SONGS OF MOUNTING UP

EDITED BY
MEREDITH G. STANDLEY
AND
ROBERT E. McNEILL

"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." ---Isa. 40: 31.

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1

This World is Not My Home.

BELLE STAPLES. ROBT. E. McNEILL.

p **With expression.** *mf* *p*

1. I seek a cit - y out of sight, This world is not my home, Where
2. 𝄾 Cleans'd by the blood, redeemed from sin, This world is not my home, The
3. I so - journ here a lit - tle while, This world is not my home, 𝄾
4. Tri - als may come, I will not fear, This world is not my home, My

f *mf*

Je - sus reigns in realms of light, This world is not my home. I have
ho - ly place I've en-tered in, This world is not my home. Where the
Com-fort-ed by His lov - ing smile, This world is not my home. O the
Lord has said, "Be of good cheer," This world is not my home. So by

had a glimpse of the glo - ry land, And I fain would join with the hap-py band,
Saviour reigns, where His praises swell, Where the raptured saints and the angels dwell,
trump shall sound, and the saints shall rise, We shall meet the Lord in the vaulted skies,
faith I lift up my eyes and see What the Lord of life hath pre-pared for me,

mf *f*

Who in tri-umph march o'er the shin-ing strand; This world is not my home.
Where there's bliss supreme that no tongue can tell, O heav-en is my home.
Dwell with Him for aye where no storm clouds rise; O heav-en is my home.
And my cares grow light and my sor-rows flee, O heav-en is my home.

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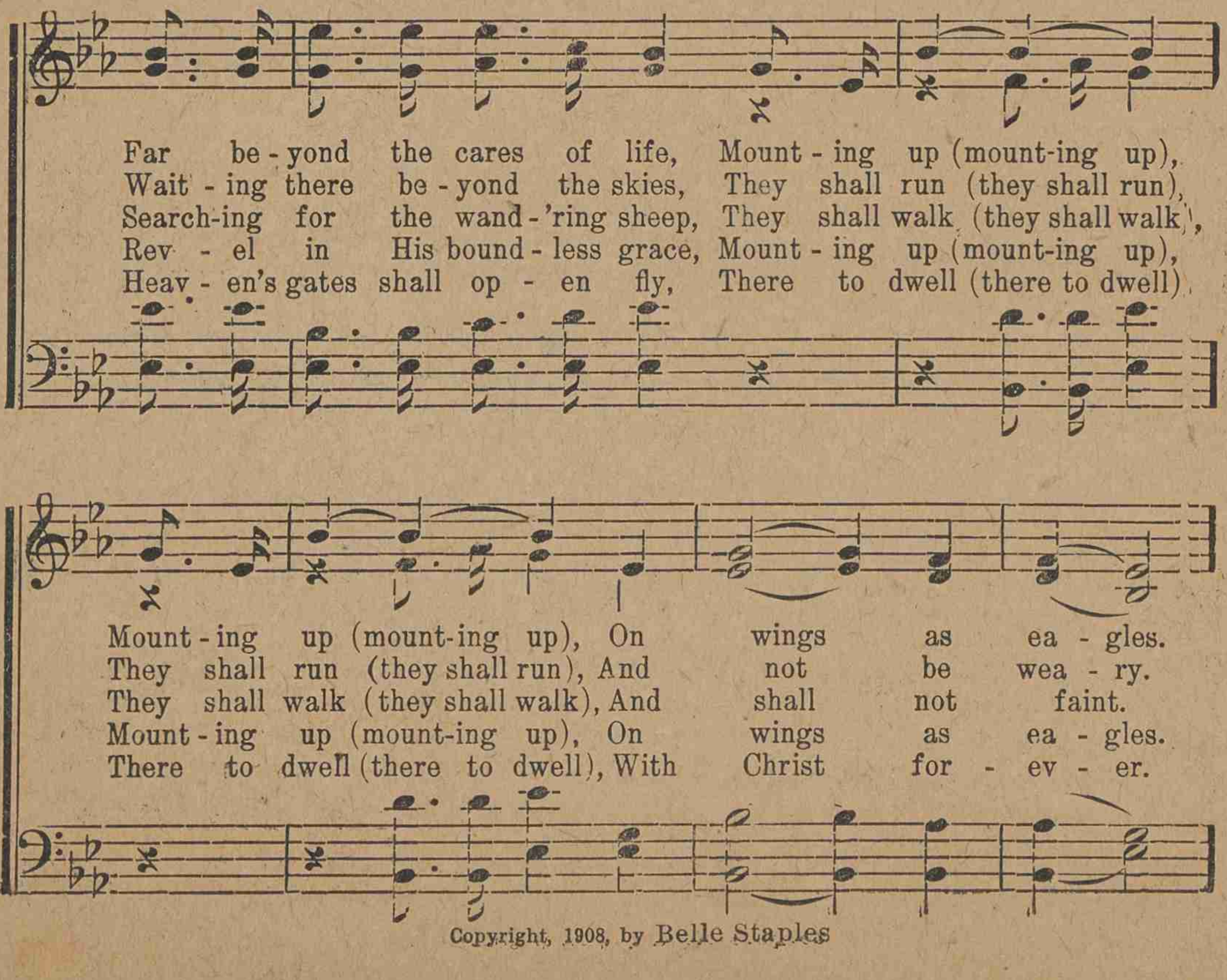
Mounting Up.

B. S. BELLE STAPLES. Har. by R. E. M.

1. They that wait up - on the Lord Shall mount up (shall mount up), Shall mount
2. Wait-ing thus up - on the Lord They shall run (they shall run), They shall
3. Wait-ing thus up - on the Lord They shall walk (they shall walk), They shall
4. They that wait up - on the Lord Shall mount up (shall mount up), Shall mount
5. They that wait up - on the Lord Shall mount up (shall mount up), Shall mount

up (shall mount up), On wings as ea-gles, They shall rise a-bove the strife,
run (they shall run), And not be wea-ry, They shall see the heav'nly prize
walk (they shall walk), And shall not faint, They shall scale the rug-ged steep
up (shall mount up), On wings as ea-gles They shall see the Saviour's face
up (shall mount up), On wings as ea-gles Some glad day they'll soar so high



Far be - yond the cares of life, Mount - ing up (mount-ing up),
Wait - ing there be - yond the skies, They shall run (they shall run),
Search-ing for the wand - 'ring sheep, They shall walk (they shall walk),
Rev - el in His bound - less grace, Mount - ing up (mount-ing up),
Heav - en's gates shall op - en fly, There to dwell (there to dwell),

Mount - ing up (mount-ing up), On wings as ea - gles.
They shall run (they shall run), And not be wea - ry.
They shall walk (they shall walk), And shall not faint.
Mount - ing up (mount-ing up), On wings as ea - gles.
There to dwell (there to dwell), With Christ for - ev - er.

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Mounting Up. Concluded.

3

Sun of My Soul.

Key of F.

1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

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

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

REV. J. KEBLE, 1827.

Fire and the Holy Ghost.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. M. HARRIS.

1. John said of Christ, to the sur-prise Of that grea' thronging host;
2. When His Dis - ci - ples heard His Word And tar - ried at their post,
3. To - day if we would work for God What we are need-ing most
4. O Lord transform our hearts and minds Lest in our pride we boast,

With wa - ter He shall not bap-tize, But fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
They were bap-tized at Pen - te - cost With fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
Is to re - ceive the prom-ised pow'r Of fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
And may we now be sanc - ti - fied By fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.

CHORUS.

But fire and the Holy Ghost, But fire and the Holy Ghost.
With fire and the Holy Ghost, With fire and the Holy Ghost.
Of fire and the Holy Ghost, Of fire and the Holy Ghost.
By fire and the Holy Ghost, By fire and the Holy Ghost.
fire and the Ho - ly Ghost, fire and the Ho - ly Ghost,

With wa - ter He shall not bap-tize But fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
They were bap-tized at Pen - te - cost With fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
Is to re - ceive the promised pow'r Of fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.
And may we now be sanc - ti - fied By fire and the Ho - ly Ghost.

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To the Fountain Fly.

"For they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them; and that rock was Christ."—1 Cor. 10: 4.

REV. J. P. KESTER, M. D.
Arr. by C. E. POLLOCK.

Chorus and Music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. From Ho-reb's rock the liv - ing stream Descend-ed to the plain;
2. "That rock was Christ," the living stream, A full, a rich sup - ply,
3. All through the lone-ly wil - der - ness These liv-ing streams abound,
4. E'en down to Jor-dan's rugged brink This stream doth wend its way,
5. Oh, may each thirsty soul be filled With liv - ing wa - ter pure,

And Is-rael's host drank from the same Their fee-ble strength to gain.
A - bundant for our ev - 'ry need, A stream that ne'er goes dry.
Where weary trav - 'lers in dis-tress Oft quick re - lief have found.
And countless num-bers from it drink, And quench their thirst each day.
When thus the sin - ner's thirst is quenched, It is a per - fect cure.

CHORUS.

To that liv - ing foun-tain, sin - ner, fly! For in sin - ner fly!
sin's bleak des - ert you may die; Thirst-y soul, do not you may die;
tar - ry at the brink, Quick-ly from this living fountain drink. at the brink,

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I'll Wait.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When doubt and fear assail me, And bend my spir - it low, I know there is a
2. When I am sore - ly tempted, And know not where to flee, My Je - sus walks be-
3. No mat-ter what be-fall me, My faith in Him I'll hold, My share in His a-

Sav - iour, To whom I e'er can go; He's prom-ised to be with me, No
side me, And ev - 'ry step I see; I see Him now, not plain - ly, Al-
tone-ment There's nothing can with-hold; No won - der that I'm hap - py, While

mat - ter what be - tide, Till some day when He'll call me To sit down at His side.
tho' I feel His might, But some day I shall see Him, When faith is lost in sight.
here I wait and sing, For some day I'll be - hold Him, My ev - er - liv - ing King.

CHORUS.

I'll wait, I'll wait, I'll wait for the coming of the King, And then I'll
I'll wait, I'll wait, And then

go to where the harps of an-gels ring; A-round the throne in
I'll go Around the throne

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I'll Wait. Concluded.

songs of praise I'll ever sing, Hal-le - lu - jah ev-er-more, Praise the mighty King!

7 Does Jesus Care?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth or song;
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark, With a name - less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temptation strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me,

As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the day-light fades In-to deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?
When for my deep grief I find no re-lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it nearly breaks–Is it aught to him? Does He see?

CHORUS.

O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;. . .

Ad lib. *Rit.*

When the days are weary, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares. . . .
He cares.

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I Need Thee.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. JOHN R. BRYANT.

1. I need Thee, pre-cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;
2. I need Thee, pre-cious Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor;
3. I need Thee, pre-cious Je - sus, I need a friend like Thee;
4. I need Thee, pre-cious Je - sus, I need thee day by day,

My soul is dark and drear - y, My heart is faint with-in;
A stran - ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth-ly store;
A friend to soothe and pit - y, A friend to care for me;
To fill me with Thy full - ness To lead me on my way;

I need the cleans-ing fountain, Where I can al-ways flee,
I need the love of Je - sus, To cheer me on my way,
I need the heart of Je - sus, To feel each anxious care,
I need Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, To teach me what I am;

The blood of Christ most pre-cious, The sin - ner's per-fect plea.
To guide my doubting foot steps, To be my strength and stay.
To tell me ev - ry troub - le, And all my sor - row share.
To show me more of Je - sus, To point me to the Lamb.

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At Home Over There.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. To that beau - ti - ful a-bode on high, Where the soul of man shall nev-er die; To that fadeless land of bliss, Robed in Je-sus' righteousness, There my
2. In that beau - ti - ful a-bode I'll rest, Nev - er - more by foes to be op- pressed; Where e - ter - nal joys a-bound, Where the righteous shall be found, With the
3. Will you meet me in that bliss-ful clime, Where our joy and peace are more sub- lime? Let us while on earth we stay, All be read - y for that day, When He'll

CHORUS.

hap - py spir - it longs to fly.
ho - ly an - gels ev - er blest. How I long to be at home o - ver there!
call us from the shores of time.

How I long to be at home o - ver there, I shall ev - er-more a-bide,

O - ver on the oth - er side, In my man-sion so bright and fair.

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I Belong to the King.

IDA L. REED. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of His love, I shall dwell in His
2. I be-long to the King, and He loves me I know, For His mer-cy and
3. I be-long to the King, and His promise is sure, That we all shall be

pal-ace so fair; For He tells of its bliss in yon heav-en a-bove, And His
kindness, so free, Are un-ceas-ing - ly mine, whereso-ev - er I go, And my
gath-ered at last In His Kingdom a-bove, by life's wa-ters so pure, When this

CHORUS.

chil-dren its splen-dors shall share;
ref - uge un - fail - ing is He. I be - long to the King, I'm a
life with its tri - als is past.

child of His love, And He nev - er for-sak - eth His own; He will call me some

day to His pal - ace a - bove, I shall dwell by His glo - ri - fied throne.

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11

MARCHING ON.

A N. and L. L. P. Furnished by REV. R. J. BATEMAN.

1. We are marching on to reach the shining shore, By its wa - ters bright we'll rest when life is o'er, And we'll ne'er be wea - ry, faint, or thirst-y more;
2. We will leave our toils and tri-als here below, When the Master bids us rise and quickly go; Hal - le - lu - jah, then, e - ter-nal joys we'll know;
3. To that cit - y fair, that kingdom of delight, Where no troubles rise, and nev - er comes a night, Lo, the King Him-self doth each of us in-vite;
4. Would you go with us to reach the cit - y blest, Then forsake all sin—Ah, here will be the test; Yield to Him a - lone, and you shall find His rest,

D. C.—*'Tis our heav'nly home that just beyond I see, 'Tis a bless-ed coun-try where I fain would be; Come, dear pilgrim, come, O come and march with me,*

Fine. CHORUS.

To that shore we're marching on. March-ing on, march-ing
Let us all go marching on.
Let us now be marching on.
And we'll all go marching on. March-ing on,

Let us all go marching on.

on, March-ing on, march-ing on, Let us
march-ing on, March-ing on, march-ing on,

D. C.

sing, let us sing, As we're marching to our home!
Let us sing, let us sing,

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The Meeting in The Air.

I. G. M. II Thess. 4-17. I. G. MARTIN.

1. There is soon to be a meet-ing With our Sav - ior in the air, For He's gone to realms of glo - ry There our man-sions to pre-pare; He is com - ing
2. See the pa - tri-archs and prophets Com-ing forth from bursting tombs, They are com - ing to this meet-ing And they're com-ing ver - y soon; There comes A - bra- march-ing in the forefront, While the hosts their banners wave; O, what j to
3. There is Mo-ses from Mount Nebo, There is Dan - iel from the Cave, They are pil - grims from all na-tions, And the mar-tyrs in the war; See St. Paul, the
4. Still they gath - er, see them coming, From the mis-sion fields a - far, With the heart is pure and ho - ly You will be no strang-er there; He is com-ing
5. Are you read - y for the meet-ing With our Sav - ior in the air, If your back to meet us With a host of an - gels fair, And there's sure to be some ham and I-saac With their kin-dred ev-'rywhere, There is sure to be some see them com-ing, To the meet-ing in the air, There is sure to be some great a - pos - tle, In his robes made white and fair, I am sure there'll be some soon my broth-er, With a host of an - gels fair And I'm sure there'll be some

CHORUS.

shouting When we all meet there.
shouting When they all get there.
shouting When they all get there. When we all meet there, at the meeting in the air,
shouting When they all get there.
shouting When we all meet there.

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The Meeting in the Air. Concluded.

1 2

There is sure to be some shouting when we all meet there; when we all meet there.

13 I'm to the Highlands Bound.

"Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed." Gen. 19: 17.

C. P. J. C. P. JONES.

Allegretto.

1. My eyes are on the mount-ain top, I'm run-ning for my life;
2. The an-gel voice has come to me, And cautioned me to go;
3. They called me cra - zy as I left, They laughed at my a - larm;
4. Some start-ed with me and looked back, But for - ward yet I press;

I've left old Sod - om to the flames, With all its sin and strife.
And now, o - be - dient to His word, I leave this land of woe.
But I have heard the Sav - ior's voice, I'm run - ning from the storm.
I'm bound to reach the mount-ain top, In ho - li - ness and peace.

CHORUS.

I'm to the high - lands bound, I'm seek - ing high - er ground;
I can't re-main in all the plain, I'm to the high-lands bound.

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O What Glory!

CIVILLA D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. O what glory when He saved me by His grace, When I saw the welcome
2. O what glory as I triumph o-ver sin, As the precious blood of
3. O what glory when the crowning days shall come, When the saved of earth shall

smile up-on His face; Since He took my feet from out the mir-y clay,
Je - sus makes me clean, As He comes to walk be-side me in the way,
all be gathered home; O what glo-ry when all tears are wiped away,

CHORUS.

O what glo - ry I am find-ing ev - 'ry day!
O what glo - ry I am find-ing ev - 'ry day! O what glo - ry
O what glo - ry shall be mine on that great day!

when our Lord shall come! Glo - ry in His kingdom, safe at home;

O what glo-ry, glo - ry all the way! I am finding glory ev -'ry day!

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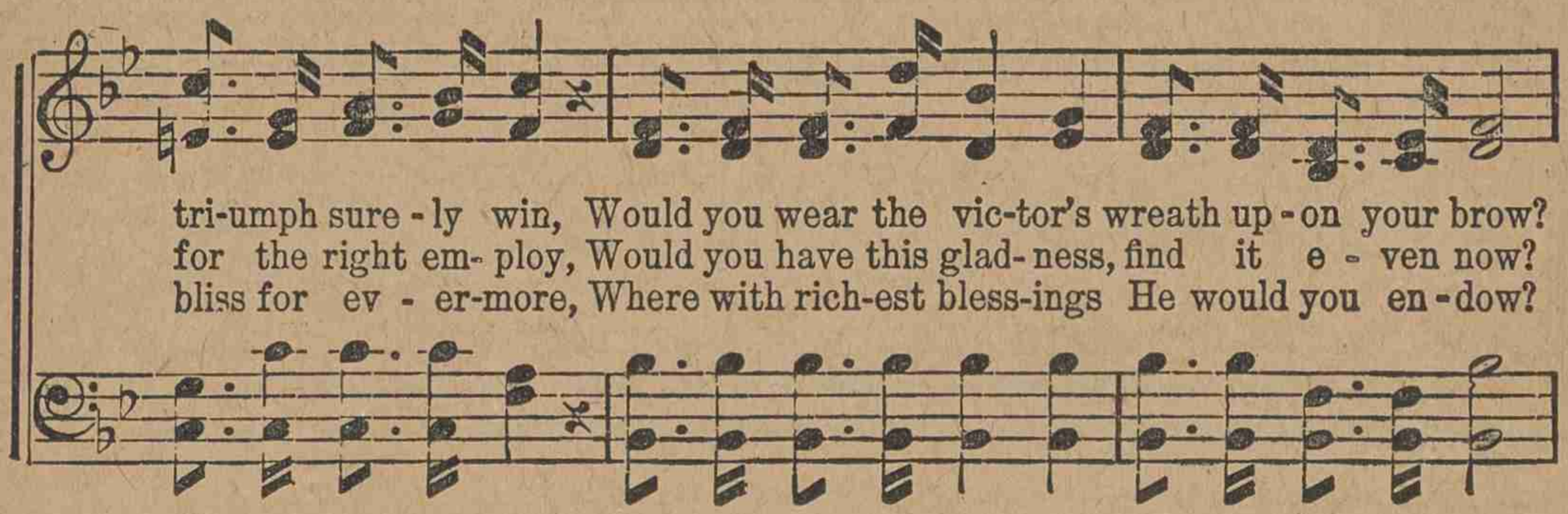
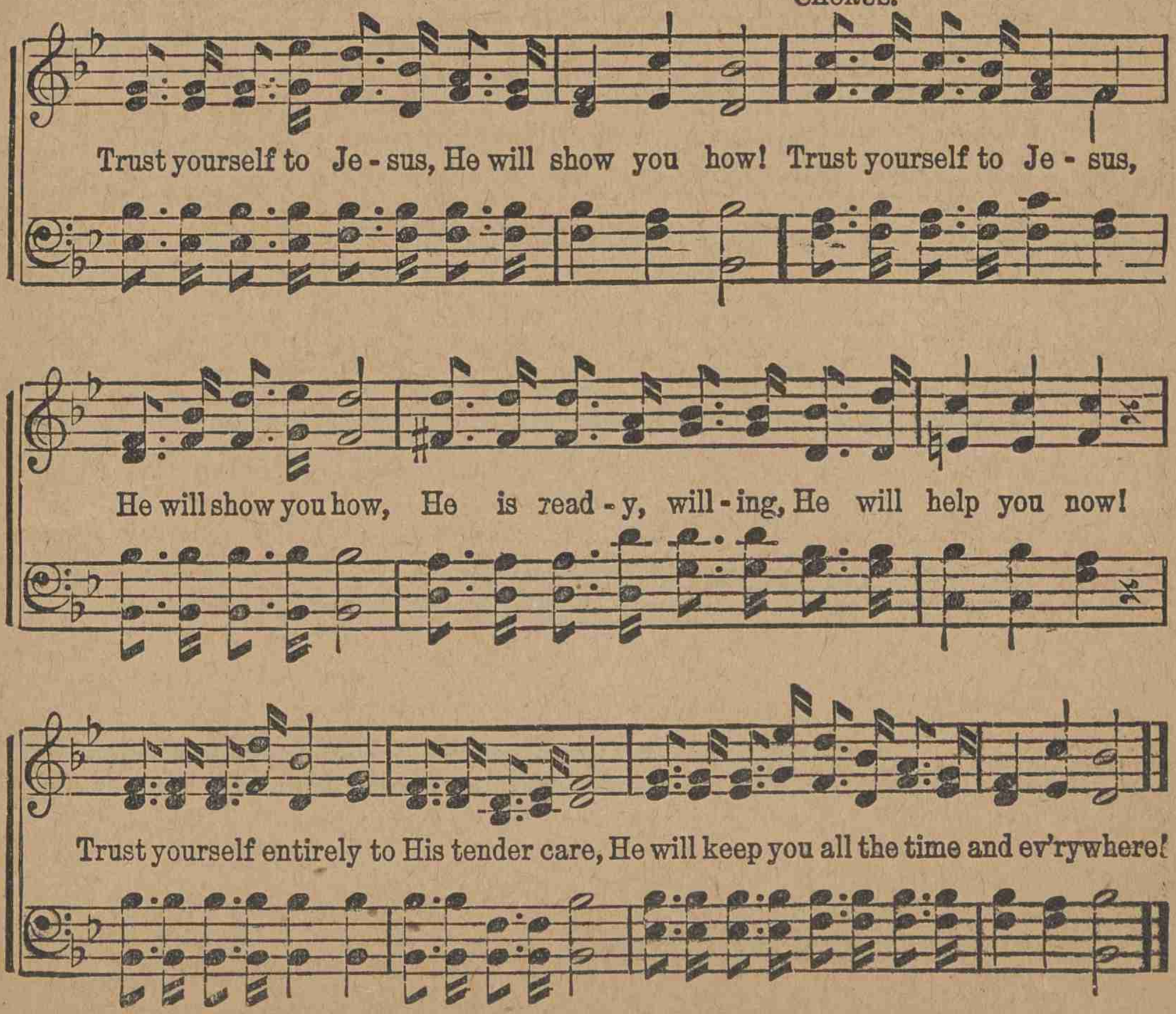
JESUS WILL SHOW YOU.

H. O. DEVAR. WM. EDIE MARKS.



CHORUS.



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The Gospel Light.

F. L. EILAND. C. L. CHAMBERLIN.

1. The light of the gos - pel is shin - ing to - day, It shines tho' the tempests may roll;.... 'Twill lead you in safe - ty to shel - ter - ing wings, Por-tec - tion se - cure for the soul.....
2. The light of the gos - pel will shine on your way, If you the sweet sto-ry be - lieve,... And will the glad tidings of par - don ac - cept, Its glo - ry you then shall re - ceive....
3. Come out from the dark - ness o'er shad - ow - ing now, Come out from thy dwelling of sin;..... And walk in the path-way of glo - ry di - vine, The gos - pel light shin-ing with - in.....

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful light, won-der-ful light! Light of the gospel now see;...
Beautiful, beautiful, wonderful, wonderful.

Beau-ti - ful light! wonderful light! Sin-ner, this light is for thee..

used by per. of C. L. Chamberlin, Osseo, Mich.

17 AS THE DAY BREAKS.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As the shadows of the night round are falling, I am thinking of that
2. When we gather home at last there'll be singing, Such as angels round the
3. I shall rise to be with Je - sus for - ev - er, I shall meet the ones who

day by and by, When the trumpet of the Lord shall be call - ing,
throne nev-er heard; For the song of souls redeemed shall go ring - ing,
passed on be - fore; We shall meet to part no more, nev - er, nev - er,

CHORUS.

As the day breaks o'er the hills.
As the day breaks o'er the hills.
When the day breaks o'er the hills. } I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my

journey home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks; There'll be singing, there'll be

shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er the hills.....
the heav'nly hills.

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18

I Will Not Yield.

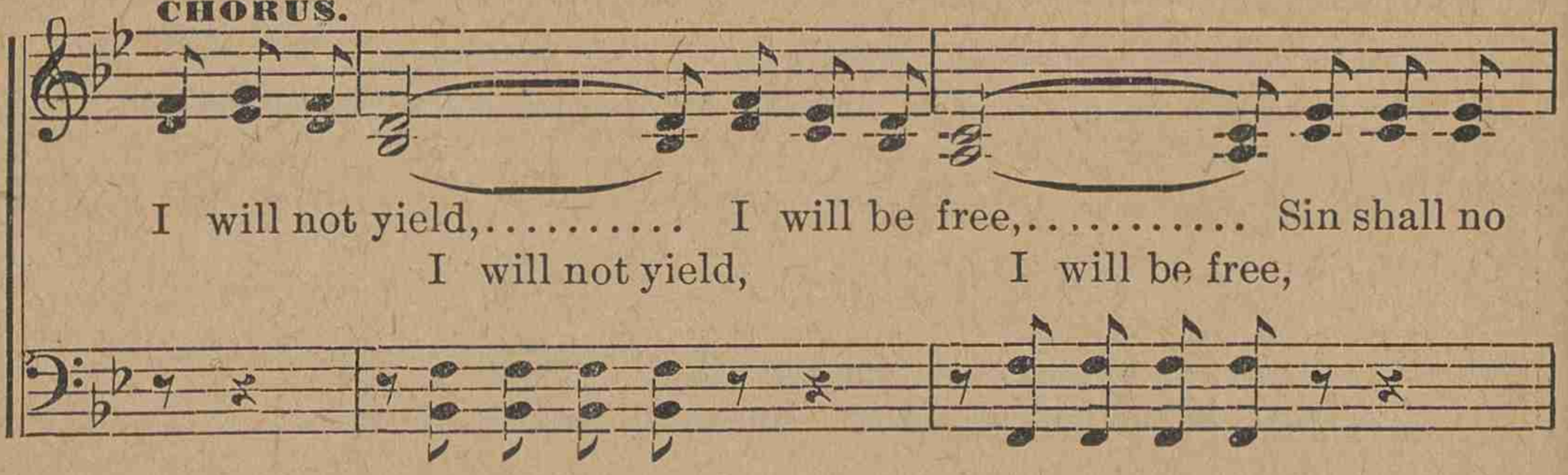
"His servant ye are to whom ye obey."—ROM. 6: 16.

C. P. J. See also JAMES 1: 12-16. CHARLES P. JONES.

1. I will not yield to the tempter, I will not yield to sin, God's
2. I will not yield to the tempter, Christ died to set me free, And
3. I will not yield to the tempter, All heav'n to help me stands, God
4. I will not yield to the tempter, God doth my heart in-cline To
5. I will not yield to the tempter, Let who will, walk in sin; For
6. I will not yield to the tempter, My soul is glo-ry bound; When

pow-er is a-ble to keep me, I will the vic-t'ry win.
rose for my jus-ti-fi-ca-tion, And I will per-fect be.
plen-te-ous grace will sup-ply me, Nor leave me in his hands.
yield my-self to the Spir-it And do His will di-vine.
he who to-day o-ver-com-eth, A crown of life shall win.
Je-sus com-eth to claim me, I would be spot-less found.

CHORUS.



