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GOSPEL HYMNS

3.

BY

IRA D. SANKEY,

JAMES McGRANAHAN,

AND

GEORGE C. STEBBINS,

AS USED BY THEM IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CHURCH & CO.
66 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.
Root & Son's Music Co., Chicago.

BIGLOW & MAIN
76 East Ninth Street, New York.
73 Randolph Street, Chicago.

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PREFACE.

THIS collection of Hymns and Tunes which is to be known as "GOSPEL HYMNS NO. 3," has been selected with great care, each hymn having been submitted to and passed upon by a Committee of brethren who have had very large experience in the use of this class of Hymns.

The book contains an unusually large number of entirely new Sacred Songs, together with many of the good old hymns so dear to the Church, and is sent forth with the hope that it may prove a messenger of joy and peace to many hearts, and a worthy successor to Gospel Hymns Nos. 1 and 2.

IRA D. SANKEY,
JAMES MCGRANAHAN,
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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JOHN CHURCH & CO.
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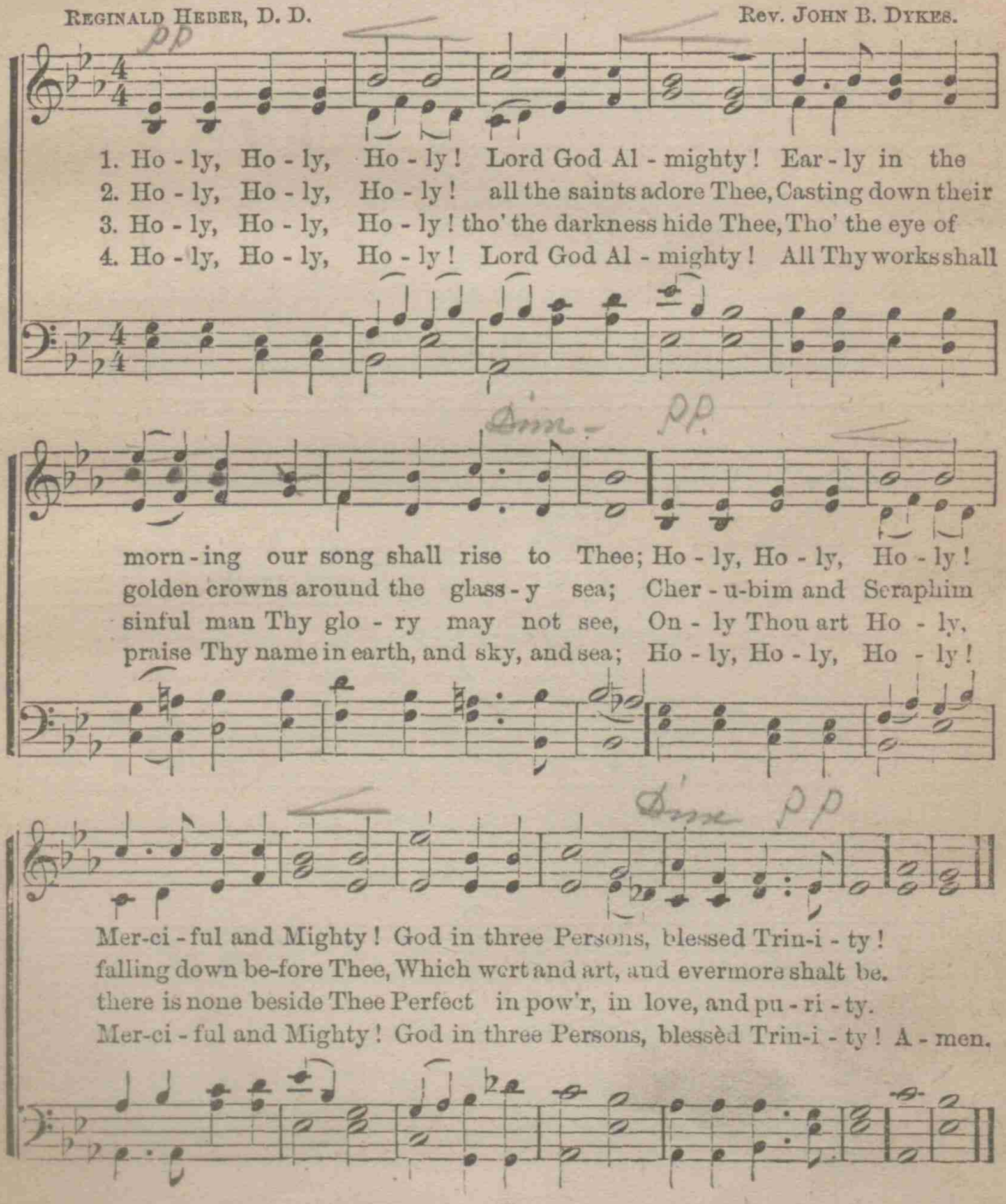
GOSPEL HYMNS.

No. 3.

No. 1. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—REV. 4: 8.

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

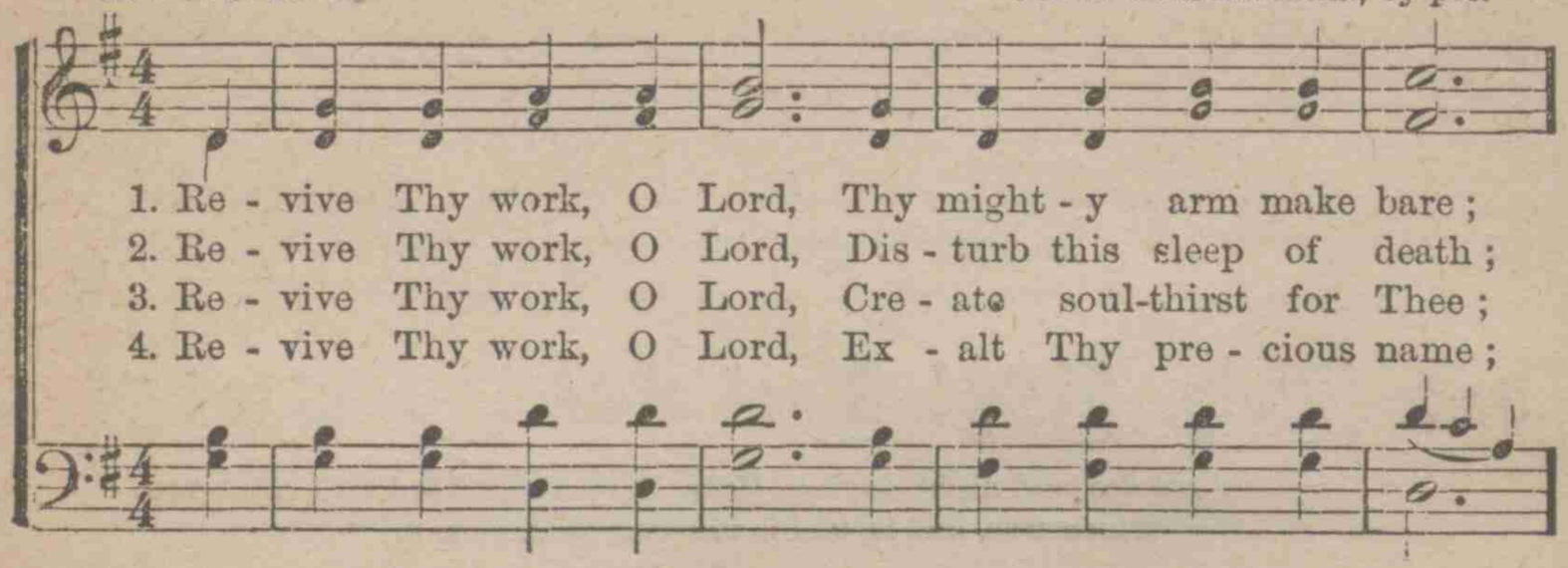


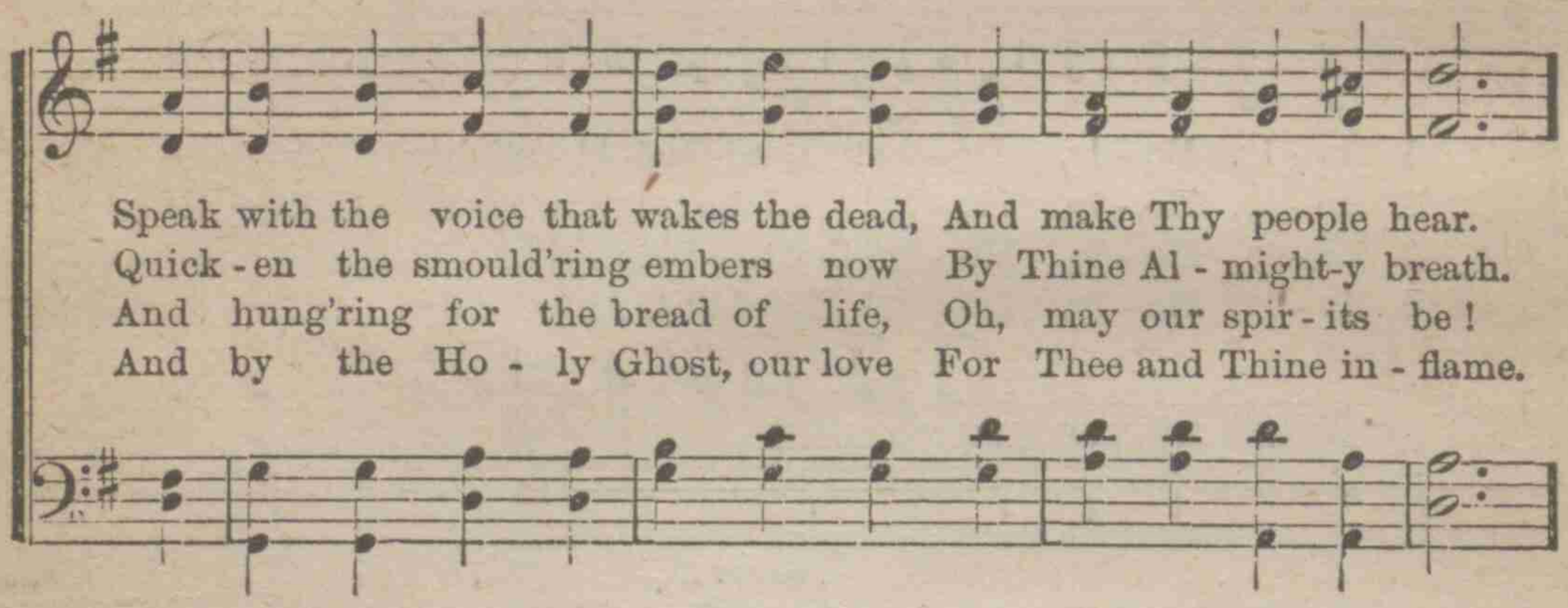
No. 2.

Revive Thy Work.
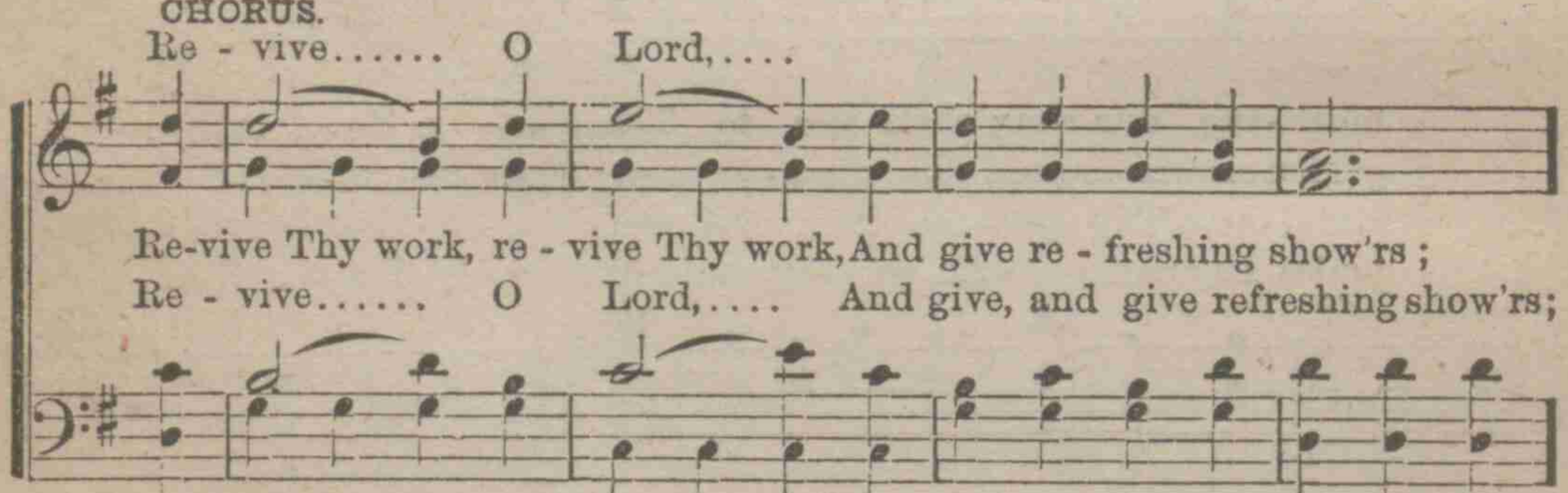
"O Lord, revive thy work."—Hab. 3 : 2.
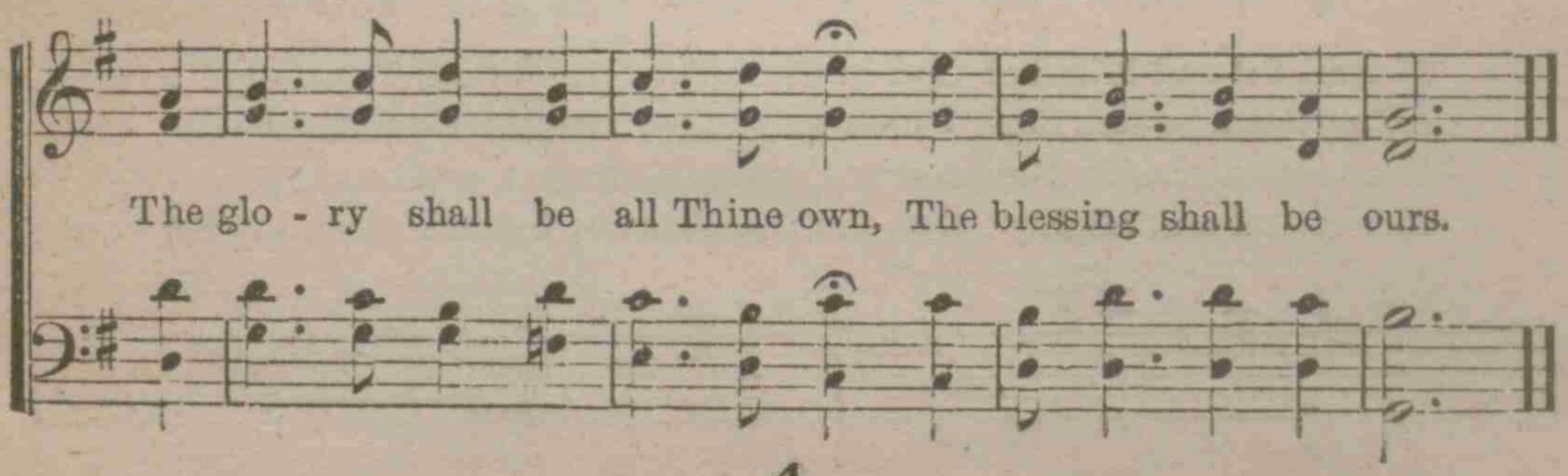
Rev. J. C. Ryle. James McGranahan, by per.





CHORUS.





No. 3.

I've Found a Friend.

A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is given;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and tender,

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heav-en.
So wise a Coun-sel-lor and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er!

And 'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv-er:
Th'e-ter-nal glories gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What power my soul can sev-er?

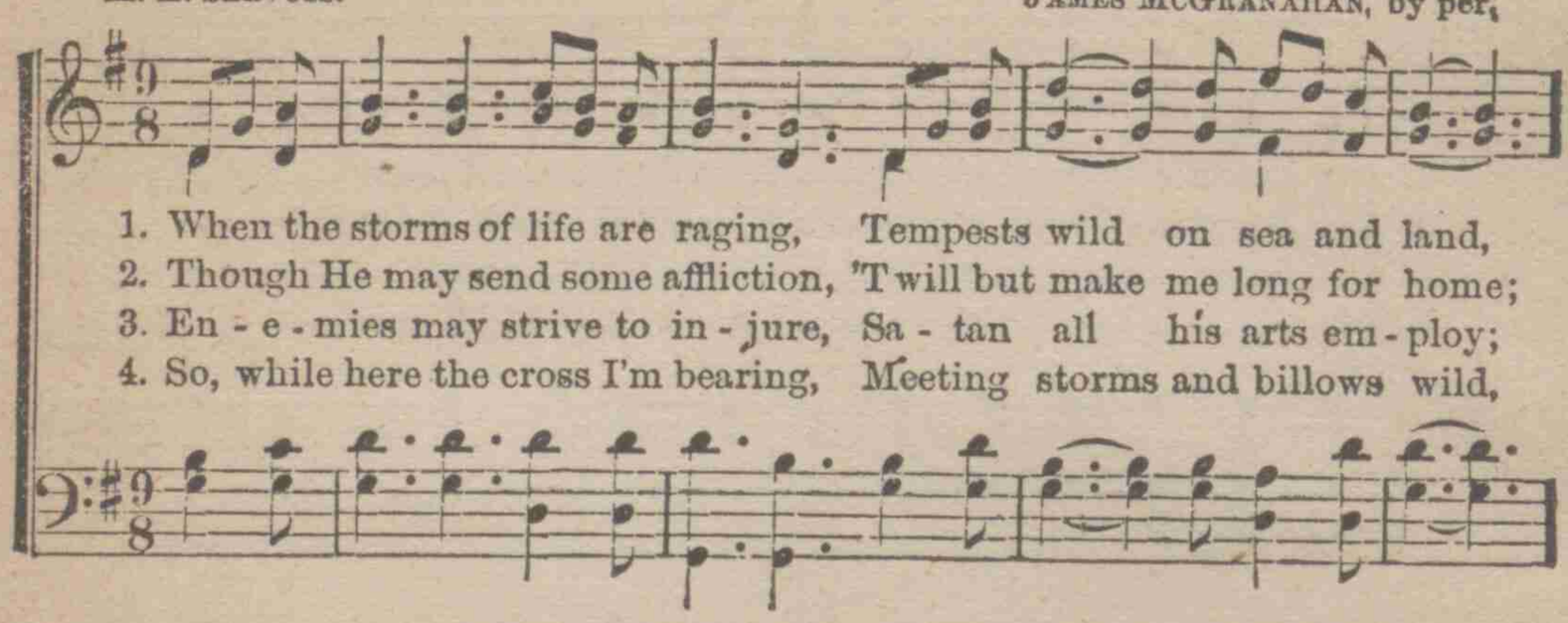
For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev-er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev-er.

No. 4.

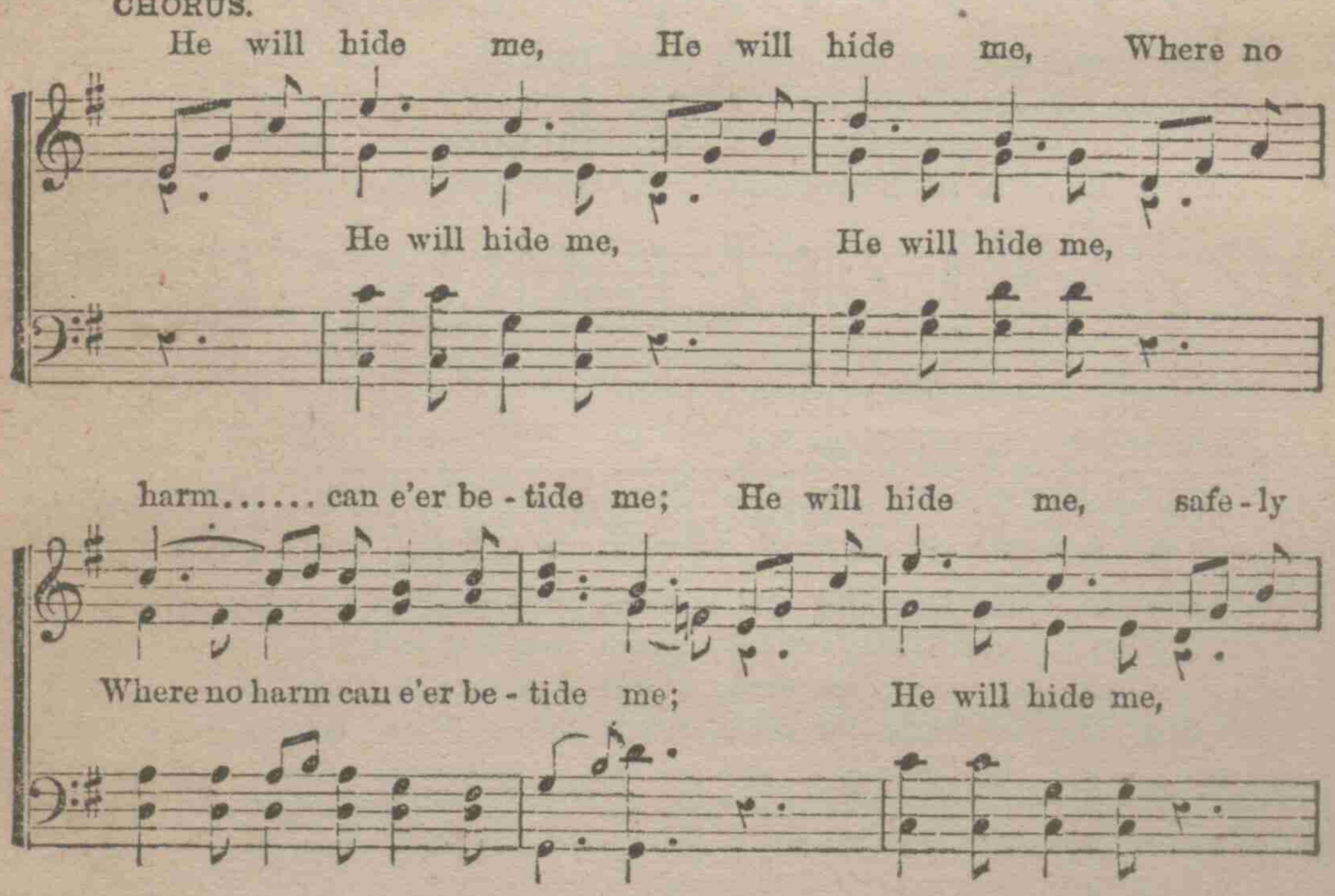
He will Hide Me.

"In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me."—Isa. 49: 2.

M. E. Servoss. James McGranahan, by per.



CHORUS.



He will Hide Me.—Concluded.

hide me In the shad - - ow of His hand.

safe - ly hide me In the shad - ow of His hand.

—o—

No. 5. Thine, Jesus, Thine.

"I am thine."—Ps. 119: 94.

ENGLISH. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Thine, Je - sus, Thine, No more this heart of mine Shall
2. Thine, Thine a - lone, My joy, my hope, my crown; Now
3. Thine, ev - er Thine, For - ev - er to re - cline On
4. Thine, Je - sus, Thine, Soon in Thy crown to shine, When

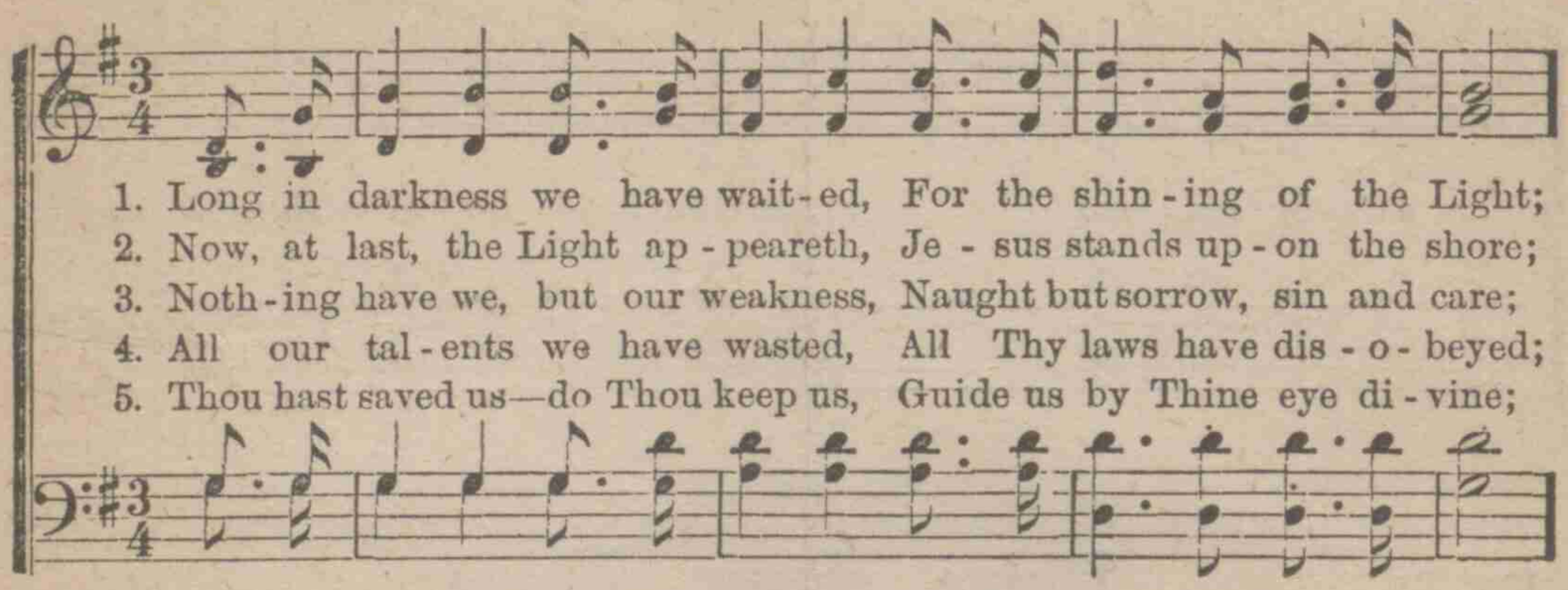
seek its joy a - part from Thee; The world is cru - ci -
earth - ly things may fade and die, They charm my soul no
love e - ter - nal, fixed and sure, Yes, I am Thine for
from the glo - ry Thou shalt come And with Thy saints shall

fied to me, And I am Thine, And I am Thine.
more, for I Am Thine a - lone, Am Thine a - lone.
ev - er more, Lord, Je - sus, Thine, Lord, Je - sus, Thine
take me home, Lord, Je - sus, come, Lord, Je - sus, come.
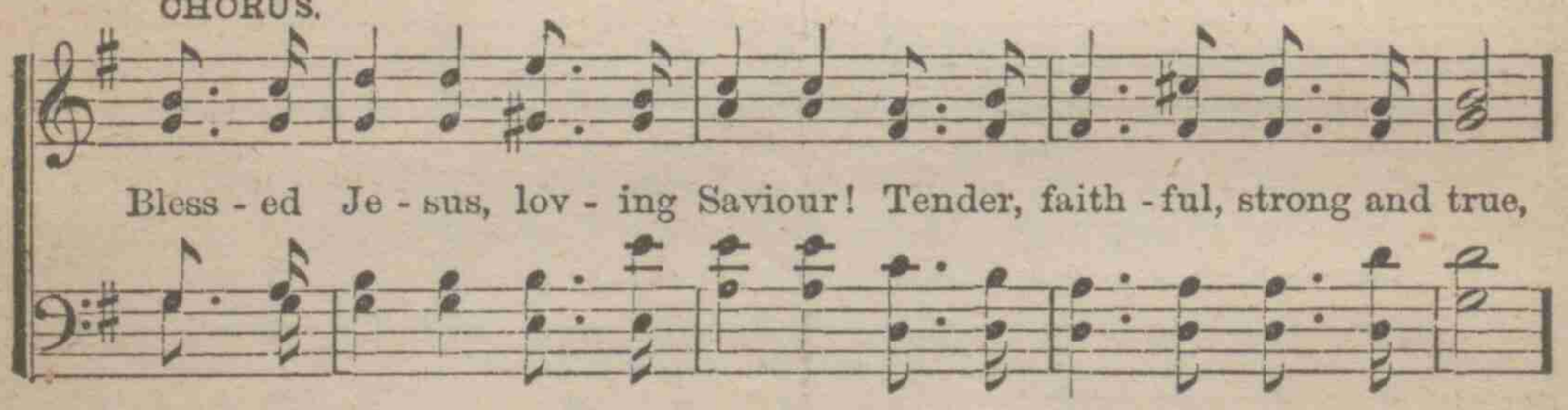
No. 6. Out of Darkness into Light.

"I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."—JOHN 8: 12.

W. O. LATTIMORE.* (TEMPERANCE HYMN.) IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



CHORUS.



Final Chorus.—Blessed Jesus, be Thou near us,
Give us of Thy grace to-day;
While we're calling, do Thou hear us,
Send us, now, Thy peace, we pray.

**Written by one rescued from strong drink.*

No. 7.

Jesus Calls Thee.

"I the Lord have called thee."—Isa. 42: 6.

Mrs. S. A. Collins. W. H. Doane, by per.

1. Je - sus, gracious one, call - eth now to thee, "Come, O sinner, come!"
2. Still He waits for thee, pleading pa - tient - ly, "Come, O come to Me!"
3. Weary, sin - sick soul, called so gracious - ly, Canst thou dare re - fuse?

Calls so ten - der - ly, calls so lov - ing - ly, "*Now*, O sin - ner, come."
"Heavy - la - den one, I thy grief have borne, Come and rest in Me."
Mer - cy of - fered thee, free - ly, ten - der - ly, Wilt thou still a - buse?

Words of peace and bless - ing, Christ's own love con - fess - ing;
Words with love o'er - flow - ing, Life and bliss be - stow - ing;
Come, for time is fly - ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy - ing;

REFRAIN.

Hear the sweet voice of Je - sus, Full, full of love;

Call - ing ten - der - ly, call - ing lov - ing - ly, "Come, O sinner, come."

No. 8.

My Redeemer.

"O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."—Ps. 19: 14.

P. P. Bliss. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. I will sing of my Redeem-er And His wond'rous love to me;
2. I will tell the wond'rous story, How my lost es - tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri - umph - ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Redeemer, And His heav'n - ly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing, ... of my Re-deem - er, With His

Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, With His
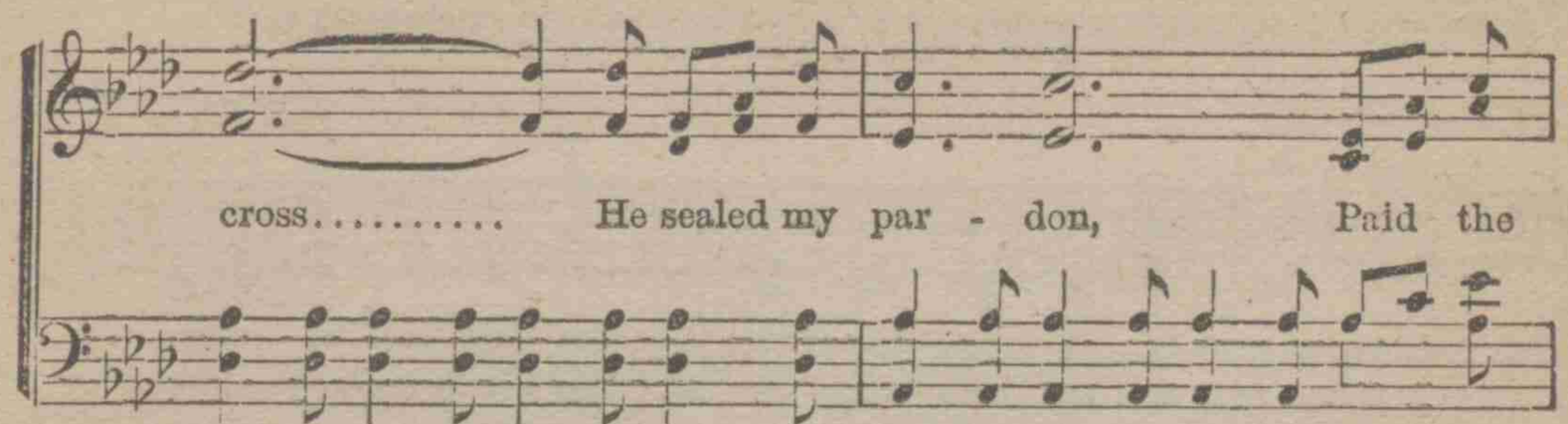
blood ....
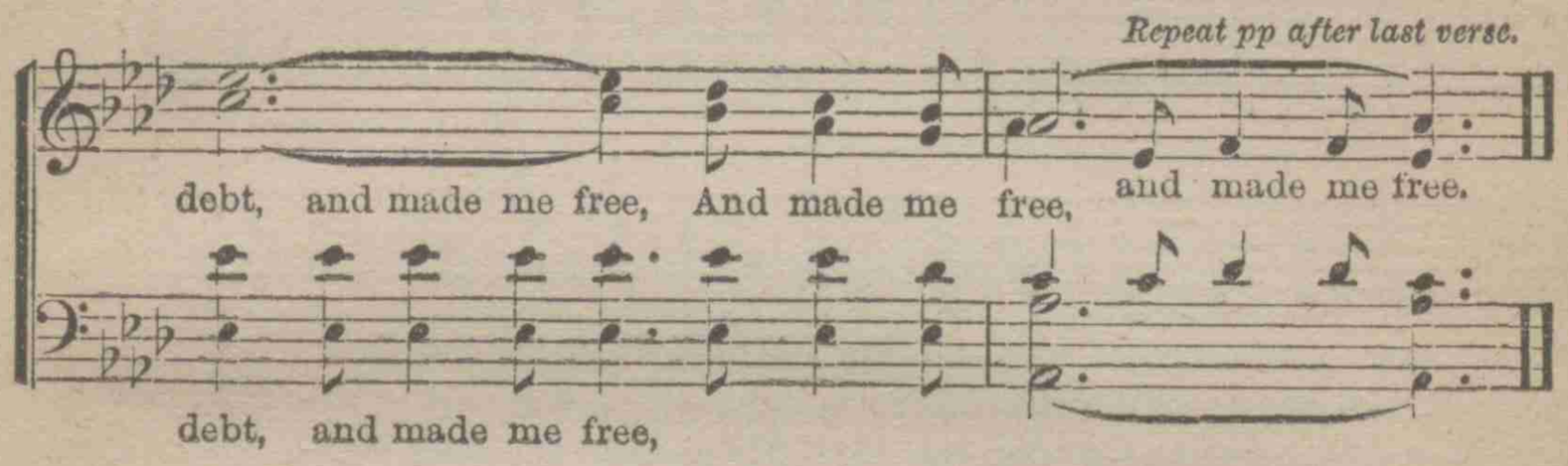
blood He purchased me, He purchased me, ... On the

blood ..... He purchased me,

blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me; On the

My Redeemer.—Concluded.

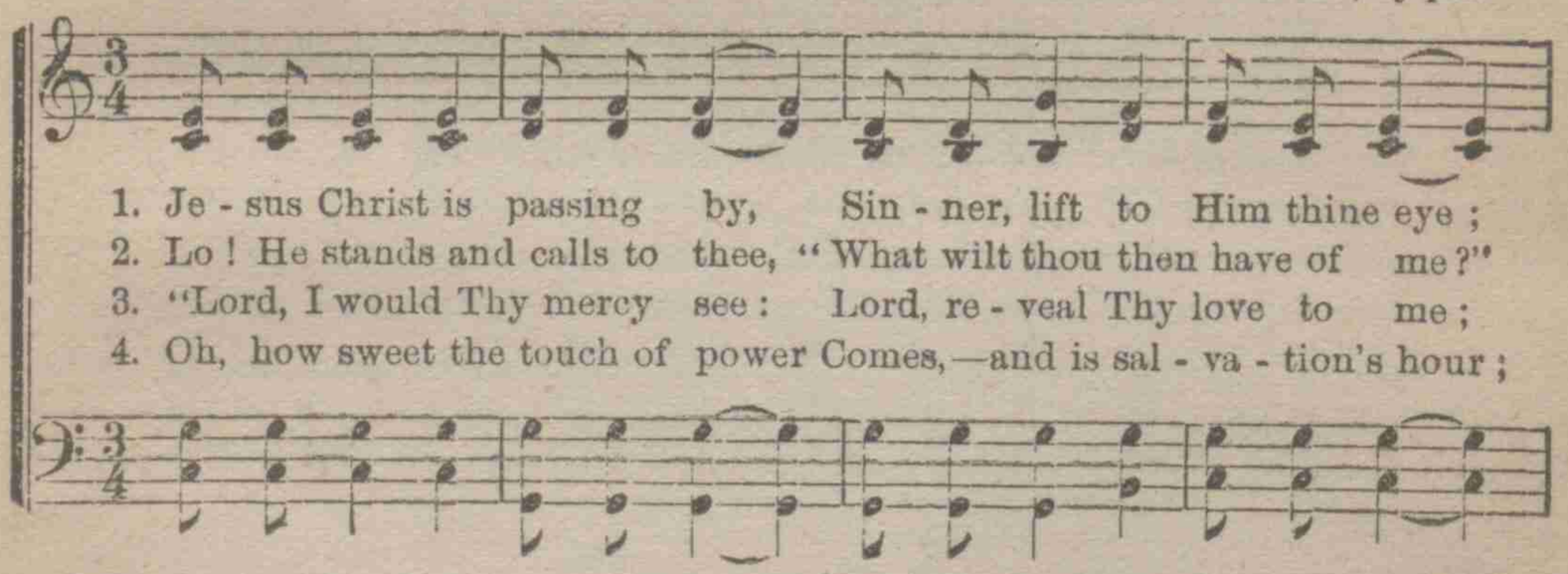




No. 9. Jesus Christ is Passing by.

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

J. DENHAM SMITH. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.



No. 10.

Come near Me.

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."—Ps. 34: 18.

Rev. G. G. LLOYD. J. W. BISCHOFF, by per.

Tenderly.

1. Come near me, O my Sav - iour; Thy ten - der - ness re - veal; O,
2. Come near me, my Re - deem - er, And nev - er leave my side; My
3. Come near me, bless-ed Je - sus, I need Thee in my joy, No
4. Be near me, mighty Sav - iour, When comes the lat - est strife; For

let me know the sym - pa - thy Which Thou for me dost feel, I
bark, when toss'd on trouble's sea, The storm can - not out - ride, Un -
less than when the dir - est ills My hap - pi - ness de - stroy; For
Thou hast thro' death's shadows pass'd, And ope'd the gates of life; And

f *mf*

need Thee ev - ery mo - ment; Thine ab - sence brings dis - may; But
less Thy word of pow - er Ar - rest the surg - ing wave; No
when the sun shines o'er me And flow - ers strew my way, With
when among the ransom'd I stand with crown and palm, To

cres. *dim.*

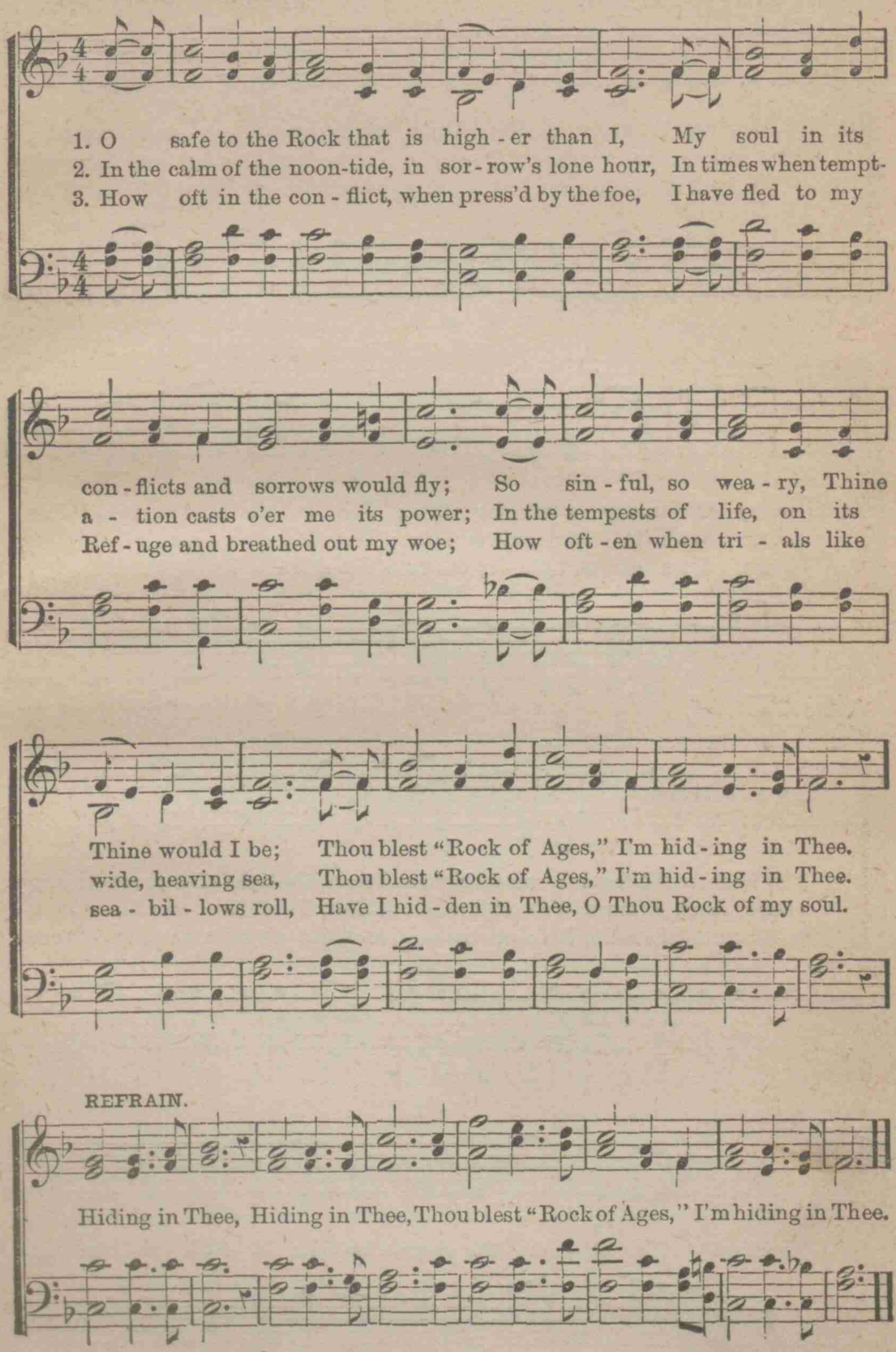
when the tempter hurls his darts, T'were death with Thee a - way.
voice but Thine its rage can quell, No arm but Thine can save.
out Thy wise and guiding hand More eas - i - ly I stray.
Thee, Divine, un - failing Friend, I'll raise e - ter - nal psalm.

No. 11.

Hiding in Thee.

"My strong rock, for a house of defence."—Ps. 31:2.

Rev. WILLIAM O. CUSHING. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.



No. 12.

A Light upon the Shore.

"No night there."—Rev. 21: 25.

Rev. Henry Burton, M. A. James McGranahan, by per.

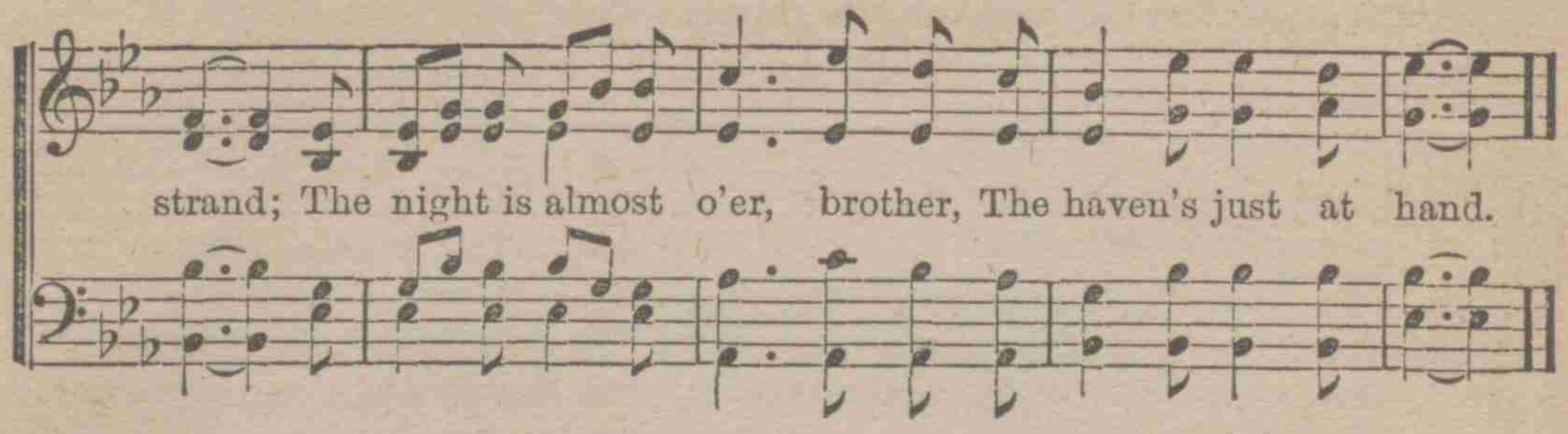
1. We've journey'd many a day Upon an ocean wide, A - mid the mist and spray Of many a surging tide; But, lo! the land is near! For
2. We've had our storms of doubt, Our rains of bitter tears, Our fightings fierce with - out, With - in our anxious fears; But, lo! the storms are past, They
3. O land of calm - est rest, Where suns no more go down! O haven of the blest, With bliss and glo - ry crown'd! No more the storm, the dark, The

just beyond the foam I see it bright and clear, The light of home, sweet home.
cannot reach us more; We've sighted land at last, The blessed stormless shore.
breakers and the foam, No more the wail, for hark! We hear the songs of home.

REFRAIN.

There's a light up - on the shore, brother, It flash - es from the

A Light upon the Shore.—Concluded.

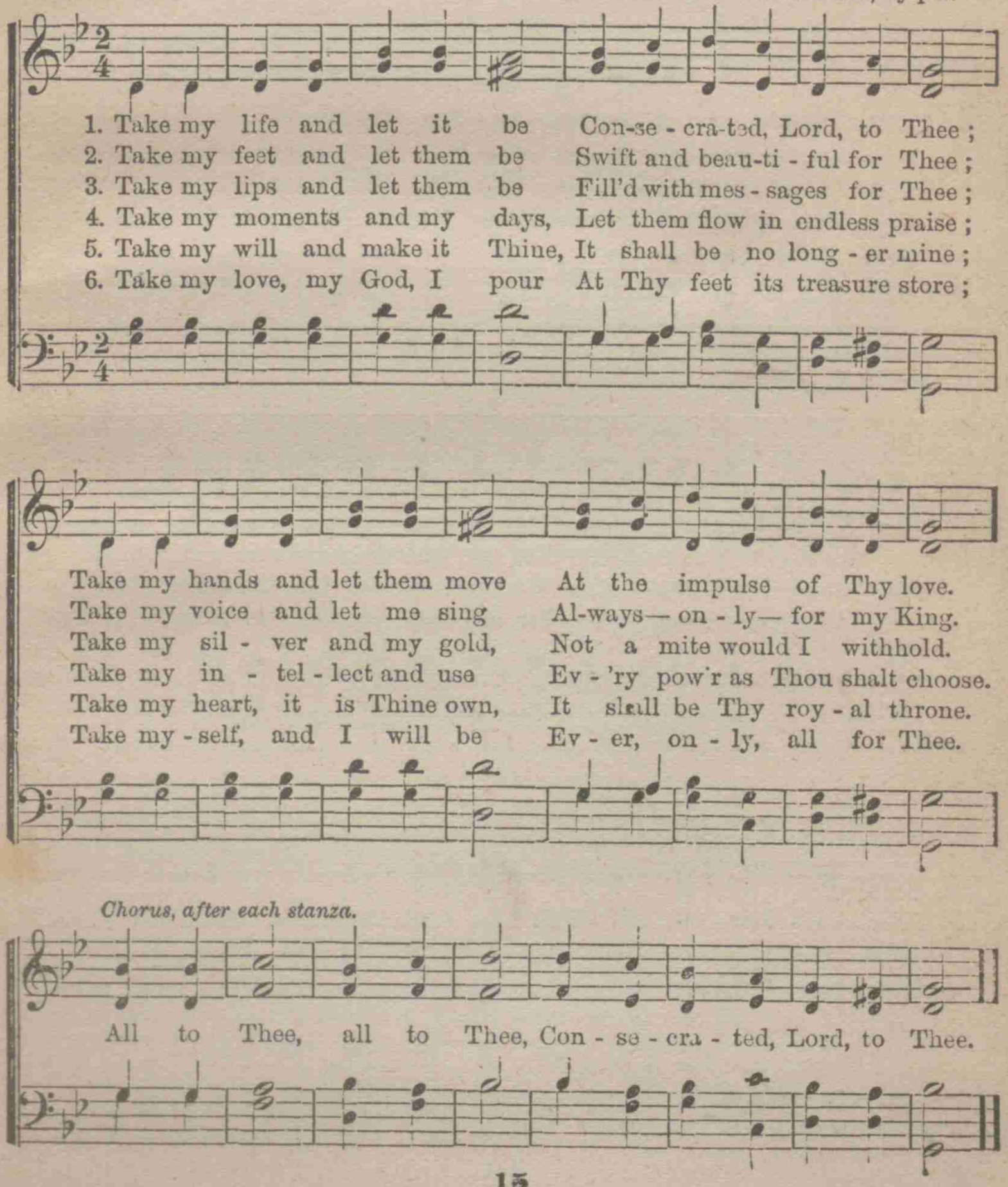


—o—

No. 13. Consecration.

