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Singing Schools and Churches,
Singing Conventions and the Home Circle.

... BY ...

H. N. LINCOLN, S. M. BROWN, AND J. M. HUNT.

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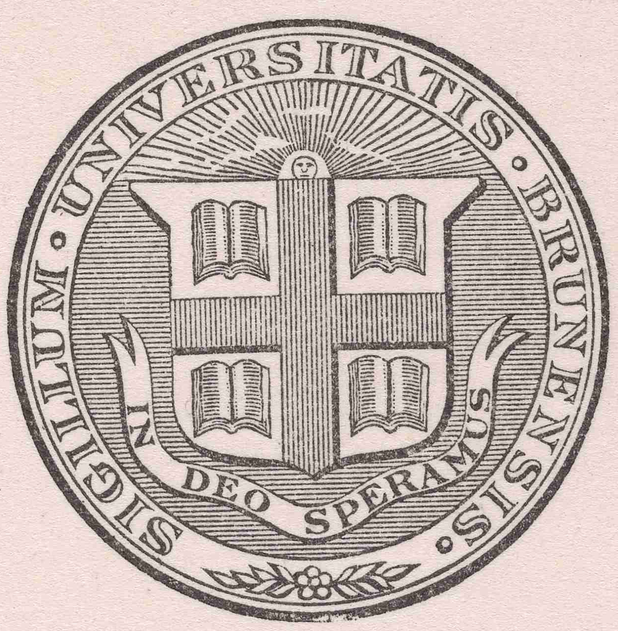
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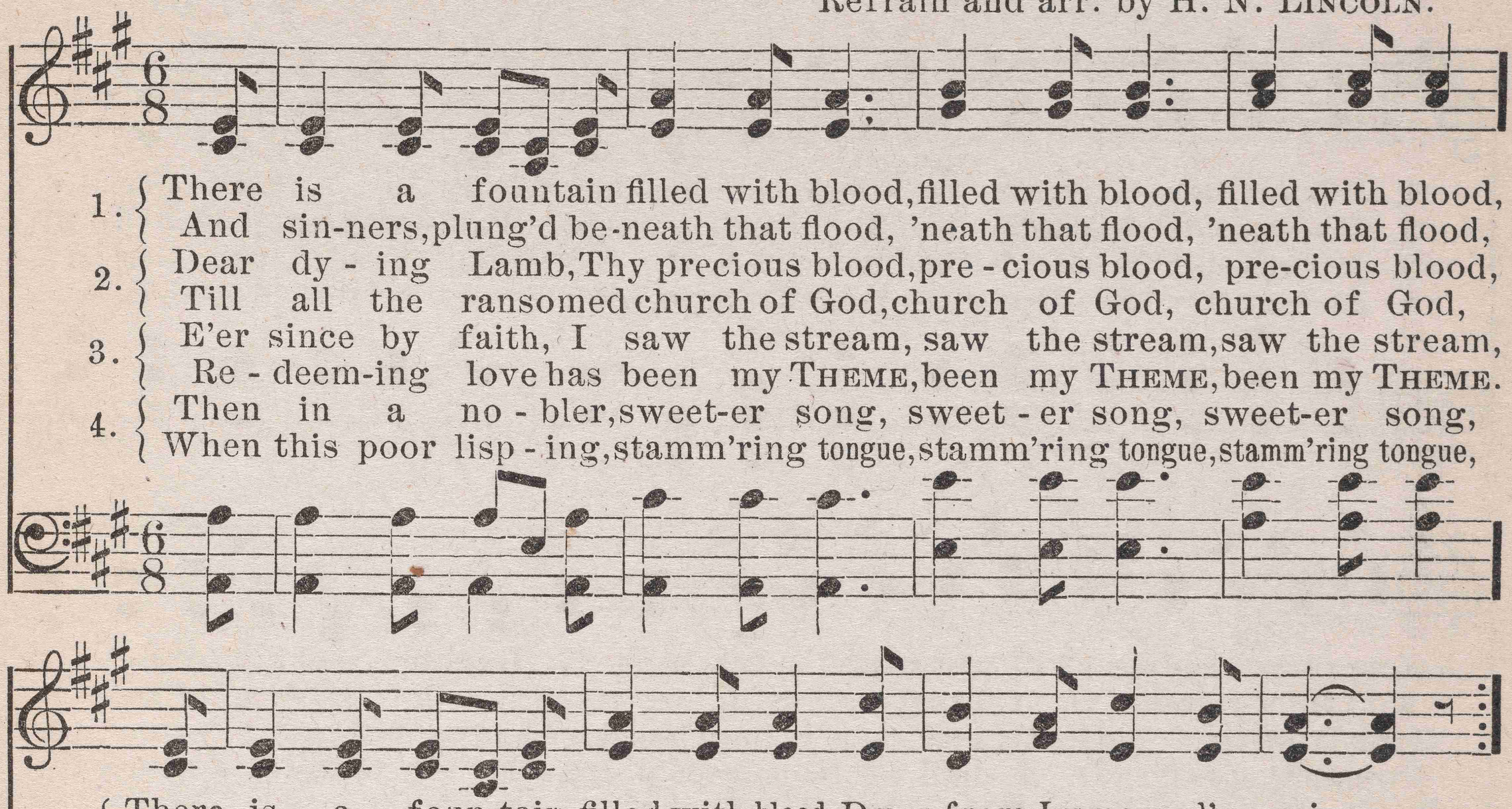
M1.A1 7372c
Music

TITLE-PAGE SONG.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

"In that day shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."—ZECH. 13: 1.

Refrain and arr. by H. N. LINCOLN.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
   And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, 'neath that flood, 'neath that flood,
2. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood, pre - cious blood, pre-cious blood,
   Till all the ransomed church of God, church of God, church of God,
3. E'er since by faith, I saw the stream, saw the stream, saw the stream,
   Re - deem-ing love has been my THEME, been my THEME, been my THEME.
4. Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song, sweet - er song, sweet-er song,
   When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue, stamm'ring tongue, stamm'ring tongue,

There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God Be saved to sin no more.
E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds sup-ply,
Re - deem-ing love has been my THEME, And shall be till I die.
Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

REFRAIN.

O won - der - ful foun - tain, How pre - cious thy stream,

Through a - ges e - ter - nal, 'Twill be our crown-ing THEME.

JESUS, MY SAVIOUR, TO BETHLEHEM CAME.

E. E. HASTY.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a man - ger to
2. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
3. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, the same as of old, While I did wan - der a -
4. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, shall come from on high; Sweet is the prom-ise as

sorrow and shame; O, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for
soul He set free; O, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for
far from the fold, Gently and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for
wea-ry years fly; O, I shall see Him descend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for

for me, ... for me, ...

me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me;
me, Dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me;
me, Call-ing for me, Call-ing for me, Call-ing for me, Call-ing for me;
me, Com-ing for me, Com-ing for me, Coming for me, Coming for me;

O, it was won-der - ful, blest be His name, Seek-ing for me, for me.
O, 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.
O, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

From "Good Will," by per.

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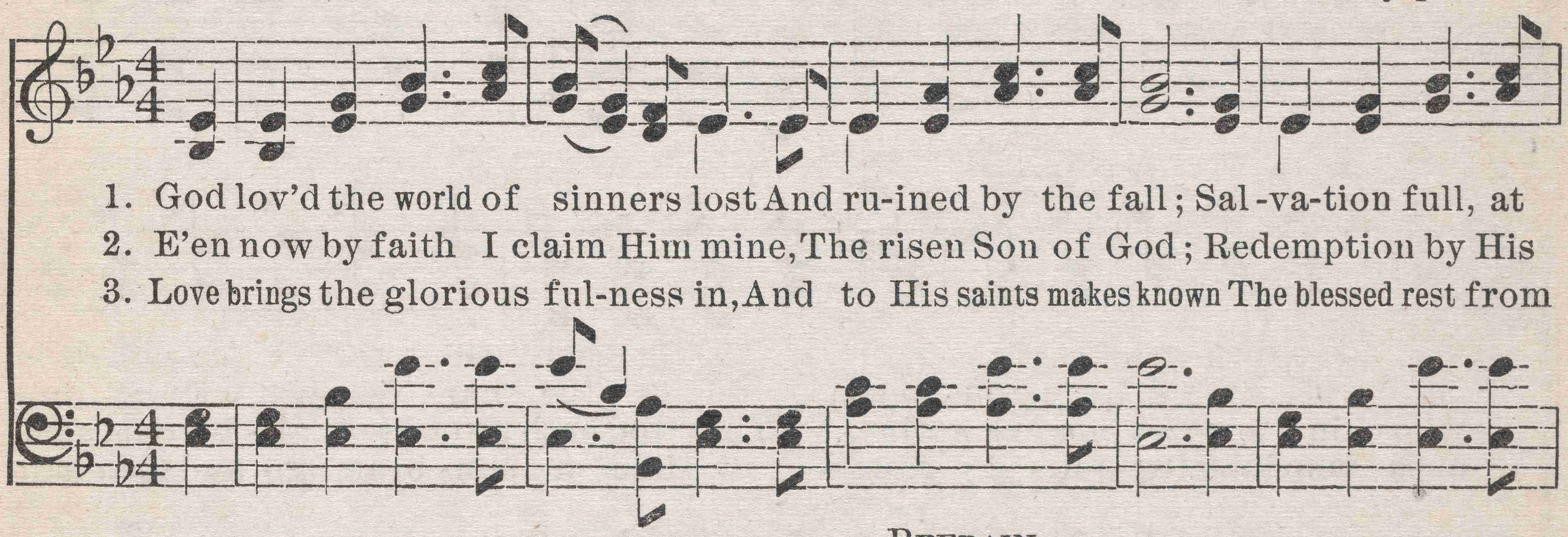
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CROWNING THEME.

No. 1. WONDROUS LOVE.

"God so loved the world."— JOHN 3: 16.

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



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

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

No. 2. WAITING DUTIES.

BIRDIE BELL. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. O, there are sheep with-in the de - sert stray - ing, Or lost up -
2. And there is seed to sow be - side all wa - ters, O, scat - ter
3. So ma - ny hearts are bowed 'neath grief and an - guish, O, tell them,
4. The lone - ly souls who starve for love and kind - ness, The wea - ry

on the rock - y heights a - far; The Shepherd call - eth, "O My chil-dren,
it with lib-'ral, bounteous hand; So at the har - vest you may be re -
who in sor-row so re - pine, That God hath prom-ised, af - ter night's sad
ones who long for qui - et rest,— O like a sun - beam, go and cheer their

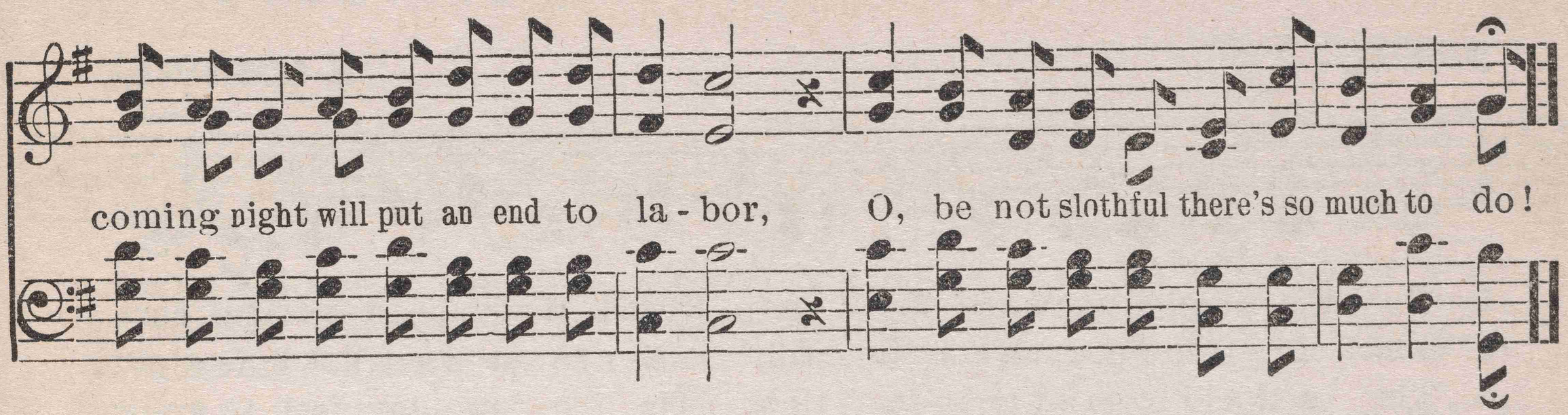
REFRAIN.

help Me To seek the wand'rers, per - ish - ing they are." "Go work within My
joic - ing, And la - den with the gold-en sheaves may stand.
weep-ing Glad songs shall come and morn's sweet radiance shine.
dark-ness; Such work if done for Christ is great-ly blest.

vineyard!" He is say - ing, How can you id - ly stand the whole day thro'? The

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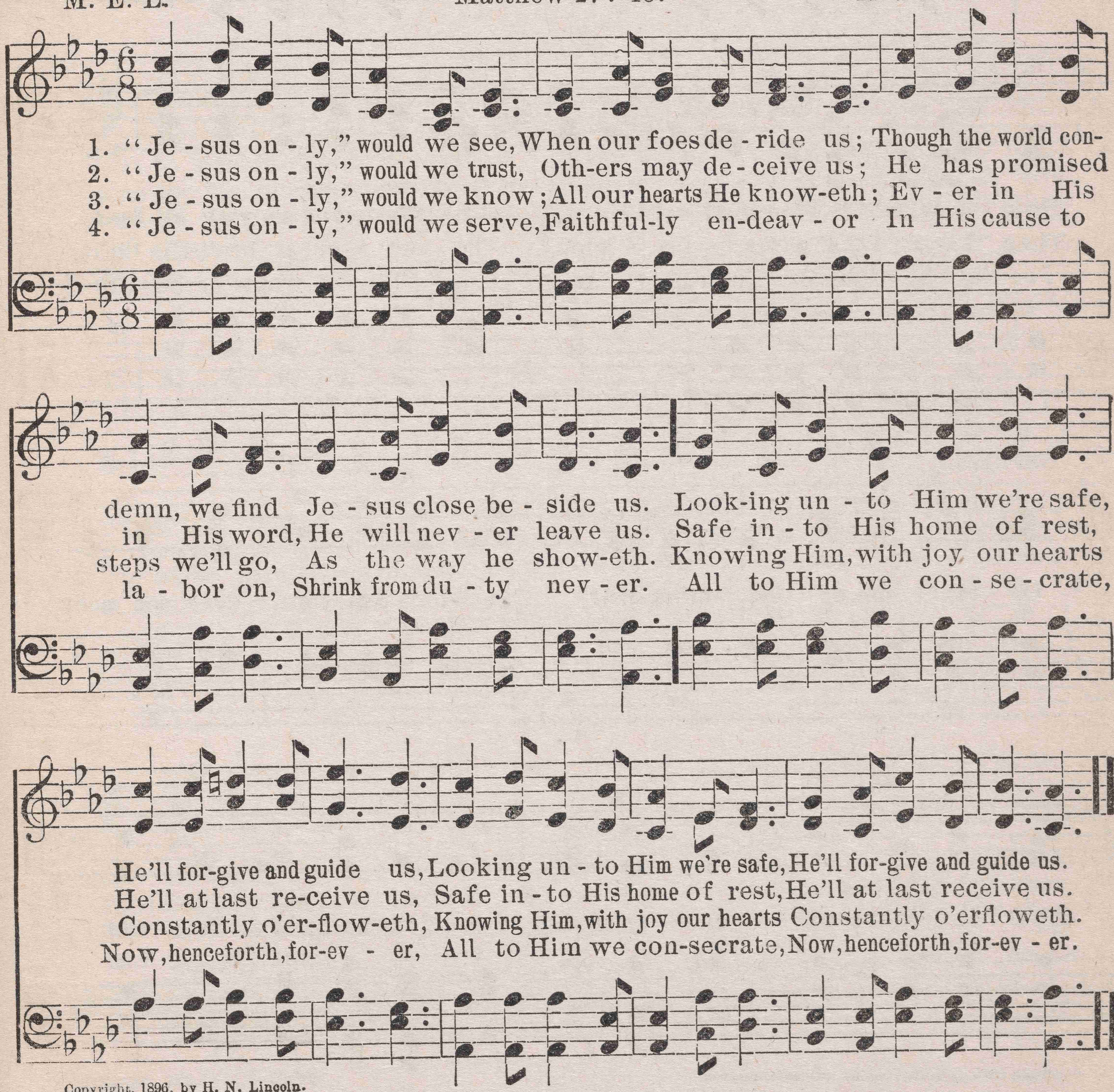
WAITING DUTIES.



No. 3.

JESUS ONLY.

M. E. L. Matthew 27 : 18. H. N. Lincoln.



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No. 4. O THE PRECIOUS NAME OF JESUS.

E. K. H. E. K. HEYSER.

1. O, the precious name of Je - sus; Sweet it sounds to mor-tal ears.
2. Once I wander'd, weak and sin - ful, All the world seem'd dark as night;
3. 'Tis a shield from all temp-ta - tion, 'Tis a lamp, my feet to guide;

How it calms the trou-bled spir - it, How it drives a - way all fears.
Then I learn'd that name so pre - cious, To my soul it bro't the light.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, be Thou near me; Thee I'll trust, whate'er be - tide.

REFRAIN.

O, that name, of all most dear, Pre - cious Sav-iour, ev - er near,
How it calms our ev - 'ry fear; Pre - cious name of Je - sus.

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No. 5. JESUS IS SEEKING FOR THEE.

H. N. LINCOLN.

L. E. JONES.

Softly.

1. Why will you wan-der, O sin-ner, a - lone? Je - sus is seek-ing for thee;
2. Come to the pas-ture all sun-ny and fair, Je - sus is seek-ing for thee;
3. Wait-ing to save from the burden of woe, Je - sus is seek-ing for thee.

Un - to each lost one His mer-cy is shown, Je - sus is seek-ing for thee.
Come to the Shepherd and trust to His care, Je - sus is seek-ing for thee.
Read-y to guard you wherev - er you go, Je - sus is seek-ing for thee.

Once He left Heaven His lov'd ones to win, Seek-ing a - far in the by-ways of sin;
O - pen your heart, He is knocking to-day, He is the light and the on - ly true way;
Come un-to Him who will pardon and save, It was for thee that His life-blood He gave;

Now to the home-land He bids you come in, Je - sus is seek-ing for thee.
Brother, why lin - ger in dark-ness a - way, Je - sus is seek-ing for thee.
Yet He lives vic - tor o'er sin and the grave, Je - sus is seek-ing for thee.

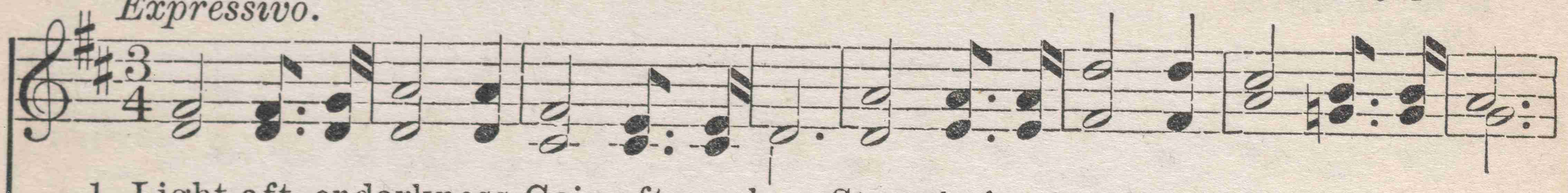
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No. 6. LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

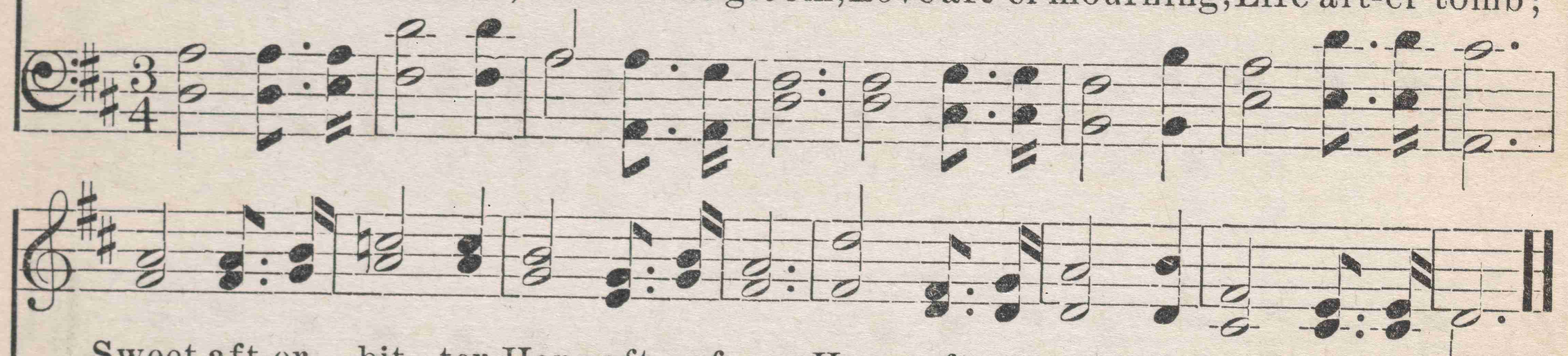
Music written at a country graveyard.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

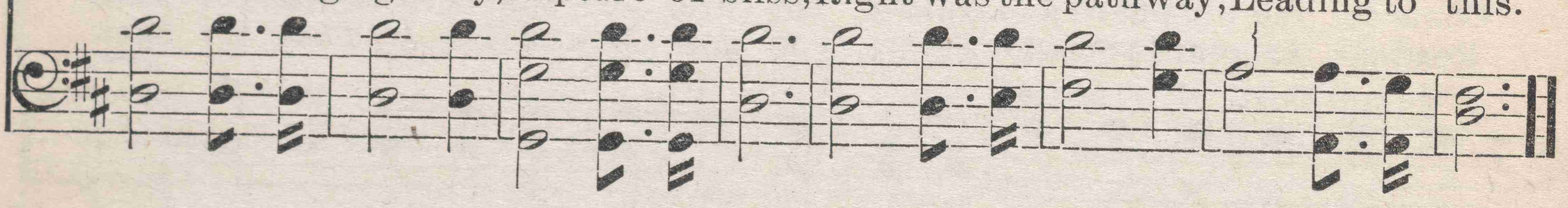
Expressivo.



1. Light aft- er darkness, Gain aft - er loss, Strength aft-er weakness, Crown after Cross;
2. Sheaves aft-er sow-ing, Sun aft - er rain, Sight aft-er mys- t'ry, Peace aft-er pain;
3. Near aft -er distant, Gleam aft-er gloom, Love aft-er mourning, Life aft-er tomb;

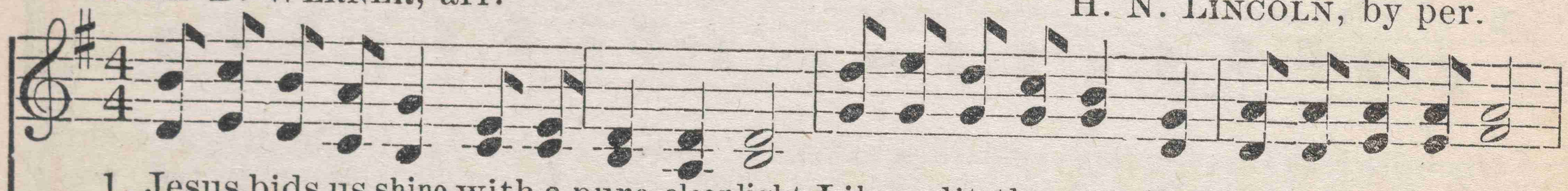


Sweet aft-er bit - ter, Hope aft-er fears, Home aft-er wand-'ring, Praise aft-er tears.
Joy aft-er sor-row, Calm aft-er blast, Rest aft-er toil - ing Sweet rest at last.
Af - ter long ag - ony, Rapture of bliss, Right was the pathway, Leading to this.

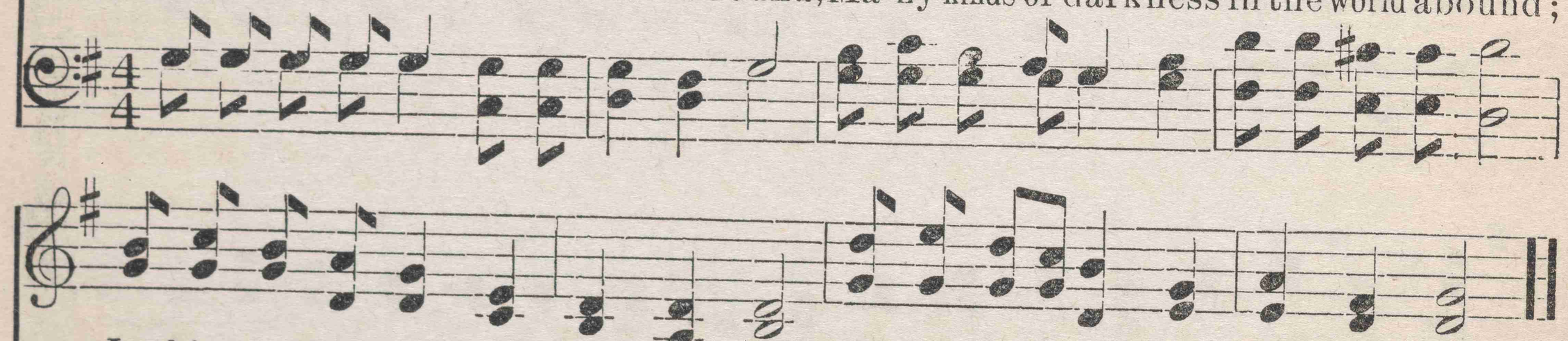


No. 7. JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

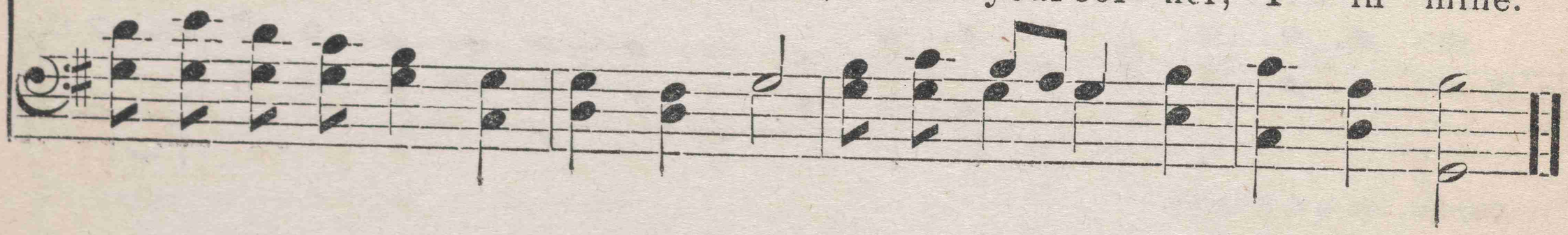
ANNA B. WERNER, arr. H. N. LINCOLN, by per.



1. Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light, Like a lit-tle can- dle burning in the night;
2. Jesus bids us shine first of all for Him, Well He sees and knows it, if our light is dim;
3. Jesus bids us shine then for all a-round, Ma-ny kinds of darkness in the world abound;



In this world of darkness, we must shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.
He looks down from heav'n and sees us shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.
Sin and want and sorrow; so we shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.



No. 8. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF SONG.

JENNIE WILSON. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. When the shadows of night shall have taken flight, When have vanished all grief and wrong,
2. Tho' thy bur-den and care now are hard to bear, Weary soul, it will not be long
3. Af - ter toil-ing and strife cometh bless-ed life With the sin-less ce - les-tial throng,
4. In the glo - ri-ous psalm sung be-fore the Lamb To whom hon-or and praise be-long,

Not a tear nor a sigh shall be known on high In the beau-ti-ful land of song.
Till thy cross thou canst lay glad-ly down for aye In the beau-ti-ful land of song.
Af - ter sad moans of pain cometh rapture's strain In the beau-ti-ful land of song.
Thou shalt join with a joy free from all al - loy In the beau-ti-ful land of song.

REFRAIN.

O! the beautiful, beau-ti-ful land of song, On e - ter-nity's side of death's solemn tide!

In that beautiful, beau-ti-ful land of song We shall ev-er abide with the pur-i-fied.

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No. 9. THE WONDROUS GIFTS OF JESUS.

F. S. SHEPARD. H. N. LINCOLN.

Not too fast.

1. O! the wondrous *love* of Je - sus Which to me is dai - ly shown,
2. O! the wondrous *peace* of Je - sus Which to me is free - ly given,—
3. O! the wondrous *pow'r* of Je - sus Which in me is man - i - fest,

As He comes and walks be - side me, Nev - er leav - ing me a - lone.
Peace which pass- eth un - der-stand-ing, Fills my soul with joys of heav'n.
Giv - ing vic - t'ry o'er temp -ta- tions, And a sweet a - bid - ing rest.

REFRAIN.

O! the wond-rous, wondrous blessings, Which on me He doth be- stow;

Love and *peace* and *pow - er* giv- ing For my dai - ly life be - low.

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No. 10. OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

IDA L. REED. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Out of the shad - ows, In - to the light, . . .
2. Out of the shad - ows Shroud - ing life's way, . . .
3. Out of the shad - ows, Out of the night, . . .

Lead me, my Sav - iour, By Thy love's might, . .
Lead me, Lord Je - sus, In - to Thy day; . . .
Lead me, my Sav - iour, In - to Thy light; . .

Hum - bly I've sought Thee, Hear Thou my plea, . . .
In - to the splen - dor Of Thy dear home. . . .
Lord, be Thou near me, All of the way, . . .

Rit.

Out of sin's dark - ness, Guide me to Thee.
Through Thy love ten - der, Fain would I come.
Let me no long - er Far from Thee stray.

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No. 11. I WILL TRUST MY SAVIOUR.

"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel and afterward receive me to glory." Psalms 73: 24.

H. N. L. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. I will trust my Saviour While on earth I live, He will keep me ev - er,
2. Tri-als will be-set me, Troubles will be - fall, He will not for-get me,
3. Flesh and heart shall fail me, For I am but dust; Sa - tan will as-sail me,
4. Then with Him up yon-der, I my crown shall wear, Nev - er-more to wan - der,

All my sins for - give; He will help and guide me, By His bless-ed word,
He will hear my call; Je - sus will pro-tect me, If I to Him flee,
But in God I'll trust; He will nev - er leave me, Nor my soul for - sake,
No more cross to bear; In that home e - ter - nal, I shall e'er en - joy

REFRAIN.

Harm can-not be-tide me, While I trust my Lord. Yes, I'll trust in my Sav-iour,
Ev - er He'll di-rect me, He my strength shall be.
But He will re-ceive me, When from death I wake.
Peace and love su-per-nal, Bliss with-out al - loy.

rit.

While I journey be - low, Thro' this valley of sor-row He will lead me, I know.

By per. S. Brainard's Sons.

No. 12. IN GLORY, SOME DAY.

E R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Shall we stand a - mong the an - gels, In glo - ry, some day?
2. Shall we bear the palms of vic - t'ry, In glo - ry, some day?
3. Shall we hear the an - gel cho - rus, In glo - ry, some day?

Shall we join the saints tri - um-phant, In glo - ry, some day?
Shall we wear the crowns un - fad - ing, In glo - ry, some day?
And the song of man's re - demp-tion, In glo - ry, some day?

REFRAIN.

If we give up all for Je - sus, His free grace shall fail us not; When our

earthly journey ceas-es That shall be our hap-py lot, That shall be our hap - py lot!

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No. 13. NO PAIN NOR SORROW SHALL BE THERE.

JENNIE WILSON. Rev. 21: 9. H. N. LINCOLN.

Good for Quartet and Chorus.

1. When "former things" have pass'd a - way, And we have reached the cit - y fair,
2. God's ten - der hand will dry our tears, And ban - ish wear - i - ness and care;
3. Be-yond the pearl - y gates of peace The cross of grief no soul shall bear,
4. O blest as - sur - ance! by and by, The home of an - gels we shall share,

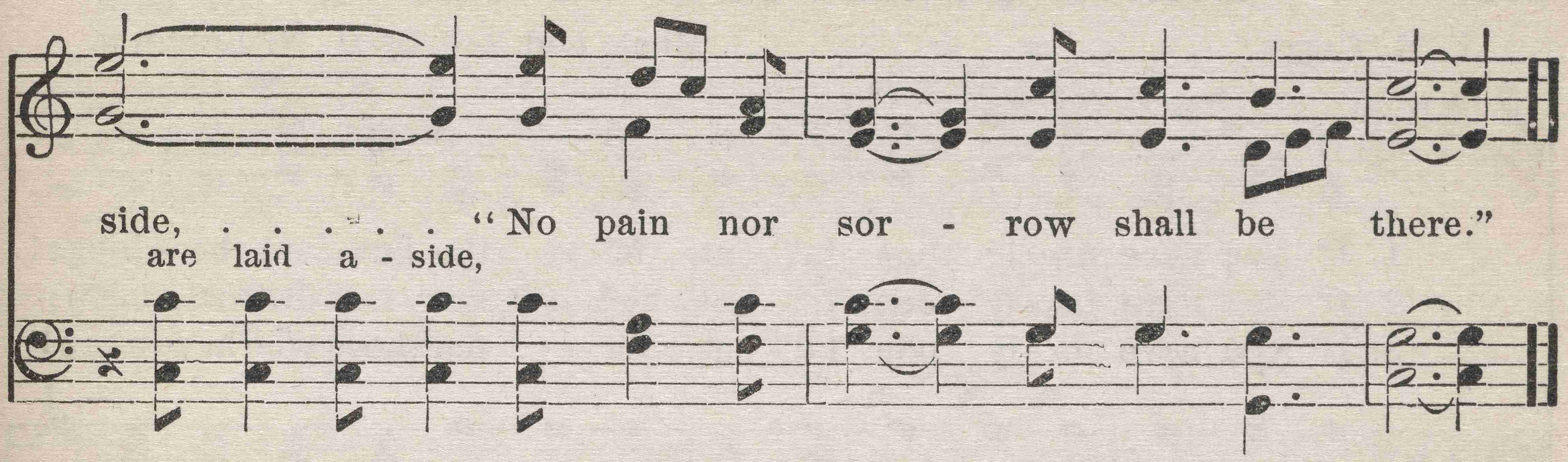
Il - lum - ined by e - ter - nal day, "No pain nor sor-row shall be there."
Thro' all the glad ce - les - tial years, "No pain nor sor-row shall be there."
Then com-eth per - fect, sweet release, "No pain nor sor-row shall be there."
And, safe in man-sions built on high, We'll find no pain nor sor-row there.

CHORUS.

O prec-ious words be-yond the tide, Where dwell in light . . . . the glo - ri - fied,
O precious words be -yond the tide, Where dwell in light
All earth-ly ills . . . . are laid a -
All earth-ly ills

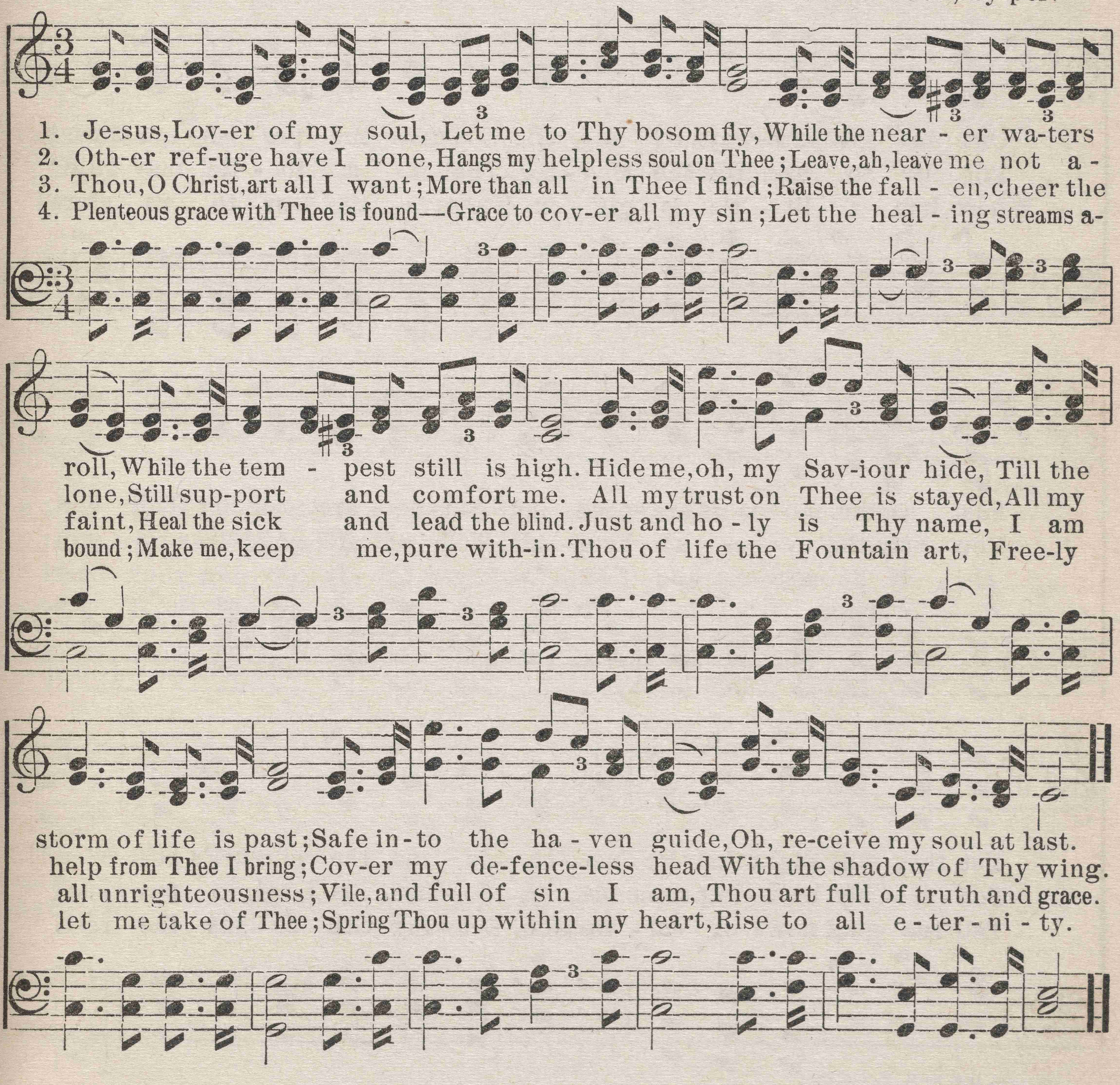
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NO PAIN NOR SORROW SHALL BE THERE.



No. 14. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

C. WESLEY. JOS. P. HOLBROOK, by per.



No. 15. BRING SOMEBODY TO JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. Music and Ref. by H. N. LINCOLN.

1. If you have on-ly one tal-ent, It to the Sav-iour be-longs!
2. If you have on-ly one tal-ent, Let it not i-dle re-main;
3. If you have on-ly one tal-ent, En-vy not those who have more!

Out in the path-ways of e-vil, Wit-ness the per-ish-ing throngs!
Put it to use, for the Mas-ter, That it a lit-tle may gain!
Where but a lit-tle is giv-en, There is the less to re-store!

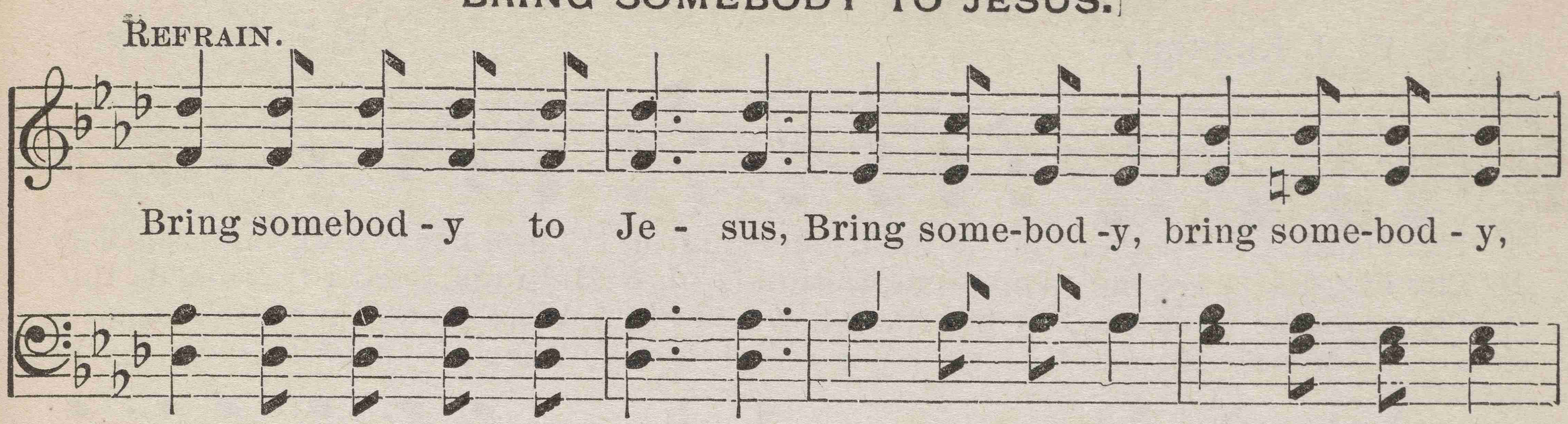
Fast as the mo-ments are speed-ing, Sin-ners are near-ing their end;
You may, tho' ev-er so hum-ble, Tell of His good-ness to you;
On-ly be earn-est and faith-ful, Pray'r-ful-ly do-ing your best!

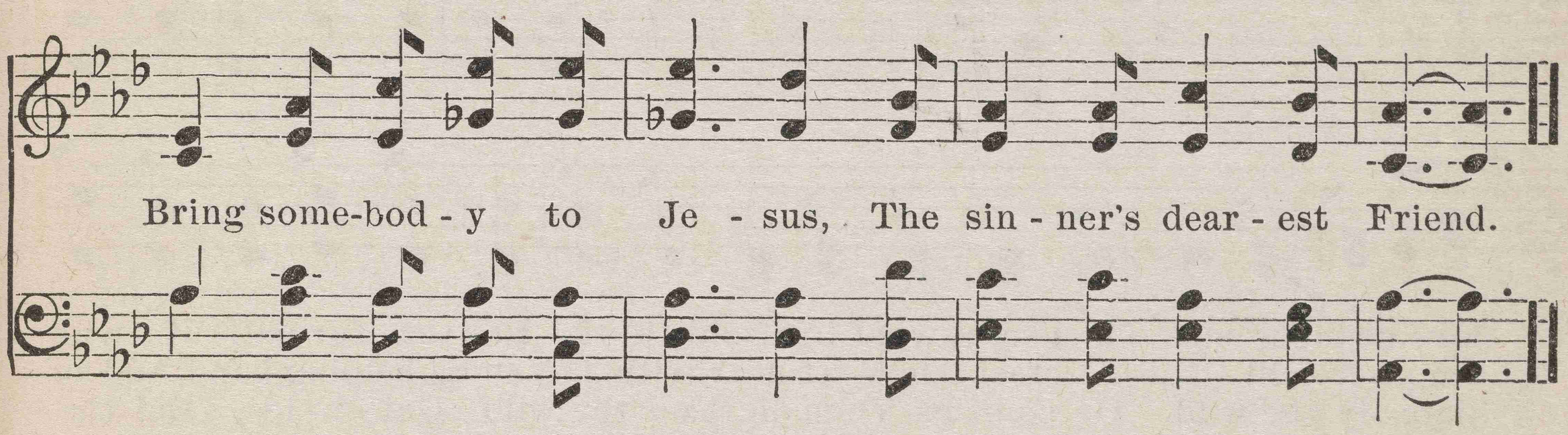
Yet, they will slight their Re-deem-er,—Je-sus, the sin-ner's best friend!
Pos-si-bly lead-ing some oth-er, Je-sus, his Lord, to pur-sue!
Tell the glad news of sal-va-tion, Leav-ing with Je-sus the rest.

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BRING SOMEBODY TO JESUS.

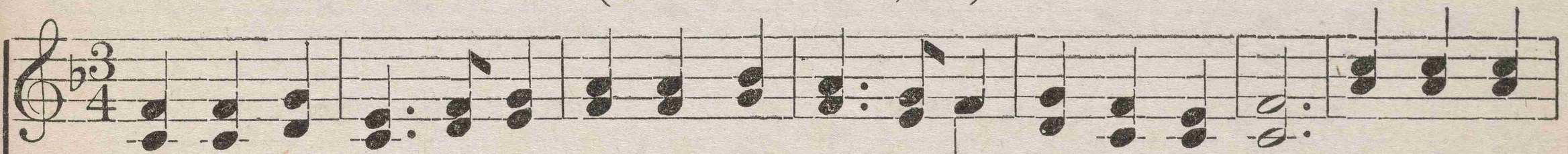
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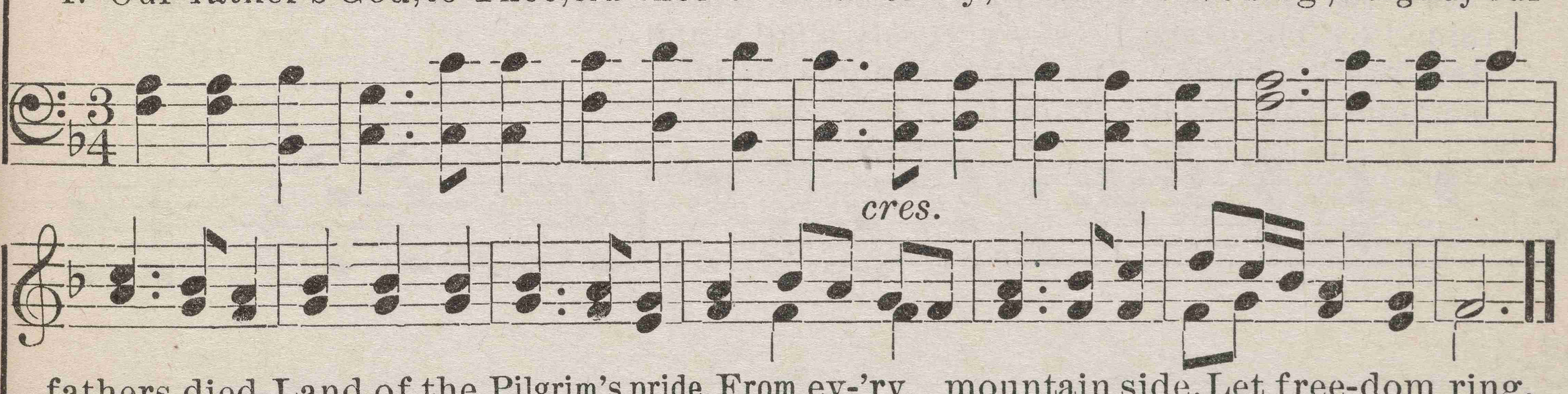


No. 16. MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

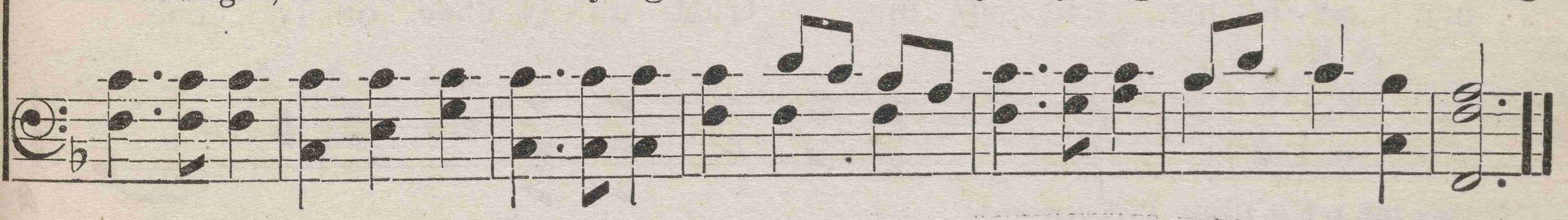
S. F. SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s, 4s.)



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
4. Our father's God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our



fathers died, Land of the Pilgrim's pride, From ev-'ry mountain side, Let free-dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a-bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright, With freedom's ho-ly light, Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.



No. 17. THOU GOD SEEST ME.

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

1. Thou God se - est me, is a glad, cheering tho't; Thou art watch-ing me still, Thy love changes not. Thou seest what life holds in the fu - ture for me; I will
2. Thou God se - est me when tempta-tion is nigh; Help me, Lord, to re-sist, the tempt-er will fly. I feel Thou art near with Thy strong, helping hand, And sus-
3. Thou God se - est me, Thy poor, weak, weary child, When around me life's storms rage fierce-ly and wild. O come as Thou didst on the wild Gal - i - lee, Bid the
4. Thou God se - est me in pros-per - i - ty's day, When ad-ver-si-ty's storms have all rolled a - way. From earth's sinful pleasures, O Lord, keep me free, Still re -

REFRAIN. *Reverently.*

rest in Thy love, trust my guidance to Thee. Thou God se - est me, se - est me, se - est me, Still help me to trust on - ly Thee, on- ly Thee.
tained by Thy grace, I se - cure - ly shall stand.
tem-pests subside, O speak peace un- to me.
mem-ber- ing sweetly, Thou God se - est me.

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No. 18. WHITER THAN SNOW.

J. NICHOLSON. W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with -

ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-ev-er I know;
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing I see Thy blood flow;
in me a new heart create; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No;

REFRAIN.

Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

No. 19. SAVED BY GRACE.

E. R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.

ALTO AND TENOR. QUARTET. SOPRANO AND BASS.

1. I have learn'd a sweet new song, Sav'd by grace! sav'd by grace! I to Christ the Lord be-
2. I will strive to keep from sin, Sav'd by grace! sav'd by grace! And a fadeless crown to
3. Tho' temptation me may try, Sav'd by grace! sav'd by grace! I will on my Lord re-
4. If my all to Him I give, Sav'd by grace! sav'd by grace! He will keep me while I

SEMI-CHORUS. REFRAIN. FULL CHORUS.

long, Saved by grace! saved by grace! Where the saints and an - gels
win, Saved by grace! saved by grace!
ly, Saved by grace! saved by grace!
live, Saved by grace! saved by grace!

Where the

are, And no blight of sin can mar; I shall
saints and an - gels are, And no blight, and no blight of sin can mar; I shall

see Him face to face, Saved by grace! saved by grace!
see Him, I shall see Him face to face, saved by grace!

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No. 20. THE NEW JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

I. C. M.

J. E. THOMAS. Arr. by H. N. L.

1. "Je-sus, lov - er of my soul," Bids me in . . His bos-om stay,
2. "Oth-er ref - uge have I none," He my hab - i-ta-tion is;
3. "Thou, O Christ, art all I want," Rests my help - less soul in Thee;
4. "Thou of Life the fountain art," Thou dost wash me white as snow;

And tho' bil - lows round me roll, I am safe - ly hid a - way;
Here no e - vil can be - fall, I am kept in per-fect peace.
Thou wilt nev - er leave a - lone, Nor for - get to comfort me.
I'm con-tent to dwell a - part From all else, Thy love to know.

For He holds me in His arms, Quite be - yond the tempest's reach;
I am cov - er'd all day long, With the shad - ow of His wing;
Thou hast saved my soul from death, Thou hast scat - ter'd doubts and fears,
Bless-ed Son of Righteousness, I so love to look on Thee,

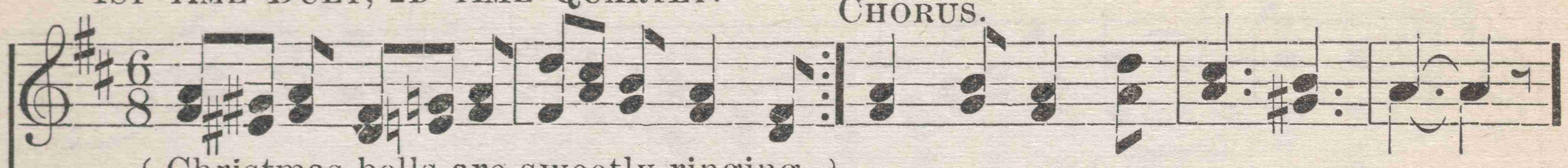
And He whis - pers in my heart Words un - known to hu - man speech.
Dwell in safe - ty thro' the night, Wak-ing, this is what I sing.
And the sun - shine of Thy face Sweetly, dri - eth all my tears.
That my eyes are growing blind To the things once dear to me.

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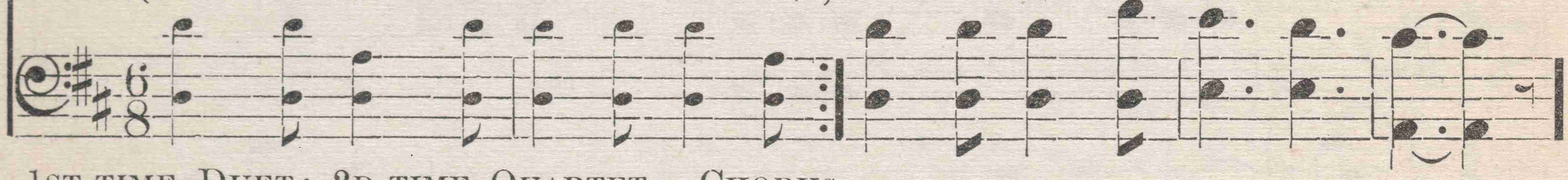
No. 21. CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.

1st time Duet, 2d time Quartet. Chorus.

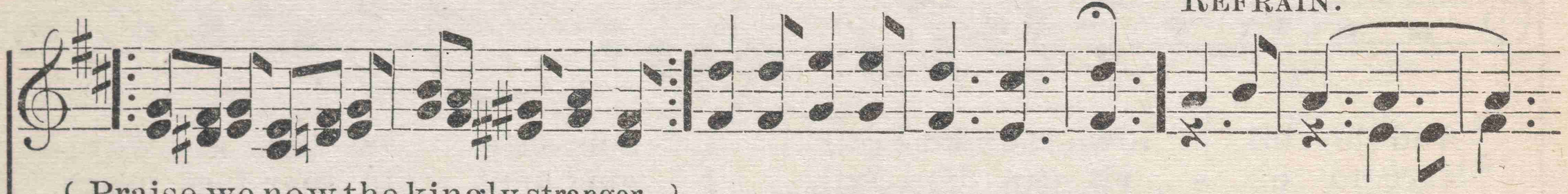


1. { Christmas bells are sweetly ringing, / Mer - ry car - ols we are singing, } 'Tis our Saviour's na - tal day;
2. { An - gel bands, from realms of glo- ry, / Tell in song the wondrous sto-ry, } Of the glo-rious in - fant light;
3. { Sag - es from the eastern na-tion, / Seek the Prince of their sal-va-tion, } Guid-ed by the bril - liant star;



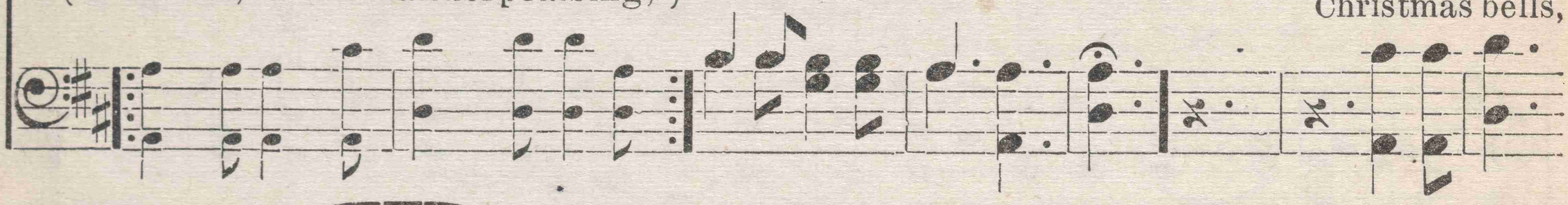
1st time Duet; 2d time Quartet. Chorus.

Refrain.



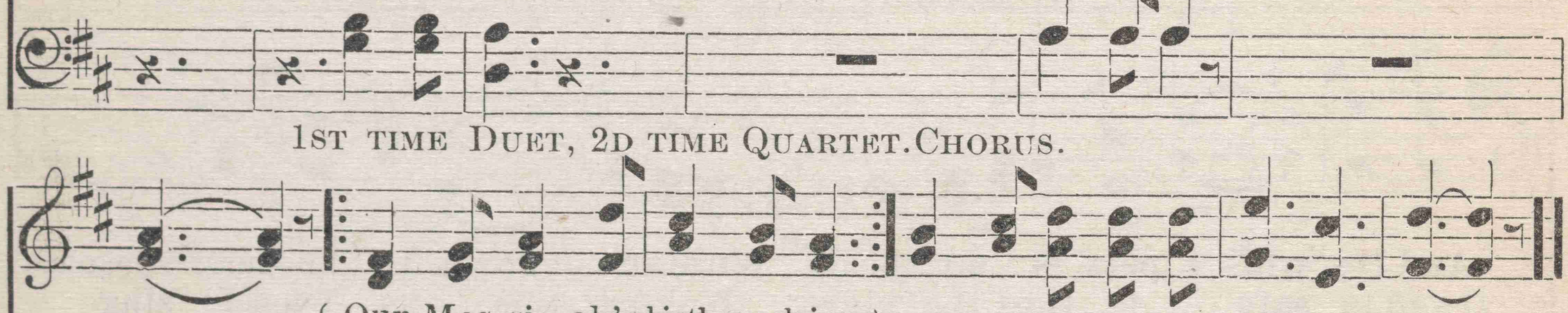
{ Praise we now the kingly stranger, / Born in Bethl'hem's lowly manger, } Let all nations join the lay! Christmas bells, . .
{ Shepherds in the fields residing, / With their flocks by night abiding, } See the vision beaming bright. Christmas bells, . .
{ Now a song to God upraising, / Je-sus, our Immanuel praising, } Let it echo near and far. Christmas bells, . .

Christmas bells,

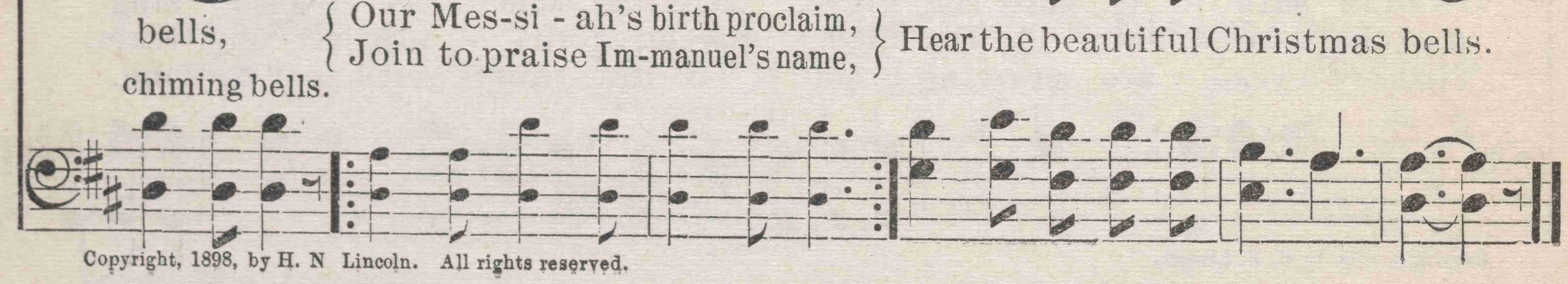


Christmas bells, . . . O, the beauti-ful, chiming bells, Beauti-ful, chiming

Christmas bells, Chiming bells,



1st time Duet, 2d time Quartet. Chorus.



bells, { Our Mes-si - ah's birth proclaim, / Join to praise Im-manuel's name, } Hear the beautiful Christmas bells.

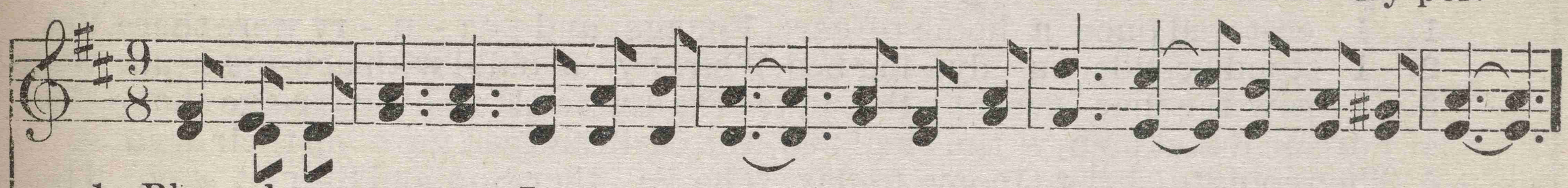
chiming bells.

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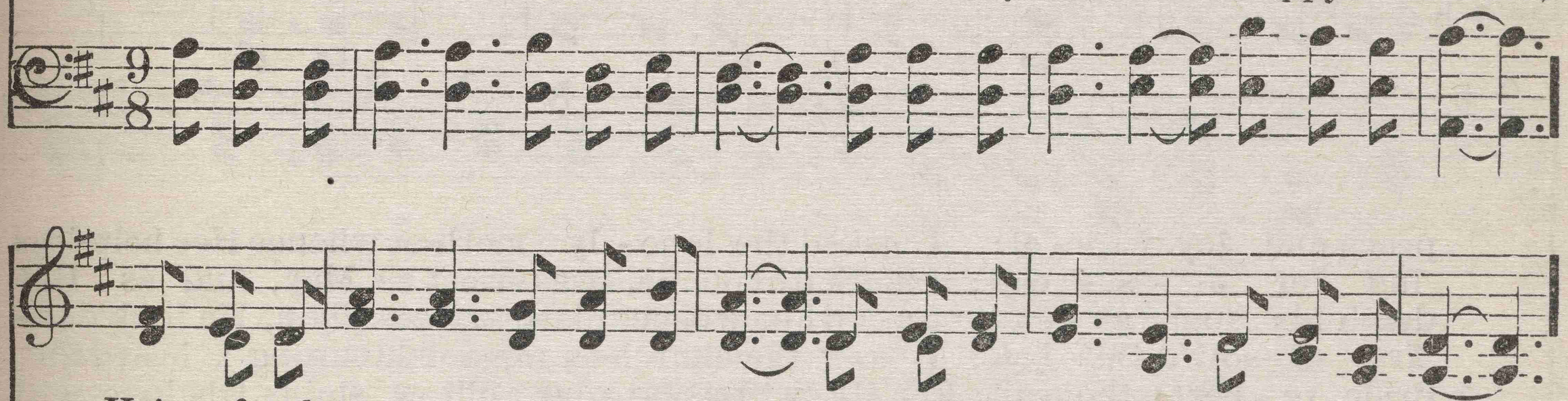
No. 22. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God." I John iii: 2.

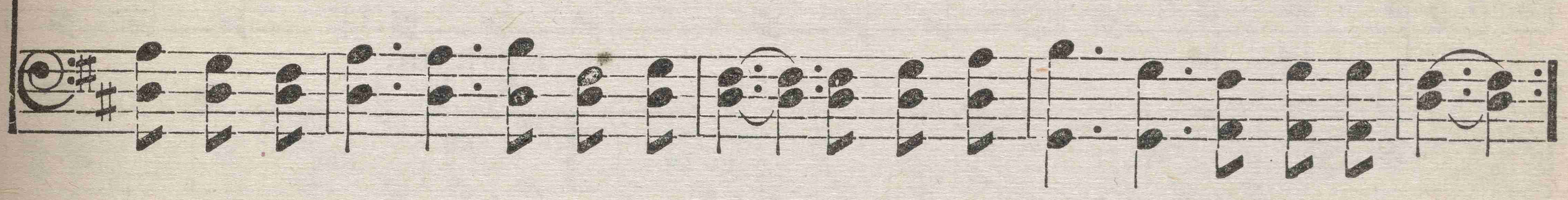
FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.



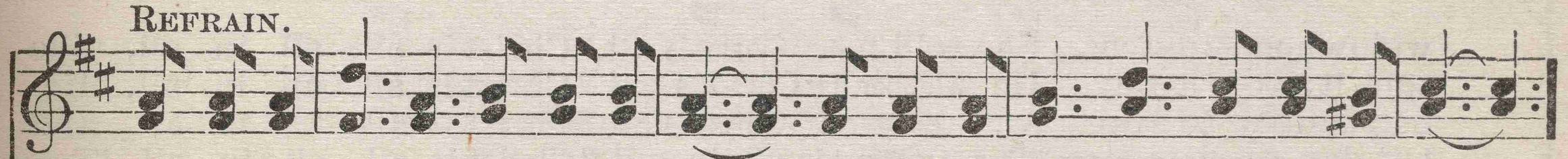
1. Blessed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glo-ry di - vine!
2. Per-fect submission, perfect de - light, Visions of rap - ture burst on my sight;
3. Per-fect submission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am happy and blest;



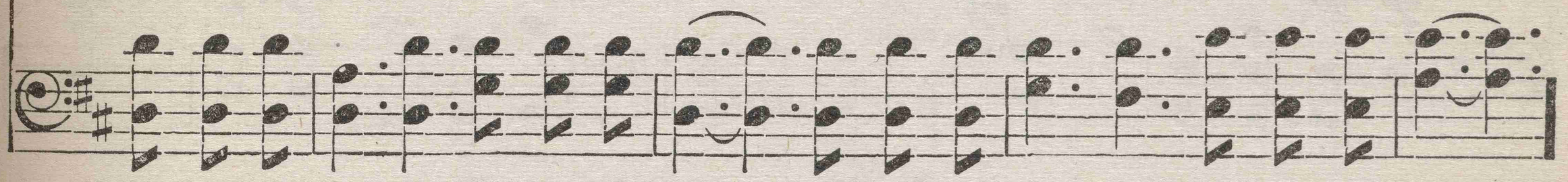
Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God; Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
An-gels descending, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.
Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Fill'd with His goodness, lost in His love.



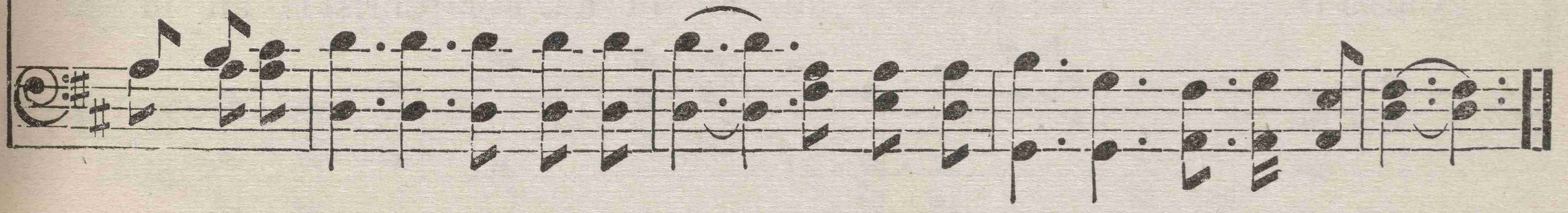
REFRAIN.



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



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



No. 23.

CHRIST IS ALL.

Rev. W. A. Williams.

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there, Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth-er whence Her help-less widowhood's defense, She told me, "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in all, She told me, "Christ is all."
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach-ing head, Wait- ing for Je - sus' call; I mark'd his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as His spir- it pass'd a-way, He whisper'd "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in all, He whisper'd "Christ is all."
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake; The flames could not his cour-age shake, Nor death his soul ap - pall; I ask'd him whence his strength was giv'n, He look'd tri- umphant-ly to heav'n, And answer'd "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in all, And answer'd "Christ is all."
4. I dream'd that hoar-y time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead, A fire dis-solv'd this ball; I saw the church-es ran-som'd throng, I heard the bur-den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all." Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
5. Then come to Christ, O come to-day, The Fa - ther, Son, and Spir-it say, The Bride re - peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilt - y stains, His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all." Christ is all, all in all, For "Christ is all in all."

Refrain.

told me, "Christ is all;" Christ is all, all in all, She told me, "Christ is all."
whisper'd "Christ is all;" Christ is all, all in all, He whisper'd "Christ is all."
answer'd "Christ is all;" Christ is all, all in all, And answer'd "Christ is all."
"Christ is all in all;" Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
"Christ is all in all;" Christ is all, all in all, For "Christ is all in all."

By per. of W. A. Williams, Warnock, O., publisher of "Silver Tones," 35 cts., and "Song Jewels," 20 cts.

No. 24. WILL YOU NOT COME TO ME?

BIRDIE BELL. H. N. LINCOLN.

Tenderly.

1. All who are wea - ry, sad and oppress'd, Come un-to Me, come un - to
2. All who are heart-sick, hun - gry and faint, Come un-to Me, come un - to
3. All who are heav- y - la - den with grief, Come un-to Me, come un - to

Me! For I will give you com-fort and rest, Will you not come to Me?
Me! For I will hush your sor - row-ful plaint, Will you not come to Me?
Me! For I will give a pre-cious re - lief, Will you not come to Me?

Here in My arms the troubled find peace, Close by My side earth's worriments
I am the Bread whereon you may feed, I am the Water of Life in-
Tempest-toss'd spi - rits, come to My calm, And I will teach your lips a glad

cease, O then when doubts and sorrows in-crease, Will you not come to Me?
deed, I will give strength in weakness and need, Will you not come to Me?
psalm, Give to your wound-ed hearts a sweet balm, Will you not come to Me?

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No. 25. SO CLOSE TO THE KINGDOM.

E. E. REXFORD. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. O sinner, de-lay not, the Saviour is here! He comes seeking lost ones, To Thee He draws near!
2. "O come for I love thee!" How tender the plea! His hands bruised and bleeding He holds out to thee.
3. Turn, turn from the road that leads down to despair, Turn *now*, we entreat thee, seek Jesus in pray'r.

One look in the face of the Crucified One Will melt thy cold heart as He whispers "My son."
Heav'n's gates are wide o-pen, He bids thee come in To welcome and safe-ty and par-don from sin.
To- day He is pleading with thee for thy heart; O hear Him and heed Him lest He should depart.

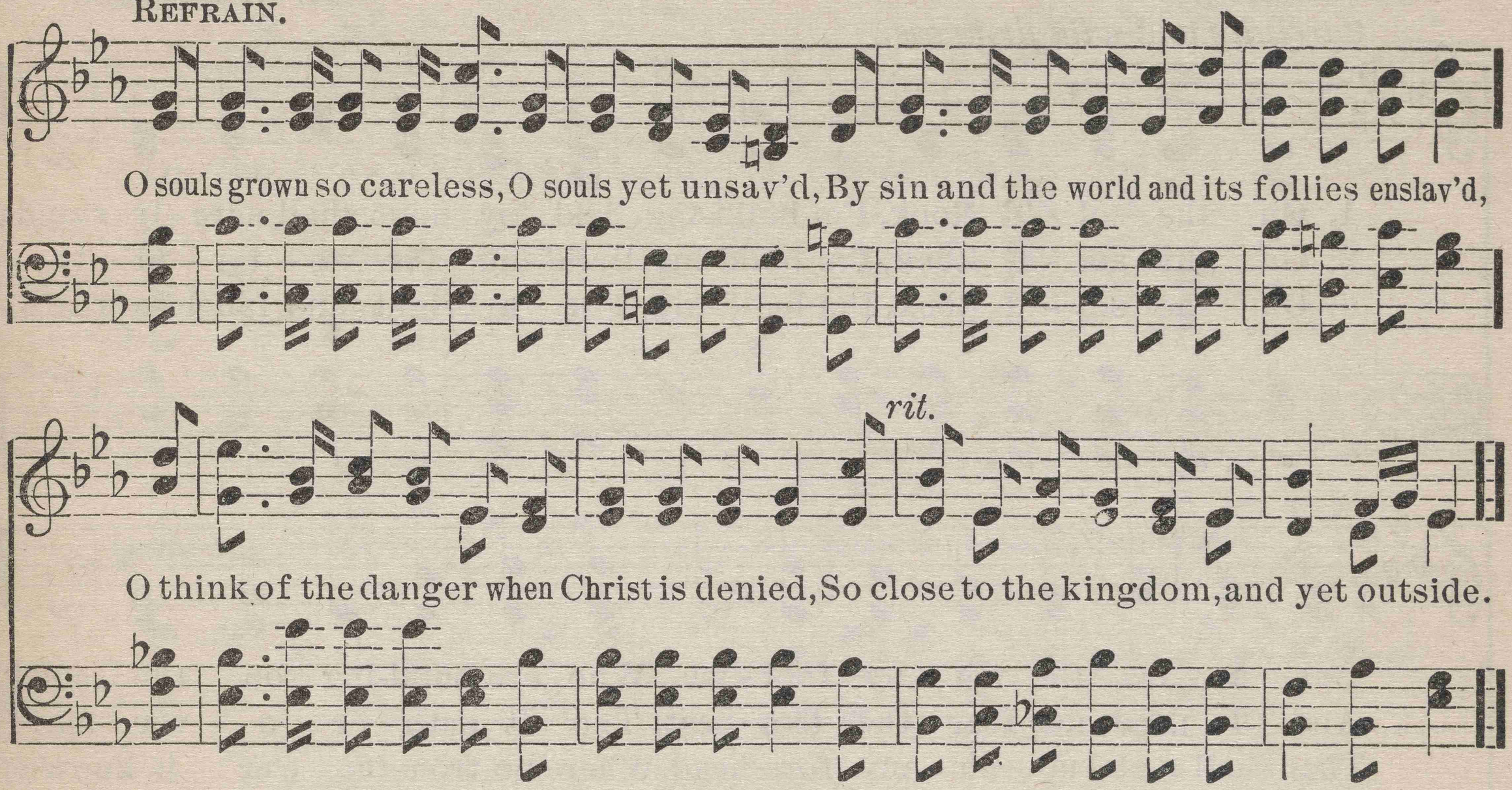
O lost one, He loves thee with love all untold; Thou'rt out in the darkness,—come into His fold!
Come in - to the feast that is spread for thee there; Come in and the peace of for-giv-en ones share.
To-morrow, perhaps, should'st thou knock at the gate, Thou'lt find it shut fast and they'll tell thee "Too late!"

Delay not, delay not! Be wise while you may! Come into the kingdom, and O come to-day!
Delay not, there 's danger and death in de-lay, Come in-to the kingdom, and O come to-day!
O sin-ner, I pray thee no longer de-lay, Come in-to the kingdom, and O come to-day!

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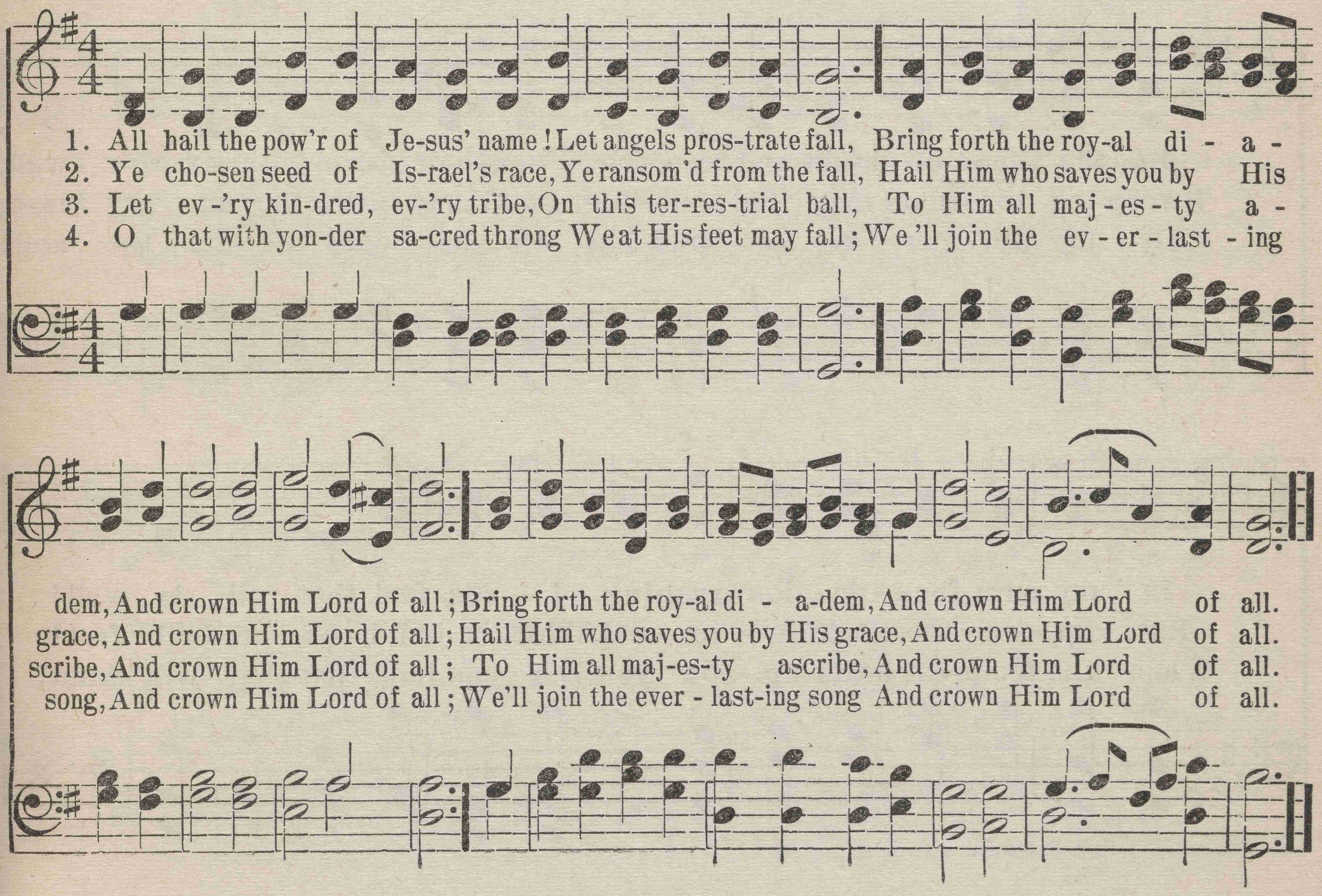
SO CLOSE TO THE KINGDOM.