I will not yield,..... I will be free,..... Sin shall no
I will not yield, I will be free,

more..... reign o-ver me,..... God will suf-
Sin shall no more reign o-ver me,

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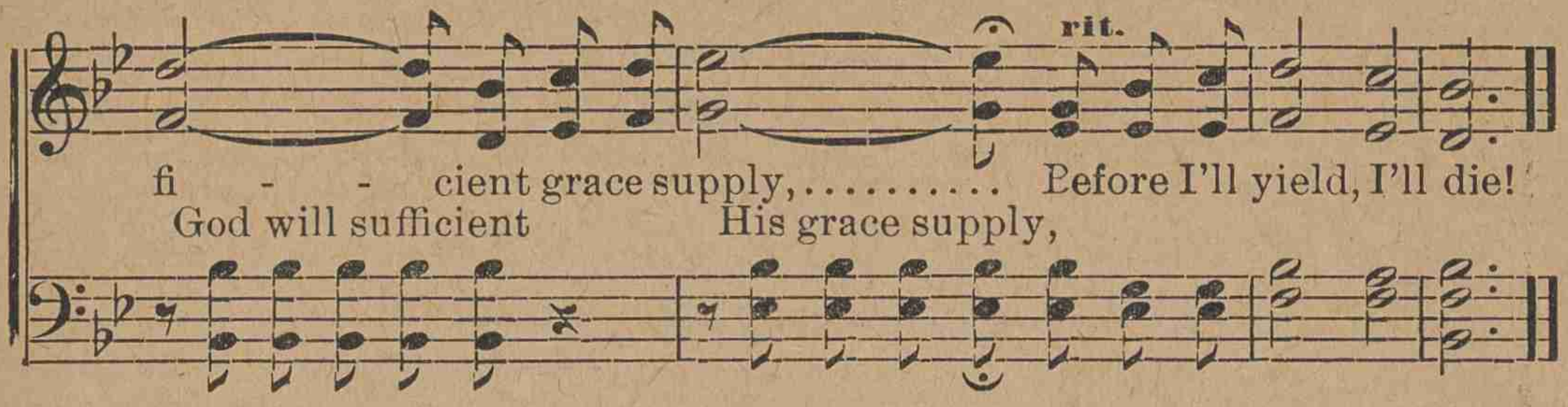
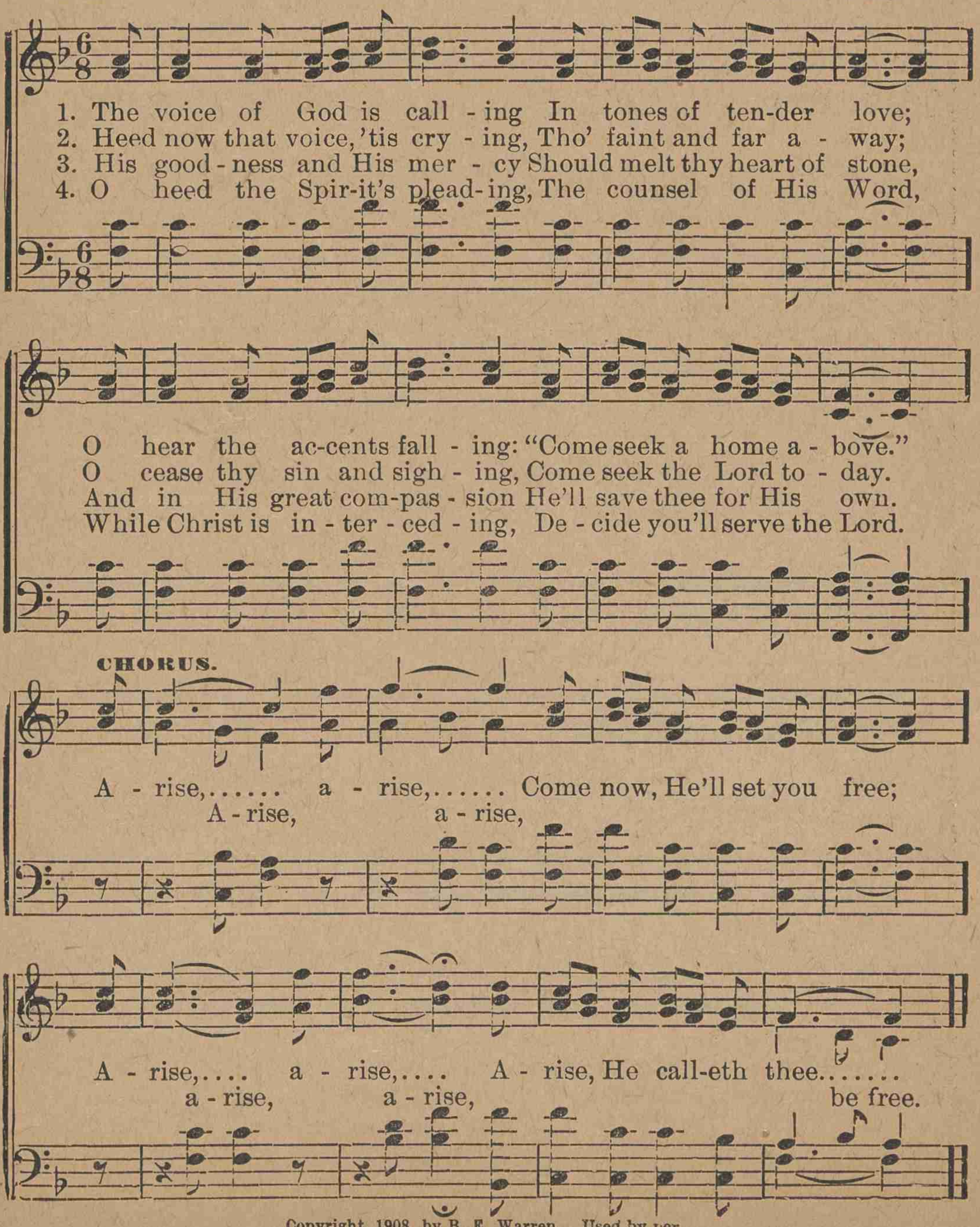
I Will Not Yield. Concluded.



19 The Voice of God.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.



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20 I Am Pressing.

"Thy will be done."—MATT. 6: 10.

C. P. J. C. P. JONES.

1. I've sur - ren - dered now to the will of God, Trust - ing in His
2. I have o - ver - come all the world and sin, Trust - ing in His
3. There is in my heart an e - ter - nal spring, Trust - ing in His
4. I have set my feet in the nar - row way, Trust - ing in His
5. O that all the world I might to Him call, Trust - ing in His

prom-is - es of grace; I am sat - is - fied on the heav - 'nly road,
prom-is - es of grace; From the old self - life I have ran-somed been,
prom-is - es of grace; And I can but praise, and I can but sing,
prom-is - es of grace; In the Kings high-way do I walk each day,
prom-is - es of grace; Oh, that men would make Him their all in all;

CHORUS.

Trusting in His prom-is - es of grace. I am press - - in t'ward the
pressing t'ward the goal,

goal, For the prize..... press on, my soul;
pressing t'ward the goal, prize press on, my soul, for the prize press on, my soul;

For the mark..... and call-ing high, You shall reach it by and by.
For the mark and calling high,

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21 My Burdens Rolled Away.

M. A. S. Mrs. Minnie A. Steele.

1. I re-mem-ber when my burdens rolled a - way, I had carried them for
2. I re-mem-ber where my burdens rolled a - way, That I feared would never
3. I re-mem-ber why my burdens rolled a - way, That had hindered me for
4. I am sing-ing since my burdens rolled a - way, There's a song with-in my

years night and day; When I sought the blessed Lord, and I took Him at His
leave night or day; Je - sus showed to me the loss, so I left them at the
years night and day; As I sought the throne of grace, just a glimpse of Je-sus'
heart night and day; I am liv - ing for my King, and with joy I shout and

Chorus.

word Then at once all my burdens rolled a - way.
cross, I was glad when my burdens rolled a - way. Rolled a-way, rolled a-
face, And I knew that my burdens could not stay. Rolled a-way.
sing Hal-le-lu-jah! all my burdens rolled a - way.

way, I am hap-py since my burdens rolled a-way; Rolled a-
rolled a-way, since my burdens rolled a - way;

way, rolled a-way, I am hap-py since my burdens rolled a - way.
Rolled a-way, rolled a-way,

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22

So Great was His Love for Me.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. From glo-ry's height He came down to save, So great was His love for me;
2. In Him is strength for my deepest need, So great is His love for me;
3. In Him is heal-ing for ev - 'ry ill, So great is His love for me;
4. He's now pre-par-ing for me a place, So great is His love for me;

Up - on the cross His dear life He gave, So great was His love for me.
Up - on Him dai-ly my soul doth feed, So great is His love for me.
The joy He gives me no tongue can tell, So great is His love for me.
The mansion fair is the gift of grace, So great is His love for me.

CHORUS.

My heart be-lieved, and my faith re-ceived, The gift of His

love so free; He bore the cross, its pain and loss, So

great was His love for me, So great was His love for me.

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O What a Change.

C. AUSTIN MILES. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O what a change from a world of de-spair, Glo - ry di-vine with my
2. O what a change! yet He's always the same, Pardon and peace not a -
3. O what a change! now His face I can see, Once hid from view now 'tis
4. O what a change when the garments I own Shall be replaced by a

Sav - iour to share; Where once was gloom now 'tis light ev-'ry-where,
lone would I claim, There comes to all who be-lieve on His name
glo - rious to me; Once bound with sin, what a joy to be free,
robe and a crown, When at His feet I my bur-dens lay down,

CHORUS.

O what a change! O what a change! O what a change from the
bur - den of sin! O what a change! O what a change!

ad. lib.

O what a change in my life there has been, O what a change.

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OVER JORDAN.

r'. M. G.

FRANK M. GRAHAM.

1. O come and go with me, If from sin you would be free, You will find it good for thee, O-ver Jor-dan. 'Tis a land of corn and wine,
2. Ma-ny will not en-ter in, For they want to cling to sin, And their jour-ney won't be-gin, O-ver Jor-dan. And they see the gi-ants there,
3. Our lead-er is the Lord, And we have His precious word; We will use it for our sword, O-ver Jor-dan. So you need not ev-er fear,
4. Now won't you come and go, While He's pleading with you so, Where the milk and hon-ey flow, O-ver Jor-dan. If you'll get the "sec-ond grace,"
5. But if you still re-fuse, And keep try-ing to ex-cuse, And His prom-ise will a-buse, O-ver Jor-dan. You will wan-der wea-ry years,

And there's fruit of ev-'ry kind, You will find it is sub-lime,
For their vis-ion is not clear, And they will not go for fear,
For He's promised to be near, And you'll find Him ver-y dear,
You'll be talk-ing face to face, While you're running in the race,
And be shed-ding bit-ter tears, While you're bound to slav-ish fears, This

CHORUS.

O-ver Jor-dan. O-ver Jor - dan, o-ver Jor - dan,
5th v. side of Jor-dan. O-ver Jordan's rolling sand in-to happy Beulah land,

O it is a pleasant place, For I have the "second grace."
'Tis a pleasant place to live, (*Omit . . . .*) O-ver Jor-dan.

25 He's Just the Same to Me.

G. P. HOTT. Rev. C. B. WIDMYER.

1. I've read that in the days of old The Sav - iour came to be
2. They tell me how He com - fort-ed The sick of Beth - a - ny,
3. I've heard that when the sin - ful came, Tho' vile as vile could be,
4. His prom - ise cheered the wea - ry ones, He bade their heartaches flee,

"The Way, the Truth, the Life" to all, He's just the same to me.
How broken hearts were there made whole, He's just the same to me.
He par-doned all and made them whole, He's just the same to me.
To them He was their "All in All," He's just the same to me.

CHORUS.

He's just the same,..... He's just the same;.....
He's just the same to me, to me, He's just the same to me, to me;

I'm glad to tell to ev - 'ry one, He's just the same to me.....
to me.

The Roebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

The Old Story.

C. L. C. C. L. CHAMBERLIN.

Soprano and Tenor Duet.

1. List to the old, old stor - y, Old yet ev - er new, How Christ from
2. Think how the Sav - iour suf-fered In this world of strife, Great was the
3. Now on a throne of glo - ry, Close at God's right hand, There sits the

realms of glo - ry, Came down to ran - som you. 'Tis a sad sweet stor - y
price of free-dom, Price of e - ter - nal life; On the tree he lan-guished,
ris - en Sav-iour, Safe in the heav'n-ly land; Now He seeks to lead you

More than tongue can tell, How He gave His own life, Lov-ing us so well.
Free - ly He for-gave, Died that we die nev - er, Died our souls to save.
To His home a-bove; Trust this might-y Shep-herd, Trust His ten-der love.

CHORUS.

Love Him, Serve Him all your days, Praise Him, Sing in joy - ful lays;
Love Him, Love Him; Praise Him, Praise Him,

Hon - or Him in all your ways, O re-ceive Him as your God.
Hon-or, hon - or

Used by per. of C. L. Chamberlain.

O the Blessed Story.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. D. C. and T. P. HAMILTON.

1. I love to tell the bless-ed sto - ry Of the cross of Cal - va - ry,
2. Go, preach the tidings of sal - va-tion To the lost where'er they be,
3. We need no oth - er Lord or Sav-iour, He a-lone can save from sin,
4. O, hal - le - lu - jah, He is dwelling In the heart that owns His sway;

A-round it hangs a wondrous glory, O'er it glows a crys-tal sea.
It is the hope of ev-'ry na-tion, O'er the land and on the sea.
And if we trust His lov-ing fa - vor, We the crown of life shall win.
The might-y tide of praise is swell-ing, So 'twill do till end-less day.

CHORUS.

O the bless - ed cross, O the cleans-ing blood, Peace it

brings to us, rec - on - ciles to God; My brother, trust the blood,

my brother, trust the blood, Then you'll meet our King in glo - ry.

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28 HE WILL SUPPLY OUR NEEDS.

"My God will supply all you need." PHIL. 4: 19.

F. M. ATKINSON. Mrs. JNO. T. BENSON.

1. When bur-dened with care and with sor - row, My God will sup-
2. Tho' poor in this world and for - sak - en, My God will sup-
3. Tho' sor - est temp - ta - tions as - sail me, My God will sup-
4. I'm trust - ing my Sav - iour com-plete - ly, My God will sup-

ply all our needs, Give hope of a bright - er to - mor - row,
ply all our needs, By heav - y mis - for - tunes o'er-tak - en,
ply all our needs, His love and His grace ne'er will fail me,
ply all our needs, My soul rests in Je - sus so sweet - ly,

CHORUS.

My God will supply all our needs. He will supply, yes, He will supply

Thro' rich - es in glo - ry by our Lord, I'm trust- ing and

claim - ing His prom - ise; My God will sup- ply all our needs.

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29

He Took My Sins Away.

Copyright, 1903, by M. J. Harris. By per.

Mrs. M. J. H. Mrs. M. J. Harris.

1. I came to Je- sus, wea-ry, worn, and sad, He took my sins a-way,
2. The load of sin was more than I could bear, He took them all a-way,
3. No con-dem - na-tion have I in my heart, He took my sins a-way,
4. If you will come to Je-sus Christ to-day, He'll take your sins a-way,

He took my sins a-way, And now His love has made my heart so glad,
He took them all a-way, And now on Him I roll my ev-'ry care,
He took my sins a-way, His per-fect peace He did to me im-part,
He'll take your sins a-way, And keep you hap - py in His love each day,

Chorus.

He took my sins a - way.
He took my sins a - way.
He took my sins a - way.
He'll take your sins a - way.

} He took my sins a - way,

He took my sins a-way, And keeps me sing-ing ev - 'ry day!

I'm so glad He took my sins a-way, He took my sins a - way.

Bring Your Pitcher.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. THORO HARRIS.

1. Bring your emp - ty pitch - er ere you thirst and die, From the liv - ing foun - tain take a full sup - ply, Rip - pling in its cool - ness o'er life's des - ert sand, Stream of end - less mer - cy from the bet - ter land.
2. Bring the emp - ty pitch - ers of your needs and woes, Dip them in the wat - er that so free - ly flows; All will find a wel - come, come with- out a fear, Taste and know the sweet-ness of the Christ so dear.
3. Bring your emp - ty pitch - er, fill it brim - ming o'er From the Spring E - ter - nal, drink as ne'er be - fore, Share with those who need it of the bliss - ful flow, Till its heal - ing pow - ers ev - 'ry heart shall know.

CHORUS.

Bring your pitch - er, do not pass the foun - tain by; . . . . . Drink it deep - ly, bear a - way a full sup - ply; . . . . . Bring your pitch-er as you go,

Bring your pitch - er,

Bring your pitch - er;

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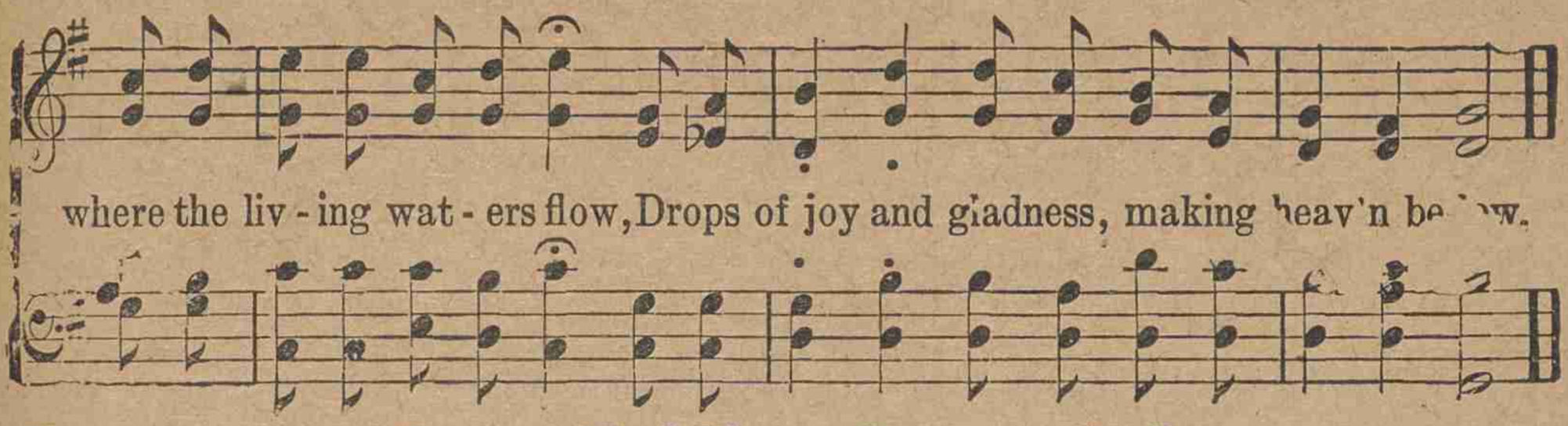
Bring Your Pitcher. Concluded.



31 Keep Holding On to God.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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32 The Sunshine of His Love.

JAMES ROWE. GEO. S. SCHULER.

1. Long a hopeless soul I wandered in the sin - ful vale of night, And no earthly friend could hope or cheer impart; But the loving Saviour found me, and I'm
2. I was help-less and de-spair-ing, like a sail - or on the sea In a storm, without a compass or a chart, But the loving Saviour found me, and to-
3. O if life is dark and hope-less, if your soul is lost in sin, And to you the world no comfort can impart— If, with hope and joy and courage, life a-

walk - ing in the light, For the sun-shine of His love is in my heart.
day I'm strong and free, For the sun-shine of His love is in my heart.
new you would be - gin, Let the Love of Je - sus shine with - in your heart.

CHORUS.

Yes, the sun-shine of His love is in my heart, And the joy which on - ly Je - sus can im - part; I am hap - py day and night, And my

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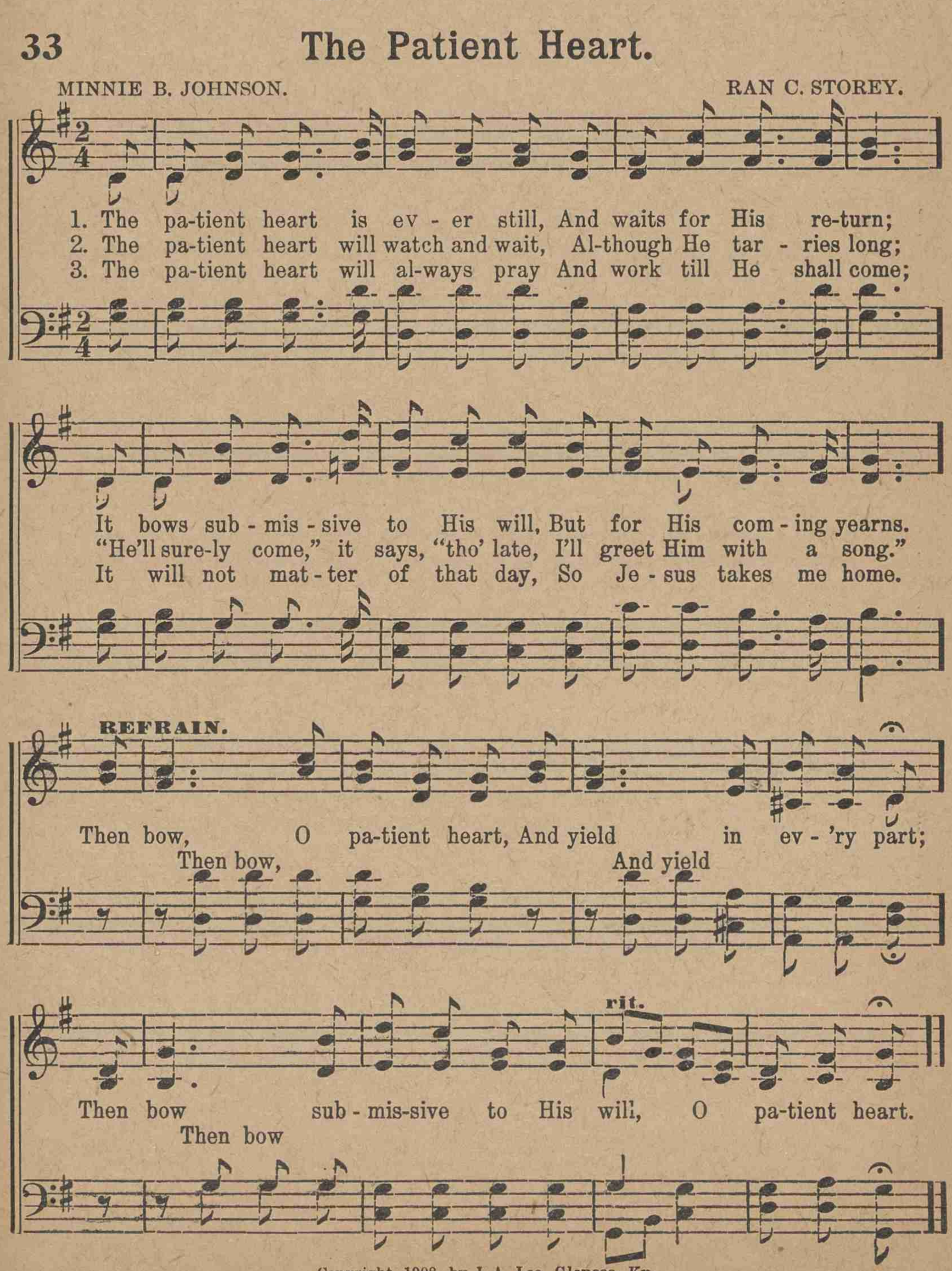
The Sunshine of His Love. Concluded.

33 The Patient Heart.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. RAN C. STOREY.



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34 Waving Palms of Victory.

W. W. V. W. W. VANSANT.

1. When my tri - als here are o - ver and I lay my bur - den down,
2. I shall join the host un-num-bered, who a - round the throne of God
3. Now by faith I see my loved ones who have passed the swelling tide,
4. O the glo - ry of that meet-ing, when the hands shall clasp a - gain,

And em - bark up - on the wa-ters of death's sea; I shall see be-yond its
Sing His prais - es thro' a glad e - ter - ni - ty; I shall wear a robe of
And are prais-ing Him, the Lamb of Cal - va - ry; They are hap - py in His
And from earth and all its sor-rows we are free! We shall dwell with Christ for-

bil-lows souls of ransomed saints on high, Wav-ing palms of vic - to - ry.
glo - ry and shall sing a song of praise, Wav-ing palms of vic - to - ry.
presence, and are look - ing, now, for me, Wav-ing palms of vic - to - ry.
ev - er in that hap - py, gold - en land, Wav-ing palms of vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

Wav - ing palms..... of vic - to - ry, Sing - ing
Wav - ing palms, of vic - to - ry,

songs..... of ju - bi - lee; What a meet-ing and a
sing-ing songs of ju - bi - lee;

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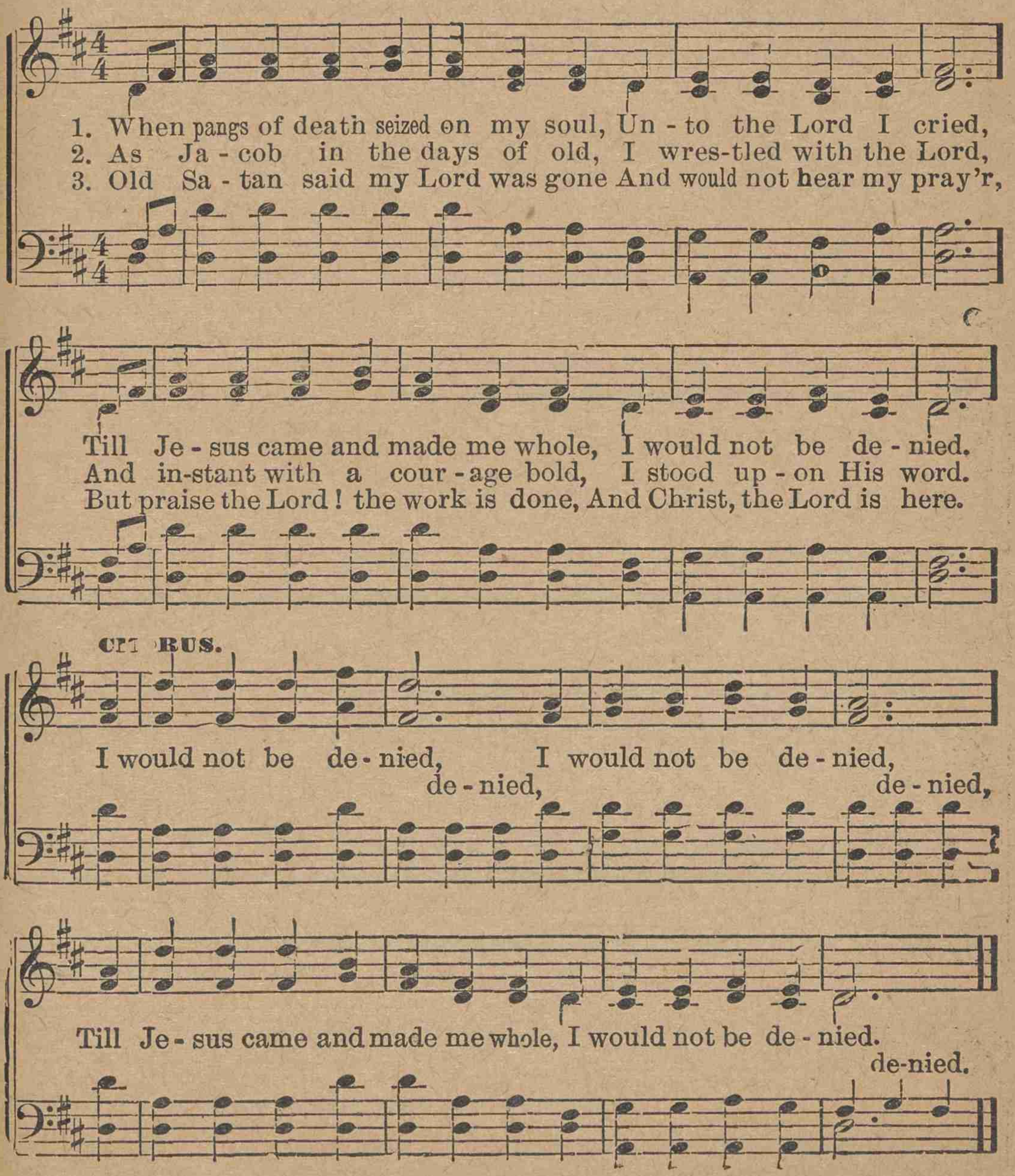
Waving Palms of Victory. Concluded.

35 I Would Not Be Denied.

C. P. J. GEN. 32: 24–28. C. P. JONES.



86 Have You Received the Holy Ghost?

"Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"—Acts 19: 2.

