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HYMNS
NEW & OLD

BY



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HYMNS NEW AND OLD.

FOR USE IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

AND OTHER

RELIGIOUS SERVICES,

BY

D. B. TOWNER.

With Contributions from a very large number of well-known and popular authors.

FLEMING H. REVELL,

CHICAGO:
148 AND 150 MADISON STREET.

NEW YORK:
12 BIBLE HOUSE.

Publisher of Evangelical Literature.

HYMNS NEW AND OLD.

HYMNS NEW AND OLD is eclectic—an effort to gather the best from among the best, and thus present a work that shall contain only such Hymns and Tunes as have been proven in actual use to be truly effective, either in awakening, quickening, inspiring, comforting or aiding devotion. With this object in view, many of the most familiar Hymns have been given a place, while a large number, new to all, save in the special services where they have been used and tested, will be found to give life and spirit to the whole.

That the work may be successful in aiding the King's children to "Make the voice of His praise to be heard," is the earnest desire of

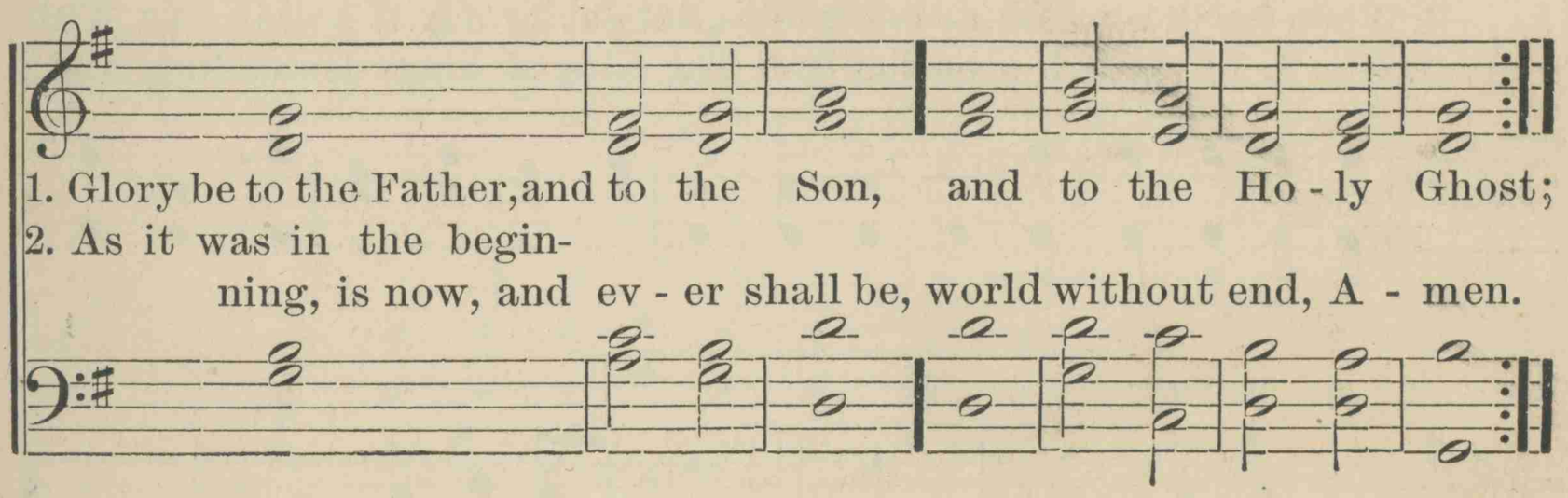
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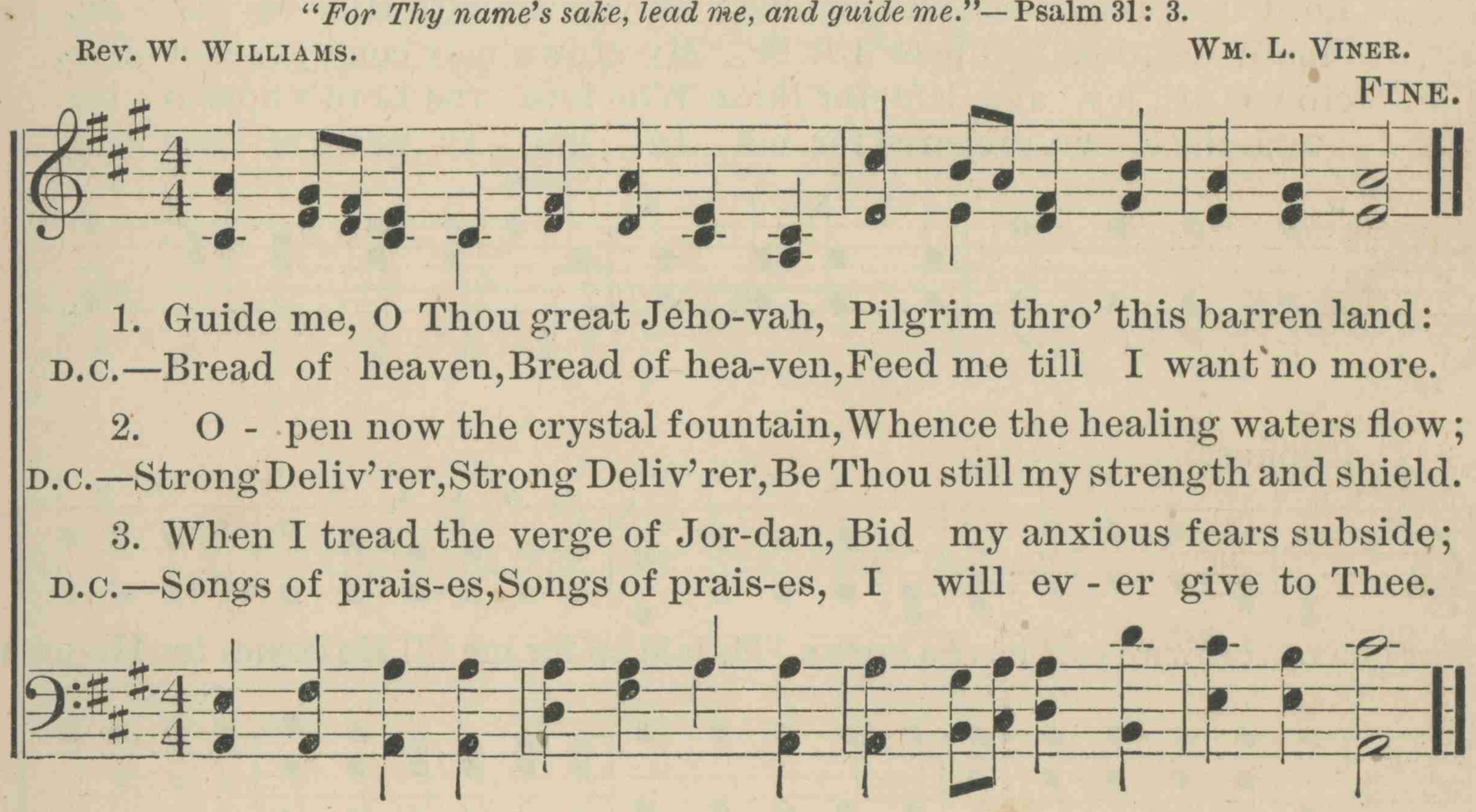
No. 1. Gloria Patri.

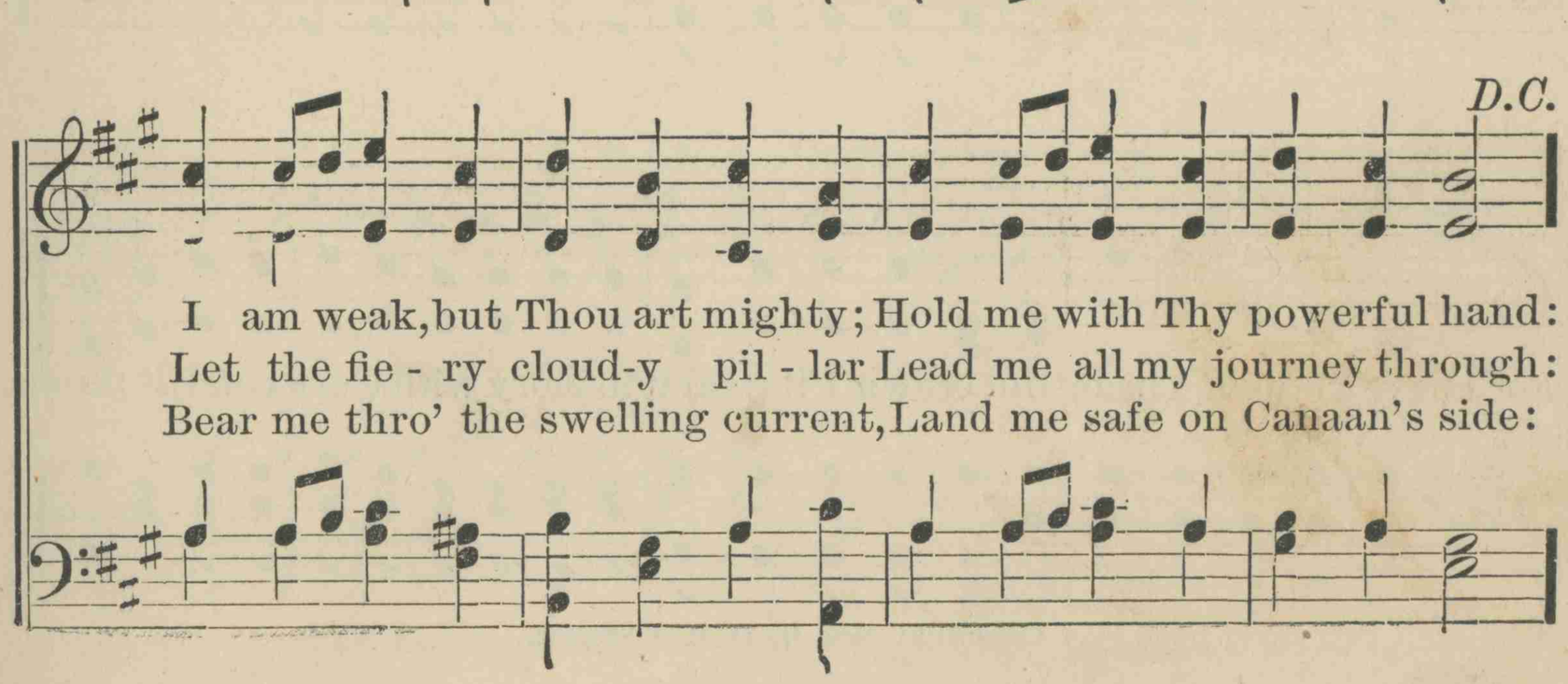


No. 2. Guide Me.

"For Thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me."—Psalm 31: 3.

Rev. W. Williams. Wm. L. Viner.





No 3. I have a Crown.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life."—2 Tim: 3: 8.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



1. Je sus is mine and I am His, I'll share with Him in glo - ry, There
2. O - ver the land and o'er the sea, And o'er the host of heav - en, The
3. Oh, what a day of vic - to - ry When free from toil and sorrow, No
4. When it will come, oh, no one knows, But day by day it's near - ing, With
5. Glo - ry to God! I soon shall see The King of kings descending, And





I shall wear a crown of bliss, So says the gos - pel sto - ry.
Lord shall reign and un - to me A crown with Him be giv - en.
more despised and poor I'll be, My crown may come to - mor - row.
crowns of joy and life for those Who love the Lord's appear - ing.
take the crown prepared for me In glo - ry nev - er end - ing.



CHORUS.



For I have a crown, yes, I have a crown, 'Tis laid up for me till He comes for His own,





For I have a crown, a beautiful crown, I'll wear it in glory with Christ on His throne.



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No. 4. Wonderful Words of Life.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—John 6: 61.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of
2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of

Life, Let me more of their beau-ty see, Won-der-ful words of
Life; Sin-ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of
Life, Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of

Life, Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
Life. All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for-ev - er.

Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life, Life.

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No. 5. Blessed be the Fountain.

E. R. LATTA. *Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*—Psalm 51:7. H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.

1. Blessed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners revealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His body o'ercame;
3. Father, I have wandered from Thee, Often has my heart gone astray;

Blessed be the dear Son of God: On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sorrows He bore, But He suffered not thus in vain.
Crimson do my sins seem to me—Wa-ter can-not wash them away.

Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below!
Jesus, to that Fountain of Thine, Leaning on Thy promise, I go;

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow!
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow!
Cleanse me by Thy washing divine, And I shall be whiter than snow!

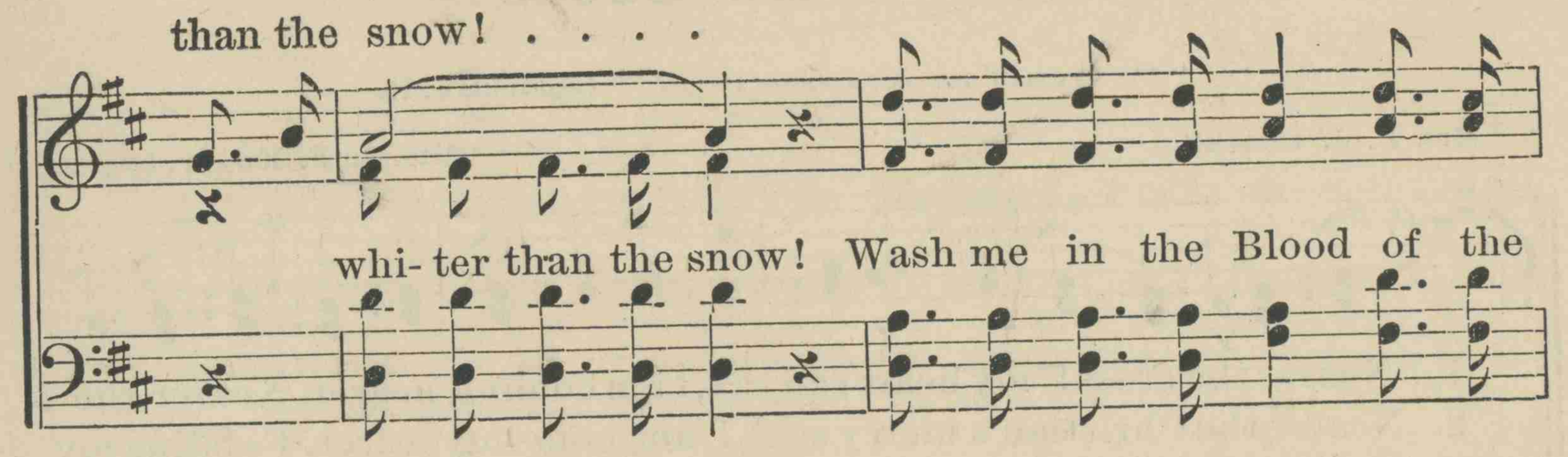
CHORUS.

Whi - - ter than the snow! . . . Whi - - ter

Whiter than the snow! Whiter than the snow! Whiter than the snow!

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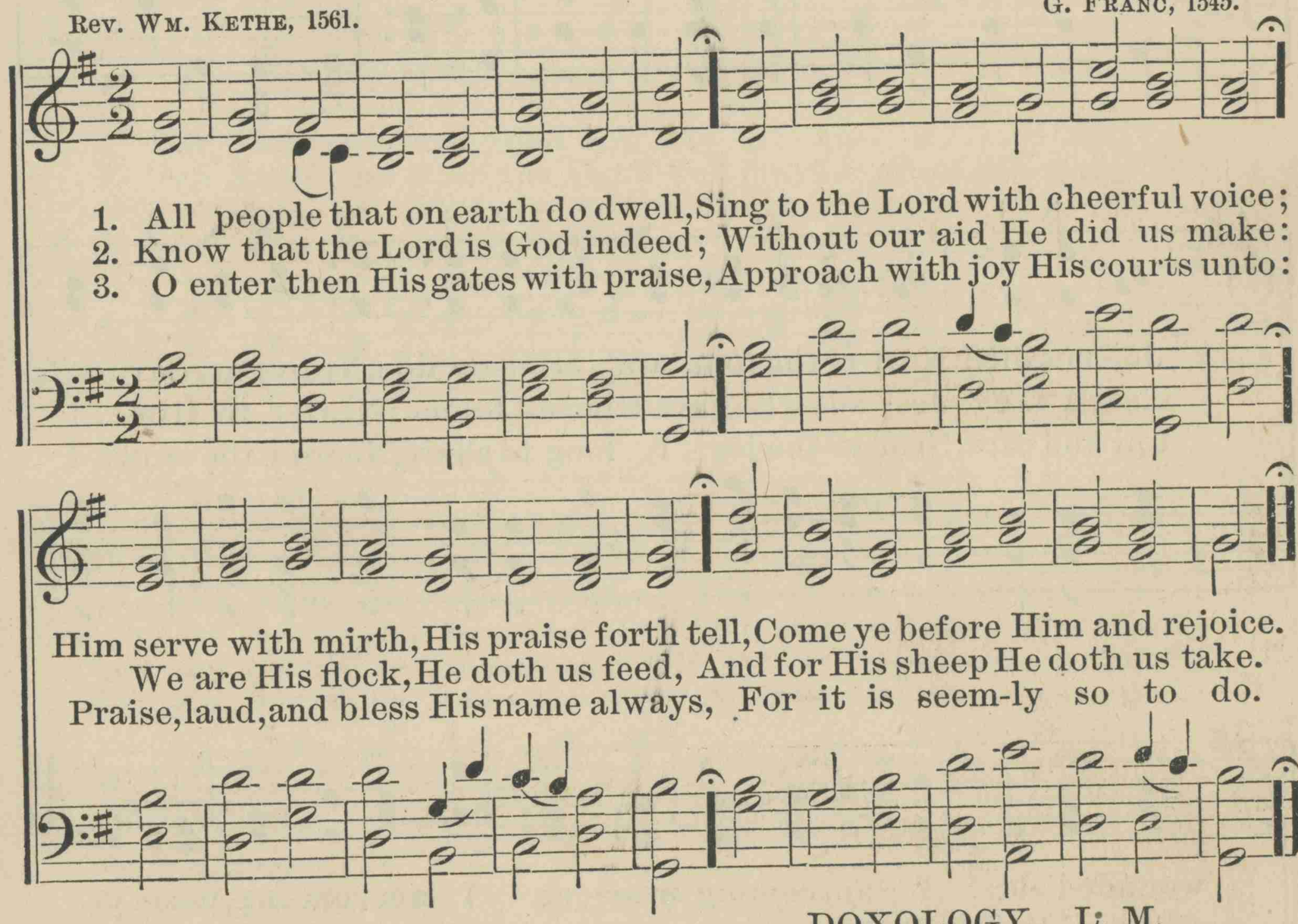
Blessed be the Fountain.



No. 6. Old Hundred. L. M.

"Come before His presence with singing."—Psa. 100: 2.

Rev. Wm. Kethe, 1561. G. Franc, 1545.



4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

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

Bp. Thos. Ken. 1697.

No. 7. Nearer the Cross!

"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Galatians 6: 14.

Mrs. F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. "Nearer the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming nearer, Nearer the
2. Nearer the Christian's mercy seat, I am com-ing nearer, Feasting my
3. Nearer in pray'r my hope aspires I am com-ing nearer, Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am coming near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am coming near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul desires, I am com-ing near-er: Near - er the end of

Je - sus died, Near-er the fountain's crimson tide, Nearer my Saviour's
clear I see Je - sus who gave Himself for me; Nearer to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

wounded side, I am coming near - er, I am com-ing near - er.
still would be: Still I'm coming near - er, Still I'm com-ing near - er.
soon shall wear: I am coming near - er, I am com-ing near - er.

No. 8. My Mission.

Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God.—1 Pet. 5: 6.

ELIZA H. MORTON. D. B. TOWNER.



5 I cannot reap the golden grain
Or bind the gathered sheaves,
I cannot see the ripened fruit
Amid the falling leaves;
But I can glean the scattered ear
And follow One I know,
Content to do just what he bids
Because I love him so.

6 The Master sees the lowliest work
Of all his children true,
And in the crowning day will give
To each his honest due;
And when the sheaves are gathered in
From fields that I have sown,
I then shall take from His own hand
The palm, the robe, the crown.

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No. 9. Hiding in the Rock.

"Thou art my rock and my fortress."—Ps. 71. 3.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. Chas. H. Gabriel. Arr. by D. B. Towner.

1. In the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, I have found a sure re -
2. In the Rock of A - ges rest - ing, I en - joy a sweet re -
3. In the Rock of A - ges trust - ing, I am kept in per - fect

treat; In the Ref - uge now a - bid - ing, I have found a joy com-plete.
pose, Where the grace of God for-ev - er Like a mighty riv - er flows.
peace; In the hope of glo - ry wait - ing, Till the toil of life shall cease.

Chorus.

While the storm a - round me rag - es, And the an - gry bil - lows

roar, I am hiding in the Rock of A - ges, I am safe for-ev - er- more.

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No. 10. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—Matt. 9: 12.

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Sin-ners Je - sus will re-ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come: and He will give you rest; Trust Him: for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re- ceiv-eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'nly pathway leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful- est, Christ re-ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is- fied its last de- mand.
Purged from ev -'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er . . . . . and o'er a - gain, ... Christ re -
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er again: Christ re-
ceiv - eth sin-ful men; . . . . Make the mes - sage
ceiveth sinful men, Christ receiveth sinful men; Make the message plain,
clear and plain: . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the message plain:

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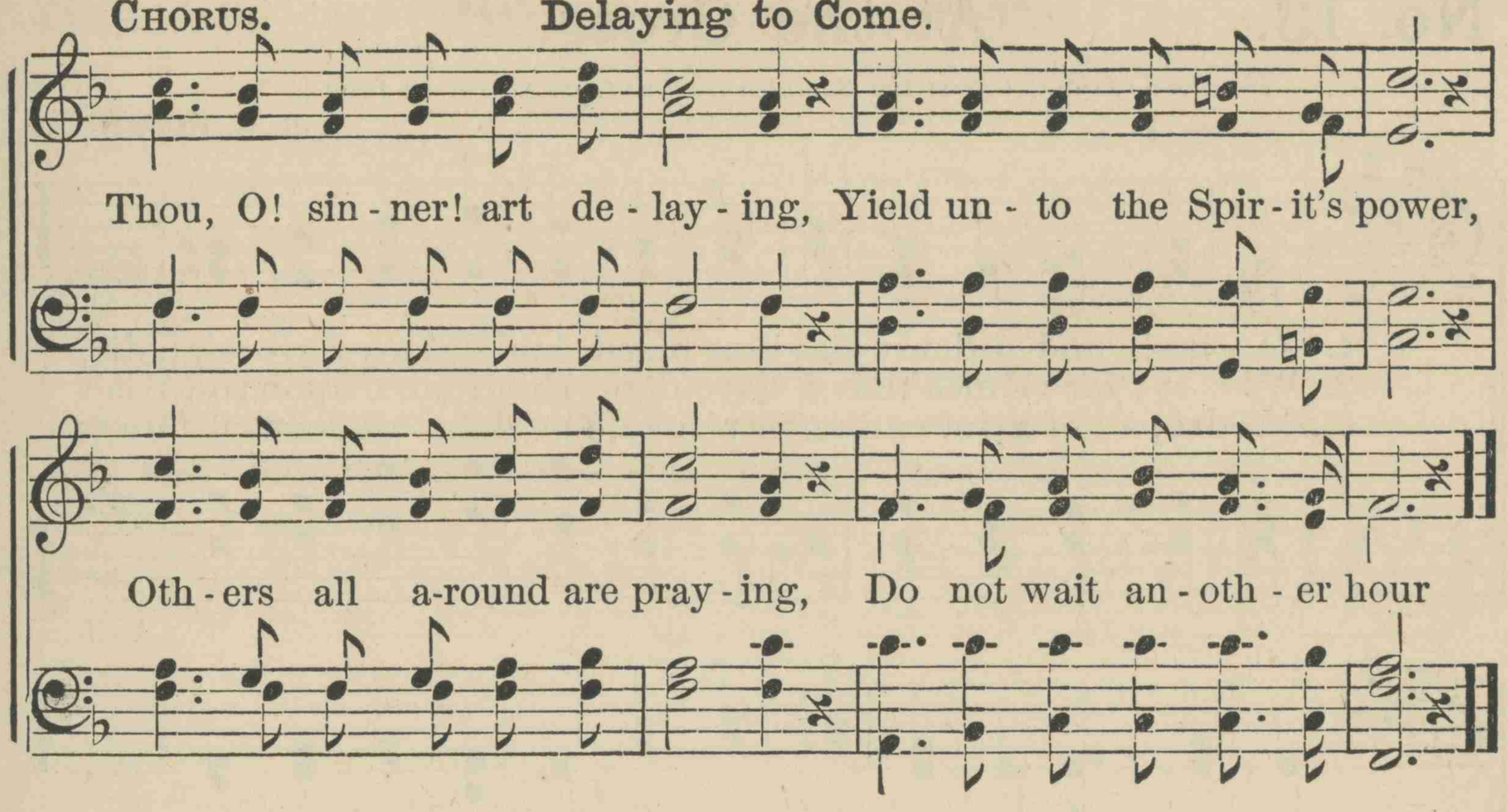
No. 11. Delaying to Come.

T. Whiting Bancroft. D. B. Towner.



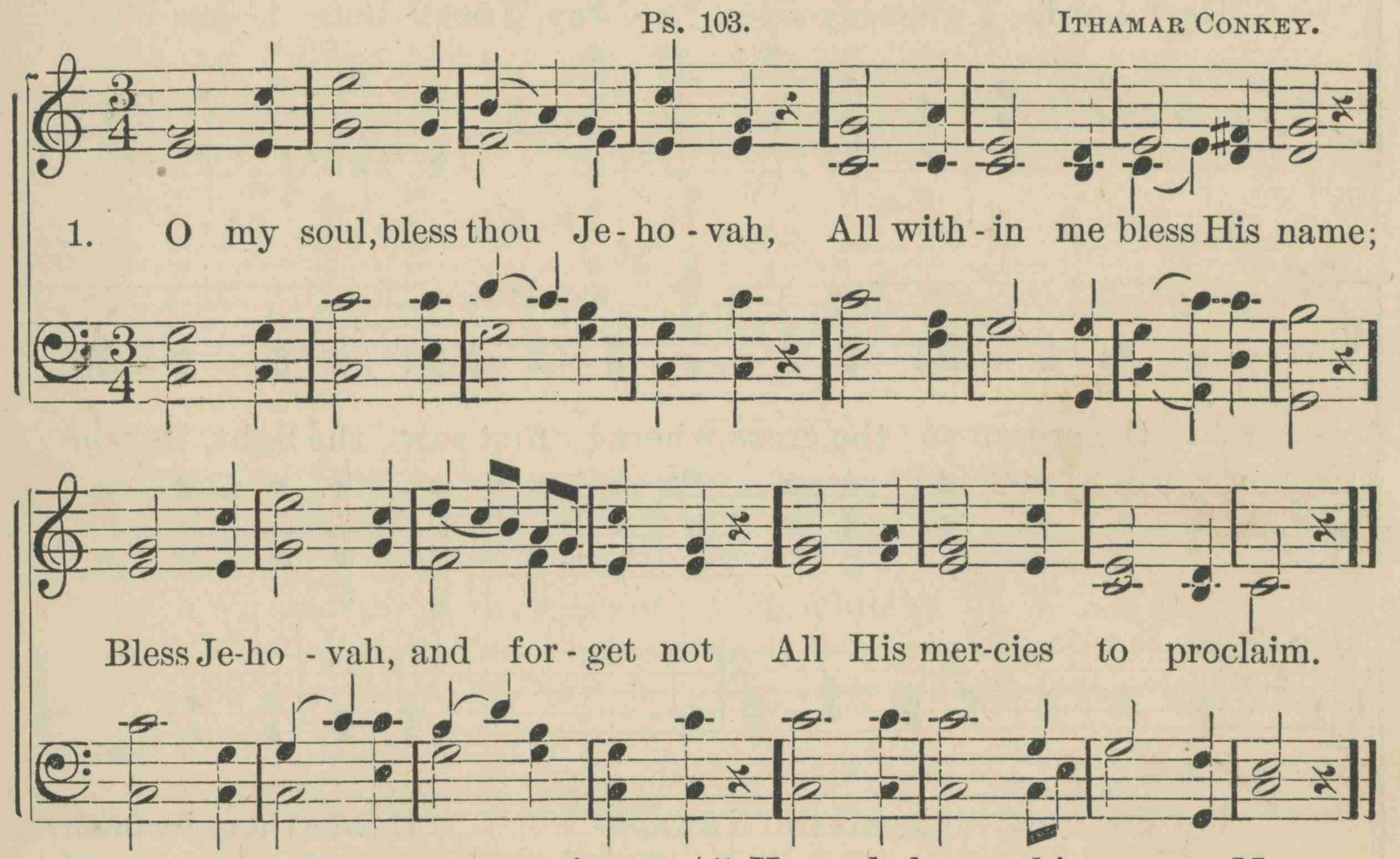
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CHORUS. **Delaying to Come.**



No. 12. Rathbun. 8s & 7s.

Ps. 103. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



2 Who forgives all thy transgressions,
Thy diseases all who heals;
Who redeems thee from destruction,
Who with thee so kindly deals.

3 Who with tender mercies crowns thee,
Who with good things fills thy mouth,
So that even like the eagle
Thou hast been restored to youth.

4 In His righteousness, Jehovah
Will deliver those distressed;
He will execute just judgment
In the cause of all oppressed.

5 He made known his ways to Moses,
And His acts to Isr'el's race;
God is plentiful in Mercy,
Slow to anger, rich in grace.

6 He will not forever chide us,
Nor keep anger in His mind,
Hath not dealt as we offended,
Nor rewarded as we sinned.

7 For as high as is the heaven,
Far above the earth below;
Ever great to them that fear Him,
Is the mercy He will show.

By per. O. Ditson & Co.

No. 13. At the Cross.

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

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay, The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de-gree!
Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the
bur-den of my heart roll'd away— It was there by faith
rolled away,
I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. HUDSON.

No. 14. Some Sweet Day.

"*The hour is coming.*" John 5: 28.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. B. TOWNER. By per.

Moderato.

1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet
2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet
3. We shall meet our loved and own, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet
day; Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet
day; Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un -
day; We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's
day; By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - ery -

fold Heaven's splendors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
slain, Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
where, O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

No. 15. We're on the Way!

Isaiah 35: 8 to 10.

S. M. SAYFORD. D. B. TOWNER.



1. The promised land! by faith I see, Where God's own glory gilds the day, Where
2. The promised land! where thousands dwell, Who've washed their robes in Jesus' blood, With
3. The promised land! with gates of pearl, Ajar for all the blood-wash'd throng, A
4. The prom-ised land! with mansions fair, Where Je - sus now pre - pares a place, From
5. The promised land! the Father's house Awaits us on the shining shore, When



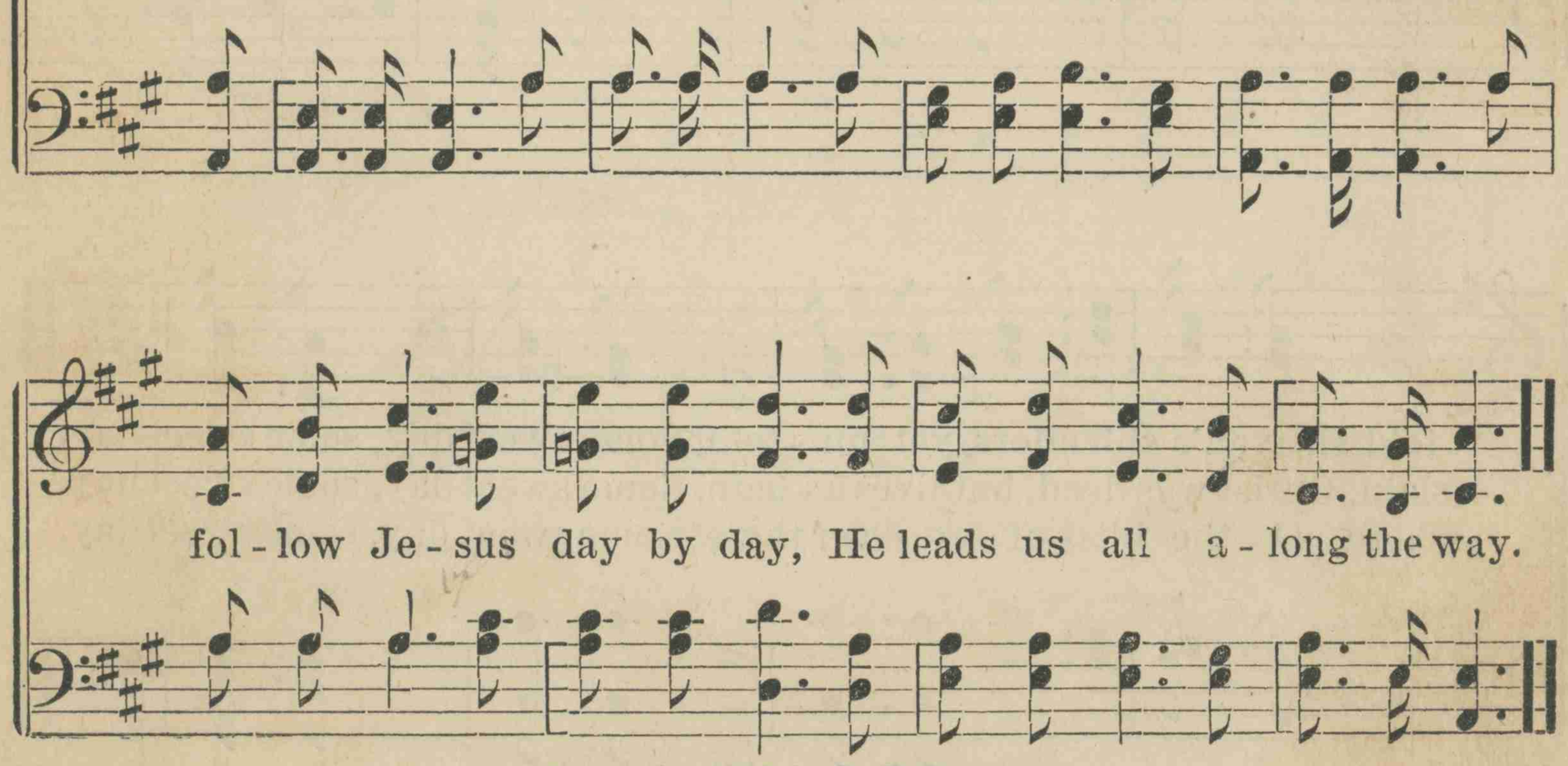
we shall dwell with Christ redeem'd, By His own grace we're on the way.
them we'll wave the branch of palm, When we have cross'd the narrow flood.
few more marches—hold on faith! And then we'll sing Redemption's song.
whence He'll come to take us home, And we shall see Him, face to face.
there we'll strike our harps of gold, And praise His name forev - er more.



CHORUS.



We're on the way, we're on the way, To glo-ry-land, We're on the way; We



fol - low Je - sus day by day, He leads us all a - long the way.

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No. 16. The Lily of the Valley.

A friend loveth at all times.—Pro. 17 : 17. English Melody.

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

fair-est of ten thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Valley, in
tation He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him forsaken, and
live by faith and do His blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've

D.S. *Lil - y of the Valley, the*

FINE.

Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
all my i-dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
nothing now to fear, With His manna He my hun-gry soul shall fill.

bright and Morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thou-sand to my soul.

In sor - row He's my com- fort, in troub-le He's my stay,
Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore,
Then sweeping up to glo - ry, to see His bless- ed face,

D.S.

He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the
Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

No. 17. We'll be There!

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—John 16: 20.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Where the earth-faded flowers shall freshen, Freshen nev-er, no nev-er to
2. Where the morning shall waken in gladness, And the noon the pure joy shall pro-
3. Where the love bond is nev-ermore severed, Where no parting is ev- ermore

fade, Where the shad - ed sky once more shall bright - en, Brighten
long, Where the day-light dissolves in rich fra-grance 'Mid the
known, We shall meet with the ho - ly and ransomed By the

CHORUS.

ne'er to be darkened by shade. We'll be there, we'll be
burst of en - rapt - ur - ing song.
beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful throne. we'll be there,

there, Crowns unfading and white robes to wear, . . . We'll be
we'll be there, we'll be there,

there, we'll be there, In the beauty of His glory to share.
we'll be there, we'll be there,

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No. 18. The Child of a King.

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.—Ps. 149: 2.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men! Once wandered o'er earth as the
3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

world in His hands; Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
poor-est of them; But now He is reigning for - ev - er on high, And will
"a-lien" by birth; But I've been "adopted," my name's written down An
me o -ver there; Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing, All

CHORUS.

cof- fers are full, He has rich - es untold. I'm the child of a King, the
give us a home in the sweet by and by.
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

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

By permission.

No. 19. The Saviour is my All.

Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost.—Heb. 7: 25.

P. B. P. BILHORN.

1. The Sav-iour is my all in all, He is my con-stant theme; By
2. His spir - it gives sweet peace within, And bids all care de - part; He
3. And what-so - ev - er I may ask, To glo - ri - fy His name, The
4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, rejoice, Give thanks unto thy God, Who

sim - ply trust - ing in His word, He keeps me pure and clean.
fills my soul with righteousness, And pu - ri - fies the heart.
Fa - ther free - ly gives to me, Since Christ the Sav - iour came.
took thee in thy sin-ful-ness, And cleansed thee by His blood.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, oh glo - ry, Je - sus hath redeemed me,

Glo - ry, oh glo - ry, He washed my sins a - way.

Copyright, 1886, by P. BILHORN.

No. 20. The Lamb is the Light thereof.

PAULINA. GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

1. If nev - er the gaze of sun and moon, On the bless-ed home a -
2. And thus saith the page of Ho - ly Writ, Of the land of song and
3. Then follow Him, till the eye grows dim, And the soul, as ark-freed

bove, From whence are its rays of won-drous noon? Oh! "the
love, "The glo - ry of God did light - en it, And the
dove, Shall speed a - way to realms of day, Where "the

CHORUS.

LAMB is the light there - of." They shall walk in white, there shall
be no night in the fade - less home a - bove; And the
shout shall ring as the ransomed sing, Oh! "the LAMB is the light thereof."

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No. 21. Seeds of Promise.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE. By per.

1. Oh, scatter seeds of lov-ing deeds, Along the fer-tile field, For
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will surely live; Tho'
3. The harvest-home of God will come, And af-ter toil and care; With

CHORUS.

Then day by

grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield.
great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.
joy untold your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

day . . . . along your way, ... The seeds of prom - - - - ise

Then day by day a-long your way, The seeds of promise cast, the

cast, ... That ripened grain . . . . . from hill and

seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain

plain, ... Be gathered home . . . . . at last. . . . . .

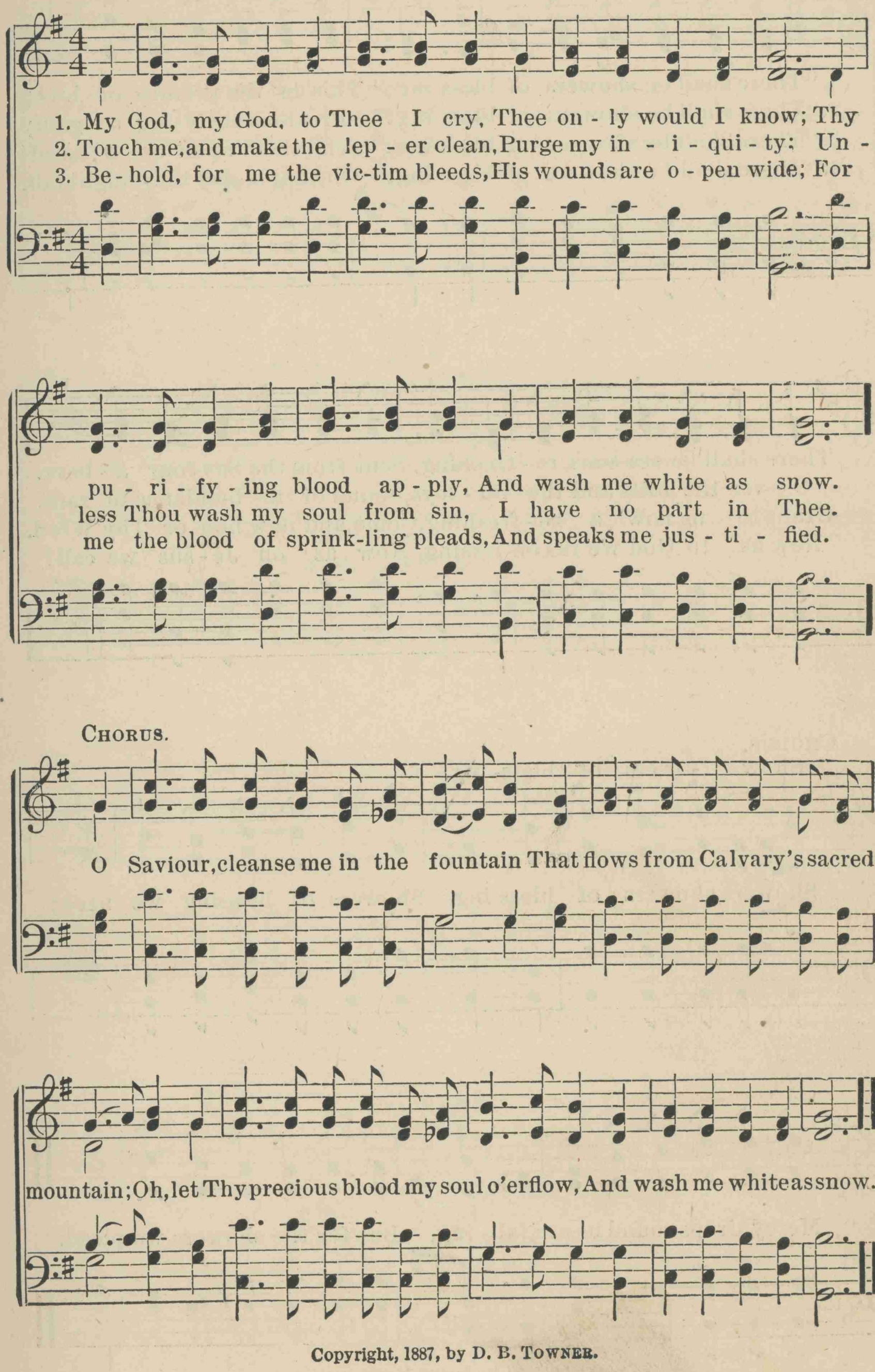
from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last. . . . .

No. 22. Wash me White as Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Ps. 51: 7.

CHARLES WESLEY. D. B. TOWNER.

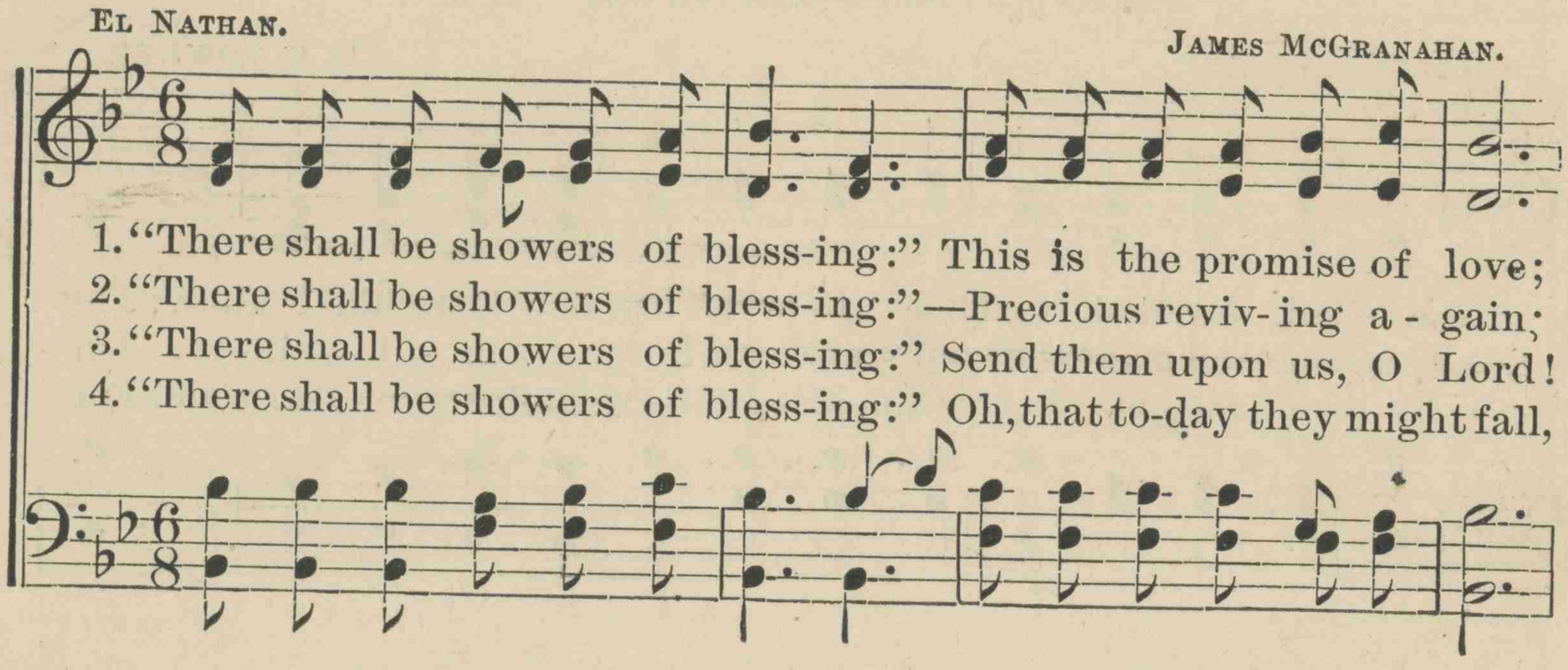


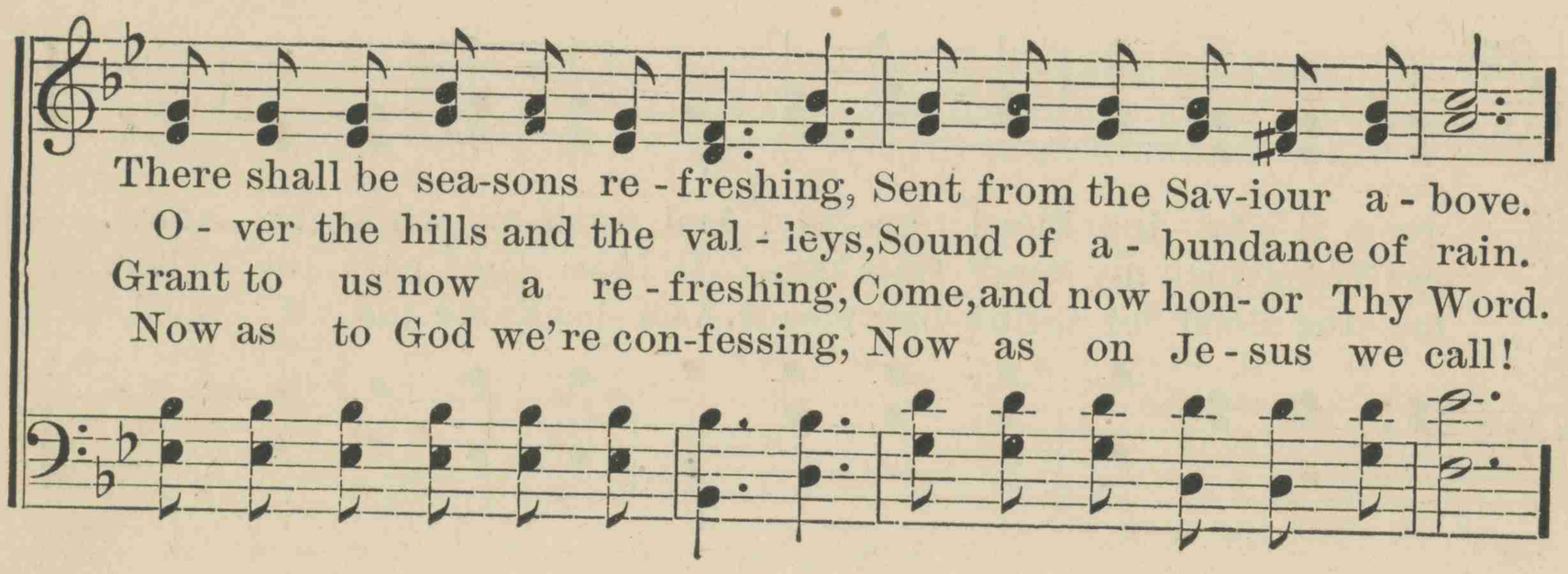
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No. 23. There shall be Showers of Blessings.

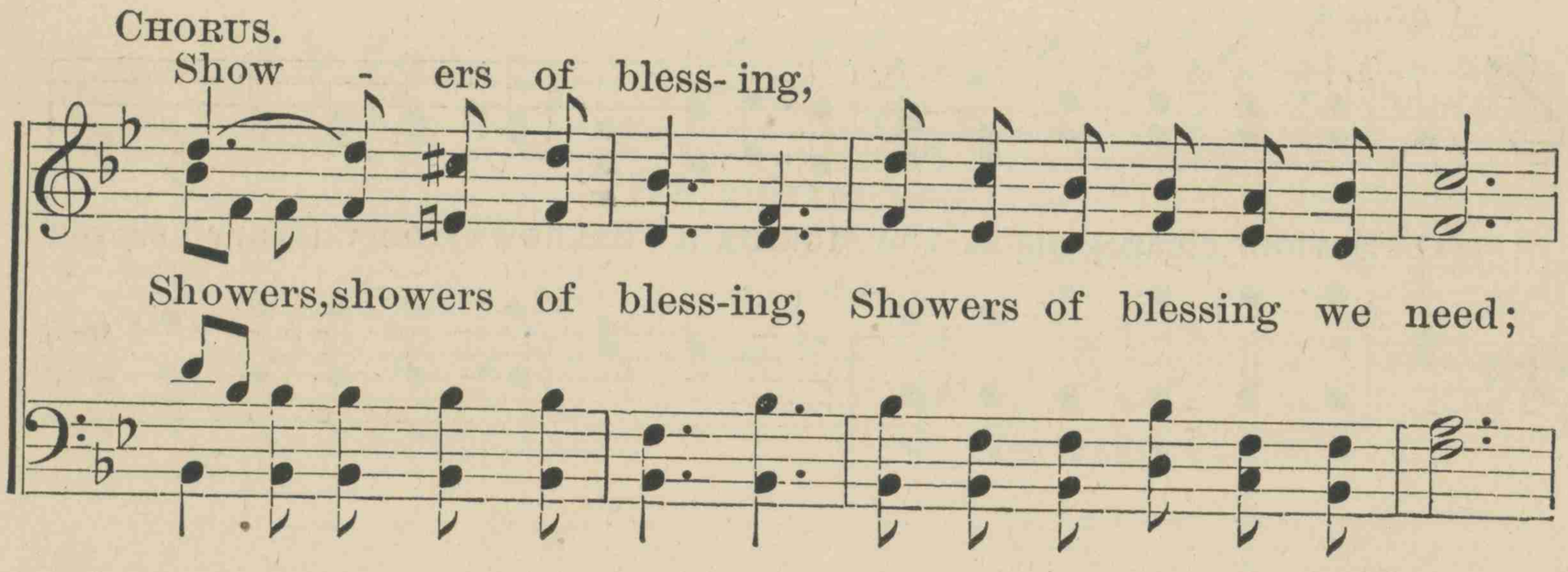
Ezek. 34: 26.

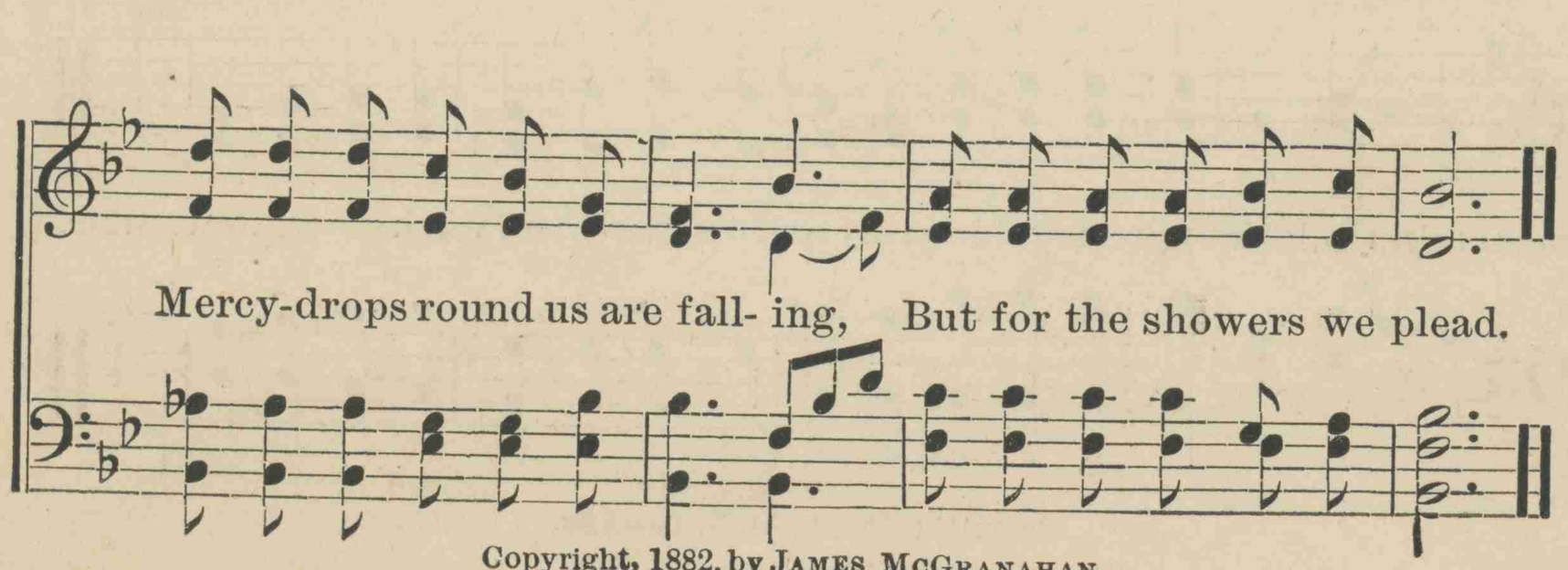
EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.





CHORUS.





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No. 24. Room in the Heart of Jesus!

Matt. xi. 28.

C. B. COMFORT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is room in the heart of Je - sus, For the wea - ry, and worn and sad. There is room in the heart of Jesus, And a welcome to make them glad.
2. There is room in the heart of Je - sus, And He com-eth in grace to all, With a message of full forgivness With a sweet and a loving call.
3. There is room in the heart of Jesus, Yes, there's room, come and find it true. Why in sin will you longer wander? Come, oh, come, while He calls for you.

REFRAIN.

There is room, . . there is room, . . There is room in the heart of Jesus, There is room, there is room, There is room in His heart for thee.

There is room, there is room,

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No. 25. Redeemed!

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107:2.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, glad "whoso-ev - er," the deed is done, My sins are pardon'd thro'
2. I came to my Saviour, His word believed, When He the sinner at
3. Oh, glad "whoso - ev- er," the crimson tide Is free and o - pen, is

Christ the Son; Of love so precious I never had dream'd, Oh, sweet is the peace of the
once received, And now His praises I joyfully sing, And dwell in the love of my
deep and wide; Oh, come, my brother, and bathe in the stream, And you shall be filled with a

CHORUS.

soul redeem'd. Oh, glory to Jesus, my soul is redeem'd! redeem'd! . . . re-
Lord and King.

Oh, glo - - - - ry to Je - - - - sus, re - deem'd! . . . . re-
joy supreme. Oh, glory to Jesus, my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! my

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Redeemed.

deemed! . . . . Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dream'd, Oh

soul is redeem'd! Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed, Oh

rap - - - - tur-ous sto - - ry, redeem'd! . . . redeem'd! . . Oh,

rapturous story, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! Oh,
Oh,

rall.

glory, oh, glory, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeem'd! redeemed!

glo - - ry! Oh, glo - - ry, re-deemed! . . - re-deemed! . .
glory, oh, glory, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed!

No. 26. Row Me over the Stream.

"And it was a river that I could not pass over." Ezek. 42: 5.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Boatman, my spir - it is yearning, There in the glo - ry to be;
2. There the be - lov - ed are wait - ing, Gathered to Je - sus be - fore;
3. Sad were the days of the part - ing, Long were the years that are flown;
4. Boatman, de - lay not thy com-ing, Speed-i - ly fer - ry me o'er

There where the Lord is pre - par - ing Welcome and blessing for me.
Wait - ing in glo - ry to greet me, Where we shall sev - er no more.
Brief is the jour-ney be - fore me, Bear me a - way to my own.
Sweet is the welcome a - wait-ing There on the hap - pi - er shore.

REFRAIN.

O - ver, o - ver, Boatman, row me o - ver the stream
Row me o - ver, row me o - ver,

Lov'd ones are waiting to greet my coming, Row me o - ver the stream.

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No. 27. Blessed Assurance.

He is faithful that hath promised.—Heb. 10: 23.

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

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my

fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of
rap-ture burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-
Sav-iour am hap-py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, looking a-

CHORUS.