"Ye are not your own."—1 Cor. 6: 19.

Miss Frances R. Havergal. P. P. Bliss, by per.



Chorus, after each stanza.

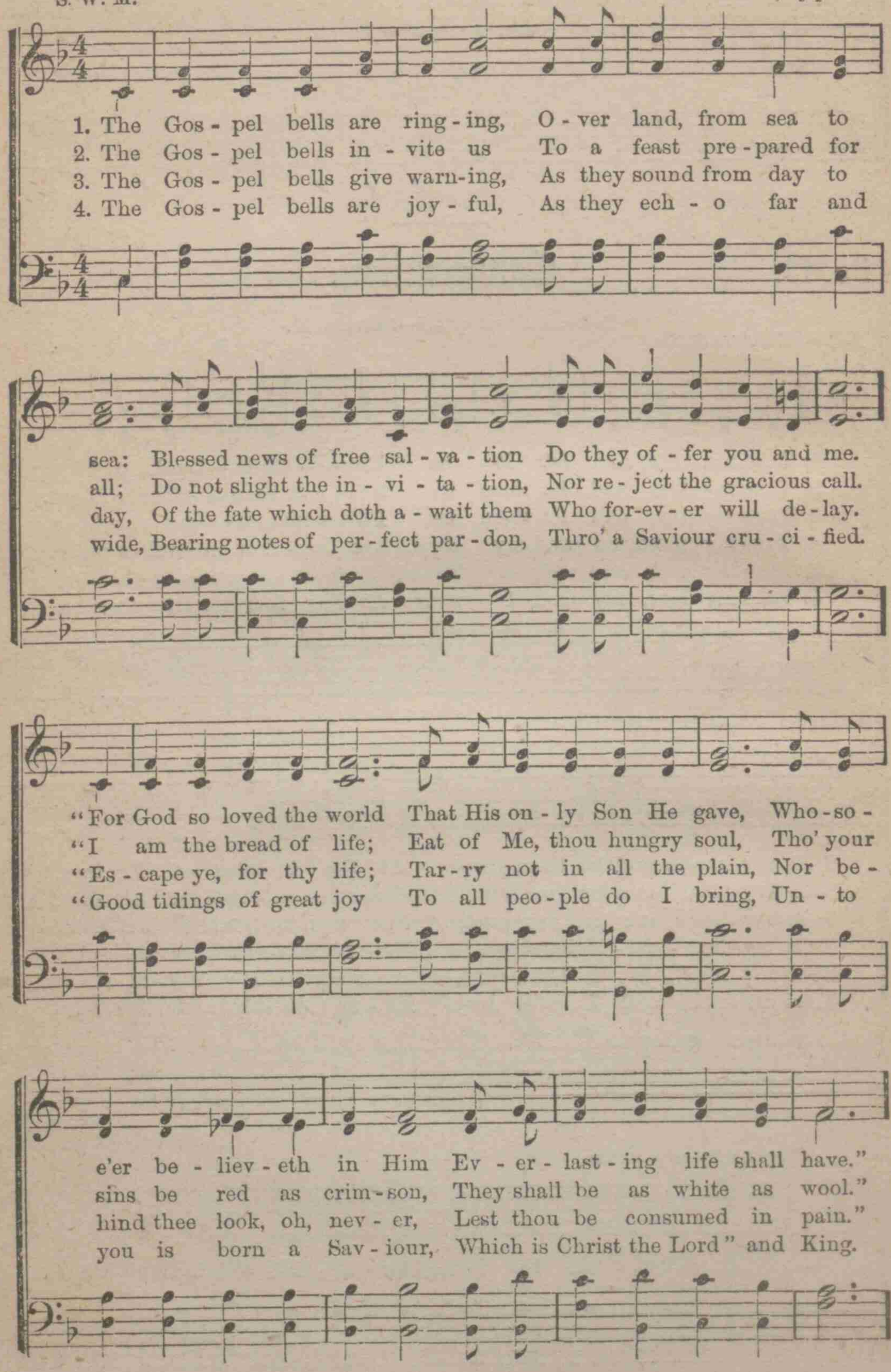
No. 14.

The Gospel Bells.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—JOHN 3: 16.

S. W. M.

S. WESLEY MARTIN, by per.



16.
by per.

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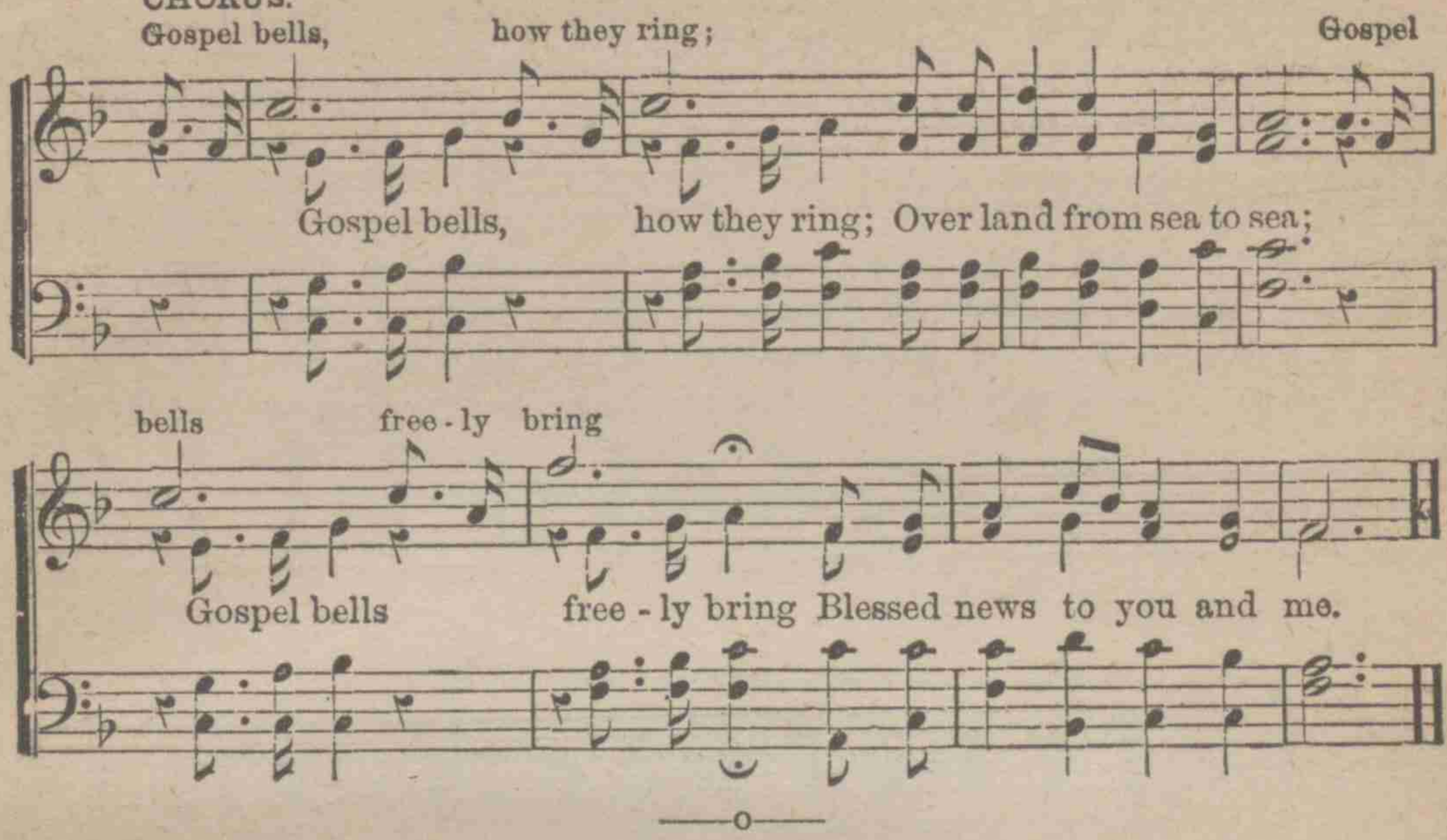
nd me.
ous call.
de - lay.
ci - fied.

Who - so -
Tho' your
Nor be -
Un - to

have."
wool."
pain."
King.

The Gospel Bells.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

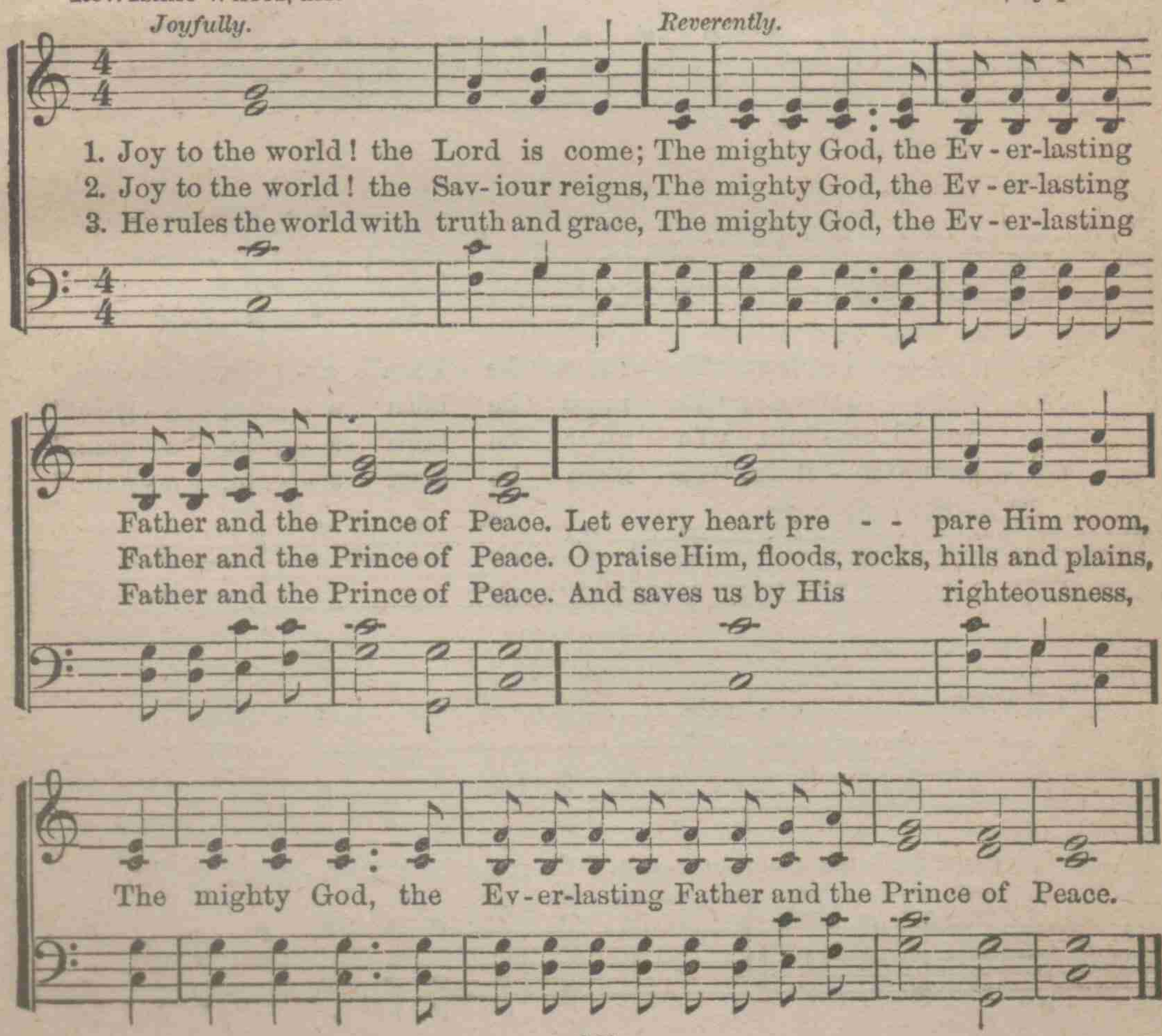


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No. 15. Joy to the World.

"The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—Isa. 9 : 6.

Rev. Isaac Watts, arr. Geo. F. Root, by per.



No. 16. Ye must be Born again.

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

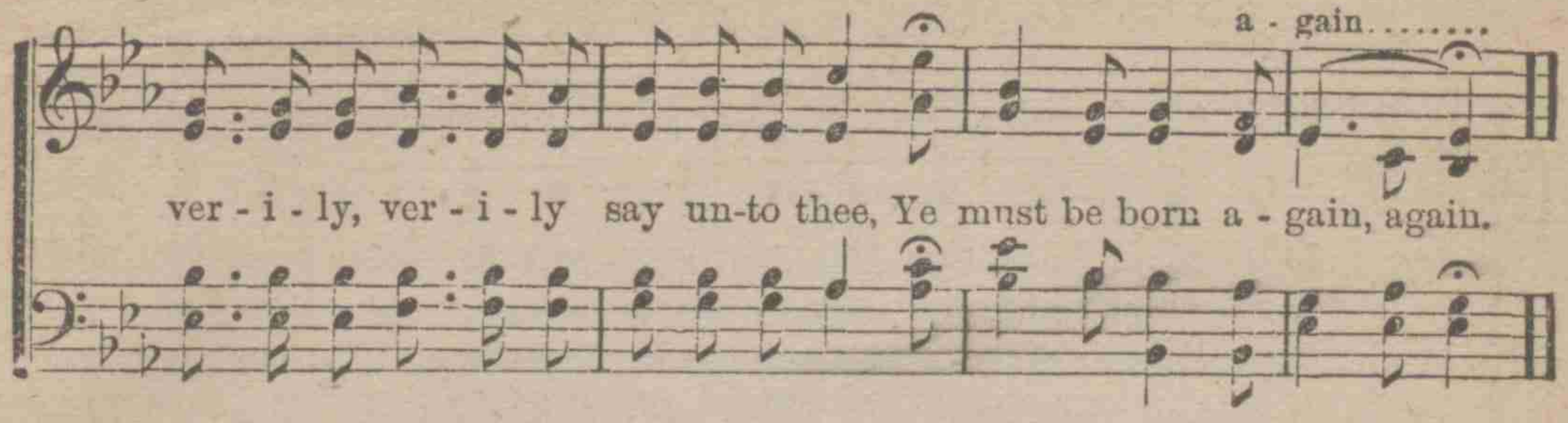
W. T. SLEEPER. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. A ruler once came to Jesus by night, To ask Him the way of salvation and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born again, again."
2. Ye children of men, attend to the word So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain, "Ye must be born again, again."
3. O ye who would enter that glorious rest, And sing with the ransom'd the song of the blest; The life everlasting if ye would obtain, "Ye must be born again, again."
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beautiful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this solemn refrain, "Ye must be born again, again."

CHORUS.

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

Ye must be Born again.—Concluded.



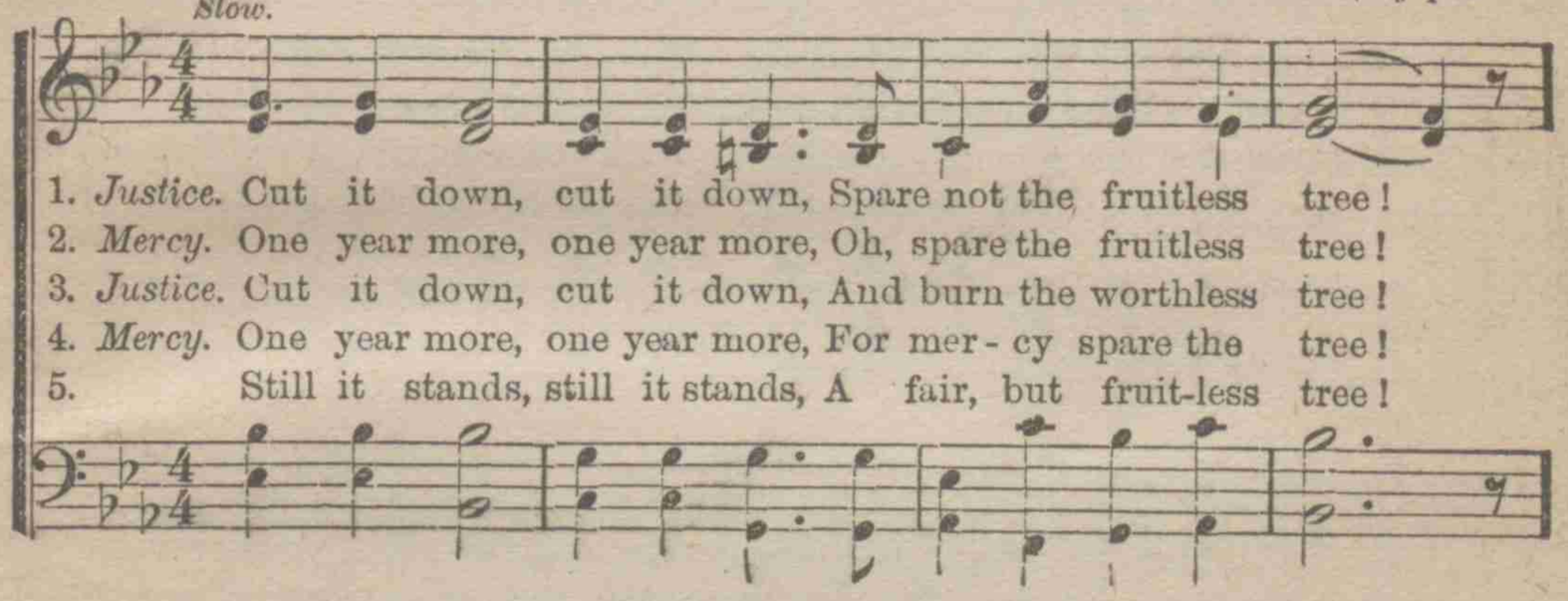
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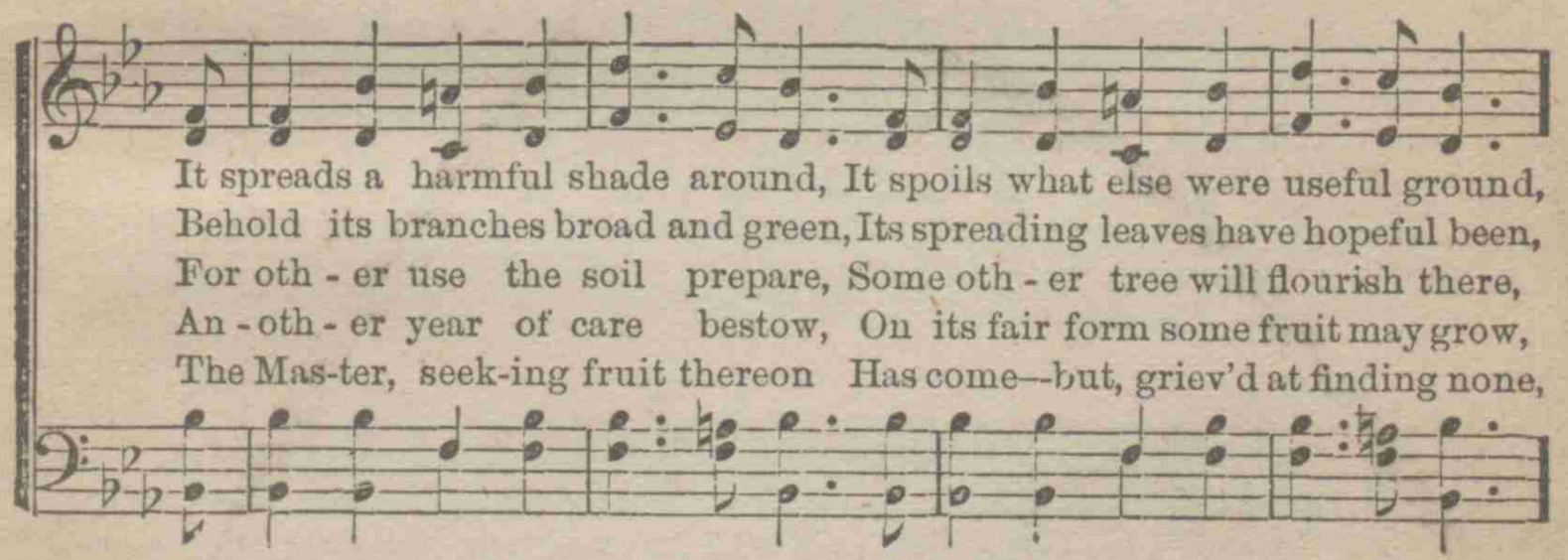
No. 17. Cut it Down.

"Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"—Luke 13: 7.

P. P. Bliss.

P. P. Bliss, by per.





No. 18.

Christ Returneth.

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

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - waking, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twilight, It may be per -
3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending, With glo - ri - fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, delight! should we go without dying, No sickness, no

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Rit. - - - - - - -

No. 19. Why do You Wait?

G. F. R. "Arise, He calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is

tar - ry so long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to
fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but
striv - ing with - in? Oh, why not ac - cept His sal -
pass - ing a - way, Your Sav - iour is long - ing to

give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin.
bless you, There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

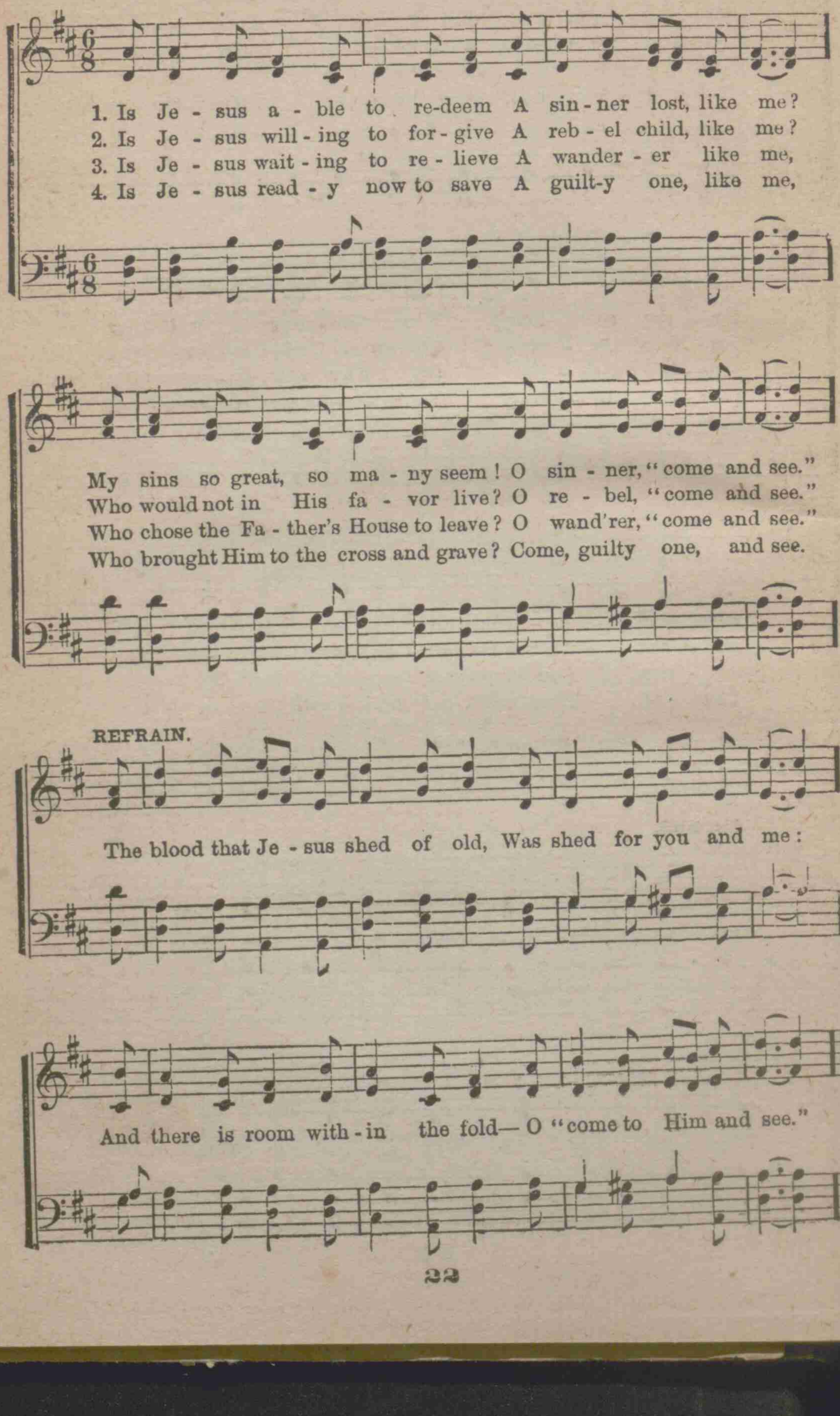
No. 20.

Is Jesus able to Redeem?

"Come unto me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11 : 28.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



No. 21. Verily, Verily.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6 : 47.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. O what a Saviour that He died for me! From condem - na - tion He hath made me free; "He that be - liev - eth on the Son" saith He,
2. All my in - iq-uities on Him were laid, All my in - debt-ed - ness by Him was paid; All who be - lieve on Him, the Lord hath said,
3. Tho' poor and needy I can trust my Lord, Tho' weak and sin - ful I be- lieve His word; O glad mes - sage! ev - ery child of God,
4. Tho' all unworthy, yet I will not doubt, For him that com - eth, He will not cast out, "He that be - liev - eth," O the good news shout,

CHORUS.

"*Hath* ev - er - last - ing life." "Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly,
"*Have* ev - er - last - ing life."
"*Hath* ev - er - last - ing life."
"HATH ev - er - last - ing life."

I say un - to you, Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly" message ev - er new;
"He that be - liev-eth on the Son" 'tis true, "*Hath* ev - er - last-ing life."

No. 22. The Lamb is the Light thereof.

"And the Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. 21: 23.

Mrs. W. R. Griswold. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

1. If nev - er the gaze of sun and moon, On the blessed home a - bove, From whence, are its rays of wondrous noon? Oh! "the
2. And thus saith the page of Ho - ly Writ Of the land of song and love, "The glo - ry of God did light - en it, And the
3. Then fol - low Him, till the eye grows dim, And the soul, as ark-freed dove, Shall speed a - way to realms of day, Where "the

CHORUS.

Lamb is the light thereof." They shall walk in white, there shall be no night In the fade - less home a - bove; And the

sl out shall ring as the ransomed sing, Oh! "the Lamb is the light thereof."

No. 23. How Happy are We.

"He that keepeth the law, happy is he."—PROV. 29: 18.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Oh, how hap - py are we, Who in Je - sus a - gree, And ex - pect His re - turn from a - bove; We sit 'neath His vine, and de -
2. When u - nit - ed to Him, We par - take of the stream Ev - er flow - ing in peace from the throne, We in Je - sus believe, and the
3. We re - mem - ber the word Of our cru - ci - fied Lord, When He went to pre - pare us a place, "I will come in that day and will
4. Come, Lord, from the skies And com - mand us to rise To the mansions of glo - ry a - bove; With Thee to as - cend and e -

light - ful - ly join In the praise of His ex - cel - lent love.
spir - it re - ceive, That proceeds from the Fa - ther and Son.
take you a - way, And ad - mit to a sight of my face."
ter - ni - ty spend, In a rap - ture of heav - en - ly love.

CHORUS.

Oh, how happy are we Who in Jesus agree, How happy, how happy are we.

No. 24.

Blessed Hope.

"That ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope."—THESS. 4 : 13.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Bless - ed hope that in Je - sus is giv - en, In our sor - row to cheer and sus - tain, That soon in the mansions of
2. Bless - ed hope in the word God has spok - en, All our peace by that word we ob - tain; And as sure as God's word was ne'er
3. Bless - ed hope! how it shines in our sor - row, Like the star o - ver Beth- le - hem's plain, That it may be, with Him, ere the
4. Bless - ed hope! the bright star of the morn - ing, That shall her - ald His com - ing to reign; Oh, the glo - ry that waits its fair

Heav - en, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
bro - ken, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
mor - row, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.
dawn - ing, When we meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.

CHORUS

Blessed hope, . . blessed hope, . . . We shall meet with our lov'd ones again,

Blessed hope. blessed hope,

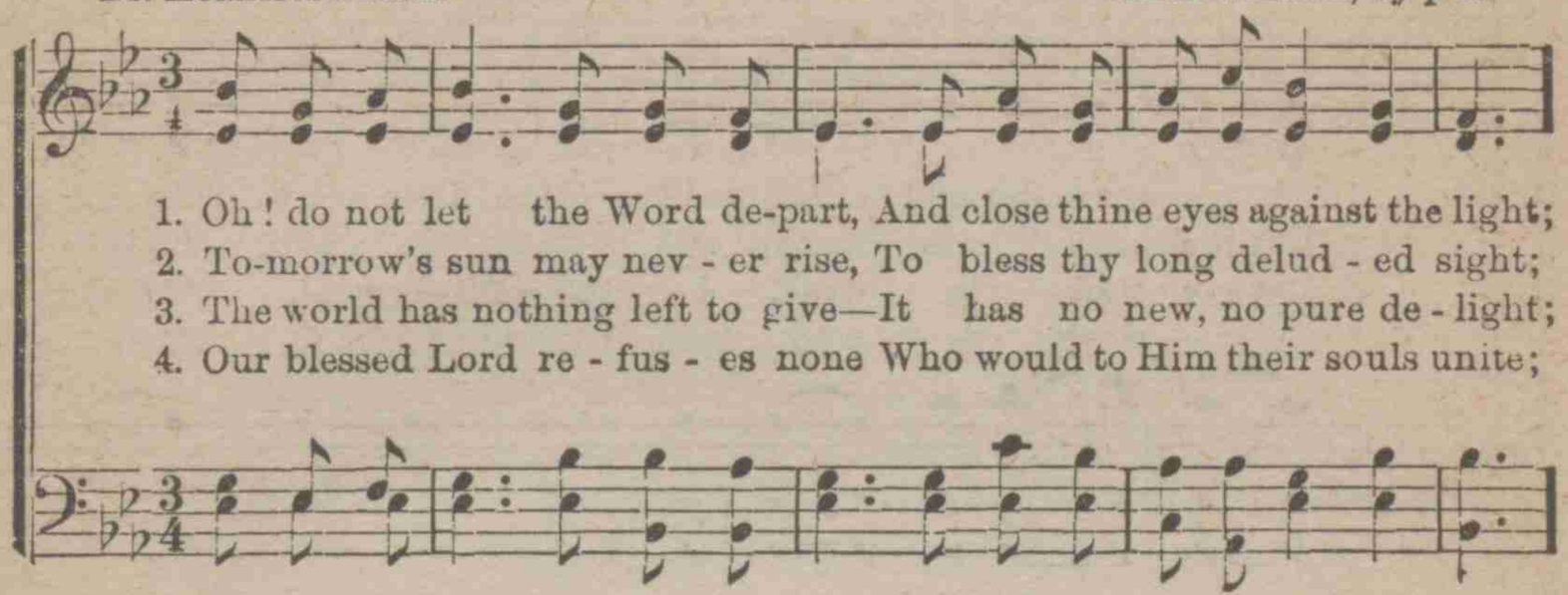
Blessed hope, . . blessed hope, . . We shall meet with our lov'd ones again.

Blessed hope, blessed hope,

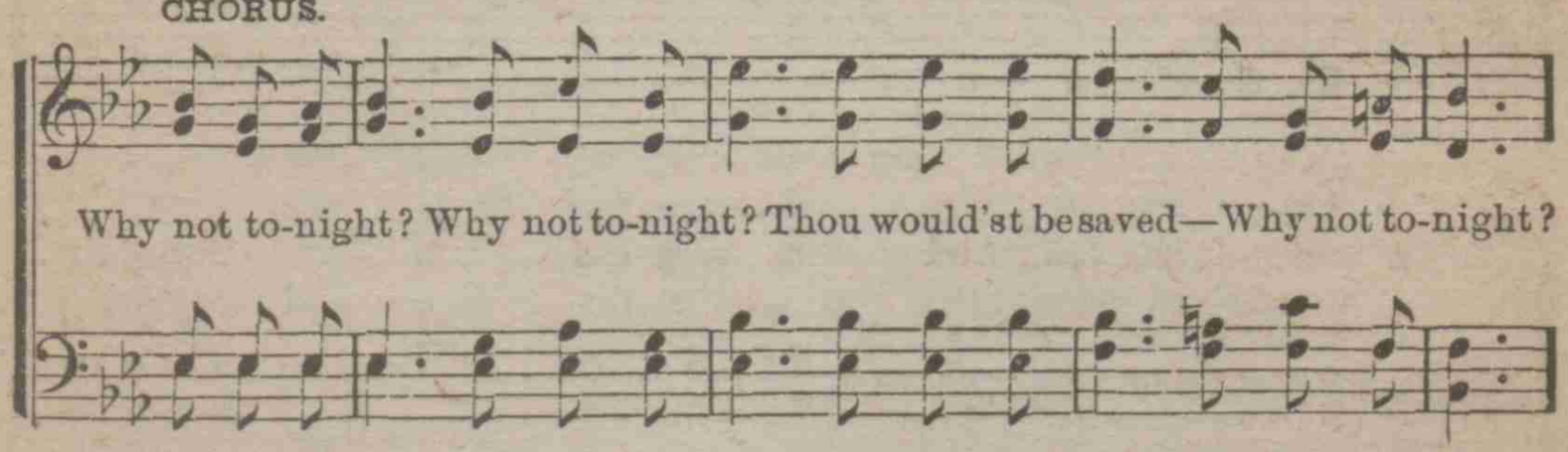
No. 25. Why not To-night?

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

DR. HORATIUS BONAR. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



CHORUS.



No. 26.

Over the Line.

"Let him come unto me."—JOHN 7: 37.

Mrs. N. K. BRADFORD. EDWARD H. PHELPS, by per.

1. Oh, ten - der and sweet was the Mas - ter's voice As He
2. But my sins are many, my faith is small, Lo! the
3. But my flesh is weak, I tear - ful - ly said, And the
4. Ah, the world is cold, and I cannot go back, Press

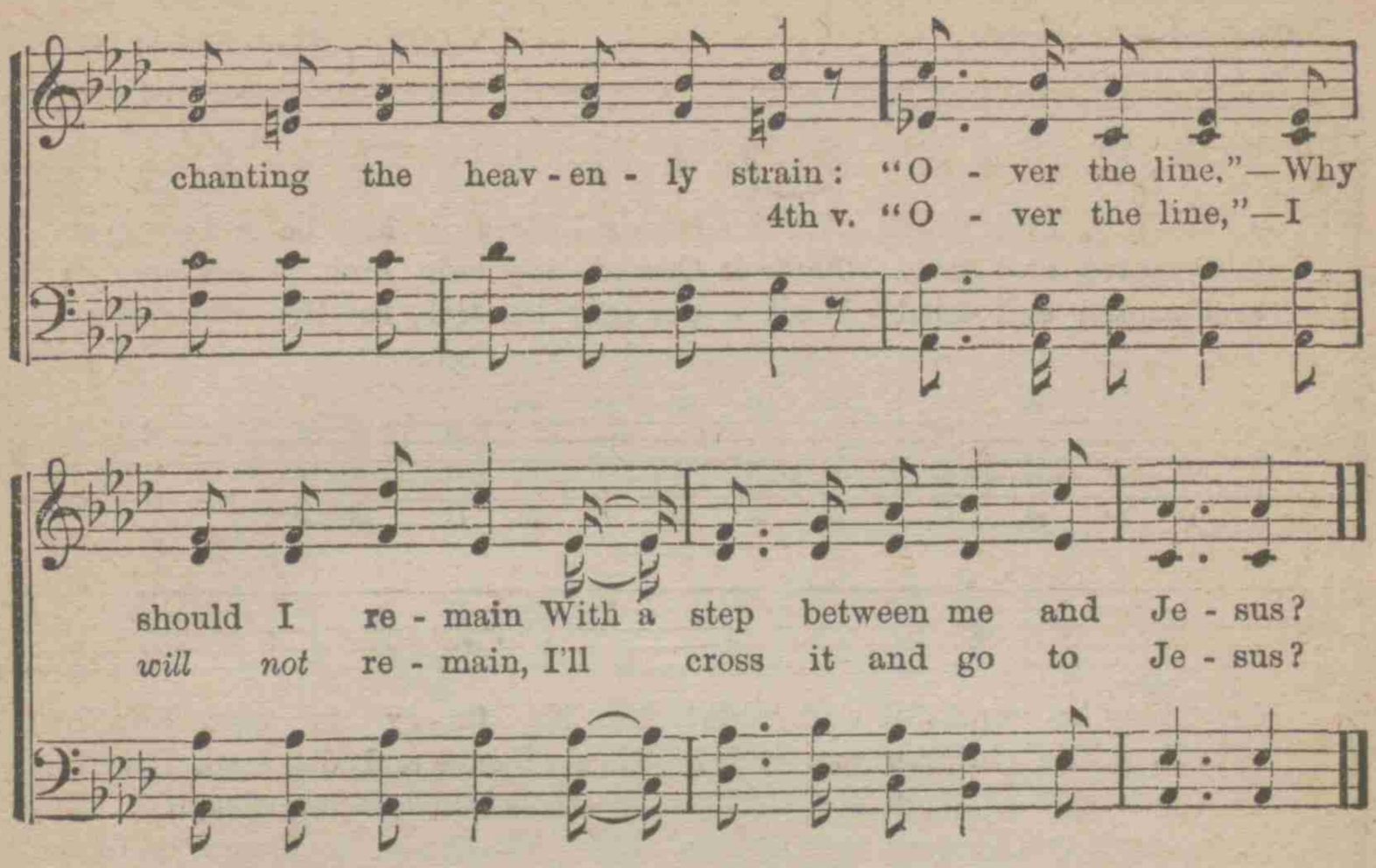
lov - ing - ly called to me, "Come o - ver the line, it is
an - swer came quick and clear; "Thou needest not trust in thy
way I can - not see; I fear if I try I may
for - ward I sure - ly must; I will place my hand in His

on - ly a step—I am wait - ing, my child, for thee."
self at all, Step o - ver the line, I am here"
sad - ly fail, And thus may dis - hon - or Thee.
wound - ed palm, Step o - ver the line and *trust.*

REFRAIN.

"O - ver the line," hear the sweet re - frain, An - gels are

Over the Line.—Concluded.

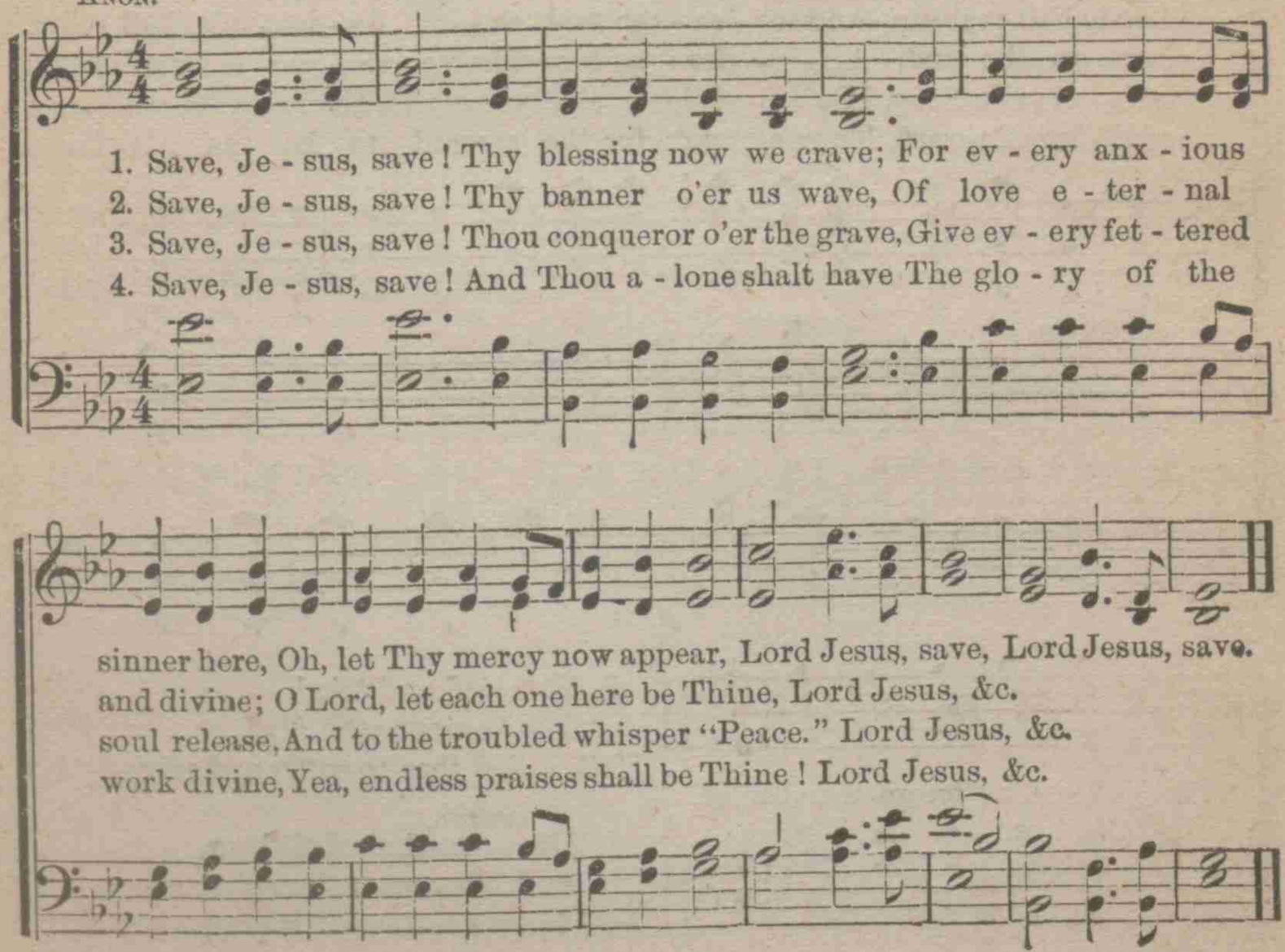


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No. 27. Save, Jesus, Save!

'Lord, save me."—MATT. 14: 30.

ANON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

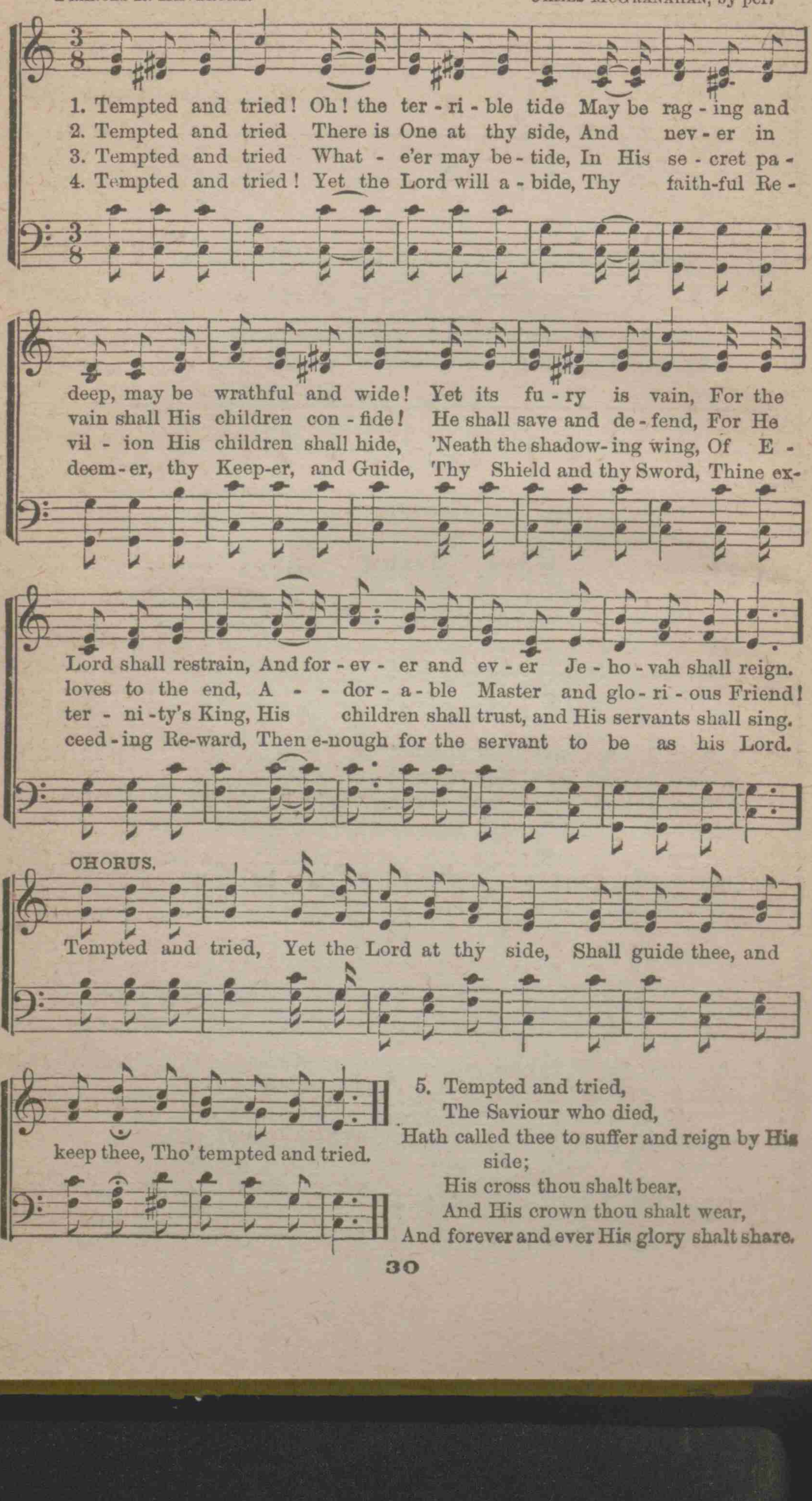


No. 28.

Tempted and Tried.

"Knowing this that the trial of your faith worketh patience."—Jas. 1: 3.

Frances R. Havergal. James McGranahan, by per.



5. Tempted and tried,
The Saviour who died,
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side;
His cross thou shalt bear,
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And forever and ever His glory shalt share.

No. 29. We're Marching to Zion.

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

Rev. I. WATTS. *Spirited.* Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But children of the heav'nly King, May
fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're

We're marching on to Zi - on,

marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.

Zi - on, Zi - on,

No. 30. I cannot Tell how Precious.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 PETER 2: 7.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. I cannot tell how precious The Saviour is to me, Since I have Him ac-
2. I cannot do for Je - sus As much as I should like; But I will e'er en -
3. Whene'er I think of Je-sus, I cannot but re - joice; To me He's ev - er

cept - ed, And He hath made me free; I can-not tell His good-ness, E -
deav - or To work with all my might; For, was not my dear Sav - iour For
pre-cious, For Him I raise my voice: I know He has in glo - ry A

nough to sat - is - fy; And if you'll only take Him, You'll see the reason why.
sin - ners cru-ci - fied? For me, then, surely, Je - sus Hung on the cross and died.
home prepar'd for me, Where I shall live for-ev - er So happy, and so free.

CHORUS.

I can - not tell how pre - cious The Sav - iour is to me;

I on - ly can en - treat you To come, and taste and see.

No. 31. Beautiful Valley of Eden.

"A rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Wm. F. Sherwin, by per.

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

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

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, How

the pure and blest,

Rit.

oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest !

No. 32. I'll Stand by You till the Morning.

This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Fierce and wild the storm is rag - ing Round a helpless bark,
2. Wea - ry, helpless, hopeless sea - men Faint - ing on the deck,
3. On a wild and stormy o - cean, Sink - ing neath the wave,
4. Dar - ing death thy soul to res - cue, He in love has come,

On to doom 'tis swift - ly driv - ing, O'er the wa - ters dark!
With what joy they hail their sav - iour, As he hails the wreck!
Souls that per - ish heed the mes - sage, Christ has come to save!
Leave the wreck and in Him trust-ing, Thou shalt reach thy home!