REFRAIN.



No. 26. CORONATION.

REV. E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



No. 27. ON THE SOLID ROCK.

E. R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.

Carefully and with firmness.

1. On the sol - id Rock, I'm build-ing, And my hope shall sure - ly stand;
2. On the sol - id Rock, I'm buiid-ing, Build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty;
3. On the sol - id Rock, I'm build-ing, For a bright and fadeless crown,

But, a - las, the ma - ny fool - ish, Who are build-ing on the sand!
And I need not fear the tem -pest, Tho' it gath - er o - ver me!
That shall rest up - on my fore-head, Where no trou- ble e'er is known!

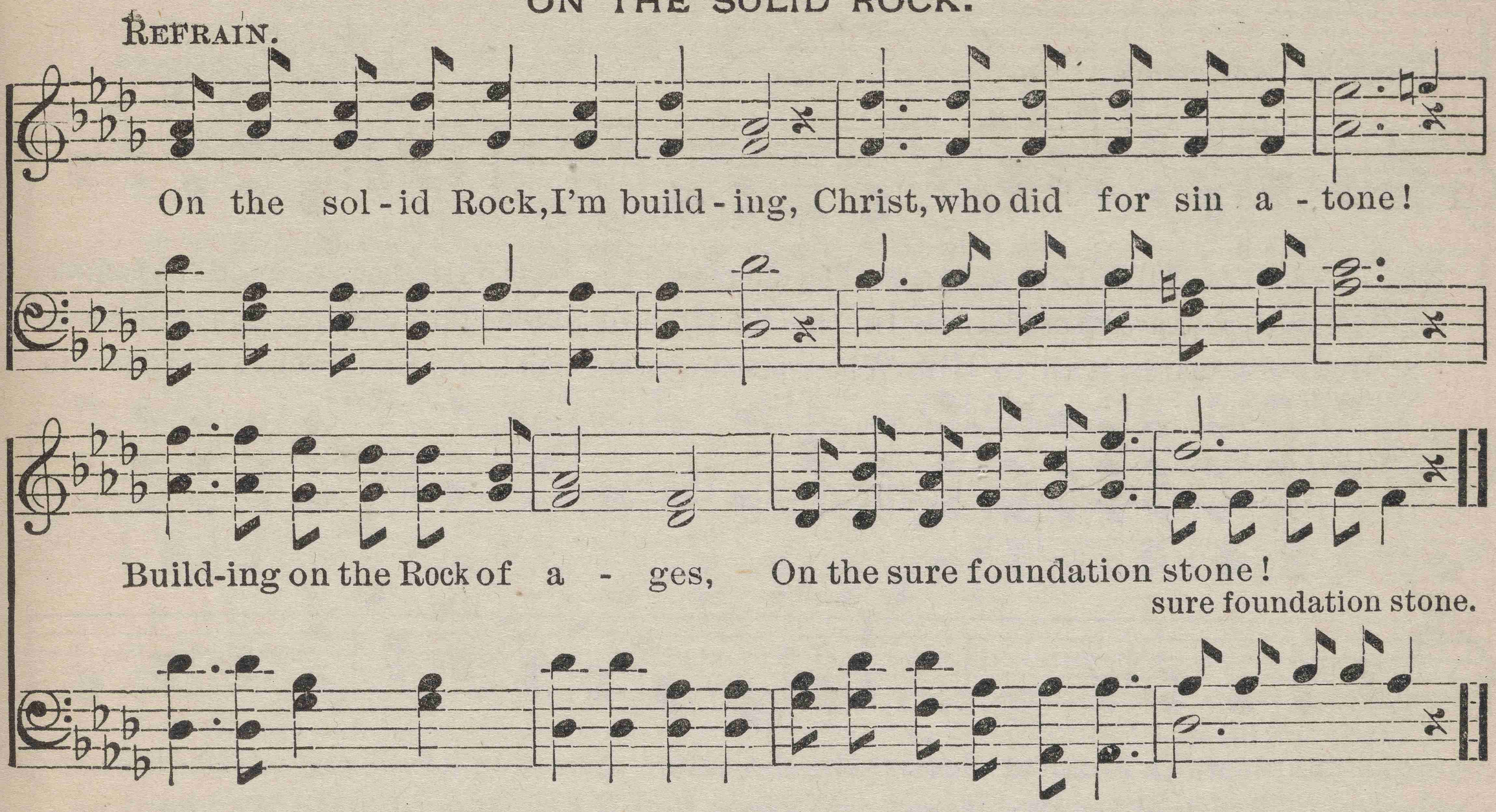
In the time of doubt and trou - ble, When their hearts with sor - row swell,
Sweep-ing tor -rents may be pour - ing, Loud may shriek the an - gry blast;
Dy - ing sin - ner, are you build-ing All your hopes up - on the sand?

In my sure foun - da - tion trust-ing, I can feel that all is well!
But, up - on the Rock e - ter - nal, What is build - ed, stand-eth fast!
When the temp- est beats up - on you, Dare you hope that they will stand?

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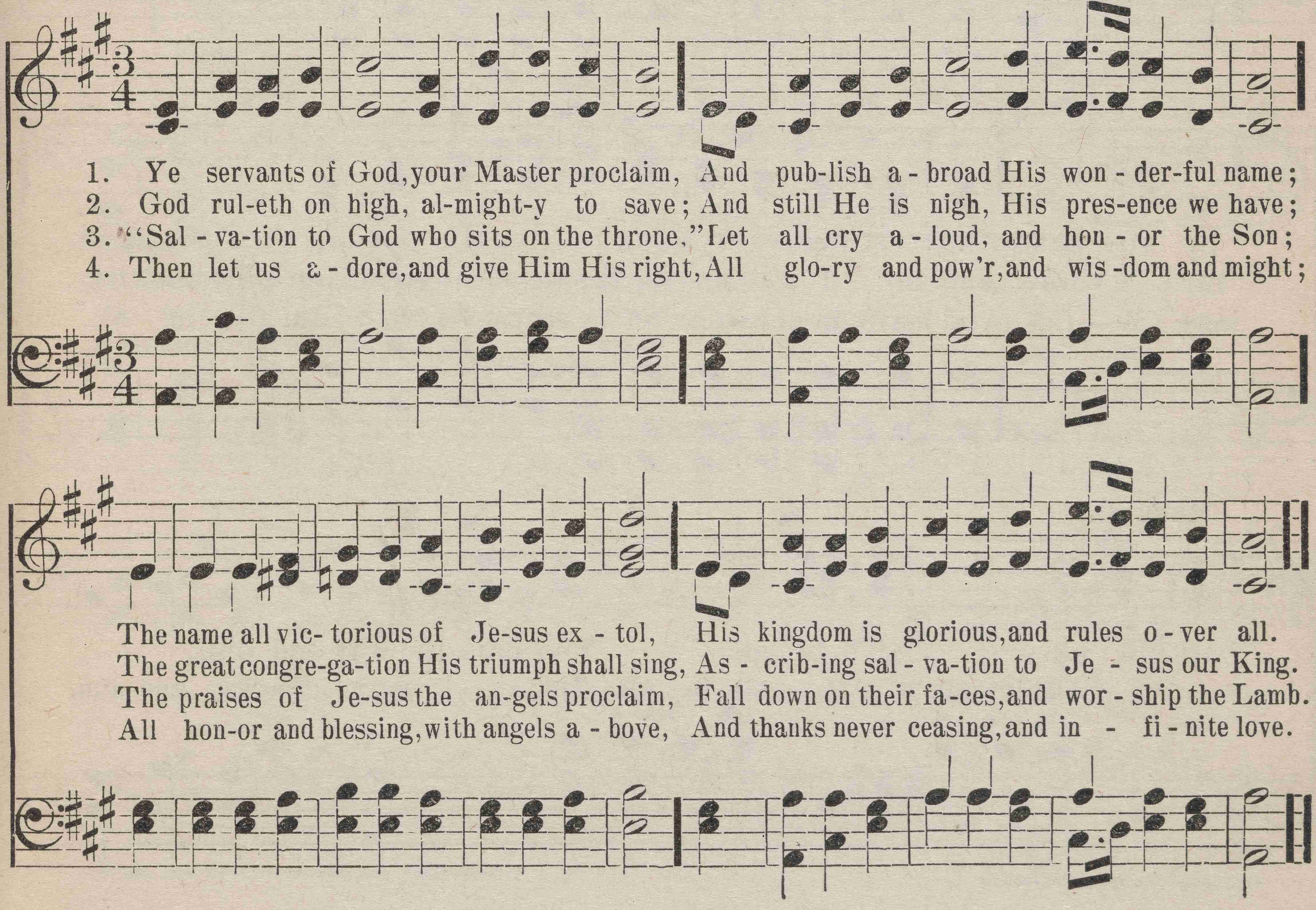
ON THE SOLID ROCK.

REFRAIN.



No. 28. YE SERVANTS OF GOD.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



No. 29.

ALL IN ALL.

EBEN E. REXFORD. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I trust it all to God who knows The future and the past; He shows me where the pathway
2. He will not leave me comfortless In a - ny time or place; Tho' deep and dark the shadows
3. How sweet to trust it all to Him Whose promise cannot fail! To feel that he who fights with

is That leadeth home at last. He shows me where the pitfalls are—He holds me
are, I still shall see His face. I know that He in time of need Is nev - er
God Is mighty to pre - vail! Oh, let me keep close to His side, What-ev - er

by the hand, And trust-ing ev-'rything to Him I jour-ney thro' the land.
far a - way, And so I lean up - on His love And trust Him more each day.
may be - fall, And learn in sunshine or in storm To trust Him all in all.

REFRAIN.

All in all, all in all, Tho' dark the way and dim,
All in all, all in all, Tho' dark the way and dim,

Copyright, 1896, by H. N. Lincoln.

ALL IN ALL.

"God knows the best," my heart shall say, And trust it all to Him.
And trust it all to Him.

No. 30. HOW SWEET THE VOICE OF MERCY.

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

1. How sweet the voice of mer - cy, In - vit-ing you to - day; Ye wea-ry, heav - y -
2. How sweet the voice of mer - cy, To you with sin oppress'd; To Je-sus bring your
3. How sweet the voice of mer - cy, Un - to the con-trite soul; As heal-ing balm it
4. How sweet the voice of mer - cy, Falls on the trust-ing ear; And sweet the name of
5. How sweet the voice of mer - cy, A - long our pil-grim way, Still offering us for -

REFRAIN.

la - den, That blessed call o - bey. How sweet the voice of mer - cy, How
bur-dens, And He will give you rest.
fall - eth, To make the wounded whole.
Je - sus, No oth - er name so dear.
give-ness, Whene'er we go a - stray.

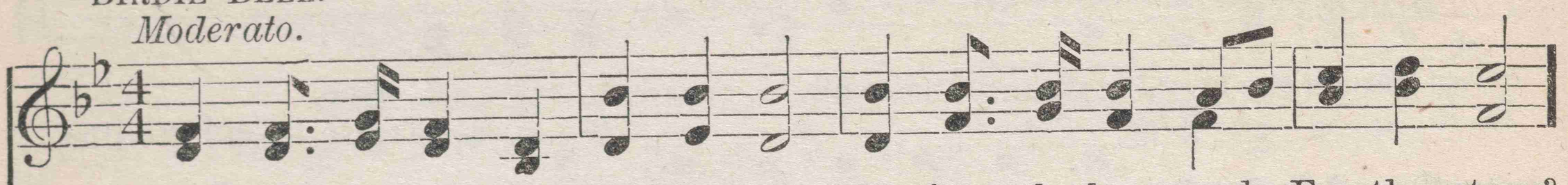
sweet it sounds to - day; In - vit-ing to the fountain, Where sin is wash'd a-way.

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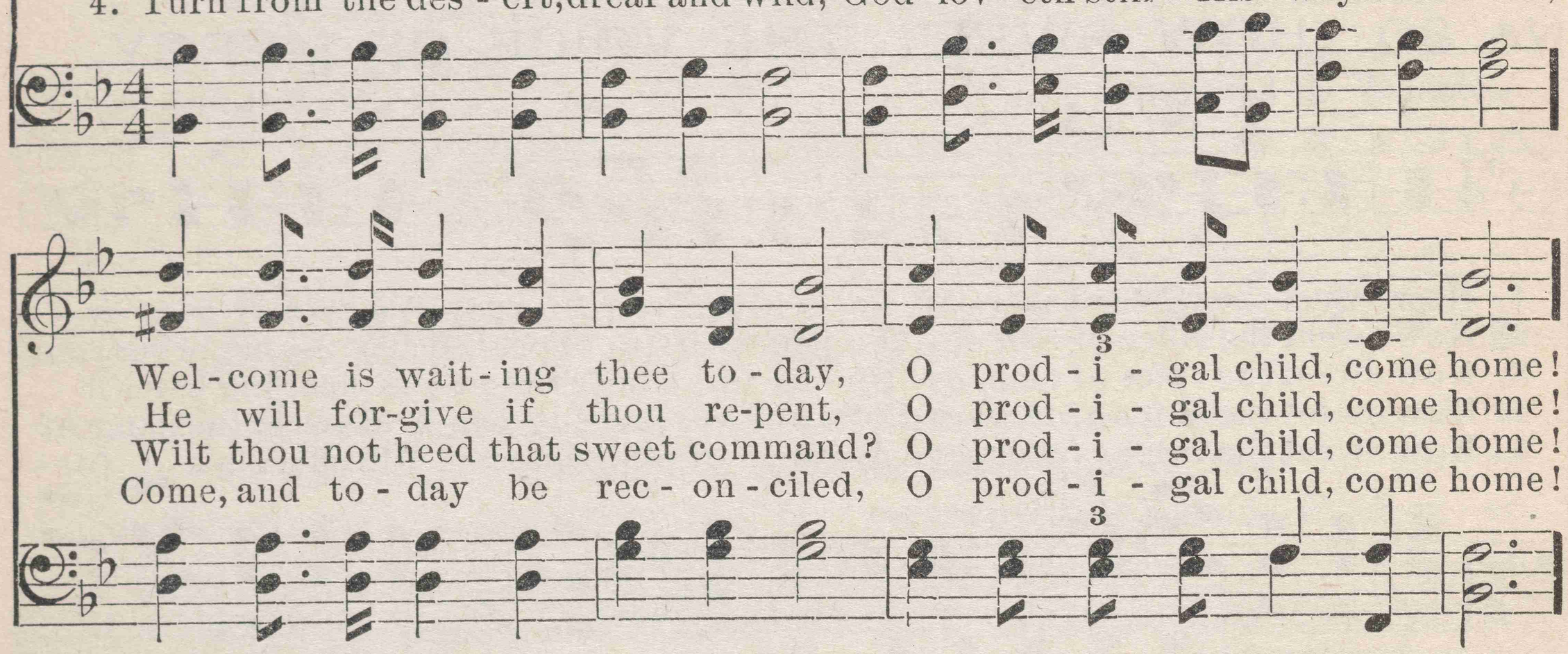
No. 31. THE FATHER'S CALL.

BIRDIE BELL. H. N. LINCOLN.

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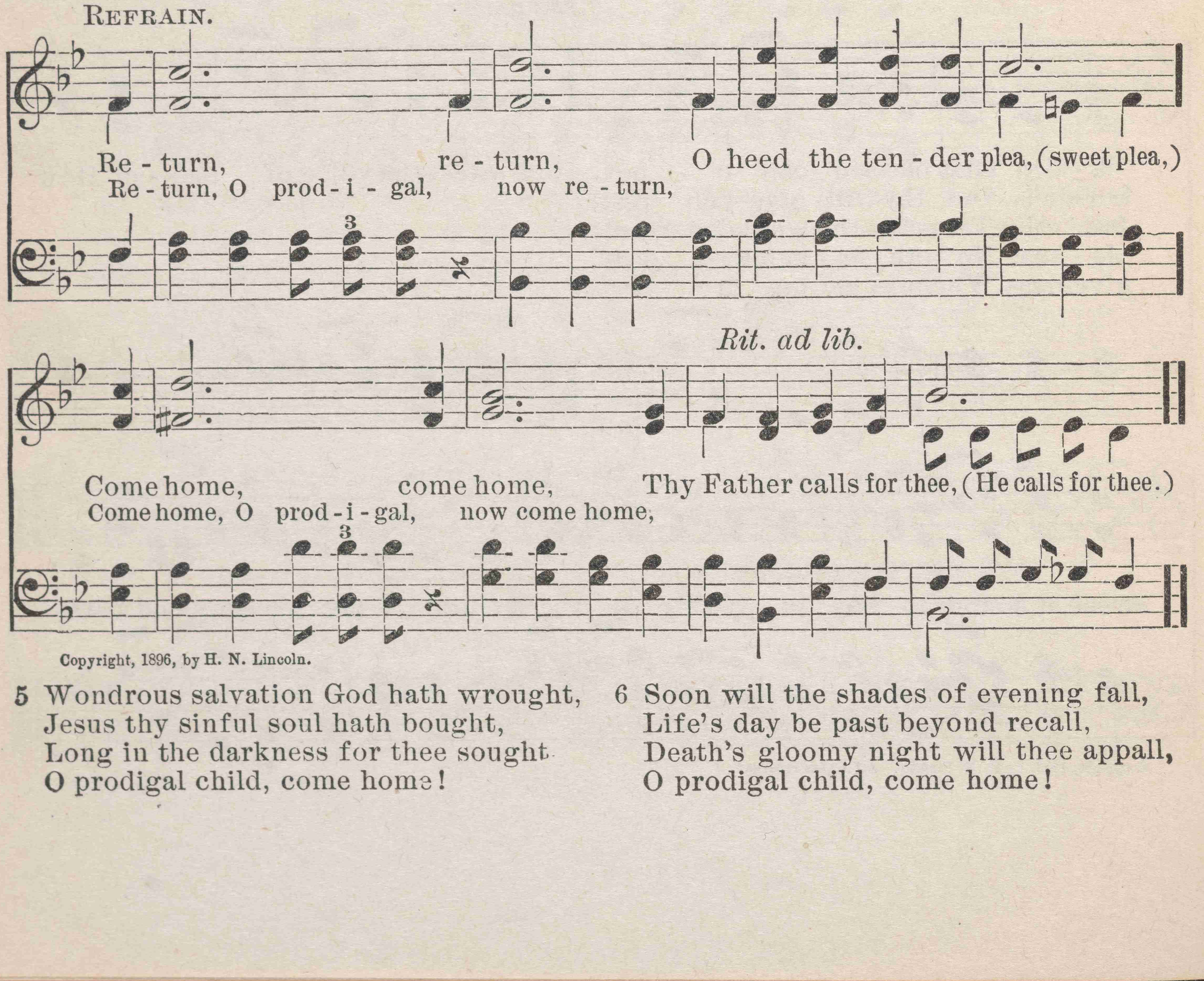


1. Why in thy bond-age wilt thou stay? Far from thy home and Fa - ther stray?
2. Think of the years thou hast misspent, Time which the Fa - ther kind - ly lent;
3. Why wilt thou long - er doubting stand! Haste! for He waits with outstretch'd hand;
4. Turn from the des - ert, drear and wild, God lov - eth still His wayward child,



Wel - come is wait - ing thee to - day, O prod - i - gal child, come home!
He will for-give if thou re-pent, O prod - i - gal child, come home!
Wilt thou not heed that sweet command? O prod - i - gal child, come home!
Come, and to - day be rec - on - ciled, O prod - i - gal child, come home!

REFRAIN.



Re - turn, re - turn, O heed the ten - der plea, (sweet plea,)
Re - turn, O prod - i - gal, now re - turn,

Rit. ad lib.

Come home, come home, Thy Father calls for thee, (He calls for thee.)
Come home, O prod - i - gal, now come home,

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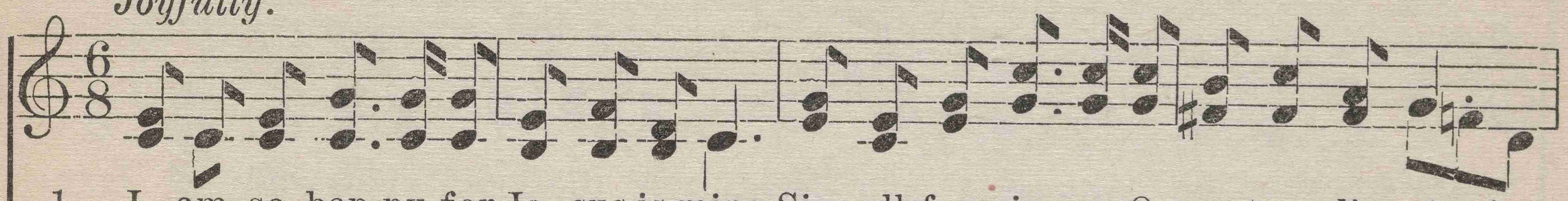
5 Wondrous salvation God hath wrought,
Jesus thy sinful soul hath bought,
Long in the darkness for thee sought
O prodigal child, come home!

6 Soon will the shades of evening fall,
Life's day be past beyond recall,
Death's gloomy night will thee appall,
O prodigal child, come home!

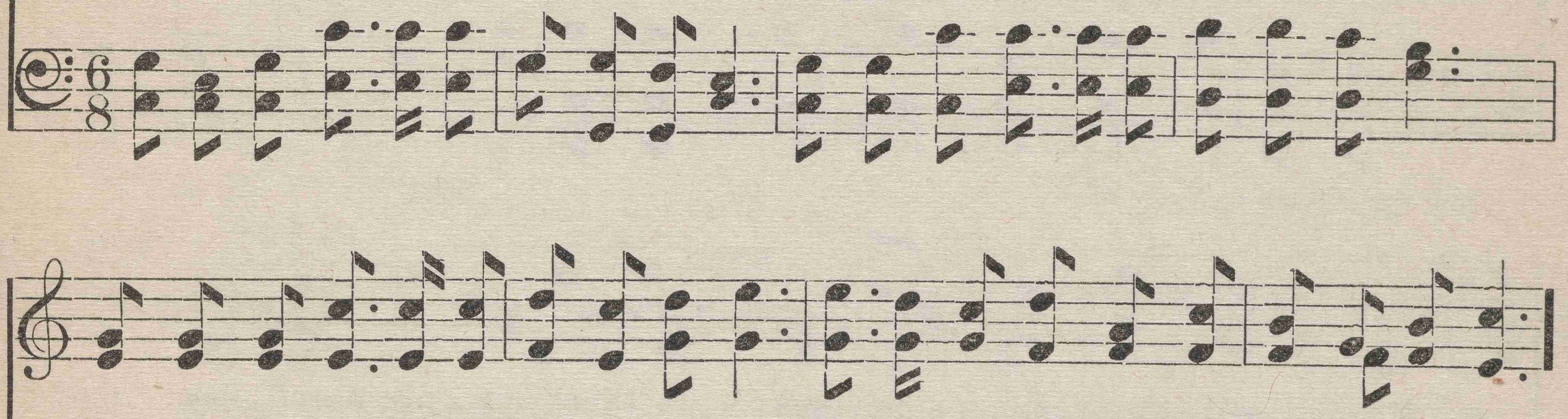
No. 32. I AM SO HAPPY, FOR JESUS IS MINE.

LAURA E. NEWELL. H. N. LINCOLN.

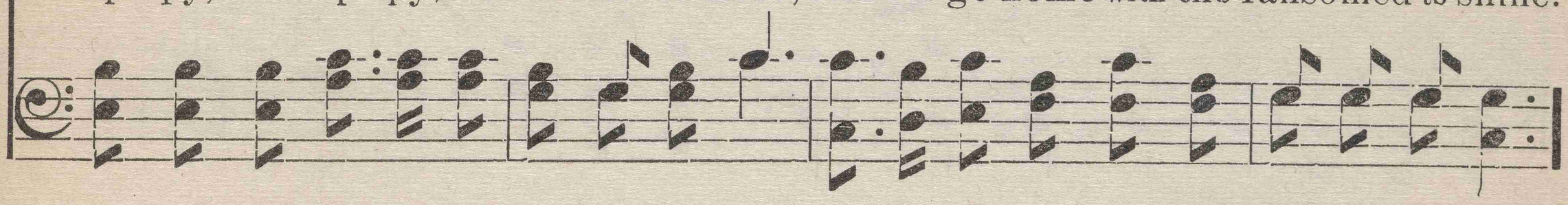
Joyfully.



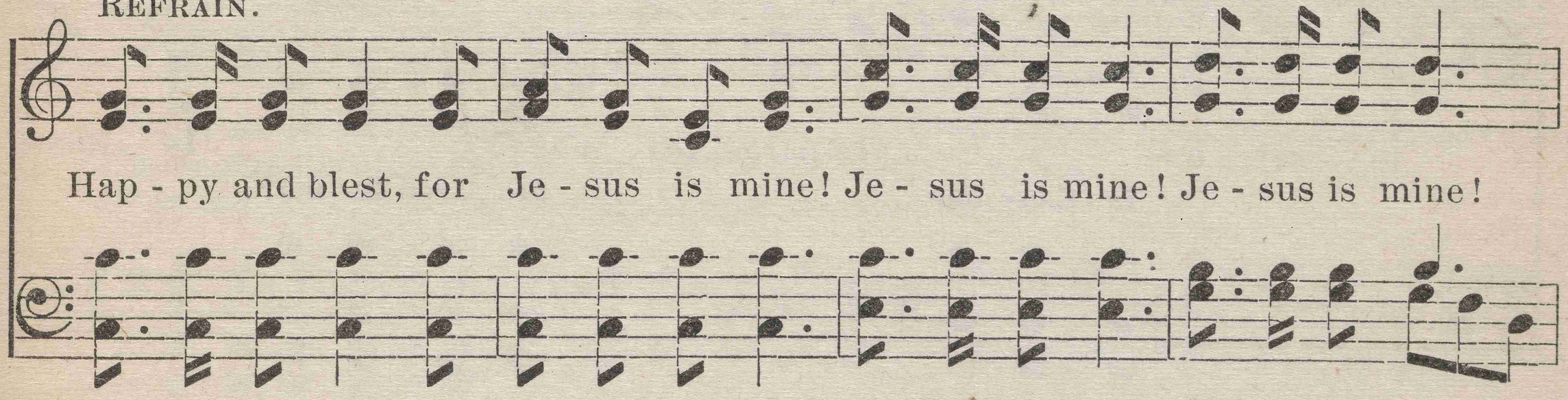
1. I am so hap-py, for Je - sus is mine, Sins all for-giv - en, O rap-ture di - vine!
2. Nev-er to wander while Christ holds my hand, Journeying on to Im-man-u - el's land;
3. Onward re-joic-ing with Je-sus to bless, Safe-ly to lead me thro' earth's wilderness,



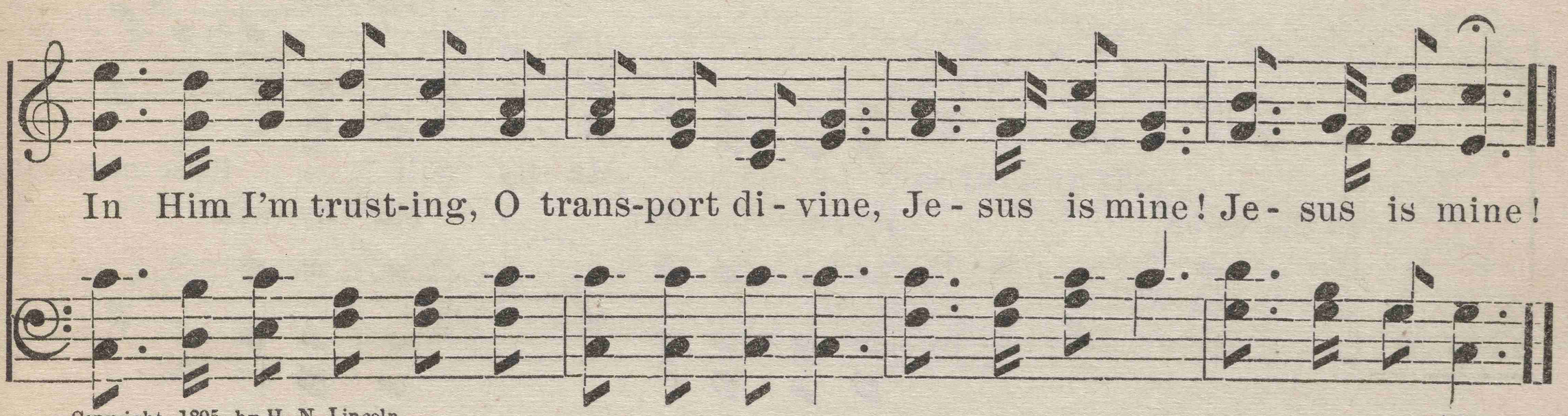
I sought His fa - vor and trusting believed, Je-sus was waiting, my soul He received.
He will be with me and nev-er for-sake, Till in His like-ness in heav-en I wake.
Hap - py, so hap - py, for Je - sus is mine, Soon I'll go home with the ransomed to shine.



REFRAIN.



Hap - py and blest, for Je - sus is mine! Je - sus is mine! Je - sus is mine!



In Him I'm trust-ing, O trans-port di - vine, Je - sus is mine! Je - sus is mine!

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No. 33. IS THERE ONE PREPARED FOR ME?

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Mansions are pre-pared a - bove, By the gra - cious God of love;
2. Crowns that daz - zle hu - man eye, Wait for those that reach the sky;
3. Robes of spot- less white are giv'n By the gra - cious King of heav'n;
4. Harps of sol - emn sound a - bove, Swell loud prais-es to His love;

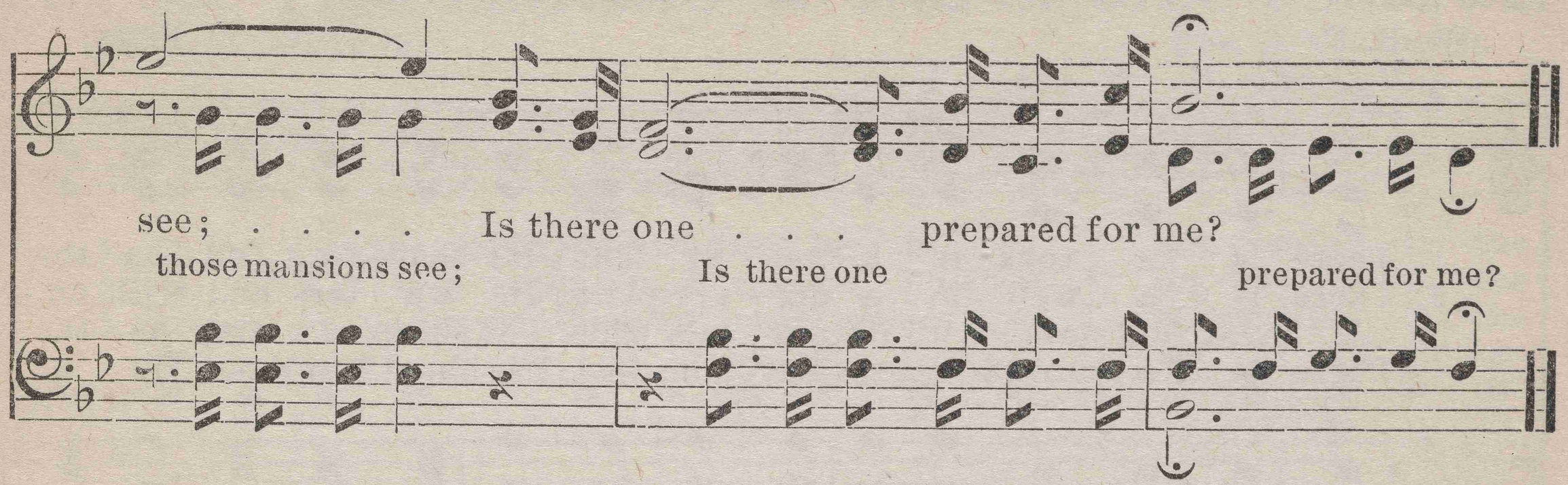
Ma - ny will those man - sions see; Is there one pre-pared for me?
Ma - ny will those bright crowns be; Is there one pre-pared for me?
All can have them, they are free; Is there one pre-pared for me?
Oh, how sweet this sound will be; Is there one pre-pared for me?

REFRAIN.

Is there one . . . . pre-pared for me? Is there
Is there one pre-pared for me?

one . . . prepar'd for me? Ma - ny will . . . those mansions
Is there one prepared for me? Ma - ny will

IS THERE ONE PREPARED FOR ME?

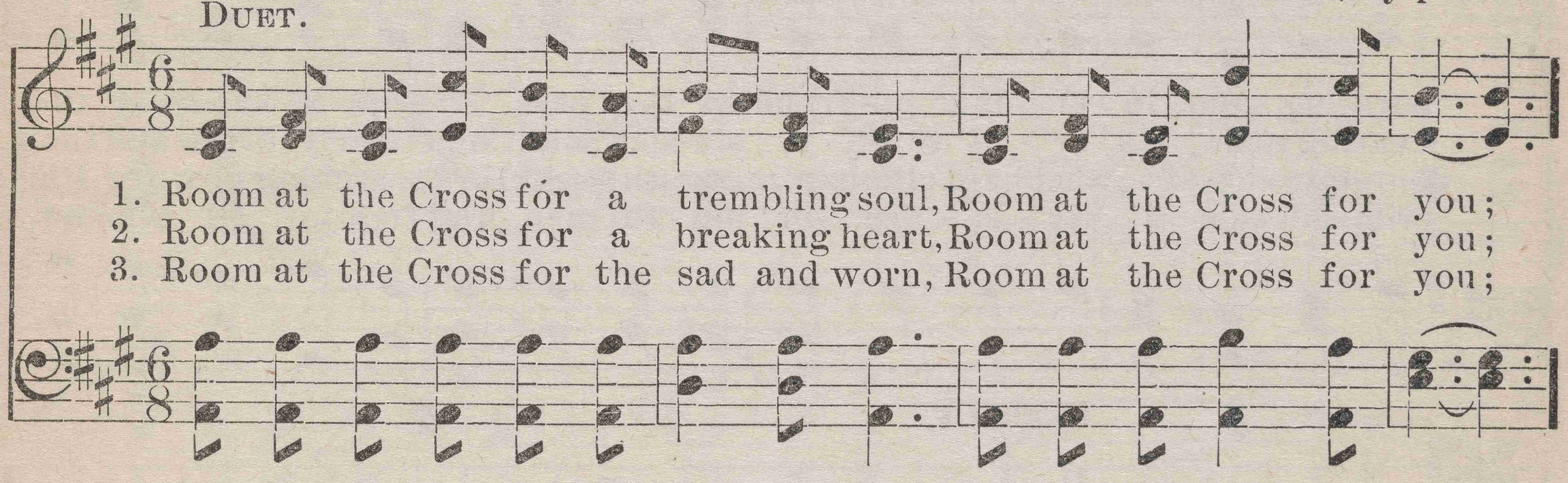


No. 34. ROOM AT THE CROSS.

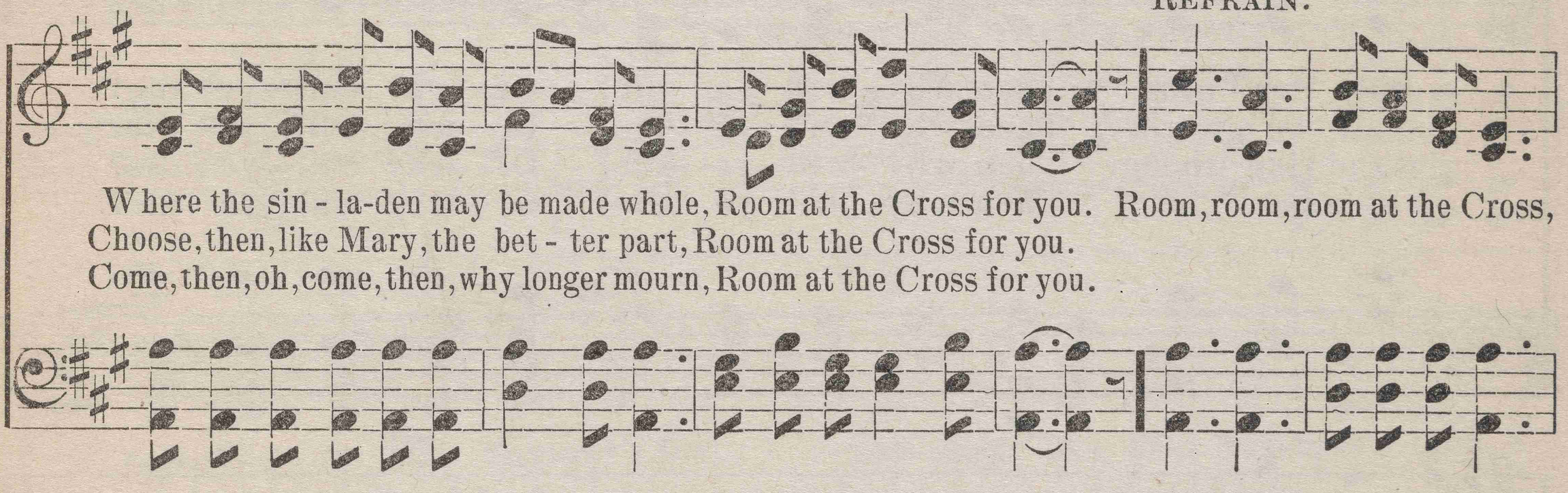
W. B. B.

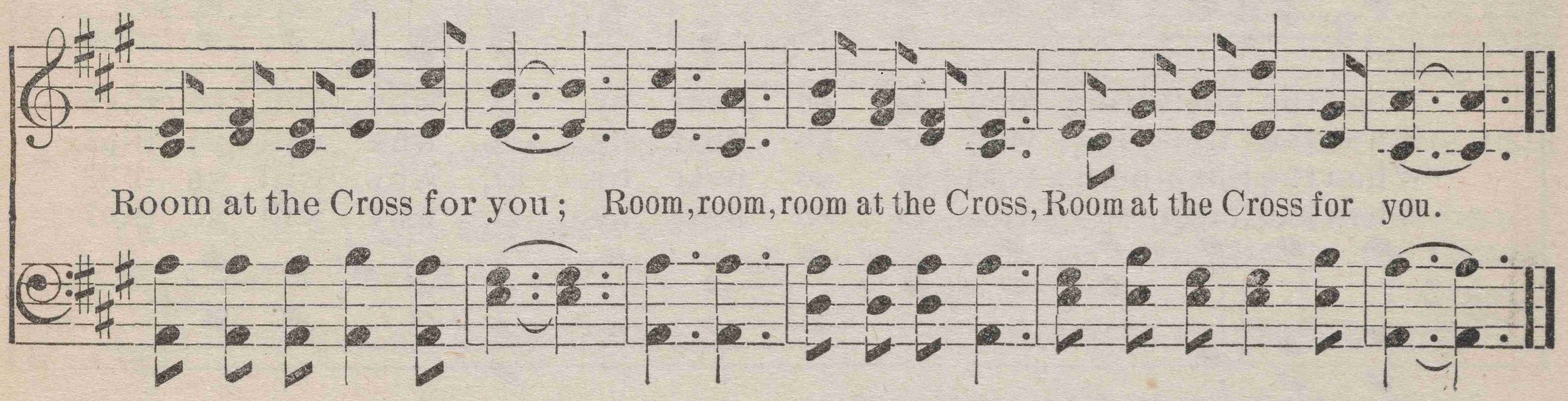
Wm. B. Blake, by per.

DUET.



REFRAIN.





No. 35. THE SINNER'S ALL IN ALL.

W. E. P.

W. E. PENN.

Moderato

1. There is a rock in a wea - ry land; Its shad - ows fall on the
2. There is a well in a des - ert plain; Its wa - ters call with en -
3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav - iour died; His blood flow'd out in a

burn-ing sand, In - vit - ing pil-grims as they pass, To seek a shade in the
treating strain, "Ho, ev - 'ry thirst - y, sin-sick soul, Come, freely drink and thou
mountain side; The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for His
crim-son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sin - ful men, And free to all who will

REFRAIN.

wil - der - ness. Then, why will ye die? O, why will ye die?
shalt be whole." Then, why will ye die? O, why will ye die?
wand'ring sheep. Then, why will ye die? O, why will ye die?
en - ter in. Then, why will ye die? O, why will ye die?

rit.

When the shelt-'ring rock is so near by, O, why will ye die?
When the liv - ing well is so near by, O, why will ye die?
When the Shep-herd's fold is so near by, O, why will ye die?
When the crim - son cross is so near by, O, why will ye die?

From "Harvest Bells," by per. of W. E. Penn, owner of copyright.

No. 36. I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Oh! my heart is thrill'd with wond'rous joy to - day, I am rest-ing in the
2. At the foun-tain o-pen'd for the soul un-clean, I am rest-ing in the
3. All my doubts are vanished, all my fears are gone, I am rest-ing in the

Saviour's love; Christ, the Lord, has ta - ken all my sins a - way, I am
Saviour's love; Trust-ing in His grace I ventured free - ly in, I am
Saviour's love; When I trust - ed Je - sus, lo! the work was done, I am

REFRAIN.

rest-ing in the Saviour's love. I am rest-ing, sweet - ly rest-ing, I am
I am rest-ing, resting, sweetly resting, I am

1 rest - ing in the Saviour's love; 2 rest - ing in the Sav-iour's love.

4 Oh, the bliss and rapture! oh, the wond'rous peace!
I am resting in the Saviour's love;
I have never known so pure a joy as this,
I am resting in the Saviour's love.

5 So I live rejoicing in His love each day,
I am resting in the Saviour's love;
I am walking with Him in the narrow way,
I am resting in the Saviour's love.

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No. 37. THE TRUMPET CALL.

L. D. S. A.

Music and Refrain by
H. N. LINCOLN.

1. There is work to be done in the vineyard, There are sheaves to be gathered in,
2. Go and gath-er them in from the hed-ges, Go and gath-er the young and old,
3. Go and work for the dear Blessed Mas-ter, It is strange you should so de-lay
4. There is work to be done in the vineyard, There is work tho' the hour be late,

There are souls to be saved, and the Mas-ter saith Go and gath-er my lambs from the
Go and tell how the Shep-herd in wondrous love Left the light and the glo-ry of
When He prom-is-es strength if you ask a-right When the yoke is so eas-y, the
Ma-ny souls yet may turn from a life of sin, Judg-ment still may es-cape, and a

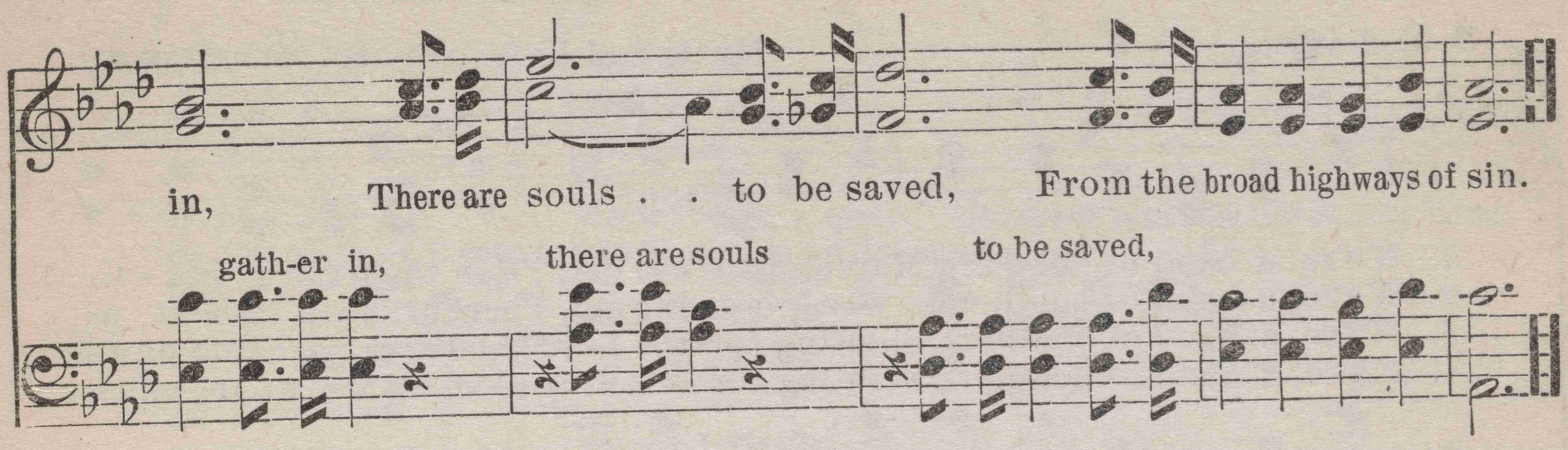
paths of death, From the pla-ces of woe and sin, From the pla-ces of woe and sin.
heav'n above, For the lambs, straying from the fold, For the lambs, straying from the fold.
burden light, And He pledges the best of pay, Yes, He pled-ges the best of pay.
bright crown win, Brother, why will you lon-ger wait? Brother, why will you longer wait?

REFRAIN.

Go and work, in the vine-yard, Precious sheaves, gath-er

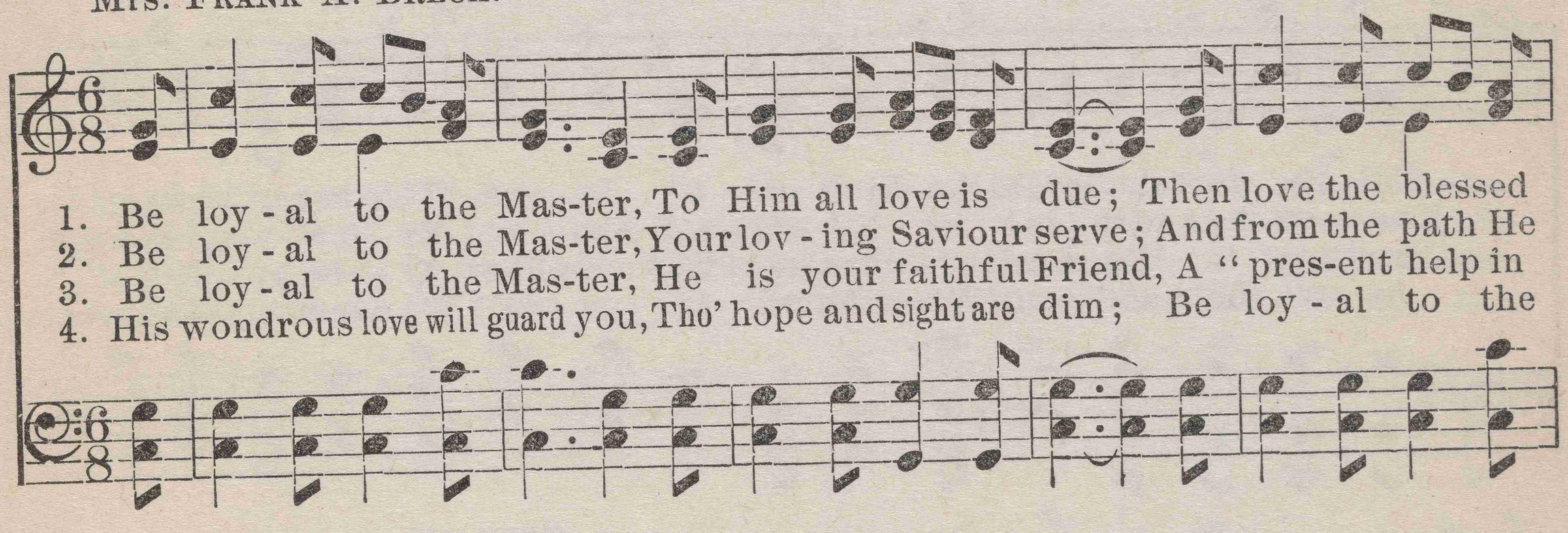
go and work, Precious sheaves.

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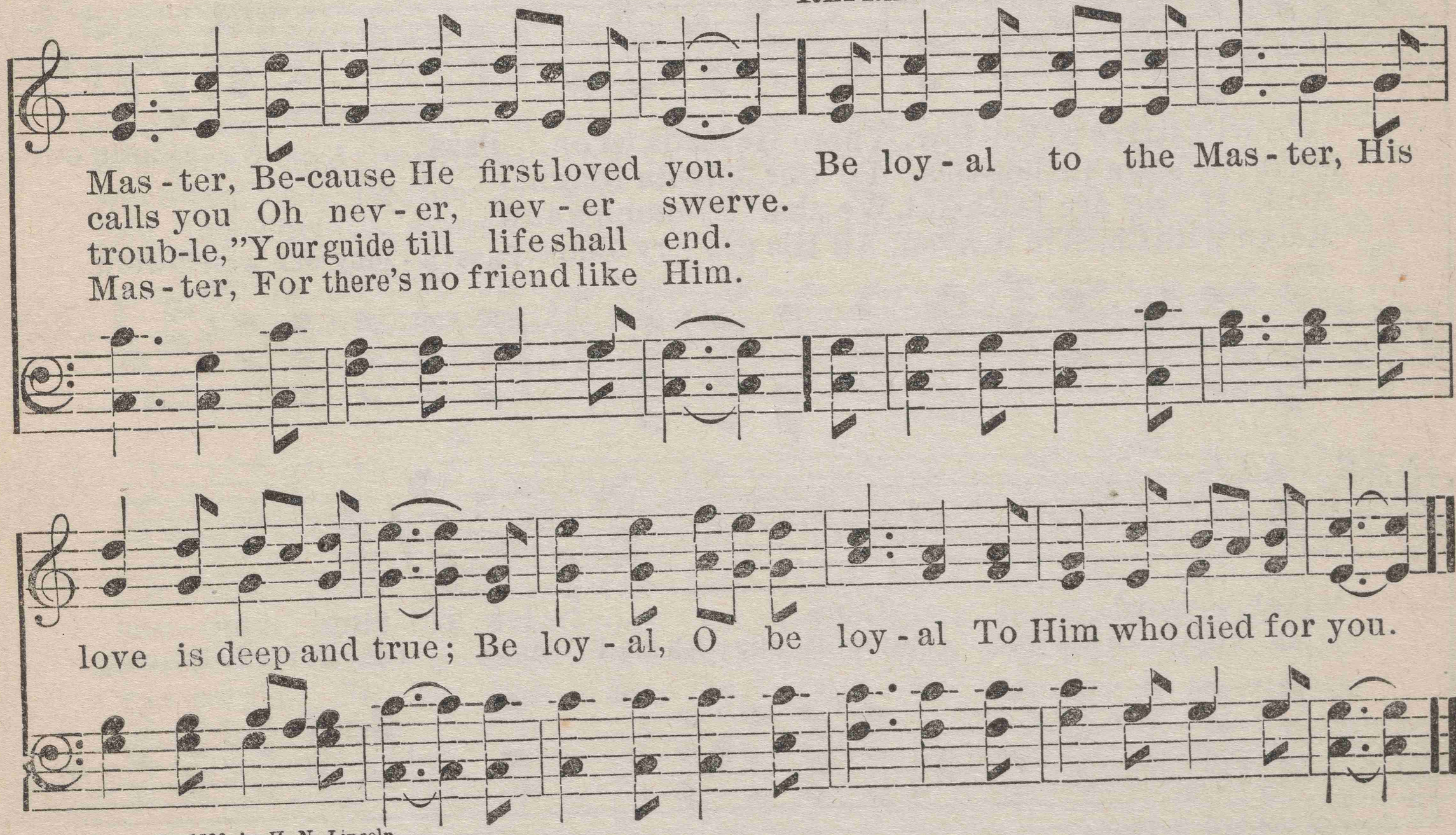


No. 38. BE LOYAL TO THE MASTER.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. H. N. LINCOLN.



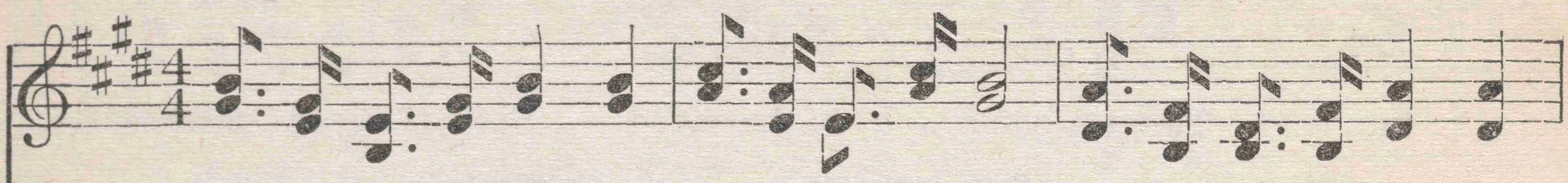
REFRAIN.



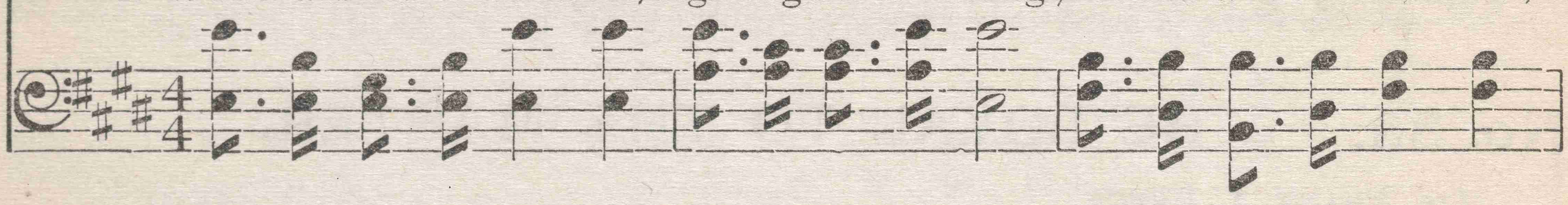
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No. 39. WE'RE A BAND OF SOLDIERS.

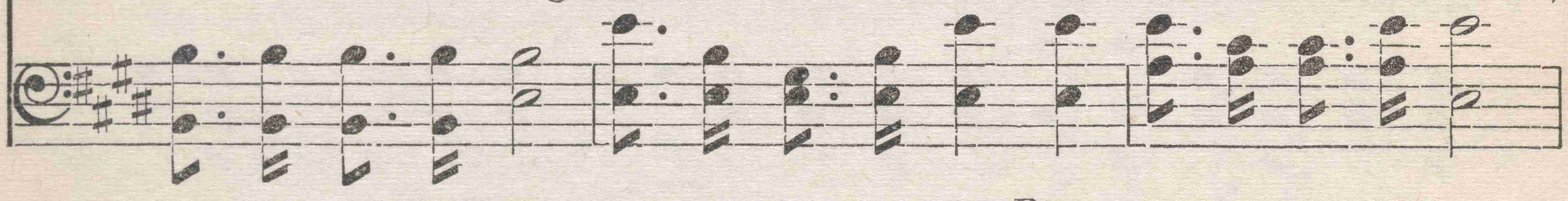
E. R. LATTA. Music and Refrain by H. N. LINCOLN.



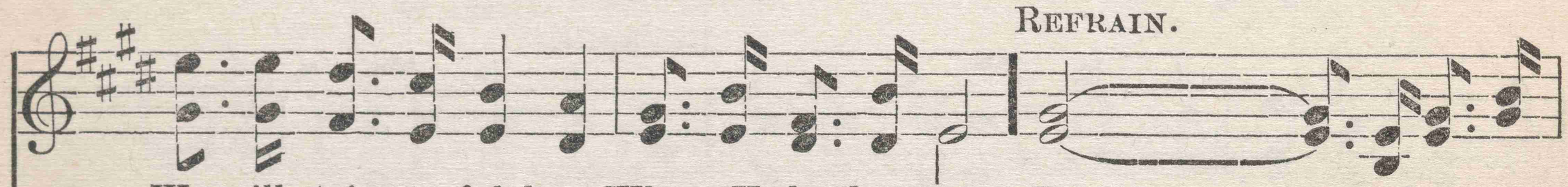
1. We're a band of sol-diers, Marching to the field; For the truth to bat - tle,
2. We're a band of sol-diers, O-ver-com-ing sin, There are foes a-bout us,
3. We're a band of sol-diers, Fighting for the Lord; And we're marching onward,
4. We're a band of sol-diers, Fighting for our King; And we wave our banners,



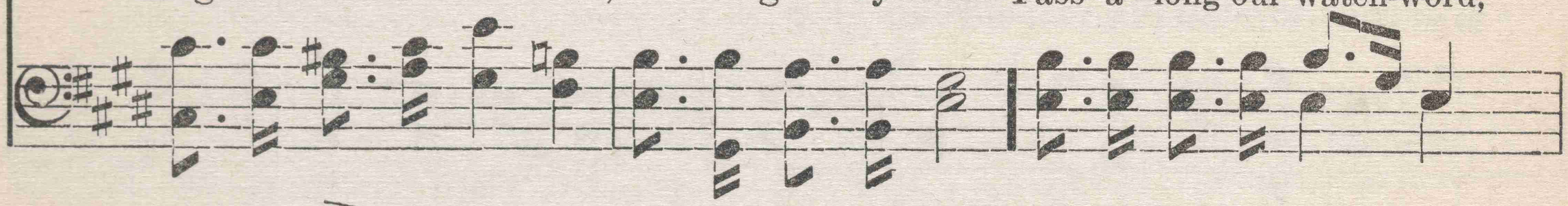
Till the foe shall yield! Looking un - to Je - sus, Who to heav'n hath gone,
There are foes with - in! Ev - 'ry sin - ful hab - it, Ev - 'ry e-vil thought,
Trust-ing in His word! Je - sus was tri - um-phant O - ver ev - 'ry foe;
As we shout and sing! When the war is end - ed, We our crowns shall wear;

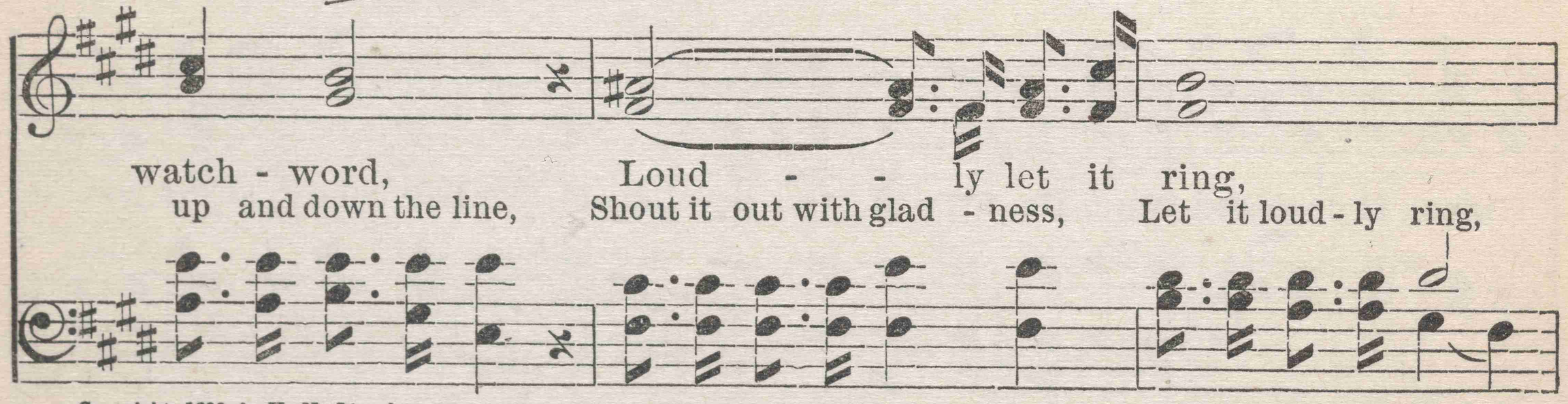


REFRAIN.



We will strive to fol-low, Where He leads us on. Pass . . . . a-long our
Must be slain in bat-tles, By our spir-its fought!
And, if we are faith-ful, We shall tri-umph know.
Reign with Christ in heaven, All His glo - ry share. Pass a - long our watch-word,

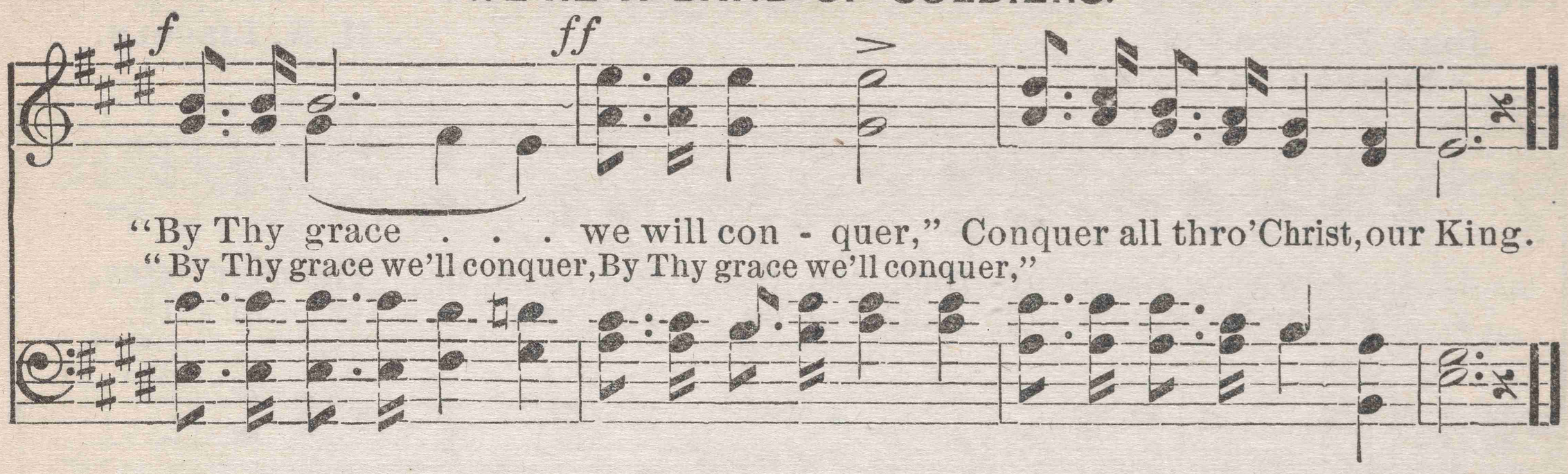




watch - word, Loud - - ly let it ring,
up and down the line, Shout it out with glad - ness, Let it loud - ly ring,

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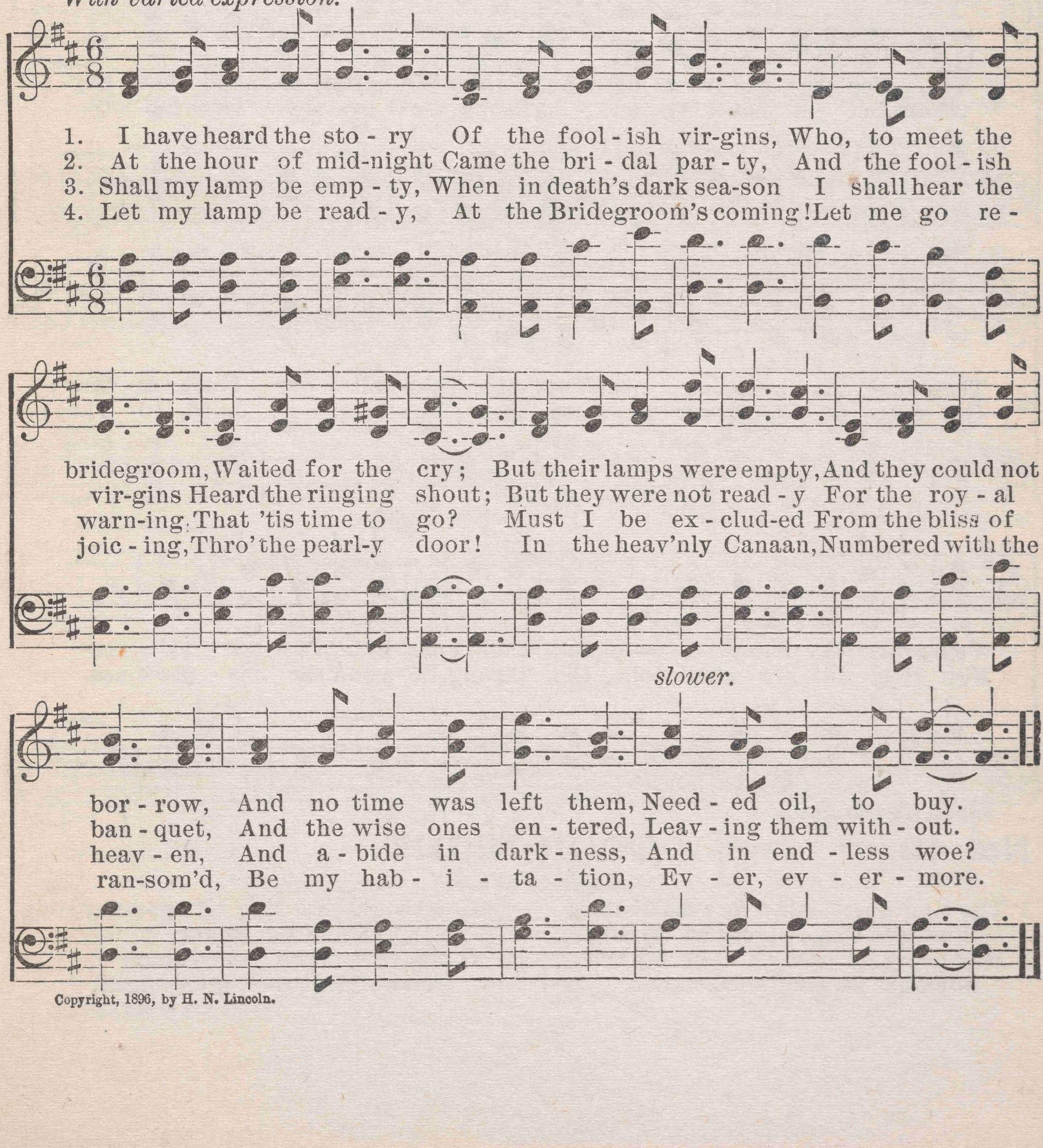
WE'RE A BAND OF SOLDIERS.



No. 40. SHALL MY LAMP BE EMPTY?

E. R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.

With varied expression.

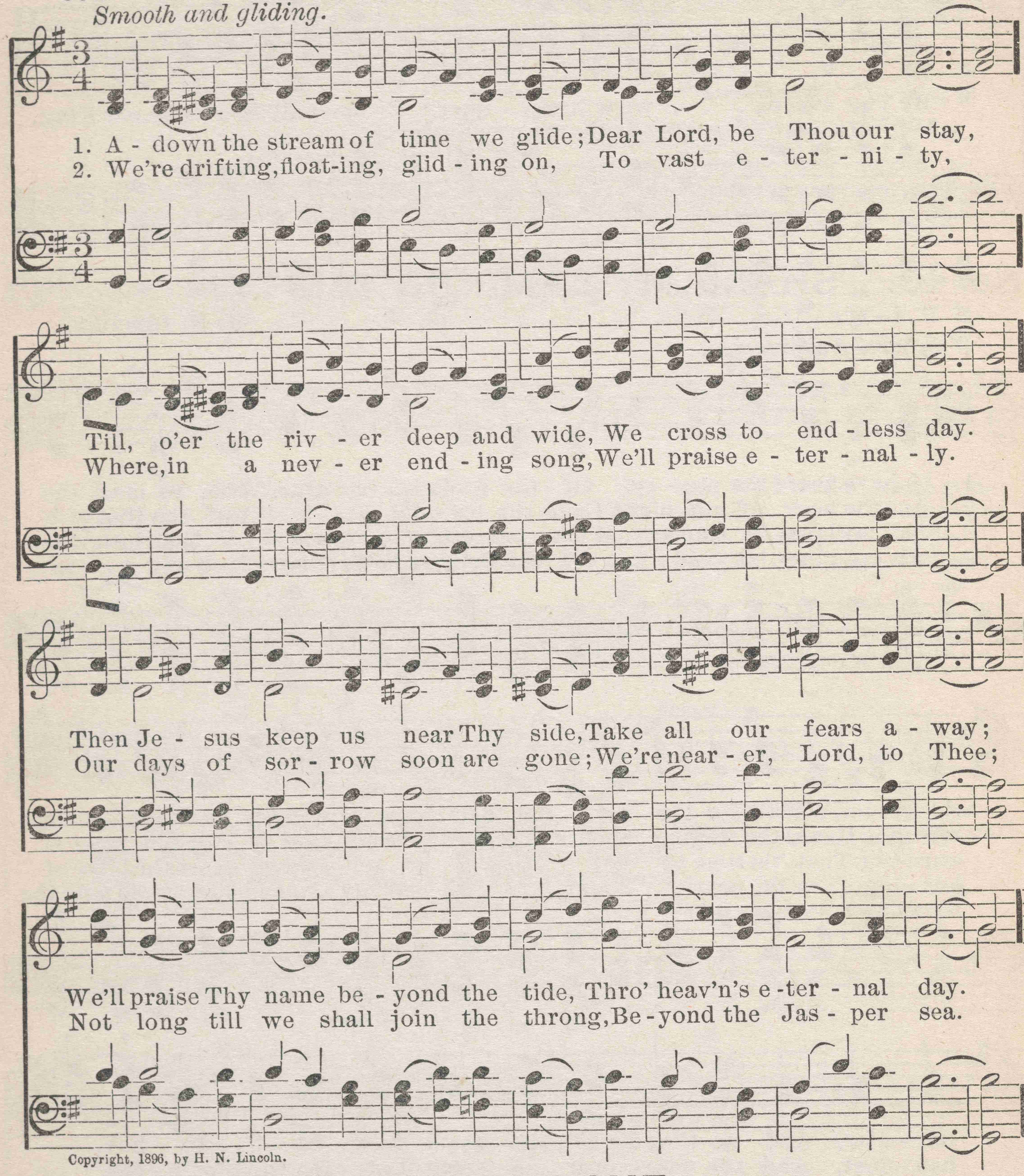


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No. 41. ADOWN THE STREAM OF TIME.

JOHN MCPHERSON. H. N. LINCOLN.

Smooth and gliding.



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No. 42. GOOD-NIGHT.

Music of No. 41.

1 The time for parting now has come;
We leave these scenes so bright;
May peace go with us to each home,
For now we sing good-night.

2 Good-night, we sing this parting song,
For faded is the light;
O may we not be parted long,
Good-night to all, good-night.

No. 43. GATHERED HOME.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Shall we all meet at home in the morning, On the shores of the bright, crys-tal sea, With the loved ones who long have been waiting? What a meet-ing in-deed it will be.
2. Shall we all meet at home in the morning, And from sorrow for-ev - er be free? Shall we join in the songs of the ransomed? What a meet-ing in-deed it will be.
3. Shall we all meet at home in the morning, There our blessed Re-deem-er to see? Shall we know and be known by our loved ones? What a meet-ing in-deed it will be.

REFRAIN.

Gathered home, gathered home, On the shores of the bright, crys-tal sea; Gathered home, gathered home, With our loved ones forev-er to be.

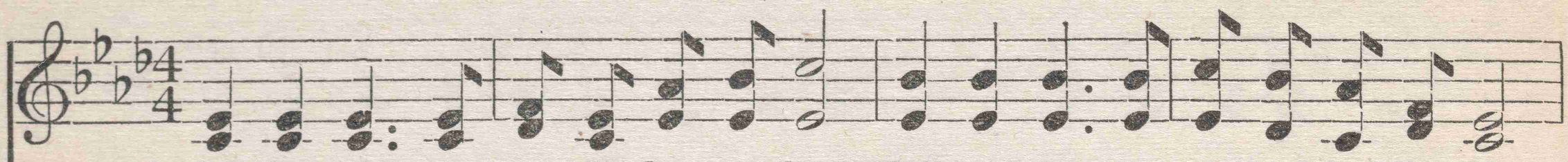
gathered home, gathered home,

gathered home, gathered home,

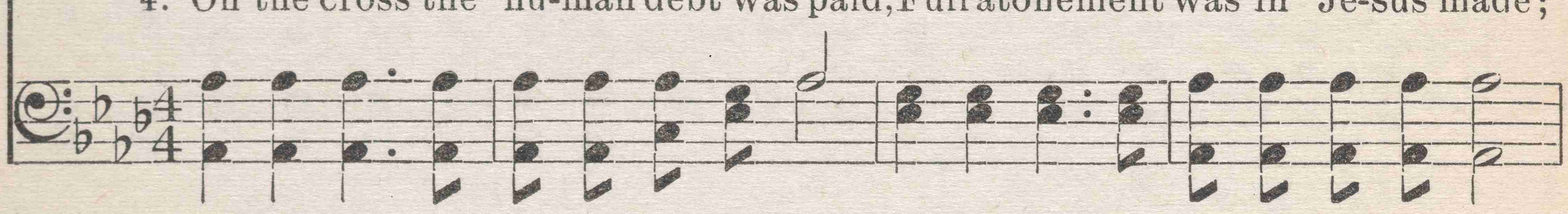
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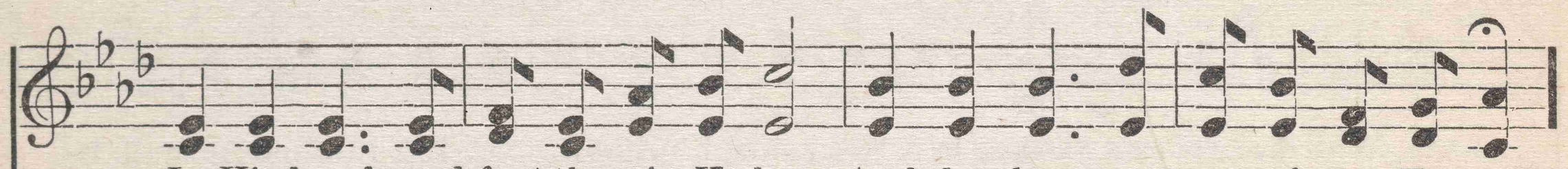
No. 44. ON THE CROSS.

Rev. A. D. KENNEDY. D. W. CRIST, by per.

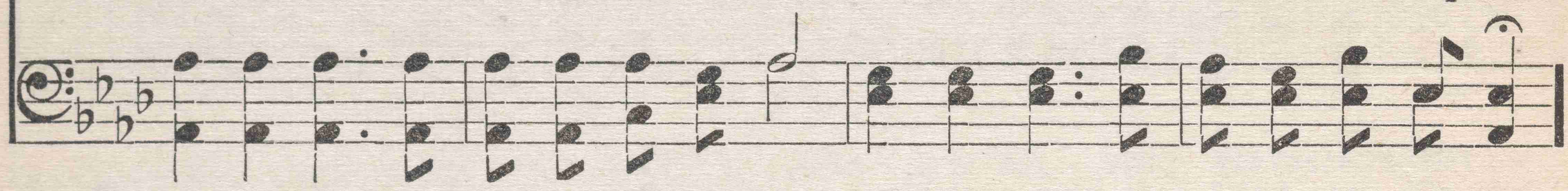


1. On the cross our great Redeemer died, For our sins was pierced in His side;
2. On the cross Christ suffered death for all, And the cup of vin - e - gar and gall,
3. On the cross our Saviour bled and died, He for sins of man was cru-ci-fied,
4. On the cross the hu-man debt was paid, Full atonement was in Je-sus made;

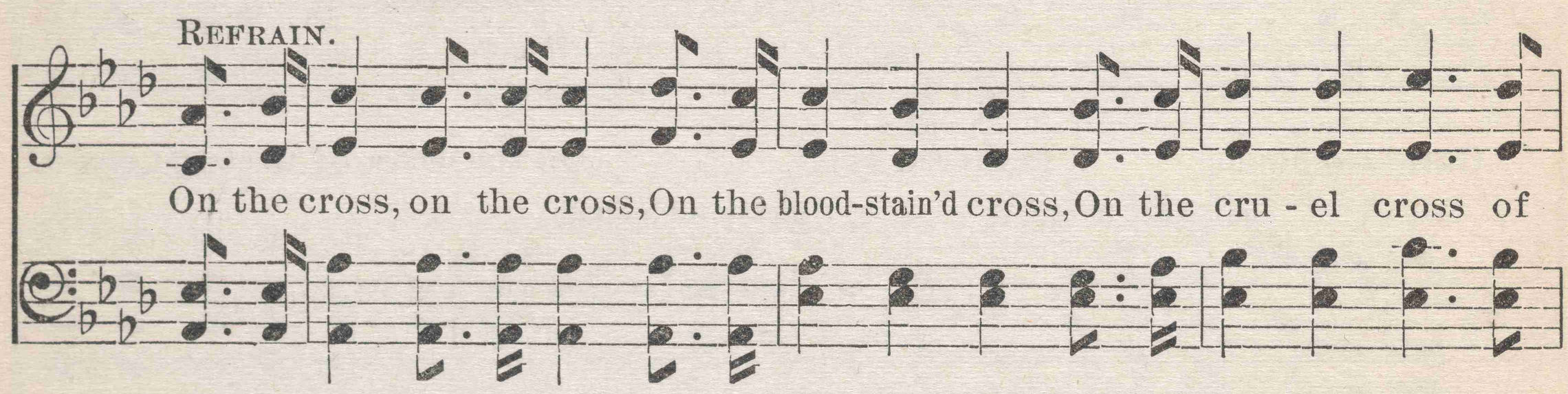




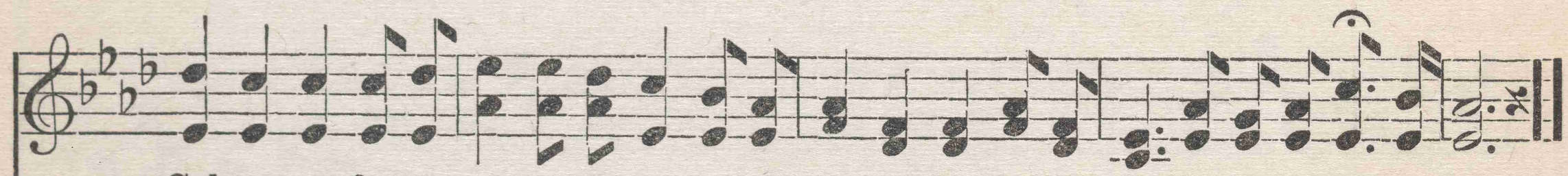
In His hands and feet the print He bore, And the thorn - y crown for us He wore.
Tast-ed He in deep-est ag - o - ny, In the gar-den of Gethsem-a - ne.
Bore the guilt for all the hu-man race, Tast-ed death for all who seek His face.
On the cross God's plan was made complete, Satis - fied the law in Him replete.



