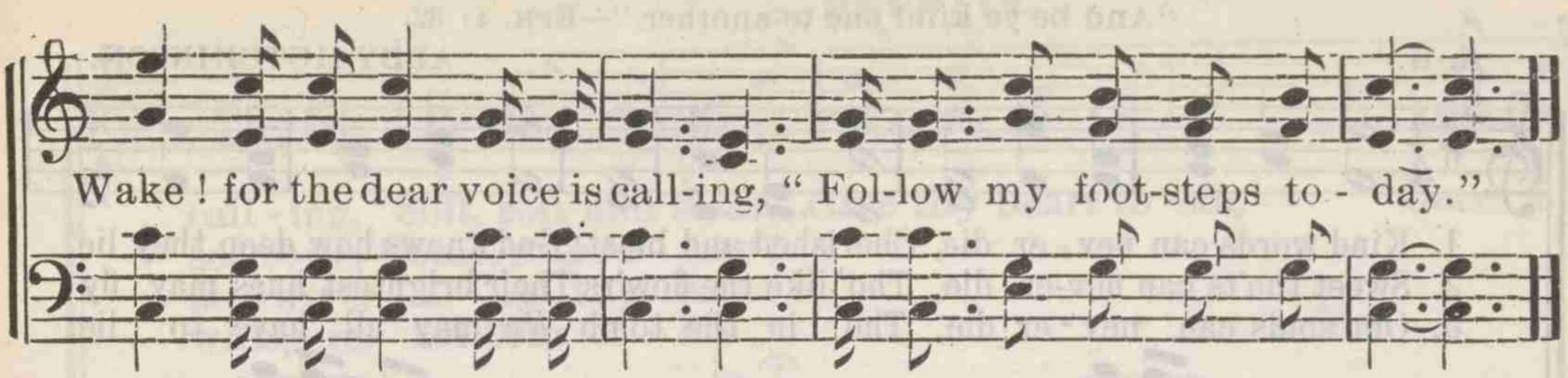
LIVE TO BE GOOD.



144. AN ALL-SUFFICIENT FRIEND.

ADDIE L. GUTH. D. E. DORTCH.

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145. KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

"And be ye kind one to another."—EPH. 4: 32.

A. H. ABBY HUTCHINSON.

146. HARK! THERE COMES A WHISPER.

"Give me thine heart."—PROV. 23: 26.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

Solo. Slow.

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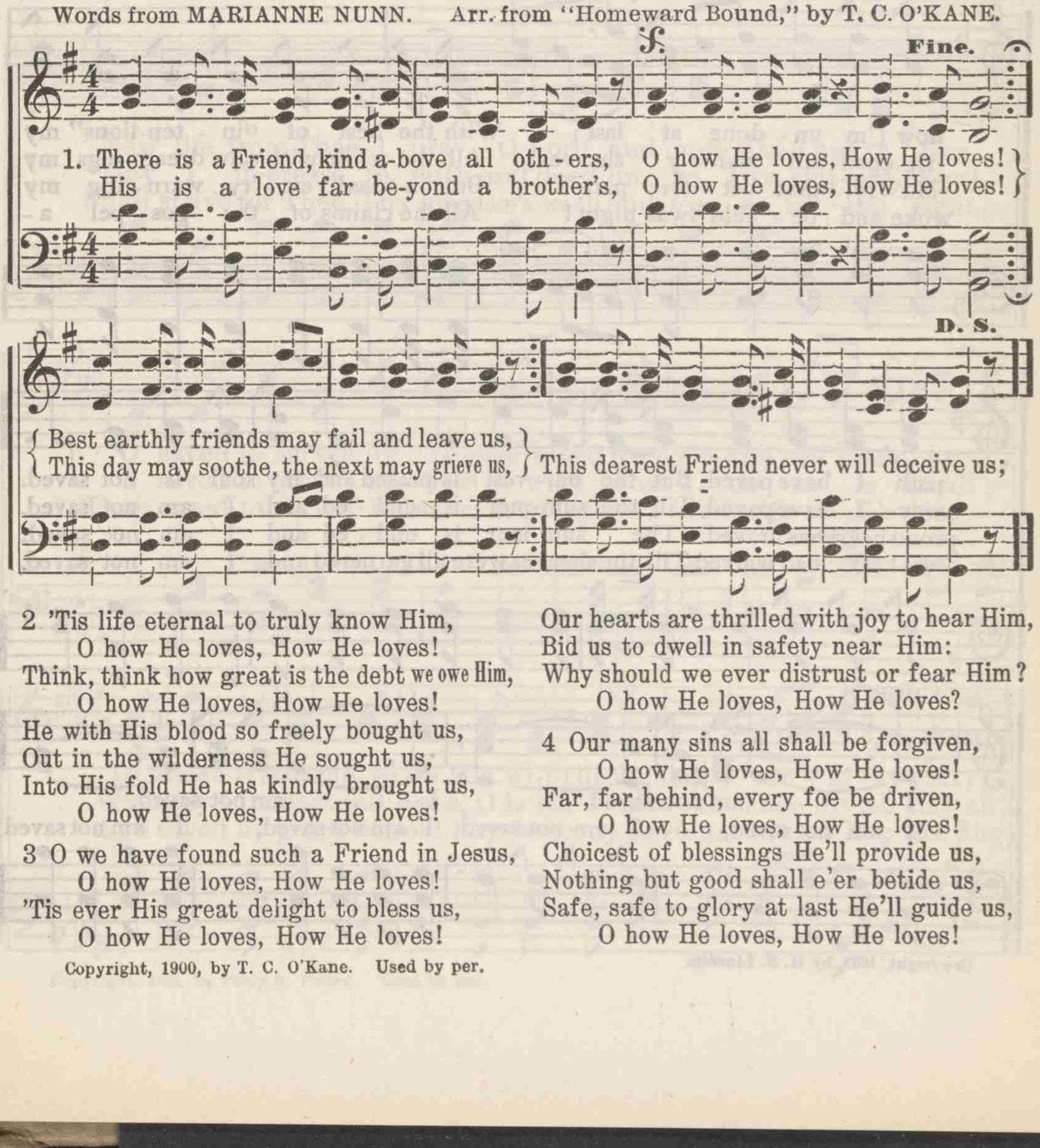
HARK! THERE COMES A WHISPER.

147. O HOW HE LOVES.

Words from MARIANNE NUNN. Arr. from "Homeward Bound," by T. C. O'KANE.



2 'Tis life eternal to truly know Him,
O how He loves, How He loves!
Think, think how great is the debt we owe Him,
O how He loves, How He loves!
He with His blood so freely bought us,
Out in the wilderness He sought us,
Into His fold He has kindly brought us,
O how He loves, How He loves!

3 O we have found such a Friend in Jesus,
O how He loves, How He loves!
'Tis ever His great delight to bless us,
O how He loves, How He loves!
Our hearts are thrilled with joy to hear Him,
Bid us to dwell in safety near Him:
Why should we ever distrust or fear Him?
O how He loves, How He loves?

4 Our many sins all shall be forgiven,
O how He loves, How He loves!
Far, far behind, every foe be driven,
O how He loves, How He loves!
Choicest of blessings He'll provide us,
Nothing but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe, safe to glory at last He'll guide us,
O how He loves, How He loves!

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No. 148. THE LOST SOUL'S LAMENT.

Mrs. LOU. S. BEDFORD. Jeremiah 8 : 20. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. The summer is end - ed, oh God! And the har-vest for- ev - er
2. The dews of God's grace have come down, Thro' the spring and the sum - mer
3. Full of - ten His "still" gen-tle voice, Has en-couraged my way - ward
4. I thought "there is time e-nough yet!" And the way was so strange- ly

past, While heed- less life's ear - nest path I have trod, And
eves The beau - ti - ful rays of Au-tumn's bright sun Have
heart To choose, in the place of life's fleet - ing joys, Like
bright; I dreamed not the sun was quite so near set, I

now I'm un - done at last; With the best of "in - ten-tions" my
rip-ened full man - y sheaves; All the while with vain dream-ings my
Ma - ry, "that bet - ter part," But a - las! ev - 'ry warn - ing my
woke and be - held 'twas night! All the claims of the gos - pel a -

path I have paved, But the har- vest is passed and my soul is not saved.
way I have paved, Till the sum-mer is end - ed and I am not saved.
proud heart has braved, The sum-mer is end - ed and I am not saved.
las! I had waived Till the sheaves were all garnered and I am not saved.

CHORUS.

I . . . . . am not saved . . . . I . . . . . am not saved, . . .
I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved,

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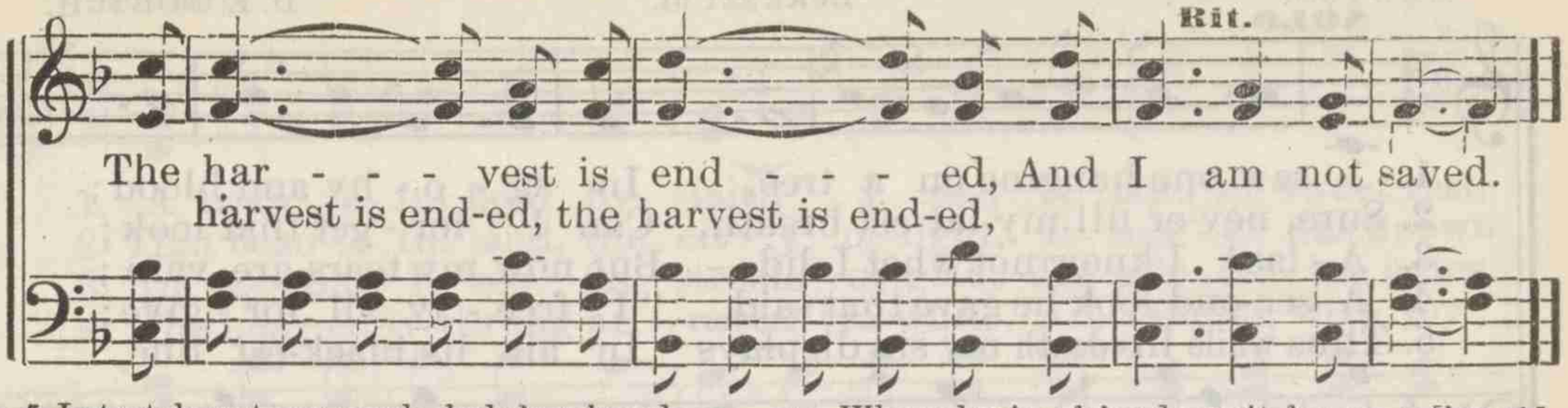
THE LOST SOUL'S LAMENT.



5 I stretch out my weak, helpless hand
Far, far toward the jasper sea,
And pray one glimpse of that radiant land—
Where loving friends wait for me; [brav'd,
Whose kind, faithful warnings I have often
But the harvest is ended and I am not sav'd.

149. SAVED TO SERVE.

JOHN D. MORGAN. PERCY S. FOSTER.

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150. HE'S LOOKING ON ME.

NEWTON. LUKE 22 : 61. D. E. DORTCH.

SOLO.

1. I saw one hanging on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev-er till my lat-est breath, Can I for - get that look;
3. A - las! I knew not what I did,— But now my tears are vain;
4. A sec-ond look he gave that said, "I free - ly all for - give;
5. Thus while His death my sin displays In all its black-est hue,

Who fixed His languid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
Where shall my trembling soul be hid, For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for Thy ran-som paid, I die that thou may'st live.
Such is the mys-ter - y of grace, It seals my par-don too!

CHORUS.

{ He's look - ing on me, look - ing on me, Je - sus has
{ He's look - ing on you, look - ing on you, Je - sus is

cleansed me from sin, set me free; He's look - ing on me,
ten - der, is lov - ing and true; He's look - ing on you,

look - ing on me, O how I love Him, He's look-ing on me!
look - ing on you, How can you slight Him, He's look-ing on you!

Rit.

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151. WILL YOU GO WITH ME?

Words arr. R. R. EMERSON.

1. A beau - ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of sweet rest,
2. That beau-ti - ful land, the cit - y of light, It nev - er has known
3. In vis - ions I see its streets of gold, Its glit - ter - ing gates
4. The heav-en-ly throng ar - rayed in white, Are ranging with joy

from sor - row free; The home of the ran-somed bright and fair, And
the shades of night, The glo - ry of God, the light of the day, Hath
I too be - hold, The fountain of life, the crys - tal sea, The
the plains of light, And in one har - mo-nious choir they raise, To

CHORUS.

beau-ti-ful angels too are there. Will you go,..... will you go,.....
driven the darkness far a-way.
beau-ti-ful fruit of life's fair tree.
Jesus their Saviour perfect praise. Will you go to that beautiful, beautiful land,

Will you go to that land far be-yond life's sea? Will you go,.....
Will you go to that beauti-

will you go,..... Will you go to that beau-ti - ful land with me?
ful, beau-ti-ful land,

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152. SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

ANON. R. R. EMERSON.

1. Tho' oft - en here we're wea-ry, There is sweet rest a - bove, A
2. O let us then press forward, That glo-rious rest to gain, We'll
3. Our Sav-iour will be with us, E'en to the journey's end, In
4. He nev - er will grow wea - ry, Tho' oft - en we re - quest, He'll

REFRAIN.

rest that is e - ter - nal, Where all is peace and love.
soon be free from sor - row, From toil and care and pain. There is sweet
ev - 'ry sore af - flic - tion, His pres-ent help to lend.
give us grace to con-quer, And take us home to rest.

rest, ... there is sweet rest, ... There is sweet
There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest,

rest, sweet rest in heav-en; There is sweet rest, ...
There is sweet rest in heav-en; There is sweet rest

there is sweet rest, ...There is sweet rest, sweet rest in heav-en.
there is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav-en.

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153. THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gather O'er the Christian's na-tal skies, Distant beams like floods of glo - ry, Fill the soul with glad surprise; And we al-most hear the ech - o Of the pure and ho - ly throng, In the bright, the bright for-
2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yet a lit - tle while of la - bor, Ere the evening shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to slumber, But the night will soon be o'er; In the bright, the bright for-
3. O the bliss of life e - ter - nal! O the long un - bro-ken rest! In the gold - en fields of pleas - ure, In the re - gion of the blest; But, to see our dear Re-deem-er, And be-fore His throne to fall, There to hear His gra-cious

CHORUS.

ev - er, In the summer-land of song.
ev - er, We shall wake to weep no more. On the banks beyond the riv-er, We shall welcome, Will be sweeter far than all.

Rit.

meet, no more to sev-er; In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, In the summer-land of song.

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154. ONLY REMEMBERED.

REV. DR. BONAR. WM. W. BENTLEY.

1. Up and a - way, like the dew of the morn-ing, Soar-ing from earth
2. Shall I be missed if an - oth - er suc-ceed me, Reap-ing the fields
3. On - ly the truth that in life I have spo - ken, On - ly the seed
4. O when the Sav-iour shall make up His jew - els, When the bright crowns

to its home in the sun, Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil - ing,
I in spring-time have sown? No, for the sow - er may pass from his la - bors,
that on earth I have sown; These shall pass onward when I am for-got - ten,
of re-joic - ing are won; Then will His faith-ful and wea - ry dis - ci - ples,

CHORUS.

On - ly re-mem-bered by what I have done.
On - ly re-mem-bered by what he has done. On - ly re - mem-bered,
Fruits of the har - vest and what I have done.
All be re-mem-bered for what they have done.

On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done, On - ly re-

membered, On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done.

Rit.

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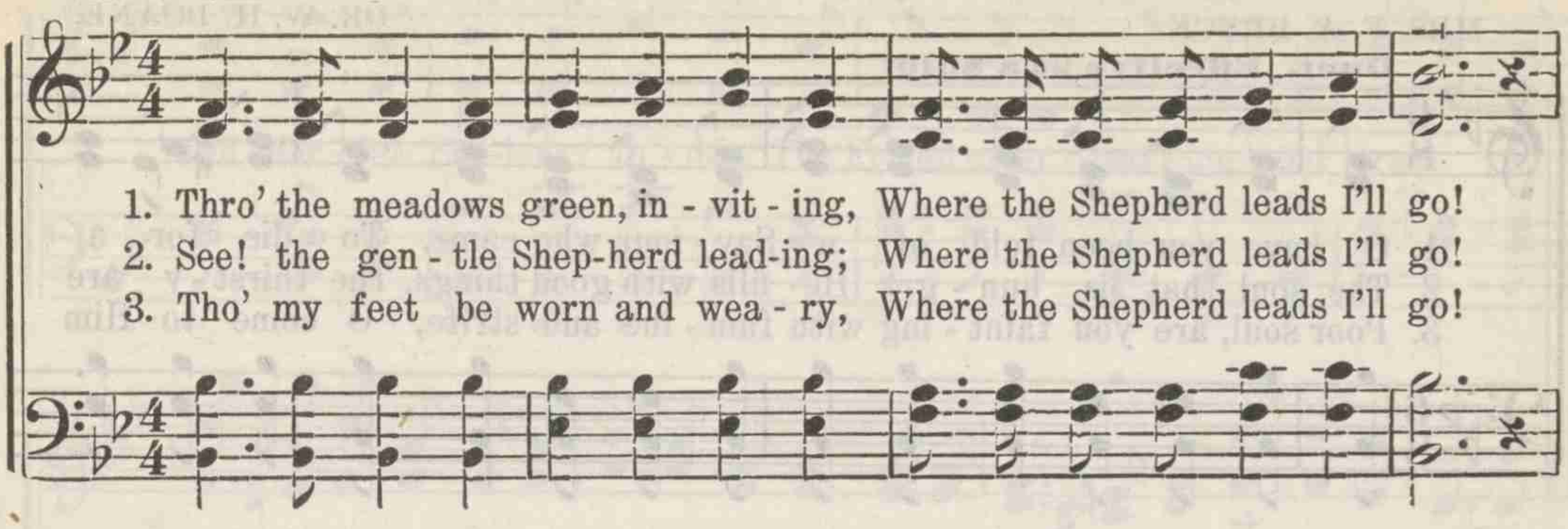
155. WHERE THE SHEPHERD LEADS.

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



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156. COME TO THIS WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.

"For he shall save his people from their sins."—MATT. 1: 21.

MRS. F. A. BRECK. DR. W. H. DOANE.

Duet. Effective as a Solo.

1. O have you been told of a Sav - iour who came, To die for a
2. The soul that is hun - gry He fills with good things, The thirst - y are
3. Poor soul, are you faint - ing with fam - ine and strife, O come to Him

sin - ner like me, And have you been told of His won - der - ful name, And
ev - er sup - plied, The sor - row - ing spir - it tri-umph-ant - ly sings When
just as you are, And ask for the bread and the wa - ter of life, And

all that this Saviour will be. His name is called Je-sus, He saves us from sin,
Je - sus is Shepherd and Guide. O soul, have you tak-en this Sav-iour to - day,
peace that no tri - al can mar. In pen - i-tence low at His feet if you fall,

His love is far-reach-ing and true, He died on the cross, my sal-
He long - eth thy heart to re - new, To - day He is bring - ing sal-
Far more than you ask will He do. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is

CHORUS.

va - tion to win, And He is the Sav-iour for you!
va - tion so near, O is He the Sav-iour for you? O come to this
Je - sus for all, And He is the Sav-iour for you!

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COME TO THIS WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.

won - der - ful Sav-iour to - day, The Friend ev-er - last - ing and true; A

won-der-ful, wonderful Saviour to me, And a won - der-ful Saviour for you.

157. I SHALL SEE WITH CLEARER EYE.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

Tenderly.

1. I shall see with clearer eye, By and by, by and by, Doubtings God will
2. I shall dwell with Him on high, By and by, by and by, Dwell where none shall
3. God my soul will pur - i - fy, By and by, by and by, All my joys shall

sat - is - fy, By and by, by and by. Here I'm but a bruis-ed reed; Dai - ly
ev - er die, By and by, by and by. Then my wea - ry soul shall rest On the
sat - is - fy, By and by, by and by. Wait, my soul, in calm re-pose, Till the

for His help I plead; I shall have no un-filled need, By and by, by and by.
blessed Saviour's breast, Where no sins nor griefs molest, By and by, by and by.
storm-y day shall close, I shall rise as He a - rose, By and by, by and by.

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158. STEADILY MARCHING ON.

FANNY J. CROSBY. H. R. PALMER.

1. Praise ye the Lord, joyfully sound ho - san - na, Praise the Lord with glad acclaim!
2. Praise we the Lord, He is the King e - ter - nal, Glo - ry be to God on high!

Lift up your hearts unto His throne with gladness, Mag-ni - fy His ho - ly name.
Praise we the Lord, tell of His lov - ing kindness, Join the cho-rus of the sky.

Marching along under His banner bright, Trusting in His mercy as we go, (trusting we go,)
Still marching on, cheerily marching on, In the ranks of Jesus will we go, (over we'll go,)

His light di - vine ten-der - ly o'er us will shine, We shall be guid - ed by His
Home to our rest, joy - ful - ly home where the blest Gather and praise the Saviour's

REFRAIN.

hand now and for-ev - er. Stead-i-ly marching on, with our banners waving o'er us;
name, praise Him forever.

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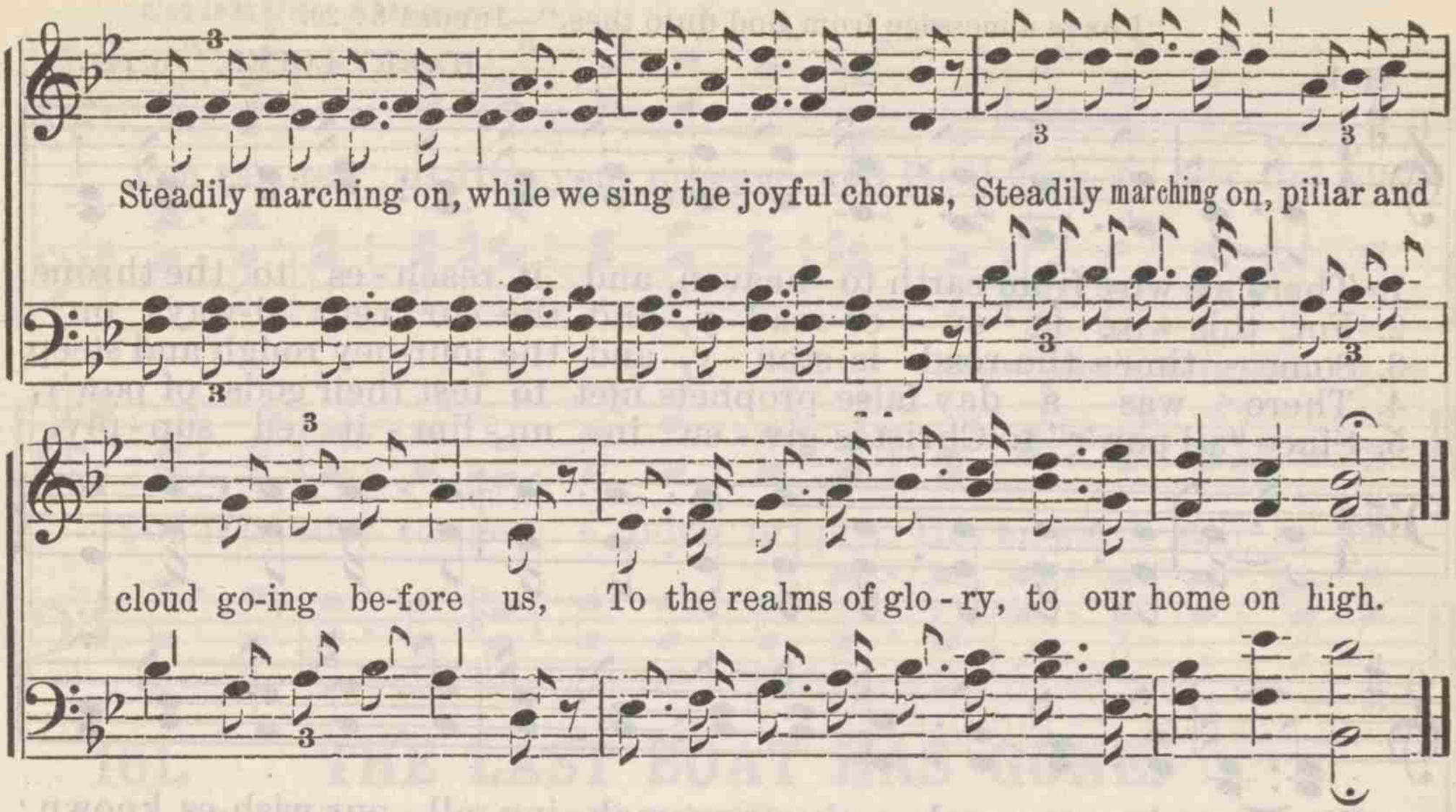
STEADILY MARCHING ON.



159. ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM WARREN BENTLEY.

2 Thy mercy led us thro' the year,
That sweetly passed away,
And thro' Thy grace we gather now,
To hail our happy day.

3 O may we learn in early youth,
Thy holy word to prize,
The lamp that guides our feet to heaven,
Our home beyond the skies.

4 O happy thought! if faithful here
We work and watch and pray,
We'll spend with Thee in heaven at last
An endless happy day.

160. THE HEAVENLY WIRE.

"I have a message from God unto thee."—JUDGES 3: 20.

H. L. HARRY LOPER. By per.

1. There's a wire from earth to heaven, and it reach-es to the throne;
2. For this wire is ev - er read-y, and the cur-rent al-ways on;
3. Some - times the road is ston - y, and the jour-ney rough and steep,
4. There was a day false prophets met to test their gods of pow'r,
5. Since "all pow'r" to Christ is giv - eu in un-lim - it - ed sup-ply.

We can al-ways send a message, mak-ing all our wish-es known;
You'll be sure to make con-nec-tion with the Fa-ther and the Son;
As we tread the heav'nly pathway, tri - als come, and sor-rows deep;
When Ba - al's followers cried in vain from morn till even-ing hour,
There's abundant grace to help us from our pow-er-house on high;

For the bless-ed Ho - ly Spir-it, who in-dites the heart's de-sire,
For we have His bless-ed promise, He will grant our heart's de-sire,
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, for past blessings will in-spire,
But when E - li - jah called on God, and touched the heav'nly wire,
When we sing our hal - le - lu-jahs with the bright im-mor-tal choir,

D. S. *The way is al-ways o-pen, stand-ing read-y night and day,*

Waits to send the swift de-spatch-es o - ver pray'r's connecting wire.
And be sure to get the message, for He's al-ways at the wire.
New ap-proach-es to the Fa-ther, prov-ing still the heav'nly wire.
Quick there came a blaze of glo-ry, for the an-swer came by fire.
We'll proclaim the faith-ful mer-cies of the God who saves by fire.

Fine.

To re-ceive and send de-spatch-es, answered in God's per-fect way.

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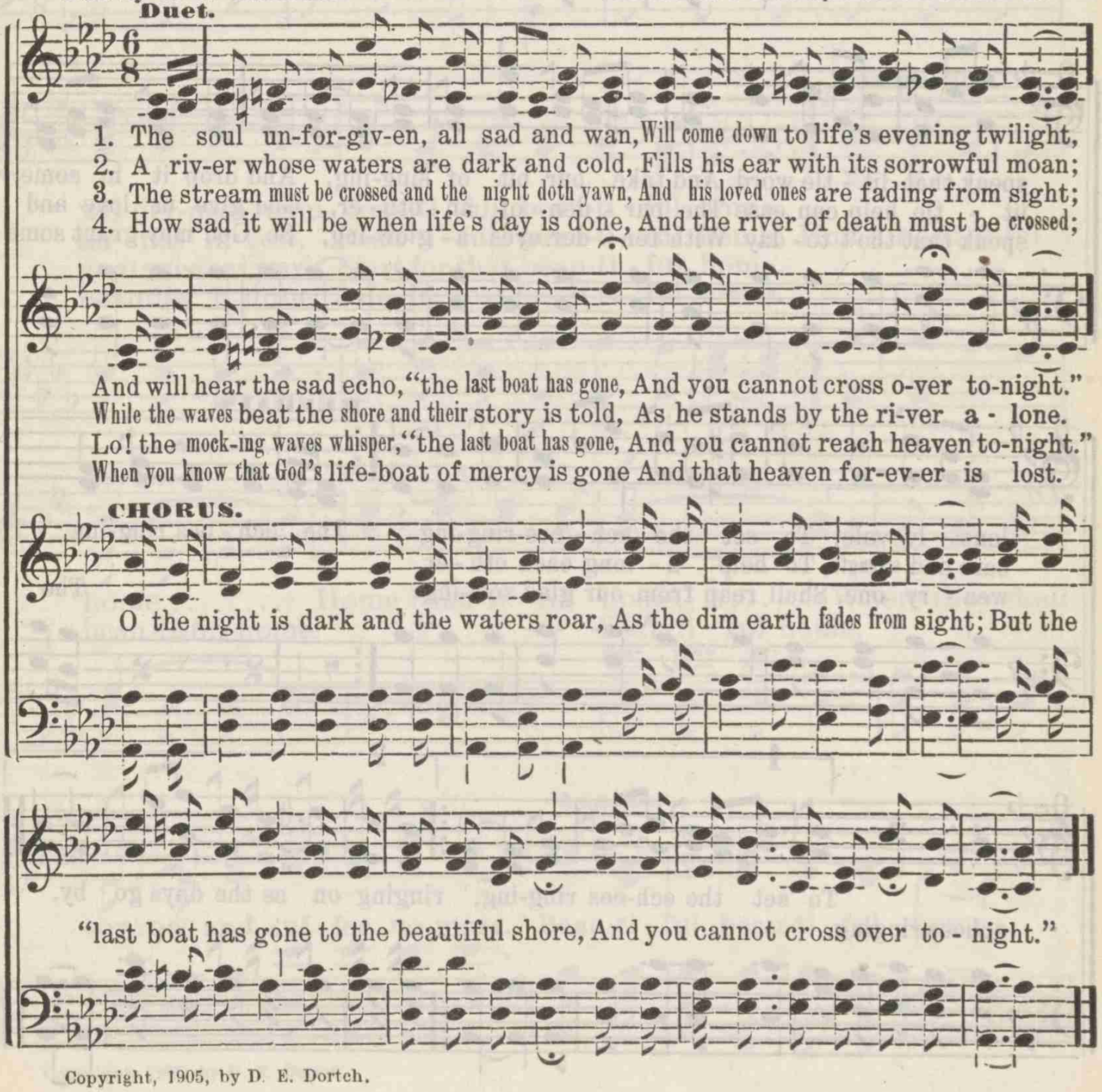
THE HEAVENLY WIRE.

161. THE LAST BOAT HAS GONE.

A traveler, foot sore and weary, reached the ferry station opposite his home late at night. Tears came into his eyes when the ferryman said, "The last boat has gone, you can't cross over to-night."

Arr. by W. G. COOPER. Words and music by M. M. LUZADER.



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162. THE ECHOES RINGING.

MRS. C. E. ROWLEY. By per.

1. If an - y lit - tle word of ours Can make one life the brighter; If
2. If an - y lit - tle love of ours Can make one life the sweeter; If
3. If an - y watch-ful tho't of ours Can make some work the stronger; If

a - ny lit - tle song of ours Can make one heart the light-er; God help us
a - ny lit - tle care of ours Can make one step the fleet - er; If a - ny
a - ny cheer - y smile of ours Can make the brightness longer; Then let us

speak that lit - tle word, And take our bit of sing-ing, And drop it in some
lit - tle help can ease The bur - den of an - oth - er, God give us love and
speak that tho't to - day With ten - der eyes a - glow-ing, So God may grant some

lone - ly vale, To set the ech - oes ring-ing. The ech - oes ring-ing,
care and strength, To help a - long each oth - er.
wea - ry one, Shall reap from our glad sow-ing. The

REFRAIN.

To set the ech-oes ring-ing, ringing on as the days go by.
echoes ringing,

163. BEAUTIFUL HOME.

ELD. W. G. COOPER. M. M. LUZADER.

1. Have you not heard of that beau - ti - ful home, Where Je - sus
2. All who would en - ter that man-sion so blest, Must from sin's
3. No one un - ho - ly its glo - ry can share, Sin-ner, make
4. Je - sus, my sin-cloud - ed nat - ure re - fine, 'Round me Thine

bids all the faith - ful ones "come"? When all is o - ver—this
bur - den in Je - sus find rest; And in its treas-ures e-
haste then thy soul to pre - pare; Part with thy sins, thro' re-
arms of af - fec - tion en - twine; Till with Thy ra - di - ant

wil-der-ness roam, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home.
ter - nal in-vest, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home. Home, beau-ti-ful
pentance and pray'r, Start for that beau-ti - ful home.
beauties I shine, Safe in that beau-ti - ful home.

p **CHORUS.**

home,..... Home beau-ti - ful home,.....Where they shall
beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti - ful home,

sor-row and suf - fer no more, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home.

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164. IS THERE ANY ONE TO HELP US?

"Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases, brought them unto him, and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them."—
LUKE 4: 40.

How much this little verse contains! All the bright hopes of the day had gone, and in the evening hour when the sun was lingering behind the western hills, they brought their loved ones as the last resort. Earthly means had failed; but there was One in whom all hope was centered, and who never caused one disappointment. And, praise God! he is still the same loving, sympathizing Physician.—MRS. C. E. COWMAN, Japan.

1st verse and chorus by MRS. C. E. COWMAN, Japan.
Words arranged and other verses by J. C. MIDYETT. D. E. DORTCH.

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IS THERE ANY ONE TO HELP US?

165. WE'LL NEVER PART AGAIN.

FANNY J. CROSBY. DR. T. E. PERKINS. Arr.

Words and arrangement copyright, 1896, by Theo. E Perkins. Used by per.

166. SAVIOUR, LEAD ME.

O. NEWPHER, ESQ. MRS. NORTON. Arr. by J. B. E. By per.

Effective as a Solo.

p

1. Dear Saviour, lead me, while I trav - el here be-low; Thy pastures feed me, where-so - e'er I go; Thou my heart pos-sess-ing,
2. Soft be the pil-low, that my Saviour will provide; Smooth be the bil - low when I cross the tide; Let no thought or sor-row,
3. When on the mountain, with the an-gels I shall stand, Drink at the fountain, from my Saviour's hand; Then I'll sing in glo - ry,

Thy sweet peace be ev - er mine; Dai - ly grant Thy bless-ing,
touch my soul with doubt or fear, But the bright to - mor - row
with the saints who sing a - bove; There I'll tell the sto - ry

Slower.

make me wholly Thine.
read my ti - tle clear.
of re-deem-ing love.

CHORUS.

Je-sus, dear Je-sus, Thou protect me
Je-sus, dear Je-sus, bear me safe - ly
Je-sus, dear Je-sus, I shall ev - er

p

ev - 'ry day; Je - sus, dear Je - sus, keep me in Thy way.
on Thy breast; Je - sus, dear Je - sus, give me heav'nly rest.
with Thee dwell; Je - sus, dear Je - sus, then to earth fare-well.

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HYMNS OF VICTORY.

PART II.

OUR CHURCH SONGS.

Compiled by D. E. Dortch and W. G. Cooper.

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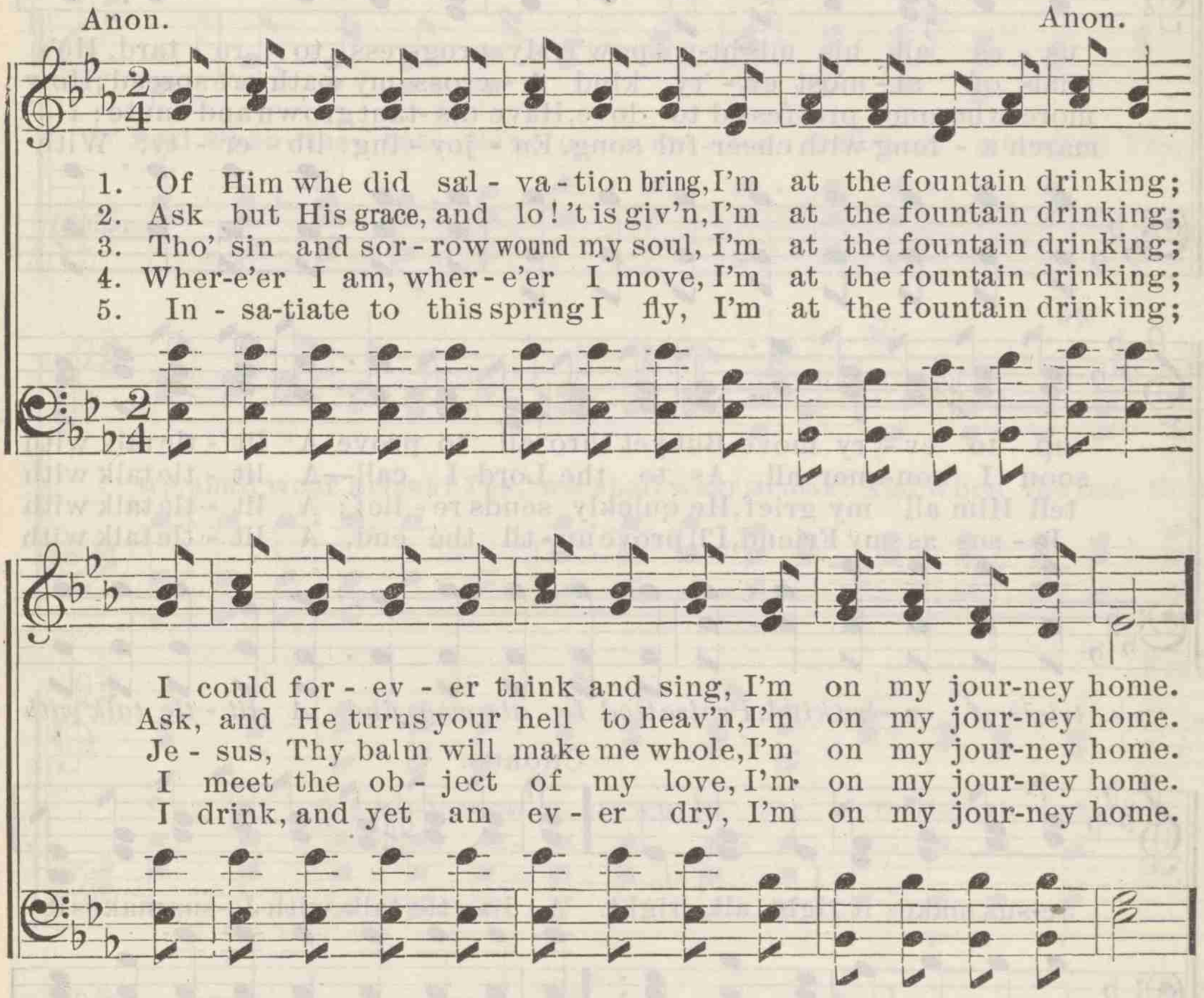
167. AT THE FOUNTAIN.