C. P. J. C. P. JONES.

1. Have you received the Ho-ly Ghost Since you believed? Je - sus has sent Him
2. Does Christ with-in you dai - ly dwell, Since you believed? The joy of God no
3. Have you received the Ho-ly Ghost Since you believed? The promise is to
4. Have you received the Ho-ly Ghost Since you have turned? Has He the love of

un - to you, Have you re-ceived? You've been for-giv - en of your sin,
tongue can tell, Have you re-ceived? Do wells of deep sal - va - tion now
who are called, Have you re-ceived? Have you the wit - ness in your breast,
sin en - tire Out of you burned? Is heav - en born with - in your soul?

Have you the pow'r? Do you live con-scious-ly in Christ, Blest ev - 'ry hour?
Spring in your breast? Has all your sin been put a - way? Have you found rest?
Have you the seal? Does God the things of Christ to you Dai - ly re - veal?
Does Christ there dwell? If you but have Him there enthroned, All, all is well.

CHORUS.

Have you re - ceived..... the Ho - ly Ghost?.....
Have you re-ceived the Ho - ly Ghost? Have you re-ceived the Ho - ly Ghost?

Saved are you to..... the ut - ter - most?.....
Saved are you to the ut - ter-most? Saved are you to the ut - ter-most?

Have You Received. Concluded.

37 Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Key B Flat.

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

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

—*Charles Wesley.*

38 Rock of Ages

Key B Flat.

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

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

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

—*Augustus M. Toplady, alt.*

39 More Love to Thee.

Key A Flat.

1 More love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

—*Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss.*

40 Let the Holy Ghost Come In.

(Companion to "Let a Little Sunshine In.")

R. F. REYNOLDS. C. E. ROWLEY.

Rather slow.

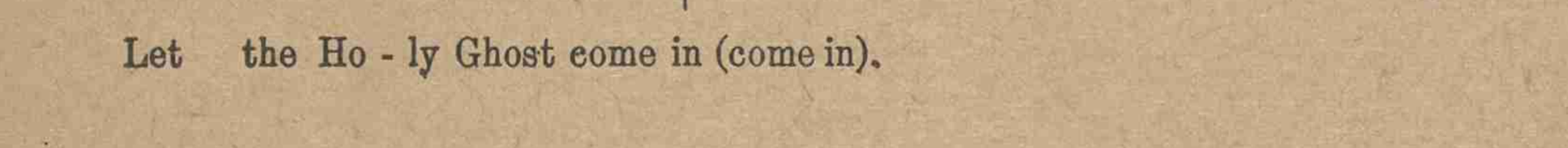
1. Would you be re-deemed from ev - 'ry in - born sin, Have the Ho - ly Spir - it
2. Would you have the Spir - it in your heart to cheer? Would you be re-lieved of
3. Do you want the "fire of God" to fill your soul, Burn up all the dross and
4. Do you want the "pow'r" to make you true and brave, So that you can res - cue

con - stant-ly with - in? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
ev - 'ry doubt and fear? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
sanc - ti - fy the whole? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
those that Christ would save? Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,

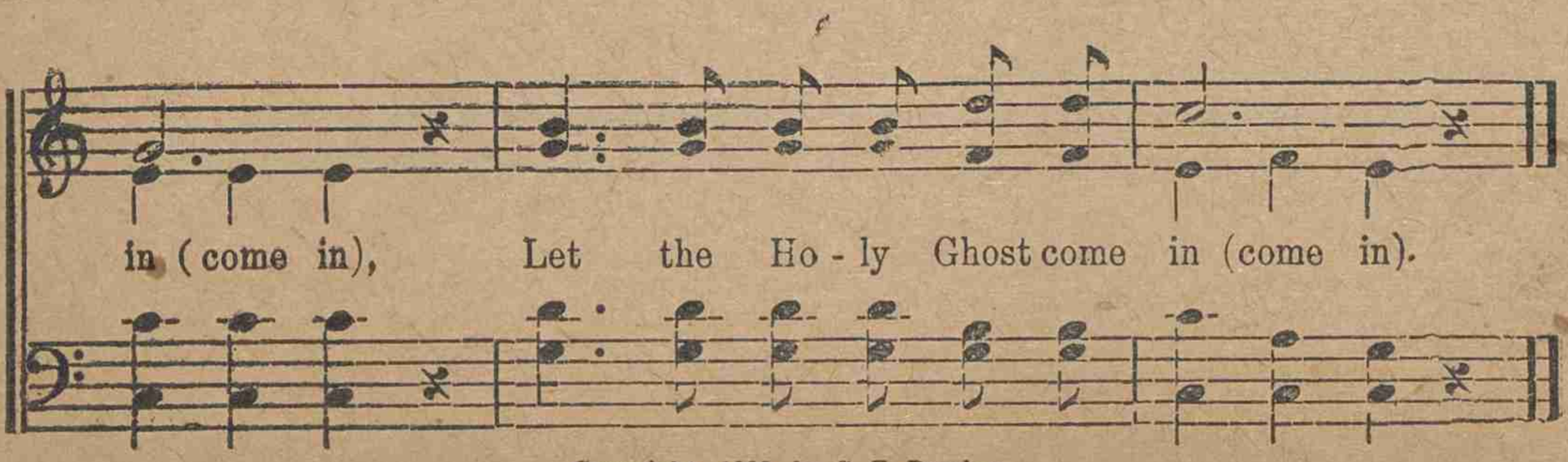
D. S.—Make the con - se - cra - tion, trust in God, and then,

Fine. **REFRAIN.**

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



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



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

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41 Hear the Saviour Calling.

Rev. J. A. LEE. FRANK L. BRISTOW.

1. Hark! hear the Sav - iour call - ing there, Yes, call - ing
2. He's call - ing thro' the Church to - day, For wan-d'ring
3. He's call - ing thro' the Cru - ci - fied, Yes, call - ing
4. He's call - ing thro' the new - made grave, He's tell - ing

thro' a mother's pray'r; You'll hear Him call where'er you roam,
ones who've gone a-stray; He's call - ing thro' His word of love,
thro' the Christ who died; O won't you heed that call so true?
of His pow'r to save; He's call - ing from the stars a - bove,

CHORUS.

Yes, call - ing you to come back home!
He's call - ing you to heav'n a - bove! Hark! don't you hear the
Pre - pare for heav'n as you should do!
He's tell - ing of His pre - cious love!

Saviour calling? As dy - ing men a - round are fall - ing, He's call - ing

in so ma - ny ways, He wants His cause to have your days!

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42 Get Under the Blood To-day.

Rev. E. M. ISAAC. D. C. and T. P. HAMILTON.

1. Do you de-sire to be cleansed from sin? Get un-der the
2. Would you be robed in a gar-ment of white? Get un-der the
3. John preached the gospel that cleanseth from sin, Get un-der the
4. Be - liev - er, the foun-tain is o - pen for you, Get un-der the

blood to - day; Would you be whit-er than snow with-in?
blood to - day; Would you be filled with the pur-est de-light?
blood to - day; 'Twas Peter's great theme, and scores entered in,
blood to - day; Come, sin-ner, your blackness He'll wash away, too,

Get un-der the blood to - day. Get un-der the blood, the

soul-cleansing flood, The Sav-iour in-vites you to - day; Plunge

rit.

in - to the stream that flows from the cross, And you shall be clean al-way.

908, by T. P. Hamilton

Joy Unspeakable.

(I Pet. 1: 8.)

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

Lively.

1. I have found His grace in all complete, He sup-pli-eth ev-'ry need;
2. I have found the pleasure I once craved, It is joy and peace within;
3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Liv-ing in the realm of grace;
4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glory roll!

While I sit and learn at Je-sus' feet, I am free, yes, free in-deed.
What a wondrous blessing! I am saved From the aw-ful gulf of sin.
Oh, the Savior's presence is so near, I can see His smil-ing face,
It is like a great o'erflowing well, Springing up with-in my soul.

CHORUS.

It is joy un-speak-a-ble and full of glo-ry, Full of glo-ry, full of glo-ry; It is joy un-speak-a-ble and full of glo-ry, Oh, the half has nev-er yet been told.

By per. B. E. Warren, Springfield, O., Owner of copyright.

44 I Have Found It In the Lord.

E. W. (Eph. 3: 20.) B. E. WARREN.

Lively.

1. Pre - cious se - cret of sal - va-tion, I have found it in the Lord,
2. I have giv - en all to Je - sus, I've for - sak - en ev - 'ry wrong;
3. There's a se - cret, in - ner blessing I can - not ex-press to you,
4. I have found the rar - est treasures, All my search-ing now is o'er;

Joy and glad - ness are in-creas-ing, As we live in sweet ac-cord;
How He fills my heart with gladness, With the bliss of heav-'nly song!
Since the serv - ice of my Mas - ter Is for - ev - er fresh and new,
I en - joy the choic - est pleasures, Could I wish for an - y-more?

All the splen - dor and the glo - ry Of this world have passed a - way,
In His love I am a - bid - ing, In His grace I am complete;
I am hap - py and con-tent-ed, As I lean up - on His breast;
Oh, my heart is o - ver-flow-ing, With a well of joy that's pure;

Since I have a spring of pleas - ure In my heart from day to day.
In His bos - om I am hid - ing, Precious thought so pure and sweet!
All I need He is sup - ply - ing; Soul and bod - y I am blest.
Naught so sat - is - fies as know-ing, All of good to me is sure.

CHORUS.

I have found..... it in the Lord,..... I have
I have found it in the Lord, I have found it in the Lord, I have

I Have Found It In the Lord. Concluded.

45 Come, Thou Almighty King. Key G.

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

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

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Rule now in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To thee, great One and Three,
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore:
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.—*C. Wesley.*

46 There is a Fountain Filled With Blood

Key C.

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

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

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

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

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

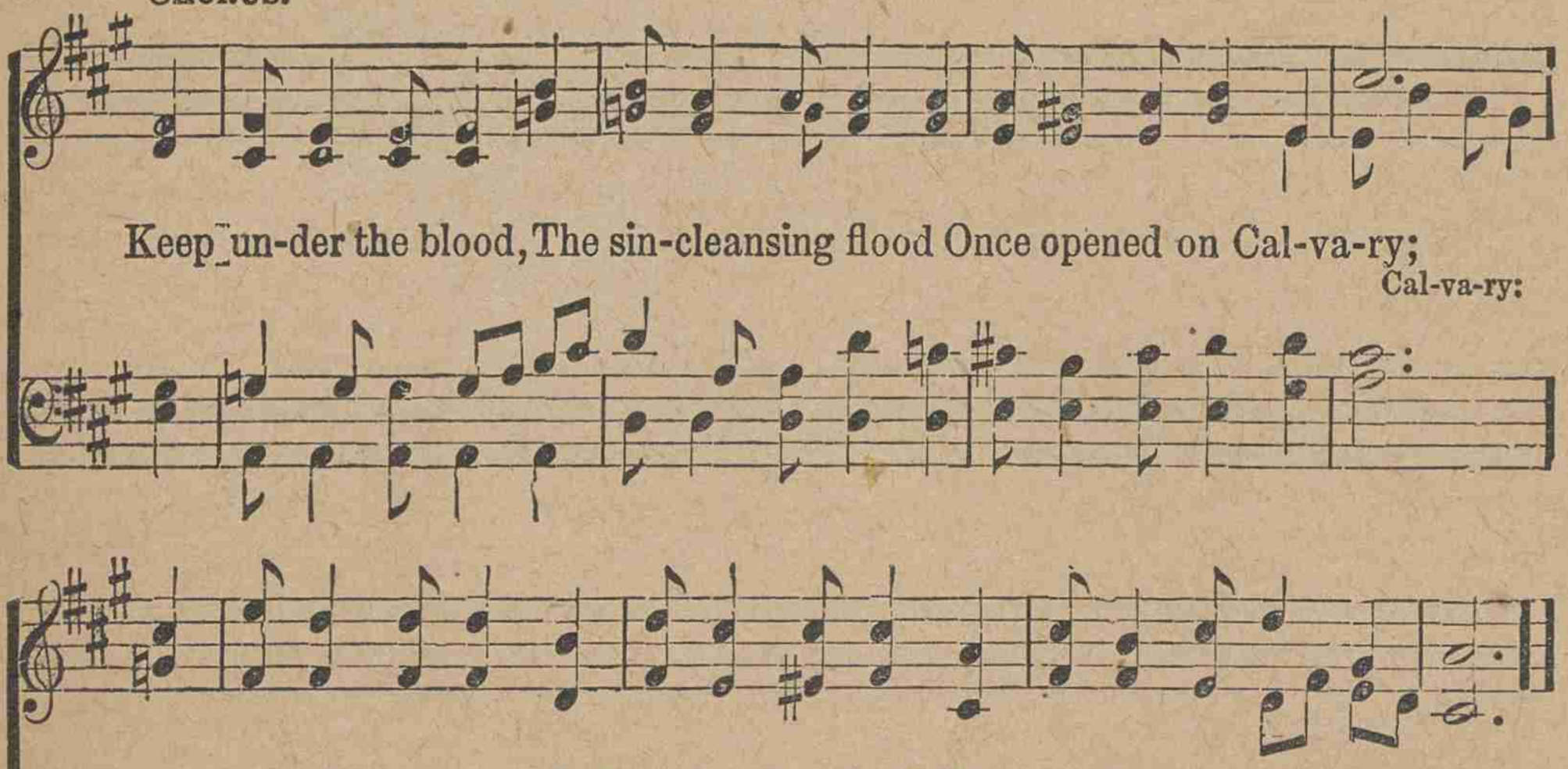
47 Keep Under the Blood.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Keep un - der the blood of Je - sus Once shed on Cal - va - ry—
2. Keep un - der the blood of Je - sus, And on its pow'r re - ly;
3. Keep un - der the blood of Je - sus When tempt-ed to de-spair;
4. Keep un - der the blood of Je - sus While press-ing to the goal;
5. Keep un - der the blood of Je - sus The sins of life's dark past;

The riv - er of full sal - va - tion, The fount-ain of pu - ri - ty.
The an - gel of wrath, be - hold - ing The to - ken, will pass thee by.
Plead on - ly the blood that speak-eth, And thou shalt pre-vail in prayer.
Each step of the way 'twill cov - er And shield thy de-fence-less soul.
Then, free from all con-dem - na - tion, His face thou shalt see at last.

CHORUS.



Keep un-der the blood, The sin-cleansing flood Once opened on Cal-va-ry;
Cal-va-ry:

That fountain so free Is flow-ing for thee: Keep un-der the pre-cious blood.

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He's Coming Again.

Arr. for this work.

1. How sweet are the ti - dings that greet the pil - grim's ear, As he
2. The mos - sy old graves where the pil - grim's sleep, Shall be
3. There we'll meet all our loved ones in E - den our home, Sweet
4. Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! a - gain, In a

wan-ders in ex - ile from home; Soon, soon will the Sav - ior in
o - pened as wide as be - fore; And the mil - lions that sleep in the
songs of re - demp - tion we'll sing; From the north, from the south all the
lit - tle while we shall be there; Oh, be faith - ful, be hope - ful, be

CHORUS.

glo - ry ap-pear, And soon will His king - dom come.
might - y deep, Shall live on this earth once more. He's coming,
ransom'd shall come, And wor - ship our heav'n - ly King.
joy - ful till then, And a crown of bright glo - ry wear.

com - ing, com-ing soon I know, Com - ing back to this earth to reign;

And the wea - ry pil - grim will to glo - ry go, When Je - sus comes a - gain

49 The Saviour is Calling To-Day.

J. N. GODDARD. C. L. COSAND.

1. Come, list - en to the Sav-iour, who is call - ing still to - day, Oh,
2. Though you have wandered far a - way up - on the mountain cold, The
3. He waits with outstretched arms to wel-come ev - 'ry way-ward soul, Who'll
4. Do not neg - lect His of - fers of sal - va - tion now to you, But

sin - ner, hear His lov - ing voice and turn from sin a - way; He
lov - ing Shep-herd waits to wel - come you in - to His fold; He
turn from all their sins and seek the shel - ter of His fold; He
turn to Him with all your heart, He'll save you thro' and thro', De-

calls in ac-cents clear and strong, "Oh, soul, by sin oppressed, Come un-to Me with
came from heav'n and suffer'd that you might be saved from sin; And now He's knocking
pleads with ev-'ry wand'ring one to seek the Liv-ing Way, Oh, wand'rer, hear His
lay no long-er, for to - mor-row you may nev-er know, But seek Him now and

CHORUS.

all your sins, and I will give you rest." He calls, He calls, He
at your heart, oh, why not let Him in?
plead-ing voice and turn from sin a - way.
He will wash your heart as white as snow. He calls to you, He calls to you,

calls to - day, "Oh, turn, oh, turn from sin a - way, Come
His heart doth yearn for you to turn,

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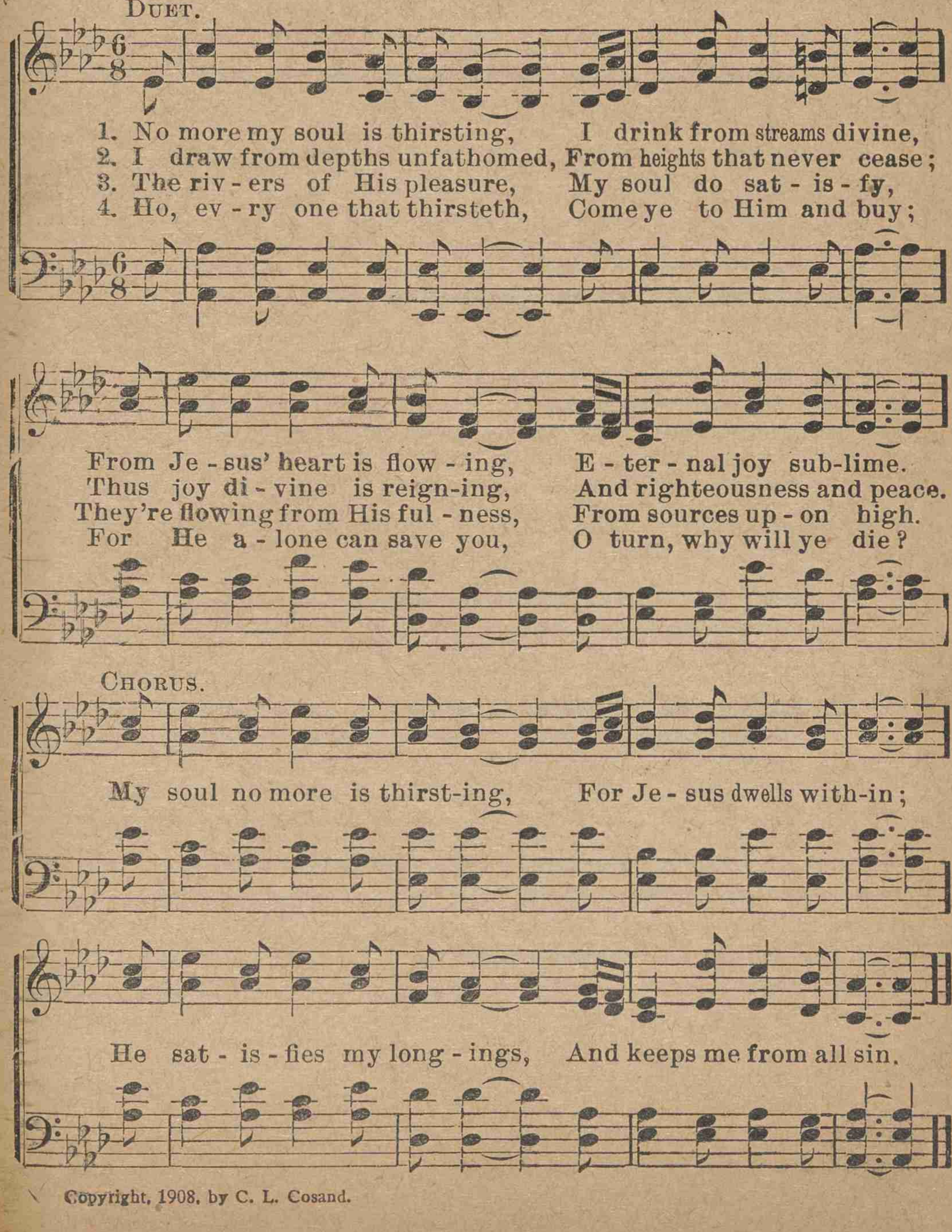
The Saviour is Calling To-Day. Concluded.

50 Satisfied.

ETHEL SCOTT WILLIAMS.
Chorus by C. L. C. "Shall never thirst."—JNO. 4: 14. C. L. COSAND.

DUET.



CHORUS.

Copyright, 1908, by C. L. Cosand.

51 ROOM FOR JESUS.

F. M. A. F. M. ATKINSON.

1. Is there a - ny room for Je - sus? He who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. We have room for worldly pleasures, Cares of life crowd ev-'ry day,
3. Will you not make room for Je - sus, For the Christ, the cru-ci - fied?
4. Room and time and tho't for Je - sus, Hast-en to ac-cept His grace

He who standeth, knocking, wait-ing, Plead-ing with you ten-der - ly.
And our hearts and minds are burdened While the Lord is turned a - way.
Is there not some place to en - ter In the soul for which He died?
Ere the heart grows cold and careless, And His pleading voice shall cease.

CHORUS.

Room for Je - sus, room for Je - sus, Let Him in your heart to - day,

O

Throwing ev - 'ry win-dow o - pen, O receive Him while you may.

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52 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

KEY OF D. W. W. WALFORD.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 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 thro' the air,
Farewel[illegible] weet hour of prayer!

53 LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With feeling.

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54 LORD JESUS, I LONG TO BE

KEY OF A.

1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul:
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait,
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidst "No,"
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

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55 I've Anchored in Jesus.

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

1. Up - on life's boundless ocean where mighty bil-lows roll, I've fixed my hope in
2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me blessed peace, His voice hath stilled the
3. He is my Friend and Saviour, in Him my anchor's cast, He drives a-way my

Je - sus, blest an - chor of my soul. When tri - als fierce as - sail me as
wa - ters and bid their tu-mult cease. My Pi - lot and De - liv - 'rer to
sor - rows and shields me from the blast. By faith I'm look-ing up - ward be

storms are gath'ring o'er, I rest up - on His mer - cy and trust Him more.
Him I all con-fide, For al-ways when I need Him, He's at my side.
yond life's troubled sea, There I be - hold a ha - ven pre-pared for me.

CHORUS.

I've anchored in Je - sus, The storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in
Je - sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've an-chored in Je - sus.

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I've Anchored in Jesus. Concluded.

56

Keep Me, My Lord.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

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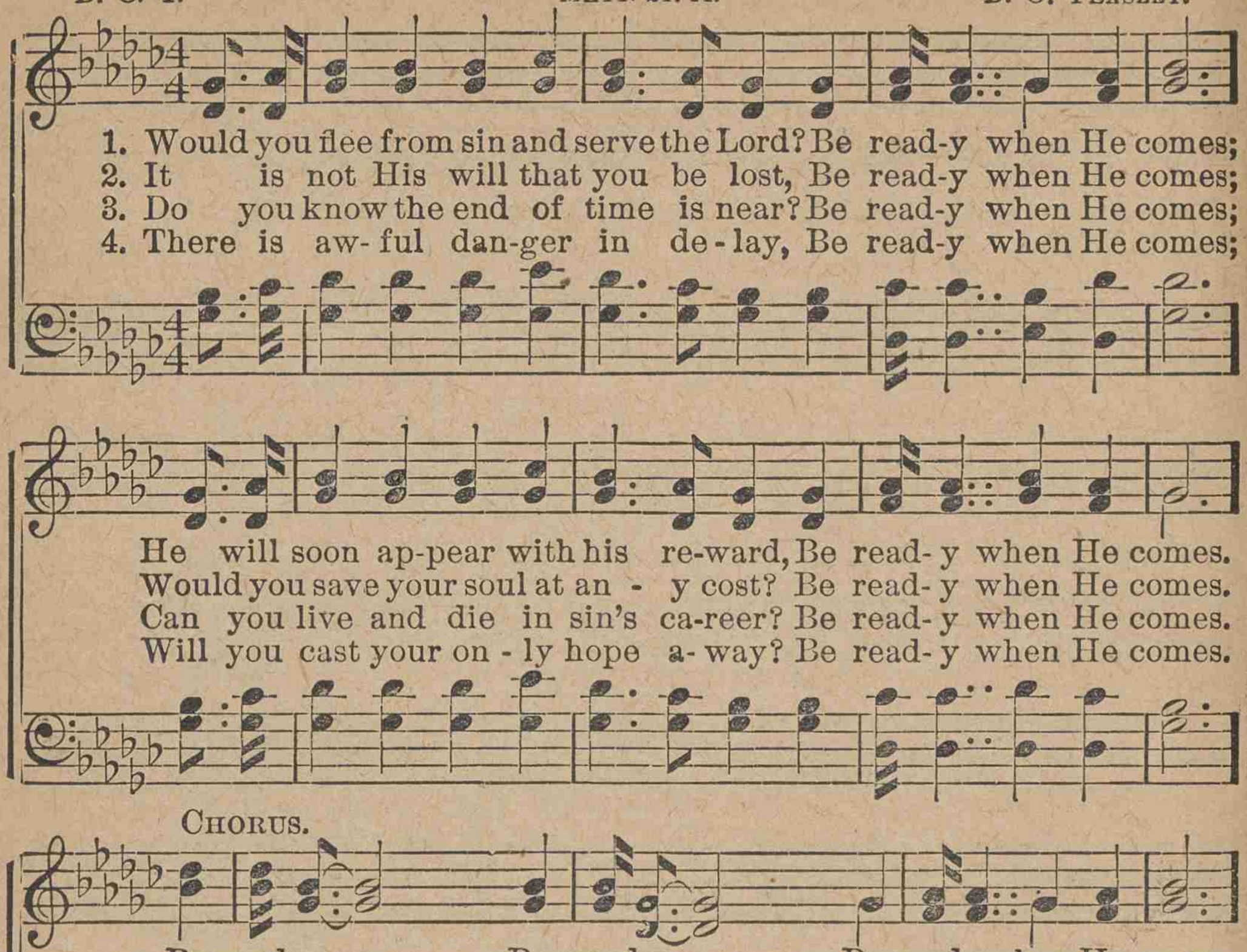
57 BE READY WHEN HE COMES.

D. O. T. MATT. 24: 44. D. O. TEASLEY.



58 JUST AS I AM.

KEY OF E-FLAT.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

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

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

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

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

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

59

"His Name Shall Be Jesus."

Mrs. C. H. M. His name shall be Jesus. Matt, 1: 21. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There is one name all names a-bove, Un - to be - liev - ers pre-cious,
2. We have no good-ness of our own, His mer - its we come plead-ing;
3. To guard us He is ev - er near In wak - ing hours or sleep-ing,
4 "He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin." From Sa-tan's bond-age frees us;

Which caus-es hearts to glow with love, It is the name of Je - sus.
He who the wine-press trod a - lone Is for us in - ter - ced - ing.
This one to trust-ing hearts so dear, Is con - stant vig - il keep-ing.
O where, my soul shall I be - gin To praise the name of Je - sus?

CHORUS. *Soprano and Tenor in Unison.*

Bass and Alto in Unison.

His name shall be Je - sus, Won-der-ful name, won-der-ful name; His

1

name shall be Je - sus, for he shall save His peo - ple from their sins;

2

name shall be Je - sus for He shall save, His peo - ple from their sins.

1903, by J. M. Harris.

60

The Lot In Canaan's Land.

W. E. C
Not too fast.

Dedicated to Mrs. Carrie Crow.

Rev. W. E CISSNA.
Arr. by I. G. M.

1. There is a lot in Ca - naan, For ev - 'ry one to - day,
2. The at - mos-phere is pleas-ant; The fra - grant flow'rs in bloom;
3. The peo - ple love their Sav - ior, His will they do o . bey;
4. The church-es are not form - al; The serv - ice is not cold;

Who would be pure and ho - ly, And walk the nar - row way.
It flows with milk and hon - ey; The song birds are in tune;
They sing and shout His prais-es And not a - fraid to pray;
They love to pay the preach-er, Give God one tenth they hold;

God has re-served it for you, The Bi - ble tells us so,
The fruit is large and juic - y; Its gold - en treas - ures free;
They al - ways talk of Je - sus, And seek not to please men;
They work in heat of sum - mer; Don't care what church they're in,

So will you take pos . ses - sion And in - to Ca - naan go.
The sun is al - ways shin - ing, Bids dark - ness al - ways flee.
They work for soul's sal - va - tion, And war a - gainst all sin.
They preach a full sal - va - tion, With free - dom from all sin.

