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....SELECT....

REVIVAL SONGS

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

...GOSPEL SONGS...

FOR USE IN

ALL RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

COMPILED AND FOR SALE BY

REV. E. B. FARRAR,

DALTON, GA.

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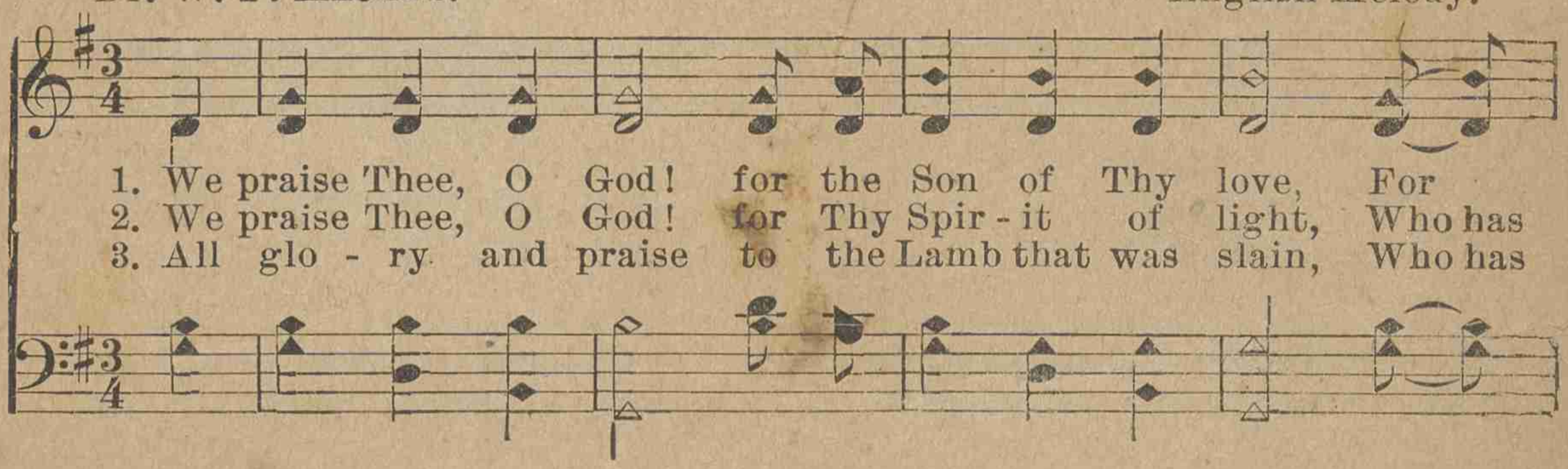
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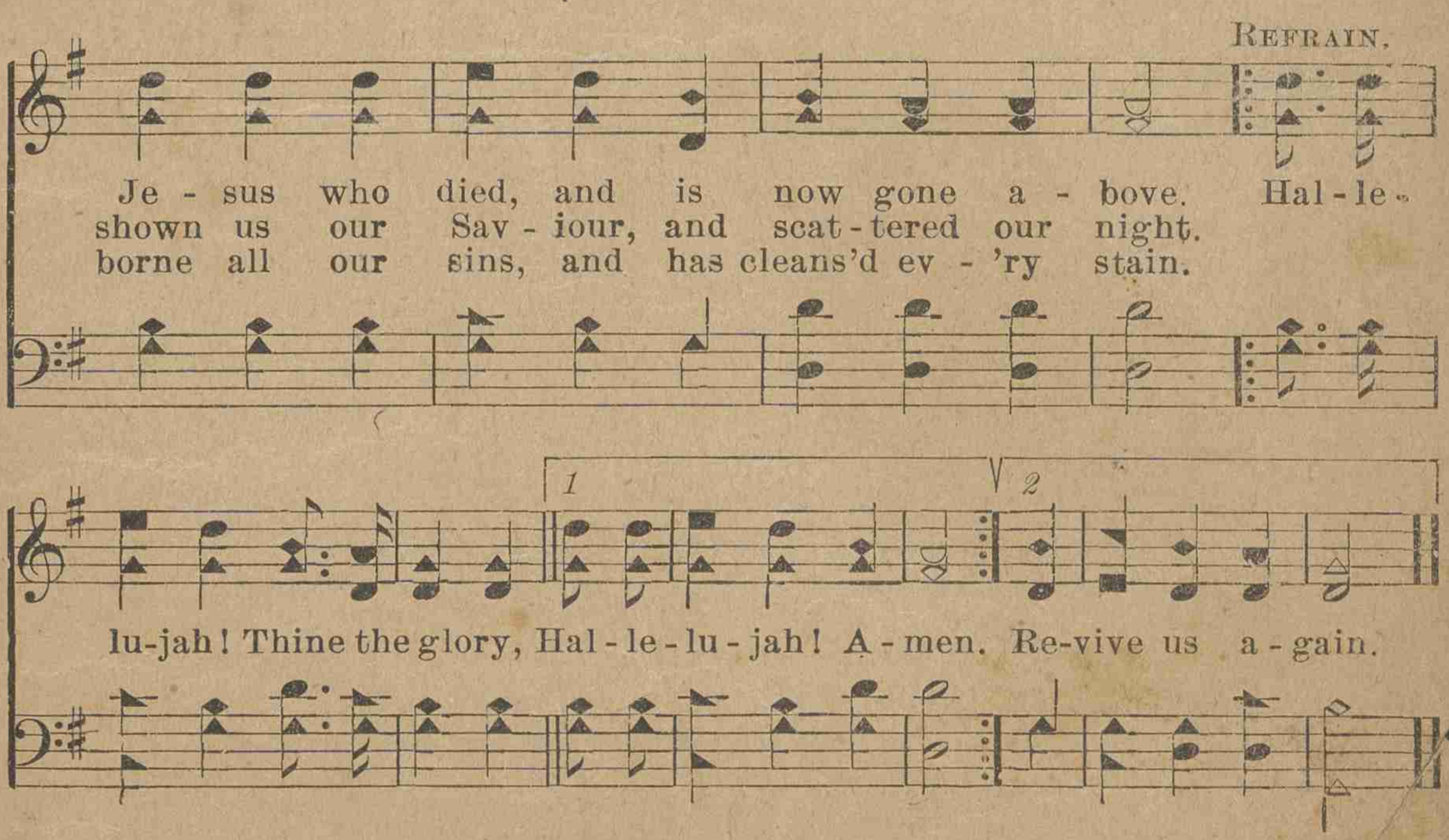
SELECT REVIVAL SONGS.

No. 1. REVIVE US AGAIN.

Dr. W. P. MACKAY. English Melody.



REFRAIN.
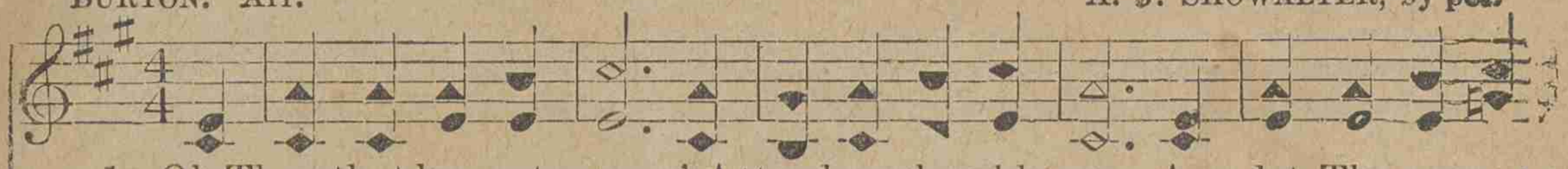


4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace.
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

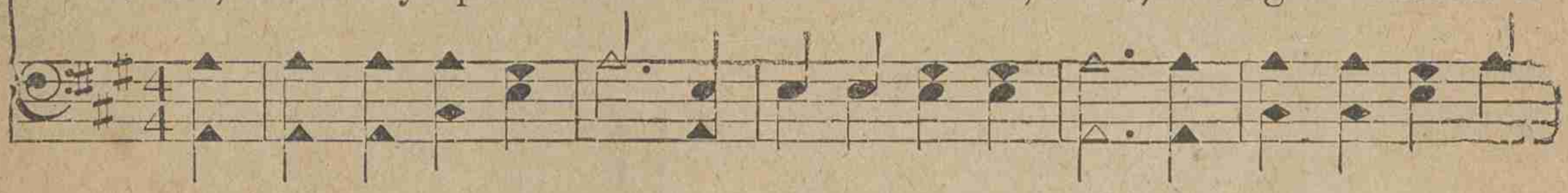
5 Revive us again: fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 2. OH, THOU THAT HEAREST PRAYER.

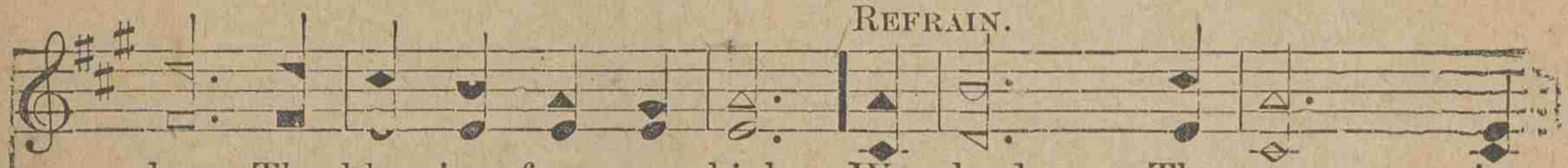
BURTON. Arr. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



1. Oh, Thou that hearest prayer! Attend our humble cry; And let Thy servants
2. If earth - ly parents hear Their children when they cry; If they with love sup-
3. Our heavenly Fa-ther Thou, We children of Thy grace, Oh, let Thy presence
4. Oh, send Thy Spir-it down On all the nations, Lord, With great success to

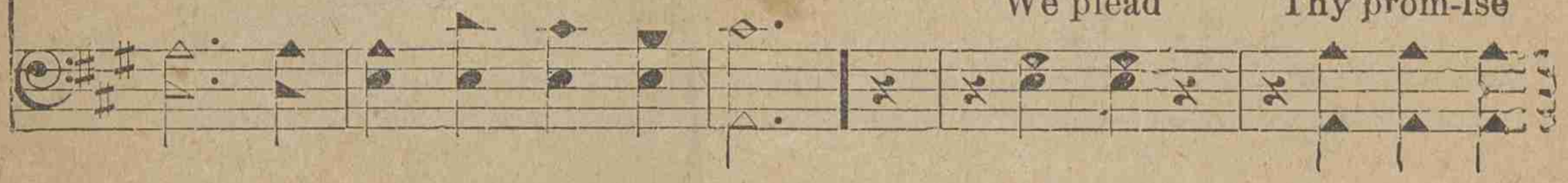


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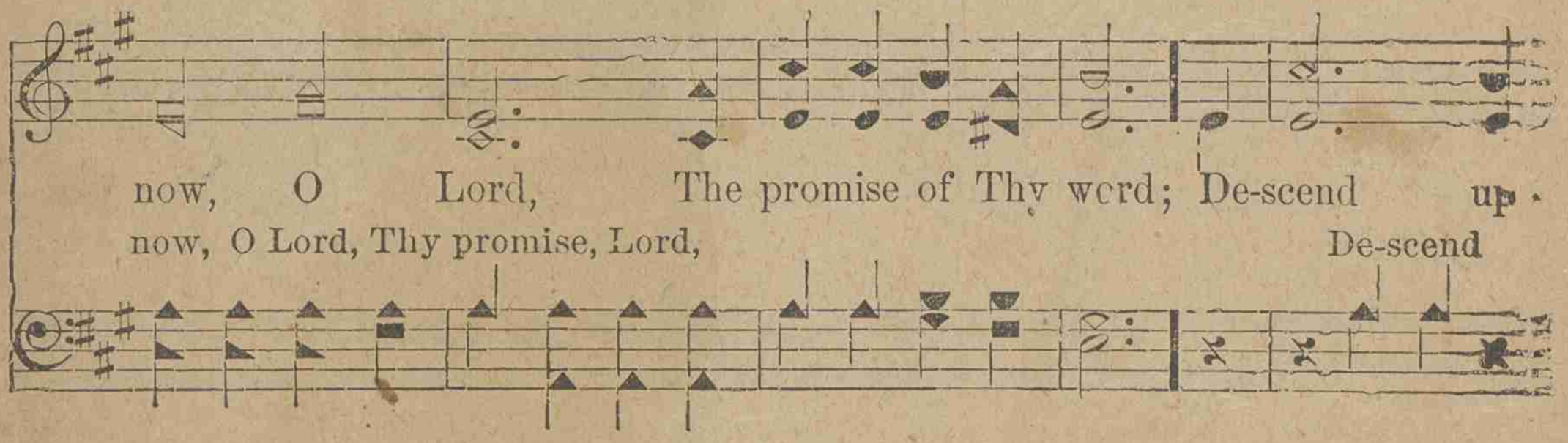


share Thy bless-ing from on high. We plead Thy prom - ise
cere, Their children's wants sup-ply.
now De-scend and fill the place.
crown The teach-ing of Thy word.
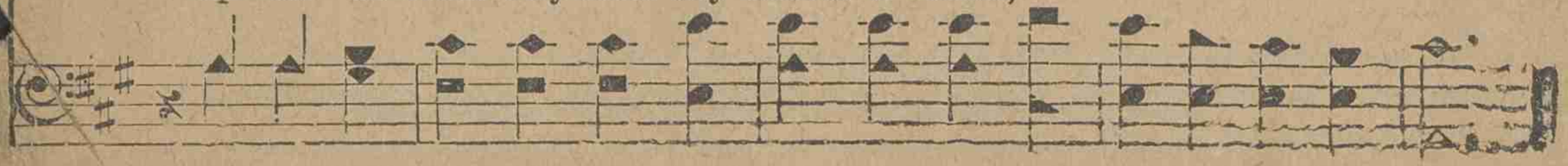
We plead Thy prom-ise



now, O Lord, The promise of Thy word; De-scend up -
now, O Lord, Thy promise, Lord, De-scend



on us from a - bove, And fill us with Thy love.
up - on us from Thy heav'nly courts a - bove,



No. 3.

MASTER, USE ME.

E. A. H.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Send me forth, O blessed Master! where are souls in sorrow bow'd, Send me forth to homes of want and homes of care, And with joy I will o-bey the call, and in Thy blessed name I will
2. There are lives that may be brightened by a word of hope and cheer, There are souls with whom life's blessings I should share; There are hearts that may be lightened of the burdens which they bear; Let me
3. There is work with-in the vineyard, there is ser-vice to be done, There's a mes-sage of sal- va-tion to de - clare; Send me forth to tell the sto-ry to the homes of sin-ful men; Let me
4. Oh, I would not be an i - dler in the vineyard of the Lord; With the Christ the vineyard labor I would share; Into hearts that know not Jesus I would speak the saving Word; Let me

D.S. *ready to report for orders, Master, summon me, And I'll*

Refrain.

Fine.

Call me forth . . . . to ac - tive ser - - - - vice, take the blessed light of the gospel there. take the blessed hope of the gospel there. take the blessed Christ of the gospel there. take the blessed joy of the gospel there. Call me forth, call me forth, to active service call me forth And my prompt response shall be, "Here am I! send me;" I am *go on a - ny errand of love for Thee.*

D.S.

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No. 4. CONSECRATION.

To be sung as a Solo or Quartet.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.
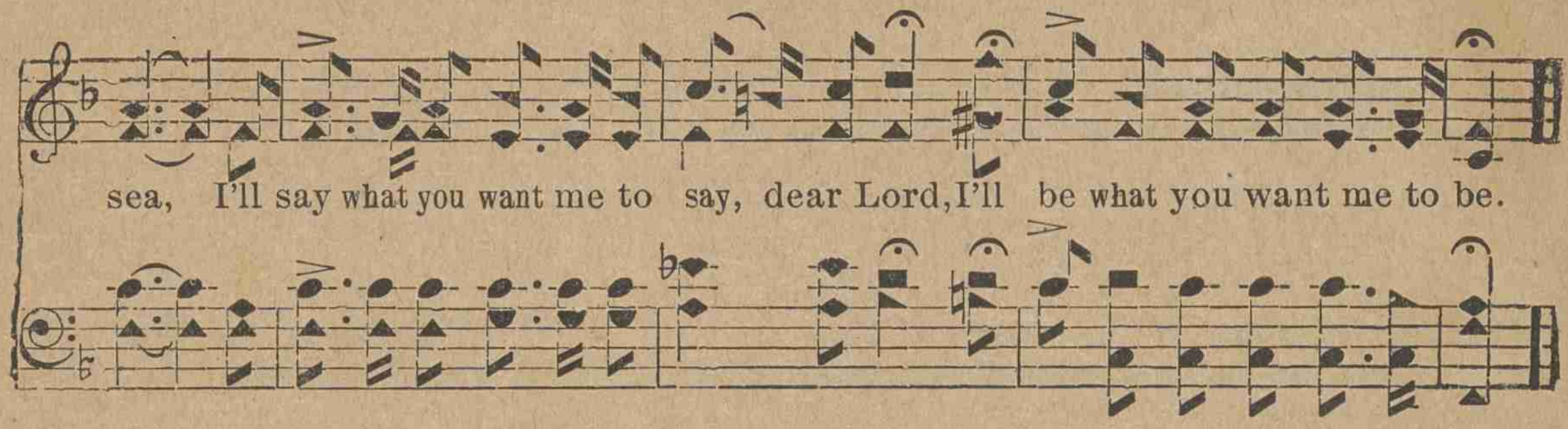
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or over the stormy sea; It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me; But if by a still small voice He calls To
2. Perhaps today there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak, There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek. Oh, Saviour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho'
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide, Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je- sus the cru - ci - fied. So trusting my all to Thy tender care, And

paths that I do not know, I'll answer, Dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you
dark and rugged the way, My voice shall echo Thy mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you
knowing Thou lovest me, I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you

REFRAIN.

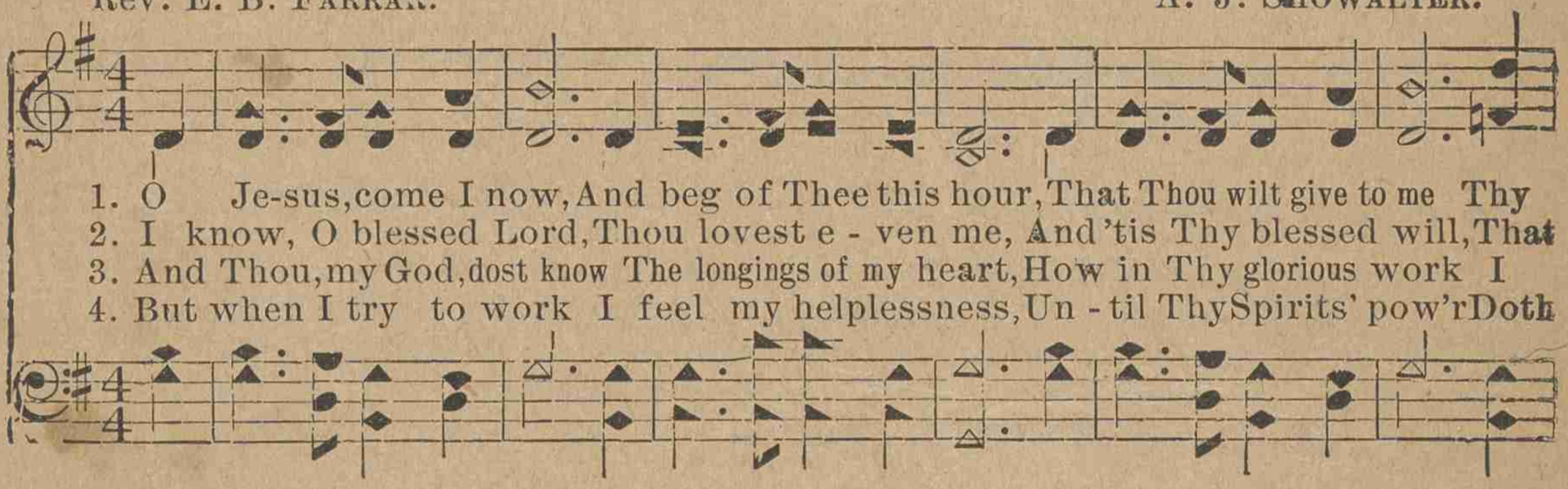
want me to go. I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or
want me to say.
want me to be.

Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell. Used by permission.



No. 5. THE BAPTISM OF POWER.

Rev. E. B. Farrar. A. J. Showalter.



5 So humbled at Thy feet,
I'm pleading at this hour,
And begging of Thee, Lord,
To send on me Thy power.

6 Should there be in my life,
One single hindering sin,
O burn it out, dear Lord,
And let Thy Spirit in.

7 'Tis then that sinful men,
Will heed Thy word as given,
And quit the walks of sin,
To turn their steps toward heaven.

Copyright, 1891, by A. J. Showalter and E. B. Farrar.

No. 6. ALL TO THEE.

A. J. SHOWALTER. S. J. PERRY.

1. Saviour, may we give our hearts to Thee, All to Thee, all to Thee;
2. Thou did'st give Thyself that we might be, All to Thee, all to Thee;
3. When we 've cross'd death's dark and stormy sea, All to Thee, all to Thee;

all to Thee, all to Thee;

All we are and all we hope to be, All to Thee, . . yes, all to Thee.
And by grace di - vine our love shall be, All to Thee, . . yes, all to Thee.
May our song of tri-umph ev - er be, All to Thee, . . yes, all to Thee.

All to Thee, yes, all to Thee
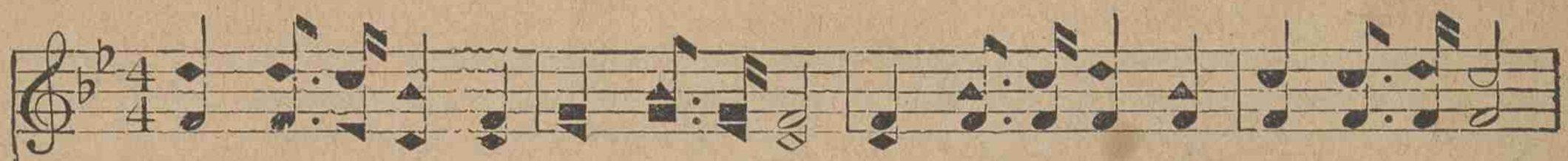
REFRAIN.

All to Thee, all to Thee, Blessed Lord, 't is all to Thee;
all to Thee, yes, all to Thee, Blessed Lord, 't is all to Thee, yes all to Thee
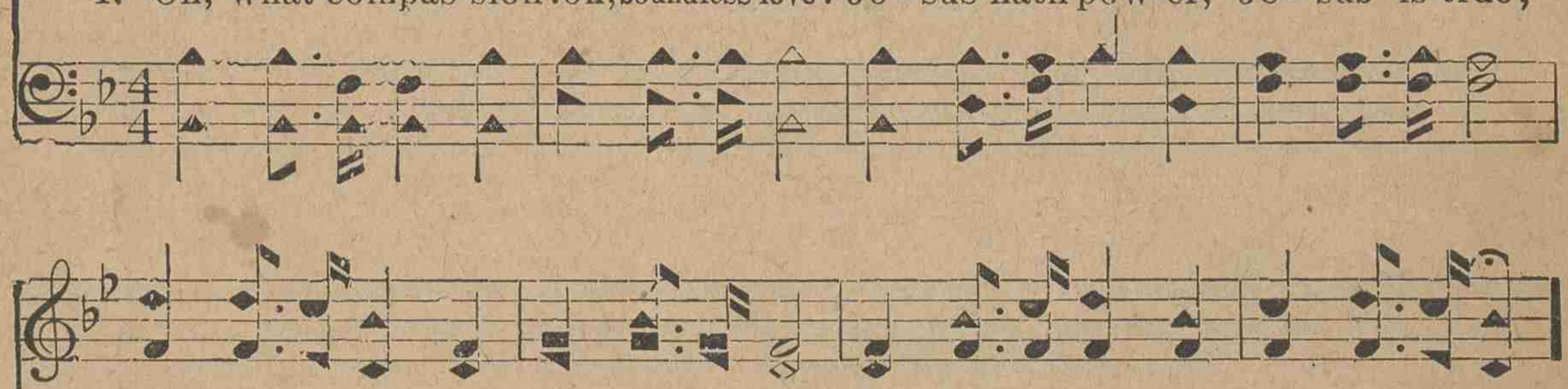
All to Thee, all to Thee, Bless-ed Lord, 't is all to Thee.
all to Thee, yes, all to Thee,

No. 7. THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.
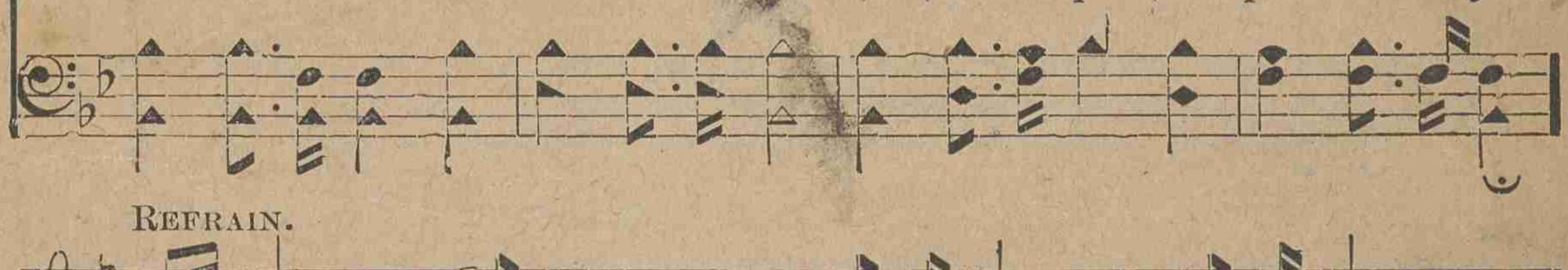
FOOTE BROS. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



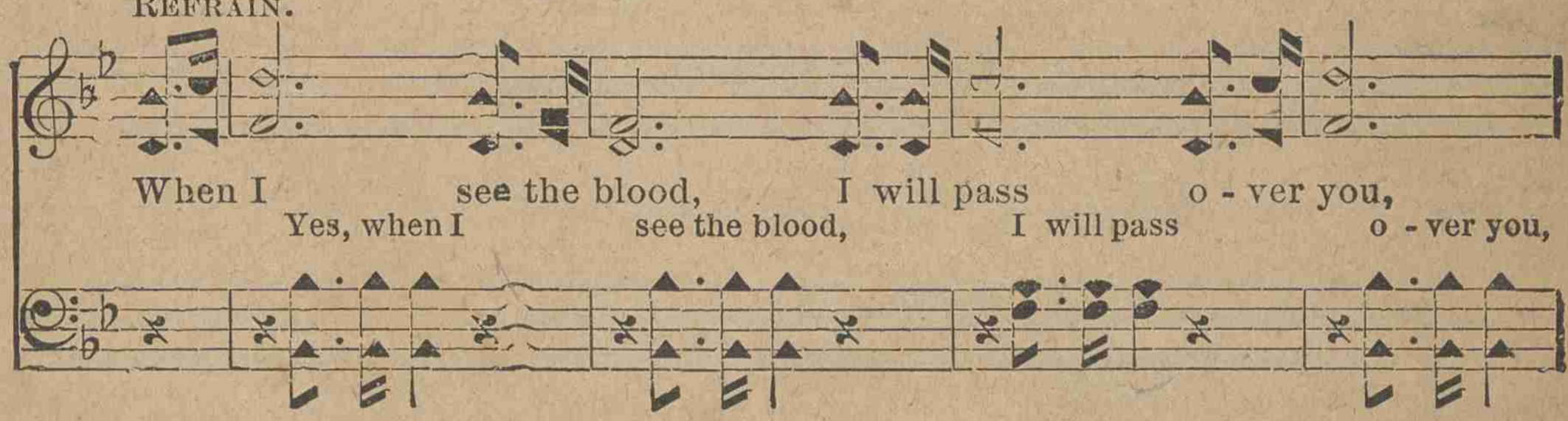
1. Christ, our Redeemer, died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner, paid all his due;
2. Chief-est of sin- ners Je - sus can save, As He has promised, so will He do;
3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have reject-ed, who have refus'd;
4. Oh, what compas-sion! oh, boundless love! Je - sus hath pow-er, Je - sus is true;



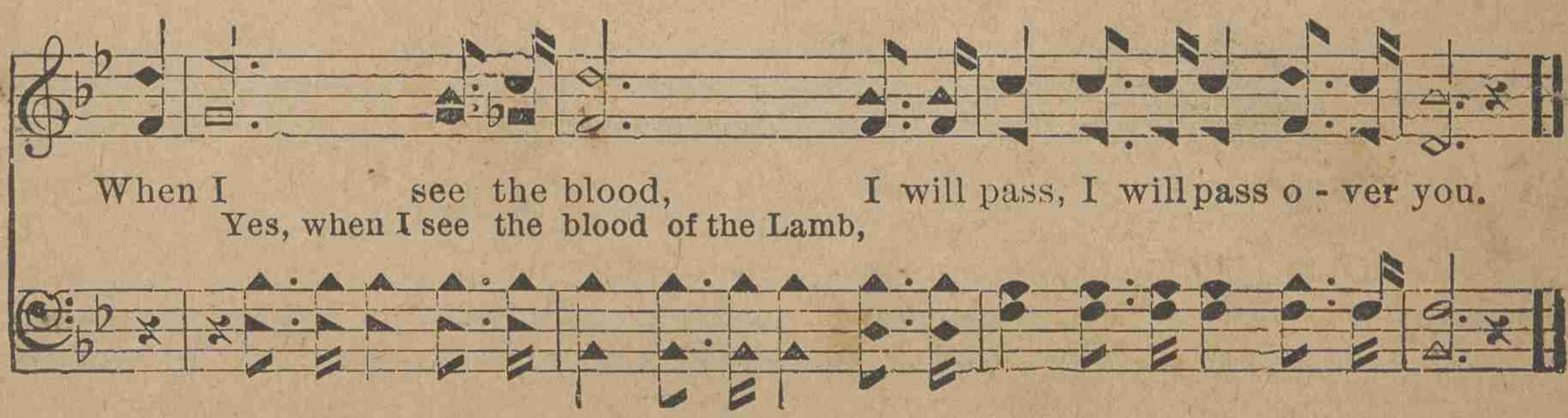
All who receive Him need nev-er fear, For He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trustin His word, Then He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Oh, sin-ner, has - ten, let Je - sus in, Then God will pass, will pass o - ver you.
All who be-lieve are safe from the storm, Oh, He will pass, will pass o - ver you.



REFRAIN.



When I see the blood, I will pass o - ver you,
Yes, when I see the blood, I will pass o - ver you,

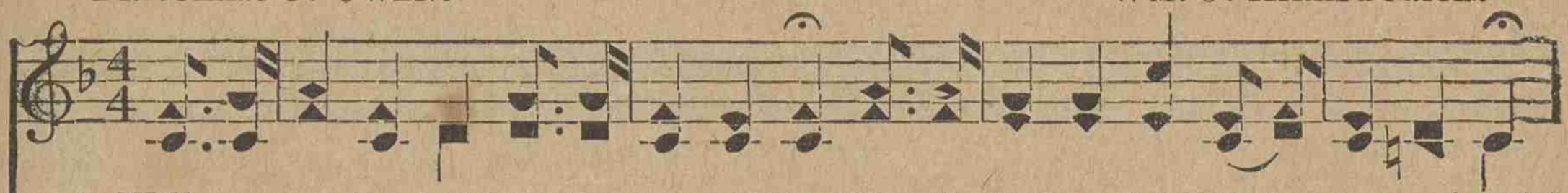


When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.
Yes, when I see the blood of the Lamb,

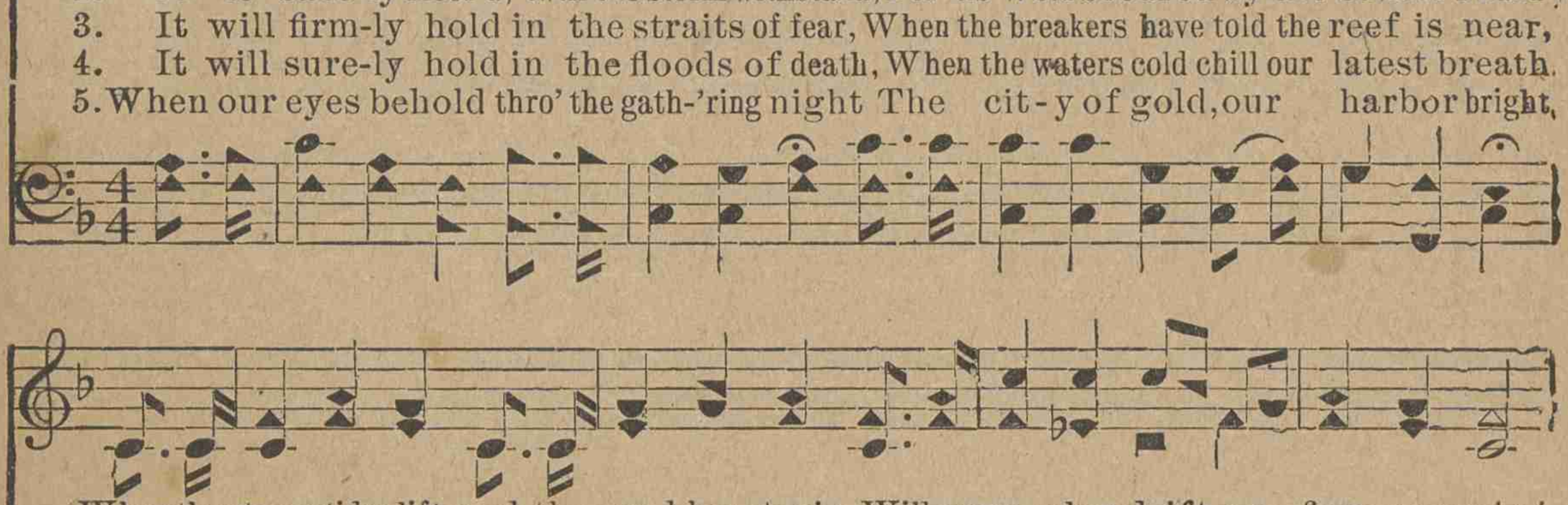
From "Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs," by per. J. H. Showalter.

No. 8. WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.
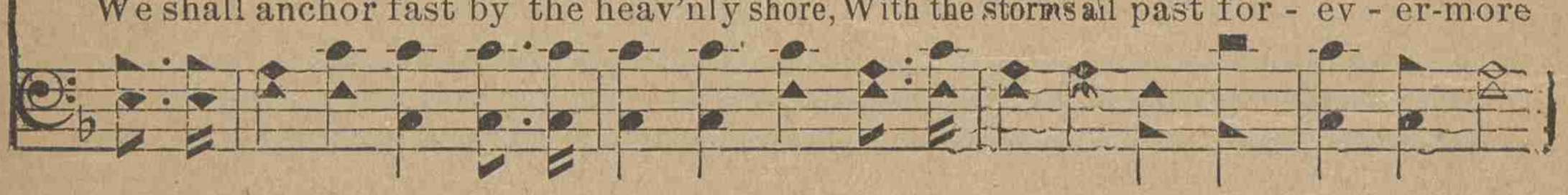
PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



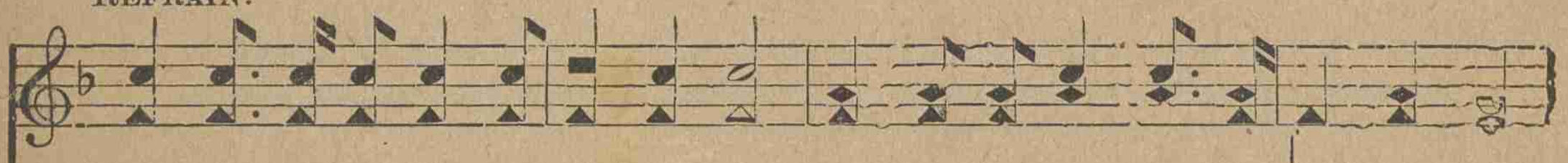
1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
2. It is safe-ly moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the Saviour's hand;
3. It will firm-ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the reef is near,
4. It will sure-ly hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our latest breath.
5. When our eyes behold thro' the gath-'ring night The cit-y of gold, our harbor bright,
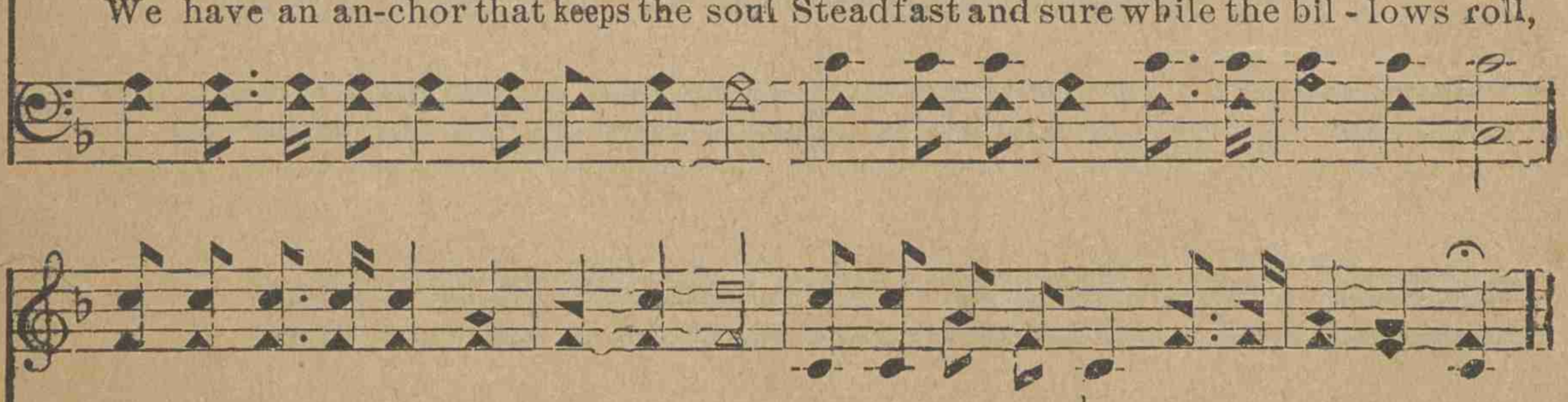


When the strong tides lift, and the ca-bles strain, Will your an-chor drift, or firm re-main?
And the ca-bles, pass'd from His heart to mine, Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di- vine.
Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an an-gry wave shall our bark o'erflow
On the ris-ing tide it can nev-er fail, While our hopes a - bide with-in the veil.
We shall anchor fast by the heav'nly shore, With the storms all past for - ev - er-more
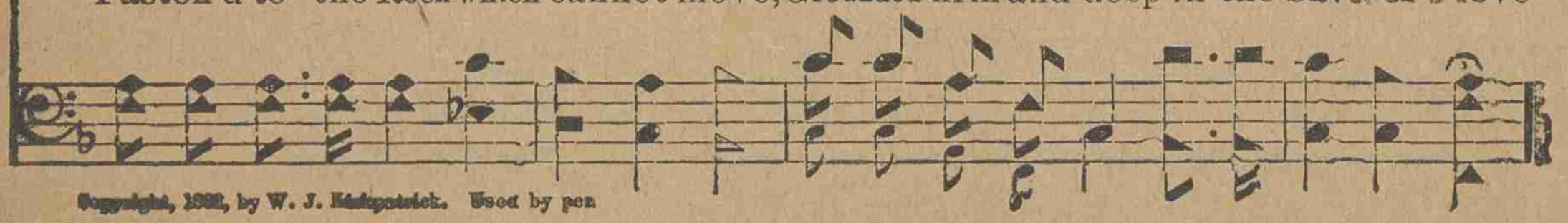


REFRAIN.



We have an an-chor that keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the bil - lows roll,



Fasten'd to the Rock which cannot move, Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love



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No 9.

MORE LIKE THEE.

FRANK M. DAVIS. J. HENRY SHOWALTER

1. More like Thee, O Saviour, let me be, More like Thee from day to day;
2. More like Thee, O Saviour, let me be, Pure with-out, and pure with-in;
3. More like Thee, O Saviour, let me be, All my pilgrim journey through;

Nev-er let me from Thy footsteps stray, Keep me in the nar-row way.
Keep me ev - er from the ways of sin, I the crown of life would win.
Meek and low - ly, ev - er kind and true, Like Thy-self in all I do.

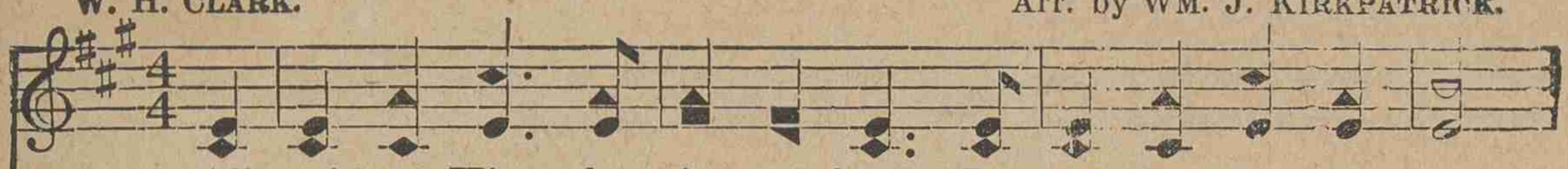
REFRAIN.

More like Thee, More like Thee, More and more, O
More like Thee, yes, more like Thee, More like Thee, yes, more like Thee,
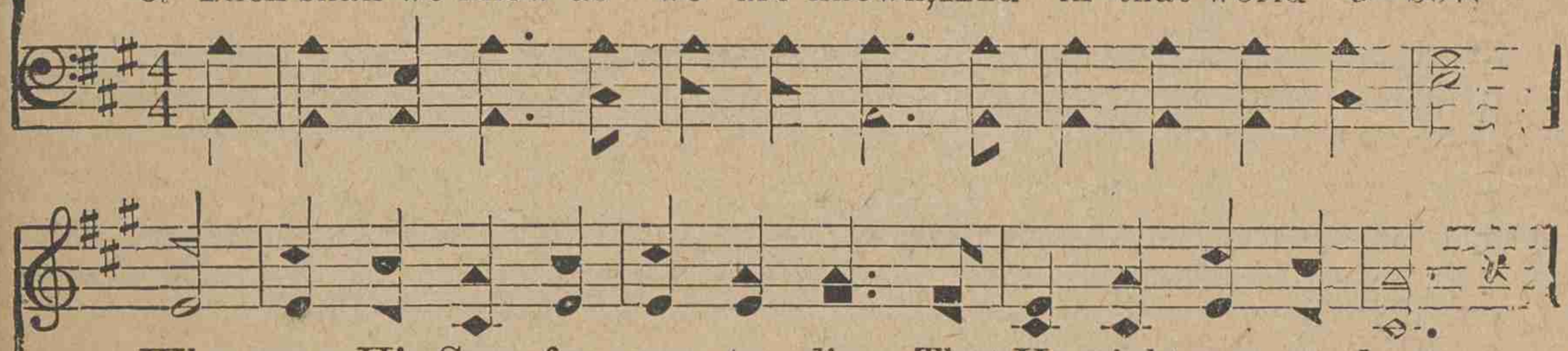
Christ, like Thee; By Thy grace, O let me day by day, Grow more and more like Thee.

No. 10. BLESSED BE THE NAME.
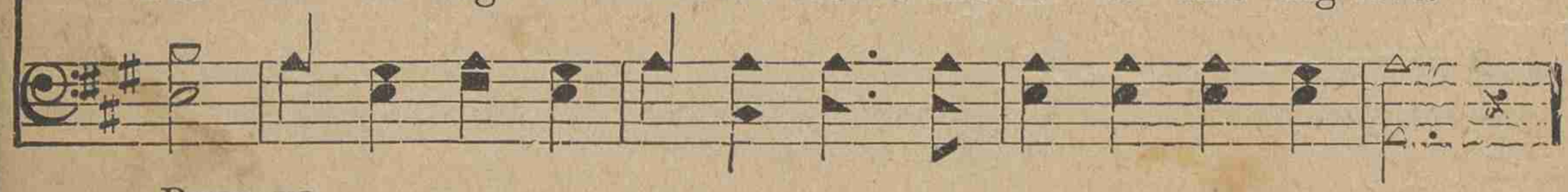
W. H. CLARK. Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
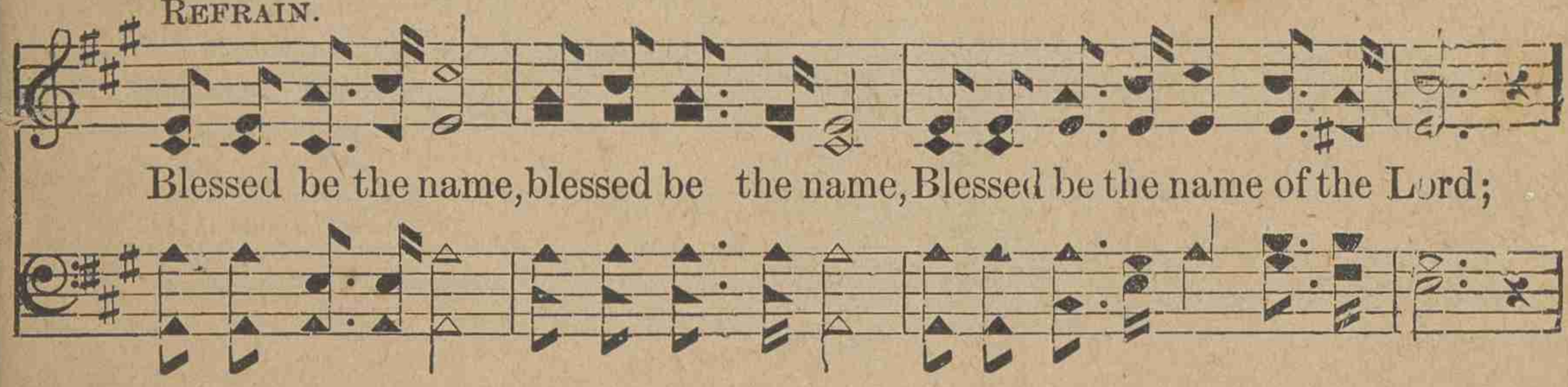


1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In ma - jes - ty su-preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. Re-deem - er, Sav - iour, Friend of man; Once ruin - ed by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Counsel - lor, The migh - ty Prince of Peace,
5. The ran-somed hosts to Thee shall bring Their praise and homage meet;
6. Then shall we know as we are known, And in that world a - bove
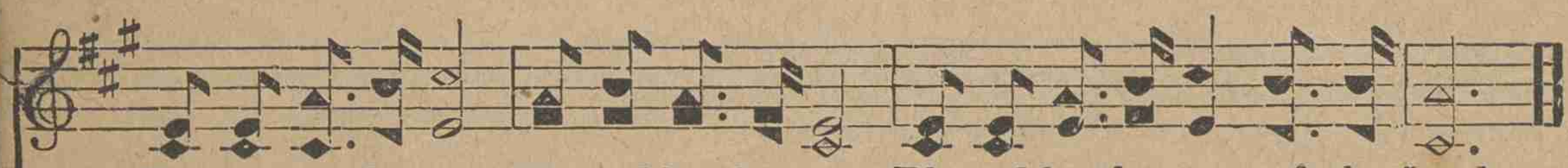


Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem
At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a - dore.
Thou hast de - vised sal - va-tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdom Conquer - or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.
With rapturous awe a - dore their King, And worship at His feet.
For - ev - er sing a - round the throne His ev - er - last - ing love.
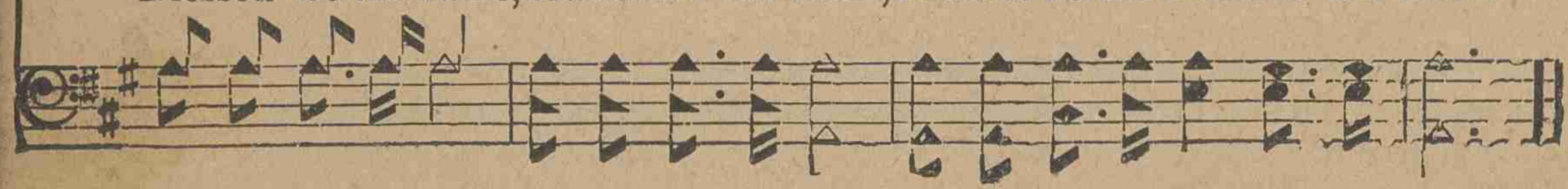


REFRAIN.



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;



Blessed be the name; blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.



No. 11.

HE LEADETH ME.

Rev. J. H. GILMORE. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. He lead- eth me! oh, bless-ed tho't, Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Some-times where E - den's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur or re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-'ry 's won,

What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 't is God's hand that lead -eth me.
By wa- ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 't is His hand that lead -eth me.
Con- tent what ev - er lot I see, Since 't is my God that lead -eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead -eth me.
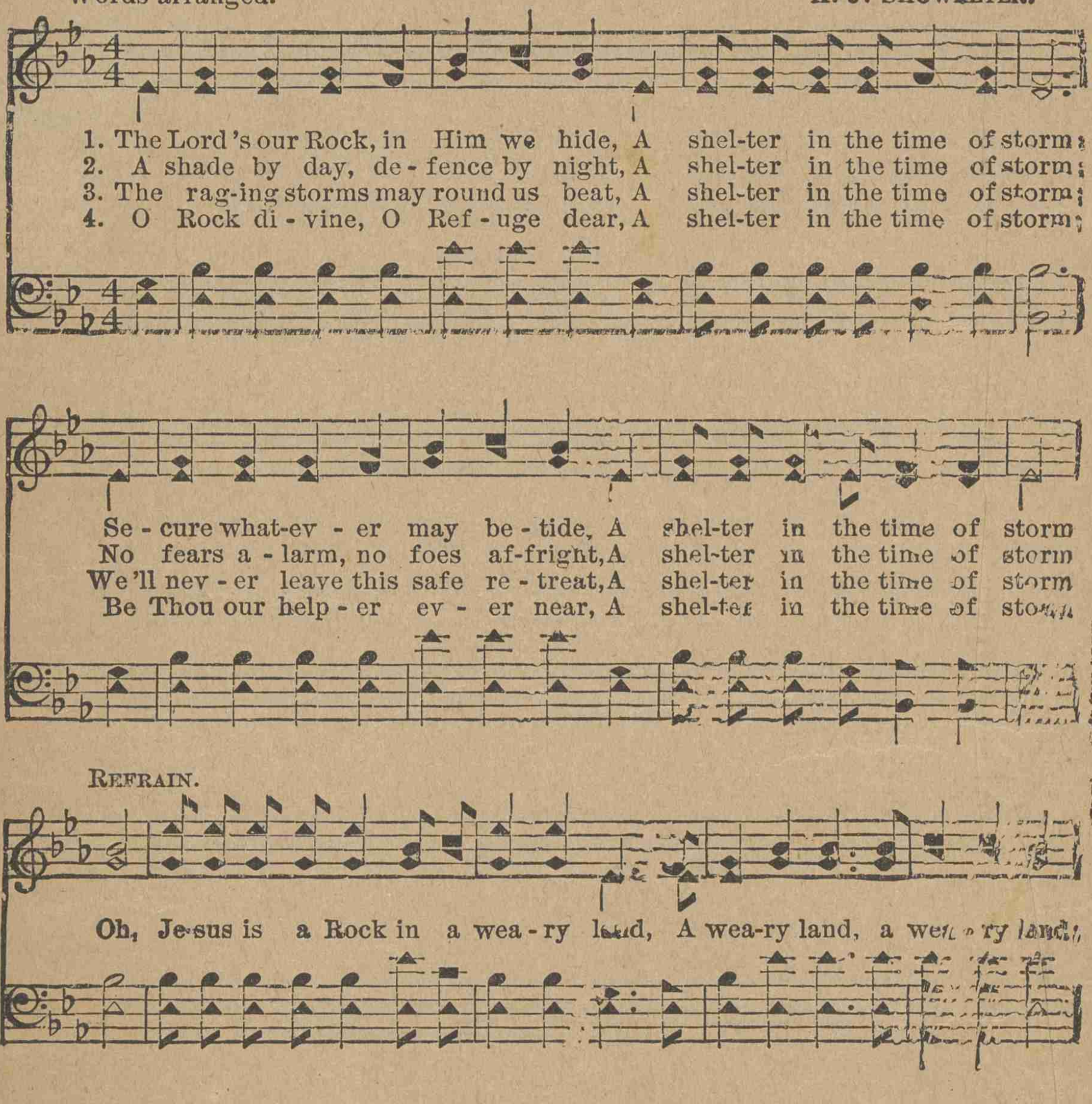
REFRAIN.

He lead -eth me! He lead -eth me! By His own hand He lead -eth me!

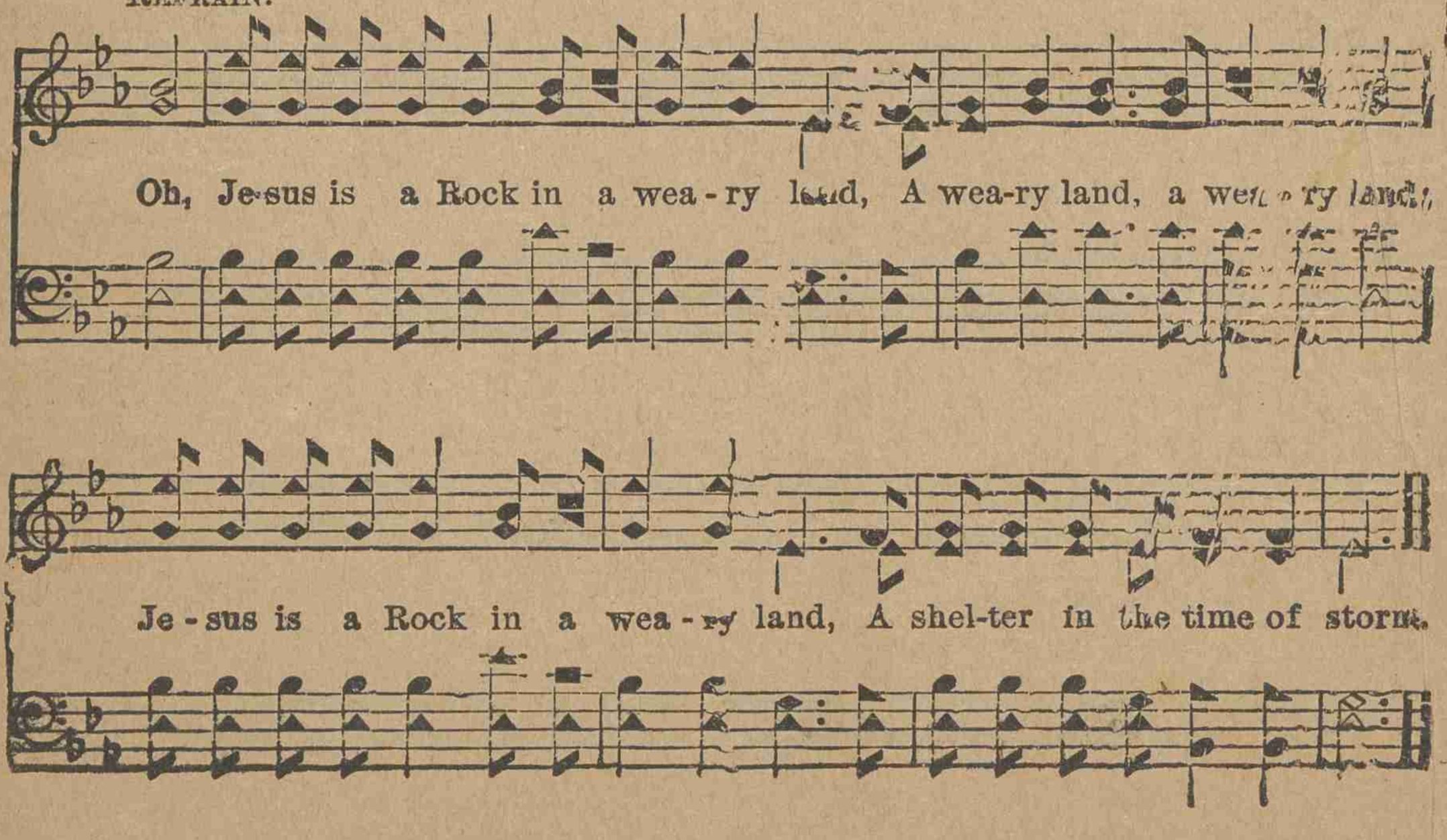
His faith-ful foll'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 12. A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM.