"There shall be a fountain opened, . . . for sin, and for uncleanness." —Zech. 13: 1.

Anon. Anon.



168. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

"And behold, there talked with him two men."—Luke 9: 30.

Arr. Arr.

1. While fighting for my Sav-iour here, The tempter tries me hard; He
2. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And
3. When those who once were dearest friends Be-gin to per - se - cute, And
4. And thus by fre-quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And

us - es all his might-y pow'r, My prog-ress to re - tard. He's
trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
more, who once pro-fess'd to love, Have dis - tant grown and mute; I
march a - long with cheer-ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty. With

up to ev - 'ry move, But yet thro' all to prove A lit - tle talk with
soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call—A lit - tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quickly sends re - lief; A lit - tle talk with
Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

D.S. *trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God I al - ways find A lit - tle talk with*

CHORUS.

Je-sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je-sus makes it

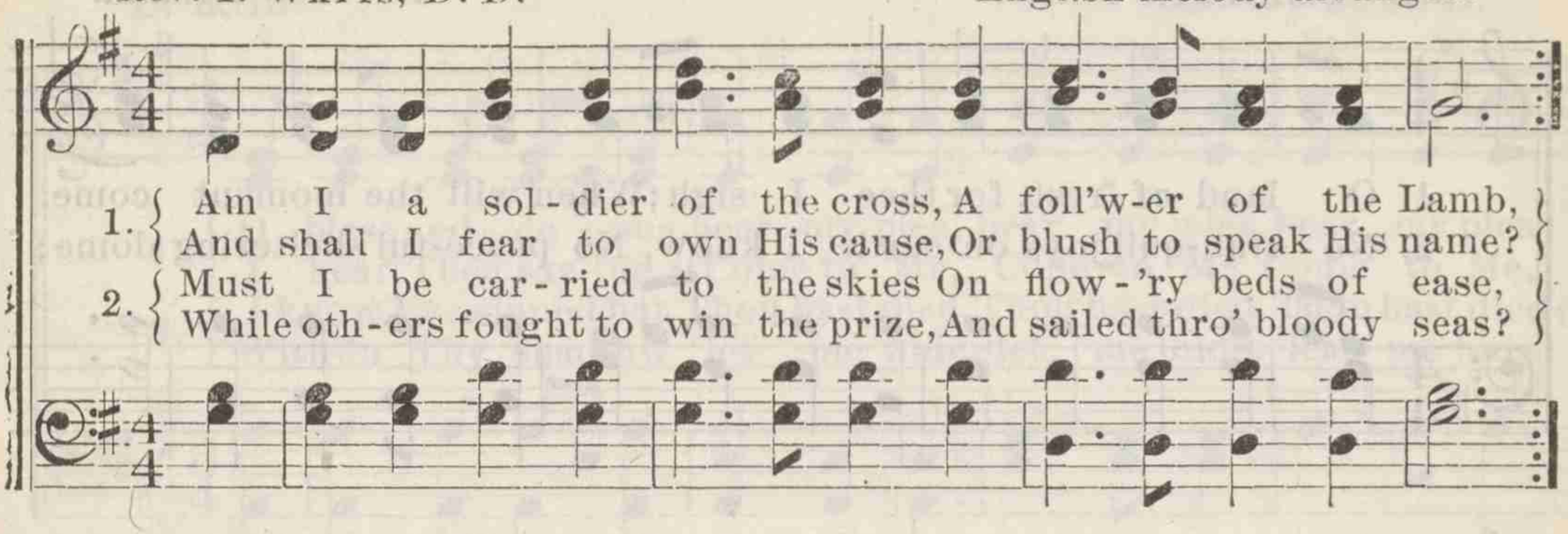
Je - sus makes it, right all right.

D.S.

right, all right; A lit - tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right. In

169. BATTLE HYMN.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D. English melody arranged.



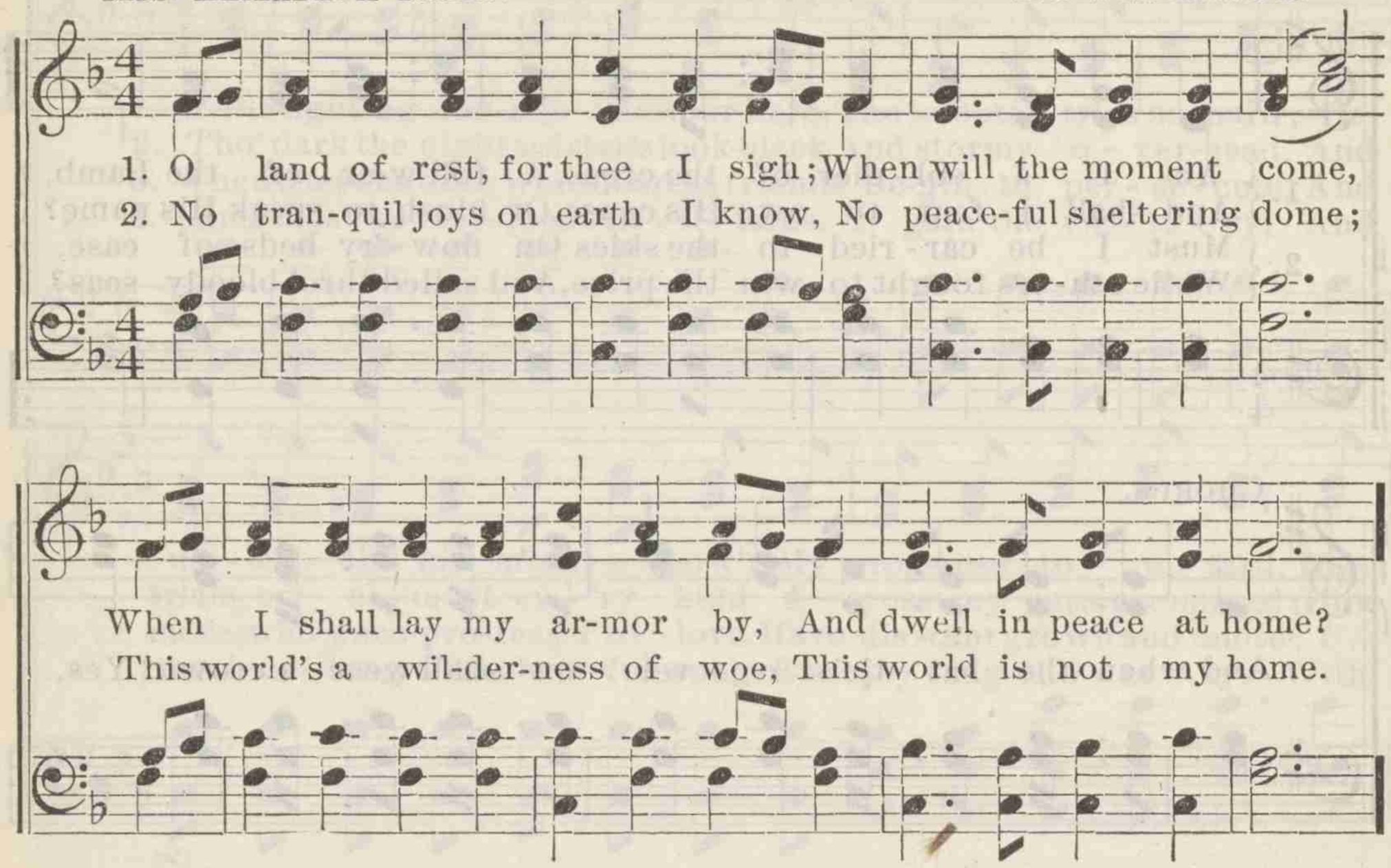
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God? — CHO.

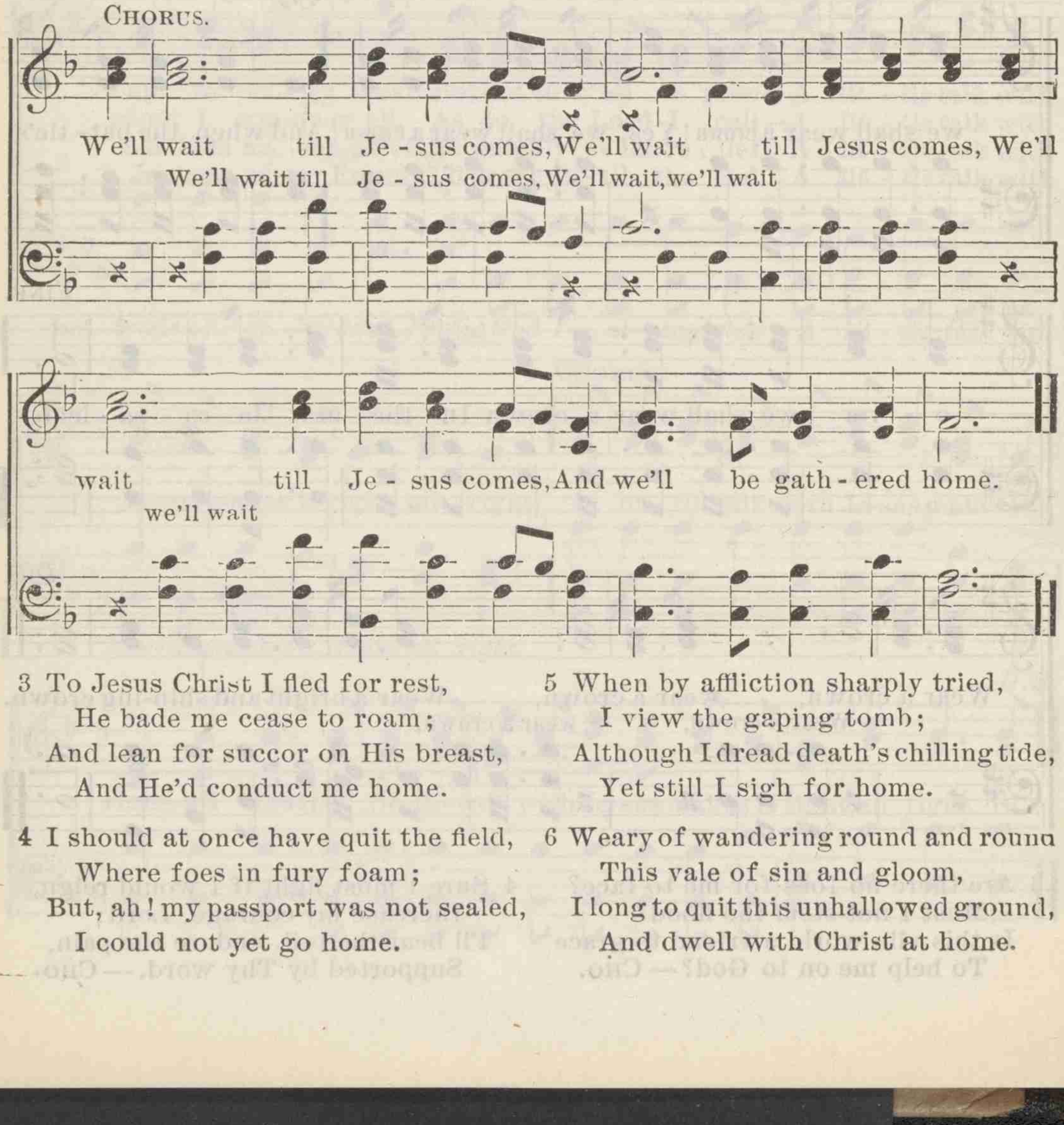
4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word. — CHO.

170. WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

"*I will come again.*" — John 14 : 2.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.





3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
And lean for succor on His breast,
And He'd conduct me home.

4 I should at once have quit the field,
Where foes in fury foam;
But, ah! my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.

5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit this unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

171. O SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

"O Lord, save me."—Jer. 17: 14.

D. E. D. Arr. by D. E. D.

3 If I but perish I will pray, etc.
O Christ Thou art the living way, etc.

4 Thy pard'ning grace is full and free, etc.
Extend Thy mercy, Lord to me, etc.

5 O wash me, Saviour, ere I die, etc.
O let me to the fountain fly, etc.

6 I plunge and O it cleanseth me, etc.
From all my guilt it makes me free, etc.

Owned and controlled by D. E. DORTCH.

172. THE PROMISED LAND.

Old Revival Song. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.

*Other verses may be formed by using the words mother, brother, sister, etc.

173. THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Song of Solomon.—2: 1.

English Melody. Arr. by E. HANKS.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has tak - en, And all my sorrows borne, In temp-
3. He will nev-er, nev - er leave me, Nor yet for-sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul; The "Lil - y of the
ta - tion He's my strong and might-y tow'r I have all for Him for-
live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a -

D.S.—*He's the "Lil-y of the*

Val - ley," In Him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and
sa - ken, And all my i - dols torn From my heart and now He
bout me, I've noth-ing now to fear, With His man - na He my

Val - ley, the Bright and Morn-ing Star," He's the fair - est of ten

FINE.

make me ful - ly whole. In sor - row He's my com-fort, In
keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world for - sake me, And
hun - gry soul will fill. Then sweeping up to glo - ry, To

thousand to my soul. *D.S.*

trouble He's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll;
Sa-tan tempts me sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal;
see His bless - ed face, Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll;

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174. THE CHILD OF A KING.

"*Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him.*— James 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL. A. SUMNER.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the wealth of the world in His hands; Of ru - bies and dia - monds, of sil - ver and gold His cof- fers are full; He has rich-es un-told.
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav- iour so fair, Once wandered on earth hu-man sor - row to share; But now He is reign-ing for - ev - er on high, He'll give us a home in the sweet by and by.
3. I once was an out-cast, a stran-ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice and a lov - er of mirth; But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's writ-ten down: An heir to a man- sion, a robe, and a crown.
4. A tent or a cot -tage, oh, why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for me o - ver there; Tho' ex - iled from home, yet my glad heart can sing, All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

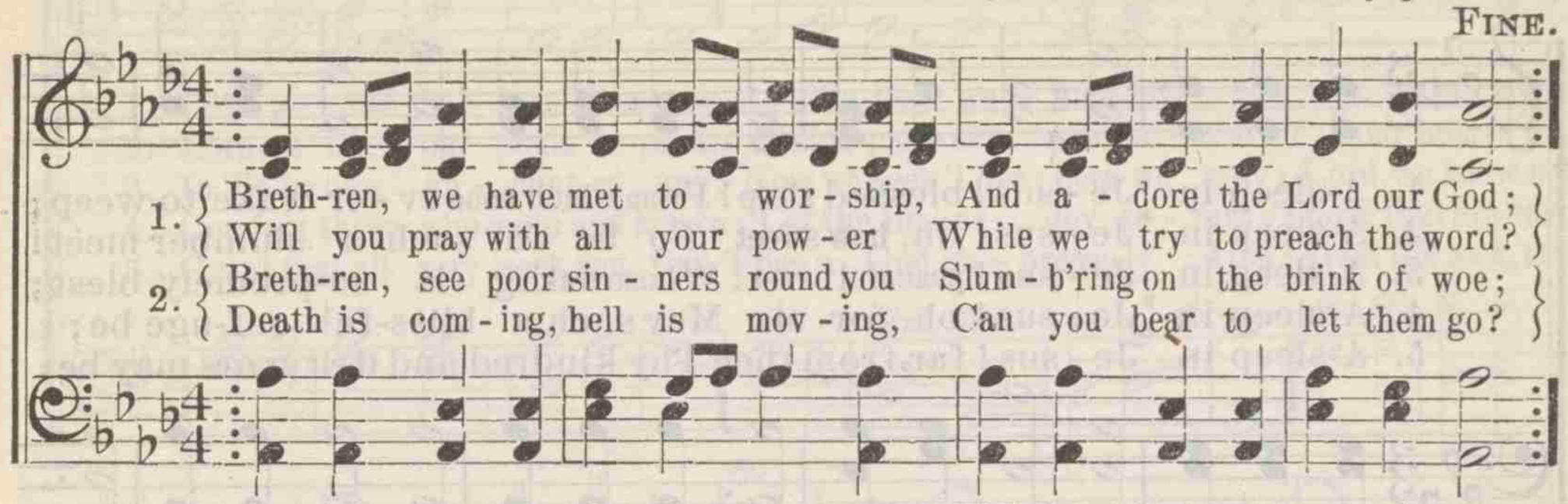
CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King, the child of a King; With Je - sus my Sav - iour, I'm the child of a King.

175. HOLY MANNA.

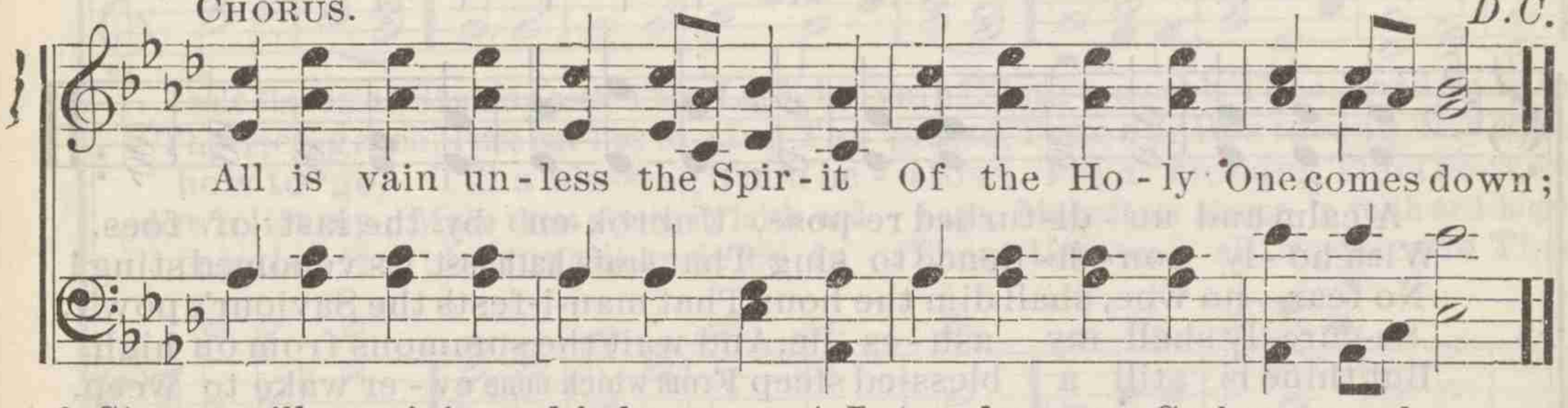
Arr. by D. E. DORTCH, by per.

FINE.



D.C. *Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be showered all a-round.*

CHORUS. D.C.



3 Sister, will you join and help us,
While we struggle hard with sin?
Will you tell to trembling mourners
Jesus waits to welcome them?

4 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other, too;
Let us love and pray for sinners
Till our God makes all things new.

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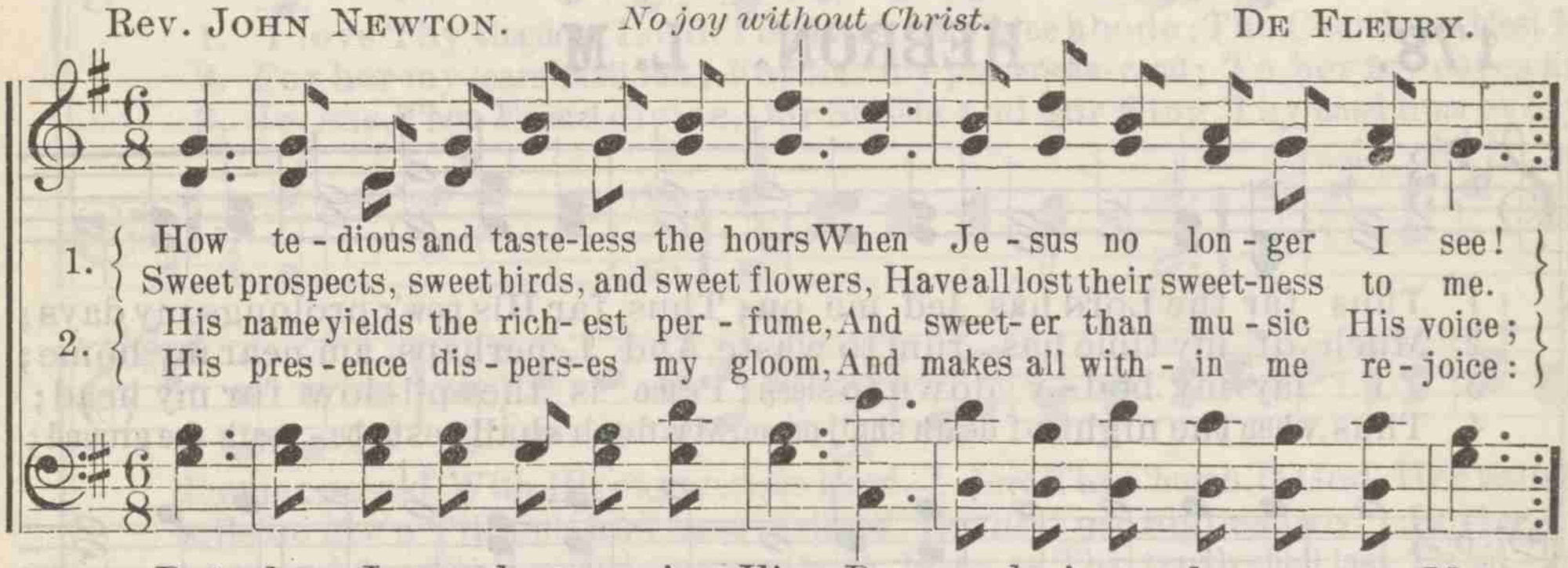
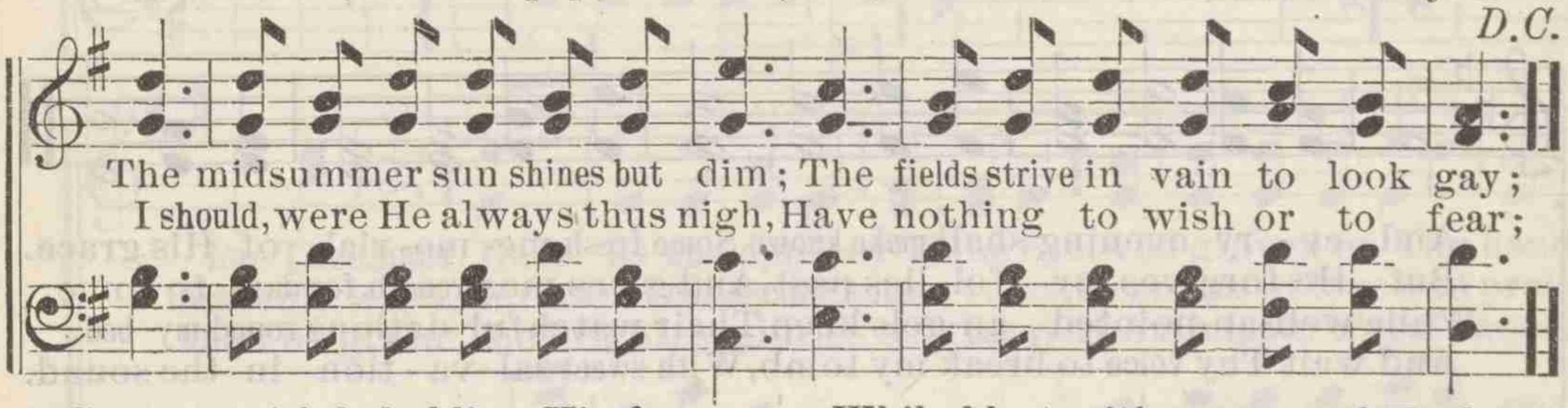
176. GREENFIELDS. 8s.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. *No joy without Christ.* DE FLEURY.



D.C. *But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleasant as May.*
D.C. *No mor - tal so hap - py as I; My summer would last all the year.*

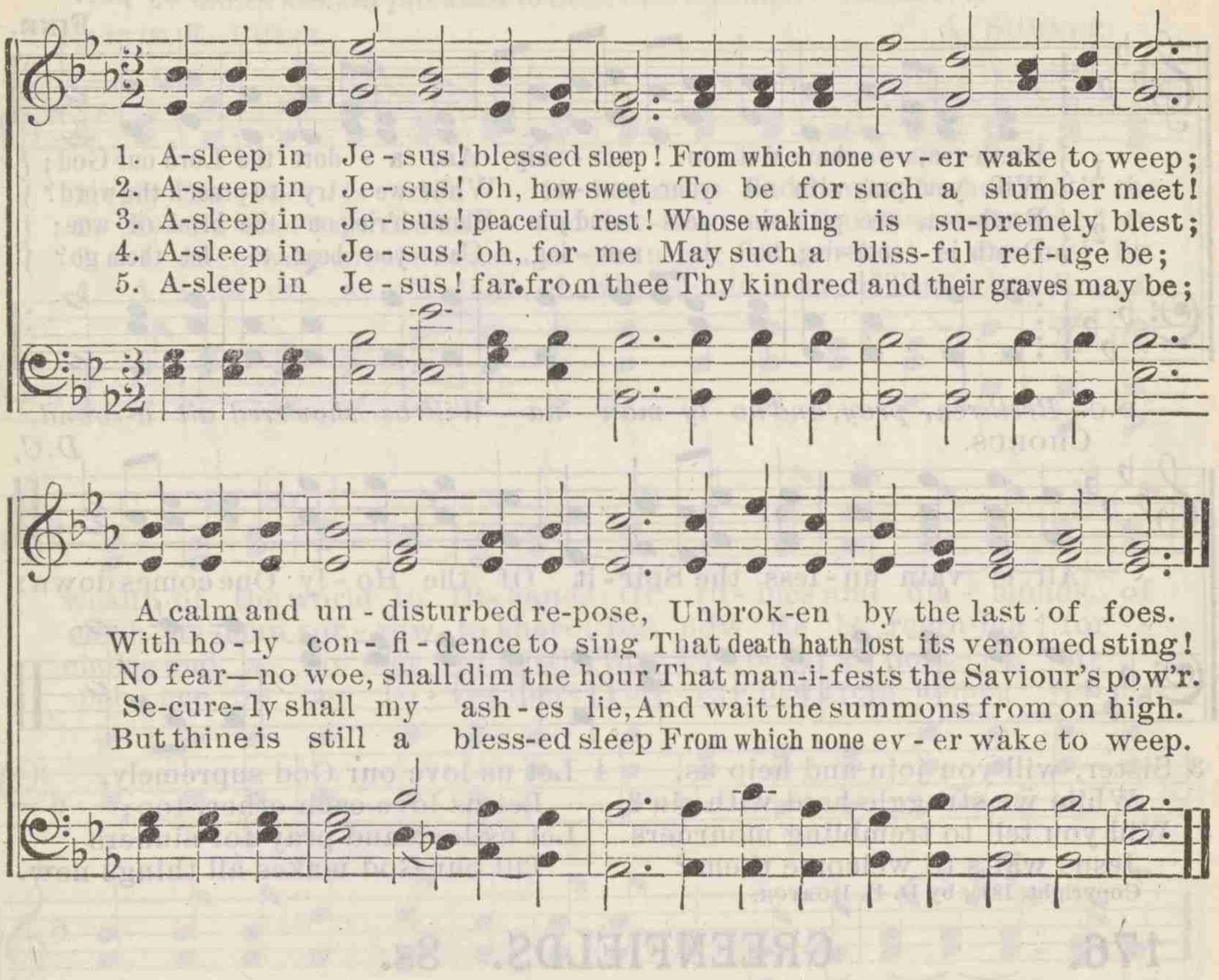
D.C.



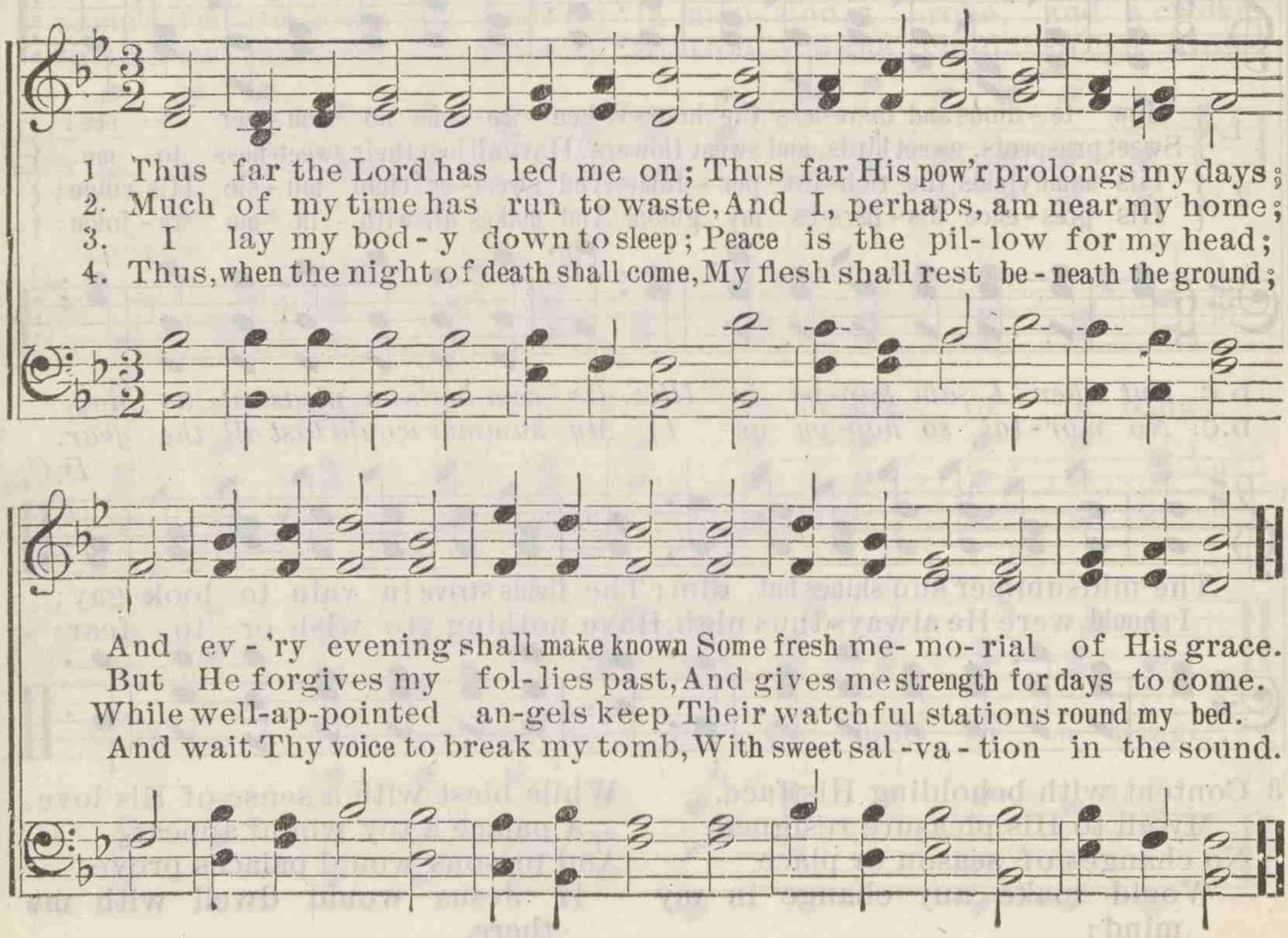
3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

177. ASLEEP IN JESUS.

Mrs. Macay.



178. HEBRON. L. M.



179. HENDON. 7s.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum-bly bow; Oh, do not our
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de-pend, In com-pas - sion now de- scend; Fill our hearts with
3. In Thine own ap - point-ed way, Now we seek Thee; here we stay; Lord, we know not
4. Comfort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy re - turn; Those that are cast
5. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a God su - preme-ly kind; Heal the sick, the

suit dis- dain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
how to go, Till a blessing Thou be - stow, Till a blessing Thou be-stow.
down lift up; Make them strong in faith and hope, Make them strong in faith and hope.
cap-tive free; Let us all re-joice in Thee, Let us all re-joice in Thee.

180. BEALOTH. S. M. D.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine abode; The Church our blest Re-
2. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as-cend; To her my cares and
3. Je- sus, Thou Friend divine, Our Saviour and our King, Thy hand from every

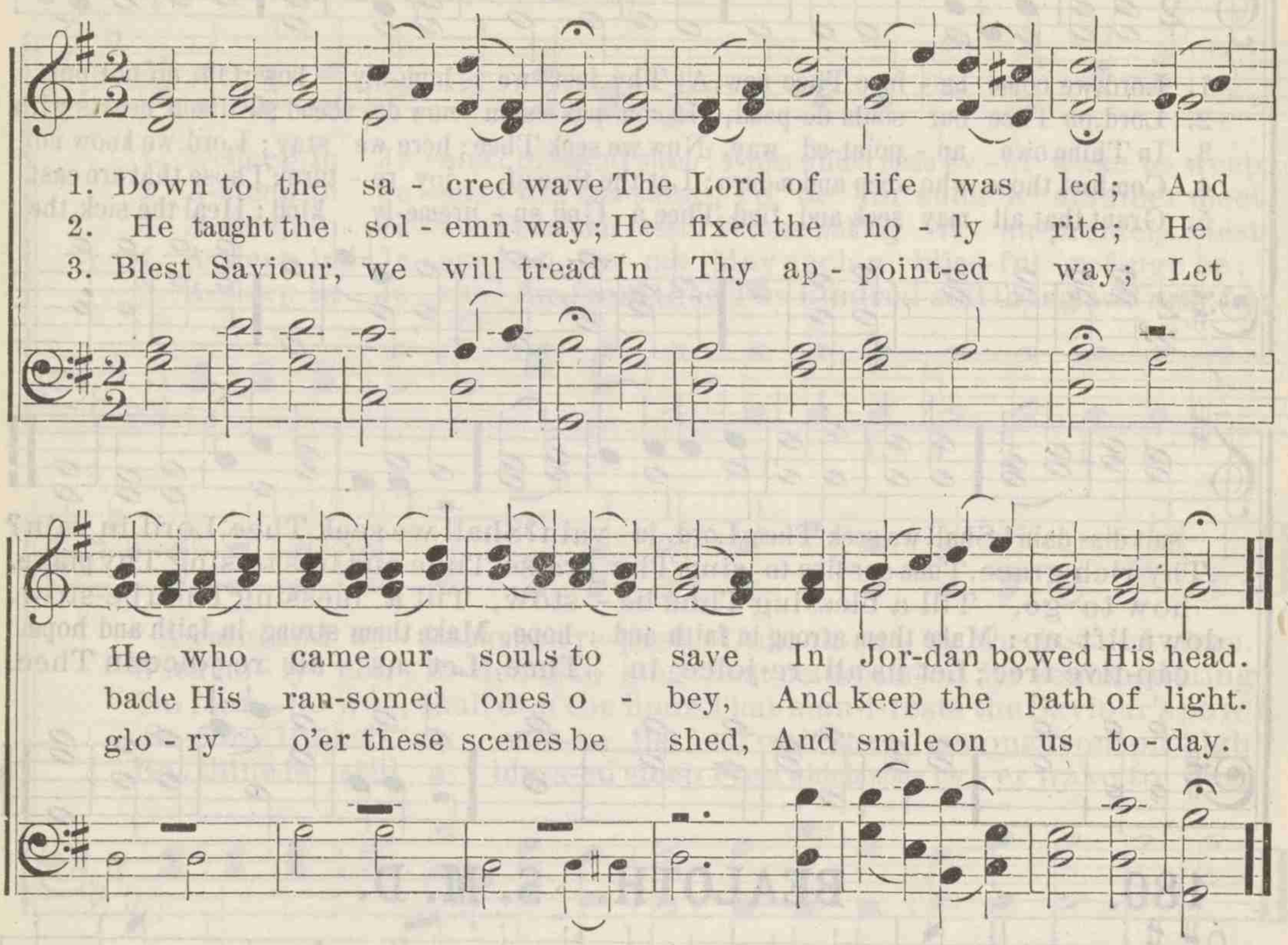
deemer saved With His own precious blood. I love Thy Church, O God: Her walls be-
toils be giv'n Till toils and cares shall end. Beyond my highest joy I prize her
snare and foe Shall great deliverance bring. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on

fore Thee stand, Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

181. BAPTISM.

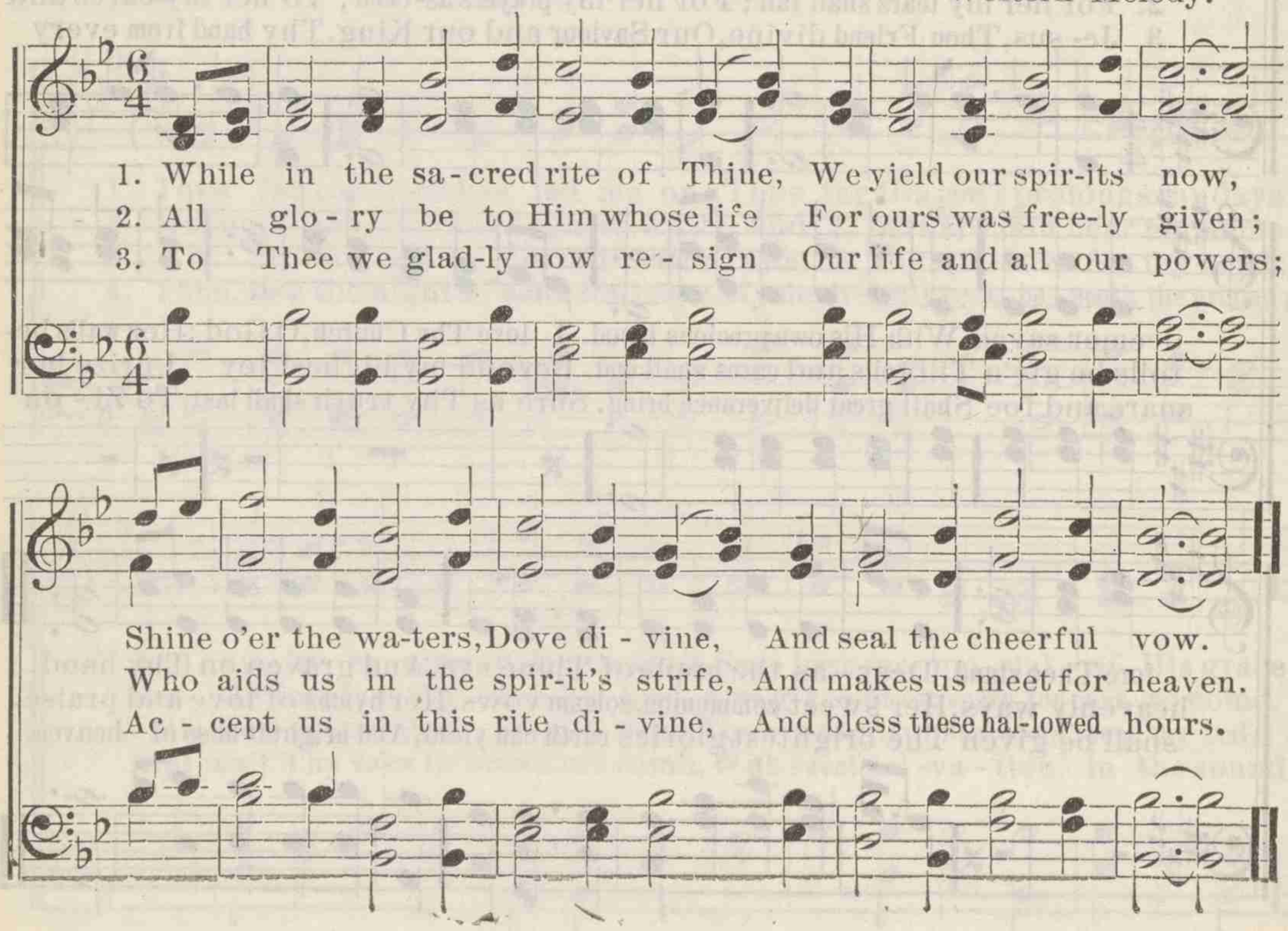
DOWN TO THE SACRED WAVE.