God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my
bove, Ech-oes of mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my
bove, Filled with His good-ness, lost in His love. This is my

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

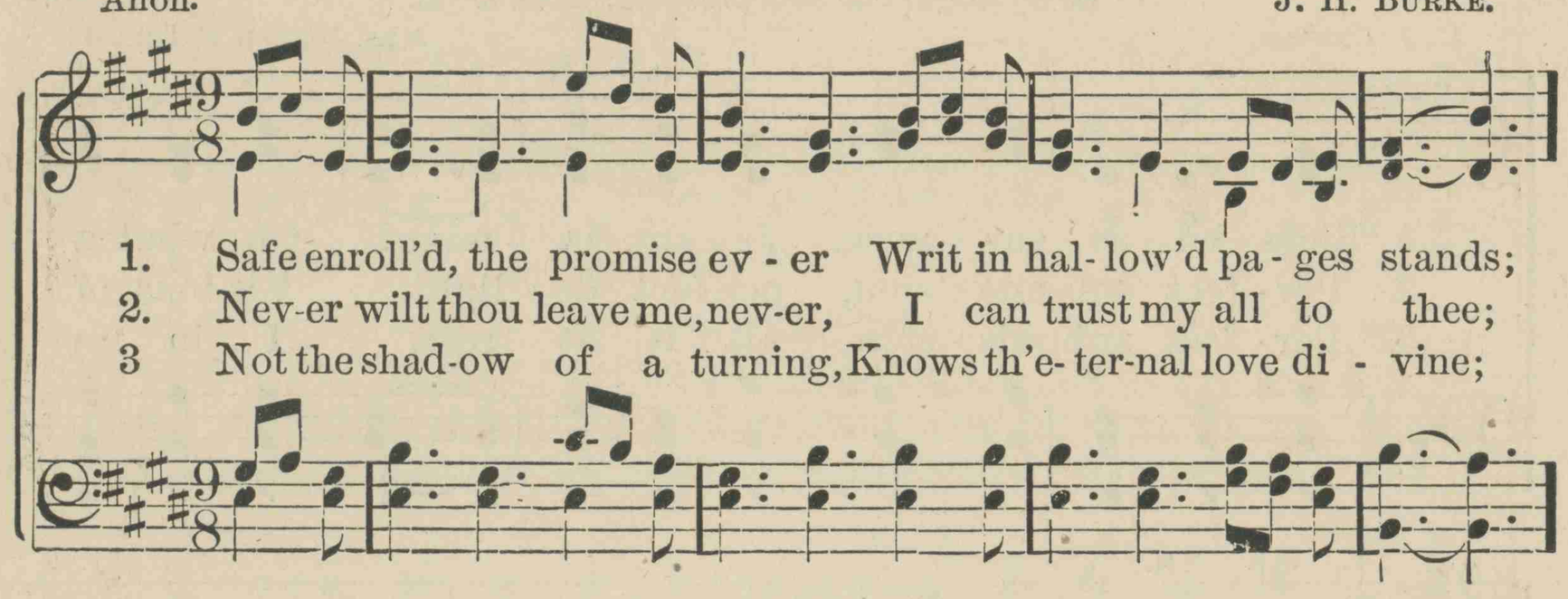
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

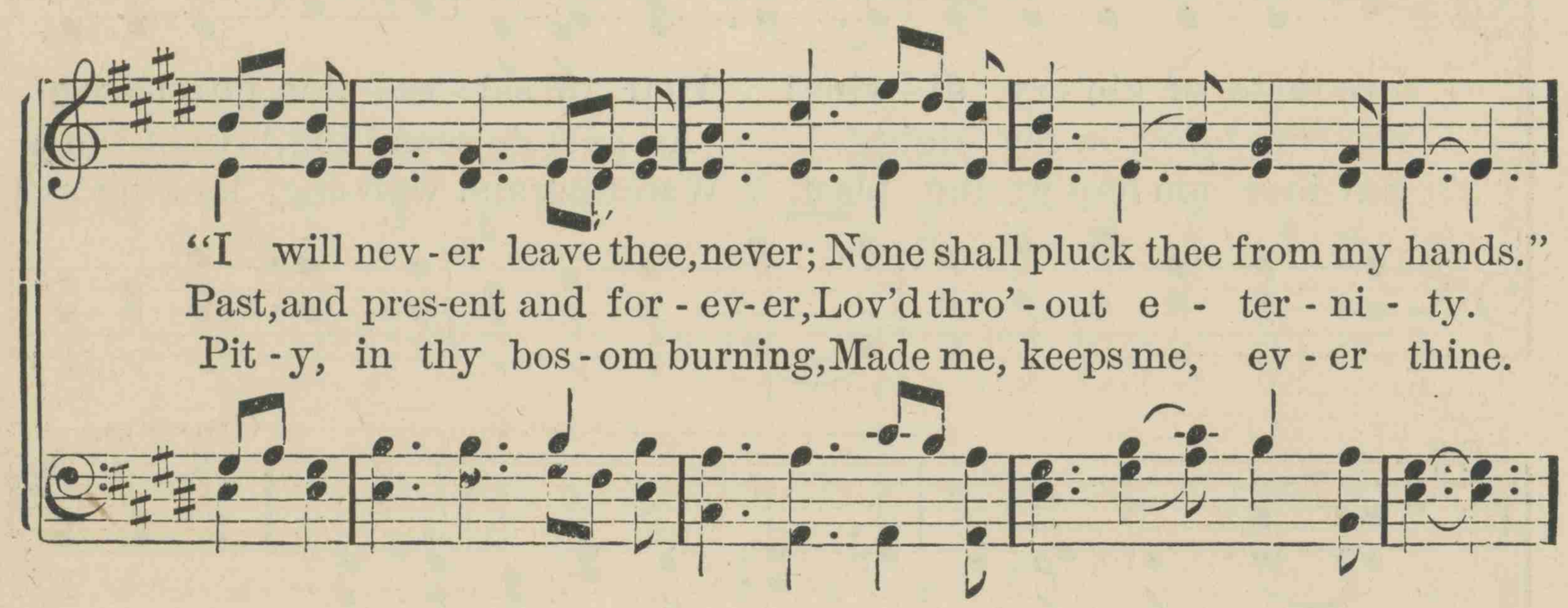
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No. 28. Safe Enrolled.

"Whose Names are in the Book of Life." Phil. 4: 3.

Anon. J. H. BURKE.





CHORUS.





Copyright, 1887, by F. H. Revell.

BURKE.

stands;
thee;
vine;

y hands."
- ty.
thine.

er!

ev - er!

am thine:

Nothing shall . . . . pre - vail to sev - - - er

Noth-ing shall prevail to sev - er, Nothing shall prevail to sev - er

From thy love, ... this soul of mine.

From thy love, there's naught can sever, this soul of mine, this soul of mine.

No. 29. Coronation.

Rev. E. PERRONET, 1780. O. HOLDEN, 1793.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-restri- al ball,
3. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all ma - jes - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all ma-jes - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 30. Behold, what Love!

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—John 3: 1.

M. S. S. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Be - hold, what love, what boundless love, The Fa-ther hath bestowed
2. No lon - ger far from Him, but now By "precious blood" made nigh;
3. What we in glo - ry soon shall be, It doth not yet ap - pear;
4. With such a bless-ed hope in view, We would more ho-ly be,

On sin-ners lost, that we should be Now called the sons of God!
Ac - cept-ed in the "Well-be-loved," Near to God's heart we lie.
But when our precious Lord we see, We shall His im - age bear.
More like our ris - en, glorious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

CHORUS.

Be - hold, what manner of love! . . . . . What manner of

What manner of love,

love the Father hath bestowed up - on us, That we, that

we should be call'd, . . . Should be call'd the sons of God.

the sons of God,

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No. 31. Meet me There!

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. Rev. xxii:1, Ezekiel xlvii: 12. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home o'er the riv - er, And its
2. O how sweet is the welcome of an - gels, When the
3. In that home, for the earth's bro - ken - heart - ed, There are

mansions are pleasant and fair; There is joy that en - dur - eth for-
ransomed are gath er - ing home; How the an - thems of glad - ness are
pleasures and peace ev- er-more, For the des - o - late, lone - ly, and

CHORUS.

ev - er, For the King in His glo-ry is there. Meet me there, meet me
swelling, When the blest of the Father are come.
wea-ry, There is rest on that beauti-ful shore. Meet me there,

there, oh, meet me there, On the shore of that beauti - ful riv - er, Meet me

there, meet me there, Meet me there, oh, meet me there, Meet me there when the journey is o'er.

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No. 32. Christ is Mine.

" He that overcometh shall inherit all things : Rev. 21 : 7.

Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D. D. B. Towner.

1. Christ is mine! oh, tru - est treasure! What more can I ask to own? All the wealth that is en - dur - ing Is acquired thro' Him lone! Him pos-sess- ing, I have all things, All with-out Him
2. What tho' all the world be des-ert, Tho' life's pur-est springs be dry, Tho' no ray of hope or promise Beams from out the clouded sky, If the Saviour is my por-tion, Ros- es in the des- ert
3. What tho' fear-ful storms beat on me, And their wrath seems never spent; Tho' af - fec-tion's fair-est flow-ers Are to earth for - ev - er bent; If the Saviour is my por-tion, He shall lift my spir - it,
4. When the strands of life are breaking, And the dear-est friends de - part, When af - fliction's keenest ar- row Pierc-es to my in- most heart, He shall point my eye to heaven, Where my home and rest are
5. And when thro' the gloomy val - ley, He shall make my feet to tread, When the dan-ger and the darkness Fill my soul with fear and dread, He will guide me, He will keep me, Suf - fer not my foot to

is; This embrac - es ev- ery blessing, "He is mine, and I am His."
bloom; Fountains from the rocks are gushing, Sunshine breaks thro' deepest gloom.
bowed; He shall paint the bow of promise On the now re - tir- ing cloud.
found, Where the robes and harps await me, Where e-ter-nal joys a-bound.
slide, Take my ransomed soul to heaven, With Him ev-er to a - bide.

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No. 33. Let the Saviour In.

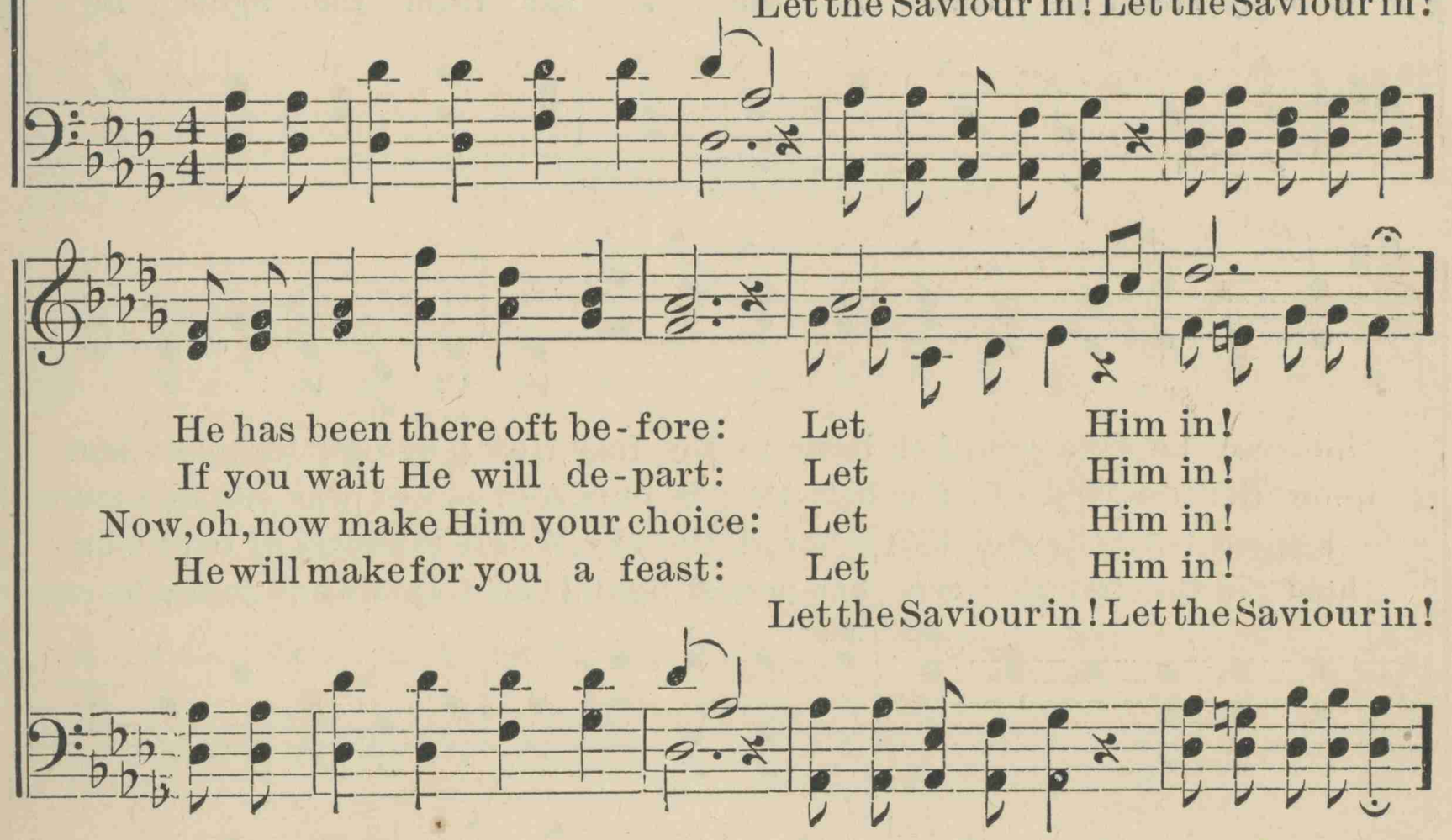
"If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—Rev. 3: 20.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL. By per.



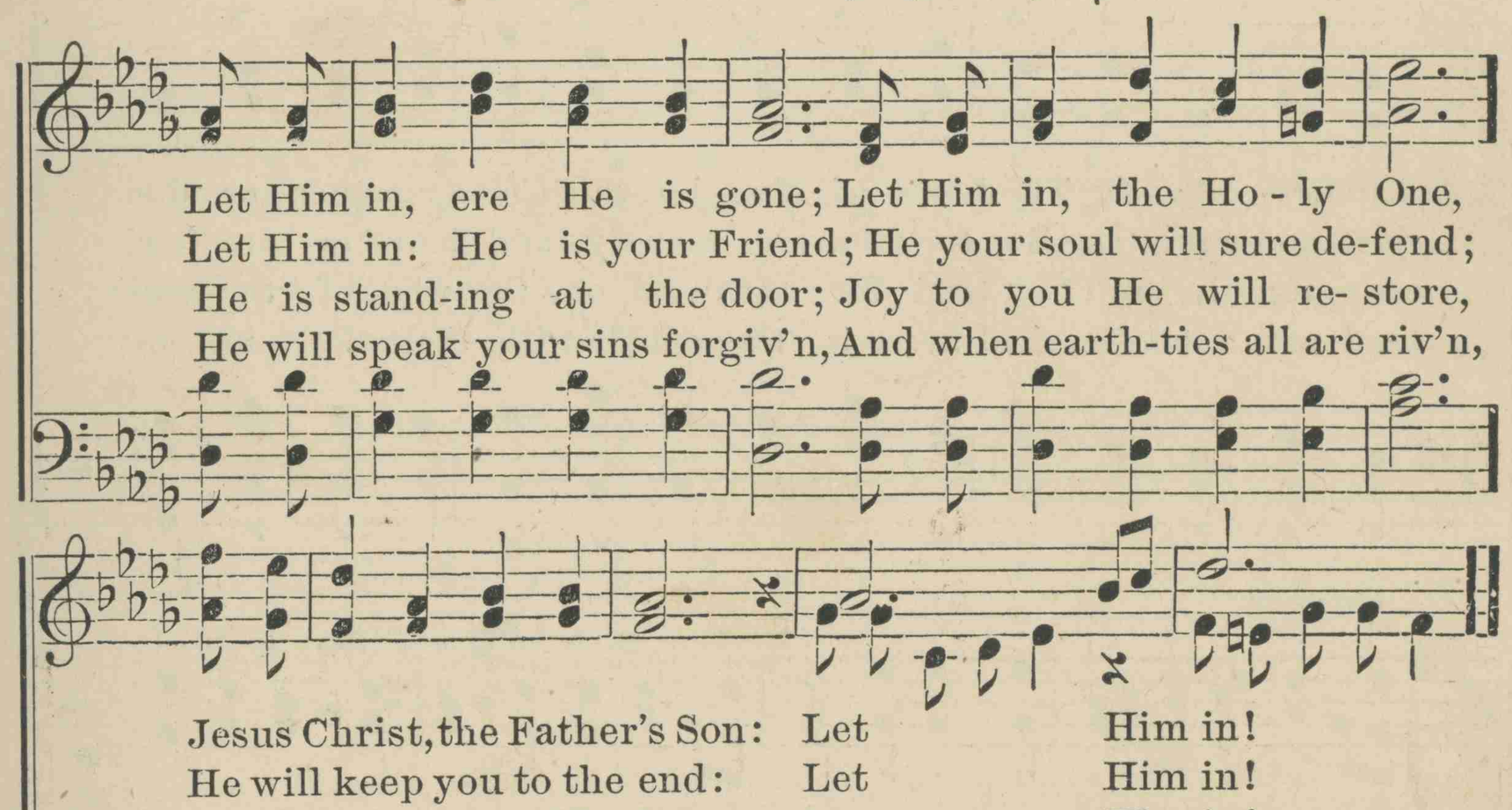
1. There's a Stranger at the door: Let Him in!
2. O-pen now to Him your heart: Let Him in!
3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in!
4. Now ad-mit the heav'nly Guest: Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!



He has been there oft be-fore: Let Him in!
If you wait He will de-part: Let Him in!
Now, oh, now make Him your choice: Let Him in!
He will make for you a feast: Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!



Let Him in, ere He is gone; Let Him in, the Ho-ly One,
Let Him in: He is your Friend; He your soul will sure de-fend;
He is stand-ing at the door; Joy to you He will re-store,
He will speak your sins forgiv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,

Jesus Christ, the Father's Son: Let Him in!
He will keep you to the end: Let Him in!
And His name you will adore: Let Him in!
He will take you home to heav'n: Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!



May be sung as a Solo and Quartet, the latter singing only "Let the Saviour in."

No. 34. Soldiers of Jesus.

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

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O sol - diers of Je - sus, arm, arm and a - way, The
2. Tho' de - mons as sail us, yea, princ - es and pow'rs, We
3. To you is it noth - ing, O you that stand by, That
4. Why stand ye thus i - dle a far from the fight? Be -

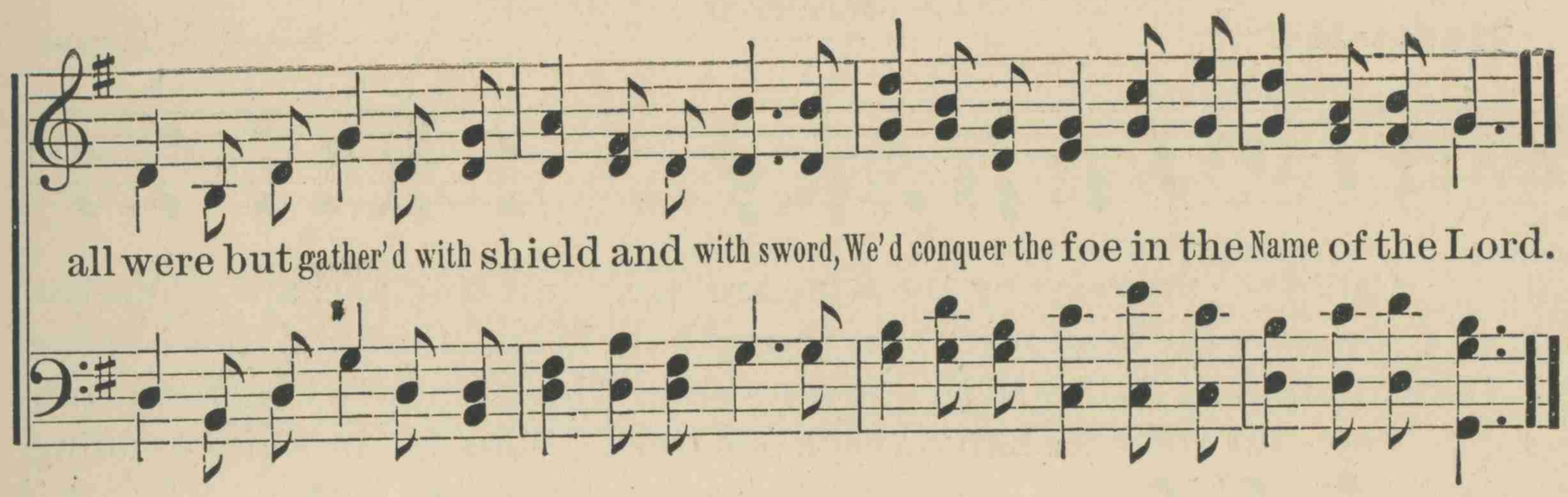
foe is be- fore you, then haste to the fray. How long shall his in - so - lent
know that the God of the bat - tle is ours, And nev - er was con-flict more
le-gions of hell, and that hosts of the sky, Where thunders of bat-tle un -
hold in the bat - tle the ban-ners of light; There Captain and comrades con-

ban-ners de - fy The hosts of Je - ho - vah? Come, conquer or die.
just and more true, But foe-men are man - y, and help-ers are few.
ceas - ing - ly roll, Con-tend for the weal, or the woe of the soul?
tend with the foe, And fierce is the con-flict, Oh, there let us go.

CHORUS.

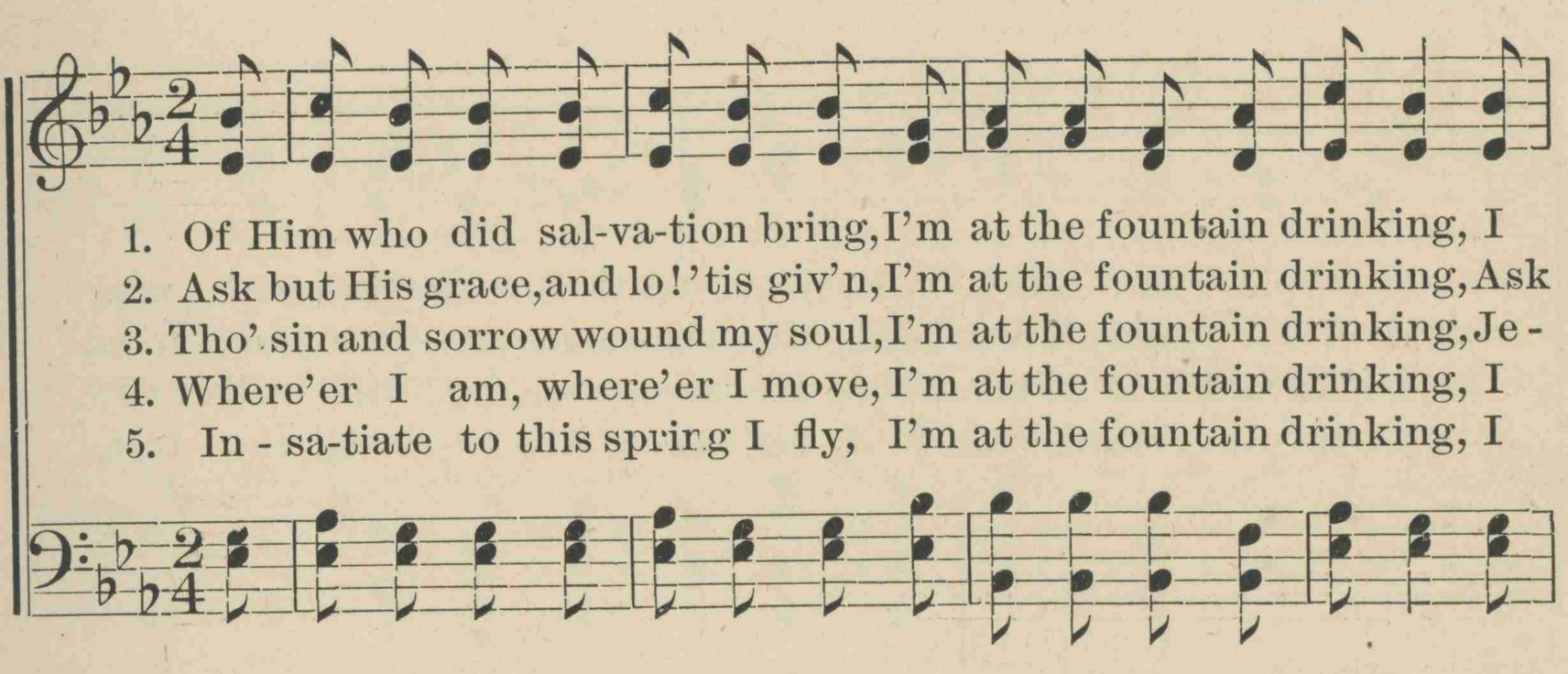
Soldiers of Je-sus, arm and a-way, Fiercely the conflict ra - ges to-day, If

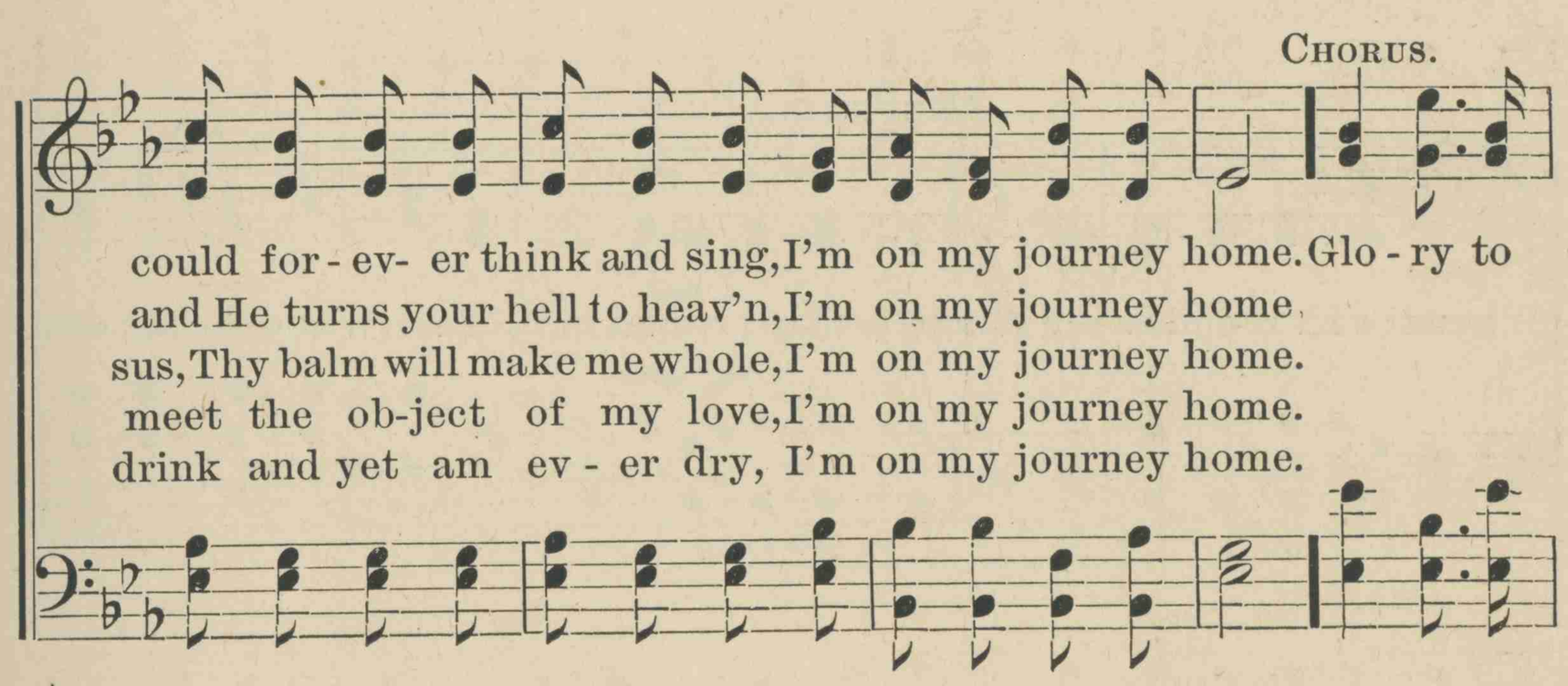
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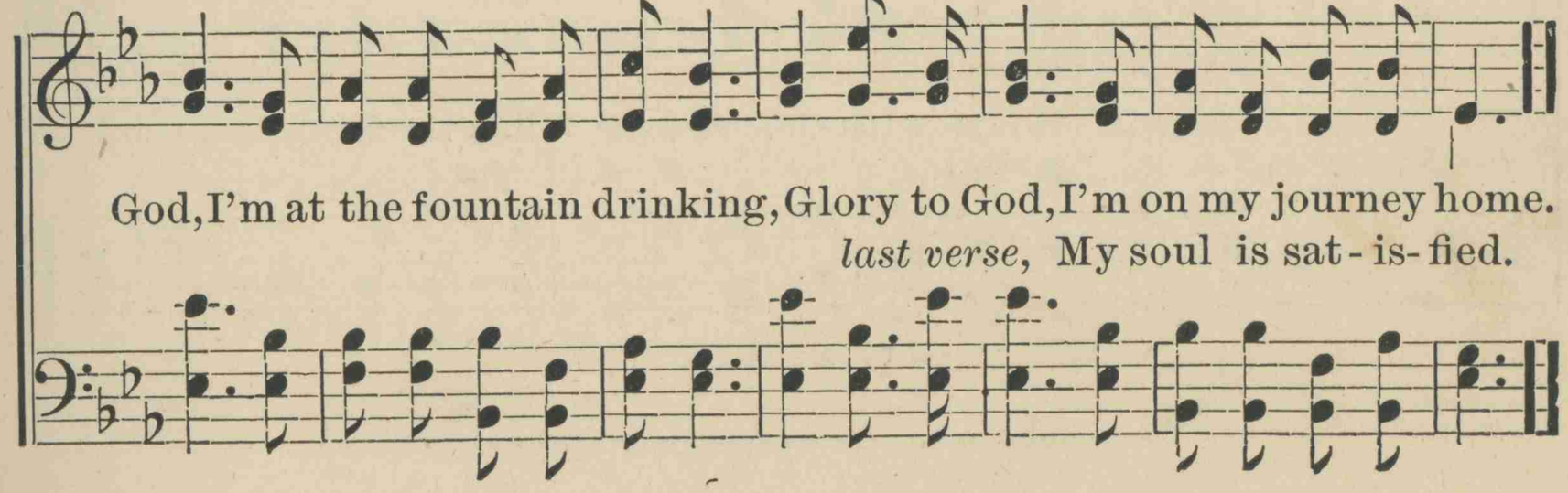


No. 35. At the Fountain.

OLD MELODY.







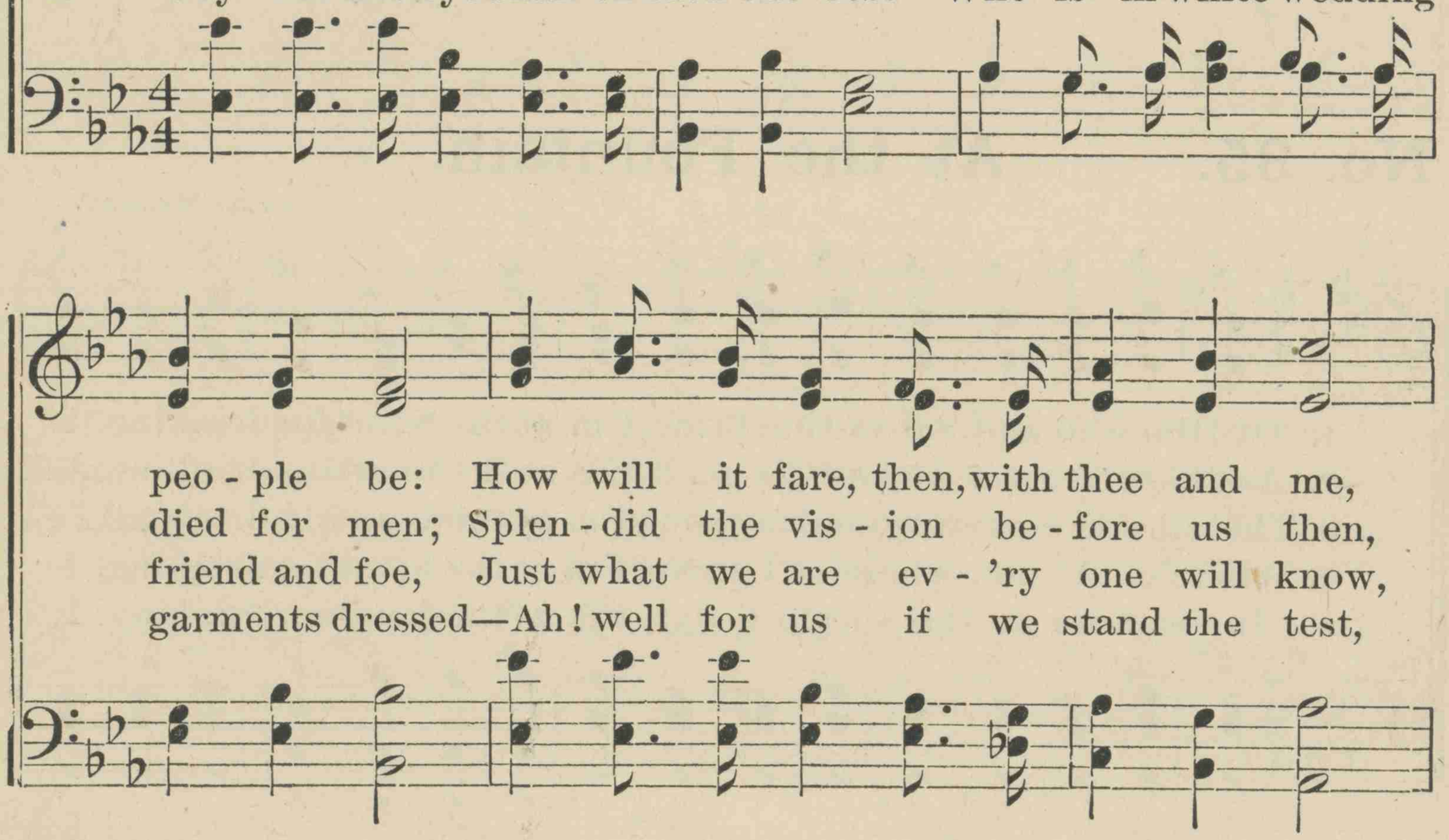
No. 36. When the King comes in.

Matt. 22: 11.

J. E. LANDOR. Rev. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where His
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo-ri-fied He who once
3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both
4. Joy - ful His eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding



REFRAIN.

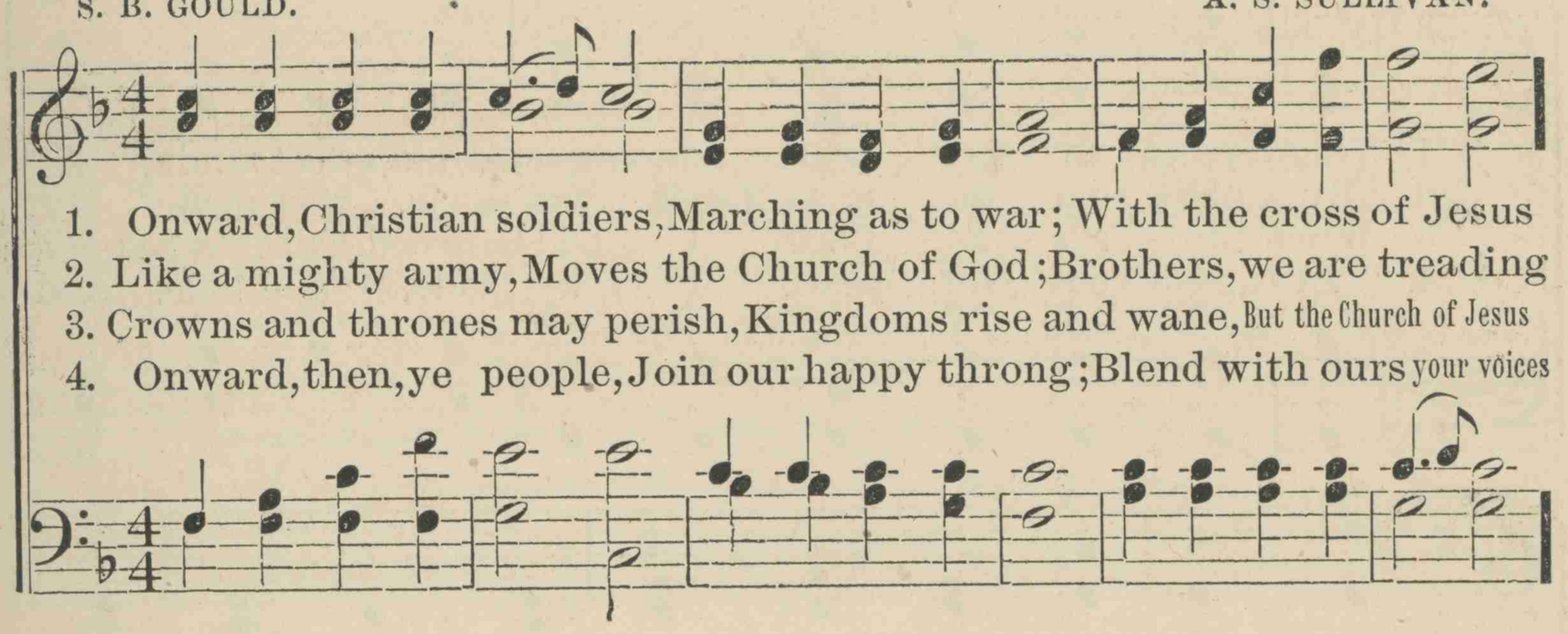


From "SONGS OF REFRESHING." By per.

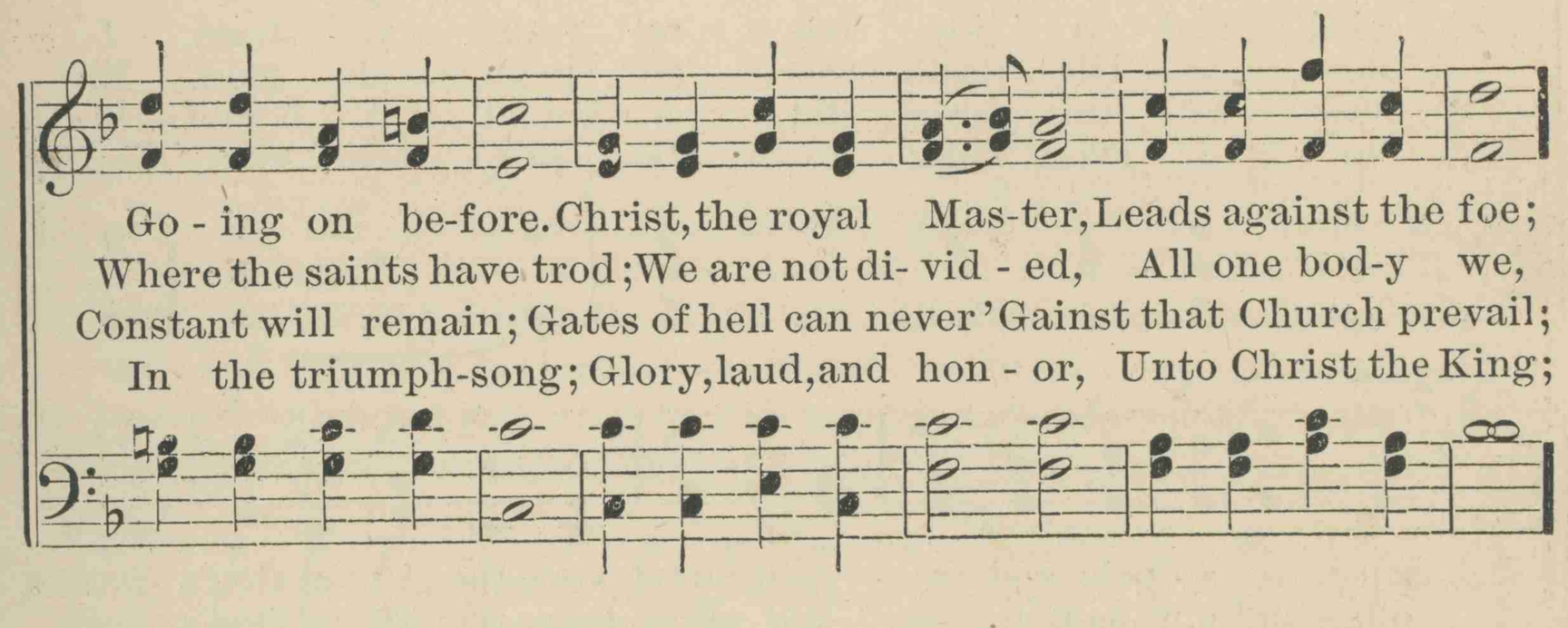
No. 37. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

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

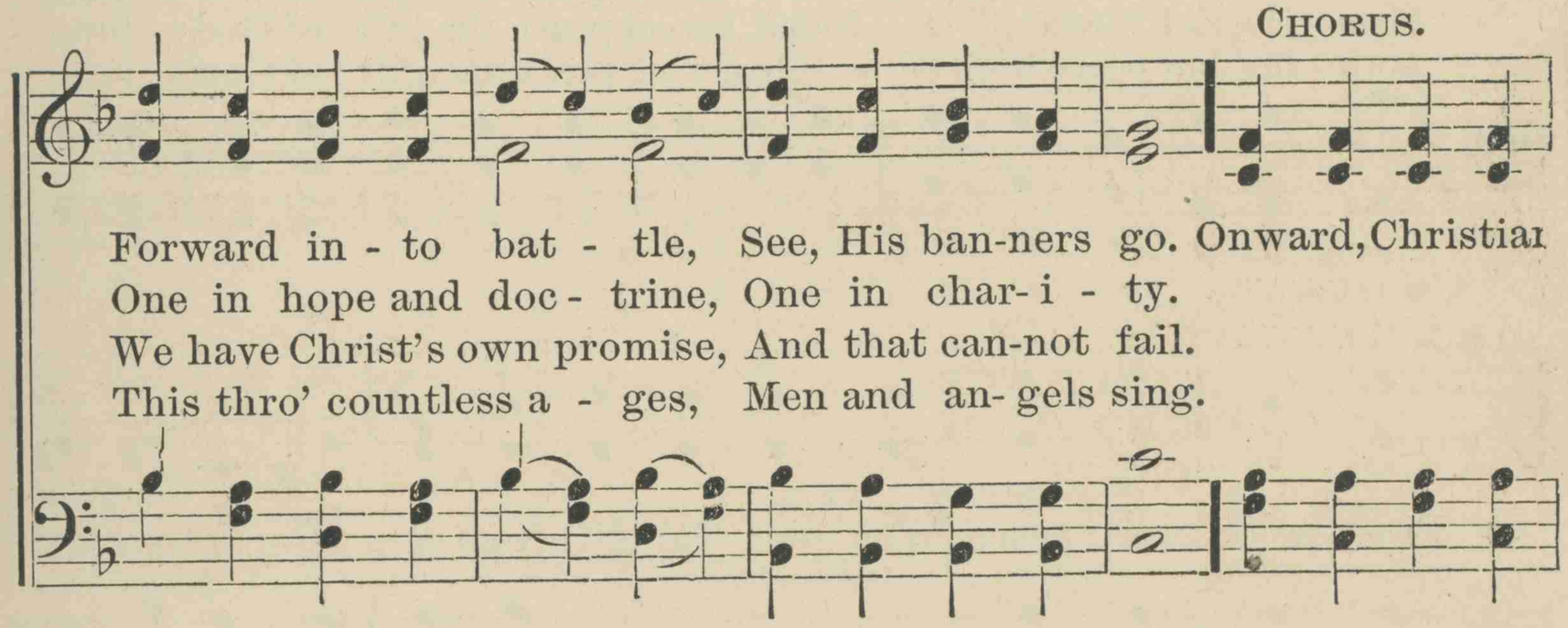
S. B. GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Jesus
2. Like a mighty army, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices

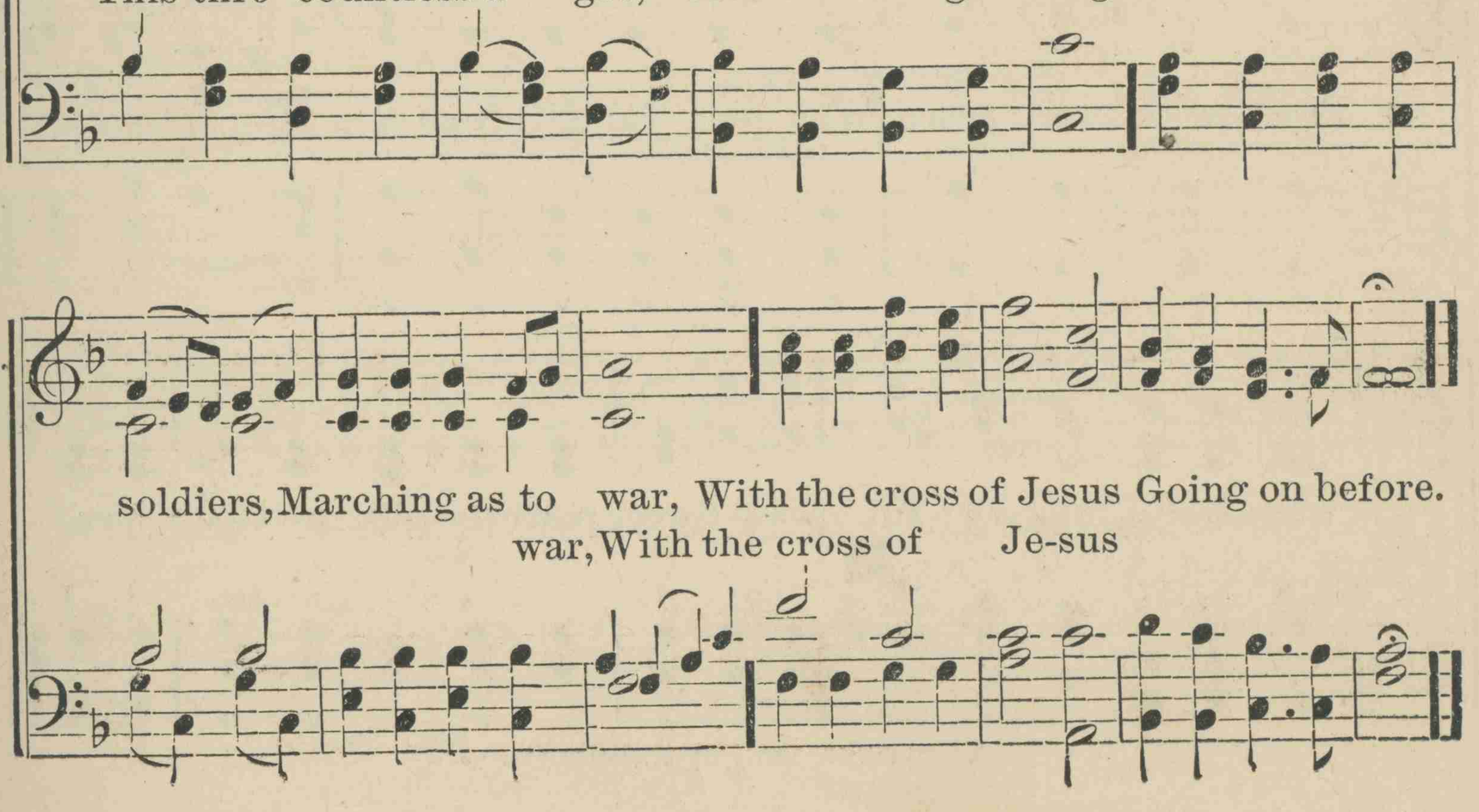


Go - ing on be-fore. Christ, the royal Mas-ter, Leads against the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di- vid - ed, All one bod-y we,
Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glory, laud, and hon - or, Unto Christ the King;

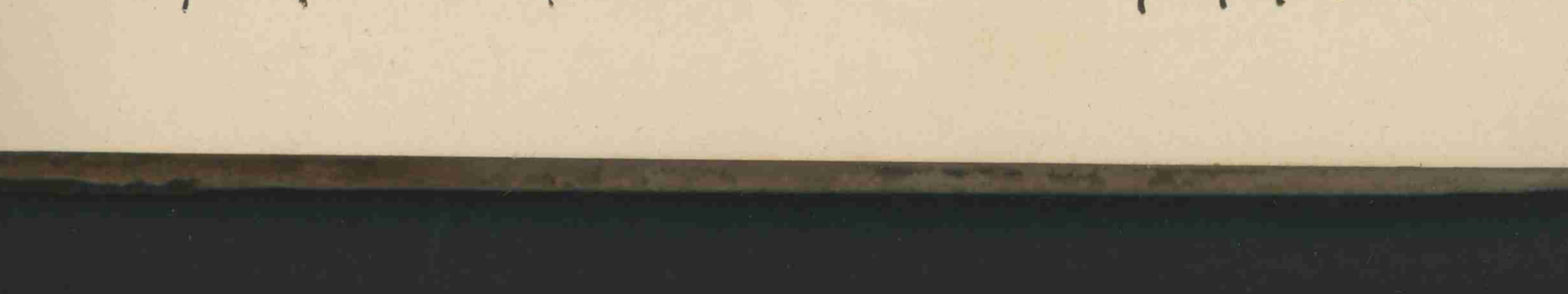


CHORUS.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go. Onward, Christian
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char- i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an- gels sing.



soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before.
war, With the cross of Je-sus



No. 38. Sweet peace the gift of God's love.

P. H. ROBLIN. P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, sweet strain, A
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, was made, My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, had crowned, My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, a - bide, And

glad and a joy ous re - frain, re - frain, I
debt by His death was all paid; all paid, No
heart with this peace did a - bound, a - bound, In
as I keep close to His side, His side, There's

sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace the gift of God's love.
oth - er foun - da-tion is laid For peace the gift of God's love.
Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace the gift of God's love.
noth - ing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove, a-bove, O
won - derful, won-der - ful peace, Sweet peace the gift of God's love.

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No. 39. Tell the Story.

While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Rom. 5: 8.

REV. R. M. OFFORD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Tell the sto - ry! wond'rous sto - ry! Tell the sto - ry far and wide; Je- sus left His home in glo - ry He for ru-ined sin-ners died.
2. Tell the sto - ry! tell the need - y Je - sus died to save them all; Tell them He is ev- er read - y; None in vain on Him shall call.
3. Tell the sto - ry! souls are dy - ing: Lo! it is our Lord's com- mand; Bid the gos-pel news be fly - ing Far and near to ev - ery land.
4. Tell the sto - ry! how He sought you, Straying far in ways of sin; 'Twas His precious blood that bo't you, You have pardon found therein.

CHORUS.

Tell the sto - ry, tell the sto - ry Of sal - va - tion thro' His blood; Tell the sto - ry, wond'rous story, We with Christ are Sons of God.

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No. 40. Move Forward!

The Lord is my light and my salvation.—Ps. 27: 1.

G. W. CROFTS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Move forward! valiant men and strong, Ye who have prayed and labored long, The
2. Move forward! each and every one, The gold-en harvest is begun, Ye
3. Move forward! reaping as you move! Angels are watching from above! A-
4. Move forward! day will die full soon, How quickly evening follows noon, Now

time has come for you to rise, For lo! the sun rolls up the skies.
reap-ers, come from glen and glade And wield the sickle's glitt'ring blade.
round are wit-ness-es a host, A-rouse ye now and save the lost.
is the time to work and pray— Let glory crown the dy-ing day.

CHORUS.

Move for-ward, move for-ward, All a-long the line, Move

Move forward, move forward, All a-long the line, move forward,

for-ward, move for-ward, The light be-gins to shine.

move forward, move forward,

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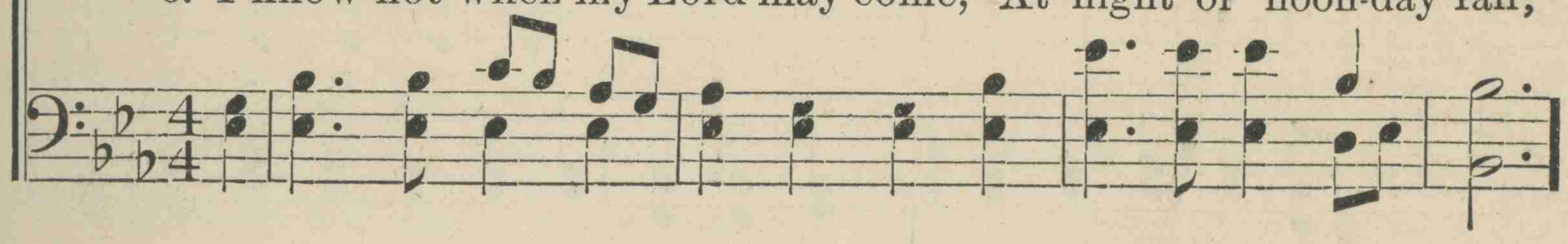
No. 41. I Know Whom I Have Believed.

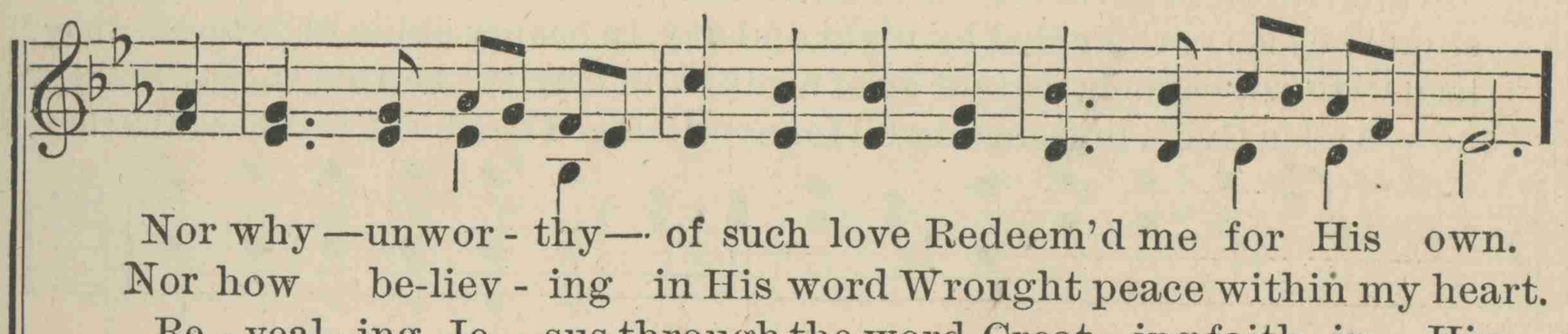
EL. NATHAN. 2 Tim. 1: 12. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.



1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir- it moves, Con-vincing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be reserved for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,





Nor why —unwor - thy— of such love Redeem'd me for His own.
Nor how be-liev - ing in His word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the word, Creat - ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."



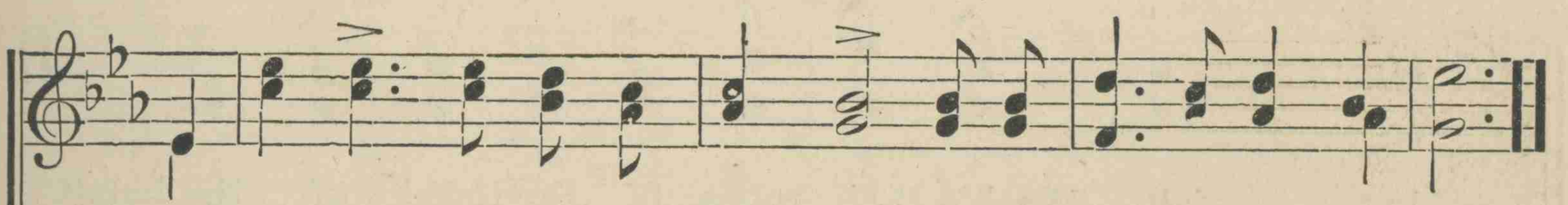
CHORUS.

A little faster.



But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that He is able





To keep that which I've commit - ted un-to Him against that day."



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No. 42. These are They.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, who are these so near the throne, That Je-sus so de-lights to own, Arrayed in garments clean and white, With crowns of victory and light?
2. They cast their crowns before the King, They see His face and prais-es sing; They serve their God by night and day, In beauty shine, oh, who are they?
3. The Lamb of God supplies their needs, By streams of liv-ing wa-ters leads; He wipes their tears of grief away, And can it be that these are they?
4. They toiled and suffered here below, And wash'd their garments white as snow, And in God's presence dwell for aye, Beloved and blest, for these are they.

CHORUS. Rev. 7: 14.

These are they which came out of great trib - u - la - tion, and have wash'd their robes white in the blood of the Lamb. Halle-lu - jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb. hal - le - lu - jah,

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No. 43. Christ Returneth.

"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—John 15: 3.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN. By per.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is awaking, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending, With glori-fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, delight! should we go without dying, No sick-ness, no

dark-ness and shad-ow is breaking, That Je-sus will come in the
chance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst in-to light in the
saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
sad-ness, no dread and no crying, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

ful-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."
ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Jesus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-

rit.

turneth, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

No. 44. Somewhere To-night.

REV. R. M. OFFORD. D. B. TOWNER.

Prov. 23: 22.

1. A mother dear is weeping, Somewhere to-night, Somewhere to-night,
2. A mother's lowly bending, Somewhere to-night, Somewhere to-night,
3. A mother's heart is breaking, Somewhere to-night, Somewhere to-night,
4. A mother still is pleading, Somewhere to-night, Somewhere to-night,

Man - y and bit - ter the tears she weeps, Weary the vi - gil and
Bow-ing and pleading with God in prayer, Bringing to Je - sus her
Breaking with sor-row with shame and grief. When shall she find for her
Pleading, still pleading, for one a - stray, Making the prom-ise of

sad she keeps. For, oh, she grieveth by night and day For one that wandereth
load of care. She prays as mother alone can pray For one that wandereth
soul re - lief! A - las! for her there can be no peace Until her darling to
God her stay, While faith and hope in her bos om burn. Oh! come, thou wandering

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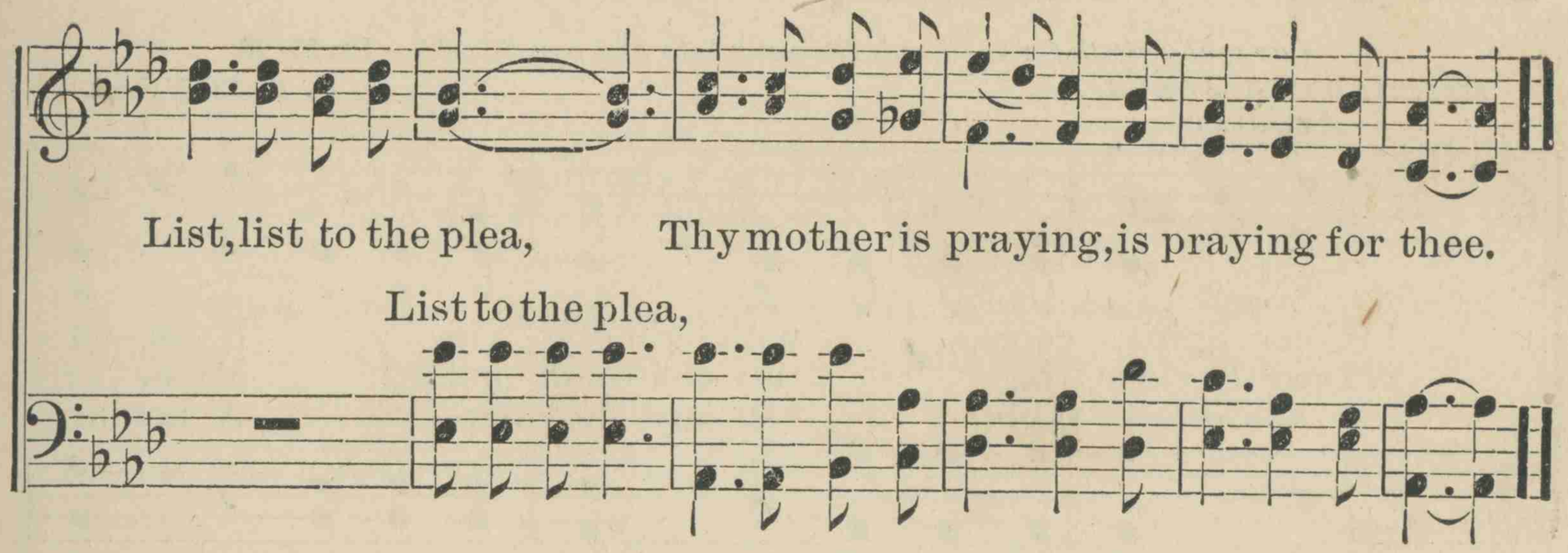
far away From God and right.
far away From God and right.
wander cease From God and right.
one, return To God and right.