Words arranged. A. J. SHOWALTER.
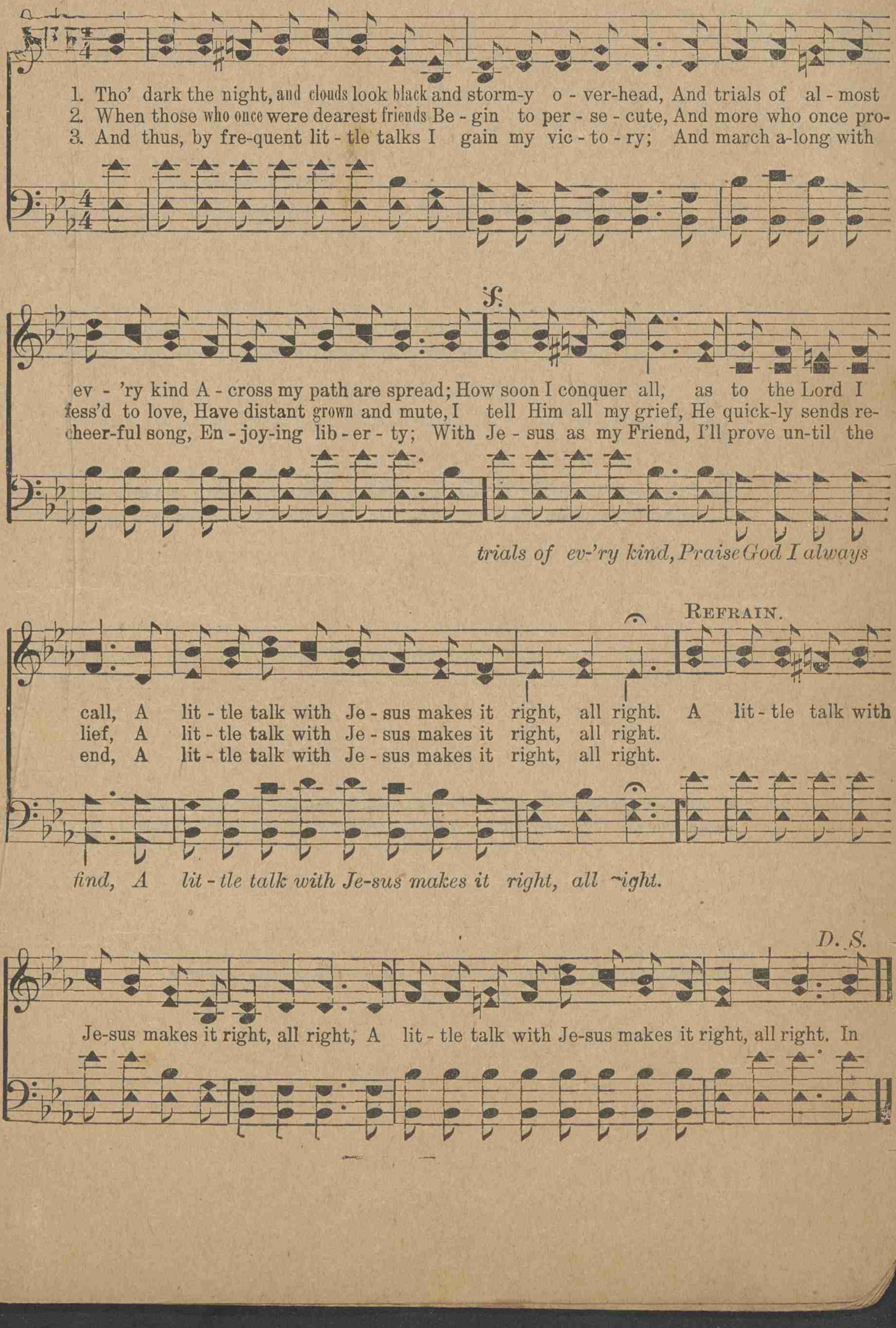


REFRAIN.



No. 13. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.
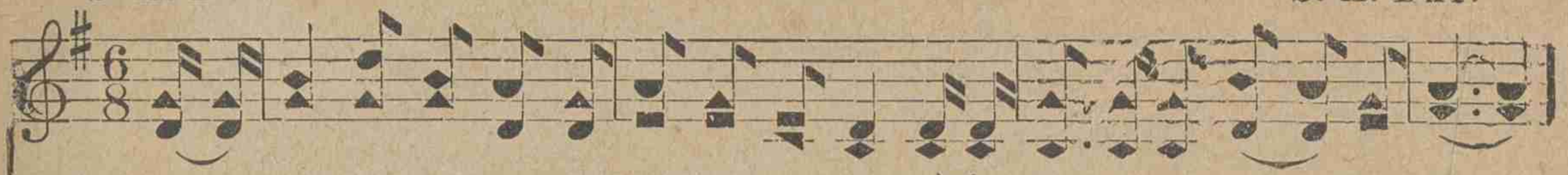
"And behold there talked with Him two men." Luke ix: 30.

ANON. Arranged.

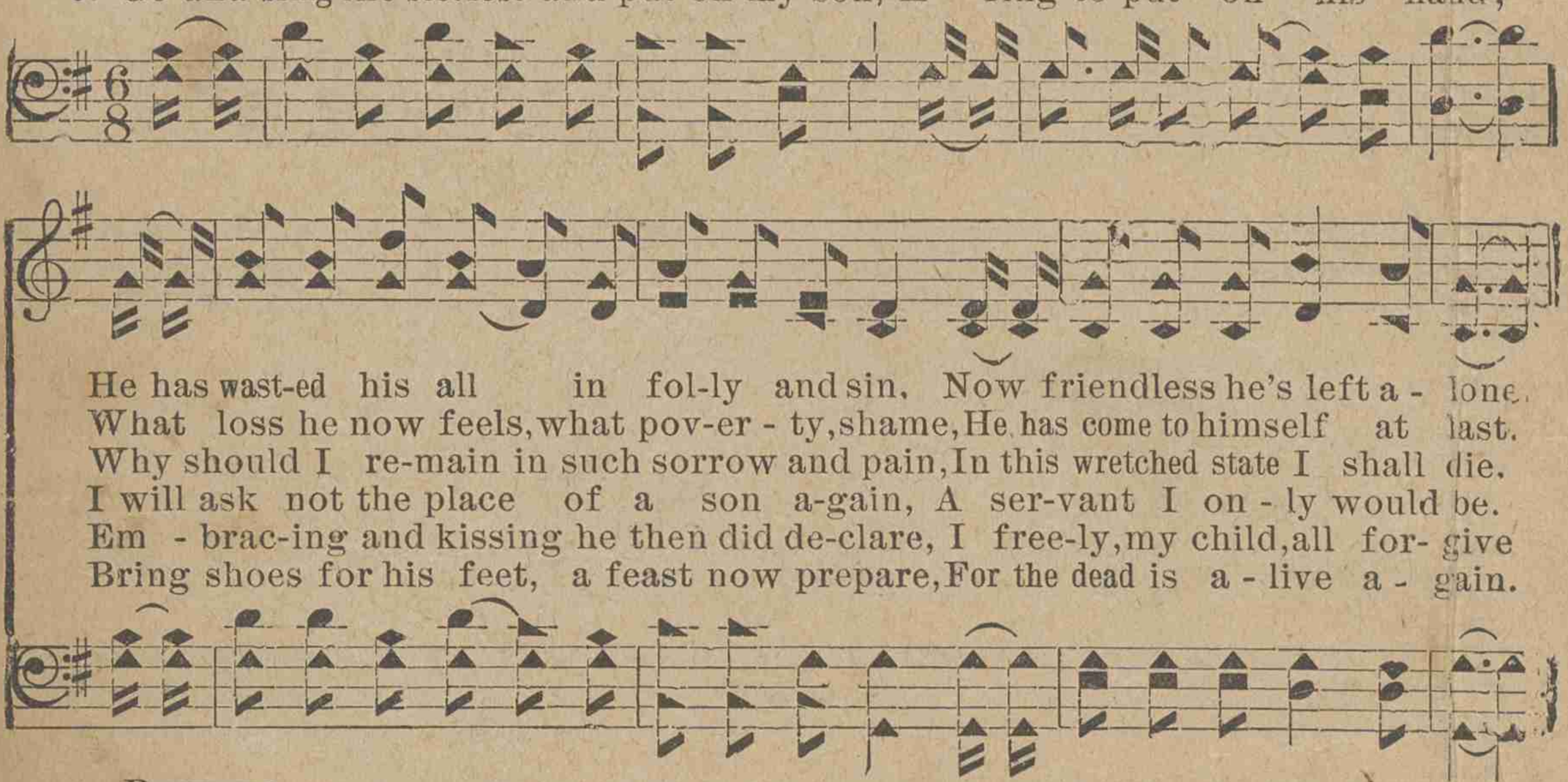


No. 14. THE PRODIGAL BOY

S. A. D. S. A. Day.
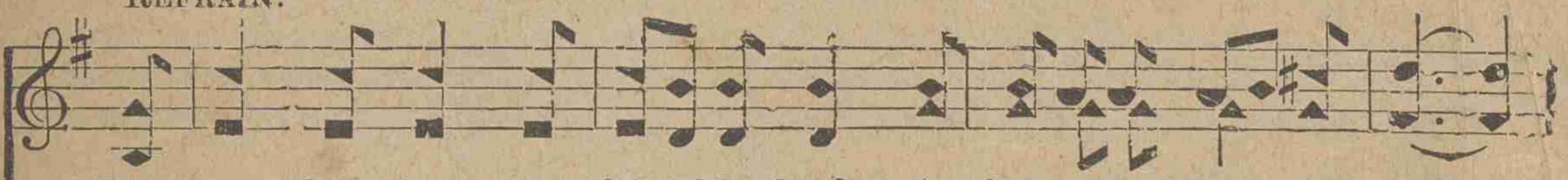


1. In the land of strangers where famine prevails, Is the prod-i-gal boy from home;
2. What pain and what anguish now fill his sad heart, As he thinks of the sin - ful past.
3. My fa-ther at home has plenty to spare; His servants far better than I;
4. I will now a - rise and to fa-ther I'll go, And say, I have sinned before thee;
5. The father now saw him returning a - far, And ran his lost son to re-ceive;
6. Go and bring the best robe and put on my son, A ring to put on his hand;
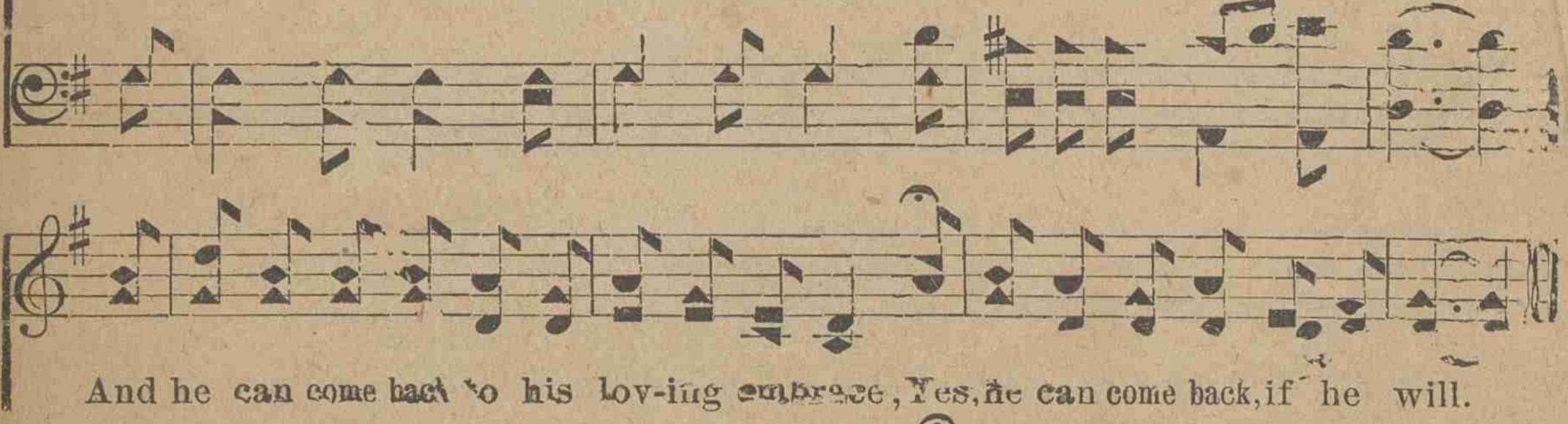


He has wast-ed his all in fol-ly and sin, Now friendless he's left a - lone.
What loss he now feels, what pov-er - ty, shame, He has come to himself at last.
Why should I re-main in such sorrow and pain, In this wretched state I shall die.
I will ask not the place of a son a-gain, A ser-vant I on - ly would be.
Em - brac-ing and kissing he then did de-clare, I free-ly, my child, all for- give
Bring shoes for his feet, a feast now prepare, For the dead is a - live a - gain.

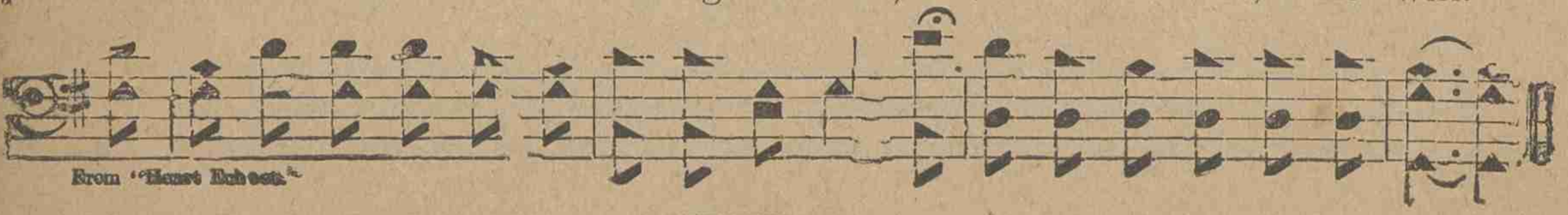
REFRAIN.



But one there is, a friend in-deed, A father that loves him still.



And he can come back to his lov-ing embrace, Yes, he can come back, if he will.
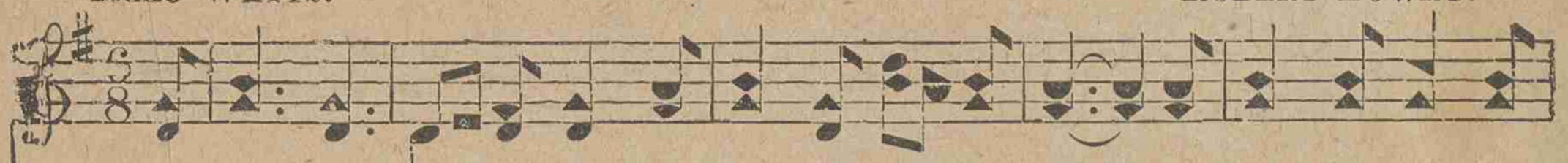


From "Heart Echoes."
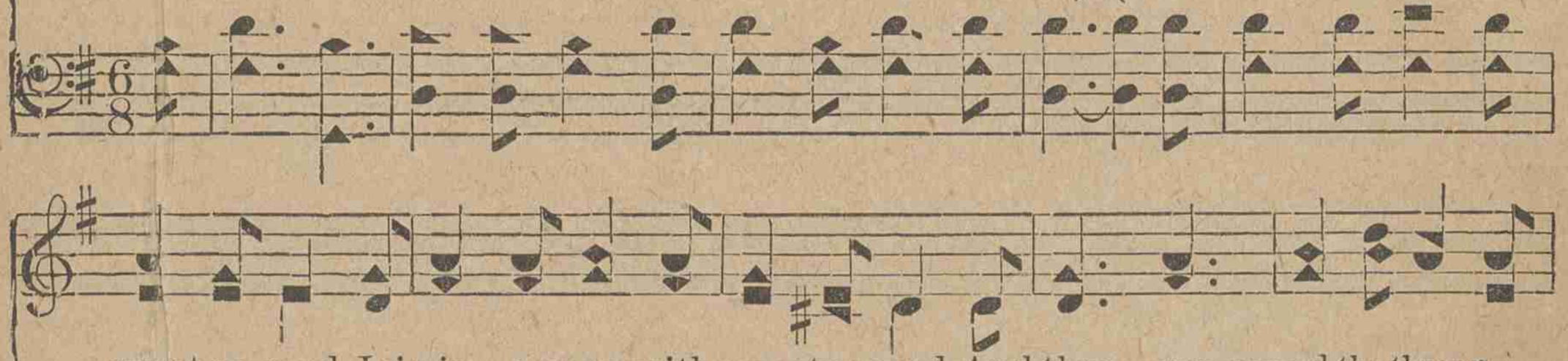
No. 15. MARCHING TO ZION.

"Arise ye, and let us go up to Zion."—Jer. 31: 6.
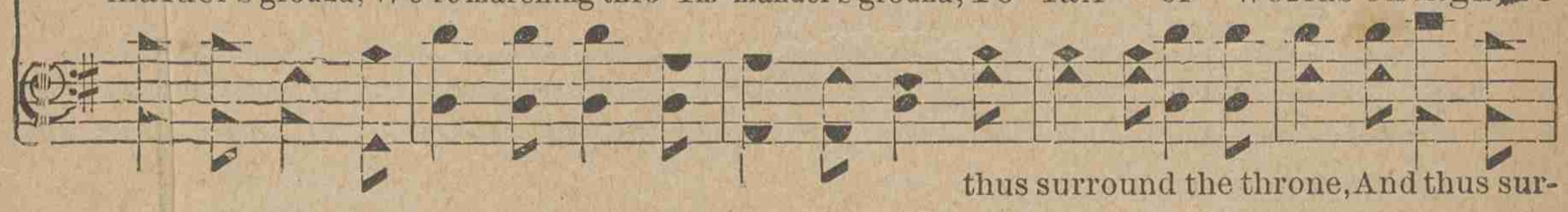
ISAAC WATTS. ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But chil-dren of the
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-
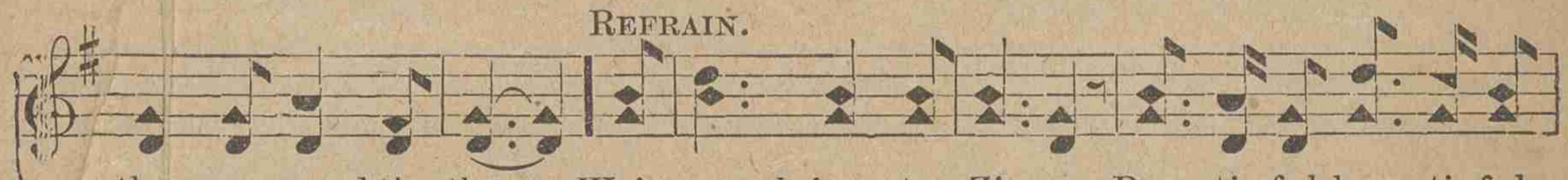


sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne;
heav'nly King, But children of the heav'nly King, May speak their joys abroad;
heav'nly fields, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden stree
manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Im-manuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high
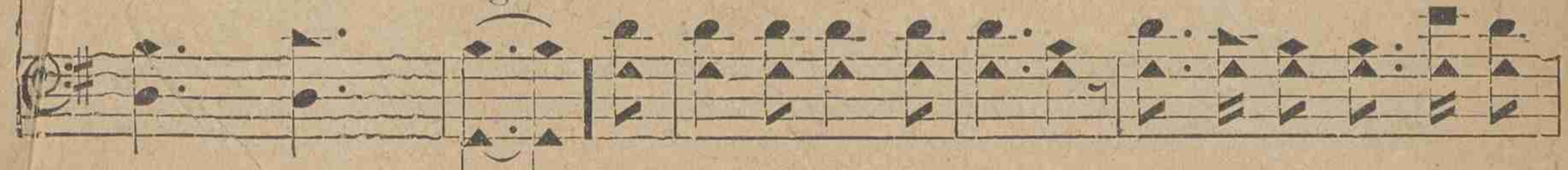


thus surround the throne, And thus sur-
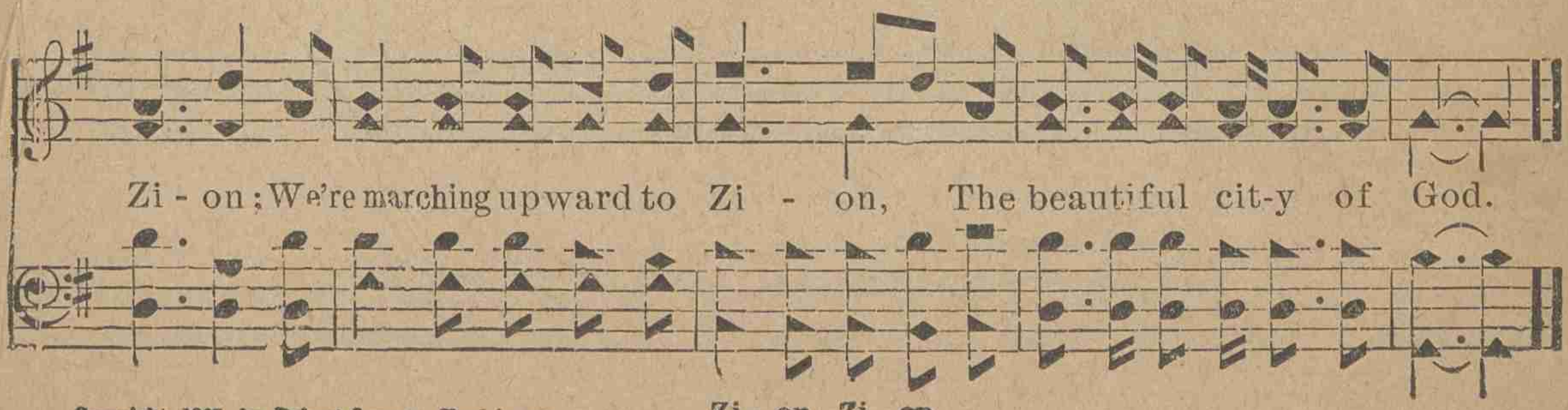
REFRAIN.



thus surround the throne. We're march-ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti- ful
speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold-en streets.
fair - er worlds on high.



round the throne. We're marching on to Zi - on,
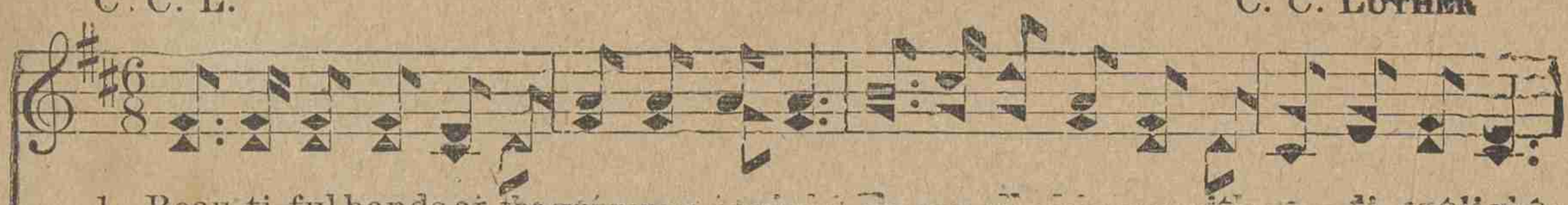


Zi - on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beautiful cit-y of God.

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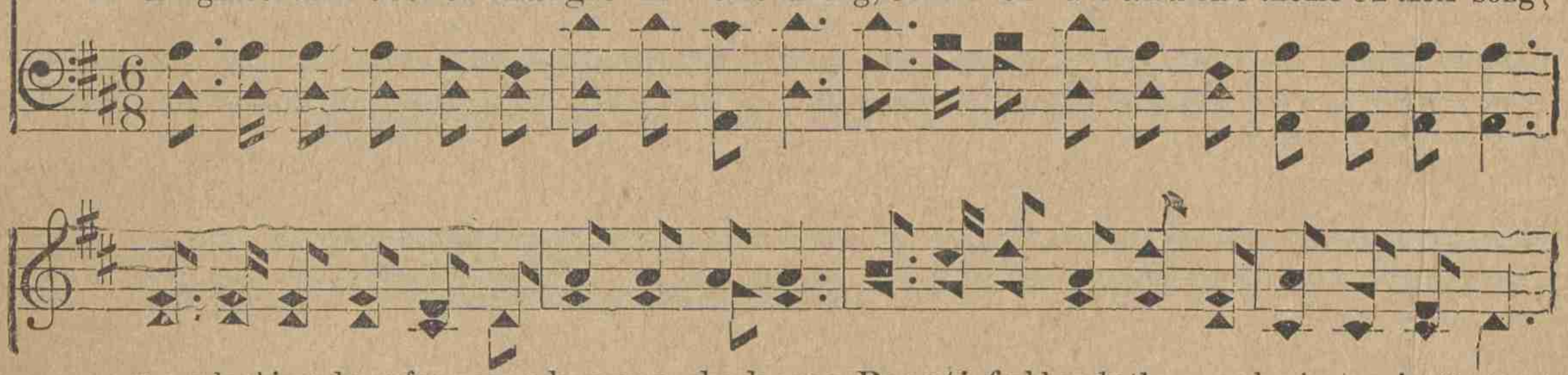
Zi - on, Zi - on,

No. 16. BEAUTIFUL BECKONING HANDS.
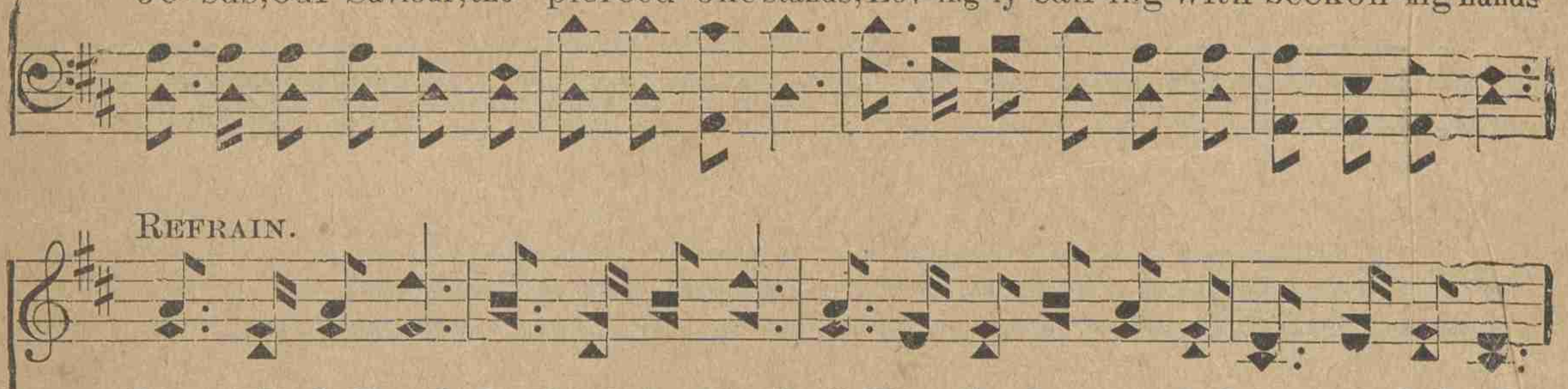
C. C. L. C. C. LUTHER



1. Beau-ti-ful hands at the gate way tonight, Fa-ces all shining with ra - di- ant light;
2. Beckon-ing hands of a moth-er whose love Sac-rificed life her de - vo- tion to prove;
3. Beau-ti-ful hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba- by voice call-ing, oh, moth-er, for thee;
4. Beckon-ing hands of a hus-band, a wife, Watching and waiting the loved one of life;
5. Brightest and best of that glo- ri - ous throng, Centre of all and the theme of their song;
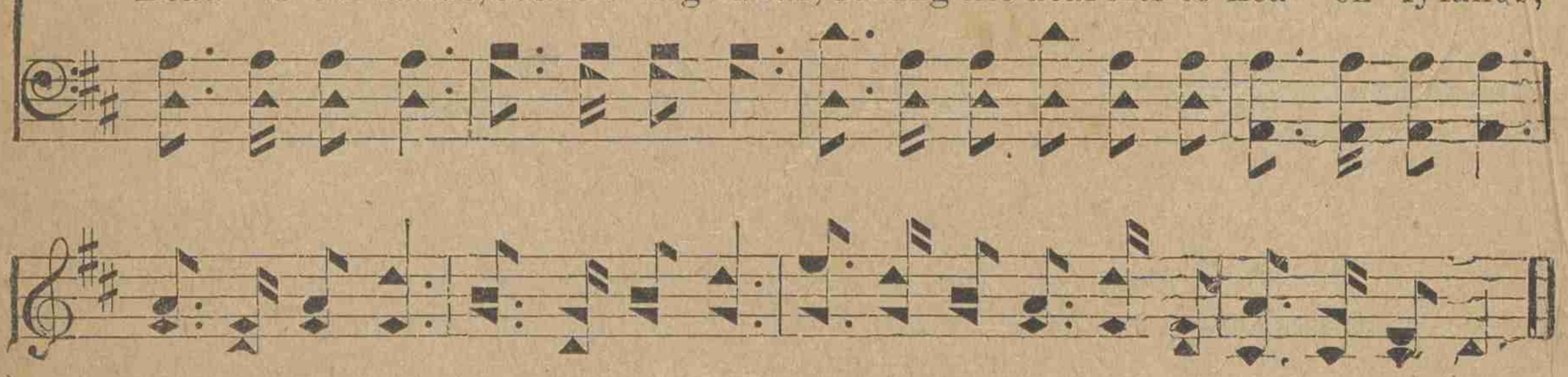


Eyes looking down from yon heaven - ly home, Beauti-ful hands they are beck - on - ing "come."
Hands of a father to mem - o - ry dear, Beckon up high-er the waiting ones here
Ro-sy-cheek'd darling, the light of the home, Taken so ear - ly is beck - on - ing "come."
Hands of a broth-er, a sis - ter, a friend, Out from the gateway tonight they extend.
Je - sus, our Saviour, the pierced one stands, Lov-ing-ly call-ing with beckon-ing hands
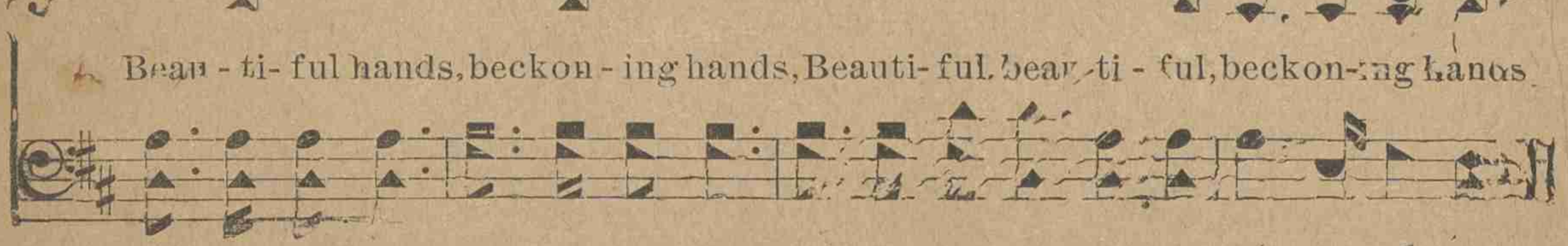


REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful hands, beckon - ing hands, Calling the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands;



Beau - ti- ful hands, beckon - ing hands, Beauti- ful hands, beau - ti - ful, beckon-ing hands



No. 17. SITTING AT THE FEET OF THE MASTER.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend and brother, B. K. Knight, Zona, La.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER

1. What fel - low-ship to - day is mine, Sitting at the feet of the Mas-ter,
2. He shows to me His heart of love, Sitting at the feet of the Mas-ter,
3. He doth to me His ear in - cline, Sitting at the feet of the Mas-ter,

And learning of His grace di - vine, Sit-ting at the feet of the Mas-ter.
And points to mansions fair a - bove, Sit-ting at the feet of the Mas-ter.
And feeds my soul with food di - vine, Sit-ting at the feet of the Mas-ter.

REFRAIN.

O bless - ed-ness of trust com-plete, O joy su-preme-ly sweet,
O place to me with bliss re - plete, Sit-ting at the feet of the Mas-ter.

Copyrighted, 1892, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 18. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

M. A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil-ver nor gold, I would make sure of heav-en, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of Thy king-dom, With its pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name written there?
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my Sav-iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy promise is writ-ten in bright let- ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar- let, I will make them like snow." spoil what is fair, Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?
3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri- fied be-ings, In pure gar-ments of white, Where no e - vil thing com-eth To de -

REFRAIN.
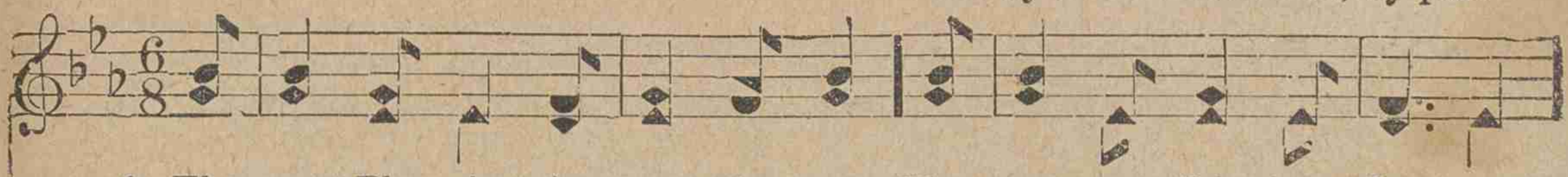
Is my name writ - ten there, On the page bright and fair?

D.S. *In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name written there?*

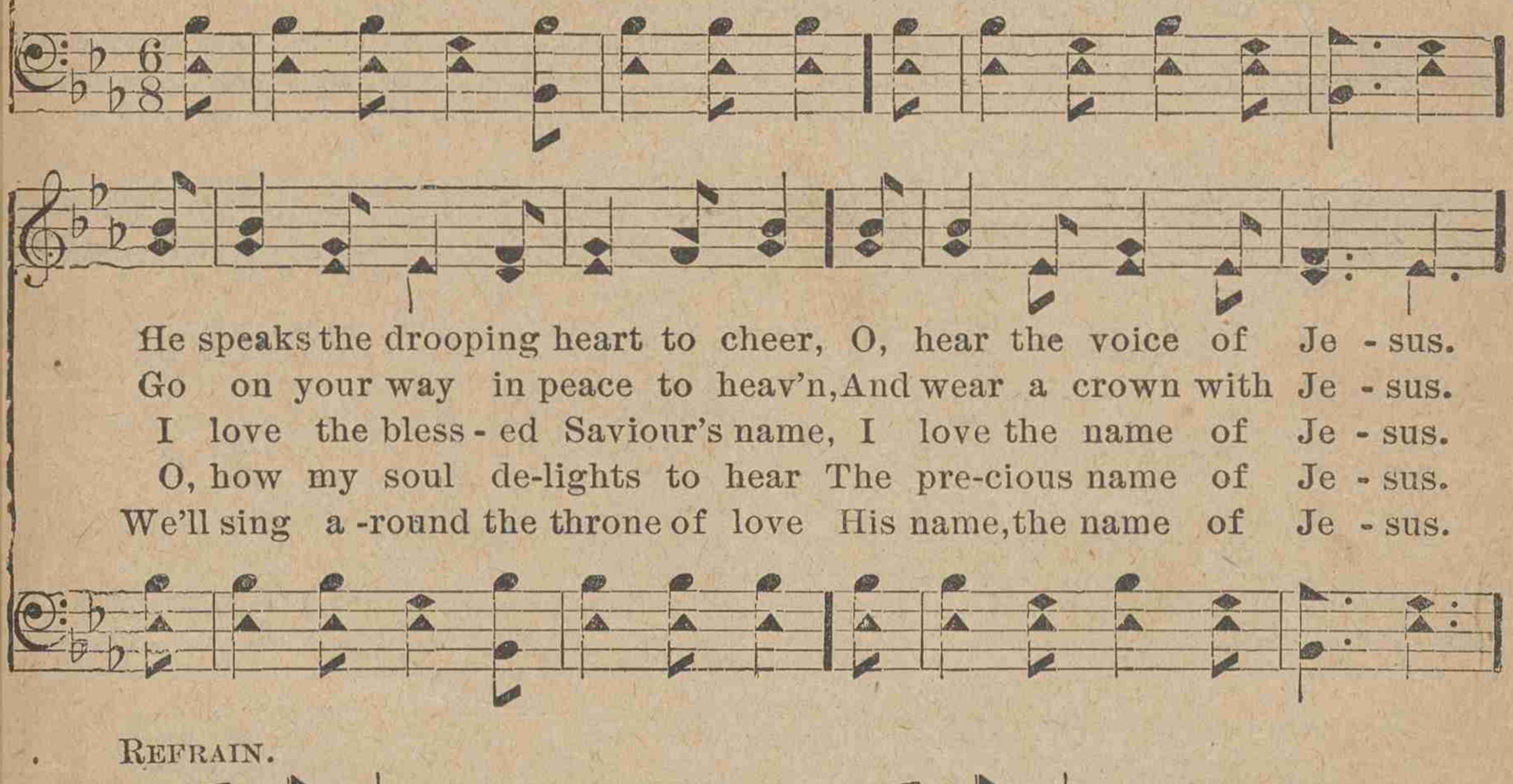
FINE.

No. 19. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.
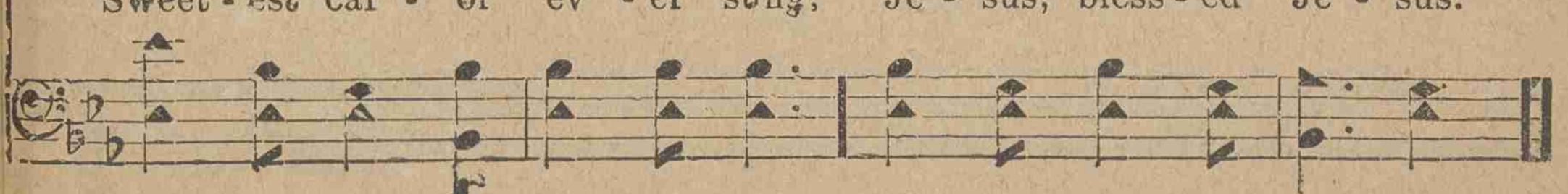
WM. HUNTER. Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON, by per.



1. The great Phy -si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz -ing Je - sus;
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, O, hear the voice of Je - sus;
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis- pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;
5. And when to that bright world a - bove, We rise to see our Je - sus,



He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O, hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
O, how my soul de-lights to hear The pre-cious name of Je - sus.
We'll sing a -round the throne of love His name, the name of Je - sus.



REFRAIN.

"Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,

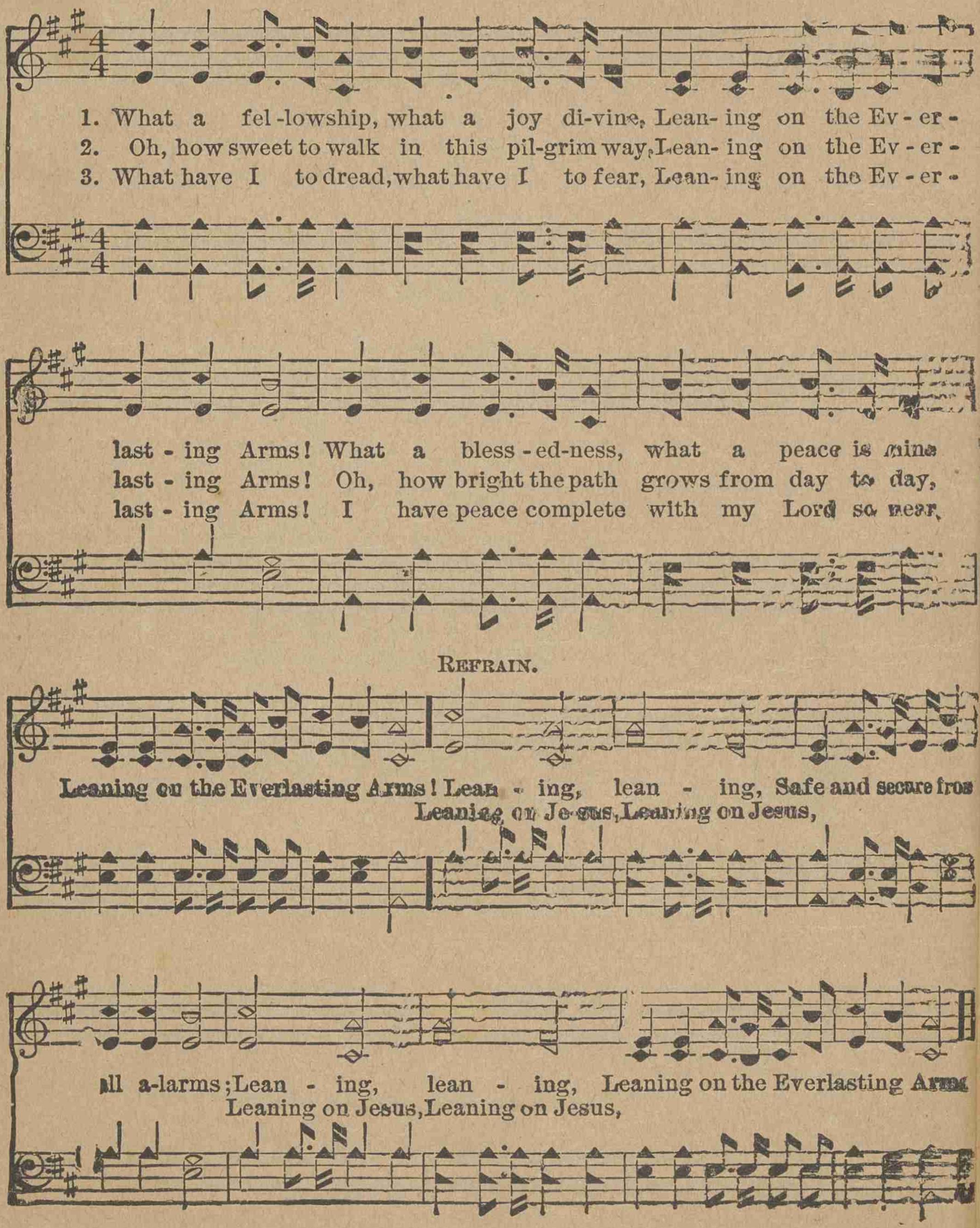


rit.

Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

No. 20. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



No. 21. BLESSED HOME.

Melody by J. E. BIGBIE. Arr. and harmonized by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light;
2. O think of the friends o- ver there, Who before us the jour-ney have trod;
3. My Sav-iour is now o - ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
4. I 'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;

Where the saints all im-mor - tal and fair, Are rob'd in their garments of white.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal -ace of God.
Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there Are watch-ing and waiting for me.

REFRAIN.

Bless-ed home, hap-py home, How I long, how I long to be there;
Bless-ed home, hap-py home,

Bless-ed home, hap-py home, How I long, how I long to be there.
Bless-ed home, hap-py home,

New arrangement. Copyright, 1886, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 22. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

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

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

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

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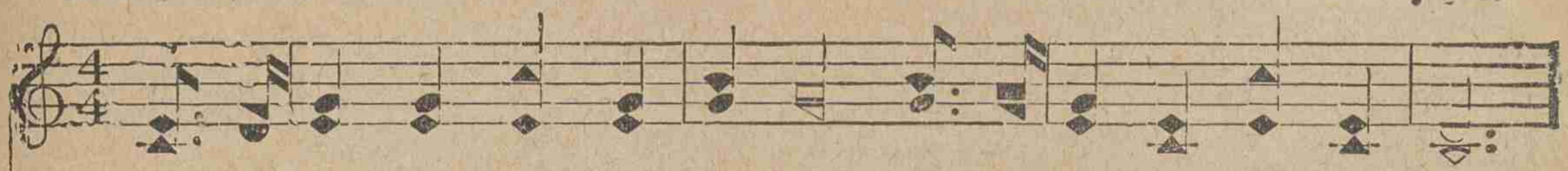
REFRAIN.

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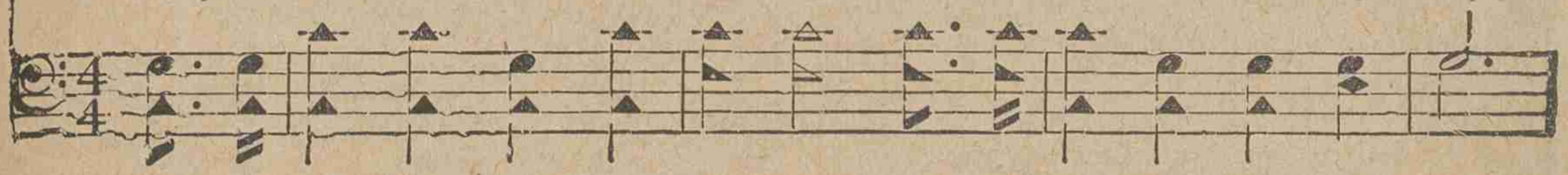
This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

No. 23. SUNSHINE.

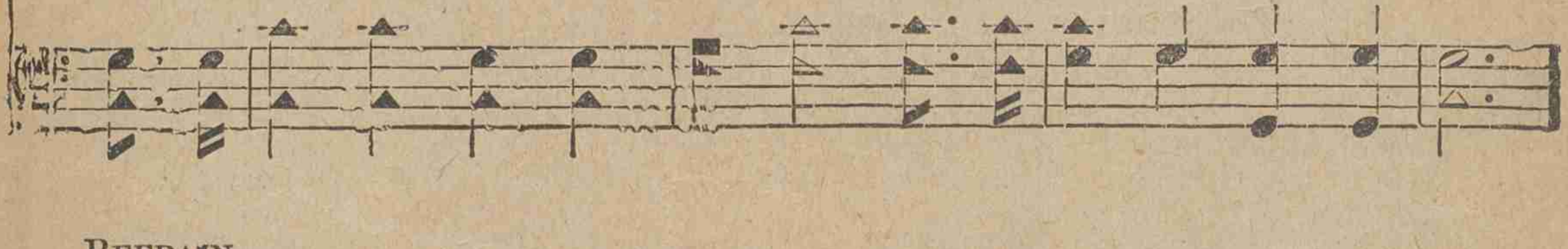
ADALINE HOHF BEERY. A. J. SHOWALTER. by per.



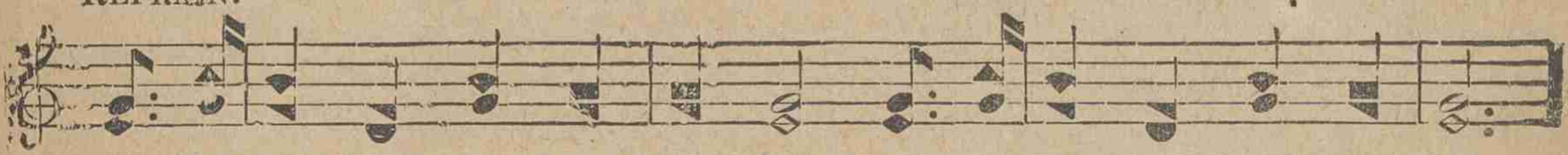
1. Let your face be like the day-break When you pass your neighbors by;
2. Let your tho'ts be kind and ten - der T'ward the weak and err - ing one;
3. Let your soul with truth be shin - ing, Talk with Je - sus ev - 'ry day;
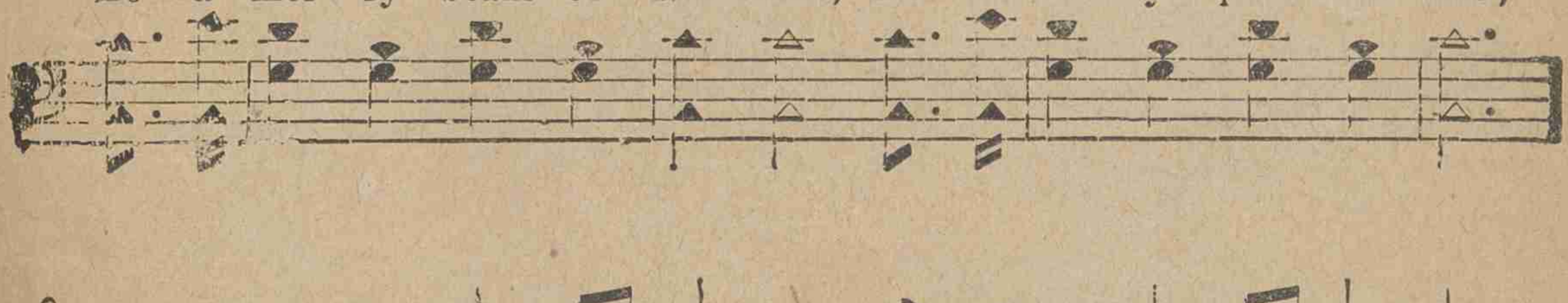


Let your heart brim o'er with mu - sic, Like the song-sters of the sky.
Shun the faint- est breath of e - vil, Leave no deed of love un- done
Gath- er lambs in - to His king- dom, And He 'll bless you all the way.



REFRAIN.



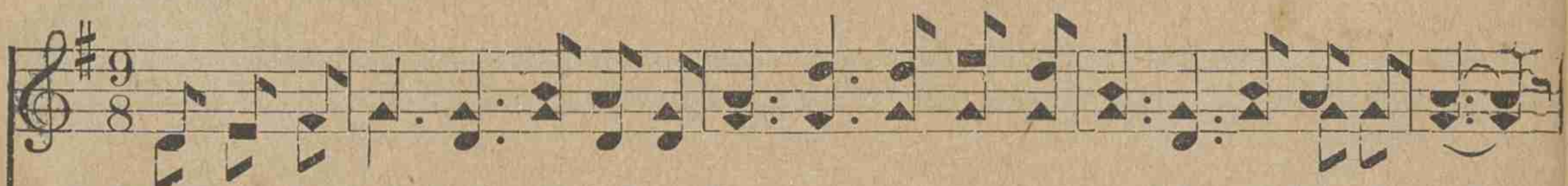
Be a mer - ry beam of sun-shine, Be a lil - y pure and fair;



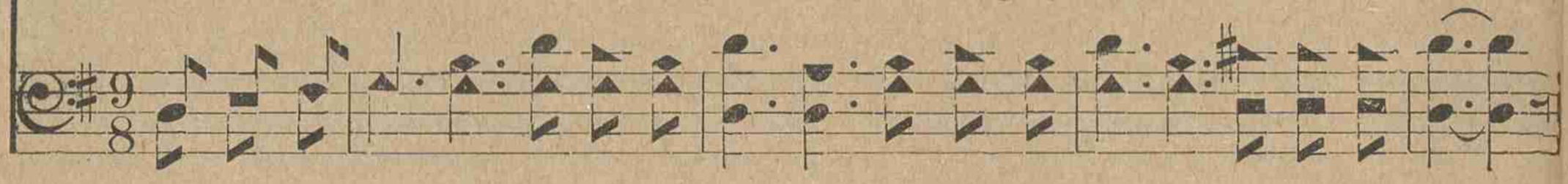
Be a jew - el bright and pre-cious, Be a bless - ing ev - 'ry - whe

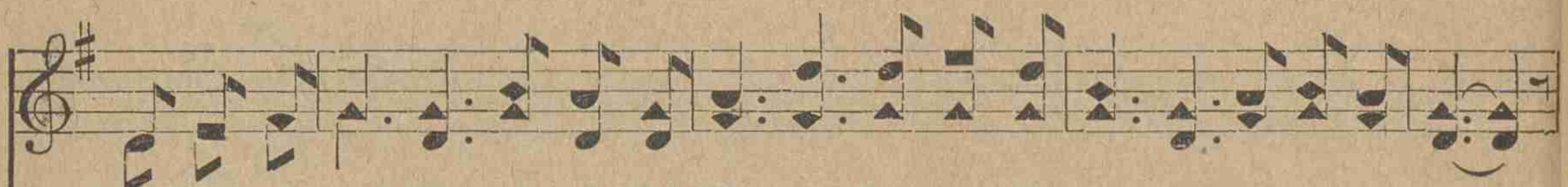
No. 24. HEAVENLY SUNLIGHT.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY. G. H COOK

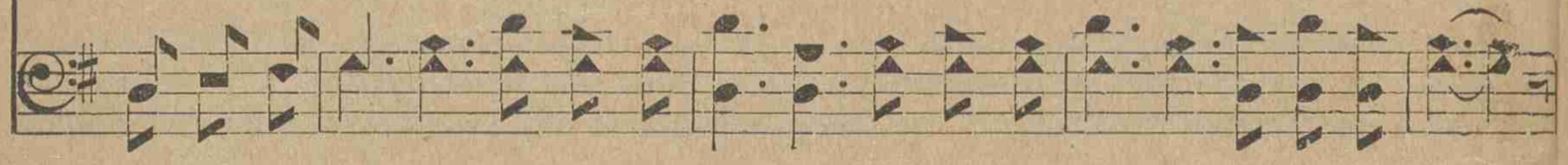


1. Walking in sun-light all of my jour-ney; O - ver the mountains, thro' the deep vale;
2. Shadows a-round me, shadows above me, Nev-er con-ceal my Saviour and Guide;
3. In the bright sun-light, ev - er re-joic- ing, Pressing my way to mansions a - bove;

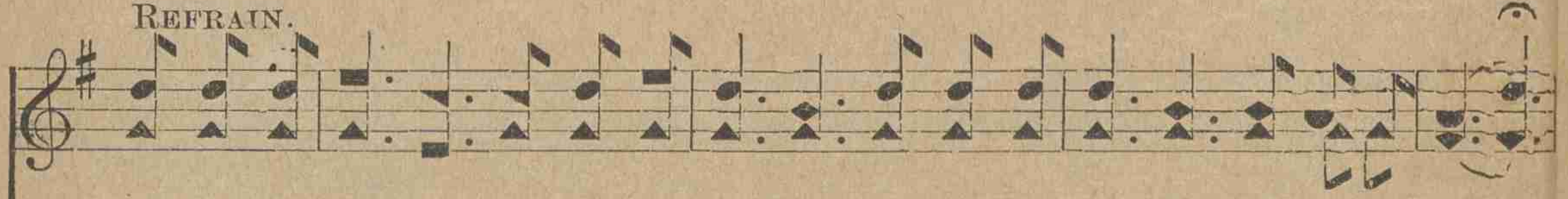




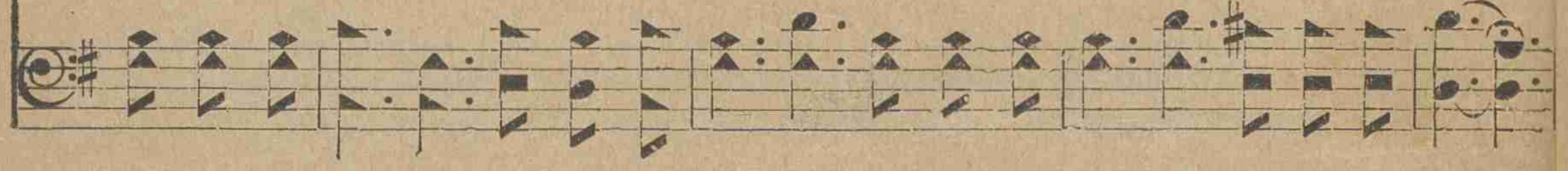
Je - sus has said I'll nev -er forsake thee, Prom-ise di-vine that never can fail.
He is the light, in Him is no dark-ness, Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to His side.
Singing His prais -es, glad-ly I'm walking, Walk-ing in sun-light, sunlight of love.