S. F. SMITH. STANLEY.



182. CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

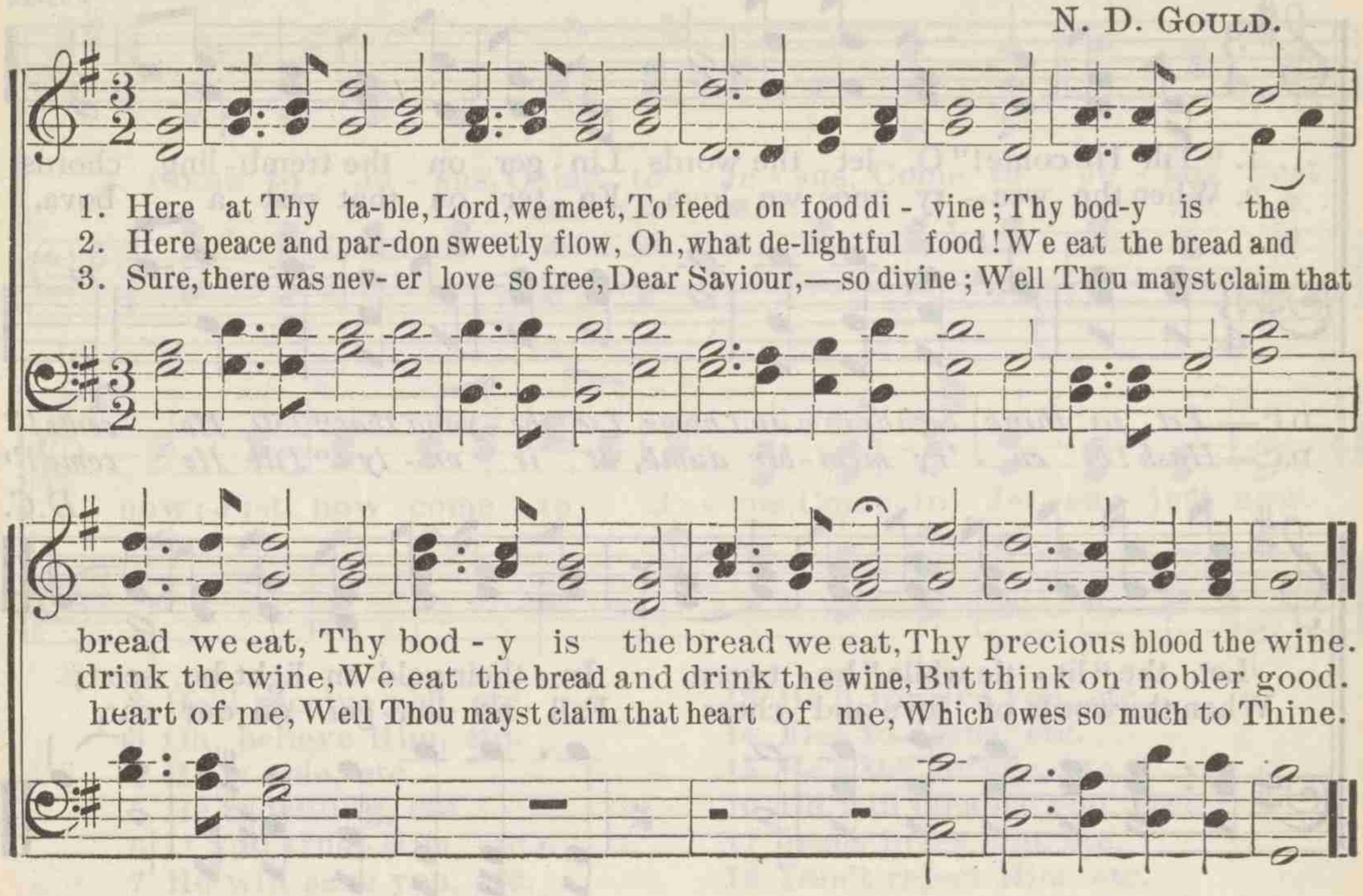
Western Melody.



183. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

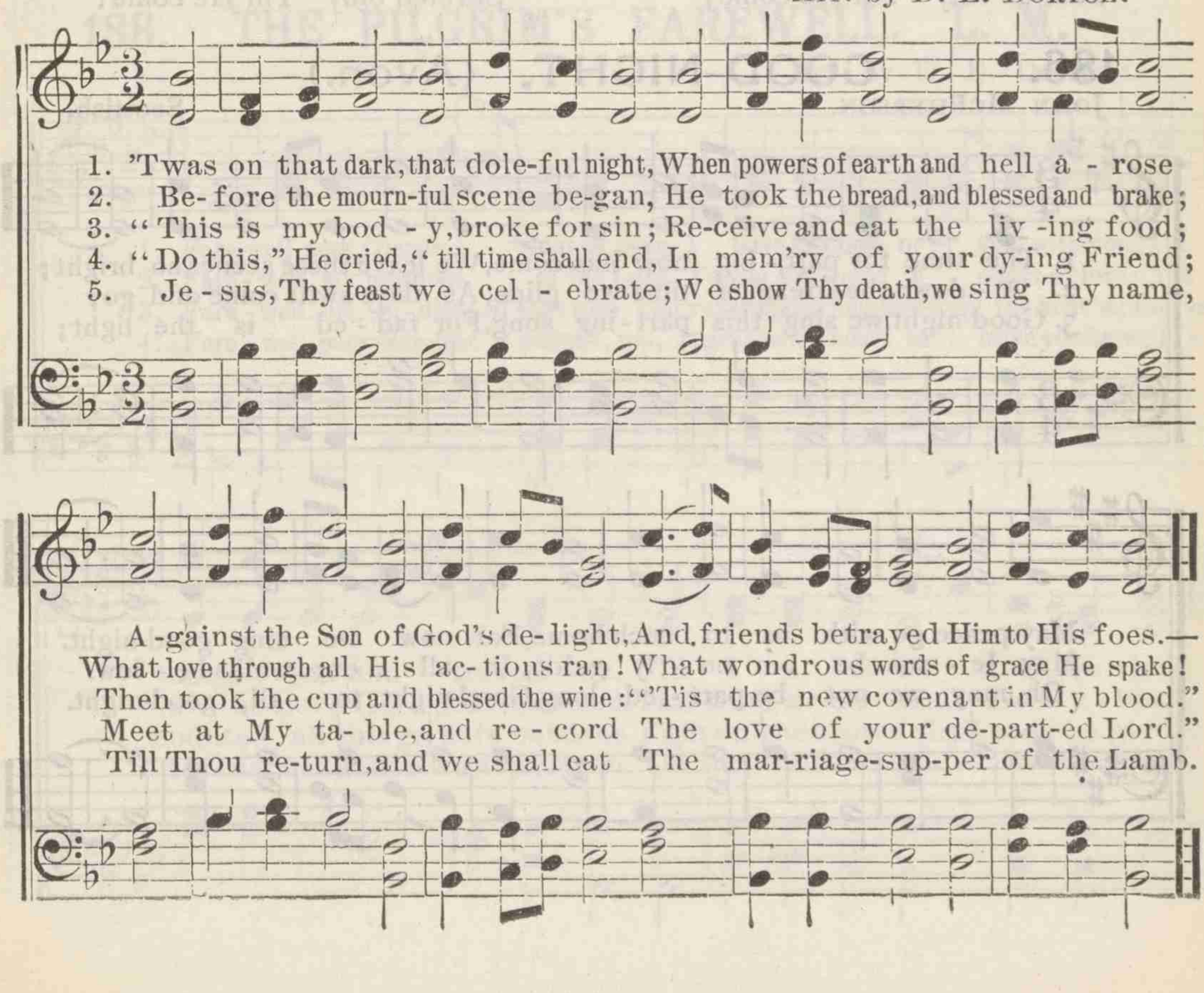
WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.



184. ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



185. TILL HE COME. (Eltham.)

FOR COMMUNION SERVICE.

Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH. LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

D.C.— *Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come!"*
D.C.—*Hush! be ev-'ry mem-ber dumb, It is on-ly "Till He come!"*

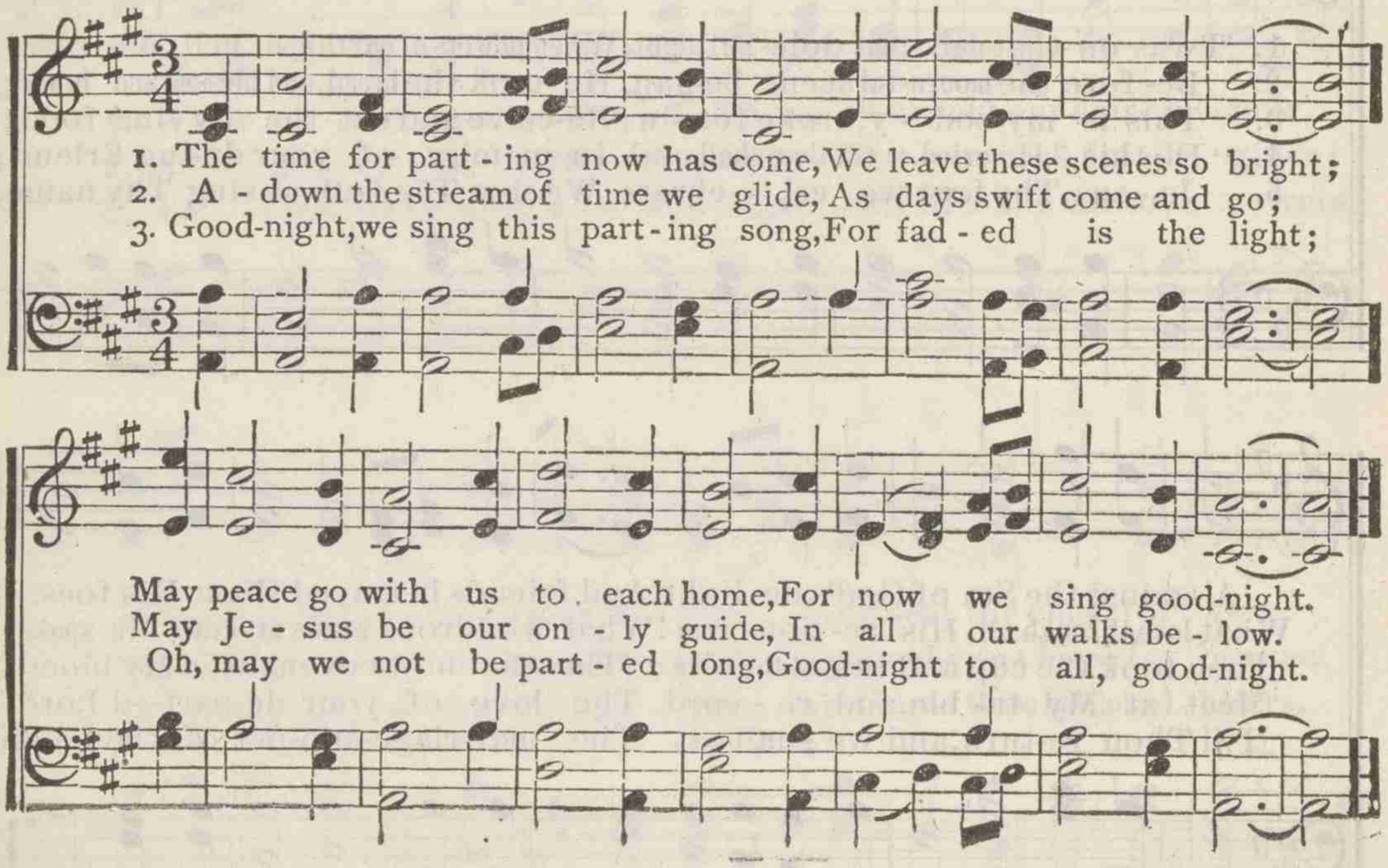
D.C.

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

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

186. GOOD-NIGHT. (Avon.)

JOHN MCPHERSON. Scottish.



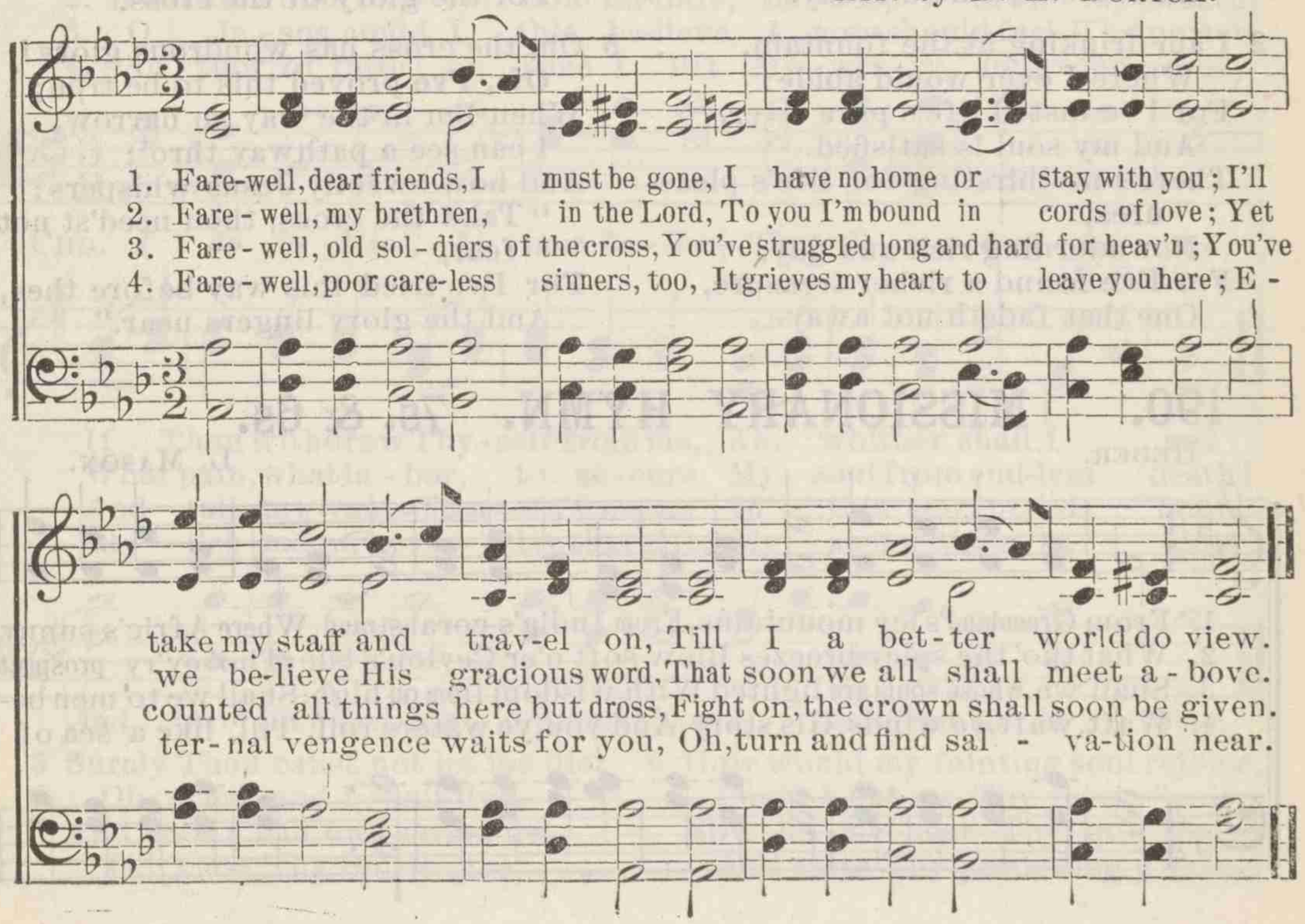
187. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

English Melody.

2 He'll receive you, etc.
3 Oh, believe Him, etc.
4 He is able, etc.
5 He is willing, etc.
6 If you trust Him, etc.
7 He will save you, etc.
8 Call upon Him, etc.
9 He will hear you, etc.
10 Look unto Him, etc.
11 He will hear you, etc.
12 If you ask Him, etc.
13 He'll forgive you, etc.
14 Flee to Jesus, etc.
15 He's thy refuge, etc.
16 He will cleanse you, etc.
17 Jesus loves you, etc.
18 Don't reject Him, etc.
19 Only trust Him, etc.
20 He is waiting, etc.
21 There is pardon, etc.
22 Hallelujah, etc.

188. THE PILGRIM'S FAREWELL. L. M.

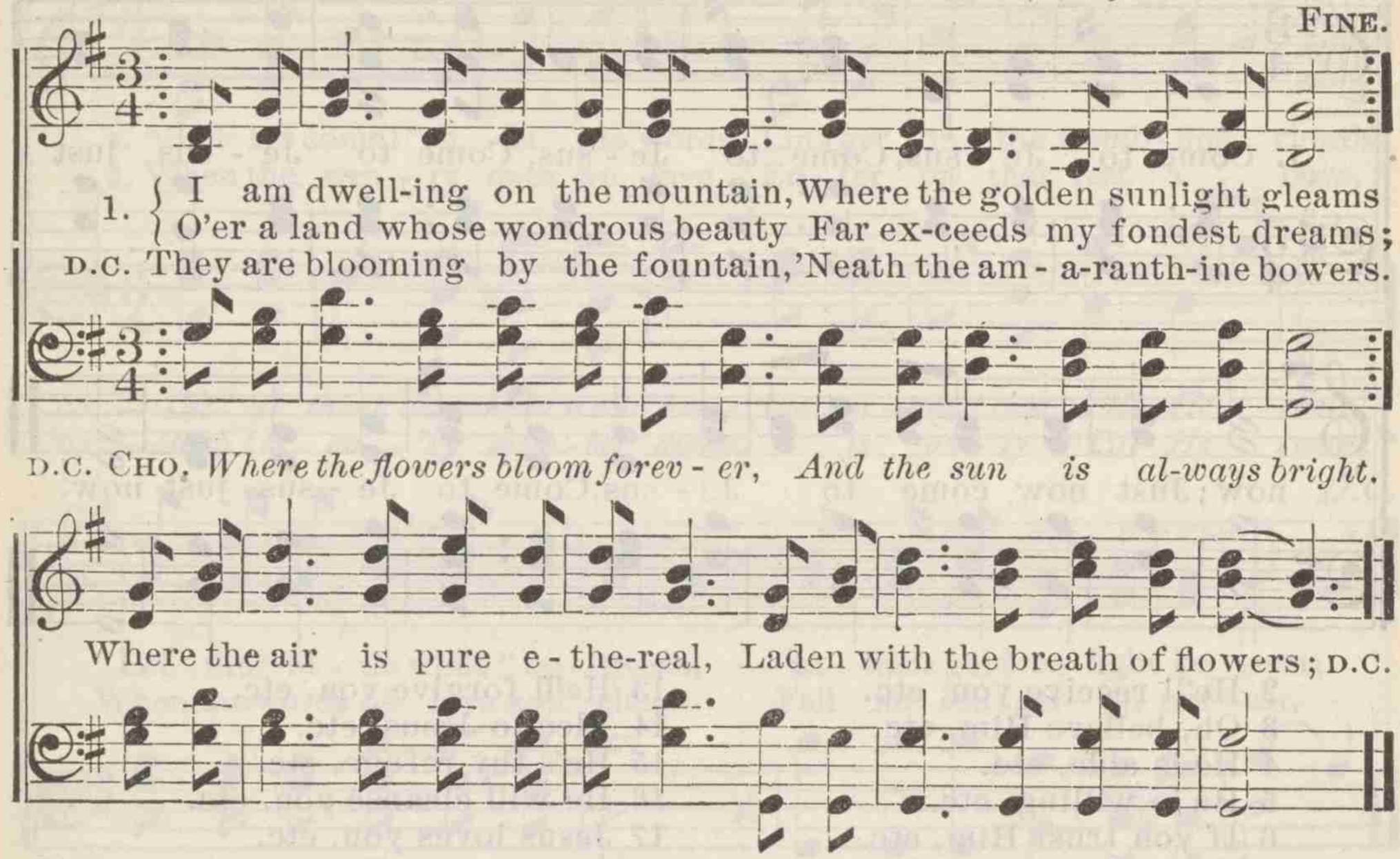
Arr. by D. E. Dortch.



189. IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

"*Thy land shall be called Beulah.*" — Isa. 62: 4.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Arr. by E. Hanks.



2 I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey,
By the ghosts of doubts and fears.
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way;
But the spirit led, unerring
To the land I hold today.

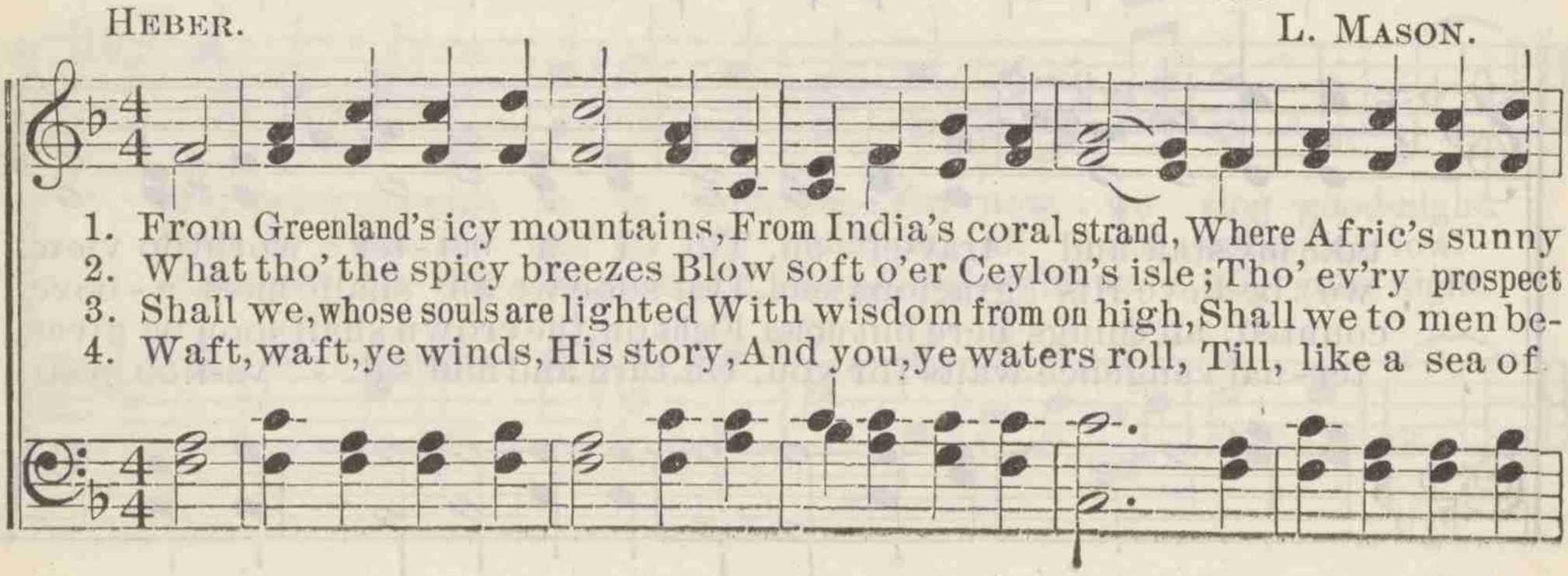
3 I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied.
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear;
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear,
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross;
Worldly honors all forsaking,
For the glory of the cross.

5 Oh, the cross has wondrous glory!
Oft, I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway thro';
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
"Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near."

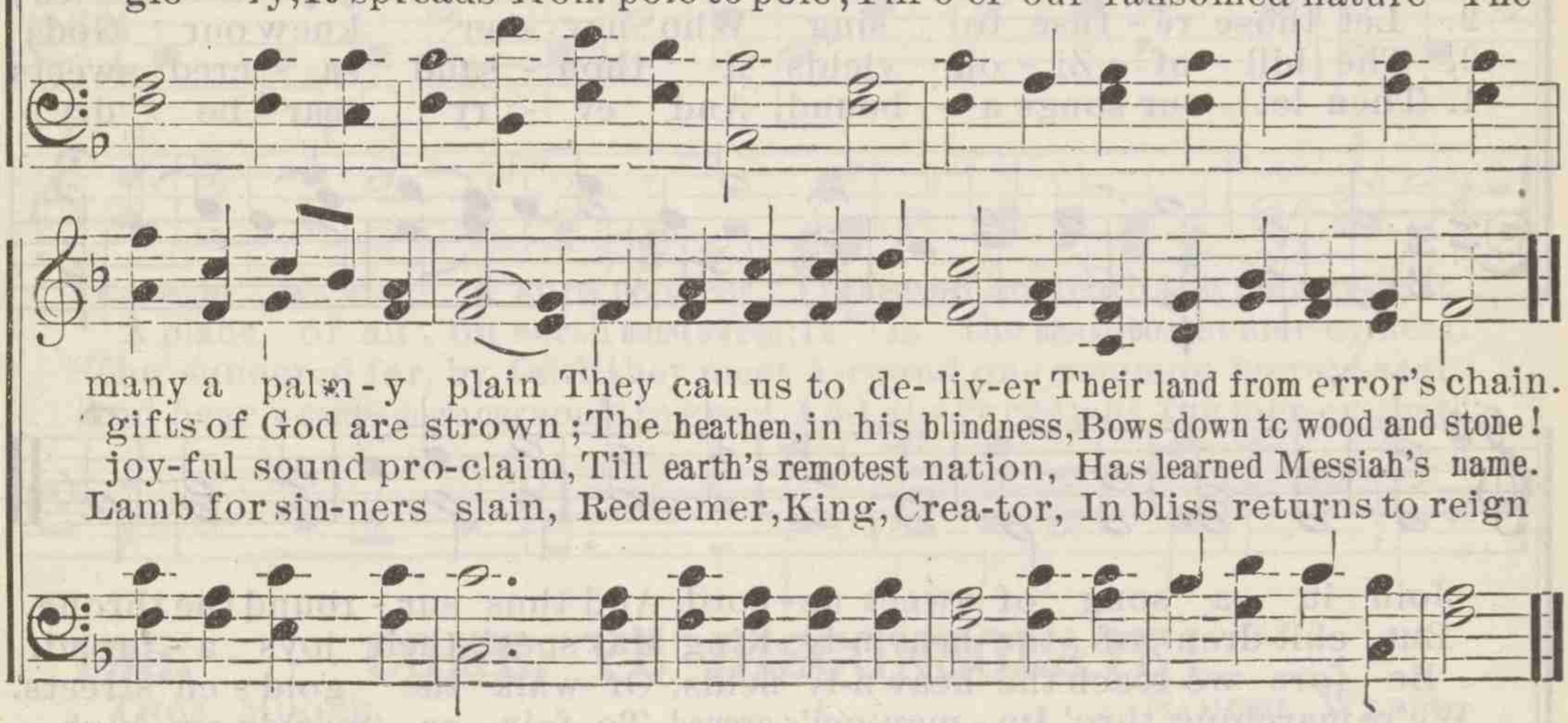
190. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s. & 6s.

Heber. L. Mason.



MISSIONARY HYMN.

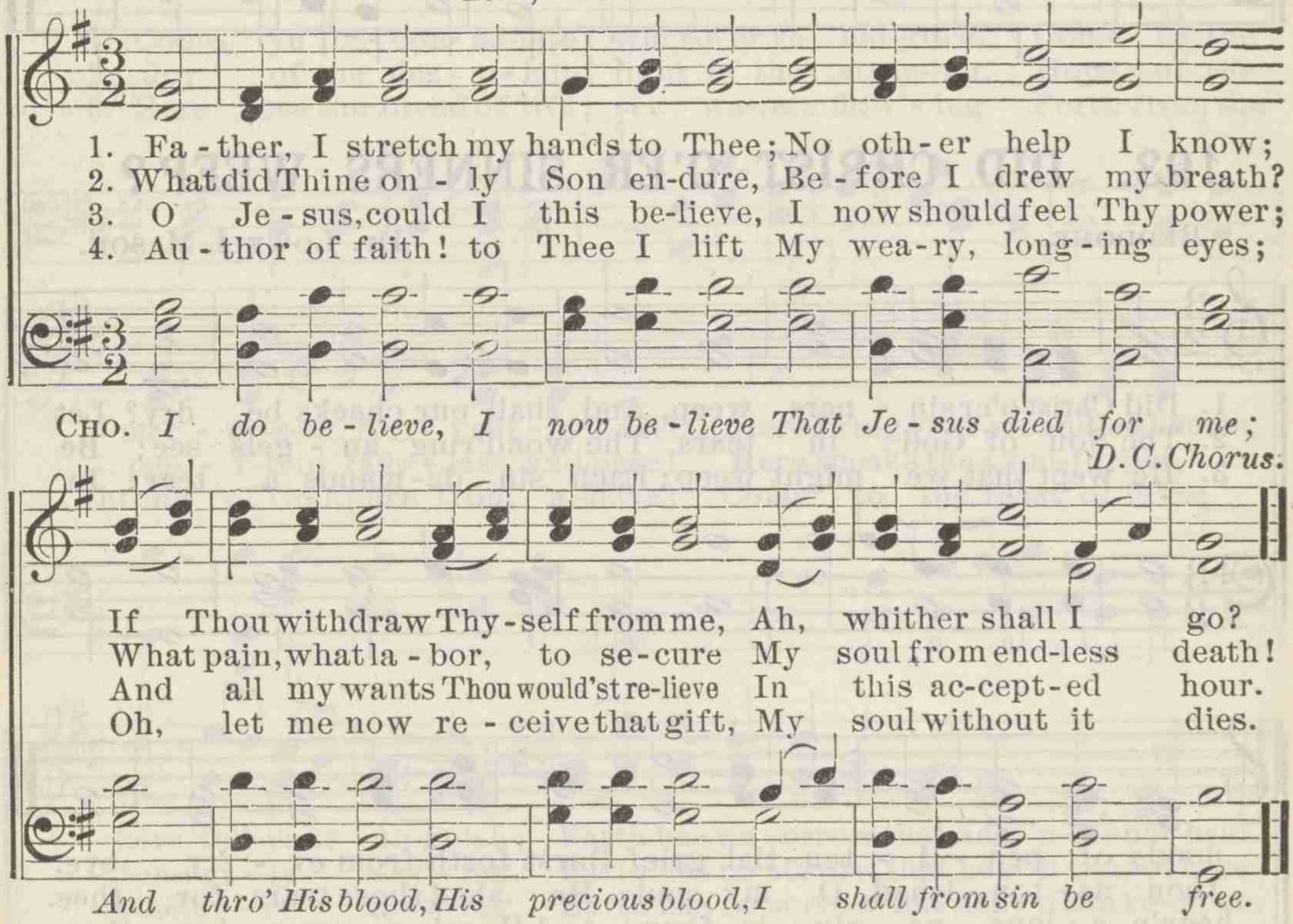
foun-tains Roll down the golden sand. From many an ancient riv - er, From
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile: In vain with lav-ish kind-ness The
night - ed, The lamp of life de-ny? Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed nature The



many a pal-m-y plain They call us to de- liv-er Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone!
joy-ful sound pro-claim, Till earth's remotest nation, Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb for sin-ners slain, Redeemer, King, Crea-tor, In bliss returns to reign

191. I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. "*Lord, I believe.*"—John 9: 38. Anon.



1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en-dure, Be - fore I drew my breath?
3. O Je - sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel Thy power;
4. Au - thor of faith! to Thee I lift My wea-ry, long - ing eyes;

CHO. *I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;*
D. C. Chorus.

If Thou withdraw Thy - self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end-less death!
And all my wants Thou would'st re-lieve In this ac-cept - ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift, My soul without it dies.

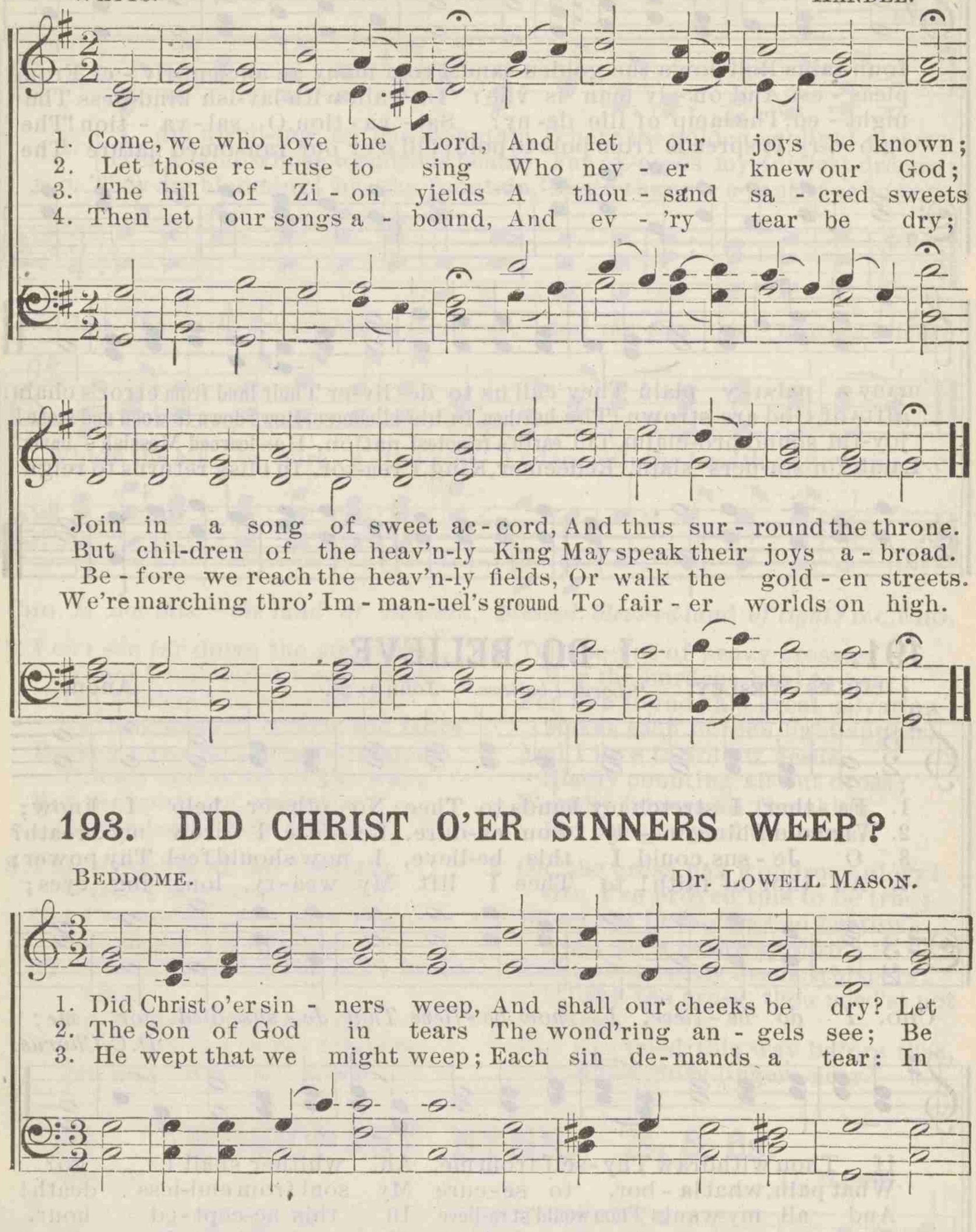
And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see Thy face; [voice,
Now let me hear Thy quickening
And taste Thy pardoning grace.