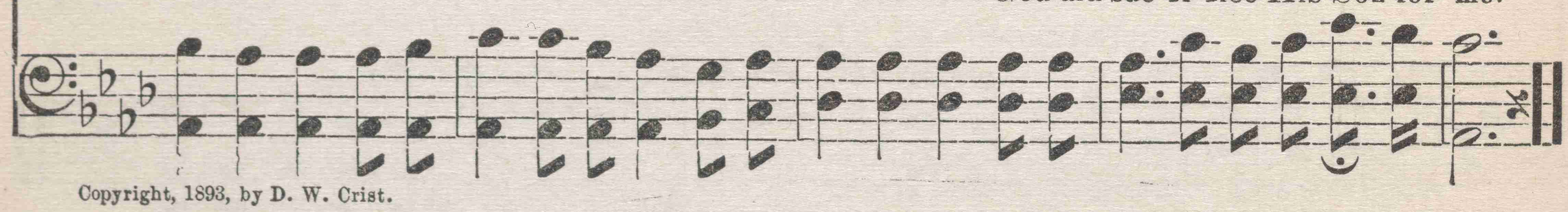
REFRAIN.



On the cross, on the cross, On the blood-stain'd cross, On the cru - el cross of



Cal-va-ry; On the cross, on the cross, On the blood-stain'd cross
God did sac-ri-fice His Son for me.



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No. 45. ALL, ALL FOR JESUS.

L. E. JONES. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Praise the Lord I now can say, All, all for Je - sus; I am trust-ing
2. May my heart be pure with - in, All, all for Je - sus, Cleans'd from ev'ry
3. May each tho't be one of praise, All, all for Je - sus; Let me fol - low
4, With a step for - ev - er true, All, all for Je - sus, May I walk life's

day by day, All, all for Je - sus. On the cross . . . He died for
trace of sin, All, all for Je - sus.
in Thy ways, All, all for Je - sus.
jour-ney thro' All, all for Je - sus. On the cross,

REFRAIN.

me, Shed His blood . . . to set me free, That my
He died for me, Shed His blood to set me free.

Repeat pp after last stanza.

life . . might free - ly be, All, all for Je - sus.
that my life might free - ly be, All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus.

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No. 46. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

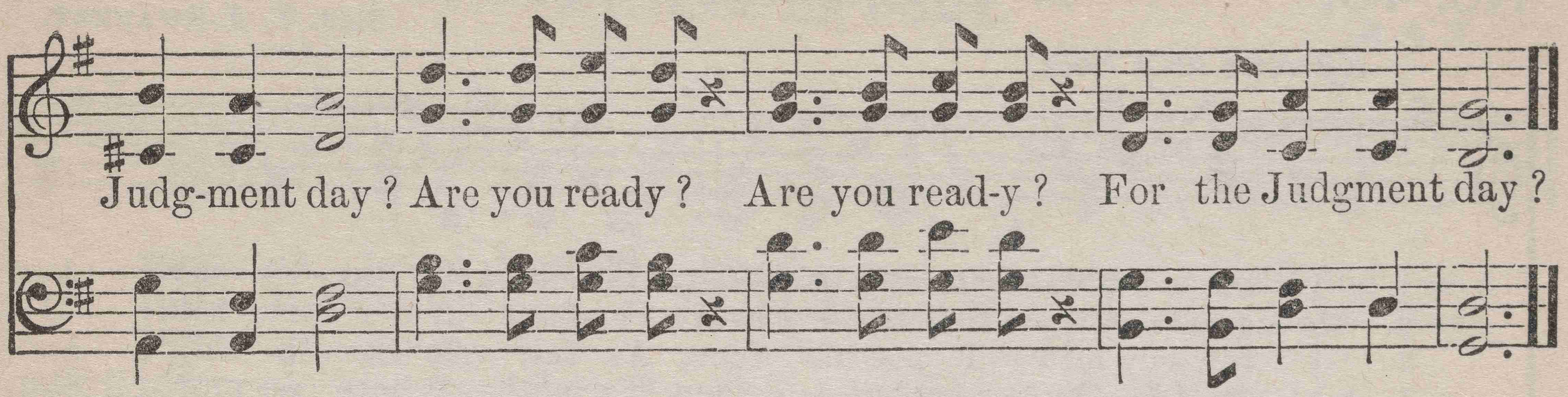
part-ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
part I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

REFRAIN.

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

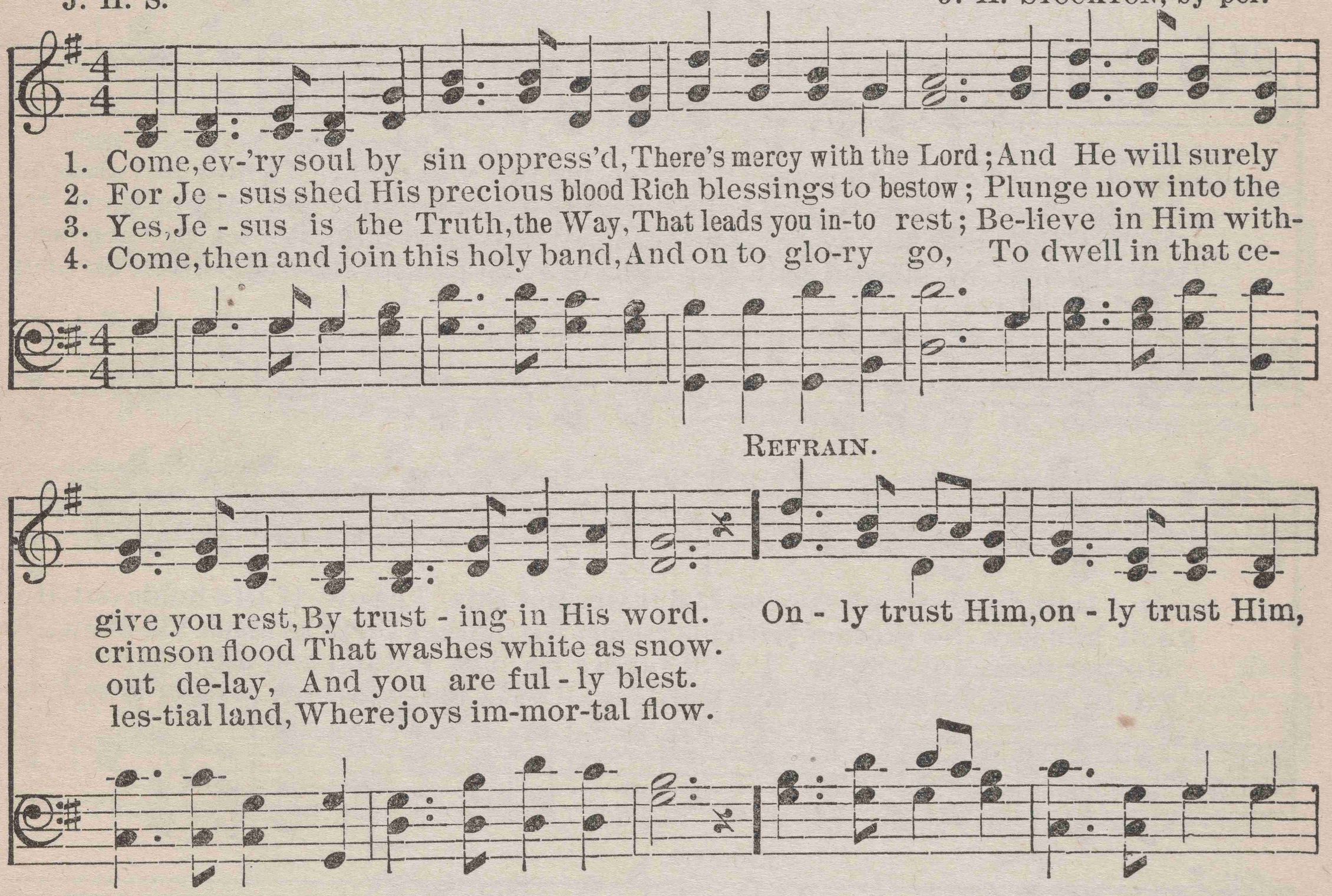
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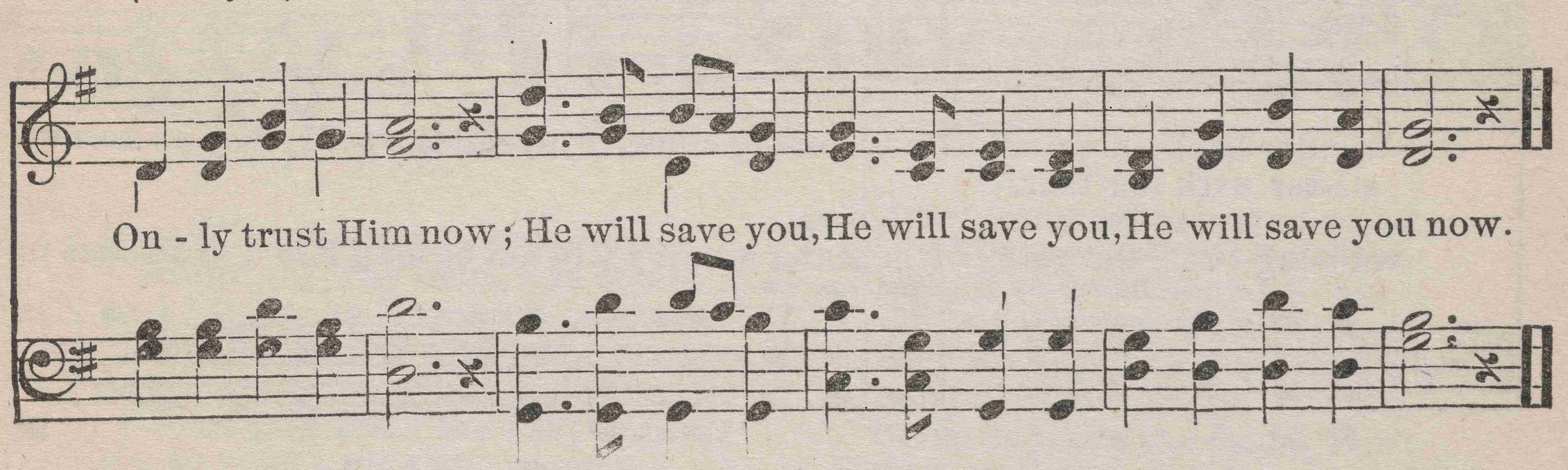
THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.



No. 47. ONLY TRUST HIM.

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





No. 48. A DREAM OF HOME.

T. J. S.

Rev. T. J. SWANZEY.

Effective as a Solo.

1. I sat a-lone at midnight hour, And watch'd the star - lit sky, And
2. "He's gone tho' now, far, far a - way, Per-haps in des - erts wild; O
3. "I fan - cy now I see his face, As fair as when a child; And
4. A - las! dear friends, 't was but a dream, My mother 's here no more; She

dreamed I heard my mother say: "I wish my boy was nigh. I know not where he
God, to Thee, I pray to-night To keep my dis-tant child, No fath-er there to
he 's a full-grown man to-day, And true, and brave, but mild. A let - ter here says:
left this world of sin and pain For Canaan's hap-py shore. Lord, send some messen-

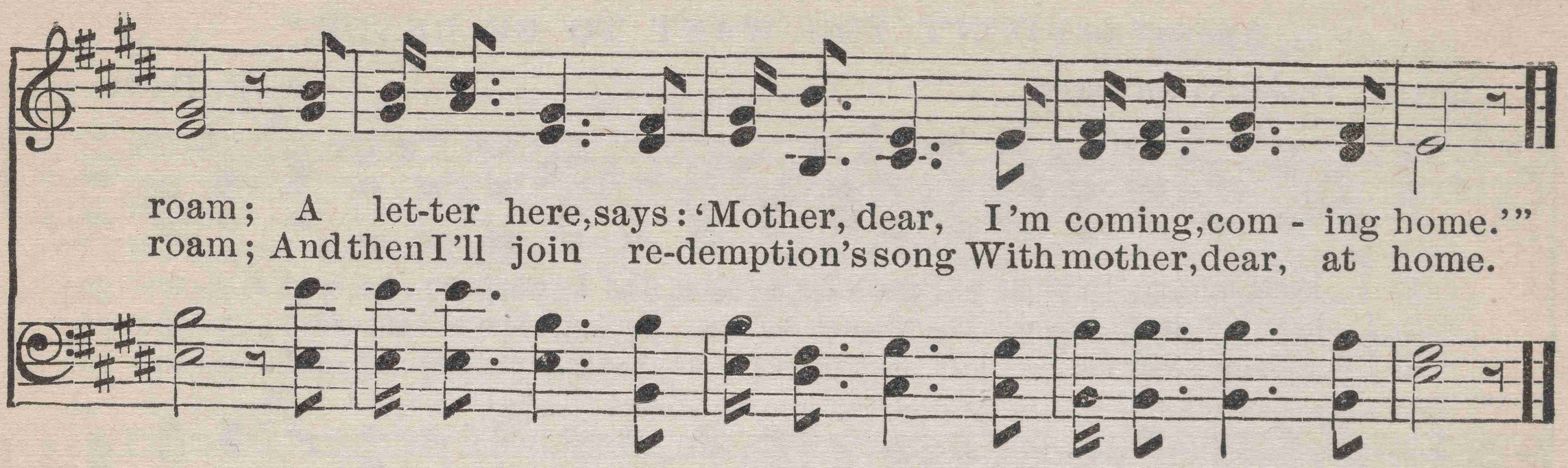
is tonight, He cross'd the trou-bled main; But this I know, if life holds out, He 'll
guide him now, No brother with his cheer, No mother there to soothe his brow, No
'Mother, dear, No long-er I will roam;' So now I stand and watch the gate, I
ger of love To guide my wayward feet, That I may meet my mother there, Who 's

wander back a-gain." "He 's coming home, O joy-ful tho't! My boy no more will
sis-ter with her tear."
know he 's com-ing home." *4th verse.*
wait-ing at the gate. I 'm going home, 't will not be long Ere I shall cease to

REFRAIN.

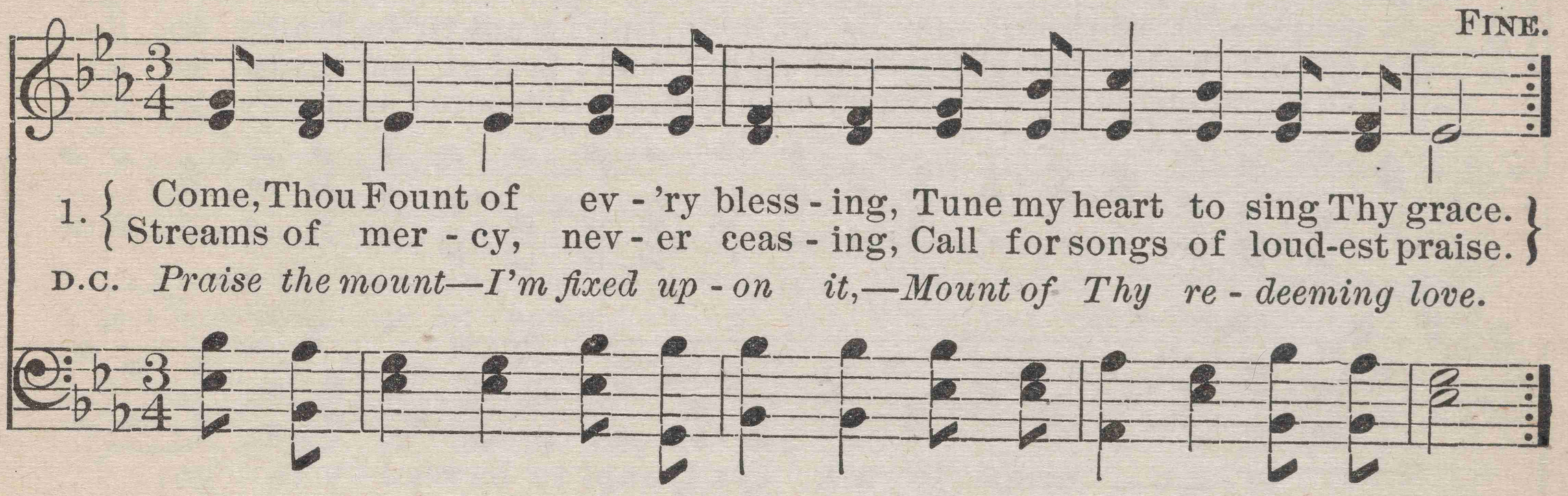
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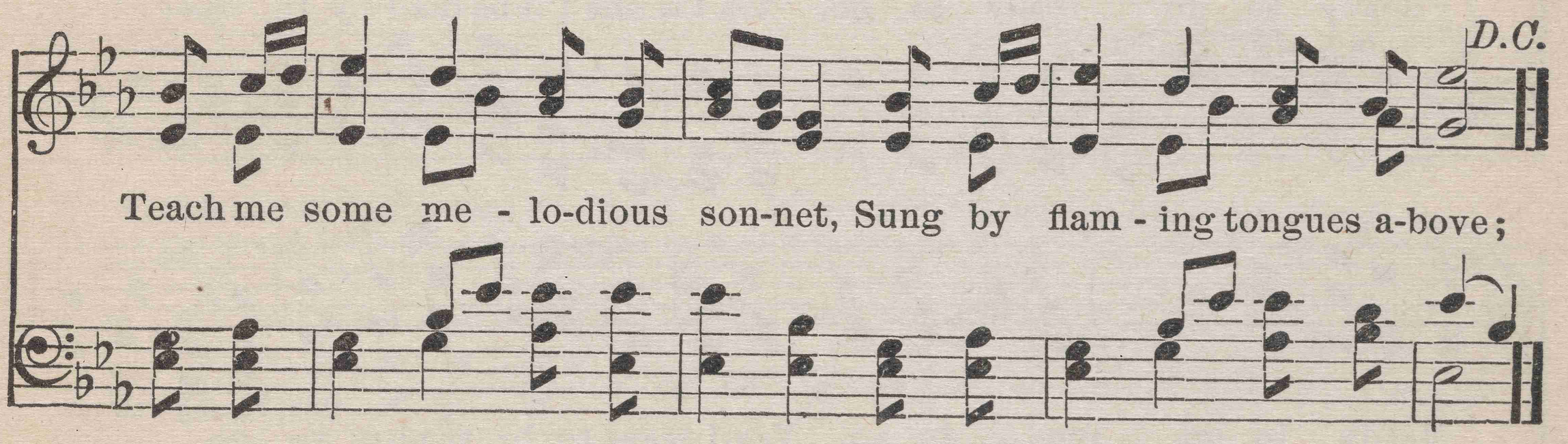
A DREAM OF HOME.



No. 49. NETTLETON.

Rev. Robert Robinson. Rev. Asahel Nettleton.





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

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

No. 50. YES, I WANT TO BE READY.

Answer to "DON'T YOU WANT TO BE READY."

Rev. J. D. HENDRICKSON. A. E. DAVIS.

1. I know that my Saviour will come for me soon, And I want to be read - y to go;
2. I hear my dear Saviour in - vit-ing me now, Saying, come and get read - y to go;
3. I'm watching and waiting for Je-sus to come, And I'm will-ing and read - y to go;

It may be at mid-night, it may be at noon, But I want to be read-y to go.
My spir- it be-fore His blest throne I will bow, And I feel I am read-y to go.
I know that my Saviour will carry me home, Yes, I'm sure I am ready to go.

REFRAIN.

Ready to go, ready to go, Yes, I want to be read - y to go; . .
Ready to go, ready to go, Yes, I'm willing and read - y to go; . .
Ready to go, ready to go, Yes, I'm sure I'll be read - y to go; . .

yes, read-y to go.

Ready to go, read-y to go, Yes, I want to be read-y to go. . . .
Ready to go, read-y to go, Yes, I feel I am read-y to go. . . .
Ready to go, read-y to go, Yes, I'm sure I'll be ready to go. . . .

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No. 51. WHEN THE BEAUTIFUL GATES UNFOLD.

J. H. A.

J. H. ALLEMAN, by per.

1. No longer we'll wander in darkness and night, When the beau-ti-ful gates un - fold;
2. My loved ones will wait at the har-bor for me, When the beau-ti-ful gates un - fold;
3. No sickness, no sorrow, no pain as be-fore, When the beau-ti-ful gates un - fold;
4. A rapt-ure un-speak-a-ble then shall be mine, When the beau-ti-ful gates un - fold;
5. A ha - lo of glo - ry will shadow us o'er, When the beau-ti-ful gates un - fold;
6. The burden of life will no long-er an-noy, When the beau-ti-ful gates un - fold;

We'll walk in that cit - y where God is the light, When the beauti-ful gates un - fold.
To welcome me home where from sin I'll be free, When the beauti-ful gates un - fold.
With joy we'll commune with our friends as of yore, When the beauti-ful gates un - fold.
As there I be-hold Him so pure and di-vine, When the beauti-ful gates un - fold.
With joy we will sing on that far a-way shore, When the beauti-ful gates un - fold.
With Christ we will live in per-pet - u - al joy, When the beauti-ful gates un - fold.

REFRAIN.

When the beau-ti-ful gates un - fold, . When the beau-ti-ful gates un - fold, . .
When the beau - ti - ful, pearl - y gates un-fold, When the beau - ti - ful, pearl-y gates un - fold,

There hap-py we'll be for the Lord we shall see, When the beauti - ful gates un - fold.

Copyright, 189[illegible], by J. H. Alleman.

No. 52. CHRIST, THE CRUCIFIED.

H. N. Lincoln. Theme from E. R. Latta. H. N. Lincoln.

1. Lord, I look to Thee for par - don, Seek-ing now the Cru - ci - fied;
2. I am long - ing for ac - cept-ance, Trusting in the Cru - ci - fied;
3. O the pre-cious peace He gives me, Rest-ing in the Cru - ci - fied;
4. O the bless - ed, heav'n-ly rap - ture, Hop-ing in the Cru - ci - fied;

All be -sides with it is prom-ised, Seek - ing now the Cru - ci - fied.
Tho' I'm sin - ful and un-worth - y, Trust - ing in the Cru - ci - fied.
I am saved and saved for ev - er, Rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied.
Of the bless- ed res - ur - rec - tion, Hop - ing in the Cru - ci - fied.

I am seek - ing ear - nest -ly, He shall be re - vealed to me;
I am trust - ing ear - nest -ly, He shall be re - vealed to me;
Praise His name my soul is free, He has been re - vealed to me;
Yes, I know I soon shall be In a home pre - pared for me;

So He tells me in the Gos - pel, Christ, the bless - ed, Cru - ci - fied.
All to Him I now sur - ren- der, Christ, the bless - ed, Cru - ci - fied.
What a - maz- ing grace and mer - cy, Saved by Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
In the boundless realms of glo - ry. With my Lord, be glo - ri - fied.

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No. 53. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

Rev. H. Bonar. Charles C. Converse, by per.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trou-ble a - ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r.
We should nev-er be dis-cour- aged— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness; Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In His arms He 'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol -ace there.

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No. 54. SEEKING THE LOST.

W. A. O.

W. A. Ogden. By per.

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kindly entreating Wanderers on the mountain a - stray;
2. Seek-ing the lost, and pointing to Jesus, Souls that are weak, and hearts that are sore;
3. Thus I would go on missions of mercy, Fol-lowing Christ from day un-to day;

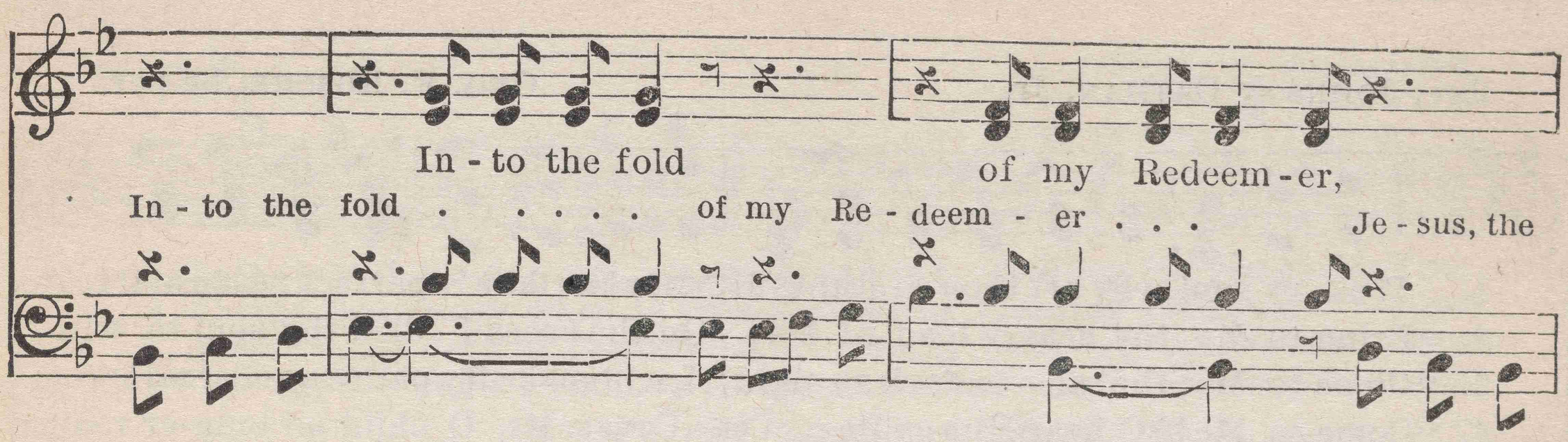
"Come un-to me," His message repeating, Words of the Master speaking to-day.
Leading them forth in ways of sal-va-tion, Showing the path to life ev-er - more.
Cheering the faint, and rais-ing the fall-en; Pointing the lost to Je - sus the way.

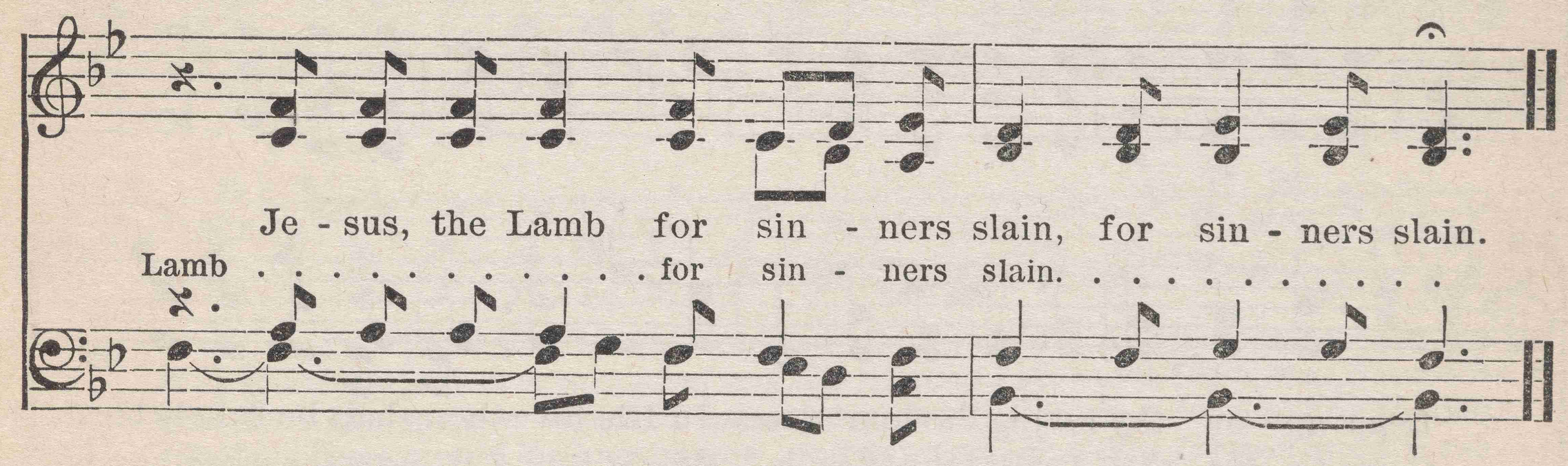
Refrain.

Go-ing a - far up - on the mountain,
Go-ing a - far . . . . . up-on the moun - tain, . . . Bringing the

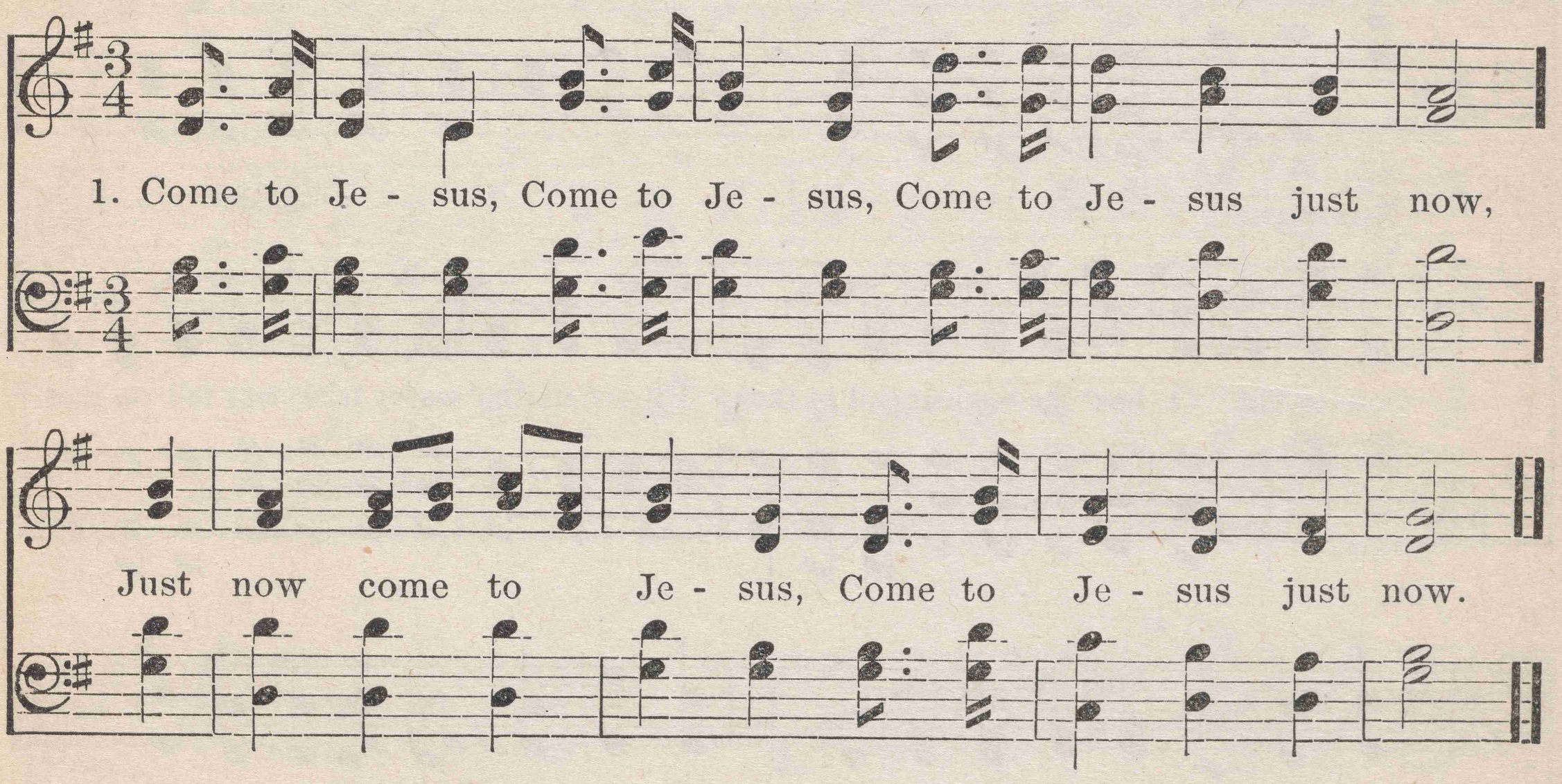
Bring - ing the wan - d'rer back a - gain, back a - gain,
wan - - - - - - - - - d'rer back a - gain, ...

SEEKING THE LOST.





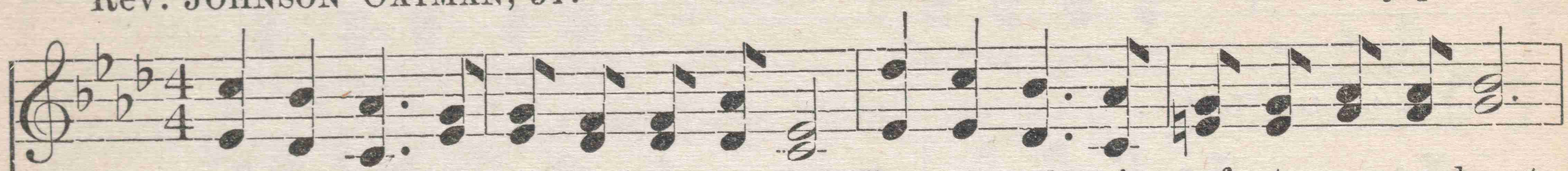
No. 55. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.



2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon Him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto Him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 Only trust Him.
12 Jesus loves you.
13 Don't reject Him.
14 I believe Him.
15 Hallelujah, Amen.

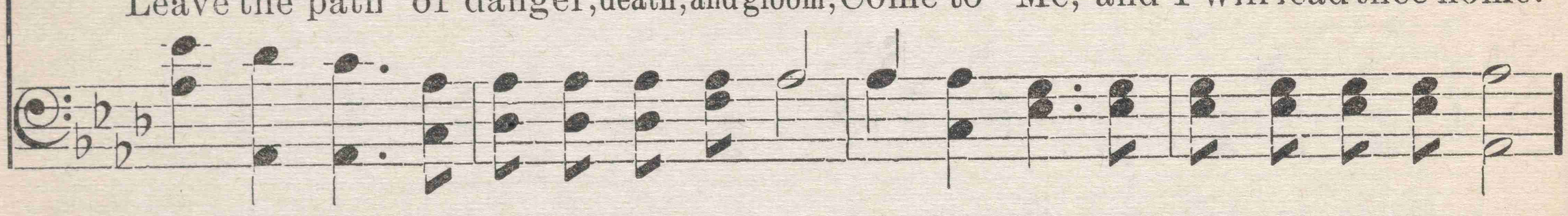
No. 56. COME TO ME.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. F. ROSCHE, by per.

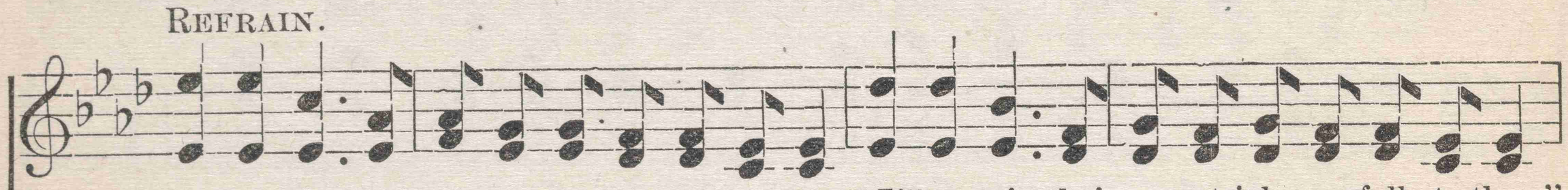


1. Wea-ry soul, why art thou so distress'd? Come where there is perfect peace and rest,
2. "Bring to Me thy heav-y load of sin; On the cross I died thy soul to win.
3. "Come to Me; tho' all is dark as night, I will make thy pathway clear and bright;
4. "Come to Me!" O hear Him calling. "Come, Come to Me, O child no long-er roam;

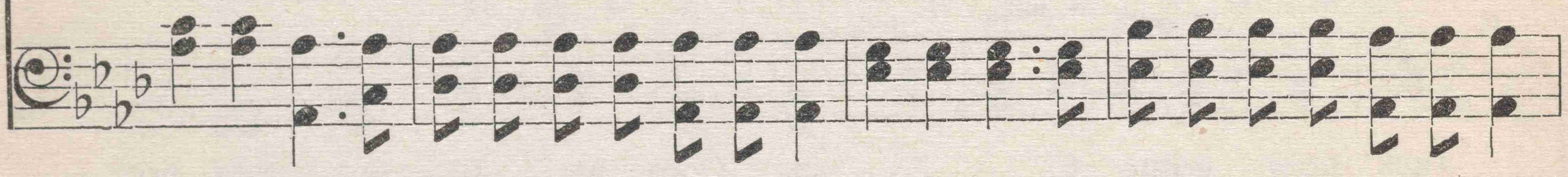
Lean up-on thy loving Saviour's breast, In His love thou shalt be ful-ly blest.
Come to Me, and I will take thee in." Ho-ly Spir-it, now the work begin.
Come to Me, and I will be thy light, Walk with Me in faith, and not by sight."
Leave the path of danger, death, and gloom, Come to Me, and I will lead thee home."



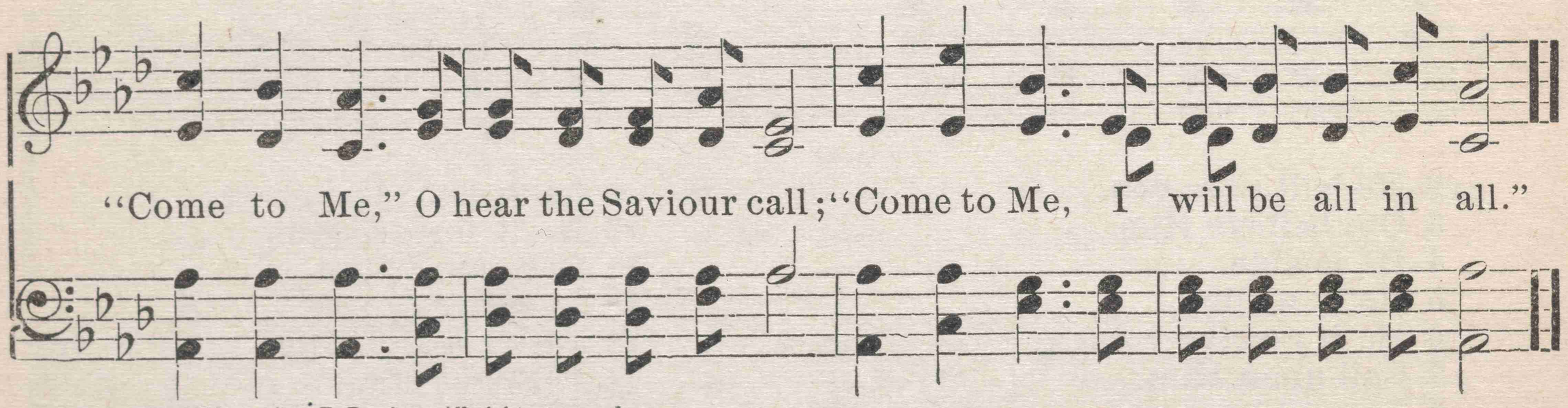
REFRAIN.



"Come to Me," O hear the Saviour call to thee; "I'll sustain, tho' ma-ny trials may fall to thee."



"Come to Me," O hear the Saviour call; "Come to Me, I will be all in all."



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No. 57. SOFTLY AND TENDERLY.

W. L. T. WILL. L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the mo-ments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonder-ful love He has promis'd, Promised for you and for me,

See on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death-beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home.
come home, come home,

Earn-est-ly, ten-der - ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Calling, O sinner, come home.

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No. 58. MIGHTY GOD.

Rev. Chas. S. Robinson. F. S. Shepard.

1. Might-y God! while an-gels praise Thee, May a mor-tal lisp Thy name?
2. For the grand-eur of Thy na-ture, Grand, be-yond a ser-aph's tho't;
3. For Thy rich, Thy free re-demp-tion, Bright, tho' veil'd in dark-ness long,
4. From the high-est throne of glo-ry, To the cross of deep-est woe,

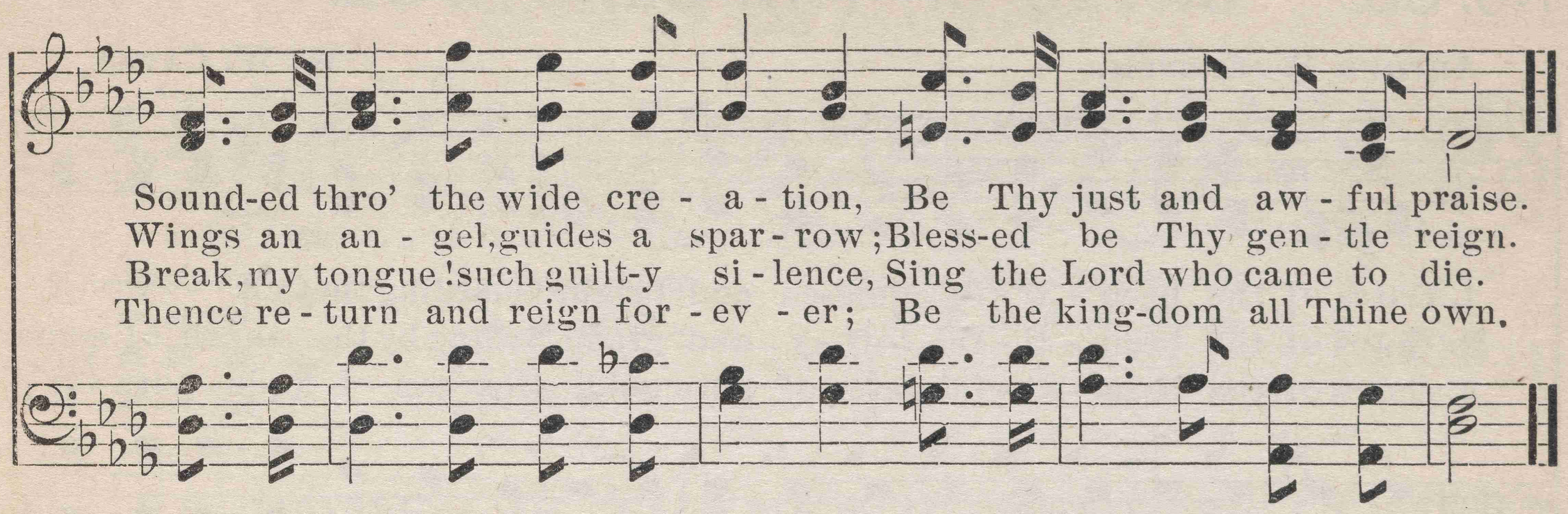
Lord of men, as well as an-gels, Thou art ev-'ry creature's theme;
For the won-ders of cre-a-tion, Works with skill and kindness wro't;
Thought is poor, and poor ex-pres-sion; Who can sing that wondrous song?
Came to ran-som guilt-y cap-tives! Flow, my praise! for-ev-er flow!

Lord of ev-'ry land and na-tion! Ancient of e-ter-nal days!
For Thy prov-i-dence that gov-erns Thro' Thine empire's wide do-main,
Bright-ness of the Fa-ther's glo-ry! Shall Thy praise un-ut-tered lie?
Re-as-cend, im-mor-tal Sav-iour! Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;

Sound-ed thro' the wide cre-a-tion, Be Thy just and aw-ful praise.
Wings an an-gel, guides a spar-row; Bless-ed be Thy gen-tle reign.
Break, my tongue! such guilt-y si-lence, Sing the Lord who came to die.
Thence re-turn and reign for-ev-er; Be the king-dom all Thine own!

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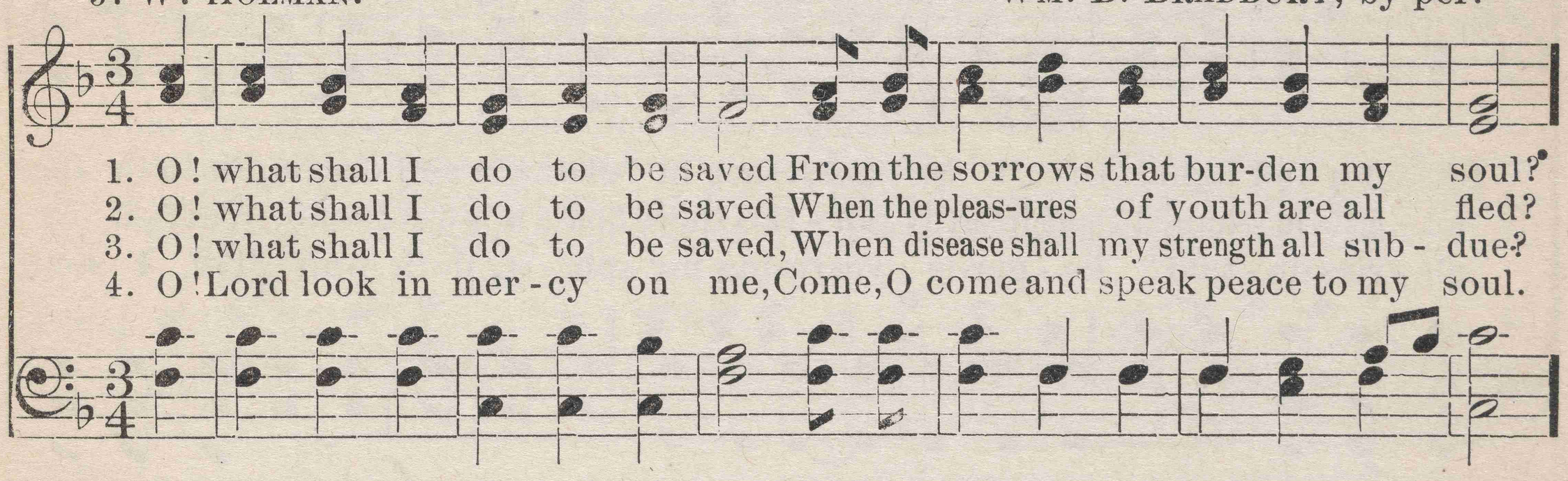
MIGHTY GOD.

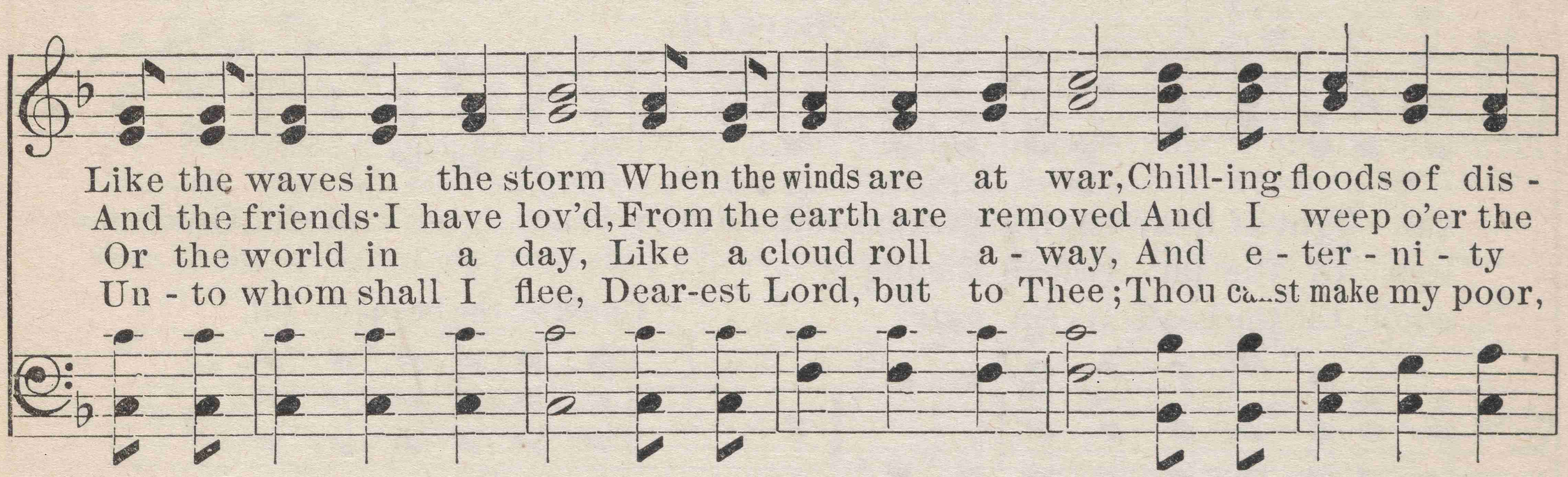


No. 59. O! WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?

"What must I do to be saved?" Acts 16: 30.

J. W. HOLMAN. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.





No. 60. GATES OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. W. CAVES.

1, Gates of the beau - ti - ful, gold-en and bright, Guarding that cit - y of
2. Gates of the beau - ti - ful, loft - y and grand, Swung by the touch of some
3. Gates of the beau - ti - ful, gates of pure gold, How can I pic - ture thy

splendor and light! Oft I be - hold thee in distance and dream, Flash in the
an - gel - ic hand! Down from thy por - tals there floats a sweet song, Waft-ed by
glo - ries un - told! Ea - ger-ly yearn-ing my spir - it doth wait Till I shall

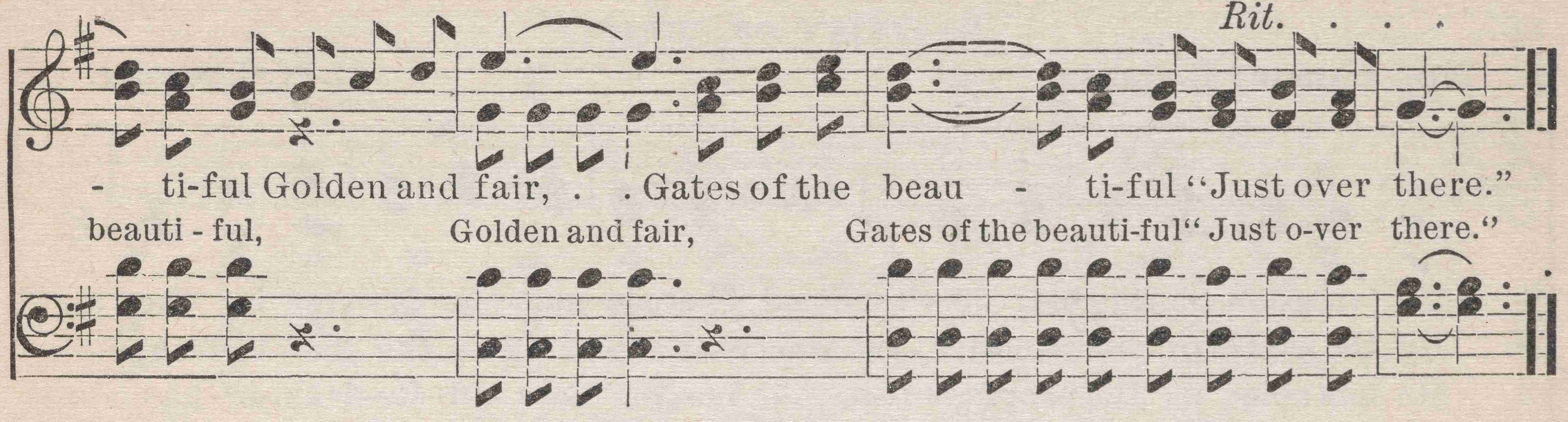
REFRAIN.

sun - light of heav-en - ly gleam. Gates of the beau - ti - ful, Gold-en and
lips of the pu - ri-fied throng.
come to the beau- ti - ful gate.

Gates of the beau- ti - ful,

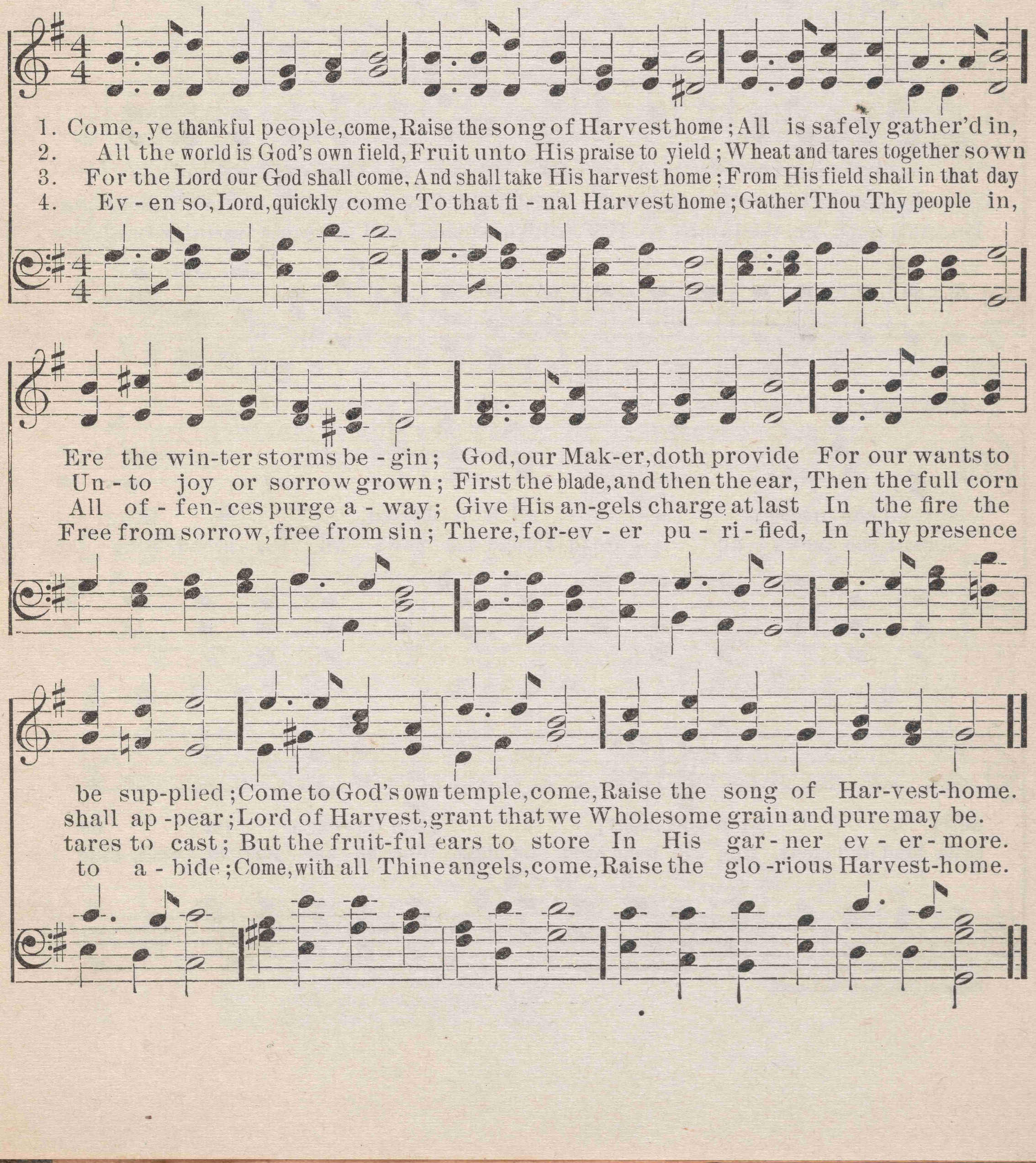
fair, . . Gates of the beau - ti - ful "Just o - ver there," Gates of the beau
Golden and fair, Gates of the beautiful, "Just over there," Gates of the

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No. 61. COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME.

Rev. HENRY ALFORD. Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY.



No. 62. THE REDEEMER IS HERE.

NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Mrs. Harriet E. Jones. H. N. Lincoln.

1. There's a glit - ter - ing star o - ver-head, There is mu - sic di - vine in the air;
2. By the gleam of the won-der - ful star, While the an-gels the glad ti-dings sing,
3. He has come as the prophets fore-told, Yes, the bless - ed Re-deem-er has come;

In a man - ger where cat - tle are fed, Is an in - fant ex- ceed-ing - ly fair.
With their gifts from the regions a - far, Come the wise men to wor-ship the King.
He shall gath -er the lambs to His fold, And shall call the poor wan-der-ers home,

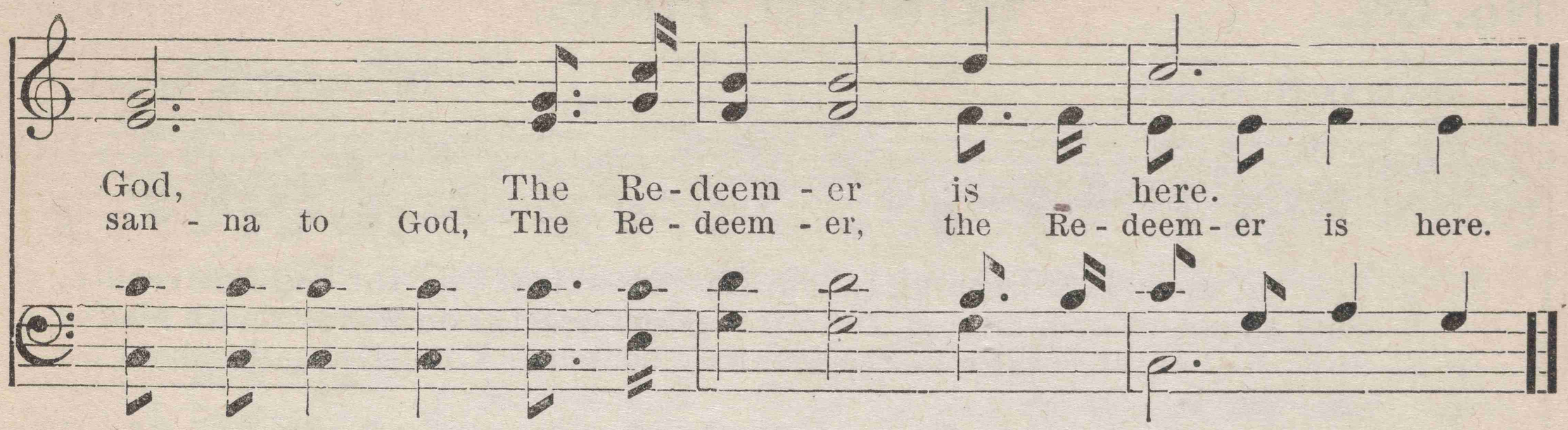
Refrain.

Spread the news all a - broad, Ring the
Spread the news all a - broad, spread the news all a - broad, Ring the

bells loud and clear, Sing ho - san - na to
bells loud and clear, ring the bells loud and clear, Sing ho - san - na to God, sing ho-

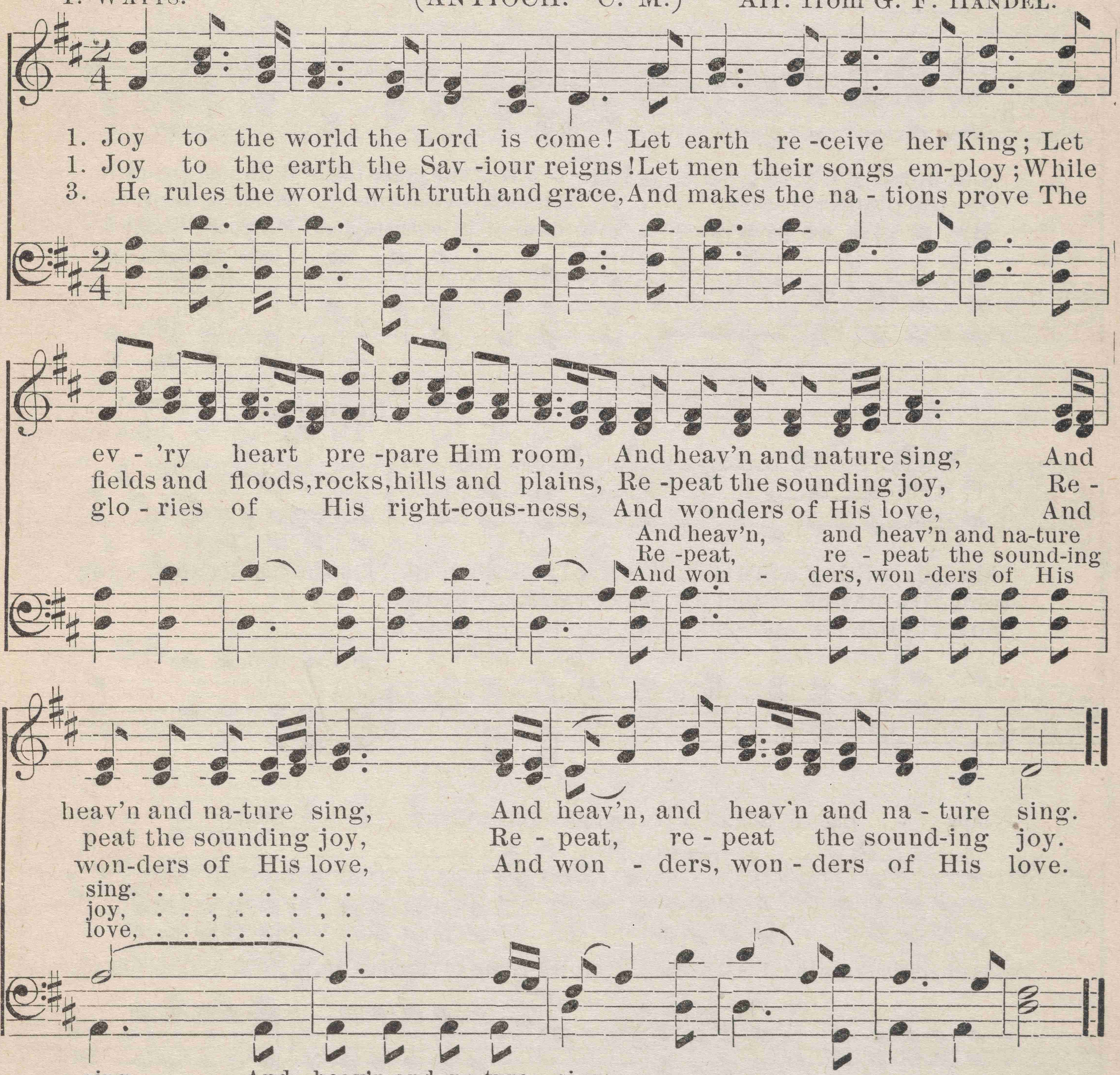
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THE REDEEMER IS HERE.



No. 63. JOY TO THE WORLD.

I. WATTS. (ANTIOCH. C. M.) Arr. from G. F. HANDEL.



No. 64. SOWING TIME.

ADELINE H. BERRY. C. D. AMSTUTZ, by per.

1. See the morn is brightning In the Eastern skies; Up, for work make read-y,
2. Sow the seeds of kindness In your neighbor's heart; You will soon with gladness,
3. Sow a-long the highway, Strangers may be there; You may make them bet-ter,

Lie not i-dly by. . . . Has-ten to the grain-fields With your precious seed;
See the plantlets start. . . If the soil is ston-y, Nev-er fear to sow;
By a gift or prayer. . Sow beneath the noontide, While your strength is giv'n;

REFRAIN.

'Tis . . . . . the time for

Ma-ny willing workmen, Yet the Lord doth need. 'Tis the time for sow-ing
Some rift may be o-pen'd, Where the stalk may grow.
Sow till life is end-ed, You will reap in heav'n.

sow - ing Seeds . . . of precious worth; Scat - ter them like

Seeds of precious worth; 'Tis the time for sow-ing Seeds of precious worth; Scatter them like sunshine

SOWING TIME.

sun - shine O - - ver all the earth. 'Tis . . . . the time for

O-ver all the earth ; Scatter them like sunshine O-ver all the earth. 'Tis the time for sowing

sow - ing Seeds . . . of precious worth; Scat - ter them like

Seeds of precious worth ; 'Tis the time for sow - ing Seeds of precious worth ; Scatter them like sunshine

sun - - shine O - - - - - ver all the earth.

O - ver all the earth, Scatter them like sun - shine O - ver all the earth.

No. 65. TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

"Today if ye will hear his voice." Ps. 95: 7.

Rev. S. F. Smith. H. N. Lincoln, by per.

1. To-day the Sav-iour calls : Ye wand'rers, come ; O ye be-night-ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
2. To-day the Sav-iour calls : Oh, lis - ten now ; Within these sa-cred walls To Je - sus bow.
3. To-day the Sav-iour calls : For ref - uge fly ; The storm of jus-tice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir-it calls to - day : Yield to His pow'r ; Oh, grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer-cy's hour.

No. 66. GRACE, LOVE AND COMMUNION.

(PARTING HYMN.)

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.

1. As now from the courts of His house we de - part, The grace of our
2. The sor - rows of earth are as dark - ness that flies, When o - ver the
3. More dear than the kind word friend speak - eth with friend, To us is the

Sav - iour a - bide in each heart, That 'round and a - bout us what -
cloud-mists the sun doth a - rise; So bright on our path - way, where
friend-ship that nev - er shall end; The voice of the Com - fort - er,

D.S. *The love of the Fa - ther o'er*

FINE.

ev - er be - fall, His mer - cy and fav - or may cov - er us all.
ev - er we stray, God grant that His love may il - lum - ine our way.
faith - ful and tried, The Spir - it's com-mun - ion be ev - er our guide.

all will a - bide, The Spir - it's com - mun - ion to each be a guide.

CHORUS. D.S.

Tho' sad words of part-ing must oft-en be said, The sweet grace of Je - sus will lin - ger in - stead,

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No. 67. TALK IT OVER WITH JESUS.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. When the shad-ows are o'er thee, All thy light to ob - scure,
2. Art thou heav - i - ly la - den, Sad and wea - ry and lone?
3. Tell thy pit - y - ing Sav - iour, All that trou - bles thy heart;

Talk it o - ver with Je - sus, Trust His prom - is - es sure.
Talk it o - ver with Je - sus, He all sor - row has known.
He who "car-ried our sor - rows," Peace and joy will im - part.

REFRAIN.

Talk it all o - ver with Je - sus, Tell Him thy sor-row and care;

rit.

Talk it o - ver with Je - sus, Talk it all o - ver in pray'r.

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No. 68. THE GOSPEL MESSAGE.

Mrs. Laura E. Newell. H. N. Lincoln.

1. All the world should hear the mes-sage we proclaim to - day, God is
2. There's a road that all may trav - el to the home of bliss, God is
3. Come to Je - sus, He has suf-fered to re-deem your soul, God is

love! God is love! God is love! God is love! Dying sinners, Christ will save you, He's the
love! God is love! God is love! God is love! And a home for all in glo-ry, bright-er
love! God is love! God is love! God is love! And to heaven He will guide you, all your

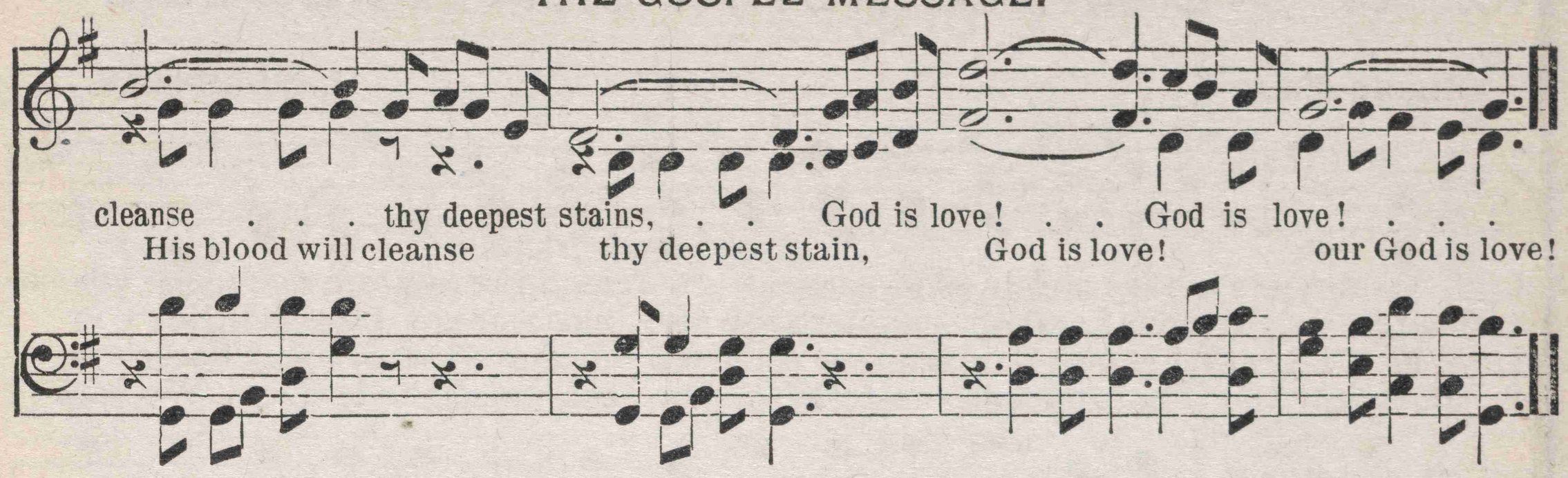
truth, the way, God is love! God is love! God is love!
far than this, God is love! God is love! God is love!
ways con-trol, God is love! God is love! God is love!

Refrain.

Good news to all! the
Good news to all!

Saviours reigns! . . . A place in heav'n . . . for you remains! . . . His blood will
the Saviour reigns! A place in heav'n for you remains!

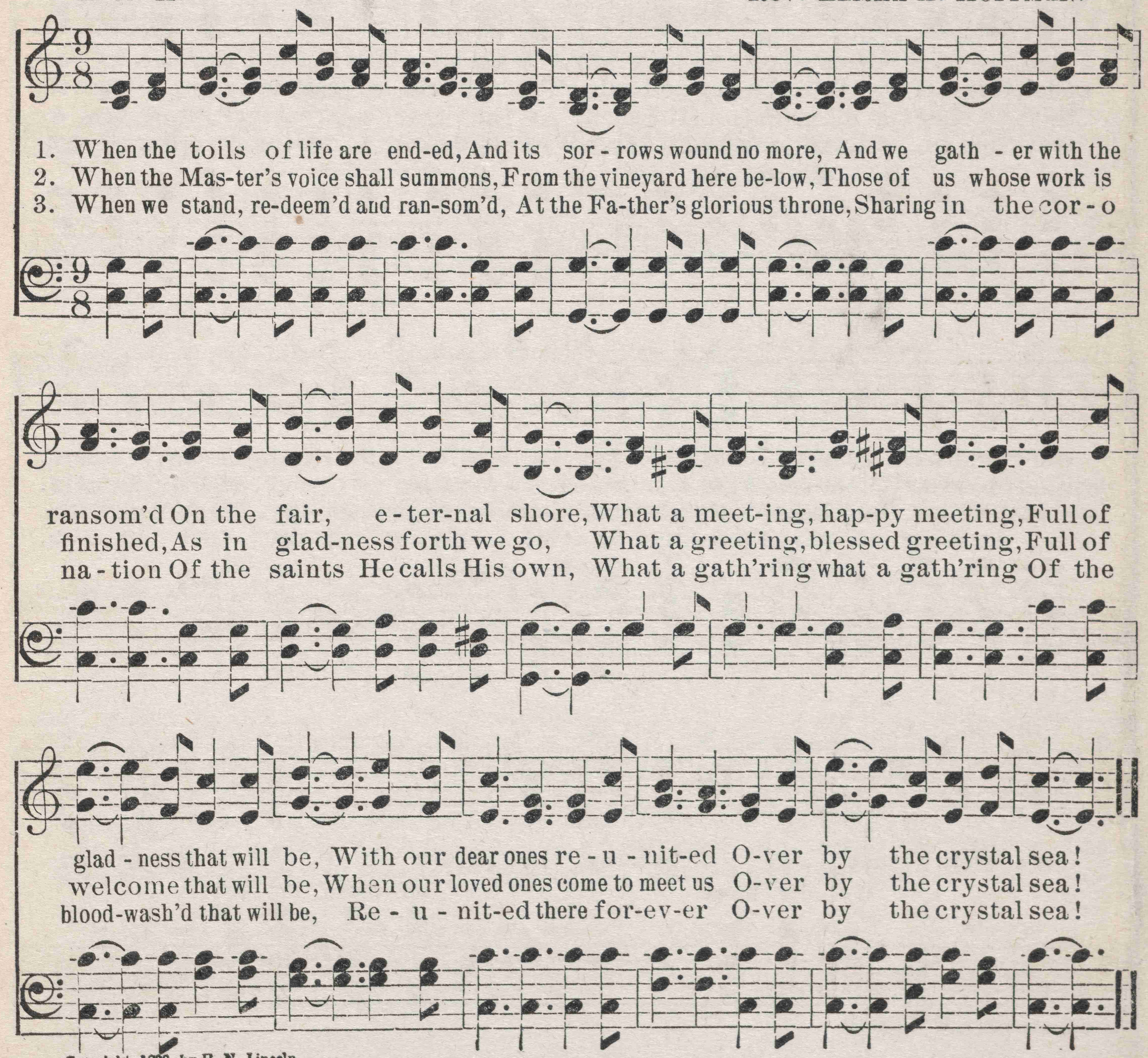
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No. 69. OVER BY THE CRYSTAL SEA.

(A BEAUTIFUL QUARTET.)

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



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No. 70. WE SHALL NEVER SAY FAREWELL.

BIRDIE BELL. H. N. LINCOLN.

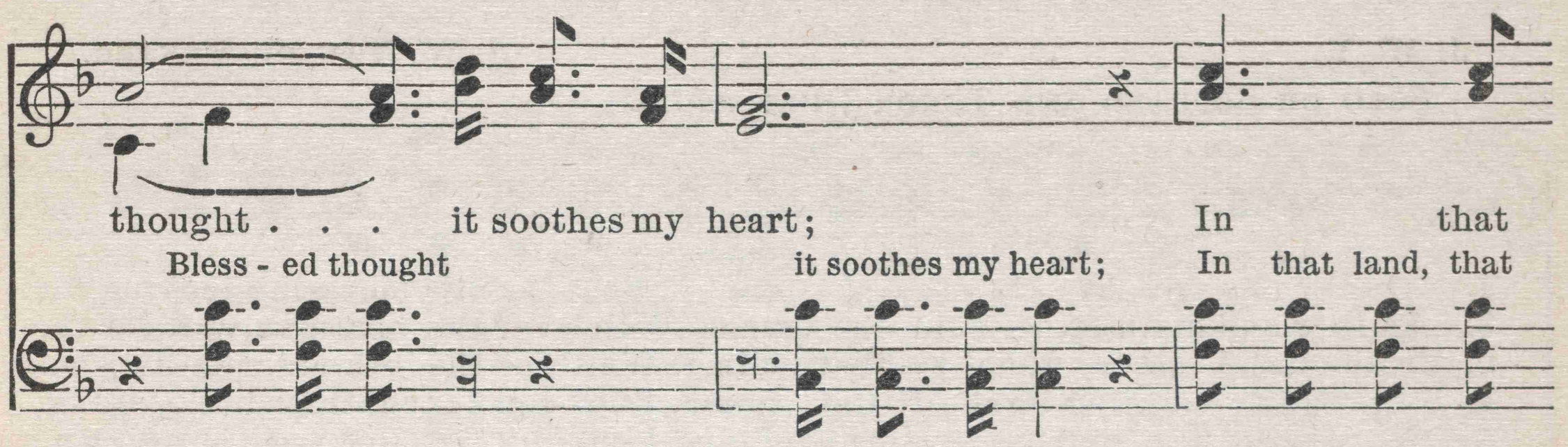
1. O, we clasp the hand in glad-ness as a friend once more we meet, One whose face we have not seen for ma- ny years; How the heart beats high with pleas-ure, as a wel-come we re-peat, Long a - go we sad - ly part - ed,—'twas in tears.
2. There's a glo-rious Land up yon-der where we'll nev - er say fare-well, Nev - er speak that word so full of grief and pain; 'Tis a world of changeless rapture where the white-rob'd spir - its dwell, And the ransomed ones for - ev - er shall re-main.
3. When the heart is bow'd in sadness when for loved and lost we weep There's a tho't to cheer us pil-grims on the road, At the "gate a-jar" they're waiting, yes, a watch for us they keep, Till we join them in their hap - py, blest a - bode.
4. Bless-ed tho't! so full of com-fort to the ach - ing, lone-ly heart, We are trav-'ling to a Land of endless bliss, Where we'll speak a lov-ing greeting as we meet no more to part, Find - ing in *that* world the treas-ures lost in *this*.