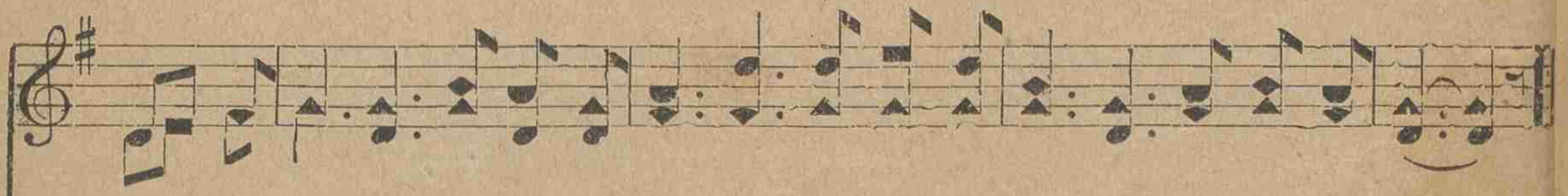


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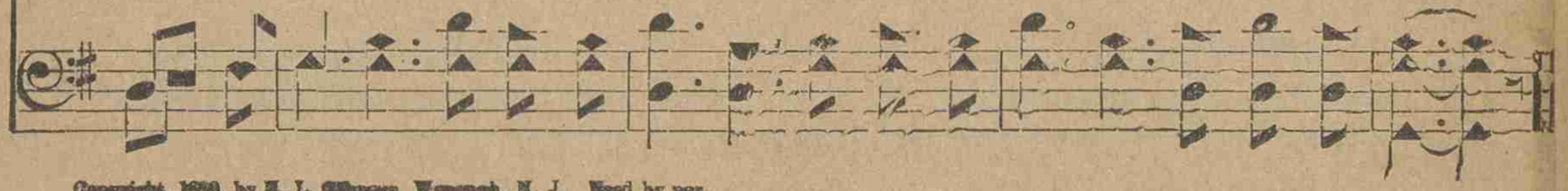


Heaven - ly sun-light, heaven-ly sunlight; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di - vine:





Hal - le - lu- jah, I am re-joic - ing, Singing His praises, Je - sus is mine.



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No. 25.

GATHERED HOME.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1 We are trav'ling to a bet - ter land, One by one we 'll all be gathered home,
2. We are drawing nearer ev - 'ry day, One by one we 'll all be gathered home,
3. There we 'll meet our lov'd ones gone be-fore, One by one we 'll all be gathered home,
4. Come, my brother, join the happy throng, One by one we 'll all be gathered home,

And we 'll trust the Saviour's guid-ing hand, One by one we 'll all be gathered home.
To that joy that fadeth not a - way, One by one we 'll all be gathered home.
And we 'll dwell with Je-sus ev - er - more, One by one we 'll all be gathered home.
Sing -ing now Redemption's ho - ly song, One by one we 'll all be gathered home.

REFRAIN.

Gath - 'ring, Gath - 'ring, One by one we 'll all be gather'd home;
"Gath'ring together," "Gath'ring togeth-er,"

Gath - 'ring, Gath - 'ring, One by one we 'll all be gather'd home.
"Gath-'ring together," "Gath'ring togeth-er,"

No. 26. JESUS KNOCKS AT THY HEART.

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

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lo! Je-sus pa-tiently knocks at the door, Knocks at thy heart, knocks at thy heart,
2. O-pen the door and say, "Master, come in, Come and a - bide, come and a- bide;"
3. Jesus stands waiting and pleads with thee still; O-pen to-day! o-pen to-day!
4. Open the door of thy heart and find rest, Find it to-day, find it to-day;

O - pen to - day and re - sist Him no more, Lest He for-ev - er de - part.
He will redeem thee and cleanse from all sin, He will be with thee to guide.
How canst thou treat the dear Sav-iour so ill? How canst thou turn Him a - way?
Let Him but en - ter and thou shalt be blest; Why wilt thou longer de - lay?

REFRAIN.

Knock - ing to - day, . . Knock - ing to - day, . .
Knock-ing, knock-ing to - day, to - day, Knock-ing, knock-ing to - day, to - day,
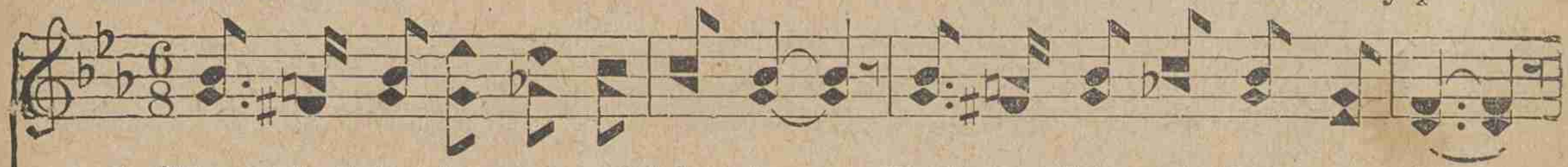
Je - - sus is knock - - ing,
Je-sus is ear-nest-ly knocking to - day, Is knocking for entrance to-day.

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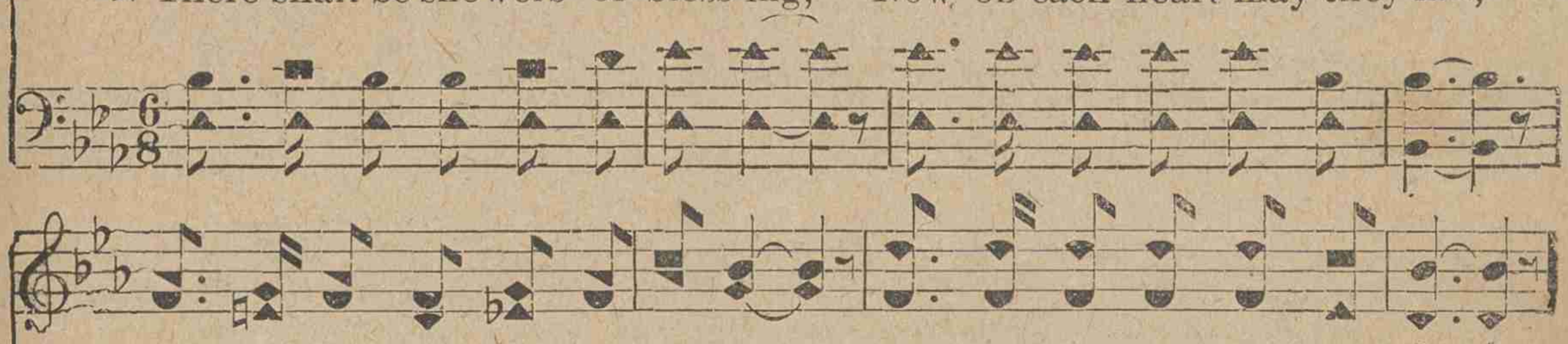
No. 27. SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

"There shall be showers of blessing." EZEK. xxxiv: 26.
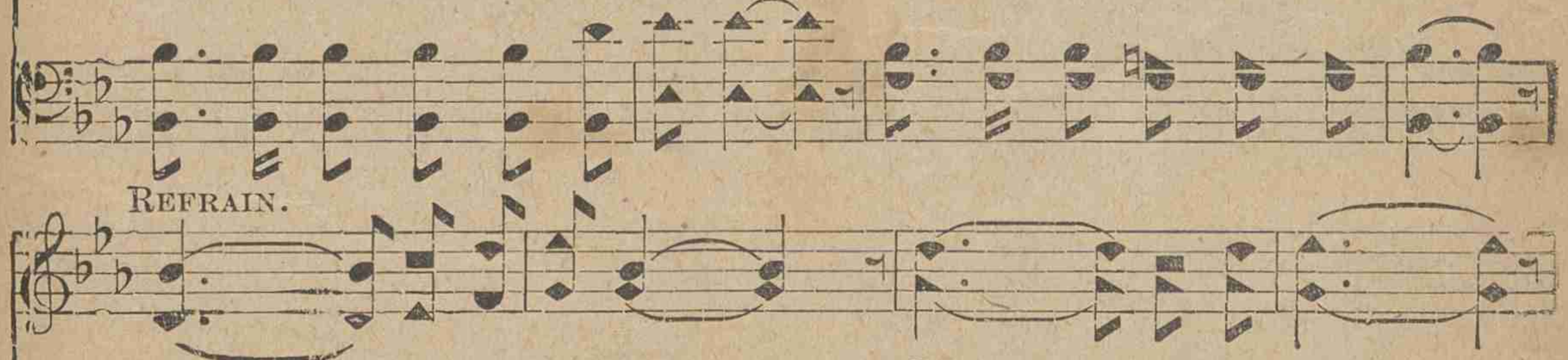
Rev. W. T. DALE. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.



1. There shall be showers of bless-ing; Fall - ing like rain from a - bove;
3. There shall be showers of bless-ing; Wa-t'ring our spir - its a - gain:
3. There shall be showers of bless-ing; Streams of His mer - cy we need;
4. There shall be showers of bless-ing; Now on each heart may they fall;
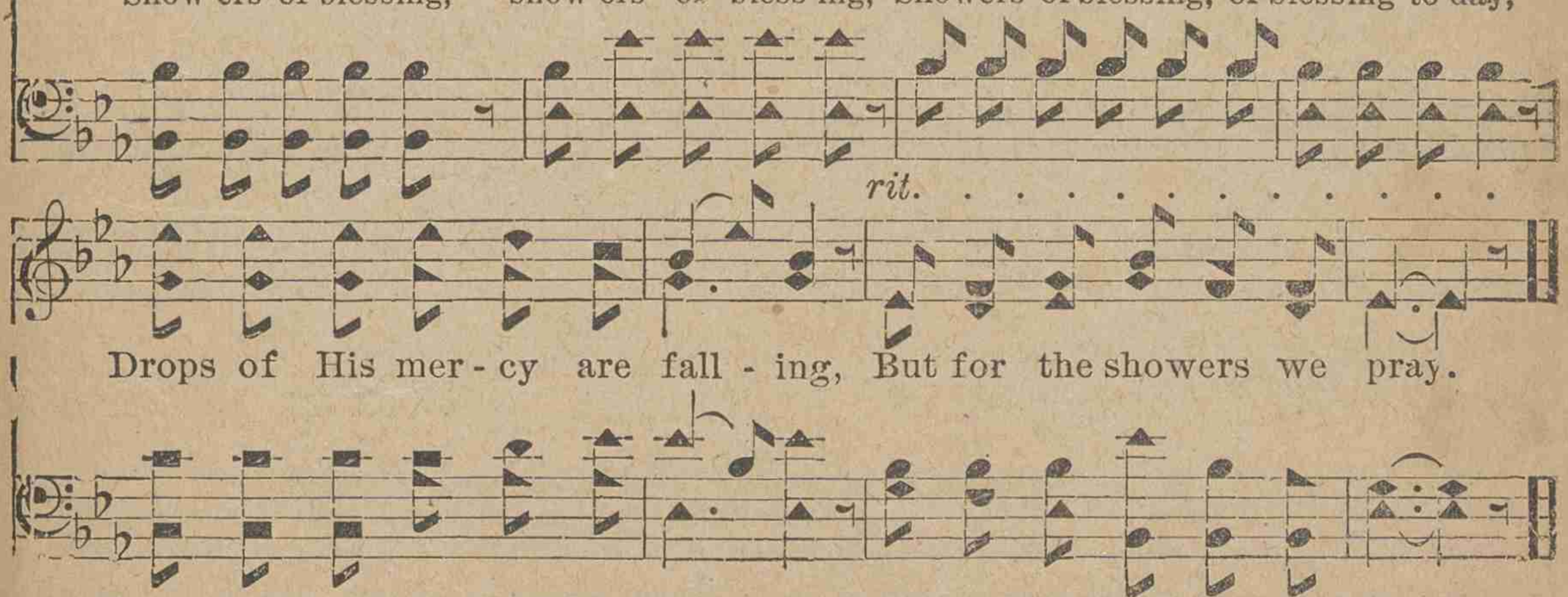


There shall be "times of re-freshing," Fill - ing our hearts with His love.
Clouds o'er the land are now ris - ing, Filled with "a - bun-dance of rain."
Lord, do Thou grant a re-freshing, While for Thy mer - cy we plead.
While to our God we 're confess-ing, Lord, grant Thy blessing to all.



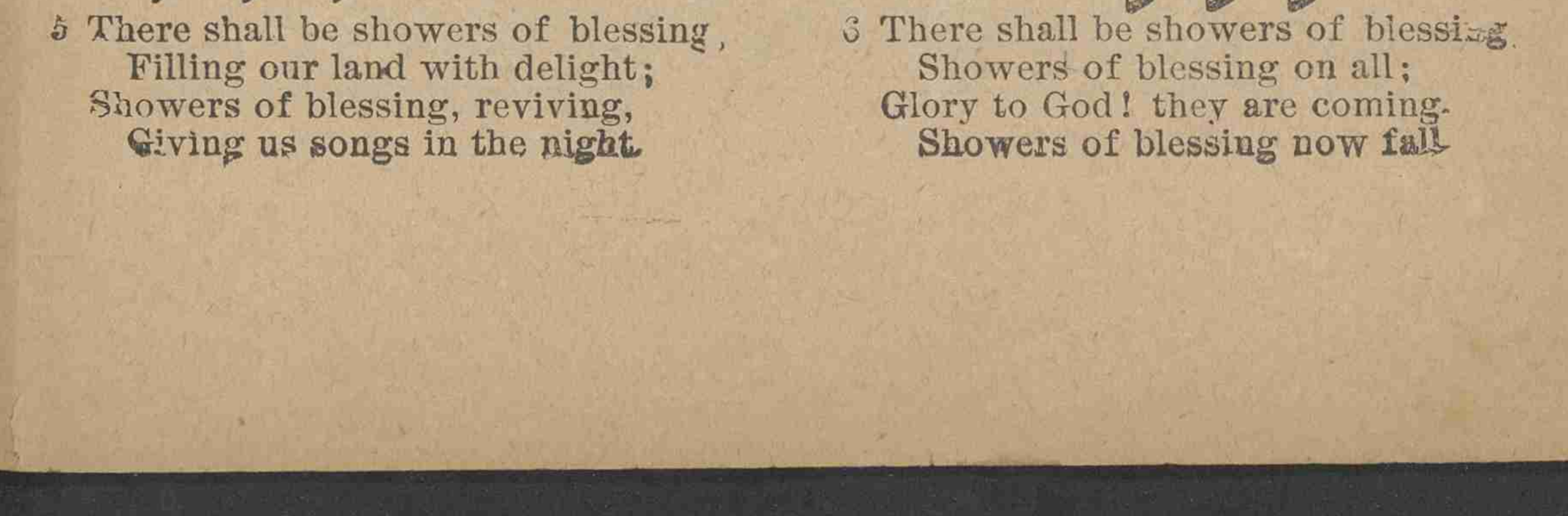
REFRAIN.

Show - - ers of blessing, . . Show - ers to - day; . .
Show-ers of blessing, show-ers of bless-ing, Showers of blessing, of blessing to-day,



rit. . . . . . .

Drops of His mer - cy are fall - ing, But for the showers we pray.



5 There shall be showers of blessing,
Filling our land with delight;
Showers of blessing, reviving,
Giving us songs in the night.

6 There shall be showers of blessing.
Showers of blessing on all;
Glory to God! they are coming.
Showers of blessing now fall.

No. 28. THE HALF HAS NEVER YET BEEN TOLD

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy!
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than a - ny earth - ly throng;
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav - iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth-ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown My walk on earth with Thee?

REFRAIN.

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free!
yet been told, full and free!

The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me!
yet been told, it cleanseth me!

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No. 29. SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWE[illegible]

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright,
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in a - ny earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up," a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, hap-py mo-ments
sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul,

roll: When Jesus shows His smiling face, There is sunshine in the soul.
hap-py moments roll:

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney. From "Glad Hallelujahs." Used by per.

No. 30. TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

D. E. D. Rev. D. E. Dortch

Not too fast.

1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Some one will hear the an - gels' song, And wish he could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an ach - ing heart, While Je - sus pro-nounc-es the
4. Some one will lin - ger with tear - ful eyes, While Christ and His people as

can not come;" With sadness he 'll mourn o'er his sor- row- ful state; Turn'd a
hap - py throng; With sighings he 'll mourn o'er his sor- row- ful state; Turn'd a
word, "depart;" With groanings he 'll mourn o'er his sor- row- ful state; Turn'd a
cend the skies; With weep-ing he 'll mourn o'er his sor- row- ful state; Turn'd a

Fine. Refrain.
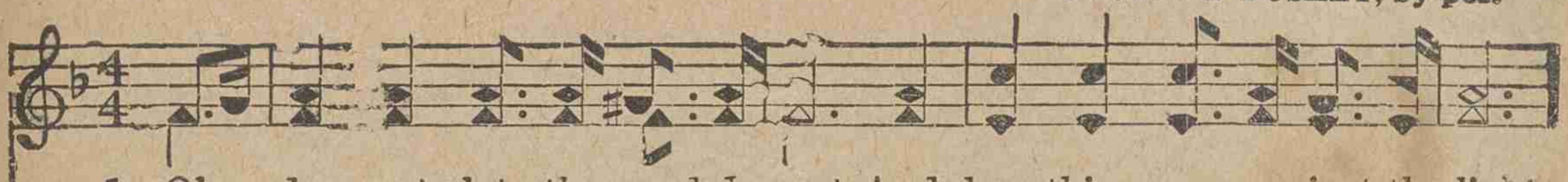
way from the beau-ti - ful gate. Turn'd a - way from the beau-ti - ful

D.S.
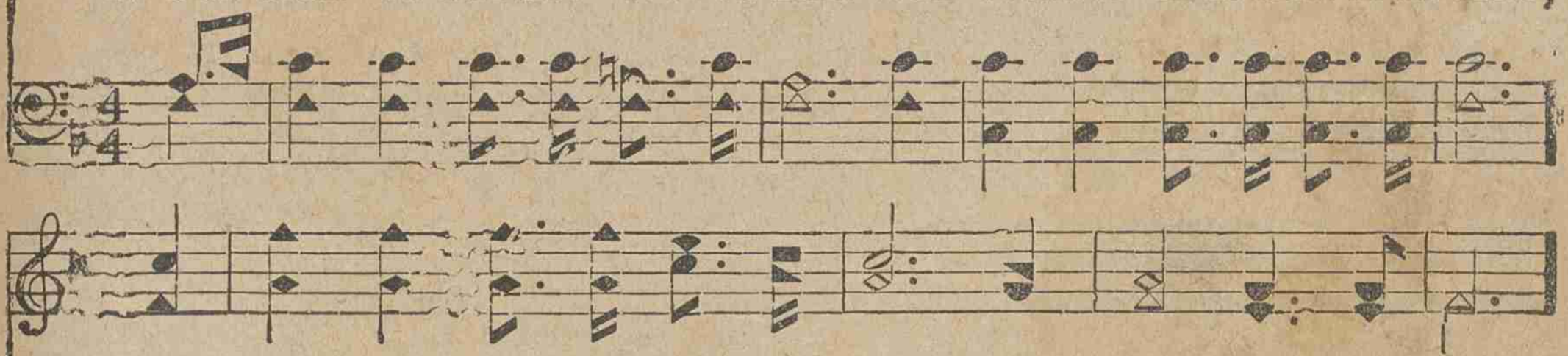
gate, Turn'd a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate; With

No. 31. OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

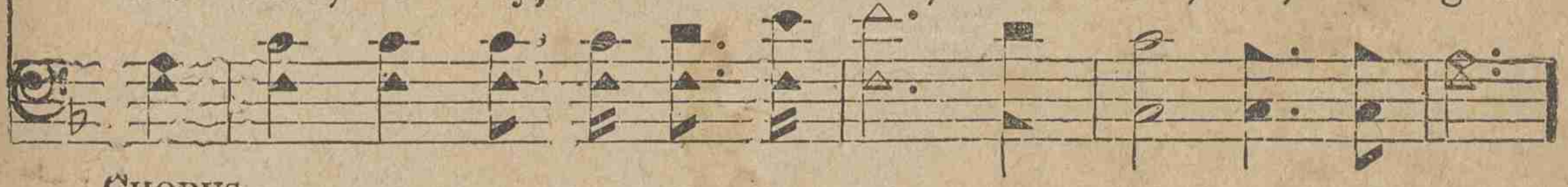
J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.
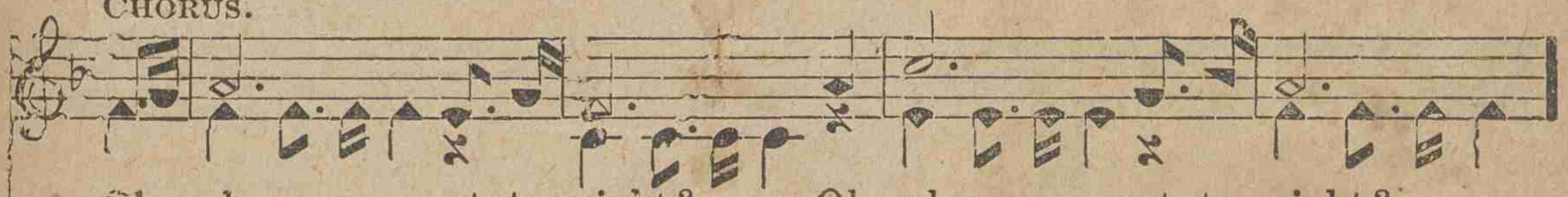


1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise To bless Thy long de-lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord, in pit - y, lin-gers still, And wilt Thou thus His love requite?
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - ed none Who would to Him their souls unite;
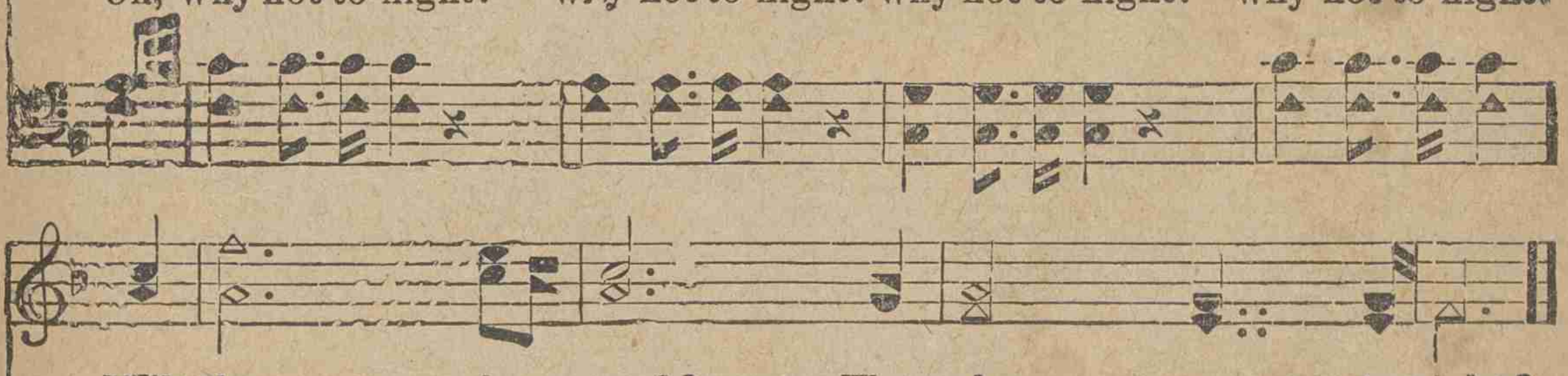


Poor sin - ner, Lard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to - night.
This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to - night.
Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to - night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to - night.



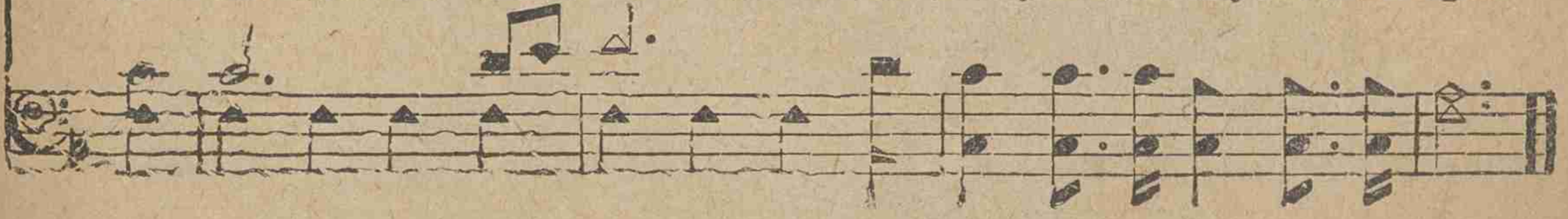
CHORUS.



Oh, why not to - night? Oh why not to - night?
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?
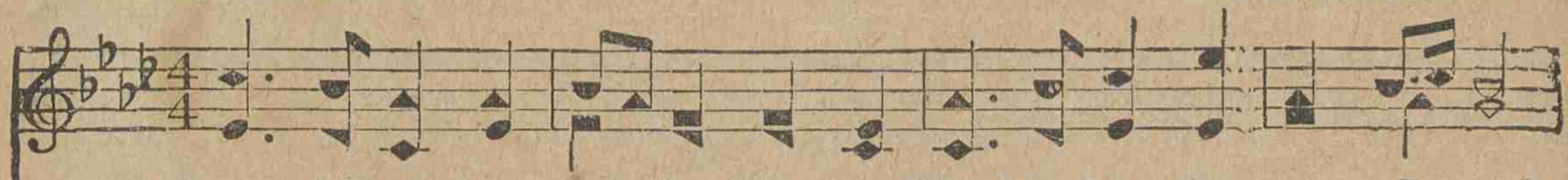


Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?
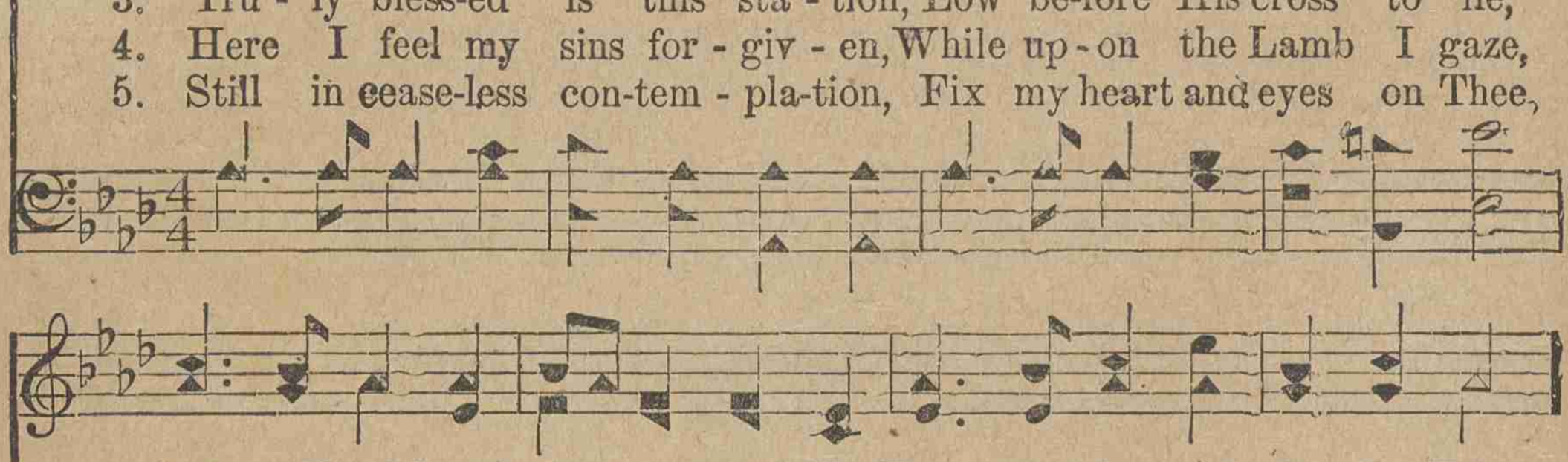


No. 32. STANDING BY THE CROSS.

ALLEN-SHIRLEY.
REF. by A. J. S.

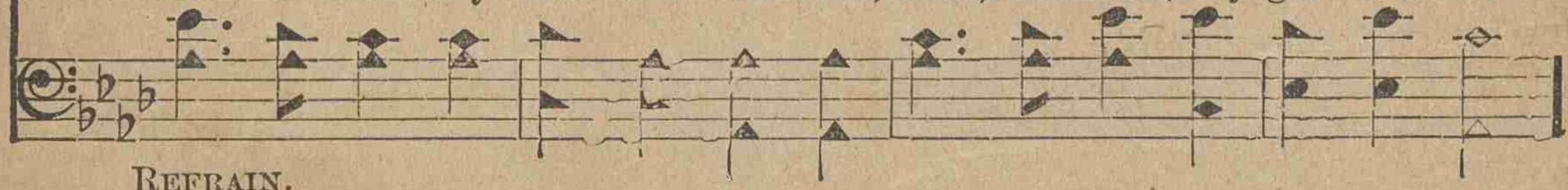
A. J. SHOWALTER.
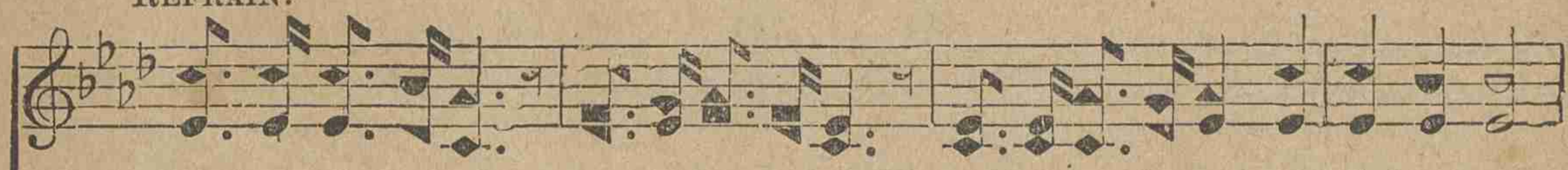


1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll rest for - ev - er view-ing, Mer - cy poured in streams of blood;
3. Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta - tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,
4. Here I feel my sins for - giv - en, While up - on the Lamb I gaze,
5. Still in cease-less con-tem - pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
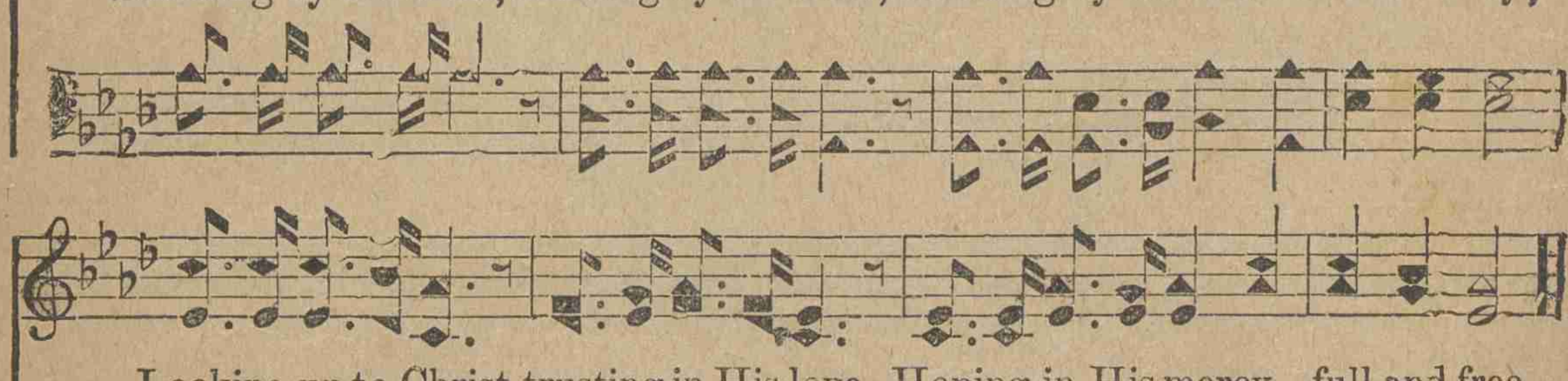


Life, and health and peace pos-sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.
Pre-cious drops my soul be - dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
While I see di - vine com-pas - sion, Beam - ing in His gra-cious eye.
And my thoughts are all of heav - en, And my lips o'er - flow with praise
Till I taste Thy full sal - va - tion, And, unvailed, Thy glo - ries see.
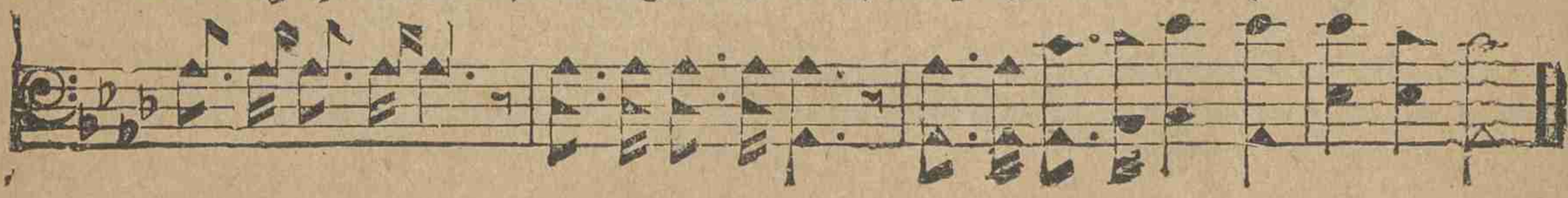


REFRAIN.



Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Cal-va - ry;
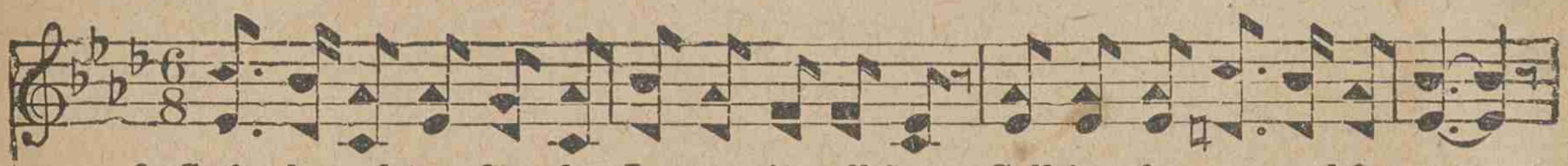


Looking up to Christ, trusting in His love, Hoping in His mercy full and free.
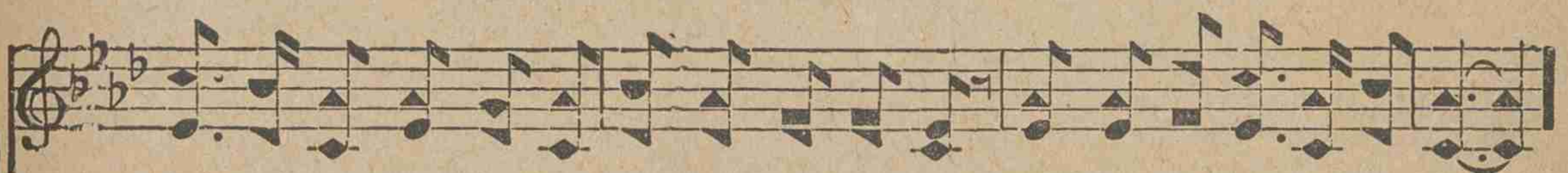


No. 33. SOFTLY AND TENDERLY.

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

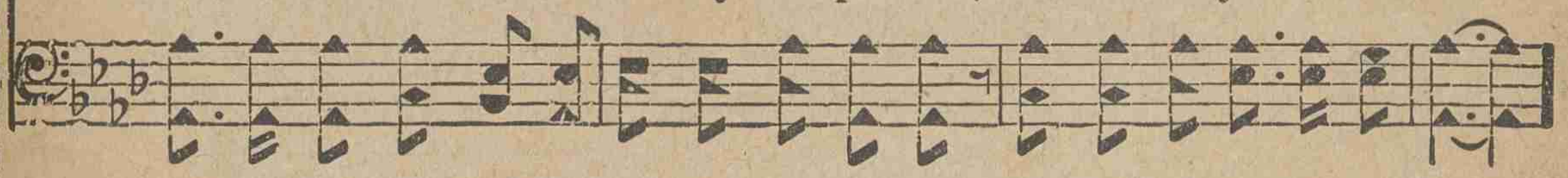


1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the mo-ments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonder-ful love He has promis'd, Promised for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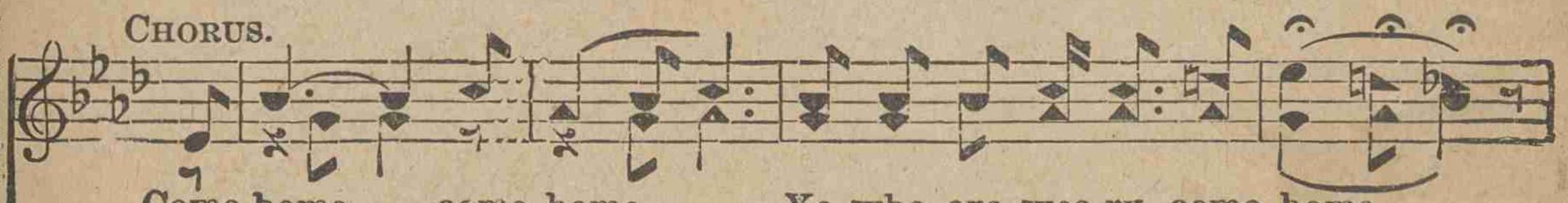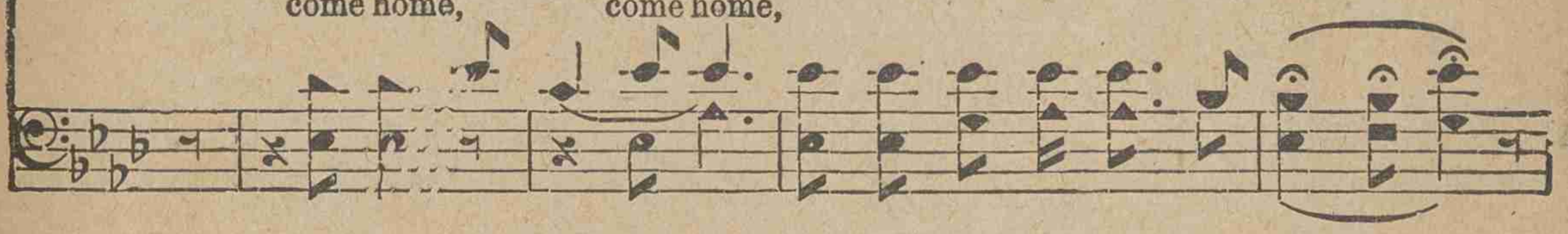




See on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death-beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for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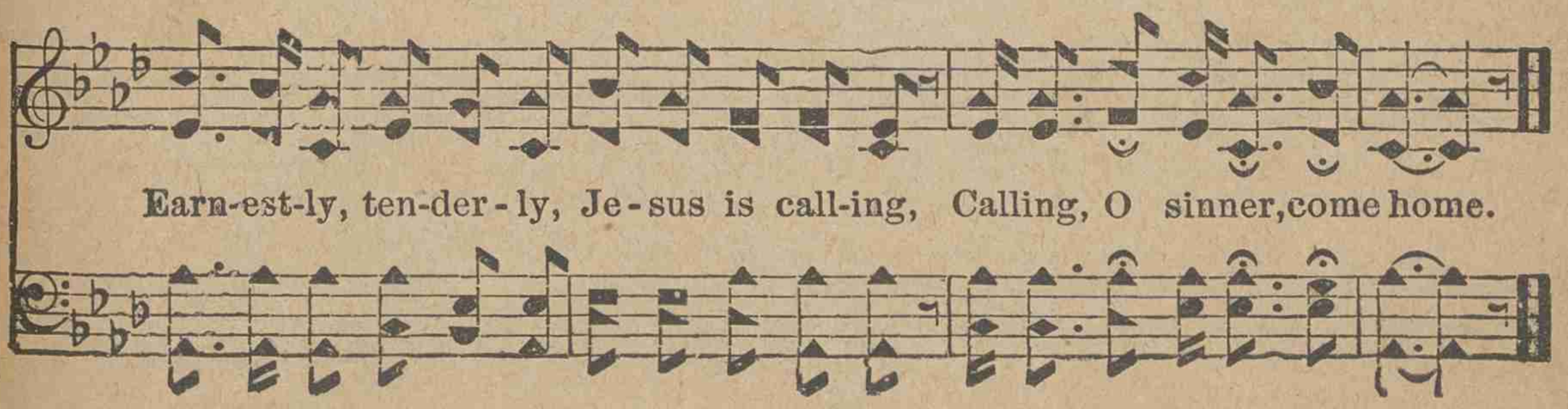


CHORUS.



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



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



No. 34. O! WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

"For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" Rev. vi: 7.

Rev. W. T. DALE. G. W. BROWN, by per.

1. There's a great Judgment day that is coming we know, It's coming to one and all;
2. Then the righteous and wicked to-gether shall meet, To judgment they shall be bro't;
3. There will be great rejoicing of hap-py ones there, Who follow'd the Saviour here;
4. But there'll be lamen-tation and mourning that day, When Jesus shall say "depart;"
5. Oh! prepare us, dear Lord, for Thy coming ere long, The judgment of that great day;
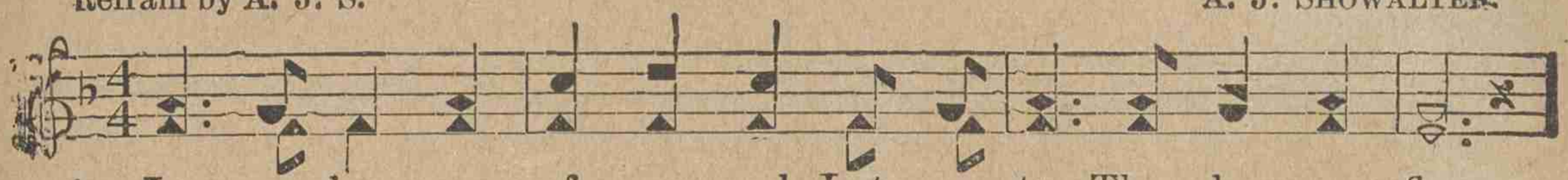
For the Judge shall de-scend in His power di-vine, And judge both the great and small,
And the Judge shall proclaim to the righteous, "Well done." The wicked, "I know you not."
When they hear Him declare "Come ye blessed of mine, And en-ter my home so fair."
And the wicked shall flee from His presence a-way, What rending of ev-'ry heart!
When the saints shall rejoice in Thy pres-ence with song, The wicked be driv'n a-way.

REFRAIN.

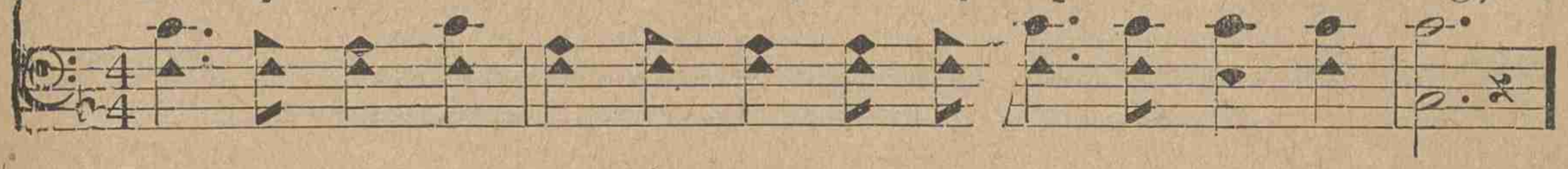
When Je-sus comes and the judgment is set, O! who will be on His right hand?
When the trumpet shall sound and the nations have come, O! who shall be a-ble to stand?
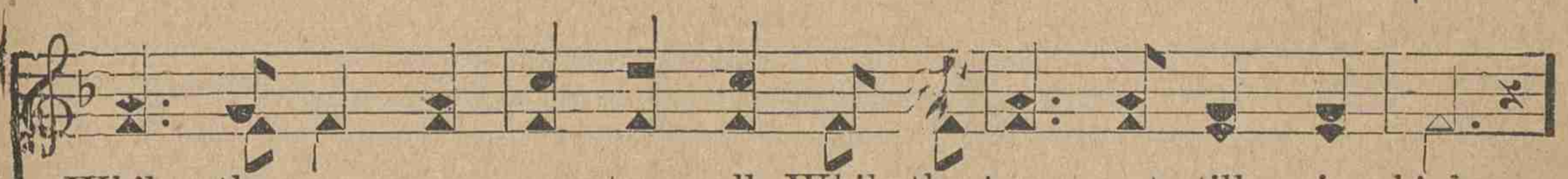
No. 35. DOWN AT THE CROSS.

Refrain by A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;
3. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
4. All my trust on Thee is staid, All my help from Thee I bring;
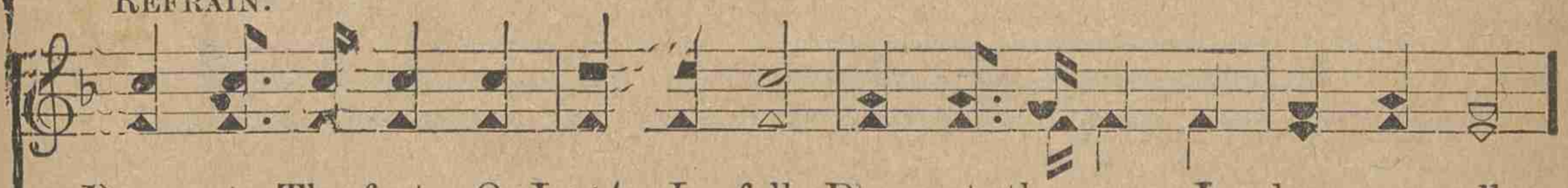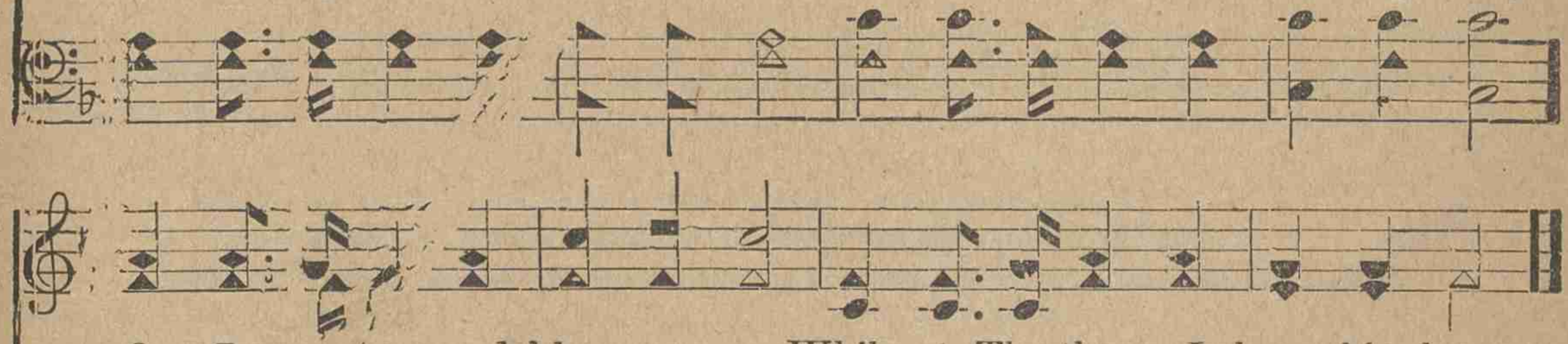




While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O, re-ceive my soul at last.
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me.
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.



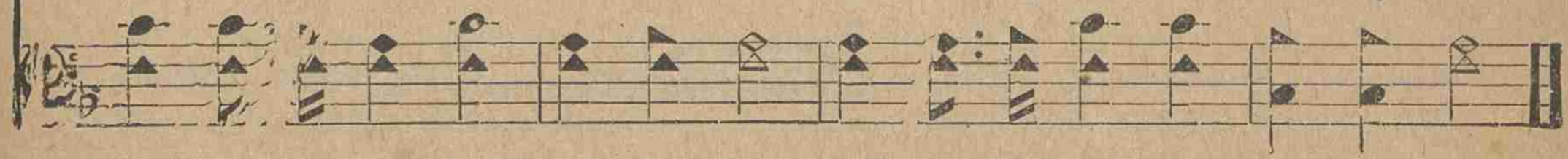
REFRAIN.



Down at Thy feet, O Lord, I fall, Down at the cross I lay my all;



O Je - sus, hear and bless me now, While at Thy throne I hum - bly bow.

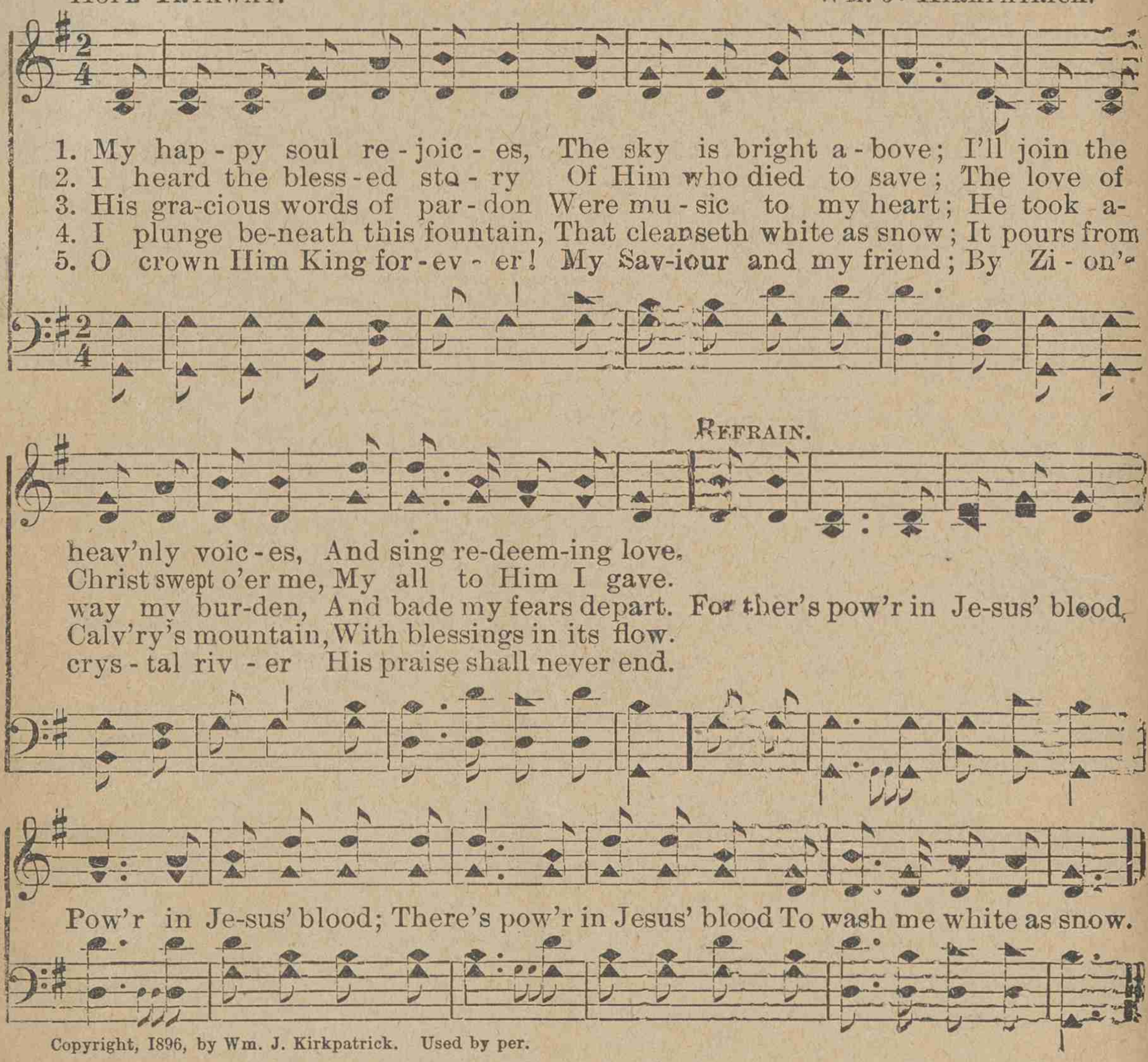


5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

6 Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 36. THERE'S POWER IN JESUS' BLOOD.

HOPE TRYAWAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

No. 37. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.

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?

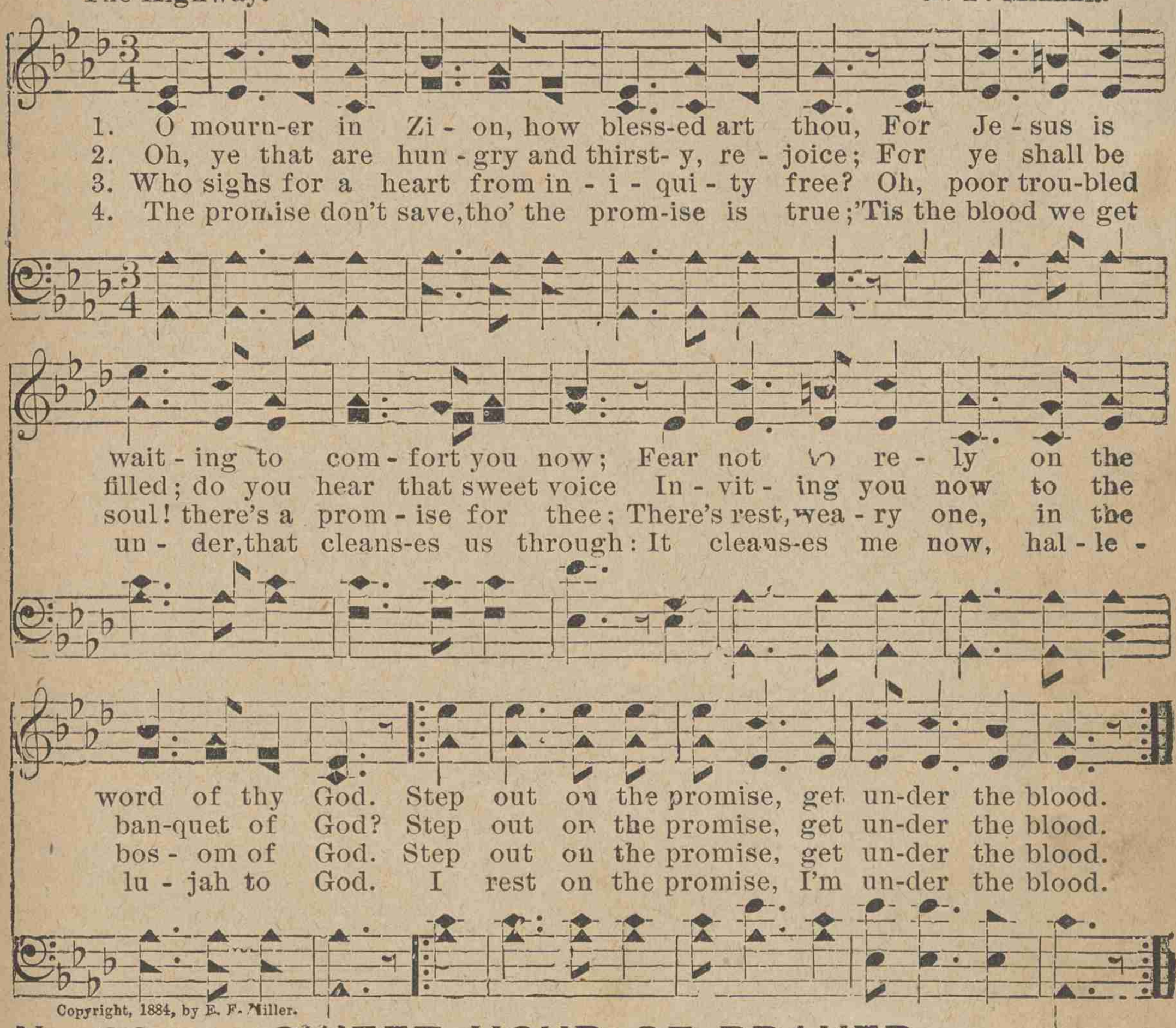
2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

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?

No. 38. STEP OUT ON THE PROMISE.

"The Highway." E. F. MILLER.



Copyright, 1884, by E. F. Miller.

No. 39. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

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 prayer.

No. 40. GRACE IS FREE.

S. J. P. S. J. PERRY, by ...

1. Praise ye the Lord, oh, praise Him ev'ry nation, Grace is free! yes, grace is free!
2. Praise ye the Lord, ye is-lands of the o - cean, Grace is free! yes, grace is free!
3. Praise Him all ye peo-ple, praise Him all cre-a-tion, Grace is free! yes, grace is free!