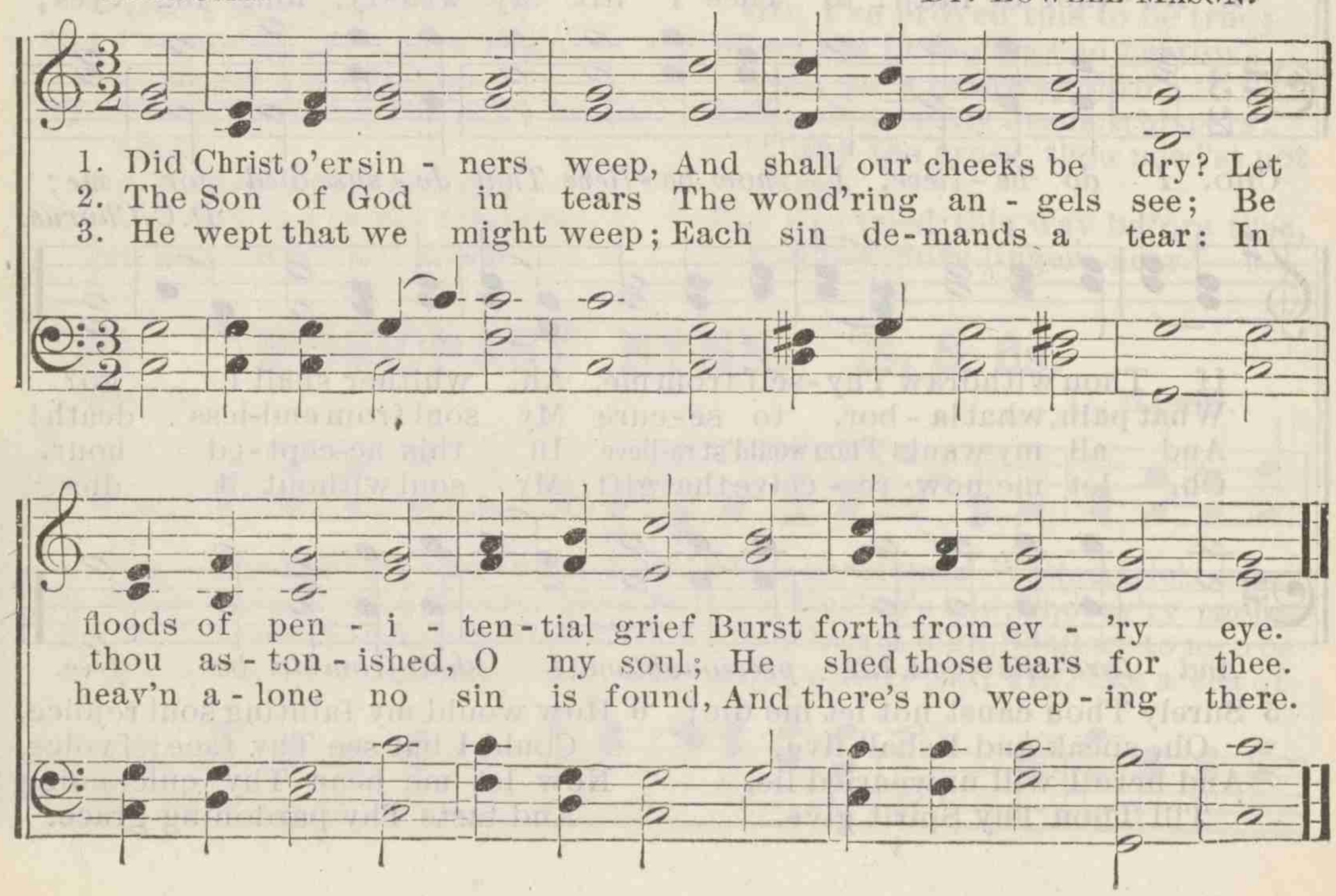
192. COME, WE WHO LOVE THE LORD.

WATTS. HANDEL.



193. DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?

BEDDOME. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



194. FROM EVERY STORMY WIND.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev- 'ry swell -ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spi-rits blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea-gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more;

There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer-cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.

195. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE!

THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.

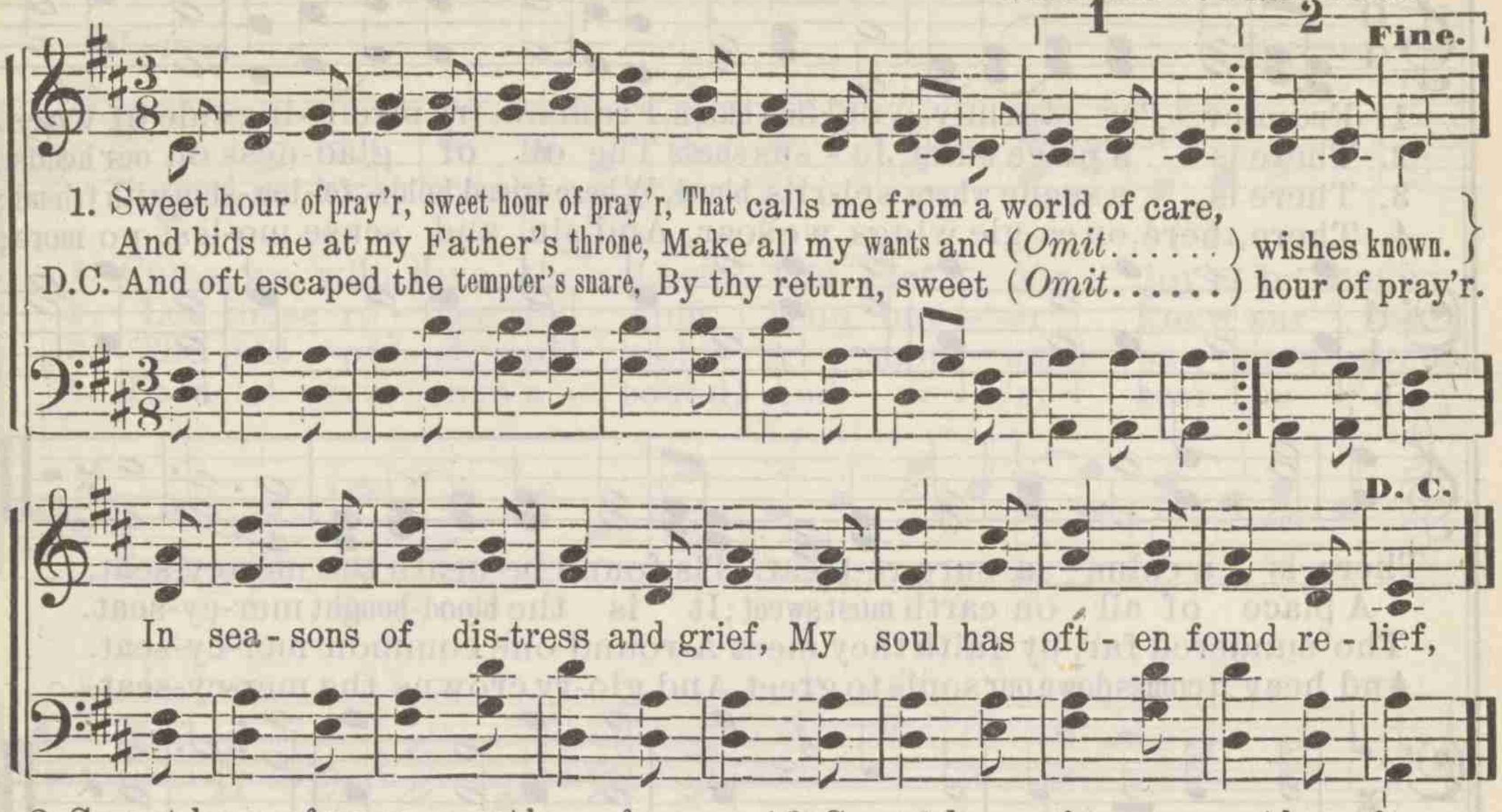
1. Come, ye dis- con- so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
pen - i-tent, fade - less, and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
throne of God, pure from a-bove: Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
ten-der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.
come, ev - er know-ing, Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re-move.

196. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

REV. WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

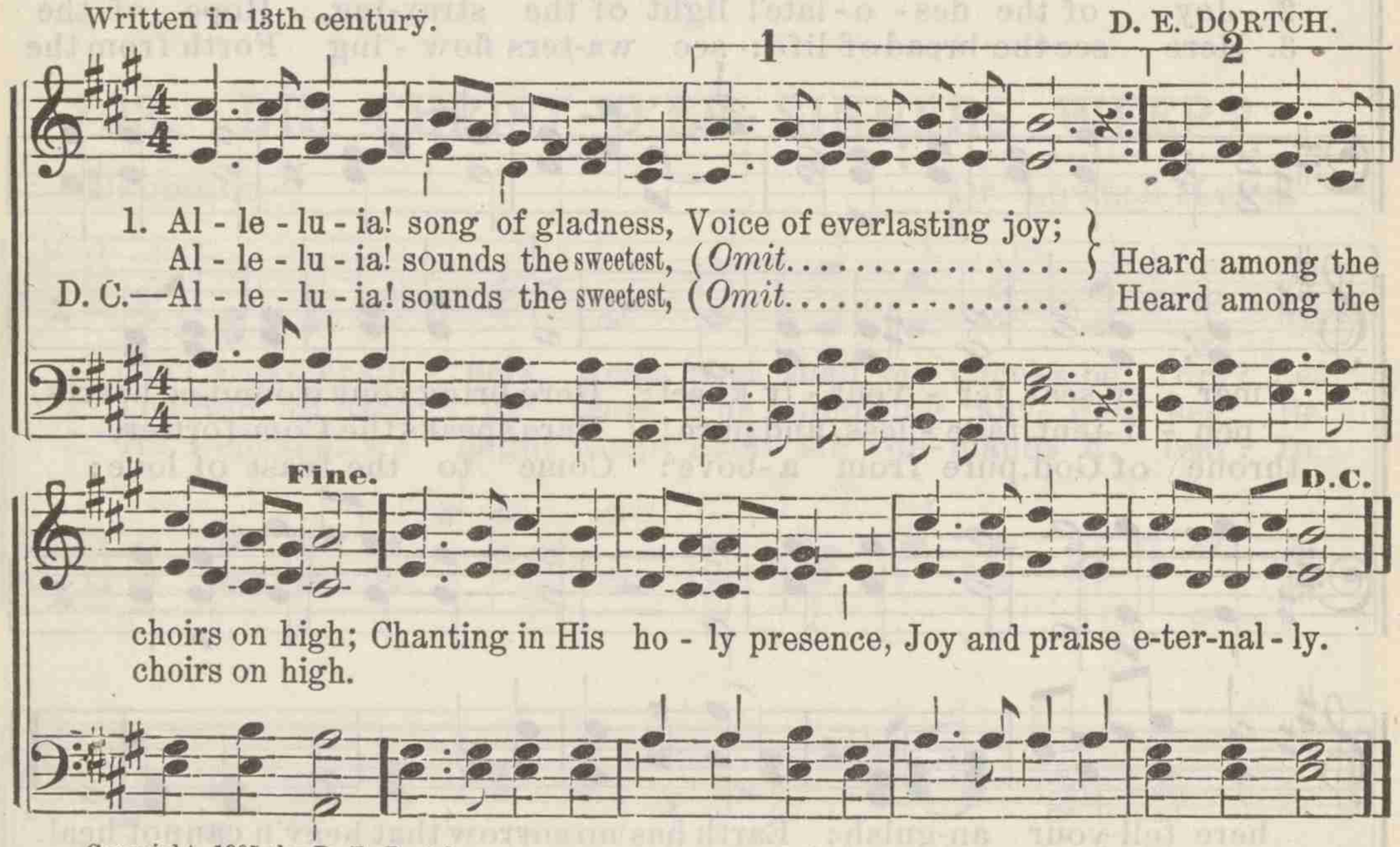


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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

197. ALLELUIA.

Written in 13th century. D. E. DORTCH.



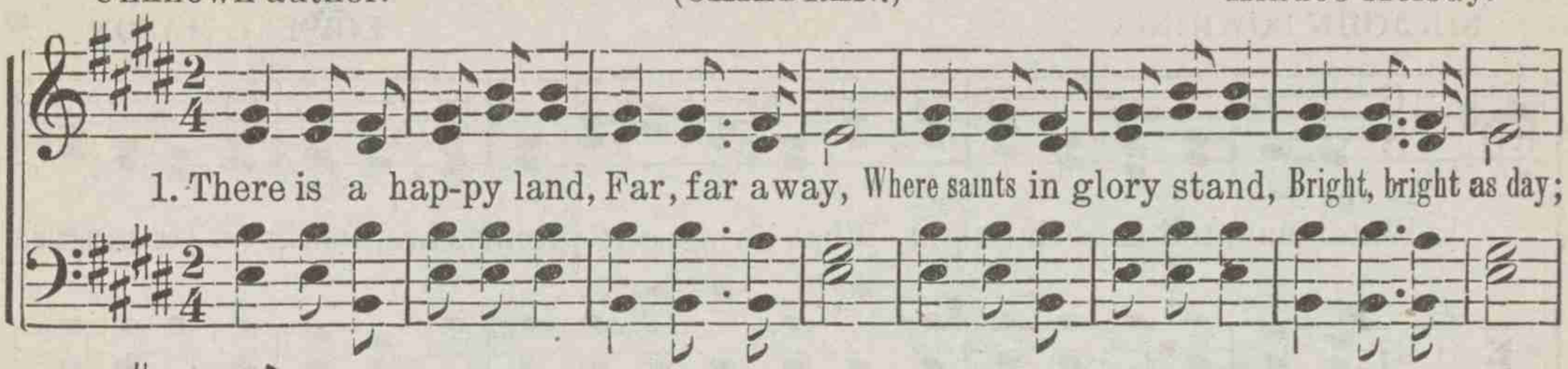
Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Alleluia! O how faintly
Mortal tongues its raptures raise;
Here our joy is mixed with sadness,
Clouding oft our brightest days;
Here our sweetest songs can never
Give to Jesus worthy praise. D. C.

3 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God we raise to Thee;
Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
Make us all Thy joys to see;
Then we'll sing our Hallelujah,—
Sing to all eternity. D. C.

198. THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

Unknown author. (CHILDREN.) Hindoo Melody.



2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

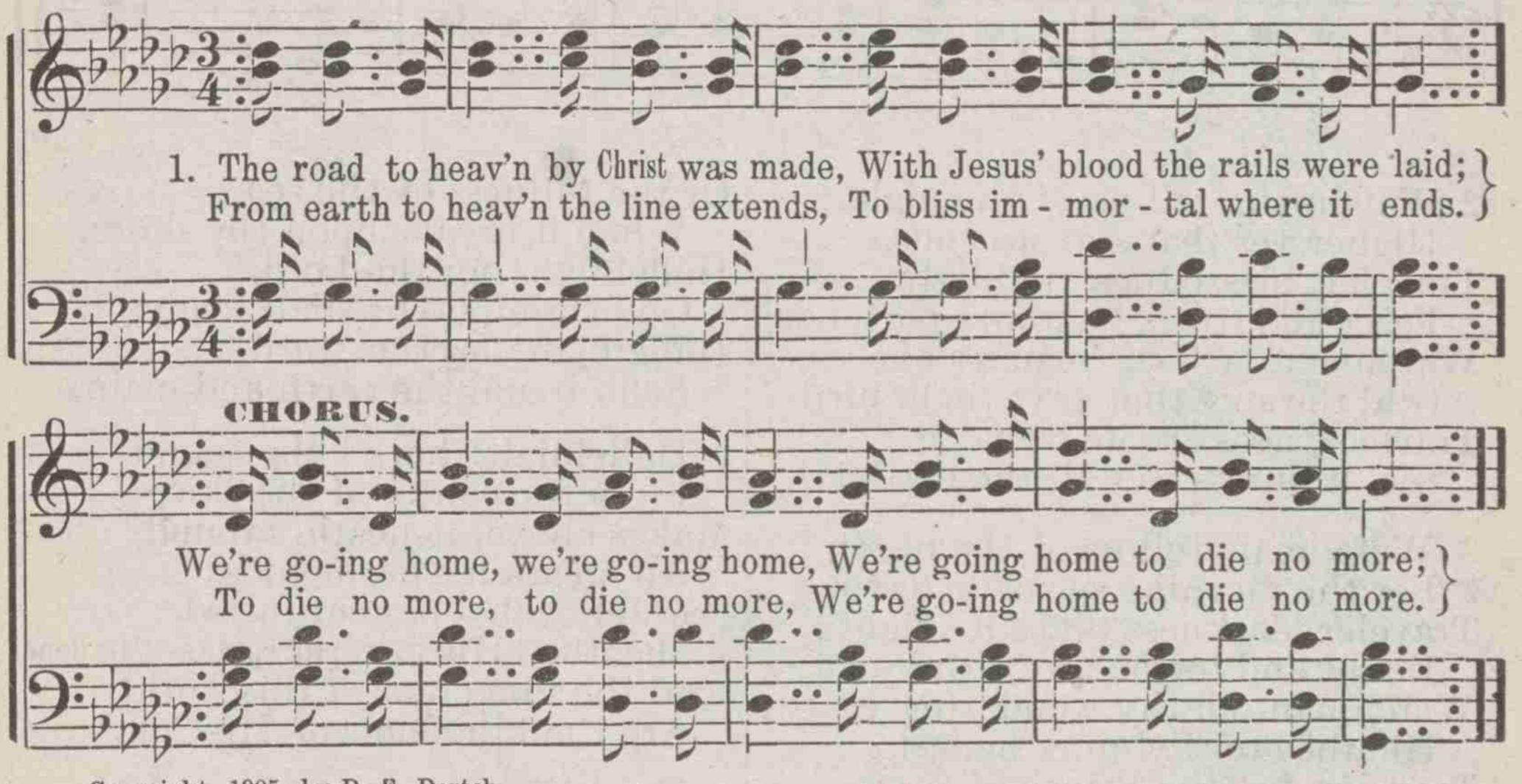
3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams ev'ry eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.

O then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye!

4 All heaven in holy ground,
Our souls to bless;
No sin can there be found
Us to oppress.
Jesus will keep us there,
Ever blooming, ever fair;
Come then and glory share
Eternally.

199. THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

Anon. Anon. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH.



Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Repentance is the station, then,
Where passengers are taken in,
The fare for every one is paid
By Jesus, who atonement made.

3 The Bible is the engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark, and dreary here,
It does the way to glory steer.

4 God's love the fire, His truth the steam,
Which drives the engine, pulls the train;
All you who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ, in Him abide.

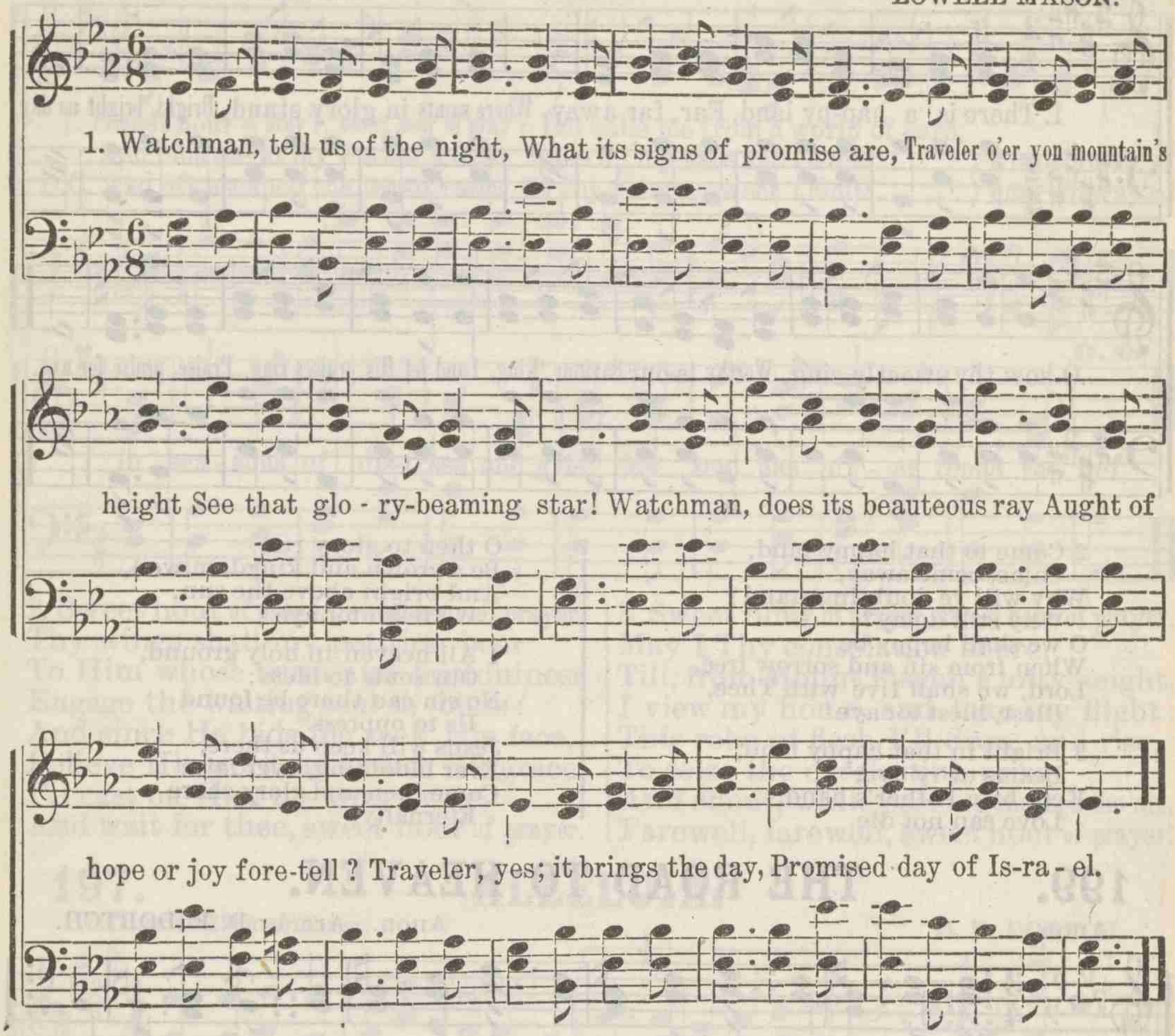
5 Come, sinner, enter while you may,
Ere you should pass life's fleeting day;
If you repent and turn from sin
The train will stop and take you in.

6 And then to glory we will go
With all on board as white as snow;
So ring the bell and start the train,
And run it through in Jesus' name.

200. WATCHMAN. 7s. D.

"Watchman, what of the night?"—Isa. 21: 11.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. LOWELL MASON.



2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

201. Hark! the Song.

Tune: Watchman, No. 200.

1 Hark! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar;
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound
From the center of the skies
Makes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world,
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

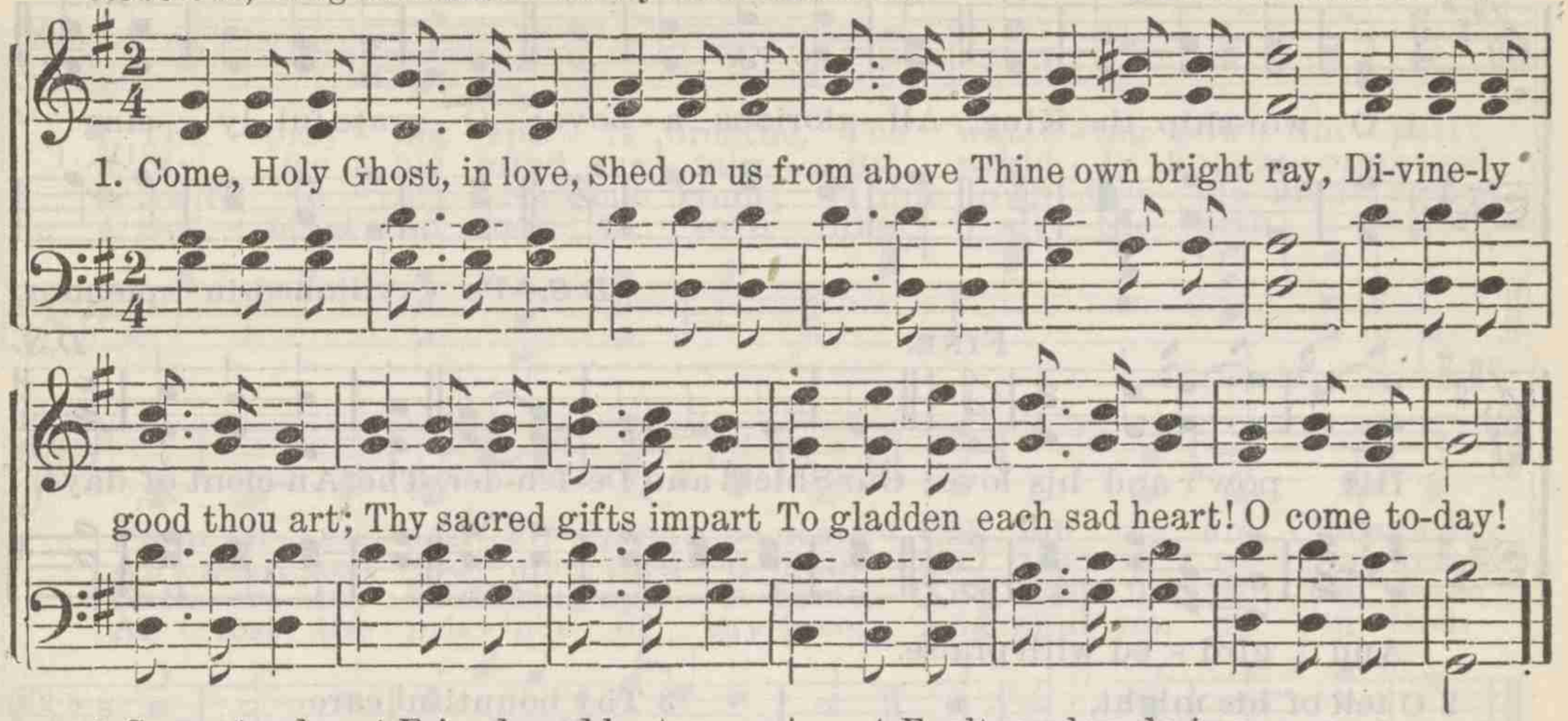
3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

James Montgomery.

202. NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

"But when the comforter is come."—JOHN 15: 26.

Robert II, King of France. Tr. by RAY PALMER. THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour!

3 Come, Light, serene, and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill.
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine,
Send forth Thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

203. SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER. 7s. D.

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

REV. JOHN NEWTON. LOWELL MASON.

1 Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
‖: Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest. :‖

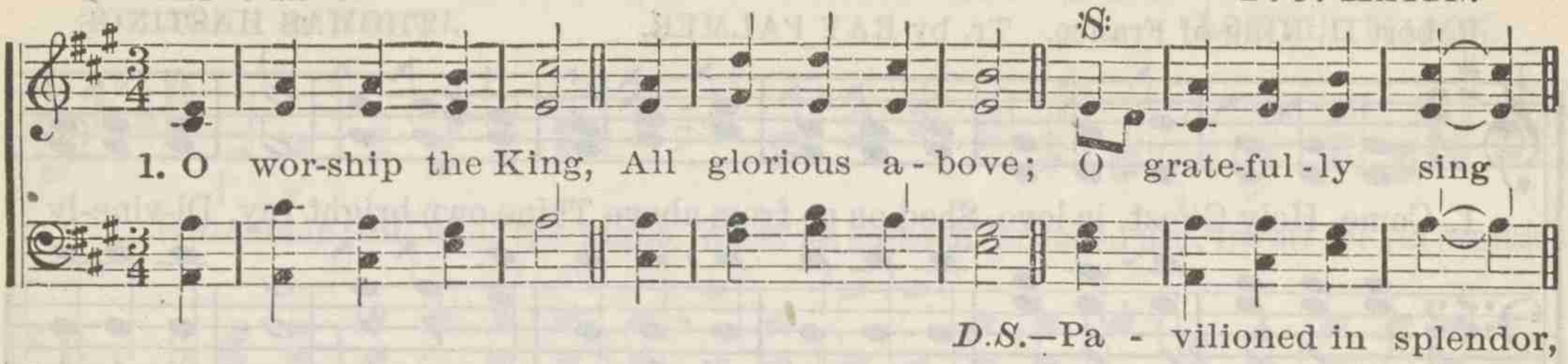
2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame:
‖: From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee. :‖

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
May we feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
‖: Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast. :‖

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinner's' comfort saints:
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
‖: Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
Till we join the church above. :‖

204. LYONS. 5s, 6s. D.

ROBERT GRANT. F. J. HAYDN.

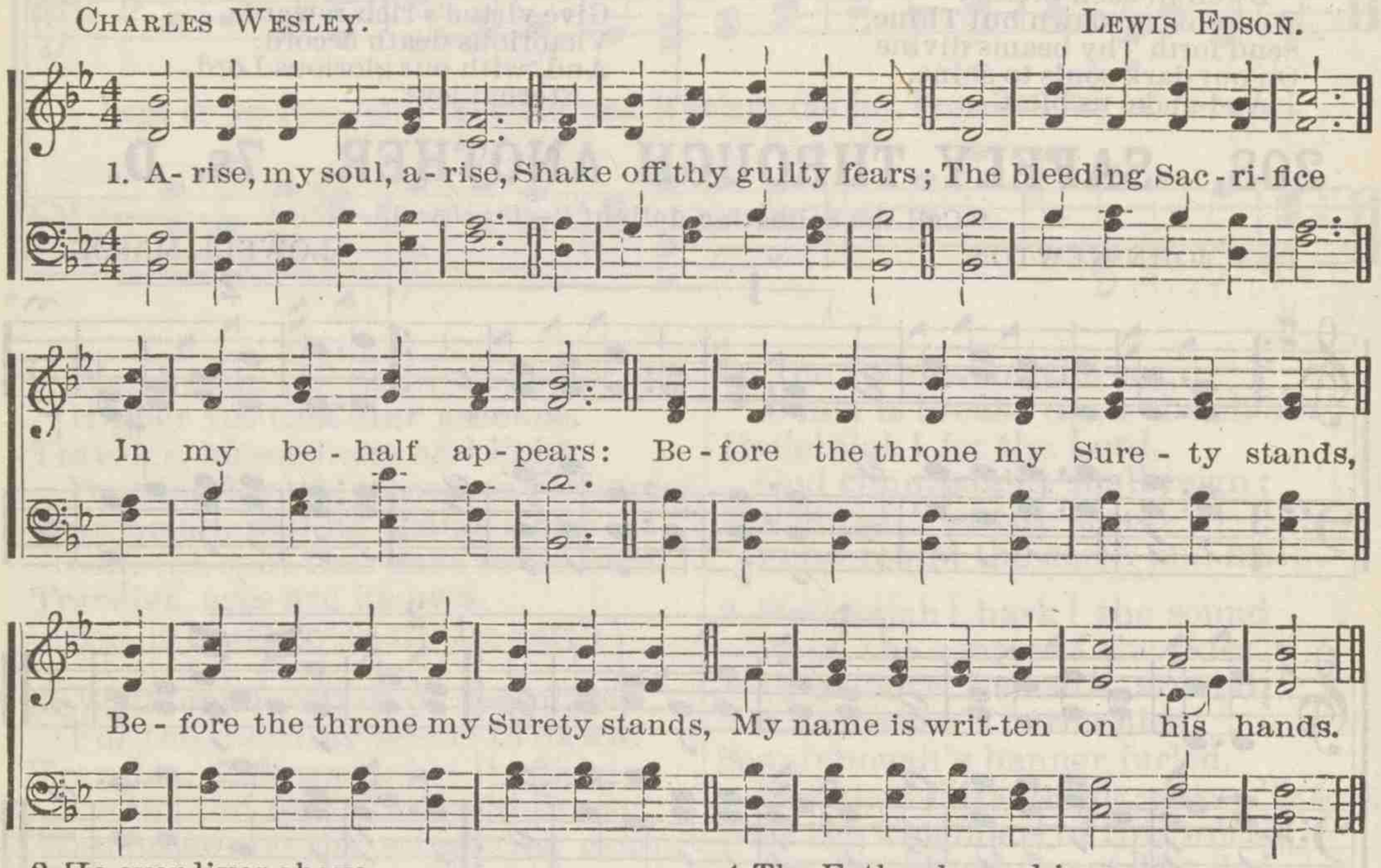


2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills
In the dew and the rain.

205. LENOX. H. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.



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

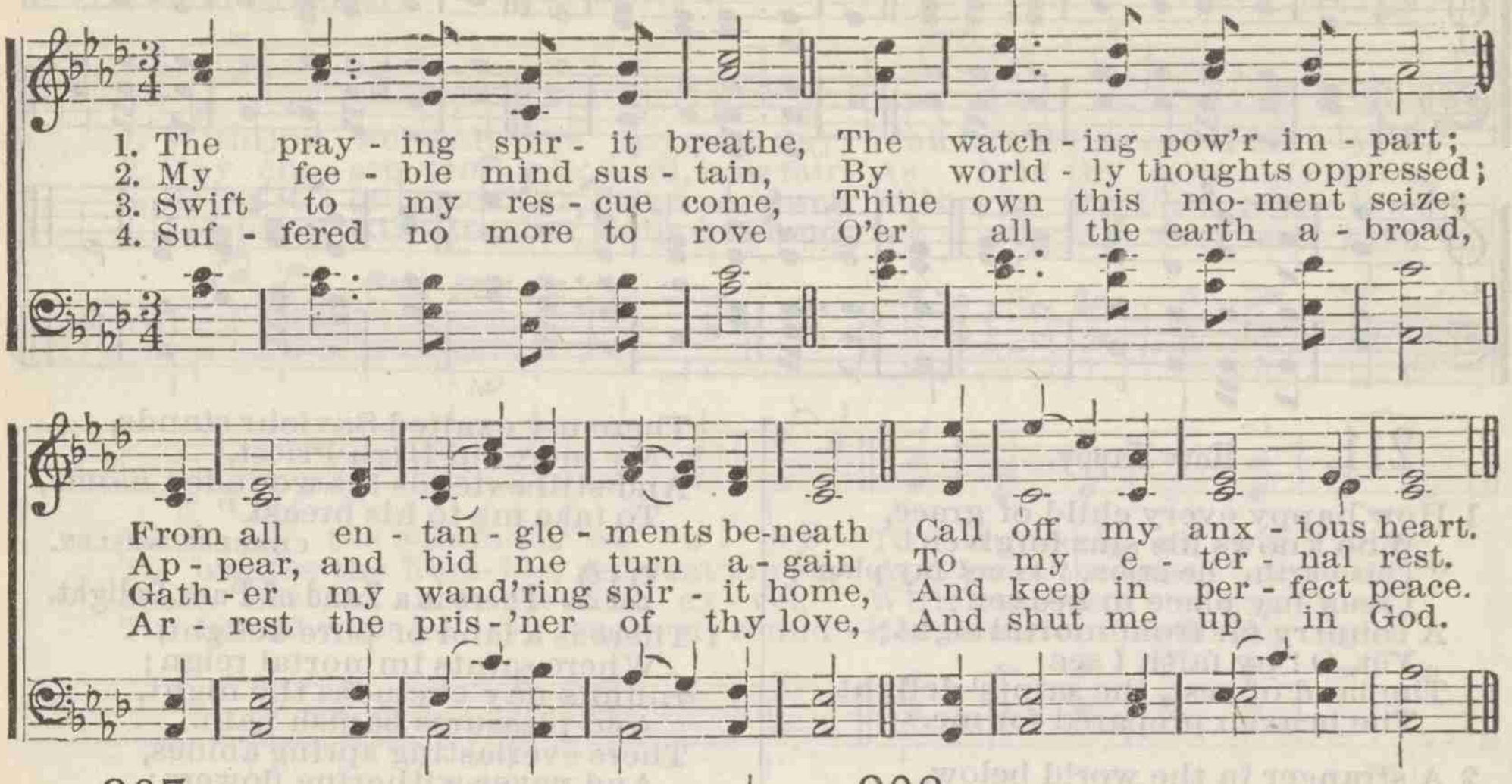
3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

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

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

206. LEIGHTON. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. HENRY W. GREATOREX.



207. Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.

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 One day within the place
Which thou dost, Lord, frequent,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
In sinful pleasures spent.

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

ISAAC WATTS.

208. How Gentle God's Commands!

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.

209. Softly Now the Light of Day.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Thou whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

210. Day by Day the Manna Fell.

1 Day by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

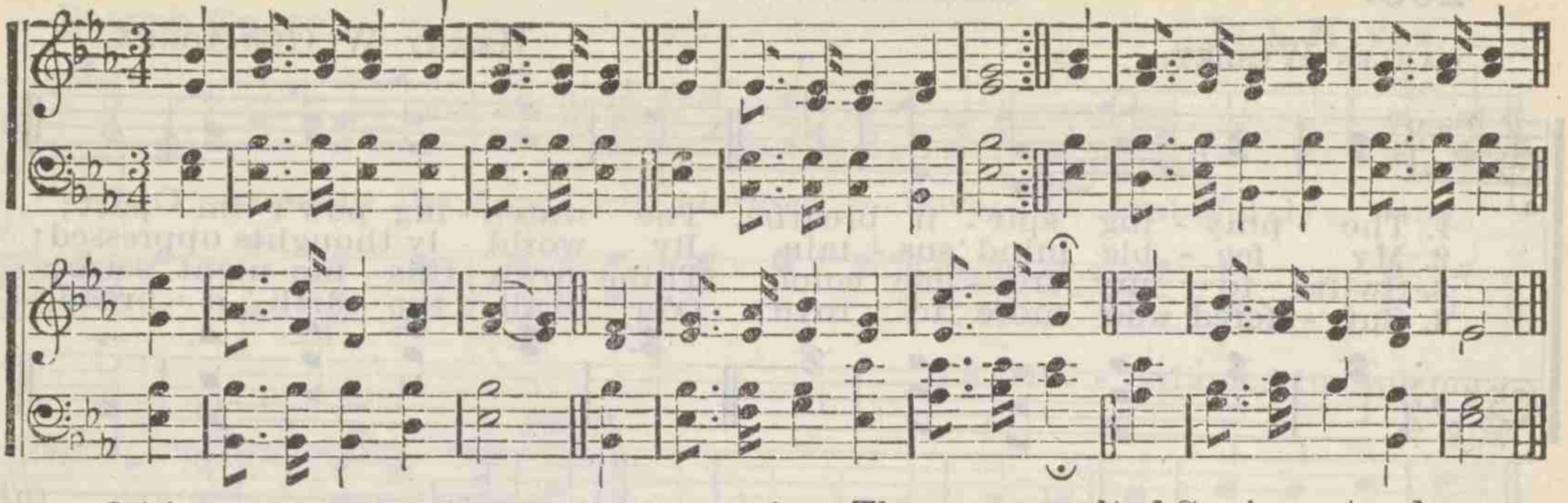
2 Lord! my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

3 Thou my daily task shalt give:
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfill,
Not my own, my Father's will.

JOSIAH CONDER.

VARINA. C. M. D.

GEO. F. ROOT.



211. How Happy.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight;—
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast."

CHARLES WESLEY.