O wandering one, . . .

Wandering one,

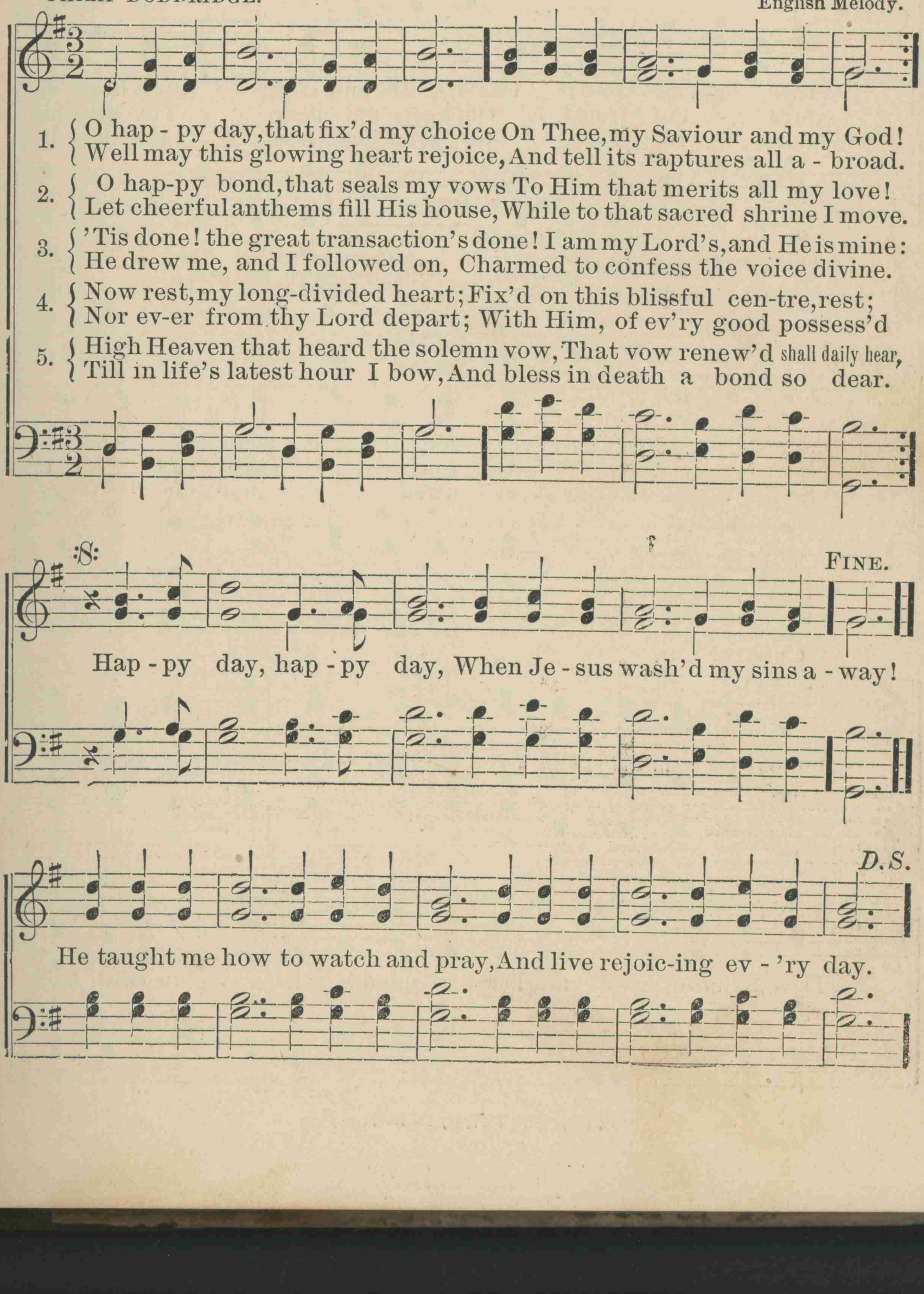
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Somewhere To-night.



No. 45. O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. English Melody.



No. 46. Come Spirit, Come.

Our soul waiteth for the Lord, He is our help and our shield."—Ps. 33: 20.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

Andante.

1. Come, Spirit, come, with light di - vine Il - lu - mi -
2. Dear Saviour, be my con-stant guide, My ev - er -
3. A stronger faith is my de - sire, A nearness,

1. Come, Spir - it, come, with light di - vine Il -
2. Dear Sav - iour, be my con - stant guide, My
3. A stron - ger faith is my de - sire, A

nate my soul; Come, soothe and cheer this heart of
pres - ent friend, Oh, keep me near Thy bleeding
Lord, to Thee, Oh, send just now the ho - ly

lu - mi - nate my wait - ing soul; Come, soothe and cheer this
ev - er-pres - ent, lov - ing friend. Oh, keep me near Thy
nearness, bless - ed Lord, to Thee. Oh, send just now the

ad lib.

mine, And ev - ery foe . . . con - trol.
side, Till all the toil. . . . shall end.
fire, To ev - er dwell . . . in me.

heart of mine, And ev - ery in - ward foe con - trol.
bleed - ing side, Till all the toil and strife shall end.
ho - ly fire, To ev - er sweet - ly dwell in me.

CHORUS.

Come, Spir - it, come with light di - vine, De - scend, O heav'n-ly

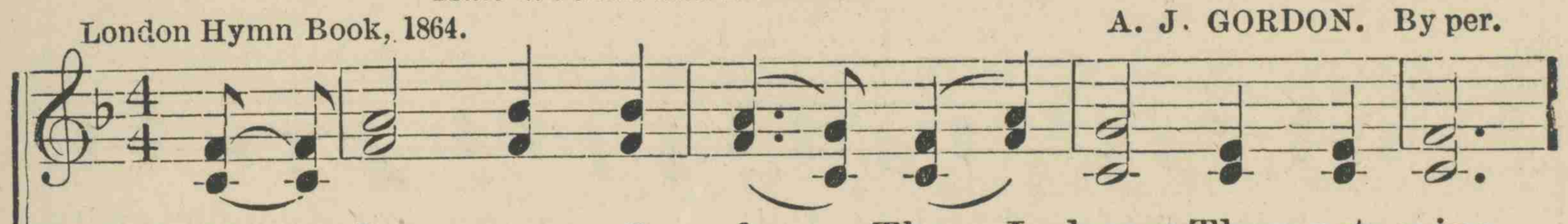
Dove, Shine in, un - til this heart of mine is all a - glow with love.

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No. 47. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

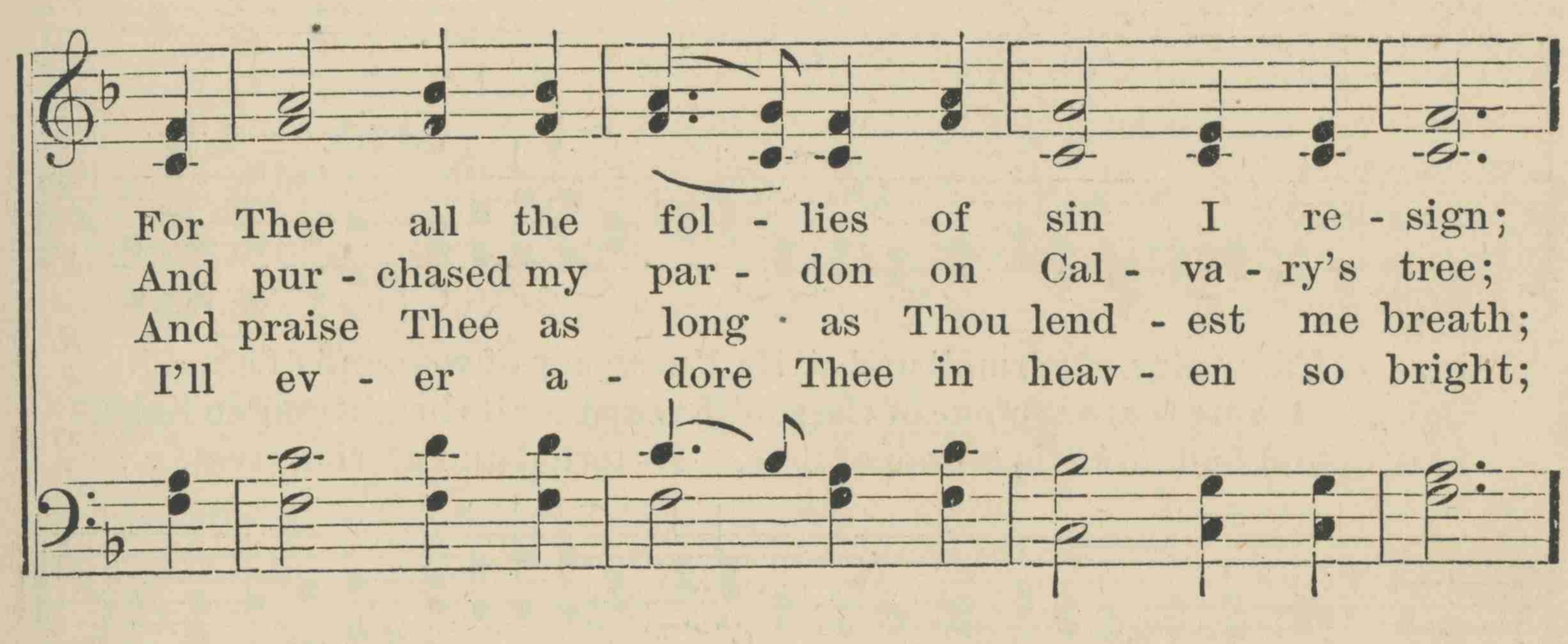
"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—John 17: 10.

London Hymn Book, 1864. A. J. GORDON. By per.

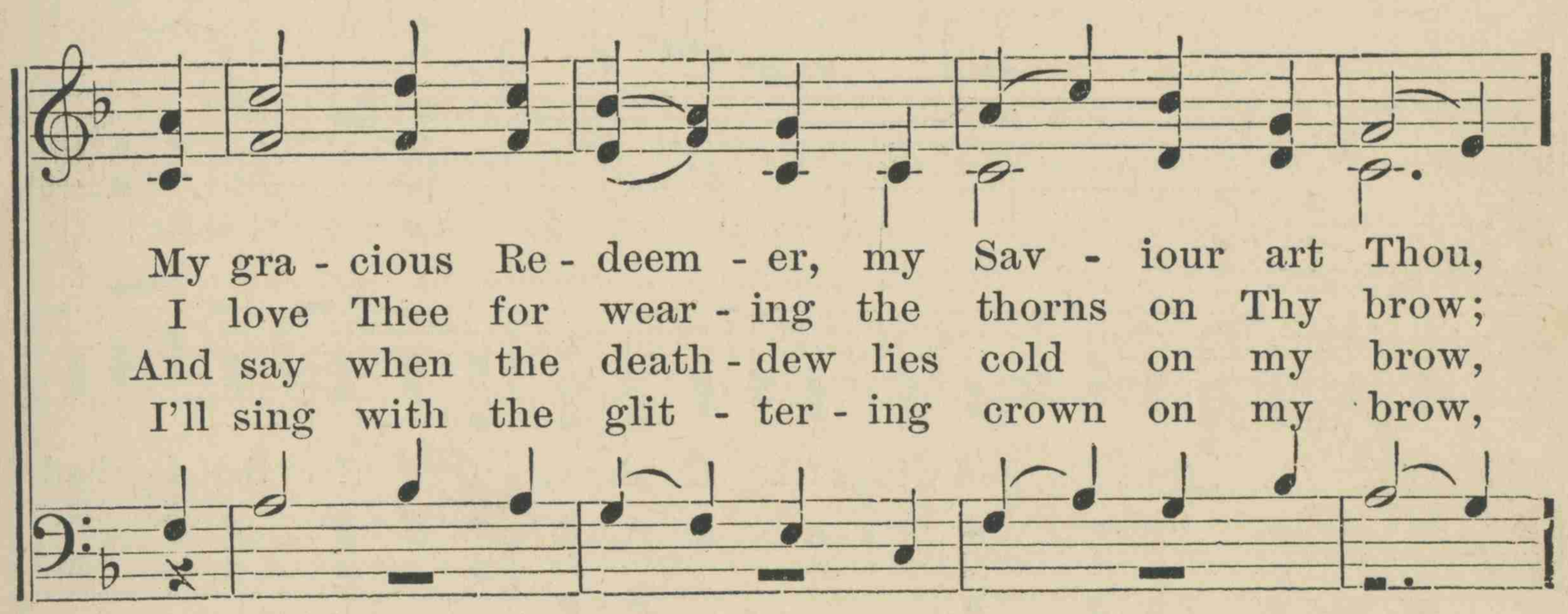


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - èd me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light,





For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



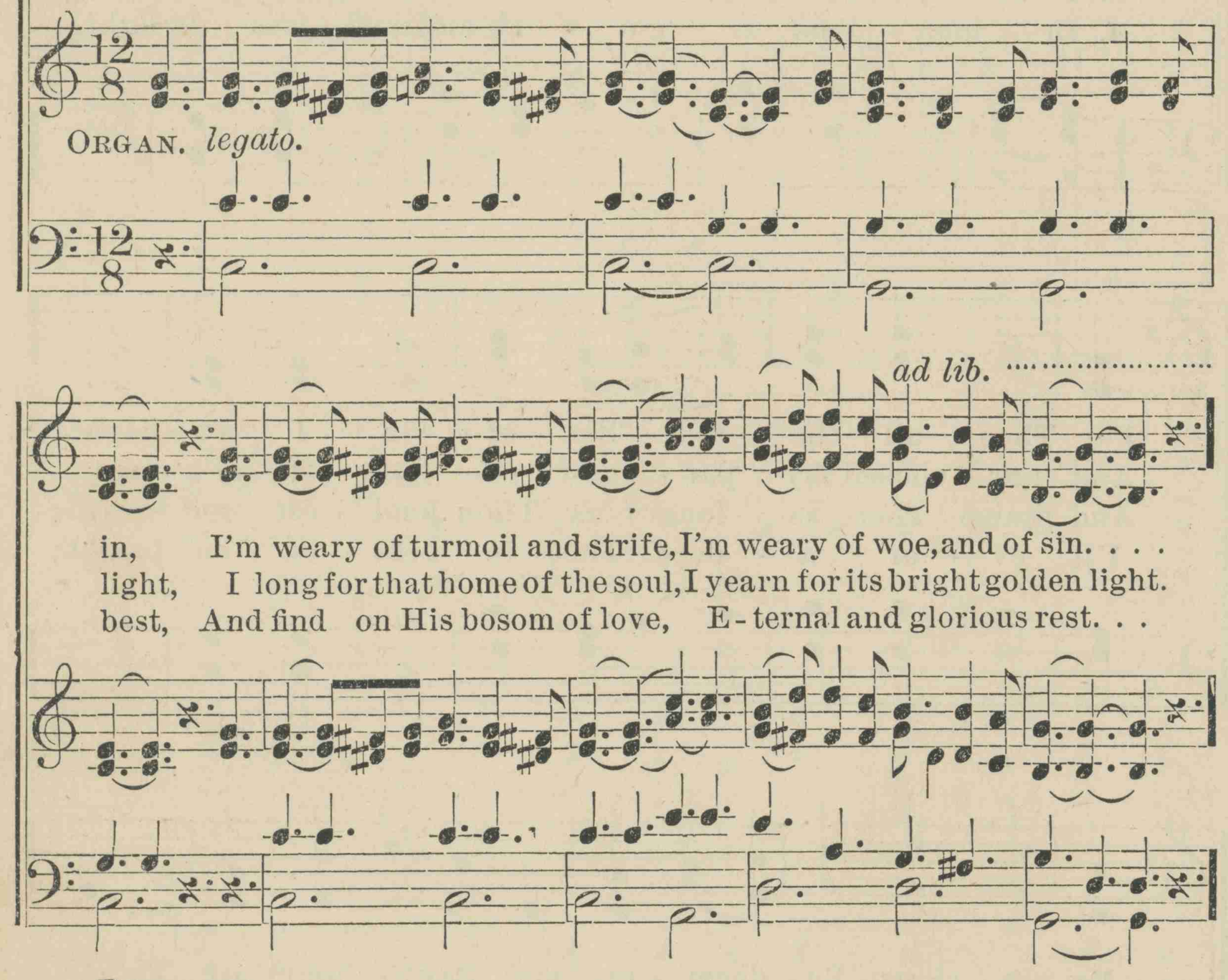
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 48. Longing for Rest.

ELIZA H. MORTON. Psalm 55: 6. D. B. TOWNER.

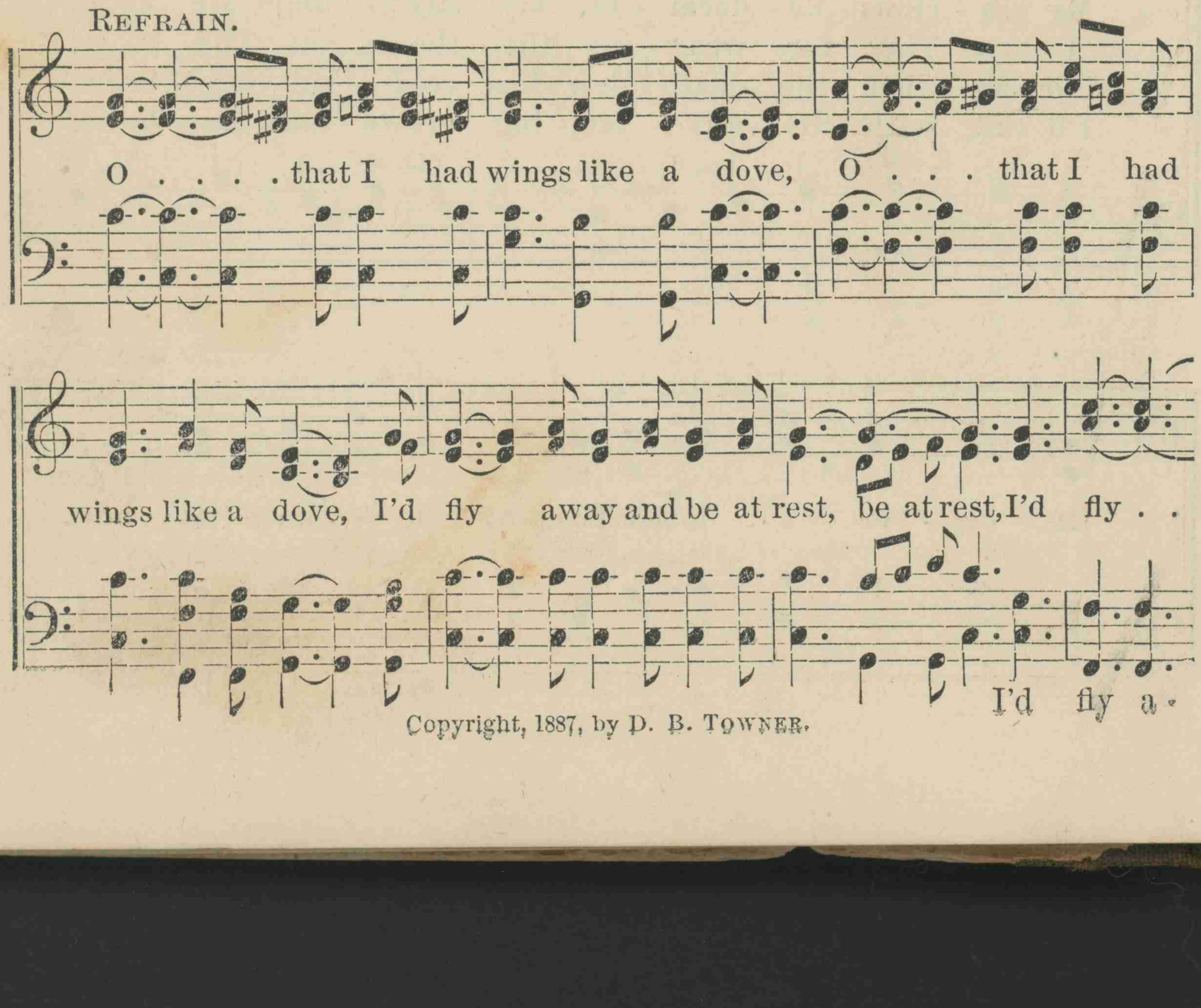


1. I'm wea - ry of earth and its toil, ... I'm wea - ry of conflicts with-
2. I've heard of a hav - en of rest, . . . A realm of the pur-est de-
3. With wings of strong faith I will fly . . . To Him, who of friends is the



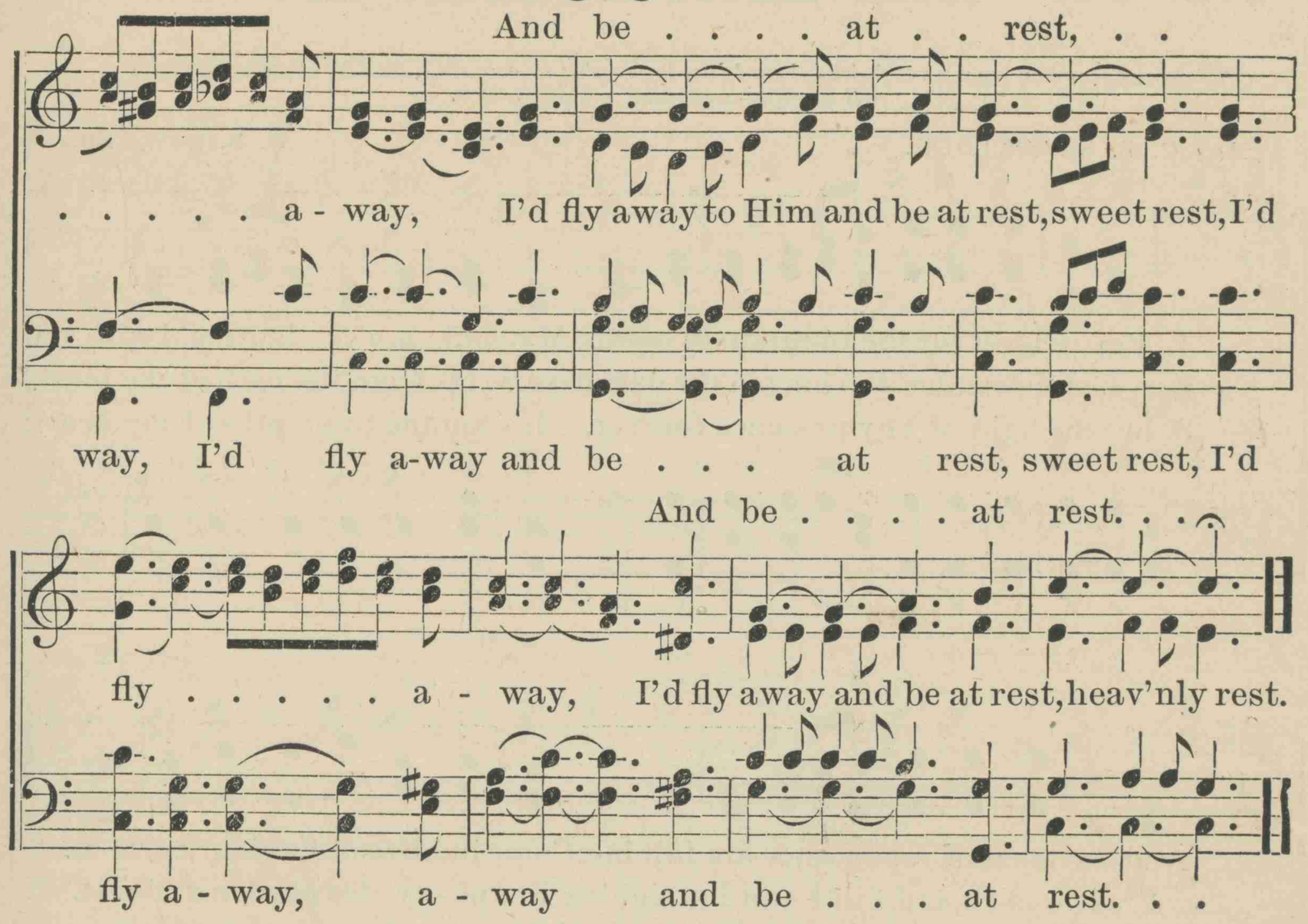
in, I'm weary of turmoil and strife, I'm weary of woe, and of sin. . . .
light, I long for that home of the soul, I yearn for its bright golden light.
best, And find on His bosom of love, E - ternal and glorious rest. . .

REFRAIN.



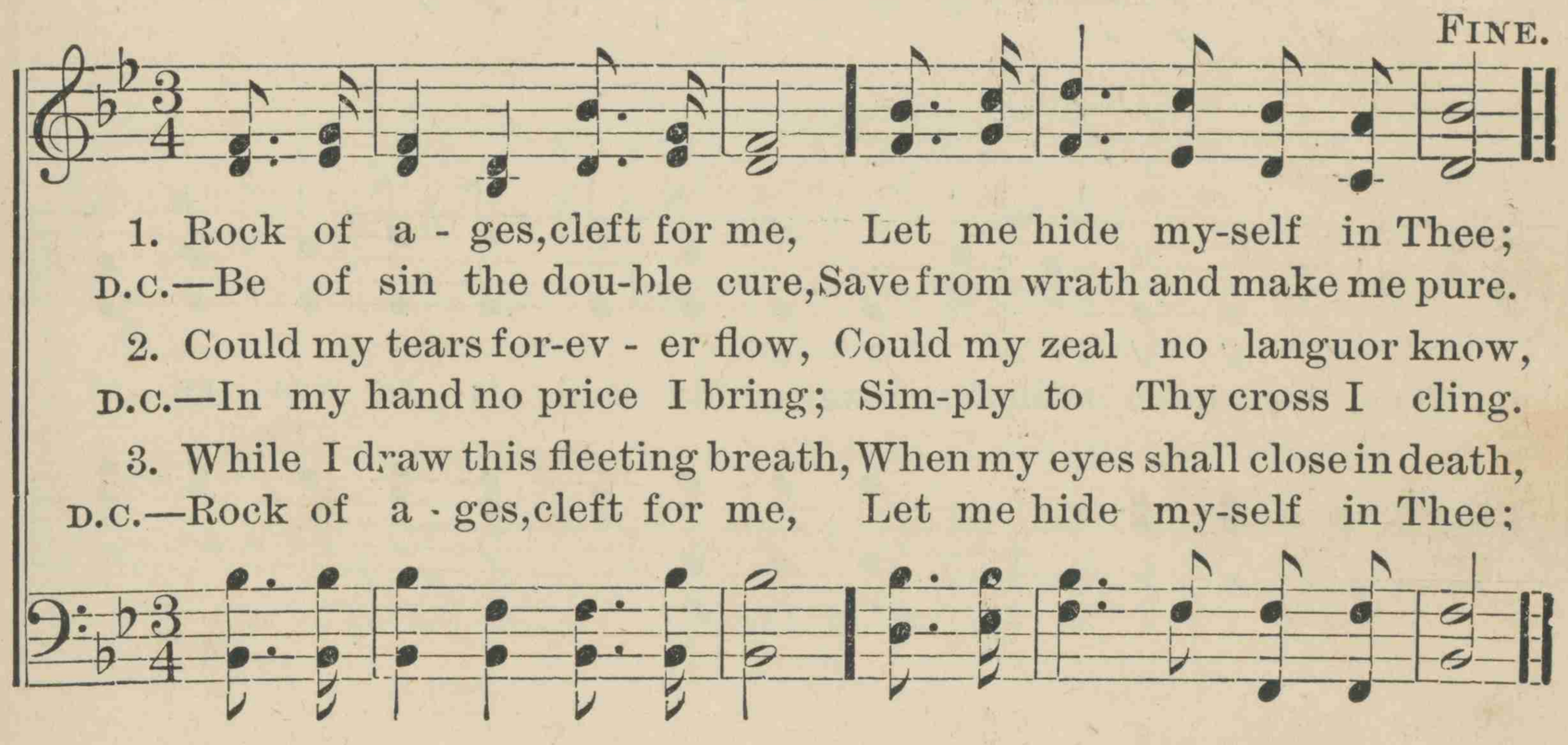
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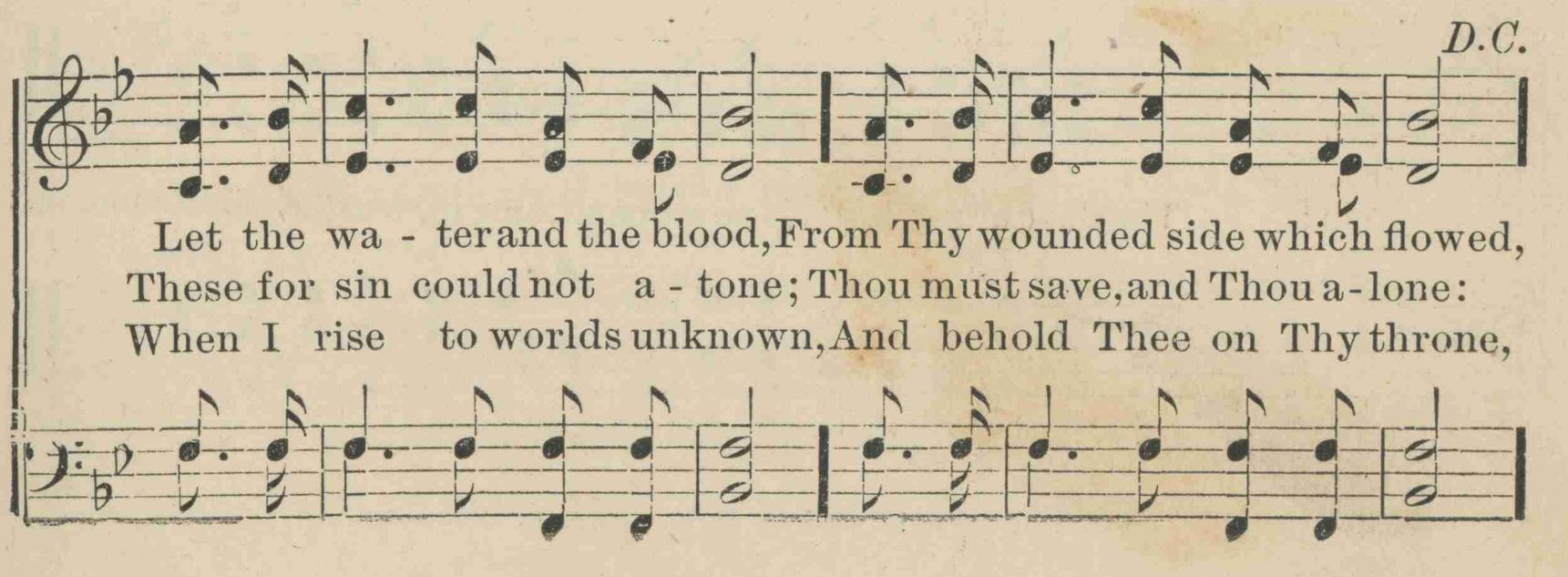
Longing for Rest.



No. 49. Rock of Ages.

A. TOPLADY. Tune, TOPLADY. 6 lines, 7s.





No. 50. Dear Saviour, Come in!

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." —1 John 1:9.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. B. TOWNER.



1. I'm athirst for the fountain of mercy, My soul is o'er - burden'd with sin,
2. I have wander'd so long in the darkness, So far from the path of the blest,
3. Let the light of Thy presence forever, Il - lumine the depths of my heart;





And the tears of repentance are fall-ing, Come in, blessed Saviour, come in.
I am wea-ry and faint and I'm sighing For pi - ty, for pardon, and rest.
Thou art waiting e'en now on the threshold, Oh, en - ter, no more to de - part.



CHORUS.



Come in, come in, come in, come in, My soul is so wea - ry of



sin; The door of my heart is now open, Come in, dear Saviour, come in.

Come in, for

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No. 51. Seeking for Me.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 10.

E. E. HASTY. By per.

1. Je - sus, my Saviour, to Beth - lehem came, Born in a man-ger to
2. Je - sus, my Saviour, on Cal - vary's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
3. Je - sus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I did wan-der a -
4. Je - sus, my Saviour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as

sorrow and shame; Oh! it was wonderful! blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
soul He set free; Oh! it was wonderful! how could it be? Dying for me, for
far from the fold, Gently and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for
weary years fly; Oh! I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for

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

me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me,
me, Dying for me, Dying for me, Dying for me, Dying for me,
me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me,
me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me,

Oh, it was wonderful! blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me.
Oh, it was wonderful! how could it be? Dying for me, for me.
Gently and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me.

No. 52. Glory to Jesus, He Saves.

P. B. P. BILHORN.

1. Glo - ry to Je- sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my
2. Once in my heart there was sin and despair, Now the dear Saviour Him-
3. Come then ye wea-ry who long to be free, Come to the Saviour He

soul might be free; Now I can sing hal - le - lu - jah to God,
self dwelleth there, And from His presence comes peace to my soul,
wait - eth for thee; Then with the ransomed this song you can sing,

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! He saves, He saves. Glo - ry! He saves, glo - ry! He saves,

Saves a poor sin - ner like me; . . Glo - ry! He saves,

glo - ry! He saves, Saves a poor sin - ner like me, like me.

Copyright, 1885, by P. BILHORN.

No. 53. God be with You.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.—Rom. 16: 20.

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

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put His arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we

meet at Je - sus feet, 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.
meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

Copyright, J. E. RANKIN, D. D., Orange Valley, N. J.

No. 54. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4: 8.

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

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-migh - ty!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-migh - ty!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast-ing down their golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Migh - ty!
Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee,
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Migh - ty!

God in three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
God in three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

No. 55. Wonderful Grace.

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

Rev. W. H. BURRELL. Rev. I. BALTZELL. Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.

1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-derful grace! This great sal-va - tion
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-derful grace! Which saves the soul from
3. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-derful grace! Its streams are full and

brings, The soul de- liv-ered of its load, In sweetest rapture sings.
sin; The power of rising e-vil slays, And reigns supreme within.
free; Are flowing now for all the race, They e-ven flow to me.

CHORUS.

'Tis grace! . . . . 'Tis grace! . . . .

'Tis won- der - ful grace! 'Tis won - der - ful grace!

grace! . . . 'Tis grace! . . 'Tis

Wonder- ful, won-der-ful, wonderful grace! 'Tis wonderful grace! 'Tis

grace! . . .

won-der-ful grace, Flow-ing still free - ly for me.

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No. 56. Are You Washed in the Blood?

"But now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ."

E. A. H. Ephesians 2: 13. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav-iour's side? Are you
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stain'd with sin, And be

wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the

D. S. garments spotless, are they

FINE.

grace this hour? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
cru - ci - fied? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
man-sions bright, And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?
soul un-clean, Oh, be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

CHORUS.

Are you wash'd in the blood, In the
Are you wash'd in the blood, In the
soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
soul-cleansing blood, in the blood of the Lamb?

D.S.

By permissio

No. 57. Draw Me Closer to Thee.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. *"This is my rest forever."*—Ps. 132: 14. J. H. Tenney.

1. Clos - er to Thee, my Fa-ther, draw me, I long for Thine em-
2. Clos - er to Thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave Thee
3. Clos - er by Thy sweet Spir - it draw me, Till I am whol - ly

brace; Closer within Thine arms enfold me, I seek a rest-ing
more; Sighing to feel Thine arms around me, And all my wand'rings
Thine; Quicken, refine, and wash and cleanse me, Till pure my soul shall

Chorus.

place. Clos - - - er with the cords of love,
o'er.
shine. Clos - er, clos - er with the cords of love,

Draw me to Thyself a-bove; Clos - - er
Draw me, draw me to Thyself a - bove; Closer with the cords of love,

draw me To Thy-self a - bove.
Draw me to Thy - self a-bove, Draw me to Thy-self a - bove.

By permission.

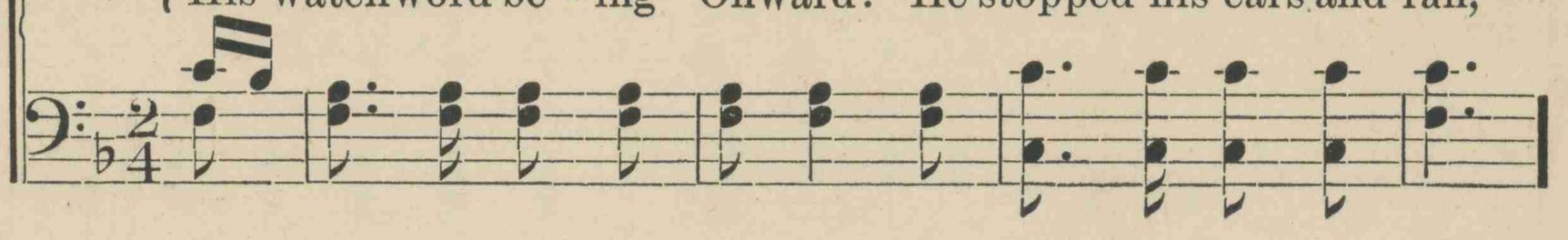
No. 58. Deliverance will Come.

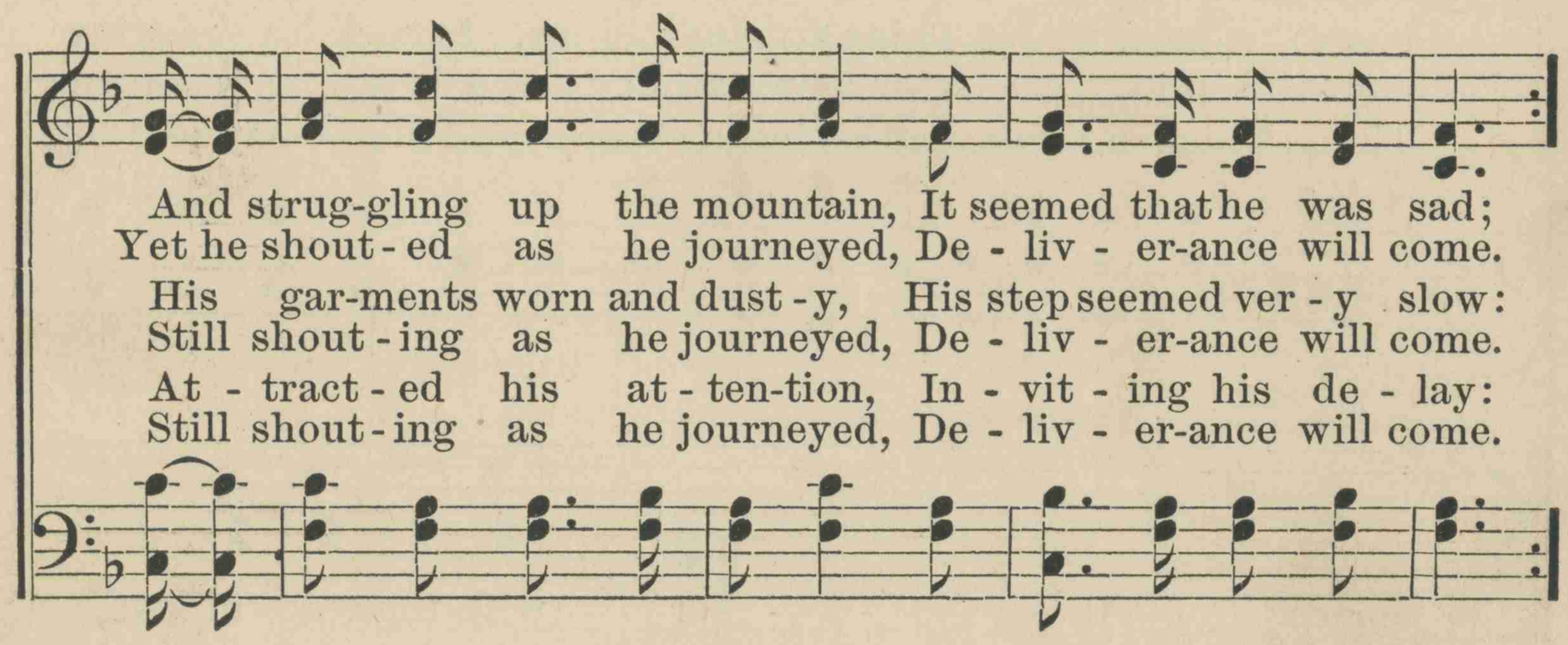
We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you.—Num. 10: 29.

J. B. M. REV. J. B. MATTHIAS, 1836.



1. I saw a wayworn trav'ler In tat - ter'd garments clad,
   His back was la - den heav - y, His strength was al-most gone,
2. The sum - mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,
   But he kept pressing onward, For he was wending home;
3. The song - sters in the ar - bor, That stood beside the way,
   His watchword be - ing "Onward!" He stopped his ears and ran,





And strug-gling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad;
Yet he shout - ed as he journeyed, De - liv - er-ance will come.

His gar-ments worn and dust - y, His step seemed ver - y slow:
Still shout - ing as he journeyed, De - liv - er-ance will come.

At - tract - ed his at - ten-tion, In - vit - ing his de - lay:
Still shout - ing as he journeyed, De - liv - er-ance will come.

CHORUS.



Then palms of victory, crowns of glory, Palms of victo-ry I shall wear.

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low;
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

No. 59. Trust and Obey.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." **Ps. 25: 14.**

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo-ry He sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
4. But we nev - er can prove The delights of His love, Un-til all on the al - tar we lay, For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be -
5. Then in fel - low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will

CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's
tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
stows, Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
go, Never fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

no oth - er way To be happy in Je-sus, but to trust and o - bey.

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No. 60. Bringing in the Sheaves.

"The harvest is the end of the world." — Matt. 13: 39.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR. By per.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

and the dew - y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la - bor end-ed,
spir - it of-ten grieves: When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,

CHORUS.

We shall come, rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come, rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves,

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

No. 61. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—Mark 10: 47.

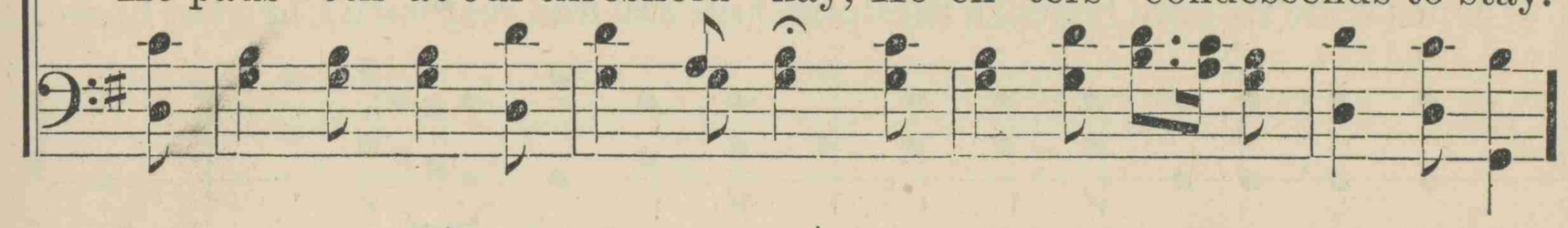
EMMA CAMPBELL. THEO. E. PERKINS. By per.



1. What means this eager anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along—
2. Who is this Je-sus? Why should He The cit - y move so migh-ti- ly?
3. Je-sus! 'tis He who once below Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
4. Again He comes! From place to place His holy footprints we can trace.



These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange commotion, pray?
A passing stranger, has He skill To move the mul - ti - tude at will?
And burdened ones, where'er He came, Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
He paus - eth at our threshold—nay, He en - ters—condescends to stay.



In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je-sus of Naz- areth passeth by."
A - gain the stir - ring notes re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz- areth passeth by."
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Je-sus of Naz- areth passeth by."
Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry: "Je-sus of Naz- areth passeth by?"



In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Jesus of Naz- a-reth pass-eth by."
A-gain the stir-ring notes re-ply: "Jesus of Naz- a-reth pass-eth by."
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Jesus of Naz- a-reth pass-eth by."
Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry: "Jesus of Naz- a-reth pass-eth by?"



5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come?
Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by*."

No. 62. The Sure Foundation.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

1. There stands a Rock on shores of time That rears to heav'n its head sublime;
2. That Rock's a cross, its arms outspread, Celes-tial glo - ry bathes its head;
3. That Rock's a tower, whose lofty height, Illumed with heav'n's unclouded light,

That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who find within this cleft a rest.
To its firm base my all I bring, And to the Cross of A - ges cling.
Opes wide its gate beneath the dome Where saints find rest with Christ at home.

CHORUS.

Some build their hopes on the ev - er drift-ing sand, Some on their

fame, or their treasure, or their land; Mine's on a Rock that for -

ev - er will stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

No. 63. The Glad Message.

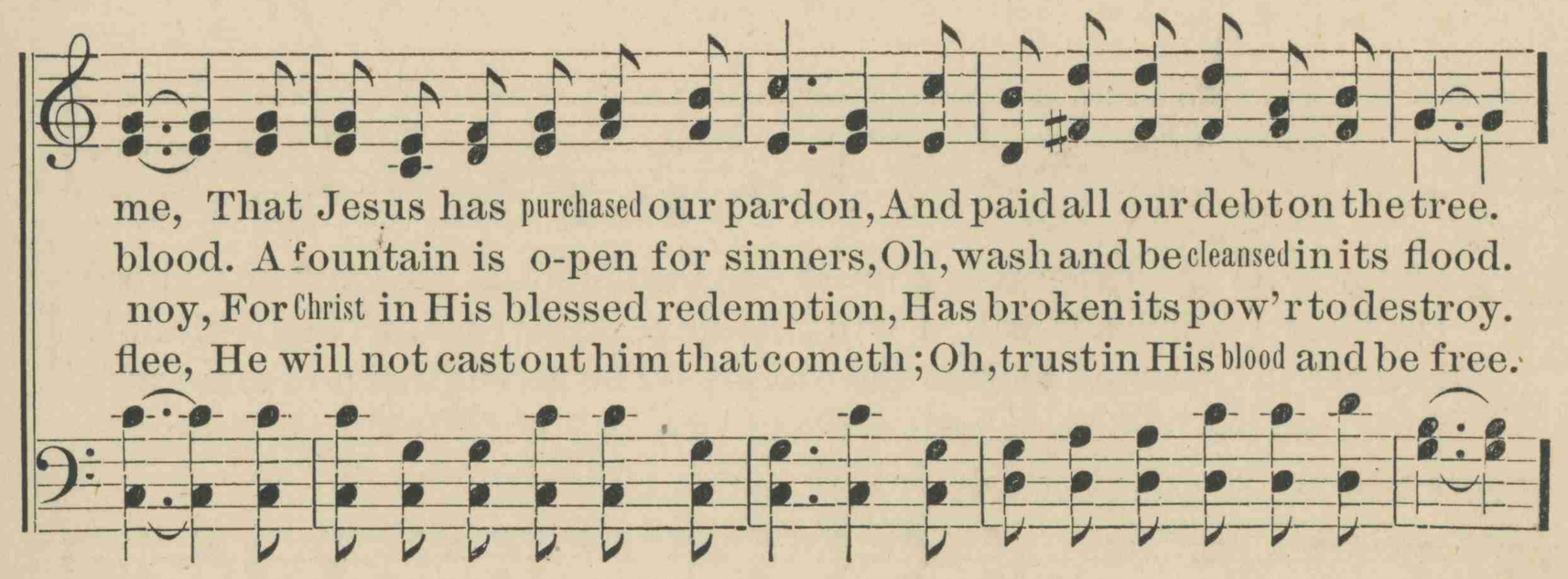
"This is the message which we have heard of Him, and declare unto you." 1 John 1: 5.

S. M. SAYFORD. D. B. TOWNER.



1. Redemption! Oh, wonder-ful sto-ry, Glad message to you and to
2. From death unto life He hath brought us, Our ransom is sealed in His
3. No lon-ger shall sin have do-min-ion Though present to tempt and an-
4. Accept now God's of-fer of mer-cy, To Je-sus, oh, has-ten to





me, That Jesus has purchased our pardon, And paid all our debt on the tree.
blood. A fountain is o-pen for sinners, Oh, wash and be cleansed in its flood.
noy, For Christ in His blessed redemption, Has broken its pow'r to destroy.
flee, He will not cast out him that cometh; Oh, trust in His blood and be free.

CHORUS.



Be-lieve it, O sinner, be-lieve it, Receive the glad message, 'tis true, Trust



now in the cru-ci-fied Saviour, He of-fers sal-va-tion to you.

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No. 64. "I Will!"

"*I will trust, and not be afraid.*"—Isaiah 12: 2.

(Suggested by the responses of the young men of Limerick to Mr. Moody's question, "Will you trust Christ?" at the meetings in that city, October, 1883.)

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN. By per.



1. Once more, my soul, thy Saviour, thro' the Word, Is offered full and free;
2. By grace I will Thy mercy now receive, Thy love my heart hath won:
3. Thou knowest, Lord, how very weak I am, And how I fear to stray:
4. And now, O Lord, give all with us to-day The grace to join our song;
5. To all who came, when Thou wast here below, And said, "O Lord, wilt Thou?"





And now, O Lord, I must, I must de-cide: Shall I ac-cept of Thee?
On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will be-lieve, And trust in Thee a-lone!
For strength to serve I look to Thee alone—The strength Thou must supply!
And from the heart to gladly with us say: "I WILL to Christ belong!"
To them "I will!" was ev-er Thy re-ply: We rest up-on it now.



CHORUS.

I will! I will! I will be Thine!



I will! I will! I will, God helping me, I will, I will be Thine!

I will be Thine!



Thy precious blood was shed to purchase me—I will be wholly Thine!



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No. 65. Calling for Thee.

Arise, He calleth for thee. –Mark. 10: 49.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing for thee, Waiting and longing thy comfort to be. Lov-ing-ly now He is say-ing to thee,
2. That He might win thee He shed His own blood, Come to this fountain, oh, bathe in the flood. Come while the slain One is say-ing to thee,
3. Wan-der no lon-ger in darkness, we pray, Come to the Saviour, oh, make no de-lay. Je-sus is say-ing this moment to thee,
4. Come from the darkness of sin in-to light, Come to the Shepherd who lead-eth a-right. Come to the foun-tain now o-pen and free,

CHORUS.

Call - ing, Call - ing,
"Come and find mercy in me." Call-ing for thee, Call-ing for thee,
"Come, sinner, come un-to me."
"Come, weary one, un-to me."
Je-sus is call-ing for thee.
Call - ing,
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing for thee, Call-ing for thee,
Call - ing,
Call-ing for thee, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.

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No. 66. Shall I be Saved To-night?

"Look unto me, and be ye saved." — Isaiah 45: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. M. BLISS WILSON.

1. Je - sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to - night?
2. Je - sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to - night?
3. Je - sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to - night?
4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to - night?

If I be-lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
How can my heart so un - grate-ful be? Shall I be saved to-night?
What if His spir - it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to-night?
Quickly I'll o - pen this bolt-ed door? Save me, O Lord, to-night.

Tender-ly, sad-ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
Now He will save me by grace divine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pi - ty my sorrow, for-give my sin;

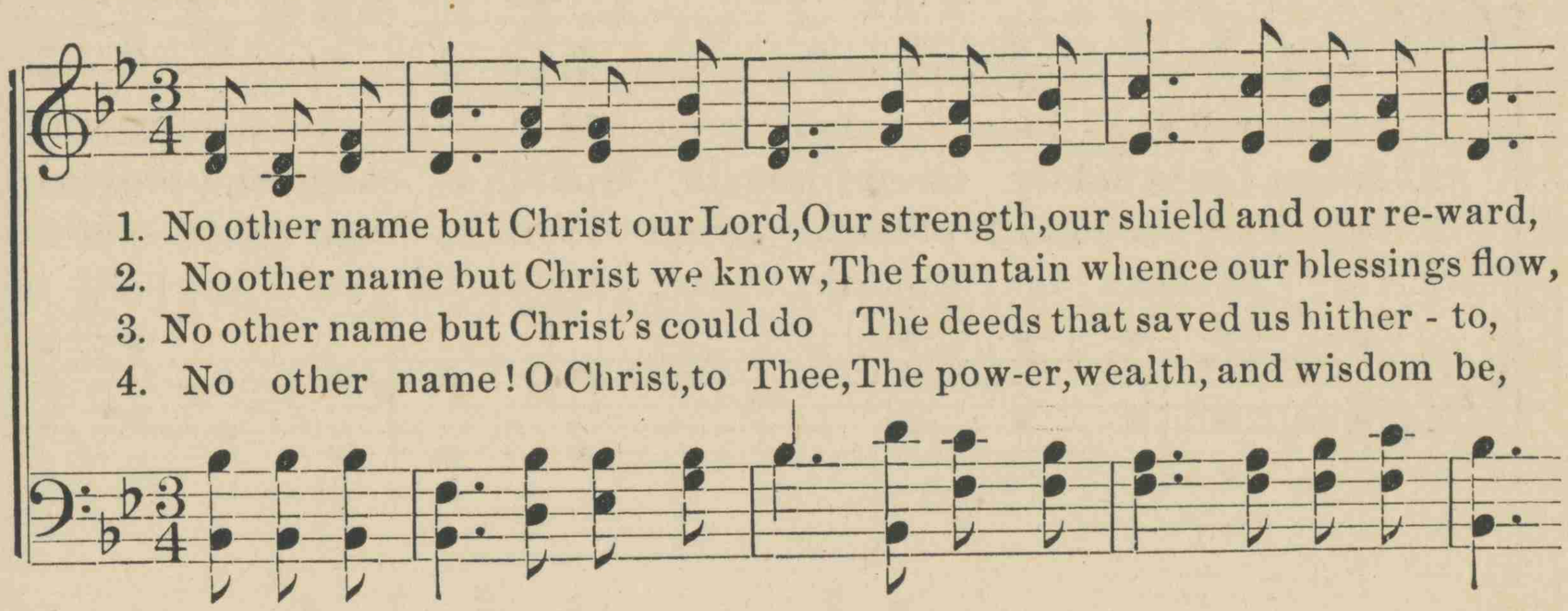
Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to-night?
Can I the pleasures of earth re-sign? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Shall I re-ject Him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to-night.

By permission.

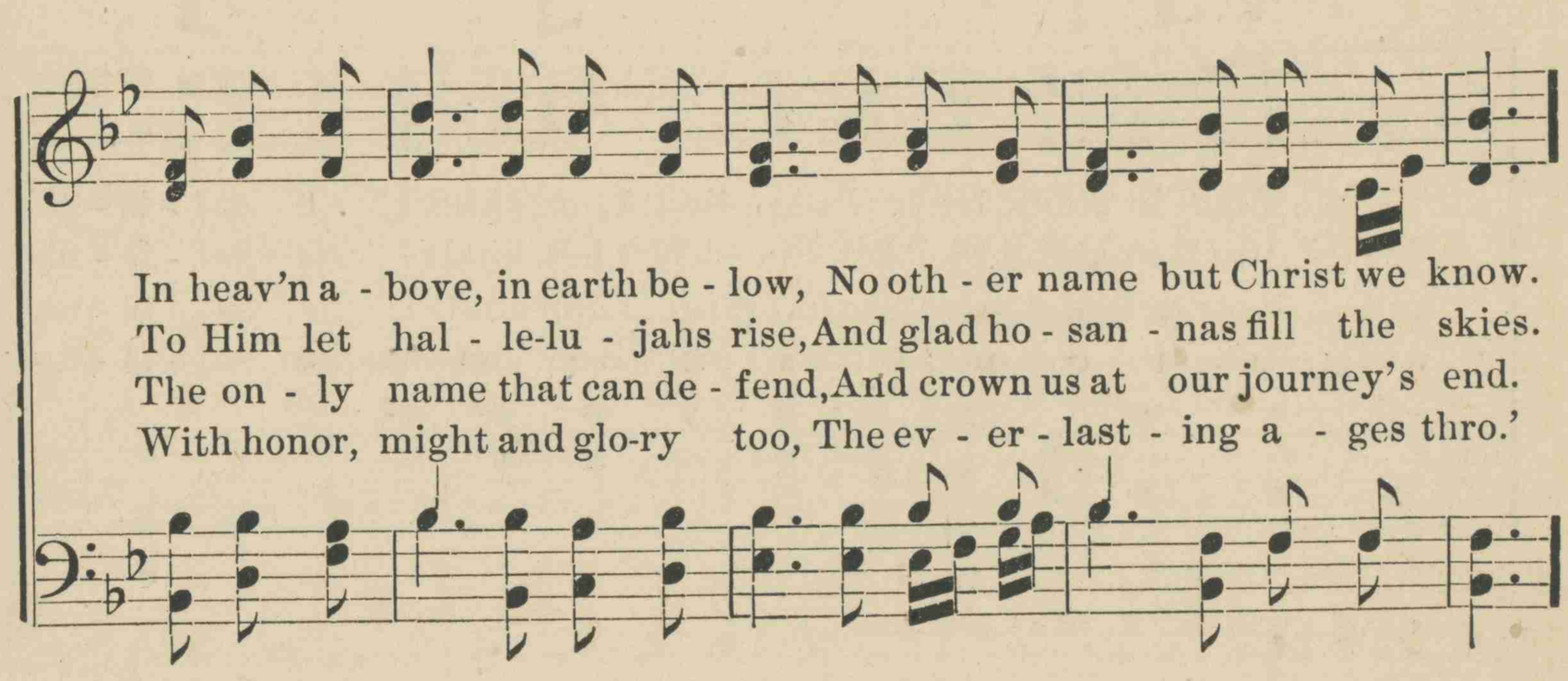
No. 67. No other Name!

" Neither is there salvation in any other."— Acts 4: 12.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



1. No other name but Christ our Lord, Our strength, our shield and our re-ward,
2. No other name but Christ we know, The fountain whence our blessings flow,
3. No other name but Christ's could do The deeds that saved us hither - to,
4. No other name! O Christ, to Thee, The pow-er, wealth, and wisdom be,



In heav'n a - bove, in earth be - low, No oth - er name but Christ we know.
To Him let hal - le-lu - jahs rise, And glad ho - san - nas fill the skies.
The on - ly name that can de - fend, And crown us at our journey's end.
With honor, might and glo-ry too, The ev - er - last - ing a - ges thro.'

CHORUS.



No other name but Christ our King, No oth - er name the angels sing.



Then crown Him, crown Him King of kings, No other name sal-va-tion brings.

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No. 68. When my Saviour I shall see.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."

Arr. P. H. ROBLIN. P. BILHORN.

1. When my Sav - iour I shall see, In His glo - rious like-ness
2. When I'm whol -ly freed from sin, Spot -less, clean and pure with-
3. When my feet shall press the shore Trod by an - gels' feet be-
4. Oh, till then be this my care, More His im - age blest to

be, Clad in robes by love supplied, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.
in, Meet to stand by Je - sus' side, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.
fore, Near to living streams that glide, Then shall I be sat - is - fied.
wear; More to con-quer self and pride, So shall I be sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.