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The Lot in Canaans Land. Concluded.

CHORUS.

5 The lot has no tobacco,
Nc clubs, no cards no ball;
All dwell in peace together,
With love for one and all;
They set no fads or fashions,
They pay all debts they owe;
The men vote prohibition
Saloons, they say, must go.

6 We want you for our neighbor;
The people there are free,
The deed is freely given,
This lot is there for thee.
Quit fighting and complaining,
About this Holy way,
Cross over into Canaan,
And get your lot today.

61 Purchased With the Blood.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. Once I walked the ways of sin, but to day my heart is clean, Purchased
2. All my guilt is now for-giv'n, I am on my way to heav'n, Purchased
3. When the saved His glo - ry share, hal - le - lu - jah, I'll be there, Purchased

with the blood of the Sav - ior; I have wondrous joy and peace, from the
with the blood of the Sav - ior; As I walk the glo - ry way, I'm re-
with the blood of the Sav - ior; While the harps of heav - en ring, I shall

CHORUS.

chains of sin re-lease, Purchased with the blood of the Lamb.
joic - ing ev - 'ry day, Purchased with the blood of the Lamb. Pur - chased,
stand before the King, Purchased with the blood of the Lamb. Purchased with the Savior's blood

I am not my own; Pur - chased, I am His a-lone, Pur-
Purchased with the precious blood, Purchased with the

chased, with the ransomed known, Hal - le - lu - jah I be-long to Je - sus.
crimson blood,

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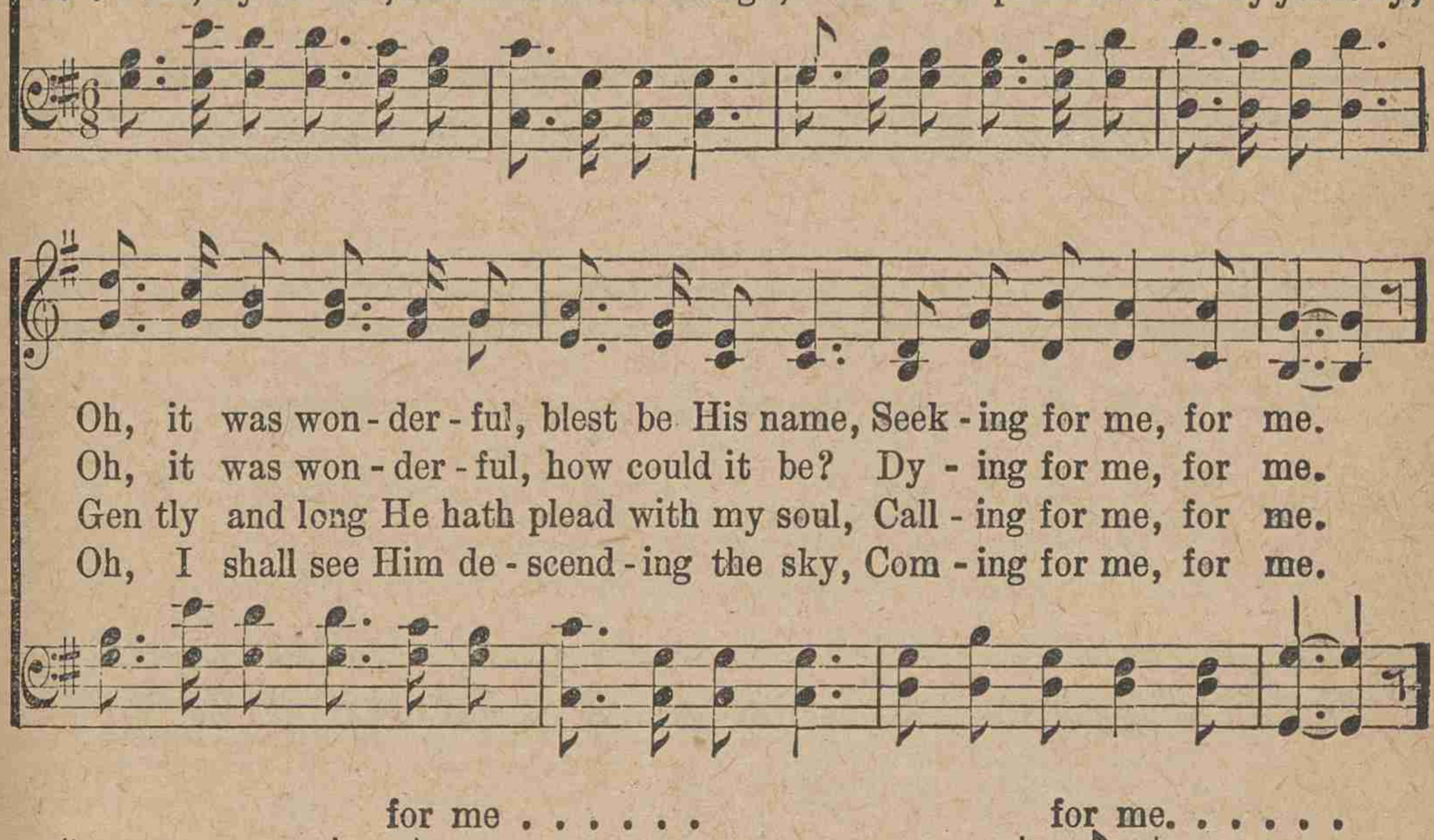
Seeking for Me.

E. E. HASTY.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
2. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt and my soul He set free;
3. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, the same as of old, While I did wander a-far from the fold;
4. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;



Oh, it was won - der - ful, blest be His name, Seek - ing for me, for me.
Oh, it was won - der - ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.
Gen tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.

for me . . . . . for me. . . . . .

Seek-ing for me, seek - ing for me, Seek-ing for me, seek - ing for me;
Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me;
Call - ing for me, call - ing for me, Call - ing for me, call - ing for me;
Com-ing for me, com ing for me, Com - ing for me, com - ing for me;

Oh, it was won - der - ful, blest be His name, Seek - ing for me, for me.
Oh, it was won - der - ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.
Gently and long He hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.

From "Good Will," By per.

63 JESUS WILL WASH IT AWAY.

"Wash and be clean."—KINGS 5: 13.

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

1. Bring all your sin to the Cru - ci - fied One, Je - sus will wash it a - way;
2. No oth - er fountain for sin can a - vail, Je - sus will wash it a - way;
3. O what an off'ring for sin He hath made, Je - sus will wash it a - way;
4. Sing, all ye ransomed, ex-ult - ant o'er sin, Je - sus will wash it a - way;

Haste for your life! un - to Cal - va - ry run, Je - sus will wash it a - way.
No oth - er comfort when fears shall as - sail, Je - sus will wash it a - way.
Come where the price of re-demp-tion was paid, Je - sus will wash it a - way.
This is the shout that will vic - to - ry win, Je - sus will wash it a - way.

CHORUS.

Come, come and His bid-ding o - bey, Come, come and be - liev-ing you'll say,

Je-sus hath saved me, praise Him to-day, Je-sus hath washed my sins a - way.

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Golden Links.

Respectfully dedicated to the family, students and friends of Prof. Jas. K. Parker. Written for and sung at the unveiling and dedication of the Parker Monument at Mt. Zion, Clermontville, O., June 27, 1901.

R. E. M. R. E. McNEILL.

Tenderly.

1. There are golden links now binding To a bright, a shin - ing shore,
2. There are golden links now holding Our feet in the nar - row way,
3. There are golden links now drawing To a bright, a bless-ed land,

And the chain so dear is dear - er As our friends go on be - fore.
And the chain so strong is stronger As they pass to e-ter - nal day.
And the chain draws near and nearer, As they cross to the golden strand.

They are go - ing, swiftly go - ing, We shall see them here no more.
They are pass - ing, swiftly pass - ing From the earth to heav'n a-way.
They are cross - ing, swiftly cross - ing, With our loved ones we shall stand.

CHORUS. *p* *mf*

Fol-low on, in faith, we shall see them, Follow on, in hope, we shall meet them;

f **rall.**

Fol-low on, in love, we shall greet them, We shall meet to part no more.

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115

We'll Go Together.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. The prom-ised hour is draw-ing near—We'll all go home to-geth-er
2. The trump of God shall wake the dead, We'll all go home to-geth-er
3. The faith-ful mar-tyrs trod this way, We'll all go home to-geth-er
4. Not from the gates of heav'n they come, We'll all go home to-geth-er
5. A-lone they can-not per-fect be, We'll all go home to-geth-er
6. Then let us for that day pre-pare, We'll all go home to-geth-er

in the morning—When Jesus shall in clouds ap-pear: We'll all go home to-
in the morning; By this sweet hope be com-fort-ed, We'll all go home to-
in the morning; But we'll reach home as soon as they, We'll all go home to-
in the morning; But from the por-tals of the tomb: We'll all go home to-
in the morning; "Some better thing" for us we see, We'll all go home to-
in the morning; To meet our Sav-ior in the air, We'll all go home to-

CHORUS.

geth-er in the morn-ing. In the morn - ing, in the morn -
When the dead in Christ shall rise, With liv-ing saints ascend the
ing, We'll all go home to-geth-er in the morn-ing; In the morn -
skies, At the ris-ing of the
ing, in the morn - ing, We'll all go home to-geth-er in the morning.
sun, We will gath-er ev-'ry one, And

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The Sun is Still Shining.

T. C. N. T. C. NEAL.

1. 'Tis blessed to trust in the Sav - ior, And walk in His footsteps be - low;
2. Tho' tri-als and cares may be-set us, And threaten our joys to o'er - throw;
3. With courage press onward, be-liev - ing 'Tis best for the Lord makes it so;
4. Then let us look upward for - ev - er, And sing as t'ward heaven we go;

Tho' darkness a-round us may gath - er, The sun is still shining, we know.
Tho' earth's fairest hopes may all per - ish, The sun is still shining, we know.
Con - fid ing in Je - sus, be stead-fast; The sun is still shining, we know.
Re - joic-ing in hope, ev - er say - ing, "The sun is still shining, we know.

CHORUS.

{Look up! . . . look up! . . . there's sunshine and blessing a - bove;
{Look up! look up! the prom-is - es bless-ed to prove;

1

Look up! . . . look up! . . . and rest in the Fa - ther's love;
Look up! look up!

2

The shadows can't stay; they will all flee a - way In the by - and - by.

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67 # JUST BECAUSE HE LOVED ME SO.

J. E. F. J. E. FRENCH.

1. Come, hear me tell the sto - ry Paul and Si - las loved so well,
2. I'm glad my dear Re - deem-er walked be - side the Gal - i - lee;
3. I will sing His boundless mer - cy, all the beau- ty of His ways;

How Je - sus left His home a - bove and came on earth to dwell.
His life was pure and ho - ly, and His grace was full and free.
If at times I do not see Him, I will trust and give Him praise.

You ask me why He suf- fered? I can on - ly say "I know
He calls for me to fol - low, I will walk with Him be- low;
And no mat - ter where He leads me, it is best for me, I know;

He gave His life a ran- som, just be-cause He loved me so."
He will nev-er, nev - er leave me, just be-cause He loves me so.
I will lean up - on His prom-ise, just be-cause He loved me so.

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JUST BECAUSE HE LOVED ME SO. Concluded.

CHORUS.

MY SHEPHERD'S CARE.

E. A. KILBOURNE. Arr. by A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Moderato.

1. When I thirst, my Shepherd leads me Where the qui - et wa - ters flow;
2. Yes, my life is in His keep-ing, In the paths of righteousness;
3. I am feast-ing at His ta - ble, Tho' my foes are round a-bout;
4. O my cup is run-ning o - ver With the wine of ho - li - ness;
5. O be - lov - ed! help me sing it, Help me shout it o'er and o'er;

When I hun-ger, still He leads me Where the sweetest pastures grow.
In the vale or on the mountain, Ev - 'rywhere He leads to bless.
With His "oil of joy" a - noint - ed, I can sing and leap and shout.
I can not con-tain the bless-ing, O what rap-ture I pos-sess.
Shout the praise of Christ, my Shepherd, Shout it loud from shore to shore.

CHORUS.

1st and 2d verses.
Yes, He leads me all the way, As I fol - low by His side;
3d 4th and 5th verses.
O my heart is full of joy, Noth-ing shall my peace de-stroy;

All my life is filled with sunshine Since my soul is sanc - ti - fied.
While I'm feasting with the Bridegroom Noth-ing can my soul an - noy.

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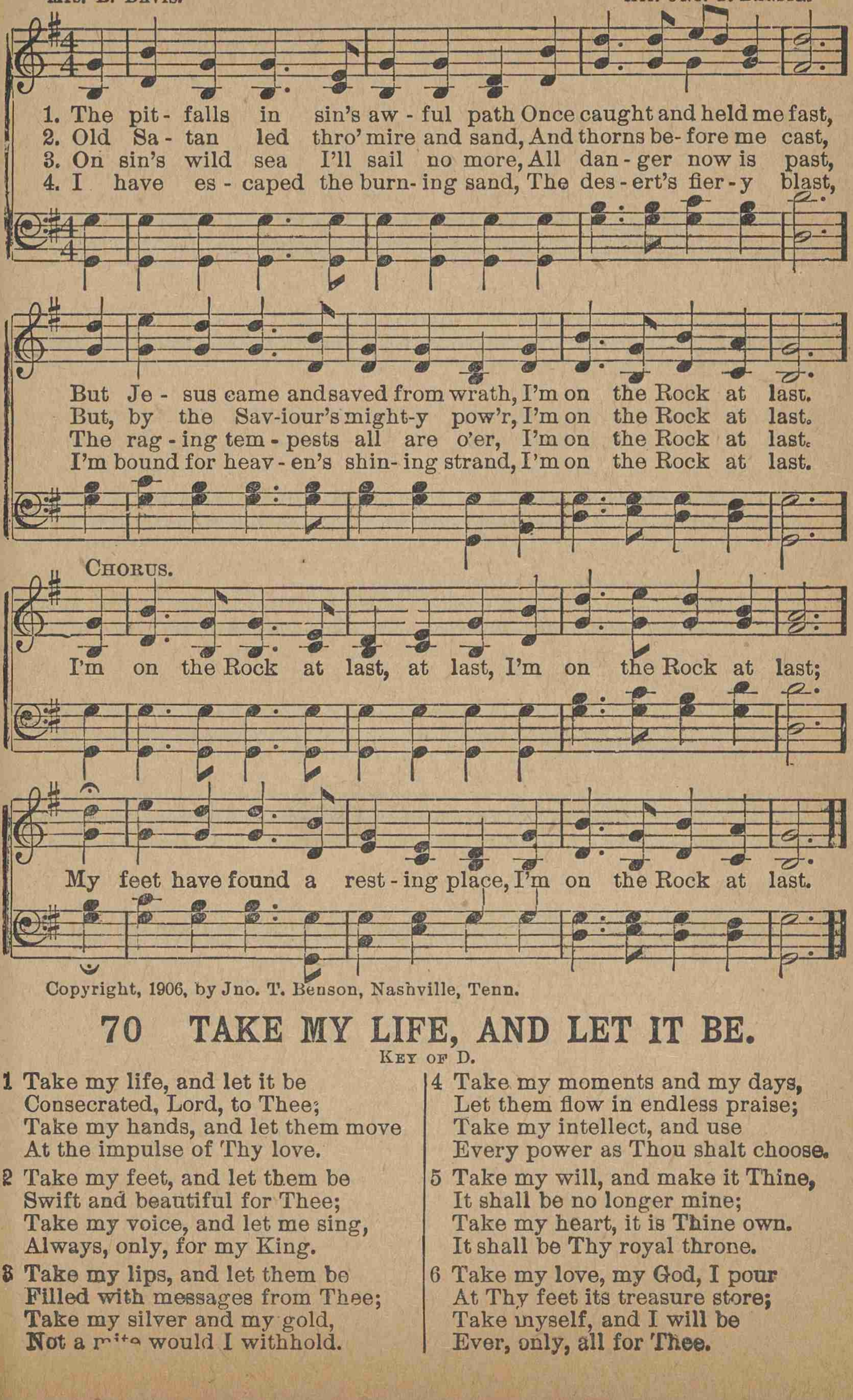
69 I'M ON THE ROCK.

"God only is my Rock." PSA. 62: 2.

MRS. B. DAVIS. ARR. JNO. T. BENSON.



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70 TAKE MY LIFE, AND LET IT BE.

KEY OF D.

1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own.
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

71 IN THAT MORNING.

F. M. A. F. M. ATKINSON.

1. We'll hear that trum - pet's aw - ful sound, We'll all go out to
2. On clouds of light and wings of flame, We'll all go out to
3. Ye saints lift up your rap-tured eye, We'll all go out to
4. Bright se - raphs lead the glitt'ring throng, We'll all go out to

meet Him in that morn-ing; A - wake ye na - tions un-der ground,
meet Him in that morn-ing; The King of kings will come to reign,
meet Him in that morn-ing; The long ex - pect - ed hour is nigh
meet Him in that morn-ing; We'll sing with joy re-demption's song,

CHORUS.

We'll all go out to meet Him in that morning. In that morning, in that

morn-ing, We'll all go out to meet Him in that morning; In that morning

In that morn-ing, We'll all go out to meet Him in that morn-ing.

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Saved Every Day.

ANON. Arr. for this Work.

1. On Sun-day I am hap-py, on Mon-day full of joy,
2. O once I was a sin-ner,—a sin-ner far from God,
3. Now since I am so hap-py, and saved right thro' and thro',
4. If you would be made hap-py, I'll tell you what to do:
5. Now come a-long, poor sin-ner, you have no time to wait,

CHO.—O glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, O glo-ry to the Lamb!

On Tues-day I have peace within that noth-ing can de-stroy,
But now I am sup-port-ed by his rod and staff and word;
I'll stand for Je-sus ev-ery-where, what-ev-er men may do;
Just give to Je-sus all your heart, he'll save you thro' and thro';
Come seek and find sal-va-tion, be-fore it is too late;

O hal-le-lu-jah, I am saved, and I'm so glad I am!

On Wednesday and on Thurs-day I'm walk-ing in the light,
Up-on the Rock I'm stand-ing, no more I sink in mire,
He feeds me ev-ery morn-ing, he rests me ev-ery night,
He'll send you forth re-joic-ing, made hap-py all the day,
The world is full of pit-falls, the dev-il's wide a-wake,

O glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, O glo-ry to the Lamb!

O Fri-day is a heav'n be-low, and Sat'rday's al-ways bright.
I'm go-ing now to trust in him un-til he says, "Come high'r."
And walking in this ho-ly way, I find a real de-light.
So make a start, be clean in heart, and walk the ho-ly way.
So heed the Saviour's lov-ing call, and all your sins for-sake.

O hal-le-lu-jah, I am saved, and bound for the happy land.

73 THE UPWARD GAZE.

F. M. ATKINSON. JOHN T. BENSON.

1. Have you on your wedding garments, Are you clothed in raiment white,
2. Are you look-ing un-to Je-sus For the saving, cleansing pow'r,
3. Spread the tidings that He's coming, Sing a-loud the glad re-frain,
4. O the joy when we shall meet Him! Left behind all pain and tears,

Are you looking for the Bridegroom Coming back on clouds of light?
Is your heart made pure and ho-ly, Does He keep you ev-'ry hour?
Send the news to ev-'ry na-tion, Christ is com-ing back a-gain.
In His bright millennial kingdom, Reign with Christ a thousand years.

CHORUS.

Are you looking for the Bridegroom, Are you shouting loud His praise,

Chorus for 4th verse.

I am looking for the Bridegroom, I am shouting loud His praise,

Are you waiting, are you watching, Have you now the upward gaze?
I am waiting, I am watching, I have now the upward gaze.

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74 THE CROSS NOW COVERS MY SINS.

KEY OF B. REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

1 I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love;
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.

CHO.—The cross now covers my sins;
The past is under the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all;
My will is the will of my God.

2 I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggles
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

3 He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched but the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

4 The Prince of my peace Is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, beloved, He speaketh;
"My peace I will give unto thee."

75 HE'LL NEVER LET GO MY HAND.

JAMES ROWE. GEO. S. SCHULER.

Copyright, 1906, by Jno. T. Benson, Nashville, Tenn.

76 I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

KEY OF F.

My life, my love I give to Thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
Oh, may I ever faithful be,
My Saviour and my God!

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me,
How happy then my life shall be!
I'll live for Him who died for me,
My Saviour and my God!

2 I now believe Thou dost receive,
For Thou hast died that I might live;
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee,
My Saviour and my God!

3 O Thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make it free,
I consecrate my life to Thee,
My Saviour and my God!

77

The Fight Is On.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The
2. The fight is on, a - rouse ye sol - diers brave and true, Je-
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry, The

cry, "To arms," is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is
ho - vah leads, and vic - 'try will as-sure; Go buck - le on the
bow of prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo - rious name in

march-ing on to vic - to - ry, The tri-umph of the right shall soon ap-pear.
ar - mor God has giv - en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
ev - 'ry land shall hon-ored be, The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on O Christian soldier, And face to face in stern ar - ray,

With ar-mor gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage today;

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The Fight Is On. Concluded.

78 What Shall the Harvest Be?

Key of C.

1 Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

CHORUS.
Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness, or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

2 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddening brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

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

79 Beulah Land

Key of G.

1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all is riches freely mine;
Here shines undimn'd one blissful day,
For all my night has pass'd away.

CHORUS.
O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,—
My Heav'n, my home for ever more.

2 My Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by His hand,
For this is Heaven's border land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever vernal trees,
And flowers, that never-fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of Heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

80 THE CITY THAT'S COMING DOWN.

A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Moderato.

1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti-ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is allowed in that cit - y, And nothing de - fil-ing nor mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit - y, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;
4. My loved ones are gathering yonder, My friends are fast passing away;

John saw it de-scend-ing from heav-en, When Patmos, in ex - ile, he trod;
No pain and no sick-ness can en - ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav-en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter - ni - ty's day;

Its high, massive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold;
Earth's sorrows and cares are for-got-ten, No temp-ter is there to an - noy;
The saints are all sanc - ti-fied whol - ly, They live in sweet har-mo - ny there;
They're safe now in glo-ry with Je - sus, Their tri-als and bat - tles are past;

Rit ad lib.

And when my frail tent here is fold - ed, Mine eyes shall its glo - ry be - hold.
No part-ing words ev - er are spok-en, There's nothing to hurt and de - stroy.
My heart is now set on that cit - y, And some day its blessings I'll share.
They o - ver-came sin and the dev - il, They've reached that fair cit-y at last.

CHORUS. Slow.

In that bright city, pearly-white city, I have a mansion, and harp, and a crown;

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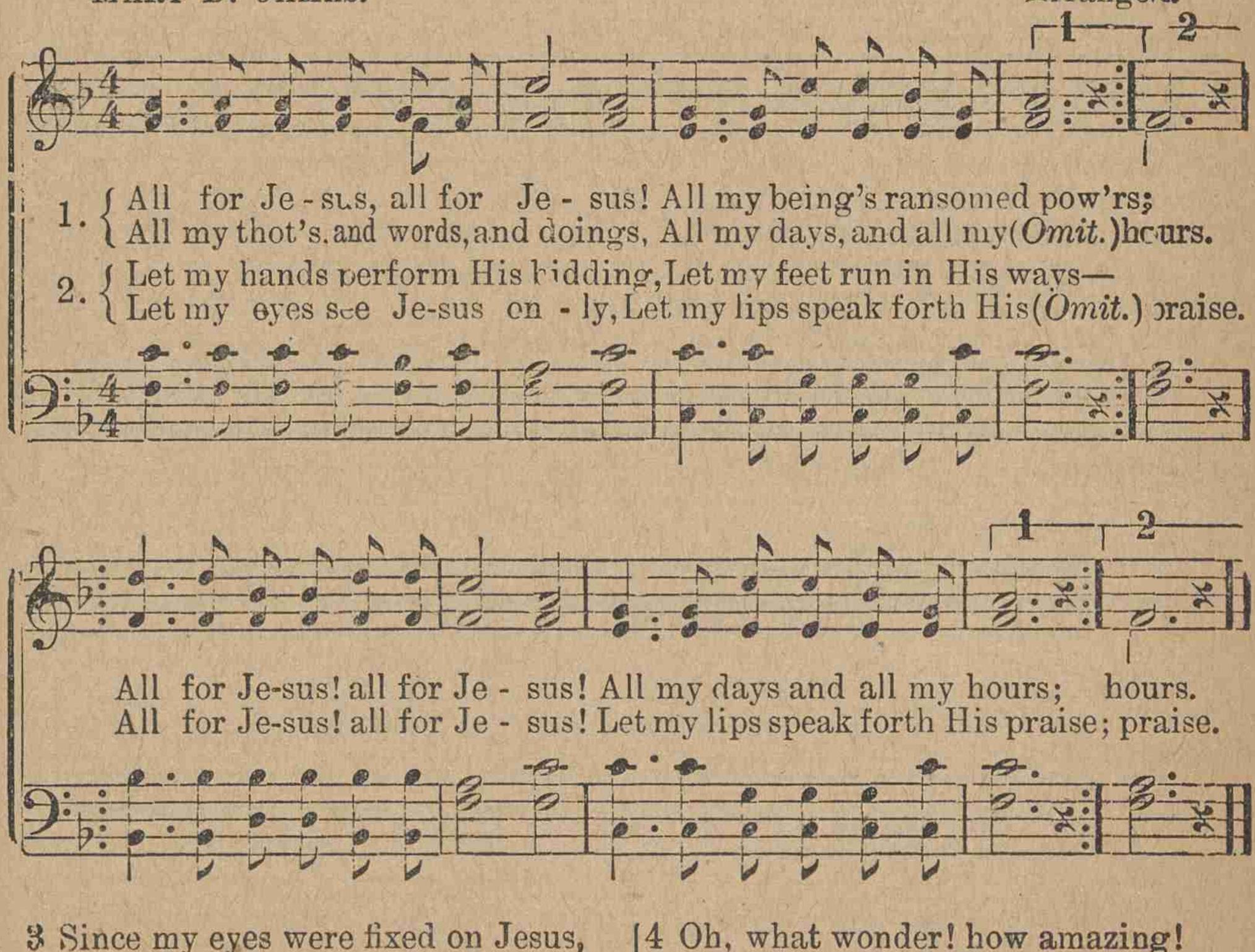
81 All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. Arranged.



3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified. :‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings :‖

82

The Beulah Land.

(Dedicated Arthur Johnston and wife.)

N. W. DICKSON, Last stanza by L. B. K. I. G. MARTIN.

1. I have found the land of Beu-lah, Bless - ed land of per - fect rest;
2. He per-fects the new cre - a - tion. Sat - is - fies my heart and soul;
3. Death no long - er I am fear-ing, Christ has conquered death for me;
4. Blood wash'd saints repeat the sto - ry Of our Sav - ior's won-drous love;

And my soul sings hal - le - lu - jah! Of all good in Christ pos - sessed;
He be - stows His full sal - va-tion, Sanc - ti - fies and makes me whole.
Heav'n e - ter - nal I am nearing, From all fear I now am free;
Give Him now all praise and glo - ry, As do all the saints a - bove;

He has wrought my per - fect freedom, From the pow'r of in - bred sin,
In His grace I have per - fec-tion, Per-fect love for all man-klnd;
I am in the land of Beu-lah, Land of light and love and rest.
Press-ing on to heights of Beu-lah, Whence to glo - ry we'll as-cend;

He's my soul's e - ter - nal E - den, I have pa - ra - dise with - in.
With re - lief and full pro - tec - tion, From the car - nal heart and mind.
And my soul sings hal - le - lu - jah! Of all good in Christ pos-sessed.
Ev - er sing - ing, hal - le - lu - jah! Song of praise which ne'er shall end.