Je - sus hath wro't a won-der-ful sal - va-tion, Grace is free! yes, grace is free!
Come with your hearts over-flowing with de-vo- tion, Grace is free! yes, grace is free!
Christ, on the cross, made a free and full ob-la - tion, Grace is free! yes, grace is free

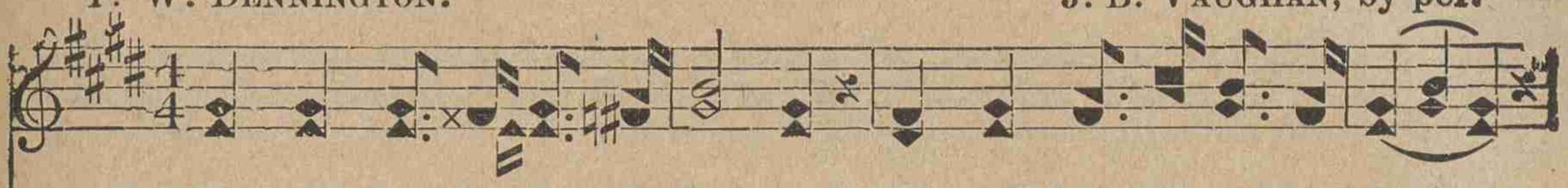
REFRAIN.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has paid the debt for me;

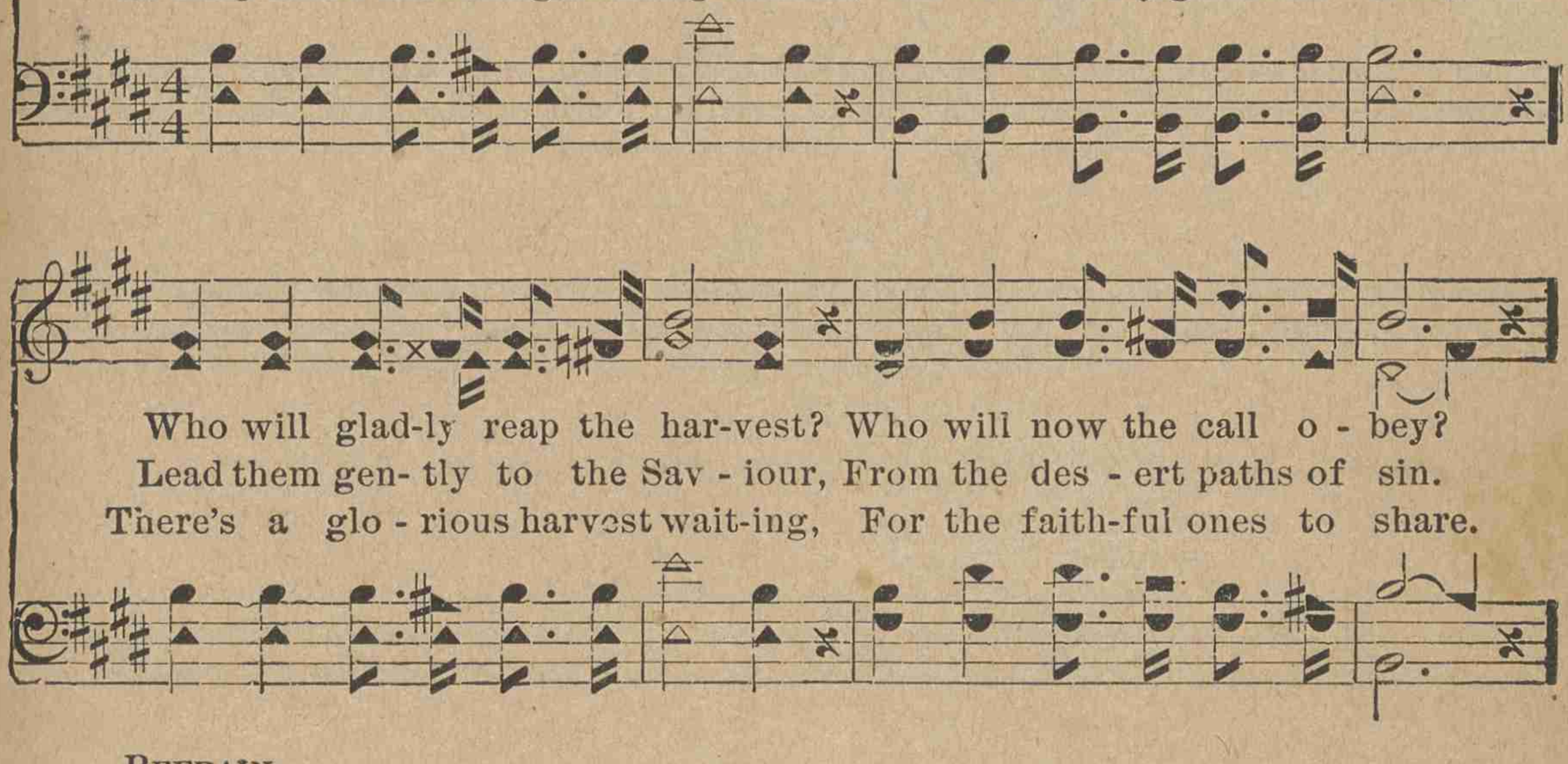
Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm so glad that sal-va-tion's free.

No. 41. WORK TODAY FOR JESUS.

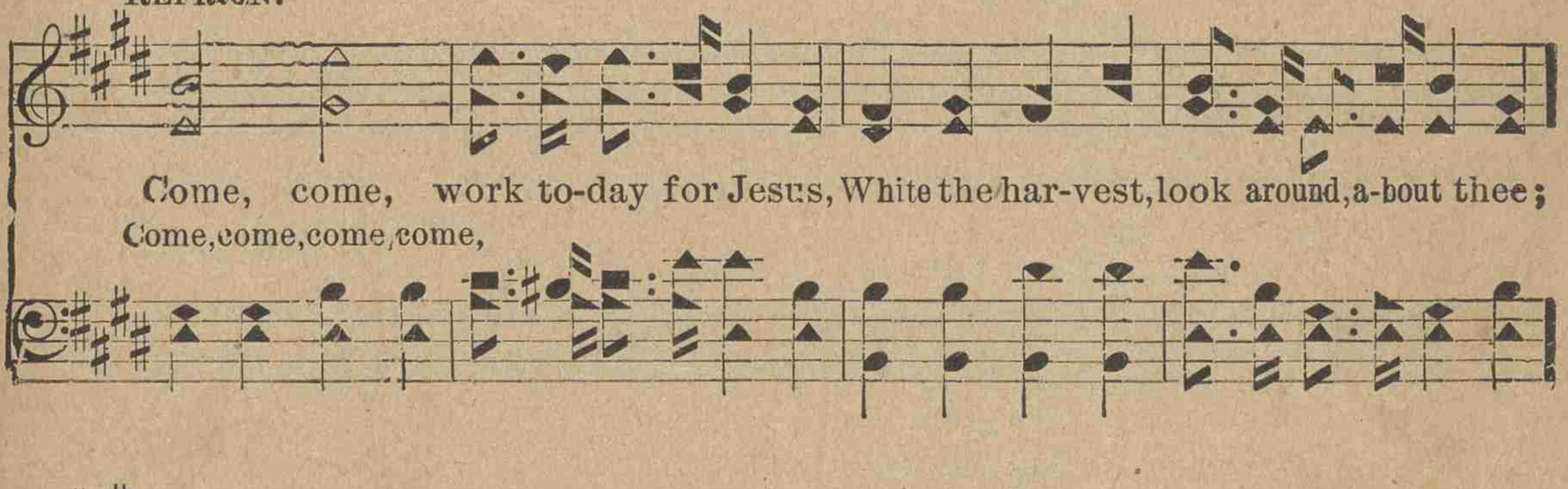
T. W. DENNINGTON. J. B. VAUGHAN, by per.



1. Who will la - bor for the Mas - ter? Who will hear His call to - day? .
2. La - bor on and fal - ter nev - er, Strive some oth-er souls to win; .
3. Help some stumbling, fainting brother, Who has heav-y griefs to bear; .

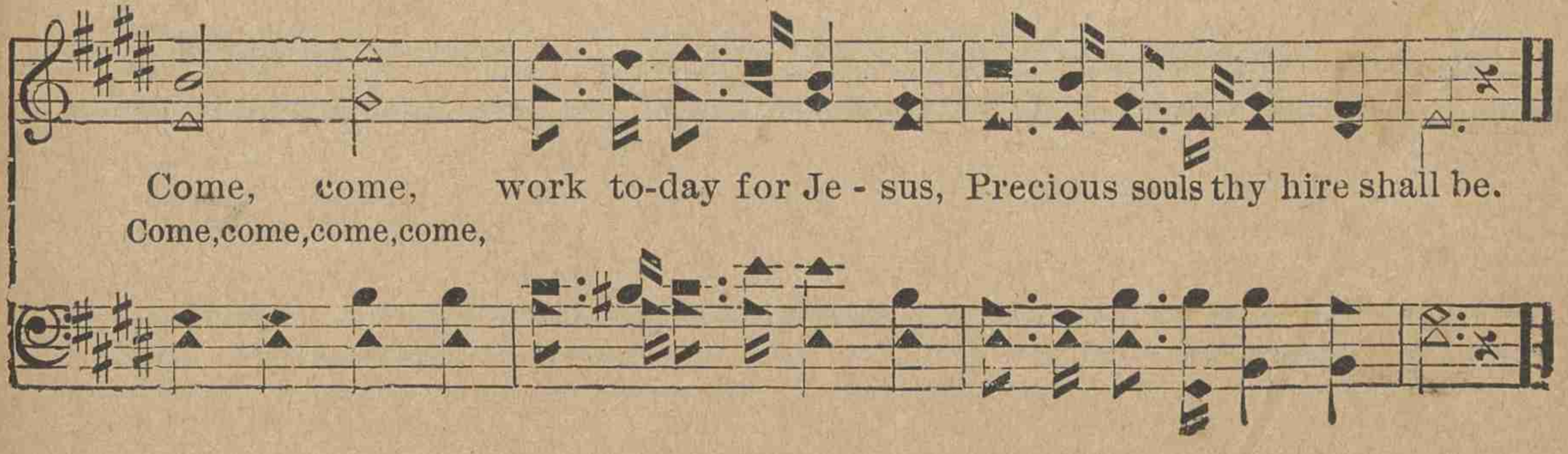


Who will glad-ly reap the har-vest? Who will now the call o - bey?
Lead them gen- tly to the Sav - iour, From the des - ert paths of sin.
There's a glo - rious harvest wait-ing, For the faith-ful ones to share.



REFRAIN.

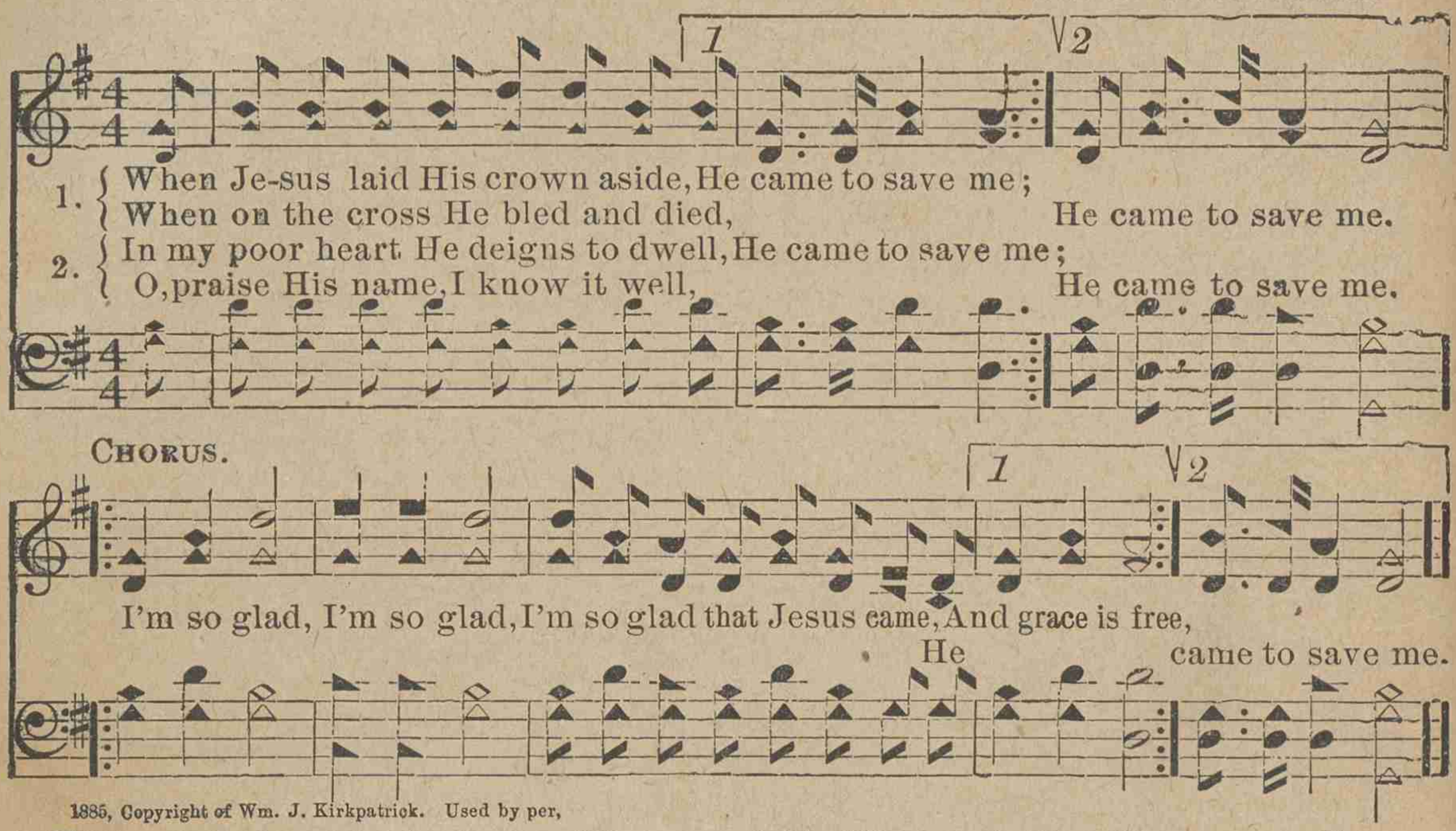
Come, come, work to-day for Jesus, White the har-vest, look around, a-bout thee;
Come, come, come, come,



Come, come, work to-day for Je - sus, Precious souls thy hire shall be.
Come, come, come, come,

No. 42. HE CAME TO SAVE ME.

H. E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1885, Copyright of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per,

3 With gentle hand he leads me still,
He came to save me;
And trusting Him I fear no ill,
He came to save me.

4 To Him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me;
To Him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.

No. 43.

1 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

No. 44.

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 Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 45. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the clean - sing pow'r? Are you
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - iour's side? Are you
3. When the Bride-groom com - eth will your robes be white, Pure and
4. Lay a - side the gar-ments that are stained with sin; Are you

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo - ment in the
white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be rea - dy for the
washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fount-ain flow - ing for the

D.S. *gar-ments spotless? Are they*

REFRAIN.

FINE.

grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
Cru-ci-fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
soul un-clean; Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb! Are you washed

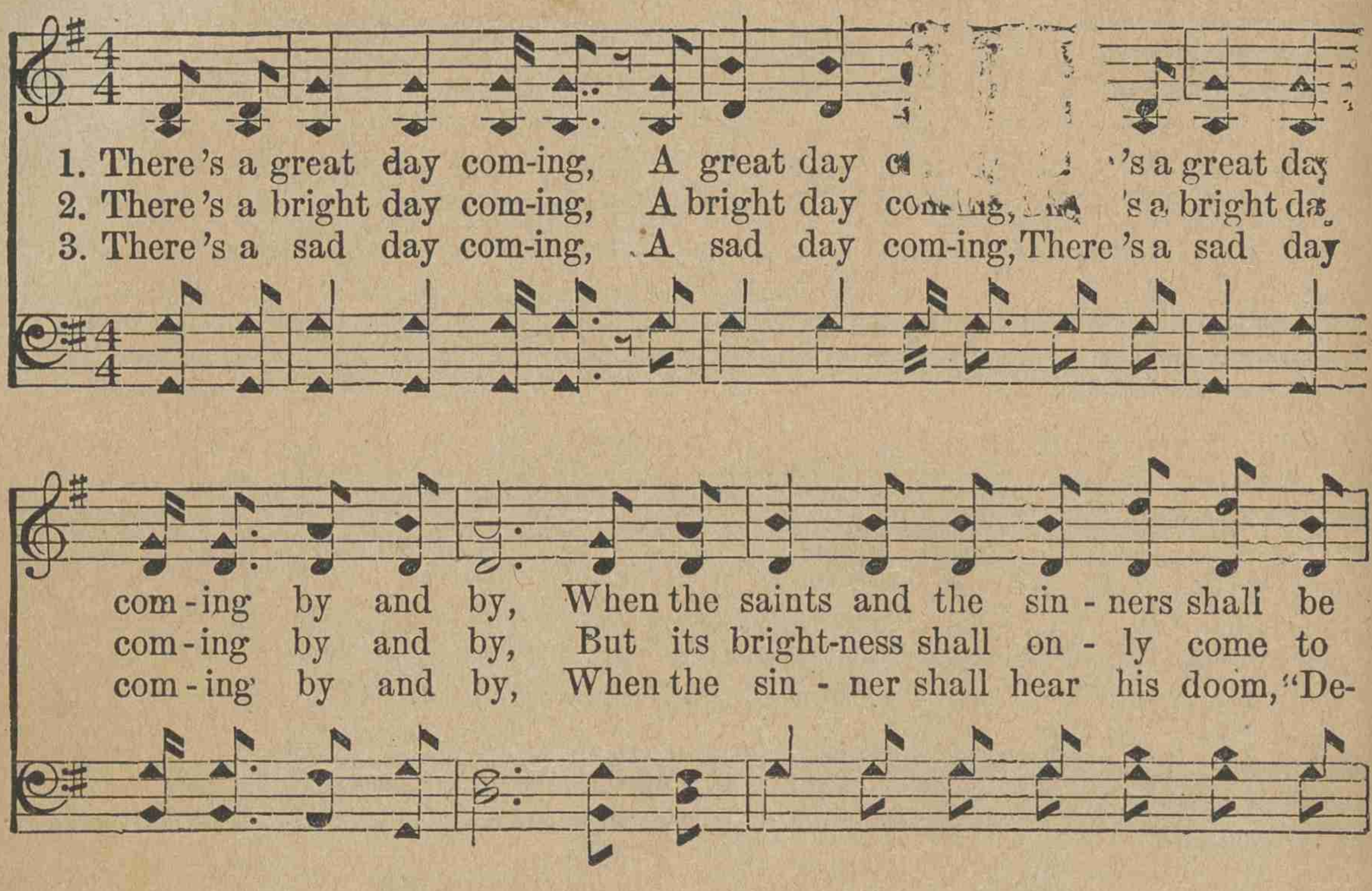
white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

D.S.

blood, In the soul-cleans-ing blood of the Lamb? Are your
In the blood, of the Lamb?
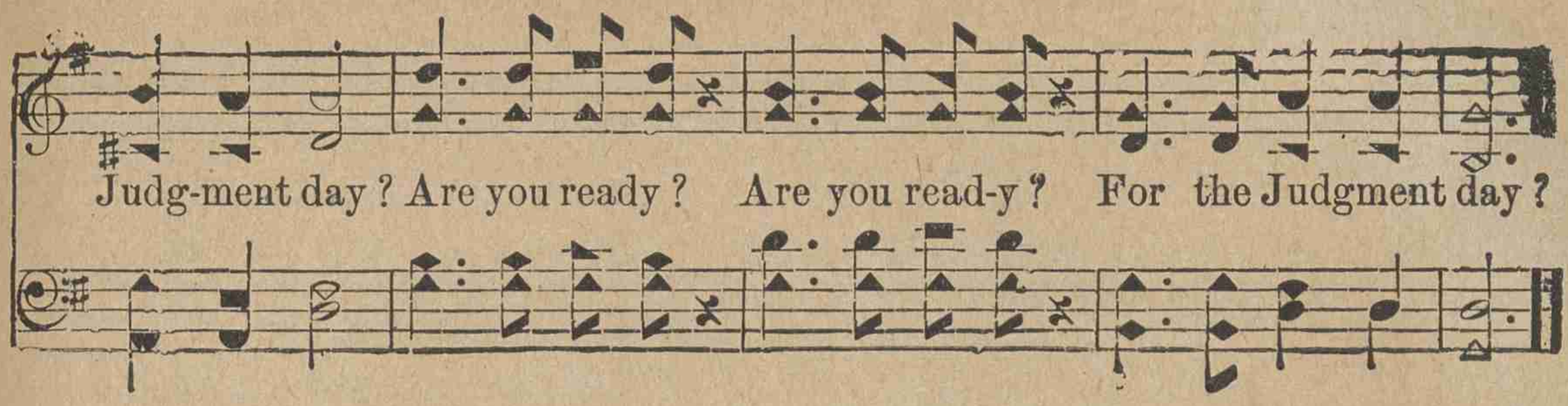
No. 46. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

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



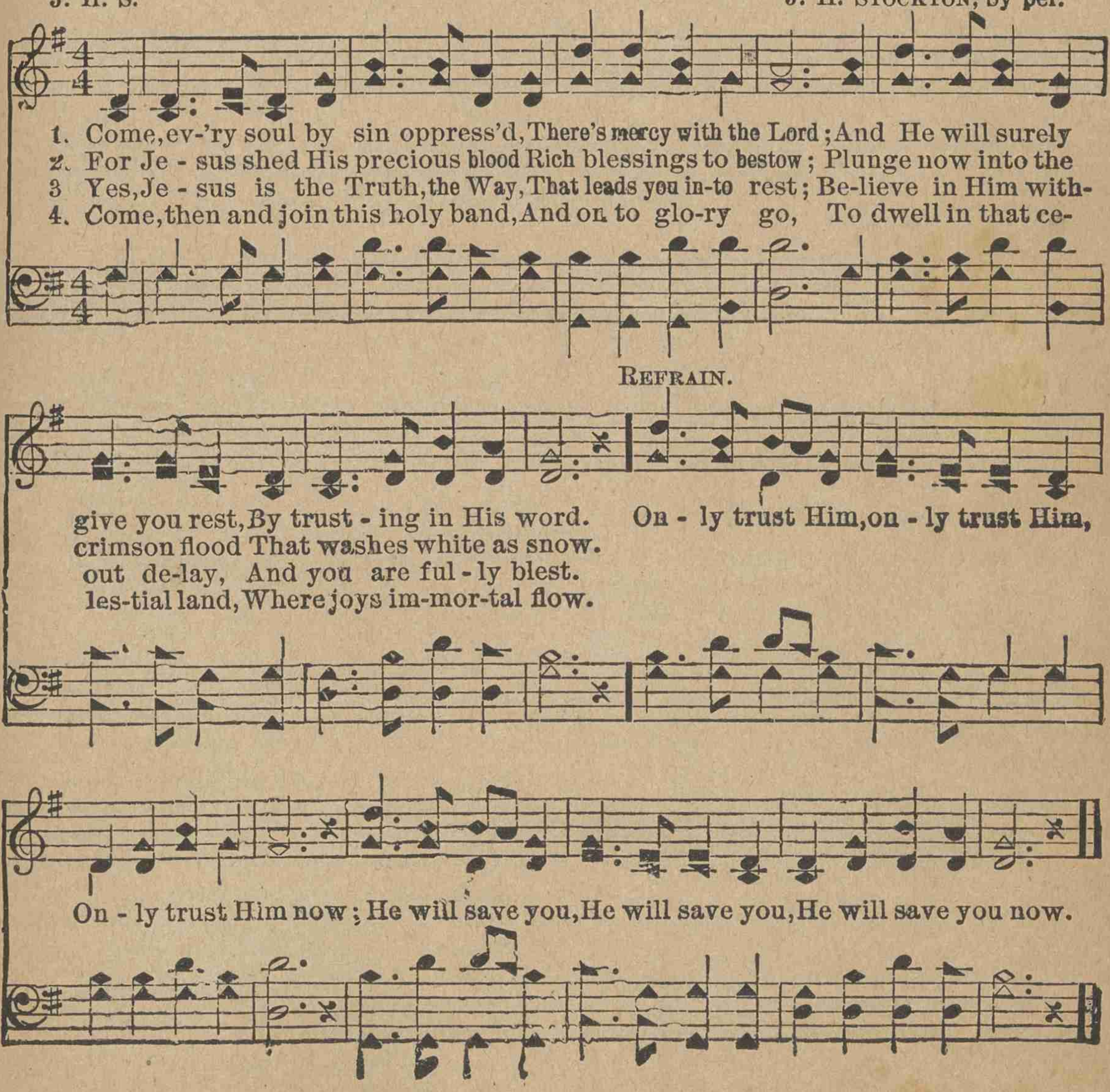
By permission of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and the Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.
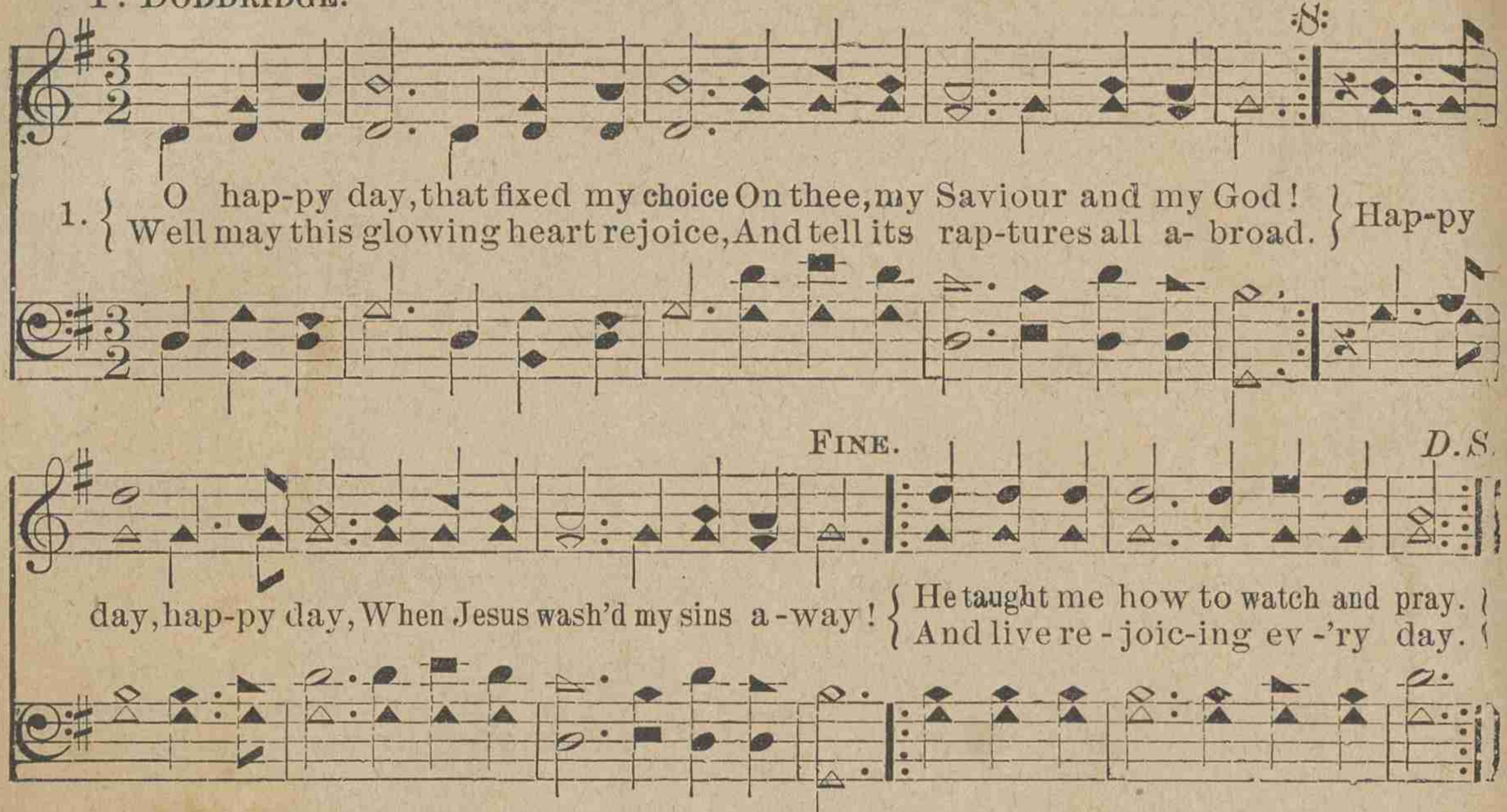


No. 47. ONLY TRUST HIM.

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



No. 48. HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F RIMBAULT.



2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess that voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With Him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 49.

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.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood.
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand

No. 50.

1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

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."

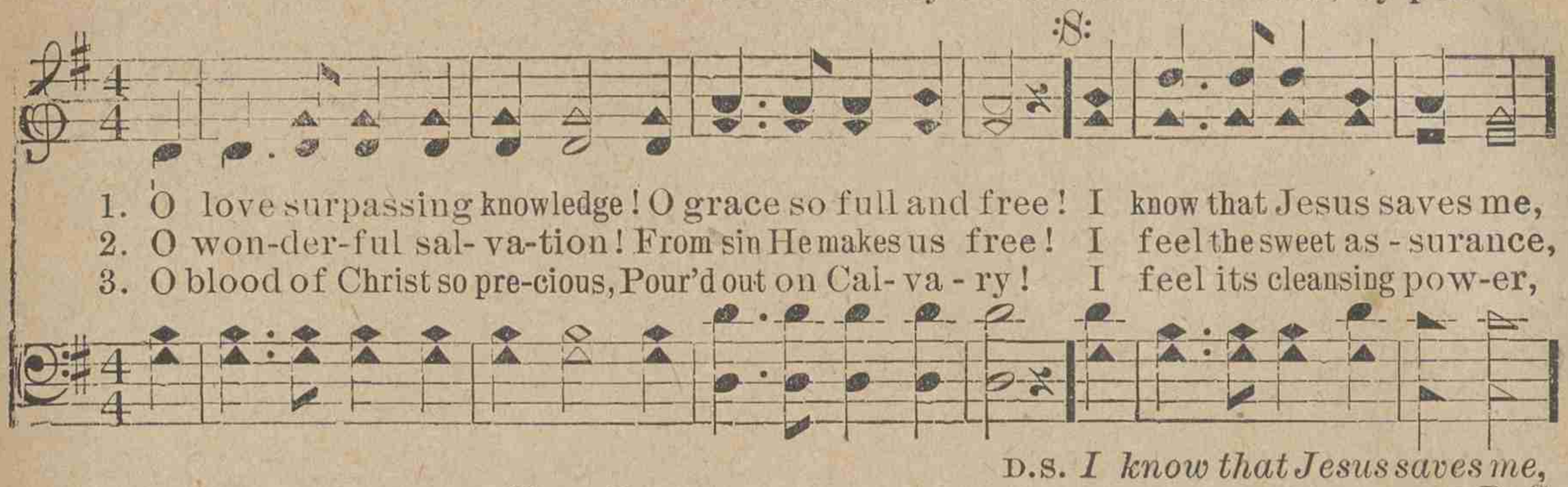
3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store
Soul and body, Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine forevermore.

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

No. 51.

ENOUGH FOR ME!

Words and Music by Rev. E. A HOFFMAN, by per.



4 O wondrous love of Jesus,
He tasted death for me;
He lives my King forever,
And that's enough for me.

5 His blessed Holy Spirit
With mine doth now agree;
He tells me — I'm adopted;
And that's enough for me.

6 I have His sweet communion,
He walks — and talks with me,
And fills my life with gladness -
And that's enough for me.

7 His grace will be sufficient,
Till I His glory see,
Then safe at home forever —
And that's enough for me.

No. 52.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 53.

1 God be with you till we meet again!—
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again!

CHO.—Till we meet! Till we meet!
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet! Till we meet!
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again!—
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you;
God be with you till we meet again!

4 God be with you till we meet again!—
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again!

5 God be with you till we meet again!—
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.

No. 54.

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

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

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

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

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

No. 55.

1 ‖: It was good for our mothers, :‖
It's good enough for me.
‖: 'Tis the old time religion, :‖
It's good enough for me.

2 ‖: Makes me love everybody, :‖
It's good enough for me.

3 ‖: It has saved our fathers, :‖
It's good enough for me.

4 ‖: It was good for the Prophet Daniel, :‖
It's good enough for me.

5 ‖: It was good for the Hebrew Children. :‖
It's good enough for me.

6 ‖: It was tried in the fiery furnace, :‖
It's good enough for me.

7 ‖: It was good for Paul and Silas, :‖
It's good enough for me.

8 ‖: It will do when I am dying, :‖
It's good enough for me.

9 ‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖
It's good enough for me.

Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 56.

1 What can wash away my stain?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus,
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Oh, precious is the flow,
That makes me white as snow,
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

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

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

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

5 Now by this I'll overcome—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Now by this I'll reach my home—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus

6 Glory! glory! thus I sing—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus
All my praise for this I bring—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus

Copyright by Robert Lowrey, by Per.

No. 57.

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

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
‖: Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand. :‖

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
‖: And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress. :‖

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
‖: I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!" :‖

No. 58. Tune, ARLINGTON.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts.

No. 59. Tune, TOPLADY.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. Augustus Toplady.

No. 60. Tune, BETHANY.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!
E'en tho' it be a cross that raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

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

3 There let the way appear steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me in mercy giv'n;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs *Bethel* I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams.

No. 61. I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

1 I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.
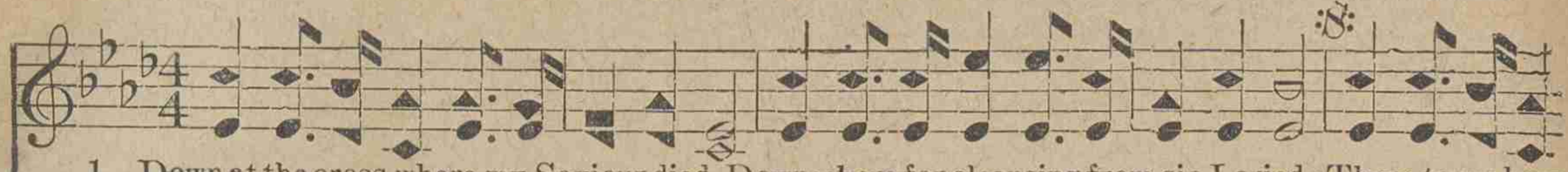
CHO.—I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in Thy blood
That flowed on Calvary!

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.
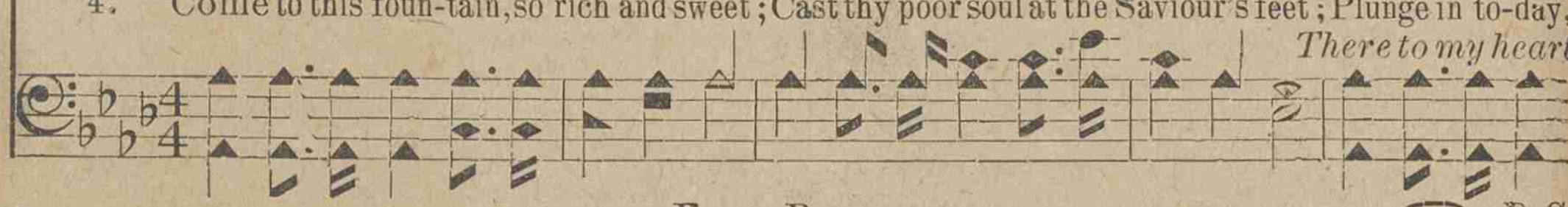
3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

No. 62. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.
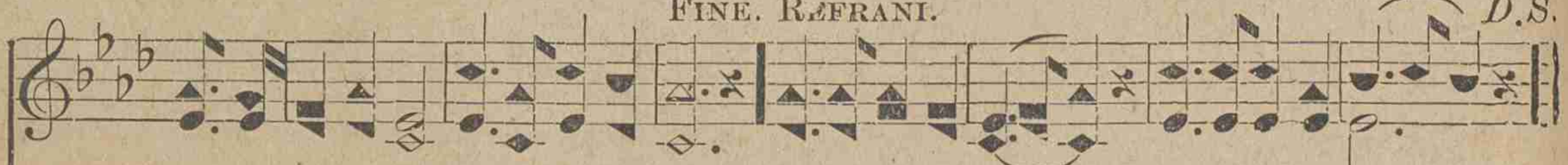


1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried ; There to my hear
2. I am so won-drously sav'd from sin ; Je-sus so sweetly a-bides within ; There at the cross
3. Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en-tered in ; There Jesus saves
4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet ; Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet ; Plunge in to-day,
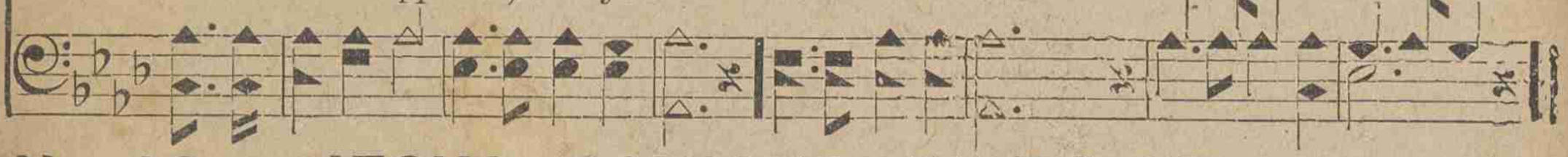


There to my heart

FINE. REFRANI. *D.S.*
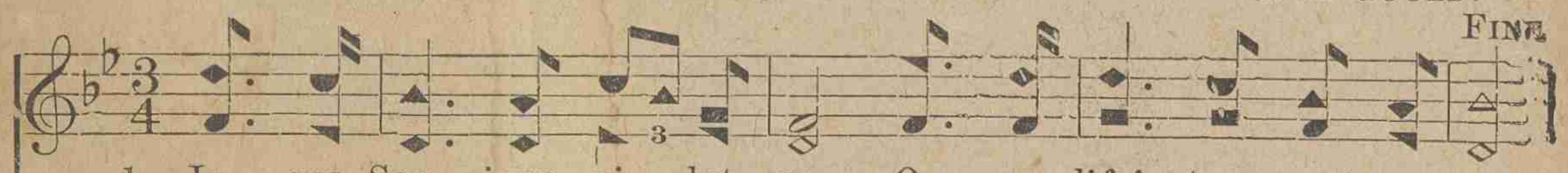


was the blood applied ; Glory to His name. Glory to His name, Glo-ry to His name ;
where He took me in ; Glo-ry to His name.
me and keeps me clean ; Glory to His name.
and be made complete ; Glory to His name.
was the blood applied ; Glory to His name.
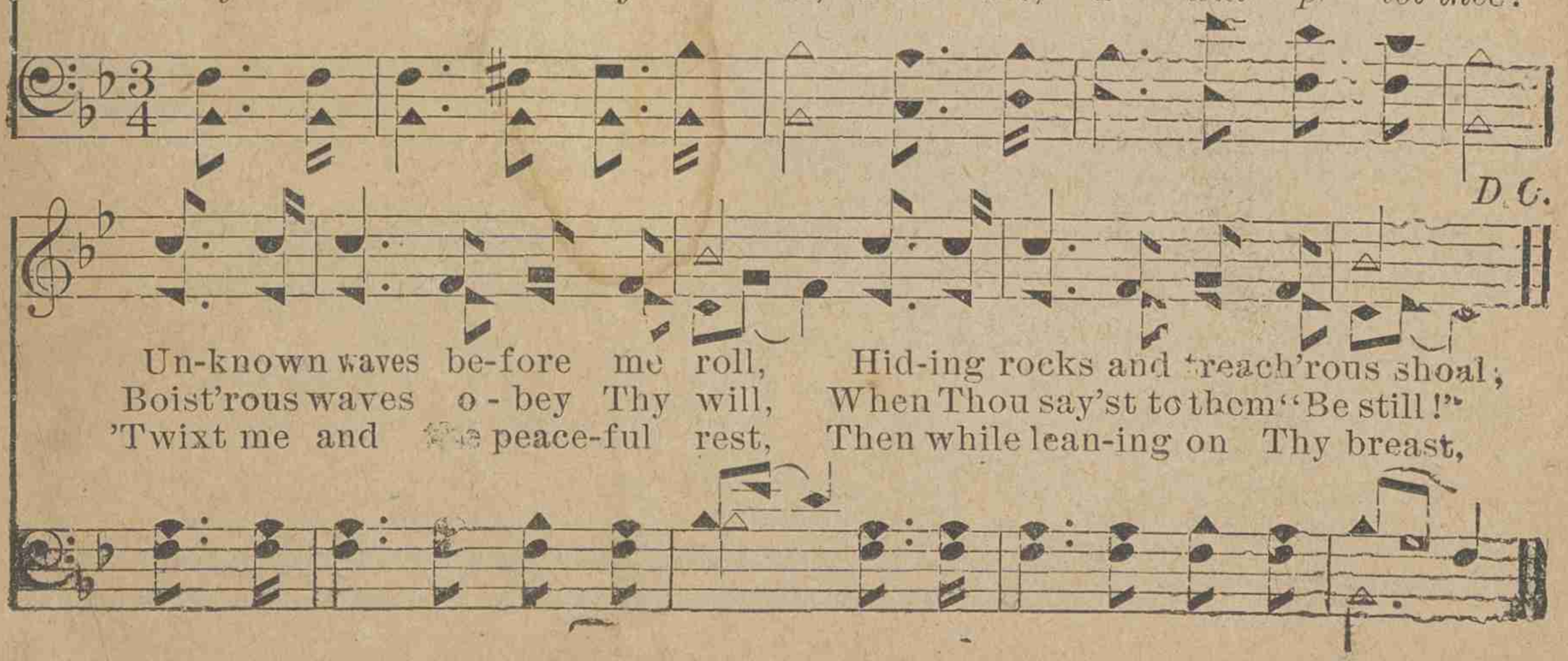


No. 63. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

J. E. GOULD.



FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest-uous sea,
D.C. — *Chart and com - pass came from Thee ; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild ;
D.C. — *Won - drous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar,
D.C. — *May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"*
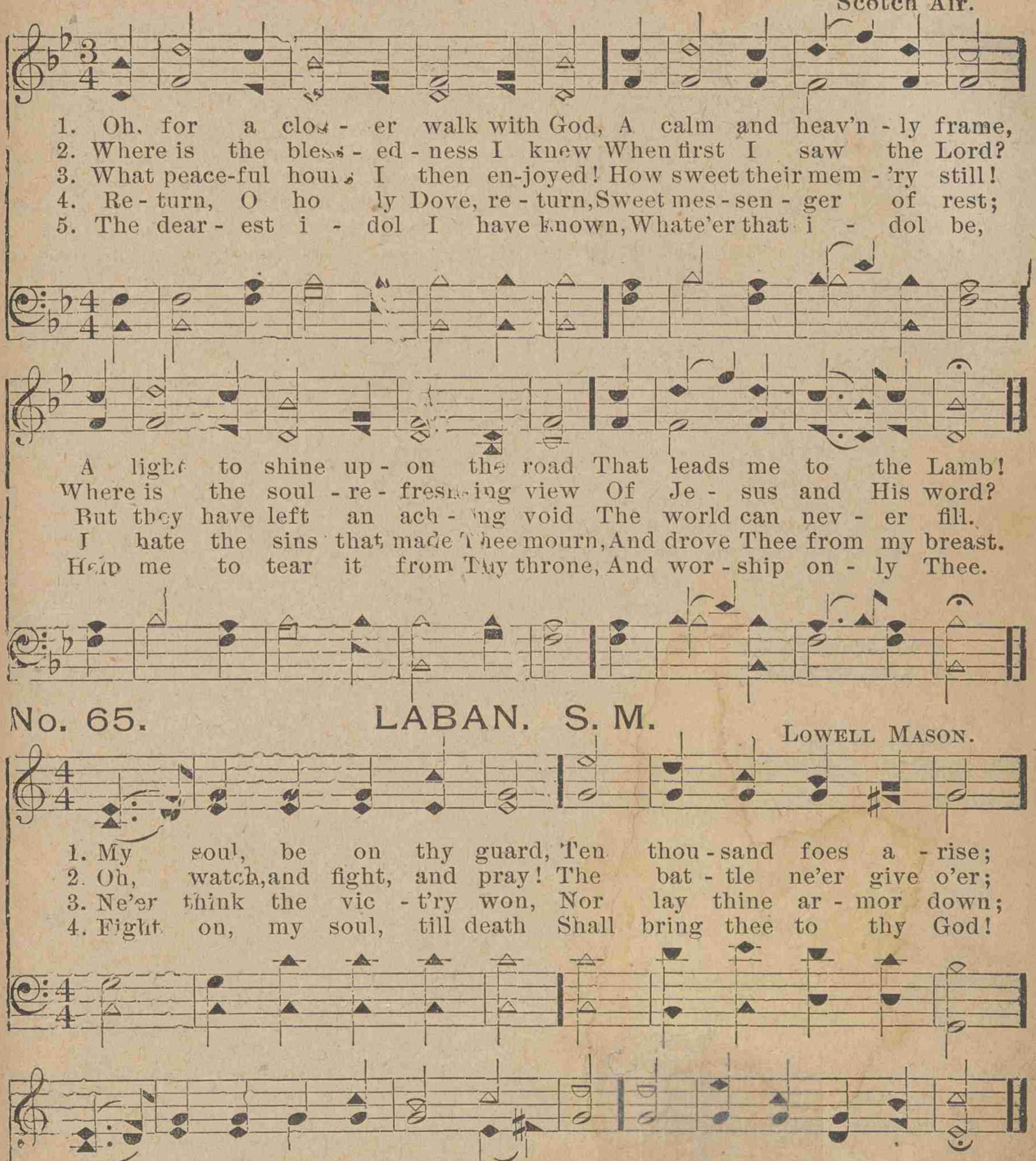


D.C.

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treach'rous shoal ;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then while lean-ing on Thy breast,
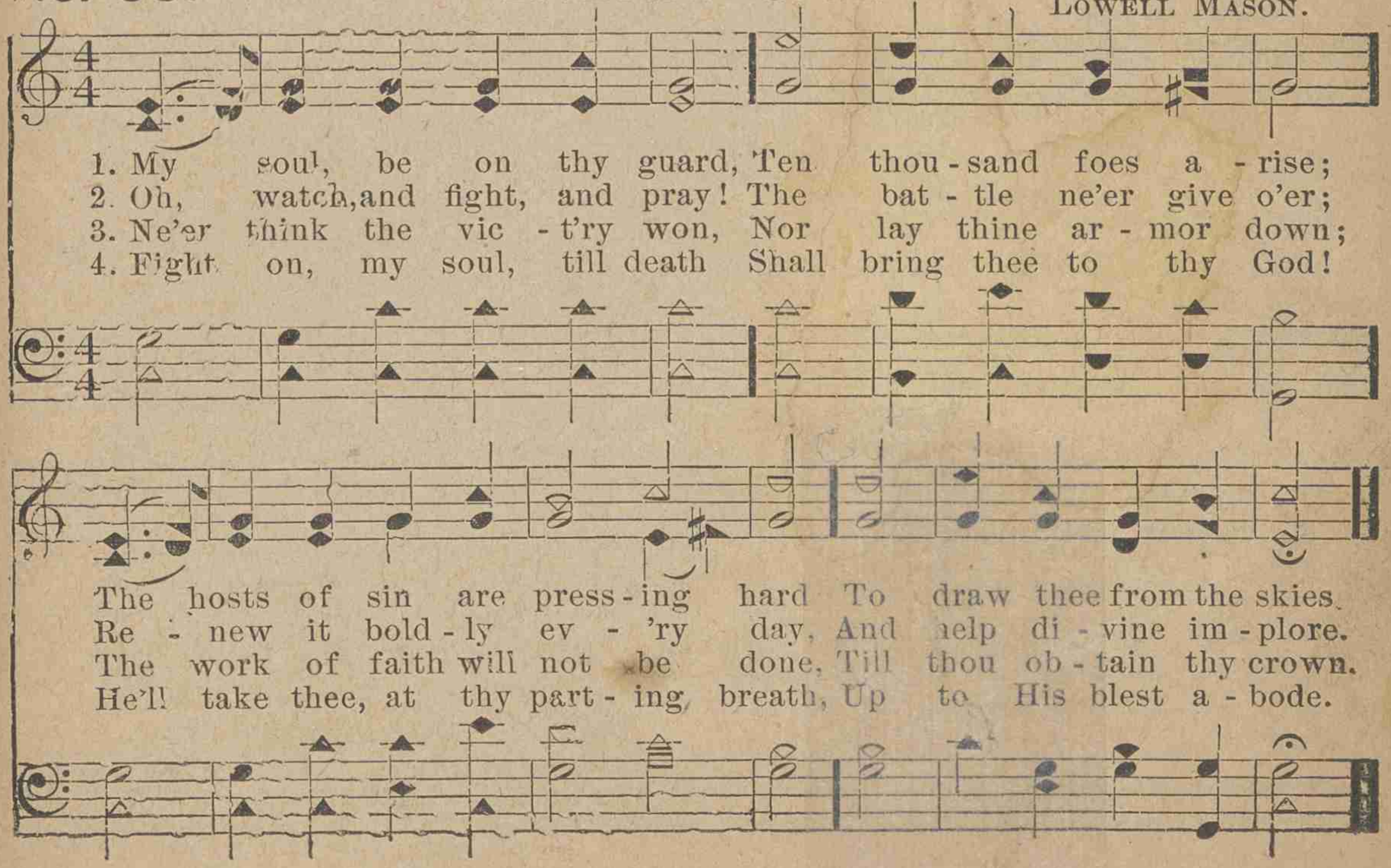
No. 64. BALERMA. C. M.

Scotch Air.
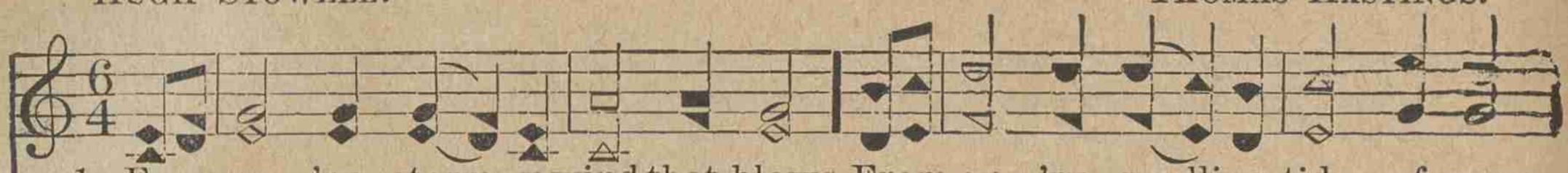


No. 65. LABAN. S. M.

Lowell Mason.

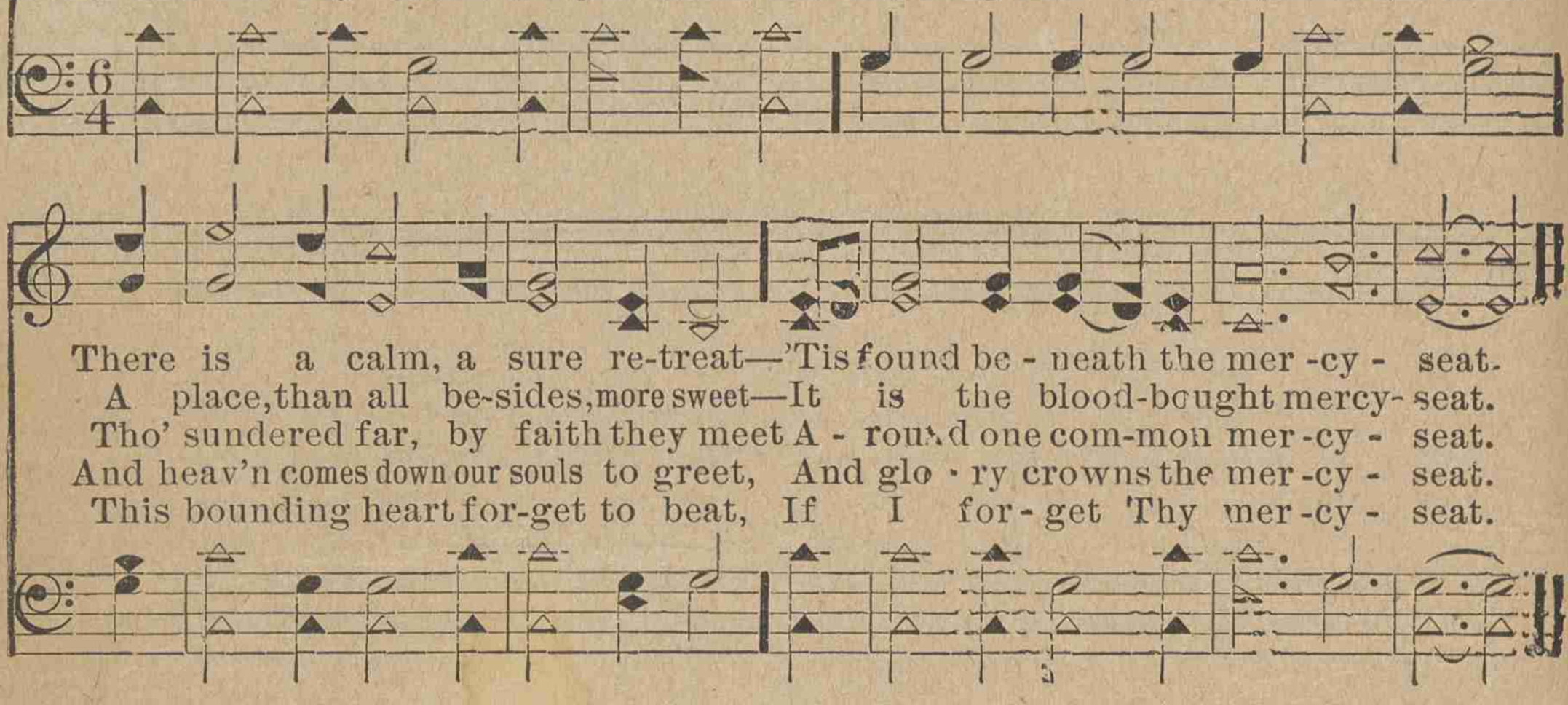


No. 66. RETREAT. L. M.

HUGH STOWELL. THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev 'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads,
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fel - lowship with friend;
4. There, there on eag - les' wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more,
5. Oh, let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold, and still,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat—'Tis found be - neath the mer -cy - seat.
A place, than all be-sides, more sweet—It is the blood-bought mercy- seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one com-mon mer -cy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer -cy - seat.
This bounding heart for-get to beat, If I for - get Thy mer -cy - seat.

No. 67. L. M.

1 What various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!

WILLIAM COWPER.

No. 68. L. M.

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Then is my strength to Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beauteous hopes of heaven.
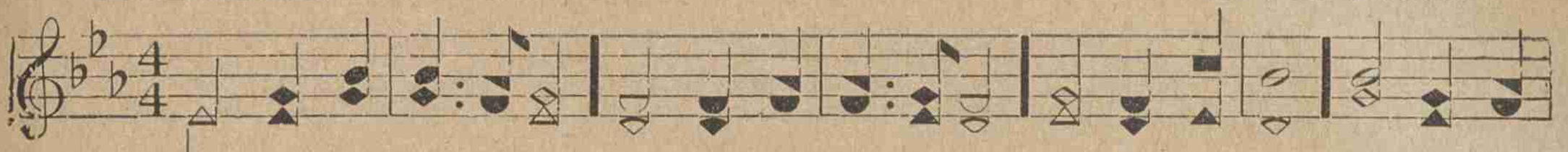
3 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

4 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful, filial prayer to Thee!