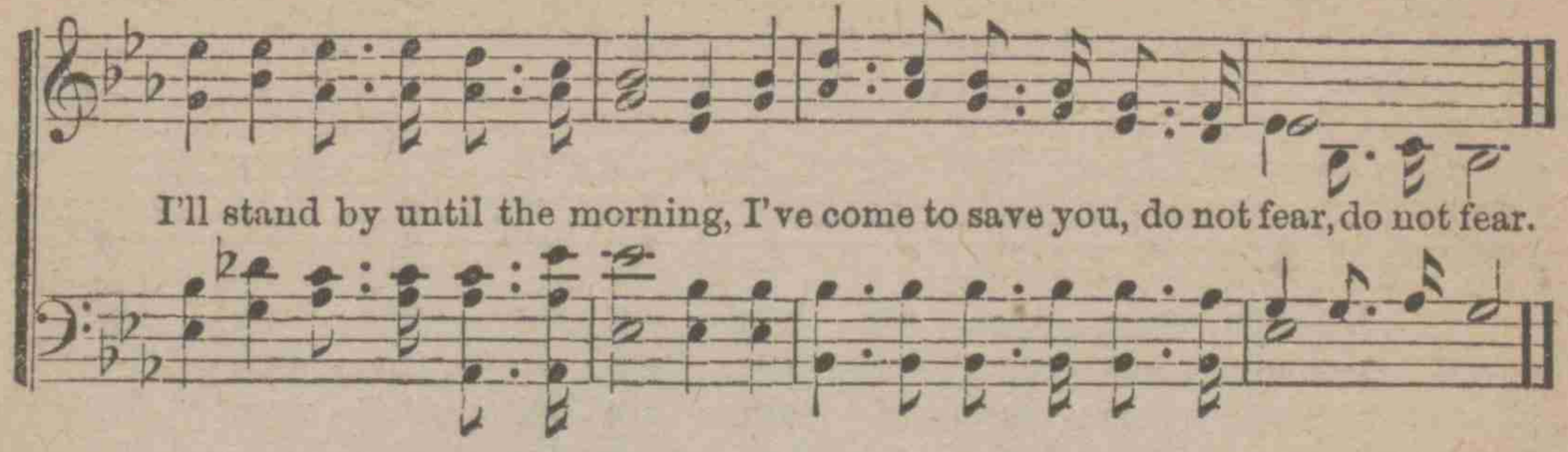
CHORUS.

Joy,..... behold the sav - iour, Joy,..... the message hear,

Joy, O joy, be - hold the saviour, Joy, O joy, the message hear,

"I'll stand by un-til the morning, I've *come* to save you, do not fear," Yes,

I'll Stand by You.—Concluded.

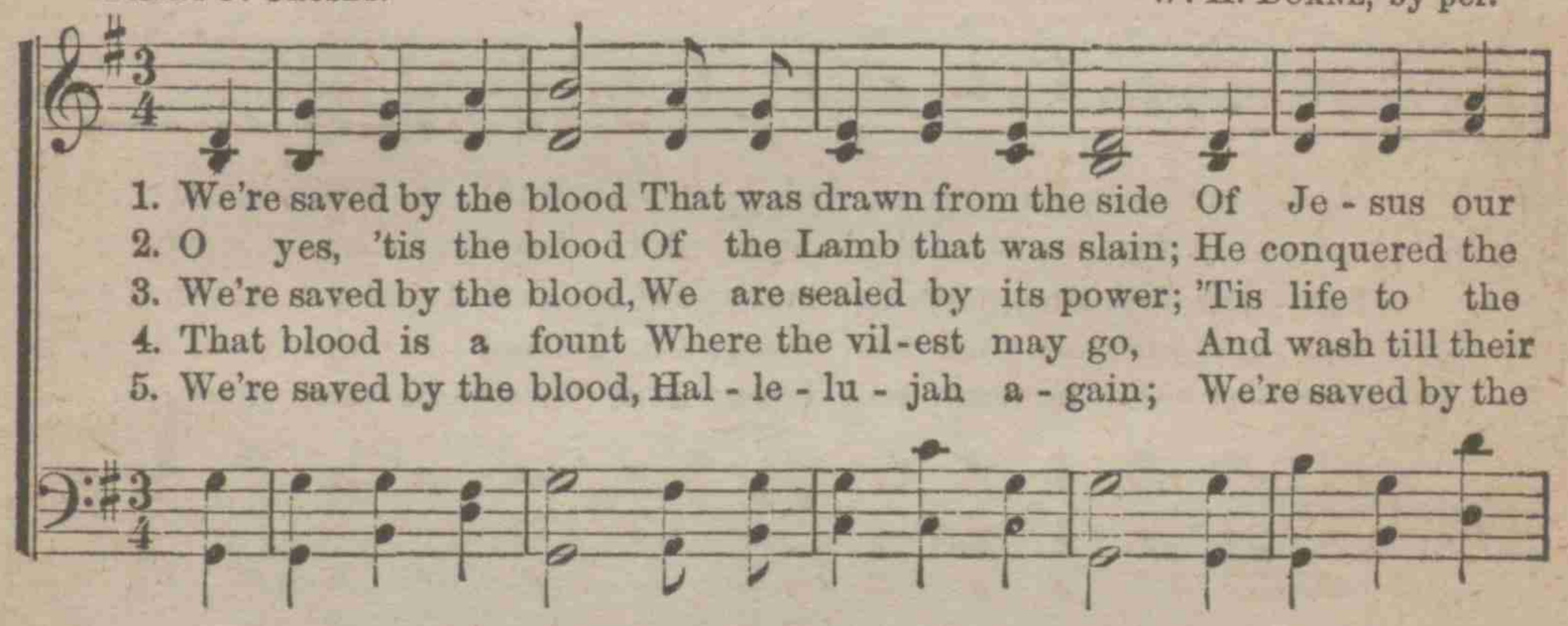


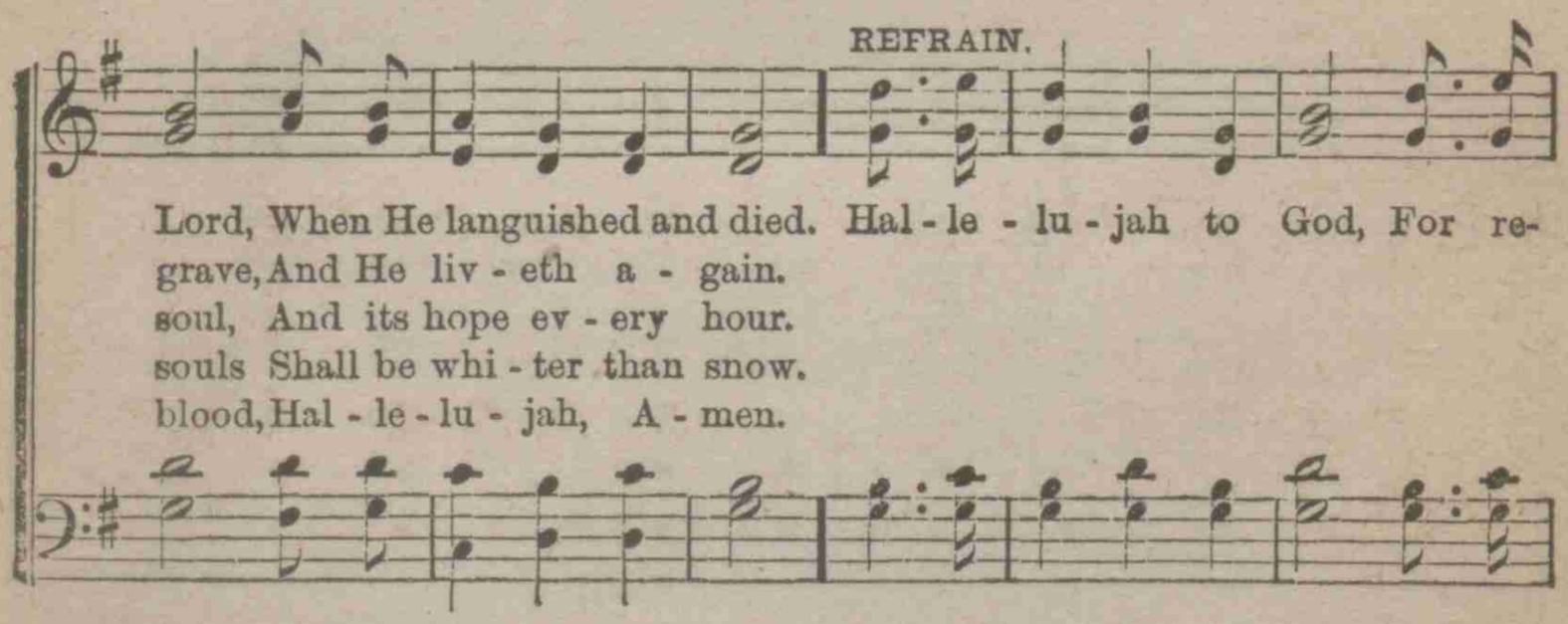
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No. 33. Saved by the Blood.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane, by per.





No. 34. Come now saith the Lord.

"Come now let us reason together, saith the Lord." –Isa. 1: 18.

W. W. D. James McGranahan, by per.

1. Come souls that are long - ing for pleas - ure, Our
2. The pleas - ures of sin are de - ceiv - ing, They've
3. The pleas - ures of sin are all fleet - ing, They
4. Then all who are long - ing for pleas - ure, Ye
5. Of Je - sus, thy choice be now mak - ing, Re -

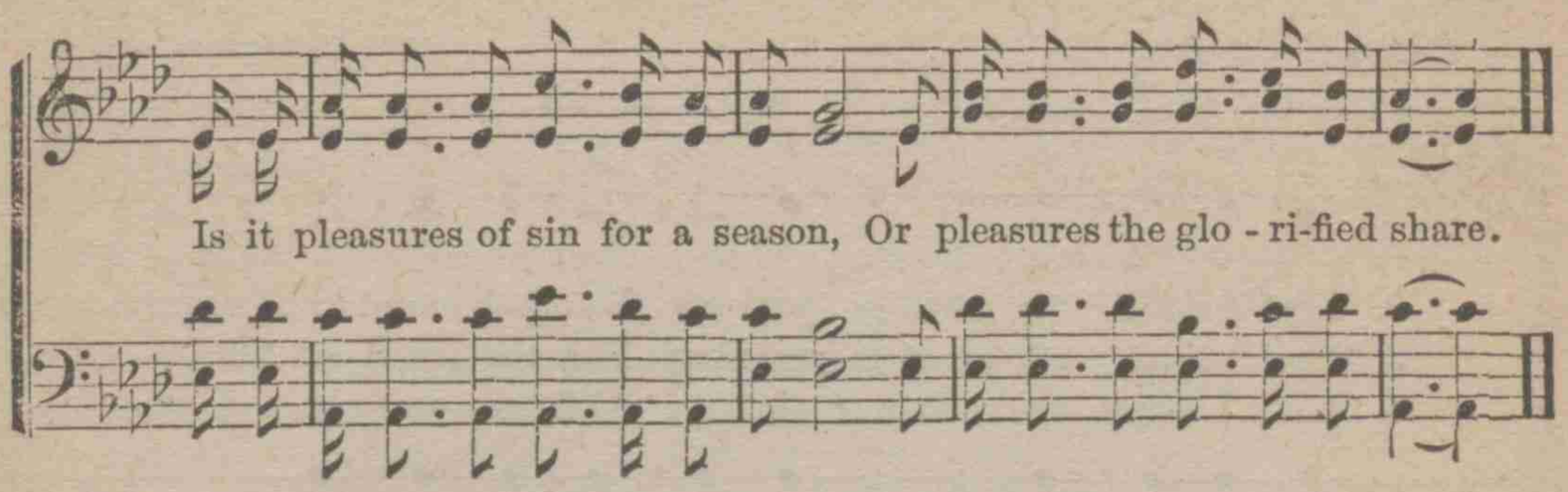
Sav - iour has pleasures to give; Come find in His love the rare
noth - ing for yes - ter - day's pain, But hope of to - mor-row re -
van - ish with life's passing morn; Like dew-drops the morning sun
wea - ry, and all who are worn; Come find in the Lord a sure
deem - er, and Saviour, and Lord; And soon in the glo - ry a -

treas - ure, That makes eve - ry true pleas - ure live.
ceiv - ing, And then, its— *To - mor - row*— a - gain.
greet - ing, They glis - ten and then they are gone.
treas - ure, That from you shall nev - er be torn.
wak - ing, You'll share in the Saint's blest re - ward.

CHORUS.

Come *now* saith the Lord, let us reason, Come *now* and your purpose declare;

Come now saith the Lord.—Concluded.

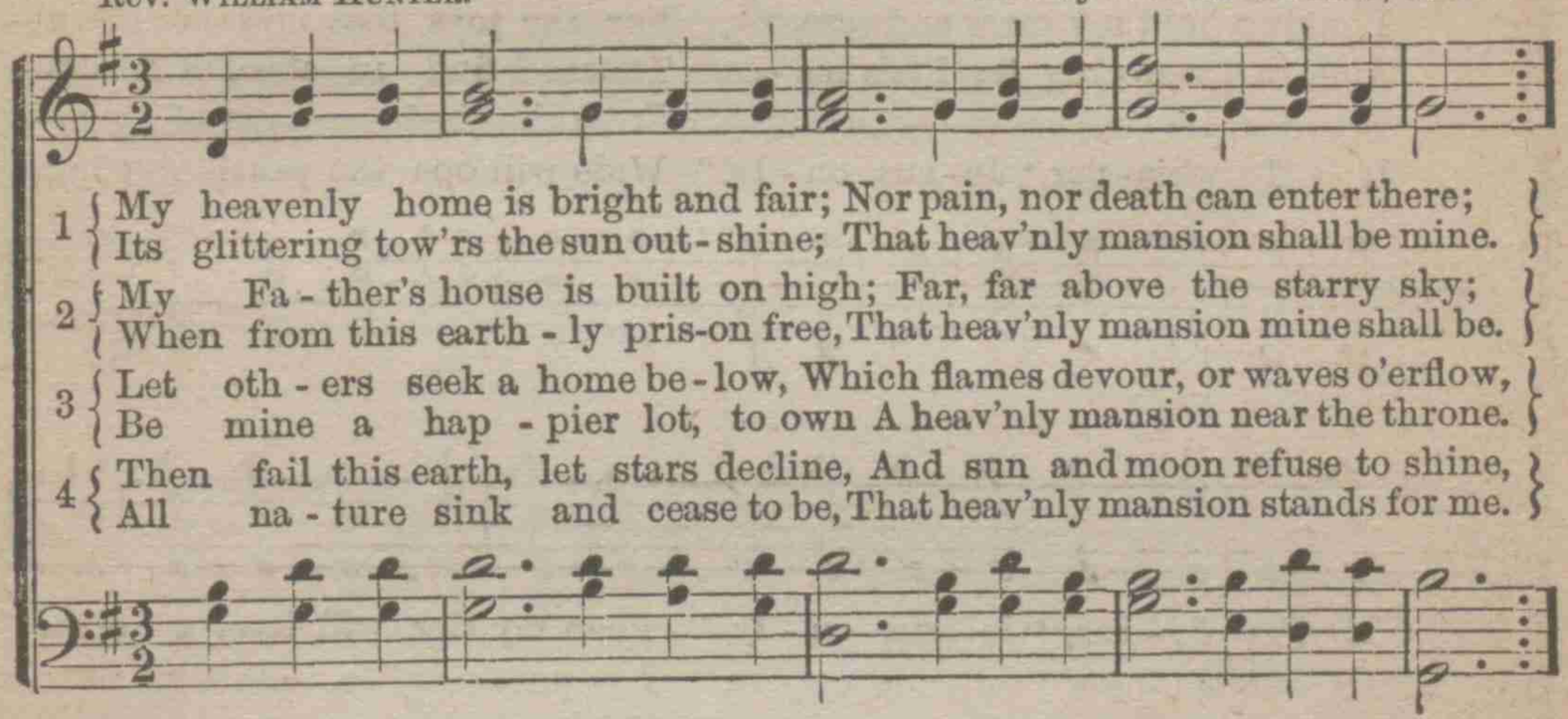


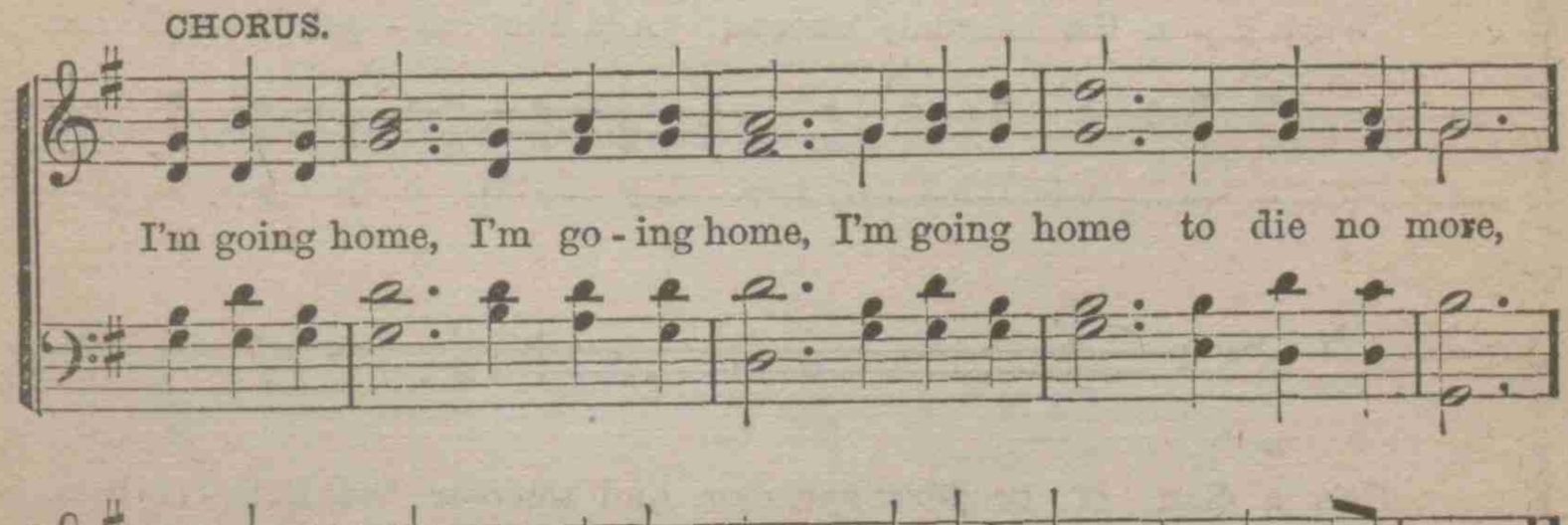
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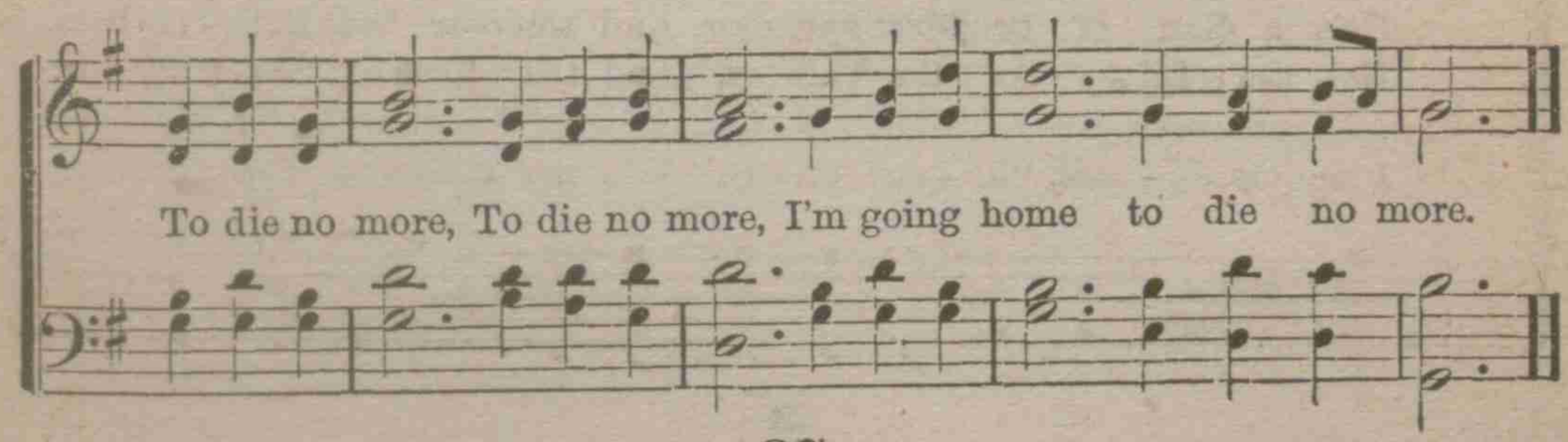
No. 35. I'm going Home.

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

REV. WILLIAM HUNTER. ARR. by WILLIAM MILLER, M. D.







No. 36.

Jesus Only.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17: 8.

HATTIE M. CONREY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a - lone—
2. What tho' all my earth-ly journey Bringeth naught but weary hours,
3. What tho' all my heart is yearning For the loved of long a - go—
4. When I soar to realms of glo - ry, And an en - trance I a - wait,

Longing, 'mid my cares and crosses, For the joys that now are flown—
And, in grasp - ing for life's ros - es, Thorns I find in - stead of flow'rs—
Bit - ter les - sons sad - ly learning From the shadowy page of woe—
If I whis - per, "Je - sus on - ly!" Wide will ope the pearl - y gate;

If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," Then my sky will have a gem;
If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," I pos - sess a cluster rare;
If I've Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," He'll be with me to the end;
When I join the heavenly chorus, And the an - gel hosts I see,

He's a Sun of brightest splendor, And the Star of Beth - le - hem.
He's the "Lil - y of the Val - ley," And the "Rose of Sha - ron" fair.
And, un - seen by mor - tal vis - ion, An - gel bands will o'er me bend.
Precious Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," Will my theme of rap - ture be.

No. 37.

Christ for Me.

"The Lord is my helper."—Heb. 13: 6.

R. G. H.

R. Geo. Halls, by per.

Moderato—bold.

1. Whom have I, Lord, in heav'n but Thee? None but Thee! None but Thee!
2. I en - vy not the rich their joys, Christ for me! Christ for me!
3. Tho' with the poor be cast my lot, Christ for me! Christ for me!
4. Tho' I am now on hos-tile ground, Christ for me! Christ for me!
5. And when my life draws to its close, Christ for me! Christ for me!

And this my song thro' life shall be, Christ for me! Christ for me!
I cov - et not earth's glitt-'ring toys, Christ for me! Christ for me!
"He knoweth best,"—I mur - mur not, Christ for me! Christ for me!
And sin be - set me all a - round, Christ for me! Christ for me!
Safe in His arms I shall re - pose, Christ for me! Christ for me!

mf

He hath for me the wine-press trod, He hath redeemed me "by His blood,"
Earth can no last-ing bliss be - stow, "Fading" is stamped on all be-low;
Tho' "Vine and Fig-tree" blight assail, The "la-bor of the Ol - ive fail,"
Let earth her fiercest bat - tles wage, And foes a - gainst my soul engage,
When sharpest pains my frame pervade, And all the powers of nature fade,

f

And rec - on-ciled my soul to God, Christ for me! Christ for me!
Mine is a joy no end can know, Christ for me! Christ for me!
And death o'er flocks and herds pre-vail, Christ for me! Christ for me!
Strong in His strength I scorn their rage, Christ for me! Christ for me!
Still will I sing thro' death's cold shade, Christ for me! Christ for me!

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No. 38. Will Jesus Find us Watching?

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—MATT. 24: 42.

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

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His servants, Whether it be noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watching,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our talents,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or midnight,

Rit.

REFRAIN.

With our lamps all trimm'd and bright? Oh, can we say we are
Will He an - swer thee—Well done?
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch - ing there?

read - y, brother? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He

find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

No. 39.

Blessed Home-Land.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—HEB. 4 : 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. Gliding o'er life's fit - ful wa - ters, Heav - y surg - es sometimes
2. Oft we catch a faint re - flec - tion Of its bright and ver-nal
3. To our Fa - ther, and our Sav - iour, To the Spir - it, Three in
4. 'Tis the wea - ry pil - grim's Home-land, Where each throbbing care shall

roll; And we sigh for yonder ha - ven, For the Home-land of the soul.
hills; And, tho' distant, how we hail it! How each heart with rapture thrills!
One, We shall sing glad songs of triumph When our harvest work is done.
cease, And our longings and our yearnings, Like a wave, be hushed to peace.

REFRAIN.

cres. *dim.*

Bless - ed Home-land, ev - er fair! Sin can nev - er en - ter there;

cres. *dim.*

But the soul, to life a - wak - ing, Ev - er - last - ing bloom shall wear.

No. 40. To be There.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."—PHIL. 1: 23.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

1. I have heard of a land far a - way, And its glo - ries no tongue can de - clare; But its beau - ty hangs o - ver the way, And with Je - sus I long to be there.
2. There are fore - tastes of heav - en be - low, There are mo - ments like joys of the blest; But the splen - dors no mor-tal can know, Of the land where the wea - ry shall rest.
3. In that noon - tide of glo - ry so fair, In the gleam of the riv - er of life, There are joys that the faithful shall share; O how sweet - ly they rest from the strife!
4. There the ran - somed with Je - sus a - bide In the shade of the shel - ter - ing fold; Ev - er - more by Im - man - u - el's side, They shall dwell in the glo - ry un - told.

REFRAIN.

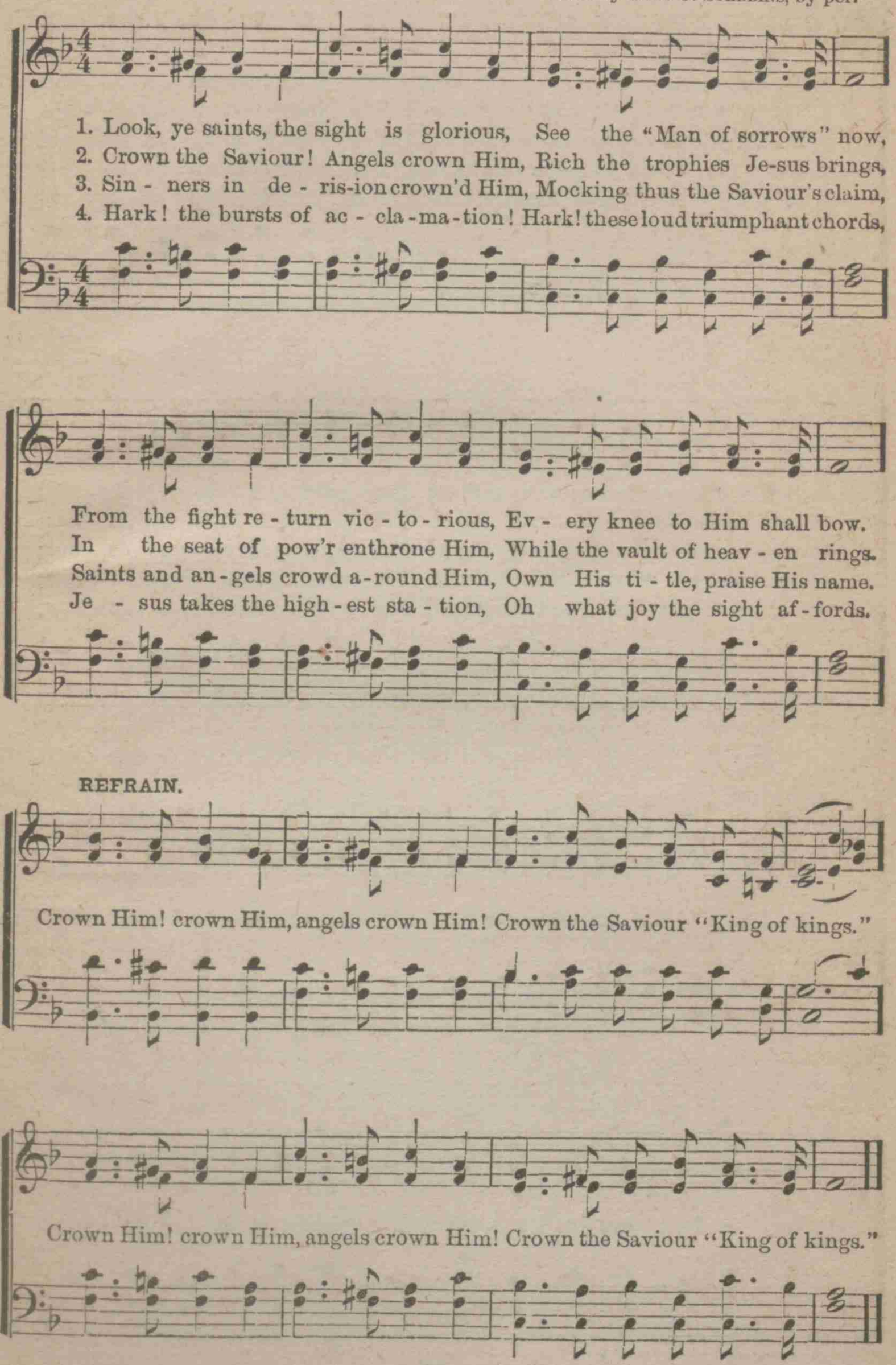
To be there, to be there, And with Je - sus I long to be there.
To be there, to be there, there; To be there, to be there, ... And with Jesus I long to be there.

No. 41.

Crown Him.

"Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."—Ps. 8: 5.

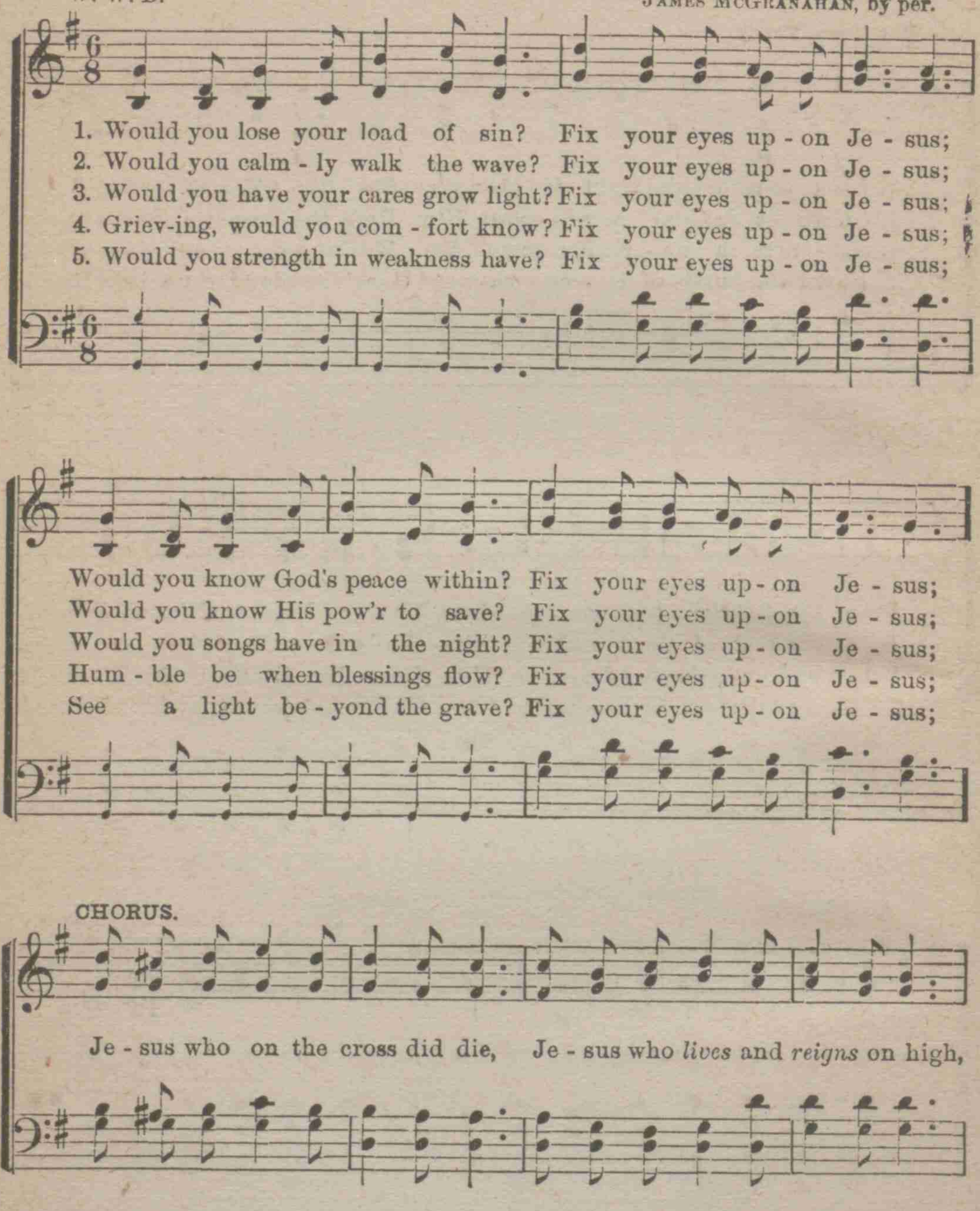
Rev. Thos. Kelly. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.



No. 42. Fix your Eyes upon Jesus.

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

W. W. D. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

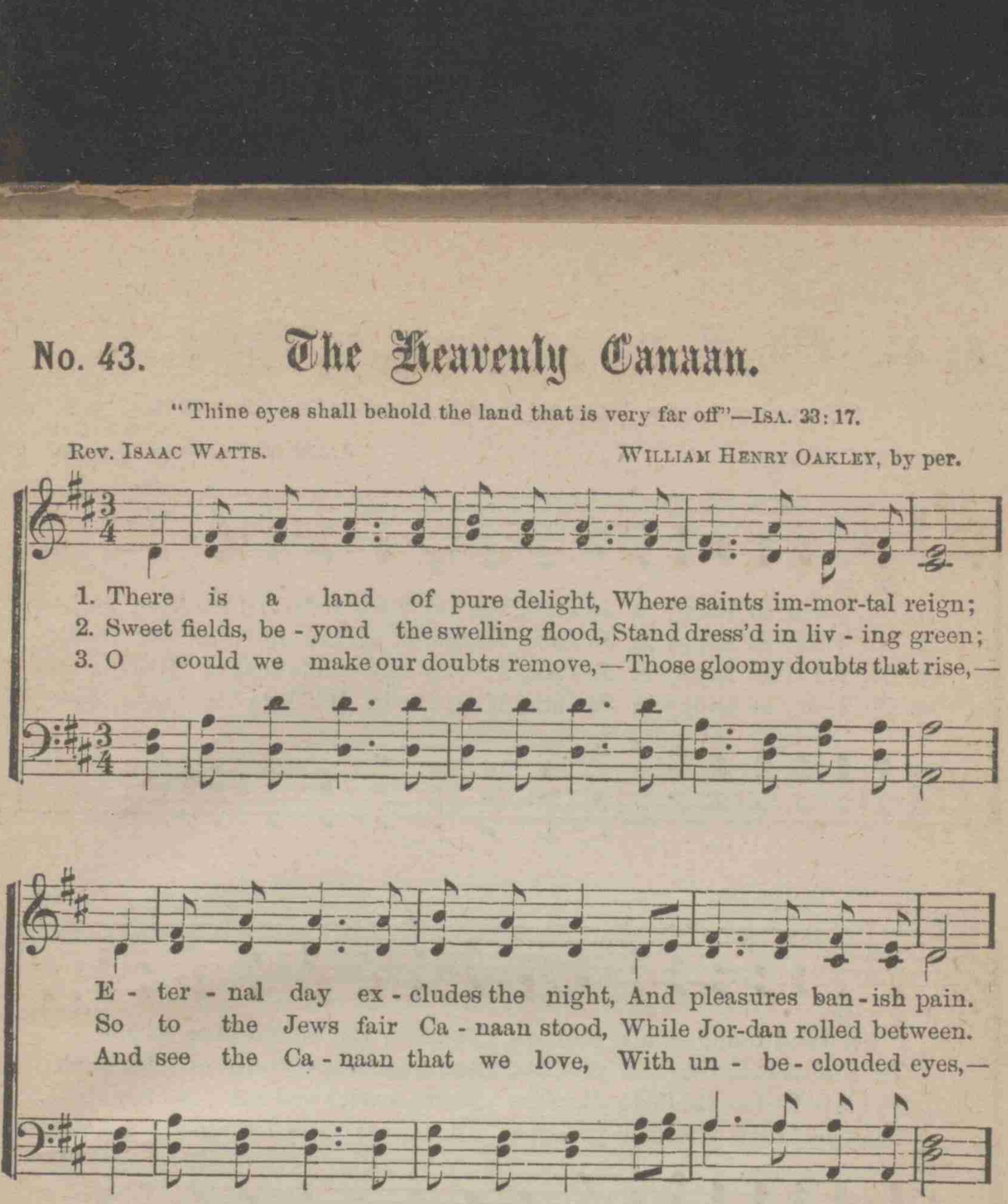


No. 43.

The Heavenly Canaan.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off"—Isa. 33: 17.

Rev. Isaac Watts. William Henry Oakley, by per.

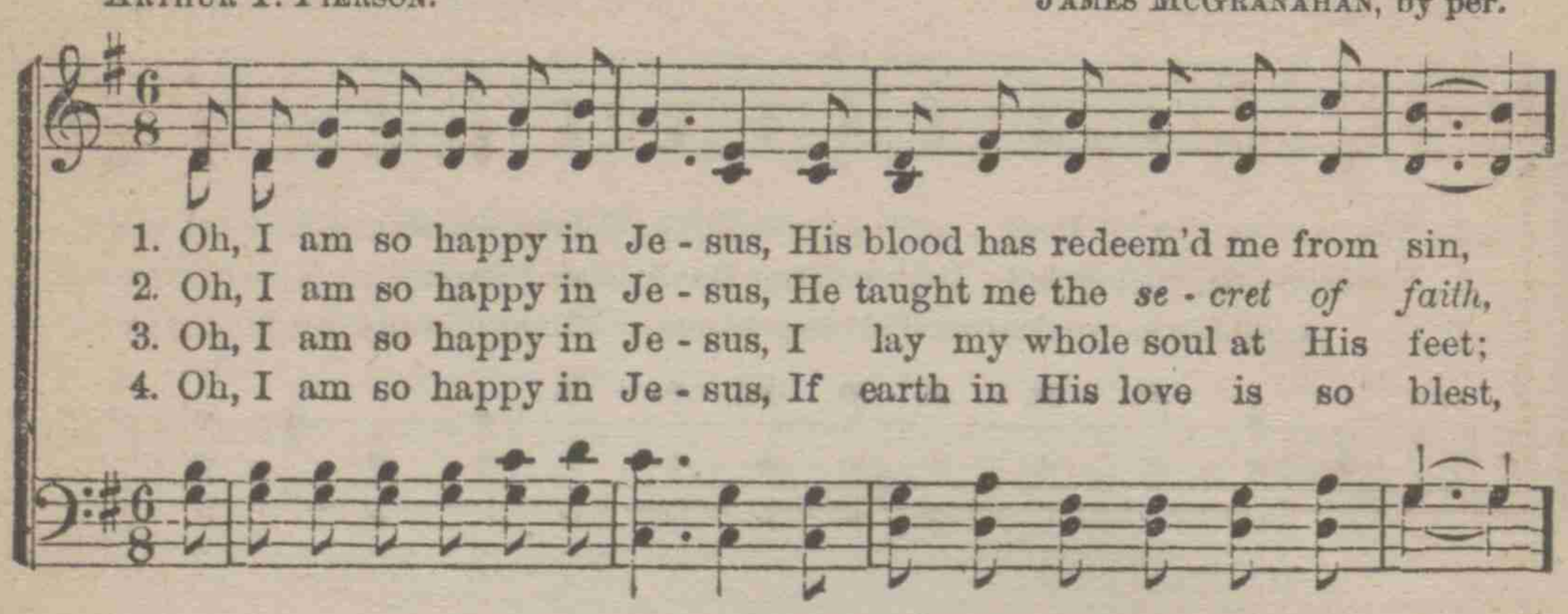


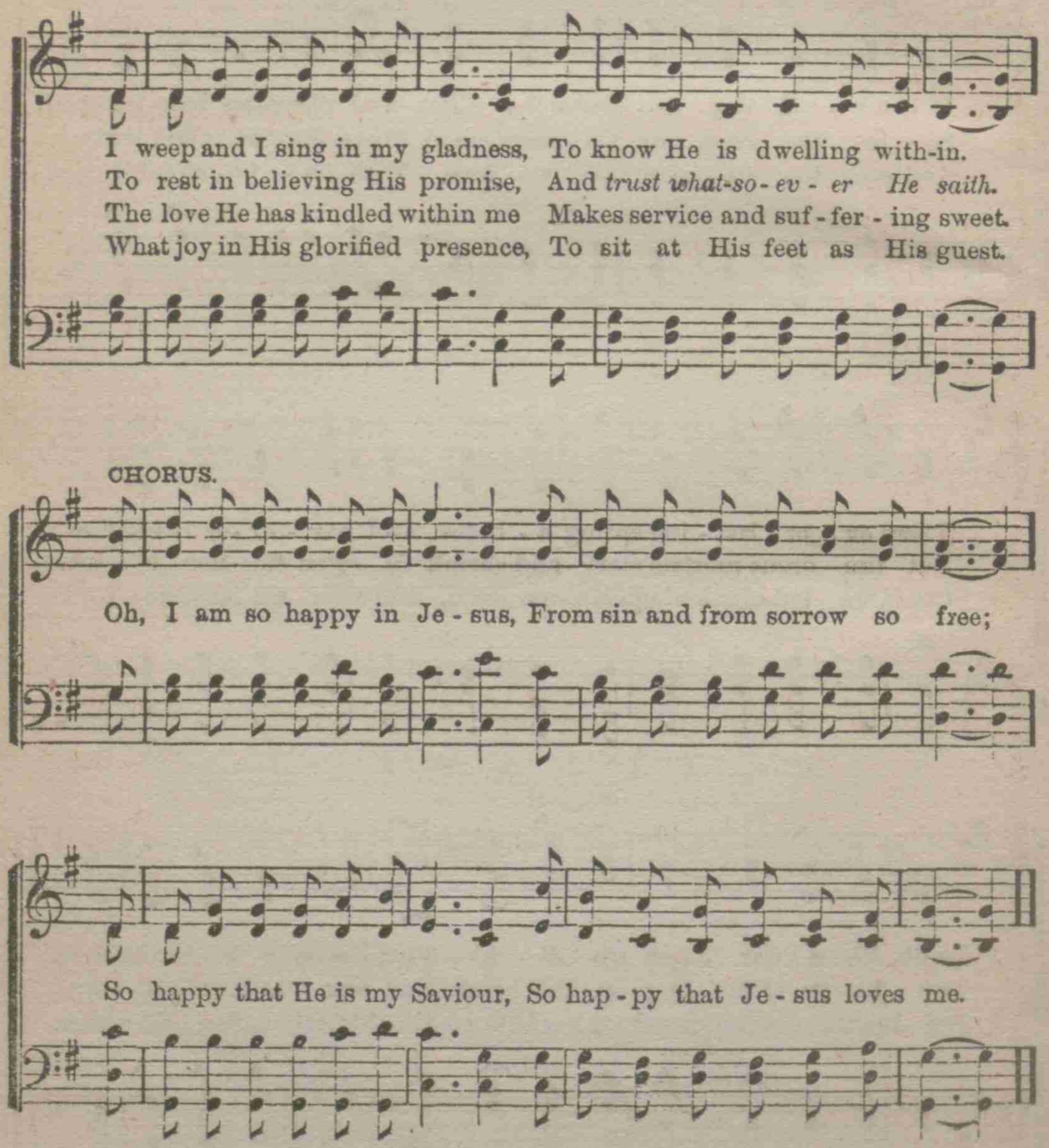
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No. 44. Oh, I am so Happy in Jesus.

"Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants."—1 KINGS 10: 8.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.





No. 45. The Gospel Trumpet's Sounding.

LEV. 25: 8–13.

ENGLISH. R. S. THAIN, by per.

1. The gos - pel trumpet's sounding The year of ju - bi - lee,
2. For - sake your wretched ser - vice, Your master's claims are o'er;
3. A bet - ter Mas - ter's call - ing, In ac - cents true and kind;
4. He of - fers you sal - va - tion, And points to joys a - bove;
5. In liv - ing faith ac - cept Him, Give up all else be - side;

And grace is all a - bound - ing, To set the bond - men free.
A - vail yourselves of free - dom, Be Sa - tan's slaves no more.
He asks a lov - ing ser - vice, And claims a will - ing mind.
And, long - ing, waits to make you The ob - jects of His love.
While grace is loud - ly call - ing, Look to the Cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.

Re - turn, re - turn, ye captives, Re - turn un - to your home,
The gos - pel trum - pet's sound - ing, The ju - bi - lee is come!
The gos - pel trum - pet's sound - ing, The ju - bi - lee is come!

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

No. 46. The Hem of His Garment.

"If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole"—MATT. 9 : 21.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. She on - ly touch'd the hem of His gar - ment As
2. She came in fear and trem - bling be - fore Him, She
3. He turn'd with "daughter be of good com - fort, Thy

to His side she stole, A - mid the crowd that
knew her Lord had come, She felt that from Him
faith hath made thee whole," And peace that pass - eth

gath - er'd a - round Him, And straightway she was whole.
vir - tue had healed her, The might - y deed was done.
all un - der - stand-ing With glad - ness filled her soul.

CHORUS.
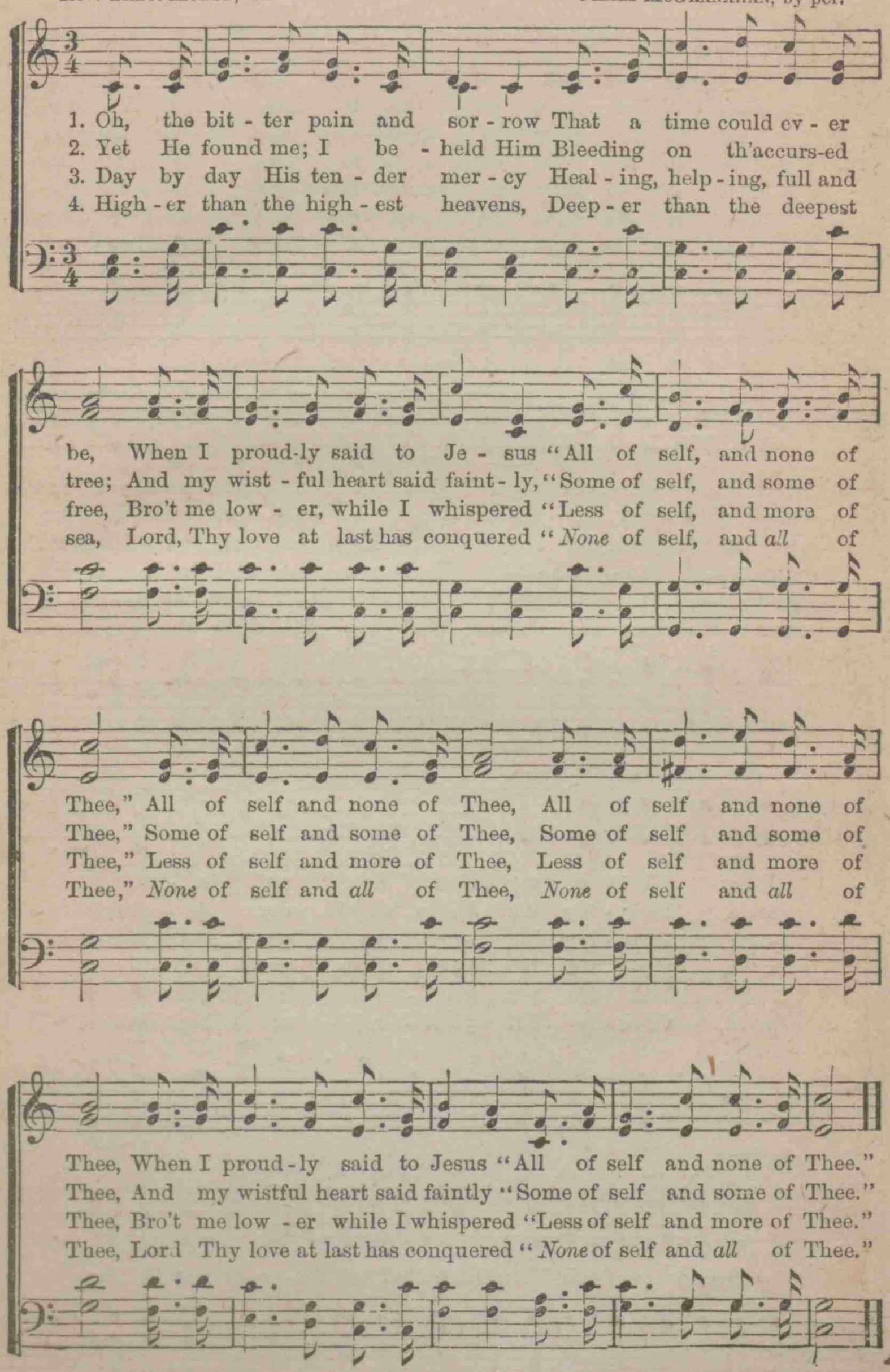
Oh, touch the hem of His gar - ment And thou, too, shalt be free;

His sav - ing pow'r this ver - y hour Shall give new life to thee.