Sat - is - fied with love di - vine, Sat - is - fied since Christ is

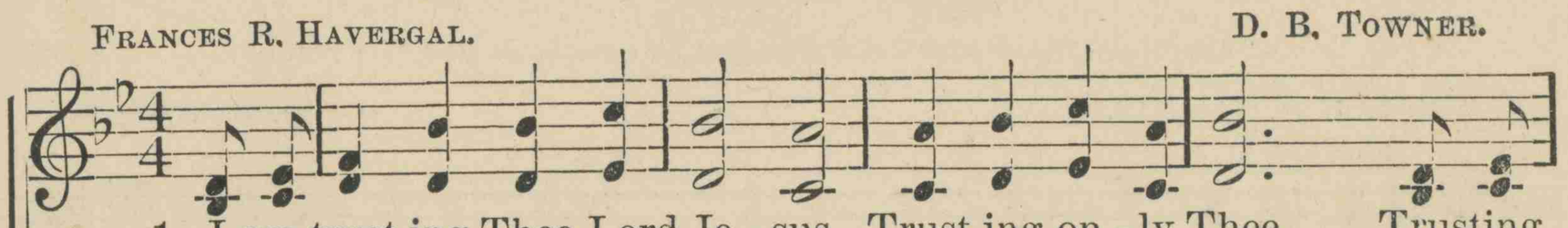
mine, Ev - 'ry need in Him supplied, Then shall I be sat - is-fied.

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No. 69. Trusting Jesus.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Job. 13: 15.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. D. B. TOWNER.



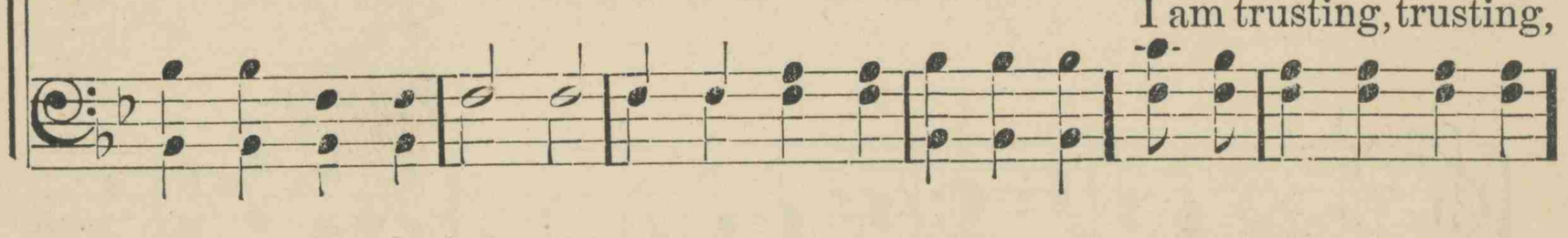
1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee, Trusting
   on - ly Thee,
2. I am trust-ing Thee for par - don; At Thy feet I bow, For Thy
   humbly bow,
3. I am trust-ing Thee for cleansing, In the crimson flood, Trusting
   crim-son flood,
4. I am trust-ing Thee to guide me, Thou a-lone shalt lead, Ev - 'ry
   safe - ly lead,
5. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus; Nev-er let me fall! I am
   faint, or fall,



CHORUS.



Thee for full sal - va-tion, Great and free. I am trust - ing,
Full sal - vation, Great and free.
grace and tender mer-cy, Trust - ing now.
Trust-ing, sweetly Trusting now.
Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood.
Make me ho - ly By Thy blood.
day and hour supply-ing all my need.
All my need, my Every need.
trust-ing Thee for-ev - er, And for all.
Trust-ing ev - er, And for all.



I am trusting, trusting,



trust - ing, Trust-ing on - ly Thee,
trust-ing on - ly Thee, I am trust-ing on - ly, on - ly Thee, I am



trust ing trust - ing,
trusting Thee, Lord Jesus, I am trusting only Thee, I am trusting on - ly Thee.

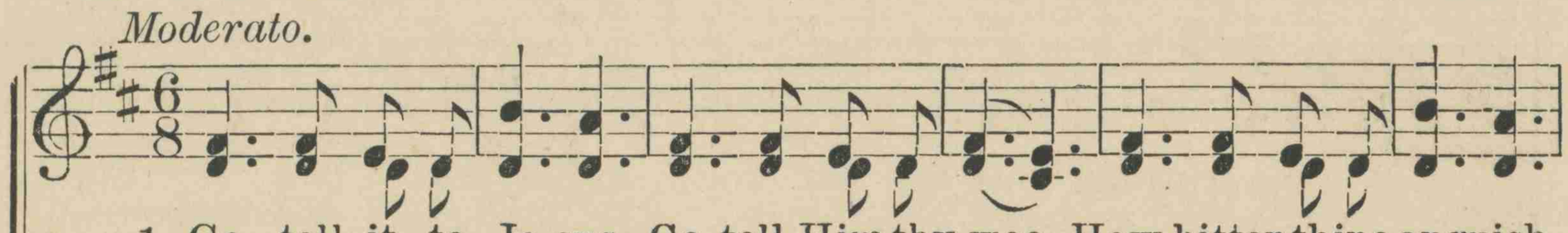
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No. 70. Go tell it to Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." 1 Pet. 5: 7.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

Moderato.



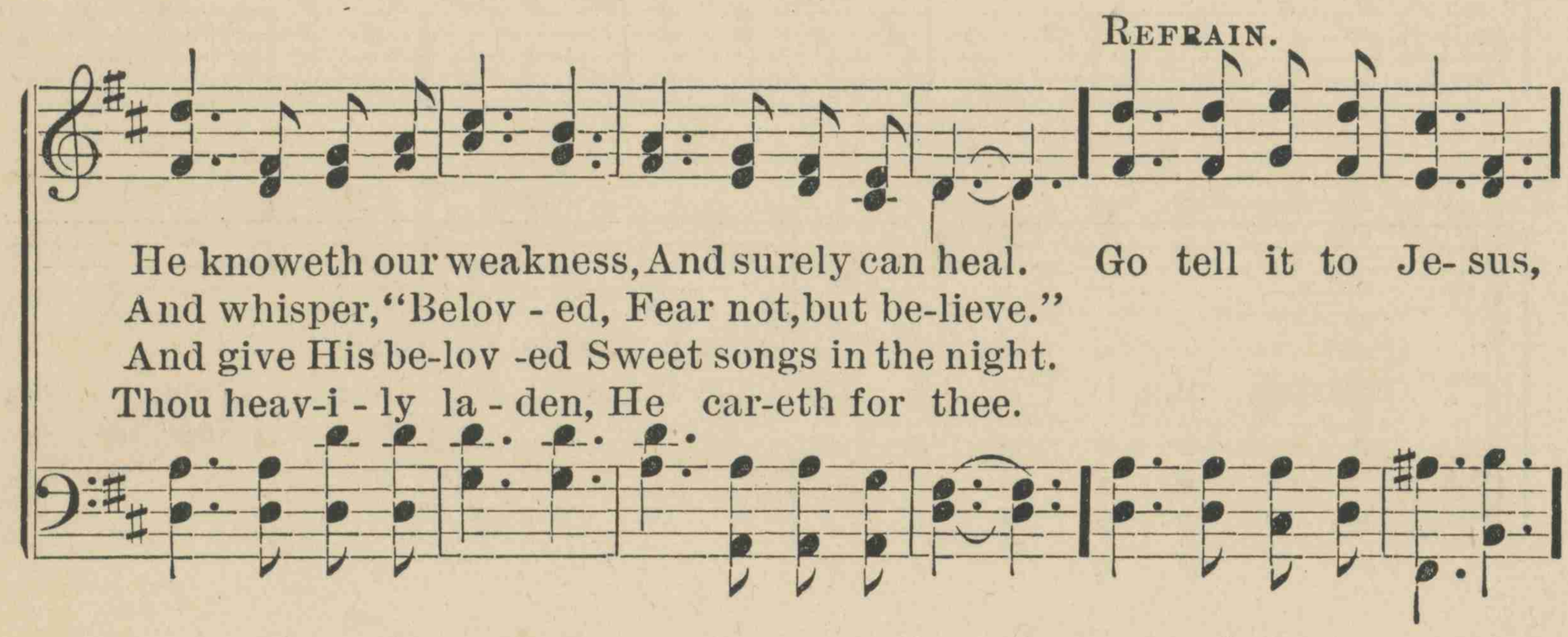
1. Go tell it to Je-sus, Go tell Him thy woe, How bitter thine anguish
2. Go tell un - to Jesus, Thy doubts and thy fears, Thy sin and thy failures,
3. Go tell it to Je-sus When shadows a - rise, And billows of darkness
4. Go tell it to Je-sus, What-ev- er be - fall; He'll graciously heed it,





No oth-er can know; He who hath once tasted The sor-rows we feel,
Thy pen-i-tent tears; Thy heart of its trouble He'll sweetly re-lieve,
Are shrouding the skies; He'll ban-ish thy ter-rors, Himself be thy light,
If great or if small: Cast on Him thy burden, Whatev-er it be:

REFRAIN.



He knoweth our weakness, And surely can heal. Go tell it to Je- sus,
And whisper, "Belov - ed, Fear not, but be-lieve."
And give His be-lov -ed Sweet songs in the night.
Thou heav-i - ly la - den, He car-eth for thee.



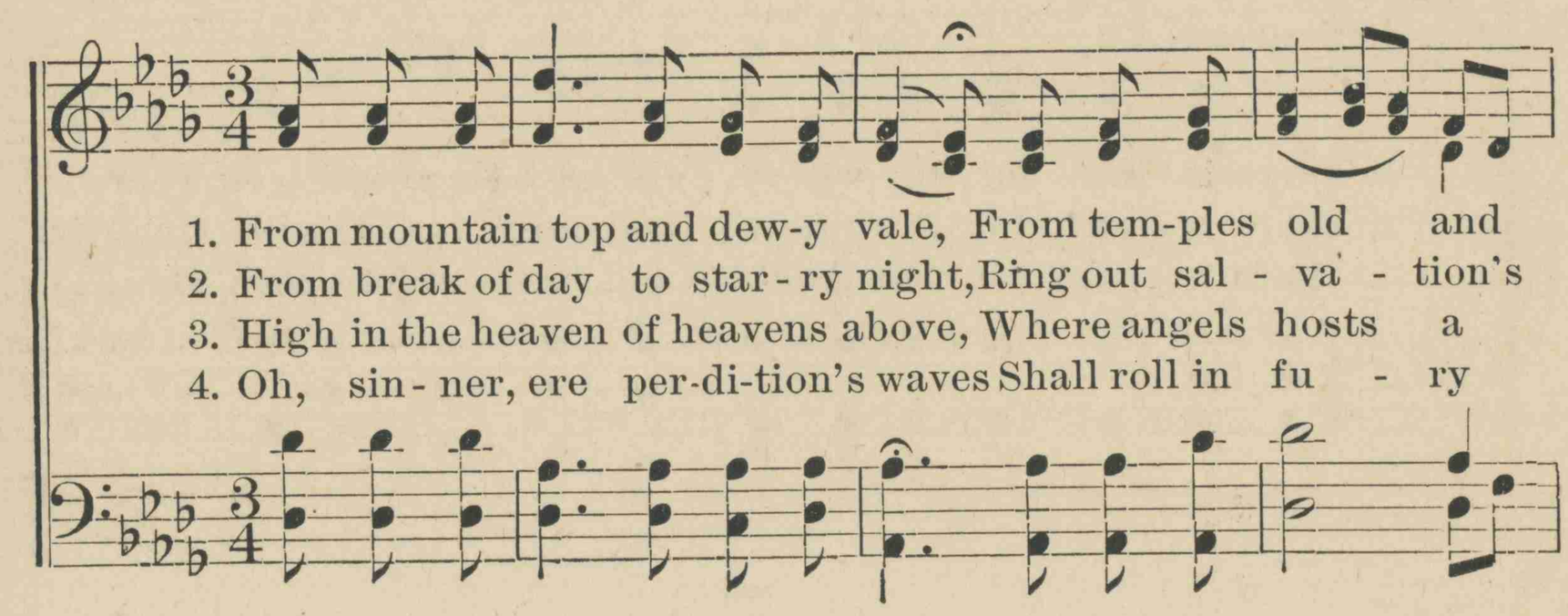
What-ev-er thy care, He'll car-ry thy burden, Thy sorrow He will share.

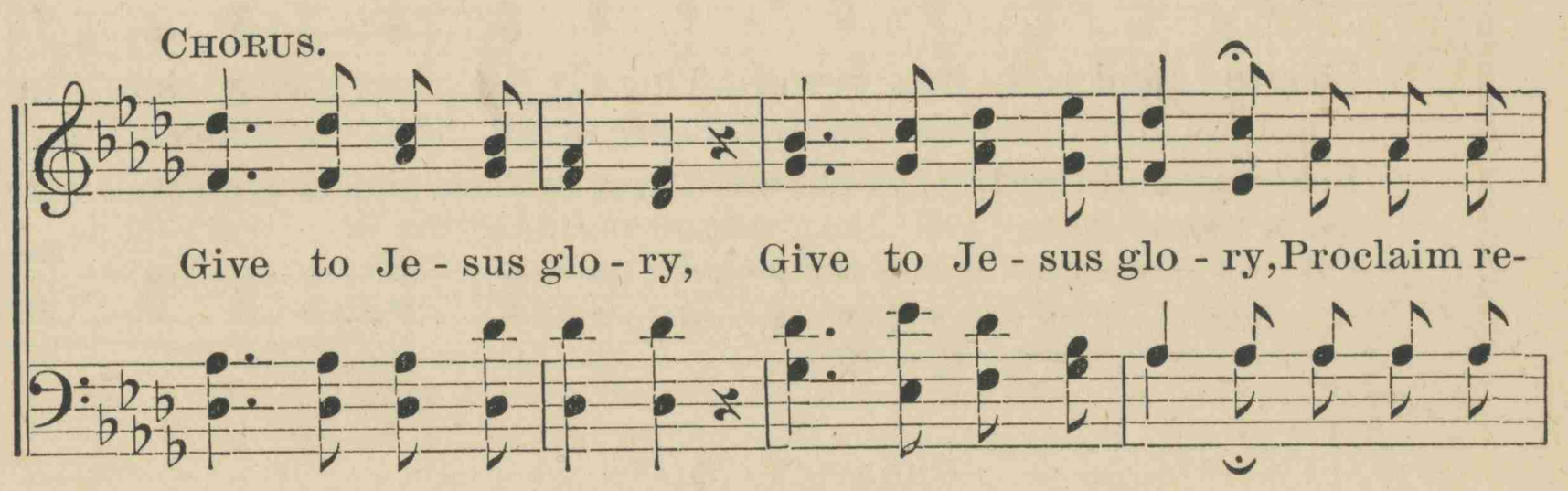
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No. 71. Give to Jesus Glory.

"Give unto the Lord glory and strength.—Ps. 96:7."

W. H. Clark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.

No. 72. Will You Come?

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE. By per.

1. There is rest for the wea-ry, if rest they will seek, There is
2. There is sight for the blinded and cure for the ill, There is
3. There is peace for the troubled and freedom for slaves, There is

cheer for the lone-ly and strength for the weak; There is pardon and
balm for the wounded—be healed if you will; There is zest for your
hope for the hopeless, in Je -sus who saves. Oh, hear the glad

blessing, and end - less reward, There is per - fect sal-va -tion in
la-bors, and sweetness in rest, There is all that is pur- est, and
message, and heed its sweet call! There is room and a welcome with

CHORUS.

Je - sus, the Lord. Will you come, will you come to the Lord?
dearest, and best.
Je - sus for all. Will you come,

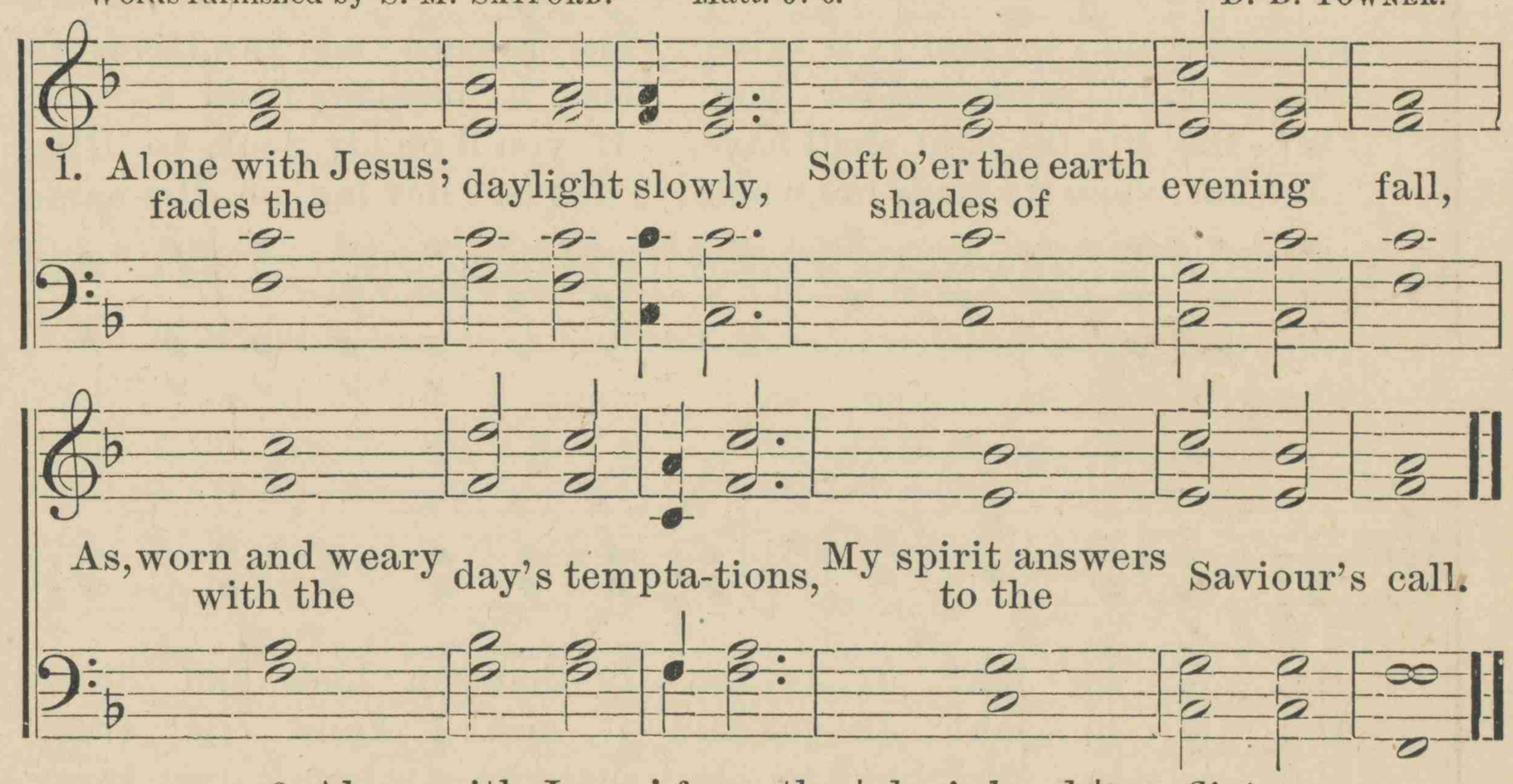
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Will you Come?



No. 73. Alone with Jesus!

Words furnished by S. M. SAYFORD. Matt. 6: 6. D. B. TOWNER.



2 Alone with Jesus! from the | day's hard | conflict,
What have I brought that I His | grace may | win!
Only the burden of my | sin and | longing,—
Only the same heart-cry, For- | give my | sin.

3 Alone with Jesus; He hath | seen each | wandering,
Hath watched each failure from His | throne a- | bove,
And yet, to-night He bids me | come con- | fiding
In the great wealth of His un- | changing | love.

4 Alone with Jesus; oh, the | hush, the | rapture!
My spirit yieldeth to His | gracious | will,
What though the day's sad failure | lies be- | hind me,
I am content because He | loves me | still.

5 Alone with Jesus; in His | presence | holy,
Cometh no thought of sin or | pain to | me,
Close, close His loving arms are | thrown a- | round me,
Almost the glory of His | face I | see.

6 Alone with Jesus; here can | come no | sorrow,
From sin and conflict here my | soul is | free,
This be my prayer to-night, O | Jesus, | Saviour,
Teach me through life to dwell a- | lone with | Thee.

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No. 74. Look and Live.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. I've a mes - sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The
2. I've a mes - sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A
3. Life is of - fered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E -
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal - le - lu - jah! To

mes-sage un - to you I'll give, 'Tis re-cord - ed in His word,
mes-sage, oh! my friend for you, 'Tis a message from a - bove,
ter - nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to Him,
Je - sus, when He made me whole; 'Twas be - liev-ing on His name,

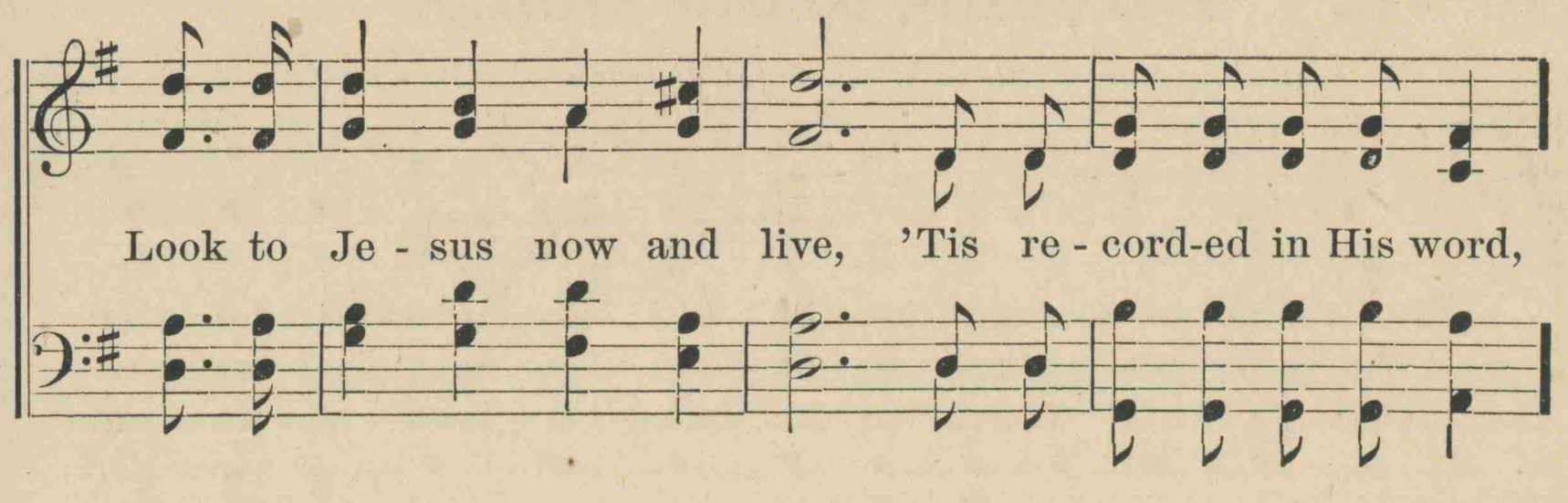
Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus, who a - lone can save.
Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust - ed and He saved my soul.

CHORUS.

"Look and live," . . . . my broth - er, live.
"Look and live," my broth - er, live. "Look and live."

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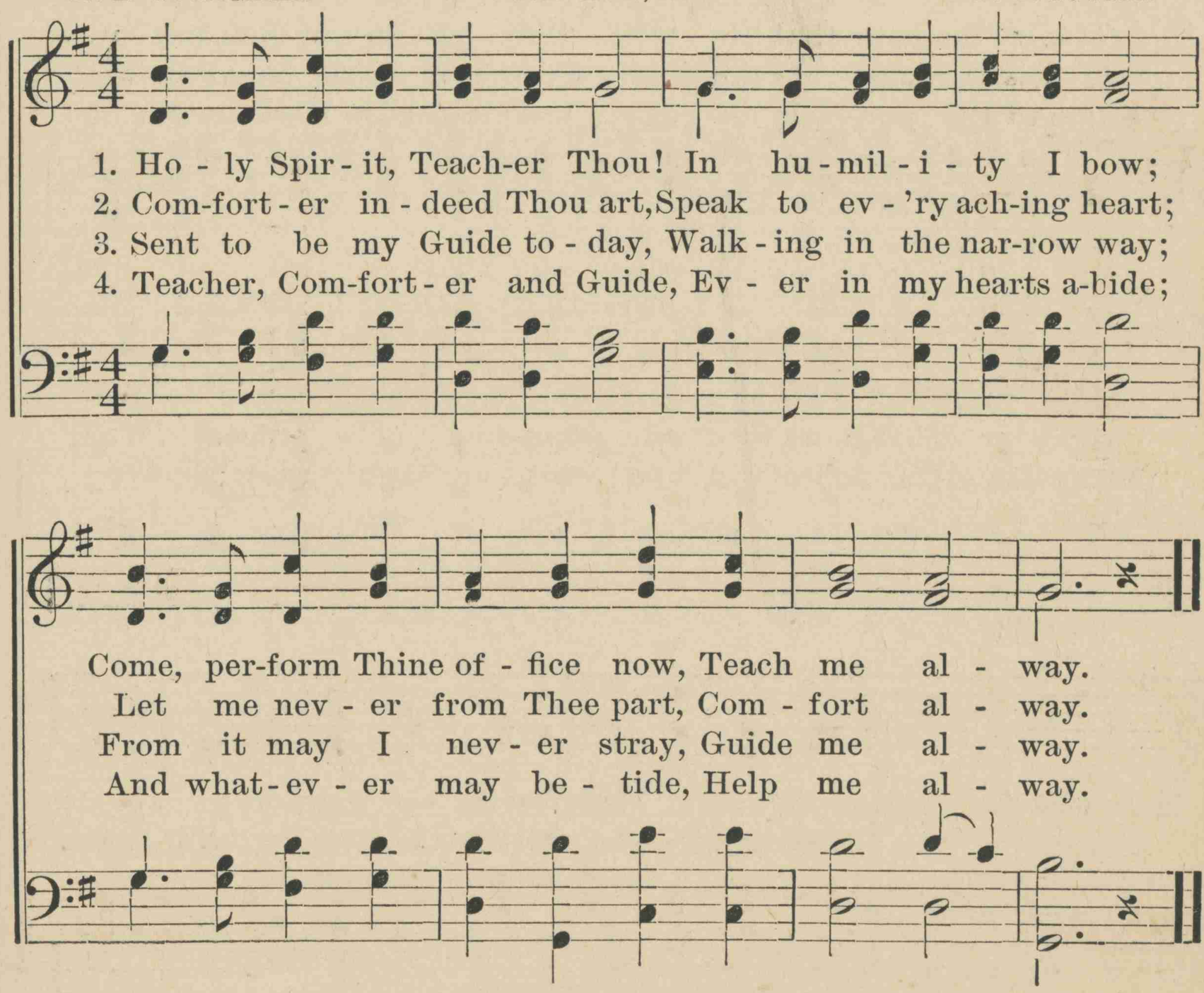
Look and Live.





No. 75. Supplication.

Dr. L. W. Munhall. John 16: 13, 14. D. B. Towner.



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No. 76. Marching to our Home.

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

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. D. B. Towner.

1. We're bound for the mansions of glo - ry, Pre - pared in the ci - ty of God, For all who have trusted in Je - sus, Who fol-low the path that He trod. We go on our jour-ney re - joic - ing, Our Fa - ther has bid - den us come; We know that the feast is made ready, We know He will welcome us home.

2. We think not of toil or of dan - ger, As on-ward we press to the goal; Our steps are so ten-der - ly guard-ed By Je - sus, the hope of the soul. We'll rest on the banks of the riv - er That flows thro' the king-dom of peace, We'll join in the song of the an-gels, The an-them that ne-ver will cease.

3. Our Fa - ther in heav-en has called us, And lest we should lin-ger or stray, He sent the com-pas-sion-ate Sav - iour, Our guide to the por - tals of day; And cleansed in His fountain of mer - cy, Our robes will be whit - er than snow; We follow the steps of our Leader, We're singing His praise as we go.

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Marching to our Home.

CHORUS.

We are marching to our home, Our beau - ti - ful, heav'nly hap - py pil - grim band, ...

home; We're a hap-py, hap-py pilgrim band, We sing His praise as we journey a - long, We are marching to our home, Our beau-ti - ful, heav'nly home; We are sing-ing His praise, yes, sing - - ing His prais - - es,

sing - ing His praise On our way to the bet - ter land.

No. 77. He has Come.

*Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; * * * behold, thy King cometh unto thee.*—Zech. 9: 9.

Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.

1. He has come! He has come! my Re-deem -er has come, He has
2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord, Ev-ery
3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi - est heart, He has
4. He has come to a-bide, and ho - ly must be The

tak - en my heart as His own cho - sen home; At last I have
tho't of my be - ing is swayed by His word; He has come! and He
giv - en His word that He will not de - part; No trou - ble can
place where my Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my

giv - en the welcome He sought, He has come and His coming all
rules in the realm of my soul, And His scep-ter is *love*, O
en - ter, no e - vil can come To the heart where the *God* of
pray - er, Lord, since Thou art come, Make meet for Thy presence my

CHORUS.

glad - ness has brought. Joy! joy is mine, My Sav - iour di-vine,
bless - ed control!
peace has His home.
heart as Thy home.

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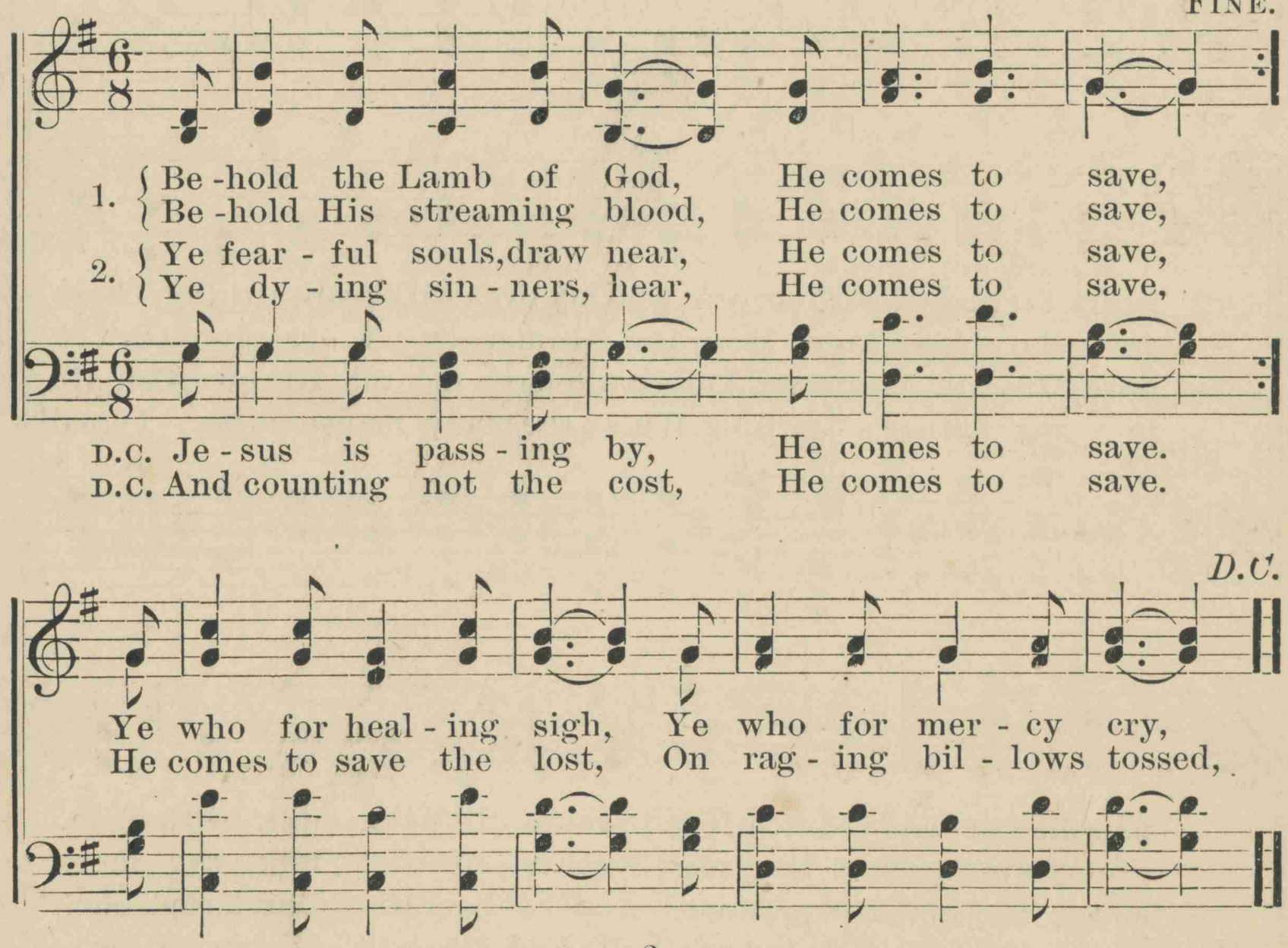
He has Come.



No. 78. He comes to Save.

Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.—John 1: 29.

Rev. W. T. Sleeper. D. B. Towner.



3

He comes thy love to win, He comes to save,
He comes to conquer sin, He comes to save.
He comes to crush thy foe, The path of life to show,
And rescue thee from woe, He comes to save.

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No. 79. A Little Talk with Jesus.

And I will come down and talk with thee.—Numbers 11: 17.

Words arranged. D. B. TOWNER.

Andante.



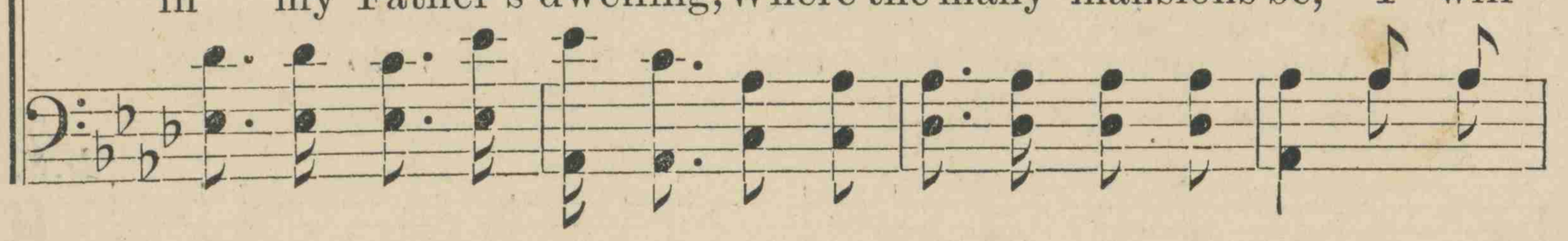
1. A lit-tle talk with Jesus, How it smoothes the rugged road, How it
2. I know the way is drea-ry To that bright and happy clime, But a
3. I'll tell Him I am weary, And I fain would be at rest, That I'm
4. I'll wait a lit - tle longer, Till His own appointed time, And will



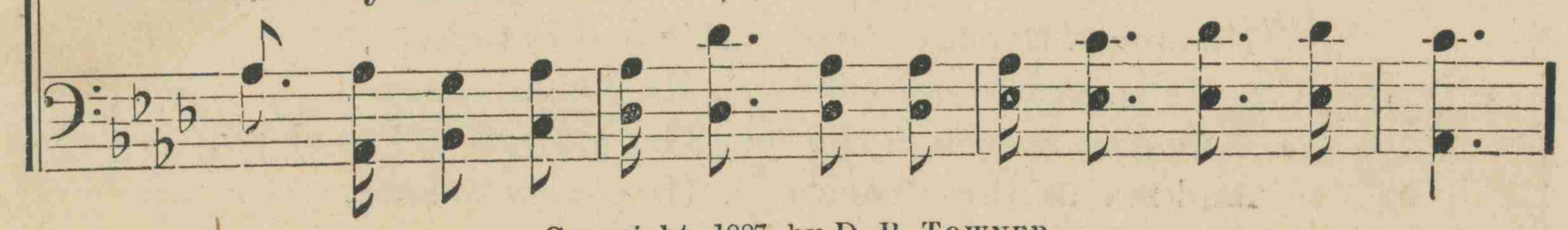
seems to help me onward When I faint beneath my load; When my
lit - tle talk with Je-sus Will refresh me a - ny time; And as
dai - ly, hour - ly long-ing For a home up - on His breast. Once He
glo - ry, in the knowledge Of a prospect so sublime, Then when



heart is crushed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dim, There is
yet the more I know Him, And His mer - cy I ex-plore, On - ly
gave His life a ransom, And would have me all His own, Can He
in my Father's dwelling, Where the many mansions be, I will



naught can yield me com-fort Like a lit - tle talk with Him.
prompts my heart to long-ing For a lit - tle talk, the more.
now for- get His promise, And re - ject His purchased one.
sweet - ly talk with Je - sus, And He will talk with me.



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A Little Talk with Jesus.

CHORUS.

Then I will talk with Jesus, Come, Lord, and talk with me, For there's naught can yield me com-fort, Like a lit - tle talk with Thee.

No. 80. Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. — Isa. 53: 3.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS. By per.

Moderato. *p* *m*

1. "Man of sorrows," what a name For the Son of God, who came,
2. Bearing shame and scoffing rude, In my place condemned He stood;
3. Guil - ty, vile and helpless, we; Spotless Lamb of God was He,
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is finished," was His cry,
5. When He comes, our glorious King, All His ransomed home to bring,

f *ff*

Ru - in'd sin-ners to re-claim! Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav-iour!
Sealed my pardon with His blood: Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav-iour!
"Full a - tonement," can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav-iour!
Now in heaven ex - alt - ed high; Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav-iour!
Then a-new this song we'll sing: Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav-iour!

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No. 81. The Boy and the Fountain.

Recitando. DR. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. A little boy a fountain sought, From which the sparkling water burst, And drank with eager joy the draught That kindly quench'd his raging thirst; Then
2. Then said the fountain "Little man, You welcome are to what I've done, But I am not the one to thank, I only help the water run;" "Ah!"
3. "Oh, don't thank me, for what am I Without the dew and summer rain? With- out their aid I ne'er could quench Your thirst, my little boy, a-gain;" "Oh,
4. "Then Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks For all that you have done for me;" "Stop!" said the sun, with blushing face, "My little fellow, don't thank me;' Twas
5. "Not unto me, but unto Him Who formed the depths in which I lie; Go, give thy thanks, my little boy, To Him who will thy wants supply." The

gracefully he touched his cap—"I thank you, fountain bright," he said, "For this nice drink you've given me, To stop my thirst and ach-ing head."
said the wa-ter, "don't thank me! Far up the hillside lives the spring That sends me forth with gen'rous hand To gladden ev - 'ry liv - ing thing."
well, then," said the little boy, "I'll glad - ly thank the rain and dew." "Pray don't thank us! without the sun We could not fill one cup for you."
from the o-cean's mighty stores I drew the draught I gave to thee;" "Oh, ocean, thanks!" then said the boy—It ech-oed back, "Not un- to me."
boy took off his cap, and said, In tones so gen - tle and subdued, (*Omit*)

For last two lines of last verse.

"Oh, God, I thank Thee for this gift! Thou art the Giver of all good."

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No. 82. Heaven at Last.

H. Bonar. D. D. W. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

1. An - gel voic - es sweet-ly sing - ing, Ech - oes thro' the blue dome
2. On the jas -per threshold stand-ing, Like a pil -grim safe- ly
3. Soft - est voic -es sil - ver peal - ing, Fresh-est fragrance, spir-it-
4. Not a tear-drop ev - er fall - eth, Not a pleasure ev - er
5. Christ him-self the liv - ing splen-dor, Christ the sunlight, mild and

ring -ing, News of wondrous gladness bringing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
land-ing, See the strange bright scene expanding; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
heal - ing, Hap-py hymns around us stealing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
pall - eth, Song to song for -ev- er call - eth; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
ten - der, Prais-es to the Lamb we render; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!

Refrain.

Heav'n at last! heav'n at last! O, the joyful sto-ry of heav'n at last!

Small notes for final ending.

Heav'n at last! heav'n at last! Endless, boundless glory, In heav'n at last!

Copyright, 1882, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 83. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Be kindly affectioned one to another.—Rom. 12: 10.

MRS. ALBERT SMITH. S. J. VAIL. By per.

1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams, Ly-ing all a-round our path; Let us keep the wheat and ros-es, Cast-ing out the thorns and
2. Strange we nev-er prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that we should slight the violets Till the love-ly flow'rs are
3. If we knew the ba-by fin-gers, Pressed against the win-dow pane, Would be cold and stiff to-mor-row—Nev-er trouble us a-
4. Ah! those lit-tle ice-cold fin-gers, How they point our memories back To the has-ty words and ac-tions Strewn a-long our backward

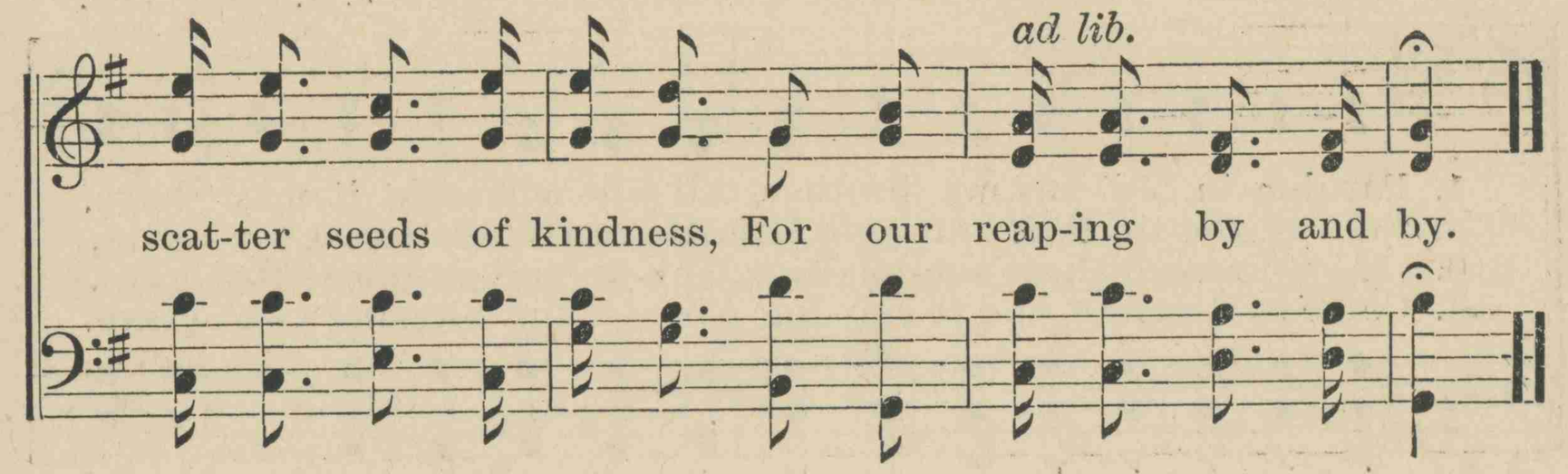
chaff, Let us find our sweetest comfort In the blessings of to-
gone! Strange that summer skies and sunshine Never seem one half so
gain—Would the bright eyes of our darling Catch the frown up-on our
track! How those lit-tle hands remind us, As in snow-y grace they

day, With a patient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ars from the way.
fair, As when winter's snowy pinions Shake the white down in the air.
brow?—Would the prints of ro-sy fingers Vex us then as they do now?
lie, Not to scatter thorns—but roses—For our reap-ing by and by.

CHORUS.

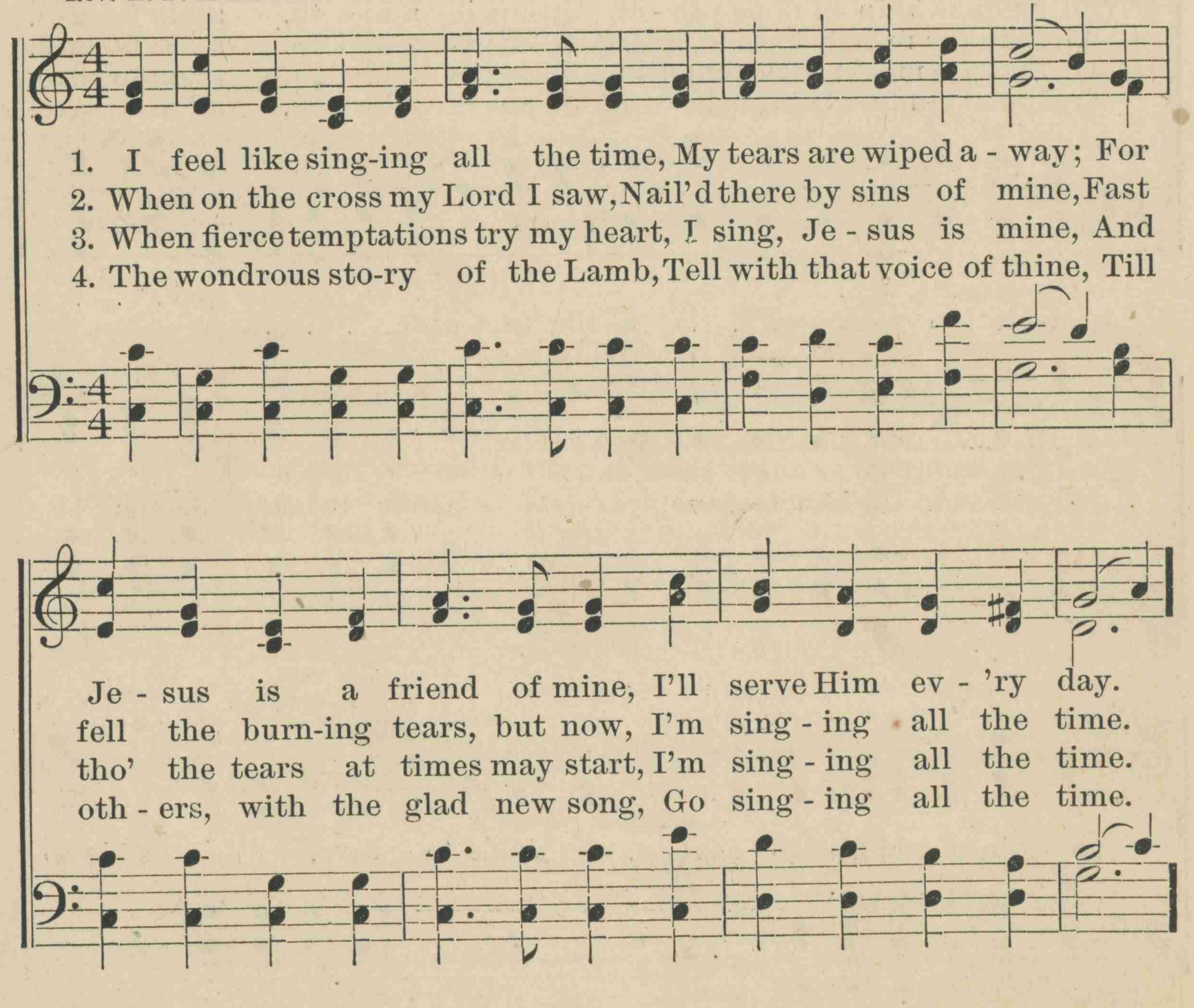
Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

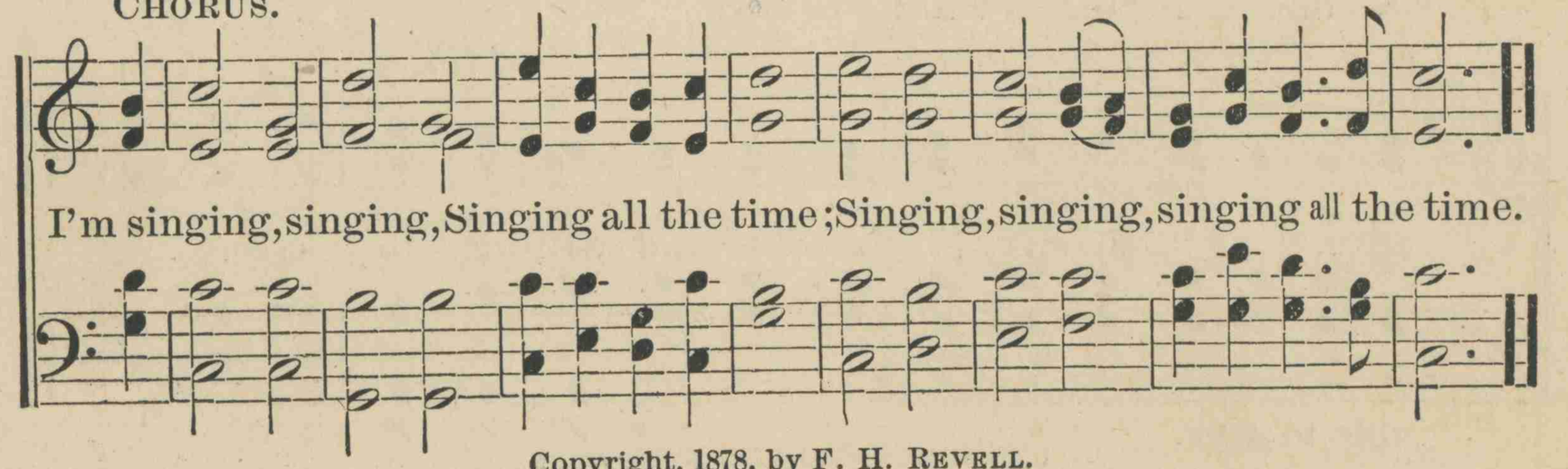


No. 84. Singing all the Time.

Rev. E. P. HAMMOND. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1878, by F. H. REVELL.

No. 85. Able to Save.

Wherefore he is able to save to the uttermost.— Heb. 7 : 25.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. J. H. TENNEY, Arr.

1. Par-don in Je - sus, my brother, All who will seek it may have,
2. Ful - ly the sin that I brought Him, He in His kind-ness for - gave,
3. If we repent there's re-mis-sion, This is the promise He gave,
4. Come to Him now, and re-ceiv-ing Free-ly the blessing you crave,

save, . .

Tho' there is help in none oth - er, Je-sus is a-ble to, a-ble to save.
All who for mer-cy have sought Him, Je-sus is a-ble to, a-ble to save.
Hearts that are mov'd with contrition, Je-sus is a-ble to, a-ble to save.
Trust and confess Him, believ-ing Je-sus is a-ble to, a-ble to save.

is

save, . .

CHORUS.

A-ble to save, . . . a - ble to save, . . .

A-ble to save, a - ble to save, Je-sus is

a - ble and willing to save, . . A-ble to save, , a-ble to

a - ble, is a-ble and willing to save,

ad lib.

save, Je-sus is a - ble and will-ing to save. . .

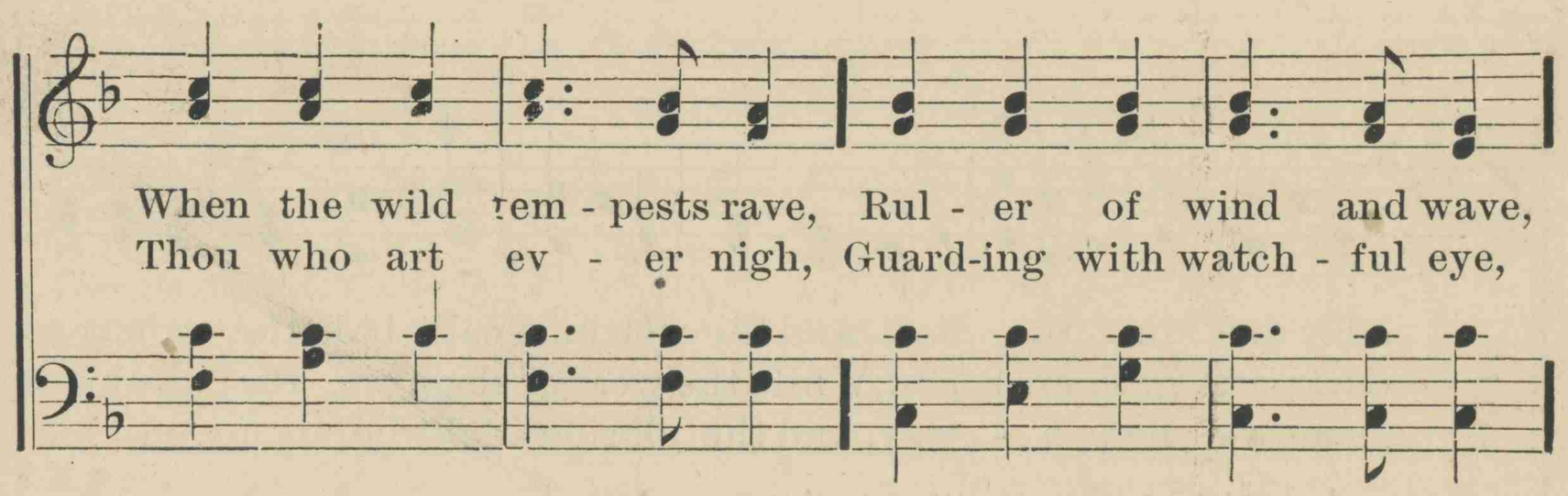
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No. 86. America.

JOHN S. DWIGHT. HENRY CAREY.







No. 87. National Hymn.

Tune — AMERICA.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

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

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break;
The sound prolong!

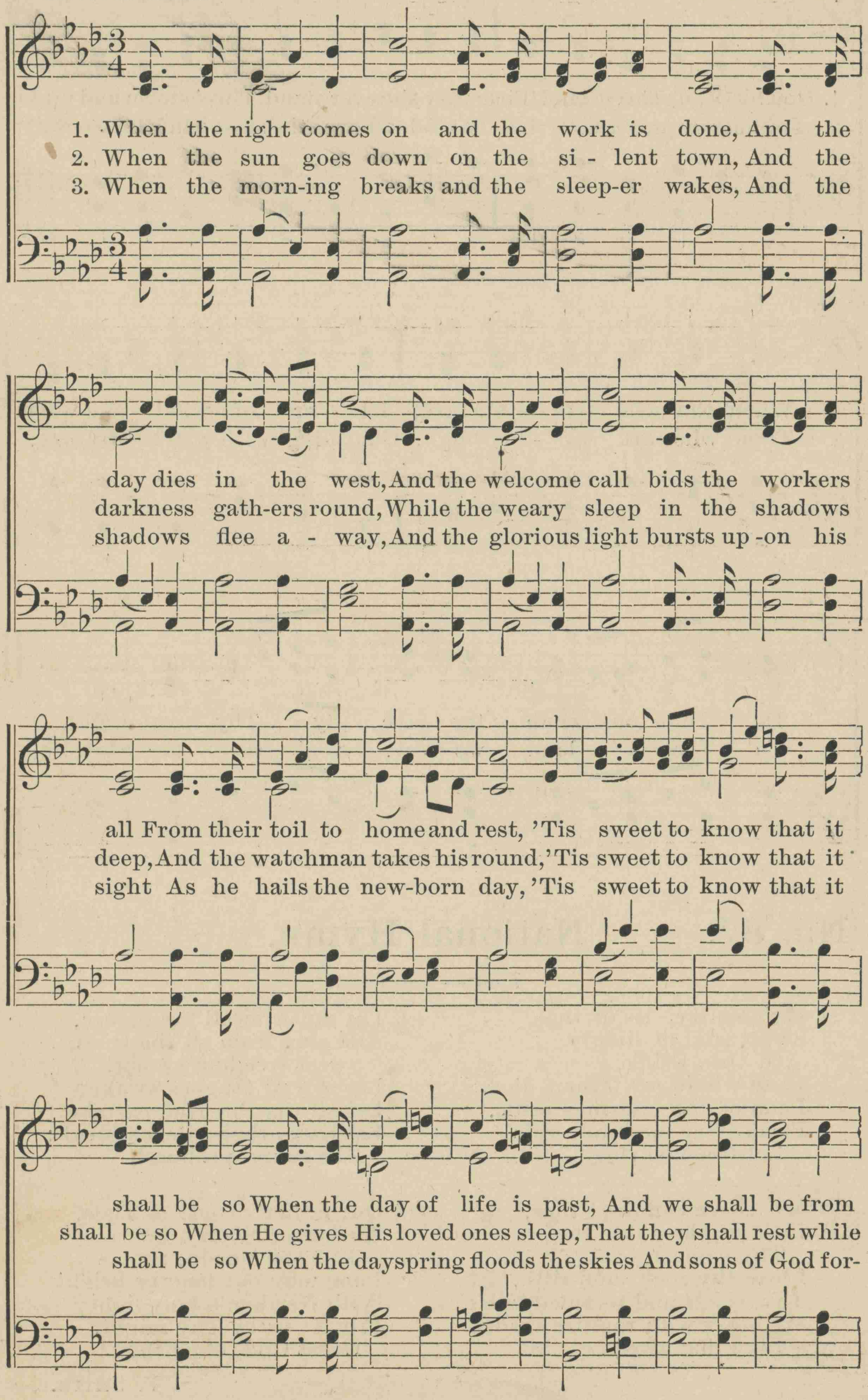
4 Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. SMITH.

No. 88. When the Night Comes on!

Watchman, what of the night?— Isaiah 21: 11.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.



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When the Night Comes on!

ad lib.

la-bor free, To rest at home, at last, To rest at home, at last.
angels blest Their faithful watch shall keep, Their faithful watch shall keep.
sake the sod And glory greets their eyes, And glo - ry greets their eyes.

No. 89. The Haven of the Soul.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILLMORE. By per.

1. We are sail - ing on the ship of Zi - on, While the storms a - bout us roll,
2. Christ is Cap-tain of the ship of Zi - on, We can sure - ly trust His might,
3. Tho' the tem-pests beat in an - gry fu - ry, Tho' they lash the waves to foam,

To the Cit - y where our wealth is treas - ured, To the Ha - ven of the soul.
Thro' the dangers that are round a - bout us, He will guide our ship a - right.
We can sing a-mid their wild-est rag - ing, For we sail toward God and home.

D.S. *We are sail - ing in the ship of Zi - on, To the Ha - ven of the soul.*

FINE.

CHORUS.

Sail - ing, we are sail - ing, While the storms a - bout us roll;

D.S.

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No. 90. As Many as Received Him!

Arr. by C. B. COMFORT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. 'Twas all they did! the blood-washed throng, Who swell the ev- er-
2. Ten thou-sand times ten thou- sand they, And as we watch, be -
3. The Lord is will - ing: say, art thou? Then take the Sav - iour,

lasting song, Their hearts God's gracious word believed, Their hearts God's gracious
hold, to-day, Ten thousand times ten thousand more Draw from His open
take Him now, O Saviour, Friend! Thou gift divine! I too receive Thee,

CHORUS. John 1: 12.

A little faster.

gift received. As man - y as re - ceived Him, To them gave He
boundless store.
Thou art mine.

Ritard. . . . *a tempo.*

pow - er to become the Sons of God, To become the Sons of God, E-ven to

them that be-lieve on His name, E - ven to them that believe on His

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As Many as Received Him.