212. There is a Land of Pure Delight.

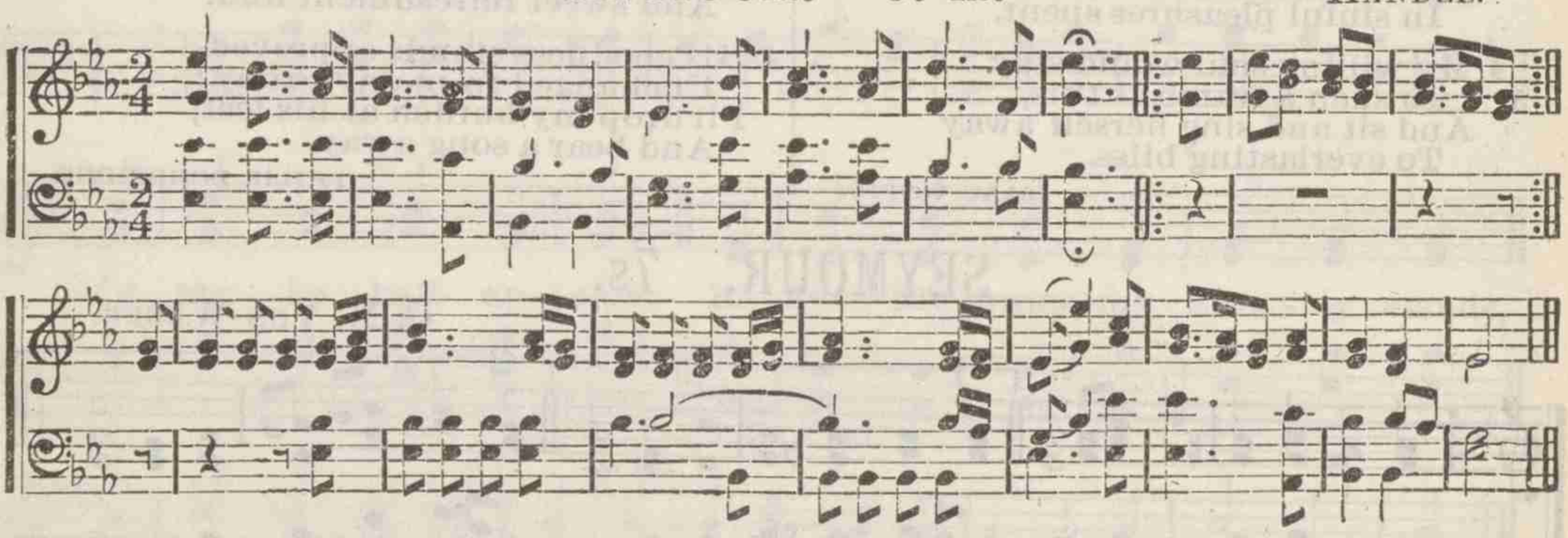
1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

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, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

HANDEL.



213. Joy to the World!

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

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

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground,
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

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

ISAAC WATTS.

214. Father of Mercies.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

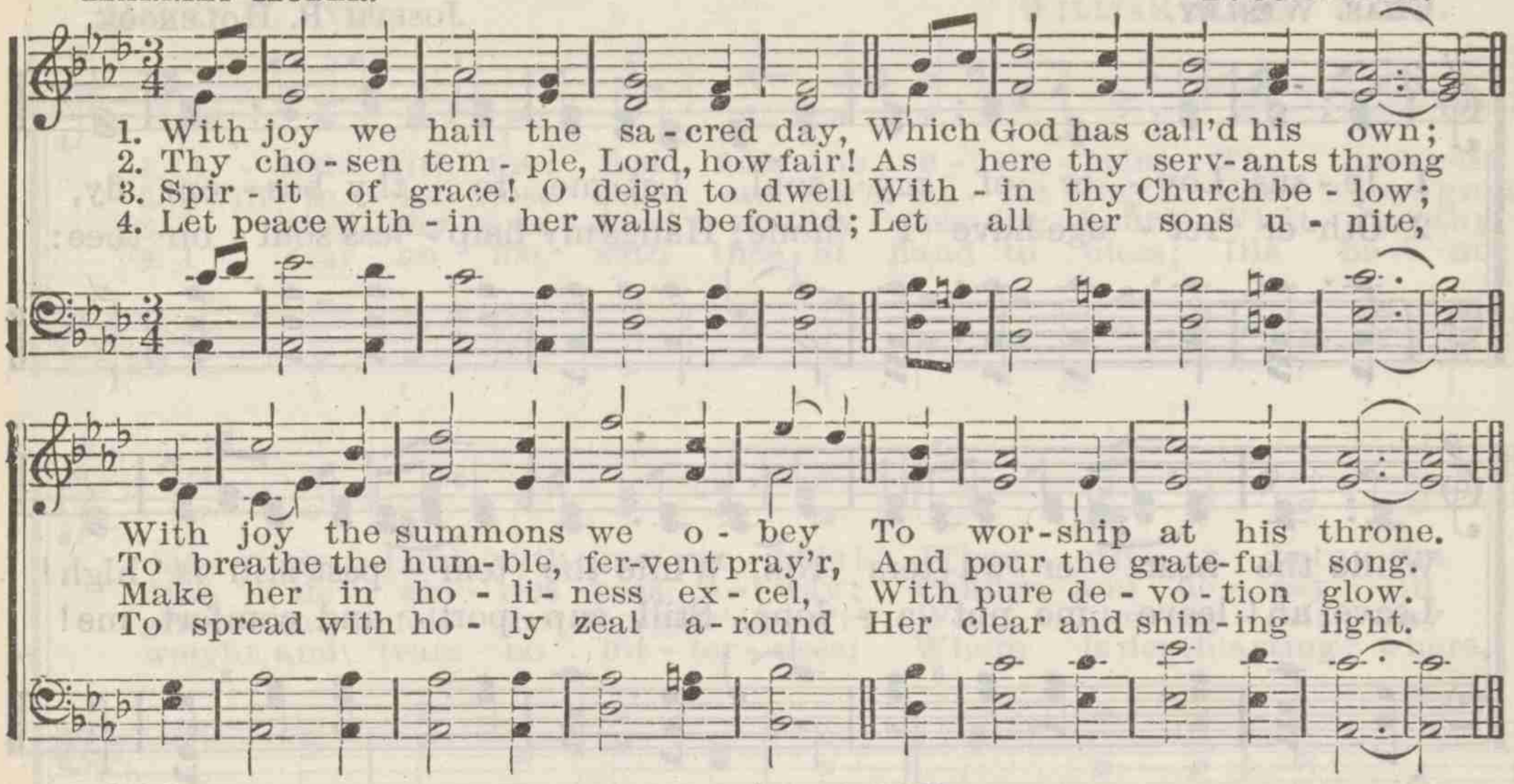
3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE.

215. MANOAH. C. M.

HARRIET AUBER. F. J. HAYDN.



216. There is No Sorrow.

1 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to thee:
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

JANE CREWDSON.

217. Thou Art the Way.

1 Thou art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.

218. There is An Eye.

1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the shades of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That list'ning ear to gain.

4 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

JOHN AIKMAN WALLACE.

219. Jesus, the Very Thought.

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 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O 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!

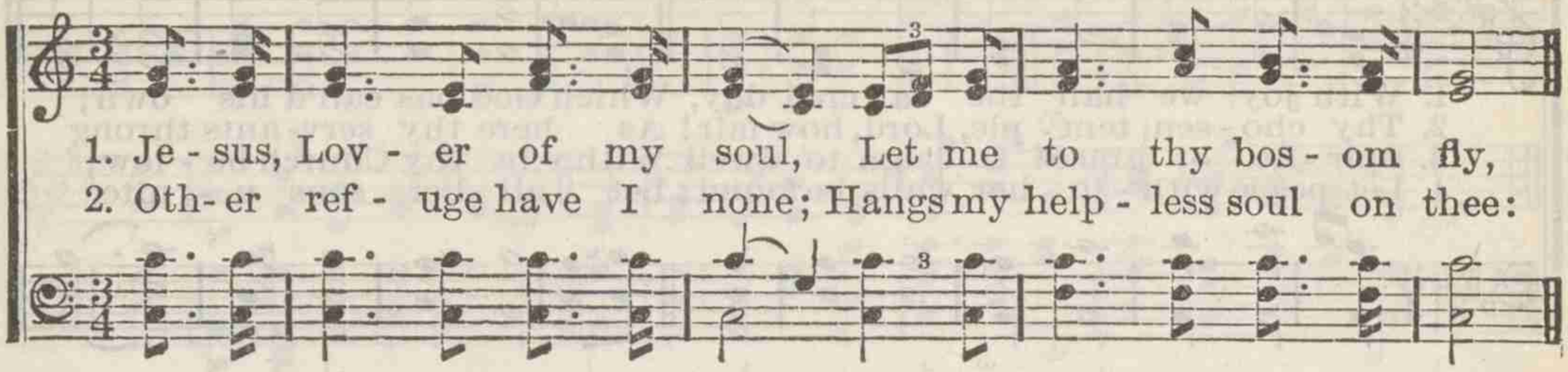
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.
TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL.

220. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(REFUGE. 7s. D.)

CHAS. WESLEY. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



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

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make 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!

221. MARTYN. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.

222. EVENTIDE. 10s.

HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

223. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

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

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

224. HORTON. 7s.

MARY BARBER DANA. XAVIER SCHNEIDER.

225. Holy Ghost, with Light. 7s.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

ANDREW REED.

226. Lord, We Come. 7s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

WM. HAMMOND.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

227. Depth of Mercy. 7s.

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 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

CHARLES WESLEY.

228. Holy Bible, Book Divine. 7s.

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.

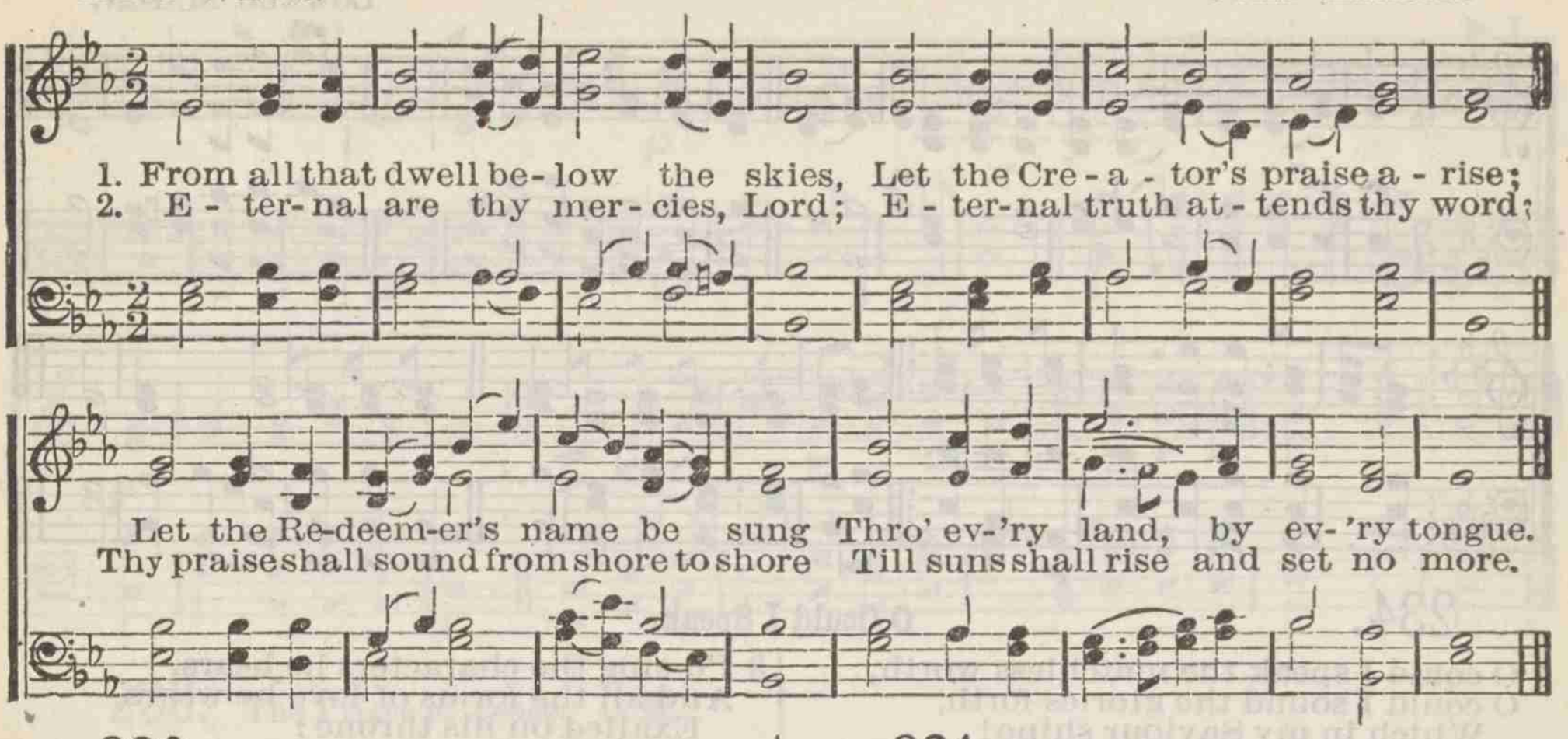
3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON, SR.

229. DUKE ST. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.



230. Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch 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.

ISAAC WATTS.

231. Glorying in the Cross. L. M.

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

ISAAC WATTS.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

232. Lord, I Am Thine. L. M.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

233. Not Ashamed of Jesus. L. M.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.

234. O Could I Speak.

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

235. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

W. COWPER. Fr. LOWELL MASON.

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
Be saved, to sin no more.

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

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

ZERAH. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

236. The Prince of Peace. C. M.

1 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

JOHN MORRISON.

237. Awake, my Soul. C. M.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

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

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

238. Come, Let us Join. C. M.

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 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

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

ISAAC WATTS.

239. I'M GOING HOME.

Wm. Hunter, D.D. Arr. by Rev. W. McDonald.

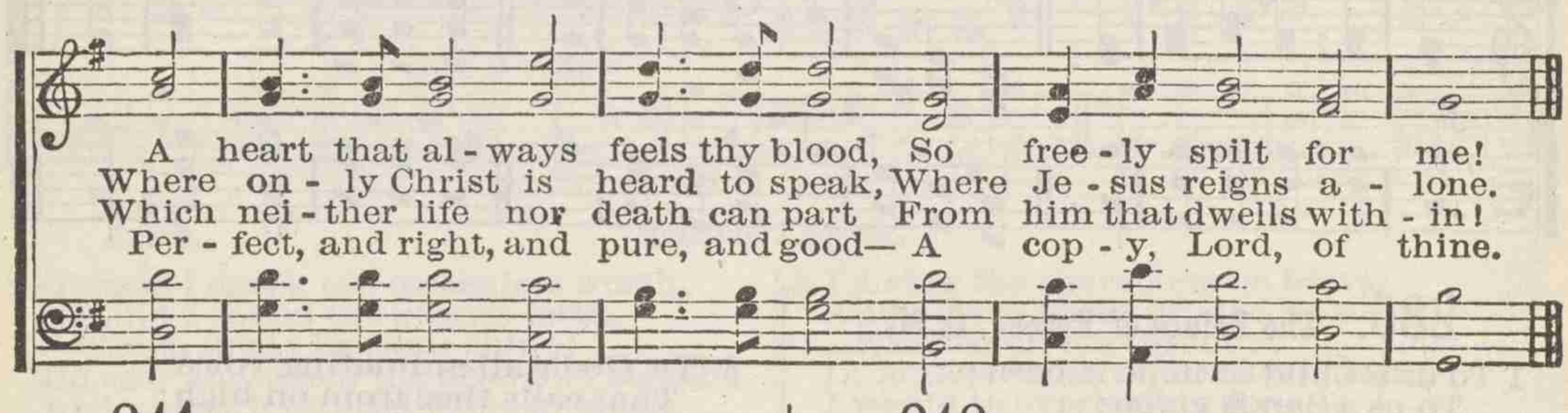
2 My Father's house is built on high:
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

240. ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.



241. O for a Faith. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

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

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

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

242. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer 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 flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

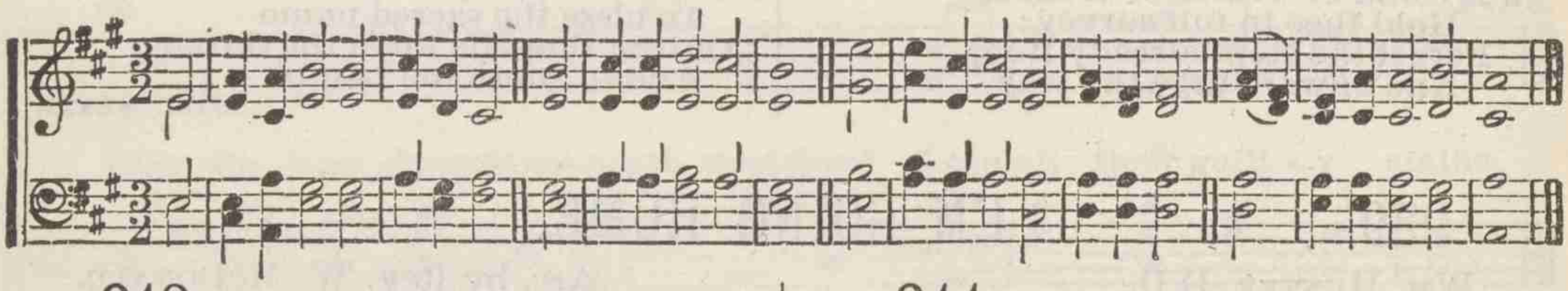
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

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

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



243. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

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

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

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

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

244. The Dearest Name. C. M.

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

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

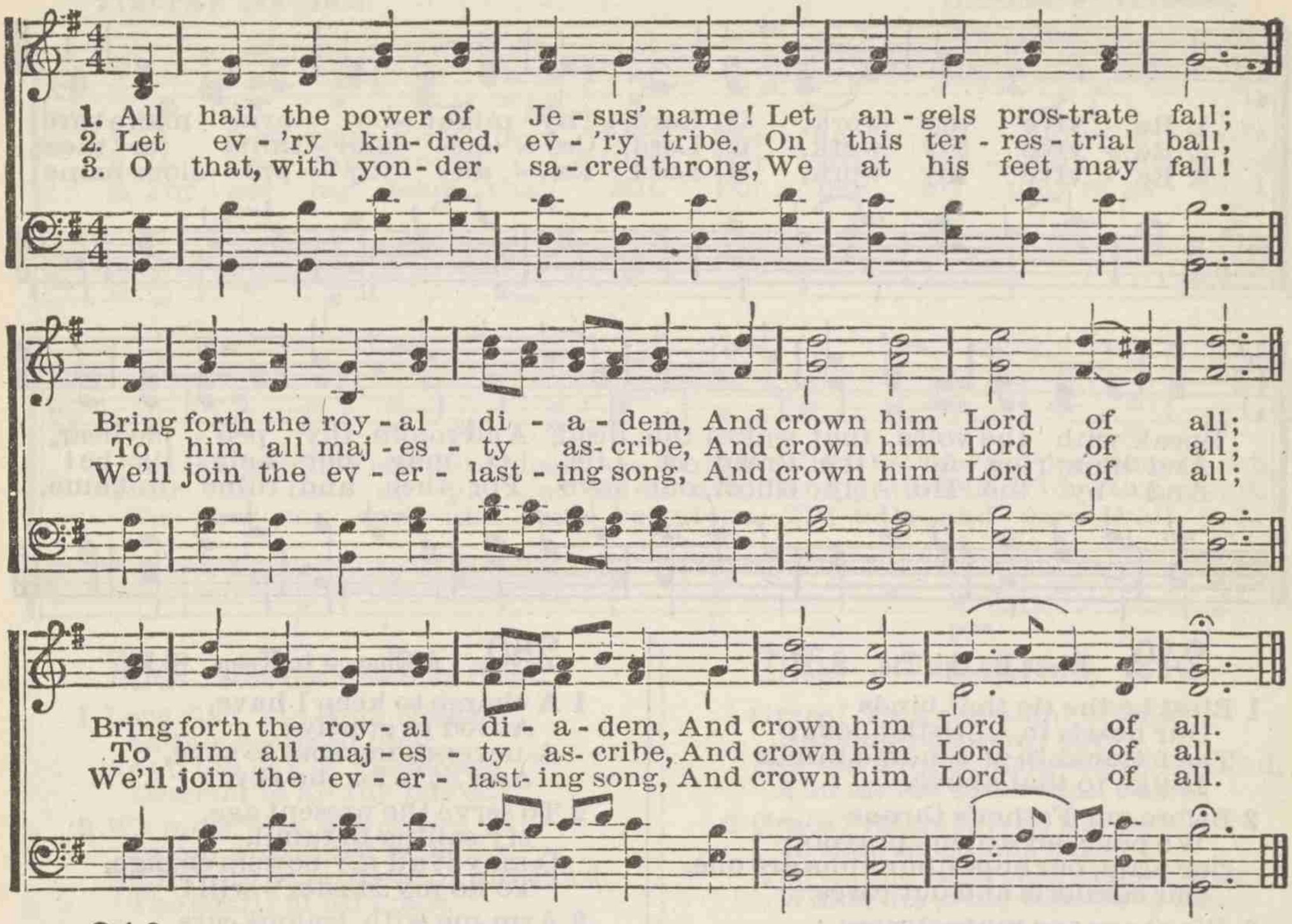
3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

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

JOHN NEWTON.

245. CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



246. O for a Thousand Tongues.

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

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

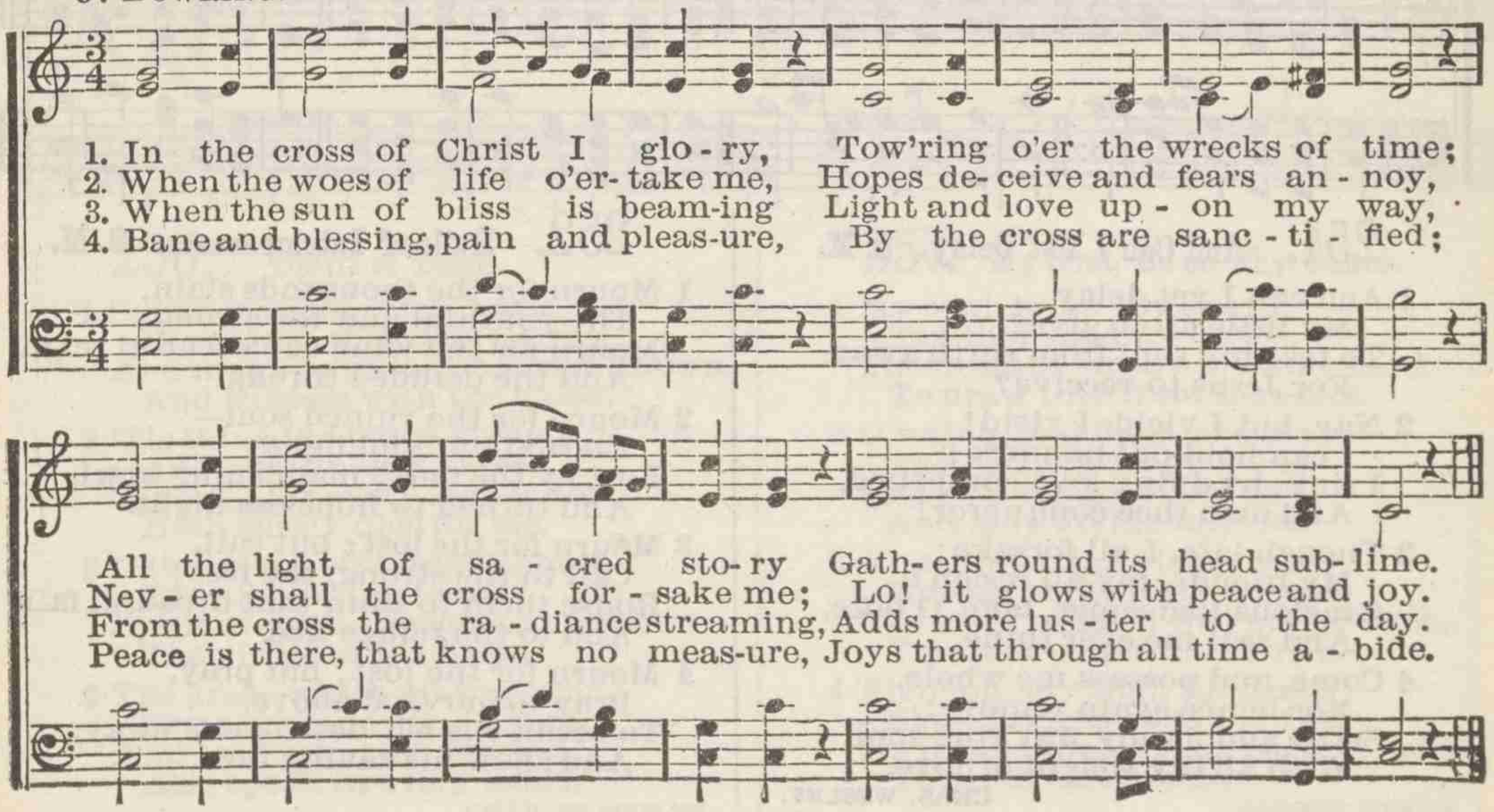
3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

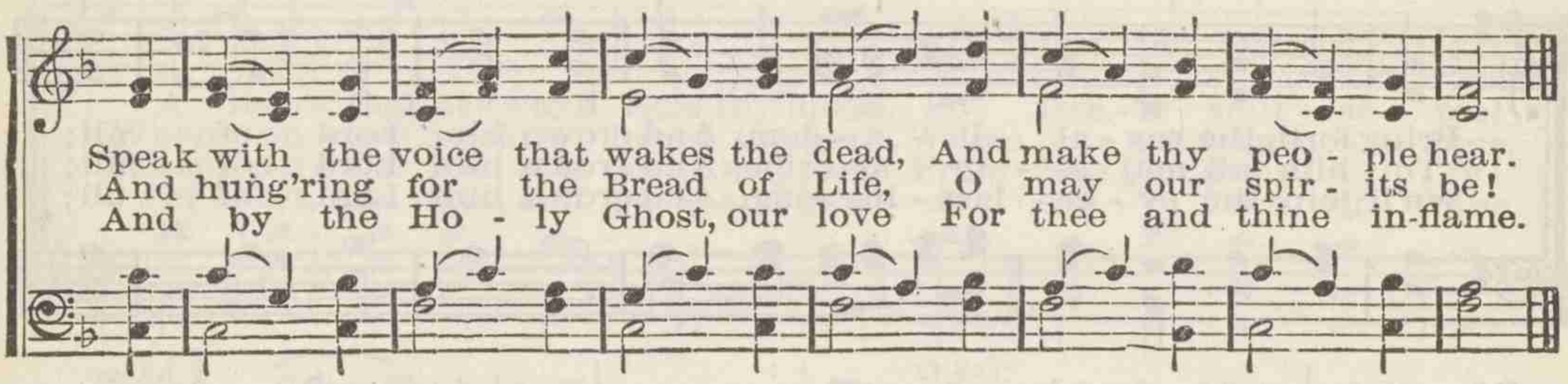
247. RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

J. BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



248. DENNIS. S. M.

ALBERT MIDLANE. H. G. NÄGELI.



249. Blest Be the Tie. S. M.

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.

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

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

JOHN FAWCETT.

250. A Charge to Keep. S. M.

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

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

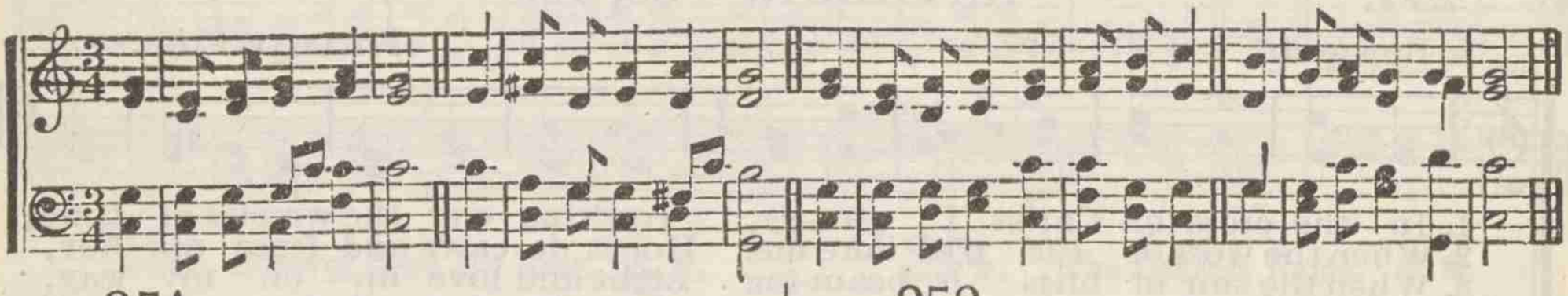
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

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

CHAS. WESLEY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



251. And Can I Yet Delay. S. M.

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

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

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

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

252. Evils of Intemperance. S. M.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

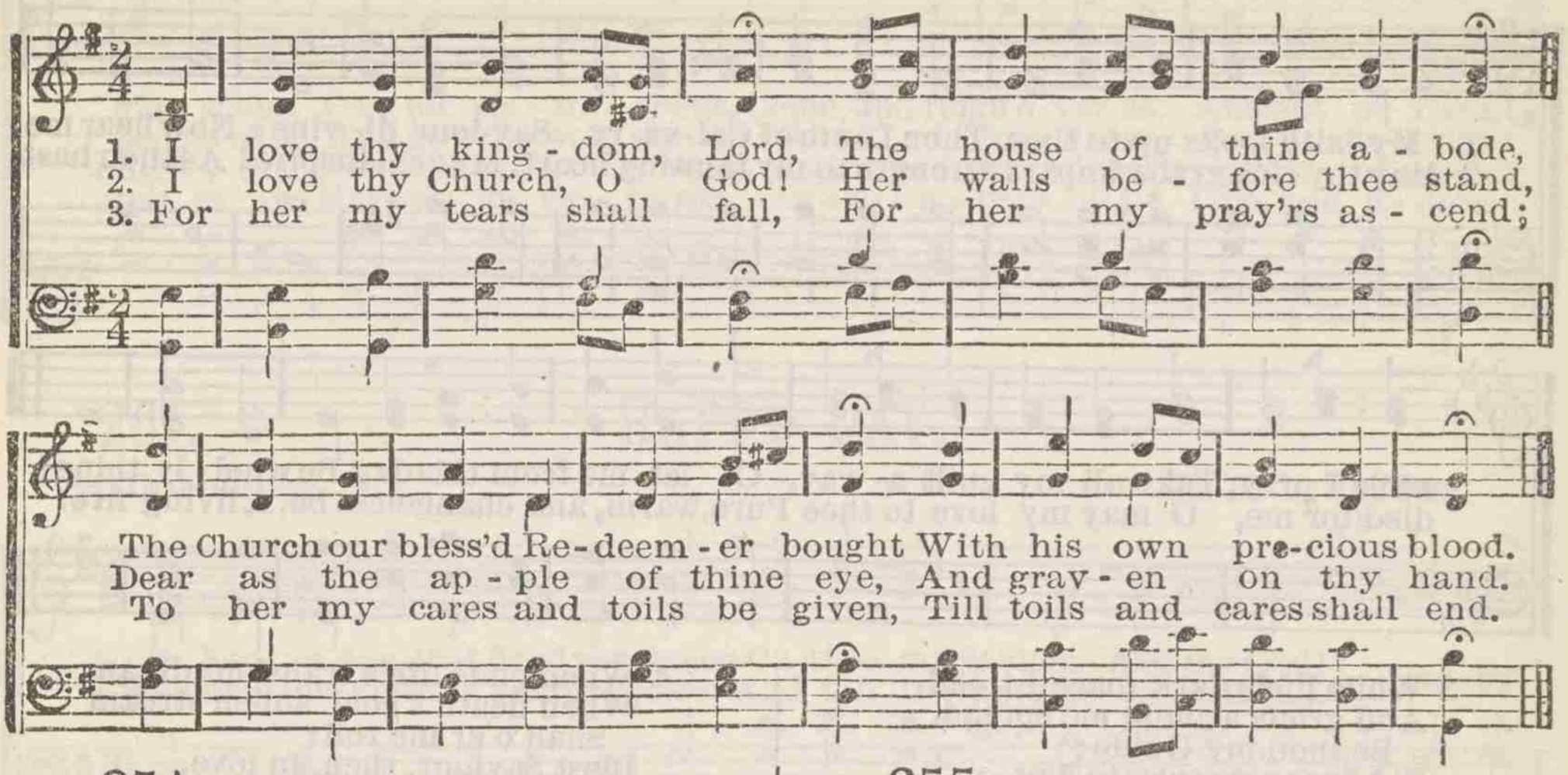
2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

253. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. GEORGE F. HANDEL.



254. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

255. Grace!

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to my ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

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

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

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

P. DODDRIDGE.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

256. Spirit of Faith.

1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his name.

4 The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

257. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

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:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

GEORGE HEATH

258. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

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

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

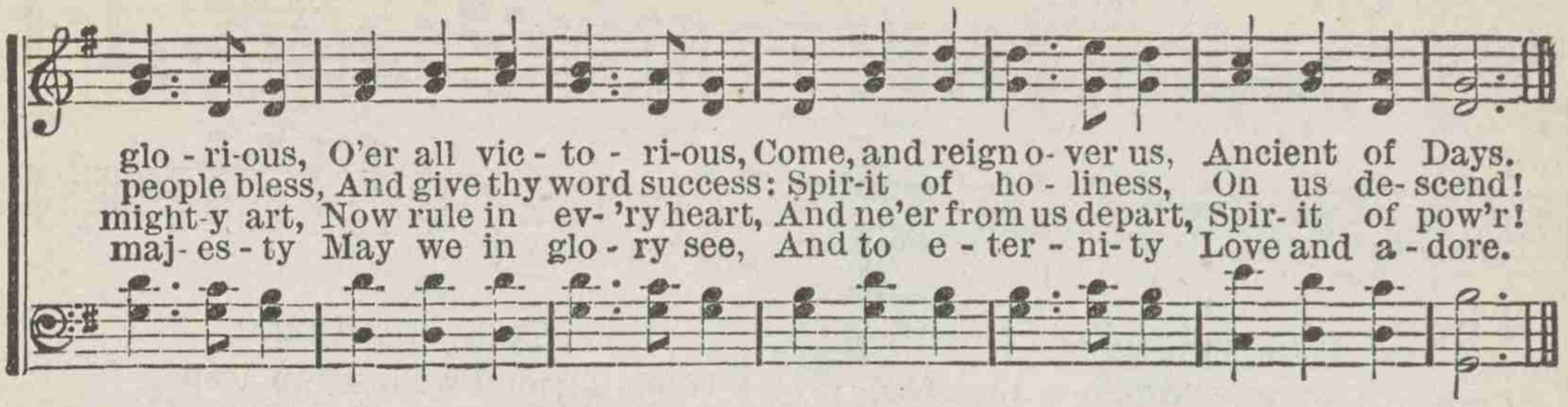
259. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.) Ad. HENRY CAREY.

260. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

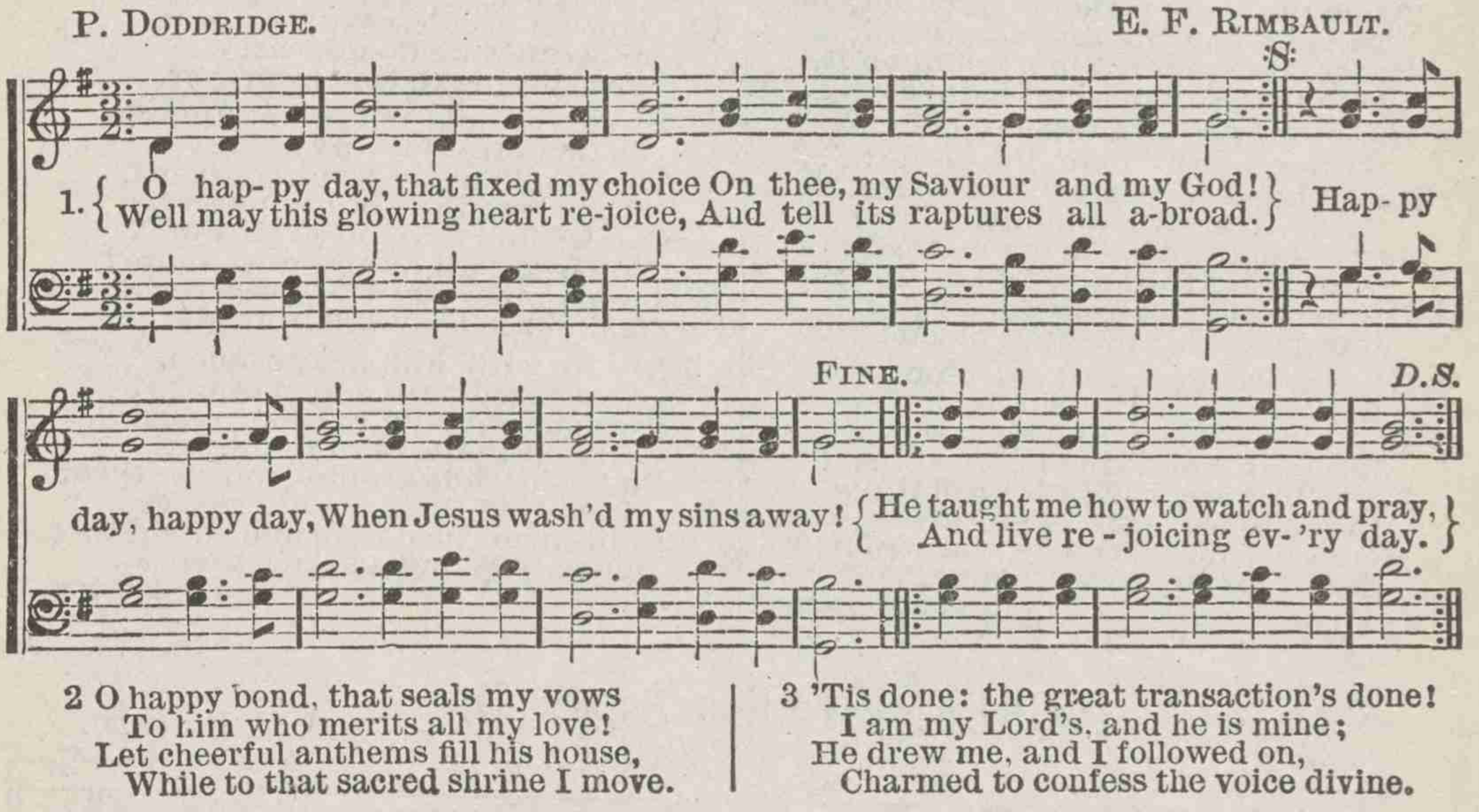
C. WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) FELICE GIARDINI.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. (Concluded.)



261. HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

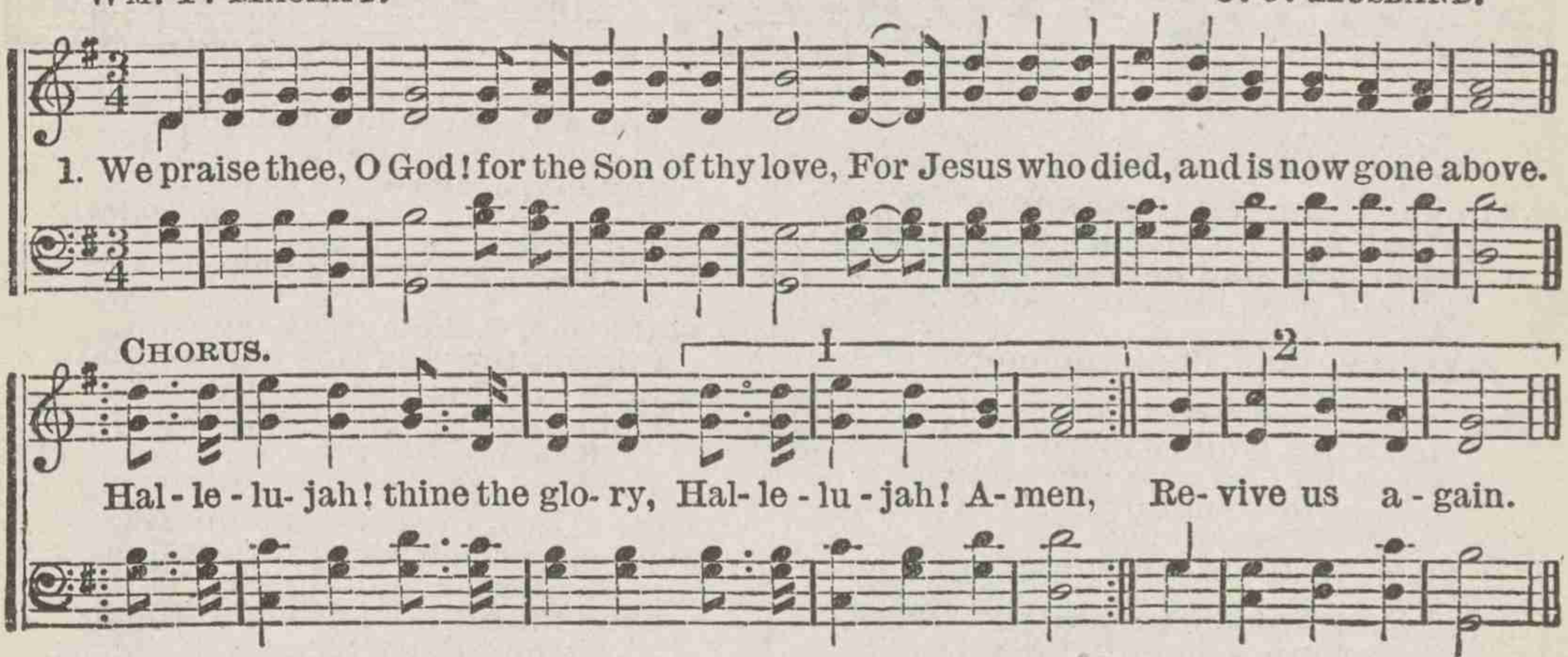


2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

262. REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.



2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

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

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

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

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.

263. Come, Thou Fount.

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'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring 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 wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

R. ROBINSON.

264. Tune.—874 Hymnal.

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

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

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

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.

265. Come, Ye Sinners.

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 fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

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

JOSEPH HART

266. The Pilgrim's Guide.

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, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.

267. Stand Up for Jesus!

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

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

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

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

No. 268. The Morning Light.

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 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

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!"

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

269. SUN OF MY SOUL.

(HURSLEY. L. M.)

JOHN KEBLE. Fr. PETER RITTER.

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

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

270. LISCHER. H. M.

THOMAS HAYWARD. F. SCHNEIDER.

1 Welcomè, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;—
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

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

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

271. Awake, Ye Saints.

Acts 7: 49.

1 Awake, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay!
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain!
Through endless years to live and reign.

THOMAS COTTERILL.

272. Lord of the Worlds.

Psalm 84: 12.

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints, with equal zeal,
To rise and dwell among Thy saints.

3 Oh, happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
Oh, glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

ISAAC WATTS.

273. MOUNT VERNON. 8s, 7s.

S. F. SMITH. 1843. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792—1872.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,—
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Yet again we hope to meet Thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet Thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

274. UNITY. 6s. 5.

ALARIC A. WATTS. 1821. Vs. 2, 3, 4, S. F. SMITH. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never,—no never!

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!

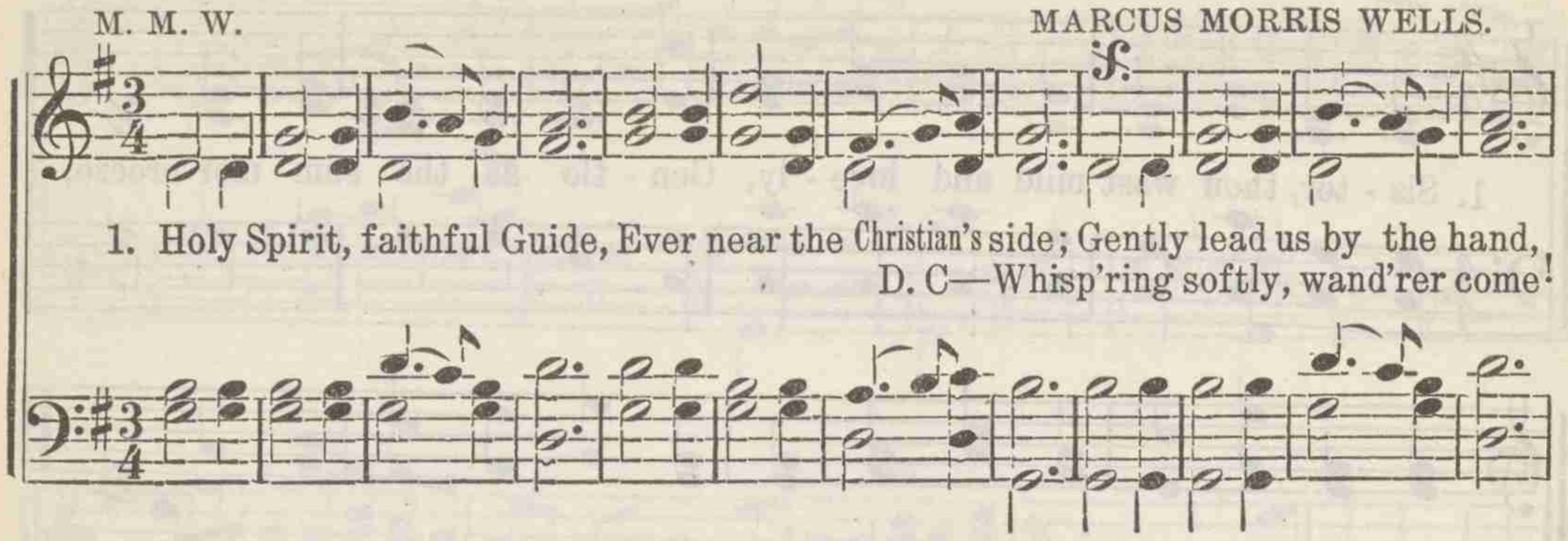
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never,—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never,—no, never!

275. GUIDE. 7s. D.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—Psa. 38:8.

M. M. W. MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.



1. Holy Spirit, faithful Guide, Ever near the Christian's side; Gently lead us by the hand,
D. C—Whisp'ring softly, wand'rer come!

Pilgrims in a des - ert land; Weary souls for-e'er rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice.
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

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

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

276. Harvest Home.

Ture: Guide, No. 275.

1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home,
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of harvest home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield,
Wheat and tares together sown
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offenses purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so! Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest home,
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There forever purified.
In Thy presence to abide;
Come, with all Thy angels, come,
Raise the song of harvest home,

Henry Alfred.

277. Strive to Enter.

Tune: Guide, No. 275.

1 Strive to enter at the gate,
Follow those who've gone before;
Pilgrims, poor and desolate,
Now their work on earth is o'er.
Now they rest, no more to stray,
Never more to weep and wait:
See their footprints on the way;
Follow onward to the gate.

2 Strive to enter at the gate,
Casting every burden down;
'Tis but changing poor estate
For a never-fading crown.
Few there be upon the way,
Not for friends or kindred wait;
While upon the waste they stray,
Christ may close the heavenly gate.

3 Strive to enter in to-day,
Almost now we hear the voice
At the limit of the way
Bidding enter and rejoice.
Every step the anthem swells—
Can we falter, can we wait?
Yonder where the Saviour dwells,
Haste to enter at the gate.

George P. Morris. Alt.

278. HIGH IN YONDER REALMS OF LIGHT.

TUNE: Guide, No. 275.

1 High in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing tears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

2 But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more;
Never, never weep again;
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows;
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall leave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow is eternal rest.

THOMAS RAFFLES.

279. CROSBY. 6s, 4s & 6s.

FANNY J. CROSBY. D. E. DORTCH.

Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall;
Help Thou my unbelief,
Hear Thou my call;
O how I pine for Thee,
'Tis all my hope and plea,
Jesus hath died for me,
Jesus, my all.

3 Still at Thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise, sweet,
Heard is my call;
Faith wings my soul to Thee,
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus hath died for me,
Jesus, my all.

280. O Wondrous Love!

TUNE: Crosby, No. 279.

1 God gave His Son for me,
O wondrous love!
From sin to set me free,
O wondrous love!
A guilty rebel I,
Bound and condemned to die
He did not pass me by,
O wondrous love!

2 Jesus paid all the debt,
O wondrous love!
Widest extremes He met,
O wondrous love!
Justice is satisfied,
Heaven's gate thrown open wide,
God now is glorified,
O wondrous love!

3 There, there at God's right hand,
O wondrous love!
I see my Surety stand,
O wondrous love!
He makes my nature pure,
In Him I am secure
Whatever I endure,
O wondrous love!

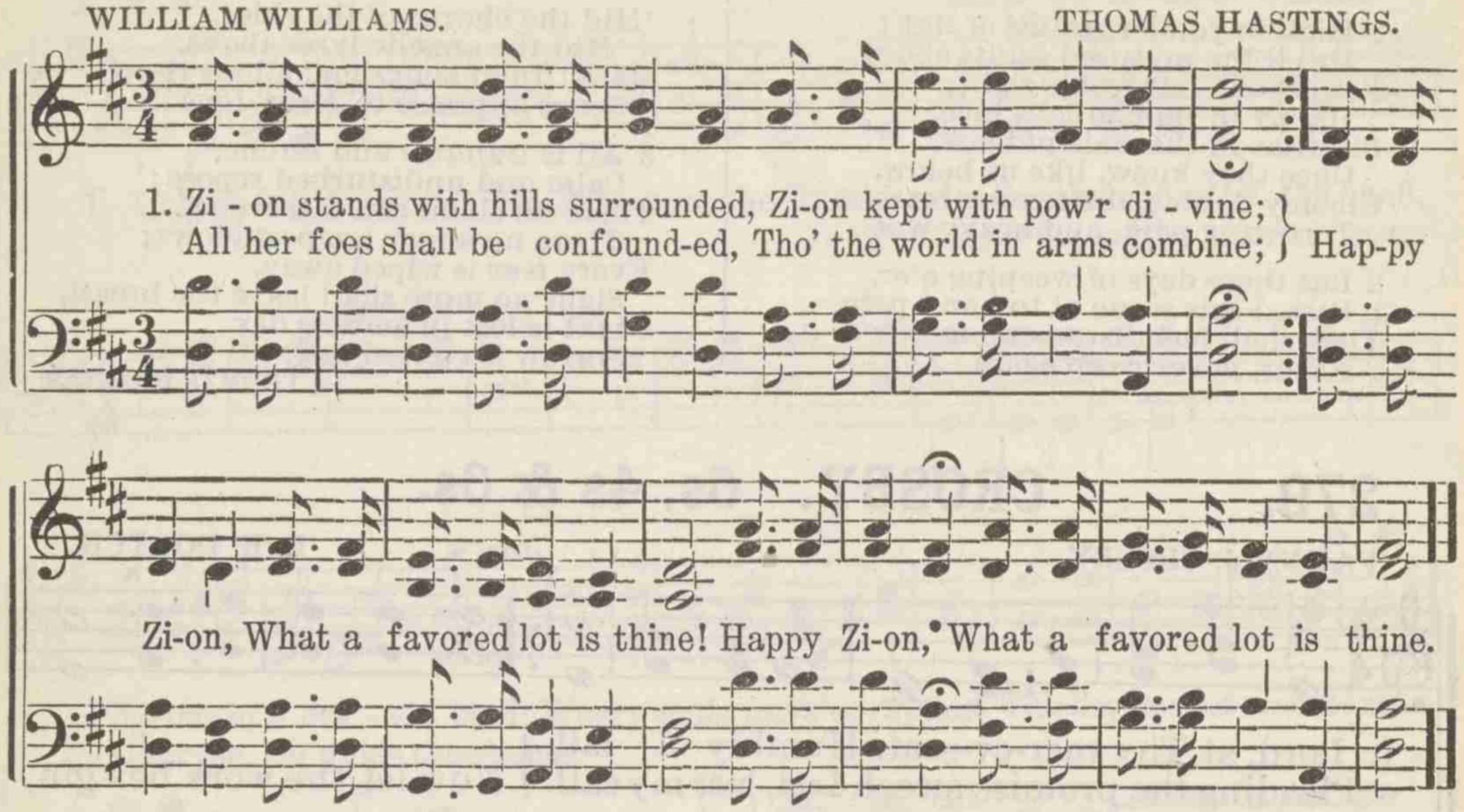
4 He'll give me needful grace,
O wondrous love!
Soon I shall see His face,
O wondrous love!
Join those who've gone before,
Sorrow and pain all o'er,
Heaven, heaven for evermore,
O wondrous love!

F. W. FRY.

281. ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

"Thou leadest thy people like a flock."—Ps. 77: 20.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS. THOMAS HASTINGS.



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 out more bright;
But can never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in His sight;
‖: God is with thee,
God, Thine everlasting light. :‖

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

282. On the Mountain Top.

TUNE: Zion, No. 281.

1 On the mountain top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands;
‖: Mourning captive
God Himself shall loose thy bands.:‖

2 Has the night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sights and tears unmoved?
‖: Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.:‖

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
He, Himself, appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
‖: Great deliverance,
Zion's King will surely send. :‖

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee,
Victory is theirs at last.
‖: All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest. :‖

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

283. Crown the Saviour.

TUNE: Zion, No. 281.

1 Look ye saints the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow.
‖: Crown Him, crown Him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow. :‖

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him;
Rich the trophies, Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
‖: Crown Him, Crown Him,
Crown the Saviour King of kings. :‖

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus their Saviour's claim;
Saints aud angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name;
‖: Crown Him, crown Him,
Spread abroad the Victor's fame. :‖

4 Hark, what bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords.
‖; Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords. :‖

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

284. THE SECOND ADVENT.

TUNE : Zion, No. 281. REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumphs of His train;
‖: Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign. :‖

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree:
‖: Deeply wailing
Shall the true Messiah see. :‖

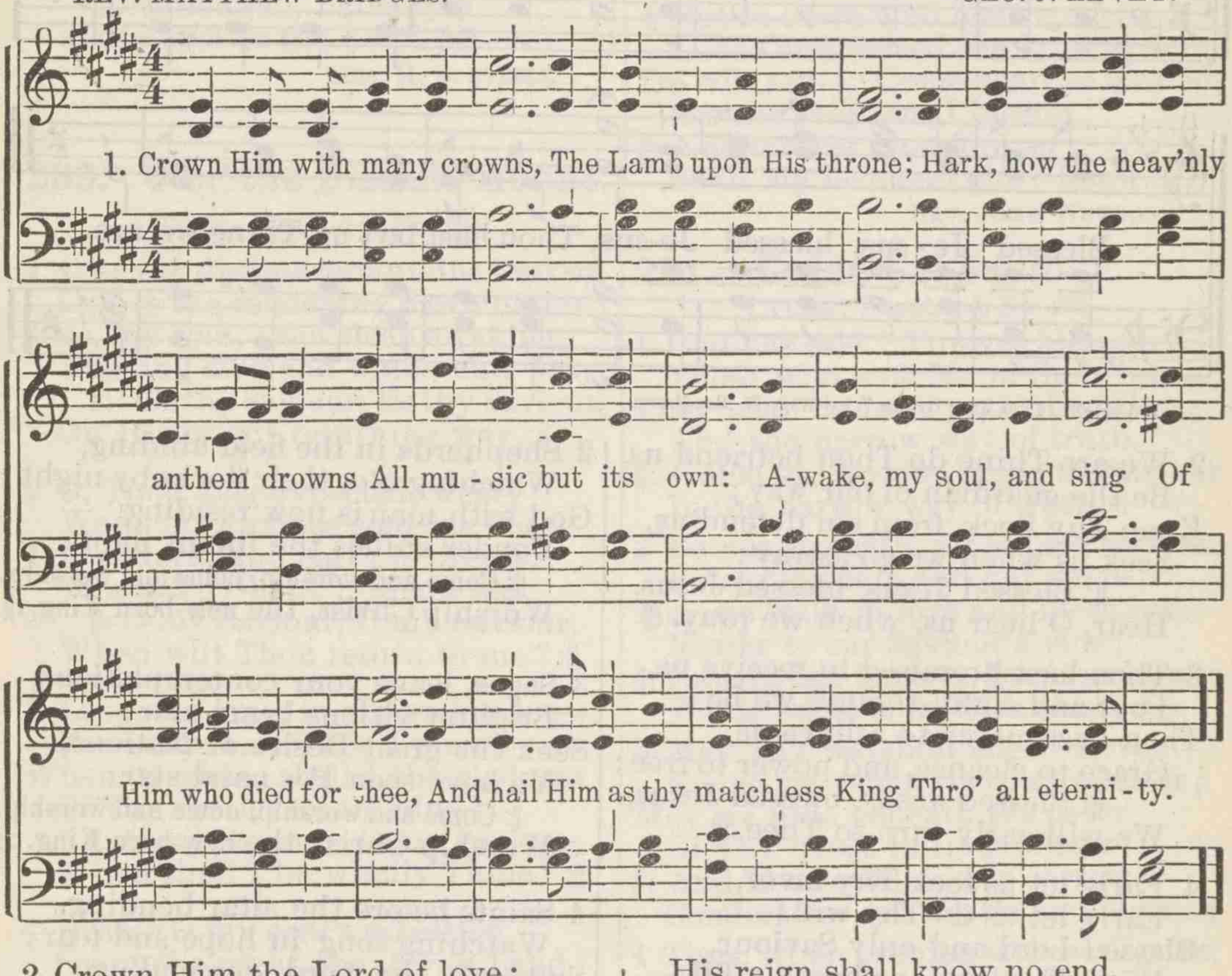
3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night;
When with angel-hosts surrounded,
In His Father's glory bright,
‖: Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light. :‖

4 See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark on earth the doleful cry;
Men on rocks and mountains calling
While the frowning Judge draws nigh;
‖: "Hide me, hide me,
Rocks and mountains from His eye." :‖

285. CROWN HIM WITH MANY. S. M. D.

"On his head were many crowns."—REV. 19: 12.

REV. MATTHEW BRIDGES. GEO. J. ELVEY.



2 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above,
In beauty glorified;
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

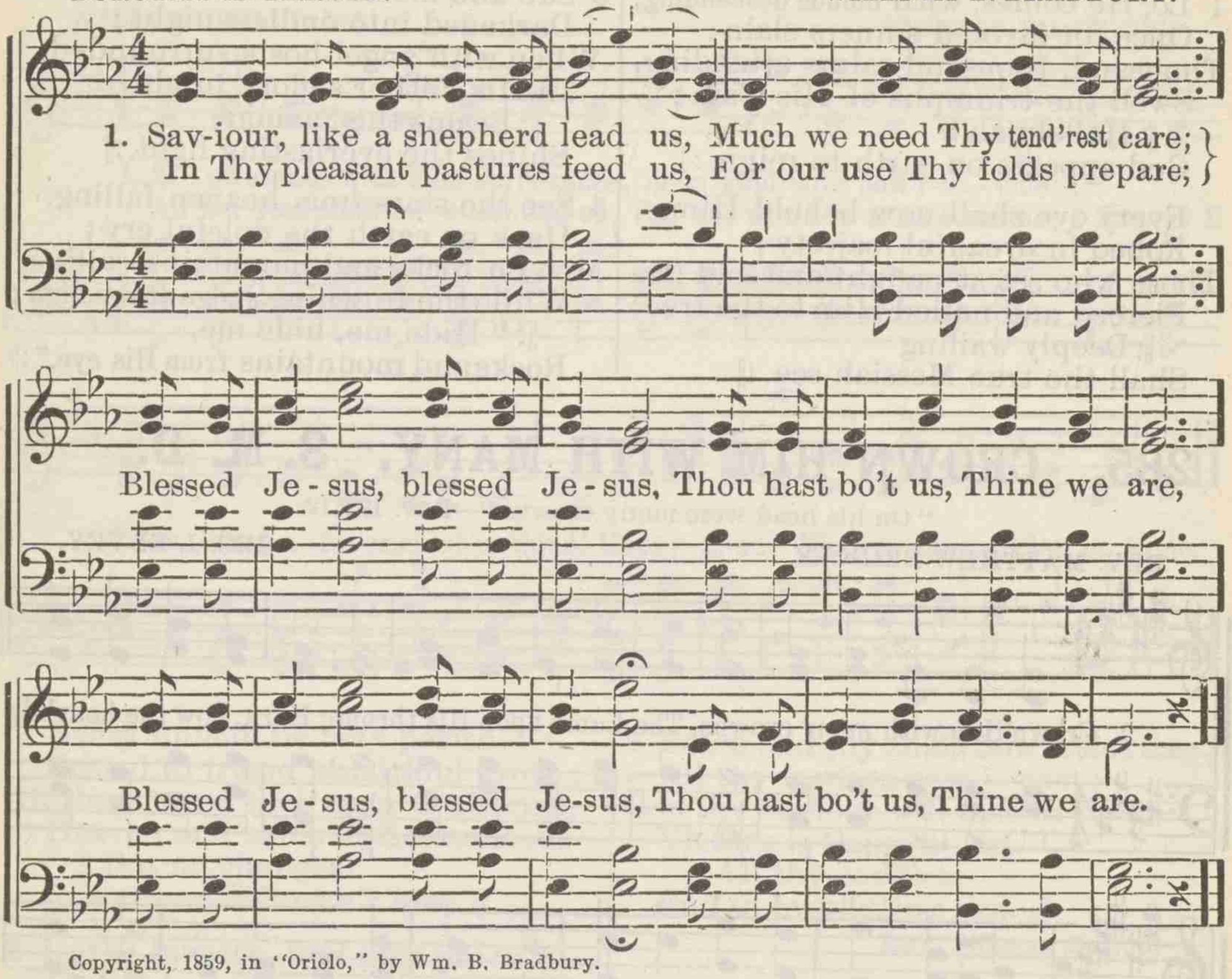
3 Crown Him the Lord of peace;
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

286. SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s & 4s.

"I am the Good shepherd."—JOHN 10: 11.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



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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. :‖

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

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

287. Angels from the Realms.

TUNE: Shepherd, No. 286.

1 Angels from the realms of Glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
‖: Come and worship. come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.:‖

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er their flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
‖: Come and worship, come and worshlp,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear;
Suddenly the Lord, descending
In His temple shall appear;
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

5 Sinners wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains;
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
‖: Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King. :‖

REV. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

288. Children's Hymn.

TUNE: Shepherd, No. 286.

1 Children, loud hosannas singing,
Hymned Thy praise in olden time;
Judah's ancient temple filling
With the melody sublime;
‖: Infant voices, infant voices,
Joined to swell the holy chime.:‖

2 Though no more the incarnate Saviour,
We behold in latter days;
Though a temple far less glorious
Echoes now the songs we raise;
‖: Still in glory, still in glory,
Thou wilt hear our notes of praise.:‖

3 Loud we swell the pealing anthem,
All Thy wondrous acts proclaim,
Till all heaven and earth resounding,
Echo with Thy glorious name:
‖: Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah to the Lamb!:‖

MRS. H. B. STEELE.

289. O'er the Distant Mount.

TUNE: Shepherd, No. 286.

1 O'er the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise and sing and watch and pray.
‖: 'Tis thy Saviour,' tis thy Saviour,
On His bright returning way.:‖

2 O, Thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee,
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see;
‖: O my Saviour, O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?:‖

3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine,
When, O when, shall I the gladness
Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?
‖: O my Saviour, O my Saviour,
When shall I be wholly Thine?:‖

4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee till I stand,
‖: O my Saviour, O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised land.:‖

5 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home;
‖: Come my Saviour, come my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come.:‖

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

290. The Judgment Day.

TUNE: Shepherd, No. 286.

1 Day of judgment, day of wonders,
Hark the trumpet's awful sound!
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round.
‖: How the summons, how the summons,
Will the sinner's heart confound.:‖

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for His appearing,
Then shall say—"this God is mine."
‖: Glorious Saviour, glorious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine.:‖

3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken
By Thy voice, prepare to flee.
‖: Careless sinner, careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?:‖

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say—"Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow."
‖: You forever, you forever
Shall My love and glory know.:‖

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

291. Guide Us, Saviour.

TUNE: Shepherd, No. 286.

1 God has said "Forever blessed
Those who seek Me in their youth;
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth."
‖: Guide us, Saviour, guide us, Saviour
In the narrow way of truth.:‖

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness,
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness
Nearer to our Saviour's side;
‖: Naught can harm us, Naught can harm us
While we thus in Thee abide.:‖

3 May Thy watchful angels hover
Round us, when there's evil near;
May we hide beneath the cover
Of Thy wings in time of fear;
‖: And in sorrow, and in sorrow
Comfort our sad hearts and cheer.:‖

4 Thus, when evening shades shall gather,
May we turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky;
‖: Gently passing, gently passing
To our happy home on high.:‖

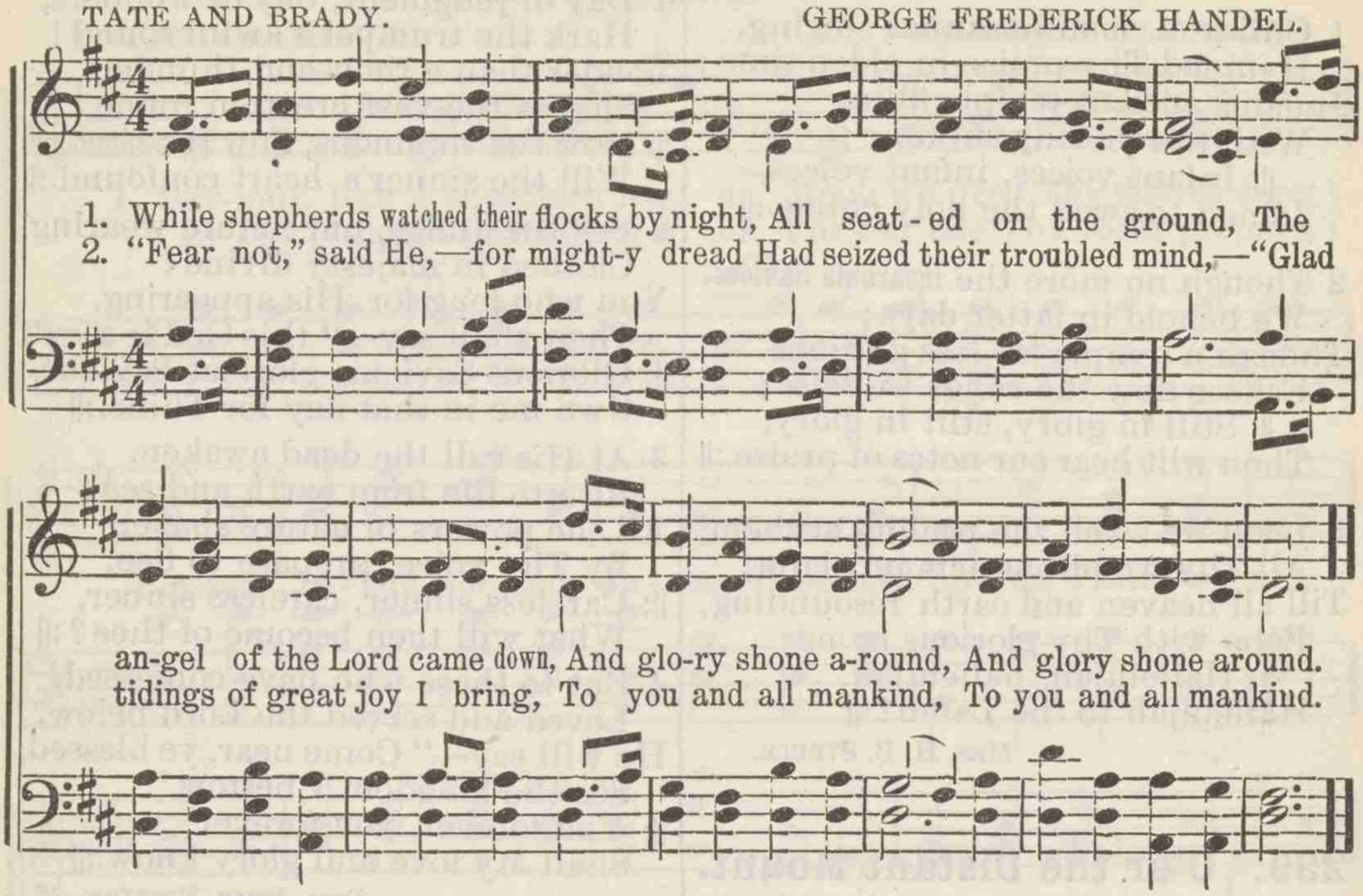
5 So, when death at last o'ertakes us,
And we sink beneath His might,
May the blessed morn awake us
Safe in yonder realms of light;
‖: There forever, there forever
Chant Thy praise with angels bright.:‖

MRS. BISHOP THOMPSON.

292. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

"Glad tidings of great joy."—LUKE 2: 10.

TATE AND BRADY. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord;
‖: And this shall be the sign. :‖

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
‖: And in a manger laid.":‖

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forth-with
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
‖: Who thus addressed their song :‖

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
‖: Begin and never cease." :‖

293. Eternal Spirit.

TUNE: Christmas, No. 292. Psalms 21; 10.

1 Eternal Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
‖: And feed the pure desire. :‖

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed:
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
‖: And give the weary rest. :‖

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we with humble, holy heart,
‖: May worship only Thee. :‖

294. Mortals Awake.

TUNE: Christmas, No. 292.

1 Mortals awake with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
‖: To hail the auspicious day. :‖

2 In heaven the rapturous song began
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
‖: And strung and tuned the lyre. :‖

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,
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
‖: To bear the news to man. :‖

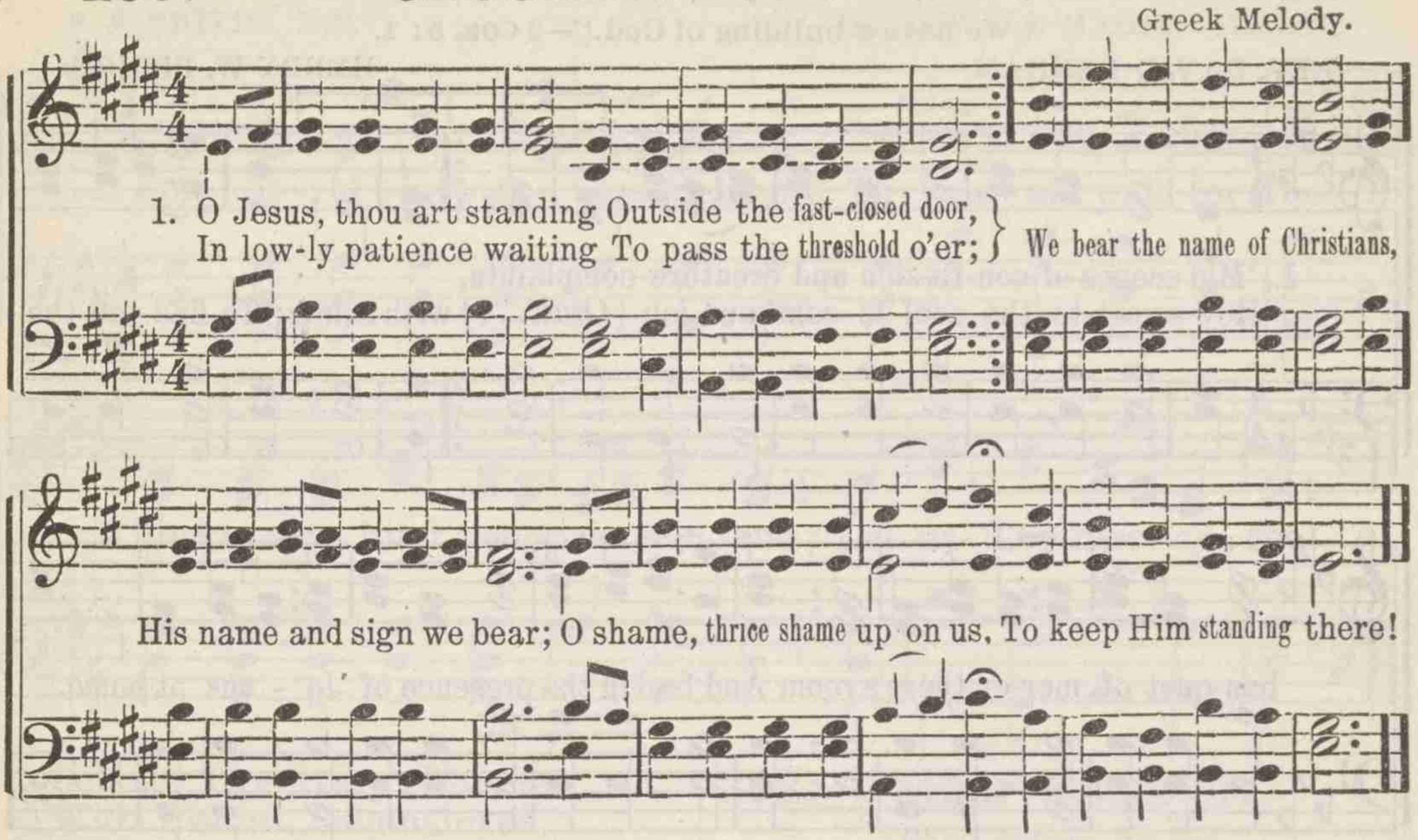
5 With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high!"
Good will and peace are now complete,
‖: Jesus was born to die.: ‖

6 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
‖: Thy praise shall never end. :‖

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

295. CRUCIFIX. 7s & 6s D.

Greek Melody.



2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,—
I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

296. When His Salvation.

TUNE: Crucifix, No. 295.

1 When His salvation bringing
To Zion Jesus came;
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since our Lord retaineth,
His love for children still;
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around His banner,
We'll bow before His throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna!
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise;
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well, hosannas raise;
But shall we only render,
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

REV. JOHN KING.

297. We Bring No Glittering.

TUNE: Crucifix, No. 295.

1 We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems of earth's deep mine;
We come with simple measures,
To chant Thy love divine;
Children Thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth;
To us is early given,
To guide our steps of youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

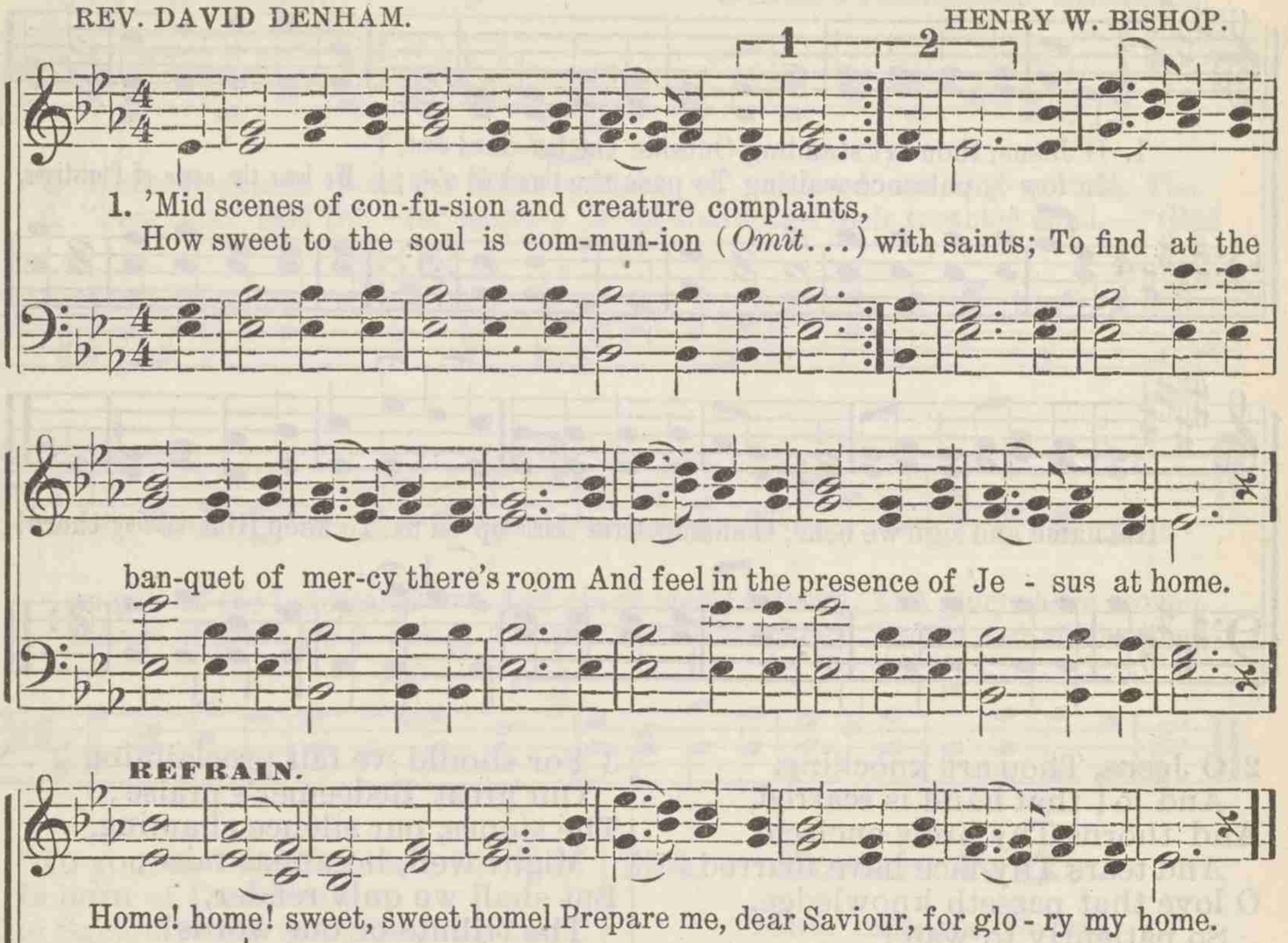
3 Redeemer, grant Thy blessing,
O teach us how to pray!
That each Thy love possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then, where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again;
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise Thy name.