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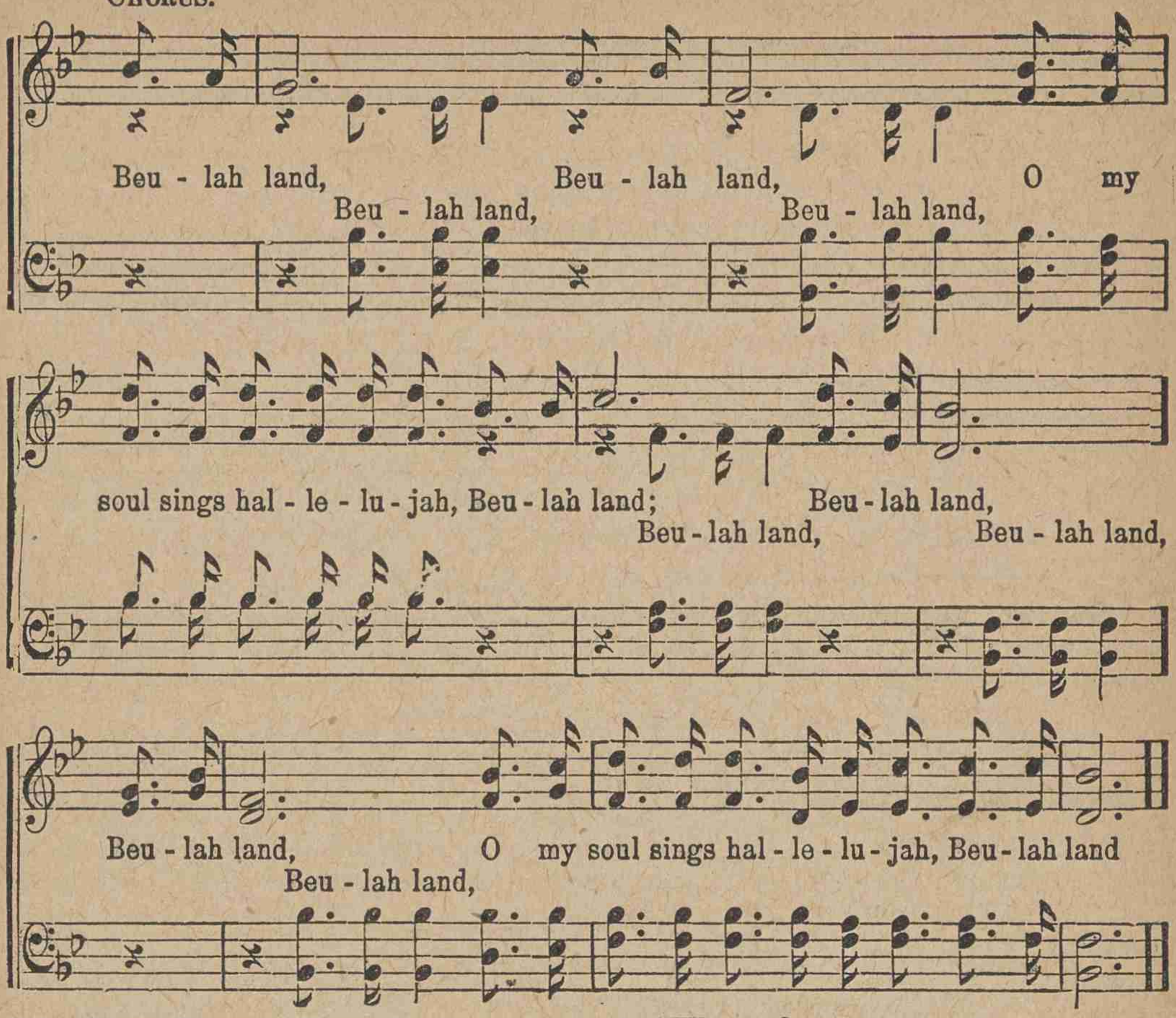
The Beulah Land. Concluded.

CHORUS.



83 How Firm a Foundation.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

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 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "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."

George Keith.

84 Thou Art Coming.

A. N. O.

Not too fast.

J. M. HARRIS.

1. Thou art com-ing, my Be - lov-ed, Thou art com - ing once a-gain,
2. We are wait - ing, we are watching, For the com - ing of Thy feet,
3. Bless - ed hope that makes the desert Now to blos-som as the rose;

Not a man of tears and sor-rows, But a King of kings to reign,
With our hearts a-flame with glo - ry, Wait - ing at the mer - cy - seat;
In the rough and rug - ged plac - es, Still our hearts doth find re-pose,

And to rule in re - gal splen-dor Where such sor-row pierced Thy heart
And tho' winds and waves chastise us, While on life's tem-pest-uous sea,
In the hope that we shall see Thee, And shall lean up - on Thy breast,

Can it be, Thou best Be - lov-ed, Com - ing, nev - er to de-part?
We would sure - ly sink and per - ish But for hope of see - ing Thee.
And then reign with Thee for - ev - er In the land of per - fect rest.

CHORUS.

We are wait-ing,..... We are watching,..... We are

We are wait-ing, We are watch-ing,

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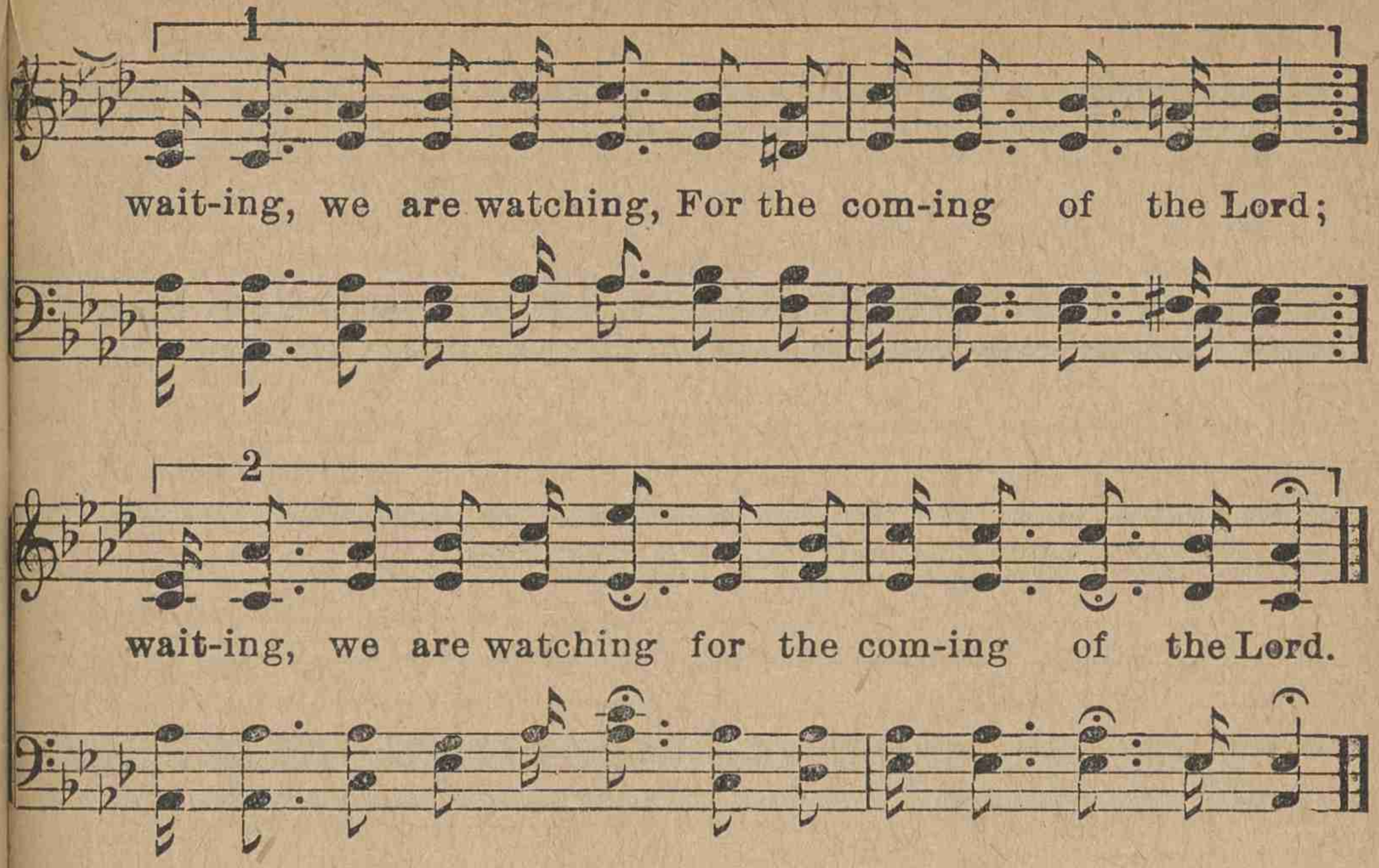
Thou Art Coming. Concluded.



85 **Jesus Loves Me.**

Key of D.

1 Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so,
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.

CHORUS:

Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me, He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide,
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me, He will stay
Close beside me all the way,
If I love Him when I die,
He will take me home on high.

86 **Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.**

Key of F.

1 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Oh, what words I hear Him say!
Happy place! so near, so precious!
May it find me there each day:
Sitting at the feet of Jesus.
I would look upon the past;
For His love has been so gracious,
It has won my heart at last.

2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And when weary, find sweet rest:
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray,
While I from His fullness gather
Grace and comfort ev'ry day.

3 Bless me, oh my Savior, bless me,
As I sit low at Thy feet;
Oh, look down in love upon me,
Let me see Thy face so sweet,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,
Make me holy as He is;
May I prove I've been with Jesus
Who is all my righteousness.

87 **The Great Physician.**

1 The Great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
O hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS:

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

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

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

88

Victory.

B. E. W.

BARNEY E. WARREN.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah, what a thought! Jesus full salvation brought, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-
2. I am trusting in the Lord, I am standing on His word, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-
3. Shout your free-dom ev-ery-where, His eternal peace declare, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-
4. We will sing it on that shore, When this fleet-ing life is o'er, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-

Victory,

ry! Let the pow'rs of sin as-sail, Heaven's grace can never fail, Vic-to-
ry! I have peace and joy within, Since my life is free from sin, Vic-to-
ry! Let us sing it here be-low, In the face of every foe, Vic-to-
ry! Sing it here, ye ransomed throng, Start the everlasting song; Vic-to-

Victory!

CHORUS.

ry, Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry,..... yes, vic-to-ry!
Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry, yes, victory!

Hal-le-lu-jah! I am free! Jesus gives me victory. Glo-ry, glo - ry,
Glory, glory,

hal-le-lu - jah! He is all..... in all to me .....
hal-le-lu-jah! He is all, He is all in all to me. (all to me.)

From "Songs of the Evening Light." By per.

89

HAPPY, HAPPY.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. In God's book we read in words that brightly glow, His command that His redeemed should all say so; Give Him thanks for He is good in all His ways, He has made us
2. Joy a-bounds with-in my hap-py soul to - day, For my grievous sins have all been washed away; Peace that passeth un-der-stand-ing fills my heart, Sure-ly I have
3. Since the day when Je-sus pardoned all my sin, Since I start-ed out a home in heav'n to win, Since the cross of Je - sus has been made my choice, Life has been all
4. Tho' the pres-ent way is pleas-ant un - to me, Yet a brighter prospect on be- fore I see; Heaven's glo - ry I'll en - joy when this life's o'er, And with Je - sus

CHORUS.

hap-py, sing His glorious praise! Happy, hap-py, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
found in life the bet - ter part.
sunshine, in Him I re - joice.
I will live for - ev - er - more. Happy, singing day by day,

Happy, hap-py, sing-ing all the way; Hap-py, hap-py,
Happy, praising Je-sus now, Hap-py, singing all the way,

glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Hap-py on the way to heav - en day by day!

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90 Jesus Will Bless the Little Ones.

"He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them."

JOHN. J. G. F.

1. The lit - tle chil - dren Christ received, O praise His pre - cious name!
2. A kind - ly warn - ing Je - sus gave To who - so would of - fend
3. Christ Je - sus is the children's Friend, And we should love them, too.
4. The Lord will kind - ly wel - come all The chil - dren to His love,
5. Go, gath - er in these lit - tle ones Be - fore they learn to sin;

He took them up in - to His arms, And bless'd each one that came.
One of these pre - cious lit - tle ones; For Je - sus is their Friend.
And all the love we can be - stow For Je - sus we should do.
And send up - on them day by day His bless - ing from a - bove.
The harvest's great, the la-b'rers few; O, who will bring them in.

CHORUS.

Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones, Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones,

Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones, O praise His pre - cious name!

This hymn is *free* to be used for the glory of God.

Lord, I Believe.

Arr. by F. M. G. and A. F. I. By per.

1. When sor - row and storms are be - set - ting my track, And Sa - tan is whis-p'ring, "You'd bet - ter turn back," How oft I have proved it, tho'
2. How eas - y when sail - ing the sea in a calm, To trust in the strength of Je - ho - vah's great arm; But some - how I find when the
3. "I'll stand to the end," I have heard peo - ple say, "I'll fight till I die, and will ne'er run a - way;" But when by temp - ta - tion so
4. And oth - ers there are full of cour - age and zeal, Who go to the bat - tle like war - riors of steel; But right in the heat of the
5. Then let us re-mem-ber in run - ning this race, That faith is not feel - ing, and trust is not trace; And when all a-round us seems

dark be the way, A lit - tle be - liev - ing drives clouds all a - way.
waves swamp the boat, It takes some be - liev - ing to keep things a-float.
fierce - ly as-sailed, They left off be - liev - ing, and ter - ri - bly failed.
con - flict with sin, In - stead of be - liev - ing they faint and give in.
dark as the night, We'll keep on be - liev - ing, and win in the fight.

CHORUS.

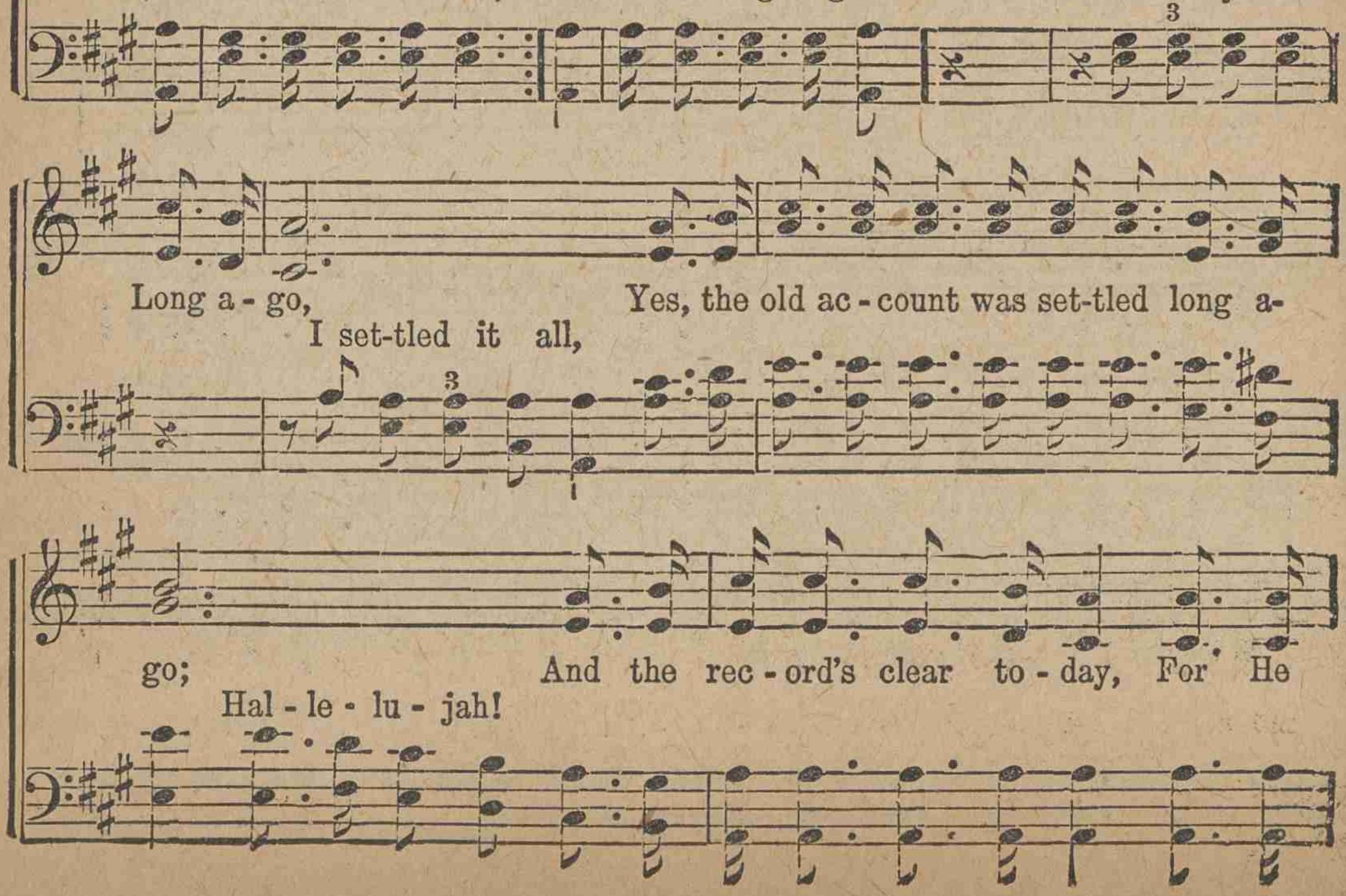
Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! Savior, raise my faith in Thee, Till it can move a mountain; Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! All my doubts are buried in the fountain.

92 THE OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED LONG AGO.

F. M. G. F M. GRAHAM.

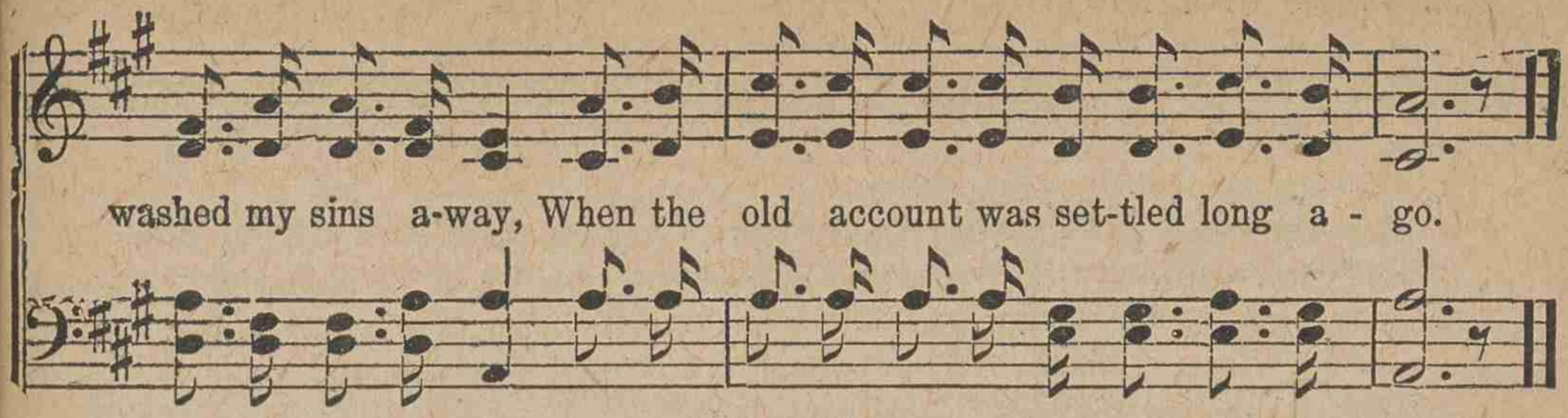
1. There was a time I know, When in the book of heav'n, An old account was standing,
   My name was at the top, And many things be-low, But I went to the keep-er,
2. The old account was large, And larg-er ev-'ry day, For I was always sinning,
   But when I looked ahead, And saw such pain and woe, I said that I would set-tle,
3. When at the judgment bar, I stand before my King, And He the book will open,
   Then will my heart be glad, While tears of joy will flow, Be-cause I had it set - tled,
4. When in that happy home, My Saviour's home above, I'll sing redemption's story,
   I'll not forget that book, With pages white as snow, Because I came and settled,
5. O sinner seek the Lord, Repent of all your sin, For thus He has com-mand-ed,
   And then if you should live, A hundred years below, Up there you'll not regret it

For sins yet un-for-giv'n; Long a - go,
(*Omit* . . . . . .) And set-tled long a - go.
And nev-er tried to pay;
(*Omit* . . . . . .) And set-tled long a - go.
And can not find a thing;
(*Omit* . . . . . .) And set-tled long a - go.
And praise Him for His love;
(*Omit* . . . . . .) And set-tled long a - go.
If you would en-ter in;
(*Omit* . . . . . .) You set-tled long a - go. Down on my knees



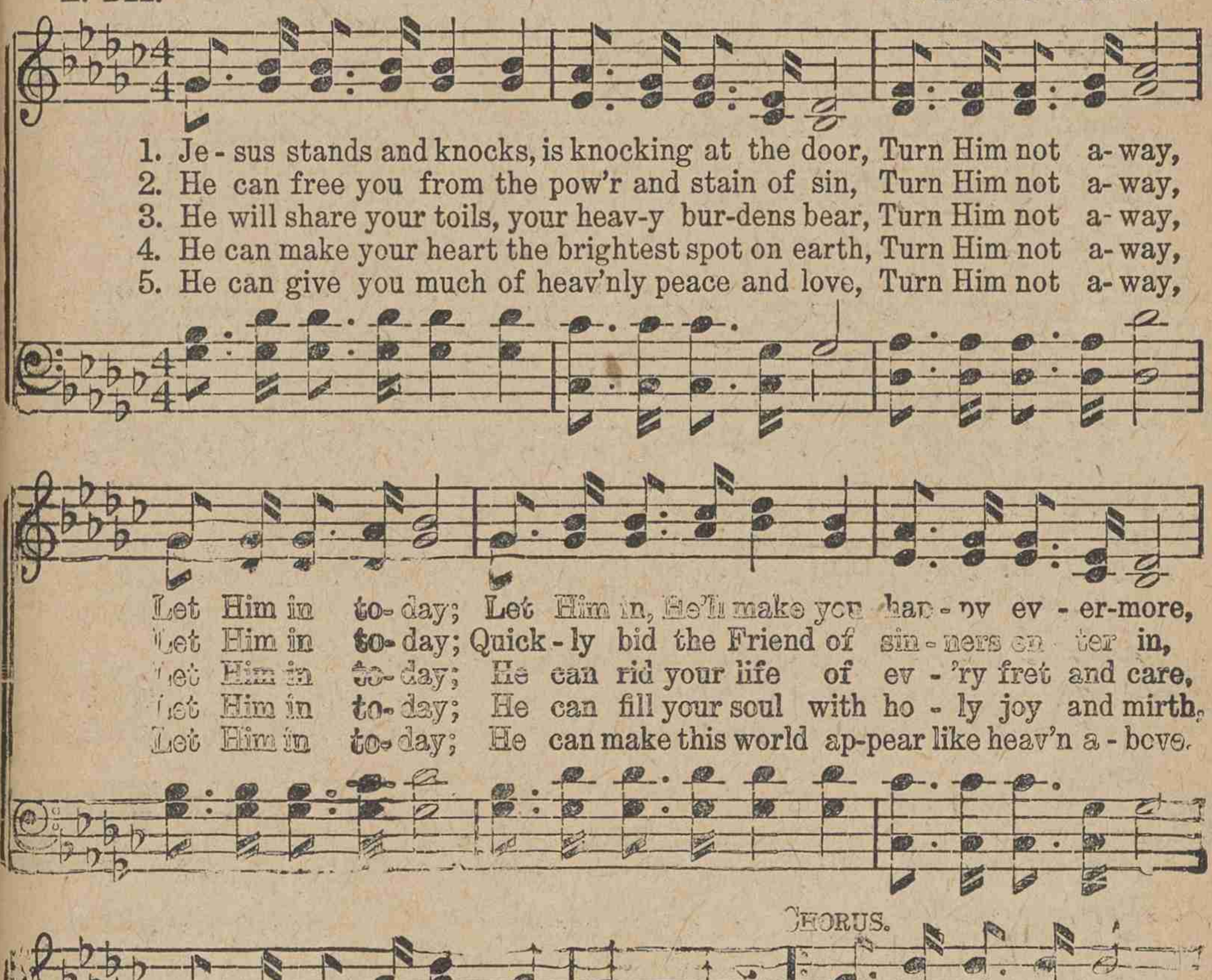
Long a - go, Yes, the old ac - count was set-tled long a-
I set-tled it all,
go; And the rec - ord's clear to - day, For He
Hal - le - lu - jah!

The Old Account Settled. Concluded.



93 TURN HIM NOT AWAY.

E. DEE. WM. EDIE MARKS.



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94

When Love Shines In.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in; Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in; And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor-rows will grow brighter, When love shines in; And the heaviest
4. We may have un - fad-ing splendor, When love shines in; And a friendship

woe can sadden, When love shines in; Love will teach us how to pray;
joice in du - ty, When love shines in; Tri - als may be sanc - ti-fied,
bur - den, lighter, When love shines in; 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in; When earth-vic'tries shall be won

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

CHORUS.

When love shines in, When love shines in; How the heart is
When love shines in,

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

tuned to singing, When love shines in; When love shines in, When
When love shines in; When love shines in,

When love shines in, When love shines in,

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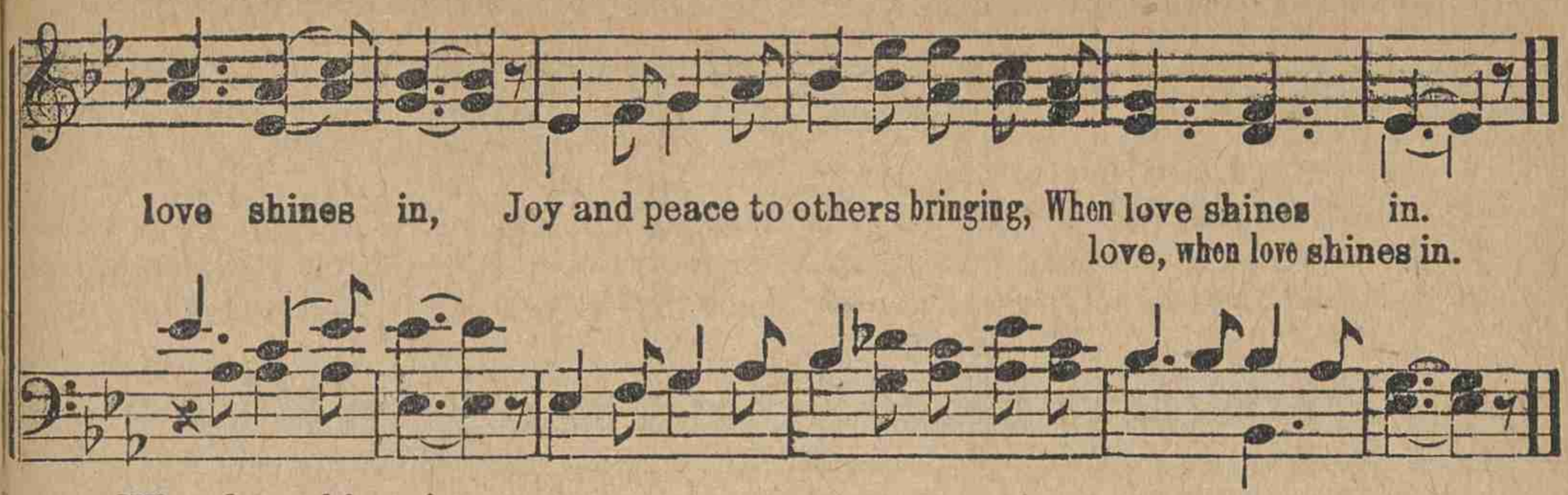
When Love Shines In. Concluded.



95 Standing on the Promises.

Key B Flat.

1 Standing on the promises of
Christ my King,
Thro' eternal ages let His praises
ring;
Glory in the highest I will shout
and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.

CHORUS:

Standing, standing,
Standing on the promises of God
my Savior,
Standing, standing,
I'm standing on the promises of
God.

2 Standing on the promises that
cannot fail,
When the howling storms of doubt
and fear assail,
By the living Word of God I shall
prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.

3 Standing on the promises I now
can see
Perfect, present cleansing in the
Blood for me;
Standing in the liberty where Christ
makes free,
Standing on the promises of God.

4 Standing on the promises of
Christ the Lord,
Bound to Him eternally by love's
strong cord,
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's
sword,
Standing on the promises of God.

5 Standing on the promises I can-
not fail,
Listening every moment to the
Spirit's call,
Resting in my Savior, as my all in
all,
Standing on the promises of God.
—*R. Kelso Carter.*

96 Are You Washed in the Blood?

Key B Flat.