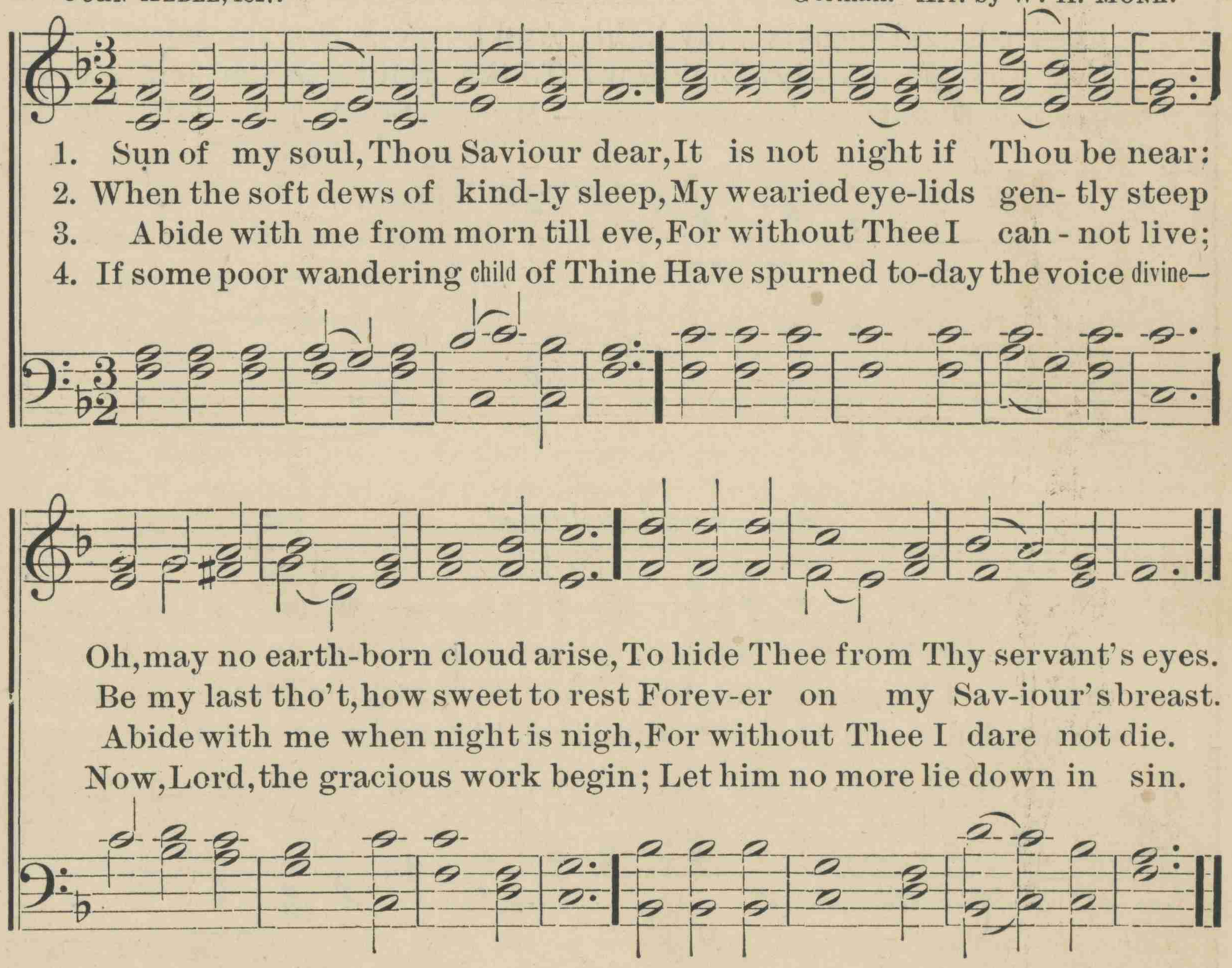




No. 91. Sun of My Soul.

The Lord God is a sun.— Ps. 74: 11.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827. German. Arr. by W. H. MONK.



5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

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

No. 92. The Wayside Cross.

C. L. ST. JOHN. DR. H. R. PALMER.

SOLO *ad lib. May be sung by a smooth bass voice, or by all voices in unison. Declamatory style.*

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pilgrim a-
2 "Which way shall I take for the bright golden span That bridges the
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pencil the

ORGAN.

wea-ried, and spent is my light; And I seek for the palace that
wa -ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah!
hedg- es and fruit la - den vines— My fortune! my all! for

Slower and sustained. *rit.*

rests on the hill, But between us a stream li - eth, sullen and chill.
me! if I knew—The night is so dark, and the passers so few."
one tangled gleam That sifts thro' the lil-ies, and wastes on the stream."

p *rit.*

* The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding this last note.

By per. DR. H. R. PALMER. owner of copyright.

The Wayside Cross.

CHORUS. *The 1st and 2nd tenor parts may be sung by ladies in the tenor voice, tenors singing baritone.*

1ST TENOR.

2ND TENOR.

Near —near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray fri - ar

BARITONE. *Unaccompanied.*

BASS.

cowled, in lichens and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span, That

CODA. *pp To be sung after last stanza.*

bridges the waters so safely for man, That bridges the waters so safely for man

No. 93. Blest be the Tie.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772. From H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu- tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun-der part, It gives us in - ward pain:

The fel - low- ship of kin- dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—Our comforts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa- thiz- ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

No. 94. Awake, Awake.

"Awake, awake, put on your strength." — Isaiah 51: 9.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. A - wake, a-wake, no long - er dwell In Sa-tan's dread cap-
2. We'll bow no more in sin and shame, The slaves of sor - row,
3. By faith and prayer, we'll dare de - fy The worst the tempter's
4. Be strong in God, re - sist the foe 'Tis life to con - quer,

tiv - i - ty. A - rise and break the fa - tal spell, And
want and woe, We'll strike for free - dom in God's name, And
art can do. Who leads the hosts of yon - der sky, Will
death to flee, But they that trust and fight shall know And

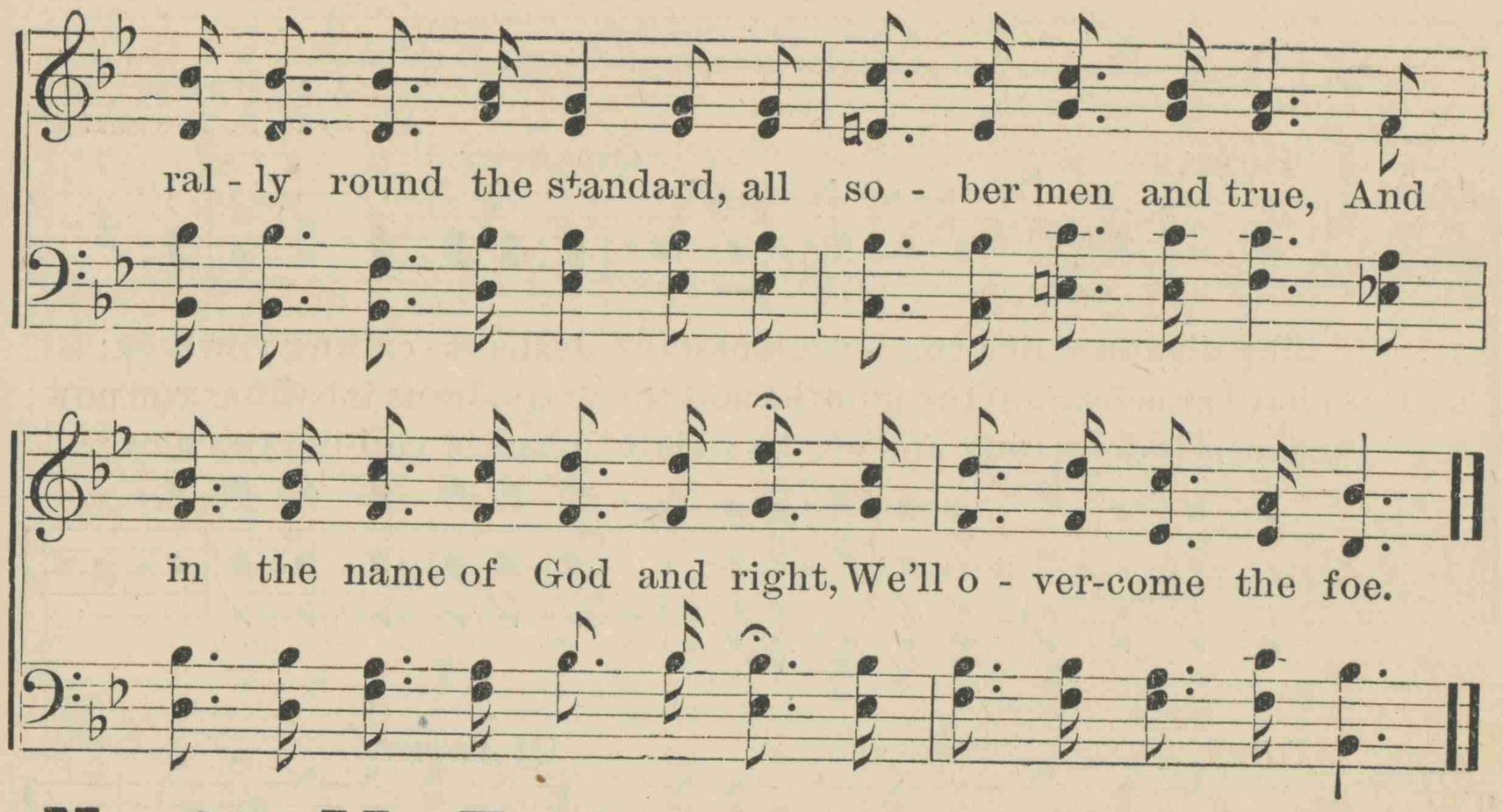
Chorus.

God will give the vic - to - ry. Then wake, wake, wake, and
lay the ty - rant's pow - er low.
lead his conquering peo - ple too.
taste the sweets of lib - er - ty.

arm ye for the fight, Wake, wake, wake in virtue's matchless might, Come

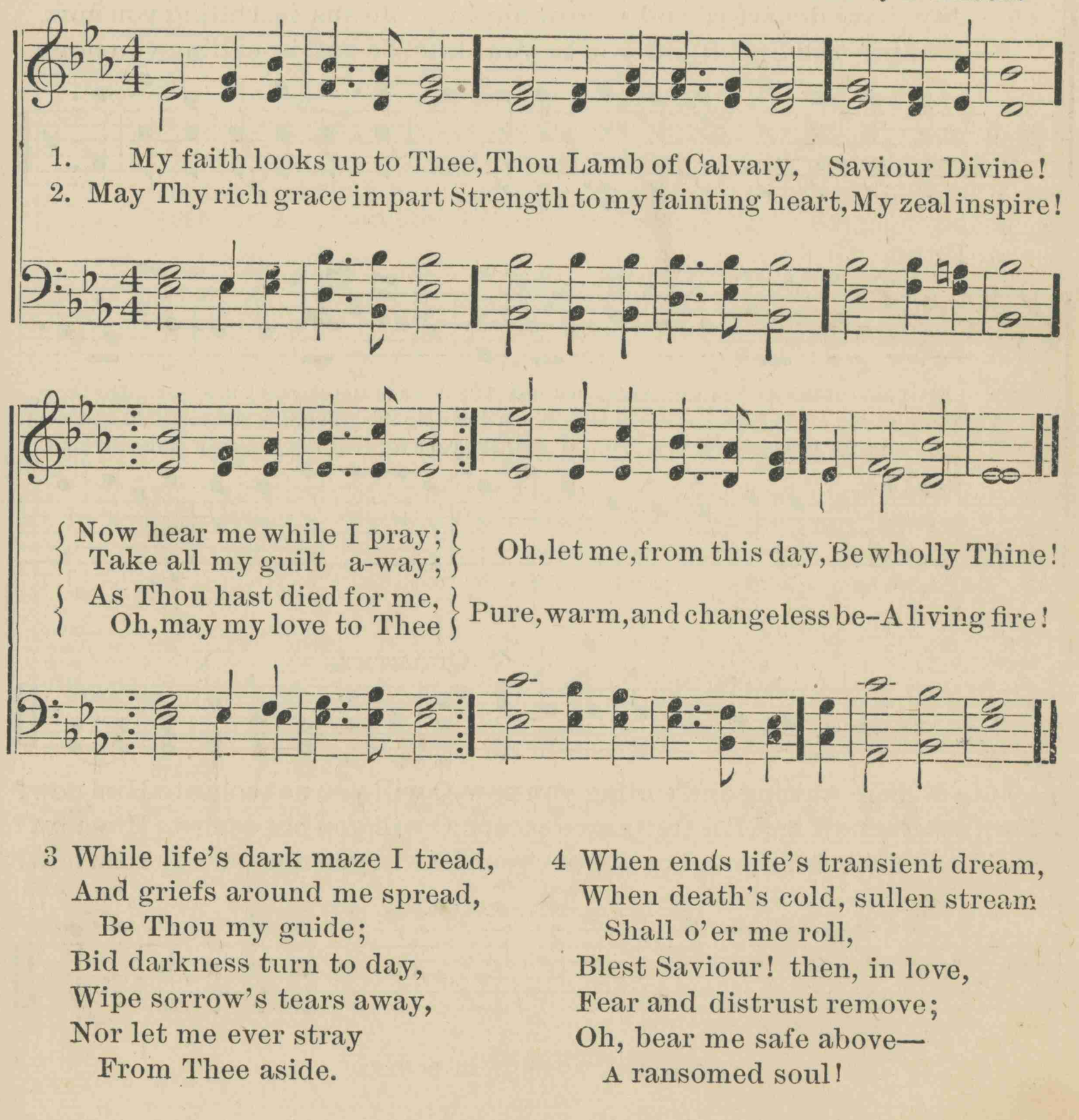
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Awake, awake.



No. 95. My Faith looks up to Thee.

Words by RAY PALMER. Music by L. MASON.



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

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

No. 96. Jesus is Calling You Now.

How long halt ye between two opinions?—1 Kings 18: 21.

J. M. WHYTE.
Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.

J. M. W.

DUET.

QUARTET.

1. Why do you wait a con - venient day? Jesus is calling you now;
2. Days have gone by, and the months and the years, Jesus is calling you now;
3. Darkness is deep'ning, and oh, 'tis so late! Jesus is call-ing you now;

DUET.

QUARTET.

Why do you turn from His pleadings away? Je-sus is calling you now.
Joys have depart-ed and sorrow appears, Je-sus is calling you now.
What if the Spir-it left you to your fate? Je-sus is calling you now.

DUET.

He stands at the door of your heart just now, The dews of the morning are on His brow;
The promise you made Him was never kept, When down by the grave-side you mourn'd and wept.
Es-cape for your life, tar - ry not, O soul, Es - cape for your life, you may miss the goal.

QUARTET.

He is there waiting and calling you now, O will you not come to Him now?
Turn to Him now and His free grace accept; O will you not come to Him now?
Look not behind you, nor linger O soul! O will you not come to Him now?

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No. 96. Jesus is Calling You Now.

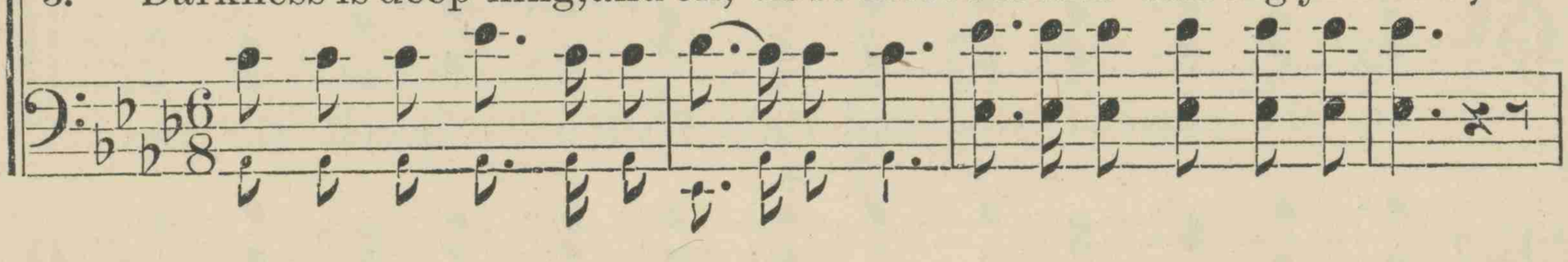
How long halt ye between two opinions?—1 Kings 18: 21.

J. M. Whyte.
Arr. by D. B. Towner.

J. M. W.



1. Why do you wait a con - venient day? Jesus is calling you now;
2. Days have gone by, and the months and the years, Jesus is calling you now;
3. Darkness is deep'ning, and oh, 'tis so late! Jesus is call-ing you now;



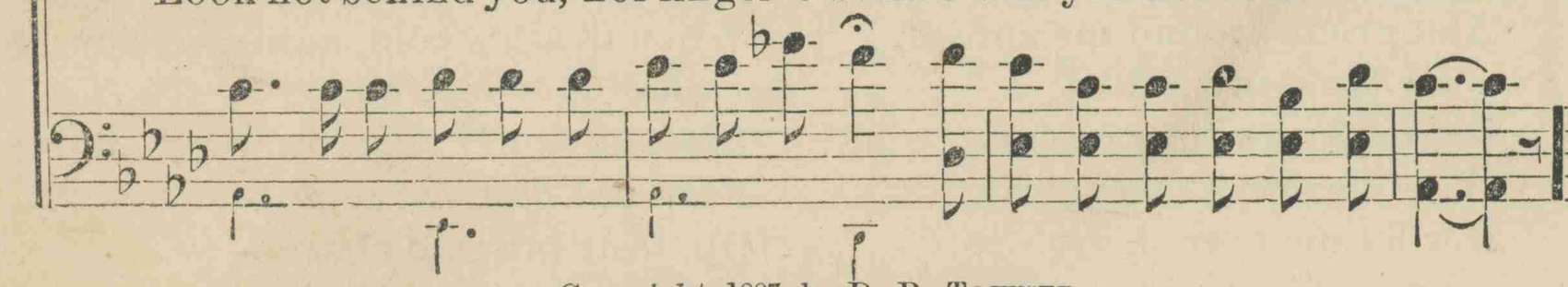
Why do you turn from His pleadings away? Je-sus is calling you now.
Joys have depart-ed and sorrow appears, Je-sus is calling you now.
What if the Spir-it left you to your fate? Je-sus is calling you now.



He stands at the door of your heart just now, The dews of the morning are on His brow;
The promise you made Him was never kept, When down by the grave-side you mourn'd and wept.
Es-cape for your life, tar - ry not, O soul, Es - cape for your life, you may miss the goal.



He is there waiting and calling you now, O will you not come to Him now?
Turn to Him now and His free grace accept; O will you not come to Him now?
Look not behind you, nor linger O soul! O will you not come to Him now?



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Jesus is Calling.

CHORUS.

Will you not come to Him now? Will you not trust in Him now?
Come to Him now, Come just now, right now,
Just now, right now, O hear Him, He's calling you now.
Come to Him now, trust in Him now,

No. 97. Glory to His Name.

"I will glorify Thy name forevermore."

Rev E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His
bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His
en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry to His
Sav-ior's feet: Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to His

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His

FINE. CHORUS. D.S

name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

By permission.

No. 98. All in All.

"Thou art my refuge, and my portion."— Ps. 142: 5.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. D. B. TOWNER.

1. In the hour when grief as-sails me, And my long, long sins ap-
2. In the day when earth attracts me, When its pleasures would en-
3. In the night when sorrows cloud me, And the burning teardrops
4. In the land of promised glo - ry, In the day of fes - ti -

pall, Then I haste to the For -giv - er, On His gracious name I
thrall, When its love-li-ness would bind me, And to creature love re -
fall, Then I look for one to wipe them, On His changless name I
val, Day of marriage and of tri-umph, In the an-gel-crowded

call; There I find the heav'nly fulness, Christ, my righteousness, my
call, Then I turn to brighter beau-ty, Christ, my glo-ry and my
call; Then I sing the song of patience, Christ, my brother and my
hall, This shall ev - er be my burden, Christ, my glo-ry and my

all, There I find divine completeness, Christ, my cleanser and my all.
all, Then I turn to fair- er splendor, Christ, my treasure and my all.
all, And I rest up- on His bo-som, Christ, my solace and my all.
all, This shall ev -er be my anthem, Christ, my bridegroom and my all.

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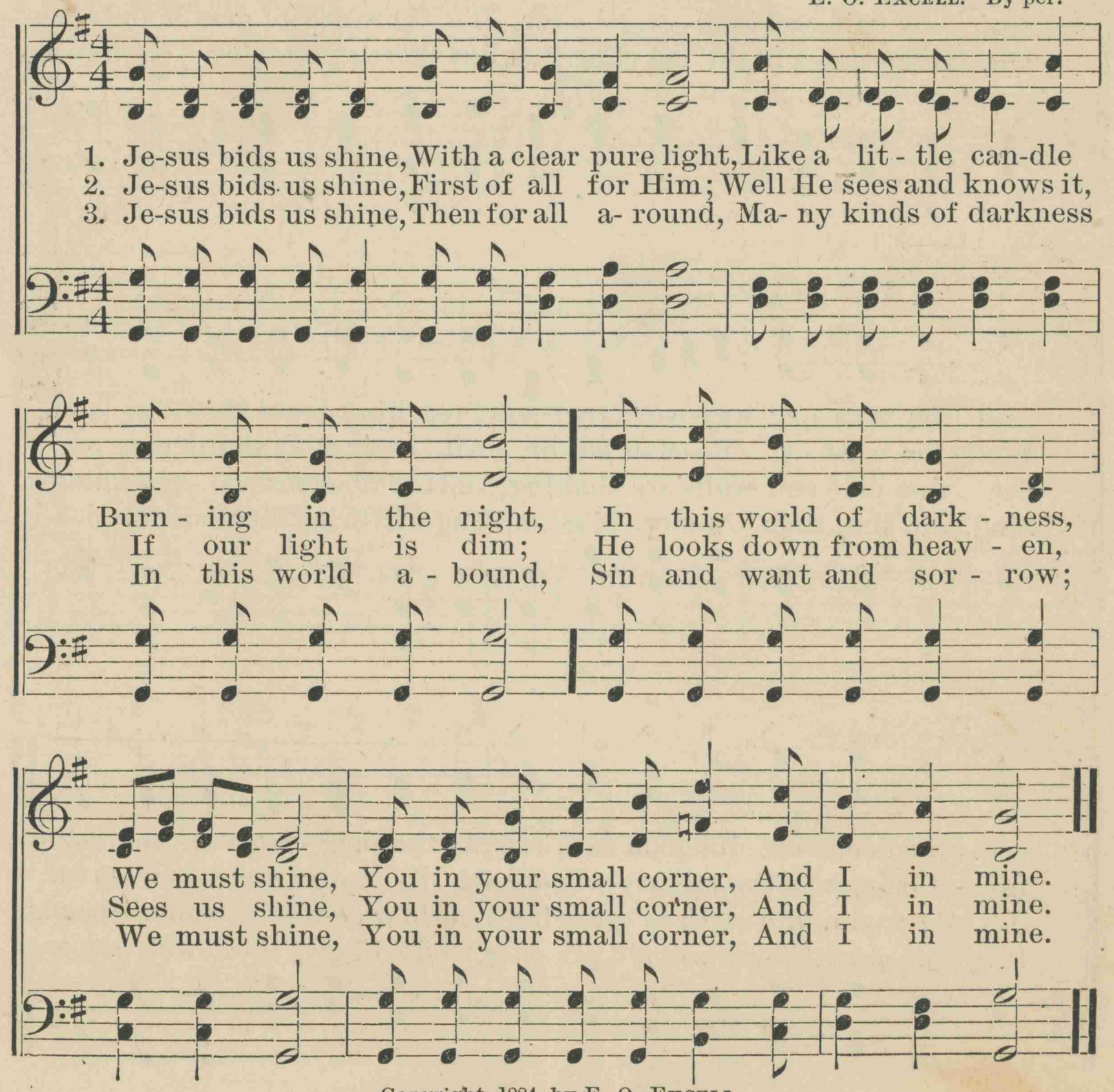
All in All.

CHORUS.



No. 99. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

E. O. EXCELL. By per.



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No. 100. Paul and Silas.

Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God.—Acts 16: 25.

P. P. Bliss. D. B. Towner. By per.

1. Night had fal-len on the ci - ty, And the streets at last were still,
2. Man- y stripes to them were given Man-y curs-es on them cast;
3. Hark the sighing of the prisoners, Hear their moanings loud and long;
4. Oh, there's not a cell so lone-ly, But a song may ech - o there;

Where the nois-y throng the day-long, Did the air with shoutings fill.
Man - y bolts and bars surround them, In the stocks their feet were fast.
No, a - gain, and loud- er, clearer, 'Tis the voice of prayer and song.
Oh, there's not a night so cheerless, But there's po-ten-cy in prayer.

And the wea - ry way-worn trav'lers Preaching Jesus thro' the land,
While the trust - y Ro-man jail-or, All se-cure -ly slumb'ring on,
See, the pri - son walls are shaking, And the door wide o - pen stands;
Sing, oh, sing, thou weary pilgrim, Song will bring thee heav'nly peace,

Were in deep - est dungeon darkness, At the mag - istrates' command.
Lit - tle dream'd the mighty wonder Of the morrow's ear - ly dawn.
Lo, the earth, the earth is quak-ing, Loos'd are every prisoner's bands.
Pray, oh, pray, thou burden'd prisoner, God will give thee sweet release.

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No. 101. 'Twill not be Long.

We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you.—Num. 10: 29.

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

1. 'Twill not be long our jour - ney here, Each brok-en sigh and
2. 'Twill not be long the yearning heart May feel its ev - ery
3. Tho' sad we mark the clos - ing eye, Of those we lov'd in
4. These checkered wilds, with thorns o'erspread, Thro' which our way so

fall - ing tear Will soon be gone, and all will be A
hope de - part, And grief be min-gled with its song; We'll
days gone by, Yet sweet in death their lat - est song— We'll
oft is led— This march of time, with truth so strong, Will

rit. REFRAIN.

cloudless sky, a wave-less sea. Roll on, dark stream, We
meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
meet a - gain, 'twill not be long.
end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, We

rit.

dread not thy foam; The pilgrim is long-ing for home, sweet home.

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No. 102. Travelling Home.

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.—Ps. 149: 2.

J. CENNICK. T. C. O'KANE. Arr. by D. B. TOWNER

1. Chil- dren of the heavenly King, As we jour-ney let us sing,
2. Fear not, brethren, joy - ful stand On the bor- ders of our land,
3. Lord, o - be - dient-ly we'll go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be- low,

Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us un-dismayed go on.
On-ly Thou our lead- er be, And we still will follow Thee.

CHORUS.

We are trav'ling home, trav'ling home to God,
We are trav - - 'ling home to God, In the
In the nar- row way, Way our fa-thers trod,
way . . . . . our fa - thers trod, They are
They are happy now, happy now and we Soon their happiness shall see.
hap - - py now and we Soon their happiness shall see.

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No. 103. Give Me Thy Heart.

"My Son give me Thine heart."—Prov. 23: 26.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. To thee, who from the nar - row road, In sin-ful ways so long have trod, How kind - ly speaks thy Father, God, "My son, give me thy heart."
2. Ah, well that gen - tle voice I know, For oft it called me long a - go, And now to thee it whispers low, "My son, give me thy heart."
3. "My son," oh word of might-y grace, That children of our mor - tal race, With sons of God may take their place. "My son, give me thy heart."
4. How great that Fa ther's love must be, How fond his yearnings af - ter thee, That he should say so ten - der - ly, "My son, give me thy heart."
5. How pa - tient hath his spir - it been, To fol - low thee thro' all thy sin, And plead thy wayward soul to win, "My son, give me thy heart."
6. Oh, God, my Fa ther, I o - bey, I come, I come, to thee to day, "Here Lord, I give my self a-way, I give to thee my heart."

Chorus.

My son, my son, Give me thy heart, give me thy heart, My son give me thy heart, Oh, hear, and heed thy Father's call, And give to him thy heart.

Last V.

give me thy heart, I hear, and heed my Father's call, And give to him my heart.

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No. 104. In the Morning.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. We are pil-grims look-ing home, Sad and wea - ry oft we roam,
2. O these ten - der bro - ken, ties, How they dim our ach - ing eyes,
3. When our fet-fered souls are free, Far be - yond the nar-row sea,
4. Thro' our pil-grim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear,

But we know 'twill all be well in the morn - ing; When, our
But like jew - els they will shine in the morn - ing; When, our
And we hear the Sav - ior's voice in the morn - ing; When, our
Let us watch and per - se - vere till the morn - ing; Then our

:S:

an - chor firm - ly cast, Ev - 'ry storm - y wave is past,
vic - tor palms we bear, And our robes im - mor - tal wear,
gold - en sheaves we bring To the feet of Christ, our King,
high - est trib - ute raise For the love that crowns our days,

D. S. sun - ny re - gion bright,

FINE

And we gath - er safe at last in the morn - ing.
We shall know each oth - er there, in the morn - ing.
What a cho - rus we shall sing in the morn - ing.
And to Je - sus give the praise in the morn - ing.

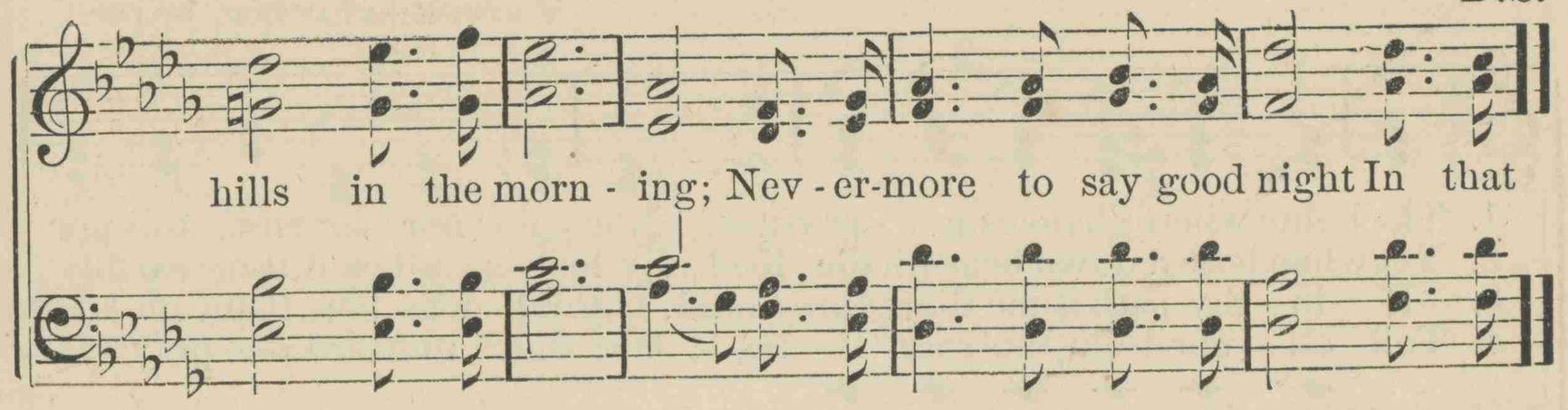
When we hail the bless - ed light of the morn - ing.

CHORUS

When we all meet a - gain in the morn-ing, On the sweet blooming

In The Morning.

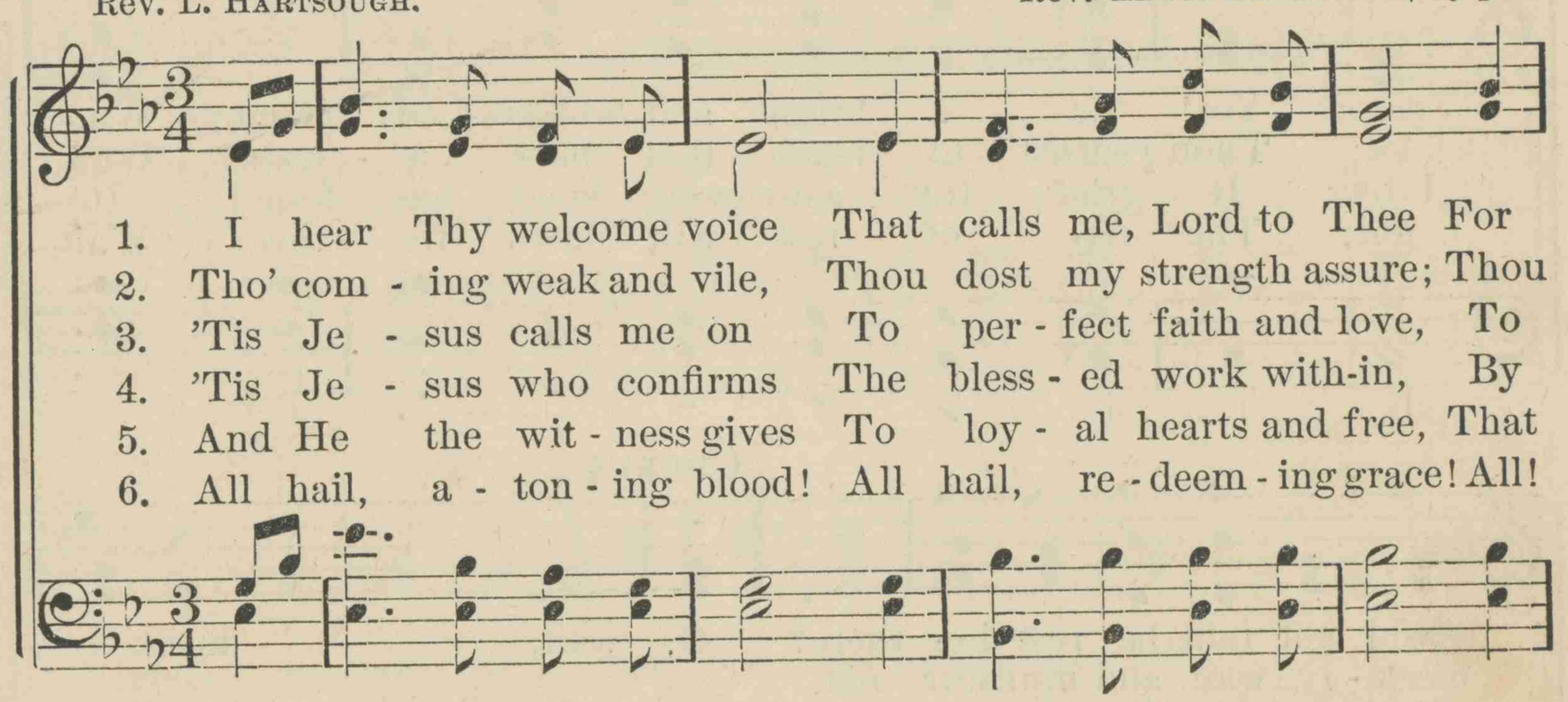
D.S.

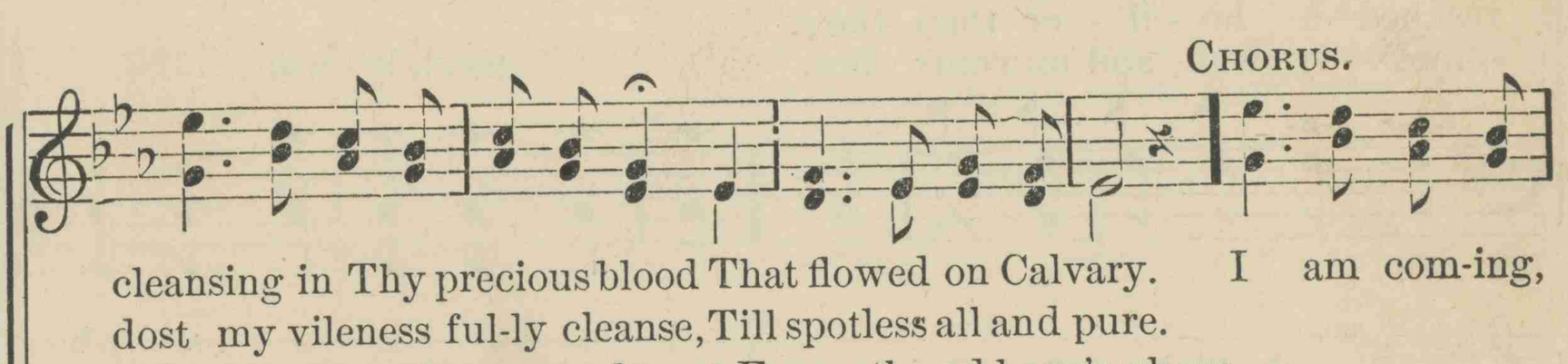


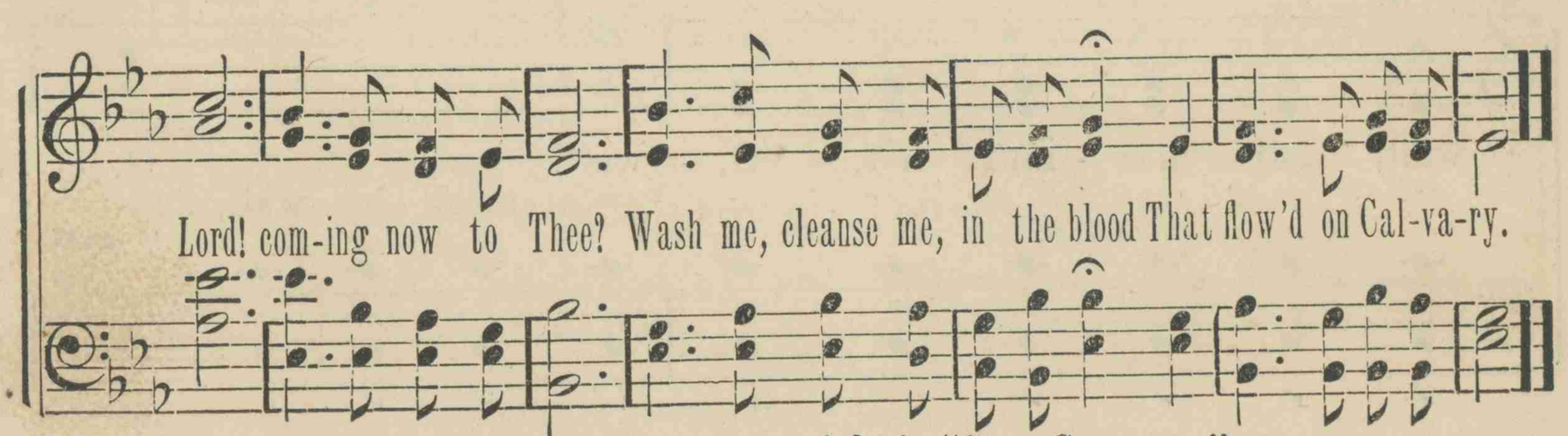
No. 105. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

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

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. Rev. LEWIS HARTSOUGH, by per.







By per. Phillip Phillips, Copyright in "Song Sermons."

No. 106. Wait and Murmur Not.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. The home where changes nev - er come, Nor pain nor sor-row, toil nor
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His
4. Toil on nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r for-

care; Yes! 'tis a bright and bless - ed home; Who
lot; Thou yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait,
brow; If grief thy sor-rowing heart nas found, It
got; The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait,

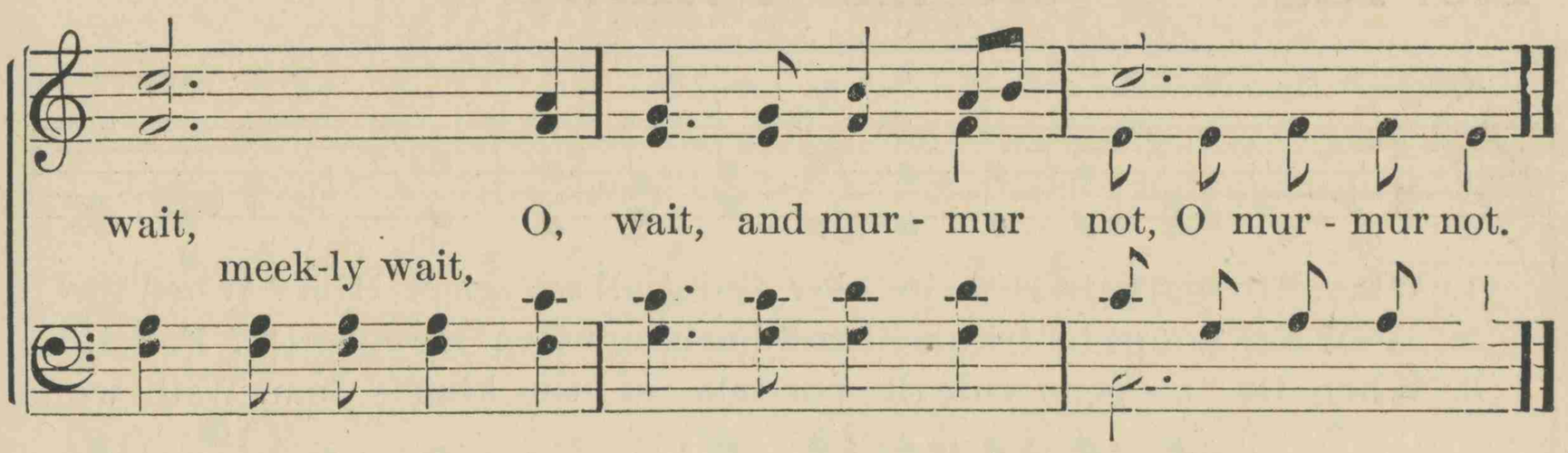
CHORUS.

would not fain be rest - ing there? O, wait, meek-ly
meek - ly wait, and murmur not.
reached a ho - li - er than thou.
meek - ly wait, and murmur not. meek-ly wait,

wait, and mur - mur not, O, wait, meek - ly
meek - ly wait,

wait, and mur - mur not, O, wait, O,
meek - ly wait,

Wait and Murmur Not.



No. 107. Eternity is Drawing Nigh.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."—Rom. 13: 12.

Horatius Bonar, D. D. Philip Phillips, by per.



3 Watch, brethren, watch,
The day is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch,
The time is flying,
Watch as men watch the starting breath,
Watch as men watch for life or death.

4 Look, brethren, look,
The day is breaking:
Hark, brethren, hark,
The dead are waking,
With girded loins already stand,
Behold! the Bridegroom is at hand.

* The next four measures sung in unison are very effective.

(Copyright in "Song Sermons.")

No. 108. At His Coming.

And they that were ready went in with Him.— Matt. 25 : 10.

Mrs. C. L S. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When He gathers His be - lov - ed shall we meet Him ? When the
2. Will our lamps be trimmed and burning when He cometh ? For it
3. When He o - pens wide the por-tals of the king - dom, Will we

mansions He's pre-par - ing are complete, Cloth'd with beauty in His
may be when the ev - en - tide shall fall, Or it may be that the
en - ter in - to glo - ry with the Lord ? Will we en - ter as the

presence shall we meet Him, Shall we bow with those who worship at His feet ?
silence of the midnight Will be broken by the Master's welcome call.
blessed of the Fa-ther To receive the saints exceeding great reward ?

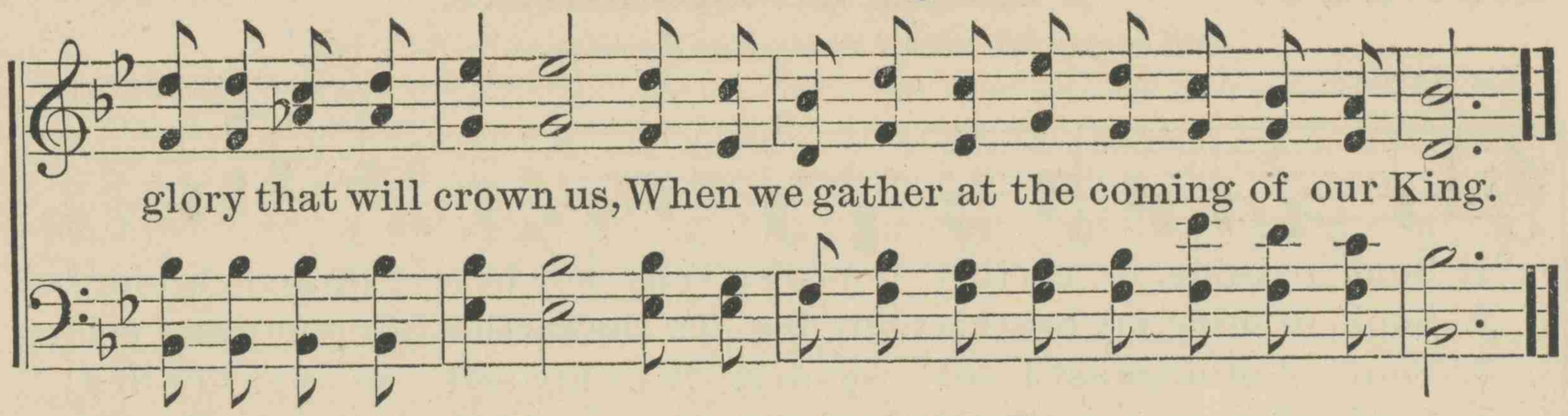
CHORUS. com - ing, com - ing,

At His coming we will meet Him, at His coming we will greet Him, Songs of

welcome, songs of triumph we will sing. O, the glad-ness, O, the

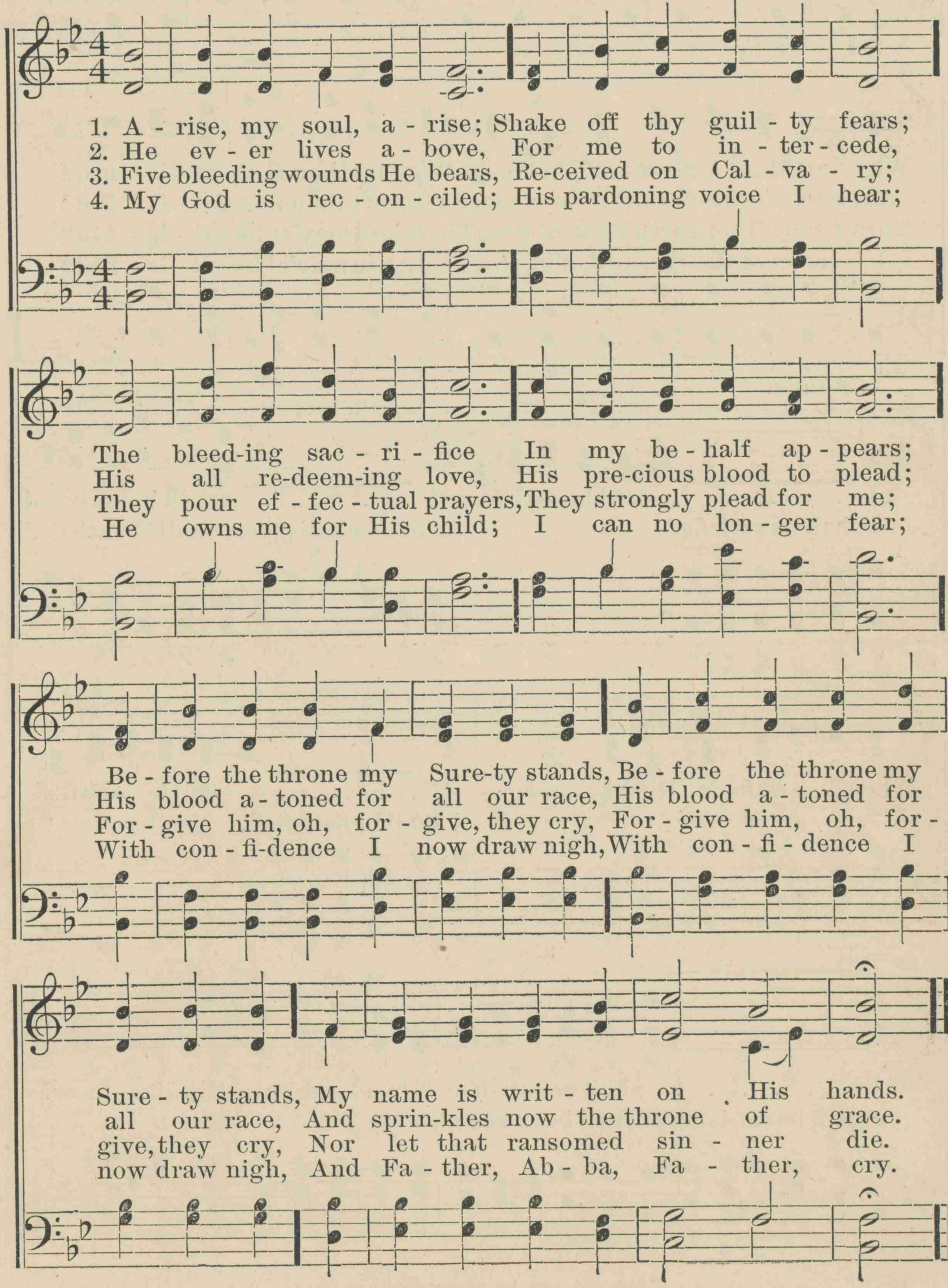
Copyright, 1887, by D. B. TOWNER.

At His Coming.



No. 109. Lenox. 6s & 8s.

Rev. Ch. Wesley, 1742. Lewis Edson, 1782.



No. 110. I shall be Satisfied.

" I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Soul of mine, in earthly tem-ple, Why not here con-tent a-bide?
2. Soul of mine, my heart is cling-ing To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
3. Soul of mine, must I sur - ren-der, See my-self as cru - ci-fied;
4. Soul of mine, con-tin-ue plead-ing; Sin re-buke, and fol - ly chide;

Why art thou for - ev - er pleading? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
Ah, why dost thou thus re-prove me? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
Turn from all of earth's am-bi-tion, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?
I ac-cept the cross of Je - sus, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?

CHORUS.

I . . . . . shall be satisfied, I . . . . . shall be satisfied,
I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied,

When I awake in His like-ness, I . . . . . shall be satisfied,
I shall be satisfied,

I . . . . . shall be satisfied, When I awake in His like - ness.
I shall be sat-isfied, I shall be satisfied,

Copyright, 1879, by JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

No. 111. He shall abide.

"And he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." John 14: 16.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



Copyright 1887, by D. B. TOWNER

No. 112. Lo! the High Priest in His Beauty.

Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands.—Isaiah 49: 16.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. D. B. TOWNER.

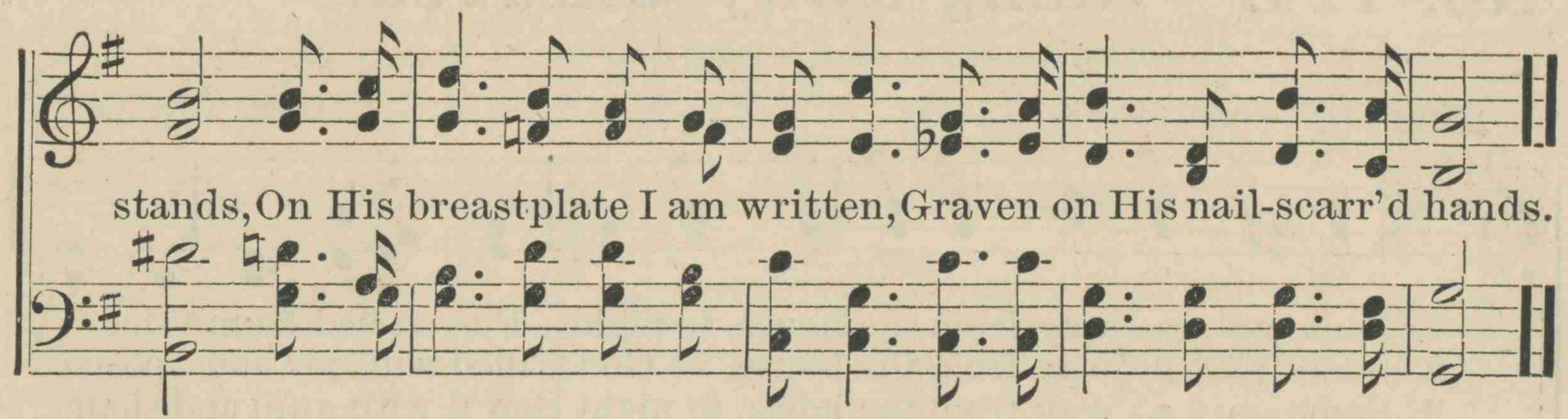
1. Lo, the High Priest in His beau-ty To the Fa-thers face is gone, For my soul is in-ter- ced-ing, With His glo-ry-vestments on. Gird-ed with Sal-vation's hel-met, Once He travelled in His strength: Burst the bars of death a-sun-der, Reached the throne of God at length.
2. When He saw no in-ter- ces- sor, Then He won-dered at man's woe; With trangressors He was numbered, In our likeness walked be-low. Gird-ed now with priestly gir- dle, There He stands be-fore the throne, Incense of-fers up unceasing, Makes the sinner's cause His own.
3. When they nailed His sacred members, When with spear they pierc'd His side, Came there forth the drops of healing, Came there forth life's crimson tide. I have felt the blood of cleansing Wash the stains from off my soul, I have felt the thrill of glory: In Christ Jesus been made whole.
4. What care I, what shall be-fall me, I can look with-in the vail, And I know Christ's inter-cessions For my soul must still a-vail. Still to God goes up the o-dor, Smelling sweet in all the skies, Where He stands within the ho-lies Of His fragrant sac-ri-fice.

CHORUS.

I can nev-er be for-got-ten, In the ho-li-est He

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Lo! the High Priest in His Beauty.



No. 113. Must I Go, and Empty Handed?

After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly 30 years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go, and empty handed?*"

C. C. LUTHER. Dan. 12: 3. GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

DUET.

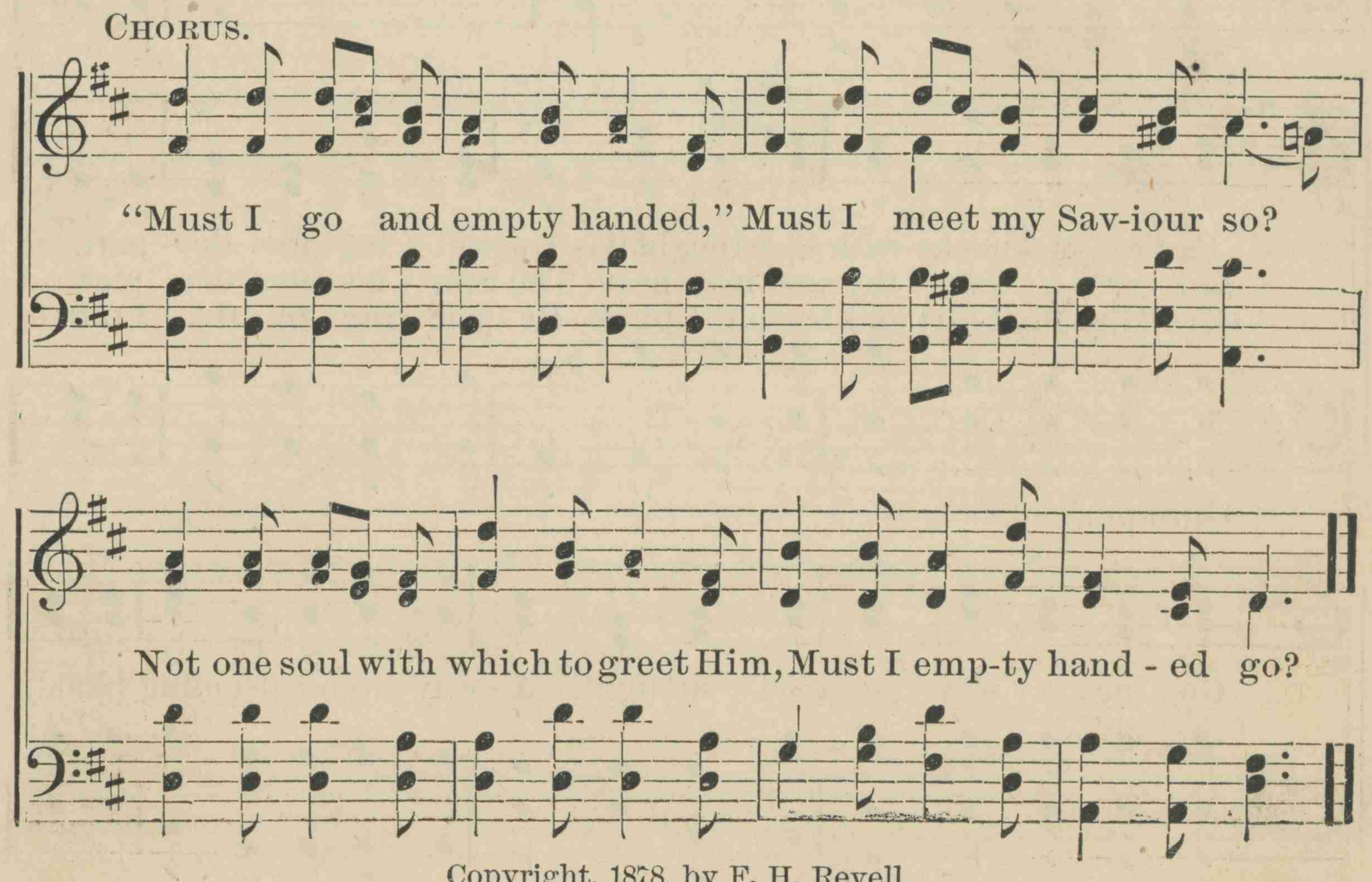


1. "Must I go and emp-ty hand-ed," Thus my dear Re-deemer meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal- ter, For my Saviour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin-ning wast-ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a-rouse, be earn-est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,



Not one day of ser - vice give Him, Lay no tro- phy at His feet?
But to meet Him emp-ty hand-ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav-iour, To His will I'd glad- ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'ertakes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

CHORUS.



Copyright, 1878, by F. H. Revell.

No. 114. Going away Unsaved.

"Ye will not come to me that ye might have life,"—John 5: 40.

Words arr. for this work. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Some go a - way from the house to-night, Pu - ri-fied from sin,
2. Some go a - way from the house of God, Filled with joy and peace,
3. Some go a - way from the house to night Bow'd with guilt and shame,

Oth - ers re - ject the gra-cious light, And go a-way un - clean,
Oth - ers de-spise the pre-cious blood That brings the soul re - lease.
Oth - ers re - ceiv - ing life and light, Con-fess the Sav-ior's name.

Lov - ing - ly still the Sav - ior stands Pleading with thy heart,
Nev - er a - gain the Sav - ior dear May be of - fered thee,
Hap - py are they who share His grace, Trusting in His word.