HARRIET PHILLIPS.

298. HOME, SWEET HOME! 11s.

"We have a building of God."—2 Cor. 5: 1.

REV. DAVID DENHAM. HENRY W. BISHOP.



2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease,
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, the smiles of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine:
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

299. Bright Home.

Tune: Home, Sweet Home, No. 298.

1 Bright home of my Saviour, what glories await
The spirits that pass through the bright, pearly gate;
What anthems of rapture unceasing and high
Compose the loud chorus that gladdens the sky.—Ref.

2 The home of the ransomed, the land of the blest,
Where pilgrims shall enter a glorious rest;
Shall wander in gladness the pastures of green,
And drink the still waters of pleasures serene.—Ref.

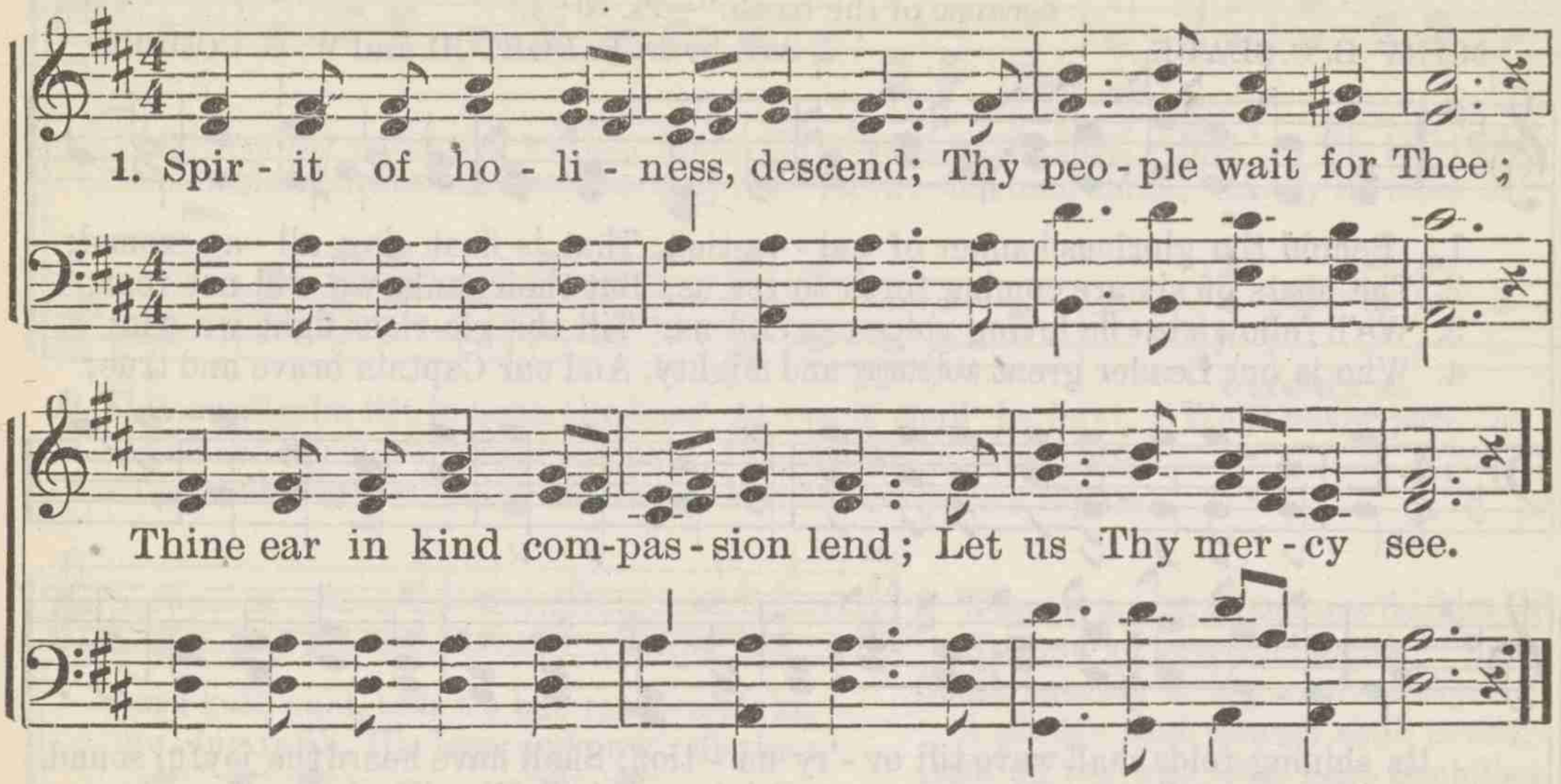
3 The home that my Saviour has gone to prepare
No heart can conceive of the blessedness there;
Of raptures unending awaiting the just
When pure in His likeness they rise from the dust.—Ref.

4 We bless Thee, dear Saviour, Thou call'st us to share
The beautiful home Thou hast gone to prepare;
We trust in Thy mercy that washed from our sin,
Through yonder bright gates we may all enter in.—Ref.

—Unknown.

300. NAOMI. C. M.

S. F. SMITH. 1832. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



2 Behold, Thy weary churches t,
With wishful, longing eyes;
Let us no more lie desolate;
O bid Thy light arise!

3 Thy light that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to Thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone,—
Alone Thy people be.

4 O bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them on earth for Thine abode,
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis Thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come,—for we wait thy power divine.—
Let us Thy mercy share.

301. Lord, in the Morning.

TUNE: Naomi, No. 300.

1 Lord, in the morning, Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ has gone,
To plead for all His saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Now to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

4 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

302. Father Whate'er.

TUNE: Naomi, No. 300.

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 through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

303. Alas! And Did My.

TUNE: Naomi, No. 300.

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

2 Was it for crimes that I had 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.

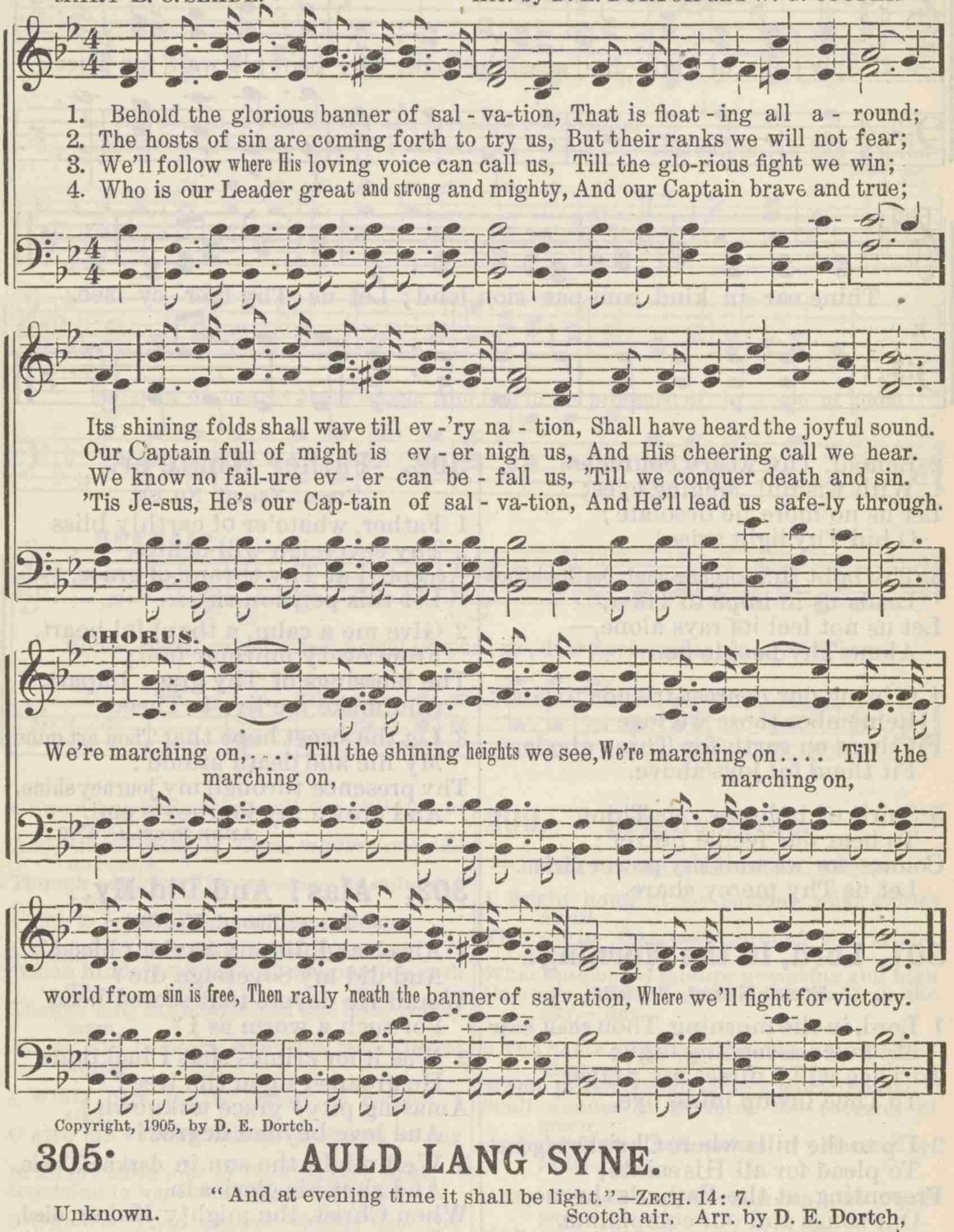
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

ISAAC WATTS. 1707.

304. THE BANNER OF SALVATION.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it might be displayed because of the truth."—Ps. 60: 4.

MARY B. C. SLADE. Arr. by D. E. DORTCH and W. G. COOPER.



Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

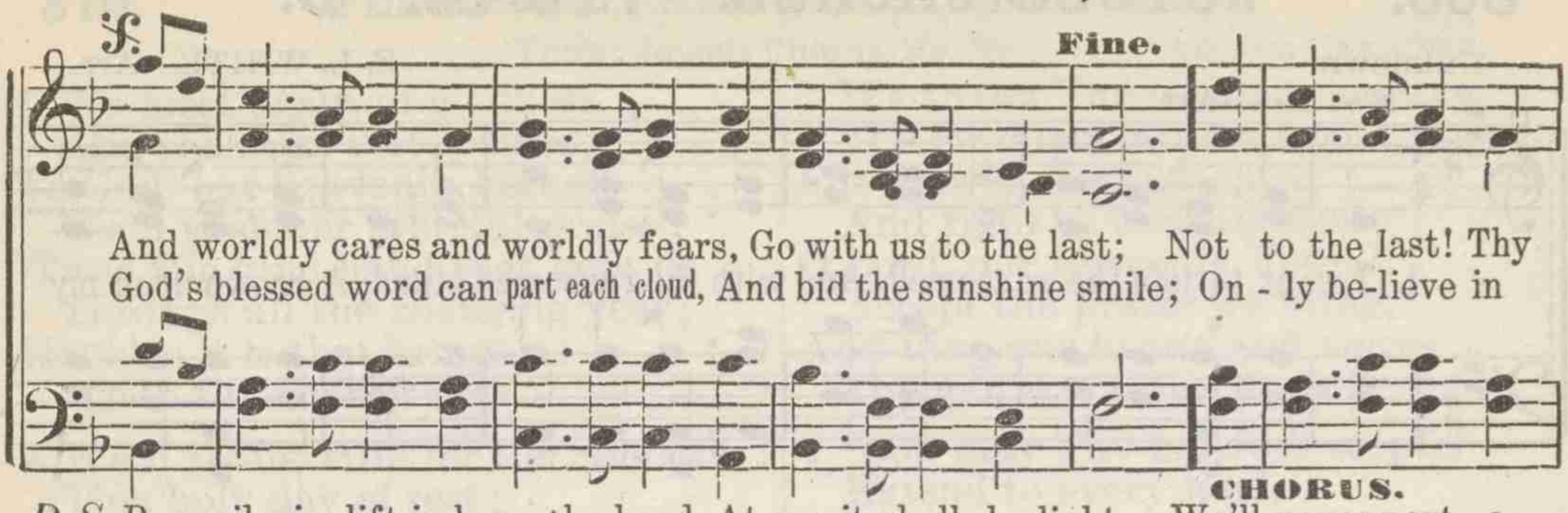
305. AULD LANG SYNE.

"And at evening time it shall be light."—ZECH. 14: 7.

Unknown. Scotch air. Arr. by D. E. Dortch,

Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

AULD LANG SYNE.



3 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace;
Shine sweetly in the vaulted sky,—
A pledge that storms shall cease;
Hold on thy way with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight;
And thou shalt own His word fulfilled,
At eve it shall be light.

306. The Mighty God.

TUNE: "Auld Lang Syne." No. 305.

1 O who is like the mighty One,
Whose throne is in the sky?
Who compasseth the universe
With His all-searching eye;
At whose creative word appeared,
The dry land and the sea;
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for Thee.

2 Around Him suns and systems swim,
In harmony and light,
Before Him harps angelic hymn
His praises day and night;
Yet to the contrite, day and night,
In mercy turneth He;
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for Thee.

3 Yes! though unlimited His works,
His power upholds them all;
He clothes the lilies of the field,
And marks the sparrow's fall;
Who listens to the raven's cry,
Will bend His ear to me,
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for Thee.

MOIR.

307. Rise Above.

TUNE: "Auld Lang Syne." No. 305.

1 Soldies of Christ, why thus cast down,
Why droops thy nerveless hand?
Have faith and hope and courage gone?
Fear'st thou the alien band?
Take heart, 'twill not be always night;
Through riven clouds afar,
Gleams down in rays of diamond light,
The Bright and Morning Star.

2 Seek not the ground in weak despair,
Nor break 'neath sufferings rod;
The fight thou wagest, is the care
Of the all-loving God:
Joy comes thro' sorrow, death brings life;
Peace rides on battle's car;
And beams on darkest night of strife,
The Bright and Morning Star.

3 Press on the foe! God rules the years,
Wrong shall not triumph long;
Expectant faith already hears,
Truth's glad victorious song.
The nations soon shall own their King,
The wise from near and far;
Once more to Him their offerings bring,
The Bright and Morning Star.

4 Then fear not, Christian, for the right!
Nor falter 'mid the fray;
For truth is victor: error's night
Flies from the coming day.
Thine eye through dust and tears may see
On heaven's broad scroll afar,
The promise sure: "I'll give to thee,"
The Bright and Morning Star.

Author unknown.

308. JOYOUS CHORUS. 7s & 6s. D.

Unknown. E. L. WHITE. Arr.

Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Angels look on in wonder,
They can not join that song;
But list in silent rapture,
While saints the notes prolong;
Make me a saint in glory,
O let me see Thy face;
Like those who, now before Thee,
Repeat Thy wondrous grace.

3 They cast their crowns before Thee,
They hail Thee, Saviour, King;
And while they then adore Thee,
New praises strive to sing;
And thus through endless ages,
The blissful rapture grows;
And thus through endless ages,
Thy love unchanging flows.

3 I would not be an angel—
For them no Saviour died;
No, rather let me glory
In Christ, the crucified;
His love shall draw me nearer
Than angels ever come;
At His right hand He'll place me,
In our eternal home.

309. I Love to Hear the Story.

TUNE: Joyous Chorus, No. 308.

1 I love to hear the story,
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell;
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me
Because He loved me so.

2 I'm glad the blessed Savior
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones may be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He loves my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among the angels,
Because He loves me so.

MRS. EMILY H. MILLER.

310. PLEASANT PATHWAYS. (National).

TUNE: Joyous Chorus, No. 308. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

1 We meet again in gladness,
And thankful voices raise;
To God, our heavenly Father,
We'll tune our grateful praise;
'Twas His kind hand that kept us
Through all the changing year;
His love it is that brings us
Again to worship here.

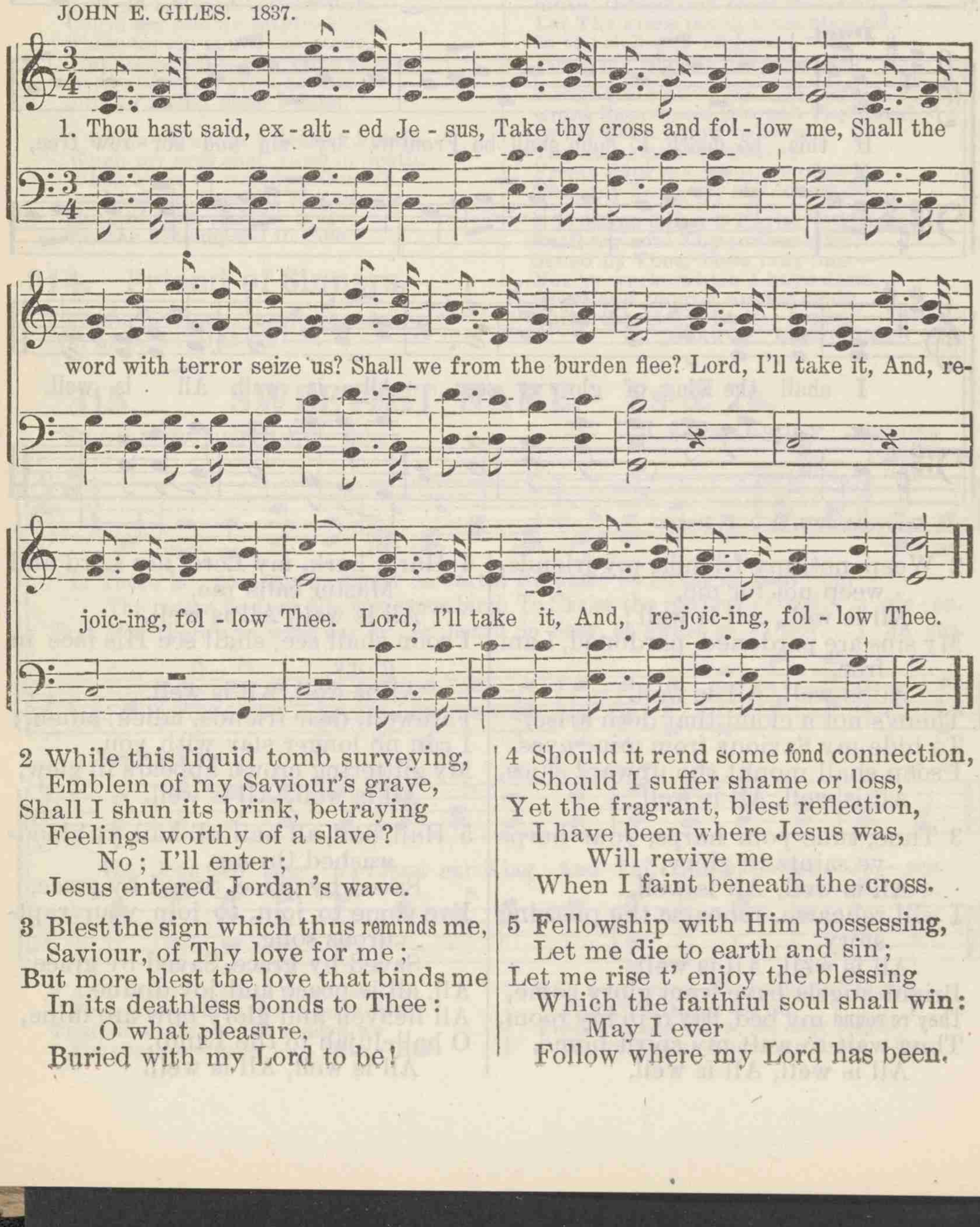
2 We'll thank Him for the Sabbath,
This holy day of rest;
And for the blessed Bible,
The Book we love the best;
For church and schools and teachers,
To us so kindly given,
To guide us in the pathway
That leads to joys in heaven.

3 We thank Thee for our country,
The land our fathers trod—
For liberty of conscience
And right to worship God;
O Lord, our heavenly Father,
Accept the praise we bring,
And tune our hearts and voices
Thy glorious name to sing.

4 Soon may Thy gracious scepter
Extend to every land,
And all as willing subjects
Submit to Thy command;
Send forth Thy gospel tidings,
And hasten on the day,
When every isle and nation
Shall own Messiah's sway.

311. DISCIPLE. 8s, 7s, 4.

JOHN E. GILES. 1837.



2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No; I'll enter;
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of Thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to Thee:
O what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

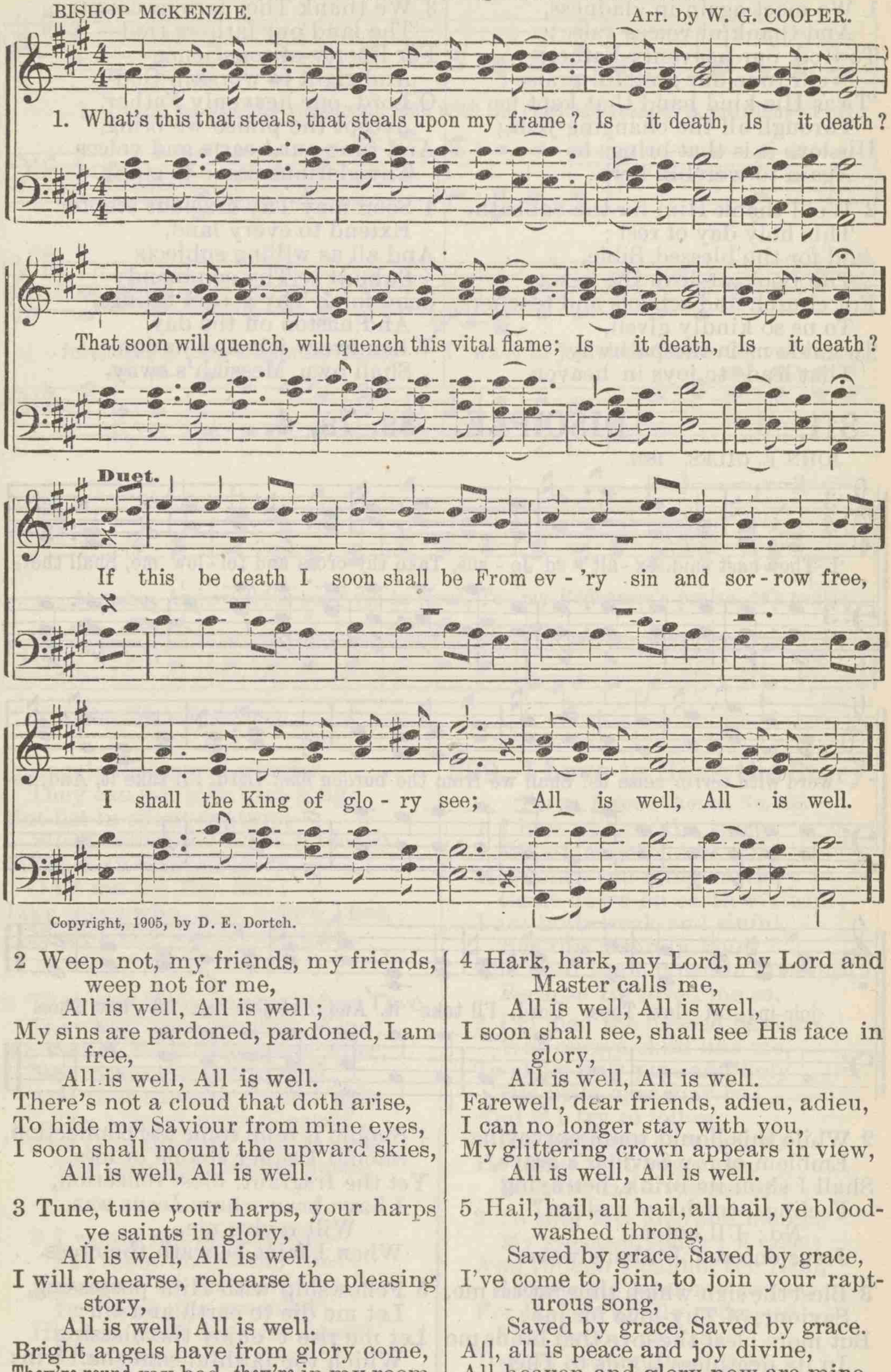
4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

5 Fellowship with Him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win:
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

312. ALL IS WELL.

"Let me die the death of the righteous."—NUM. 23: 10.

BISHOP McKENZIE. Arr. by W. G. COOPER.



Copyright, 1905, by D. E. Dortch.

2 Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for me,
All is well, All is well;
My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,
All is well, All is well.
There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from mine eyes,
I soon shall mount the upward skies,
All is well, All is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps ye saints in glory,
All is well, All is well,
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well, All is well.
Bright angels have from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home,
All is well, All is well.

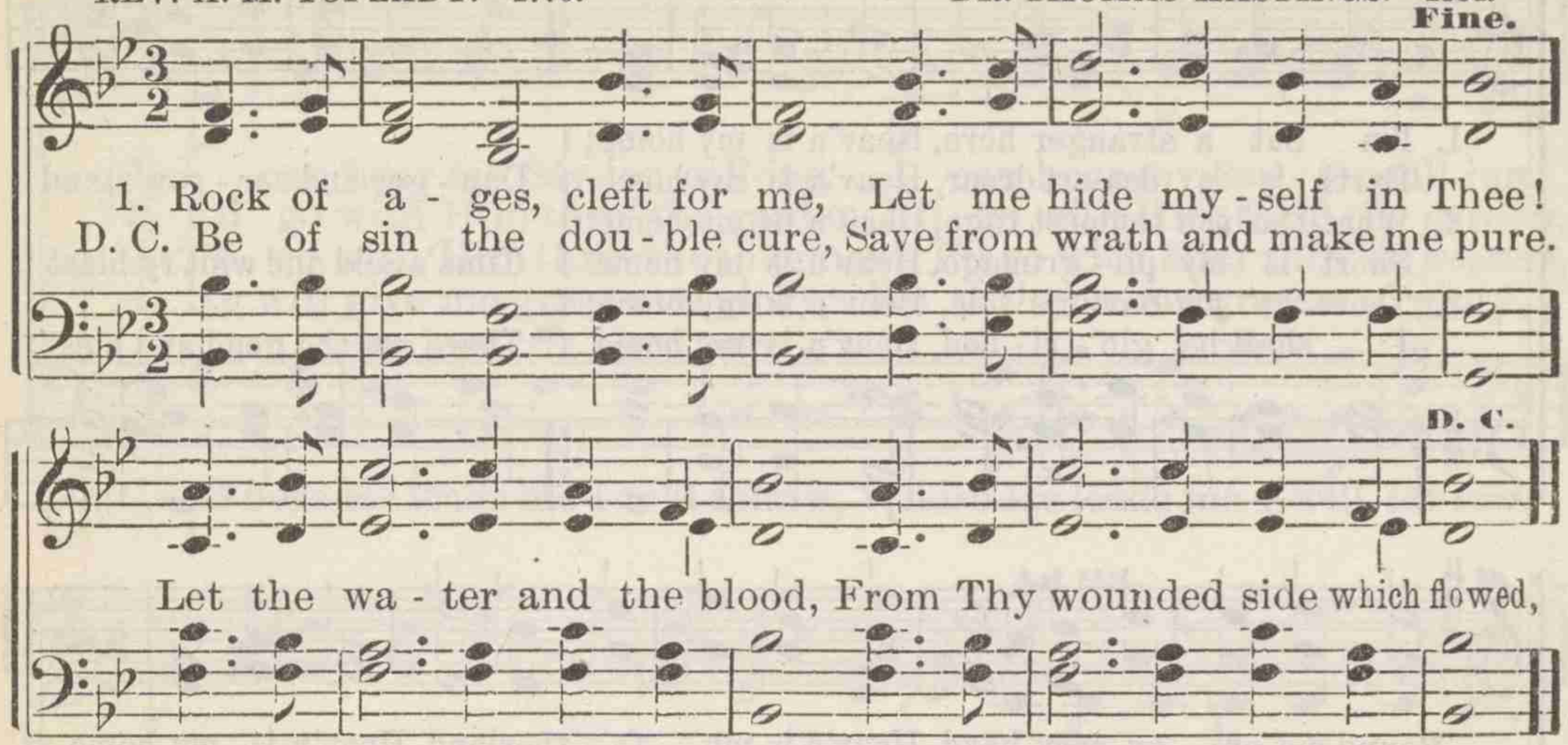
4 Hark, hark, my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me,
All is well, All is well,
I soon shall see, shall see His face in glory,
All is well, All is well.
Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
My glittering crown appears in view,
All is well, All is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail, ye blood-washed throng,
Saved by grace, Saved by grace,
I've come to join, to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace, Saved by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
All heaven and glory now are mine,
O hallelujah to the Lamb,
All is well, All is well.

313. ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6 lines.

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

REV. A. M. TOPLADY. 1776. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS. 1834.



2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no respite 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.

314. Friend of Sinners.

1 Friend of sinners, hear my plea,
God be merciful to me!
Sinful though my heart be found,
Let Thy grace much more abound;
In the riches of Thy grace
Finds my soul its resting-place.

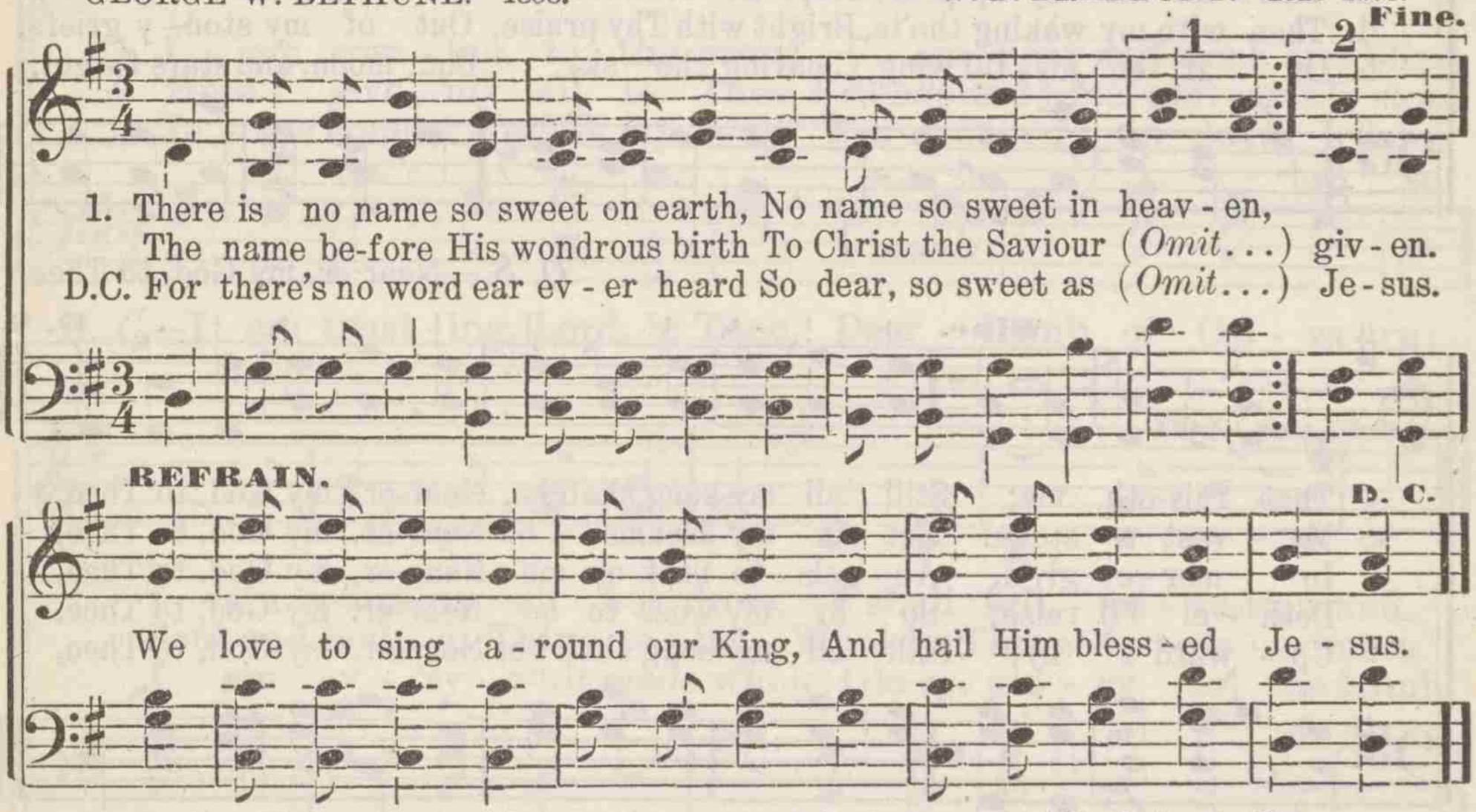
2 Righteous advocate with God,
Grant forgiveness through Thy blood;
In my heart I now believe,
Thy atonement I receive;
Freely with my mouth confess
Thee my Lord, my righteousness.

3 Trusting Thee, O Christ, my King,
Shall my soul Thy praises sing;
Saved by Thee, Thou holy one,—
Not by works which I have done,—
Heart and tongue confess again,
Thine the glory, Lord. Amen.

Henry L. Morehouse. 1872.

315. SWEETEST NAME. 8s & 7s.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE. 1858. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.

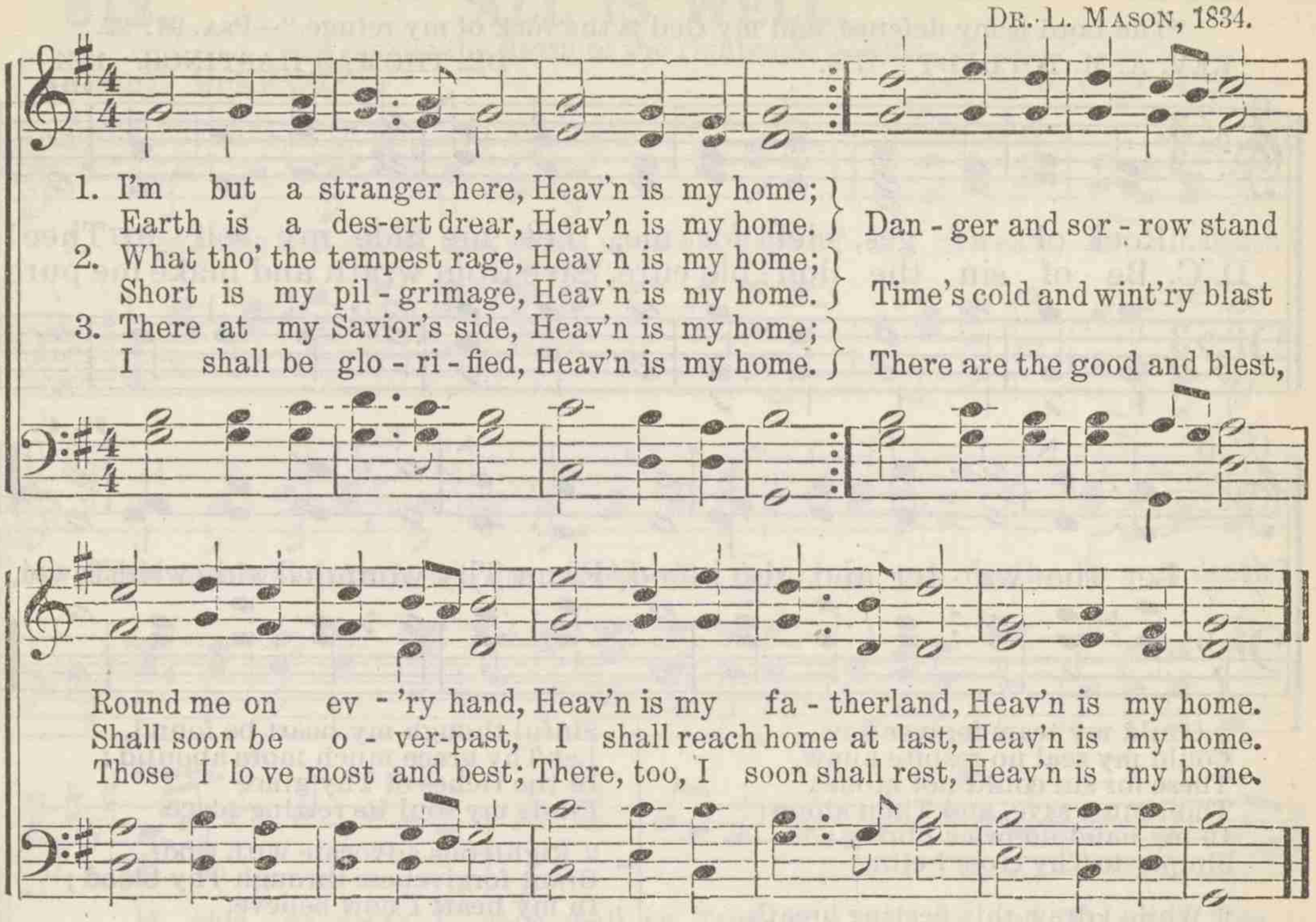


2 And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above Him
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.—Ref.

3 So now, upon His Father's Throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, He ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—Ref.

316. HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s & 4s.

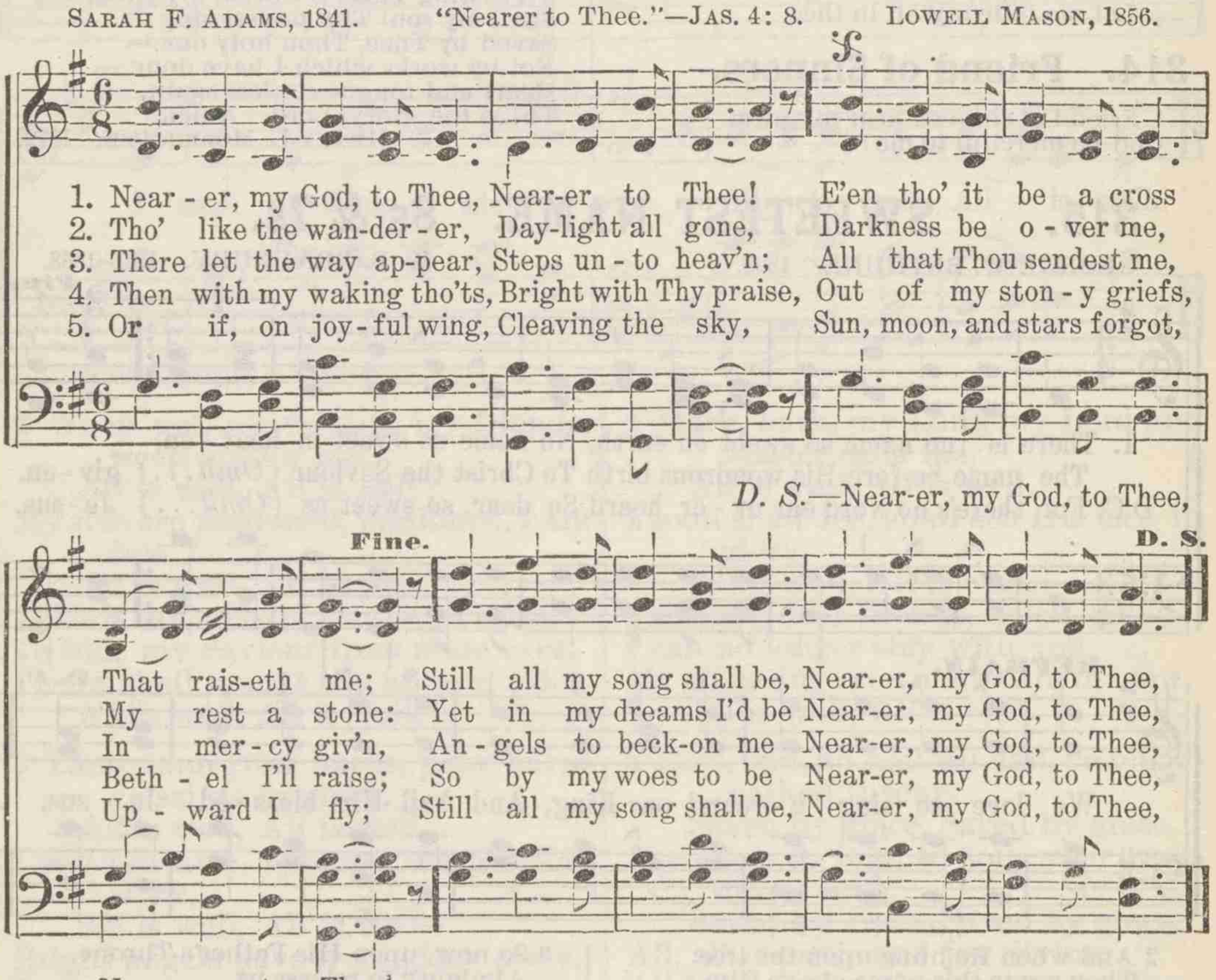
DR. L. MASON, 1834.



317. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

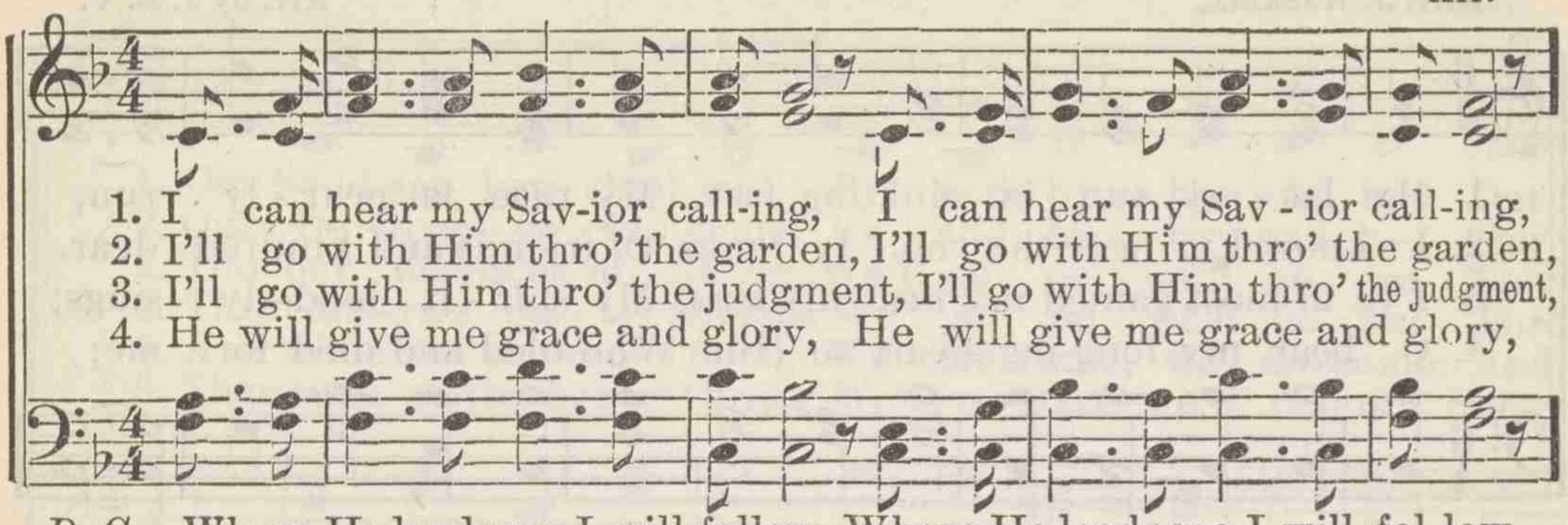
(BETHANY.)

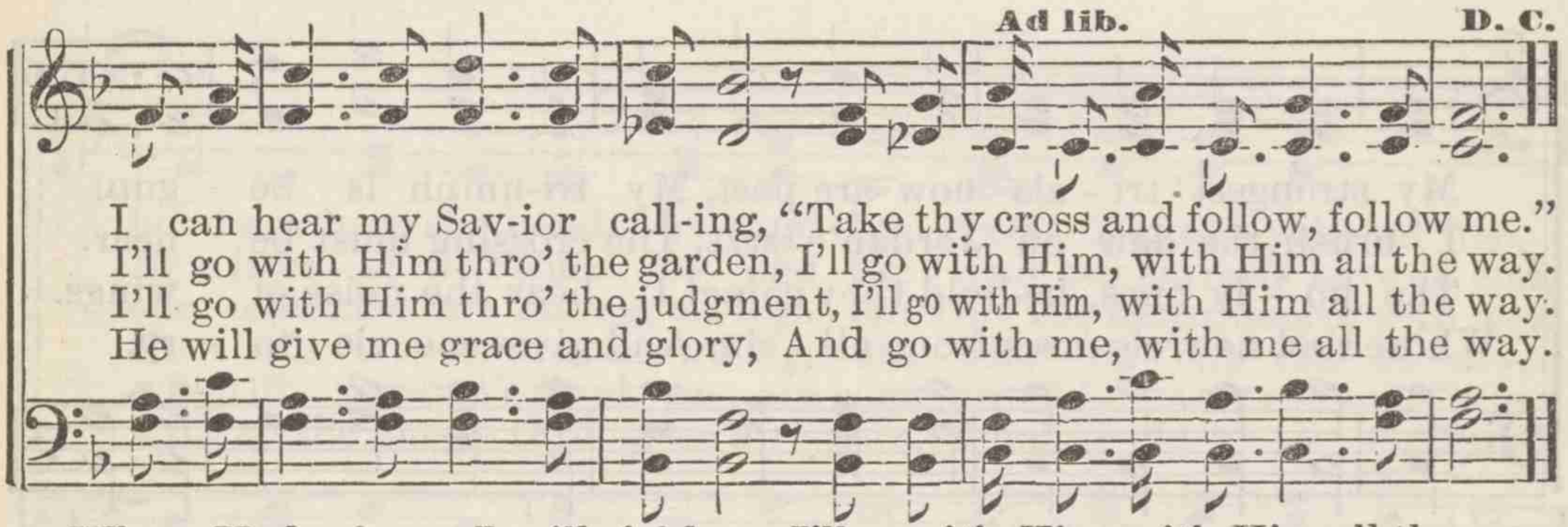
SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841. "Nearer to Thee."—JAS. 4: 8. LOWELL MASON, 1856.



318. I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

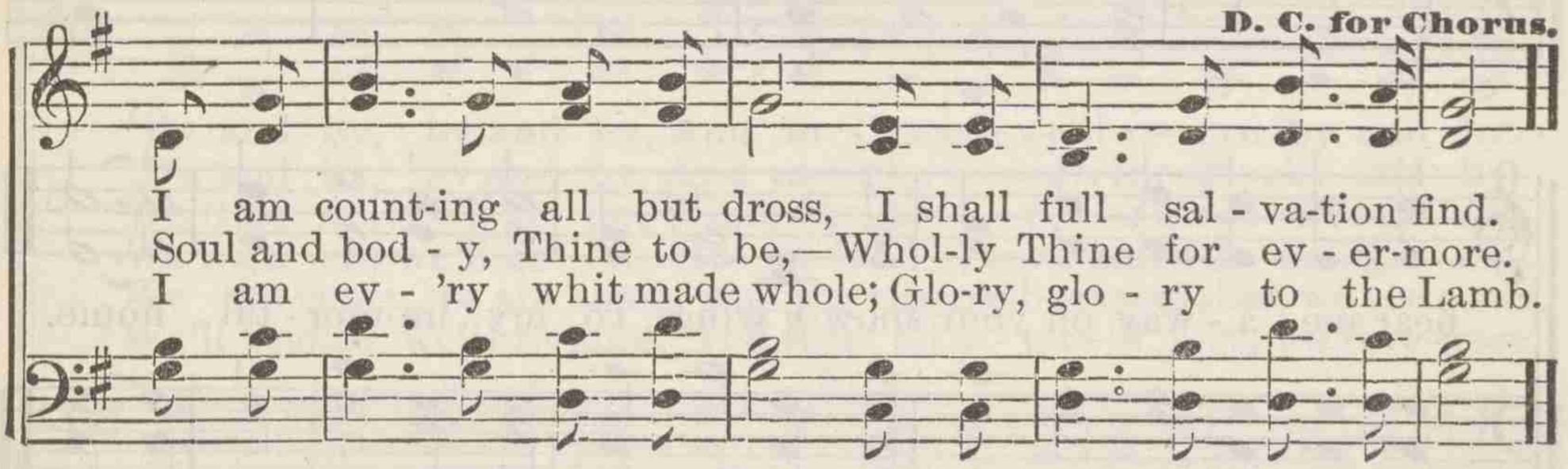
Arr.





319. I AM COMING.

W. G. Fischer.



320. ANGEL BAND. C. M.

REV. J. HASKELL. Arr. by J. B. V.

1. My lat - est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near - ly run,
2. I know I'm near the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kindred dear,
3. I've al-most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
4. O bear my long-ing heart to Him Who bled and died for me;

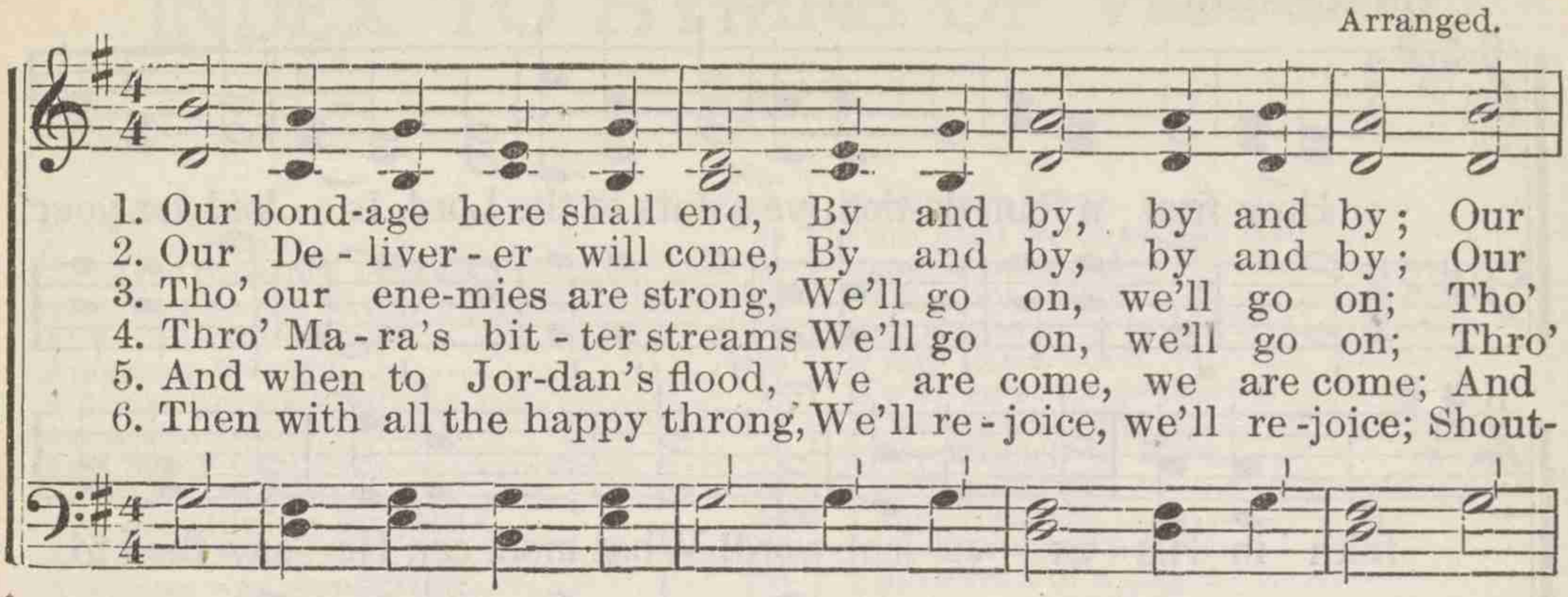
My strongest - tri - als now are past, My tri-umph is be - gun.
I brush the dew on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near.
The ho - ly ones, be-hold they come! I hear the noise of wings.
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.

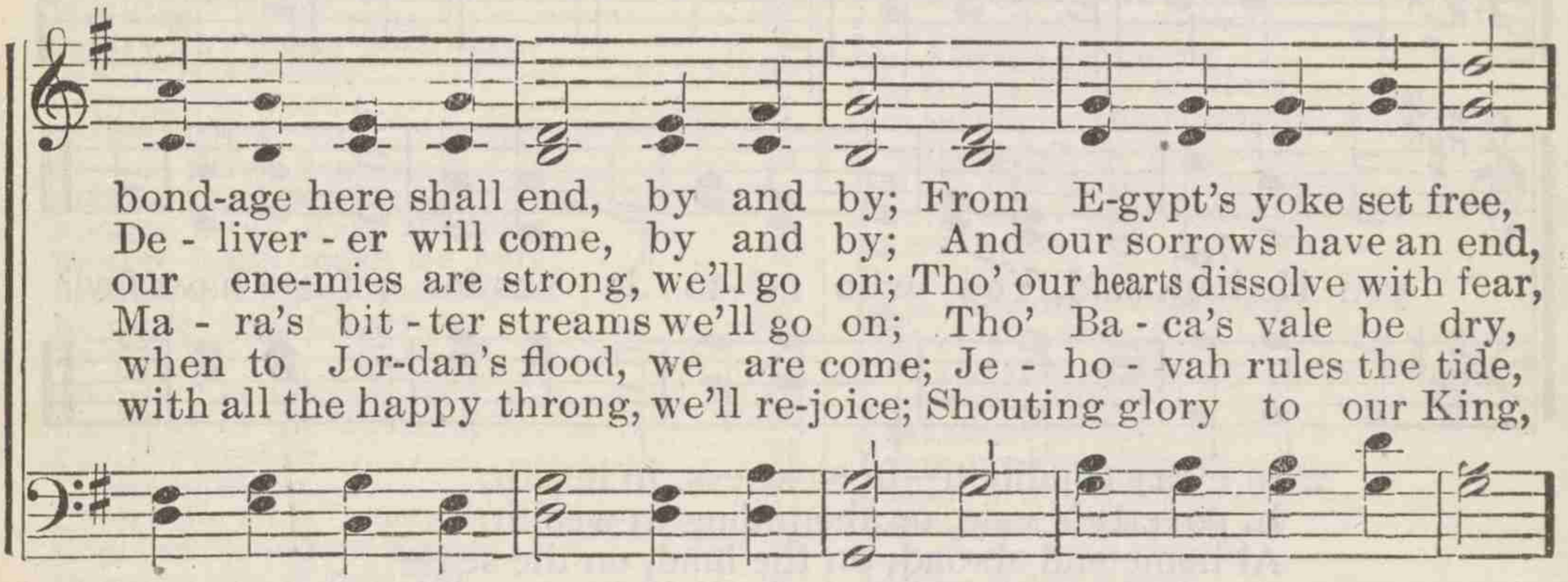
CHORUS.

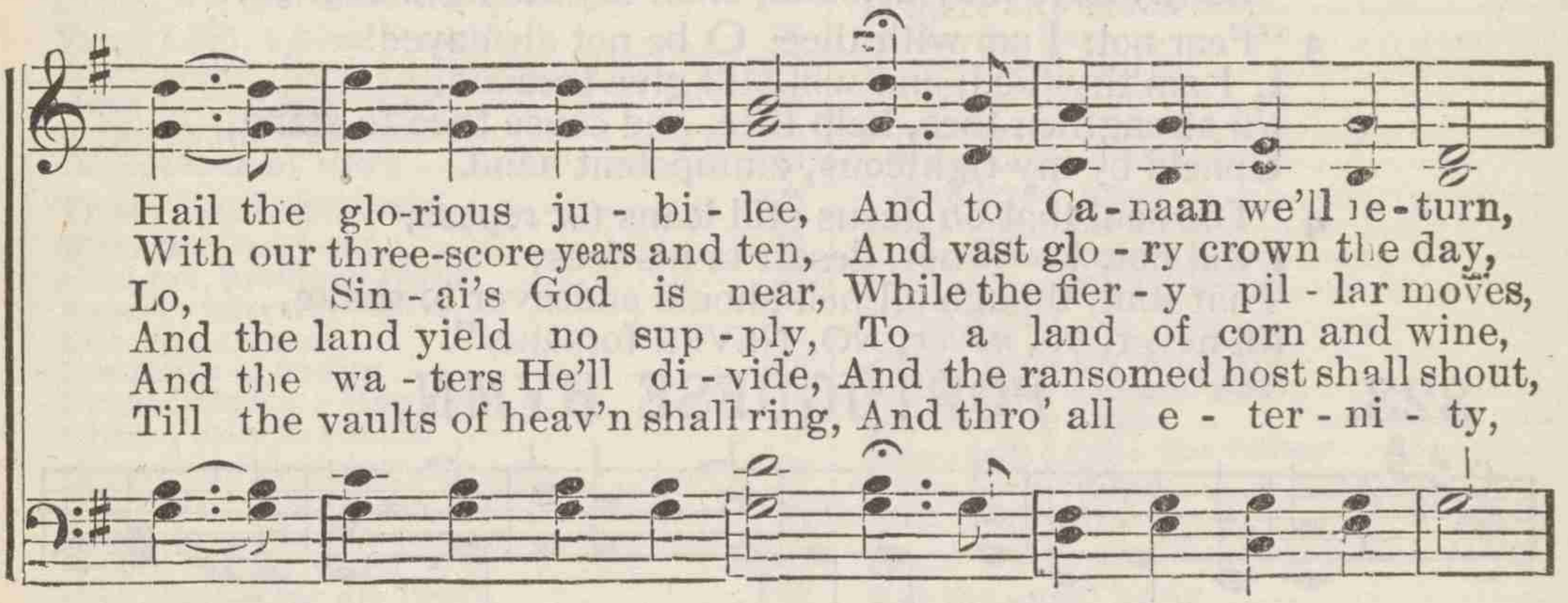
O come, an - gel band, Come, and a-round me stand, O bear me a-
way on your snow - y wings, To my im - mor - tal home, O
bear me a - way on your snow-y wings, To my im-mor - tal home.

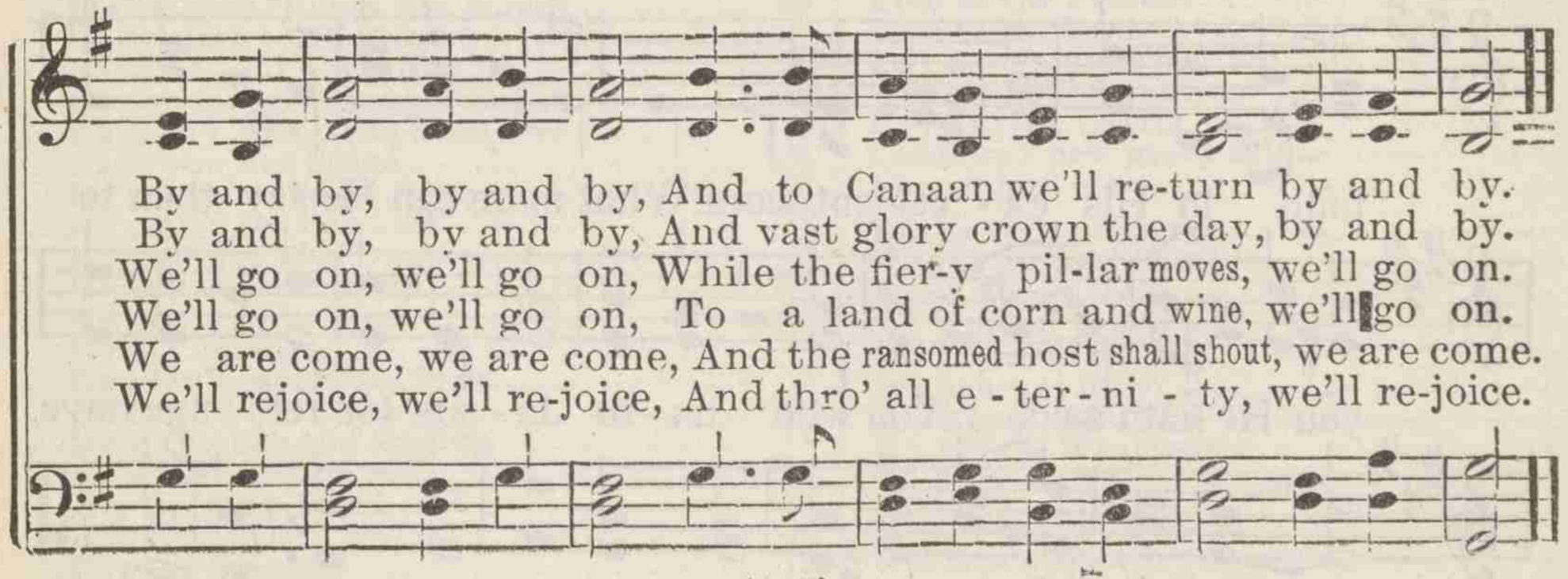
321. OUR BONDAGE HERE SHALL END.

Arranged.



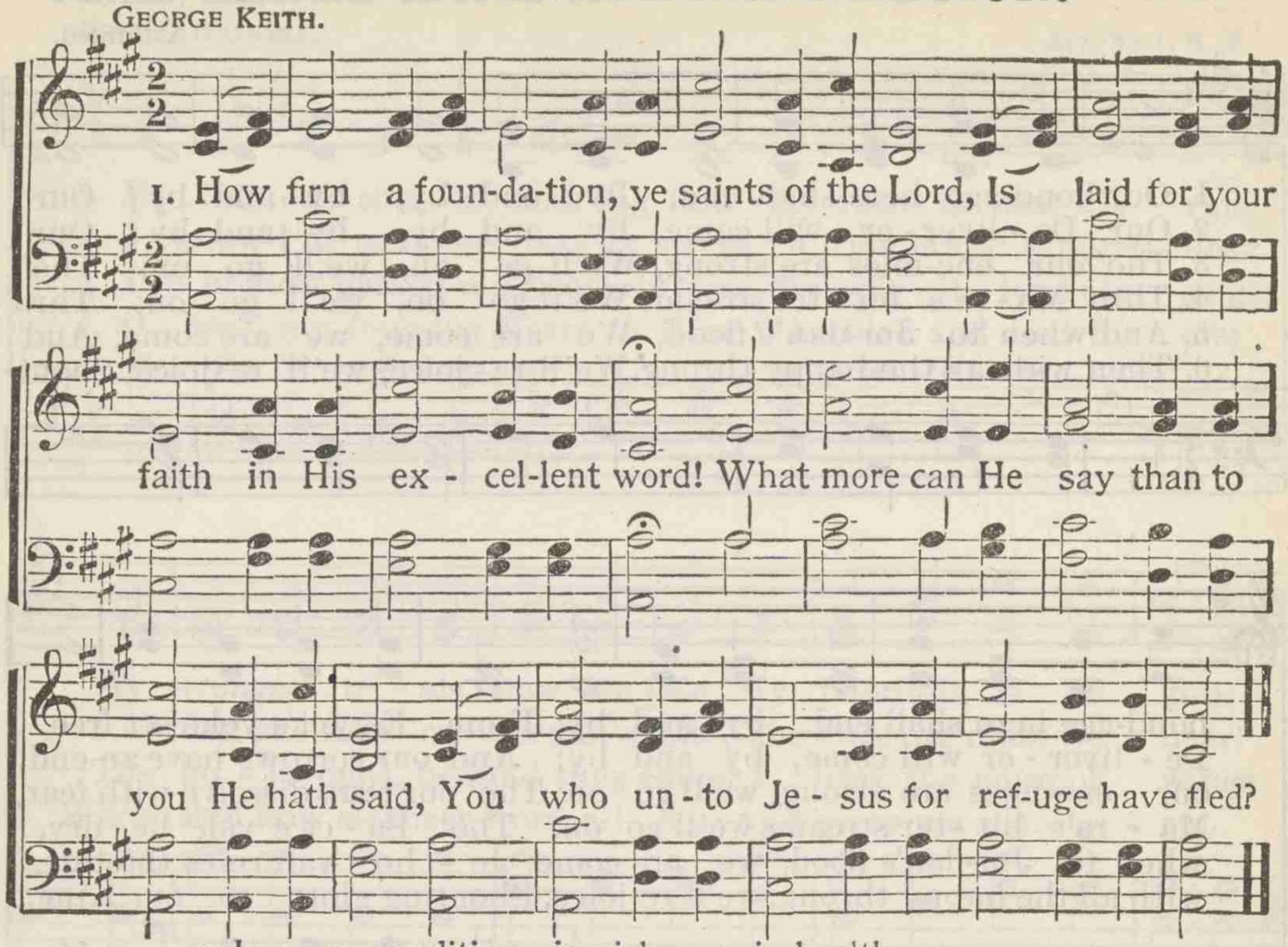






322. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

GEORGE KEITH.

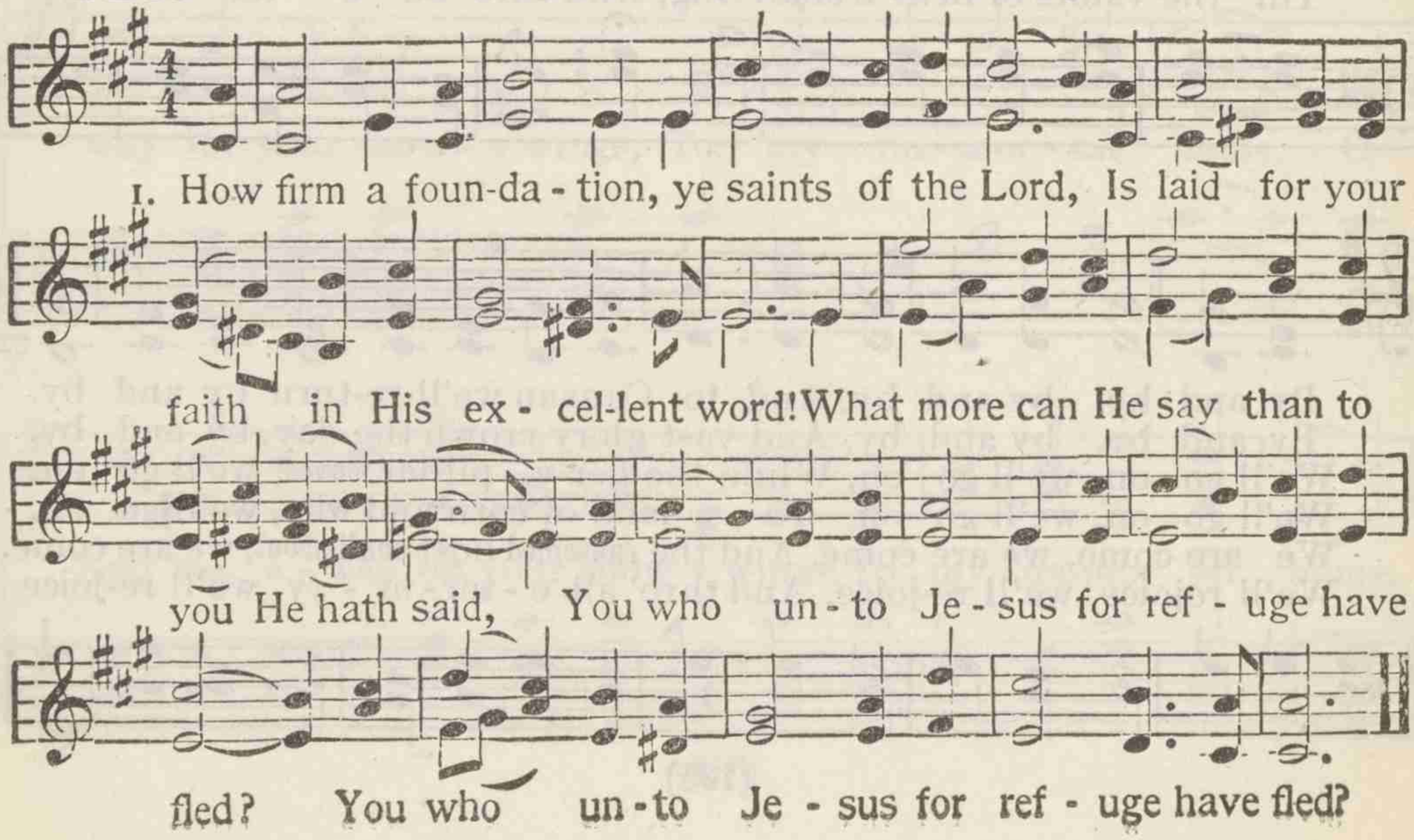


2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not: I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no*, *never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

323. PORTUGUESE HYMN.



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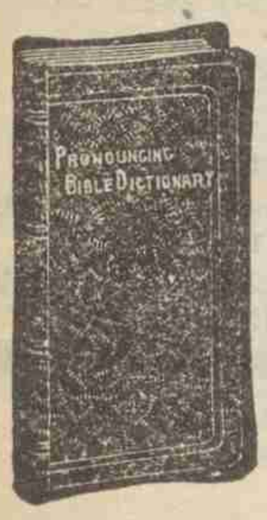

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5 For neither did his brethren
believe in him.[b]
6 Then Jesus said unto them,
My time is not yet come:[c] but
your time is always ready.

a Lev. 23:34. b Mark 3:21. c ch. 2:4; 8:2; ver. 8, 30. d ch. 15:19. e ch. 11:56. f ch.

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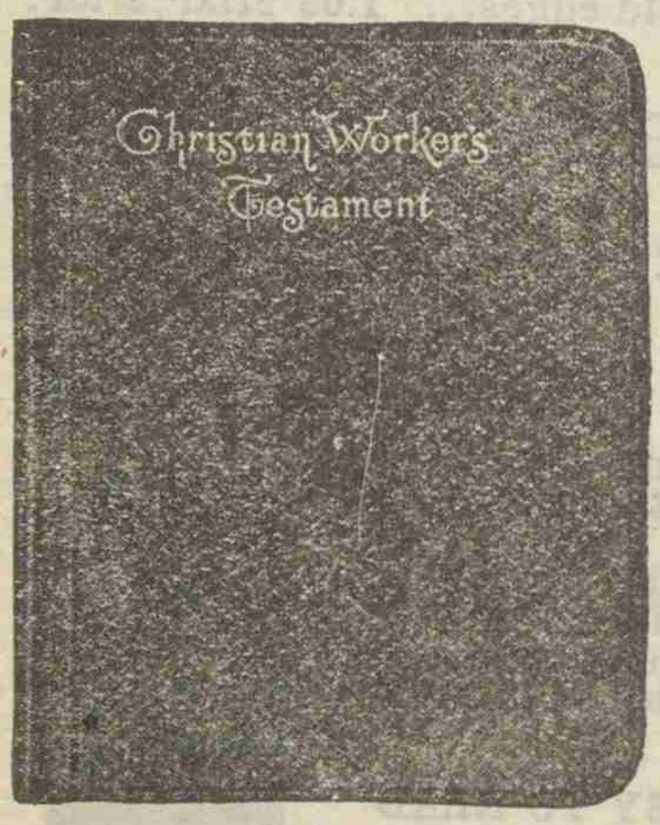

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30 He that is not with me
is against me; and he that
gathereth not with me scatter-
eth abroad. A. Mark 9. 40.

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him, answered and said, Master,
is it I? He said unto him, Thou
hast said.

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24 For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted; neither hath he hid his face from him; but when he cried unto him, he

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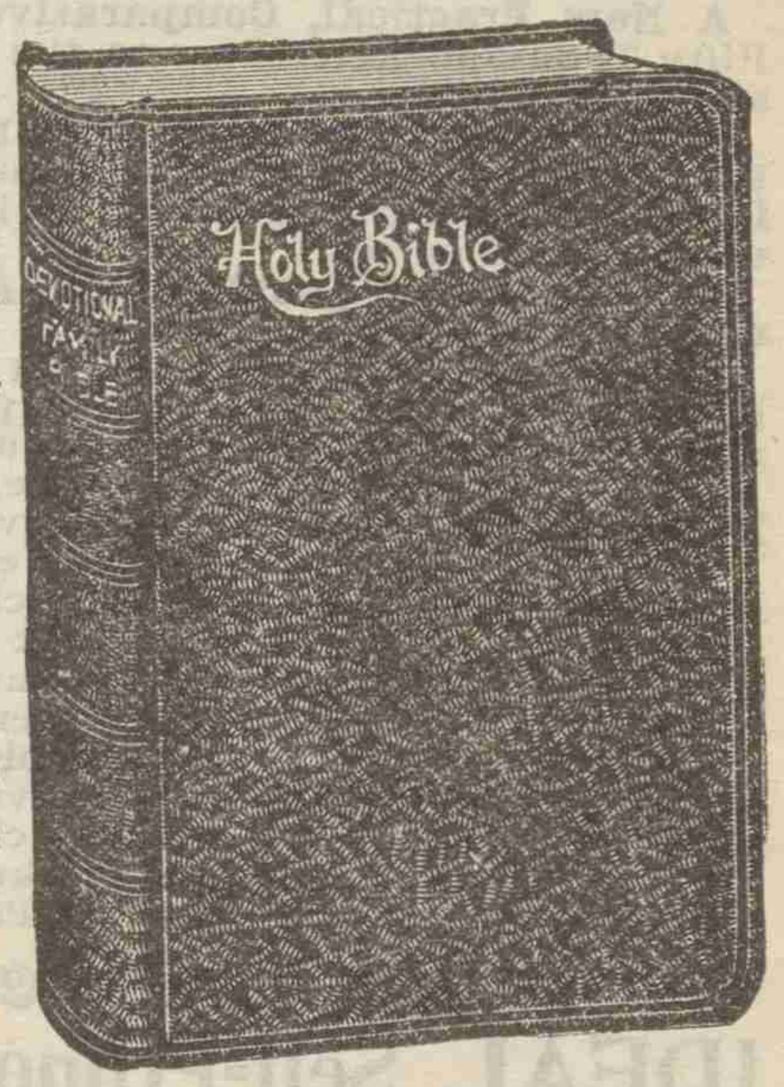

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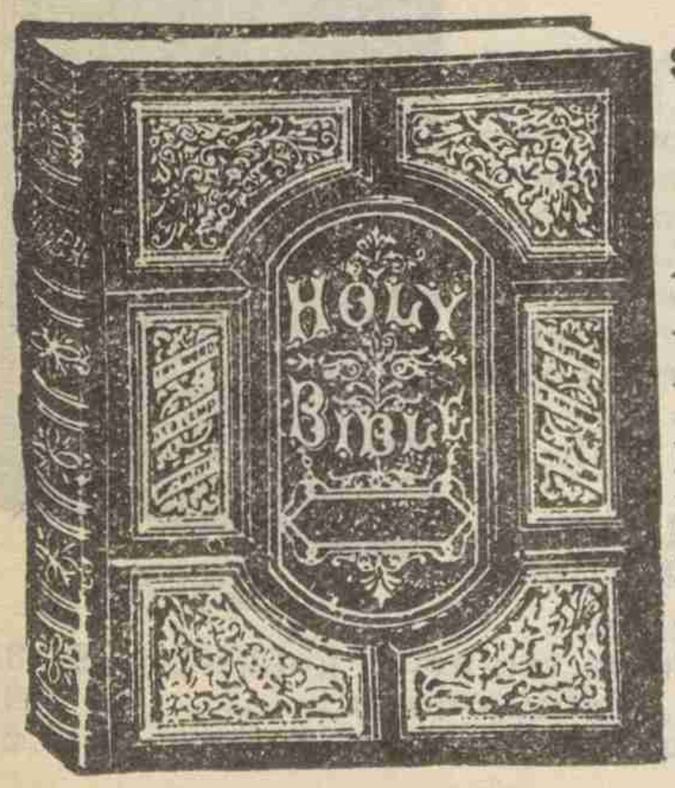

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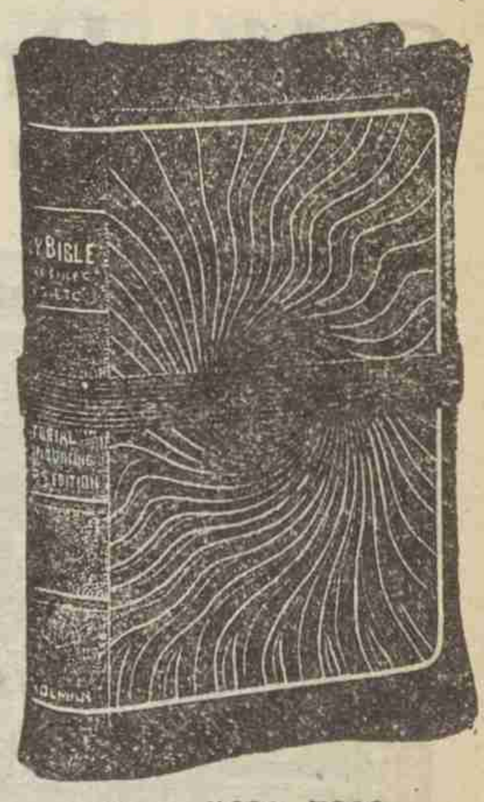

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