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

CHORUS:

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

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

3 When the Bridegroom cometh
will your robes be white,
Pure and white in the blood of the
Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the man-
sions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the
Lamb?
—*Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.*

97 The Evergreen Mountains of Life.

JAMES G. CLARK. Chorus by A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

1. There's a land far a-way 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not the sor-rows of time; Where the pure wa-ters wan - der thro' val-leys of gold,
2. Our gaze can-not soar to that heav-en - ly land, But our vis-ions have told of its bliss; And our souls by the breeze from its gar-dens are fanned,
3. O, the stars nev-er tread the blue heavens at night, But we think where the ransomed have trod; And the day nev - er smiles from it's pal - ace of light,

And life is a treas-ure sub - lime. 'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul, Where a - ges of splendor e - ter-nal - ly roll: Where the
When we faint in the des-erts of this. And we sometimes have long'd for it's ho - ly re-pose, When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes, And we've
But we feel the bright smile of our God. We are trav-el-ing homeward thro' chang-es and gloom To a kingdom where pleasures unchangingly bloom, And our

CHORUS.—*On the evergreen hills dwells the Spir-it who thrills, Here the joys of the Lord are revealed in His word, And heaven comes down all our labors to crown, On the evergreen mountains of life.*

Chorus D. S.

way - wea-ry trav-el - er reaches the goal On the evergreen mountains of life.
drank from the tide of the river that flows From the evergreen mountains of life.
guide is the glory that shines thro' the tomb From the evergreen mountains of life.

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98

Alone With God.

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

1. When storms of life are round me beating, When rough the path that I have trod,
2. What tho' the clouds have gather'd o'er me? What tho' I've pass'd beneath the rod?
3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du-ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod,
4. And when I see the moment nearing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,

With-in my clos-et door re-treat-ing, I love to be a-lone with God.
God's perfect will there lies be-fore me, When I am thus a-lone with God.
I see the King in all his beau-ty, While resting there a-lone with God.
When time with me is dis-ap-pear-ing, I want to be a-lone with God.

CHORUS.

A-lone with God..... the world for-bid-den, A-lone with

A-lone with God,

God,..... O blest re-treat! Alone with God,..... and in him

A-lone with God, Alone with God,

ritard.

hid-den, To hold with him..... com-mun-ion sweet.

To hold with him

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WILL YOU BE READY TO GO?

F. M. A. F. M. ATKINSON.

1. When you see the Bridegroom com-ing a - gain, O will you be
2. Will you have your lights then burning and bright, O will you be
3. Will you be found wait-ing with all the blest, O will you be
4. Will you join the cho - rus sing-ing that song, O will you be

read-y to go? Will He, find you faith - ful-ly watching then, O
read-y to go? Will He find you sleep - ing in that night, O
read-y to go? Have you on the robes of His right-eous-ness, O
read-y to go? Will you shout for joy with the blood-washed throng, O

CHORUS.

will you be read - y to go? When Je - sus comes, will you be

read-y to go? When Je-sus comes, will you be read-y to go? Will your

lamps be burning with a heav'n-ly glow? Will you be read - y to go?

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100 When I Get Home.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I shall wear a gold-en crown, When I get home; I shall lay my bur-dens down, When I get home; Clad in robes of glo-ry, I shall sing the sto-ry
2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the lights at last, When I get home; Light from heaven streaming, O'er my pathway beaming,
3. I shall see my Savior's face, When I get home; Sing a-gain of sav-ing grace, When I get home; I shall stand before Him; Glad-ly I'll a-dore Him;

CHORUS.

Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.
Ev-er guides me on-ward, When I get home. When I get home, When
Ev-er to be with Him, When I get home.

When I get home, when I get home, When

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

When I get home, when I get home, When I get home When

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

I get home, When I get home, when I get home.

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101 Open the Door of Your Heart.

G. P. E. GRANVILLE P. EVANS.

1. O - pen the door of your heart to - day, Let the dear Sav - iour in,
2. O - pen the door of your wayward heart, Lad - en with guilt and sin,
3. Je - sus has wait - ed the lost's re-turn, Wait - ed the long years thro',

He will take all of your guilt a - way, Cleanse you from ev - 'ry sin.
Quick - ly o - bey lest He may de - part, O - pen, and let Him in.
Still He is standing with outstretched arms, Waiting to wel-come you.

CHORUS.

O - - - pen the door..... and let Je - - - sus come
O-pen the door, Door of your heart, O - pen the door and let

in,..... Come,..... and o - bey,..... and your
Je - sus come in, Broth-er, o - bey, Quick - ly o - bey,

peace..... will be - gin,..... O - - - pen the
Quick - ly o - bey and your peace will be - gin, O - pen the door,

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Open the Door of Your Heart. Concluded.

102 Tell It to Jesus.

Key B Flat.

1 Are you weary? are you heavy-hearted?
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;
Are you grieving over joys departed?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

CHORUS:

Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus,
He is a friend that's well known;
You have no other such a friend or brother,
Tell it to Jesus alone.

2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden?
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;
Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

3 Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow?
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;
Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

4 Are you troubled at the thought of dying?
Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;
For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

103 Bringing in the Sheaves.

Key C.

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS:

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze,
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over He will bid us welcome.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

104

NO WISHFUL GLANCES.

OR

Experiences In Canaan.

A. F. I. Num. 13:30. A. F. INGLER.

1. No wish - ful glanc-es now I cast Tow'rd Canaan's hap-py shore,
2. Old Jordan's waves now roll be-hind, The sky is clear a - bove,
3. On ev - 'ry side sweet lil - ies nod, In - vit - ing me to stay;
4. In Beu-lah's vale rich fruits a-bound, And milk and hon-ey flow;
5. When gi - ants high a-bove me tow'r And boast of mighty strength,
6. Here Je - sus comes and whispers low His sweet - est words of love,

For I have reach'd that land of rest To wan - der nev - er - more.
And all a - long the way I find The joys of "per - fect love."
The birds, the rills, all sing of God; O broth - er, come this way!
With - in the soil rare gems are found, And cost - ly spic - es grow.
Faith grasps her two-edged sword of pow'r, And lays them out their length.
And bids me pray, and work, and grow, Till called to joys "a - bove."

CHORUS.

I'm o - ver in . . . . . the Promised Land . . . . . And marching

I'm o - ver in the Promised Land

on . . . . . with Daniel's band; . . . . Our mot-to is: . . . . . .

And marching on with Daniel's band; Our mot - to is:

"Be true to God, . . . And ev-er trust . . . the cleansing blood."

"Be true to God, And ev-er trust the cleansing blood."

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The Cleansing Fountain.

Arranged.

1. My heart was sad, but now 'tis glad, I sing, and shout for joy; His
2. By faith I walk I sing and talk, Of Je - sus' sav-ing power; He
3. In paths of light I now de-light, And glo - ry comes in view; His

love I know, who died to show How He can sin de - stroy. Not
keeps me pure, my hope is sure, I trust Him ev - ery hour. No
face I see, who died for me, His grace is ev - er new. The

f.

one dark spot can stay, He washed it all a - way. The blood of Je - sus
dan - ger now a - larms, I'm safe in Je - sus' arms. The blood of Je - sus
blood is all my plea, I'll ev - er faith-ful be. The blood of Je - sus

D. S. sin is washed a - way, I'm hap-py night and day, The blood of Je - sus

FINE. CHORUS.

cleanseth white as snow, white as snow. The blood of Je - sus cleanseth white as

cleanseth white as snow, white as snow.

D. S.

snow, white as snow, The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow, white as snow; All

106 BUT NOW I'M REDEEMED.

F. M. G. F. M. GRAHAM.

1. Long I wandered on in sin, O'er life's rough and thorny way, Oft-en think-ing
Man - y times my life was sad, And as dark as dark could be, For I had no
2. But I'm hap - py now to say That one day the light broke in, Then I was a
Now the way is high and smooth, And the Sav-iour is my friend; He will bear my
3. Why do peo - ple live in sin When there is a bet-ter way? Why not take the
When you reach your journey's end, Then what will your answer be, When arranged be-

of the judgment, And the debt I had to pay;
hope of heav- en; [*Omit*.....] From my sin I was not free.
new cre - a - tion, And had left the paths of sin;
heav-y bur-dens [*Omit*..... .....] E - ven to my journey's end.
liv - ing wa- ter? It is flow-ing free to - day;
fore our Saviour, [*Omit*.....] And the Judge shall question thee?

CHORUS.

But now I'm re - deemed,..... yes, I am re - deemed;.....
redeemed by the blood, and hap-py in God;
O hap-py the day,..... I'll nev-er for - get.....
my sins washed away, 't is sweet to me yet,
When Je-sus came in,..... and cleansed me from sin,.....
and made my heart clean, yes, took out my sin,

But Now I'm Redeemed. Concluded.

107 IT'S ALL GONE NOW!

E. Dee. Wm. Edie Marks

1. I was heavy - la-den once with guilty sin, It's all gone now! It's all gone now!
2. Oft I trembled, for my heart was full of fear, It's all gone now! It's all gone now!
3. Darkness filled my life, I could not see the way, It's all gone now! It's all gone now!
4. Doubt had almost conquered me, but, praise His name, It's all gone now! It's all gone now!

Jesus has removed it, oh, how good He's been! I have found the perfect peace, there's joy within!
For I have His gracious presence me to cheer; What have I to dread when Jesus is so near?
For the light from heaven fills my soul to-day, Glory be to Him who sends love's cheering ray.
Sing of all His goodness and His love proclaim, Tell the wonders of His love and praise the same!

Chorus.

It's all gone now! It's all gone now! Glo-ry be to Je- sus, ev - er praise His name;

It's all gone now! It's all gone now! Sing of all His goodness and His love proclaim.

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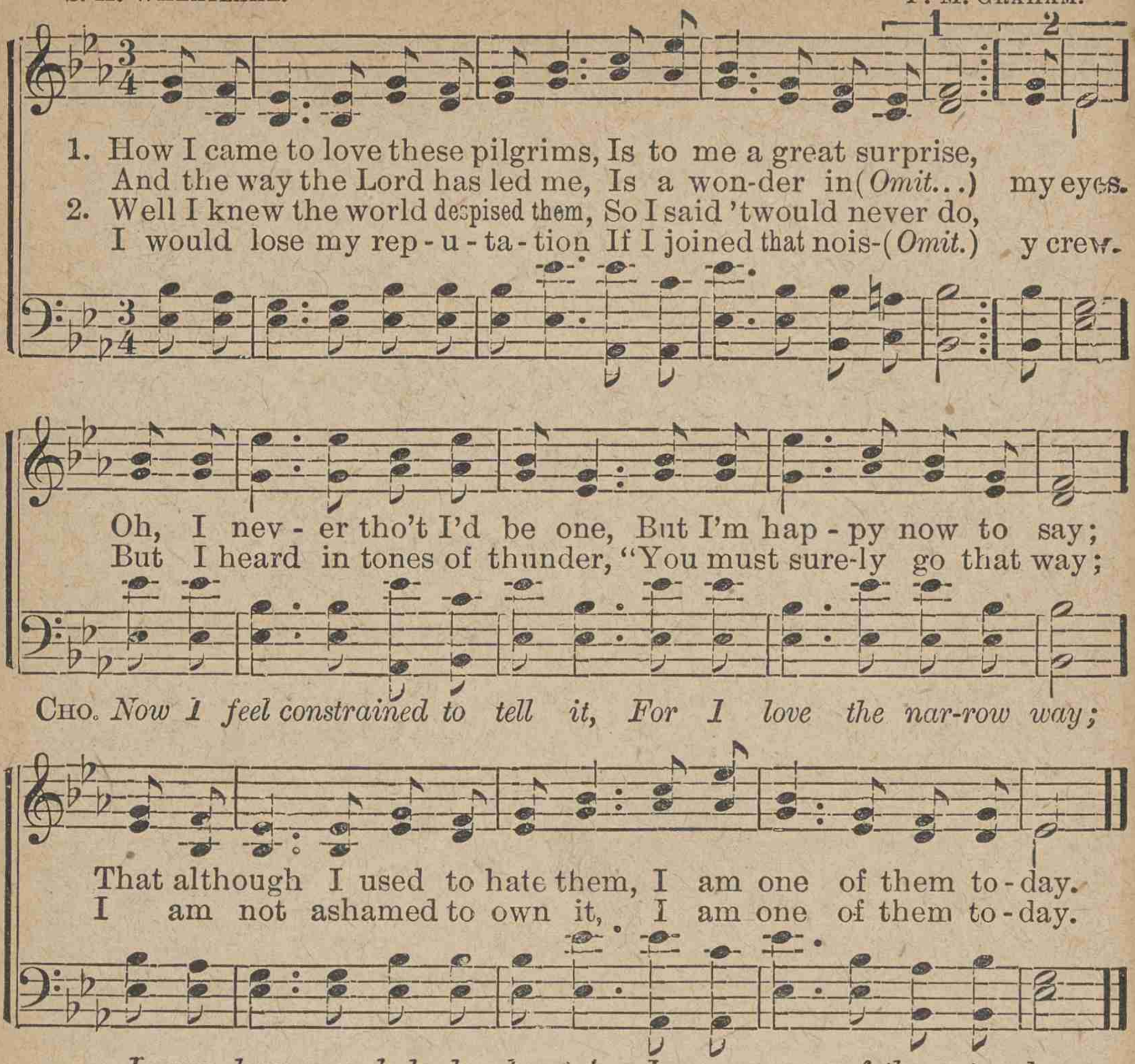
108 I AM ONE OF THEM TO-DAY.

S. K. WHEATLAKE. F. M. GRAHAM.



1. How I came to love these pilgrims, Is to me a great surprise,
   And the way the Lord has led me, Is a won-der in(*Omit...*) my eyes.
2. Well I knew the world despised them, So I said 'twould never do,
   I would lose my rep-u-ta-tion If I joined that nois-(*Omit.*) y crew.

Oh, I nev-er tho't I'd be one, But I'm hap-py now to say;
But I heard in tones of thunder, "You must sure-ly go that way;

CHO. *Now I feel constrained to tell it, For I love the nar-row way;*

That although I used to hate them, I am one of them to-day.
I am not ashamed to own it, I am one of them to-day.

I am hap-py, hal-le-lu-jah, I am one of them to-day.

3 Oft I sneered when they were telling,
That they felt no foe within,
That the grace of their Redeemer
Daily kept them free from sin.
But conviction seized my spirit,
Took my hatred all away,
I have found this great salvation,
And I'm one of them to-day.

4 It so shocked me that I could not
All my indignation hide;
When they said that God's old Bible
Never would endorse my pride.
Tho' high-headed, proud and haughty,
Yet I heard the Spirit say,
"Will you be a humble pilgrim?"
I am one of them to-day.

5 I am glad I ever found them,
For they led me to the right;
And I'm going to stay among them,
Daily walking in the light.
And some day I'll join their number
Over on the other shore;
It is settled, hallelujah!
I'm a pilgrim evermore.

109 WEBB.

Key of B♭. GEO. DUFFIELD.

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

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

110 Friendship With Jesus.

MAJOR LUDGATE.

1. A friend of Je - sus, oh, what bliss, That one so vile as I,
2. A friend when oth - er friendships cease, A friend when oth-ers fail,
3. A friend to lead me in the dark, A friend who knows the way,
4. A friend when sick-ness lays me low, A friend when death draws near,
5. A friend when life's short race is o'er, A friend when earth is past,

Should ev - er have a friend like this, To lead me to the sky.
A friend who gives me joy and peace, A friend who does pre - vail.
A friend to steer my weak frail bark, A friend my debts to pay.
A friend as thro' the vale I go, A friend to help and cheer.
A friend to meet on heav-en's shore, A friend when home at last.

CHORUS.

Friend - ship with Je - sus, Fel - low - ship di - vine,

Oh, what blessed sweet com-mun-ion, Je - sus is a friend of mine.

FATHER'S LETTERS.

rnished by "AUNT REBECCA." Arr. by A. F. I.

Not too fast.

1. I have let-ters from my Fa-ther in my hand, in my hand, Written by my
2. Fa - ther told me in His letters that are grand, that are grand, I could make my-
3. I am now a new cre - a - tion in this land, in this land; I am free from
4. I'm a stran-ger to the na-tions of this land, of this land; They don't know my
5. I am sanc - ti-fied and hap - py in my heart, in my heart; For the blood of
6. I am not a - fraid of dy-ing in this land, in this land; But I oft - en
7. Death is called a dreadful monster in this land, in this land; When he calls I

Eld - er Brother; they are grand, they are grand; They were written o'er the sea,
self no bet - ter in this land, in this land; Then I cried "what shall I do?"
con-dem - na - tion, it is grand, it is grand, I can sing and shout and pray,
sit - u - a - tion, it is grand, it is grand; Father's rich-es I be - hold,
Je - sus cleans-es ev -'ry part, ev -'ry part; I have lost my "car-nal mind,"
feel like fly - ing; O how grand, O how grand; All the world is dark as night,
will not an-swer; O how grand, O how grand; I may leave most a - ny day,

And were for-ward-ed to me, I'm as hap - py as can be in this land.
For I had not read them thro', And He made me all a - new in this land."
And I'm hap-py night and day, And my soul can hard-ly stay in this land.
And I've wealth that can't be told, And my kindred ne'er get old in this land.
Doubts and fears are left behind, And the Com-fort-er I find in my heart.
But my Father's face is bright, While I'm walking in the light thro' this land.
But they'll find no emp-ty clay, And I wonder what they'll say in this land.

REFRAIN.

In this land, in this land, I'm as hap - py as can be, In this land.
In this land, in this land, And He made me all a - new, In this land.
In this land, in this land, And my soul can hard - ly stay In this land.
In this land, in this land, And my kin - dred ne'er get old, In this land.
In my heart, in my heart, And the Com-fort - er I find In my heart.
Thro' this land, thro' this land, And I'm walk-ing in the light, Thro' this land.
In this land, in this land, And I won-der what they'll say, In this land.

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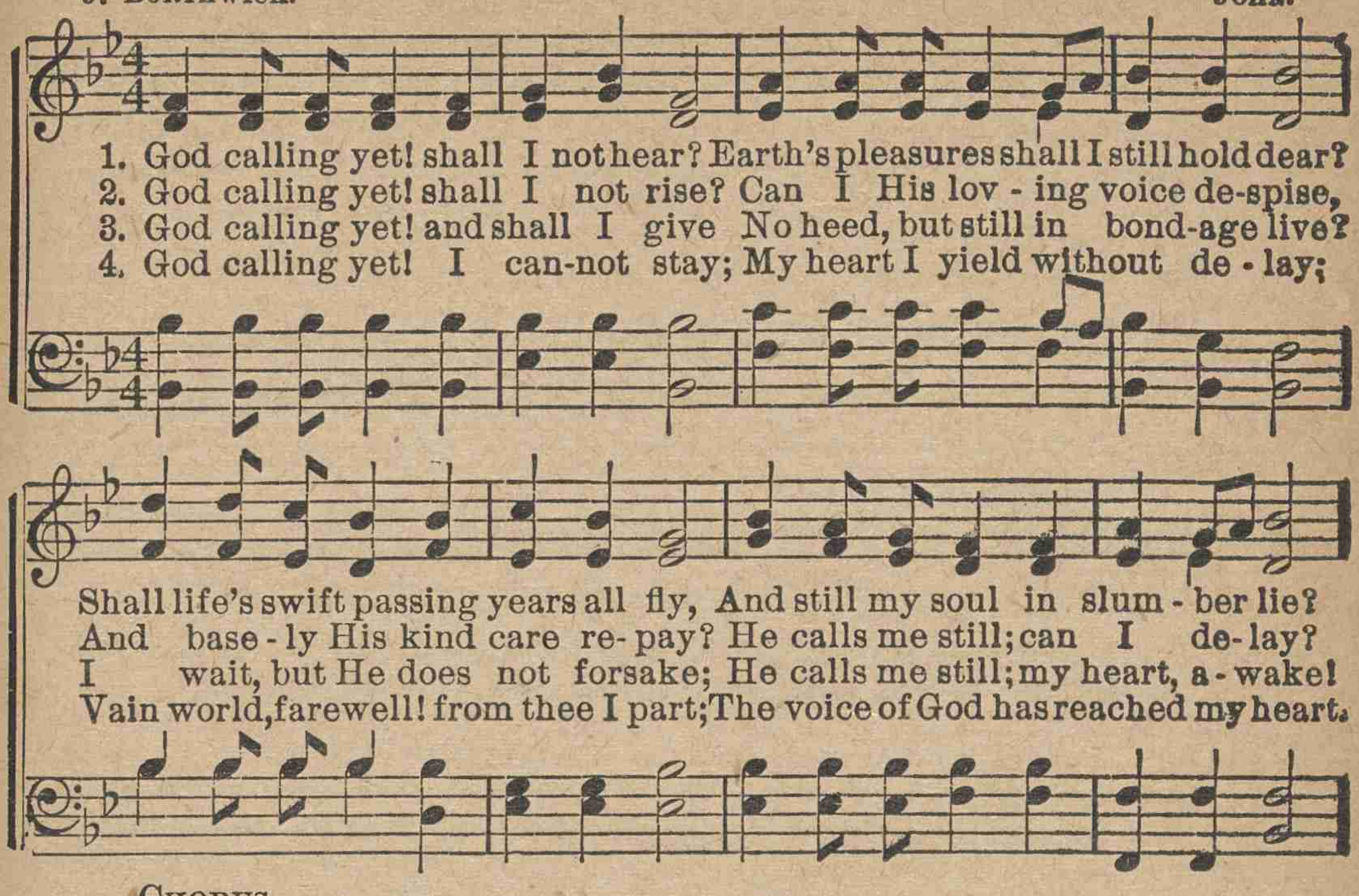
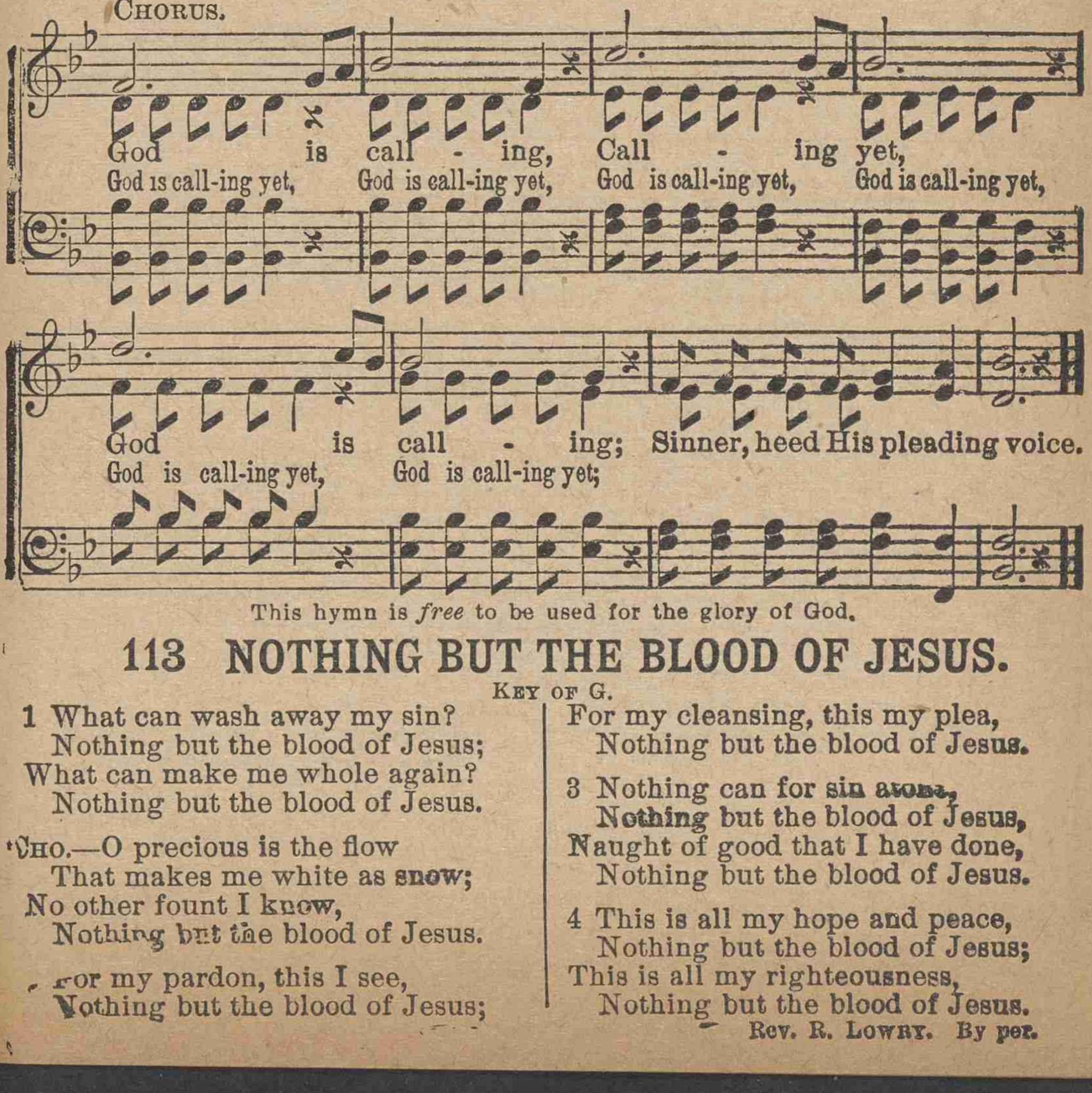
112 GOD CALLING YET.

"I have called, and ye have refused." PROV. 1: 24.

J. BORTHWICK. JOHN.



CHORUS.



This hymn is *free* to be used for the glory of God.

113 NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

KEY OF G.

1 What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

CHO.—O precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 For my pardon, this I see,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

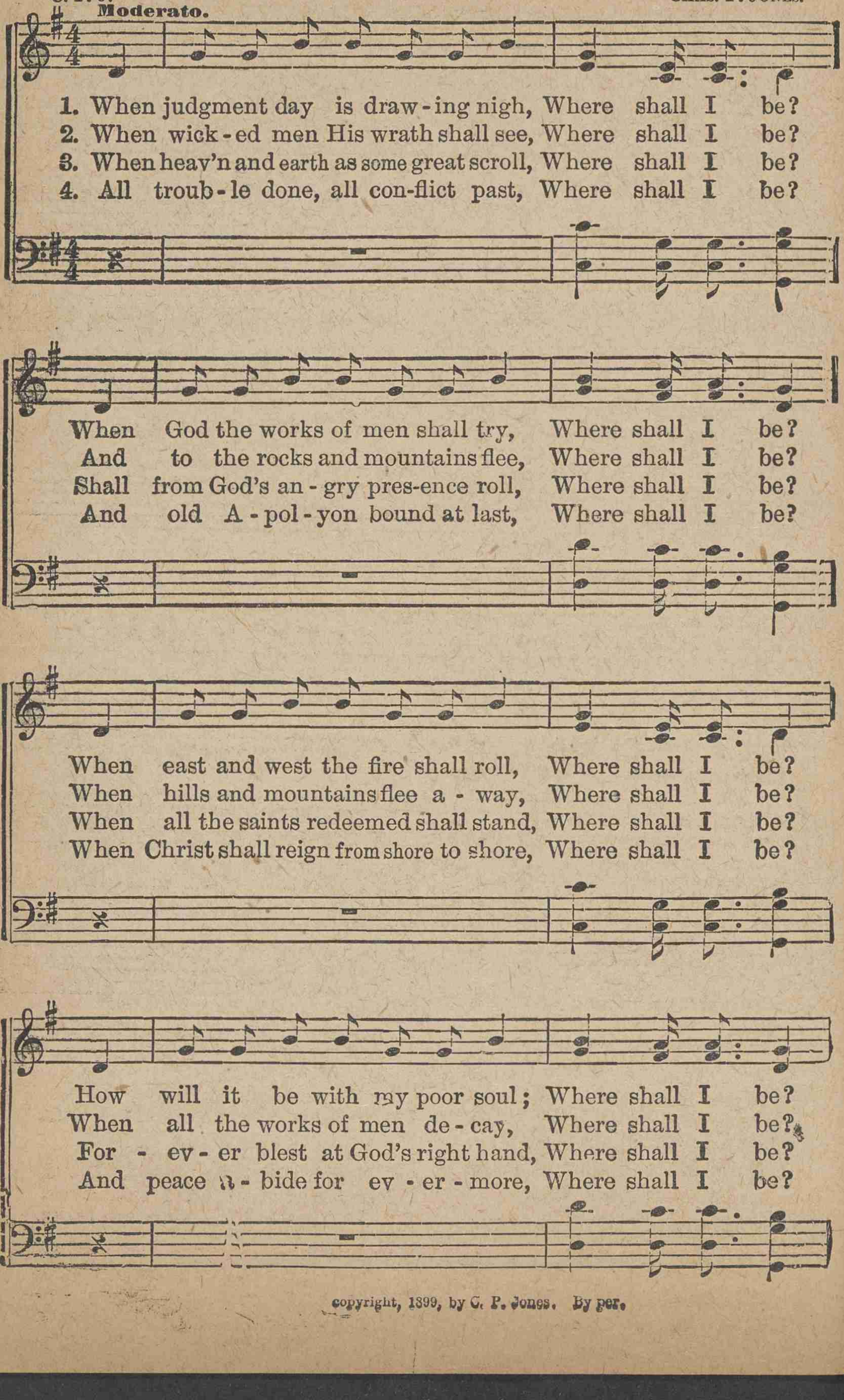
4 This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Rev. R. LOWRY. By per.