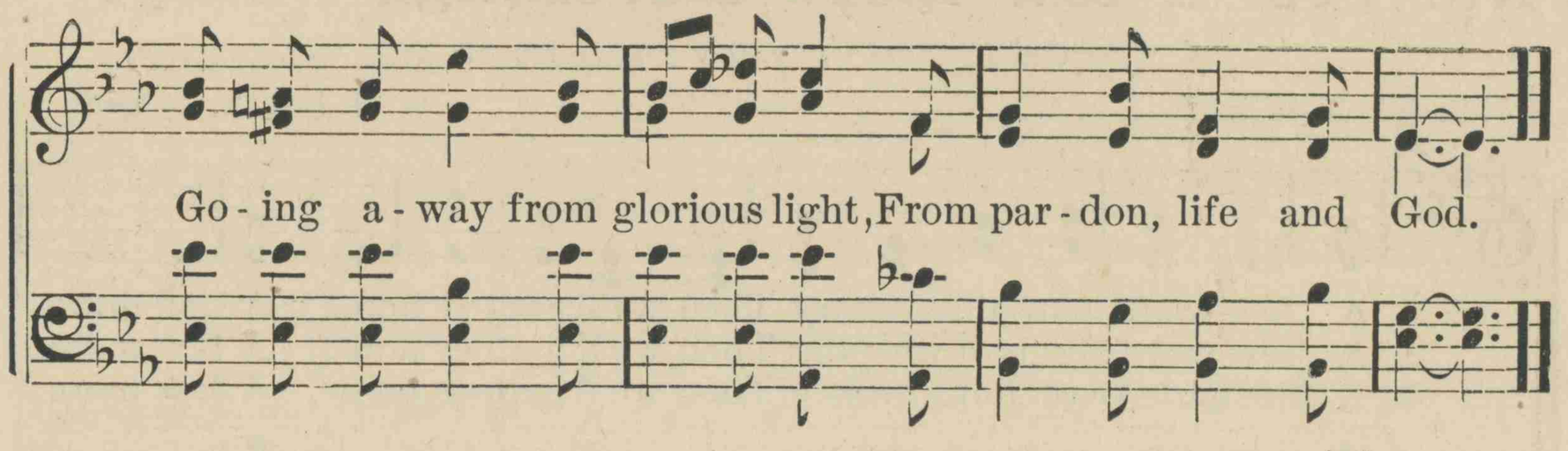
Pa-tient - ly knocks with bleeding hands Un-will - ing to de - part.
Nev - er a - gain thy soul may hear The Spir - it's ten - der plea.
Give Him thy heart and leave the place Re - joic - ing in the Lord.

CHORUS.

Go - ing a - way unsaved to night, A - way from redeeming blood,

Copyright, 1887, by D. B. Towner.

Going away unsaved.

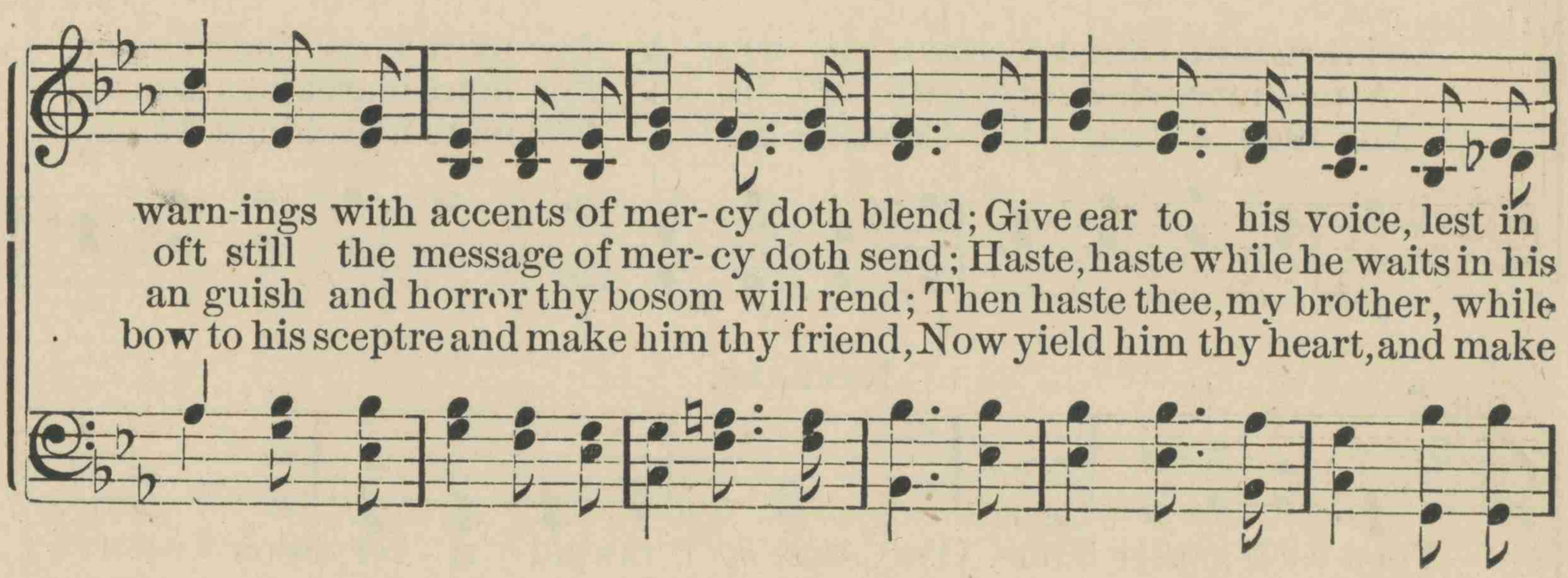


No. 115. "The Harvest is Passing."

The Harvest is Past, the Summer is Ended and We are not Saved. Jer. 8: 20.

Anon. *Slowly.* J. H. BURKE.





Copyright, 1887, by F. H. Revell.

No. 116. A few more Marchings weary.

"The God of Israel will gather you."—Isa. 52: 12.

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

1. A few more marchings weary, Then we'll gath-er home; A few more storm-clouds dreary, Then we'll gath-er home. A few more days the cross to bear,
2. A few more nights of weeping, Then we'll gath er home; A few more watches keeping, Then we'll gath-er home. A few more vict'ries o-ver sin,
3. A few more sweet links broken, Then we'll gath-er home, A few more kind words spoken, Then we'll gath-er home. A few more partings on the strand,

And then with Christ a crown to wear; A few more marchings wea-ry,
A few more sheaves to gath - er in, A few more marchings wea-ry,
And then a - way to Canaan's land; A few more marchings wea-ry,

REFRAIN.

Then we'll gather home. O'er time's ra - pid ri - ver, Soon we'll
Then we'll gather home,
Then we'll gather home. O'er time's rapid Soon we'll rest, we'll
rest for-ev - er; No more marchings wea-ry, When we'll gath-er home.

Copyright, 1882, by Bigelow & Main.

No. 117. Sound the Battle Cry.

WM. F. SHERWIN. By per.

Vigorously, in march time.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know
3. Oh! thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar- mor on, Stand firm ev- ery one,
Must pre - vail; Shield and ban-ner bright Gleaming in the light,
By Thy grace; When the battle's done, And the victory won,

CHORUS. *ff*

Rest your cause up-on His ho - ly word. Rouse then, sol- diers!
Bat - tling for the right, We ne'er can fail.
May we wear the crown Be-fore Thy face.

ral -ly round the banner! Read-y, stead - y, pass the word a-long;

Onward, forward, shout aloud Hosanna! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

No. 118. Will You be There?

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

Words furnished by T. C. Horton. D. B. Towner.

1. Be - yond this life of hope and fears, Be - yond this world of grief and tears, There is a re - gion fair; It knows no change and
2. Its gold - en gates are closed to sin, Naught that de - files can en - ter in To mar its beau - ty rare; Up - on that bright e -
3. No droop - ing form, no tear - ful eye, No hoar - y head, no wea - ry sigh, No pain, no grief, no care, But joys which mor-tals
4. Who shall be there? The low - ly here, All those who serve the Lord with fear, So that His love they share; Who, gaz - ing on the
5. Will you be there? You can, you may, For He who is the truth, the way, Your sins did ful - ly bear. O hear His voice sound

no de-cay, No night, but one un- end -ing day: Oh say, will you be there?
ternal shore, Earth's bitter curse is known no more: Oh say, will you be there?
may not know, Like rivers ev - er on-ward flow: Oh say, will you be there?
cru - ci - fied, By faith can say, "For me He died:" These, these shall *all* be there.
sweet-ly "Come, I am the way, I'll lead you home; With me you shall be there.

CHORUS. Will you Will you?

Will you be there, will you be there, Will you be there, will you be there? In

that e - ter - nal home so fair: Oh say, will you be there!
will you, will you be there?

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No. 119. Who is on the Lord's Side?

He that is not with me is against me.—Matt. 12: 30.

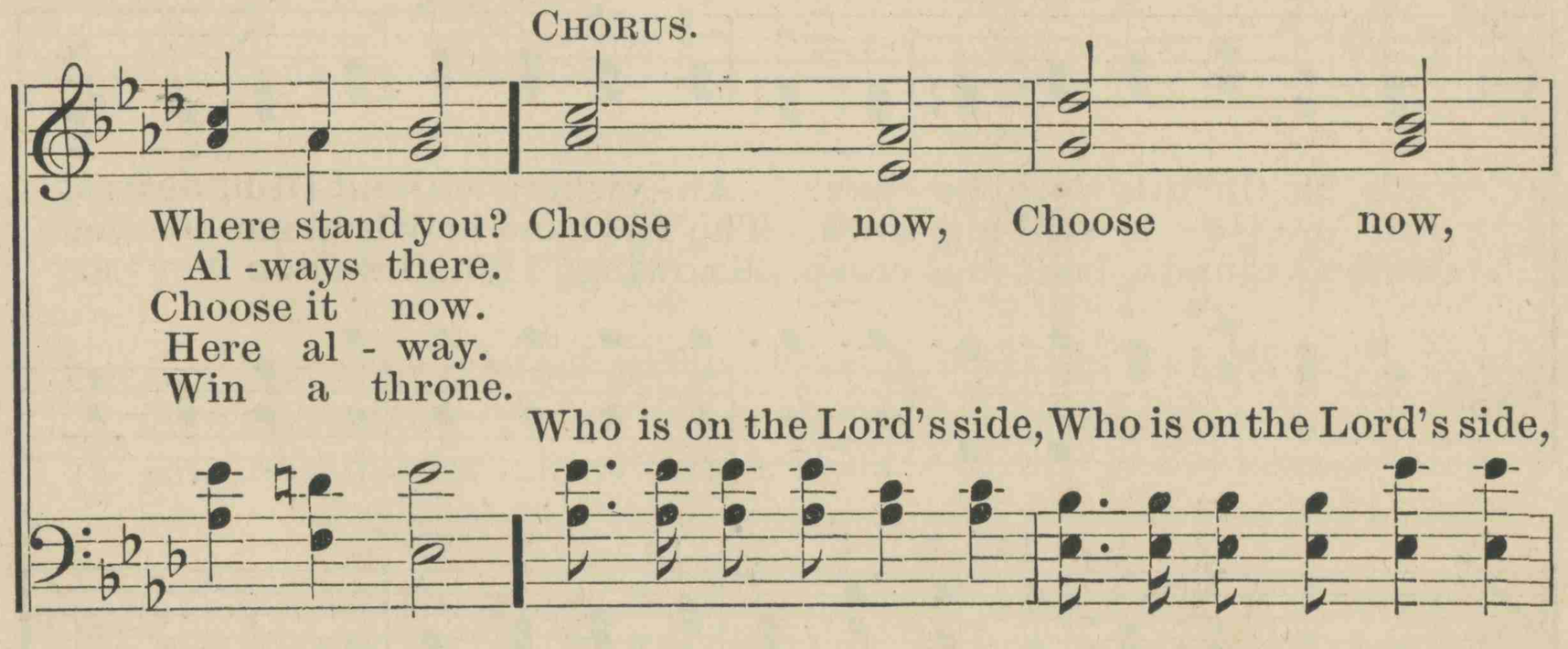
Arr. for this work by Rev. H. B. HARTZLER. F. E. BELDEN. By per.



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Always true, There's a right and wrong side,
2. Turn you from the wrong side, Flee that snare, Sin and death and woe bide
3. Will you leave the wrong side, Leave it now, Will you choose the Lord's side,
4. Come upon the Lord's side, Come to-day, Life and peace and joy bide
5. Bet - ter on the right side, Stand a-lone, Than upon the wrong side,



CHORUS.



Where stand you? Choose now, Choose now,
Al - ways there.
Choose it now.
Here al - way.
Win a throne.

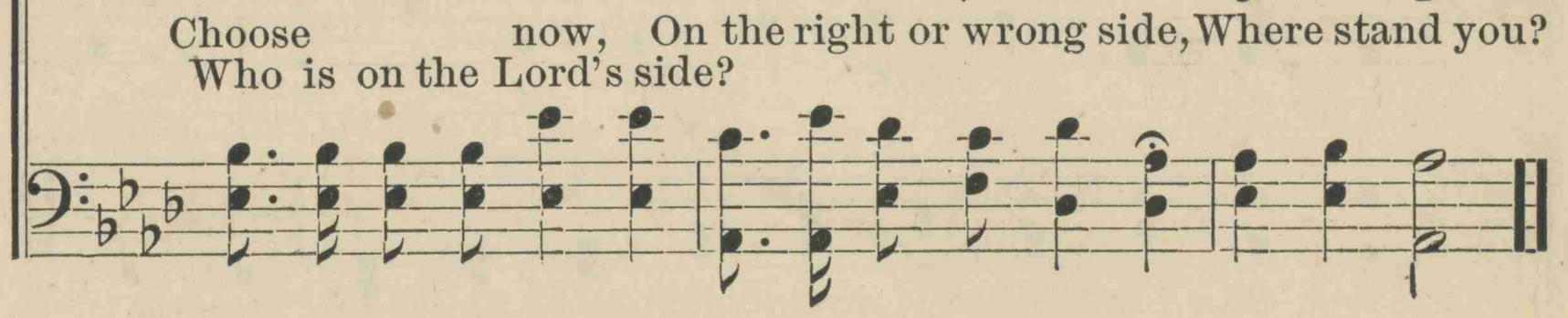
Who is on the Lord's side, Who is on the Lord's side,



On the right or wrong side, False or true, Choose now,
Who is on the Lord's side,



Choose now, On the right or wrong side, Where stand you?
Who is on the Lord's side?



6 Loyal on the Lord's side, Let us stand,
Face against the wrong side, Hand in hand.

7 Would you have the safe side At that day?
Choose you then the Lord's side While you may.

Words copyright, 1887, by D. B. TOWNER.

No. 120. Anywhere with Jesus.

"I will trust and not be afraid."—Isaiah 12: 2.

JESSIE H. BROWN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Anywhere with Je-sus I can safe- ly go, An - y-whereHe leads me in this world be - low. An - ywhere without Him, dearest
2. Anywhere with Je-sus I am not a - lone, Oth-er friends may fail me,He is still my own. Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
3. Anywhere with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the darkling shadows round a- bout me creep. Knowing I shall wak-en nev - er

joys would fade, An - ywhere with Je- sus I am not a - fraid.
drear-est ways, An - ywhere with Je- sus is a house of praise.
more to roam, An - ywhere with Je- sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

An - y - where! an - y - where! Fear I can - not know.

An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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No. 121. Building for Eternity.

N. B. S. Acts. 20: 32. N. B. SARGENT, Arr.

1. We are building in sorrow or joy, A temple the world may not
2. Every tho't that we've ev - er had, Its own lit- tle place has
3. Every word that so light - ly falls, Giving some heart joy or
4. Are you building for God a - lone, Are you building in faith and

see, Which time cannot mar nor destroy, We build for e -ter - ni - ty.
fill'd, Ev'ry deed we have done *good* or bad, Is a stone in the temple we build.
pain, Will shine in our tem-ple walls, Or ev- er its beau-ty stain.
love, A temple the Father will own, In the ci-ty of light a- bove?

CHORUS.

We are building ev-ery day, . . A tem- ple the world may not
We are building, building, every day,

see, Building, building ev-ery day, Building for e-ter- ni - ty.

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No. 122. The New Song.

"The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation."—Ex. 15: 2.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

Moderato.

1. Who is like un-to Je-ho-vah? Who is like unto our God, Strong and
2. Tho' a host should rise against us, Our salvation to oppose, Tho' the
3. Then we'll come before His presence With a glad and happy song; We will
4. With ten-thousand times ten-thousand Gathered round about the throne, And the

migh-ty to de-liv-er, With His won-der-working rod? On-ly
wick-ed in high plac-es Be our strong and bit-ter foes, He will
praise the Great Redeem-er Un-to whom we now be-long. He is
voice of man-y an-gels We will make His glo-ries known, Praising

trust Him and go forward, Bold-ly marching thro' the sea, He'll re-
hold them in de-ri-sion, And o'erwhelm them in the sea, And He'll
wor-thy, He is wor-thy, Who redeem'd us by His blood, And hath
God the Lord Al-migh-ty, Praising God the Liv-ing Lamb, Praising

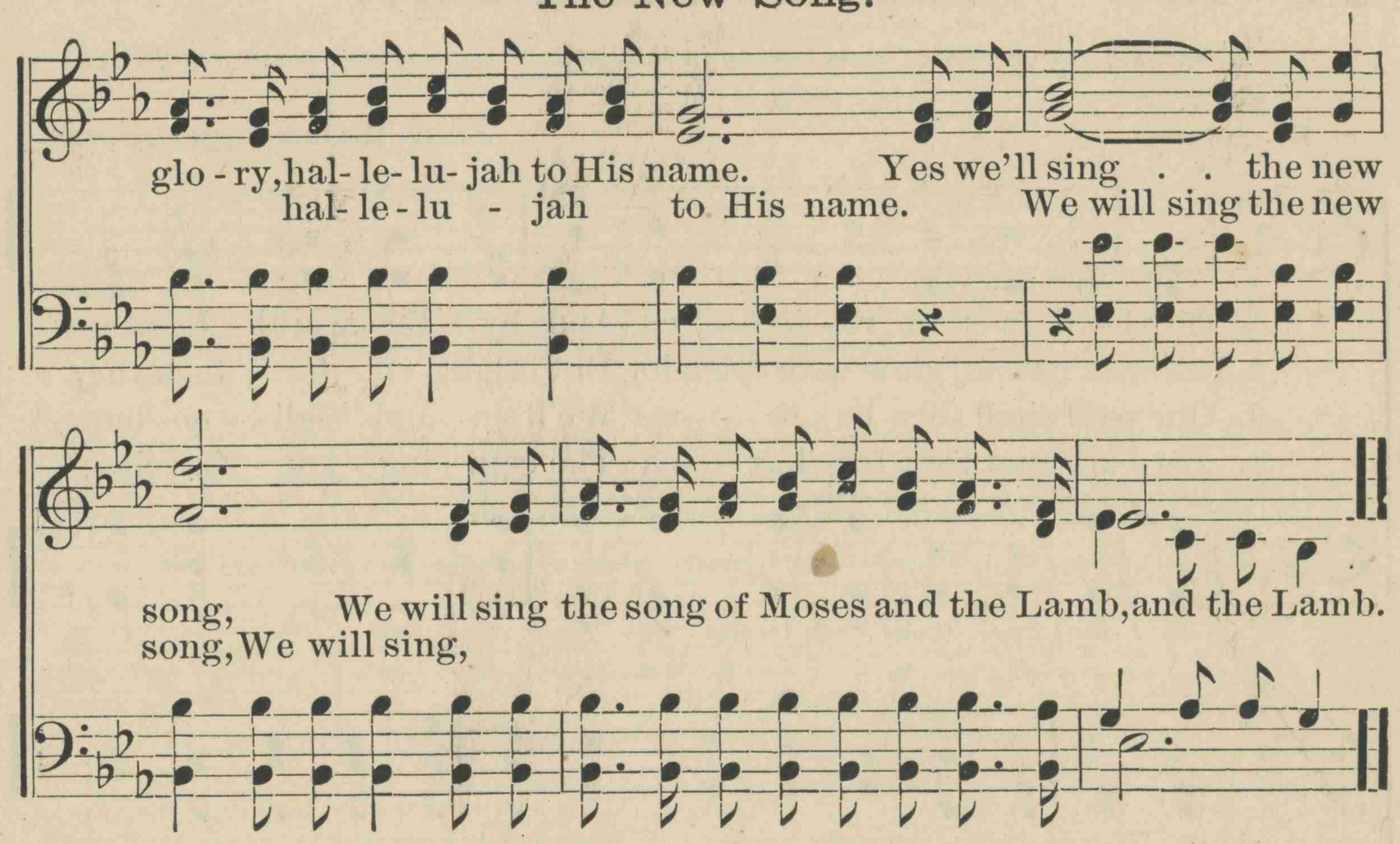
strain the storm-y billows, He will tri-umph glo-rious-ly.
gath-er us in glo-ry, With a migh-ty vic-to-ry.
made us to His glo-ry, Kings and priests un-to our God.
God the Spir-it Ho-ly, Ev-er Great and Bless-ed Name.

Chorus.

And we'll sing . . . . the new song, Glo-ry,
And we'll sing the new song, We will sing,

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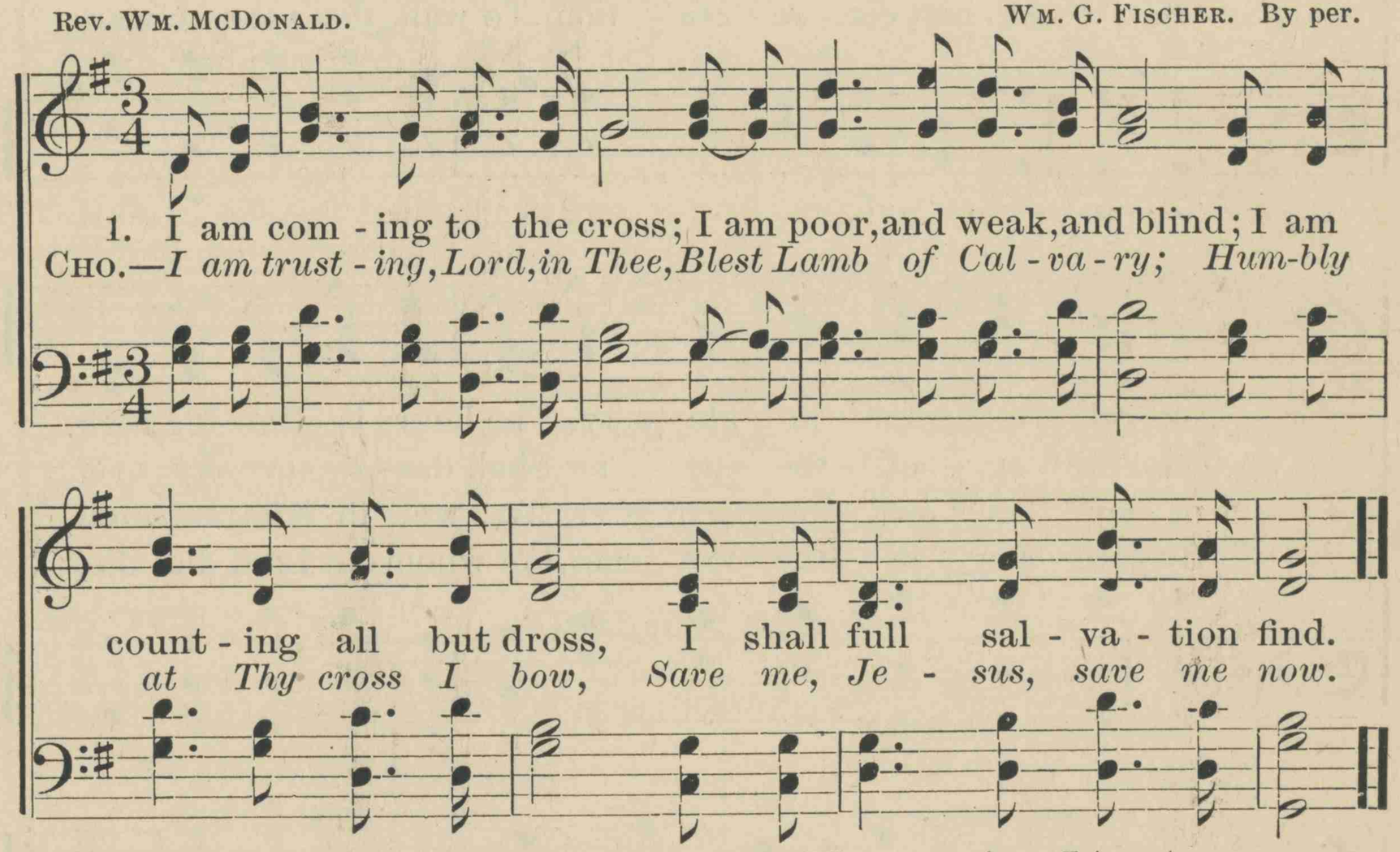
The New Song.



No. 123. I am Coming to the Cross.

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

Rev. WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.



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

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.
CHO.

4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.
CHO.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.
CHO.

No. 124. The Crowning Day.

"They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory."—MAT, 24: 30,

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Our Lord is now re - ject - ed, And by the world disowned
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendor, But bright - er far than they
3. Our pain shall then be o - ver, We'll sin and sigh no more,
4. Let all that look for, has - ten The com - ing joy - ful day,

By the *ma - ny* still neg-lect - ed, And by the *few* enthroned,
The saints shall shine in glo - ry, As Christ shall them array;
Be - hind us all of sor - row, And nought but joy be - fore,
By ear - nest con - se - cra - tion, To walk the nar-row way.

But soon He'll come in glo - ry, The hour is draw-ing nigh,
The beau - ty of the Sav - ior, Shall daz - zle ev - ery eye,
A joy in our Re - deem - er, As we to Him are nigh,
By gath - 'ring in the lost ones, For whom our Lord did die,

For the crown - ing day is com-ing bye and bye.
In the crown - ing day that's com-ing bye and bye.
In the crown - ing day that's com-ing bye and bye.
For the crown - ing day that's com ing bye and bye.

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The Crowning Day.



No. 125. **Bethany. 6s & 4s.** Key G.

1 Nearer, my God to Thee.
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my songs shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

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

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

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly.
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

No. 126. We Shall be Happy Then.

"Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion." Ps. 53: 6.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1 Oh, that will be a joy - ful time When ev-'ry knee shall bow, And
2 When all be-low, a - round, above, In earth, and sea, and sky, Be-
3. Kindred and tongues of ev-'ry clime His sovereign sway shall own, And
4. When life's bright stream, a healing flood, From God's fair temple flows, The

ev - 'ry tongue confess to Him The world de-spis - es now. When
hold the ban-ner of His love Unfurled to ev - 'ry eye. When
songs of joy and praise sublime In all the world be known. When
wil-der-ness shall bloom and bud And blossom as the rose; While

they that pierc'd Him shall lament, And all the tribes of men, Yea,
He our worthless name shall own And in His glo - ry reign, And
truth and right and love shall be Where wrong and hate have been, And
field and wood the joy shall share, And mountain, rock, and glen Break

na - tions in a day re-pent, We shall be hap-py then.
we with Him shall share the throne, We shall be hap-py then.
peace shall reign, from sea to sea, We shall be hap-py then.
forth in sing - ing ev - 'ry where. We shall be hap-py then.

REFRAIN.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When all the world shall own His sway, And

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men and an-gels Him o - bey; We shall be hap - py then.

No. 127. Missionary's Call.

Rev. N. Brown. Edward Howe, Jr.

1. My soul is not at rest; there comes a strange and secret whisper to my spirit like a dream of
2. Why live I here? The vows of God are on me and I may not stop to play with shadows, or pluck earthly
3. And I will go! I may no longer doubt to give up friends and idol
4. Henceforth, then, it matters not if storm or sunshine be my earthly lot, bitter or sweet my
5. And if one for whom Satan hath struggled as he hath for me should ever reach that blessed

night, that tells me I am on en - - - chant - ed ground.
flowers, till I my work have done, and render'd up ac-count,
hopes, and every tie that binds my heart to Thee, my country.
cup I only pray, "God make me holy, and my spirit nerve for the stern hour of strife!"
shore, Oh, how this heart will glow with gratitude and love!

Chorus.

Vivace. *cres.*

The voice of my de - part - ed Lord," "Go, teach all
5 Verse. Thro' a - ges of e - ter - nal years, I shall ne'er re -

p

nations," Comes on the night air, and a - wakes mine ear.
pent; That toil and suf-f'ring once were mine be - low.

No. 128. Oh! Word of Words!

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.— Col. 3: 16.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. More pre-cious than the ru - by, Or sil-v'ry mer-chan-dise; Yea,
2. For when the heart is sad - dest, By sin and sorrow pressed, Thy
3. Oh! Book of books the dear - est, Oh! true and Liv -ing Word, Of

more than all the splen- dors That stud the star - ry skies, This
words a - lone can com - fort And soothe the troubled breast, And
ti - dings glad the glad - dest That mor - tal ev - er heard, How

dear, this ho - ly Bi - ble; This treas - u - ry of God; Filled
when the night is dark - est And gloom obscures the way, Thy
sweet- er than the hon - ey That drop-peth from the comb, Thy

full with grace and wis - dom, With hope and pro - mise broad.
light a - lone can guide us With bright and cheering ray.
words of lov - ing fa - vor That woo the wanderer home.

CHORUS.

Oh! Word of words su - per - nal, Oh! mes - sage from a -

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Oh! Word of Words!

bove, Oh! Word of Life e - ter- nal, Of Grace and Truth and Love.

No. 129. Autumn.

HENRY F. LYTE. Spanish.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak- en, All to leave and follow Thee,
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too;
3. Haste thee on from grace to glory, Armed by faith, and wing'd by pray'r!

FINE.

Na-ked, poor, despised, forsa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
D.S. *Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.*

Human hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, un-true;
D.S. *Foes may hate, and friends disown me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.*

Heav'n's eternal day's be-fore thee; God's own hand shall guide thee there:
D.S. *Hope shall change to glad fru- i- tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.*

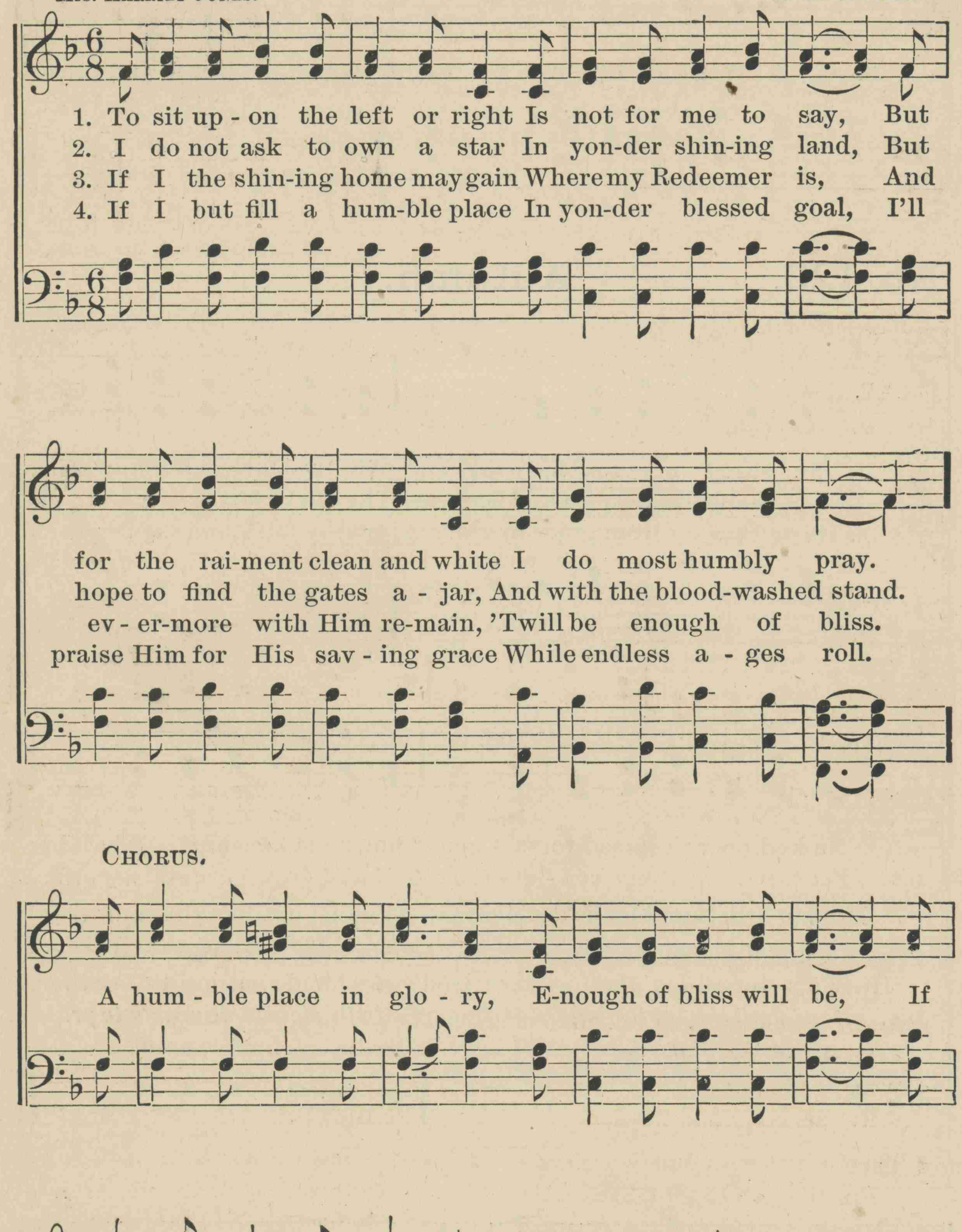
D.S.

Perish ev- 'ry fond ambi - tion, All I've sought, or hop'd, or known,
Oh! while Thou dost smile upon me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,

No. 130. A Humble Place in Glory.

"Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left in thy kingdom."—Matt. 20: 21.

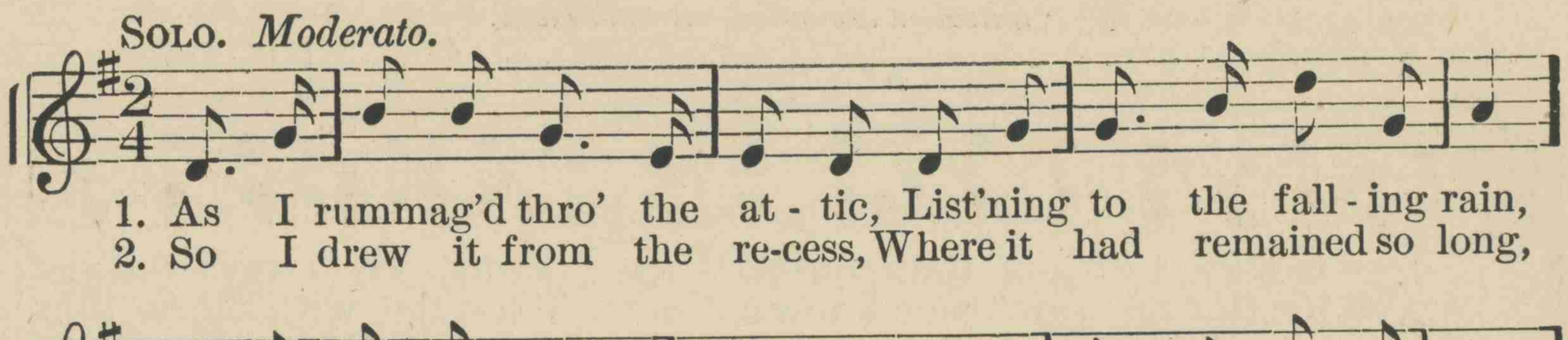
MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

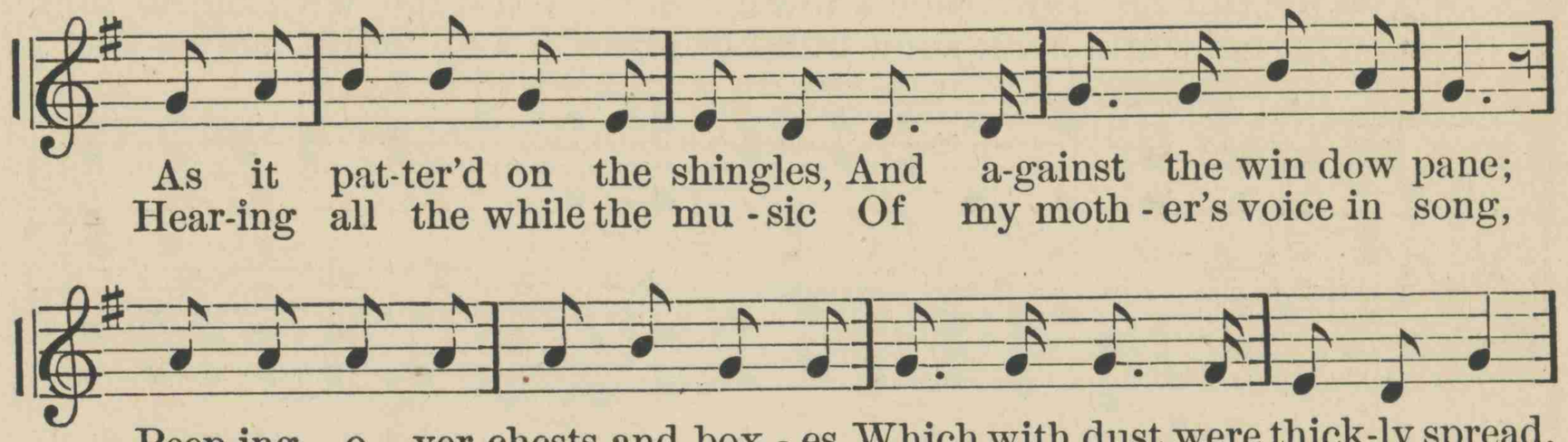


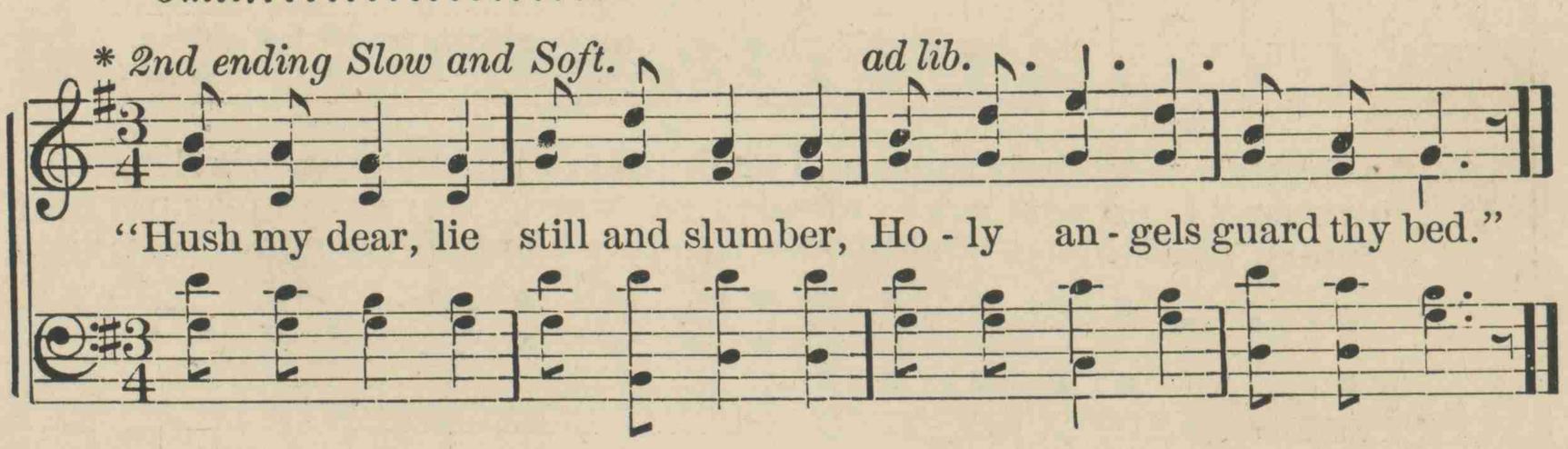
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No. 131. My Trundle Bed.

J. C. BAKER.







3 As I listened, recollections,
That I thought had been forgot
Came with all the gush of mem'ry
Rushing, thronging to the spot,
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother
By this bed upon the floor.

4 Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter,
Carefully the words she said;
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in mem'ry riven,
* "Hallowed be Thy name, O Father!
Father! thou who art in heaven."

5 This she taught me, then she told me
Of its import, great and deep;
After which, I learned to utter,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
* That my mother asked "our Father!"
"Father! do thou bless my child."

6 Years have passed, and that dear mother,
Long has rested 'neath the sod;
And I know her sainted spirit
Dwells before the throne of God.
But that scene at summer twilight,
Fills my heart with joy divine,
For my mother's prayer is answered,
And her Savior now is mine.

*Use second ending.

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No. 132. O may I join that Company.

"And lo, a great multitude * * stood before the throne, * * * And cried with a loud voice saying, "Salvation to our God.*—Rev. 7: 9 & 10.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O may I join that com-pa - ny, From ev - ery tribe and
2. What tho' on earth men know me not, What tho' with thorns they
3. Give me while here, some humble place, To tell sal-va-tion's

na-tion, Who shall the Lord in glo-ry see, And sing His great sal-
crown me, If Je - sus keep me in His tho't, If Je-sus then shall
sto-ry, And seal me there thro' His rich grace A-mong the sons of

vation, Who've washed their robes and made them white In Calvary's cleansing
own me, I do not ask of earth, re - ward, Nor shame fear, nor dis-
glo-ry, Those blood-bought ones, together blent, No change of years can

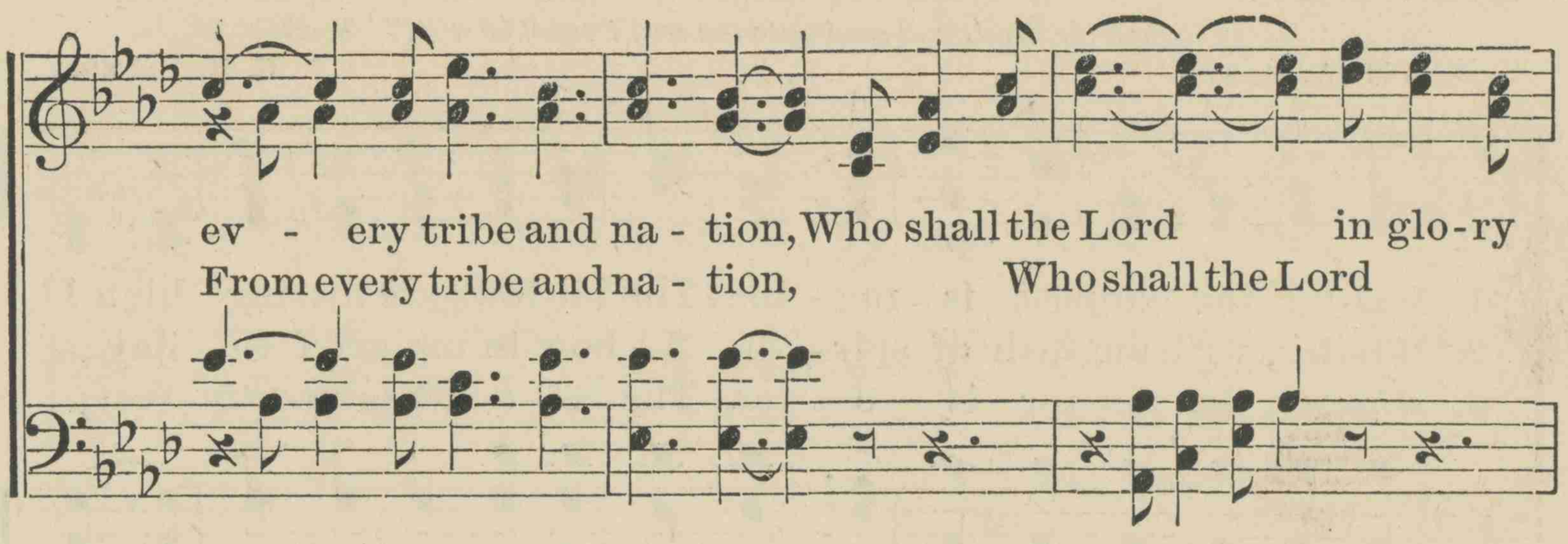
fountain; Who walk with Jesus, clothed in light Upon God's holy mountain.
as-ter, Disci - ple should be as his Lord, The ser-vant as the master.
sever, Who cluster in God's firmament, And shine as stars forev-er.

CHORUS.

O may I join that com-pa - ny, From
O may I join that company,

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O may I join that Company.

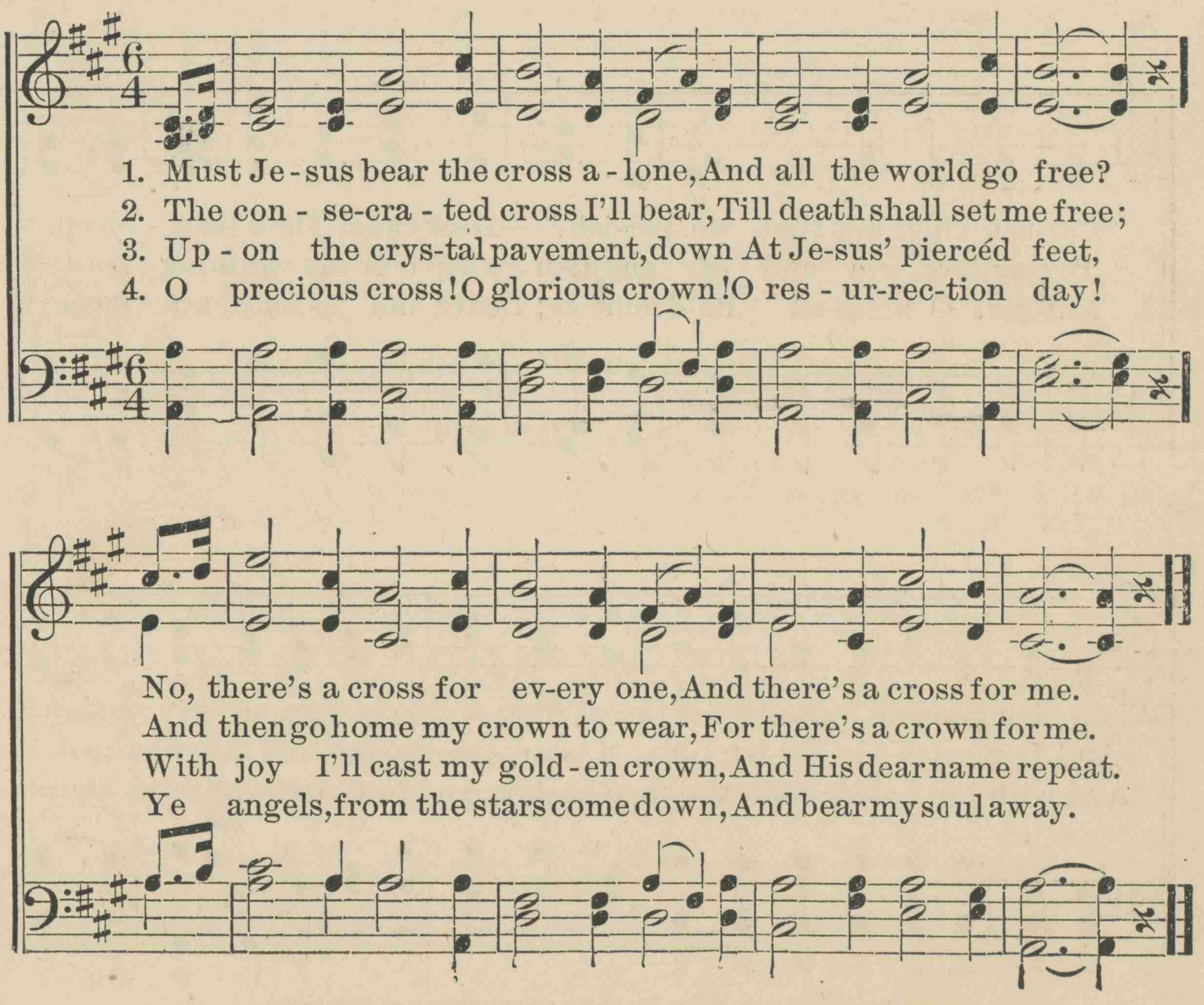




No. 133. Cross and Crown.

"And he bearing his cross, went forth."—John 19: 17.

THO'S SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.



No. 134. Peace! Be Still!

"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—Mark 4: 39.

Miss M. A. Baker. H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas-ter, the tempest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are tossing high!
2. Mas-ter, with anguish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweetly rest;

The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled; Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's within my breast;

"Car-est Thou not that we per-ish?"—How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem - er; Leave me a - lone no more;

When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep!
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Master; Oh, hasten, and take con-trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.

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ligh !
day ;
rest;

high;
pray !
breast;

sleep,
soul;
more;

deep !
trol.
shore.

Peace! Be Still!

CHORUS. *p* *pp*

"The winds and the waves shall obey My will, Peace, be still!

Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons, or men, or what-

cres - - - - - *cen* - - -

ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the ship where lies The

- *do.* *ff*

Master of ocean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will;

p *p* *pp*

Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly obey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"

No. 135. Ye Must be Born Again.

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John 3: 3.

Rev. W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To
2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So
3. O ye who would enter the glorious rest, And
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the

ask Him the way of salvation and light; The Master made answer in
solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord, And let not this message to
sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest; The life everlasting if
beautiful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this

a - gain. . . .

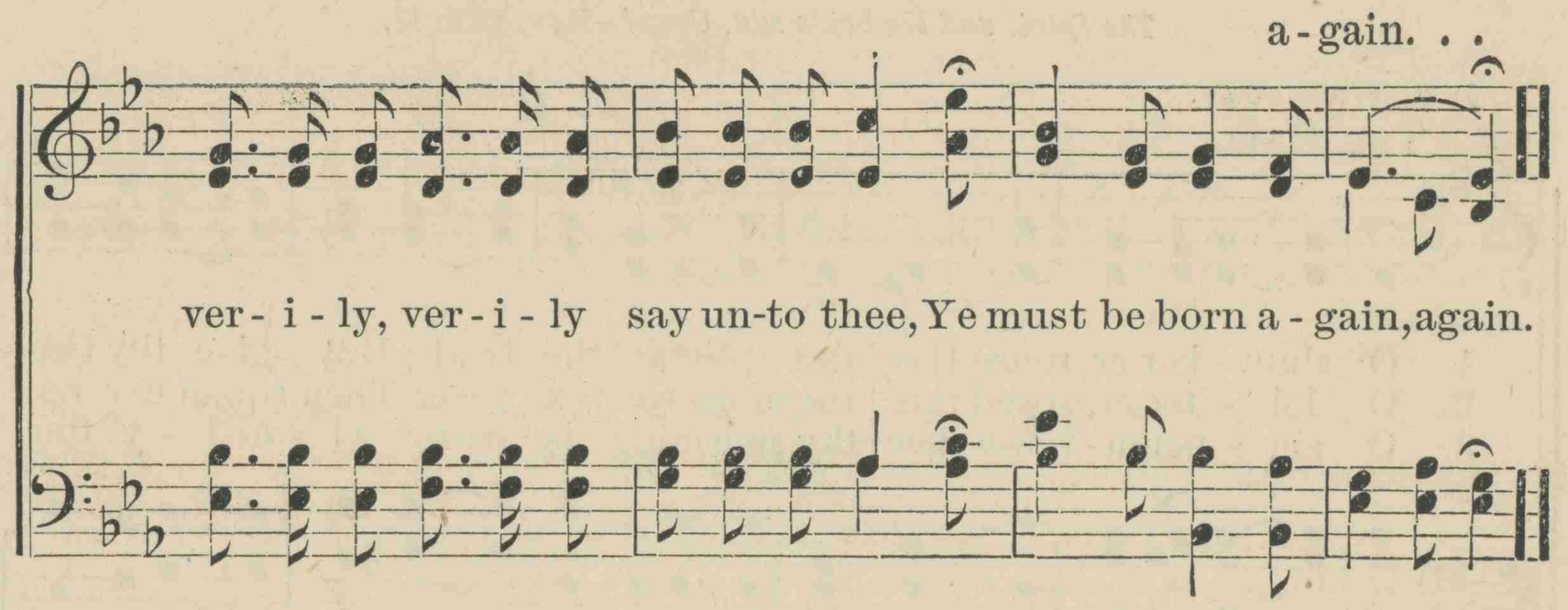
words true and plain, "Ye must be born again, again."
you be in vain, "Ye must be born again, again."
ye would obtain, "Ye must be born again, again."
solemn refrain, "Ye must be born again, again."

CHORUS. a - gain, . . . a - gain, . . .

"Ye must be born again, again," Ye must be born again, again, I

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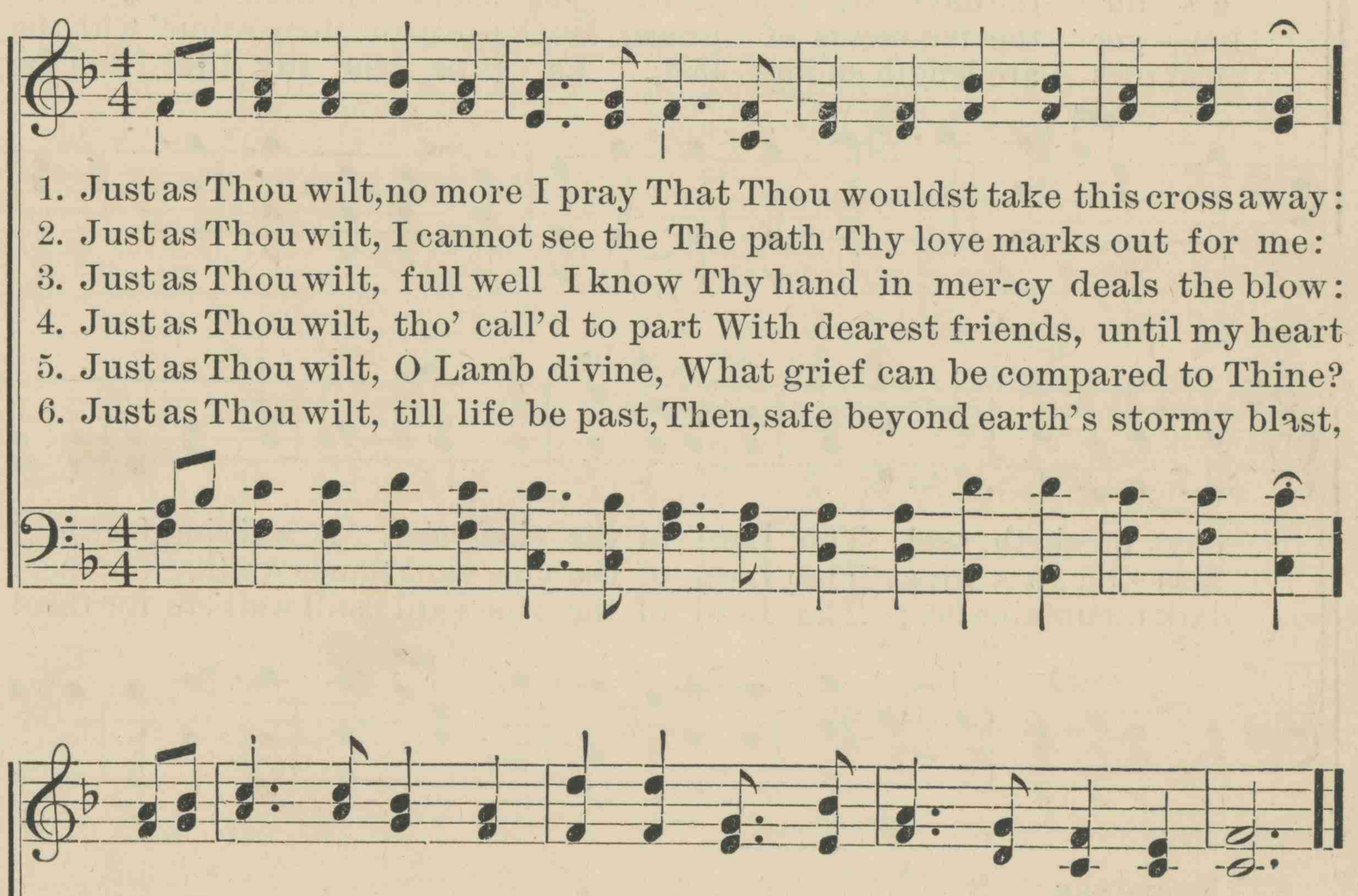
Ye Must be Born Again.



No. 136. Just as Thou Wilt.

Not my will, but Thine be done.—Luke 22: 42.

F. P. Bliss. D. B. Towner.



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No. 137. The Three Calls.

The Spirit and the bride say, Come!—Rev. xxii. 17.

I. B. WOODBURY. Arr. from I. B. WOODBURY.

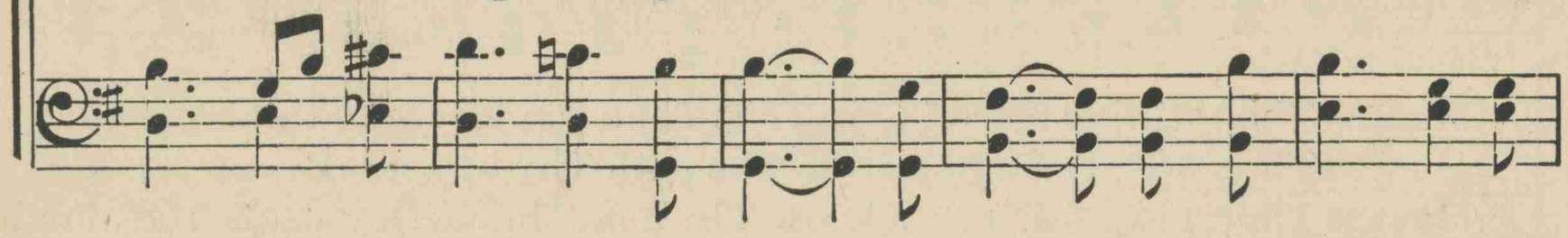
THE CALL.



1. O slum - ber-er, rouse thee! des - pise not the truth; But give thy Cre -
2. O loi - ter-er, speed thee! the morn wears a - pace: Then squan-der no
3. O sin - ner, a - rouse thee! thy morn-ing is past; Al - red - y the



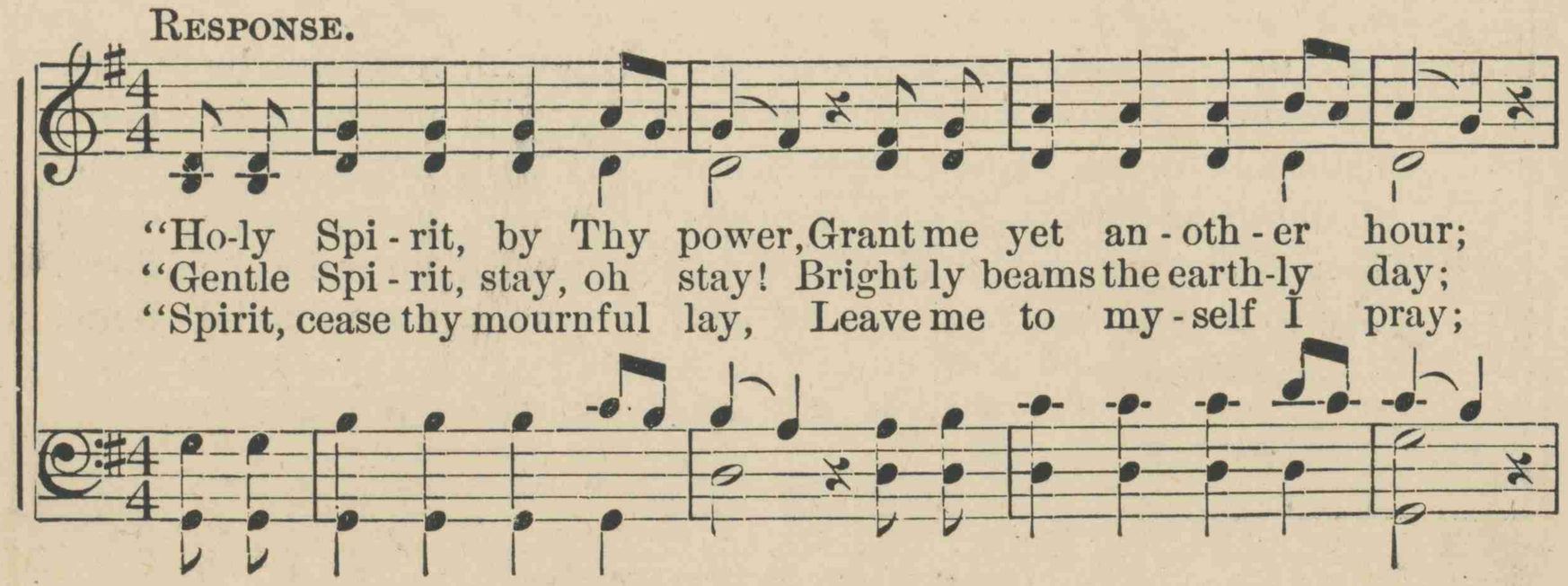
a - tor the days of thy youth; Why stand - est here i - dle? the
lon - ger the mo-ments of grace; But haste while there's time! with the
shad-ows are length-en-ing fast; Es - cape for thy life! from the



day breaketh, see! The Lord of the vine-yard is wait-ing for thee!
Mas - ter a - gree: The Lord of the vine-yard stands waiting for thee!
dark mountains flee; The Lord of the vine-yard still wait-eth for thee!