No. 47. "None of self and all of Thee."

"But Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

Rev. Theo. Monod, arr. James McGranahan, by per.



No. 48.

Can it be Right?

"Wherefore didst thou doubt?"—MATT. 14: 31.

Rev. A. T. PIERSON. P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Can it be right for me to go On in this dark, un - cer - tain way? Say, "I be - lieve," and yet not
2. Can it be right in doubt to wait, Wait for the day that tries the heart, Ere I shall learn what is my
3. Can it be right, such loads to bear, While He says "come, I'll give you rest?" Bid - ding me cast on Him my
4. Can it be right to doubt His pow'r, Both to for - give and van - quish sin? E - ven in trials of dark - est
5. Can it be right no soul to seek, Lest I should prove un - fit to guide? Can He not teach my tongue to
6. Can it be right with *such* a Lord, E - ven to dread the hour of death? Wait - ing in faith the great re -

know Wheth - er my sins are put a - way?
state, Fear - ing the Judge should say de - part?
care, Lean - ing in love, up - on His breast.
hour, Can not His love give peace with - in?
speak, Will He not am - ple strength pro - vide?
ward, Calm - ly I'll yield my dy - ing breath.

CHORUS.

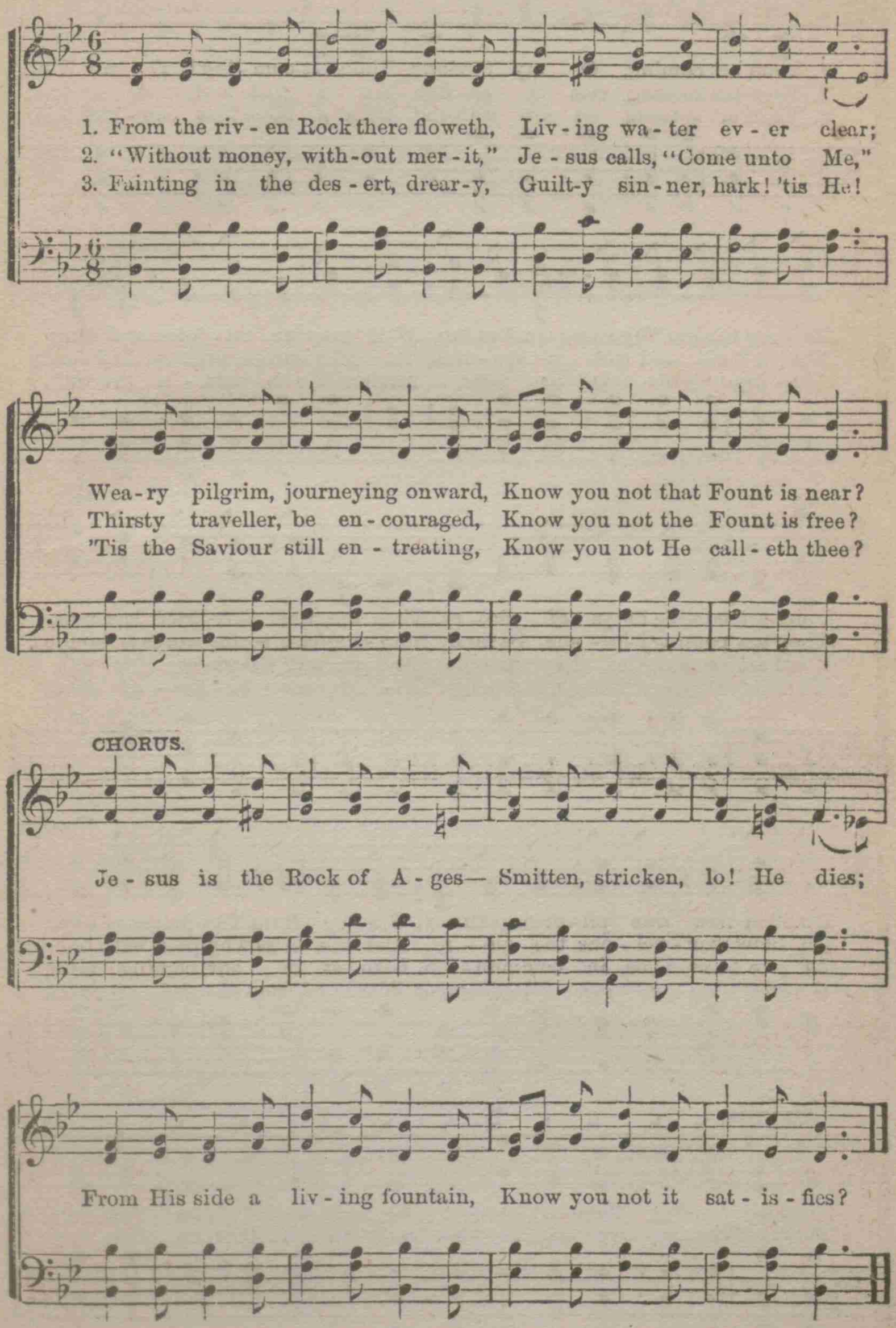
I will no longer doubt Thee, O Lord! I will for - ev - er rest in Thy word.

No. 49.

The Smitten Rock.

"They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ."—1 Cor. 10 : 4.

Geo. C. Needham. Ira D. Sankey, by per.



No. 50.

Thou art Coming!

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."—TITUS 2: 13.

ARR. from FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Thou art coming, O my Saviour, Thou art com-ing! O my King,
2. Thou art coming, not a shadow, Not a mist and not a tear,
3. Thou art coming, we are wait-ing With a hope that can-not fail,

Ev-ery tongue Thy name confess-ing, Well may we re-joice and sing;
Not a sin, and not a sor-row, On that sun-rise grand and clear;
Ask-ing not the day or hour, Anchored safe with-in the vail;

Thou art coming! rays of glo-ry, Thro' the veil Thy death has rent,
Thou art coming! Je-sus Saviour, Noth-ing else seems worth a thought,
Thou art coming! at Thy ta-ble We are wit-ness-es for this,
D. S. *Thou art coming! Thou art coming! Je-sus our be-lov-ed Lord,*

Gladden now our pil-grim pathway, Glo-ry from Thy presence sent.
Oh how mar-vel-ous the glo-ry, And the bliss Thy pain hath bought,
As we meet Thee in commun-ion, Earn-est of our coming bliss.
O the joy to see Thee reigning, Worship'd, glo-ri-fied, a-dored.

CHORUS. D. S.

{ Thou art coming, Thou art coming, We shall meet Thee on Thy way.
{ Thou art coming, we shall see Thee, And be like Thee on that day.

No. 51. Only Trusting in my Saviour.

"Jesus Christ and him crucified."—1 Cor. 2: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. On - ly trusting in my Saviour, All to Him my soul would leave;
2. On - ly trusting, nothing doubting, This is all that I can do;
3. There are breakers in the distance, Yet no dan-ger will I fear;
4. On - ly trusting, on - ly trusting, This is joy and life to me;

He has suffered to redeem me, And His word I now be - lieve.
Ev - ery tri - al that be-falls me He will safe - ly bring me thro'.
On the Rock my feet are rest - ing, Naught of harm can reach me here.
Thou wilt nev - er leave me friendless While I cling, O Christ, to Thee.

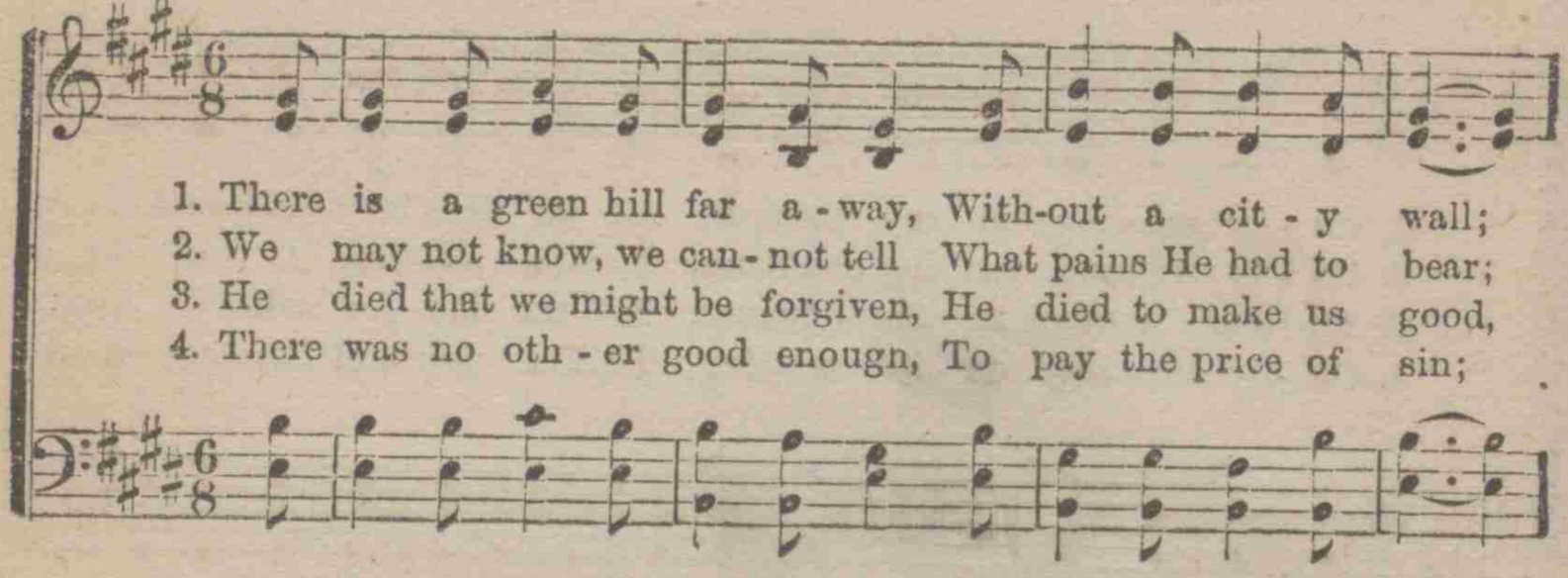
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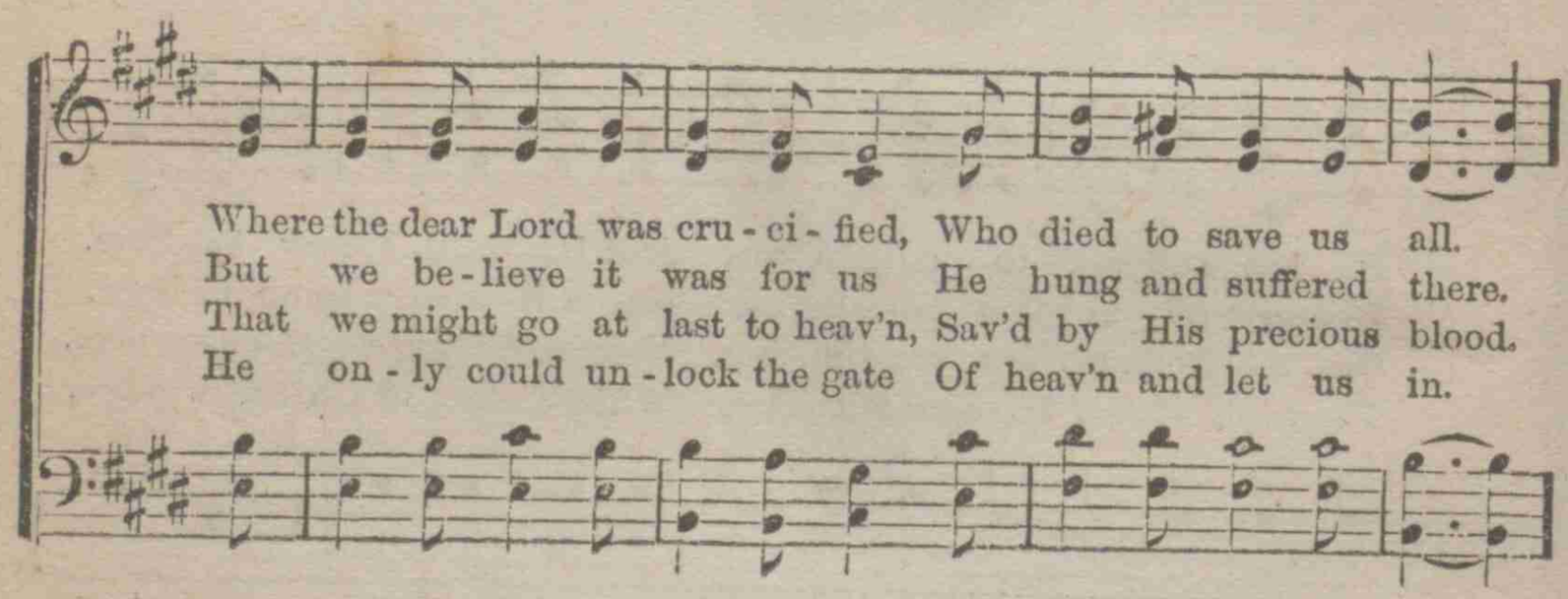
Now to Christ a - lone I'm clinging, Tho' the tempest round me blow;
Heeding not the clouds a - bove me, Dreading not the waves be - low.

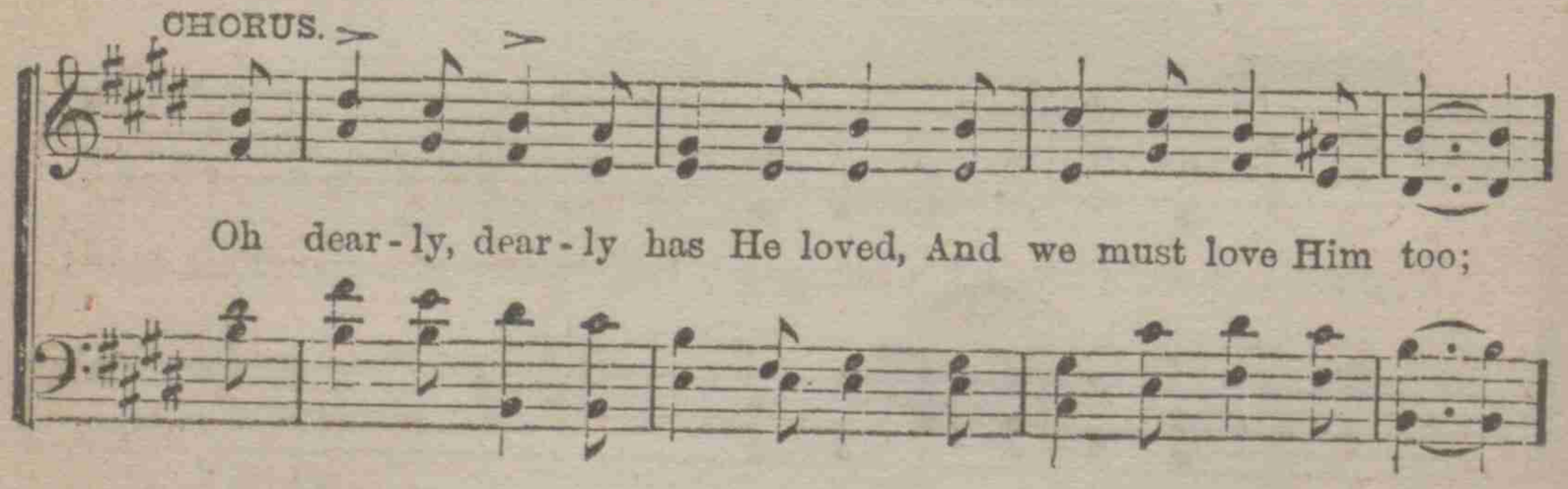
No. 52. There is a Green Hill far away.

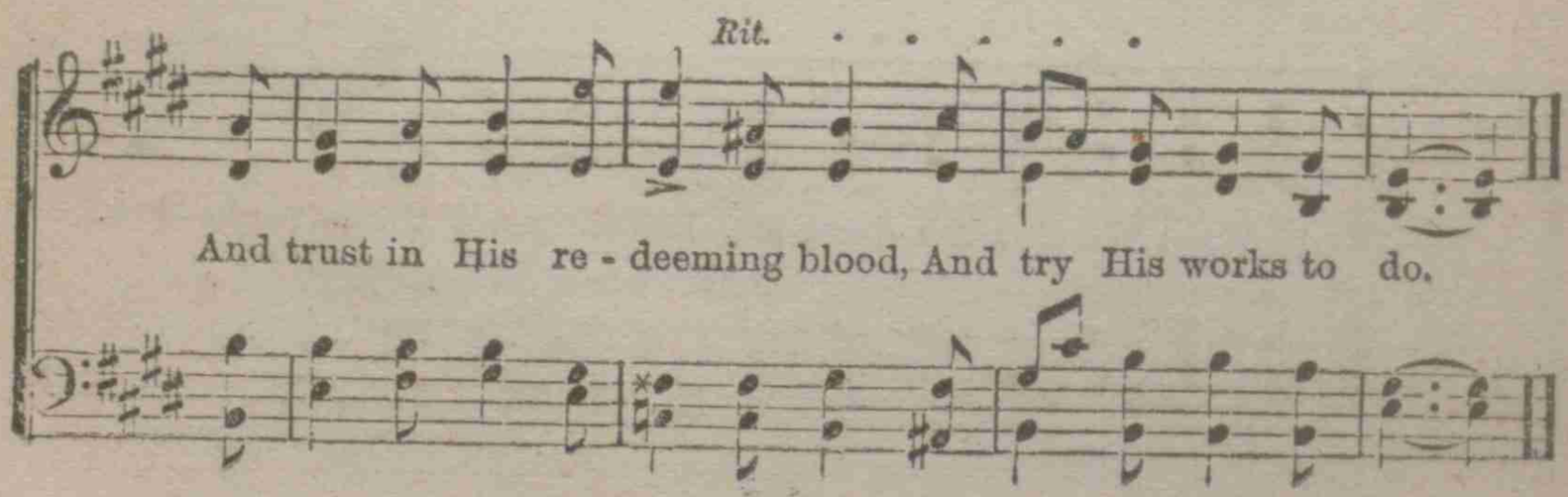
"And they took Jesus and led him away."—JOHN 19: 16.

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER. GEO. C STEBBINS, by per.





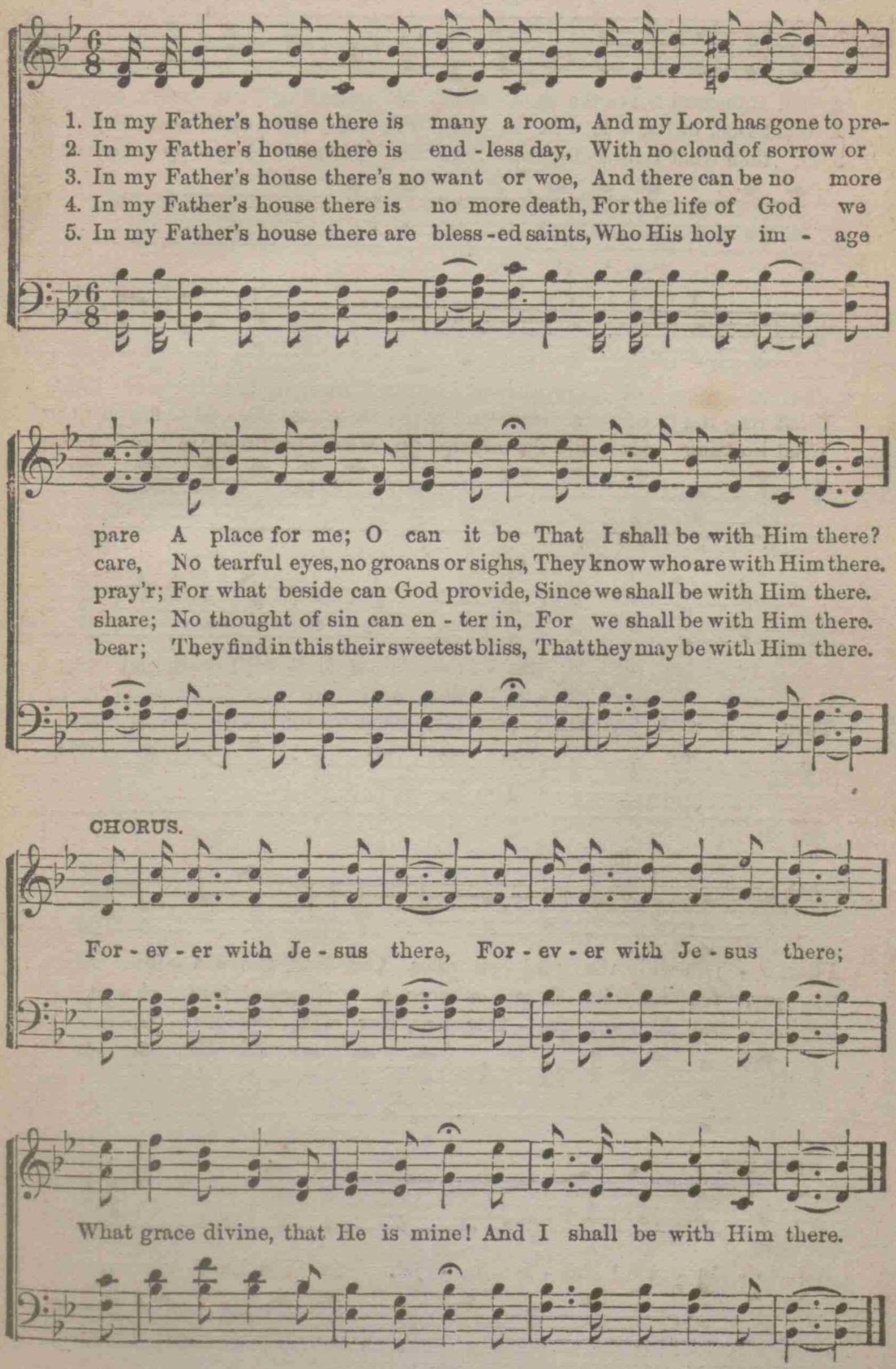




No. 53. Forever with Jesus there.

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

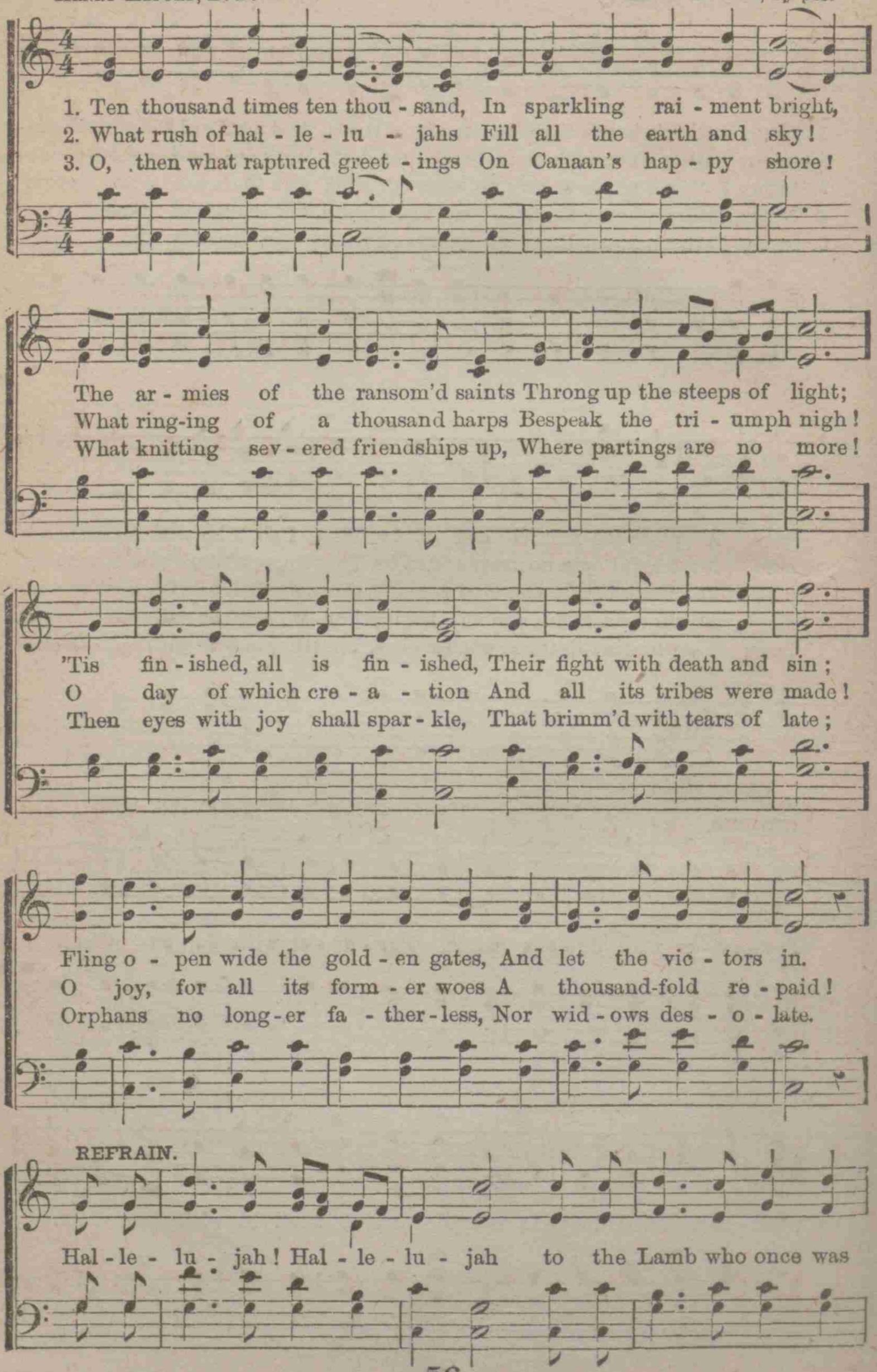
Rev. ARTHUR T. PIERSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



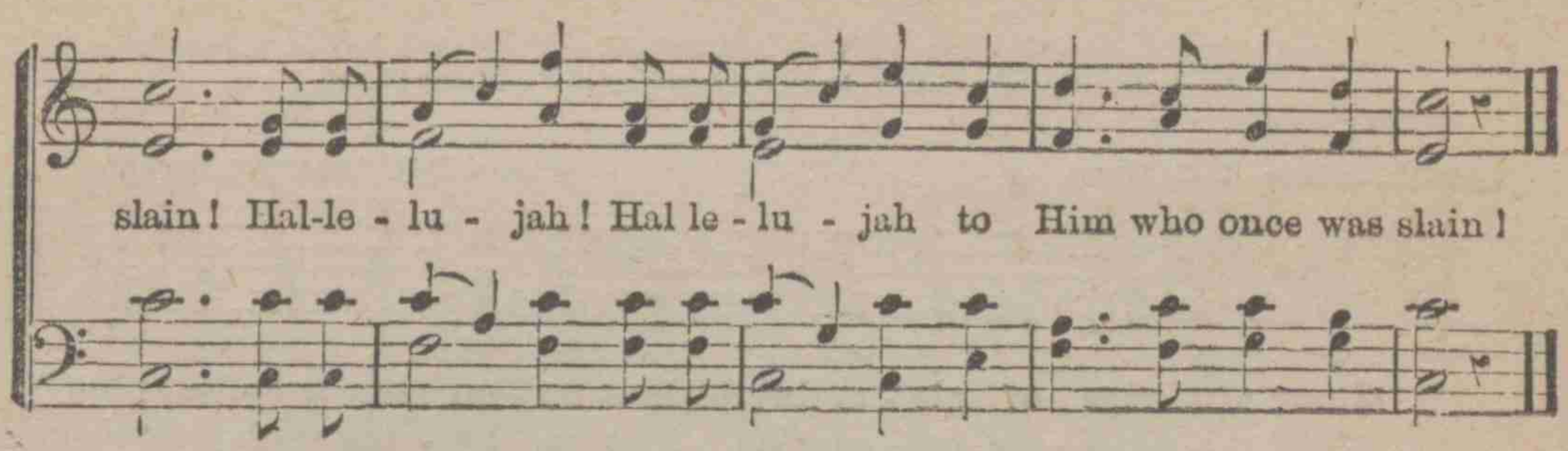
No. 54. Ten Thousand times Ten Thousand.

"The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand."—Rev. 5 : 11.

Henry Alford, D. D. Ira D. Sankey, by per.



Ten Thousand times.—Concluded.

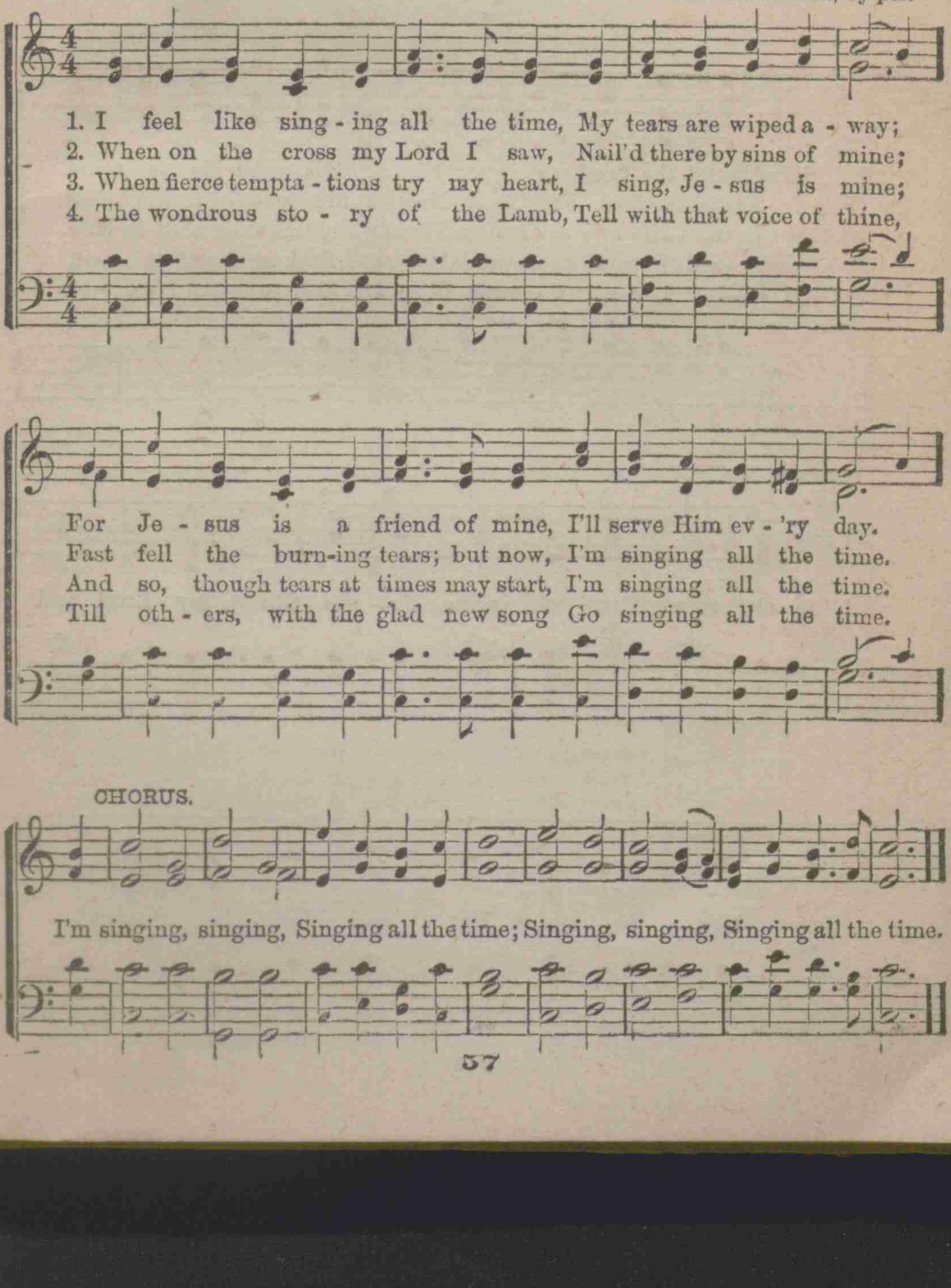


—o—

No. 55. Singing all the Time.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126: 2.

Rev. E. P. Hammond. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

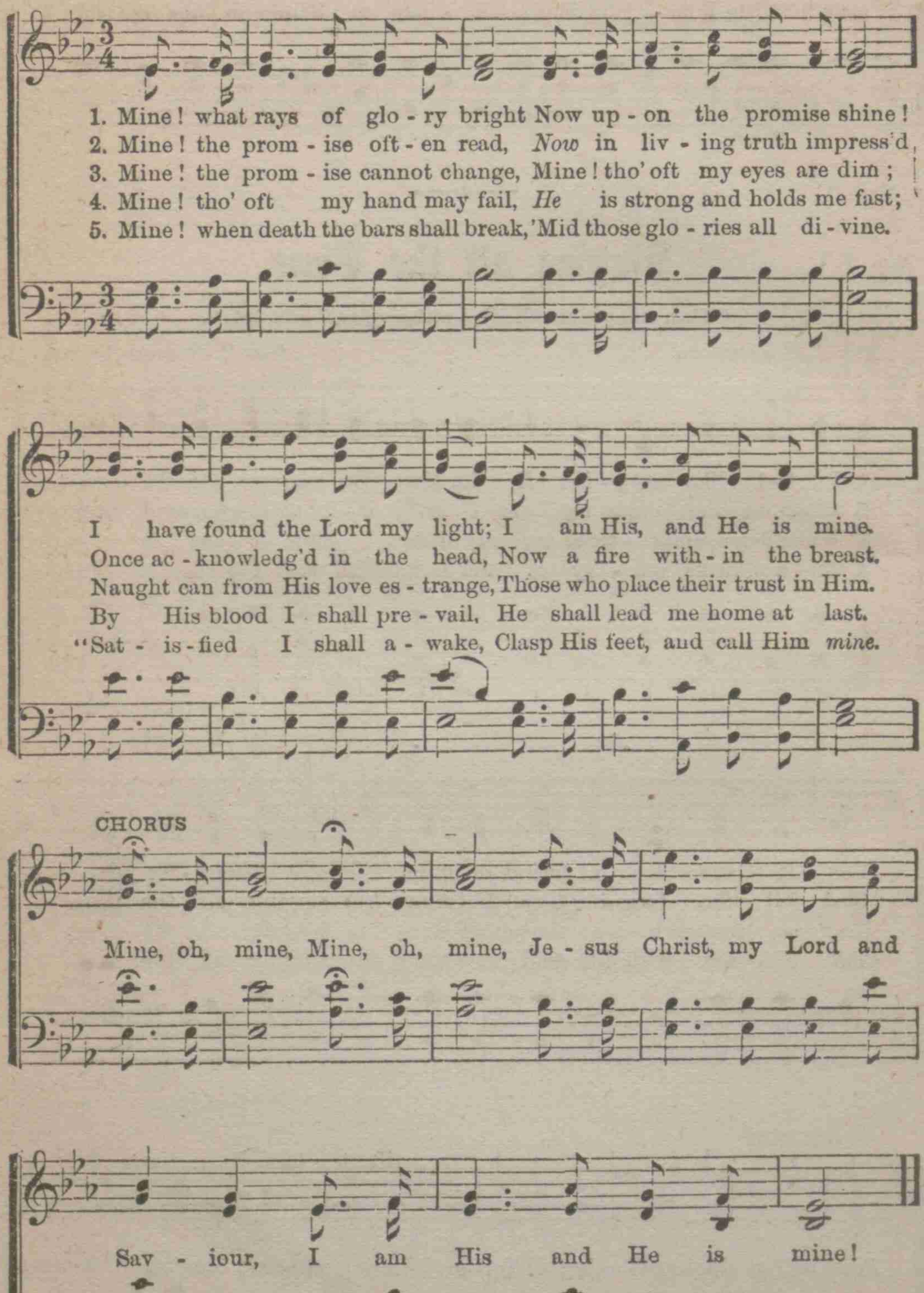


No. 56.

Mine!

"And all mine are thine, and thine are mine"—JOHN 17: 10.

Arr. from Rev. J. C. RYLE. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

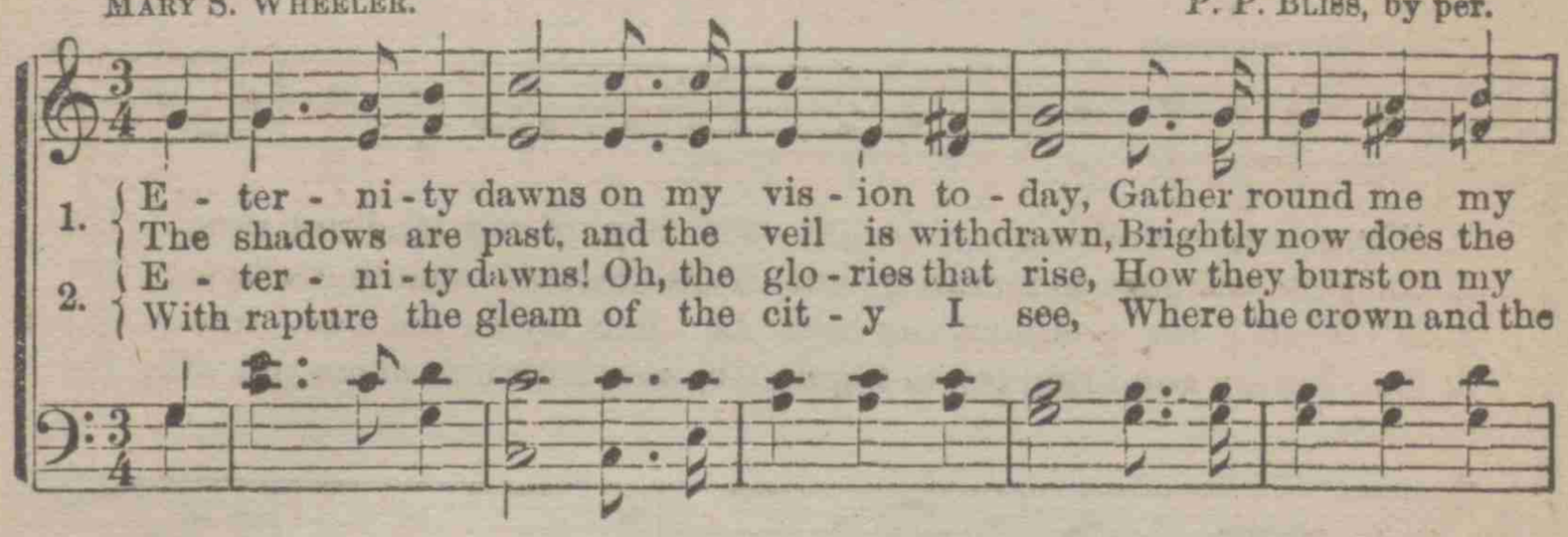


PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY LIBRARIES

No. 57. "Sing and Pray! Eternity Dawns!"

Last words of a faithful minister of Christ, who recently died in the hope of the gospel.

MARY S. WHEELER. P. P. BLISS, by per.



3 "Eternity dawns!" There will be no more night,
I am nearing the gates of the city of light;
The shadows of time are all passing away,
Tarry not, O my Saviour, come quickly, I pray.

4 "Eternity dawns!" Earth recedes from my view;
Weeping friends, now farewell, I must bid you adieu;
I'm resting in Jesus, His merits I plead,
Fear ye not, "for my God shall supply all your need."

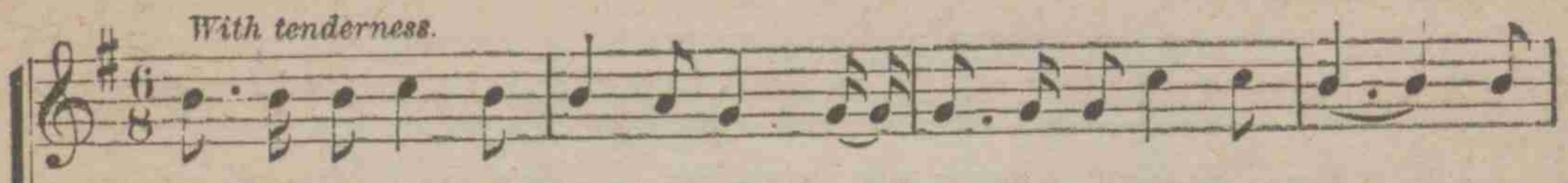
5 "Eternity dawns!" 'Tis a source of content,
That in preaching salvation my life has been spent;
'Tis "Jesus my All," and the Saviour of men,
May His grace be upon you forever. Amen.

No. 58. Where is my Boy to-night?

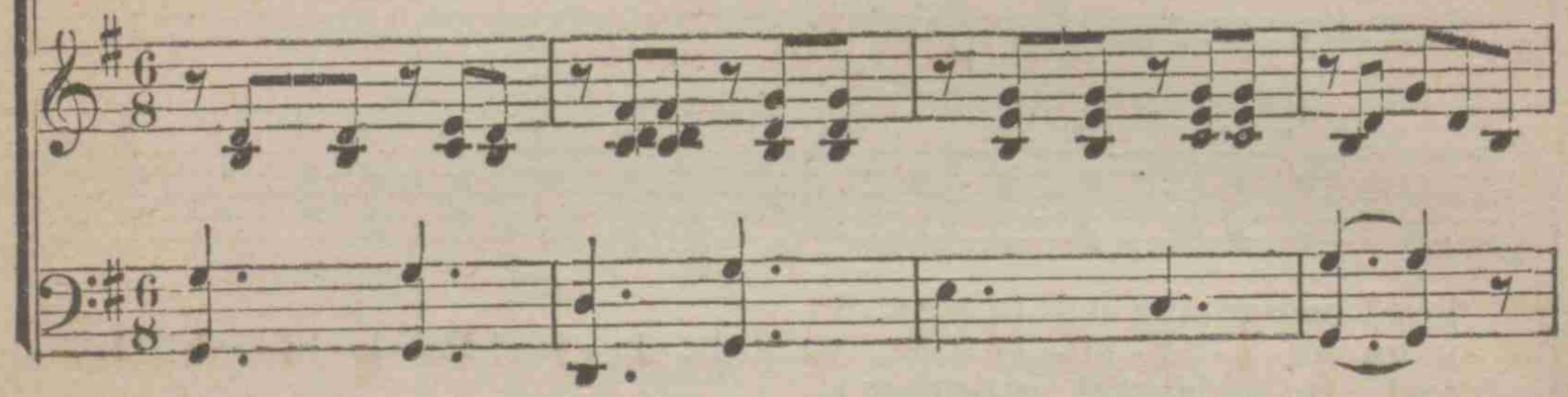
"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—PROV. 10: 1.
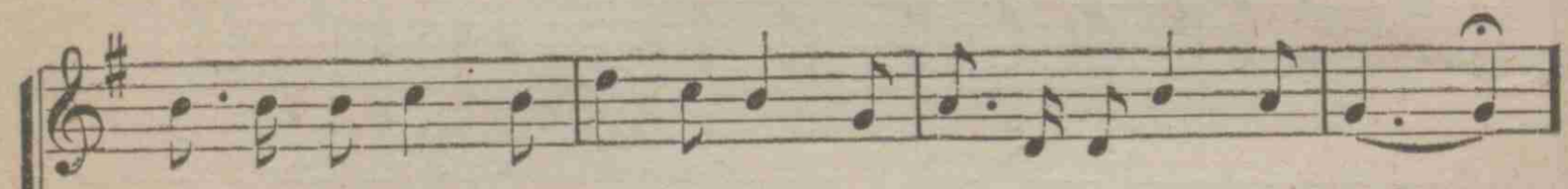
R. L. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

With tenderness.

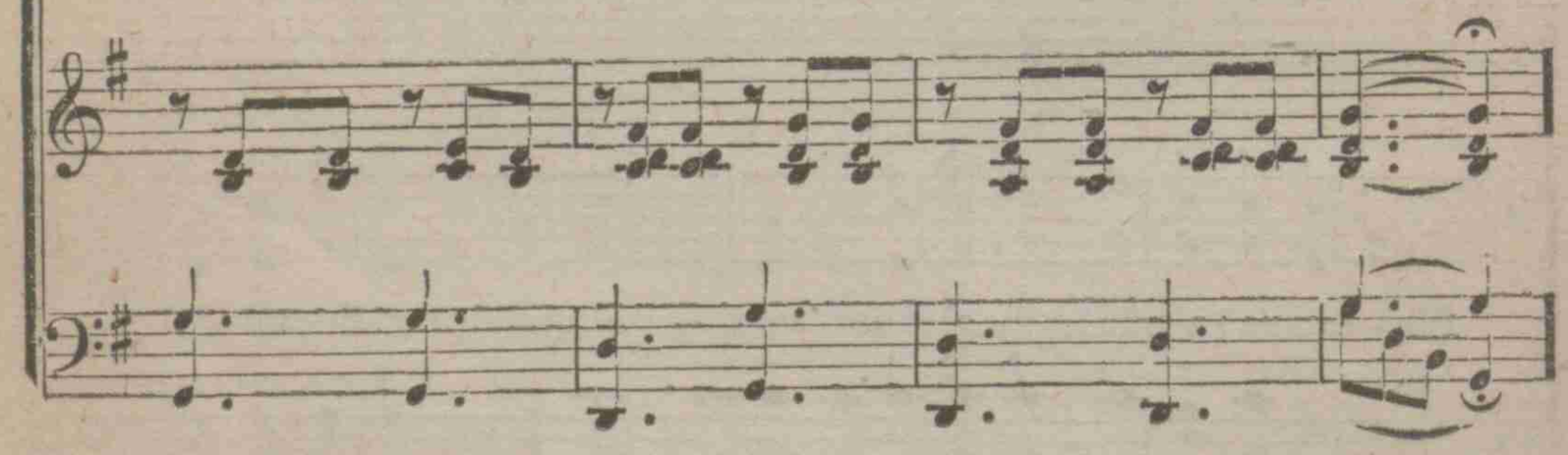


1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tend'rest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morning dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, Wh a
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But

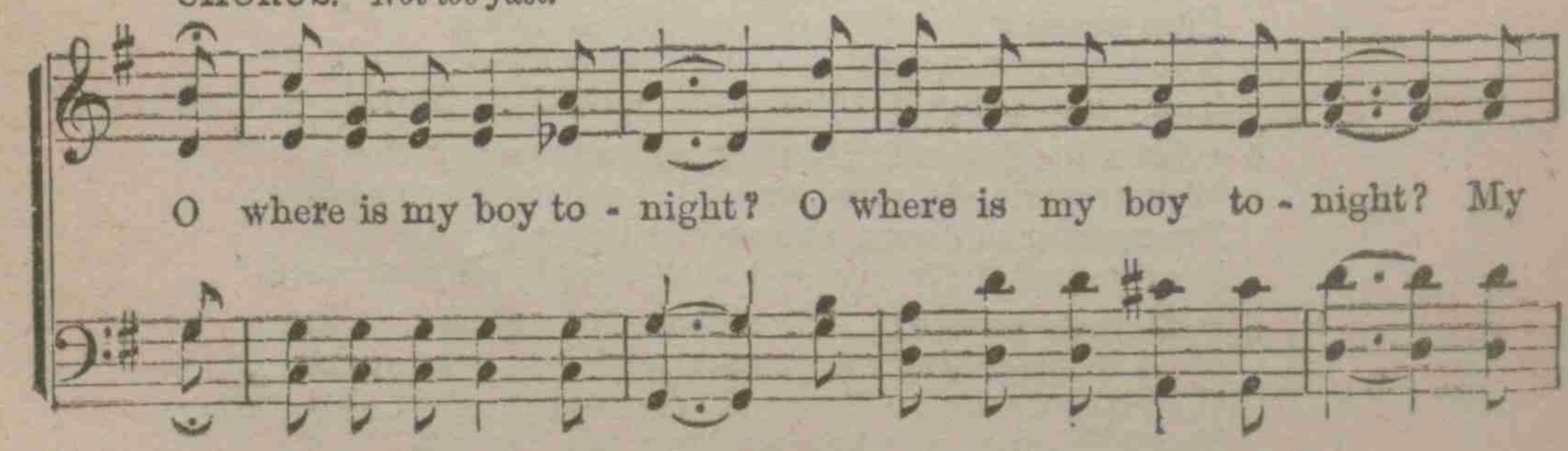




boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prattle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

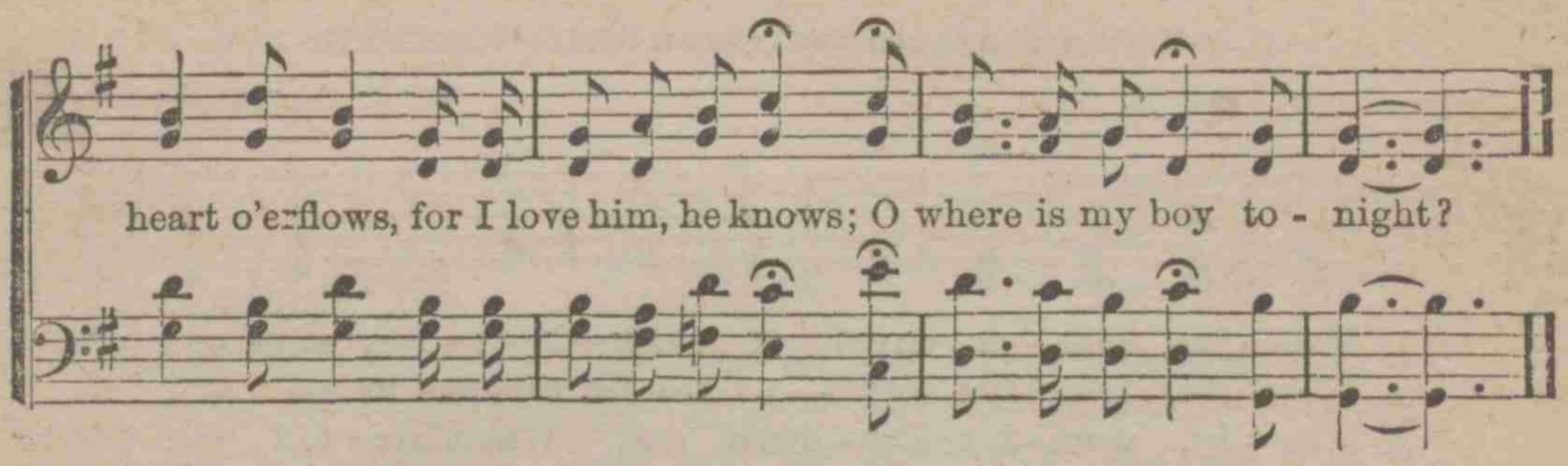


CHORUS. *Not too fast.*



O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My

Where is my Boy to-night?—Concluded.