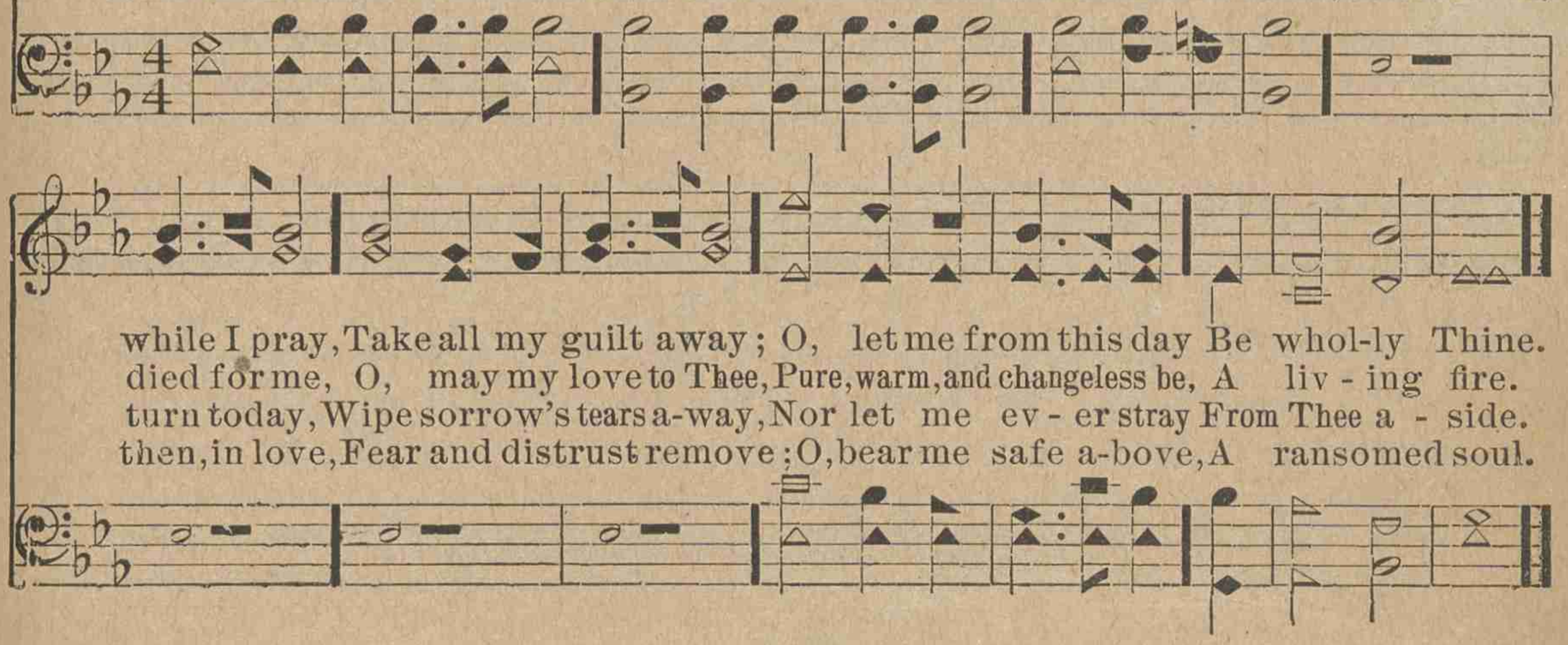
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

No. 69. OLIVET. 6, 4.

RAY PALMER. Dr. L. MASON.

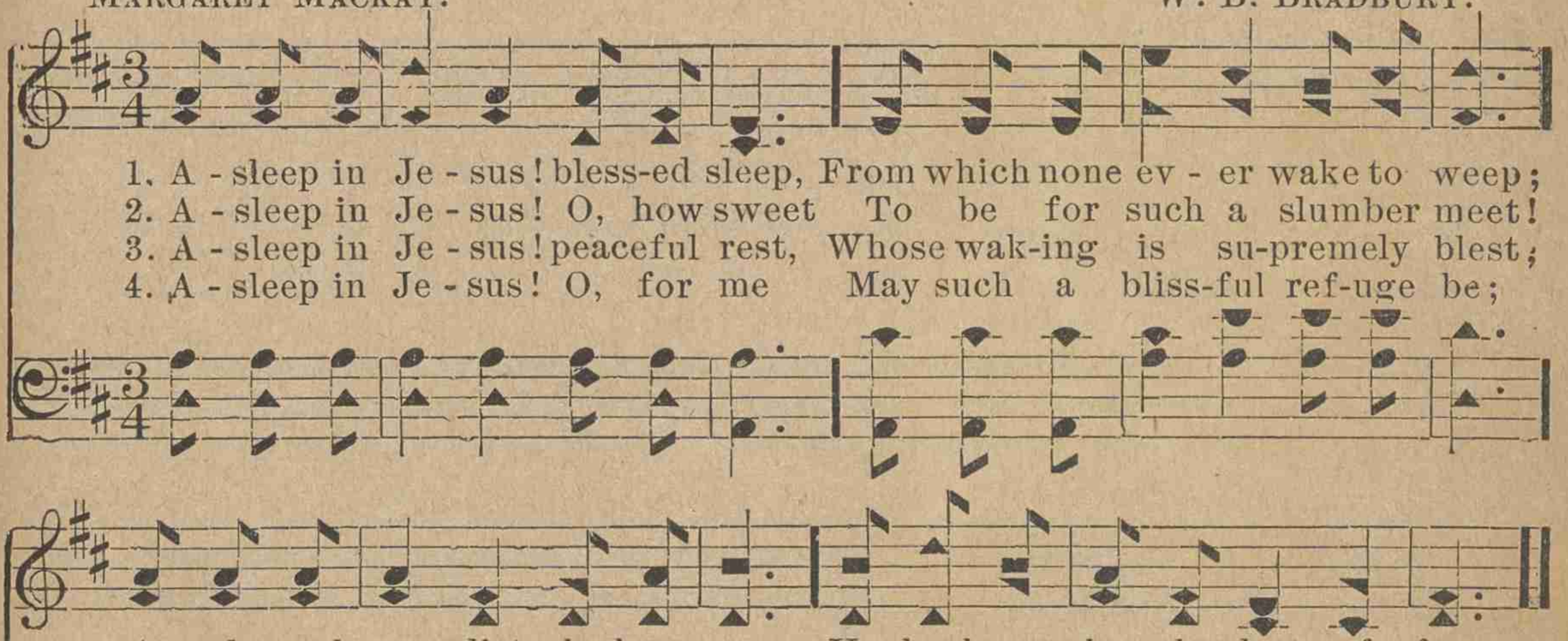


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour di-vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt away; O, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine.
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast died for me, O, may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn today, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour, then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; O, bear me safe a-bove, A ransomed soul.



No. 70. REST. L. M.
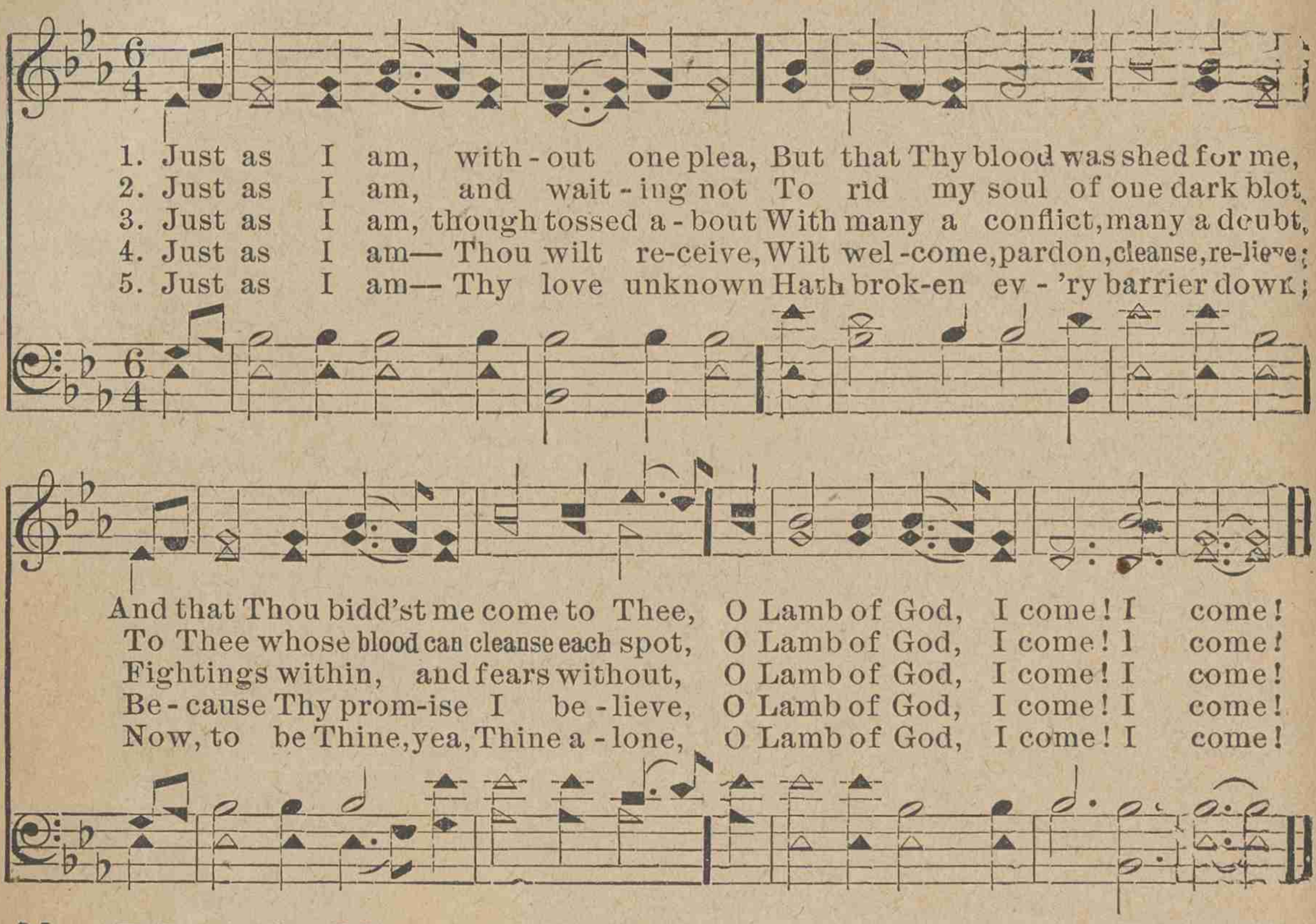
MARGARET MACKAY. W. B. BRADBURY.



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wake to weep; A calm and un - disturbed re - pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death has lost his ven-omed sting.
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose wak-ing is su-premely blest; No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Saviour's pow'r.
4. A - sleep in Je - sus! O, for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be; Se - cure-ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.

No. 71. WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WILLIAM B BRADBURY



No. 72. L. M.

1 With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea.
Yet 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee.
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fade and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, "Come to Me!"

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

No. 73. L. M.

1 Show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean.
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord! should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

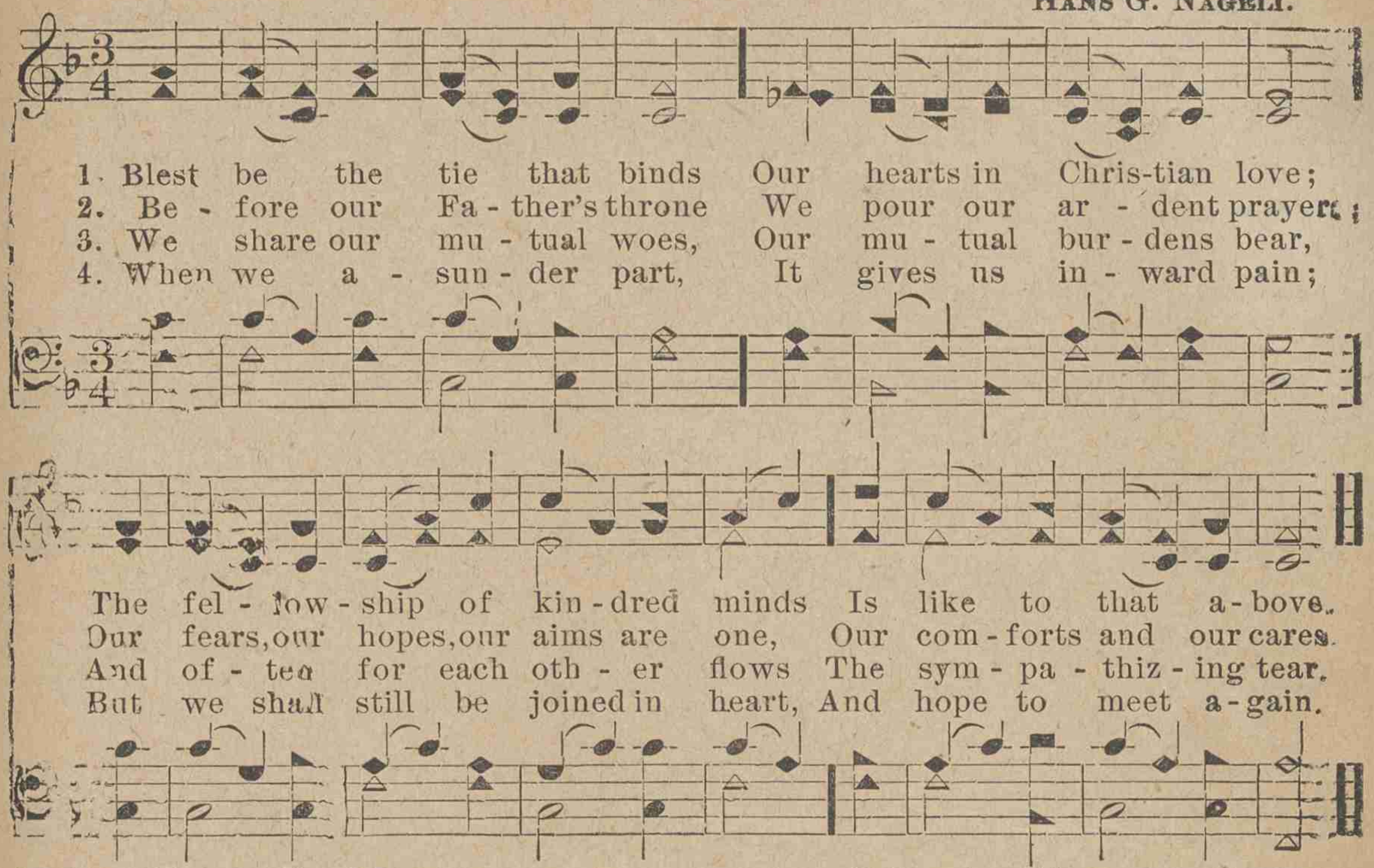
4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 74. DENNIS. S. M.

HANS G. NÄGELI.



No. 75. S. M.

1 And though our bodies part,
To different climes afar,
Still ever joined as one in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 The vineyard of the Lord
Before His laborers lies,
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

3 O that our heart and mind
May evermore ascend
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labors end;

4 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain!
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 76. S. M.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man:
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

No. 77. S. M.

1 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

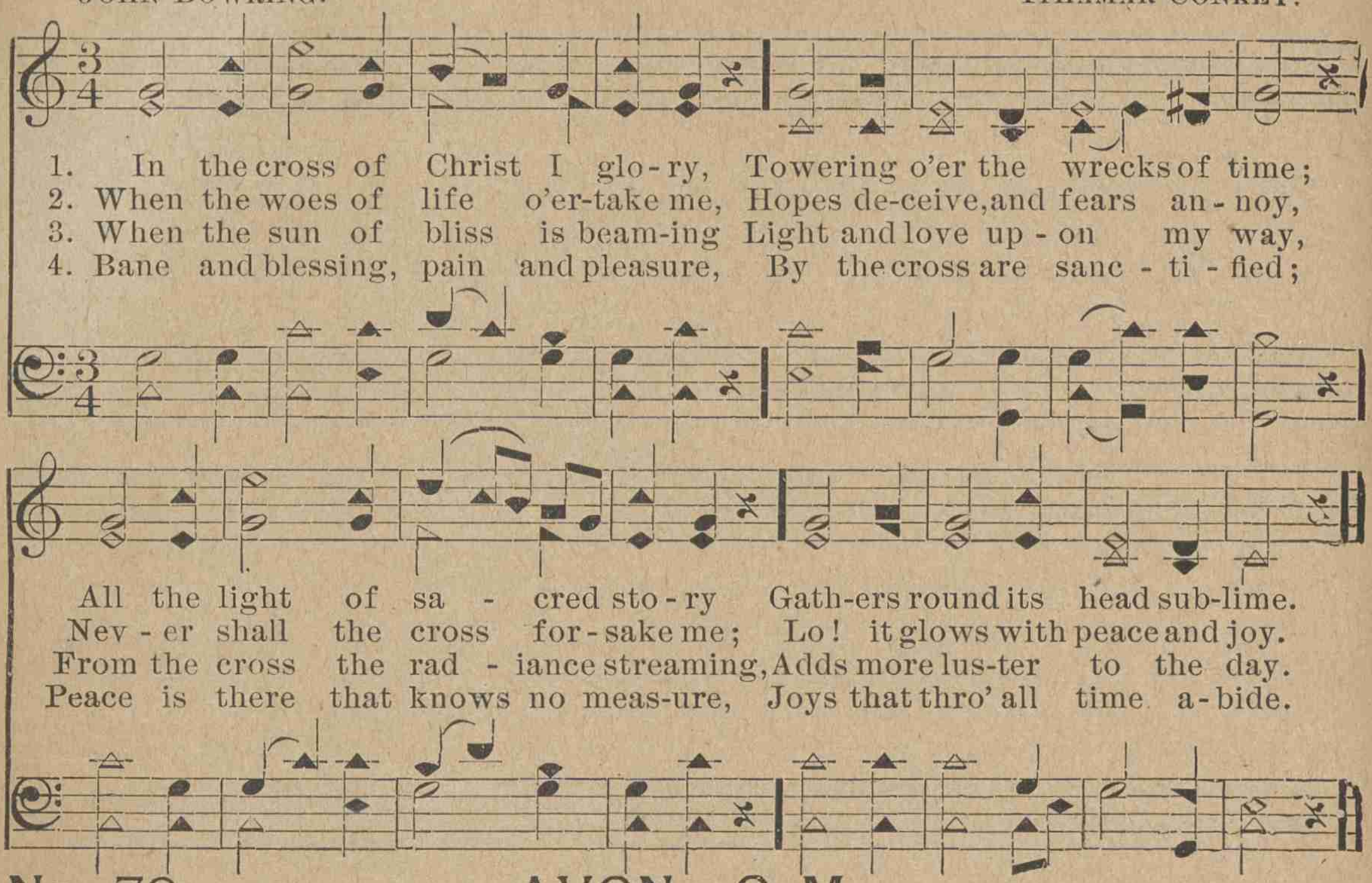
2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

ISAAC WATTS

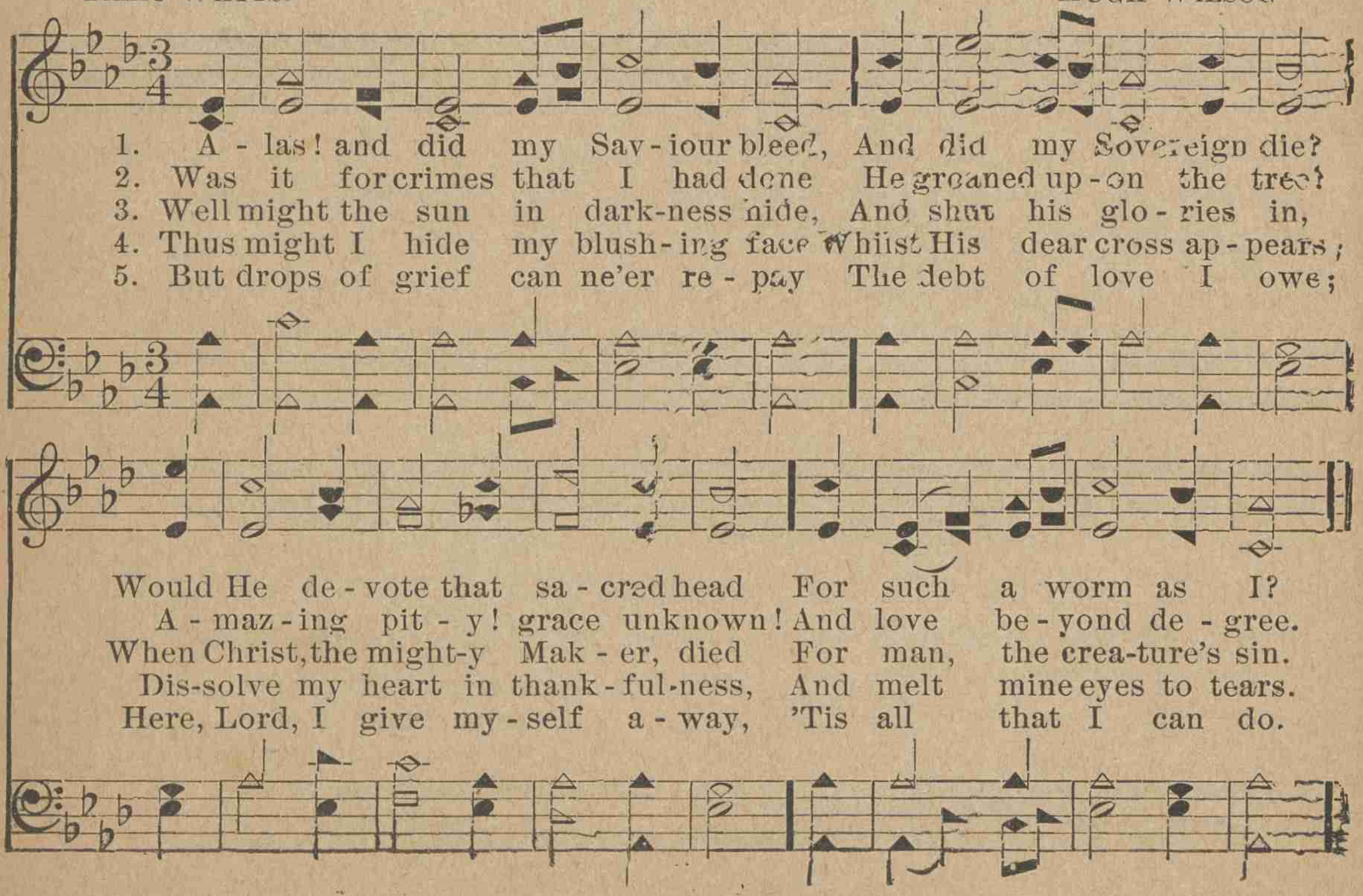
No. 78. RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.
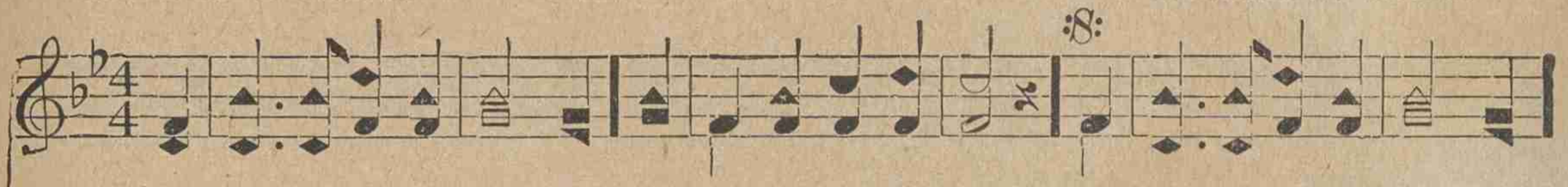


No. 79. AVON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. HUGH WILSON.

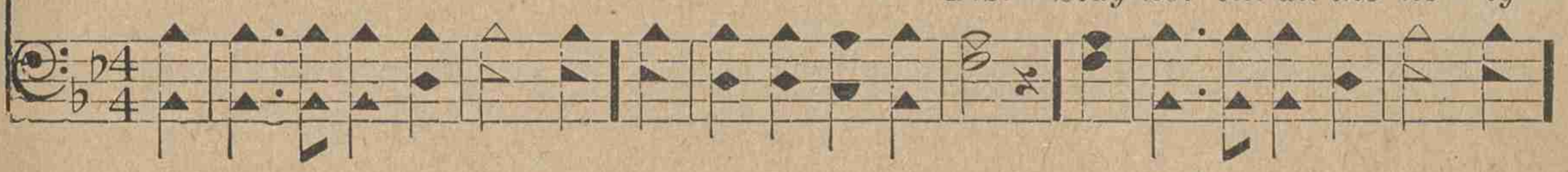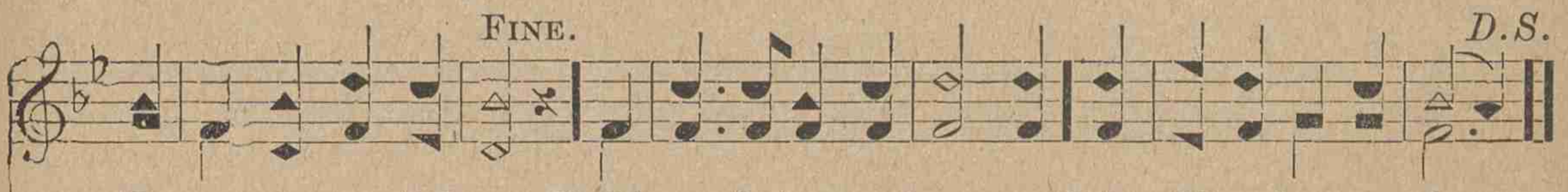


No. 80. WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. GEORGE. J. WEBB.

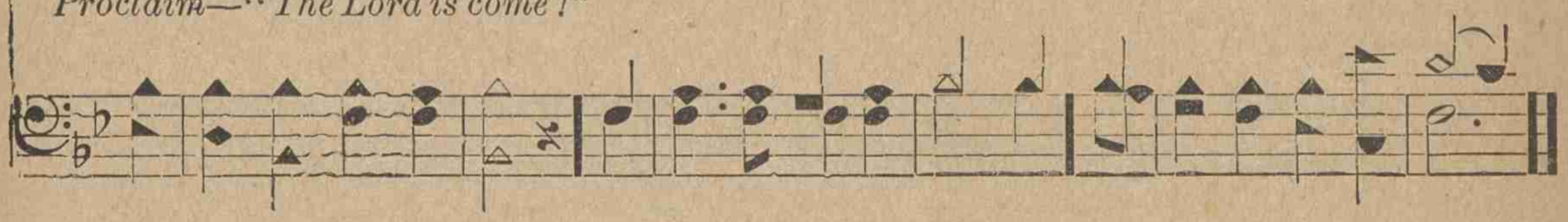


1. The morn-ing light is breaking, The darkness disap-pears ; The sons of earth are waking
D.S.—*Of nations in com-mo-tion,*
2. See heathen nations bend-ing Before the God we love, And thousand hearts as-cend-ing
D.S.—*And seek the Saviour's blessing—*
3. Blest riv-er of sal-va - tion ! Pursue thine onward way ; Flow thou to ev-'ry na - tion,
D.S.—*Stay not till all the ho - ly*





To pen - i - ten-tial tears ; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tidings from a - far
Prepar'd for Zi-on's war.
In grat-i - tude a-bove ; While sinners, now confessing, The gospel call o - bey,
A na-tion in a day.
Nor in thy richness stay ; Stay not till all the low - ly Tri-umphant reach their home ;
Proclaim—"The Lord is come !"



No. 81. STAND UP FOR JESUS.

1 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
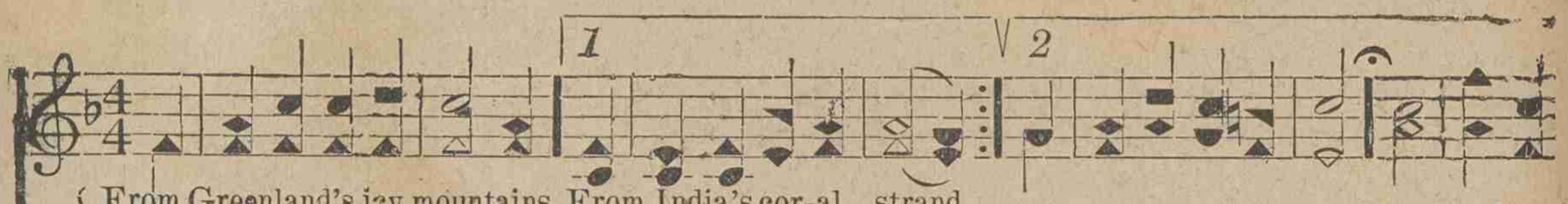
2 Stand up ! — stand up for Jesus !
The triumph call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes ;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.
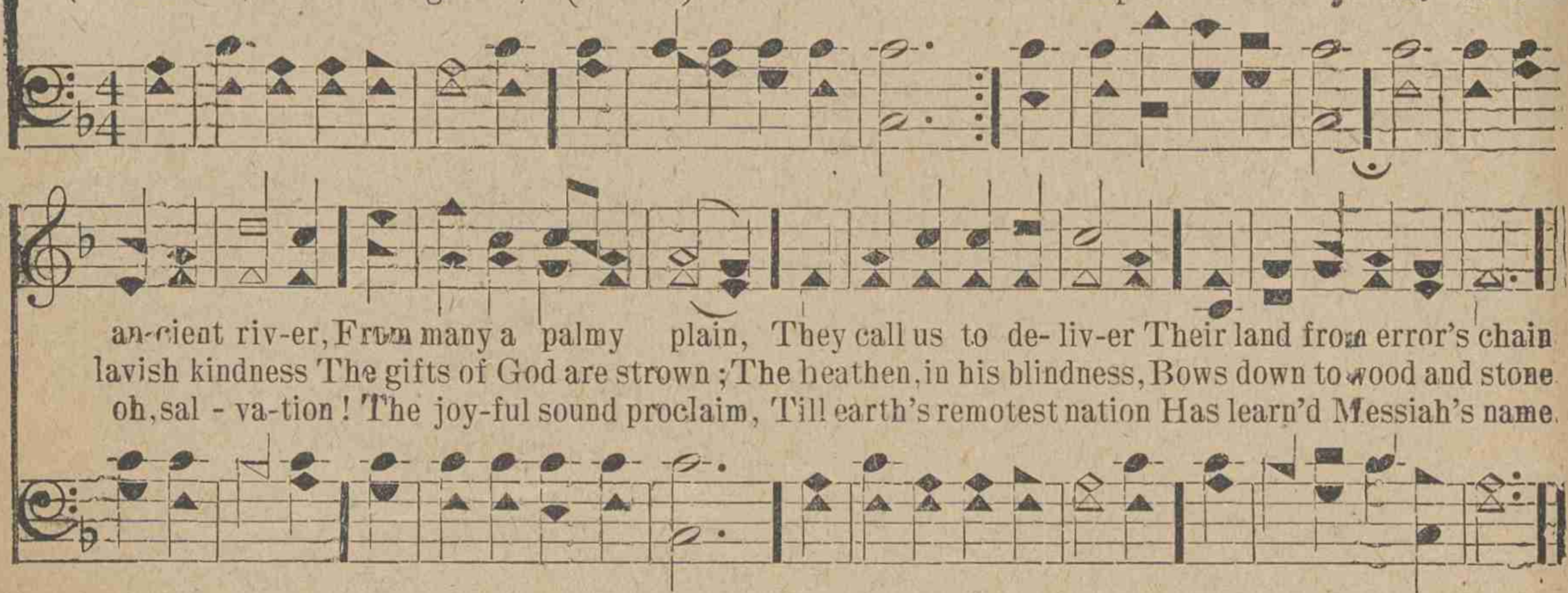
4 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 82. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON.



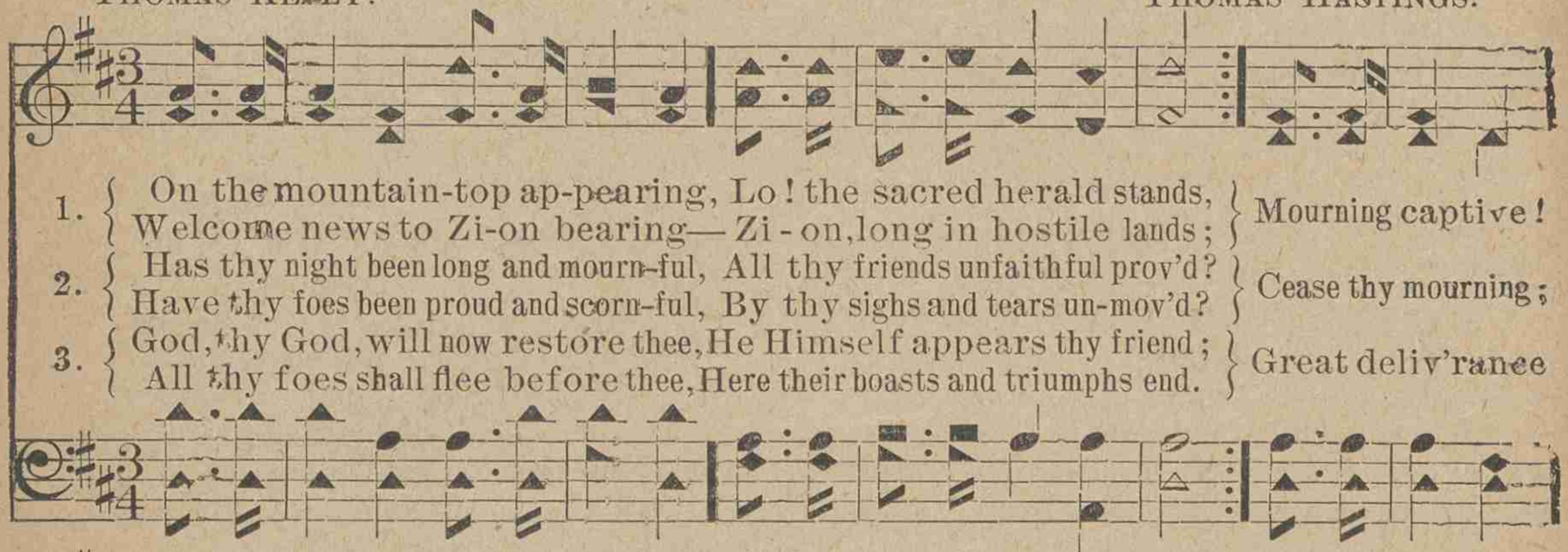
1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's cor-al strand,
   Where Afric's sunny fountains (*Omit.*) . . . . . Roll down their golden sand; From many an
2. What tho' the spicy breez-es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
   Tho' ev-'ry prospect pleases, (*Omit.*) . . . . . And on-ly man is vile; In vain with
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high,—
   Shall we, to men be-night-ed, (*Omit.*) . . . . . The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - vation!



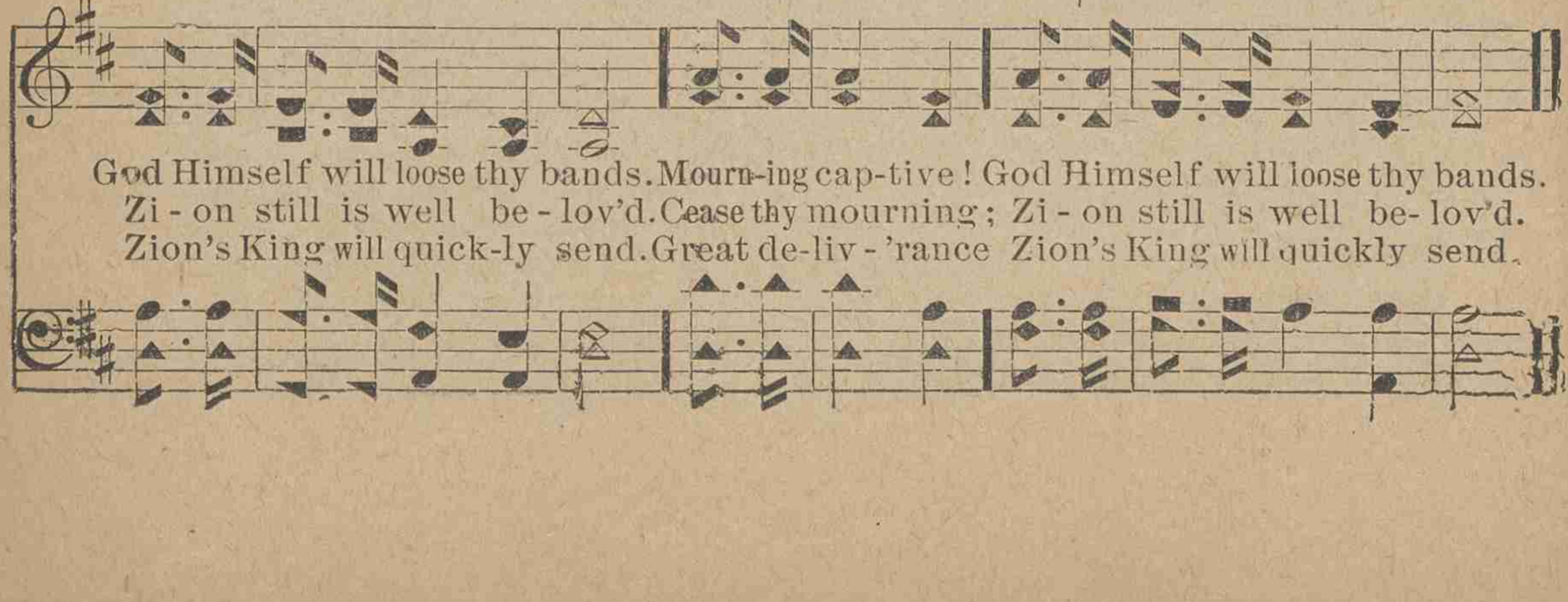
an-cient riv-er, From many a palmy plain, They call us to de- liv-er Their land from error's chain
lavish kindness The gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone
oh, sal - va-tion! The joy-ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation Has learn'd Messiah's name.

No. 83. ZION. 8s, 7s, 4.

THOMAS KELLY. THOMAS HASTINGS.



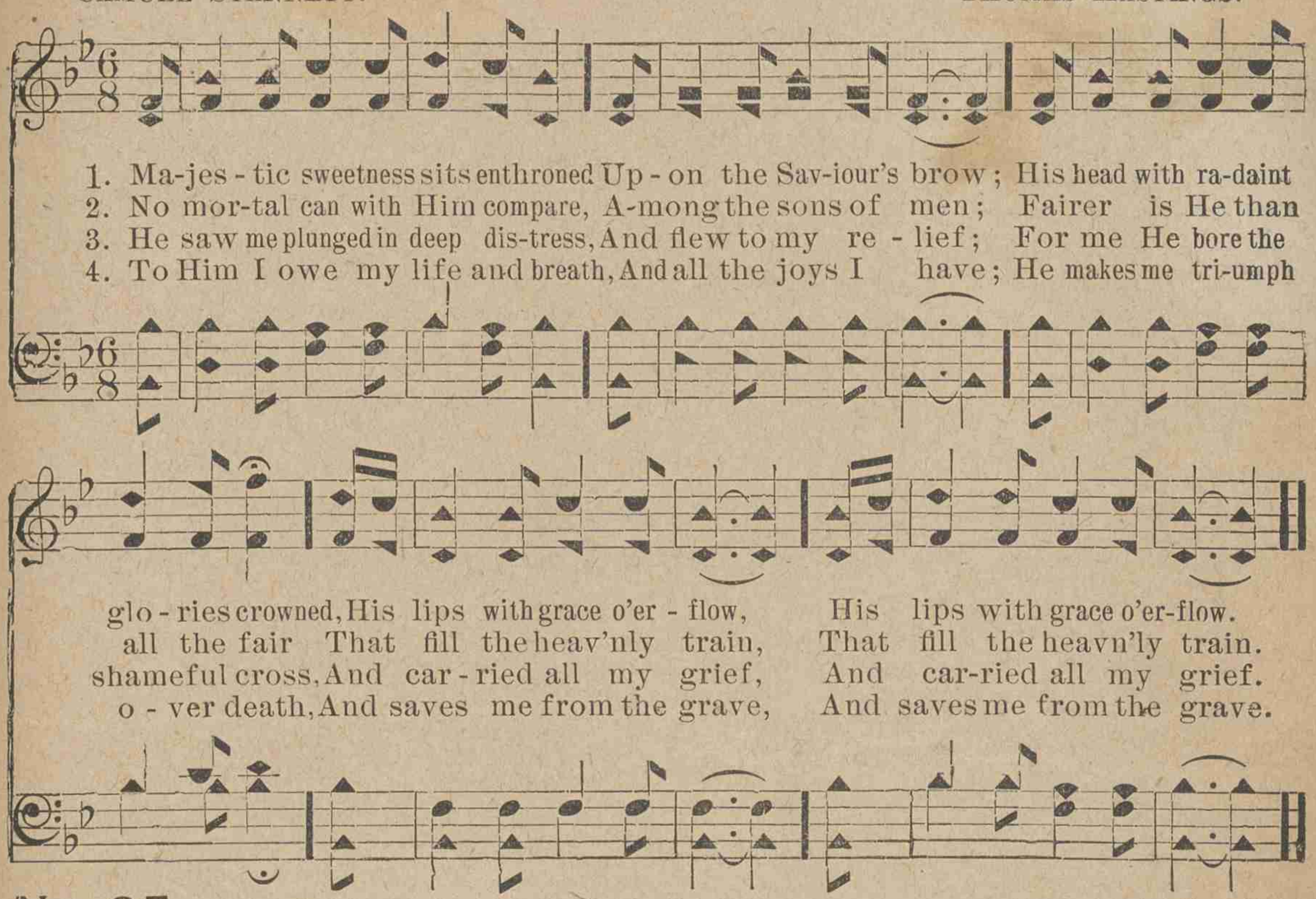
1. On the mountain-top ap-pearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, } Mourning captive!
   Welcome news to Zi-on bearing— Zi - on, long in hostile lands; }
2. Has thy night been long and mourn-ful, All thy friends unfaithful prov'd? } Cease thy mourning;
   Have thy foes been proud and scorn-ful, By thy sighs and tears un-mov'd? }
3. God, thy God, will now restore thee, He Himself appears thy friend; } Great deliv'rance
   All thy foes shall flee before thee, Here their boasts and triumphs end. }



God Himself will loose thy bands. Mourn-ing cap-tive! God Himself will loose thy bands.
Zi - on still is well be - lov'd. Cease thy mourning; Zi - on still is well be- lov'd.
Zion's King will quick-ly send. Great de-liv - 'rance Zion's King will quickly send.

No. 84. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

SAMUEL STENNETT. THOMAS HASTINGS.



No. 85.

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!

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

JOHN NEWTON.

No. 86. *Music No. 83.*

1 Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell!
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,—
Love no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home, indeed I love thee;
Can I, can I say "Farewell"?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

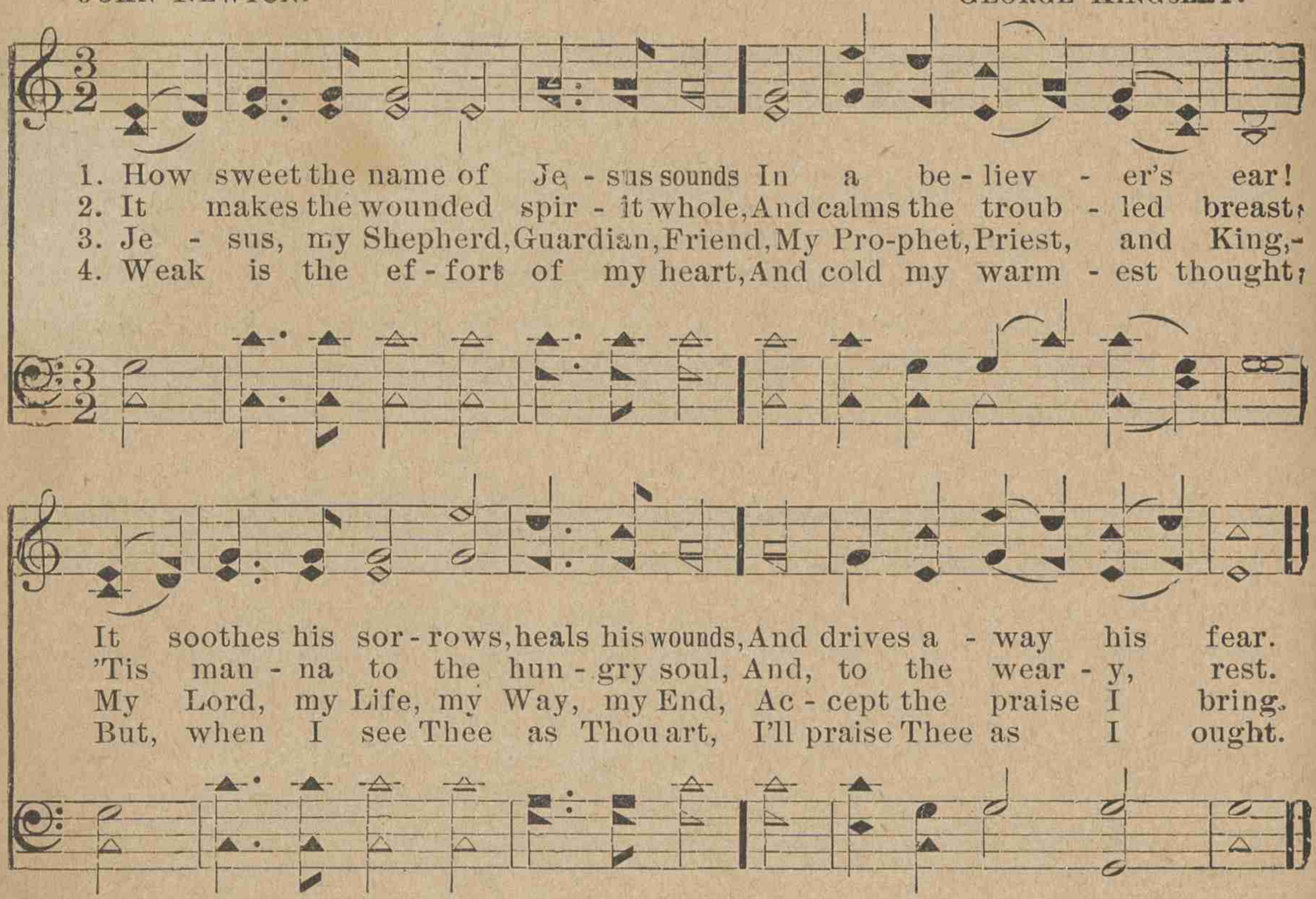
4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly;
From the scenes I loved so well;
Far away, ye billows bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell.
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell.
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell;
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

S. F. SMITH, 1833

No. 87. HEBER. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



No. 88. C. M.

1 To our Redeemer's glorous Name
Awake the sacred song;
O may His love — immortal flame —
Tune every heart and tongue.

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

3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Be Jesus our supreme delight,
His praise our best employ.

ANNE STEELE.

No. 89. C. M.

1 Jesus! delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In Union here are found.

2 He is our life, our joy, our strength,
In Him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.

3 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows His face;
To weary, heavy-laden souls
He is the resting-place.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

No. 90. C. M.

1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
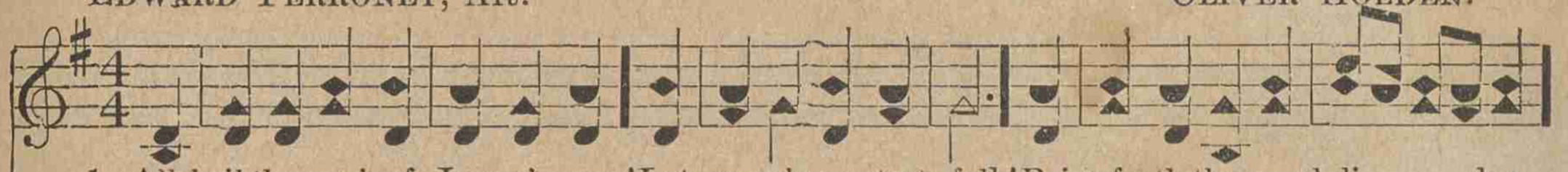
3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.
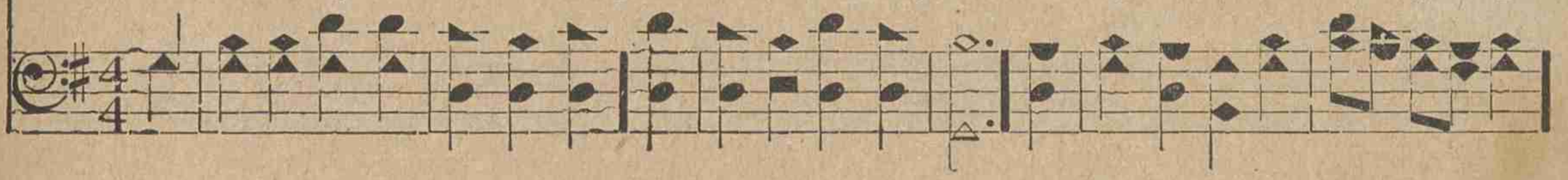
PHILIP DODDRIDGE.
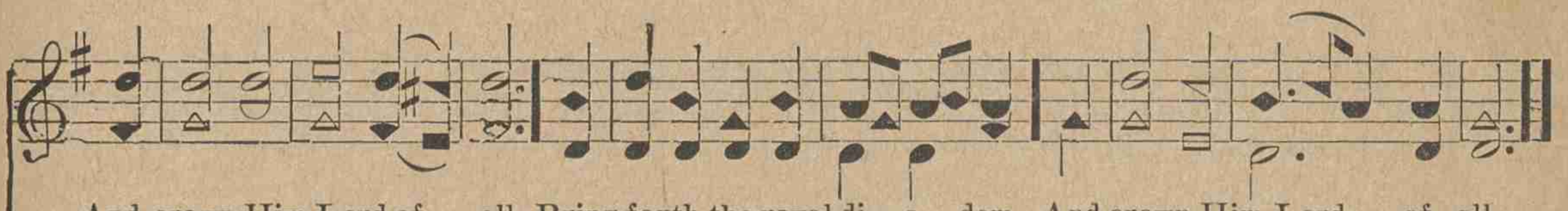
No. 91. CORONATION. C. M.

EDWARD PERRONET, Alt. OLIVER HOLDEN.
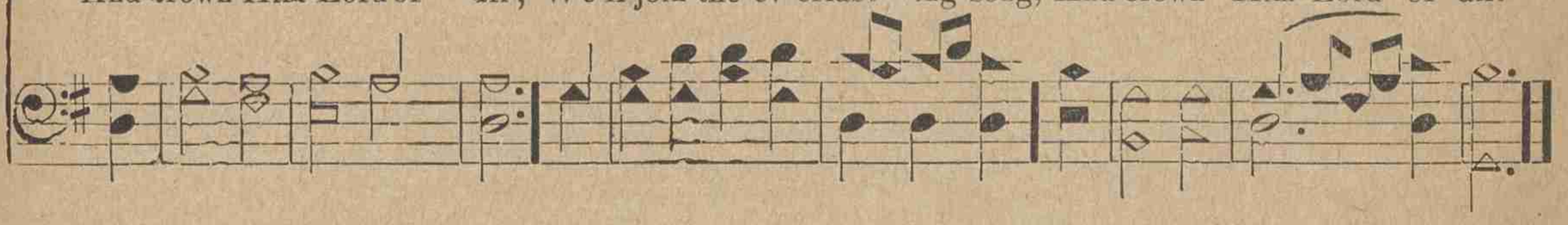


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall! Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,
2. Ye chos-en seed of Israel's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
4. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all ma-jes- ty as - cribe,
5. O that with yonder sacred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ever - lasting song,





And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all majes-ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev-erlast - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



No. 92. C. M.

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 Jesus! the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 93. C. M.

1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondrous nations round,
How bright these glories shine.

3 When in His earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And with their voice to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

5 Oh for the day, the glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate Thy praise.
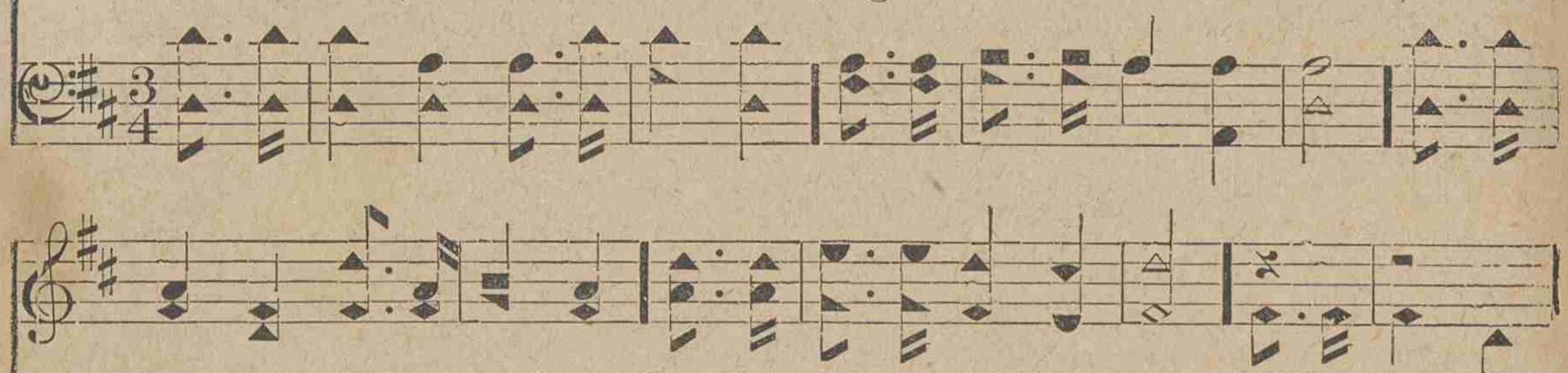
ANNE STEELE.

No. 94. ZION. 8s, 7s, 4.
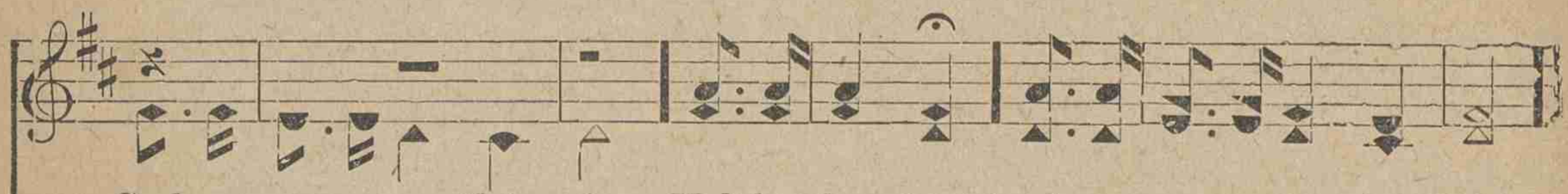
CHARLES WESLEY, Alt. THOMAS HASTINGS.
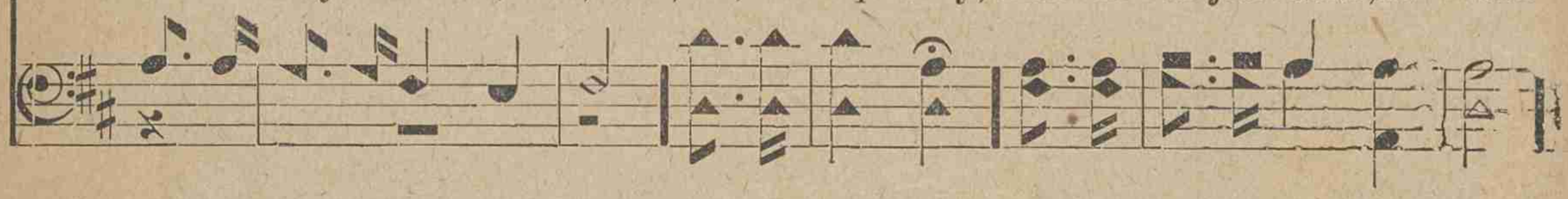


1. Lo, He comes, with clouds descend-ing, Once for favored sin-ners slain; Thousand
2. Ev - 'ry eye shall now be-hold Him, Rob'd in dreadful ma- jes - ty; Those who
3. Yea, A - men; let all a - dore Thee, High on Thine e-ter - nal throne; Saviour,



thou-sand saints at-tend-ing Swell the triumph of His train; Hal-le - lu - jah!
set at naught and sold Him, Pierc'd, and nail'd Him to the tree, Deeply wail- ing,
take the power and glo - ry, Claim the kingdom for Thine own. Oh, come quickly,



God ap-pears on earth to reign; Hal- le - lu - jah! God ap-pears on earth to reign.
Shall the true Mes-si-ah see; Deep-ly wail- ing, Shall the true Messi - ah see.
Hal - le - lu-jah! Come, Lord, come; Oh, come quickly, Hal - le - lu-jah! Come, Lord, come



No. 95. 8s, 7s, 4.