RESPONSE.



"Ho-ly Spi - rit, by Thy power, Grant me yet an - oth - er hour;
"Gentle Spi - rit, stay, oh stay! Bright ly beams the earth-ly day;
"Spirit, cease thy mournful lay, Leave me to my - self I pray;

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The Three Calls.—Concluded.

Earth ly pleas - ures I would prove, Earth-ly joys, and earth-ly
Let me lin - ger, in these bow-ers; God shall have my noon-day
Earth hath flung her spell a - round me, Pleasure's silk - en chain hath

rit.

love; Scarcely yet hath dawn'd the day; Ho-ly Spir-it, wait, I pray!"
hours; Chide me not for my de - lay; Gentle Spir-it, wait, I pray!"
bound me; When the sun his path has trod, Spirit, then I'll turn to God!"

AFTER LAST RESPONSE.

Moderato.

Hark! borne on the wind is the bell's solemn toll; 'Tis mournful - ly

peal - ing the knell of a soul; The Spirit's sweet plead-ings and

strivings are o'er; The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting no more!

No. 138. Only Remembered.

He shall reward every man according to his works.—Mat. 16: 27.

H. Bonar, D. D. D. B. Towner.

Con espressione.

1. Pass - ing a-way like the dew of the morn-ing, Soar - ing from earth to its home in the sun,
2. Shall I be miss'd if an - oth - er suc-ceed me, Reap - ing the fields I in springtime have sown?
3. On - ly the truth that in life I have spo - ken, On - ly the seed that on earth I have sown,
4. Oh, when the Sav-iour shall make up His jew - els, When the bright crowns of re - joic - ing are won,

Thus would I pass from the
No, for the sow - er may
These shall pass on-ward when
Then will His faith - ful and

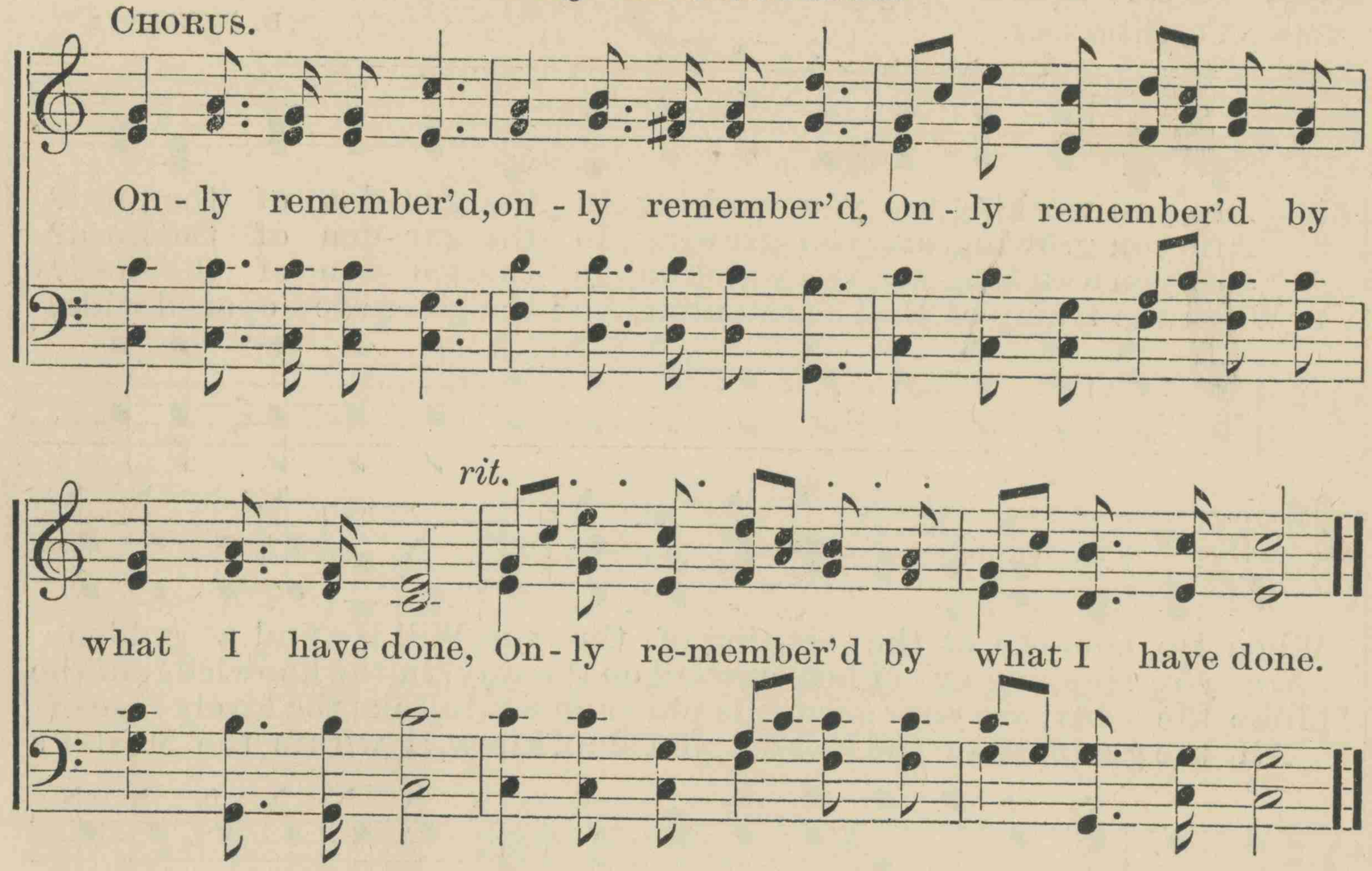
earth and its toil - ing, On - ly remember'd by what I have done.
pass from his la - bors, On - ly remember'd by what he has done.
I am for-got - ten, Fruits of the harvest and what I have done.
wea - ry dis - ci - ples *All* be remember'd by what they have done.

ad lib.

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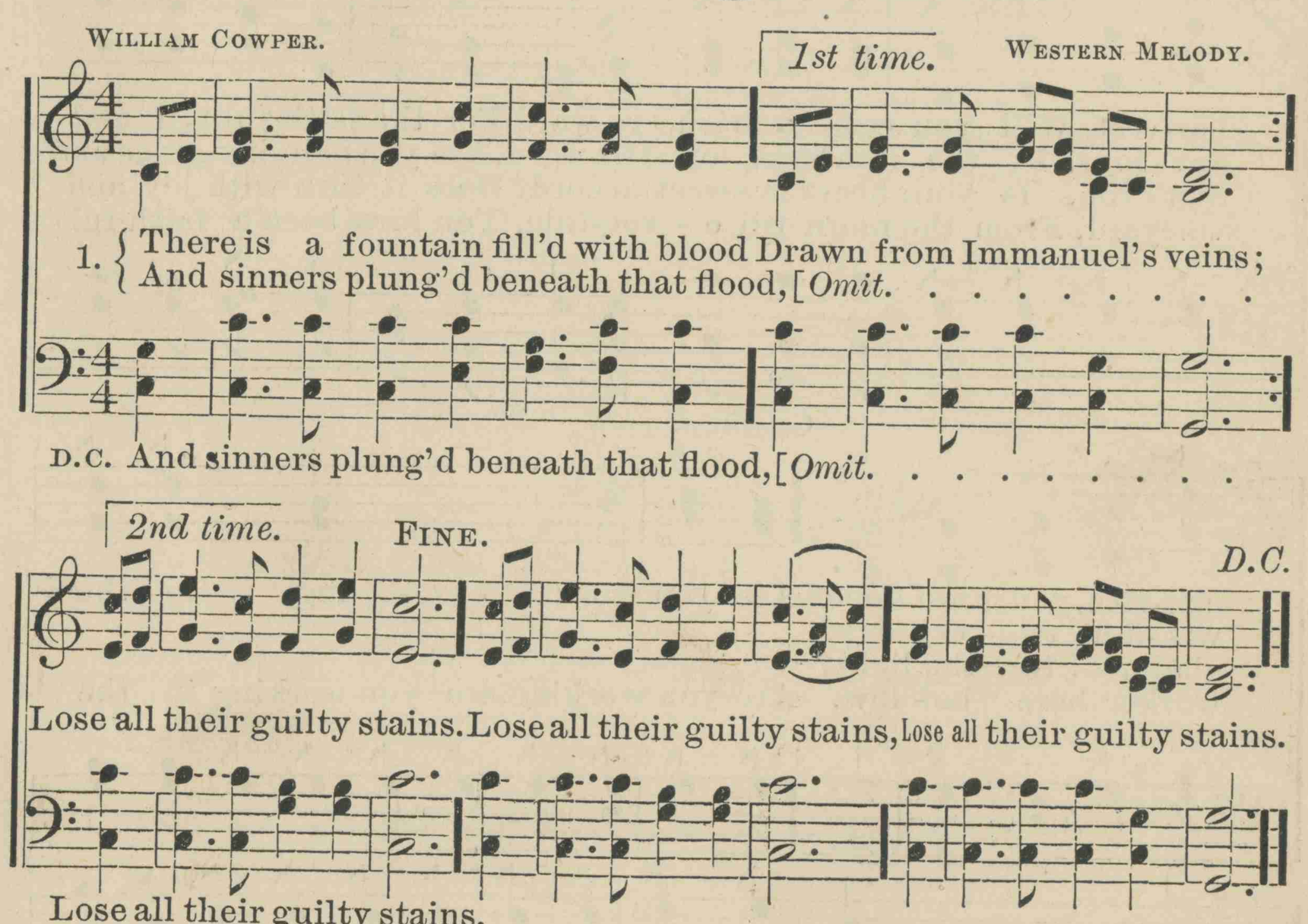
Only Remembered.

CHORUS.



No. 139. The Cleansing Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. WESTERN MELODY.



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

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

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

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 140. The Garden of the Lord.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. D. B. Towner.

1. Are you working, are you working In the gar-den of the Lord?
2. Are you growing, are you growing In the gar-den of the Lord?
3. Are you watching, are you watching In the gar-den of the Lord?
4. When the trump of God is sounding, And the gates are opened wide,

When He com-eth at the set-ting of the sun, Will He find a golden
Are you stepping ev-er heavenward on the way? In the knowledge of the
Like the lily, are your garments pure and white, Like the lovely rose of
All the gladness of the blessed you shall know, If within the Master's

har-vest, Will you reap a rich re-ward, For the faith-ful toil and
Sav-iour, In the rich-ness of His word, Are you gain-ing grace and
Sha-ron, Is your heart in sweet accord? Does it turn with joy and
vineyard, From the morn till e-ven-tide, You have been a faith-ful

Chorus.

ser-vice you have done? Are you work - - ing in the
wis-dom ev-ery day?
glad-ness to the light?
worker here be-low. Are you working, are you working in the

gar - - - den, When He com-eth at the set-ting of the
gar-den of the Lord,

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The Garden of the Lord.

sun, Will He find a gold - en har-vest, Will you
Are you working,

ritard.

reap a rich reward, For the faithful toil and service you have done?

No. 141. Hendon. 7s.

Rev. Dr. Malan.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now — At Thy feet we
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion,
3. In Thy own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek Thee,
4. Send some mes - sage from Thy word, That may peace and

hum - bly bow, Oh, do not our suit dis - dain! Shall we
now de - scend; Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our
here we stay; Lord, we know not how to go, Till a
joy af - ford; Let Thy Spir - it now im - part Full sal-

seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
lips to sing Thy praise. Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
bless-ing Thou be - stow. Till a bless-ing Thou be-stow.
va - tion to each heart. Full sal - va - tion to each heart.

No. 142. The Lord my Pasture shall Prepare.

The Lord is my Shepherd.—Ps. 23: 1.

Arranged from HAYDN.

1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His pres - ence shall my wants sup-ply,
2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the thirs - ty mountain pant, To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads,
3. Though in a bare and rug - ged way, Thro' de - vious, lone - ly wilds I stray, Thy boun-ty shall my pains be-guile;
4. Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy hor - rors o - ver-spread, My stead-fast heart shall fear no ill,

And guard me with a watch - ful eye; My noon - day
My wea - ry, wan - d'ring steps He leads, Where peace - ful
The bar - ren wil - der-ness shall smile, With sud - den
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy friend - ly

walks He shall at-tend, And all my mid-night hours defend.
riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant landscape flow.
greens and herb-age crown'd, And streams shall murmur all a-round.
crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade.

No. 143. Homeward Bound.

Hebrews 11: 16.

REV. W. F. WARREN. C. S. HARRINGTON.



1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
3. Into the harbor of heaven we glide, We're home at last, home at last;





Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless sea, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide, We're home at last, home at last.





Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's celestial a-bode,
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel, Steady! we soon shall out-weath-er the gale,
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er, We stand secure on the glorified shore,





Promise of which on us each He bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Glory to God! we will shout evermore, We're home at last, home at last.



No. 144. The Coming of the Kingdom!

"Look up, and lift your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."—Luke xxi, 28.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. There's a glo-rious Kingdom waiting in the land beyond the sky,
2. 'Tis the hope of yon-der Kingdom, and the glo - ry there pre-pared,
3. With the com - ing of the Kingdom, we shall see our bless ed Lord,
4. Oh, the world is grow-ing wea - ry, it has wait - ed now so long,

Where the saints have been gath' - ring year by year;
And the look-ing for the Sa - vior to ap - pear;
For the King ere the King - dom must ap - pear;
And the hearts of men are fail - ing them for fear;

And the days are swift-ly pass ing that will bring the Kingdom nigh:
That de - liv - ers us from bon-dage to the world that once en-snared:
Hal - le - lu - jah to His name, who re - deemed us by His blood!
Let us tell them of the Kingdom, let us cheer them with the song,

For the com - ing of the King - dom draw - eth near!
For the com - ing of the King - dom draw - eth near!
Oh, the com - ing of the King - dom draw - eth near!
That the com - ing of the King - dom draw - eth near!

By permission of James McGranahan.

The Coming of the Kingdom.

CHORUS.

Oh, the com - ing of the King - dom draw - eth

near! Oh, the com-ing of the King-dom draw-eth
draweth near,

near,

near, draweth near! Be thou read-y, O my soul for the

trumpet soon may roll, And the King in His glo - ry shall ap-pear!

No. 145. The Handwriting on the Wall.

And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.—Dan. 5: 5.

KNOWLES SHAW.

KNOWLES SHAW.
Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.

1. At the feast of Bel - shaazar and a thou - sand of his lords, While they drank from gold en ves - sels as the book of truth re cords,
In the night as they rev - el, in the roy - al pal-ace hall, They are seized with con - ster - na - tion,
2. See the brave cap-tive Dan - iel as he stood before the throng And re - buked the haugh - ty mon - arch for his might - y deeds of wrong,
As he read out the writ-ing, 'twas the doom of one and all, For the king - dom now is fin - ished,
3. See the faith, zeal and cour-age that would dare to do the right, Which the spir - it gave to Dan - iel, this the se - cret of his might,
In his home in Ju - de - a or a captive in the hall, He un - der - stood the writ - ing
4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed there's a Hand that's writ - ing now, Sin - ner, give your heart to Je - sus, to His roy - al man - date bow,
For the day is approaching— it must come to one and all, When the sin - ner's con - dem - na - tion

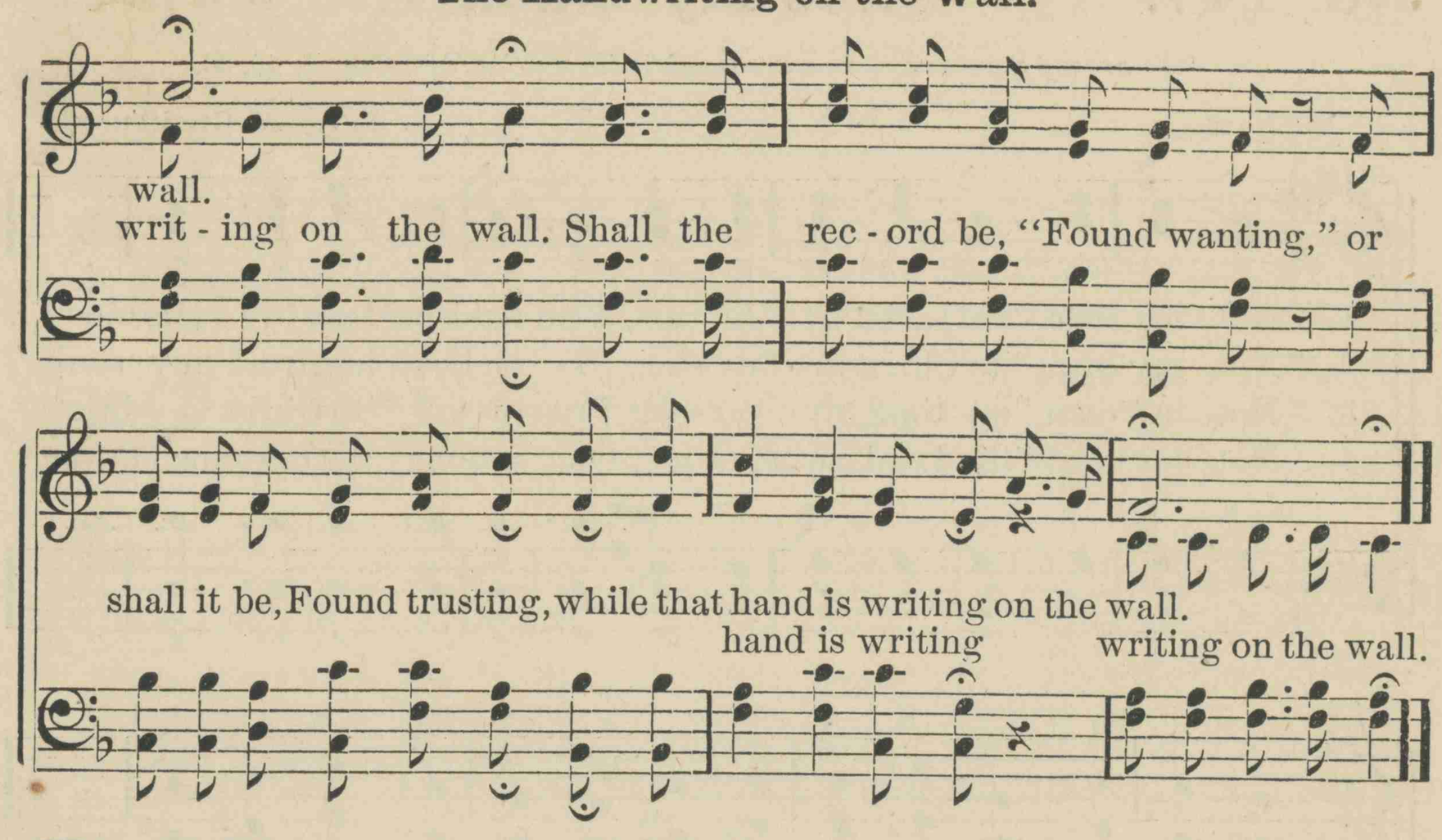
CHORUS.

'twas the hand up-on the wall. 'Tis the hand of God on the
said the hand up-on the wall. 'Tis the hand of God that is
of his God up on the wall.
will be writ - ten on the wall.

wall,
writ - ing on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God that is

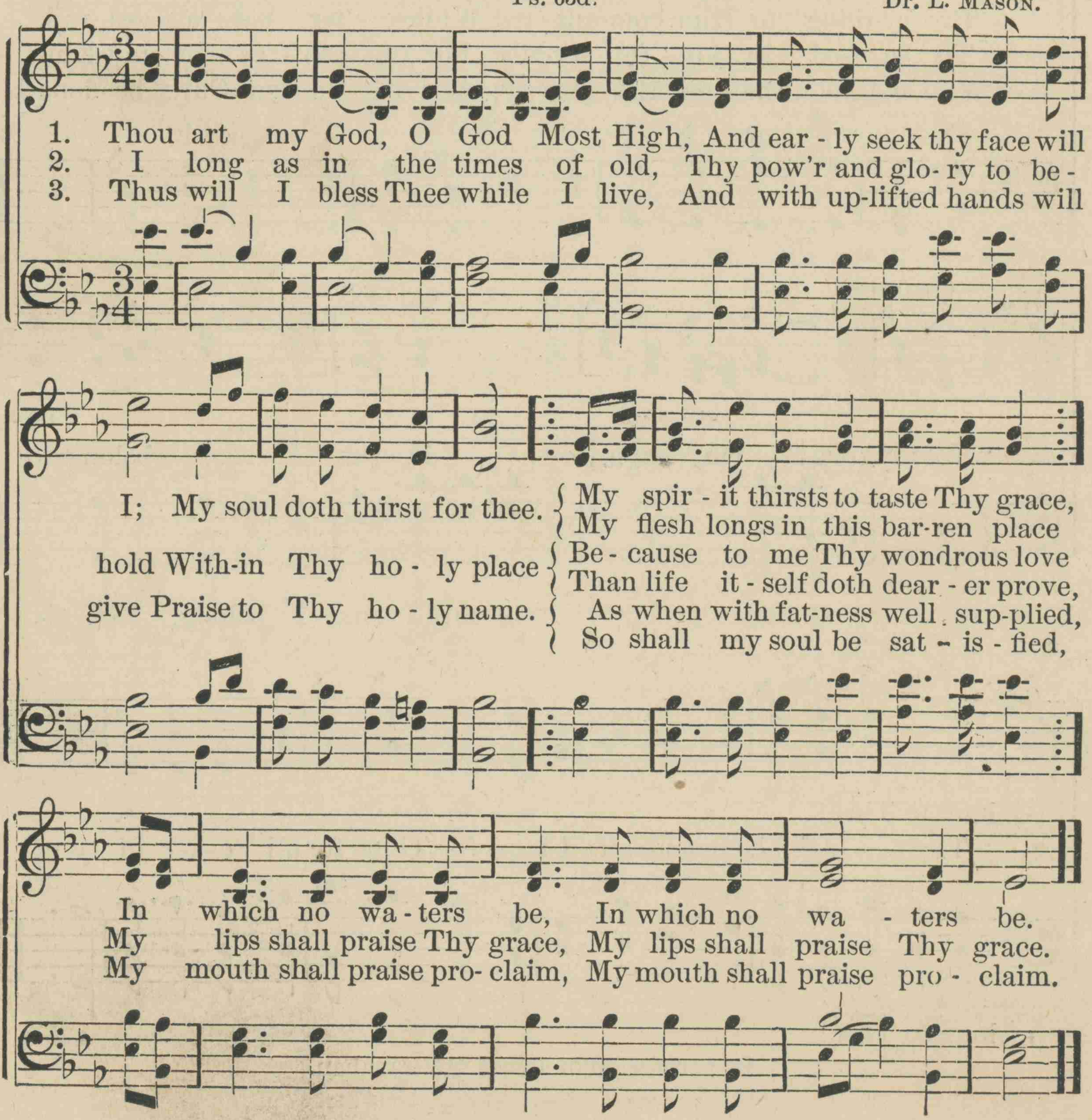
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The Handwriting on the Wall.



No. 146. Ariel. C. P. M.

Ps. 63d. Dr. L. Mason.



No. 147. Not My Own.

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price."—1 Cor. 6: 19, 20.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. "Not my own," but saved by Je - sus, Who redeemed me by His blood,
2. "Not my own," to Christ my Sav - ior, I be-liev - ing, trust my soul;
3. "Not my own," my time, my tal - ent, Free-ly all to Christ I bring,
4. "Not my own," the Lord ac-cepts me, One among the ransomed throng,

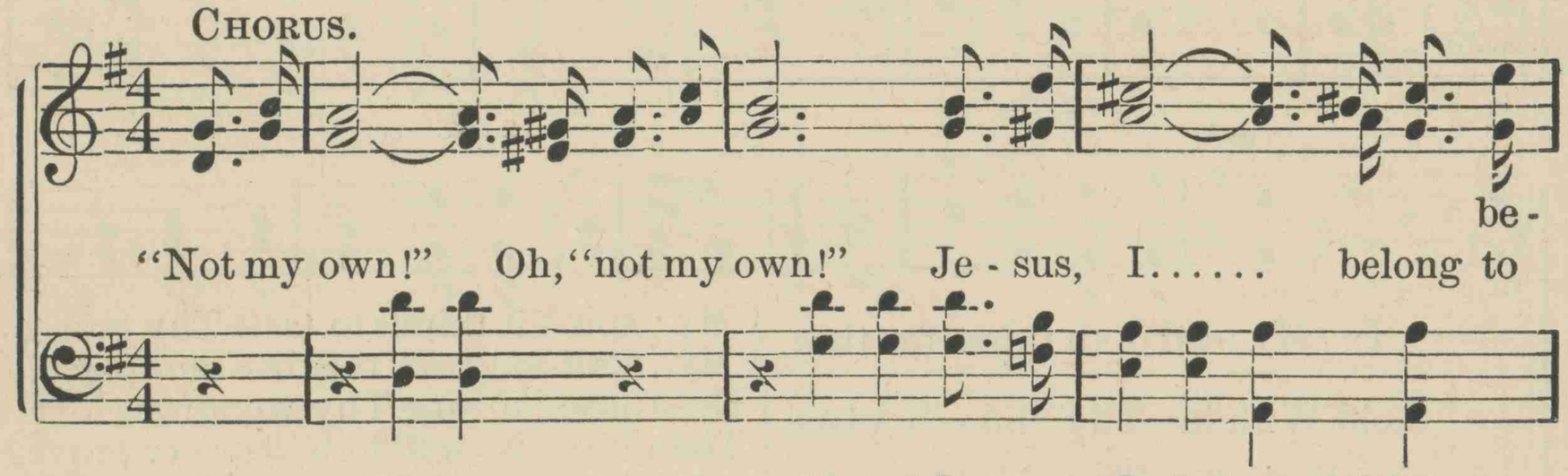




Glad - ly I ac-cept the mes sage, I be-long to Christ the Lord,
Ev - 'ry-thing to Him com-mit - ted, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.
To be used in joy - ful ser-vice For the glo - ry of my King,
Who in heav'n shall see His glo - ry, And to Je - sus Christ be - long,



CHORUS.



"Not my own!" Oh, "not my own!" Je - sus, I..... be-
be - long to Thee!
Oh no! Oh no! Je - sus, I belong, be -
- long to Thee!
Thee!.. All I have, and all I hope for, Thine for all e - ter - ni - ty.
- long to Thee!

By permission of James McGranahan.

No. 148. Ere the Sun Goes Down.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I have work e nough to do, Ere the sun goes down; For myself and kin-dred too, Ere the sun goes down, Ev 'ry i - dle whis- per stilling,
2. I must o . ver-come my wrath, Ere the sun goes down; I must walk the heav'nly path, Ere the sun goes down, For it may be death is wending,
3. I must speak the lov- ing word, Ere the sun goes down; I must let my voice be heard, Ere the sun goes down, Ev-'ry cry of pit - y heed-ing
4. As I jour-ney on my way, Ere the sun goes down; God's command I must o - bey, Ere the sun goes down, There are sins that need con - fess ing,

With a pur-pose firm and will - ing, All my dai - ly task ful - fill- ing,
Hith - er, with the night de-scend- ing, And my life will have an end- ing,
For the in-jured in - ter-ceed - ing, To the light the lost ones lead-ing,
There are wrongs that need redress- ing, If I would ob - tain the bless-ing,

REFRAIN.

Ere the sun goes do wn, Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down,

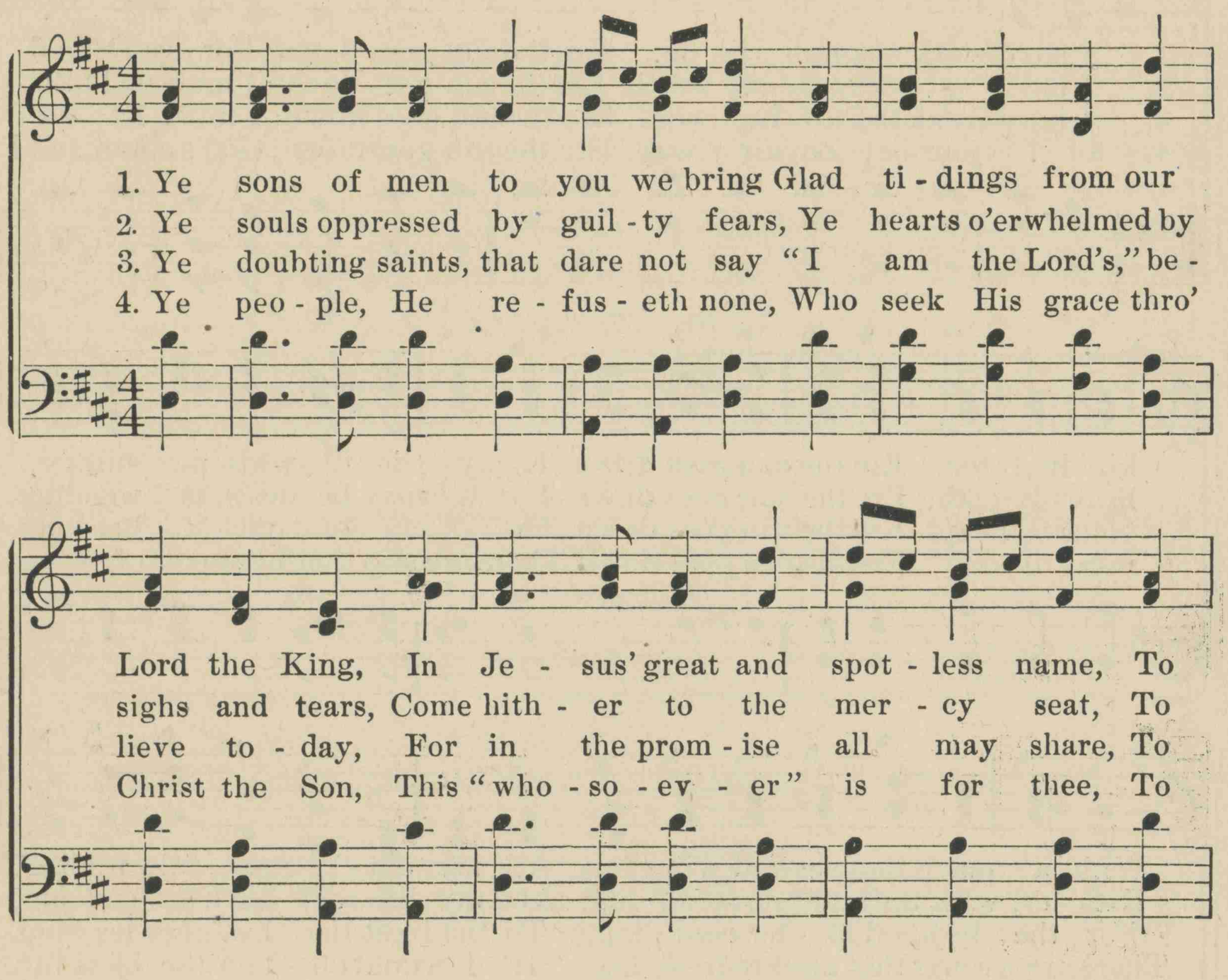
ere the sun goes down,

sun goes down, All my dai - ly task ful - fill -ing, Ere the sun goes down.
And my life will have an end -ing, Ere the sun goes down.
Ere the sun goes down, To the light the lost ones lead -ing, Ere the sun goes down.
If I would ob - tain the bless -ing, Ere the sun goes down.

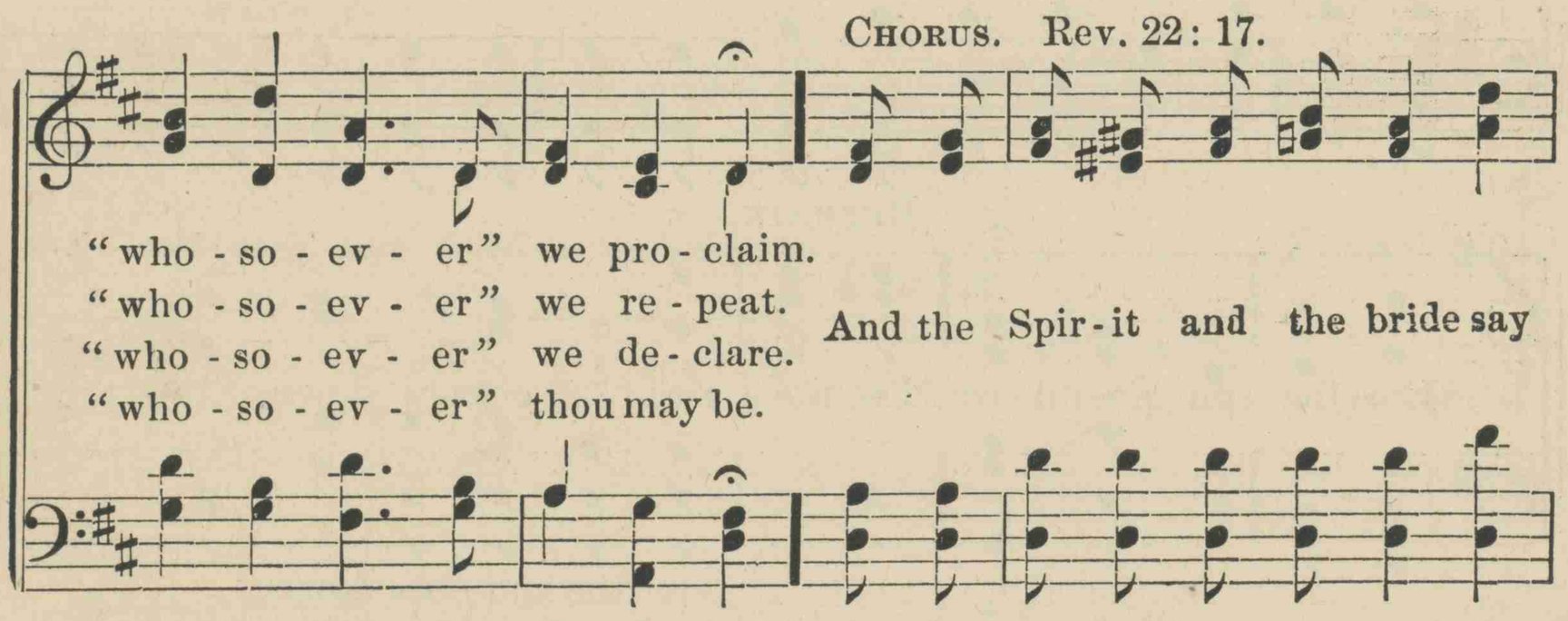
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No. 149. And the Spirit and the Bride.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



CHORUS. Rev. 22: 17.



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him that is athirst, come, let him come, And whoso - ev - er will, let him

take the water of life free - ly, And who-so - ev - er will, And

Let him come

who - so - ev - er will, let him come, And who - so - ev - er

will, ... Let him take the wa - ter of life free - ly.

let him come and

No. 150. Seek First the Kingdom of God!

Mrs. H. Jones. D. B. Towner.

1. Would you claim the sweet promise of Jesus, To those who belong to His fold,
2. Would you find a true pleasure in living, As dai -ly new beauties unfold,
3. Then seek first for the kingdom of Jesus, O en - ter the wonderful fold,

The Lord who has fashion'd the lil- ies, In beau-ty so sweet to be -hold.
Be cloth'd in the beauti-ful gar-ments, Be-long-ing to them in the fold.
When all His rich gifts shall be ad- ded, The rai-ment, the silver and gold.

Chorus. Matt. vi: 33.

Then seek ye first the kingdom of God, And His right - eousness,
the kingdom of God,

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, And His right - eousness,
the kingdom of God,

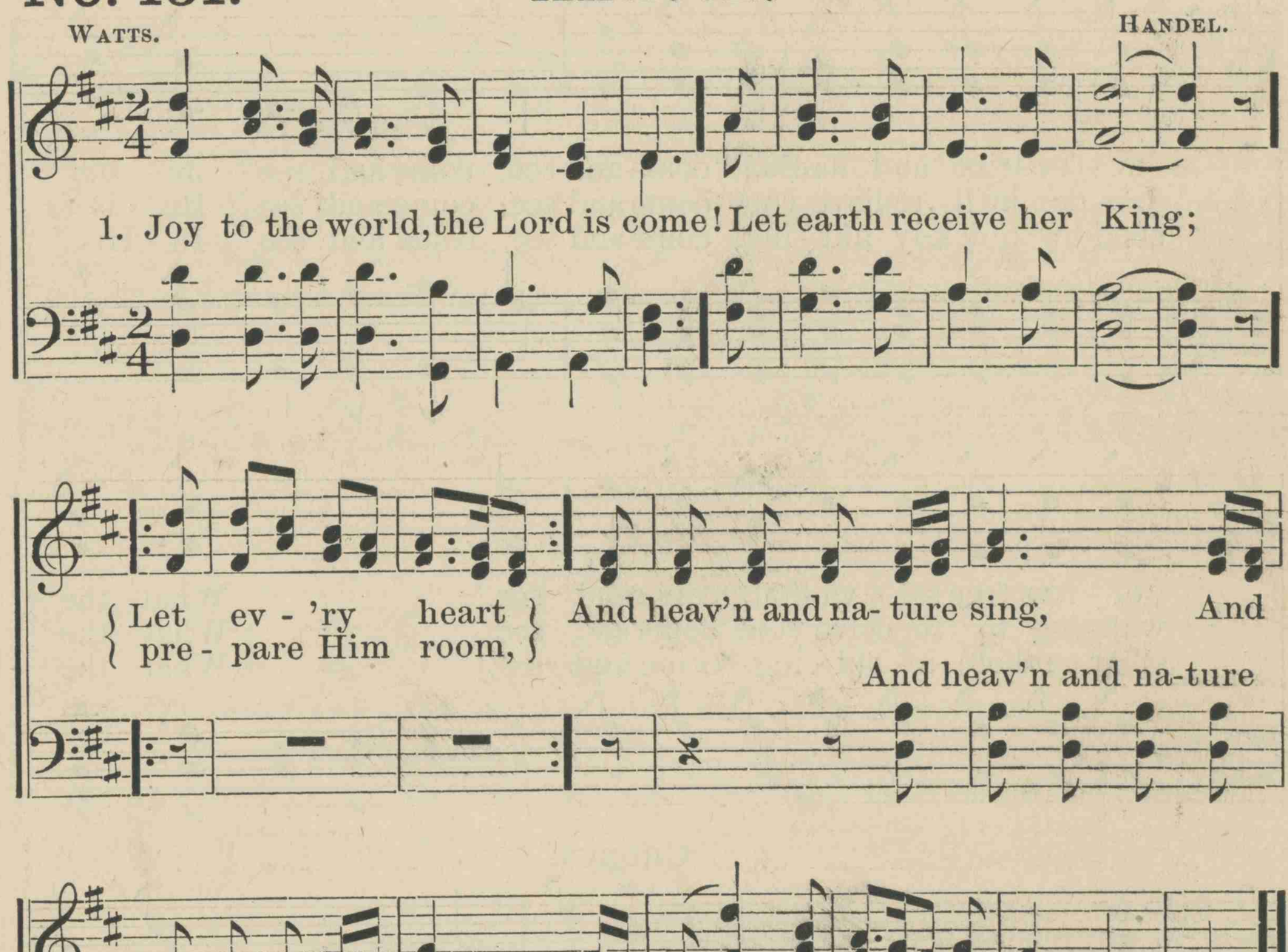
And all these things shall be ad - ded, Shall be ad -ded un - to you,
added un- to you,

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Seek First the Kingdom of God!



No. 151. Antioch.



2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And make the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love.

No. 152. "Come and See."

"Philip saith unto him, come and see."

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

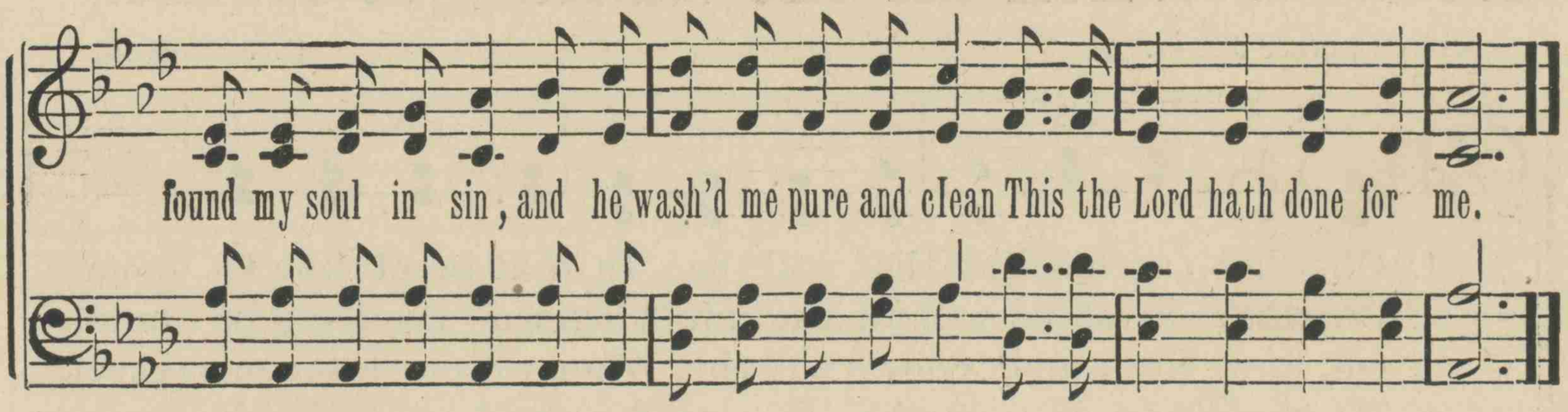
1. 'Tis the gos-pel in - vi - ta-tion, 'Come and see, come and see,' Un - to ev - 'ry tribe and na-tion, 'come and see, come and see,' Je - sus of - fers free sal - va-tion, 'come and see,' What the
2. Oh, He nev-er will de-ceive you 'Come and see, come and see,' Of your bur-den he'll re-lieve you, 'come and see, come and see,' He is wait- ing to re- ceive you, 'come and see,' What the
3. Come to Je-sus now con-fid -ing, 'Come and see, come and see,' In His shad-ow quick-ly hid - ing, 'come and see, come and see,' In His mer-cy there a - bid - ing, 'come and see,' What the

CHORUS.

Lord hath done for me. Come and see, come and see, come and see, come and see, What the Lord hath done for me, For He

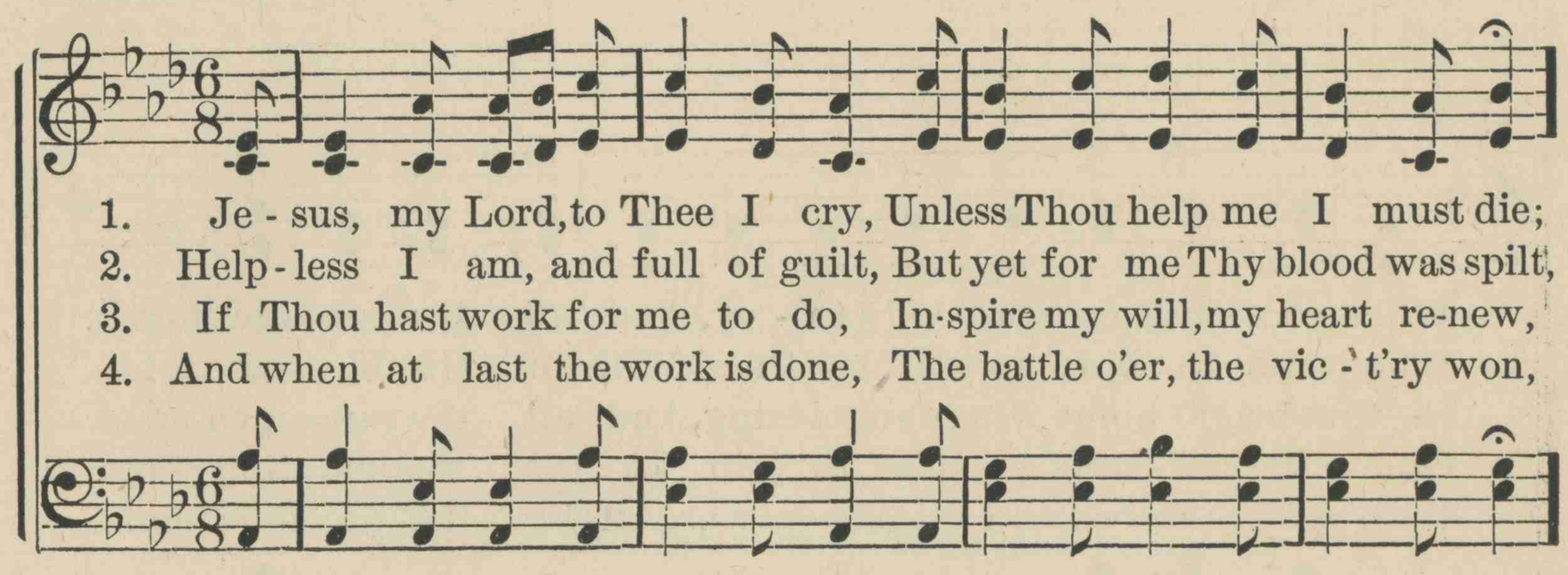
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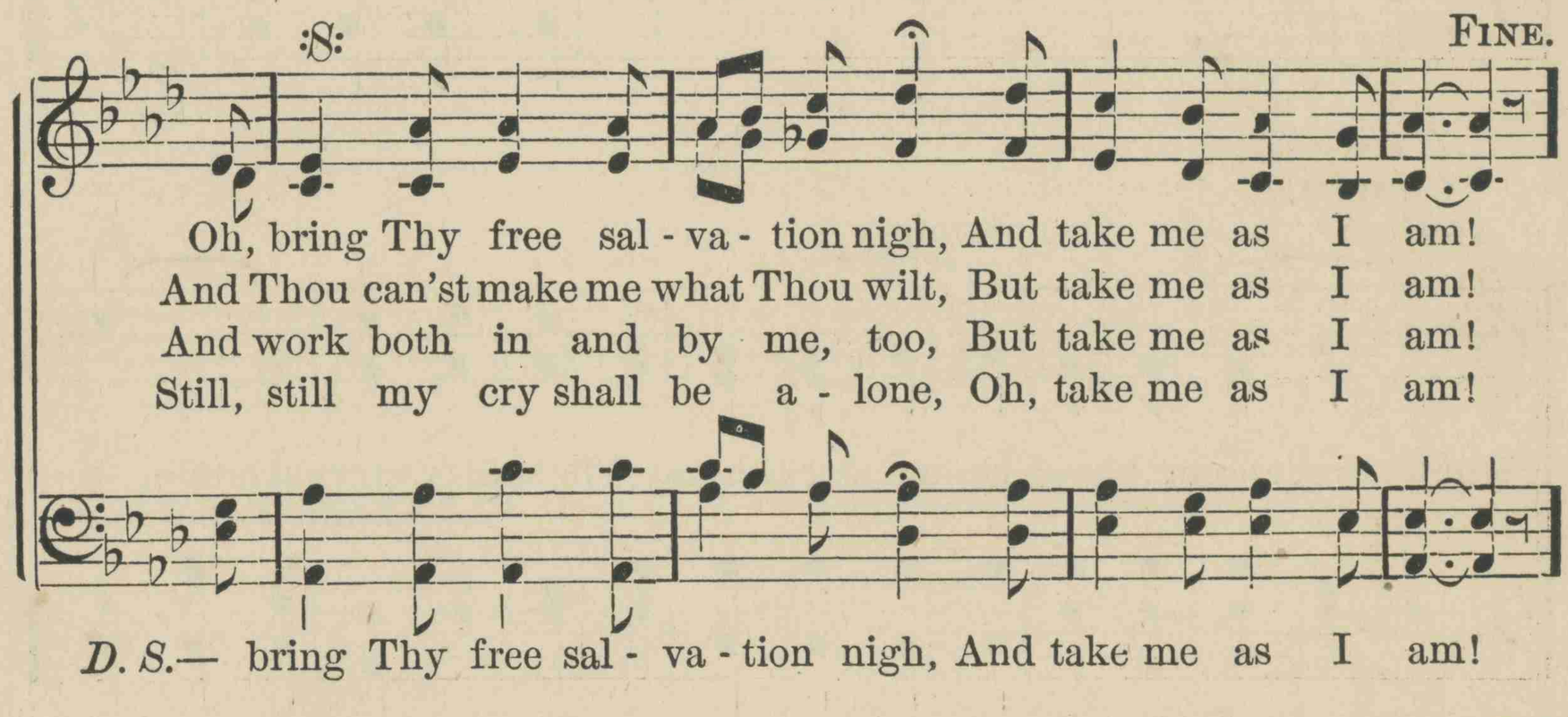
Come and See



No. 153. Take me as I Am.

Anon. Rev. J. H. Stockton.







Copyright, 1878, by John J. Hood.

No. 154. When all the Saints get Home.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, what a meeting that will be In that sweet time to come,
2. Oh, what a shout will fill the air When we the King be - hold,
3. Oh, how the up-per courts will ring When we our loved ones greet,
4. When close to Je - sus, the di - vine, We stand a - mong the throng,
5. The bat - tle o'er, the cross laid down, And safe a - cross the flood,

When we shall gain the vic - to - ry, And all the saints get home.
Who waits to bid us welcome there With-in His blessed fold.
In that bright home where angels sing, And all the ransomed meet.
Oh, what ec - stat - ic bliss, to join In the re-demption song.
With spotless robes, and shining crowns, All thro' the precious blood.

CHORUS.

Home, . home, . .

Home, sweet home, blessed home, sweet home, The saints' eternal home,
home, sweet home,

Oh, what a meet-ing
Oh, what a happy meeting that will be, When all the saints get home.

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No. 155. There's a Work for Each of us Now.

"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his home, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work." Mark 13:34.

A. A. A.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



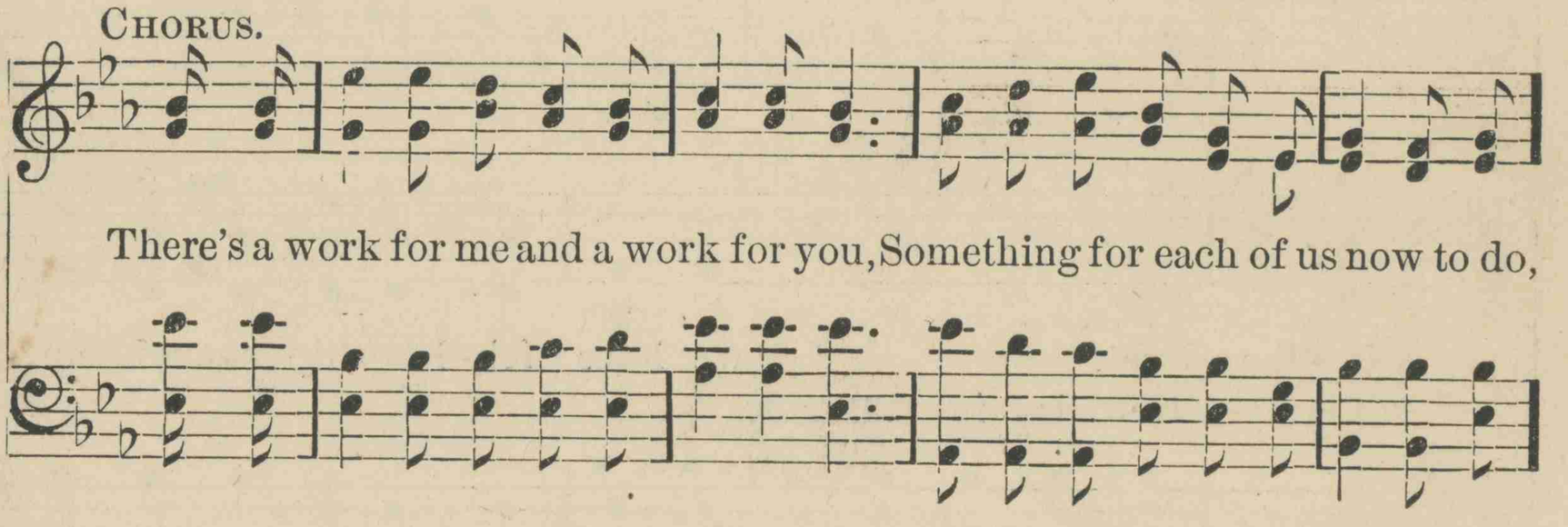
1. Our Mas-ter has taken His jour - ney To a coun-try that's far a-way,
2. In this "lit-tle while," doth it matter, As we work, and we watch, and we wait,
3. There's only one thing should concern us, To find just the task that is ours;
4. Our Mas-ter is com - ing most surely, To reckon with ev - ery one;



And has left us the care of the vineyard, To work for Him day by day.
If we're fill-ing the place He assigns us, Be its ser - vice small or great.
And then, hav-ing found it, to *do* it, With all our God- giv - en pow'rs.
Shall we *then*, count our toil or our sorrow, If His sen-tence be, "Well done."



CHORUS.



There's a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do,



Yes, a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do.



No. 156. Walk in the Light.

BERNARD BARTON. J. H. BURKE.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love, His
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness pass'd away; Be-
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glo-
4. Walk in the light! and thou shalt see Thy onward pathway bright, For

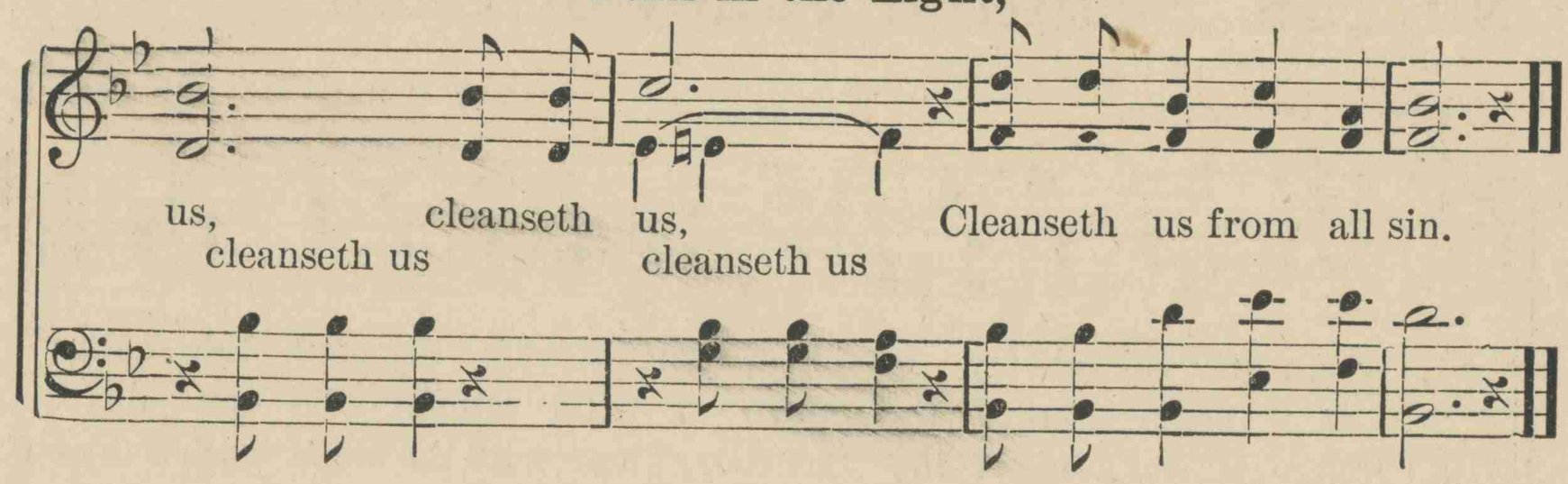
Spir - it on - ly can be-stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.
cause that light hath on thee shown, In which is per - fect day.
ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.
God by grace shall dwell in thee, And God him-self is light.