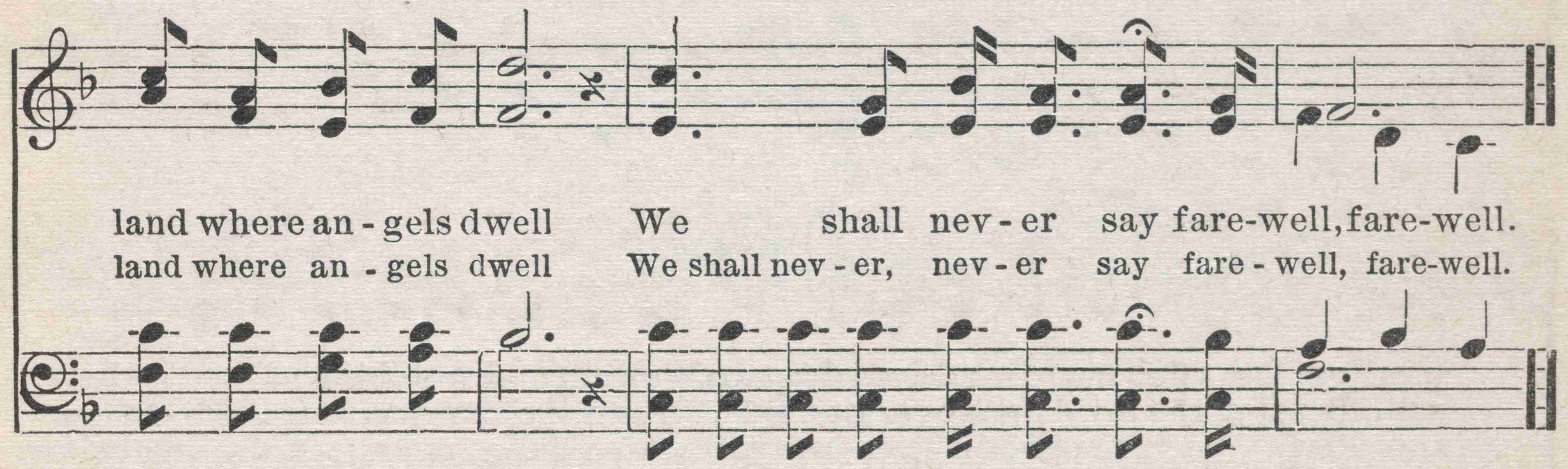
CHORUS.

We shall meet . . . no more to part Bless - ed
We shall meet no more to part,

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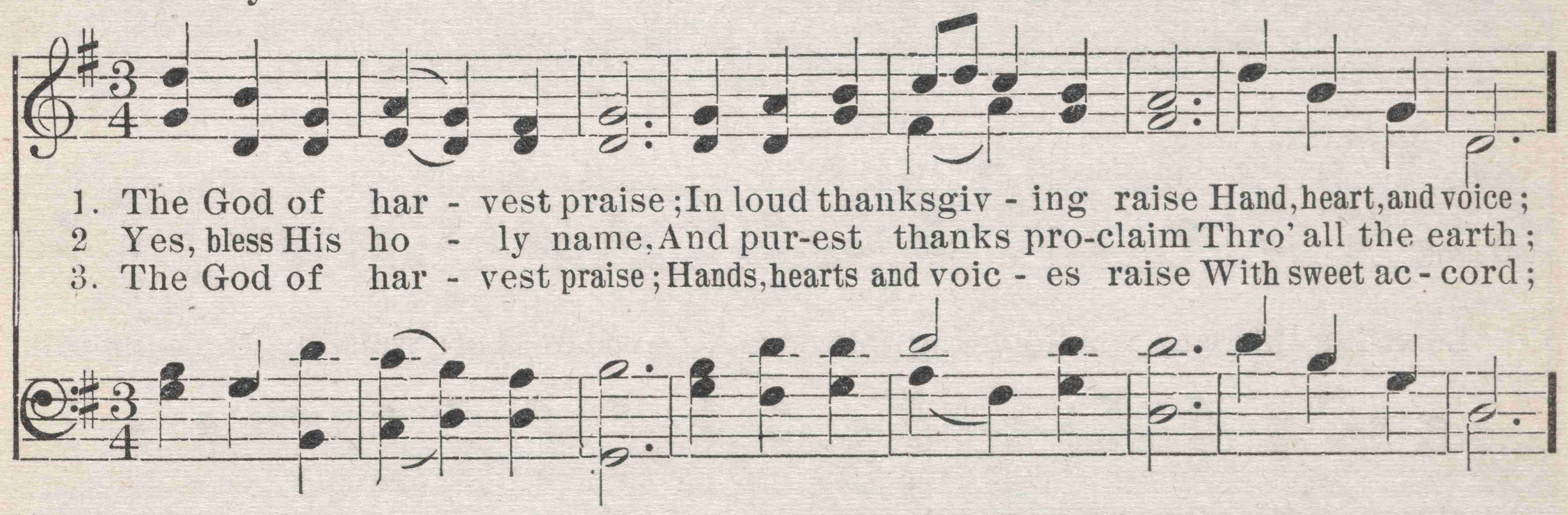
WE SHALL NEVER SAY FAREWELL.

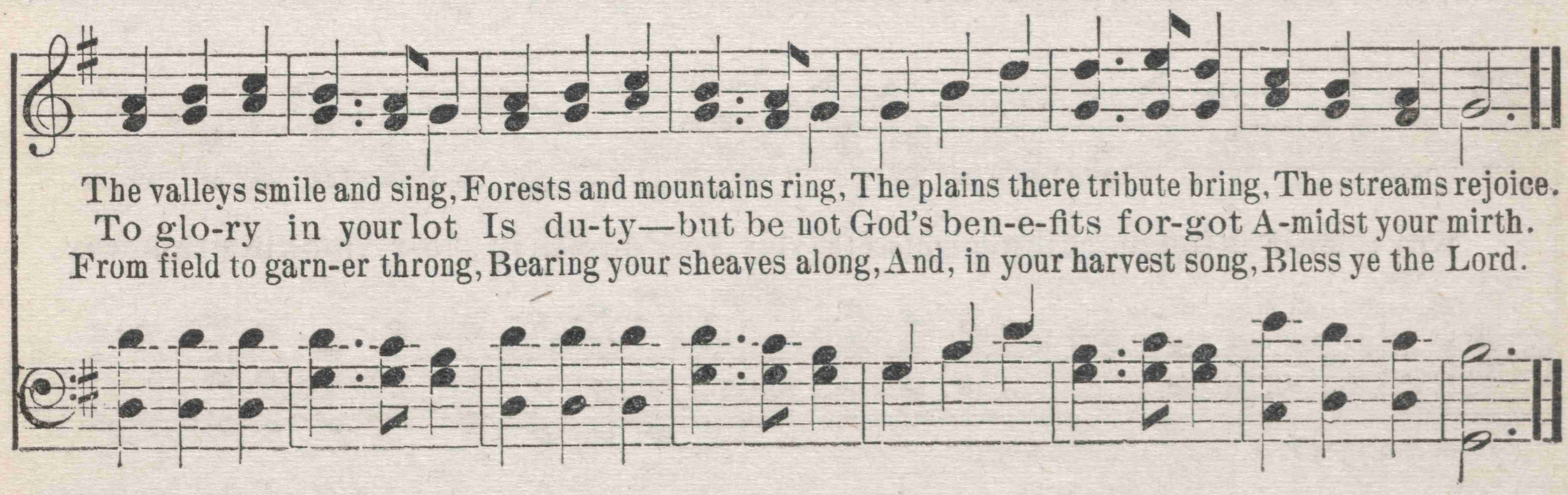




No. 71. THE GOD OF HARVEST PRAISE.

Words by J. MONTGOMERY. F. GIARDINI.

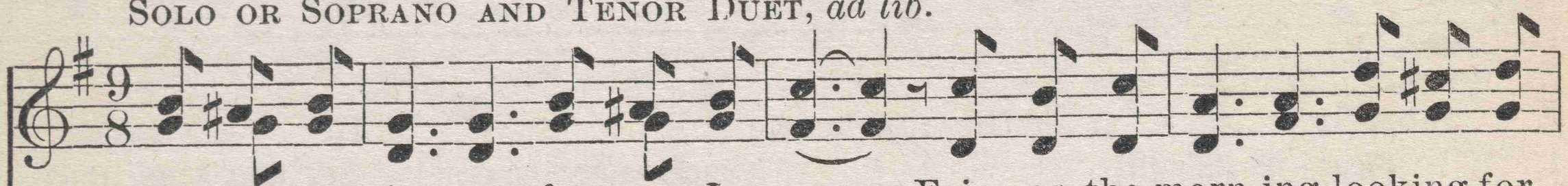




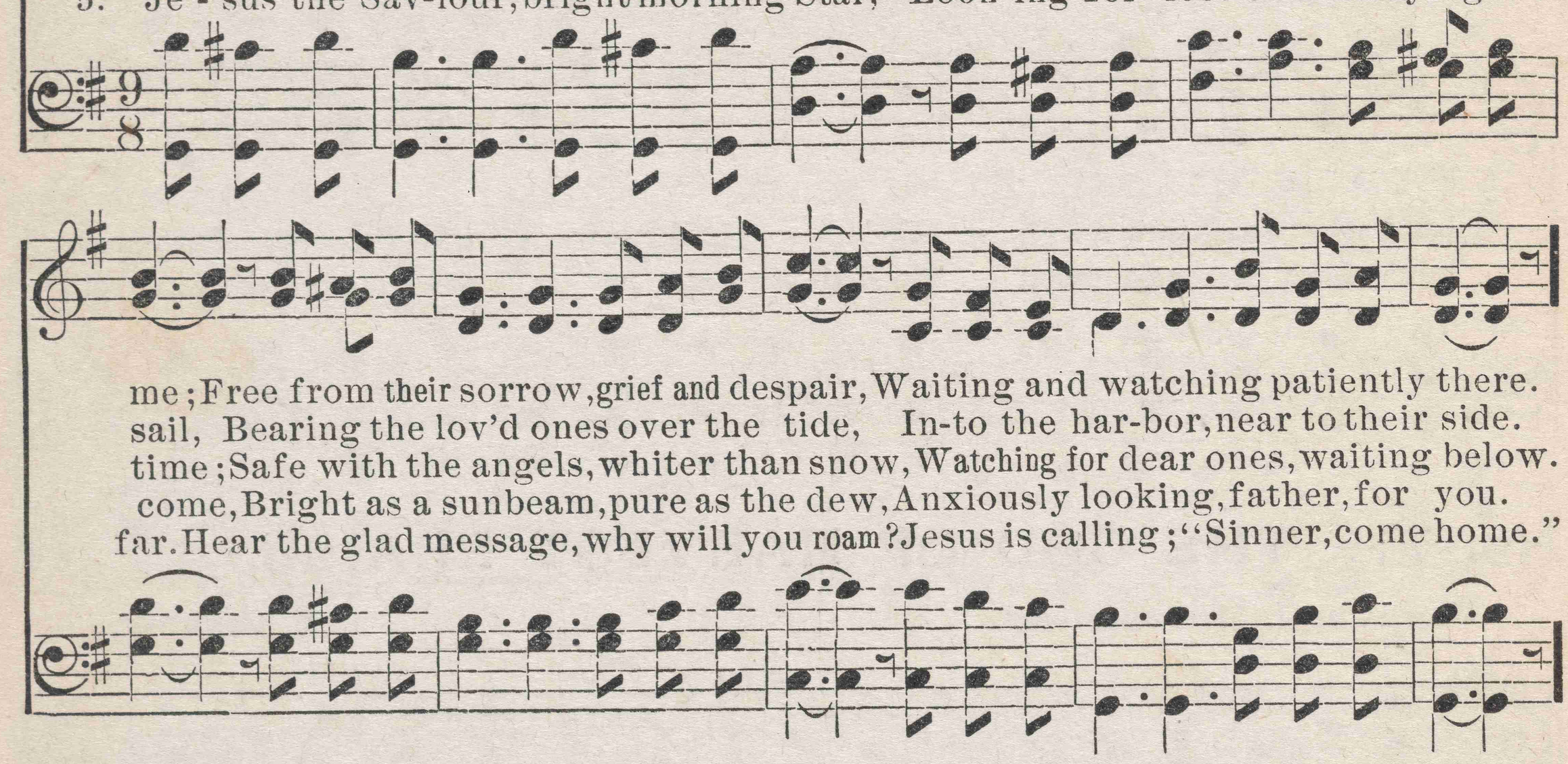
No. 72. LOOKING THIS WAY.

J. W. V. J. W. Van de Venter.

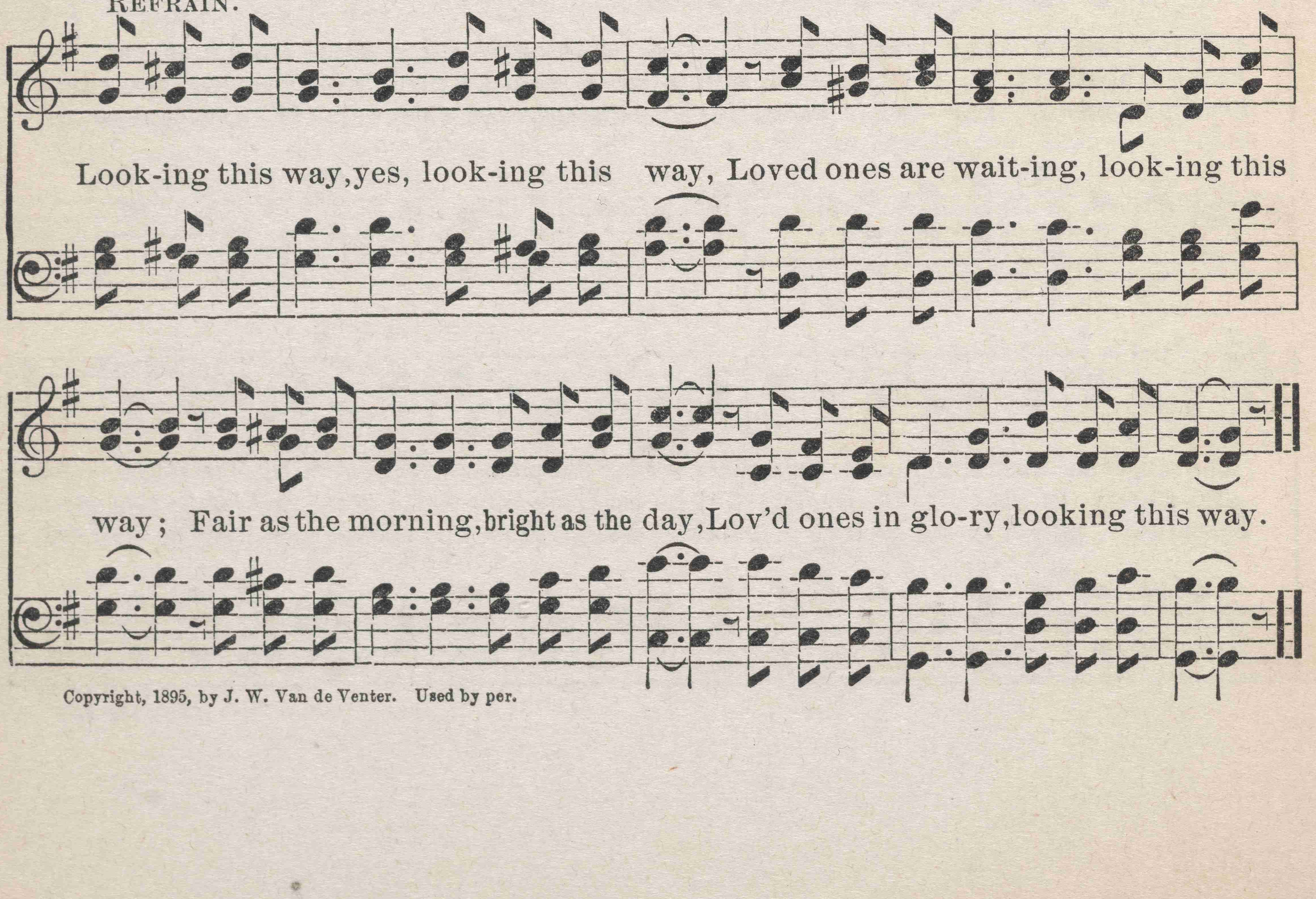
Solo or Soprano and Tenor Duet, *ad lib.*



1. O-ver the riv-er fa-ces I see, Fair as the morn-ing, looking for me; Free from their sorrow, grief and despair, Waiting and watching patiently there.
2. Fa-ther and moth-er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail, Bearing the lov'd ones over the tide, In-to the har-bor, near to their side.
3. Broth-er and sis-ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth-ers, com-ing some time; Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching for dear ones, waiting below.
4. Sweet lit-tle darling, light of the home, Look-ing for moth-er, beck-on-ing, come, Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously looking, father, for you.
5. Je-sus the Sav-iour, bright morning Star, Look-ing for lost ones straying a-far. Hear the glad message, why will you roam? Jesus is calling; "Sinner, come home."



Refrain.



Look-ing this way, yes, look-ing this way, Loved ones are wait-ing, look-ing this way; Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Lov'd ones in glo-ry, looking this way.

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No. 73. FROM THE DARKSOME TOMB, HE ROSE.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Did the Sav-iour of man-kind, Who was once for sin-ners slain, Pass the
2. Did the faith-ful wo-men go To a-noint Him at the dawn? Did they
3. Did an an-gel of the Lord Roll the hea-vy stone a-way? Did the
4. Did the Ro-man sen-ti-nels Fall as dead men at the sight? Yes, the
5. Let our hearts be glad to-day, And our lips His tri-umph sing! Je-sus

REFRAIN.

doorway of the grave, While the guardsmen watched in vain? Yes, He took the sting from
emp-ty find the tomb, Find their Lord and Saviour gone?
cru-ci-fied come forth, Ere the wak-ing of the day?
tomb-for-sak-ing Lord Filled their souls with dread af-fright.
lives in Glo-ry now, As our ev-er-last-ing King.

Yes, He took, yes, He

death, And He vanquished all His foes! For His

took the sting from death, And He vanquished, vanquished all His foes!

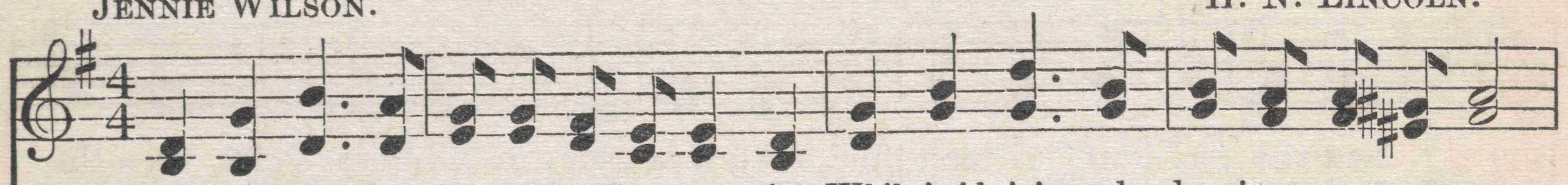
own to in-ter-cede, From the darksome tomb He rose!

For His own, for His own to in-ter-cede, He rose

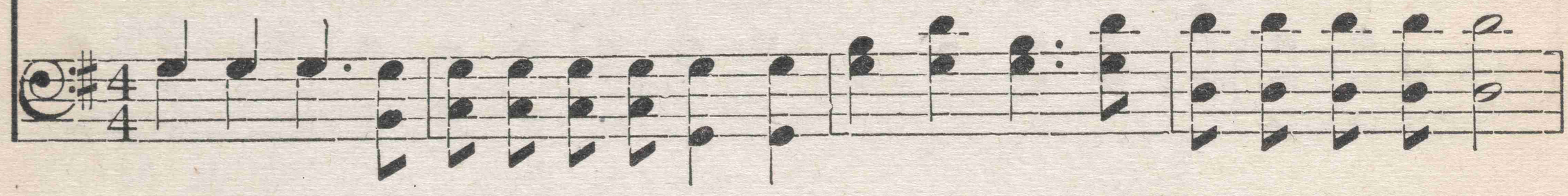
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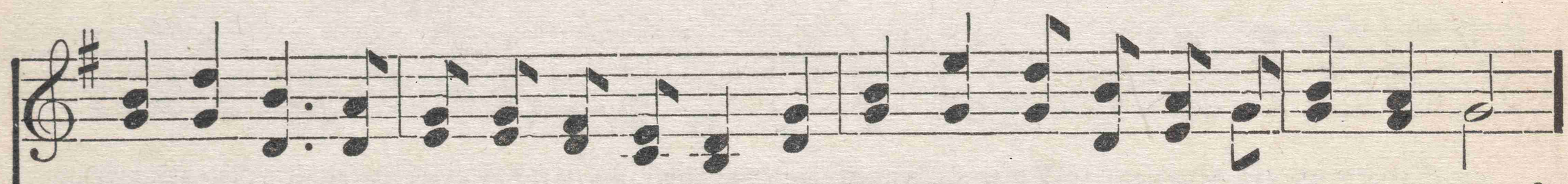
No. 74. ARE YOU TRUSTING IN THE BLESSED SAVIOUR?

JENNIE WILSON. H. N. LINCOLN.

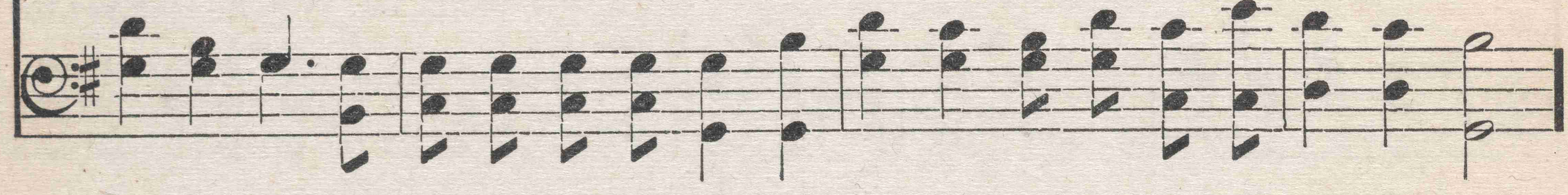


1. Broth-er, battling with the world's tempta-tion, While 'mid sin's al - lur-ing snares you roam,
2. Prod-i - gal, as far from home you wander, Sad - ly stray - ing in the gloomy night,
3. Mourning one, with load of guilt so heav - y, While in tear - ful pen - i - tence you grieve,
4. What-so - ev - er be your sin or sor - row, To no oth - er help - er can you go;

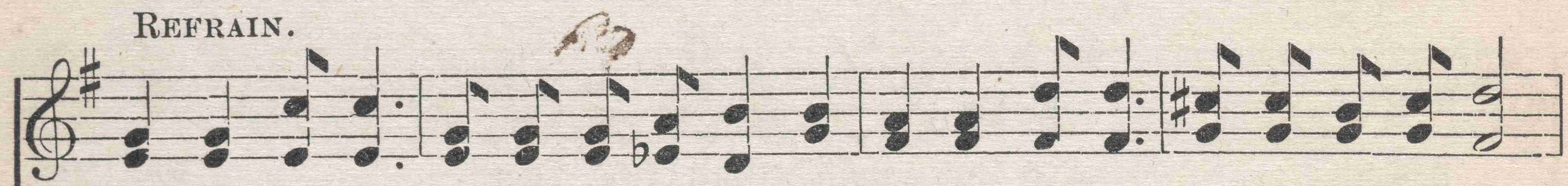




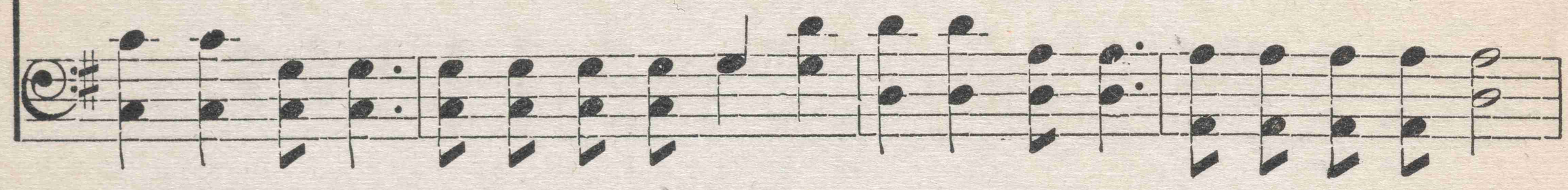
Are you trusting in the Blessed Saviour, For the strength to help you o - ver-come?
Are you trusting in the Blessed Saviour, For safe guidance in - to rest and light?
Are you trusting in the Blessed Saviour, For the grace you free-ly may re - ceive?
But by trusting in the Blessed Saviour, You may have the joy He doth be - stow.



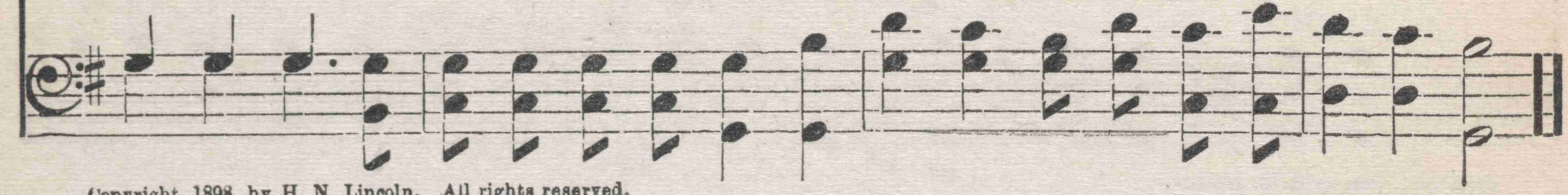
REFRAIN.



Are you trust-ing in the blessed Sav-iour? Are you trust-ing ev - 'ry day and hour?



Are you trust-ing in the Blessed Sav-iour. Ful - ly trust-ing in His sav-ing power?



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No. 75. ARE YOU FOLLOWING THE SAVIOUR DAILY?

E. R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Are you fol-low-ing the Sav-iour, dai-ly? Are you treading in the narrow way?
2. Are you fol-low-ing the Sav-iour, dai-ly? Are you journeying to Zi-on's Hill?
3. Are you fol-low-ing the Sav-iour, dai-ly? Do you feel that He your Shepherd is?

Are you striving in your ways to please Him? Are you liv-ing for the Judgment-Day?
Are you conquering each e-vil hab-it? Are you do-ing the Re-deemer's will?
Have you chos-en Him to be your por-tion? Do you feel that you by faith are His?

REFRAIN.

We are fol-low-ing the Sav-iour, dai-ly, And His blessings on our way are shed!

We are drinking of the liv-ing wa-ters! We are feasting on the liv-ing bread!

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No. 76. THE BETTER WAY.

F. R. HAVERGAL. H. N. LINCOLN.

Moderato.

1. Just to let thy Fa- ther do what He will (what He will) ; Just to know that He is true, and be still (and be still). Just to fol-low hour by hour, as He lead-eth ; Just to draw the moment's pow'r as it need-eth.
2. Just to rec - ol- lect His love, always true (always true) ; Always shining from a- bove, always new (always new). Just to rec -og- nize its light all en-fold- ing, Just to claim its present might all up- hold-ing.
3. Just to trust and yet to ask guidance still (guidance still) ; Take the training or the task, as He will, (as He will). Just to take the loss or gain as He sends it ; Just to take the joy or pain as He lends it.
4. Just to leave in His dear hand, lit-tle things (little things) ; All you can-not un-der- stand, all that stings (all that stings). Just to let Him take the care sorely pressing ; Finding all you let Him bear, chang'd to blessing.

Faster.

Just to trust Him that is all, Then the sky will sure-ly be Peaceful, what-so-e'er be- fall, Bright and blessed, calm and free.
Just to know it is thine own, That no pow'r can take a-way, Is not this e-nough a- lone For the gladness of the day?
He who formed thee for His praise, Will not miss His gracious aim, So to- day and all thy days, Shall be mould-ed for the same.
This is all, and yet the way, Mark'd by Him who loves thee best, Se-cret of a hap- py day, Se- cret of His promised rest.

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No. 77. GATHERING HOME.

Miss Mariana B. Slade.
Soprano and Alto Duet, *ad lib.*

R. M. M'Intosh, by per.

1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life,—Gather-ing home! gathering home!
2. Up to the cit-y where fall-eth no night,—Gather-ing home! gathering home!
3. Up to the beau-ti-ful mansions a-bove,—Gather-ing home! gathering home!

Refrain.

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

home! . . . gather-ing home! . . . Nev-er to sorrow more, nev-er to
Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

Repeat pp ad lib.

roam; Gathering home! . . gathering home! . . God's children are gathering home.
Gathering home! gathering home!

No. 78. ROCK OF AGES.

TOPLADY. Arr. by H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Rock of A - ges, Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide,
2. Could my tears, Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal,
3. While I draw, While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes,

Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Could my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not atone, Thou must save, and thou a-lone.
When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne,

REFRAIN.

Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. Rock of A - ges,
In my hand no price I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me,

rit.

Let me hide myself in Thee, Rock of A - ges, Let me hide in Thee.
Let me hide, Rock of Ages cleft for me,

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No. 79. GOD BE WITH YOU.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. xvi: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick con found you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un - fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, till we meet. Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet,

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

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CROWNING THEME. No. 2.

No. 80. HOME SO BEAUTIFUL.

Words and Music by H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Beau-ti - ful cit - y built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful king - dom full of love;
2. Beau-ti - ful cit - y of the blest, Beau - ti - ful walls with jas - per drest;
3. Beau-ti - ful songs of Christ the King, Beau - ti - ful strains from glad harps ring;

Beau - ti - ful home where all may spend, Beau-ti - ful days that ne'er shall end;
Beau - ti - ful gates of worth un - told, Beau-ti - ful streets of pur - est gold;
Beau - ti - ful light in that fair dome, Beau-ti - ful scenes in that sweet home;

Beau - ti - ful throne with jew - els bright, Beau-ti - ful an - gels cloth'd in white;
Beau - ti - ful throng by faith I see, Beau-ti - ful robes for you and me;
Beau - ti - ful riv - er glid - ing by, Beau-ti - ful hills of glo - ry nigh;

Beau-ti - ful man-sions all may share, Beau-ti - ful be - ings shall dwell there.
Beau-ti - ful crowns that all may wear, Beau-ti - ful palms that all may bear.
Beau-ti - ful all with rap - ture rife, Beau-ti - ful home of light and life.

No. 81. BEAUTIFUL HOME OF THE BLEST.

Words and Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. O the day is pass - ing swift - ly by, Soon the eve will bring us rest,
2. There the stream of life flows clear and bright By the banks in ver- dure drest,
3. Let us la - bor on and watch and wait, For the promised time of rest;

In a hap - py land be- yond the sky, In the beau-ti-ful home of the blest.
And the shin- ing ones in robes of white, Sing the beauti-ful songs of the blest.
Soon the an - gels will un - bar the gate, To the beau-ti-ful home of the blest.

CHORUS.

Oh, that beauti-ful home, Where the wea-ry soul Finds e- ter-nal joy and rest! We are go-ing to dwell Where the Saviour reigns, In the beau-ti-ful home of the blest.

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No. 82. HEAVENLY JOYS.

W. H. W. W. H. WHITWORTH.

1. There's a crown that's prepared for me on high, By my Sav-iour who's passed on be -
2. There's a man-sion prepared for me a- bove, In the house of my Sav- iour and
3. No more sigh-ing nor sor-row in that home, No more part-ing, nor pain, nor de -

fore. I shall wear it in glo - ry bye and bye, When this life and its tri - als are o'er.
King; I shall meet with the sainted ones I love, Glad Ho- san-nas for-ev- er to sing.
spair, In the darkness of sin no more to roam, For my Lord is the light o-ver there.

REFRAIN.

Beau -ti-ful gold-en crown, yes, golden crown I'll wear, Join in the
Beau-ti-ful gold - - - - - en crown, I'll wear, ... Join in the song . .

glo-ri-fied song, the song of the ransomed there, Wear-ing a beau-ti-ful robe, a
. . . . . of the ransomed there, ... Wearing a robe . . . . . of spotless

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robe of spotless white, Dwelling for-ev-er with Christ, with Christ in the heaven-ly Light.
white, ... Dwelling with Christ . . . . . in the heavenly Light.

No. 83. OUR HEARTS PREPARE:

(OPENING PIECE.)

EMMA PITT. J. H. LESLIE, by per.

1. Great God, our inmost hearts pre-pare To read Thy ho - ly word, That in our sor-row
2. Dear Lord, bear up each trembling soul, That dares to hope in Thee, Probe out its depths, and
3. Dear Sav-iour, draw us with Thy love, So pure and so di-vine, And all our way-ward

REFRAIN.

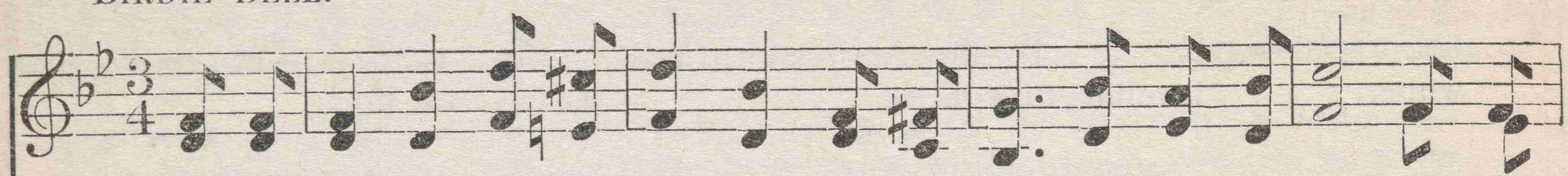
and our care Sweet peace it may af-ford. Our hearts pre-pare, most
make it whole, From ev - 'ry sin set free.
steps reprove, And make us whol-ly Thine. Our hearts pre-pare, our

gra - cious Lord, To read and hear Thy ho - ly word.
hearts prepare, most gracious Lord, To read and hear, to read and hear Thy ho-ly word.

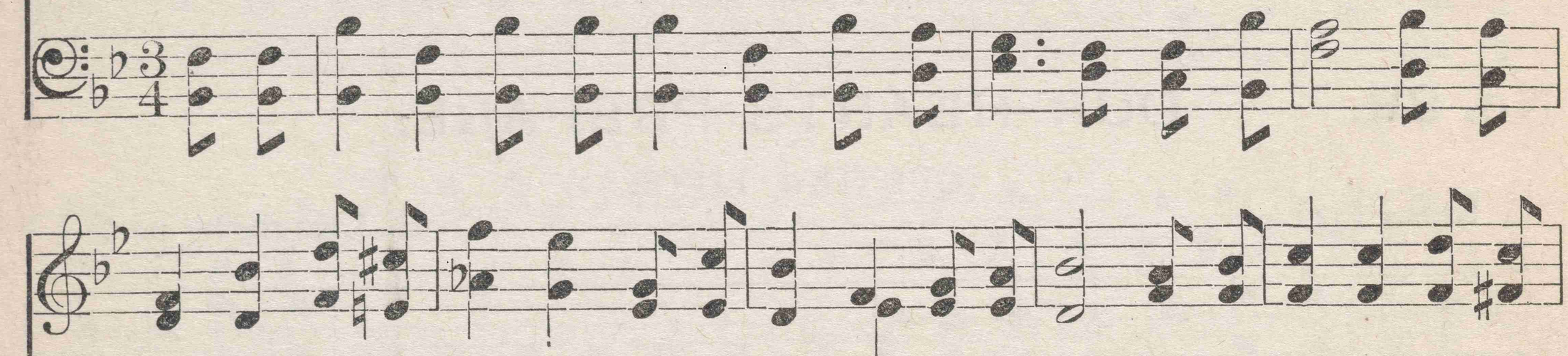
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No. 84. MY LOVE FOR JESUS.

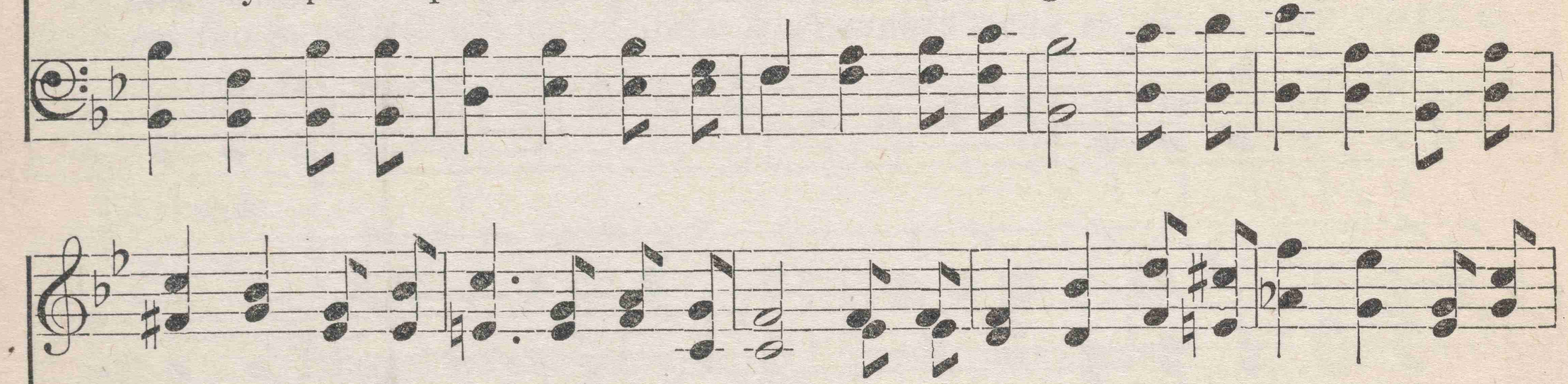
BIRDIE BELL. A. J. JONES.



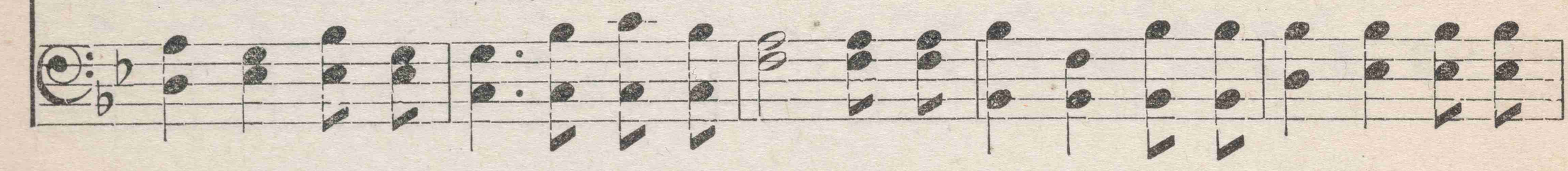
1. Heart of mine, I pray thee, tell me Is my love for Je - sus strong? Is it
2. Je-sus' love is rich, un-fathomed, Why is mine not stronger too? Sure-ly
3. O what wealth of love He bears me! It has nev - er yet been told; Nev-er



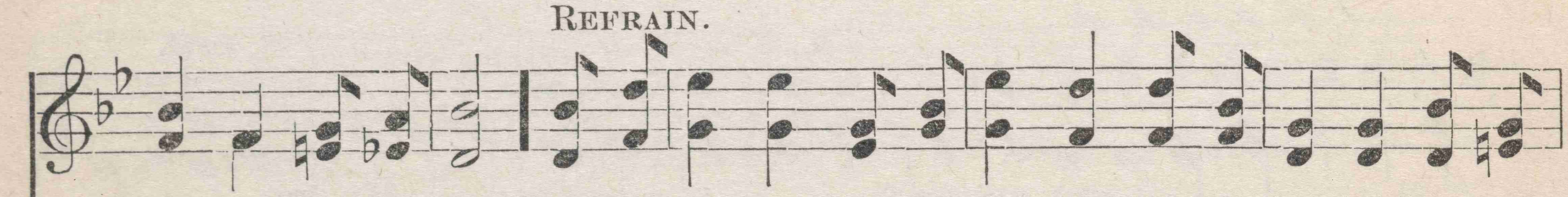
such a deep af - fec-tion That no task is counted long? That no du - ty seemeth
I should never mur-mur Whatso-e'er He bids me do, But unquestion-ing His
can my lips ex - press it Till I tread the streets of gold; Till is chang'd my human



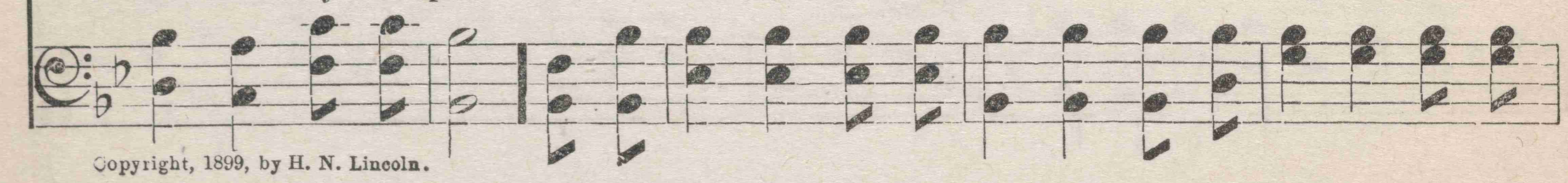
irksome, Which He giv-eth me to do? His commands am I o-bey - ing, Just be -
wisdom, May my heart and hands e'er prove That for Christ, my precious Saviour, Strong and
utt'rance For a heav'nly voice so sweet, In e - ter - ni-ty's fair dawning That lov'd



REFRAIN.

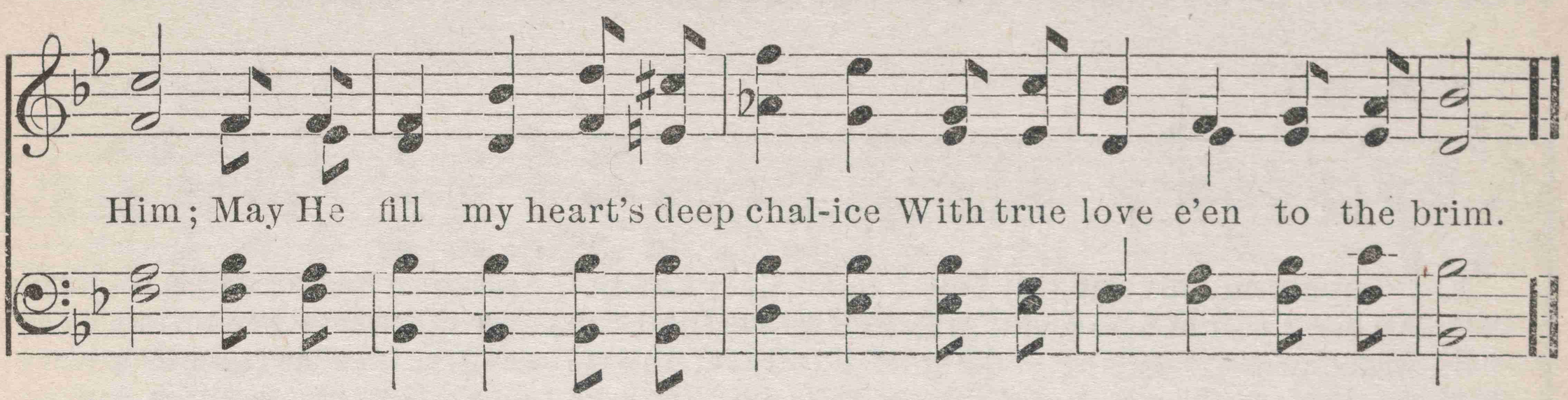


cause my love is true? He'll ac-cept my lov-ing ser-vice If 'tis done for love of
changeless is my love.
tale I may re - peat.



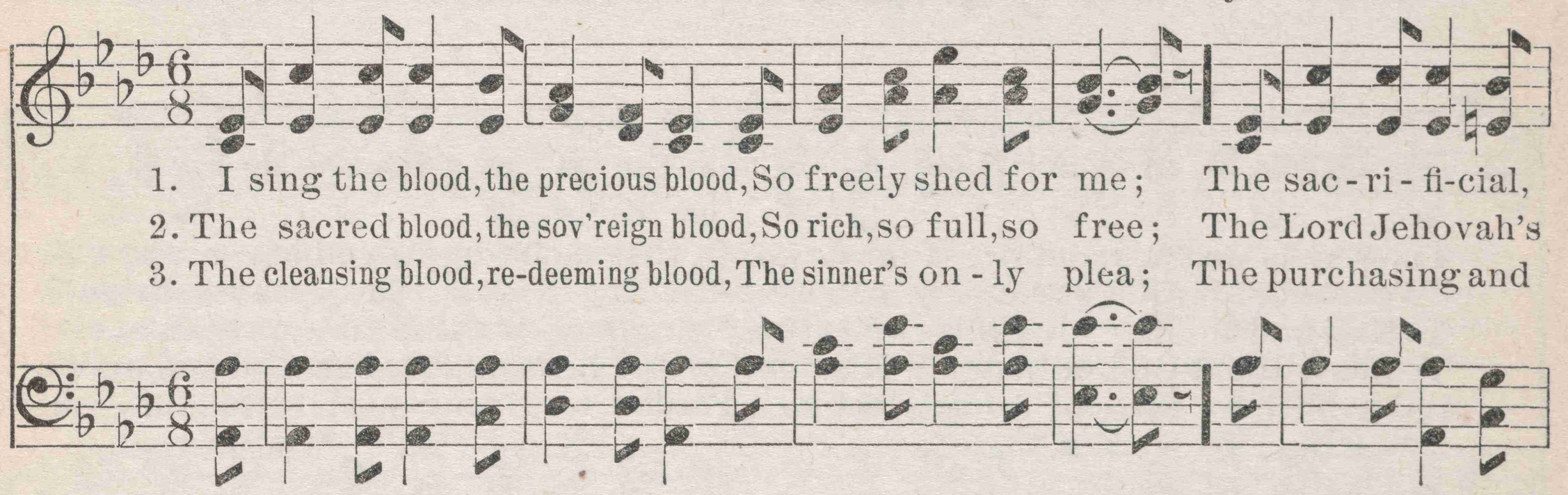
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MY LOVE FOR JESUS.

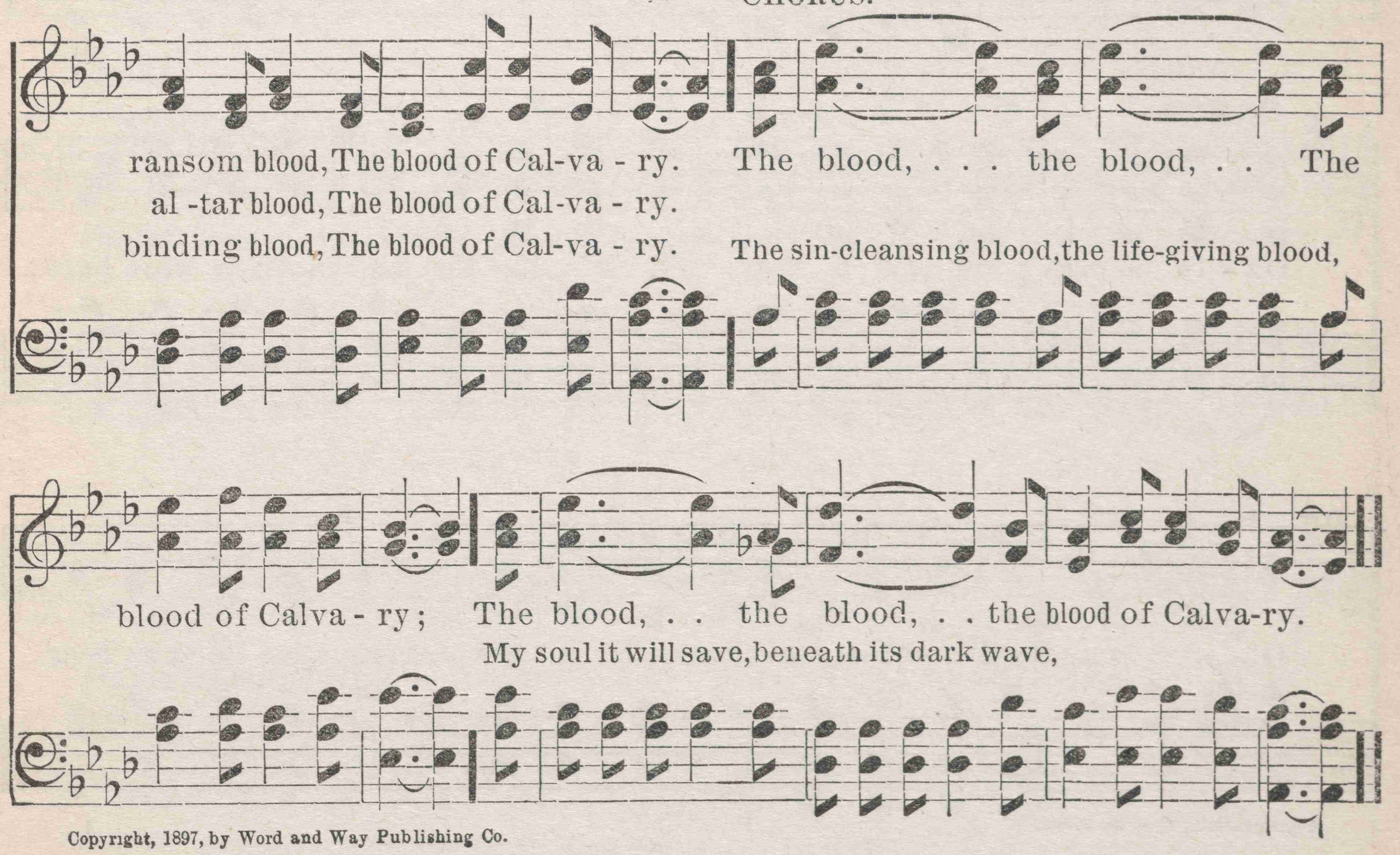


No. 85. THE BLOOD OF CALVARY.

J. E. CHAMBLISS. Music and Chorus by J. M. HUNT.



CHORUS.



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No. 86. DYING FROM HOME, AND LOST.

S. M. B. S. M. Brown.

1. Companion, draw nigh, they say I must die; Ear-ly the summons has come from on high;
2. Ah! can you not bow and pray with me now? Sad the re-gret, we have nev-er learn'd how,
3. And can you not sing a song of His love, How He came down from the mansions a-bove,
4. A-las! it is so; but thus it must be; No word of comfort or promise for me;
5. O peo-ple of God, who have His blest word, Will you not heed the command of your Lord,

The way is so dark, and yet I must go, O, that such sorrow you never may know!
To come before Him who on-ly can save, Leading in triumph thro' death and the grave.
To bleed and to die on Cal-va-ry's tree, Bringing salva-tion to sinners like me?
To die without God, or hope in His Son, Cov-ered in darkness, bereav'd and undone.
And publish to all of Adam's lost race, Pardon, forgiveness, sal-vation thro' grace?

Chorus.

On-ly a pray'r, on-ly a tear, O, if sis-ter and moth-er were here!

On-ly a song, 'twill comfort and cheer; On-ly a word from that Book so dear.

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No. 87. I WILL SING YOU A SONG.

Dedicated to my friend, Rev. D. J. Hunt.

GEO. W. BACON. GEO. W. BACON.

Moderato.

1. I will sing you a song of that home of the soul, Where Je-sus for-ev - er will reign;
2. Oh, that beauti - ful land that is far, far away, Where trou-bles and cares are un-known;
3. Oh, that home of the soul is for you and for me, Where Je-sus has gone to pre-pare;
4. Oh, I long for the time when we'll meet in that land, Where Je-sus, our Saviour, is King;

Where no sorrows we'll see while the a - ges shall roll; Where we will be free from all pain.
Where no more we will sail o - ver life's stormy sea; Where death with his stings ne'er has gone!
Sweet communion with friends on that shore there will be—Thank God we will know our friends there!
Where fare-wells and sad part-ings for-ev - er will end; Where songs of redemp-tion we'll sing.

CHORUS.

Oh, that home of the blest is so bright and so fair, Where Je - sus, our Sav-iour, we'll see;
Oh, how hap-py we'll be in that home o-ver there, From death and his stings we'll be free!

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No. 88. WHAT WONDERFUL LOVE!

Words arranged. Music and Chorus by J. M. HUNT, by per.

1. How lov - ing is Je - sus, who came from the sky, In ten - der - est pit - y for sin-ners to die; His hands and His feet, they were nailed to the tree, And
2. How glad - ly does Je - sus free par - don im - part, To all who re - ceive Him by faith in their heart; No e - vil befalls them, their home is a-bove, And ful-ness what grace they receive; When weak, He supports them, when erring, He guides, And
3. How pre - cious is Je - sus to all who be - lieve, And out of His bless-ed who walk in His ways: In life and in death He will still be your Friend, His
4. Oh, give, then, to Je - sus your ear - li - est days; They on - ly are all this He suf-fer'd for you and for me. What wonderful love! what wonderful Je - sus throws 'round them the arms of His love. ev - 'rything needful He kind-ly provides. love is e - ter - nal, He loves to the end.

CHORUS.

love! That Je - sus did die on the tree! . . What won-der - ful love! 'That Je - sus did die on the tree! . . What won-der - ful

Copyrighted, 1899, by J. M. Hunt.

WHAT WONDERFUL LOVE!

love! what won-der-ful love! In mer - cy the ran-som He paid for me.

No. 89. TELL ME MORE OF JESUS.

J. M. HUNT. J. M. HUNT, by per.

1. I love to hear of Je - sus, Who meek and low-ly came, That we might all be
   'Tis sweet to know He loves us, And for us ev - er pleads; That we may reach the
2. As oft I think of Je - sus, It makes my heart rejoice, To feel His glo-rious
   With me He's ev - er walk-ing, And pointing out the way That leads to life e -
3. Then tell me more of Je - sus, As thro' this life we go; And in the hour of
   When in the realms of glo - ry, I'll ev - er sing His praise, And, dwelling in His

CHORUS.

res - cued, Be - liev - ing in His name.
ha - ven, With God He in - ter - cedes.
pres-ence, And hear His welcome voice.
ter - nal, To that per - pet - ual day.
dy - ing, Still more of Him I'd know.
pres-ence, The shout tri - umphant raise.

Then tell me more of Je - sus, Then

tell me more of Je - sus, Then tell me more of Je - sus, My Sav-iour and my God.

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No. 90. ARE YOU A SOLDIER?

JENNIE WILSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Are you a soldier of the Cross, my brother? En-list-ed in the ar-my of the King?
2. Are you a soldier of the Cross that Je-sus Up-on the mount of Cal-v'ry sanc-ti-fied,
3. Are you a soldier of the Cross, upholding Sal-va-tion's ban-ner with de-vot-ed care,
4. Are you a soldier of the Cross, en-dur-ing With patience whatso-ev-er may be-fall,

Are you extend-ing far-ther His do-minion, Which joy and peace to all the world shall bring?
When long a-go to pay the sinner's ran-som, A-ton-ing blood flowed from His wounded side?
Al-low-ing naught of earth that is de-fil-ing To stain the ho-ly em-blem which you bear?
While faith looks forward to the joy-ous crowning When Christ to rich re-ward His own shall call?

CHORUS.

Are you a soldier of the Cross, my brother, Are you a liv-ing fol-l'wer of the Lamb?

When by and by the faith-ful meet in glo-ry, O will you bear the victor's palm?

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No. 91. HEAR HIM PLEADING.

J. P. LANE. J. P. LANE, by per.

1. There is rest, sweet rest, in the Cru - ci-fied, When the soul is cleansed from sin, When all
2. There is rest, sweet rest, for each troubled soul, Who will look to Him and live; Look by
3. There is rest, sweet rest, sin-ner, hear the cry, And ac-cept this rest to - day. Je-sus'

REFRAIN.

doubts and fears have been cast a-side, By the love of God with-in. Hear Him pleading, . .
faith alone in His precious blood, Then e-ternal life He'll give.
blood can wash ev-'ry crim-son dye; Come, O come without de-lay.

gently pleading,

Hear Him pleading, Hear Him say, "I thee for-give," Hear Him
now for thee, Hear Him, sin-ner,

pleading, . . . Hear Him pleading, "Come O sin - ner, come and live."
gen-tly pleading, now for thee,

No. 92. THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

Mrs. Emma Pitt. Chas. Edw. Pollock, by per.

1. There's a sweet, a bright forev - er, Just be-yond the Jas-per sea; When we cross that golden
2. There's a sweet, a bright forev - er, Where no sorrow e'er can come; 'Tis across yon golden
3. We shall see our precious Saviour, When He comes His own to claim; O, we'll bask in Jesus'

Refrain.

riv - er, With the dear ones we shall be. O, the sweet, ... the bright for-
riv - er, Je-sus has a glo-rious home.
fav - or, Singing glo - ry to the Lamb. O, the sweet, the bright forev-er, O, the

ev - - er, Just be-yond . . . the Jas-per sea; When we
sweet, the bright forever, Just beyond the Jasper sea, Just be-yond the Jasper sea; When we

cross . . . that gold-en riv - - er, With the dear ones we shall be.
cross that golden riv-er, When we cross that golden riv-er,

No. 93. PRECIOUS PROMISE.

Rev. C. H. Rowe. M. S. Kerby.

1. Pre-cious prom-ise Christ has spok-en, To the sin-ner full of doubt; Him that
2. Lis-ten, lost one, to thee giv-en, This the word, when toss'd a-bout; All thy
3. This the rich and full sal-va-tion, Tri-umph o-ver sin and doubt; Grace and

Refrain.

com-eth, this the tok-en, "I will nev-er cast Him out." Him that
sins by Him for-giv-en, "I will nev-er cast Him out."
peace and life e-ter-nal, "I will nev-er cast Him out."

com-eth, this the tok-en, "I will nev-er cast Him out;" Him that
cometh, Him that cometh, this the token, this the token,

com-eth, this the tok-en, "I will nev-er cast Him out."
cometh, Him that cometh, this the tok-en, this the tok-en,

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No. 94. WE COME IN THE NAME OF THE LORD.

J. M. H. J. M. HUNT.

1. The chil-dren are com-ing, are com-ing to-day, And soon will the glad wel-kin ring;
2. We bring Him our alms and we bring Him ourselves, And humbly bow down at His feet;
3. This message of gladness, go, bear to the lost, They're grop-ing in darkness and sin;
4. O'er hills and o'er val - leys, o'er mountain and plain, The glad news of Je-sus pro - claim;

They're gath'ring in gladness thro'out this fair land, And each has an off-'ring to bring.
Our pray'rs shall be ev - er that lost ones may come And join in His ser-vice so sweet.
Go, search for them patient-ly, lov-ing, and long; These wand'rers must all be brought in.
Un - fold to the breeze His white ban-ner of love, And plant it, se-cure in His name.

REFRAIN.

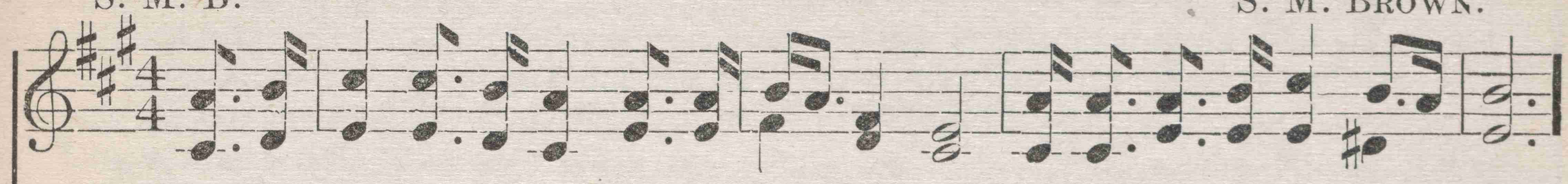
We come in the name of the Lord, . . And trusting in His blessed word,
We come in the name, in the name of the Lord,
We'll bring all our off'rings and cast at His feet, His bless-ing will make them complete.

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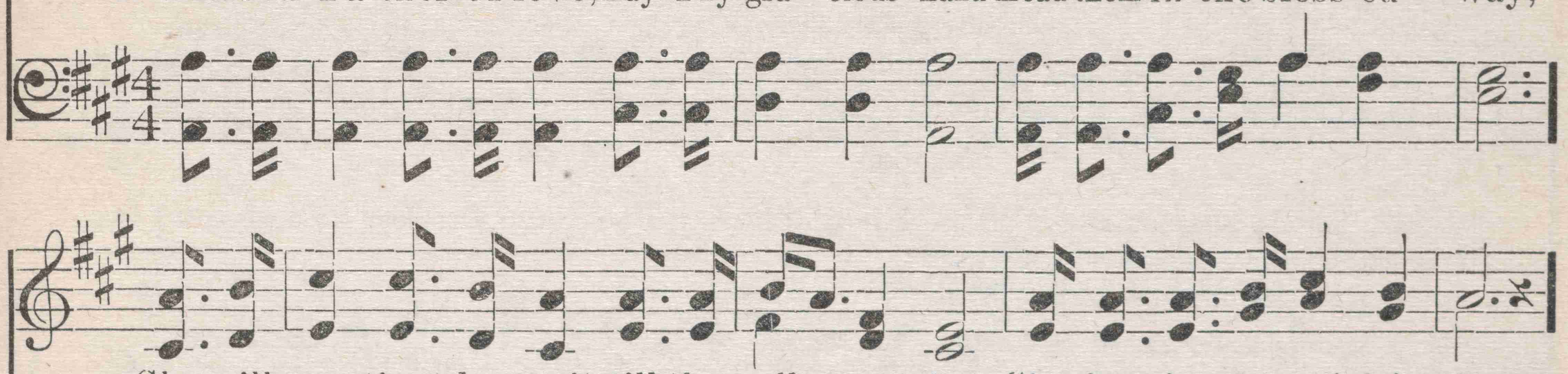
No. 95. SINGING IN THE SOUL'S BRIGHT HOME.

Mrs. Ida E. Carr, a cultivated Christian woman, belonging to the church of which the author is pastor, was suddenly called to her heavenly home. She left three little daughters to mourn their irreparable loss. The Sunday after her decease, and just before the pastor arose to preach, the father came into the church with his three little motherless children. It was this indescribably sad sight which led to the composition of the following hymn.

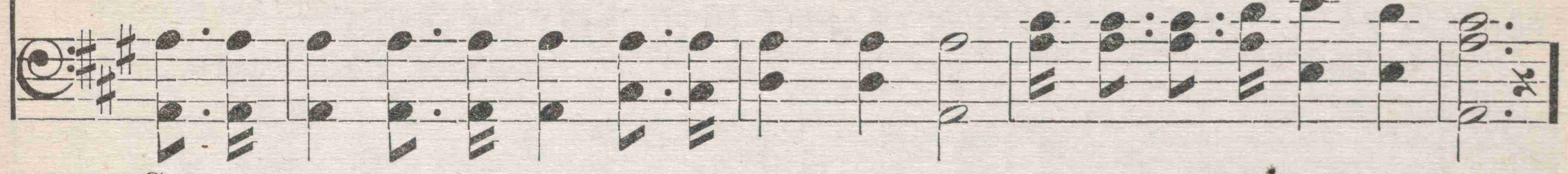
S. M. B. S. M. Brown.



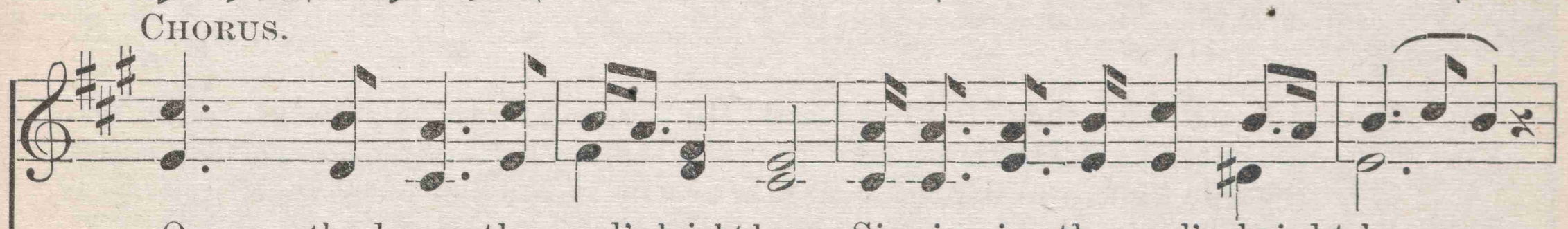
1. She has pass'd to the land of the mansions fair, Singing in the soul's bright home;
2. Lit- tle children are left to a fa-ther's care, Wending to the soul's bright home;
3. Lit- tle feet oft' will tire in the rug- ged road, Sad and lone-ly they will be;
4. Blessed Fa-ther of love, may Thy gra - cious hand Lead them in the bless-ed way,



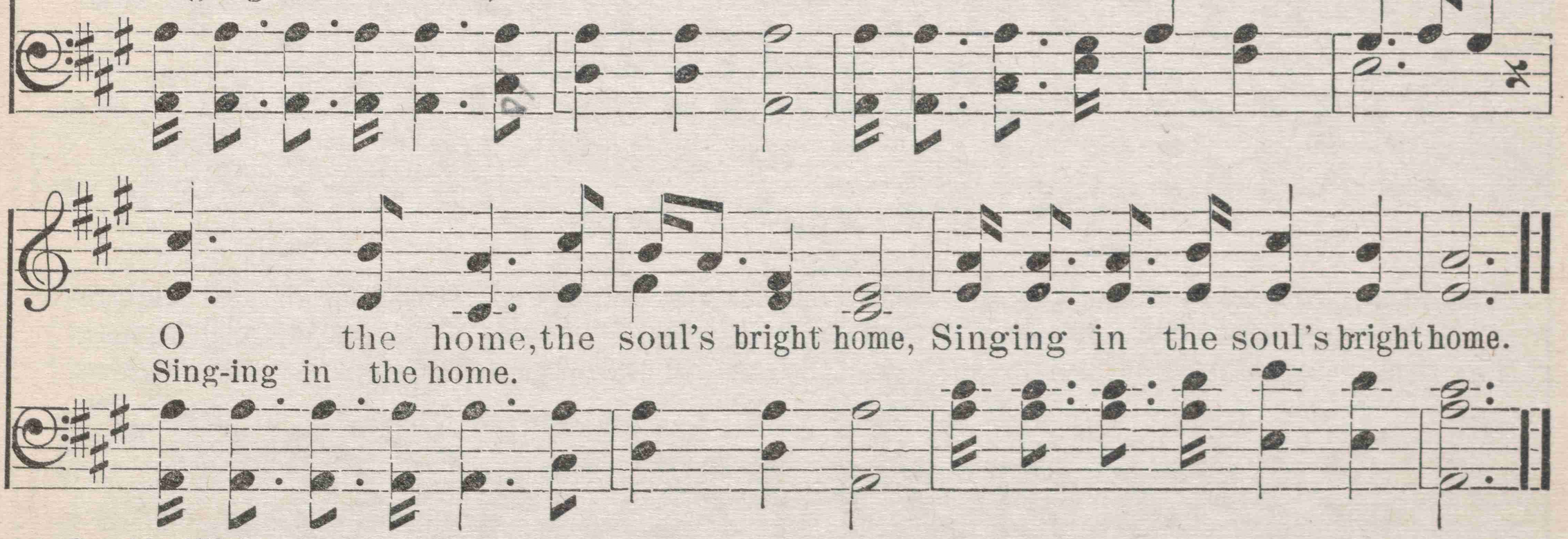
She will pa- tient-ly wait till they all meet there, Singing in the soul's bright home.
We will give him the help of a broth-er's pray'r, Go-ing to the soul's bright home.
But a dear moth - er's hand beck-ons them to God, Come, my pre-cious ones to me.
Till they all meet her there in the heav'nly land, Sharing that e - ter - nal day.



Chorus.



O the home, the soul's bright home, Singing in the soul's bright home.
Sing-ing in the home,

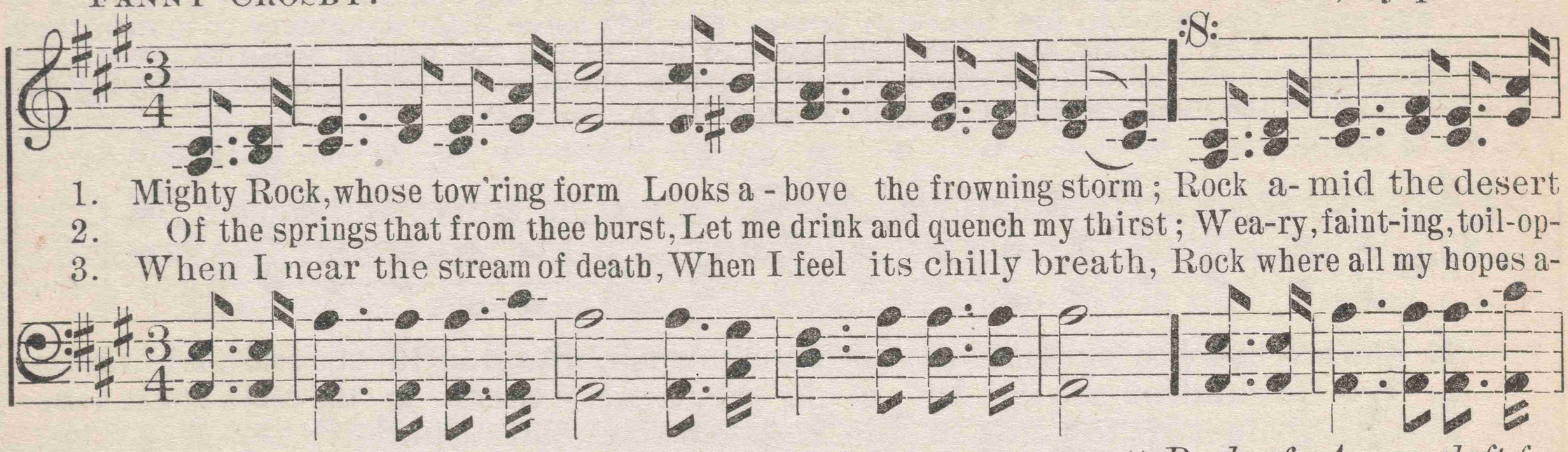


O the home, the soul's bright home, Singing in the soul's bright home.
Sing-ing in the home.

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No. 96. CLEFT FOR ME.

FANNY CROSBY. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

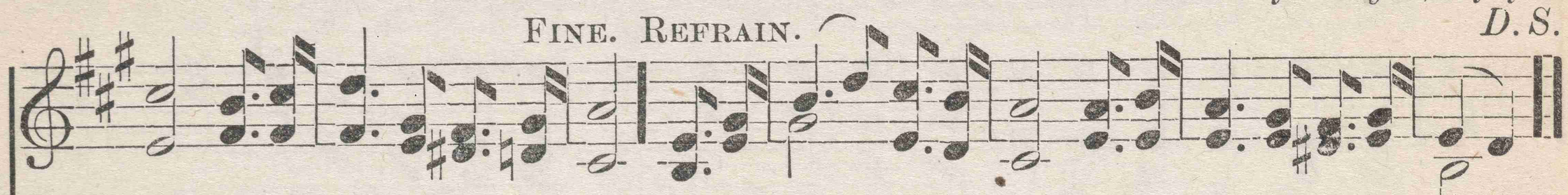


1. Mighty Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks a - bove the frowning storm; Rock a- mid the desert
2. Of the springs that from thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst; Wea-ry, faint-ing, toil-op-
3. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chilly breath, Rock where all my hopes a-

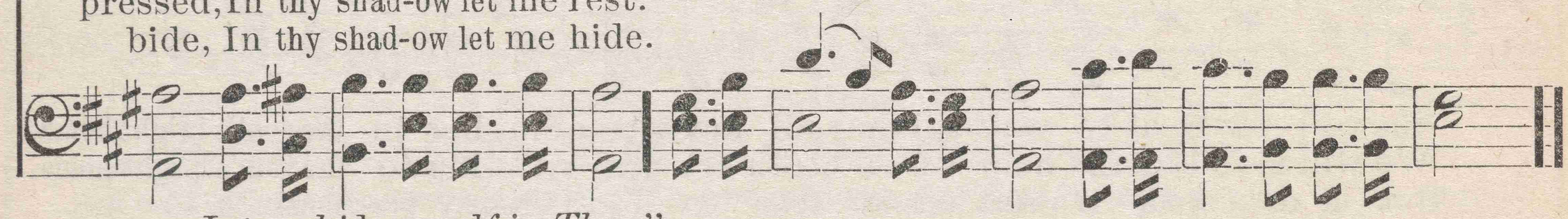
D.S. "*Rock of A- ges, cleft for*

D. S.

FINE. REFRAIN.



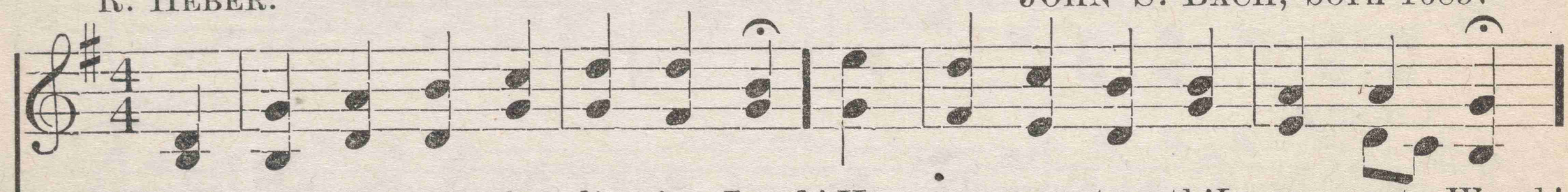
waste, To thy shad-ow now I haste. Un-to Thee, un-to Thee, Precious Saviour, now I flee;
pressed, In thy shad-ow let me rest.
bide, In thy shad-ow let me hide.



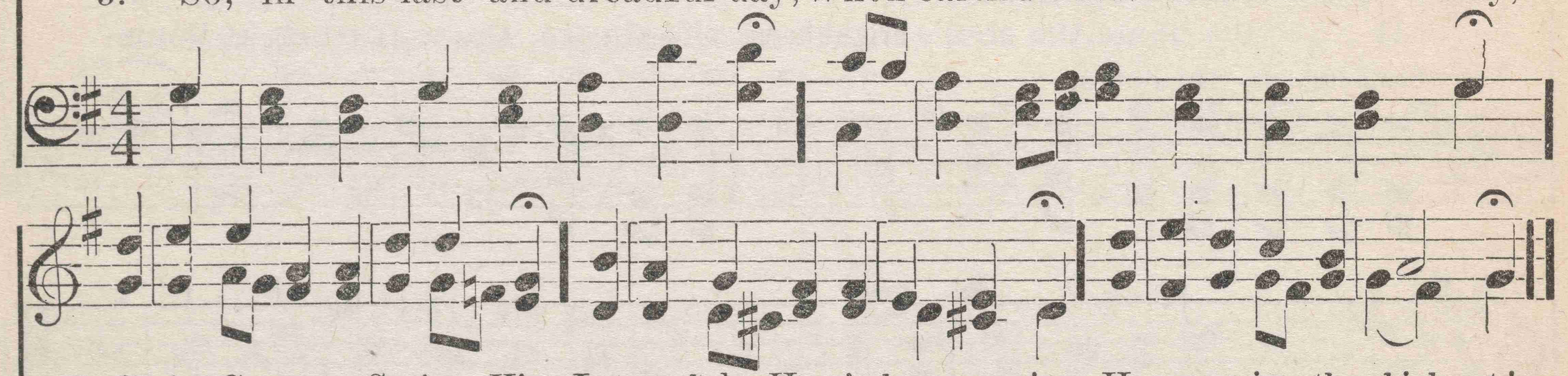
me, Let me hide myself in Thee."

No. 97. HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST.

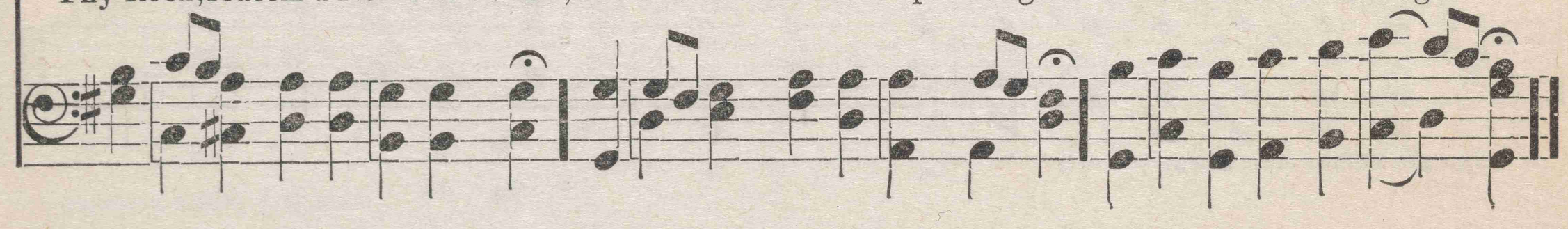
R. HEBER. JOHN S. BACH, born 1685.