No. 59. Only for Thee.

"To me to live is Christ."—PHIL. 1: 21.
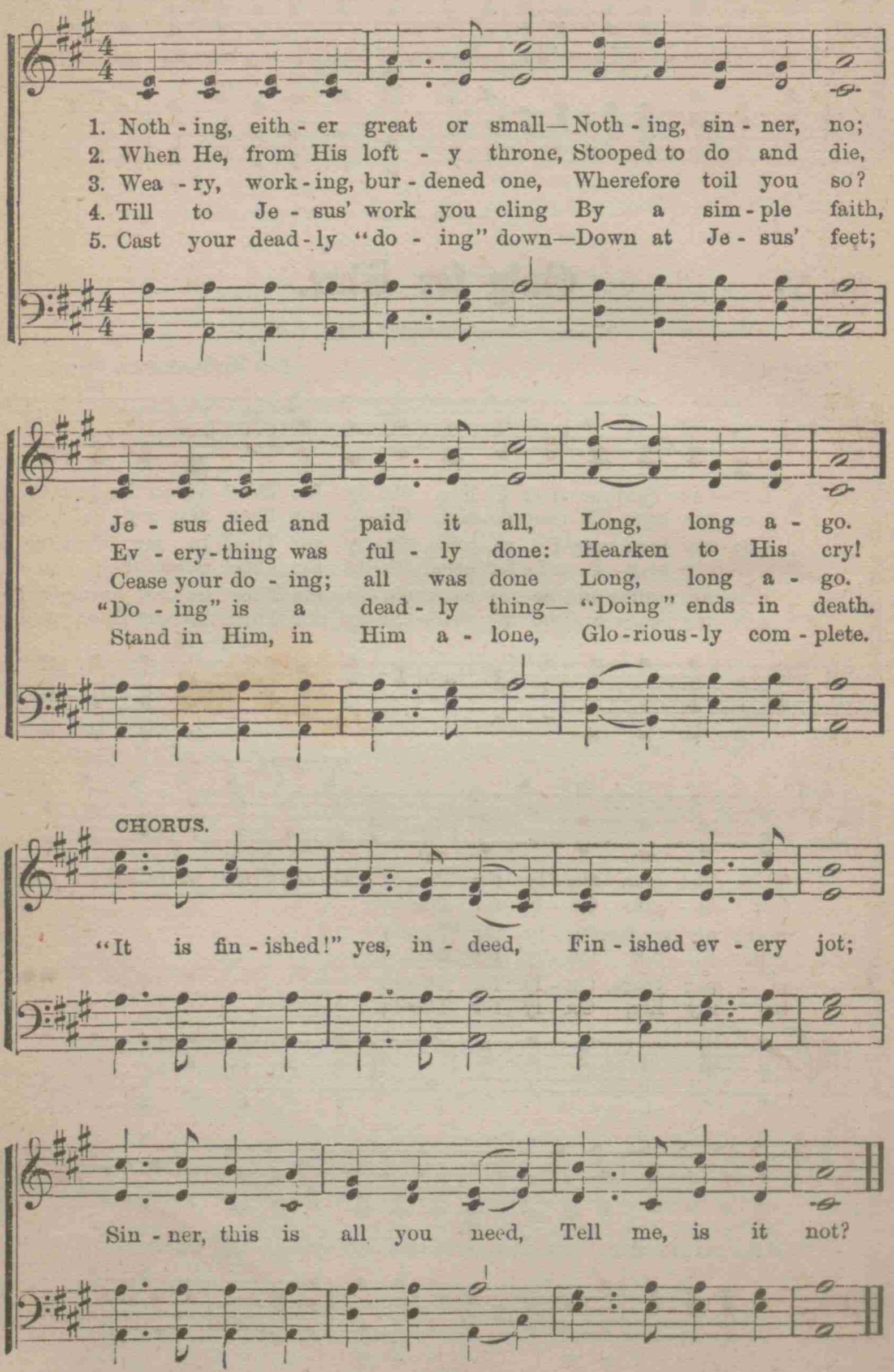
ENGLISH. JAS. MCGRANAHAN, by per.

No. 60.

It is Finished!

"What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"—Luke 18: 18.

Rev. James Proctor. Ira D. Sankey, by per.



No. 61. Wonderful Words of Life.

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

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.

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

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

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

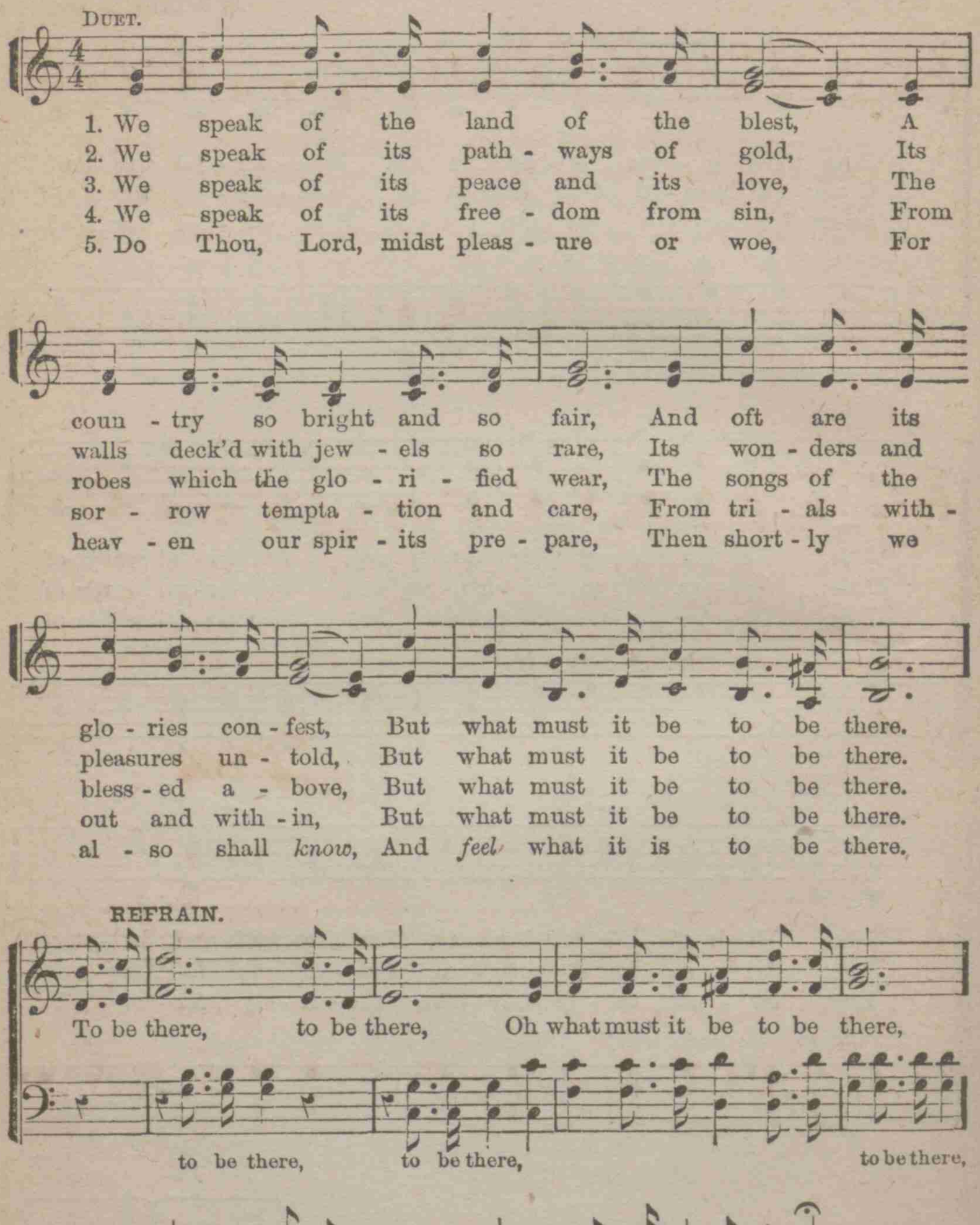
1st. 2d.

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

No. 62. What must it be to be There.

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."—Rev. 21: 4.

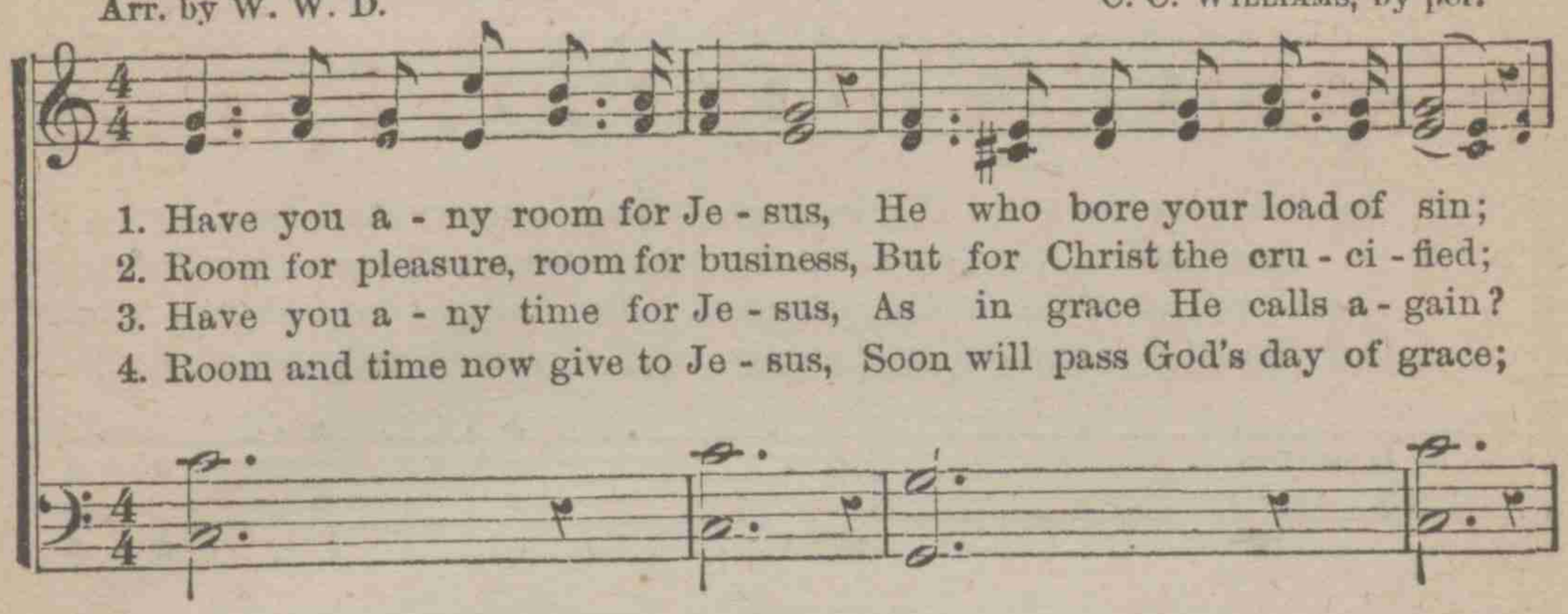
Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

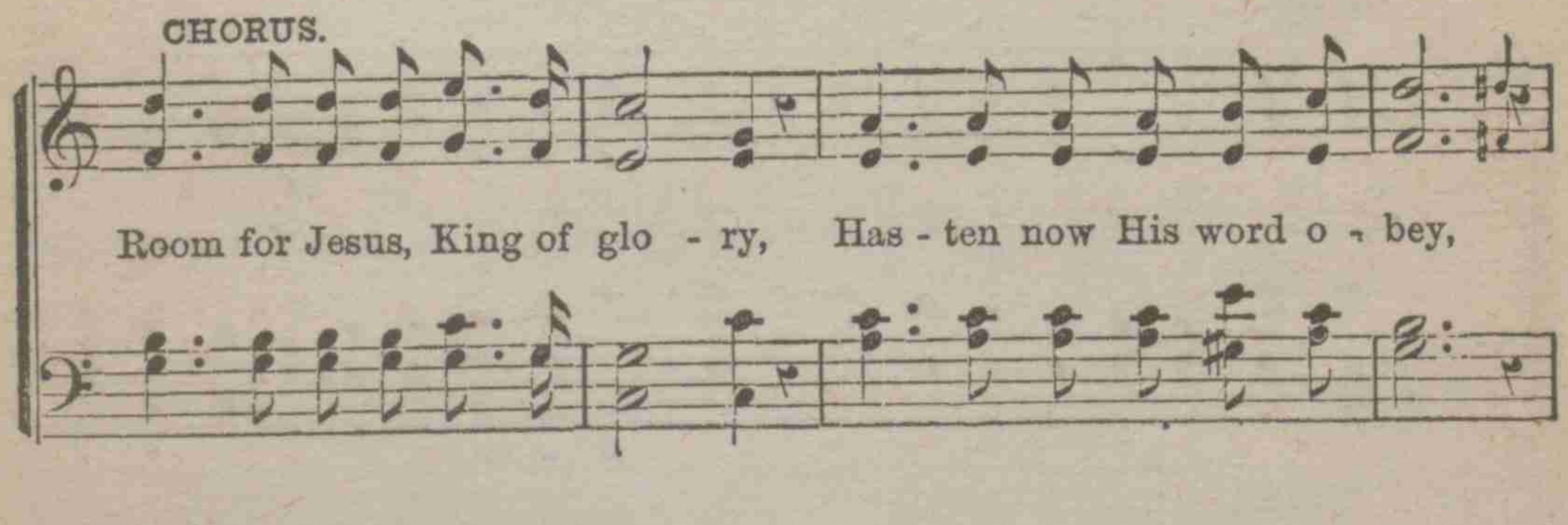


No. 63. Have you any Room for Jesus?

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

Arr. by W. W. D. C. C. Williams, by per.

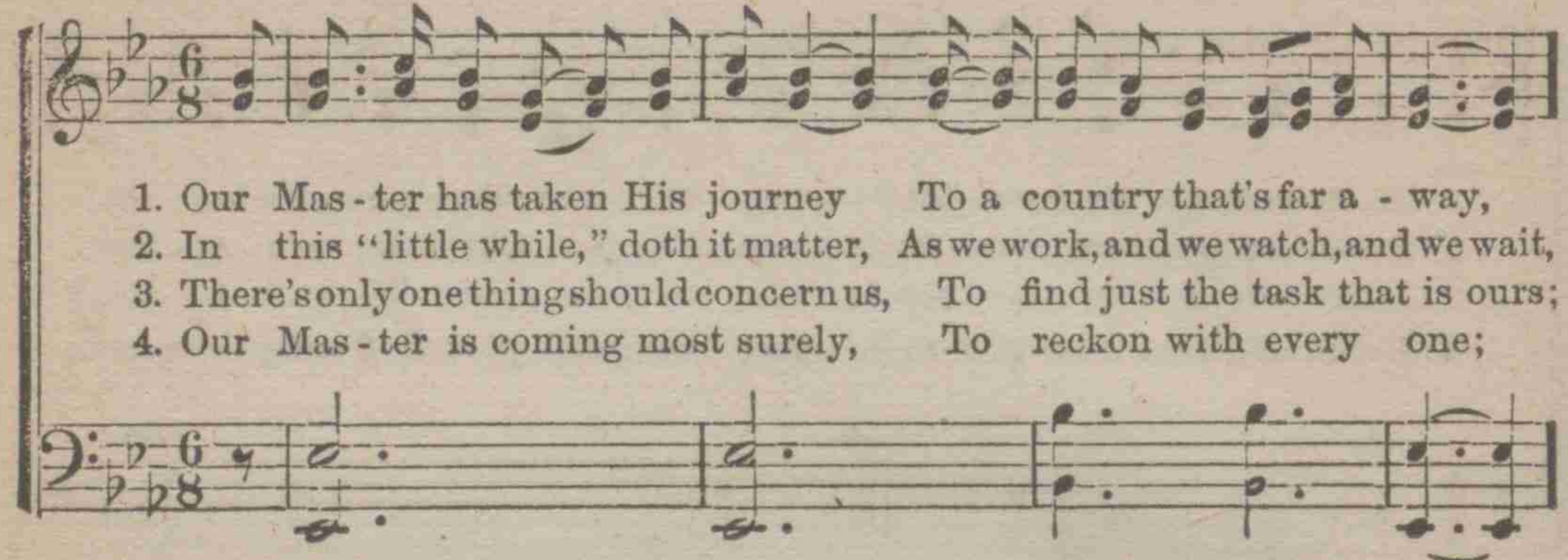




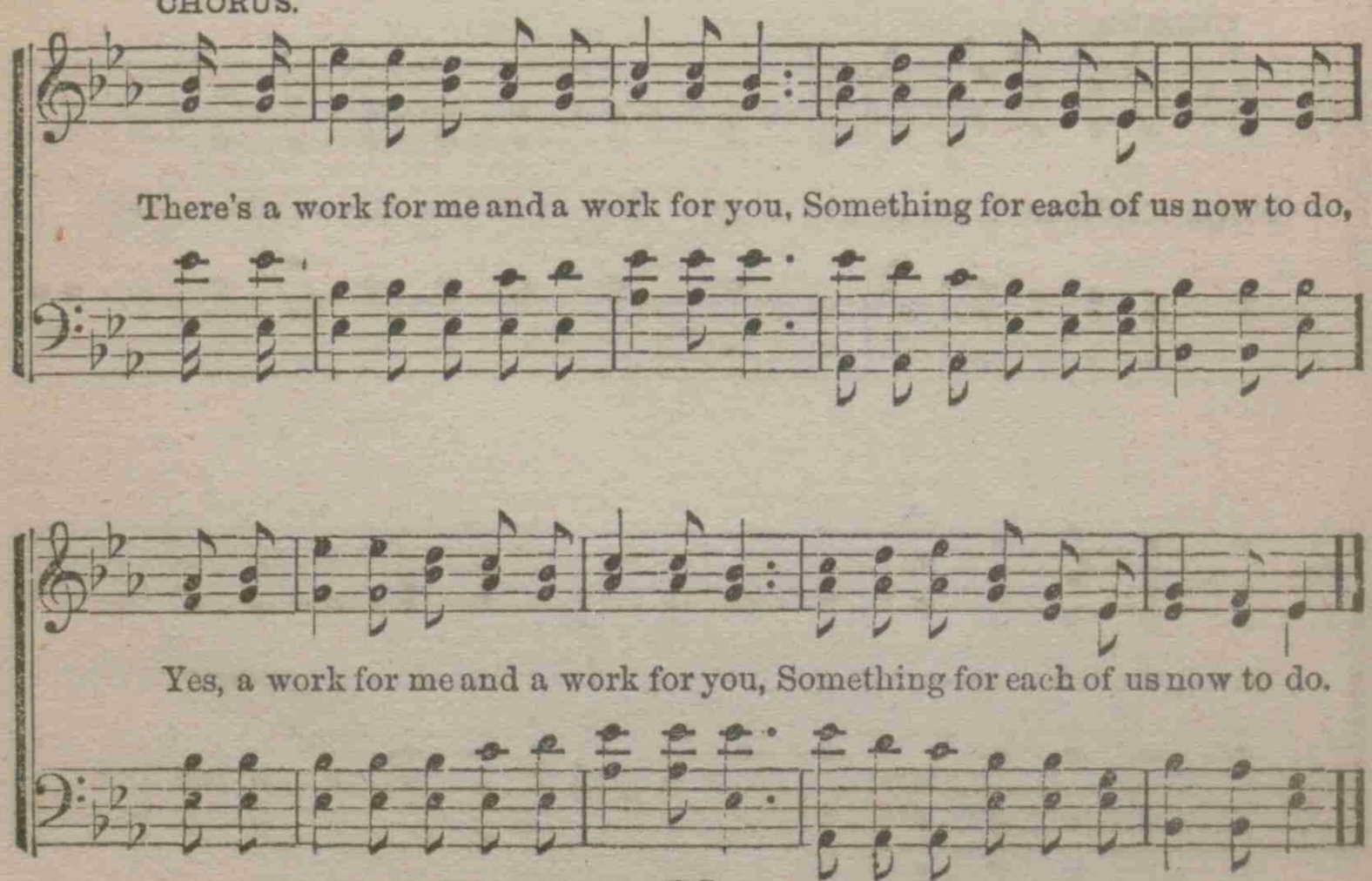
No. 64. There's a Work for each of Us now.

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

A. A. A. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



CHORUS.



No. 65.

Jesus, only Jesus.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17: 8.

L. PIERCE. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. Be our joy - ful song to - day, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,
2. Once we wander'd far from God, Knowing not of Je - sus,
3. Be our trust thro' years to come, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,

He who took our sins a - way, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,
Tread-ing still the downward road, Lead-ing far from Je - sus,
Pass-word to the heav'n-ly home, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,

Name with ev - ery blessing rife, Be our joy and hope thro' life,
Till the spir - it taught us how, 'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,
When from sin and sor-row free, On thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,

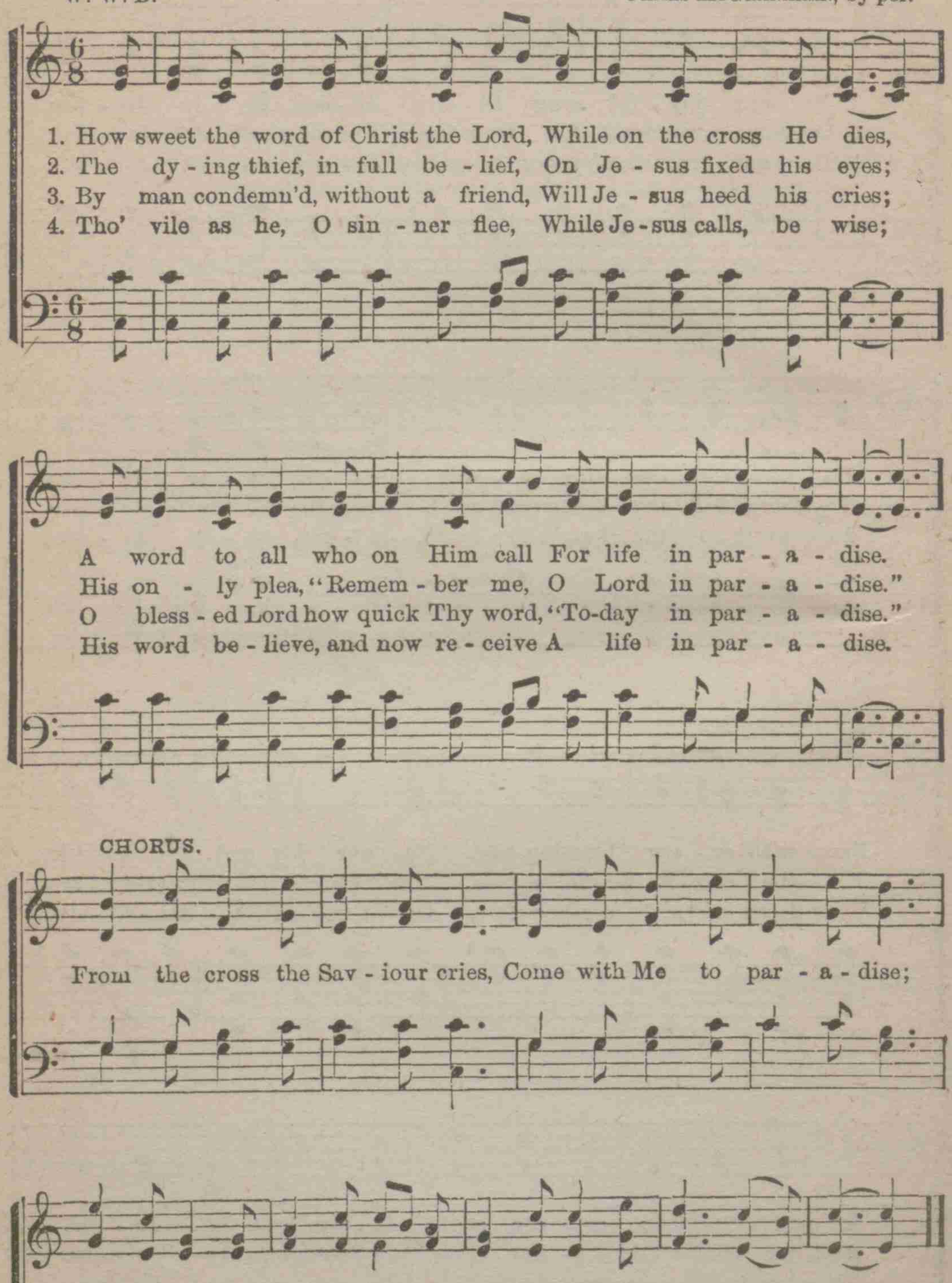
Be our strength in ev - ery strife, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
And we fain would fol - low now, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
This our theme and song shall be, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.

No. 66.

Paradise.

"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."—LUKE 23 : 43.

W. W. D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

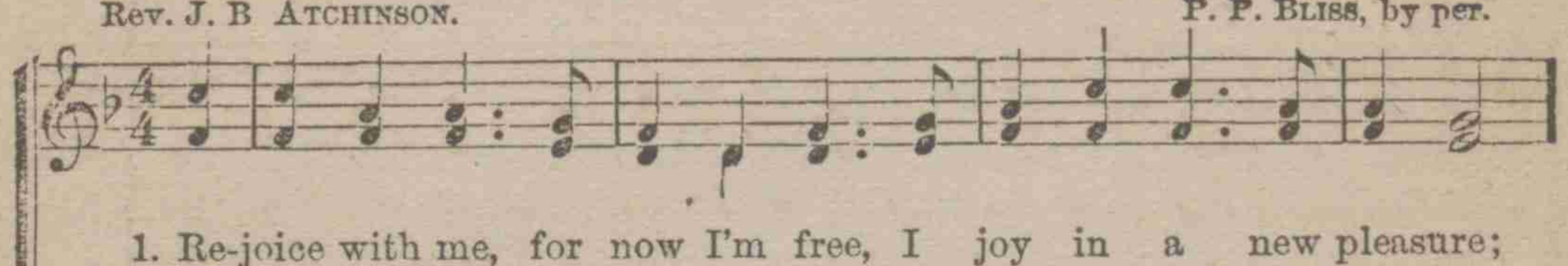


No. 67.
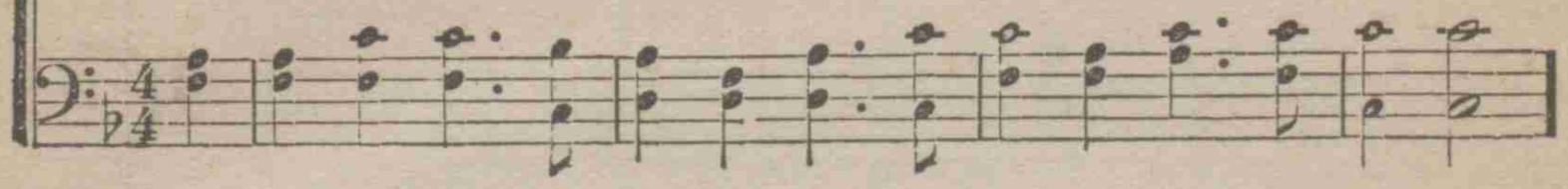
Rejoice with Me.

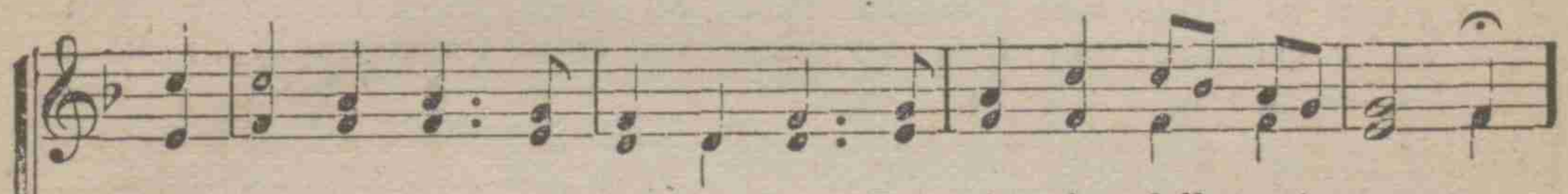
"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—PHIL. 4: 4.

Rev. J. B ATCHINSON. P. P. BLISS, by per.
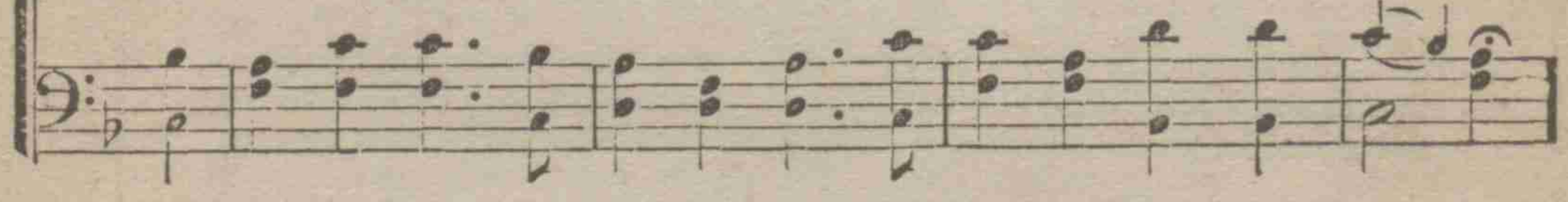


1. Re-joice with me, for now I'm free, I joy in a new pleasure;
2. Once vile with sin, Christ makes me clean, Gone is all con - dem - na - tion;
3. In Christ I live, and He doth give, Great joy where once was sadness;
4. To all pro - claim His wondrous name, Repeat the old, old sto - ry;

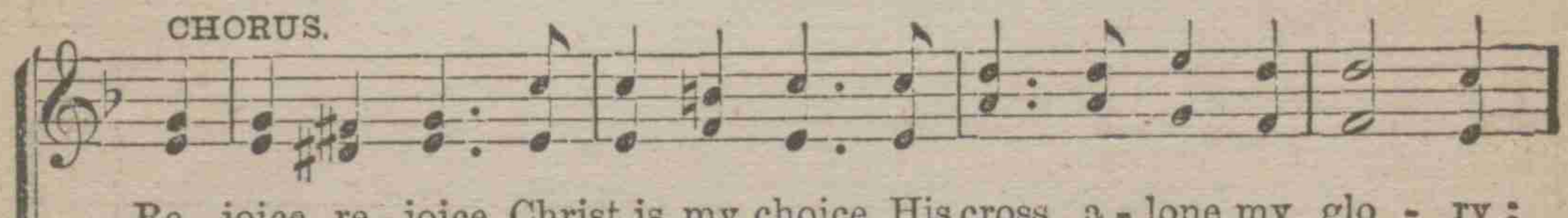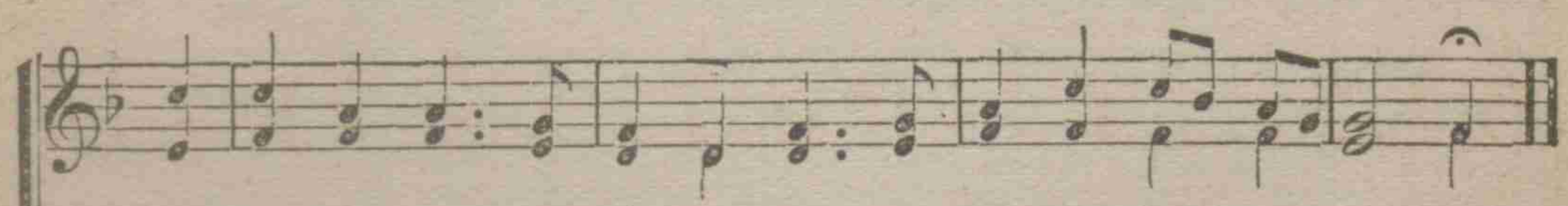




From God a - bove, the gift of love Is mine in full - est measure.
For I be - lieve and now re - ceive A full and free sal - va - tion.
And in this way, from day to day, My life is filled with gladness.
Till work is done and heaven won, Then praise Him more in glo - ry.



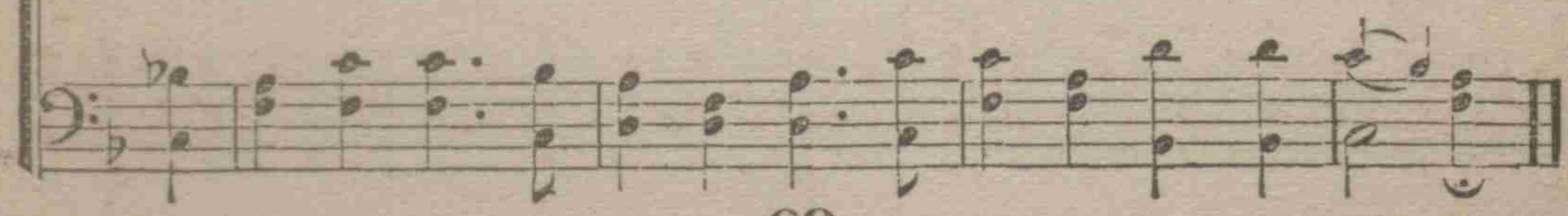
CHORUS.



Re - joice, re - joice, Christ is my choice, His cross a - lone my glo - ry;



While life shall last, when death is past, I'll sing the joy - ful sto - ry.
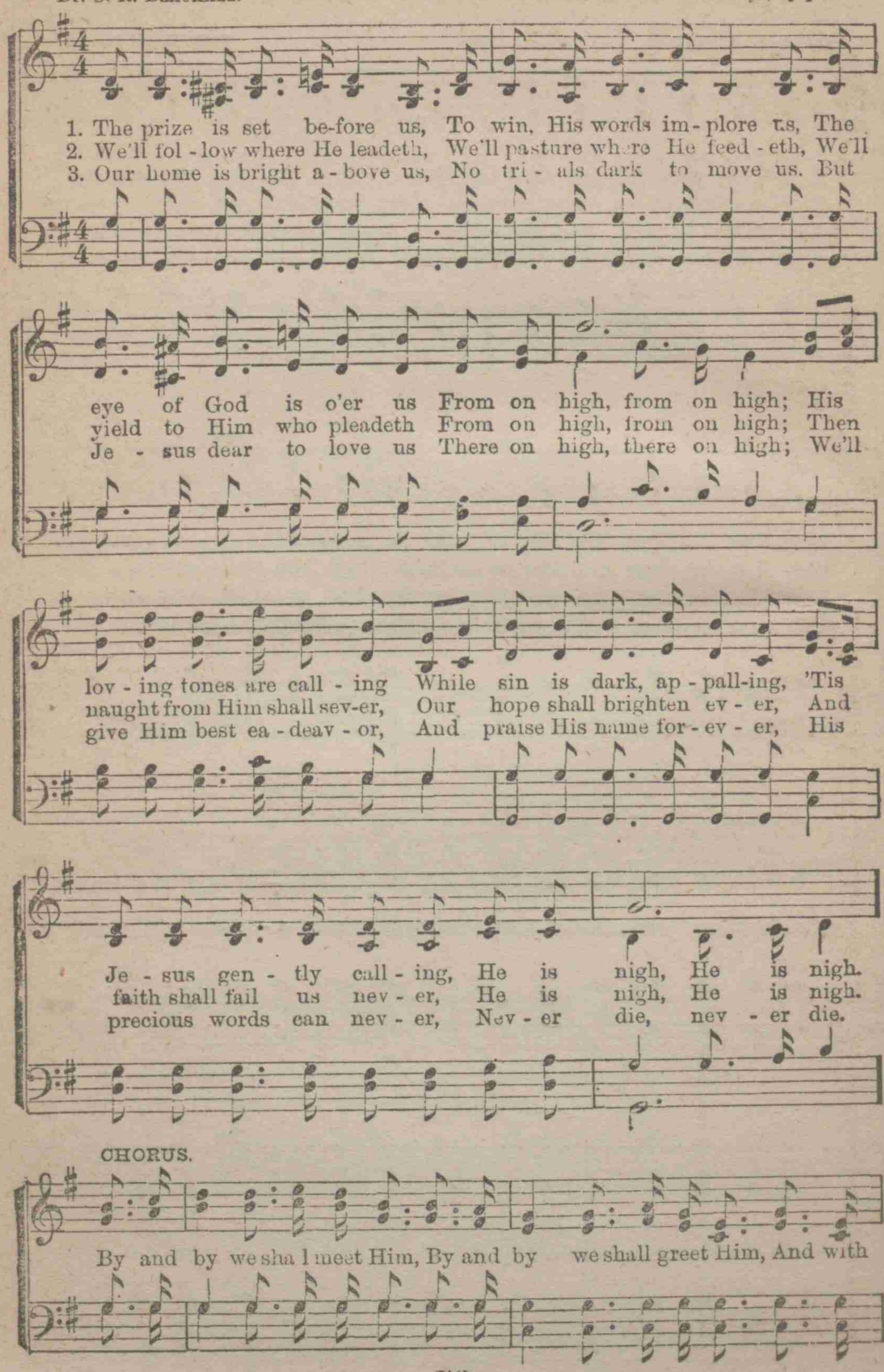


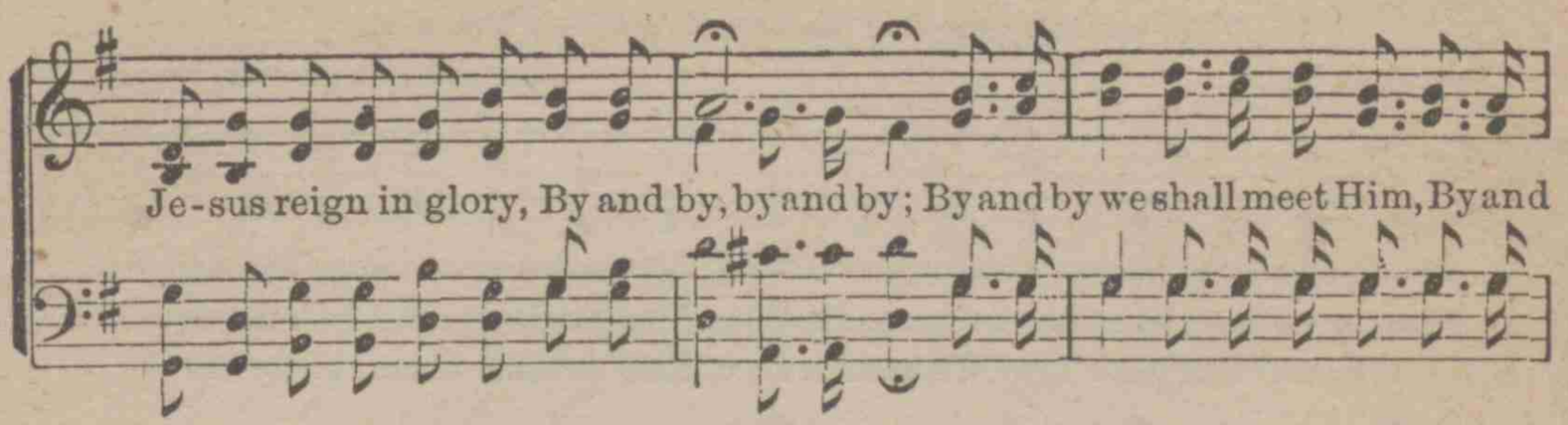
No. 68.
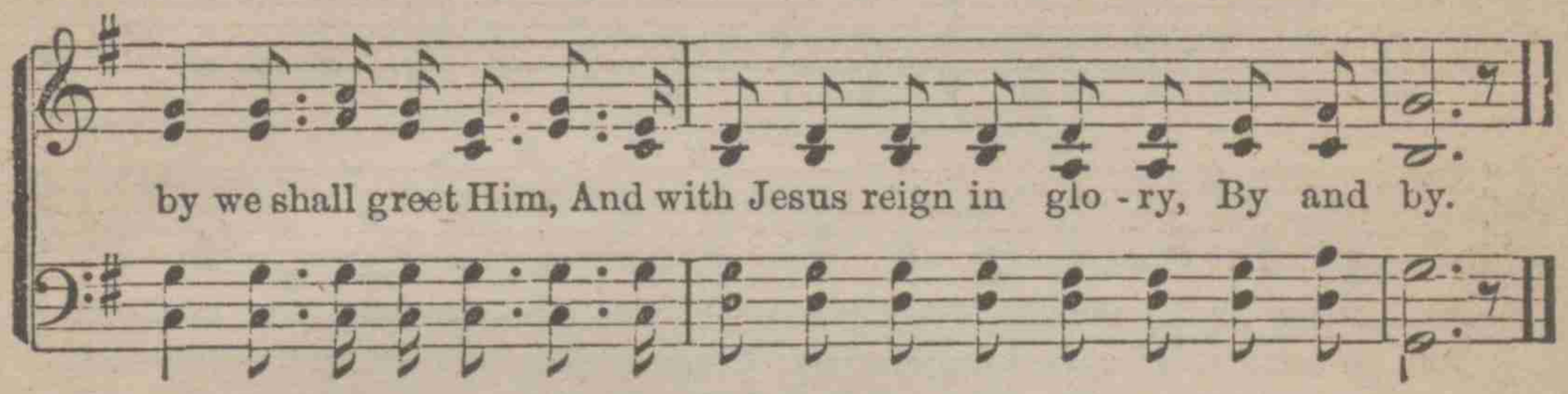
Triumph By and By.

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3 : 14.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER, by per.



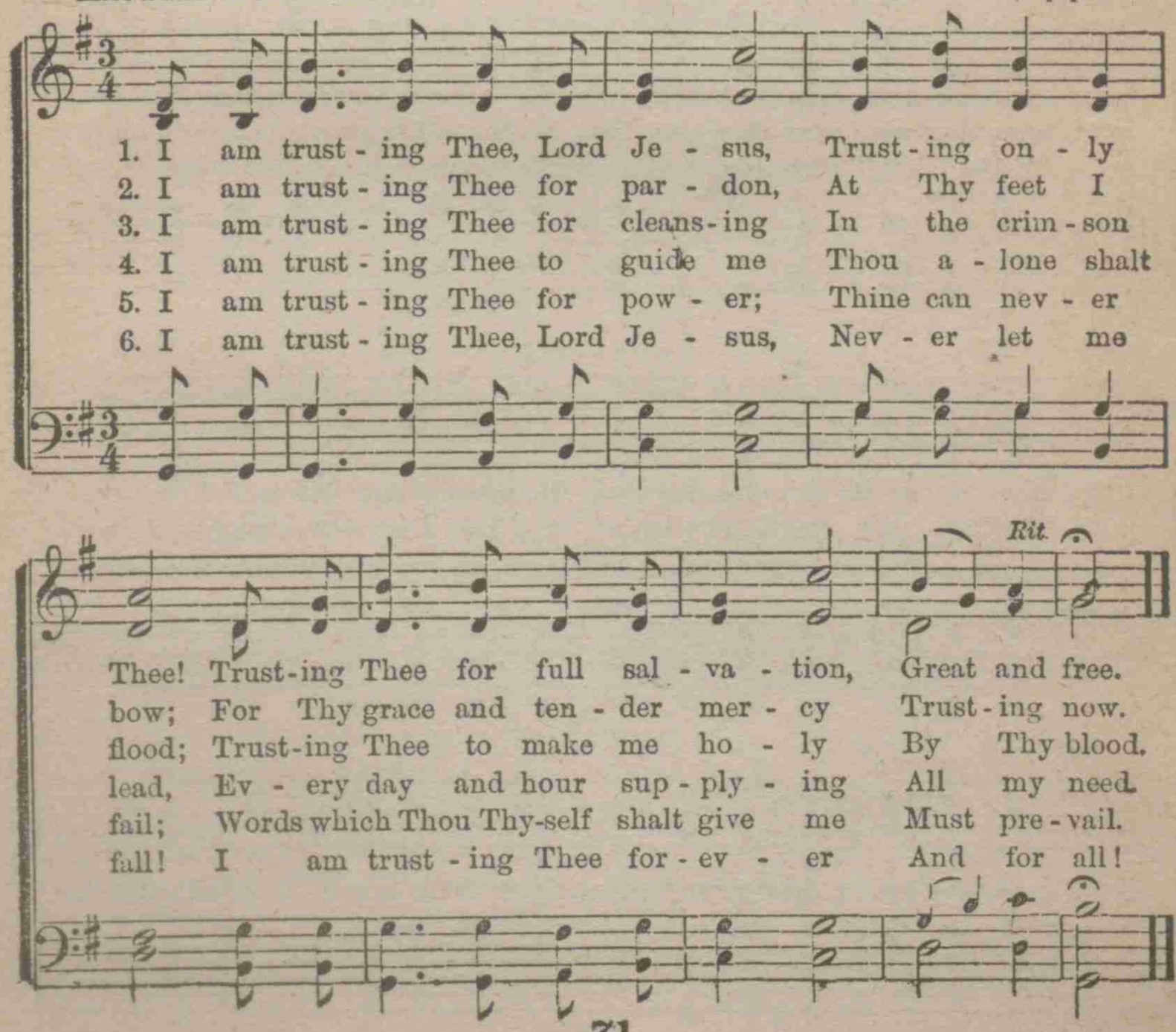




No. 69. I am Trusting Thee.

"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 112: 7.

Miss Frances R. Havergal. Ira D. Sankey, by per.



No. 70.

Good News.

"The glorious gospel of the blessed God."—1 Tim. 1: 11.

Rev. J. C. Ryle. James McGranahan, by per.

1. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a pardon, full and free,
2. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, The Saviour cries, "Come unto Me
3. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, Has echoed from e-ter-ni-ty;

To guilty sin-ners, thro' the blood Of the In-car-nate Son of God;
All ye who toil, with fears oppress; Come, weary one, oh, come and rest:"
And loud shall our ho-san-nas ring, When with the ransom'd throng we sing.

He paid the debt that thou didst owe, He suffered death for thee be-low,
He loves thee with o'er-flow-ing love, He hears thy pray'r in heav'n a-bove;
"Worthy the Lamb," whose precious blood Has made us kings and priests to God;

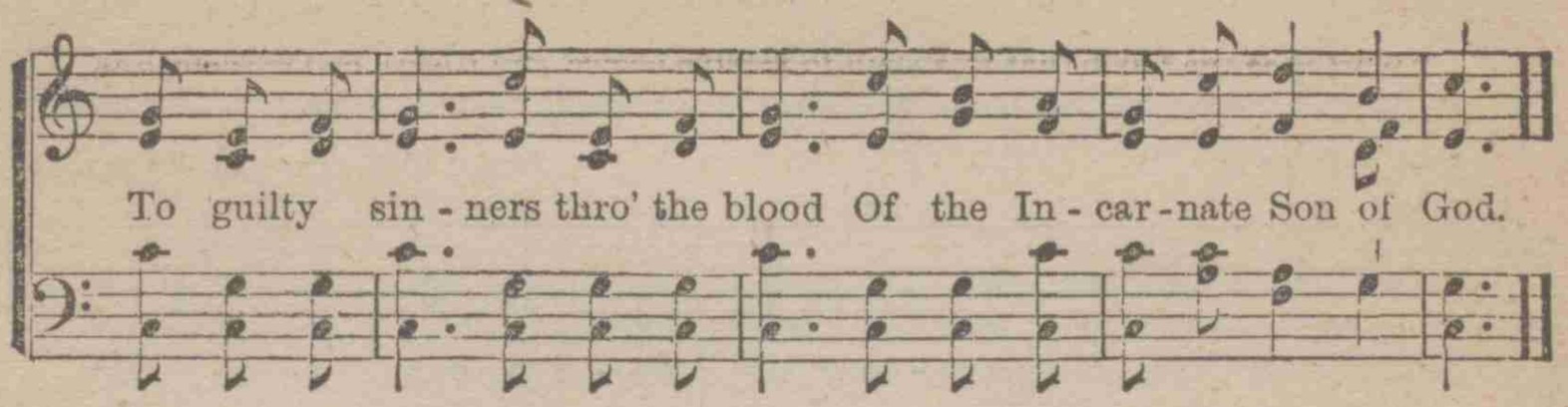
He bore the wrath di-vine for thee, He groan'd and bled on Cal-va-ry.
He all thy past-ure shall prepare, And lead thee with a shepherd's care.
Our harps we'll tune to noblest strains, And glo-ry give to Him who reigns.