1 O'er the distant mountains breaking
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
'Tis thy Saviour,
On His bright returning way.
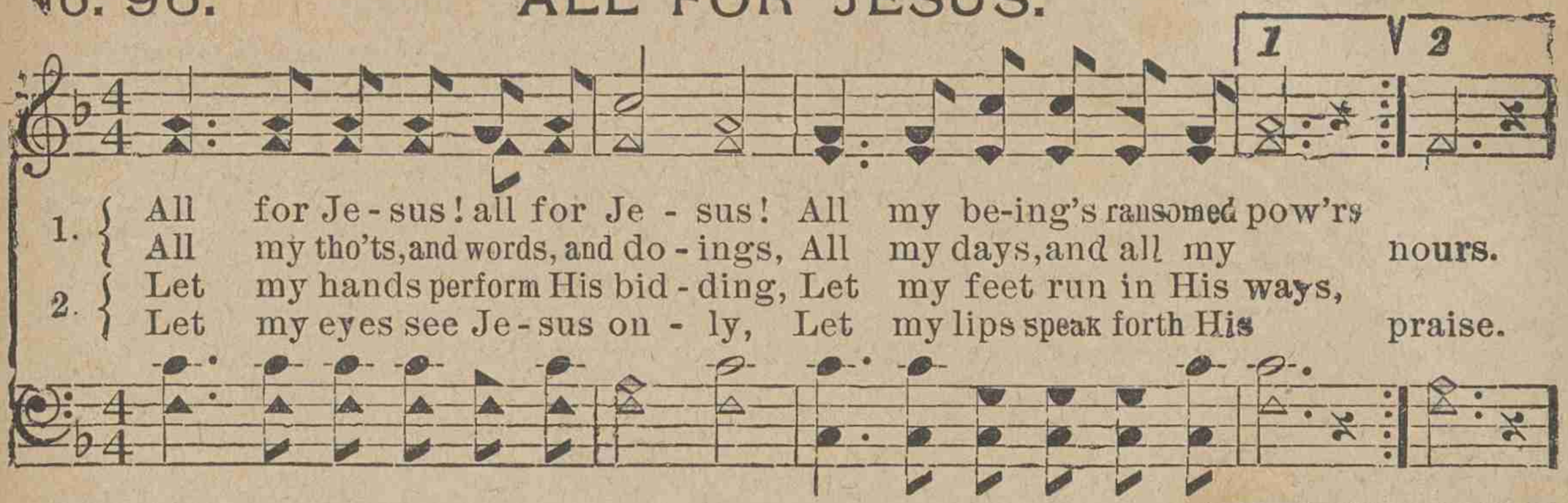
2 O Thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where Thy light I do not see.
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?
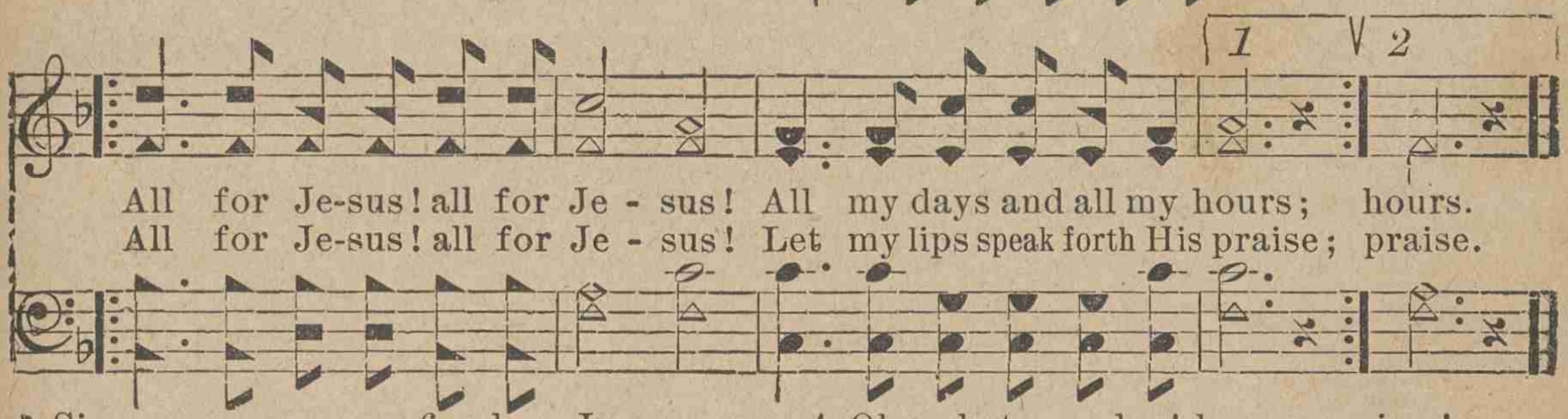
3 Nearer is my soul's salvation;
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station.
Watching for Thee till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised land.

4 With my lamp well-trimmed and burning
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home;
Come, my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come.

JOHN. S. B. MONSELL.

No. 96. ALL FOR JESUS.
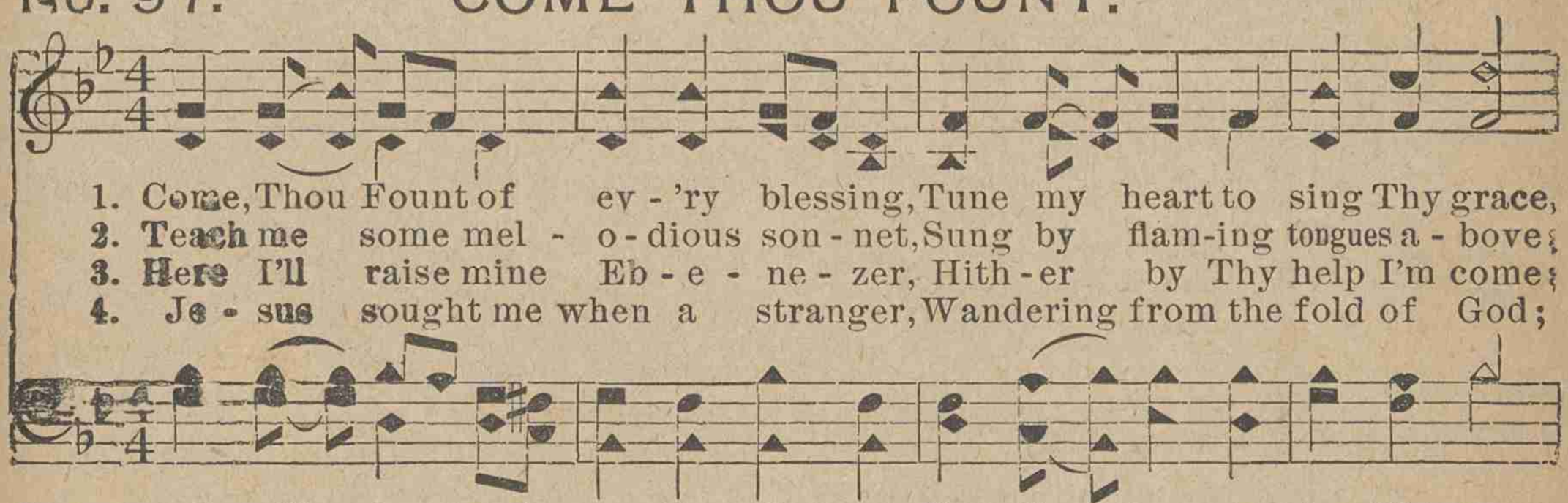




3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all besides;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified :‖

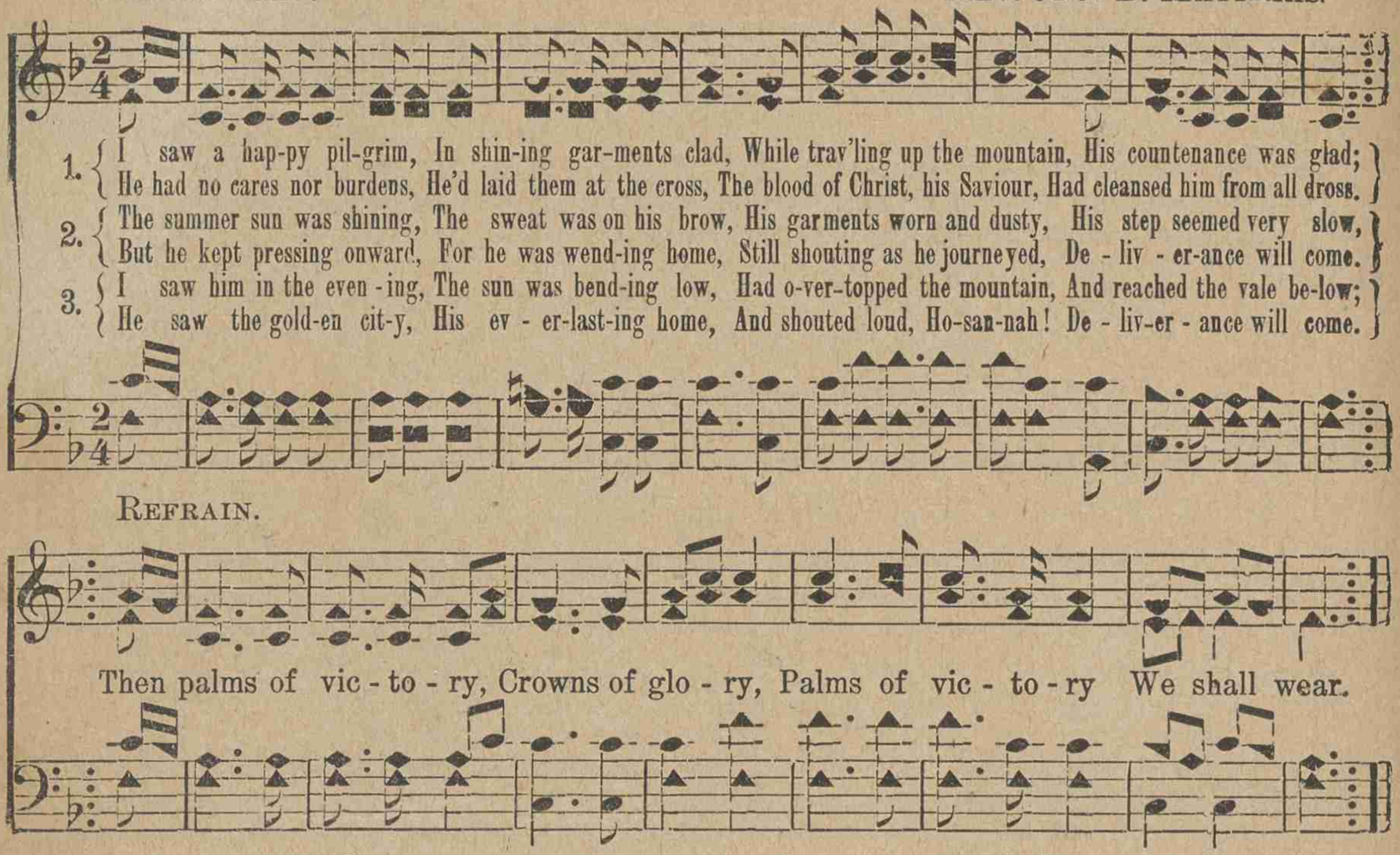
4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings :‖

No. 97. COME THOU FOUNT.



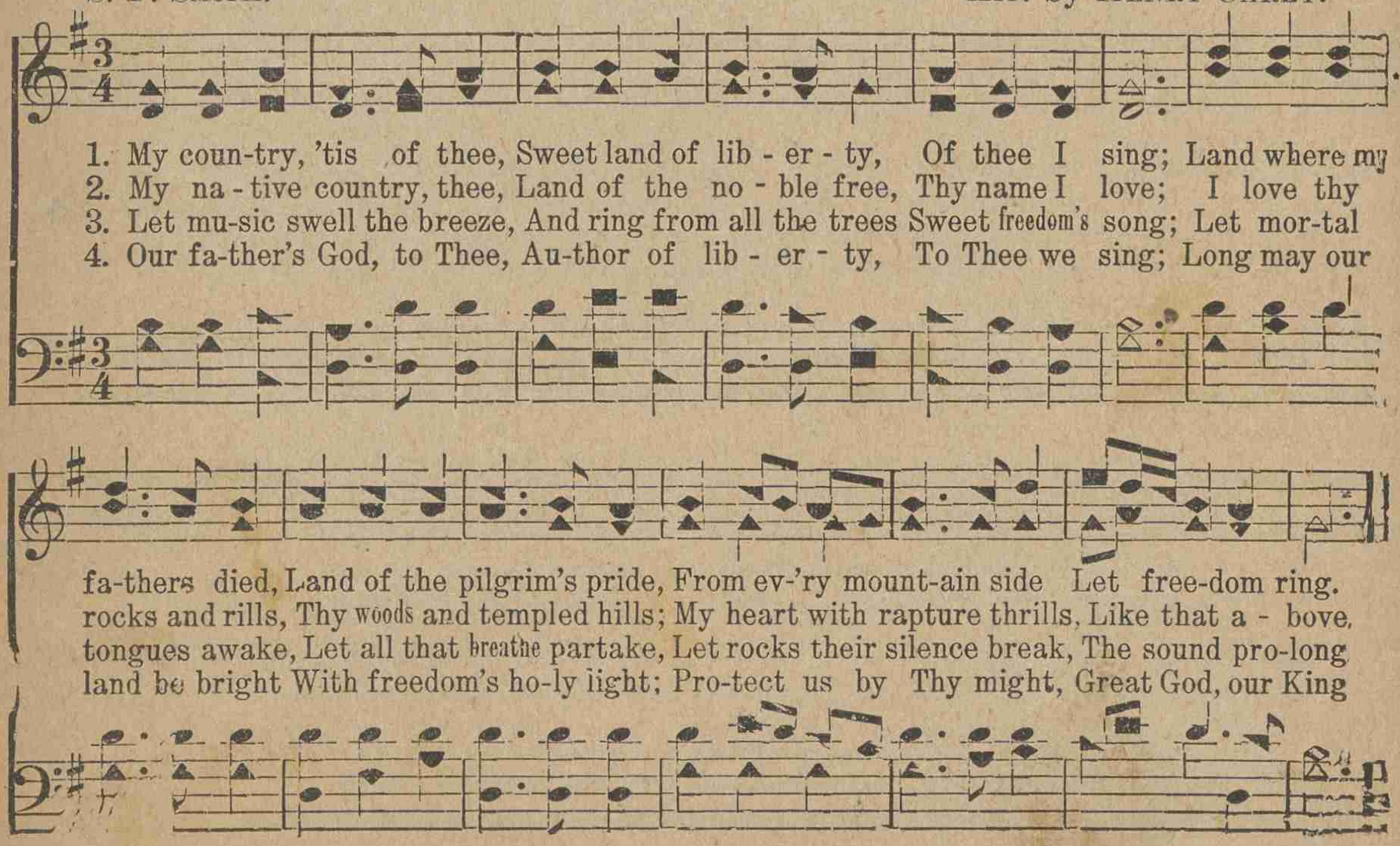
No. 98. DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

J. B. M. Arr. — Rev. Jno. B. Matthias.

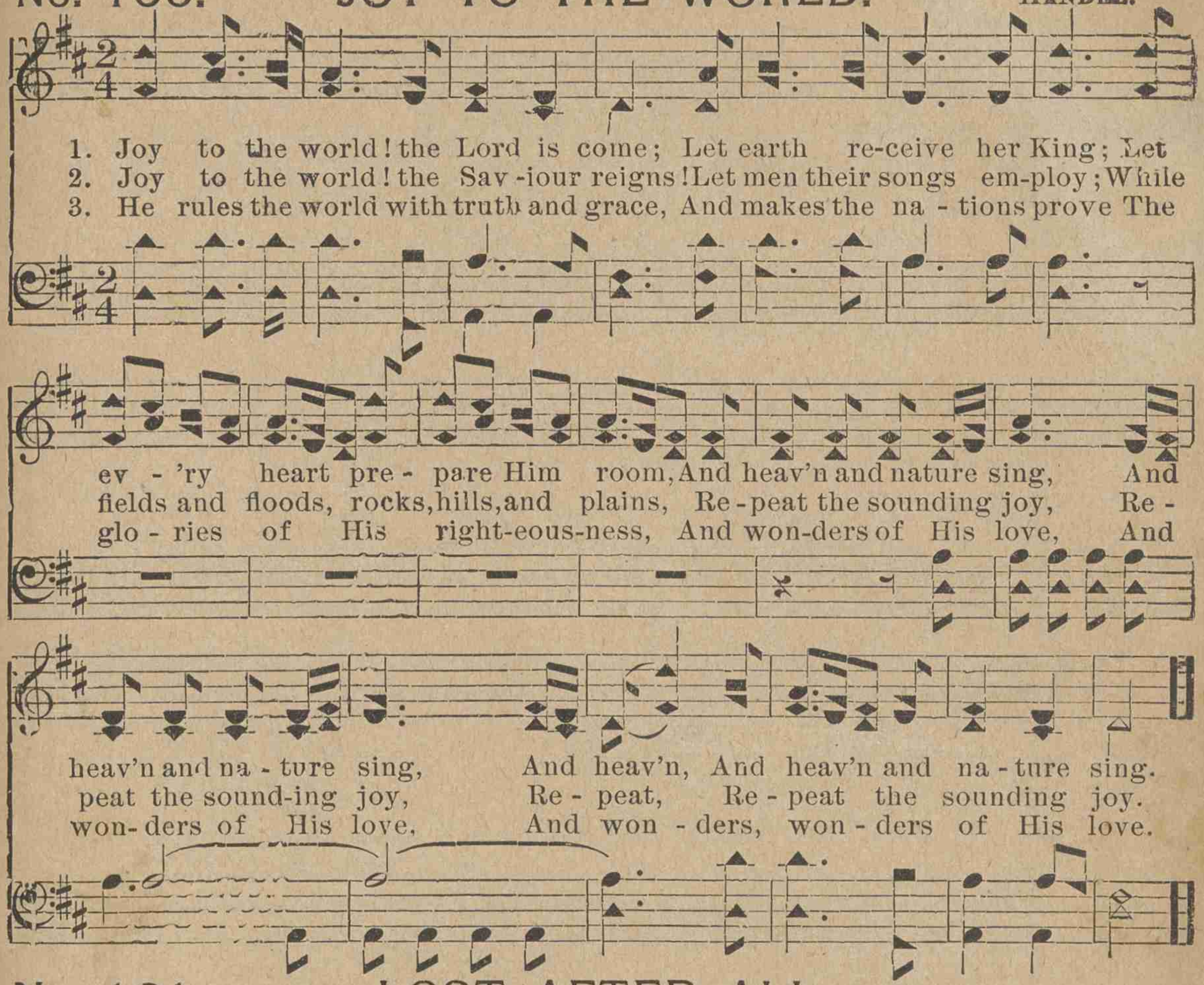


No. 99. AMERICA.

S. F. Smith. — Arr. by Henry Carey.



No. 100. JOY TO THE WORLD. HANDEL.



No. 101. LOST AFTER ALL.

(Can be sung to tune "After the Ball.")

1 A little child is kneeling by his mother's chair,
Softly repeating sweet words of pray'r;
"Dear, loving Jesus, gentle and mild,
Look down and bless me, Thy little child."
Long kneels the mother, praying that night,
"God bless my treasure, guide him aright."
List to his story, weep o'er his fall,
Through his own madness, lost after all.

REF After the days of childhood;
After a mother's prayer,
After the years of manhood,
Freighted with joys and cares;
After a thousand chances,
After the final call,
Bitter the wail of a spirit;
Lost after all.
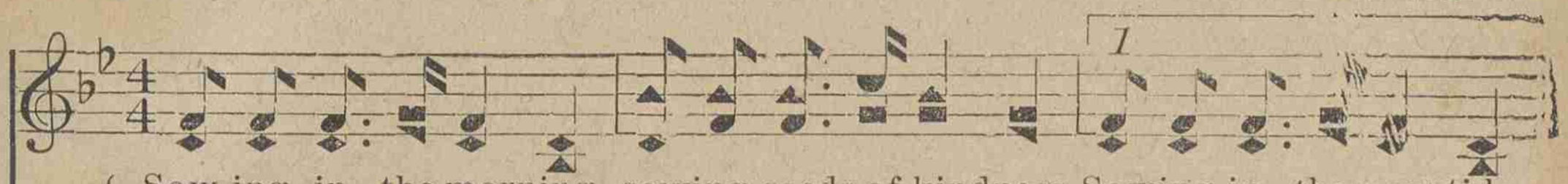
2 Changed is the picture, years have swiftly flown,
Sadly the mother waits all alone;
Waits for her darling, where does he roam,
Has he forgotten mother and home?
Hark, there's a footstep, surely, 'tis he;
Oh, Heaven help her, what does she see?
Inside he staggers, one groan, a fall;
Wrecked by the wine-cup, lost after all.

3 Farther and farther from his mother's God
Wanders he on in sin's road so broad,
Till by the window, one stormy night,
He finds her waiting, lifeless and white.
Vainly the spirit strives for his soul;
Spurning his God, he turns to the bowl.
Angels in heaven, weep o'er his fall,
Still unrepentant, lost after all.

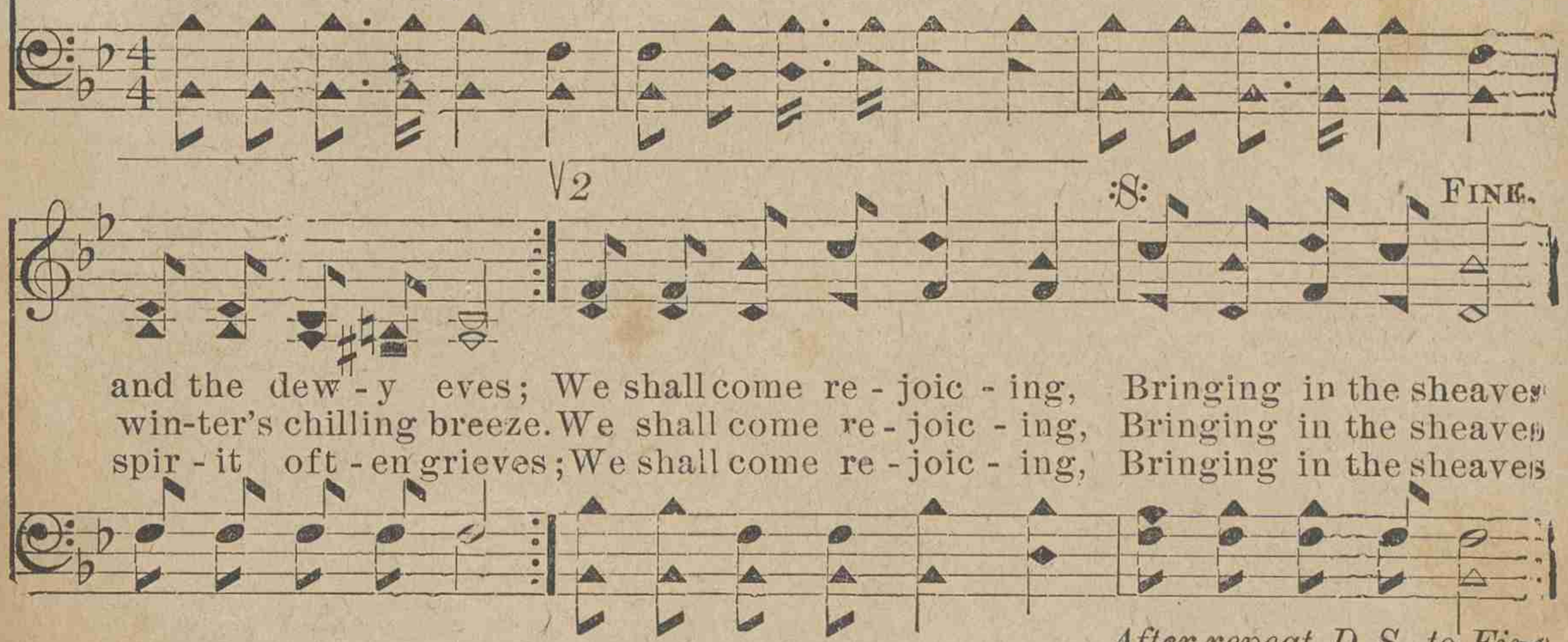
Copyright, 1895, by Charlie D. Tillman, Atlanta, Ga., from his Revival No. 2.

No. 102. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A MINOR.



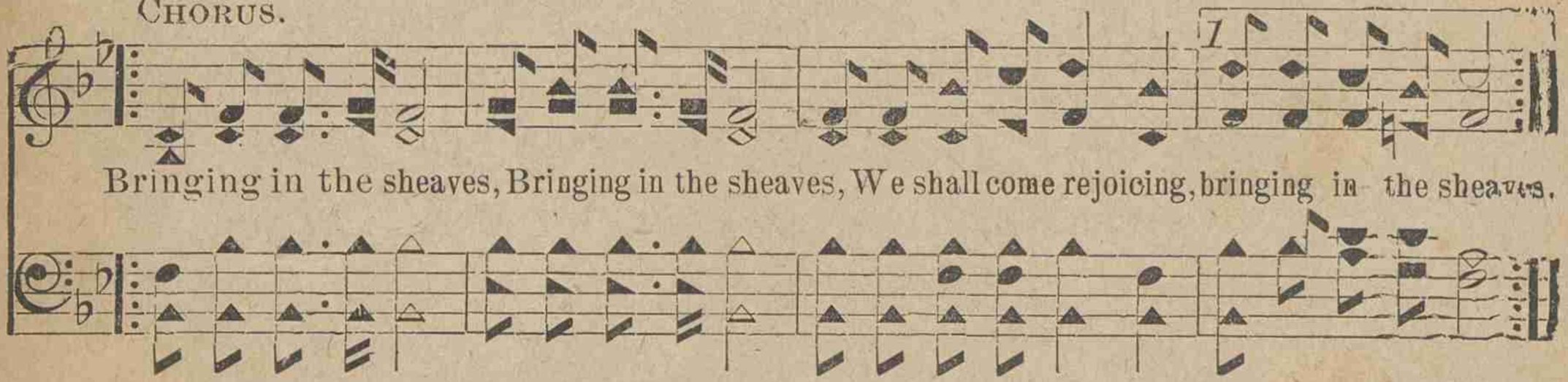
1. { Sow-ing in the morning. sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide,
   { Waiting for the har- vest, and the time of reap-ing, *(Omit.)*
2. { Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
   { By and by the har - vest, and the lab - or end - ed, *(Omit.)*
3. { Go then, ev - en weep ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd our
   { When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come, *(Omit)*



and the dew - y eves; We shall come re - joic - ing, Bringing in the sheaves
win-ter's chilling breeze. We shall come re - joic - ing, Bringing in the sheaves
spir - it oft - en grieves; We shall come re - joic - ing, Bringing in the sheaves

After repeat D.S. to Fine.

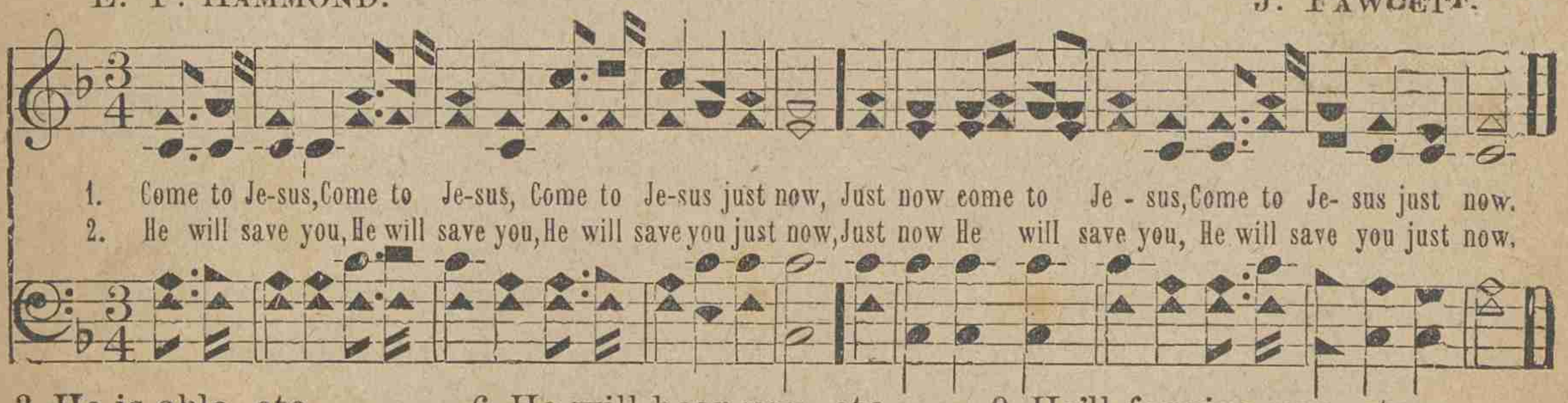
CHORUS.



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

No. 103. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

E. P. HAMMOND. J. FAWCETT.
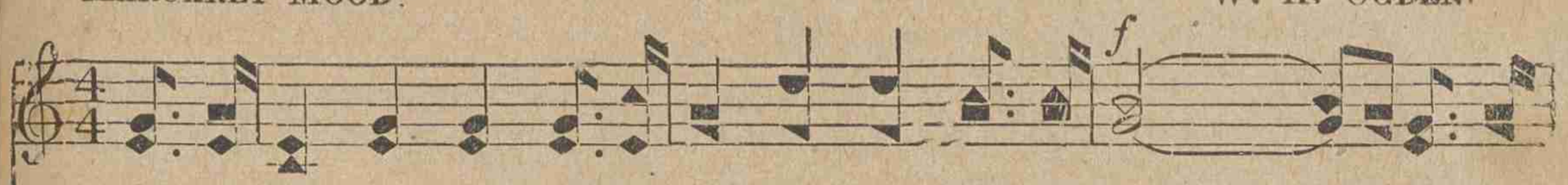


1. Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now, Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je- sus just now.
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now, Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.
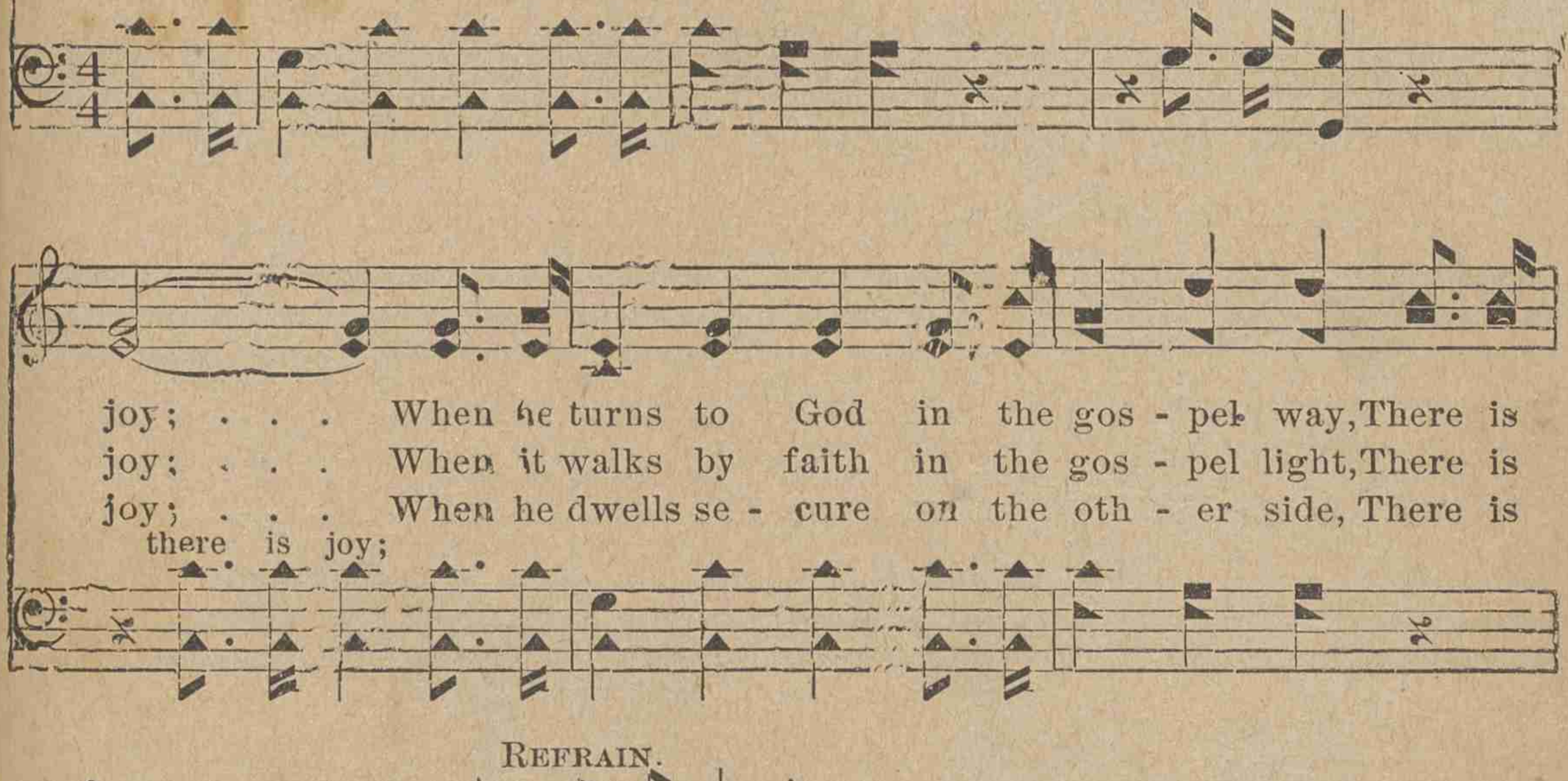
3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is waiting, etc.
6 He will hear you, etc.
7 He will cleanse you, etc
8 He'll renew you, etc.
9 He'll forgive you, etc.
10 If you'll trust Him, etc.
11 He will save you, etc.

No. 104. THERE IS JOY.
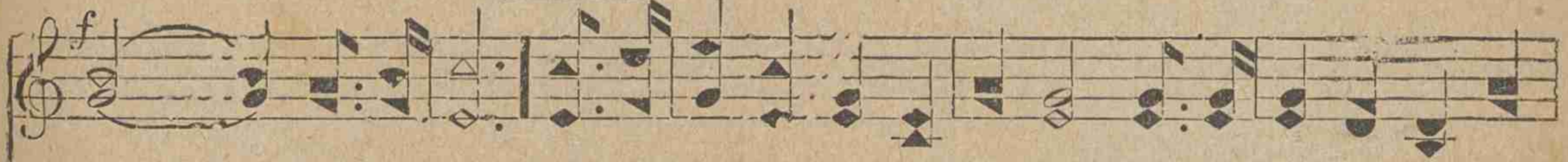
MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.
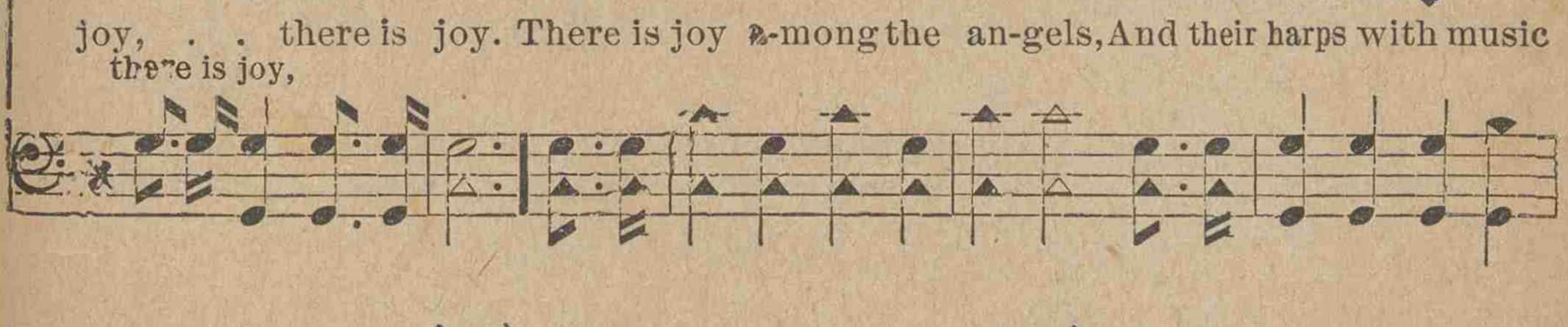


1. When a sin - ner comes, as a sin - ner may There is joy, . . . there is
2. When a soul is born in the king-dom bright, There is joy, . . . there is
3. When a pil - grim comes to the riv - er wide, There is joy, . . . there is
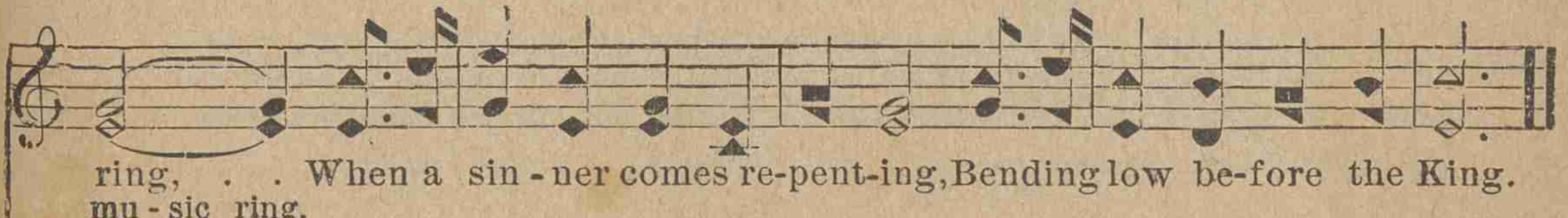


joy; . . . When he turns to God in the gos - pel way, There is
joy; . . . When it walks by faith in the gos - pel light, There is
joy; . . . When he dwells se - cure on the oth - er side, There is
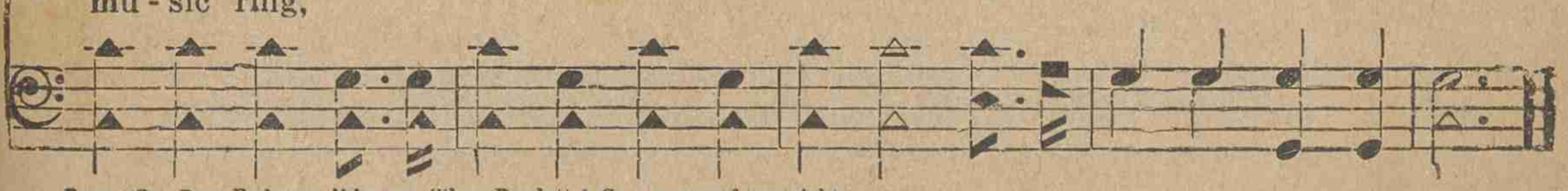


REFRAIN.



joy, . . there is joy. There is joy a-mong the an-gels, And their harps with music



ring, . . When a sin - ner comes re-pent-ing, Bending low be-fore the King.
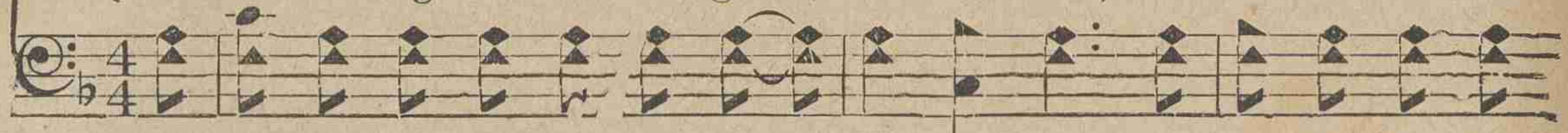


From "Our Best Endeavor," by per. Silver Burdett & Co., owners of copyright.

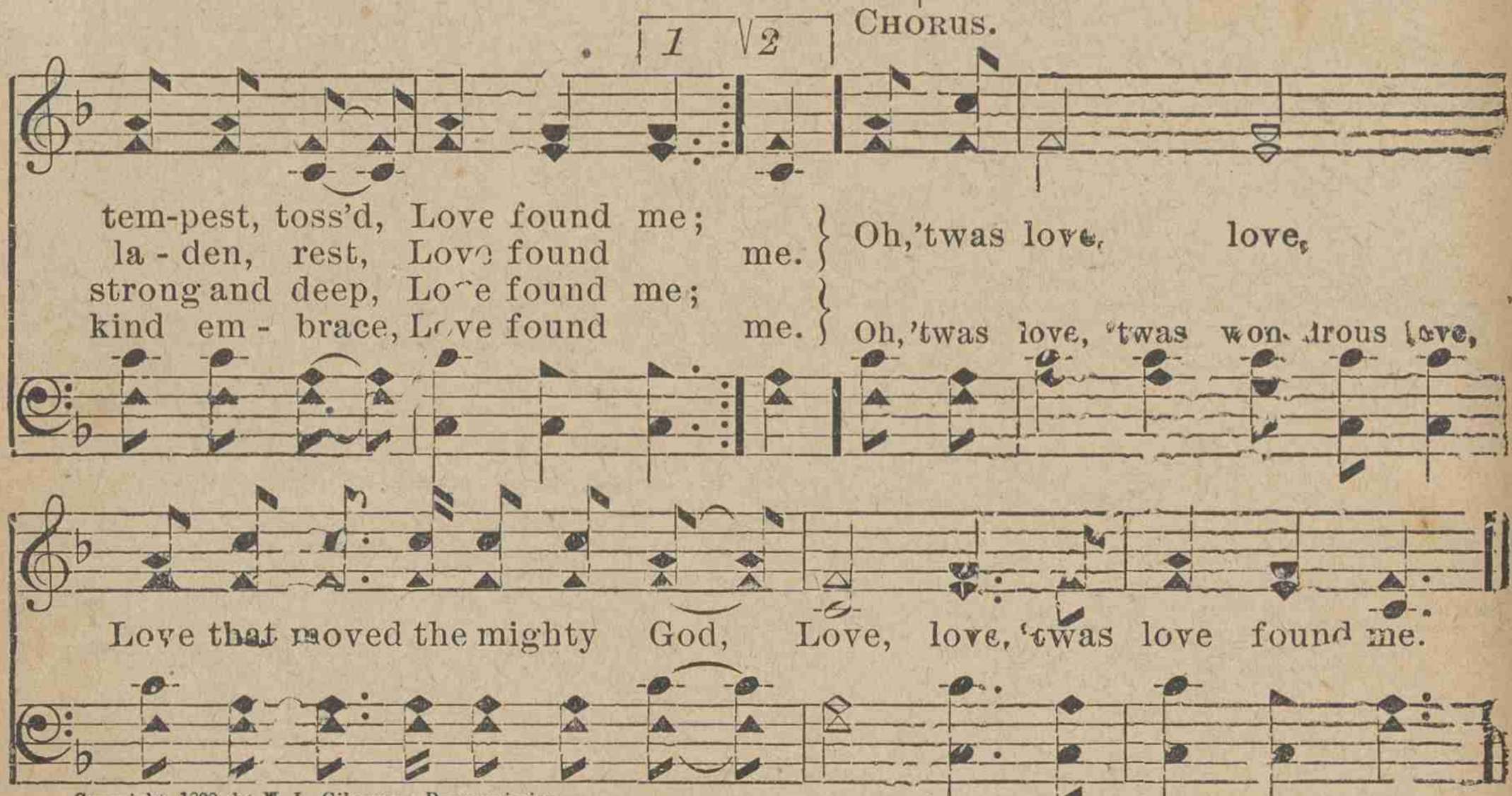
No. 105. LOVE FOUND ME.

H. L. GILMOUR. Arr. by H. L. G.



1. When out in sin and darkness lost, Love found me; My faint-ing soul was
   I heard the Saviour's words so blest, Love found me; Come, wea-ry, heav-y
2. The Spir-it rous'd me from my sleep, Love found me; Con - viction seiz'd me
   Al - tho' I long withstood His grace, Love found me; He wooed me to His





tem-pest, toss'd, Love found me;
la - den, rest, Love found me.
strong and deep, Love found me;
kind em - brace, Love found me.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas love, love,

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas won-drous love,

Love that moved the mighty God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

Copyright, 1890- by H. L. Gilmour. By permission.

3 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
Love found me;
For saving from an endless death,
Love found me,
Christ is my advocate above,
Love found me;
I'm yoked to Him in perfect love,
Love found me.—CHO

4 And when I reach the gold pav'd street,
Love found me;
I'll sit adoring at His feet,
Love found me;
And sing hosannas round the throne,
Love found me;
Where I shall know as I am known,
Love found me.—CHO.

No. 106. THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

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

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

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray-
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day. CHO

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

4 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. CHO

No. 107. TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

"Tell it to Jesus."—Matt. 14: 12.

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

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav-y - heart-ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troubled at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus. Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's com - ing king - dom are you sigh - ing?

D.S. *You have no oth - er such a friend or broth - er*

FINE. REFRAIN.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

D.S.

Tell it to Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known;

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No 108. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J. J. M. Black.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der I'll be there.
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rec - tion share; When His chos-en ones shall gather to their home be - yond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set-ting sun, Let ur talk of all His won-drous love and care, Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

Fine.

Refrain.

When the roll . . is call'd up yon - der, When the roll . . is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

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1893
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1949

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

D. S.

yon - - der, When the roll . . . is called up yon - der, When the
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll

No. 109. JESUS SAVES ME.

G. R. STUART. ZOLLIE STUART.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Glo-ry hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me;
2. This is the way I long have sought, Glo-ry hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me;
3. The King's highway of ho - li - ness, Glo-ry hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me;
4. My grief a bur-den long has been, Glo-ry hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me;
5. Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb, Glo-ry hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me;
6. Nothing but sin have I to give; Glo-ry hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me;
7. Then will I tell to sin - ners 'round, Glo-ry hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me;

He whom I fix my hopes up-on; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me.
And mourn'd because I found it not; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me.
I'll go, for all His paths are peace, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me.
Be - cause I was not sav'd from sin, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me.
Shalt take me to Thee as I am; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me.
Noth-ing but love shall I re-ceive, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me.
What a dear Sav-iour I have found, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me.

REFRAIN.
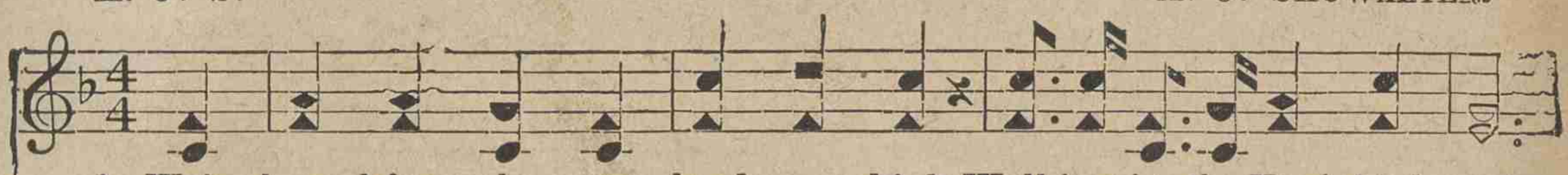
He saves me. He saves me, Glo - ry hal- le-lu - jah, Je-sus saves me.
Hal- le-lu-jah, Hal - le- lu-jah,

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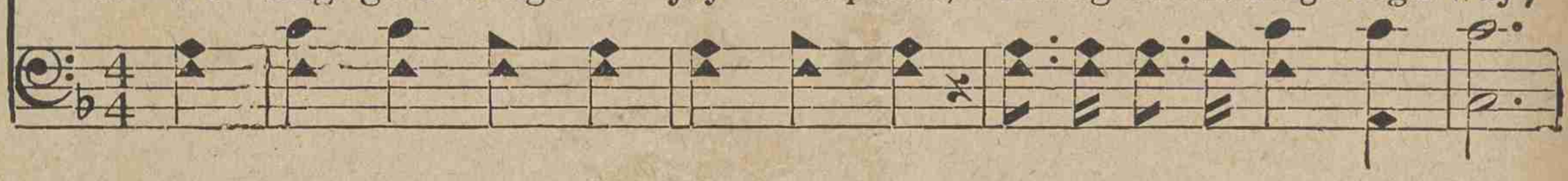
No. 110. WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

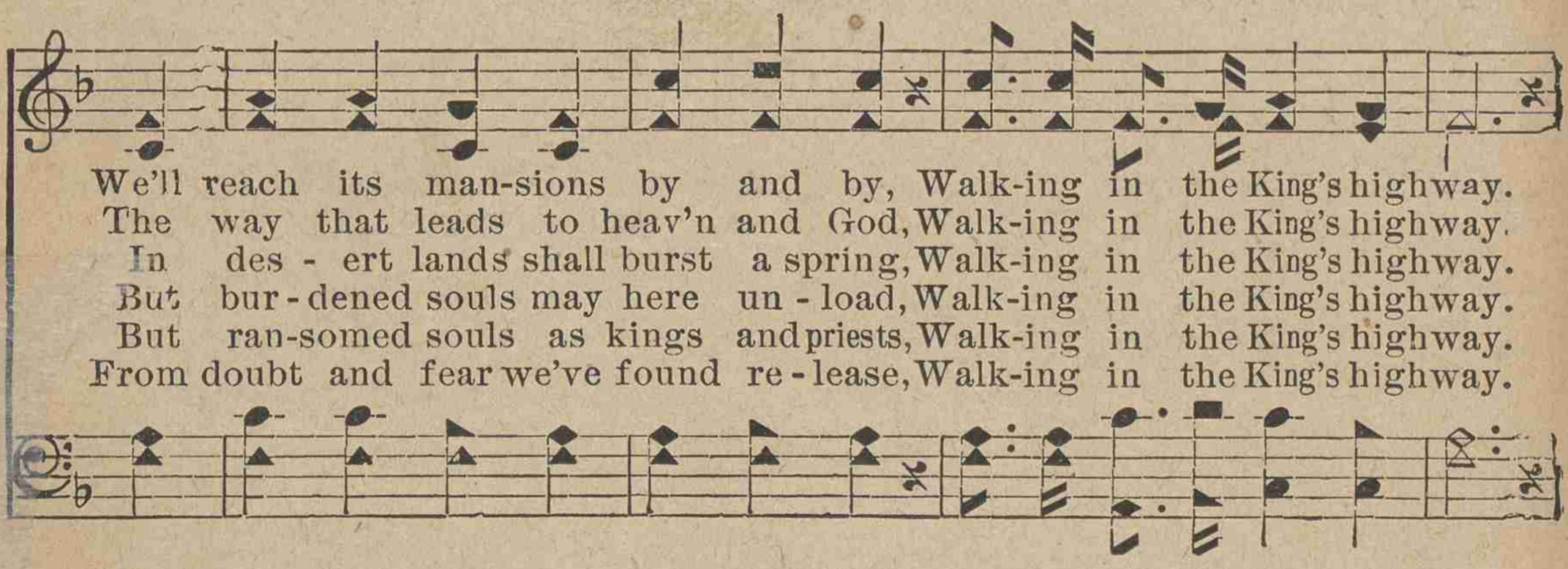
"And an highway shall be there, . . . and it shall be called the way of holiness."—Isa. 35: 8.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.



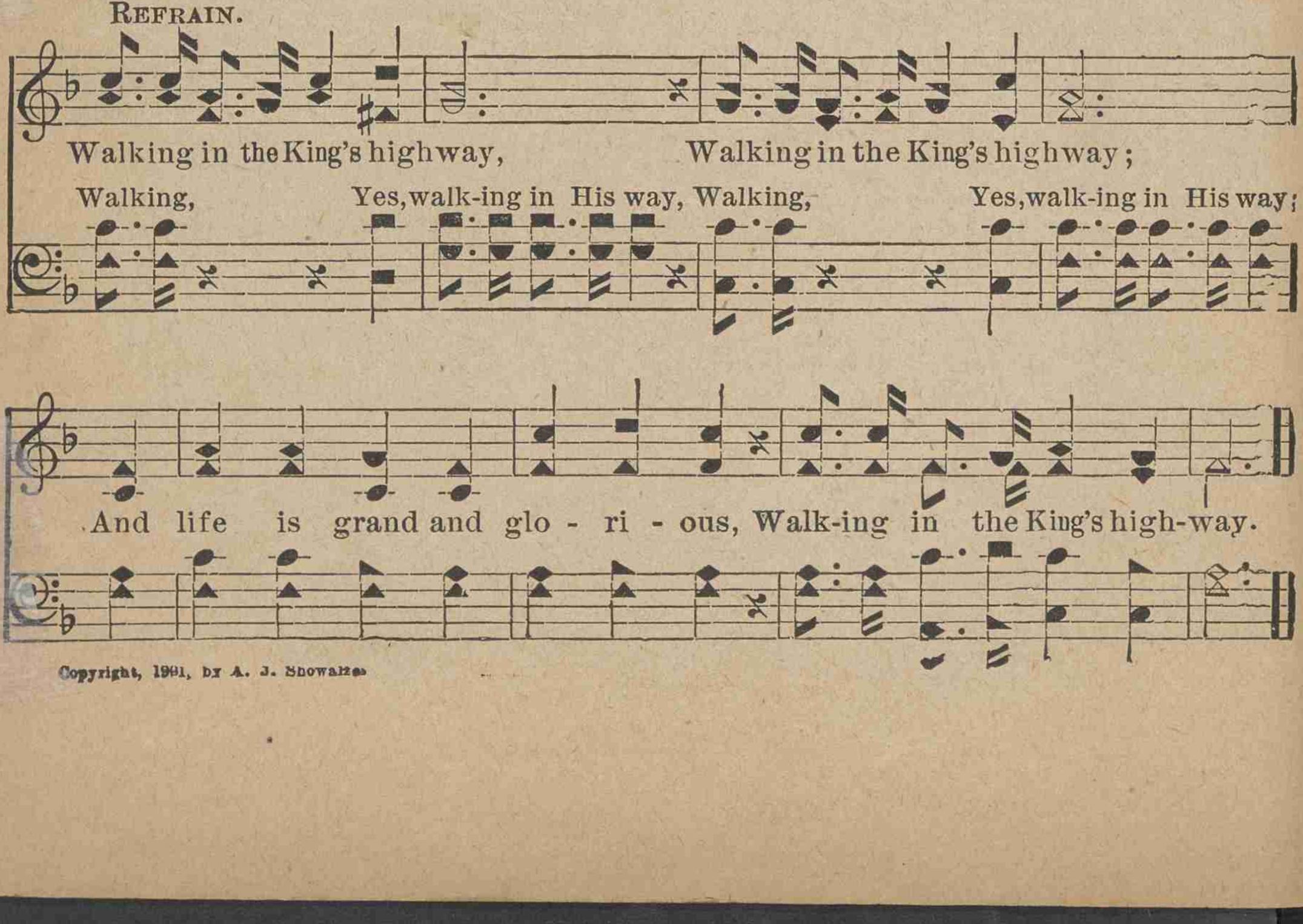
1. We're bound for glo - ry - land on high, Walking in the King's high-way;
2. This is the way our fa - thers trod, Walking in the King's high-way;
3. The lame shall leap, the dumb shall sing, Walking in the King's high-way;
4. No un - clean thing may pass this road, Walking in the King's high-way;
5. No li - ons here, nor rag - ing beast, Walking in the King's high-way;
6. We sing glad songs of joy and peace, Walking in the King's high-way;





We'll reach its man-sions by and by, Walk-ing in the King's highway.
The way that leads to heav'n and God, Walk-ing in the King's highway.
In des - ert lands shall burst a spring, Walk-ing in the King's highway.
But bur - dened souls may here un - load, Walk-ing in the King's highway.
But ran-somed souls as kings and priests, Walk-ing in the King's highway.
From doubt and fear we've found re - lease, Walk-ing in the King's highway.

REFRAIN.