1. Ho-san-na to the liv-ing Lord! Ho - san-na to th'In-car-nate Word!
2. "Ho-san-na," Lord, Thine an-gels cry; "Ho - san-na," Lord, Thy saints re - ply;
3. So, in this last and dreadful day, When earth and heav'n shall melt a - way,

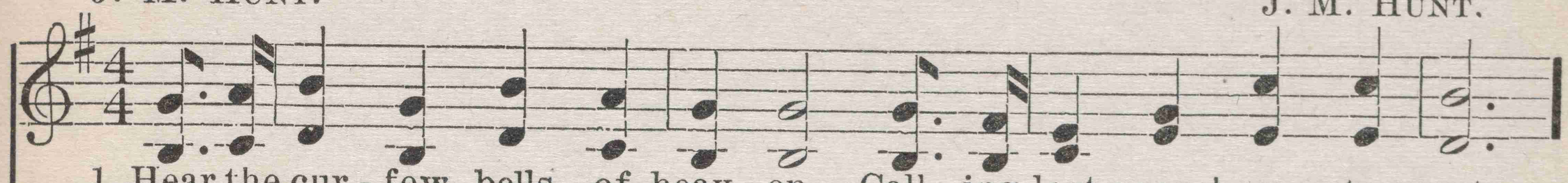


To Christ, Cre-a-tor, Saviour, King, Let earth, let Heav'n, hosan-na sing: Hosan-na in the high-est!
A-bove, beneath us, and a-round, The dead and living swell the sound: Hosan-na in the high-est!
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain, Shall swell the sound of praise again: Hosan-na in the high-est!

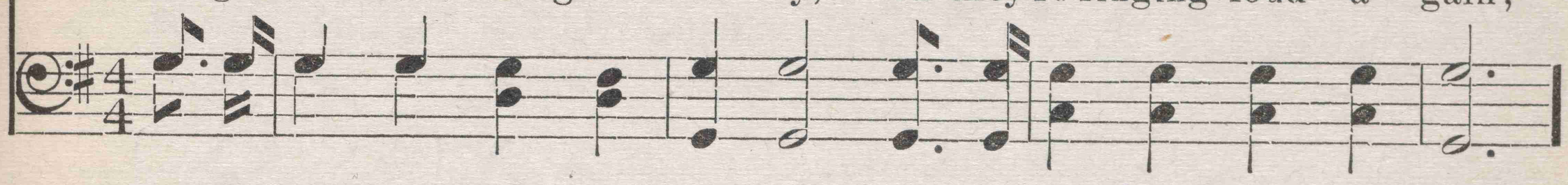


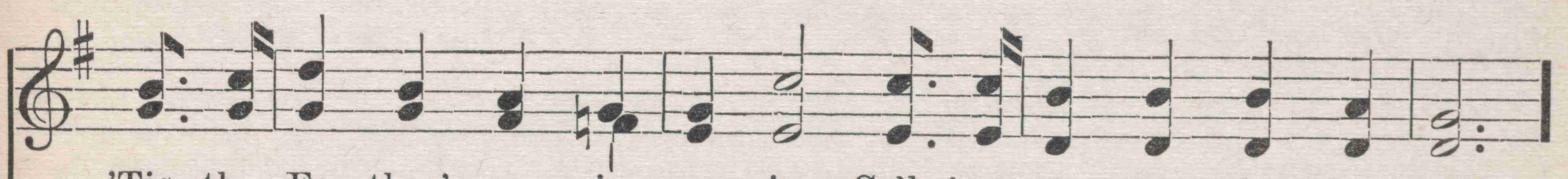
No. 98. HEAR THE CURFEW BELLS OF HEAVEN.

J. M. HUNT. J. M. HUNT.

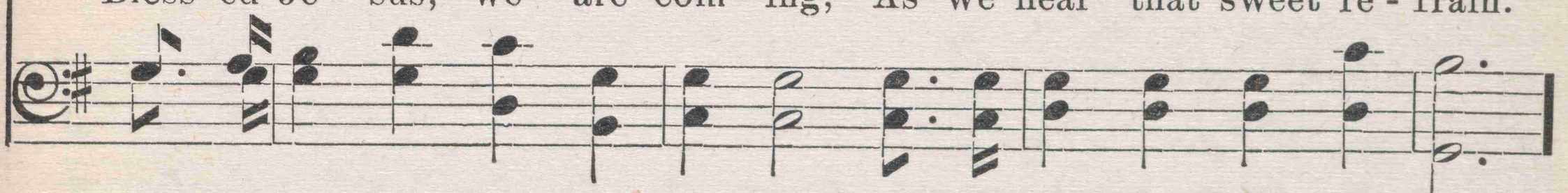


1. Hear the cur - few bells of heav - en, Call - ing lost ones home to rest;
2. We have wander'd long in dark - ness, We have slight-ed all His love;
3. They are tell - ing of His mer - cy, And the thun- ders of His wrath,
4. He has giv - en us the Bi - ble, As a guide to lead us home;
5. As the Spir - it tells of Je - sus, As He calls us out of night,
6. Long the bells have rung in mer - cy, And they're ringing loud a - gain;

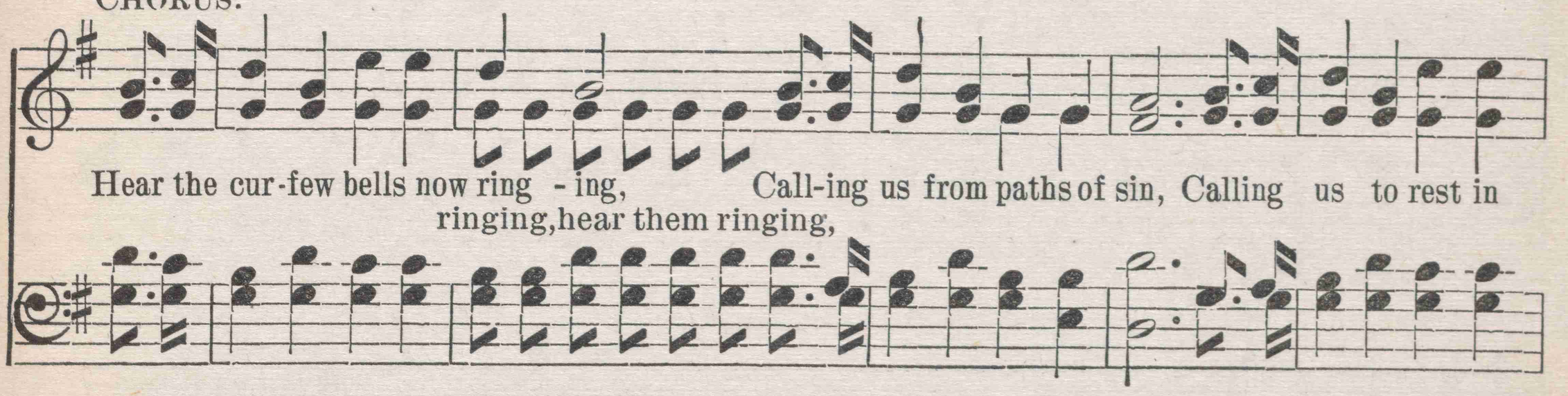




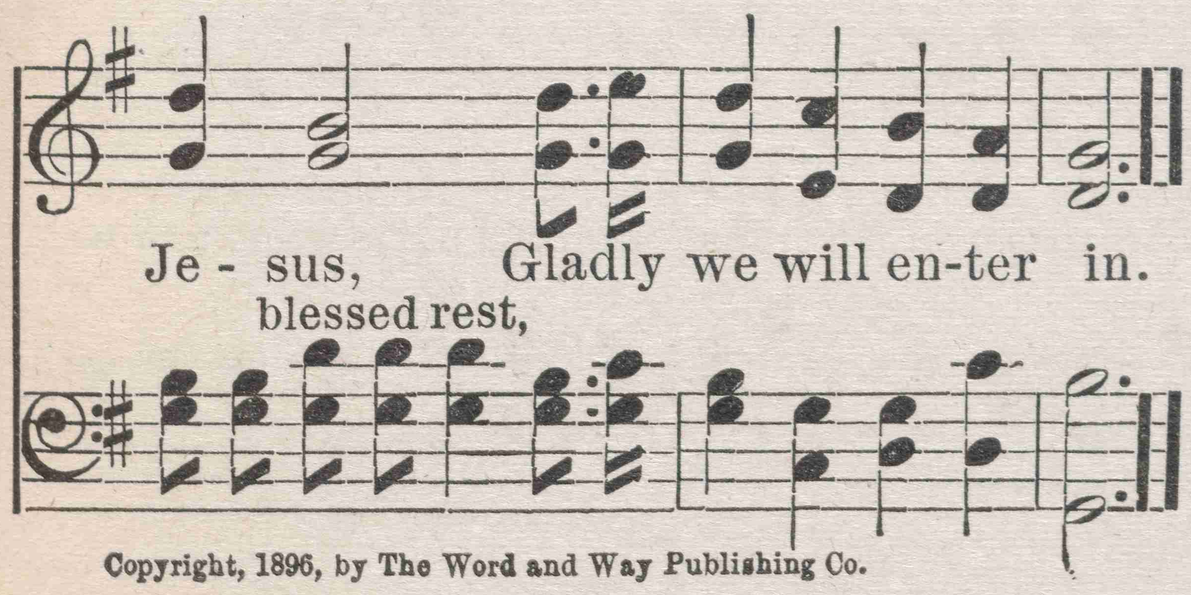
'Tis the Fa - ther's gra - cious warning, Call - ing us to be His guest.
But the cur - few bells are ring - ing, Call - ing to that home a - bove.
As He calls our wand'ring foot-steps To the straight and nar - row path.
And the bells of heav'n are call - ing, That we, here, no long - er roam.
Would we hear the Sav - iour plead - ing, He would lead us in - to light.
Bless- ed Je - sus, we are com - ing, As we hear that sweet re - frain.



CHORUS.



Hear the cur-few bells now ring - ing, Call-ing us from paths of sin, Calling us to rest in
ringing, hear them ringing,



Je - sus, Gladly we will en-ter in.
blessed rest,

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The Curfew law has been adopted in Kansas City, Kan., and as no bell is large enough to be heard over the city, the authorities have arranged for the monster whistle at Armour's Packing House to be sounded at 9 o'clock P.M. This whistle is heard by all the people of the two Kansas cities, as it calls the children out of night into their homes. We never hear it, but we think of the manifold calls of God, as it were, the curfew bells of heaven calling His wandering children home.—J. M. H.

No. 99. WOULD YOU HAVE A HOME?

Mrs. W. J. KENEDY. J. M. AITON.

1. Would you have a home in the bet - ter land, Where is found end-less peace and love; Would you join the song of the ransom'd band, That they sing un - to Christ a - bove;
2. Would you own a crown in the glo - ry land, When you bow at the Sav-iour's feet; By the crystal sea, with your loved ones stand, And the sav'd of the ag - es meet;
3. Do you hope to dwell in that hap - py land, Where all tears God will wipe a - way; With the saints in white, with the blood-wash'd band, Praise the Lamb thro' an end-less day?
4. Would you share the joys of the promis'd land, Where all sor - row and pain are o'er; You must walk the path of the pilgrim band, It will lead to the shin-ing shore.

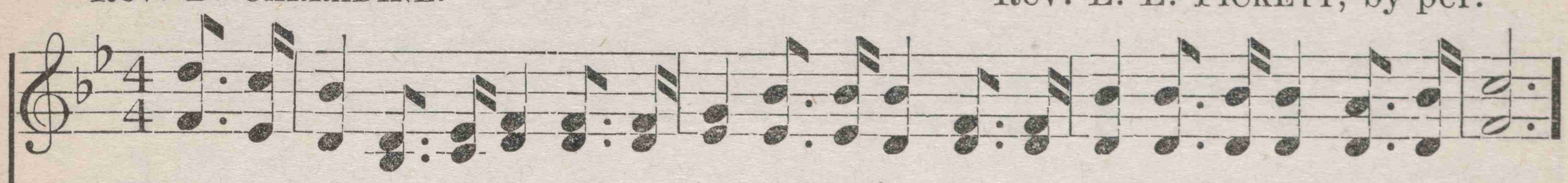
CHORUS.

You must come to Christ, He will take all your sins a - way; You must come to Christ, you must come to Christ, You must en - ter the narrow way.
You must come to Christ, You must come to Christ, You must come to Christ, You must come to Christ, You must enter the narrow, narrow way.

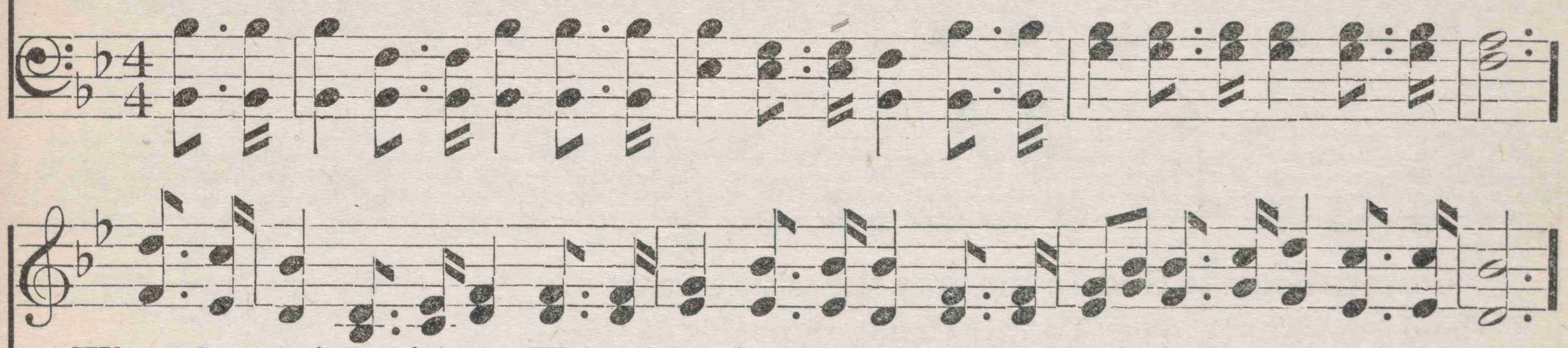
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No. 100. CALVARY.

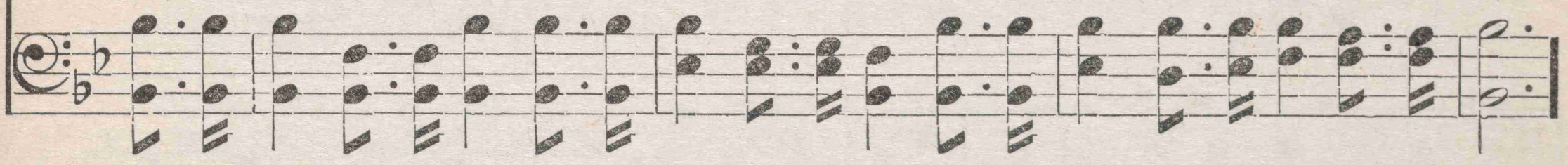
Rev. B. CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT, by per.



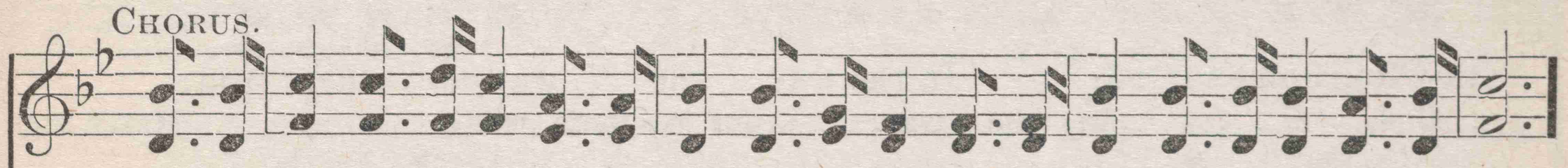
1. There's a hill lone and gray, In a land far away, In a country beyond the blue sea,
2. O so faint on the road, 'Neath the world's heavy load, Comes a thorn-crowned Man on the way!
3. Hark! I hear the dull blow Of the hammer swung low; They are nailing my Lord to the tree!
4. How they mock Him in death To His last lab'ring breath, While His friends sadly weep o'er the way!
5. Then the darkness came down, And the rocks rent around, And a cry pierc'd the sad la-den air!
6. Let the sun hide its face, Let the earth reel apace, O - ver men who their Saviour hath slain!



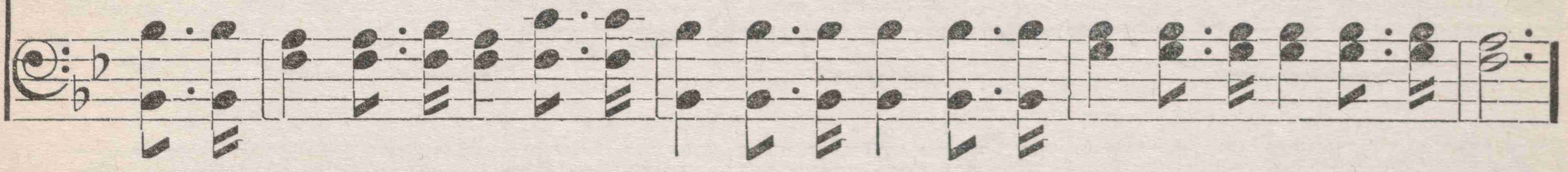
Where beneath that fair sky, Went a Man forth to die For the world and for you and for me.
With a cross He is bow'd, But still on thro' the crowd, He's ascending that hill lone and gray.
And the cross they upraise While the multi-tude gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Cal-va - ry!
But tho' lone - ly and faint Still no word of complaint Fell from Him on that hil-lock of gray.
'Twas the voice of our King, Who receiv'd death's dark sting, All to save us from end-less de - spair.
But, behold! from the sod Comes the blest Lamb of God Who was slain, but is ris-en a - gain.

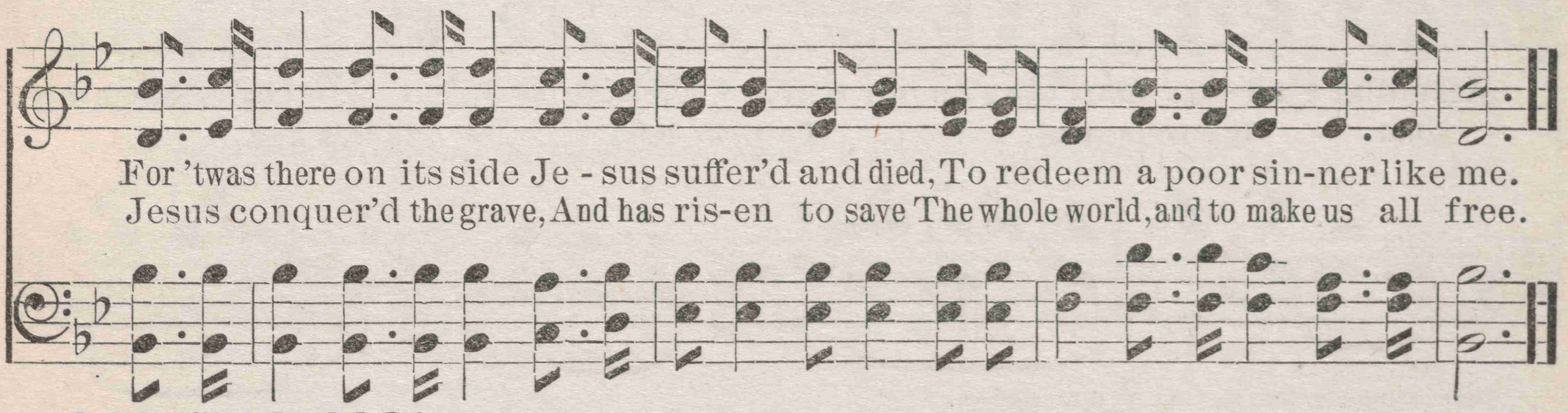


CHORUS.



1-5. O it bows down my heart, And the tear-drops will start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see;
6. Shout a-loud, then, my soul, Let the glad tidings roll From the land to the ends of the sea!





For 'twas there on its side Je - sus suffer'd and died, To redeem a poor sin-ner like me.
Jesus conquer'd the grave, And has ris-en to save The whole world, and to make us all free.

Copyright, 1896, by Rev. L. L. Pickett.

No. 101. WE ARE TRAVELING HOME.

W. H. W. W. H. WHITWORTH.

1. We are chil-dren of our King, Loud-ly let our prais-es ring; Trav-'ling
2. Here no e - vil can be-tide, With the Sav-iour near our side; He will
3. Soon our jour - ney will be past, We shall reach our home at last; There to

onward home to God, In the way the saints have trod.
lead us safe-ly o'er, To fair Canaan's peaceful shore.
dwell for-ev-er-more, On that hap - py gold-en shore.

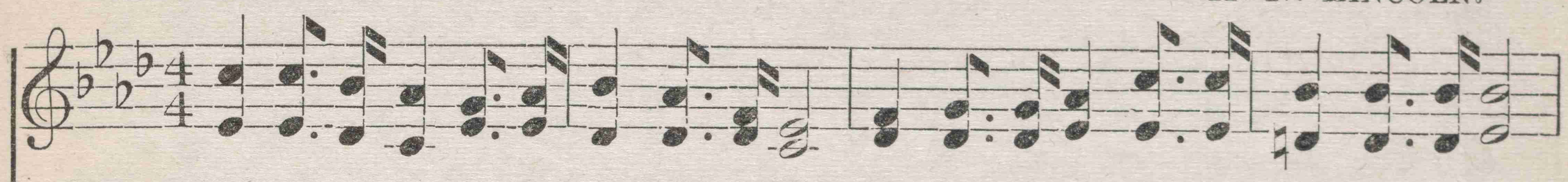
REFRAIN.

We are trav - 'ling, trav'ling home to God, In the way, the way our fathers trod;
God, ... In the way . . our fa - thers trod; . . . . . March-ing
Marching glad - ly, marching on our way, To that land, that land of endless day.
glad - ly on our way, ... To that land . . of end-less day. . . .

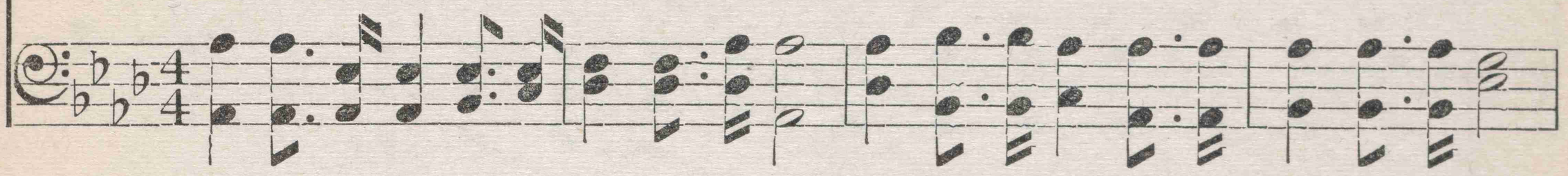
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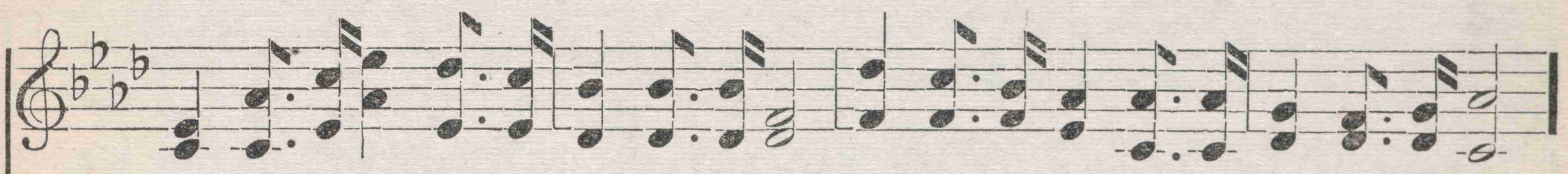
No. 102. WE ARE REJOICING IN JESUS.

Mrs. W. J. Kenedy. H. N. Lincoln.

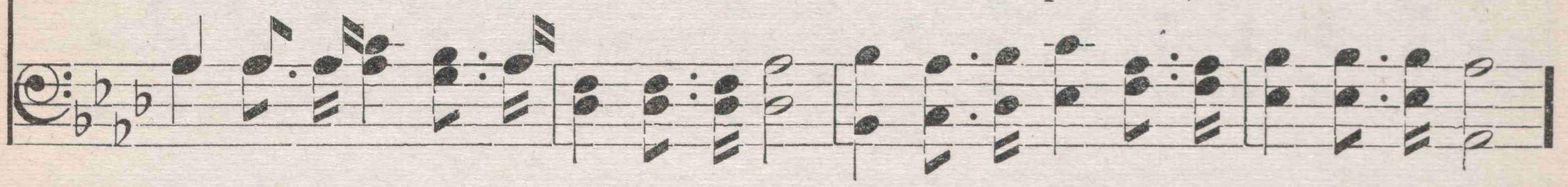


1. We are rejoic-ing in Je-sus to-day; Once we were walk-ing the broad downward way,
2. We are rejoic-ing in Je-sus to-day, O how He sought us when we went astray!
3. We are rejoic-ing in Je-sus to-day, His pres-ence with us will go all the way;

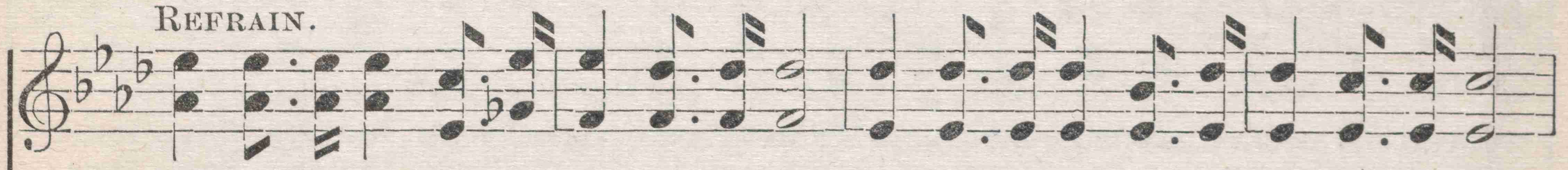




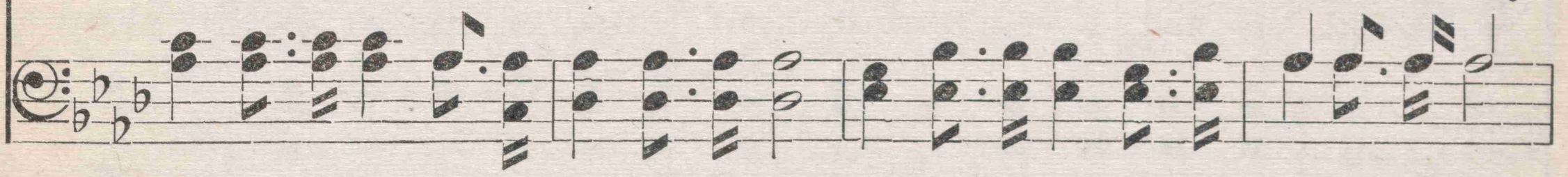
Wand'ring a-far from our Saviour and God; Now we're re-joicing, we're wash'd in His blood.
Upwards and onwards, our glad song shall be, Our dear Redeemer ere long we shall see.
True to His word, "I will nev-er forsake," Faithful this promise, it nev-er will break.

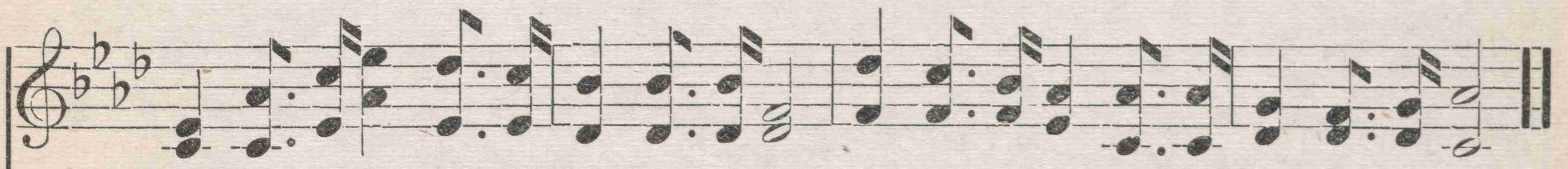


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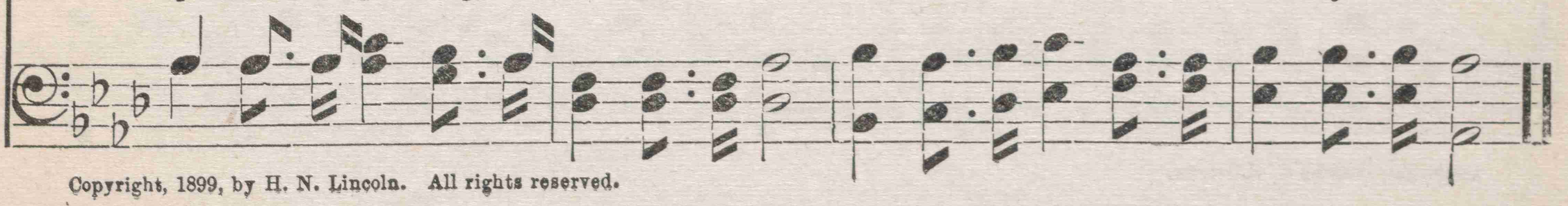


We are rejoic-ing in Je-sus to-day, We are rejoic-ing, our sins wash'd a-way.





Upwards we're pressing, the steep nar-row road; Soon we shall en-ter the cit-y of God.



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No. 103. MY HEART IS FULL OF LOVE FOR THE SAVIOUR.

S. M. BROWN.

S. M. B.

1. I was wand'ring far a - way From the straight and nar - row way, My
2. Since He saved and took me in From my wretch-ed shame and sin, My
3. In my sor - row and my need I can look to Him to lead, My
4. He was stand-ing at the door And was knock-ing ev - er - more, My

heart is full of love for the Sav - iour; He convinced me of my sin,
heart is full of love for the Sav - iour; And He will not let me stray
heart is full of love for the Sav - iour; And al - tho' the bil-lows roar,
heart is full of love for the Sav - iour; I have let my Sav-iour in,

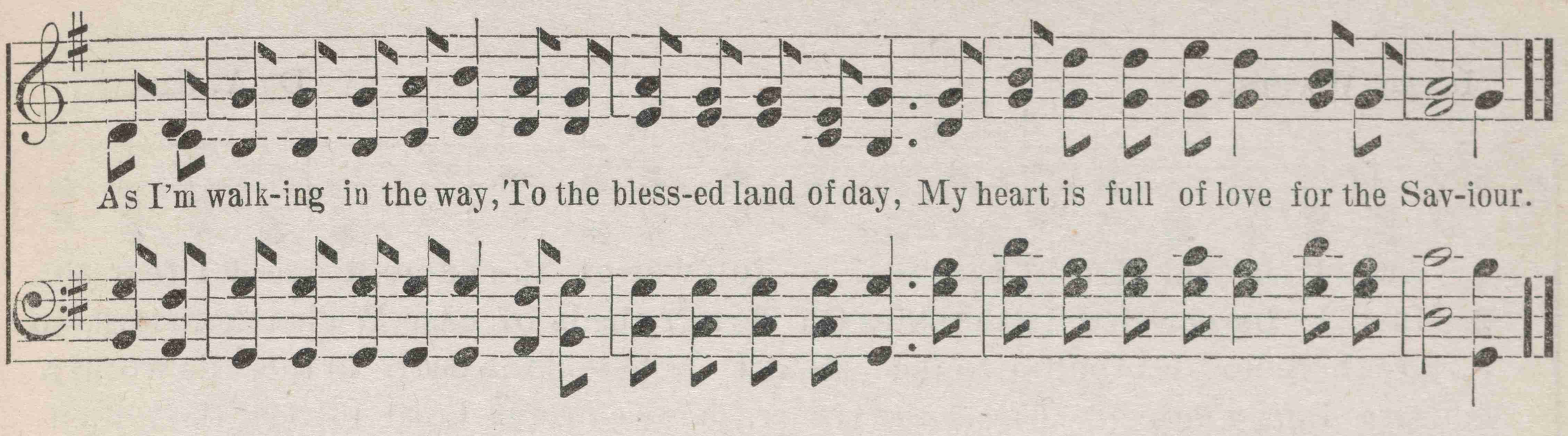
And He wash'd and made me clean, My heart is full of love for the Sav - iour.
From the straight and nar-row way, My heart is full of love for the Sav - iour.
He can guide me to the shore, My heart is full of love for the Sav - iour.
He with me and I with Him, My heart is full of love for the Sav - iour.

CHORUS.

My heart is full of love for the Sav - iour, My heart is full of love for the Sav-iour,

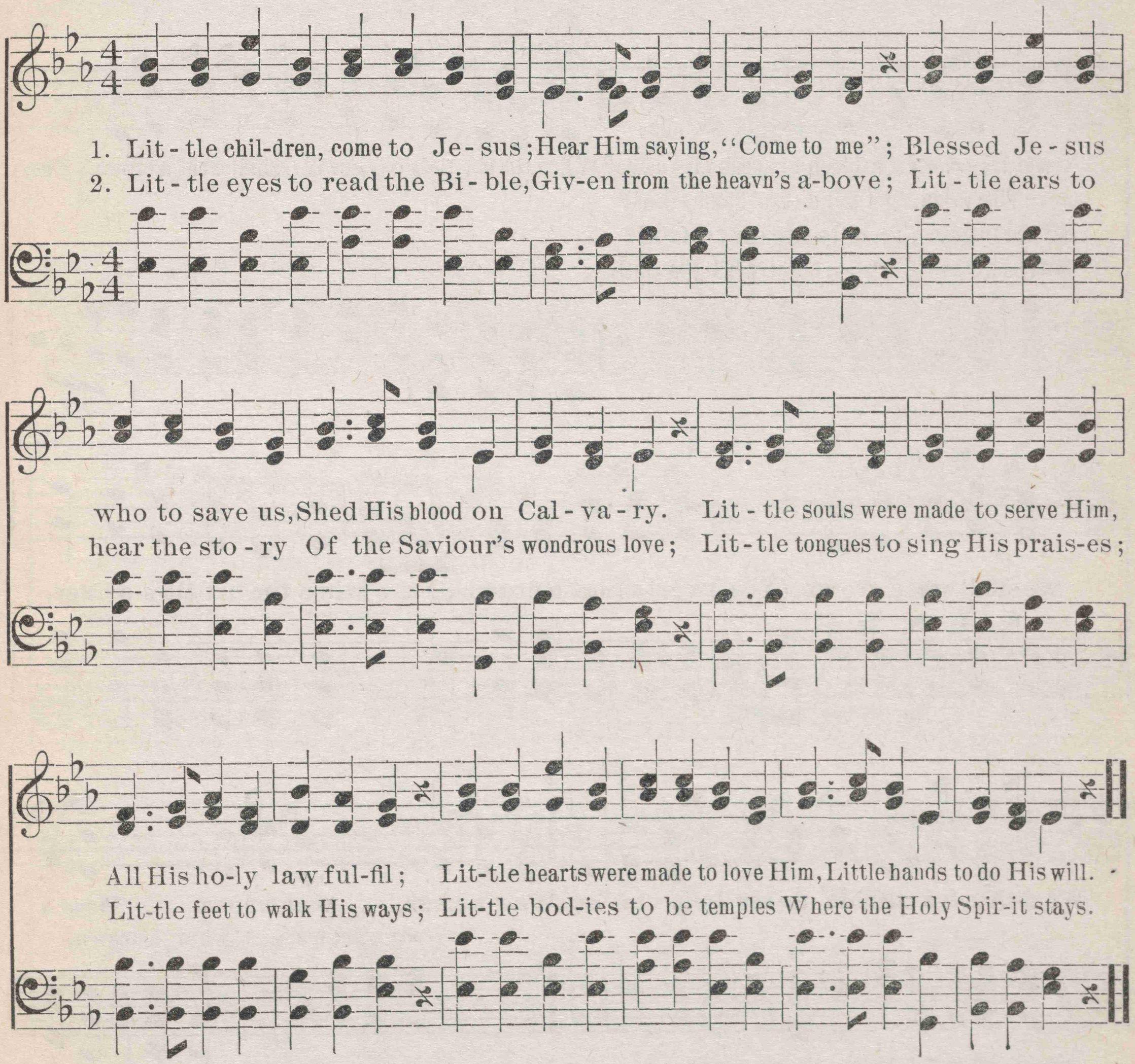
Copyright, 1899, by S. M. Brown.

MY HEART IS FULL OF LOVE FOR THE SAVIOUR.



No. 104. LITTLE CHILDREN, COME TO JESUS.

J. M. HUNT.



No. 105. NEW BATTLE HYMN.

ISAAC WATTS. D. A. SHAW.

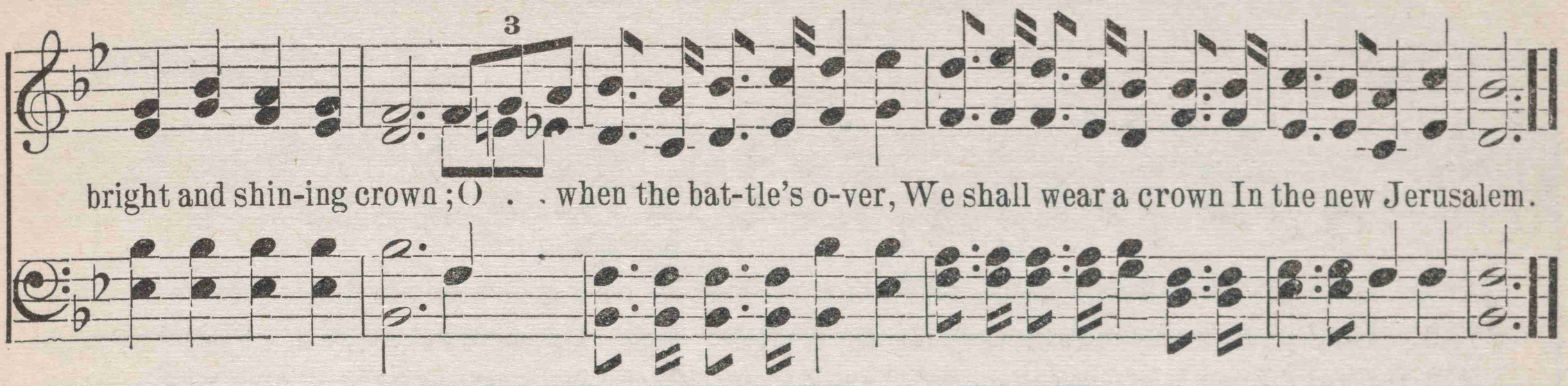
1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? When the bat-tle's o-ver, We shall wear a crown, (Yes,)
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?
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, en - dure the pain, Supported by Thy word.

CHORUS.

we shall wear a crown, (Yes,) we shall wear a crown; O . . when the bat-tle's o - ver, We shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru - sa - lem. Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a crown, wear a crown, wear a crown,

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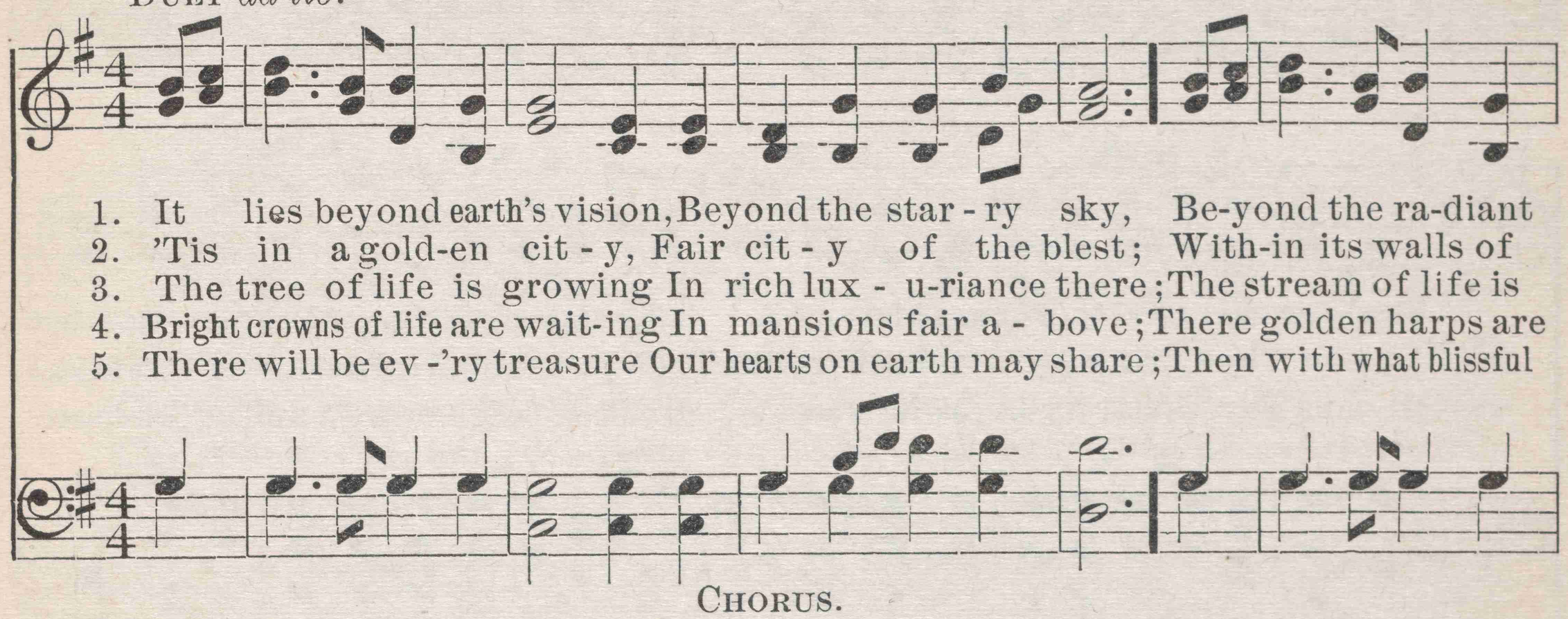
NEW BATTLE HYMN.



No. 106. OUR OTHER HOME.

MILDRED MERLE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

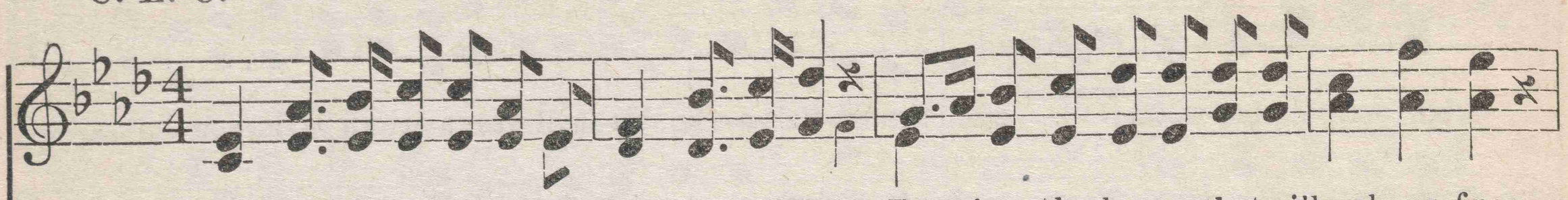
DUET *ad lib.*



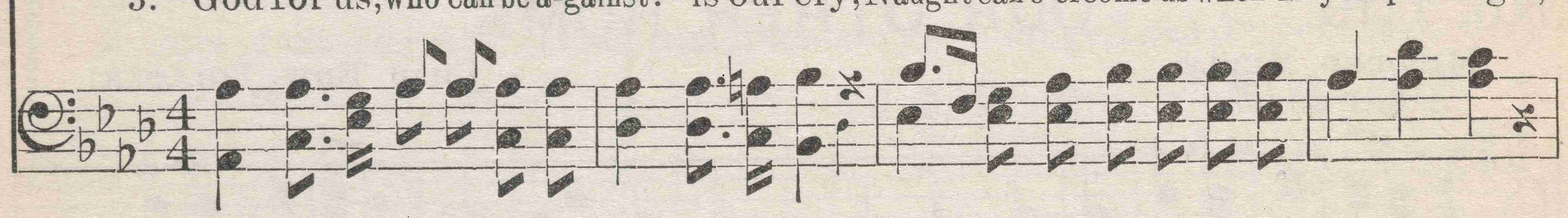
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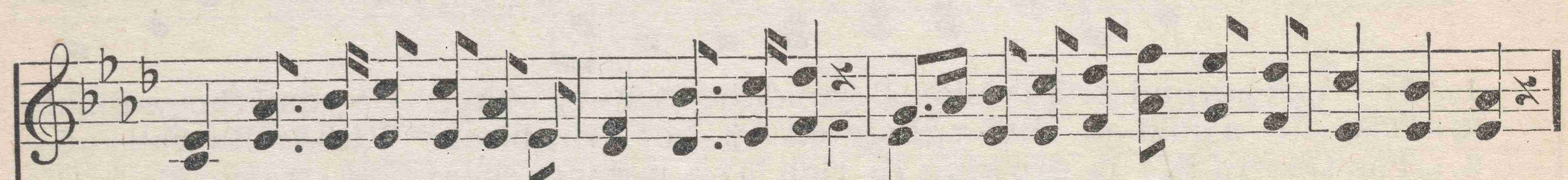
No. 107. CHRISTIANS' BATTLE SONG.

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

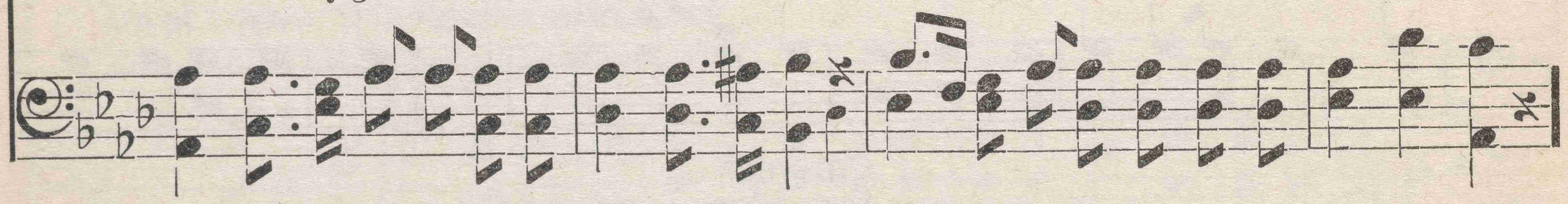


1. God of the nations, we are bat-tling for Thee, Bearing the banner that will make us free;
2. God give us courage for the conflicts we fight, Tho' sin surround us, we will trust Thy might;
3. "God for us, who can be a-gainst?" is our cry, Naught can o'ercome us when Thy help is nigh;

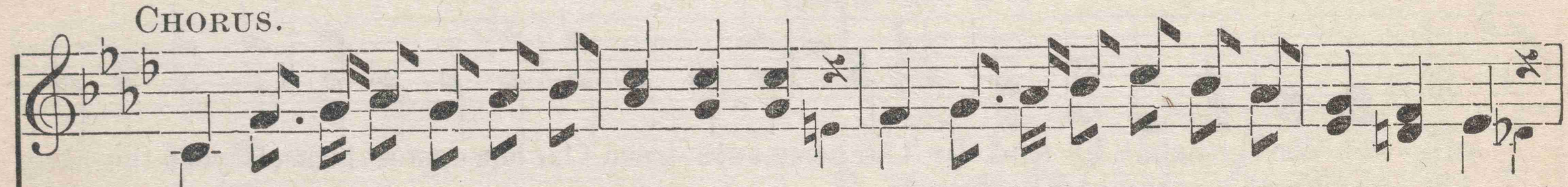




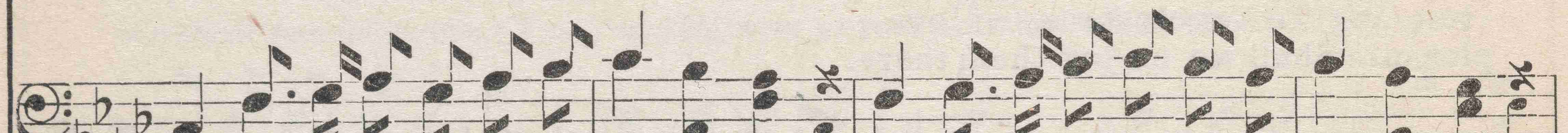
Stead-fast and firmly we will march bravely on, Till morn a-gleam with glorious peace shall dawn.
Led by Thy spirit we will fight till we die, Then gain immortal realms with Thee on high.
Give us Thy guidance till the con-flicts are o'er, Be Thine the glory now and ev- er-more.



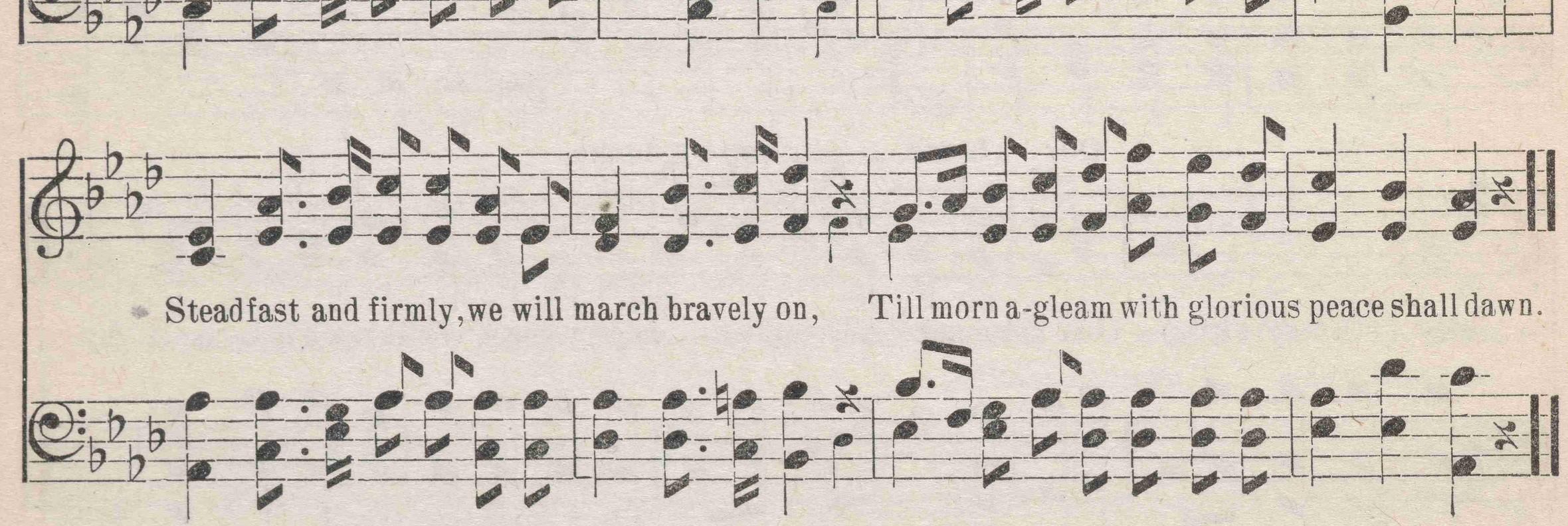
CHORUS.



We are an army, battling for the right, Battling with sin and guilt as dark as night;



Steadfast and firmly, we will march bravely on, Till morn a-gleam with glorious peace shall dawn.



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No. 108. ALL HAIL, THOU KING OF KINGS!

R. K. MAIDEN. J. M. HUNT.

1. When I was far a - way and lost, Bow'd down with shame and grief,
2. When I was blind and in the dark, With - out one ray of light,
3. When I was weak and sink-ing down, Be - neath a load of sin,
4. When I was stain'd by blot of sin, Which noth - ing could e - rase,

Christ laid a - side His glo - ry crown, And came to my re - lief.
Christ fill'd my soul with light di - vine, And gave me bless - ed sight.
Christ took the bur - den from my soul, And gave me peace with - in.
Christ shed His blood to make me clean, O, what a - maz - ing grace!

CHORUS.

All hail the sin-a - toning blood! My soul mounts up and sings, All
cleansing blood! mounts up and sings,
glo - ry to the dy-ing Lamb! All hail the King of kings!
dy-ing Lamb! King of kings!

Copyright, 1898, by Maiden and Hunt.

No. 109. TREASURES OF HEAVEN.

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. There's a crown in heav'n for the striving soul, Which the blessed Jesus Himself will place On the
2. There's a rest in heav'n for the wea-ry soul,—'Tis for all by care and by sin oppress'd; To the
3. There's a joy in heav'n for the mourning soul; Tho' the tears may fall all the earthly night; Yet the
4. There's a peace in heav'n for the troubled soul, Where the wicked shall from their troubling cease, And to
5. There's a home in heav'n for the faithful soul, In the man-y mansions prepared a-bove, Where the

REFRAIN.

head of each who shall faithful prove, Even unto death, in the heav'nly race. O may that crown
sons of God it remaineth sure, And the Prophet says, 'tis a "glorious rest." O may that rest
clouds of sad-ness will break away, And re-joicing come with the morning light. O may that joy
all the saints like a riv-er flow, Thro' the endless a-ges the stream of peace. O may that peace
glo-ri-fied shall forever sing Of a Saviour's free and un-bonuded love. O may that home

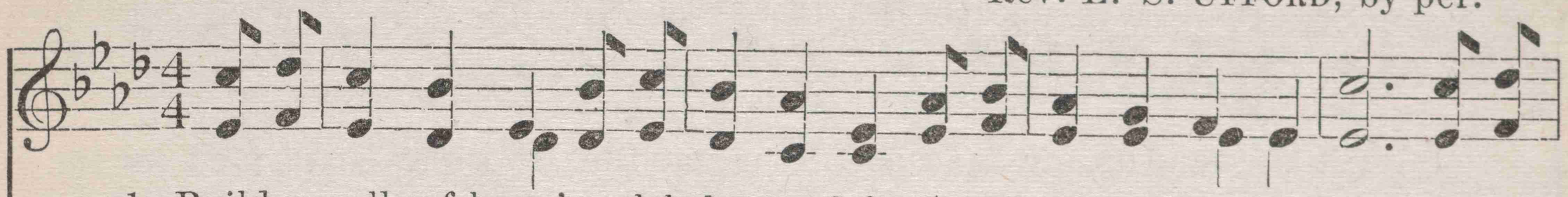
. . . in heav'n be mine, And I a - mong . . the an-gels shine;

Be Thou, O Lord! . . my daily guide, Let me ev-er in Thy love a-bide.

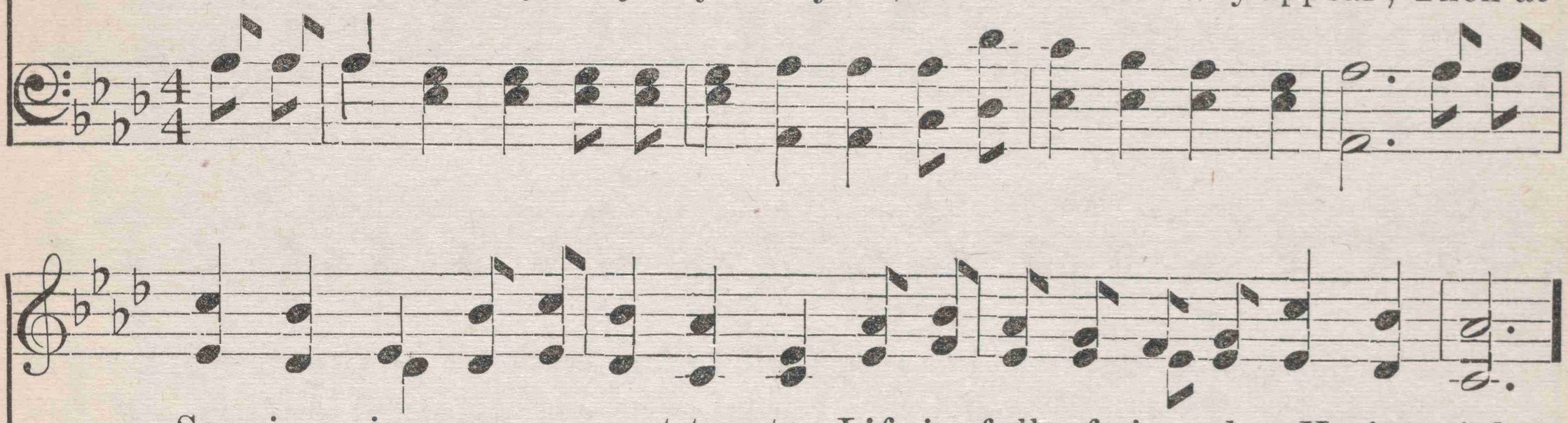
No. 110. SCATTER ROSES.

"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth." Ps. 145: 18.

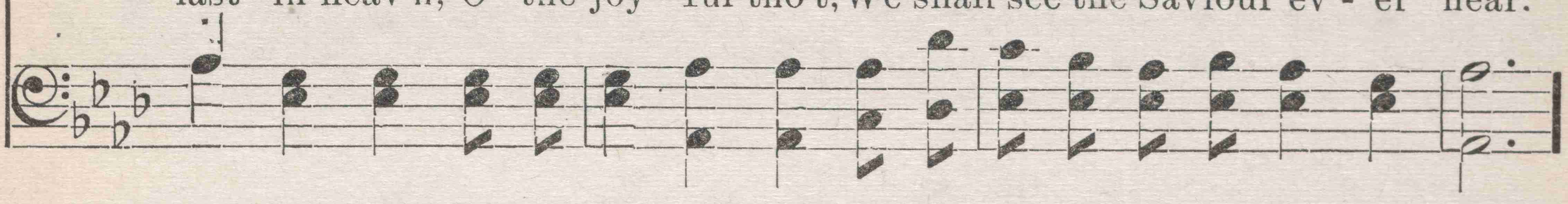
E. S. U. Rev. E. S. UFFORD, by per.



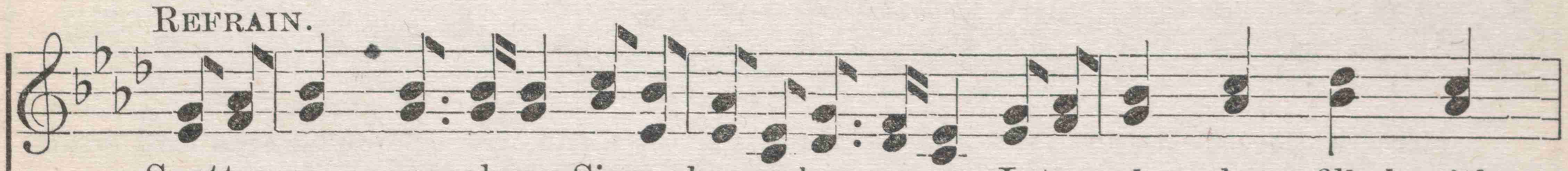
1. Build a wall of love 'round the heart each day, As the years go swiftly by; Keep the
2. Let your lamp be bright in the path of life, As its way your feet pursue; Dai-ly
3. Brighter day by day, as you journey on, Will this blessed way appear; Then at



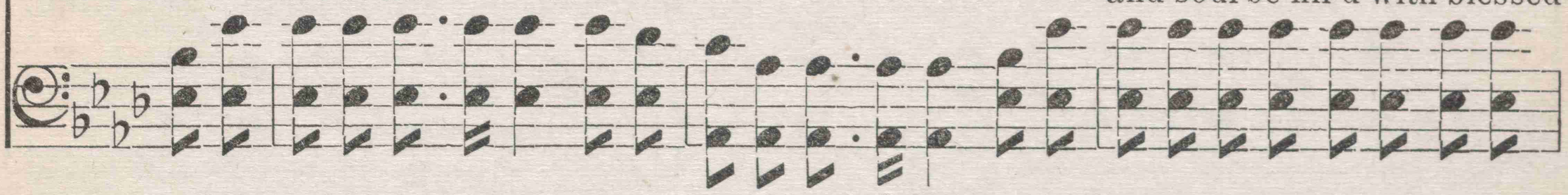
Sav-iour in as a guest to stay, Life is full of joy when He is nigh.
watch and pray, 'mid the toil and strife, That the Lord may bear you safely thro'.
last in heav'n, O the joy-ful tho't, We shall see the Saviour ev-er near.



REFRAIN.

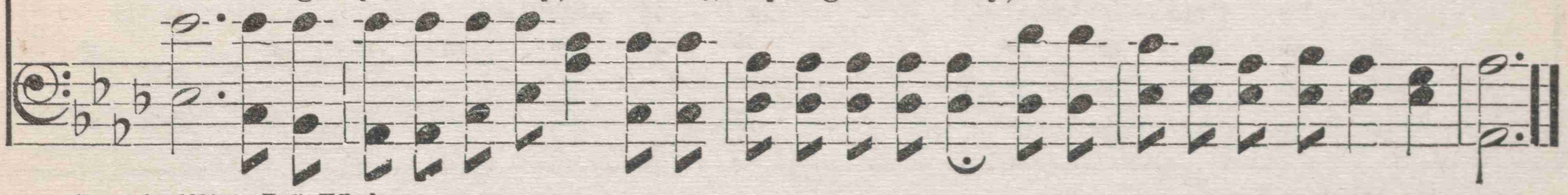


Scatter ros-es along, Sing a hap-py, hap-py song, Let your heart be filled with
ros-es all and soul be fill'd with blessed





cheer, For there's glo - ry, glo - ry, There's glory when the Lord is near.
glory all the way, There is glory night and day, There is



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No. 111. LET US STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Words arr. J. M. HUNT.

1. Let us stand up for Je - sus, Let us stand in His might; Let us gird on the
2. Let us stand up for Je - sus, Let us hon - or His word, Let us watch and be
3. Let us stand up for Je - sus Till the con-flict is past, And at home with the

ar - mor, And be first in the fight; Let us trust in His prom-ise, Let His
faith - ful To our King and our Lord; Let us tell the glad sto - ry Of His
ran-somed We are gath-ered at last; Let us fol - low His ban - ner Till our

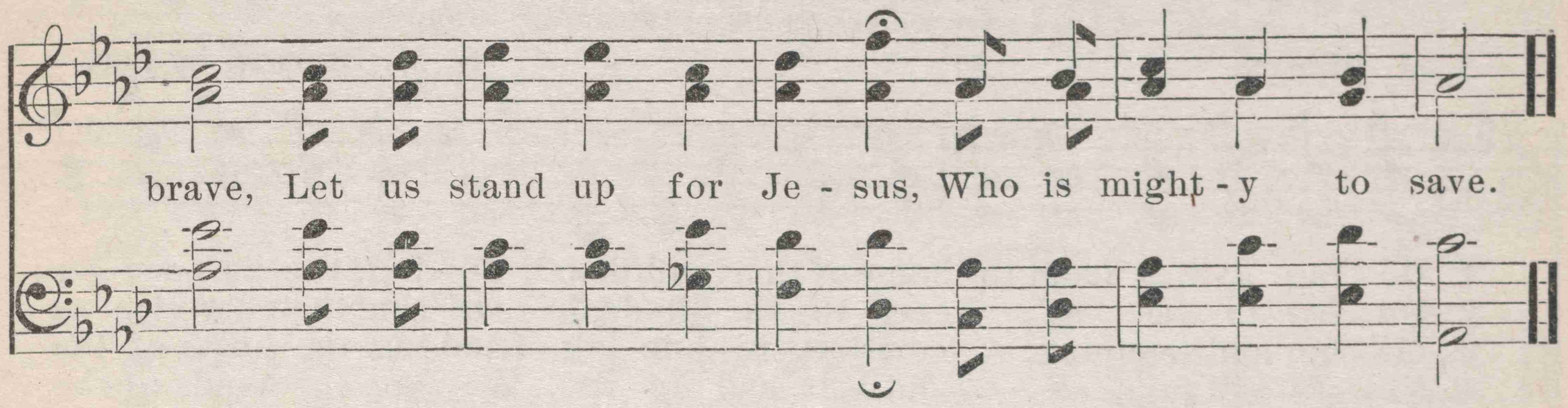
strength make us strong, And the dear name of Je - sus Be our watch-word and song.
mer - cy and love, As we march ev - er on-ward To the cit - y a - bove.
tro - phies we bring To the feet of our Sav-iour, Our Re-deem-er and King.

CHORUS.

Let us stand, firm - ly stand, With a heart true and
Let us firm - ly stand, firm - ly stand,

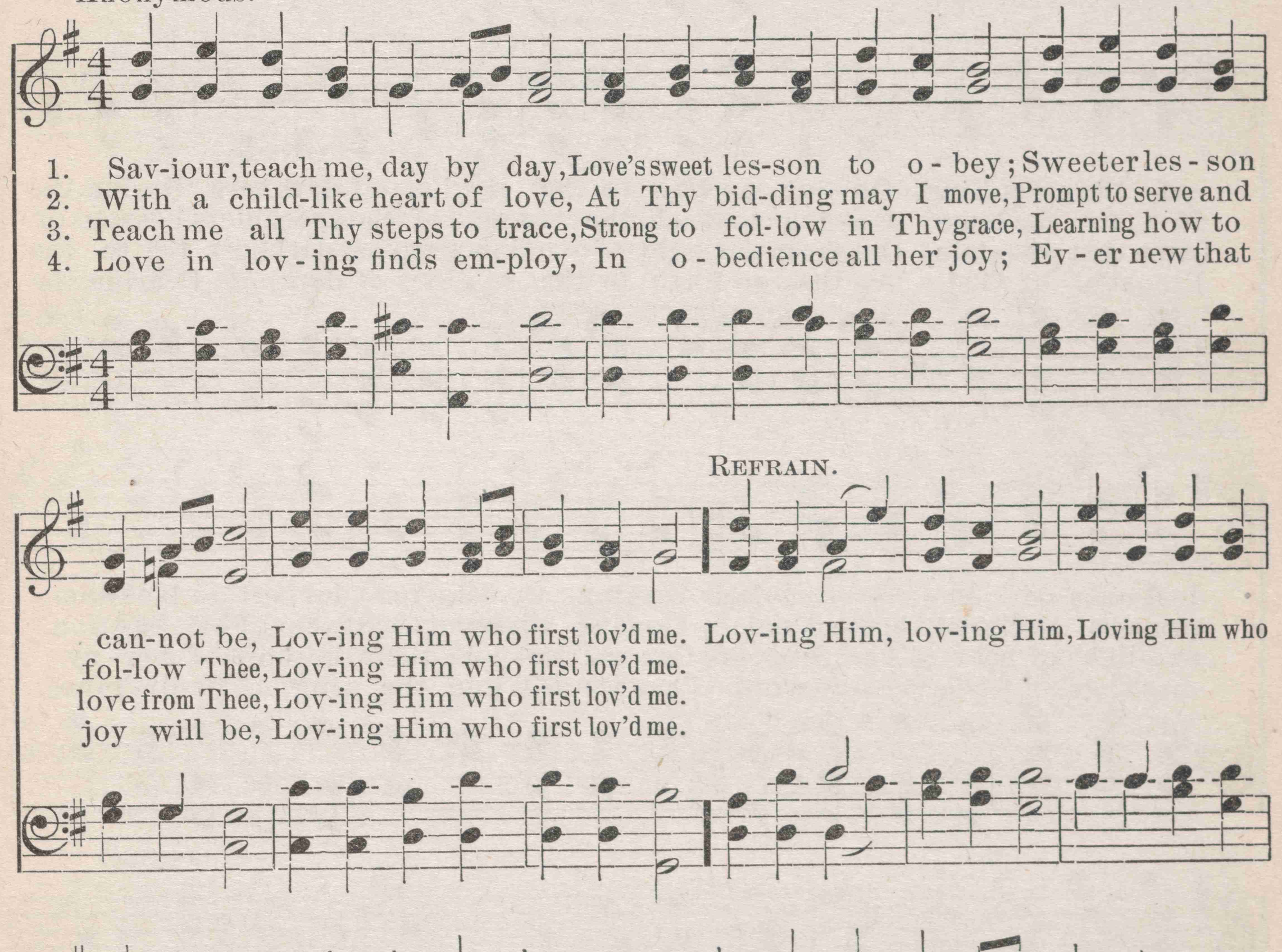
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LET US STAND UP FOR JESUS.



No. 112. LOVING HIM WHO FIRST LOVED ME.

Anonymous. D. W. LEIGH.



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No. 113. GOING THE LOST ONES TO BRING.

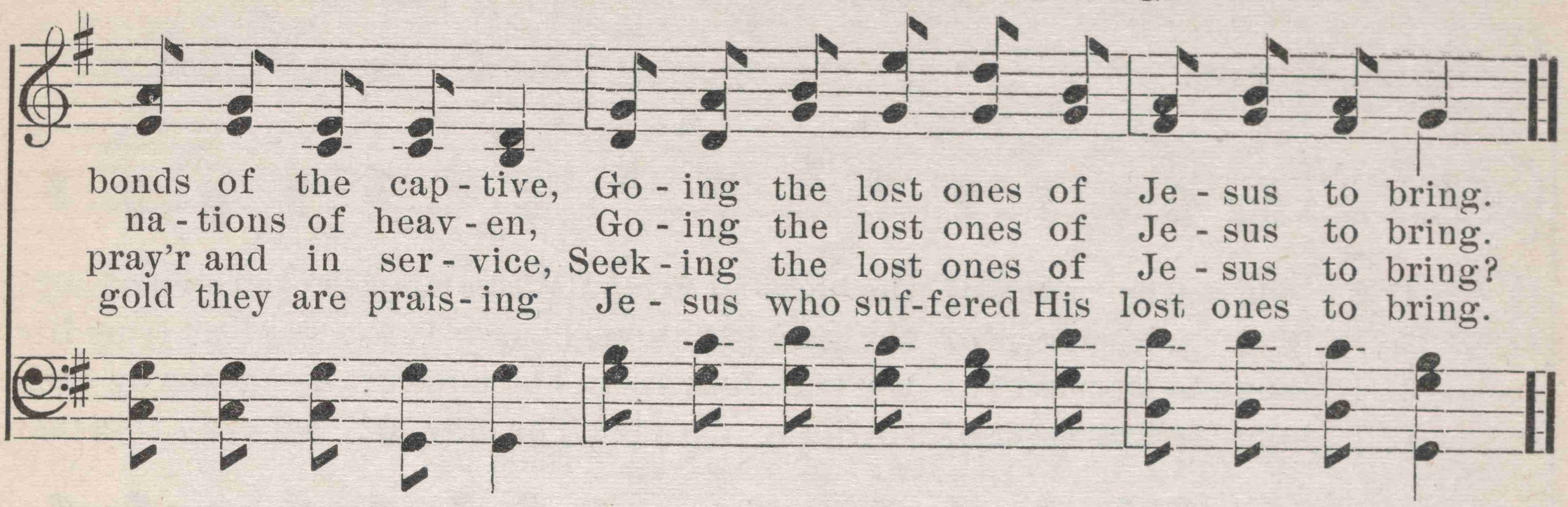
"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."—John 10: 16.

S. M. BROWN. S. M. BROWN, by per.

1. Go - ing a - way from the home of their childhood, Go - ing, the mes-sen-gers of the great King, Go - ing a - way to the re-gions of darkness, Go-ing, the lost ones of Je - sus to bring; Go - ing to make the des - ert to blos-som, Go - ing to be as . . eyes to the blind-ed, Off-'ring their ser-vice as feet to the lame; Go - ing to teach the tongue of the speechless Lessons of prais-es to Christ's blessed name; Go - ing to sound the trump of sal - va - tion, Go - ing and weep-ing, . com-ing, re - joic - ing, Lead-ing the hosts of the Lamb that was slain Out from the night of sin's deep-est darkness Up to the sun-light of heav-en's bright plain. Can we not join their la - bors of mer - cy, Yes, we will join, as . . did Hur and Aa - ron, Stay-ing the hands of the Prophets of God, As they go forth to the re-gions of darkness, Bearing the mes-sage of God's bless-ed word. Then we will join the song of de-liv-'rance,

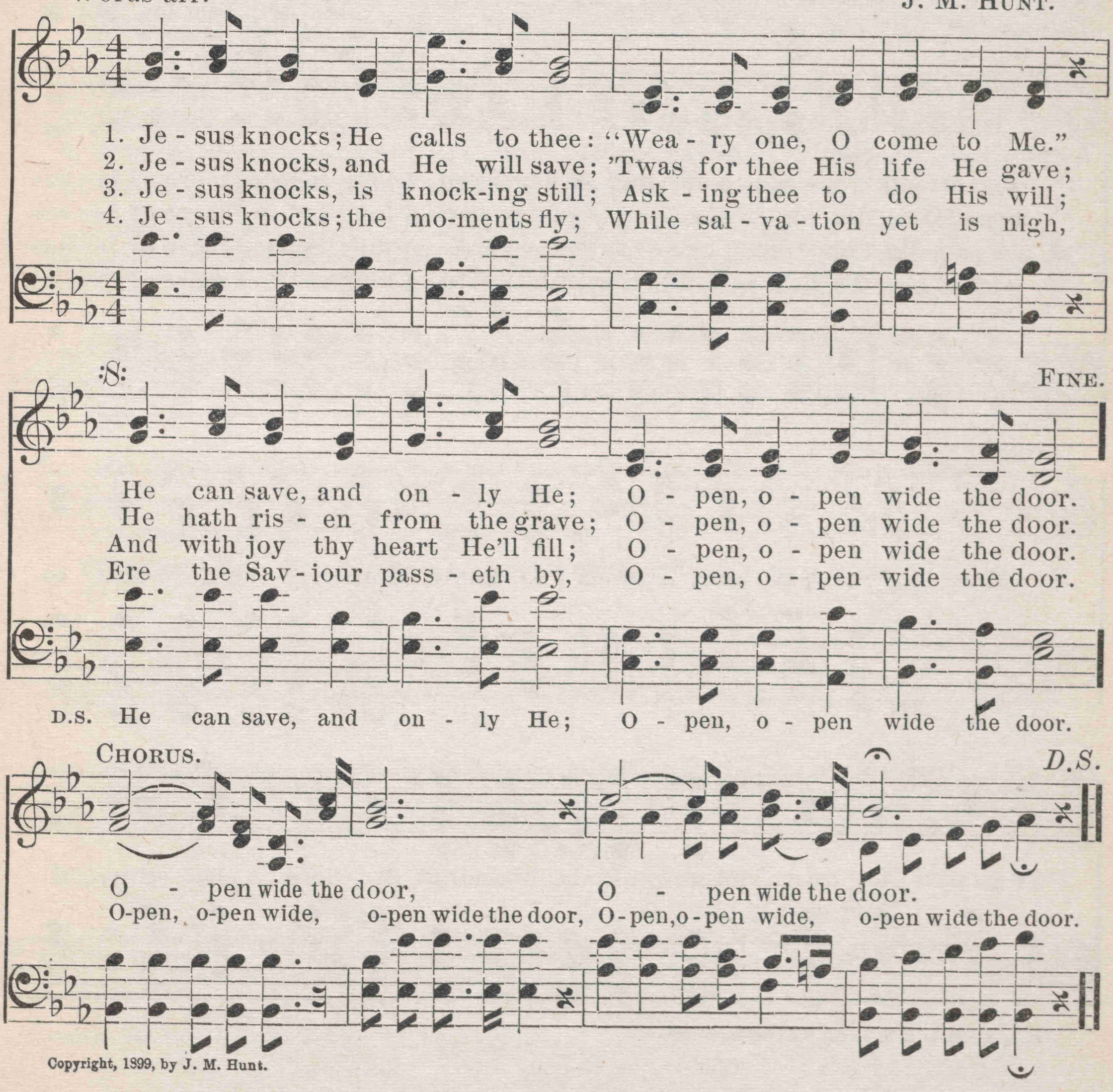
Go - ing to teach the moun-tains to sing, Go - ing to break the From the dread doom and se-quence of sin; Go - ing to tell the Striv-ing to save the na - tions from sin? May we not join in When in the heaven - ly Ca - naan they sing; When with their harps of

GOING THE LOST ONES TO BRING.



No. 114. OPEN WIDE THE DOOR.

Words arr. J. M. HUNT.



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No. 115. I LONG TO LEARN MORE OF JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON. CHAS H. GABRIEL.