CHORUS.

Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a par-don full and free,

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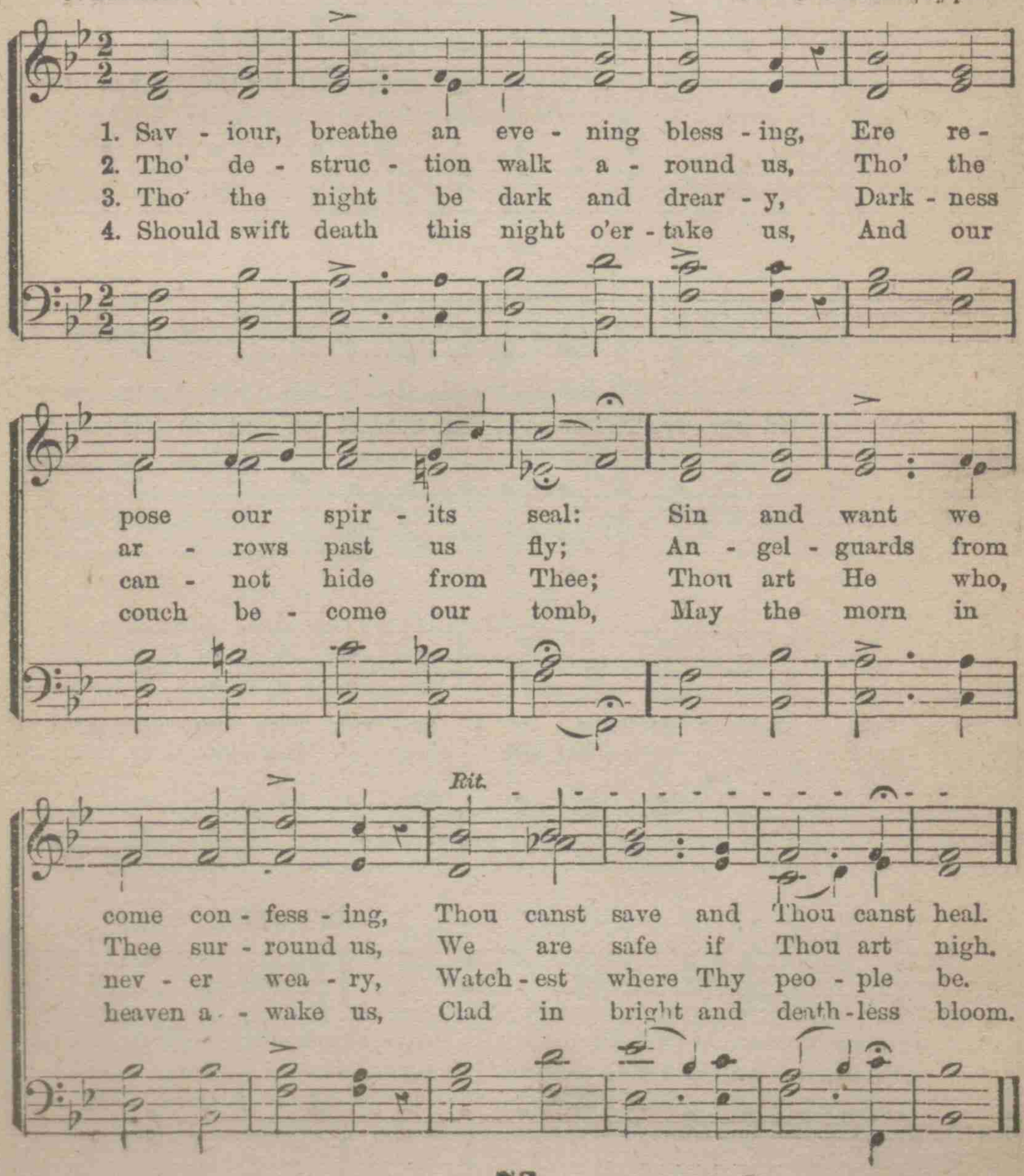
Good News.—Concluded.



No. 71. Evening Prayer.

"Bless me—O my Father."—GEN. 27: 38.

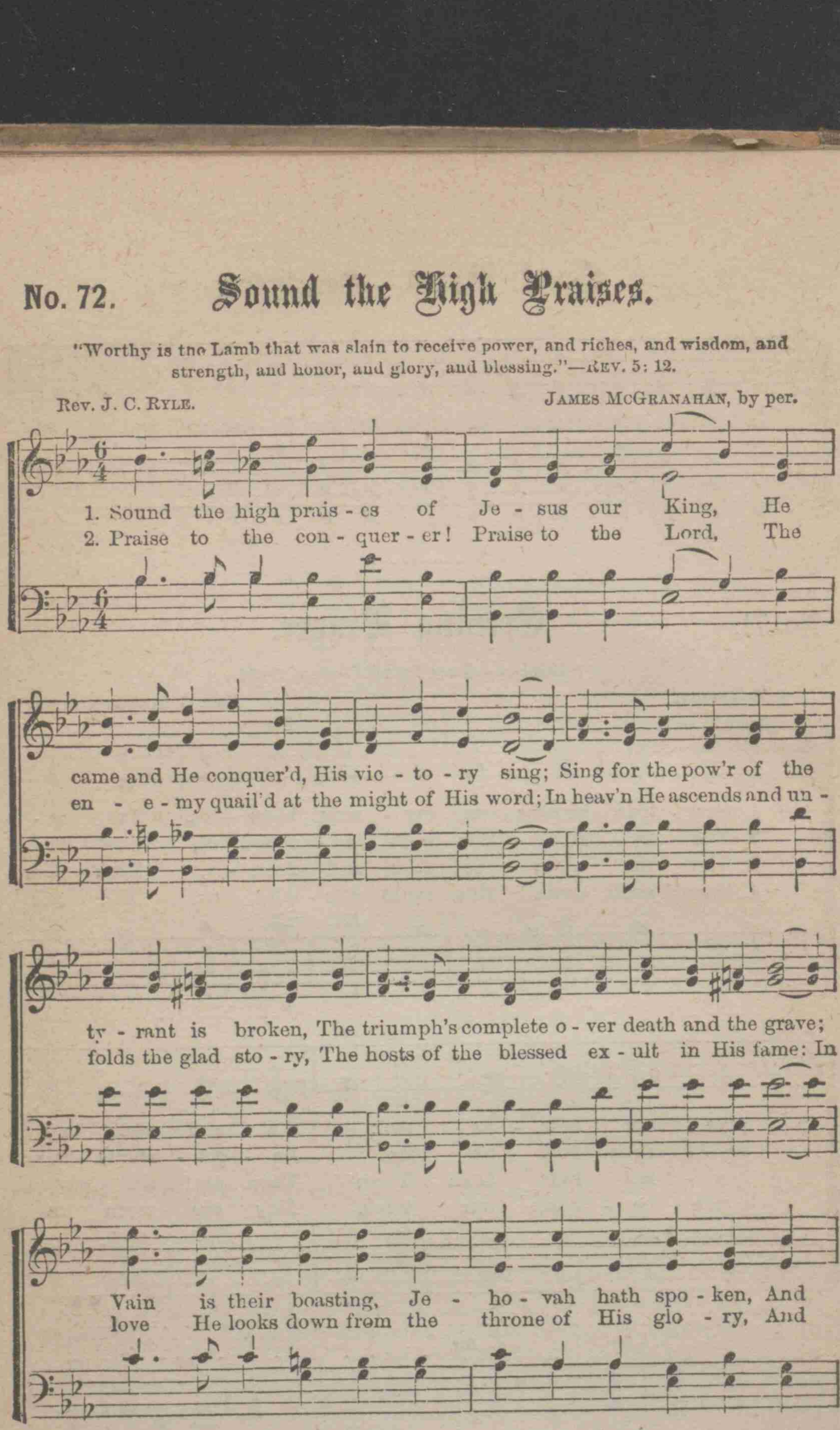
J. EDMESTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



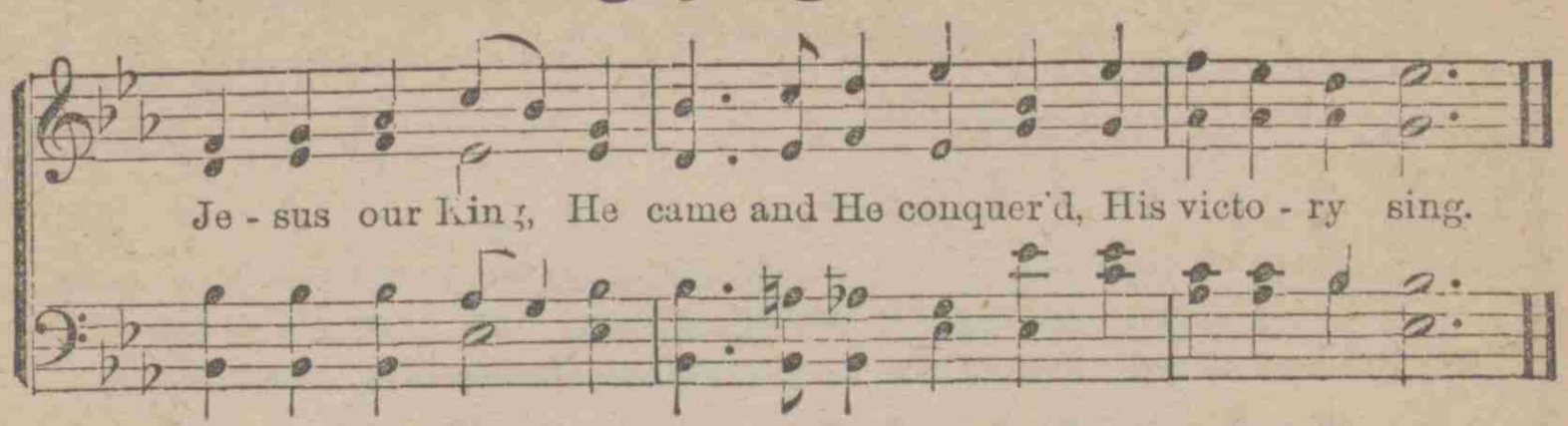
No. 72. Sound the High Praises.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—REV. 5: 12.

Rev. J. C. RYLE. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



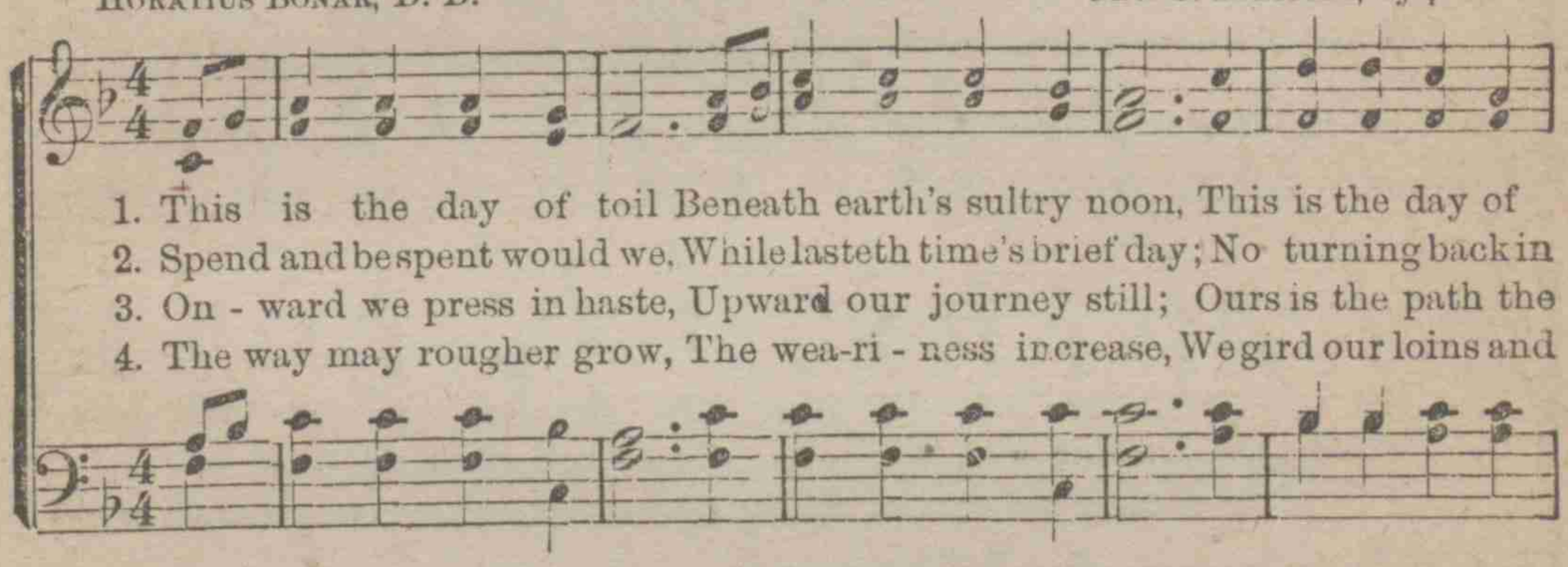
Sound the High Praises.—Concluded.
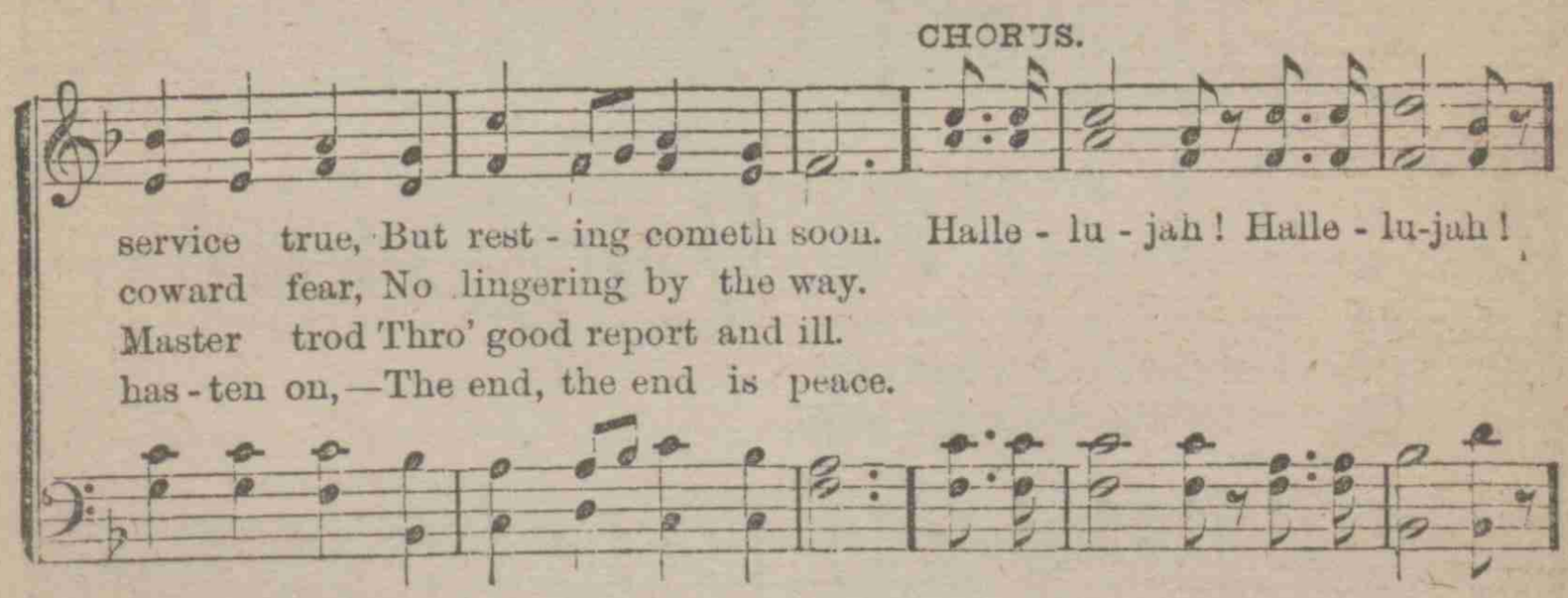


No. 73. Pressing On.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—Heb. 4: 9.

Horatius Bonar, D. D. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.





No. 74. There is Joy among the Angels.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15: 10.

EDWARD A. BARNES. C. C. CASE, by per.

1. There is joy among the angels, Sing-ing round the throne a - bove,
2. There is joy among the angels, When a sin - ner heeds the call;
3. There is joy among the angels, When His cause is speed - ing on;

When re - pentant tears are flowing, While the ris - en Lord is showing
When he turns to Christ believing, And from Him is love re-ceiv-ing,
When the notes of praise are ringing, That the gos - pel work is bringing,

All the rich - es of His love, All the rich - es of His love,
Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that saves us one and all,
Pre - cious sheaves for harvest morn, Pre - cious sheaves for har - vest morn,

CHORUS.
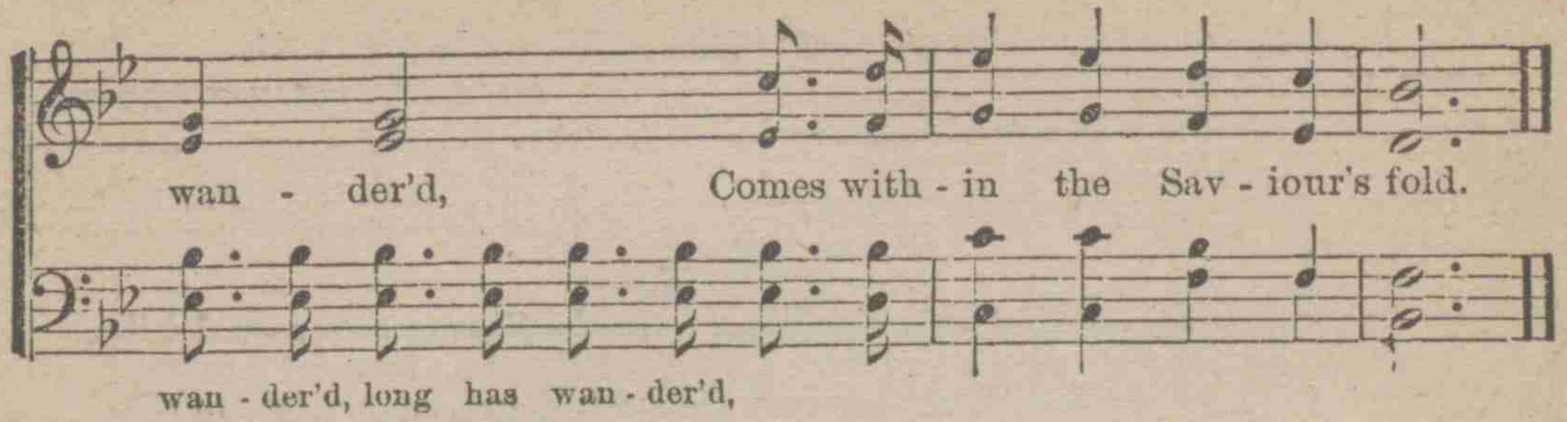
All the rich - es of His love. There is joy,.... oh there is joy,
Grace that saves us one and all.
Precious sheaves for harvest morn.

glad joy, there is joy, glad joy,

Joy that never can be told, When a soul.... that long has

nev - er can be told, When a soul that long has

There is Joy.—Concluded.

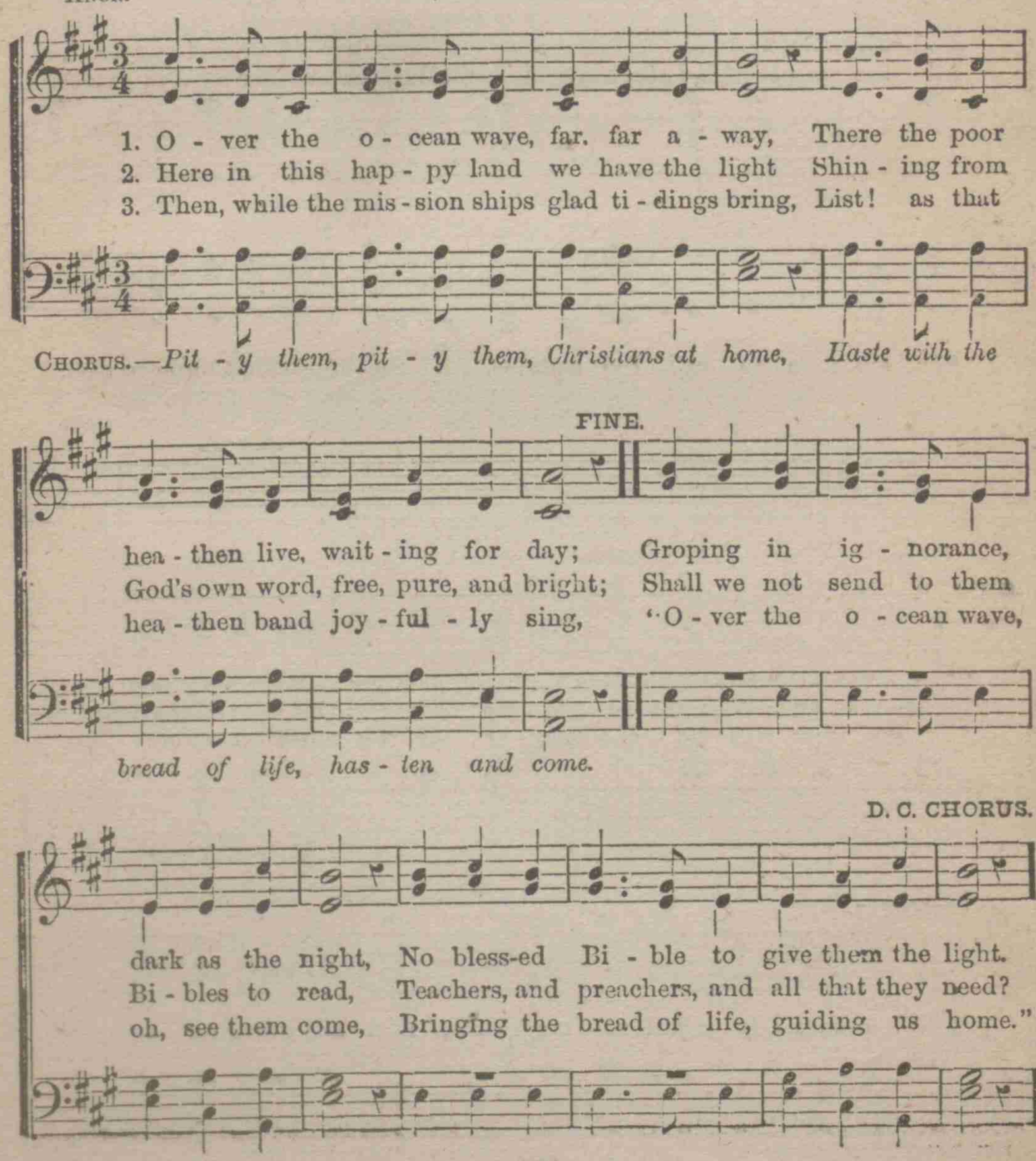


—o—

No. 75. Over the Ocean Wave.

"I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."—Ps. 2: 8.

ANON. (MISSIONARY.) WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



No. 76.

Memories of Earth.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation"—Rev. 7: 14.

W. P. Mackay, M. D. James. McGranahan, by per.

1. When we reach our Father's dwelling, On the Strong e - ter - nal hills,
2. When the paths of pray'r and du - ty, And af - flic - tion all are trod,
3. All the way by which He brought us, All the grievings that He bore,

And our praise to Him is swelling Who the vast cre - a - tion fills,
And we wake and see the beau - ty Of our Sav - iour and our God,
All the pa - tient love that taught us, We'll re - mem - ber ev - er - more,

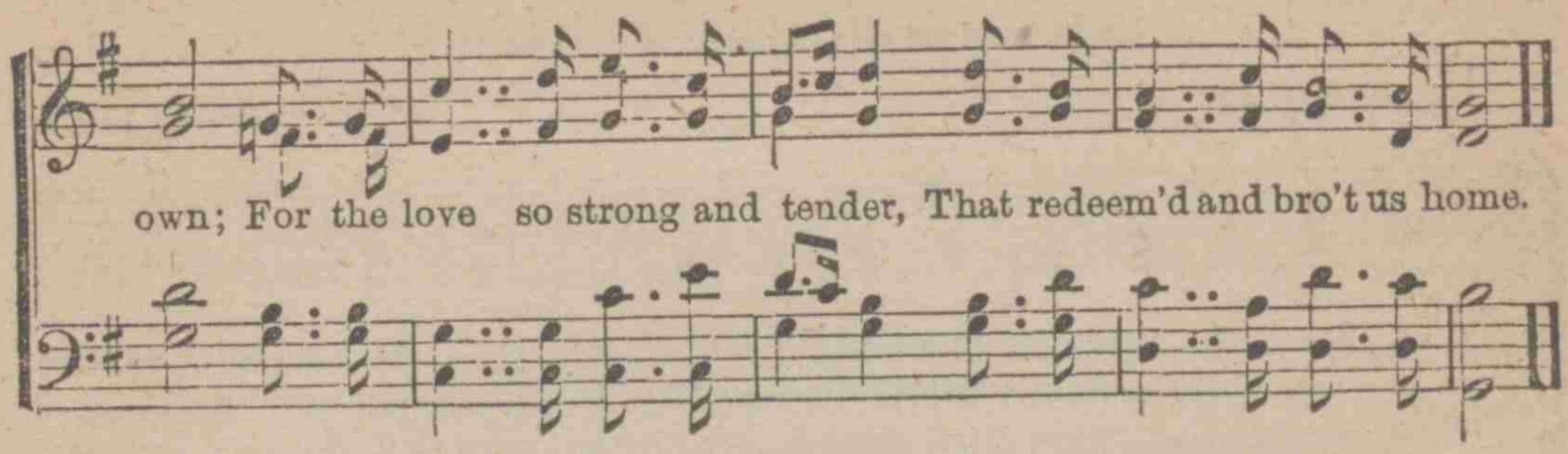
Shall we then re - call the sadness, And the clouds that hung so dim,
Shall we then re - call the sto - ry Of our mor - tal griefs and tears,
And His rest will be the dear-er, As we think of wea - ry ways,

When our hearts were turn'd from hardness, And our feet from paths of sin?
When on earth we sought the glo - ry Wrestling oft with doubts and fears?
And His light will be the clear - er As we muse on cloudy days.

CHORUS.

Yes we sure - ly shall re - mem - ber, And His grace we'll free - ly

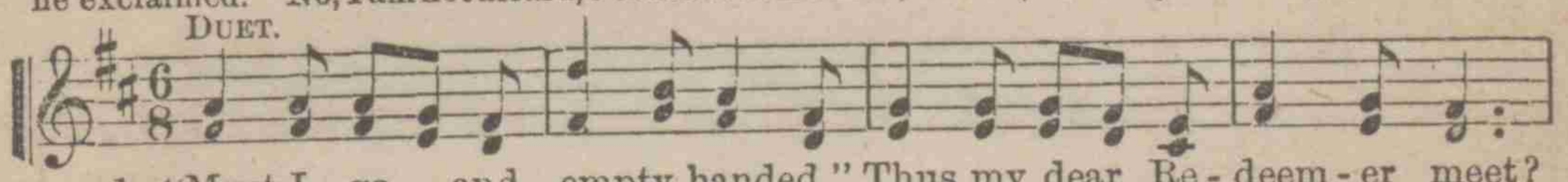
Memories of Earth.—Concluded.



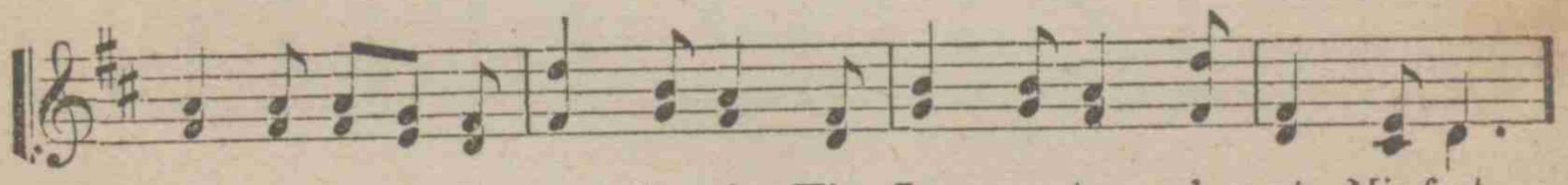
No. 77. Must I Go and Empty Handed?

C. C. LUTHER. (DAN. 12: 3.) GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

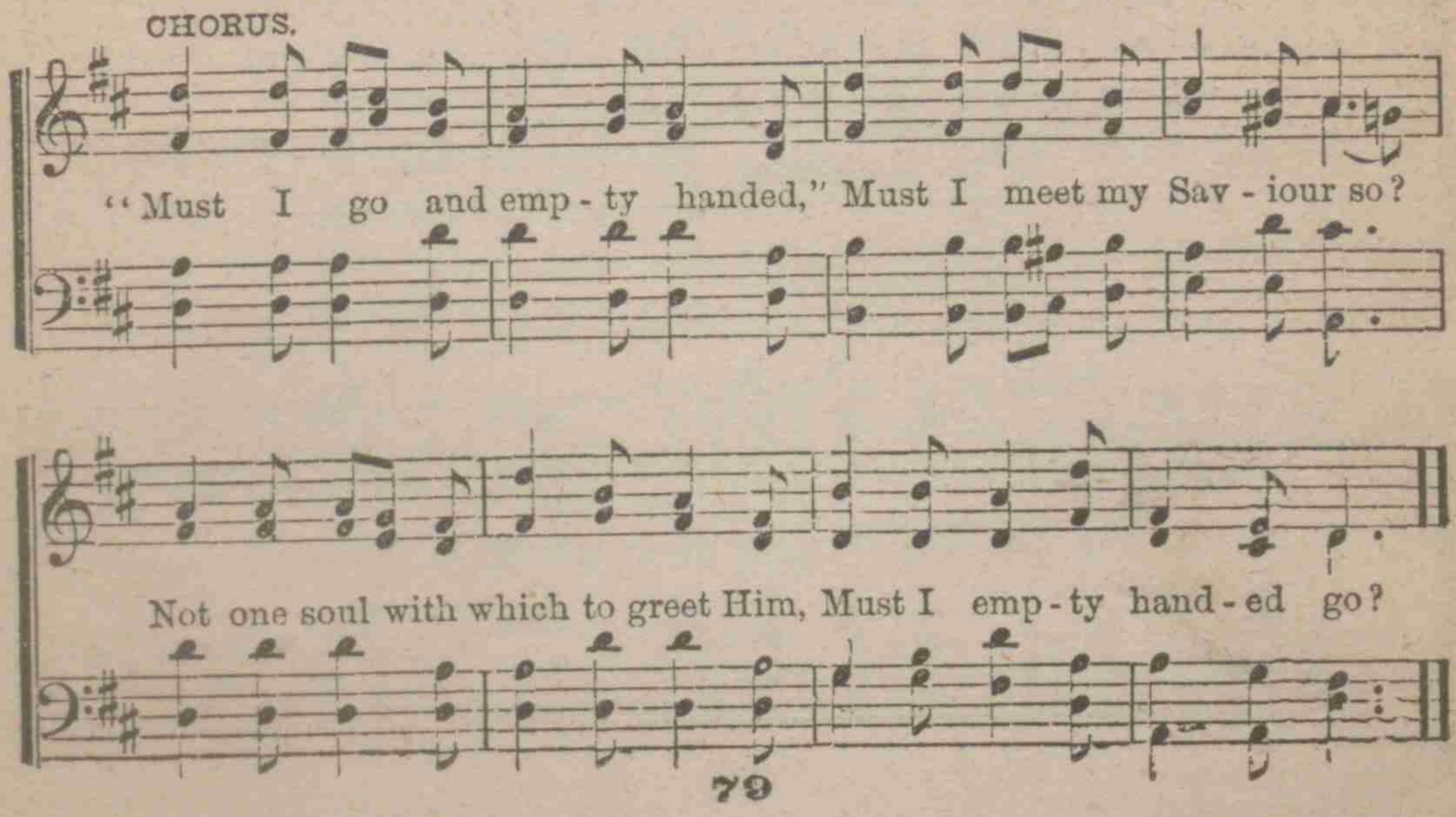
After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly 30 years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed. "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go and empty handed?*"



1. "Must I go and empty handed," Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor falter, For my Sav - iour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sinning wasted, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a - rouse, be earnest, Up and work while yet 'tis day,



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



No. 78.

My Faith still Clings.

"Watch, stand fast in the faith."—Rom. 14 : 1.

Rev. H. F. Colby. W. H. Doane, by per.

1. My sin is great, my strength is weak, My path be - set with snares;
2. The world is dark without Thee, Lord, I turn me from its strife
3. Temptations lure and fears as - sail My frail, in - constant heart;
4. Un - fold Thy pre - cepts to my mind, And cleanse my blinded eyes;

But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me, And Thou wilt hear my prayers.
To find Thy love a sweet re - lief; Thou art the light of life.
But precious are Thy promis - es, And they new strength impart.
Grant me to work for Thee on earth, Then praise Thee in the skies.

REFRAIN.

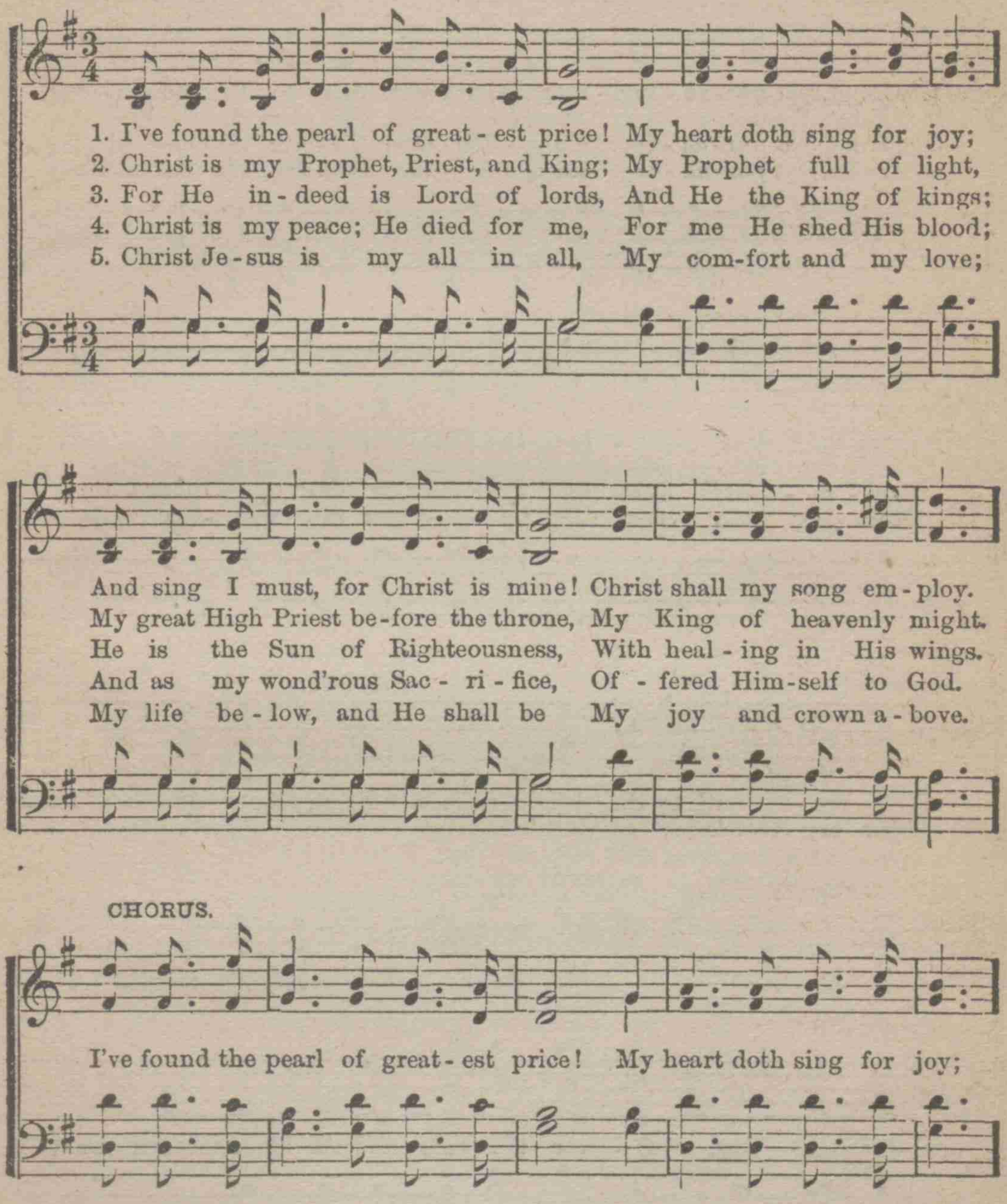
To Thee, to Thee, the Cru - ci - fied, The sin - ner's on - ly plea,

Re - ly - ing on Thy promised grace, My faith still clings to Thee.

No. 79. The Pearl of Greatest Price.

"One pearl of great price."—MATT. 13: 46.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. P. P. BLISS, by per.



No. 80. Faint, yet Pursuing.

(JUDGES 8: 4).

Mrs. W. R. GRISWOLD. GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. "Faint, yet pur - su - ing," we press our way Up to the glo - ri - ous
2. "Faint, yet pur - su - ing," whate'er be - fall, He who has died for us,
3. "Faint, yet pur - su - ing," till e - ven - tide, Un - der the cross of the
4. "Faint, yet pur - su - ing," the eye a - far Sees thro' the darkness the

gates of day; Fol - low - ing Him who has gone be - fore,
died for all; So should they come, as a might - y throng.
Cru - ci - fied; Knowing, when dark - ly are skies o'er - cast,
Morn - ing Star, Shed - ding its ray for the wea - ry feet,

CHORUS.

O - ver the path to the brighter shore. "Faint, yet pur - su - ing," from
Bear - ing His banner a - loft with song.
Sor - row and sighing will end at last.
Keeping the way, to the gold - en street.

day to day, O - ver the sure and the blood-marked way;
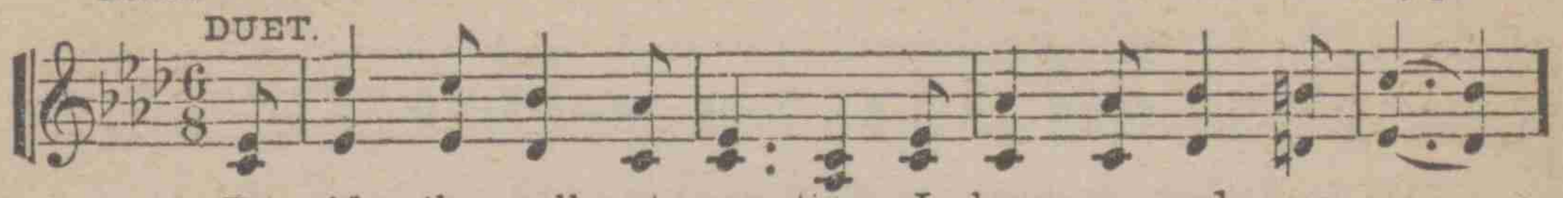
Strengthen and keep us, O Saviour, Friend, Ever pursuing, un - to life's end.

No. 81. Ho, every One that Thirsteth.

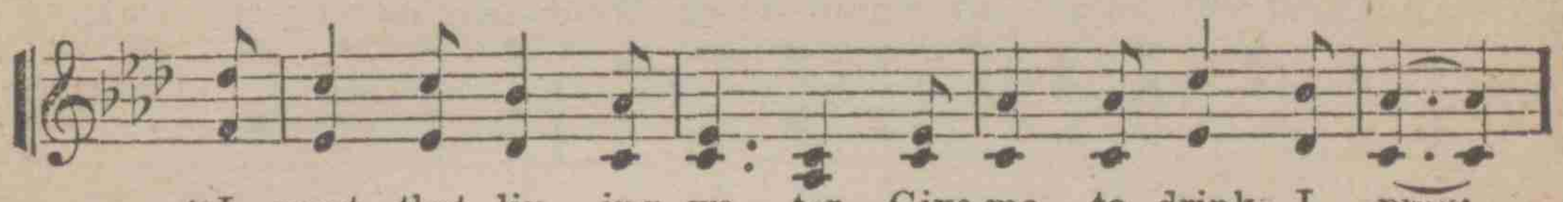
"Come ye, buy and eat."—Isa. 55: 1.

ANON. P. P. BLISS, by per.
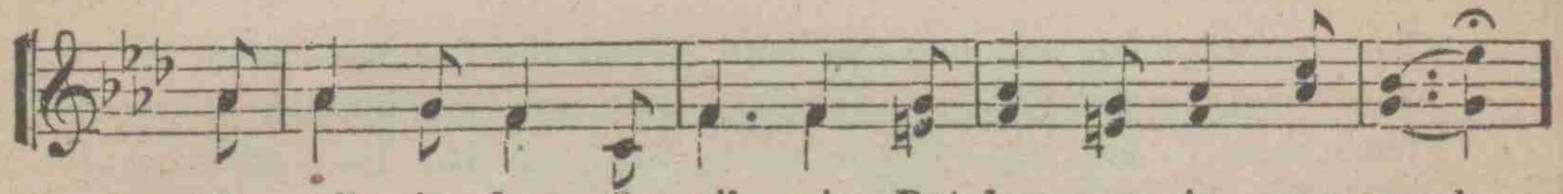
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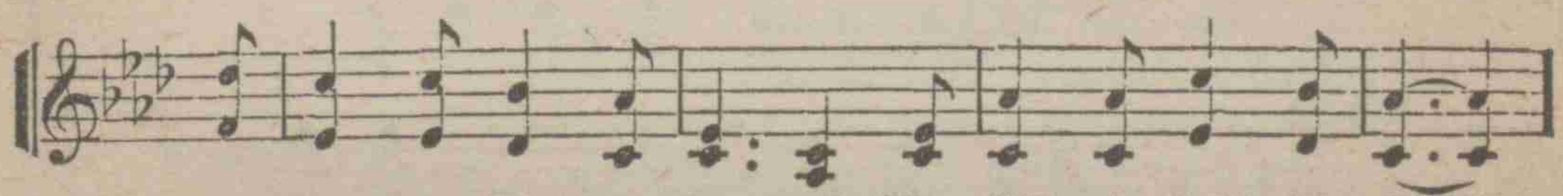


1. Be - side the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say,
2. Be - side the pool Be - thes - da, I hear a mournful cry;
3. While seat - ed on the hill - side, The hun - gry ones were fed



"I want that liv - ing wa - ter, Give me to drink I pray;
"No help, no hope is of - fered To one so weak as I;"
By Him who said most tru - ly, "I am the liv - ing bread;"

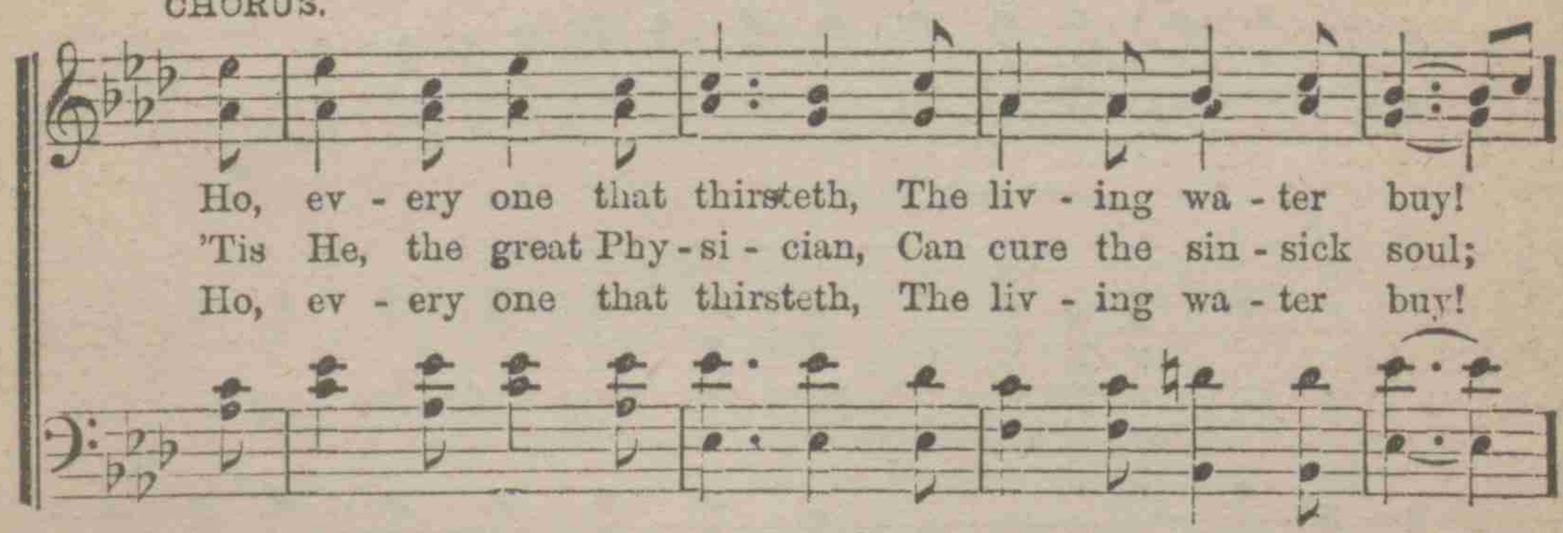


The well is deep, O pil - grim, But deep - er is my need;
Oh, cease thy sad com - plaining, The gos - pel gives thee cheer;
'Tis He, the heavenly man - na, Who doth our souls re - store;

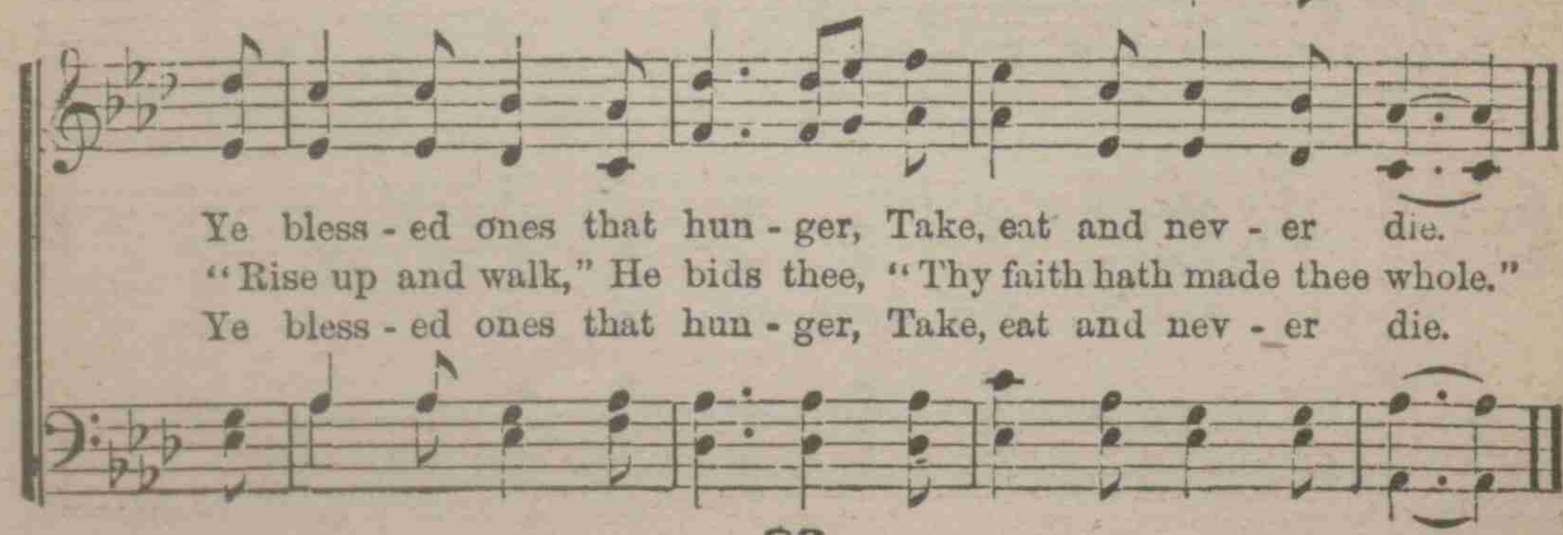


I thirst for life e - ter - nal, The 'Gift of God' in - deed."
Come to the house of mer - cy, For Christ the pool is here.
By faith of Him par - tak - ing We live for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



Ho, ev - ery one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!
'Tis He, the great Phy - si - cian, Can cure the sin - sick soul;
Ho, ev - ery one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!



Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.
"Rise up and walk," He bids thee, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."
Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.

No. 82. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33: 17.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. T. C. O'Kane, by per.

1. On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-ex - tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no long-er stay;

To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
Tho' Jor - dan's waves around me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

CHORUS.

We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, Just a - cross on the by and by,

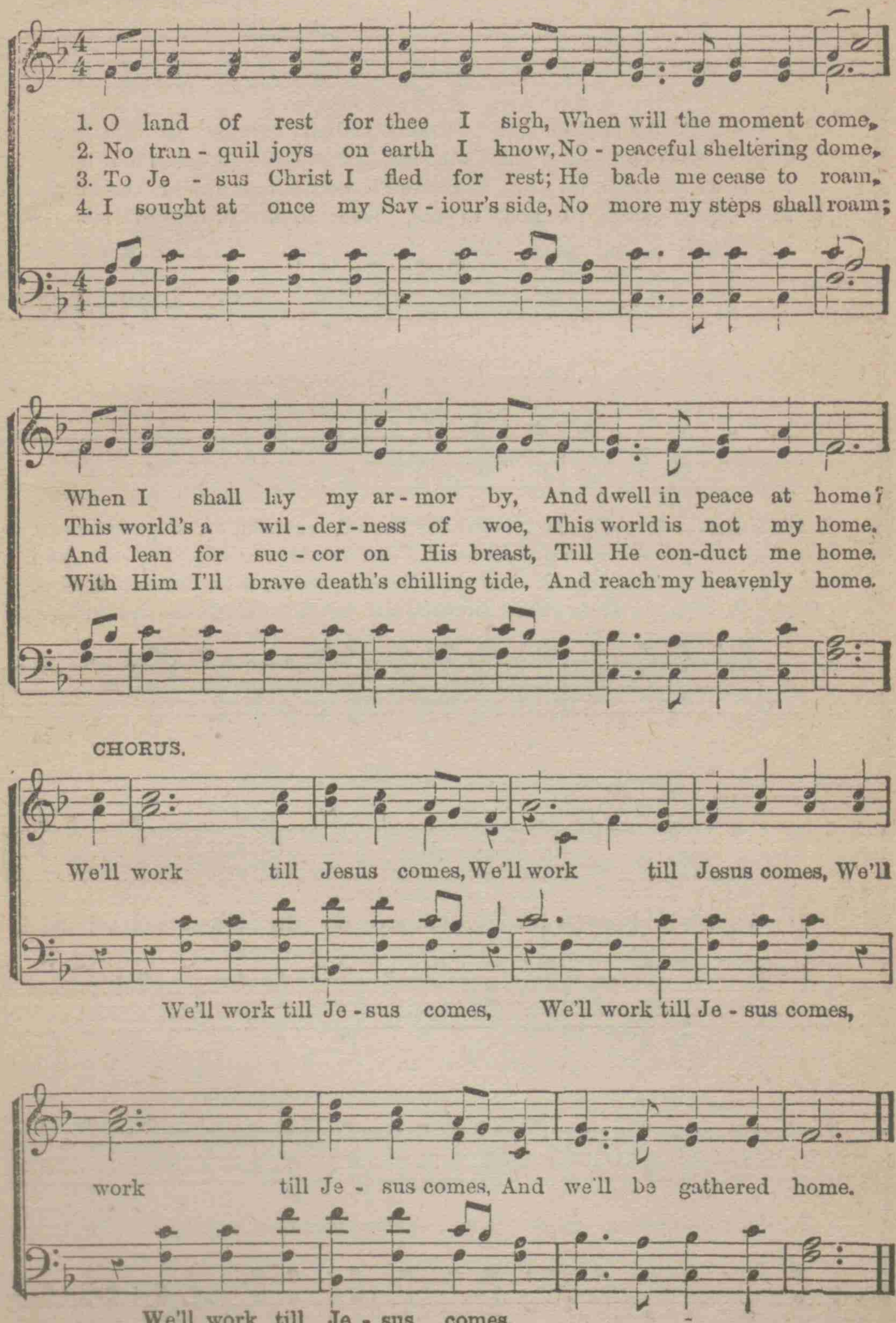
ev - er - green shore, ... Sing the song of Mo - ses and the ev - er - green shore,

Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more

No. 83. We'll Work till Jesus comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31 : 16.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.

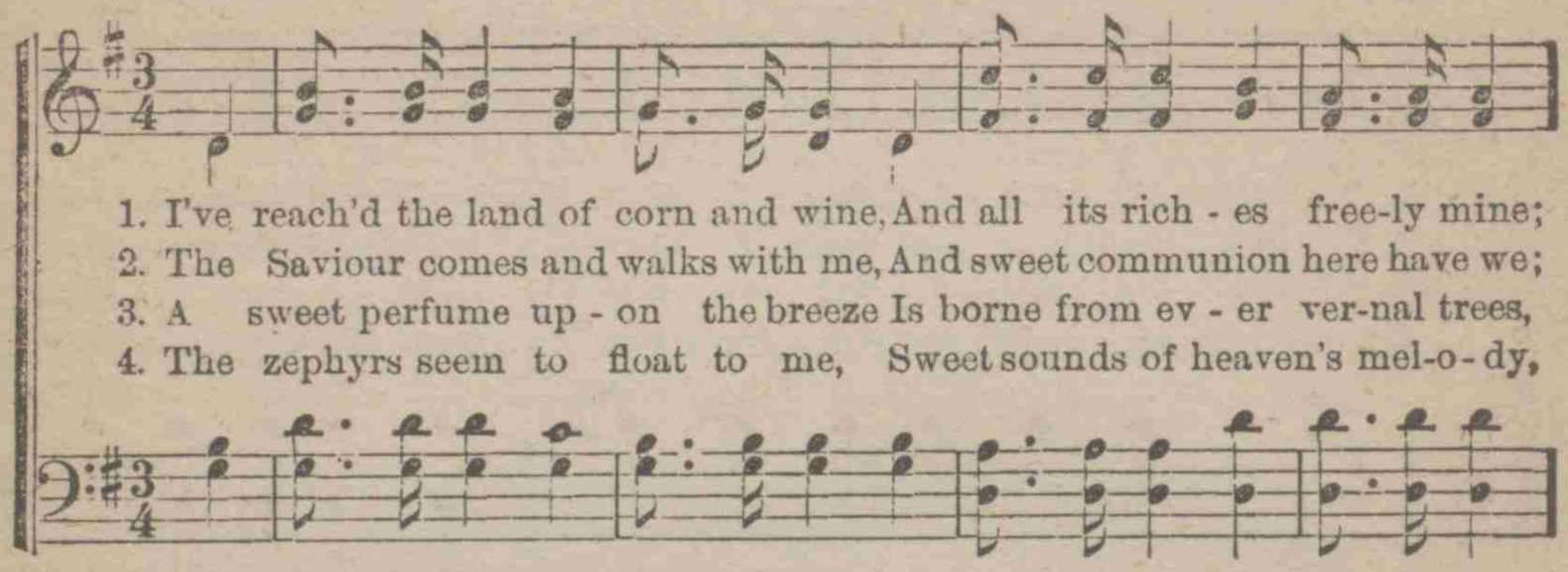


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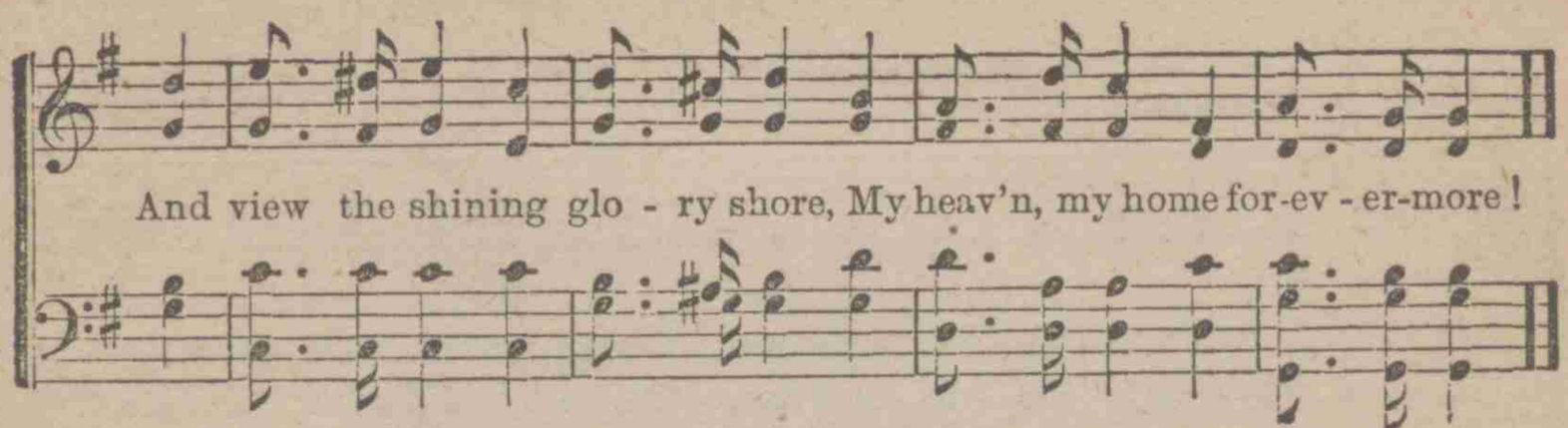
Beulah Land.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35: 10.

Edgar Page. Jno. R. Sweney, by per.



Beulah Land.—Concluded.

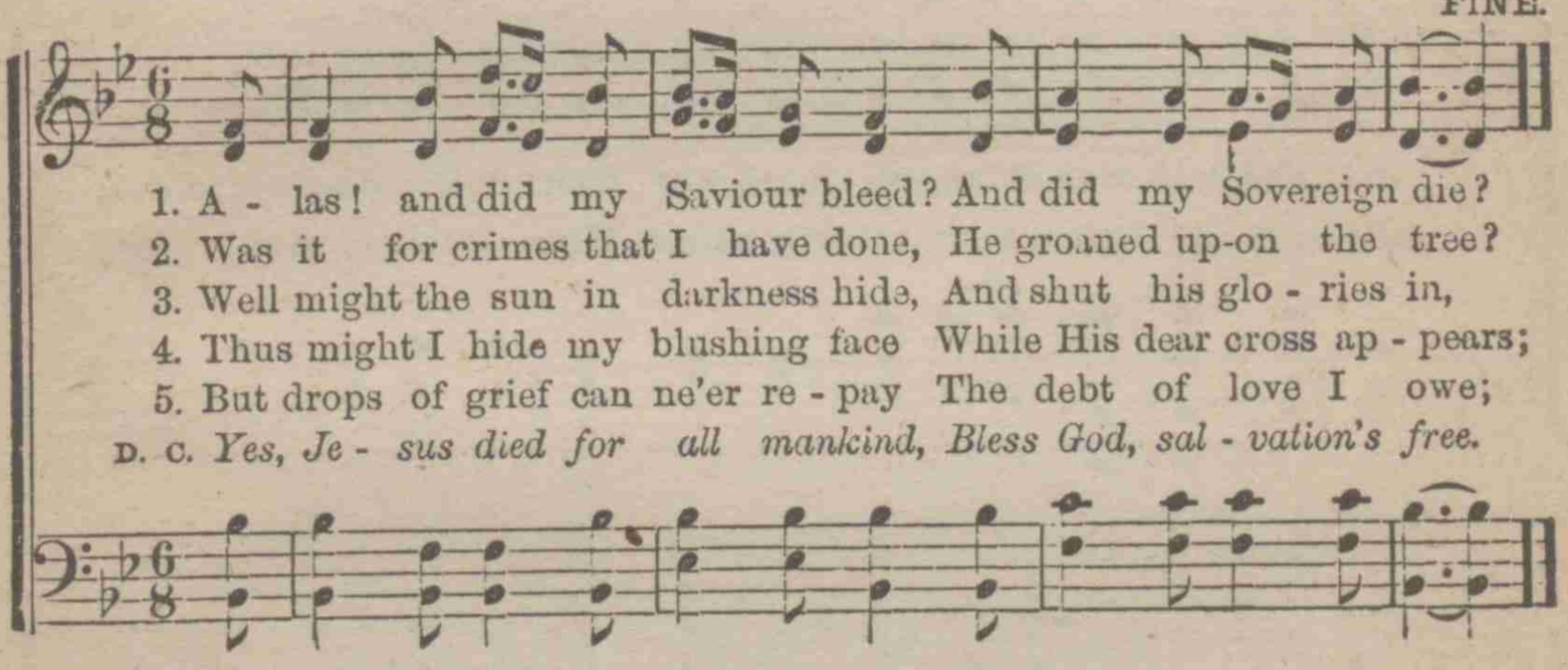


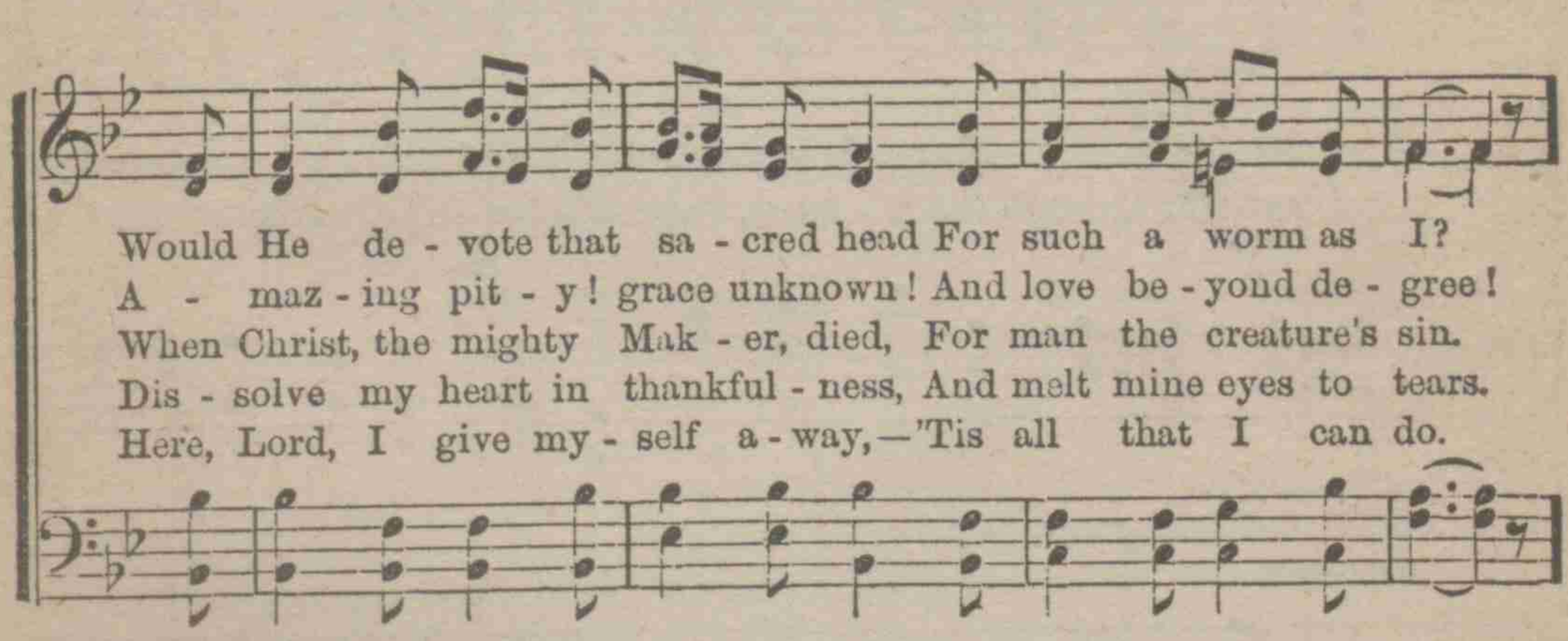
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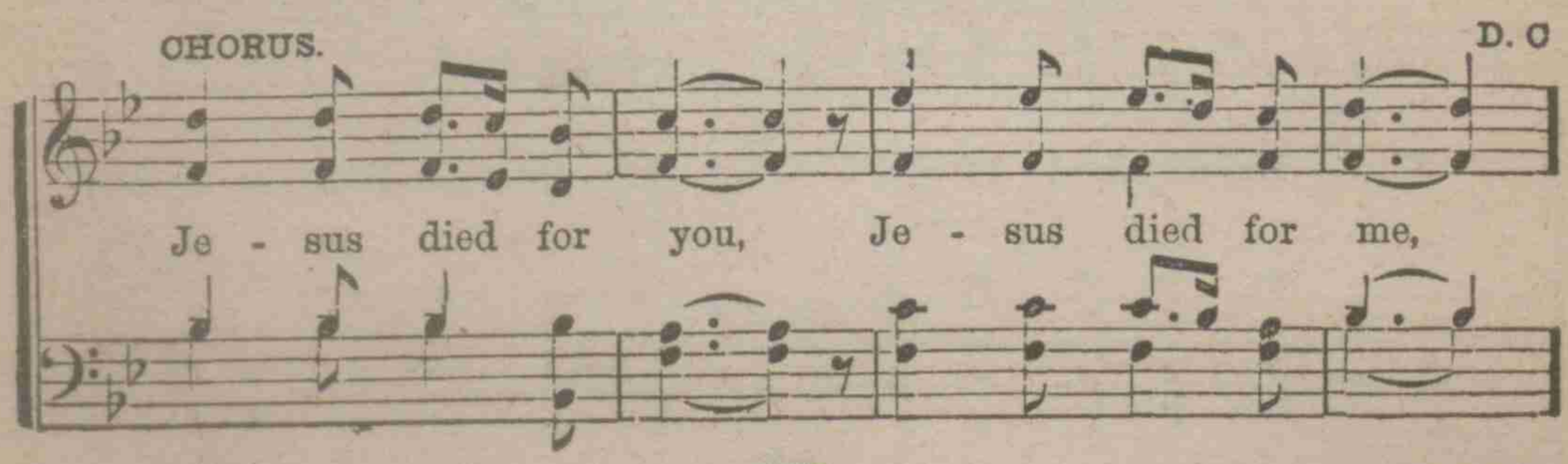
No. 85. Alas! And did My Saviour Bleed?

"For he, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man."—HEB. 2: 9.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS. SILAS J. VAIL, by per.







No. 86.

He Knows.

Words arranged by P. P. Bliss.

MARY G. BRAINARD. P. P. BLISS.

1. I know not what a - waits me, God kind - ly veils mine eyes,
2. One step I see be - fore me, 'Tis all I need to see,

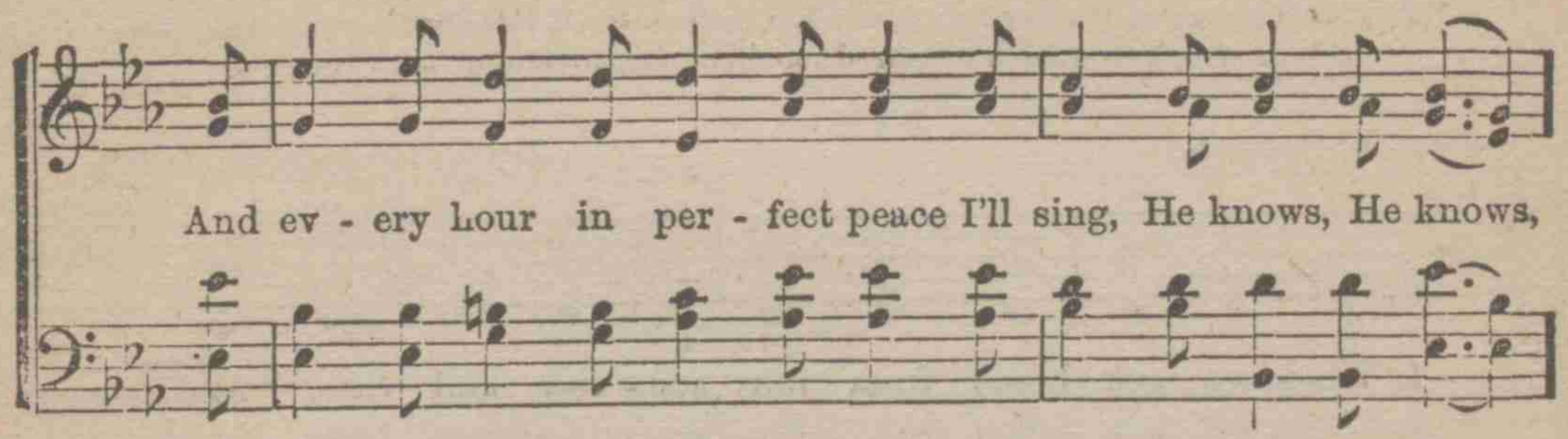
And o'er each step of my on - ward way He makes new scenes to rise;
The light of heav'n more brightly shines, When earth's illusions flee;
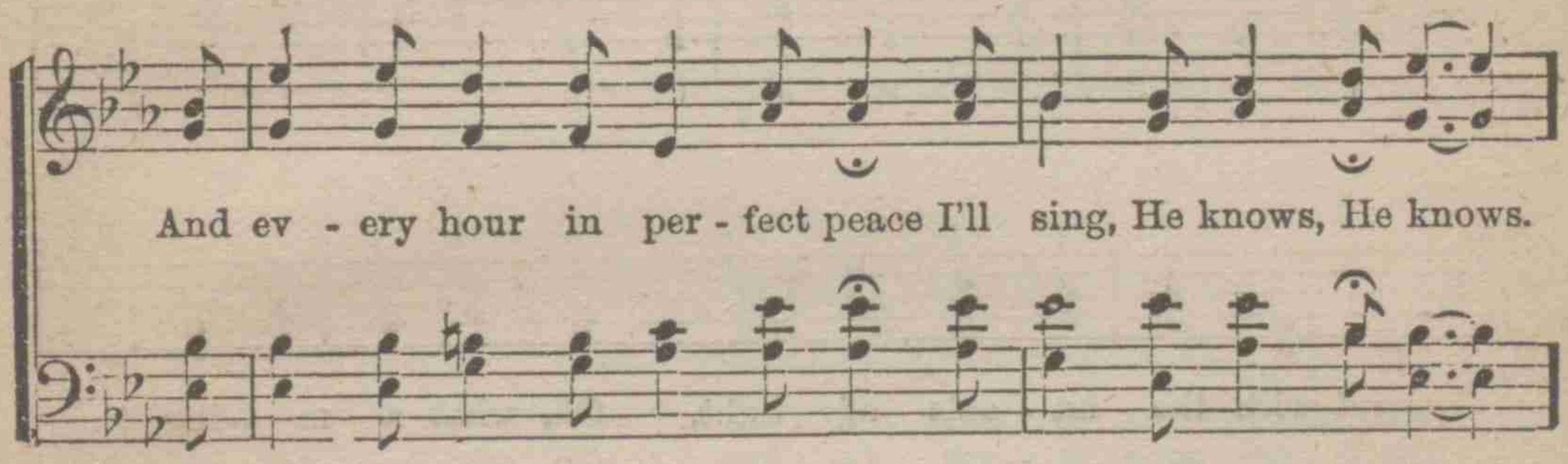
And ev - ery joy He sends me, comes A sweet and glad sur-prise.
And sweet-ly through the si - lence, came His lov - ing "Follow Me."

CHORUS.
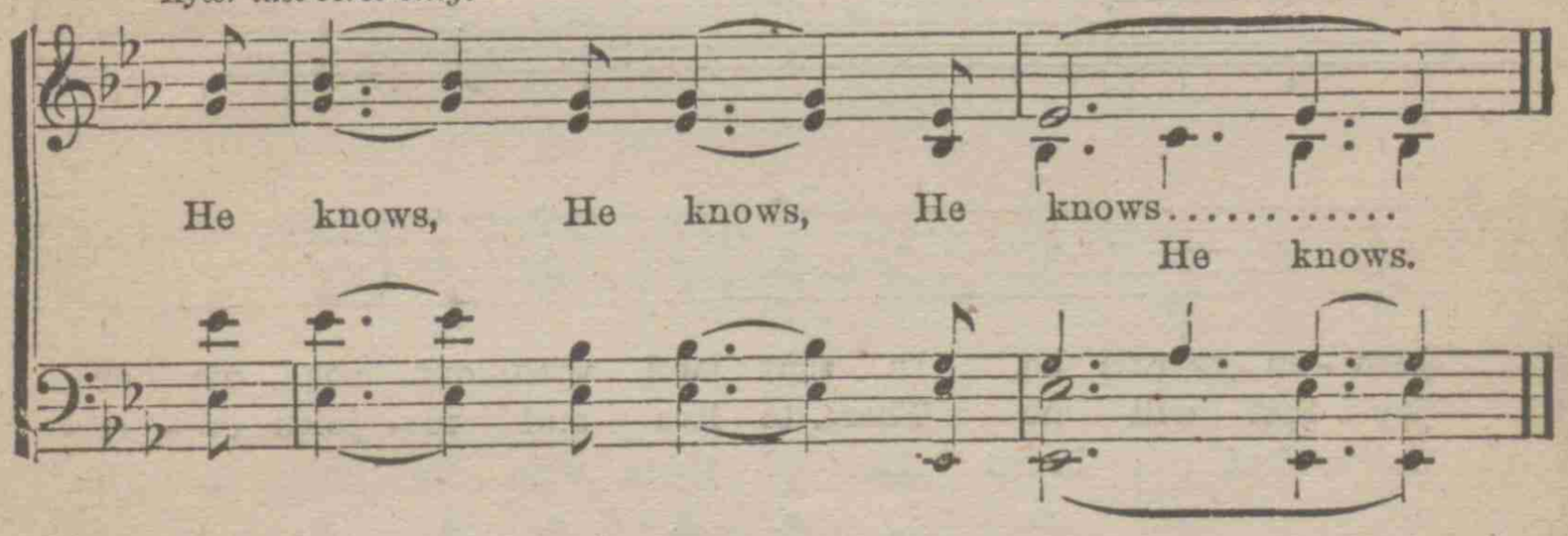
Where He may lead I'll fol - low, My trust in Him re - pose;

He Knows.—Concluded.





After last verse only.



3 O blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.

4 So on I go not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

No. 87.

When we get Home.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. 2: 9.

Chas. H. Gabriel. James McGranahan, by per.

1. When we get home from our sor - row and care, And we stand with the an - gels of light, Oh, what a meet-ing in heav - en there'll be, In that land with - out shad - ow or night; Sor - row and care, trib - u - la - tion and pain We'll
2. When we get home to the mansions a - bove, With the loved ones gone o - ver be - fore, Oh, who can tell what a joy that will be There, to live and re - joice ev - er - more: An - gels will praise, the Re - deem - er will smile, And
3. When we get home, when the morning is come, And forth from the cit - y of gold An - gels of God, coming down, shall call home All of those who be - long to His fold; Will you be there, broth - er, loved ones to greet, Or

When we get Home.—Concluded.

leave, when we pass thro' the tomb Clouds of de - spair, storms of
loved ones we'll clasp by the hand; Free from all pain, far be -
will you for - ev - er be lost? What is thy choice fleet - ing

tri - al and care We shall leave for that beau - ti - ful
yond earth - ly stain, We shall dwell in that beau - ti - ful
pleas - ures of earth, Or a home when death's riv - er is

CHORUS.

home. When we get home, oh, when we get home, Get
land.
cross'd.

home to glo - ry - land, Prais - es we'll sing to

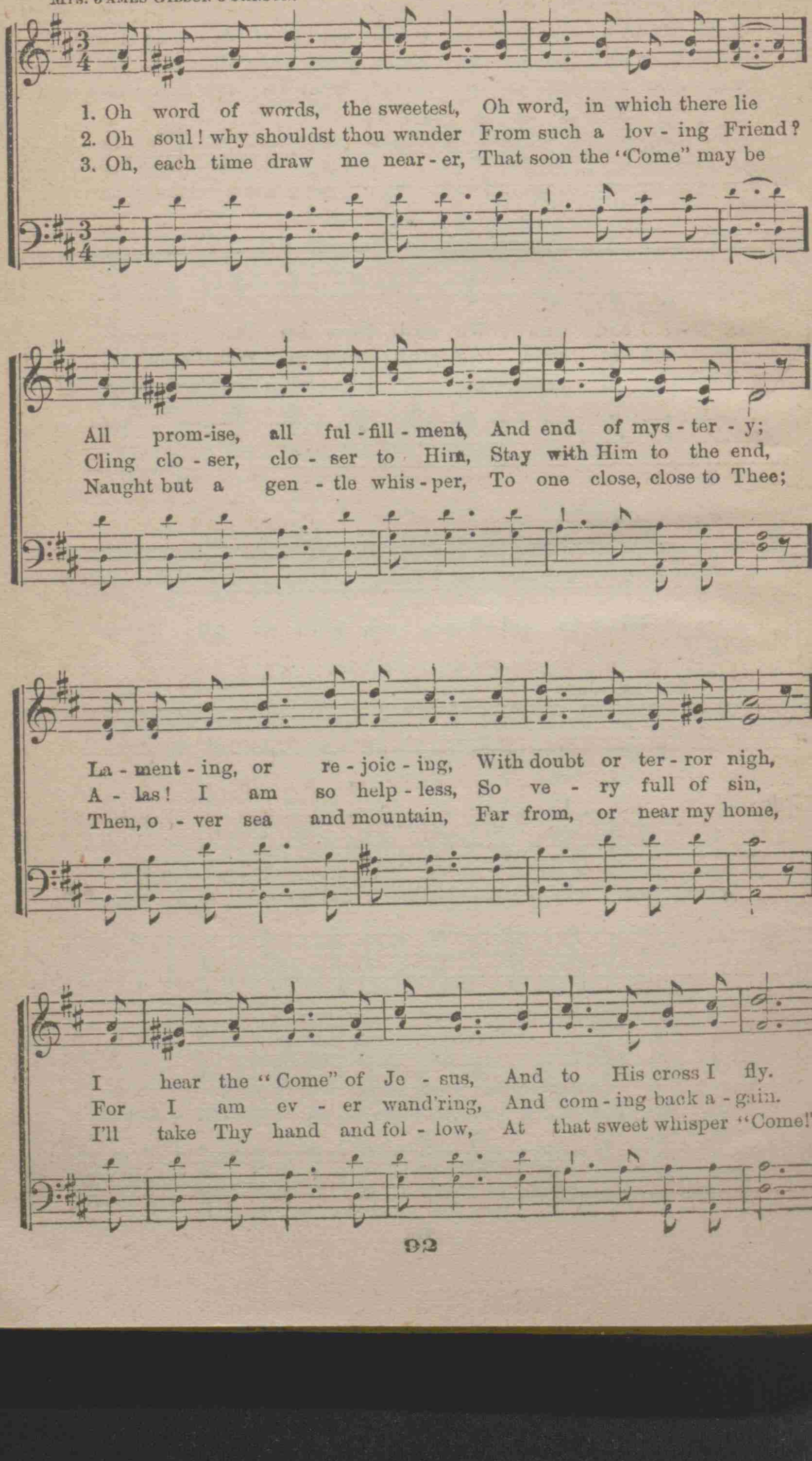
Je - sus, our King, A ransomed, a glo - ri - fied band.

No. 88.
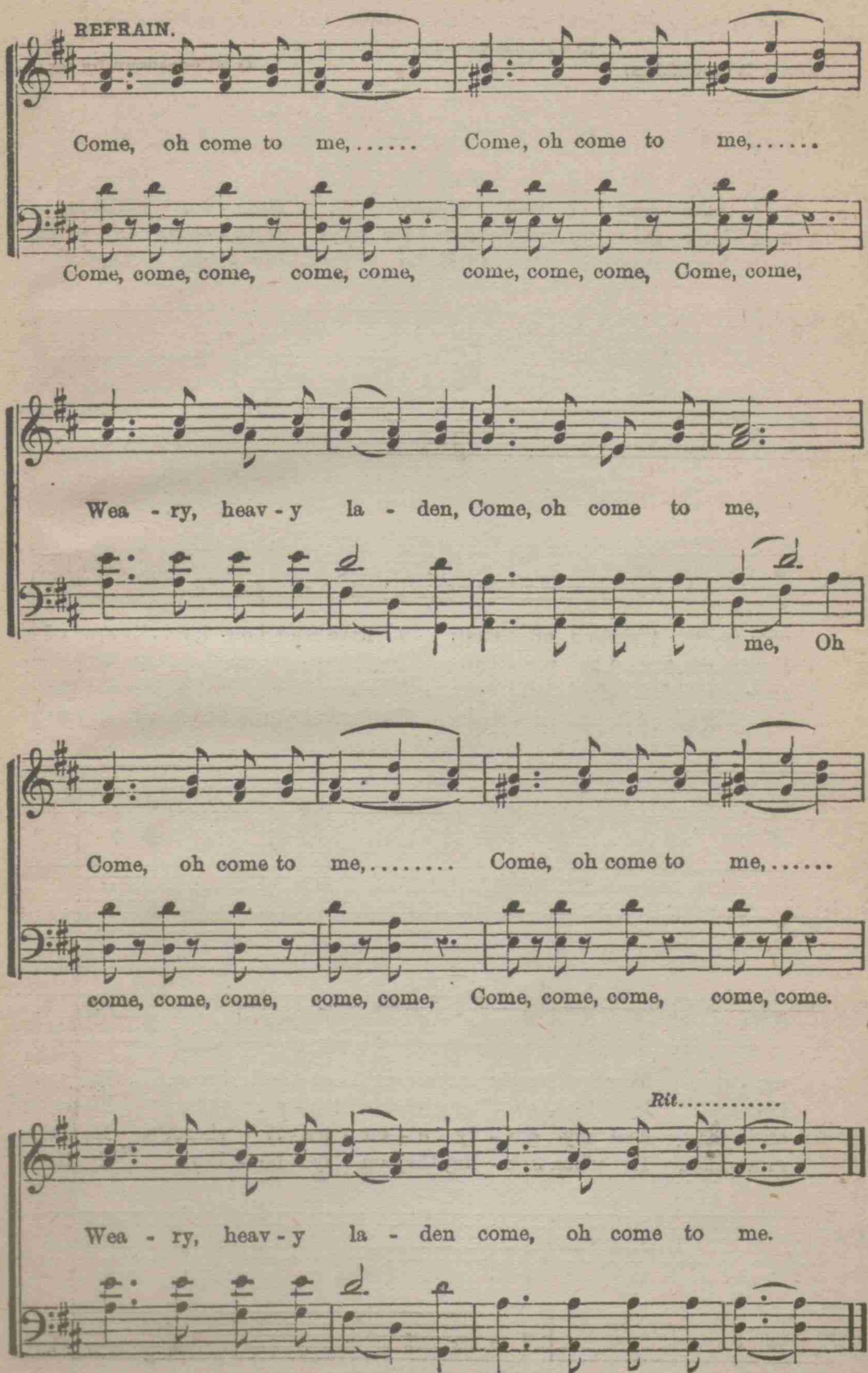
"Come."

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11 : 28.

Mrs. JAMES GIBSON JOHNSON. JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



"Come." —Concluded.



No. 89. Not Half has ever been Told.

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—Rev. 21 : 18.

Rev. J. B Atchinson. O. F. Presbrey, by per.

1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far a - way in the kingdom of God;
2. I have read of bright mansions in Heav - en, Which the Sav-iour has gone to pre - pare;
3. I have read of white robes for the right - eous, Of bright crowns which the glori-fied wear,
4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile sin-ners may ask and re - ceive

I have read how its walls are of
And the saints who on earth have been
When our Father shall bid them "Come,
Peace and pardon from ev - ery trans-

jas - per, How its streets are all gold - en and broad. In the
faith-ful, Rest for - ev - er with Christ o - ver there; There no
en - ter, And my glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly share;" How the
gres - sion, If when ask - ing they on - ly be - lieve. I have

Not Half has ever been Told.—Concluded.

midst of the street is life's riv - er, Clear as crys - tal and pure to be -
sin ev - er en - ters, nor sor - row, The in - hab - i - tants nev - er grow
righteous are ev - er - more blessed As they walk thro' the streets of pure
read how He'll guide and protect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His

hold; But not half of that city's bright glory To mortals has ever been told.
old; But not half of the joys that await them To mortals has ever been told.
gold; But not half of the wonderful sto - ry To mortals has ever been told.
fold; But not half of His goodness and mercy To mortals has ever been told.

CHORUS.

Not half has ev - er been told;... Not half has ev - er been told;... Not

been told; been told;

Repeat the Chorus p.

half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mortals has ever been told.

No. 90. Are you coming Home to-night

"All things are ready, come."—MATT. 22 : 4.

Arranged. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Are you coming Home, ye wand'rers Whom Jesus died to win,
2. Are you coming Home, ye lost ones? Be - hold your Lord doth wait:
3. Are you coming Home, ye guilt - y, Who bear the load of sin;

All foot-sore, lame and wea - ry, Your garments stain'd with sin;
Come, then no long - er lin - ger, Come ere it be too late;
Out - side you've long been stand - ing, Come now and venture in;

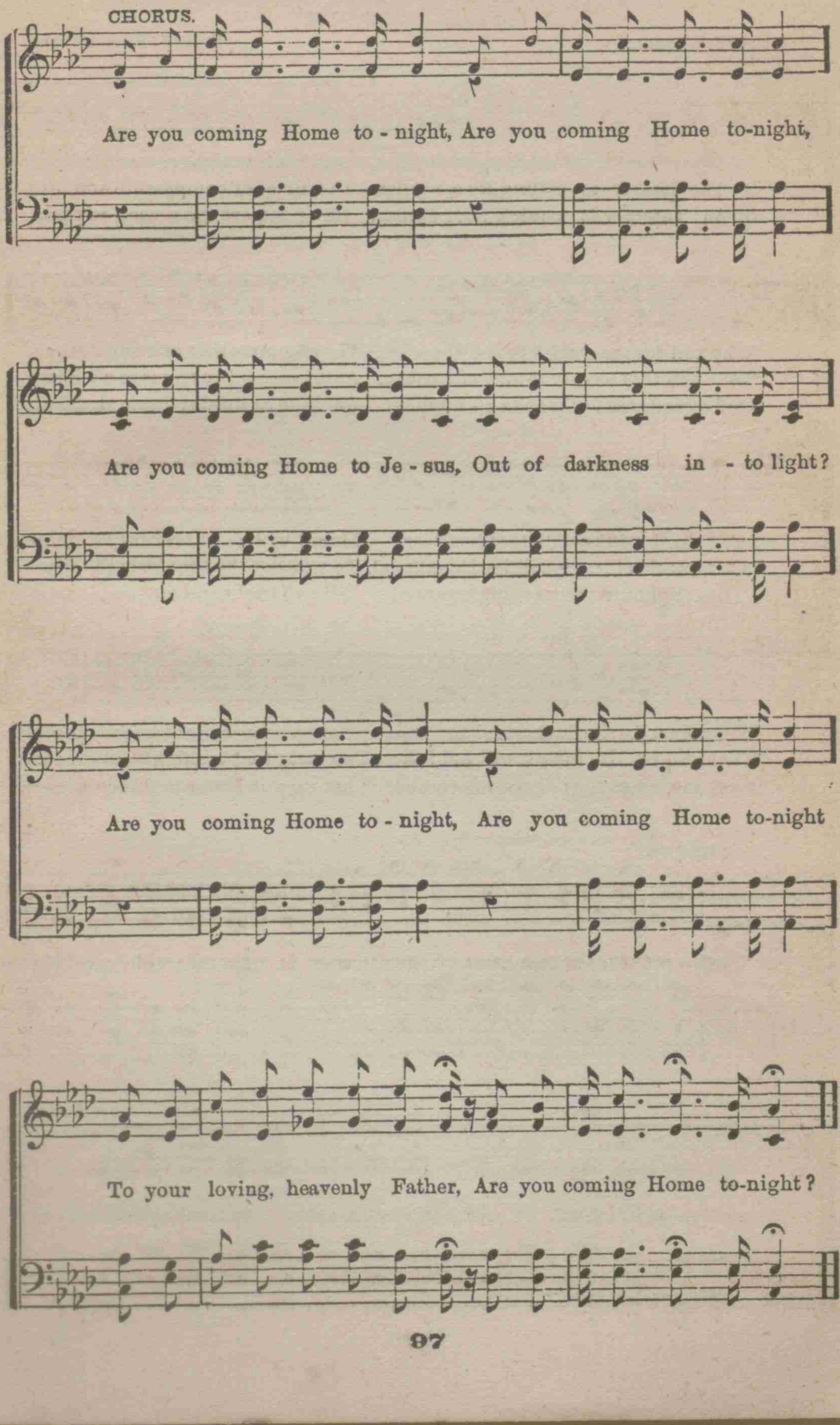
Will you seek the blood of Je - sus To wash your garments white;
Will you come and let Him save you, O trust His love and might;
Will you heed the Saviour's prom - ise, And dare to trust Him quite;

Rit.....

Will you trust His precious promise, Are you coming Home to - night?
Will you come while He is calling, Are you coming Home to - night?
"Come un - to me," saith Jesus, Are you coming Home to - night?

Are you coming Home?.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

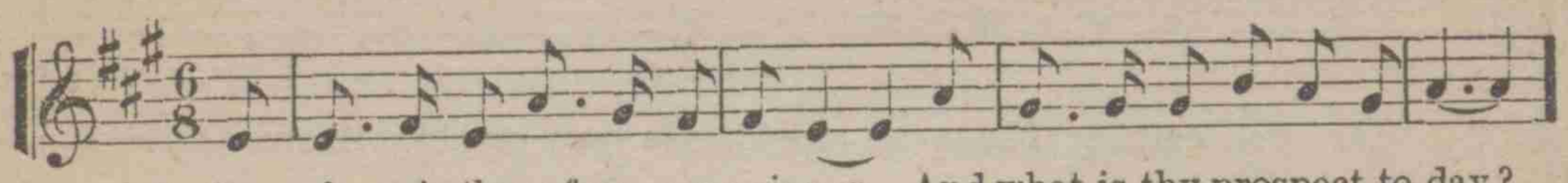


No. 91.

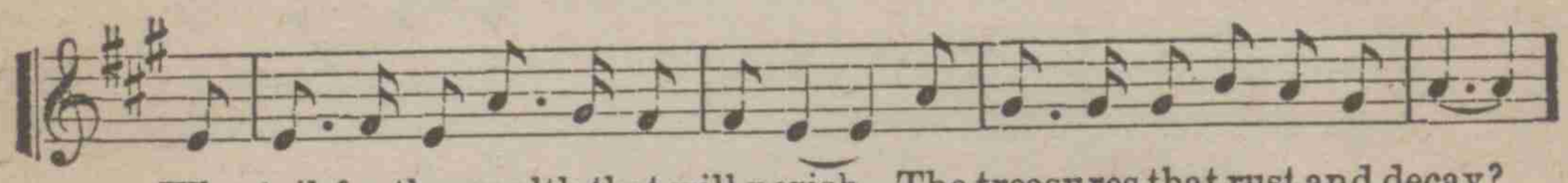
Where is Thy Refuge?

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."—MATT. 16: 26.
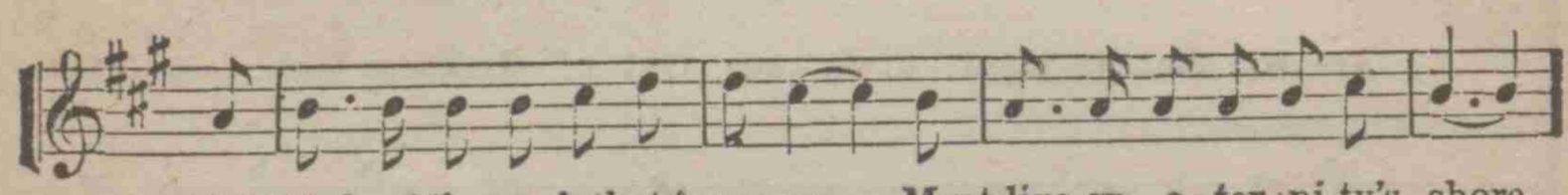
FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL, by per.



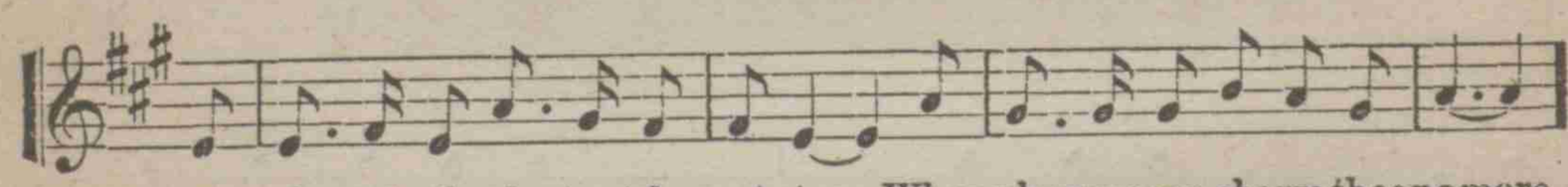
1. Say, where is thy refuge, poor sinner, And what is thy prospect to-day?
2. The Master is calling thee, sinner, In tones of compassion and love,
3. As summer is waning poor sinner, Re - pent, ere the season is past;



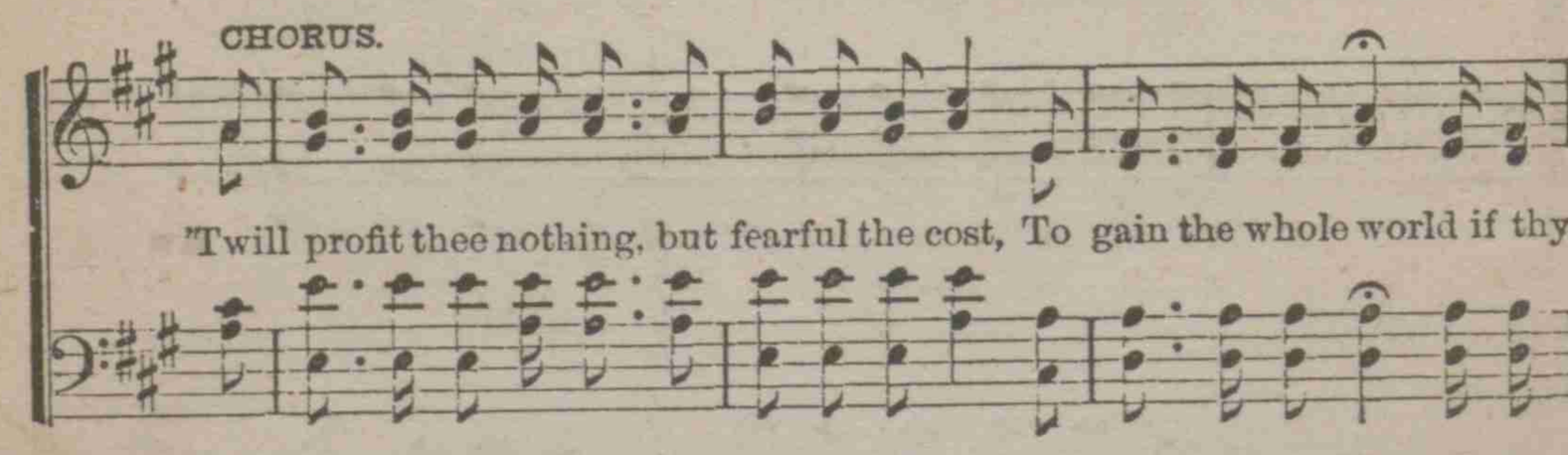
Why toil for the wealth that will perish, The treasures that rust and decay?
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon, And lay up thy treasure a - bove:
God's goodness to thee is ex - tend-ed, As long as the day-beam shall last;

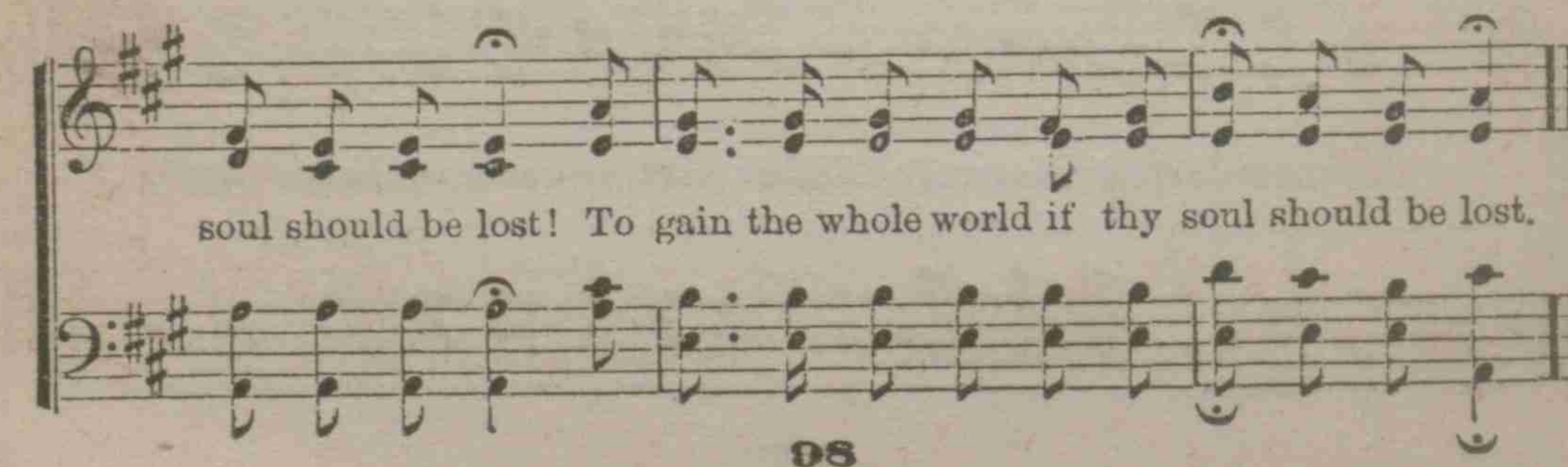


Oh! think of thy soul, that forev - er Must live on e - ter - ni-ty's shore,
Oh! kneel at the cross where He suffered, To ransom thy soul from the grave;
Then slight not the warning repeated With all the bright moments that roll,



When thou, in the dust art for-got - ten, When pleasure can charm thee no more.
The arm of His mercy will hold thee, The arm that is mighty to save.
Nor say, when the harvest is end-ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.