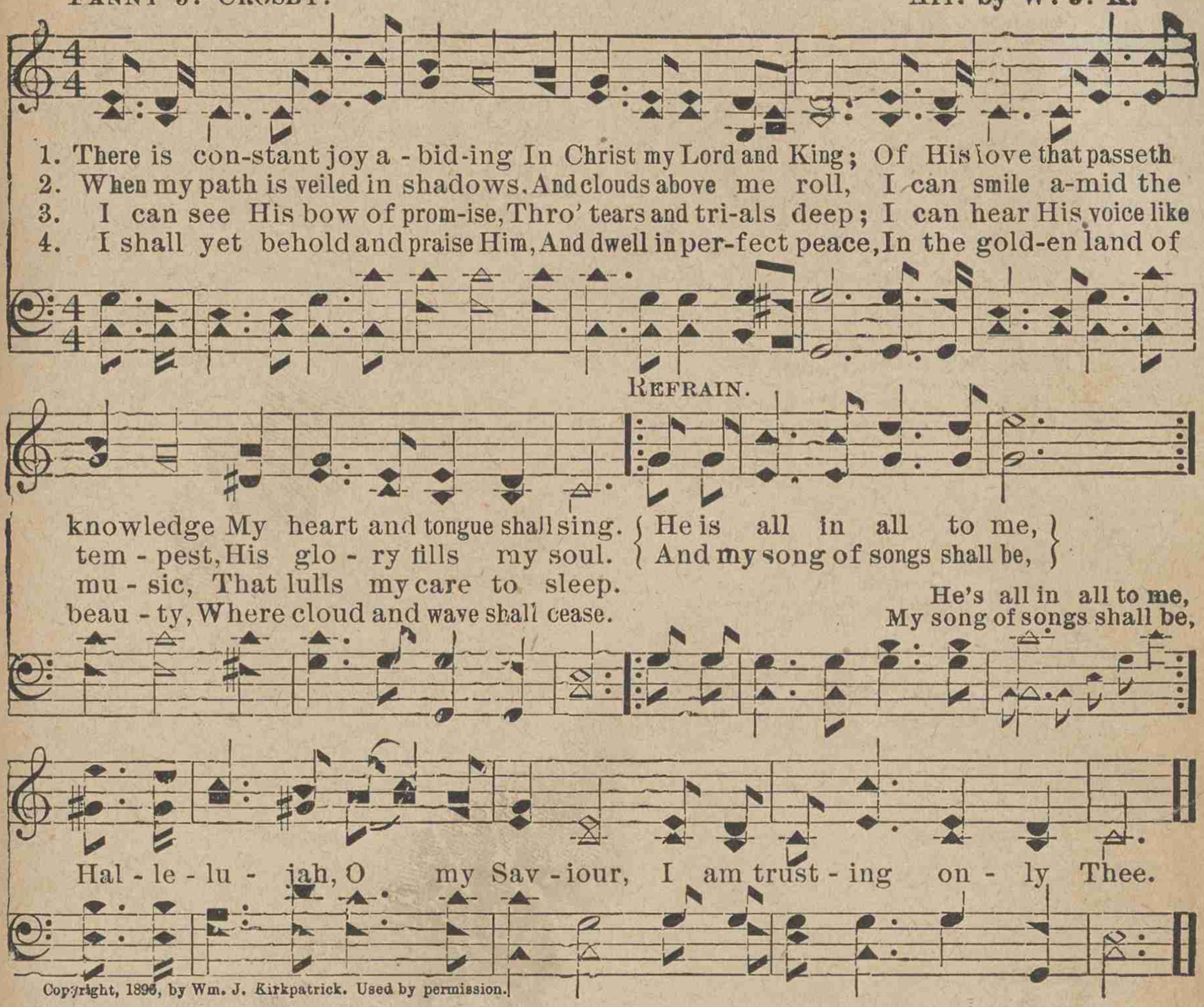


Walking in the King's highway, Walking in the King's highway;
Walking, Yes, walk-ing in His way, Walking, Yes, walk-ing in His way;
And life is grand and glo - ri - ous, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.

Copyright, 1901, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 111. HE IS ALL IN ALL TO ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Arr. by W. J. K.



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No. 112.

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

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

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

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

No. 113.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
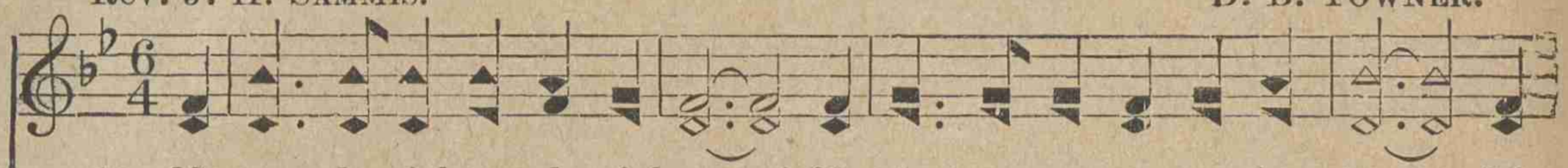
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
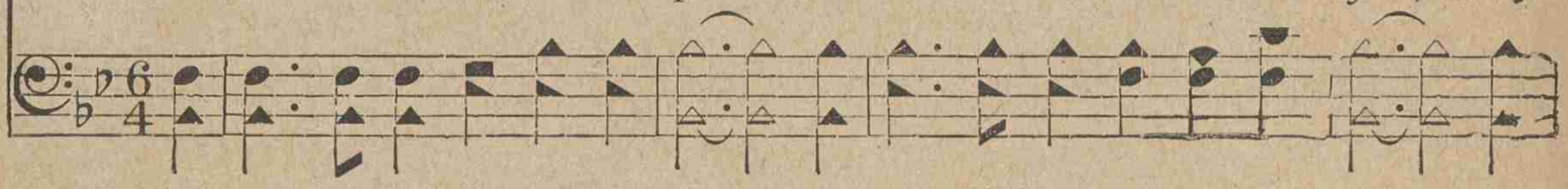
4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
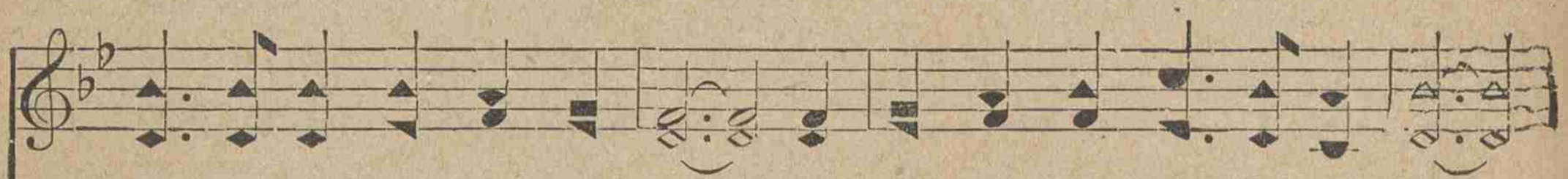
No. 114. WHAT MORE COULD HE DO?

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

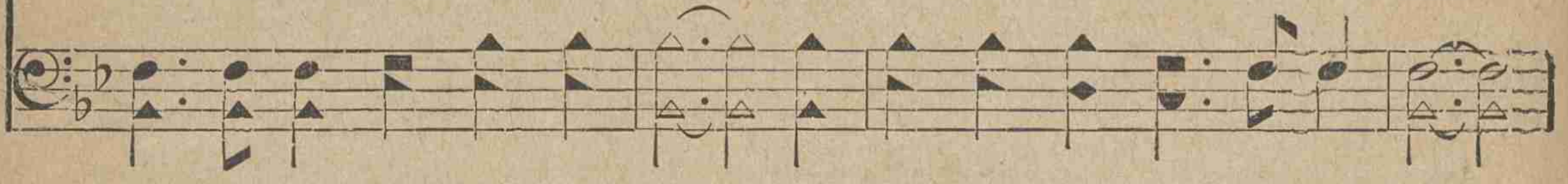


1. Oh, won-der-ful, wonder-ful grace! Oh, sto - ry so sweet and so true, Of
2. For sin, oh, how dearly He paid, Your soul to re-deem from its woe! A
3. What more could He suf-fer to pay, The debt un - to righteousness due, For
4. What more could He suf-fer to prove The love of the Fa-ther for you, Thy
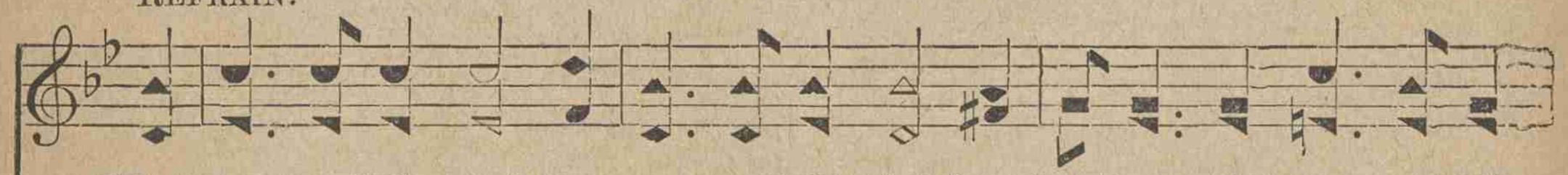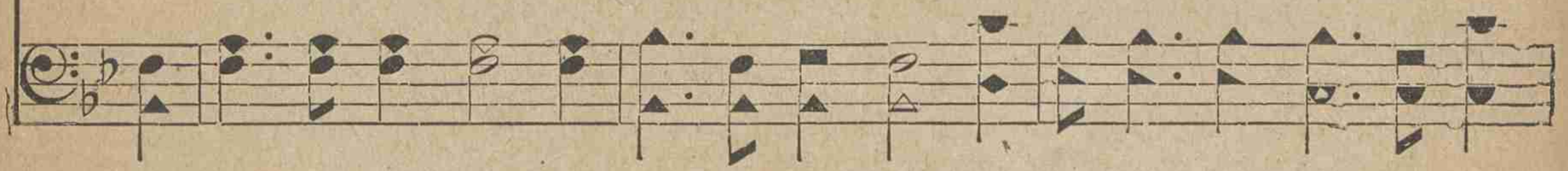




Je - sus who died in our place! What more, oh, what more could He do?
full sat - is - fac - tion He made, O brother, oh, what more could He do?
mer - cy to o - pen the way, My broth - er, what more could He do?
heart with con-tri - tion to move, Say, broth - er, what more could He do?
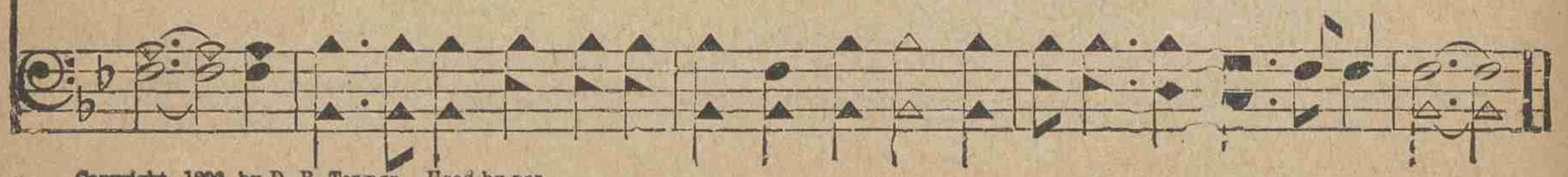


REFRAIN.



What more could He do? what more could He do? Say, broth-er, what more could He



do? He shed His own blood for a sin-cleansing flood, O brother, what more could He do?



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No. 115. TRUST AND OBEY.

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 shadow 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

REFRAIN

still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
tear Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey. **Trust and o - bey, For there's**
stows, Are for all who will trust and o - bey.
go, Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

no oth - er way To be hap-py in Je - sus But to trust and o-bey.

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No. 116. HEAR HIM PLEADING.

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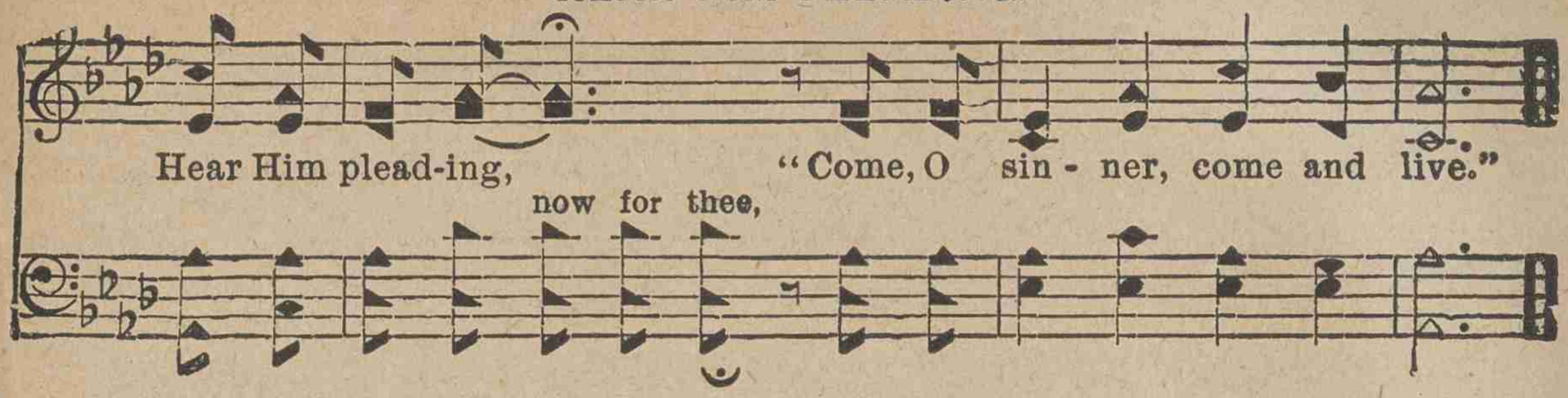
1. There is rest, sweet rest, in the Cru - ci-fied, When the soul is cleansed from sin,
2. There is rest, sweet rest, for each troubled soul, Who will look to Him and live;
3. There is rest, sweet rest, sin-ner, hear the cry, And ac-cept this rest to - day;

When all doubts and fears have been cast a - side, By the love of God with - in.
Look by faith a - lone in His precious blood, Then e-ter - nal life He'll give.
Je - sus' blood can wash ev - 'ry crimson dye; Come, O come without de - lay.

REFRAIN.

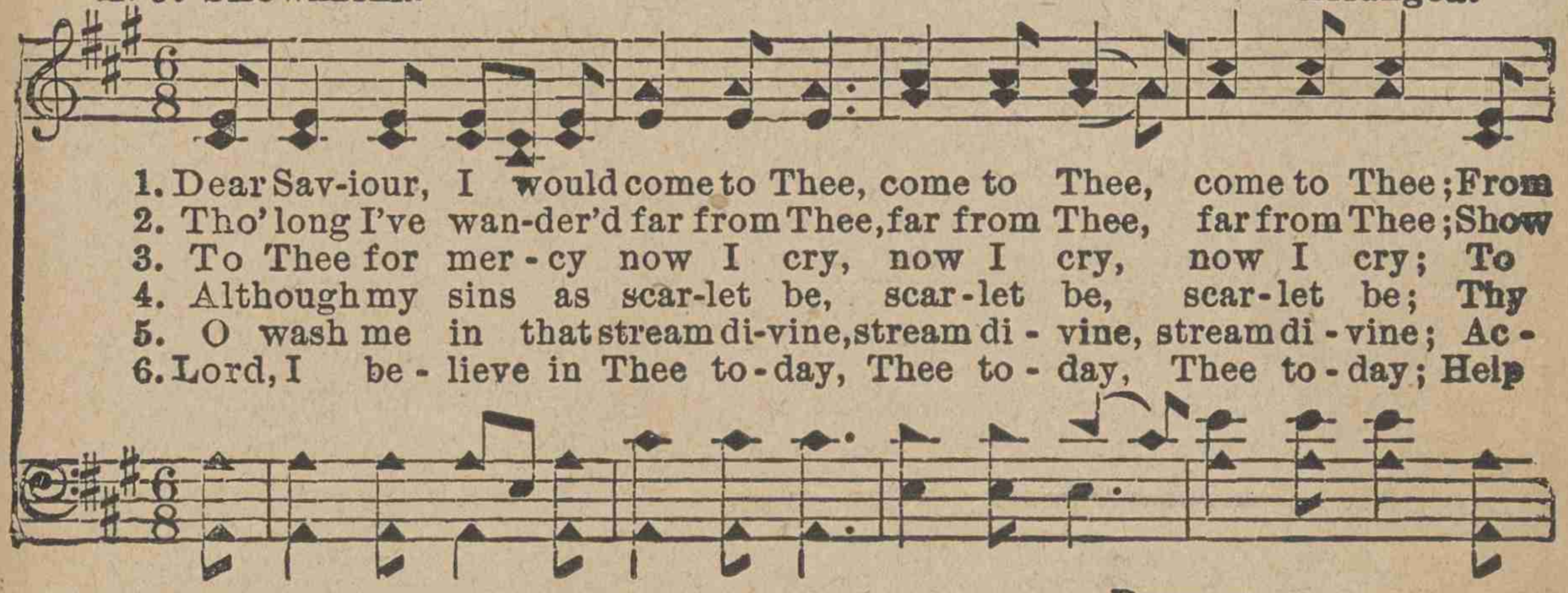
Hear Him pleading, Hear Him plead-ing, Hear Him
gen - tly plead-ing, now for thee,
say, "I thee for - give," Hear Him pleading,
Hear Him, sin - ner, gen - tly plead-ing,

HEAR HIM PLEADING.

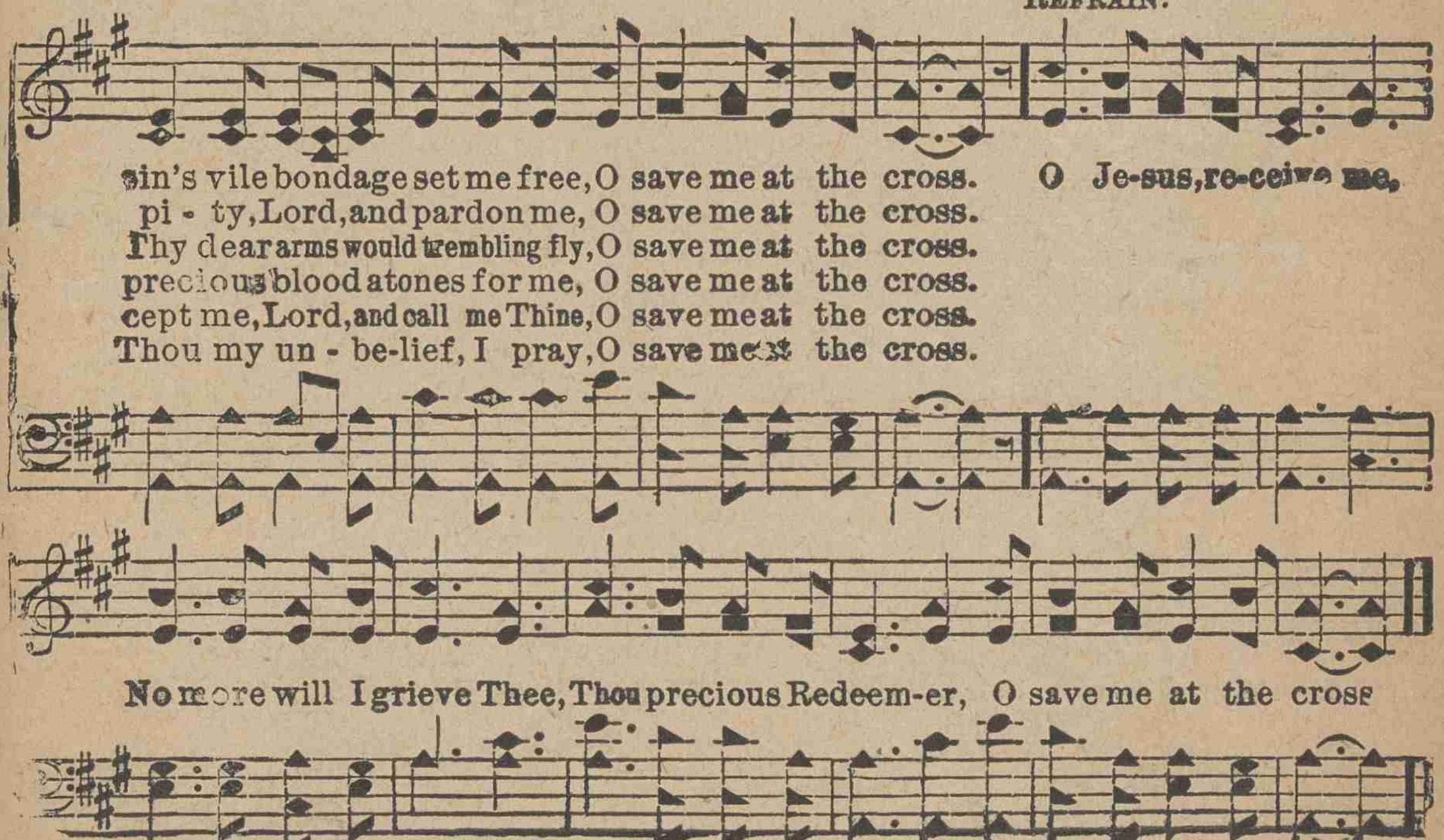


117. DEAR SAVIOUR, I WOULD COME TO THEE.

A. J. SHOWALTER. Arranged.



REFRAIN.



Words 1888, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 118. MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!

WM. H. GARDNER. A. H. BUTLER.

1. On the rocks a ship is drift - ing; Hear the break-ers round it roar!
2. Lo! the dark - ness clos - es round them; Will no light pierce thro' the clouds?
3. Ma - ny souls are 'mongst the break-ers; They are ship-wreck'd in their sin;
4. Go ye forth, O Chris-tian work-ers! Swing the rope, and bend the oar!

Goes there no one to the res - cue? Will no help come from the shore?
If no boat goes out to meet them, An - gry waves will be their shrouds.
But the Lord doth ev - er seek them, To His fold to bring them in.
By the might - y help of Je - sus, You may bring them safe to shore.

REFRAIN.

Man the life - boat! man the life - boat! Haste, O haste with stead - y oar!
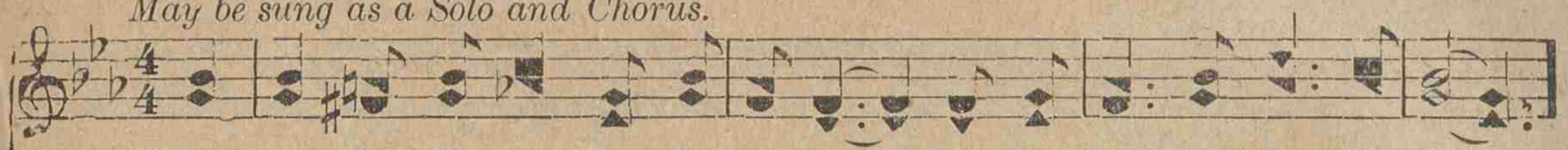
Man the life - boat! man the life-boat! Bring them safe - ly to the shore.

Copyright, 1893, by A. J. Showalter.
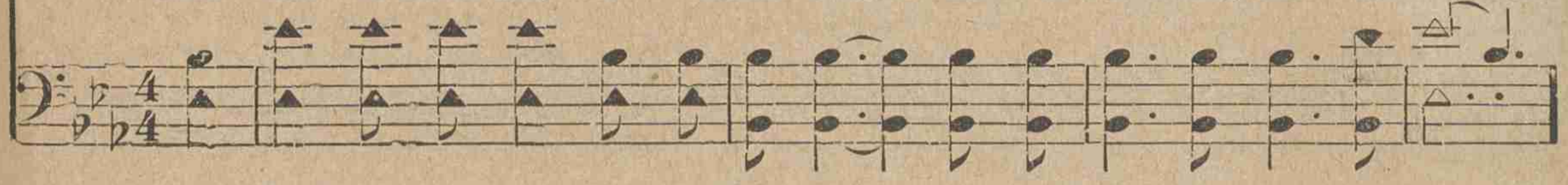
No. 119. THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.
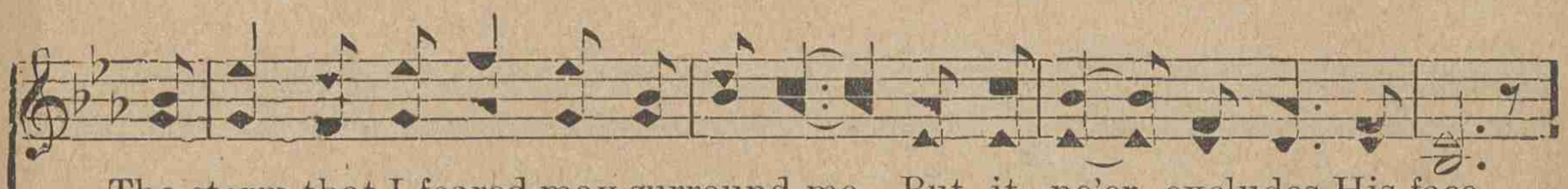
B. B. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.
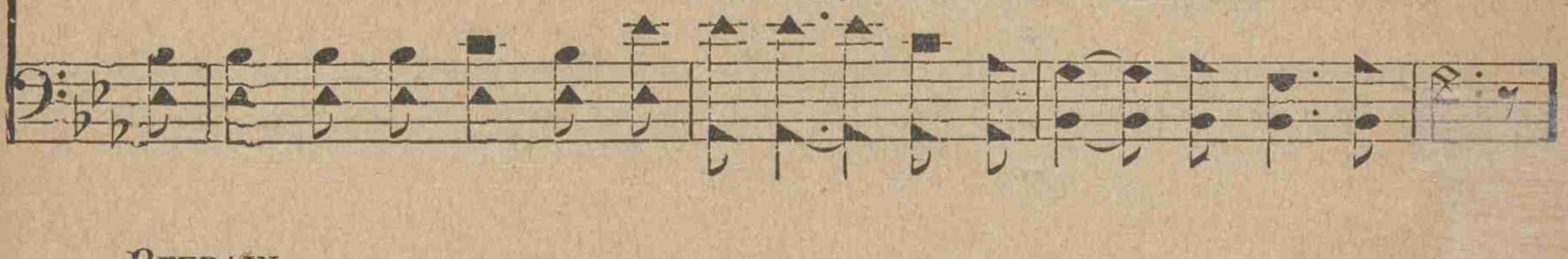


1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er out-weighs His grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,
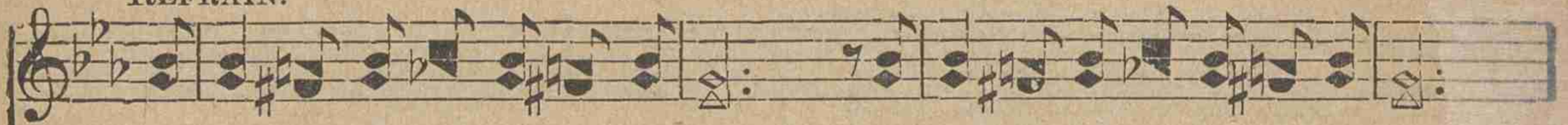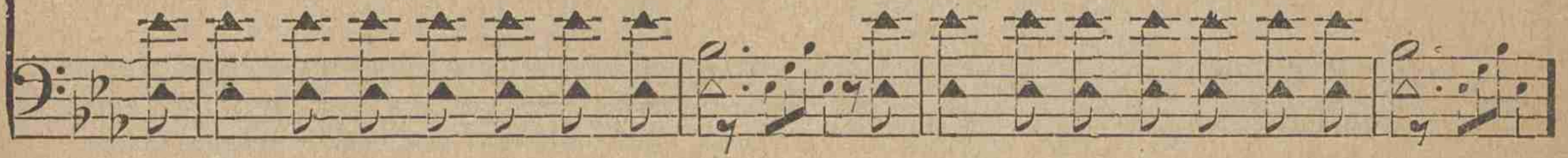




The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.
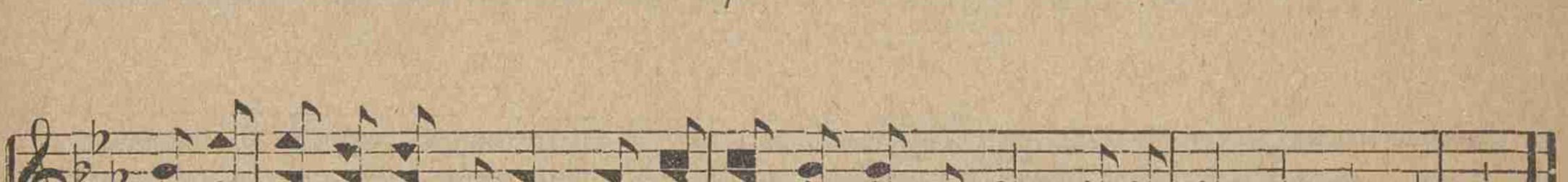


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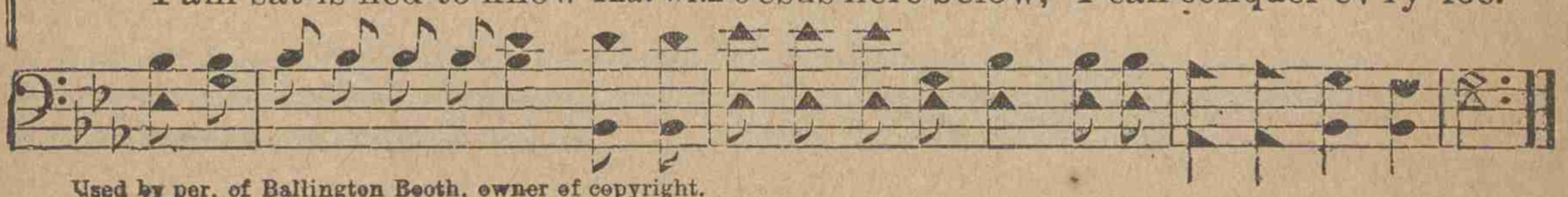


The cross is not greater than His grace, The storm cannot hide His blessed face;





I am sat-is-fied to know That with Jesus here below, I can conquer ev'ry foe.
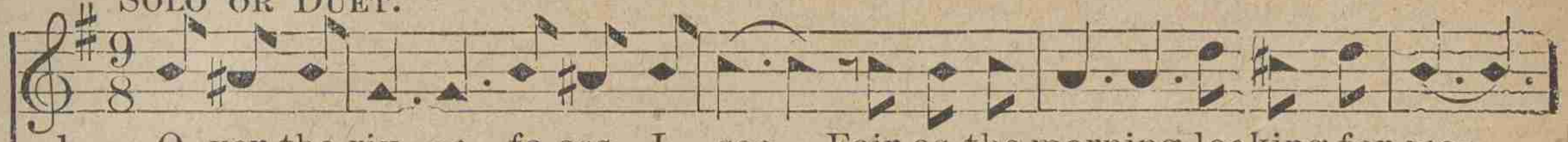


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No. 120. LOOKING THIS WAY.
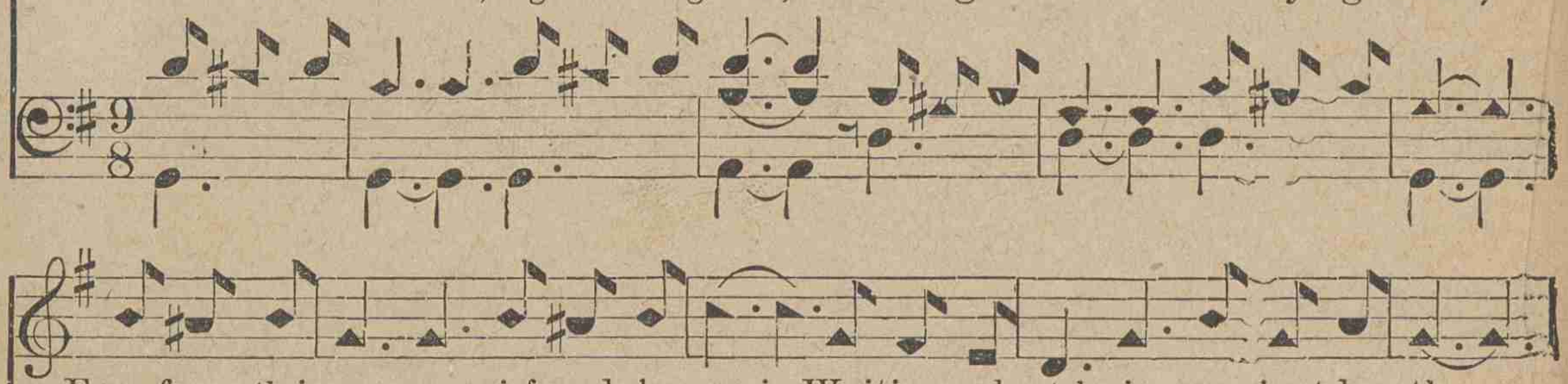
J. W. V.

J. W. Van De Venter.
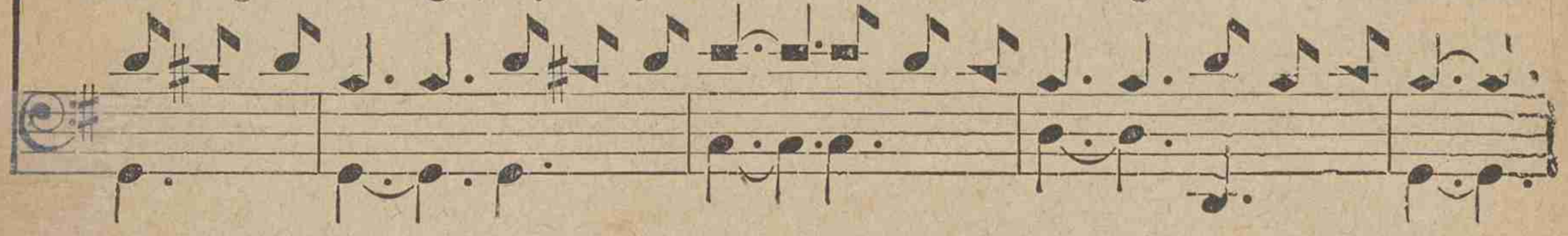
Solo or Duet.
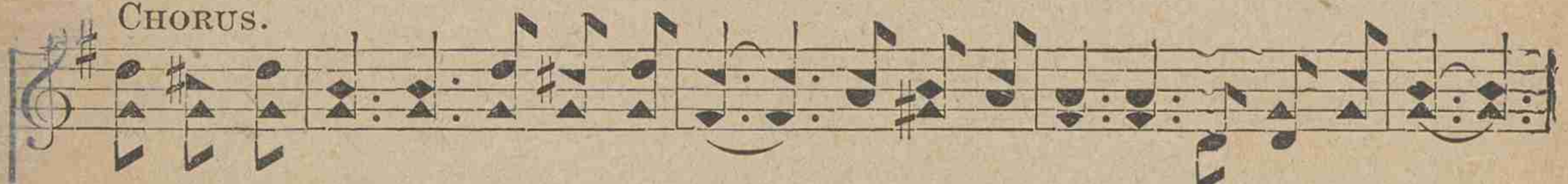


1. O- ver the riv - er, fa-ces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me;
2. Fa-ther and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the others, coming sometime;
4. Sweet lit - tle darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning come,
5. Je - sus the Saviour, bright Morning Star, Looking for lost ones straying a - far,
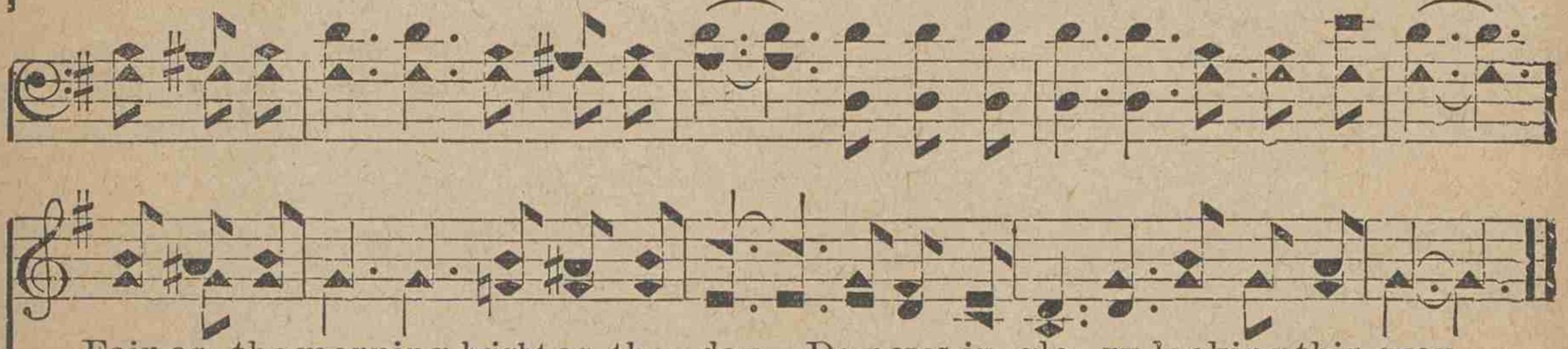


Free from their sorrow, grief, and de - spair, Waiting and watch - ing pa-tient-ly there.
Bearing the loved ones o - ver the tide, In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
Safe with the an - gels, whit-er than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting be - low.
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxious-ly look - ing, mother, for you.
Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Je-sus is call - ing, "Sinner, come home."
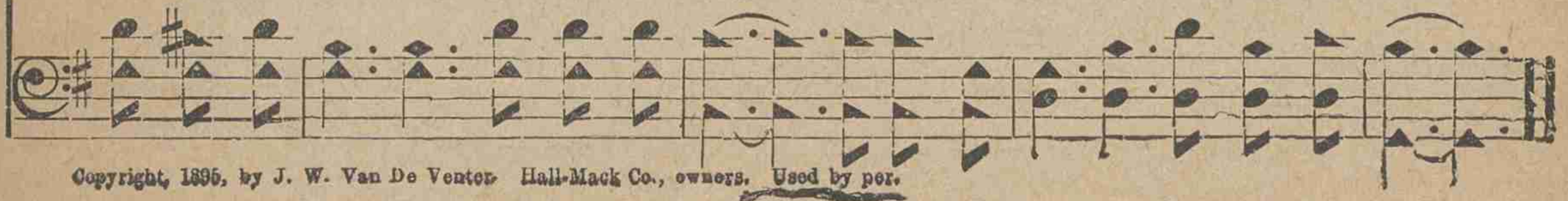


Chorus.



Look-ing this way, yes, looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;
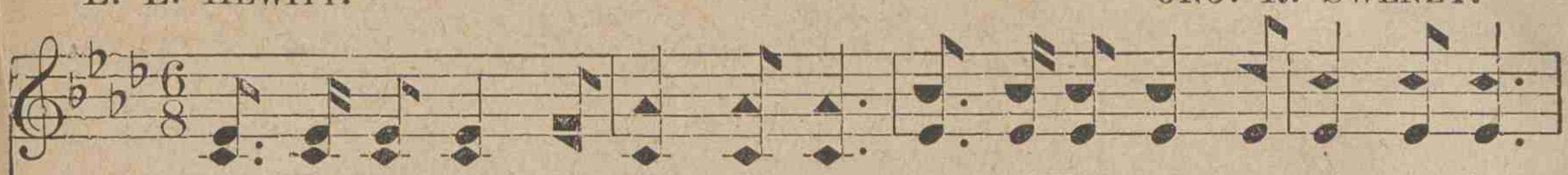


Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry, looking this way.
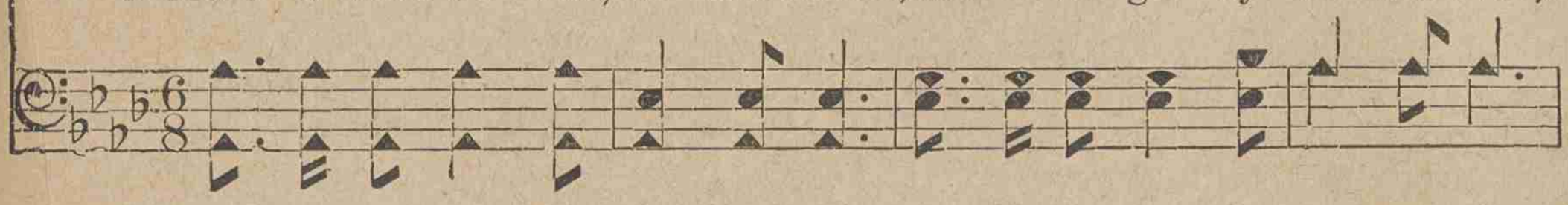


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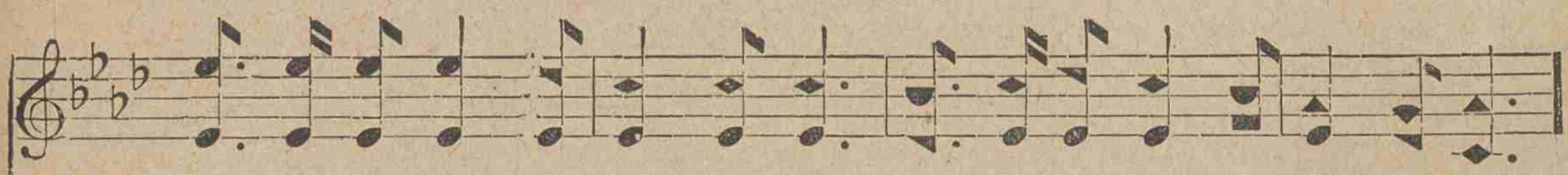
No. 121. MORE ABOUT JESUS.

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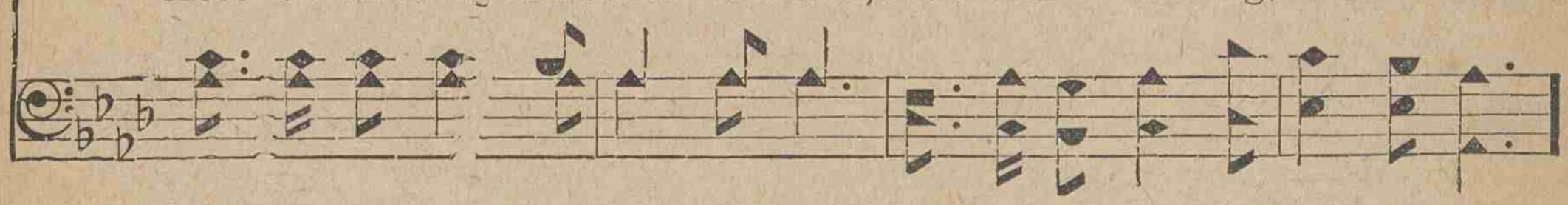


1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Hold-ing commun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;

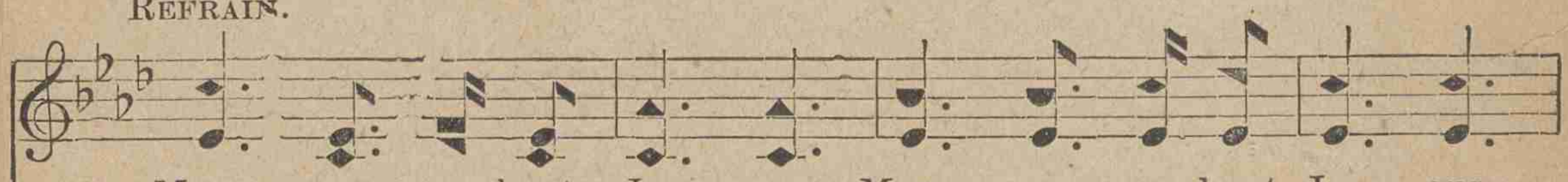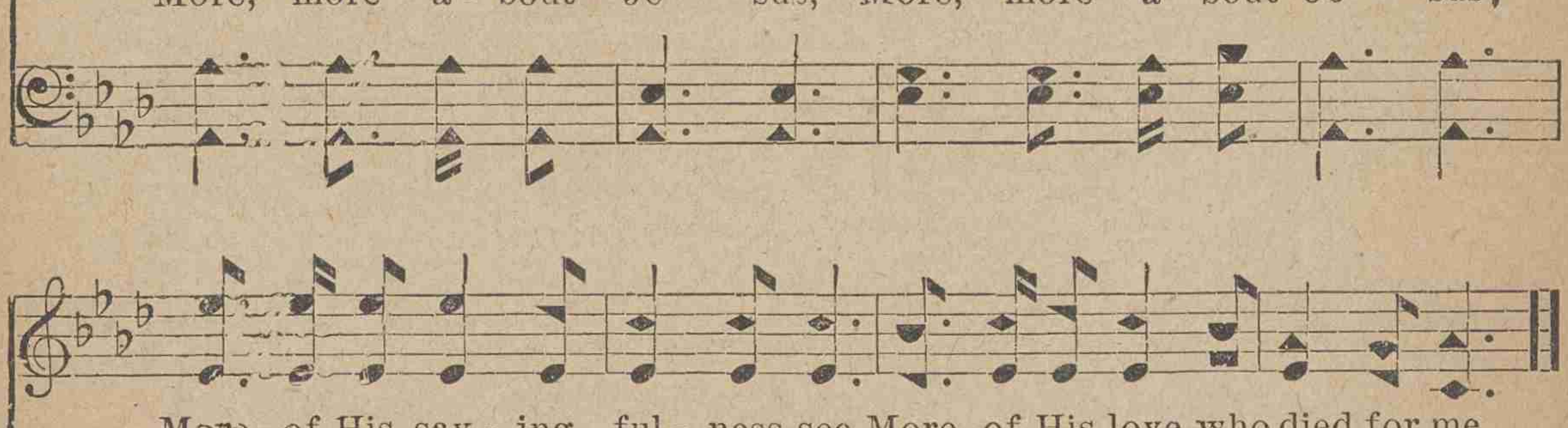




More of His sav-'ng ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir-it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faithful say-ing mine.
More of His king-dom's sure increase; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.
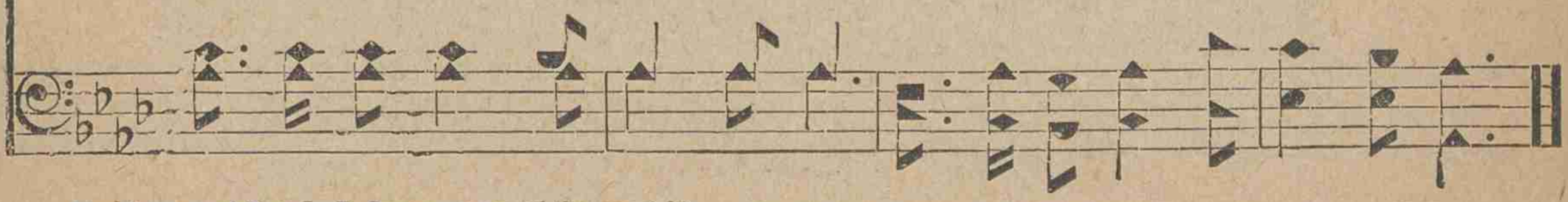


REFRAIN.



More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;



More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.



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No. 122. NEVER ALONE.
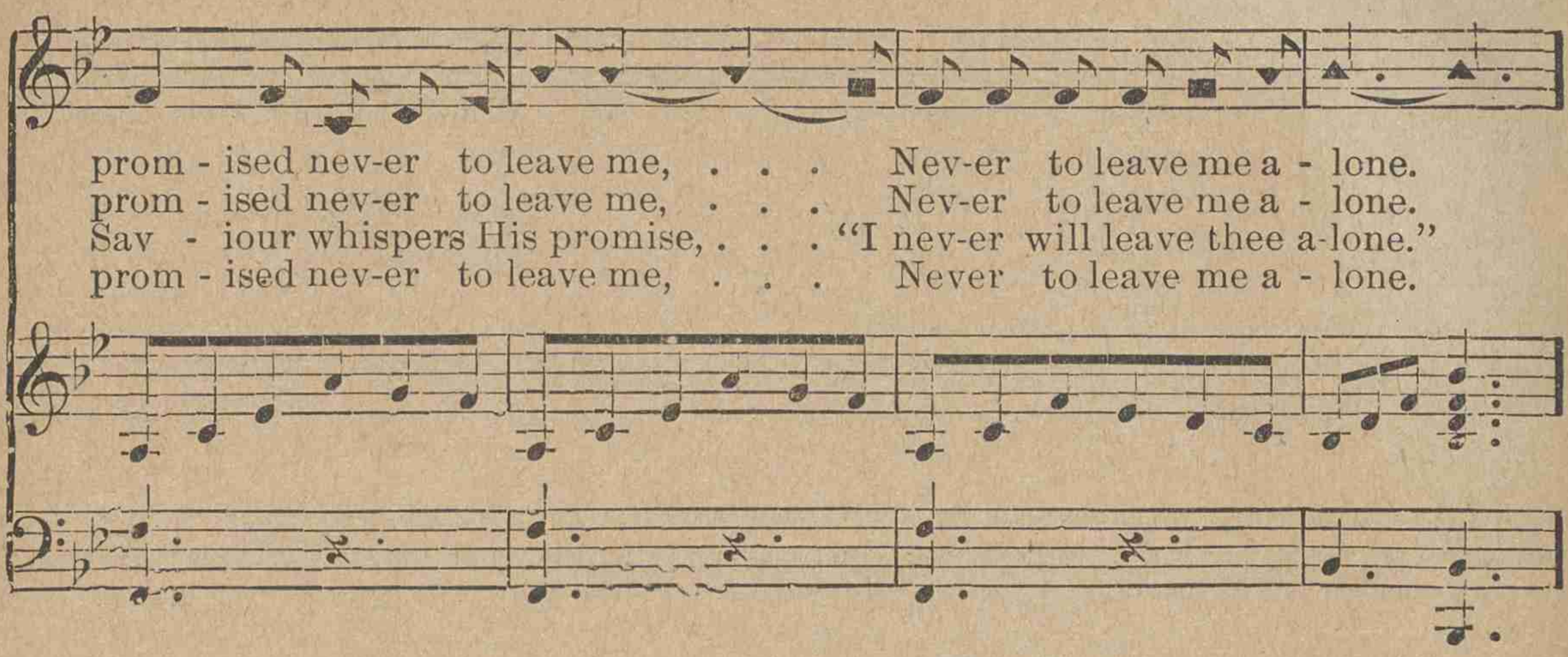
Arr. by R. H. Cornelius.

Solo.
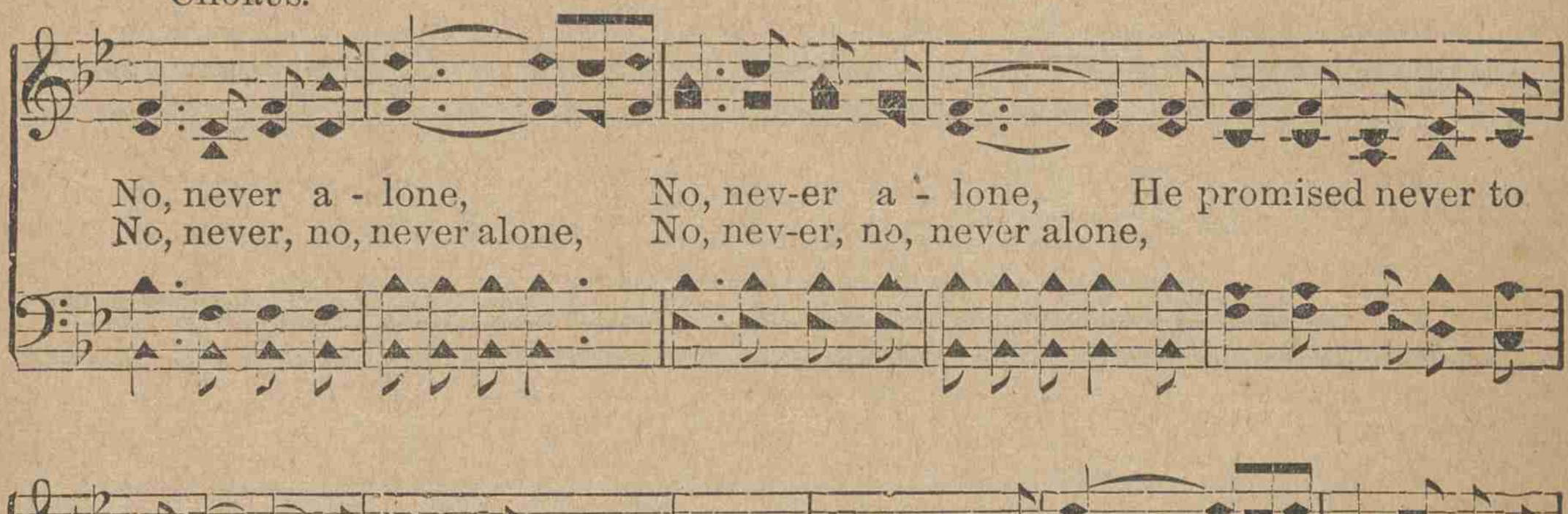
1. I've seen the lightning flash-ing, And heard the thunders roll, I've felt sin's break-ers dashing, . . Try-ing to conquer my soul; I've heard the voice of my Saviour Telling me still to fight on; He
2. The world's fierce winds are blowing, Temp - tation's sharp and keen; I feel a peace in knowing . . My Sav - iour stands be - tween; He stands to shield me from danger When earthly friends are gone; He
3. When in af - fliction's val - ley I'm treading the road of care, My Sav-iour helps me to car - ry . . My cross when heavy to bear; My feet entangled with bri-ers, Ready to cast me down, My
4. He died for me on the mountain, For me they pierced His side, For me He opened that fountain, . The crim - son, cleans-ing tide; For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seat-ed up - on His throne; He
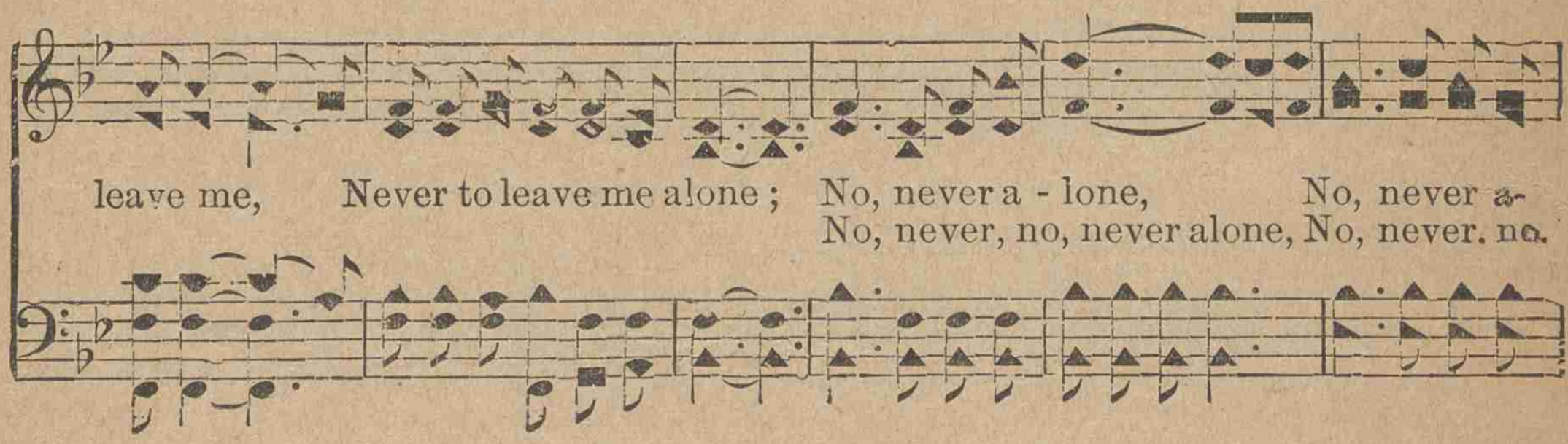
Copyright, 1900, by R. H. Cornelius.

NEVER ALONE. Concluded.



CHORUS.





No. 123. GUIDE. 7. D.