WHERE SHALL I BE?

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God."—I. THESS. 4: 16.

C. P. J. CHAS. P. JONES.



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WHERE SHALL I BE? Concluded.

CHORUS.

115 I AM DWELLING ON THE MOUNTAIN.

1 I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure, ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers,
They are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright.

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 to-day.

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 through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou needst not fear
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

116 Fix Your Eyes Upon the Cross.

A. W. S. A. W. SPOONER. D.D.

1. When up - on life's jour-ney you may think there's none to care, When your heart seems breaking with its sor-row and de-spair, Je - sus stands beside you, all your
2. When your sky is darkened with a heav - y cloud of sin, When your soul is troubled, and you have no peace with-in, Lift your eyes to heav-en, light and
3. When the tempter whispers that the crown is not for you, Tell Him you have found the prom-is - es of God are true, Put your trust in Je - sus He will

CHORUS.

burdens glad to share; Fix your eyes up-on the cross. Je - sus is
joy will then be-gin; Fix your eyes up-on the cross.
sure-ly help you thro'; Fix your eyes up-on the cross. See the blessed Je-sus,
near you, He comes to be your guide,
stand-ing at your side, Wait-ing now to help you,
He'll bear your ev - 'ry loss; Fix your eyes up - on the cross.
He will give you comfort, bear your loss;

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THE HEALING WATERS.

H. H. HEIMAR. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Oh, the joy of sins for-giv'n, Oh, the bliss the blood-wash'd know,
2. Now with Je - sus cru - ci - fied, At His feet I'm rest - ing low;
3. Oh, this pre-cious per - fect love! How it keeps the heart a - glow,
4. Oh, to lean on Je - sus' breast, While the tem-pests come and go!
5. Cleans'd from ev - 'ry sin and stain, Whit-er than the driv - en snow,

Oh, the peace a - kin to heav'n, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Let me ev - er-more a - bide Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Stream-ing from the fount a - bove, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Here is bless - ed peace and rest, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Now I sing my sweet re-frain, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.

CHORUS.

Where the heal - - ing wa - ters flow, Where the
Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the

joys . . . . ce - les-tial glow, Oh, there's peace . . . . and
joys ce - les - tial glow, Where the joys ce - les - tial glow, Oh, there's peace and rest and love,

rest and love, Where the heal - - ing waters flow!
Oh, there's peace and rest and love, Where the healing waters flow, Where the healing waters flow!

wa-ters flow.

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118 BELIEVE AND BE SAVED.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Oh, what must I do to be saved? Is there rest for my sin-bur-dened
2. Oh, what must I do to be saved? Have I on - ly to look and to
3. Oh, what must I do to be saved? Is there hope for a sin - ner so
4. Oh, what must I do to be saved? Have I on - ly on Him to be-

soul From the cares that op - press and the sins that dis - tress,
live? If I ask in His name and the prom - is - es claim,
great, Who the Lord has de - nied, Him a - gain cru - ci - fied,
lieve, In my poor heart to - day let the Lord have His way,

Chorus.

And the sor-rows that o - ver me roll? Oh, what.... ... must I
Do you think He would hear and for-give?
And now com-ing for mer - cy so late?
And the gift of sal-va - tion re - ceive? Oh, what must I do, oh,

do,.. ..... Oh, what must I do to be saved?..... Lo! the
what must I do, Oh, what must I do to be saved?

answer comes clear, for the Master is here: "Believe, and thou shalt be saved."

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119 HAPPY ON THE WAY AM I.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I am sing-ing and I'm shout-ing all a-long the pil-grim way,
2. Tho' the clouds may gath-er o'er me and I hear the thun-der roll,
3. What tho' for-tune may prove fick-le, and my fond-est hopes may fade?
4. I have giv-en all to Je-sus, ev-'ry bur-den, ev-'ry care,
5. So with joy I will press for-ward till I reach that gold-en land,

Hap-py on the way am I;..... I am walk-ing and I'm talk-ing with my Sav-iour ev-'ry day, Hap-py on the way am I.
Hap-py on the way am I;..... Not a storm can cause a rip-ple o'er the wa-ters of my soul, Hap-py on the way am I.
Hap-py on the way am I;..... I am still an heir to glo-ry, then why should I be dis-mayed? Hap-py on the way am I.
Hap-py on the way am I;..... Now He leads me thro' green pas-tures, and by wa-ters still and fair, Hap-py on the way am I.
Hap-py on the way am I;..... All the way I will keep sing-ing till I join that blood-washed band, Hap-py on the way am I.

CHORUS.

Singing! shouting! all a-long the way, To that blessed home on high;
With my Saviour walking, walk-ing ev-'ry day, Hap-py on the way am I.

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120 It Never Runs Dry.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Heark-en to-day to the blest in-vi-ta-tion Giv-en in love by our
2. Look! for its source is in Cal-va-ry's mountain, Where the dear Sav-ior was
3. Saints of all a-ges its vir-tue have test-ed; No oth-er hope of sal-

Fa-ther on high; Come to the won-der-ful stream of sal-va-tion,
lift-ed on high; Pure and ex-haust-less it springs from the fount-ain,
va-tion is nigh; Here where our fa-thers and moth-ers have feast-ed,

Chorus.

Drink of the fountain that nev-er runs dry.
Life-giv-ing cur-rent that nev-er runs dry. It nev-er runs
We, too, may drink, for it nev-er runs dry. It nev-er, no

dry; . . . . . It nev-er . . . . runs dry, ... This
nev-er runs dry; It nev-er, nev-er runs dry.

won-der-ful stream of sal-va-tion, . . . It nev-er . . . . runs
sal-va-tion, It nev-er runs dry,

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It Never Runs Dry. Concluded.

121 *Faith sees the final triumph.* C. M.

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

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

3 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.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Isaac Watts.

122 *O for a Faith.* C. M.

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

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

3 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 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

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

123 Walking in the King's Highway.

F. H. FLORENCE HORTON.

1. We shall see the des - ert as the rose, Walk - ing in the
2. We shall see the glo - ry of the Lord, Walk - ing in the
3. There the rain shall come up - on the ground, Walk - ing in the
4. There no rav-'nous beast shall make a - fraid, Walk - ing in the
5. No un-clean thing shall pass o'er here, Walk - ing in the

King's high - way; There'll be sing - ing where sal - va - tion goes,
King's high - way; And be - hold the beau - ty of His word,
King's high - way; And the springs of wa - ter will be found,
King's high - way; For the pu - ri - fied the way was made,
King's high - way; But the ran-somed ones with-out a fear,

CHORUS.

Walk-ing in the King's high-way. There's a high - way there and a

way, Where sor-row shall flee a - way, And the
and a - way, flee a - way,

light shines bright as the day, (as the day,) Walk-ing in the King's high-way.

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124 He Leadeth the Sanctified.

F. M. G. By per. Melody anon.

1. Dear broth-er, take cour-age, and keep in the race; God lead-eth the
2. Tho' hard be thy tri-als, and Sa-tan does roar, God lead-eth the
3. Then nev-er be sor-ry, but al-ways be glad; God lead-eth the
4. I'll be a true sol-dier, and stand for the right; God lead-eth the
5. Some-time up in heav-en we'll see our great King; God lead-eth the
6. Now, friends, I'm so hap-py, my sins are for-giv'n; God lead-eth the

blood wash'd and ho-ly a-long; For Je-sus will aid you, and give you the grace;
blood wash'd and ho-ly a-long; He'll lead you to glo-ry, and rest ev-er-more;
blood wash'd and ho-ly a-long; Tho' sinners may scorn you, and Sa-tan be mad,
blood wash'd and ho-ly a-long; And fol-low-ing Je-sus, I'll walk in the light;
blood wash'd and ho-ly a-long; And there with the angels, oh, how we will sing!
blood wash'd and ho-ly a-long; And trusting in Je-sus, He'll take me to heav'n;

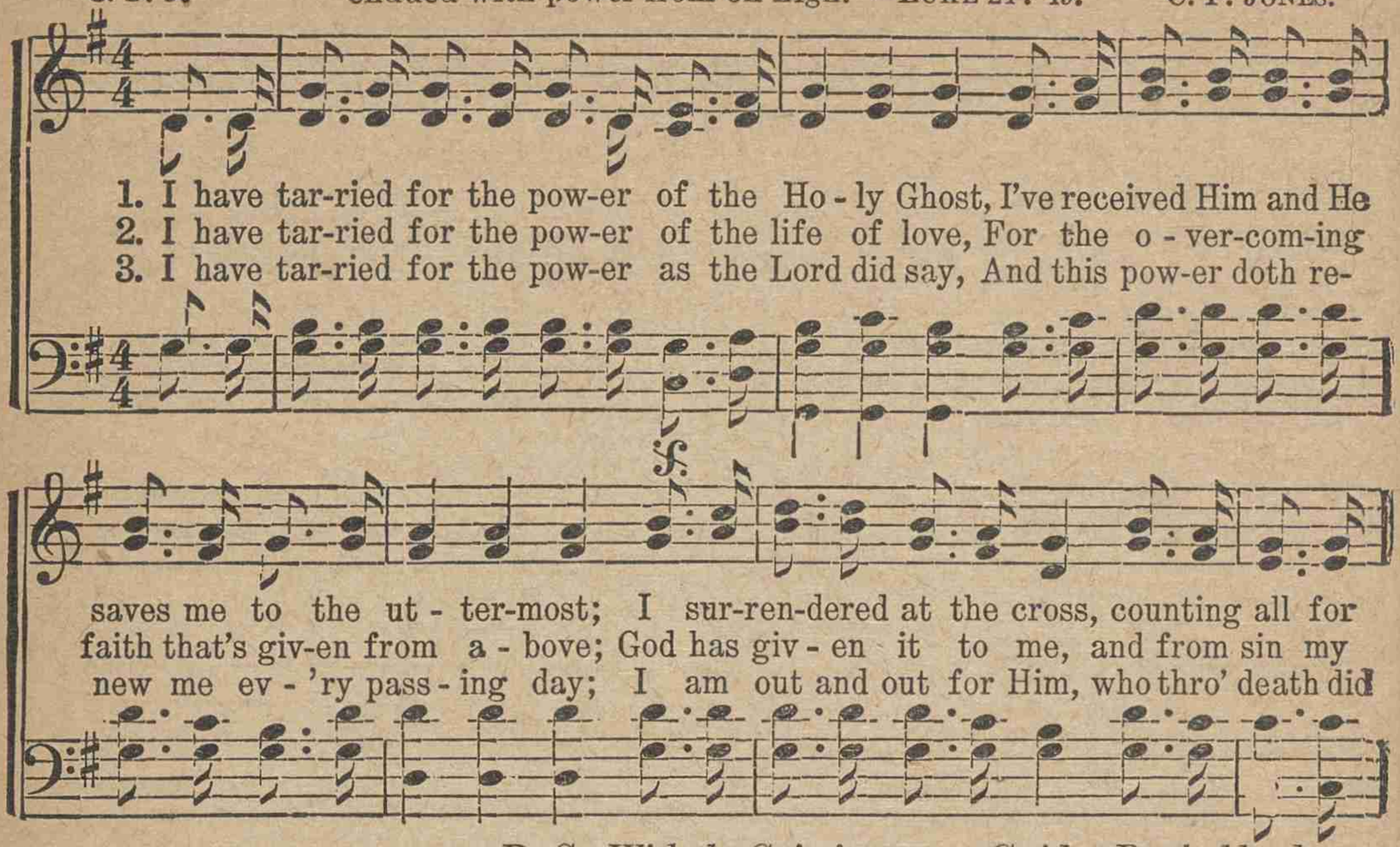
CHORUS.

He lead-eth the blood-wash'd a-long. Some thro' deep waters, some thro' the
flood, Some thro' the fire, but all thro' the blood; Some thro' great sorrow, but
still with a song, The sanc-ti-fied ar-my God lead-eth a-long.

125 I HAVE TARRIED.

"Behold, I send the promise of my father upon you; but tarry ye * * * until ye be endued with power from on high."—LUKE 24: 49.

C. P. J. C. P. JONES.



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126 THE MERCY-SEAT.

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

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

3 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat.

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

HUGH STOWELL.

127

Jesus Will Give You Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. { Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and sin-op-press'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-ior and Lord, Je-sus will give you rest. }
2. { Will you come, will you come? there is mer-cy for you, Balm for your aching breast; On-ly come as you are and believe on his name, Je-sus will give you rest. }
3. { Will you come, will you come? you have nothing to pay; Je-sus who loves you best, By His death on the cross purchased life for your soul, Je-sus will give you rest. }
4. { Will you come, will you come, how he pleads with you now! Fly to His lov-ing breast, And what-ev-er your sin or your sor-row may be, Je-sus will give you rest. }

REFRAIN.

O hap-py rest, sweet, hap-py rest, Je-sus will give you rest, (happy rest.)

why won't you come in sim-ple, trust-ing faith? Je-sus will give you rest.

128 Almost Persuaded.

Key G.

1 "Almost persuaded," Now to be-
lieve;
"Almost persuaded," Christ to re-
ceive;
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," Come, come
to-day;
"Almost persuaded," Turn not
away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so
dear:
O wand'rer, come.

—*P. P. Bliss.*

129 Blest Be the Tie.

Key F Flat.

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.

—*Rev. John Fawcett.*

130 ON THE CROSS OF CALVARY.

1. On the cross of Cal - va- ry Je - sus died for you and me; There He
2. O what won-drous, won-drous love Bro't me down at Je - sus' feet! O such
3. Take me, Je - sus, I am Thine, Wholly Thine for - ev - er- more; Blessed
4. Clouds and dark- ness veiled the skies When the Lord was cru - ci - fied; "It is

shed His precious blood That from sin we might be free. O the cleansing stream does
wondrous, dy-ing love Asks a sac - ri-fice complete; Here I give my-self to
Je - sus, Thou art mine, Dwell within forevermore. Cleanse, O cleanse my heart from
fin-ished," was His cry, When He bowed His head and died. It is fin - ished, it is

flow, And it washes white as snow: It was for me that Je - sus died On the
Thee, Soul and bod- y Thine to be: It was for me Thy blood was shed On the
sin, Make and keep me pure with-in: It was for this Thy blood was shed On the
finished, All the world may now go free: It was for me. that Je - sus died On the

CHORUS.

cross of Cal - va - ry. Of Cal- va - ry,..... Of Cal- va - ry,.....
Of Cal-va-ry, Of Cal-va-ry,

It was for me that Je - sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.

Be In Time.

As sung by Evangelists C. H. Mason, Jas. Waddell, R. H. J. Clarke, N. Stewart, et al.

Tempo ad lib. Matt. 25: 1—13. C. P. J. Arr.

1. Life it - self is ver - y brief, Like the fall - ing of a leaf, Like the bind - ing of a sheaf, Be in time. Fleet-ing days are tell - ing fast,
2. Fair - est flow - ers soon de - cay, Youth and beau-ty fade a-way, Oh, you have not long to stay, Be in time. When the spir - it bids you come,
3. Time is glid - ing swift-ly by, Death and judgment draweth nigh, To the arms of Je - sus fly, Be in time. Oh, I pray you count the cost,
4. Sin - ners, heed the warning voice, Make the Lord your fi - nal choice, Then the an - gels will re-joice, Be in time. Come from dark - ness in - to light,

That the die will soon be cast, Ere the fa - tal line be past, Be in time.
Sin - ner, do not long-er roam, Lest you seal your helpless doom, Be in time.
Ere the fa - tal line be cross'd, And your soul in hell be lost, Be in time.
Come, let Je - sus set you right, Come and start for heav'n to-night, Be in time.

CHORUS.

Be in time, sinner, Be in time; While the voice of Je-sus calls you, Be in time; If in sin you long-er wait, You may find no o-pen gate, Ere your sad cry be "Too late," Be in time.

132 His Dying Prayer.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. O who is this who now is plead-ing In name-less ag - o - ny?
2. They nail him—see his torn flesh quiv - er! They pierce his bleed-ing side;
3. And still for ev - 'ry son and daugh-ter Who on his name be - lieve,
4. Then trust to - day his bound-less mer - cy And heed his dy - ing prayer;

And who for sin - ners in - ter - ced - ing On dark - est Cal - va - ry?
And lo, there flows a might - y riv - er, Sal - va-tion's heal-ing tide.
That liv - ing fount of blood and wa - ter Will per - fect cleansing give.
Thy Sav - ior bore the cross of sor - row To save thee from de - spair.

CHORUS.

Could you but hear the earnest pray'r to-day Of him who died for you,
gave his life for you,

How could you from such pleading turn away? Forgive, they know not what they do.

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133 Living on the Vict'ry Side.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I'm o - ver in Ca-naan where riches abound, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side;
2. I've reckoned myself to be dead un-to sin, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side;
3. No long-er by fears am I fettered and bound, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side;
4. I walk in the sunshine of God's ho-ly light, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side;
5. The discords are hushed and my heart is all love, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side;
6. The Lord whom I trust is my strength and my song, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side;

Each day go-ing on to poss-ess higher ground, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side.
I've ris-en with Christ who a-bid-eth with-in, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side.
Sweet freedom in service at last I have found, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side.
The will of my Lord is my joy and de-light, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side.
My soul is in tune with the mn-sic a-bove, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side.
No foes can a-larm since to Him I be-long, Liv-ing on the vict'ry side.

Chorus.

Sing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm liv-ing on the vict'ry side;
Sing glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord!

Since Christ my soul hath sanc-ti-fied, I'm liv-ing on the vic-t'ry side.

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134 TESTIFY.

F. M. A. F. M. ATKINSON.

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135 SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

(Key of E-flat.)

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever,
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down,
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

3 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

136 # My Soul is Filled with Glory.

J. M. H. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Je - sus found me when a - far I wan-dered, Bro't me par-don from the
2. Thro' His word He taught me full sal - va - tion, How His blood could cleanse and
3. Tri - als ma - ny will be - set my path - way, And temp-ta - tions I shall

throne a - bove; Gave me peace that pass - eth un - der-stand-ing, Joy un-
sanc - ti - fy; Then by faith I plunged in - to the fount-ain; Now I'm
sure - ly meet; But my Sav - ior prom-ised grace to help me, Till I

CHORUS.

speak - a - ble and full of love. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!
look - ing for that home on high. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!
lay my troph-ies at His feet. Praise the Lord! my soul is filled with glory!

Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry, Of His grace that

jus - ti - fies me free - ly, And I'm shout-ing glo - ry! till I get home.
sanc-ti - fies me whol - ly, And I'm shout-ing glo - ry! till I get home.
keeps, and gives me vict'ry, And I'm shout-ing glo - ry! till I get home.

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137 THAT WILL BE GLORY SUFFICIENT FOR ME.

"Who hath called us to His eternal glory by Christ Jesus."—I PETER 5: 10.

C. P. J.

CHAS. P. JONES.
Chorus by Mrs. JNO. T. BENSON.

1. When all life's tri-als and conflicts are done, When I the bat-tles of
2. When, by the blood which atones for my sin, I shall the por-tals of
3. On - ly a pilgrim am I here be-low, On -ly a stranger in
4. When earth's deep darkness shall all pass away, When I shall enter the

life have all won, And the sweet smile of my Saviour I see, That will be
heav-en pass in, There with my Saviour and loved ones to be, That will be
earth as I go, But when my Saviour in heaven I see, That will be
ful - ness of day, And when in glo -ry my Saviour I see, That will be

CHORUS.

glo -ry suf - fi-cient for me. That will be glo -ry for me,.....
That will be glo -ry suf - fi-cient for me,

Glo - ry for me, yes, glo - ry for me; When..... I be-
When, by His grace, I be-

hold His sweet face, That will be glo - ry suf - fi-cient for me.

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138 GLORY TO GOD, HE'S COME HOME.

A. N. N. Arr. by C. E. POLLOCK.

1. In the Bi - ble we read, you all know, Of a prod- i - gal saved here be-low;
2. How bright were his hopes on that day, When the prod-i-gal turned him a-way,
3. We know ver-y well that the lad Came home ver-y wear-y and sad,
4. The el - der broth-er drew near, He the danc-ing and music could hear,
5. O if there's a prod-i-gal here, Come now, to your Father draw near,

If you'll open your book to the gos-pel of Luke, The fifteenth chapter will show
From home and from rest, from all that was best, He put no restraint nor delay;
He knew he'd gone wrong, with the riotous throng, He tho't of all that was bad;
So his servant he sent to ask what it meant, They told him his brother had come;
He'll free - ly for-give and take you to live, With Him you'll have nothing to fear;

How they bro't forth a robe and a ring, Made mer-ry, did shout and did sing,
He banished all tho't of his home, And wished but in freedom to roam,
But to cheer him his father would sing, While the air with the music would ring,
Then his fa-ther came outside to him, And begged him that he would come in,
And the bells of heav - en will ring, At the birth of the child of a King,

D. S.—*Glo-ry to God, he's come home,* *Glory to God, he's come home,*

D. S.

Did dance and did laugh round the fatted calf, Glo - ry to God, he's come home.
Till friendless he stood, without clothing or food, He said, I'll arise and go home.
Come let us re-joice with heart and with voice, Glo - ry to God, he's come home.
He said, Don't be sad, we're all merry and glad, Glo - ry to God, he's come home.
It will make you so glad, they'll think you've gone mad, You'll cause such a stir when you sing.

From sin and from crime, from feeding the swine. Glory to God, he's come home.

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139

Beautiful.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Beau-ti-ful robes of white, Beautiful land of light, Beautiful home so bright,
2. Beau-ti-ful thought to me, We shall for-ev-er be Thine in e - ter - ni - ty,
3. Beau-ti-ful things on high, O-ver in yon-der sky; Thus I shall leave this shore.

Where there shall come no night; Beautiful crown I'll wear, Shining with stars o'er there, Yonder in
When from this world we're free; Free from its toil and care, Heavenly joys to share, Let me cross
Counting my treasures o'er; Where we shall never die, Carry me by and by, Nev-er to

CHORUS.

mansions fair, Gather us there. Beautiful robes,..... Beautiful land,...
o - ver there, This is my pray'r.
sor-row more, Heav-en-ly store. Beau-ti-ful robes of white, Beautiful

..... Beau-ti-ful home,..... Beau-ti-ful band,.....
land of light, Beau-ti-ful home so bright, Beau-ti-ful land no night,

Beau - ti - ful crown,..... Shin-ing so fair,.....
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful crown, Shining, yes, shining so fair,

J. A, Lee, owner of copyright.

Beautiful. CONCLUDED.

140 All to Christ I Owe.

Key E Flat.

1 I hear the Savior say,
Thy strength indeed is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray;
Find is me thine all in all.

CHORUS:

Jesus paid it all!
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

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

3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

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

141 All Hail.

Key G.

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

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

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

—*Edward Perronet, Alt.*

At the Cross

Key A Flat.

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

CHORUS:

At the cross, at the cross,
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith
I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

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

—*I. Watts.*

143 O for a Heart.

Key G.

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

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

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

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

—*Charles Wesley.*

144 SEND A MIGHTY CURRENT!

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Lord, send a might-y cur-rent like that we read a-bout, Which came at
2. Lord, send a chang-ing cur-rent, sweep back the storm of sin, Sweep back the
3. A pur-i-fy-ing cur-rent we need, O Lord to-day, Sweep out the
4. A strong con-vict-ing cur-rent send, Lord, o'er earth to-day, Sweep thro' the

Pen-te-cost and chang'd the hearts of men; Lord, send the heav'nly breezes and
threat'ning clouds which gather in the sky; Sweep back the howling tem-pest and
sin-ful dross and make us clean with-in; Sweep out the dreadful pas-sion and
hearts of men with mighty strength this hour, Sweep o'er the lands and na-tions with

sweep a-way all doubt, Oh, let us see Thy soul-re-viv-ing pow'r a-gain!
give sweet peace within, Oh, break the pow'r of sin and bring sal-va-tion nigh!
cleanse the stain a-way, Sweep out en-tire-ly, Lord, the least de-sire to sin!
un-mis-tak-en sway, Sweep on un-til the last on earth shall own Thy pow'r!

D. S.—*O send us, Lord, a pen-te-cost-al breeze this hour.*

CHORUS.

Oh, send a might-y cur-rent, con-vict the hearts of men, Oh, let us feel the
"rushing mighty wind" of pow'r; Oh, send a mighty current and sweep the world again;

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145 WON'T YOU COME TO JESUS NOW?

KATE ULMER. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Wea - ry soul, thy Sav-iour died, Yea, for thee was cru - ci - fied,
2. Crim-son tho' thy sins may be In the blood He shed for thee,
3. While the Spir - it plead-eth still, Yield, O yield to Him thy will,
4. Lin - ger not an - oth - er day, Make Him now thy life and stay,

Heaven's gate He o-pened wide, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
There is cleansing full and free, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
Wondrous peace thy heart will fill, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
He will keep thee safe al - way, Won't you come to Je - sus now?

REFRAIN.

Won't you come to Je - sus now?
Won't you come to Je - sus, come just now?

Won't you come to Je-sus now? Come and
Won't you come to Je - sus, come just now? Come to Je - sus

low be - fore Him bow, Won't you come to Je - sus now?
and be - fore Him bow,

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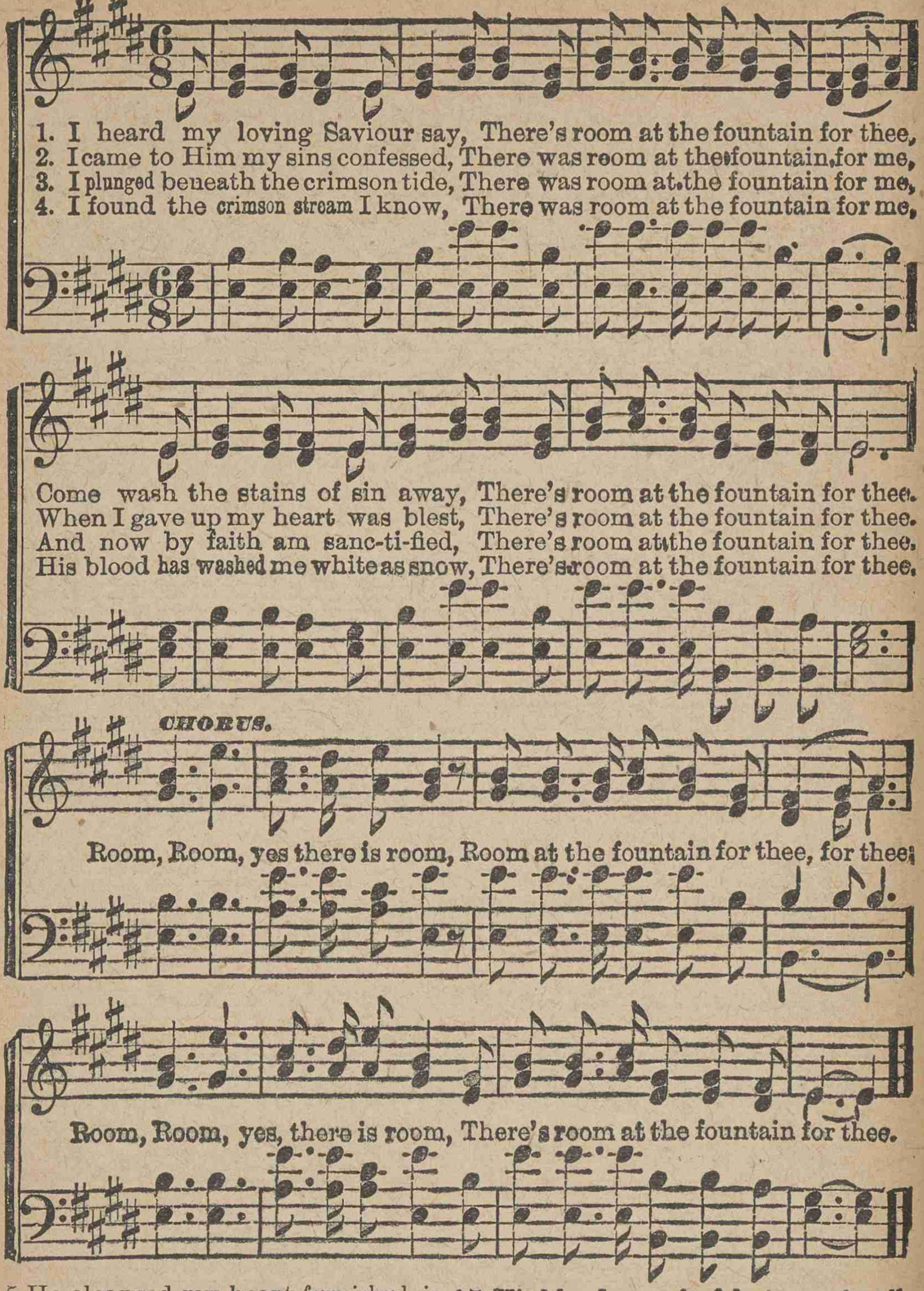
ROOM AT THE FOUNTAIN.