CHORUS. I Jno. 1:7

If we walk in the light, as He..... is
If we walk in the light, as He is in the light,
in the light, we have fel - low-ship one with an -
as He is in the light,
oth - er and the blood of Je - sus Christ His Son clean - seth

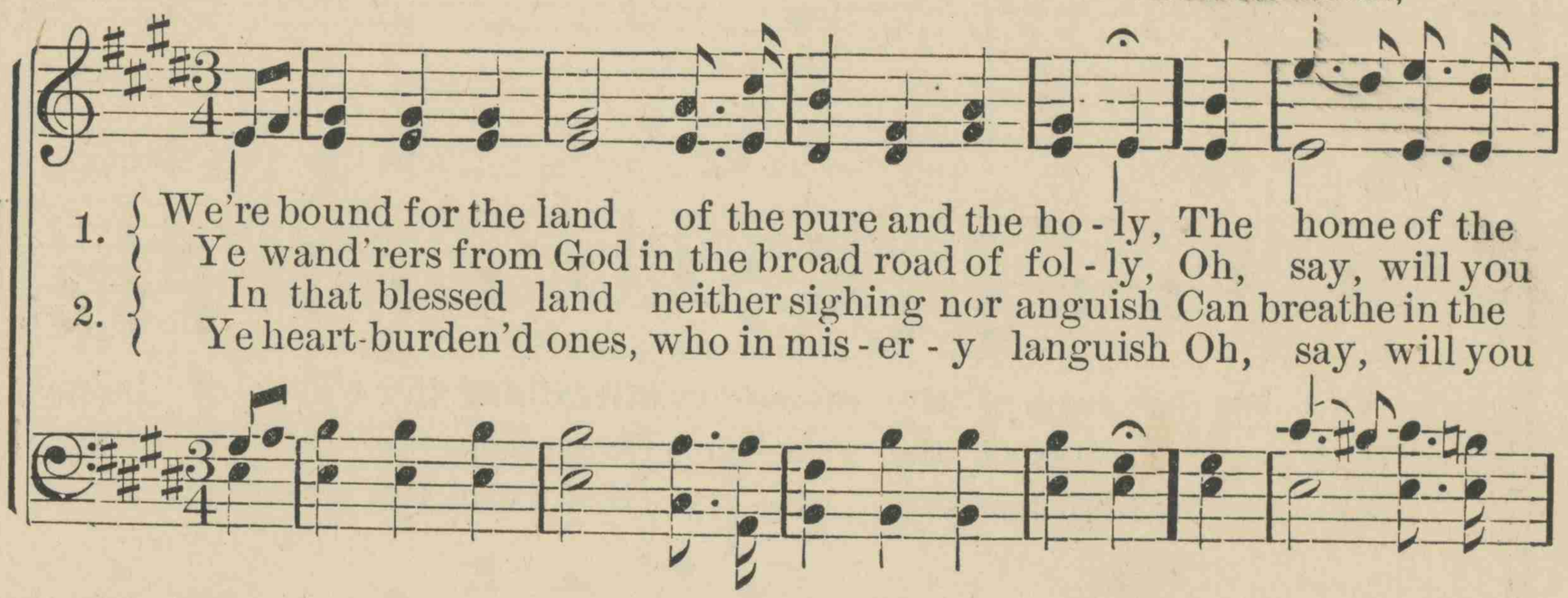
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Walk in the Light,

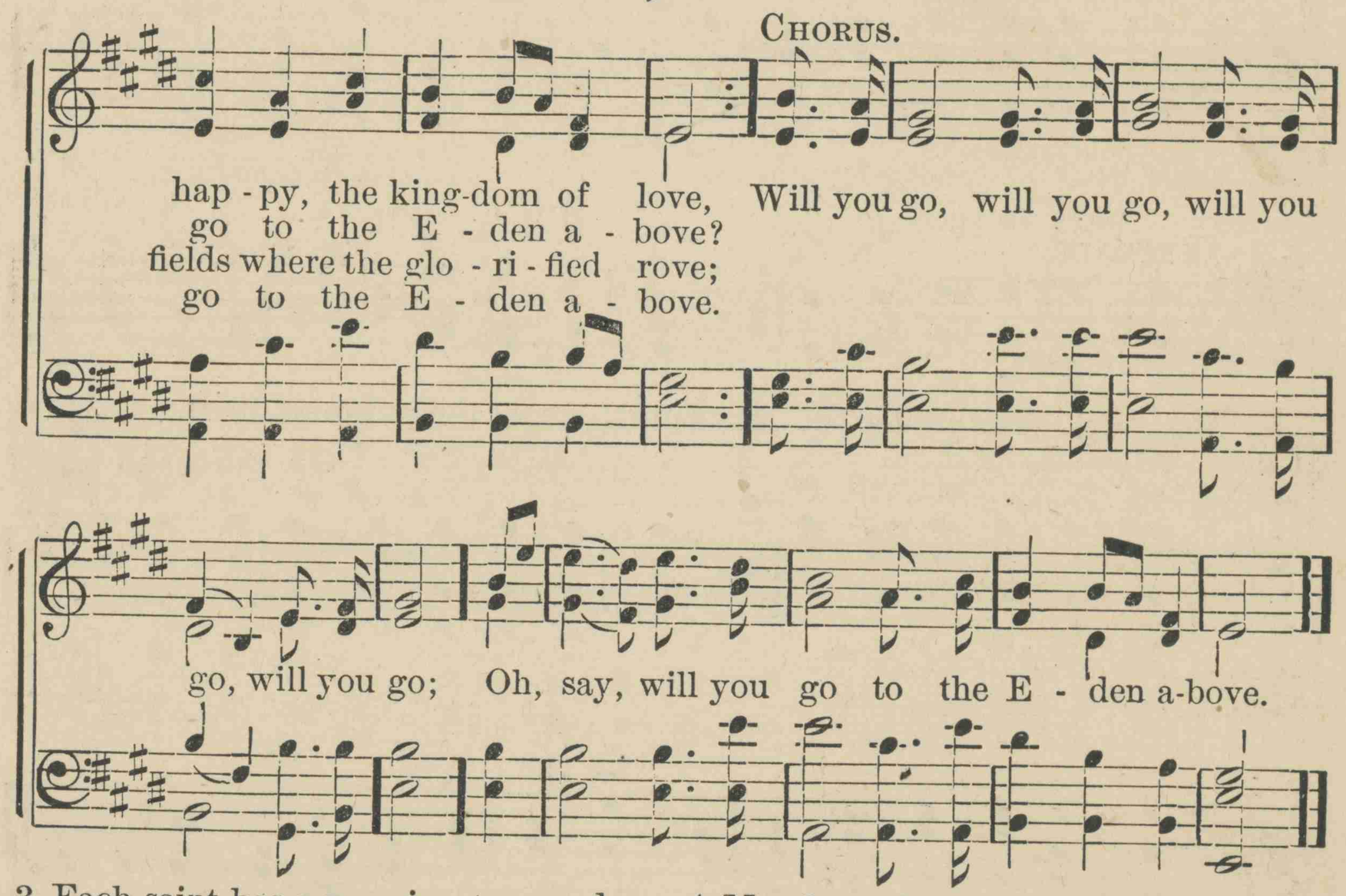


No. 157. The Eden Above.

REVIVAL MELODIES,



CHORUS.



3 Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its tow'rs with glory are burnished;
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

4 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you.
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

No. 158. Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Wm. F. Sherwin. By. per.

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon - tide calm;
2. O - ver the heart of the mourn - er Shin - eth thy gold - en day,
3. There is the home of my Sav iour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng,

O - ver the hearts of the wea - ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.
Waft - ing the songs of the an - gels Down from the far - a - way.
O - ver the high lands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.

Refrain.

Beau - ti - ful val-ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, How
the pure and blest,

oft en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

rit.

No. 159. I thirst for Thee!

Psalm 42: 1.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I thirst for Thee, the liv - ing God, I love Thy name, I love Thy
2. I long to walk on Beulah's hights, I long to meet the loved ones
3. I thirst for Thee, O God, for Thee, Oh, draw me near-er, near-er

ways, Oh, lead me where the saints have trod With heart and voice attuned to praise.
there, I long to share the calm delights Abounding in that land so fair.
still, For-ev-ermore Thine own to be, My will all lost in Thy sweet will.

CHORUS.

As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, So pants my
As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, So
soul, O God, for Thee, As sends the sun its cheering
pants my soul, O God, for Thee, As sends the sun its
beam, So let Thy Spir - it shine in me.
cheer-ing beam,

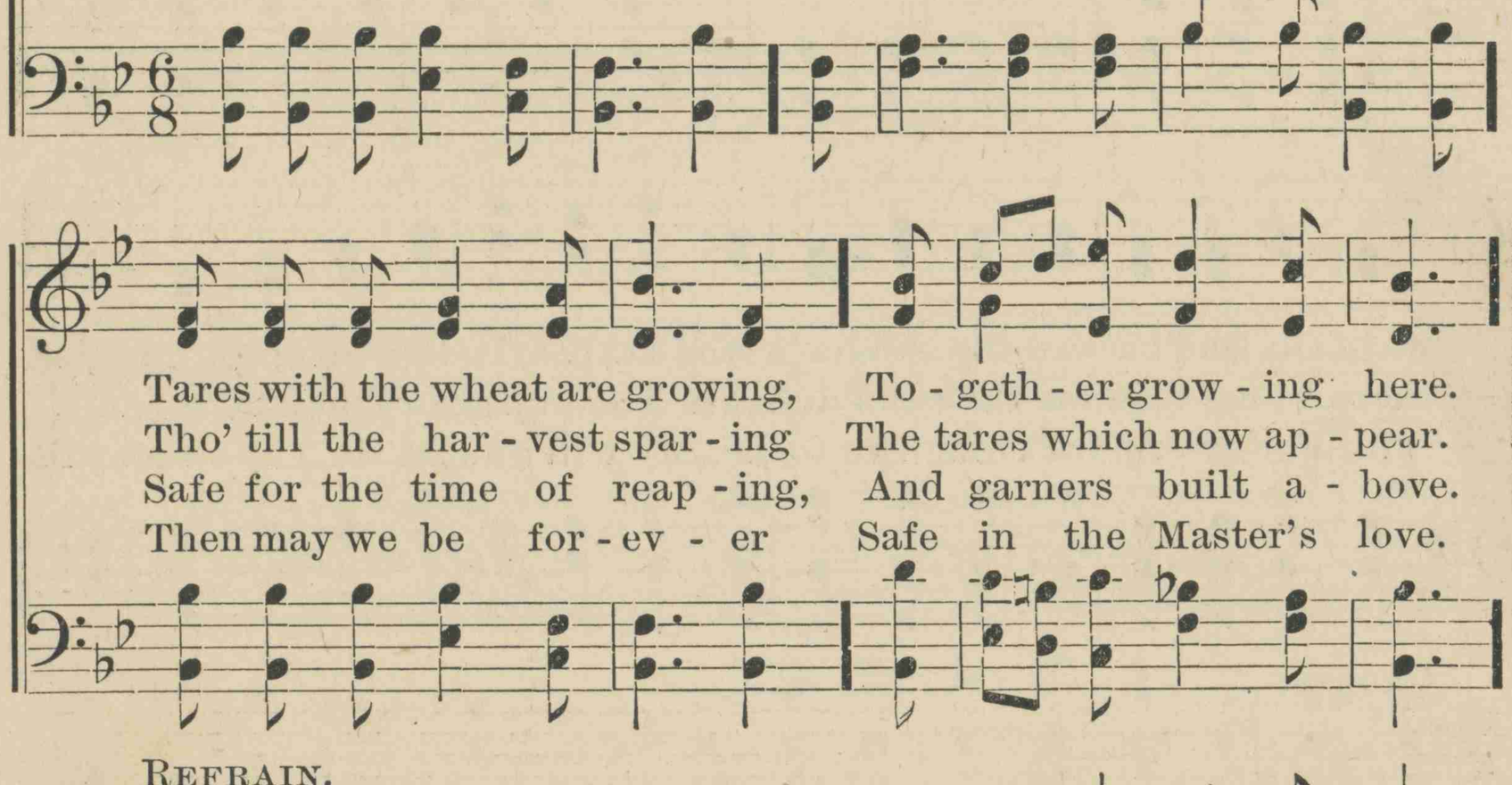
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No. 160. Satan the Seed is Sowing.

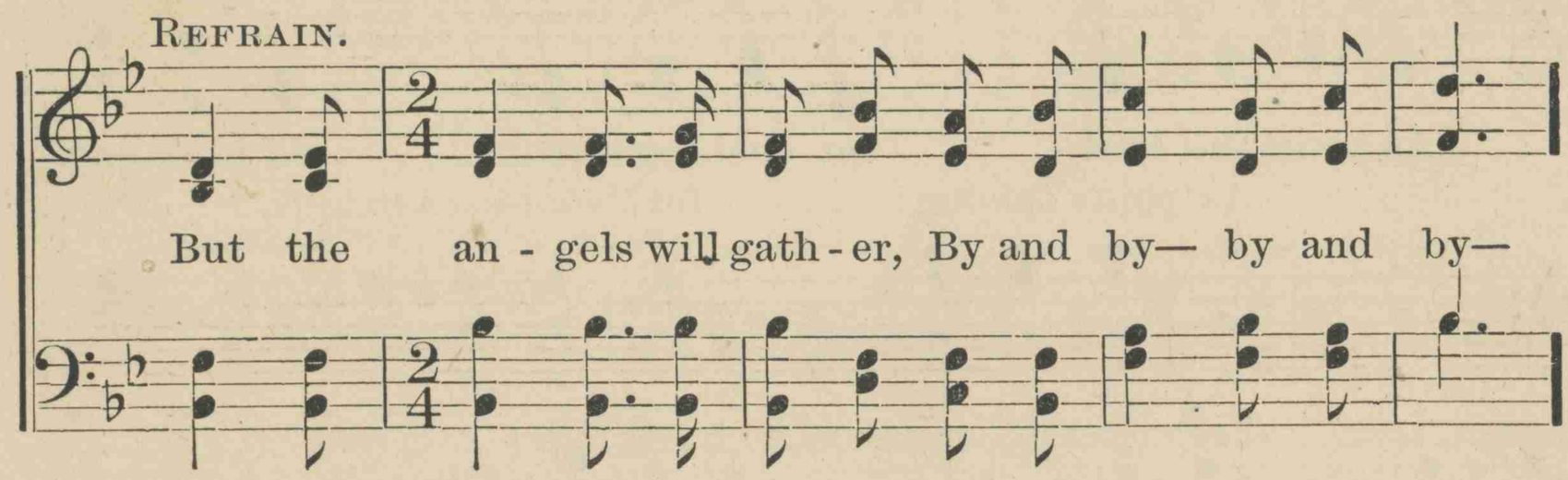
M. A. BAKER. Dr. H. R. PALMER.



1. Sa-tan the seed is sow - ing— So earn - est - ly sow - ing, sowing—
2. God for the wheat is car - ing— So ten - der - ly car - ing, caring—
3. Souls are the wheat he's keeping, So lov - ing - ly keeping, keeping—
4. Harvest the tares will sev - er— E - ter - nal - ly sev - er, sev - er—



Tares with the wheat are growing, To - geth - er grow - ing here.
Tho' till the har - vest spar - ing The tares which now ap - pear.
Safe for the time of reap - ing, And garners built a - bove.
Then may we be for - ev - er Safe in the Master's love.



REFRAIN.

But the an - gels will gath - er, By and by— by and by—

The tares for the burning, And the wheat for the sky! The angels will

gather, By and by— by and by— The tares for the burning, And the wheat for the sky.

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No.161. In the Christian's Home in Glory.

John 14: 2.

SAMUEL YOUNG HARMER, 1856. WM. McDONALD, 1856.

1. In the Christian's home in glo- ry, There remains a land of rest,
2. Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
3. Sing, oh, sing ye heirs of glo- ry, Shout your triumph as you go,

There my Saviour's gone be-fore me To ful - fil my soul's re-quest.
But in that ce - les- tial cen-tre I a crown of life shall wear.
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

No. 162. Tell it Again.

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

1. In - to the tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dying alone, at the
2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un-to me the good
3. Bend-ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the
4. Smil ing he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for

close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car-ried,—said he
tid-ings of joy? Need I not per-ish?—my hand will he hold?
val - ley of death; "God sent his Son!—who-so - ev - er!" said he;
me he was sent!" Whis-pered, while low sank the sun in the west:

Refrain.

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

Sal - vation's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the
chil-dren of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me be-fore."

By per. of R. M McIntosh.

No. 163. The King's Highway.

DUANE ST. L. M. D. REV. GEO, COLES.



2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shall take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then I will tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

No. 164. Doxology.

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

No. 165. Look Unto Him and be True.

"Stand fast in the Lord." Phil. 4: 1,

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. My boy the wide world is be-fore you, Its du-ties, its pleasures, its strife, And soft siren voices, to lure you A-far from the pathway of life, Beware of the snares that surround you, The wrong you'll be tempted to do, The grace of the Lord can sustain you, Then look unto Him and be true.
2. When sin-ners en-tice you consent not, Have courage to stand for the right, The vic-to-ry's yours if you faint not, Re-sist and the foe will take flight, But sin like a ser-pent will bind you, In coils you can nev-er un-do, Yet He that is mighty can save you, Then look unto Him and be true.
3. Tho' bit-ter the tri-als that wait you, The struggles unknown and un-tried, Be firm as a rock, never fal-ter Tho' thousands may fall at your side, There's one who is strong to de-liv-er, Tho' foes should be man-y or few, The arm of the Lord is Sal-va-tion, Then look unto Him and be true.

Chorus.

My boy, nev-er yield to temp-ta-tion, Be up-right in all that you

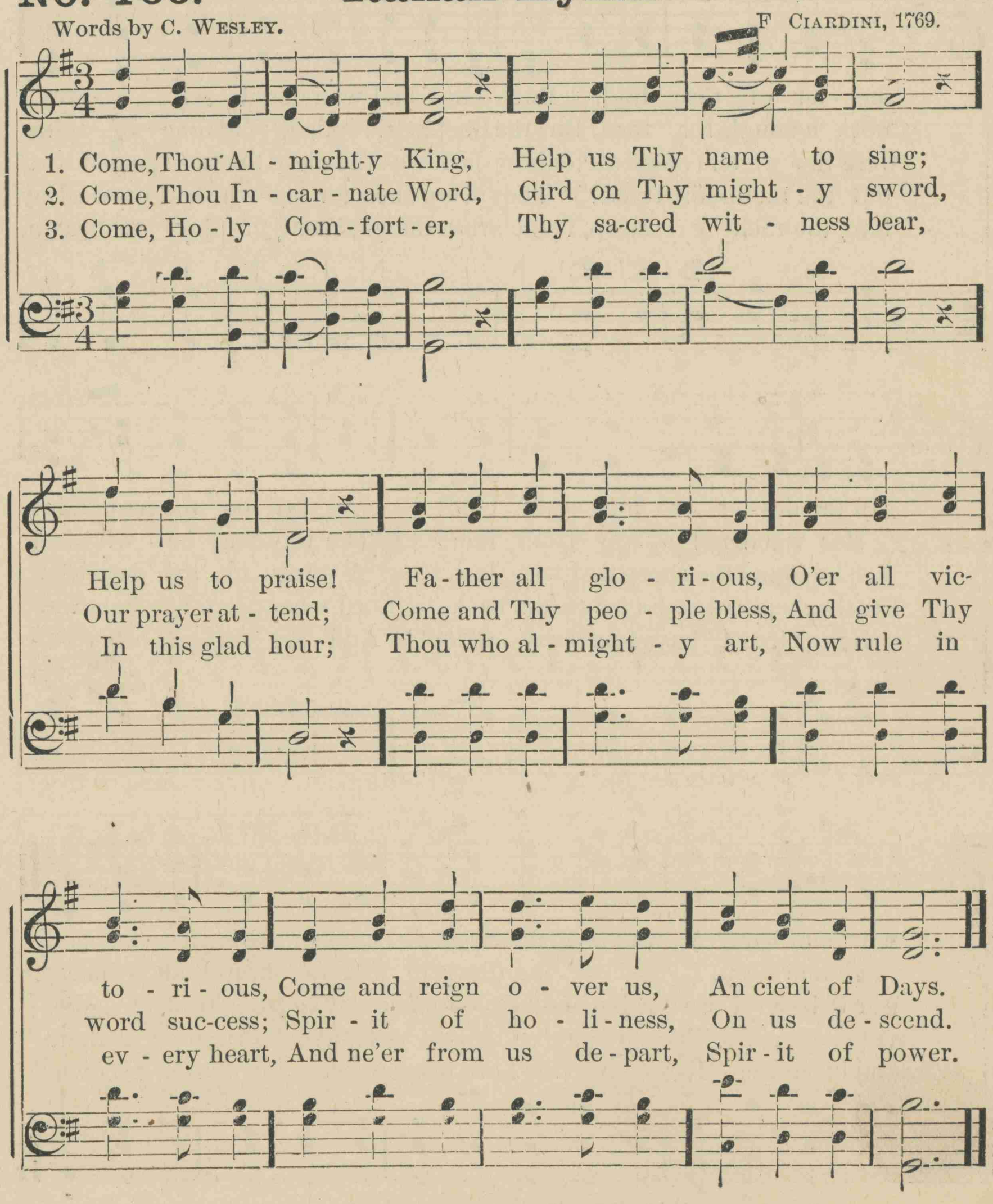
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Look Unto Him and be True.



No. 166. Italian Hymn.

Words by C. WESLEY. F CIARDINI, 1769.



No. 167. The Ninety and Nine.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But one had wan-dered far a - way,
2. Shep-herd, hast thou not here thy ninety and nine, Are they not e-nough for thee? But the Shepherd replied, "This one of mine
3. But none of the ran - som - ed ev - er knew How deep were the wa-ters crossed, Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed thro'
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain track?" "They were shed for one who had gone astray
5. And a - far up the moun - tain, thun - der riven, And a - long the rock - y steep, There arose the glad song of joy to heav'n,

In the des - ert so lone and cold; A - way on the mountains
Has wandered a - way from me; The way may be wild and
Ere he found the sheep that was lost. A - way in the desert he
Ere the shepherd could bring him back." "Lord, whence are Thy hands so
Re - joice, I have found my sheep!" And the an - gels echoed a -

wild and bare, A - way from the Shepherd's tender care; ten - der care.
rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep; find my sheep."
heard its cry, So fee-ble and helpless and ready to die; ready to die.
rent and torn?" "They are pierced tonight by many a thorn; many a thorn."
- round his throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own; back his own."

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No. 168. Revive us Again.

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

Rev. Wm. Paton Mackay, 1866. English Melody.



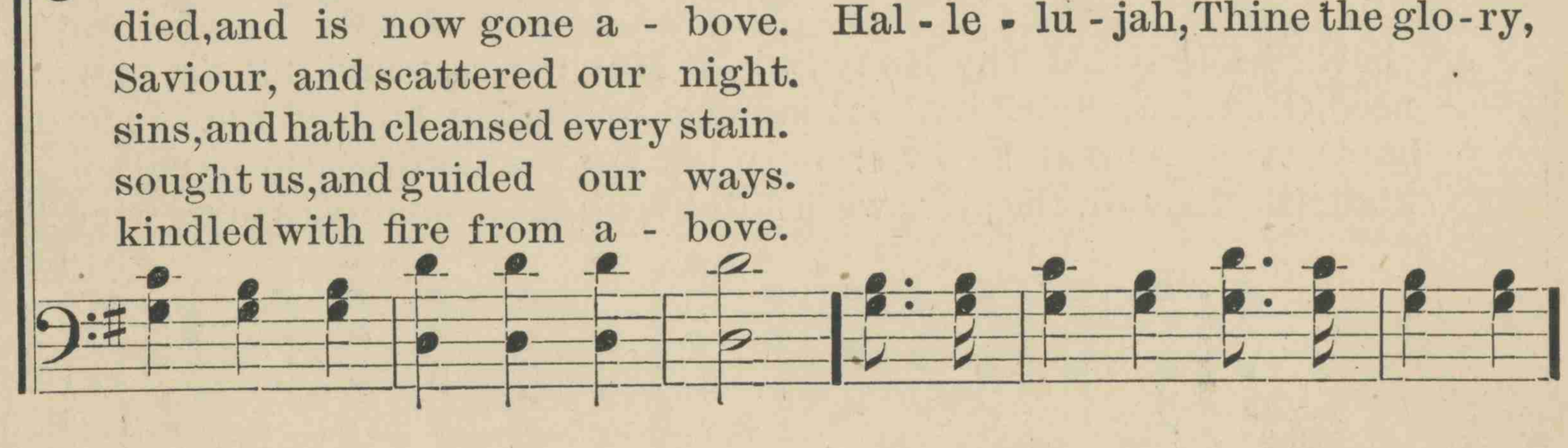
1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spri - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -



Chorus.



died, and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le - lu - jah, Thine the glo - ry,
Saviour, and scattered our night.
sins, and hath cleansed every stain.
sought us, and guided our ways.
kindled with fire from a - bove.





Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men; Hal - lelu - jah! Thine the glory, revive us a - gain.



No. 169.

Key C. *Tune*,—No. 21, G. H.

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
‖. I gave, I gave my life for thee, :‖
What hast thou given for Me.

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone.
‖: I left, I left it all for thee,: ‖
Hast thou left aught for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
‖: I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, :‖
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
‖ :I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, : ‖
What hast thou brought to Me?

Frances R. Havergal.

No. 170. Bless Me Now.

"But tarry ye at Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." Luke 24: 49.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. By Thy blood and by Thy mer - it, Lord, be-fore Thy throne I bow, Pleading that Thy Ho-ly Spir- it May pos-sess and fill me now.
2. Now, O Lord, in Thy good pleasure, Give me just the grace I need, Grant Thy Spirit without measure, While Thy faithful word I plead.
3. Lord, for this I've long been yearning, That Thy pow - er I might know, And my zeal be ev-er burn-ing For the Lord who loves me so.
4. While my ea - ger heart is will - ing, Shed a-broad Thy prom-ise kind; Oh, that now the place were filling With that "mighty rushing wind!"

CHORUS.

Bless me now; Bless me now; From on high my soul en-dow; Oh, bap - tize me with Thy Spir - it, Je - sus, Sav-iour, bless me now.

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No. 171. I am Redeemed.

"Thou hast redeemed me."—Ps. 31: 5

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. My heart is a foun - tain of joy to - day, For Je - sus has tak - en my guilt a - way, And leads me in peaee in the nar - row way, And I am redeemed. Redeemed, re -
2. I nev - er had thought such a peace to know, And so much of glad ness on earth be - low, But Je-sus has wash'd me as white as snow, And I am redeemed.
3. And so I have fore - tastes of heav'n with - in, Be- cause my Re deem - er has en - tered in And pardoned me, savcd me and wash'd me clean, And I am redeemed. I am redeemed,

deemed, My soul is redeemed, For I am redeemed, Glo - ry to Je - sus my soul is redeemed

Je - sus has ta - ken my sin a - way And I am redeemed, redeeemd.

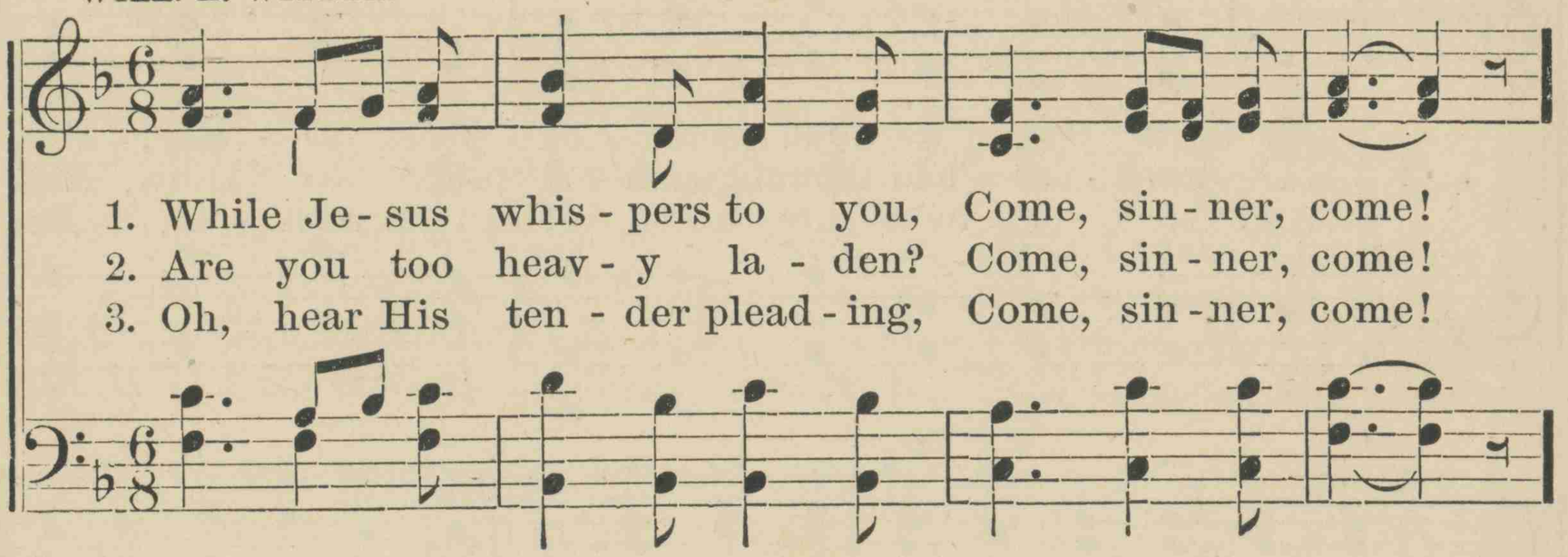
CHORUS.

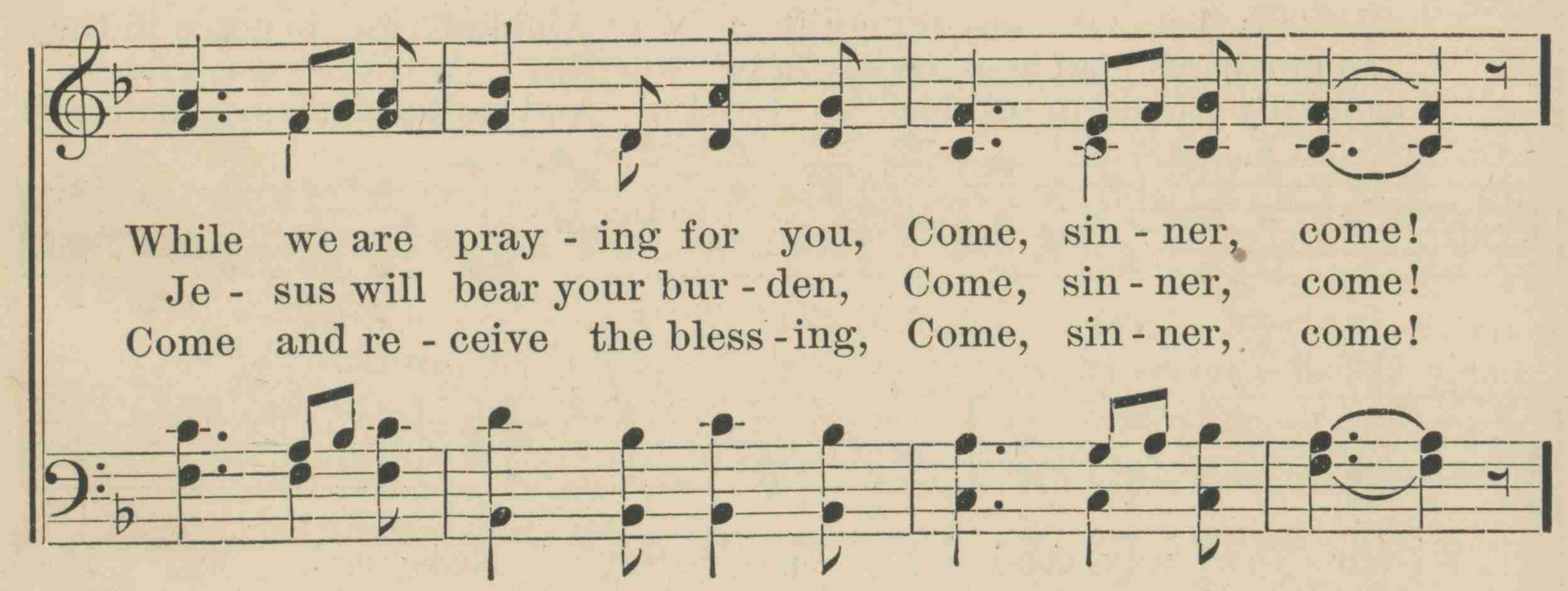
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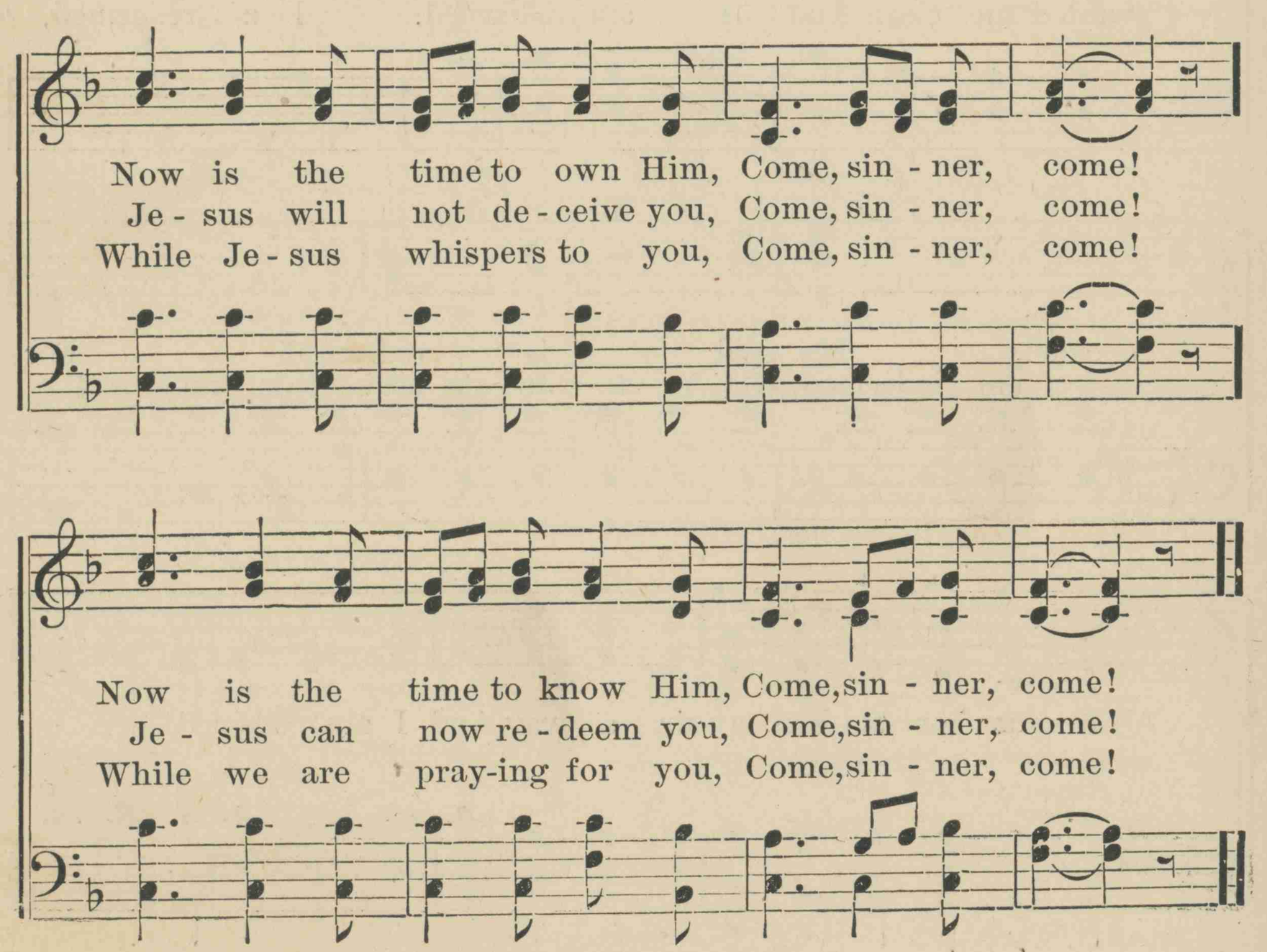
No. 172. While Jesus Whispers to you.

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

WILL. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.



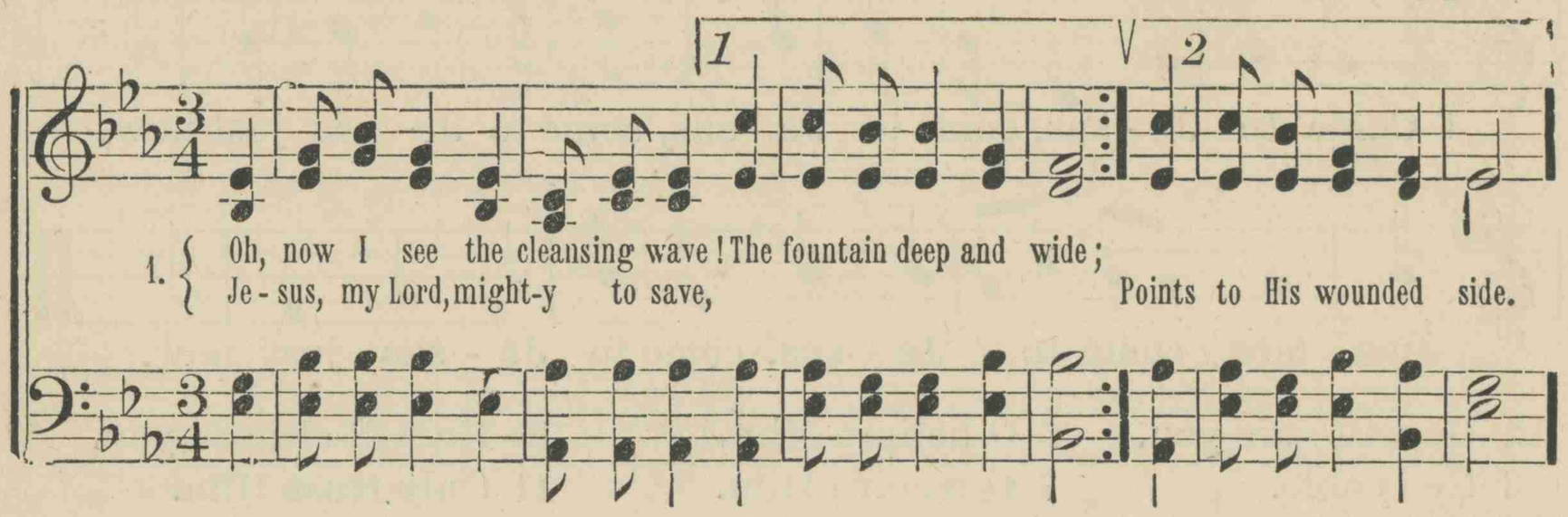




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No. 173. Cleansing Wave.

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER. MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.



1. { Oh, now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide;
Je - sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wounded side.

CHORUS.

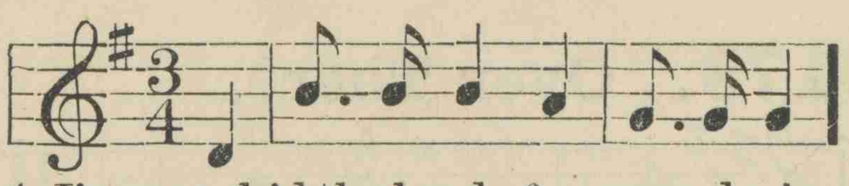


{ The cleansing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me; It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

174. Beulah Land.



1 I've reach'd the land of corn and wine
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines, undimm'd, one blissful day;
For all my night has passed away.

CHORUS.

O Beulah Land! sweet Beulah Land!
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home for evermore.

2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by His hand,
For this is heaven's borderland.

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

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

175. The Great Physician.



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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

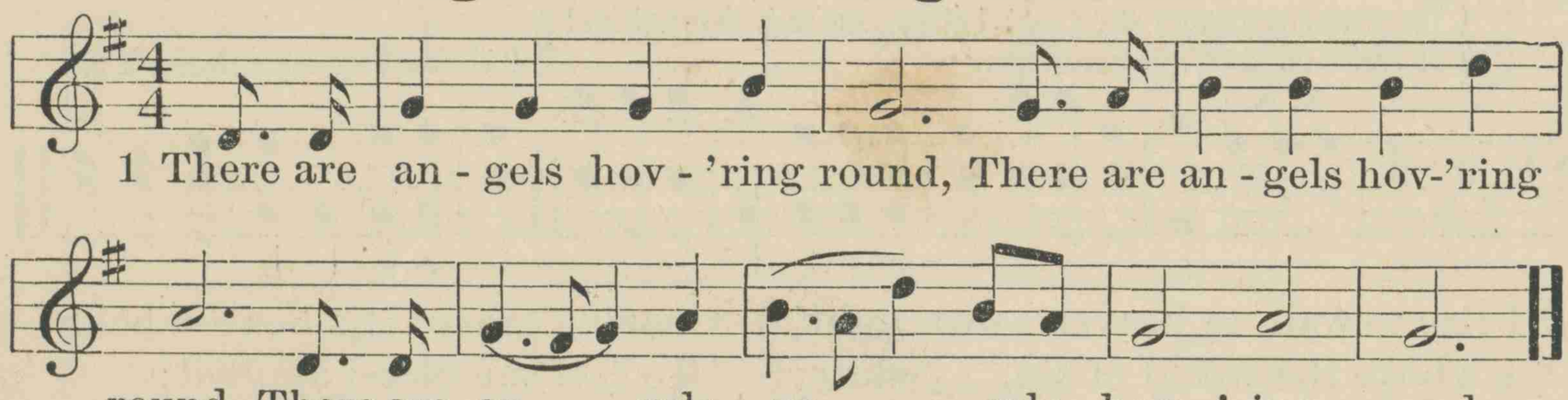
4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus!

No. 176. Come to Jesus, just now.



2 He will save you.
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 He is waiting.
6 O believe Him.
7 O receive Him.
8 Jesus loves you.
9 He will bless you.
10 He will cleanse you.
11 Only trust Him.
12 Let us praise Him.
13 Hallelujah. Amen.

No. 177. Angels Hovering Round.



2 To carry the tidings home, etc.
3 To the New Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 There's glory all around, etc.

178. Sweet By and By.



1 There's a land that is fairer than day.
And by faith we can see it afar
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love
And the blessings that hallow our days.

179. Over There.



1 Oh, think of a home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair
Are robed in their garments of white.

CHORUS.

Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there,
Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air
In their home in the palace of God.

3 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see.
Many dear to my heart over there
Are watching and waiting for me

By per. O. Ditson & Co.

Ortonville: C: M:





No. 180.

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

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

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

No. 181.

1 My hope is built on nothing less,
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness,
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ the solid Rock I stand:
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in Him be found;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

No. 182.

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

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe his word, and trust His grace,
:‖:I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray-[er!:‖:

No. 183.

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

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear.
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

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

No. 184.

1 Lord, I hear Thy shower of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me, even me,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Savior!
Let me love and cling to Thee:
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless:
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee,
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

St. Thomas. S. M. WILLIAMS.



No. 185.

1 O Holy Spirit, come,
And Jesus' love declare;
O tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
O work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

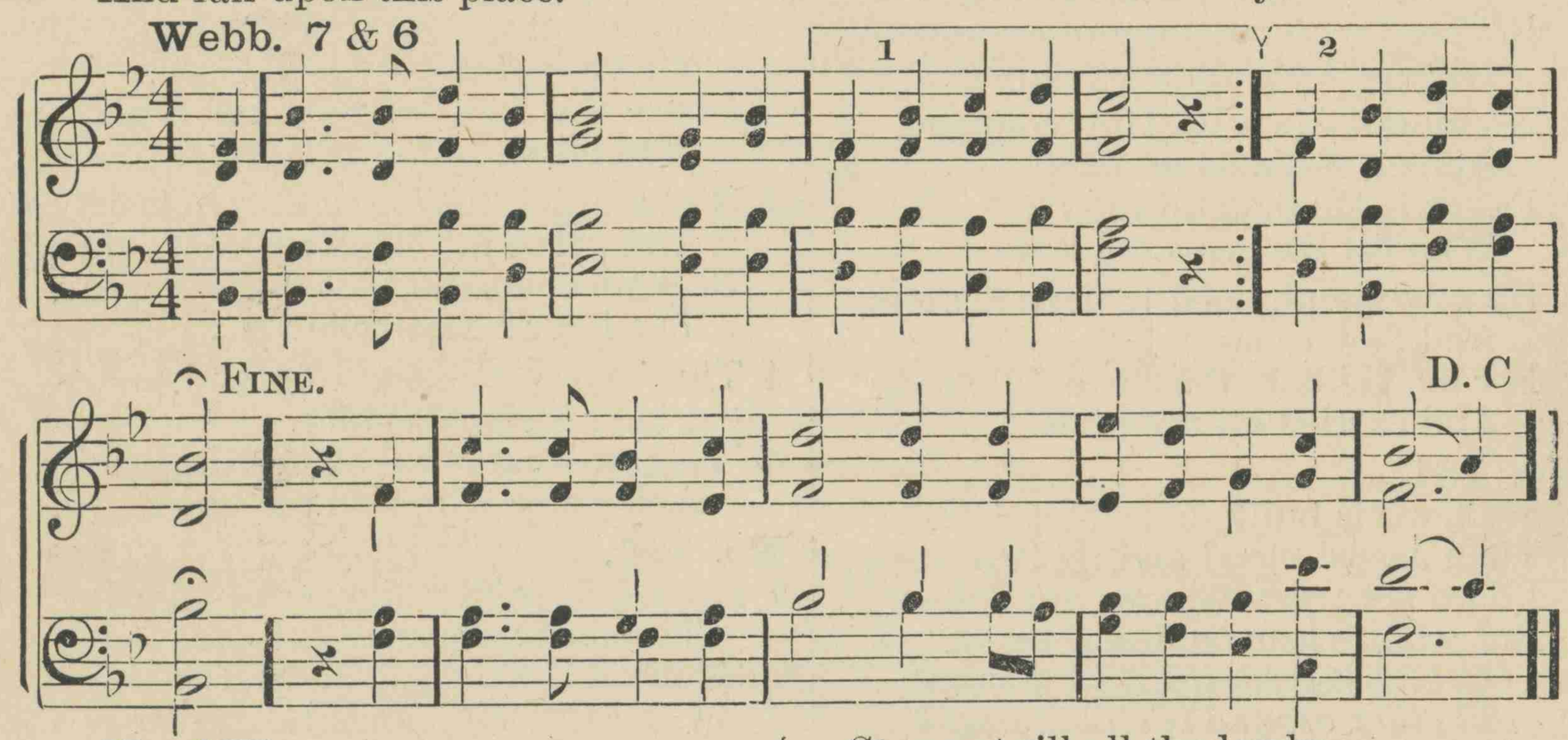
No. 186.

1 O Lord, Thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

Webb. 7 & 6



No. 187.

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

2 See heathen nation's bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing
A nation in a day.

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

No. 188.

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

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

Arlington. C. M. DR. ARNE.



No. 189.

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

2 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?

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

No. 190.

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

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

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

Nettleton. 8. 7. 4.



No. 191.

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

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

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

No. 192.

Key F.

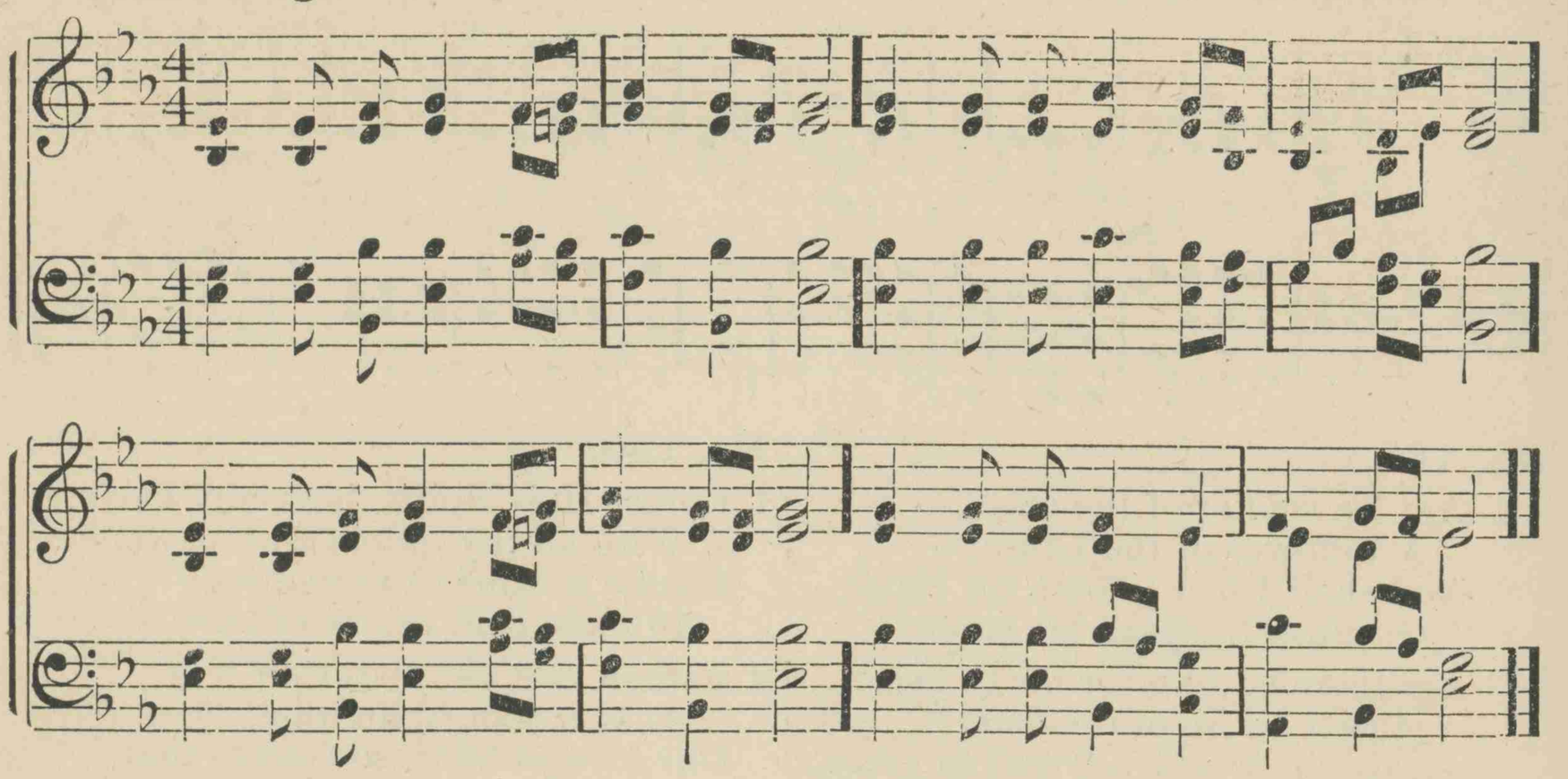
1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer?
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Hamburg. L. M.

Arr. by Dr. L. Mason.



No. 193.—Ps. 116th.

1 What fit return, Lord, can I make
For all Thy gifts on me bestowed?
The cup of blessing I will take,
And call upon the name of God,

2 Before God's people I'll appear,
And pay my vows there with delight.
The death of saints to God is dear,
Most precious in Jehovah's sight.

3 O Lord, the high and holy one,
I am a servant unto Thee,
Thy servant and thy handmaid's son,
Thou hast from bonds delivered me.

4 With sacrifice of thanks I'll go,
And on Jehovah's name will call;
Will pay to God the vows I owe,
In presence of His people all.

No. 194.

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

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

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

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

Pleyel's Hymn 7.

Ignace Pleyel,



No. 195.

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

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

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

No. 196.

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

2 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my will and make it Thine,
Let it be no longer mine.

3 Take my heart, it is Thine own,
Let it be Thy royal throne,
Take my love, my Lord of power,
At Thy feet its treasures store.

Azmon. C. M, CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.





No. 197.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sonud!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

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

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709.

No. 199. *Tune.*—**Rathbun. No. 12.**

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

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

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

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

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

No. 198.

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

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

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

No. 200. *Tune.*—**Lenox, No. 109,**

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits rest;
Ye mournful souls be glad:
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood,
Throughout the world proclaim:
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell
And blest in Jesus live,
‖: The year of Jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransom'd sinnerss home.

Horton. 7. XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTESNEE.



No. 201.

1 Holy Ghost, Thou source of light!
We invoke Thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirit's night,
Turn our darkness into day.

2 To the anxious soul impart
Hope, all other hopes above;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.

3 Work in all, in all renew,
Day by day, the life divine;
All our wills to Thee subdue,
All our hearts to Thee incline.

No. 202.

1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

3 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine

Boylston. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



No.203.

1 O come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of pefect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to Thy will and word,
Well pleasing in Thy sight.

No. 204.

1 I Love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blestRedeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

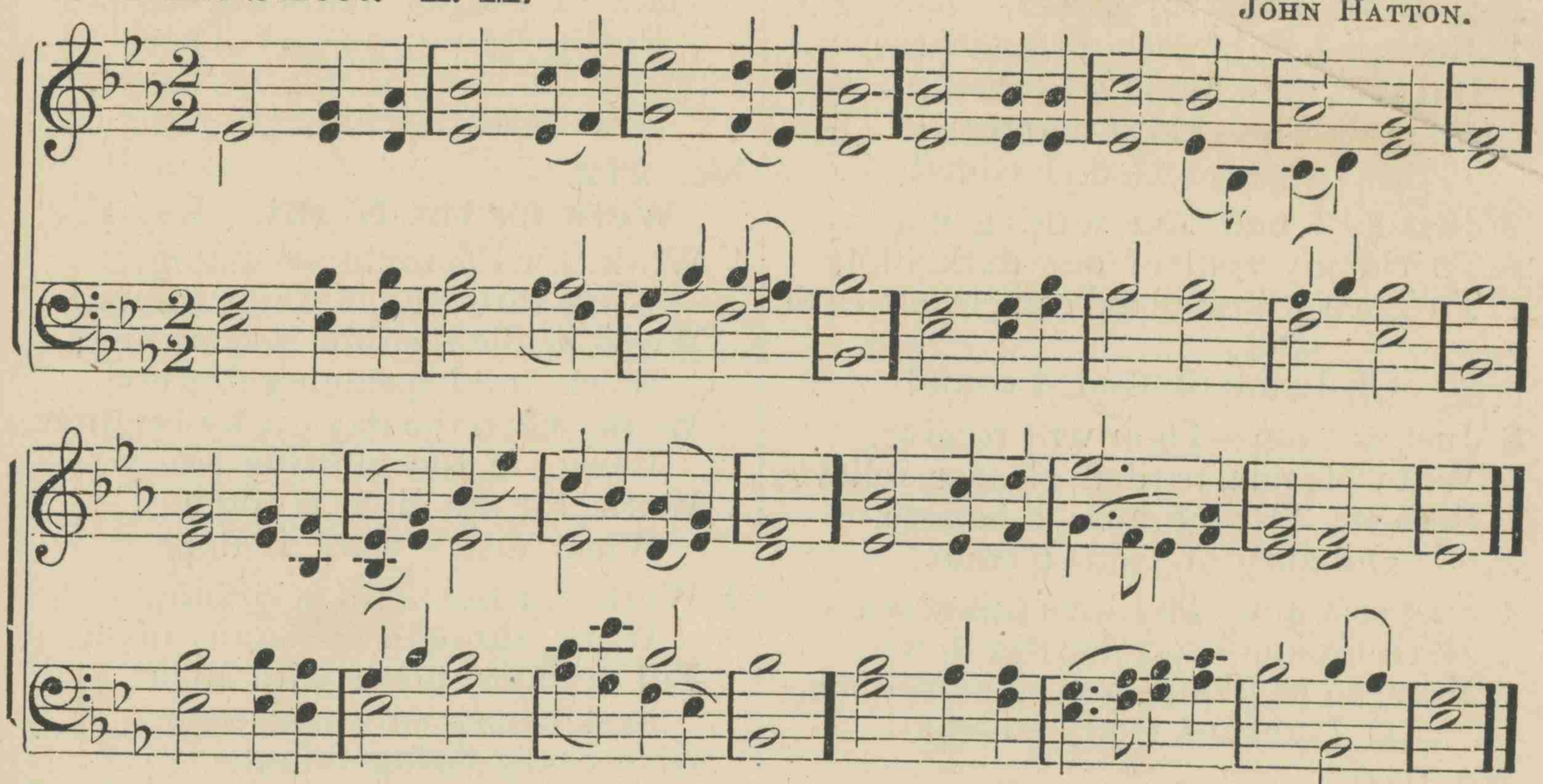
2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

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

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Duke Street. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



No. 205.

1 Come, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain:
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns and shall forever reign.

2 His sovereign power our bodies made;
Our souls are His immortal breath;
And when His creatures sinn'd He bled,
To save us from eternal death.

3 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for him, our cheerful strain;
Worship and thanks to Him belong,
Who reigns and shall forever reign.

No. 206.

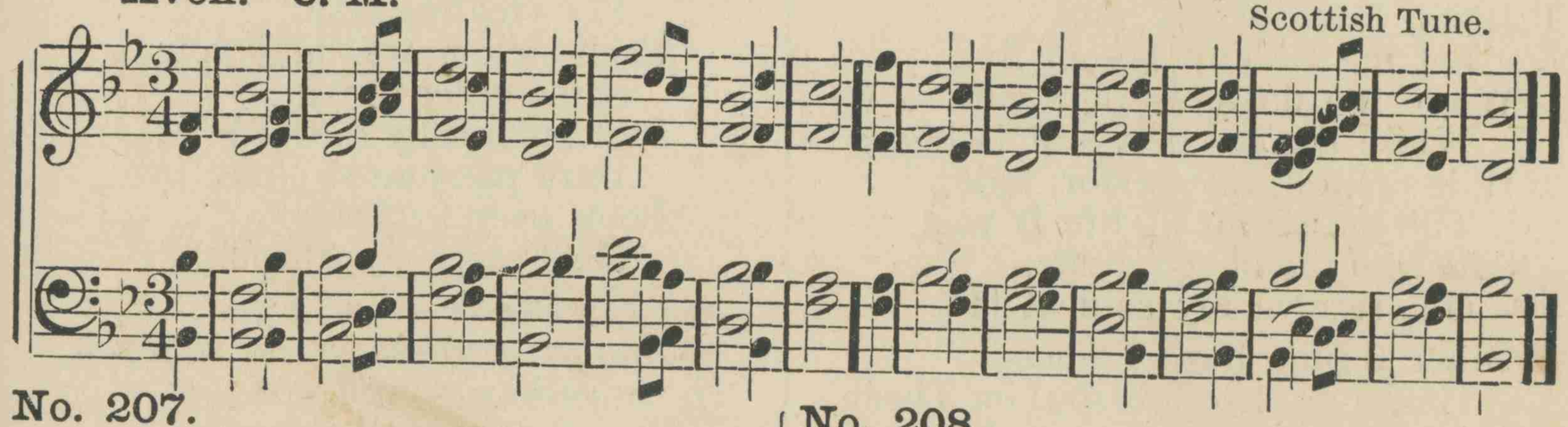
1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does His successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

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

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

Avon. C. M.

Scottish Tune.



No. 207.

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

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

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

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

No. 208.

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

2 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

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

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

No. 209. Just as I am. Key E♭.

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

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

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

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

No. 210.
Coronation. No. 29.

1 Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

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

3 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for *me*.

No. 211. Martyn. Key F.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul;
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

No. 212.
Work for the Night. Key F.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work, through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER, 1860.

No. 213. Key B♭.

1 Yield not to temptation.
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

Ask the Savior to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is your Savior,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

H. R. PALMER.

No. 214.

Tune.—**Horton, 7s. No. 201.**

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye, who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;—

4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure.
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

No. 215.

Tune.—**Missionary Hymn.** KEY F.

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

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

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

No. 216.

Tune.—**Come, Ye Sinners.** KEY F.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of His dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation!
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

2 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him!

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all

No, 217,

Tune.—**Avon, C, M, No. 207,**

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live,"

3 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

4 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till trav'lling days are done.

No, 218,

Tune.—**Webb. 7s, 6s, No, 187.**

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

No. 219.

Tune.—**Hendon, 7s. No. 141.**

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

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

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

No. 220.—Ps. 23.

Tune.—**Azmon, C. M. No. 197.**

1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of Righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet I will fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

No. 221.

Tune.—**Arlington, C. M. No. 189.**

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

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

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To Thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

No. 222. *Tune.*—**Italian Hymn, 6s. 4s. No. 166.**

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world:
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from His lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who His message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

3 Ye, who forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

No. 223.

Tune.—**I have a Saviour.**

1 I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour, tho' earth friends be few; [o'er me,
And now He is watching in tenderness
And oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour too.

For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
I am praying for you.

2 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven, [with me to
But oh, that He'd letme bring you!

3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness, [one too!
Dear friends, could I see you receiving

4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river,—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story, [iour too;
That my loving Saviour is your Sav-
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory, [answered for you!
And the prayer will be answered, 'twas

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