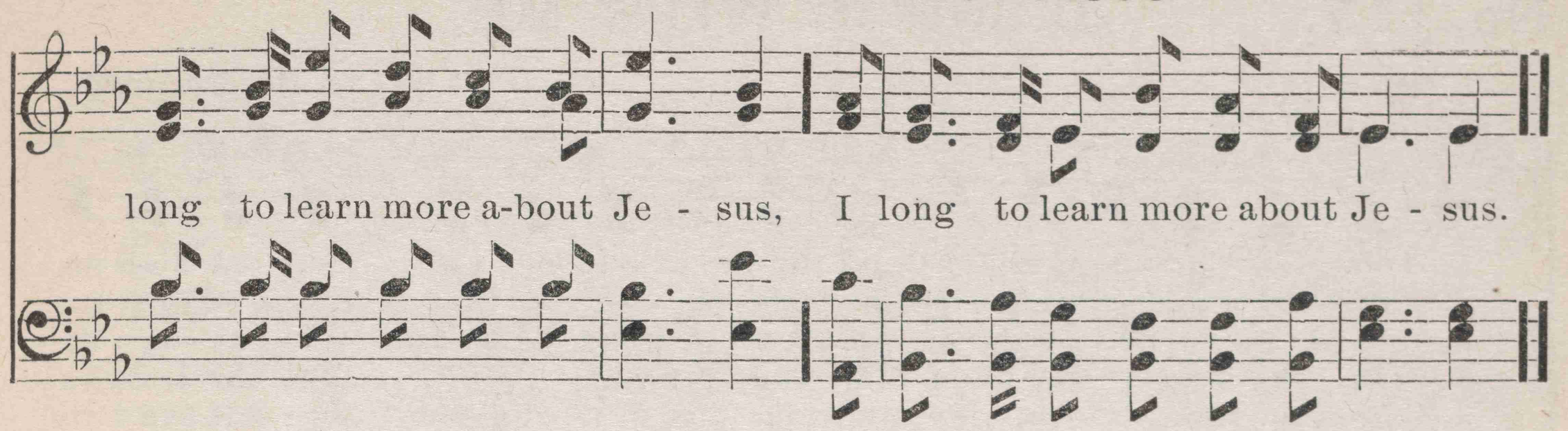
1. I long to learn more of the bless-ed Friend, Whose care doth each step of my way attend, Whose mercy and kindness will never end; I long to learn more of Je - sus.
2. I long to learn more of the bound-less love That bro't the dear Lord from His throne a-bove, His pit - y for sin-ruined soul to prove; I long to learn more of Je - sus.
3. I long to learn more of the per - fect rest, The comfort and peace by each soul possessed, That trustingly leans on the Saviour's breast; I long to learn more of Je - sus.
4. I long to learn more of the bliss di - vine, The joy of sal - va - tion that now is mine, As heaven-ly light in my soul doth shine; I long to learn more of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

More of the Sav - iour, I long to know, More of the debt that to Him I owe, More of the bless-ings He doth be - stow, I

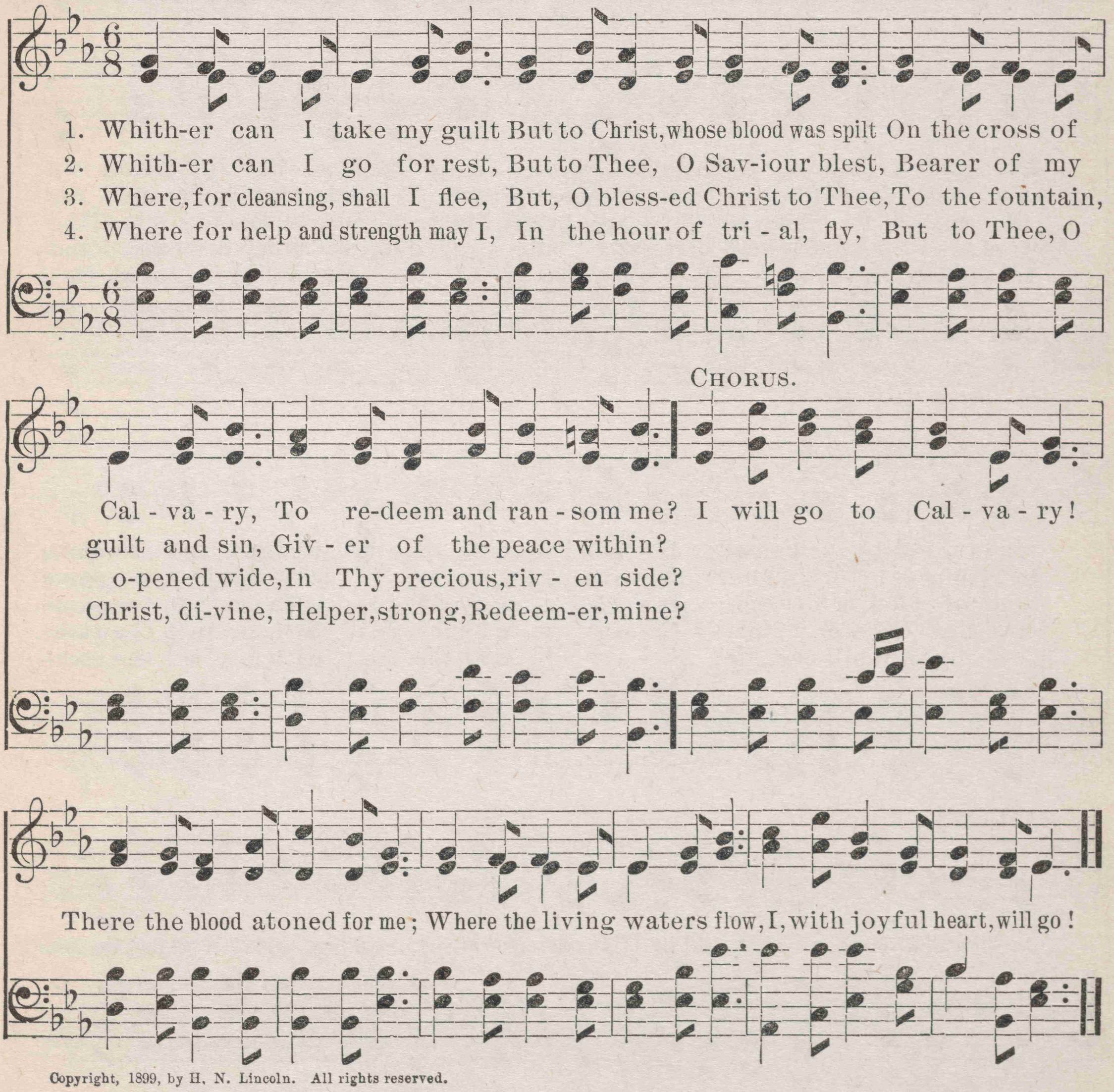
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I LONG TO LEARN MORE OF JESUS.



No. 116. ATONEMENT THROUGH THE CROSS.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



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No. 117. JESUS IS WITH ME.

S. M. B. S. M. Brown.

1. Tem-pests dark may gath-er and thun-ders loud may roar, Fierc-est winds may
2. Trust-ed friends may leave me to bat-tle all a-lone, Kin-dred dear for-
3. Pov-er-ty may feed me up-on a crust of bread, Cru-el-ty de-
4. On my way to heav-en I'll suf-fer many a fall, But the Lord has
5. Thro' the lone-ly val-ley and in the cru-el grave, Je-sus walk'd in

drive me from off the peace-ful shore; Walk-ing on the bil-lows, we
sake me and drive me far from home; Far a-way from heav-en my
ny me a place to lay my head; Thus it was with Je-sus, the
prom-ised us grace and strength for all; In temp-ta-tion's des-ert, and
tri-umph, and might-y pow'r to save; At the aw-ful judg-ment, He'll

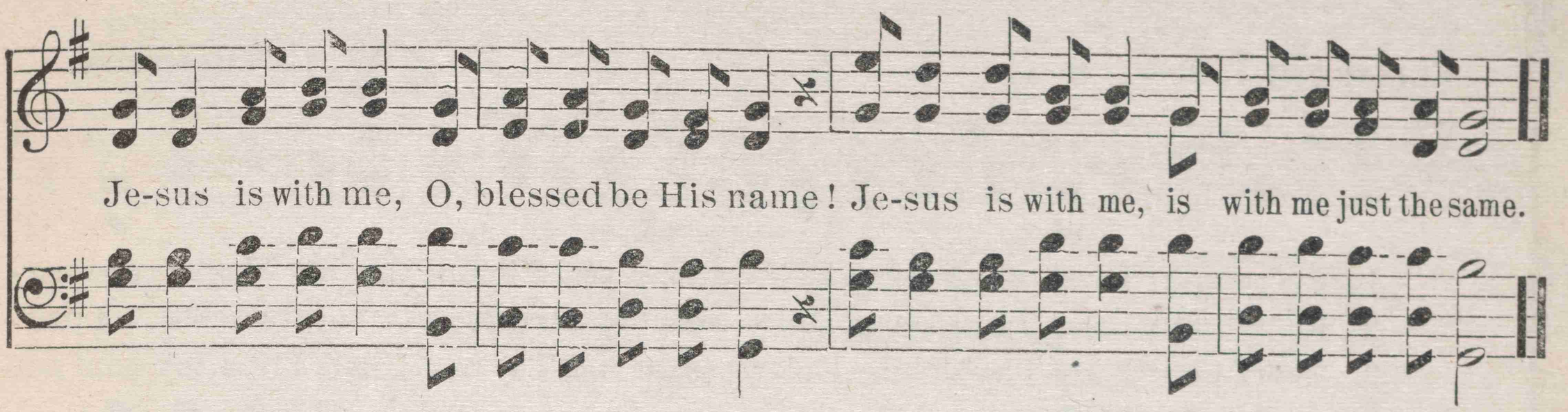
read that Je-sus came; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.
Sav-iour suf-fer'd shame; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.
Son of God, who came; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.
thro' the cru-el flame, Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.
own my worth-less name; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is with me, O, blessed be His name! Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same;

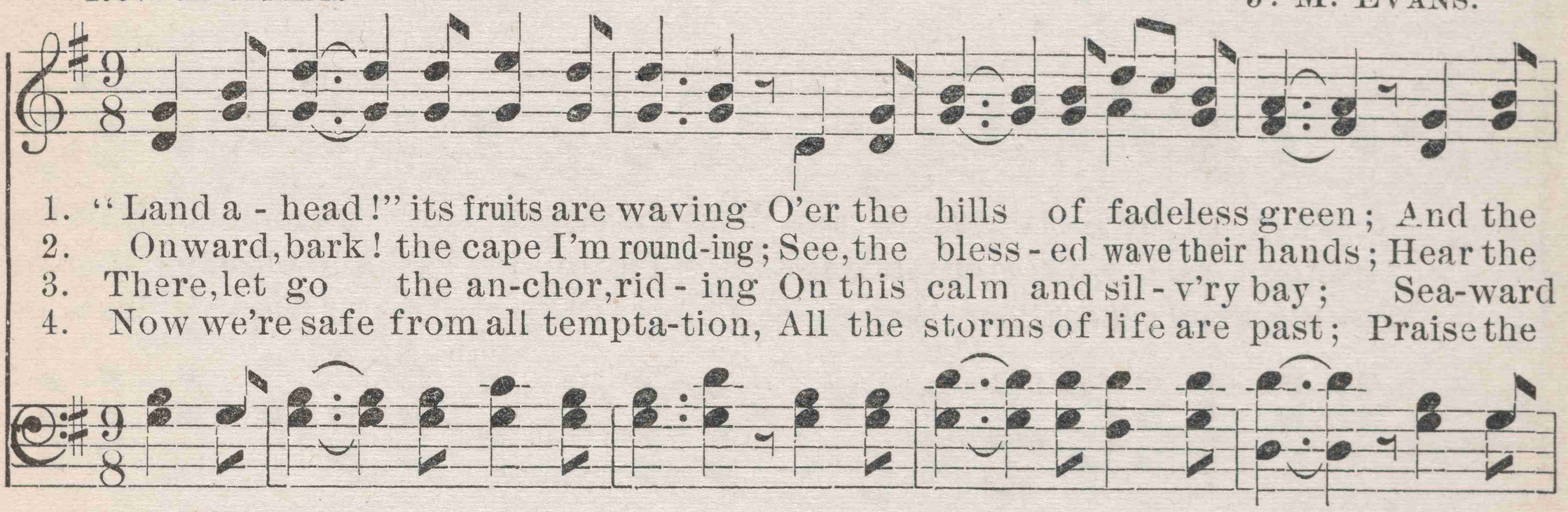
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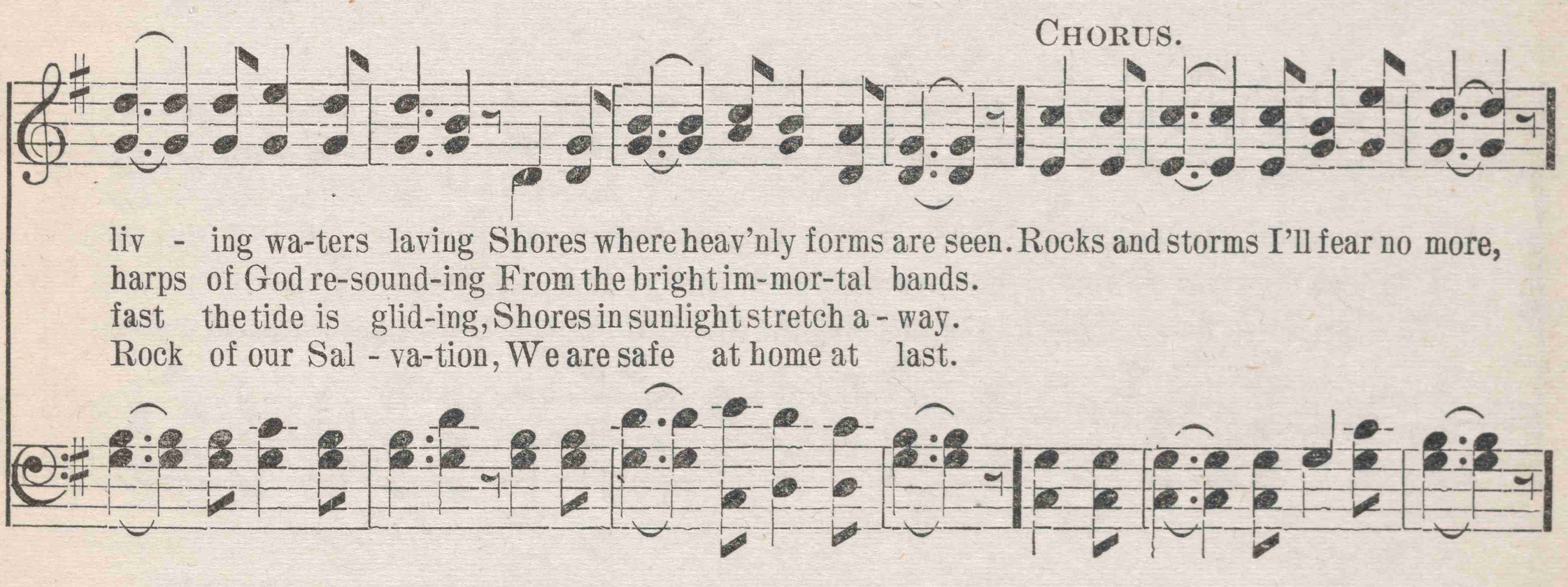
JESUS IS WITH ME.

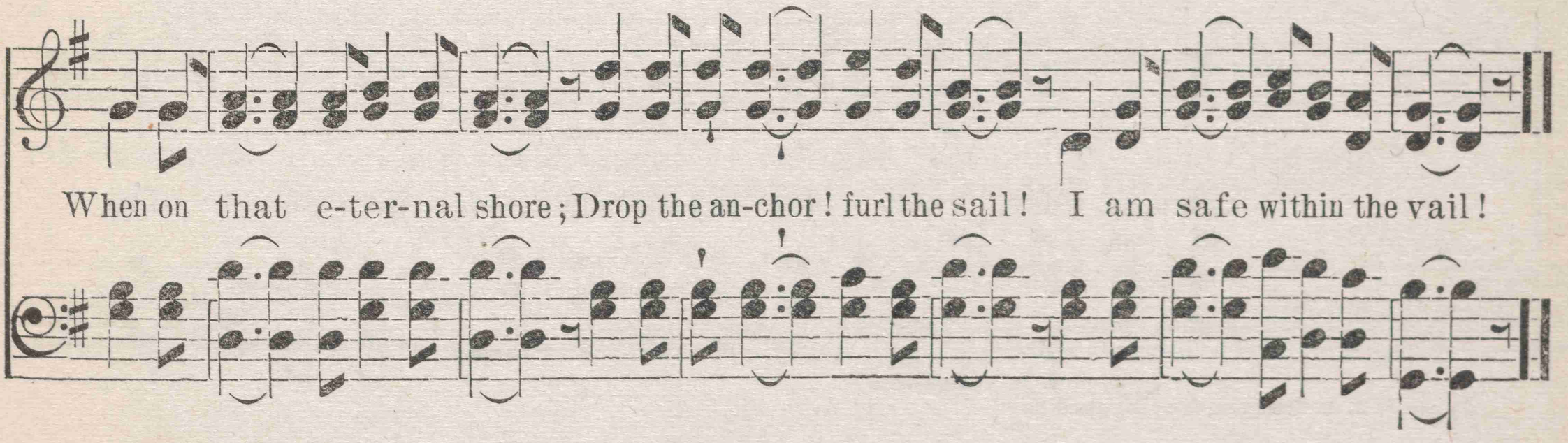


No. 118. SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

Rev. E. Adams. J. M. Evans.







No. 119. EVERY HOUR I NEED THY BLESSING.

ELIZABETH J. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. Ev-'ry hour I need Thy blessing, Ev'ry moment need Thy care; Lord, to Thee I come con -
2. Ev-'ry hour I need Thy blessing, Daily need Thy wondrous love, Love so ten-der, so pro -
3. Ev-'ry hour I need Thy blessing, Ev'ry moment need Thy care, Until Thou, my soul pos-

fess-ing, All the sins that men en-snare. Bless the thot's that come each moment, Make them
tect-ing, Come from Thy great throne above. For Thy lov-ing care and blessing, Make me
sess-ing, Shall reflect Thine image there. Then to Christ, the King of Glo - ry, He who

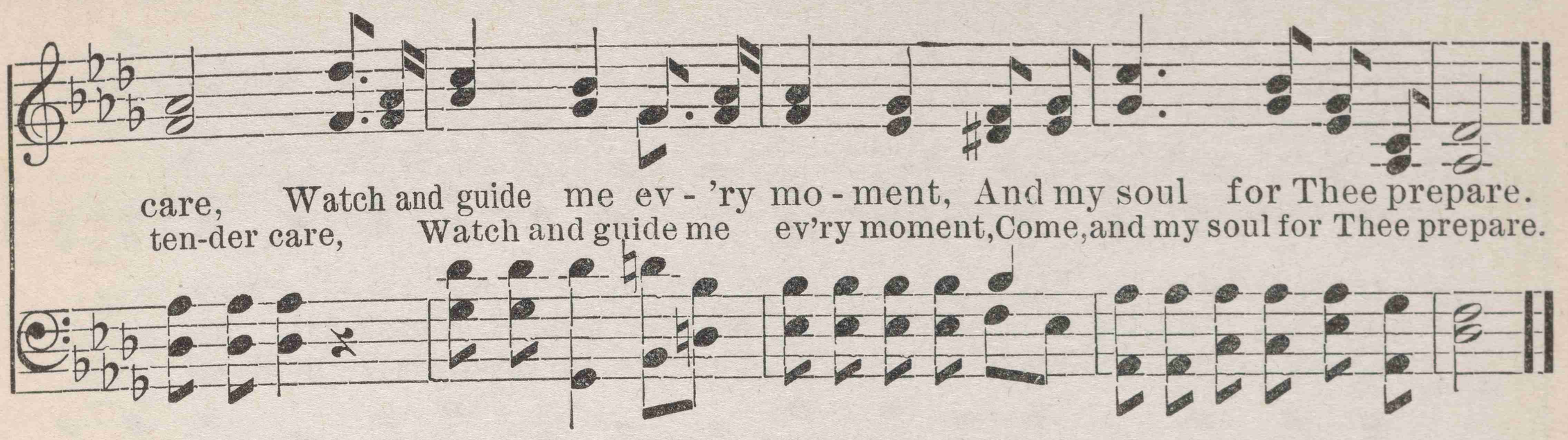
true, and pure, and fair; Like to Him, our great atone-ment, Beauti - ful beyond compare.
thankful day by day; By my walk and dai-ly liv-ing, Praising Christ, the living way.
bought me with great price; I shall sing the old, old sto-ry, Christ, my Lord and sac-ri-fice.

CHORUS.

Come, oh, come, Thou lov - ing Sav - iour, Take me in Thy ten - der
Come, oh, come, Thou lov - ing Sav - iour, Come, take me in Thy

By per. Will. E. Thompson, East Liverpool, O.

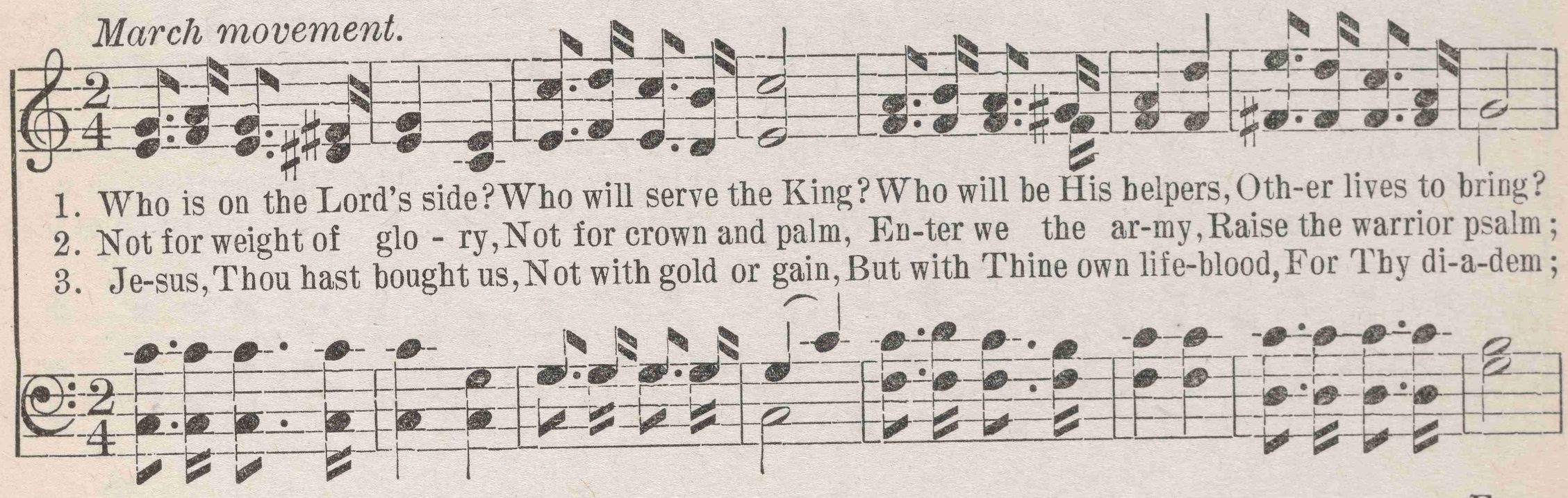
EVERY HOUR I NEED THY BLESSING.

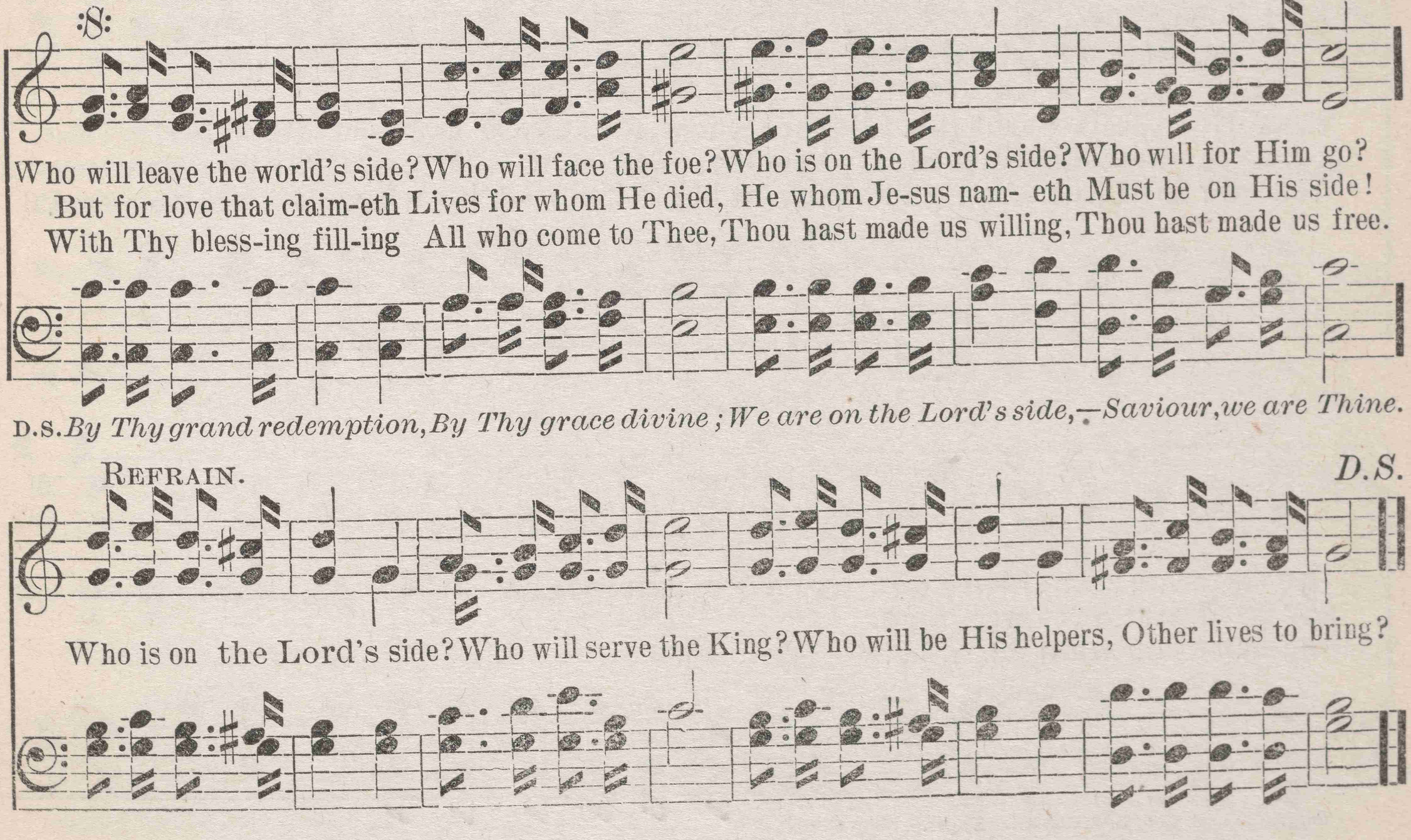


No. 120. CHRISTIANS' VOLUNTEER SONG.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

March movement.

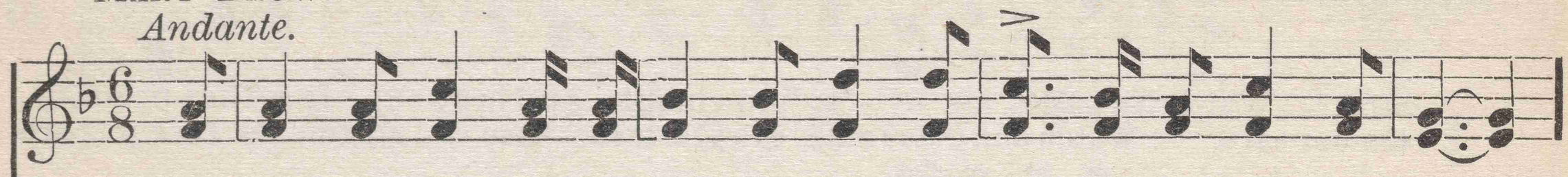




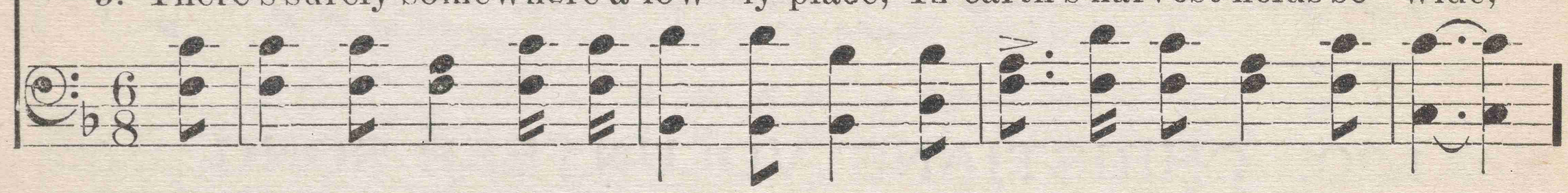
No. 121. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

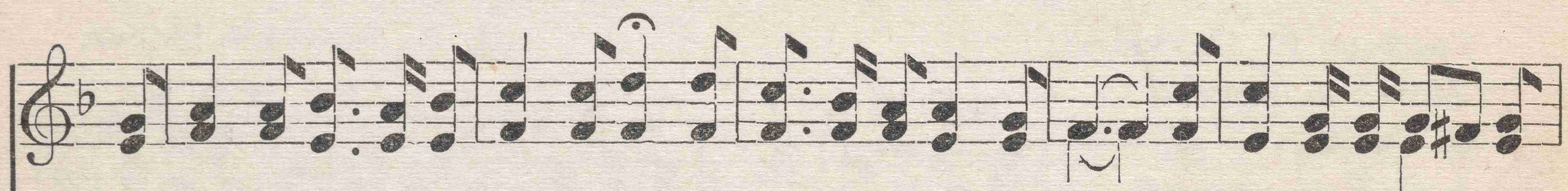
MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

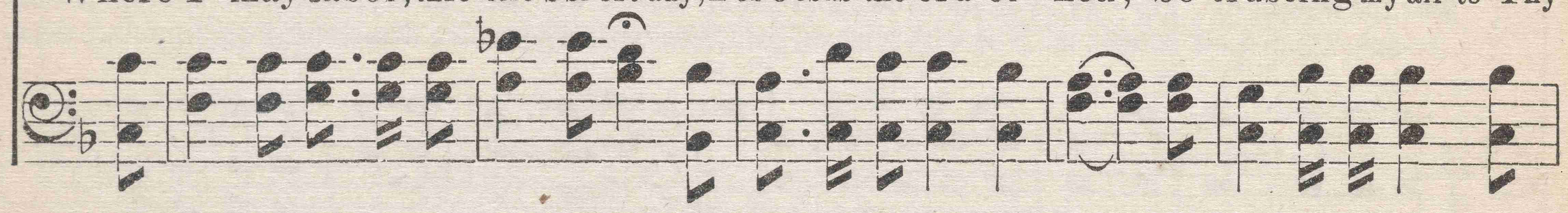


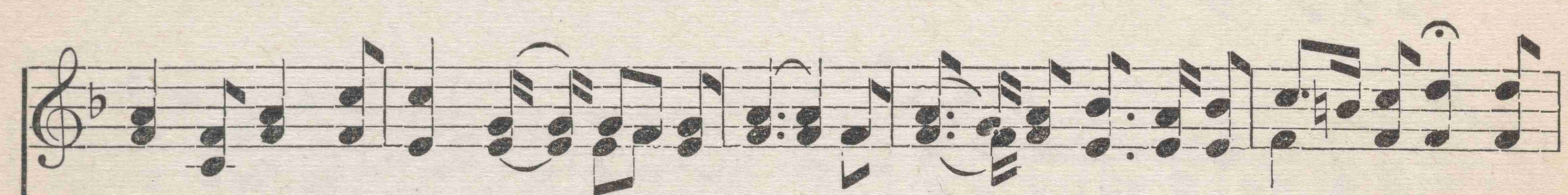
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per-haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,



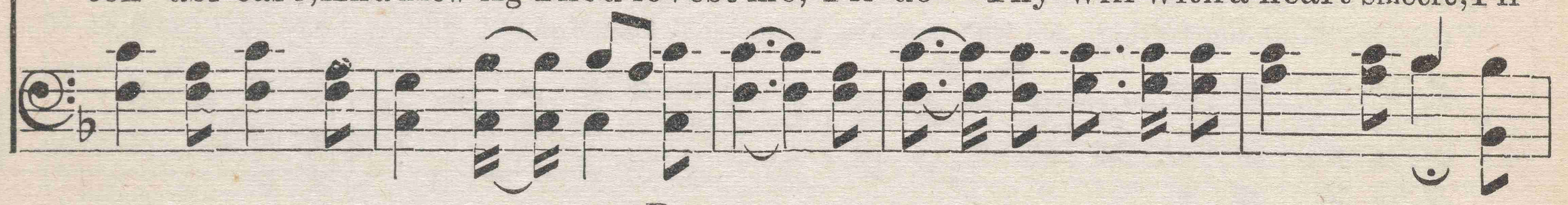


It may not be at the battle's front, My Lord will have need of me; But if by a still, small
There may be now in the paths of sin, Some waud'rer whom I should seek; O Saviour, if Thou wilt
Where I may labor, thro' life's short day, For Jesus the cru-ci - fied; So trusting my all to Thy

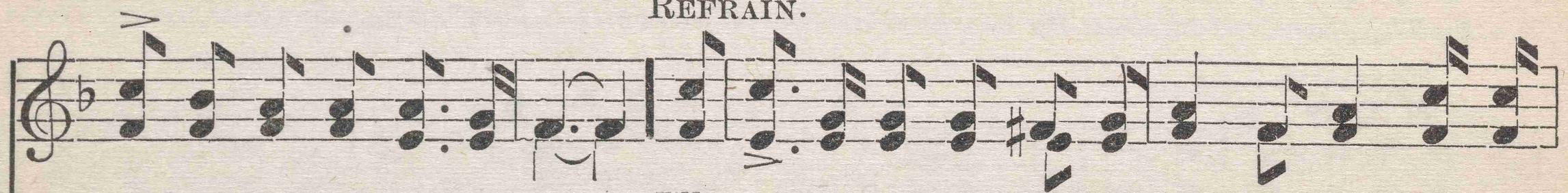




voice He calls To paths that I do not know, I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll
be my guide, Tho' dark the rug - ged way, My voice shall echo Thy message sweet, I'll
ten -der care, And know-ing Thou lovest me, I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll

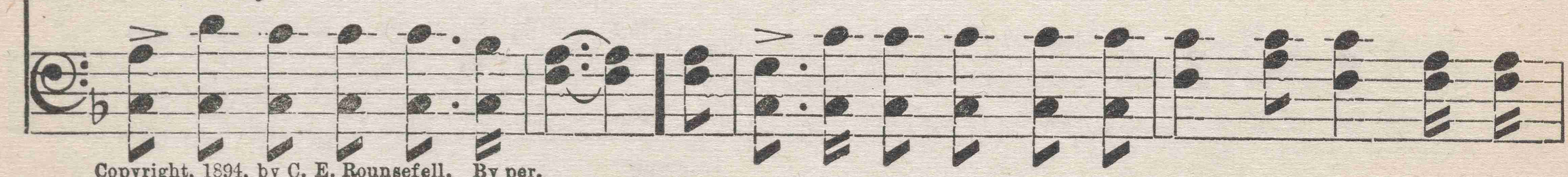


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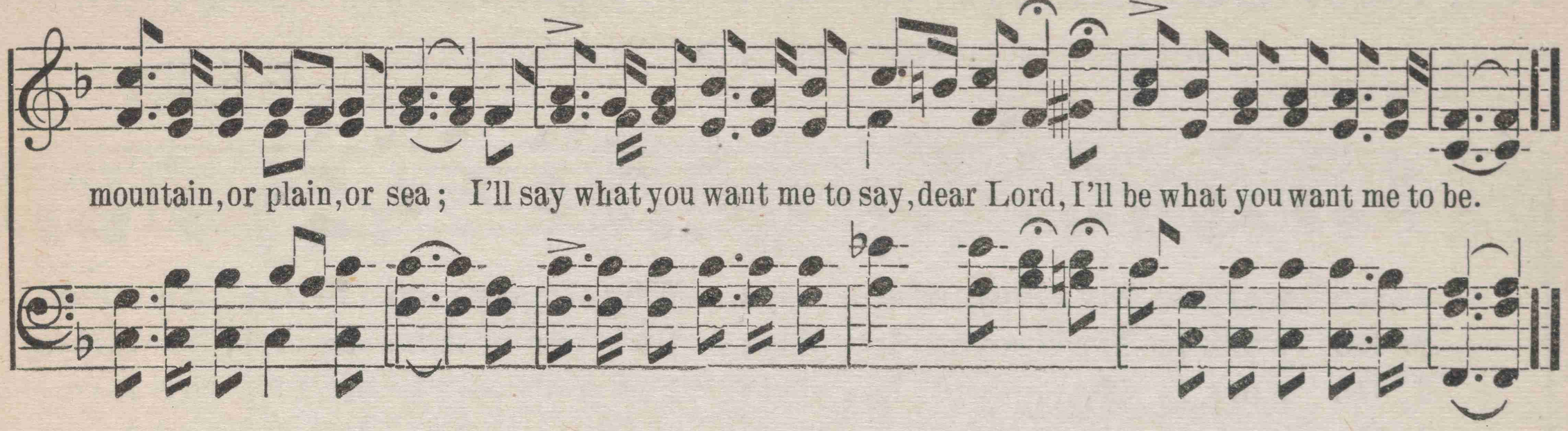
go where you want me to go.
say what you want me to say.
be what you want me to be.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O - ver



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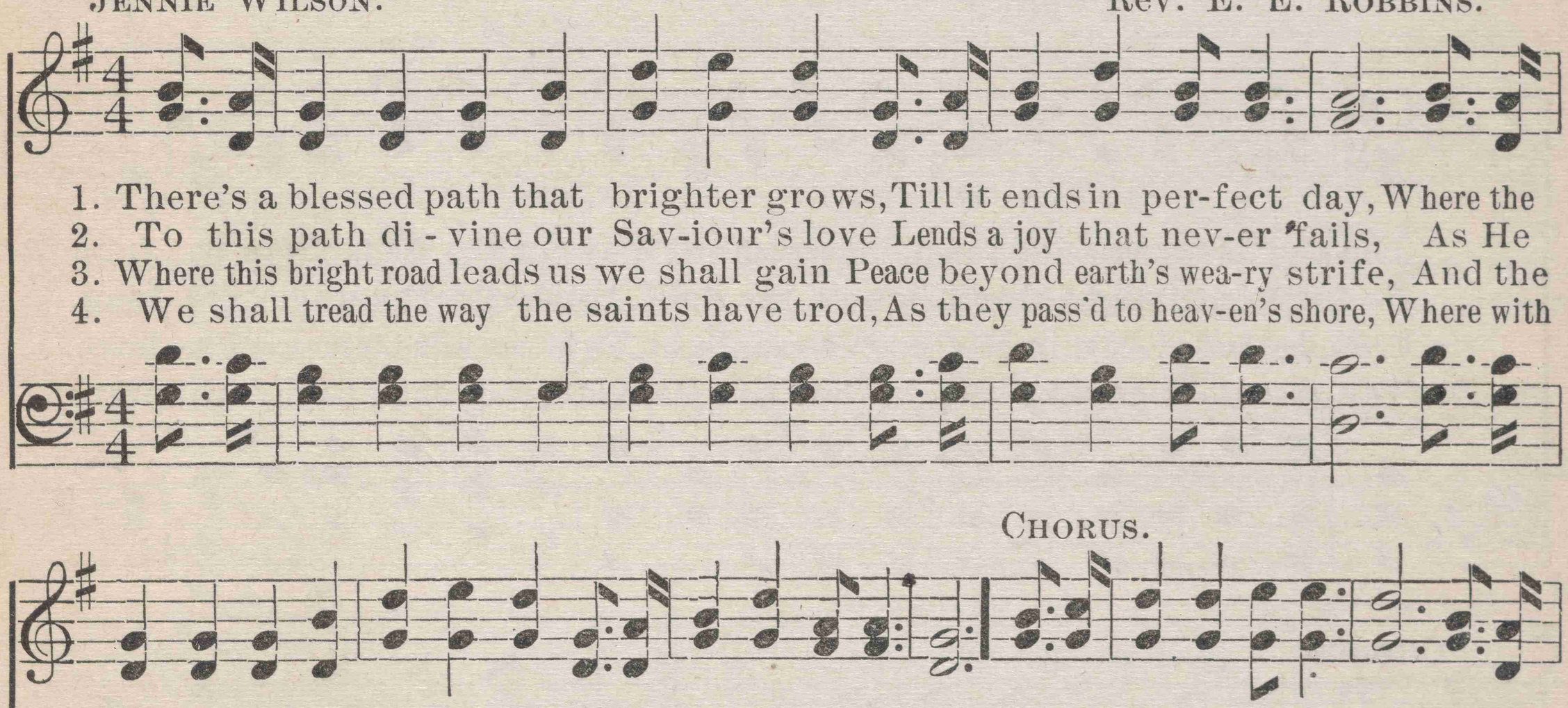
I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.



No. 122. THE SHINING WAY.

Prov. 4: 18.

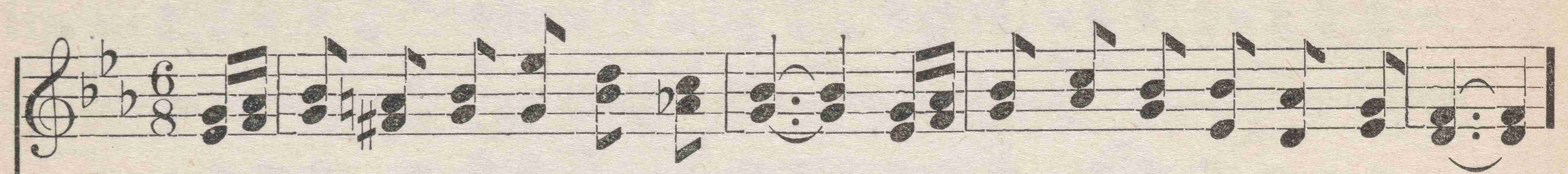
JENNIE WILSON. Rev. E. E. ROBBINS.



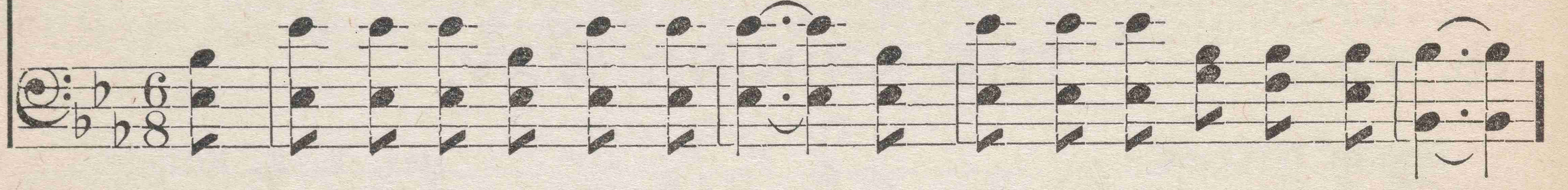
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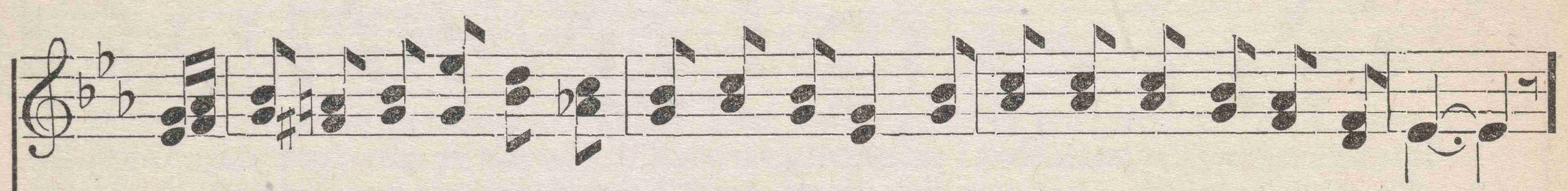
No. 123. GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD TODAY.

J. M. HUNT.

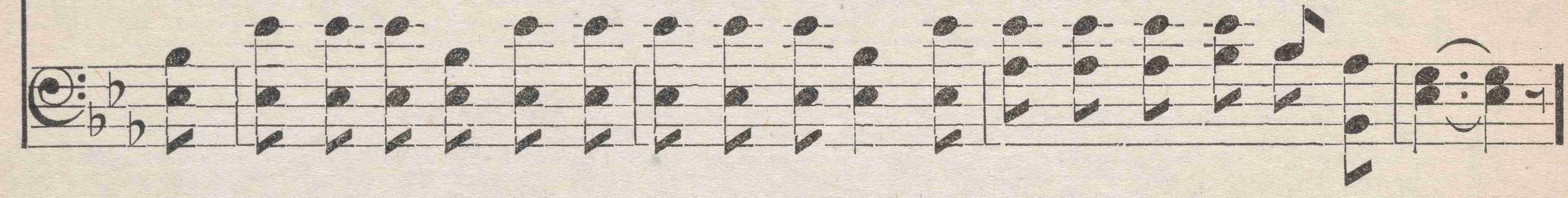


1. Go work in My vineyard to - day; Why stand ye so i - dle a - round?
2. Go work in My vineyard to - day; Be ear-nest, be ac-tive, be strong;
3. Go work in My vineyard to - day; For souls may be bro't by thy love,
4. Go work in My vineyard to - day; Go hon-or thy Mas-ter and Lord;

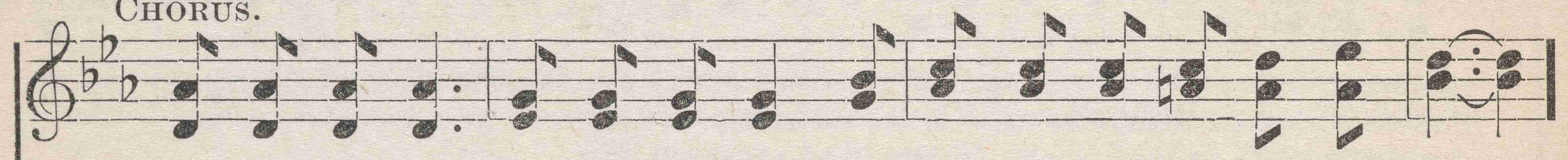




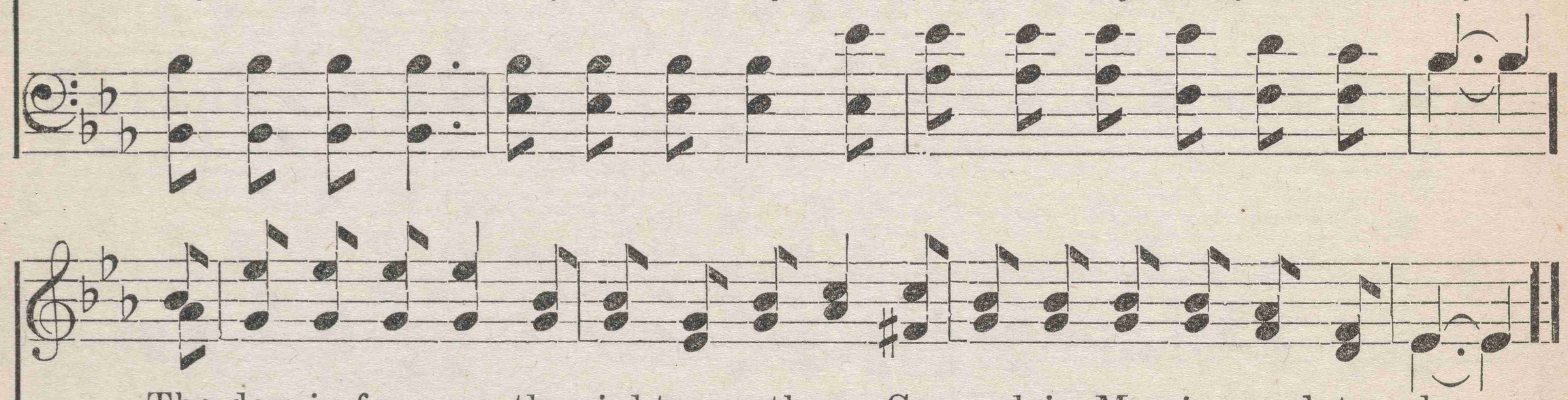
The day is far gone, and the night cometh on; Why not with the lab'rers be found?
Go forth in His might, who will hon-or the right, And give thee thy wages ere long.
From darkness of night, in His marvel-ous light, To home with the ransom'd a - bove.
Thy talents im-prove by the la - bor of love, And heav-en shall be thy re - ward.



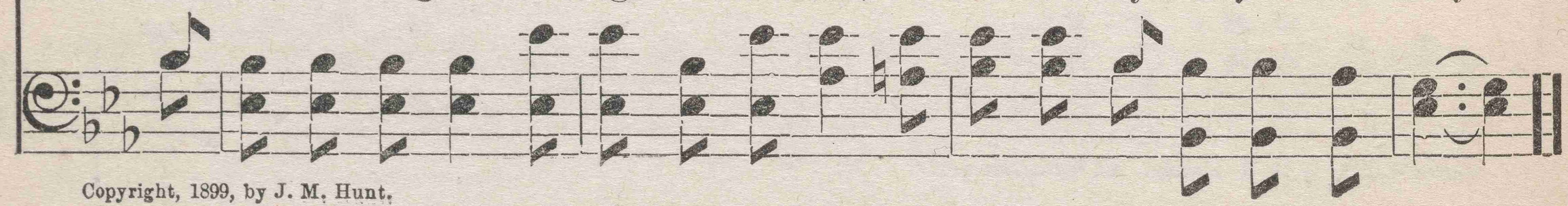
CHORUS.



Why not to - day? Why not to - day? Go work in My vineyard to - day;



The day is far gone, the night cometh on, Go work in My vineyard to - day.

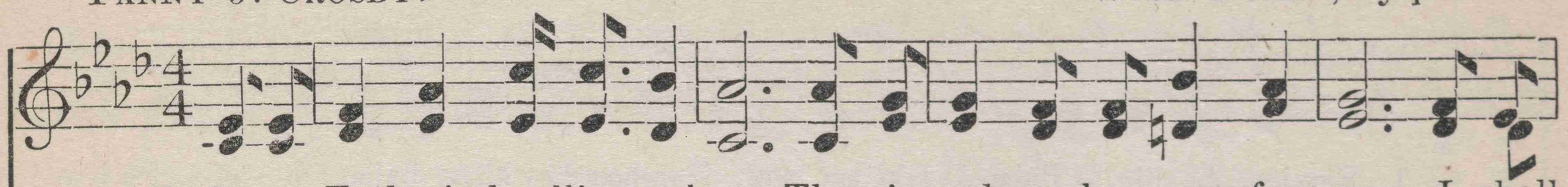


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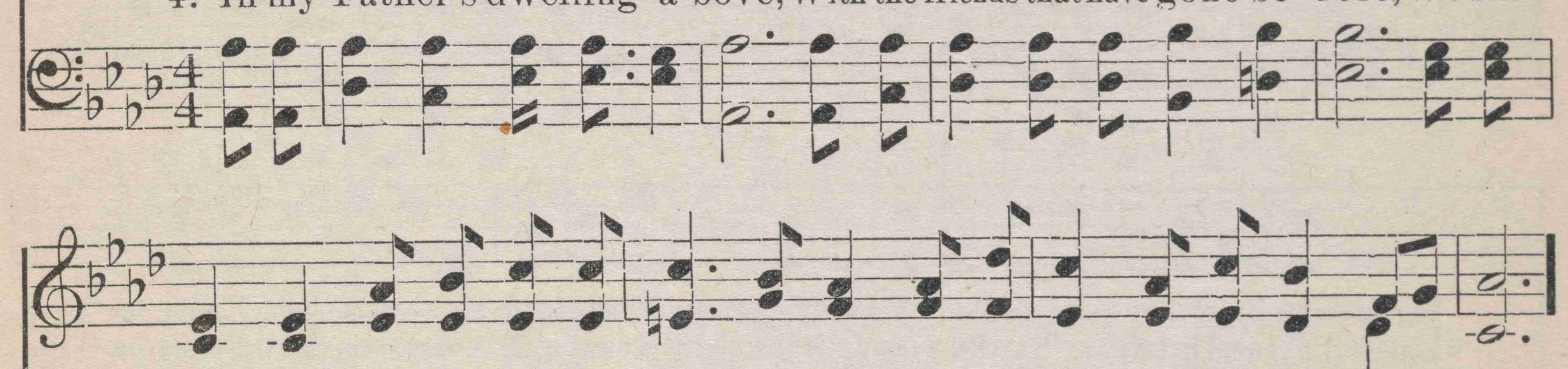
No. 124. IN MY FATHER'S DWELLING.

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

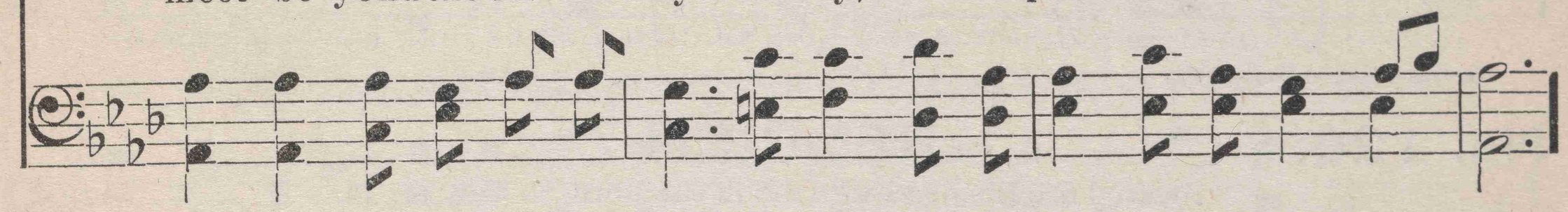
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.



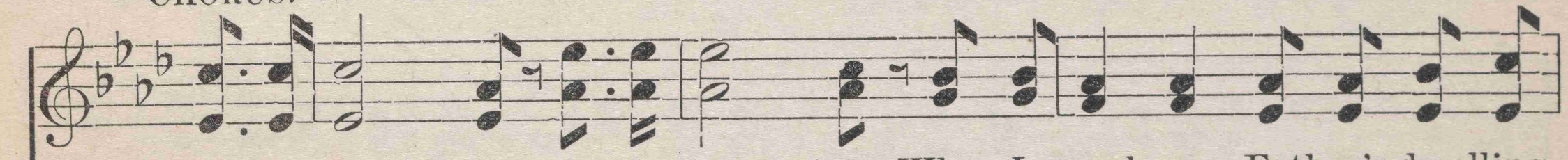
1. In my Father's dwelling a-bove, There's a robe and a crown for me; I shall
2. In my Father's dwelling a-bove, O the bliss that remains for me! I shall
3. In my Father's dwelling a-bove, When the cares of the world shall cease, I shall
4. In my Father's dwelling a-bove, With the friends that have gone be- fore, We shall



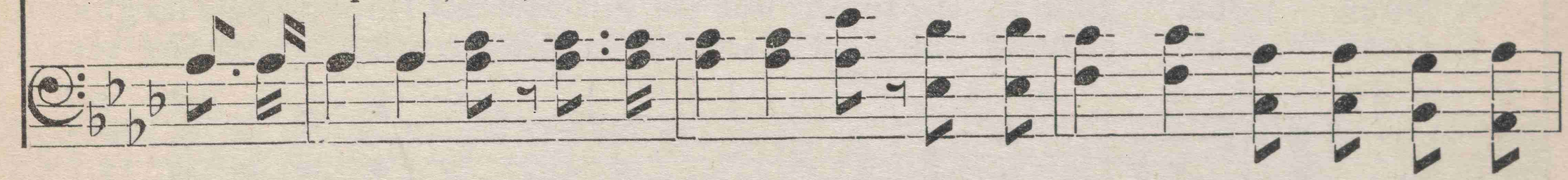
en - ter thro' the gates of glo - ry there, And the King in His beau- ty see.
tell of my Redeem-er and His love, I shall sing of His grace so free.
join the hap-py cho-rus of the blest, In a land of de-light and peace.
meet be-yond the riv - er by and by, There to praise Him forev - er - more.

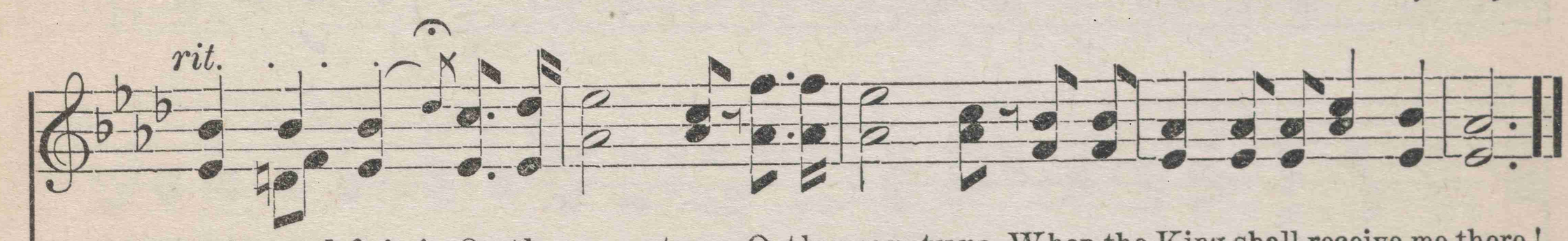


CHORUS.



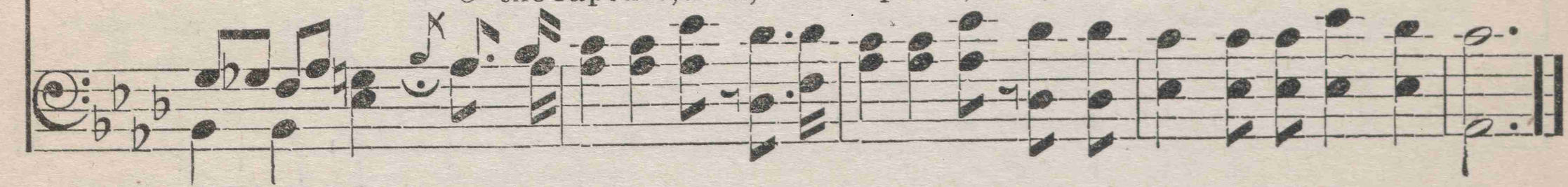
O the rap - ture, O the rap - ture, When I reach my Father's dwelling
O the rap-ture, then, O the rap-ture, then,





rit.

bright and fair! O the rap - ture, O the rap-ture, When the King shall receive me there!
O the rapture, then, O the rapture, then,

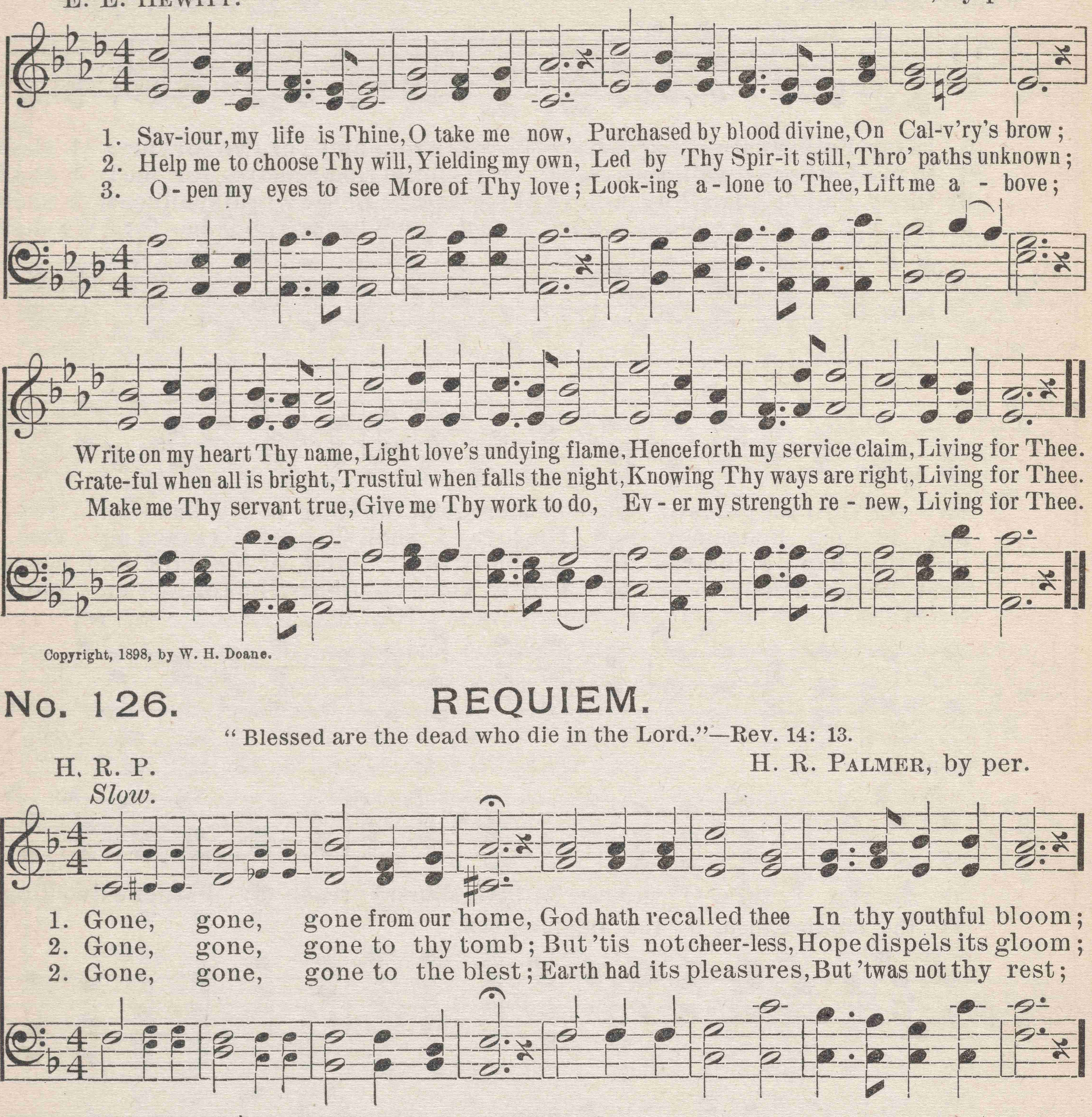


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No. 125. LIVING FOR THEE.

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—Phil. 1: 21.

E. E. HEWITT. W. H. DOANE, by per.



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No. 126. REQUIEM.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—Rev. 14: 13.

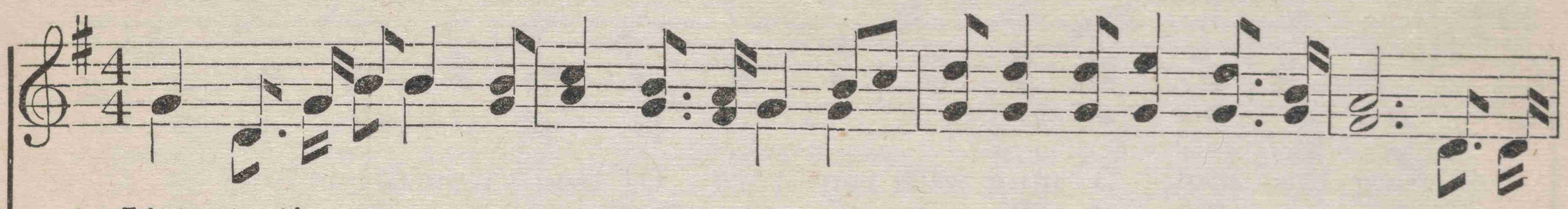
H. R. P. H. R. PALMER, by per.

Slow.

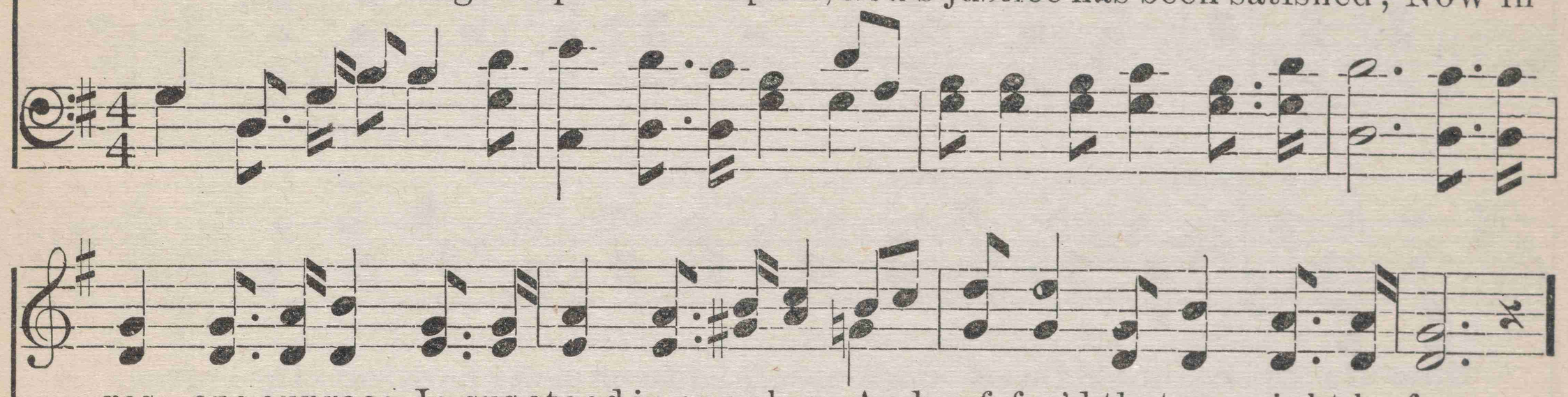
Used by per. Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of the Copyright.

No. 127. LIST TO THE MESSAGE.

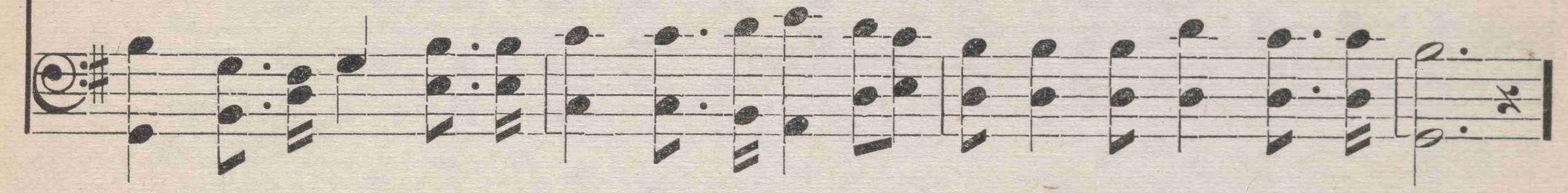
Mrs. W. J. Kenedy. H. N. Lincoln.



1. List to the message, poor sinner to-day, No sweeter could come un - to thee; For to
2. Ye who are weary and burden'd with sin, The Saviour is off'r-ing you rest; He is
3. Ye who are thirsting for wa- ters of life, God sweetly invites you to-day; Where the
4. List to the message of pardon and peace, God's justice has been satisfied; Now in

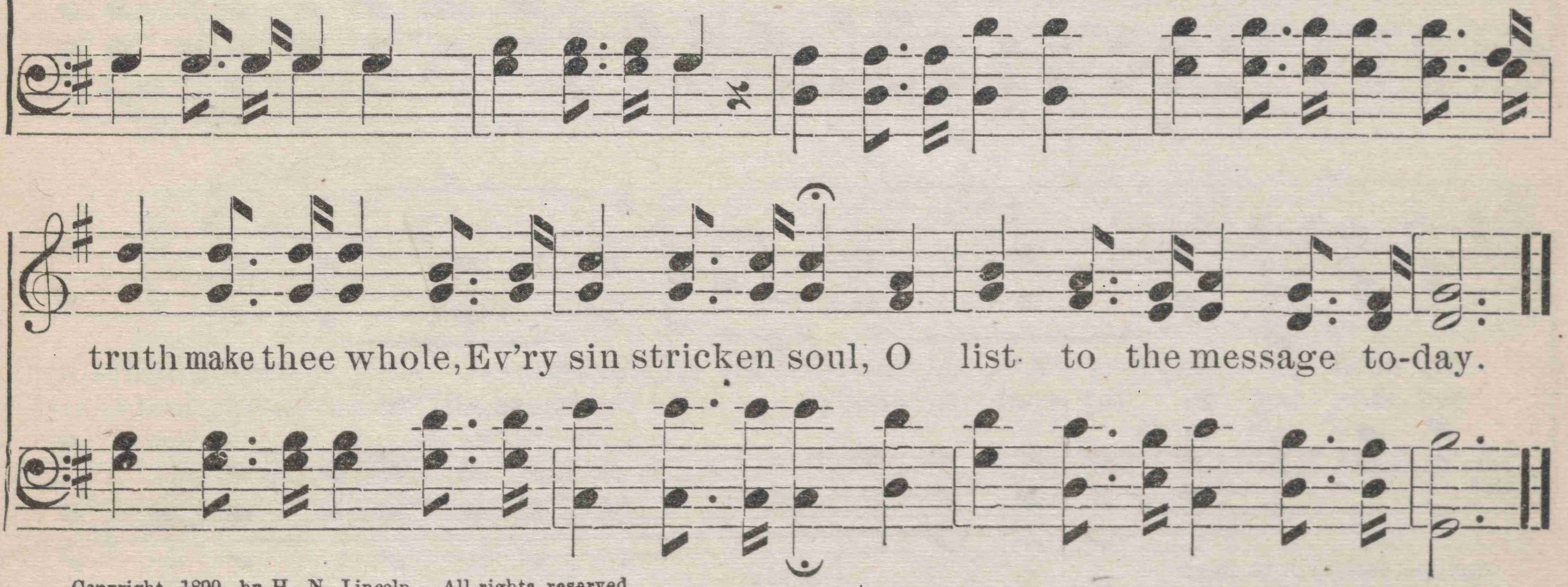


res - cue our race, Je-sus stood in our place, And suf-fer'd that we might be free.
call - ing to-day, now the glad call o-bey, O ha-sten to Him and be blest.
wa-ters are free, un - to you and to me, Come gladly, there's noth-ing to pay.
Je - sus be-lieve, and forgive-ness receive, O trust Him, for sin-ners He died.



Chorus.

List to the mes - sage, Hear it to - day, Let its
List to the message, hear it to-day, List to the message, hear it to-day,



truth make thee whole, Ev'ry sin stricken soul, O list to the message to-day.

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No. 128. ALL OF DARKNESS PASSED AWAY.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Sing, my soul, O sing with rap - ture Of God's won-drous love to thee,
2. O the bliss of this sal - va - tion, Full sal - va - tion from all sin,
3. I am saved, I have the wit - ness Of the Spir - it, full and free;
4. We are one, O bless-ed un - ion, Heav'n-ly fel - low-ship di - vine;
5. Soon with-in the gold - en cit - y, Where my loved ones wait for me,

How He broke the chains of dark-ness, And from death hath set thee free.
Pardon'd, cleans'd, and sav'd for - ev - er, Je - sus Christ enthron'd with-in.
All is peace, and joy, and glad-ness, Je - sus Christ a - bides with me.
Day by day we walk to - geth- er, I am His, and He is mine.
There the King in His own beau-ty, Face to face I soon shall see.

REFRAIN.

O the glo - - - ry, radiant glo - - - ry, Shining in . . . . .
Glo-ry, O the glo - ry, ra-diant glo-ry, shining bright, Shining in my soul to-day,
my soul to - day; . . . . . All of dark - - - ness, doubts, and
yes, shin - ing in my soul to - day; Darkness, all of dark-ness, doubts, and

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ALL OF DARKNESS PASSED AWAY.

sad - - ness, Are for - ev - - - er pass'd a - way. . . .
sadness pass'd a-way, Are for - ev - er pass'd away, pass'd a - way, pass'd a-way.

No. 129. WE WILL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. J. M. Hunt.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come, When I shall lay my
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful shelt'ring dome, This world's a wil-der-
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for succor
4. I'm walking by my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I'll brave death's

Refrain.

ar-mor by And dwell in peace at home? We will work, till Jesus comes, We will
ness of woe, This world is not my home.
on His breast Till He conduct me home.
chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

We will work, till Je-sus comes,

work till Jesus comes, We will work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gather'd home.
We will work till Jesus comes, We will work till Jesus comes.

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No. 130. HERE AM I, SEND ME.

Rev. Daniel March. S. M. Brown.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry-ing, "Who will go and work to - day? Fields are white and har - vest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?" Loud and strong the Master call-eth, Rich re-ward He of-fers thee; Who will answer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I; send me, send me?"

2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the heath-en lands ex-plore, You can find the heath-en near - er, You can help them at your door. If you can - not give your thousands, You can give the widow's mite, And the least you do for Je - sus, Will be precious in His sight.

3. If you can - not speak like an-gels, If you can - not preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say he died for all. If you can - not rouse the wicked With the judgment's dread a-larms, You can lead the lit - tle chil-dren To the Saviour's wait-ing arms.

4. If you can - not be the watchman, Standing high on Zi - on's wall, Pointing out the path to heav - en, Of - f'ring life and peace to all; With your pray'rs and with your boun-ties You can do what heav'n demands; You can be like faithful Aa-ron, Hold-ing up the pro-phet's hands.

5. If a-mong the old - er peo-ple, You may not be apt to teach; "Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shepherd, "Place the food with - in their reach." And it may be that the chil-dren You have led with trem-bling hand, Will be found a-mong your jew-els, When you reach the bet-ter land.

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

No. 131.

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

Respectfully inscribed to Miss Emma Zwonechek, Wilber, Neb.

LAURA E. NEWELL. FRANK J. ROBERTSON.

1. We're a band of soldiers un-der orders, Valiant-ly advancing in the fray;
2. Yes, we're sailing o'er life's troubled ocean, Jesus is our Pi-lot strong and true;
3. Sail-ing onward, sail-ing o'er the billows, Soon the port of Heav'n will cheer our sight;
4. Soon life's voyage will be done for-ev-er, With its fi-nal conquest o-ver-past;

Trust in God pervades our utmost borders, Christ our blessed Captain leads the way.
Un-to Him our loy-al hearts' de-vo-tion, Let us each to-day our vows re-new.
On His breast our weary heads we pil-low, Nev-er more to face the storm and night.
All for Christ with ver-y best en-deav-or, Earnest Christian soldiers till the last.

REFRAIN.

Sail - ing, Sail - ing,
Sail-ing, sail-ing, sail-ing on life's o-cean, Sail-ing, sail-ing, skies be dark or fair,
Near - ing,
Near-ing, nearing Heaven's peaceful harbor, Soon we'll enter port where comes no care.

Copyright, 1899, by Frank J. Robertson.

No. 132. FREE SALVATION.

J. P. L.

J. P. Lane,
Comanche, Tex.

Moderato. Quartet.

1. 'Tis God a - lone . . . . can give sal - va - tion, Thro' Je - sus
2. A - maz - ing grace! . . . O free sal - va - tion! Which saves from
3. O sin - ner, friend, . . . ac-cept sal - va - tion, 'Tis free, 'tis

'Tis God a - lone,
A - maz-ing grace!
O sin - ner,friend,

Christ, . . the Father's Son, Who died to save . . from condemna - tion,
sin . . . and makes us whole; O send the news . . to ev-'ry na - tion,
free—. . . ac-cept to - day; O do not slight . . the in- vi - ta - tion,

Thro' Jesus Christ,
Which saves from sin
'Tis free,'tis free,

Who died to save
O send the news
O do not slight

Chorus.

And brought re-demp - tion for each one. . 'Tis God a - lone . . can grant the
For Christ hath died . for ev -'ry soul. .
But trust in Je - sus once for aye. .

And bro't redemp-
For Christ hath died
But trust in Je-

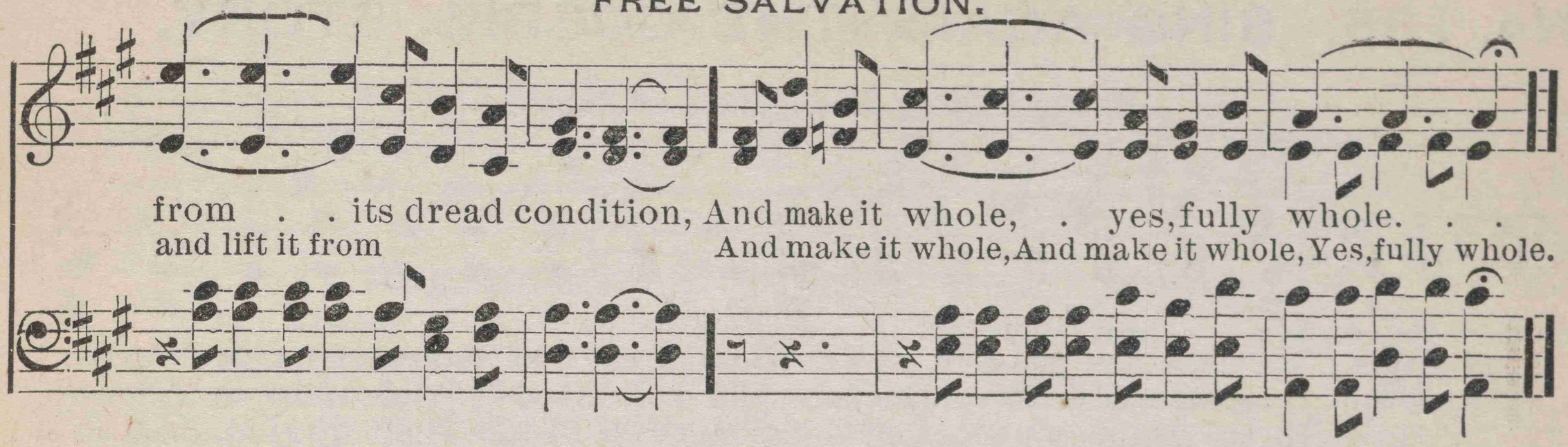
'Tis God alone

bless-ing, And save thy soul, . . . Thy burden'd soul; . . . And lift it

And save thy soul, Thy burdened soul;

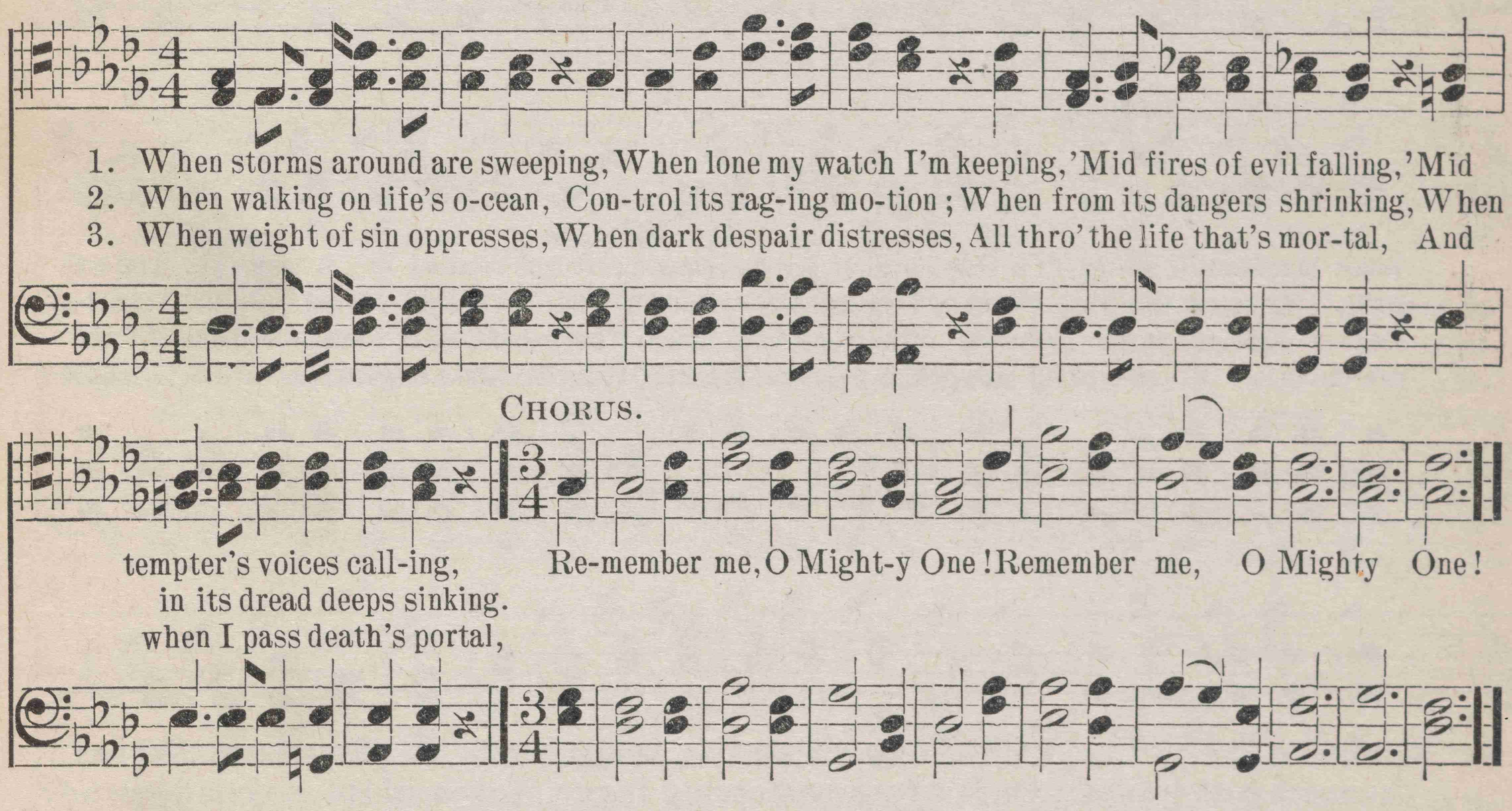
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FREE SALVATION.