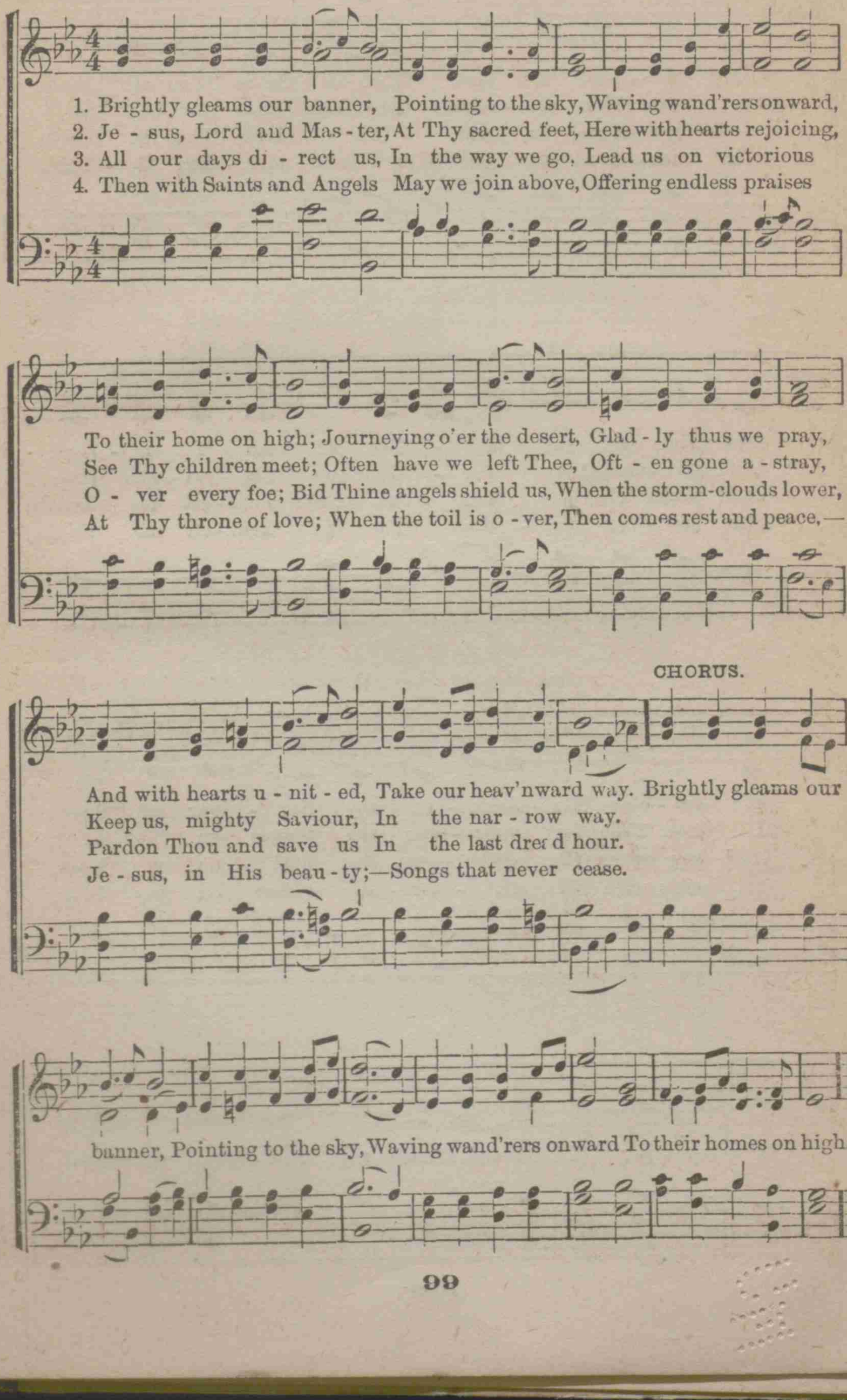




No. 92. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains."—Isa. 13: 2.

Rev. Thomas J. Potter. Sir Arthur S. Sullivan.



No. 93.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 94.

P. P. B.

1. He
2. W
3. W

race
by
God
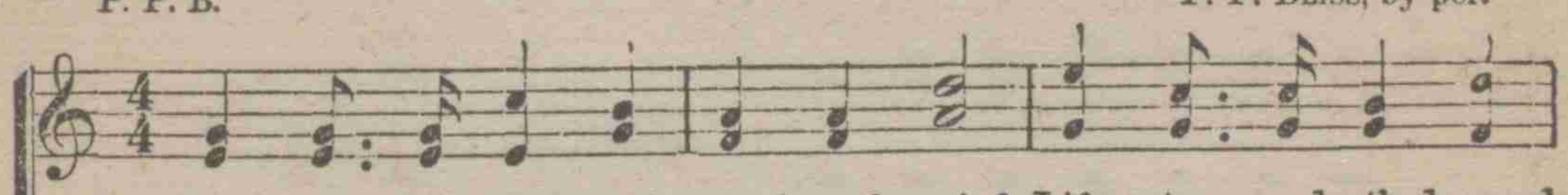
Pur
The
All,

ev
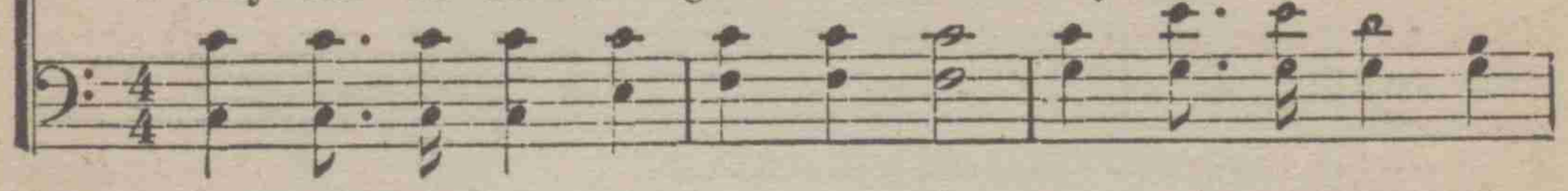
No. 94. He that Believeth.

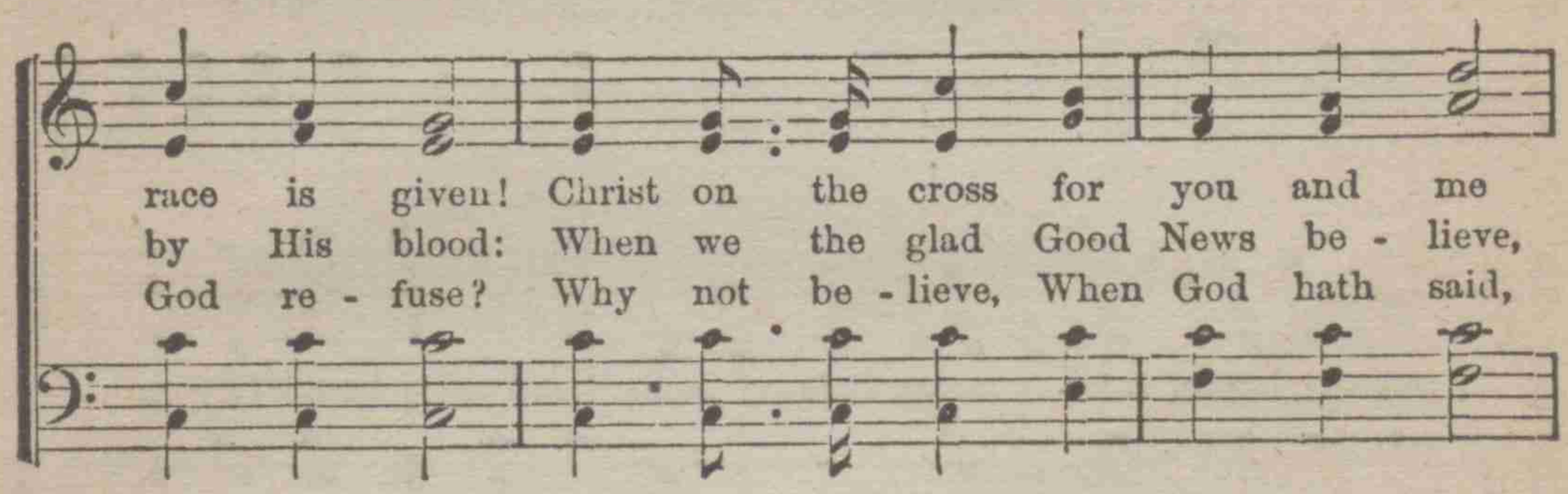
"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS, by per.



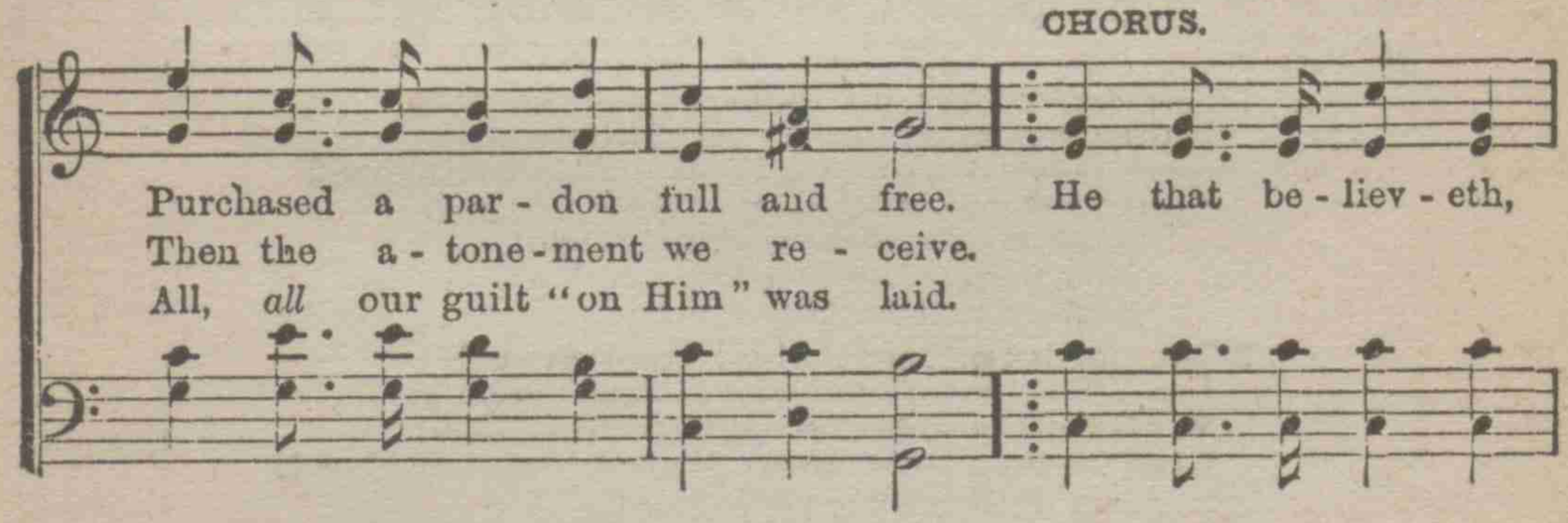
1. Hear ye the glad good news from heav'n? Life to a death-doomed
2. When we were lost, the Son of God Made an a - tone - ment
3. Why not be - lieve the glad Good News? Why still the voice of
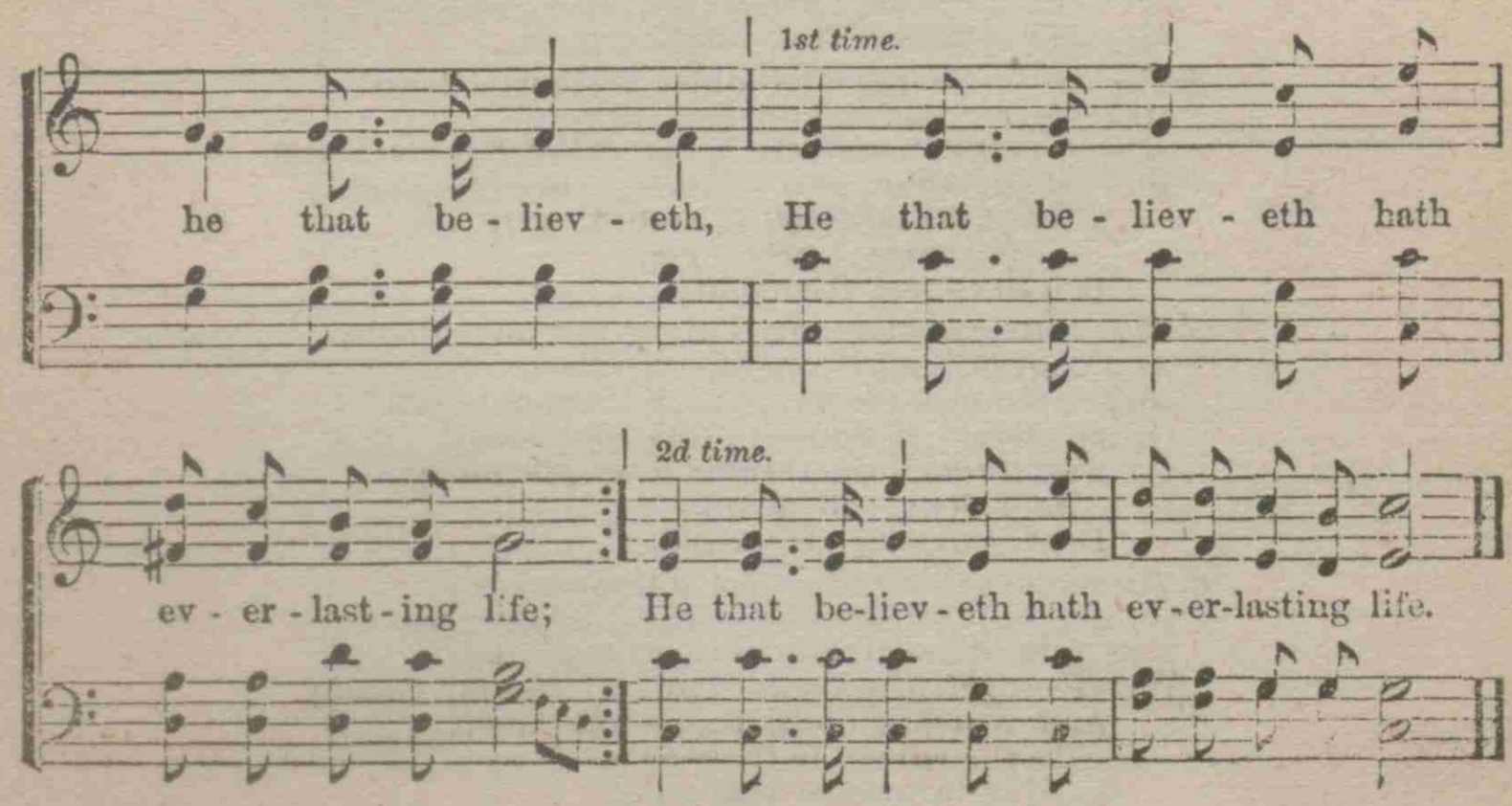




race is given! Christ on the cross for you and me
by His blood: When we the glad Good News be - lieve,
God re - fuse? Why not be - lieve, When God hath said,

CHORUS.



Purchased a par - don full and free. He that be - liev - eth,
Then the a - tone - ment we re - ceive.
All, *all* our guilt "on Him" was laid.



1st time.

he that be - liev - eth, He that be - liev - eth hath

2d time.

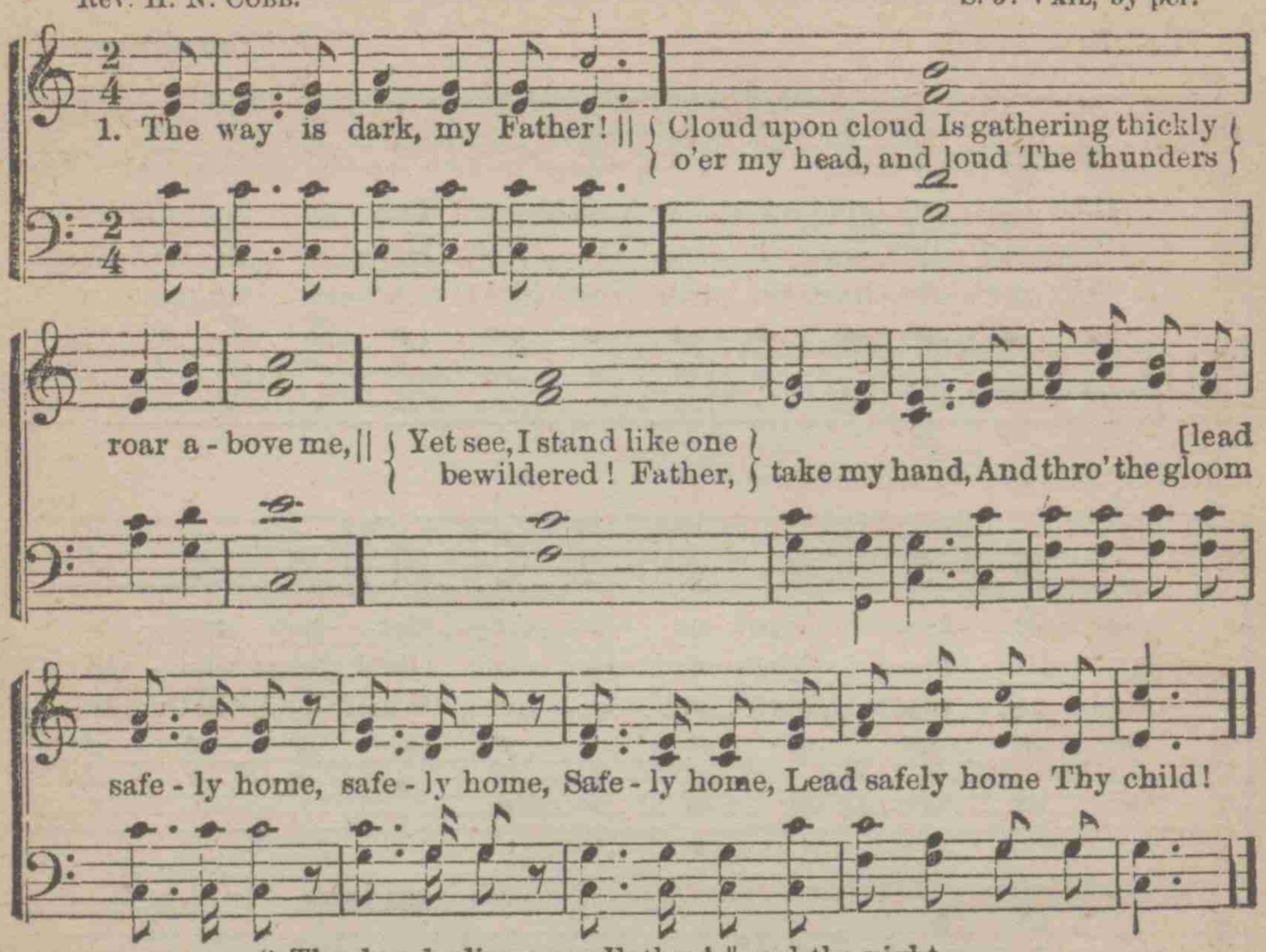
ev - er - last - ing life; He that be-liev - eth hath ev - er-lasting life.

No. 95.

Father, Take my Hand.

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

Rev. H. N. Cobb. S. J. Vail, by per.



2 The day declines, my Father! ‖ and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees | ghostly | visions. ‖ Fears like a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, | take my | hand,
And from the night lead up to light,
Up to light, up to light,
Lead up to light Thy child!

3 The way is long, my Father! ‖ and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet | of the | goal; ‖
While yet I journey through this weary land.
Keep me from wandering. Father, | take my | hand,
And in the way to endless day,
Endless day, endless day,
Lead safely on Thy child!

4 The path is rough, my Father! ‖ Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my feet, all torn
And bleeding, | mark the | way. ‖ Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand;
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,
Lead to rest, lead to rest,
O lead to rest Thy child!

5 The throng is great, my Father! ‖ Many a doubt
And fear of danger compass me about;
And foes op-| press me | sore. ‖ I cannot stand
Or go, alone. O Father! | take my | hand;
And through the throng, lead safe along,
Safe along, safe along,
Lead safe along Thy child.

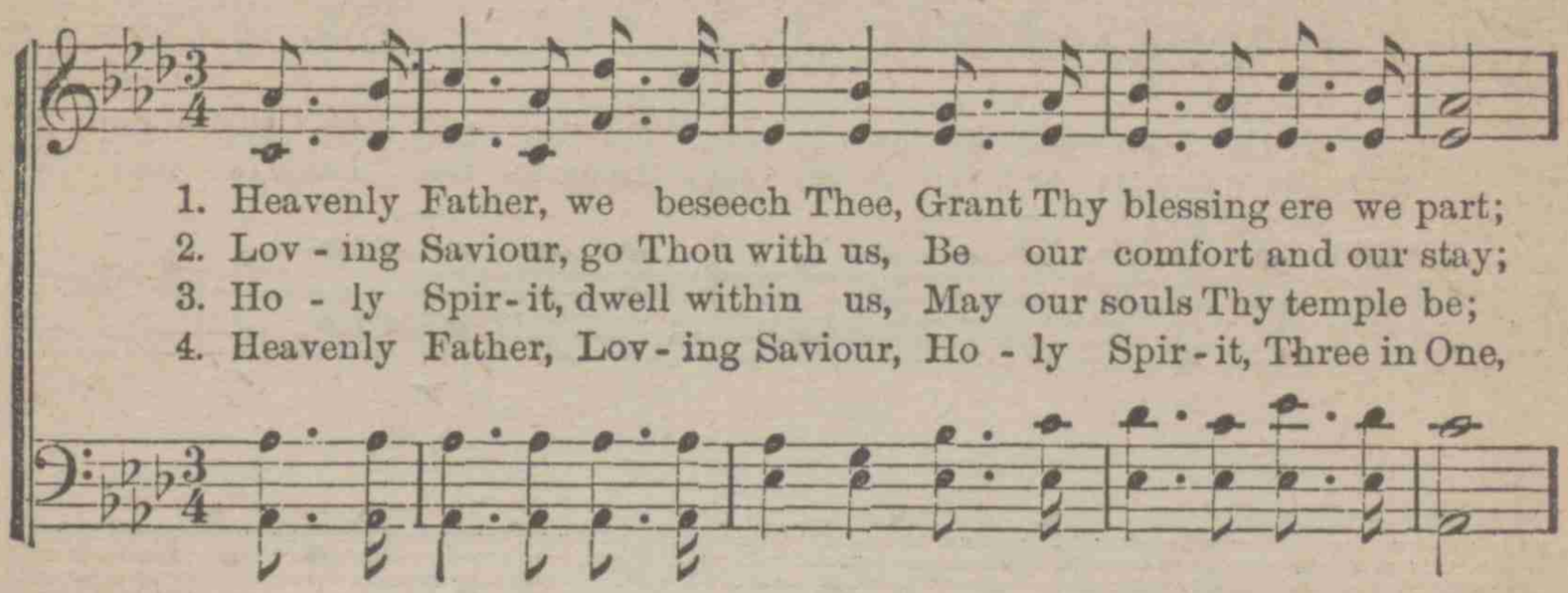
6 The cross is heavy, Father! ‖ I have borne
It long, and | still do | bear it. ‖ Let my worn
And fainting spirit, rise to that bright land
Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand;
And, reaching down, lead to the crown,
To the crown, to the crown.
Lead to the crown Thy child.

No. 96.

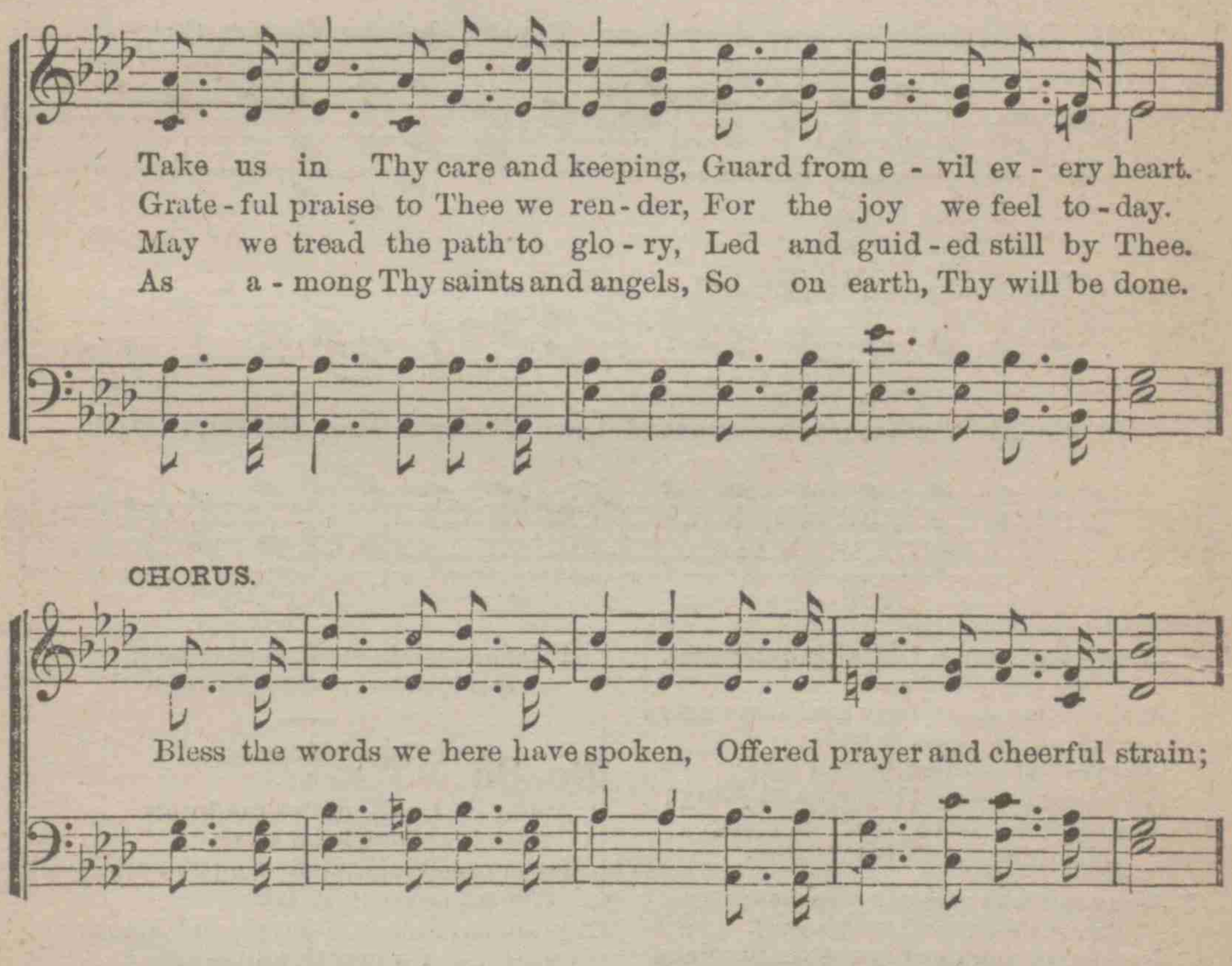
Parting Hymn.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps. 129 : 8.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

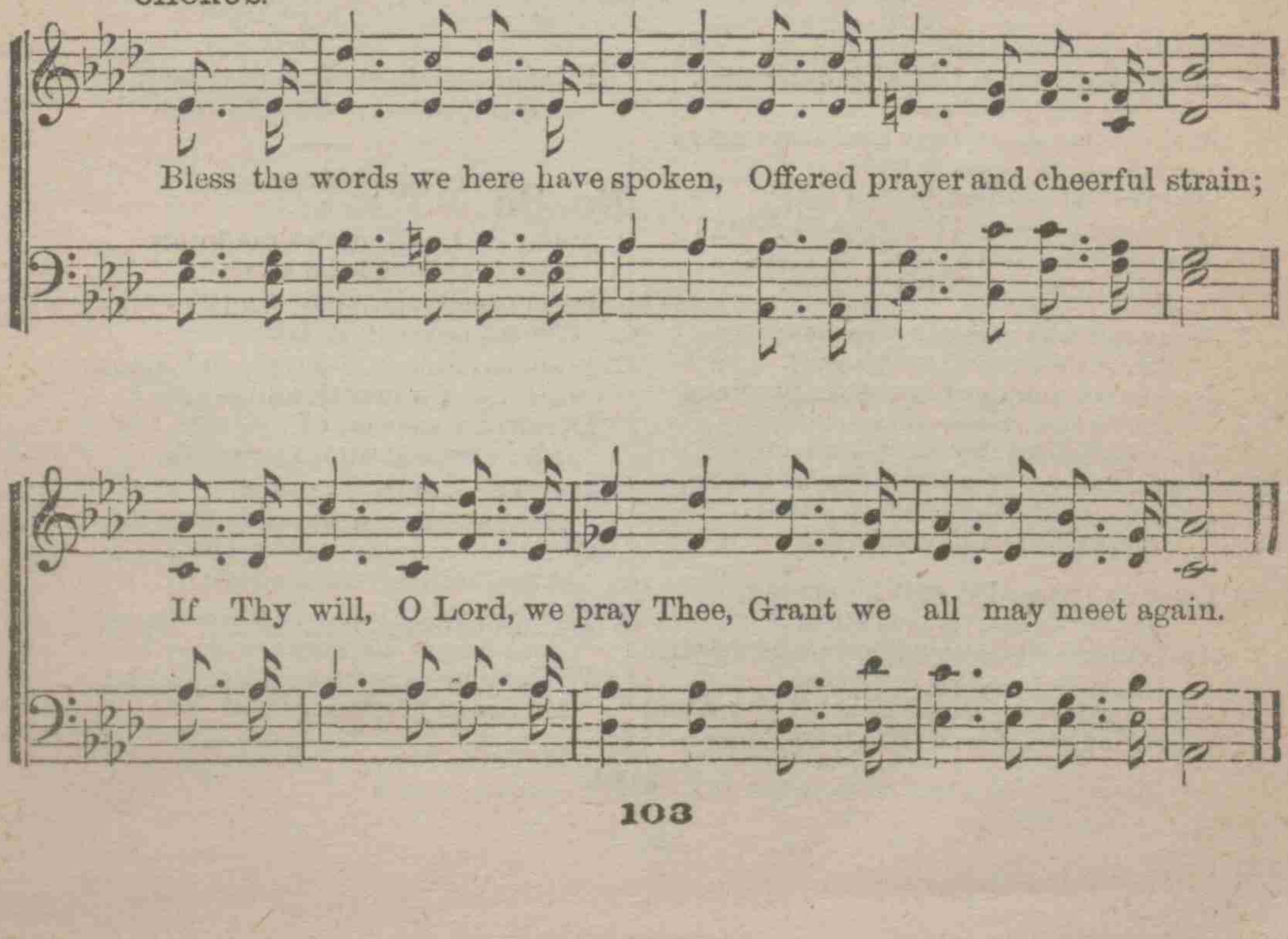


1. Heavenly Father, we beseech Thee, Grant Thy blessing ere we part;
2. Lov - ing Saviour, go Thou with us, Be our comfort and our stay;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell within us, May our souls Thy temple be;
4. Heavenly Father, Lov - ing Saviour, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three in One,



Take us in Thy care and keeping, Guard from e - vil ev - ery heart.
Grate - ful praise to Thee we ren - der, For the joy we feel to - day.
May we tread the path to glo - ry, Led and guid - ed still by Thee.
As a - mong Thy saints and angels, So on earth, Thy will be done.

CHORUS.

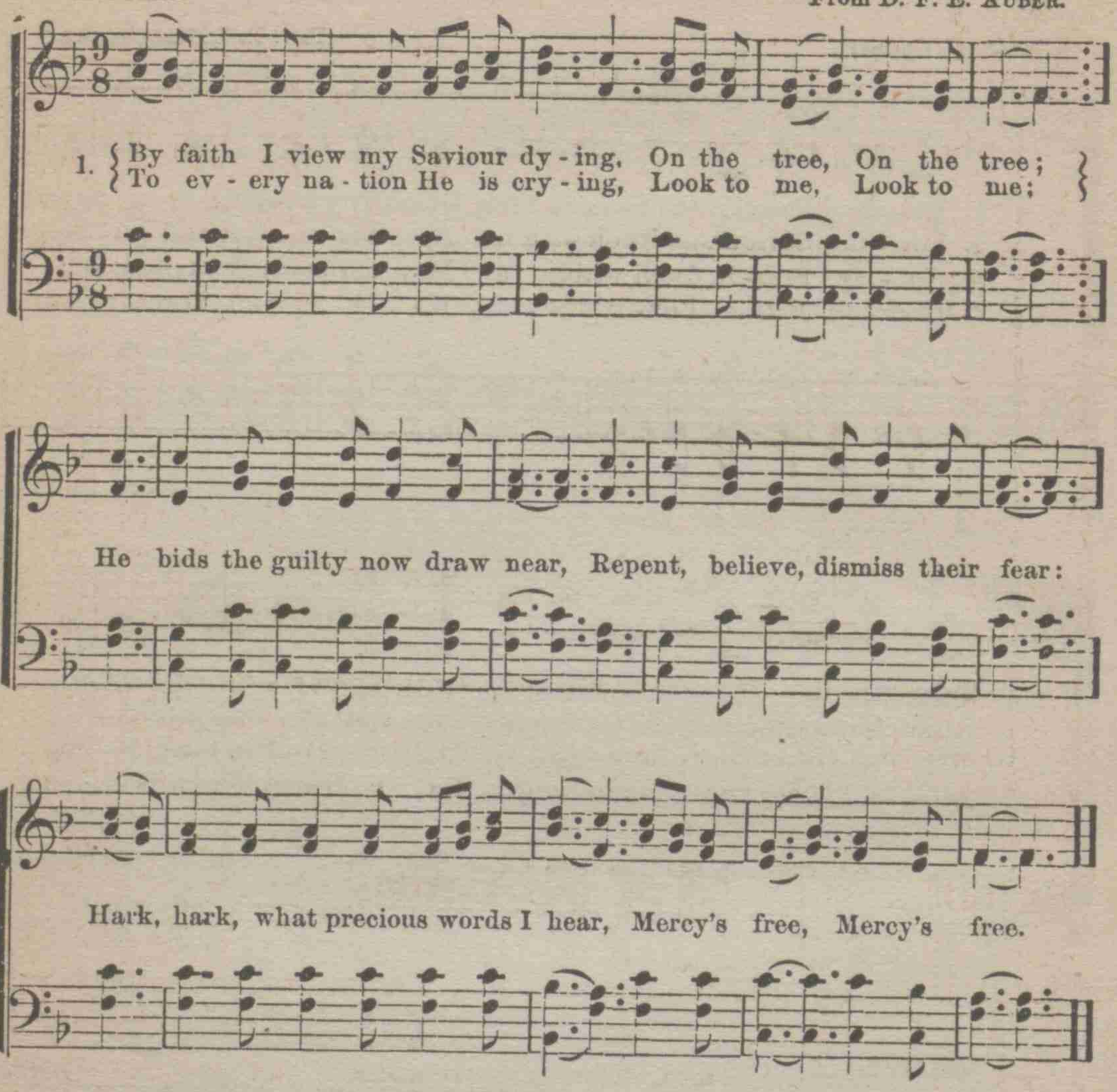


Bless the words we here have spoken, Offered prayer and cheerful strain;

If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee, Grant we all may meet again.

No. 97. Mercy's Free.

R. JUKES. From D. F. E. AUBER.



2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, Pity me?
And did He snatch my soul from ruin?
Can it be, Can it be?
Oh, yes! He did salvation bring;
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes;
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, Unto me;
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove,
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

No. 98.

Tune—MEAR. C. M.
Key F.

1 Spirit of truth, oh let me know
The love of Christ to me;
Its conquering, quickening power bestow,
To set me wholly free.

2 I long to know its depth and height,
To scan its breath and length;
Drink in its ocean of delight,
And triumph in its strength.

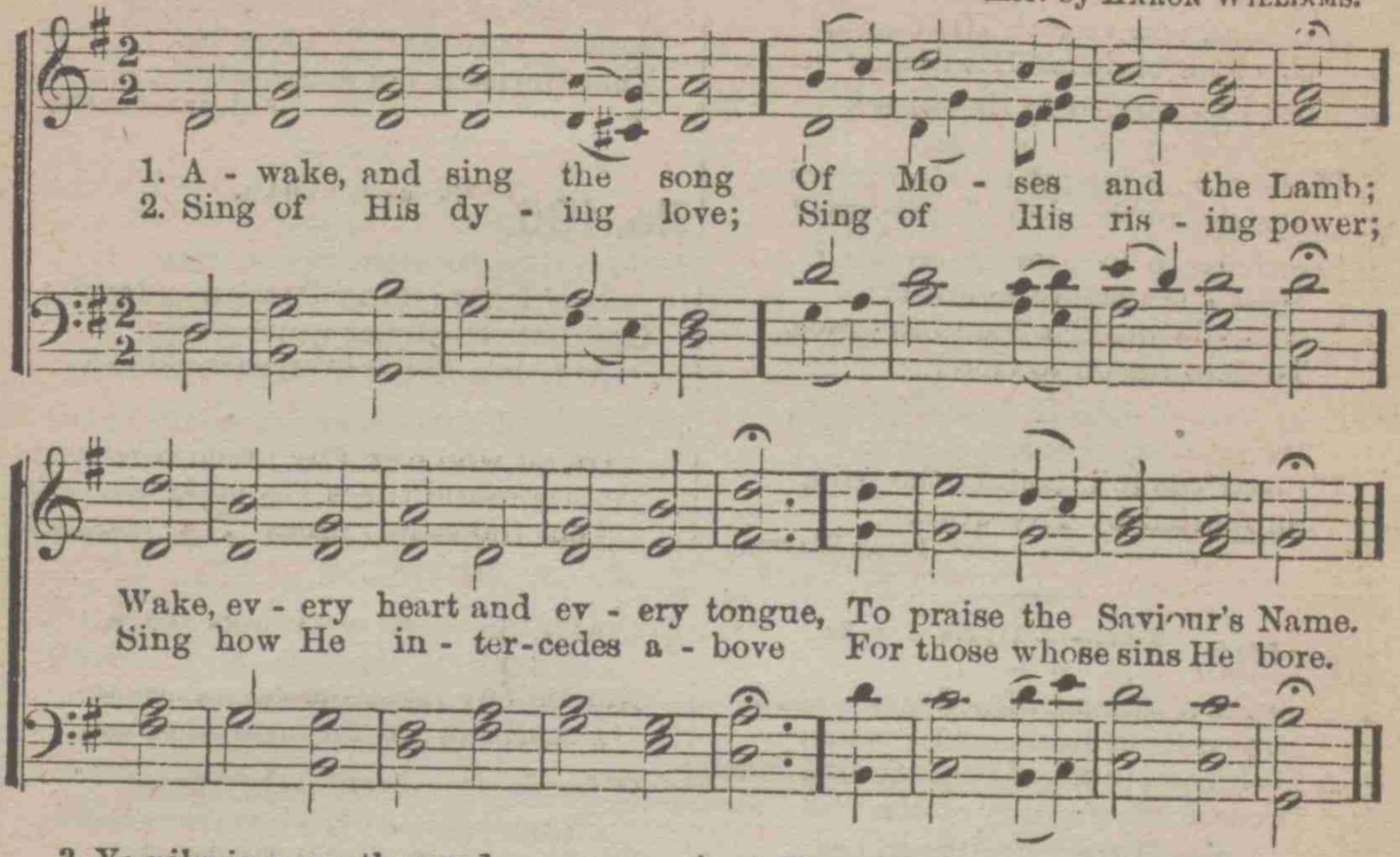
3 It is Thine office to reveal
My Saviour's wond'rous love;
Oh, deepen on my heart Thy seal,
And bless me from above.

4 Thy quickening power to me impart,
And be my constant Guide:
With richer gladness fill my heart;
Be Jesus glorified.

ANON.

No. 99. St. Thomas. S. M.

Rev. Wm. Hammond. Arr. by Aaron Williams.



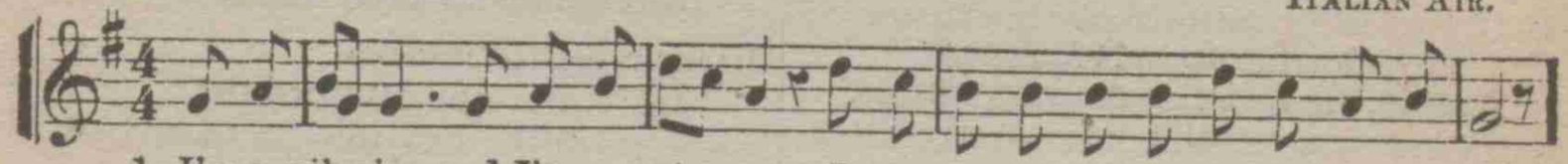
3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.
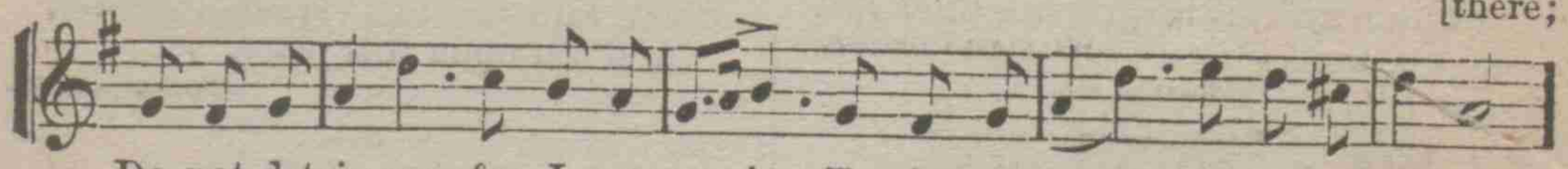
4 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

—o—

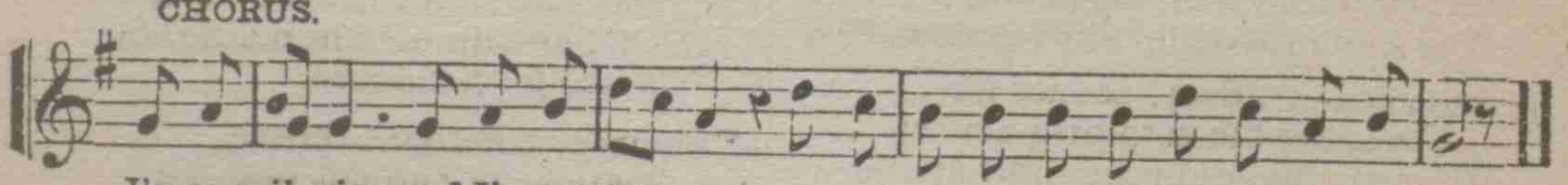
No. 100. I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana. Italian Air.





CHORUS.



—o—

No. 101.

Tune—Duke St. p. 104.
L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Thro' every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

No. 102.

Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 104.
C. M.

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

—o—

No. 103.

Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 89.
C. M.

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

REF.—Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains;
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.—Wash, &c.

3 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.—And shall, &c.

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

WILLIAM COPWER.

—o—

No. 104.

Tune—WARD.
L. M.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

—o—

No. 105.

Tune—WINDHAM.
L. M.

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done Thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved.

3 Yet O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of My great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see Thy people's rest.

4 O Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

CHARLES WESLEY.

—o—

No. 106.

Tune—ST. THOMAS.
S. M.

1 O Holy Spirit come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there,

2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
Oh work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

OSWALD ALLEN.

—o—

No. 107.

Tune—DENNIS.
S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT.

No. 108. Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 106.

1 Come every joyful heart,
That loves the Saviour's name!
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him we owe.

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What He endured, no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave He rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be in His embrace.

SAMUEL STENNET.

—o—

No. 109. Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 105.

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

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

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

RAY PALMER.

—o—

No. 110. Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 85.

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

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

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall 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.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

—o—

No. 111. Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 84.

1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

—o—

No. 112. Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 104.

1 Come Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

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

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

ROBERT ROBINSON.

—o—

No. 113. Tune—G. H. No. 2, p. 87.

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

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

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

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

—o—

No. 114. Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 51.

1 Precious promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

REF.—
I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven,
I will guide thee with Mine eye.

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly;
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by;
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye.

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die;
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

NATHANIEL NILES.

—o—

No. 115. Tune—G. H. No. 1, p. 18.

1 Free from the law, oh, happy condition,
Jesus hath bled, and *there* is remission,
Curs'd by the law, and bruised by the fall,
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

CHO.—Once for all, oh, sinner receive it,
Once for all, oh, brother, believe it;
Cling to the Cross, the burden will fall,
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

2 Now are we free—there's no condemnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation;
"Come unto *Me*," oh, hear His sweet call,
Come, and He saves us once for all.

3 "Children of God," oh, glorious calling,
Surely His grace will keep us from falling:
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation once for all.

P. P. BLISS.

—o—

No. 116. Tune—G. H., No. 2, p. 25.

1 Repeat the story o'er and o'er,
Of *grace* so full and free;
I love to hear it more and more,
Since grace hath rescued me.

CHO.—The half was never told,
The half was never told,
Of grace divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.

2 Of *peace* I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest
Until the sweet-voiced angel came
To soothe my weary breast.

3 My highest place is lying low
At my Redeemer's feet;
No real *joy* in life I know,
But in His service sweet.

4 And oh, what rapture will it be
With all the host above,
To sing through all eternity
The wonders of His *love*.

P. P. BLISS.

—o—

No. 117. Tune—G. H., No. 2, p. 61.

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,
What hast thou left for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

No. 118. Tune—G. H., No. 2, p. 9.

1 "Man of sorrows," what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruin'd sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

3 Guilty, vile and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God, was He,
"Full atonement," can it be?
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

4 Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry,
Now in heaven exalted high;
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

P. P. Bliss.

—o—

No. 119. Tune—G. H., No. 2, p. 12.

1 Do you see the Hebrew captive kneeling,
At morning, noon and night to pray?
In his chamber he remembers Zion,
Though in exile far away.

Cho.—
Are your windows open toward Jerusalem,
Tho' as captives here a "little while" we stay?
For the coming of the King in His glory,
Are you watching day by day?

2 Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace,
Nor shrink the lion's den to share;
For the God of Daniel will deliver,
He will send His angel there.

3 Children of the living God, take courage;
Your great deliverance sweetly sing:
Set your faces toward the hill of Zion,
Thence to hail our coming King.

P. P. Bliss.

—o—

No. 120. Tune—G. H., No. 2, p. 99.

1 "Home at last" on heavenly mountains,
Heard the "Come and enter in;"
Saved by life's fair-flowing fountains,
Saved from earthly taint and sin.

Ref.—
"Home, sweet home," our home forever;
Weary pilgrimages past;
Welcomed home, to wander never;
Saved thro' Jesus—"Saved at last."

2 Free at last from all temptation,
No more need of watchful care;
Joyful in complete salvation,
Given the victor's crown to wear.

3 Saved to greet on hills of glory
Loved ones we have missed so long;
Saved to tell the sinner's story,
Saved to sing redemption's song.

4 Welcomed at the pearly portal,
Ever more a welcome guest:
Welcomed to the life immortal,
In the mansions of the blest.

Maria P. Alger Crozier.

—o—

No. 121. Tune—G. H., No. 2, p. 34.

1 Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.

Cho.—Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

Fanny J. Crosby.

—o—

No. 122. Tune—Looking home.

1 Ah, this heart is void and chill,
'Mid earth's noisy thronging;
For my Father's mansion, still
Earnestly I'm longing.

Cho.—Looking home, looking home,
T'wards the heavenly mansion
Jesus hath prepared for me,
In His Father's kingdom.

2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.

3 Oh! to be at home, and gain
All for which we're sighing;
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.

4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!
There no more to sever;
Soon we'll meet around the throne
Praising God forever.

C. J. T. Smith.

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