M. J. H.

MRS. M. J. HARRIS.



1. I heard my loving Saviour say, There's room at the fountain for thee,
2. I came to Him my sins confessed, There was room at the fountain for me,
3. I plunged beneath the crimson tide, There was room at the fountain for me,
4. I found the crimson stream I know, There was room at the fountain for me,

Come wash the stains of sin away, There's room at the fountain for thee.
When I gave up my heart was blest, There's room at the fountain for thee.
And now by faith am sanc-ti-fied, There's room at the fountain for thee.
His blood has washed me white as snow, There's room at the fountain for thee.

CHORUS.

Room, Room, yes there is room, Room at the fountain for thee, for thee;

Room, Room, yes, there is room, There's room at the fountain for thee.

5 He cleansed my heart from inbred sin,
There was room at the fountain for me,
And now He keeps me pure within,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

6 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
There was room at the fountain for me;
He saved me from an awful death,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

7 His blood was shed but once for all,
There was room at the fountain for me;
Oh, don't reject sweet Mercy's call,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

8 We'll sing with all the saints above,
There was room at the fountain for me;
And praise Him for redeeming love,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

147 RING THE BELLS OF FREEDOM.

CAPTAIN CASEY. Arr. by CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

1. I was once bound in chains, as a cap-tive I lay 'Neath the snare of the
2. I was once strayed a-way on the mountain so cold, Far a-way from the
3. I was once ver - y deaf to the call of the Lord, I was once ver - y
4. Ring the glad gos-pel bells, let the mu - sic re-sound Far and near in the

temp-ter under sin's mighty sway, But the Lord, bless His name, spoke deliv'rance to
Shepherd, far a-way from the fold, But the Lord, bless His name, sought the mountains a-
blind to the light of His word, But the Lord, bless His name, touched my eye and my
darkness where a soul may be found; Ring the glad gospel bells, sound the message of

me, Ring the glad gos - pel bells, I am free, I am free.
round, Ring the glad gos - pel bells, I am found, I am found. Ring the bells of
ear, Ring the glad gos - pel bells, I can see, I can hear.
peace, Tell the world that from sin there's a bless-ed re-lease.

CHORUS.

freedom from the pow'r of sin, Ring the bells of freedom from its stains with-in,

Ring the bells of freedom, Ring the bells of freedom, Freedom from the pow'r of sin.

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148 J. B. M.

HE'S THE ONE.

J. B. MAKAY.

1. Is there a-ny-one can help us, one who understands our hearts When the
2. Is there a-ny-one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we
3. Is there a-ny-one can help us, who can give a sin-ner peace, When his
4. Is there a-ny-one can help us, when the end is drawing near, Who will

thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sympahizes with us,
faint and fall be-neath it in a - larm; Who in tenderness will lift us,
heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon
go thro' death's dark water by our side? Who will light the way before us,

who in wondrous love imparts Just the very, very blessing that we need?
and the heavy burden share, And support us with an ev-er-last-ing arm?
that affords a sweet re-lease And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?
and dispel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spirits safely o'er the tide?

CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, only One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, He's the One; When af-

Yes, there's one, On-ly one,

flictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, He's the One.

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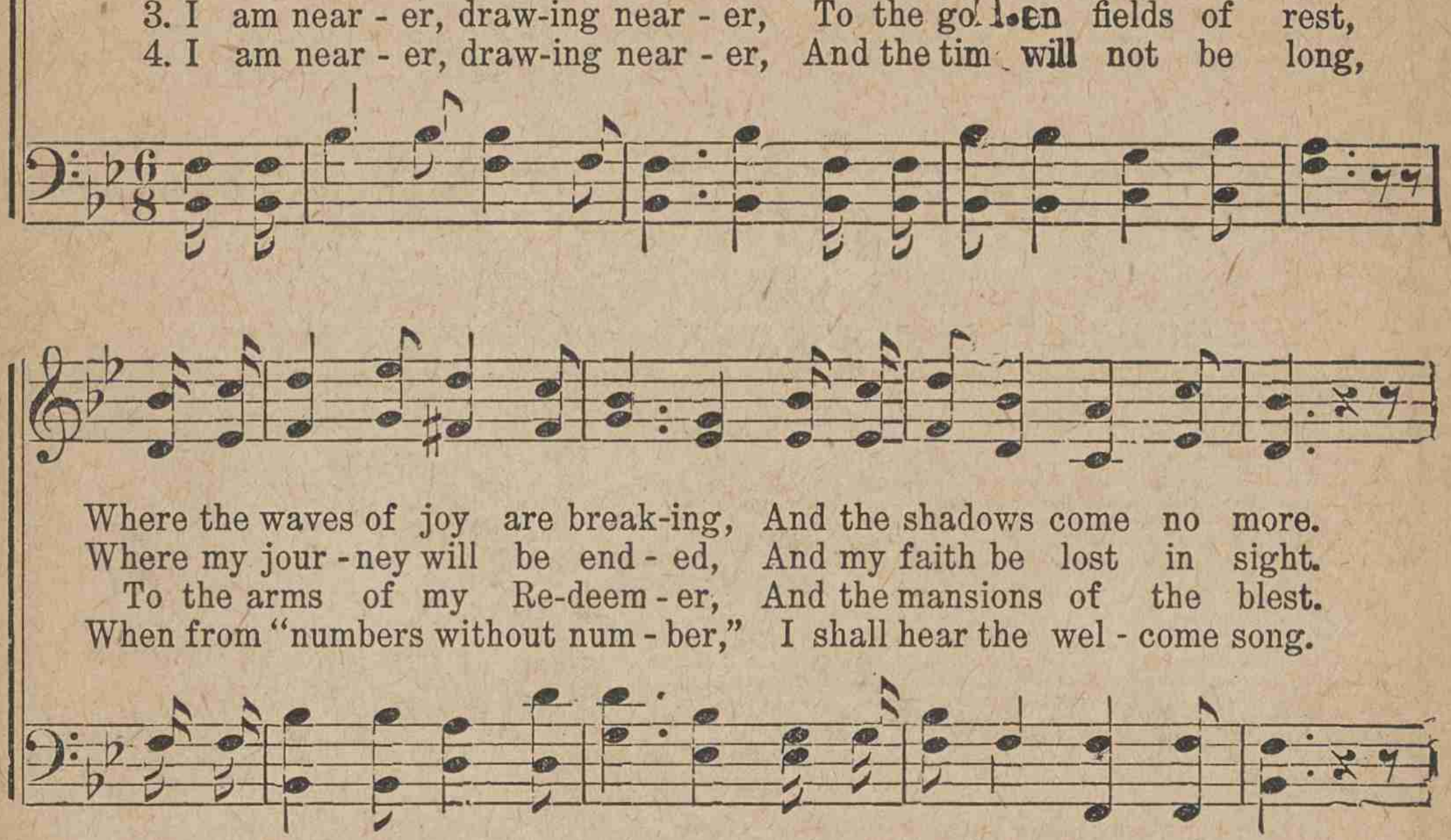
Nearer the Celestial City.*

'And the city had no need of the sun to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it." Rev. 21: 23.

FANNY J. CROSBY. R. E. McNEILL.

Slow, and with great expression.

1. I am near - er, draw-ing near - er, Soon I'll an-chor on the shore,
2. I am near - er, draw-ing near - er, To the pearl - y gates of light.
3. I am near - er, draw-ing near - er, To the gol - den fields of rest,
4. I am near - er, draw-ing near - er, And the time will not be long,



Where the waves of joy are break-ing, And the shadows come no more.
Where my jour - ney will be end - ed, And my faith be lost in sight.
To the arms of my Re-deem - er, And the mansions of the blest.
When from "numbers without num - ber," I shall hear the wel - come song.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, My heart is glad to - day;

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, 'Tis sun - shine all the way.

*This song was given the writer while reading in "The Christian Standard" the testimony of Fanny J. Crosby, at Mountain Lake Park Camp Meeting, where she said: "I feel that I am standing near the gates of the Celestial City"

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150 Up In Heaven.

"He shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain any more."—Rev. 21: 4.

B. S. BELLE STAPLES. Arr. by R. E. M.

1. Sometimes here the shad - ows fall, But in heav'n, but in heav'n,
2. Here our loved ones fade from sight, But in heav'n, but in heav'n,
3. Je - sus is the bless - ed light, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n,
4. Ho - ly an - gels pros - trate fall, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n,
5. On - ly those can en - ter in, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n,

Sad - ness nev - er comes at all, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
We shall meet on plains of light, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
Shin - ing in His glo - ry bright, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
Crown-ing Je - sus Lord of all, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
Who are saved and cleansed from sin, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.

Sor - row there can nev - er stay, God shall wipe all tears a - way,
Walls of jas - per, streets of gold, Bliss that nev - er can be told,
Gates shall not be shut by day, Night for - ev - er passed a - way,
Soon we'll join that hap - py throng, Time is short, 'twill not be long,
Je - sus died that you might be Saved thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,

In that fair, e - ter - nal day, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
When the pear - ly gates un - fold, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
Oh, I'm go - ing there to stay, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
'Till we join the vic - tor's song, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
Won't you come and go with me, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.

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151 Send Forth the Gospel.

UNKNOWN. C. F. WEIGELE.

1. Far, far a-way, in heathen darkness dwell-ing, Mil-lions of souls for-
2. See, o'er the world, wide o-pen doors in-vit-ing; Sol-dier of Christ, a-
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing; "Why will ye die?" re-
4. God speed the day when those of ev-'ry na-tion, "Glo-ry to God" tri-

ev-er may be lost; Who, who will go, sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing—
rise! and en-ter in! Christians, a-wake! your forces all u-nit-ing,
ech-o in His name; Je-sus hath died to save from death ap-pall-ing,
umph-ant-ly shall sing; Ran-somed, redeemed, re-joic-ing in sal-va-tion,

CHORUS.

Look-ing to Je-sus, counting not the cost?
Send forth the gos-pel, break the chains of sin. Send forth the gos-pel! tell to
Life and sal-va-tion therefore go pro-claim.
Shout "Hal-le-lu-jah, for the Lord is King!"

ev-'ry na-tion; Send forth the gos-pel! good news of salvation; Who, who will

go and give them in-for-ma-tion? Tell them of Je-sus and His pow'r to save.

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152 I'm Happy With Jesus Alone.

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord and whose hope the Lord is."—JER. 17:7.

CHAS. P. JONES.

1. There's nothing so precious as Je-sus to me; Let earth with its treasures be gone;
2. When sin-ful and doomed to a life of despair, No light on my pathway to shine,
3. When nothing but death for my ransom could pay, And make me accepted with God,
4. 'Twas Jesus who called me and showed me the way To peace upon earth and in heav'n:
5. Should father and mother forsake me be-low, My bed up-on earth be a stone,

I'm rich as can be when my Sav-ior I see; I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone.
'Twas Jesus who found me and made me an heir To mansions of glory di - vine.
'Twas Jesus who freely Himself made a prey And ransomed my soul with His blood.
'Tis Je-sus who teaches me dai-ly to pray And walk in the light He has giv'n.
I'll cling to my Sav-ior, He loves me I know, I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone.

D. S.—Tho' poor and deserted, thank God, I can say I'm hap-py with Jesus a - lone.

I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone, I'm hap - py with Je - sus a - lone;
a-lone, a-lone;

153 THE VERY SAME JESUS.

Key of G. H. L. EDMUNDS.

1 Come, sinners, to the Living One,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He raised the widow's son,
The very same Jesus.

CHO.—The very same Jesus,
The wonder-working Jesus;
Oh, praise His name He's just the same,
The very same Jesus.

2 Come, feast upon the "living bread,"
He's just the same Jesus
As when the multitudes He fed,
The very same Jesus.

3 Come, tell Him of your griefs and fears,
As when He shed those loving tears,
The very same Jesus.

4 Come unto Him for clearer light,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He gave the blind their sight,
The very same Jesus.

5 Calm midst the wave of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see,
He's just the same Jesus,
Oh, blessed day for you and me!

154 When All the Singers Get Home.

"But the redeemed shall walk there."—Isaiah 35 : 9.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN, by per.

1. My broth - er, a-wake, and sing the sweet sto - ry, Soon the day of re-
2. No mor - tal hath e'er con-ceived of the beau - ty That a - waits the re-
3. Keep work-ing and sing, press on - ward, my broth - er, Till the Sav - ior shall

un - ion will come; Then, oh, what a won - der - ful sing - ing in glo - ry,
deemed ones at home; Be sure, my dear broth-er, you live up to du - ty,
bid you to come; How sweet it will be then to meet with each oth - er,

REFRAIN.

When all redeemed singers get home.
For soon our Re-deem - er will come. Then, oh, what a won - der - ful,
When all redeemed singers get home.

won-der - ful sing-ing When all redeemed singers get home; Re - un - ion, re-

un - ion, thro' a - ges still ring - ing, When all redeemed singers get home.

155 THE WAY IS NARROW.

C. F. WEIGELE. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. My life is not what it used to be, My sor- row and sins are gone,
2. Once life was all dis -ap-point - ment, Friends trust-ed all proved un-true;
3. I mourn no lon-ger in sor - row, The clouds have all passed a - way;
4. I've peace past all un- der-stand - ing, The Com-fort- er dwells with- in;

I sing and I shout hal - le - lu - jah, I'm on my hap - py jour-ney home.
In Je - sus I found help and com-fort, He proved a Friend and Brother too.
I look up to heav - en re - joi- cing, There's glory, glo - ry ev - 'ry day.
I've songs full of joy nev - er end- ing, For Je - sus saves me from all sin.

CHORUS.

The way is ver - y nar- row, but I'll fol - low,..... I'll all the way,

fol - low,..... I'll fol - low;..... The way is ver - y narrow, but I'll all the way, all the way;

fol - low,..... I will fol-low in the footsteps of my Lord. all the way, in the footsteps of my Lord.

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256

WAITING ON THE LORD.

C. F. W. C. F. Weigele.

1. Wait-ing on the Lord for the prom-ise giv - en; Wait-ing on the Lord
2. Wait-ing on the Lord, giv-ing all to Je - sus; Wait-ing on the Lord
3. Wait-ing on the Lord, long-ing to mount high-er; Wait-ing on the Lord,

to send from heav-en; Wait-ing on the Lord, by our faith re-ceiv - ing;
till from sin He frees us; Wait-ing on the Lord for the heav'nly breez-es;
hav-ing great de - sires; Wait-ing on the Lord for the heav'nly fire;

Chorus.

Wait - ing in the up - per room. The pow - - - er! the
The Pen - te- cost - al pow'r! the

pow - - - er! Gives vic-t'ry o - ver sin, and pu - ri - ty with-in; The
Pen-te-cost- al pow'r! The

pow - - - er! the pow - - - er! The pow'r they had at Pen-te-cost.
Pen-te-cost-al pow'r! the Pen-te-cost-al pow'r!

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157 THIS IS LIKE HEAVEN TO ME.

J. E. F. J. E. FRENCH.

1. We find man - y peo - ple who can't un - der-stand Why we are so hap - py and free; We've cross'd o - ver Jor - dan to Ca-naan's fair land,
2. So when we are hap - py we sing and we shout, Some don't un-der- stand us, I see; We're filled with the Spir - it, there is - n't a doubt,
3. We've heard the sweet mu- sic, the heav - en - ly chord, From Glo - ry Land o - ver the sea; A soul-thrill-ing mes - sage from Je - sus our Lord,
4. We're look - ing for Je - sus with glo - ry to come, 'Tis Je - sus who died on the tree; A cloud of bright an - gels to car - ry us home,

CHORUS.

And this is like heav - en to me.
And this is like heav - en to me.
And this is like heav - en to me.
Oh, that will be heav - en to me.

1–3. Oh, this is like heav-en to
4. Oh, that will be heav-en to

me (to me), Yes, this is like heav - en to me (to me); I've crossed o - ver Jor - dan to Canaan's fair land, And this is like heav- en to me (to me).
me (to me), Yes, that will be heav - en to me (to me); A cloud of bright an - gels to car - ry me home, Yes, that will be heav- en to me (to me).

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158

HE THAT WINNETH SOULS.

E. E. HEWITT. J. M. HARRIS.

1. Bless-ed is the serv-ice of our Lord and King, Pre-cious are the jew-els we may help to bring; Down the pass-ing a-ges words of
2. In the qui-et home-life, show-ing love's bright ray, More and more like Je-sus, liv-ing ev-'ry day, We may guide a dear one to the
3. Out up-on the high-way, go-ing forth with prayer, For the lost and stray-ing, seek-ing ev-'ry-where, Close be-side the Shep-herd, we His
4. Sow be-side all wa-ters, sow the gos-pel seed, Here a word in sea-son, there a lov-ing deed; Sin-ners to the Sav-ior, be it

rit. ad lib.

coun-sel ring, He that win-neth souls is wise.
heav'nward way, He that win-neth souls is wise.
joy may share, He that win-neth souls is wise.
ours to lead, He that win-neth souls is wise.

CHORUS.

He that winneth souls is wise; . . . . . In the home be-yond the skies, ...
winneth souls is wise, In the home be-yond, be-yond the skies,

rit. ad lib.

There's a crown of glo-ry, oh, the wondrous prize! He that winneth souls is wise.

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159 NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

"The promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him, Amen."—2 Cor. 1: 20.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. O the prom-is - es of God Long have Sa-tan's might withstood, And no pow'r of dark-ness o'er them shall pre-vail; They are build-ed sure and strong
2. O the might-y hand of time Fash - ions many a work sub - lime, Yet the tide of years their splen-dor shall as - sail; But the Word of God, this hour,
3. Trust those ho-ly words to - day, Let them guide you on life's way, Seek their ref - uge in temp - ta-tion's roughest gale; Strength and courage they shall lend,

D. S.—*builded sure and strong*

For the con - flict with the wrong, And those prom-is - es were nev - er
Thrills with all the old - time pow'r, For those prom-is - es were nev - er
Pow'r from heav - en shall de - scend, For those prom-is - es were nev - er

For the con - flict with the wrong, God's prom-is - es were nev - er

FINE. CHORUS.

known to fail! God's prom-is - es were nev - er known to fail!
were never known to fail!

known to fail!

D. S.

No pow'r of dark - ness o'er them shall pre - vail! They are
shall pre-vail!

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SUPPLEMENT

No. 1.

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

Tune, Zion. Key of D.

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.

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

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

No. 2.

Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep.

Tune, Boylston. Key of C.

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

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

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

No. 3.

In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

Tune, Rathbun. Key of C.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 4.

Love Divine.

Tune, Love Divine. Key of B flat.

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

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

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

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

No. 5.

My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

Tune, Laban. Key of C.

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

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

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

Fight on, my soul, till death
  Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
  To his divine abode.

No. 6.

Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Tune, Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.
Key of E flat.

Fade, fade, each earthly joy;
    Jesus is mine.
Break every tender tie;
    Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless;
    Jesus is mine.

Tempt not my soul away;
    Jesus is mine.
Here would I ever stay;
    Jesus is mine.
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
    Jesus is mine.

Farewell, ye dreams of night;
    Jesus is mine.
Lost in this dawning bright,
    Jesus is mine.
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
    Jesus is mine.

Farewell, mortality;
    Jesus is mine.
Welcome, eternity;
    Jesus is mine.
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
    Jesus is mine.

No. 7.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Tune, Eucharist. Key of D.

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.

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.

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?

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.

No. 8.

Abide With Me.

Tune, Eventide. Key of E flat.

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

No. 9.

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

Tune, St. Martin's. Key of G.

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

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

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

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

No. 10.

Jesus! the Name High Over All.

Tune, Coronation. Key of G.

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

Jesus! the name to sinners dear
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

No. 11.

O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

Tune, Ariel. Key of E flat.

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.

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.

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.

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.

No. 12.

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Tunt, Ortonville. Key of A.

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

No mortal can with him compare,
  Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
  That fill the heavenly train.

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

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

To heaven, the place of his abode,
  He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
  And makes my joy complete.

Since from his bounty I receive
  Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
  Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 13.

Look, Ye Saints, the Sight is Glorious.

Tune, Zion. Key of D.

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.

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.

Sinners in derision crowned him,
  Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
  Own his title, praise his name:
    Crown him, crown him;
  Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark, those 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.

No. 14.

Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus!

Tune, Autumn. Key of A.

Hail, thou once despised Jesus!
  Hail, thou Galilean King!

Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

No. 15.

He Dies! the Friend of Sinners Dies.

Tune, Rockingham. Key of G.

He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,—
A thousand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

The rising God forsakes the tomb;
In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains:

Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

No. 16.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Tune, Missionary Hymn. Key of E.

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

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

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

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,

It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 17.

O for a Heart to Praise My God.

Tune, Azmon. Key of A.

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

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

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

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

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

No. 18.

Forever Here My Rest Shall Be.

Tune, Avon. Key of A.

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

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

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.

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

No. 19.

Onward, Christan Sodiers!

Tune, Onward. Key of E.

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go!

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

No. 20.

There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

Tune, Wellesley. Key of D flat.

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

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

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

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

No. 21.

A Mighty Fortress is Our God.

Tune, Fortress. Key of D.

A mighty fortress is our God,
  A bulwark never failing:
Our Helper he, amid the flood
  Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
  On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
  Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
  The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
  And he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
  Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
  His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of darkness grim—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
  One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers—
  No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
  Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
  His kingdom is forever.

No. 22.

Amazing Grace! How Sweet the Sound.

Tune, Ortonville. Key of A.

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
  That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
  Was blind, but now I see.
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear.
  And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
  The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
  I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
  And grace will lead me home.
The Lord has promised good to me,
  His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
  As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
  And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
  A life of joy and peace.
The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
  The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
  Will be forever mine.

No. 23.

While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night.

Tune, Christmas. Key of D.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

"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:

"The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
Who thus addressed their song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

No. 24.

Vain, Delusive World, Adieu.

Tune, Rockport. Key of B flat.

Vain, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Other knowledge I disdain;
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

No. 25.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.

Tune, Nicæa. Key of E.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

No. 26.

God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

Tune, Arlington. Key of G.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

No. 27.

The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want.

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

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

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

No. 28.

The Lord Will Provide.

Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

Chorus:
Yes, I will rejoice, rejoice in the Lord;
Yes, I will rejoice, rejoice in the Lord;
Yes, I will rejoice, rejoice in the Lord;
With joy in the God of my salvation.

The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:

His saints what is fitting shall ne'er
be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord
will provide."

When Satan appears to stop up our
path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph
by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft
he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise, "The
Lord will provide."

He tells us we're weak, our hope is
in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er
shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our
graces have tried,
This answers all questions, "The
Lord will provide."

No strength of our own, nor good-
ness we claim;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus'
name:
In this our strong tower for safety
we hide;
The Lord is our power, "The Lord
will provide."

When life sinks apace, and death
is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort
us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ
on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord
will provide."

No. 29.

Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

Tune, Woodstock. Key of G.

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

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

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that
reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

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

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

No. 30.

O Thou God of My Salvation.

Tune, Greenville. Key of F.

O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee;
Where shall I thy praise begin?

Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifest his pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

While the angel cheirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned
us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

No 31.

A Charge to Keep I Have.

Key of C.

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

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

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

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

No. 32.

Lo, I Am With You Alway.

Tune, Dulcetta. Key of G.

Always with us, always with us;—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Savior whispers,
From His dwelling-place above.
With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.
With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

No. 33.

Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve.

Tune, Avon. Key of A flat.

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

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

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

Blest Savior, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

No. 34.

He Leadeth Me.

Key of D.

He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Chorus.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!

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

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

No.35.

I Love to Tell the Story.

Key of A flat.

I love to tell the story,
  Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
  Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
  Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings,
  As nothing else can do.

Chorus.
I love to tell the story,
  'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
  Of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the story;
  More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
  Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
  It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
  I tell it now to thee.

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

I love to tell the story;
  For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
  To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
  I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
  That I have loved so long.

No. 36.

O Happy Day.

Tune, Rockingham. Key of G.

O happy day that fixed my choice
  On Thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
  And tell its raptures all abroad.

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.

'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.

Now rest, my long-divided heart;
  Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
  With Him of every good possessed.

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
  That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
  And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 37.

O for a Thousand Tongues, to Sing.

Tune, Azmon. Key of A.

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

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

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.

He breaks the power of canceled sin
  He sets the prisoner free;
His Blood can make the foulest clean;
  His Blood availed for me.

He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
  New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
  The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
  Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come!
  And leap, ye lame, for joy.

No. 38.

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

Tune, Avon. Key of A flat.

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

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

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

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

No. 39.

We Shall See Him.

Tune, Wellesley. Key of D flat.

"We shall see Him," in our nature,
Seated on His lofty throne,
Loved, adored, by every creature,
Owned as God, and God alone!

There the hosts of shining spirits
Strike their harps, and loudly sing
To the praise of Jesus' merits,
To the glory of their King.

When we pass o'er death's dark river,
"We shall see Him as He is,"
Resting in His love and favor,
Owning all the glory His.

There to cast our crowns before Him,
O what bliss the thought affords!
There forever to adore Him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

The Ninety and Nine.

Key of A flat.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer:
"This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me,
And although the road may be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

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

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

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of Heaven:
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

No. 41.

I Need Thee Every Hour.

Key of A flat.

I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

Chorus.

I need Thee, O I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Savior,
I come to Thee!

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

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

I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son!

No. 42.

Jesus, the **Very Thought of Thee.**

Tune, St. Martins. Key of G.

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

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

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!

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.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

No. 43.

Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

Tune, Dennis. Key of F.

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

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

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

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

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

No. 44.

This God is the God We Adore.

Tune, Contrast. Key of G.

This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end:

'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

No. 45.

Come, Ye That Love the Lord.

Tune, We're Marching to Zion.

Key of F.

Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround His throne.

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

The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down His heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the river of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:

Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joy create.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:

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

No. 46.

There is a Land of Pure Delight.

Tune, Varina. Key of E flat.

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.

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

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

No. 47.

Ashamed of Jesus.

Tune, Federal, St. Key of F.

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

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.

Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

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.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Savior slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

No 48.

O Thou, in Whose Presence My Soul Takes Delight.

Tune, Meditation. Key of D.

O Thou, in whose presence my soul
takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in
the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!

Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd,
resort with Thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death
should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?

O why should I wander an alien
from Thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sor-
rows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have
you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has
been,
And where with His flocks He is
gone.

He looks! and ten thousands of an-
gels rejoice,
And myriads wait for His words;
He speaks! and eternity, filled with
His voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will fol-
low Thy call;
I know the sweet sound of Thy
voice;
Restore and defend me, for Thou
art my all,
And in Thee I will ever rejoice.

No.49.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Tune, Bethany. Key of G.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 50.

Grace! 'Tis a Charming Sound.

Tune, Laban. Key of C.

Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

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

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

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

No. 51.

Jerusalem, My Happy Home.

Tune, Dundee. Key of E flat.

Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace in thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

No. 52.

My Hope is Built on Nothing Less.

Key of G.

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

No 53.

On the Mountain's Top Appearing.

Tune, Zion. Key of D.

On the mountain's 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.

Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

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.

Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Savior will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

No. 54.

The Morning Light is Breaking.

Tune, Webb. Key of B flat.

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.

See the 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 Savior's blessing,
  A nation in a day.

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!"

No. 55.

Safely Through Another Week.

Sabbath Morn. Key of G.

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.

While we pray for pardoning grace,
  Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciling face,
  Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

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.

May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
  Conquer sinners, 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.

No. 56.

Joy to the World.

Tune, Antioch. Key of D.

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

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

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.

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

No. 57.

Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices?

Tune, Wilmot. Key of B flat.

Hark! what mean those holy voices,
  Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
  Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story,
  Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory,
  Glory be to God most high!

"Peace on earth, good-will from Heaven,
  Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!
  Loud our golden harps shall sound.

"Christ is born, the great Anointed;
  Heaven and earth His praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
  For our Prophet, Priest, and King.

"Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
  Learn His name, and taste His joy;
Till in Heaven ye sing before Him
  'Glory be to God most high!'"

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