M. W. W. 1858. MARCUS W. WELLS. 1858.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease,

Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear.
Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Trust-ing that our names are there;

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Pleading naught but Je - sus' blood,
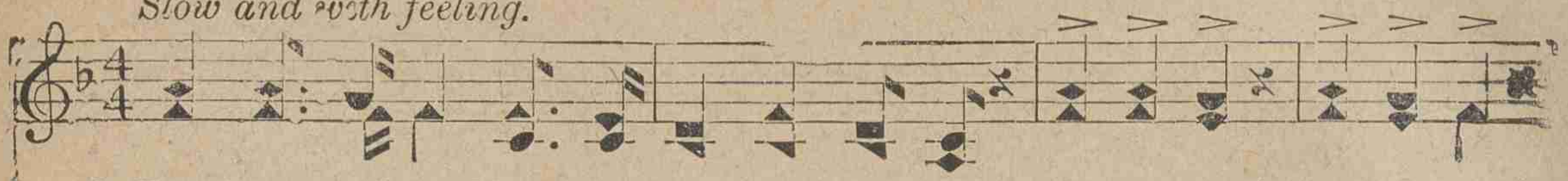
Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 124.
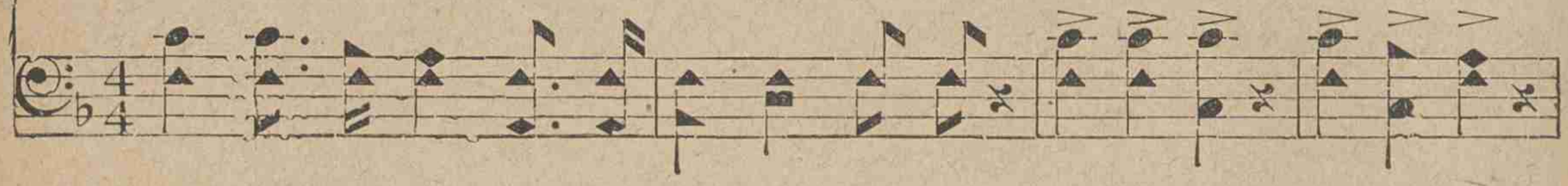
NO, NOT ONE!
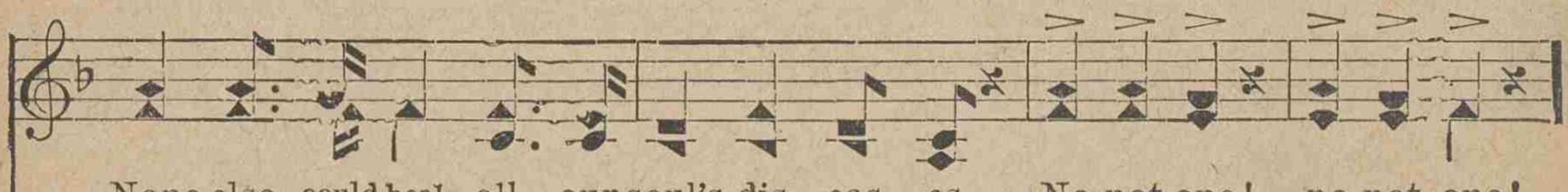
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow and with feeling.
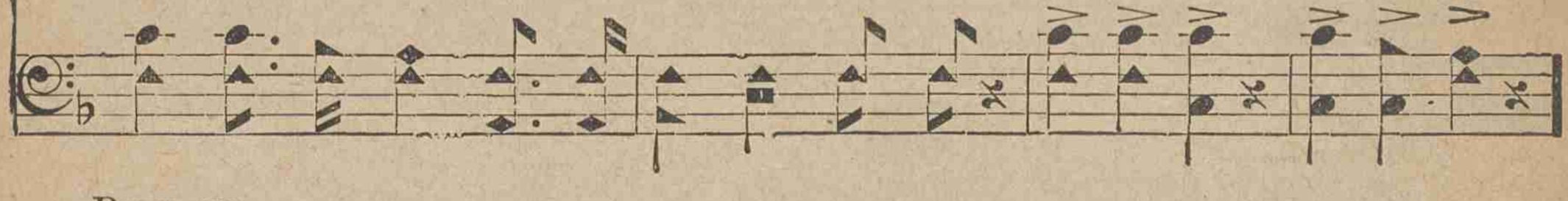


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend for - sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!
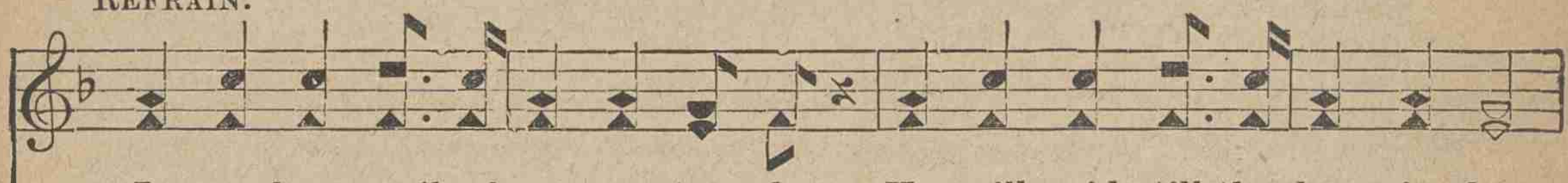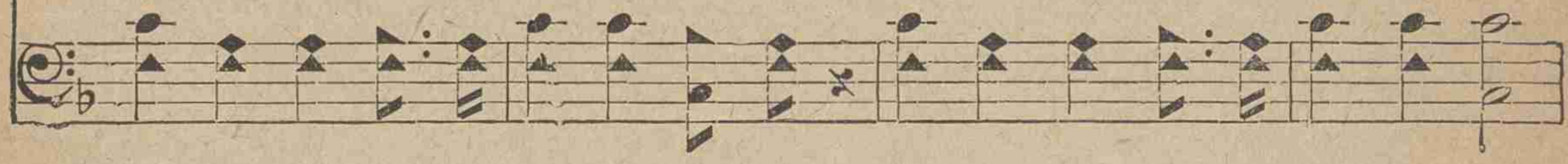




None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner fin[illegible] He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one
Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one
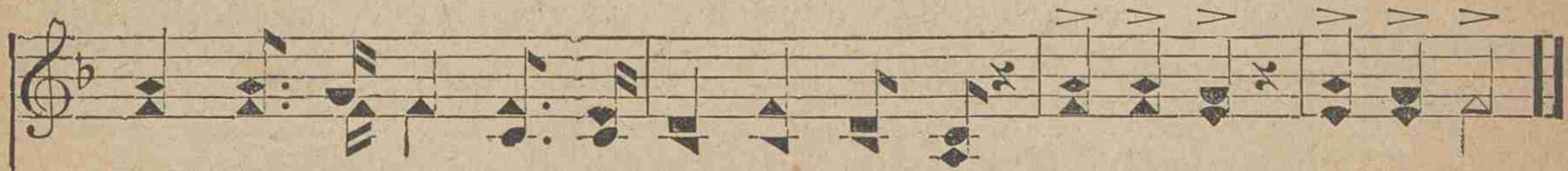


REFRAIN.



Je - sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;





There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!



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No. 125. WATCH AND PRAY.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watch and pray that when the Master cometh, If at morning, noon or night,
2. Watch and pray, the tempter may be near us; Keep the heart with jealous car
3. Watch and pray, nor let us ev - er wea - ry; Je-sus watched and prayed alone
4. Watch and pray, nor leave our post of du - ty, Till we hear the Bridegroom's voice;

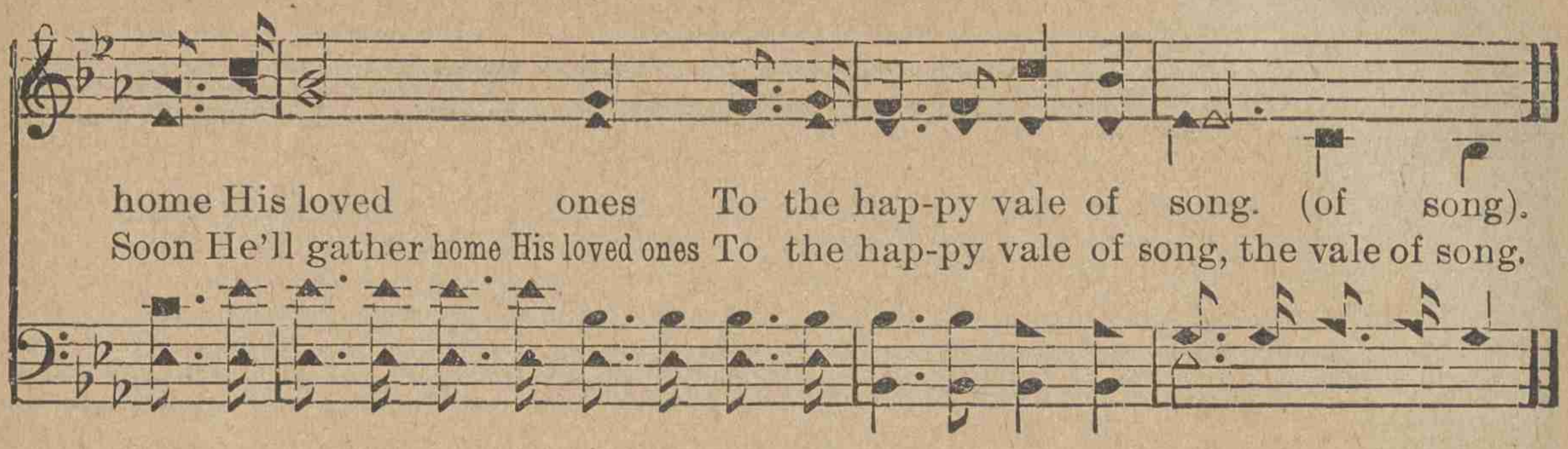
He may find a lamp in ev - 'ry win-dow, Trimmed and burning clear and bright
Lest, the door a mo-ment left un-guard-ed, E - vil tho'ts may en-ter there.
Prayed for us when on - ly stars be-held Him, While on Olive's brow they shone
Then, with Him the marriage feast par-tak-ing, We shall ev - er-more re-joice.

REFRAIN.

Watch and pray,..... the Lord com-mand - eth; Watch and
Watch and pray the Lord commandeth, Watch and pray the Lord commandeth; Watch and

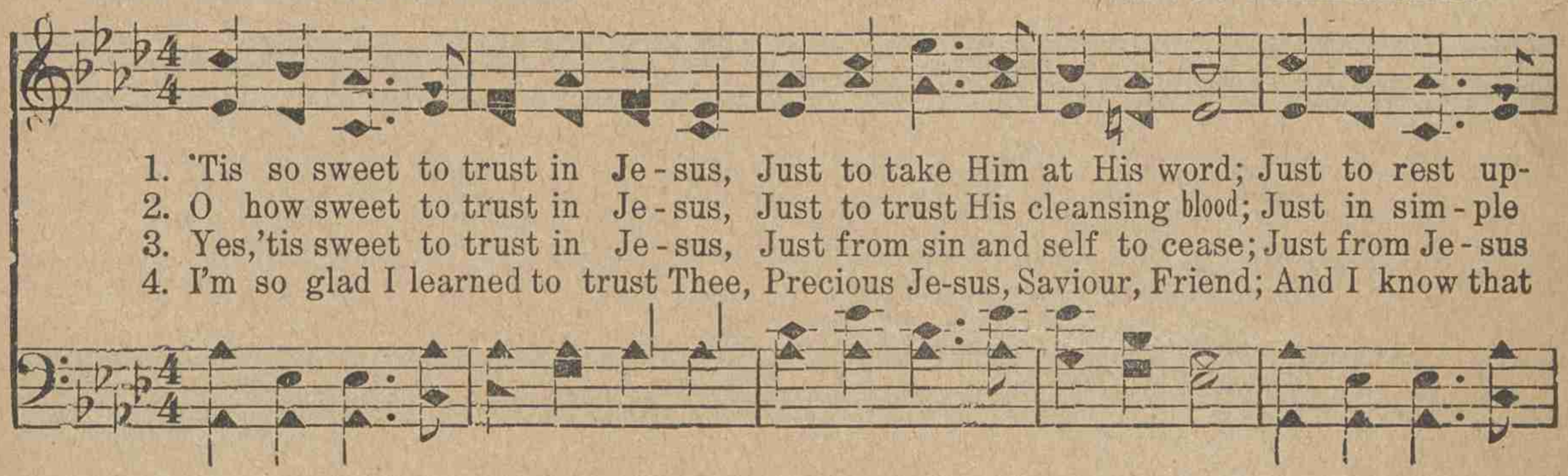
pray,..... 'twill not be long; Soon He'll gath - - er
pray, 'twill not be long, Watch and pray, 'twill not be long; Soon He'll gather home His loved ones,

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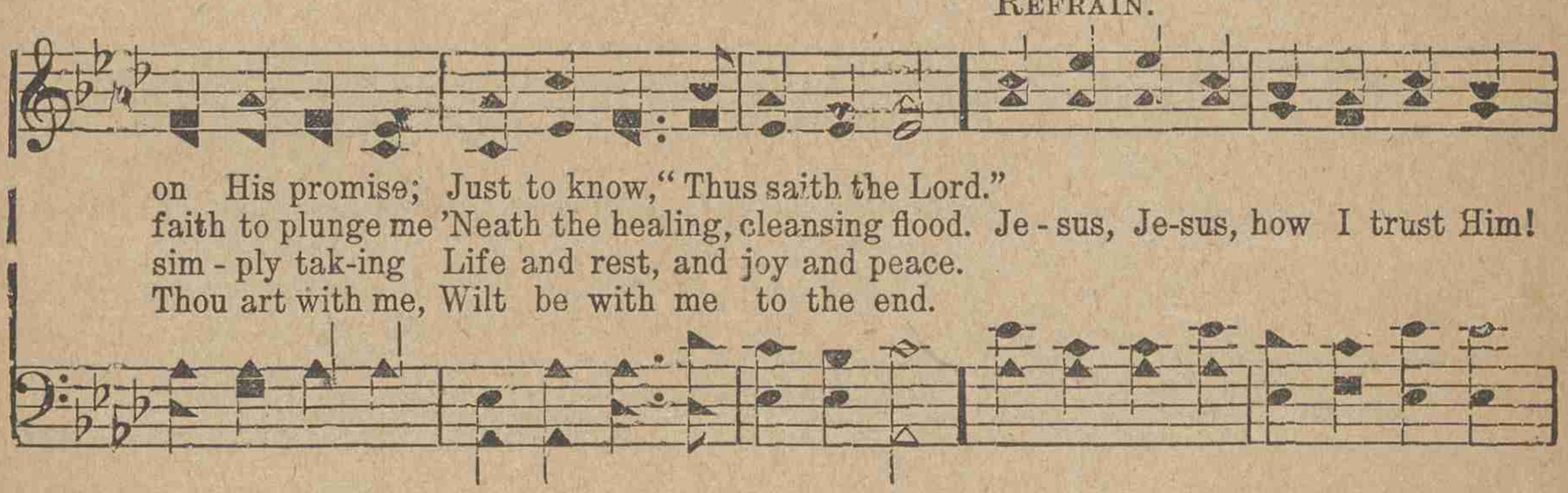


No. 126. 'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
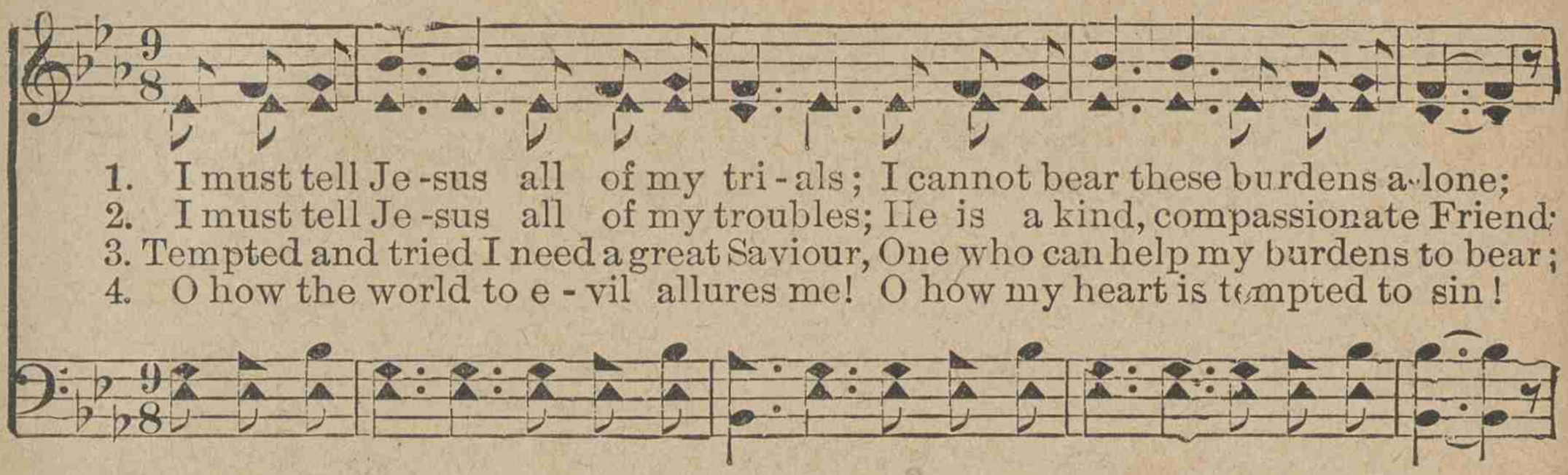


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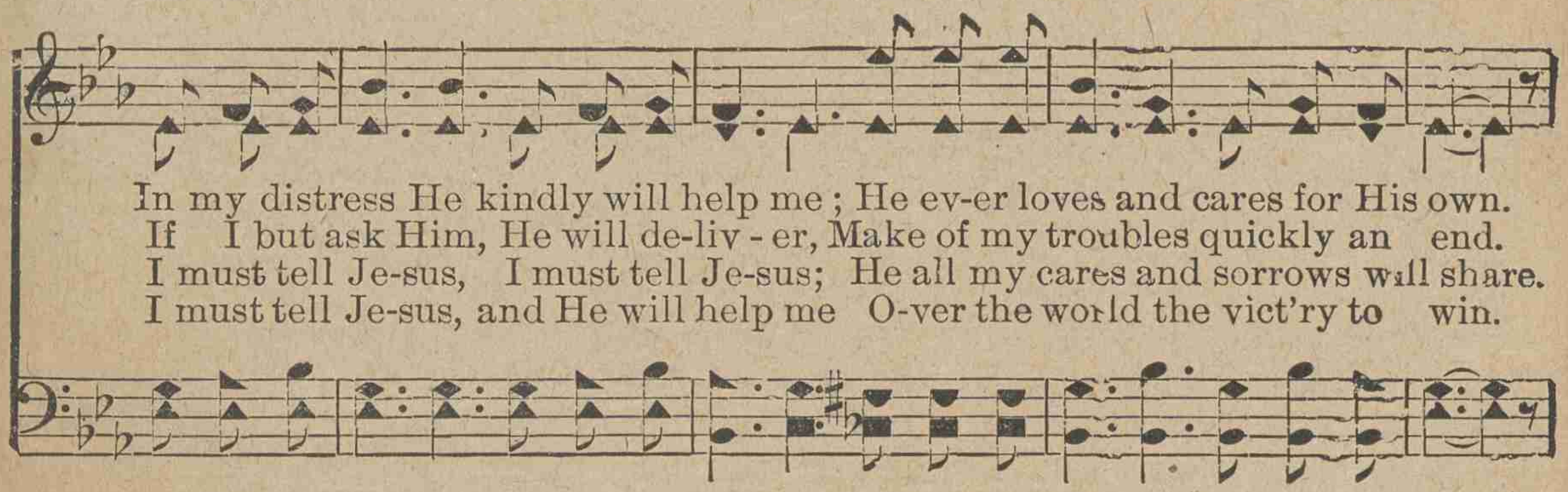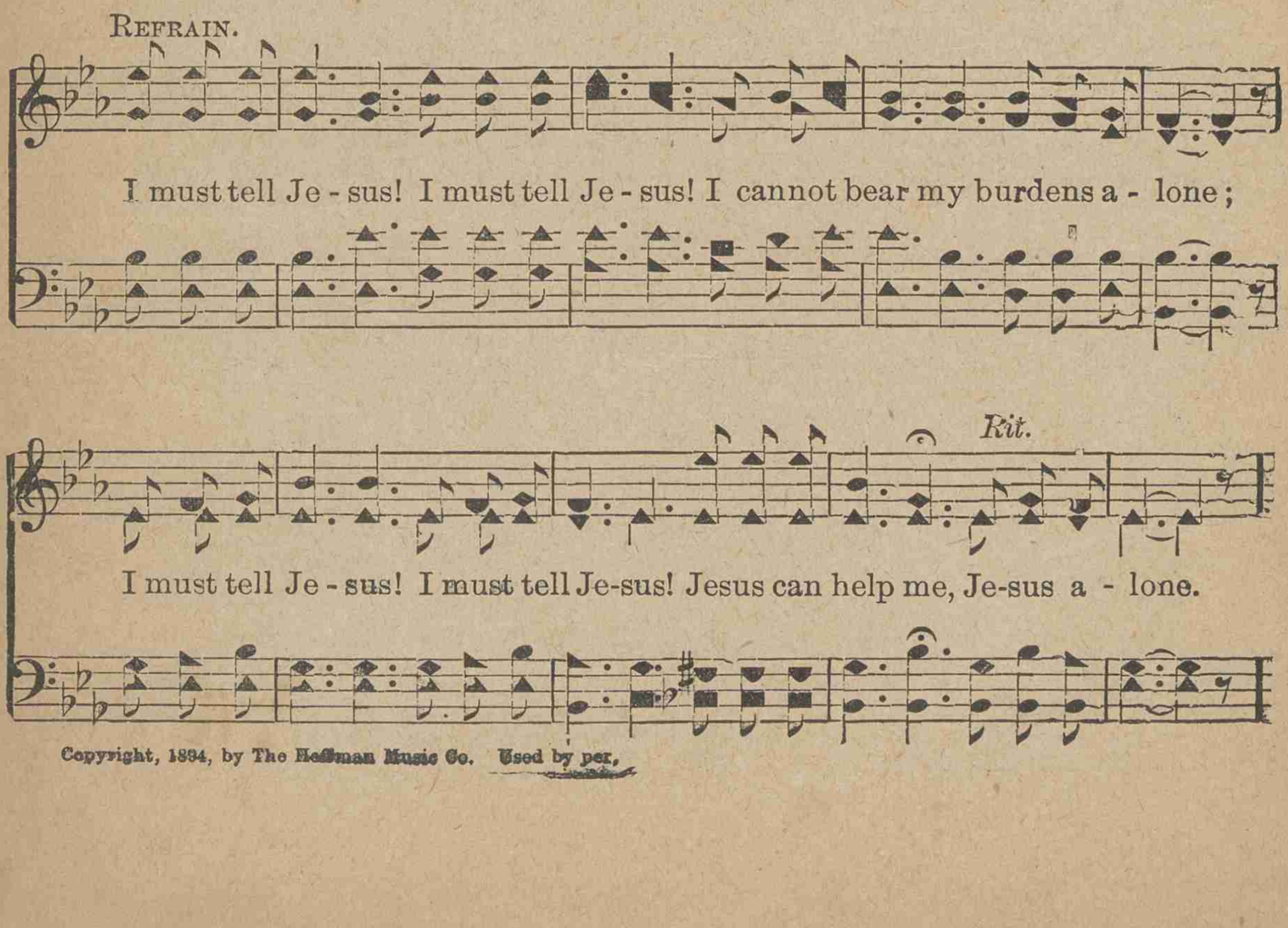


From "Songs of Triumph." By per.

No. 127. I MUST TELL JESUS.

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.







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No. 128. SAVED THROUGH JESUS' BLOOD.

J. W. V. J. W. VanDeVenter.

1. Sometime we'll stand before the judgment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
2. I'll then re-ceive a bright and star-ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
3. Then we shall meet to nev - er part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;

The Lord will then make known the record there; Our names will all be read.
And when I've been with Him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
We'll lay our burdens down at Je - sus' feet And rest for ev - er-more.

Refrain.
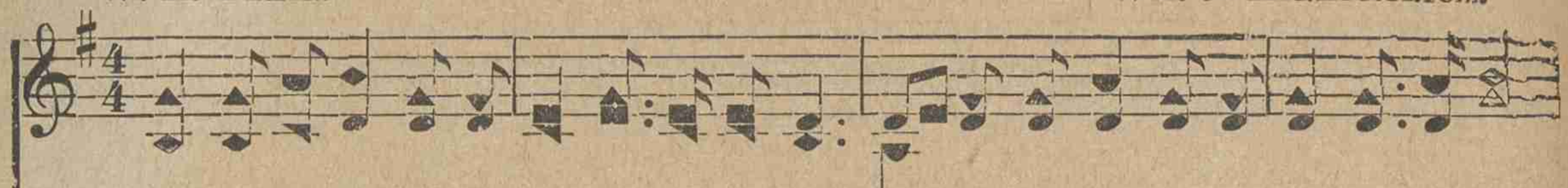
I'll be present when the roll is called, Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood;

I will an - swer when they call my name; Saved thro' Je - sus' blood.

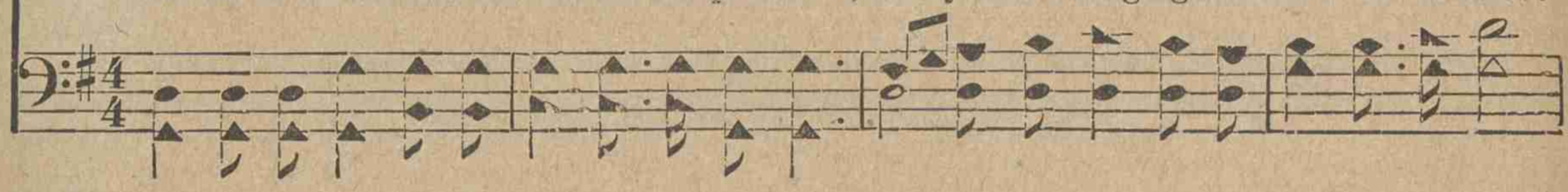
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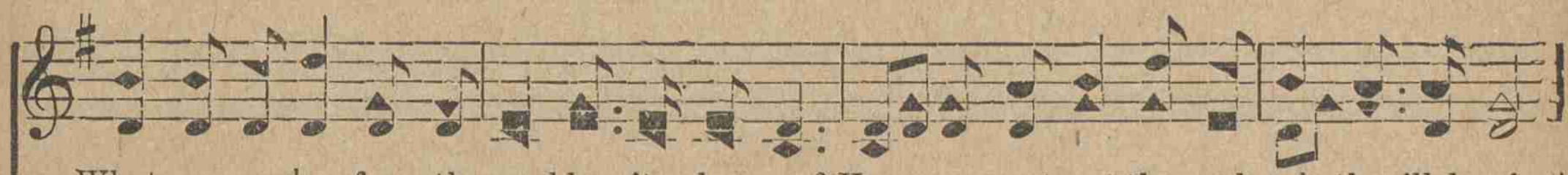
No. 129. STILL OUT OF CHRIST.

W. E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
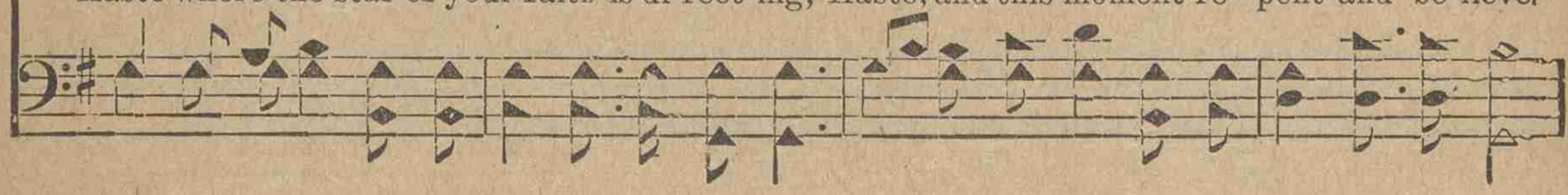


1. Still out of Christ, when so oft He has called you; Why will you lon-ger re-fuse to believe?
2. Still out of Christ, and the moments so precious; Night is approaching; O what will you do?
3. Still out of Christ, yet for you there is mer-cy, If you are will-ing to turn from your sin;
4. Still out of Christ and the love He has promised; How you are longing that love to re-ceive!
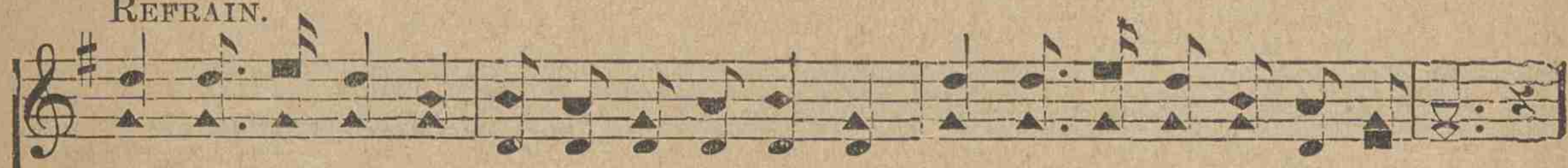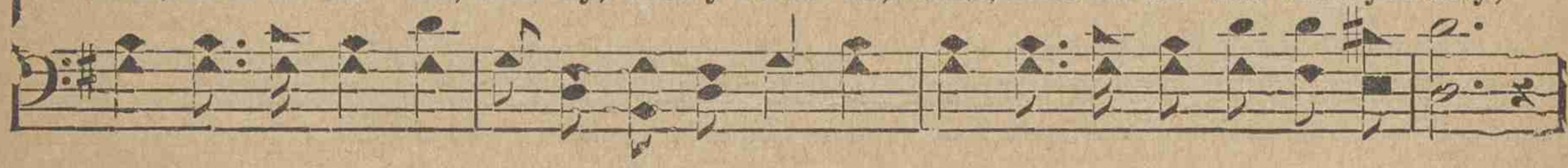




What can you hope from the world or its pleasure? How can you trust them when both will deceive!
Still out of Christ, yet there's room at the fountain. Free are its wa-ters, and flow-ing for you.
Yon-der He stands at the door of sal-va-tion, Wait-ing to par-don and welcome you in.
Haste where the star of your faith is di-rect-ing, Haste, and this moment re-pent and be-lieve.
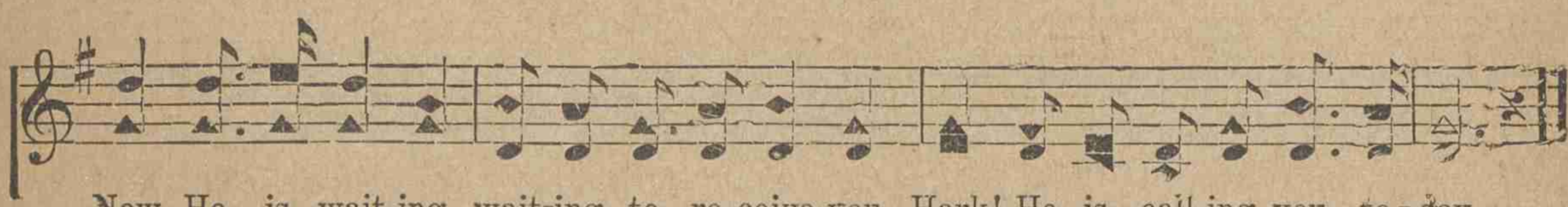


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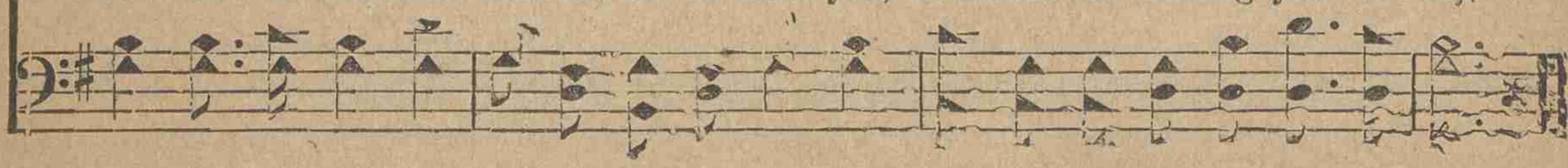


Come, come to Je-sus, wea-ry, heav-y-heart-ed, Come, come to Je-sus while you may;





Now He is wait-ing, wait-ing to re-ceive you, Hark! He is call-ing you to-day.



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No. 130. SWEET PEACE.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joy - ous re - frain,
sweet strain, re-frain,
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by His death was all paid,
was made, all paid,
3. When Je-sus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace did a - bound,
had crowned, a-bound
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, And as I keep close to His side,
a - bide, His side,

I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No oth - er foun - da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
In Him the rich bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's noth-ing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

Refrain.

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

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No. 131. ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

JESSIE H. BROWN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A-ny-where with Je-sus I can safe-ly go, A-ny-where He leads me
2. A-ny-where with Je-sus I am not a-lone, Oth-er friends may fail me,
3. A-ny-where with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning shadows

in this world be-low; A-ny-where without Him, dearest joys would fade.
He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o-ver drear-est ways,
round a-bout me creep; Knowing I shall wak-en nev-er more to roam,

REFRAIN.

A-ny-where with Je-sus I am not a-fraid.
A-ny-where with Je-sus is a house of praise. A-ny-where! a-ny-where!
A-ny-where with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.

Fear I can-not know, A-ny-where with Je-sus I can safe-ly go.

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No. 132. THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O spread the ti - dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound - less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5 Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And

ev - er hu-man hearts and hu - man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de-liv'-rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di - vine—That I, a child of
all the saints a-bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less

D.S. *Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa - ther's prom-ise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings*

tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound; The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

'round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

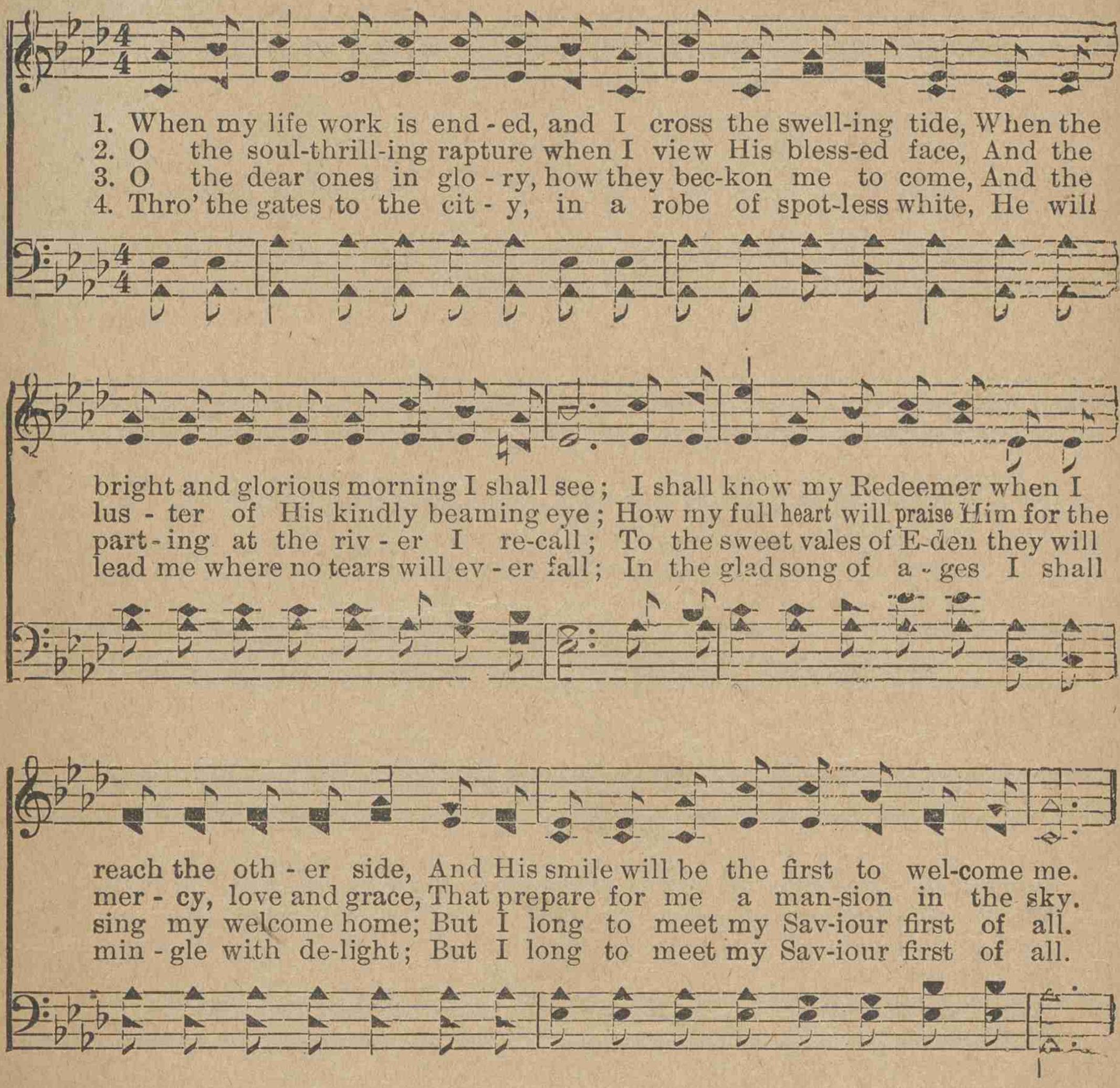
REFRAIN. *D. S.*

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The
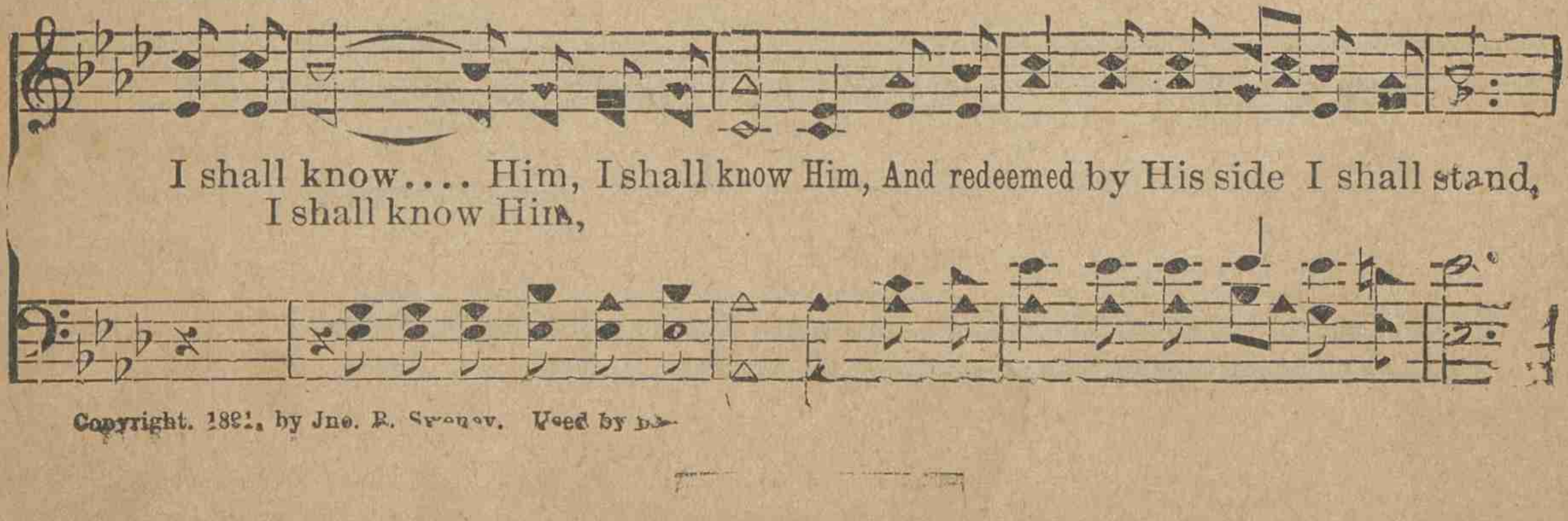
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No. 133. MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

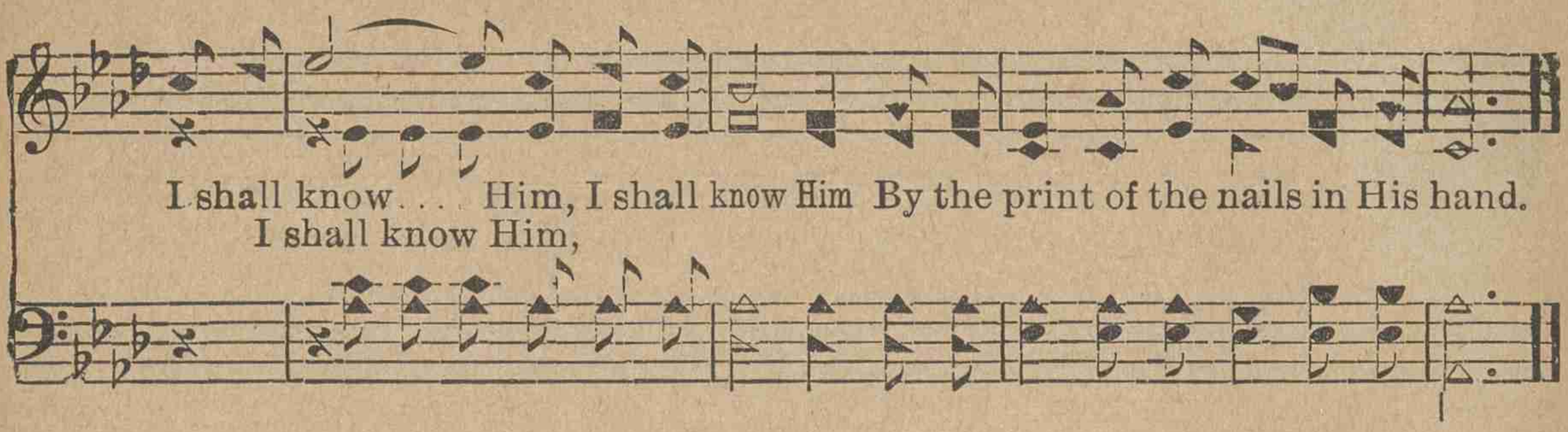


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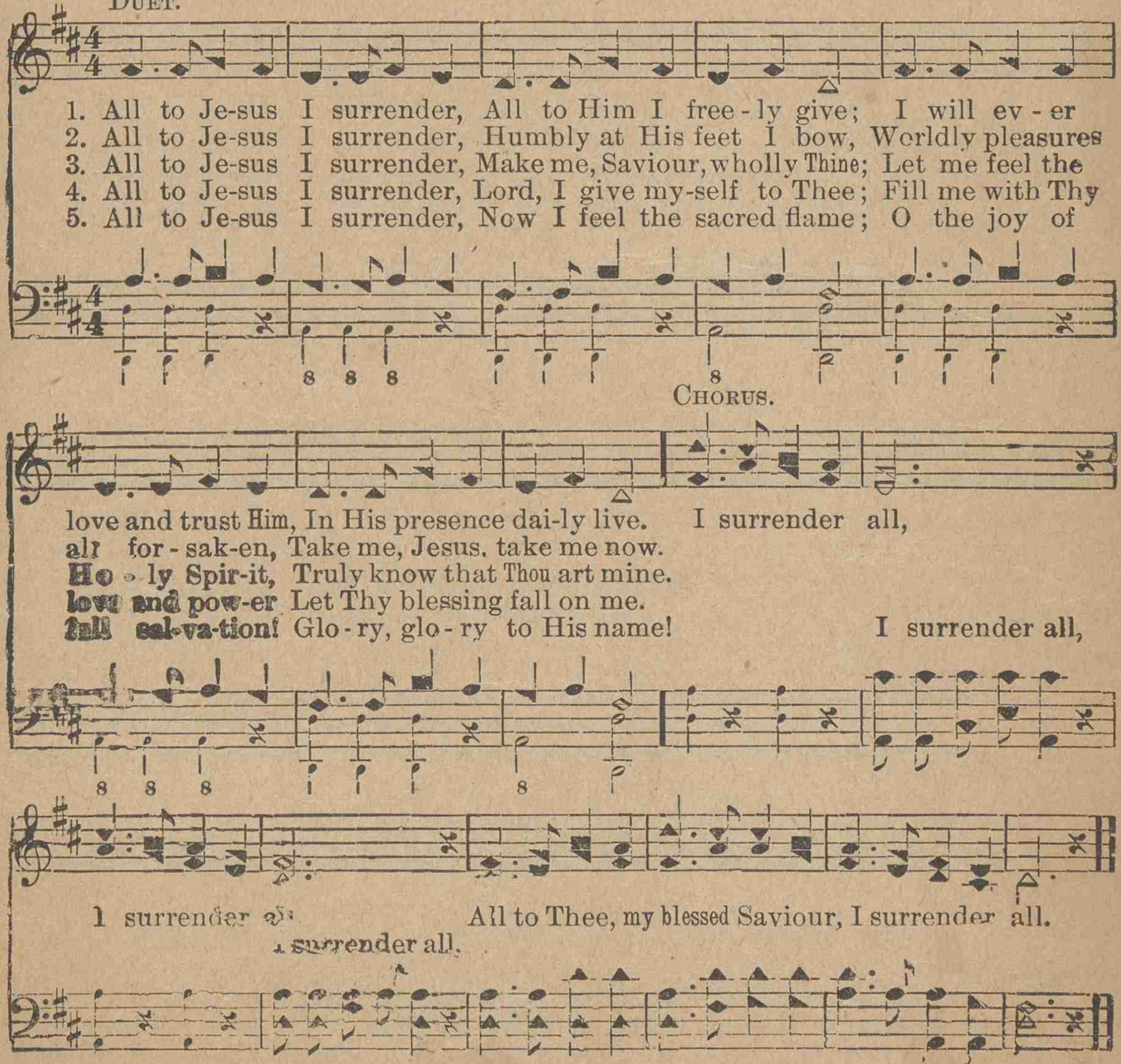
MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL. Concluded.



No. 134. I SURRENDER ALL.

J. W. Van DeVenter. W. S. Weeden.

Duet.



Chorus.

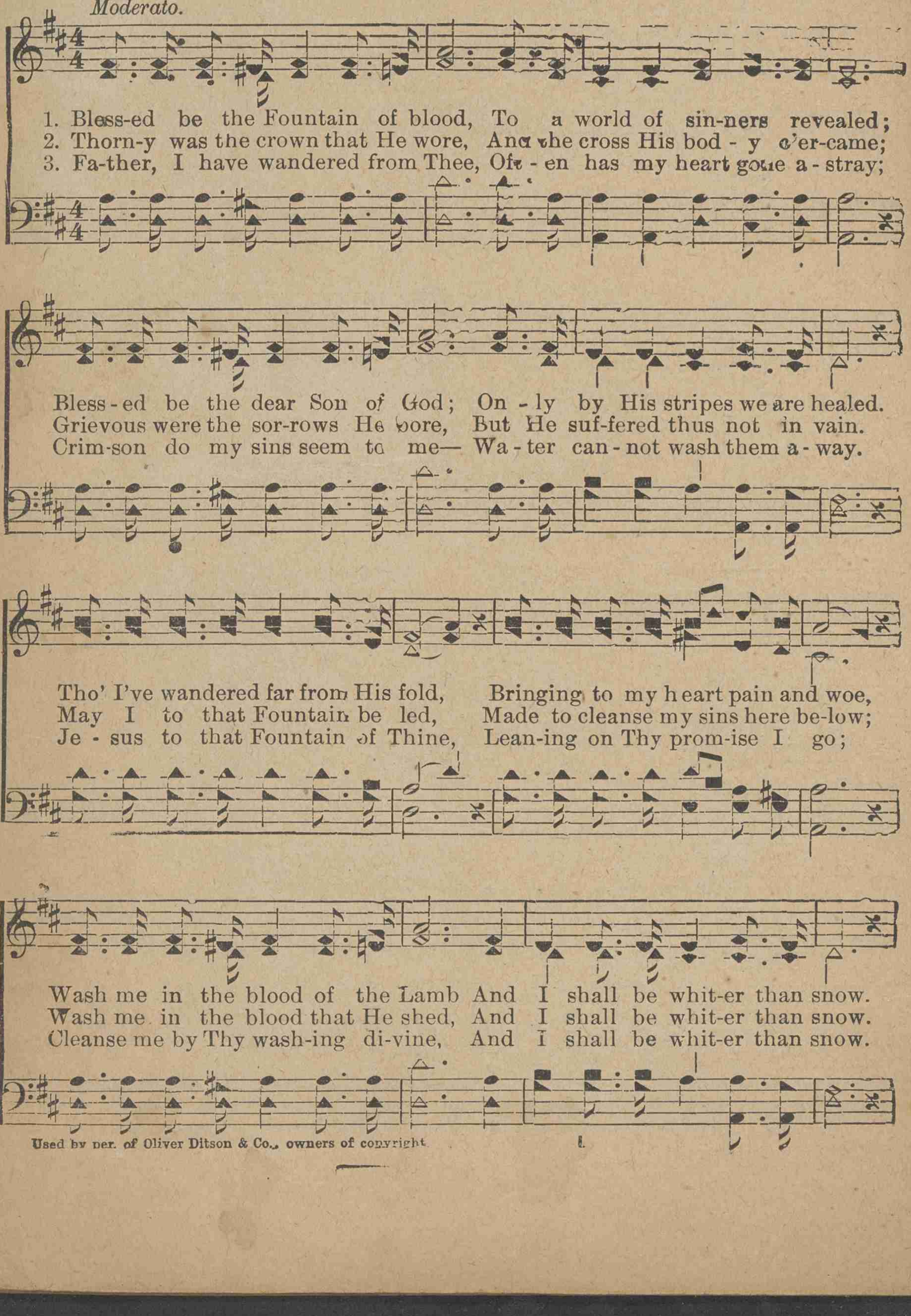
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No. 135. WHITER THAN SNOW.

"Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."—PSALM 51, 7.

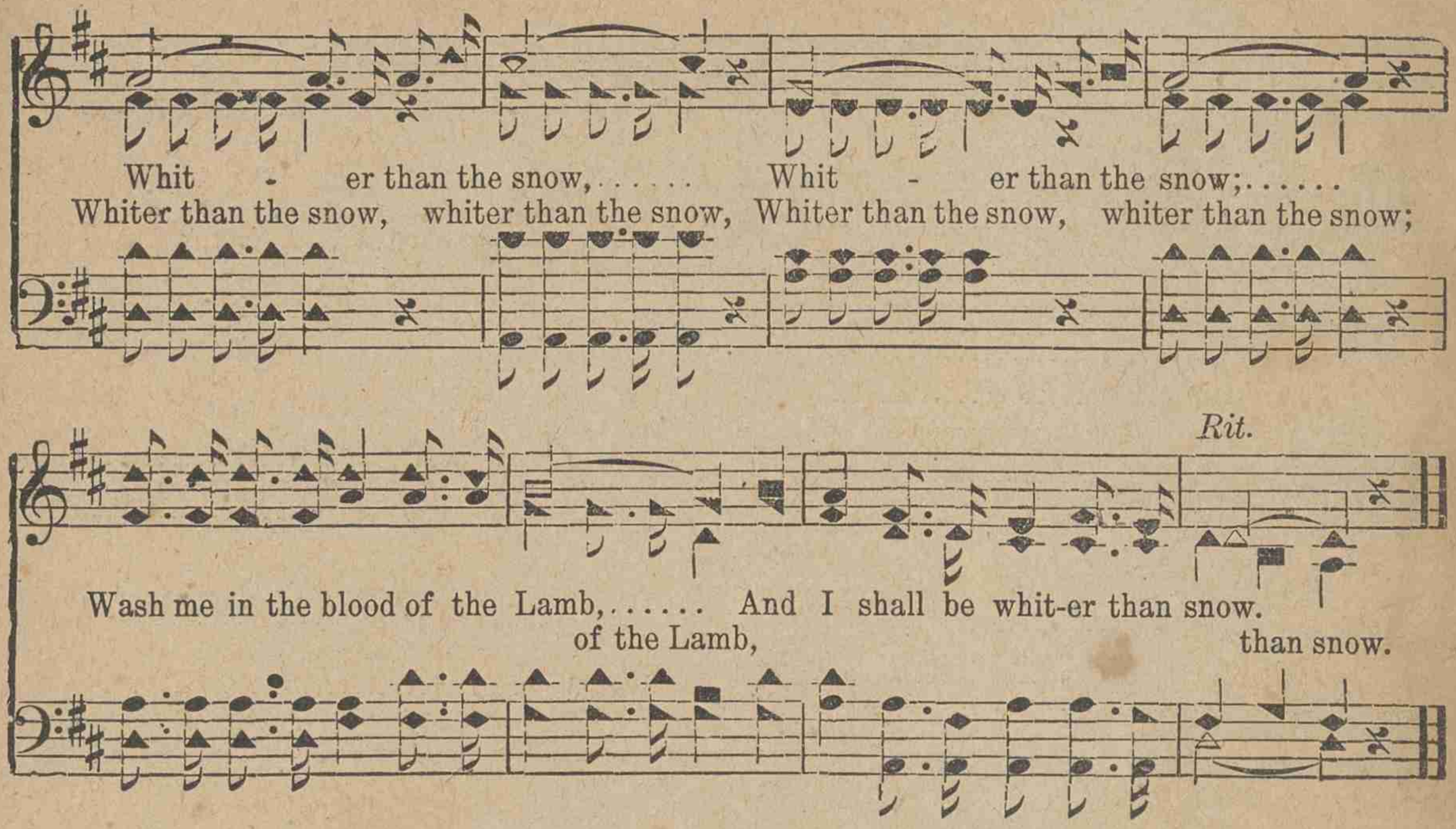
E. N. [illegible] W. S. PERKINS

Moderato.



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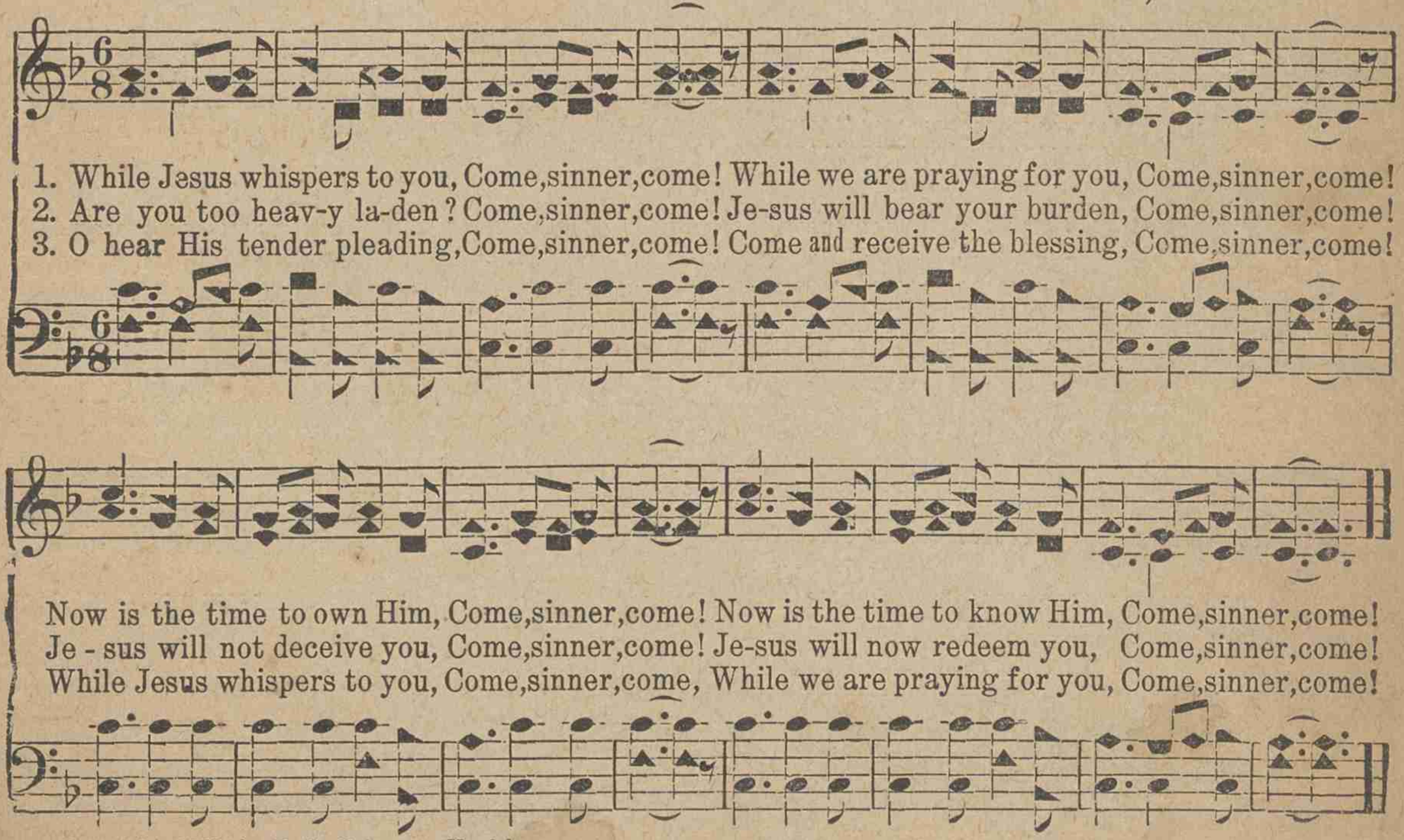
WHITER THAN SNOW. Concluded.



No. 136. COME, SINNER, COME.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—MATT. 11: 23.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER, MUS. DOC.



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