No. 133. REMEMBER ME.

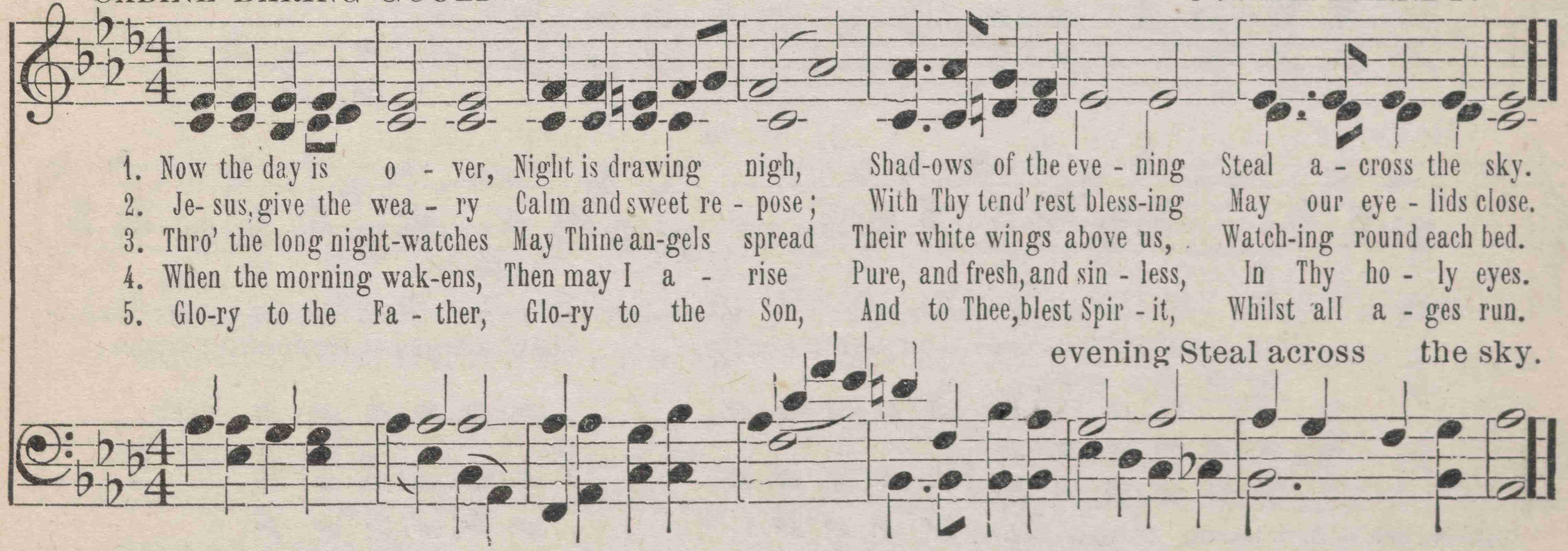
ANON. MALE VOICES. JOANNA KINKEL.



No. 134. NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

"For the shadows of the evening are stretched out."

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.



No. 135. SING AGAIN THE GOSPEL STORY.

To the singing Evangelists of America.

H. N. LINCOLN. J. M. HUNT.

1. Sing a - gain the gos - pel sto - ry; How the great Re-deem-er came From His home in realms of glo-ry, To this world of sin and shame; He was cradled in a man - ger And was humbled ver - y low, E'en be-came a wand'ring stranger, As He journeyed to and fro.
2. How He scattered peace and blessing To the need - y, rich, and poor; All who came, His name confessing, Were of His acceptance sure. Wondrous being! lov-ing Sav-iour! Dear-er than each earth-ly friend; On His foes bestowing favor, How could He so condescend?
3. How He languished in the gar-den, Then to Pi-late's hall was led, And at last to seal our pardon, On the cru - el cross He bled, Now in heav'n He's inter-ceed-ing, At the glo - ry throne for thee; While the spir - it gent-ly pleading, Whispers "Lost one come to me."
4. Yes! the Lord of all cre - a - tion Calls you now to be His son; Heed the pre-cious in - vi - ta-tion, O accept the "Gracious One," Who but waits to grant salvation, Friendless one, there's ref-uge nigh; Haste! escape thy condemnation; Why, O lost one, will you die?

REFRAIN.

Sing a - gain the gospel sto-ry, How the great Redeemer came; Sing a-gain the gospel sto-ry, sing a-gain, How the great Redeemer came;

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SING AGAIN THE GOSPEL STORY.

gain . . the gospel sto-ry, Spread a - broad His woudrous fame.
Sing a-gain, sing a-gain, Spread a-broad His wondrous fame.

No. 136. JESUS IS MY SAVIOUR.

—"went on his way rejoicing."—Acts 8: 39.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

1. My soul is hap-py all day long—Je-sus is my Saviour; And all my life is
2. My heav-y load of sin is gone—Je-sus is my Saviour; At His dear cross I
3. I heard the voice of mer-cy call—Je-sus is my Saviour; I sim-ply trusted,
4. Now will I tell it all around—Je-sus is my Saviour; How sweet a blessing

REFRAIN.

full of song—Jesus died for me. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah To the lov-ing Lamb for
laid it down—Jesus died for me.
that was all —Jesus died for me.
I have found—Jesus died for me.

sin-ners slain! Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah To the Lamb who lives a-gain!

Copyright, 1878, by Robert Lowry.

No. 137. BY WAYSIDE PALMS.

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. J. H. Rosecrans.

Not too fast.

1. Under the shade of Elim's palm trees a-while we rest, Canaan's land before us,
2. Wells of sal-vation by the wayside our spirits cheer, Christ Himself beside us;
3. Gathering up thy robes a-bout thee and pressing on, As thy God commandeth,

Waiting the voice of Je-sus send-ing His kind behest, "Cross the Jordan o'er."
Clinging to Him we surely can-not have aught to fear, Christ's own word our guide.
Patiently still thy soul possessing till break of dawn Shows the promised land.

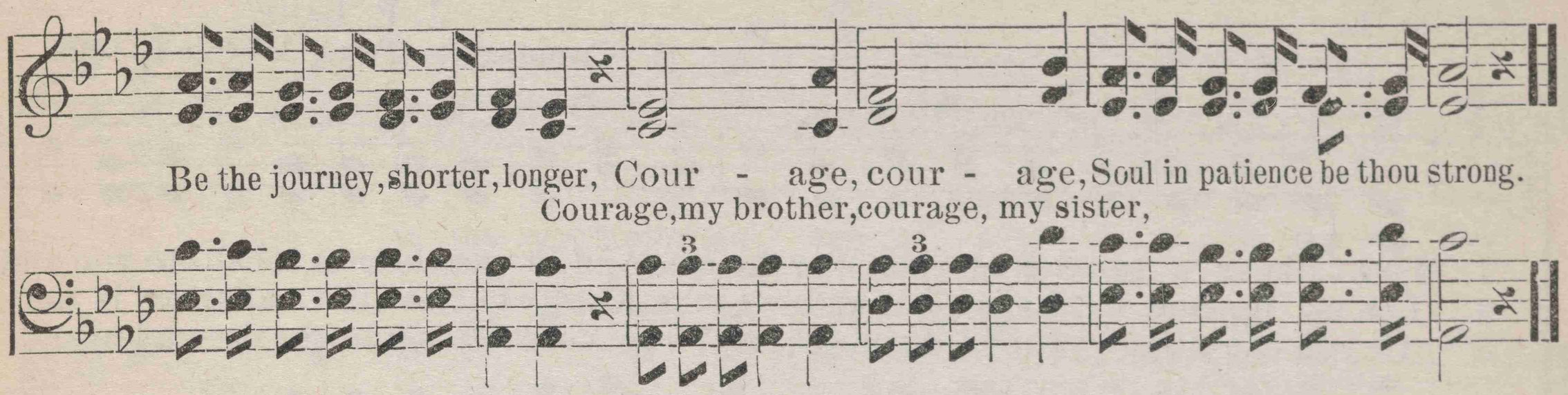
In the wilderness despairing, Hunger, thirst, and sorrow sharing, Lo, what joy beyond com-
Break then, soul, the ties that bind thee, Egypt's idols leave behind thee, Thro' the darkness God will
All the way His manna feedeth, All the way His pillar leadeth, All the way His might pre-

par-ing, Waits us o-ver Jordan's bil-low.
find thee, Make His loving breast thy pillow.
ced-eth, Till the journey all is o - ver.

Chorus.

Cour - age, cour - age,
Courage, my brother, Courage, my sister,

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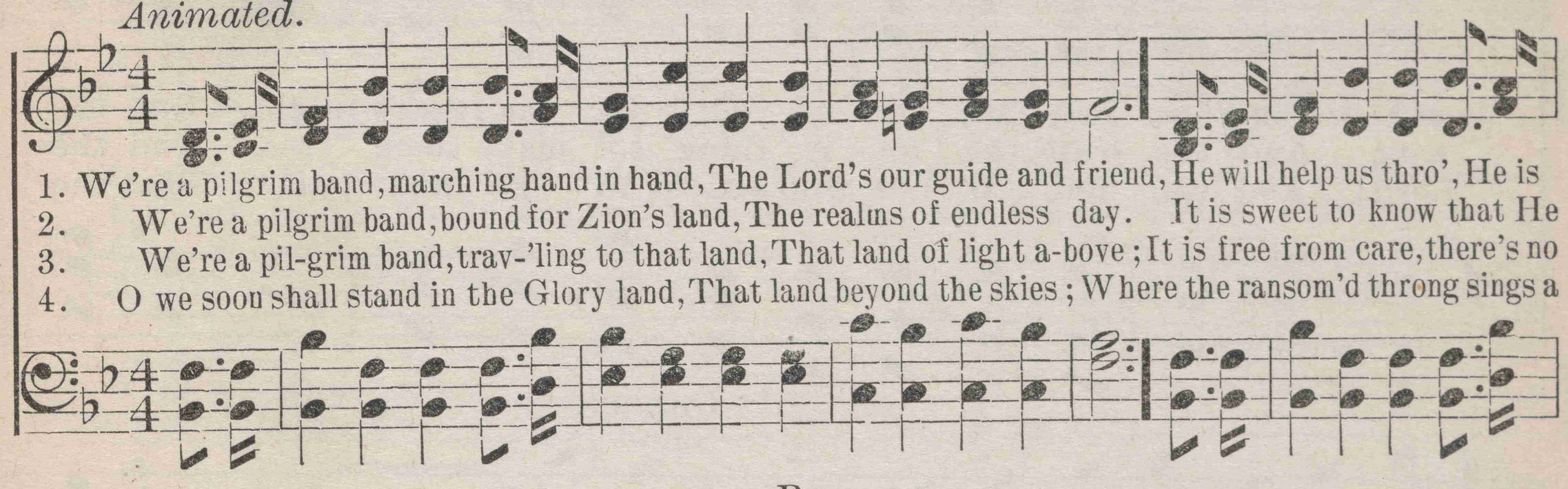


No. 138. WE'RE A PILGRIM BAND.

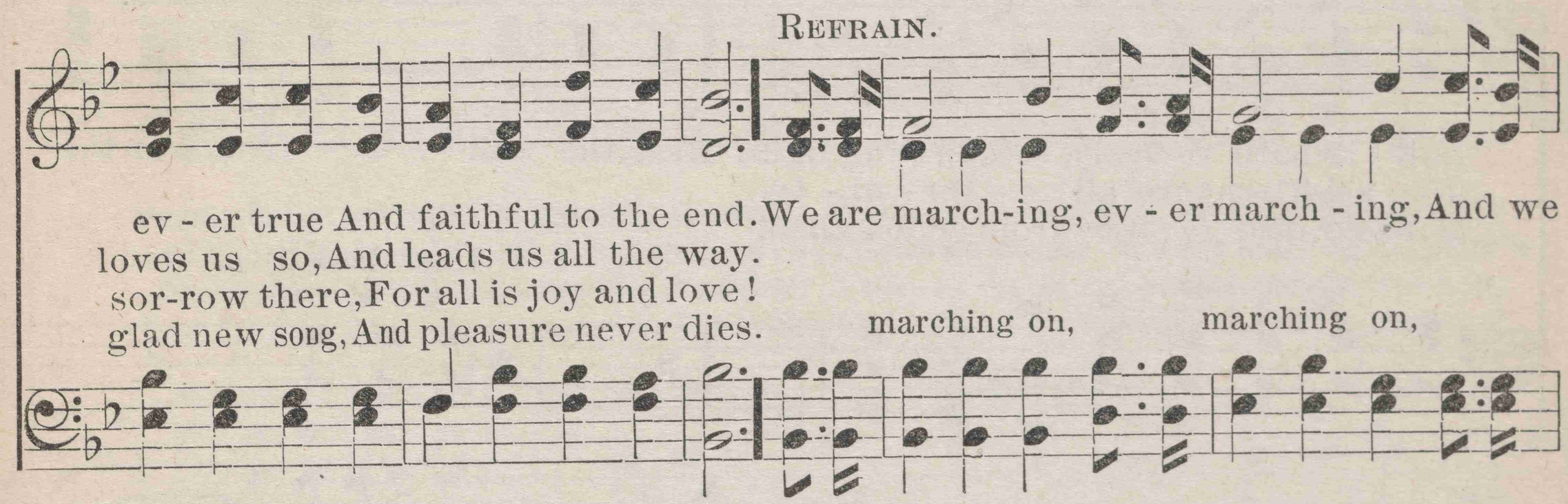
Respectfully inscribed to the Sabbath School children of America.

J. M. H. J. M. HUGHES.

Animated.



REFRAIN.



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No. 139. COME AND HELP US.

J P L.

J. P. LANE
Comanche, Tex., March 4, 1899.

1. Hark! I hear a ten-der voice from o'er the sea, And, in gentle tones, it calls to you and me: "Come and help us, for we sit in na-ture's night, But the
2. Let us ha-sten to the res-cue while we may, Kindly tell them that the Saviour is the *way*, And the *truth*, the on-ly thing to make them free, And the
3. If you can-not go yourself and preach the WORD, You can labor in the vine-yard of the Lord; And can help the one who's *call'd* to go and tell That the

Spir-it hath re-veal'd the shin-ing light." Hear the call . . . from o'er the
life, which lasts thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
Sav-iour died to save from endless hell.

CHORUS.

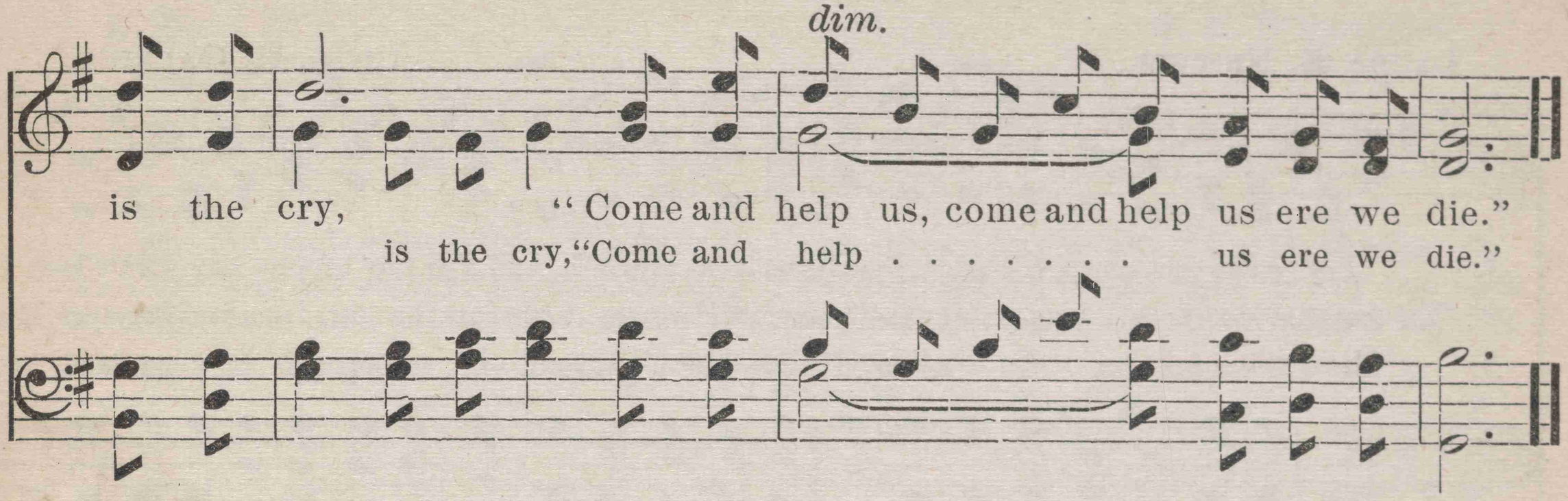
m

Hear the call

f

sea, As it comes . to you and me; "Come and help . . us"
from o'er the sea, As it comes to you and me; "help us, help us, help us,"

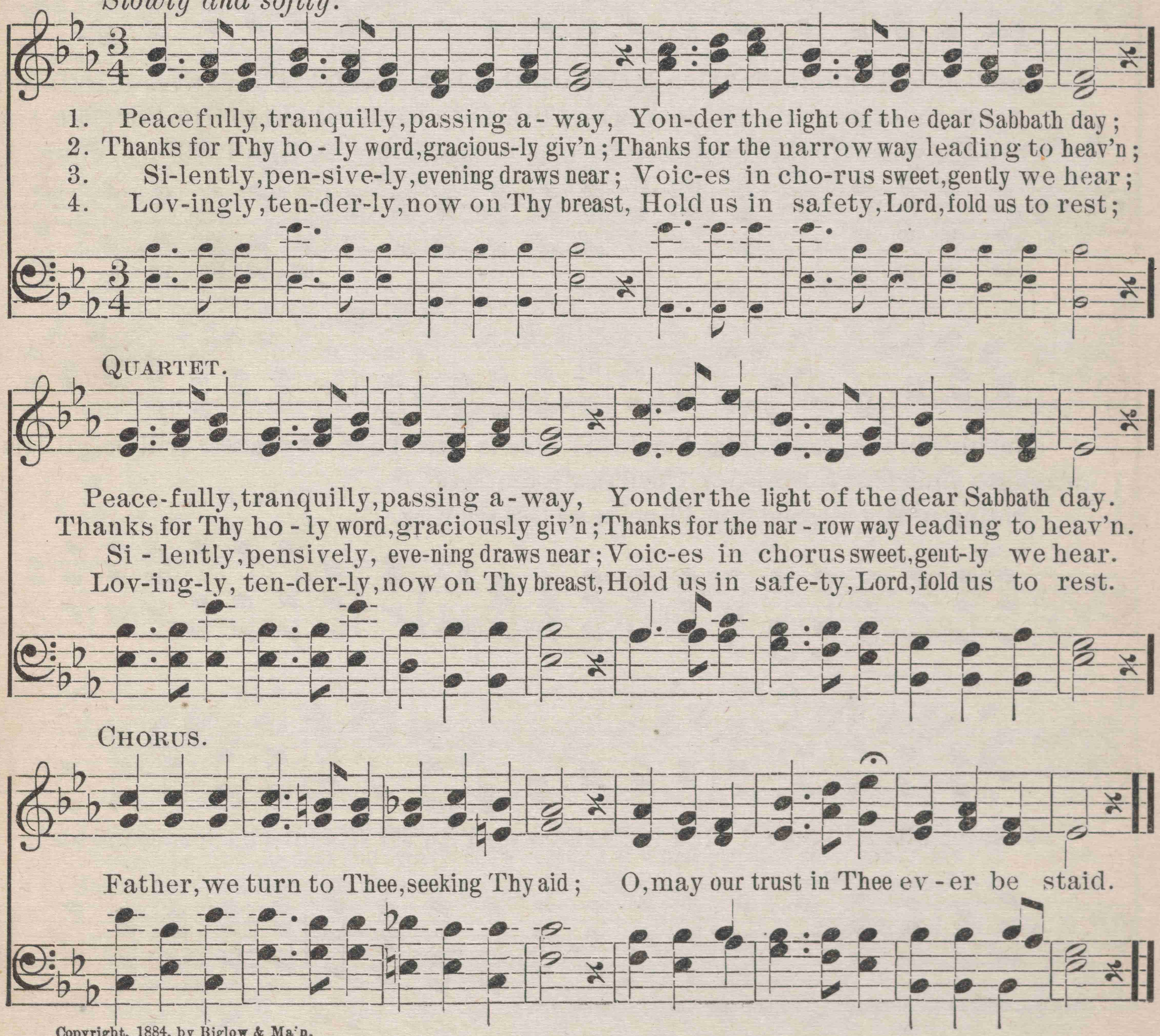
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No. 140. SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

"Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath." — Isa. 52: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY. DUET AND QUARTET. W. H. DOANE, by per.



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No. 141. SUNSHINE.

LAURA E. NEWELL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. 'Tis ever summer in my heart, For Jesus loves His own, And e'en tho' storms may wildly beat, I
2. 'Tis true that sorrows often come; He chastens whom He loves, And wipes the tears from weeping eyes, His
3. Then with a song upon my lips, His sunshine gilding all, I on-ward go to glory-land, And

nev-er walk alone; For One there is, who leadeth me, If skies be dark or fair. There's
tenderness He proves; His loving hand I firm-ly hold, And look to Him for grace, And
when His voice shall call From labors here, to heaven's day, To Him I still will cling, A-

CHORUS.

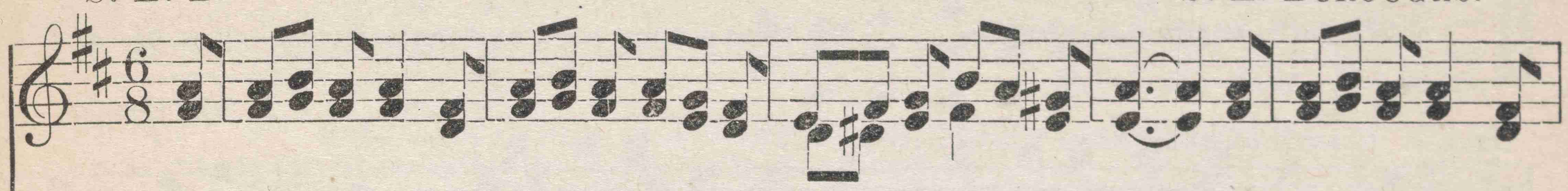
sunshine in this heart of mine, For Jesus' love is there. Then let whatever will befall, His
strength sufficient for my day, Until shall end my race.
biding in His blessed light, I'll praise my God and King.

sunshine fills my soul; I find in Christ my all in all, His love hath made me whole.

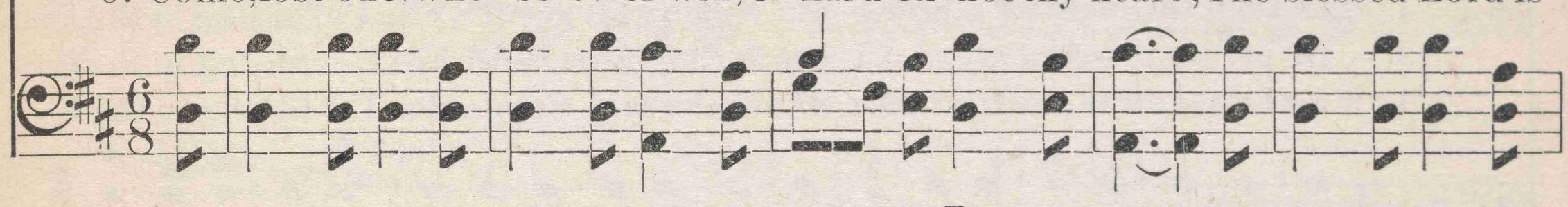
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No. 142. HARDEN NOT THY HEART.

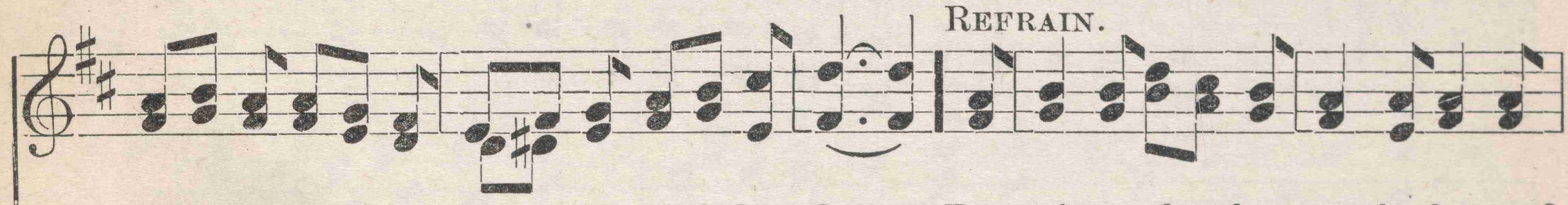
S. E. B. S. E. Buroughs.



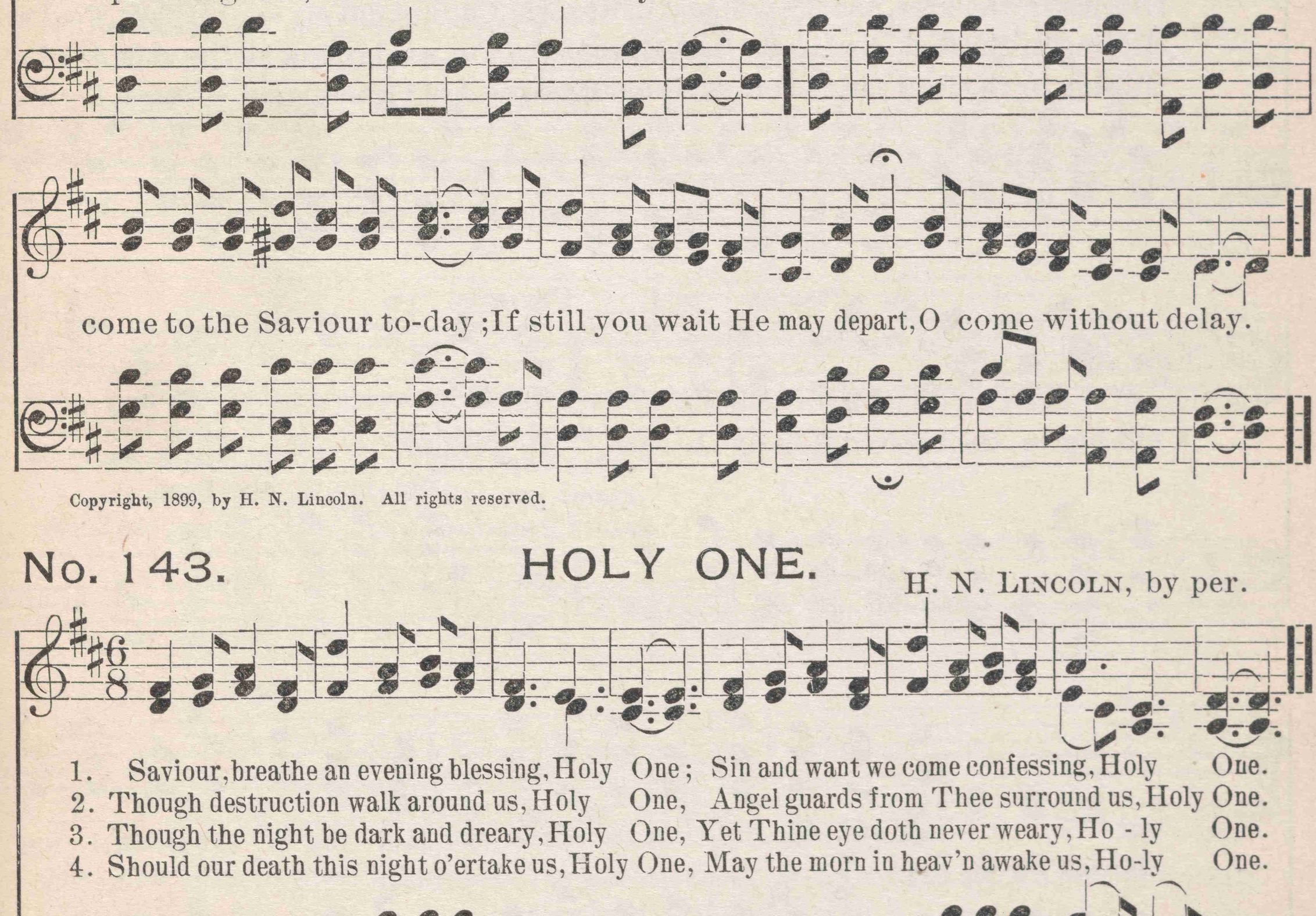
1. If thou today doth hear His voice, O hard-en not thy heart; This is the day to
2. Come, weak and weary, there is room, O hard-en not thy heart; Let ev-'ry one that
3. Come, lost one, who - so-ev-er will, O hard-en not thy heart; The blessed Lord is



Refrain.



make your choice, O hard-en not thy heart. Poor sinner, harden not thy heart, O
thirsteth come, O hard-en not thy heart.
pleading still, O hard-en not thy heart.



come to the Saviour to-day; If still you wait He may depart, O come without delay.

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No. 143. HOLY ONE.

H. N. Lincoln, by per.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Holy One; Sin and want we come confessing, Holy One.
2. Though destruction walk around us, Holy One, Angel guards from Thee surround us, Holy One.
3. Though the night be dark and dreary, Holy One, Yet Thine eye doth never weary, Ho - ly One.
4. Should our death this night o'ertake us, Holy One, May the morn in heav'n awake us, Ho-ly One.

No. 144. HIDING IN THE ROCK.

Be thou my strong habitation . . . . for thou art my rock and my fortress. Psa. 71: 3.

J. M. H. J. M. HUNT.

1. Tho' temptations may allure, I am resting all secure, For I'm hiding in the Rock,
2. In my sorrow and my grief, I am finding sweet re-lief, For I'm hiding in the Rock,
3. When I'm vex'd with doubts and fears, He will wipe away my tears, For I'm hiding in the Rock,

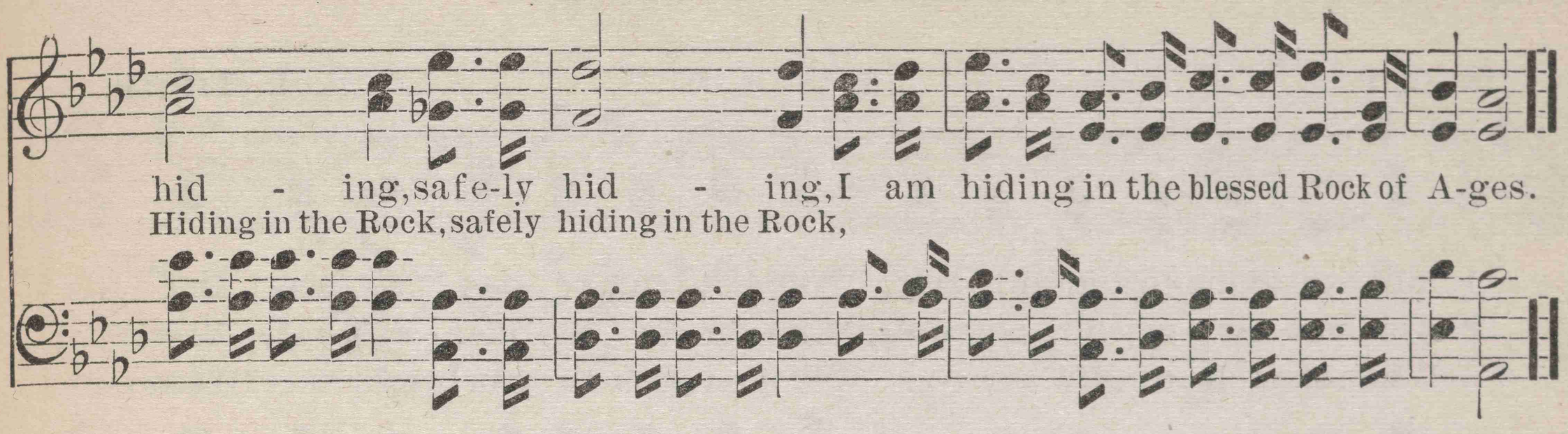
Hid-ing in the Rock, And the tempest in its might, Cannot put my soul to flight, For I'm
Hid-ing in the Rock, And my Saviour's blessed smile, I'm en-joy-ing all the while, For I'm
Hid-ing in the Rock, On the cross He bore my shame, And I'm trusting in His name, For I'm

CHORUS.

hid-ing in the blessed Rock of A - ges. I am hid - - ing, safe - ly
Hid - ing in the Rock,
hid - - ing, safe-ly hid - ing in the Rock, Hid - ing in the Rock, I am
hid - ing in the Rock,

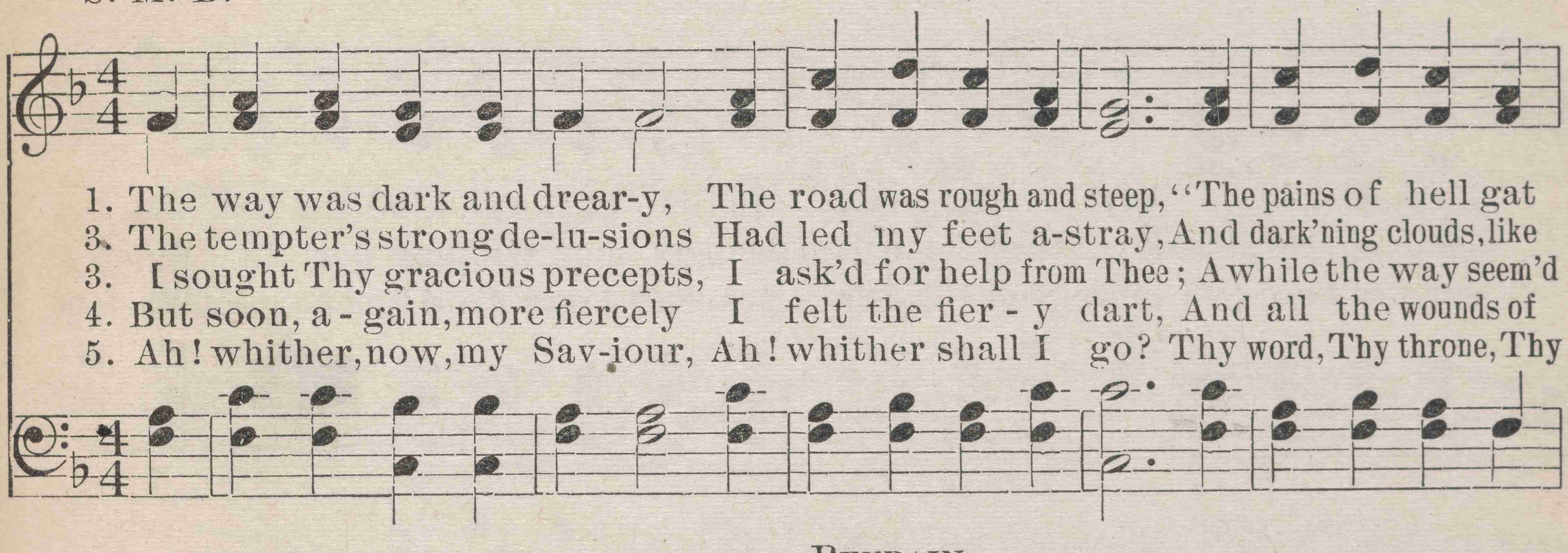
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HIDING IN THE ROCK.

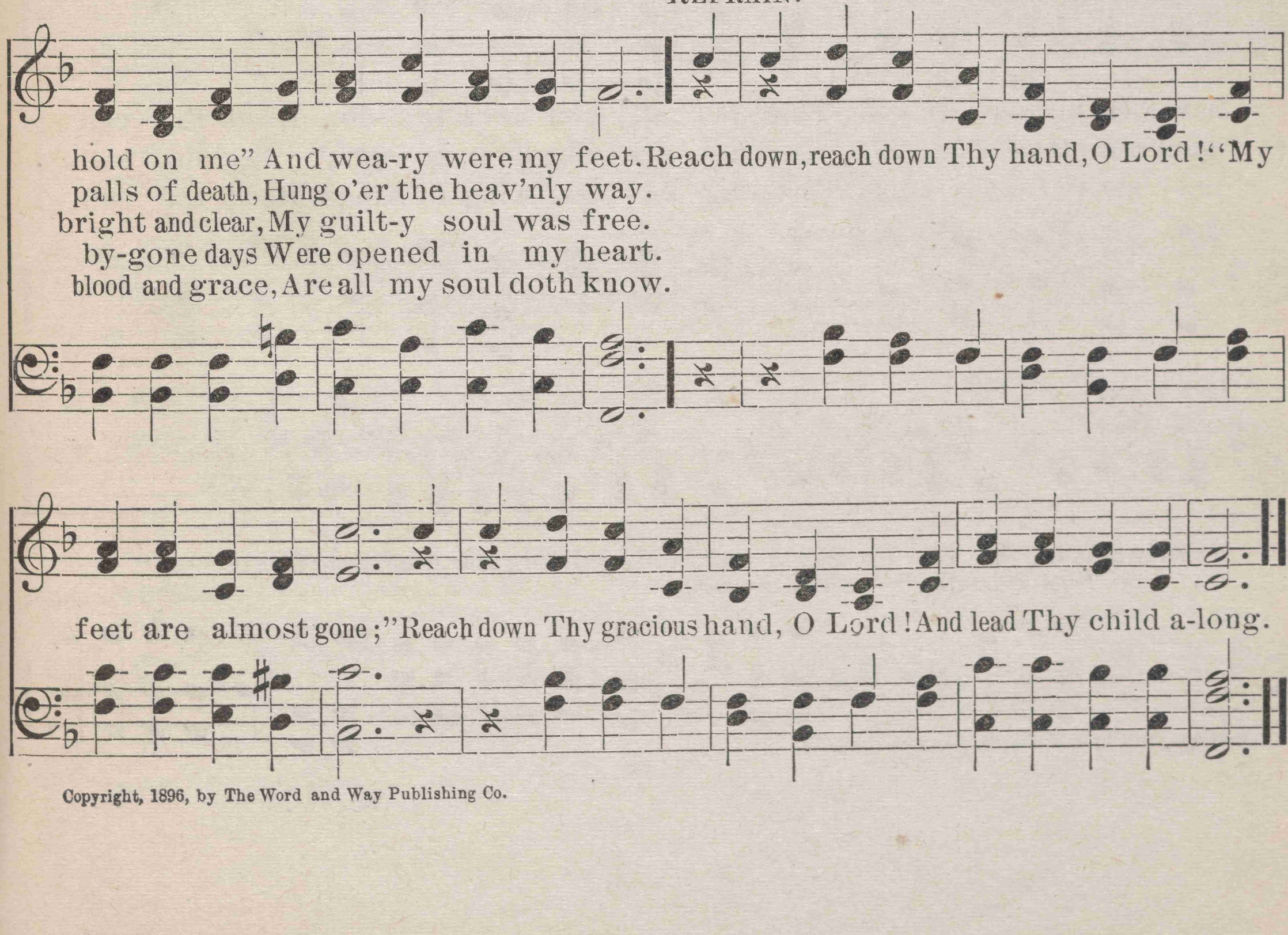


No. 145. REACH DOWN THY HAND.

S. M. B. S. M. Brown.



Refrain.



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No. 146. NOW HE CALLS.

R. L. T. R. L. TITTLE.

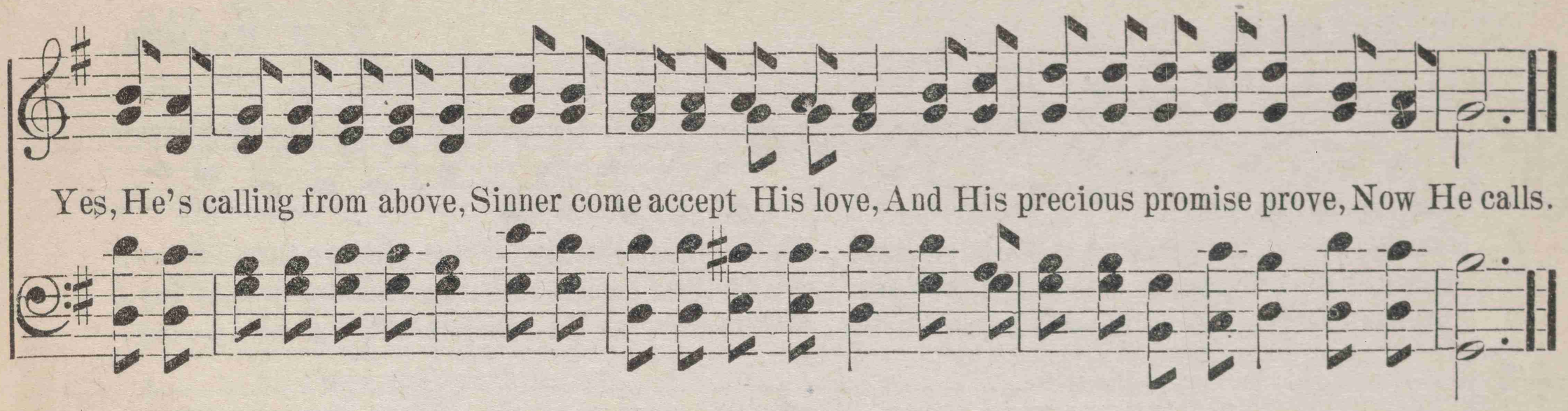
1. Sin-ner, come to Christ to-day, Do not long-er stay a - way; But His
2. Do not tar - ry, do not wait, En - ter in at mer - cy's gate, Ere you
3. When the toils of life are o'er Will you pass to yon bright shore? Where earth's
bless-ed call o - bey, Heed the call; He is faith-ful, kind, and true, "Just be -
hear your doom "too late," Heed the call; Reapers soon will gar- ner in Ev - 'ry
sor-rows are no more, Still He calls; Heaven's door wide o - pen swings, Where the
lieve," He pleads with you; This is all you have to do, Heed the call.
soul that's cleansed from sin, "In my ser - vice now be - gin," Je - sus calls.
mu - sic sweet - ly rings, Prais-ing Je - sus, King of Kings, Heed the call.

REFRAIN.

Now He calls to thee, Now He calls to thee, He is call-ing now, poor sinner for thee;
Now He calls, Now He calls, calling for thee;

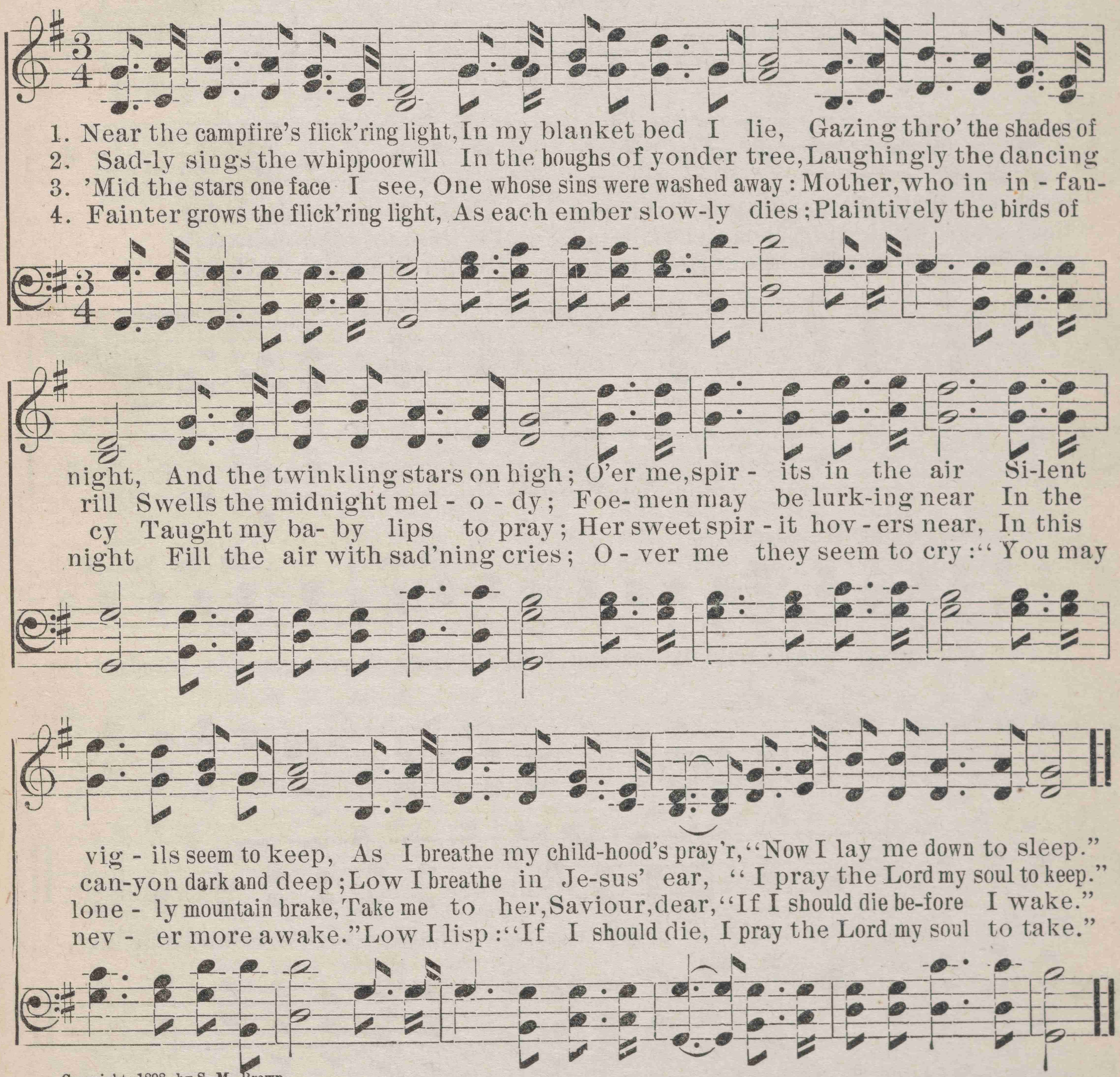
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NOW HE CALLS.



No. 147. RETIRING IN CAMP.

S. M. Brown.

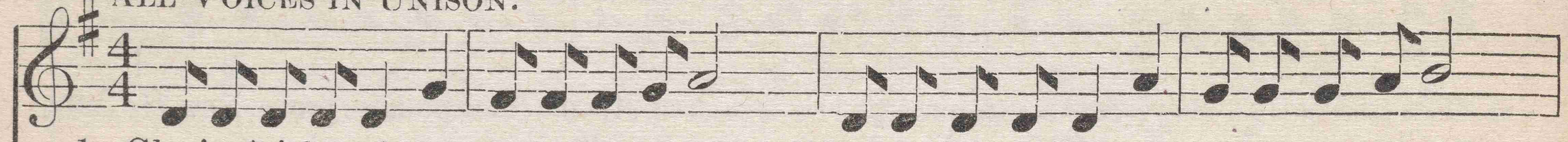


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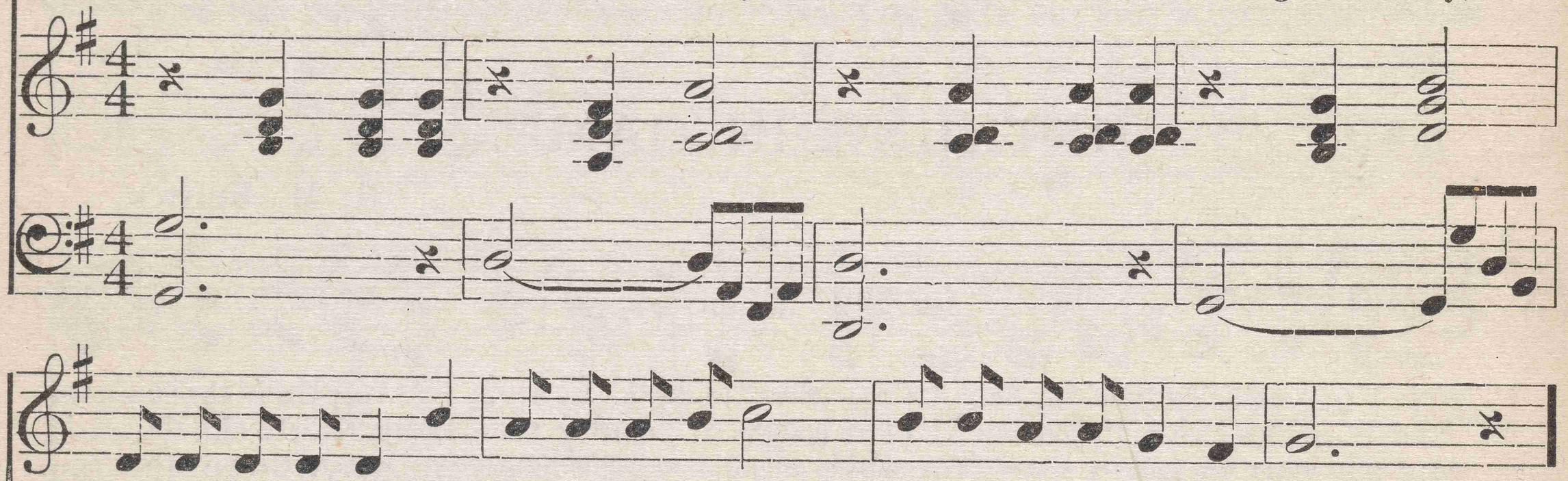
No. 148. SABBATH MORNING.

C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER.

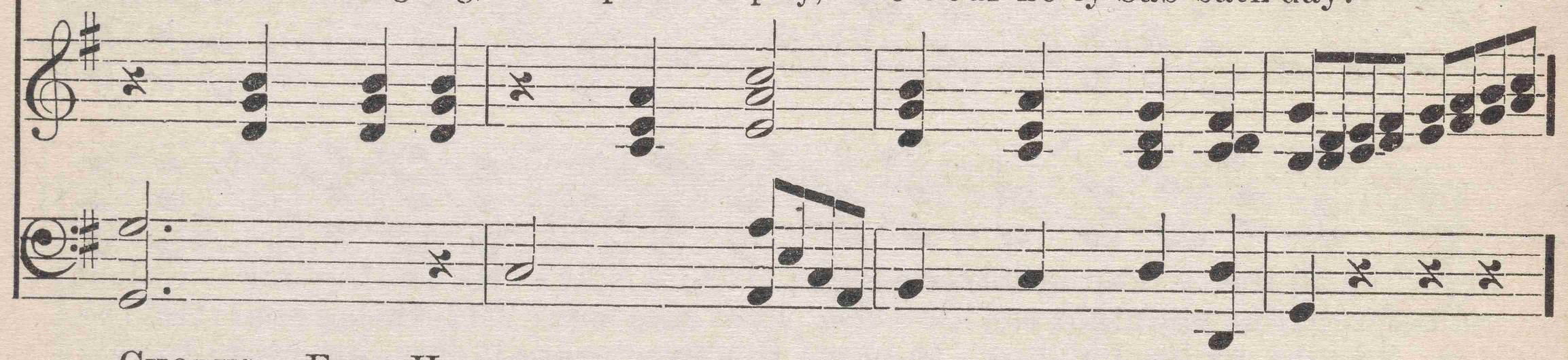
ALL VOICES IN UNISON.



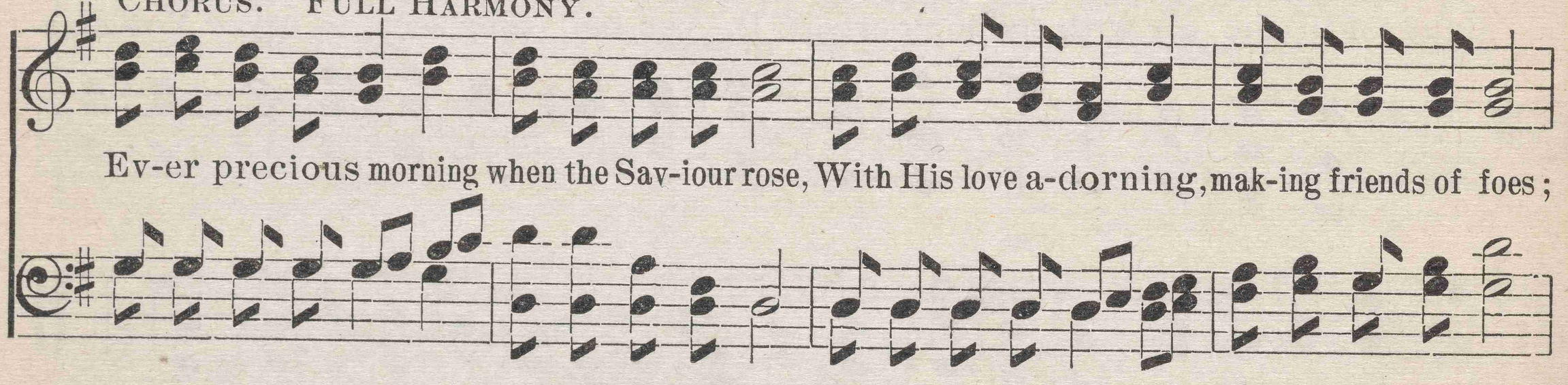
1. Glowing bright and pleasant is the ho-ly day, When from worldly du-ties, glad we turn a-way,
2. Happy bells are ringing, call-ing us a-way, With their mer-ry chiming, seeming thus to say,
3. Joyous hearts are greeting, each to each today, While our dear Re-deem-er will-ing we o-bey,



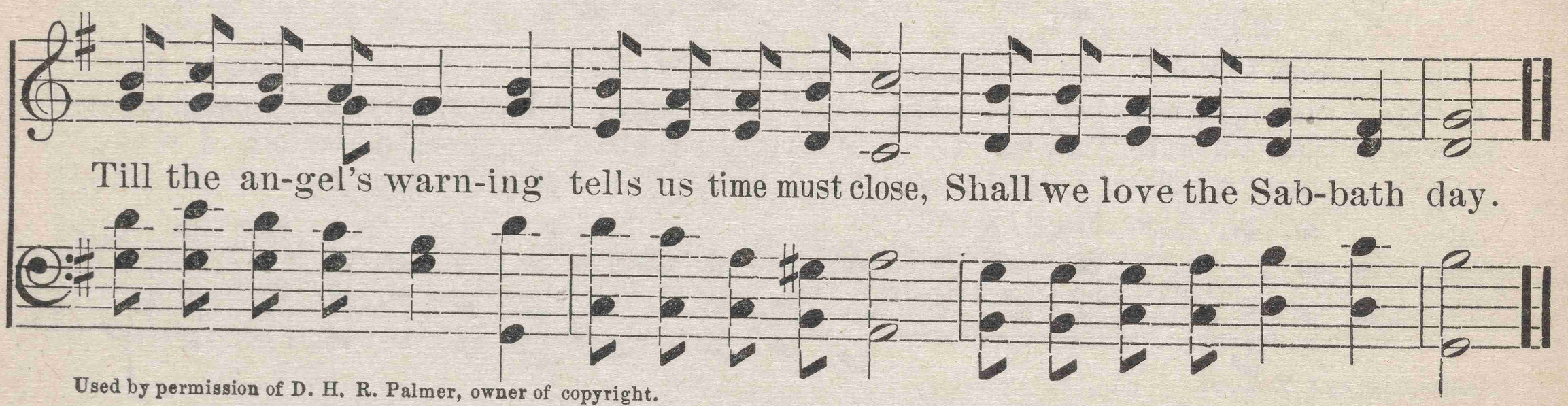
Blest be-yond all oth-ers with their work or play, Is the ho-ly Sab-bath day.
" Come and join our singing, haste without de-lay, 'Tis the ho-ly Sab-bath day.
And with voic-es ming-ling, here we praise and pray, On our ho-ly Sab-bath day.



CHORUS. FULL HARMONY.



Ev-er precious morning when the Sav-iour rose, With His love a-dorning, mak-ing friends of foes;

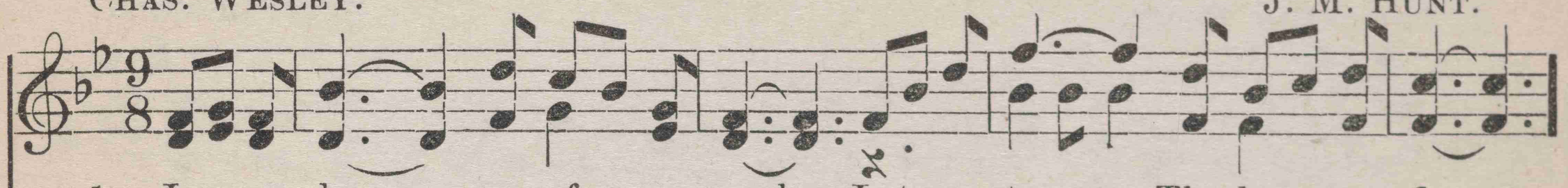


Till the an-gel's warn-ing tells us time must close, Shall we love the Sab-bath day.

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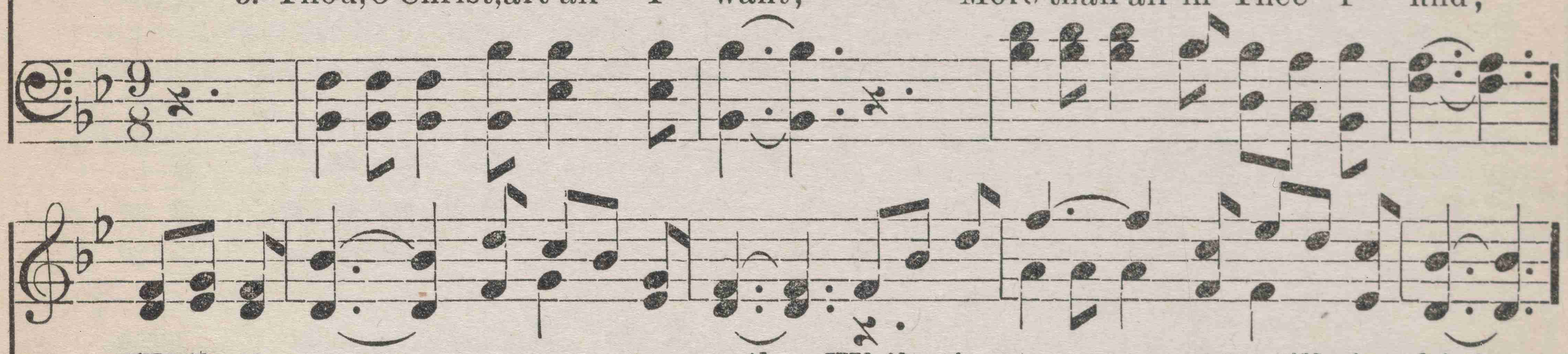
No. 149. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHAS. WESLEY. J. M. HUNT.



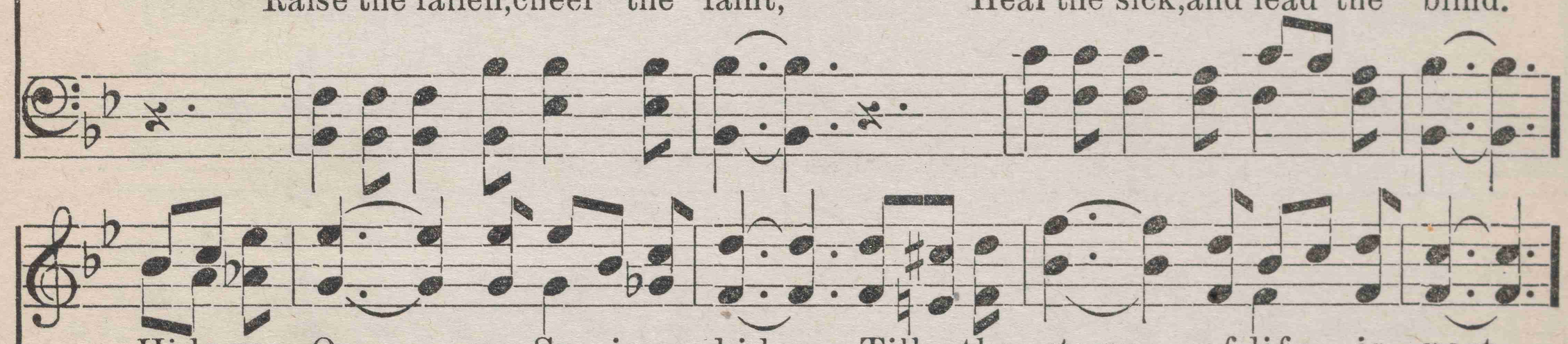
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to . . Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth-er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all . . in Thee I find;

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;



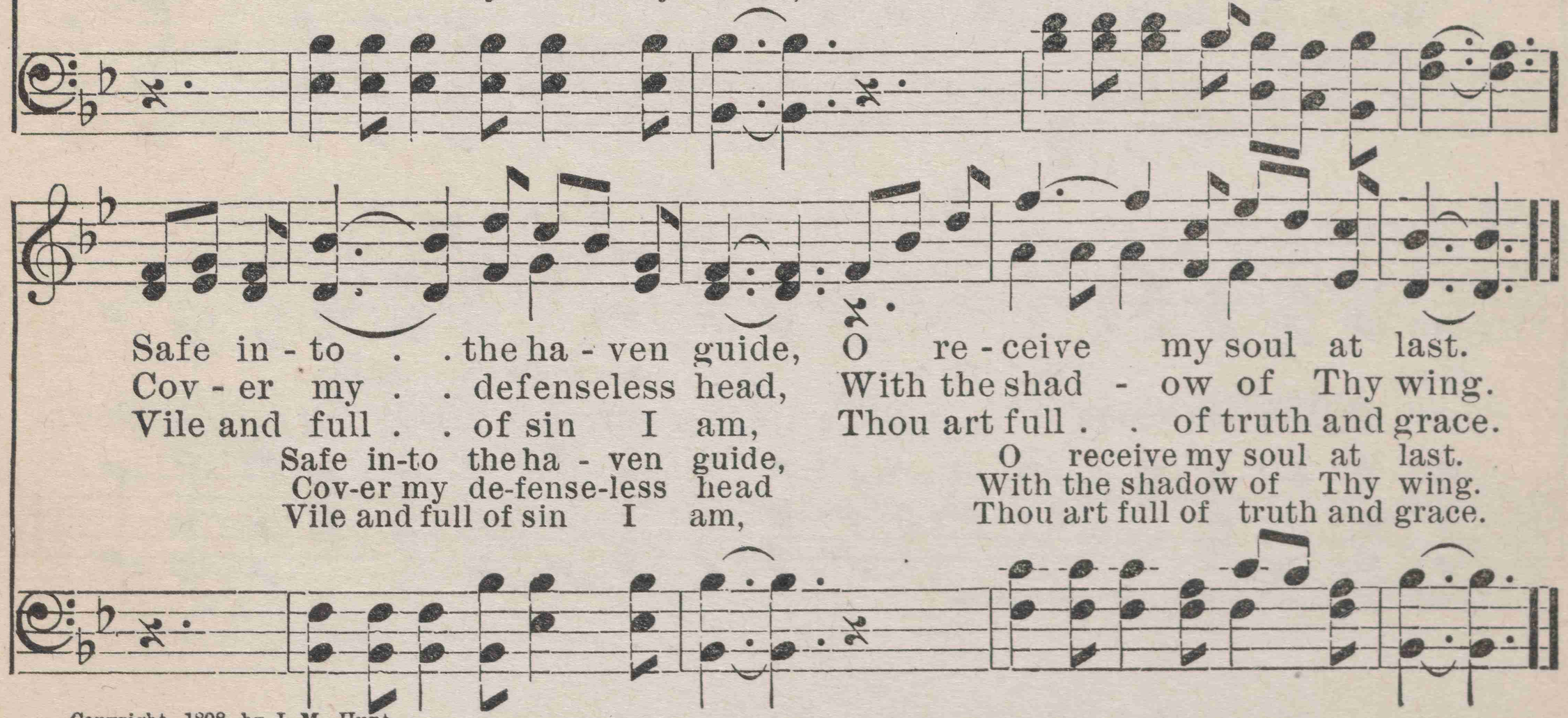
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high,
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and comfort me!
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high,
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still support and comfort me!
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.



Hide me, O, . . my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all . . un-righteousness;

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un-right- eous-ness;



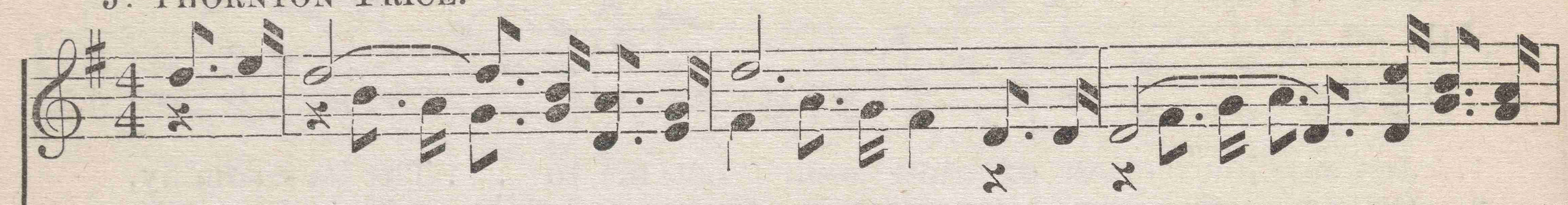
Safe in - to . . the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my . . defenseless head, With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full . . of sin I am, Thou art full . . of truth and grace.

Safe in-to the ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last.
Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

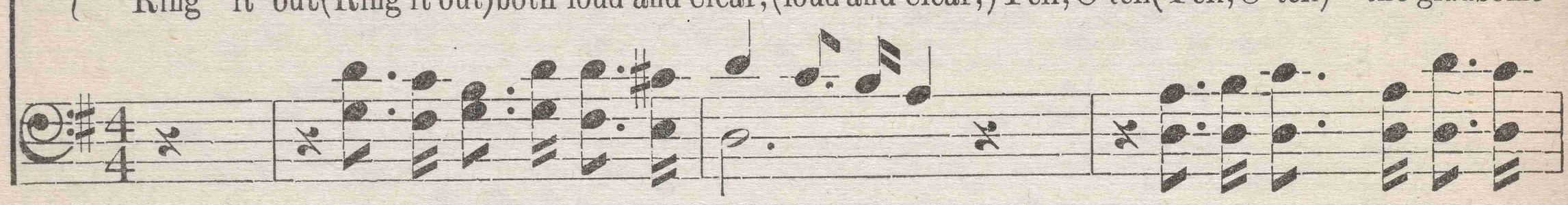
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No. 150. TELL THE GLADSOME NEWS.

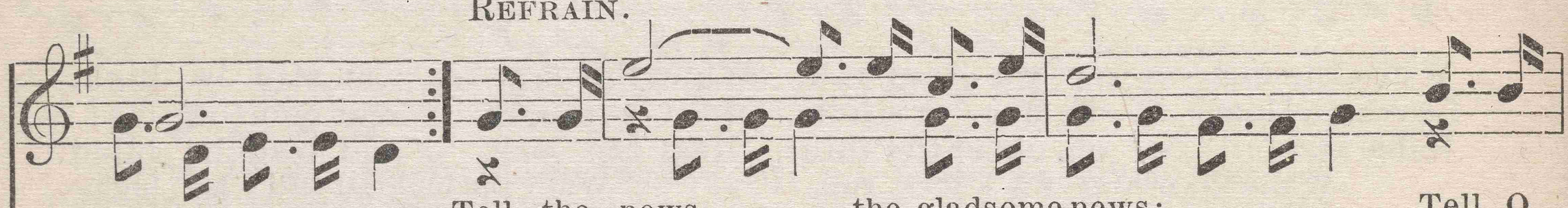
J. THORNTON PRICE. H. N. LINCOLN.



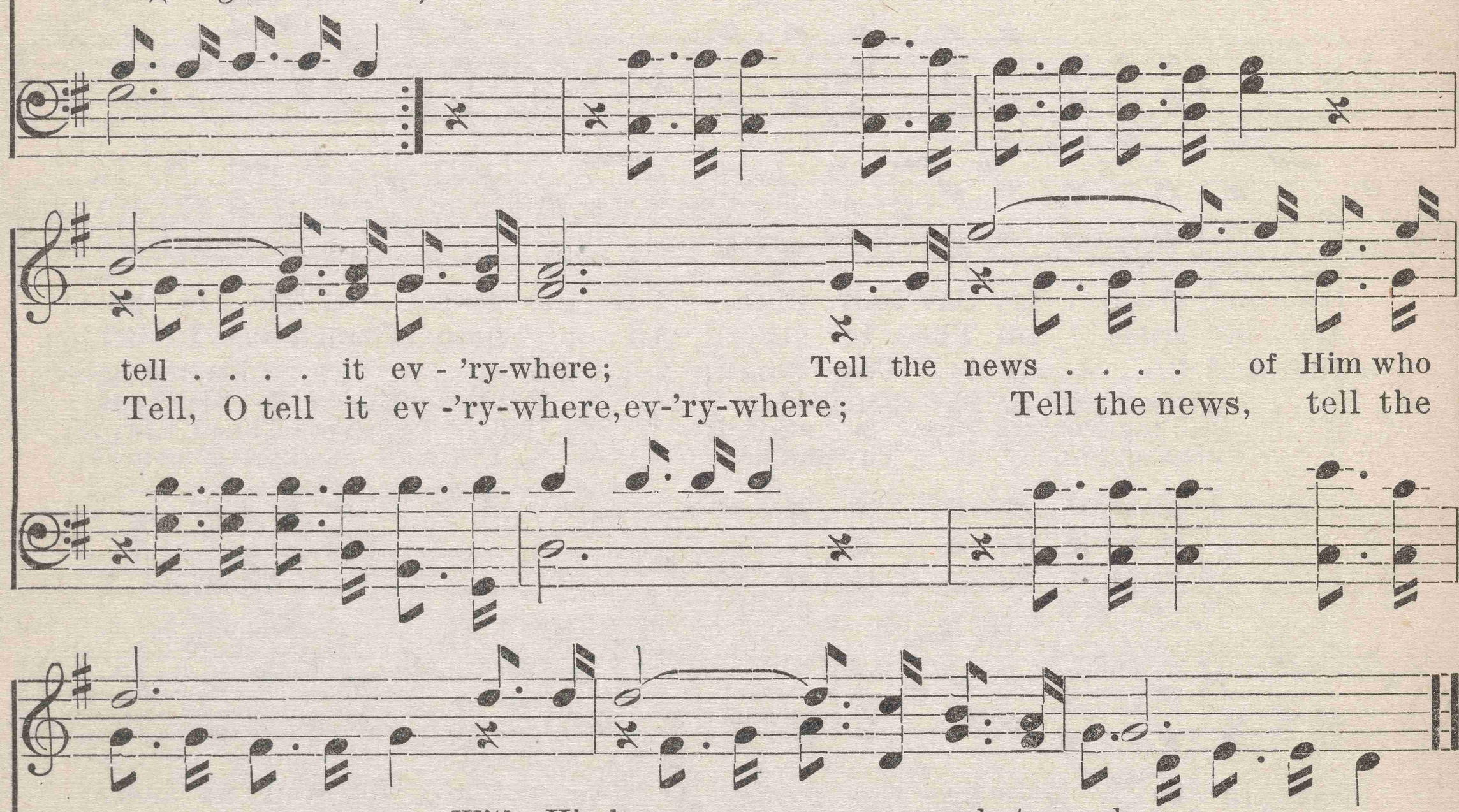
1. Spread the ti-(Spread the ti-)dings far a-broad,(far abroad,)Tell the news,(Tell the news,)the gladsome
   Je - sus is (Je-sus is) our Lord and King,(Lord and King,)Tell, O tell(Tell, O tell)the gladsome
2. Spread the ti-(Spread the ti-)dings far and near,(far and near,)Tell the news,(Tell the news,)the gladsome
   Christ will save,(Christ will save,)O message dear,(message dear,)Tell, O tell(Tell, O tell)the gladsome
3. Spread the ti-(Spread the ti-)dings ev'ry-where,(ev'rywhere,)Tell the news,(Tell the news,)the gladsome
   Ring it out(Ring it out)both loud and clear,(loud and clear,)Tell, O tell(Tell, O tell) the gladsome



REFRAIN.



Tell the news, . . . the gladsome news; Tell, O
news,(the gladsome news.) Tell the news, tell the news,the gladsome news;



tell . . . . it ev - 'ry-where; Tell the news . . . . of Him who
Tell, O tell it ev -'ry-where,ev-'ry-where; Tell the news, tell the

came With His love . . . . our souls to cheer.
news of Him who came With His love our souls to cheer,our souls to cheer.

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No. 151. CROSS OVER THE LINE TO-NIGHT.

J. B.

JAS. BRASWELL.

1. O sin-ner, cross o - ver the line tonight, And stay no long-er in sin; Just
2. O sin-ner, cross o - ver the line tonight, Thy God is call-ing for thee; He's
3. O sin-ner, cross o - ver the line tonight, The Lord of pow-er and might Is
4. O sin-ner, cross o - ver the line tonight, Come now, we're praying for you; A

o - pen the door of your sto - ny heart, And let the dear Saviour come in.
standing just o - ver the line to-night, I pray you, cross o - ver and see.
pleading, O lost one, your soul to save, And glad - ly He'll save you to - night.
par-don and wel-come a - wait you now From Je - sus and lov'd ones so true.

REFRAIN.

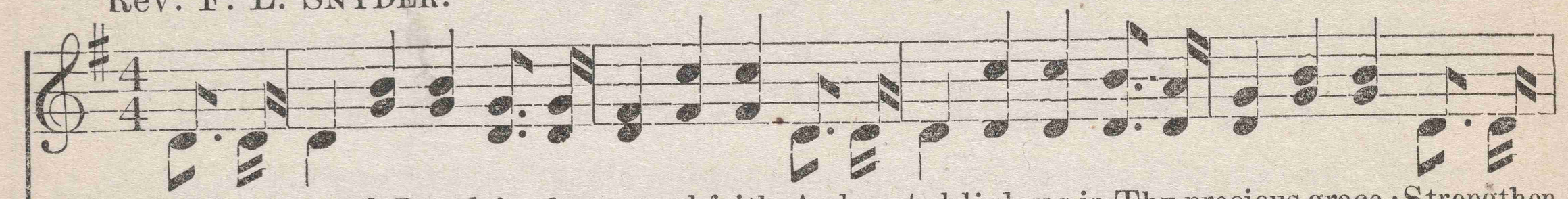
O sin - - ner, cross o - ver, . . cross o - - - - ver to -
O sin - ner, cross o - ver, cross o - ver the line, cross o - ver the line, to -

night, . O sin-ner, . . cross o - ver, . . cross o-ver the line to - night.
night, to-night, O sin-ner, cross o- ver, cross o - ver the line,

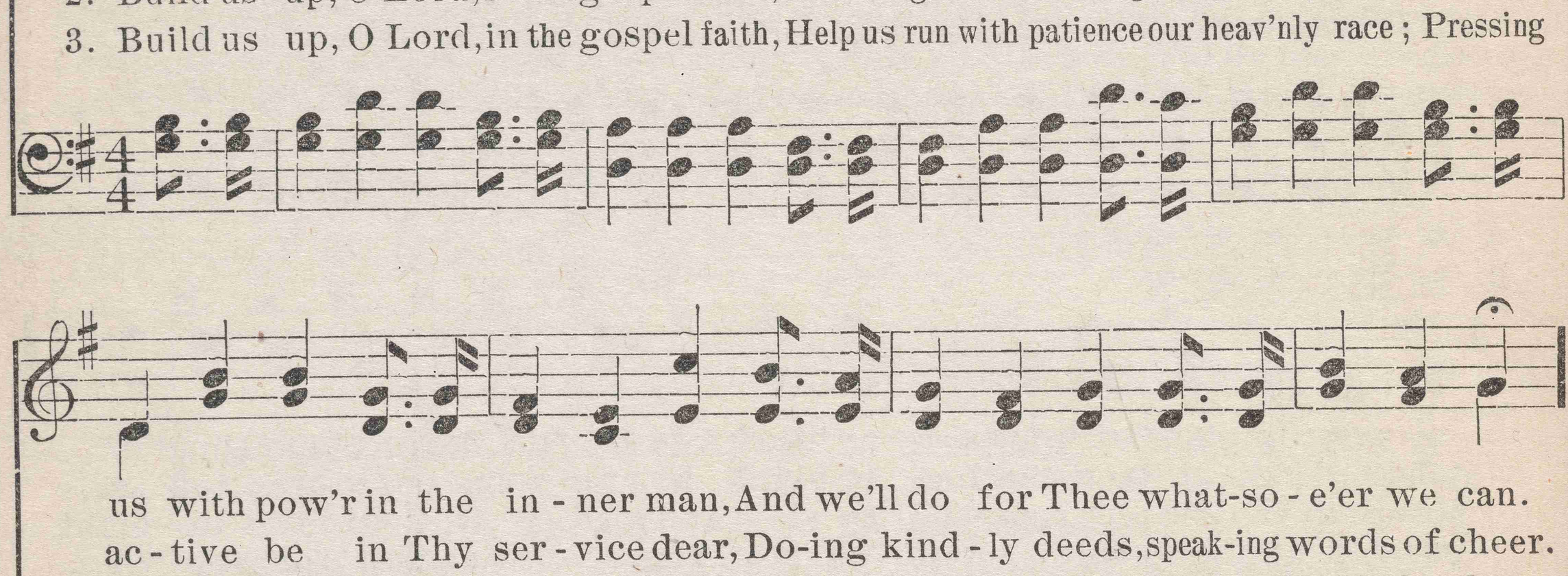
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No. 152. BUILD US UP.

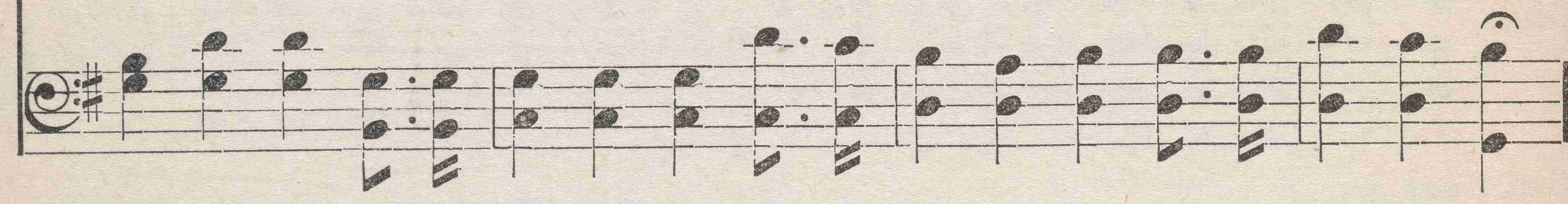
Rev. F. L. Snyder. Howard E. Smith.



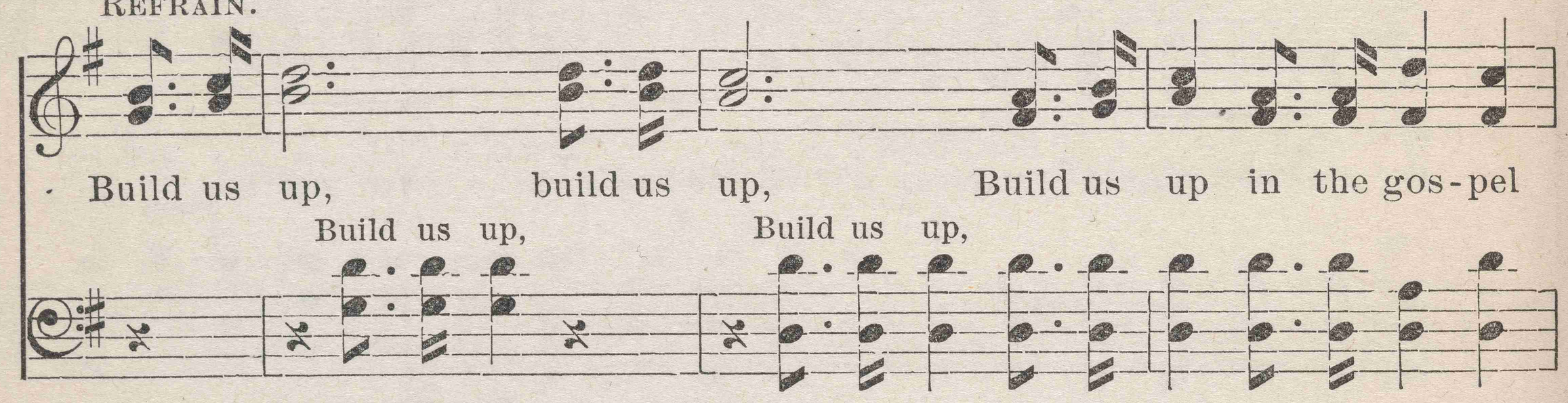
1. Build us up, O Lord, in the gospel faith, And es-tablish us in Thy precious grace; Strengthen
2. Build us up, O Lord, in the gospel faith, Make us grow in knowledge and in Thy grace; Help us
3. Build us up, O Lord, in the gospel faith, Help us run with patience our heav'nly race; Pressing



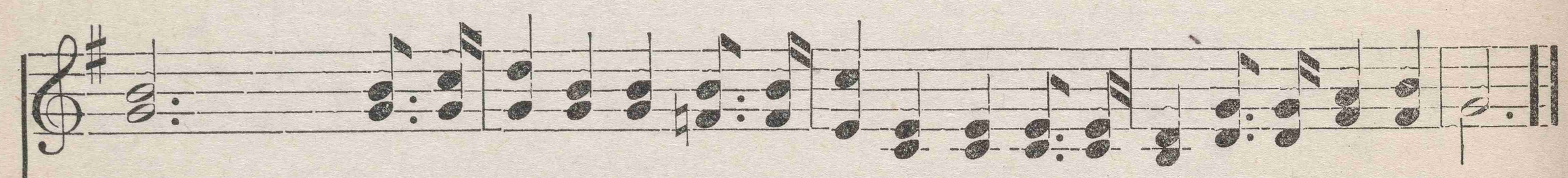
us with pow'r in the in-ner man, And we'll do for Thee what-so-e'er we can.
ac-tive be in Thy ser-vice dear, Do-ing kind-ly deeds, speak-ing words of cheer.
on and up till we win the prize, Of a home so sweet far a-bove the skies.



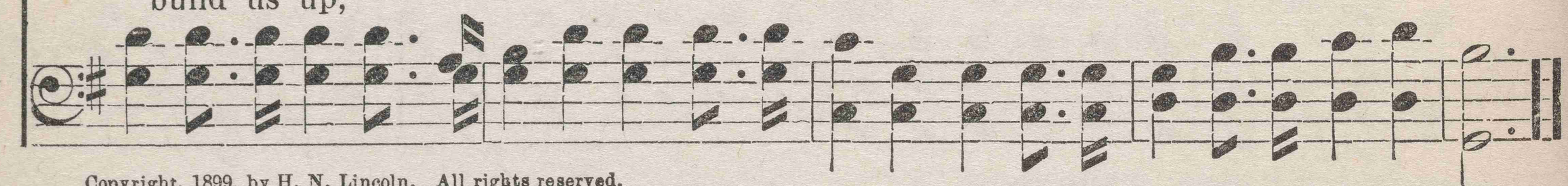
Refrain.



Build us up, build us up, Build us up in the gos-pel
Build us up, Build us up,



faith; Strengthen ev-'ry chord with Thy mighty pow'r, Build us up ev-'ry day and hour.
build us up,



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No. 153. WEEPING WILL NOT SAVE ME.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith."—Eph. 2: 8.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Weeping will not save me; Tho' my face were bath'd in tears, That could not allay my fears,
2. Working will not save me; Purest deeds that I can do, Holiest tho'ts and feelings too,
3. Wait-ing will not save me; Helpless, guilt-y, lost I lie, In my ear is mercy's cry;
4. Faith in Christ will save me; Let me trust Thy weeping Son, Trust the work that He has done;

REFRAIN.

Could not wash the sins of years; Weeping will not save me. Je-sus wept and died for me;
Can-not form my soul a-new; Working will not save me.
If I wait I can but die; Waiting will not save me.
To His arms, Lord, help me run; Faith in Christ will save me.

Je-sus suffered on the tree; Je- sus waits to make me free: He alone can save me.

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No. 154. NONE LIKE JESUS.

"Casting all your care upon him."—1 Pet. 5: 7.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

1. Cast dour care on Je-sus; He will share it, He will bear it—There is none like Je - sus.
2. Cast dour sin on Je-sus; He will take it, Now for-sake it—There is none like Je - sus.
3. Cast dour heart on Je-sus; Do not grieve Him, Just believe Him— There is none like Je - sus.

No. 155. THEY WILL WELCOME ME.

Words and music by WILLIAM F. PARKER.

1. In fan-cy I can see the stream, And the angel boatmen there, As they wait to bear the
2. There is a mother o-ver there And a sister, brother, too; They have pass'd this goal long,
3. And father, too, has "gone before," Friends have cross'd the crystal sea; They will meet me there on

weary souls To that cit - y bright and fair. And, in fan-cy, there's the deep, deep sea, And its
long a-go, And have walk'd the portals thro'. While the weary years ebb fast a way, With this
that bright shore, What a welcome it will be! But the sweetest tho't that thrills my soul, When I

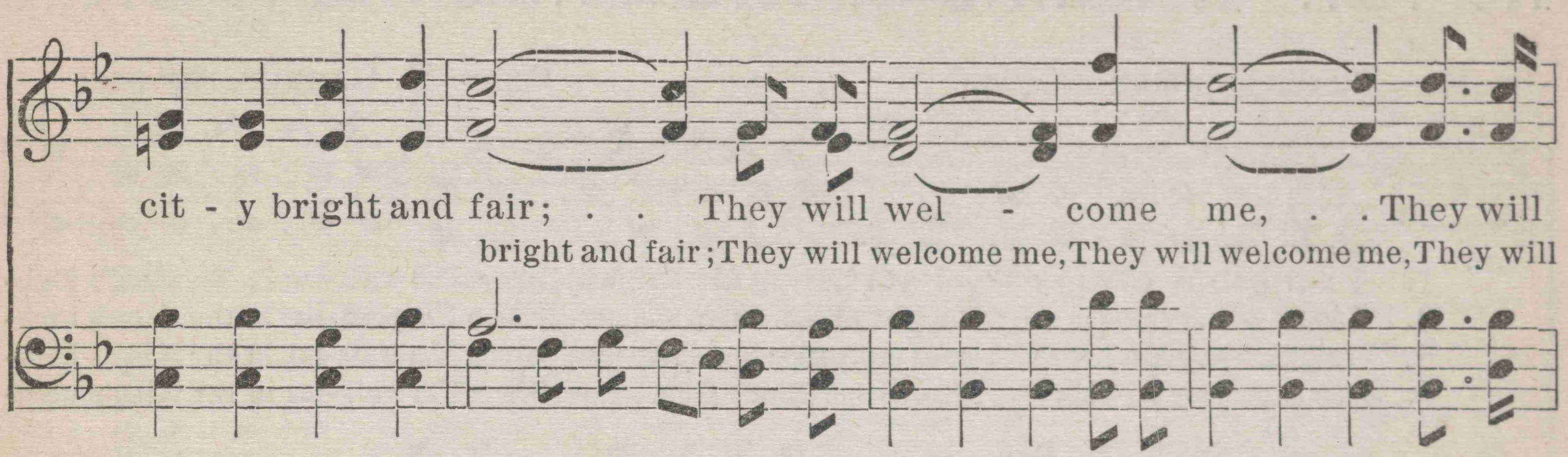
turbid waters roll T'ward the far - off shore where the "welcome" rings To the heavy-laden soul.
load of pain and care, How I long to hear from the portals clear, Their glad welcome over there.
reach that home so fair, That my Saviour dear will extend His hand, And will bid me wel-come there.

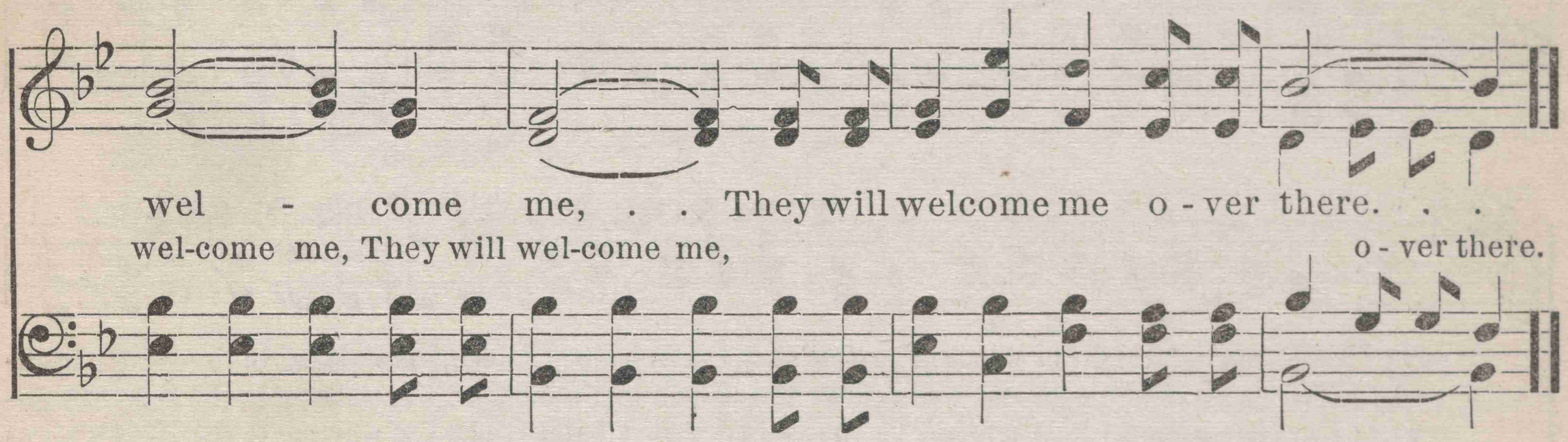
REFRAIN.

They will wel - come me, They will wel - come me, . . In that
They will welcome me, they will welcome me, They will welcome me, they will welcome me,

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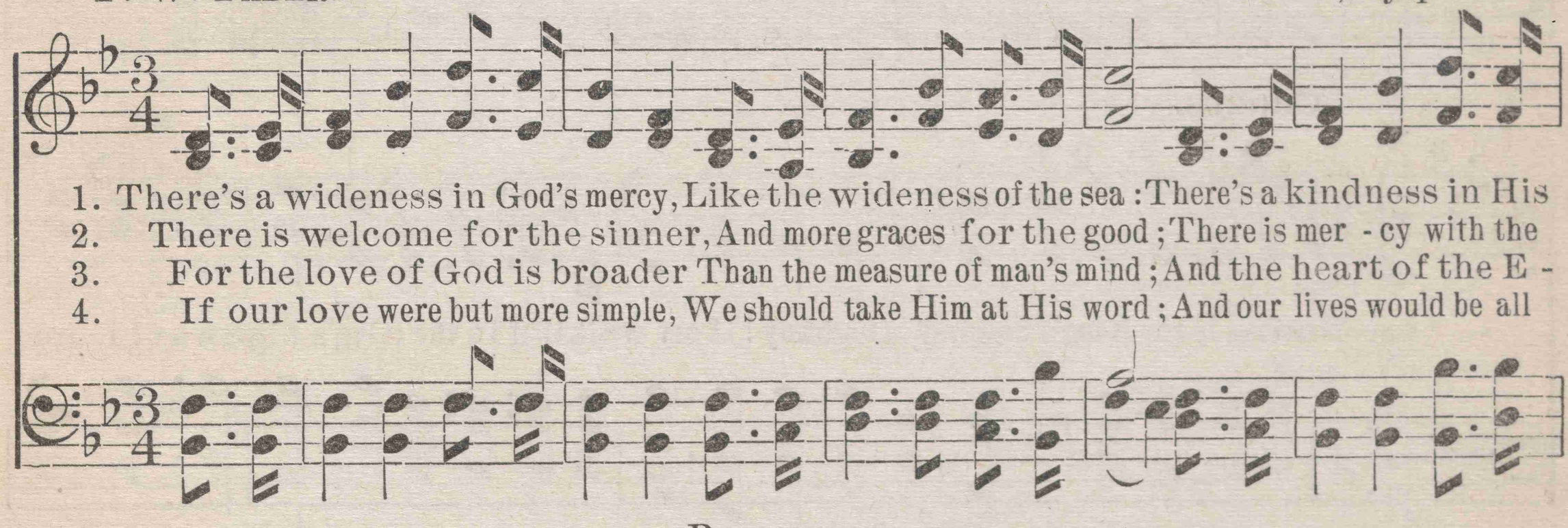
THEY WILL WELCOME ME.



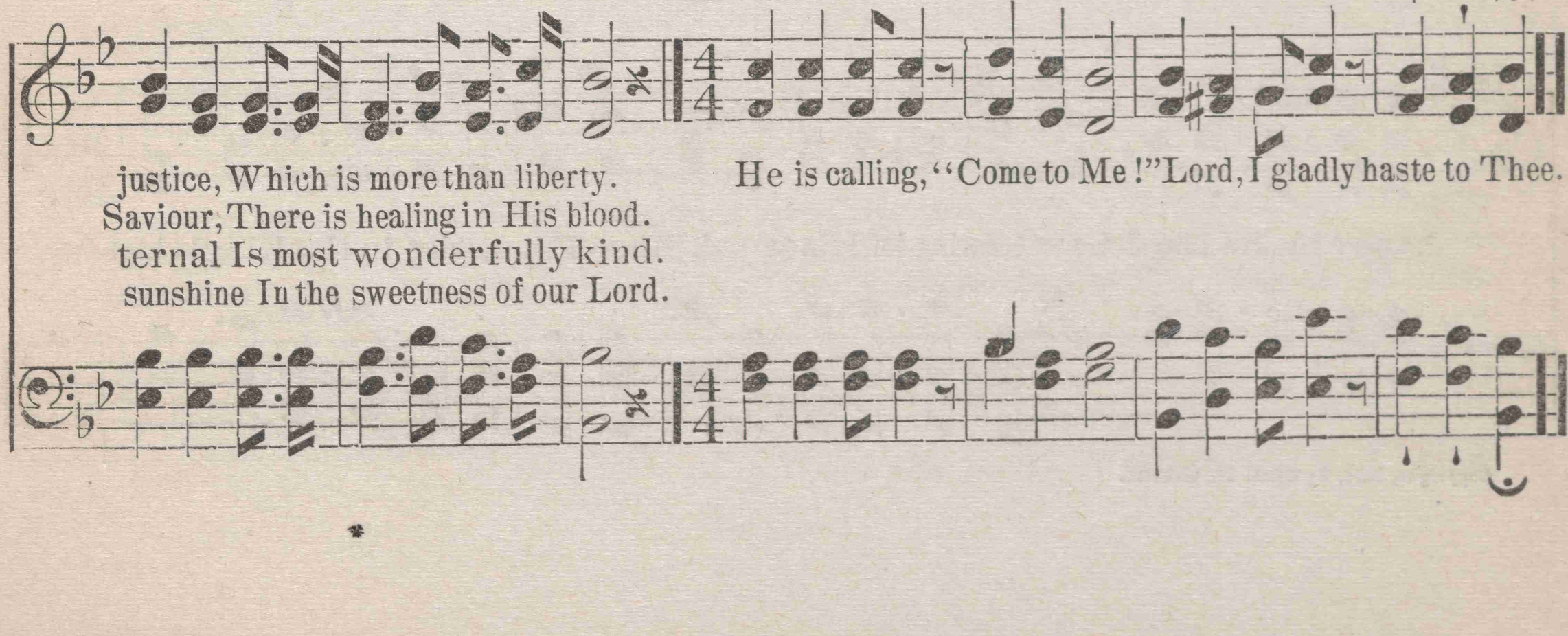


No. 156. THERE IS WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY.

F. W. Faber. H. N. Lincoln, by per.

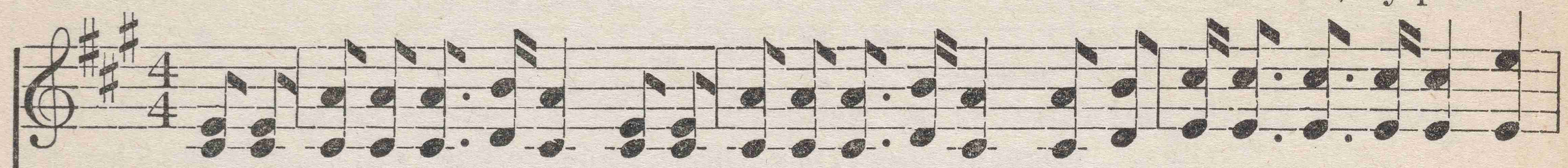


Refrain.

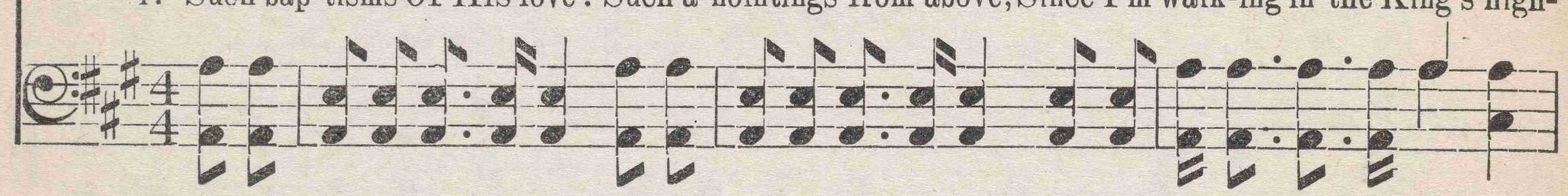


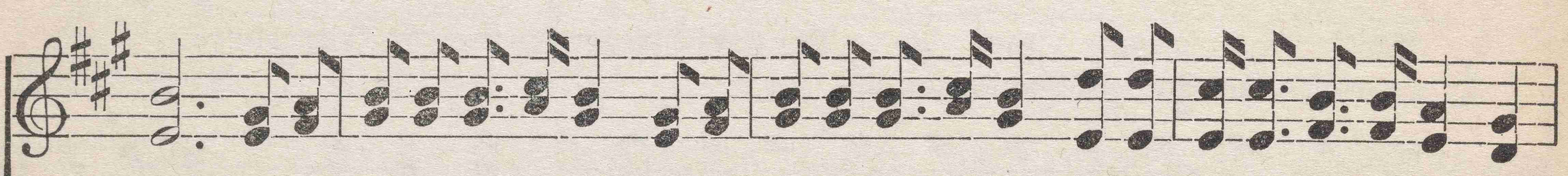
No. 157. WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

MRS. GRACE WEISER DAVIS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

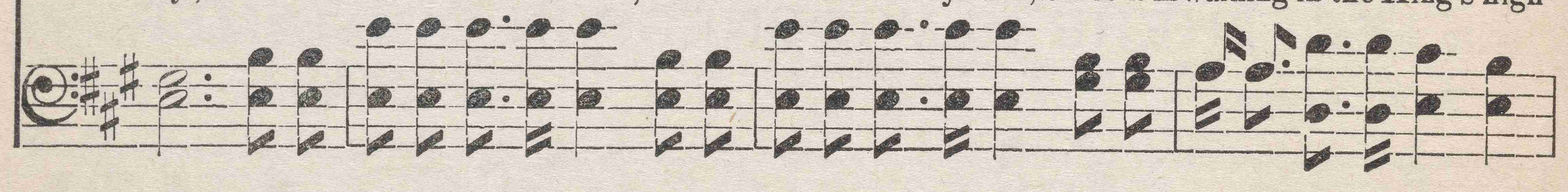


1. I am happy ev-'ry day, I am happy all the way, Since I'm walk-ing in the King's high-
2. Lions oft are in the way, Straight ahead I keep and pray, Since I'm walk-ing in the King's high-
3. I rejoice e'en when I'm sad, For His promise makes me glad, Since I'm walk-ing in the King's high-
4. Such bap-tisms of His love! Such a-nointings from above, Since I'm walk-ing in the King's high-

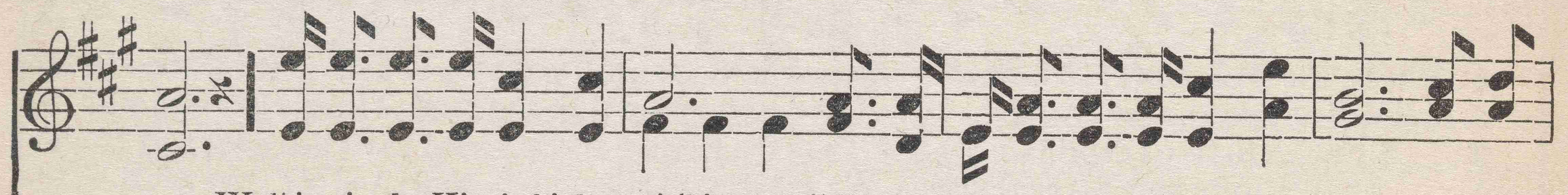




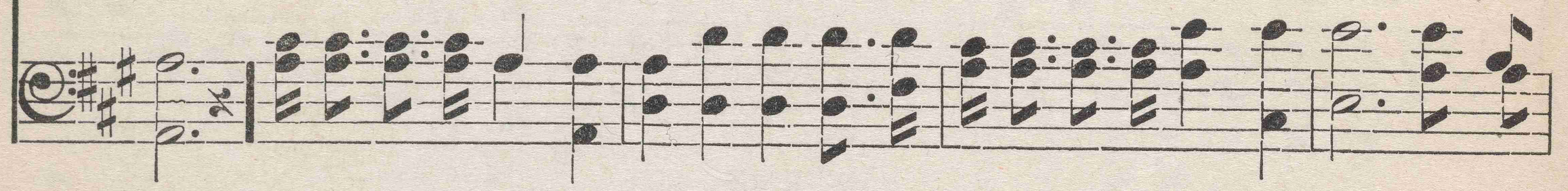
way; Things may be all right or wrong, Trusting still, I march along, Since I'm walking in the King's high-
way; Then a vic-to-ry is gained, For I find the li-ons chain'd, Since I'm walking in the King's high-
way; For each wound I have a balm, In the fight I wear a palm, Since I'm walking in the King's high-
way; Jesus comes and walks with me; More in Him each day I see, Since I'm walking in the King's high-



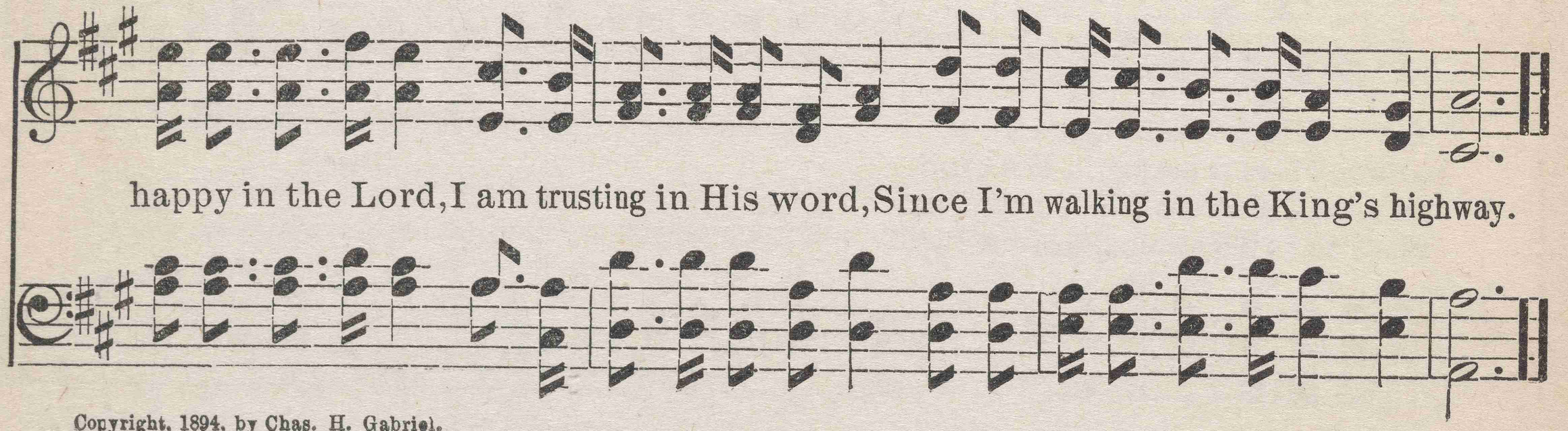
CHORUS.



way. Walking in the King's highway! (highway!) I am walking in the King's highway! I am



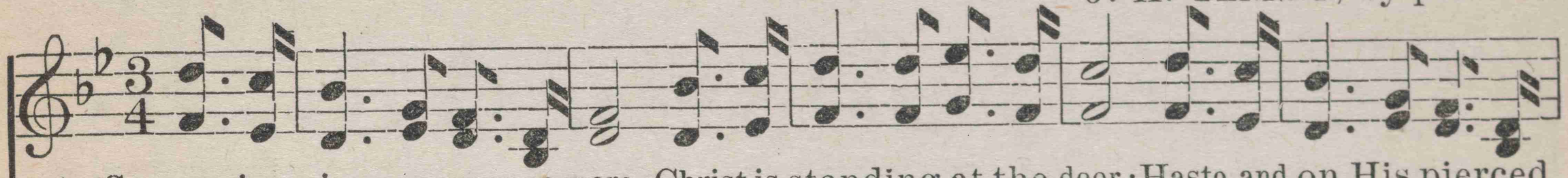
happy in the Lord, I am trusting in His word, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.



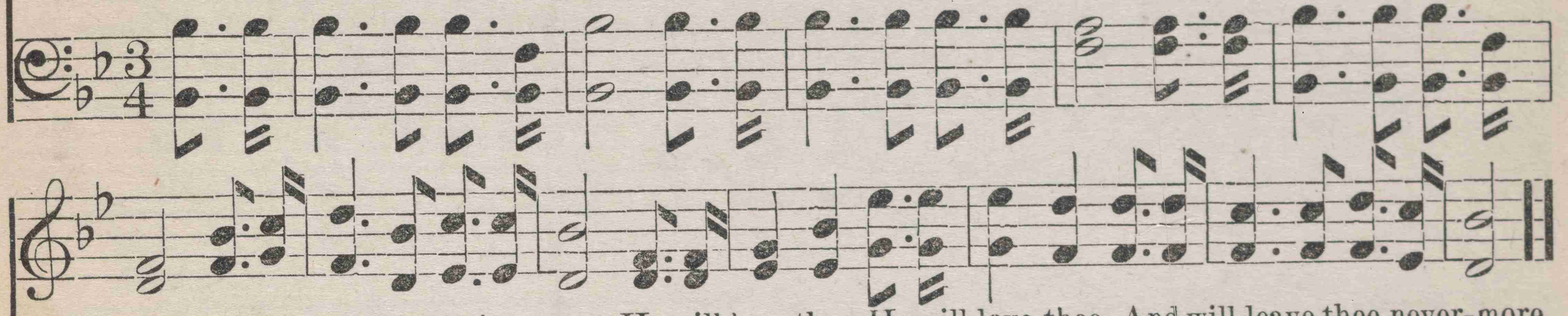
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No. 158. SORROWING SINNER, WEEP NO MORE.

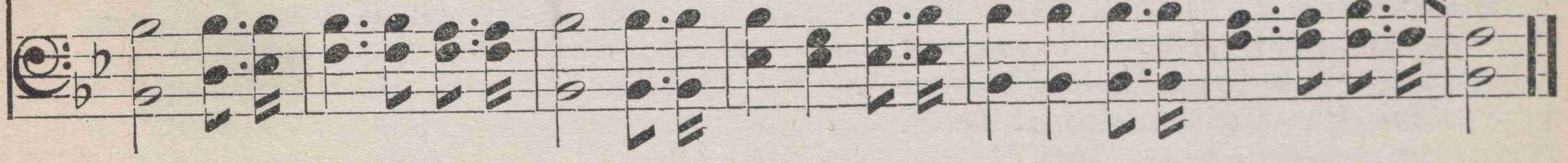
J. H. TENNEY, by per.



1. Sorrowing sin-ner, weep no more :Christ is standing at the door ;Haste,and on His pierced
2. He hath seen the bended knee ; He hath heard thy contrite plea ; Not in vain thy soul hath
3. Saved from wrath and sanctified Through the blood of His dear side,Never from thy happy

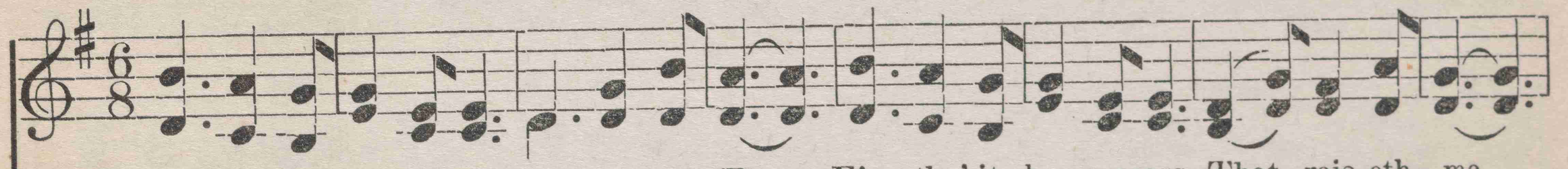


feet Pour thy heart's oblation sweet. He will love thee, He will love thee, And will leave thee never-more.
wept, Not in vain its vigils kept. While yet praying, Hear Him saying, "All thy sins I bear for thee."
heart, Will the heav'nly Guest depart. He is with thee, And will with thee Ever, ev - er-more a - bide.

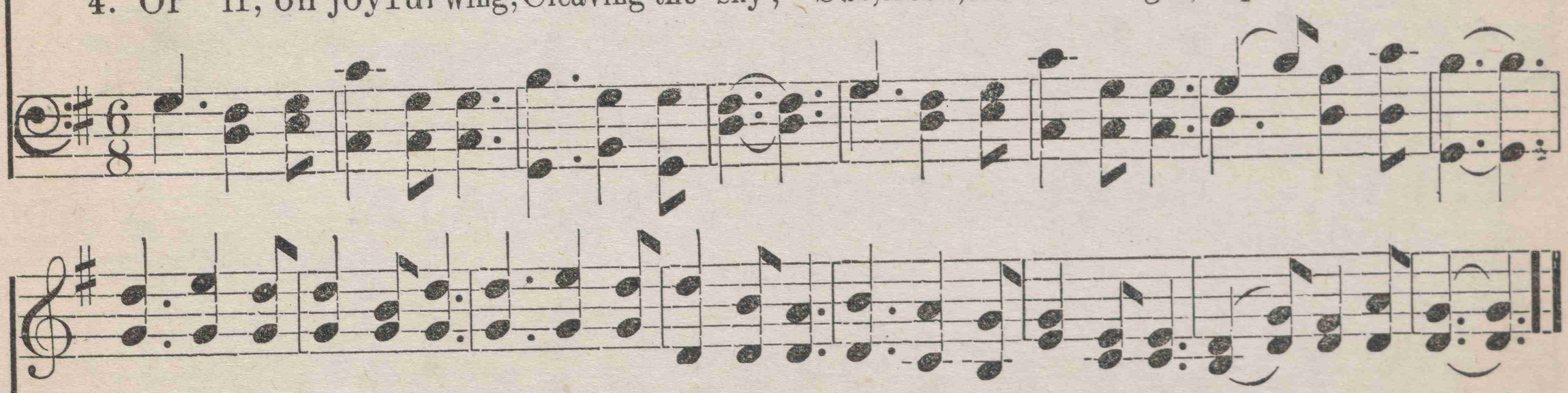


No. 159. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

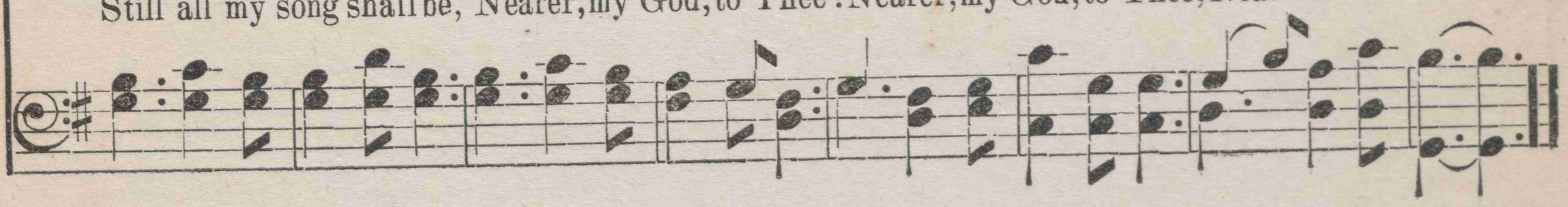
SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me,
2. Tho' like a wanderer, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way appear Steps un - to heav'n ; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy given;
4. Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky; Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up - ward I fly;

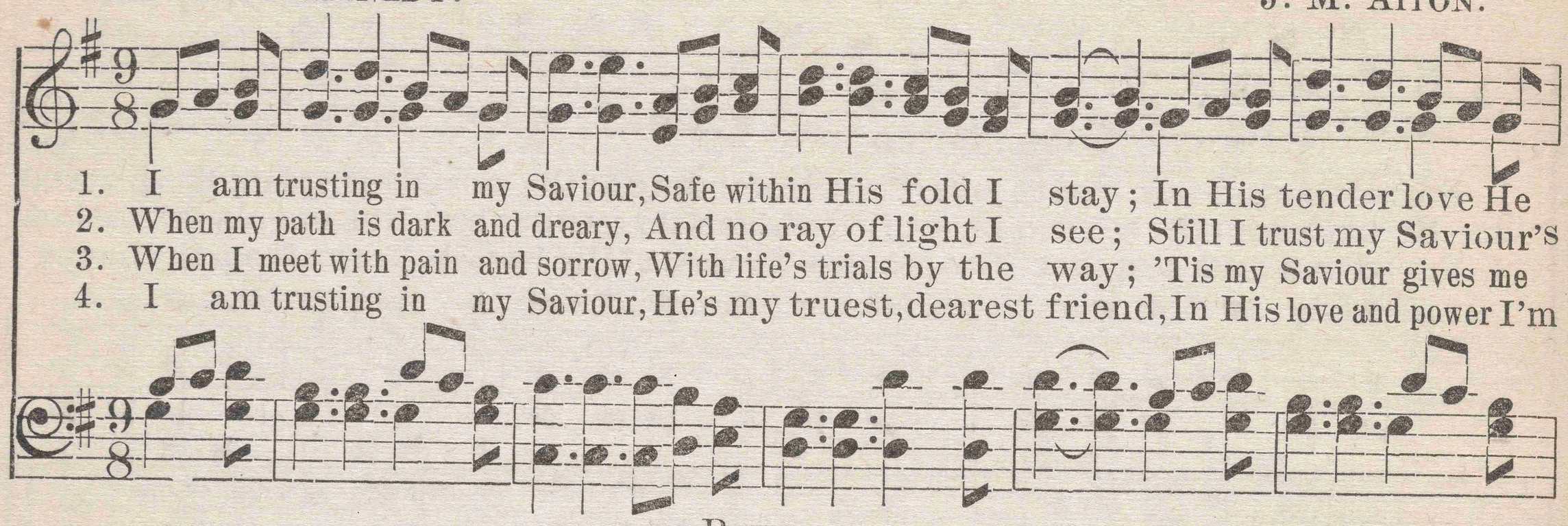


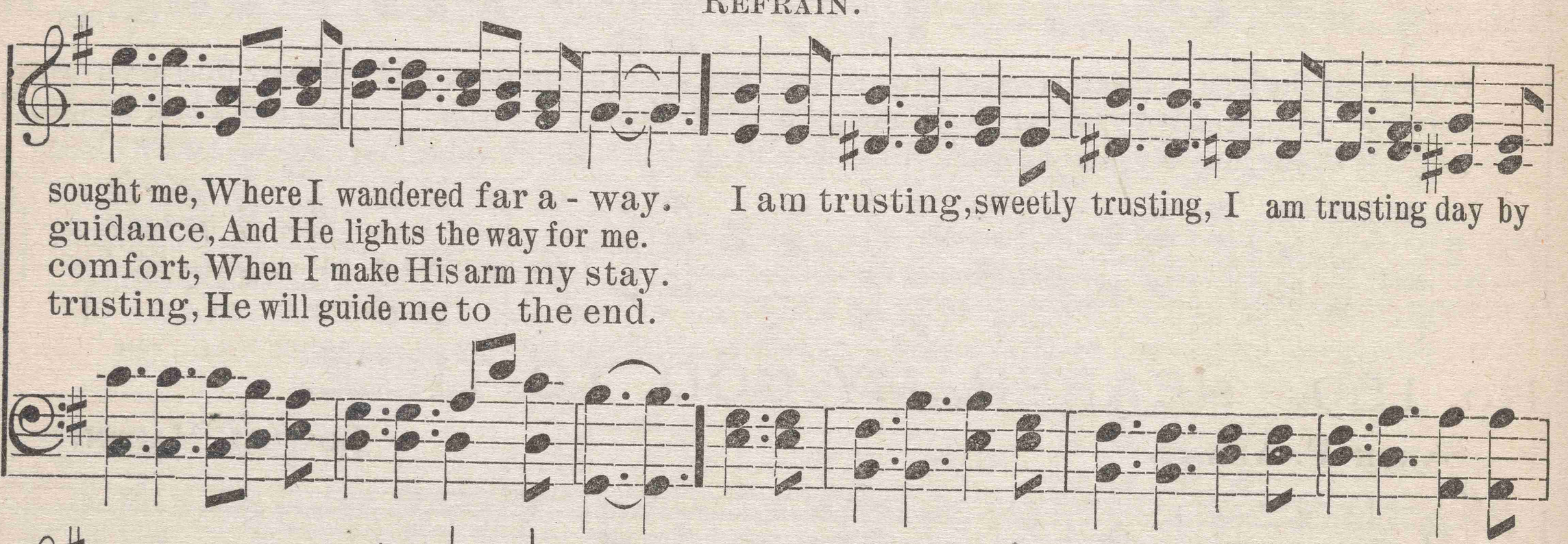
Still all my song shall be — Nearer, my God, to Thee ! Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee ! Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
An-gels to beck-on me, Nearer, my God, to Thee ! Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee ! Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!



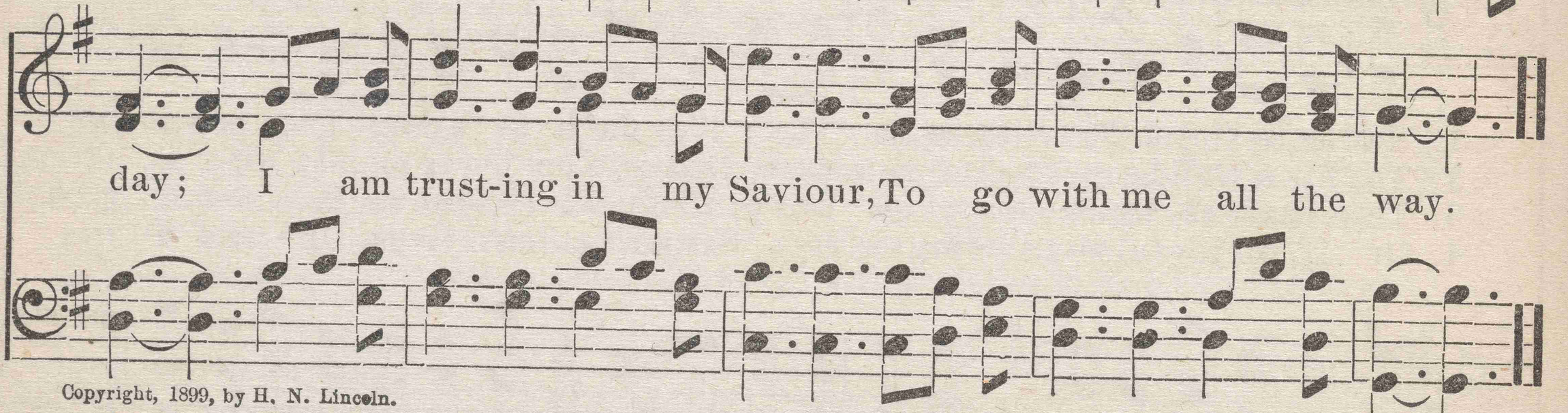
No. 160. I AM TRUSTING.

Mrs. W. J. Kenedy. J. M. Aiton.





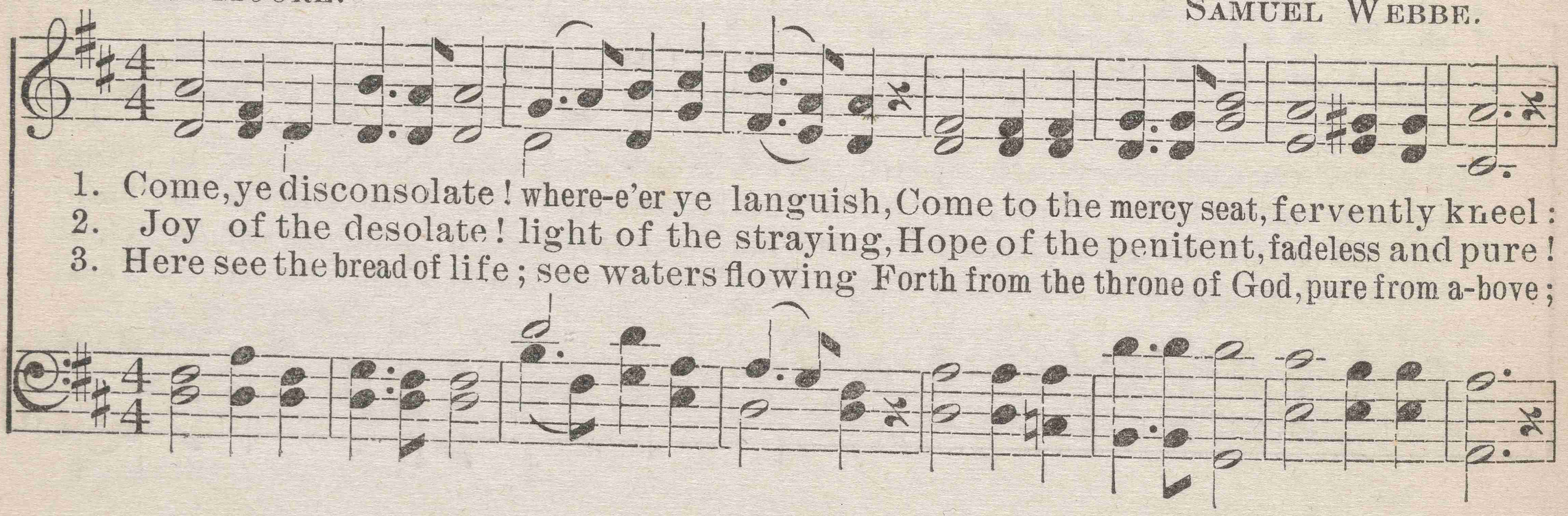
Refrain.



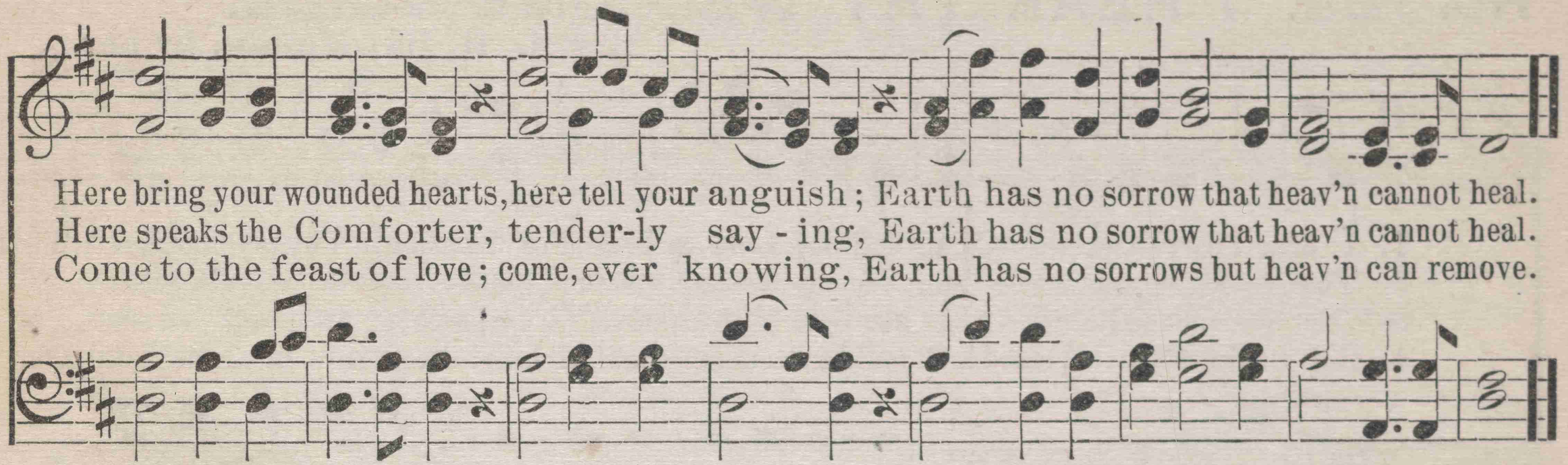
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No. 161. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Thos. Moore. Samuel Webbe.



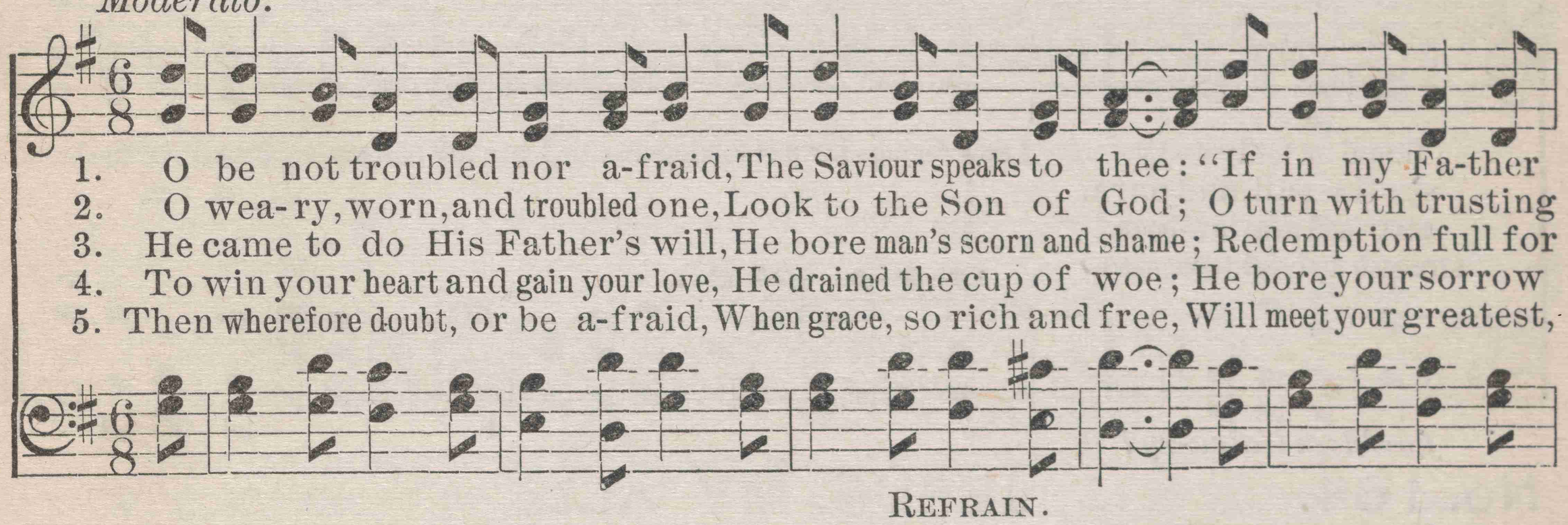
COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.



No. 162. BE NOT AFRAID.

MRS. W. J. KENEDY. JNO. M. AITON.

Moderato.



REFRAIN.

Vigoroso.

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No. 163. I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

Rev. L. H. HARTSOUGH, by per.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood, That
2. Tho' coming, weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse, Till
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To perfect hope, and peace, and trust, For
4. All hail! atoning blood! All hail! redeeming grace! All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our

D.S. *That*

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

flow'd on Calva-ry. I am coming, Lord! Coming now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
spotless all, and pure.
earth and neav'n a-bove.
strength and righteousness.

flow'd on Calva-ry!

No. 164. JESUS, MY ALL.

Arr. by H. N. L.

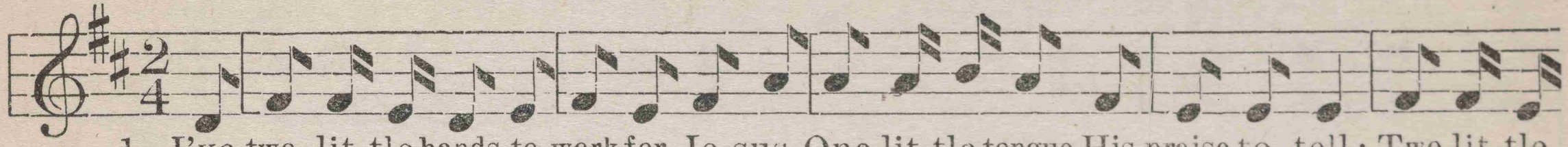
1. Lord, at Thy mer-cy-seat Humbly I fall; Pleading Thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call.
2. Tears of re-pentant grief Si - lent-ly fall; Pardon my unbelief, Hear Thou my call.
3. Wash me and make me clean, Pure as Thou art; Each root and seed of sin Take from my heart.

Now let Thy work begin, O make me pure within; Cleanse me from ev'ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
O, how I pine for Thee, This is my only plea: Je-sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
Make me in tho't and word Like unto Thee, my Lord; Then be Thy grace adored, Je-sus, my all.

No. 165. TWO LITTLE HANDS.

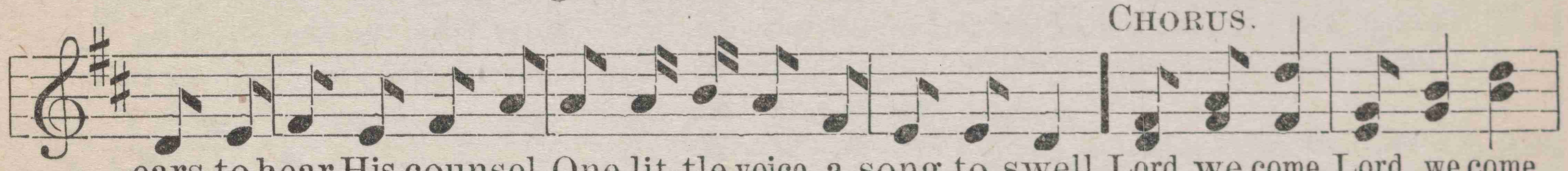
FOR INFANT CLASS.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

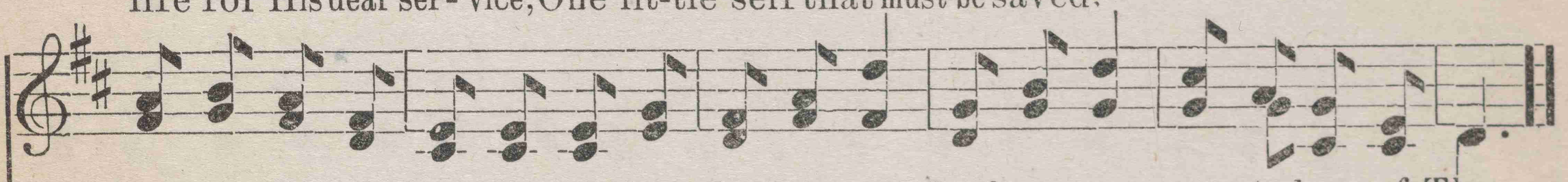


1. I've two lit-tle hands to work for Je-sus, One lit-tle tongue His praise to tell; Two lit-tle
2. I've two lit-tle feet to tread the pathway, Up to the heav'nly courts a-bove; Two lit-tle
3. I've one lit-tle heart to give to Je-sus, One lit-tle soul for Him to save; One lit-tle

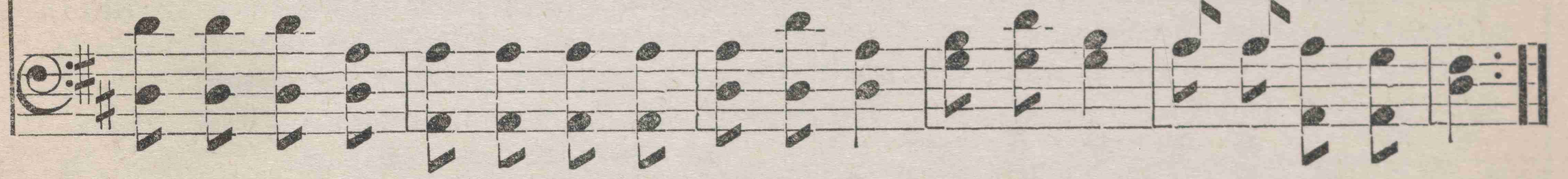
CHORUS.



ears to hear His counsel, One lit-tle voice a song to swell. Lord, we come, Lord, we come
eyes to read the Bi-ble, Telling of Je-sus' wondrous love.
life for His dear ser-vice, One lit-tle self that must be saved.



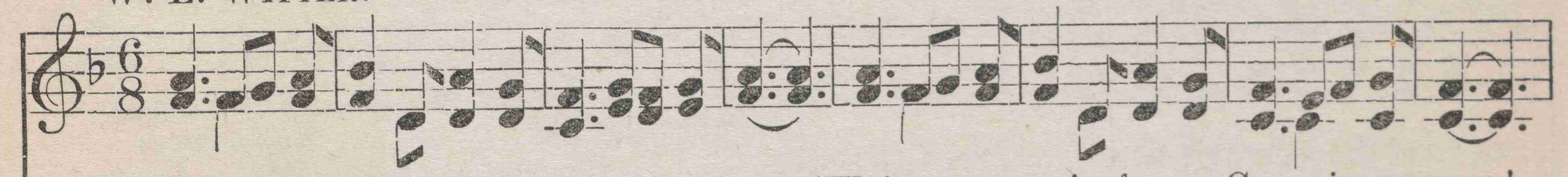
In our childhood's ear-ly morning; Lord, we come, Lord, we come, come to learn of Thee.



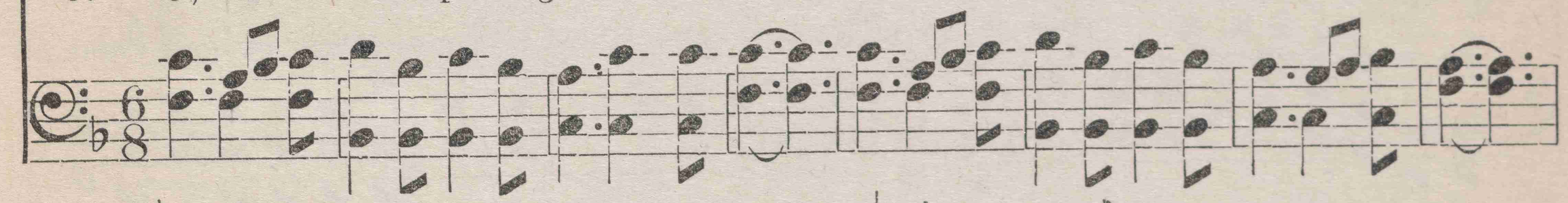
No. 166. COME, SINNER, COME.

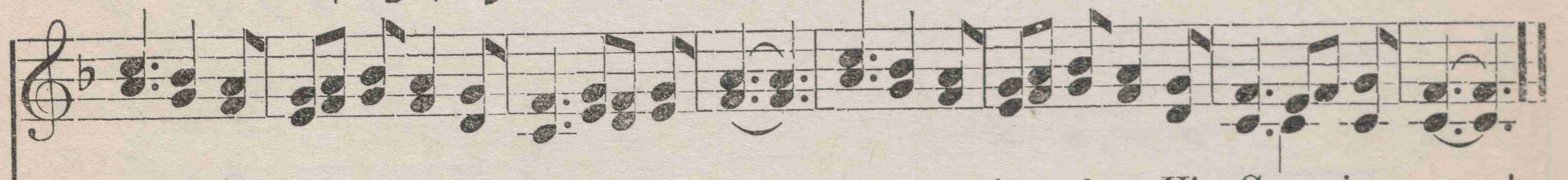
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." — Matt. 11: 28.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER, by per.

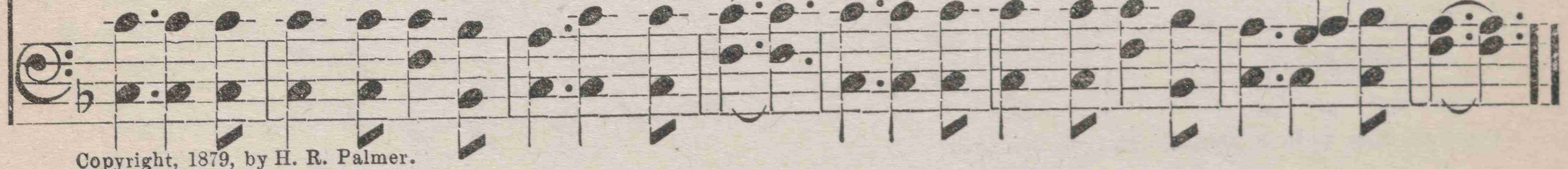


1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y lad-en? Come, sinner, come! Je-sus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O, hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!





Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je-sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je-sus can now re-deem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!



Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer.

No. 167. HALLELUJAH, I'M REDEEMED.

Words and Music by S. D. Simons.
Arr. by H. N. L.

1. Come, sin - ner, come, come to Je-sus, while you may, Heed now His message, "Come to
2. Come, sin - ner, come, come to Je-sus and be blest, Hark, He is call-ing from a -
3. Come, sin - ner, come, come to Je-sus, why de-lay? Now He is wait-ing to for -
4. Come, sin - ner, come, come to Je-sus while 'tis day, Downward you journey to the

Me;" He will meet you, He will greet you, He will take your sins a - way, From the
bove, "Come to Me ye heav - y la - den, come and I will give you rest, Take My
give, He will bless you, He will guide you, make you hap-py ev - 'ry day, In His
grave, But the sor - row and the sad - ness of the grave will pass a - way, If you'll

Chorus.

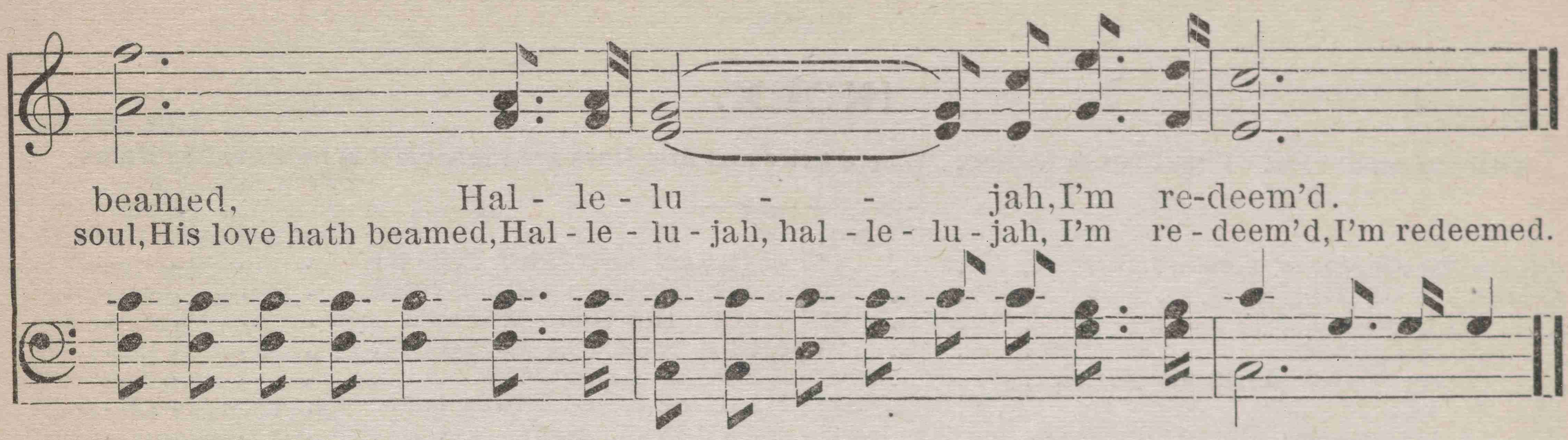
snares of sinful pleasure set you free. Trust Him now, . . His word o - bey, Come to
yoke and learn of Me that I am love."
kingdom everlasting you may live.
only trust the Saviour's pow'r to save.

Trust Him now, His word obey, Trust Him now, His word obey, Come to

Je - - sus, come to-day, On my soul . . . His love hath
Je-sus, come to-day, Come to Je-sus, come to-day, On my soul His love hath beam'd, On my

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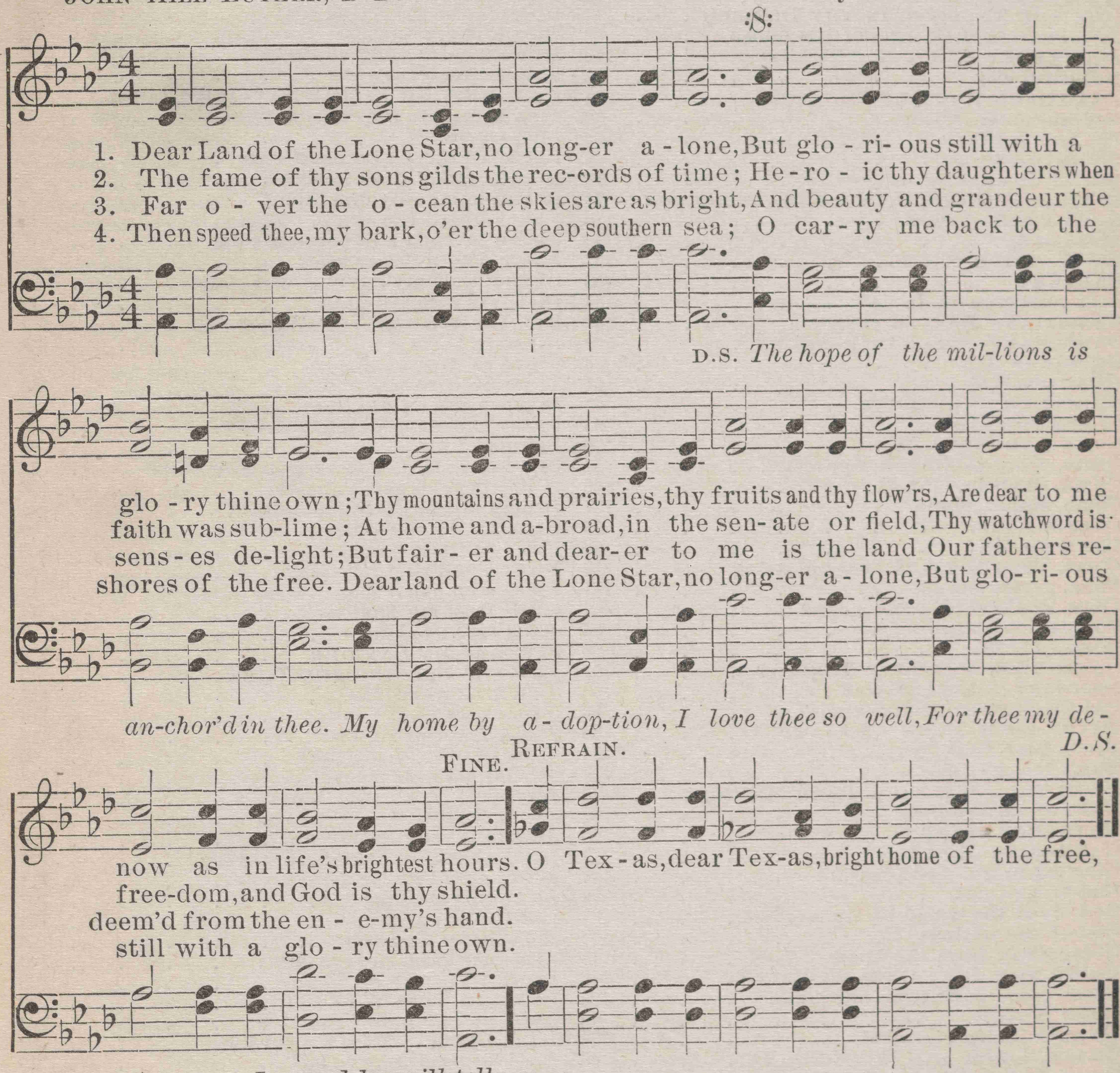
HALLELUJAH, I'M REDEEMED.



No. 168. MY TEXAS SONG.

Written near Rio Janeiro, Brazil, on board of a homeward bound vessel.

JOHN HILL LUTHER, D.D. Music and Refrain by H. N. LINCOLN.



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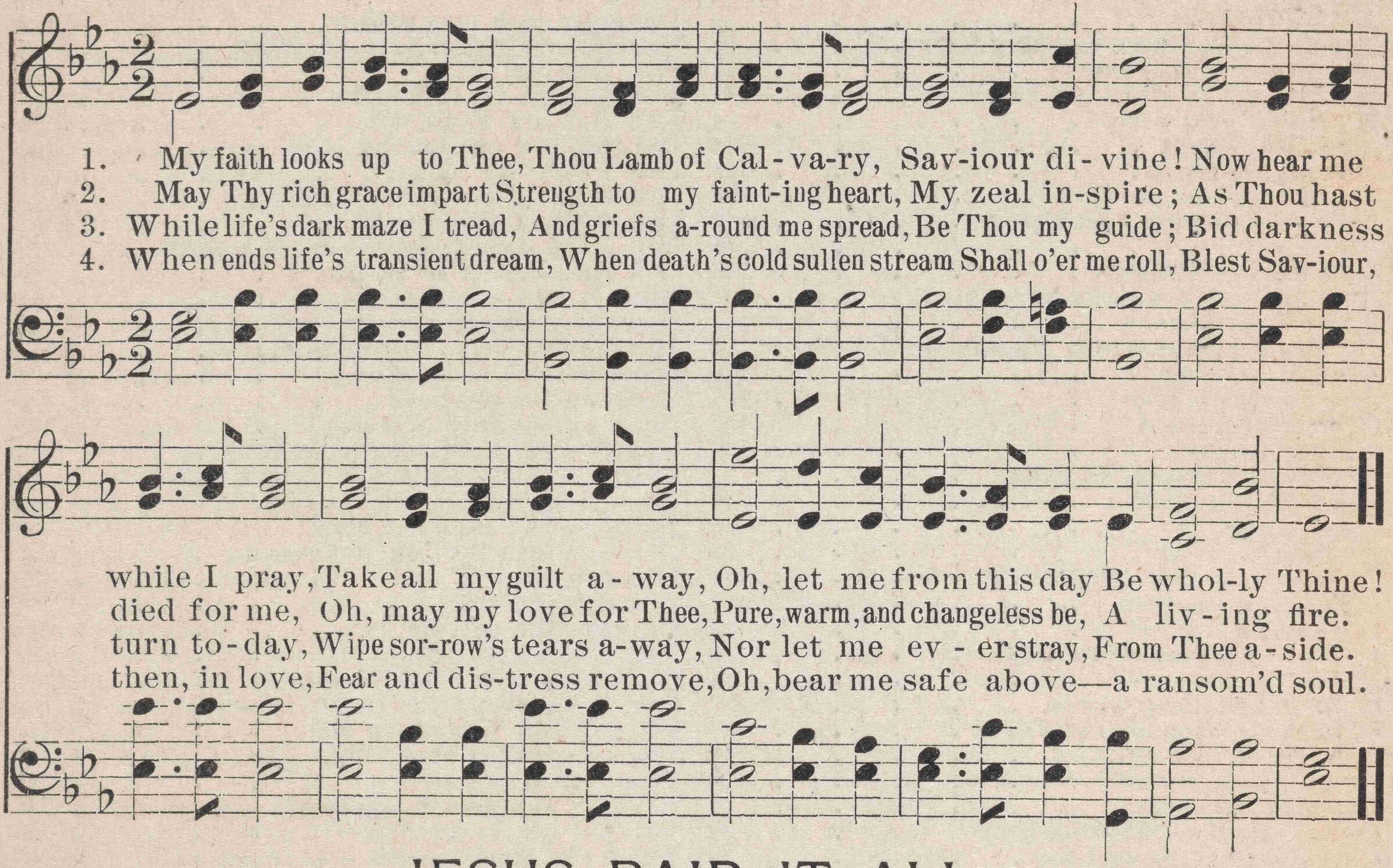
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Ye servants of God	28
YES, I WANT TO BE READY	50

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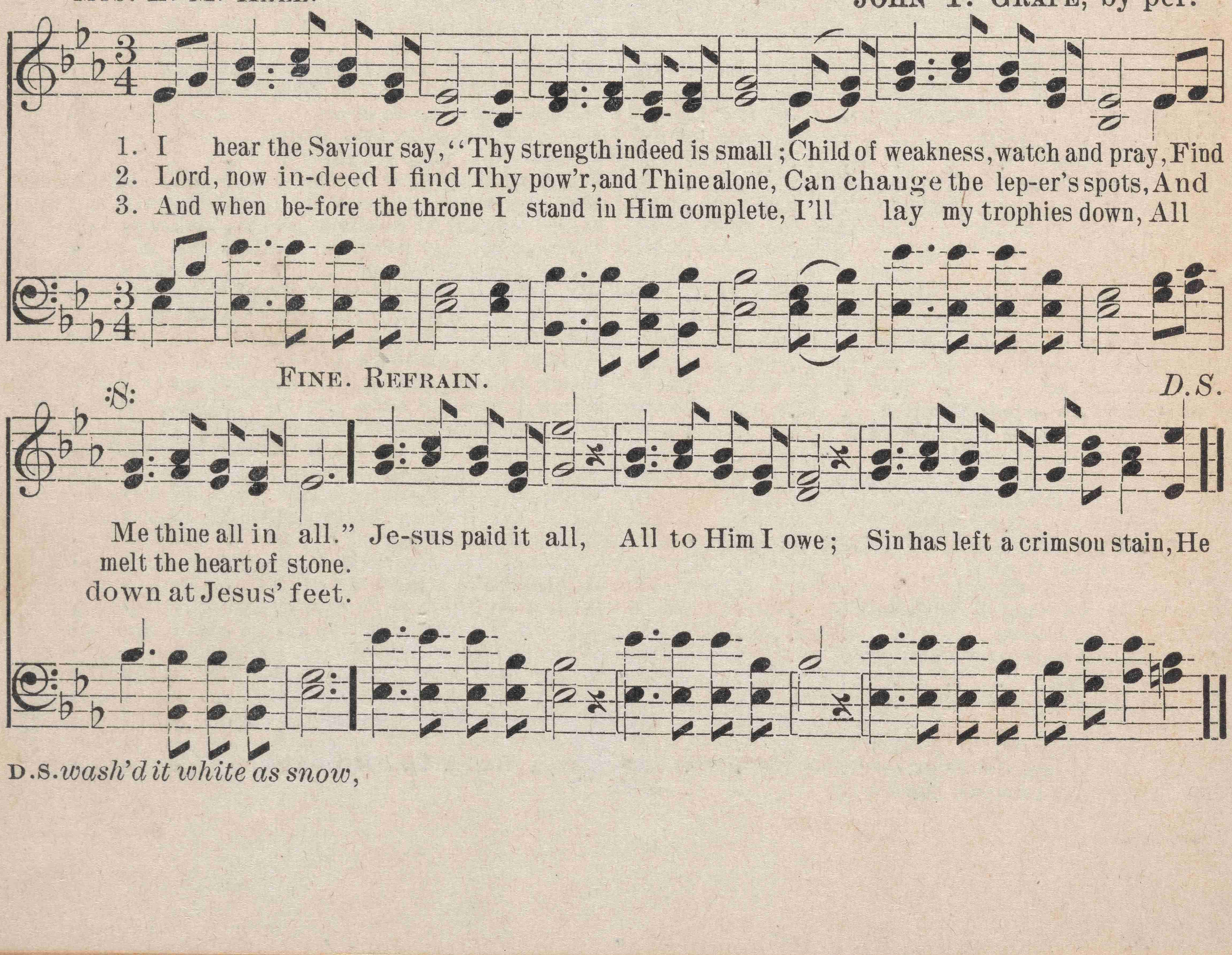
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